

LENNY BRUCE BY D.A. LATIMER

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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VOLUME 5 NUMBER 17 MARCH 31, 1970 25¢ N.Y.C. 35¢ OUTSIDE

EXPOSE

**AS MAINE GOES
SO GOES
THE NATION**

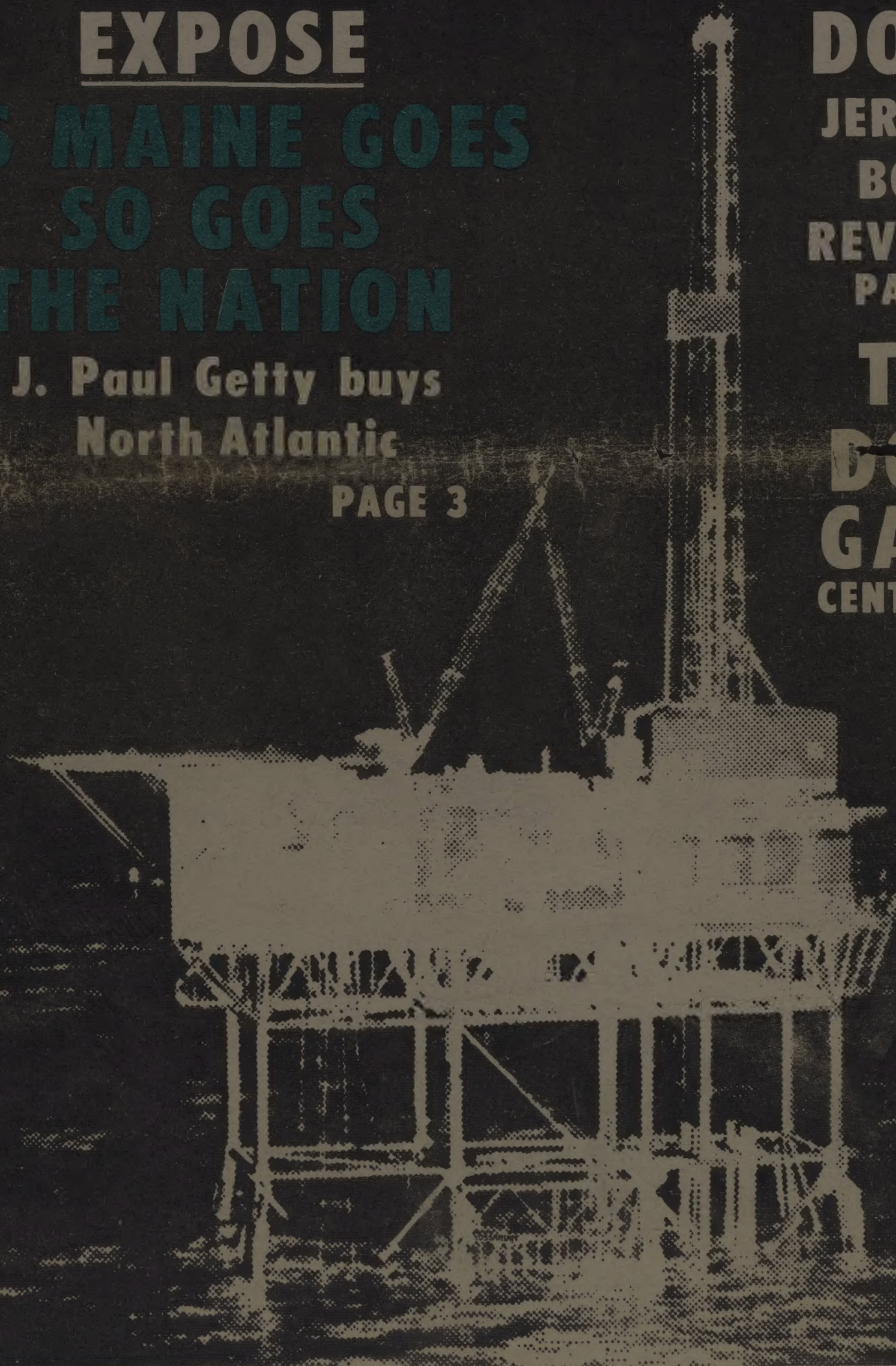
**J. Paul Getty buys
North Atlantic**

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DO-IT

**JERRY'S
BOOK
REVIEWED
PAGE 4**

**THE
DOPE
GAME
CENTERFOLD**



HIRAP

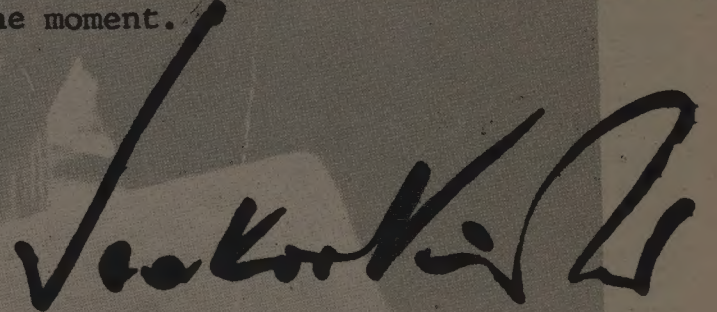
Last week a call from a kid who had to be from Queens, "I gotta see Leary." "He's in jail." Long silence. "Those animals, ain't they got no sense left?" "I guess not." He couldn't have been older than twelve.

Two days later, the winter's last sleet made everyone coming in sopping wet. Among them, a wet, relatively short-haired kid. -- The kid from Queens. "Hey, you Leary's friend?" "Yeah." "Give this to him and tell him to take care of himself." With that he handed me a wet, crumpled paper bag, smiled and split.

Times being what they are, it didn't take us too long to take a peek. Holy shit, a bunch of grapes (no they couldn't have been of California vintage), three shining red apples, and half a pack of dried figs. In the corner, crumpled in a piece of paper were eight greasy dollar bills, two nickels and two pennies.

The facts speak for themselves. Draw your own conclusions. Or even better, send every dollar that you can scrape up to HOLDING TOGETHER - A FREEDOM FUND, Post Office Box 5017, Berkeley, California. It's still the most meaningful thing to do at the moment.

Gianfranco Mantegna



ELECTRIC CIRCUS BOMBED



photos/ Joseph Stevens

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JOEL

JAAKOV KOHN	STEPEHN KOHN	RAY SCHULTZ	MANUEL RODRIGUEZ (SPAIN)
R. CRUMB	ARTHUR	JOSEPH STEVENS	AL SHENKER
ALLAN KATZMAN	FRED MOGUEGUB	PARIS: J.J. LEVEL	HETTY
ARTHUR FELDMAN	CANDY S. CORNFLOWER	NORTH: THE KID	KIM DEITCH
FLICKA DE MOID	LIL PICARD	LONDON: MILES	
D.A. LATIMER	TIMOTHY LEARY		EUROPEAN OPERATION JENÖ
DAVID WALLEY	RENFREU NEFF		
IRVING SHUSHNICK	BARONE GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA		
CLAUDIA DREIFUS	GLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK		
ALEX GROSS	ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK		
LITA ELISCU	JACKIE DIAMOND		
AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG	DON KATZMAN		

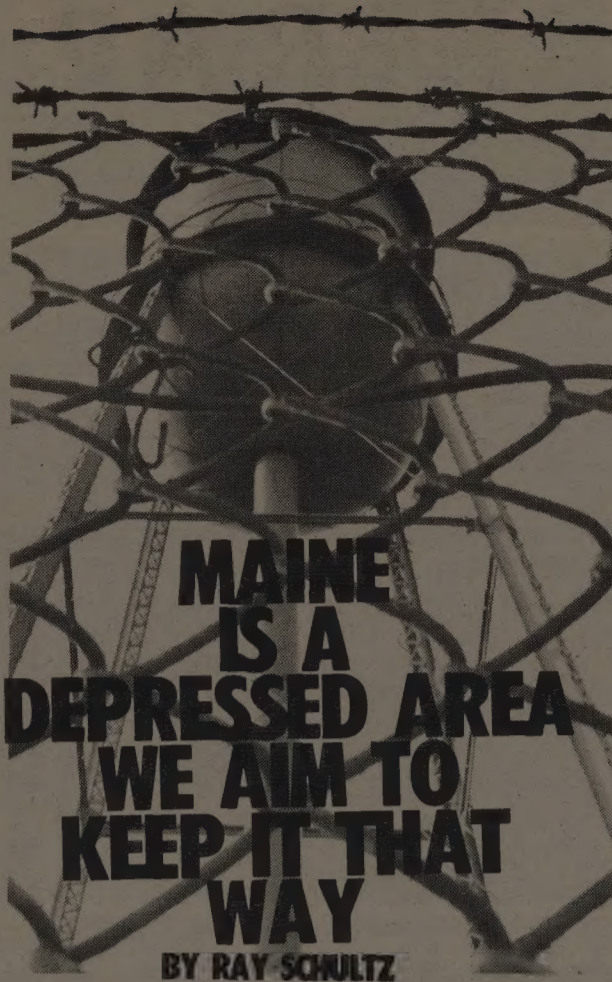


The picture is rather hazy at this point, but the news is slowly leaking down to New York that a controversy over the use of the Maine coastline for oil drilling purposes may explode into a statewide revolution with national implications, or a massive repression by the military-industrial complex with international implications, or a small protest by a few "anti-social" kooks that will fizzle out as soon as the first well starts chugging, whenever that may be.

The simple facts are that Thursday, March 19th, a man named Lee Eden, who is head of a Maine group called "Keep Oil Out," phoned the East Village Other in New York and claimed that the second American Revolution was about to begin in Maine. He warned that the entire state was being swallowed by a military-industrial complex that is currently directed by Colonel David Frahman of the Pentagon, who is operating out of Great Diamond Island near Portland. Great Diamond is one of 400 offshore islands that are being transformed for military purposes. Concurrently, an establishment called King Resources is taking options on all offshore waters along the 228 mile coastline and directing extensive urban renewal projects in the city of Portland, where no urban renewal projects are currently needed. Presumably, these projects would be used to house the vast influx of employees that would arrive if oil was discovered offshore. Eden stated that the people of the state are against the development, and are arming with guns, and might possibly consider secession from the union. A vast march on the state capitol of Augusta has been called for April 25th, and bloodshed is expected. Secret agents are tailing all people in opposition to the oil interests. Eden calls for help from New York.

"We want everyone in New York to come up for this march," he said. "We want to fill this town with 10,000 yippies. We need help and support. We can't let this state be ruined by the military industrial complex."

Simple checks by telephone verified some of what Eden said. There is indeed a movement underfoot to turn Maine into an Oil State. In April, 1968, King Resources, owned by J. Paul Getty, leased some 33.3 million acres of ocean waters off the coast for the purpose of "exploratory drilling." As for King's connection with the military so far, last spring the company tore down a 1,050 foot dock on a U.S. Navy Fuel Farm and replaced it with a 540 foot steel and concrete dock. A King Resources spokesman, John MacNamara in Denver, Colo., verified this part of the story by phone, but would not give specifics on the extent of drilling or development of a possible oil industry in the Pine Tree State. He claims that as of the moment, King is locked in a suit with the Federal Government as to what land belongs to whom, and that actual drilling may not begin for several years.



Other possibilities, of course, exist. A plan was recently put into motion that would set up a foreign trade zone in the state that would allow the importation of 300,000 barrels of tax-free crude Libyan oil per day, for processing at a refinery in Machiasport that would be constructed for a cost of \$150 million. At the same time, the city of Bangor, where a huge air force base was closed some years ago, has maintained the huge jet runways and established itself as an "alternate" jetport to those of New York and Boston, and it is now a certified Port of Call with Customs Offices and air-conditioned restaurants and the whole works. The number of planes that use the field is rapidly increasing, and presumably this would mean more oil processing plants for fuel.

None of this is without its impact in the state. Maine has a population of 963,000, which makes it 38th in a field of 50 states in the country. Its major industries are in such fields as wood processing and fishing. A vast new oil industry would open up thousands of new jobs, but it might subvert thousands of old ones and change the entire pattern of living for people in the state. Lee Eden claims that the people are in a near-panic over this. He also claims that the local media are blocking out all

coverage of it. Greg Scanlon, the editor of the local "underground" sheet, North Country Newspaper, admitted when contacted that people are upset over the oil boom, but said he did not have any specifics on it.

"Lee Eden is the oil expert," he said.

John Call, of the overground Maine Times in Topson, however, rejects much of what Eden says.

"I have doubts about Eden's stability," he said. "I don't think he understands the situation, and he is not going about it the right way. King Resources is not a problem. When they bought the properties, they were gambling on a change in the oil situation, but they can't do anything with the properties right now. The Federal Government claims they own the properties, and King claims they leased it from the state, and we don't expect the Supreme Court to decide before October. And Eden overestimates the amount of attention this thing is getting. The people here are not really against King Resources; King poses no threat to them. We have to wait for further developments. Of course, some people are talking about lawsuits, and I fully support the march next month, but most of the people responsive to Eden are high school people and young college students who like confrontation politics. I think he'll be lucky to draw 1,000 people to that march."

In Machiasport, lobster fisherman Jasper Cates took a more moderate view than Eden, but a more radical view than Call.

"We have to keep them out," he said. "They are no good for the majority, and they are no good for anybody. Everybody who makes his living from the ocean will be affected by it. They threaten our lobster industry, and they threaten all the fisheries. To sum it all up, we would be losing too much."

"We plan to fight it, but we haven't got too many people yet. This is a sparsely populated area. And King is passing a bit of money around here and there, and people keep quiet."

"Have you been harrassed by the police?"

"No, of course not. They can't fight us like that. They just spend a little money to change people's minds. They have plenty of money."

The march is on April 25th. No one is sure how many people will show. A decision may come from the court by October, and drilling might start shortly thereafter. The issue as a whole may blow up into a national controversy, or like many other things, it may fade out as the government paychecks get fatter. The extent of possible development cannot even be predicted. The effect on the population cannot be determined. But a guideline to the feelings of Maine residents may well come from the saying, "Maine is a depressed area. We aim to keep it that way." This may be the first big confrontation between politics and ecology in this decade.



radical news rap-up

by Ray Schultz and D.A. Latimer

L. MENDEL RIVERS RAILROADS SEAMAN

Friday, the 13th of March, was the 26th birthday of Roger Priest, and it may well be the last free birthday he spends until he is 65. Priest, a navy Seaman, is currently facing trial by court-martial for printing an underground newsletter that allegedly made some obscene remarks about L. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the House Committee on the Armed Services. Rivers saw the offending publication last June and quickly sent off a note to Chief of Legislative Liaison for the Navy, Rear Admiral Means Johnston Jr., demanding that some kind of disciplinary action be taken. Johnston readily consented and Priest was transferred from his desk job in the Pentagon to the processing barracks of the Washington Navy Yard, and notified to the effect that he would be tried for Article 82: Soliciting others to desert in violation of article 85, and soliciting others to commit sedition in violation of article 94; Article 92, violation of U'S' Navy Regulations 1948: Article 1252, Disclosure and Publication of Information; Article 134, conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline (disloyal statements) and Violation of Title 18, Section 2387 (activities affecting armed forces generally). Military Justice is swift, if nothing else.

The trial began in July to vast fanfare, and during the early hearings, one of the judges Captain B. Raymond Perkins, dropped two of the charges against Priest, soliciting others to desert and commit sedition. Shortly after that, however, Rear Admiral George P. Koch, commandant of the Washington, D.C., Naval District ordered the charges reinstated, which was done, and last Friday the Court of Military Appeals to which Priest's lawyers had appealed on December 8th, upheld the charges, and announced that continuation of the proceedings would begin at once. Priest faces a possible 39 year prison sentence, and a dishonorable discharge if he is convicted.

Rear Admiral Koch, who with Rear Admiral Johnston, pressed the charges against Priest, has been criticized by Priest's lawyer, David Rein, for his heavy-handed play in the case.

"I can't subscribe to their premises that 1) an admiral is a judge, and 2) that a man who prefers charges can impartially decide on the validity of those charges. Congress never intended to sanction such a procedure. We will now have to prove that this court has misread the Military Justice Act and its legislative history."

