

WOODWIND

an arts paper

WASHINGTON-BALTIMORE

25 ¢



Robert Johnson - 1955

woodwind vol 1 no 11

WOODWIND:
for information, call 965-9650

Please send letters, contributions,
and all correspondence to
1318 35th Street, NW
Apt. #2
Washington, DC, 20007

SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE
\$6 for one year, \$11 for two years
(mail to address above)



Narragansett Leathers

sandals
CUSTOM
MADE



BELTS BAGS HATS

319 Seventh St. SE

Closed Mondays

544-2211

Thanks this issue to Ruth Stenstrom
Lynn Pearson, Bernhard Living, Gregory,
Ingrid Leeds, M. Rutt, M. Adams, Michael
Zwerin, John Thornton, Elisevetia Ritchie,
George de Vincent, Robyn Johnson Ross,
Reiner Goldring, Charlene James, Kay Ellis,
Mark Loewinger, Stephen Allen Whealton,
Roger Tregelles, Irene Douglas, Sara
Judy Willis, Mike, Honey Pie, David Watt,
Richard Harrington

Reprints thanks to Kaleidoskope, LA Free
Press, New Schools Exchange Newsletter
and writers therein, William Burroughs,
Lawrence Lipton, Michael Zwerin

STEVE WALKER
M-F 4-7

essentially
jazz
sunday
9-11
MIND
MUSIC

JOSH

WHFS-FM 102.3 STEREO

mon-fri 7 to midnight
sat-6 to midnight

TOGETHER
sunday
11-2 am

THE ANSWER IS TO RELY ON YOUTH---
NOT A TIME OF LIFE, BUT A STATE OF MIND
A TEMPER OF THE WILL, A QUALITY OF
IMAGINATION, A PREDOMINANCE OF COURAGE
OVER TIMIDITY, OF THE APPETITE FOR
ADVENTURE OVER THE LOVE OF EASE.

THE CRUELITIES AND OBSTACLES OF THIS
SWIFTLY CHANGING PLANET WILL NOT
YIELD TO OBSOLETE DOGMAS AND OUTWORN
SLOGANS. THEY CANNOT BE MOVED BY
THOSE WHO CLING TO A PRESENT THAT IS
ALREADY DYING, WHO PREFER THE
ILLUSION OF SECURITY TO THE EXCITEMENT
AND DANGER THAT COME WITH EVEN
THE MOST PEACEFUL PROGRESS.

IT IS A REVOLUTIONARY WORLD WE ARE LIVING IN

robert f. kennedy



TO CHEER UP J.S.

Some days life is all last Sunday's cornflakes
hatching mold on the living room rug,
and the unopened bills, notes and bounced checks,
unwashed socks turning stiff, and the bug

still unkilld not because of his stinger
but because he would make such a blot,
and the peaches placed green by the window
which by sundown are soft brown with rot,

and the ties which one knows ought to bind one
become fetters of prickly barbed wire
or else cling limp like cold old spaghetti,
while one burns silent, and hot with new fire,

and the words that one spews prove out nonsense,
all the notes that one hits are off key,
yet the rope that one hoped would solve problems
slips its knot and one just breaks one's knee...

If only they'd wait till tomorrow
all this chaos would quietly pass,
but before one's head gets to the oven
the town shuts off one's long-unpaid gas...

So call in some dog who'll eat cornflakes,
pray the bug will show sense, fly away,
and that no one will burst home too early,
and that next time that damn knot will stay.

CURRICULUM VITAE

Oh I used to make great
and magnificent state-
ments about the variety
of love, and the propriety
of how I felt.
And I seldom melt-
ed helter skelter.

Ture, in the meantime,
in my uninnocent greentime,
some tried to persuade:
Love Needs To Be Made,
So ---

Oh no! I cried, staunch,
and shackled a haunch
with a chastity belt
(which chafed, raised a welt).
I'll just love with my soul:
automatic control.
I'll love with my mind,
for a pure love, I find,
is safer by far:
you know where you are!
Oh I said Oh I said Oh I said
(and so, mostly, I stayed out of bed).

Properly wed,
and now more mature,
I see ove can endure
for years and for better,
disregarding the fetters
and the webs and demands
which entangle our hands...

But sudden -- off guard ---
I have fallen -- and hard --
mind body and soul
all out of control
and its all very logical
and indeed biological
and quite psychological
and not the least stodgical --
thank godgical!

ELISAVIETTA

RITCHIE

FUNDAMENTALS

You want me to come to you

silent and hot

without question or promise or love.

But how could I come to you

silent or not

without love?

MANNA

Black
striped
squirring
grey
caterpillars
drop
like rain upon dead leaves.
Fat chicadees
hop
peck
snatch
secure
swallow bristling prey,
and peck
snatch
swallow
peck
and hop

More caterpillars drop,
and
never
stop.

Photo by John Thornton



ALUMNAE ACCOUNTS

Old school yearbook
faces of paste and cream
chokered with pearls,
sweaters swell
discreetly still,
skirts halve
fat calves
neatly aligned.

Flip, look:

See, here inclined,
no symmetry,
cheeky dreamy
oddity:
me
in borrowed pearls.

Time-ago girls
unfurled farewells
urging success
disguising dislike
promising memory,
ink uniform blue.

Each one's got
a Favorite Song.

Blow, years, blow.
Dried daisies blow
away, away we go.

Remember those labels?
Remember those dreams?

"Most Studious"
sews crewel now.

"Best Actress" made
Broadway;
they say: was made
frequently.

The class' "Most Poetic"
became an alcoholic.
Always was
hypersensitive.

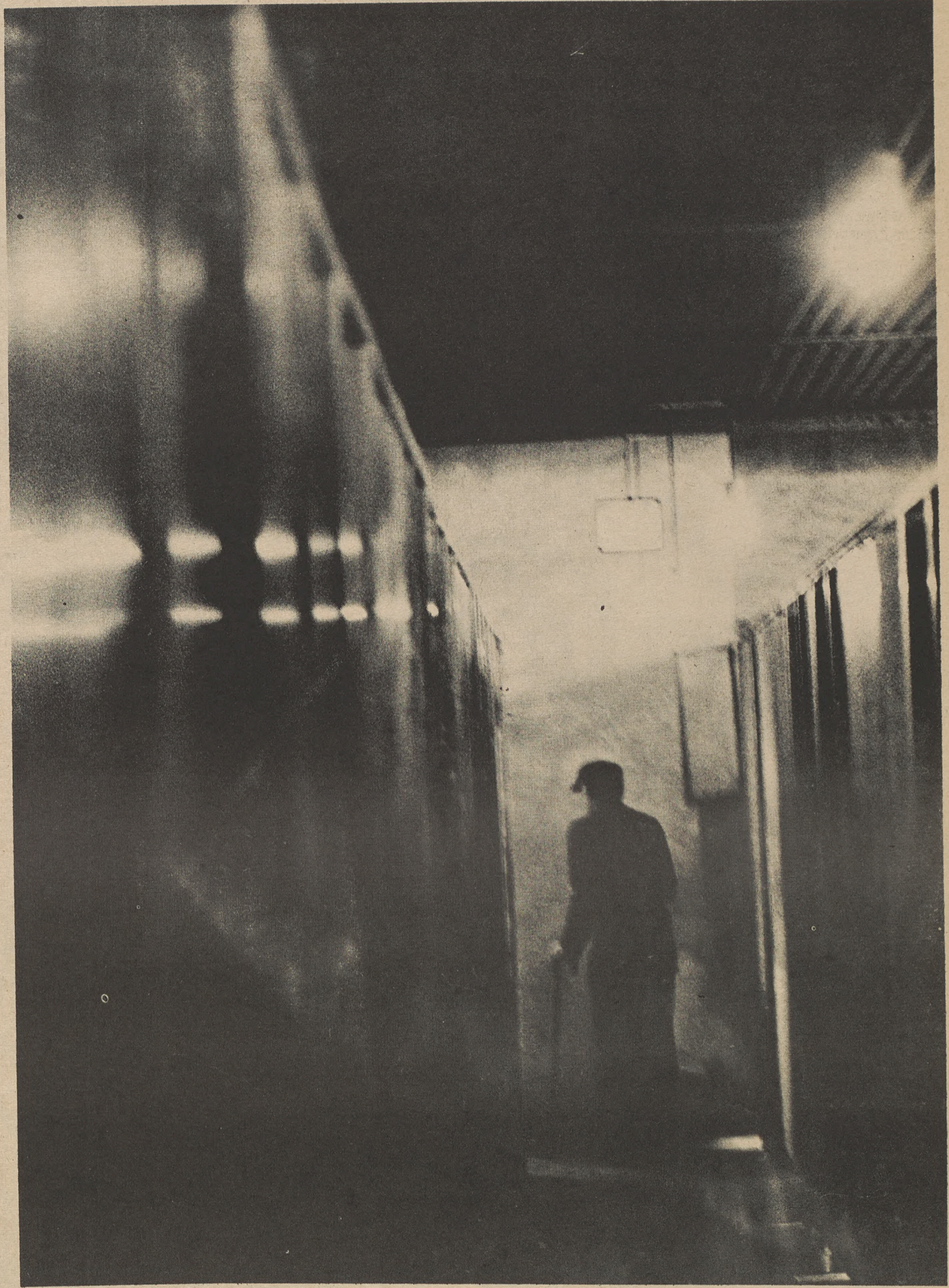
In last week's obits we read
our "Best Athelete"--
here, with hockey stick---
is dead.

And these--our leading wheels?
We always knew they'd be
backbones of the community.

Me?
I'm just slipped disc
spinning in space,
snatching at stars,
still don't belong
in galaxies;
lost my baby fat,
got cheekbones now,

got no pearls
but still got dreams
and Favorite Songs

Photo by George de Vincent



THIS INSTANT, SUDDENLY
("La durée d'un éclair... un peu de temps à l'état pur."
Marcel Proust, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*:
Vol. XV: *Le Temps Retrouvé*.)

The instant of a lightning flash
I know the world
In splinters pasts and presents crash
The flash has hurled
A hundred essenses unmeshed
A skein untwirled
Unfurling sense sight taste smell sound
And memories
Long chained long hid are now unbound
All whirl and tease
But unencumbered I have found
Realities.

FOR A MYSTERIOUS CROCUS

Rootless, smooth and far from earth
you burst your ivory bulb,
unseal, unfold, extend into the humid air
your ivory stem.
Four slender buds unbend,
swell,
spread lavender,
expose gold throats ---

And then
a fifth bud pushes forth and blooms...

Careful, careful!
Flower, be admired, but don't be touched:
your petals are too delicate
as yet...

Come back now, withered, to the earth a while
for burial, for nourishment,
Drink deep of snow and soil and know this cold,
and then ---

Break free
and rootless, soilless, bloom again.

While I, with all my roots caught deep and dry,
struggle through the hard earth's crust
and blossom
prisoned, static, tied ---

but blossom just as fragile, just as swift.

HOW TO BE A HERETIC

Whither the Church?
In Puerto Rico a Jesuit priest named Salvador Freixedo wrote a book — which sold 4000 copies in Puerto Rico alone — strongly criticizing the church hierarchy, clergy, and doctrine. He has been banned from his priestly functions.

In Amsterdam a number of Jesuit priests have warned that, unless they are permitted to marry and continue carrying out their priestly duties, they will go their own way. 'We are not so impressed by popes and bishops,' they say.

In Spain Father Louis Maria Bereciartua has been sentenced to eight years imprisonment, having been found guilty of 'military rebellion.' He is the ninth Basque priest to receive a heavy sentence since June.

In England Reverend David Hart, the chaplain of Birmingham University, was quoted by the press as saying, 'I have not believed in God for some time.' Alarmed, Dr. John Wilson, Bishop of Birmingham, called Reverend Hart in to explain.

At that point I wrote Reverend Hart asking if we couldn't get together. By return post I received four issues of the Catonsville Roadrunner — Catonsville after the priests who spilled blood on the draft board in that Maryland town, and he doesn't remember where Roadrunner came from.

Some covers: 'Revolutionary Christian monthly'... 'His Kingdom, Black Power — whose Glory?'... 'Except you become like little children you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven' — this surrounding a drawing of a rich hag, a skull-faced bishop, a demonic cop, and, in front of and menaced by all of them, a naked child peeing sweetly on the ground.

Some copy: (Harold) Wilson is not a criminal but a helpless tool of circumstances well beyond his control. Circumstances of economics, technocracy, and muddle-headed trad-

THE CATONSVILLE ROADRUNNER



ditional thinking that no Prime Minister or government will be able to unravel or destroy. The Socialists, Liberals, Maoists, Nationalists, and every other Party that wants to replace our government are all forgetting that power corrupts, no matter how good the intentions of the people who wield the power. So, you ask, what are our alternatives? We want to subvert, convert, or crumble the existing structures, okay, and we believe that the omnipotent God/Love is a sufficient force to replace them. Still okay?

David Hart is a compact man in his late 20s with some teeth missing. We sat in Reverend Paul Oestricher's comfortable parish home in Black Heath where David, his young wife and baby are on holiday before they move to Birmingham. The place is full of books, many in the process of being read, from bibles to Mao. David speaks softly, slowly, taking great care with words, often stroking his full, wild beard.

'I wasn't sure that the Bishop of Birmingham wasn't more vague about it than I was.' The bishop has said he was satisfied that Reverend Hart is a fit and proper person for the job. 'He got the sack himself — twice — and it was only, he said, because of some very broad-minded bishops that he was still in the church at all.

'If you start from first principles, which is what I think my generation is doing, you just can't arrive at God. In looking at ourselves, at our experience, we don't arrive at any dogma about God. We arrive at a lot of mysteries. Why do people die of cancer? Why can't we be as happy as we are? You arrive at

questions like these rather than a dogma about God. I'm very much a part of this generation, and I'm not going to believe in something simply because it's the party line, an official doctrine.'

His wife, Valerie, came into the room with a bright young smile and coffee. I lit David's cigarette and asked him, 'Don't you get a lot of static from your church?'

'It's difficult to say. I got the sack from my first job, although I never was told the exact reason and I'm still being paid. The Church of England, you see, is in a very funny position because we haven't any authority

THE CATONSVILLE ROADRUNNER

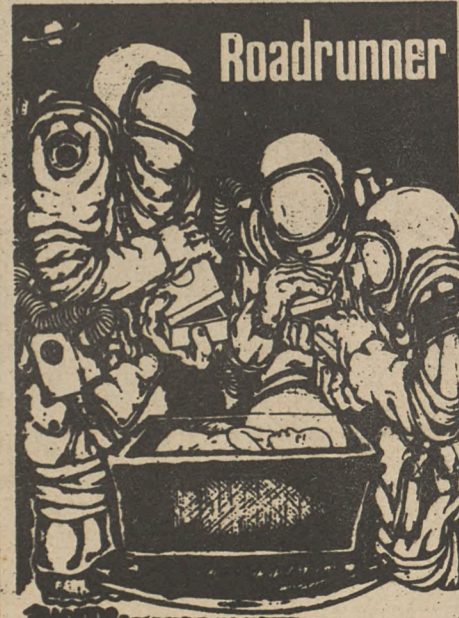


like the Pope or the Bible that you can point to. The Archbishop reckons he's a kind of leader and advisor, but he's really more of a public figure, and he doesn't claim to have any special source of the truth. Within the Church of England there is everything from bible-punching Evangelicals to the Anglo-Catholics who are virtually the worst Roman Catholics — very, very reactionary. With these extremes, it's very difficult to be a heretic any more.

