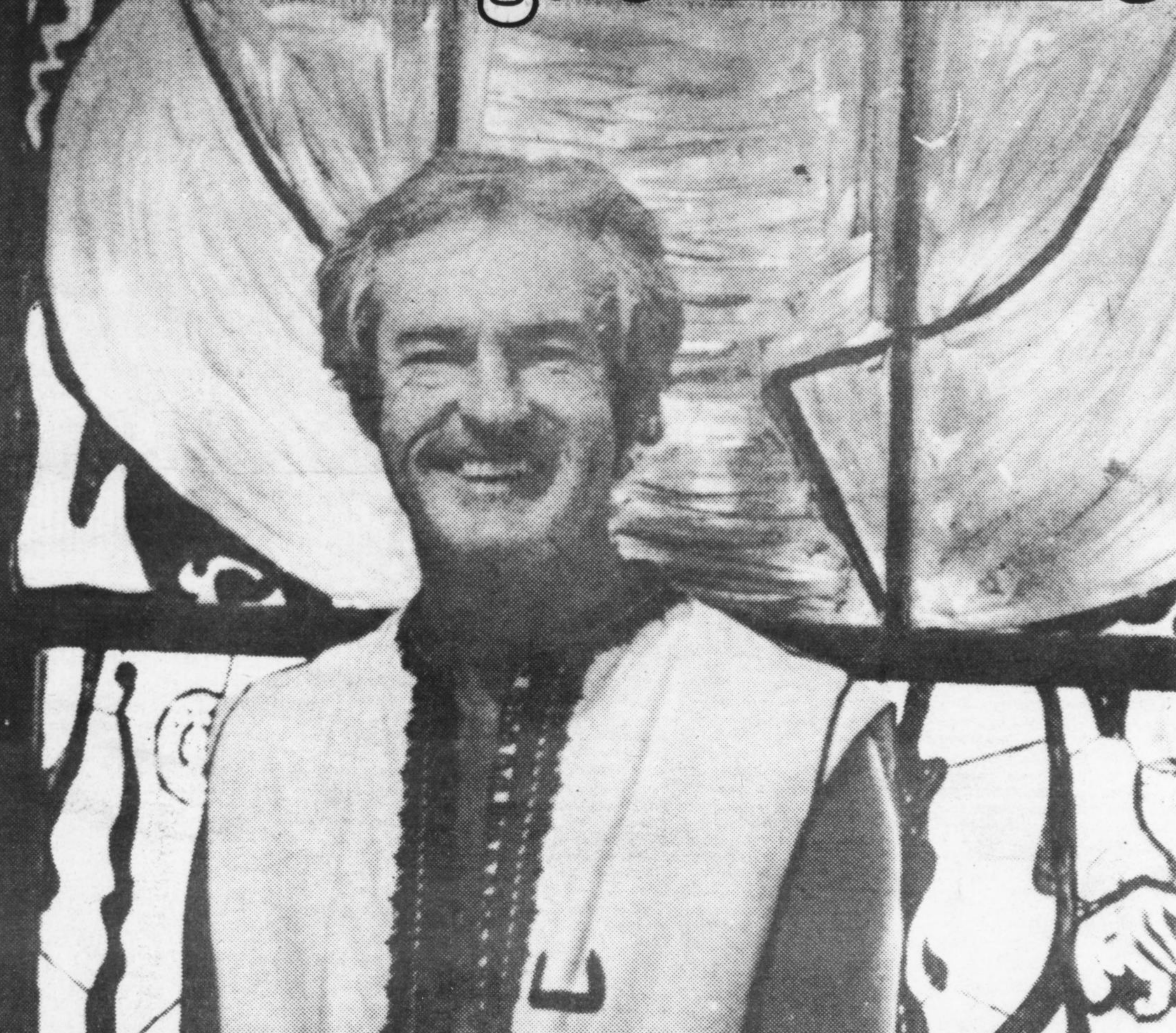


THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER



DEAL FOR REAL

Timothy Leary

There are three groups who are bringing about the great evolution of the new age that we are going through now. They are the **DOPE DEALERS**, the **ROCK MUSICIANS** and the underground **ARTISTS** and **WRITERS**.