Priest, of course, is more pessimistic about the "legislative history" of military justice.

"Their decision simply supports my view that the court-martial system is not a system of justice, but merely an instrument of military discipline," he said.

The Courts, meanwhile, are not concerned with the scandal connected with the case. An expose by Washington columnist Jack Anderson of the methods of Rivers and the Navy Department, have not caused undue consideration for Priest's rights.

"Certain anomalies in military practice exist in comparison with the procedures of the Federal Courts, but a difference of procedure is not tantamount to a due process defect," they wrote in their decision. Accordingly, Priest is not very hopeful about work of his lawyers or by the promise of further action in the courts.

"... They leave me the usual course of appealing in the event of conviction. But where will I be upon conviction? Debating legal points or pounding rocks?"

DENTIST'S OFFICE RANSACKED!

One of the two women being searched for by the FBI in connection with the bombing accident on West 11th Street two weeks ago, had a recent appointment with her dentist. She didn't show, but F.B.I. agents did and they ransacked the dentist's office. One man's denture is another man's dynamite.

Ft. Bliss Troops March on Administration

People across the country, meanwhile, are staging protests against the military system as a whole. On March 15th, soldiers at Fort Bliss, Texas, held a rally in demand of the civil rights guaranteed them by the Constitution of the United States. One thousand of the participants were GI's who are liable to instant suppression by the very structure they are protesting. Suit is being filed against the Commander of Fort Bliss to force him to allow the distribution of literature on the base. Further suit is being considered by the GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee to release men from military service and/or release them from specific service in Laos. Rallies will be held on several bases throughout March and April.

RAT 3 MAY BE CLEARED!

At the same time, reliable sources inform us that evidence has been collected now, in connection with the late Theodore Gold that would completely exonerate Jane Alpert and the Rat Three from complicity in the bombings they are presently accused of.

Indians Of All Tribes Outline Plans For Ellis Island

"From Ellis Island you can see the backside of the Statue of Liberty," observed a speaker at a meeting of the Indians of All Tribes recently, "and that is all the liberty we have ever seen." The view from Ellis Island was the first thing many of our parents saw of this country, and it is thus significant that the Indians of All Tribes are engaged in talks with the U.S. Department of Parks Service to obtain Ellis Island for their purposes.

According to the Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868, signed between the United States Government and the Indians of the Sioux Nations, any federal land not in continual use by the Government reverts automatically to the Indians. With the purpose of implementing this treaty, a collective of native American Indians in the New York City area, representing 14 of the Indian Nations of North America, formed the Indians of All Tribes and last week attempted to seize Ellis Island over water from the Jersey Shore. The attempt failed when the motor boat ceased operation a few yards from the island, and the resulting publicity has forced them to pursue their goals in a more orthodox fashion.

The attempted seizure of Ellis Island, which provoked considerable comment in the national media, was the latest in a series of attempts by Native American Indians around the country to gain what is legally theirs. The successful occupation of Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay last month resulted in the possession of Alcatraz by the local Indians. In Tacoma two weeks ago, 150 Indians representing the United American Indian Fort Lawton Occupational Force scaled a bluff near Fort Lewis and planted a teepee on the site of Fort Lawton, recently abandoned by the United States Army. The Government reacted with great violence, and 85 Indians were arrested; later, while detained in the Fort Lawton stockade, eight were beaten severely by United States Government guards. After the fort was cleared, the Indians were served with warnings that a repetition of the seizure would make them liable to federal charges.

Apparently the Indians feel that such dramatic measures must be taken to overcome the notorious

reluctance of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to do anything meaningful for the conditions of American Indians in this society. The activities of the Bureau lie under the jurisdiction of Vice President Spiro Agnew and Chairman of the Department of the Interior Hickel, and difficulties must be anticipated in dealing with these men.

The New York-based Indians of All Tribes have suggested four possible uses for Ellis Island, which has been abandoned since 1964. It may be used, first, as a centre for Native American Studies, from which travelling universities could be dispatched to Indian reservations about the country, instructing the residents in matters necessary and relevant to their lives. A second possibility for Ellis Island is as a spiritual centre, teaching traditional Indian arts of religion and medicine. Another possibility, that the Island might be used as an ecological development centre to correct the environmental imbalances brought on by the White Man in the New York area, has been suggested. Finally, the area may be used as an Indian Vocational Training School, teaching Indian youngsters how to survive in the White Man's society.

MAIL STRIKE EXPLAINED!

People in New York have been without mail service for three days as of this writing. Letter carriers in several other cities, among them Newark, Philadelphia, Gary, Indiana, and Buffalo have walked out in support of the New York men. Mike Silverberg of the Brooklyn branch of the National Letter Carrier's Association has informed us of their demands: they want a salary schedule of \$8,500 to \$11,000 compressed into five years instead of the present \$6,100 to \$8,700 in 21 years. They want a 75% pension after 25 years of service, instead of the present 50% after 30 years. They want full health coverage and \$25,000 in insurance policies instead of the current \$10,000, and they demand the right to strike. In the event of private incorporation of postal service, they want to retain their civil service status, and be assured that automation will not threaten their job security.

"The Postmen of this country do a terrific job," Silverman said. "But the cost of living in New York has increased 13%, while our salaries have only been increased 3%. In effect, we have lost 10% of our income. "All we want are the same rights as other free American workers. The effect of this strike against the country has been over-exaggerated by the media, to our disadvantage."

Union leaders face a \$1,000 fine apiece and one year in jail for leading the strike, Silverberg reminded us.

AWFUL EVENT! Bombing Of 'Circus'

It came to pass that the Electric Circus was bombed last Sunday night with a pipe-bomb explosive that was a) planted in an opening on one of the moveable stages in the place, or b) dropped from the balcony by a) a drug-crazed right winger, or b) a radical who was actually gunning for the Fillmore, or c) just another nut out to destroy human lives and property, or d), what the police believe to be true, is that it had something to do with a recent ambush of the Angels in New York.

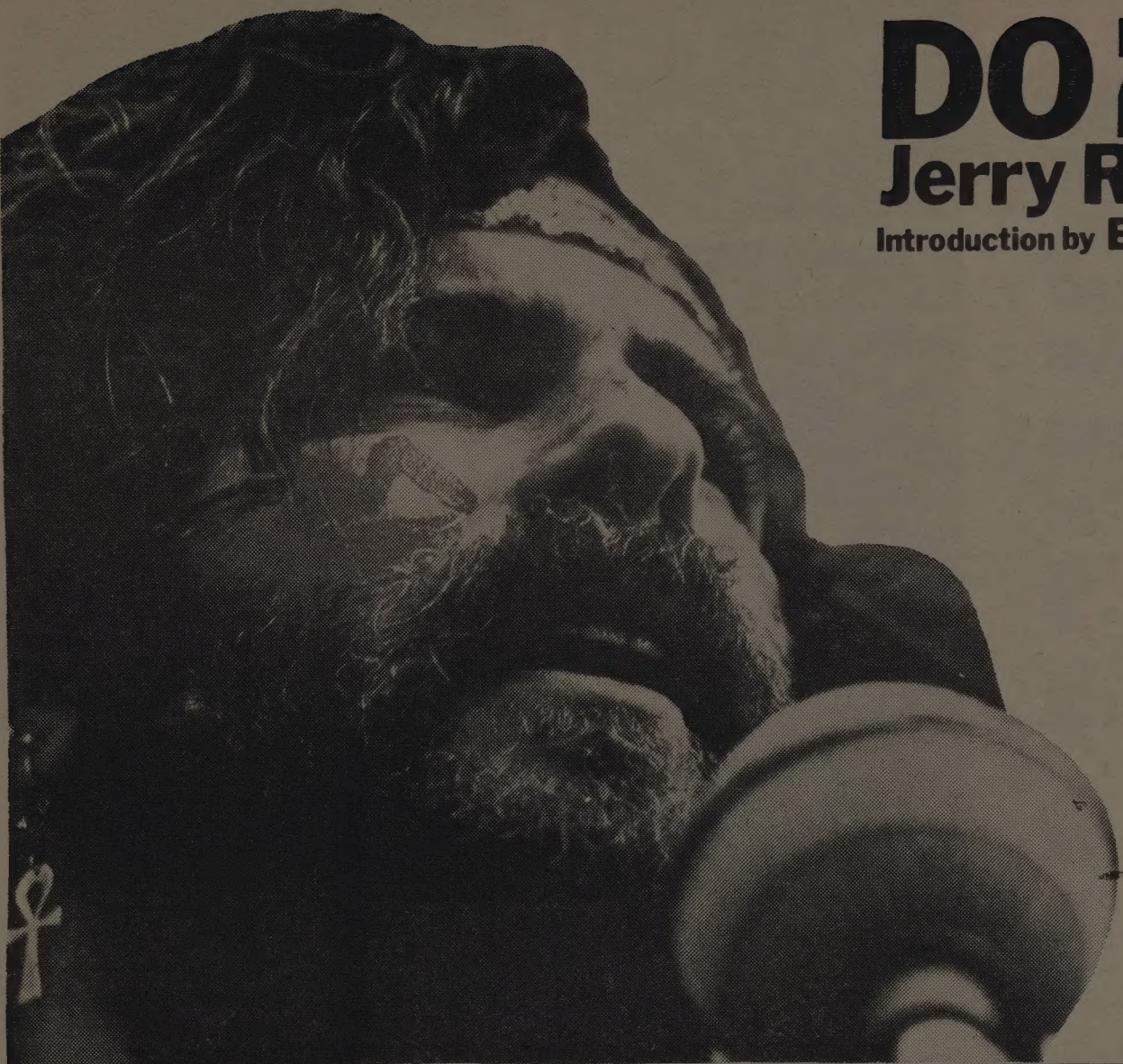
The incident occurred at approximately 11:40 p.m. According to a 19 year-old named Michael, whose leg was badly torn by the blast, he was on the stage when the thing fell down from the balcony, shattering the wood and creating a terrific explosion and a blast. He described the bomb as a magnesium bomb. He said he deduced this from the smell of it.

DO IT!

Jerry Rubin

Introduction by ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

A REVIEW BY ALLAN KATZMAN



DO IT! Scenarios of the Revolution by Jerry Rubin. Introduction by Eldridge Cleaver. Designed by Quentin Fiore. Simon and Schuster, \$2.45.

"But who did the cops grab and toss into the paddy wagon?

Abbie with his Amerikan flag!

I was left standing all alone on the street with my VC flag.

'You Communists!' I screamed. 'Traitors! This is the Viet Kong flag! What's happening to this country!'"

— From DO IT! by Jerry Rubin

"The other night I talked to Jerry on the telephone —

Alger to Babylon — and he almost bubbled right through the receiver the way he bubbles through this book... the

was he bubbles through life. In publishing this book a

child of Amerika goes on trial before Amerika. In reading it, Amerika will be surprised to learn that, in fact

Amerika is on trial before the child, before all its children. And for a verdict, the children

are screaming for Amerika's death. Right on."

*All Power to the People
Eldridge Cleaver*

*From Cleaver's Introduction
to DO IT!*

Last Monday night at the EVO office, I talked with Rosemary Leary on the phone. Her voice seemed further along the way than ever. Not so much as if it had reached an impasse, but rather as if it had seen the infinite juncture in her own consciousness.

Her husband father-to-her-children doctor-to-millions lover pharmacopiast-of-good-vibes Timothy had received another 10 yrs. and no bail all for the crime of his smile and charm.

It had already been evident to some of us that this was the case even before she repeated over the receiver the judge's very words after sentencing: "PLEASURE SEEKER!" "IRRESPONSIBLE HUCKSTER FOR LSD!"

It was time to tell the children of Amerika that Amerika had taken away one of their life's blood. *Just another Conspiracy, folks! Like the Conspiracy 9...*

Rosemary asked for Jerry Rubin's number, and told me she was flying in to talk to all of us. She had to raise \$25,000 and had only "\$125 left in their bank account." Funds had dwindled as well as friends. She now turned to her real friends and we responded.

As soon as I hung up the phone, I called Jerry but only his answering service responded. He was out, temporarily. He had 7 years to serve, and while he was free on bail waiting appeal, he was going to make the real Conspiracy pay, and pay dearly.

I called Abbie next and he immediately went into action. I decided to wait for tomorrow to see Jerry personally, and to tell him of Rosemary's call-to-arms.

It had been too long a time since I saw Jerry in-the-flesh. The last time was when I had testified at his trial. Since his return from a long trial and momentary jailing, I had only spoken to him once.

Jaakov Kohn, EVO's editor, who had seen him a couple of times since his return, told me that Judge Julius J. Hoffman's mission impossible had exacted a toll on Jerry's health (loss of hair and 25 lbs., and a bad cold). It had also made him a world known celebrity overnight; vulnerable now not only to the Court of Amerikan Justice, but to the fingers of fame fondlers knocking at his door as well as the already bounty boppers of FBI men and fantasy birchers threatening his existence.

I was expecting to see a wreck, but I found a bubbling bonfire of revolution.

He was wearing irish green corduroy pants and green sweater to match, and his hair shot out electrically from his head. We embraced and our smiles lit up his small railroad flat on the lower east side.

In between phone conversations, Jerry managed to blurt out that he had just gotten in from uptown and, not realizing it was St. Patrick's Day, had gotten caught in the traffic in the streets.

"People kept coming up to me and asking me where the parade was."

Jerry smiled as he told me the story, and it reminded me to tell him that I had just read his book DO IT! and that it was great.

At that moment Nancy came through the door. Jerry showed us a painting of himself and Abbie done by a high school kid in Michigan somewhere. It was a present and Jerry beamed pride as he showed us the cherished gift.

The phone rang again, and as Nancy went to answer it, Jerry and I sat down to talk. He showed me the huge list of underground newspapers *Simon and Schuster* were advertising in. They were pouring in almost \$6000 into the underground newspapers, due to Jerry's efforts. He was happy they were doing this and asked me to credit them with their generosity.

Our talk led into Bantam Books and their new released "Tales of Hoffman." I had suggested in a previous column that Bantam had better give some of the profits to Conspiracy legal funds or else.

Jerry told me that Abbie and he had delivered my message and that they were amenable.

"Good," I said, "No one was going to make money off our misery."

Jerry smiled at the sounding of my declaration. "That's good!" He then told me that Rosemary had tried to call him last night, and that Nancy had called back this morning, but no answer.

I told Jerry of my previous night's conversation with her. His mind bubbled over with action.

"We'll call a press conference! Rosemary, you and I have to talk before that! We'll raise the money! We'll get him out!"

"Even if we have to tear down the walls," I added.

Jerry smiled and nodded his head in approval.

They will no longer rip off our culture and non-leaders. We were going to make them pay for every cent and every life. Tim will be freed as well as the rest of our friends.

We decided to get something to eat for the moment, so Nancy, Jerry and myself strolled down to the Deli on 2nd Avenue and 10th Street.

We sat and talked about EVO, Tim, The Rat, Women's Lib, the Revolution all on dill pickles, matzoh ball soup, cornbeef on club and soda. Our stomachs satisfied, we hit the streets again and rejoined the troops.

Nancy had to go somewhere, so Jerry and I walked back to his house.

We smiled as we departed and I headed back to EVO to start writing a review on his book, DO IT!

Newsweek had already called it the "Mein Kampf of the Hippies." Another plastic rip off by cheap tricksters using categorical havens. I decided to review the book by writing about what had just happened.

Jerry is his book.

As I finished, I came across his words on p.256: "The revolution will shock itself by discovering that it has friends everywhere, friends just waiting for The Moment.

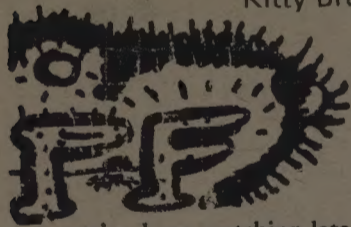
I smiled.

