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conspiracy means to breathe together



Image: Andy Warhol, /Design: Sherran Mutchnick

photo by AVEDON



HIRAP

"The court is in contempt of human life, dignity and justice. The court is a travesty of justice. The record condemns you, not us."

Dave Dellinger

NEVERMIND HOW ANGRY, HURT OR FRUSTRATED WE ARE, THE FACT THAT CHICAGO IS A VICTORY IS UNDENIABLE. ONE WON FOR US ALL BY TEN BEAUTIFUL MEN WHO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT. NO MORE TIME FOR MYTHS. NO MORE TIME FOR WET DREAMS LIKE JUSTICE.

"WHAT WE EXPERIENCED IN THIS COURTROOM WAS THE TRYANNY OF THE LAW AS IN THE LEGAL SYSTEM OF NAZI GERMANY."

JERRY RUBIN- 2 YEARS AND 23 DAYS

1. CRYING OUT PROFANITY IN COURTROOM
2. PROTESTING THE ARREST OF HIS WIFE
3. SHAKING HAND AT GOVT. WITNESS
4. CALLING JUDGE FASCIST, TYRANT, SADIST

DIG JUSTICE

"THIS TRIAL, I THINK, REFLECTS THE FACT THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE AND I HOPE MANY OF US ARE JUST NOT GOING TO LIE DOWN, ARE NOT GOING TO GIVE UP THE FIGHT, ARE NOT GOING TO ADHERE TO WHAT THE NEW YORK TIMES CALLS THE "ULTIMATE OUTRAGE IN JUSTICE". I REALLY CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER THING FOR ME TO DO IN MY 51st YEAR THAN TO TAKE PUNISHMENT FROM A FEDERAL DISTRICT JUDGE FOR WHAT I BELIEVE IN AND I THINK SUCH PUNISHMENT IS PROBABLY NOT PAINFUL AT ALL".

BILL KUNSTLER- 4 YEARS AND 13 DAYS

- 3 MONTHS - PROTEST GAGGING OF BOBBY SEALE
 - 3 MONTHS - ANGRY TONE OF HIS VOICE
 - 4 MONTHS - ACCUSING JUDGE OF AN ERROR
 - 6 MONTHS - HOSTILE INTERROGATION OF MAYOR DALEY
 - 1 YEAR - FOR TRYING TO PUT REV. RALPH ABERNATHY ON WITNESS STAND- ARGUING WITH THE JUDGE AND THEN EMBRACING ABERNATHY IN FRONT OF THE JURY.
- (partial breakdown).

NO NEED FOR FURTHER PROOF .AMERIKA'S CREDIBILITY GAP IS GAPING IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD. HER CUP RUNNETH DRY.

THERE IS A MULTIPLE CHOICE ON HAND. WE CAN EITHER PUT JULIUS ON THE SUPREME COURT OR PAY ATTENTION TO RENNIE DAVIS BIDDING HIM FAREWELL:

" YOU ARE ALL THAT IS OLD, UGLY AND REPRESSIVE.
OUR GENERATION IS GOING TO DEVOUR YOUR KIND.
WE REPRESENT THE SPIRIT OF A NEW GENERATION. "

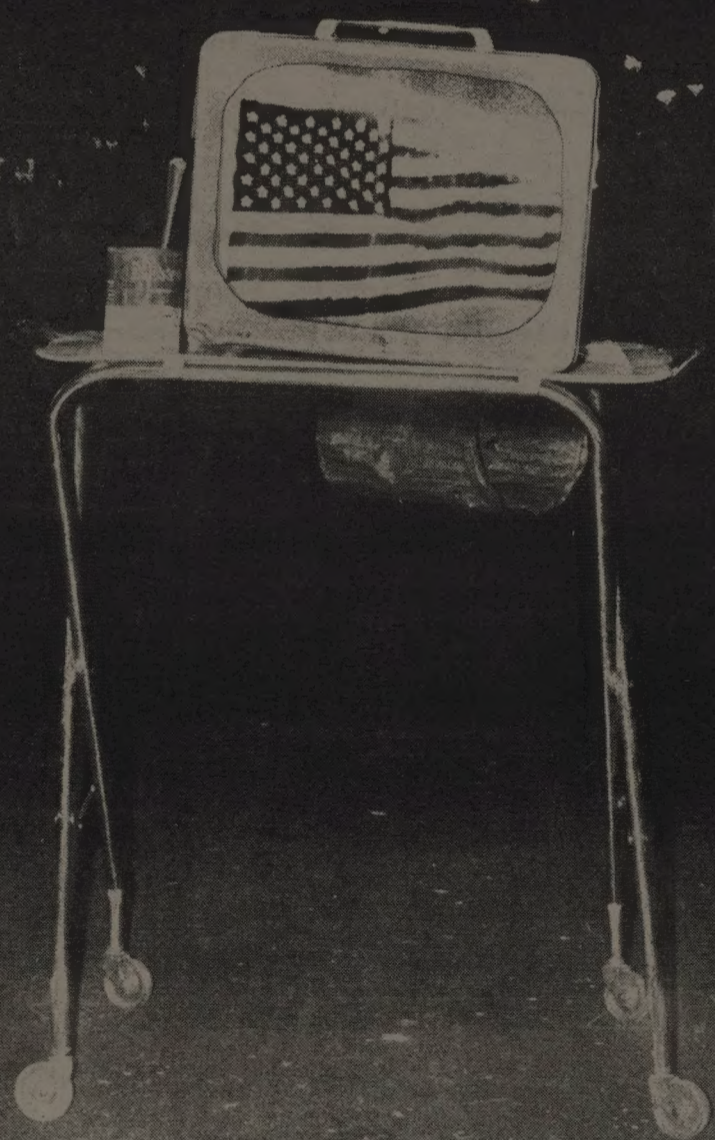
IT IS A THOUGHT WORTH BEARING IN MIND.

PUT YOUR BREAD WHERE YOUR HEAD IS AT - SEND YOUR MONEY TO THE CONSPIRACY, 28 E JACKSON BLVD.

CH I C A G O , ILL. 60604

ST. VALENTINE'S MASSACRE- CHICAGO 1970

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YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY

Today, with the end of the Conspiracy Trial we mark the death of Yippie and rejoice in the birth of Youth International Party. Let us create within it a true alternative political party. SDS is dead, factionalized into a thousand separate pieces. There is no mother organization, nothing that really can contain the political relevance needed to counter the government on its own terms. Ginsberg and Julian Bond in '72? Who the fuck's going to vote for them? The youth, the women, the hippies, the blacks. The YOUTH, led to dreams of Doris Day, truth or consequences houses. see the absurdity of television's urgings for ca.

(Continued on 2)



or cigarettes, shell oil or air- SCREAMING-fuck your sexual repression I'm no longer going to be the teen-age bad guy, gets all the girls because he's bad enough to go all the way, Leave their conception of sex, it fucks minds not bodies- LET'S GO ALL THE WAY, And let's not talk about it shall we. The WOMEN, beligerant because they're sexually objectified, spewing forth from their cunts billions of babies, spoilers of an earth that cannot support them, only to be destroyed in the war mongers puppet games. HIPPIE finally realizing that he's nigger and NIGGER that he's last. A symbol for the Youth International Party. America's gluttonous media monster, its orbic consumer eye destroyed by the 3 converging lines of the Y- YIPPIE YIPPIYIPPIE YIPPIE YIPPIE YIPPIE YIPPIEYIPPIEYIPPIEYIPPIE YIPPIEYIPPIE YIPPIEYIPPIE YIPPIE yippieyippieyippieyippieyippieyippie yippieyippie yippie yippie yippie yippieyippieyippie

d.lewis

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ABUSES
ENVINCES
A
DESIGN
TO** by RENFREU NEFF

The second week of pre-trial hearings into the case involving 13 members of the Black Panther Party was far more subdued than the first. What commotion did erupt throughout the week was triggered by a heightened degree of tension on the part of court and prosecution, especially on Monday when recurrent lapses of sanity climaxed with the courtroom eviction of a black member of the press who had applauded one of the outbursts from the defense table. Shella Younge, a young researcher for NEWSWEEK magazine, was just one of several



representatives of the various media who had demonstrated their sympathy with the defendants during this incident... one particularly brave young woman actually gave out with a couple of Right On's and Off the Pigs from a front row seat, a reaction which when coupled with a standing fist salute from the press section in Judge Hoffman's courtroom, may demand a new category for the Pulitzer Prize.

But Miss Younge was singled out of the melee, summoned to the bench and told to report the next morning to answer to a citation of summary contempt of court. Accompanied by an attorney representing NEWSWEEK, she appeared and apologized, explaining that she realized her action had been unprofessional, but as a black person, she could not help but react with the defendants in protest of an unfair ruling by the judge. Contented with her apology and stressing its sincerity, Judge Murtagh dismissed the citation in demonstration of what he referred to as the "temperance and mercy" of his court.

The three-day week, shortened because of Lincoln's Birthday and the Friday recess granted in accordance with the Islamic tenets followed by three defendants,

held a number of discomforting reminders of Chicago, the least upsetting of them being the testimony given on Monday morning by a Lieutenant Deutsche. Smugly, but unwittingly, the witness aided three defense attorneys in establishing himself as a weapons expert, a lengthy process through which he subsequently provided his own entrapment by identifying a P.38...allegedly seized by him in the raid on Michael Tabor's apartment...as a luger. In response to questions concerning literature and posters also confiscated in the raid, Deutsche explained that the posters had been seized as evidence of a Panther conspiracy because they were blow-ups of "all the militant black leaders...Huey Newton, two black athletes giving the fist salute at the Olympics, Eldridge Cleaver and Mao Tse Tung..." Another first.

Inspector William Knapp of the Bureau of Special Services followed, defining the functions of that bureau...known familiarly as the Red Squad...as being the protection of visiting dignitaries and national security. In attempting to probe the more relevant details of the latter function, the defense ran up against a series of bench-sustained objections from the prosecuting Assistant DA, Joseph Phillips. However, Knapp did mention, inadvertently perhaps, that his agency had received numerous reports from a "small number of people" on the activities of the defendants. In other words, in the interest of national security his bureau had assigned undercover agents to infiltrate the Black Panther organization, and it was further admitted that police department investigations had begun in the summer of '68.

In the afternoon session, punctuated by "oinks" and shouts of "pig," "punk," and "faggot" from defendants and spectators, Knapp told of having briefed police officers in preparation for the raids on the morning of 2 April. He told of having appraised them of the conditions set forth in the arrest warrants, of cautioning them that women and children might be on the premises and, therefore, they were not to open fire unless fired upon. He attested to having said that his agency knew who they were looking for and could apprehend them some other time...dubious testimony, since it would appear unlikely that twenty-one people in different places at 5:00 a.m. on any given morning could be taken into custody without a certain amount of foreknowledge and determination on the part of police officers sent out to get them. Questioned as to the trickery involved in attempting to get Tabor's wife to open the door and sign a memo pad (following her refusal to admit the police because they had already informed her, through the locked door, that they had no warrant), Knapp stated that he had told his officers to use their own discretion in gaining entrance to the premises.

Court recessed at 3:30 amidst tumultuous protest by defendants and spectators of a ruling by Murtagh.

Tuesday, 10 February... NEWSWEEK'S Miss Younge made her apology to the court. The morning was marked by several altercations between defense council and judge, prompting Attorney Gerald Lefcourt's motion condemning the outbursts and provocations of Murtagh and warning him of the political significance of the trial. Murtagh instructed that the record indicate that the defendants had no respect for the court; a defendant's reply; "You get the respect you earn."

Another motion was made to disqualify Judge Murtagh; in the interest of self-interest it was denied.

Tuesday afternoon through Wednesday defendant Michael Tabor sat in the witness chair testifying to the events of 2 April when he and his wife had returned home around 3:00 a.m. The resonant roll of voice, the clarity of what was conveyed, the unruffled presence of Tabor recounting under direct examination by Attorney William Crain what followed that 5:00 a.m. knock at his door:

His wife, several months pregnant, had gone to the door and asked who was there? Police, came the reply, in answer to a complaint of noise. No noise here, she said. Would she open the door and let them in? Did they have a warrant? she asked. No, they did not, answered the police; she refused to open the door. Then would she just open the door and sign a memo pad to verify that they had answered the complaint about the noise?? Shove the memo pad under the door, she suggested. No, they couldn't do that; wouldn't she please open the door for a minute? No, she told them, Come back tomorrow if you have a warrant...and moving away from the door, she joined Tabor who had come to the kitchen to listen.

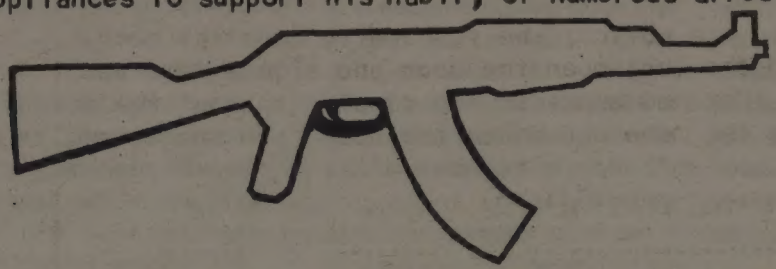
**REDUCE
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**NEW
GUARDS
FOR
THEIR
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The raiding party then broke through the door and rushed in, shouting at Tabor who, having pushed his wife behind him and out of the line of fire, now stood in the kitchen doorway with his arms extended in front of himself so that they could just arrest him and leave without harming his wife. But the police had grabbed him, thrown him against a wall, searched him, and then thrown him face-down on the kitchen floor where he was held at gun-point by one officer while the others conducted a search of the bedroom. As he lay on the floor, the officer holding a gun to his head threatening to "blow his brains out," he saw none of his weapons being brought from the bedroom; the first time he had seen them in the possession of the police was when he was being led down the stairs leaving the building. Yes, there were weapons he observed...but only a thorough search would uncover them.

The bullish, clumsily executed cross-examination by Phillips serves only to amplify Tabor's composure, and if the relentless plumbing into his wretched past would have us believe him dangerous, the tactics are pathetically short of the mark. We listen as the 23 year-old Tabor tells of having left school at 14, of having been addicted to heroin from 13 to 20, of burglarizing stores, offices and commercial lofts to obtain furs, clothing and appliances to support his habit, of numerous arrests



and periods in prisons...the numbers of the former, names and dates of the latter, precise details are not filed in his memory, they have simply accumulated like a slush-pile of administrative entanglement, statistics disembodied from their living source and, therefore, of interest only to a clerical rank that disqualifies the Tabors in order to perpetuate its own employment.

