

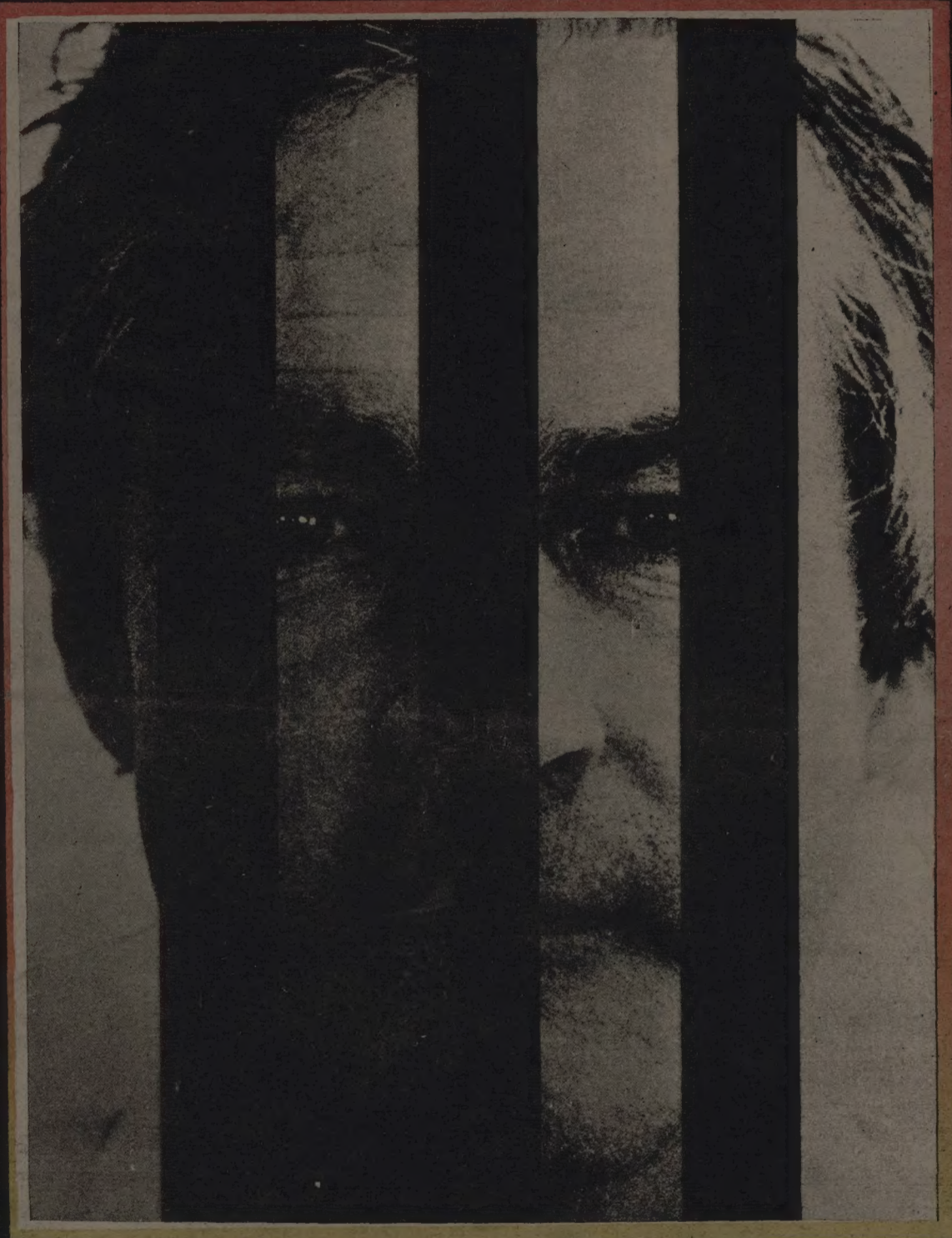
J. BALDWIN INTERVIEW

THE east village OVERTOUR

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LEARY KIDNAPPED



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On March 2nd, in Houston, Texas, Timothy Leary was convicted for the second time of being in possession of less than one-half ounce of marijuana, and sentenced to 10 years in prison and denied bail pending appeal on the grounds "that if he were at large, he would be a danger to other persons in the community, and for having openly advocated violation of laws he poses a menace to the community." The sentence was handed down by Judge Connely, the same judge who 4 years ago sentenced Leary to four years in jail and a \$10,000 fine for the same offense, a decision that has been reversed by an 8-0 vote in the Supreme Court.

In April, Tim will be on trial in Poughkeepsie, New York on 9 misdemeanor counts stemming from an armed vigilante raid on the League for Spiritual Discovery Headquarters in Millbrook.

The I Ching says "Holding together brings good fortune," so contribute whatever you can to Holding Together, a Freedom Fund, P.O. Box 5017, Berkeley, California.

比

John Lennon
Yoko Ono Lennon
Allen Ginsberg
Terence (Kayo) Hallinan
James Coburn

HIRAP

It is a pathetic commentary on the faulty processes of government when it presumes to have done its duty by jailing Tim Leary. For them to believe that by incarcerating an idea they can steal the tide of life is not only naive but outright stupid. A Leary in shackles hardly facilitates their unspeakable scam; it only makes Dickie and his gang the laughing-stock of history. The spectacle of Tim Leary being hustled across state lines in chains from one Star Chamber to another is just another indication of the moral and judicial bankruptcy of this regime.

Have we come so far just to be fooled again into thinking that the inexorable spirals of Time can be brought to a halt at anybody's command? Hasn't anyone taken cognizance of what Tim Leary had to say as far back as 1966?

"This revolution has just begun. For every turned-on person today, I predict there will be two or three next year. I am not at all embarrassed about making this prophecy, because for the past six years I have been making predictions about the growth of the new race and I've always been too conservative. Let no one be concerned. Trust your young people. Trust your creative minority. The fact of the matter is that those of us who use LSD wish society well. In our way we are doing what seems best and right to make this a peaceful planet. Be very careful how you treat your creative minority, because if we are crushed you will end up with a robot society. Trust your sense organs and your nervous system. Your divine body has been around a long, long time. Much longer than any of the social games you play. Trust the evolutionary process. It's all going to work out all right."
--June, 1966.

How can one whose first commandment is, "Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy fellowman" be accused of advocating the indiscriminate use of dope?

It is sad, if not outright tragic, for none of them to have taken Leary at face value when he spelled it all out in his Declaration of Independence, 1968: "When in the flow of human events it becomes necessary for the People to cease to recognize the obsolete social patterns which have isolated Man from his consciousness, and to create with the youthful energies of the world revolutionary communities of harmonious relations to which the 2,000,000,000-year-old life process entitles them, a decent respect for the opinions of Mankind, should declare the causes which impel them to this creation. We hold these experiences to be self-evident, that all is equal, that the Creation endows them with certain inalienable rights, that among these are:

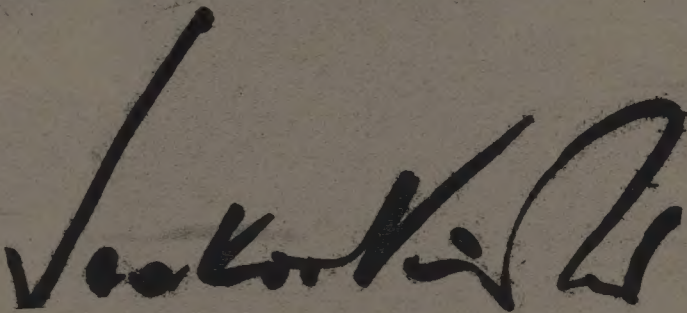
The Freedom Of Body
The Pursuit of Joy, and
The Expansion of Consciousness,

and that to secure these rights, We, the citizens of the World, declare our love and compassion for all conflicting hate-carrying men and women of the world.

"We declare the identity of flesh and consciousness; all reason and law must respect and protect this holy identity."

And last but not least, for us who did pay heed, it is imperative to take Tim's message from his cell to heart: "THESE ARE THE TIMES WHICH TEST THE DEPTHS OF OUR FAITH AND LOVE AND PATIENCE. LOVE CANNOT BE IMPRISONED."

Right on, Tim Leary.



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INTERVIEW WITH JAMES BALDWIN

by karen wald (lms)

[Editor's Note: The following interview with James Baldwin was done soon after his recent visit to Huey Newton, minister of defense of the Black Panther Party, in prison. Huey is serving a 2-15 year sentence for manslaughter—the state was unsuccessful in framing him up with a first degree murder charge for the killing of a policeman.]

Q: YOU WERE JUST DOWN AT THE CALIFORNIA MEN'S COLONY IN SAN LUIS OBISPO VISITING HUEY NEWTON. CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HIS TRIP WAS ABOUT?

J.B.: Huey is one of the most important people to have been produced by the American chaos. His fate is very important. And not one person in white America, if they read the mass media, knows anything about Huey, what produced him or what produced the Black Panther Party.

Black people have always played, in this country, a tormented role in the white man's imagination. They prefer to believe him to be King Kong, or whatever it is white Americans take black people to be. It's inconceivable to them, because it says too much about the republic, I think, that the Black Panther Party was originally called the Black Panther Party for Self Defense. And that it was produced as a reaction to, and I'm a witness to this because I was born in the ghetto, to the tremendous irresponsibility of the police force. It didn't come out of nothing, it didn't come about because Huey and his cohorts are some kind of weird anti-social monsters. It came out of the very real necessity to invest the black community with a certain kind of morale, which cannot be found in any American institution.

Q: HAVE YOU SEEN CHANGES IN HUEY SINCE YOU FIRST MET HIM?

J.B.: In much the same way that events of the last two years have caused everybody to re-think the situation, Huey has gone through some changes himself. I think that oppressors always make the same mistake. They think that they're going to break you by the degree and the nature of your punishment. But they always miscalculate, because you may be able to break ten people, but there's always one person or two people or three people on whom it doesn't work, who use it to find



out something and to become, in a sense, more dangerous than they were before. More dangerous than if you'd left them alone—more dangerous, that is, to the status quo. I think Huey is changing that way.

Q: WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO COMMENT ABOUT SOME OF THE CHANGES YOU, YOURSELF, HAVE BEEN GOING THROUGH IN THE LAST TWO YEARS?

J.B.: I think that no one any longer can be fooled about the intentions of the American government because they've made it perfectly clear. And that may be the most healthy thing that has happened in this time. Nobody, after all, can say anything for the present administration. It represents the American illusion that it's a white country, that it's a white world and that they can make it a white universe—the moon is our first colony.

Q: ELDRIDGE ONCE SAID THAT THERE WERE BASIC DIFFERENCES CONCERNING THE ATTITUDE YOU HAD TOWARD DEALING WITH THE VIOLENCE OF THE WHITE OPPRESSOR—DO YOU SEE ANY CHANGES IN THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS?

J.B.: My enormous concern has been, and still is, that I don't want to see a generation go out into the streets and die. On the other hand, I was also forced to realize that it wasn't up to me. Nobody can answer for a generation except that generation itself. We don't have the helicopters, we don't have the tanks, the weight against us is tremendous—which demands of the people in the situation that they find a way to respond.

Some very respectable people in this country, respectable in the ordinary sense, are aware of what is happening. This has made very peculiar bedfellows—the position of Justice Douglass is not that different after all from the position of Huey Newton. Some of the people are beginning to see what has happened to the civilization, what has happened here, as a result of the fantastic greed of the corporate system.

One of the reasons for the Nixon-Agnew business about the silent majority and the whole claim that people who are against the war are really murdering American boys, is in the hope that somehow they can unite the whole country around

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ROUNDUP by ray schultz

A London Sunday Express Column by Washington Correspondent Henry Fairlie has made the startling accusation that the jurors in the Chicago Conspiracy trial had sent a message to Judge Hoffman claiming a deadlock in their deliberation and that Hoffman either ignored or never received the message.

"According to my two sources, then, the jury in Chicago twice sent a message to Judge Julius Hoffman saying that it was deadlocked and requesting that it should be discharged.

"These messages, it seems, either did not reach Judge Hoffman or they did reach him and he ignored them.

"According to my two sources, the two requests to be discharged were made by the foreman on behalf of the whole jury.

"In this, at least, the jury was unanimous. What then, happened to their two unanimous requests?? If Judge Hoffman did not receive them, my two sources claim, it could only be because he had made it clear to the marshal of his court that he did not wish to receive them: that he did not wish to hear of any deadlock or request for a discharge."

"I personally have little sympathy with the Chicago Seven. But I do think that I would have found much to say for John Wilkes either. He was a most unlikeable and unserious bouncer.

"... That is why one must report the kind of authoritative story I give here. If it is untrue, well and good. But if not, it warns of a rot which must be stopped at the beginning."

Great news, the United Congressional Appeal is now in the process of raising money for conservative congressional candidates and you can help! In a newsletter sent out to registered Republicans and Conservatives, chairman Bruce Alger outlined the possible gains for 1970, and it looks real good for this fine group of patriots.

"The liberals are running scared. They know that the Conservative tide is stronger than at any time in the past 30 years. So they are hard at work planning and raising money for the 1970 campaigns. **THEY DO NOT INTEND TO SEE THEIR GAINS OF PAST YEARS LIQUIDATED.**"

the Conservatives of course, newly-consolidated in the United Appeal, hope to "set the liberals back, not to the 1950's, but to pre-New Deal days." To help the voter analyze the

various candidates, they offer this guide:

"If he is an incumbent, the basic gauge is Liberty Ledger, the voting record published by LIBERTY LOBBY, one of the members of UCA's Board of Awards. If he is not an incumbent, his reputation and past history is carefully weighed against the record of his opponent.

"In 1968, statesmen with a 70% or higher score in Liberty Ledger lacked 94 seats of having a majority in the House. The 91st Congress reflects the rising conservative trend throughout the country in recent years...

From the opposite side of the ledger, the Socialist Workers Party has set up its slate for the 1970 elections in New York. Clifton DeBerry for governor and Kipp Dawson for Senator. In press releases last week, DeBerry made public his position on the housing crisis in New York, while informing us that the Lindsay administration had paid \$500,000 to the Rand Corporation to make an official study of existing conditions. DeBerry's proposal:

"There is plenty of money in this state, sitting in the pockets and bank accounts of those who are profiting from the war in Vietnam, of those who control the banks and corporations. Let's put it to use. We call for using it for an emergency, public-controlled program of construction of decent housing for all who need it; for extension of rent control to all housing in New York State; for a rent ceiling of 10% of a tenant's income; for financing this program through a 100% tax on all war profits and a 100% tax on all income over \$25,000."

Bess Myerson Grant has been doing the job, folks. Her New York City Department of Consumer Affairs recently put the bug on the F & W. Oil Burner Service of Brooklyn, which was delivering Number Two Fuel Oil to the Governor's Island Coast Guard Base. Secret reports showed that two of the company's trucks had illegal plugs which registered air "as well as oil" on the meter. The company received two \$100 fines and is now under investigation by the Department of Defense which had signed the contracts for the Coast Guard. In addition, the consumers Office announced this week that eight restaurant owners accused of serving adulterated hamburgers had agreed to private settlements totaling \$675. Another nine owners may

be brought before the Civil Court.

John Lennon of the fabulous Beatles has reportedly signed a pledge to donate blood to the Blood for Life and Peace Committee in New York, an organization that wishes to divert attention from the war in Vietnam and transfer it to community problems such as the

shortage of blood donors. Anyone interested can contact Dr. Alfred M. Prince at 628-3010, or Betsy Brotman at 475-8106.

Do you realize that if Poughkeepsie, Santa Ana and Laredo do not allow Dr. Timothy Leary to serve his jail sentences concurrently, he will

be in prison until his 80th birthday?

And who the fuck owns the Village Voice now besides Carter Burden and company? What wiseguy has bought the joint out and allowed Wolf and Fancher to remain on, with a program of capital gains for all their fine work? It wasn't Normal Mailer, that's for sure.

