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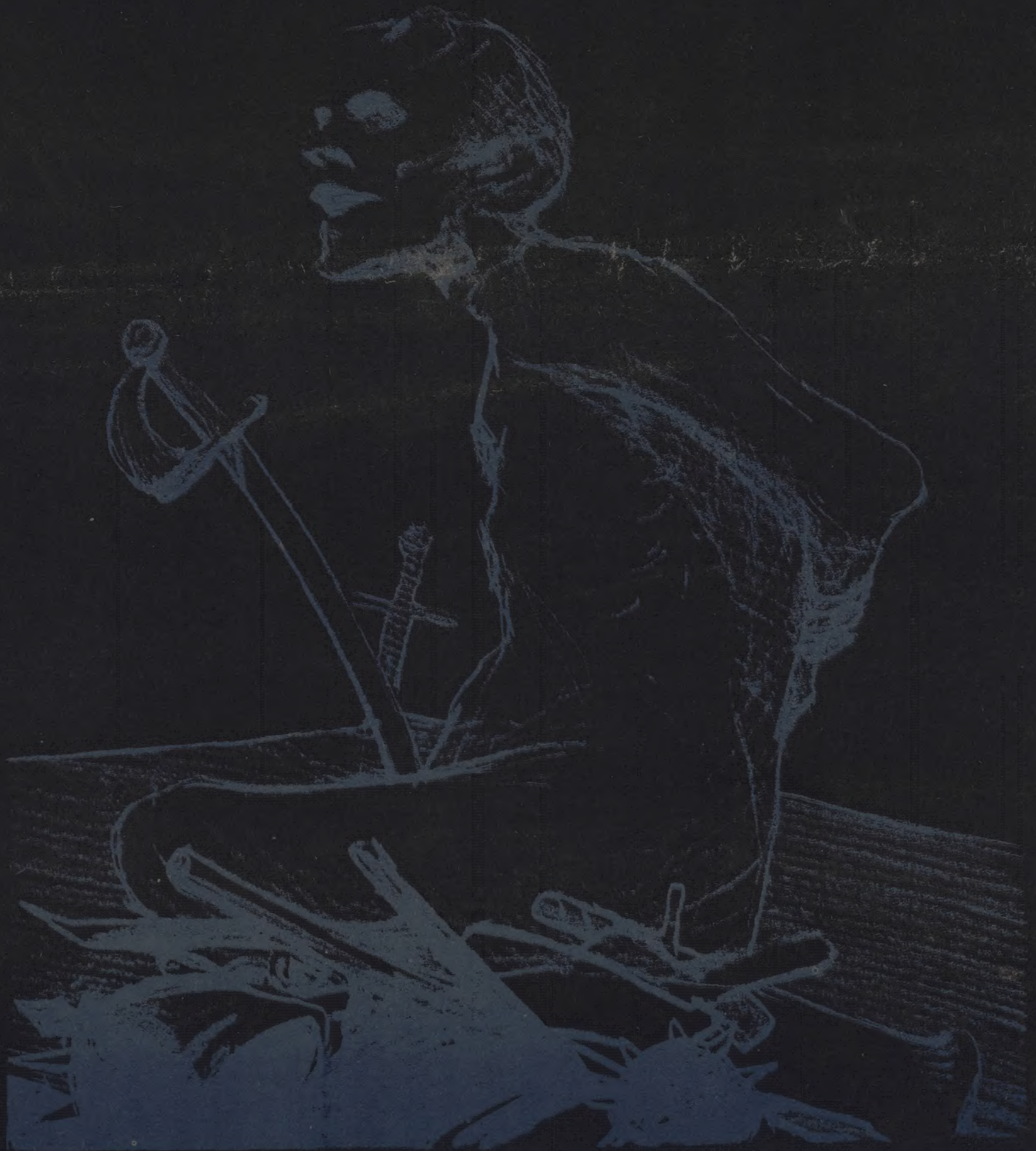
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PROPHESY



POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC BY ALLAN KATZMAN

In the gray dawn,
without eyes,
foraging for the light,
they break ground.

Flaps of their tents saluting the wind.

This is war
like no other.
Found on a rare day when things
are not dying as usual.
It will happen
as simple an act as a woman
leaning from a window.

NOVEMBER 1969
THE LAST WAR
THE LAST DEATH
THE LAST PRESIDENT

LETTERS

/Dear EVO: Once again the Army has stooped as low as one can expect.

/In the last few weeks a colonel has threatened to put away any dogs or other pets running around Cuchi Base Camp - Viet Nam.

/Yesterday 4 men with "orders" destroyed dogs whether they were tied up or not. Our dog was tied up and was caught up on his shots. Pets are the closest connection with home here, and I can see no reason at all for all this inhuman treatment. Can you?

/This is the same division that the "Brass" were playing games with their troops -- Death to one GI equals -500 points.

/I hope you will print this and the

sorry son of a bitch is Colonel Robert L. FAIR.

/PEACE
/25th Admin. Co.
/APO 96225

/From Sept. 4 L.A. Times comes the headline "EXPERT WOULD DENY RIGHT TO REPRODUCE," and the article begins, "A Washington psychologist and sex therapist advocated Wednesday that the world's nations remove 'the right to reproduce' from their people..."

/Dr. Robert Harper was the speaker and the occasion was the 77th Convention of the American Psychological Association. Practical means to "ensure compliance" should be available soon, he claims, means such as "placing sterilizing

GO METS!



chemiclas in food and water supplies."

/He concludes with: "The original removal of the right to reproduce would have to be done whether or not it was with the individual's approval and consent."

/Brothers --
/While we would have lived in peace and let the Establishment consume itself, it was not permitted, and the Revolution was born. Let it be so, then.

/The first rule of a successful revolution is knowing the enemy and to this end we should, each and every one of us, daily peruse the Fascist chronicles and periodicals of the Establishment, not seeking news, but reading between the lines and picking up the small

stories that make their appearance one day and then, when the word comes down, vanish forever.

/Two such items appeared recently in the Los Angeles Times and they should be made known for they indicate an enemy we have perhaps, for too long, overlooked or ignored.

/What are we fighting? Who is the enemy? Let's look at the mirror image: What are we fighting FOR? We fight for color and song, for the freedom to laugh, to know joy and sorrow intimately and on our own terms, for the grass and the trees and the clouds free of chemical contamination, for individual faces and individual beings, for an extended self-knowledge and knowledge of the God that is the sweet mystery of existence, for

the right to know and love another, and for the right to seek a fuller expression of ourselves without the hypocritical and self-righteous repressions of a decadent moral and social structure.

/We fight, then, the gray and the formless, the strictures & structures of slavery, the controlled and programmed and faceless, mindless corporate man, the computer corps and agency armies, the stench of a cancerous bureaucracy, the death of God and decay of love.

/With these things in mind, listen to some quotes from their own journals, quotes so blatant as to express a total contempt for the awareness of a public hypnotized by the blue eye and carefully conditioned to a Newspeak truth:

(Continued on Page 14)

DECOMPOSITION BY D. A. LATIMER

Deamatis Personae:

Robert Crumb: Askinky artist from Philadelphia.

Spain: Amean Marxist biker from Buffalo.

Kim Deitch: Son of the creator of Bert & Harry Piel.

Artie Spiegelman: Illustrator of Toops Bubble Gum cards.

Dean Latimer: Hack porno writer with busted tape recorder.

Ed Sanders: Beloved husband and father, former Fug.

The location:

A comics museum on East Ninth Street.

The time:

The eve of the return of Mrs O'Leary's cow to Chicago.

Sorry folks--the tape recorder busted for good and all. Tune in next week.

Well, to hell with that then. Let us pray the tape wasn't destroyed in my maniacal rage to get the motherfucker to work again.

Now I gotta jury-rig a Decomp for next week, at the very last minute. Technology...The night CHE was busted last April, Abbie Hoffman and I split up to WBAI to get the news on the air, and Bob Fass invited me into his broadcast booth to spill the beans. Now, I don't know a microphone from a five iron, and frankly I had no idea when we were broadcasting and when we weren't. There was trouble. Fass put me across to the public as a world-reknowned journalist and thinker of profound revolutionary thoughts, and all I could say was, 'Uh, are we on the air now?' It was a bad dream. I have trouble winding a watch, that's how technological my head is. So now this motherfucker tape recorder is lying here dead, an opaque aluminum brick of Nipponese shit, and I am aoub to encourage Nixon to carry the war to Moscow and bomb us ALL back into the stone age.

There's a thought...How would YOU like to get bombed back into the Stone Age, William Buckley? Remember the Golden Rule?

How can you, as a practicing Christian, support this war?

Shit, though--chances are, by this time Buckley's as anti-Vietnam as Jerry Rubin. Just lately it's become extremely fashionable to call for the quickest possible withdrawal of American boys from Vietnam. Mayor Lindsay's come out in support of every Vietnam Moratorium from here to General Beadle State College; but what's really surprising about it is the way the other candidates have responded to this out-and-out doveism. Proccacino says he's even more of a dove than Lindsay, he just wishes they'd keep Vietnam out of this campaign. No relevance to the issues at hand, says the Proc. Mrs. Lerner, my former opstairsekah, she died at home last week because without Medicare she couldn't get a hospital bed; she kept me awake the last three nights because without Medicare she couldn't get any morphine: Vietnam had no relevance whatsoever to Mrs. Lerner. nThe President remained unmoved by her dissent. She died.

That really made my week, I want to tell you. It was late to bed and early to rise for me. Thank YOU, Signore Proccacino and all the little Procs, it sure will be nice to hear the common man speaking common sense talk out of Gracie Mansion next year. Anyway, I got a lot of work done while she was croaking. Lately I've taken to writing stuff for The New Yor Review Of Sex & Politics, up on Fifth Avenue by Union Square. nIt's a bi-weekly (no pun intended) which, despite that incredibly horseshit title, has a lot of really fine stuff in it. Jay Fab here would choke me if he ever read this, the NYRS&P having fucked him up on any number of occasions, but a lot of stuff has appeared in the NYRS&P which I would much rather have seen in EVO. The pay there is strictly from 1932 and the arch-mogul behind the production is even crookeder than Jay Fab (who at least picks up his own obscenity raps), but withal, it's a fine paper and a pleasant place to work.

Last week, while Mrs Lerner was on her last legs (I would have

copped her some smack, but I was afraid she'd get addicted...), I dropped by the NYRS&P to take a whack at their IBM composer. If I can get the hang of the thing, maybe they'll allow me to set my own copy here at EVO and my many fans will cease associating my name with Excedrin headaches. So I was chopping away at a porn story that afternoon when, through a veil of my own cursing, I heard Steve Heller rapping into the telephone:

'Well, there's no use going to court for a restraint suit,' he was saying: 'We go off the stands tomorrow, and the new issue goes on. By the time they get out of court...Oh-- damages too? I see. Well, all right, we'll have our lawyers there, you can talk to them.' He hung up. 'We're being sued by the Daily NEWS!!!' he exploded. He didn't sound happy.

Shit, one would think getting sued by the News would be a priveledge, but Steve was really down. He publishes the NYRS&P, and maybe he knows things I don't, but I can see where getting sued by those jive Republican mothers could make your bundle for you. Maybe it was just the hostile succession of events that got Heller all gloomy.

Like, Steve's only 19 years old, he's working his way through NYU by peddling smut. But the smut business isn't all it's cracked up to be, especially for the NYRS&P, which is really just the muckraking old FREE PRESS with a couple gratuitous beaver shots here and there. Even the dirty old men get tired of wasing past Ray Schultz' brilliant political copy to get to the good parts, of which there are damned few in the NYRS&P, and the paper consequently loses sales. In fact, the only thing that qualify's Heller's paper as a pornzine is that it gets busted for obscenity every few weeks, right along with Screw and Kiss and Pleasure. These fucking rabbit turds we have for District Attorneys in New York, man...Dumb Catholic shitbrain socksuffers, the whole bunch of them. The only human beings less worthy of their genitals are the selfrighteous pricks who refuse to buy the

NYRS&P because it's Exploitative. Exploitative of WHOM, jerk-offs? At the age of nineteen, Steve Heller has the beginnings of a juicy ulcer in his gut. Some virgin-fondling smut czar there.

It is Steve who takes the rap for the NYRS&P, along with his jolly co-publisher Sam Edwards. So far they have a couple smut raps on them--trial in November--and now New York's Only Picture Newspaper is on their asses. Much of that is my fault.

One of their photographers recently did a portfolio study of a girl reading the Daily News, the triumphant FORTAS RESIGNS issue, wearing only a pair of white cotton panties. With her was a tortise-shell cat of indeterminate gender, picking its way between her breasts or through her pussy hair. The temptation to write some typical News cutlines for them was irresistible, so I did: 'FELLED BY HEAT,' stated one, whoeing the girl lying on her back, the cat over her belly, the News over her face, 'FELLED BY HEAT' from tragic Arizona A-Bomb Mishap, body of pretty Mimsy Palmer, 15, is discovered being eaten by wildcat. Says father Harvey Palmer, 53, who covered Mimsy's face out of decency: "I just can't understand this. I'm a good American, I voted for Nixon, I'm for Vietnam-- why did thin have to happen to me?" Which is typical of the high-calibre writing stuff that goes into the NYRS&P, and Heller, who lays the paper out, made it into a special News comic with the editorial mast head in the middle.

I told him not to do it. 'No, Steve,' I said. 'Don't do it, they'll sue you,' I told him. 'That masthead stuff's copywrited, can't you see the registration mark? They'll have your ass.' But he shrugged it off, callow adolescent that he is. About a week after the issue hit the stands, he got a fan letter saying this: 'It has been brought to our attention that you have reproduced the Daily News corporation masthead, in whole or in part, in your publication. That shit is copywrited, you fucking

idiots. We trust you did this out of ignorance, and hope you will refrain from further messing with our worthless logo.' To who whom how ignorant he was, Steve sent up sixteen copies by hand messenger.

A week later they sued. Can't you just see Lynch, the News treasurer, rapping with Kenneth Conboy, the hip young assistant DA who is finding fame and fortune in the suppression of the press? 'You gotta hit 'em good,' sr.ys Conboy. 'I swear by my St. Christopher's medal, not one iota of this business will appear in the daily press. You just hit 'em with a good solid damages suit, and it'll knock 'em right on their asses.' Lynch: 'Eh? You sayin' somethin' about asses, young feller? Heh heh heh, look at this one on page 12 today, Miss Teenage Apricot of Wenatchee, Washington. Ain't she got one hum-dinger of an ass, though?' Conboy: 'No, no--let's start all over again...'

Boy, it sure is nice to live in a country where you have freedom of the press. I betcha in Russia, if I called Kenneth Conboy a low-down ass-drip of a pig, why, they'd set me up against the wall and blow my fucking head off. Yes, sir, I certainly am glad I live in the town where Peter Zinger did his thing, in the country where George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine and Aaron Burr and all those solid dudes set it up so's I could spew my petty anti-establishmentarianisms without fear of official reprisal.