But the fact is...no, the miracle is that the Tabors survive, and this particular Tabor has survived by holding on to a self-respect that attempts a certain lip service to an imposed but alien system...there is a high school equivalency diploma and three months of employment in the summer of 1968 to provide a feeble tow-hold on that demanding system...while offering a more generous homage to the human order: No, he had never killed anyone to obtain narcotics, never stolen from the homes of the people, nor had he ever sold narcotics to maintain his own addiction. There was no need for this, he explains, so proficient was he at burglarizing commercial dwellings that there was never even an issue of breaking and entry...another nod to the rejective system, for he, too, conducted his affairs during regular business hours. There is no bravado in the plangent voice, no shame, no fear, this is the way it was from 13 to 20. And this is simply another interrogation: How old are you now?? 23...You mean that for the past three years you've led a model existence? It depends on what you mean by a "model existence"... then is it not a fact that etcetera and so on? No, that is not a fact...And is it not so that thus and so? No, that is not so, either...You don't remember the names of the prisons you've been in? No... approximately how much time did you spend in each one? I don't recall...In your own estimation, can you tell us how many years altogether you've spent in prison? 23.

Under Crain's re-direct questioning Tabor tells of having read the Autobiography of Malcolm X and understanding the need to cure his addiction and change the course of his life. Leaving his first and only attempt at conventional employment, the summer job in 1968, he joined the Black Panther Party and worked to set up its Breakfast for Children Program. He was also active in its Liberation School, has organized rent strikes against ghetto landlords in Harlem, and maintained a subsistence income by selling the party paper, the arrangement being that the street-vendor keeps ten cents of every quarter paid for the paper. Tabor said that he could earn about \$10 a day this way, depending on the weather, and that covered his basic necessities. As far as his employment record was concerned, he said, working for his community was a full-time job.

More discerning than his adversary Phillips, Tabor knows that facts and reality often collide. But to say that he is super-hip to the sociology that makes such collisions possible would be a debasement of his innate human dignity, which springs from the reality, not from the facts. The cross is clearly a pretext to seek information for furthering investigations into the Black Panther Party, and though it has not served him well, Tabor is also hip to the Constitution, intoning its Fifth Amendment when repeated objections from his lawyers are repeatedly over-ruled. Perfectly clear on the issue at hand and unperturbed by the line of questioning, Tabor restates once again that certain weapons in question belonged to him, information already brought out on direct examination. The fine point is not whether he did or did not have weapons on his premises, but whether the police had a warrant entitling them to seize anything at all. Shouting, badgering, the exasperated Phillips hammers questions at the witness and finally succeeds in nailing himself as a straightman:

PHILLIPS: Wasn't it uncomfortable sleeping with a sawed-off shotgun under the mattress?

TABOR: No...in fact, I slept much better with it there.

On Wednesday afternoon Phillips surrendered and Tabor stepped down from the witness stand.

They will construct plastic booths to prevent courtroom disorder: the first step to genocide.

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by
Allan Katzman

The war in the Midwest is no different than any other war going on in America today. It is less in the streets but nevertheless presents itself in terms of events and happenings, and the constant apathy which keeps overcoming and conquering peoples' moral imperatives to do something about it.

When five Negro boys are shot down in the span of a week by 'nervous nellie' police for just being suspiciously in what is predominately a white section of town, the ringing of hands coming from the sprinkling of liberal elements in the town are usually no louder than the rustling of grass when the wind sweeps through the flat plains of the Midwest.

Everything is obvious in the middle of America, including the assault and attempted murder of the Negro people and the silent assassin of liberalism. In the large cities, the obvious is lost among the noise, pollution and programming of stone and metal which corrodes our moral foundations and keeps us busy shoring up this mass monolith of matter we call *The City*. People who live in large cities, live in a paradox. People who live in the Midwest, are a paradox.

The middle mind of America's psyche is strewn with violence. There is no middle ground for dialogue. When violence strikes, the speakers hide. They would no more think of defending the right than prosecuting the wrong. They hide behind an initiative of nonviolence like incompetents who take the last refuge of violence.

The Midwest meanders across America without meaning. It understands America's system of Democracy better than most as a system of "checks and cash," not "cheques and balances." It refuses to understand and to act on the fact that "there is one other motive for intense political commitment that is of a different moral order. That is the motive of compassion."

"It is possible," as Peter L. Berger has written in *Movement and Revolution* "to be moved to political commitment—not by wanting power, not by seeking some sort of political fulfillment, not because one needs it psychologically—but because one chooses to involve oneself in the plight of one's fellow men."

The Midwest has never acted according to this need but only according to its need to be comfortable and secure. It is the best example of where America's soul has been brought to by an advanced technology which consumes products not for nutrition but for addiction.

The Midwest isn't so far removed from the rest of America as people think. It is the best of Americas' myths, legends and facts reduced to a level of inertia. When events take place (even in front of their own eyes) to cut through the veil of its illusion, it does not move but pulls down its paradox further over its head and goes back to sleep for another twenty years.

It is a perfect place to hold a trial and a perfect place to hold a sacrifice. Here, where people breathe together and are so alike; in the middle mind of America's paunch where the Conspiracy is delevated to an incompetent race of mediocre men.

If people think the Midwest will be saved by its children, they would be better off relying on their own official forces like Police and Fire departments. Its children are far slower than the rest of the country and still cling to a dried out teat of liberalism. Without the place or ability to test their own values, they suffer from the same disease their parents suffer from; the sickness of a safe unawareness.

Middle Earth America is where it's at, where men live practically, without God; and *Middle Earth* is what must be destroyed. It has been too long the place people go to die for the next sixty years...

Cultural Kaka, Zabriski Point and other Non-entities

by
David Walley.

Wonder what happened to those old drive-in movies, I heard a wise man say. Used to be a time when a fella and his gal could go to a drive-in and neck allnight while such classics as "Beach Blanket Bingo" or "How to Stuff a Wild Bikini" played forty feet tall. Those were classics, yes indeed, but the youth market didn't die with surfer or grade C motorcycle picture. You can bet your favorite stash that there were many cigar-smoking producers who were crass enough (but why crass), smart enough to know a good thing when it happened. The Summer of Love media explosion wasn't lost on

anyone, especially Hollywood. New youth pictures are rapidly taking the place of the old ones, though they don't play in drive-ins or college skinflick houses. The new "improved" youth market pictures are concerned with contemporary issues: dope, the draft, political involvement/alienation. Relevant issues nonetheless, but in a macabre enough manner, just as relevant as all those surfer movies ten years ago... still "something for the kids".

Youth movies today make great sweeping statements about The Generation. I sometimes wonder why they try so hard considering the latest and perhaps the most definitive pieces of youth cultural kaka (bastard mutant son of Dada)... to wit Michelangelo Antonioni's "Zabriskie Point". For three years, the publicity people have baraged everyone within hearing. The hip press and movie reviewers have been cuckling in their beers about this one... better than *Blow Up*... an American epic... a great message film. I can see in my mind's eye visions of thousands of hippies balling in the dust, or flame-singed pictures of campus riots, or a love nest lost and found in the emptiness of middle-America—those seemed to be the images of the great American movie. Images must have coherence and "Zabriskie Point" is not incoherent. A youth flick is still a youth flick, and bikinis or SDS panty radicals, garbage is always garbage. Unfair criticism? Perhaps the master Antonioni shouldn't be criticized on a picture which was two years in the making, which cost him countless nights of sleep, which he had to re-edit after his backers thought it was too shocking. What was shown should have been left on the cutting room floor and never released. The movie is a cinematic tragedy, having but an hour of coherent footage out of a total running time of 122 minutes.

"Zabriskie Point" has three segments to it—the first is concerned with activist politics (anywhere university) along with campus violence by various members of the police and the student militants. There is an opening sequence of mixed meeting of minds in which Kathleen Cleaver does a cameo bit and raps about Black Liberation. In this first segment, there is a takeover of a student union and two shootings, policeman and kid. The now introduced male protagonist is a rather flegmatic youth who cannot cope with his reality; he experiments with militance, and after a rather hazy confrontation with the violence he seeks, he steals a plane and sails into the southwest. End of part one, beginning of part two intertwined of a chick/hip executive secretary going to meet her boss in his wolf's nest in Phoenix. The two young people meet, court and split each to their own realities—he to his death, and she to her fantasy of destruction of her boss's hideaway. The whole process is spaced out... like the emptiness of the picture, like the emptiness of America. The end is trite, the chick drives into the sunset with a fortissimo. Pop tragedy in three acts with all the cliches is poor fare for the creator of "Blow Up".

Plot outlines are for action and there's little of it going on here. "Zabriskie Point", in spite of, or because of the director's name will make a lot of money. The critics will in all probability rave over it, rave because that's what's in, *de rigueur* this year ("... (they're) a dedicated follower of fashion(s)"). Alright, the movie reintroduces the problem of youth culture. We may have the numbers but there's been no way to concretely take plans out of the realms of dreams and put them into practice. Everyone's got to run into a cigar-chomper sooner or later, and movies like this don't make the process any closer to fruition. In fact, here all the thoughts are self-destructive and inner-directed besides being plastic.

There are many levels on which we do not traffic: many things which aren't obvious from record jackets, television, or newspapers. There are two of many types of power, real and illusionary. This generation has been rather successfully hyped on the latter. This generation has been rather successfully hyped on the latter. It's a seller's market and although we've become quite sophisticated in the media arts, we still have a long way to go between being used and using the power. Youth-oriented films, pop music (which we don't control now), Teen Fairs, the works, are all manipulative inventions to separate you from your money. You purchase nothing except those same shitty goods which you accuse your parents, the other generations of hoarding. Maybe Filthy McNasty who runs a gas station in Horse Breath Montana doesn't give a damn about M.A.S.H. or Molloy, Buck Rogers or R. Crumb... he doesn't have to. If youth means an attitude of joy and peace, old McNasty must be reached since it's all so distant to him and his greater imperceptive majority. We keep forgetting about changes and get involved in the process, the trappings, the outer manifestations of the modern hip.

Getting back to "Zabriskie Point" however, two things struck me as rather ludicrous. First, there was no attempt made to make it relevant (oh sainted word). There were the obligatory violence, pot, and sex scenes, but there was nothing to tie it all together, nothing to make the two characters anything more than parodies of people with meaningless lines and pleasantly plastic good looks (like looking at the world through glasses smeared with vaseline). Second, the movie's rock score was aimless and out of place given the boring aspects of this epic, Grateful Dead, John Fahey, Rolling Stones and Youngbloods notwithstanding. Rock is meaningful in a youth epic, but the music must be sensitively mirrored to the moods, not thrown in for local color. Even with all the publicity attendant to its opening, "Zabriskie Point" came off more like an older surfer movie than as a statement of condition. A most marvelous piece of cultural kaka, one of the most magnificent of this nascent decade.

Are we so concerned with being real and involved that we cease to be

both? I wonder. Increasingly movies more than music represent the wave of the future. Film courses in colleges and even high schools are becoming quite the rage, but nothing is being released. Those films stay within the confines of the universities and film schools—the departments make the money but the students rarely get any recognition. Rather than produce another abortion like "Zabriskie Point", Antonioni should sponsor film competitions with the money made from the profits. Then the public and the youth culture could be served because the message would be real. We don't need symbols, we need people. The "graduates" are a euphemism—no one could be so destroyed and insecure. No matter how sophisticated movies tend to appear, no matter how current, the newest genre of films points out more than ever the ways in which the public mind, and not only the youth market with its palpitating little dollar bills, has been carefully researched and marketed. Cultural kaka is rampant in the arts—it dies a slow death, but die it must if the rest of us are to survive this current counterattack of the new dream merchants of the counter culture.

Random Notes

London Records is releasing sunshine on cloudy days. Their Deram label which produces among others Ten Years After, has just released two wonderfully tasteful albums in the classical vein. "The Music of Eric Satie: The Velvet Gentleman" is basically chamber works performed by the Camarata Contemporary Chamber Group. They play well but the music is especially soothing. The Camarata also uses the Moog synthesizer in such a way that it enhances rather than distracts from the music—just perfectly attuned... the other work is a jazz treatment of Bach's Bradenbrug Concerto No. 5 by the Jacques Loussier Trio and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (Funny how the English are always more willing to live and let live in music, perhaps the Philharmonic's American counterparts could pick up on the idea, making everything easier for musicians, straight and classical). Loussier's trio is as stately and inventive in their treatment as was the old master himself... another London release but not their product is the Moody Blues latest "To Our Childrens Childrens Children", a rather far-out and evocative look into the future... Polydor, another record company breaking out has released what should be a powerful best-seller—good material for a media course in war and peace called "L's GA for Gassed-Masked politico, helium bomb and two channel tape." (L's GA is the Lincoln Gettysburg Address). I recommend it highly—it gives a chilling look into a civilization which is on the verge of its own omniscient self-destruction. It's something to play at a Mobe, something to delve into.

Quote of the Week

Our age reminds one vividly of the dissolution of the Greek city-state: everything goes on as usual, and yet there is no longer anyone who believes in it."

