

THE east village THEER

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HOW THE ROCK AND ROLL INDUSTRY SCREWS YOU
EXILED RAT CARTOONIST BEGINS DYKE EPIC
DETAILS ON LIRR CRASH
PANTHER 21 TRIAL

IRA KENNEDY



HIRAP

THE WAY THINGS ARE WORKING OUT NOW, THERE'S NO NEED TO SWEAT ABOUT THE DETAILS. THE MYTH OF THE JUDICIARY'S OMNIPOTENCE HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF BY JUDGE HOFFMAN. NO LONGER CAN THE INVECTIVE HURLED AGAINST HIS HONOUR BE CHALKED UP AS HIPPIE HYSTERIA. NOBODY CAN DISAGREE WITH ARBIE WHEN HE TELLS THE JUDGE THAT THE ONLY OBSCENITY IN THE COURTROOM IS MAGOO'S MISAPPREHENSION OF JUSTICE. WHEN DAVE DELLINGER'S BAIL IS REVOKED ON THE PHONY PRETEXT OF PROTECTING THE COURTROOM AND THE NATION FROM DELLINGER'S "BARNYARD OBSCENITIES", THE SCAM IS BLOWN. WHO THE HELL ARE THEY KIDDING?

WHEN THE MIGHTY APPARATUS OF THE STATE IS BEING MOBILIZED IN ORDER TO PUT TIM LEARY BEHIND BARS AND THUS SAVE THE NATION FROM THE INEVITABILITY OF HIS SUBVERSIVE TRUTHS, THE PATHOLOGY OF THEIR PARANOIA IS AS OBVIOUS AS THE CHIEF'S PASSION FOR SWARTHY CUBANS.

EVERYTHING IS COMING TO LIGHT--NO NEED TO SWEAT ABOUT THE DETAILS. DIG IT! SPIRO BOUNCING A GOLF BALL OFF HIS PARTNER'S SKULL, OR THE CHIEF DIGGING A CUP OF SLUDGE WITHOUT KNOWING HOW TO SPELL "ECOLOGY". OR JOHN NEWTON MITCHELL FUCKING WITH THE MEDIA... AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T MUCH HE WANTED. NO SKIN OFF THE NEW YORK TIMES' ASS TO LET HIM HAVE THEIR RAW FILES ON THE PANTHERS AND THE WEATHERMEN. WHY SHOULDN'T CBS LET HIM HAVE THEIR UNCUT FILM OF THEIR INTERVIEW WITH CLEAVER? WHO GIVES A SHIT, IT'S ALL IN THE NAME OF LAW AND ORDER, BABY. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF NEWSWEEK, ALL SHOOK IN THEIR BOOTS AND WERE READY TO DO EXACTLY WHAT JOHN MITCHELL ASKED OF THEM.

AFTER NEWSWEEK STOOD THEIR GROUND, THE REST REGAINED SOME OF THEIR LOST SPINE, AND EVENTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN EXTRACTING FROM MITCHELL SOME SORT OF BULLSHIT: "...WE ARE TAKING STEPS TO INSURE THAT IN THE FUTURE, NO SUBPOENAS WILL BE ISSUED TO THE PRESS WITHOUT A GOOD FAITH ATTEMPT BY THE DEPARTMENT TO REACH A COMPROMISE ACCEPTABLE TO BOTH PARTIES PRIOR TO THE ISSUANCE OF A SUBPOENA. I BELIEVE THAT THIS POLICY OF CAUTION, NEGOTIATION AND ATTEMPTED COMPROMISE WILL CONTINUE TO PROVE AS WORKABLE IN THE FUTURE AS IT HAS IN THE PAST."

NO PROBLEM OF INTERPRETATION HERE. CERTAINLY, IF THE MEDIA CONTINUES TO BEHAVE AS WELL WITH JUDGE HOFFMAN IN THE FUTURE AS THEY HAVE IN THE PAST, THEY SHOULD ENCOUNTER NO GRAVE DIFFICULTY WHEN HE MAKES THE SUPREME COURT. THE COMPROMISE SHOULD WORK AS WELL THEN AS IT DOES NOW. NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THE DETAILS.

WE DON'T PRINT SHIT IN RAT^o ANYMORE KID. DONT YOU SEE THAT IT'S MERE EXPLOITATION OF OUR FEMALE BODIES? CAN YA DO SOMETHING FUNNY, LIKE HUGH HEFNER FUCKING A DONKEY.



See below

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Joseph Stevens

COMING IN TO NEW YORK -ray schultz

Rockville Centre was dark and abandoned when photographer Joe Stevens and I stepped off the 6:09 workman's special from Penn Station last Tuesday morning, so we walked three or four blocks, found a greasy spoon, then we watched the sky turn from black to gray in the morning fog while we drank coffee, ate bacon sandwiches, and discussed the financial, philosophical, metaphysical, astrological and sexual implications of what we were up to, to wit, the investigation of the greatest, most efficient commuter line in the country, the Long Island Railroad, the route of the Dashing Dan, our toughest assignment since Biafra. Hoo Wee.

We wound up in Rockville Centre quite by accident. We had been standing in Penn Station, trying to decide what Garbage Cove or Madhouse Manor to visit, when a spaced-out ticket agent told us "Rockville Centre. You go. You like. My home. No shit. Three dollars round trip." What the hell, we said. We laid down the cash even as the police were scraping some fallen bum off the floor. There was no Rockville Centre for him. We tore down the stairs and boarded an archaic double-decker train that was sparsely populated by workers in flannel windbreakers.

"Joe," I said, "We're on our way, boy."

"Hey, man," Joe said, "I need coffee. I need some coffee or I'm through."

"Keep the faith," I said. "We'll make it."

The train took approximately 40 minutes to get to Rockville Centre, travelling at a slow but even pace. Rockville Centre looked pretty bleak. Two story buildings, fashionable churches, hobby shops and Chinese restaurants. Crossing the big street, Sunrise Highway, the carbon monoxide was worse than the city, but we didn't see any cars.

As we sat in the luncheonette though, the people began coming out of their Cape Cod, Ranch-style, Split-level hovels. We joined them on the street and followed them back to the train station, an elevated trestle of no little beauty. We entered the station, and I positioned myself near a newsstand, and made like Gabe Pressman.

"Good morning sir, I'm from the East Village Other, what do you think of the present situation on the Long Island Railroad?"

"Hnh? The Long Island Railroad? Let me tell you something, hippie, I've been riding this train for 30 years. I was in the wreck of '51. I took my kids to the beach on this train, I rode it to my father's funeral. I've takjn it every single day of my professional life, and I remember when they painted them gray. But never, in my days with the line, have I seen any shit like this. Never any shit like this."

"Any shit like this sir? Would you explain that for our readers?"

"The fare hike, you imbecile! A twenty percent fare hike! 'Tain't fair! 'Tain't right! They give us these weatherbeaten trains, I remember them from my childhood! One

freaking delay after the other, then they talk about a strike, then they cancel several trains, then they tell us to cough up 20 percent more than we're paying now. It's a protestant trick!"

"Sir, where do you work in Manhattan?"

"Manhattan? Fuck Manhattan! I work in Massapequa. I'm a bank guard." Here comes my train now, the only Eastbound one till noon. Take care."

We lept on the escalator, then an announcement came over the P.A. system.

"There will be a delay on the 7:30 train for Brooklyn. The 7:30 train for Brooklyn will be delayed, we repeat. The next train is the 7:40 train for Penn Station, which is scheduled to arrive at 7:45. The 7:40 train for Penn Station which is scheduled to arrive at 7:45, though it may not get here until 7:50, will make an unscheduled stop at Jamaica. Suffice it to say, it will not arrive at Penn Station on time. In fact, it may not arrive at Penn Station at all. But it should arrive here, fairly soon, and it might very well make Jamaica where this morning it is scheduled to make an unscheduled stop. We thank you."

"This is weird," I said to a man who was standing next to me.

"Leave me alone," he said.

I wandered outside to the front of the station, where dozens of well-dressed businessmen were pulling up in dozens of scratched-up station-wagons, then handing the keys to their dozens of house-coated,

hair-netted, groggy, kid-raising wives. Some cars had dogs, also. One or two had little kids. All the men kissed their wives before debarking. The wives all burned rubber as they pulled out. This, I told Stevens, is the American dream.

The trains pulled in, one after the other, then they pulled out. Uniformed schoolkids bopped down the stairs and made it, apparently, for the Parochial School across the street. More commuters came in, graying pot-bellied men, old bankers, young side-burned cats, new advertising execs, stiff-walking secretaries, middle-aged schoolmarms. They were all hostile. A cop wandered in, a sloppy Joe from the Rockville Centre Police Force. His uniform was unorthodox. He was fifty-ish, much too docile to be a Pig. A nice sort. Decent stock. He chatted with some of the commuters. Looks like a bad ride this morning, he said.

"You said it," they told him.

"How are you?" he asked me.

"Fine. Yourself?"

"Very well, thanks. That your buddy, with the camera?"

"That's him."

"Doing this for the papers, eh?"

"True Magazine," I told him.

"I read it," he said. "Pick it up from time to time."

"Yeah," I said. "I like it. The money's good."

"I figured it must be. Hope you get a good spread."

"I'm sure we will. How could we miss on this?"

By this time, the station was

jammed-up and jelly tight. We bopped up the escalator and decided to board the next train, the eight:something, which the ticket agent told us would be the most crowded. It was raining like hell. A train entered from the east, water streaking down the sides, the cars already packed to the brim. The folks on the platform stuffed themselves in, a terrifying effort which produced many growls and curses. Stevens was shooting pictures like a maniac. We waited until the conductor was about to give the high sign, then we boarded ourselves.

"Look out! Make a hole! Men coming through!"

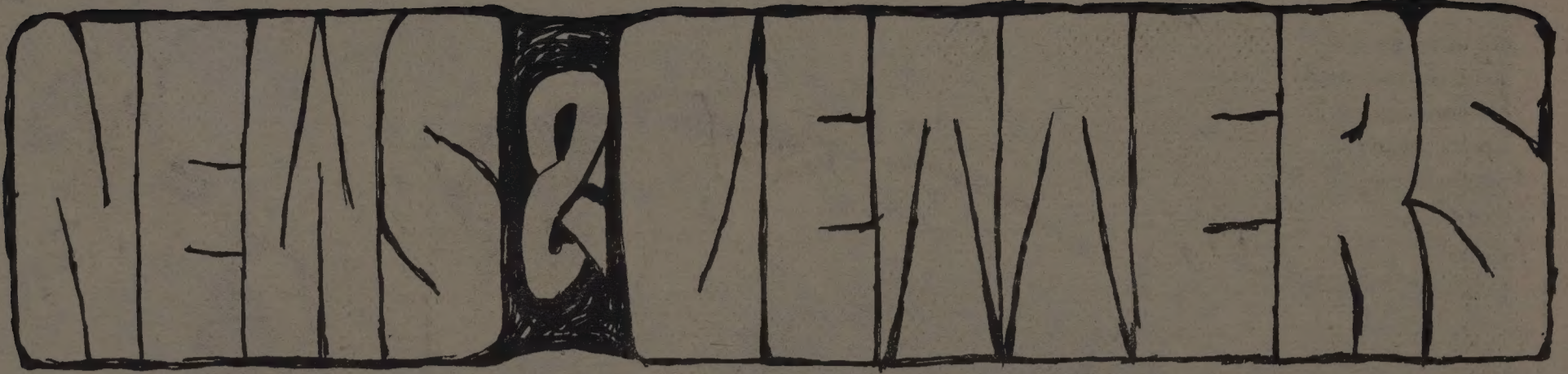
"Christ!"

"Godammit!"

"Is this a joke?"

We were in another double-decker standing-room sold out. The passengers, to a man, gave us dirty, sullen looks, then returned to their *Times* or *Daily News* (Outbreak during Panther Trial.) We were standing, perfectly upright, with hundreds of others. The air was unbelievable, in fact, non-existent. The fumes of several cigarettes and cigars made breathing more difficult than it is on any subway. Two points for the B.M.T. We were at eye-level with the people in the upper seats. One or two of them would turn a bit, and find themselves staring at Stevens' pleasant mustaschioed snout. They would do a double take and Stevens would line up his camera to their face-level and snap. Angered, they would turn away.

(Continued on Page 21)



LAW

"I think what you have just said is about the most outrageous statement I have ever heard from a bench, and I am going to say my piece right now, and you can hold me in contempt right now if you wish to.

"You have violated every principle of fair play when you excluded Ramsey Clark from that witness stand." . . .

"You can't tell me that Ralph Abernathy cannot take the stand today because of a technicality of whether I made a representation," Mr. Kunstler continued. "That representation was made in perfect good faith with Your Honor. I did not know that Reverend Abernathy was back in the country. We have been trying to get him for a week and a half to be the last witness in this case.

"I am trembling because I am so outraged. I haven't been able to get this out before, and I am saying it now, and then I want you to put me in jail if you want to.

"I have sat here for four and a half months and watched the objections denied and sustained by Your Honor and I know that this is not a fair trial. I know it in my heart.

"I am going to turn back to my seat with the realization that everything I have learned throughout my life has come to naught, that there is no meaning in this court, that there is no law in this court, and these men are going to jail by virtue of a legal lynching and that Your Honor is wholly responsible for that, and if this is what your career is going to end on, if this is what your pride is going to be built on, I can only say to Your Honor, 'Good luck to you.'"

RELIGION

Dear EVO,

To read stuff like this merely confirms what you've been saying all along. Your reaction will be "Ah, didn't we tell you so?" You did but to read something like this is the Establishment Press wakens one up to the fact that whatever you at EVO have to say, it's real important you have as many people as possible listening. I understand much better now, the reason for your existence. Right on, EVO!

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

James Zeman
313 12th St. S.E.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Ed. Ah, didn't we tell you so?

EDUCATION

VANCOUVER, B.C. (CUP/LNS)—Suspended members of Simon Fraser University's department of political science, sociology and anthropology have launched a new attempt to make education serve the people.

The faculty is opening a new educational institute—the Community Educational and Research Center—in order to "serve the needs of the entire community."

"The purpose of it is to make education relevant to the problems faced by people such as workers, tenants, minorities and the poor in their everyday lives," said former department chairman Mordecai Briemberg.

Briemberg, democratically elected by students and faculty in the department last year, was first deposed from his post and then suspended when the teachers struck to fight an administration trusteeship imposed on the department. The resulting strike was a focal point in Canadian politics all through 1969.

Seven other professors were suspended during the course of the strike, which ended November 4; the suspensions were upheld by a five-man tribunal of the University's Board of Governors over protestations that the body was hopelessly biased.

The issue of a "people's university" was central to the Simon Fraser crisis: faculty and students gave as one of their main goals during the strike the formation of "counter-courses" which would be aimed at service to the community rather than to business.

The community education center, Briemberg said, will provide information to those who are not within the power structure and therefore do not have access to this information.

The faculty have already planned educational sessions on contemporary industrial society, research, and science and society. In addition, workshops on racism in Canada and on the history and development of trade unions in Canada are planned.

The center will depend on private donations both of money and furniture.

"We are not a political party," Briemberg said. "We will provide the facilities, but those using them will have to decide how to use them."

RESOLUTION

"To be subjected to integration is one thing, but to submit to it is quite another. If we are subjected to it, we can resist it, contain and eventually expel it, but if we submit to it and accept it the destruction is likely to be permanent and irrevocable.

"We must pledge that we will not get used to integration just because it has occurred, and that we will use the integration around us to develop an immunity to integration in the future. Each of us must vow personally never to accept integration nor to submit to it."

—Robert B. Patterson,
Secretary
Association of Citizens'
Councils of America.
Greenwood, Mississippi

CORRECTIVE ECOLOGY

Dear EVO,

I don't understand why Martin Jezer is so upset about chemical farming (Feb. 4 "Earth Read-Out How Many Harvests Have We Left?"). There's really no problem.

