

comrade nixon exposed!!

pg. 2



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RHYDER McCLURE/CYCLOPS

HIRAP

Now the Cambodians ask us to stay in their country to protect them from the South Vietnamese. So what else is new?

I must confess that lately I've been pretty confused by some of the rhetoric slinging about. "Silent Majority." "Southern strategy" "Military takeover." "Suspended elections," et al. Possibilities for a free fantasy flow seemed irresistible, so that a chance encounter with a true-blue Bircher turned out to be most enlightening. The encounter came about while hitching a ride. My benefactor, a crusty fellow in his late fifties, endowed with a rich Texan drawl, had to be either an old hard-line Stalinist or a Bircher beyond retribution. An organic American entity: you couldn't help but like him.

"I oughta tell you right away that I;m a Bircher, white supremacist, and happen to believe in Astrology. I think Nixon is a liar and a sneak, and for all I know, he's probably a Commie."

"A Commie?!"

"Who else but a commie would keep on murdering us with a ten percent surtax, let the gooks kill American boys just to accomodate the Russians, and give in to the niggers?"

I could hardly keep my gasps inaudible. "It's all very simple. It was the price the Russians made Kennedy pay for the Bay of Pigs. And the niggers-- just open your eyes and look around you."

"What do you think is going to happen?"

"Going to happen? It's already happening. There is a Revolution going on in this country right now." I was dumbstruck. "The Revolution will resolve in the inevitable open takeover by the military. It's only right. It will be a system pure in the beginning, but like all other power structures, will inevitably get contaminated with corruption, treason and immorality. No doubt about it. The origin of it all is in the fact the Civil War never ended. In due time we'll cut the flow of oil to the North. Electricity is a cinch. Of the one hundred key power stations in this country, 98 are manned by us. All it takes is throwing the switch. As far as the Pentagon is concerned, never knew it to be a Commie sanctuary."

The simplicity of it all was almost reassuring. No hypothetical abstractions like "Silent Majority" or "Southern Strategy". Presidential elections? Who needs them? "Only a fool or a Commie would bother." Just at that point a howling fuzz-mobile brought us to a screeching halt. After the perfunctory inconvenience and a warning to keep within the speed limits, we were let go. "See what I mean? Gawd damn Government won't let you alone."

I say to him: "Typical Commie tactic."

"Sure enough. Commies all over."

- JAAKOV KOHN
- JOSEPH STEVENS
- ALLEN KATZMAN
- ARTHUR FELDMAN
- STEPHEN KOHN
- JACKIE DIAMOND
- RAY SCHULTZ
- JACKIE FRIEDRICK
- KARIN BERG
- DON KATZMAN
- AL SHENKER
- HETTY MACLISE
- BREN NICHOLS
- STEVEN HELLER
- FLICKA DE MOID
- NORTH: THE KID
- IRVING SHUSHNIK
- YOSSARIAN
- CHARLIE FRICK
- John da Swede



- FRED MOGUBGUB
- SPAIN RODRIGUEZ
- KIM DEITCH
- R. CRUMB
- JAMES LICHTENBERG
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- AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
- PARIS: J.J. LEBEL
- DAVID WALLEY
- JOHN PETER ZENGER
- CLAUDIA DREIFUS
- ALEX GROSS
- LITA ELISCU
- RENFREU NEFF
- LIL PICARD
- ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
- GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA
- UROPEAN OPERATIONS: JENÜ
- DURANCE VILE: TIMOTHY LEARY
- Jackie Acon
- DEAN LATIMER

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'OFFED' LIST

JOEL FABRIKANT is NO LONGER associated with this publication .

Nor is KISS.

Nor BILL GRAHAM.

TALKING MUSIC AND PLAYING NEWS

trip without a ticket
vody baggage staring back

like a girlie calendar
like loaded dice

muscle numb bump all illumine
fix or kick or act or blame

like your own movie
like watchman's candy

rebel poster fading
empty outlaw gastank gun

like the next number
like cemetery snacks

i didn't know i forgot
until i saw you looking for it

The planet is changing. And the planet knows it's changing. So, the quick-change artists of political activity decided that the rebellion must stylize its performance and demanded that the rebels get their acts together and be slick about it. Well, if this decade of time was an anthology of epic-on/off Broadway-musical-comedy-dramatics and not the One Shot Review which it is, noone would bother to pull the covers off all the characters who are competing for the last of the best death roles along the planetedge because it should have been clear when they auditioned for the people that they were nowhere in

front.

You see, there is a lie in the air. And it floats about anything while everyone rushes to avoid coming to terms with falsehood. Instead, the tissued slicks develop a salty posture; maintain lying to each other and say to everyone at every turn that they know what they are doing and what they are doing is righteous. When they really feel none of this and very little else that is worth communicating. Until the grinning, relentless inhumanity of the oakie-doke will be dealt as the people's hand and the drifting lie is bitterly denied comprehension.

It is already developing into a distinctly fascist trend: demonstrated by a totalitarian insistence on nihilistic action; a flip fabrication of an elite cadre of images; a petty adaptation of actualities into mainline political riffs; the bleakness of ideologies, the monotony of hierarchies, and the corny attempts to intimidate — program — command — jive the people with the ruthless logic of an educational form.

And so, on the surface of daily life, consciousness forms beings and bodies that one can see gathering and colliding in the atmosphere to distinguish their personalities. And these bodies form hideous cabals where every eventuality comes into

the world to argue against what is beyond appeal.

Time flies. And it don't give a good goddamn. While show-busy faces on every front tell you how to pass time. And you better do it and do it fast or (so the sayings go) there'll be no more time or you'll be doing dead time or you won't have any laughs or noone will lay with you any more or you won't be allowed to string out with the main line or you won't get a country taste or their people will race war with whoever you and your people are because that's what the little good book says.

And, out to cop stage center of the amateurs' head start TCB platform, each of these challengers are ignoring the only ones and are revealing their inability to deal seriously with anything except multi-media and the stone hungry audiences media recruits for an emotional message and an easy way out from whatever they're in.

Picking up on this, the proclaimed — the selfproclaimed — the unproclaimed schlep up with programs that promise everything you want you get. As the hooker is attached to the lie in the sky.

And Stokely Carmichael nominates Schickelgrueber as the greatest white man because of his fantastic organizing brain, his genius, and his know-how in slipping a political ideology to the people. Thereby, exposing the secret that lies hidden in the braintrust of power to the people.

And Wavy Gravy claiming only free land can a free people make, as he incorporates an earth peoples and begs monies to cop some turf and deed it back to itself. Well, he who sells mankind's land to a single man sells the Brooklyn Bridge. The second greatest cause of human death is the acquiring of property. So, sweet seeker, just what America sought you anyway?

And Jesus Jackson and his Kornbread hucksters testify that *trickin' the tricker* is gospel in this old, unbearable land. Calling for hustling time on all the networks, he tries to morally engineer an adjustment in the system which will handle all applications from BreadBasket cases. "The ways of the Lord lead to liberty" sayeth St. Paul... "Yet a man need liberty not the Great Corpse God" sayeth somebody else.

And the young patriotic rising up angries are embracing the romantic tales of daring people's bandits who shared and shared alike and leaned on honesty to live outside the law. Sure there were 'robin hoods'. They stole from everybody and kept everything and killed any dupes

(LAID ON EMMETT
GROGAN 2am
TO BE READ AS
THOUGH HE
WROTE IT)

who tried to get their autographs. And the golfsters, contending that what's useless is best left undone, tie-off life with habits. Scoffin' at the incompetency of even trying, they ride the rush hour tracks of nickle-dimedom, searching out old ways to fix their plea for a little sleep, dreaming of homeruns by hitting foul balls. 'Spoon doon moon coon, Hey Spoon, you're a bundle o'joy — you're an ugly mammy-jumper, but you're still my boy!'

And Abbie Hoffman, trying so hard to yip a hype that he has obviously never understood, weeps water because rock starlets don't have eyes for him. He publishes diarrhetical accounts of all the attacks he has uniquely suffered as a hero of the people. He has asthma, too. It's good he's making lots of bail money. Hoppity-hopping all over, he conspires gelt for all the poor lepers in jail. There's a schmuck in the tall dark hallway still crying for Lenny Bruce and won't come down, just yet

And Jerry Rubin learned the careful language of panic at the Berkely Playhouse while bubbling all over for a leading role in the Do It foundation. He's a leader. Eldridge Cleaver and the Ministry of Education say he is a good leader. He'd lead everybody anywhere, anytime. He'd even lead children into a real-live-war. He'd lead them right into battle, by radio.

And all the factions of Students for a Democratic Societa have the profound historical perspective to state that 'if it worked there, it'll work here!' They speak lots of languages, so they are translating all successful volumes of political action into hometown vernacular, seeking to recapture a theoretical motive for killing people and taking their property away.

And it is always by the instinct of women that the planet is able to survive the games of men.

And the dead adore the dead. Fred was alive until December 4, 1969 when he was murdered in his bed by Gloves Davis. And then the sun come up, all the bystanders growled angry and agreed that Fred

Hampton was a champ and that something had to be dome. So, they all shook their clenched fists like crap shooters do and unanimately decided to knock a golden spike where that cat blew. And in 1890, fifteen years after Custer's mistake, the Ghost Dance was introduced to the Sioux by the Paiute seer Wovaka. It was a religion which promised the return of the buffalo and the disappearance of the white man. The Sioux were enthusiastic advocates. With equal vigor, however, their dream was destroyed by the massacre at Wounded Knee where thousands of indian men, women and children fell at the hands of the United States Artillery. Since that disaster, the Sioux have never recovered. And the Altamont festival of December 6, 1969 remains the only workable criterion for uprooting the Ghost Dance. Nobody wants to save what's best left dead.

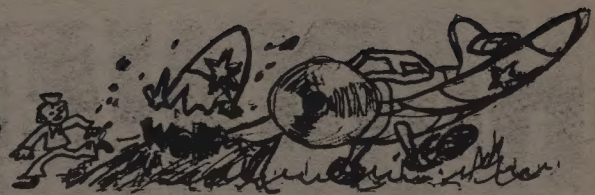
And the Underground Press is a self-indulgent bore and rigged-up bullshit fraud. All the bald-headed journals have built up the underground press as formally representing the people(s) of the new culture. This is the same old American flag con routine. The underground press is operating out of an abstract policy and not from any concrete need. The newspapers of the underground exist in an invincible fatherland aloft in a heaven of international popularity and longhair prosperity.

And be sickened by the oncoming mass starvation and concomitant revolting degree of overpopulation, and the accompanying production of incredible numbers of useless physical objects whose raw materials demand a destruction of those parts of nature one knows as beautiful.

And who makes what on each man killed? The masters should freeze and can — in Good Housekeeping seal of approval capsules — each and every Vietnamese corpse, and ship them back to the goodol' You-Ess-A for deposit in Bank of America freezer safety deposit boxes. Stamped PAID and marked

(Continued on Page 14)

poor paranoid's almanac



Sometimes I wonder about opening anything. I mean, the strangest things pop up. A Mayor of a city is as strange as a street bum when the opening is your own.

Westbeth opened last week — *officially*.

Westbeth, if some of you may have forgotten (I have, and I've been living there for the past 3½ months) is the new Artist Housing Project.

It was conceived by the Kaplan Fund (Joan Davidson) and Roger Stevens (Ex-National Council-of-the-Art-er, and present head of the American Film Institute) with a little help from the Federal Government.

In the other words, it's a Federal middle income housing project.

Now, if you know anything about our great Federal Government, you know it isn't working too well right now. *But nothing is.*

Since my arrival, there have been 8 thefts, 1 rape, 1 fire that destroyed an entire duplex and several little fires caused by a faulty stove and people throwing lit and inflammables down what people mistook for an incinerator but is a grabage crusher, neighbors attacking each other physically, the breakdown of the elevators at least twice a week, threats by the Management against the tenants, threats by the Tenants against the management, dogshit in the hallways (this is my own pet peeve complaint, and I'm not even against dogs — just dogs who don't clean up after themselves), poor security, noise, faulty plumbing and heat, and numerous rumors.

But despite my arrival, Westbeth still managed to open to the general public and friends — art show and all. And when you open and take the lid off, what you find is a carnival.

The Art show was funny enough. And though there were good things, most of it got lost among the majority of bad and the artists who didn't participate, and the hullabaloo that had been going on two weeks pre-opening as if everyone were getting ready for graduation and the prom.

The Bank street park was even funnier. Decked out with a sparkling whitewash, new grass and trees, purple and black banners streaming from the sides of buildings, two Nathan hot dog stands complete with beer, soda, mustard, relish and men done up in early 20th

century barbershop peppermint straw hat — white and blackface, and a thirty five foot wide open carnival tent for a speakers' stand; it was by far the best thing in the show.

Don't get me wrong! I like a Carnival, especially when the food, drinks and music are free. And if the rent were free then, it would be "The Greatest Show on Earth."

So what if you have to put up with a few carney men. Everyone has a right to do their pitch. Besides, I was living in Westbeth so I was part of the show. The least I could do was be a good host and show up for the spiel.

The spiel was delivered by Mayor John Lindsay with a little help from Joan Davidson herself-in-the-flesh (she doesn't have to live here), Reverend Howard Moody, L. Dixon Bain (one of the official managers of Westbeth), Jane Jacobs (one of the sponsors who doesn't live here either) and Muriel Rukeyser (resident poet) who waxed poetic.

Lindsay arrived late, in the middle of Reverend Moody's psalmette, as it just began to drizzle. His blonde hair and makeup (unstreaked), he entered like a *real* movie star.

There is only one thing I can say about John Lindsay: He's a far better actor than he is a politician, which is at least one up on Ronald Reagan. Add an extra category like humanity, and he might be two up on Nixon. *But don't count on it.*

The women squealed, big and little kids alike asked for his autograph, a few people listened and only one dared to interrupt him.

This man was standing right next to me so I was almost part of the action. There was nothing that he said which was militant or disrespectful.

He interrupted Lindsay twice, and not very vociferously or even as if Lindsay had heard or noticed. In counterpoint to Lindsay's claim to New York city, he asked outloud, "What about Connetcticut?"

When people started to stare and firmly shush him, he turned to me and in confidence explained, "I'm from Connetcticut!" As it turned out later, though he looked the artist/type with his paintfilled dungarees, long silver white hair, sneakers and long delicate fingers stroking what looked like an empty milk carton; he was not

even from Westbeth but an ex-connetticuter living in the streets surrounding Westbeth. In other words, he was a street bum.

The second time he interrupted Lindsay, a Westbeth Guard came over to him. He assured the guard he would be quiet, and the fact that he was "a friend of John's."

When John finally got up to leave with a small band of squealing children and dogs at his heels, this man followed right behind him.

He cornered Lindsay just at the door of his waiting limousine.

Lindsay automatically put out his hand and smiled.

"Remember me? I'm the man who saved your life! How about a job?"

Lindsay said something then the man said something, both of which I couldn't hear; and then Lindsay slid into the car and drove away.

I naturally and politely asked the man what had transpired.

The man told me that Lindsay and he were officers in the Navy together, and had remembered him as the person who had saved his life in W.W. II when his plane dumped into the sea off an aircraft carrier.

"The bum got uptight when I told him I had grabbed him by his ass, 'not his belt', and pulled him out of the ocean. He knows me. I've been trying to get a job from him but he always gives me the brushoff."

"So I gather this is not the first time this has happened?"

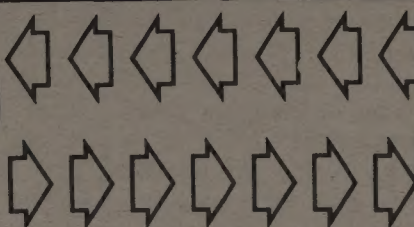
"Naah! But don't get me wrong. I don't hate Lindsay. He's like the rest — just a politician. Me, I don't hate anybody. I'm just a *Punk for Peace!*"

With that, he disappeared back into the notable dignitaries and crowd and began to hit upon the single chicks and free beer and food.