— S. Kierkegaard, *Either/Or* (1843)

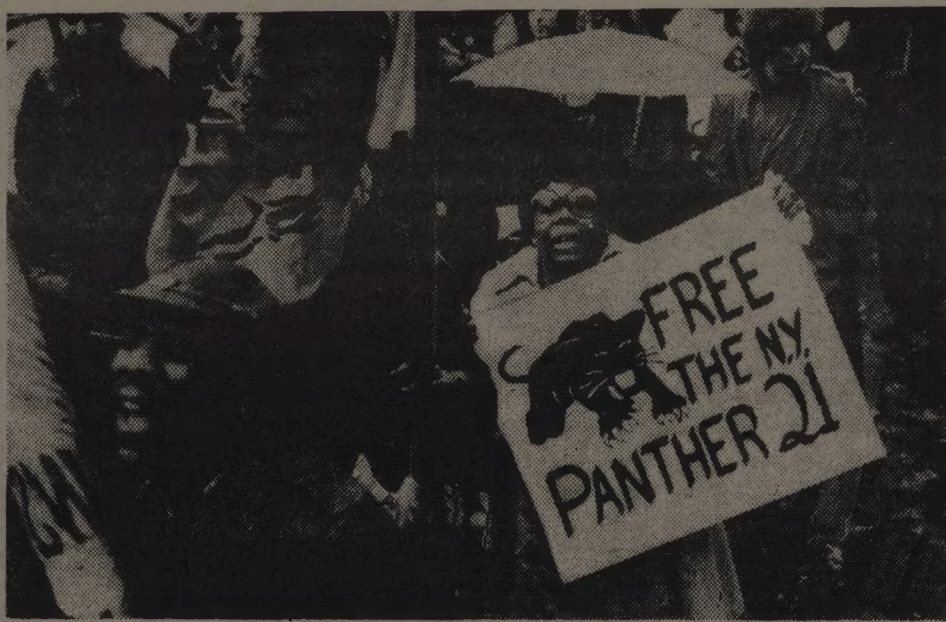


PHOTO - BLACK PANTHER

Suppose that Justice John Murtagh who is currently sitting in judgement on the Panther 21 owed someone a favor, someone pretty high up like District Attorney Frank Hogan, maybe, whose office is prosecuting the case. Suppose that Hogan and Murtagh were buddies over the long haul, that they had worked together in mutual respect and cooperation on many a dirty intrigue, and that Murtagh had sort of a history of being sponsored by one politico after another, like Mayor Bill O'Dwyer who in 1946 appointed young Murtagh as Commissioner of Investigation, a pretty good gig for someone who had been in public life less than 10 years, eh? Suppose that Murtagh did an excellent job at the post, that he uncovered all sorts of plots and schemes and crimes and perversions, and became, in the process, a good and trusted friend of Hogan, the D.A., the man to whom you give the evidence, remember? Suppose that in reward for his all-around tenacity, reliability, capacity and loyalty, Murtagh was appointed by O'Dwyer as Chief Magistrate of the Brooklyn Court in 1950, which is where our dirty tale begins. Just suppose.

Murtagh, you see, was a young, talented comer, a real winner. He had a wife and a three-year-old daughter, and an unnatural talent for picking causes that were popular, oh so popular, but not too controversial, not too political: alcohol, parking violations, things like that. Born in 1911, the son of a chief in the Fire Department, Murtagh attended City College and graduated cum laude with a Phi Beta Kappa key in 1931, then he attended Harvard Law School where he graduated with similar honors in 1934, before joining the Law Firm of Evarts, Choate, Curtin and Leon - a fine post. He entered public service in 1938, and in 1946 was appointed by O'Dwyer to the investigator's position, one of the first chores of which was to seek into widespread corruption on the police force. Later, in the \$10,000 a year post, Murtagh broke open a huge price-fixing conspiracy in the milk industry, a move which spread his fame both far and wide. As Chief Magistrate, he started a small controversy by announcing that he would close the Brooklyn Night Court because its operation was unwarranted by the low crime rate in Brooklyn at that time. There was shouting and cursing about that, but Murtagh was loved, Murtagh was trusted, he was 40 years old, had a great future. You can imagine the shock then, when Murtagh was arrested, on May 18th 1951, for "neglect of duty," as Investigator, for "willfully and unlawfully neglecting to report to the then Mayor William O'Dwyer the results of an investigation he had conducted." The investigation, of course, was the one he had done on corruption of the police; he kept the information to himself, it seems.

The case against Murtagh was instituted by Brooklyn District Attorney Miles F. MacDonald, who charged that Murtagh had known of at least 17 instances of graft and corruption of plain-clothes police officers, that he had conclusive evidence in his sleeve that the police were conspiring with each other to establish big arrest records, that they were accepting pay-offs from local gamblers, making stand-in

arrests, and that there was a particular inefficiency and corruption among the higher echelon of the department. Murtagh knew all this, MacDonald alleged, but said nothing. Absolutely nothing. "Copies of the missing reports," MacDonald said, "were procured from other sources."

"As a result," he continued, "I have concluded that in the interest of public justice and welfare, it is morally incumbent upon me as District Attorney of the County, to institute the proceeding."

Needless to say, it was quite a scandal. Murtagh was hauled up before Judge Samuel Liebowitz, then paroled in the custody of his attorney pending a hearing. New information revealed that in March, Murtagh, appearing before the Grand Jury with Bill O'Dwyer, admitted he had suppressed the records. No reason was given. Bill O'Dwyer by this time was ambassador to Mexico, and he couldn't do much to save the day for his boy. The new Mayor, Vincent Impellitteri, announced to the New York Times that he would "immediately look into the charge," and that he had asked the Chief Magistrate to "take a leave of absence." Murtagh, whose public career appeared to be wrecked, was agreeable. "After mature reflection," he informed Impellitteri, he had decided it would be better if he didn't continue to sit as Magistrate, though he would continue with his "administrative duties." It looked like the poor devil was finished. The evidence was stacked up. He stood subject to a one-year jail sentence, and a fine.

DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH MURTAGH
BY RAY SCHULTZ

Justice is strange though, and five months later, on October 18th, 1951, the Court of Appeals in Albany "unanimously invalidated," the charges on a technicality, mainly, that Murtagh could not be tried in a Brooklyn court for a crime that had been committed in Manhattan. The decision, written by Associate Judge Charles S. Desmond, said:

"It seems clear to us that the failure of a city commissioner to file a report with the mayor, the offices of both officials being located in New York County only is a fault of omission which cannot be committed elsewhere than in New York County."

What this decision did was to take the jurisdiction for Murtagh's alleged "neglect of duty," away from MacDonald in Brooklyn, and put it upon the shoulders of Frank Hogan in Manhattan: this, the court, indicated, was the proper approach, Murtagh was not vindicated by any means. Hogan, by all rights, should have followed up the case, as was his duty as District Attorney. MacDonald in Brooklyn even offered to turn over his files. But Hogan declined; perhaps he saw no reason to establish or dis-establish the guilt of a Chief Magistrate, perhaps it wasn't that important, who knows? Murtagh's reputation was saved, and he prospered over the years. Today he is a State Supreme Court Justice with awful powers.

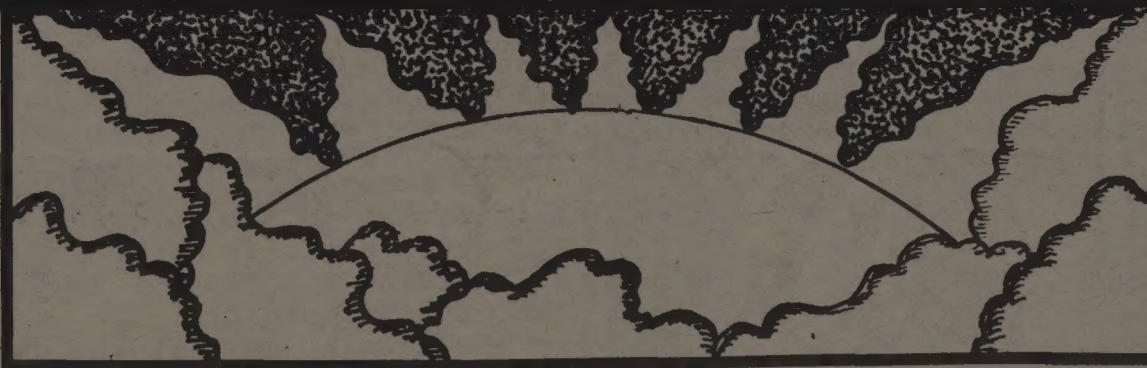
The thing we're getting at is this thing happened 20 years ago, and that's a long time to wait for the return of a political favor, but suppose that Hogan, who by neglecting the evidence against Murtagh saved Murtagh's blood career, had taken a liking to the jurist, and that his liking was more than amply returned over the years? Suppose that in one of the biggest cases in New York in years, the Panther 21 trial where a prosecution victory is deemed absolutely necessary for the continuation of western civilization as we know it, that Hogan needs an ally on the bench, maybe an old buddy whose career he once saved? Suppose that this judge was given to accepting every single shred of circumstantial evidence presented by the assistants of that prosecutor, and was more likely than usual to issue against the defendants who were not all that popular with the majority of the people in this city to begin with? It could get a man to thinking, you know.

lita eliscu

Aram Avakian has a handlebar mustache, a heavysettledness about him and a delicacy of mind which you get to realize in happy, startling flashes... then you notice that the very dark very deep brown eyes have a purpose shining out of them at the world he never made but sure understands. The interview was at that great restaurant in New York, Y, the business account delite. Before Aram arrived, the waiter kept trying to remove the extra setting at our table, commenting to the effect: "There will be three...? Ah, I shall remove—" and proceeding to try to whisk away the extra place setting. I felt that Avakian should have the same choice analyses to make as had the press agent and myself, and therefore insisted on leaving the extra (offensive/desirable) setting. Four times the waiter tried to remove it: surreptitiously, briskly, authoritatively, sneakily... each time repulsed by my cries of "No, no!" The 5th time, however, my spirit was broken, and I watched him whisk it away triumphantly, and I commented: "Ah, Pavlovian conditioning! Why does he need the satisfaction of—" and was stopped in the middle of discourse by a loud sniff, the reappearance of waiter and setting and thumping noises as he carefully, thoroughly, absolutely reset the setting. Whereupon Aram Avakian arrived and the waiter rushed to seat him. Avakian hesitated, started to sit in the other seat (the passive, ignored setting) when I asked if that was where he wanted to sit (as the waiter had held out that chair) and he said, Oh well, he thought he'd sit in the other one. Triumphant, I threw the waiter a glance; he blushed hotly and turned on his heel, curling his lip for gratuitous punishment.

... Was this introduction necessary? Is life anything but necessities and compromises? Should I get beyond this view of active participation in the sea around us, then my view might become altogether detached, perhaps cosmic, and I would cease to be a human being/becoming being, and suffer from *cosmopsis* just as does Jake Horner in *End of the Road*, a John Barth novel which Aram Avakian and others made a film out of, to the varying degrees of reactions which have accompanied the appearance of said film.

We sit all together and are introduced; under his duffle coat he wears a country-check suit, iron-bar-grey hair and a beard growing out and up and around to meet with the mustache, like a poodle's clipped coat growing out to meet the leg pom-pom's. "What is cosmopsis?" he asks, and I answer. He thinks for a moment, nods. "Yeah, I see... Thanks. I never understood where Barth got the



ARAM AVAKIAN, YAY!

word, or what it meant. But you used it in print, and I figured you must know what it means to use it in print... and you do. Mmm." The waiter came back, asking us if we wouldn't like to order *now* (=finally) and we do so. The rest of this piece is quotes with as little or as much introductory material as seems necessary. Enter the labyrinth and other mythotherapeutic numbers...

"The film. Well it was sort of backwards. About 4 or 5 years ago, Terry Southern and I were thinking of doing something, and he gave me the book to read, said he wanted to do it, and I said I didn't see how; Dennis McGuire wrote a screenplay, which I didn't like very much, still didn't see how to make a film... Then, things happened, and Dennis wrote another version and it began to make sense. Max Raab was supposed to be putting up the money, or some of it, and I thought Max and Terry were very close, together all the way. Then I found out they weren't talking, and Terry meanwhile suddenly lost interest, said he didn't see any opportunity to making the film. He said it wasn't 'cinematic'—that word, you know, literary people use it—whenever someone is confronted with film events and they hunt for a word, it becomes 'cinematic.' It became a game, to get Terry interested again. I got Max Raab and him talking... and then spent time trying to turn Terry on. First, I think... I told him about Chicken Man (NB: a character in the movie whose therapy is to fuck chickens) and after I described the scene to him, there was a pause... about 10 minutes later, his smile spread across his face and then he began to laugh—he's a little slow on the uptake, especially when it's not his joke. Things like that. I never gave him a clear picture, the totality, just little bits as they came up. Terry has an incredible mind—I've known him for about 20 years now... it just kept going.

"My next project...? Well, there's going to be *The Store* and you can get anything you want in it. I'll use some of the terms I made up for this movie, like "drug-induced generosity." (Time out while we both pondered the lovely implications of what, exactly, that could be... TV?) "Anyway, I can't talk about it because it will of course change while it is being made, be something different anyway..."

"The score... I definitely didn't want contemporary sound; Terry said we could get anyone to do the score, Paul McCartney if wanted, but, absolutely not... it would have been pre-conditioned death for the film to

have a contemporary score by someone, even if he wrote under a pseudonym... the Bach... I ran through my head to get the most popular pieces; I used him because of the nice, infinite, cerebral qualities. And I used Billie Holiday—well, I don't think of her as sentimental at all! (One well-known critic whose initials are close to *ass* suggested that Miss Holiday has a sentimental quality to her)...

"It's not a matter of loving to make films, of getting a kick out of the craft anymore. I've cut everything under the sun by now" (Mr. Avakian had been being a film editor for years and, the way with most good film editors, had been urged to make his own). "It becomes a matter of what I do is to make films—that's what I do, for whatever reasons. I couldn't be a novelist, for instance, that's a loner occupation. Filmmaking, for most parts, is communal. So I make films. And then a particular film because that's the one you are doing... a specific film... Yeah: that's it. You use up a certain amount of energy getting the project chosen and after that, it becomes a matter of making sure the accepted project gets done, after you have expended X amount of personal energy." (Result of interchange between the two of us.)

"I don't have to make a film; it doesn't put me into orbit or anything. It's a way into action. It could be anything creative, it just happens that I make films.

"I want to have reactions, have the audience feel. I don't care if they walk away loving or hating it, but to have people feel! Craft, technique having a ball doing it—these are all secondary to the proposition that this film should be felt by the audience; either absorbed or rejected... like a pro-body or anti-body substance. The way the film is done shows that. It could have been made so that you don't feel anything really until the abortion scene, but I didn't want that kind of approach... clear, intellectual: surprise!... I wanted it to be, visceral.

"Some of the (NB: early) criticism I don't understand. The collage stuff used (NB: clips of Hiroshima, war, babies crying, babies, little boy etc.) there was nothing 'contemporary' about that, or any attempt at being 'underground.' It's an absolutely classic use of stills and stock footage in the simplest way possible. The baby's face... is seeing—it's the face of innocence—seeing! That's why Jake Horner just sits there. (NB: *Cosmopsis* results in the cosmopolitan's paralysis and inability to further

function as a human being by action-reaction and doing what we call 'living')."