'Also they just absorb revolutionaries here. It's hard to know what to do about. I was once at a debate with a local bishop. I said what I wanted to say — they were all being fooled by the official church and they should not have anything to do with it and they should think for themselves, come up with some different ideas, back the squatters and so on. Well, the Bishop got up, and he said, 'There have always been prophets in the church, and it's a splendid thing that we have people like David Hart to say these things. And now I'd like to say. . . . And then he went off into his old spiel about religion. It's infuriating. That's what we get about the magazine, too: 'Look, the Church of England is alive. . . . You're used.'

'Don't they absolutely insist, though, that you believe in God at least?'

'I never intended that statement to be controversial. From talking to friends and fellow clergymen I'd just become used to



being open about this whole confusion about doctrine and belief in God. I'd forgotten that you can't make public statements like that. You know, we just throw this name 'God' around. It could mean all sorts of things. You've got to experiment with the idea that there is no such God as this — the God who

is an authoritarian, somebody who keeps tabs on you to make sure you obey the rules and if you don't he's angry.'

'Then what is the God you worship?'

'I don't know. I think that God by definition means someone or something that is largely hidden. And this is why I'll be a Christian and say we've left behind the necessity to talk about God in this way. And that Jesus was the closest — the Bishop of Birmingham said this, funnily enough — the closest approximation, the closest our imagination has come, or the closest that history has come to what we recognise as the truth — what we really want to be.'

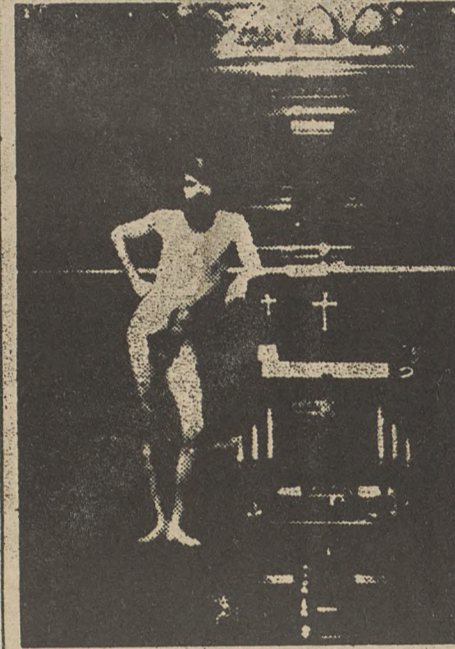
'Must this God be worshipped in a defined ritualistic way?'

'I think this is very open too, and I would have chucked it out altogether if the thing was as rigid as that. But it's changing, the whole thing, all the churches. The ritual, the drama that goes on in a church — particularly the mass at communion service — has not got anything to do with belief. What you do in church has more to do with that ritual, and the people taking part in it, than it has to do with some sort of logical truth about the universe. If there is any truth, it is not dogmatic, metaphysical truth, but the truth about us.

'When I left college after a couple of years, I thought, you know, the whole thing was finished. I thought that Christianity was nonsense. But I came back again after travelling around for a couple of years. I hitchhiked across the States, in the Middle East, to Athens, in Russia. Then it became quite obvious to me that this is what I should do.'

'What about the "new morality" — free sex, drugs, etc.? How do you feel about all that in relation to the Church?'

'It isn't up to me to make a decision for people. If I'm going to be of any use, it's just as a sort of sounding board. I can be de-



tached. I'm paid to think, to try and understand what's happening. If I make a decision for somebody else, then that decision isn't worth anything. I can only react to them as one person to another. What I would like to change is to actually begin to say these things in the pulpit, these things that I really mean, and not just an official doctrine — no sex before marriage, adultery is always wrong, and so on.

'At one time we had more friends living together unmarried than those who were. Eventually most of them got married. People are accepting each other as people now, and trusting each other not to hurt each other. It seems to me that making love to someone you really care for isn't hurting anybody. The more sex the better, as far as I'm concerned, as long as it's not exploited. My generation is experiencing for themselves, and I think they've come to the conclusion that to really love somebody is quite hard work, not something you do in a couple of days, and that you're going to be hurt, angry, and jealous. But you know all these things. You don't need the Church to tell you.'

'Do you think that the Church can still act as a moral influence today?'

'I think there's more talk about brotherhood and love, more examination of motives now than there has been. But I think that everybody gets unstable, and then they withdraw. It's very difficult to exist in that much uncertainty. So you withdraw to a position of dogmatic non-violence, or dogmatic Christianity, or all kinds of things. You choose one particular line. You start studying drama, psychology, or international affairs, and you box yourself in. I want to be clear of all these things, because I think my job is to bear this uncertainty — not to be a specialist — and to help others bear it. I mean, I think this is what Jesus was doing.

'I'm going to have a lot of fun at Birmingham University, making people curious. Anything's possible, really. I know what most of the students think about God, the Church, historical religion. I know what they think about these things, and I know what I think about them too, and they're very similar. Except that I think there's a vision, a

potential, and they don't. They might even be right. This is something you have to work out with people.'

'One issue of your magazine features an article called "Enter the Subversive Church." Do you consider yourself subversive?'

'That's one thing that worries us, the old thing about God being on your side. We don't want to put up barriers between us and other people, which is I think what the underground press has done. It's so easy and destructive to start categorizing people — you know, bishop,

THE CATONSVILLE ROADRUNNER



politician, revolutionary, etc. This isn't a church just for young, non-violent people. The good thing about the church is that it is a community that includes all generations and different points of view. You can't forget that you have parents and grandparents. All these people should be respected within a community.

'There's something very important, I think, in belonging to a community, any community. I'd say these people in so-called hippie communities are model people, and I could have just as easily belonged there. But I think we can develop a dialogue for the Church, and it has a real chance to become a community where people are honest with each other, where people experiment with ideas.

'We refuse to be called an outside group, a pressure group. We say we are the church.'

'Blessed are those who don't give up. It's a tough gig and I have my doubts. That old vehicle is just too backward, the Church. The only life it seems to have is in those who are one step away from splitting. And, like David, many of them could just as easily belong in a "hippie" community.'



The rest is just hanging on to the same nonsense that got us into the mess we're in. For God and Country. For what?

Lenny Bruce said that if anybody believes that God made his body, and that any part of that body — or anything that part does — is "dirty," then the fault lies with the manufacturer. Your Church, Oh Great Manufacturer, needs more than a 2000-mile check-up. It needs more haunts.

Michael Zwerin

SELLING simple people anthropology
 anthropology selling simple people
 selling SIMPLE anthropology people
 selling SIMPLE anthropology
 simple people anthropology selling
 simple anthropology selling PEOPLE anthropology
 simple anthropology selling people
 people se ling simple
 simple people selling
 selling people simple
ANTHROPOLOGY



By Charlene James
 Graphics Mark Loewinger

And the "underground" thinks ITS the silent few. Move over Artists, Hippies, WOODWIND Readers and Heads, or, share the company of the A. A. A. -- American Anthropological Association. A professional society with approximately 7,000 members, many of its ranks feel it is probably the most understanding and least understood academic group in the U.S.A.

Now honestly, when was the last time you heard of the scientific analysis of the life ways of peoples of the world, i.e. Cultural Anthropology. Was it just before James Earl Jones' baboon speech in "End of the Road" or during a college guidance session? More likely you remember best that "great" linguistic breakthrough, "Me, Tarzan; You, Jane".

The scholar-mutes want to change this misinterpretation of their work. They are attempting to discover ways to the masses through an understanding of the media. In looking at the "culture business", the professional people-enthusiasts are making initial inroads into the communication industry for their academic profession.

Confronting a stereotype misshapen by "B" movies, the young anthropologists of today are called upon to dispell myths of crazy scientists searching the bush for secret defloration rites of savages. The participants of the Media Workshop hoped to destroy the false image of a naked, simple-minded savage and his equally outrageous university buddy. A truer view of "anthro" - man-pology" - the study of- for the masses was their goal.

Solid anthropological training, enthusiastic concern for the communication media and a dedication to the new role of the young professional anthropologist, characterized each members' qualifications. Each of the ten members, a selection from nationwide applications, brought the classic appreciation of humanity's diversity devoid of the typical preoccupation with the bizarre. "Mondo Cane" misinterpretation of data has no place in our society of growing human awareness and audience sophistication.

The Wenner-Gren Foundation, a private funding organization sponsored the message-packed six week session. Reading, inter-viewing, actual dissemination of news and feature information occurred. (No time for massages -- Note: Pun intended, McLuhan in nature, poor in quality)

Changing the barely accurate image from the eccentric, headhunter hunter, grey bearded bone grovler or female PhD. whose best beaus are chimps is no easy task. Yet, the very nature of the group demonstrated a range of human skills and interests typical for the national AAA headquarters at 1703 New Hampshire Avenue N.W.

"EMPIRICAL EVIDENCE"

- 1. Medical Anthropologist writing sports for a Texas paper in L.A.
 Taking court reporter notes with manicured hands, Eli McGraw eyes
 Any comparison to M. Mead would be ludicrous
 Media practicality -- will run press room at national meeting
 Someone's Si-----Janet Barnes
- △ 1. Metrophobic anthropologist from middle America's Wichita State University
 Insights from publishing Journal of Man
 Tales of cross cultural drug ingestion and religious experiences, native curers
 Curandero's apprentice who sees the necessity of providing the masses with honest, factual drug information
 Some BrSiSo-----Darrell Casteel
- △ 2. Specialist in tribal warfare and ancient slavery
 Mephistophelian beard and dark intense eyes
 Pawnshop Navajo rings
 Bridging a communication gap with a manual of the media's "sexy" words for the scientist
 Some FaSoSoSo-----Bill Divalle
- 2. Mistress of Basil Ludwig (Zapotec canine from Mitla --The City of the Dead)
 Travels with a tortilla press
 Devising a game monopoly - like for teaching your kiddies what it's like to be an anthropologist
 (Better than "Cootie". Agreed?)
 Some MoDa-----Kay Ellis
- △ 3. Archeologist turned ethnoscientist
 Sly & The Family Stone always in his head
 Now with the Navajos living in Bartholomew Camper
 The Dark-Haired, Fair-Haired theorist of tomorrow
 Some MoSo-----Martin Topper
- 3. Editor of GROK
 Mini-Midi-Maxi-shawled
 Strummin' & a wailin' with vibrating intensity
 Some BrSi-----Tobi, Miss Dress

- 4. Once of Kenya & the Kikuya (Jomo Kenyatta's tribal group)
 Constantly campaigning the media's plight -
 THE DEADLINE
 Sandy's Wi-----Beth Ungar
- 5. Tarot devotee
 Kept sense and order of diversity
 Psyched out the cognitive system of the communication system
 Some MoBrDa-----Evelyn Barchi
- 6. Psychologist-Sociologist-Anthropologist-Linguist
 Chinese cook extraordinaire
 Saddle-sore cyclist
 Some MoDaDaDa-----Ilene Waller
- △ 4. Professor
 Man of the Redlake Chippewa, Haya and Zande
 Host - Duncan Hines approved
 Superb cabinet maker
 Two SoMoHu-----Director, Conrad Reining

Officially, the work of the above sapient anthropoid primates concluded with a reception on July 25. In the tradition of the field the AAA "Now"Contingent Invited informant-guests including: Arthur White of WRC-TV, Sanford Unger of the Washington Post, Norman Metzger of the American Chemical Society News Service, Mary Yates of "Three Boys on Safari" and Pamela Moore of Psychology Today.

The black tie, blue jean, sans shirt outing, a mere 42 miles from the pristine museums, in a mosquito infested area on the aqueduct over the Monocacy River was held as scheduled. Why? It was the site of an abandoned Catholic University Historical Archeology Dig and far more typical of anthropologists than Tea Time at your local embassy. Amidst a truckload of unexpected Boy Scouts of America, they spread a simple picnic fare; Mennonite market vegetables, trash cans of iced beer, Catania bread, burnt corn and crabs. Entertaining themselves with fascinating field stories of vanishing peoples they drew in the media experts. At last some people in the business see new offerings, unique alternatives to Green Acres.

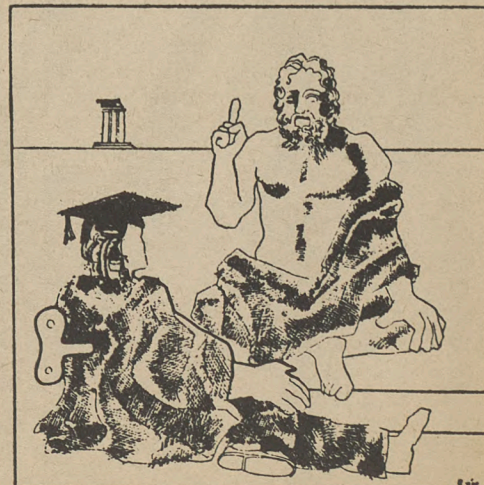
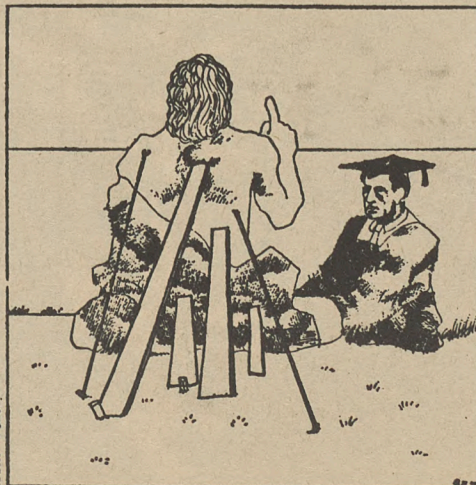
By now, Dear Reader, you must know that I too shared in the work of this stimulating group. We and the AAA wish to continue our thoughts on the Media: Science News each day preferably before the Sports RoundUp; Solid, Factual, Anti-John Guenther documentaries on our little known friends; constant emphasis on a need for human understanding based on fact and honesty not only that humane American institution, the CARE package.

We are trying to alter the style of our own corporate professional body, the most difficult feat. Changing an established pr fession takes time and dedication. Convincing the less-involved, all-involved members of our field is a job which has fallen on the shoulders of these eleven. We will attempt to translate unintelligible scholarly English into common usage, learn techniques of filming, presentation and performance, but it will take time.

Selling Anthropology is not Simple.
 But People-Selling is Not Anthropology
 For People, No People are Simple

This is a typical convoluting paradi gm baffling the dispersed workshop members. Your thoughts might help to clear away the confusion. Write AAA c/o Woodwind with suggestions.