My God...Just think--all those guys who signed the 'Declaration of Independence, they really stuck their necks out. They could have been flattened if they'd lost the Revolution, but WASTED, you dig it? It was like Namath popping off in Miami before the game last January, except that in this case the Super Bowl lasted nine years and the Redcoats had a bookie spread that was considerably wider than 17 points. But they WON, Christ, can you DIG it?! What it must have been like, after nine years riding the razor, to just sit down and work out a square deal for EVERYBODY? Well, nearly everybody.....



INTER-AFTERIMAGE-VIEW

Conversations with Gerd Stern BY JUD YALKUT

"When I read Coomaraswamy, say a dozen years ago, one of the things that came through to me was the discussion of the traditional society and the role of the artist within that society -- the builders of castles and cathedrals, the craftsmen, the statue-makers, the writers of songs. The word and the image were passed

around without any signature of status; and their authors didn't suffer feelings of alienation. Now, I was a poet, and I still think of myself as a poet. I was never successful in this chosen profession, because I always felt a tremendous frustration over getting my poems through to people. A lot of it resulted from

my alienation from the literary world

I would rather say that where poetry was very simple in those days, now we're into cathode-ray tubes, stored images, which actually duplicate an earlier preoccupation in my poetry of holding an image in time -- reflection and focus and

perspective -- as well as multiplying the image." Gerd Stern, quoted by Richard Kostelanetz in "The Theatre of Mixed Means".

"What poetry suggests to us is music, the rhythm in the poetry or

the harmony of ideas and phrases What makes us feel drawn to music is that our whole being is music; our mind and our body, the nature in which we live, the nature which has made us, all that is beneath and around us, it is all music; and we are close to all this music, and live and move and have our being in music

(Continued on Page 20)

NEWS

BRAZILIAN URBAN GUERRILLAS FIGHT COPS

SAO PAULO (LNS) -- Urban guerrillas fought Brazilian police outside of the U.S. embassy on Sept. 19, wounding two cops and fire-bombing their patrol car.

The guerrillas were probably planning to throw the fire bomb into the consulate when the police intervened and became the target.

BOMBS UNDER MEXICO CITY

MEXICO CITY (LNS) -- Seven bombings have hit various political targets in Mexico City since the middle of September. Government buildings, newspaper offices, and television stations were hit with explosions as the anniversary of the Massacre of Tloteoloco approached.

Three people have been injured and damage has been estimated at \$2,000,000.

U.S. BUSINESS OFFICES IN ARGENTINIAN BOMBED

CORDOBA (LNS) -- The Argentinian offices of four major American corporations were bombed on Oct. 7. Explosions ripped through the Xerox Corp., Pepsi-Cola, Inc., First National City Bank of New York and Squibb Beech-Nut inc. damaging the buildings but injuring no one.

Radical labor unions have been striking and rioting in Cordoba

since May, protesting actions of the military regime. The Xerox office was set on fire during one of these riots, and army troops had to be called in to occupy the city.

HIGH NOON: MADE IN HONG KONG

HONG KONG (LNS) -- Hong Kong, long a producer of ersatz-American goods for American consumption, is going America one better. In the hopes of outdrawing Westerns in the movie market, Hong Kong film makers are increasingly producing "Easterns"; "sword" movies of Samurai blood and violence.

So far these movies have been shown only in ten Southeast Asian countries. Now, however, there are English-dubbed versions for consumption in Europe, South Africa and South America.

American cultural imperialism has extended itself so far that these Asian cinemaphiles have forgotten that much of the Western's format was derived originally from such Oriental classics as "Seven Samurai" and "Roshomon."

The "sword" movies are banned in China.

/WHAT A GAS

LONDON (LNS) -- The use of CS gas during the Londonderry riots last month touched off a raging controversy here over the harmful effects of this "riot agent." Home

Secretary James Callaghan appointed an investigating team which concluded that the gas can produce "streaming from the eyes and nose, spasm of the eyelids, marked salivation and retching or vomiting, burning of the mouth and throat, and a gripping pain in the chest of such intensity that breathing becomes restricted." Callaghan has agreed to continue and expand the investigation with emphasis on the effect of the gas on the young, elderly and those with impaired health.

CS had never before been used on white Britons. The English developed the gas (for external use only) in the 1950's and have never concerned themselves with its effects on gooks and wogs.

DEATH PENALTY FOR UNDERGROUND EDITOR

PYONGYANG (LNS) -- Kim Chil Lok, editor of a South Korean underground newspaper, was sentenced to death Sept. 23, along with three other members of an anti-imperialist political group.

Kim Chil Lok's magazine, "Blood of Youth," circulated clandestinely in South Korea. The publication and the rebels' political organization, the South Korean Revolutionary Unity Party, demands the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Korea and the reunification of the nation. Kim Chil Lok's uncle, Kim Zong, was

executed by hanging in a South Korean military prison last July 10, according to Prensa Latina, the Cuban news agency.

The death penalty was meted out by the Supreme Court of the military regime which controls South Korea. Testimony was provided by agents of the CIA, who testified that Kim Chil Lok "wanted to overthrow the government of South Korea in support of North Korea."

South Koreans who oppose the dictatorship in their country and who want to kick out the U.S. occupation troops have been specially active recently. Thousands of university students have taken to the streets to protest the plans of dictator Chung Hee Park, who wants to stay in office although the constitution says he can't.

CARSON CITY HAS ENTICING WOMEN

CARSON CITY, Nevada (LNS) -- The Nevada Supreme Court ruled that female undercover police agents may use "sexual wiles" to combat traffic in narcotics.

In a recent pot trial here, defense attorneys cried "unfair" over a narc named Shiela using her "sexual wiles" to get into the guys' room where the dope was. After sampling their stuff she opened the door to the pigs, who had no search warrant, and the bust was on.

There is danger in overintellectualizing a vignette like this, but this is prototype America. Not only is a kid busted unnecessarily, but a woman is conned out of her body by a State that looks on all women as hookers of one kind or another.

JOURNALISTIC WARFARE BETWEEN CUBA AND U.S.

WASHINGTON (LNS) -- Last month the Havana offices and bank accounts of the Associated Press (AP) and the United Press International (UPI) were closed by the Revolutionary Government. The AP correspondent had previously been forced to leave the country on two hours notice for writing defamatory articles about the Cuban government's ousting of a Mexican official accused of being a CIA agent, and UPI's man has not been in Havana for several months.

On October 1, the State Department retaliated by threatening to revoke the license under which the Cuban news agency, Prensa Latina, operates in the U.S. "until such time as American wire services are permitted to restore their operations in Cuba." Prensa Latina's operations in the U.S. had always been limited to coverage of the United Nations, even though the AP and UPI offices in Havana had been given full journalistic privileges.

A IS FOR APPLE BY JAMES LICHTENBERG

A IS FOR APPLE

B is for Beatles, the way D is for Dylan or R is for Rock, but A is for "Abbey Road". Nope.

P may be for Phenomenon, F for Faith but M is still for Music and that explains why.

Like a magical curve born from clusters of points whose high wave breaking instant may be a no-point itself, their sweet free lift has washed over us, broken into a million pieces with "The Beatles" and fanned up on the shore with "Abbey Road". Where was that high instant? It's always just before you recognize it; once you see it, it has passed. For me at the no-point place between "Revolver" and "Sgt. Pepper" with which the wave began to fall, oh boy, with its mighty magnificent crash (after all they said it on the album cover, "The Beatles are dead! Long live The Beatles!"), boiled up with the "Magical Mystery Tour" into sweet incoherence spreading and shattering in "The Beatles" to "Number nine...number nine..."

A might have been for "Abbey Road" as a second alphabet, a new beginning, and for a while, listening to the first arresting moments of the first cut on the first side, "Come Together", a violent surge of delight. Just because it is Chuck Berry 'beatled'

(after all, wasn't "Please Please Me" Everly Brothers 'beatled') the mind was spinning. "Could it be? Are they really coming back together?"

"Here come ol' flattop he come Groovin' up slowly he got jew-jew eyeball he want Holy roller he got Hair down to his knee Got to be a joker he just do what he please..."

He roller-coaster he got Early warning he got Muddy water he want

Mo-jo filter he say One and one and one make three. Got to be good lookin' 'Cause he's so hard to see.

Come together Right now Over me."

(lyrics transcribed directly from the record, for the first time in several years no published lyrics.)

For me, that's revival music, pure and strong, at that point A was still for "Abbey Road". But then, oh boy, the news. Bee Gee's music, dull 50's reruns, late night television with all the commercials. This may sound strong but the rest of Side 1...if the bomb goes off be sure you're higher than the bomb.

It's understandable, I guess, how Nik Cohn in "The NY Times" might have gotten into the "suite" on Side 2. It's "tuneful". "Here Comes The Sun" is very "pretty" and "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" is "fun" to think about...compared to the vacuum on the flip side. "Almost flying" he says by way of climax. Hey, man, in the old days even "flying" was nowhere compared with the Beatles.

Down to the rocks. Fighting and screaming, and a lot of songs, and waking up, and success in the States, and the incredible karma of all those adolescent girls coming, and a movie for identity, and kicking the recording industry jams and it comes together for an album, "Rubber Soul", and working and being and then it's really together on "Revolver", so tight and fine...and just then the media and the powers realize that they had better pick one to glorify or they'll be swamped by it all, one to set in diamonds so they can put down all the rest...and it's The Beatles, walked right in with their eyes open.

(Check this out: NBC-TV "From here to the Seventies", Paul Newman: "And now lets hear some of those new voices and their poetry." And what do we

hear? First some correspondent who tells us that the "revolution" began in Liverpool in 1963, and after that only and exclusively Beatles' music, as if in this waterfall of amazing musical creation over the last decade those 4 lads, whom it's possible to detest for a moment due to all the media force-feeding, were the only "poets" worth knowing about.)

Well, now we see what two years of unqualified, nearly universal acclaim can do. Parts of "Abbey Road" sound like Wagner, the twilight of the gods, oh wow, Seventeen Magazine Titillation. Not without fighting back. John and Yoko busted for grass. Bedding-in for peace. George getting his head rolling by itself (in calmer moments I see the grace in his "Something", side 1, cut 2) But the music, the Beatles music, where did it go? Fuck all this 50's revival stuff. Its just another cop-out unless you're really doing something with it. The 50's were slow, even with Fats Domino, Chuck Berry and Little Richard except that it all led to the Stones, Airplane, Dead, Dylan, Doors, Beatles, Byrds, Springfield, Mothers and so on as the sun rises. There has been so much music that simply is as good and (anathema) better than the

Beatles. Richer, more daring, harder to write and perform, and more interesting. Comparisons are obscene... "she knows too much to argue or to judge" OK, but unless we're all in it together, it's hype. As soon as there are "The Chosen Royalty", "The Princes of Rock" the truth of it breaks up. Worst of all the Beatles seem fat and out of practice. Sure they lay down the most velvety grooves in history...superfast tapes and twenty million tracks to play with. The music, what happened to the music?

I admit that this isn't much of a frame of mind to greet their pending double dip "Get Back". (Good authority, who has heard it, says that its just the four of them plus an electric piano, sitting around playing, no overdubs, straight Beatles. Sounds good.) And I realize that there are a lot of heavy betterers now in Rock, big industry smokers, who don't want the Beatles too put down for fear of a general market slide. Neil Young's new album "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere" is just more beautiful, refreshing, together and for real than "Abbey Road". Steve Winwood and Lee Michaels are composers of more exciting promise. "Tommy" IS

(Continued on Page 17)



ALL HALLOWS ODDLY

BY LATIMER

When the old Druids were balling those virgins in the cornfields every autumn, under the moon, they little suspected that they were inaugurating a holiday that would float down the centuries to haunt everything sane and respectable. Presently, in this century here, there is just too much that is sane and respectable, and the jams do want kicking out. Let us then make this upcoming Hallowe'en a fright to remember, shall we? Anybody with plans for a good national Trick Or Treat bash should announce them in this paper, sometime within the next couple weeks.

In New Paltz, for instance, site of a notorious State College a couple hours' drive north of the City, a Hump the Pumpkin (or, Trip A Treat) Saturnalia has been called for the evening of October 31. Entertaining at this festival, besides the underwear-abjuring

fuck-rock chain-gang The Holy Modal Rounders, will be The Long Island Drug Division. Now,

LIDD is a rather new collection of freaks patterned after the Merry Pranksters -- they got 16 people operating a multi-media hysteria incorporating lights, rock music, tapes, theatre and film, and also two rock groups called The Soft White Underbelly and ROOM. They get around in two GMC trucks, and shortly expect a couple school buses. Now, what these people are going to do at New Paltz on Hallowe'en is undisclosed as yet -- anticipation being half the trip -- but they can tell some interesting anecdotes about their previous gigs at places like White Lake and the Dallas Rock Festival. /Dallas:

when he scarfed down half a quart of water and a slice of watermelon last Labor Day, the Sherrif of Dallas County little suspected he was drinking himself out of a job. All he knew was that he was at the Dallas Rock Festival, surrounded in the 98 degree heat by hordes of unnaturally decorative people -- including The Long Island Drug Division, from which unbeknownst to him came the little granules of sunshine that garnished his refreshments and caused him to smile greatly. He

was lucky. But for the goodness of God, chances are the Long Island Drug Division would never have made it from Long Island to Texas with all their dope intact.

First off, there was this business on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. They are tooling along in this decrepit little bus, about twentyfive people and a ton of electronic devices, hugging the right lane while these monster 20-ton Mack trucks rocket by, shaking them in their air-wake -- and the bus breaks down. It is doing twenty in the pitch darkness, then ten, then they come to a downgrade and accelerate to about fifteen, then the upgrade has them doing two...And the Mack trucks are whizzing on by...Until they come to a rest at the top of a little hill, in the blind spot, with half the bus still on the road. Time to hand out the white flag and pledge surrender. But lo, the driver has had a nosebleed and the white flag is now a red one. And now the hillside is illuminated with the glow from some gross monster of a truck just falling up the goddamn hill at them. And it gets brighter and brighter while they huddle

go mets!

together in the bus. And the headlights flare right up behind them -- a twentyton Mack bearing down on a little bus like a flounder swallowing up a sardine -- closer, and closer, and closer. People are saying the last rites, the sweat rolling out of the armpits.

But it swerved, and the next day they were all in Missouri. Here the police stopped them. Now, the real dope was in a peanut butter jar, but displayed conspicuously was a couple of pounds of oregano lightly sprinkled with sage, arranged all about with pipes and roach holders. The cops pounced on the decoy dope, dropped the ascorbic acid into it, and waited for it to turn blue. The next day The Long Island Drug Division was in Dallas, or rather Lewistown, feeding acid to the mayor and the county sherrif.

