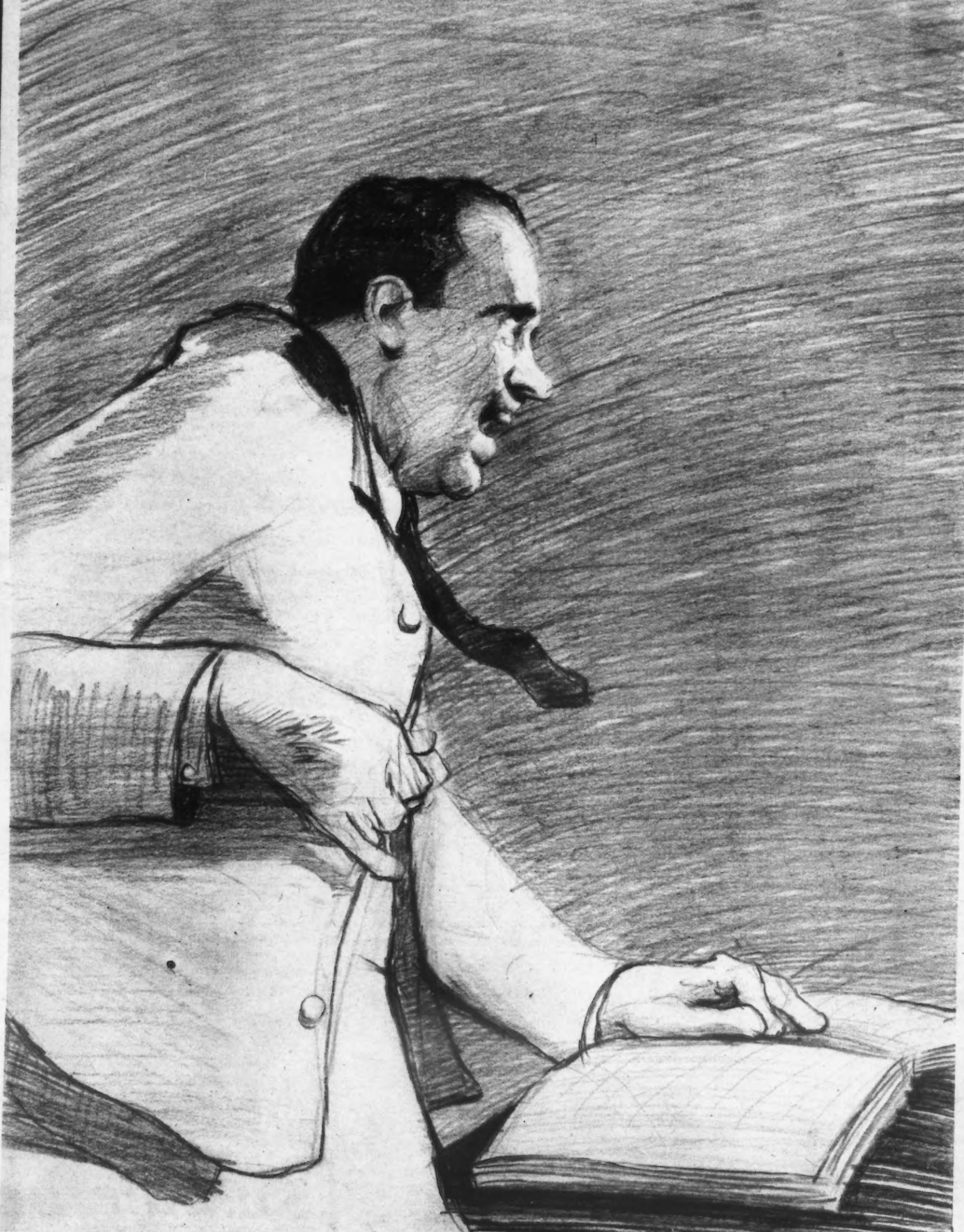


NATIONAL 35¢ VOLUME 4, NUMBER 41 SEPTEMBER 17, 1969

# THE east village ONEIER

THE ULTIMATE QUEST OF THE METHODOLOGICAL AGNOSTIC



NEURASTHENIC MALE FEMALE INFANTILE PLASTIC LIAR

# HIRAP

The most difficult and frustrating experience one has while answering EVO's ever ringing telephone, is our inability to respond positively to the many calls of distress that reach us.

Hardly an hour passes without somebody getting busted, robbed, infected, stranded or deserted. It isn't unusual for us to get a call at five AM from a horny cat desperate for a lay. A recent caller was concerned over his puppy's chances in view of the fact that he just swallowed a stash of 12 acid tabs. The Sunshine trip put many uptight due to its excellence. Bust calls are matched only by calls from those whom the Legal Aid Society did not choose to aid. The venerable gamut runs from crabs to the clap, from syphilis to anal mishaps. There are bummers of all shades and varieties. Heroin-Speed-Barbituates and once in a while even an alcoholic's sad lament. The common denominator is our inability to respond. It is unfortunate that the community has not been able to face up to the fact that time is running out. We can no longer ignore the bad vibes and misery caused by the absence of a clinic where one freaking on acid is not put in a straight-jacket and a legal office where a frameup is not treated like another routine felony. It would be naive and futile to expect the powers that be - bleeding liberal hearts included - to live up to their self-righteous homilies. It is up to us to take care of ourselves. We request doctors, dentists and lawyers, willing to devote their time and energies to help those to whom proper aid is denied, to contact us immediately. TIME IS RUNNING OUT.

## LETTERS

*Leakout 5/25*

Dear EVO:

I am and have been in a Mexico City prison for two-2-years, and just scored your EVO and like after two years it was a real mind bender. I can only say wall! Yes, they talk about concepts of behaviour, and everyone's rights, but brother don't have Sam down on you and in a country where he can play his game. Yes, what game you ask? The game of treachery, savagery and destruction of those they consider a threat. You say how? Well, this would take too much paper, of which I lack, and why burden those who have more than enough to worry about, just by being in this funny, jive styled system, of justice for all. So if you can project good vibes, lay back and look inward and relive the good, groovy trips and experiences.

I would like to establish communication with females who are freaks, understanding, wailers and love to lollygag in single or total order. I dig receiving mind-bending reading material, as the mail is checked. I do my thing, and try and teach English to four groups of concrete brothers who like make life a groove, by their interest. nConditions allow one to make it, and like that's all one can really ask for. Thanks for any consideration and bless you and protect you, for you need both.

Charles Van Johnson,  
Administration De Correos 9-L,  
Mexico 9, D.F.

Dear EVO:

Though unable to attend the Festival, I followed both over- and underground accounts with enthusiasm. John Hilgerdt's firsthand report brought tears to my eyes and happiness to my heart. At long last-an en masse, out-in-the-open, free-to-be-in. I truly dug the whole scene with him.

Right now I write amid the din of my beautiful, screaming little ones. That's the point. As a 29-year-old mother of two in Queens, I groove on the music, the clothes, the highs, the ideals, Zen and Yoga. And I groove relatively alone.

Is the movement only for singles in their teens and early twenties? Surely, I have as much, if not, more, conformity and middleclass pressure to buck as they. Are there no other young mothers out among the unaware who see beyond the diapers and the dishes to the beauty? Or, do my age and circumstance push me over the proverbial hill?

Help! I'm a walking generation gap!

Alive and Kicking in Flushing.

We all have our own cross to bear, my dear...Some of us are "hooked" on marijuana, others have fallen prey to "social diseases", still more have fallen into the deplorable habit of using obscene language and thinking bad thoughts against God and

America. Count your blessings now, my dear, lest someday Saint Peter calls you to account for your sins and you run out of breath and fall down on the ground and roll around. Amen. (On the other hand, you could forget about this Hilgerdt chump and take up admiring a REAL stud writer like DA Latimer.)

Dear EVO:

Didn't go to Woodstock (from Newark), thought it'd be too crowded. I was wrong. So many people merge into one community, one family, one being. So anyway, I heard of a NYC freebee the next day: Hendrix, the Airplane, Joni, taping the Dick Cavett TV show, 6:30. Got there at 4:00. 'No more tickets.' Went down the block, saw 'Monterey Pop,' came back at six, lined up (without tickets) behind a police barricade...6:30 We break the chain on the studio parking lot gate.

I wanted to rap to the Airplane about doing a benefit for the ACD, so I flashed my Free Press card at the door. I wasn't on the Official Reporters List, so I lost. So I flashed it to the usher guarding the Special Line for Those Who Want To Be Seen On Camera. 'The chick at the door said to get on line.' Score one for the kid. But the people I'd left behind came up, said they're with me. Suspicion. Check with chick. I lose that too, and get back in the people's line.

7:45, doors open, VIP's then

people, until 'sorry, we gave out too many tickets.' 'Boo, hiss!' OK, they'll squeeze a few more in. I check the other doors, the next building. No way in.

But the cops near the gate split, so I slipped in, running silently on my Keds. Up the fire escape, through the window. Crop room. Man says, 'Take elevator to Studio 2.' The elevator operator was watching a competitive network, but he took me. But I can't walk out on stage while they're filming. My modesty forbids. Another door; little room. TV set, Jarmo, Marty Balin, 2 blondes (?), TV-man. End with 'Somebody To Love' and jam till the end of the show.' Cop arrives: 'You know that's breaking and entering. Get out, I don't want to see you here again.' I surrender, but on the way to the IRT and Jersey I get busted for jaywalking. New York is a Summer Festival.

Love Peace God

Alan Zigman  
Jersey - Montreal

ed. Oh, we're like that all year ROUND.

Dear EVO:

Couldn't some sort of diplomatic scientific immunity be given to persons experimenting with psylosibin. After all the mushrooms need it as a successful sun substitute and eventually people are going to need it for the same reason, when we are living on the planet Jupiter and other planets too far away from the life

supporting rays of the sun.

What about that plea for equal time to promote psychedelics on TV? For this to happen would definitely be putting the yin with the yang.

Sincerely,  
Billy Virgo

Dear EVO:

I would like to know how to get some sunshine and some grass. It is hard to get shit acid and grass.

Mind Open,  
Ronald

ed. Go to the New York Police Department of Narcotics Control, and look in the files marked 'evidence.' They got plenty of evidence.



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Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate).  
The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Ave.,  
N. Y., 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (35 issues).  
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FIGHT UNTIL COMPLETE VICTORY

A speech by Ho Chi Minh over Radio Hanoi, July 17, 1966

Com patriots and fighters throughout the country!

The barbarous U.S. imperialists have unleashed a war of aggression in an attempt to conquer our country, but they are sustaining big defeats.

They have rushed an expeditionary corps of about 300,000 men into the southern part of our country. They have used a puppet administration and a mercenary army fostered by them as instruments of their aggressive policy. They have resorted to extremely savage means of warfare - toxic chemicals, napalm bombs, and so forth. With such crimes they hope to subdue our southern compatriots.

But under the firm and wise leadership of the NLSV, the South Viet-Nam army and people, closely united and fighting heroically, have scored very glorious victories and are determined to struggle until complete victory with a view to liberating the South, defending the North, and subsequently achieving national reunification.

The U.S. aggressors have brazenly launched air attacks on North Viet-Nam in an attempt to get out of the quagmire in the South and to impose negotiation on us on their terms.

But North Viet-Nam will not falter. Our army and people have shown redoubled eagerness in the emulation to produce and fight heroically. So far we have blasted out of the skies more than 1,200 aircraft. We are determined to defeat the enemy's war of destruction and at the same time to extend all-out support to our dear compatriots in the South.

Of late the U.S. aggressors hysterically took a very serious step further in the escalation of the war. They launched air attacks on the suburbs of Hanoi and Haiphong. That was an act of desperation comparable to the agony convulsions of a grievously wounded wild beast.

Johnson and his clique should realize this: They may bring in 500,000 troops, 1 million troops, or even more to step up the war of aggression in South Viet-Nam. They may use thousands of aircraft for intensified attacks against North Viet-Nam. But never will they be able to break the iron will of the heroic Vietnamese people to fight against U.S. aggression, for national salvation. The more truculent they are, the further they will aggravate their crime. The war may last ten, twenty years or longer. Hanoi, Haiphong, and other cities and enterprises may be destroyed, but the Vietnamese people will not be intimidated! Nothing is more precious than independence and freedom. When victory day comes, our people will rebuild our country and -ndow it with bigger and more beautiful construction.