He seemed to belong to it all; a forgotten man among artists who were just recently remembered. A Carnival is not complete without its clowns. A City, not without its fool. They all belonged there. For just a minute, it all came together.

Welcome to Westbeth!

TULI'S TRIP



The film Viva Max!, a political satire in which contemporary Mexicans recapture the Alamo, caused a stir when American Airlines chose to show it on an L.A. — Washington flight carrying Comedian and Superpatriot George Jessel. After vainly trying to persuade the crew to shut down the projector, Jessel promised to complain to the FAA and the airline president, then closed his eyes during the remainder of the movie.

TIME, APRIL 27, 1970

Viva Jessel, Superjew
He is American thru & thru
Whatever he doesn't eat he spills
Whatever he doesn't like he kills
He complains to the chief: he goes right to the top
Unable (by pure accident) to get them to stop
He hides his head in the velvet commode
& with a belch of the just: Remembers the A La Mode

VIET SEDER FOOD IN TIME

Saigon, April 21 (Special) — The United States Army, racing against time, scoured a crammed transport vessel for a shipment of Passover horseradish and made the delivery minutes before Jewish servicemen here sat down for the seder.

Horseradish and other Passover food items vital to the seder menu failed to turn up yesterday morning. The U.S. Army supply command organized a search that traced the shipment to an unloaded freighter here.

Poking through the vast cargo, the Army finally located the small boxes and rushed them to Chaplain Ira Bader, who is from the Bronx, shortly before he was to conduct the seder service for 200 GIs.

NY DAILY NEWS April 22, 1970

The Bitter herbs, the bitter herbs!
Come not a moment too soon
Tilt your glasses high mine bochers
Next year in Rangoon!

RIDDLE VIET HUMAN SCREEN

Outside Saang Town, Cambodia, April 21 (Reuters) — Terrified Vietnamese civilians were sacrificed in a crossfire today after being marched into a no man's land area by Cambodian forces battling the Viet Cong for control of Saang Town, only 18 miles from the Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh.

Before the slaughter, the local Cambodian commander had called the march "a very new experiment to appeal to the conscience of the other side."

About 30 Vietnamese — including children, women and old men were killed or wounded when both the Viet Cong and Cambodian troops opened fire as they approached Viet Cong guns, witnesses said . . .

So whats new Captain?
Whats new Col?

"The 'human wave' is obsolescense-
We have invented pon my soul!
The super-poopier 'human screen' "

One complaint being hear to rear
(A teeny one-oh do not fear)

"Twas well worth trying," the general said:
We were going anyhow
To shoot them
dead"

HARDHATS MARCH AGAIN

BY RAY SCHULTZ

Don't look now, but a troop carrier adorned with American flags and hard-headed patriots is speeding down Broadway and the lads are singing and yelling and showing their oats and pissing their budweiser onto the street where scattered longhairs look up with scared and melancholy eyes.

"Nine-thousand cops!" someone screams. "Fucking Lindsay needs 9,000 cops to defend City Hall! Why don't he send them to clean up those longhairs? That fucking faggot should be impeached!"

That was the general opinion of the day, and it was repeated later when 100,000 of the big fellows congregated on Broadway in front of City Hall to protest the likes of Lindsay, Javits, Abbie Hoffman and other anti-war faggots, and to affirm what years of American-Legion beer swilling and watching baseball games on television and going to church and living the good life have convinced them they fought and died for in the war: the flag. This was a rally in support of the flag of the United States and there were plenty of flags around too, big ones, small ones, and all of them red, white and blue and with fifty stars and nice wooden sticks to hold them on, and they sounded great when you rapped ever so gently on the tops of the helmets, and the only problem was there was also plenty of gross machismo and incredible stupidity floating around between the invited guests.

The street was a sea of red, white and blue, with metal hats of green, yellow, blue and silver bobbing up and down and crowded into a small street area around a speaker's platform at the corner of Broadway and Murray, which in turn was filled with union organizers and certain members of the press. A 20-piece band, dressed in tuxedos and including an accordion player, went through numbers like "Anchors Away" and "The Cassions Go Rolling Along," to which loud and louder cheers went up, then "The Marines Hymn," and all hell busted loose, wild whoops, screams and curses, then "God Bless America," and they all sang, some of them even holding their helmets over their hearts. On the opposite side of the street, a worker in dirty kahki pants and a frayed skivvy-shirt climbed a lamp-post and threw a rope and a

stuffed-dummy over the top, and they all screamed *yeab!* as they saw the sign that went with it: "Lindsay, burn your commie card and you'll be a hero too!"

Maybe it was the sun and heat, but they all looked red-faced and puanchy, angry, sweating, belligerent, boisterous, and terrifying. The signs were great: *This country isn't perfect, but it's the best one on the face of the earth; U.S.A., a workingman's paradise; Lindsay is as shady as an elm tree; Long Hair, Short Hair, We Don't Care - Support the Flag We Share; Lindsay is a red faggot; We love our police, flag and country, we hate our commie major;* - and other gems. They chanted and shoved each other in the arms and laughed and waved their fists at the workers in the windows above. Then the band slowed down for a few moments, and it was fight night at the Garden as a little fellow that sounded just like Johnnie Addie took the microphone and told them, "We remind you that this must be a peaceful meeting, men, and we know it's hot, so the speeches will be very short. So far, we've got a lovely rally, and God bless you all."

They cheered like crazy and the band began playing "God Bless America" again, and there was more slapping of backs and comments on the wonderful nature of the day. In front of the speakers platform, TV and radio reporters swarmed and gathered those interviews, and Al Bouchant, the Courage Party Candidate for Governor tried to con Pete Brennan, head of one of the construction unions and chairmen of the event, to let him on the stand to make a speech.

"Are you a political candidate?" Brennan asked.

"Well yes, but I won't mention that at all."

"Well, we can't have any of that."

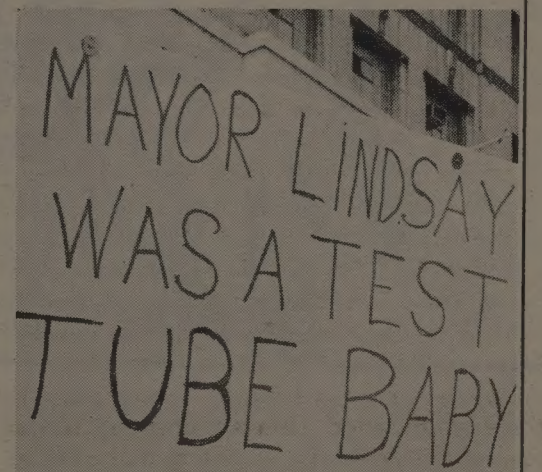
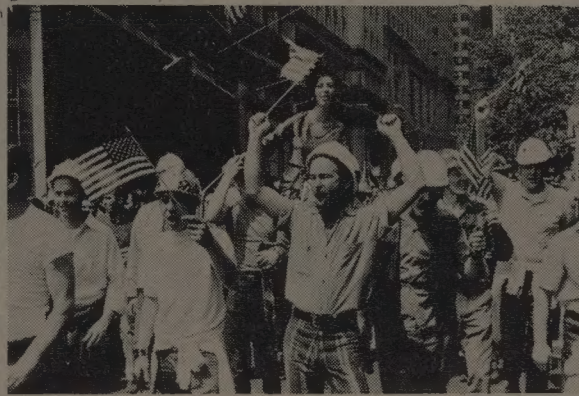
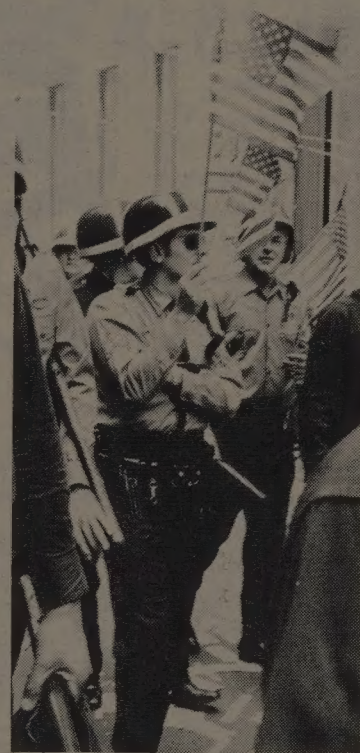
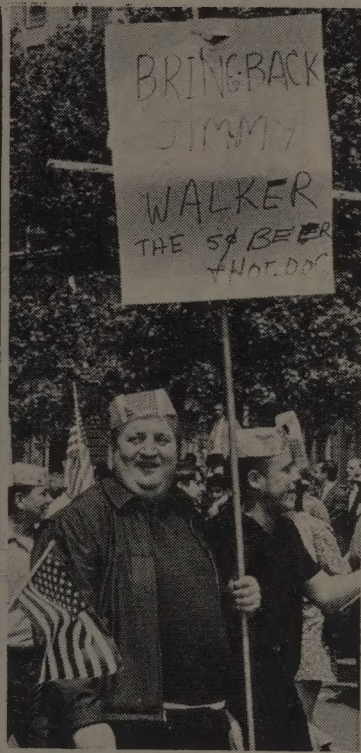
"I know, and I won't mention it. This is a non-partisan event. I just want to tell these men I think they're doing a wonderful thing, and we support them up in Rome. New York."

"Well, we're trying to cut down the speeches. It's very hot."

Bouchant turned and was questioned by several reporters who asked what his platform, beliefs and plans were.

"We're against the stupid, ignorant people castigating this country when in fact, we are the greatest country in the world," he said.

(Continued on Page 19)



KNOW THINE ENEMY PHOTOS/STEVENS

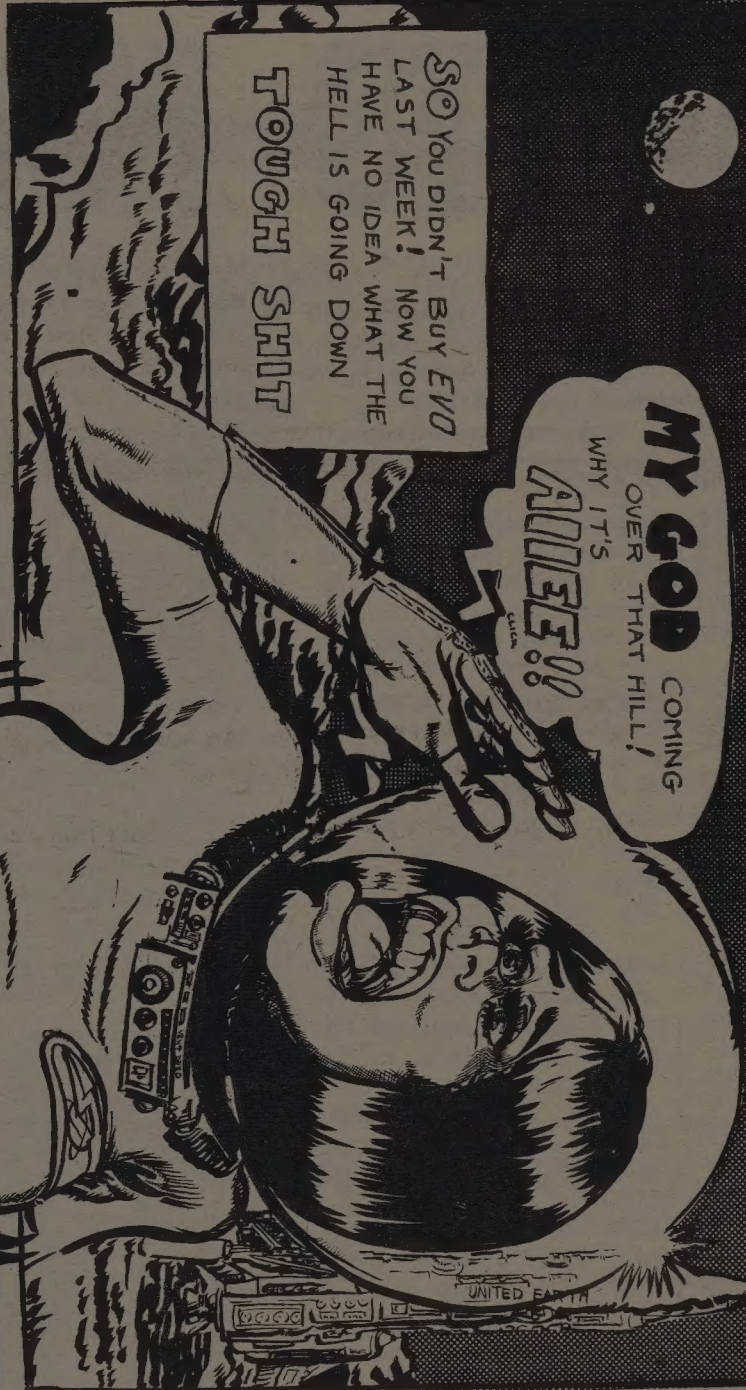
DIRTCE OF SPACE

©1970 YOSSARIAN/ASYLUM PRESS

MY GOD COMING OVER THAT HILL!

WHY IT'S **ADIEE!!**

SO YOU DIDN'T BUY EVD LAST WEEK! NOW YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE HELL IS GOING DOWN **TOUGH SHIT**



RUMBLE

IT'S HORRIBLE! A GIANTIC SLIMY CREATURE SLIDING ALONG DESTROYING ALL LIFE IN IT'S PATH!



HOLY SHIT, IT SENSES OUR PRESENCE! BEST MOVE OUR ASSES.



FEETS DO YOUR STUFF OOPS!



HO HO DONT YOU WOLLY YOUSELF WE FIGHT TOGETHER.

HOHO BULLETS BOUNCE LIGHT OFF CLEATURE

HOHO I WISH I NEVER LEAVE MAINLAND



HOHO BLACKIE LET'S MOVE CHOP CHOP!!



RUN FOR IT CHINK MY ANKLE'S BUSTED.

HOHO MONSTER'S GOT THE SPADE BETTER MOVE CHOP CHOP!



ARRRGH!!
CRUNCH

NEXT WEEK: **MORE HORROR**

RABELAIS

by Renfreu Neff

The theatre is in the you-know-where, and who needs to pay to sit in an auditorium anymore and watch actors act and recite *dialogue*? The Living Theatre put itself out of business

telling us just that, and sillier still is reviewing a theatre-piece that presents its dialogue in French. But *Rabelais* is good, and maybe that's enough of a recommendation. Aside from

being the hippest thing from France in a very long time, it's probably the best show in the Broadway area at this particular time. City Center is "broadway", geographically

anyway, but this production, directed by France's renown Jean-Louis Barrault, exudes an inventiveness and freshness usually associated with off-Broadway at its best.

But in the meantime we must use what's there and try to reach beyond it, Barrault has succeeded, it is just unfortunate that language limits its availability to wider American audiences. Transistors and headphones can be rented in the lobby, the commentary by Faubion Bowers is adequate for those with no knowledge of French, but the spirit of the production can not be relayed through a headset, and on one particularly raucous occasion translator Bowers himself gave in to that spirit and said, "I can't help you here, I'm sorry", his transistorized laughter joining that of the live audience that understood the language.

ART : Demonstratde-- Write Manifestos-- Change!

by
Lil Picard

The German Playwright Rolf Hochhut had on May 18th the World Premiere of his newest political Tragedy "GUERRILLAS", in Stuttgart, Germany. The Magazine "DER SPIEGEL" and the weekly Newspaper "DIE ZEIT" devote many pages to part of the introductions and prefaces, the writer wrote to the different acts. The Spiegel calls the Play a "gigantic monster of scenes." and titles the excerpts of the preface "The Century Guevaras has begun." Hochhut quotes Spengler, who predicted four decades ago an American civil war between "Colored People" and Whites, and says that "the hate of the disappointed could possibly lead to rebellion and destruction."...