Just let the farmers use all the chemicals they want. When the food becomes inedible, or the land won't produce any at all, everyone just eat (or shoot) a lot of speed. We won't live as long, but it won't matter because we'll do everything twice as fast. We won't have to worry about pollution because we'll die from the speed first. And no more war because the drug-condemning war-loving establishment will die out even before we do. If plants can live on chemicals, so can we.

Right on, farmer bastards!

Jd. Have you considered cannibalism?

LITERATURE

NEW YORK (LNS)—Abbie Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It* will be made into a feature-length movie by producer Hilliard Elkins and director Jacques Levy. Hoffman will help write the screen-play.

Production will begin in March on locations in New York, Washington, Chicago and other parts of the country. The film, based on Hoffman's book, will use both actors and non-professionals.

"Revolution for the Hell of It" will be the first film directed by Levy, who also directed "Oh! Calcutta!" Levy recently appeared at the Chicago Conspiracy trial to testify on behalf of Abbie and six other defendants.

SUBSCRIPTION

California State Prison Library

Dear Sir:

Due to the many requests from our Inmates to order your Publication, we are now in the process of instituting an ordering Unit.

We are in need of an initial copy of your publication in order that we will know if the articles and material contained will meet with our *Institutional Rules and Regulations*.

It would be very beneficial not only to you, but also to the Inmates here, as well as expedite our orders from you in the Future. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

J. E. McHenry, Correction Officer
Acting Librarian
California State Prison
San Quentin, California 94964

(Your prompt reply will be of great aid to us, and naturally very much appreciated.)

CLARIFICATION

Dear EVO:

Your January 14 issue has some false statements about SCEF in a letter signed by Pam Klein. She says:

"I quit SCEF because they fired their four best organizers, leaving them with twenty full-time fund raisers, and three full-time organizers."

In the first place, Pam Klein had been on our staff only seven weeks when she walked away without notice to us. We paid her salary to the end of the month, although she has never given us any notice of resignation.

The four people she mentions had been working in New Orleans and Mississippi. Pam, who was in Kentucky, had no way of knowing whether they were organizers or not. In fact, one was a researcher and two others worked on a newspaper we published in the Deep South. One was assigned to organizing.

They were not fired. They resigned.

We still have 30 people on our staff and one might possibly be called a full-time fund raiser.

Carl Braden

VEGETABLE HUSBANDRY

Dear EVO:

I haven't read your paper for the best part of a year for reasons known best to the gods in charge of these things. However my nice Chinese newsdealer practically forced it on me yesterday and to make my N.C. ND. happy I would buy the National Inquirer much less a good reasonable journal like yourselves. I used the paper to line the sink while I repotted a sick avocado plant (two and a half feet high and so scraggly). Naturally I got some of the paper read in the process especially the article on nitrates in the soil and the last harvest? I can now say with full confidence that your paper is the best in NYC for potting purposes as the tabloid size is perfect for lining sinks and the incidental reading material is educational interesting and god knows better even than the Times which is too big anyway.

Yes I'm stoned but seriously, keep up the good work I'll remember you everytime I have to pot one of my mother's ill-starred plants. It is against my own principles to keep plants in pots in city apartments. I tried to grow grass but the cats ate it all. They walked around with their eyes literally rolling around in their heads and at the end of a week the grass was dead and gone to heaven where it is probably needed. I don't eat their catnip why should they eat my marijuana. My advice to your readers: grow your grass *outside* where it can get *lots of sun* even if you don't have pothead cats.

Great love and good luck to you all
Love

J

OUR CHANGING TERMINOLOGY

Dear EVO Sweeties,

As an old maid English teacher who uses your rag in class, I'd like to, like, come to the defense of the grand old Anglo-Saxon root word, *fuck*. I mean, you know, like I groove to backwards poetry, but the constant use of that lovely *fuck* as a pejorative is getting to me. Why not *agnaw you*, or whoever's available locally, certainly no shortage of such terms, anywhere, and reserve *fuck* for positive connotations, like, "that fucking Latimer"! You kids are screwing up the language.

Swyve you, (as Chaucer wid say,)
Joyce Benson
Jericho Hill
Alfred, N.Y.

Ex-acid heads,
housewives and
businessmen
are reacting
against the
emotional
sterility of an
electronic world

by DAVID WALLEY

THE HIGH COST OF ROCK AND ROLL

When you settle into your \$3.50 seats at the Fillmore, Felt, or other rock emporiums, when you buy the latest fave rave smoking-hot from the pressing racks, paying \$6 pr. item, when you cash in on those threads at Majestic, Zok Shop or Christina Gorby (or suburban equivalents), you are inhibiting the rock culture... and for a pretty penny too. No one's really come to grips with the rock culture except on aesthetic/ecstatic levels anyway. The local head entrepreneur makes his bread off your fantasies or the fantasies which the music evokes. There are legions of hardened businessmen (just like in *Hard Day's Night*) who will sell whatever can be offered to a budding counter-culture. (Theodore Roszak's *Making of a Counter-Culture* makes his point for this emerging culture but fails to take the long look at history *in toto*. He would have recognized that each civilization, dominant culture, you call it Margaret Meade, always bears the seeds of its own destruction, not only bearing them but nurturing these discontinuities.) Rock culture has yet to break out to define itself. It has the satanic and ecstatic sides to its existence, and peace and love has not spread into the airwaves... perhaps that's not the message after all.

Perhaps the money end of rock doesn't interest you, maybe rock cocks or Janis Joplin's ample breasts do... I can't read your minds, and since I get nothing but bills at the office, I have nothing to go on. Money is something which you should know about because there are many people making money off your tastes whether you like what they stand for or not. You should have been to a news conference I attended a week ago. (It was given a two column inch treatment in the Times, maybe page 35.) The group who held the news conference was Young American Enterprises which ran the Rolling Stones tour in cooperation with/or against Alan Klein's management company, ABKCO. (This tenuous connection is a little hazy, seems that there is a lot of bad blood between the two prestigious firms... and look at who they are fighting over and the investment that represents!)

Young American Enterprises has its palatial offices on the upper east side in the seventies. Spacious offices with a fantastic view of the Bronx, Brooklyn, and on a clear day, maybe even Woodstock. Young American Enterprises scares the hell out of me. The Stones scare the hell out of me—in fact, the more the music culture takes over, the more money that is expended, the more scared I get. You should be scared as well. YAE was supposed to run the free concert held by the Stones at Sears Point Raceway. As we all unhappily know, the plans were switched at the last moment... Altamont is now a family name. YAE is suing the owners of the Sears Point Raceway to the tune of 11 million dollars, 11 MILLION DOLLARS in an effort to recoup the losses incurred by the Altamont fiasco. That much money makes rock music *revolve*... and this was supposed to be a FREE concert!!

Dig: a record costs only a few cents to make including packaging. The rest of your five dollars magically disappears into the morass of distributors, *rack jobbers*, pay offs and other sundry things. The artist, if he's got a good agent, may make 10 cents a record. This is simple economics: the artist never makes what he put into the record... and it's the record companies who need the artists. Rip-off number one.

Dig: promoters with some notable exceptions (Graham and Bernstein) live for the rip-off. The Woodstock Music and Art Fair may have been very groovy indeed, but those cats who ran the whole show made a pile (which is their right.) However they put little of it back into the culture which made Woodstock a reality... and the promoters, just like the record companies, need the artists and the people to attend such festivities.

Dig: there are many rock magazines on the scene supposedly given to communicating the message of rock. Read the message sometime and it says: "That's gold in them thar hills!". Read the leading magazine and its message is money. The magazines themselves get into their own ego trips while the publishers revel in their new groupie status...

some even attempt to produce blues records with various degrees of success. Not only does everyone try to hype you, but some magazines manufacture hype to keep the coffers magically filled and the scene more drained of vitality. Again a rip-off.

Rock is big business, for magazines, for record people, for promoters. It is not looked on as a communications media except in the exploitative sense, and there's a lot of hair coming in on Tin Pan Alley as well as cool in Los Angeles. We are reaching a painful awareness of our misfortune.

All of this ranting and raving serves to acknowledge the phenomenon of the rock and roll robbery, rip-off with Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young in the background. A rip-off is taking something and calling it something else. In more readily ascertainable terms, it means that the message of rock has turned into money instead of awareness/evolution or peace. You can't sell peace for \$4.98 a shot, but you can sell awareness of peace—thus the confusion. War should ultimately make people see how wasteful it is in terms of human ecology, but then people never seem to remember how horrible it was because war (take WW II) meant companionship, travel and adventure. Blood and gore are easily repressed and John Wayne war movies still make a lot of *matzos*.

Getting back to YAE, one can see that the whole lawsuit nonsense is nothing more than a great media-ized crock. A dodge so that they can hold more festivals. (Dig: YAE claims that the Grateful Dead organization was responsible for Altamont, but it was YAE's responsibility to call off the concert when it became impossible to hold it at the original site. They claimed that they couldn't face 100,000 kids and tell them that there could be no festival with the Stones. YAE wanted to cover itself, sure, but the problem goes beyond Altamont. Because of Woodstock, Altamont, Monterey, Newport, Miami, Dallas and other festivals, because of tribal gatherings in general, many of the "other people" are deciding to ban any sort of rock concerts. In California, there is a bill in the State Legislature in the process of being

made into law. Providence, Rhode Island has an amazingly Puritanical city board and rock concerts have been virtually outlawed because it is impossible to secure any permits. Many small towns are getting into the act because the spectre of teenage craziness encroaches on their world view. Freedom of assembly is being denied to many good people because of Altamont and irresponsible promoters as well as artists, YAE wants its money to make more money and so it goes.

The issue for YAE with Sears Point is that an oral contract was made and then broken and logically if they were permitted to hold their concert at Sears Point all of this would not have happened. Well, that's plain bullshit, but potent legal bullshit. Melvin Belli is involved with their cause, and he's never lost a case yet—they can pay him enough and he can file enough writs to snow anyone. In the last resort, he will perform well in front of a judge and jury. Law's all in the performance anyway, ah the agony and the ecstasy of it all! (Just like rock.)

The whole continuum stretches ahead and there is always the problem of money, a money problem because those people who make it work haven't gotten enough together to turn away from exploitative behavior. The object of the game, if it's a gigantic game for mastery we are playing, is to make the whole genius of communication work, work for real by making music the motivator, not the prime end in and of itself. Young American Enterprises is just a name, ABKCO is another name, Woodstock Ventures or

Filmways, yet another. Collectively these kinds of people are likely to be the ones who will be sponsored by the government to be held in Oakland or Jersey City. Yeah, they'll get the film right to this as well. Just wait.

If someone's going to make money off this whole kick, why not the performers and the form of life they and we all want, not the record executive's expense-accounted car or his hotel/steam bath bills. Rip-offs will continue until the artists themselves grasp the significance of their power, until communications media devoted to rock entertainment delve into more important social issues then who signed whom (or balled?), until the general audience realizes that rock is nothing more than a stage which anyone can perform on, until the age of the superstar (Jesus Christ!) is past. Once music becomes free to give to the life style of its choice, then there will be no own inadequacies (as with YAE.) With a little wish and a lot of work, everything will... alright, I'll relinquish the floor to my distinguished colleague in the Times

Quote of the Week (a regular feature from now on)

Perhaps we're no different from our parents after all. We're just stoned when we inflict pain upon our brothers. (Sam Allen—Winston Salem, N.C.)

Letters to the Editor,
Rolling Stone (at least something's heavy at the Stone, right on Brother Sam!)



"Perhaps there was a time, really, truly, down in the belly, when fiction in America shed more light on the outlook of a generation than nonfiction; but today the application of fictional and avantgarde prose techniques to the actual scene before us seems much more crucially necessary."

The Newspaper as Literature/
Literature as Leadership
—Seymour Krim

There was a time when Time itself never was; (*Those times* are now delicately strung between paranoia and truth.) There was a time when Time existed slowly so that fantasy existed only in the past, only in the act after the fact of creating it. That *time* is no more as is our own time which disappears each day more readily while fantasy becomes faster than fact.

We no longer need the great social mind of a Sinclair Lewis to create a Judge Hoffman for us. We no longer

need a drunken fantasy of genius like Faulkner's to give us the living flesh of America's bigots. Our dreams are faster than our dialogue, faster now than any great Author in memoriam could ever write it. All we need is someone to witness and to make it sing. That's what the New Journalism is about. That is what the Underground Press is about.

We participate. We make it happen. It is a lifestyle of living prose, a rock, an altar, a loving Grace. It is sacred because it is. And it is the *IS* that makes others so bent on ignoring it. But it can't be ignored because it is *there* and *becoming*.

The new journalists and the underground press are doing a number— even Literature never conceived of. Reality is *here*, not between the pages of a book or painting, not even on a newsstand; but closer *there* than in a library or museum.

The real epiphany is in the streets of America, in the streets of the

world: In the courtroom of Judge Julius J. Hoffman, (Nixon's *Pater Nostra* Puppet) in the courtrooms of the world where Justice is not only blind but scared shitless; using her balances as a weapon to destroy what she cannot understand and is afraid to know.

Reality is here, in our limbs just made stranger to itself by exploding metal, in our souls severed from our bodies in the name of a conquering peace; in the cry and anger of people given no choice but hunger, no choice but slavery.

Reality, to paraphrase Nicholas Van Hoffman, is our parents, the enemy they themselves warned us about.

There was a time when we knew our parents after we killed them; *that* time only exists now in our heads. Not every parent is an enemy, *but what is out there*; choking our lungs, starving our children, destroying and maiming the best part of our humanity; *is*.

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

Culture is no longer history but fact. And fact is a novel written by the events of each day. It is the task and testament of the Underground Press to rewrite those events and perform an *Alternate Culture*.

"If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you I would let you know," are our Politics of Experience as it is the famous psychiatrist, R.D. Laing's. And our Politics of Living is to shout this *if* away with also our joy.

The Underground Press laughs not because we are gods, but because others are men who play at gods. There is a religion hidden between the pages of the underground newspapers that those who are dedicated to and read it, understand.

Each underground newspaper has its own personal problems which intensify its days' activities. But each is bound to others by the specific problem of changing a Death Society based upon Apocalypt. The

Underground Press lives at the edge of the precipice and pushes back wave upon wave of humanity bent upon the abyss.

Sometimes we are pushed over, beat up, killed, jailed, chemically crucified and martyred for no reason at all except that we are there and *doing it*. The Underground Press does not want to die, it wants to live; that is why it began. It is an intentional community which speaks and shows the solutions as well as the scars.

The Underground Press is not silent by any means, and will not be silenced by any means. Not by Nixon's necrophiliac dreams of power. Not by Mitchell's moral mauling into our personal values. Literature begins with *that* reality. Perhaps this *is* a time, as Seymour Krim has written, "when the world itself is literally governed by art, or truth made manifest, because there is nowhere else to turn and everywhere to go."

by ALLEN KATZMAN

LEPER RAPES GIRL —SHE GIVES BIRTH TO A MONSTER

STAN VANDERBEEK'S 'VIOLENCE SONATA'

by JUD YALKUT

Stan VanDerBeek has become perhaps one of the most well known independent filmmakers in this country, winning festival prizes for such animation films as MANKINDA, SCIENCE FRICTION, and SUMMIT, and has been recipient of both the Ford Foundation Grant for experimental films and the Rockefeller Grant for films and studies in non-verbal communication. His particular collage approach to animation techniques has brought him into experiments with the latest image-creating technologies, including computer-generated graphics in collaboration with Ken Knowlton at the Bell Laboratories and the creation of video collages for CBS Television. During the last year,

he has been Film Artist in Residence at WGBH-TV in Boston concurrent with a fellowship at the MIT Center for Advanced Visual Studies.