If nothing else, please remember ---- A motorist with a migraine in a traffic jam is as exotic to a chicken divining Nfumu of Tanzania as -----vice versa.



from "Peace News"

Almost Replica Of The Bruffertons

President's Home Of College W&M Sometimes Mistaken For Museum

WILLIAMSBURG, Va. (AP)—The at their country home in Williamsburg, Va., the president of the College of William and Mary, has a house that is almost a replica of the Bruffertons, the home of the first president of the college, James Oglethorpe, built in 1771.

The house, which was built by the president's son, James Oglethorpe Jr., is a two-story, brick building with a gabled roof and a central chimney. It is located on the campus of the college, which was founded in 1776.

The president, James Oglethorpe Jr., is a member of the college's board of trustees. He is also a member of the college's faculty and has served as its president for several years.



Some Notable Quotes From Women

...I'm a woman, and I'm a mother, and I'm a wife, and I'm a sister, and I'm a friend, and I'm a neighbor, and I'm a citizen, and I'm a human being, and I'm a woman.

...I'm a woman, and I'm a mother, and I'm a wife, and I'm a sister, and I'm a friend, and I'm a neighbor, and I'm a citizen, and I'm a human being, and I'm a woman.

THEY HOODS

After-Four SALE

REDUCTION

Selected Group

Every Sunday

We Honor Books

Shoe Dept.

9 to 5:30

MAYO COUNTRY—The Mayo family, who live in the village of Mayo, Turkey, are the only family in the world who produce a crop of poppies in addition to the usual crops of wheat and corn. The value of a single acre of poppies is estimated to be \$100,000.

As Not Only A Flower

Harvest Of Heroin: The Crop Will Blot Lives

...The crop of poppies in Turkey is estimated to be \$100,000 per acre. The value of a single acre of poppies is estimated to be \$100,000.

...The crop of poppies in Turkey is estimated to be \$100,000 per acre. The value of a single acre of poppies is estimated to be \$100,000.

STANISLAW CASAL

member orchestra to open the third season of the Village Music Festival

June 27

Alexander S. ...

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

...Village Music Festival

GO ting

... .. Designs

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

... .. ting.

GIRLS' SHORTS

SHORTS—KNIT SWIMWEAR

SUMMER TYPE DRESSES

EARLY SPRING DRESSES and ENSEMBLES

BOYS SHORTS

SWIMWEAR SHORTS

... .. WHITE AND OFF

... .. OFF

... .. OFF

... .. OFF

... .. OFF

... .. OFF

... .. OFF

... .. OFF

PUBLIC RESTROOMS ARE RUNNING A CONTINUATION FOR JULY 4th

SALE

QUALITY FABRICS

DISCOUNT PRICES

Red Head Special! KENLEGLOTT

... .. ONLY \$7

... .. ONLY \$7

... .. ONLY \$7

... .. ONLY \$7

... .. ONLY \$7

... .. ONLY \$7

... .. ONLY \$7

ABE AND IRENE DOUGLASS⁹

A LOVE STORY

You are now looking on the high priestess of art,
Her clothes are tattered, she's in rags
Her face is lined with torments of humanity
If you look closely you will see the proud nobility and
heritage of the creative artist

Her most amazing expression is her eyes.
They'll cut into you like a clean blade.

When first speaking to her, one wonders which spirit
descended onto earth and donned a robe of flesh. Being
with her for an hour, one wonders how incredibly human
human can be

You are looking at a man
imprisoned in the chemistry of passion
His clothes, like hers, are tattered.

His hands are tempered with the physics of earth
and stone.

His fingernails are lost to labor.

His speech, like the rythm of stones and water, is weathered
by seasons of suffering and struggle.

If you look closely you will find the wounds of a man
who has made nature his lover.

When he smiles, his eyes shine. It is a glow that cap-
tures his face, giving it kindly feeling and compassionate
features. It is the radiance that wisdom knows when it
wants to come out and bestow the spirit of love on the
children.

Her name is Irene. His is Abe. The first day of their
life began when they met and wed fifteen years ago. This
begins the greatest love story ever told.

Irene is the painter. Abe is the poet-playwright and
promoter of Irene's work. Together they form the Walking
Art Gallery, USA.

For over ten years they made their way into the fifty
states, displaying and discussing their work.

Wherever there is an audience or an ear to listen, the
bohemian artists would stop to remind the people, through
their art, of the universal messages they find important.

Their message is simple and understood to all peoples
in any morning of the world: "Love is the power."

Irene's major work of painting are improvisations
centered around this theme. Her painting is a revolutionary
form of art, using drawn human expressions against
newspaper headlines, the purpose being to invoke to the
beholder a strong emotional and intellectual experience,
intended to shift the perspective of the viewer to an evaluation
of values. Pieces entitled "Shame", "Agony", pit one
emotion against the other, forcing an emotional conflict,
and demanding resolution. The impact coming from her
quick sharp strokes provokes the deepest levels of human
feeling. In displaying grotesque truths of war, she is no
less effective in revealing the horrors of human break-down
and desperation that come with war than the great Picasso
in "Guernica". In others, like "Oh! Jesus Christ" and
"What Every Family Should Know", we are reminded that
human drama has a part in each of us, and each of us has
a part in evryone else.

Abe says of Irene's efforts: "Irene stands alone today
in a communicative medium bringing together art and
communication in a world of symbolism where words intend
to confuse people."

In a world where words are used to confuse people, Abe
and Irene use deeper tools to manifest intuitions longing to
break free. Says Irene of herself and Abe: "We are laborers
in the creative field. We are planting the seeds of nourish-
ment. Now we are awaiting the day of the harvest." The
seeds that they are planting stand as a monumental testimony
to "the power of love". It is a shrine, a universal shrine to
Peace created from the void of swamp that stood in Pinnellas
County, Florida, Old Tampa Bay Inlet. Born out of the flesh
and the body of the struggle, the natural talents embodied
in two people converted a swamp of woods into a monument.
"The power of love is a drive, it is the strength to build a
garden out of garbage." Written and praised in newspapers
across the country, the artists dream that one day the
amphitheater will be used by all people of all nations toward
the promotion of the performing arts for the unity of the
human race.

What is this mystical power of love that displaces people
towards energies of achievement? What is this potion that
enslaves the creative personality and drives him happily
toward intense labor and despair? "Do you want reasons?
I can't make a reason. My reason goes beyond reasons.
Mine is a love without reason. Mine is a love that will create
new worlds, open new minds, create new children, new
generations over the earth..." Says Irene: "Ah, we love each
other. We love life. Without each other, we would die. Without
each other, all our work would be pointless; our work
wouldn't be. It took the two of us. Oh Daddy!"

It took the two of them. Over the past ten years, the
caravan Art Gallery burned out 5 cars, hitched, walked,
rode buses, rode freedom buses, slept in cars, parks,
cheap hotels. Abe comments, "the economic pressure is
the worse form of torture, a story as old as time. Being
on the road so long a time we've cultivated one habit--
bread.

"Artists must suffer to create. All people suffer, but it
is up to the artist to interpret his suffering in concepts and
symbolism.

"A common fallacy is that the artist is unhappy. But by
nature, the artist cannot help but to be happy. He is hard-
working and loves freedom. He spends no time on trivia."

Abe's artist is objective. He has no respect for pre-
tentiousness that exists in the art world today... Irene
chimes in "but it is the economic pressure that is the hang-
up. If any millionaire wants to adopt us, we're no trouble.
We need someone to hold us and care for us, to remind us
to go to the john, and to brush our teeth and tuck us into
bed with goat's milk and vitamin pills." Irene chuckles,
"Oh yeah, we're ready for luxuries, hotels, silks and satins
and swimming pools. So at age 85 we can have our own
moonlight, watch TV, eat ice cream, and all the people in
the bars can sing "ain't she sweet!"

But Irene's tone turns solemn when she speaks of art and culture.
Art is the highways, the buildings, the bridges of a culture. Art
is the link between humanity. When art reaches the point of stag-
nancy, then the world pollutes. The decline of the arts is world
pollution!

"The bridge (of art) was built in America but never linked to
Africa Asia. Art should expand, reach out. Instead of helping
people, it brainwashes them. Where is the humanity for which
art stands? Art must go beyond politics and regimes. The booty
of any war is the art treasure. You can't win people but you can
win their art treasures. The prize of war is the art and culture."
It is Irene's conviction that the era of "modern art" and "psy-
chedelic art" is a stagnant period for creativity. Her advice to
young people: "Experiment, but don't become a slave to it.
The juxtaposition of color, used to confuse the optic nerve, and
rearrange image pattern was first used by the Germans in
World War II." Irene believes art to stand for the dignity of
humanity. "Certain countries have made bullets out of statues.
But let them take their bullets and make statues out of them."

Like all great artists, Irene likes to talk about inspiration.
"I've been on the Great Transcendence. I've taken a great ship,
the ship of light. I've travelled dimensions without moving from
the spot.

Once I painted a black dot on a white canvas. In a crystal flash
I saw E=mc². I saw the path of the Universe, I followed the
planets, I solved the problem of every human race."

Visionary? Romantic? Self-deceptive? Who knows? Individuals
rally to personal interpretations. Some react to Irene's work
with aversion, pointing out crudity, lack of technique, freshness of
material as objects of their dislike.

Others praise Irene's work in superlatives. Frank Getlein of
The Evening Star says "She has something to say and carries it
in the flowing style of Modigliani." Think Magazine says her
work belongs in the museum. Jim Walker of The Indianapolis
Star states petically the "Irene of intangible joy and sorrow."

Whatever the price, complaint or compliment, Irene and
Abe are two artists who, in a world made loud and impersonal
by bureaucracy, and establishments -ruling- establishments,
are trying to be heard. They are two artists who by their power
of love are reminders that cosmically we too stand at the edge
of a vastness that we cannot penetrate or understand. They are
reminders that we, each to his own heart, tremble at the wonder
of this world and are filled with anguish. "We love each other.
Without each other, we are dust. We would die." Until the dawn
of the poets' dream of love, we, like Abe and Irene, will ache
in all love and aloneness.

REINER GOLDRING

GROK

FREE
CONCERTS

STARTING
AT
3 PM
UNTIL

EVERY
SUNDAY

ON THE MALL

9TH + CONSTITUTION

- COME -

FILM NOTES

ON "BRAND X"

(Excerpts from an interview with Win Chamberlain)

BRAND X is a movie for people. A new nation of people who can take care of themselves and are tired of the no nos imposed on them by the dying culture. People who dig *mud*. People who enjoy balling in open fields under the bright sun. Anyone can join, and if you're uptight, we hope this film will liberate you through laughter.

BRAND X, the product that isn't supposed to work, is propaganda for the politics of joy and disorder. The plot is the daily programming of television. The style of the film is often purposely "dumb" like T.V. BRAND X sets out to satirize the dopey life style that current programs are pushing, and to offer and advertise the new life style of the counter-culture.

For example: the socially redeeming quality of the commercials for *Balling* is that it is good for you, that it is fun, that you should do it often, and that it doesn't matter where. The Beatles said, "No one is looking now, why don't we do it in the road." To this we add, "The whole world is watching, let's do it right away." As Brecht said, "The world has always been ruled by badly fucked people."

We like DIRT, it is good for your health and to the touch. Sweat smells good, better than BAN. We will not allow our President to take incense from the Hindu and give him underarm deodorant. The hoarding of money is the cleanup trip of our anal neurotic culture. Perhaps Abbie Hoffman's solution of this problem will work. We will gain use of the media by any means necessary. We like to laugh a lot. The Old Colonial Dope Co. sailed with the clipper ships. Bye, bye, Aunt NO NO.

There is a certain flatness to the style of photography and camera movement in BRAND X, thereby leaving the film open to attack by critics who espouse the fashionable standards of art film criticism. Our purpose was to imitate the flatness of the TV image, a style that seems almost simple-minded (until you think about it) like a comic strip, or like Matisse. A style in visual images which is common currency wherever people watch TV.

It was to make a film incorporating this other visual style, which became the most interesting trip of the film. TV shopped mats were tried to create a distinction between behind the scenes shots and shots p.o.v. tube front. They looked corny. Special footage for station breaks was shot, but after the first screenings these were eliminated because the breaks made people nervous... as though they needed a ham sandwich or Fresca. This gave us an insight into the power of the TV format.

We were impressed by TV's ability to compress information and deliver simultaneously on many levels — a device usually reserved for poetry. We use this and visual frontality to make our point about TV, and we combine these with an overall structure of cutting and scoring which is cinematic in its building of movements, its compression of time and meanings — its welding of the disjointed sequences of TV into a continuous whole.

Although BRAND X is an interesting structural statement, and there are a number of new things for cinema, structure has been regarded as useful only in promoting the objective: to make a movie which though very up front about its attitudes, nevertheless causes people to laugh and leave the theater on an up-trip.

We hope that those people who won't like what we are saying will be induced to laugh in spite of themselves. This is what we call the style of complicity — like, if you let TV into your life, you usually know what you're going to get. All departures from this assured menu are opportunities for dramatizing new values and increasing self-awareness.

In BRAND X, many transitions are managed not so much by visual means as by laughter generated by this juxtaposition of the expected and what is delivered. People will begin to think about why they laughed. Why a commercial for athletic supporters (jock straps)? What's so funny about stepping on a peanut butter sandwich and then eating it? Are we putting them on, or what?

If you can get people to laugh at things they don't understand, it's a first step towards liberation. Then BRAND X is no longer the *disposable* of American culture, an attitude which our passion for "efficiency" has tried to kill off, but something that really "works."