So the county sherrif of Dallas county waddled up on the stage in the 98 degree heat, holding on to his hard hat, the .45 bouncing on his hip, and he got up there in front of the microphone and this enormous grin crept across his face... He was stoned!

So when he opened his mouth,

he said this: 'Y'all sure are one bunch of beautiful people!' Cheers. 'I surely never realized ... I never thought for a moment how beautiful you people really were.' Cheers. 'Now this is Lewistown, this is our town, y'know ... And I want to say y'all are welcome, and y'all can come on back any time you want to.' Hoo RAY!

So then the mayor got up, who had been scarfing down the dope, and he looked out over the people and said, wiping his brow in the 98 degree heat, 'Whew,' he said. 'I feel just as high right now as you people, for some reason.' Cheers. 'Wasn't the sherrif articulate, wasn't he beautiful?' Cheeeers. 'And this town is a beautiful town, and we're certainly happy to have you people in it. I don't know what everybody else in town is going to say, but I wish you could just stay here forever.'

A week later the country sherrif of Dallas County publicly quit his gig, allwoing as how he couldn't see being a cop any more ...

New Paltz. Hallowe'en, October 31. Take the New York State Thruway north and follow the signs. Virgins in the cornfields.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE OR APOLOGIES TO JEAN COCTEAU BY WALLY

Politics is life a sage historian once said: madness is the only reality, R.D. Laing said that in *The Politics of Experience*; but what about mayoral politics? Isn't that just another mental aberration, like someone's bad trip? Perhaps.

What I witnessed this morning was one cosmic form of insanity, the insanity of running for mayor in a city which changes and is the same with a surprising regularity.

So this is the year of the mayor, since it always happens that every four years everyone once more becomes concerned with the basic issues of urban living, - you know those issues; crime, education, money, and narcotics - all those meaty things. What happens when the three contenders for the second most difficult job in the United States get together and debate each other? What happens? Dig it for thyself!

The New York Times building is located on 43rd St. between Broadway and 8th Avenues. It stands near the crossroads of the world - Times Square. It has a faint air of unreality about it, I don't know why. All I do know is that when I presented my credentials at the door, the guard, a tall black Uncle Tom guy screwed up his eyes, in amazement and said, "East Village...East Village???"

Hahaha". Undaunted, I went forward into the Times' 9th floor auditorium. Assembled there were the cream of the world's press, for this was some sort of world-shaking event...I guess. The pressies were dressed in their traditional garb, grey and brown drab. They were cynical and joking about Marchi and Proccacino and their cases against Lindsay. There was an air of expetency in the room. Something was going to happen although I wasn't quite sure what.

From the back of the room the electricity is caught - the candidates are making their entrance surrounded by press and their campaign managers. This is the big moment.

In front of me are two tables

facing each other at oblique angles. On the right sit four reporters from the Times. On the left (front first) sit Mario the Magnificent, John the Mayor, and Marchi the Morose. Mario Proccacino looks like one of those two-bit greasers who've made it big. He's dressed in an ostentatiously grey sharkskin suit and wears a french-cuffed white shirt with gold cufflinks. His pencil-thin mustache sits like a sneer of his face, he's smiling nervously at the news photographers-a sideways grin of a potential operator and a habitual gin rummy player.

Mayor Lindsay looks clean and neat in his dark blue ivy-league suit. He's wearing a red regimental striped tie and looks like the perenial fraternity rush-chairman, always smiling, smiling so much that I suspect that he pasted on his grin sometime in the early morning before the debate. He seems on top of it all. John Marchi looks harried and worn, he smiles painfully, but he has a good-natured air about him, like he's a lot more together in his head than the other two. He sits on the end, nearest the back of the dias. The magnificent trio are enthroned there, each surrounded by his invisible gardol shield. There is an air of expectancy about the meeting, though most of the reporters know what to expect, know that Mario will present his best courtroom image (like an inspired defense lawyer shedding real tears for his client, benefit of the jury-crocodile tears, that is). The also know that Lindsay will take on the role of the beleaguered mayor beset with an imperfect record who wants to do better, if elected again.

John Marchi possesses a genial air - the reporters know that he will talk some sort of sense as compared with the other two, but they also know, deep down in their little reporters' hearts, that he will say the same things as the others only using different languages to do it.

Then the questions begin: Law and Order? (Yes thank you, I'll have one of each...no, that's not

what I want to say). Er...Of yes, law and order, Mario wants the cop back on the beat and people who obey the laws (how about a concept Mario?). Lindsay says approximately the same thing. He is for law enforcement and his first obligation is to help the drug addicts to a better life (I cheered at this point). Marchi wanted law and order to be meant for the common man, because law and order is an ethical principle ("how can you legislate ethics", I said under my breath, "They don't teach that in Albany.")

And on to their estimation of what the greatest problem facing the city was supposed to be. All agreed that it was organized crime, getting more teeth into present laws and such like platitudes. Next question on remedies for the city. All agree that the tax structure should be revitalized. Marchi, however was most truthful when he said, "Well, you know there won't be any new taxes until after November 4 (election eve). That drew laughs from the pit though Mario scowled.

Alright, how about the order of priority for the new major? How would they all tackle the problem? Again major consensusunity is most important, getting the city together to cope with its problems. Again all said it differently. For the Procciano, "Institutional reform.", Lindsay, "Eliminate the alienation of people from city government", for Marchi, ".....we need institutional change and meaningful dialogue between the citizens and the government" (sound familiar).

Finally how do they see the role of the mayor in city government. Now it's Procciano's turn to give his plea for the-common-man-made-good spiel, "I look on the mayor's office as a place of conciliation, he should sit in the middle between both factions and get them together in agreement. (Incidentally, Mario was a teacher at Fordham and CCNY night schools as well as being a judge. Can't you hear the chants in a few months when he struts down

to talk to the garbageman's union about their impending strike, "Here com' de judge, here com' de judge, order on the streets, here com' de judge." Mayor John substantially agreed with what the Proc said and so did Marchi-in fact, they all agree with each other about every major issue, but there are no issues in this campaign because the issues involve institutions which change as the city becomes larger and the institutions become outmoded. That was never mentioned by any of the candidates except Marchi who said, "We are all human, we are all frail." He meant it whereas Mario was running on his 'common-man personality' and Lindsay was trying to keep his head above water, elegantly...of course.

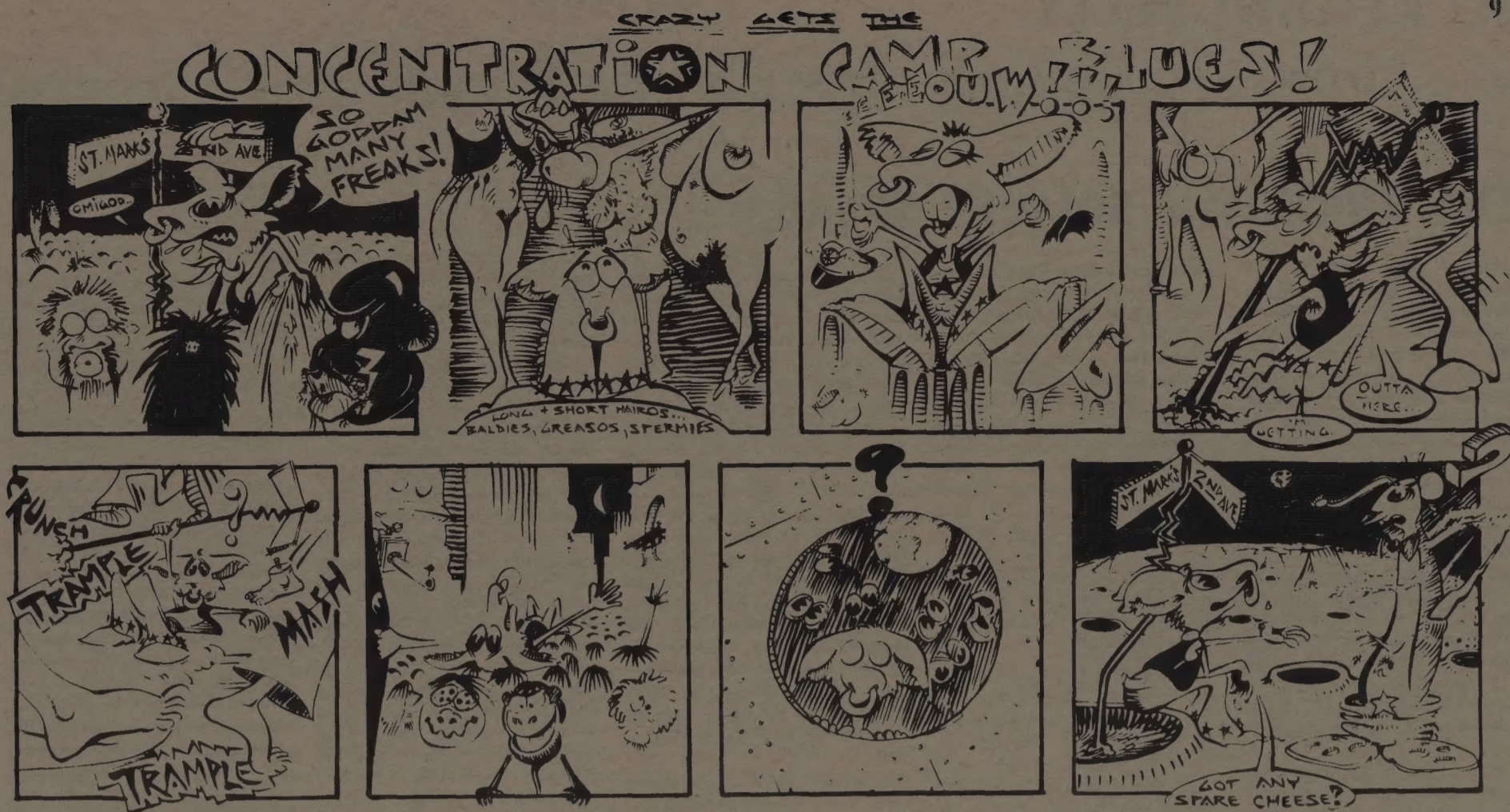
The final question of the morning was to ask the candidates to sum up their positions. Mario the Magnificent begged and pleaded, I even think that he may have shed some tears, telling the newspaper audience that the city needed someone who knew the problems of the city and he has been involved in government for so long. Lindsay repeated that his record speaks for it - He restated his position that he has just begun to make headway with the city administration. His first term was just the beginning and he needed another to complete his work. Marchi said he would pledge to end the cynicism which confronts city officials from the body politic by giving them more of a stake in the governing process. Wow! It was all so heavy, so heavy and meaningless.

The "candidates' debate" was no debate in any sense of the word. All three just reiterated what they had said on the stump, and for a little added spice they attacked each other. Procciano made the most attacks of anyone whereas Marchi sat back and quietly laughed at the whole thing, Mario's remonstrances nonwithstanding. Lindsay rebutted Proccacino and left Marchi pretty much alone. In many ways it's too bad that this

debate couldn't have been televised. One would have realized just how afraid the Proc is of real things like laughter and cynicism. Throughout the conference, he sat in his chair and fiddled with the pencils, every so often making notes on his yellow legal-sized pad, while clutching the pencil in his stubby well-manicured fingers. He was probably badly sweating, though nothing came out on top. Generally, the debate was between Proccacino and Lindsay-Marchi was almost disregarded, though in some ways he should have been a contender. (No, I am not supporting Marchi because the whole thing of a mayoral race is a sham anyway. What I am saying is that Marchi had at least enough sense to know what a farce the whole thing was and is. Proccacino was deadly earnest like a schoolboy making allegations after he had been caught giving the finger to the teacher by complaining that he was put up to it by the kid beside him) Yes, Proccacino exhibits that much paranoia about his person, but that again is the nature of the political game, to have a public and private personality diametrically opposed.

After the summations, the chairman thanked the candidates and I walked out of the Times auditorium and took the elevator down to the lobby. As I was walking out I discovered Lindsay surrounded by his clique in animated conversation. I looked on wistfully and pushed my way through the revolving doors out into the street crowded by camera crews, spare reporters and a horde of curious spectators. In the throng were three workmen in green coveralls wearing straw boaters with the legend written in red lettering on a blue field, "Mario for Mayor". I elbowed my way through and walked onto Times Square. It was eleven in the morning. I took the RR train back to Broadway and Eighth, - back to reality at last.

Who would I vote for? Well, I could always keep cool with College.



ROCK AND ROLL FOR THE ACADEMICS OR MR. CHIPS MEETS THE AMBOY DUKES

BY DAVID WALLY

Would you believe it? Would you believe it if I told you that "pop" culture is the newest discipline in the academic bag of tricks? Would you believe it if I told you that rock music has now made it into the hallowed halls of ivy where Ph.D's spent hours and days, nay dissertations worth of their lives chronicling the history of Rock? Oh, I forgot to mention, there's a new book on the market ... (damn, another book about something we've all listened to, about something which we've all experienced). Yes, friends, step right this way, step right up to the Dissertation Abstracts and get a peek at Carl Belz's, *The Story of Rock* (Oxford University Press). Marshall McLuhan said that anything you could get away with was art, and I suspect that anything that you can get published nowadays qualifies as literature. (Why even Harold Robbins and Jacqueline Susanne get published, funny they don't get busted like Kiss, Screw or the Daily News. Oh well, that's the literary world). Back to *The Story of Rock*. Funny how many things when they get enough popular approval find their way into pedantic books, too bad rock and roll has to wind up in Belz's book.

Best stated in his introduction, which I suspect unifies his approach, is the contention that "...rock is a part of the long tradition of folk art in the United States", p.3). That's nice to know, I guess that if he wasn't told about it, or perhaps if he hadn't been listening, he wouldn't have figured that out for himself. No matter, for he goes on in his introduction to safely kill his subject by dragging in other cultural non sequiturs. Read on McDuff, "... (rock as a folk tradition) involves a number of complicated issues concerning the history of art, the relationship between folk art and fine art, and our notions about the creative act in either domain of expression" (p.3). He goes on

to break down the distinctions between folk art, fine art and popular art vis-a-vis rock music. This is all really very interesting...to those who need books to relate to the spirit of rock, but for the rest of us, it is a wasted effort. Hold on, this treatise gets correspondingly worse but funnier as it rambles on - like when the author discusses why certain lyrics are, as opposed to what they represent (that is if you want to get involved in such a tedious discussion). Again I quote, "The rock artist's 'crude' enunciation sprang naturally from his spontaneous effort to express something real. Yet, the grammar of 'Doncha jus know it' or 'I got a girl named Rama Lama Ding Dong' does not alone transform a song into folk material", p.8. Horseshit!

One could go on for pages, days and pages. One could go on for 219 pages and pull out quotes which would amaze and mystify you - it would still not be enough to convince you of the total innanity of such a book as *The Story of Rock*. This is not to say that Dr. Belz has made a fool of himself because it is obvious that he has put quite a bit of time into doing this piece of research. My questions are of a more fundamental nature, and I think probe more deeply the matters behind the book itself.