Time Out:

We talked for a while and at length about the irrelevancy of the concept "value-judgements" and the importance of the concept "perceptions" as the former requires a definitive, final stand on the worth of some thing, probably resulting from the decider's insecurity and inability to live wondering, while the latter requires the belief that human beings continually grow, go somewhere else, and therefore have perceptions which change, as do the things, people, etc., which are under analysis and choice.

Time In:

"In a movie house, the screen should be the biggest, infinite space—to envelope yourself in. Movie houses, houses, we keep imposing boundaries, it's a drag to try to get out of it. All this psychedelic, psychic, have-to-be-in-the-head-of-the-culture... it becomes imposed on you wherever you are. Discotheques were a good idea, once; when they first happened, they destroyed people's sense of boundaries. But then as the experience became repeated, again and again, you began to know exactly what to expect there, too. Programming everything. And that happened in films, too. *END OF THE ROAD* isn't a contemporary movie; if anything, it's like a film from the 1920's. Those films, then, dealt with *infinity*, no time or space. Flat perspective photography—that's what we used, too. Infinite experience through improper perspective—straight back to Eisenstein, *Pudovkin*..." (I look slightly unsure) "As opposed to say, Warner Brothers westerns: a specific gun in a specific hand, specific sunset in a specific place where each thing has its own real place—*THE MALTESE FALCON* is a perfect example of what I mean... It's the juxtaposition of images which gives you perspective, and in the 1920's they had this infinity sense about them, of where things were in relationship to others..."

"*END OF THE ROAD* is an attempt to have some of the spacelessness and timelessness of nature. I mean, the Grand Canyon has boundaries, sure, but you don't notice them, really... WE wanted spaceless vistas, no borders to the frames. In nature, borders don't exist to begin with—we make them. I tried to photograph with no borders, even in close-ups, there often doesn't seem to be any end to the frame... Most movies are boring. I'm not just saying (Continued on Page 21)

hip pocrates

eugene
schoenfeld,
m.d.

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Recently my 14 month old daughter got ahold of some LSD tabs. The trip was apparently too much for her because she kept crying out in what seemed to be terror.

My husband sat with her for the most part because I fell apart seeing her like that. In the end, the acid did wear off and she slept that night and a good part of the next day.

Since then she seems to be back to the way she was before. She didn't flip out for good and yet she is not the youngest "enlightened one" on earth. She is just a little girl baby.

The reason I am writing: I expect this same thing has happened and will happen to others. I think it would be valuable for any parent to know how to handle a stoned child. I would suggest also that the mother take a good strong tranquilizer so as to make matters as calm as possible." ANSWER: Accidents and poisonings are, by far, the greatest killers of children in the United States. About 400 children between 1 and 4 years of age die each year in this country because parents leave drugs or chemicals within their reach.

Substances which most frequently cause dangerous poisoning are listed as follows in Dr. Ben Spock's *Baby and Child Care* (a book every mother should own—Pocket Books—95¢):

"Aspirin and other drugs
Insect and rat poisons
Kerosene, gasoline, benzene and cleaning fluids
Lead in paint that a child has chewed off something

(Most indoor paint and toy paint contains no lead. The danger is from outdoor paint that has been used at home to repaint toys, cribs and other furniture.)

Liquid furniture and auto polish
Lye, alkalis used for cleaning drains, bowls, ovens
Oil of wintergreen
Plant sprays."

LSD tabs or caps have been shown to contain highly toxic substances such as strychnine or belladonna. A "stoned" child should receive immediate medical care.

At present, free clinics know best how to handle this kind of accident. Some people with drug problems won't go to a general hospital for fear they'll be turned in to the police. If people avoid medical care for this reason, the hospital is acting against the public interest.

Be sure to tell your pediatrician or family physician about this accident. But don't become over-protective toward your little girl. She'll most likely be completely normal—if you keep dangerous substances where she can't get at them.

HIGH SCHOOL HELLCATS

READY FOR THE BIG HIGH SCHOOL SCENE, GANG!? CRAZY! PRETTY SLOW ACTION HERE SO WE'LL ZIP RIGHT ALONG AT A SNAPPY PACE!

AS YOU'VE NO DOUBT FORGOTTEN, LAST WEEK SAW ANGELA, LEADER, OF THE HELLCATS, AND DORIS, CO-LEADER, NEXT IN LINE, BUDDY-BUDDY OF ANGELA'S, HAVE A LITTLE FALLING OUT AS TO LETTING THE NEW GIRL, BETTY BLEEP, INTO THE HELLCATS. ANGELA WAS ALL FOR BEGINNING INITIATION NEXT DAY BUT DORIS SAID NIX... A VOTE WAS TAKEN 'MUNGST THE HELLCATS AND GUESS WHO LOST? WELL, ANGELAS GONNA GET HER'S THOUGH YOU WAIT AN? SEE.



ANGELA... SHE WERNT NO ANGEL

ICE CREAM! ...PISTO CHIPS!

BETTY... NOT EXACTLY PUNK MATERIAL

DORIS... PRETTY DURN "PISSED OFF"

LES GET THIS FUGGIN' SHOW ON-NA ROAD!

MORNING CLASS I'M "MR. WIGGLEY" BUT YOU GIRLS JUST CALL ME "UNCLE"!

I'M YER NEW HOME ECK TEACHER! HE HE HE

NOBODY LIKED UNCLE WIGGLEY. OR IF THEY DID THEY SHOWED IT IN A MIGHTY STRANGE WAY.

CLASS! UM... CLASS?

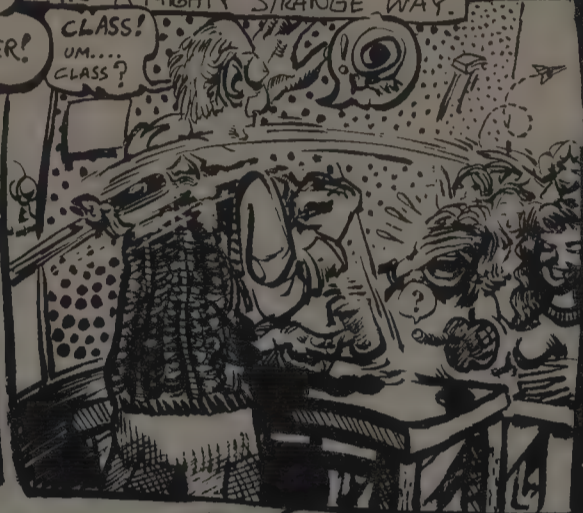
WIGGLEY CUT OUT FOR THE PRINCIPALS OFFICE LICKITY SPLIT. THEN ANGELA TOOK OVER.

HELLO GIRLS MY NAME IS "MR. ECK" BUT YOU C'N JES CALL ME "EEECH" I'M YER NEW (HE HE) WIGGLEY HOME TEACHER...

YUK YUK GUFFAW!

HYUK TITTER HE HE

HA HAR TEE



AND NOW FOR THE ROLL CALL! "MISS BLEEP"... IS BETTY HERE THIS MORNING PLEASE?

H... HERE!

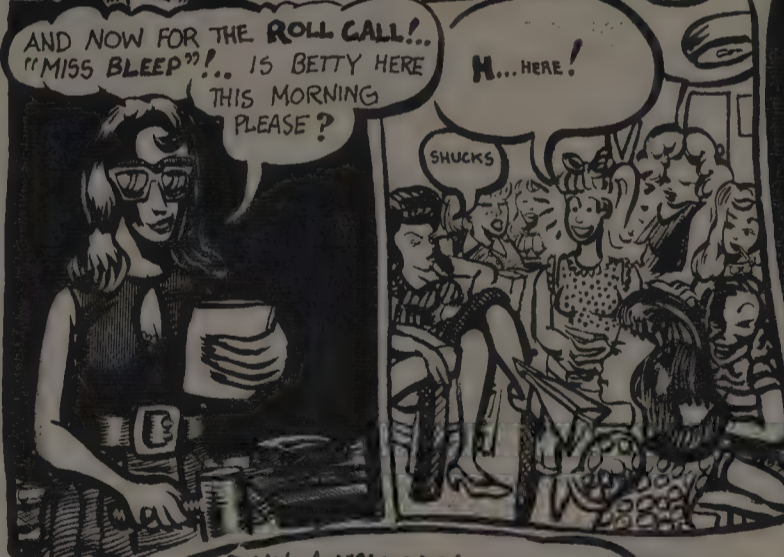
SHUCKS

ALRIGHT DORIS! GUARD TH' DOOR!

ROGER DODGER!

NAMES ANGELA KID! I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG HERE! WE STEAL SHIT AN POP PILLS AN TERRORIZE TOURISTS AN STUFF LIKE THAT! WANNA JOIN?

...SMART KID, CUZ IF YA AIN'T UH HELLCAT YOU DON'T GET INVITED TO NO PARTIES OR GO ON NO DATES OR STEAL SHIT OR NONE OF THAT OTHER STUFF AN BESIDES...



BEAN A HELLCAT 'D BE A GOOD INSURANCE POLICY FER A SHRIMP LIKE YOU T? HAVE LES? YA WANT THAT PRETTY FACE 'A YERS RE-ARRANGED! ... SO SHUT THE FRIGGEN' BOOK ALREADY... WE DON'T LIKE EGGHEAD SQUARES ROOM' HERE!

NUTHIN BETTER THAN A "D" ON YER REPORT CARD... AN TAMARRA WEAR SLACKS TA SCHOOL... GOT IT?!

B-BUT THATS AGAINST THE R-REGULATIONS!!

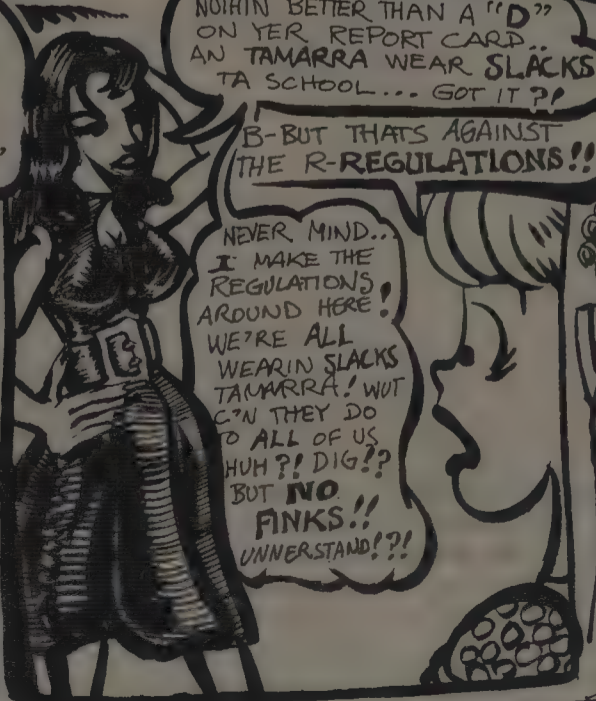
NEVER MIND... I MAKE THE REGULATIONS AROUND HERE WE'RE ALL WEARIN SLACKS TAMARRA! WUT C'N THEY DO ALL OF US HUH?! DIG?? BUT NO FINKS!! UNNERSTAND!?!

NEXT DAY

YOU AREN'T WEARIN THOSE AWFUL SLACKS TO SCHOOL ARE YA DEAR??

DON'T BE OLD FASHIONED, MA! ALL THE GIRLS'R? WEARIN'EM!!

HRRMPH. SHE NEVER WORE SLACKS AT TH' OLD SCHOOL NO SIR? BURP



CONTINUED...

Women are in a liberation turned on revolution. It happens here in U.S.A. and in Europe: Is it a kind of Suffragette-Extension-Revival? Feminist, W.A.R. (Women Artists in Revolution) and Culture Heromes are emerging right and left. In the *Las Levine CULTURE HERO* Special issue "Jill Johnston Exposed," the *Village Voice* Dance Journal heroine is built up to a Cultural Star and appears on the coverage as a chessplaying, pin-smoking, Marc Bolivar character, vivas a cut-throat starlet, newest discovery of Las Levine-Culture-maker. Everybody makes everyone in this 35 cents Fanzine, subscription price \$5.00 for 12 issues.

In the wasteland of porno tabloids a new weekly came out: *ORGY* a print out of boring nudity, by KUSAMA, our old gal of phallic sculpture notoriety. *Orgy* doesn't give this social game a lift. There are just too many pornzines in the newsstands by now, competing with each other, repeating the same positions in ever-repeating fashion. After Pornography what?

At the Lee Nordness Gallery, John Lennon and Yoko Ono had been announced to be present for the Grand Gala Premiere of Erotic Lithos, to be signed by the artist personally, while in New York. He didn't show up, nor did Yoko Ono and the only sensation the elitist-guests, arriving with personal invitations at East 75th Street got, were some cops, some stink bombs and some revolutionaries demonstrating against the Lennon show before the gallery. They wanted to show their dislike of the Ploton in the Nordness Artplace, because John Lennon was used by the establishment for a snobbish stupid affair like this opening. The "erotic" lithos are weak stuff, nicely drawn Yoko Ono kissing her own tit with a little bit of help by two friends. (One Lennon himself) one pussy-caressing litho, and a few other rather sweet scenes of salon-love-cult in the European well-known artistic manner. (Picasso, Matisse, Pastel) really nothing wild to get up tight about, good old-fashioned mild erotica. And all the invited guests and additional free-loaders milling around in the overheated basement gallery, having taken their shoes off, to walk over bubble plastic material attached to the floor and staring at the T. V. Crew, the drawings, the other people in scarfs and blue jeans until the stink bombs drove em out. That's Art No-Art not Art man.