The film opens in the room where Taylor Mead lives when he is in New York. The room is a vortex of printed, scribbled, painted, photographic information. It is a mess, Taylor is a disorderly creep. But not for us. For us this room is a metaphor of the counter culture, which

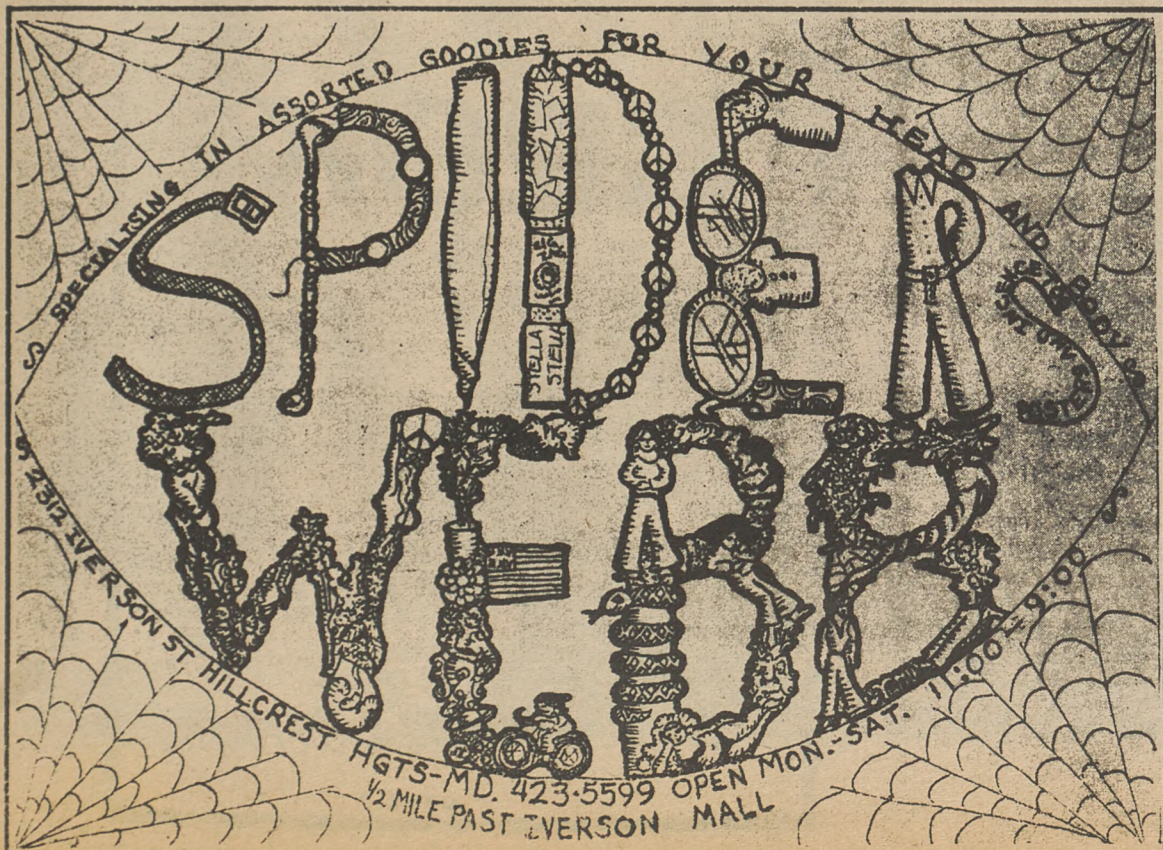
we commend as an alternative. But it's another weird day, and our hero, exhausted by living like a refugee in a hostile world, is waking up. He reaches for the TV set to tune in on that world, but what comes through on this morning is something else. Is he really awake? Do these unusual images surprise him?

Not really — he always knew it would happen some day, that he would wake up and it would be like this. He conducts the apparitions like an orchestra leader, and then, like Alice in *Through the Looking Glass*, he projects himself inside the tube. The rest of the film is his, and our, adventure in this freaky new wonderbreadland. He tries to fit in with the stereotype programming and humanoids who people TVland, as he assumes the role of proprietor and main actor in funky station TT&V, but he never makes it.

His humanness gets in the way, and, during the trip, this conflict creates the main line of comedy in the film. The other characters play it straighter, although they are all comic blowups in a scenario we all know well.

At the end, in a Sermonette, which is closer to an epilogue, Mead, assuming yet another role for TT&V, plays a minister. He digs deep into the basic American hangup, a self-righteous religious attitude (the missionary spirit) of which the fundamental assumption is that it cannot ever be wrong.

Mead delivered this sequence in a one take improvisation which we have included in the film uncut. After all of this there is nothing left but to turn off the Star Spangled Banner — after all, it's only an old German beer drinking song. We feel our new nation deserves something better.



SHADOWS OF OUR FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

by stephen allen whealton

This film played for one night at the Capitol Hill theater, on a double feature with *Ballad of Love*, which I unfortunately did not see. Its American title is "Wild Horses of Fire," which is not very appetizing. If you want to see the film, you'll have to ask for wild horses, rather than forgotten ancestors.

And you should certainly want to see the film. It is one of the most impressive films I have ever seen - I have been fortunate enough to have seen it twice now - and I hope to see it several more times. The film maker is Sergei Parajanov, a Russian. The film is a kind of mixture of strange elements - a mixture which succeeds brilliantly; either because Parajanov has blended the elements or because the parts are so powerful and striking that they carry the day in spite of their immiscibility.

The parts should be described first:

I. It is set in rural Ukraine, in a fairly recent past - maybe even in the present.

II. The story is vaguely similar to the plot which underlies such diverse stories as *Romeo and Juliet* and *Elvira Madigan*; *Star-crossed lovers*. *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors* concentrates upon the time after the girl dies and while the boy is still alive. He marries again, but memories haunt his life.

III. The color photography and the use of abstract images to accentuate the mood or point or action makes this film a kind of ethnic expressionism.

The film is crammed full of influences or apparent influences. One of the most notable is an almost French "Nouvelle Vague" distance from the main protagonists. Nothing is actually shown in the lives of anyone in this film that couldn't have been caught by a documentary film-maker who might have happened along. The camera rarely records important dialogue or gives insight or depth into the characters. Their lives are not vague, but we are given few reasons to care deeply about any of them. The story is not a conventional tear-jerker, it is certain.

The photography is definitely the one most outstanding thing about the film. Colors are strong, saturated, and deep. At a very few extremely painful moments in the film, the influence of Sergei Eisenstein can be seen in the patently abstract images and sounds which are used to enhance the action or mood. A Ukrainian horn, which is about fifteen feet long, is used throughout the film to provide sound/counterpoint to the visual images. Other sounds are also used to convey mood; folk music, frenzied and distorted sounds, and natural sounds, both soft and loud.

The actual abstract images which Parajanov and his cameraman use are extremely well-chosen, effective, and sparsely used. The first time I saw the film, I carried away a memory of abstract images which was so strong that I thought maybe they had over-used the idea. The second time through, I realized that they were frugal with their powerful tool, but still it is so powerful that I remember it best.

Jumping horses, collaged over one another and surrounded by fire, provide one of the abstract images. It is so striking that the film has been re-named "Wild Horses of Fire" from this sequence, in hopes of making a few more Americans go see the film, I guess.

Some of the scenes are shot in a kind of limited color, ranging from black to red to orange to yellow to white, but leaving out all greens and blues. These sequences signify the heat burning in the hero's remorseful soul.

The final scene is one of the most effective that I can remember. The girl, who has long-since drowned but who keeps reappearing to her lover, lures him out into the cold night. She is made up in a kind of greyish-white face paint, and she is shockingly effective as the embodiment of cold and death. She is beautiful, tender, and grey. He is crazed, angry, sad, horrified, and drawn out by her. His face is painted red, making him look tinged either by fire or by the red earth. They meet, finally, and there are scenes of tree-roots, painted red, on a green background. Does it sound contrived, artificial? I suppose it does, but the effect is quite natural. It has nothing of the mood which is projected by the Chinese or Japanese traditional dramatic or operatic styles - where actors and actresses make their way through stiff actions and rituals.

Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors is a very beautiful film. I hope that we have a chance here in Washington to see it again. If we do, I hope you will go.

THE PASSION OF ANNA
by stephen allen whealton

Ingmar Bergman's new film is playing at the Janus 2. It is his first color film since the "unbearably bad comedy" which he made about five years ago, *Now About All These Women*. That film, horrible though it was, showed Bergman and his cameraman to be masters of color photography and creative color film-makers.

The new film, which was released in Sweden as *The Passion*, confirms the notion that Bergman and Sven Nyqvist, his cinematographer, can produce color work of real distinction. The film, moreover, is one of Bergman's best. In my own personal compendium, I rate it at the very highest level, with *Seventh Seal*, *Wild Strawberries*, and *Persona*. Like *Persona*, it deals with the dissolution of person's lives and relationships. It concentrates on Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann, the actor and actress whom Bergman has been featuring since *Persona*. It carries them through their series of interactions in a manner somewhat similar to the encounter in *Persona*, and with equal mastery of insight.

Adultery is an important theme in the film, which it has not been in many of Bergman's films. I got the impression that although the people in *The Passion* are probably quite unlike Bergman and his intimates, the recent rash of marriages and divorces which have surrounded Bergman's private life contributed something direct to the outline of this film. This is only natural. In any case the situation which Bergman creates is real, human and only too-natural. It is in the same sphere as *Faces* in its content, yet Bergman manages to make *The Passion* the other film's equal while remaining absolutely different.

Other themes which are important in *The Passion* are the flight from one's past; either by denying it as Anna does or by isolating oneself both geographically and socially, as Andreas does. Other characters flee in their own ways.

When the film ends, the pessimistic note seems far more natural than it did in *Persona*. In the earlier films, things seemed to me to have been working out rather well. Two uptight people had grated on each other's nerves to the point that they each began to wake up. Coming out of their comfortable psychic cocoons they began to interact on real terms with the world. Then Bergman ended the film abruptly, as if to say "it's obvious that these people are hopeless, so we might as well stop." I did not mind the abrupt end, stylistically, but I thought that the people were not hopeless, by any standards.

In *The Passion*, the "hopeless" ending is less abrupt, and more justifiable. A man and a woman sever their relationship, and it is easier to see why. Though they too have begun facing real problems which had been hidden, they do not appear to have the strength to burst through their respective webs. This fact of their lives and personalities is masterfully outlined throughout the film.

The Passion is a bleak film. Its happy moments are few, and it is not a film to see unless you are willing and able to be assaulted by pessimism, neuroticism and even nihilism. Nevertheless, if you are up to enduring these negative aspects of many people's lives, *The Passion* is as deep and powerful an essay on such matters as I can recall.

The color photography enhances the mood in several ways. For one thing, many scenes are almost completely black and white, some featuring burnt trees and fresh snow; many of the other scenes concentrate upon very few colors. Max von Sydow's red beard is frequently counterpointed with red sand, red sunset, etc. Interior scenes concentrate upon greens, olives and browns. These color orientations are handled so subtly that you are not at all aware of them, they merely enhance your following along with the mood of the moment.

The Passion of Anna, then, is first-rate Bergman. Acting, photography, dialogue, subtitles, sound, and everything else are finely done. I recommend it.

brand



DRAMA

BEFORE YOU GO, at Washington Theatre Club by Roger Tregelles

I went to *BEFORE YOU GO*, by Lawrence Holofcener, at the Washington Theatre Club, and though I was more pleased than I thought I might be, I nevertheless found it to be a feeble effort. It is another New York situation comedy; if you can groove on New York situation comedy then perhaps you will like this one too, but I think it would be worth the WTC's time to look for other styles of plays.

---Let's see, how can I make this play work? ---OK, a guy who is trying to be an artist in Greenwich Village--it's gotta be a love story of course, that always sells--and its gotta have a twist of some kind--pathos--Yeh! the guys trying to be an artist but he is terrible, he really makes his living as a buyer in the garment district--for his uncle--OK! then, he lived with his mother till he was 29--that's great, he's never laid a girl because he couldn't get away from his mother--Now what about the girl, let's see--how can we get her into his apartment-- he doesn't know her of course, they never know each other--they don't know each other in *Butterflies Are Free*--it's raining cats and dogs and he lets her in to dry off--and she has a dog, but he hates dogs--but he wants her to stay because he is lonely--he doesn't tell her that--she's got to be some kind of nut--she's pretending to be something that she's really not--Yeh! she's pretending to be an actress but she's really only a bookkeeper; just like he's an artist but really only a garment buyer--Great! How true to life--they're all pretending, playing roles, the only one that's real is the dog--And the girl's been seeing a shrink for years to try and figure herself out--and she knows so much about it that she starts to figure him out--And they're both so lonely that they can't keep away from each other--they'll have great clumsy love scenes--but it'll be dark to make it even funnier.

On and on it goes. The playwright slowly builds up his play. He sees that everyone likes lemon marange pie and he is sure that he has made lemon marange pie because he put in all the right ingredients. How can you write a good play that way? You can't, unless you are Shakespeare, and so few of us are these days.

Marcia Wood was mostly good. Ralph Strait seemed either to dislike the part, or the part disliked him, they certainly didn't fit together very well. Both characters were better once they dropped their poor N. Y. accents. The poor dog.

The play starts like a commuter train, very slowly with numerous jerks, and it continues like a commuter train with continuous stops, jerks, and jolts, but with occasional smooth spots where a rather clever wit shows through. Presumably it is these smooth spots in the play which led the WTC to produce it. The thought seems to be, maybe with a little encouragement Holofcener will write something really good. Well, maybe he will and maybe he won't, but if his next plays are of the same genre as this one, then why bother. I tend to agree with the woman I overheard saying to her husband, "If they are going to be this bad, let's not renew our subscription." I am all for experimental plays, new plays, new playwrights and whatever, and I am glad the WTC wishes to support them, but the plays had better have some intrinsic value or people will stop going.

the gallery

3101 M ST

ART SUPPLIES
FRAMING
FINE ART

mon fri 10 6 thurs to 9

333 3622

Merriweather Post PAVILION

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

and

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

for just

50¢

Enjoy The National Symphony Orchestra and The New York City Ballet on grass covered slopes under the stars, with your blanket, picnic basket, etc. . .

Use This Special Coupon Offer

Each coupon below entitles bearer to lawn seating admission for just 50¢. Clip coupons for performances of your choice. Present at Post Pavilion Box Office beginning at 6:30 on day of performance.