HOT OFF THE WIRELESS

by Seamus O'Searns

Many more most amazing American malevolencies uncovered this week on the International Beat, particularly in South America, where Uncle Sam is keeping the scene nailed down TIGHT AS A MAIDEN SPHINCTER, believe you me. In romantic Colombia, for beginners, a politically radical organization of Catholic Priests called The Golconda Group is virtually on the verge of extinction. The Golcondas are continually arrested kept for months in preventive detention, beaten continually, and chased out of their parishes. Recently a certain Monsignor Gerardo Valencia Gano, the only bishop active with the Golconda Group, had his passport lifted by the State Dept. while travelling in the U.S. While the documents were returned after a protest by U.S. priests it certainly appears that someone Here don't like what's going down There at all... Then in Chile, a whole new sort of TPF has been formed to stomp out dissent: called the "Special Services Brigade" (has somebody down there been reading the EVO Classifieds?) these pigs have been trained mainly to stamp out the Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionaria which has been robbing banks and supermarkets to fund Leftist programs... Then you'll have been reading surely about the horrible repressions in Peru, where **THOSE LEFTISTS** have **TAKEN OVER** the **GOVERNMENT!** AP and UPI never tire of floating releases titled "Peru Generals Impose New Press Controls" and the like. A good representative of how stringent these controls are is given by the latest of the press laws—"law of the journalist", it's called—which provides that each newspaper must provide a full column of space devoted to the views of its staff regardless of how the paper itself feels about those views. To the North, it seems our good neighbors in Canada are growing resentful of Uncle Sam's benevolent yoke. Last week, students at York University in Ontario raised the

American Flag over their campus in place of the traditional Canadian Maple Leaf (no relation to the Toronto hockey team), in protest of the U.S. influence in Canadian education, U.S. professors in their classrooms, and U.S.-oriented courses in their curriculums. While he was removing the Stars and Stripes, a security guard was asked what he thought about the situation: he said he didn't know much about it, "but I don't like to see the American flag flying there anyway."... Further to the west, or east if you got the plane fare, it appears that Koreans may have to begin rationing fish—the national staple—unless Uncle Sam can be chased out somehow. Pollution of Korean rivers from U.S. military bases is proceeding apace, turning the country into another New Jersey. The Koreans may also have to forego bathing before very long. Sure is nice to know we saved that country for Democracy.

ON THE HOME FRONT, things are getting hairier all the time. In beautiful sunny Tuscon, Arizona, where the deer and the antelope died long ago, somebody set off a bomb on the sidewalk in front of the local Selective Service complex, "scattering fragments of glass and plaster several hundred feet," according to various exceedingly freaked bystanders. The boom was heard as far away as Washington D.C., wherefrom the usual cabal of FBI stooges was dispatched to look into the situation. Where is Crazy George Demmerle tonight?... Across the Great Muddy in Clayton Missouri—ON THE VERY SAME DAY, MR. F.B.I.—the ROTC building on the Washington University campus was gutted by fire while 200 students clapped hands and shouted clever remarks. Firemen managed to preserve half the building, but they were not enthusiastically received.

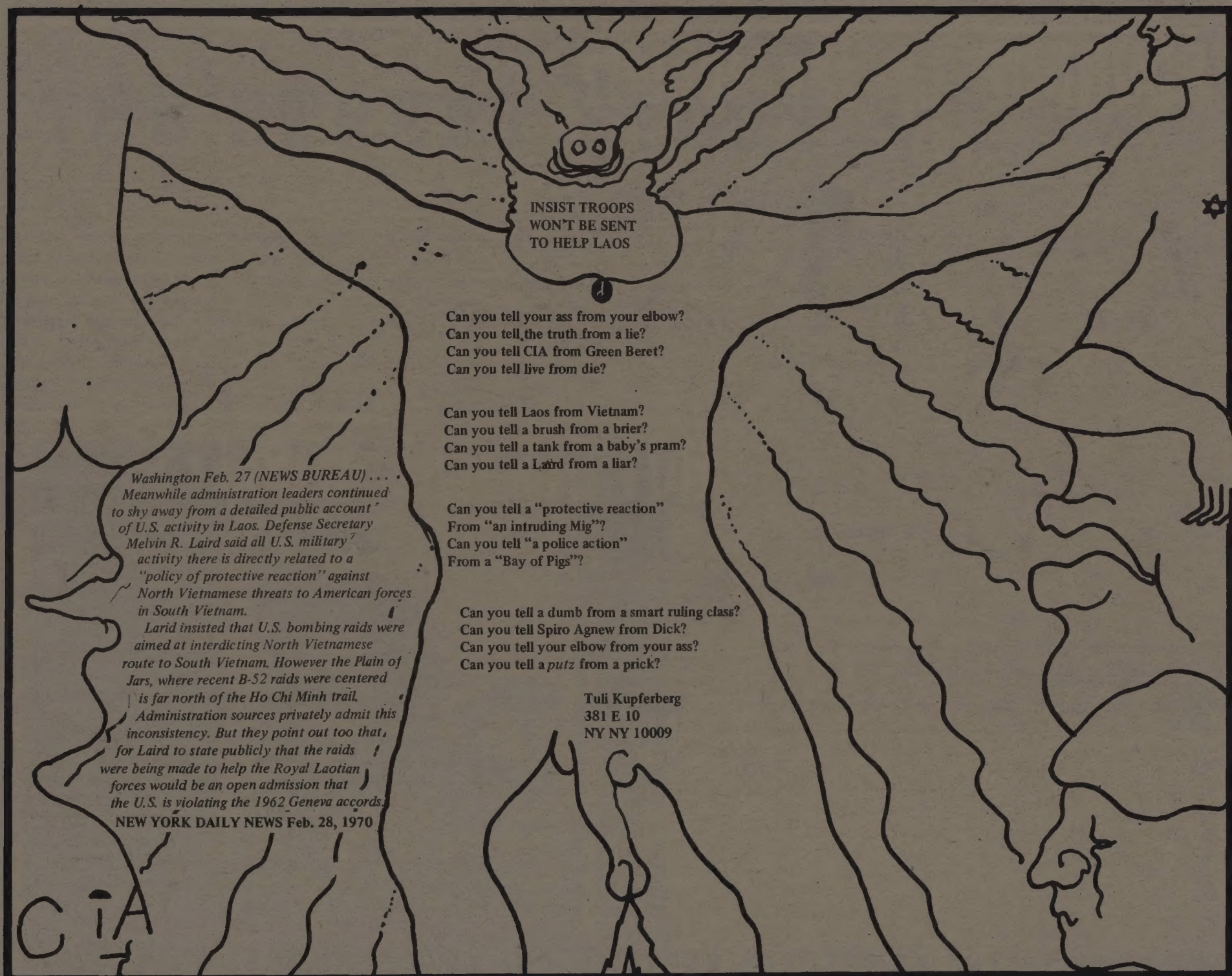
... So much for the offensive side of things, let's get on to the griefs inflicted upon the people. At Itta Bena, Mississippi, one of the great news blackouts of history occurred last month when

Eight Hundred And Ninety-One black students at Mississippi Valley State College were arrested and detained in the Mississippi State Penitentiary last February 11, and **NOBODY HEARD A WORD ABOUT IT!** Chalk another one up for the Fourteenth Amendment. These nine hundred students were arrested under a state law prohibiting interference with students attempting to attend classes at state-supported schools: the rally which got them arrested was attended by virtually everyone at the school in question. The following day, only 110 of the school's 2,500 students attended classes. We'd hate to be in their shoes...

While we're speaking of freedom of the press to censor itself, fair warning ought to be given to all publishers to print only Decent News if they wish to enjoy the advertising of TEXACO, INC. It seems Texaco has formed a policy to withdraw all ads from all college newspapers which "engage in rabble rousing and attempt to foster anarchy". Dirt belongs in air and water, not in print, right, Tex?... Speaking of dirt in the water, it seems that residents of the state of Maine are exceeding anxious about reports that some of the world's largest oil deposits have been located right off the shores of their fair state. Naturally, this has all the local politicians tickled pink (if such a word may be employed in describing Senator Muskie), being that Maine has ever been sort of an industrial "sleeper". The thing is oil people are death on the environment—anybody seen Santa Barbara lately?—so the Mainelanders have got together with an organization called Keep Oil Out, to which for more information you should write at PO Box 3721 in Portland, Me. Stop that sludge!...

More on the press issue. In Ohio, state senator Robert J. Corts has been headlining it with a drive to cut off funds from the Ohio University newspaper, The Post. Citing what he terms, obscenity—among other things,

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"We should distinguish between the two kinds of violence. If someone is violent towards those who seek freedom, that's bad. But if those who seek freedom use violence to achieve it, that's good. Fuck ethics."

Antonioni

It is the bland leading the bland as we go deeper into the 70's. Nixon and his noxious legions have laid a net of brilliant mediocrity over the meanderings of America. Individual freedoms have never been more in jeopardy as they have since Nixon took office. His policies toward radical elements in this country are, contrary to most opinions, not bad advice but consistent with his political history. (He had already made his reputation by witchhunting away his victims and adversaries, and by haunting modern society with the domination of an intricate bureaucracy.)

By keeping the absence of a revolutionary working class from America's ranks, leaders of revolutionary intent are lost upon themselves; to be jailed for nothing more than their own rhetoric.

Tim Leary was jailed for ten years and no bail; jailed less for "possession" than being possessed. Tim has asked the

people at EVO not to compound the government's offense with our own rhetoric of violence.

What I think Tim means by that statement, is not to waste our time in negative energies and get on with the job. (Our job being right now to get our "non-leaders" out of jail and away from the threat of jail.)

Already John Lennon and Yoko Ono are the prime sponsors of Tim's Defense, "Holding Together Freedom Fund."

One, though, must not forget the long view. There is the need for a New Society. Meanwhile we will have to be content with changing peoples' minds and keep them from breaking ours. The revolution is not over. It's just beginning.

The Conspiracy is back home again in New York and beginning to breathe easier. They have certain plans in mind to further the revolution along its merry way. One plan is a film about the Conspiracy trial itself.

Defendants and defense witness' will of course play themselves. The picture will be directed by Nicholas Ray, of "Rebel Without A Cause" fame, and the rest of the Conspiracy.

Abbie Hoffman, in his own inimitable way, informed me that they were offering Judge Hoffman \$100,000 to play himself. If I know Julius and his vampire ego, he might just accept. But just in case the bribe does not take, James Cagney, of "Little Caesar" fame, has already accepted. The combination of "Julius" and "Caesar" is too much of a natural not to make the picture a guaranteed success.

Most important of all, the film's distribution will cater to Universities and Colleges. It is here, in the young mind of America, where the real fiction of Democracy will be exposed.

The Conspiracy will use its own talent to mediaize the revolution. See, hear and read *Conspiracy*, and you will think *Conspiracy*. Books of the actual testimony at the Conspiracy trial are already in the planning stage. Rumor has it though that Bantam Books has already co-opted the idea. If this is so, then Bantam better watch its backside if monies are not forthcoming in lieu of the Conspiracy's monetary problems.

But Media will not be the

only tool that the Conspiracy shall be using. Confrontation still looms large in their overall timetable. The National Republican Convention still awaits its "Chicago". But this is another two years off in the making, and in between that time there will be many a dress rehearsal.

Meanwhile as the Conspiracy escalates so does the Nixon administration. Laos will be our new Vietnam and Vice President Agnew, our new Minister of Propaganda. To counteract this National Charade, facts and fists will have to work hand in hand. Where the Nixon administration is bland, we have to be bold.

Overall the future remains anonymous unless people themselves are made aware of their obligations. Individual freedoms and a better world are not acquired by "20 million peace votes" at a so-called Toronto Peace Festival while a few hip scabs line their pockets with the profits. Our culture does not belong to the likes of those who make a con game out of other peoples' hopes and aspirations. A couple of days of music will not make one person freer just a few people richer. In

the last analysis, there is a third kind of violence, and it sings sweetly with enough noise to cover the crime.

With the spring session coming up fast on college campuses across the country, there is an air of impending violence coursing through the veins of students. YAF (Young Americans for Freedom), a rightest student group which now has a national membership of 50,000 are getting ready to challenge SDS for campus leadership.

The word is out: "Get SDS." And the plan of action is well mapped. YAF will no longer wait out each SDS move before it acts. It will use the same harassment techniques that SDS used against the college administrators. As far as YAF is concerned, the days of fun'n' games are over.

So begins the 70's. The kid gloves are off. From one level of society to another, ethics has been replaced by survival. Somewhere in the void, ethics are getting a fucking. Right and proper action is getting the shaft and Nixon is pumping the action with all the blandness at his command that he can muster.

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC by Allan Katzman

FOREST LAWN MEMORIAL-PARK
HOLLYWOOD HILLS

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



WELCOME TO THE CAMPS- LOS ANGELES, THE AMERICAN DREAM ON TWINE

by david walley

Driving down the freeway in Los Angeles discloses interesting facts about the residents... like the Cement Donut which proclaims a local beanery, drive-in donut shop visible from the Santa Monica Freeway. It moves all the time at speeds exceeding seventy miles an hour, the freeway is the life pulse of LA. The movement of late model rental cars through hundred miles of connected 6 lane highways is enough to make any decent New Yorker cringe. And everyone's so cool, beautiful and aloof.

Los Angeles is a city in search of an identity. There is no LA spirit, merely small paranoid communities in search of an identity. Los Angeles is always mistaken for a city, but it is more a state of mind. No one knows what Los Angeles really means, but you can see Los Angeles when you look at the slick ads in the glossies for mouthwash, toothpaste, retirements villages... the American dream. You will never see any dogshit on the streets, perhaps the dogs are trained to keep it in until they die and the autopsy is performed and lo and behold, nothing but dogshit. LA is skeletal dog with the crap inside, the gloss outside. And

never try to walk everywhere. The police have a monopoly on pedestrians, only cars in Electric City, only people in motion, or people hemmed in by their environment in their houses. There is nothing on the outside to warrant further inspection.

You can go to the mountains or the sea in a manner of minutes, but don't get out of your car for further inspection of the terrain—you'll be rousted. LA, believe it or not is the American dream in action. Everyone is so abysmally well fed and beautiful (even the old folks, the psychedelic old ladies in tennis shoes have their hair dyed to unnatural proportions). LA is city of extremes, unreasonable extremes—the retirement syndrome with the acid, the red necks with the freaks... and everyone is so cool and distant, everyone has a glib word, but no one has any body under all the plastic sheen. Frank Zappa lives in the hills of Los Angeles, Lauren Canyon... he rarely goes out of his house. Could you blame him? A few blocks from his house, or a few minutes (distances are measured in minutes by car instead of miles), there is the Strip, Sunset strip with its bands and bands of teenies, motorcycle freaks and

hangers-on in the LA scene. Frank Zappa doesn't go out of his house because he has created his own environment filled with tape machines, instruments, movie projectors, and reels upon reels of music waiting for the right time to release it to the public. What is his public? A heady question here in LA, the public be damned.

If you listen to the Mothers long enough, your whole world view becomes conditioned to phrases like "plastic people", "tv dinner", "swimming pool", "39 Chevy"—all Los Angeles slang, but slang as well of the total American culture. I asked him a long time ago why he lives here. "Because it's real", was his reply. There is a reality in LA which overpowers the senses, the reality of an America which has been sold and resold the same stale dream too long. After a while people even begin to believe in it, after a longer while, people stop noticing that they are living a dream which they had nothing to do with.

If you drive around this place long enough, the terrain stops having any distinguishing characteristics—it is all the same... the same squat houses with red tile roofs, the same low silhouettes, the same neat blocks. Try getting smashed and

attempting to make it back to your own terra firma. Miss a freeway exit and you may never find a place to rest your weary bones, miss your block and you may come out the other end of Alice's looking glass where everything is reversed.