It is common knowledge that each time they are about to step up their criminal war, the U.S. aggressors always resort to their peace talks swindle in an attempt to fool world opinion and blame Viet-Nam for unwillingness to enter into peace talks.

President Johnson! Reply publicly to the American people and the peoples of the world: Who has sabotaged the Geneva Agreements which guarantee the sovereignty, independence, unity, and territorial integrity of Viet-Nam? Have Vietnamese troops invaded the United States and massacred Americans? Is it not the U.S. Government which has sent U.S. troops to invade Viet-Nam and massacre the Vietnamese?

Let the United States end its war of aggression in Viet-Nam, withdraw from this country all U.S. and satellite troops, and peace will return here at once. Viet-Nam's stand is clear: It is the four points of the Government of the D.R.V.N. and the five points of the NLSV. There is no alternative!

The Vietnamese people cherish peace, genuine peace, peace in independence and freedom, not sham peace, American peace.

For the defense of the independence of the fatherland and for the fulfillment of our obligation to the peoples struggling against U.S. imperialism, our people and army, united as one man, will resolutely fight until complete victory, whatever the sacrifices and hardships may be. In the past we defeated the Japanese fascists and the French colonialists in much more difficult junctures. Today the conditions at home and abroad are more favorable; our people's struggle against U.S. aggression for national salvation is sure to win a total victory.

Dear compatriots and fighters, we are strong with our just cause, the unity of our entire people from north to south, our traditions of undaunted struggle, and the broad sympathy and support of the fraternal socialist countries and progressive people throughout the world. We will win!

At this new juncture, we are as one in our determination to undergo any hardships and sacrifices and to strive for fulfillment of the glorious historic task of our people to defeat the U.S. aggressors!

On behalf of the Vietnamese people, I take this opportunity to express warm thanks to the peoples of the socialist countries and progressive peoples in the world, including the American people, for their devoted support and assistance. In face of the new criminal schemes of the U.S. imperialists, I am firmly confident that the peoples and governments of the fraternal socialist countries and the peace-loving and justice-loving countries in the world will still more vigorously support and help the Vietnamese people until total victory in their struggle against U.S. aggression, for national salvation.

The Vietnamese people will win!

The U.S. aggressors will inevitably be defeated!

Long live a peaceful, reunified, independent, democratic, and prosperous Viet-Nam!

Com patriots and fighters throughout the country, march valiantly forward!

*a revolution is not a spectacle! there are no spectators!  
everyone participates whether they know it or not*



**Summer Solstice...New Mexico**

Trying to examine - understand point reached by Hip People. Consciousness - Reality... with brothers from the Hog Farm family...the Armed Love, Motherfucker tribe...and heads from all over the country...recognition of ourselves as a people grows, but family - tribe - commune attendance still small...The Be-in again replayed and transposed...The tribal gathering still a reality to work for...the gathering of those family - tribes - communes which are the foundation of the Hip Nation.

Woodstock...only two families, Hog Farm and Motherfuckers present within the overall family of all hip people...tribal gathering seems further from reality but closer to existence. The so-called "Movement" left bankrupt, unable to move - flow - influence... find themselves lost in a sea of people - drugs...the two families at home with their people...The Hog Farm feeds - cares for its people-free consciousness in its present future state. While Motherfuckers liberate for and supply their peoples needs. Hundreds of tents and sleeping bags distributed free by psychedelic bandits...taken from straight business stands where they were selling for \$20. and distributed free...stands where profits were labeled "Love" knocked over and goods given freely and lovingly by stoned psychedelic warriors...1,000 hits of a sacred acid distributed while Krishna fakers sing against drugs...2,000 years of repression emerged as bald headed faggots.

There is no "movement" other than the body-soul movement of our people. Fuck the so-called left. New division-unity, seen-understood...ying-yang life-death. The division between left-right is false...the division is between life and death. Hip-Life consciousness must replace political death consciousness as revolutionary alternative and tribal social consciousness must replace left wing party consciousness as revolutionary hope. The real criticism must be total...western death trip must be fully opposed on all levels... the western so-called "revolutionary" attempt cannot succeed to overthrow the death root of the western totality since it is a product of the same partial thought pattern. Western

civilization itself has to be destroyed...and new life-forms created...the struggle is as total as life itself.

Tribal-social pattern the beginning of the 'real' alternative. Patterns of life emerge as patterns of growth. The hip tribal nation forms as the eventual replacement of american all government. The hip tribe as cultural-social-political totality in unity- federation...life as the social form. Those of our people-who have passed beyond being drop-outs...the negative of a negative...to being free men with new life patterns-can but only build that new nation and new life...as new men, poets, dope-magicians, healers, warriors, creators; whatever we are-need. Those of our people who have had the 'vision' will not be stopped, bought, killed. Those for whom the century old oppression has loosened cannot be fooled again. The circle of oppression-death has been broken. A new circle is being formed; one which reverses the total anti-life motion of our recent history.

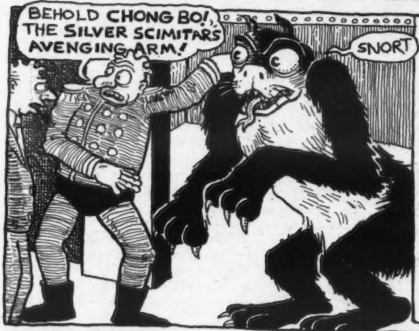
What has been lost must be re-found...what is refund must be strengthened. Evolution within the revolution. Are the western 'politicians' so blind as to think there is 'a' revolution? There is a history of revolutions...a process...a coming and going. Cybernetic-technological nomads...space age indians...psychedelic freak bandits... what was not before is now...what is now will not be again.

Never has the revolutionary possibility been so complete...to be in touch with the cosmic, to re-create environment, to re-find life is a monumental project compared to the mere overthrow of a government...we challenge the total oppression of man of which until now the revolution has been part. We challenge the Revolution itself. Power to no one. Life to everyone.

Sun Eagle

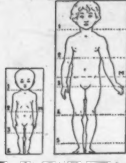
(Armed-Love-Motherfucker Tribe)

# Silver Scimitar



Kim Fitch

# POOR PARANOIDS



BY ALLEN KATZMAN



When Men Are really friends, then even water is sweet.

He who hurries cannot walk with dignity.

Found in a Fortune Cookie

It was Henry Miller, the seer of sex and the profound womb, who once said, "If shit were suddenly to have value, the poor would be born without assholes."

You might say, he caught a profound truth with unchristian merit. In other words, "Ye shall always have the poor with Ye", is another way of understanding that there will always be enough radicals around to act as assholes for the poor.

And the shit they have been spewing forth lately, both in California and the East Coast, still smells of a 'money trip.' The concept of "FREE" which they used, besides threats of violence, to bring down the Wild West festival in San Francisco has now been converted into a Peoples' festival. They have succeeded into conning a larger majority of people into believing that all money-making ventures are basically impure unless they be money for the revolution.

In Bethel, New York, at the Woodstock Festival, the con didn't work. Abbie Hoffman, in the guise of the Revolution, was booted off the stage and crowned with a guitar by Peter Townsend of the Who when he tried to exploit the masses with his revolution. There was no room on stage for another con-game beside the one that The Who were putting down at that moment.

It is unfortunate that radicals lack a good business manager and sound economic policy. It is this lack of theirs which constantly abnormalizes mythology into history without the due recognition that Lenin had his Parvus.

It was Parvus, if some of you radicals will remember, who organized Lenin's trip from Finland via German rail to Russia when the revolution went down. Lenin hated Parvus with a vengeance because of his capitalistic leanings but recognized without his genius, he (Lenin) would have had to walk all the way and by the time he had arrived, the revolution would have all been over but the shouting.

It is the same reason why in 1945 enemies like Mao Tse-tung and Chan Kai-shek could toast each other like friends. It was the smell of money from the American government which had brought both together. Ah yes, as the Chinese fortune cookie tells it, "When men are friends, then even water is sweet."

Now in 1969, the radicals scurry around without even a token to their name. It is a bit undignified, to say the least, to utter the revolution along when it is Mother Nature herself who is the most revolutionary force in the world today; and she walking slowly dignified, and doing it without even a dime to her name. She sits upon our heads with the ultimate con-game and she's a winner to boot. Can any radical in this country say more?

It is with these thoughts in mind that I chanced to visit Tommy Smothers, the 'capitalist' with a stutter, at his offices in Los Angeles. It is Tom, as well as Dick, who sits upon the heads of millions of TV viewers as the men who took the 'New Left' teachings and made it entertaining.

When I entered, Tommy was sitting behind his desk with the clean look of a

man who knew that he was a winner. We launched into a discussion of his recent censorship by CBS-TV.

Tommy Smothers had not been idle. The restrictions of working with a big-assed capitalistic organization like CBS, NBC, or ABC was censorship itself and the relationship was demeaning to the creative faculties. And in order to bypass the reality of the situation, Tom Smothers had decided to initiate his own trip.

He had organized his own capitalistic venture. "There is enough business talent around from Harvard or Yale who are young enough and talented enough to seek refuge in an independent idea."

As far as Tom Smothers was concerned, his idea had worked. He had as many

independent TV stations as ABC who were now willing to take ninety minute specials of the Smothers Brothers Show.

"People will have to realize," Tommy continued, "that in order to do your own thing, one has to have the best economic advice available."

Smothers had given TV a shot in the arm by his ability to organize and accept the truth that it takes a sound fiscal policy as well as a sound idea to build a bridge to the future. He had outflanked the doits of organized boredom, the media mafia of Channel 2, 4, and 7 who had harassed America's mind with their inane graphic pablum.

"My first special," Tommy announced proudly, "will have the Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, and Lawrence Welk as guest stars. My mind blanched at the last name. Smothers winked with a knowing smile: Welk will never realize until too late that his polish smorgasbord had been included in the vanguard of the revolution.

Smothers admitted though that his fight against TV censorship was not over. He had in the works a very special for CBS itself, one which would be a bomb as well as a hit. He made me promise not to reveal the ending.

The discussion next centered around the FCC, the Federal Communications Commission. Smothers felt that the FCC was no more of a censoring tool than the fact that they could revoke a TV station's license if one or more persons questioned the stations right to program the airways with information which were thought not to be beneficial to the Public's mind and taste.

The FCC seemed to have bothered and astonished Smothers less than CBS' self censorship, even though it gave the FCC the perfect democratic out in which to cripple the efforts and ideas of able, inventive and creative men; especially, if these men were not in power.

But Smothers was still jubilant at the thought of his creative breakthrough by organizing around talent rather than power, and by so doing flaunt a law which demanded its children have minds littlier than the cockroachs' penchant to survive as long as they were pure and floated.

Tommy had at least called the tune. Next time, it will be they (as most radicals refer to the establishment) who will be dancing to Jerusalem. It was a lesson for many radicals to learn, that all the shit you can eat has no value unless you have the seed to make a flower.

WHICH ARE ONLY LICENSED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT  
TO: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEMS (CBS)

WHEREAS the SMOTHERS BROTHERS SHOW was one of the few entertaining shows on CBS;  
WHEREAS the SMOTHERS BROTHERS SHOW's ratings were always high;  
WHEREAS the SMOTHERS BROTHERS SHOW, even though liquidated, won a top television award;  
WHEREAS censorship of this show is against the ideals of American Democracy;  
WE do humbly request, implore, petition, require and demand that you restore the SMOTHERS BROTHERS SHOW to the airwaves, without imposing new restrictions.  
AND IF our petition meets with no response, we do promise to engage in a consumer boycott of all products of any sponsor appearing now in the SMOTHERS BROTHERS airtime.