Your admission - with coupon - just 50¢
Regular prices \$5.50-4.75-3.50
Lawn Seating \$2.50

Coupon No. 1
NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Sunday, July 19 at 7:00 PM
Guest Violinist: Michael Rabin
Guest Conductor: Morton Gould

Coupon No. 2
NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Wednesday, July 29 at 8:30 PM
Guest Pianist: David Bar-Illan
Guest Conductor: Mesru Mehmedov

Coupon No. 3
NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Thursday, July 30 at 8:30 PM
Guest Pianist: David Bar-Illan
Guest Conductor: Mesru Mehmedov

Coupon No. 4
NEW YORK CITY BALLET
Tuesday, August 4 at 8:30 PM
La Sonnambula, Concerto Barocco, In the Night, Who Cares

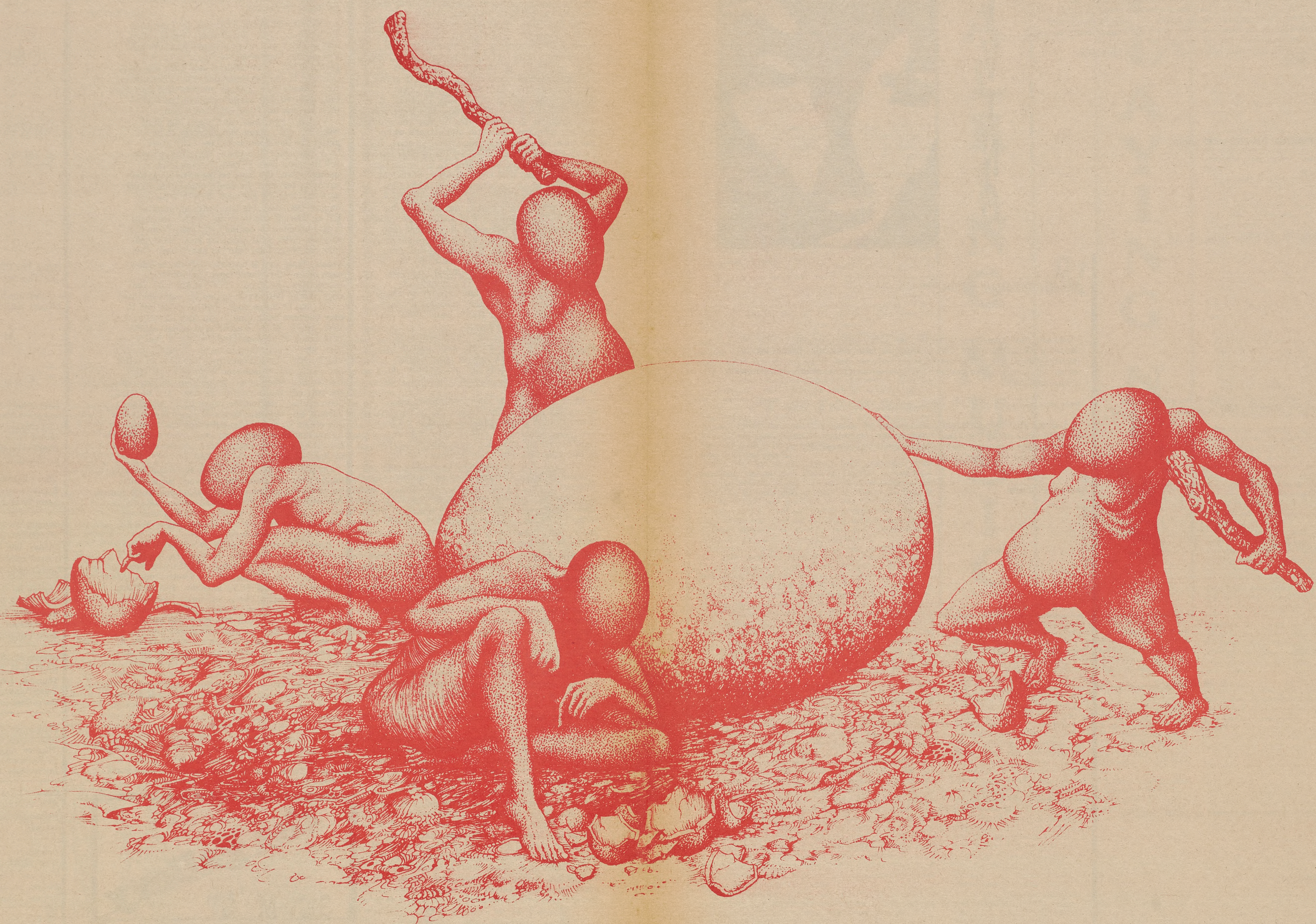
Coupon No. 5
NEW YORK CITY BALLET
Wednesday, August 5 at 8:30 PM
Swan Lake, Dances At A Gathering

Coupon No. 6
NEW YORK CITY BALLET
Thursday, August 6 at 8:30 PM
Bubaku, Pas De Deux, Slaughter On 10th Avenue, Concerto Barocco

Coupon No. 7
NEW YORK CITY BALLET
Friday, August 7 at 8:30 PM
La Sonnambula, Concerto Barocco, In The Night, Who Cares

Coupon No. 8
NEW YORK CITY BALLET
Saturday, August 8 at 8:30 PM
Bugaku, Pas De Deux, In The Night, Slaughter On 10th Avenue

COLUMBIA
MARYLAND, ROUTE 29



these are twenty-six statements on the new music. each statement exists on its own and in reading(activity) the spaces in between each statement should be quite long(non-activity). most of the statements may seem completely unrelated to each other an irrelevant to the new-music, but they are like the materials being used in the avant-garde. composers(john cage, le monte young et c.)aren't concerned with musical sounds(notes), they are involved with everyday sounds(environmental noises)(reality)and electronic sounds(reality through the circuit) and visual activity. working in this area one brings completly unrelated material to form one whole.

bernhard living.

TWENTY SIX STATEMENTS ON THE NEW MUSIC.

drink now or go thirsty

CONCEPTION

at what level of thinking do you intend to be without.

(the indirect object

spaces

attitudes

DESIRE

(feeling our way in the dark we come across a beautiful shpae. is it warm, does it breath, does it smell, move. (it isn't a sound so we are safe).

ACTUALITY

if you listen you can hear her sighing(but you must listen very carefully(and only now and then).

times are a changing. CHANGE.

(

LY 426.

SOME OF THEM ARE VE

.....sounds are there.

do something.

do something else

(orange).

nights seem to be getting colder and sounds are still changing.

NINETEEN

nothing is accomplished by)

NOW.

to understand the importance of the event is

.....but there is no rush for anything.

AWARE(ARE YOU)

there were questions and i waited.

LISTEN AND YOU' LL SEE EVERYTHING.

L
I
V
I
N
G



Ingrid Leeds

THE BLIND MAN OF MANHATTEN.

I wanted to say something about the new painting(pop, the new realism or whatever)and at the same time to show the new painting(in literal terms) (writing)(print). the new art is real ----- using commonplace and mediocre images it creates real life environments in our museums.

everyone as heard of BLUE. COKE. MOON. TREE. CAGE. IRON. TYRE.

so i wrote what i wrote thinking that what i was doing was the right thing to do. to write using the same imagery and iconography. to create something commonplace and "pop" that relates to that way of painting. 462 is as good a number as any.

bernhard living.

THE BLINDMAN OF MANHATTEN.

HIT. DISH. IDEA. N. AR. MOOD. T. E. DEUX. STO. BLUE. INT. INE. BIRD. CARS. FOUR. GIVE. KEON. WHEN. YOUR. LAID. TOLD. FREE. HAVE. FALL. CORE. WIFE. DIES. BEAT. POER. R/FT. V. SE. NOSE. SHIT. I. OUT. FOTE. C. E. FUEL. ROPE. FISH. VERE. FURE. FUL. I. BAIG. AREA. TI. E. FIRA. NERE. NEM. LADY. SAFE. CEN. TAKE. SCAR. SHO. WIK. ROCK. EDGE. EDAN. EASY. FUME. KENU. MAR. I. DE. BOAN. MADE. STEE. FII. C. GOLD. HIDE. DOIE. GIRL. RACE. THEE. T. OKT. I. T. P. CORN. THEE. J. FE. FII. HIGH. RAGE. Y. C. BOCK. T. IS. MACH. FELT. B. NK. RIBE. BEEN. HELI. ALSO. MANY. H. RD. M. P. E. F. E. OFF. S. ID. LONG. LIKE. WEIT. NOR. P. ART. MAKE. ROOT. WILL. MUCH. WERE. THAT. STN. OFF. LAID. LONG. I. I. E. NAME. WITH. DELL. WEAR. GOOD. MOST. MUST. SOME. P. CT. FLAG. SIGN. VERY. MORE. FOND. ONCE. GAVE. HE. R. NENT. LOVE. HAD. FUD. S. AN. FOR. S. T. NAIL. COOL. FEEL. TEAR. JUST. EVER. HAIT. HANG. MISS. LIFE. RIBE. MILE. HIND. T. IK. HOLD. USED. SOVE. ONLY. CA. T. LOCK. DOOR. SELF. W. IT. LBSS. FOND. ROTH. S. AN. C. CT. ILL. FLIP. L. I. P. NEED. LEFT. PAGE. FROM. FACE. MEAT. MEAN. VIEW. R. ARE. COIL. MEAK. DRAW. W. IN. C. SE. WIDE. FEND. TERA. H. AD. CALL. T. H. FARE. HAIT. NOM. S. UNT. ROCK. T. I. Y. S. OE. NICE. S. AN. E. T. I. Y. B. ORD. LAST. CASE. STAR. ILL. NO. E. RTIG. BONE. REST. ROCK. HAI. NEXT. TUR. NACK. EY. S. PLY. SIDO. SCOR. P. ET. FACE. FE. T. T. H. V. N. I. T. H. E. ARLE. D. AD. J. AN. T. I. L. TOG. ENVY. SORT. PERE. LIVE. FEND. FARE. RULE. F. FE. ELL. S. ID. COC. COLA. NIV. LUCK. VEST. SHOP. HEND. SOCK. HUNG. FLUR. WIDE. CO. T. BELL. PAIN. REST. HOIE. BY. BY. DEBT. SLOW. CORD. HINT. CANS. G. DY. SURE. COKE. P. F. H. ARE. MID. LIKE. CAKE. TRUE. GHOP. KEFF. ARE. B. A. E. FAIR. BONE. MARY. DOES. POST. JACK. SAKA. COYT. AUTO. CARE. REST. GOES. FACE. LEAD. FUCK. BELI. LOCP. T. ET. F. IOP. BEST. O. CE. FLOW. EAST. WIII. BONE. BARE. TOME. SAIL. ROAD. SHOT. WED. C. T. I. L. I. G. NO. K. I. L. F. B. AN. R. NT. HOD. CID. LAND. A. H. FOOD. SPIN. PEST. BON. O. T. HALL. BELI. STON. C. AN. TIT. IOW. B. P. CORN. VET. PUSE. FOIL. CO. N. CO. C. REEF. HURT. NOIT. USE. E. P. FOUR. SHIP. DARK. SHIP. TAP. LAY. WER. ST. KO. G. HOLL. SOIL. WIE. P. K. L. CE. SHIP. L. M. T. PROG. TIT. BASS. DIED. R. IT. CART. CRAP. TRAP. MEIT. J. E. R. E. I. RACE. W. RD. RAIT. TAKE. TID. RT. E. WOOD. DEEF. CAKE. R. P. L. E. VENT. MIK. CRE. CO. I. FAIR. MAIL. PUNY. P. II. PUNY. AXI. BENT. HUNT. RAP. SEED. TCC. W. DE. I. KB. HARK. FOOT. TAP. I. E. R. P. R. W. R. P. FROM. FOND. BALK. JOIP. DATE. WERE. ST. Y. ZULI. ROLI. SUIT. O. E. HOOL. HALP. HAVE. GANG. STAB. PUSH. TRAP. BIE. TOK. TYRE. FOOT. SE. IRON. WALE. CAGE. IOP. L. E. L. MEN. MOI. T. II. RAG. U. E. FILL. ROCK. LIT. SE. D. ROSE. TUZE. I. C. S. ENT. P. AR. SALT. DEND. JOY. LOPE. SOUR. WIRE. WORN. R. I. E. R. O. T. TILT. THII. S. ON. AXIE. MESH. HAIT. JOHN. BIRE. DAW. TYRE. DIE. E. D. Y. E. U. C. JULY.

Berhard Living is a member of the brass section of Manfred Mann's new group, Chapter Three. He resides in London when not on tour. He has published previously in International Times (IT). He was in Washington during May with Mann's group, and discovered us then. We are very happy to discover him.

EMMETT GROGAN

trip without a ticket
body 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, no one 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 tissue 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 no one will lay with you anymore 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 is ignoring the only ones and all are revealing their inability to deal seriously with anything except multi-media and the stone hungry audiences media recruits for an emotional massage and an easy way out from whatever they're in. Picking up on this, the proclaimed — the self-proclaimed — 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 Schicklgruber 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. No American life is worth an acre of America. 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 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 diatriphical 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 Berkeley 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 lead children into a real-live-war. He'd lead

TALKING MUSIC

15

&

PLAYING NEWS

Los Angeles Free Press

And all the factions of Students for a Democratic Society 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 done. So, they all shook their clenched fists like crap shooters do and unanimously 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 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 five or six 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-nuts, 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 hollow-hearted 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-person 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 cetera. 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 are them 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 do not 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 any more 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.

**Perversion
in
Welfare-Reform
Bill**

**Reagan Calls It
'Witch-Hunt'**

**Reagan escalated
Terror Drive
in the Interest of Justice**

**'Army Brat' Protected When Found
Selling Pornography Here**

CUT UPS AS UNDERGROUND WEAPONS

William Burroughs

In "The Invisible Generation," first published in *IT* and the *Los Angeles Free Press* in 1966, I point out the use of pre-recorded cut up tapes played back in the streets as a revolutionary weapon. To spread rumors....

Put ten operators with carefully prepared recordings out at the rush hour and see how quick the word gets around. People don't know where they heard it, but they heard it. To discredit opponents... Take a recorded Wallace speech, cut in stammering, coughs, sneezes, hiccups, snarls, pain screams, fear whimperings, apologetic sputterings, slobbering drooling idiot noises, sex and animal sound effects and play it back in the streets, subways, stations... As a front line weapon to produce and escalate riots.

Nothing mystical about this operation. I say that riot sound effects can produce an actual riot in a riot situation.... Recorded police whistles will draw cops. Recorded gun shots and their guns are out. Recorded panic sound from the crowd.... **MY GOD THEY'RE KILLING US....** And you'd better believe it.

A guardsman said later, "I heard the shots and saw my buddy go down, his face covered in blood (turned out he'd been hit by a stone from a sling shot).... And I thought well this is it."

BLOODY WEDNESDAY.... A DAZED AMERICA COUNTED 23 DEAD AND 32 WOUNDED, SIX CRITICALLY....

Here is a run of the mill riot situation. Protesters have been urged to demonstrate peacefully, police and guardsmen to use restraint. Ten tape recorder operators set hidden recorders strapped under their coats, play back and record controlled from lapel buttons. They have pre-recorded riot sound effects from Chicago, Paris, Mexico City, Kent, Ohio.... Police scuffle with a demonstrator. They converge like vultures. Turn on Chicago. Record. Play back. Move on to next scuffles. Record. Play back. Keep moving. Things are hotting up for Mexico City now. A cop is down groaning. Chorus of idiot groans and pig squeals.... Could you cool a riot by recording the calmest cop and the most reasonable demonstrators? Maybe. However, it's a lot easier to start trouble than stop it. Just pointing out that cut ups on the tape recorder can be used as a weapon. You will observe that the operators are making a cut up as they go. They are cutting in Chicago, Paris, Mexico City,

Kent Ohio with the present sound effects at random. As a long range weapon to scramble and nullify associational lines put down by mass media.

The control of the mass media depends on laying down lines of association and keeping these lines intact. When the lines are cut the associational connections are broken. (President Johnson burst into a swank apartment and held three maids at gun point 26 miles north of Saigon yesterday). You can cut the mutter line of the mass media and put the altered mutter line out in the streets with a tape recorder.

The underground press serves as the only effective counter to a growing power and more sophisticated techniques used by establishment mass media to falsify, misrepresent, misquote, rule out of consideration as a priori ridiculous, or simply ignore and block out of existence data, books, discoveries that they consider prejudicial to establishment interest. I suggest that the underground press could perform this function much more effectively by the use of cut up techniques. For example, prepare cut ups of the ugliest reactionary statement you can find and surround them with the ugliest pictures. Now give it the drool slobber animal noise treatment and put it out on the mutter line with recorders. Run a scramble page in every issue of a transcribed tape recorder cut up of news radio and TV. Put the recordings out on the mutter line before the paper hits the stands. It gives you a funny feeling to see a headline that's been going round and round in your head.