You can get anything you want, anything you could fantasize about, you'll get in Los Angeles. If you want chicks, well, enjoy yourself here. They look as if they were cut from the same mold, blond, apple-cheeked and fuckable. In fact, if you have problems with New York chicks, then Los Angeles is your type of city. On Friday and Saturday nights on Sunset Strip the parade is never ending. You can sit in Alfie's and watch the whole procession of blonds, brunettes, and redheads. You can do more than look, you can pick up anything or anybody that pleases you with the lamest lines imaginable like "Do you have a match?" or "Hi" or "Ahh... aren't you". They will all say yes, they will do most anything you want with simple trust, that trust that comes from living too long in a city which has no environment, in a city which has no conception of cold weather or snow or excessive rain—just 50's to 70's with a little rain tossed

in. You can tell it's winter in Los Angeles because the hills are green... in the summer they are brown. Figure that out sometime, figure it out when you have a few moments of solitude away from the whizzing cars.

Auto city runs twenty-four hours a day but there is nothing to do. People spend a lot of time in their cars travelling aimlessly cruising for burgers, for tail, for smoke, for the love of nothing. As an extra added inducement to stay in cars, the LAPD strikes like hawks on pedestrians—being busted without a license is tantamount to being caught without a draft card. There's no reason not to have a driver's license—the age for drivers is 14 for a learner's permit and fifteen for a full-fledged license... and cycles are 14. You have no choice, if you don't have a car, much of your life is a total waste. And it's so easy to get one "Ralph Williams here, your Pasadena used car salesman... and here we have a beautiful 1970 Continental fully equipped powersteering, powerbrakes, fm radio. And now the price, the price ladies and gentlemen" (and this is two o'clock in the morning on television, this freak comes on

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THE STREET STORY

by RAY SCHULTZ

For three weeks in the summer of 1968 I noticed a blind kid sitting on the corner of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue, holding a sign that said "I am blind—please help me recover my stolen clarinet." He was dressed in rags, obviously hadn't shaved in several months, and

wore a small tin cup around his neck for taking in the coin. I passed him several times and one sunny afternoon when the opportunity presented itself I crouched next to him on the sidewalk and asked if we could talk. He seemed very surprised but he remained cool. His face

was dirty, and his vacant eyes were bloodshot like a roadmap.

"You eaten yet?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How did you lose your clarinet?"

"Man, I don't know."

"I'm a writer," I said. "I have

a paper. Maybe we could do a story on you, help you get a new clarinet. Want to have a cup of coffee and talk about it?"

"I don't think so. If I take five minutes off from here, I'll lose money."

"What time do you finish?"

"I don't know."

"Can we talk here?" I asked.

"I don't think so. It wouldn't be very good."

"Why not?"

"It just wouldn't. I don't want to talk about it, anyway. I have to make some money."

"Okay," I said, then I got up and put a dollar in his cup.

"Thanks," he said.

I walked about thirty feet when two heavysset individuals stopped me looking like they meant business.

"Why did you give that kid a dollar?"

"Why did I what?"

"Why did you give that kid a dollar? You a humanitarian?"

"What do you care?"

"I care. You a humanitarian or something?"

"I bet he's a cop," the other one said.

"Yeah, a philanthropist."

"My brother was blind," I said. "This really gets to me."

"He's a wiseguy, too."

"I just gave him a dollar," I said. "That's what he's sitting there for, right?"

I took advantage of the rush hour crowd and moved quickly on. I saw the kid just about every day for the next few months, begging on the corner of 14th and Second Avenue in the morning, and back to Eighth Street and Sixth in the evening. At times he seemed to get cleaner, more prosperous looking, and at times he sunk back to the same depressing state he was in the first time I met him. I stopped occasionally and exchanged a few meaningless words with him, but he usually didn't have much to say. Sometimes, I thought I saw his two friends standing around, but I never waited long enough to find out for sure.

I inquired of various people, who was he? What did he do? Did he really play the clarinet?"

"He's just blind," someone told me. "They call him 'Blind Richie.' He used to play the clarinet in the street, but he makes a living."

"How?"

"By begging. He makes thirty bucks a day. He lives on top of a restaurant, I see him all the time. He comes in at night, drops the money off with the woman, than he goes to sleep. She keeps his money for him."

"Doesn't he get ripped off?"

"Not that I know of, but I guess it would happen. He's blind you know."

Weeks went by, months, half a year. People told me he played a beautiful blues clarinet at one time, others told me he was a hustling junkie who never played the clarinet at all. Some folks told me he cleared a fortune by begging on the street, others told me he barely kept alive, never had a place to stay, and was continually being ripped off by "friends," and burned by the pushers. At different times, I heard that he was blind from birth, blind from the war, blind from wood alcohol, and blind from a sneak attack involving drugs. I didn't know what to believe. The rumors from one day to the next had him wiped-out on speed, or hooked on smack. I just knew it wasn't a good hour to be in his shoes.

In July of last year, while attending the super-righteous Newport Folk Festival, I received even more news about the young man's strange life. It was Saturday night, the vibes were good, we had listened to the Everly Brothers and their father and Doug Kershaw under the New England stars, then Joni Mitchell was introduced. She came out in a long gown and went into her string of hits, "Circle Game," "Both Sides Now," "Chelsea Morning," and "The Fiddle and the Drum." then very politely, she took the microphone and said, "There's a young man in New York City, I don't know his name, but he's blind and he sits on the street and plays his clarinet for whatever money people will give him. I've often ridden past him, and wondered about his life, and I've written this song for him. it's called 'The Boy Who Plays for Free.'"

"This is incredibly," I told the chick I was with. "I know that kid."

"It's very sad," she said.

Joni Mitchell went into her song, talking about how she felt so guilty riding in her limosine and going back to her expensive rooms when there in the street, the boy played for free for the people, sweet, innocent, righteous, beautiful. It was a charming ballad and the crowd received it enthusiastically. Then Joni Mitchel left the stage, and was followed by the B.C. Harmoniettes and the Cook County Singers Convention, two great gospel groups, and Arlo Guthrie who told an anecdote about Moses and the Pharoah, and the dope laws back in those days, then he led the crowd in "Oh, Mary don't YOU Weep," and "Amazing Grace," and everybody felt pretty good about it and gave him a standing ovation.

Less than one hour later, the chick and I attended a post-concert party at a mansion at Vernon Court College in Newport. While a group of fiddlers played some stomping

(Continued on Page 16)



Joseph Stevens

HIP POCRATES

Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.,



Antoinette Dishman was a 17 year old Barnard College freshman who died January 31st of a heroin overdose. She had sniffed heroin at a party and was found dead the next morning. Hers wasn't an exceptional case. Heroin overdoses killed more than 200 teenagers in New York City alone last year. The drug is made ever more dangerous when used in combination with alcohol or barbituates.

Using heroin in any form is like playing Russian roulette. Not a very high game.

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

On an acid trip I took recently, my left hand and arm went totally dead on me. This happened twice before on very heavy acid trips. I have taken acid about 60 times in the last three years if that's any more help to the problem.

Anyway, like I said, my left arm went dead. I couldn't move it very well and I could barely make a fist of my fingers. In about 3 hours my left hand and arm were back to normal use but I was worried by the incident. Oh, by the way, it has always been my left hand and arm that have gone dead.

Is this a normal occurrence or is something wrong? I haven't taken any acid trips lately nor do I plan to until I found out about this.

ANSWER: All "LSD" available on the black market today is illegally produced by chemists who, of necessity, run makeshift laboratories. Compounds produced in these laboratories contain impurities which may be more dangerous than the pure drugs.

LSD is related to ergot, a substance which causes constriction of blood vessels including those in the brain. Ergot is a fungus which grows on rye and other grains. During the Middle Ages epidemics of ergot poisoning occurred in which the characteristic symptoms were

gangrene of the feet, legs, hands and arms.

If I were you I would have a thorough physical examination. You live near a Free Clinic where you can speak frankly to a physician about these experiences.

"Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

I have a rather unusual problem. I am in my middle 20's and still a virgin. Now I am going with a guy with whom I am sure I will have intercourse quite soon.

The problem is, I am sure this guy doesn't think I am a virgin and I don't want him to know it. Is there any way to keep it from him when intercourse actually occurs?

Is the hymen when intact so difficult to pierce that the man would have to realize the situation? Is there usually a great deal of bleeding? And finally, is it likely that there would be so much pain that the woman's reactions would necessarily enlighten her partner?"

ANSWER: The status of the hymen varies greatly from one (virgin) female to another. Sometimes no pain or bleeding occurs at all while in other women surgery is necessary to allow intercourse. Usually there is some bleeding and discomfort when intercourse is first attempted.

A gynecologist could answer these questions for you and, if you chose, perforate the hymen. But your boyfriend might want to do that for himself. Are you sure he'd be displeased to find you had never had intercourse before?

According to a recent *Esquire* article you could be in great demand serving as an altar for Black Masses.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 680, Tiburon, California 94920

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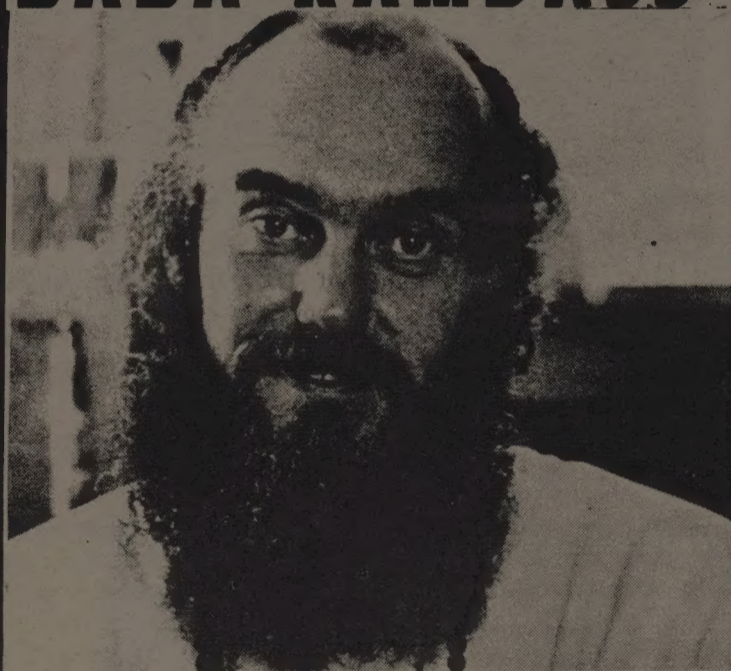
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1961-66; RESEARCHER/EXPLORER WITH LSD CO-AUTHOR/THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE WITH LEARY & METZNER///LSD WITH COHEN & SCHILLER.

1967-68; STUDENT OF ASHTANGA YOGA IN HINDU TEMPLE IN HIMALAYAS (TO WHICH HE WILL RETURN FOR FURTHER STUDY IN MID 1970).

WILL SHARE HIS EXPERIENCES

DATE	TIME	PLACE
Saturday	March 14, 1970	8 p.m. Universalist Church 76th Street and Central Park West
Sunday	March 22, 1970	8 p.m. Hunter College Auditorium
Saturday	March 28, 1970	8 p.m. Hunter College-69th Street & Lex.

ADMISSION: \$2 /PROCEEDS WILL BE USED TO SUBSIDIZE PUBLICATION OF YOGIC TEXT FROM BINDU TO OJAS

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ARGENT

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, MARCH 20 & 21
MOODY BLUES
LEE MICHAELS
ARGENT

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, MARCH 27 & 28
JOE COCKER
AND THE GREASE BAND
BRIAN AUGER & THE TRINITY
STONE THE CROWS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, APRIL 3 & 4
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Nicky Hopkins-Dino Valenti
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WITH THE BALLETTES
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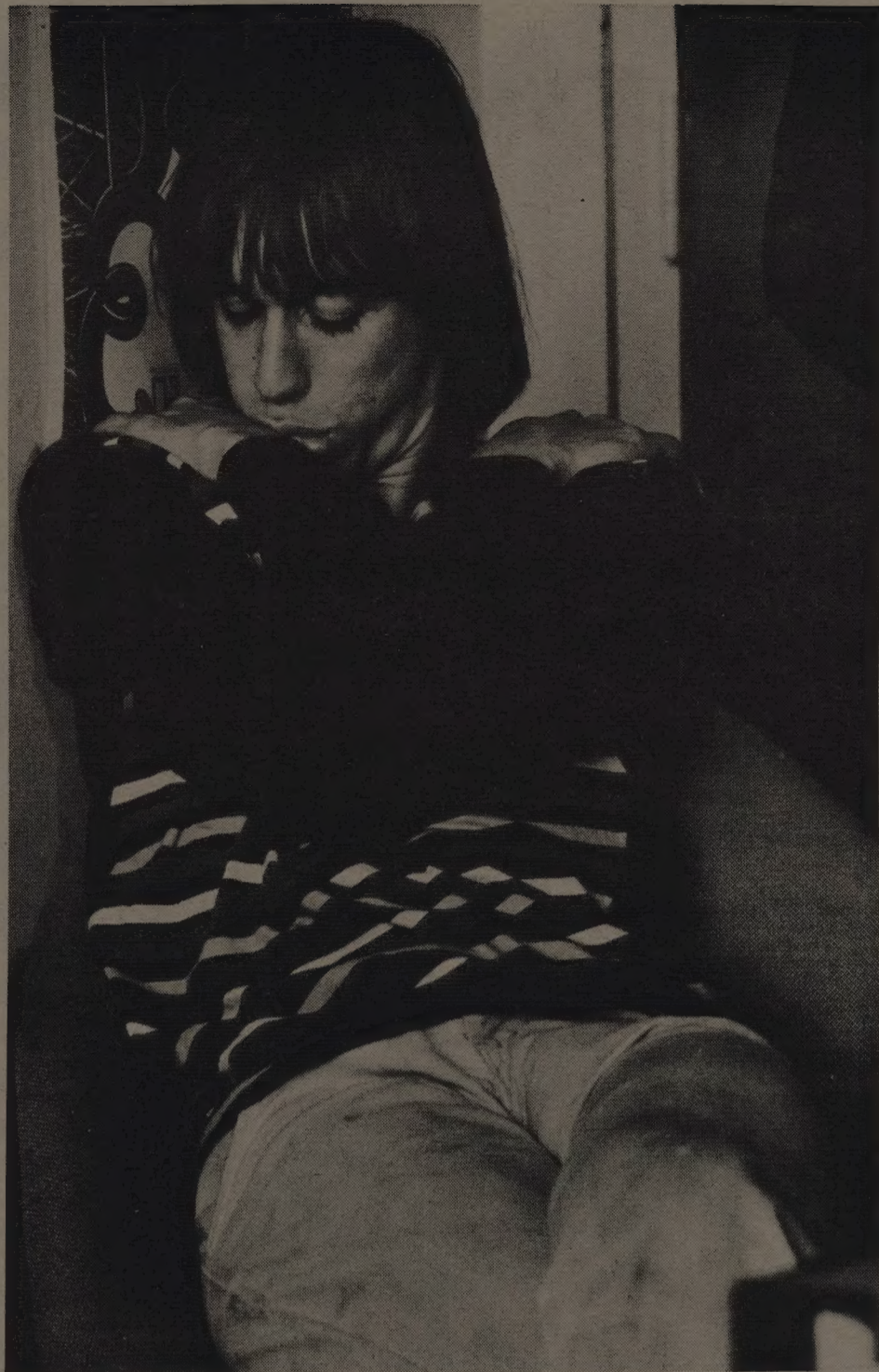
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STOOGES



by Karin Berg

The return visit of The Stooges to New York has been a long wait; they were at the Pavilion last September and have now just left New York after appearing at Ungano's and Action House. After seeing them at the Pavilion, I thought they were one of the better groups to appear amidst the population explosion in rock. After seeing them three times during their last visit, I thought they were better. The best, as a matter of fact. In recent memory, what other new rock group could you really get excited about? Who made you feel and think? If you say Bread, I don't think you'll want to go too heavily into The Stooges—they come around from the other side, the rough side (do you remember a short time ago when the Stones weren't in?)—and you're not going to agree with a word I'm about to say.