Name	Address	City	State
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5			
6			
7			
8			
9			

Please return to: CITIZENS AGAINST CENSORSHIP 7813 Beverly Blvd, Los Angeles, Calif, 90036



THIS CASE HAS US STUMPED, WE HAVE CALLED IN EXPERTS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. WE SHOULD BE GETTING A REPORT FROM THE CRIME LAB SOON

HERE WE ARE SIR, A SPECIAL REPORT FROM CRIME LAB SHOWS A P.X.Q. ON A 421 B.F.B. OR IN LAYMENS TERMS

IF YOU WILL OBSERVE GENTLEMEN, IMPERCEPTABLE TO THE NAKED EYE, A SMALL PARTICLE

INVESTIGATION REVEALS IT TO BE FROM A CHERRY PIE MADE AT A LOCATION ON 324 PEARL ST

MEANWHILE BACK ON AVENUE F DEY KILLED DAT GUY, LES GET DA FUCK OUTA HEAH, MUY PRONTO

WHATS THAT NOISE OUTSIDE!

SCRAMBLE SCRAMBLE

QUICK GET THOSE KIDS!

I GOT THIS ONE, BUT THE OTHERS GOT AWAY!

PIVAT IS A GUA

MNF

BUT ELSEWHERE MANNING IS FOLLOWING UP THE PIE CLUE

**MOTHER'S PIES**

WHY ITS MY OWN MOTHERS PIE FACTORY, GEE, IF I DONT MAKE A BUST IT'LL LOOK BAD

PLACE LOOKS CLEAN, HAVE TO BUST HER ON A 302 REFUSING TO COMPLY WITH UNSPECIFIED REQUIREMENTS

GOLLY SON ITS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN

SORRY MA, ITS THE LAW

BUT I'M YOUR MOTHER

BUT BACK ON THE AVENUE OK YOUSE GUYS EY SPLIT. NOW WE GOTTA FREE HENRY. DONT FORGET DA PLAN

CHUNK CHUNK

OYE HENRY WHILE YOU WASS TIED UP HEAH, AH FUKED YO MOMMA

NGGGMNF

HEY THOSE KIDS KICKED AHOLE IN THE WALL

C'MON VAMOS

WE'RE TRAPPED LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DONE FOR

OK MUCHACHOS! LET EM HAVE IT

FUCKIN KIDS STARTING FIRES AGAIN

Visitors to the 2nd Isle Of Wight Music Festival at Godshill near Ryde more than doubled the population of the Island, outnumbered the 130 local police by 1,000 to one, and created a shanty-town of towns and trike-shift lean-tos, marquees, shops and facilities containing more people than Bournemouth. The man everyone had come to see was of course Bob Dylan, but the main attraction of the festival, in fact of any festival, was the opportunity of living one's alternative life style, free from police, straight neighbors or any authoritarian moral restrictions, if only for a few days. Most people went to see Dylan but came away with memories of old and new friends and in many cases with new and longlasting relationships. The pop festival has replaced the large demonstration and contains all the same feelings of friendship, comradeship, respect and awe and 'our own numbers' and the sheer energy of such a mass of turned-on people assembled in one place. From that angle Dylan and the other fine groups were important but not essential.

The facilities were good: mobile toilets, food tents, running water, typewriters and telephones in the press-enclosure, medical provisions and, very important, a 2,000 watt PA system of exceptional clarity specially built by WEN which enabled the music to be heard, not only by the festival visitors but also by the men in Parkhurst

jail and the monks in Quarr Monastery who hadn't heard music since the war. The crowd proved that the police are not necessary as there was no trouble and the police were cool by staying away. The main problems were the delays before each day's major act: The Nice, The Who and Bob Dylan & The Band, caused by balancing problems in linking the groups' equipment to the giant PA system. The first two nights were relaxed and beautiful, people promenading, meeting, talking, music playing and flickering campfires outside the tents and shacks of the shanty-town. There were few problems in reaching the site though the 1½ hour walk from Ryde proved a heavy trip for those who decided they couldn't make the chaos of trying to get on a bus to get to the site.

Highlights of Sunday included Tom Paxton who did such catchy numbers as "Talking Viet-Nam Blues" and returned for more encores. When he finally left the stage the audience chanted and cheered for five or more minutes till he eventually came back with tears in his eyes and said, "You know what you've done? You've made me happier than I've ever been in my life." The response to his work was beautiful the feedback from a gigantic audience at last able to show en masse their love and respect for a performer's work. It completely blew his mind and many others!

Richie Havens and his group relaxed after their first number and performed well. Like Julie Felix they used some of Dylan's material. Richie did "Maggie's Farm" and broke a few strings and like everyone else seemed overwhelmed and awed by the size and energy and enthusiasm coming up from the audience. He played well and so did his conga-drummer and guitarist and it was all good.

There was a long delay before The Band appeared, partly caused by sound balance problems and mostly caused by extreme overcrowding in the press enclosure which was caused by the fact only about 20 per cent of the people there were performers or performers' guests or authorized press, the other 80 per cent were hustlers and super-groups who for one devious reason or another had managed to get in, preventing many of the real press from getting in the enclosure and only letting those people back in who had press tickets. Oh yes, and all the stars were there: some Rolling Stones, some Beatles, Francois Hardy, lovely in leather, Jane Fonda with Vadim and everyone my dear.

The Band finally appeared, better than their album, showing their amazing multi-instrument versatility and extreme professionalism. They only performed numbers from "Big Pink" but brought to them such

vitality, richness and improvisation they were all like new.

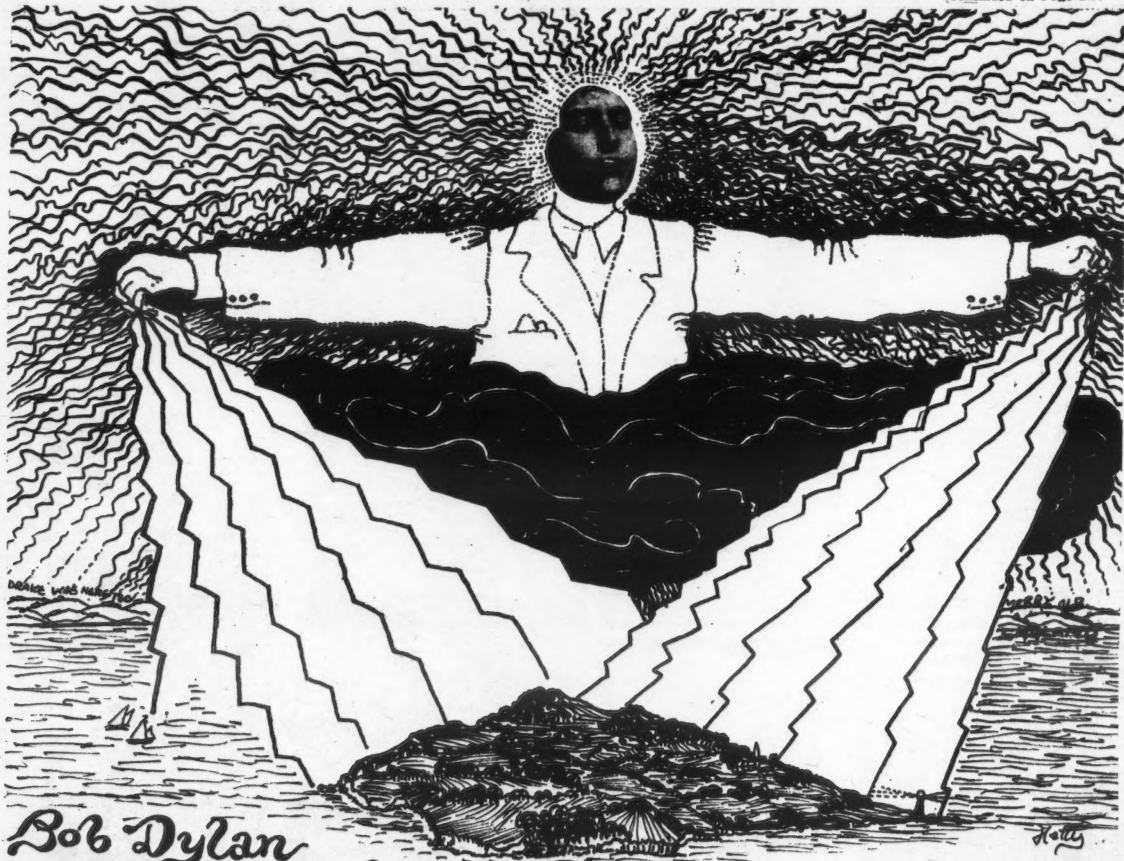
Outstanding performances by Rick Danko on bass who has a fast energetic style, his right hand slapping the strings as if they were red hot, and by Robbie Robertson on guitar who has absorbed the heavy Rock sound, mixed it with country and gives it back with short succinct, imaginative and beautiful seering solos, sometimes as mellow as a harpsichord sometimes as sharp as cactus blades. The audience were thrown when The Band abruptly turned and left the stage upon completion of their act in normal American style. By the time they realized what was happening it was too late to applaud or cheer for more. The Band may have taken this badly as they were the only group at the festival who received no thanks from the audience and as they undoubtedly have new material an encore might have been a valuable experience. They were also in the unenviable position of preceding Dylan when time was running late and of being regarded by some people simple as his backing group.

When Dylan finally appeared, in a white ill-fitting country-singer's suit with yellow shirt, it was a bit of an anti-climax. His appearance had been super-hyped to the extent that even if he had levitated, produced stigmata and electric bolts from

his finger-tips, it would have been a let-down. One's ass can get very bruised sitting on the ground for eight hours waiting. The festival publicity had concentrated solely on him and the popular press had elevated him to a messianic position with phoney interviews, non-event news and general purpose pin-up space fillers. No-one could live up to it, particularly Dylan who has never been Mick Jagger on stage and has always maintained a no-bullshit approach to what he is saying and how he says it.

He did a lot of numbers: "Don't Think Twice It's Alright"; "To Ramona"; "It Ain't Me Babe"; "Mr. Tambourine Man"; "Highway 61"; "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine"; "I Pity The Poor Immigrant"; "Mighty, Quinn"; "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" (which produced some coos from the audience); "I Threw It All Away"; he dashed off "Lay Lady Lay" as if it was an obligation and did three new numbers, all country style, "Springtime in nearly here" and one about a "Minstral", all of which sounded good to me. He did an inspired version of "Like A Rolling Stone" and dwelt heavily upon the chorus of "Everybody Must Get Stoned" to the delight of the audience and accompanied by a grin throughout. The sheer quantity of good material became again apparent and also the range of feelings and 'message' contained in the songs.

(Continued on Page 17)



Bob Dylan at the Isle of Wight Music Festival. By Miles

"The San Francisco light shows, 67 of them, all the major shows except the Brotherhood of Lights (which has a corner on the Fillmore—and intends to keep it) have come together to work for the development of their art form, and aid their economic survival.

The (Light Artists) Guild voted to strike the two San Francisco ballrooms in order to gain recognition for the Guild, equal billing with the bands, and a minimum pay scale." ART JOHNSON in THE BERKELEY TRIBE.

In New York, in a laboratory "of 1250 square feet in the basement of One Union Square West," a mini-museum dedicated "to integrate new technologies into the education process," the MUSEUM OF THE MEDIA, is attempting to develop "a unique hardware-software combination...to communicate more information in less space, less time and with less money than any other audio-visual system." The staff of the Museum are all in their twenties, spearheaded by the Globus brothers, Ros, director of the Museum, Richard, script and programs coordinator, and Stephen, educational director. They have constructed in that basement a three screen rear projection system utilizing slide and 35mm motion picture equipment, to be controlled by "a 13 foot manual control console with will switch 600 amperes of power," and hope eventually to automate the system by a digital computer. Thus far they have served as a probing into a concept of modular environmental exhibition techniques, attempting to "edit, synchronize, modify and coordinate the visual material into a form which can be accepted into the Modular Museum format." They plan a series of exhibitions exploiting these techniques, the first: "a comparative anatomical description of the human head," and publish a newsletter, MEDION, "to report news of exhibits, performances, and technological developments."