Of these three heres, mythic groups, I think the dealers are the most essential and important. In the years to come the television dramas and movies will be making a big thing of the dope dealer of the sixties. He is going to be the Robin Hood, spiritual guerilla, mysterious agent who will take the place of the cowboy hero or the cops and robbers hero. There is nothing really new about this. Throughout human history the shadowy figure of the alchemist, the shaman, the herbalist, the smiling wise man who has the key to turn you on and make you feel good, has always been the center of the religious, esthetic, revolutionary impulse. I think that this is the noblest of all human professions and certainly would like to urge any creative young person sincerely interested in evolving himself and helping society grow to consider this ancient and honorable profession. The paradoxical thing about the righteous dealer is that he is selling you the celestial dream. He is very different from any other merchant because the commodity he is peddling is freedom and joy. You expect your car dealer to drive a good car and you want your clothier to be well dressed and so it logically holds that you expect your righteous dope dealer to radiate exactly that joy and freedom that you seek in his product. So therefore the challenge to the dealer is that not only must his product be pure and spiritual but that he himself must reflect the human light that he represents. Therefore never buy dope, never purchase sacrament from a person that hasn't got the qualities you aspire for.

photo by milard thomas

continued on page three

HIRAP

A week when the Neo-Anslingerian Dope Scare of 1969 reached new heights of fairy tale absurdity:

When the "judiciary" in Chicago served notice of things to come and proceeded to make it impossible for media (both over and underground) to cover the impending trial of the Conspiracy Eight;

When the 69 vintage of anti-Dope scare propaganda outdoes Harry Anslinger's hysterical anti-grass shrieks of the thirties - "Drug Drive Starts at the Mexican Border" "Courses Suggested to Help Students to Resist Marijuana" "Marijuana Seized at Midtown Hotel" (less than a pound) "Hashish Seized in Beirut" (156 kg.); John Mitchell appears before congressional committees as if competing in a beauty contest ("I cannot overestimate to you the threat that narcotics and dangerous drugs pose to the mental and physical health of the nation") "No-knock raids" Radar installations" "Air Force jets" - reams of dull copy destined to make us more paranoid than we already are.

TIM LEARY FLIES INTO TOWN. Right there amidst the polluted atmosphere of our dense lives - smiling, excited and as always effervescent Time Leary in all his shining serenity. Well rested after a North African vacation - nobody bugged him and the hash was the best - he seemed somehow better equipped to handle the inevitable hassles awaiting him here.

To see Tim Leary is experiencing an affirmation of all that has happened to this country's head in the last decade. To hear him say "We have lysergicized this country" you know that he isn't only right but righteous. Righteous in his total and complete commitment to cosmic optimism. After more than 400 acid trips "I feel that my BIG LSD trip is still ahead of me. I am 48 years old and I am just begining."

To New Yorkers, currently living through the pain in the ass that mayoral elections usually are, the prospect of Tim's two lecture celebrations scheduled for the Fillmore on November 16th and 23rd (two consecutive Sundays) are certainly a well deserved reprieve from what promises to be an otherwise grim and long winter. It's the least we are entitled to.

Letters

Dear EVO: Faced with the possibility of severing relations with the power company, we are interested in learning about the conversion of solar energy into electricity, especially if we could build the transformer ourselves (my old man is into electronics & things). We'd like to hear from any of your readers, contributors etc. who have ideas or information. Please respond to address below.

Peace—
Hugh & Sheila Robbins

RFD I

Athens, Maine

Letter To The Editor:

In and around Columbia University's magnet-spleen the blacks are the big shots, the top dogs, the cocks-of-the-walk. From liquid-smooth footed pan-handlers to the gleaming pretty girl students whose fashion tastes are thrilling and elite. And the men! The black men students

very often are handsome and deliberately elegant as lean Canadian mounties with thighs as hard as rubber hoses and with black and mighty lightning bursting from their heads, the noble Afro. They walk on living dragons instead of ordinary feet when they measure the ground. I was in the West End bar, having a glass of Tab with a friend, a bar I've known for a thousand years, rooted next to a ferocious and funny little supermarket owned by a German-Jew who looks like Adolf Eichmann. A thousand years ago the West End was filled with crew-cuts and their blonde girlfriends swaddled in Kashmir sweaters and wearing single strings of pearls that both Happy Rockefeller and Mary Lindsay still dig today. 'A strand of pearls around a Saxon neck and Kate Smith stuffing little bibles into plums and Joni James screeching "O For Just A Chance To Love You" Today in the West End "Button-nose" Guevera's ghost smiles and sways his elbows as he