Hard rock stripped of its pretentious bullshit. Iggy Stooze has a *concept*. He's touted as an icon of evil, of depravity, but that's wrong. He's closer to a messenger of redemption, but in no current saintly fashion. No pacific John Lennon he.

The Stooges come onstage, looking like a hip street gang. Iggy lolls around, just hanging out around the center stage mike. In raggedy, threadbare dungarees, raggedy black boots and, with his netherworld sense of theatre, elbow length silver lame gloves. Ron Asheton on guitar, Dave Alexander on bass, Scott Asheton on drums. Then the music starts and Iggy, the human explosion, begins.

Their music is loud, in sexy, low registers. The sound used to obliquely remind me of The Velvet Underground, but now it just kind of kicks you, you murmur, "oh, shit..." because it's just that great Stooges sound and it doesn't sound like anybody else at all.

Iggy's off on "I'm Loose"... "and I'll stick it deep inside" (hissed clearly)... "and I'll stick it deep inside..." He's thinner now, but it's kind of great: as his back is turned and he's shaking his ass and dancing, moving, with unbelievable agility, you can see every muscle at work. Fantastic. If you were stoned and sitting up close, you could probably get lost in watching all those fine wires zinging and zanging all over his body. Well... for a few minutes anyway.

There's only the briefest of pauses between numbers and few go through the motions of applause. Some people are stony with hostility and won't show any approval but for most of us applause seems so pitifully English proper in juxtaposition to a Stooze number.

Into "Down on the Beach," "See That Boy." They're all new numbers. Then "Dirt."

"I... I been dirt—and I don't care..."

Iggy hurls the words, spitting them out, crouching...

"... I been hurt—and I don't care..."

He pinches and slaps his face, stares with anger at the audience...

"... do ya feel it when you touch me..."

"... do ya feel it when you touch me..."

The anger of the Ig is directed against sterility, defenses, walls; he's always chopping away, trying to make contact. Making contact in this society, especially among much of the hipguard that people rock audiences, is a superhuman task but Iggy takes the whole thing on. A big, heavy-set cat, shirt, tie, grey suit, grey hair, hornrimmed glasses, looking pasty around the edges from too many dull afternoons behind his desk at *Billboard* (for which he does reviews) was sitting up front. When Iggy had first walked on, he noticed him, walked over, chucked him under the chin and said, "Hi, mister..." No reaction from the man.

Now Iggy tried a different approach. He comes up to him, smiling. Nothing. Then the Ig sits in his lap as the music goes on. The man has not moved at all. Iggy puts his arms around him, lays his head on his shoulder. Nothing.

Iggy jumps up, dancing around again, there are three girls, ever, ever, so cool, sitting at a table, now and then passing a remark, very relaxed. Iggy's not gonna ruffle them, nossir. But he spots one, grabs her by the leg and pulls her slowly forward (slowly, so she won't fall off the chair—contrary to hostile speculation, Iggy is not out to hurt) to the center of the stage. She looks at him. Nothing. He pushes her back, in disgust. Puts his hand up against her face to grab it, shakes her head. As he lets go, she strikes out, but she doesn't get out of her chair.

Then he's off again, casing the crowd, jumping. No words now, but it's all over his face: "Shit, you're a bunch of lumps—do ya feel it deep inside—feel, dammit..." Bam, he's up on a table, screaming, jumping up and down (trying to break the table?), laughs as he has fun, stops, throws the hand mike over his shoulder, grabs on to a pipe holding lights, swings back and forth, does a back flip back onto the table, and is off back onto the stage, never losing the mike.

Stands still while music continues. Starts semi-chant: "I am you... I am you..." Walks around, getting close, down to people's faces... "I am you, I am you..."

There's more, and more, with some rests while Iggy lies down, the band tunes up, the audience gets itself together.

"We would now like to do a number called... 'Your pretty face is going to hell.'" One night it was slightly altered after Iggy had crashed into some chairs during a flip. The next night he had some more chipped teeth and his lips were ringed with dried blood. He laughed as he pointed to his battered visage... "My pretty face is going to hell..."

The Stooges. Iggy.

The music of The Stooges is not their total thing, though it is a great sound and beautifully integrated into what they do.

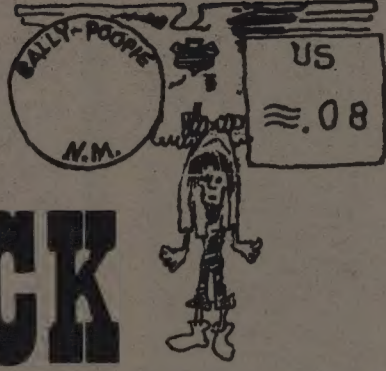
Iggy strips feelings, emotions, naked—holds them up for us all to see. Jeezus, we are so out of touch. I think about that after seeing The Stooges perform. I could go on about their concept, what goes on in performance, why it goes on, but I'm repelled by over-intellectualizing about them. You dig 'em or you don't. Arguments raged at Nobody's one night—they sure do succeed in bringing out feelings, pro or con. I am definitely with 'em and for 'em.

Crashing through boredom, the shitty ennui of white America, polyethylene hip, glib sophisticat rot. *Do ya feel it deep inside?*

Iggy—a very fine artist. The Stooges—a great rock group whose music just gets better and better.

photo—stevens

FEED BACK



March 2, 1970

Dear EVO.

There is so much hate and distrust; and talk of Revolution. That's all well and good! But it's funny how no one will open their eyes. While we Americans fight each other the communists sit back and watch and wait. We all, whether it be black, white, red, yellow, or green are all Americans.

New York City is the biggest city in the United States. We hold Foreign Trade; import and export; the stock exchange; valuable records, some of which are the greatest and most beneficial to America. It's All Here! If a revolution happens here it would freeze the United States.

While we all are fighting each other the Chinese sit back and wait until we crumble. Americans stick together and are well noted for it. So if they work on the loyalty and devotion for one another it makes us weaker. They don't have to take over the country. They're letting our own people do it for them. Remember... propagandists is a great weapon if it's used right, and the ones they're trying to reach are the young America. You know what, we can all fight for a cause but don't let the communists instigate their own cause, and let our own people do it for them. Also our own government, with all the undercover people working for them, are causing so much paranoia in the youth of America. We ourselves are pressuring our own kids. If it keeps up; not now, but years from now it will be just like Big Brother is Watching You... 1984! Also look what happened to Abbey Hoffman and his Lawyer. You know what! I blame that judge who sentenced him and his lawyer to do time. The statue of the lady of justice, (Blind Justice), is a good thing to have the judges and lawyers to look at a little *more often*. She tells a story of her own. This is supposed to be America, the land of the free. That judge could have sentenced Abbey Hoffman to a year or a few months; And his lawyer being sentenced to a year, when all he was doing was fighting for his client! If this keeps up in this country, the lawyers will be afraid to fight for their clients and become the governments puppets; and the so called justice and what our forefathers worked for has been destroyed. I give credit to the true hard working

Americans who fought for their beliefs to further our country and making it the best and the land of the free. But I give nothing to the ones who take oaths as lawyers and judges and act like Supreme Beings; and who are helping the communists get what they want by stepping on their own people which are Americans.

It's like Big Brother is watching you... 1984. People will be afraid to speak on the phones or talk with strangers on the streets. And guess what? It has broken America in half. People speak, "It will never happen while I'm alive." You know what? You're not going to be around for a long period of time. When you die—you're gone Jim. But remember it's your kids and families who remain. Just remember what freedom is and what it stands for, and what our forefathers fought for, and what this country *really* is and stands for.

A great example is Cuba. The country was doing alright but they had their own problems in government. Maybe the President didn't know what was going on beneath him, and with his people. He was worried about other things and took his people for granted. Okay! Well and good. But while he was worried about other things his own people (communist infiltrated) started making him look like an idiot. Well, we all know the rest, Castro sits on that Island, and he's not quiet either. He's sending his own propaganda up here into our own country. We are surrounded and no one sees it, while our fighting men's moral is being broken into pieces. Our history books; schools; and metro media for communication is spreading faster of a Revolution. While we fight our country crumbles. Our gov't should realize what's really going on and start worrying about the people who are trying to destroy us.

Sandy

Hells Angels, New York City

Dear Ray Schultz:

I have noticed of late that yer attempts to simultaneously suck off/explain the demo scene in the U.S.A. have shown a little weariness.

JADED

by attending too many demos for unknown reasons (which I guess is true of everyone) you have taken refuge in Bad Logic.

Your thing about the demo in East Village Other misses the



behind the crisscross isolated she stands raped pregnant
with freedom, trampled by blind justice

point. —it moves from showing the confrontation between pigs and hippies (both cool yin/yang etc) to showing how that inevitably had to be broken up by the pigs and its the same old thing because the pigs will break it up.

The thing you missed, old buddy is the trashing that went on after THAT—lots of windows were broken in the neighborhood. Check It Out.

It seems that people have figured out a solution to the same old pigs-people confrontation scene and that is to fuck up some ruling class property ala Santa Barbara.

Maybe you would have seen this and not ended YOUR article with a clever but dumb ending (putting the pigs on—two lonely ineffective hip elitists shouted clever repartee a 11 to zero effect)—maybe you would have this new angle if you weren't always into REPORTING demos but participating in them. Fuck your press pass man—that would be a good idea if it was a demonstration of hip reporters.

Anyway that's a new perception on demos so you can improve your articles. To spell it out.

Straight confrontations with cops have limited success since the cops always do break it up so the thing to do is roam around destroying property a little more randomly.

Hey if you want to be a reporter, actually, you should begin analyzing strategically how the pigs actually do break up demos and what is the best way to stop them since you have been at so many—maybe from the EVO helicopter or something.

Sure enjoyed yer articles in the past. I feel so perceptive however maybe I'll write an article and take over from you.

yours,
Captain Smitters

ED: Schultz's reply: "Sorry to disappoint you Captain, but there wasn't that much property destroyed in that particular demonstration, though the following week in the Fifth Ave. Demonstration which I participated in but did not write about, there was plenty of damage wrought, including the breaking of a couple of windows and the knocking over of several trash cans on Sixth Street between Second and First where all those big, ruling capitalists live. You fucking idiot! You break my window, I'll break yours and that's how we get the pigs, that's how we free the Conspiracy and the Panthers. If you want to break a window, do it to Chase-Manhattan, fine, but not a bunch of poor hipsters and old Ukrainians living on Sixth Street. Besides, did you consider that I *was* in the street, not in a helicopter, and might possibly have had a limited and subjective view of the scene? Remember, this is EVO, not the *Post*, we run in the street just like you, and we do the best we can. Thank's for the new info though, and if you want to do a piece on Police Technique, EVO, I have been assured, will be glad to have it. Right on.

Arizona Highways

Dear EVO—Here's Tuscon: streets paved with American flag decals. Rednecks with rifle-rack pickup trucks. No, or few rock concerts. Shortsleeve TV interviewing Ruth Peterson—illiterate jury bitch: "Judge Hoffman is a wonderful man." (Her piss would corrode steel). Soon as the roads are open I'm going backpacking in the Chirichua Wilderness Area with Nelson Barr. Sonic Boom

grapples with Bear Heart wind. What next? Beercans on the Moon. Incidentally, where's Spain?

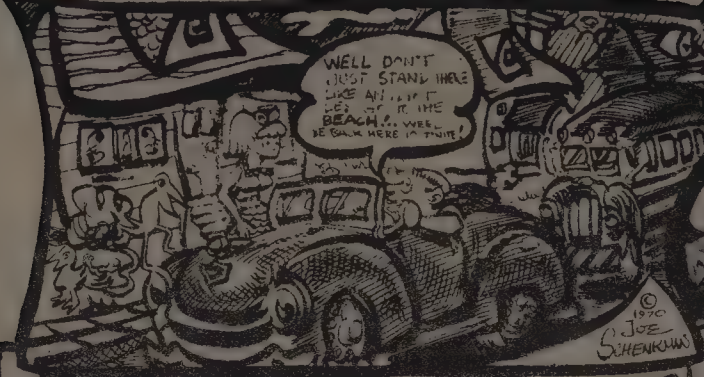
Love,
Ken Weaver

Ed.—Spain's in San Francisco, as well you might be from that description.

GAY IS GOOD

GAY IS GOOD—GAY IS BEAUTIFUL—THE GAYS VOTE REELECTED LINDSEY FOR A SECOND TERM. The "GAY ACTIVISTS ALLIANCE" feel therefore that Mayor Lindsay is the man directly responsible for the harrassment and entrapment of over a million homosexuals in New York City, and held a demonstration at City Hall on March 5. Spokesmen from the group upon entering City Hall to request a meeting with the mayor were met by a line of pigs and told that City Hall was closed. CLOSED TO HOMOSEXUALS THAT IS. As the assemblage grew and pickets and placards began arriving the demonstrators were ushered off the plaza which is part of the public park in front of City Hall and moved out to the street corner. After an hours demonstration, petition signing, and viewing by local lunch-hour employees a spokesman from the Mayor's office; supposedly one of his legal counsels offered to speak with 3 members of the group. From there the standard bunk and patronizing very off the cuff of course, no photographs, no recordings or interviews only the good message that he would pass on to the Mayor the group's complaint. More demonstrations are planned. See GAY POWER NEWSPAPER for information.

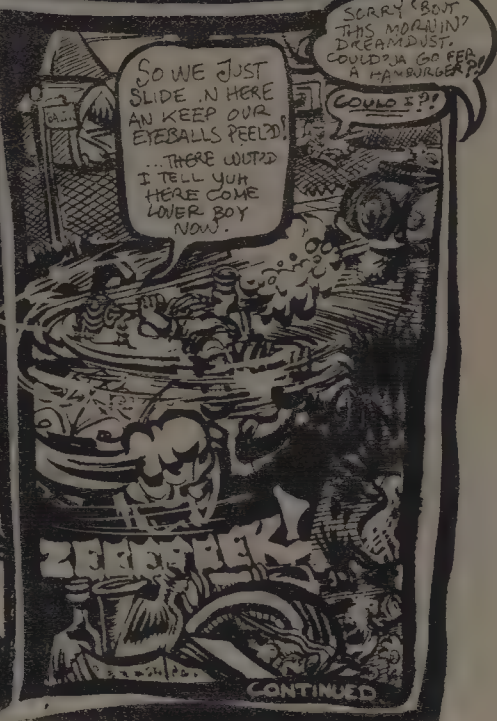
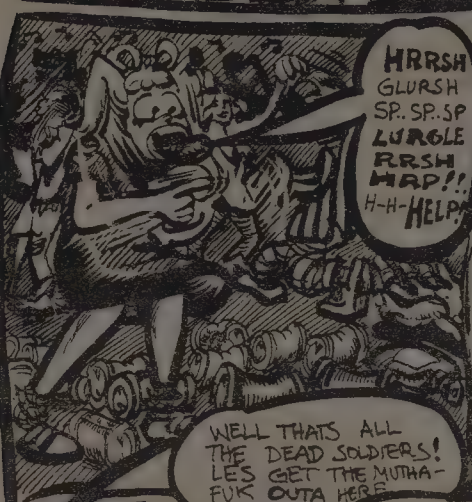
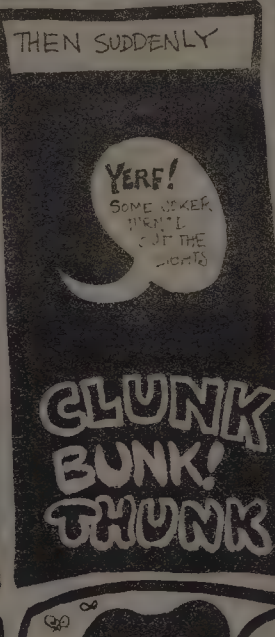
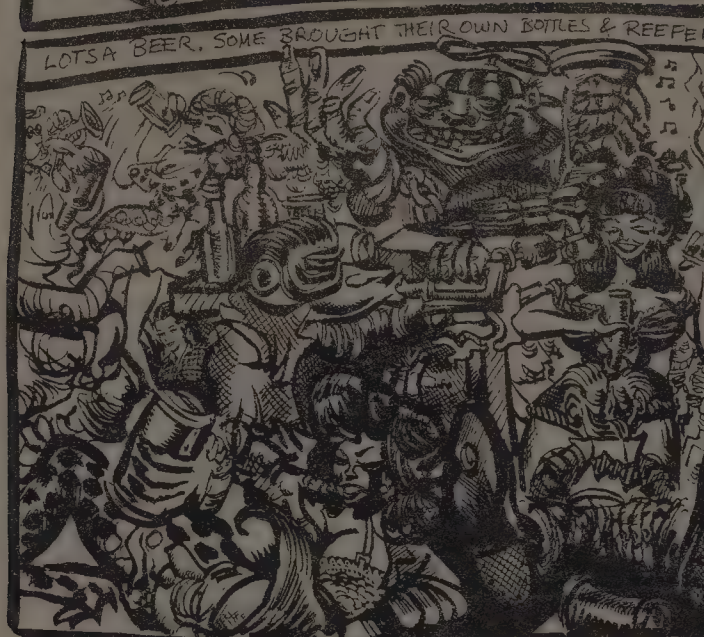
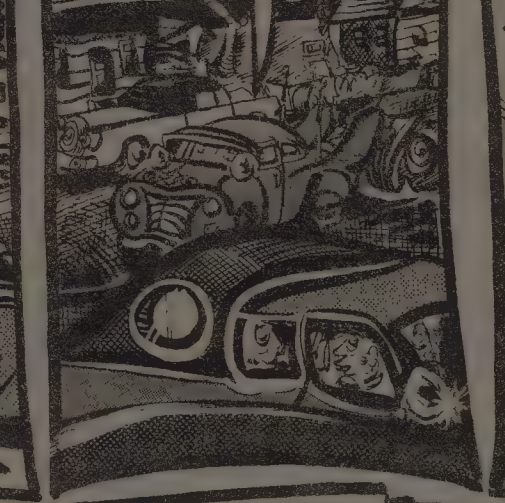
HIGH SCHOOL BEANS