The play on which the author had been working several years gives a prophetic projection of "A future American Revolution", which as Hochhut imagines it, starts not at the bottom, but at the top. Hochhut for the first time deals with historical events, which may

occur in the future and not as he had done in his last two tragedies, with history of the past. The Duputy (1963) dealing with the Nazis and the Pope, the "Soldiers" (1967) Bombardement of German cities during World War II. "Guerrillas" is a tragedy of the "North American Revolution", with an imaginary republican Senator as the hero, the CIA, the FBI, Atom - Submarines, revolutionary priests and electronic wire-tap-devices placed in the confession booth. The Play is published by Rowohlt Publishing, Hamburg, Germany.

While the theater in Germany deals with the future AMERICAN REVOLUTION of Hochhut's phantasy, New York's artists community staged it's first own revolution at the time of the University and Student Strike.

An "Artists Mass Meeting" against War, Racism and Oppression took place on May 18th (same day as Hochhut's premiere) in the Loeb Student Center Eisner Auditorium. 1000 people attended the gathering. Art dealers, artists, Museum representatives, film makers, Art students, dancers, maybe even collectors, who knows, they might get uneasy in times of

turmoil, as we have them now, with stocks falling... values crumbling - what will happen to Art and Art business as it had been?

ART Politicized?

The result of the meeting was: The May 22 Strike of 60 galleries and the closing of two exhibitions in the Jewish Museum, the closing of the Robert Morris Show in the Whitney Museum. Robert Morris acted as the chairman of the meeting. There were many speakers, one of the best and most applauded had been Poppy Johnson, who read a revolutionary Manifesto. Important proposals are: The installation of "Information Centers" in Museum-groundfloors "devoted to the politicizing of visitors, reserving of at least one wall in galleries and Museums for exhibition of posters and written statements, photos, graphics, etc.... a ten per cent tax on every Art sale, for a fund for Peace activities. The forming of an "emergency cultural government" to severe all collaboration with the Federal Government on artistic activities.

Friday, May 22. New York will be in the sign of an artist strike, with a mass demonstration starting at 10 A.M. before the Metropolitan Museum. Artists will act as one group, and also in smaller groups (Continued on Page 21)

No, *Rabelais* is not avant-garde, which seemed to bother the *New York Times*' reviewer, but it is an exuberant amelioration of some of the best avant-garde sources, much of its impulse apparently derived from the Playhouse of the Ridiculous and the Living Theatre. Whether these derivations were intentional or coincidental... and the question of coinciding applies more in the case of John Vaccaro's troupe which will be making its first European tour this fall, though it has been widely discussed in a number of foreign periodicals... is immaterial. Many theatrical elements originating from the Ridiculous and the Living are in evidence, but, unlike the majority of others who have so consciously borrowed from these vanguard sources, Barrault and Company have balanced them well and incorporated them skillfully into their classically-oriented style and technique.

The proscenium stage is wrong for *Rabelais* (another criticism of the *Times*' reviewer), but it is nothing more than a part of a conventional, accepted physical structure, archetronics that have helped to destroy theatre as a viable means of communication. In *Rabelais* this problem was solved to some extent by allowing part of the audience to sit on the stage, the best solution for the architectural imposition until less formalized structures are built. The question, of course, is who will build them and why? To confuse theatre critics, that's why.

So naturally it is best to listen to the spoken language (a classic form of French that serves to place us in time and recreate the mood of that time, the 16th century), to get caught up in the true Rabelaisian spirit. For *Rabelais* loved mankind, had complete faith in humanity and found greater exaltation in its weaknesses and moral imprudence than in its piour virtues and misconceived honour. King and clergy (himself a member of the latter) had no immunity from his mockery, all were leveled in his cutting observations and scatological speculations on the state of their souls. They were all full of shit, he suggested quite blatantly, and to deal with them one had only to ignore their robes and posturings and regard them as fools or, when they were salvagable, as children.

And *Rabelais*, the play, is a timely reminder that affirms the long-dormant anarchic spirit of (Continued on Page 14)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS: A REVIEW

THE LIE THAT GENERATED THE ENTIRE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND THE LIBERAL ILLUSION OF WESTERN CULTURE SEEN FROM AN OPPRESSED VIEWPOINT

Forgive them Father, They know not what they do.

Sheeet! Day know what they doin'.

Gilbert Moses, 1966

I offer this three poems as an antidote to any of you who have swallowed the sugar pill now playing at the

Orpheum Theatre, entitled "The Me Nobody Knows." This new rock musical was based on the book of the same name, which was a compilation of stories written by children in a ghetto school.

I take it that the title, "The Me Nobody Knows" refers to that part of all of us that dreams and fantacizes, and is usually not expressed in everyday life, for fear of being laughed at for its vulnerability. So I wonder why I wasn't left feeling, "Just what sort of society are we living in that makes this vulnerable part of us the very part that 'nobody knows'?"

I haven't read the book so I don't know how

faithful this production was to the sentiments expressed in it, but the production smacked of "You see, middle class Amerika, we nice, underprivileged, ghetto kids have the same million dollar, new dress, apple tree, picket fence, sunny Sunday, spin the bottle, hopes that your kids have."

There was a smattering of talk about killings, rapes and alcoholics being beaten, but quite understated, taking the production as a whole. There was one song about a baby being eaten by rats and the brother being glad the baby was dead, because now he could have fun instead of having to baby sit. But that was in the middle of the production,

by Jackie Friedrich leaving enough time to sing happy songs before the audience went its \$7.50 a seat way.

Some serious and/or sad lines were delivered by actors with Kellogg grins, so that they were not taken seriously.

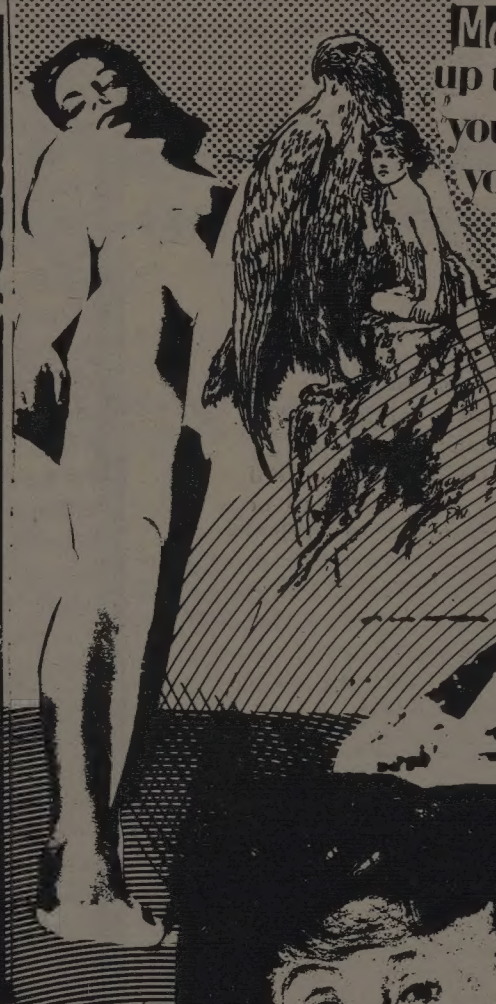
The most ominously delivered speech was given by an actor who related his characters first experience with herion, declaring that after his first shot he had become an addict. Come on! He didn't talk about what his rush was like, and the author didn't see fit to offer any insight as to why so many people are taking drugs. In fact, if we ignore all that we know from living in these times, it would seem, from this production,

that heroin addiction in ghetto youth is a rare phenomena. But no one is that naive anymore, This winter everytime you read the news or spoke to a friend, some one had O.D.'d. And not only in the ghettos, Shirley.

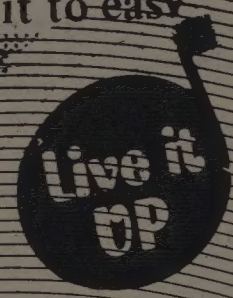
There are several monologues by a character named Carlos who is in a reformatory. They are letters addressed to a Mr. Grady, or O'Grady, thanking him for his letters and gifts. He apologizes for laying all his feeling on Mr Grady, who has a family of his own, but Carlos' family has not contacted him at all, and it seems that his girl friend has jilted him. However, in his last (Continued on Page 22)

The Enquireing Charlie Frick
Where Asked: New York, New Jersey, and around the world . . .

Heavy is a five letter word, in new jersey it means you cant pick up on it to easy



Mother Goose Shoes
 up that lets
 you go as far as
 you want.



Its amazing how many new groups and sounds like CSN&Y lately riot Buddy Miles. Hes always full blown. I caught his new album the other day. Tell you man . . . Buddy Miles always gets it on With or without Jimmi Hendrix, This new album is no exception. I dony dont know whose hes got with him on this record but they get right out there. The only thing is he dosent use his red white and blue drum set anymore, thats a drag, it was the funkiest paint job i ever saw.



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Buddy Miles Them Changes Mercury Records No.SR 61280
 Brethern, now theres a nother story entirely, this ones going to slip by everyone and one day somebodys gonna say hey where did this come from?? Out of nowhere it seems sometimes it blows my mind you know?? Did you dig what Dr John said about them? ...

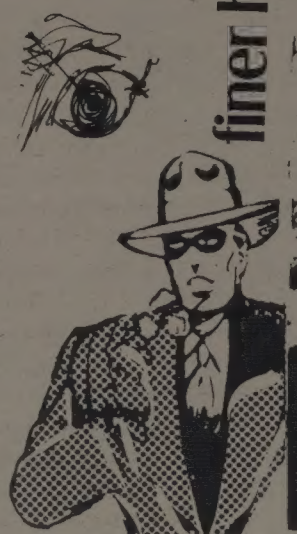
" Sometimes you hear music in a church
 Makes you feel real good
 and frees you from the burdens of the beast
 makes you wanna dance
 and tap your feet
 and go testify
 This is why people wanna get next to them.
 This music is city and country blues
 With some pentacostal church thrown in
 out of left feild
 which to me is very hard to say in words
 the music will make much more sense to you
 Hey Las Bas
 Dr John "

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 Sat.
 6 AM to 5 PM
 Closed Sunday

I think its their first record, on the Tiffany label No.TFS 0013 Dr John dosent sit in with too many groups you know?? . . Hes on keyboards in some of the cuts in this album. Theres a feamale group used to back up Tom Cosgrove, Stu Woods and Rick Marotta. Even the back up artists are tops in their style. The Blossoms, you ever hear of them?? They come out out of the south.
 If you think of america as a place in your head, theres this section of the country thats not too famous for its contemporary music. Mississippi River Territory. New Orleans zonked out youth? The town built on the delta out in the Gulf of MEXICO. and then theres the back woods and the Swamps. Shit man Mississippi river territory has that old magic happening the kids up in the east and those out on the west never did hear anything quite like this stuff. I dont know, isint it the point of feeling good to get it on?

EACH A MEAL IN ITSELF

Jellybread . . . MMMMMMgood. Their album just released is called *First Slice*. Theyre a bunch of pretty far out 1970 R&B Boys . . Top stuff. They decided that the thing that moved them the most was the blues so they recorded an album full of revival type tunes of Bobby Bland, Percy Mayfield and others. Good blued played well is hard to find these days. Theyre 4 guys that dont use too many electric instruments and come across with this sound thats right out of a juke box that i used feed quarters to like there was no tomorow. Its on Blue Horizon records No.BH 4801.



And when youre floating around, go on into your favorite record store over in the pop section by the assorted rock bin, you know where the place what they put the stuff that they cant quite figure out, pick any record out of it ANY RECORD WILL DO. Buy it or steal it or in some other way DIG IT. Look at the pictures, read the words, listen to the music but dig it. I dare you. Charlie Frick 5/70/20

MARIJUANA CAUSES IMMORTALITY

RELIGIOUS LEADERS FEARFUL

Special to EVO,
as told to Alan Shenker

IMPETIGO, NEW JERSEY—This small, almost unknown campus town is the unlikely site of one of the most important scientific discoveries in recent years.

On May 17, at a hastily called press conference in the Impetigo State Student Union Building, Dr. Howard Forensic, spokesman and head research director of the Committee to Prove That Marijuana is Harmful (C.M.P.H.) announced that his research group has found that the plant *Cannabis Sativa*, more commonly called marijuana, has the amazing ability to produce immortality in normal human beings.

Dr. Forensic explained that his group was studying the harmful effects of the drug under the auspices of a research grant awarded by the Daughters of the American Revolution's Committee to Stop Communist Drug Use by the Young (C.S.D.U.B.Y.) when the startling facts were found.

"We had been studying the probability that prolonged Marijuana use causes brain changes, resulting in a spastic colon, weak bladder, and/or acne," explained the doctor. "In order to study these possibilities, we found that we had to find some long-term Cannabis users. To make our job easier we placed advertisements in some of the various underground papers, asking for long time users to volunteer to undergo tests. We had no idea as to the scientific history which would result from these ads," explained Dr. Forensic.

"Not surprisingly, most of the respondents were hippie, or bohemian types. What did surprise us was that in filling out the information necessary for our determining just how far along their mental degeneration had developed, many of these personages maintained that they were far older than their outward appearance would suggest. At first we decided that it was some type of Communist trickery; but after a few of these humanoids claimed to be of extraordinary age, we decided to verify them just so we could eliminate this spurious information from our statistical tables," the doctor explained to the audience of national dignitaries.

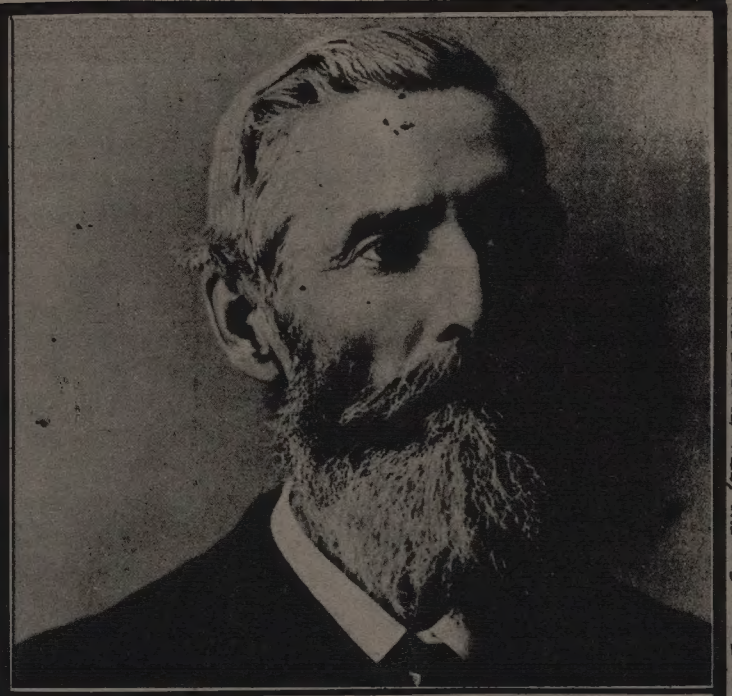
"You can just imagine our amazement when we discovered that for the most part these bohemians were telling the truth. In fact, we spent many long months verifying old records, and documents; while at the same time correlating the results of precise physical tests on donated blood, and tissue samples from these people."

"We have since been able through exhausting data compilation to ascertain that no marijuana smoker has died in the last sixteen hundred years. Furthermore," the doctor went on, "we expect to find even more incredible statistics when we receive the complete correlated data from Asia, Africa, and the continent. Why, only now it's becoming clear why there are such large concentrations of people in the parts of the world where Cannabis use has been prevalent; these people just aren't dying!" Doctor Forensic was questioned

as to why the discovery was only now being released, whereas the doctor had admitted the evidence had been available for at least eight months. "When you are working in the area of immortality," the doctor explained, "you must be very careful to be sure that the public is capable of understanding all the ramifications of any discovery. Why, in a death-oriented society such as ours the whole social order could go to pot," the doctor quipped.