The underground press could add a mutter line to their adverts and provide a unique advertising service. Cut the product in with pop tunes. Cut the product in with advertising jingles for other products. Anybody who doubts that these techniques work has only to put them to the test.

**Agnew Asks
Nixon to Quit**

**Nixon WILL
GRAB YOU**

**Nixon Seeks
Secret Reagan
Oil Leases**

**They laughed at
Policies Covering Oil Spills**

**Nixon Was Urged
to Be Cambodia
Prime Minister**

**Hickel Wins
cat
Victory**

Regents support Panthers

THESE TWO ARTICLES CAN BE OF SOME INTEREST WHEN VIEWED IN RELATION TO EACH OTHER. THEY APPEARED IN CONSECUTIVE ISSUES OF THE LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS.

LAWRENCE LIPTON
In last week's Freep [June 26, 1970] William Burroughs took it upon himself to pontificate on the use of tape recorded cut-ups as a revolutionary weapon. As a sample of Burroughs' brainstorming it is made to order for another cut-up book on the intergalactic thought control war of the worlds which is a standard staple of Burroughsiana. As a serious piece of thinking on revolutionary tactics it is of the stuff that makes up Chief of Police Davis' paranoiac anticommie nightmares or Herr Director Edgar Hoover's anticommie counterplots.

The idea of starting and spreading rumors to create and escalate a riot, to use Burroughs' phrase for it, was not waiting in the Intergalactic Brain for Burroughs to tune into it and bring us the message. The Czar's secret police knew all about it and used it through a whole network of agents provocateur. It is known and used by every military dictatorship in the world today. I should hasten to add that it didn't work for the Czar's Cheka, not in the long run, which usually proves to be a short run; and it will not work for the juntas and CIA-type imperialist spies of today. Reason: it defeats its own purpose every time it is tried. And it would backfire against any revolutionary movement that tried it today against the power structure and its agents and police. It is no more than a series of cut-up little lies amplified by electricity into a big lie. Lies have a way of defeating their own purpose—and the greatest Big Liars of modern times—say, Hitler and Nixon—are living, and dead, proof of it.

Pre-recorded tapes edited for maximum Schrecklichkeit and panic in the streets may make pseudoscience horror movies in the best Hollywood thriller-diller tradition, but to propose it as "a revolutionary weapon" is either a stupid put-on or an Orson Welles invasion from Mars fantasy gone berserk. Perhaps the best put-down of such a put-on is found in Burroughs' own question in last week's article: "Could you cool a riot by recording the calmest cop and the most reasonable demonstrator? Maybe. However, it's a lot easier to start trouble than stop it." Not that any revolutionary I know is likely to take him up on it. Not even any Yippie I know. The Yippies are better at street theater (and court theater) than Burroughs is, more imaginative and more practical.

Before taking my leave of Burroughs as revolutionary Master Mind, I should add that his proposal isn't even a good example of the cut-up technique. In fact, it isn't cut-up at all. It is just plain everyday sound lab tape editing of the sort that is now widely known as phonomontage and widely practiced today even in the television commercials. (Phonomontage is the name I gave to tape-editing as an art form in my classes at the Free University of California, which I founded in 1964, and at the Experimental College at UCLA in 1965-66. That was the substance of my criticism of Burroughs' "the invisible generation" [Freep, Dec. 9, 1966] in my reply to it, "An Open Letter to William S. Burroughs," in the Freep the following week [Dec. 19, 1966], if anyone cares to look up those issues.)

Which brings me to the whole concept of the cut-up technique which I dealt with in my review of Brion Gysin's book *The Process*, in the Living Arts supplement of March 13, 1970.

Comes now deponent William S. Burroughs (through his solicitor in London, no less, as if it were an actionable legal process!) and, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Los Angeles Free Press*, seeks to be heard in the Letters to the Editor columns, to wit:

"In answer to Mr. Lipton's article on the cut-ups and *The Process* by Brion Gysin to consider the points raised:

"Mr. Lipton: 'Gysin, whom Burroughs credits (more often privately than publicly) with inventing the cut-up techniques...'

"Inasmuch as my private utterances are more frequent than my public ones not being a politician yes naturally more often privately than publicly. Publicly so credited in a recent interview that was published in France, England and Germany. Also so credited in *Paris Review* 35, *Minutes to Go*, *The Exterminator*, *The Third Mind*, *The Job* [see review of *The Job* in this issue of the Freep Living Arts—L.L.] in little magazines over

William Burroughs:

Revolutionary Master Mind and Grand Panjandrum of the Cut-up Coterie

a period of years and in interviews with the underground press."

To which respondent (defendant?) Mr. Lipton, being duly sworn on his much-thumbed copy of *Naked Lunch* and his appreciative, yea glowing, review of that same book in the *Los Angeles Times* Calendar section [page 1, Jan. 27, 1963 replies, to wit:

Very well, then, publicly as well as privately, if it please the Court, but calling attention to the phrase in context, to emphasize the fact that in *The Process*, Gysin's first and so far only work of any length, inventor Gysin does not use the cut-up technique, which is "a let-down that is as puzzling as it is disappointing."

As to the list of interviews and publications in which the cut-up technique is described and illustrated, I had occasion to quote from such sources in my review of Gysin's *The Process* and on earlier occasions, as in my review of the Burroughs interview in the *Paris Review* anthology. In the Gysin review I quoted examples of the cut-up technique as it was used by Gysin, as the reader may recall, and the examples, purported to be poems, were somewhat less than impressive. Just to jog the reader's memory I repeat one example here:

KICK THAT HABIT MAN
KICK THAT HABIT
MAN KICK THAT
HABIT MAN KICK
THAT HABIT MAN

In his latest book, *The Job*, a collection of interviews, Burroughs is asked:

Q: In making up a text of various materials, what is the importance of intersection? Starting with this material, how do the "sequences" and "rhythms" organize themselves?

A: The points of intersection are very important certainly. In cutting up you will get a point of intersection where the new material that you have intersects with what is there already in some very precise way, and then you start from there. As to the sequences and rhythms organizing themselves, well, they don't. The cut-ups will give you new material but they won't tell you what to do with it.

Which, of course, is just a rambling way of getting around to the point of admitting that there is some degree of editing at the seams (intersections) of the cut-up and fold-in edges, and that arranging is necessary by the author. Too often the reader has been left with the impression that any tampering with the chance effect is blasphemy, like the violation of some mysterious sacred rite. If the reader can't make sense of it, well, he lacks the sensibility to dig the process. The fault, the lack, is in him—not in the cutter-upper.

It is interesting that in every successive interview on the subject Burroughs retreats one more step from the oracular doubletalk of his original claims for the technique, adding provisions and exceptions.

Far be it from me to imply that there is any consistency to these provisos and exceptions—perish the thought! I have been a consistent admirer of Burroughs' inconsistencies from the beginning—but only where his literary output is concerned, not in the matter of his critical opinions and explanations of his methods, which have always wobbled between cryptic, oracular mystagoguery and garrulous off-the-cuff logorrhea. At first he was willing to leave it to true believers like Allen Ginsberg to handle public relations, even though Allen's own writing is strangely lacking in cut-up, relying more on the favors of the Muse and an occasional assist from his friends the psychedelic drugs or, in earlier times, what Leary calls "good old booze."

Which is okay with me. Anyone who has followed or stumbled upon my book reviews, literary essays, public readings and UCLA Free University and Experimental College bull sessions should know that I have enough respect for the mystery of the Muse—that fickle bitch!—to accept every creative technique, anything and everything from trance to computer input, as long as it moves me, excites me, and somehow gets to my bowels and balls with the ineffable kick that can

be felt but seldom explained, because like the peace of God it passeth understanding. It's just that I can't stand bullshit and con by even the best and most admired and beloved of my favorite authors, among whom Burroughs is one of my most dearly loved.

But to return to the charges in the indictment:

"Mr. Lipton: 'He [Gysin] does not use it [the cut-up technique] in this book. Why?'

"The cut-up were [sic] proposed as a tool like all tools to be used in some writing and not in others. Because an artist has been instrumental in introducing a new technique does not commit [sic] him to use it at all times."

No, not at all times. Not when ordering dinner or leaving instructions for the milkman. But one might expect that the inventor of cut-up would use it in a work of the imagination like *The Process*, as Burroughs used it in *The Ticket That Exploded* and *The Soft Machine*, especially since this is the first prose work and so far the only one from Gysin's hand. As to his poetry, I paid my respects to it in the Gysin review, with what results the reader may remember. Apparently Burroughs is unmoved by such criticism, as witness this quote from Burroughs' *The Job*, where is asked about tape cut-ups:

Q: Have you tried enlarging on tape recorder techniques with, say, some kind of computer?

A: Yes. This can be done on a computer. I have a very good friend, Ian Somerville, who is a computer programmer who says it is quite possible, though very complicated. Certainly a computer can do any degree of cutting up or rearranging

Recalling All Active Agents also went out on BBC. Both recordings were played at the ICA in London."

I'll take your word for that, Mr. Burroughs, rather than go to the expense of activating my London literary detective agency to make a dub of the broadcasts you mention. Who knows but what they may turn out to be sixty-four pages of permutations of *Little Bo Peep*! Anyway, the question was Gysin's conversations on tape, not his computerized poetry. But I let that pass. Even Homer nodded.

So, once more to the breach, my countrymen:

"Mr. Lipton: 'The claims made by William Burroughs have been widely publicized but the extent to which he himself used it in *The Naked Lunch*, *The Soft Machine*, *The Ticket That Exploded* has never been made explicit even in voluminous interviews, evidently preferring to keep the matter arcane mystagogic exoteric....'

"Nothing arcane or mystagogic in those voluminous interviews. I state quite explicitly that no cut-ups were used in *Naked Lunch*, which was written prior to my introduction to this technique. I also state quite explicitly that cut-ups were used in *The Soft Machine*, *The Ticket That Exploded* and *Nova Express*. In *The Third Mind*, written in collaboration with Brion Gysin, I show what sections of these works were written with cut-up techniques and precisely how these techniques were applied."

The operative word in my review where I say that "the extent to which he himself [Burroughs] used it [the cut-up] in, etc. he has never made explicit"—the operative word is explicit. First as to *The Naked Lunch*, I threw that in along with the other books only because I have

you if you would tell me where I can find it, and I will buy it and read it.

And back again to the terms of the indictment.

"Mr. Lipton: 'Comes now Brion Gysin himself materialized out of hearsay and snobbery of esoteric bullshit and writes a book called *The Process*. And it is an example of the magical art of cut-up? Not a word of it unless you take William Burroughs "word for it...."

"What word, Mr. Lipton? I did not say that the cut-up method was used in this book."

Right. We do not have your word for it, but when a reviewer begins by establishing the author of the book he is reviewing as the inventor of cut-up writing and then "proceeds to conveniently forget the whole cut-up propaganda and launch himself on a textual analysis of *The Process* that only great masterpieces of mysterious new writing, like Joyce's *Ulysses* have been treated to, by critics like Tate and Kenner," I have a right, I think, to ask: what became of the cut-up technique? And I proceed to quote four examples of Gysin's book and what there is about these examples that made the subject matter and the material unfit for the cut-up treatment?

To which Mr. Burroughs' rejoinder is to repeat a portion of his review of Gysin's book in the *Village Voice*, explicating the structure of *The Process* and concluding with, "The *Process* is concerned with the beginning and the end of word. So are the cut-ups." And launches again on the use of pre-recorded tape cut-ups as a revolutionary weapon, and asking me, "Just what is so esoteric, arcane, mystagogic, closed-circuit, secret, snobbish, Kenyon Review about all this, Mr. Lipton?"

This is one mulberry bush I will not circumbulate with Mr. Burroughs once again.

If Mr. Burroughs were not so hung up on his fantasy of intergalactic plot and counterplot aimed at picturing a pseudoscience fiction battle for thought control, he would not have to be told that his notion of rumor-spreading tapes is not a viable revolutionary weapon. Any dumb cop in a squad car would get onto the trick in ten seconds flat, locate the source of the tape recorder or loud speaker and arrest everybody in the joint for creating a public nuisance and invading the privacy of the neighbors on the block. And that would be the end of the Grand Plot.

And, finally, why does Mr. Burroughs call my review an "attack" on him and his friend Gysin? Why "attack"? I have pondered that question and all I can come up with is:

If you think of yourself as a member of a literary clique, a closed coterie from which *The Word* goes out from time to time, like the infallible word of the Pope, you tend to think of all dialogue, all criticism, anything that questions *The Word*, as an attack. As blasphemy.

Now, dear reader, get out your scissors, cut up this article of mine into drawn and quartered parts, then put them together at random, fill in the intersections between the interstices to keep it from coming out completely as verbal hash, and then read it again and tell me what it really means—or feed it into your home computer, and if it comes to less than 64 million pages of permutations, send it to me in a few hired trucks and we will publish it in the *Letters* column of next week's *Freep*.



of materials that you put into it.

Q: But you haven't experimented with it?

A: To some extent, yes. Brion Gysin took some of his permuted poems and put them on a computer. Five words, I think, runs about sixty-four pages. All the possible permutations of it."

Imagine sixty-four pages of KICK THAT HABIT MAN!

Next charge in the indictment of Mr. Lipton's review of Gysin's *The Process*, as ticked off by Burroughs:

"Mr. Lipton: 'Considering Burroughs' high esteem for the tape recorder one would think he or his friends would have recorded Gysin's highly-touted conversations and published it if only to support his claim that Gysin is the inventor of cut-up word craft.'

"An example of cut-up word craft entitled *I Am That I Am* made by Brion Gysin was broadcast by BBC. A record of this recording is published by the Domaine Poetique. A recording by Brion Gysin entitled

read everything in my collection of Burroughsiana, which is one of the most extensive that I know of; and while I am aware that cut-up was not used there, what was used, according to many of our mutual friends who were present at the birthing of *Naked Lunch*, was something quite aleatory in technique—although their stories differ in important details, so much so that I have never been able to sort out anything explicit about the technique that was employed by you, by your friends, and by your publisher, Olympia Press, which is in my collection.

As to *The Third Mind*, written in collaboration with Brion Gysin where, you tell me, you were being explicit—you've got me there, Bill. I do not possess a copy, life-long friends of yours whom I have consulted do not possess copies, the Special Collections department of the Library of the University of California at Los Angeles has every book of yours except *The Third Mind*. So if my defense rests on this book, I would be grateful to

No records.
Stereo was
Ripped off.
No music.
Very sad.
Next week.

A couple of weeks ago, some very interesting events transpired out at the Merryweather Post Pavilion in Columbia, Md. The Pavilion is one of the last showcases for rock in the Baltimore-Washington area. All the others have shut themselves off from this market. Anyways, a Sunday night signaled possible trouble to come as a crowd of perhaps a thousand people had combined to break through the fences and from the lawn area to the seats (which cost more). It is interesting to note that only a few hundred of the reserved seats were occupied, and that in the end only three thousand people showed up for the concert at all (reserved seats number 5,000). The bands were Blodwyn Pig and Procol Harum.