THE BIG HELLCATS BASH WAS HELD IN THE ELEGANT SUBURBAN HOME OF ONE ELDERLY COUPLE, THE SMURDS. WELL, IT SO HAPPENED THAT MR. & MRS. SMURD WERE OFF IN DUCKBERG VISITING RELATIVES & WOULDN'T BE BACK FOR A GOOD 4 WEEKS!

ANGELA ARRIVED WITH BETY & BETY'S NEW DATE OSWALD IN HER 'FULL CUSTOM '53 NASH WITH THE '57 'EL DERADO' FINS.

THE JOINT WAS ALREADY JUMPING LIKE CRAZY AND EVERY ONE WAS HAVING A WING DING



CONTINUED

LADIES LIB : SISTERS UNITE... BUT WITHOUT

Saturday, 7 March was proclaimed International Women's Day by the Women's Liberation movement and a rally was held in Union Square. Saturday will probably be more widely remembered as the day of the first total eclipse of the sun since 1925.

It must be stated out front that this reporter is not aligned with the Women's Liberation movement. The reasons for this will be dealt with soon enough, but for the moment I'll say that my feelings of oppression usually evolve around fairly simple things like having my bank account seized because I didn't pay taxes, not being allowed to re-enter from Canada with my tea strainer, and a whiff of Mace can bring on heavy feelings of oppression. But I don't attribute any of this to being particularly sexual in nature. Not on my part, anyway. Whatever the Feds have going for them is their problem.

The fact is, I don't believe that female liberation, as it's emerging now within the Movement, encourages liberated femininity. Rather, it seems to have liberated female hang-ups and established the bug-a-boo of "male chauvinism" as a convenient excuse. Psychologically and biologically, women possess an infinite capacity for self-induced oppression: "After all I've done for you," "I'm only doing this for your sake," "I gave him the best years of my life" ...repeat each one a hundred times and go fuck yourself.

If women are going to liberate themselves, they must liberate their minds first. The imitation of masculine behaviour and dress is an especially ludicrous affectation when its proponents continue to think with their ovaries. This ovarian paradox seems particularly symptomatic of feminist groups that choose to be identified with the radical movement. From the point of view of revolutionary change, their priorities are counter-revolutionary: a bigger piece of the action, better employment opportunities, wage competition with masculine co-workers. If the movement succeeds, there will be no need for for this sort of economic competition, and for it to succeed the various factions must work together toward the common objective. Idealistic perhaps, but the end must be understood as being more important than the means.

Factions exist within the women's lib movement itself. Not surprising, given the natural temperament of women. But most of these differences seem to break down along the lines of sexual extremes: there are those who maintain that celibacy is the solution; others insist that male homosexuality is an adjunct to the solution; lesbianism is the answer, says another group, and so it goes. And Valerie Solanas, her pathetically twisted psyche being further distorted in the process, becomes the Eldridge Cleaver of the ladies' lib.

Therein lies another point of contention. Female lib loves comparing itself and drawing its parallels from the black movement. Once in the course of a discussion with one particularly articulate feminist leader, I was told that there would be no racial equality until we had a raceless society, and by the same token, she continued, "We won't have sexual equality until we have a sexless society." The argument had been convincing until that analogy shot it to hell. It occurred to me that there was an expression to the effect that behind every great man there was a woman. No one had ever ventured to suggest that behind every great man there was a spade.

Which brings up another question: it is too degrading for these feminists to cook

free breakfast for ghetto children?

There is no question that Black, Latin and Indian women are oppressed, but that oppression is a symptom of the entire epidemic of racial oppression in America. The notion of white female oppression is uniquely American. White Americans are brought up to worship competition, and somehow feelings of social and economic inadequacy create a backlash of sexual hang-ups. In this country we have economic competition, social competition, and now biological competition that negates the natural right and privilege of the female to be feminine. The European woman is indeed subjugated to the lowest form of legal and political oppression ...France still maintains its archaic Napoleonic Code and divorce Italian style is a grim joke...but the European woman somehow muddles through with confidence in her own femininity and with fewer psychological hang-ups than her American sister. Though the male manipulates the economy, European society is still essentially matriarchal. The American

feminist rejects this subtle approach as debasing, degrading and some especially vile form of legal prostitution.

The American male, taught to believe that a relationship must be 50-50, is misled later in life into a self-conscious striving to "prove his masculinity." And now the female demands a chance to prove hers.

Undaunted by Calvin Coolidge having been the first President d elected after women got the vote, the new radical suffragettes stride forth in their masculine "drag" proclaiming that test-tubes and drugs will ultimately eliminate any reason for the male to exist. Maybe so, but hasn't thalidomide and other "miracle" drugs, the pill itself, taught us not to trust too much in our laboratories?

The Liberation of women is necessary, as is the liberations of all victims of oppression, imagined or otherwise, but by and large it has been trivialized by most of its own vociferous spokesmen who either misunderstand or misuse their own cause. It's all too easy for an observer to call them dykes or losers, to say that with such obvious hostility for men, they probably couldn't get laid anyway, and noting the preponderance of short feminists, to make jokes to the effect that they hate men because men have built the sidewalks too close to their backsides. It is easy to be put off by such incidents as that happened one morning in Chicago while enroute to the trial. Occurring as it did in an express elevator careening toward the 23rd floor, there was no chance of escaping a stident young lady who began, amicably enough, by telling William Kunstler that he looked terrible. Kunstler quipped that it was due to his usual "Morning sickness," a remark that instantly triggered a torrent of feminist rhetoric, some hair-brained theory evolving around impenetrating men in order that they understand the problems of women, and by mostvoftscove

the time the elevator slalomed onto 23, she was into a riff about sterilization and/or castration of men as a merciful alternative. It was pretty heavy shit for a 10 AM elevator flight. I'd never seen such paranoia manufactured While-U-Wait before.

A couple of weeks ago Kunstler addressed a rally in New York. Vowing that dissent against

a rally in New York. Vowing that dissent against war and racism must continue and that the struggle of all groups against oppressive forces must be supported, he specifically included the women's movement among the oppress-

ed. The elevator scene probably scoured from his mind, he was undoubtedly referring to the vital contribution of the young feminists who had organized the Conspiracy office and kept it functioning. Working for practically no salaries, those girls had made a valuable contribution of time and hard work, and without them that office would not have held together. They were hip and intelligent and they knew what the priorities were. They were probably doing the same menial office-type jobs they'd done before their "liberation," but they knew that they had organizational skills and experience that the male staffers lacked. They were the only ones equipped to run that office smoothly, they were needed, and the big difference was that here they were involved in something they believed in.

On the other hand, there are WITCHES (woman's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell) and such who waste a lot of time on badly executed guerilla theatrics aimed at disintegrating men's magazines. I was apparently the cause of a descent of Witches on Penthouse magazine last November. I had contacted Robin Morgan in connection with arranging a dual-interview between her and Helen Gurly Brown, the topic for discussion being the New Woman, or something like that. In any event, Miss Morgan immediately declined on the grounds that men's periodicals were "the enemy," and it was left at that. I wasn't aware of having roused her rage over the phone with the suggestion.

I then called Ti-Grace Atkinson who agreed to participate on the condition that Penthouse pay "reparations" to her New Feminist group. She asked for \$25 apiece for each photograph of an undressed female in the current issue. The "current issue" that month featured a total of 30 ladies in various states of undress, so aside from being very hip, it would have been worth it if the publishers... while agreeing that it was indeed a very hip thing to do and promising to preface the article with this information to explain why Ti-Grace was being interviewed in the enemy camp...hadn't fucked up colossally by trying to bargain her down about \$500. The interview never happened, I never met Ti-Grace, but in the course of several telephone conversations, dug that despite a certain expected amount of animosity for men and a couple of analogies that didn't hang together, she was very lucid and by no means dumb. One example of her mental velocity comes to mind: I had relayed to the publisher her critique that the magazine was debasing to the female sex. The publisher asked me to inform her that his magazine did not debase the female sex. On the contrary, he said, it showed women as they really are, beautiful, desirable, fun-loving and so on. This was then relayed back to Ti-Grace. "His ass," she replied, "Why doesn't he have a nude photograph of himself in there? Tell him charity begins at home."

Meanwhile Miss Morgan and a gaggle of Witches had swept into the Penthouse offices and had reportedly staged a broom-brandishing foul-mouthed disruption. On refusing to sit down with the editorial staff and discuss their grievances, preferring to continue their "invasion", they were unceremoniously swept out. Aside from the incident itself, the idea behind it was also absurd. No matter where they stand on the scale between total porn and haute stroke, men's magazines are at no loss for "bunnies" or "pets" or whatever cute title comes with the centerfold candidates? As long as that mental and ec-

onomic condition exists in women, there'll be publishers to exploit it, and you can't attack the buyer without a strong inroad on the seller.

Why aren't the feminists attacking those rarified bastions of the object-commodity syndrome, Vogue and Bazaar? Haven't they noticed that most of the "serious" articles are commissioned from male doctors, male psychiatrists, male experts and male writers, while its female contributors are left to chatter brainlessly about a divine-ity of buyables from underwear to orphans? Speaking of "orphans", if female liberation means that your husband stays home with the baby while you're out doing your "actions" and editing stuff for Grove Press (Grove Press glorifies the female sex?), in the words of Paul Krassner, Right In, Dagmar.

The thing is that the political role of the feminists seems only to be understood by the more establishment-oriented groups such as NOW and the New Feminists. Functioning outside of the radical movement, women's organizations are most effective in direct confrontations with legislative institutions and other women. When they disrupt Senate commission hearings on the pill and demand to know why there are no women on the panel and among the speakers, when they speak out for legalized abortion, against marriage and divorce legislation, when they attack statutes denying parole for female convicts, they deserve support. Their disruptions of the Miss America contest is the only thing that makes that wretched pageant worth tuning the tube to every year. When they call Judge Carswell a "sexist," they are serving a valuable function. Nobody really cares if Carswell is a "sexist" or not...there's already enough evidence that he's a racist and that 58% of his decisions have been reversed in a higher court...but the feminists have added another voice in opposition to the appointment of Carswells to influential government positions.

These are the important confrontations, these should be the priorities, for this is where the feminists serve both the public interest and their own. Whether its their intention or not, they also help the radical movement. It's really much hipper to take off those cowboy boots and get dressed up, it's much groovier to unleash all of that hostility and insanity on the Senate than on the political underground that has enough of its own.



YOUR BULLSHIT

by renfreu nett



photograph by joseph stevens

EAST SIDE POETS BY ANDY BOWER

Ted Berrigan. 34 years old. Born in Providence, Rhode Island. Served in the Korean War... his main survival technique being a strong belief that he was John Wayne. Subsequently attended Tulsa University where he started writing poetry, met lots of other poets and read Frank O'Hara for the first time. From then on, he realized everything was possible and he took the hint. Freed from the depressing effects of Stevens and Spender, he's been writing terrific poems ever since.

Berrigan is responsible to a great extent for opening up the mimeo poetry magazine revolution which began in about '62' and was in full swing about three years later. He edited *C, A Journal of Poetry* which in addition to featuring the works of the then fairly well-known poet-lunatics such as Ginsberg, Burroughs, Ashberry, McClure, LeRoi Jones, Denby, Schyler et al, also carried the work of lesser-known poets who today form the knowledgeable comet of finest poets in New York City

today. Among these were Aram Saroyan, Jim Brodey, Gerard Malanga, Ron Padgett, Joe Ceravolo, Clark Coolidge, Lorenzo Thomas, Dick Gallup, and later on Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh and Larry Fagin. He published books out of his various addresses. *Time* by William Burroughs particularly stands out. His books reached print slowly but after that he covered a lot of ground. *The Sonnets* widely considered his best book, certainly his most influential, was originally a "C Press" book, but was reprinted later by Grove Press. The book contains over 100 sonnets and really opened up that form for feverous naked exploration. His second book of poems, *Many Happy Returns* (Corinth Books) contains Berrigan's most impressive collection to date. The cover is done by Joe Brainard, editor and chief-collaborator Supreme of *C Comics*. The poems range in subject matter from innovative love poems to threadbare Irish mysticism goof poems sprouting high stanzas to be read aloud in

bed and sung. - Ted's accomplishments are incredibly varied: a book of collaborations with fellow-poet Ron Padgett *Bean Spasms* published by Kulchur Press; a batch of smaller booklets, the best being a collaboration with Anselm Hollo called *Double-talk*; a collaboration with artist Jim Dine; some eerie posters with painter George Schneeman, and a number of literary criticisms published mainly in *Kulchur Magazine* and other further out places. He also wrote a column for *EVO* which lasted one issue (their first), called *GET THE MONEY*, and did some song writing for the Fugs and Nancy Sinatra. He did a great last interview with Kerouac for the *Paris Review* and wrote Frank O'Hara's Obituary for the *UPS* newspapers. Does this add up to great? Could be. But one needn't worry about what comes through with this stuff. It comes. Just comes. And it will continue to the next time you thumb through. So if you haven't got thumbs, get some. It's worth it.

When *Jim Brodey* was 11 years old he wrote his first poems, they turned out to be couplets. His second and third tries were perfect Spencerian sonnets and Salambic verse (an ancient Persian poem spell of incredible density). He grew up in Brooklyn NY writing angry poems about bitter disappointment in affairs of the heart and skull. Went to NYU and the New School, where his teachers included: LeRoi Jones, Kenneth Kich, Frank O'Hara and John Cage. His poems have been widely published in many magazines both here in the States and abroad.