Come to the Conspiri-In to free all political prisoners Easter Sunday--Sheeps Meadow

Kitty

Away went a man known to the public... a sick comedian Lenny Bruce. An empty feeling still rings in my mind, a thought that beckons my dreams of tomorrow. Sometimes I feel society is what kills great minds. It's a shame though, that the truth could be considered sick. I sometimes remember hearing whimpers and soft cries from shadows of a forgotten man. Forgotten because of people's concepts that made a society of sand castle worlds, and I guess he played the sea who came to wash it away. His face sometimes appears in my mind and thoughts of a cellophane boat with many great people sailing away into a place where the ringing of great thoughts toll in chambers of my own mind. For dreams cannot possess him, nor voices cannot blame him since he is now gone in a puff of smoke, as people in this world wished everything that bothered their biased and ugly world could become that of a feeling of a cast of wind that blows free and out of reach of the world's touch. The world is really an ocean and sea-gulls sometimes stay out of reach and not touched by human hands. Soon his thoughts of freedom will be shared by all, and once again truth will come in another shade of light. Maybe it was intended that the great die young. This I cannot answer because I now see, that that sick comedian is now not sick but truthful in the eyes of the public. I thank all his followers which all are ahead of their time as was... my father... Lenny Bruce.

Kitty Bruce



you've been watching late movies lately, you'll have noticed that the Dow Chemical Corp. — of whose production only one—sixteenth is concerned with the manufacture of all the napalm dropped in Vietnam — has been buying a lot of time in the early a.m. for their household—products ads. And apparently some stooge in their advertising department has taken to heart the new theory that the great silent majority of American housewives relate more closely to ugly people than to attractive people. The ladies in the Dow commercials are ugly as shit, ugly in the way only fifteen years of soft-cocked husbands and tract—plot crabgrass and flaking Brillo pads can make a woman ugly. And they hate each other. Any time you see two women together in a Dow Chemical Corp. household—products ad, those ladies are one—upping and cat—shitting and just stomping the living *daylights* scared out of each other: 'Well maybe

your Dow bedpan scourer is better than my inferior product, but I prefer an *aerosol* spray.' 'Why, Dow makes an aerosol too, din't'cha know?'

It can be a real education, watching all this sociology transpire right in front of you. One of the *darkest* things the Dow advertising people have come up with is this ad for a surface cleanser, showing a typically ugly housewife clobbering around her bathroom floor on her hands and knees, sniffing and snorfling into the corners like a Dachsund looking for a spoor. *Voice over*: 'You have every reason to feel uncomfortable about your bathroom... Because no matter how you scrub and scrub and scrub with ordinary household cleansers' (closeup of chapped hand scrubbing frantically at rim of toilet bowl), 'there's *always* a chance that *something* may remain there to embarrass you later. But with the new Dow Shit—Wipe' (hand comes out of toilet bowl, offers astonished lady can of product) 'you need worry no longer. Dow

Shit—Wipe not only eliminates your doo—doo stains and ka—ka smells completely, but it sterilises everybody in the house.' And so on. For a company that thinks nothing of burning the arms and legs off of babies, the Dow Chemical Corp. certainly can make one feel clean!

But burning the arms and legs off of babies 12,000 miles away does not apparently hit the great silent majority of American housewives as any sort of obscenity. Certainly not the way bathrooms do. 'Look, he made another doo—doo, call the policeman. You gonna do that again? All right, tell the policeman not to come... That bit of rap is from the 'Dirty Toilet' band of the new Douglas record, 'To Is A Preposition, Come Is A Verb. It's that collection of Lenny Bruce tapes mentioned in this space a few weeks ago, and it's a fine album. No, I am not getting payola, or even any poontang, it's a fine album and that's that. I think the tape splicing could have been done a little smoother, but just

to have that rap down under the 'old stylus' is a Good Thing. Lenny Bruce was a nightmare for all American anal—retentives, he was always talking about toilets and cat—boxes and snot and comestains and toejam and all those other unpleasant effluvia you need *real suds* and chapped fingers and polluted water to get rid of. It could have been that he was really busted for that kind of talk, the same way the last *Kiss* bust actually came about because we printed a photo of a naked lady in a nun's cowl and surplice. The proximity of toilets and poontang may have been just too much for the authorities to bear.

Bruce gets into this idea in a couple of places on this album. In the 'Tits And Ass' sequence he has a Las Vegas show promoter discussing a new hotel marquee with a Censor. 'Tits and Ass Nitely?' the promoter asks hopefully. 'No,' says the Censor; 'that's dirty.' Promoter: 'You think little titties are dirty? I don't know, man, 'cause I like to kiss 'em and hug 'em...' Censor:

'No, you're not gonna get me on that, it's in the presentation. "Tits and Ass"—that's a lewd presentation, and...' Promoter: 'Okay, how about Gluteus Maximus and Pectoralis Majors Nitely?' Censor: 'Naw, that's dirty to the Latins, Schmuck.'

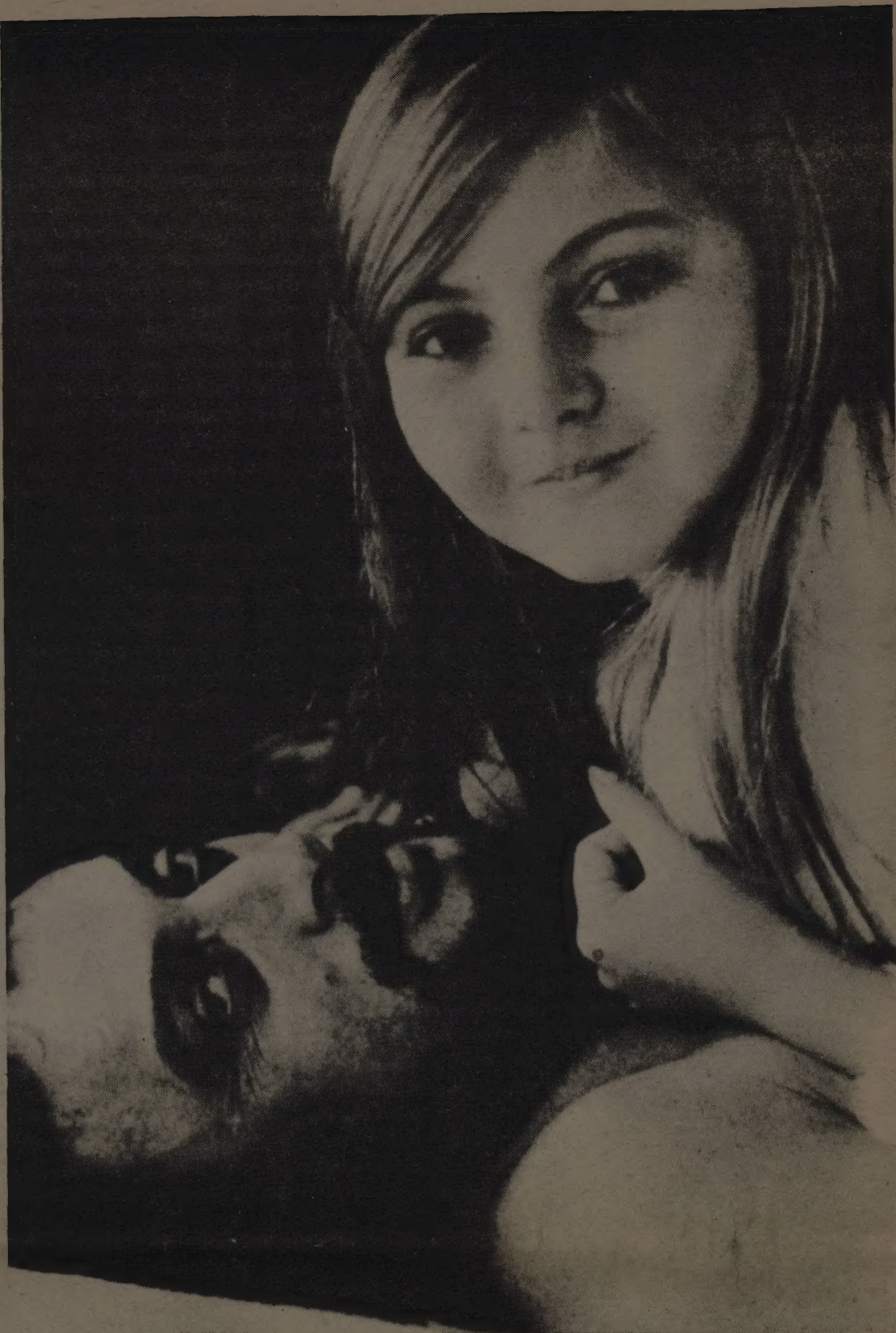
And that's a rather poetic presentation of a deeply Freudian predicament, this hysterical revulsion all good Americans have with their own excrement. Nobody minds all those dead fish in Lake Erie—gotta dump those detergent suds somewhere—and nobody minds bombs that go off in Vietnam—Dow Chemical gotta make a dollar here and there—but show Milady one little streak of yellow along the inside upper surface of her toilet bowl and she freaks! So you get like Metromedia Channel 5 running all these Dow household—products ads...

But they ain't gonna run any Lenny Bruce ads, no sir. The people at Metromedia will not even so much as mention the name of the album over the air

(Continued on Page 18)

DECOMPOSITION

INTRODUCING A NEW WEEKLY FEATURE



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POINTS OF REBELLION... An Opinion By Renfreu Neff

These days when the Constitution of the United States is being either edited or circumvented in the name of Law and Order, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas comes forth with a book that serves as a very timely reminder that the Constitution was originally conceived with the intent of limiting the power of government over the individual and protecting the very people being victimized in courtrooms across the country in the present wave of political oppression. In his concise and immensely quotable Points of Rebellion (Random House; \$4.95) the Justice speaks out in support of revolutionary change and in condemnation of those who would attempt to prevent that change through the use of tyranny or, as in the case of the older generation, because they are incapable of relating to it.

Moving deftly from point to point, Douglas connects the issues of dissent and strongly suggests that it is, in fact, the obligation of citizens to join in protest against injustice, corruption, and the misuse of power, citing no less than the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen as potent endorsements of political rebellion. He understands that it is the underlying fear and paranoia of the Establishment that make inevitable, since, almost by definition, the Establishment must resist change in order to survive and perpetuate itself. This is a self-consuming process, for when the status quo is dependent upon the destruction and exploitation of both man and his environment, when human welfare is subservient to technological priorities, all of which are hopelessly mired in bureaucratic entanglements and selfishly-interested lobbies, drastic measures must be taken against the power structure.

Douglas further points out that while violence is not protected by the Constitution, when grievances pile high and most of the elected spokesmen represent the Establishment, violence may be the only effective response that this observation is doubly pertinent in that it also takes into account the large percentage of eligible voters, young people for the most part, who have not participated in recent Presidential or state elections. Alienation from the system is only a partial explanation, because we have come to realize that the right to vote is meaningless when we are in reality not voting for a candidate of our choice, but against one who is worse. As differences between candidates and their platforms have grown increasingly indistinct, we have chosen to become electoral drop-outs, thus furthering our alienation and, in turn, rendering the sys-

tem itself unrepresentative of the country's most vital element. This alienation and nonrepresentation have become, and no doubt will continue to be, major points of contention for defendants in trials such as the Chicago 7 and the Panther 21 who know that a fair trial can not be guaranteed as long as juries are selected from voter registration lists; the constitutionally guaranteed jury of our peers is automatically negated when those who sit in judgement do not comprehend the vocabulary of those whose ideals are at stake.

In his 70's, Justice Douglas would appear to be something of a geriatric phenomenon, his private life having received wide news coverage a couple of years ago when he married a young lady in her early 20's. In public and professional life, he has maintained a consistently progressive judicial record since his appointment to the Supreme Court in 1959, and is possibly with Hugo Black the last liberal remaining on that august bench. Known also for his initiation and staunch support of constitutional measures designed to protect our natural resources and wildlife, much of his argument is presented from an ecological point of view and serves to point out the pollution, waste and decay that contaminates the political as well as the natural environment. As a strict advocate of the original interpretation and intentions of the Constitution and its amendments, it is no surprise that the present Administration has placed him next in line for impeachment proceedings and harassment to seek his removal from the Supreme Court in order to replace him with another nominee from the Haynesworth-Carswell mold of mediocrity. If Carswell is allowed onto the Supreme Court, it would certainly be an insult to a man of Douglas' calibre, but it would also most assuredly clear the way for the expected move against him.

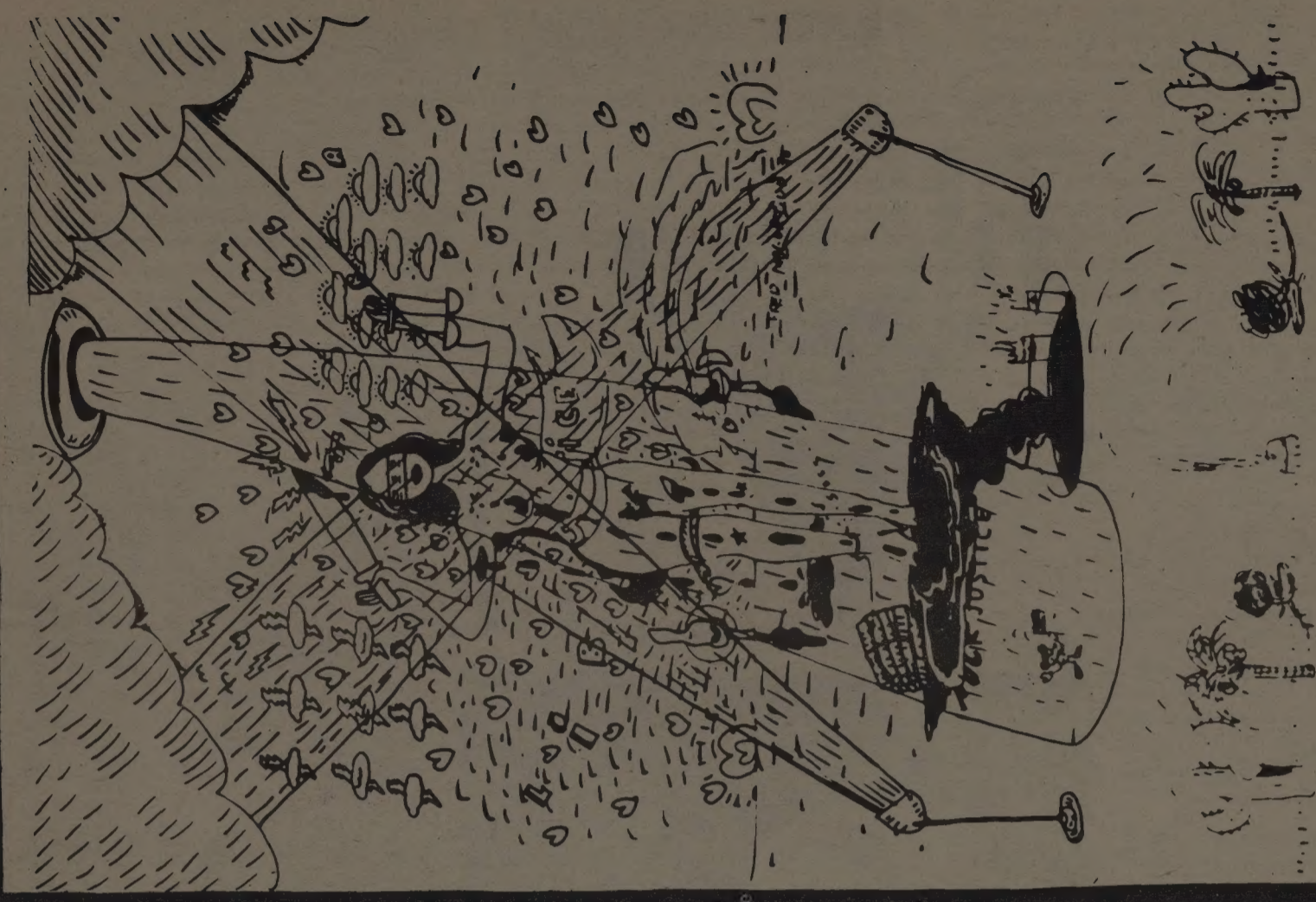
Points of Rebellion insists that Americans alert themselves to the dangers inherent in permitting any governing authority to step beyond the boundaries specifically and inadvertently imposed by the Constitution, in allowing such institutions to encroach on the individual's freedom of thought, movement and personal existence. In setting forth the extent to which this unsanctioned encroachment has already been tolerated and widely accepted in our everyday lives, Douglas cites the educational process which molds young minds into conformity and stifles creativity in order to make society manageable; electronic and

computerized regulation and classification of every facet of our personal and private domains; the use of psychiatric examinations and even more stringently abusive invasions of privacy by various agencies to determine an individual's eligibility for employment, credit and welfare assistance; and FBI and CIA influences and surveillance on college and university campuses. Expressing his unqualified opposition to all the rules, prejudices and attitudes that create extremes of wealth and poverty in our society and an imbalanced distribution of its resources and commodities, Douglas calls for a restructuring of society into a humanistic entity, pointing out that today's Establishment is the new George III and that if it continues to suppress dissent, the redress, "honed in tradition," is revolution.