The potential was visualized, and the next day Ben Segal and Norman Israel (director and manager of the Pavilion, respectively) called a hasty meeting with representatives of the underground press (Harry from Baltimore, WoodWind, Quicksilver Times and Third Ear from Washington.) The haste was necessitated by the Who concert scheduled for that night. There had been telephoned threats of violence and arson, plus the obvious threat of gate crashing. The major gripe was the high cost of tickets for most concerts. Segal showed us contracts that demanded exorbitant commitments -- high guarantees against a high percentage of the gate, whichever was higher. Additionally, groups set top-price admissions to guarantee a large gate, and therefore a higher percentage. To alleviate the situation, Segal had already contacted several agencies, and, as a beginning, top prices for some of the acts were lowered, as much as two dollars in some cases. In addition (and stated later at another meeting), there would be attempts at uniform prices -- for instance, John Sebastian might be appearing later in August for a standard \$2.50 admission, thus ending the ticket-price hierarchy. Segal also agreed to try to set up free concerts and benefits (The first major event for us will be on August 22-Saturday - a benefit for the presses, with a top group, free food and a low admission price. More later.) In addition, we were able to talk to the groups that performed and ask them to leave some of the money they had made in the community to support the free clinics. Whatever the groups left, Segal agreed to match. The only groups contacted so far, The Association and Steppenwolf left \$150. and \$250. respectively, in effect donating \$800. to the clinics in Washington, Baltimore and Howard County. It is the beginning of something good.

Charges against a group of people arrested at the Procol Harum concert were dropped. The important thing to come from this meeting was the sense of communication between the Pavilion and representatives of the community, an effort that will hopefully herald a change in the often facetious and exploitive rock business. The press community will be working to see that these concerts are fairly run and will

particularly seek to avoid the self-destructive violence that sometimes occurs. After all, it may feel righteous to tear down a fence to get some brothers in free, but the effort becomes pointless when the concerts are cancelled and there is no longer anything to see or hear.

The Who concert is incidental. It should be reported that the who walked out with \$30,000 plus a stiff bonus (substitute for blackmail) for under two hours work, even at one point threatening not to go on because so many people were let in free. We let those people in to prevent a riot where many would have been hurt. They didn't see anything except a lower gross. The hell with the Who.

What generally went unreported in the straight press for the next few days was the fantastic behavior of the people. There was not one single incident the whole night. People were friendly, sharing and enjoying everything. After the concert, they cleaned up the Pavilion so that the place was spotless except for a few neat trash piles. It proves what we can be into, that we are the architects of the world. But all this was un-newsworthy to the dailies. The Post was fair, as usual and gave the event unbiased coverage. But the Star proved why it was a rag by printing a story that must have been obtained from second-hand hear-say. The News was noticeably silent. It only goes to prove the point of objective newspaperwork. The Post has it, the Star and the News don't.

In now remains to be seen what will happen in the future. We'll be there to try and keep things together, because the Pavilion is the last place for us to enjoy our music. That's a heavy thought. If we lose it.

July 29, 1970

We lost it. I feel very bitter about it. Now there is no real place to have rock. No decent place, that's for sure. Because we were so together, we people, we let ourselves trash the Steppenwolf concert, and we hurt some of our brothers and sisters, and worse, we hurt each other. Maybe we don't deserve to have a place.

In the end we all lose out. The clinics which no longer get that money, the papers which no longer get the benefit date, the people who did care and now have to be content with dead music. Thank you, my together brothers and sisters, who dance on the stage with clenched fists and celebrate the revolution that you won in knocking down one fence. Thank you. Where the hell were you in November and in May when the streets were begging for your conscious zeal and you were nowhere to be seen? Were you at home listening to MONSTER? Practicing for the "revolution"?

The progress we were beginning to make is voided by your idiocy, by your selfishness. I'm bitter, because we worked hard, people, and you blew it. I can thank the Howard County police for being so good, they met with us every week, every concert to avoid causing you trouble, to let you enjoy your freedom and music. For those who have been hurt, I feel ashamed. To those who simply lost out because of those noticeable few, I am sorry. Better luck next time.

Richard Harrington

← A Good STORY - 18
COMPLETE with
UNHAPPY ENDING

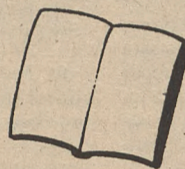
the alternative

is a new outlet for community products. It is a place where people who make things can sell them for a decent return and people can buy them at reasonable prices. Our economies are simple: for work taken on commission, two-thirds of the sale goes to the worker/producer and one-third goes into the store fund to pay salaries, overhead, and for community projects. Most of the goods are hand produced: hand-made and hand-dyed clothes, jewelry, pottery, paintings, photographs, sculpture, stained glass objects, toys. The Alternative also sells a broad selection of radical publications. Area craftsmen are invited to bring us their work to sell.

1724 20th St. NW

462-5515

OPENING!



ARTS
BOOKS
POSTERS
CRAFTS

Washington Circle
Community Book Shop
2147 K ST. NW 833-8228

"The first entertainment film of the Woodstock Nation, or the last film of the Nixon Nation. Funny from beginning to end, it's pure gold!"

—Village Voice

"A movie for all the good things in life."

—L.A. Free Press

"devilishly, piercingly funny, fortified with an acute sense of the absurd!" —N.Y. Times

"The distillations of a unsanitary mental condition."

—Variety

"An outrageously, raunchy parody of normal television programming, 'Brand X' knows where it's at sexually, politically and (pop) culturally. It transgresses the last taboo!"

—Newsweek

"'Brand X' is madness, we highly recommend it!"

—EVO

brand



directed by Win Chamberlain, starring Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland, Frank Cavistani, Tally Brown and Abbie Hoffman, Candy Darling, Ultra Violet

cerberus 3

3040 M Street, N.W. Phone: 337-1311

"Staggering Sound System of the Cerberus 1"—Arnold, Post



woodstock

REGULAR PRICES

cerberus 1

3040 M Street, N.W. Phone: 337-1311

Exclusive Stereo Engagement

Merryweather Post PAVILION

PETER, PAUL & MARY

JULY 31 - AUG. 1 (FRI & SAT)
Prices: \$7.50 - \$6.50 - \$5.50

LAWN SEATS \$3.50

FOUR TOPS

AUG. 2 SUNDAY
Prices: \$6.00 - \$5.00 - \$4.00

LAWN SEATS \$3.00

MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED
WITH SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

Tickets also at: Sears, Woodward and Lothrop, Hoschild Kohn, AAA Offices, Montgomery Ward, Ticketron- 2021 L St., N.W., D.C.

*Lawn Seats will not be sold until 6:30 PM on day of performance

COLUMBIA

MARYLAND, ROUTE 29

GALLERY

TWO GROUP SHOWS
HENRI & PYRAMID GALLERIES
--by M. RUTT

Digging is at the Henri Gallery, 21 and P Streets, is a show representing a group of artists who, I am told are mostly young, and mostly from the Washington area. If this is true, I hope that the best young local artists are not being represented there, because, if so, our city is not a very stimulating environment for the genius of youth.

The unfortunate impression of the exhibit is one of nothing new, and nothing old or noteworthy either. Ringing in the back of your head is that you saw the work before, or it sure looks like something you saw that you distinctly remember you did not like then either. This looks like a naive take-off on Mon Ray, the other looks like a very bad Robert Morris. The pieces are a funny cross between neo-dada and minimal art. And if that is what they actually are, they do discredit to those two movements.

Sculpture and painting are about equally represented. The Gene Davis (we can count him as one of the artists who is not young but is from Washington) work on the wall is nowhere as interesting as the three going to the basement. Upstairs in the gallery is a Joseph Shannon painting which is not as effective as those in the Corcoran show, but still a serious and mature work. Shannon has found a style that is not so new as that of the other artists, but perhaps more successful.

One canvas that is very beautiful is one that is hanging un-stretched on the stairwell hall where it is really difficult to see. Artist Frederick Beckman's giant red painting appears to be something that could be described as expansive and of real feeling if one could see the thing properly. The other pictures are flashy maybe, but also unexciting.

It is definitely, however, the assemblages and sculpture pieces, that demand the viewer's attention. Ron Grow's "Bride" which is the gauze and wire construction in the bay window greets the visitor as he comes down the street. I sometimes wonder if the pieces in that bay are there because they are felt to be good, or because

they look groovy in the bay. A little less pretentious but more enjoyable is a hanging assemblage by Jose Puig. Composed of hooks, bread, beans and candles, it is surprisingly pleasant, possibly by default.

The balance of the exhibit is pretty unexciting with the exception of three small metal plates by Richard Calbro. They are a cross of geometrical-optical exercises that are carefully done and really very nice.

Half a block away in the ugly building called something idiotic like "The Georgetown" is the well groomed Pyramid Gallery. Earlier this year it sported such names as Hundertwasser, Wilfred Lom, Rene Magritte and Robert Matta. It makes a point of keeping the well-known and well priced names on the walls, and currently represents Robert Newman (who had a one man show there), Thomas Downing, Lowell Nesbitt, and Leonard Baskin. A little more exciting were three other paintings.

The first is "Beam twisted by Aprons" a large impressive work by William Schneeder. It is strikingly strong and definitive and although I don't know what Mr. Schneeder is doing, it seems he does.

"The Stone" by Claudion Bravo is a freaky and somber work reminiscent of Magritte. At any rate it is visually very pleasing and captures a very strange surrealistic mood.

"Life Saver" by artist Augustin Fernandez stands out as something extremely powerful. It is a very successful work with a sure and determined quality, well conceived and executed in the tour de force manner of black, white and greys. This one picture stands out in my mind after leaving Pyramid.

Also on exhibit until the gallery closes for a month on August 8 are works by other artists including Fernando Botero, James Twitty (who also had a one man show earlier.)

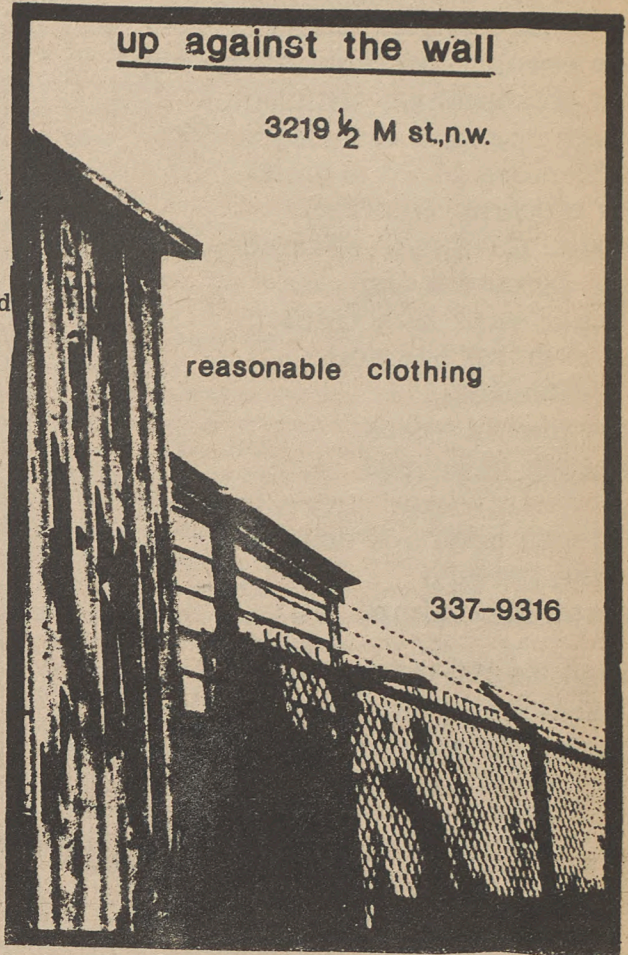
One work that impressed me as both new and interesting was by artist Eric Tovmayan, but unfortunately this work was not in the current exhibit. This very disturbing metal construction was being appreciated by the gallery owner only, but I hope in the future Pyramid will let us in on enjoying some of Mr. Tovmayan's work. He might not bring such prices as does Robert

Newman, but Pyramid is a gallery, not a stock market, it says.



night riding el trains
like a bittersweet come
when one makes it
but not both
riding past slices of
window-light slums
warm kitchens
shower curtains
rayon sweater on the screen drying
like your own life flashing by
warm glimpses
gone too soon

m. adams



Charing Cross

BASS ALE, STEAK & KIDNEY PIE, A FAT ROAST BEEF SANDWICH, A TARE SYSTEM, MAKE A REQUEST, BRING YOUR OWN GUINNESS ON DRAUGHT (MAKE YOURSELF A BLACK & TAN) HOMEMADE MOCHA CAKE.

YOU CAN HAVE EGGS BENEDICT AND WOODPECKER CIDER WHEN YOU GET UP NEXT SUNDAY MORNING. OR ANY MORNING FOR THAT MATTER.

WE'RE OPEN EVERYDAY FROM NOON UNTIL TWO A.M. AND WE'RE THE SMALLEST BAR IN GEORGETOWN. THINK ABOUT IT.

ON M ST. ACROSS FROM THE CERBERUS.



it was rough
 and rocky with stones,
 the trough of your quarry,
 like rubbing noxzema on the nape
 of a jackhammer (although
 Laugh remains the natural Wit
 of Memory i told myself)
 and plodding circles
 around the single sycamore
 on a farmer's plain...
 i began once as a farmer
 a rooter for the soil
 a sodbusting
 spreader of seeds
 creeper of creeds
 up over my legs
 buttocks and back down
 poling through
 camoflaug humps

which turned out to be
 a necklace of camels
 passing through the eye of the mirage

BRIEFS —

for the Girl Scouts i have known

i can wish you happiness like i wish watermelons
 escape marketing
 and are left
 shrunken
 and
 pissing
 into the ground



Jabberwocky

3143 N St. N.W.
 338-6332

WITH THIS AD 15% OFF ON ALL CLOTHING

Bonepicker

shoplifting at people's
 i got caught with a bulge
 in my packet, talk about
 an open-and-shut case of
 indecent dismay!

The Penalty Poem

if we,
 honey and me,
 ball during foul shots
 then no one
 will miss us two
 dribbling.

Lee Arthur

lewis carroll's TOILET TRAINER
 two pronged VENTure
 lingual as a james joyce

enema
 have a sear take a bead READY it
 SquINTING. Bullseye."
 kabloom in alicee!!

Mirror Jive

love runs
 like smooth spun
 sundials.
 lovers throw shadow
 with hand with eye
 and make their own time.

Novo Cane

my tooth - ache flickered
 on the ceiling like an old movie.
 the sheriff, alias Novo Cane,
 shot it to death
 for a few hours. Luckily, those old-timers
 had false teeth on.