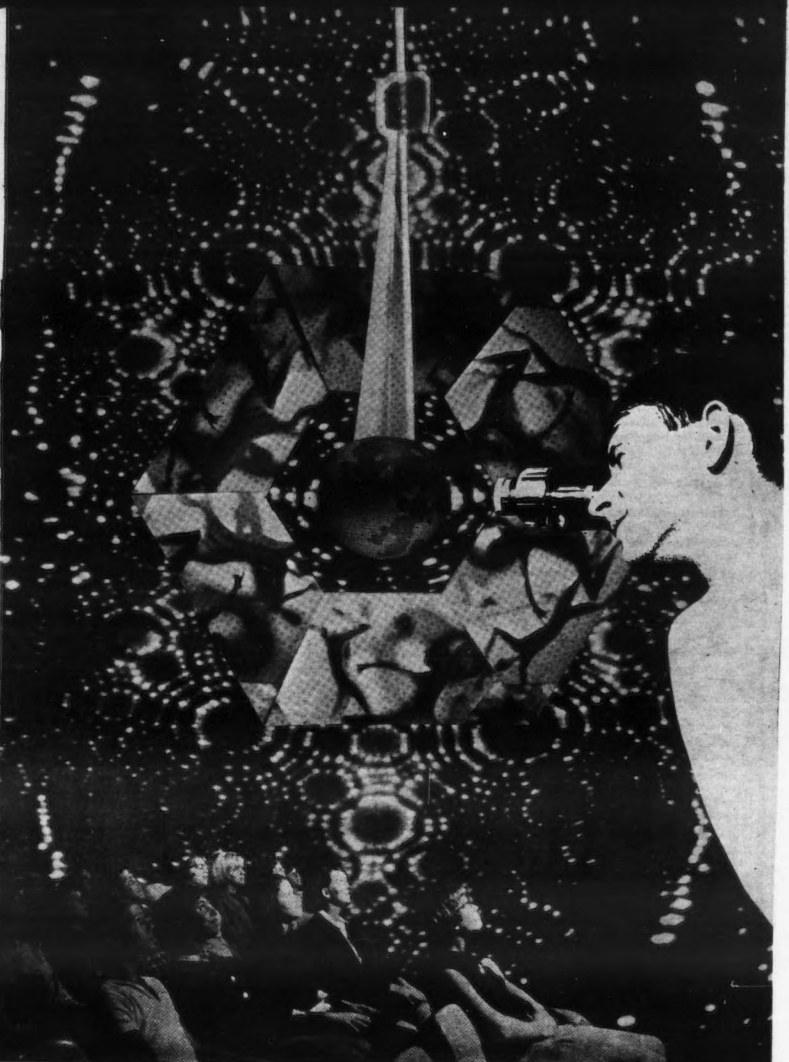
On August 10, 1969, the Museum of the Media invited many of the practitioners of light art and light shows to a meeting, to search for a common ground of information exchange and mutual expediency. Attending this meeting were members of PABLO light show, Jackie Casen and Rudi Stern, Joshua White of the Joshua Light Show, Glenn McKay and members of the HEADLIGHTS light show, Ira Schneider of TELEVISIONARY ASSOCIATES, Stanton Kaye, POLYMEDIA, ILLUMINATIONS, and many individual artists and practitioners of light art and light techniques, from filmmakers and luminal artists to light show companies and environmental designers. Excerpts from that meeting follow:

**MUSEUM OF THE MEDIA:** One of the major functions that we've always tried to do, at least for our own benefit if not for other peoples' benefit, is to centralize information on the technology. And this is a very important thing, so you can go to one place and you can find any lens system or any projection system, or where you can get chemicals or where you can get screens, these are very basic problems.

**JOSHUA WHITE:** This is a kind of elementary information on materials. The problem is not so much getting the show on the screen, as much as getting the right motor for a color wheel, and once you have the motor how do you attach the wheel to the motor, and how do you implement your effects. These are very elementary problems. These are not the secrets of the light show but what you do with those materials, once you have them together. I think that one simple informational sheet published, say, by the Museum of the Media, could get these beginning light shows and persons just beginning to get a feel for materials, that centralize beginning to start learning from.

**MUSEUM OF THE MEDIA:** We, 3 months ago, entered the publishing business, to try to support ourselves. Economically, it's really difficult to publish. I think the best way is really by word of mouth, and people getting together and really working together. It's difficult to communicate an art through an published thing.

**GLENN:** People that are already established in the "industry," like Casen-Stern, Joshua, Pablo, etc.—for instance, you 5 or 6 people, if you would get together with whoever else wants to, and just sit down and decide how you want to disseminate the information. You've got no basic economic problem here per se. In San Francisco, we were directly out to get the promoters, and we're still out to get them, and we're going to get them. (LAUGHTER) We're not going to stop now. That's all there is to it. If we get the promoters in S.F. so uptight with the light shows that they say "we're not going to



have anymore light shows, it's just going to be spotlights." then that's groovy too, because what's it's done is to get the artist off his ass, and say all right I'm really serious about what I want to do, and I'm going to find another way to present my ideas in another form—so we'll have essentially eliminated the hassle of everybody trying to get in there and make their 100 bucks a night or some ridiculous fee that they're working for, and trying to get all these people and equipment together. Maybe we'll put up screens in a hall of our own.

I'm talking with these straight people in S.F. about what has been the fault of musical presentations so far, why is it hitting a lag. Because the basic thing that they try to hit at is a stage presentation of 10 guys and flashy rock-and-roll stars, and they have not paid an equal amount of attention to the visual trip. So it's a 2,000 seat sit-down concert type of situation. In this kind of situation, with enough money, we could present a whole diorama—and we could close it down to one screen for a visual performance. I'm trying to find a shakuhachi player and  
(Continued on Page 16)

**UNITED  
LIGHT**

Story and Collage by Jud Yalkut

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There is a new life-style being encouraged and otherwise talked-up. You could call it the holistic existence of the self-employed, or you could call it a shuck; it all depends on the perspective, if you are inside or outside. Bucky Fuller having disposed of the UP and DOWN. We are irrational freaks, crazy, wild and watch Dick Cavett on TV because who else admits he doesn't understand. The rest of TV, as a friend put it—"has finally learned to film radio shows." And we play in the mud because, ma, it's only mud.

If you are outside, then living this particular way is negatively absurd; when They (They need, to capitalize, we don't) analyzed Woodstock, it was in terms of hyperbole and gross incompetence, reflecting the media's own discomfort with sun, rain, and the natural spectrum. The words were so obviously mismatched, to the reality they didn't comprehend. Drugs became "widespread drug abuse," rain and stars and grass become "the misery of mud, garbage and filth" and so on. But Hurricane Cora, or whatever the name is, ah: this is an understandable phenomenon (paradox because nobody asked for trouble. So the hundreds dead and missing were reported, coolly, clinically, without emotion. This just happened, and God's Will Had Been Done, something all the cool agnostics at CBS understood real well. Life on any but the most complacent erms represents trouble to Them.

When were They ever in love with life...? So, we live to talk about living all of it, each of us more than the sum of his parts, each of us a holistic being, and we proclaim Childhood's End, that we are worthy of this newbreed expression, "rock subculture," which tastes rather salty on the tongue, stays to be recognized. Rock subculture is us who use music to express certain communications and no other method has so far been able to convey. Music is the generations's swastika, counterclockwise arms spread wide for peace (check the arms on the original American Indian swastika). Music because...words in all their delicious obscurity are too dependent on a homogenized culture for valid interpretation. There is a scientific "mother's heartbeat" theory which proposes heartbeat into drumbeat into rhythm into song is the order; now that may be wrong, but we are here and so is this music, let the next generation use infallible 20-20 hindsight to wonder why.

Outsiders do not live the life; they explain, review, criticize, analyze, deduce, adduce, reduce and otherwise miss the point by attempting to circumscribe something which is bigger than both of us. A child lives in a world of irrationality because he thinks everything is part of himself; "Intimations of Immortality" was Wordsworth's way of wondering how to find a way out of the boundaries of being a human being...Sartre found an answer in 'Becoming'; and that's about right; we spend our lives becoming, growing, while They try to figure out how and why. Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Airplane says, "You die when you understand life completely, because whenever you understand anything completely, it becomes irrelevant and unnecessary to your existence."



LITA ELISCU

DON LEWIS

And uptown, they have discovered something about their own lives...Which explains the rash of articles, movies, books, and etc., about the life-style of this subculture. Men try to reassure their existence by reporting back to their editors on "the facts", even the Indian Agents on the reservations used to say that Cochise said, "Me no speak with forked tongue, ugh." Oh well; familiarity from the outside (paradox paradox) does not breed understanding, and contempt is only one step off from ignorance.

So is over-enthusiasm. Above 14th Street, mythical New York boundary, up there at Life, Time and NBC all they can find to talk about is this Inside way of life. I am tired of invalid interpretations, no matter how well-meaning, from people who don't do but see. Not too long ago, the Minnesota Firestone Theatre performed at LaMama, and asked the audience, "Do you want to be Faust or see Faust?" And that's what it is all about. One does not know life by reading it, and Outside, that death-in-life is becoming irrelevant to Them as well.

One way to bridge the gap has been in films. More, an extraordinarily beautiful film, Putney Swope, a brilliant scrutiny, eye-blinked even Easy Rider in its lightweight style; all these films had something to say about the non-measurable way of life. (Fast note for me, too; ratio-some kind of relationship, irrational implies the relationship cannot be comprehended unless you forget how to get it and let it occur to you.) Barbet Schroeder and Bob Downey, for whatever reasons are among the few on the Inside who are interested in this kind of technical advice and film what is going down. Most of us are content to be passive, allow the life to happen, and attend the film or concert...In Jim McBride's David Holzman's Diary, a painter talks about the moral life of reality vs. the aesthetic life lived while on camera, in which each action is influenced by the recognition that someone is watching. Now, we all know someone is watching all the time, in order to get pleasure or some emotion out of the ensuing actions—even if that someone is a Me. Godard, too, of course, has more than any other single practicing artist, created a bridge for us all to cross back and forth on, requiring only that we want to use the bridge by using our minds. We are all aestheticians, making our lives works of art through the interaction of the person and that which lays without and within.

Some people, of course, are outsiders and make films of this new life style. It is in just such confusions of terms, 'life' and 'style' that the distinctions can be found; this way of life insists that style is an inseparable part of living. Arthur Penn has directed a sympathetic film, Alice's Restaurant; Haskell Wexler's Medium Cool is simply exploitative.

I phrased the possessives like that because Arthur Penn, in photographing his movie, did exactly that, stayed to the outside so that instead of making a film out of the various visual puzzle pieces before him, he stood back and photographed the assembled scenes. Mr. Wexler, however, saw fit to exploit Chicago-as-event and use it in his own flimsy work. (Any film that Rex Reed loves can't be all good, right?) The footage of Chicago

itself is excellent, but as Catherine Leroy said about her brilliant footage of Vietnam, "You need a lot of courage and little talent" because it is all happening anyway and you have only to remember to roll your camera; less awkward in fact, than this sentence.

So in front of, besides, and surrounding CHICAGO is this love story, complete with morals and nudie shots. TV News Cameraman John (Robert Forster, late of Justine) simultaneously falls out of love with the dishonest world of TV News Coverage and flashy girls, and in love with honesty, purity, and Okie girl Eileen (Verna Bloom) who is pure and wears bras. Just as they discover love, each other, and the terrible absolute hotness of living, they receive a rude awakening to life, and everyone else is able to remain medium cool to every little terror that keeps on. Needless to say John becomes involved in getting a story on a black cab driver who returned \$10,000 he found in his cab; Needless to say, the cops are very suspicious as to why he returned such money, and further to say that the black cabdriver talks like Job, or maybe Socrates, so that you can understand he is Dignified and Black, just as Haskell Wexler learned from his mammy's knee a long time ago, hunny chile. And all the other blacks carry equal PHD chips on their shoulders, showing whitey just how wrong he is about blackness, culture and medium shit such as this. But Haskell knows. At one point in the Chicago footage, a voice screams out, "Look out Haskell, it's real!" So that we can know he was there. Only...what did he learn? John and various girls make love, throw each other around the room; great. John and Verna go to a discotheque and in the background is Frank Zappa? singing about places where phony hippies meet. Sure, in a Chicago discotheque—or is that for me and Haskell so we can both know how medium cool we are.