The doctor admitted that at first it was decided to destroy the evidence of their discovery, partly at the urging of their sponsors in the DAR, and partially out of the fear of unleashing a scientific monster. "You can easily imagine a world of marijuana smokers ready to sacrifice their souls for the mere fleeting pleasures of immortality," the doctor went on. "We decided to reveal our findings only after long serious consultations with both the religious, the governmental and governmental leaders of the country."

The doctor then went on to explain how a comprehensive plan has been developed to deal with the situation. "All marijuana producing areas of the world have been seized by troops of the member countries of the International Reefer Control Force (I.R.C.F.). Member countries in this world organization consist for the moment of the United States, Greece, and Spain, with a firm commitment from the government of Haiti to supply any needed rest and rehabilitation areas for the



Dr. Howard Forensic

PHOTO - JOSEPH STEVENS / FRANS FRISBEE PARRY

troops." The explained that as he spoke, the I.R.C.F. forces were establishing control of the aforementioned areas. Within days, firm complete seizure of the Cannabis-producing sites is expected. "When control is established, the troops will be ordered to destroy all existing crops," the doctor stated. "Then it is just a matter of dousing the

area with chemicals that destroy fertility once each year to maintain our grasp on the problem."

As the meeting ended, the doctor asked for a show of support for the United States Government, which practically single-handedly is protecting the world from the godless terror of immortality.



Typical 700 year old addict

PHOTO - CHARLIE FRICK - EVO - GRAPHIC CORP / SCOUTS

How to Disperse Tear Gas

Editor's Note: Many articles have been written on the use of tear gas and "Riot Control" agents, but no articles have appeared on the methods used to disperse these chemicals. The following is a description of the methods used.

CS-1, CN, and DM are the names of the "Riot Control" agents that are being used frequently against dissenting students by the police and the military. These agents must be dispersed as a cloud of very fine particles so that they will stay in the air for long periods of time. The "Riot Control" agent dispersers permit the release of enormous quantities of chemical agents in a short period of time.

First there are riot hand grenades; these come in two types, burning and bursting. The burning type grenades are available with CS-1, CN, and DM chemical agents, and can be projected to ranges of up to 150 meters using a rifle grenade launcher and the M/2-A1 grenade projection adaptor. The burning grenades can be thrown back at the adversary if great care is used when picking them up. The

bursting or baseball grenades are available with CS-1 chemical agent. They can only be thrown about 35 to 50 meters before they explode. They are the most dangerous to handle because they explode by time delay. Sometimes police will roll or pitch them into a crowd to further antagonize the group. Never attempt to pick up or kick a baseball grenade, because it can explode violently.

Second, there are mechanical "Riot Control" agent dispersers. They are small pulse jet engines or fuel oil burners that can shoot out a fine powder or mist of chemicals at the rate of 20 pounds per minute. This agent can shoot out at least 30 feet before it forms a cloud. There are many types of these mechanical tear gas dispersers, and you should know what they are and how they are used. The most popular dispersers are the M-3, M-5, and M-9 machines.

It is quite inexpensive to buy or rent one of these mechanical dispersers. These devices were originally intended for use as insecticide sprayers, but have found

later use in the motion picture industry for special effects use. Special effects men use these machines to make artificial cloud and fog effects for filming motion pictures. Later, the police have adapted them for use as riot control dispersers. It is still possible to go to any local special effects company and buy or rent any of these units. These fog generators can be used to fog in the police or to blow away incoming tear gas. It is also possible to spray a fog chasing chemical which can precipitate out some kinds of tear gas, leaving the air clean of tear gas. The fog chaser can be purchased from the same companies that rent and sell the fog machines. These methods of chemical gas dispersal are more efficient than the conventional tear gas grenade. One pound of CS-1 is equivalent to five bursting baseball type grenades. Fifty pounds of agent - which can be dispersed in less than two minutes - is equivalent to over 250 bursting-type grenades.

A cheap and efficient tear gas disperser can be made by modifying

a five- or ten-pound dry charge fire extinguisher. First empty out the extinguisher. Then fill it with a finely powdered chemical agent (use your imagination as to what to use) by pouring it through a funnel into the extinguisher. Next connect an auto tire valve stem fitting to the extinguisher, and attach this to an air hose adapter. You can now go to a gas station or garage and pressurize the extinguisher to 100 psi. The next step is to unscrew the plastic nozzle and replace it with one that can be made according to the following diagram. The completed nozzle should look like a flattened-out version of the original plastic nozzle. You are now ready to start dispersing whatever it is that you loaded into it. This little disperser should give you an effective range of 40 feet with about ten seconds of constant fire power. It takes about 12 minutes to charge each extinguisher with four pounds of chemical and pressurize it to 100 pounds of pressure. It is best to use short one-second bursts rather than continuous flow. It is

(Continued on Page 16)

TRUCKSTOP ANKAST



As I remember it from the First (and only) Presbyterian Church of Cray Mills, that old hymn went like *this* —

*What A friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privelege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what griefs we often forfeit,
And what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.*

And while I may not have it all there 100% right — I have been sluffing off going to Sunday Church these days — and maybe I got couple of the middle words wrong, the ones that don't rhyme, but I know Ed Sanders has it wronger than that on his new record, *Sanders' Truckstop*. He may be long on his Egyptianism, Sanders, and a clever fellow at putting his words together and all, but he sure got *that* part wrong. Too bad, a big young old boy like that running away from Kansas to New York City and consotring with Jews and all them, clear *forgets* all the old wisdom and simple righteousness in those old Sunday School sings.

Maybe if he just stopped running around places like

California and MacDougal Street had applied himself to that pretty wife and daughter there, maybe it'd all come back to him and he could get to writing up and singing some real fine country music like Johnny Cash. He certainly does have the ear for country music, Sanders, if you go buy this new album and listen close you'll hear some *finnne* plucking behind him. Of course, I couldn't see how you'd be lacking fine music with such as Patrick Sky and David Bromberg behind of you. No denying they do an especially fine job on this record album, the way Sanders has them changing the time in the middle of nearly ever tune, until you fall out of your chair and hit your head on the floor with

dizziness and disorientation. Must be what they call psycho-delic in The Yeast Village.

But those lyrics, I sure am not too sure about those lyrics of his. That first song, 'Jimmy Joe, the Hippie Billieboy' — now there's a lot of fine country words in there, but Jehosaphat if it don't go *strange* in places. Seems this Jimmy Joe feller, he turned hippie in high school, and took to wearing his hair 'long, long, Lord long' and living in the woods and going around naked and all, stopped going to CYF meetings, cut out of the 'Tri-State Junior High School Midget Football League' and all that, and naturally everyone was dead against him for it, but then one night he saved old Nadine Hefner and Danny Whistler when their car dropped into the river, they being probably drunk and carrying on together, but then like an asshole this Jimmy Joe, he jumps into the 'abysmal dismal depths' again to see if anybody else is in the car, and winds up drowned with his hair wrapped around the rear-view mirror. And if he hadn't let his hair grow all long, *Lord long*, he wouldn't have got drowned, right? But old Sanders has to make a moral out of it by saying everybody cried at his funeral just like they would for anybody else. That's when they sing 'What A Friend We Have In Jesus', and I'd like to know what Sanders had in his head when he got that old hymn wrong.

Because I just can't believe he'd let anything like that slip by him. You ever met any of those poet fellers? Sanders says he's a poet — he published a poetry magazine called *Fuck You* a few times, and got his ass in jail for it where he *belongs* — and those poets, they don't let *one little word* slip in but they put it there on purpose, and the same for the ones they leave out. Crazy as a coon on spoiled corn if you ask me . . .

But Sanders here, you want to know what a wierd-ass beatnik *he is*, you look up along the record album a space — that's *Sanders' Truckstop, Reprise Records* — and you'll find a song called *Breadtray Mountain*. Now, you listen to this and you just think right off it's only a fine piece of country music. It's go no fancified time-changes like the others, and the words even rhyme often as not. And it's just a nice fine love song until he starts talking about death and shit like that that you don't want to think about when you're listening to a love song, sure ain't the kind of stuff Johnny Cash or Engelbert Humperdinck (not *Hansel And Gretel*, fool, *Engelbert Humperdinck!!*) fool around with much. So you start to wonder about it, and then you remember Sanders believes in all this heathen Egyptianist mythology bullshit he picked up from some book he read, and you start to listen closer,

(Continued on Page 15)



Miss USA

BY
CLAUDIA DREIFUS
SID WEINHEIMER
DEAN LATIMER

DIE BRUST

verführerischer Schmuck der Frau: zu klein? — erschle- Festigung und Bewährten dem Befahren DM 32,- K Kurpackung
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Whilst looking through the tevee tube for the latest student body count not long ago, the Peace and Happiness Commune of Lower Chelsea — namely D.A. Latimer, Claudia Dreifus and Sidney Weinheimer — happened willy-nilly upon the gilt and glory and plastic wonder of the Miss USA contest.

'Tits!' cried Latimer, his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

'Where . . . WHERE?' demanded Weinheimer.

Claudia just yawned, throwing Latimer one of those, 'I expected as much from you, you filthy masturbating male chauvinist pig' looks. Claudia's very big in women's lib these days. Sid thinks Women's Lib is a good thing, and Latimer . . . well, Latimer . . . he kind of agrees . . . but the mere sight of unfettered pussy throws his unredeemable imagination into a morass of erotic fantasies. 'I'm not a chauvinists,' he protests, 'I'm just a slave to my demented animal passions.'

We had previously been watching *Dracula*, wherein Bram Stoker offers the most intimidating prospects for young hip liberated flappers who know too

much about Baudelaire and other sophistications. Now we were about to watch fiftyone pretty young things all over sixteen and never been laid who couldn't even *spell* Bela Lugosi, let alone exhibit enough blood betwixt them to tempt the old bat out of his coffin.

But the first thing to emerge from the coffin in this American Gothic horror story was June Lockhart, the mother of Lassie. She looked like one of those 'disasters in the home' you hear so much about. Lassies Mother in turn introduced Ricky Nelson, who much to our collective surprise was still alive, and who was wearing on CBS the sort of red-white-and-blue shirt, with stars, that sends folks like Abbie Hoffman down the river. Well, it *was* Armed Forces Day . . .

Then the MC, Bob 'Truth Or Consequences' Barker introduced the only fiftyone girls in all of America who would, at this late date, still bother to enter a Beauty Contest. A wild bunch, they were the only fiftyone girls in these United States who would still bother to go through the trouble of sucking off a contest judge, and for

what? A fiftydollar US Savings Bond if you don't make the finals? They paraded out, one for each state . . . down the gang plank . . . past the judges . . . paraded out in Miami's famous Convention Hall (Jackie Gleason and Richard Nixon put that place on the map). Appropriately enough, the background music for this apple-pie festival of plastic was the tune 'Aquarius' from *Hair*. Stars spun in circles around the room. Stripes gilded in gold hung from the proscenium. An enormous right-angled U.S.A., looking more like a swastika than ever before, stood smack dab in the middle of the stage. Is it any wonder then, with all this fetishistic totem imagery hanging around that America, on May Seventeenth, 1970, was indeed well on its way to adopting Astrology as its latest official superstition? *When The Moon Is In The Seventh House, And Mercury Aligns With Mars . . . Then We'll Kick The Kiasser's Ass!!!* The whole thing was soooo American and soooo patriotic that Sid would have gone to the kitchen for

(Continued on Page 16)

One of the evils of the entertainment business is the publicity party — but it could be any business, and any cause. Going to a publicity party for a record like going to a diplomatic reception; getting press releases like getting the current scam from the State Department of Saigon. The secret is to realize that it is all lies. The people who attend these gatherings step right out of Rabelais, Petronius, and Daymon Runyun. Cocktail chatter, business suits (wide ties and paisley colors), trendy, hip and cool. Of course there's Mr. Gladhand, dressed in a conservative narrow lapel flair-topped ruffled day-glo shirt and electric blue pants... he's the agent and business manager of this group, Cosmic Snot. Gladhand can be noticed from afar by the vigorous up-and-down motion of his arm and his electric spiel, "Glad-to-see-you David — nice you could come, hope you like the group. After all we've been recording on (fill in your blank) and the bass player is outasight... hope to write something in your column." He smiles and slinks off to a corner of the Tin Bagel, but upon seeing Mr. Dive Clavis, President of Irrelevant Records, starts his spiel again.

Clavis is nattily attired in another conservative suit, for he's the head of a

...AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

by David Walley

company which was taken over by a super company which is controlled by a huge conglomerate which seems to have the communications industry by the balls. Clavis somehow doesn't know what he's doing. The only thing he does know is that he is at another record party. Albeit he hates rock and roll, and is just a humble businessman, albeit he knows that it's all a losing proposition, Clavis still makes this scene. Irrelevant Records is a subsidy of Consolidated Boradhashing Company which has more money than the Pope or God and has power capabilities far in above their collective mental state...

Clavis retreats from Gladhand and fades, as a good exec is supposed to do, fade into the background to count his money and scheme about ways to make Cosmic Snot work. Clavis is no more or less guilty than his henchmen who have no names, rather are clothed in invisible suits and reversible mouths. As a group they are bloodthirsty, mercenary, ill-cultured, and quite, quite efficient. Efficiency is the main characteristic of

these faceless men — their clothes are a cool medium — they say nothing about their owners, merely that they are occupying space. Bloodshot and Killmaw, Clavis' henchmen are seated around the stage awaiting Cosmic Snot. They haven't seen the group either nor will they after tonight — they hate rock and roll but they know what sells and how to sell it — universal salesmen in search of the cosmic connection and the final payment on the house in Darien. Bloodshot and Killmaw are archtypes of the executive mentality, the youmakit, wesellit mentality... that doesn't change.

Next come the journalists, from the rock papers, the trades, the straight press... in some ways vultures on a dying scene. The best part about these sort of gatherings is that you can eat fairly well, if it wasn't for them, they'd all starve on their salaries. The journalists have seen much, more than they care to, they are bored and they are outraged and the only avenue open is to inform the readers. Cosmic Snot is just another band, but they are individuals and they have

dreams... these dreams are cynically manipulated by their bosses for their own paranoid ends. Rock and Roll rip-off more, cultural rip-off, more a huge parody of mechanized culture — a cosmic bad dream.

This cast assembles all over the city each night, everyday for lunch, for dinner for previews, showings, gallery openings, closings, political briefings... it's all the same. The party never stops and the handouts are constant. No one seems to care in this vortex, electric navel of the world and it is all coming down on everyone's head. The sponsor sells and supposedly the audience buys. It makes no difference in the long run how much money is spent on the press or press parties, or public relations... it all means heftier expense accounts for those people who have nothing to do with the artistic part of it. The sickness spreads through the Arts; gallery owners give parties and get press to influence the non-artistic buyers to consume; movie reviewers get their little things done in exchange for special considerations, trips and other non-entities to plug movies. The critic has at his command any number of people to get his wants... all for a piece of the press. It's a bad position for the critic, for

(Continued from Page 21)



BY CLAUDIA DREIFUS

David Livingston, the hardspoken, hardfighting President of District 65, the Retail, Wholesale, Department Sotre Union, was sitting in his office scanning newspaper reports of the latest American domestic atrocities. "I think we're in danger," he said earnestly. "I think the whole country is in danger. Kent State... Augusta... Jackson... yesterday these construction workers holding a demonstration in favor of the war. In an atmosphere of repression, no real labor movement can survive. I think we'll have to do something to show the country that not all the trade union movement is supporting this war."

What Livingston did was to join with leaders from thirteen other metropolitan area labor unions in calling for a labor-student demonstration to stop the Indochina war. "The media," Livingston complained, plays up the 'hardhats' and the construction workers. They'd like people to think that all workers support the war — but that's not true. Working people have the most to lose from the war and they know it. Besides,

these past few weeks have done a lot to shake up people in the labor movement that a year ago were supporting the war."