SAVOY BROWN MOTHER TRUCK SAVOY BROWN
 East Presents
SANTANA
 Only 1976 Local Appearance Their First Time in Area

Friday Night (7:30 P.M.) Tickets: SAVOY BROWN \$3 \$4 \$5 \$6
 August 14
 BALTIMORE CIVIC CENTER

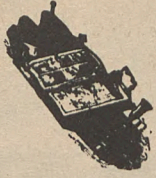
2nd Floor Conspiracy (Bethesda),
 Also available: Hang Ups (Falls Church), 6th Sense (College Park),
 ALL MONTGOMERY WARDS TORES
 Excalibur (Georgetown).



Paraphernalia

Wisconsin Avenue at P Street, N.W.

BOOK



Judy Willis

THE SENSUOUS WOMAN by "J"
Lyle Stuart Inc., New York,
192 pp., \$6.00, hardbound.

What a rotten book! What a rip-off if you're into women's lib or even thinking about it. This book may well have been subtitled "How to be a Sex Object." The author, who is called "J" in the Lyle Stuart tradition of mock-Victorianism (it must be a dirty book if the author can't tell her real name), encourages women to have orgasms because that's the way to keep a man. It may be pleasurable for the woman, too, but that's just incidental. "J" admonishes: "Pin up on you bed, your mirror, your wall, a sign, lady, until you know it in every part of your being: We were designed to delight, excite, and satisfy the male of the species. Real women know this." The reason we should learn how to have orgasms, the author implies, is because it heightens the man's pleasure, and the climax to this cock-eyed thinking is that if you can't quite make it, fake it. "...if you really can't get to orgasm, to avoid disappointing him and spoiling his plateau of excitement and sexiness, you fake that orgasm."

What does the real woman get in return for satisfying the male? "Those of us who have been labeled female owe it to ourselves to reap the considerable benefits such as... the right to be soft and fragile; the luxury of having doors opened, packages carried, cigarettes lighted, chairs pulled out for us; the pleasure of being able to cry openly... and (sometimes) the delight of receiving great loot like diamond necklaces, ruby bracelets and mink coats." See what an orgasm will get you?

Riding high on the best seller list, **THE SENSUOUS WOMAN** tries to sell us sex in the same style and tone that the fashion magazines try to push the newest hemline length on us. We are warned: "You're not going to be able to skip out on sex, so accept it and look toward the good." Yeah, if we're gonna have to put up with sex, might as well collect some emeralds in return. The sales pitch for masturbation is: "I know. It's supposed to be very wicked. But it isn't a bit evil, and don't you let anyone tell you it is." And there's a soft sell for anal sex: "I know it seems as if I never stop telling you about shocking sex acts. Well, cheer up. This is optional."

Some of the material (although not enough to justify 192 pages and \$6) might be educational, especially for maiden aunts if there are any left, but the style in which it is written seems designed more to titillate than to educate. In addition to "sensuality exercises" which involve things like feeling the difference between a sponge and sandpaper, and rubbing perfume all over your body, the book covers--or should I say uncovers---masturbation, and oral and anal sex. About the wildest thing suggested is lapping whipped cream topped with coconut off a penis. Oh, yes, there are some interesting ways to masturbate, and I wouldn't be surprised if the sale of vibrators zoomed because "J" recommends them for the novice.

My biggest objections to this book are its style and its attitude. Both are exploitative. The Fanny Hill false prissiness is obviously meant to exploit what the censors call "prurient" interest. In other words, despite her own protests, "J" makes us feel that sex is wicked (snicker). The book also exploits the millions of women who are honestly looking for a way toward sexual fulfillment, a way toward orgasm. It is more likely that their husbands or lovers, rather than these women themselves, will get stimulation from **THE SENSUOUS WOMAN**. Finally the book is exploitative in its overall view of woman's sexual and social roles. It's the same old male-dominant philosophy: woman exists to satisfy man's sexual appetites in return for which she receives her subservient social role and supposed benefits of minks and diamonds.

Come to think of it, I wouldn't be surprised if the book were written by a man.

WE, THE LIVING THEATRE by Aldo Rostagno with Julian Beck and Judith Malina, Ballantine Walden Edition, New York, 1970, 240 pp., paper, \$1.95

Even though half of the book is photographs, I think it unavoidable for the reader of **WE, THE LIVING THEATRE** not to be left with the feeling that the only way to understand the LT (as the book refers to the troupe) is all about is to see an actual performance. But this is impossible unless you happen to be heading for Europe, because that is where the unique company is now. They left this country for the second time a little over a year ago, as Rostagno says, giving us "no forwarding address."

The LT's troubles performing in this country began before they began to perform. In 1948 their first attempt at a production was stopped before rehearsals got underway by the New York City police who accused the theater of being a "front for a brothel". The LTs (Judith Malina and Julian Beck), founders of the LT, gave a series of one-acts in their own living-room, raising enough money for their first season of avant-garde plays at the Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village in 1951. Three years later they opened a free theater in a loft on 100th Street off Broadway. There was no admission charge--a hat was passed around after performances. This Theater was closed by the New York Buildings Department in 1955. Next the LT located in a building on Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue. From 1959 to 1963, the Living Theater, as Rostagno points out in his brief history of the company, was "the cultural-political center of New York's avant-garde, with poetry readings, films, dances, one-man shows, talks, Monday night one-acts, benefits, and the creation of the World Wide General Strike for Peace by the Becks in 1961." Among the plays they produced during this time was "The Brig" by Kenneth H. Brown which depicts a day in a U.S. Marine compound in Japan. Despite their popularity and their contribution to arts and politics, the Becks were never able to make it financially and, in October of 1963, IRS closed the theatre because LT owed \$20,000 in taxes. The actors refused to leave, and held a three day sit-in ending with a performance of "The Brig", and the arrest of the cast and the audience. Julian and Judith were given 60 and 30 days respectively. The troupe left for Europe, with the Becks returning in the winter of 1964 to serve their sentences while the rest of the company stayed in Europe performing "The Brig". LT returned to this country in 1968, played the four works they had created in Europe in a number of U.S. cities, were again disillusioned by hostile receptions (of the police and establishment press, not audiences), and have again exiled themselves to Europe.

What is this company doing to be the butt of numerous busts, both here and abroad, and the center of ceaseless controversy?

Very simply (and yet not so simply) they seek to wrest theatre from being an aesthetic form in which the audience is separated from the action on the stage, and turn it into revolution in which the distinction between audience and actor is broken down. They emphasize the ritualistic element in theatre, and to this theoretical extent I cannot see their approach as revolutionary, but rather as stripping away the cultural accoutrements of theater and returning it to its original function. In practice, though, this involves the use of the voice, the body, and persons on and off the stage in unaccustomed---and apparently often jolting---manners. The Establishment reacts to the LT the way establishments always have reacted to the unaccustomed. They don't understand it; they don't want to understand it because anything new is a threat to their comfortable order. So they ban. They bust. They banish.

Unfortunately, the closest I have gotten to actually seeing the Living Theatre was viewing the film of a performance of "The Brig". Since I don't think a live performance can be judged by a film of it, to say nothing about my reservations about transposing a work from one medium to another unchanged, I really have little on which to base an opinion of the effectiveness of LT. However, the Beck's ideas as expressed through the books transcription of a panel discussion with Rostagno are interesting in themselves.

One theme which runs strongly through the discussion is that although the Becks want to get away from the aesthetic/intellectual concept of theatre and art by bringing theatre to people in the streets, their audience is and always has been the intellectually elite. They put the blame for this on the necessity for bread---both the kind made of paper and the kind made of wheat.

About trying to bring the theatre to the people they say: "...we're trying to find a way of supporting ourselves by doing three or four experiments a week that are paid for by the bourgeois environment, in order to do the balance of the week for free. That means that we are essentially inside the system and being supported by the system... The problem is how do you get to the poor, how do we extend our humanity."

Even when they speak of their theatre as revolution (they helped liberate l'Odeon in the Paris student uprising of 1968), they seem to be unable to get away from being cultural elitists themselves. "the workers, of course, are lost," they say. "They are out of the revolution because they have already moved into the middle class, but they still do industrial work. The revolution is not going to take place unless the people are prepared... Otherwise, why have it?... We mean a revolution that would immediately do away with the entire monetary system... This revolution wouldn't really happen unless simultaneously there's an interior revolution, a spiritual change... You cannot have a fulfilling psychic revolution as long as you are still encumbered with a social-economic-political structure that is not taking the trip; the two have to happen at the same time."

The Becks are revolutionaries, but they are unyieldingly nonviolent revolutionaries: "Our intentions are to further the revolution; meaning the beautiful, non-violent, anarchist revolution. When we say non-violent, anarchist revolution, people hear anarchist and don't hear nonviolent, because, in all cases, people take out of a philosophy what they want, reject what they don't... Our message is love and tenderness. All the rest is treason... Revolutionary tactics are to take away the power from the people who are violent" (italics theirs).

In addition to the biographical material about the company and the panel discussion, the book contains narrative and photographic descriptions of the four plays: "Mysteries and Smaller Pieces," "Antigone," "Frankenstein," and "Paradise Now." Accompanying the photographs are quotes from mostly unfavorable reviews. An appendix, however, contains mostly favorable reviews with the exception of the one by Eric Bentley which is paired with Clive Barnes' "answer".

As provocative as the book is, ultimately the judgement of the LT must be made, not upon a book about the company, but upon live--Living--performances. And thanks to the cultural powers that be, you and I are unable to make that judgement right now.



Xerox copies: 8¢
Reduction Xerox copies: 20¢
Printing (100 8 1/2 x 11): \$2.95

econ-o-copy

1087 National Press Bldg.
Washington DC 20004
Phone: 393-2513

LISTEN TO THE HEAVIES

live & on records

BARRY RICHARDS

WHMC am gaithersburg md
24 HOUR PROGRESSIVE ROCK



B
U
I
L
D

w
i
t
h

L
O
V
E



PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW POLACOLOR 35mm SLIDES 16mm MOVIE SPOKEN EXPLANATION

JULY 17th UNTIL NOVEMBER 17th

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION HISTORY TECHNOLOGY HALL OF PHOTOGRAPHY THIRD FLOOR

Centrally defined borders imprison all life. The ecological crisis is the earth/organism shaking itself free of its human/imperialist chains.

No more nations. Nations are fantasies. Our own ways lead to realities. Topo-realities. Watershed and airshed realities. Regions. A region is terrain within which ecological cycles can be closed without expenditures of non-renewable energy reserves. As regions close within themselves, nations lose ability to wage war: no more Colorado water for desert Imperial Valley lettuce which feeds L.A. munitions worker who kills Vietnamese.

Urban centers are foci on trade routes littered, waterways polluted, air corridors hazy with smog. Urban centers: any centralized, totalitarian human organization must of its own logistical needs become extinct.

City governments, state or provincial governments, federal or national governments rarely have any topo/watershed/airshed reality. The unreal areas over which they wield power often are cut to rectangles! These governments sometimes create 'regional planning commissions' but the planning groups are subterfuges because they have no political autonomy. They serve merely as covers hiding the impotence and incongruity of the governments. The best way for a state or national government to suppress regional consciousness/determination is to use a 'regional planning commission' as a subtle police force. Regional planning is essential but it must be carried out by persons who have moved beyond obedience to the old civilized forms of government. People must devise ways to keep money/energy out of the hands of the archaic governments. Resist taxations. Here in what is wishfully called 'the United States of America' groups of people (legally: 'corporations') usually can find tax loopholes. Good. Tribal sharings: spread 'incomes' equally among the members and keep everybody below the tax thresholds.

Land is not really property, can't really be owned, is not really private, can't really be sold, is not really real: 'real' estate means Spanish 'royal' estate: it took the enormous awesome superstition of 'king' to get away with the incredible act of taking



Upland Temperate Deciduous Forest. Shrub understory. Lakes. Wooded rolling hills. White oak, Whitetail deer, Turkey. Autumn colors. Wolf, mountain lion and wapiti largely killed off.



Lowland Temperate Deciduous Forest. Oak-hickory forest and magnolia. Turkey, bobcat, raccoon and opossum. Grading into tropical swampland to the south.



Boreal Coniferous Forest. Cold northland. Pine forest, spruce and fir. Wolverine, lynx and snowshoe rabbit.



Coniferous Forest of the High Western Mountains. Many kinds of western pines, firs and spruces. Moose, western deer, bear and mountain sheep.



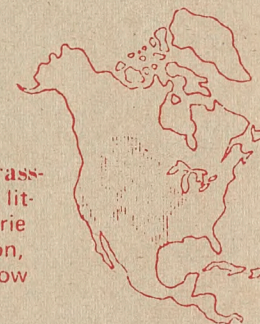
Northern Pacific Coast Rainy Forest. Hemlock, red cedar and redwood. Wapiti, mule deer, great horned owl, spotted skunk and deer mouse.



Californian Summer Drought Coastal Mountains. Oak woodland and chaparral. Western deer, striped skunk, coyote and California bobcat. Grizzly bear, kit fox, wolf and wapiti extirpated.



Great Basin / High Cold Desert. Shadscale, sagebrush and piñon-juniper. Coyote, kit fox, prairie falcon and kangaroo rat.



Great Central Prairie and Grassland. Needlegrass, grama grass, little bluestem and Junegrass. Prairie dog, jack rabbit and badger. Bison, pronghorn and wild sunflower now nearly gone.



Arid Southwest / Hot Low Desert. Creosote bush and many cactuses. Pocket mouse, kangaroo rat and grasshopper.



Tropical Deciduous Forest. Innumerable and greatly varied plant species: gumbo limbo, wild fig, palmetto. Spider monkey, kinkajou, peccary and coati.

land from nature and declaring it part of society, thus ripping the delicate intricate interdependence of all planet beings with each other and with the land. Whole priesthoods emerged to consecrate the act: men had souls, animals didn't, kings had the biggest souls of all. Man became a species apart. In his loneliness he consoled himself with logic and ambition.

In our times large rural landowners' use chemical fertilizers manufactured with energy provided by the last of the fossil fuels; the chemicals devastate the fragile topsoil. Small farmers, unable to compete with the huge agribusinesses and frightened of co-operating with one another, are driven from the land and add to the painful crowding in the cities. Many people no longer want to live in cities. Radical regional land reform programs would provide most of these people with the freedom to leave the cities. Large landholdings must be broken up and distributed among the urban and rural poor. Nuclear families might fail all over again on some of the small farms. Several adults working cooperatively and rearing children in common stand a much better chance of bringing a burned-out farm back to health.

Eighty thousand years of hunting, food-gathering, religion, ritual and family. Of these eighty thousand, perhaps five thousand have been for a small number of people the experience called civilization. Civilization is totalitarian: wildness cannot be tolerated: police conditions are inevitable. Central civilizing authorities manipulate regional resources and energies. Daily local living workplay disappears into 'productivity' performed for goals valued only elsewhere; eskimos lured to sweat oil from tundra to feed weird engines of temperate zone; whole species die; police patrol the productivity performances on behalf of the civilization-concept.

Our ways go forth from civilization now; they lead to autonomous regional cultures once again.