On January 12, 1970, the VIOLENCE SONATA, a PRE-THEATRE-NON-VERBAL-ELECTRIC-COLLAGES, an evening of experimental television, realized by S. VanDerBeek, was broadcast by the two channels, Channel 2 (carrying the primary material—a mono-video form understandable to viewers with one set) and the UHF Channel 44 (carrying a collection of thematic comments) of WGBH-TV. The home-viewer can best participate in VanDerBeek's VIOLENCE SONATA by watching on two sets at once. It will be composed of three double-screen collage videotapes,

each lasting about fifteen minutes... The titles of the three videotapes are MAN, MAN TO WOMAN, and MAN TO MAN. They are mixtures of parts of VanDerBeek's past films, films from the archives and newsreel footage from around the globe, films and live-action videotapes shot in Boston especially for the show, and slides and photographs superimposed on the final tapes by matting... Between each of the three screenacts of this collision-collage, questions will be put to home-viewers and they will be able to telephone comments to three studio panelists. Meanwhile, in Studio A at WGBH, the same images going into local homes will be tele-projected for viewing by a special audience of 100 invited participants. In front of the screens, as well as

behind them in a kind of shadow drama, masked live actors will perform a play which VanDerBeek has written... with the intent of gradually involving the in-station audience in TV-play. After the show, the studio audience will conduct a 'trash-out' of the issues which it has raised, and this live-action will be carried to the home audiences on both channels. The home viewers can again join the discussion by phoning in at any point."

("Our violence is the digestive act of our inability to communicate. Man's frustration at not being able to communicate with words leads him to violence. Centuries of words have meant centuries of violence. We must explore all other ways to communicate if we hope to live non-violent lives... By moving from

the screen and stage presentation out to the studio audience and then to all viewers in the community, I'm hoping to find new ways to confront the issues but to cool the violence."—Stan VanDerBeek.)

The following discussion was taped at WGBH one week after the VIOLENCE SONATA broadcast, when VanDerBeek, staff members of WGBH, some studio participants, and other guests watched a dual-monitor playback of the broadcast tapes, and then rapped. This was the first time that Stan had seen the show as a TV-spectator, having been active in the studio during the broadcast.

STAN: What we basically did was take all these variables at the same time and stick them together. And I frankly don't know what you think. (Continued on Page 15)



A NEW sexual revolution is being waged in the United States.

FROM OZ FROM THE SUN



HII YAGANG! CARTOONIST JOE SCHENKMAN HERE!! THIS'Z MY LATEST CARTOON STRIP!!! I'VE STOLEN THE PLOT ALMOS' VERBATIM FROM A MOVIE OF THE SAME NAME MADE IN 1957 (PROBABLY) THAT I SAW THE OTHER DAY AT THE VARIETY PHOTOPLAYS THEATER, ON 13TH ST.! IT WAS A PRETTY BORING MOVIE ACTUALLY.. THE OTHER, FEATURE ABOUT THE ALAMO WAS MUCH MORE EXCITIN... BUT THE CHICKS ALL HAD HUGE KOCKERS AN' THE GUYS RACED AROUND IN NIFTY HOT RODS AN' THIS'Z' TH' STUFF I LIKE TA DRAW!!! ...ANYWAY, ITS CONTINUED SO I'M AFRAID YOU'LL BE SEEN QUITE A BIT OF IT... I REMEMBER, THE WHOLE PLOT AN I REALLY DON'T FEEL LIKE CHANGIN A THING. SIT TIGHT.

HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS



A ROOM IN AN OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE! ... MEETING PLACE OF THE HELLCATS!

WELL GANG I GUESS Y'ALL KNOW WHY I CALL'D THIS MEETIN'...



THERE'S A NEW GIRL IN SCHOOL! I MOVE WE BEGAN INITIATION TAMARRA!... AN IF SHE PASSES...

CLICK
CLACKITY
CLAK CLAK



SHE'S A HELLCAT!

FWISH!

THWAK!



I SAY ANGELA'S BEAN A SOFTEE!! THE KIDS A FINK... ANYBODY WITH HALF A SET'A' PEEPERS CAN SEE THAT! I SAY WE GIVE 'ER TH' BIZNESS!!



AND SO A VOTE IS TAKEN...

3, 4, 5! LOOKS LIKE YER THE LOOSER, DORIS SWEETY!



THEN ITS DECIDED... WE BEGAN OUR INITIATION PROGRAM TAMARRA! LES ALL DRINK TO IT AN THEN CUT OUTTA THIS DUMP

CONTINUE NEXT WEEK.



THE:NIGHT:THE:STUDS:
FROM:EVB:WAITED:OUT:IN:FRONT:OF:THE:FILLMORE:EAST:FOR:THE:FAGS:FROM:
GAYFLOWER:AND:BEAT:SHIT:OUT:OF:THEM:WITH:BICYCLE:CHAINS:AND:BRASS:
KNUCKS:UNTIL:THE:KIDS:FROM:KISS:CAME:AND:GROOVED:EVERYTHING:OUT

by CUD MORESCO

'I don't like the looks of this,' remarked Shitjaw the Innium to his fearless leader, D.A. Latimer. The two of them were jammed back to back under a wide green circular gaming-table floodlamp, rapping out news copy and porn movie promos in a tiny cubicle deep in the bowels of Amalgamated Fabrikunt Enterprises. 'I fail to see the humour in this situation,' he emphasized, poking around to find the dollar sign on the ancient European-style typewriter they'd given him, festooned with umlauts and runes and arcane astrological symbols. 'Frankly,' he concluded gloomily, 'it wouldn't surprise me a bit to see the whole damn shithouse blown down by next week.' Latimer merely giggled obscurely around his cigarette and hit the return on his battered \$1500 IBM Selectric.

But there was no getting around it. Try as Latimer might to giggle it away, the stench of some horrible corporate necrosis, far too familiar to Shitjaw's noble Comanche nostrils, hung tangibly about the offices of Amalgamated Fabrikunt. He knew the signs too well, Schultz. His first underground paper, the *Megalopolitan Muckraker*, had begun to fall apart when the distributor started bringing dollar bills direct

from the stands to pay the reporters; whereas - at Amal-Fab they were already being paid in nickles, two bags of five hundred nickles apiece every week. *Nickles!* Then, at *The New York Review of Sin, Crime, Dope Addiction, and Transcendental Meditation*, Schultz' second underground newspaper, things had ground to a bloody halt when the Long Island printer was blackballed by the American Legion; Amal-Fab was presently being assailed by the D.A.R., the Sanitationmen's Union, the Lion's Club, and the Urban League - in concert!! His third radical paper, *Roach*, had gone down in flames after the Feds busted four of its top echelon for Conspiracy to Blaspheme In The Name Of God; and the waiting room at Amal-Fab was full up every day with paunchy scruffy-looking underground pigs standing around drinking beer from paper cups and swapping Korean War stories. After that, *Mother Beans*, his fourth paper, had ceased publication after the previously impeccable publisher had freaked out on L-Dopa and raped the teenage peurtorican proofreader, causing the shop to be bombed out by a local hood gang; the kind of Amal-Fab had started up on Demerol the week Shitjaw arrived, and he was into two bags a day now.

And that was the most unfavorable omen of all, reflected Schultz glumly - if Shitjaw the

Innium was working for Amal-Fab, which he was, then things were doubtless going to be very bad indeed for the Amalgamated Fabrikunt.

In the underground publishing racket, Shitjaw the Innium had by now justly gained the affectionate nickname 'Brfsksk', after the disagreeable little character in *L'il Abner* who trucks around with a raincloud over his head. Not long ago, Schultz had been standing by the window overlooking Second Avenue from the front office, and a big black bird had landed on the ledge next to him, croaking mournfully around a broken arrow in its beak. Yes, Amal-Fab's days were clearly numbered.

In the outer office, things were proceeding normally enough for a doomed corporation. In a momentary excess of emotion, the publisher had yesterday kicked the cubicle door loose of its hinges, and Schultz could see through the splintered doorjamb into the steno pool. At the moment he was concentrating heavily on the upper pulmonary region of Sara Schweik, his favourite girl Friday. She possessed a monster set of jugs, Sara, and the most excellent mandibles Shitjaw had viewed since last studying a dental hygiene film in the Service. My, but she had teeth, though! Long horsey incisors, canines as nicely turned as if with a bevel,

and when she smiled, why, there would be momentarily revealed a complete arrangement of pearly molars which could cause Schultz' prostate to bark like a seal. Her gums also were flawless, moist carmine toothsheathes that clung to her teeth like a fist around your cock. What teeth! What a mouth! Unhappily, she was using it at the moment to speak aloud, a grievous misabuse of such an auspiciously presented orifice:

'Now look' she was saying to Don Lewis, the melancholy Indian from the back room, who was sullenly crumpling a Dr. Pepper can in his fist: 'I just can't take this any more, Don. Do you know what it's like? To have those fairies coming in and out of here every day looking so immaculate and beautiful? Do you have any idea, Don? It just makes me grind my teeth!' Schultz' scrotum throbbed audibly at the reference. 'You know what it's like for a girl? ... To have to sit up all night with your hair in curlers, to have to send away thru *Mademoiselle* for special break-firming techniques, running all over town every payday to buy clothes ... And then these pansies from *Gay Flower* come in and they put you down!' She dabbed daintily at her eyes with one of Latimer's *Screw* handkerchiefs. 'Sometimes I just want to take John Heys down and scratch his eyes out.'

Lewis spat a cud of chewing gum onto the floor and unleashed a thunderous Payute curse. Three years he'd worked for Amal-Fab. He'd blow into N.Y. from Saskatchewan when Fab didn't have but one scraggly little bi-weekly to his name, *The East Village Bother*. And he'd starved and fought and gone without pussy every Sunday night to get the *Bother* on her feet, and what does the publisher do with the profits? Why, he pumps the bread back into a pile of candy-ass subsidiary sheets. Besides the *Bother*, Lewis was pasting up *Kiss*, *Gay Flower*, *Aquarian Pimp*, *Football Forecasts*, *Pretty Poetry*, *Flaming Crashes Bi-Weekly*, and *Underground Carnal-Toons for Men Only Illustrated* - the entire Amal-Fab line, which Lewis detested.

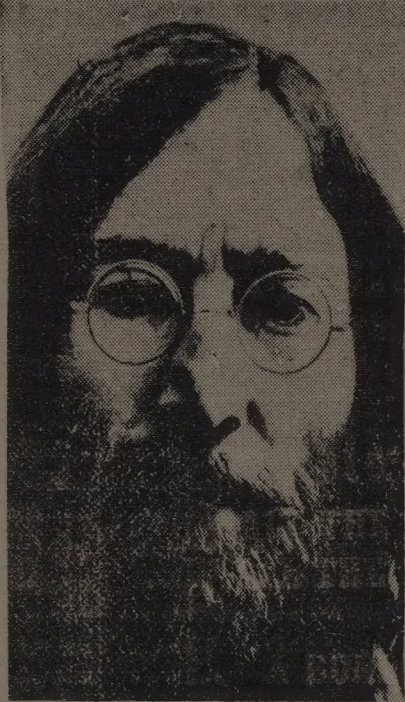
But the worst part about it was those gay dudes from *Gay Flower*. 'Three fuckin years I been with this paper,' he told Irving Shushnik, who nodded sympathetically. 'I've seen speed freaks, chromosome damage cases, terminal syphilitics, visions of the Madonna ... I've seen my friends gunned down in the streets by the pigs ... I've ridden shotgun against the Mafia just to get this rag distributed ... But goddammit, Irv, I've never had to put up with a buncha swishes before, I'll tell you that.'

(Continued from Page 19)

New Identi-Kit

by Charlie Frick.

One officer thought he recognized it as that of a man living in his town. On a hunch, he went to the man's home, and nabbed him and the loot intact as he was packing for a quick trip.



A Lennon Test

We tested him with a description of John Lennon, to determine whether the Identi-Kit could produce a reasonable likeness. The accompanying "sketch" was prepared within a half hour. It's not a flattering portrait, but it bears a close resemblance

It was the day the INTERGALACTIC WORLD BRAIN took over the BUBBLE GUM MUSIC MACHIENE. The scene was a buisy street corner on the lower east side. Lots of cars passing by in the street. VVVVVVVV RRRRR RRR OOOOOOO OOOOOOO MMMMM MMMMMM MMMMM A motorcycle goes by.

"Hey man, you still tripping out?"
"I dont know. Wha day is it man?"
"I think its Friday afternoon."
"Hey lets get it together and slide on by the Full More and pick up on some sounds, dig?"

The kids of the sixties had a word for music that was being pushed as music of the times. Record companies were hip enough to try and capitalize on it. It was an American Phenomenon. There were certain requirements placed on the music and on the performers. First of all none of the cuts could be over 3 1/2 minutes long because of all the pimple commercials, and drag strip commercials, and the Dennison clothing store ads on a.m. radio all night. Point No. 2 was censorship. None of the songs were allowed to say anything more earth-shattering

than: "Baybee, ah love you. Why do you do me wrong, watch me in my fast car work it on out BABEE." All connected with this particular scam were mere puppets of the MEDIOCRITY MACHIENE, the notorious producers and dreamers of second notion music... There's been too much of that shit happening around lately... its the kind of scene that one would see on the Broadway stage in a musical comedy version of The Rock and Roll Machiene that Ate the Bronx... The two young promoters are sitting around talking in their office...

Promo No. 1: "Hey whadaya say... the cement lifepreserver scam hasnt been pulled in a long time. you think itll work?"

Promo No. 2: "Yeah but how will we get it up in front of the public?"

No. 1: "Well use their music thats all. Hire us a singer, get right on the fone call up central casting. Ask for Mr Big. Hell get us some one thall put over this cement lifepreserver scam better than the last one, yeah well get ourself a singer and the singer will sing the song and... hey how come if this is such a good idea we didnt think of it before? and so on into the second act, but one word to everyone rushing around trying to

write the great contemporary novel from which the preceding scene was taken. The Seventies are here and unknown to all the record promoters and unknown to all the media men is this one simple fact, the shit is coming to a schreeching halt. The return of traditional values Mr Nixon said at the inaugural address in the last year of the last decade its not so far from the truth, who knows maybe even the return of Taste? The return of class? Maybe so but one thing is perfectly clear, Music will have a whole other meaning in the Seventies. There are sometimes when music is just for listening, no politics, no preaching no pushing involved... Something to have on the record player while walking around just scratching or cleaning a pile of dope or watching color teevee with the sound off. Sometimes music is just that, Music. If you can remove yourself, step away and look and listen to the music that is being used for communication, you could put your finger pretty close to where the country was at, at that particular moment, just outside the 22nd floor of the National Hype and Light Power Company's head offices in the Electric city, there was a blinding flash of light.

The Rock and Roll Machiene was back in town...

The Best of the Strawberry Alarm Clock

Universal City Records No. 73074 real good if you happen to own a poster store and need something for rainy afternoons, Its west coast california music, also is great if you were too busy with the reveloution or happen to be working in a bowling alley during 1967-1969. Its a super collection of their hits including the big one that topped the NY charts for many weeks, yes its "Incense and Peppermints" too much also such other groovies as "Sit with the Guru," "Birds in my Tree," and the love song from collection of movie music. This ones from the picture "Psych-Out" Too bad you missed it when it was at your local neighborhood theatre...

If youve never been to England and are planning to go soon or at least in the near future, you might have some problem understanding the conversation. The purchase of this album wont help you even a little bit. in fact it might even make it harder and its even possible as you become more and more confused,

youll find yourself dreaming The Liverpool Dream... RCA No. LSP-4189 The Amazing adventures of the Liverpool Scene. Even more so if you dig listening to poems, or even poems with music.

"I watched her watching me watching her watching me. Im constantly reminded of places and scenes. I always leave very quietly, most of the time when everyone is watching." (Peter Whyze) The front cover of the album i think it was shot while the radio played a song called "Burdock River Run," thats a cut on the first side.