swims above the heads of the kids. Justice threatens us all! And Marx can blow it out of his ass. Now I know and have always known deep in my thorax that Hieronymus Bosch knew more about mankind than Herbert Marcuse and so when I saw the shrewd humility and jittery need to ingratiate themselves of two sexless white boys (the white radicals for the most part have the look of fat white fish sliding into a pan of margerine. And might their pricks by like a child's crayon?) who spoke to the seated and clumsily majestic fat black King, large and grand as a pork roast, who with an arrogant whip of an eyelid and a big cruel finger dominated the flaccid white boys as they each in turn passed information to him. I giggled into my glass of Tab. I didn't hear what was said I only knew what their bodies told me, the loony secrets and the eyeearnings for "The Impossible Dream", feeling Big or Small, to suck up and be love, to be a warm

"with it" person in this righteous and vengeful world. I leaned over to an anti-intellectual intellectual looking white boy wearing eyeglasses whose chubby thighs were covered with proletariat denims, (the denims were a miraculous collage of subtle and varied colorations of blue and vastly patched with a gentle paisley pleat sewn in), an aesthetic tribute to the working man. I said, "How come, man, your pants are so old and worn and your arms are so fat and new." Meanwhile a grim and moronic monster white guy wearing chalky white clothes walked around and around and around the bar. It was just perhaps a lucky chance that he kept missing a giant lumpy black guy dressed in defiant lil black Sambo clothes who also kept walking around and around and around the bar and who kissed the macaroni salad and complained that his blonde girlfriend wasn't oily enough.

Rochelle Owens

Knocks Human Race

Dear EVO: In a thousand ways for a million years man has faced the grim tyranny of the controllers. They have come to us as kings and presidents, simply dictating death and presiding over injustice. They have been preists and holy men, burning books and dreams, and even obscuring hundreds of years of civilization in the dark ages. More recently they have been police, greedy lawyers, fathers and mothers schoolteachers, police, motherfuckers.

/I don't know what it is, maybe television, that has kept me on my passive ass all my life, as I watch and soak up the values of what seems at this moment an alien race. A race who has tried to get me to fight in a goddamn war. Who has had me before a judge swearing never again to smoke pot. Who has committed so many sins so foul so often that death and injustice don't rate a

(Continued on Page 16)