There are some good shots, Mr. Wexler is not without talent, damning phrase which that is; there is a lovely new-wave shot of Our Hero making his way through the modern American ocean—a morass of Ford seaweed—with cars swirling about him; there is a beautifully shot poker game between the little hero, Eileen's son, and friends. As a matter of fact, those parts of the movie not trying to deal with the subculture are really OK. Using a nonplussed movie code to reveal more nude bodies, even such tasty ones as Robert Forster's is very simply dull when it is shot in the pseudo-Huxley 'feelies' style Mr. Wexler uses. As a matter of fact, if Mr. Wexler has just left Chicago out of this movie, it might have been a far wiser action.

His use of attention-getters such as the cabdriver who is maligned by Us Whites, and the dispassion, even disinterest, of Us Whites in car crashes or the ripping off of a whole city and culture; such unemotion is not demonstrated merely exploited. Medium Cool is much more about Mr. Wexler's own late awakening to existence than it is about any external social reality. His abortive, sophomoric use of the camera at the end, turning it on us-me-you, the audience, is unworthy of an NYC film student. Or he without-with sin.

(Continued on Page 18)

Monty's Mother 115% *clayroom*



OH, I DON'T CRAVE METAPHYSICAL HAZE,



NOR HUMAN POWERS SUPER;



I JUST WANT TO SPEND MY DAYS IN **ALCOHOLIC SUPER.**

# SOLID TOONS



CLEAVAGE MCGAWN  
LESLIE



SUSAN MCGAWN



MR. BALONEY



MUTHER, DADDY. I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET LOU, LOU BALONEY.

I'M VERY HAPPY TO MEET YOU, FOLKS!



AND THIS IS MY KID SISTER, CLEAVAGE!

WALL GEEZ HOWDJA DOO?

HI, SAY! HOW DID YOU EVER GET A NAME LIKE CLEAVAGE?

DON'T GET FRESH, NOW!



GEE SUSAN, YOU SHER GOT A SWELL HOUSE... A-AND TWO PERFECTLY NIFTY FOLKS

UH EXCUSE ME SIS...



OH, WHAT IS IT, YOU LITTLE BRAT?

UH... SOMEONE WANTS YA ON THE PHONE!

OH... ALLRIGHT.



HEY... WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?

SMACK!

SHUT UP 'N' GRAB MY TITS YOU FOOL!



SAY... THERE WAS NO ONE ON TH' PHONE!

OH! MY MISTAKE!

UH... I'LL SEE YOU LATER, CLEAVAGE!

YOU WILL? GOSH, MR. BALONEY!



THAT'S **SOLID!!!**

THE END!



One of my dearer joys has always been to await the new releases of what can certainly be called the most promising record company in the music business today: Elektra. Here is a small (by comparison) company which has grown by leaps and bounds in all directions since it was a twinkle in Jac Holzman's eye 20 years ago. Since that time, Elektra has become noted for the quality of its productions and the taste with which it has promoted and packaged its artists: in the best sense, for Elektra has given the public such undeniable artists as Judy Collins, The Doors, The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, The Stooges, Delaney, Bonney and Friends, The Incredible String Band, Tom Paxton, and many others. One thing though, which Elektra is not noted for, by and large, is bullshit records. (They have neither the budget nor the desire to emulate the larger, higher-priced companies who work on the shotgun principle: 20 releases a week and maybe one hit or near hit among the lot.) Fortunately, Elektra has never wanted to be an operation big enough to operate on that theory, nor would it be possible for them to crassly use artists in that manner. Quality is its own judge, or at least its own determinant, and Elektra has been unusually noted for that ethical quality.

With an operation the size of Elektra's, every artist who is selected is special in some regard or other (even if only to the promotion people). However, Elektra, for some recent reason known only to God, has been doing some distinctly strange things. The biggest group that Elektra has at present is that fearsome

foursome, THE DOORS, but the DOORS really haven't merited the voluminous coverage they've gotten, especially on their latest album. The best number on it, "The Soft Parade," is reminiscent in its decadence of the old Doors - a combination of lyrics by Bertolt Brecht coupled with the visual scenery of George Grouz. However, the album is badly messed up by the syrupy arrangements of Paul Rothchild. (One could retitle the album, "The Rothchild Strings Play the Doors", and it would still come over the same.) The Doors, however, are good: in spite of themselves...leave it at that.

But the Doors are not the only group which Elektra can be proud of, and in many ways they are not as current as, for instance, The Paul Butterfield Blues Band (which makes Blood, Sweat and Tears sound like a bunch of pimply high school kids practicing in their parents' basement). Butterfield is one of the most widely known blues band, predating the great "Can A White Man Really Play The Blues" Number, pre-Al Kooper and the plastic scene. Butterfield has 4 albums out, each an improvement over the one before, ranging in mood from hard Chicago sound to eastern modal blues, to brass. Nary a word, though, does one hear about Butterfield from Elektra. Not that they have to wage a horrendous hype campaign as RCA has been doing with Elvis Presley with a massive bio and two records, plus pocket calendar cards with THE MAN'S picture on the back all in a fancy black box like what they do with operas...Butterfield doesn't need hype, but all the same, the public really should

be informed that he is alive and well and living somewhere in the New York hills with another album coming out momentarily if not already.

Juxtaposing the Doors and Butterfield is a minor example, some may say, but another thing equally disturbing is slowly becoming reality within the Elektra organization. We all know how the use of huge quantities of hype has become more and more frequent. The two latest nominees for the Hype of the Year Award have undoubtedly to be Elektra's newest groups, Bread and Wilt Thing. (You remember that groovy article in Rolling Stone about Wild Thing, those cats with the foot-high pompadour jobs, old-fashion cycle rockers with the hearts of gold, you say, Elektra seems to have bought the whole story-complete.) Wild Thing's single, "Old Lady" sounds like four musicians who have thrown away their picks and were using hammers and bicycle chains on their instruments. Now if there was one thing that Elektra has always been noted for, it was their ability to intelligently pick quality over novelty. Too bad.

Bread, on the other hand, seems to represent Elektra's answer to the Monkees. For all its pleasant packaging, Bread is plastic, more an attempt to grab in those folk who are turned on to rock music, but who want it in a cellophane baggie - So be it, but what happens to people like The Dillards, Tom Paxton, or the funky Holy Modal Rounders while all this money is being spent on nonsense like Bread?

The Elektra complex seems to be a result of various factors related to "making it" in the world of record giants. Quality doesn't seem to be enough, quantity is more important. What happens then is that the company falls into the trap of hyping material which is not up to the normal excellent standards of the label. In the process of spending a lot of money on groups of questionable relevance, it ignores the label's established and proven artists. All of this leads to vague bad feelings on the inside, but even more disastrously, to a feeling that Elektra is turning into just another record company in pursuit of the rock dollar.

(There is, however, another side to Elektra-Nonesuch Records. Nonesuch has for years produced quality recordings of classical music. Their electronic music line is fantastic and well thought out, from recording to the packaging. Nonesuch's concept is to produce high quality recordings at less than normal rip-off prices. Joshua Rifkin and Teresa Stern are to be congratulated for doing such a fine job of bringing records of note within the reach of everyone's pocketbook.)

Elektra is definitely a funny company, but equally definitely the most promising (along with Zappa's Bizarre-Straight) in its potential capability: producing fine talent, fine records, and giving the public something more than a hype to hear. Elektra has vast promise, but it also has a problem. It must decide which is more important, the multi dollar or the good name for dependable, creative, and pioneering achievements in the already badly clogged recording industry. For its own sake, I hope the people who make it go are ambivalent about the dollar trip. Elektra's too young (and far too good) to knock itself off.

#### ADDENDA

Is anybody listening, is it safe, is the coast clear...no rockers around with chains??? Well, alright, I'll say it since heresy is the name of the game. Keeping in mind all the ballyhoo which has been going down lately about the rock and roll revival, I never-the less submit that as long as I have listened to rock, I HAVE NEVER BEEN FASCINATED BY THE ETHOS, PORTHOS, GEIST, OR ZEITGEIST OF ELVIS PRESLEY. I couldn't care less that he had sold over 250,000 records, or that he is the richest rock and roll singer living in the Western World, or that he gives dynamite concerts in Las Vegas. Frankly, he bores me to tears. I do not get all clammy in the hands or commence to wet my pants when he starts to come on with all his redneck charm. Carl Perkins, yeah; Buddy Holly or Bo Diddley, fine; even Jerry Lee Lewis or Chuck Berry, but please not Elvis in his black leather jacket and sideburns. It has always amazed me how everyone can get so nostalgic about the 'good old days' when they were just 10 years ago. Pretty soon, give it another 15 years no one will know who or what the Beatles were, and Bob Dylan will be a myth, for time does march on.

#### RANDOM NOTES

Ten Years After's new album, "Shhh. Ten Years After" is probably the best thing they've done to date. It captures both the visual and musical sense of the group in a dynamic way. "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," "The Stomp," and "Two Time Woman" are good cuts which serve as vehicles for Alvin Lee to get his rocks off and to show the erotic potential of his guitar and his voice...Ex-Elektra recording artists, Love, have produced a masterful farewell album called, "Four Sail." Elektra, for some unfathomable reason, pretty nearly totally neglected this group which has produced some of the finest rock songs ever recorded. Though it seems that few know or care that it has been released, nevertheless, if you dig what Love has been doing, then this album comes right on in the same powerful manner under the capable, if somewhat erratic direction of its leader and founder Arthur Lee.

## By the Unknown Soldier

/Can you describe Sophia Loren without using your hands? Unless you are adept in the King's English, it would be hard. The next best thing would be to draw a picture. Some of the most effective ways of describing an action or thought are through the Cartoon. Cartoons are usually used to satirize or to mimic items of public interest because, "One picture is worth a thousand words."

/This article is not about cartoons in general, but of Cartoons put in a general direction, Army Policy.

/Have you ever tried to describe the inner workings of a computer to a disinterested farmer? Try telling an Officer he is

wrong. Try telling an NCO he is wrong. I, until my discharge, was the editor of an underground newspaper on my post, and with the aid of my friend and his Fiat was able to distribute 6000 copies of my first issue, 4000 copies of my second issue and 4000 copies of my third issue. All of this was done on an Army mimeograph Machine with Army paper and stencils. No, I was never caught even though I was suspected.

### /PUT OUT YOUR OWN PAPER

/How can you as a soldier be effective at striking back at the pultrons that hide behind stripes and bars? Put out your own paper. First you need a blank stencil.

These may be obtained through your company level supply room or Orderly Room. The next item is a stylus. Styluses are usually a precious commodity but with search can be found out. After drawing your cartoon or typing your opinion, (remember, whatever you print is usually your thought on a subject) you must run off your stencil. Mimiograph machines are usually a Battalion Level item and are also scarce in certain areas. Caution should be taken so that you are not caught in the act of running off your stencil. Saturday Mornings are usually good. After you have printed up a tidy amount it would behoove you not to get caught distributing either, cause they can

bust you for distribution without a license but they can't touch you for possession. Here are a few of our more popular cartoons. Put out your own paper and piss off a Lifer today.

### /HELP ABOLISH DA FORM 1389

/This form is illegal as set forth in the guideline of Congress in relation to the apartheid segregational breakdown of White and Black in each rank in each company. This form is done by all Company Level Morning Report Clerks every week and every payday. Send a letter to your congressman and enclose your post copy, I am sure we can do something about this absurd system.



On February 28, 1966, a popular Tel Aviv restaurateur named Abie J. Nathan flew a small plane into Port Said, Egypt on a mission of peace. He carried with him a message for President Nasser of the United Arab Republic—a petition signed by 100,000 Israelis asking for an end to hostilities between Israel and the Arab world. A few hours after he landed, a rumor began circulating Israel that Nathan had been killed. The rumor, of course, was false. Nathan was well received and was told by Egyptian officials, "We are glad you've made this gesture of good will. Now your government must do the same." Nathan, who was greeted as a hero for peace, returned to Israel under sentence for illegally traveling to an Arab country. The trip convinced Nathan that more must be done to reach the peace-minded people in Arab countries and in Israel.

/In his own way the energetic, Iranian-born Jew from Tel Aviv began to do something serious about "beating swords into plowshares." He became a kind of one man peace movement in the Holy Land.