And Livingston was right. Last Thursday, he stepped up to a flag-festooned platform erected across the street from City Hall and found himself addressing 50,000 students and workers who had joined together to oppose the war. The demonstration was a first in several respects; for the first time, students and unionists were fighting side by side for the same cause. For the first time, labor leaders from unions like the Teamsters, International Union of Electrical Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers were openly declaring themselves in opposition to Nixon and to his hardhat, cold-war, plumber buddy, George Meany. It was beautiful.

A seventy year-old man with a neavy yiddish accent stood in the hot sun chatting with a group of students from NYU. "I'm a printer," he told the, "and I've been through... oi... so many, many battles. But I'm vith you boys all day vay... all da vay... I wouldn't

THE WORKERS JOIN THE MOVEMENT

go to Vietnam if I were young. When I was a boy, dey tried to draft me for World War I. I went to Mexico instead."

Not far from him, stood a group of young Teamsters. "We here," they explained with perfect working-class simplicity, "cause we're tired of all this shit Nixon is handing down. It's OUR brothers who have to go to Vietnam and Cambodia... not Nixon's! We're sick of seein' working people fight rich people's wars."

Towards City Hall stood a large contingent from District Council 37, the State, County, Municipal Employees Union. "This is the first time our union is out at a peace demonstration officially," explained a young woman shop steward. "My nephew's in Vietnam. I came here because I want to do something to help him get back here alive. Far as I'm concerned, these construction workers are doing everything they can to see him dead."

Over the loudspeaker, Steppenwolf was singing "America... where are you now... don't you care about your sons and daughters...?" While Steppenwolf sang, kids danced... machinists and auto workers tapped their feet and sang along.

First to the microphone was Victor Gottbaum, Executive Director of District Council 37, the largest trade union in New York City. Gottbaum pledged the resources of his union to declare a war on militarism.

"Yesterday," Gottbaum told the crowd, there were seven speakers from trade unions here telling people that the War in Vietnam was good. But not one of those speakers could tell anyone why 41,000 American

boys had died in Vietnam and why 1,000,000 Vietnamese had died and why it is still going on. From now on, we're going to do everything we can to stop this evil war. From now on, if you're not with us, you're against us!"

Next to the rostrum was William Bywood, who is President of the largest local of the International Union of Electrical Workers in the country. Bywood was clearly a newcomer to peace demonstrations. But the tone of his speech expressed the honest anger that must have brought him to this demonstration. "Kids are losing their lives in Vietnam," he cried, "we're got to end the killings. Yesterday, there were construction workers here who said 'support our boys in Vietnam.' Well, I wonder what those same construction workers are going to do when those boys come back from Vietnam and when they are looking for jobs and when their skin is Black!"

Bywood's speech was followed by the introduction of Onika, an African exchange student from Jackson State College in Mississippi. Mr. Onika declared the Jackson State massacre to be "the slaughter of Black people by White people."

Then came a short, quiet young man in a closely clipped haircut — Private John Hopf of Fort Jackson, South Carolina and Arlington, New Jersey. Private Hopf, who had spent the past two-and-a-half months in Cambodia, (We were there long before Nixon announced it to the public.) was sent to the demonstration after Army buddies at Fort Jackson chipped

in carfare so that he could make it to New York. "The boys wanted me to come here," he said shyly, "because they wanted you to know how much they appreciate what you folks are doing to fight the war. These guys who say they were in World War II and it was great, well, they don't know. They've never been to Vietnam and they don't know what a bad place what a bad war it is. They don't know what an awful war it is and how much every guy over there wants the whole thing to end." Private Hopf had his own very personal reason for wanting to see the war end: after his leave, he will be shipped back overseas.

After two hours, the demonstrators decided to show the whole city what a student-labor coalition looked like. They picked up their banners and marched up Broadway... past tickertape... past confetti... past Greenwich Village... towards Bryant Park. At 39th Street and Sixth Avenue, the laborites ran into a contingent of well-armed union brothers from the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association (AFL-CIO).

Horses... clubs... nightsticks... blood in the streets. As they removed the injured to a hospital one old time trade-unionist was heard to say: "It looks like the nineteen-thirties all over again. In those days, the cops would bloody the heads of trade unionists. Now, they're doing it again. We are going to have to really start fighting again." One warm sunny New York day, a new militance was born.

In the past 10 years Indian organizations and Tribes have been demanding that the U.S. government honor their treaties, and at long last fulfill their obligations, promises made by the U.S. in exchange for 1,905,000,000 acres of land. Treaties promised certain annuities, educational, health, and economic-transitional aid to the 315 U.S. Tribes. These promises and services have never been adequately provided.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs, within the Department of the Interior, has a budget of \$500,000,000. this fiscal year. There are 50,000 employees to serve the 600,000 Indians on the reservations in the U.S. Indians median income remains the lowest in the U.S.: \$1500. per year per family. Life expectancy is only 42 years for reservation Indians, compared to 72 for all Americans. Education facilities are irrelevant, creating a 60% dropout rate. Unemployment is at least 60% averaged for all reservations. The U.S. government has failed utterly to either provide the required services, or to complete the destruction of the tribes which it so long sought. Indians are now demanding changes in the policies of the government, the B.I.A., and the transition of the B.I.A. into Indian management.

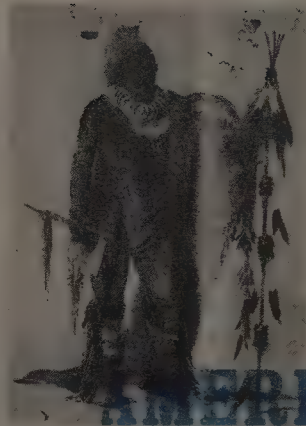
The B.I.A. offices, in recent years, have been picketed and urged to be responsive to Indian needs. Now, because they have not responded, Indians have, since March 14, 1970, begun to occupy numerous offices. In LITTLETON, COLORADO,

the B.I.A. offices were occupied by Indians represented by the INDIANS OF ALL TRIBES organization, the UNITED SCHOLARSHIP SERVICE, the AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT, the NATIONAL INDIAN YOUTH COUNCIL, and the ORGANIZATION of NATIVE AMERICAN STUDENTS. They charged that the B.I.A. was practicing job discrimination against Indians, hiring only about 20 out of more than 250 jobs at that office, all Indians hired in custodial (janitorial) capacities, while non-Indians filled all higher positions. They were met finally by Assistant Secretary of Interior Loesch, who, after a non-responsive meeting, had the demonstrators all arrested. Out on bail, they reoccupied the offices. Now, in May, they are still there, demonstrating and demanding an investigation of the "colonial" B.I.A.

In Albuquerque, New Mexico, the B.I.A. data Center was charged with job discrimination in August by the NATIONAL INDIAN YOUTH COUNCIL, and the UNITED NATIVE AMERICANS. No response was given. In April, these Indians have occupied the B.I.A. offices, demanding investigations leading to more Indian jobs.

So the actions continue: in Gallup New Mexico, at the B.I.A. warehouse, Indians are charging job discrimination and non-responsiveness.

In Minneapolis, Minnesota, B.I.A. offices have been occupied by the



AMERICAN INDIAN

OCCUPY

AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT organization, charging job discrimination and non-responsiveness.

In Chicago, Illinois, the B.I.A. offices have been occupied, charged with job discrimination and non-responsiveness.

And in Cleveland Ohio, the B.I.A. offices have been occupied by Indians charging job discrimination and non-responsiveness.

NEWS MEDIA HAVE IN ALL BUT ONE OCCUPATION IGNORED THESE ACTIONS. WE URGE ALL MEDIA TO RECOGNIZE THESE ACTIONS, AND TO GIVE THEM THE ATTENTION THEY DESERVE. Thank you.

UNITED INDIAN PRESS INTERNATIONAL.

BUREAU

OF

INDIAN

AFFAIRS

OFFICES

| SYMBOLS | |
|---------|---------------------------------|
| DL | = Day Letter |
| NL | = Night Letter |
| LT | = International Letter Telegram |

INTERGALACTIC UNION

DOPOGRAM

MAY 25 1970

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS

THE FIRST DUTY OF A REVOLUTIONIST IS NOT TO GET CAUGHT - ABBIE HOFFMAN.

LAST WEEK THEY CAUGHT REVOLUTIONIST ANDREA ROSENBERG, 20 YEAR-OLD STUDENT. SUPPOSEDLY \$100,000 WORTH OF DRUGS - LSD, MESCALINE, HASHISH AND MARIJUANA WERE STORED AT HER APARTMENT AT 772 WEST END AVENUE. \$25,000 WORTH OF BAIL WAS POSTED BY HER FATHER AND AN AUNT OF HERS. BARRY FRANKLIN, 21, A COLUMBIA SENIOR, IDENTIFIED BY THE POLICE AS MISS ROSENBERG'S CUSTOMER, ALSO POSTED \$25,000 BAIL. HAROLD PRESSANO, A RESIDENT STUDENT AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, WHO SHARED MISS ROSENBERG'S APARTMENT, WAS UNABLE TO POST BAIL AND WENT TO JAIL.

FINE IF YOUR DAD HAS BREAD. OTHERWISE YOU HAVE TO JOIN THE OTHER 350,000 BROTHERS AND SISTERS DOING TIME IN JAIL FOR DOPE. AS THE END OF 1-1970 FOR THE OLD GENERATION, JAILS MIGHT HOLD HALF A MILLION SMOKERS. HOW MANY PRISONS HAVE TO BE BUILT TO HOUSE ONLY DOPE PRISONERS IN LET'S SAY 1972 OR 1975? SOME NUMBERS. AT PRESENT THERE ARE THREE BILLION HUMAN BEINGS. IN THE YEAR 2008, THE POPULATION WILL HAVE DOUBLED. OUT OF THE PRESENT THREE BILLION, HALF WILL BE DEAD. SO IN TWO THOUSAND AND EIGHT, 4.5 BILLION OR 75% OF MANKIND WILL BE UNDER 38. DO THE TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT AGING ALCOHOLS AND ALL THE CORRUPT GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD REALLY BELIEVE THEY CAN TELL ANYBODY NOT TO SMOKE MARIJUANA OR WHATEVER? THE U.S.A. HAS TWENTY MILLION TURNED-ON PEOPLE. THREE-HUNDRED MILLION PEOPLE-FIFTY PERCENT MORE THAN THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THIS COUNTRY, SMOKE MARIJUANA AND HASHISH. WE ARE A MAJORITY, BUT STILL A SILENT ONE.

LAST SUNDAY A BENEFIT WAS GIVEN FOR JOHN SINCLAIR. FINANCIAL LOSS. HOW MANY HAVE BEEN ARRANGED FOR HIM ALREADY? ON MAY 11TH, A BENEFIT PARTY FOR TIM LEARY MADE VERY LITTLE MONEY. FUCK BENEFITS. WHAT IS THE GOVERNMENT DOING WITH BAIL MONEY? IT FINANCES THE POLICE, IT BUILDS PRISONS TO HOLD US, IT PAYS FOR THE WAR. FUCK THE MONEY, WE WANT TO ABOLISH MONEY, WE DON'T NEED MONEY, WE NEED TOGETHERNESS. IF ANDREA ROSENBERG WOULD HAVE MADE USE OF HER RIGHT OF ONE PHONE CALL, AND WOULD HAVE CALLED A REVOLUTIONARY FRIEND, WHO WOULD HAVE INFORMED TEN OTHER FRIENDS, AND EACH OF THEM CALLED TEN OTHER PEOPLE, WITHIN THE HOUR, HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF HEADS COULD HAVE STORMED THE APARTMENT OF MISS ROSENBERG. AND THOSE DOZEN NARCOS WOULD HAVE SHIT IN THEIR PANTS. WE HAVE TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN VIOLENCE TOWARDS OBJECTS, AND VIOLENCE TOWARDS PEOPLE. WHERE ARE THE THOUSAND STUDENTS - DIRECT OR INDIRECT CUSTOMERS OF ANDREA ROSENBERG? WHY DON'T THEY PICKET THE POLICE STATION? SOME MORE NUMBERS. RAMSEY CLARK, FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL FOR LBJ, GAVE THE INFORMATION THAT EVERYBODY IN THE COUNTRY BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 21 OUTNUMBER THE ENTIRE U.S. ARMY TEN TIMES. TWENTY-PERCENT OF THOSE ARE BLACK. IN OTHER WORDS, THERE ARE TWICE AS MANY BLACKS, KIDS BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 AND 21, THEN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES. THE GOVERNMENT IS QUITE RIGHT TO SHIT IN THEIR PANTS.

JULY 4TH, INDEPENDENCE DAY, IS OUR CHANCE TO FREAK THEM OUT. LET US ALL GO TO WASHINGTON, D.C. WITH AS MUCH GRASS AS POSSIBLE. MAKE THEM LOOK RIDICULOUS. NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT ALL THE MARIJUANA SEEDS YOU HAVE SAVED FOR THE PAST MONTH. PLANT THEM IN EVERY PARK AND ALL THE TREES IN THE STREET, ON THE ROOFS. LET THE COPS BUST PLANTS. CAN YOU SEE THE PIGS CARRYING MARIJUANA PLANTS TO THEIR OFFICERS?

DO IT. DON'T GET CAUGHT. OM

DOPE NEWS: GRASS SHORTAGE. ACAPUACO GOLD, \$250. GREEN FROM SOUTH AND MEXICO, \$210 A POUND. NO HASH. SUNSHINE, 50 CENTS. MESCALINE, \$1.50.

DOPE NEWS FROM THE BRONX, TWO WEEKS THEY WERE DEALING BROWN DOTS FOR FOUR TO FIVE DOLLARS A PIECE.

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RABELAIS

(Continued from Page 7)

man. Presumptuous perhaps to say that was how Barrault conceived it, but again maybe not. His choice of Rabelais as spokesman-subject, the chronology of the production itself, could hardly be chalked up to coincidence in league with artistic whim.

In May of 1968 when the general strikes and student riots broke out in France, Barrault was director of Paris' Theatre des Nations, a government-appointed position that placed him second in command to Andre Malraux, France's formidable Minister of Culture. During the second week of national turbulence, a group of insurgents decided to "liberate" the Odeon and occupy it as a Paris base of operations. There was still some fear at that time of a workers' reprisal against the students and radical elements who supported them. Although they had strong support from striking farmers and factory workers outside of Paris, within the local labor area there was definite opposition to the massive disruptions and resentment toward those involved (check out the present construction workers-anti-war conflicts to update this situation), and the demonstrators were concerned with these possible counter-attacks. But the stage-hands union agreed to support the strike and open the Odeon to the students.

Barrault did nothing to prevent the occupation of his theatre, and shortly thereafter, as the strikes and rioting grew more intense, the French government via Malraux ordered Barrault to shut off the electricity as a means of driving the activists out of the Odeon and possibly breaking the strike. Barrault refused to comply, stating simply that his conscience would not let him do so. Malraux then fired him, at which point he joined the rebel

in their occupation of his former theatre. Following the bloody barricade riots the Odeon was used as a hospital, its seats filled with wounded young people who refused to go to regular hospitals where they would have been arrested. And Barrault stayed with them, working twenty-four hours a day with those fighting to bring down the government.

With himself as director, Barrault and his wife, actress Madeleine Renaud produced *Rabelais* independently and it opened in Paris the following January. After a year's run in Paris, it played London in the fall of '69 and went on to Rome and Milan before coming to the United States. Its American premiere was in Berkeley, on 2 May of this spring, where it played most of its one-week run and received a tremendous response from capacity student audiences. Its final Berkeley performance was cancelled by the university administration when riots broke out in the wake of the Kent State killings. A week in Los Angeles after Berkeley, and now a two-week engagement at New York's City Center.