Another thing, i been looking around, theres this here scam. the big record companies are using some short cut production methods... it seems there's this process, its called Micro-Groove... Some of the more money hungry-hurry up get the cash record companies are fooling around undercutting production standards... The grooves in the records are smaller than they should be. this enables the producers of the actual records to make the discs thinner saving lots of bread. but theres only one drawback. the smaller the grooves, the more sound is lost, especially in stereo records. Theres some kind of technical explanation, but the thing is some one who understands this should write some angry letters to the National Association of radio broadcasters and to the Quality contrroll division of the record industry. The thing that prompted me to look into this was a lot of the new records that are coming out start to go out of shape and get all fucked up with only a few playings on good stereo equipment. Record companies, in fact most of the world has no sense of the future. Its a difficult place in time... Its advised that all future contacts be handled under the proceudures of INTERSTELLAR CHESS.

A record that starts off with a guy calling his grandma long distance. Now theres a record i went out to get simply because i started thinking about grandmothers, and stuff...

The American Dream

A Bearsville record Promotion Ampex records No. A10101 AH... Dream sweet dream... The records comes on with GOOD NEWS what could the american dream use more than GOOD NEWS. Cadalack is good too, America sure is a wonderfull place.

In the mean time while youre wating to hear why, check out the new release from MRBQ. Theyve teamed up with Carl Perkins... the record is called Carl Perkins and NRBQ. Columbia records cs9981. Sometimes i think theres something fucked up with the record player, like maybe the tubes need changing or something.

Calling Doctor Howard Doctor Fine Doctor Howard.

Calling Doctor Howard Doctor Fine Doctor Howard.

Music from somebodys grandchildrens saturday morning adventure. Pretty soon gonna be dancin and stompin to Ricky Nelson again. What more can be said than the truth. Rick Nelson gone electric. He dissapeared a while ago and then reappeared in the west village a few months ago. But with some long hair and 3 side men with him... Americas teeveekid... The one everyone watched grow up for 18 years in a row on one channel or another brought to you by milk or something. What? Stunned there in your seat Stranger stuff the mind dose not know... Rick Nelson sockin it out with 400 watts of pow pow power... EEEEEEE-Fuckin-Lectric...

Out of the dozen or so songs onthe album 2 are his oldies re arranged and the rest are a bunch of American late sixties favorites. She Belongs To Me, If you got to go, go now. I shall be released By Pop poet and dillatante Bob DYLAN. Tim hardins Red Balloon, and new wave music star Doug Kershaw's Louisiana man. Eric Anderson not only did the liner notes but the new Ricky sings Violets of the Dawn... its always interesting to see what happens when a performer picks up on another performer's material...

Yeah Rocky Nelson. Sometimes you might start to think about if you couldnt get to a record store for a whole long time, or there was no new records coming out, what would you play on you record player?

When making up lists of records or compiling a collection for one reason or another, its the thing to not listen to the artist, or the song, or the way its done or anything else.

Try to listen to THE MUSIC OF IT ALL.

its a funny thing, Eveloution catching up with itself...

THILM by Lita Eliscu.

There was a concert this week starring at the The performance was greeted by Lead singer wearing his usual outfit, and through his curls did his hit single which the crowd greeted with cries of

Backing him were who have previously performed with and known for their exceptional interpretation of The highlight of the evening came when did a minute solo on the bringing the audience to momentary 's set was an inventive

mixture of and blank, with touches of, highly reminiscent of Remember 19..... when did at the Festival? Well, this equalled it in every way, maybe even topped it. Last night while I was talking to in the dressing room, he vehemently rumors that he ever However, he did add that was true. Later on, at the post-performance party, however, his bass player, maybe drunk, said which does not confirm 's story.

Also playing in New York this week was backed, surprisingly enough by

whom everyone thought had flipped to Tahiti in order to study the native rhythms.

If this keeps up, New York may become the rock capital of the world.

Possible choices for blanks:

- Gaslight
- Gaslight
- Fillmore East
- Fillmore West
- Bitter End
- Howard Stein's Capitol Theatre
- Xanadu
- The Tropicana
- Commander Cody
- Buffalo Bills

- The Jets
- The Beatles
- Preflyte
- Burrito King
- Pink's
- denied
- confirmed
- Van Morrison
- Jack Bruce
- corded velevet boots and outrageous plumed vest
- pants with a see through crotch and a visible belly button
- he was married
- Lynda's baby was really his

- Lothar
- Zacherle
- The nightbird
- Harlow
- 8 Miles High
- Space Hymn
- French fries boredom
- ecstasy
- fave-rave
- 63
- Little Rock
- Giant Rock
- humid
- steamy
- fresh
- yes
- huh?

CHE!

By Chuck Zaremba

'AY DIOS MIO'

John HAYS

"Ay Dios Mio" or in any other language — My God What Is That!! That was the phrase I heard most often from a good portion of Barcelona's working, middle and upper class as I sauntered around wide-eyed, my Rapunzellocks blowing magnificently in 60-degree autumn wind like weather-gaping gazing swing and dreaming my first taste of the old-new- neoromantic charm and flavor of a European city. Yes, the Spanish are freaked by long hair and unconventional dress but you don't have to be "fascist-Catholic-beserk" to have a reaction like this as many people have conjured up about Europe (especially Spain). That's what Europe is all about. Not today, but yesterday and yesteryear — it all became obvious after the second or third day. Just utter amigo — como esta Ud, and a good vibe and everything is hearts and flowers.

I spent ten days in Barcelona. Resplendent with ancient "turn of the century" cathedrals, churches, court-yards, almost every street has green plazas, halls, fountains and monuments. Sophistication and cosmopolitan more than one would think since Spain has reconstructed vastly in such a short time since the civil war of the thirties. The cost of living is much closer to Utopia than here in the states. One can find his dream house, flat or pensione (hotel) and pay a mere \$40, or \$50 a month. Food is nothing exciting but again cheap. Phone calls are a penny, and one's transportation can be totally had in a taxi. As the fare is something like five cents and increases by the cent. Fuck the economics though.

It's the people that blew my mind. No formalities or preliminaries with Spanish and the other European freaks. They're all elated to be in the company of an American especially

from New York City. Beautiful ambiance from there on-life became a continuous "stone." Everyone's tray of goodies. Hash of all kinds. Indian, Moroccan, Pakistani, Kief. All very plentiful because of the lucrative business in a port with its "armed service" trade and all very pure and good. The fabulous magic of far away fairylands like Istanbul. Marakesh. Bombay, and everyone eager for you to partake of it.

Not too many Spanish young into any kind of sub-culture, especially chicks. The few that I met left abruptly at 10 every night for home according to strict family custom. Aside from this, the experience of sharing tales with people from many different nations, and the magic that each one brings with him is a beautiful thing. Baby, it ain't all happening in America—you don't have to speak a foreign language to share a pipe full of dope—watch sunrise and acid occur over the Mediterranean and share some of the common ground together. It was pretty obvious to me that a good thing has travelled a long way. With the European sub-culture has come psychedelics in every way shape and form. Everyone trips to the standard visual and audio accompaniments. Almost every bar in Barcelona had some type of light show—day-glow paint decor—psychedelics at their

Lennox Raphael and Jeanne Baretich were eating lunch in a bar on Baxter Street, right behind the Criminal Courts Building.

Lennox was talking about the kinds of people who are offended by nude simulated sexual encounter scenes (as they say in court) like those that caused his play, "Che!", to be brought to trial, along with its director, actors and Lennox Raphael himself.

"There's a difference between the image they have and the reality." That sounded almost like a line from T.S. Eliot. Even if it hadn't, I probably would have thought it was pretty important. It occurred to me that the difference between image and reality is central to the "Che!" trial (which will probably be over by the time this article is read).

First, there's the obvious image/reality that Lennox was talking about. The image held by "the people" (legal reference) in the trial is one of grossness—sexual encounter, unless achieved in privacy, is gross and obscene to them. The reality that Lennox had in mind when he wrote the play was the relationship between sexual

repression and political repression—both rather gross phenomena, but real nonetheless. It the verdict is/was "guilty," it will mean that the court was not willing to recognize the existence of that reality (and probably a lot of other realities, too). Take away the theme—the meaning—and what's left is pure sex for sex's sake as opposed to "redeeming social value," the court would be saying. But sex for sex's sake, and all those nasty things that supposedly go with it, is really just that same old image that "the people" have. The result: an image is found to be illegal while the reality, according to the obscenity laws, would have been legal—if only its existence had been granted by the court. (Since they don't think sexual and political repression are interrelated realities, Judges Goldberg, Yeargin and Schwab apparently don't know much about people like Nixon and LBJ who certainly have their share of hang-ups in those areas.)

At least the one thing going for the defendants—and the one thing they can be thankful for if they are/were found innocent—is the new New York law on obscenity which (Continued on Page 11)

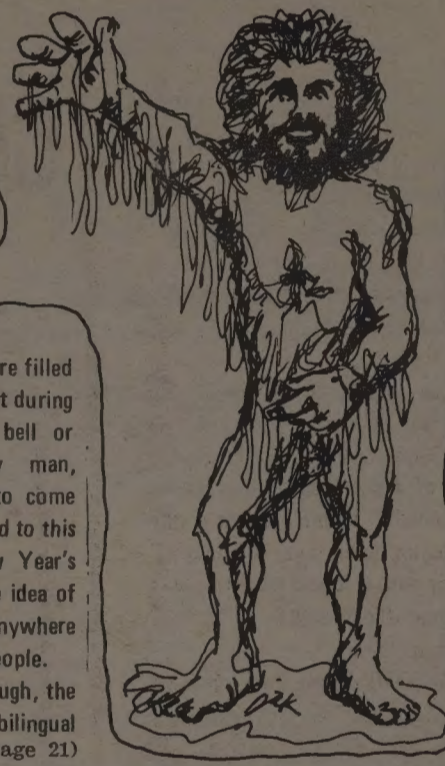
pinnacle except for one thing—Spain's music is either all tutti fruity A.M. or soul music. All other Europeans I met, Germans, French and Dutch were pretty contemporary in their musical tastes, very little trace of acid rock and there after in Spain though.

Penalties for drugs in Spain are as antiquated as any other place—the only time the heat came on though was New Year's Eve, which along with the New Year brought in a huge battleship full of sailors. It sounds like a bad dream but the whole evening and the reception thereafter was one of amazement—wonder, goodness and reassurance.

For it was the law's contention that bars harboring freaks would cause trouble with the sailors. To compound that the hookers came out like "flies to shit" with the arrival of every ship. Their riff was that long hairs hurt business and distracted sailors from squandering their bread on girls.

The streets of Barcelona are filled constantly with people except during siesta—it's like pushing a bell or something signaling every man, woman and child indoors to come out. Families everywhere. Add to this 3 or 4,000 sailors on New Year's Eve—Well, I didn't relish the idea of navigating on the street or anywhere near such an assortment of people.

Much to my surprise though, the evening turned into a bilingual (Continued on Page 21)



LICHTENBERG SPEAKS

"Little Jack Horner's Got nothin' on me. Oh me, oh my Love that country pie."

—R. Zimmerman Bakeries

But first a word . . .

Coincidentally with the prophecy that the economy is due for a rest from the current lack of money and gloom, the major record companies are juicing the market place with new releases. A couple to the good, including a new Nielsson record of pure California sunshine "Nielsson Sings Newman." Take a little time to ripen judgement and cast an eye over things that have been with us a while.

First off, "Plastic Ono Band" is not only a Beatles' record, it may be the first significant Beatles record since Sgt. Peppers. Apart from a couple good songs ("Hey Jude," "Penny Lane") the Beatles have been mostly pointlessly tripping back through their own history. Harrison has written a couple

—James Lichtenberg

beautiful songs with "Something" and "Here Comes The Sun," but I think John is the one who has arrived. To hear him sing "Blue Suede Shoes" on the stage of Toronto (as recorded on "Plastic Ono") is the limit. You're back . . . in a funny way it's like the computer singing "Daisy" in "2001;" the talent, unrehearsed, badly recorded and spontaneous is the first breath of fresh air to come the Beatles (if only one) in a while. "Cold Turkey" is a great song that deserved better reception, and "Give Peace a Chance" is fine successor to "Hey Jude" and a Conceptual Masterpiece. Then you turn the record over but before you listen get really relaxed, I mean *really* relaxed, make love, turn on, clean a kilo, whatever it is. OK, now listen carefully to John's spoken introduction . . . now dive in and float downstream.

I don't know how many times a

week or a month or a year you would want to listen to Yoko's extraordinary singing, but to really listen to it once is already an awakening experience of rare sunshine. She's the fifth Beatle, and Yoko sideboards have carried John to a new energy level. I sincerely hope the Beatles will come together over him.

Even if "Tear down the wall, motherfucker" may not be the greatest lyric ever written The Airplane's "Volunteers" is amazingly fine. It drifts into your mind with its special easy richness. My initial disappointment has been won over. So, fly Jefferson Airplane. A lot better than a 747.

The Dead's recent "work," the double album, "Live" has been generally recognized for its remarkable qualities. In the rising chorus of enthusiasm (witnessed the Dead's return engagement this week at the Fillmore) I think that "St. Stephen" is one of the most beautiful tracks available on records—giving pleasure to the senses

and exalting the mind and spirit.

The Fillmore, whose Tuesday nights have not only been self-sustaining but have gained the interest of establishment publications like "Variety," did what might be called a weekend concert of new music; fresh and engaging is Boffolongo, who were one of the first groups to appear Tuesday night. The change is fantastic, or my perception of their talent is enormously changed. I gather their future is a little uncertain from the on-stage comment "This song is from our next album . . . if there is one." United Artists, I think you have a winner. "Give Them Shelter," because when they do get it together it's the hard rock side of Buffalo Springfield and it's great. Their uncertainty also came across, maybe that cooled the enthusiasm, but there were some really brilliant moments.

Also, while they were playing I stumbled (tripped) over a mescaline riff while stoned on grass, the result

of closing your eyes and gently pressing on your eyeballs until the patterns start to explode. It was amazing.

Jack Bruce, is hardly new, true, but in a new setting and full of new "Songs For A Tailor" (Atco, his fine solo album since Cream.) Accompanied by dazzling guitarist Larry Coryell, Mitch Mitchell (drums and Mike Mandel (organ.) Hampered by a bad voice, Bruce's concert didn't approach his record, whose long, rolling, jazz-heavy influences give it a very special texture. Where does he go from here? Certainly, "Sunshine of Your Love" still made everyone very happy.

Then the Mountain came to the Fillmore. Another significant step up from their first engagement. They did their version of "Theme From An Imaginary Western" 10 minutes after Bruce (who wrote it) did his, and Mountain held it's own. It was a gas to hear the two versions back to back like that.



CHE

(Continued from Page 10)
 does recognize the existence of realities in theme and concept which override personal images in determining obscenity. Many critics have testified that "Che!" has a theme. Jules Feiffer even said it has "too much redeeming social value," meaning it's wordy because it tries too hard to make its point. The three judges appeared to be wide awake during that testimony.

All this leads to the less obvious image/reality number two. The whole commentary just completed depended on a verdict of guilty. (If the verdict was "not guilty," reality lives and everybody will be aware of it without being told here.) In any event, the foregoing commentary was based on an image of sorts—the image of legal bodies such as courts—being constantly and forever opposed to anything liberal or radical, such as the demonstrations in Chicago, the People's Park disturbances in Berkeley . . . and . . . nudity and sex on stage.

As difficult as it may be to comprehend, there is a reality that's different from that image. (Before you get the idea that we're giving equal time to the Establishment, relax—it will all come out right in the end. Read on! Which is sort of like Right on!) We just got a taste of that reality last week when 12 sheriff's deputies were indicted for various inhuman acts against protestors in the People's Park melee. Who would have ever thought that anybody besides the protestors would have to face charges?

The reality is not quite that obvious in the "Che!" trial. You have to talk to some of the defendants to realize that it exists in spite of Judge Goldberg screaming "sustained" before Conboy the Prosecutor even says "Objection." This is where Jeanne Baretich, who was one of the actresses in "Che!", comes in.