His books include: *Fleeing Madly South* (Clothesline Editions); *Identikit* (Angel Hair Books); *Long Distance Quote* (Mustard Seed Press). *R.I.P.* (collaboration book with Ron Cooper executed as a plastic headstone, published by *The Devil Himself*); two forthcoming books, one from Panther House (*Blues Of The Egyptian Kings* 30 poems) & (*Stuck Together* 12

poems), which will be up for grabs in just a few weeks. Even though Brodey's rep is concerned with his having written the startlingly brilliant intergalactic poem series, *Identikit*, which *Poetry Magazine* couldn't figure out enough to put down or couldn't think of anything to say strictly about how good it is. Brodey's work isn't easy. So absorbed one feels enveloped by his mass of energy fields snaking across the brain inspiring a knowing grin to appear on his reader's kisser. No, hes not so easy to follow. Either you like it right away or you never will care about it ever. People who are dedicated to reading Brodey's works, and there are quite a few of these animals around the planet these days, they really dig it. Most people have a great surprise in store when his new books are published. Especially, *Blues Of The Egyptian Kings*, which will be coming out first in hardcover, and contains 30 poems written from before his first book and running through his stays in San

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DEATH & JOY OF LIFE

by LIL PICARD

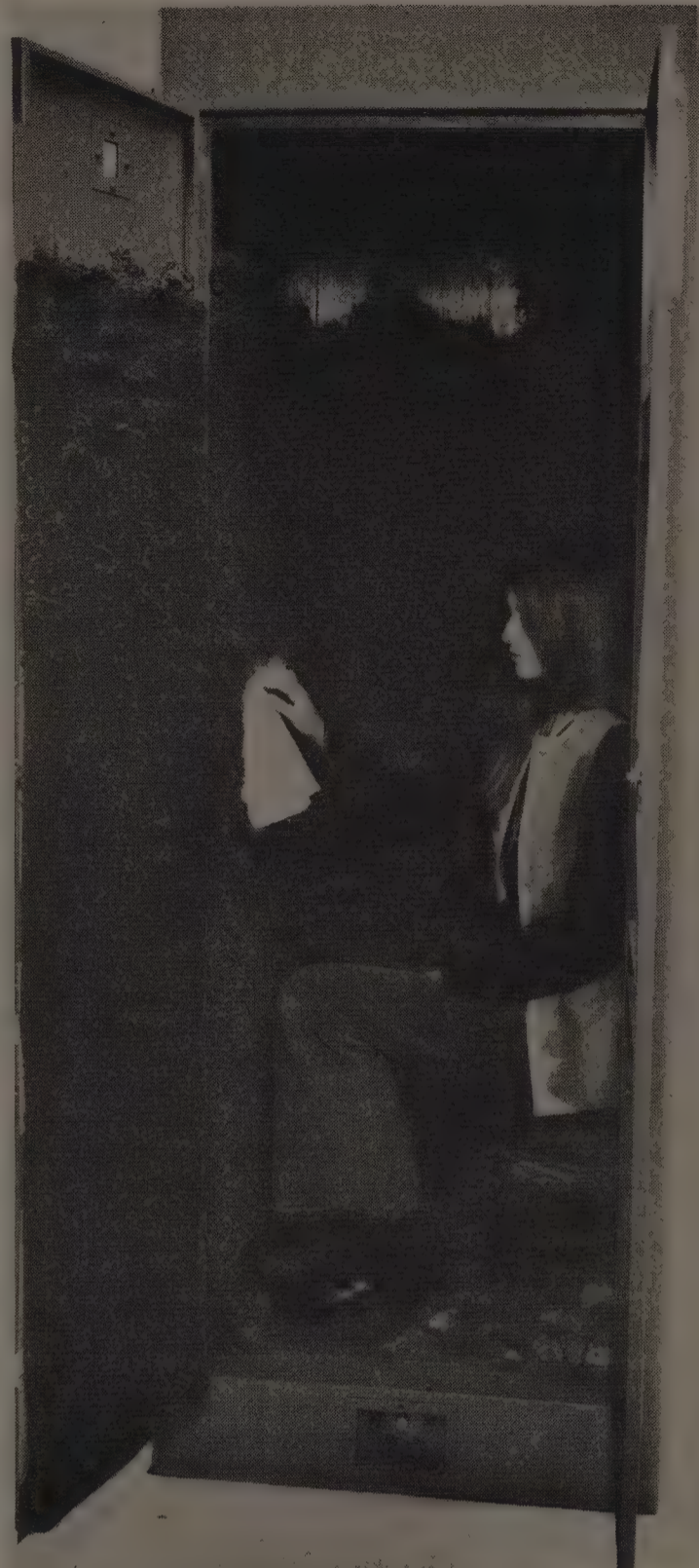
Thanatos: Gr. Myth. the personification of death

Epicurean: given or adapted to luxury, or indulgence, in sensual pleasures of luxurious tastes and habits, esp. eating and drinking.

Art-writing means legendmaking,—myth-making. When it comes to meet the hard reality of life and death, artists are lost souls. When they are faced to live out their personal wishes, and meet the difficulties of loneliness, facing "ART-MAKING" in the isolation of lofts, factory, and studios, or whatever they manage to work and live in, in times of real estate boom & gambling, they often get eliminated by the brutal forces of modern lifestyles.

Mark Rothko committed suicide on February 25th. He was born in the sign of Libra—and with a sense of order and a personal tragical courage he has chosen a most unusual "technique" to put an end to life. He slashed a main bloodvessel behind the elbow, and did that with his left hand to his right arm. He was found on the kitchen floor of his studio. Mark Rothko's Death-ritual shocked the Art world. Especially the generation of artists, who had been rebels over 30 years ago. Many of them are dead. Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, Hans Hofmann, Frederick Kiesler, Ad Reinhardt. With the exception of Hofmann and Kiesler, they all died young. They all lived suicidal lives, drinking.—Reinhardt was not drinking, but overworking himself after a heart attack.

Rothko's paintings internationally known, accepted, admired and bought by collectors and museums all over the world, had become during the last 15 years more and more tragical, darker, exhaling a mystical somber, melancholic spirituality. He had painted the luminosity of darkness, rectangular horizontal shadows, windows into the Hades... and it seems today that this Jewish Painter, who loved to talk about his early childhood in Dwinsk Russia, where he had been a Hebrew child-poet,—painted the **Thanatos**—Muth, the personification of death. His last work,—only very few people have seen it, should have been looked at by his Gallery (Marlborough) at the day of his death. When they arrived at the studio, the police cars were standing before the house. A young painter who had worked at the Marlborough gallery told me, she had seen one of his latest canvases. It was practically completely black, and had a thin white hard edge. She described the painting with the word "terrifying." Mark Rothko's



death at this point of the Art-game in New York is indicative for a situation which seems hard to live with, also for many of the younger artists. Its the sickness of the times, the stress and tension, the violence, the war, the life at the edge of the vulcano, the constant fear of extermination through atomic war, the pollution of the life, the mess we are in, which in accumulation becomes too much for the "POETS" of our modern society. They try to escape with poetic means. Maybe Rothko's suicide was one of the legend making events,—a kind of action-happening, a human sacrifice to make people think, an artists action like a j'accuse. With his death, so I at least feel, Mark Rothko accused his contemporary world, his time, and society. Communication and understanding fails, when life becomes too difficult for an artist. Did Rothko want to make a last powerful statement, with an act of terror inflicted to himself? He had been an extremely intelligent man, a philosophical thinker and

painter, a rebellious spiritual original artist, he never in his life compromised in his works and beliefs. His artistic statement had been printed in 1949 in a Magazine published by Betty Parsons "The Tigers Eye." At that time it was the most revolutionary commitment an artist could make." The progression of a painter's work, as it travels in time from point to point, will be toward clarity: toward the elimination of all obstacles between the painter and the idea, and between the idea and the observer. As examples of such obstacles, I give (among others) MEMORY, HISTORY, or GEOMETRY, which are swamps of generalisation from which one might pull out parodies of ideas (which are ghosts) but never an idea in itself. To achieve this clarity is, inevitably, to be understood." As his last statement 1970 Rothko added as a forth obstacle for elimination,—himself.

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By Alex Gross

Can Tech Art Develop?

On the surface the new show entitled Magic Theatre, now on view at Automation House on east 68th Street, could not be more elegant, and impressive. Certainly anyone who has never seen a tech art exhibit before should go and have a look, and the Contemporary Crafts Museum is to be commended for having brought it to New York. Indeed, it would appear that the Crafts Museum, which was one New York's narrowest, cliquiest museum, is now rapidly becoming its most adventurous one. The works at Automation House are sleek and handsome, and one of them, (by Stanley Landsman) is a considerable work of art with great power to calm and broaden the senses. But there is nonetheless a feeling of *deja vu* about the whole show.

This is not because one imagines having seen it all before but because one has. There is a great danger at this time of tech art getting into a rut, something almost unthinkably ironic as it is the one path open to art today that offers the greatest possibilities. And yet the majority of tech artists, the ones the museums permit us to see are already beginning to repeat themselves. Their works can be divided into two categories—the ones that go beep and boop when you pass them or touch them and the ones that flash lights. Some of them go beep and boop or flash lights even when no one passes them or touches them. At one extreme these works are nothing more

than a simple elaboration of discotheque effects, at the other they are statuesque and dull. There is an obsession with electric eyes not seen since the first editions of Batman comics in the forties.

Yet there is nothing wrong with electric eyes, just as there is nothing wrong with sound and light effects. The big question is how one uses them, and the answer is that artists are using them badly. Neither our museums nor our critics have as yet to give them any meaningful advice. It is the sheer dead hand of most museum people in determining what is art. Neither our artists nor our critics have yet recovered from the dicta imposed by the "Modern" Museum on what constitutes "good art" and "good taste." This means that artists still tend to make, and museums still tend to favor, works which are pretentious, monumental, and dull to those which are simple, immediate, and alive. An exception to this was to be seen in the Contemplation Environments at the Crafts Museum. These were all relatively small works which could fit into people's homes.

The second reason lies with the artists themselves and the fact that they have not come anywhere mastering the new materials now available to them. In a sense this is to be expected, as there is simply too much to learn too fast, and no one could be expected to "master" it for some time, especially as the

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THE FLOATING LOTUS IS COMING

STREETS

(Continued from Page 7)

music in the outer hall, we lined up in the kitchen were Big Mama Thornton was serving her own special recipe for rice and beans, and chicken and all that. We were standing right behind Israel Young of the Folklore Center, and Joni Mitchell.

"Who is this kid?" Young asked.

"Oh, it's so wierd," Joni Mitchell said. "I think he's lost his clarinet. He doesn't play his clarinet any more.

"We ought to do something for him."

"I agree."

"Maybe we can get him a new clarinet."

"Yes, that would be great."

"Maybe we can get him on television or something."

"Yes."

"There must be something we

can do."

"Yes, but he's very hard to approach. He's very guarded. Sometimes it just breaks me up to think about it."

"It's a beautiful song."

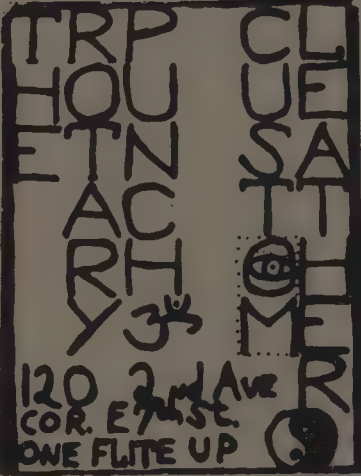
"Oh, thank you."

"Yeah, there must be something we can do for that kid."

"I agree," Joni Mitchell said.

I returned to New York. It was some time before I saw "Blind Richie" again, and I was sure that Joni Mitchell had removed him off to beautiful Laurel Canyon, where they would make records, make love, make a million and split the difference, I even heard rumors to that effect. I had all but forgotten the event and was only waiting for gross amounts of

(Continued on Page 21)



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Add Water and Enjoy

by CHARLIE FRICK

By Charlie Frick

One of my favorite fantasies happens every month in the mail. In green paper wrapper comes an American dream. But this month hidden away between the sex quiz and the spread of the houseboat party for Hugh Hefner's pals and hangers on featuring some waterskiing-skin diving-sunbathing-caviar scoffing-nudecoppertone skin lotion rubbing partying on the beach till after all the lights go down low so the photographer can slip in some infrared film to turn the skin of the bathing couple making out on the beach funny colors was one of the more promising signs for the salvation of the SLEEPING GENERATION. Right there in the middle of it all The 1970 Playboy pop and jazz hall of fame. The members are elected by a mail vote from the readers. The list of hall of famers includes Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane Miles Davis and 8 others. This year 3 more were added. None other than Messers. Dylan, Lennon and McCartney. What else can be said?? My hats off to the readers of play boy and thank you INTERGALACTIC WORLD BRAIN *****

Now on to more pressing matters of state. The FM Record promotion scam.

A little history first. Way way back in the 50s there was this little scandal of sorts in the AM world of NYC radio. It all had to do with a thing called Payola. In case you don't know—that's the practice of laying on of gratuities by record promotion people to top jocks, engineers, programming directors and others who have any connection with what gets on the air. Before it was all over and the smoke had cleared away there were many casualties like Peter Tripp and Alan Freed and one top am station that disappeared. There's never been any open discussion as to how much or what was paid or given to whom by whom but it's always to get air time to be given to one thing or another. But let's return to the present. About NYC POP FM RADIO?????

I know of no self-respecting top pop jock who wouldn't trade a whole week's supply of bennies to get the first crack at a new single or album by a top name group . . .

"Yes folks remember you heard it first right here on the Danny Dee

show, right here in WSCAM radio the voice of the pop polouction." Sure you've all heard it at one time or another. It's a throwback to the old BE THE FIRST ONE ON YOUR BLOCK DREAM.

Anyways to be the first to play a new cut is a big thing, by rights the first crack should go to non-commercial radio

SUPPORT WBAI SUPPORT WBAI SUPPORT WBAI SUPPORT WBAI SUPPORT WBAI

The thing that pissed me off was WABCFM, a greaser turned peace-r pop rock slick presentation station in NY that got a hold of the new release of John Lennon "INSTANT KARMA" So what do they do??? well they had to be the first ones to get it on the air, that goes with out saying but to prevent anyone else from making a tape of it and playing it on another station during the song, the jock who was on the air kept talking over the record and repeating the stations call letters. THATS DIRTY FUCKING POOL!!!!

The whole system stinks from top to bottom. Record companies always set a release date when the records will be available in the stores and a preview date when all the radio stations are supposed to get a copy, but somehow there is always one station or another that gets it on the air a few days sooner . . . How come?????

YOU GOT IT—PAYOLA

There's the other end of it too . . . it's only done with big name music. The word is sent out to the stations by whatever means it takes and suddenly you start hearing whole sides of albums and oldies by the group in question. It may be accompanied by a teaser or one or 2 cuts from the new album.

This has been going on for the past few weeks with 3 groups in particular. Beatles, Simon and Garfunkle and Crosby Stills and Nash. All who have new albums released or on the way out . . .

An example . . . prime time FM listening. Late afternoon middle of the week. First cut . . . the Beatles, All You Need Is Love followed by the whole first side of Sgt. Pepper then the jock comes on after a whole half hour of it and says, "Stay tuned right after the news and weather—a new cut of the Get Back Album . . . stay tuned . . ." So there you are . . . Lennon and McCartney spinning around in your head waiting for the sports to be through to hear what the Beatles new stuff sounds like . . . so the new cut some on and you form what ever opinion you have and the jock says. "The Beatles from their new album, coming out soon to be in your local stores and neighborhood record shops . . . Gee Whiz they're too much . . . Why I'd go right out and pick it up myself but I gotta sit here and spin some more groovy tunes for you . . ." And so he does. He lays down some of Crosby Stills and Nash's first album and while that's spinning around zooooom right into a new cut from their soon to be released album . . . OK that whole thing takes about twenty minutes air time and the rest of the hour is taken up by commercials for Groovy Threads, Mafia Dance Halls and Rock Emporiums, third rate movies about what's happening Baby . . . Then there was the one about the Rock Cruise during Easter Week . . . Boy oh Boy did they ever push that one! I don't know how many tickets were sold before the news was let out that the company owning the boat nixed the whole Rock Flottante. There

might be drug use or some such excuse. The planned Port of Call didn't want any Rock N Rollers at all either. Well, Shit man, no Rock freaks I know would be caught dead on one of their boats with that taped booze head fifties grunt Bubble Gum Wasp third rate Gary & the Good Vibes and his popping pimples or whoever they catered to for an event. Then suddenly the news is back and on and we are into the show once more. Twenty five minutes of Simon & Garfunkel closing with two cuts off from their soon to be released album . . . And . . . that was all folks! The point?