/Since his first trip to Egypt, he has worked tirelessly to bring Arab and Jew together. In Nazareth, Abie Nathan founded an integrated school for Arab and Jewish children. In June of 1966, he organized something almost unheard of in Israel: a peace march from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Nathan made two more flights to Egypt after the Six Day War. His second flight netted him a conviction for illegal travel to Egypt of which

was accompanied by a sentence of \$400 or 40 days in jail. Nathan contributed the \$400 to a hospital for war victims and served out his prison term. Undaunted by fear of jail, the peace-pilot made yet a third trip to the United Arab Republic, though, this time he traveled by commercial jetliner. His final trip to Egypt resulted in a one year prison sentence. Nathan however, has gone into temporary exile rather than serve his time. "I don't think that I could do anything for peace, by rotting in jail," he explains. "Besides, if I returned to Israel, the government would have to put me in prison and I don't want the world to think that Israel jails men of peace."

/While in exile, the 42 year old Nathan was struck by the inhumanity of the genocide in Biafra, so he began to organize relief operations for that beleaguered country. The Biafrans needed pilots, so Abie Nathan, who had served with the RAF, the Israeli Air Force, and EIAI, volunteered his services for the dangerous flights into Eastern Nigeria.

/But Abie's heart was still in the Middle East. Last week he came to New York to solicit funds for his latest Israeli-Arab peace project. Earlier this year he had raised \$65,000 for the Dutch people to buy an old freighter. It is his hope to outfit the ship with broadcasting equipment, then to anchor it off the coast of Israel and the UAR. There he could set up "Radio Peace," an impartial broadcasting station that would beam truthful, non-propaganda news to both the Arabs and the Jews. The ship was renovated in

Holland, and an international crew of Moslems and Jews was assembled. Now, Nathan is in New York to find \$150,000 for the broadcasting equipment. Beatle John Lennon has already committed himself to getting out of bed, for the first two weeks of Peace Ship broadcasts. He and Yoko will beam their peace messages to the middle-east.

/The idea for the Peace Ship first came to Nathan right after the Six Day War. "All radio stations in the Mid-East are run by governments, and they broadcast nothing but hate and propaganda. During the period before the war, the Arabs would scream horrible things over the air and the Israeli station would replay the stuff to keep everybody in a frenzy. There is more to this situation than hate. I think that people on both sides want peace. This radio station will be a means of reaching those people."

/Abie grows emotional when he speaks of the ship. He considers it a beginning hope for an end to tensions in the Middle East. "I don't know if we can make peace," he says, "but we can eliminate some of the tensions that politicians on both sides would seek to exploit. No one has been pure in this matter."

/While the American Jewish community has been extremely generous to Israel (it raised over 200 million dollars in the two weeks after the Six Day War), collecting money for a less militaristic causes has proved difficult. There are too many people who believe that the only answer for Israel is to arm

herself for future military conflict. Nathan is looked upon by many as somewhat of a charlatan whose ideas might only prove harmful to the survival of the Jewish state.

It is no wonder that Abie Nathan is mistrusted by those who seek a military answer for Israel. His ideas seem to go so contrary to what are accepted maxims for the Mid-East. Nathan does not blame Israeli-Arab tensions on one side alone. He does not view the Arab world as a monolith of gun-toting Bedouins all bent on killing any Jew they can get their hands on. Nathan sees sharp differences between the leadership of Egypt and a feudal monarchy like Saudi Arabia. "Frankly," the peace pilot said, "I think that Nasser is the only leader in the Arab world. If he falls, it will be disastrous for Israel, so I am very critical of those who say that Nasser should be overthrown. What would replace him would be something worse—a government something like Syria. It is my feeling that Nasser would make peace if he could find a face-saving device."

/Nathan is also critical of the governmental hawks back home: "We have a hard position: we will only negotiate directly with the Arabs. The Arabs say they will not talk with us until we first withdraw from occupied lands. Nothing is ever going to happen that way. Politicians on both sides would be out of office in a minute if they gave in on these hard demands. It is Israel's job to break this stalemate by beginning a small symbolic withdrawal from near the Suez

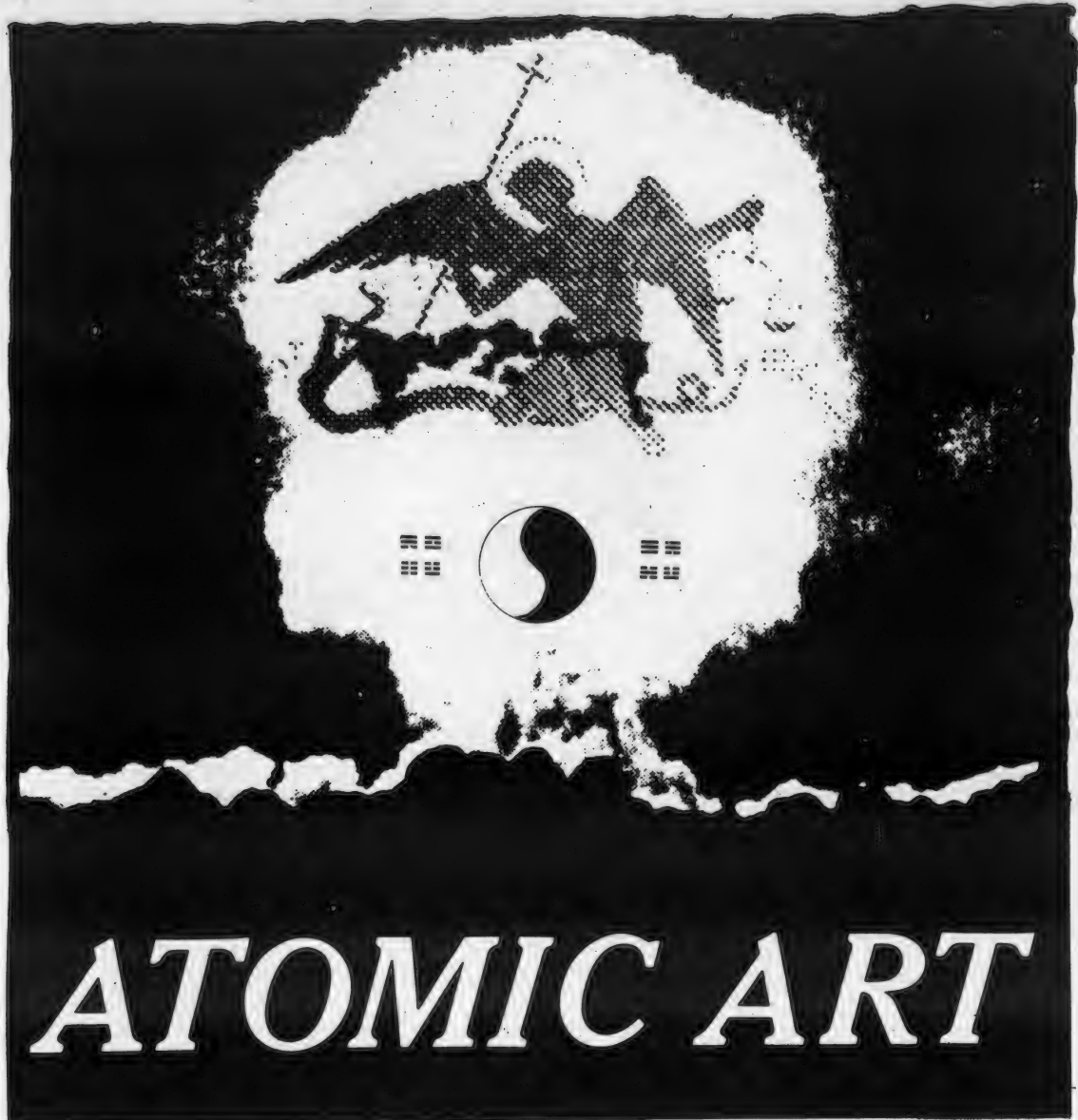
Canal. Isn't that how the United States got the Paris negotiations started—stopping the bombing of North Vietnam?"

/As an individual, Abie Nathan is somewhat of an enigma. He works for peace, uses a rhetoric very similar to that of pacifism, but is not a pacifist. "I'll tell you," he laughs self-consciously, "during the Six Day War, I was scared. I even volunteered for the Air Force, but was turned down because I was too old. All the jet pilots are young kids now.

For a day or so it seemed like it could be the end. But now that the war is over, we must get to making conditions right for peace. This kind of thing should never be allowed to happen again."

/The thought of living on a ship for the next few years hardly appeals to Abie Nathan. He's an airplane pilot, not a seaman. What's more, he can't swim. But the Israeli restaurateur is determined to stay on that boat until hostilities end. "I'll simply nudge them so much that they'll have to get together." A cynical observer has suggested that Nathan may indeed have the effect of bringing Arabs and Jews together. Speaking with a humorous tone in his voice, the cynic said, "You know, Abie's going to irritate both sides so much they may just organize a joint effort to blow him out of the water." Says Nathan, "I'd rather they took some OTHER first steps at unity."

/Contributions for the Peace Ship can be sent to Peace Ship Fund, Post Office Box 1111, Franklin Roosevelt Station, New York, N.Y.



# ATOMIC ART

By Alan Asnen

And now for the lighter side of the nuclear bomb.

Imagine someone wandering around the site of a nuclear blast, picking up bit and pieces of the atomic refuse. He stumbles about, grabbing a piece of metal here, a stitch of wood there. The landscape is desolate. His fleeting footprints in the sand being wiped away by the over-count (Roentogen Scale) winds. Near the horizon in the distance are little lead and cement slab-like rectangular creatures. Tiny weather balloons dot the sky. A green flare rises every now and then to signal that the area is now relatively safe, and the all-clear is on. Somewhere off in the distance, the sound of Army vehicles is heard. The radioactive litter-picker stands up from his crouched position. He watches the rising dust clouds as the jeeps appear through them. They come quite near and screech to a halt. Several men in khaki step out and approach the lean and lanky figure standing defiantly against the setting New Mexican sun.

"Who're you?" they stammer.

Well, the rest is history. The only trouble is that not many people are up on their art history. So here's today's lesson.

Some time ago, Tony Price left New York and set out a'roamin' through the White Sands of Alamogordo. He found all these nice little things and started working on them. He took the head of a thermonuclear device and banged hell out of it until he finished with a bell shaped bell (complete with drumstick), and imprinted with the I Ching and several heavenly mandalas. Such is the nature of his work on this spaceship Earth.

So, we went to see what everybody wasn't talking about (although they rarely talk about anything much, artwise, in New York). His "show" is being held in a friend's loft. His name is Sandy. And he will greet you at the door of LW 4-9546, and then you will enter into a nuclear playground. For those who have not yet been to any nuclear playgrounds, here's

some advice on what to do from one who has.

First, make a bee-line to that thing that looks like the innards of a piano torn out with all sorts of amusing, shiny ring-things turning and twisting over it. Pick up one of the little hammers and start hammering. Anything. Anywhere. The sounds will astound you. Preferably, you should go with a friend or two, so that the sounds might be a bit more symphonic. You won't get bored from it, so when you feel that you and the "piano" are becoming attached, wipe away the tears and walk away, to the left, pick up the drumstick on the platinum mandala bell, and strike. Once will do. Quickly move back to the door. Pick the little metal disks up off of the floor and try to throw them into the plastic fantastic machine in front of you. If you miss, press the button on the thingamabob attached to the machine. After a while, you will gain some expertise at it and you will be able to get maybe two out of ten into it. But curse ever so gently and totter over to the wooden chairs. Sit down. You may notice that you have stopped cursing. Fine, now put your feet up on the foot rest and lean

back. Casually bring your left hand over to the electric circuit table and lift off the top of one of the candy dishes. If there's no candy inside, let go of the top with feeling and shut your eyes. The tinkling clan might put you to sleep, wandering through gentle clouds and over rolling hills, hearing soft music, but if it doesn't get up and go over to the whastit machine.

It's supposed to make something out of plastic and it goes through all kinds of vacuum and whirling gearing changes. Then croach down and open up the cocaine freezer. It doesn't do much except open up and most likely you won't find any cocaine in there, but its really just as much fun as anything else.

Now the supervised playtime is over. You can run around banging and gonging anything you please, with all of our blessings. Sooner or later, though, you will have to leave. Sandy and his folks might want to go to sleep. Or you might be slightly starving. So go with a good conscience.