"We'd rather have three educated guys up there deciding our case, than a jury," she said. She went on to explain that she doesn't think the judges are prejudiced and she does think they'll reach a decision in a fair way. Lennox agreed, but he also said that not all of the defendants feel the same way.

The courtroom scene reflects Jeanne and Lennox's viewpoint more than it reflects the idea that the eight defendants are getting screwed right from the start. All of the defendants sit quietly through each day, with only an occasional shout of "that's a lie" disturbing the tranquility. Even the occasional shouts aren't really shouts. At least they're not loud enough to get anybody bound and gagged and charged with contempt.

So the reality of the "Che!" trial is that all the hostility that's supposed to exist isn't all that hostile. But the trial itself is also a reality, not just an image. And when it comes down to the matter of a trial, most defendants would probably prefer neither reality nor image—they'd like not to be busted in the first place. And that is their little image.

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THE THEATRE OF OPPRESSION: PANTHER 21, NEW YORK CITY, IN PIG WE TRUST

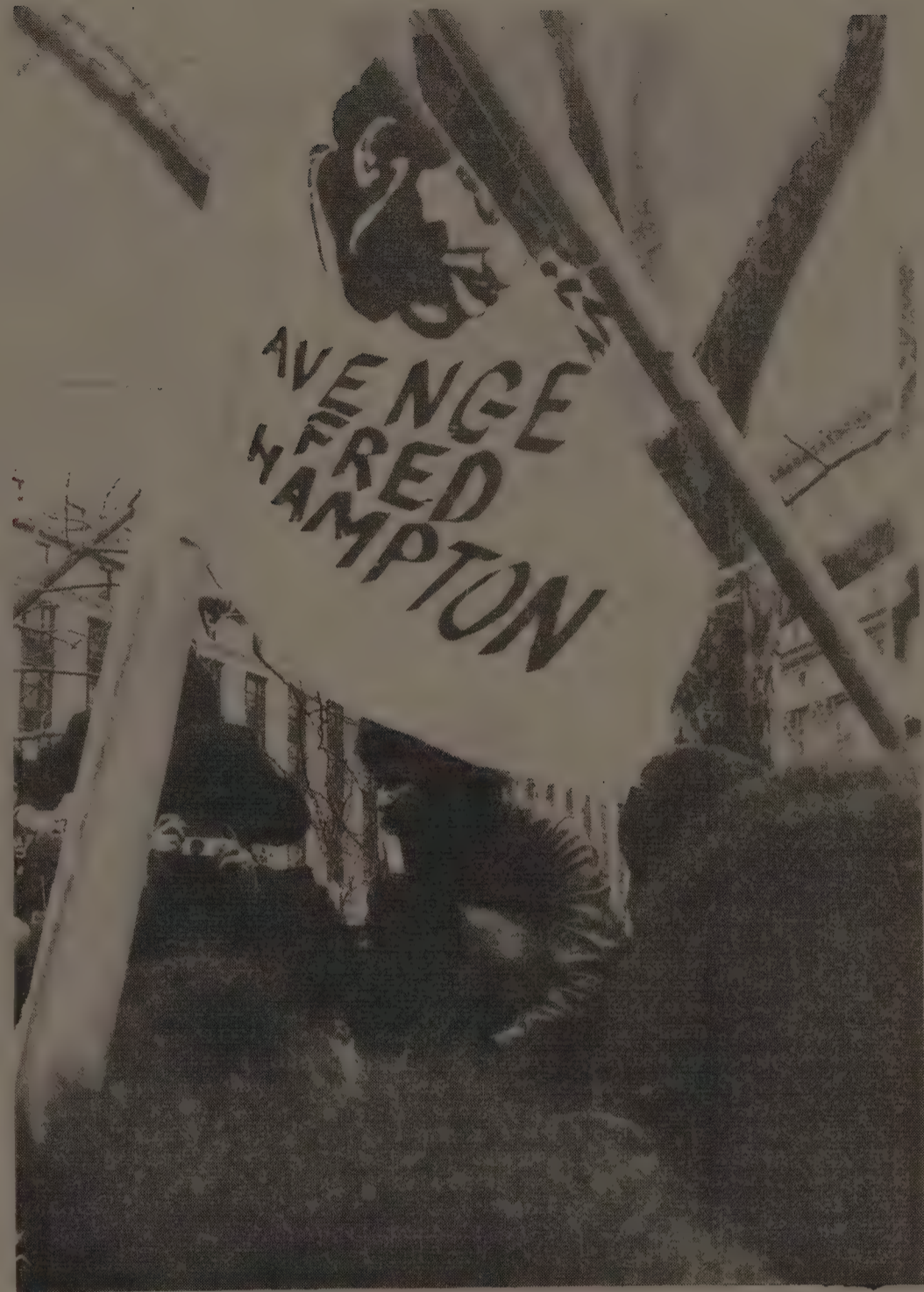


Photo: GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA

by renfreu neff

Monday, February 2: Another opening, another trial. Billed as the "Panther 21," the defendants are in fact 13 members of the Black Panther party; of those originally named in the indictment two have been granted youth offender treatment; a third, Vietnam war veteran Lee Berry, has been severed from the case because he is an epileptic with 70% percent disability and has been confined to Bellvue's prison ward since 24 November; two others are being held in a Newark jail on bank robbery charges; and three others are still at large. The setting this time is Criminal Court Building at 100 Centre Street, a dingy structure that looks positively rent controlled compared to the Mies Van der-rosion of Chicago's Federal Building where for the past five months the Chicago 7 have been packing in capacity audiences for America's most expensive horror show.

The atmosphere surrounding the Panther trial is so typically New York, from the out-of-order phonebooths and pissy public lavatories to the detachment of the court officers assigned to maintain order; to the fact that "tight security measures" are said to be in effect, but it was harder

to get into the Rolling Stones' press conference. It's all so thoroughly in keeping with a city that will erect something like Lincoln Center before refurbishing a courthouse while maybe one in every one thousand residents gives a flying fuck about either one. For good reasons, too.

New York City is a weird place for the Theatre of Oppression, because it's so completely out of control to begin with that it has reached a point in its singular civilization where only the total collapse of some vital utility...a black-out or a garbage strike...is capable of restoring a momentary semblance of order. Its political alignments are as random as its violence, and the political machinery is too unsynchronized for a purge like the one in Chicago; on its highest level, a WASP Republican mayor fights with a WASP republican governor the saving grace of either being his antipathic pathy toward the insect in the White House.

In accord with the full-blown schizophrenia of Fun City, Kafka is being done in blackface and, on opening day at least, members of the predominantly white bevy of bailiffs sported buttons supporting the Black Panther

Party. By the second day, probably on orders from superior court officials, the buttons had disappeared from the uniforms, which did make the proceedings appear more sartorially "official," even if two Panther marshals had taken over the corridor duties and were organizing a mob of about two hundred into three orderly lines, one for family and friends of the thirteen defendants, one for spectators and the third for the press. When the doors were opened for that afternoon session it turned out that the Panthers had also worked out the logistics of the courtroom; family and friends were searched and let in first, while the press ("racist press," one defendant had interjected during the morning session when one of the six defense attorneys was introduced a motion to limit the seating of the media in order to allow more room for relatives of those on trial) waiting in line for whatever space remained in the rear. Meanwhile, the bailiffs stood by discreetly, holding doors, checking press credentials and keeping the lines intact.

The week consisted of pre-trial motions on a 30 count indictment charging twenty-one members of the Black Panther Party with conspiring to bomb public places in New York, attempted murder and attempted arson.

The "public places" mentioned are a little bizarre, including as they do a couple of department stores reputed to be good junky territory for ripping off pawnable appliances and the Bronx Botanical Garden where conscientious dealers do research. These would probably be the last places on anybody's list of Things to Bomb Today, and as for the supposedly threatened police stations, subway switching rooms and commuter railroad tracks, Right On.

Those under indictment are also accused of possessing and carrying dangerous weapons, among these bombs and "explosive substances." Scheduled to continue through next week, the purpose of these pre-trial hearings is to determine the rules of procedure and what evidence will be admissible to the actual trial, which won't begin until "auditions" are held for a jury in a week or so. To the best of this reporter's recollection, notes

and useful hallucinations, press and public were excluded from these proceedings at the Chicago trial and weren't allowed into the courtroom until Judge Hoffman was prepared to begin the search for a dozen somnabulists to sit in the jury box. In Chicago these hearings and the selection of a jury were completed in a day-and-a-half, but then, Chicago built its reputation on railroad-ing, so one could even wonder why it took that long.

So far, amidst courtroom disruptions that characterized the first two days and corridor and sidewalk demonstrations that went on all week...and, hopefully, will continue throughout the trial...the motions agreed upon were the dismissal of charges against Eddie Josephs and Lonnie Epps, both 17, as youthful offenders; the severance from the case of the hospitalized Lee Berry; and agreement that, in compliance with Islamic tenets observed by three remaining defendants, there would be no court sessions on Friday. Ten of the defendants have been in jail since their arrests on 2 April, 1969, because the excessive bail (ranging from \$25,000 to \$100,000) has not been raised yet. A motion to reduce bail, in particular the \$100,000 set for Lee Berry, was denied.

Other motions denied: 1) disqualification of Justice Murtagh on the ground that he is biased and can not conduct a fair trial; 2) severance from the indictment of the two Panthers awaiting trial in New Jersey and of the three still at large; 3) removal of the trial to a larger courtroom in order to

accommodate more spectators and the elimination of searches on entering the building. In objecting to this motion, prosecuting Assistant District Attorney Joseph Phillips ran down a list of hatpins, knives, sharp-edged utensils and such, all alleged to have been removed from parties entering the courtroom. Considering that a dollar bill can be coated with enough plastique to blow up at least an Assistant, this sounded about as ominous as any other "shopping list;" 4) dismissal of charges against all of the defendants based on inflammatory pre-trial publicity that would make it impossible to select an impartial jury. Items from the TIMES and the POST on the previous day's events were cited as lacking the ethical responsibility requested of the press in reporting on evidence which may or may not be admissible into the trial; 5) the request that all information on wiretap surveillance of the defendants and their council be made public by the DA's office. In arguing this motion, defense attorney Gerald Lefcourt told the court of having been informed by a reliable source that such surveillance was and still is in use. The motion was promptly denied following the prosecution's rebuttal that this wasn't so. Lefcourt persisted, citing the discovery of undisclosed wire-tap information in the Chicago trials and Attorney General Mitchell's subsequent public admission that his department and the FBI did indeed maintain surveillance of Black Panther offices across the country. Justice Murtagh replied that in that case the motion should be addressed to the Attorney General.

The first witness called was Detective Joseph Coffey of District Attorney Frank Hogan's office, who testified to having led the 5:00 a.m. raid (Note time coincidence here with raids on Fred Hampton's apartment and Panthers' LA headquarters. Is the press responsible for the cop hang-up with the romantic semantics of the "pre-dawn raid?") last April 2 on the apartment of defendant Michael Tabor. Weapons were alleged to have been confiscated from in, under, or among various items of clothing and/or furniture...Detective Coffey seems to suffer from some sort of prepositional fuck-up, which does transmit some vivid household images. As its completion, Coffey's testimony received a burst of applause and whistles from the defense table with one member observing appreciatively, "Man, he's got a better TV than we got."

Coffey's testimony on cross-examination didn't hold up so well. He seems to have given a somewhat conflicting report to the grand jury last October. And then on Wednesday afternoon he actually stated that orders had been handed down to the police department to get moving on the elimination of the Black Panther Party in New York. Things are bad enough without wondering what they'd be like if the police were intelligent. But as Ed Sanders recently suggested, if that were the case, they'd be doing something else.

The position in this case of State Supreme Court Justice John M. Murtagh is more complicated. White-haired and 60-ish, Murtagh is definitely more presentable to the legislative image than Julius Hoffman, his manner more restrained, petulant rather than snappish or overtly vindictive. Though somewhat lacking in juridical flash...an earlier episode in the legislative limelight being a relentless crackdown on parking ticket violations during which time one scofflaw was fined \$6000 for failure to pay summons... Murtagh has a reputation for being tough and conscientious. Personal concern over the proportion of arrests due to alcoholism led him to Yale in 1953 where he took a summer course in the problem of alcoholism;

from 1968 to '69 he served as board chairman of the National Council on Alcoholism, and he is currently on the general services board of Alcoholics Anonymous. In the early '60's a concern over the problem of prostitution in New York resulted in his book *Cast the First Stone*, published by MacGraw Hill in which he called for reforms in the law and in the treatment of prostitutes in prison.

But times change and new revolutions come about, and there are probably no judges ready for this one. Murtagh is clearly ill at ease in this courtroom, unequipped with an inordinate physical presence or mental agility that might facilitate his dealing with it. Where Hoffman inspires hatred and derision, Murtagh does not presume to inspire. This is not to suggest that Murtagh is any less acute, nor does he give the impression of possessing a particularly compelling death-wish. Quite the contrary, as illustrated once in the course of Monday's session. Apparently caught in a quandary as to how to handle the rather clamerous reception given him by the defendants and their equally vociferous sympathizers, it was with an unconcealable note of desperation that Murtagh called for a recess, to which a young lady spectator responded, "Shove your recess up your ass!" Observing her call taken up in unanimous accord, and as the general movement indicated a massive surge toward the bench, it is to the justice's credit that he resumed proceedings.

In collusion with prosecutor Phillips, the teamwork is frequently clumsy and uncoordinated, the equilibrium upset on occasion when Phillips attempts to press on to the fullest potential of injustice and Murtagh seeks refuge in upholding a Constitutional right of the defense. They come across as amateurish, even lethargic, in comparison to their Chicago counterparts, and while Phillip's determination is explicable in that there is no flunky as bad as an Assistant-flunky, the alliance brings a more sinister aspect to Murtagh's wavering position.

With alcoholics and hookers and renegade traffic violators blurred by a nation-wide focus on political unrest, it's so grimly understandable that a legislator in Murtagh's position would be baffled by which way to turn. He has two alternatives and both are dubious. Probing this new role, and knowing that liberals are very fashionable in New York these days, he finds that he could play Liberal New York Judge. The problem is that it carries an instantaneous obsolescence when a case like this has already been allowed to come before the State Supreme Court and tried in this city. Against a background of public protests and demonstrations, it must also be borne in mind that under certain conditions activists sometimes become "voters," and this is an election year.

Or, would it not be more politically advantageous, and certainly less hazardous in the long run...the long run being considerably shorter at 60...to snatch this opportunity to stand in line for a federal appointment. Federal is where the action is, the new government sponsored facism.

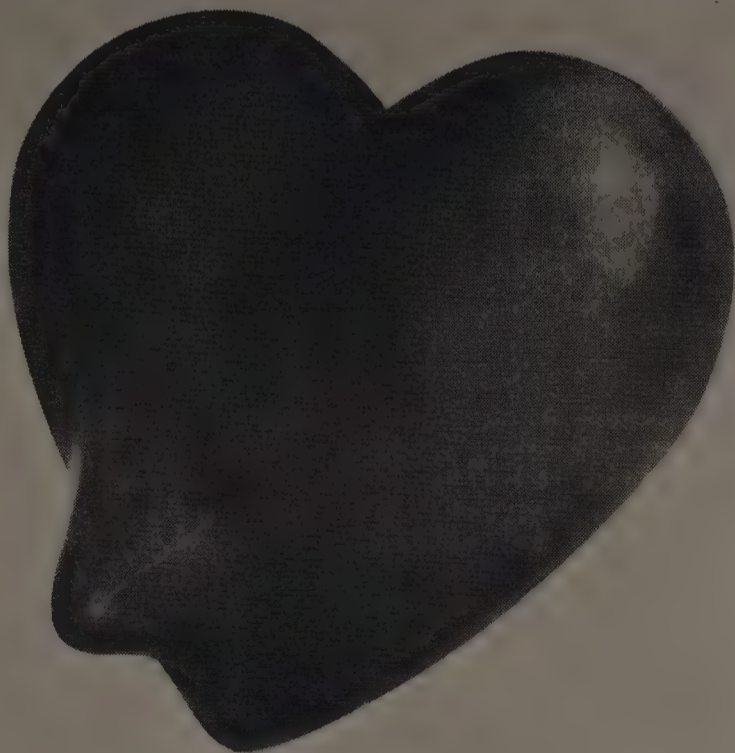
It might help if Murtagh visited Hoffman's courtroom in Chicago...easily arranged, since he has a 3-day weekend and that spectacle runs seven days a week. If he was turned on by what went down in his courtroom last week...I haven't even mentioned how they called him "faggot," and "racist pig," not a word about the "Motherfucker" either...well, maybe he ought to dig it as a signal, or something.