Easier read than reviewed...if a "review" is even necessary when the subject is human life and personal liberty...one can not avoid noting Douglas' remarkable clarity of thought and purpose and his completely rational approach to a province usually considered reserved for people much younger. With a verbal precision reflecting his thirty-one years on the Supreme Court, the Justice wastes few words and is not given to embellishment when content can function alone. What we are given is a 97-page manifesto which, though its solutions are little more than we ourselves have already agreed upon, does provide a notable, objective affirmation from a highly qualified member of the Establishment itself. Clearly frustrated and at odds with the present circumstances of political necrophilia that prizes citizens for their silence,

izens for their silence. Justice Douglas ranks with former Attorney General Ramsey Clark as one of the Movement's best "outside agitators."

Points of Rebellion stands then as Douglas' public testimony, a vital and thoroughly enlightened statement by a witness who, having watched it all come about, can no longer remain at a critical distance. It is not inconceivable that a backlash on the backwash may eventually grow out of the gradually increasing number of public figures being radicalized-by-default by those who would mediocrity and incompetence as levels of achievement.



To the Editor & Renfreu Neff... EVO

It is obvious from reading or speaking to Renfreu that she has a good head and her latest EVO articles, "Ladies Lib," was no exception to her powers of observation and insight. I think, however, that it was myopic in that she appears to be talking only of the Woman's Lib freaks one has a tendency to run across in the North, particularly in freak places like NYC and Chicago. They are not representative of the real movement in the liberation of women (*to be women*) going on now throughout the country.

Beyond these few "freaks" at the top of the media slag heap, there are uncounted others who are genuinely working towards the ending of the oppression of women, even or especially when it is self-induced. The hipper chicks are not after an equal opportunity to join the slave labor marker or get into all the bad bags most men are in. They just want to be free to be more woman, more feminine, more human, more alive. Further, they recognize that repression is destructive to the men as well.

Nevertheless, I really don't think it serves any purpose to put down the heavy Lib chicks. I know very few dudes who take women's liberation seriously (though, paradoxically, they may believe in it) or who do much more than kid about it. But, many of the heavier chicks realize that there will be little progress and only more and more sex-based division within the movement - and in society - as a whole - until the time comes when men take it seriously. Sometimes it takes some freaky stuff to jolt people into awareness of their elitist and chauvinist attitudes. I think they call it "consciousness raising."

They get their support, as they should, from most men and women who feel, as in other aspects of "the revolution," that we all have our role to play in making it all come about, just as the Panthers and the Weathermen have a role. We may not be able to get into it ourselves or believe it's "the way," but we are generally behind them.

The dudes need to get into it. They will not be liberated until the women are. The average guy slaving away at his 9 - 5- robot job to pay for an over-priced home & car & shit could really be freed if he came home one night and heard his old lady lay something like this on him: "Charlie, I hate to tell you this after you've worked so hard for so many years, but we really don't need all this down shit. Why don't we somehow figure out a way to dump it all so we can spend more time listening to rock and roll, smoking dope and fucking a lot, like we should. I don't dig being a housekeeper and you don't dig your nowhere gig. Let's work something out so we can swing." So, together, they begin to think about it, and the roles they have played at without really believing, and their relationships with each other and other people. In other words, the women can do much more than liberate themselves, if they want to.

You are right, women's liberation will come when we are all liberated and that is our common cause. But, it isn't just the women who have to get their shit together. While it maybe the role of some women to let us know they will no longer sit idly by while the men fuck up the works, it is the men who must come around into being believers and seeing themselves as they are, or have been. The two will work on each other. As women free themselves from their traditional bonds, the dudes will soon see that a free chick is a groovy chick, and will themselves become more liberated.

I think many women recognize that it may take a while for the dudes to come around. At first it may just be little things, like taking on some of the household chores and getting closer to their kids to give their old ladies a chance to get their heads into their things.

A few days ago, after I realized I had been the typical male oppressor (mostly just out of habit), being waited on and such, and took on some of the little things like washing the dishes and preparing some meals and the like, my old lady said to me (after sever years of it!) "You know, I never realized how much I resented waiting on you all this time."

Yes, there's the danger that when she's on the road to liberation she will see more clearly her past oppression, but overcoming this will be the knowledge or at least hope that you, too, are on the same road and that maybe, it'll be worthwhile to stick around and work it all out together.

Ladies Lib, Right On!
John da Swede

OFF THE NEFF



photo/joseph stevens

female liberation is too important
an issue to be left in the hands
of women

In her article on Women's Liberation, "Sisters Unite: But Without Your Bullshit," Renfreu Neff writes, "The fact is, I don't believe that female liberation, as it's emerging now within the Movement, encourages liberated femininity." That statement shows the gulf that exists in understanding what Women's Lib is - "...encourages liberated femininity." Women's Lib intends to liberate women from male oppression and in doing so, encourage liberation of both sexes from the mantle of phoney, bullshit sexual roles. We do not yet know - know - what femininity is. We don't know what masculinity is - we haven't tried to find out. We know only what the sexual functions are: how to beget children, how to nurse them. Beyond that, everything else has only been ascribed. Therefore women should feel free to dress "masculine" if they feel like it, men should feel free to dress "feminine" if they feel like it. To carry it further, we (*we*, assumes this readership) all use sex for pleasure, communication, enjoyment. We practice birth control a lot of the time, so I believe we assume that sex should not be used only for propagation - bisexuality and homosexuality should be accepted as a natural development in such a society. What is masculine and feminine? I mean, I don't much give a damn for what these words mean. What is human? Or better, what is life?

It falls to women to start fighting this part of the battle (although the Gay Liberation Front is, in effect, resisting the same oppressor), because they are on the bottom of the sexist shitpile, as black people are on the bottom of the racist shitpile, and that's what that analogy is about.

As with Renfreu, I am not a member of Women's Liberation, but I am a woman, so I am in it. Renfreu agrees that women are oppressed and that the oppression should be removed. But how? She writes: "Factions exist within the women's lib movement itself. Not surprising, given the natural temperament of women." (Italics mine) There we go again. The whole movement is factions, factions, factions, given the natural temperament of people involved in struggle.

Renfreu believes that Women's Lib should rip off *Vogue*, *Bazaar*, rather than *Penthouse*. They will. It's just a question of priorities - they'll all get it, I'm sure, including *Screw* and *Kiss*, etc., but the sex underground may catch on in time... I doubt it, but they might.

Renfreu concluded by stating, "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." As I said before, I think what people want to wear is their own business, but on her latter point, and the point of my writing this for the public rather than discussing it with Renfreu in the office and letting it go at that, we have to get ourselves together before we can get the Senate together - the movement has to offer a total alternative society before this one falls (either by its own inherent evils or by us pulling it down), or else we'll head back into the same shit. After spending years in, around, or about the movement, I learned one thing - you are not just fighting for others, you are primarily fighting for yourself, your own freedom. And a lot of women don't dig the bag they've been put in and they want out. It's going to be awful for a while, of course many women will get strident, crap will probably be hurled back and forth - oppressor and oppressed have never been so locked together while being so far apart - but all the joking at the expense of the women involved is going to have to stop, the cruelty done to the women involved is going to have to stop. As Rita Mae Brown said in the first issue of RAT after Women's Liberation took over, after getting a hate phone call from a man who said she was a dyke, cunt-lapper, etc., "I wish I could say that phone call didn't hurt." Men want women in their places, when they get out of line, the shit hits the fan, and the truth comes out. Men, sometimes joined by women, are getting their kicks by making cruel jokes about the women with guts enough to look for truth in the relation of woman to man, man to woman. Whatever comes out, I think all of us will benefit, so I think we're just going to have to hold on. "Keep your eyes on the prize, sisters."

Renfreu Neff is an example of how far a woman can go on her own - she's a very good writer, and has picked to pieces racism, oppression, in her reporting. But maybe she can go farther - I know I could - if there wasn't this "woman writer" bit. Jesus, and there are all those other women spending all that time worrying about their hair, their nails, their clothes, their weight, their skin, their underarms, their new electric shavers, their new electric home perms, their dishes, their floors, their refrigerators, their cooking, their men - maybe they'd like to try their hands at something else.

I think I'm going to join Women's Liberation tomorrow. KARIN BERG

thilm OPERATION SIDEWINDER

by

lita eliscu



"It's the story of my life, the difference between wrong and right, but Billy said, Both those words are dead... it's the story of my life" (*The Story of My Life*, T H E V E L V E T UNDERGROUND, burray)

Amerika spends an inordinate amount of time and space and precious breath on the difference between wrong and right: was Chicago wrong/right? The police? The brutal terrorization and indifferent non-mercy killings of the Native Americans — or as they are known locally, Indians...? Vietnam? The murder (ritual) of one Everyman as recompense to thousands of Vietnamese families whose relatives had been indifferently murdered?

None of these or any other actions are wrong or right; they are part of a corporate history of a country called Amerika, These United States, etc. Our home — our environment and the land of our genetic codes; we too are Amerikans. By "we" I am assuming the reality of a division in this country between people who are content with a determinist attitude, willing to take no conscious action (death-in-life) and those who believe that energy put out gets energy put in... somewhere. The "we" are the ones trying to change this country, environmentally and genetically, to make the character, reputation and personality something else. Too many of us believe in wrong and right, too, unfortunately. An action committed is *done* that is all. One can repeat the action or not repeat it; learn from it or not.

What we are actually engaged in here, this time/space, is an

education project which starts with each one of us and proceeds outward and inward — the inner man keeps changing too. There are weapons or tools traditional and non-traditional. Now, politics as a fantasy-game is not mine because the odds are weighed the wrong way: They have been playing politics for over 2000 years and their arsenal is better stocked. So I believe in communication, especially interpersonal; I believe in reward training, not punishment; I believe in an art not based on neurosis and loneliness and insecurity. I believe that a life is the only artwork worth creating, and I reject the (true) hypothesis that man's rage for chaos is his only art (thank you, Morse Peckham). The Balinese have a saying, "We have no art, we do everything as well as we can," and that's about it.

This past week, I watched TV and program after program rang with the righteous cries of 'generation gap!' and "jere is Jerry Rubin," "here is Abbie Hoffman," here is... even Jane Fonda, to talk about the

Indians. And Abbie said it when he turned to David Frost and said, (paraphrase) "I don't consider the people in the audience my enemy, David; it's you and the people like you who are the enemy"... and Abbie is right, because talk is an attempt to make time slow down, to take up space, to make everything stop... and nothing stops. We are all part of the Universe Energy, and there is no way of stopping — there is only illusion and finally, delusion, and then, enlightenment. Some members of the Amerikan body are still in illusion, some are in delusion, and some are enlightened, and communication is breaking down. Hotcha. Words at this point become a fond articulation of the reticulation — the network of nerves of a body. Our words are obfuscating the bloody disillusioned nervous system of our life.

The liberals, from Young Americans for Freedom through all the concerned individuals/liberal establishmentarians, are all into talk. Save Our Space is their

SOS; it's just that there is no space to be saved, we are already somewhere else... and action as an alternative does not mean violence necessarily — that seems fairly obvious.

Sam Shepard is one of our most brilliant playwrights today, for who else writing for the American theatre (art knows no political shuck) uses words in all their blinding illogical real-ness and beauty. *Operation Sidewinder* just opened for a limited engagement at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall.

Sidewinder is a visual/ auditory/ sensory experience, and linear verbal descriptions are flat. Here goes: the play is built on the interweave of myth and accepted myth, or fact, using characters, location, structure and Sam's own personal fund of information to create a symphony whose very commercialness is its innocence.

In the course of the evening, *The Holy Modal Rounders* provide a musical commentary which runs alongside and sometimes into the stage action, a relevant Greek chorus done in

Country/Western rhythms, even unto polyrhythm. The scenes include Black Panthers, American Indians, you, me, and the End of the World, in no particular order except for the last-mentioned. So much for plot. What is exciting and rare is Shepard's ability to create a marvelous reality out of this tangle — for what else other than reality can ever surprise us (thank you, John Brunner).

TRUE FALSE TIME:

Sam Shepard: "Boy you should see my callouses!" Now, that remark is important, because Shepard does work, and on a lot of levels, although he himself was talking on the level of guitar callouses, on his fingers.

Why do you write plays: "It doesn't make any difference what I do." TRUE

Where do the plays come from: "Sometimes I feel like I'm not writing them and someone else is..." TRUE

Did you like working on the Rolling Stones' movie (a question for the fans): "Yeah, I really liked doing it."

Are they ever going to release it (ditto): "Doesn't look like it."

A spontaneous remark: "Well, you know, when you're out there in the country, you think about going to the city. And when you're in the city, you think about the country..." TRUE

There are two scenes in particular which remain in whatever passes for a computer in my head: The Snake Dance of the Southwest Indians, amply described in the play program, has an intensity and rare grace about it; all I could think about was the Indians' desire to keep

(Continued on Page 21)

photos: joseph stevens- asylum

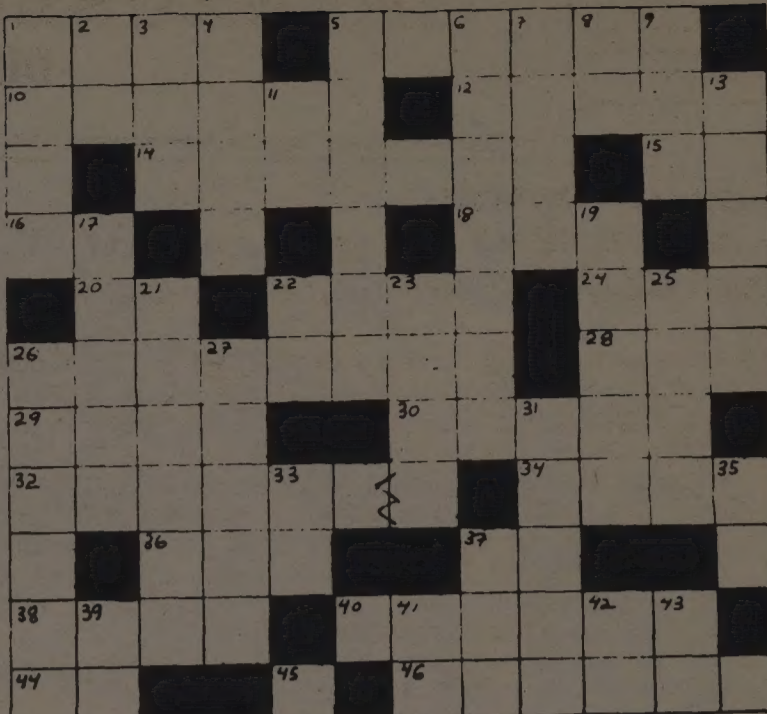
KLEAR LITE 2

ACROSS

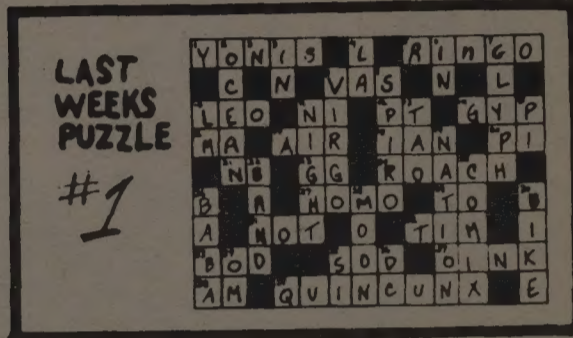
1. The one thing that ordinary mechanical people have by which they can sustain themselves through one after another birth-death cycle.
5. The official cheer of the Youth International Party.
10. Another name for the major and minor trumps of the Tarot deck signifying secret and mystery.
12. Another name for tracks.
14. "There was Donner and Blitzen and Cupid and Comet and Dancer and ----- (etc. etc.)... but the finest reindeer of them all-I, was Rudolf the Rednose Reindeer who had a very shiny nose... a song made famous by Gene Autry.
15. -- Manchu: orientalist and criminologist.
16. Alternative spelling for Hi!
18. Most be stronger than STP.
20. A particle specifying a point occupied, attained, sought, or otherwise concerned, as in place, time, order, experience, etc., and hence used in many idiomatic phrases expressing circumstantial or relative position, degree or rate, action, manner: "Where's it -?"
22. A board used for communication with the spiritual world.
24. A chick I met in Berkeley and I'm not sure of the correct spelling of her name however she's a good friend of Cica.
26. Guess what! The Age of ----- is now dawning.
28. The most dynamic grass this summer came from Cambodia, Thailand and ---.
29. Jon Voigt played Joe ---- in Midnight Cowboy.
30. The third book in the Rosy Crucifixion trilogy by Henry Miller.
32. Hey chick what's your ----- sign?" (overheard at Monkees concert, 1968).
34. Not difficult; requiring no great labor or effort (spelled backwards).
36. Lennon's old lady.
37. My younger brother's first name (diminutive form).
38. Ex-prisoner (plural).
40. A product of Dow Chemical Corporation.
44. An international news service.
46. A plastic strip in L.A.