The basic question for me is whether rock can be treated in the same way other music has been treated in terms of scholarship. Certainly, one cannot as Dr. Belz, handle all the sociological and cultural implications of this music by using antiquated terminology /of the academic caste. What he does, even with this loving treatment and the book is "Dedicated to the One I Love", is make rock into a fossil, a cultural fossil which can be picked over though the body is warm. The question is not whether one can write a history of music, but whether one can write it while it is still

developing and growing. As with an artistic movement, neo-classicism, Baroque, Rococo or Romantic, nothing can be said until the period is all over with, until music has moved into a new stage. What makes rock music so vital in many ways is that, as far as I can determine from this temporal vantage point, rock has broken through all the ancient and outmoded sociological cum musicological categories. Rock freely borrows from all forms of music classical and modern. A rock performer can use a Moog or a lute - it really doesn't matter. The music which is played, for the most part, has no definite period, and although it has a definite beginning in one sense, it doesn't seem to have an end.

Rock as well borrows from other musical forms - there is raga rock, Bach rock (pronounced Bac), and country rock (which for the purposes of Dr. Belz's great thesis does have folk elements in it). There's really no use in breaking down rock into different classifications, be they fine art, folk art, or popular art. Hell, even bubblegum music is relevant within the musicologist's framework as phoney as that is. The point here is that cultural histories work only if the culture is safely dead and can rise no more. (So all you Norman Mailer freaks out there should wait until he's dead so that you can write the definitive literary biography.) Only then can it be captured, analyzed and picked apart.

There is another question raised by the appearance of Belz's book which must be answered, or if not answered at least realized. One of the most difficult things to do when writing a cultural history is to make it new (old Poundian poetic dictum) - make it new in the sense that the subject studied does not become like the proverbial "patient etherized upon a table". The problem with cultural historians has been their unwillingness to

study cultural movements and present them in living ways. Thus when Dr. Belz uses all this pseudo-academic hedging to state his points he kills his subject as he analyzes. The secret is to develop new terminology to explain new phenomenon. For example, instead of saying something like, "Rock history substantiates the notion that the realities in a particular song carry greater significance than the art of the song itself, p.11". Why not say, "Sometimes rock lyrics, no matter how silly, carry some greater messages than the artists know about?" Or if not that, why not, "The meaning of some rock lyrics change as the times change." It's relatively simple to transpose all of Belz's patient academic jargon into readable English - something which Belz seems incapable of doing himself. This is a problem of language, modern language.

Again the problem with Belz's book, and which I suspect will be the problem with all such books, for this is merely the first in a long line, is that the writers have not come to the realization that in order to discuss this phenomenon, there will have to be new terminology made and a new method of analysis to go along with it. Again the difference between "technicism" and "emotionalism". I do not mean that a writer should get so personally involved that he should relate everything to his own experience, but that he should use his sensitivity instead of his intellect. He should feel rather than intellectualize what he feels. If he does this, then his whole approach to the subject of rock music changes. OK, then one throws the whole approach of Belz's book out the window and what does one have left? One has a string of academic cliches thrown together. Replace the subject matter and it could be a doctoral dissertation about "The Effect of Truth on the Perceptions of Beauty" - that

could be just a boring as what has been done to, or in the name of, rock music... "Dedicated to the One I Love", indeed!

One further point before you cheerfully go out and burn this book, or if not burn it, then at least send your copy back to the author with appropriate marginal comments. In Dr. Belz's drive to find "meaning" and "significance" in rock, he has the temerity to mention *The Mothers of Invention* in a purely sociological context, referring to *Cruisin' With Reuben and The Jets* as a cultural throwback, while ignoring all the musical experimentation which Frank and the Mothers have done for the past six years. In Dr. Belz's search for the "significant" he has merely unearthed the "trivial" and the "inconsequential".

Rock music has been around for twenty years by my own calculations and the longer it remains, it will bring into it a new character. No, not the superstar, not the supergroupie, not even the super session. Not any of those things, the newest addition to the halls of rock will be the Super Pedant. Yes, super scholar will bore the hell out of you, and like your parents did with classical music, turn you off to rock if you haven't gotten into it before he has.

It's really too bad that Dr. Belz won't read this review in its proper context, perhaps the *Journal of Modern History* or *The Journal of the History of Ideas* should print it. No matter, I suspect that he's happily teaching Art History out at Brandeis University and boring the hell out of his students as he has bored the hell out of me. After all, who would have thought that an underground paper knew anything about what he was saying, about his culture...after all we're the one's who live in it and what do we know? Oh well, there's always Richard Goldstein's *The Poetry of Rock*.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

October 9th, 1969, a Press Conference was held due to increased tensions in the Fort Dix Stockade, and also to a Peace March to be held on Oct. 12, for an end to the war and the release of all political prisoners now being held in the Ft. Dix Stockade. The Speakers present were: Ex-CPT. Howard Levy, who was just released from prison where he had spent 3 years for refusing to teach dermatology, and "Political Medicine" to Green Berets. Staff Sgt. Selwyn R. Lee, formerly of the Ft. Dix Stockade, who denounced many of the spontaneous atrocities committed on the prisoners by the guards. Dr. Richard Kunnes, Medical Committee on Human Rights, who inspected the Stockade at Dix and other Army Forsts. Tim Coulter, National Civil Liberties Committee, who is the prime coordinator of the Oct. 12th Peace March on Fort Dix by G.I.'s and Civilian Groups. Jim Wallen and Steve Ornstein, workers with the "Free the Fort Dix 38" Committee, and the Fort Dix Coffee House, located in Wrightstown, New Jersey, the civilian appendage to Fort Dix.

DR. LEVY: "The most recent problem arising from Fort Dix is from the "City Fathers of Wrightstown. They have denied permission to the "Free the Ft. Dix 38" Group to have a peaceful march through the town, from the Coffee House, to the Fort.

Since 1967's March on the Pentagon, the Anti-War

movement within the Army has been reviving in a way the Army can't cope with. The Army is faced with the problem that the G.I.s themselves are organizing against the War in Vietnam, and on several posts have opened Coffee Houses where G.I.s can gather to voice their dissent. There are presently about 45 Anti-War Newspapers presently edited, printed and written by G.I.s now on Active Duty in the Service. After talking with G.I.s at Forts Dix, Bragg, Jackson, Knox and Camp Pendleton, I can say with certainty that G.I.s are definitely on the move."

STAFF SERGEANT LEE: "As a former guard at the Fort Dix Stockade in 1964, and a guard at the Long Binh Stockade in Vietnam in 1966, I hereby state that I am in full agreement with the charges made against the Army concerning the Stockade Conditions and the treatment of prisoners confined in these stockades. I have personally witnessed many acts of brutality by the guards. I have personally seen the filth and smelled the stench of these stockades. I have personally been threatened with physical and legal reprisals by my commanders for reporting these incidents. I now personally choose to disregard these threats and make myself available for testimony and anything else that would bring about an end to these compounds of torture.

My Section Chief has threatened me with Jail if I expressed any

Political View and a Sergeant First Class (E7) who I work with has threatened my life. Yet, there have been no charges brought against him, and no attempts have been made to insure my safety. Speaking from a strictly Military standpoint, I did commit the most serious crime of placing the welfare of my subordinates above the conniving and scheming of my superiors. The G.I.s who serve in the Army have reconciled themselves to the fact that they might very well have to die. What we, the concerned G.I.s are protesting are the reasons we must die. Without stockades G.I.s would not fight illegal wars such as Vietnam, waged to fill the pockets of the rich and deprive the poor of their sons.

Presently at the Ft. Dix Stockade there are 750 to 800 prisoners. The stockade was built in 1941 to house about 250 and has since been condemned twice. The health conditions are abominable due to a lack of sanitary and shower facilities. I hereby charge the United States Army and mainly the Stockade Officials with "Intentional Negligence!!" For instance, we were briefed just before stockade duty, that AWOL personnel were the Scum of the Earth. We were also told to be more lenient with the long-term prisoners, mainly the ones in for theft or assault, because they would be in the stockade longer.

DR. LEVY: "At the disciplinary barracks, where I stayed, political prisoners were not allowed to

teach in the education center. When one prisoner asked why, he was told by officials that he had committed a heinous crime - refusing to go to Vietnam. In the meantime two instructors that were teaching at the center, had done nothing as bad as that, in the eyes of the Army. One of the instructors was in jail for (get this) "Having Sodomized a Whole Troop of Boy Scouts." He was a professional man, a Captain. The other man was in jail for "Raping his Pre Adolescent Daughter." By Army standards these men obviously had not committed heinous crimes. This just goes to show that the Army is definitely aiming its green finger at the dissident G.I. and persecuting him, and at the same time, fighting the rising tide of dissidence and the low morale factor it involves."

DR. RICHARD KUNNES: "I have been to the Fort and have examined the individuals in the stockade and have found that the medical conditions on the Fort are so bad that most of the physicians now practicing on the Fort would have their licenses revoked for malpractice on the outside. In fact, the US Army sort of encourages the doctors to malpractice, by not giving them enough equipment and personnel. Men in the stockade are sometimes not allowed to go to the dispensary because "there is a lack of personnel to escort them," even though they manage to find someone to mow the General's lawn ... Another absurd practice is

that recuperating G.I.s in the Medical Holding Company are forced to walk 1/2 mile for a meal despite their recuperation. Prisoners suffering from epileptic seizures have been beaten.

Because of sheer monotony, tension is often at a feverish pitch. To maintain some kind of tranquility, guards encourage prisoners to "Shoot Up" with Heroin, Speed and even Kool Aid. Aside from encouraging addiction, the side effects of addiction become visible in infectious and serum hepatitis -- which often goes untreated, though all prisoners, no matter how sick and debilitated, are forced to undergo the strenuous exercise rituals demanded by the stockade system. Prisoners who refuse to adhere to these rituals are "Casually Beaten" by the guards. Because of our findings of medical NEGLECT, MALPRACTICE, AND TORTURE, we have already written the Fort Dix Commander, General Kenneth Collins. We have suggested that on Oct. 12, a group of civilian licensed physicians be allowed to enter the stockade and treat as completely and privately as necessary all the medical victims within the stockade. It is clear, however, that the ultimate goal is the elimination of the stockade system.

TIM COULTER: "The Attorneys for the Military Law Panel will file early next week a suit seeking to outlaw current stockade practices and to abolish the Fort Dix Stockade. The suit challenges the

(Continued on Page 16)

SEEING DOUBLE BY ROBERT WEINER

/I was underwhelmed by John Osborne's A PATRIOT FOR ME now playing at the Imperial Theatre. It is a creaky directorial production that Peter Glenville has created. I really didn't care for the characters or understand the play. Maximilian Schell gives a poor performance.

/The very hyped drag ball scene really is a flighty gimmick that has nothing much to do with the episodic plot, which I won't bore you with.

/The Performance Group has returned from Europe and is preparing to begin open rehearsals of its new environmental production MAKBETH; like their previous production DIONYSUS is will involve the audience. There will be no printed program - instead, there will be a maze that the audience will have to pass through in order to get into the theatre. Brooks MacNamara, Professor of Theatre History at NYU, has designed this maze. Richard Schechner will again direct The Performance Group, and there will be choral music by Paul Epstein. The open rehearsals begin on October 23rd, prior to an official November 13th opening. There are special reduced prices for the rehearsals of \$3.50 and \$2.50 for students.

/Did you ever really wonder what Channel One was all about? For the last two years, I have

heard all about this "Underground Television" project and never really had the correct image about it. In a three-quarter round theatre, there are three hanging television sets. The audience sits in front of its respective set. Voila!, underground TV turns out to be a TV review not unlike THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS. Currently the offering at Channel One is called GROOVE TUBE, and it is a compilation of the best of the three shows that have been seen before. If this is the best, I wonder what the worst was. Even though there are some extremely funny bits that lean to the raunchy side, the overall effect is like most television shows -- forgettable. I wish I liked the presentation better, but I found it to be very collegiate. There is certainly nothing wrong with that, and the audience, comprised mostly of young people, seemed to be enjoying themselves. GROOVE TUBE is also presently touring college campuses and is probably extremely successful. As a new form "Theatre of Television" it is just too bland.

The revue form has been dead for a while, and the new production of FROM THE SECOND CITY is not breathing any life back into it. Again, there are funny bits, but not that funny. By the time you get into the second act you become bored with long and tired sketches about psychiatrists, people

jumping from buildings, etc. The present company does not have any sparkling personalities like the original SECOND CITY had. No one comes close to the charisma that Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin and Severn Darden projected.

Would you also believe that in 1969, SECOND CITY is giving us audience participation via press conferences and suggestions for songs for movie titles?

The problem is that we have all grown up and SECOND CITY has remained where it was. It attempts to reflect today's feelings, but its heart is in the 1950's.

CALLING IN CRAZY, "an optimistic comedy" that opened at The Fortune Theatre was so slight and so terrible that it has to be dismissed in thirty-two seconds.

Gerry Ragni thought it was beautiful. Jim Rado had a great time. The Hare Krishna Singers sang, danced, burned incense in the lobby, sold candy and guide books. Films of protest were shown. Four musical groups performed.

Where was this happening that you missed - at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It was the first evening of Michael David and Arthur Ginsberg's HELP STAMP OUT OPERA series. By the time you read this, Leroi Jones and Sun Ra will have

appeared, as well as Alan Ginsberg and THE BAND. The producers hope to make this a regular thing at The Academy and have already tied up dates for November and December.

The first of the series featured THE FLOCK, THE JOY OF COOKING, and THE MC-5. All of the profits from the series go to the benefit of The Chelsea Theatre Center, a non-profit, professional, free theatre-in-residence at The Academy.

Alfred Salmaggi, son of the retired opera impresario, is the house manager at The Academy. All last week he received phone calls inquiring as to who or what were THE MC-5. His reply was, "Two initials and a number."

THE ACT's second production A FLEA IN HER EAR, staged by Gower Champion, has created a large controversy. Clive Barnes in the New York Times gave it an absolute rave. Richard Watts in the NY Post a total pan, and John Chapman of the Daily News did not think it worthy of a critique. They were all correct in varying degrees. The production designed by Stuart Wurtzel (sets) and Lewis Brown (costumes) is quite elegant, the acting is generally good, but the over-familiarity of the Feydeau farce makes it become increasingly less amusing as the evening runs down.

Michael O'Sullivan steals every scene in which he makes an

appearance. He is probably the best comic actor we have in America today. It is worth a visit to this slightly tiresome play, just to see Mr. O'Sullivan creating theatrical magic.