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VIOLENCE

(Continued from Page 6)

It really went into something, and, very curiously, came out someplace, and I really, at the moment, don't exactly know myself.

Q.: Do you have any feedback from people about whether they did adjust their sets at home?

STAN: The little bit I have is that most everybody just let it come out, untailed, just let it slide open and fall over them, and the ones that I did speak to, that I had any insight to, all felt that they were perfectly capable of privately editing in their head. They said, well I'm so used to TV commercials anyway, turning the kids off or on in the room, that it didn't matter, they swung right with it. And I was really trying to evoke certain particular parts that had more substance, more literate substance if you will. I wanted to hear that, and so I was playing for that, and I found it interesting that the responses I've gotten were basically able to edit in real time.

Q.: I want to get some feeling reaction to this thing. I'm all fucked up in my feelings right now about the piece, and I want to get some community feeling.

Q.: I wonder if that wasn't the way a lot of people in the audience felt—particularly since it was such a crowded mass, a really tense situation—I would not have wanted to be sitting in there.

STAN: What we were riding with is an invisible third element of theater that evening, and that was a live-action performance piece going on which had a dimensionality to it, and in fact I had taken the studio here as literal space and had set up a lot of evocative, or evocational, similes—references—to the whole idea of violence, so that the audience here had a very high emotional pressure when they came in just to see what was going to happen. So that had been done quite deliberately. You're right, I'm also tensed and puzzled, because I think that actually I evoked the basic body-mind-sense that I was looking for which was really a state of confusion, or questioning, out of which I wanted to evoke something that you would get emotionally to some level, where if there was any insight or oversight that you might have, was to get you to that point—in other words, is there something that happens to you at some new level of emotional awareness or wherever, kind of crudely put—a sensitizing process, by overstimulating or overloading, you then see something new or some new reference point? The basic theory behind it is that rather than actually work out your physical acts of aggression in one way or another, either on a home level or a street level, or on a nation-wide level, you do it in some form of play. One of the audience came up with something about the rational play—there was no such form of

rational play that was not harmful to us—and I was looking for a form of theater act that did lead us to that, so that we acted it out in that situation physically there, rather than go out and do it in the street. That was the basic motive for the thing. One of the problems about the form I put it in, and one of the whole points about metaphor, is that I don't think we really have an innate talent to confront issues directly, we must always make them off to one side, and I would even make a bet at this point that it will be hard for anyone to volunteer their literal feeling about it. Is that possible to ask?

FRED BARZYK (producer): Overall, I think I would have to say that the whole show had a rather inhuman aspect, except for what

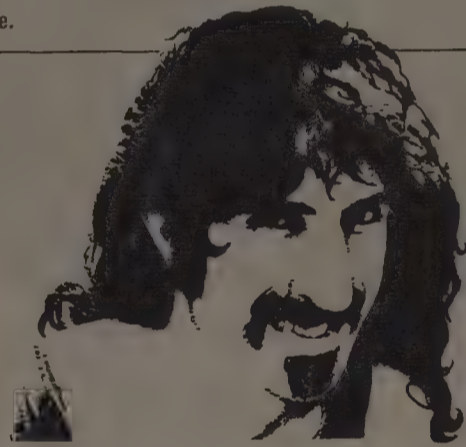
existed inside the studio, and the shift between those two elements was a difficult one, but an enjoyable one when I finally got with the audience because I somehow felt that I was back in some state that I understood. When the three pieces were working well, it communicated best when it had your absurd sense of humor involved with it because it touched again on a humanity note. It worked effectively when there was a simple image, for me, like the knife back and forth, it had all the essence of what you were saying very clearly yet still with the same vision that you have. And there were many times in the whole show when I really felt no particular thing at those moments because I'd been saturated with so much that I'd been turned off. And

maybe with the group, I got turned on again.

STAN: You came in and out of it.

Q.: I never really got into it—there were points where I could view the thing sarcastically, but I think I'm very much like one of the guys in the audience pointed out—the sort of person who'll just sit back and watch it and then go home and go to bed. I don't know, maybe it's a subliminal sort of thing, and six months from now I'll wake up and be acting totally different.

Q.: Stan, would you like to elaborate on what you were trying to do, because we talked a lot about that, and obviously you weren't trying to incite violence, you were talking about sensitizing people to violence? (Continued on Page 16)



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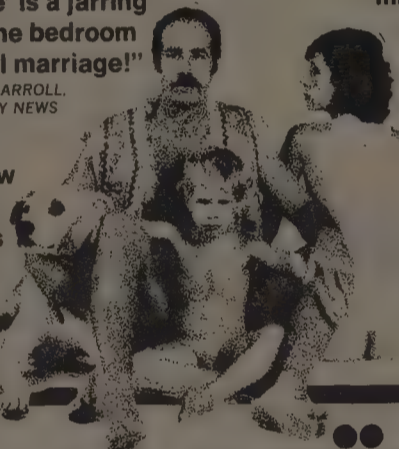
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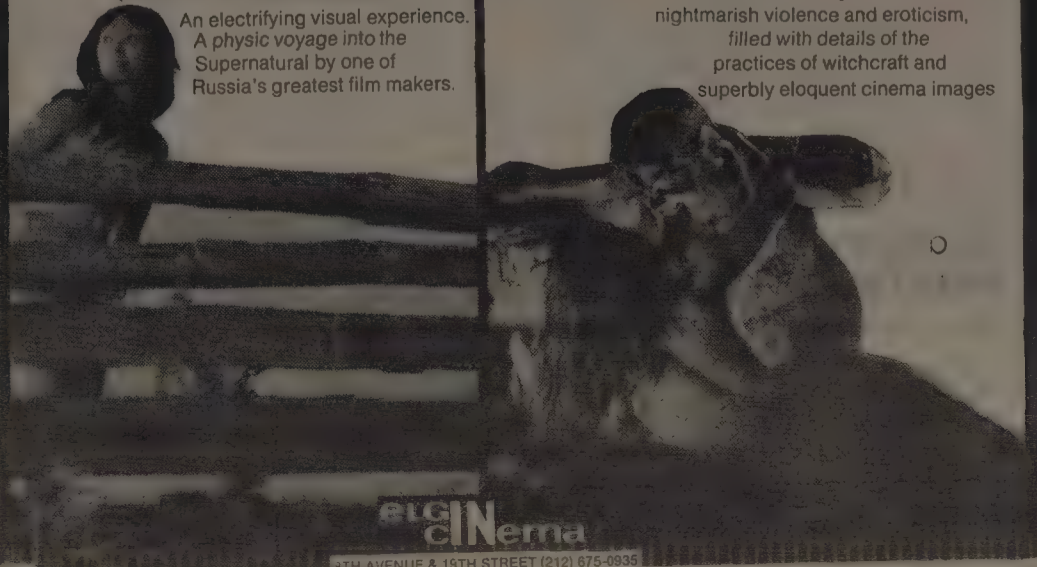
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VIOLENCE

(Continued from Page 15)

STAN: The problem about an artist making something is that I

really shouldn't have to legitimize it with theory and surround it with a verbal package with a list of instructions. It really should in some way come through. I was really trying to do something that was

closer to non-verbal forces. A lot of the material was essentially meant to be visual, so my first premise was that I wanted to explore non-verbal ideas, if I could, and then explore the media, and there are so many ingredients in the media we had to sort of take inventory of it, and then I was looking in the large mainly for a myth-orientated form of evoking something without having the actual thing itself to be done with.

Q.: On that last point, Stan, should we have looked for the gratification of violence without committing it?

STAN: Yes— and no, aha!

Q.: Should this be for violence what pornography is for sexual desire?

STAN: It may very well be—that's an interesting and curious point. It strikes me you may very well have something there which I wasn't even aware of—that wasn't my plan, I didn't know frankly how it would end up. What I was looking for, which is kind of a reverse of non-verbal communication, and one of the things by the way which I got interested in as a result of this, is that the audience, which I had no idea how they would respond afterwards, seemed to me to be really ready to verbalize, to plunge in. It was a problem selecting one out of maybe 7 or 8 people, volunteering, all wanting to talk. I found that a very interesting by-product, that possibly such a heavy audio-visual load leads

(Continued on Page 18)

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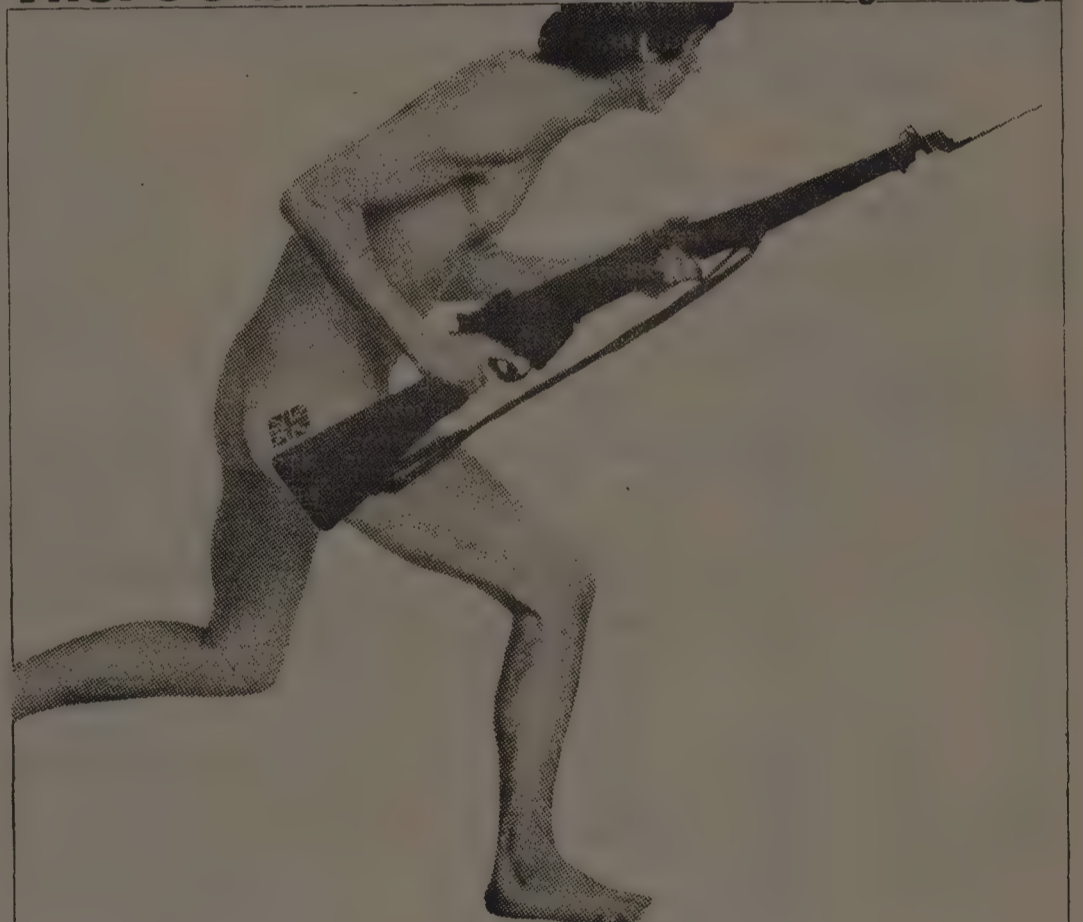
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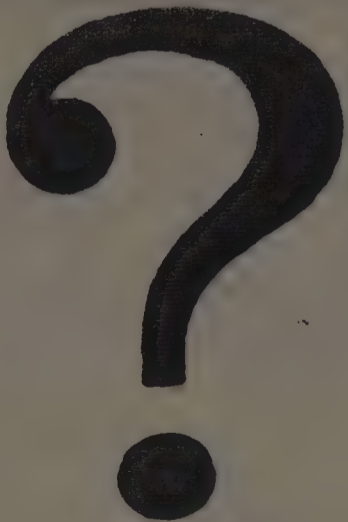
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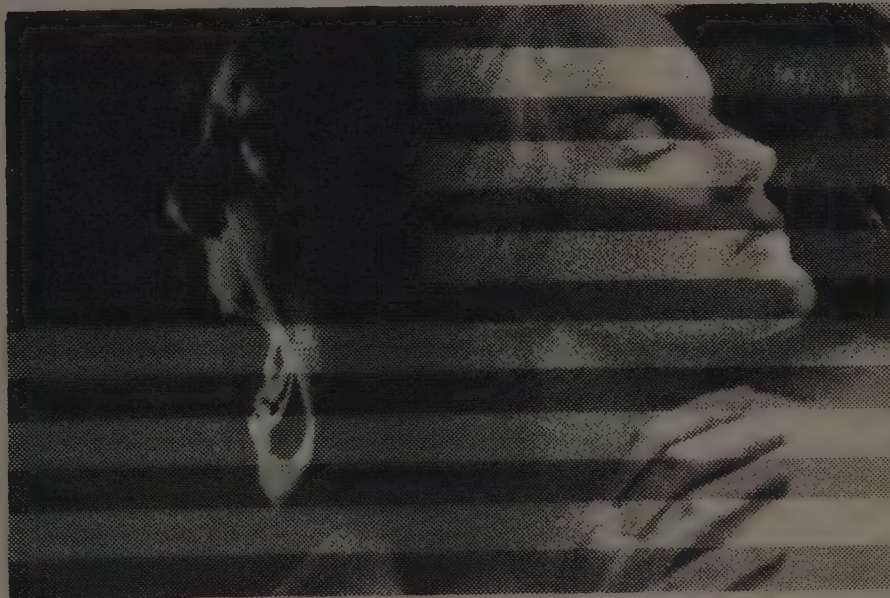
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VIOLENCE

(Continued from Page 15)

you to talking it out, which may or may not be a point, but I suspect that it is. I don't know—it's like a fun-house, where it does and doesn't work, but in the large sense it does work. Now in our society we have an incredible amount of pressures and forces that are not really legitimized, like pornography which isn't and is in everybody's mind, and violence. Two large thoughts came out on the violence basis, it seems to me, that one, violence in many is a fairly natural phenomenon, I guess we don't escape it or else we invent some sort of play that relieves us of it—if you let that energy go on out of control it becomes violent...

Q.: Was this to be a model of a new kind of play then, that would be the place of violence?

STAN: Yes, in effect it could be, and I hope to look at it in that light

Q.: Well, then isn't one of the tests of whether or not it worked for us, is if it did the job, vicariously or if you were in the studio talking, whether we felt expressed... You see, there wasn't really that much

violence in the pieces to experience, that many of the pieces were metaphorical or expressive of other kinds of human behavior, or traits. When every so often you'd get a glimpse of something that looked like genuine violence, like the World War II footage, that came out stunningly different from the rest. Gee, I didn't find that much violence in it to really get that out of it...