DOWN

1. A groovy psychedelic which gets you a little higher than grass.
2. Either/- by Soren Kierkegaard.
3. A horse tranquilizer commonly sold as THC.
4. To gain by labor or service.
5. Cuba Si!----- No!
6. Being exactly that, and neither more nor less; being just that, and not some other.
7. Cause for the National Guard to descend on Berkeley the summer of '69.
8. Ignorance International, a Washington D.C.-based organization (abbrev.).
9. One of a class of "imaginary" beings, especially from mountainous regions, with magical powers.
11. Scottish variation of NO.
13. The ----- by John Fowles (spelled backwards).
17. Don Juan: A ----- Way of Knowledge, by Carlos Castaneda.
19. Rules Taurus, Libra, and me.
21. A town in the Southwest associated with cowboy movies and the University of Arizona.
22. "To be -- not to be, that is the question." Hamlet, by Will Shakespeare.
23. The collective unconscious—a concept developed by C. G. ----.
25. They put people and things in outer space.
26. A mystical word used in incantations.
27. U.S. playwright who lived between 1886 and 1958 and whose first name is Zoe, and even I never heard of her before I found it on page 28 of my American College Dictionary.
31. The pentosan occurring in woody tissues which hydrolyzes to xylose, used as a source of furfural.
33. The English equivalent of the Scottish NA. (See 11 down.)
35. For example (abbreviation, Latin).
37. A film trilogy by Sanjarit Ray.
39. A black and white optical art form which followed POP.
41. When or while; since, because; for instance; even or just.
42. -- D.
43. Mechanical Engineer, Methodist Episcopal, Middle English, Middle Earth.
45. The Book of Changes.



by elliot tanzer



LOOKING GLASS CHRONOLOGER

BRIGID POLK-

Six hundred 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 Polaroid Color Prints are looking at you at the new exhibition upstairs at the Gotham Book Mart, a place where two white cats are guarding the entrance to the exhibition - room, and at the door is written: "James Joyce Society." It's the spirit of the language revolutionist who seems still to be around there and also downstairs in the oldfashioned headquarters of the old defunct Paris bookstore Shakespeare & Co. James Joyce Bookshop? it looks kind of ghostly, crummy, so that every booklovers heart jumps with joy. In fact the old Gotham Book Mart resembles very much Jaakov Kohn's EVO - Editorial office, it's a bookstuffed cell, where poetry, philosophy and new languages are created, and humour, romance and idealism, DaDa and protest are still discussed and people sit around for hours, looking at Mags & books and gossiping a lot.

Brigid Polk, Andy Warhol's Superstar of Chelsea Girls Fame with whom he has a hot line going everyday, all linked to a tape - recorder on Brigid's telephone, got a one man picture



show. Polaroid prints one - of - a - kind Speed 75, Color. It's a Wonderland of Superstarpolaroid-gossipvisualisation-artscenicdesign New York style of the gay seventies. No violence, no politics, no artworkers, no relevance, but a lot of humour, wit, artistry imagination, inventiveness.

Before Brigid clicks the camera she thinks. She is in love with the limited medium "Polaroid", and handles the big boy like a painter his brush.

Art of tomorrow will be the

"Everything - Around - Us - Thing, we, the human earthlings will be the Art of the land, the streets, the oceans, the skies, the rivers. What's a canvas? A piece of material to put colors on. But human faces, legs, hands, feet, eyes, ears, hair, genitals, hearts, lungs, brains that's fascinating, says Brigid with her color - shots. And that also says, for a long time, already, Andy Warhol when he does his films, and that's what the 22 Realists said in the Whitney & what Nesbit says in the Stable Gallery, and the

Sonnabend Gallery, and this adoration of the human body is theme of a most delightful miniature gossip - Column - Show at the Gotham Book Mart 41 West 47th Street. Brigid, the exhibitor and exhibitionist, an ever ready alive actress of great energy, star of the film School Play, produced by Charles Rydell (Camera Bud Wirtschafter which is announced to be off to Cannes Film Festival, is the most working flashbulb - clickkin relentless searcher of new sights in the human face and body I have ever

by lil picard

experienced. Her artistic observant eyes are twinkling with malicious glare. She can be mean and witty, but when she is good, she is very very! She hisses at her enemies, while her hard blue eyes skim over the crowd at the opening, "Whether all of her photographed victims from her half a year long polaroid safari are present, to look at themselves. Yes, they are all arriving, they all came to see themselves, and also Brigid, the big girl with the most stamped around tits. They had been all together in the hot small room: boys, chicks, freaks, transvestites, poets, writers, filmmakers, the "Names", the superstars, Jackie, Viva, Hane, Mike, Andy, Paul...everybody loves his body, nobody can resist a photo in color and to look at himself "in color".

The superstarworld of Art and Literature with about 600 small prints and 19 "Albums" in Bible - style leatherbound books is depicted, but not all are satisfied with what they see, and one of the most famous stars could not stand the sight of herself, tearing the prints off the white cardboard display sheet, and the

(Continued on Page 20)

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THE UNDERGROUND, CARE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

HI, BROTHERS, SISTERS AND DEALERS. THIS COUNTRY IS CALLED THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. WHAT UNITES THIS CONTINENT? DOPE. ALL PEOPLE UNDER FORTY ARE GETTING HIGH TOGETHER. OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION AMERICANS, AT LEAST TWENTY MILLION OF THEM TAKE DOPE, TRIP, EXPAND THEIR MINDS, MAKE LOVE, MAKE MUSIC, ARE BEAUTIFUL, CREATE WOODSTOCK NATIONS. TWENTY MILLION YOUNG AMERICANS ARE CHALLENGING THE SYSTEM; THEY TURN ON, THEY TUNE IN, THEY DROP OUT. DR. TIMOTHY LEARY, THE MAN WHO INVENTED, ADVOCATED AND LIVES THIS REVOLUTIONARY COMMANDMENT IS IN FEDERAL PRISON- 20 YEARS FOR LESS THAN ONE OUNCE OF MARIJUANA. THE TOO LATE REVENGE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT. IT IS NOT AN ACCIDENT BUT THE GRACE OF GOD THAT GAVE US GOOD DRUGS AND DR. TIMOTHY LEARY. CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO LSD WITHOUT DR. TIM LEARY'S INTRODUCTION.

LET IT BE QUITE CLEAR: TWENTY MILLION HIGH AMERICANS ENJOY THEIR REBIRTHS, THEIR NEW EVOLUTIONARY BEAUTIFULLIVES BECAUSE OF TIM'S TEN YEARS' CRUSADE FOR THE FREE USE OF MIND EXPANDING DRUGS.

BROTHER TIM HAS FELLOW PIONEERS, THE DEALER.

A DEALER IS A PERSON WHO SERVES THE REVOLUTION BY MAKING THE PEOPLE HIGH.

THE WORK OF A DEALER IS BASICALLY RELIGIOUS BECAUSE IT HAS AS ITS' GOAL THE SYSTEMATIC EXPANSION OF THE CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE DISCOVERY OF ENERGIES WITHIN (WHICH MEN CALL DIVINE) DEALING IS A NON-STOP JOB WHICH LEAVES NO TIME TO PURSUE OTHER OCCUPATIONS. THE DOPE DEALER, THE UNDERGROUND FILM DEALERS (ANDY WARHOL) THE POET DEALERS (ALLEN GINSBERG) MUSICIAN DEALER (BOB DYLAN) THE FILLMORE MANAGER DEALER (BILL GRAHAM, AS WELL AS THE PREACHER - IN- THE - OLD STYLE - DEALER, ROCK FESTIVAL HORN EVANGELIST, BILL GRAHAM) ELECTRIC CIRCUS OWNER DEALER, WOODSTOCK PROMOTOR DEALER, MIKE LAING, UNDERGROUND - AND ESTABLISHMENT PRESS - NEWS - DEALER, KANSAS CITY HOST DEALER, (MICKEY) HAT AND LEATHER AND POSTER SHOP DEALER AND UNDERGROUND LIGHT SHOW DEALER (JOSHUA) AND ALSO MADISON AVENUE ADVERTISING DEALER ...

EVERY TURNED ON CREATIVE PERSON SHOULD BE A DEALER IN BEAUTY AND LOVE AND TRUTH.

EACH TURNED ON PERSON READING THIS SHOULD SEND AT LEAST A DOLLAR TO HOLDING TOGETHER. DEALERS; DEAL FOR REAL FOR TIM, SEND MORE BREAD. HOLDING TOGETHER, P.O. BOX 5017, BERKELEY, CALIF.

DOPE NEWS:

BEWARE OF TWO BROTHERS, DANIEL AND DEAN, SIX FEET TALL, TWENTY YEARS OLD, WHO HANG AROUND SECOND AVENUE AND SELL BOGUS SUNSHINE. THEIR STORY GOES THAT THEY JUST RETURNED FROM CALIFORNIA AND ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE WITH REAL SUNSHINE. BULLSHIT !!! THE TABS ARE ONLY POWDER, THEY CONTAIN NO LSD!! THEIR PRICE IS -75¢.

270 LBS. OF LEBANESE BLONDE. PRICE TO DEALER AROUND \$700.

50 LBS. OF GREEN MOROCCAN HASH - MEDIUM QUALITY. \$700. LB.

LIMITED AMOUNT OF SUNSHINE - 85¢ IN QUANTITIES. PLENTY OF GOOD PSYLOCYBIN AND Mescaline.

\$1.10 TO DEALERS. PLENTY OF GRASS. \$135- 200 LBS. ALL GRADES.

OM

G.I.A.

BECOMES A LIVING FACT FRIDAY, MARCH 27 & SATURDAY, MARCH 28 THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

ALLS ON

"Let's Make Each Other Happy" is a single you can taste now from their up-coming album, "If It's So"



Steed Records a division of Famous Music Corporation A G +

THE east village **OTHER DOPE GAME**

FIRST, you must understand that the greatest American pastime, after Scrabble, is the making of much money; and that the greatest Anti-American pastime, after fucking, is the getting and taking and trading of vast amounts of dope. To represent then in a kinetic fashion the common experience of the American dope dealer, we have created the Dope Game. Here is how it is played:

Each player takes a marker and places it on START; according to the rolls of one (1) die, thrown in turn according to a prearranged sequence, they strive toward the acquisition of the SWISS BANK ACCOUNT. Absolutely no skill is involved in the Dope Game, it's all up to the old bone. The path from beginning to end is strewn with grievous catastrophes, mind you. Although it is statistically inevitable that SOMEONE will

triumph, given enough time, it will be only after much frustration, headache, and permanent brain damage.

A clarification for the simple-minded: the first and last squares in each tier of six will knock one forward; the third and fourth squares will knock one back; the second and fifth will keep him set tight. Except in the last row, which will shred his head for good and all.)

Presently, the Corporation aims to offer The Dope Game as a special gift ("promotion gimmick") to subscribers. Match the house ads for this wondrous offer.

WARNING: PROLONGED PLAYING OF THE DOPE GAME MAY RENDER ONE INCAPABLE OF REMEMBERING THE YEARS 1958-61 INCLUSIVE!

END

UNLIMITED SWISS BANK ACCOUNT

IF YOU KEEP IT LONGER THAN 3 ROLLS, THE CIA GETS YOU AND YOU GO BACK TO JAIL FOR 3 TURNS.

IF YOU DID IT!!

STONES BUSTED! NONE YOU AS SUPPLIER!

JOIN COMMUNE IN DROP CITY! STAY 3 WEEKS UNTIL BORED STIFF.

HOSPITAL WITH HER CLAP, BRAIN DAMAGE, NOVENA, ETC. BACK TO 25 FOR CONVALESCENCE.

DOPE LEGALIZED! GET BUSTED FOR VIOLATING TAX LAWS, BACK TO JAIL!

SMACK CITY

MEETING WITH OGSLEY DIRECT CONNECTION FOR SUNSHINE! ADVANCE TO 33

VACATION IN MIAMI BEACH - HATE EVERY MINUTE OF IT! SERVES YOU RIGHT, CAPITALIST! BACK TO START, WITH NEW HORSCOPE.

CAUGHT SWIMMING NAKED IN PONTIANBEAU FOUNTAIN, T'RRIPINAT! BACK TO 17 NUT HOUSE

CATCH HEPATITIS! ADVANCE TO 32

UNDER SIREP PUBLICITY! LIFE MAGAZINE REPORTER HURNS UP YOU CHASES. YOU BRUINO MIAMI'S DAYS SEEKING INTERVIEW. BACK TO 25

BIG HOLLYWOOD CORY BUYS ENTIRE CORE SUPPLY FOR TRIFLE PRICE! YOU'RE ON EASY STREET! ADVANCE TO 55

SPEND 3 WEEKS IN LEXINGTON ON COLD TURKEY WITH JOHNNY CRISON IN NEXT BED. LOSE 6 TURNS

CUT HAIR, GET DUES, GO MICROBIOLOGIC, JOIN IN YOU'RE DEMOCRATS, FUCK UP GOOD! LOSE 6 TURNS

STUDY YOGA AND KARATE. REALLY GETTING HEAD TOGETHER NOW! ADVANCE TO 29

HIDE OUT IN WOODSTOCK TO GET HEAD TOGETHER WITH SUSAN BANTON LITTLE. BOYS AROUND TO ROUGH YOU UP OR BROTHERS TO TERRIFY YOU. BACK TO 17

GET BURNED BURN! THIS IS REALLY BELLAONNA! FUCK UP - STAY IN ROOM 3 DAYS. BACK TO 14

TRY SMACK FIRST TIME WITH STONES - W.M. SHERIDAN SAYS "GODDAMN, YOU'RE A WANNABE!" ADVANCE TO 26

ROLLING STONES JOIN CLIENTELE, PAY UP FRONT! ADVANCE TO 23

NUT HOUSE

GET DRAFTED! GO TO JAIL - LOSE 3 TURNS. ADVANCE TO 20

STRUCK UP BYRS OVER HEATHROVE AIRPORT, LONDON, WITH SUSPICIOUS STEWARDESS. CAN'T GO TO HENDON, TOKE. GETTING PARANOID. MEN'S ADVANCE TO 20

CAUGHT AT THE BORDER GOING IN. ENTERING GUSTOM 'ERE, WOT'S THIS? DEPARTING GUSTOM. LOSE 3 TURNS

CAUGHT AT THE BORDER GOING SHAW. DEPARTING GUSTOM. LOSE 3 TURNS

LITTLE OLD LADY GOES YOUR LIGGAGE BY MISTAKE - FOLLOW HER ALL OVER AIRPORT, TRYING TO KISS COOL. ADVANCE TO 23

RELAX! LOSE 4 TURNS

RELAX! LOSE 4 TURNS

GET PREGNANT! TRY TO ROLL THE DAME NUMBER TWICE AFTER 3 TURNS. ADVANCE TO 11

COMPLETE FIRST DOPE DEAL, GET FIRST TASTE OF HARSH! DOPE DEAL, GET FIRST TASTE OF HARSH! ADVANCE TO 11

MISSING CUSTOMER. RIDE AROUND ALL DAY IN RAIN WITH DOPES, LOSE \$20 TRX! FARE. MISS 2 TURNS

CUSTOMER APPEARS WITH COP GRAB TOTAL. DO SOME FINNY TALKING. MISS 2 TURNS

CUSTOMER ENDS YOU WITH COP GRAB TOTAL. YOU UP TAKES MONEY AND (PERSONAL STASH)! BACK TO 5

ENGINE STONED! STAY IN PHONE BOOTH ALL DAY, AFRAND TO COME OUT. SORRY SIR - THAT NUMBER SEEMS OUT OF ORDER. ADVANCE TO 11

FIRST RIGHTIOUS CUSTOMER - MAKE \$5 FOR 3 DAYS' WORK! ADVANCE TO 11

TAKE FIRST TOKE GRASS. GET STONED. ADVANCE TO 8

GET AUNCHIES! SPEND WHOLE DAY IN PIZZA PARLOR! BACK TO START

FIRST CATNIP BURR! BACK TO START

PAY \$30 FOR LID OF JERSEY GREEN! BACK TO 2

TOO STONED TO GET OUT OF MACYS! FALL OUT IN AIRTRISS DEPT. ADVANCE TO 11

FIRST RIGHTIOUS CONNECTIDY ON PERMANENT BASIS! ADVANCE TO 11

NO SMOKING LOSE 3 TURNS, SERVED

© 1970, SHERIDANE DIAMOND DEAN LATIMER

CHARLIE FRICK

Hottest ride to ever hit the industry. You make it go 'round and 'round, the rider makes it go up and down by "joy stick" control located in each cab. Top profit-maker because it has everything.