JAAKOV KOHN
PETER LEGGIERI
ALLAN KATZMAN
JOEL FABRIKANT
RICKA DE MOID
SHERRY NEEDHAM
D.A. LATIMER
DAVID WALLEY
IRVING SHUSHNICK
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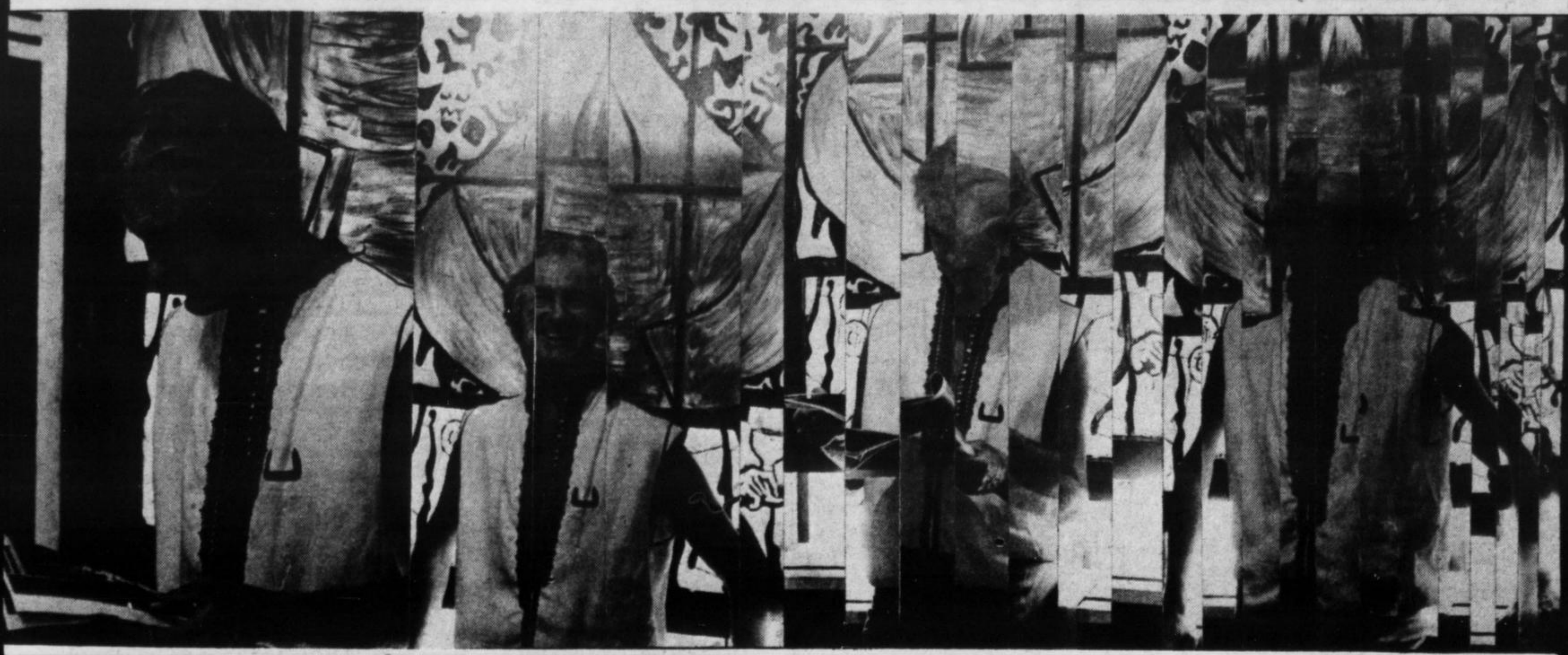
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DEAL FOR REAL

continued from page three

Rosemary and I just came back from a trip to the Middle East. Naturally we spent most of our time with Sufis, cannabis alchemists, and magicians. It was of great joy for us to see that the Arab dope dealers that we contacted actually did shine forth as the grooviest people you could find. I recall the night we wandered out into the native quarter and found ourselves in a little Bazaar shop in the SOUK talking to a dude named Mohamed who had the reputation among the international set as being the finest dealer in town. We walked into Mohamed's shop and immediately realized that we were stepping onto a psychedelic stage.

Beautiful costumes, gold embroidered vests, dangling, shining jewelry silver bracelets and what not. The room was a retinal orgasm. Mohamed was standing behind his little desk and he himself, in his grooming and dress was telling you that he was a turned on cat. He was wearing an outrageous shirt. His hair, instead of being close clipped as most arabs have it, was in soul brother natural style and he had a spectacular fluorescent scarf around his neck. I knew that I had seen him in the market place earlier, weaving his way through the crowd. You knew right away that here was a magician. Here was a guy who was announcing with his mere presence that he was a flipped out dealer in some sort of wonderous magic.

As he sat down, the first thing he did was rummage around in his beautiful leather pouches and started to fill a hash pipe with great skill and dexterity. At the same time he was laying the typical Owsley alchemist rap on us. He was telling us that he was not a businessman but sent by God to turn people on. His product was not to intoxicate you but to give you what you were looking for - freedom and joy and

that indeed his Keef and Hashish were the best in the world. He had different varieties that would turn one on to food, turn you on erotically and give you visual and musical enhancement. All this time his eyes were twinkling and even before partaking of the sacrament one became turned on by the man himself. Your trust in his product is therefore greatly enhanced.