Groups such as the three mentioned do not need the round about soft sell method that was being used. Sure, play enough cuts, hit the public over the head with the sound of a particular group until they are humming all the songs and they'll rush right out and buy the new albums without even knowing why. Stoned consumers are stone consumers. Aint that right record companies? Right Promo men? Right Radio Dee jays? Right all you pimps for the Kultural Gestapo Gross Net Gestation Corps? Wrong! Wrong! Wrong . . . dead fucking wrong . . . Its quite obvious the above mentioned have absolutely no idea what the intelligence level or preception capacity of the audience is. The seventies are here and somebody turned on all the lights.

It aint gonna work no more fellas. The kids aren't going for that whole glib song and dance patter chatter anymore. They are not buying according to any plan you have worked out on all your charts and graphs uptown in those money towers in Media Perversion & Pollution Central.

THE MUSIC OF IT ALL is taking on a cosmic attitude. Prepare for a universal reversal! Radios and all that electric electronic equipment will soon be obsolete. When you have a whole lot of people dreaming the big dream . . . all the music is there just for the listening! So dig it all! STOP wasting airtime . . . STOP trying to brainwash the public into buying your stuff. It's good, we'll buy it: Dylan, the Beatles, the Stones, Crosby Stills & Nash, Simon & Garfunkel, the Grateful Dead . . . we'll buy the whole ting . . . if it's good. They don't need a high pressure phony-jocular patronizing hard sell. Just put all the new releases in the stores and we'll buy the good ones as fast as it's turned out . . . if it's good. Pre release promotions are insulting. In this wasted airtime now used for sales pushes that we all put up with (and which do nothing at all. Its an old mans game that's got to stop!) there could be a much needed forum for groups that don't get any air time. Through this they could be placed up front of the urban and hinterland public to see what we think. WHEN ARE YOU OLD FAT-LEGGED PANTS BALD CLOWNS GOING TO GET ON THE STICK? We're all waiting for some far thinking deejay to start playing some of the stuff that's thrown in the reject piles for lack of Madison Ave tie ins and payola . . . Ah . . . but let me warn you . . . No more goodies from the big record companies and you might encounter a lot of static from the big shots. They won't like their freebie thing getting closed down. But think of it dig . . . yes, you too can have a part in the building of a better American Dream. Shine On!

Right On!

During

BALDWIN

(Continued from Page 3)

a series of really bloody contradictions. Which is not possible.

They can't put thirty million black people in jail in secret, and in any case there are many more than thirty million—black people aren't the only dissenters here. What this country does not really understand is something very simple. That Huey is right when he says that as long as there are black people, there will be Black Panthers. Malcolm was right when he was asked about the numerical strength of the Black Muslims—anyone who knows won't tell you and anyone who claims to is a fool. The truth is, any black person in this country at the time when the Muslim movement was at its height, was a Black Muslim. Any black person in this country at this hour is in some way a Black Panther.

And even if he weren't, the fact is that the cop isn't going to ask me my name and address before he shoots me, and the only difference between me and any other black cat in this country is that if they shoot me my name would be in the papers. We all know many people have died, none of us knows how many, but I know

that for every one of me there would be twenty people dead, here in my own generation. But they don't understand about the Viet Cong. My brother puts it this way—we are the first Viet Cong.

Shooting people in their apartments in the middle of the night creates exactly what they would like not to happen, this does something to people who ostensibly don't care, wouldn't care—something begins happening to the American consciousness—it's not just happening to black people, it's also happening to me. When society becomes that anarchic, it's not only black people that are menaced, it's everybody else. So they create a resistance that wasn't there before.

Q: WHAT ABOUT THE PANTHER 21 CASES IN NEW YORK OR THE SUPPOSED MURDER IN NEW HAVEN, WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THOSE CASES?

J.B.: I see all those cases as harassment, as intimidation. Even if I were a very different person than the person that I am, there is no way for me to believe what the police or the government says. Unless I am really in a position to check it out myself. I've seen too much, I don't care what the white press says about the exaggerations of police brutality, I've lived with it all my life. I know, whether the

New York Times wants to believe it or not. I was there and the New York Times was not.

Q: DO YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS THAT THE NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN CASES ARE FRAME-UPS?

J.B.: Until it is proven beyond a shadow of a doubt, preferably in the halls of the U.N., that it is not a frame-up, I will believe that it is a frame-up, because I am part of a people who have been historically framed-up.

Q: WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ABOUT THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL?

J.B.: I think that is simply too obscene to be discussed.

Q: WHY DO YOU THINK THEY INCLUDED BOBBY SEALE, WHO HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DEMONSTRATIONS, IN THE CONSPIRACY?

J.B.: Quite apart from all the illegality involved, Bobby is a bad nigger. Same reason Mohammed Ali, formerly Cassius Clay, was stripped of his title. Same reason Malcolm's dead. One of the historical facts about this nation is that you always take a bad nigger and hang him publicly, as an example to all other who would be bad niggers.

Q: HAVE YOU OUTSIDE OF THE YOUNG BLACK AND WHITE MILITANTS YOU'VE TALKED TO, A STRONG REACTION TO THE MURDER OF FRED HAMPTON AND

MARK CLARK IN CHICAGO?

J.B.: I don't know how to answer that, you put it the wrong way—Hampton and Clark are only the latest examples. The show has become monotonous. Q: WHASN'T THAT SO MUCH MORE OBVIOUS?

J.B.: It's amazing to me how difficult it is for people to see when they don't want to see. Black people see, but how many parents of white children see it, that's another question. The difference between my experience and that of white America, even the very best of white America, is that they have difficulty believing that the country can act this way. And that is not my problem at all, I've always known it could, it always has in my experience and I'm no longer young.

Q: WHY IS IT THAT GROUPS LIKE SCLC, NAACP, URBAN LEAGUE, AND GROUPS LIKE THEM ARE JUST BEGINNING TO COME OUT IN SUPPORT OF THE PANTHERS?

J.B.: The whole black situation in this country from the start has been very complicated. The battle between W.E.B. DuBois and Booker T. Washington was almost the battle in microcosm. There's always been something very closely resembling a hoax, the very heart of the American dream. And it applied to black people in great force, because for a while it was very useful to what is called the power

structure to have certain niggers in the window. To prove to Americans that they were really what they said they were, and to prove to black people that they were what they said they were. And the nature of the bargain was that the nigger in the window could wrest some concessions from the status quo, in return for the tranquility of the natives.

But the table on which these people operate has vanished. Once Martin Luther King was shot, though some people think it was so long before that, it was perfectly clear that there was no way to be a good nigger. And that's not even pejorative because Uncle Tom played a very important role historically. But the role that he played is no longer possible to play. The defenders of the status quo have in effect given as much as they can give. And now even the most respectable black cat is very much, whether or not he likes it or whether or not he wants to admit it, no matter what his age—he is also part of the target no matter how famous or how rich he is.

We are all the Viet Cong, none of us can really be trusted from the point of view of the defenders of the American power. Not even the most agile Uncle Tom can hope to have any meaningful discussion or dialogue with Attorney General John Mitchell.

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Anti Draft Week
MARCH 16-19

FOUR DAYS IN MARCH

SUN: March 15 -- Training session for marshals and those committing civil disobedience. Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4 (east of Sixth Ave.)
For marshalls for March Against Death: 7 p.m.
For marshalls and participants in mass civil disobedience at draft boards on Thurs: 9 p.m.

MON: March Against Death. Assemble 9 a.m. at south end of Washington Square Park. Get there the name of an American or Vietnamese killed in the war to carry solemnly to Federal Plaza in Foley Square. Short ecumenical service at noon. Placards supplied.

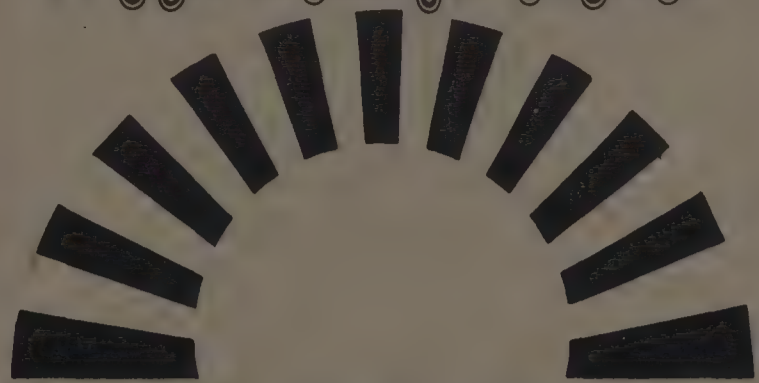
TUES: High School Resistance. "Refusal to Register" leaflets and draft information leaflets being circulated now. Mass leafleting at high schools on this day. Call WRL, 228-0450, for leaflets and assignments.

WED: Women Strike for Peace go to Washington. Other legislative action. Local draft board actions throughout week.

THURSDAY: Draft Board Shut Down. City Wide Action. Join Mrs. Anne Bennett, Murray Kempton, Rev. David Hunter and Mrs. Barbara Epstein for mass civil disobedience at draft boards 1 to 4, corner of Varick and Houston (7th Ave. 1RT to Houston or 8th Ave. 1ND to Spring). Nonviolent discipline. 7:30 a.m.

Sponsored by: War Resisters League, 228-0450; WSP 254-1925; Vietnam Peace Parade Committee 255-1075; New Mobe; N.Y. Moratorium 691-9450; Resist/Support-in-Action, Greenwich Village Peace Center 533-5120; Brooklyn Peace Council.

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Special buses are available through Buss
Tours, \$70 round trip including festival
ticket, at 84-57 63rd Ave. Rego Park
Queens, 255 West End Ave. Manhattan

PICARD

(Continued from Page 15)
Art as Joy of Life

An entirely opposite artistic credo is presented in the GALLERY OF EROTIC ART (1240 Park Avenue, by App't, 369-4701) The theme of the exhibition: "THE HOMOSEXUALS." Again we are faced by the expressions of rebellious artists. I think that this small private art-place has done an extremely interesting show under the direction of the owner of the gallery ROBERT ROSINEK. The most important work is performed by sculptor CARLIN JEFFREY, who presents himself as a "living sculpture" to manifest his ideas and his beliefs. His act of rebellion results from the same inner spirit as the one described before—in the Thanatos—death-act of artist as the eliminator of himself. The work "the silent soldier", showing the artist painted in silver body-paint as chained to a six by eight foot silver cross signifies the life-struggle of the homosexual artist. Jeffrey makes the following statement: "It is the tribute in memory of the countless homosexual service men who gave their lives for their country in past wars and especially in the Vietnamese War. War does not discriminate whether one is black, white, homosexual, heterosexual, Christian or Jewish... yet our society continues to do so." The Silver Cross is crowned with a silver steel helmet. It struck me in impact similar to Geroge Grosz Ecce Homo "Christ with the Gasmask" a work done by Grosz during the first World War. Artists Joseph Kurhajec & Tosun Bayrak are represented with works of excentric-eroticism, bordering on the shockingly dramatic. Bayrack's shows a totemic wall-relief from deadly—offwhite latex, the mold taken from a human body and a baroque-framed terrifying image containing a convex lense, giving a view into the cavity of a human mouth filled with a phallic form, teeth and hair, titled "Portrait of a castrating mother". Kurhajec's monumental column consists of small steel plates and reaches to the ceiling as a centerpiece of the exhibition, which has a high quality in artistic craftsmanship. The two "leathermen" all dressed in black leather—gear adorned with the silver chains and emblems well known to connoisseurs—are "Touchable" examples of living sculptures. Their names: Fernando (who sports silverrings in ear, on both nipples and penis,) and Marquis de Suede. They are experts of their craft. The leather outfits and silverstudded jockstraps can be ordered custommade. Some of the leather—works are sold in the gallery's "Sex-Boutique." Silber Jewelry of erotic-Penis-shapes are sold for \$25.—Robert Rosinek shows his

carpets woven in bright colors, "Love-rugs", prayerrugs for the Epicureans of a sexually liberated generation. In the future there will be lectures on the meaning of Erotic Art—historically seen—of the past, Erotic Art today and of the future, in a modern sexually freed society.

At the Factory Larry Rivers showed rushes of his Film "TITS", which is in process and promises to be one of the tit-ilating sensations in the future. The colors are bright, not always clear, the personalities the more clearer and well known in the circles of sex-pop. Clarisse struggles over Kaprowesque rubber-tires in Rembrandt-style feather hat and printed gown, breasts and tits bubbling in joie de vivre, she changes to play a sporty tennis game expertly topless and free, cool and vivacious. Kusama shows her sexy hole-cut-out fashions and sports mammoth breasts like giant pillows "with a red cherry on top." David Tanner, formerly editor of Art Mag., intellectual writer on history of the small, literary and political Magazines—functions as M.C. of a Tit contest, in which an artist like May Wilson acts as judge. She also appears herself undressed and rather selfcritical in the film in another reel. The titty game is, so it seems endless and dimensionless. We are confronted from No-tits to cow and dog tits. Andy Warhol himself undresses down to the scars of his Saint Sebastian-Wounds—tits or No-Tits, that's the question for Larry Rivers. I saw in Cologne in the Art Intermedia Gallery two books on Tits. One devoted to the left one, the other to the right. The star of the Tit-film is doubtless Brigid Polk, New Yorks Brig-tit-girl. She is inexhaustible in coloring her tits with rubberstamp-pillows, a technique she invented herself, and she transfers the image of her tits and nipples to glass-sheets. She acts the Picasso of the Tit-Art, and will have a show opening March 9th at the Gotham Book Mart and Gallery 41 West 47th Street, of Polaroid prints and Tit-books. Don't miss it. It will be the titty sensation of the month.

French artist Arman shows accumulation of objects behind plexiglass at the Lawrence Rubin Gallery, 57 Street. At the same time his work for a "Dope Show" is shipped to Los Angeles Cal. where it will be exhibited in the Ace Gallery. He has in the Arman—manner encased in polyester resin "Burnt Chiquita Banana", Peyote Mushrooms, Marijuana, Heroin and many other drugs. Encased in polyester they are "dead drugs", their functional quality is killed, they remain "ART", and historical artifacts of men's experiences and his drive and struggle in the voyage from life to death.

GROSS

(Continued from Page 15)

nature of the materials is constantly expanding. It is therefore not surprising that museums and foundations go on supporting artists who come up with expected effects elegantly housed in plastic containers rather than take a chance on something new. The fact that much of this financing must come from large companies and foundations also explains the lack of adventurousness. It accounts for the sheer lack of sensuality in a field which could be expected to produce works of dazzling sensuality.

None of this can be any consolation to the few pioneers in the field who are working quietly on their own projects with no benefit of support. No one who has been lucky enough to see Ralph Martell's Infinite Sculpture Machine can doubt the immense future that tech art has. So far Martell has only been able to complete a small version of this machine because he has been limited by lack of museum and gallery support. The effect he has to offer is the most sensuous so far, almost a three dimensional equivalent of a liquid light show. Like most good ideas his is basically a simple one, related to an icing squeezer for cake frostings, but using hydraulic principles to propel a thick mixture of paraffin and grease through a cylinder in constantly changing forms. The effect begs description and is capable of great further development in form and scope whenever Martell gets the support and encouragement he deserves. Joe Weintraub is also continuing his experiments with audio-controlled television and other media with virtually no support from outside—these are only two examples of how pioneers in the arts continue to be ignored rather than rewarded, however much noise there may be about the latest fad style on Fifty-Seventh Street.