STAN: I know that that was quite deliberately done. I really only wanted to make kind of oblique references to it. For one of many reasons, it's not easy to get that strong footage without a lot of trouble, and I also didn't want to do it, I wanted to stylize it so that it was only an afterimage of what it really was. I think that would be more involving and you had to read into it what you will. In fact, one of the things that Stan said in the post-mortem period in the studio itself, is that they'd all seen it before, it was all TV stuff, which is true. And all I'm saying is that it's all part of the mythic structure that we have, that is the fabric of our contemporary myths. Seven million people watch these football games each week and that's really woven into us, so we don't tend to think of it in its counterpoint way.

Q.: Tell us about VIOLENCE TWO. (Laughter) Q.: More to come.

STAN: Yes, phase two. What I had in mind originally was to explore a form of portable theater that was also, in the large sense, a scale and a media interpretation. We have many medias in our society, most of them don't give us a responsive situation, and we have a scale problem in our society where basically the individual is isolated from his overall community, and there are only a few ways he can identify with it. Here, at this avular conference table, we want to talk out ideas, which is very hard physically to do. The real problem is that our society has a physicality that we must explore in some way, and I'm particularly interested in penetrating and rebuilding what is our physical scale, in some way, so that we as individuals both function better as individuals and we as groups function better as groups. So what I'm really addressing myself to is the role of television as a new form of theater, and an exploration of this kind of empathy theater, or whatever you want to call it, which works in real time and works in all these dangerously balanced medias which we all have at our disposal now, but which none of us quite knows how to orchestrate and use.

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PARENTS. THAT'S THE BASIS OF CANNIBALISM WHICH IS THE BASIS OF VIOLENCE IN THE WORLD TODAY. MAN: HOW DO YOU REDESIGN? I FAIL TO SEE ANY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE FAMILY STRUCTURE AND CAPITALIST STRUCTURE, BUT THAT MAY BE YOUR BAG. YOUNG LADY: THE FAMILY STRUCTURE TODAY TRAINS PEOPLE TO ACCEPT THEIR ROLES, BUT NOT THEIR HUMANITY WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM. WHEN WE FREE OURSELVES, WHICH MEANS TO FIGHT AGAINST AMERICAN SOCIETY WE FREE OURSELVES FROM THOSE OPPRESSIVE INSTITUTIONS, WHICH MEANS THAT WE ESTABLISH REAL COMMUNITY WHERE PEOPLE RELATE TO ONE ANOTHER IN A SOCIALIST WAY, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW YOU COMMUNICATE. YOU BREAK DOWN THE FAMILY AND CREATE COMMUNAL LIVING. MAN: AND YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT WE HAVE TO REDO THE WHOLE SOCIETY IN ORDER TO RID OURSELVES OF VIOLENCE. YOUNG LADY: OF COURSE.)

EVO STUDS

(Continued from Page 8)

'Fucking A,' growled Big Irv, beetling his heavy eyebrows. His massive hairy fist disappeared into his sport coat to scratch his armpit. 'I say it's a crying shame when you can't use the john without some fairie's in there putting on his face in the mirror. And that shitty tampax in the bowl, man... And just being around those *sissies* in their puffy flowered shirts and tight britches over their little asses—man, it makes me want to go live in a fucking *trailer camp*. We gotta *do* something.'

'You should be *man* enough,' sneered Coca Crystal, the receptionist, through her tall blonde lips. Big Irv, who had been edging his ass end over toward her for the past ten minutes with agonizing slowness, drew away in shame and mortification. All men withered before Coca-Crystal's sneer, she was what Latimer described as a 'high-tone kick-ass get-outa-town type woman', when he was trying not to be an uptight WASP. Shitjaw himself had once shyly removed her boot and begun kissing her toes tenderly, as one might neck with a rattlesnake; and she had merely ordered 'Swallow it' when he was done, to crush him for good and all. 'You creeps in this office,' she told Big Irv, 'you couldn't stomp out a Girl Scout troop.'

'I say we oughta *whup* 'em,' drawled the Barone Gianfranco Mantegna. 'Fuckin' pansies, anyhow... Got no time for fuckin'

pansies, me. See these hairy little creeps, makes a man want to put on his *stompinn'* shoes and to to town. Wanna kick some ass, man!'

'Got to do something,' agreed Katzman, shifting his eyes from right to left in an extremely paranoid fashion. 'You can't pull that shit down at the *Bother*. We're top dog. We were first. I say we get ourselves a brace of firearms and some good ammunition and... And a couple bombs... Irv, you were in sabotage with the Green Berets, you can wire up some—'

'No, no,' objected Alex Gross, laying a restraining hand on the .45 Katzman had been caressing for the last ten minutes. 'No, Al, that's not cool. "Hot lead does not a revolution make", to quote the honourable Chairman Mao. We ought to just try to *persuade* them not to show up for work.'

'Right on!' shouted David Walley. 'Power to the people! Off the fags! We will support everything our enemy opposes and oppose everything our enemy supports! Remember the Maine!' Bending conspiratorially over toward Stephen Kohn, Walley started whispering conspiratorially. 'Fuck yourself,' Stephen kept saying—but with a smile.

'Shit,' exclaimed Shitjaw the Innium, jabbing Latimer in the kidneys. 'Hear that? That's a-going to be trouble.'

'Somebody better fetch the sherrif,' Latimer concurred, looking worried. He reached for the phone, but Schultz stayed his hand. 'No, Dino. Think of the story this'll make: EVO STUDS KICK ASS ON

SECOND AVENUE. Wow. Let's round up a photographer and a tape recorder and wait out front for the action.'

Night fell over Second Avenue like Marv Grafton into the East River with a bundle of *Pleasures* tied to his neck. Seven o'clock. The *Gay Flower* pasteup crew was due to report any minute, and the trap had been laid with care. Shitjaw and Latimer were hiding in the new Cut-Rate Used Pizza joint across the street from the Fillmore East Theatre with Lensmay Zoseph Stevens, who'd brought along his Lieca and his super-strobe. Across the street, Katzman and Lewis were ensconced shivering atop the Fillmore marquee (Feb. 12-17, STARK NAKED & THE CAR THIEVES; Feb. 22-28, JO-JO & THE 13 SCREAMING NIGGERS), flattened under the arctic blasts blowing in from uptown. In the cozy foyeur, Walley and Shushnik impatiently rattled their bicycle chains and rapped their brass knucks, waiting for the action. The remaining contingent of EVO studs lay concealed in the Fillmore box office, passing around a fifth of cheap rum and fondling the ticket girl. The fur was clearly going to fly.

At last they showed up: six slender little fairy-forms, the entire *Gay Flower* crew, mincing down the avenue past Ratner's without a care in the world. 'Jesus,' Latimer told Schultz. 'I think I'm gonna be sick.' His face was pale, and he was shaking like a leaf. 'I don't wanna watch. I'm sorry I ever let it happen. Oh shit. Oh shit. Wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong. Schultz, isn't there anything we do to stop it? It always nauseated Shitjaw to see a journalist

wither under fire, and he slapped Latimer a couple of times across the paling chops before training his binoculars in finer.

Then all hell broke loose. First Lewis dropped like a spider from the Fillmore marquee onto John Heys' back, shouting, 'Bundolo, bundolo, kreegah!' With a bash, the doors to the foyeur blew open and Walley and Shushnik roared out swinging chains. 'Remember the Stonewall!!!' Enraged EVO studs poured out of the box office, swearing and cursing, blood already in their mouths. Finally Allen Katzman poised atop the marquee, leapt, missed Jim Fouratt by three feet and broke both legs on the sidewalk. 'Again,' he moaned. 'Oh that this too solid flesh should melt...'

Breakfast rose in Schultz' gizzard as he witnessed what was going down across the street. Maybe Latimer had a point. There are Artie Feldman, and he had the Staff Dyke, Kiki Lecousac, down on her shoulders cursing while he ripped her brass-studded bluejeans away with his teeth, shred by shread. Stephen Kohn was about to put the blocks to Blanche, whom he had bent over a yellow Fillmore barricade; but he was having troubles with his father, Jaakov, who was determined to do a number with his rubber tipped walking stick. 'Fuck yourself!' he kept yelling, to no avail. David Walley was holding Danny Fields down with his rear end in the air, while Big Irv set up for one *mothering* place-kick, a throwback to Irv's semi-pro days with the *Cherry Lane Lumberjacks*.

'Oh fuck. I'd hate to be in their

shoes,' Latimer whimpered to Schultz, peering through spread fingers at the mayhem. 'Oh but I hate the sight of—' he was cut short by a shrill shivering shriek fit to bust the strobing lights of the Fillmore marquee.

'Holy Mary, Mother of God,' bellowed Shitjaw, 'they've got Lindsey!' And sure enough, the *stud* of all the EVO studs—the biggest, meanest, grossest, evillest ass-kicker ever to saunter down the Boomerang in his rigged-out bellbottoms—*Jay Fab* held in his brawny paws the slender waist of Lindsey Van Gelder, star lady's lib columnist for the *New York Post* and Shitjaw the Innium's lifelong Lady Of Pain. He held her aloft, kicking and shrieking in terror, as he licked his lips in anticipation of the gross malevolencies he would wreak upon her helpless bod.

'Lindsey!' cried Shitjaw, breaking through the door of the Cut-Rate Used Pizza parlor and sprinting through the traffic across Second Avenue. 'Release that maiden, sirrah! Avaunt! Cease these importunities! Arroint thee, motherfucker!' Diving across the sidewalk, he rammed his skull into Jay Fab's enormous belly, knocking the wind out of him. The three of them fell like matchsticks to the sidewalk as a deafening bang, the *Fan Magazine* striking the ground, inflamed EVO studs had gott about the *Gay Flower* boys and were circling in on the hapless bodies of Shitjaw and Lindsey Van Gelder.

'It looks bad for you, Schultz,' Latimer called from across the street. 'You're gonna get it now. I'd hate to be in your shoes. I told you so.'

(Continued on Page 22)

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AY DIOS MIO

(Continued from Page 10)

potpourri of jam-fest, rap-fests, bar-hopping, tales from both sides of the ocean, standard New Year's Eve shlock, Sex, Dope, and funny-sad stories of life in the service and 1,001 questions about what's happening back in the states. In short, there was no conflict between the servicemen and the freaks, only an overwhelming rapport and instead of hustling 35 and 40-year-old Spanish whores—There were an awful lot of guys out asking every long hair they saw, "wher's the dope?" "hey, man, where can I get some pot" I was astonished to see how many of these guys are into drugs. Every day when leave began, the same faces, different faces, wanting to get turned on. And so many of these guys, they want you to know emphatically how they

hate the war—and how they hate having short hair etc. It got a little heavy after a while—an awful lot of guys wanting your shoulder to cry on—O.K. but what can you say to a guy when he has to be back on ship at 2 A.M. Anyway—I tried on several occasions to get a few guys to desert. One cat went AWOL for the weekend—another I layed (read *Gay Power*, if you're interested in the lurid details). A small victory, yes, very small but we did lay an awful lot of those fellows onto dope and that's a good sign—like I said before—A good thing did a lot of travelling and it was kind of pleasant—starting the new year off seeing a new form of the conspiracy and awareness take shape—MILES AWAY FROM WHERE IT ALL STARTED.

NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 2)

"Looks like we're gonna be in True Magazine," a man said.

"Wrong, Mack," I told him. "East Village Other."

"Hmpf."

Then we heard a terrible sound, not unlike a bear who has fallen out of a tree. It was the conductor, short and stocky, monkey uniform, the perfect prototype!

"Tickets!" He shrieked. "Rockville Centre tickets, please! Oh My God!"

He waded through veritable human walls, down and under, up and above, stuffed but empty, childish but grim.

"Your tickets please!" he begged. It looked like fun. Stevens turned in my direction.

"Let's do it," he said. "Right on," I said.

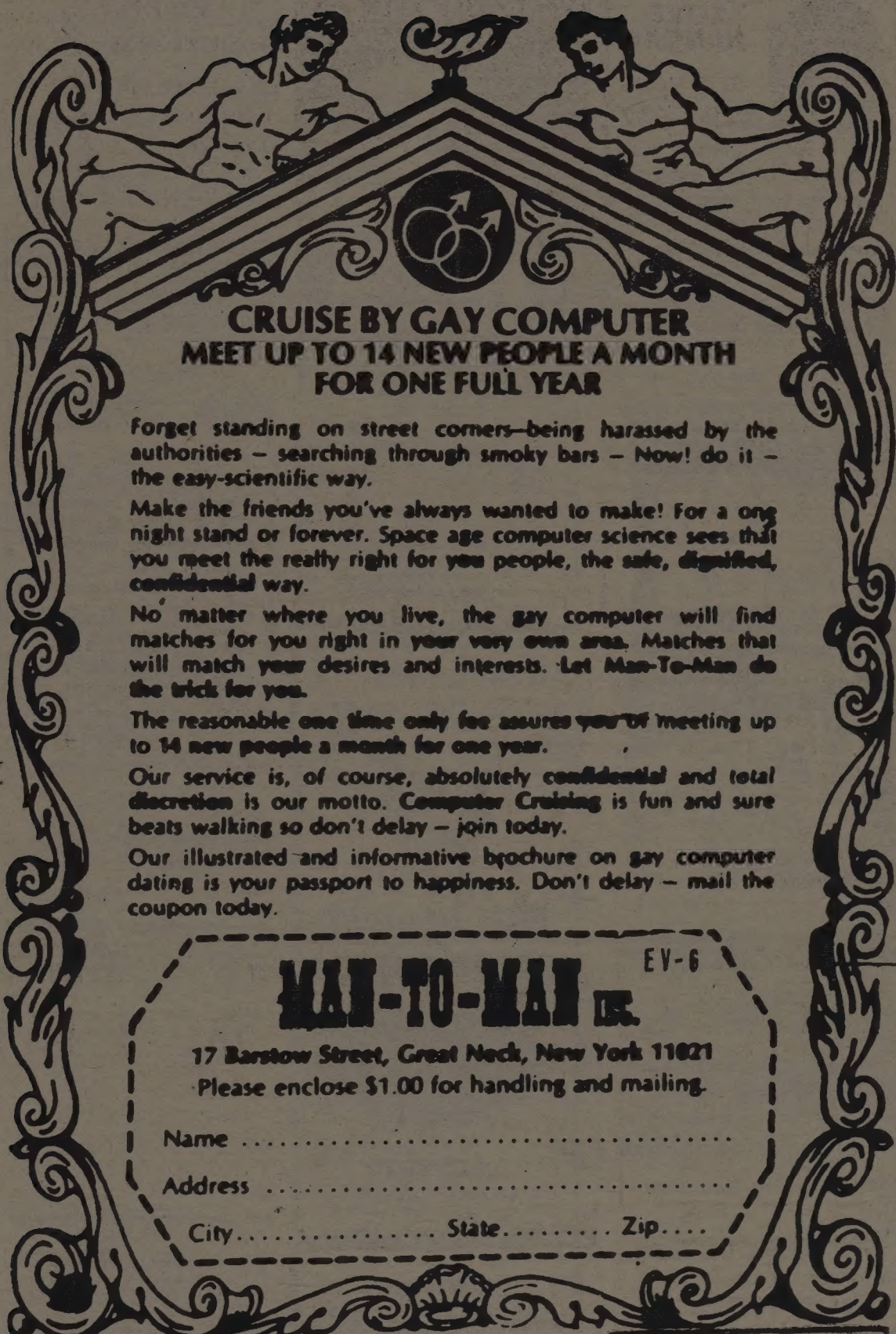
We began forcing our way through the car, a maneuver which caused no little grief. It took us 11 minutes and 38 seconds to get through one car. Then we entered the next, another double-decker that was even more crowded. This one took us 15 minutes on the dot.

The third car was a regular one, even seats, neatly lined up. Only one or two folks were standing in this one. The rest were stroked out in the seats, sleeping, snoring, snorting, snotting; stuttering, muttering, smoking and choking. They could never revolt, they could never beat the man, they could never work it up, they could never get it out, they could never rise at the break of dawn, eat their Wheaties and down their Tang, ride to the station, smooch with the wife, then seize the railroad, not on your life. They were poor tired fuckers, too beat to talk, too beat to scream, too beat to work. Somehow, they could place themselves, survive the ride, get to the office, but fight?revolt?twist? and shoot?Fuck! You should live so long!