NOTES: Super-Groupie Jenni Dean so impressed David Susskind on his recent TV show about THE GROUPIES, that he reportedly wants to have her back. Jenni completely demolished the other "girls" on the show with her cool demeanor. Miss Dean, who is featured in the upcoming film THE GROUPIES, which I am producing, also knocked out Fillmore East Managing Director, Kip Cohen. As a result, he gave her a permanent staff pass to The House of Rock and Gold.

Future Fillmore East bookings include Nina Simone, Joe Cocker and the Grease Band, and Blood, Sweat and Tears. The latter group will probably appear for an entire week during the Xmas holidays.

ABC's THE MUSIC SCENE supposedly has been axed. This pop-rock TV show was misconceived from the start, particularly with the inane sketches starring David Steinberg and company.

And lastly, Leslie Uggams' CBS boob tube show will be replaced by HEE-HAW, the vulgar TV show which replaced The Brothers Smother. No comment is necessary UGH!!

go mets!

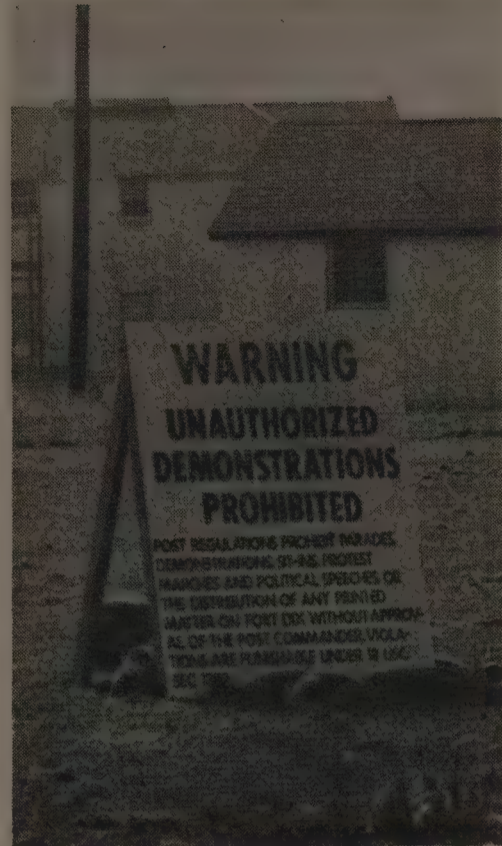
UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

FT. DIX, OCT. 12: WOW! 5000 peaceful demonstrators, men, babies, soldiers and citizens all amassed on a military reservation called Ft. Dix, to protest the War in Vietnam, and the Detention of 38 political prisoners in the Ft. Dix Stockade. When the people started marching from the Ft. Dix Coffe House through Wrightstown to the Fort, they were met with little resistance. I arrived on the Ft. Dix Reservation before the crowd and attempted to interview Colonel Neiland, the Commander of the MPs. He, being a military man, didn't say much, except that he wouldn't allow the protesters on Dix. Well, needless to say, the protestors got on the Fort somewhat. The MP's, however, were not from Ft. Dix! Most of them had been imported from Ft. Benning and Ft. Bragg; apparently General Collins can't really trust his own men. The Peace Marchers were chanting, "JAIL COLLINS!" "FREE THE 38!" "UP THE ASS WITH ARMY BRASS, WITH ARMY BRASS!", and other nice things.

WHEN THE PROTESTERS ARRIVED on the field, they were met with fixed bayonets (uncovered), billy clubs, and CS (tear gas). About 5 people were stabbed by the soldiers, probably accidentally as there was a lot of running when the tear gas went off. The injured people were taken to HEALTHPAC vehicles, led by Dr Richard Kunnes, and treated for CS effects and wounds. David Freedman, Fern Kwatinets, and Leslie Fox had come with me to the Fort to demonstrate peacefully. Ask them how the Army's CS tear gas feels when it meets the eye tissue. I have been trained in riot control during my military experience, so I wasn't affected, much, and can only say this--

THERE WILL BE MORE Ft. Dix's, there will be more Presidio's, and more people getting gassed in the future. The time has come to fight back strategically, without force; you see they have the guns, but we have the numbers! You can put just so many people in the stockade. General Collins, General Turner, General Abrams, General Tolson, and the rest of the Top Brass dictators, your days of absolute reign are coming to a close. No more will American Citizens be treated like "Vietnamese". No more will you people be dealing to the EM from the bottom of a Stacked Deck. Can't you see me rising, get your guns, the time has come, follow me down!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

GENERAL COLLINS, BASE commander, has refused an offer from the Medical Committee to examine, evaluate, and treat all victims of the stockade system. At the demonstration at Dix, on Oct. 12th, civilian liscensed physicians were again turned away from the stockade. admonished that the Army knows how to take care of its OWN.



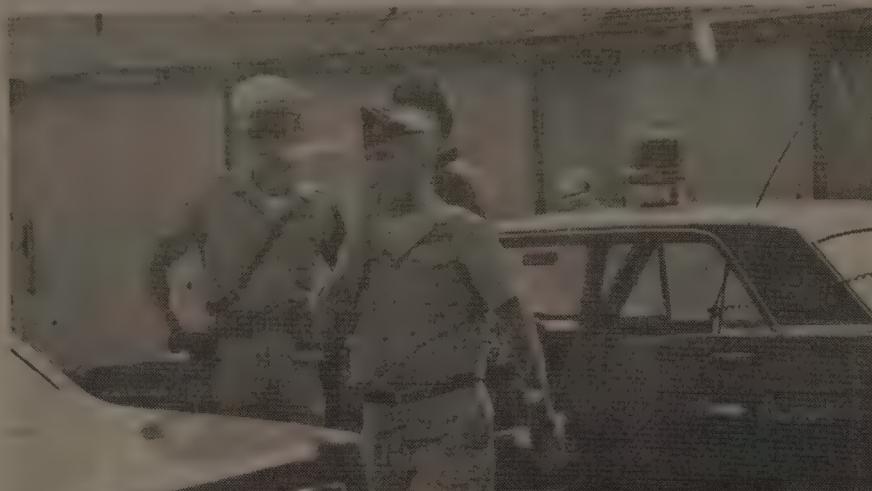
M.P.s moving out at arms lenght to encircle the protestors



M.P.s with riot control gas masks in formation, ready to assault the people



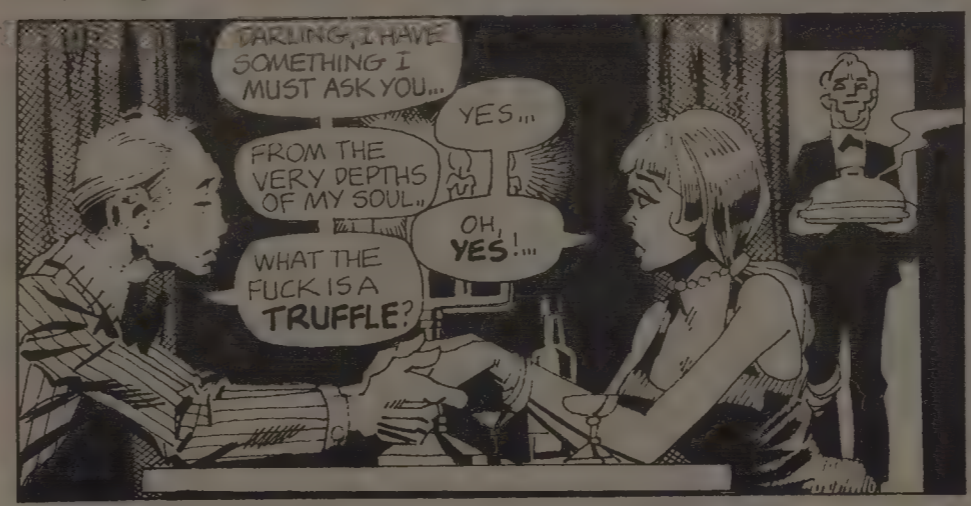
M.P.s getting ready to encounter protestors. Guess what he's got (see arrow)



Col. Nieland (Lt. Col.) commanding the imported M.P.s

COME the REVOLUTION!

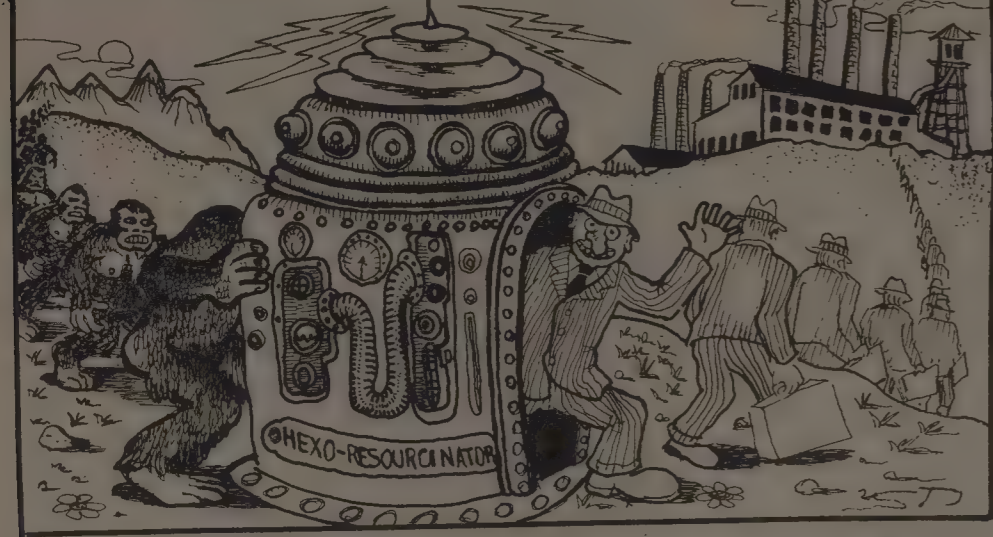
WE WILL DINE ON WINE AND TRUFFLES



DRESS IN ORTHOPSYCHIC RUFFLES...



There'll be Programmed Evolution...



FACES WILL BE REARRANGED



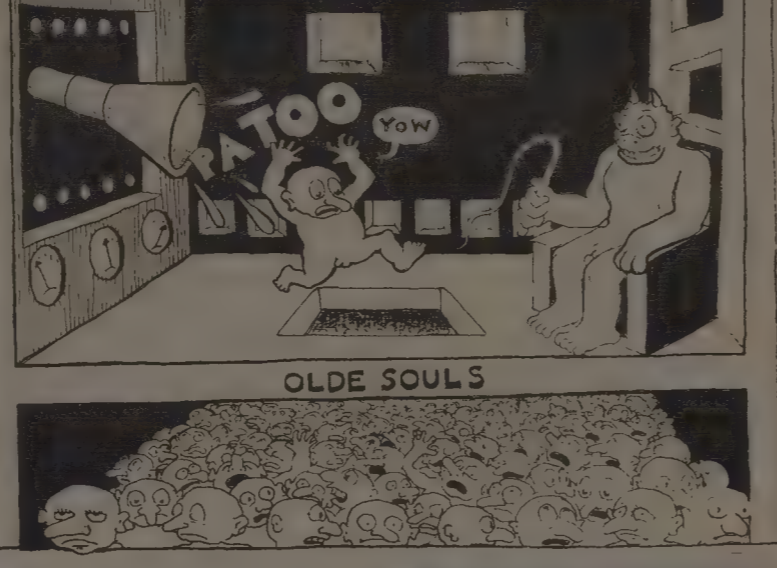
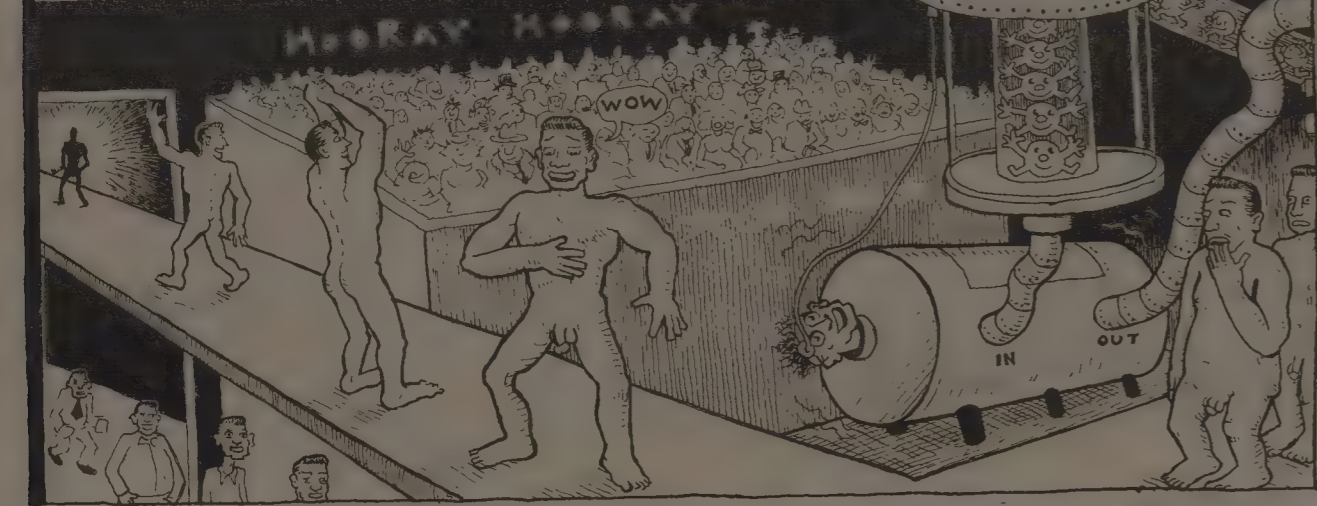
TAKE A SUNDAY TRIP TO NOME...



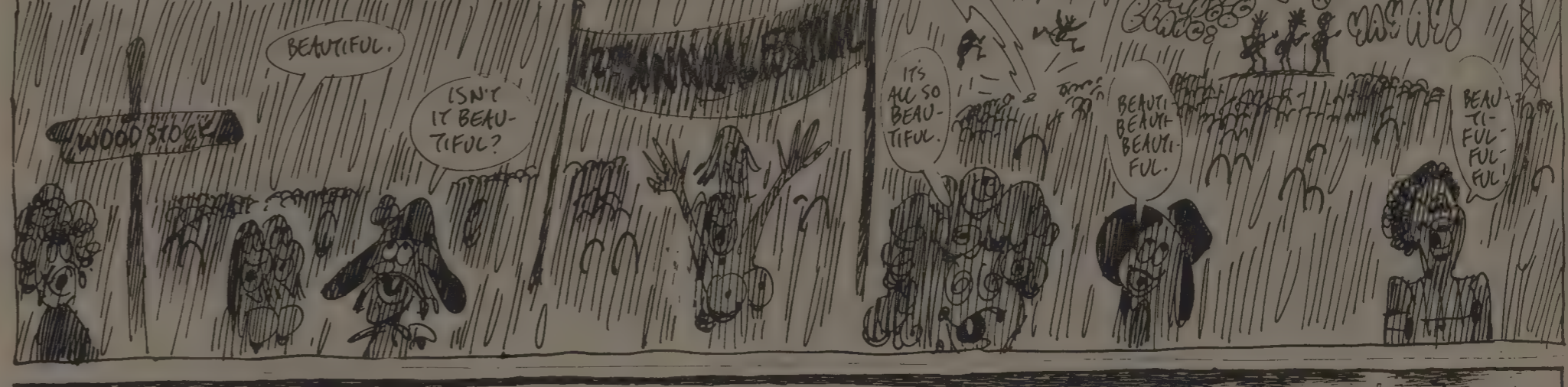
or. Plug in Privately at Home!