Carise Newelson, the Dean of the young artists of New York, who, as she turned 25 years to be finally crowned as the group of "Feminists" the other week for a stew dinner. It had a men-party. No male exception of the male cat, posing like a picture as top of black Newelson standing in the studio, members of the group. They are many black hat boxes, waiting to be painted in the studio. The young

Feminists present seemed to be a spirited bunch of chicks, pretty, attractive, well-dressed, intelligent. The sculptress who worked her whole life to achieve the fame of today feels sympathetic towards the movement of Neo-liberation. Women really have not yet reached equality with men—the Feminists are saying they have to fight for their rights in the modern technological society as competitors to men in business and in Art business, for equal wages for many things, which they have not been getting up to now. In the chat of complaints by the young feminist chicks, the red thread and threat in the conversation had been "SEX." They complained about being exposed in business or career to attacks of rape, of passes made at them by men colleagues and male artists. —Also present to the party had been art critic Emily Genauer, who gave a kind of neutral description of the Feminist Communist gathering, in last week's *New York Post* Magazine weekend edition. She writes: "Didn't artist see you as a woman, not a critic, when you came to their studios? Didn't any one ever try to rape you?" Genauer replied: "None of your business. Anyhow, my job as a critic was a fine chastity belt." The Feminist on the other hand have a certain justification for their feminist complaint. If you are a very sexy looking chick you certainly get sometimes in personal trouble in the male animal world. It's difficult to fight off a persistent male aggressor. But why not take it as a compliment? Are Feminist Puritans or what? I got a pound of typewritten material and I think it's worth studying it. If you are interested write: The Feminists, 120 Liberty Street, New York, 10006.

Talking about war between the sexes, W.A.R. stands for Women Artist in Revolution. They meet every Monday in Museum (at 7 P.M. 729 Broadway). Their last coming out Art Party presented a women group show titled: X 12. The equation in relation to a world of master-minded Art, in which they intend to conquer. The 12 names are: Lori di Cosola, Iris Grump, Mary Ann Galles, Helele Gross, Dolores Holmes, Inverna, Arline Lederman, Carolyn Macrelio, Veranita Nemetz, Doris O'Gane, Silvanus, Alida Walsh. I noticed a predominance of babies and dolls used for collages of all kinds. Doll Puppets hanging from the ceiling in grotesque pillow shapes covered with fine line drawings and backed by metallic shimmering icons attached to the wall. Babyhands packed into boxes, and painted and lacquered dolls massed together as hanging sculptural forms. They were also complex glass constructions, Art Nouveau wall decorations showing a strong feeling for color. I also watched a "Destruction" event with the objects used already before in the last years of "Destruction-Art-Fashion": the bloodspilling, the chickens, the Mannequins, the whole destruction game in past Dionysos 69 theatrical happening style.

In the Spectrum Gallery Faith Ringold shows "America Black" paintings in somber mood, less

Women in Art

violent than her last years work which showed violence and anger, and seemed to me stronger and more revolutionary. Her theme is the American flag, intermixed with figurative compositions (last year) Letters, words and human faces (this year). She is a very honest and strong painter.

In Germany Bengta Bischoff at 75 is finally a liberated writer. She calls herself the Grandma Moses of German Literature, and regarding Sex Liberation she topped Screw and Company. Her reitonic invention: the novel "The Yellow House at the Pinnaas Mountain". In February, hopefully on Valentine-Day, her story will come out as a movie. The old lady Bischoff, widow of a seafaring captain, got the idea of the functional sex institute, a male bordello in which the ladies are the customers and the strapping-muscular men the sex offering stars. These

by Lil Picard.

(with a handdryer) and doing all kinds of multiple actions to the male and female Antenna alias Hair. The place is a multi-media environment of Hair-Art and Art-Art. Bridget Polk decorated a white brick wall with a torso impression of her own body, next to a hairdryer from the ceiling dangles a geometrical linear piece by Frisky Myers, in the center of the room stands a silvery metal John Chamberlain, Tony Smith, Wandering Rocks are on a white washed wall, next to the wall—high Mirror hangs a Neil Williams two-dimensional painting, drawings by Mary Abbot, a painting by Peter Hutchinson, a light-transmitter by Paul Cabrol, fashions by Tamara hanging from the wall like so many colored sculptures, (crushed velvet, antique indian gowns studded with cowrie shells and ribbons, fringed scarfs,) and the completely art turned on customer gets transformed with multicolored umbrella-shaped gowns, (red-green, blue-yellow) into a sculpture himself, sitting before the mirror and being treated by black-bearded Jason of blond-brown bearded David with retions containing protein (Potato & meat) a message of the scalp and the grooviest cutting and is also served tea or coffee, while the newest Rock records are going on full blast. Lillian Roxon's Rock Encyclopedia (Grosset & Dunlap) provides literary entertainment... and all that for 15 dollars—tops.

The grooviest Haircutter in town does his Art on the third floor 333 Park Avenue South at ANTENNA ENTERPRISES, Inc. Telen on 254-9981. Two gorgeous specimen of male hair-power are doing the job of washing, trimming, cutting, blowing

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Supernova explodes in Soho by Alex Gross.

On Saturday February 14 at 9.03 p.m. Supernova launched itself into existence at 451 West Broadway, just south of Houston Street. Everyone interested in the future of the arts and society itself must feel the impact of this explosion for Supernova, in addition to providing an important social and artistic center for the South-of-Houston area (called by its many artist residents SOHO), also represents the most ambitious environmental and mixed-media project yet attempted.

Supernova is not only important in itself and for the community it serves but may yet prove a model for other communities elsewhere as the whole phase in the construction of the alternate society.

Supernova sees itself as a combination of communications center, meeting place, experimental studio for the arts, theatre, gallery, and place of joy and learning. It is seen as a center where people will "work with groups and individuals interested in programs for change toward a more suitable order." One of their descriptive leaflets concludes: "Technicians, artists, craftsmen, young people—there is room. We depend upon absolute cooperation & minimal ego." They look in large part to the Whole Earth Catalogue and Buckminster Fuller for their inspiration and hope eventually to publish the east coast equivalent of the Whole Earth Catalog, as well as serving as a center for activities related to whole earth style living. They also hope, to set up a country commune.

Supernova already has a fair amount of sound and projection equipment and will be able to start experiments in media, light, sound, film, photography, poetry, painting, music, crafts, and printing right away. They are particularly interested to see what will emerge from the practice of all these arts on the same premises and how the various arts will react to and on each other. They hope to add video tape equipment in the near future and become yet another early branch, with Global Village, of the alternate communications network.

The founders of Supernova are Bob Baker, Peter Miller, Arnie Kantrowitz, and George Owen—they are all experienced pros and teachers at Staten Island College. They have put Supernova together with love, out of their own time and pockets and still need more time and money to complete their ceiling. But it is all there and will be even more all there as more people gather around.

Perhaps the most originally designed art gallery in New York, LYRIT is opening next door to them at 453 West Broadway. Taken together they may as yet form one of the most impressive cultural complexes in the city.

The big question, of course, is how will their venture fare financially. In the last two years there have been repeated, hard-fought attempts made to launch novel environments with multisensual appeal. Some have vanished without a trace, while others took a longer time to go under, almost succeeding in their attempt.

Most people agree that eventually someone will find the right combination of finances and art and actually be able to stay open. All too often artists in this line of work have found themselves spending all their time trying to raise survival funds, while others have put everything into their art, only to crumble into bankruptcy at the last moment.

There is certainly no doubt that artists will go on making these attempts—the need is there, and when it is finally fulfilled, it will provide not only a new arts and

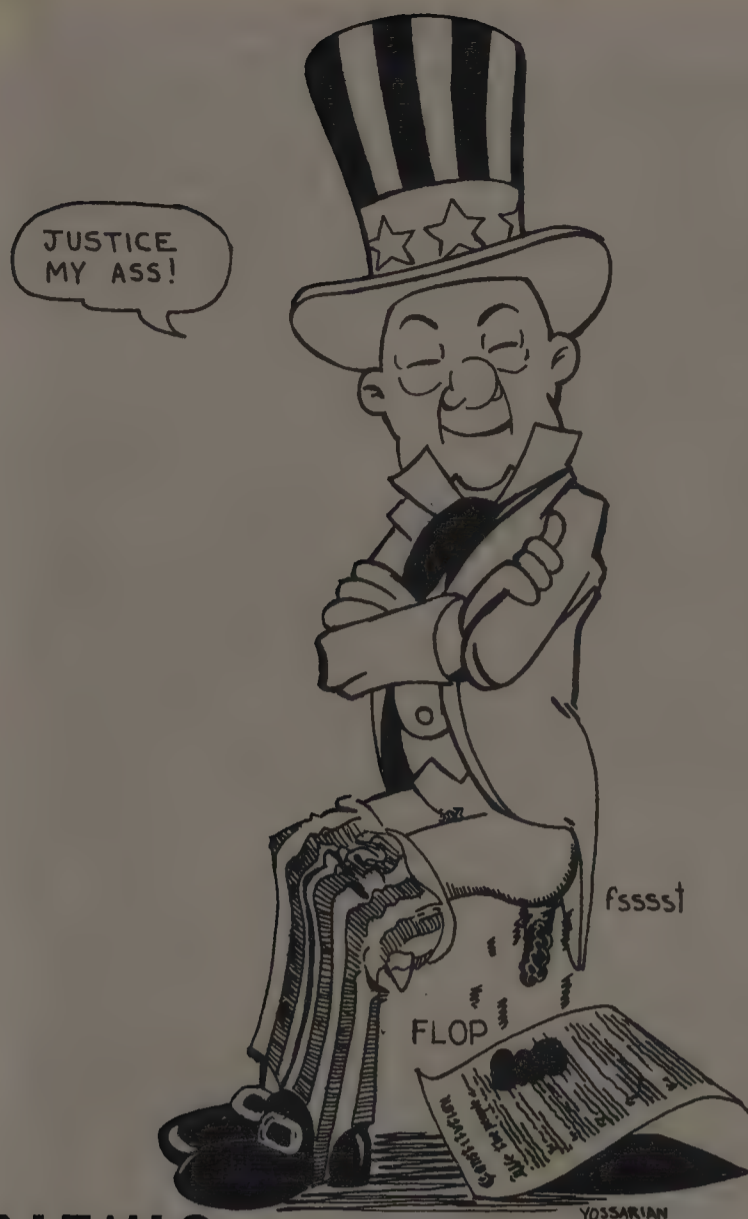
communications center but the twenty-first century equivalent of all the drab bars, cafes, and coffee shops left over from the fifties and sixties. It will be both a place to go and a place to be. It will be of utmost cultural importance.

There is not the slightest doubt that all of this is about to happen, it remains to be seen where and how. The expanding network of European arts labs, of which Supernova is a blood relation, clearly points the way to the future. Given these prospects one might expect some interest in these developments from establishment institutions like museums, overground newspapers, and cultural foundations, not to mention our big corporations which like to pride themselves on their openness to new ideas and their concern with the future.

Complacent curators at the "Modern" Museum find it easier to insist on the outmoded categories of *Kunsthalle* (where shows are constantly changed) and *Kunsthaus* (where a permanent collection is shown) at the only two valid concepts admissible for a museum today than to venture further into the domain of social and cultural possibilities. Mental constipation at the top of the pyramid keeps our society lewd with decaying ideas and ideological stench. Millions are spent on operas and out-sized museums just because they are deemed safe, upper-class culture preserves. And yet these museums and opera houses continue to show an ever-increasing deficit and are unlikely ever to fulfill the condescending elitist dream of bringing "culture" to the people. This is because true culture resides in the people, not in a narrow Marxist sense, but as a simple every-day fact of life.

This is the point of the arts lab movement, of which Supernova (along with certain stirrings at Lehman College in the Bronx) may be the first example on this side of the Atlantic. Last year's operating deficit at the "Modern" Museum was one million dollars—this sum of money could have been used to support a hundred arts labs all over the country. A further dip into the "Modern's" budget could have given the best and latest videotape equipment to a hundred labs. This is not a half-considered utopian happy hippy dream but a simple tangible fact of today's financing in the arts.

At a time when even the *New York Times* is publishing letters in favor of decentralizing our cultural establishment, it is correct that we should begin to seek out the best way of accomplishing this. It is equally correct that we should begin to ask ourselves exactly what culture is, whether it consists in the mere collection and veneration of works from the past or if it is the sum total of the spaces between each other's minds and the currents of direct meaningful communication that fill those spaces. If the second definition is the true one, then it is reasonable to expect an immediate revolution in the running of both our society and our cultural affairs, a revolution whose first step may well be Supernova.



NEWS

PETITION SUPPORTS GI NEWSMAN WHO TELLS TRUTH

NEW YORK (LNS)—Media people in New York have organized a petition campaign in support of Robert Lawrence, who was recently suspended from broadcasting duties over official GI radio. Lawrence had publicly complained about not being free to tell the truth over the GI network. For copies of the petition, write to New York Media Project, Box 266, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

POLICE PAY, BUT NOT MUCH, FOR PEOPLE'S PARK

San Francisco (LNS)—The people of People's Park received token retribution today. Twelve sheriff's deputies involved in the struggle of last May were indicted by a San Francisco Grand Jury on charges of conspiring to mistreat prisoners (many of the 423 arrested were brutally beaten), shooting persons with shotguns, and beating persons who were arrested.

Deputies Johnson and Riche were indicted not for murder or manslaughter, but for depriving James Rector and Allan Blanchard of their constitutional rights by "imposing summary punishment

upon them." James Rector was murdered with police buckshot while observing the struggle from a rooftop. Allan Blanchard, an artist, was permanently blinded. Unable to argue with Rector's autopsy report, the Alameda County Sheriff's Department was forced to withdraw its claim to use of birdshot and rock salt, and admitted that the use of buckshot was authorized and endorsed.

Alameda County Sheriff, Frank Madigan, was shook: "I think this is one of the sickest operations of government I have ever seen. We have tried to defend the government, and we have tried to get the Federal Government to assist us and we never got cooperation. This is draft boards, the train stop in Berkeley, the Third World Revolution, the whole bit."

BUSINESS WEEK CAUTIONS ITS EXECUTIVE READERSHIP NOT TO MEET CLENCHED FISTS WITH GUNS

NEW YORK (LNS)—Business Week, the weekly newsmagazine for American businessmen, suggests that its readers get to know the ins and outs of self-defense. In the section entitled "Personal Business" appears an article whose reasoning sounds remarkably like Lyndon B. Johnson's reflections on the Vietnam war:

"The basic rule is that if you, a family member, or a friend are attacked, you can use any reasonable force needed to repel the aggressor. You can use greater force than you face—if it appears 'reasonable' to you—and you aren't held to a fine line in deciding the difference."

Of course there is a difference from Vietnam, and to deter its businessmen readers from thinking strictly in terms of Vietnamese analogies which might wind them up in jail, Businessweek warns:

"You become the aggressor when you use defensive force that is clearly excessive. For example, you can't respond to the threat of a clenched fist with a gun and quick shooting." Not even if the clenched fist is chanting, "Ho, Ho, Ho, Chi Minh! The NLF is gonna win."