Even though, when you're outside, you'll probably wonder - what with all the great stuff you've just experienced - if you still want to Ban the Bomb.



Publisher:  
Joseph Mandrill Scattercome  
Editor - In - Chief:  
D. A. Latimer

Presented this week only, in a spirit of good clean fun and creative competition, as a special DECOMPOSITION wastebasket parody. Anyone who suspects himself to be lampooned on this page is probably correct, but has no grounds whatsoever for libel suit. Good clean, fun, fellas!!

PRE-TESTED 100% EFFECTIVE

Much has been said of late, pro and con, concerning Attorney General John Mitchell's new Preventive Detention proposal. In brief, this new proposal calls for the immediate jailing of serious lawbreakers and chronic recidivists, and for their detention — without bail — until such time as a judge and/or jury finds them guilty as charged. This what this constitutes



MITCHELL



HUSAK

is a Shortcut program for his heavily overburdened law enforcement officials and judges, and in the view of this paper, a perfectly reasonable and long-overdue Shortcut. As you might suspect, Shortcut has come under withering fire from the various spokesmen for so-called "Liberalism." The same longhaired egghead types who were 100% behind the former Warren Court's tying of the policeman's hands are — how very predictably! — 100% opposed to Shortcut. This to our view, weighs heavily in favor of the Attorney General's proposal. A good example of how effective Shortcut ought to be is given by a look at

—COMMUNIST CZECHOSLOVAKIA—

where just such a program has been put into effect in the last few weeks, and with amazing results. Besieged by thousands upon thousands of oppressed citizens clamoring violently for freedom, the puppet regime of Gustav Husak—acting on direct guidance from his Red Moscow bosses—initiated tough legal measures which, among other things:

1. can remove students from their colleges and workers from their jobs for participating in civil disturbances;
2. increase the penalties for defaming the government, and
3. provide police with the power to arrest anyone who looks or acts suspicious, holding him incommunicado for as long as it takes to convict him.

These measures have succeeded, according to reports, in virtually eliminating civil disturbances in Czechoslovakia—and in less than a month!

MALARKY!

If the "Liberals" had had their way, by now America would be another Czechoslovakia!! You can see where listening to pinkoes of that stripe gets you, and so, we trust, can Attorney General Mitchell. Unless dissuaded by other, less bona-fide American members of this Administration, John Mitchell will personally see to it that Shortcut is beefed up to at least the strictness of the measures listed above—and passed by Congress with a good deal more than "deliberate speed."

To which this paper can only say—

WHY STOP HERE?

We have a law called the McCarran Act on the books, which provides for the wholesale detention of saboteurs, terrorists, Communists, pinkoes and other treacherous scum in times of national disorder. Now, it's no secret that emergency detention centers exist for just such eventualities, and we'd like to know, Mr. Attorney General, when they're ever going to be used! Certainly there are enough un-American sicknicks hanging around our universities and elsewhere to fill them up, and then some. And why should these creeps mind being cooped up together? Certainly the recent disorders in Bethel, N.Y., showed they don't mind a certain lack of privacy, not to mention soap and water. Or peace and quiet. Or law and order.

Maybe the Beatles or someone could be hired to play a concert in a concentration camp. Pied Pipers, anyone?

THE INSPIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

By Timmie Tremaine  
The NOOSE will pay \$10 for each insult accepted for this column. Today's award goes to John W. Crampbell, editor of Awe-Inspiring Science Fracture Magazine.

THE QUESTION:

Recent astronomical studies indicate that there is almost certainly some form of life on Ganymede, a satellite of Jupiter. If American astronauts land there and find intelligent beings, what do you think we should do with them?

WHERE ASKED:  
Various pest-holes

THE ANSWERS:

Clement Brainsburst, night court justice: "I say nuke 'em! These Russians got to learn where to get off, doggone it! They start puttin' up them satellites in the sky there, next thing you know they'll be in yer back yard, diddin' yer sister. If that damn Nixon'd let good old Ike take over agin we wouldn't have this satellite crisis. Nuke 'em, dammit!"

Henrietta Van Hardon, white liberal obituary writer for the Scarsdale Pest: "Will, it just makes me want to cry when I see people looking up at Jupiter when there's so much heartache and misery right down here. My husband died just five years ago in October, you know, and now my son's taken to growing his hair long and smoking DMT, and my daughter's got long hair too and she stays out all night with the motorcycle gang."

Big Bob The Builder Croesus, urban planner: "Jupiter, huh? I can see it now—a vast luxurious resettlement area for all those who for economic reasons feel cramped in our cities, trapped in the retrace of the modern metropolis. Towering, majestic red brick high rise dwellings, with special fixtures for the elderly, for Puerto Ricans, for Negroes, for all those who for special economic reasons can't quite justify in modern urban society. The natives? Hell, man, they could build the damn things, it'd bolster their economy."

Mario Prosciuttino, incumbent alderman: "Well, as a devout Catholic, family man, and civil servant, I'll of course be most interested in the citizens of Ganymede. Ganymede was a Roman god, you know, and I was born in Sicily, so I'm sure the people of Ganymede reflect the high moral qualities of their namesake—qualities which I trust I share myself. And if any Ganymedeans wish to move to our fair city when I'm Mayor, God willing, I'll do everything I can to make them welcome—unless they fail to toe the line, like some of our so-called minority groups. I don't think you have to have Law and Order as such, but a little firmness is good with these people."



THE VOICE OF THE VILLEN

Without our staff writers can come up with enough acceptable copy, the NOOSE each day prints a selection of choice conservative bullshit from its more morose readers. Names and addresses will be withheld in the office of J. Edgar Hoover, unless the writer specifies otherwise.

THE SMUT SIN-DROME

Sherman Square: Wow, was I ever shocked when I saw that special report you did on the proliferation of smut in our city! That picture of the dirty bookstore with all the naked lady magazine on display just made my gorge rise. No wonder our youth is revolting! And when you quoted all the dirty parts from *Molloy*, by that Beckett kook, why, I thought I'd blow my cookies. This smut has to be stamped out, and stamped out good. Stamp! Stamp! Stamp!

Jim Fuckley

WELL, MR. MAYOR?

Levitown: Last week my husband was seriously burned while trying to blow up a men's room that some dirty homosexuals had been hanging out in. And the week before that he almost severed his foot while cutting down a tree these filthy queers had been in the habit of standing under. What I'd like to know is, will the City pay my family reparations for all the time my husband is out of work? We never had any homosexuals when Bob Wagner was Mayor.

Deeply Revolted Mother

MORE ON SXPOT TORTURE-MURDER

Ballston Spa: "Just wanted to congratulate your fine staff journalists for their continuing series on the Sharon Sexpot Torture-Murders. I especially like your photos, such as the one of her all spread out barenaked on the bloody rug with the cuts and slices in her tits so real-looking you can almost taste them. And your stories about her running around with all those men and tak'ng dope are good too, but mainly I like the ones about the way the murder bit off her nipples before he stuck his knife in her while she was tied up all helpless like that. And they say we should legalize marijuana, ha ha ha!"

Ray Shutz

YET MORE ON SXPOT TORTURE-MURDER

Washington: "Yesterday my maid gave me a copy of your newspaper, suggesting I look on page three which showed a picture of me christening the new MIV missile with a champagne bottle. But the outline below said, 'Note many mutilations on miss Sexpot's breasts: slash right shoulder leads down side of breast, slices through nipple; slash coming up from pubic region (cunt) is deep enough to

expose ribs, cuts through bottom right breast into armpit; notepently other repulsive details in photo.' So what's repulsive about a nuclear missile? And it was the very finest champagne!

PTN (Mrs.)

THE BETHEL RIOTS

Twit Hollow: As a teenage girl, I resent being thrown into the same category as those filthy, dope-addicted ruffians who invaded White Lake to listen to what they call "music." Us more intelligent teenagers in the Silent Majority are getting sick of being confused with such types. Why, some of the girls there had babies right out on the ground and not in the hospital, as is God's Will. Dirty! Dirt! Dirt! Such scum isn't even human, so don't confuse it with me, please.

Tessie Tremaine

Mungsborg: If that three-day rock riot at Woodstock proved anything, it showed our modern-day teenagers for what they really are. They laid around in a diseased swamp in the rain for a whole weekend without blankets, food, water, medicine or shelter. They must be the parasitic, pampered, helpless children I always knew they were. Dirty little pigs.

Mrs. Lita Molecule

Shantytown: So what's all this noise about a lousy 400,000 kids going to a peacenik rock-and-roll concert? We got more kids than that in Vietnam, without "Comrade" Nixon withdraws them all by the time this gets printed. And those kids have the guts to fight!

Manuel Rodriguez

Cockburn, Md.: The lewdity and the nudity at that Communist Live-In have the most shocking thing I have ever seen in all my born days. I'd like to know what your state troopers were doing while those girls and boys were milling around naked and smoking LSD! Do you think maybe they were being seduced by some of those naked girls, like the ones you showed in your center section? Especially that one with her blouse open and her brassiere hanging out for all to see—can't you just see her in some dark tent with her legs wrapped around some big, strong, brutal state trooper? Such goings-on can hardly be tolerated in a democracy, and I hope you'll warn us all in advance when another such free-love disaster is planned.

Martha Sourbooz

## UNITED LIGHT

(Continued from Page 9)

a koto player, and I'm also looking for two good Samurai dancers I can photograph in stills and movies, fast and slow, on a hill in Marin county, and then present their movements with no sound, just the sound they make on stage with a three-screen vortex, in which I project upon it themselves captured outside, and then go into our own music, which leaves us basically completely open, classical music, Scriabin's works, leaves you completely open to what you want to do—you're not regulated to 3-4 or 4-4 timing, you don't have anything there that people can directly relate to, so you can interpret it however you want to.

In other words, putting out all your fingers, passing the word of mouth, of all of the light, environmental, projection artists—it has to do with people working in light. And collect a list—which you've already got started here—and start sending out even a little mimeographed sheet that says LIGHT PEOPLE, LET'S GET TOGETHER, and a few of you act as a main spokesman and spearhead of the group to try to get it moving—to put out your fingers to all the underground media, ask them to come to a meeting and show something about what you're doing, and elicit their aid—because we were the ones who started all this Acid-Test freak-out business, man, that's where it all came from. That left you in the corner with the acid in your mind and your eyes closed watching the movies—but when we begin to present idea movies on the wall and people can open their eyes, they can go out to the music AND the sight, and have more of an aware experience. How aware are you going to get in a dark room with music coming it? You have to have visual information coming into you, to at least generate other ideas or projections of your hallucinations, if nothing else. To get together a group of light shows, to work not for everybody setting up and doing their own light thing, but to work together harmoniously, or however other way you have to work together, (LAUGHTER) but getting it together so you have a showcase for your work. You can't have a show of projection artists in the Whitney or the Museum of Modern Art, because they aren't big enough—you've got to have Madison Square Garden—you have to have a space big enough to do your thing in, similar to an automobile show, or a sports show—a big, huge arena.

I was talking to a Mexican artist at dinner the other night who was saying that the Mexican artists are basically on strike because they found that their art had

been turned into tax deductions, political issues, social prestige, image collectors, you see—And what we're doing is something bigger than that, because no one can buy it, take home to their wall, and say "I have an original PABLO here," and therefore "I'm something." It's every plastic form—you're there, you dig on it, and when you're not there, it isn't there. You have to make the people aware of how many varieties of light art there are. All of these light artists have all these beautiful things and they're freaking out in the basement with their friends and all, but nobody else sees it. So if nobody else sees it, it's not going to go anywhere.

JOSHUA: In San Francisco, you have so many light shows, and they're all doing basically the same thing—and here in New York, there are perhaps 10 different units, and not one of us do the same thing. I use same technological tools as the Museum of the Media, but there is no relationship between what I do and what they do. Therefore, the biggest problem is technological, and simply opening up areas in which light shows can work, and when I say light shows, I mean anything that involves the use of light other than on-and-off. (LAUGHTER.) Association with other groups that aren't in our sub-culture would be good, because they have the equipment—the Bell Labs, the RCA labs, the hardware guys who have the equipment, and we definitely have to co-exist with them. But I think there must be a decision made as to what that coexistence is going to be—are we going to compete with them and do industrial shows, or are we going to try to make them aware that they are indeed hardware people, and when it comes to software, they have to hire artists. If these people are made aware of how their equipment can be used, then there is room for artists to use that equipment.