BODIES FIXED AND SOULS EXCHANGED



THERE'LL BE NO INCLEMENT WEATHER



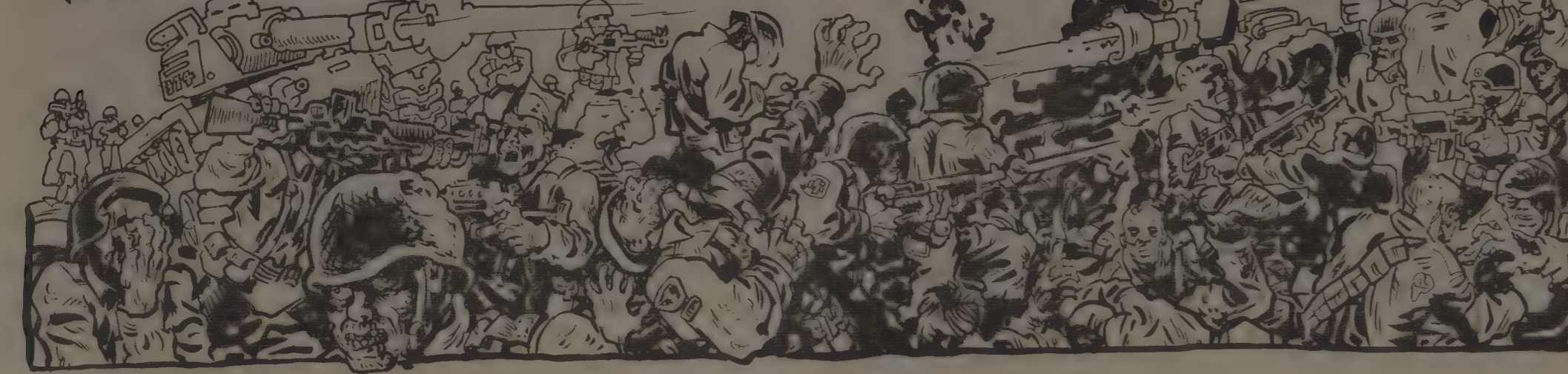
THERE'LL BE META-INTEGRATION



AND WE'LL ALL COME TOGETHER



NOMORE WARING SUPERNATION...



LETTERS

(Continued from Page 4)

His justification for this blatant attempt at ultra-fascist control is a "solution to the global population explosion." And meanwhile we continue paying farmers not to grow food while missions starve and dump crops in the ocean to control prices. Upon whose shoulders does the raven of insanity perch?

The second article is from the Sept. 17 Times and is headlined:

"BRUIN ELECTRONICS MAY ALTER MAN'S BEHAVIOR" It describes the work of Dr. Jose M.R. Delgado, a behavioral psychologist from Yale, whose bag is "implanting electrodes deep in the brains of mental patients and preventing or provoking certain kinds of behavior...with tiny electrical charges"; establishing "direct lines of communication from a brain to a computer and back to the brain again without having any of the information

pass through the normal senses." This procedure, says our kind doctor, "makes it possible to control undesirable behavior in mental patients by programming the computer to send a counter-acting signal every time a brain center responsible for associated behavior begins firing;" and "a tiny radio receiver which can be implanted under the skin in the neck or the back, wires leading from it under the skin to electrodes implanted in the

brain. Signals transmitted from a central control station are picked up by the receiver and directed to the brain." This he claims, makes "it possible to control certain kinds of behavior

in people by remote control and for on one to be aware that an individual is being controlled ... a continuous day and night supervision is possible."

(Continued on Page 15)

"MOST MOVIES PUT ME TO SLEEP, INCLUDING MY OWN, BUT 'LIONS LOVE' KEPT ME AWAKE AND HORNY ALL THE WAY THROUGH."

—Bob Downey, writer-director of 'Putney Swope'

"A BEAUTIFUL COCKEYED MOVIE ABOUT A MENAGE A TROIS...VERY FUNNY...CHARMING!"

—Vincent Canby, N.Y. Times

"'LIONS LOVE' IS ALSO A CELEBRATION OF HOLLYWOOD MORE BEAUTIFUL AND DARING THAN 'LE BONHEUR' AND A PENETRATING VIEW TO THE LOS ANGELES SCENE FROM AN INTELLIGENT OUTSIDER WITH AN UNSURPASSABLE EYE FOR COLOR"

—Richard Roud, Program Director New York Film Festival

"IT IS A PICTURE YOU HAVE TO LOVE OR LOATHE!"

—Archer Winsten, New York Post



"ALL THIS IS SATIRICALLY AND LOVINGLY FILMED IN MOD, COLORFUL, CINEMA-VERITE TERMS BY DIRECTOR AGNES VARDA—A WORLD OF ASSASSINATIONS AND CHAOS. MIXTURE OF ELEMENTS ALTERNATELY TOUCHING, CREATIVE, HUMOROUS, AUDACIOUS, INTRIGUING ... " —W. Wolf, Cue

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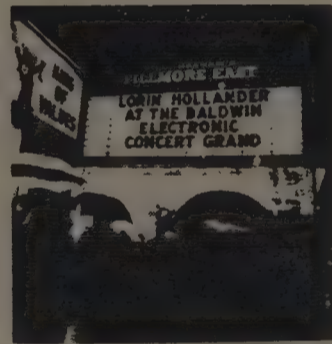
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QUEENS: DISKINS 135-26 Roosevelt Avenue, Flushing, New York
GREENLINE RECORD CENTER, 92-36 New York Boulevard, Jamaica, New York
REVELATION, 7120 Austin Street, Forest Hills, New York

BRONX: COUSINS RECORD SHOP, 382 E. Fordham Road, Bronx
EVERYTHING NICE, 3534 Johnson Avenue, Riverdale

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 14)

(Was an autopsy performed on Oswald or Ruby? Has Sirhan been examined? If anything were found, would we ever hear about it?)

It is an interesting sidelight on our good doctor that his research was originally published in the Naval Research Review in the early Sixties. Today, he is working out of Yale and Holloman Air Force Base, Alamogordo, New Mexico.

Knowing the Fascist and military passions for secrecy, it is safe to assume that if this much is freely admitted and openly published, then in actual fact the research and development is far more advanced and, by this time, quite functional.

I need not point out the implications. It has been said that psychiatry and psychology are sciences of political CONTROL. Indeed, the evidence would seem to support the claims.

Here, then, is that against which we must stand. Dr. Delgado is soon to publish a book, says the Times, called "Physical Control of the Mind: Towards a Psychocivilized Society."

Baby, if this ain't enough to freeze your balls and put you into a cold, cold sweat, then you're in heavy trouble.

The pigs only follow orders and respond as they have been conditioned to. The same can be said of most politicians. Who gives the orders? Who does the conditioning? Who develops the means for control?

There's a war going on, man, in case you haven't noticed! We're wasting time, effort and ammo on cops and politicians. Ain't it about fucking time we got to the bastards who would have us castrated in the name of "normalcy"?

Frank Pallentine
916 South Carondelet, no. 10
Los Angeles, California 90006

Dear EVO -- Had hoped to see you in White Lake but somehow that scene became so wonderfully confusing that you could only hope to bump into people accidentally, which happened a lot ...

I won't report in detail on that. After White Lake we also were invited to come to Dallas, which became in a way a quieter scene, but much different. The freak-outs were more confused but when put back on the trip marvelously innocent as compared to New York's sophistication ... and the cowboys ... boy oh boy ... did they want to beat us up at first but after a few days they sat around the free stage, with black folks and those weirdo longhairs, digging B.B. King and Johnny Winter jam ... What a sight!

Back at the farm things are coming along. We are trying to build a kiva (partly underground structure with adobe walls and a beamed ceiling) to house all of us for the winter. On Sundays we have open house parties during

which we always seem to come up with something to keep us all plus all the weirdo mountain freaks from around us entertained. Last Sunday we had this incredible soft ball game to which two other families had challenged us, but their mistake was that they had not set up the rules so these were made up as we went along ... hog farm style

... but the bases were the most confusing of all ... one was in the Road Hog, one was in the attic of one of the houses and it seemed almost impossible to score, but then everybody was zonked and when they couldn't find the ball, someone else found the bases or the other way around ... Home plate was something to see ... really home, with a bed, a t.v.

set, all sorts of goodies, dope and sometimes even a chick if there were volunteers. Anyway, New Mexico is a completely indescribable scene ... many families, that are all sort of different, with varying degrees of 'seriousness' about what's going on and of course the good ole Hog Farm is the least serious of them all but seems to get things done ...

(Signed)
Hog Farm
Box 21
Llano, New Mexico

Dear EVO:

I know writing letters on sack paper is too, too corny but "it's all that's available" out here on

the Western Frawnteer. I am writing in Dragoon, Arizona working for Joy. That is, Joy Drilling & Manufacturing Co. We are drilling for mineral core samples & aside from the fact we are ecocidal maniacs I like the gig.

I work from 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. 6 days a week & it is cold in the desert night. It is now about 11:45 & soon my buddy Orion is due to glide up into the Hulking Sky with his jive concho belt & switchblade or whatever he uses. Nixon's favorite weapon seems to be the jawbone of an ass -- his own. Time goes by slowly here & I do not turn on "on the job." Too many of these drillers are missing fingers.

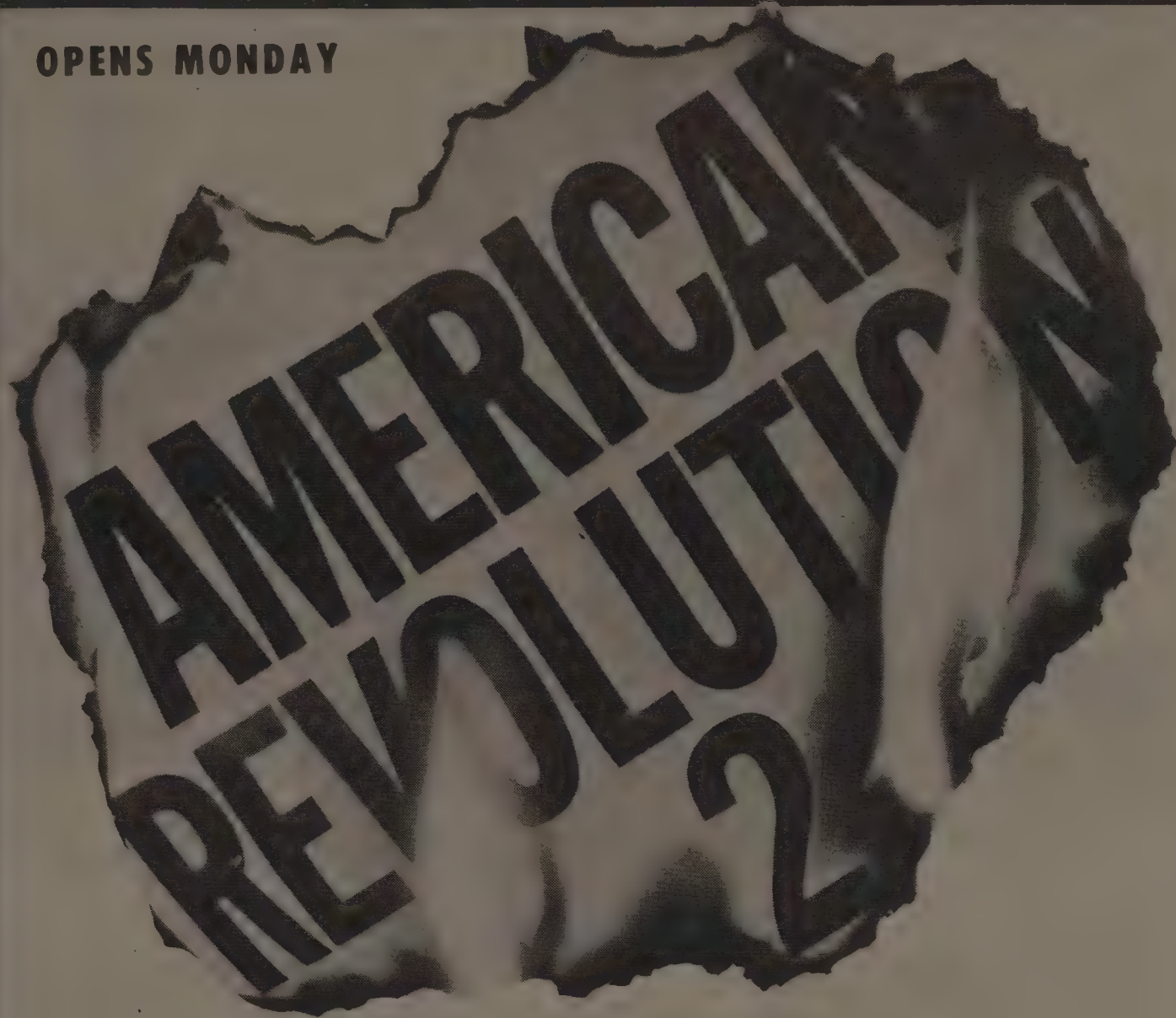
Population of Dragoon is about 70 people, drillers, Southern Pacific R.R. men & a few locals. I, with pony tail & beard, stop the show in the local tavern when I enter seeking solace in sixpack heaven.

There's even a couple of stupid marks out here (hair a couple of inches long, one string of ratty beads between them, the V-sign, "peace", "Brother"; Jesus, fucking Nixon & his (and Diaz') "Operation Intercept" (the dope). Is New York still frothing in The Panic? Well, come on out here -- "Where there's dope, there's higher."

Love,
Ken Weaver

go mets

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APPLE

(Continued from Page 6)
PURE MAGNIFICENCE WHICH NO "Beatle" album seriously rivals, not to mention "Beggars' Banquet"...the Stones don't slip.

/Don't weep for illusion lost or fight to keep gold dust on blind eyes. The reality of rock is out there plunging in the waves. Turn down the hype and the industry. Turn up the ears. Get back to what's real. "Poor are they who must rely on myths," said Albert Camus, and he knew what was going down.

"One of the best pictures of 1969! You'll never forget this one!"