Like pockets of some strange resistance to an oppressing power, the forces of Real American Music, out in the hills and the boondocks, doing the America Music Thing, our brothers in the Musical revolution are waiting for the next move of the America Machine. Lots of stuff you don't get to hear if you're plugged into the Electric City's muzak box. It's almost impossible sometimes. The forces of musical repression have most of the radio stations and some halls of the youth sewn up. They keep pumping high energy level rock into the heads of America's kids constantly.

there's the Other Place. Don't forget there is the Other Place. And there is music coming from the Other place, *Goose Creek Symphony* Capitol no. ST444.

This record might just effect the listening public, in the same way that the Band's first record *Big Pink* did. *Goose Creek Symphony* was cut in Arizona and has that stuff that always shows, Workmanship. You can't hardly find much of that these days, that stuff that always shows: Workmanship. You can't hardly find much of that these days.

A lot of East Coast Rockers will turn their noses up at this album and probably most of the other ones in this column, that's expected but if you happen to be looking for something Other than what's surrounding your ears, fear not, there is *Something Else*.

Sometimes records are a story about something or other, like there's a theme and some recognizable characters running through it. *Goose Creek* is a story, but you really don't have to put the pieces together if you don't want to. There's a road map of sorts on the back of the album cover just in case you do.

Goose Creek Symphony. from *Charlie's Tune*:

"Called up the boys and started a band
Playin our music all over this land,
Play for money and we play for free,
Known as

The *Goose Creek Symphony*.

Music sometimes is to blow your mind, if it doesn't well... but good music, no matter what it is, should always blow your mind. If you missed Van Morrison a long time ago, shame on you. Listen to

Astral Weeks

It's not a new release but listening to it may make clearer in your mind that place where you don't go too much. Van

Morrison has a distinctive voice and singing style. Not many people pick up on where it

comes from. The way the music on the album is arranged you get to hear the full range of what he can do. It's astonishing. I guess only he knows why he does the things that he does but I know he speaks of dreams in song and does it very well.

John Sebastian has a new album out and it's properly called

John B Sebastian

Reprise records no. RS 6379. It's a funny thing. I got this album in a plain white jacket with no writing on it, so all I know about it is what's on the label.

"All compositions written by John Sebastian."

There are eleven cuts on the album... If you're expecting

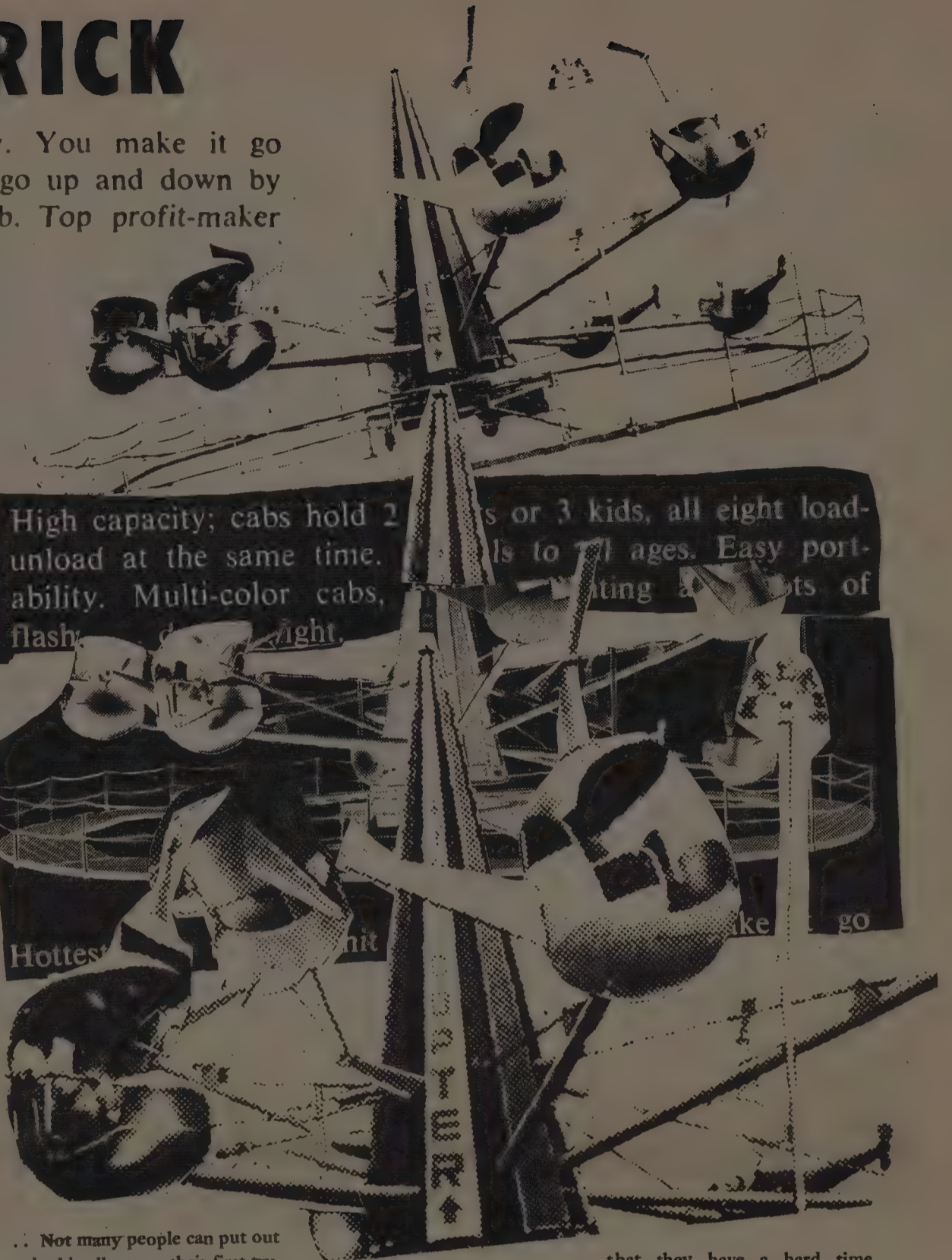
John B. Sebastian from the *Lovin Spoonful*, or even *Whar* you think is John B. Sebastian you'll be sadly disappointed. But if you're not looking for anything in particular you'll really enjoy this album. All of his varied talents are evident in

every aspect of this record. Since the last time he has recorded he's been here and gone there and visited that place down the road. A lot of people have done that trip but he's the only one that did it as John B. Sebastian. He gets a chance to do things that he hasn't done before.

Then there are times when love songs are not enough. There's a lot more to the listener's experience than one understands. It keeps getting better and better as the days go on. *The Battle of the North West Six* Keef Hartley Band. Dream records no. DES 18035.....

They do an awful lot with a good electric sound and Brass. Almost any combination is right as long as it is the right combination.

They have it and more that bringing some new sound to the listening public they take some different parts from a wide cross-section of music that has been in and out of our ears, and weave it into "Something Else", you know what I mean when you hear it for the first time you say Hey that's something else. Like there's stuff that You'll think you recognize from some other place, some other time, don't let yourself be led astray. Keef Hartley and their sound is



High capacity; cabs hold 2 or 3 kids, all eight load-unload at the same time. Easy portability. Multi-color cabs, flashing lights.

Hottest hit

like go

Not many people can put out a double album on their first try, you shouldn't listen to the 2 records back to back, otherwise some of the songs might sound like the same thing. While you're floating around in the great southwest, pick up on Buck Owens and the Buckaroos. They're All American! They've been a long time favourite with lots of folks out there where they used to film the *Hop A Long Cassidy* movies. Their latest release is a group of quasi religious hits collected and all rolled into one, that one being *Your Mothers Prayer*. Capital Records no. ST - 439, its stuff to play once and a while in the east, you might get a lot of strange looks but slip this one in the middle of a bunch of yer favourites and sit back and wait for it to come on. It's a host of yer favourites, traditional tunes, rearranged for western band.

new, some of the cuts could have been substituted for their newer work but on the whole it is a good album and as the name implies, *The Battle of the North West Six*. You ever been to The North West? Hey mister, yeah you, you ever been to The North West??? Ever been to the South West??? that's a far out place too. *Redbone* that's their album and that's who they are. 4 guys, electric instruments and drums. Listening to it is like being in another culture pattern when the time warp thing happens. They have their own style. I think it comes from imprinting of one sort or another, watch for the time warp in the instrumental part of their music, it's a 2 album set and it just might make the top 40 on FM in the Electric City... people seem to gravitate toward music,

that they have a hard time relating to, that stuff that made Jimi Hendrix what he is today "Give Me That Old Time Religion", "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder", "Lonesome Valley" and a lot of originals by Buck Owens himself like "Just a Few More Days" and more. There's one that deserves special mention, it's by Hazel House called "Wait a Little Longer Please Jesus." It's the clincher. I'm sure you'll never hear it on the radio, except maybe on WJRZ. There's not many times that an AM radio station gets out there and into it. It comes from New Jersey and they're country cousins across the river, you wouldn't believe some of the stuff that comes out of the Garden State. Country music on the east coast. Remember it's

(Continued on Page 22)

GET ON THE FUCKING STICK READ EVO

Come to the Conspire-In to free all political prisoners Easter Sun day--Sheeps Meadow

Well, see we'd been here in New Haven for a couple of days, hanging out at Yale University, where we did a show last year about which they're still talking and there we were, back to throw another party... bigger and better... and talking about this Earth People's Park... or Parks as they are turning out to be... and Yale is giving us this big place, the field house, Cox's Cage to do it all in and the New Haven people are all getting into the act... and the party starts as soon as we're getting into this big hall... around 2 in the afternoon... that was all last Sunday... and here we are playing around in this gigantic structure, putting up other structures... plastic bubbles that blow up, hanging stuff up so we can project on it... and the first band is setting up already and by four o'clock we're boogieing up a storm, running around getting it all

YALE, THE NEW HAVEN POLICE, AND THE HOG FARM

By ELIZABETH

together... lots of local kids are starting to dig that the setting up show is at least as good a show as the 'real' party... and they're doing it...

Remembering last year... Woodstock... White Lake... and by the time the party is supposed to start we're already one big gigantic family... Earth People's Park exercises... most of them know what we're talking about... we're riding this big globe around with a slit in it for everybody's dollar and soon everybody is taking the globe for a spin and New Haven's bands are singing to it... some good bands in New Haven... The Tiddle-de-Wink contest is in full swing... the winner is getting a ride on Wavy Gravy's bus to the Miami Festival... The Wedding... things quiet down a bit in one of the big bubbles as everybody,

gets together to help Wavy join, Michael, one of our Woodstock film making friends with his lady

Barbara and it all becomes very intense and holy... but it's hard to keep this party from rocking and a super snake dance twists and turns around Mike and Barbara and winds its way out into the bigger space again where Joy is playing and talking about good food... and finish things off singing Here's the Sunshine... everybody's arms around everybody's shoulders and there's no band anymore, just people playing, singing and dancing... holy sweaty ecstasy... but back to business... finals of the tiddle-de-wink contest... and who wins but our Djinn... who needed a ride on Wavy's bus anyway... and it turns out she's the only one who went all the

way to the finals legit... no way, to rig a tiddle-de-wink show... the other three finalists understand family karma...

The next days we rock around New Haven... getting to know our new family, hanging out, having fun, talking about it and end up in this four story ware-house-loft where a bunch of musicians, artists live and who had invited us to come and crash...

We're sitting around late one night, waiting for a copy of "Rosemary's Baby" to arrive for a 'private screening' and when the elevator comes up we all think that's it but out jump a bunch of cops... confusion... what's going on... we're all busted for frequenting a disorderly house... there had been some kids up there before

who had helped us push one of the busses... could they have finked on us? It all flashes through my head... why just

now? Some of us are crashed and are woken up to get arrested... A cop pulls my sleeping bag from me and just stands there digging me, shining his flash-light on me... I have to tell him to go away so I can dress... He's belligerently embarrassed getting caught peeping... Here we go, into the paddy wagon... the guys in the back, the chicks in the i n - b e t w e e n compartment... There's not enough room... we hear the guys cough and sneeze... 'we've just been maced or some shit like that' cries Super Joel... We're holding something in front (Continued on Page 17)



EARTH GENERATION

By Jud Yalkut

"EARTH PEOPLES PARK IS THE NAME GIVEN TO AN IDEA AND TO AN ACT OF FAITH. THE IDEA OF ACQUIRING AND RETURNING ONE SMALL SEGMENT OF MOTHER EARTH BACK TO HERSELF TO: 1) STOP HER DESECREATION; 2) TO PRODUCE FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY; 3) TO SHOW PEOPLE THAT THERE IS ANOTHER WAY TO LIVE. THE FAITH TO BELIEVE THAT IN AN ENVIRONMENT NOT SECTIONED OFF BY NATIONS, PROPERTY, WORDS, AND POLITICAL SECTARIANISM, PEOPLE CAN LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE AND HARMONY."

Did it spring from San Francisco, out of the communes, out of the world of rock, and music and dancing in the streets, this cry from an ecology-conscious Pacific substratum, "A communion of bodies and souls sharing space and time with each other during the Winter Solstice... gathered together there on the edge of this decade seeking a direction for the next decade", a cry centered into an appeal to all who shared in either the reality or the spirit of Woodstock, that phenomenal trip into the common survival consciousness of all truly alive human beings, a sharing beyond ego-considerations such as those which shattered the speedway spaces of Altamont?

"It may be that some of the difficulties at the Altamont Rock Festival transpired because the organizers didn't take the time to make the proper preparations. Such would be: Formally asking the local Earth-Spirit for permission to use his space; requesting indulgence of the grass, insect, and bird beings whose homes and bodies would be trampled on; expressing gratitude to the sky and air spirits and all living beings for their presence;

beginning the gathering with a blowing of conches, and mantras and spells of love and peace; ending it with a prayer of thanks. Such was all done at the Gathering of the Tribes—the first Be-in—in Golden Gate Park."—G.S.