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At a recent Art Workers Coalition meeting Tom Lloyd stated that the Coalition and the Guerilla Art Action group will be cooperating with the Young Lords and the Black Panthers to set up the much-discussed Black and Puerto Rican Artists Study Center on the premises of the Museum of "Modern" Art. This is to take place on Saturday, May 2, one day after John Hightower, the "Modern's" new director, officially takes over. More details as they become available.

\$ L \$ L \$ L \$ L \$ L \$ L \$ L \$ L \$

Rosemary Johnson, who worked with the London Arts Labs, is now in New York to find out if anyone interested in setting up an Arts Lab here. If you are, call her care of EVO, 228-8640.



POETS

(Continued from Page 14)

Francisco & Los Angeles, and New Mexico and Bolinas. It brings us up to work done at the beginning of 1969. His poems are strung tighter. There is more care given over to techniques, to the basics, to the solid core backbone strengths of what to write and how to pull it all together and off.

Among the papers and poems which were found in the quake of Frank O'Hara's death, one poem was uncovered in which O'Hara suddenly blurts out, "I read a fantastic poem today by James Brodey." Ted Berrigan assures me that Jim is among the ten best living poets in America and easily within the circle of the five Ted really digs the most for inspiration and relaxed layabout reading. Of these four poets, Brodey's material has the least attraction for the discerning poetry-reading shopper, he's strictly a poet's poet. The audience for his work remains small, but definitely select. As Brodey he writes about such things as actually being sunlight, teaching a chair to wash dishes, listening to dust weeping. In short, when Brodey's new book comes out, better wear dark glasses when you read it.

About the time that Berrigan was plowing through the University, and Brodey was momentarily enjoying a few sober moments within his own original body, Allen Katzman was spread out comfortable on wooden Oklahoma porches. Not much is known about Katzman's early life except his poems really say everything you'd want to know. And if they're not in the poems, those things you feel you've a right to know about Allen, you can always go by and ask him. The thing about each of these four poets, is that they're important and influential in many various and all around different kinds of ways. Like Berrigan's poems always seem to originate in his beard and shoulders. There's a very structured spiritual drive and strength in his works. Sanders' poems spring out of his once absolutely turbulent body structure, his organic brain juice. His new poems are better constructed and so gather more points. There's still always the slight aftertaste in the ear of the classics, frequently giving Ed's works a mood bordering on good old standard Melancholy revelries. Katzman's poems are always tight as a clenched fist approaching your unsuspecting cheek. They are drawn-in with Katzman's near-painless literature, his punch and his destroying layout. He was one of the founders of the UPS. Founder of EVO and a new

(Continued on Page 22)

WIRELESS

(Continued from Page 4)

the coverage of a campus symposium on sex, led by two doctors and a minister, which concerned itself with such inflammatory subjects as birth control, abortion, and comparative penis development—Cortis calls for the stamping out of smut if it means the failure of a 110-year-old weekly student newspaper. 'Most students at Ohio University are unmarried' affirms senator Cortis, 'so why discuss the size of penises with unmarried students?' Living in Ohio must be a form of shock therapy all in itself . . .

Now let's end the weekly LNS wrapup on an up note, shall we, with some good human interest stories. Miami policemen must be creaming their pants in anticipation of the new STOL (short take-off and landing) airborne vehicles which Attorney General John Mitchell has ordered for their pigpens. Most other cities have yet to get helicopters, these Miami pigs are getting *experimental aircraft!* Go! to wish them all the luck of those two cops in Long Island last week (wasn't that a *downer news story!*) . . . Vietnam: an expensive new anti-malaria preparation which works invariably and produces no nauseating side effects whatsoever has been working wonderfully among Our Boys Over There—among the officers that is. Due to the prohibitive price of these medicines, enlisted men will just have to vomit along as best they can with the same old hit-or-miss stomach-destroying dope they were eating in Korea in '52, when men were MEN, mac!

Public service announcement: The Black Dwarf, a very excellent British bi-weekly underground paper, is offering a special trial subscription offer to American suckers. Send them a dollar—Black Dwarf, 182 Pentonville Road, London N.W.1, England—and they will send you three issues of their sheet. Grab now while the offer lasts.

Finally, a Women's Lib item. Women at a bicycle factory in Montecchio, Italy went on strike recently to protest the use of a closed circuit TV in the ladies' room to cut down on goofing-off. Calling their employer all manner of imaginative Italian misnomers, the ladies struck the plant, and were soon joined by the sympathetic male staff. The boss keeps muttering something about "outside agitators" and refuses to give in. He wants to watch television.

43,821,000 24,300,000

\$ (3,094,000) \$ 15,090,000

L.A.

(Continued from Page 6)

clean shirt, tie, string tie of course, his sincere eyes, he comes on and gives you a run-down of the cars which he's selling at his lot . . . and you can even see them with your own eyes as he pats them on the fender like children and goes into his spiel, his two, three, or four o'clock number.)

People watch a lot of television when they aren't riding in their cars, and perhaps they see old Ralph peddling his wares between his toes after the Johnny Carson show, perhaps they feel it's time to trade in their old 1969 model for a new one and so they head down to his showroom and buy another chunk of the American dream . . . on credit no less. BankAmericard is more than willing to finance your whole life . . . for a price. But Los Angeles and the rest of California as well dotes on this form of overt proscelitzing . . . auto city, plastic city.

Los Angeles is one of the only places, besides, I gather, Dallas, Texas where people go in for ART. You can drive around Beverley Hills and see exact reproductions of the Taj Mahal, or the Baths of Caracalla. Hearst made his home in the hills here (or one of his homes). The shopping here is dreamland as well . . . all the great masterpieces can be yours for just a fraction of the cost, for just a few cents down and a few cents per month (try 10 years) you can be the proud possessor of the Mona Lisa done in exciting plastic colored with acrylic paint. Look into it sometime, look into it when you want to be the possessor of the world's art treasures for your bath room. No wonder the people out here are spaced out, they've got nothing else here but space to fill up, blank empty space.

With time on your hands, the Devil's work can be done. Old Protestant ethic, more like New York utilitarian artist mentality. Stay out here long enough while your work and livehood gradually fall off and you'll be surprised that all drive leaves you. Why not go down to the beach, the mountains, take a drive on the Coast . . . it's so much better than getting grimy and dirty racking your brains thinking of something to say. Ever wonder why very little comes out of Los Angeles except the extremes in entertainment, in philosophy, in criminal activity? Imagine a place where there is no need to survive because the elements and the life style caress you with blandishments to relax and take in the climate, relax and take a drive, relax and drop a pill. The only way people can express themselves is by being bizarre. So the cults form in the hills and

the food faddists congregate and eat avocados until they burst, so dating services charge fantastic usurious rates and nothing happens. There maybe rip offs prevalent in New York City, but a Los Angeles rip off is always colossal . . . again because of the extremes. Ever see a cadillac with the owner's name embossed on a plate on the grill? Ever see mink and sunglasses on an octogenarian in the middle of a spring day? That doesn't happen in New York, not on your life . . . only here.

Los Angeles can offer you the world, but be careful of the world it offers. No wonder Zappa writes from the center of America—all the excesses of taste, emotion, and feeling converge here. All the wealth and poverty of the American spirit abide within the confines of this sprawling city/state of mind. Better have something to do in Los Angeles, better take it for all its worth before it takes you on its little plastic ride. Better be sure you know who you are before you let Los Angeles sell you something else you weren't bargaining for.

Better not go unless you have a real home somewhere else in the country . . . you may not come back. Like any sort of drug, you must know your own tolerances well. LA is a powerful drug to the senses, it sets up an invisible screen which makes the sensitivities rot. Best be able to keep your head together for long periods of time without outside stimulation, best bring your scene with you so that you can take Los Angeles and leave it on your own terms . . . without joining the thousands of well-fed, mindless and safely dead inhabitants. If Los Angeles is America, leave it or love it.

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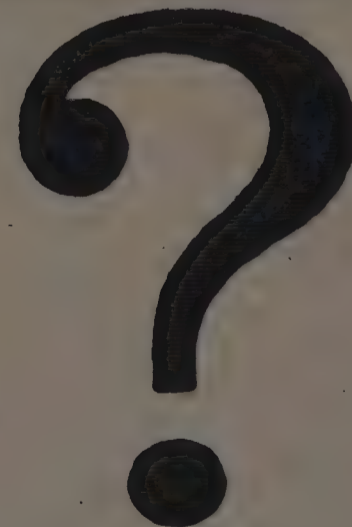
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STREETS

(Continued from Page 16)

hype when one drunken evening, coming out of the *De Ja Vu* Coffeehouse on East Tenth Street in the rain, I ran into the man, ragged, cold, hungry-looking, and all sold-out.

"Spare a quarter?" he said. "I have to get a fix."

I gave him a quarter.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Fuck off," he said, and he dropped his cane. I bent over to pick it up, but he came in contact with me and tried to shove me back.

"I've got it, I've got it, he said. I'm getting it together. Fuck you."

He stumbled back into the doorway and regained his position.

"Need any help?" I asked.

"I need a quarter," he said.

"Can somebody spare a quarter? I have to get a fix."

I left him there. From then on, he seemed to work on the East Side exclusively, making Gems Spa his headquarters of sorts. Again, he had varied periods of relative prosperity, then stone poverty, but this time it all seemed a bit grungier, a bit more hopeless, a bit more disillusioning to the people who came in contact with him, not to mention what was going on in his own head. I often wondered what was going on in his own head. I gave up trying to talk to him, his reactions were getting more definitive, more violent, and I spoke to more and more people who had seen him on the street and were familiar with his lot.

"He played a great clainert," someone told me. "Absolutely great."

"He's getting beaten all the time," someone else said. "Everybody says they want to help him, and everybody fucks him over sooner or later. I think it's pretty hopeless."

"Did you hear what he said about Joni Mitchell's song?" someone else asked. "He said it was a phony, that she didn't bother to get to know him, and she should have fucked him if she wanted to write an honest song. Besides, Joni Mitchell's retired now, aint's she? Living with Graham Nash or someone?"

Blind Richie continued on the street, walking around half-crazed sometimes, getting in scraps, getting rained and snowed on. One morning two weeks or so ago I saw him try to strike a Spade with his cane.

"You motherfucker!" He screamed.

"Hey, man,"

"I'll kill you!"

"Hold it!"

He dropped the cane, but still lunged in the direction he thought the spade was in, five or six people grabbed him and tried to hold him back, they'd let him

loose, he'd lunge again.

"Give me my cane!"

He dropped to his hands and knees, crawled around like a trapped animal, found the cane and got up.

"Hey man, I wasn't trying to start no shit. I'm your friend," the spade said.

He lunged in the spade's direction and they grabbed him again. He struggled violently, he cursed, howled, cried, tried to break loose, made it, swang the cane viciously in a half-circle, clearing a ten foot swath in front of him.

"You motherfucker, I'm gonna get you."

A Puerto Rican was trying to calm him down. He stole up behind him and tried to grab him but he swung the cane and it was no use.

"We're only trying to help you man," The Puerto Rican said.

"Fuck you, you dirty spic," Blind Richie said.

He swung the cane, tripped to the ground, lost the cane and crawled around for it again while a huge circle of people, black and white, watched and laughed.

"Hey listen, baby, be cool.

We're your friends."

"You ain't my friends," the kid screamed. "I GOT NO NIGGER AND SPIC FRIENDS!"

"Hey, man."

"YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF DUMB NIGGERS AND SPIC!! A BUNCH OF FUCKING SPOOKS!"

"Aw, now."

"Hey Richie, here I am. Come and get me."

"I'LL GET YOU!!!"

He advanced and swung the cane pathetically in that direction. They taunted him some more, they had him dancing. He staggered a bit, used the cane for support, was obviously trying to keep the circle around him as wide as possible. He shook in the cold, he didn't say anything.

"Hey man, you coming for me?"

"There he is, Richie."

"He's over there."

"No, over here!"

"Over here!"

"Here I am!"

"Niggers," Richie said. "Niggers and fucking dirty spics. I don't want no niggers or spics around here. Niggers and spics."

"Hey Richie, you see men, man?"

The crowd broke up a bit. Richie stood there shivering with his cane. He lived though, he lived to stand in the rain a few nights later and beg for change in front of Gem's Spa and talk to a girl with a suitcase who needed a place to stay, and he lived to be photographed in this position by Joe Stevens who wandered up to the scene with your present servant, and who make like a cop in his white trenchcoat. Stevens viewed the situation with a quick eye, told me "It's a cinch," then he

flashed one off, and the girl asked if it was a lightening storm. Richie smiled. He didn't see anything. He went into Gems Spa for a pack of cigarettes, carefully took some change out of his pocket and paid for them, then out to the street again where Stevens took another shot, and suddenly four or five shots were ripped off one at a time, flash! flash! flash!—and Stevens looked like the perfect ace, and I covered him from the side of the newsstand, and Richie didn't know a thing about it, never heard a word, never saw a thing, and the girl asked us what we were taking pictures of and Stevens said, very snidely,

"Of all of us."

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BEING THAT THE THROAT OF THE PEOPLE has been cut, D.A. Latimer missed his copy deadline this issue, and decided instead to draw the cartoon strip on the back cover.

'A word to the wise,' admonishes Latimer— 'the telephones downstairs in Ratner's DO TOO WORK!'

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POETS

(Continued from Page 20)
book of poems, *The Immaculate*, will shortly be forthcoming from Doubleday (about time!). His testimony at the Chicago Witch Trials. The publication of his collected columns in *EVO*, *The Poor Paranoid's Almanac*. His new big book of poems includes his much praised and admired *Comanche Cantos*, and his few short poems and one long poem called *Ode to the Eastern Wind*, on which it is exhilarating to feel him breathe deeper and stretch out his line to invoke dissipation of all sensory alarm systems and to inspire and to create and seize the instant and fuck it plenty of times. But it's all very cold. To

the naked eye. Like looking into a sky filled with floating silent bricks. And all the anger you can smoke until time immemorial. And Allen lights it all up, maps out what Phil Whalen would call Aloha to, if he was in an open boat. On the highest seas of all. Like Burroughs says, that cat done seen the light.

Ed Sanders grew up in the bottom part of the Mid West. He had visions, went to an Eastern University, boarded submarines, and stopped eating meat. From then on it was up all the way. He edited *Fuck You—A Journal Of The Arts*, founded the notorious Peace Eye Bookstore, published works by all the great then-underground poets including some like Hubert Huncke that still haven't surfaced. Peace Eye is where Neal Cassidy zoomed by for a spoonful of A in his recently stolen car, where Al Fowler and (Bill) Szabo and scores of others hung out, where Ed's epic "Mongolian Cluster Fuck" was filmed, where the great gossip newspaper "The Dick" was run off, and where he made his first attempts to put together his group of poet-musicians later known as the Fugs. The Lower East Side was beginning to really pop around then and the Fugs helped send it exploding in newsprint by opening up Tomkins Square Park for evening concerts in the bandshell (a concert I must add which was arranged and "produced" by Jim Brodey) which paved the way for "the big backstage dope raid," later to become so popular with the porkers. Sanders countered that evening by leading his audience of about 600 in a few choruses of his then reigning top hit, "Police State" (which was incidentally written by poet Peter Schjeldahl).

His underground noteriety finally manifested itself in a *LIFE* magazine cover story, one of the real indications that Peter Max was here to stay. While singing with the Fugs, Ed still maintained his real interest, writing, and his new book, *Duck Butter*, (out soon on Grove Press) should prove a healthy kick in the butt to all those who think Ed is still clowning around. He spends a lot of time writing now that hes off the star scene. The Fugs are disbanded (although they do have a 'live' greatest hits LP forthcoming from Warner Bros. "Golden Filth"), the Peace Eye has been sold, and Ed has pretty much returned to the contemplative life. He read recently at the Charles Olson memorial at St Marks Church . . . an incredible visionary work about taking a trip down the river of the dead with Charles Olsen in the Ra barge. The audience was electrified, astonished, and when Ed walked off stage, some light remained behind.

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