The train chugged along past Lynbrook, Valley Stream, Springfield, St. Albans, then slowly through Jamaica, no stop there, then on through the Yards, then up past the Jamaica El, then down through

Forest Hills, Key Gardens, Woodside and Sunnyside. We didn't mind so much; it was bad, but not as bad as the subway, just longer, more draggid out. The train creaked, then rattled and rolled, fast jerks and sharp turns, then picked up speed, past the yards, into the hold, down in the tunnel, under the River fast and smooth. The pressure started on our ears *pop!* and the train slammed from wall to wall *stop!* and we heard a screech, a shattering break, and the train stopped dead and we all kept going.—Watch it!

The car was filled with cigarette cmoke, the air was difficult, the windows were black, and we were trapped. Stacked up. Waiting for a Clearance Pattern into Penn Station. There was almost no air. A woman coughed. A man hacked into his handkerchief. I don't remember how the panic started, someone said something maybe, but it began with little screams of *Let's get on the ball!* and then a woman said *I've got claustrophobia* and someone else said *I'm going to be sick* and everyone said *Not on me you don't* and the scratching began, the slow steady rise of bile, the furious punching out every moving thing you came in contact with, the mindless screams, the blind terror, the hissing, the clawing, the pummeling, the wild rootless moving on a treadmill with the barf running down your chin... blood! blood in your eyes! Cancer! The shrieking of rats! The death of the Hindenburg! Too much! Stevens went down hard, someone was stepping on his face, he died with his eyes open, a trickle of claret running out of his nose. I was creaming at a woman's foot when the lights went and I heard the sound of *the water of the river!* Rushing water, gushing through the cracks, seeping onto your face, black, sightless dripping with a foot on your chest, and the water up to the middle of your body as you lie under thirty others, black terror, you can't even panic, you cry a little, it's up to your nose and you can't move, you can't pray, you can't scream, you can't breathe... No! ... Unh! ... God?...



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EVO STUDS

(Continued from Page 19)

It was curtains. The jig was clearly up. Shitjaw the Inniu covered the sobbing form of his lifelong flame with his own knobby body, and awaited the savage blows of the bicycle chains. But just when everything seemed lost for good and all, suddenly the sweet notes of a Pan-pipe floated through the air, freezing everyone where he stood, or lay, as the case may be:

Don't be all uptight and nervous,
Rest your assholes,
motherfuckers:
This is the Aquarian era,
And we shall all be flower suckers.
Stop your fighting ease your tensions,
Clear your heads and shrink your hemorrhoids;
Smoke some dope and read your KISSES,
Don't come on like busted androids.
Peace is breaking out all over,
Harmony between the races
—Gook and kike and child molester,
All are wearing happy faces.
All we're saying is give love a chance.
All we're saying is . . .

The kids from *KISS!* Schultz was saved! Sure enough, Alice Polesky and Dana Ohlmeyer and Clitoria glided out through the EVO door swathed in filmy white mini-gowns, flowers piled in their hair, spinning Tibetan prayer wheels and chanting *kirtans*. Lovely Olga Outasite danced through on ballet slippers, nylons and garterbelt, casting smooches right and left, encouraging everyone to cop a feel. Having removed his boots, the inimitable Zod pranced around dizzily on cloven hooves, playing his pipe, wearing naught but a figleaf jockstrap—and in *this* weather, marvelled Shitjaw. Finally then, resplendent in pinstripe bellbottoms, *Kiss Me* tee-shirt, and naughty Niagara Falls necktie, *Al Hansen* triumphantly appeared, throwing fifty-dollar bills to the crowd: 'Peace, you crazy cocksuckers! Love! Fuck! Shit! Fuck in God's asshole! Get it

ON, you mothers!'

As Shitjaw the Inniu helped his favourite lady columnist to her dainty feet, he marvelled at the enchanted expression on her face. 'What were *you* doing here?' he barely dared to ask around the lump in his throat.

'Oh, we have our spies at the *Pest*' she smiled, sweeping a soft brown bang out of her enormous eyes. 'We heard something was going on here tonight, so we decided to put in a violence story for the next issue. But as things turned out, I'm afraid it's not even going to make the stock markjt pages. No blood, no

violence . . . Sensing Shitjaw's overwhelming shyness, she took his bony hand in one of hers. 'Say, I haven't seen you since the last March rally, 'way last November. That's a lot of water under the old bridge. What have you been doing?'

'Aw, nothin', 'Schultz blushed, digging the toe of his boot into the pavement and pulling on a dirty forelock. 'Say, y'know, uh, I got an assignment tomorrow to, um, go up to Yorktown and visit the Young Patriots . . . And I just thought, gee, if you wanted to do, maybe, a story . . .'

She looked interested: 'Well, you

know how busy we all are these days,' she began. 'I suppose I really should check out the situation down at—' She got no farther when a heavy strobe flash blanked out her face momentarily, leaving her stunned.

'Hi there. I'm Joseph Stevens. What's *your* name?'

'I—I'm Lindsey . . . Lindsey Van . . .' And before Shitjaw the Inniu could collect his wits about him, Stevens was halfway down the block with the star ladie's lib

columnist from the New York *Pest*, leering down her neckline. 'How about a bowl of camel shit at the Paradox,' he was murmuring . . .

'I don't like the looks of this,' Schultz told Latimer.

'What a revoltin' development,' Latimer said.

Reprinted with modest deletions from *Kiss*, Vol. II, No. 5.

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GAY BOOKS FROM HOLLYWOOD! Plus Huge Selections of Male Nude Photo Magazines. Send 25¢ for illustrated Brochure, and state that you are over 21 years old. **RAINBOW STUDIO E**, Box 46544, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

descriptive, details, bars, hotels, beaches, baths etc. 67 countries (except U.S.), 74 listings in London alone. 9th year publication, \$5 B.K. Baird, 1317 Hyde St., Apt. 5, San Francisco, Calif.

Grass handbook—P.O. Box 40, N.Y. Station 10014.

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Gay male books, magazines, movies, **FREE CATALOGUES.** Trojan, Box 2121-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

Daring female magazines, movies, paperbacks. **FREE CATALOGUES.** Beaver, Box 2373-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103

IMPERSONAL

Attractive Executive 37, sensitive, discreet wishes to meet young lady 25-35 for daytime mutual fun and relaxation. Discretion assured. Write with confidence w/ photo and phone if possible to P.O. Box 127 New York, N.Y. 10040

Hear my Heart when blood blinds the peak/ & melody confronts the oblique/ Hear my Heart when the snake returns to a king/ & blasphemy hides the wing/ yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when temptation opposes validity/ / monstrosity withdraws into nobility/ Hear my Heart when tenderness equals a crime/ & obligation forgives the slime/ yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when darkness guides the chain/ & spring-time endures with pain/ Hear my Heart when elation collides with immortality/ & the wind changes into senility yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

When elation collides with immortality/ & the wind changes into senility yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when the whirlpool dances with fear/ & shame yields to a veneer/ Hear my Heart when resignation awaits the twin/ & rebellion clings to the skin/ yu-2-4471—ORPHEUS JR.

Shy, sensitive college student—22—uncertain, would like to hear from guys and gals my own age. Object, friendship. Write J.W.F. P.O. Box 791 Madison Sq. Station, N.Y. 10010

Is there an attractive, trim shaped gal, 21-35 interested in a simple, uncomplicated, uninvolved, but exciting sexual relationship perhaps once or twice a week for a few hours? You will be respected as a person and appreciated as a woman by attractive, intelligent, well-built, pleasant, artistic type guy. Let's discuss possibilities over cocktails, luncheon. Photo please. Discretion assured. Box 3415, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, P.O. 10017. **TALL ATTRACTIVE WHITE MALE 45 OFFERS ASSISTANCE TO FINANCIALLY DISTRESSED HOUSEWIVES, DIVORCEES, ETC. COMPASSIONATE, SINCERE, DISCRETION ASSURED. PHOTO, PHONE BRING IMMEDIATE REPLY. ALL ANSWERED. FEMALES ONLY.**

BOX 151 OZONE PARK, NEW YORK 11417 TALL, dark, handsome 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

S & M

Sincere Dominant Female (s) only answer this ad (Latin, Black, White) I am a sincere, young, well built, docile, meek male that you can train, discipline and make to serve you in any way. Can travel, only request: Sincere female(s) only, phone number—write: P.O. Box 375, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

NYC SWITCHED-ON STUD 28, 6 ft., 160 lbs., well endowed, responds to imaginative methods of insatiable dominant female (23-36); enjoy every culture. Must be extremely good looking, intelligent, educated, sensitive, and have teasing smile. Roger C. Crane, Utility Products Co., Box 172, Gracie Station, New York City, N.Y. 10028

UNISEX

College Student, 21, Discreet, Seeks straight looking gay man 21-35 for intimate friendship: No Fems overweights, or hard dopers. Send info (foto if possible) To: Boxholder, P.O. Box 17057 Philadelphia Pa. 19105.

Attractive young gay guy generous intelligent, sensitive, lonely, looking for a really beautiful guy (17-22) to live with me. You get room and board and can come and go at will, provided we have a sexual relationship. After exchanging accurate photographs (not necessarily nude) We can meet for discussion, F.G., Box 14, Kensington Station Brooklyn N.Y. 11213.

Young guy 22 desires white males 18 & 24 for true and long relationship. Must have pad if possible send picture to: Box 148 Gracie Station 229-49 East 85 St., N.Y. N.Y. 10028.

Wrestling Partner Wanted I am 24, 5'10" 130 lbs. I'll teach this groovy body contact sport to you free! Send age, weight, height, time available R. Harrison, 906 Summit Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey

Mattachine Society presents Dr. Leo Wollman speaking on "Transsexualism". Freedom House, 20 W. 40th St., Wednesday, February 11, 8:15 PM. Donation \$1.00

Looking for a rim-ming good time? Clean-cut, good-looking young guys, straight or bi, write to male 30s, attractive and discreet with photo and details. P.O. Box 337 FDR Station NYC 10022

BLOND, TRIM MODEL, MASSEUR, HOUSEBOY & TYPIST, 28, LEATHER, COSTUME OR NUDE, YOUR PLACE OR MINE. FOR YOUR THING. CALL SPIKE 242-7362.

WANTED: Young male models and non-professional masseurs, preferable 5'9" or under. Leave name and number at answering service—Don Coleman, PL 7-6300

MALE MODEL, very butch and well hung—9", 6", 180 lbs, Brown hair, brown eyes, very attractive. Will pose anytime. Tel. FRANK 929-5187, 6-9 p.m.

2 YOUNG GUYS, available for groovy rubs. Call PETER or BRIAN at 929-5187, for appointment. 3-9 pm

BUTCH male model young, good looking and well hung. Athletic build, 6', 165 lbs, will pose anytime. Tel MIKE 929-5187, 3-9 pm.

MASCULINE MALE, attractive, muscular and well hung. 18 yrs old. Will pose nude for your thing. Tel TONY at 929-5187 4-8 pm.

YOUNG AND RUGGED, straight male, 5'9", 140 lbs, well hung. Very attractive. Available to pose nude for photographers, etc. Tel MARK at 929-5187 3-9 pm.

ATTRACTIVE AND MASCULINE male, young and well endowed, wants to pose for photographers, etc. 5'9", 145 lbs., versatile. Tel. THAD at 929-5187 3-9 pm.

MALE MODELS NEEDED, for private works Must be young, masc. and attractive. Tel. PAUL 929-5187. Steady bread.

YOUNG AND LOVELY FEMALES waiting to pose for you at the GALLERIE, for sketching, skin-painting, etc. Every afternoon except Sunday from 2-7 p.m. Tel. 691-9831 for info, or come up. No appointment necessary. FEMALE MODELS needed also.

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE MASTER for hire. Tel. CHARLES 691-9831.

'Groovy Portuguese stud, 20, black hair, blue eyes, will model for you. Call Alberto for appointment 5657025 from 12 to 6. \$35 a session.

Male Model From California 24 Handsome collegiate type extremely versatile athletic build 6'-190 lbs. Call JESS—\$30.00—988-4268

WELL HUNG AND MASCULINE—Male Model 28, slender, white, will pose for you. \$20.00 per hour, call my answering service—9am—9pm Jack De Silva 228-0900. Services UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED.

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

MASCULINE AND HIP Paul and his friends will model for you here or there. \$30. 873-9145

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Vegetarian Roast

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Soon the chicken will be gone
Half be lie and half be "true"
Half be cancer, half be you.

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A Government panel of scientists
has recommended that chickens bearing
cancer virus be allowed on the
market as long as the birds do not
look too repugnant. . Thus, officials
said, if tumors were detected
on the wing of a bird, the wing
could be cut off and used in
products such as hot dogs and the
rest of the bird could be sold as
cut up chicken.

NY TIMES
JAN. 26, 1970

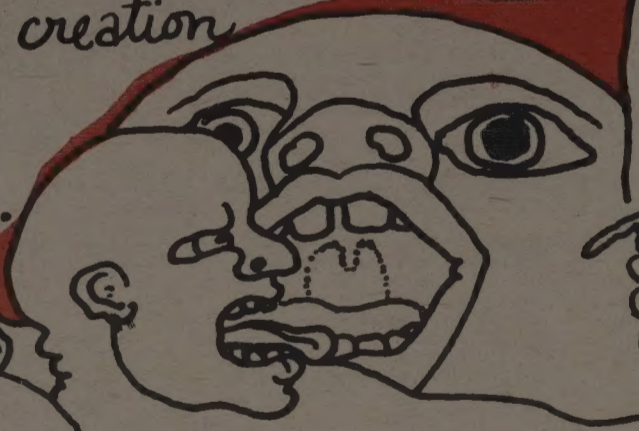
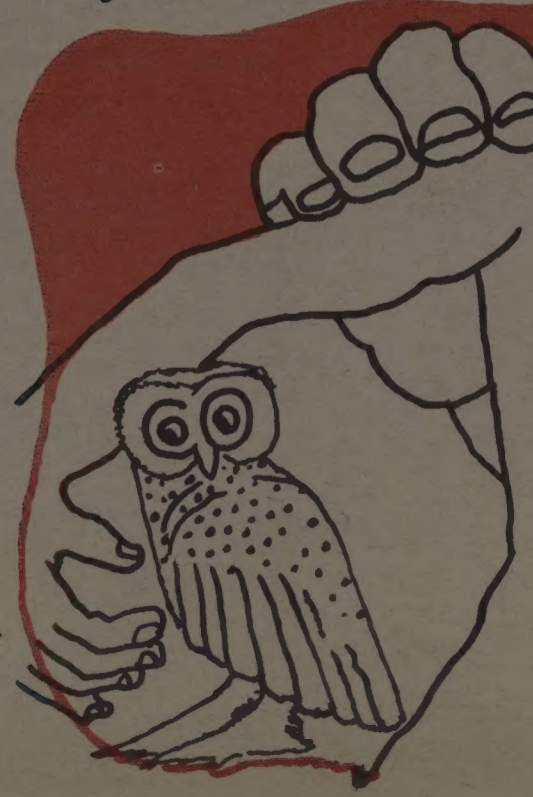
Tumorburgers, cancerfurters
Dog eat dog and man eat man
Watch the canker of creation
Kill and eat whate'er he can.



See him wring the stupid chicken
Hear him stun the gentle calf
Turn the lamb into a lampskin
All on your bright behalf.

Do not gee the lamb within
Its mother's milk (the bible says)
Make the murder mild, efficient
Quiet! How 'bout Zyklon gas?

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Dog eat dog and man eat man
Watch the canker of creation
Kill and eat
whate'er he can.



By
tuli
Kupferberg



petty