COUNTERINSURGENCY

PHILADELPHIA (LNS)—A local research/action guide to counterinsurgency weapons has been published by NARMIC (National Action/Research on the Military Industrial Complex). The booklet contains specific information on chemical, biological, anti-personnel and incendiary weapons, the universities engaged in researching them, and the corporations that manufacture them. Instructions on how to research the involvement of a local corporation or university with counterinsurgency weaponry research or manufacture are detailed, with suggestions on additional sources of information.

"Weapons for Counterinsurgency" is available from NARMIC, 160 North 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RETARDATION EXPOSED AS RACISM

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)—Pressure from the lone Chicano on the San Francisco Board of Education has forced the city school system to admit that Spanish-speaking students of normal intelligence are casually shunted into classes for the mentally retarded because they make a poor showing on English-language IQ tests.

Last fall, Dr. David Sanchez, the Chicano board member, began to wonder why so many children with Spanish surnames wound up in those special classes which assume that the minds of the pupils are dull and barely salvageable. He insisted that all the Chicanos and Latinos in elementary level "special" classes be retested by a psychometrist who could speak Spanish using an IQ test written in Spanish.

Result: 45 percent of the kids were found to be of average intelligence or better when retested

in Spanish. The average IQ of the group shot up 17 points, and one girl, who had scored 67 on an English version, supposedly evidence of severe retardation, turned out to be highly gifted with a Spanish-version score of 128.

ANTI-REPRESSION AND BLACK LIBERATION WEEK PLANNED BY N.Y. COALITION

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1970—The Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee, a New York anti-war coalition, is organizing several demonstrations during the week of February 14-22. That week has been designated both Anti-Repression Week and Black Liberation Week, and will have actions relating to repression of minority groups during that time. One action, designated TWA (which stands for *The Weekday After*), will be held the weekday after the jury's verdict is handed down in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. Another action, on February 18th, will focus on repression in relation to the Black Panther Party. Other tentative plans are being considered around the issues of police brutality, male supremacy and women's liberation, the courts, the law and justice, student rights, and repression in the media.

The Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee, located at 17 East 17th Street, will have detailed information available shortly on their 24-hour recorded service, Dial-a-Demonstration. The number for Dial-a-Demonstration is 924-6315.

LETTERS

Fuck Women

Dear EVO—I think the Women's Liberation chicks should fuck themselves.

Don Lewis

Ed.—Boy, we'd hate to be in your shoes when they read that.

Hustling Cripples = High Bread - Good Taste! Hip?

January 29, 1970

Dear EVO:

Censorship and suppression by the metropolitan press of any alleged truth or controversy (in this case: buy now, cripple later) that might conflict with the maximization of revenue ("our other advertisers would be upset") is a routine practice ("Standards of Advertising Acceptability") and extends even unto dogs. It is now reliably estimated that 50% of all German Shepherds and other medium or large breeds (except the American Greyhound) now have the crippling

hip defect known as Hip Dysplasia as a result of deliberate breeding for bread (AKC Show Champions and vicious attack dogs are the best money-makers) instead of breeding for health and disposition. But the *Times*, *Post*, *Manhattan Tribune* and *Voice* have all refused to print a paid rap:

(see ad in EVO SAMOYEDS MAKE LOVE—)

Is there a reply? Should someone answer to this? Maybe play the word game like (letter, 1/29/70, to Mrs. Ryan, *Village Voice*, who has referred the ad to their "Advertising Acceptability Committee."):

"The widespread existence of such Advertising 'Acceptability' 'Standards' and their common application in a remarkably uniform 'profits-before-truth' manner appears to illustrate the existence of an interlocked de facto conspiracy for the maintenance of ignorance-in-harmony-with-profits on the part of a silent majority of the printed "information" media.

"It is precisely the "triviality" of the present context ("trivial" to those who can't groove on animals) that is of some interest to those concerned about the structure of their own suicidal culture coffin. If an effective interlocking suppression of information by the media is extended as far as "pets for sale" (read "crippled animals hustled"?) what does this suggest about the "efficiency and reliability" of the "refusal or referred to committee" delivery systems when the "copy" refers to those more directly social or human (also read "animal"?) conditions on Maggie's Farm where the potential pay-offs are so vastly greater?

Support U.S. Foreign and Domestic Policy.

Genocide for Fun And Profit!

Invest your son (daughters as "niggers" are understood).

"Mrs. Ryan: Are you trying to tell me that the *Weathermen* have the right heads? You may be right! The system *may* be impregnable. Are you in that condition? (I mean the *Voice*, of course.)

Up the Conspiracy!
Lin Dodge

Ed: See ad in last week's EVO.

3000 Circulation

Dear EVO—In a recent issue of Vancouver's underground newspaper, the *Georgia Straight*, there was a reprint of an interview of Bob Dylan by Paul Krassner. Since credit was given your publication for the interview, I am writing to you to ask permission to reprint the interview in (Continued on Page 16)

JAAKOV KOHN
JOEL FABRIKANT
ALLAN KATZMAN
ARTHUR FELDMAN
FLICKA DE MOID
D.A. LATIMER

DAVID WALLEY
IRVING SHUSHNICK
CLAUDIA DREIFUS
ALEX GROSS
LITA ELISCU

AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG

STEPHEN KOHN
ARTHUR
RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN
CANDY S. CORNFLOWER
DON LEWIS

RENFREU NEFF
BARONE GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA
ZLAGOBODINKSI KHARSHOLSK
JACKIE DIAMOND

DON KATZMAN

RAY SCHULTZ
JOSEPH STEVENS

PARIS: J.J. LEVEL

NORTH: THE KID

LONDON: MILES

LIL PICARD

MANUEL RODRIGUEZ (SPAIN)

AL SHENKER

HETTY

KIM DEITCH

R. CRUMB

THE east village OTHER

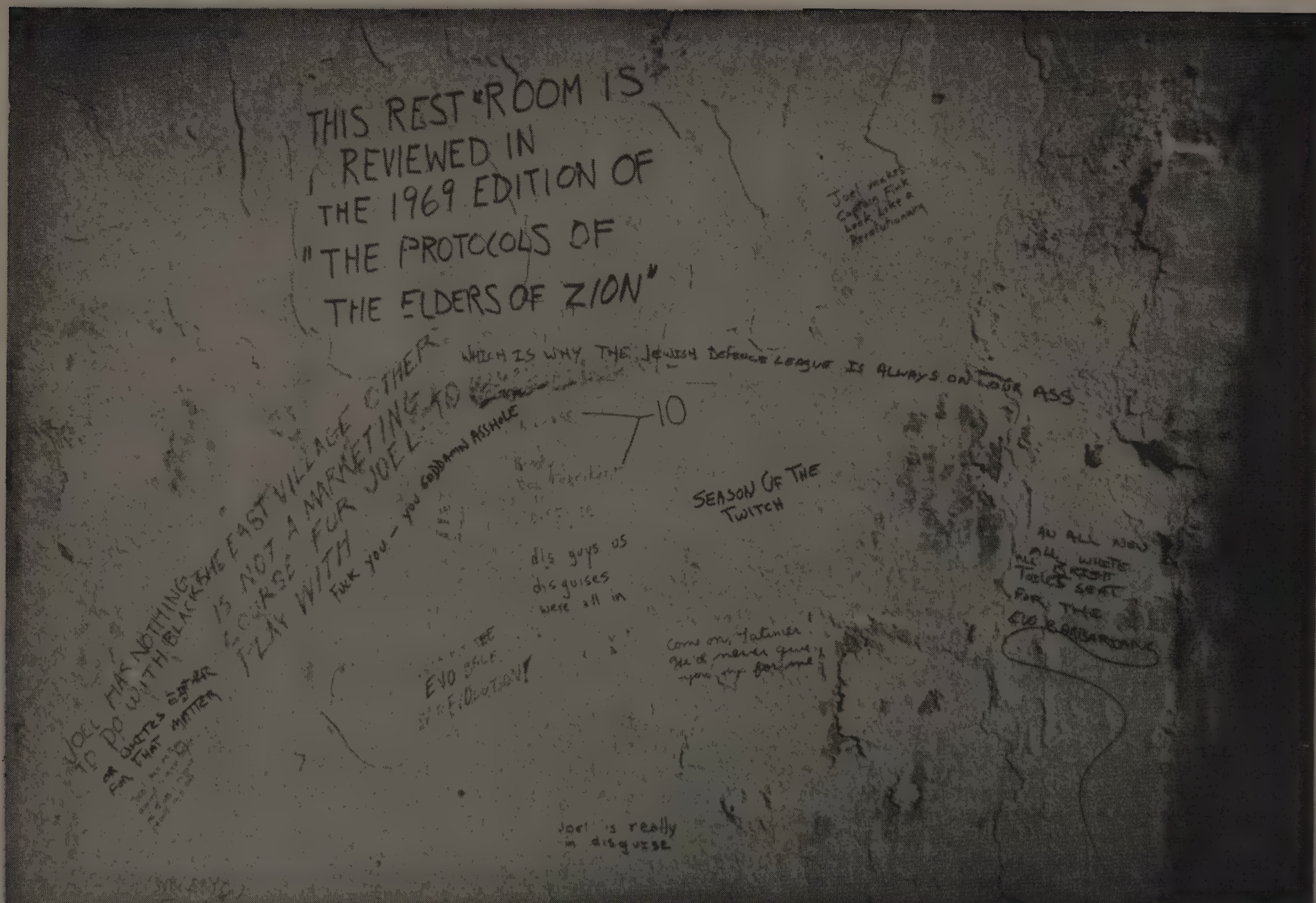


photo: GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA

DECOMPOSITION

by DA LATIMER

Somebody was rapping here the other day, as people will, and he observed in passing that the underground newspaper publishing scene is right now where the coffeehouse scene was at back in the late 'fifties and early 'sixties. That is, all the creative people who can stand it hang around places like the EVO office and play New Politics, which is the equivalent I guess of hanging around some place like the Feejon and playing chess ten years ago. The seventies are being issued in, as usual with decades, on a blast of hot air.

Now, quite a few creative things come out of the coffeehouse scene, or so they tell me, which you can tell by the elegance and wit of the graffiti which was written on the toilet walls in those places: 'Joel Oppenheimer has a skinny arse,' things like that. Now, EVO has a john—not much of a place to look at, we have to make do with the cold water that Bill Graham grudgingly allows us—and the walls of this john have gotten so cluttered of late with various naughty perjoratives that they might well be painted over in the near future. There are those who, in fact, would rather those walls be painted over; it wouldn't surprise me a bit to walk in there someday soon and encounter a blank white coffin right out of Beckett's *Ping!* With this fear in mind, I would like this week to reproduce for you some of the highlights of the EVO john wall, number 11.

EVO john wall number 1 was no mean wall, incidentally. This paper

moved into these quarters in May of 1967, and the first thing on the wall, right next to the toilet, in easy reach of both eye and hand, was a depiction of some 17-foot tall young lady with exceptionally long thighs. A Spain original. As time went on, the wall became cluttered to the extent that last summer the girls who worked out in the front office had it covered over, as much as possible, with psychedelic posters.

They made a poor choice of posters, however, if the obfuscation of graffiti was their intention. The posters, designed by artist Peter Leggieri in 1967, were composed of concentric rings of *people*: a ring of Allen Ginsbergs enclosing a pentagon of Uncle Sams enclosing a ring of Indians enclosing a skull set off against a hydrogen bomb explosion.

The posters had not been up for a week when people were already drawing in little balloons over the peoples' heads, attributing to them such spurious quotes as 'Stop,' and 'Fuck you, mac'. If you got carried away, you could string one quote out along ten or fifteen figures of the same person. Allen Ginsberg, for instance, was quoted on the john wall as saying this: 'I saw the best minds of my generation/ Starving/ Hysterical/ Naked/ Like, you know/ *Werd!* Fucked up/ So I drink/ I drink *Schlitz!* Remember/ When you're out of Schlitz/ You're starving/ Hysterical/ Naked (tee hee)'. And this went on until the girls freaked out totally and painted the whole place over white. For a while,

a proscription was in effect that anyone caught scrawling anything onto the john wall would be forbidden henceforth to use the EVO john. Those chicks had no sense whatsoever of history.

There was no stopping it, though, the john wall in the EVO office grows graffiti as naturally and inexorably as a fat lady growing dingleberries. Appropriately enough, the first manifestation of creativity on EVO john wall II was a flower, a lovely slender black flower with two leaves and a spreading Daisy-ish corona, with the observation, 'Maya can be beautiful'. Soon afterwards, some puzzled person wrote under this, 'What the fuck is Maya?' Below that someone scribbled, 'Maya please have yo' *iddennification*, creep?' and the gala had begun. The chicks in the front office started leaving to places like *The Evergreen Review*.

Thus also was set the presiding motif for EVO john wall II, which seems to be *extension*. One clever remark will appear on the wall and within a week it will be reduced to absurdity by an incredibly chain of observations, denials, brutalisations, and simple obscenities. One of the first of these, and the best so far, started with the stern admonition to the powers that be, 'Equality for All Minorities!' Some wiseass college student type wrote under this, 'You dunce—by equalizing all minorities, you thereby destroy their identities as minorities, thereby making them no longer minorities.' The most salient feature of this last swatch of wit is that it extends for a full

foot-and-a-half along the john wall toward the heating pipe, before it encounters these comments on itself: 'Semantic Bullshit', and 'fourth term fallacy'. Presumably indignant, the author counted the terms of his argument above the line with ballpoint, and came up with only three. Obviously stoned on marijuana, somebody else took after the 'Semantic bullshit' line saying, 'You anti-Semantic motherfucker'. Then things really started to degenerate: 'Semen tick bullshit' changed to 'Some manic bullshit', which had to be scopped with, 'Just bullshit—all of it.' In disgust, somebody suggested, 'Register all puns', and was hit with the rejoinder, 'Puns don't kill people, people kill people.' At last, out of desperation, the slogan appeared, 'Everybody must get stoned—now.'