LIZ SMITH, COSMOPOLITAN



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/There was also live music. Live music? Live music. Hardin and the hum were at Carnegie Hall, Elvin Bishop & group, Chuck Berry and John Mayall did their magic on the stage of the Fillmore.

/In a really quiet way, Hardin is a gas. Out he comes wearing a yellow kimono, over brown pants, that has a character in Japanese or Chinese embroidered on the back. Wrecked. Playing his guitar and singing "Reason To Believe", "Misty Roses", "If I were a Carpenter" so softly that it was barely audible above the hum of that ol' Carnegie hall mind-wrecker of a sound system. He knew what he was up against, but, man, if nobody was going to do anything about it and if the audience was too timid to protest (they were until two thirds of the way through the evening), might just as well go on playing.

/New York is Hardin country the way the Yukon is Kodak bear country. It didn't matter that they couldn't really hear. They loved it. There's a lot about him that makes the Greenwich Village of the 50's come to life again, things you heard, people you saw in clubs and on corners. But that's cool and why loose it? It gave birth to him and Ochs and Dylan and the Spoonful and it was an

enclave of "beat" sanity in the now over-romanticized, freaky and lobotomized '50's and so as he stands and sways, the Donovan side of Dylan, a great song writer and (I mean this with love) a serene, musical West 9th Street townhouse, it's something of a gas.

/He is much mellowed from the afternoon three years ago when he poured out his troubled soul to Murray the K over the once proud WOR-FM, complaining bitterly about treatment from his then record company, and the hassle of having Neil Diamond release "Carpenter" and the pettiness of life which plays so rough. Now, one of Al Grossman's throughbreds and a Columbia records recording artist, he gazes out as they rush down the aisles to the stage and clap as he does (for the SECOND time that night) "Reason to Believe" and "A Simple Song of Freedom". The Youngbloods do "Reason to Believe" magnificently heart-rendingly well on "Earth Music". Hardin doesn't really sing his songs, he plays with them, jams with them with his gently jazzy voice and fine bluey guitar. It doesn't quite make sense to hear him in such a large place. But Tim Hardin got a standing ovation at

Carnegie Hall. A standing ovation...that's a dream come true.

/Fillmore: low-keyed, cool, not overflowing but happy. Even Joshua didn't seem committed to blowing any minds. No movies...a loss. That piece of W.C. Fields film of the black band all in white doint "Mr. Reefer Man" was a show in itself a couple of weeks back. More.

/Elvin Bishop wears overalls. He's way out in front of his group and does the best talking to you blues that I've heard by someone of his race and age. With total rhythmic coherence and an actor's inborn power of projection he cools out the music and tells a story -- "Little Sweet Potato", dedicated to his woman about wakin' up in the mornin' in bed, her false eyelashes and lumpy figure, but he loves her and she loves him, slurp, and with a burst we're back into the music at a perfectly timed interval. Schooled with Butterfield's band, and "discovered" as a group at a Fillmore audition (starting at the 'East' the last week in October), Bishop is an inspiring example of the continuing strength of r&b, sensual, funky and wild; you can dance to him, listen to him, talk to him, yell at him...let the fish fry proceed!

/John Mayall is half way around the world from Bishop, proof of how a classically great musical form, like the blues, responds to the widest variety of interpretation. Mayall is cool where Bishop is hot, refined instead of rough, reflective instead of raucously spontaneous. Once a more traditional blues musician, who has recognized, fostered and split from talents like Eric Clapton, Mick Taylor (the Stones new guitarist) and Jack Bruce, the bearded, piercing-eyed Mayall had a vision early this year: time to cool the blues. No more drums, no more electric lead guitar, instead an accoustical guitar and a flute-saxophone. After success in Europe, and barely a month after the new band was put together, Mayall arrived in America for his moment of truth at the Fillmore East, July 12th. The resulting concerts were so smooth and well received that it went down on record, released by Polydor as "The Turning Point", Mayall live at the Fillmore. /English though he is, Mayall

looks very western, even Indian. With cartridge belt, and knife holster, his long hair and light jeans and his spaced love of the spaced West. "Sorry I was late." Berry, top-billed, preceeded him at the early concert; he had just arrived from several days spent with the chief of the Apaches, no less.

/Expand: your spirit, musical spirits, the blues. Delicate, wise and modulated, capable of playing a rhythmic "knife" solo on his microphone stand, Mayall has wonderful musicians in this new grouping. I've never dug a saxophone--jazz, blues rock anywhere except Sun Ra's--as much as John Almonds. The group soars, capable of flights in so many directions. Not just an hyperbole (superbole?) I mean it literally, musically they are completely double jointed and they go where they want to go. Jon Mark confirms the Steve Stills experience of two weeks ago that the accoustical guitar has only just begun to be played as it should be.

/Glad, very glad, so glad we heard them in both the first and second sets. Mayall confessed to putting away three scotches before his second appearance. I try to keep my fanatical, anti-juice prejudices in line, but it's a weird frug that goes right to the nerve synapses and slows down the impulses on the way to the brain. (Grass, as you might have guessed, speeds them up!) Which is what happened the second time around, slower and foggier. n"California", during the first set, was superb, better even than on the record of last July. The recorded "Room To Move", his chukka-chukka music (hearing is understanding) however is superfine. Quicksilver also is Mayall, with a smashing voice, harmonica and some kind of mysterious space console in the center of the stage...John Mayall's Venutian blues. If you're sorry you missed the concert, get the album. That way you didn't miss the concert.

/And now, boys and girls, the magical time machine brings you one of the greatest (wow) all time (too much) living (outsite) rock and roll stars (gasp) Chuck Berry (scream) Confession: this is his third time at the Fillmore. Judging from the report in Rolling Stone this week of the Toronto Rock and Roll revival concert,

(Continued on Page 18)

"A FOLK MOVIE - SUPERB, FANTASTIC, TOUCHING, WISE, WILDLY FUNNY!"

—VINCENT CANBY, NEW YORK TIMES



"UTTERLY HILARIOUS!"

—WILLIAM WOLF, CUE MAGAZINE

"HILARIOUS BLACK COMEDY!"

—ROLAND GELATT, SATURDAY REVIEW

"ONE OF THE BEST FILMS ABOUT YOUNG PEOPLE EVER MADE!"

—TIME MAGAZINE

"★★★★½ A VERY SPECIAL PICTURE!"

—WANDA HALE, DAILY NEWS

"MARVELOUS TO BEHOLD!"

—RICHARD SCHICKEL, LIFE MAGAZINE

"1-A COMEDY!"

—NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE

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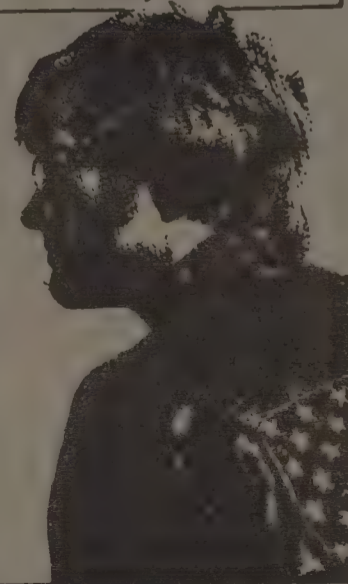
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APPLE

(Continued from Page 17)

Berry is doing the same act he did last summer at the Fillmore which I heard. (Didn't hear him this time, but any incensed Berry freak will be accorded equal time to recount this go round).

For historical, musical, social, political, military, automotive, geographical, sexual (that should do it) reasons, you MUST see and hear Chuck Berry live. Everybody that has followed him owes him dues, directly or indirectly whether your name is Dylan, Jagger or Fat Mattress. If rock and roll is here to stay that magnificent evolutionary

achievement is due in no small way to the "sex, speed and see-you-later alligator jive" of the bard from St. Louis, Chuck Berry. (And if you really want to get to know the man, write Rolling Stone for a copy of their June 14, 1969 issue, No. 35, Greil Marcus does it.) One of those high moments of pure excitement experienced at Bill Graham's palace of sin and expensive thrills was hearing Berry do "Mabellene" last summer. He also duck walks, sings sweet, slow ballads and other dynamite numbers like "Rock and Roll Music", "School Days" and "Sweet Little Sixteen" (who's got the grown up blues)...and to the tittering amusement of the hardened "balling in the streets"

Fillmore audiences, a thing called "My Dingaling", a join-in number whose undisguised purpose is to get the dingaling into the hands of the chicks. After grass, acid, love-ins crash pads and all, that's strictly keds stuff compared to his crashing, driving fabulous music.

"The motor cooled down and heat went down
And that's when I heard that highway sound..."

The Cadillac lookin' like it's sittin' still

And I caught Mabellene at the top of the hill.

Mabellene, why can't you be true?

You've started back doin' the things you used to do."

And that's all folks.

of beauty, sex and drugs:

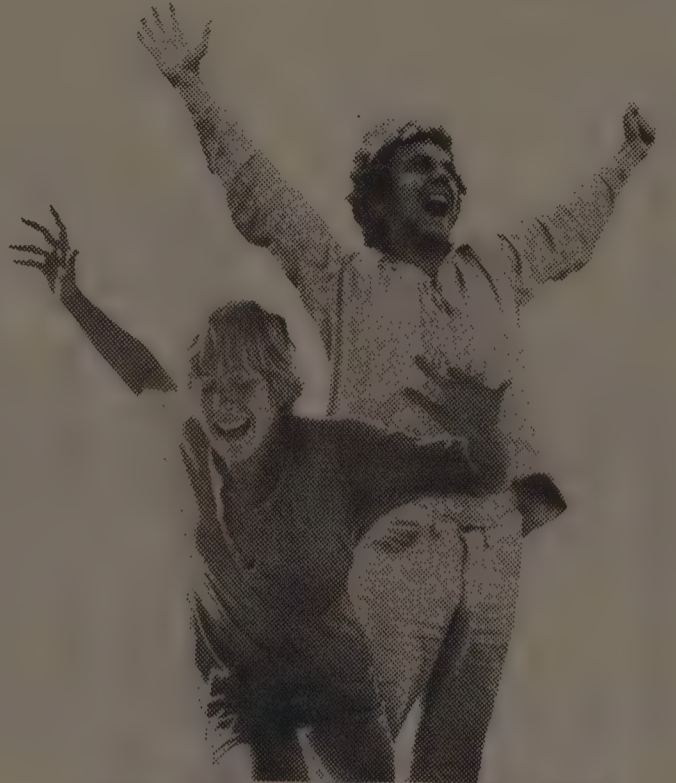
"More" probably contains more footage of naked bodies than any other foreign film that has made it past Plymouth Rock. It's strong stuff. A powerful movie about drugs. Mimsy Farmer, as Estelle, is one of the real baddies of all time, a totally amoral person who shoots heroin (even under her tongue!), cavorts in the nude, lies, steals, makes love to girls, and destroys every man who falls in love with her."
—The Sunday New York Times

"A film of intelligence and, even rarer, grace."

—East Village Other

"A very beautiful, very romantic movie."

—The New York Times



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58th St. East of Madison Ave. **PLAZA** EL 5-3320

SOLDIER

(Continued from Page 16)

followed him in his quest. The man was then put in solitary confinement. This was the last straw! That night a riot ensued several of the cell blocks. About 200 prisoners began to throw foot lockers and wall lockers out of the windows. Several fires were also started. This was not a racial insurrection as the Brass had made it out to be.

YOU CALL THIS LIVING

The living conditions in the Dix stockade were horrible. The Stockade was built in 1941 and was fitted for 350 men. Now it contains close to 800. Such unsanitary conditions as 1 toilet for every 100 men, and a shower for one cellblock about 1 time a week at 1 hour each time. Harrassment from the guards, in the form of torture, like taking a prisoner

and tying his hands and feet behind him and dropping him on his stomach. Some of the beds are almost 6" close. Now listen to this, almost 90 per cent of the prisoners are there for being AWOL, some are even pending trial, all are political prisoners. JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE THE WORLD.

THE CAPTAIN ENCOURAGES A FRAME UP

/This story is about PFC John Brown, a Black soldier now being held at Special Processing Detachment in Ft. Dix. John was the organizer of a Black Liberation Party on the Fort, and the Brass knew this. One morning PFC Brown asked a black NCO if he would be allowed to change his detail, because he had been working for a "Known to Be" white racist NCO. He was then made Barracks Orderly. He was in the barracks with a SP4, Carlos Forbes when the racist NCO

came into the barracks. The NCO made remarks against Brown, and the rest of his fellow Black Soldiers. Brown, defending his pride, and the honor of his fellow Black Men, challenged the NCO to a fight. A senior NCO came into the barracks, and told Brown to report to the Officer of the Day, Captain Hunter. PFC Brown was told to wait outside of the CPT's office and the NCO went in to talk to CPT Hunter. SP4 Forbes then joined Brown in his wait. CPT Hunter came out of his office and looked at PFC Brown. He then said to PFC Brown, "Do me a favor, look out in the parking lot, there is a red '67 Chevy. Open it and bring me my checkbook!" "It's in the glove compartment!"

FAILS TO FIND CHECKBOOK

John followed the CPT's "request" as was only gone 4 minutes. He failed to locate the

checkbook in the Officer's car. He then came back, reported to CPT Hunter, and told the good CPT that he could not find said checkbook. "OF COURSE YOU CAN'T," said CPT Hunter, "YOU STOLE IT, BOY!" John then told CPT Hunter where he could put the checkbook when he did find it, and he could also put the whole army there too if it would fit. He was then taken to the IR Section in SPD where he was processed into the stockade.

ONLY WITNESS TRANSFERRED

SP4 Forbes, the only witness, pending trial for AWOL, with less than 3 days left until his trial, was mysteriously transferred to Fort Knox, Kentucky. This transfer is very unorthodox because individuals pending a trial, or Article 15, have their records "Flagged." This means he is in a "NO CHANGE STATUS," and can't even be sent to the Nam. PFC John Brown was charged with being disrespectful to an Officer, Article 91, and with the theft of CPT Hunter's checkbook. Another martyr for the cause.

VICTIMS OF THE GREATEST LOBOTOMY

When you are drafted, if you are drafted, if you enlist, be prepared for a new experience. A metamorphosis from civilian to military. Induction is the Greatest Lobotomy! The first attack by the Army against your individuality is the haircut. When the Army Barbers get finished with their "Hair Raid" what you have left on your head is like Punji Stakes for the mosquitoes. The next step in dehumanization is uniforms. There are only 2 sizes in the Army, too big and too small. When Uncle Sam has stereotyped you into looking the same, he then tries to make you think the same, this is called Basic Combat Training. (Like Obedience School). Basic Trainees are considered to be lower than "Whale shit on the bottom of the ocean," and are treated the same. When you graduate from Basic you get Advanced Individual Training, which consists of whatever you signed up for, HA HA. All this time, the Army is trying to get you to go to Officer's Candidate School, but you really don't want to go because you would have to spend more time in the Army than you have to. During Basic Training they drill Airborne into you. Airborne, for those few that don't know what it is, is paratroopers. Now the only thing that falls from the sky is Bird Shit and Fools, and both are airborne until they hit the ground. Now, I have nothing against Airborne personnel, I had some good friends in the 101st and 173rd, some are buried at Arlington, some have mental scars for life, some even reenlisted to get out of the field. DON'T LET UNCLE SAM BRAINWASH YOU, BE A CLERK OR SOMETHING. Well, to get back, after AIT, you go anywhere Sam wants you to go, like Germany, South America, or that little village south of Dong Ha. Believe me, if you think Nixon is really going to end the war, then you'll believe that Post Grape Nuts is a Social Disease.....