Barrault, now 60, has created *Rabelais*, his homage to youth and liberation, a poetic exultation of sensuality and the life force of mankind.

TALKING MUSIC

(Continued from Page 3)

U.S. GRADE — IMPORTED SOUTHEAST ASIAN the cans could be made available to the public for free. Sort of a government kickback on the public war effort. Death 5 or 6 times removed and still good for a buck or two. Not bad for a monster card player. An international exchange would set up a new non-gold standard. The U.S. sends Germany 20,000 cans of fresh frozen yellow meat and gets back, on a brisk market, a million guaranteed pure bleached Jew spines. Or give Russia two million certified Chinese

eyeballs, and Russia would send a shipload of murdered revisionists or whatever they've got in stock. France must have some Algerians here and there. The Congo and Nigeria must be flourishing in rotted black bodies. And Israel could supply endless Arabs — the Arabs could send whatever they happened to get their hands on. Cypriots would be a delicacy served only at State functions. The possibilities are almost infinite and open to improvisation.

And some are trapped in disappearance — sighing, screaming with it. Buying and selling pieces of phantom — worshipping each other. Longing or inevitability leaps about as someone walks down a street. Enough to cancel all that comes. And what comes is gone forever everytime. That leaves it open for no regret.

And when people are anxious and fearful of the future, they usually retreat to what is most familiar. When the old ways are demonstrably deadly and some step into the unknown is unavoidable, only by giving himself the soundest most truthful information can a man devise a plan.

And most of what media has to offer is access to the machinery of scale. Limited access is offered for the people to fight over. As long as the access is limited so is the information. There must be more information, and that information, if it is pertinent to relevant change, must have access to scale. If the rock stars, political careerists and false bottom hipsters block that access; if the only possibilities they act out are bright clothes, long hair, hard-huts, wild ass postures and dope at the office, it means that the opportunities for scale are being plugged up by masquerades and truth is denied access to that which it needs to intercept the hollowhearted eruption of a mock revolution from which nothing will emerge. And that jerry-built war cannot be forestalled or diminished by capitulating to fear or greed or doing violence to your own visions.

For when you're alone
When you're alone like we are alone
You're either or neither
I tell you again it don't apply
Death or life or life or death
Death is life and life is death
I gotta use words when i talk to you
But if you understand or you don't
That's nothing to me and nothing to you
We all gotta do what we gotta do

Anything anybody can say about America is true. America is on the mind of mankind more than any other single image has ever been. America is the meanest, most prosaic, romantic, naive, dynamic force on the planet. The American mythos revolves around loneliness — fair play — and violence. America manufactures phenomena faster than anything else. America has vomited her dead profits upon her shining promise. And that promise is the blinder in this card game scammer, the ace in the hole, so to speak. It is the promise of politics.

You see, politics and all politicians are automatic captives of power. From the so called president to the meanest Philadelphia wardheeler, from the leaders of remote-controlled revolts to the students taking a flyer into idealism — all of them are subjects governed by hierarchies. Both they

and their games are policed by the dead hand of politics. And it is this infeasibility of politics that keeps liberation in hock and makes people survive as those who cannot live.

It is the Workable Lie and it can be seen clearly. For instance, the act of buying a piece of land for whatever purpose can hardly stand as evidence of one's belief that the earth cannot be bought and sold; or the recommendations of voluntary slavery by spiritual and religious figures who reason that once a slave offers his labor of his own accord he is no longer a slave; or the playing of one power game after another: if it's not money then it's status, if not status then it's fame, if not fame then some other form of image-personna hustle; or the false commitments to humanism that inhibit the consignment of past and present theoreticians of partial and tricked-up revolutions to the museum; et caetera. It's this insanity inherent in the workable lie that invokes and seeks to make necessary the world's end.

In this ideological age, where ideas live a greater life than man and words are juggled in a gigantic hoax, you need more than the skeleton to make the vision walk. You need to lift off something that is neither beauty nor truth, but only a plaster false face if you are to be one of the only ones to discover the grin of the skeleton.

The only ones that reached their

own rock bottom and got up. They always get up. They search for brothers and sisters not friends. They do not play the role of crowd in remakes of the Law & Order vs. Riot movie. They don't sell their vision — to sell their vision would be to pretend that it's theirs. They don't put themselves on, fall guy. They are wise to the educated fools who look to confront fake situations where pretensions can be made to self defense. They kill who has to be killed. They are sick and tired of being sick and tired. They dig that the goin' up better be worth the comin' down. They deceive deception. They are spreading the cheeks and kissing the little brown asshole of democracy. They deal with all real things in all moments of agony and joy. They don't waste their efforts in games which kill time, deaden awareness and brutalize feeling. They do not let themselves be suicided by a Judas-goat society. They are no longer lonesome for their heroes. They take care of business. They don't nickle-dime bomb make believe numbers. They do what is necessary (not what might be necessary) to end the desperation of illness, hunger, nakedness, addiction, poverty, eviction, jail, oppression and the money conspiracy which is decimating the streets and backwoods. They are all innocent. They are felons. They are good at it. They do not intend to spend anymore time in penitentiaries. They do not use the courts for redress. They are silent about almost everything. They remember Michael Collins and what his comrades did to him. They do not own it. They love. They are the offspring of mid-twentieth century broken consciousness. They are beyond the possibility of defeat. They, that unnamed 'they'. Well nothing moves a mountain but itself. And they — I've long ago named them me.

Old wars got you down?
Don't cop-out on conflict... dig!
Here's a new war you can play at home.
Dance to it... romance to it...
take off your girlfriend's
pants to it...

ERIC BURDON DECLARES WAR

ERIC BURDON DECLARES
"WAR"



SE-4663

NEW FROM



FLASH!

Flash from the world of advertising and radio hypocrisy. Radio station WNEW FM has refused to air commercials for the movie BRAND X prepared and recoded by the Brand X cast. Mr. Paul Theriault, slave of the Group W system, turned down the tapes on the grounds that listeners wouldn't like to hear the word BODY ODOR in their living rooms, bedrooms, or where ever they listen to their radio. He was reminded that a number of good words like MOTHERFUCKER were being aired in the playing of the Woodstock tapes, and claimed that these were not "advertising", not advertising for whom? we ask. After this objection seemed

blocked, he claimed that the tapes had no production value, meaning they sounded like you were in a real room and there were people laughing and sounds of people having a good time. It was explained to him that the producers and director, really knew quite a bit about sound, and that they wanted the kind of home made sound they had recorded. The third objection was that the voices were too ethnic. This is a good example of how hip WNEW FM with 47 year old Alison Steele really is. They are, in fact like all other 'commercial communications networks', SCARED NAZI PIGS. Power to the People. The Airways belong to the people.

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'All ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free' John 8: 32

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3. Perform marriages and exercise all other ecclesiastic powers.
4. Get sizeable cash grants for doing our missionary work.
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(Continued from Page 10)
and — God change me to a nigger if he ain't gone and wrote up some old Egyptian hymn into a country-and-western love song.

No shit. There's one line that says, 'I hear the bleak black crickets dying, but not my love for you'. Now, what's a *bleak black cricket* but a *scarab beetle*, which we all know in Egyptian religion is the symbol of the constant extinction and regeneration of life? So Sanders, he don't give two turds about no bleak black crickets, they'll just come back around again on the great *gittar*, he just want to get into some more nookie. And like

I say, that wife of his Miriam, she sure is a looker, and that little bitty daughter must be getting *real* fine by now, if you like 'em young like *I* do. But anyway, in the next verse he gets to singing about dying, 'I see the grey hawk a-drooling, the manacles, the misery'... Now, the great grey hawk, probably, means Keher, the Egyptian God of the Dead you see in all those old heiroglyph pictures, hovering in the form of a hawk over the barge that draws the souls of dead people across the river to hell. Brrrr, creepy bastards, those Egyptians... But you gotta remember, they didn't have just one God like us, they had lots of Gods that all related in one form or another to this god called Ra. And maybe Sanders was really *truly* talking about this god Ra-Harakhte

here, which was the big stud sun god those Egyptians had, and the sun was his right eye and the moon was his left eye, which leaves us going around and around the inside of this 'big bird's skull, since Ra-Harakhte was generally pictured as a man with the head of a falcon, which is another kind of hawk, except the game rules for shooting falcons are even stricter than for shooting hawks. More partial to partridge, myself, they got more meat. Ra-Harakhte was also called Behdety, Harsiesis, Haroeris, and Harmakuis, every time he changed chores he got a different name, and then there's an Egyptian god of War called Mont with a falcon's head, and a goddess named Nekhebet who protected women in childbirth, and *she* had the face of a *vulture*... Which ought to go to show these high-tone intellectual poet fellers the trouble they can cause a person fooling around with pagan gods and like that. Why, one of the sons of Horis was called Qebhsnuf (no 'u' after the 'Q' even!) and he had a falcon's head too, but *he* ruled the *intestines* of people. Is Sanders telling us every time he things about death he pukes?

But that ain't alo, it's just time for another paragraph here. The line in 'Breadtray Mountain' after this hawk business goes, 'feerry us to the grave, death will release us from this jail'. Now those Egyptians, they thought of this life as a big jail, and when death came they wanted to get taken across some river to the promised land, which they described as heaven or hell, depending on which mood they were in at the moment. So there's that, and at the beginning and end of the song, Sanders says, 'I hear the swirling flowerbuds falling', and I couldn't tell you in *how* many religions they talk about flowerbuds falling being a sign of death.

All this Egyptian shit is in that one song called 'Breadtray Mountain', but he gets at it again in a couple other places. There's another gruesome song called 'They're Building My Coffin At The Sawmill', about this feller singing one last song to his woman before he passes on, and in this song there's a line about some 'Boat of sunlight sliding down the Cape'. Now, I don't know about any Capes along the Nile, but those Egyptians sure talked enough about the Sun Boat carrying corpses around. And at the beginning of 'Iliad', which we'll get to a ways on in this article, he starts out speaking some gibberish which for all I know could be Egyptian with a Kansas accent. And finally there's the last song, 'Homesick Blues', which has so much of this type-stuff in it I gotta give it a paragraph all itself.

(Continued on Page 16)

TRUCK STOP

(Continued from Page 15)

'Homesick Blues' is about this feller spends three years in 'Ovenwood Prison' on a one-to-five for draft evasion, which serves him right if he won't fight for this country and spits on the Flag he fucking aye ought to get locked up, but I'd like to have some fun with this punk before we kill him like he deserves, the commie fag freak peace creep... Anyway, this guy does three years, he's a poet, and he goes home afterward to his woman and she's sleeping with some other poet. And this is all pretty funny, especially when Sanders addresses the song to every peace creep in jail, telling them not to 'expect anyone or anything to wait one second for you'. Not that *this* album'll ever be played in jail, but it's funny up to there. But then he sets to talking wierd, saying 'remember this morsel from the Hideum,' which is the way Spain useta talk before he went to California, and there ain't nobody wierder than ole Spain. And Sanders, he goes on and he says, 'the oatmeal retches onward, spewing the speckled tooldrool over thee, griseous, gaseous', and then it goes all echo chamber like those psycho-delic musicians... And who is it talks about the great Oatmeal, or at least the great Puddin', but Hugh Romney (they say he's gone and changed his name to Wavy Gravy now) of the Hog Farm, and if you ask me Hugh ain't such a 100% American home folk like you or me as he could be...

And then after 'Homesick

Blues' there's 'Pindar's Revenge', and I don't even want to *think* about this one... It's the last song on the sblum, and it starts out how 'The old country school is now a crashpad, and you're gone', which would be all right if it wasn't for the ending. That one gets into some free-association shit, and he winds up talking about '42 billion years' during which 'we are led by the calf to the arroyo to be slaughtered', and we all turn into 'the electromagnetic cycle, enormous breathings and compressions of It'.... God damn, you look at Sanders on the cover of this album, and he's standing there in his pegged pants and teeshirt and boots and moustache, just as substantial and American as a fencepost, but then you hear this stuff in this last song here, and he just kinda buzzes away through your head, and you get the idea of some big black scarab beetle back there behind his eyebrows, just chittering away....

Shit, you don't pick up what you think is a good hillbilly music record album, and then expect to hear somebody tell you what it's like after you die!... You knew all about all that shit before you were born, you want to *forget* about it for a while now and listen to some fancy plucking on the great gittar. A few good dirty jokes and some pretty pussy don't hurt none neither.

And there's some great shit on this album I haven't even hinted at yet. Dirty joke wise - you ladies can stop reading right now - there's 'Maple Court Tragedy', about two studs showing each other pictures of their wives in compromising positions, if you know what I

mean. That'd be pretty good, except the refrain goes, 'The trees weep in the bending wind', and who ever heard of a dirty *baiku*? And then there's 'Plaster Casting Girl', about pore Red Dworkas of the Kansas City Poker Chips, and what his wife found on his fly one night in 1964... And then 'Iliad's' about this feller, Johnny Pissoff, who, after he drank so much his mind was 'sullied by images of Vampires', went out and stomped a fag in the presence of the Universal God of Salvation, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, this I do affirm.' That one ought to set you right down on the top of your fucking head, bub.

Speaking of Vampires, in "The ABM Machine" Sanders asks Melvin Laird if he's a Vampire. Now, it may be true that Melvin Laird's a Communist like they say in those folders you get in the mail from Illinois Headquarters, but Sanders really puts him down in this number. 'Quack, Quack, go the geese of Canada/ Honk, Honk go the ducks of derision'. Shit, if I was Melvin Laird I wouldn't show my face on television after I heard that one. And I guess vampires are relations to banshees, I gotta find some way to tie this one last song in, *Banshee*. Banshees are female Irish ghosts that scream when somebody in the family is about to die, and Sanders does some risque numbers with this, too. 'She'd kiss the Devil's big hoof and he'd hunch her with his horn', sure enough! Wonder how they ever got this album distributed....

Anyway, you gotta git this album, because if you don't you'll be missing a lot of fine laughs and some really excellent

plucking. Could be Sanders is feeding us all this Egyptianism as part of the Great Jewish Conspiracy - them Jews and Egyptians, they're all pretty shifty-looking, if you ask me - but you just keep your faith in sweet Jesus and you can't go wrong. Remember, you can call up God by praying even easier than dropping a dime in a phone booth.

BUT YOU CANNOT PETITION THE LORD WITH PRAYER!!!!



(Continued from Page 10)

a beer if Latimer hadn't kept panting: 'Bathing suit competition... slurp, slurp... when do they bring out the nookie?... Bathing suit...'

Latimer hadn't been so aroused since he had seen Bela L. going down on some dame's neck, twenty minutes before. 'He has style,' Dean had quipped at the time, 'real style.'

And they tramped on out in their best military fashion... tits out... belly in... bums out... They tramped out in alphabetical order, having just picked that up from watching Sesame Street. Miss Alabama... Miss Arkansaws...

They wore costumes which oh so cleverly the girls had designed themselves. Home economics... ecchhh. Now, this is not the Miss American contest, you don't need demure vestiges of talent to win. Here it helps to be able to stitch up a feminized version of a Marine Uniform, which was worn by the eventual winner, Miss Virginia.

OUT they tramped! Left feet first, toes down, graceful in their stiletto heels, down the gangplank passed the pride of American Beauty. The All-American Meat Parade. Every kind of mean honkie feature was presented: sharp-nosed, jutjawed Yankee faces from the Eastern Seaboard; inbred, hemophiliac, chinless, beady-eyed faces from the Deep South; from the Far West, stony, almost featureless hubcap faces; and from the midwest, the freckled, snub-nosed red-complexioned faces of those who subsist entirely on pork and corn tassles. All with bodies by Fisher, streamlined, roomy, and omnivorous. The thighs alone were longer than a man's arm. The hair itself was piled higher than Asians in a rice paddy. They were buckets and buckets of white teet in the mouths themselves, piled there willy-nilly, every which way, by generations of orthodontists, perodontists, and anxious mothers. The

(Continued on Page 17)

HOW TO DISPERSE TEAR GAS

(Continued from Page 9)

wise to practice this technique of converting an extinguisher to a chemical disperser, so that there is less difficulty when having to make one. Be prepared!