The principles of extension also have permitted a vile assault on the artwork which appears on Wall II, as we shall call it henceforth. In his brilliance, Spain one day finished off a lovely 6-foot lady in leather microdress and high-heeled boots, saying nothing in a large square blank balloon. You could see it coming. In great anxiety, some patron of cartooning adminished, 'Anyone caught filling in this balloon faces a mandatory sex change'. But the whole idea of johns is that nobody catches you at what you do in them and before long the balloon was adorned, appropriately enough, with a genuine Gay Power icon—a symbol for Venus mixed with one for Mars, a circle with both cross and arrow

Before lone, concentric circles of prose surrounded the baloon: 'All you really love me for is my body—you don't love me at all', enclosing, 'Oh!! Please!! God, yes, oh yes, oh!!! Ahhhh!! Oh, please!!! Please!' And another baloon was shortly added, 'Ohh! Joe Fab.' (A reference to the local business manager, of whom plenty more, later.)

But that's not all. The next thing to appear near this lady of Spain was a faceless mob of running men, all with the same thought baloon: 'Gimme some'. This artist could not be identified by style, but then a hideous hunchbacked ogre appeared just behind the chick, obviously a redering of Alan Shepker's, clutching out after the lady, exclaiming in Kurtzmanian, 'HOO HAH!' Then Spain went back to the john and drew next to her one extremely *evil* sort of dude, in raggedy clothes, carrying a bloody knife. An arrow pointing to the blood on the blade remarked, 'Sharon Tate was here'.

Then last December somebody hung up on the wall the centrefold from the 1969 issue of Walt Disney's Christmas Stocking, a reprint of an old Uncle Scrooge story. The centrefold, which was not a reprint of Carl Barks' stuff, showed a very slick sort of Mickey Mouse being towed in a wagon by a horde of other Disney characters, including such as Donald Duck, Goofy, Horace Horsecollar, and the atrocious

(Continued on Page 17)

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 14)

our publication. The Link is the student newspaper of the B.C. Institute of Technology. Our circulation is approximately 3000. Your permission will be greatly appreciated as I am sure that our students will find the interview most interesting and enjoyable.

Sincerely,
R.C. Wood
Editor-In-Chief

Ed.—Sure, go 'head, what the hell. You Canadians, man... Believe everything you read, don'tcha?

EVO Great

Dear EVO—EVO is great. It is impossible to buy it anywhere within 40 miles of Wilmington, so I subscribed.

Tom Watkins.
Ed.—Always glad to be of help. Your Communist Party Membership card should be along any day now.

No Idea

Dear EVO—I have no idea who has been subsidizing my subscription for the past three years... But I appreciate it.

Ronny Watkins
WBAI-FM

Ed.—Yet another unsolicited compliment, eh? What some people won't do to get their names in the papers.

String Quartet?

Dear EVO—I've found from a brother that I'm not alone in my quest for a little peace. Soon, I'll enter prison. Though the light is dim there, I'm comforted to know that enough of the Sun will enter to nourish my desperate need. It is consoling to know, too that I'll be released in time to see the Sunrise again.

I know of the Plan, and I know its peaceful endeavours shall continue so that more shall see.

May all of you hear the pleasing strains of a string quartet, soft voices, laughter, the flapping of an occasional butterfly... and may you have many apples in your time of need.

Your brother in Peace, and in the League,
Fred Evans

Ed.—Hush about the Plan and the League—do you want to spill the beans?

Hi There!

Dear EVO—Greetings and best regards!

Kip
India

Ed.—Fuck yourself. Where's our water?

Down in Cuba, and wherever the amerikan armed forces get stationed, there are shows; the kind of shows where a woman stand in the middle under spotlights and says, "Anyone man enough to do it here I'll pay you one hundred dollars if you can," and the offer is accepted eagerly only to meet with limp failure as the thought takes hold at the crucial moment: "jesus, they're all watching!" so the woman gets to keep her money and probably her cherry, for the success rate of the offerees. *M.A.S.H.* offers this audience the same titillations, and gets the same responses. It heralds the advent of a new direction in motionpictures, taking us a little closer to feelies and desensitization and inhumanization—or is that the final laugh that this is what it will mean to be human...? The movie is about War and Army, given local Korea, 1950's (therefore) and starts with a

takeoff of *Che!* another illustrious entry in 20th C Fox annals. A weak ha-ha, because this part was funny and only palled after the rest of the footage was seen. *M.A.S.H.* is about the philosophicalized, untranquilized verbalized absurdity of war. Beatin' your gums and your meat and get to the same levels of self abuse, pardner, here we are in the cotillion dewdrop ball, and Nothing really matters. Y'see, there is these whizbang doctors, and they have so much time on their hands in between operations and their legs, they spend lots of time making it with nurses, females, officer ladies... to the golden moments of highpoint Laugh! In kind of humor we all seem to get if not deserve. Maybe the movie industry is corrupting us and we are innocent. Just maybe we didn't get what we asked for. I didn't. There is a chickie officer named something and she gets the nickname Hotlips because that's what she's got; and the next morning the whole camp knows it because of a Practical Joke. And people say "Fuck" and maybe smoking some weed, cooly ask if fucking is better

than self abuse, and how was it? is she a screamer, does her ass move, or does she just lay there', and there is a football game which is a, uh... doozy? isn't that a 50's word?... and why have They been giving this movie such good reviews? Because we are all desperate. Because we are all guilty. Because War is Hell and we still commit omissions and commissions which are unpardonable and maybe God, who watches the littlest sparrow in free fall, also has time to watch our expiations, our movies which reveal the stupidest, cruelest, most inner parts of our skeletal souls. Movies: sure, closet drama.

M.A.S.H. shows lots of blood; not the pretty kind, stark red against banal backgrounds for shock effect, but the real kind, winy, purple, black spots of organs, pieces of bone and cartilage—hair and bullets sticking out where once they weren't. *M.A.S.H.* shows lots of crudity and brutality and unconsciousness. And then, by gum it gets to giggling because it can't stand its own creation, and lets us all realize that our hearts still beat

thumpety-thump for all the Good Right Numbers in life—see, God?

Too bad that the horrors it shows are not the real horrors of this world, and that the goodness it shows belongs to that Louis B Mayer world of Holy Grail purity only on the silver screen. Too bad *M.A.S.H.* misses.

Ever since Ben Casey, practically, the audience has always known that doctors giggle during operations to relieve the tension and stress and to prevent ulcers. And sex is a part of life, a way of getting and giving energy. And dope is nice. And the world is not fair, but a microcosm of chaos. But why burlesque the basic premise when we live in such a straight chamber of horrors? We can take it, by now.

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—Archer Winsten, N. Y. Post



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SOUND POOL/bring a sound
at 8:30

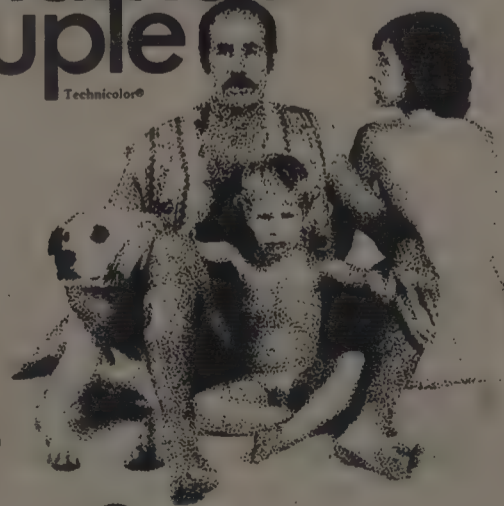
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FRIDAY & SATURDAY MARCH 6 & 7
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D.A. LATIMER

(Continued from Page 15)

Mowgli. (The Disney people never learned that Donald Duck was infinitely more interesting to kids than Micky Mouse, did they?) Buckey Bug was conspicuous by his absence. Anyway, before long the EVO crew had Mickey Mouse saying, 'Not bad for an old blackface song-and-dance, man, eh?' They dotted whiskers around his jowls and

typed him as, 'Tricky Dick in Disguise' (What do you mean in disguise', a contemptuous EVO staffer asked). Tinker Bell, fluttering after the Disney menage in green microskirt, wonders now to herself, 'For this I gave up Jay Fab?' (see below). The *Snow White* witch, having crashlanded in a tree, shrieks, 'Birdshit I can take—but *Mouse* shit?' Harking back to an old Wallace Wood spread in *The Realist*, someone has drawn huge black turds falling

(Continued on Page 18)

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D.A. LATIMER

(Continued from Page 17)

gracefully back from Dumbo's ass down onto Daisy Duck's head. The Beagle Boys, cracked up in a Brink's Truck against the *Snow White* witch's tree, are shaking their fists and denouncing those 'Goddamn hippies!' On the front of the wagon some rare genius has written 'Big Daddy Roth'.

Yes, comics are big in underground life. Below the Disney foldout, someone was moved to draw Dondi's face into a cartoon-type panel, next to the perjorative, 'Dondi is a gook'. And in fact, she had Dondi saying, 'Ah so'. But lo, someone has defaced this with his own opinion that 'Dondi happens to be a Wop, stupid.' Below that, it is written, 'He's a better AMERICAN than any of youse CREEPS!'. And under that someone has snidely observed, 'I don't recall that my great, great grand father had any friends on the Mayflower whose name ended with "I". Chriiiiist.'

After cartoons, the most popular subject on the john wall II seems to be politics, or whatever its equivalent happens to be here in the bowels of the Underground. You cannot avoid while sitting on this john, the alarming warning that 'While you shit the revolution is coming down the street'—with a police escort—in an orange and purple polka-dotted 'hand-made sweater'. It lends you pause for thought, which is what johns are really for anyway. (Ref. John Calvin, 'Whilst sitting one day on the privy...'). Should you turn your head to avoid this one, however, you will encounter an even more paranoid scrawl: 'All persons involved in the conspiracy report to stockyards 4:30 p.m. for head bashing—J. Edgar Tumor'. Then there's, 'Let's put the EVO back in REVO-lution,' just above 'Let's put the Revolution back in EVO.' Revolutions, revolutions, revolutions—somebody's been watching too damn much Marat-Sade. 'Fuck the State—of our john', closely faces 'Bring back good ole LBJ', which has been answered by, 'Good ole LBJ is better off where he is'. Some patriot managed to

sneak in there long enough to get off, 'Mother, country...'. But then some wiseass ruined it by warning, 'You can fuck my mutter but don't mess wit my country'. Near that, one of the most viable suggestions for running a revolution has been composed: 'Arm the vagrants'. Above that, someone originally suggested it might be more feasible to 'Arm the Cockroaches', but some sadistic bastards put an 'h' on it, changing like the I Ching to 'Harm the Cockroaches'. This was begentled by a 'C': 'Charm the cockroaches'.

After politics, an unfailing source of graffiti has been the people who work around here, most popular of whom seems to be Jay Fab. It is pretty generally agreed that Fab, our business agent, is not the most agreeable person in existence, but he can be amusing in many of his aspects. One of these, probably unfounded, is his milquetoast racism, which he effects as a reaction to the belly-groveling white liberalism of the rest of us. Jay Fab is not afraid to call a nigger a nigger, providing that nigger is not over five-eleven and in the same room with Jay Fab. So anyway, somebody wrote 'Who Passed Joel The Black Spot?' a reference to the days when Marty Balin was printing EVO. Under that, it was soon explained that 'Joel has nothing to do with blacks'—or whites for that matter'. The situation was further clarified by the observation that 'Joel has nothing against colored people—he thinks everyone should own one.'

Another greivous misrepresentation of Joel's basic goodness is the frequent imputation of crookedness: 'The East Village Other,' someone declares, 'Is not a marketing course for Joel to play with'. The answer to this one, sharp and flattening, was quite obviously composed by Fabrikant himself: 'Fuck you—you goddamn asshole.'

The lowest blow one person can wreak on another is to expose his sexual peculiarities. Who was the bastard who wrote on the Wall II, 'Joel plays with himself when he shits?' This actually prompted someone to ask, 'Plays with his what?' to which the original malefactor responded, 'With his clit,

what else? Clear the barnyard Jay Fab's chickens have clearly come home to roost.

Claudia Driefus is presently on vacation in Tangiers, so it may just be safe to transcribe what is written at the very top of Wall II, near the ceiling. Some introspective sort was moved, in a moment of epiphany, to write in foot-high characters, 'Where the fuck have I been all my life???' Under this, some more Taurean person suggested, 'I don't know but when you go back take Claudia with you.' Poor Claudia is horribly misunderstood by some people around here who can't afford to have their hair done by a faggot stylist, nor wear Pucci clothes to demonstrations....

Let me make it clear that Wall II was not originally a self-serving collection of ingroup insults traded among the staff. This sort of shit never appears there until some raving anarchist—quite possibly Don Lewis in a wild Comanche moment—took a spray can of black paint and splashed 'Fuck You' all over the wall. Some gentler person tried to rectify this by dashing 'Fuck Me' over that with gold spray paint, but it was to no avail. After that happened, the john wall lost a lot of its timelessness, for some reason. People started writing things like 'There's been all too much fucking rain' a reference to last summer when it rained nonstop for forty days or so. Somebody even had the gall to write 'Merry Christmas, Silent Majority', which became outdated within two weeks. It was nearly justified, however, by the addition of, 'Thank you—I'm glad other Americans are not afraid to admit they are Americans and they do believe in Santa—Joel Fabrikant'. But still, the timelessness, universal quality may have perished for Wall II.

It must be noted, though, that these personal insults have a charm of their own. If patrons of Rienzi's could poke fun at Joel Oppenheimer's arse, what's to keep us from having after Ray Schultz? And in fact, someone has immortalized the observation that 'Ray Schultz sucks juicy farts out of space suits,' which prefaces an obscure scrawl—'A most Harmonious observation'. Harmonious, Ray?

David Walley also has become the subject of an intense Wall II controversy. Originally someone mildly exposed the fact that, 'David Walley wears a corrective jockstrap.' Someone with a low opinion of Walley's *machismo* retorted, 'David Walley wears a training jockstrap.' Then, 'David Walley is a corrective jockstrap'. After that, 'David Walley is a "Creative" jockstrap', and finally, 'Who's Wally Jockstrap?' After a while you wonder if the Red Guard delinquents haven't invaded the EVO john.

But now the time has come for me personally to disassociate myself from the various slanders and innuendos which have been directed against my good name on Wall II. It's getting so that you have but to look anywhere on wall II to become convinced of the incredible depravity and unredeemable perversity of one D.A. Latimer. And the blame for this I must attribute to one Clitoria, a Kiss staffer to whom in a weak moment I once admitted that, when young, my mother made me wear corrective shoes for a couple of years. Even now, after everyone knows about it from the john wall, it goes hard with me to admit this of myself, but yes, I once wore corrective shoes. So who could it have been but the loudmouthed Clit who wrote, right by the john where you can't miss it, 'Don't talk about D.A. Latimer's corrective shoes.' That started the ball rolling, and someone quickly responded with, 'Talk about his artificial testicles'. Then, 'Let's not forget about his throbbing, thrilling whang while we're about it, hey', sufficed to make my name a thing for low punsters to play around with.