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INTER/AFTER

(Continued from Page 6)

According to the fruit or flowers which the tree bears one discovers what music it expresses." -- from "The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan".

Poetry is the cosmic breath, the primal word by means of which the universe has become. The poet is the singer of songs, the illuminator of manuscripts, the sculptor of sound, and the architect of libraries. The essence of all art partakes of the poetic breath, the flow of thoughts, the rhythm of words, the pause, the inhalation, exhalation, the period of meditation, the end.

"In the beginning -- when the will of the King began to take effect, he engraved signs into the heavenly sphere Within the most hidden recess a dark flame issued from the mystery of eyn sof, the Infinite, like a fog forming in the unformed From the innermost center of the flame sprang forth a well out of which colors issued and spread upon everything beneath It could not be recognized at all until a hidden supernal point shone forth under the impact of the final breaking through. Beyond this point nothing can be known. Therefore it is called 'reshit', beginning - the first word" -- The Zohar.

"The next step was using a number of slides with words on them, creating a 'Verbal American Landscape' (1964). The words fit themselves into little patterns, and they read and they pun. In sum, they give us some idea of what our associational universe is really like. For the next step with words, which I haven't accomplished and which may not even get done The idea was to take a New York City block and to store in the computer's digital memory all the words in that block. Then we would simulate walking trips that a person would make, and the machine would read out as poems the succession of words that would appear before his eyes In the end, the way you best get both education and information is from one human being to another." -- Gerd Stern in "The Theatre of Mixed Means".

Poetry permeates the aesthetic atmosphere. When it is missing, the living air stales, blossoming vision withers, the Alexandrian library crumbles, the magic of existence deadens, clouded over by pedantry. At the fulcrum of creation moves the poet acrobat. The bard sings the song to which the dervish dances.

GERD STERN: How far can you chase a poem? I've been chasing this poem for weeks through all these Techtronics, through IBM, Lincoln Laboratories, and the Harvard Computation Center - big names in the computer field,

right? And they all send me to each other. They all say that's a beautiful idea for a poem. Right? They all send me to each other.

Gerd, born in the Saar-basin in 1938, traveled to America at the age eight with his parents, traveled through the Bronx High School of Science, colleges, public relations, "Playboy" Magazine as a travel writer, through Pacifica radio in Berkeley, carpentry for Harry Partch's micro-tonal instruments, through the ultimate artistic partnership which his Libran balance centered, the artist-engineer community of USCO, to the halls of Harvard as an Associate in Education, through the magnet core to radiate forth in multiple directions.

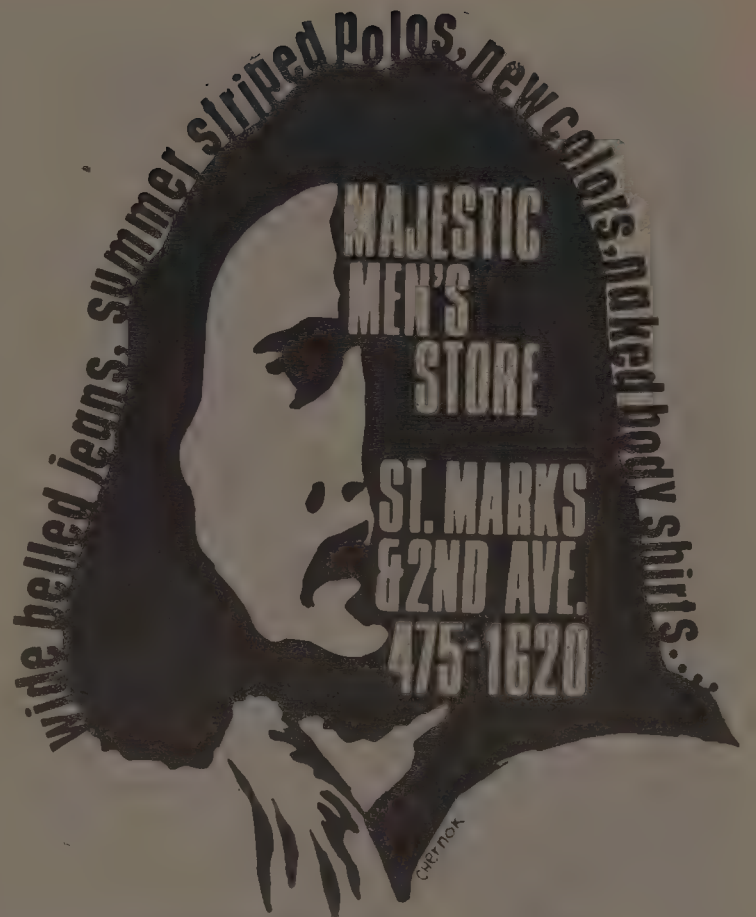
GERD: For the first time in years I'm trying to understand other people's ideas: since my Harvard appointment. I'm working with David McClellan. He also appointed Richard Alpert, who's rapping about his guru or whatever else he's selling. If you're ever playing the same town as him you should catch his rap. But that's besides the point - a coincidence. The thing about McClellan is really nice because you can really feel old fashioned academic reality going on and people thinking other people are good and that their IDEAS are IMPORTANT. I haven't felt that in

the art world for a long time. You know what I mean? The only problem is that they don't think in visual and sound terms, but it would be much easier because they don't like writing any more than we do. I mean writing is a difficult exercise for everyone even when it's habitual which it isn't with most of us because we don't do it often enough any more.

"These words are for the sake of that person who is in need of words in order that he may understand. But as for the man who understands without words, what need has he of words? The heavens and earth indeed are words to him who understands aright, being themselves engendered by words, namely 'Be! and it is'. The man therefore who hears a low sound, what need has he of shouting and creaming?" -- from "The Discourses of Rumi".

GERD: Well, I have a secretary now. She's not all mine, but I dictate things to her. That's kind of different than writing them. Dictation is a really difficult medium. And she takes them in shorthand, and she's very good, but I only dictate unimportant things to her -- it's weird -- like business letters and short communications. Some of them are entertaining, but who am I

(Continued on Page 21)



ALTERATIONS WHILE YOU WAIT

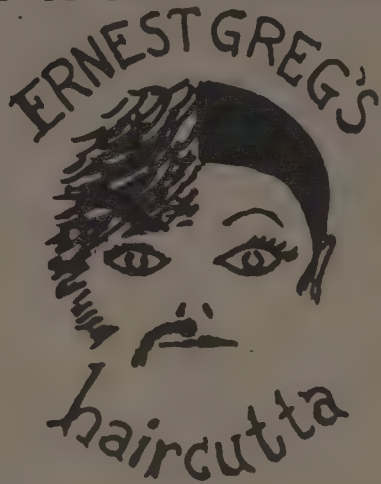
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INTER/AFTER

(Continued from Page 20)

entertaining, HER? That's the danger when you have a one person audience, like you narrow everything down - maybe automatically - there's a kind of threshold thing. Like when you make love you don't -- maybe some people do -- make love as a style. You make love to another person, looking for them. I'm looking for you, I'm looking for you -- there you are, HA! That's discovery.

"Today the difference never being new+You are myself+for I have found+the nothing that there is to do" -- from "Afterimage", poems by Gerd Stern. /Does that help people communicate also -- like just trying to discover the size of the

other person's cunt with you cock? I mean, it's not just size, it's all those tactile parameters -- that you're seeking out and questioning and answering -- a continuous sampling -- and the translation of that continuous sampling into motion-kinetic art. Why, this is the first creative experience I've had in years! HA!

"Come down where you are+the sky is swinging+ your body in time+with love+Swing wild+ moving with air+ as you are+Enjoy gravity" -- from "Afterimage".

"They said, 'Keep away from us and approach us not?': How small I keep away, seeing that you are my need?" -- Discourses of Rumi".

Q.: How do you feel about the whole idea of teaching intermedia?

GERD: The "audience" at the Graduate School of Business Administration didn't like me. It was alright, but it was painful. Now I have a number of students whose study projects I'm supervising, which is really more interesting. I'm not really a teacher - but an Associate in Education - Ass in Ed - which is more into research, assisting, like trying to relate what I know to the disciplines of the people I'm working with. I suppose the usual thing is that a person in my position knows what that discipline's all about - a lot more than I do. I should be learning more - not teaching more - in order to be able to do that, to assist, to be an associate. I feel like rapping when I'm teaching and I don't like to listen. The students want to talk to you - they want to tell you what THEY know. It's an eternal combat between who's going to talk more. They think it's a good class if they talk more, and then they want you to be intelligent about THEIR knowledge - their contribution. A strange format - that's not how it was when I went to school. Of course I never went to the university. Maybe that's how it is, or always has been. I don't think so. It was 100 word matrix of three to five

really at school that I learned to listen because I had some teachers who could really rap and engage your attention for hours at a time. That's how I got to be a poet because somebody turned me on to how words do it. And this was just old mail school teachers at P.S. 187 in Manhattan.

Q.: Some teachers were just like old storytellers.

GERD: Yes, it wasn't a question of just getting the subject across. There was this whole matrix of information, as we call it these days. It's not necessarily subject oriented but a human being coming through.

"USCO, THE COMPANY OF US, IS AN A-STATIC FRAME OF MIND BASED ON THE FACT THAT WE ARE ALL ONE IN ORDER TO PORPGATE THIS MESSAGE OF UNIVERSAL LOVE, USCO AVAILS ITSELF OF A DIVERSITY OF TECHNIQUES: PAINT SCULPT TAPE PHOTO MECHANICAL PHONE RADIO MOVIE TV DIGITAL ANALOG FLASH PRINT SPEAK CONTACT AUTO NAMUAL HYBRIDIZING AND SYNTHESIZING THEM FOR MAXIMUM EFFECT." USCO in "Image" Magazine.

Q.: What do you think is the state of Intermedia now?

GERD: It's in stasis, where is intermedia? It's in the head. I look back at all the experimental work we did and other people's and it seems to have a very real existence, but in the past - it has a historic reality, but exists strongly within the stasis of history. The present work that we and everybody else is doing I see really as application - applied past. Instead of working with my hands or my body I've been working out of my mind. Like at the Graduate School with McClellan, we've been working, for instance, on learning theory. How do people learn? How do you get through to them using this bullshit methodology? What does what we know now have to do with books and teachers - how would it help books and teachers to get through?

"nothing is important+when you know+the sound of one hand clapping'+is nothing" -- from "Afterimage".

McClellan says, "All these fancy ideas are great but one of the biggest problems is that kids can't even hear." The classrooms aren't built with good acoustic properties, the classrooms are noisy because the kids are very noisy and so is the rest of the school, and anyway teachers don't really know how to talk so that kids can hear. Basic problems, right? But intermedia is a business now and there's certainly some other place.

"You have been given of knowledge nothing except a little." -- Rumi.

I've been trying to do this computer read out poem for the Jewish Museum Software show and I'm having trouble getting the machines. The lead time is not enough - computer people work very slowly. I wanted to take this

letter words and have the potential of programming the sequence one by one or of randoming it - like being able to switch back and forth or of people being able to pres a button that says random - Program one, Program two, etc., or amybe a hundred buttons so you could sequence them yourself. To really for once get into that thing of are they really matrix if you choose them or does it start out in one place and end up in another - Can you really start anyplace?

"Even spoken words are a kind of stuttering. A word is an auditory spatial unit arresting and defining a movement of thought. When the auditory unit is given a visual or written translation it becomes much more bricklike. It is then that all the king's horses and all the king's men begin their bureaucratic struggle to reassemble Humpty Dumpty, the violate word. Can that whcih bureaucratic and analytic means find it impossible to achieve now be done electronically?" -- Marshall McLuhan in "Verbi-Voco-Visual Explorations".

GERD: Like that poem in my first book "First Poems", near the last. It was the first cut-up - that was in 1953 or 4. I cut up all these words - they were specific words - I put them on the typewriter, cut them up, and just arranged them and rearranged them. I can't remember the reason why I left them in the final version. Remembering who I was then, it was sureness - they found their set. Now I wanted to have them on a cathode ray tube. As usual E.A.T., big help? Is art necessary? Is art? I always knew answers to all those art questions and now for the first time in about a year - very hard, and maybe I'm doing it in the wrong direction, but where do you get machine time? If E.A.T. can't get it for you, and Art and Technology INC., and the biggest people in Lincoln Labs and the Harvard Computation Center can't get it for you - if they aren't going to come through for us, why do they come through with it for who? Does it really take four months, or are there just three or four people - That's probably it? Right, it's like poets, if you want that kind of imagery, who are going to talk except Stanley Kunitz, or could you talk to since Ted Roethke is no longer with us? Well, there must be those people in computers and, like, tell me their names, tell me their names, those guys who went down on the good old Reuben James!

Q.: What would you say USCO is now?

GERD: USCO? In Garnerville? I don't know. There are a lot of you that know just as much about that as I could, would or should. I don't feel personally responsible for answering that question as I do for most questions - That's a very broad based question. There should be a lot of people who answer that together. Oh dear, well - was that a very loving interview?

"I'm going to remind you+there about here+now about then+ because that's who I am" -- from "Afterimage".

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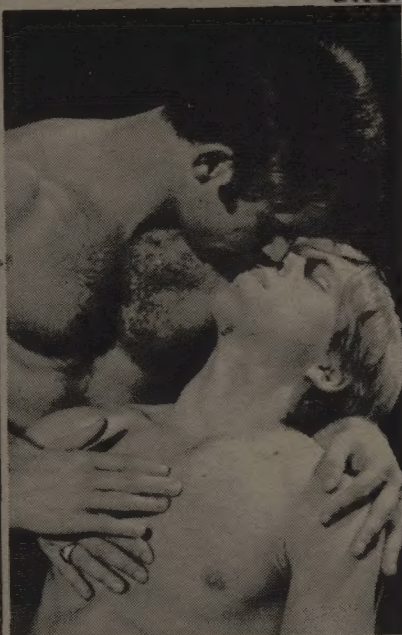
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PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

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 a series 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 irrepressible 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 virtuoso 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 Reisner. "*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 LEIRIS (PARIS), THE ART GALLERY OF ONTARIO (TORONTO), KUNSTHAUS (ZURICH), AKADEMIE DER KUNSTE (BERLIN).



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vol. 23