If you ever get a dose of tear gas, *immediately* go to an uncontaminated area, face into a breeze or air current, and shower or wash immediately with cold water for five minutes. If pain persists wash the affected areas with a 1% solution of sodium bicarbonate (baking soda) and rinse in cold water. Some people have said that it is good to grease yourself with vaseline (petroleum jelly) before the police start using the gas. Don't do it! The grease picks up the fine powdered chemical agents and makes it difficult to wipe them off. The best protection is to use tear gas masks, helmets and plastic face shields or goggles. Cover all other exposed areas of the skin with pieces of rubber gloves or auto tire innertube, which can be cut to shape. (L.A. Free Press)

by John Smith

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MISS AMERICA

(Continued from Page 16)
 fruition of the hexachlorophene generation.

And from this truly staggering toothsome line of American Beauty Honkies was pulled Miss Texas, a round little jello-bowl of a blondie who looked as though she subsisted exclusively on a diet of Feminique and aluminum hydroxide. We were informed by Bob Barker

that this quivering little ten-pound dumpling had been awarded the Miss Unity title, by the other contestants, in the week-long course of the plastics festival. 'Golly,' she modestly declaimed, 'I've probably been more trouble than I'm worth.'

'Look at that!' shrieked Claudia. 'She has to fucking degrade herself, just because she was picked Miss Unity.'

'Eleven hundred teenage boys and forty thousand middle-aged men came over that remark,' approximated Latimer gloomily. 'They'll hate themselves through the rest of the contest, lying there with their slimy, spent cocks in their fists.' 'It's an hour-and-a-half show,' encouraged Sid. 'They may have time to get it up again.'

Now, something odd was happening behind Barker and Miss Texas at this point: the orchestra was playing a spirited rendition of *Peter And The Wolf*, by that red Commie Rooskie Prokofief. 'Trow da hippie

faggot commie bum out,' yelled Latimer. 'What is dis, Miss Collective Farm? Bring on da pussy.'

And sure enough, they did. The first seven of the fifteen semifinalists were chosen, to little gasps and twisted incarnadine smiles of astonishment—Miss Nevada, Miss South Carolina, Miss Washington, Miss California, Miss Ohio, Miss Florida, and Miss District of Columbia, who was white. As were all the semi-finalists. There had been one, or possibly two Third World contestants, both of whom were placed inconspicuously in the last row, and scratched as soon as possible. A *schwartz* Miss USA? Are you kidding? And when Miss Florida was asked, a moment later, of her plans for the summer and fall, she responded that she was aiming for her Ph.D. ('A glut on the market,' moaned Sid, who is looking for a job.) As a consequence, Miss Florida was not seen again for the

duration of the contest. Has anyone checked out Miami Bay for the carcass?

A brief for infinitely boring history of the Miss USA contest was next delivered, by Lassie's Mother, her face lifted up by two stevedores with wharf pilings. After a brief commercial interlude provided by some ecologically murderous detergent soap—'Women's Lib ought to get together with the environmentalists,' growled Claudia—the remaining eight finalists were plucked from the group: Misses Virginia, Georgia, Maine, Tennessee, and New York, Oregon, Arkansas, and Maine. Each one was white as the cabinet of Richard M. Nixon. Interestingly enough, the audience applauded longest and loudest for Miss New York, which seriously complicates the theory that New York ought to be dragged out into the ocean—if we go, all our refugees in Miami will go with us.

In the following personality interviews, Bob Barker put it to Miss Texas that she had just been chosen Miss Sweetheart by her Texas university, and what did she think about that? When she replied that she thought 'Miss Sweetheart could be more relevant to the issues that concern students,' she was cut off faster than Warren Hickie trying to telephone the President.

Then Miss Campbell Soup of 1956-1961, stifling a bark, introduced what appeared to be a hooker from Cash Street in Biloxi, but who had fallen upon foul times when they closed the nearby Army base. But

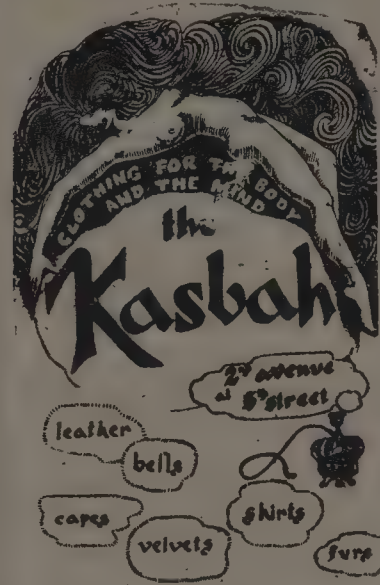
lo, it transpired that yon old crone was none but the very first Miss USA, from vintage 1951. Latimer lost his hard-on. 'They should outlaw shock treatment on those poor bastards,' he groaned. Girls from her day were different, Miss '51 observed. Why, when she won the contest, she won it in a borrowed gown.

Whilst we pondered the significance and righteousness of this, Durward Kirby came on with a case of Ivory Liquid, two cheerleaders, and a 31-year-old housewife who looked exactly like the cheerleaders because of the powerful medicine in Ivory Liquid. Also in her makeup, her shampoo, her hair dye and her girdle, which she failed to mention, but mainly in her Ivory Liquid. 'Old at thirtyone,' Claudia marvelled insecurely.

'Thank God for older women,' cracked Latimer, elbowing Claudia in the ribs boisterously.

The judges were introduced. Hung with the awesome responsibility of selecting the one pretty young thing that represents all the ideals that our founding fathers pondered long into the night in Carpernter's Hall in Philadelphia to determine—is she white enough, for the love of Colonel Sanders?' the judges withstood the pressure bravely. Some of them even mugged it up for the tevee camera. Wilhelmina of the New York beauty culture school of the same name. Bert Bachrach, not the composer, the right-wing newspaper columnist. Dick Knight of Avis, trying

(Continued on Page 18)



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MISS AMERICA

(Continued from Page 17) harder than ever. Len Dawson of the Kansas City Teetotalers. Teresa Graves, *Laugh-In's* token schwartze — 'Shoo, shoo, dey ain't no flies on her,' exclaimed Latimer, flashing what few teeth remain, in sorry trim. George Lindsay of *Mayberry R.F.D.*, the show that touches the febrile pulse of the nation. And Sue Olson, Miss USA of 1965. Some people will do anything for money. Even *this*. Then, for his first number, backed up by the Stone Canyon Band, Ricky Nelson sang 'Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You', Bob Dylan must have plugged himself into an AC outlet for a flash of clean energy. 'How did that song get on there?' marvelled Latimer. 'It's dirty!'

'You don't have to study Freud for eight years to determine the symbolism in that imagery,' agreed Sid, who is beginning to get down in the dumps about looking for a job.

Back to June Lockhart. Scratching her ear with her heel, this lady now proceeded to unload herself of some great one-liners. First she said, 'Well, the times they are a-changing,' which must have caused poor Dylan to lose 1958, '59, and '60 in the rush. She followed this one up with 'The girls say marriage is still the goal,' which caused Latimer to chuckle greasily. Then she ended her soliloquy with, 'Growing old isn't so bad if you don't overdo it,' and the two stevedores fell over gasping with breath, with double hernias.

'The swimsuits!' Latimer asked permission to take the television into the bedroom — 'Five minutes,' he begged, 'that's all I want' — but Claudia showed him a note from her doctor that said her bedroom had to be kept hygienically clean because of her incipient asthma. 'First, however, June Lockhart fetched some baby pictures of the finalists and, tail a-wag, held them up to the camera. 'Outstanding training,' admired Sid. 'Pavlov never quite got them to do that much, much. You'd almost think some of those Collies could think.' And then the assault of 100% American flesh began in earnest.

Throbbing, pulsing thighs rubbed together audibly as the tempestuous demigoddesses of Darkest America slinked one by one down the gangway, flesh steamily aquiver, muscles taut, glands groaning with desire. Latimer could no longer take it. 'Shit,' he

grunted tersely, at 2-second intervals. 'Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.' In a million homes around the country, fists tightened around phalli, prepuses were drawn back, testicles descended to the fullest, and musky groans filled the air. This is what those Feminique ads are all about, baby. But hold, something was drastically wrong. 'No ass!' shrieked Latimer. 'No tushie! What a vurn.' Sure enough, the cameras deliberately avoided showing full-on shots of gluteus maximi. A little tit. A little belly. A lot of leg. But no ass. 'Maybe it's on cable television. Know anybody who's got a set? Shit. Shit. Shit.'

It was over all too quickly. The strains of 'Both Sides Now' — 'Sides of what? Beef?' asked Claudia — changed to a honkified version of 'Painted Pony' behind a pre-recorded song-and-dance Extravaganza number performed by those contestants who could sing and/or dance. None of them was very good either. But now a departure from form occurred, a drastic departure from form. The previous Miss USA, a blonde camilla blossom named Wendy Dascomb, took herself to a teleprompter to drive away the usual bathing-beauty abdication-speech. However, this time the teleprompter seemed to be going too fast or something, for after the first plate of dripping platitudes she began to choke and falter. And finally she managed to say, 'I hope the next Miss USA will have all the enjoyment I had in my year, but without my own experience of fear — a great deal of fear — for our world?' Our world? One world? What kinda Miss USA is that? 'I didn't know they taught them about Dagoes and Greasers and Gooks in Charm School,' wondered Latimer.

The evening gown competition. Get that woman off there before they start to think, and get on with the Evening Gown Competition. They came out once again, all fifteen of them, wrapped in early Sixties-type ballroom finery, looking for all the world like housewives in inexpensively reconverted wedding gowns. 'Where are the Florida sisters?' asked Claudia plaintively. 'Aren't they going to have any kind of demonstration? Those poor dumb girls out there, they're in *bondage*!' 'Yeaaah,' leered Latimer, SYM consultant for *Screw*. 'Where they *belong*.' Ricky Nelson again. 'It's So Easy

To Be Freeeee,' he sang over and over again. And while the thunder of applause subsided — Americans know everything there is to know about being freeeee — a couple of runners-up were asked how they'd gotten on together all week, being roommates and all. 'Why, we're exactly alike,' marvelled the one who could talk — 'we're both Capricorns.'

Another commercial, and Bart asked each of the five finalists in turn — Miss South Carolina, Miss Georgia, Miss Virginia, Miss Nevada and Miss Tennessee — what *two things* each had learned during the plastics convention. There was a suspicious similarity in the bi-partite answers: each girl had found to her astonishment that 51 girls could be beautiful and not backbite each other in a catty fashion, and that each girl loved her home state above all others. Somehow this provided the judges with sufficient basis to choose Miss Virginia above all others, with Miss South Carolina as a runner-up — which shows you where America's at these days, down south in the land of cotton sure enough!

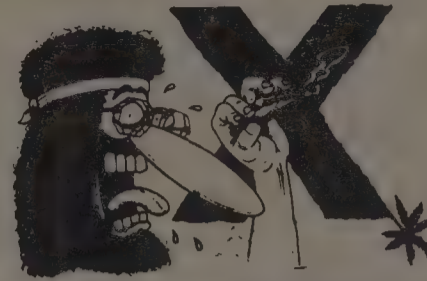
'L. Mendel Rivers must have rigged it,' declared Claudia.

'Or Strom Thurmond,' nodded Sid.

'Well, I dunno,' opined Latimer. 'If that sweet little

Miss Virginia was to crawl into my bed of a cold winter night, I wouldn't kick her out...'

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directed by Win Chamberlain, with John Harnish, director of photography, starring Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland, Frank Cavettini, Tally Brown with Abbie Hoffman and Candy Darling — produced by Trax Prod., distributed by C.M.B. Films, in eastmancolor

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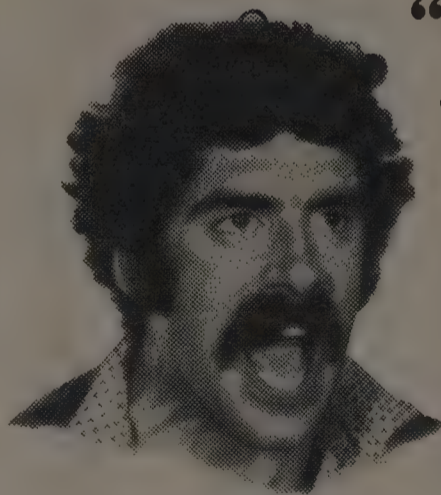
'Should do for TV what Putney Swope did for advertising, namely bring it up to date.'

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HARD HAT

(Continued from Page 5)

The crowd was called to order, but it took some time to do it. People were urged to hold their flags up high and some trouble developed in front of the speakers stand when one or two young fellows insisted on holding up a sign instead, *Red John Lindsay*, and the two union officials ordered them to lower it.

"Put down the sign," one of them said.

"It stays up!" the fellow answered.

"We're asking you to put it down. You should wave your flag."

"LINDSAY IS A COMMUNIST! IT STAYS!"

"Are you with the building-trades unions?"

"Yeah..."

"Ask him for his union card."

"Why ask for his union card? He's an American."

"Put the sign down!"

"NO!"

"Put it down!"

"No!"

"Let him keep the sign!" others shouted.

"Yeah, he's an American, this is a free country."

"Right!"

"Let him keep the sign."

He kept the sign, and the boys around him began chanting "*Lindsay is a Red! Lindsay is a red!*" and it was pretty lively down front as photographers took shots of small children sitting on the detours and waving American flags for their beaming parents, Gabe Pressman was shoved around some and looked haggard as he manipulated his way around the speakers platform. The police issued orders with their usual command, but today they smiled and spoke to the folks and one worker said "Tomorrow you got to wear your helmet, right? Hah, hah, hah-" and the cops enjoyed the mood of the day and some of them actually looked happy in the sea of flags, and the red squad or Bureau of Special Services was nowhere to be seen.

One of the workers from Local 638 Steamfitters Union commented on the length of my hair.

"Why don't you get a haircut?" he asked, but he was friendly.

"Look at this," I said, pulling an old I.D. card from my wallet that showed a crew-cut and a navy uniform.

"Ho," he said, "I guess you're all right, kid, but you sure would have fooled me with that hair of yours."

"It's a free country," I said. "And that's what we're here for, right?"

"Sure," He said. "Say, what are you a spy for us or something?"

"That's it," I said. "I'm a

spy."

"Well, God bless ya."

"Right," I said.

There were several long-haired people there but all of them carried flags and signs and they wore helmets and looked like greasers. Some Blacks were there too, and some Puerto Ricans, and they seemed to be as militant as the whites.

"Did you participate in the beatings last week?" I asked one of them.

"Hah," he said, chugging a beer.

"Do you agree with it?" I asked.

"Fucking-A. You bet I do."

"We ALL do," a white worker said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Whaddya mean, why? Why the fuck do you think? Say, who are you, anyway?"

I kept moving, and one of them shouted behind me, "*creep*." At length, the speaker who sounded like Johnnie Addie asked everyone to sing the National Anthem, and most did, and it was hard to stand there looking

nonchalant and quiet while the rest of them were singing their balls off. Then the pledge to the flag, and for that one, I lit up a cigarette and that too, did not go unnoticed, then they were called to order like the crowd at a heavyweight bout, and Pete Brennen was introduced and he fumbled around with some papers and said he wouldn't give the speech he'd come prepared to give.

"But we want this to go over as a real American gathering," he said. "So we're asking you to carry on without any violence so this will be something we can be proud of."

"We're all against war," he continued, going into a rap on the flag.

"This flag is more than just a piece of cloth. Men died for it. We fought for it. We shall not see it and all it stands for destroyed."