One dollar from each person who shares any part of the ideal of a free and LIBERATED community can provide the means towards a proving ground for the practitioners and believers in the interworking and intermeshing of all organic and inorganic cosmic forces. "These contributions will finance the purchase of a large piece of land (50,000 to 100,000 acres) and will provide facilities for the Earth-Warming to be held on that land. There will be as much land freed as there is money to free it... The greatest act of faith required of this idea, the idea of Earth Peoples Park, is that ACCESS TO THE LAND BE DENIED TO NO ONE."

"DON'T COMPETE!—COMPETITION IS ALWAYS INJURIOUS TO THE SPECIES, AND YOU HAVE PLENTY OF RESOURCES TO AVOID IT!" THAT IS THE "TENDENCY" OF NATURE, NOT ALWAYS REALIZED IN FULL, BUT ALWAYS PRESENT. THAT IS

THE WATCHWORD WHICH COMES TO US FROM THE BUSH, THE FOREST, THE RIVER, THE OCEAN.

"THEREFORE COMBINE—PRACTISE MUTUAL AID! THAT IS THE SUREST MEANS FOR GIVING TO EACH AND ALL THE GREATEST SAFETY, THE BEST GUARANTEE OF EXISTENCE AND PROGRESS, BODILY, INTELLECTUAL, AND MORAL." THAT IS WHAT NATURE TEACHES US; AND THAT IS WHAT ALL THOSE ANIMALS WHICH HAVE ATTAINED THE HIGHEST POSITION IN THEIR RESPECTIVE CLASSES HAVE DONE.—Peter Kropotkin in "MUTUAL AID"

Is it true, as some might say, who see only the violent overthrow of the absurdity which is our society, that the creation of a liberated terrain within the midst of material corruption will create only a temporary island to be crushed from without? Or can the union of an earth loving and working peoples be both the practical example and the spiritual fulcrum that may swing this globe away from the brink of selfimmolation and annihilation? Is it worth the sacrifice but of a

single dollar from a million, or countless millions of pockets in order to test this possibility of SURVIVAL? In search of answers to these pressing questions, the founding members of the San Francisco Earth Peoples Park "committee", including a number of well-known movement and Rock forces, have been travelling to the human energy centers of the country serving as sounding boards for all the vibes, positive and negative, towards what could be the largest interhuman community experiment in the recorded history of the planet Earth.

"The principle is very simple. You take the power generated by fear or envy or too much noradrenalin, or else by some built-in urge that happens, at the moment, to be out of place—you take it and, instead of repressing it and as doing something unpleasant to yourself, you consciously direct it along a channel where it can do something useful, or, if not useful, at least harmless."—Aldous Huxley in "ISLAND"

They probed into the asphalt of New York for its living spirit at a meeting in the height of Aquarius at the Electric Circus. The soundings they unearthed (Continued on Page 18)

ACETATE TRIPS BY VANDERBEEK, MOGUBGUB, EAMES, BELSON, COCTEAU, KURI, PIRES, LUGOSSY.

At Philharmonic Hall. The world premiere of their latest short films. And nine of the world's other best and most innovative filmmakers. Twenty-two films in all. In The Kinetic Art 2. Three completely different programs of films that have never been shown before.

Only one performance of each program. On three separate nights. Tickets for all three programs are on sale now at the Philharmonic Hall Box Office. In person or by mail.

PROGRAM ONE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 8:30 P.M.

Poem Field No. 1, Stan Vanderbeek, New York.

S.W.B. (Sweet Wounded Bird), Gerard Pires, Paris.

Cirkusz, Laslo Lugossy, Budapest.

Egypte, O Egypte, Jacques Brissot, written and narrated by Jean Cocteau.

The Joint, Len Glasser, New York.

The Wall, Jan Svankmajer, Prague.

La Divina, John O'Connor, University of Southern California.

Birthday, Frank Roddam, London School of Film Technique.

PROGRAM TWO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 8:30 P.M.

Re-Entry, Jordan Belson, San Francisco

Unknown Reasons, Fred Mogubgub, New York

See Saw Seems, Stan Vanderbeek, New York

The Room, Yoji Kuri, Tokyo

Vaucherin, Pascal Aubier, Paris

Music with Balls, Terry Riley, San Francisco

Leap, Tom Dewitt, Berkeley

Ego, Bruno Bozzetto, Milan

PROGRAM THREE, FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 8:30 P.M.

Powers of Ten, Charles Eames, Pacific Palisades.

Momentum, Jordan Belson, San Francisco.

Au Fou, Yoji Kuri, Tokyo.

Marie pour Memoire, Philippe Garrel, Paris.

Historia Natura, Jan Svankmajer, Prague.

Arthur, Arthur, Pascal Aubier, Paris.

Tickets for single performances: \$3.50, 3.00, 2.50.

All three programs: \$8.00, 7.00, 6.00. Mail order checks and money orders should be payable to Philharmonic Hall and mailed to Philharmonic Hall Box Office, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



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On The End Of Your
If You Could Put EVO

*You'd Have A Funny-
 Pretty Looking*

HOG FARM

(Continued from Page 15)
 of the vent... they're not attacking us... we're being brought to separate jails... we hear, through our friendly matron Hazel, that our charges have been changed to 'breach of peace'...far out... getting busted for 'breach of peace' while you're asleep... We hang out in

the jail, singing songs, getting to know Hazel, who's a sweet spade lady and slips us matches so we can smoke... We're tripled and quadrupled up in the cells... there's not enough room...we manage to crash on a sleeping bag for awhile... more severe, but she tells, me, she's really with us so I tell her to quit her job but she shrugs... We arrive at the courthouse... are being marched into the court room through literally hundreds of people, there's lots of 'v's' and cheers and it's all going on inside that court room. Everybody is talking to every- body... nobody stays in his/her seat... our lawyers - beautiful long haired proud lawyers - are in and out... talking to the D.A.... are they getting him to drop the charges? In jail we'd been thinking about that real hard... and we didn't even make any phone calls... we could feel the vibes zipping around New Haven and figured it would all be taken care of... some nerve the police had to bust us where practically the entire Yale law school will help us ... Court is late ... our men are still not there ... they're held in a separate room... the court room is overcrowded ... a big crowd is in the hallway... we con Mary into taking us to the john so we can take a look out there... guys kissing us freaks her... Bobby Seale is reportedly also in the New Haven slams and Panthers are there ... digging our court room dance ... Is it getting too crowded or is our dance becoming too obvious for the other defendants in court? We're being transported to another, larger room downstairs ... no seats or benches ... and even larger crowd in there, singing 'you are my sunshine' when we boogie in ... right into the jury box... no defendants chairs enough to hold us ... Our men still not there ... the judge takes his time ... the courtroom is getting it on ... it looks more like a party, singing and dancing ... 'Old MacDonald had a farm... and an oink oink here and an oink oink there'... 'Here's the sunshine... here it is ...' clapping and cheering ... and then a big snake dance through the court room ... that gets to the bailiff who had sofar been cool and sort of perplexed ... o.k. no dancing, but we keep singing... holding hands throughout the courtroom, only the defendants cannot hold hands with non-defendants, so we hold haps in the jury box... it's wondrous... no trace of fear... anxiety.. people bring us food, dates, fruit... we had not been fed breakfast... our brothers and sisters

in their place and it's amazing how we know how far we can go... the bailiff... a sorta nice older man who is sorta digging it all... The cops guarding the doors are more uptight, rinking key and getting red in the face... can't do nothing until the bailiff asks them to and he's being

cooled out by Evan and Gandalf who keep contact with the crowd ... like interpreters... Still no judge... it's about noon now and we're all digging the party ... I recognize lots of faces from Sunday's party ... the family is getting really big these days ... somebody gives a rap about Earth People's Park and they're out in the hallways passing around the globe kitty ... A little after noon ... Hear Ye, Hear Ye and there's the judge... a nice looking man around 40... and the D.A. has to read ... and those two charges of possession of marijuana against two of the guys living in the warehouse who are not too scared since there was no search warrant ... and one charge against Peter for defacing the American flag ... for bunting on a sleeping bag ... those 33 charges of breach of peace and had to go on, moving to have all charges dismissed ... a whole courtroom full of cheering, happy family... and exercise in hanging together... thanks, New Haven Police Department... for giving us that chance... now we know that it's really happening... We're all free and back in the sunshine... rests to free Wavy's sleeping bag... it wasn't even Peter's... he was just carrying it into jail so Wavy could rest but was busted for it anyway... far out... They even denied Wavy pain killers for his back pain...

Next day we hear that the guys in the warehouse are being hassled by the health department and might get evicted, but New Haven is really getting its thing together and that eviction might prove harder than it seems... we hope, because that warehouse is sure a magic place ... Rock on, New Haven...

Now we're in Hartford and the Earth People's Park(s) campaign is picking up momentum... the kids here are pulling the stuff together after taking a peek at New Haven... this week-end in Boston where we're doing a street parade on Saturday through both Boston and Cambridge with I don't know how many vehicles and busses ... and a big show in the Harvard Cage... and we hear that people in various places are already liberating land as Earth People's Parks and it looks like our kitchen table high fantasies aren't so far fetched after all...

Maybe further reports from Boston, New Orleans, New Mexico, Miami to follow... if it gets to it... see you guys later.

Flash: I just hear that the New Haven Chief of Police doesn't seem to be too bappy about the whole situation and after a complaint by Yale law school student is ordering investigation into this whole scene ... right on chief, check your nervous peeping toms ... really chief, we can dig your trip, but things can get absurd and don't count on us not telling you that anymore ... o.k.?

People's Park

(Continued from Page 15)

have echoed into an active New York hard core, meeting constantly with each other, and other ecologically-bound groups and individuals, in the relentless search for an awakening of the inhabitants of a planet Earth being boundlessly corroded and polluted by the droppings of a callous civilization. Ecology is consciousness. The early warning signals of Rachel Carson reverberates into a crescendoing number of voices: "Did you ever sit around and talk with your friends, and say, why, if every one of my friends gave just one buck, I'd really make it. I wouldn't have to work—all we have to do is let out the word that this is what we're doing, and we just need a buck from ANYBODY, Anybody can get a buck, and there it comes, like ten million dollars into the bank, for the land—and we buy it. What it takes is this media freak we've created. There are so many of us in this media thing, so why don't we just start slipping and sliding them in the direction of SURVIVAL, like the Park, a hundred thousand acres where we can do something. I worked on a lot of big projects—like Woodstock—and I've seen that guys working together can do—like at Woodstock we did the impossible in three weeks. But now, there is no time limit on what we have to do at Earth Peoples Park—we're not shooting for any day. People have been talking about having some kind of Festival on it. Well, my idea is, it should be some kind of celebration of what we've done, like a Harvest Celebration. But that comes later—right now we have to get the land, and to get the land you have to get the buck, and to get the buck you have to send the word. In San Francisco, everybody's getting together—the ecologists meet twice a week, the land people meet, the people who are interested in the media meet,

(Continued on Page 19)

DECOMP

(Continued from Page 6)

on WNEW. To is A Preposition, Come Is A Verb ... Zacherly did a few minutes of the album just after it was released, he spun the 'Blah Blah Blah' band wherein Lenny's talking about his first bust, and how the judge and DA couldn't seem to stop saying the word he was busted for uttering, which was not 'blah blah blah. but cocksucker. In the intervening eight years since Lenny pulled down that bust, it's gotten so anybody can say 'blah—blah—blah' and get away with it, except on Metromedia radio. Zacherly received a note that night from station manager George Dunkin warning him never ever to play another syllable from that album.

You see, Metromedia's WNEW is the hip radio station in New York, they have principles, and the playing of that Lenny Bruce album and the mentioning of its title is a definite no—no, according to those hip principles. It's not censorship, mind you — look, they're hip, you can't censor anything when you're hip — but it would just not be ethical to say the words 'To Come' in any kind of mutual proximity on the air.

So Douglas Records can't advertise their latest platter over the air in New York City. Metromedia won't even advertise it without mentioning its title — because that might let the cat out of the bag, see, and some people might misunderstand and accuse them of censoring Lenny Bruce. Douglass has a whole slew of problems like this — they can't advertise in the Fillmore program any more because Keeva Kristal objects to the song 'Niggers Are Scared of Revolution' on their latest album by the Harlem Last Poets — a Sam Goody store on 49th Street refuses to carry their Bruce album for fear of offending the congregation of the neighbourhood Catholic Church — they're being distributed by the Phoenix Commune in Boston because the

Boston distributor won't touch To Is A Preposition, Come Is A Verb — and if you want to get Maoist about it, they must be doing something right if they're picking up this much heat.

Which is the only reason I'm doing what amounts to a record review — because it's this record, put out by this company. The thing is, I hate the recording industry, man. Because when the Woodstock Nation goes pumping bread into the record industry, they are pumping it into corporations like Standard Oil and CBS, which are every bit as evil as Dow Chemical. All those sexy Woodstock Nation rock heroes with their fancyass peacenik lyrics are working for Julius Hoffman and Nelson Rockefeller.


But what really makes me sick about rock is the fucking plastic that oozes out of the radio every

time you turn it on any more. Hype, man! The hype has gotten so bad I only listen to stuff like Sugar Sugar any more — if you're going to get plastic, they go all the way and listen to cartoon bands. After the first 117 times I heard it in one week, I was leaving the room any time Bridge Over Troubled Waters happened. 'Fly on silver bird,' my ass!

There are an awful lot of very plastic people downstairs here at 105 Second Avenue every weekend. The Woodstock Nation eats plastic. But this Lenny Bruce album is pretty good, despite all that. And Douglass Records is owned by none other than Alan Douglas,

so far as I know, and there's no denying he's got a fine head. And the last time I wrote a thing on this album — without having heard it — I got their receptionist in trouble with her mother, they tell me, and so all this is by way of apology. Honest, Ma, she didn't do anything wrong, I just mused her behind a little bit when she walked by. Just a little — you know — pitty-pat on the posterior ... Little touch—touch over the blue jeans, it was all very happy and sanitary. And while my hands may not have been what you'd call clean, Ma, rest assured she didn't leave anything on me. Clean girl there. You can be proud of her.

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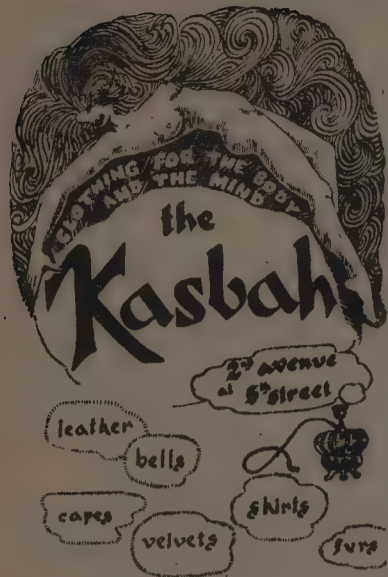


OUTLAW

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PEOPLE'S PARK

(Continued from Page 18)



and they get together, and money IS coming into the San Francisco office, and more people are talking about Earth Peoples Park. And Earth Peoples Park could be anywhere, with all the fingers we have on the communications systems in this country, we could let everyone know what Earth Peoples Park is—that it's probably right in our own backyard."

"And now the fourth grandfather spoke, he of the place where you are always facing (the south) whence comes the power to grow. "Younger brother," he said, "with the powers of the four quarters you shall walk a relative. Behold, the living center of a nation I shall give you, and with it many of you shall save."

And I saw he was holding in his hand a bright red stick that was alive, and as I looked it sprouted at the top and sent forth branches, and on the branches many leaves came out and murmured, and in the leaves the birds began to sing. And then for just a little while, I thought I saw beneath it in the shade the circled villages of people, and every living thing with roots or legs or wings, and all were happy. "It shall stand in the center of the nation's circle," said the grandfather, "a cane to walk with and a people's heart; and by your powers you shall make it blossom."