RUDI STERN: I think one way to start the thing in terms of the East Coast, is to organize a Festival of Light in which each light show or light group might present their thing, and it should be a light oriented festival, not music oriented.

GLENN McKAY: If you get all the light artists here together and approach the press media as a group—that really gets media people interested, when it's a group and they want to do something, and they seem to have some kind of power, the media people want to immediately report on that.

JOSHUA: And this is one of the most difficult problems light show artists have—it's one of those things that you simply cannot write about—you could write what you were doing, you wouldn't be doing it. Glenn has a performance thing happening. The Museum of the Media

is using primary multi-media techniques to make their original things happen, but they have to go to film for other people to really see it—and film is not a synthesis of a multi-media light show, anymore than recording is THE actual concert situation.

MUSEUM OF THE MEDIA: The technology of film is a lot more advanced than wax-recording was—financially, it's just out of reach.

POLYMEDIA: Why don't we start off with something really basic, and just get together—we're really isolated from one another—like most of us have seen each other before, and come in contact through the media thing, but we never really are able to communicate. This meeting here together as a group made me think, we really can be a group—we can get to know each other, work together, talk about things together. The establishment has a kind of a business friendship thing going—we should have that too, because we're all so isolated.

JOSHUA: I think that's exactly where it's at. I think if we all got together once a month, in different places, not necessarily to work together, just to talk over mutual problems—let me say this, I work at the Fillmore, and if anyone has a technical question that's within our power to answer, let them get in touch with us.

GLENN McKAY: If you make one simple phone connection, and have somebody here type the list of all the people here now and get it mimeographed, and send it to all the people on this list, sending each one say five sheets of the announcement of your next meeting, you could work with the people that you have and spread the word slowly about this idea of expanding light art as a group of artists. I'm convinced that the people who are together here today are like a grain of sand on the beach, compared to the other people that are hiding in basements and lofts all over the city, working with projection equipment to try to create some kind of new visual experience.

As a result of this initial gathering together of the Light Tribes of New York, an announcement was issued through the kind of auspices of the Museum of the Media. The announcement included a memorandum "for those who were not present at our last meeting, the purpose of the proposed alliance would be to share common problems and exchange information." All hidden light show artists, or light artists, working in "basements and lofts everywhere" are invited to contact the Museum of the Media, stating their interests, basic line of work, and to establish a means of communication. Send a card or letter to: MUSEUM OF THE MEDIA, One Union Square West, New York, N. Y. 10003.

## Son of Our

# WIN A FUG DREAM DATE

A couple of months ago we came calamitously close to upsetting the country's hormonal balance. We began a bizarre write-in contest. Winner was to receive a dream date on the town with her favourite Fug. Which we thought was a pretty clever way to hype the Fugs' *It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest*.

But, as the stars would have it, things went wrong.

1. Seven of ten entrants were males. (Which was fine with us, but how, we wondered, would Ed, Tuli, or Ken like



waltzing a fan with hairy legs around the floor of the Copacabana?)

2. The few young ladies who dared enter almost without exception ignored our pleas for urbanity. They went into

horrifying detail about their morbid appetites for the Fug bodies.

Witness the entry of this one chick from Reno, Nevada:

"I want to go out with Tuli because I want him to fug me."

All of which was not a little disappointing to us. So we've decided to try again, to revive the contest, just in time, as luck would have it, to hype the Fugs' latest and greatest,

### THE BELLE OF AVENUE A.

In an attempt to change our luck (while we stimulate your imaginations) we've changed the rules just a bit:

This time your hundred words or less have to be on the topic Why I Would Prefer A Dream Date With (insert name of fave Fug) To One With Warren Dorn. (You may substitute the name of any decency crusader you like better. Mr. Dorn, of course, was the Los Angeles official who made the mistake of inaugurating a city-wide decency campaign the last time The Fugs blew into town.)

As before, the winner will receive an all-expenses-paid evening with his or her favourite Fug. 99 runners-up will get a free copy of Supervisor Dorn's *Selected Speeches* in paperback, when and if he selects them. All will get a dull form letter imploring them to purchase *The Belle Of Avenue A*.



The Fugs, much to the dismay of most of Burbank, are

On Reprise Where They Belong



**THILM**

(Continued from Page 10)  
 Alice's Restaurant is a much better movie, Mr. Penn is not busy copping tasty plagiarisms from Truffaut, Godard, and etc., as Mr. Wexler seems to have done. In *Bonnie and Clyde*, whether he was right or wrong about the real ones, Mr. Penn created a film for some very real people, whoever they were, to run through and exist in. He was in control of his vision of the forces at play, the motivations of both the characters and his camera which so understandingly swung in on certain action, delicately stood off for others, remembered clippings with musical ninky-a-dink cues, etc. But. The way of life in Stockbridge, Mass. in the church where the real Alice and her husband Ray exist, and where the restaurant actually was, all this reality was not Mr. Penn's own, and instead of making a film, taking indeterminate pieces to create the experience, he used his camera to photograph a bunch of people he doesn't believe exist. A series of moving stills. The scenes focusing on Arlo and the song he sang and made famous, these work quite well, because Penn is here dealing with a central story which anyone is free to visually create for himself.

Scenes between various individuals in the church: womanly lusty Alice and young crazy ('lost?') Shelly, or Arlo and one of the girls, Karin (Kathleen Dabney) are excellent. It is the scenes of the life-style, the big Thanksgiving dinner, the little snatches of conversation, the careful way the camera catches the 'panorama of it all' which strike as uncomfortable. The story becomes soap-opera whenever the questions of drugs or sex turn up, whenever the interplay of human beings becomes necessary, as between Alice (Pat Quinn) and Ray (James Broderick who is a dead ringer for that Aquarian Norman Mailer), or the duet of 'groupies' scenes, contrasting the Old Way: owner of the club lays out money to winsome young musicians in return for a lay-in; vs. New Way: young waitress at local hangout takes young (winsome) musician home for simple exchange of favors, ends by getting his handkerchief, "it'll be the same thing as if we slept together."

Just too cute. Or too heavy-handed. Or too uncomfortable—the melodrama of the scene where crazy young ('lost?') Shelly goes crazy again from drugs is straight off a high-school visual aid. With color. At the same time, the intention is clearly fascination, if not with all who appeared in the final movie, then with the idea of filming such a possibility and Arthur Penn is such a fine filmmaker that the parts of this movie which do hold are simply beautiful. Surely he creates some of the finest openings and endings of movies, and that is not meant as a left-handed compliment. The final shot of Alice, in off-white, standing in front of an off-white door, while the camera watches, and watches, and watches, her face and hands holding the flowers the only really visible parts of

(Continued on Page 19)

**WHO'S**  
 "A GREAT MOMENT IN AMERICAN MOVIES!"  
 —Roger Ebert, Chicago Sun-Times

**THAT**  
 "A POWERFUL FILM EXPERIENCE. A STUNNER. A ROUGH DIAMOND AND IT SHINES BRILLIANTLY."  
 —Ann M. Deterfield, Philadelphia Daily News

**KNOCKING**  
 "WORTHY OF AN OSCAR. REFRESHING. AND EXCITING."  
 —Denz Drake, The Hartford Times

**AT**  
 "A FRESH AND VERY REAL EXPERIENCE."  
 —Bernard Drew, Gannett Newspapers

**MY**  
 "A MASTERPIECE."  
 —John J. Massaro, Hartford Courant

**DOOR**  
 "THE MOST EVOCATIVE DESCRIPTIONS OF AMERICAN LIFE I HAVE EVER SEEN."  
 —Roger Ebert, Chicago Sun-Times

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**THILM**  
 (Continued from Page 18)  
 her distinguishable from the door; and as we watch the whites merge, become minimal art, and then slowly go away... this is almost heartbreaking, easily one of the most eloquent, silent conversations ever.

Originally, this piece should have been in last week's paper, so that this week could have been about the music and the musicians who are helping to create this new-again feeling. Next week, therefore, will be parts of interviews done with Alvin Lee of Ten Years After and Terry Reid... and some others.

Ten Years After, as it happens, will be at the Fillmore East next weekend, Sept. 12 and 13, with Fats Domino and a new group, The Flock, who are quite good, so I am told, from Chicago. Ten Years After's latest LP, *Sash* (DeRan DES 18029) is very very good. Alvin says in his liner notes, "The major problem of Ten Years After has been to record an album" and he had to hope that the insides of this LP would be enough to prove that the group did play better than they had been previously represented. Instead of simple hard rock progressions, organ and guitars just moving on into the same jams, *Sash* contains some of the effects Alvin has become more interested in, the frequent time changes and indeterminate noises taking the music into the increasingly popular land of straight sound, Alvin using his guitar to produce work similar to John Lennon's on *Revolver*, a more intricate, full sound than before, less hard rock, more exploratory, especially on "If You Should Love Me," side 2.

Only MGM could allow good groups to go to such waste. The Velvet Underground have one of the best albums of the year out, even minus John Cale; the beauty of songs such as "Candy Says," "Beginning To See the Light," "The Murder Mystery"—on all of them—The Velvets are such beautiful music-makers. There is no use making tasty comments about the album—so space—but it is outstanding.

And Orpheus (also MGM) shot down in the Boston Raid (see *Fusion*) has a new album out that is much better than the first two, not so over-produced or arranged within an inch of its acetate life. Called *Joyful*, it is easy, relaxed, and smooth; not English hard blue, not r&b, not C&W, just well-done music.

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**DYLAN**

(Continued from Page 17).

from men and put on the inadequate ferries which saved them from the dangerous crush caused by people pushing to the front but separated them from friends who they might have been hitch-hiking with. At Cowes every doorway was filled with figures in sleepingbags waiting the first ferries and those with no covering spent the cold night walking to keep warm. As I left on the day's first hovercraft there were very long queues at the ferry which were

going to be there most of the day. The festival should have continued to allow for a staggered exodus or ended in daylight as 130,000 people trying to board 50 buses in the dark is dangerous and bad organisation.

/Maybe the next festival will be near London which can cope easily with football crowds and corenations. Hopefully there will be more and bigger and better festivals because the music becomes an integral part of life and love, and though only for a few days, people live in harmonious freedom and nothing can be much better than that.



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# PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!")

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece oeuvre of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irresistible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of approximately *ten million dollars!* This is more than has ever been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet', Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuosic performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the

sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of *Avant-Garde* announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed *Avant-Garde* as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of *Avant-Garde* have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of *Avant-Garde*—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of *Avant-Garde* will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of *Avant-Garde* are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

Copies of this special collector's edition of *Avant-Garde* will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—free—as a gift to all new subscribers to *Avant-Garde*.

In case you've never heard of *Avant-Garde*, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as the outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from *Avant-Garde's* editorial policy of complete and absolute freedom of creative expression. *Avant-Garde* steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to *Avant-Garde* their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. *Avant-Garde* serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." *Avant-Garde* is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to *Avant-Garde* include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Boroson, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Ashley Montagu, Isaac Bashevis Singer,

William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.


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 guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "*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. "[Its editor] deserves considerable credit for having risked printing this..." says LIFE. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the 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 East Village Other. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "*Avant-Garde* is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to *Avant-Garde* ordinarily cost \$10 per year. In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for **ONLY \$5!** This is virtually **HALF PRICE!** To enter your subscription (five issues)—and obtain a copy of the *Picasso erotic engravings folio ABSOLUTELY FREE*—simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$5 to: *Avant-Garde*, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry, since quantities of the Picasso folio are limited and this offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive a subscription bonus par excellence, and your first copy of an exuberant new magazine that is equally devoted to the love of art and the art of love.

AVANT-GARDE WISHES TO THANK THE FOLLOWING MUSEUMS AND GALLERY FOR THEIR COOPERATION IN PREPARING THE SPECIAL PICASSO ISSUE: THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, GALERIE LOUISE LEVINS (PARIS), THE ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO (TORONTO), GUNSTHAUS (ZURICH), AKADEMIE DER KUNSTE (BERLIN).



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