Then he went on about the students, about the fact that the various union men all support students, that they can hardly help supporting students when many students happen to be their very own sons and daughters but they will not see the education destroyed because we're the fellas who built this country, we built the hospitals that care for them when they're sick, and the schools that they want to burn down, and we are constructive, creative people who do not want to see any of this destroyed.

"But I want you to keep it peaceful," he said. "And remember, that peace sign they give, with their two fingers. In World War II, that was a sign of victory and you should remember that."

(Continued on Page 20)

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HARD HAT

(Continued from Page 19)

They cheered wildly.

"So they're giving us the sign of victory!"

They cheered even more wildly.

"And there's nothing wrong with peace signs, so don't worry about them. And don't forget, the police are not here to be whipping boys for anybody. The police have been handling this kind of thing for weeks, and they're tired, so why don't we let them go home to their families today without anybody trying to be a Jack Dempsey."

"YEY!"

"They say we have the reputation of being rough. Well, in our business you have to be rough. It's not a sissy's business. But we all gotta prove we can control ourselves as human beings. And I just want to say, you fellas have conducted yourself in such a manner that no American would have reason to be ashamed."

Following that, Roy Corbin gave a rap, and other speakers followed, one of them a College Co-ed, who assured us that the communists were indeed inside the schools and a Hunter College fellow who have a long, droning rap about the commies and the peace-creeps and assault and battery in the corridors of the schools, but that things were due to change because fine Americans like the ones gathered here today, blah, blah, and you are all eminently qualified to talk with the students.

"You must talk to them," he said. "Tell them what it's like to earn a dollar."

The workers didn't seem to be particularly interested in all of this, it was hot and humid now, and the sweat was rolling down their faces and soaking their various skivvy-shirts, sweatshirts, working shirts and flannel shirts and bare backs, and some of them were arguing amongst themselves or chanting or cursing generally about the dirty, fudging peace creeps and other undesirable, and you could feel the violence radiating from their large, beer-soaked bodies, and the anger and even the nostalgia.

And these fuckers were nostalgic. No matter what their ages, most of them had paid their dues, fought for the buck, and the most exciting and meaningful thing any of them had ever done was go to war, wear the uniform, serve the country, and perhaps this was because of the fact that one usually goes to war during one's youngest and greatest years, and this also made it the most appalling thing any of them had ever

done. And here's these young creeps criticizing and actually defaming the experience, and the vague, abstract idea of the flag that went with it, it's enough to make you want to puke. And they would never come to the realization that they had been had. Never. Their best years had been stolen, their buddies had been killed, their marriages delayed, their limbs in some cases removed entirely, and they never realized they'd been had, they'd never forgive a sap for trying to get out of it. During World War I, an anti-German persecution was carried out on German Nationals in this country (and in many cases against citizens with vaguely German-sounding names, or vague German connections, made no difference) that matches anything from the McCarthy era or today. That was the cause of one of the first really large conscriptions in this country, and the harsh military discipline did not settle well with the men, or by proxy, the public, there was talk throughout the war of revenge and recrimination against various officers and leaders when it was all over for they had been brutal and stupid and we were free men and were not gonna take it, but when the war ended, nothing happened. The men went back to trying to scrape out a living and faded into such organizations as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars (the kind of thing, H.L. Mencken noted, that had never before existed in a civilized country, "even the late confederacy.") and by World War II, except in isolated cases, the whole thing had been forgotten and the war was lost in a fog of soggy memories and jingoist sentiment, and that's the way it's been pretty much until Vietnam. The fuckers were all heroes. We were all heroes.

One old fellow came up to me and said "I wanna be interviewed. I wanna get on the stand."

"What do you want to be interviewed about?"

"Look at this," he said, displaying his wallet.

"My union card, and my birth certificate. I'm 56 years of age, I'm from Local 3, the journeymen class. My brother was the union leader Charlie Coleman. That's me in 1952. See how I've changed? I've got cirrhosis of the liver and they only give me 65 dollars a week to live on. I can't take care of myself properly on that. I need more money. I've been in the union for 26 years, and I started out at 80 cents an hour. *80 cents an hour in those days!* What do you make of that, eh?"

"That's pretty rough," I said.

"You're damned right," he said. Lindsay's a bum, and the union should be taking better care of me."

"You're perfectly correct," I said.

Then the speeches were over and the officials were all helped off the stand and they all began to march down Broadway, chanting and cackling and drinking that beer from cans, and waving their flags and fists at the office workers in the windows who showered the street with ticker tape and litter and waved flags and cheered the boys in the street.

The sides of the street were crowded with fine Americans, cheering them on and beaming with pride. I joined the march and got shoved a couple of times so I began shouting with them, U.S.A.! All the way!

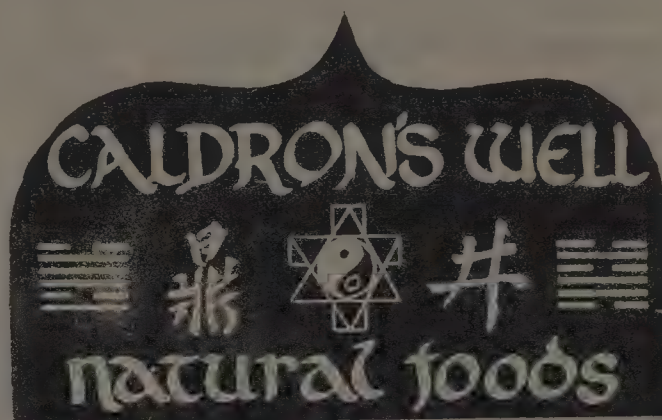
and it was pretty funny, pretty wild, are they so easy to deceive? We marched and shouted and pretty girls were whistled and hooted at and the crowds cheered and the police smiled and laughed at a lot of the general shenanigans. The sweat pouring freely, they huffed and puffed it along, and they were mean, tough, psychotic and patriotic, and two or three folks gave a V. sign on the side and there was booing and screaming

and a small pileup which the friendly police officers soon dispersed and the workers at the Steel Center pounded the steel as we marched past and there was a very bouyant feeling in the street, very heavy, very confident, very threatening and mildly amazed by the fun of the event, and the fact that they could have been doing this for years.

At Bowling Green, the thing broke up and a group of rowdies broke from the main crowd with a dummy in a set of wooden stocks, and a sign reading *Let the Punishment Fit the Crime for Our Draft Deserters* and with long hair and long underwear with large shit stains in the back and they carried it along chanting

"To the River! To the river!" and "Lindsay's a bum! Lindsay's a bum!" and "Lindsay's a faggot! Lindsay's a faggot!" and when they reached the water they threw the thing in and cheered and snorted and laughed and coughed and amazed the passengers of a ferry boat that was heading off for the Statue of Liberty, fine lady.

They left peacefully and went back to their various seven-dollars-an hour positions uptown and in Brooklyn and on Wall Street and in Connecticut. The next day they gave a wide berth to the members of other local unions who had come to demonstrate for peace and brotherhood and other strange things.

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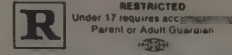
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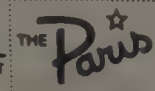
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FROM OUR SPONSORS

(Continued from Page 11)

the publicist it's just a job. Whatever happens, someone's always buying and selling something else.

The power of the press is constantly undergoing modifications and revisions. The power that the press has as well is not to lose its objectivity or incorruptable nature... Consider governmental communications - they start off something like this: "Today White House sources announced that... (fill in your own information). You can tell how big a paper's operation is by whether they reprint the official memorandum in toto or cut it down, or whether they even forget about printing that lie and print their own. There's no way to get away from it, no way to evade the responsibility for what one sees.

One must be skilled in the art of reading (perhaps that's why many people

have stopped reading anything because of the essential distrust for the press. One must be skilled in doubletalk, one must be able to give it back, compound their doubletalk with yours. Doubletalk, and now a word from our sponsor: THE FOLLOWING NEWS ITEM IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE UNITED STATES INFORMATION AGENCY - THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IS AS STRONG AS EVER, ITS PEOPLE ARE UNITED AGAINST A COMMON FOE, THE E IS MERELY A LITTLE INTERNAL SQUABBLING ABOUT GOALS. Read: The government is undergoing a crisis of values and conscience, after two hundred years, the government is being redefined in terms of current industrial and cultural problems, the prognosis is good but the body will have to be revived.

In this commercially-oriented society, a word from the sponsor is the next most important message after Mother, God and


Country. Veritably the fourth estate in America, the word from the sponsor. The United States Government, courtesy of the governmental communications conglomerate brings you a fireside chat with the President, or... and now USA (you can't take the usuary out of USA) presents Life with Father, the continuing saga of Kim Agnew and her Dad in the modern world. The possibilities are endless... and now a word from our sponsor.

Take it a step further, take it to the international level where whole cadres of people spend all of their time writing press releases and reading them to people and sending them to other public relations directors in other capitols of the world. The State Department handles this country's public relations abroad and the White House Press Secretary handles it in this country... and now a word from

our sponsor. Who sponsors this country anyway. Big business is the obvious answer, but business is not a sponsor, a state of mind which makes business the most important product. After a while, exposing the slime places the writer within the same slime/ pr record or governmental, like the hype of "peace negotiations" and "reasoned discourse with dissident students", or the militant hype of "we are all going into the streets to combat fascism, the workers are banding together with the students, middle America has crumbled"... hype is hype, another word from our sponsor.

Dive and the boys (including Dick and John) have always been with us, the boys in the press have been seeing the same thing for thousands of years. And it continues, another word from our sponsor, another word from our sponsor until there are no more sponsors left and no more words.

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ART

(Continued from Page 7)

and proceed from Museum to Museum and to the many galleries in order to secure the idea of a solidary strike, and in case that Museums and Galleries will not act out the "order of the day" - to close the art-places.

Demonstrate by Manifestors

Seems to be the latest style of a new art-approach. One of the real personal and expressive manifesto-contributions of the Strike-Art-Action is the one of Poppy Johnson, who had been acting in many of the GAAG (Guerilla Art Action Group) events in the last month of ART-REVOLUTION. Poppy, who is a painter and collagist (I think a talented and imaginative one) has the following to say:

"We have heard many proposals to the parasite industries of art - the galleries and museums. Why should artists work to save the credibility of this corrupt system? Let them save their own necks if they can. We have wrongs we must right. Artists must stop providing the sweet smell of culture to people and corporations covered with the carrion-stick of war and oppression. That means no commissions from General Electric or Marine Midland Bank; no more U.S.I.S. shows abroad to sweeten Amerikkka's image; no more showing in the lobby of Chase Manhattan nor in the subsidiary branch, the Museum of Modern Art; no more Ford or State Council on the Art grants; no more showing in galleries actually supported by oppressive industries; no more selling to people whose money is stained with poor southern, vietnamese, black, cambodian, mexican, free greek, puerto rican and city children's blood. No more selling to Rockefeller, Paley, Javits, etc. etc. etc....

We would probably find if we were brave enough that that would mean no more art world as we know it now. Then at least we would all see how dependant we are on the wealthy war-mongering system for our pretty lofts, our chic bars, our glossy magazines and our white, white walls. We would be stripped of all these, naked, and we could begin to create an art and a world that would not have to be so terribly, terribly horribly ashamed. No more business as usual. Use your energy to stop war, racism and oppression. Artists on Strike." signed Poppy Johnson.

Artist Poppy Johnson belongs to the YOUTH-GENERATION of ART of 1970. She is 20 years young. She has ideals, beliefs, guts, talent, energy, she is really A BEAUTIFUL HUMAN BEING. She and the art-world she is dreaming of, should get a chance... let's change the ART and our society for a better tomorrow.

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NOBODY NOZE

(Continued from Page 7)

monologue, near the end of the play, of course, his mother is coming to visit, him, he has heard from one of his sisters, and he is back with his girl. Now, that's quite a deus ex machinus in these times.

And of course, there was a whole production number devoted to that great Amerikan dream of becoming a millionaire.

I'm only one opinion and certainly not in the majority. The audience did all but give the case a standing ovation. But then, they heard exactly what they wanted to hear.

The show was blatantly down on drugs, to the point of practically ignoring that they exist, much less that they are so widespread. And when drugs were mentioned, it seems that the only ones who partook

were the "hoods" (remember — from the '50's?) and certainly not the nice kids you saw before you. There was not even a suggestion of riots, or looting, or even gang wars, and the blacks and whites harmonized beautifully in this production, and I don't mean vocally.

Yes, this is a heartwarming production,

far outreaching "Give a Damn" buttons for a new rise in tokenism. And if you can swallow the carefully selected half truths, you won't need a glass of warm milk and some graham crackers to coax you into blissful slumber, because you've finally found the doctor who has told you you're in perfect health.

SHE LIFTED HER SKIRT...

and he stared hungrily at her legs. "You really do like Horseshit Magazine?" she asked him. "I love it," he said. "I've been looking for a man like you," she said, pulling her dress off. "What is your favorite section?" she asked excitedly. "The take-off on the Kama Sutra? You know, the one with all those unbelievable positions? I thought that was hilarious." "I did, too," he said. She started unhooking her bra. "Or what about the Doity Pictures? I tested all my friends with that, just like the inkblot test. Some of the answers I got were just incredible," she said as she slipped the bra off. "My God!" he said. "You're beautiful!" She kicked off her shoes. "Oh, everything in Horseshit is just so wonderful!" Now, she only had panties on, but he just sat there looking uncomfortable. "Well, aren't you going to do something?" she asked. "I... I don't know how to begin," he said. "I haven't had much experience..." "You phony!" she yelled at him, snatching up her dress to cover herself. "You haven't read Horseshit Magazine!"



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FEMALE FIGURE MODELS. \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

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Hear my Heart when the cloud curses a smile & feet - steps weave an isle
yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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COMICSCROLL

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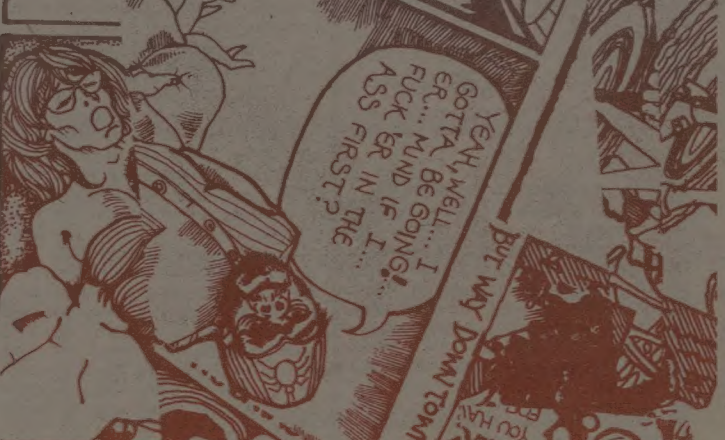
COMICSCROLL 1 is about humping and politics and sex and taxidiving and cannibalism and William Blake and Angels and Devils and f**king and about HOW THEY PLAN TO WIPE US OUT.

COMICSCROLL 1 is carefully and at times beautifully drawn and written. a small portion of it appeared in GOTHIC BLIMPWORKS before the Mysterious Demise of that publication. In those days it was called TALES OF THE ANARCHIST CRAZIES.

COMICSCROLL 1 is presently for sale at the Gallery of Erotic Art in a fancy-ass limited edition at ten bucks a throw. The edition for sale here was lithographed on good quality offset paper and costs much much less.

COMICSCROLL 1 is the first publication of GUN AND PASSPORT COMICS, a new organization dedicated to beautiful forms and contents for the Eternal Printed Image. Right now we consider the Comicscroll too heavily political and sexual for sale in stores, but \$1.10 sent to the address below gets you your scroll. It also gets you advance notice of our next comix... dirty and handsome and Unamerikan and... if The Lord be with us... in full living color. TIME IS SHORT... THE BILL COLLECTOR AT OUR DOOR, THE F.B.I. AT THINE...

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