Then when he had been still a little while to hear the birds sing, he spoke again: "BEHOLD THE EARTH!" —BLACK ELK SPEAKS

"You know, it could just as well be a hundred acre park in

Vermont also, or a hundred 100 acre parks. But the point is that whatever it is, or how many there will be, when we got the land the ecologically scientific people would check it out and decide what the land could support, how many people, and that many of us would go down there, but there's this consciousness that the land will only hold so many people that we have to have. No one wants to fuck the land, so we'll find out and do it, and find out about ourselves and our own bodies, and what fucks up our bodies, and fucks up New York, and the whole thing, and we'll talk about it and make it together. We have a whole planet to save and how are we going to do it? This is the best idea so far, Earth Peoples Park. We have got to save the planet because the last clean air recorded was over Flagstaff, Arizona, in 1957."

"Electricity minus heavy industry plus birth control equals democracy and plenty. Electricity plus heavy industry minus birth control equals misery, totalitarianism and war." —Aldous Huxley in ISLAND.

"We're trying to get an office together in New York through which we can funnel information and let the people know exactly what we're doing. No land has been decided upon yet—New Mexico had been suggested but they discovered there might be some trouble with the Chicanos and Indians so may not be in New Mexico, but in Oregon or Idaho. There are some groups in the West Coast ecology who are supposedly scouting up land in various acreages. On the East Coast it hasn't yet reached that level—it's

just in the formative stage. We have scientists and technicians here in New York too, and people involved in structural building, and dome builders from the West were here, and some architects already envisioning plans, but the East Coast has different problems from the West—larger masses and cities. Ultimately—this is my trip, I can only project—we would like to see some land liberated, and we have a group of scientists, biologists, and professional people who are involved in life extension, prolonged life, stopping the aging process, and we'd like to set up a laboratory, and there are physical scientists who'd like to make new domes out of polyurethane foam, and there are people interested in organic farming in some of the communes in Vermont and other places. We're not necessarily going to leave the cities because there are people whose trip it would be to save the cities, and we'd establish alternate cities. If you take 8 million people together you're going to create pollution, but you start to filter them out over the land. Redistribution in a practical way, with aesthetically pleasing mass housing, housing that will take care of the sewerage itself, so you don't suddenly have 8 million people shitting in one place. It can be done—we're a post-scarcity society now and it's not necessary any longer for everybody to duplicate what everyone else is duplicating, because that's a lot of waste.

"So what we have to do is reorient everything—some concepts are involved in modular units of a thousand people, and each unit has all its plumbing and electrical needs, and if you need for some reason a city of 50,000 people you just take 50 units together, add a larger water system. We eventually like to liberate even the land on which you're all sitting now. Earth Peoples Park could be the world. Now with life extension, freezing people, cryonics, that's one technique, but we're also into diets and aging research. The Park fits into this too because for our new extended life we'll need a new life style. We'd like to make a better life for Man.

"Other people are into organic gardening, to provide alternate food for people—because if enough GOOD food is around then the people who manufacture white bread aren't going to sell it—they'll have to change it or go out of business. So rather than a violent thing we might be able to gradually change the whole system that way. Besides this alternative, we have no choice. The oceans are dying—there's a second order of pollution in the Atlantic Ocean right now, and the whole Sargasso Sea is congealing with shit, and there's bacteria living on that which is

deoxygenating the water and the fish are dying and eventually it's going to poison the whole sea, and like titration, in 15 or 20 years the entire Atlantic Ocean will turn black like the Black Sea, and that's first rate pollution—the world will die from that. We have established that you can feed people for 50 cents each a day—we're trying to lay down parameters on things which are constantly changing. As you keep moving you have to keep adjusting your values. We're in touch with other people like Ecology Action East and some communes on the lower East Side, but what is ultimately needed in the city is one big focal point for all the information to pass through. We have use of a barge off Staten Island, but we're trying to establish a centralized storefront or office in New York City. What we need is a permanent office that we can use day or night, where Ken Kesey, and the Hog Farm, and anybody working on it who needs it, can crash, not just something from 9 to 5. The Whole Earth Catalog is putting out an entire issue of a supplement on Survival. Wavy Gravy is touring the communes with buses. A lot of energy will be generated soon on the East Coast and that's why need an office immediately. We're trying to get for \$50 a month or less, because all that money that's collected we want to go into the land. Like all of printing is being done for nothing. We don't want to divert funds from the land, and we'll take anything we can get for nothing to help us. We don't want to rip off anybody but if someone would lay an office on us, it'll be groovy. It should be in the lower East Side, because that's where all the energy is, all the people, and it's just a matter of directing all that energy. There seem to be no hip real estate agents who in the end doesn't want his little piece. They're still into that trip. They don't realize that it's not a matter of money any more, but of the air we all breathe. It's an old simile—like you're on one end of the boat and I'm on the other end, and your end is sinking and I'm laughing that your end is sinking, but it's the same boat. The spring is coming and unless we do something we're not going to have any more springs, because one day there'll be an inversion over the city and all the shit will stay in and people will drop like flies."

For information on Earth Peoples Park and to send in contributions of a dollar or more, the address is EARTH PEOPLES PARK, BOX 313, 1230 GRANT AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94133, or for information in the New York area now, EARTH PEOPLES PARK, BOX 355, PORT RICHMOND, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK 10302, telephone (212) 448-2858.

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the Cubiculo

POLK

(Continued from Page 10)

word "censored" made his way into the underground circle, being posted on the wall. The Polaroid red leather pants of Malanga glare like over-ripe tomatoes, they are the super-real Soupcan vegetable of "Behind" Pop Culture. Double exposure tricks Brigid's thing. As subject matter she superimposes clouds over faces and faces over skies, flowers into eyes and hands over flowers, and the flowers are the Warhol - Flowers of the Pop - Generation - times. A selfportrait is the sequence of shots eternalizing Brigid's corduroy pants in the smooth colors of reddish to blue. You are what you are wearing. Brigid writes stories with the limited technical 75 Speed Instant Camera and creates her small wonderland of color designs telling often impudently secrets about all the people she knows, artist - friends, the "In" crowd, groupies of the factory, Max's, the costumes, pants, shirts, boots, shoes, jewelry. That's how you show yourself, that's the way you appear, that's your way of life, the lifestyle of your soul, she says and she tells the truth. As a poet and

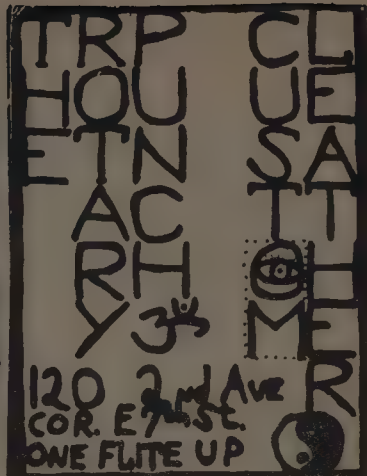
photographer she gives her Leather - Albums intriguing titles Clouds, Flowers, Twins,

Yesterday in U.S.A., Dance Journal (portrait of Jill Johnston) Lampman, Big Prick? Big Dick? Pissing, Bumped into, Tub Girl, Lightfoot, Hippie, Paul, The Ambassador (Portrait sequence of Artdealer Heiner Friedrich, Munich) Swantop, Contingencies...they sell from 50 dollars to 150 dollars. Individual Photos \$5.00 a piece.

DALI IN GREEN VELVET and HECTOR GUIMARD

attracted an explosion of opening - fans at the Knoedler Gallery. The crowd made it impossible to go near the paintings of the eccentric Surrealist, who still paints with brushes on canvas and carries his big stick, silvertopped elegantly from painting to painting to give free lecture on his art to the ART - CROWD, including plastic - Indian chick, body painted and feathered by the name of "Sara Smithers", who will be this month's Vogue Covergirl, hippie - indian - style. Also Dali jumped on the Hippie-Band- wagon titling one

of his pen and ink and watercolor drawings "His Royal Highness, Juan Carlos de Bourbon & Bourbon, Greeting a tiny Group of Mystical Hippies making a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella." The drawing is a "pure" Dali, excellent, done 1970, and the show at the Knoedler is an Homage of Dali to the Art Nouveau Architect, HECTOR GUIMARD' Paris 0 Metro - designer of the year 1900, whose Monuments - - the Paris Subway station are still beautiful Artworks. This is a small show of Furniture, Vases, designs, textiles, architectural drawings and photos of the houses Guimard designed at the turn of the century, in the Art Nouveau style, which today attracts young people, young artists and all the fans of "Costume - lifestyle" who feel a spiritual grace in the flowing lines popular around 1900.



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THILM

(Continued from Page 8)

their ceremonies away from whites, and their initial horror when some learned that ancient rites had been written about, etc... the presented stage ritual had that kind of power and glory... I kept expecting the Indians to turn, see the audience and silently file off.

The other scene is the End of the World. Very few people, not even playwrights, ever show us a complete vision, allow us a glimpse of what It All Could Be Like. Sam Shepard simply takes the play to an End, which presumes a new Beginning. The cycle of it all is overwhelming and bodes more optimism and strength than any other recent theatre action.

Shepard's theatre deals with both the city and the country, and the realization that appearances lie: that some people are really in the city when they want to believe they are in the country — that we try to accept the Big Lies in our lives because it takes too much

courage to see the reality of the situation. Each scene presented is a tangent to the others, sort of like a Bresson frame's relation to the whole film: each part creates the whole which would be unimaginable without the requisite frames. Unlike Bresson, however, Shepard deals with Amerika and the myth of overabundance/ poverty in a totally visual manner, and successfully. Each scene is full of action and thunder, yet the progression is absolutely skeletal, minimal, bare bones of the undercurrent fantasies: a snake weaves itself around a girl in the middle of a desert and she and the snake wrestle; a Thurber-sized VW in a garage, its lights going on and off because something is broken — or is it? and the comedy changes to drama, and the blinking lights are no longer funny or even pathetic... but menacing. In just the same way does a Texas parade go from merely boring to thrilling, or at least that's the way one parade was.

There is no wrong or right within the play. There are actions, various people creating movement through their threads weaving in and out on a shuttle which no one can see, the only

pattern at all created in the mind of the audience. There is, therefore, no summary statement to make. I would like to see the play again.

Fellini/Satyricon does not fare quite as well in the new world; while no one in the movie seems to have any sense of morality, Fellini sure has. He must lost weight in his dreams from the amount of sweat I worked up watching these paler renditions... This might be called, alternately, Through Womb and Tomb with Fellini. In the film's favor, it is one of the few science fiction near-masterpieces to rank with Sergio Leone's *Once Upon a Time in the West*. The adventure dream sequence follows two boys, one dark the other blond, who could put on wigs and pass for each other (got it? alter egos and all) who are both in love with Giton, a young beautiful boygirl. Love is too strong a word; the movie is filled with excess sexuality, some sensuality, lots of heat, little passion, and an incredible amount of the Fellini *weird*, here used as a noun in recognition of the Norse language he relates to. I am not being any cuter than Fellini, or more pedantic, believe me... The color is that peculiar shade of off-siena fade into day-old tealeaves, known as Fellinicolor, a strange land not to be tuned in on any color TV set; maybe a possibility with dirty dish water and a good set of oil paints. This is important: we are in *Felliniland*. The trip is a fantasy and enough ends are left open for anyone to crawl through the holes — got it? Yes, this is Burlesque in its finest hour. A fast, hip version of the plot: The 2 boys are both parts of Fellini's

personality, both craving what they cannot have — the Answer to Life — but each trying to get the answer after his own fashion: One hearty, lusty and cruelly indifferent to others; the other sweeter, more boyish, more genteel.

The adventures include watching a man's hand chopped off, the ghastly stump and leftover hand both shown at length; various, unbelievable containers of human souls, all glopped and shaped by the same retarded hands from plasticlay, grossness everywhere, triple stomachs, quadruple chins, sextuple vices, infinite cruelties and decadences. Faces da Vinci and Hogarth might have loved, even Goya, but certainly no mother. Flesh reminds us of animals and everyone knows the biggest taboo of all is to revert in some respect to animal behavior; most prepossession is the Hermaphrodite, a chalk-white creature with lips like a beak, white-gold curls, full luscious breasts and a child's penis, all in a four-foot length like a sausage indifferently punched out. We go through fire and rain, we go through parched deserts — we go everywhere Life might take us, in quest of Life itself, most especially because the blond young man's "sword has become dulled" and he can't get it up anymore. A trip through a child's intimations of immortality, when he thinks the whole world is a part of himself, only to receive first wound, and have to learn that life is a compromise between wound and healing... an ebb/ flow between I/ Thou, the world and himself.

We end in water, of course, that first of all beginnings, a forceout from the amniotic sac... and bye bye to limp science fiction which picks up its point.

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FRICK

(Continued from Page 16)

the American Music Machine, a lot of people who haven't as yet become known are going to be coming to the front with new and unfamiliar styles and sounds. In some cases even the Dance will be changed. These artists are part of the next great dream shaping itself before your eyes. Thought patterns will be altered in everyone who is connected with the Big Dream.

The title of folk singer has been loosely applied to anyone with a guitar and a voice in the last few years, it's gotten so you can't tell a folksinger without a scorecard. Names really don't mean too much. Keith Sykes fits all the known descriptions of one, folksinger that is. He's new and not quite a folksinger, something else more than you usually find in one person, he writes all of his own songs on his new album, except one and that one is a traditional. A large number of very clear pictures are related to you, the listener, in his songs, and isn't that the purpose of listening to music, to see the pictures I mean. The album is his first to my knowledge. It's on Vanguard no. VDS *6548 simply called Keith Sykes. He plays the guitar pretty good, too. He's got a couple of guys in back of him on some of the cuts, this adds to the work. An electric guitar, a 12-string guitar, an electric bass, vibes, drums and Don Brooks who plays the harmonica. Even when the electric instruments are used it comes off well; I think I found out why: they keep the volume down and don't take any attention away from the singer and the song. *Keith Sykes*

Another guy that plays the guitar and sings all of his own songs and is not too well known on the east coast is Townes Van Zandt; you might have heard him in a benefit a couple of months ago. He's with Poppy records and the name of the album is *Our Mother the Mountain* (Poppy Records No. PYS 40004). There's a lot of people who play on this album. It's hard to notice them cause he takes most of the listener's attention. He uses various and assorted back up instruments like a flute, a dorbo, some strings in a few places, and harmonica. It was recorded partly in the west and in Nashville and was mastered in Bradly's barn in Nashville.

People a lot of the time try to put a value on an experience like trying to figure out whether something is worth listening to or not. If that's the run around you play inside your head, that's your business, but that kind of thinking and attitude toward the music and new music of today is one of the reasons that American Contemporary music is in the sad state it's in today. Listen to Townes Van Zandt. If

you put values on experience you'd better be satisfied with them or change them. Support WBAI, listener supported radio in N.Y.C. If you value freedom on your FM dial, support WBAI.

If you're an Eric Anderson freak, his new album is out on Vanguard called *A Country Dream* no. VDS 6540. Sounds like country folk music, Eric Anderson keeps changing but then again change is the order of the Universe. If you're not an Eric Anderson fan pick up a few of his earlier records; 4 other albums, also on Vanguard Records.

A couple of years ago there was a short lived hit on the radio *Mr. Bojangles*. It was done by Jerry Jeff Walker, then he disappeared from the public's view, at least in the Electric City. The man has had a great effect on the music so called New Music that is appearing today. If you want to hear the real stuff listen to his first album on ATCO, Jerry Jeff Walker *Mr. Bojangles* SD33 - 259. I caught him at the 1969 Philadelphia Folk Festival. He played on a freezing cold Sunday night and broke the place up. This album isn't new, it's been in my collection for a few years. You should listen to this album instead of the radio. David Bromberg plays on this album too. He is perhaps one of the finest guitar players in the Great American Musical Tradition, also to be noted is Donny Brooks on harmonica, he also is on the Keith Sykes Album.

There's a lot more poetry coming out in the songs that everyone is playing with today. Thinking to one's self the lines that have particular meaning to you. It's easy to fly through

your thoughts. Being there can relieve the heart of a great burden. For people on the run the hardest thing is to think about how to stop. These records won't help you stop running, but they might make you remember something .. Remember Spring.

Charlie Frick 3.18.70

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