'Will the person who stole Latimer's sweat sock collection kindly fork them over. No questions asked.' Al Shenker did that one, and it's a thinly disguised reference to my fork-fetish, a preference formerly held between myself and God. Under that, someone has ordered, 'Latimer, please! Hands off the clean-up boy.' We had thos twelve-year-old cleanup boy once, but... But that was only for a couple weeks. On, 'Dean Latimer takes cosmic enemas'. Now, I don't take enemas, but Clitoria keeps this apparatus in her john...

'Takes them where, pray?'—'Over to David Wally's 'creative' jockstrap.'

Latimer
LATIMER
LATIMER!!!

Your feet stink.

Now that's true, but I don't eat with my feet like some editors I know.... Then, growing from the flower of Maya, some bastard has drawn a heavy-headed semi-erect prick, with the name 'Latimer' inscribed on it. Under that, in a feminine hand: 'You fool! Everybody knows Latimer's not circumcised.' And then, 'Fuck you—that's Joel's prick.'

Close to that, some 19-year-old psychopath has fanatically scribbled this tissue of horseshit: 'Ray Schultz loves Latimer's left nubulle (sic). His lips caress the raggedness of his ass as he beats of (sic) super toad-defender of American Justice.' Now, while few things indeed are beneath the depths to which Schults will sink in his incessant lustings after the most degraded pleasures of the flesh, me, I'm a little more *conventional* in my tastes. I draw the line at 12-year-old cleanup boys.

Finally, though, there is this horrible thing written right over the john which has to be the shame of all john walls everywhere. When graffiti is used to fatally injure the reputation and personal equanimity of good people, then the time has come to start all over from the beginning. 'D.A. Latimer is the world's greatest "you know what", but he certainly leaves something to be desired

in the hemmy *sucking department—Clitoria'. The son of a bitch who wrote that—the Clit at least knows how to spell 'desired'—is going to be reborn an extra ten thousand times. 'Clearly time to paint over the john wall again Latimer'.

But when the john wall II is painted over, the wall just above the john itself has to be left as is: 'You are Now Part Of The Cosmic Plot to Evolve The Human Race Into The Next Dimension', it says in large blue letters, with right underneath this, in small black feltpen characters: 'With the other reptiles'.

* Hemmy—Joe Stevens for 'dingleberry'.

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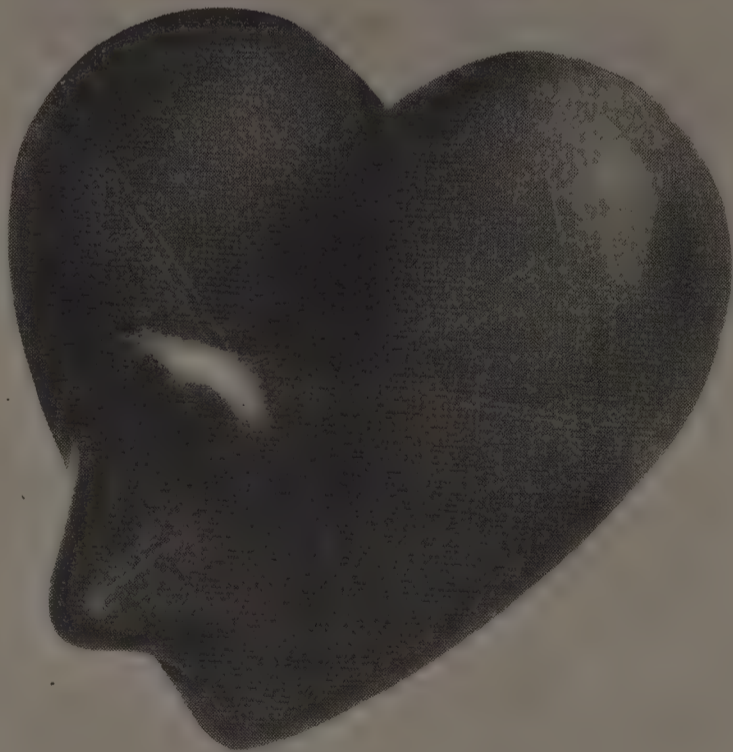
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LITA

(Continued from Page 10)

that because I did this one, but I get really bored. The people making them think in such finite terms. In this one, spatial relationships were established sometimes, but for a particular scene, an inherent reason.

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If perspective was introduced, it was momentary. Gordy Willis and I were like twins, we saw everything the same way . . .

"I think of it as a sketch for 5 or 6 different films. We had four different endings . . . Yeah, exactly: a film about what happened to Jake? To Joe? To the Doctor? To Rennie . . .

"As we kept going, it got wilder. I became 'keeper of the narrative' yet the methods we used were anti-narrative. I had to keep remembering the chronology. The action . . . It was a very very difficult movie to cut. You just couldn't push the photography around, it took on a life of its own. I've been a film editor for a long time, I can cut any thing. After a while, no matter what it is, no matter how bad it might be, you begin to see the rhythm, the reasons for a scene, and you cut it to show the events, the reasons . . . but this one . . .

"What are you going to do with this? Why don't you just write about the film . . . no, I mean you really understand it. All this stuff . . .?" (NB: I told Abram Avakian that I felt this was the first film ever made for me and that it took my breath away and then stumblingly tried to explain why . . . for that part of the story, tune in after film has opened. I told him further I didn't want to jeopardize its chances by saying something about the film and having anyone not like what I said, refuse to see the film because they thought they might not like it . . . He gave up after this articulate torrent.)

Conclusion.
We just sat and talked about people, places, the fact that he had once lived practically around the corner from me, on 23rd Street, "in my nabe" and whether the Weatherproof Hat

Store was still around. We then traded stories about lofts, people, and were just happy. Hotcha.

Here is a story. How Aram Avakian and Miles Davis stopped speaking to each other.

Aram and Miles were friends for quite a while; one day they saw each other in the street. They talked; Aram asking Miles what he was doing. Miles told him what he was into; Aram listened to the account of what Miles was playing, where, etc., said with a smile, "Yeah, but whatcha doin' that's good?" Miles looked at him with little expression for a moment, walked across the street and has not walked back since.

NEVER FORGET: That is One Side of a story. There are at least 3 good-reading versions. This one, Miles', and the truth. Plus others. It could be a film. It could be sketches for many films. What about the passersby . . .? The fire hydrant. The little lady selling apples.

Here is another story. How I met Terry Southern. I was at the Gotham Book Mart for a party and someone buzzed that Terry Southern was there, there he was! That was him, and I was walking by and said, Are you really the real Terry Southern, and he obligingly nodded yes, whereupon Andy Warhol said, Oh Lita, you should meet Terry Southern. Whereupon I said something silly, then explained that the novocaine injection given me earlier by my dentist made me high. Terry's interest was aroused: a novocaine high. I offered the idea of shooting novocaine. WE got onto cocaine. Shooting cocaine directly into the head. Terry's eyes swam in misty thought at the thought. He gave me a funny look. He began to spin off a tale about 2 men who shot cocaine into their heads. I answered. He gave me a stranger look. Later I found out Andy Warhol had told Terry I was 12½ years old. No wonder.

OK. That's enough. Remember; this all might be lies, it might be parts of a film . . . maybe you should make it and find out. Isn't that snotty and condescending. But, I have thought about it, too . . .

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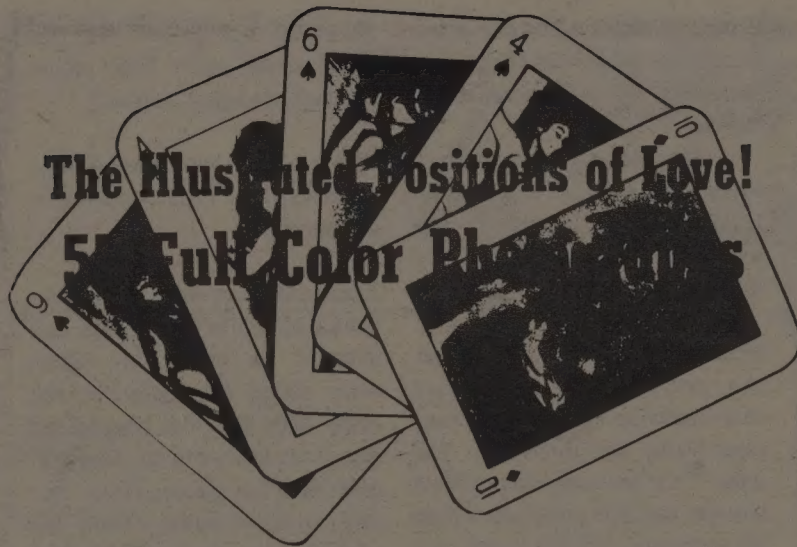
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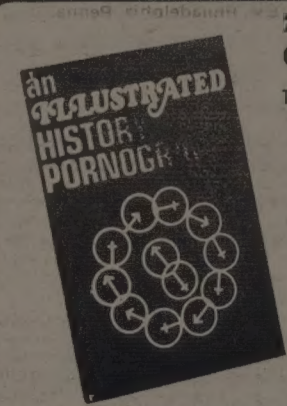
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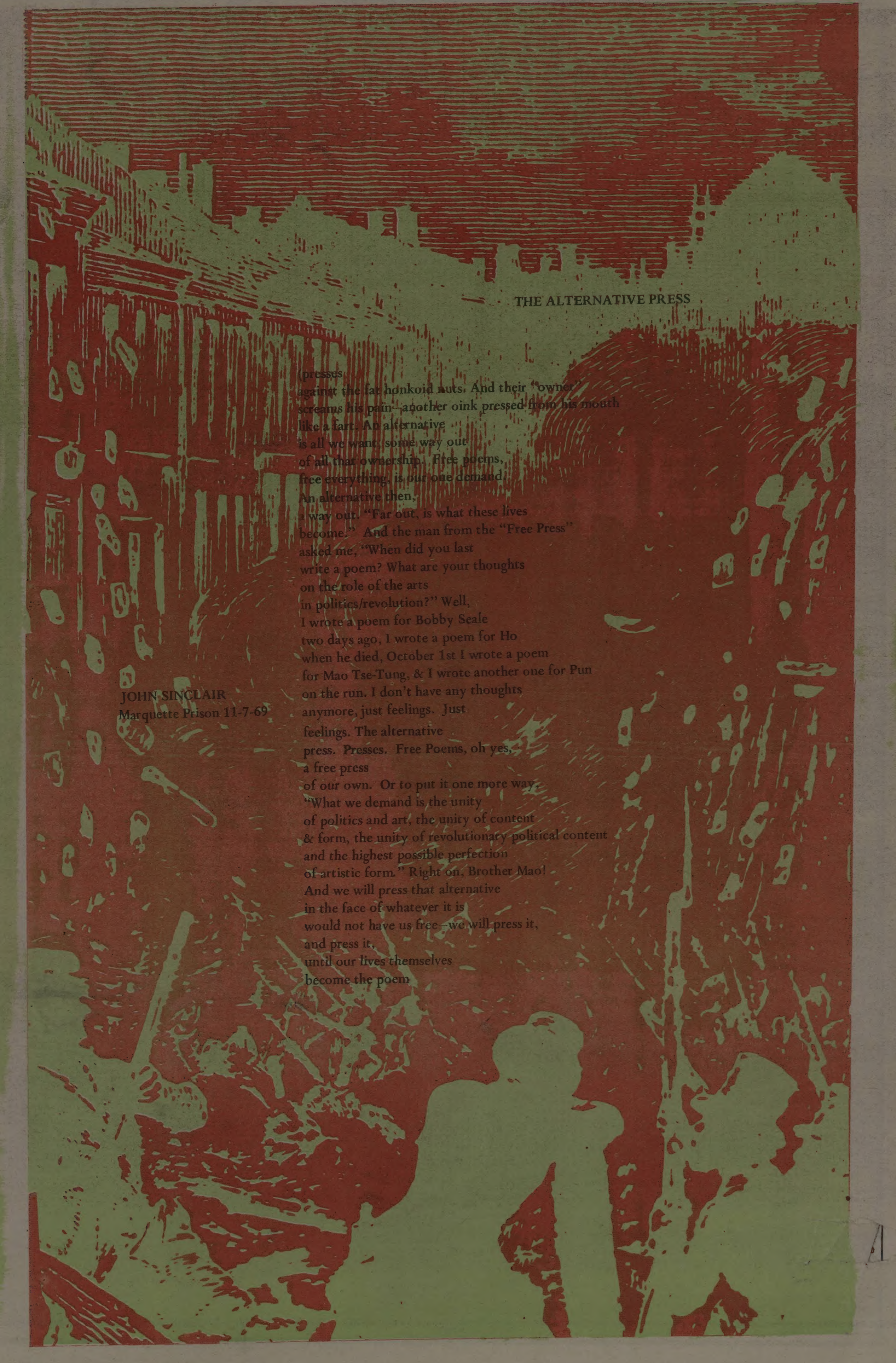
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THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS

(presses
against the fat honkoid nuts. And their "owner"
screams his pain—another oink pressed from his mouth
like a fart. An alternative
is all we want, some way out
of all that ownership. Free poems,
free everything, is our one demand.
An alternative then,
a way out. "Far out, is what these lives
become." And the man from the "Free Press"
asked me, "When did you last
write a poem? What are your thoughts
on the role of the arts
in politics/revolution?" Well,
I wrote a poem for Bobby Seale
two days ago, I wrote a poem for Ho
when he died, October 1st I wrote a poem
for Mao Tse-Tung, & I wrote another one for Pun
on the run. I don't have any thoughts
anymore, just feelings. Just
feelings. The alternative
press. Presses. Free Poems, oh yes,
a free press
of our own. Or to put it one more way,
"What we demand is the unity
of politics and art, the unity of content
& form, the unity of revolutionary political content
and the highest possible perfection
of artistic form." Right on, Brother Mao!
And we will press that alternative
in the face of whatever it is
would not have us free—we will press it,
and press it,
until our lives themselves
become the poem

JOHN SINCLAIR
Marquette Prison 11-7-69