The paradox of the dealer is that he must be pure. He must be straight and he must be radiant. The socio-economics of dealing psychedelic dope is extremely curious. Here we have this enormous, billion dollar industry going on in the United States, all of which is essentially run by amateurs. I know no one who has dealt psychedelic drugs over a period of months and survived without being busted or being freaked out who wasn't pure. You have to be pure. You can't be doing it for the money or the power and you can't do it on your own. Most, if not all, righteous dealers work in groups or brotherhoods. This again is the ancient message of the Middle East. The brotherhoods or groups of men who are engaged in this spiritual journey together, which is always, of course, against the law, always has to be illegal and always has to be the object of persecution by Caesar, the Sultan or by the police.

I have spent a lot of my time in the last eight years looking for turned on people, holy men to find out where they were at and to learn from them. I have been in India, Japan, all through the Middle East and Europe. I have talked to the Swamis, the Rishis, the Maharishis and I can say flatly that the holiest, handsomest, healthiest, horniest, humorest, most saintly group of men that I have met in my life are the righteous dope dealers. They have got to be that way because they have to continue to use their own product. That is one of the interesting psychopharmacological aspects of dope dealing. A dealer has to

know his product. He has to know what these different dopes do to his head, otherwise he doesn't know what he is selling. This means that your righteous dope dealer has to know about the effects of acid, mescaline, DMT, Grass and Hashish. He has to be able to break off a little lump of Nepalese Hash, smell it, chew it and light it up and then decide whether it is grade A, B or C. He has got to take an acid tab, swallow it and observe on his own detecting instruments whether it is acid, whether it is good acid and roughly what the microgram quantity is. This means that he has got to be a master Sufi. The dealer has got to be a completely accurate, straight spiritual detective. He has got to be free of his own hangups. He can't be riddled with paranoia or he is going to take a puff and scream for the psychiatrist. This means by definition that your righteous dealer must have a pure head and a holy heart. Otherwise he is going to be freaked out by his own product. It was of great interest for Rosemary and me to discover, after ten years in the psychedelic medicine man business, that increasingly most of our friends turned out to be dealers, which we now see is not accidental but indeed inevitable.

There is a great deal of hypocrisy throughout all levels of the establishment as well as the underground about the dealer. There are many psychedelic liberals who say: "Well, it's OK for young people to experiment with grass and acid. We don't want to have laws against them, but we should have laws punishing the dealers. Somehow the dealer is in a lower moral or sociological category. THIS IS PLAIN BUNK. Let's be straight and honest about it. The thirty million people in the United States who are turned on to psychedelic drugs - anyone of them has been a passive collaborator in an illegal act and everyone of the thirty million people who have used grass or acid in this country in the last few years has got to face up to the fact

that it was a righteous and courageous person who took great risks to make the acid or smuggle in the cannabis. Not only does it take courage and dedication but it takes skill. After all the amateur LDS chemist has to have the knowhow to spin the molecules together. He has to have the efficiency and organizational ability to bring together a laboratory in secret and perform a minor chemical miracle. This requires a heavy, together sort of person. I think it is a moral exercise that everyone of the thirty million who are using psychedelic drugs should take a turn at dealing. I think it is almost symbolically necessary that sometimes in your spiritual-psychedelic career that you do DEAL. Not for the money but simply to pay tribute to this most honorable profession.

I remember talking recently to a group of clear eyed, smiling, beautiful dealers. They were young men in their twenties, as all dealers have to be young. At that time their life situation was close to perfect. They were living together with their families in nature and there was no reason for them to leave the country on one of these thrilling missions. They were planning another scam. I asked them "Why are you doing it? You know that at this particular time, with the Nixon administration waging all out war on turned on kids, with the aid of border guards, secret agents, it's just not a cool time to do it. You have got all the land and dope to center your own lives. Why take the chances?" They thought for a minute and their answer was interesting. "We deal because that's our thing. We believe that dope is the hope of the human race, it is a way to make people free and happy. We wouldn't feel good just sitting here smoking the dope we have and saving our souls knowing that there are thirty million kids that need dope to center themselves. Our lives have been saved from the plastic nightmare

because of dope and we would feel selfish if we just stayed here in our beautiful utopia. Our brothers and sisters out there should be as liberated and loving as we are." As far as the police network that is being built up against them, they just laughed. "We are smarter and wiser than the FBI, the CIA and the Narcotics Bureau put together. We have to be. We just can't admit defeat just because they have more and more equipment against us."

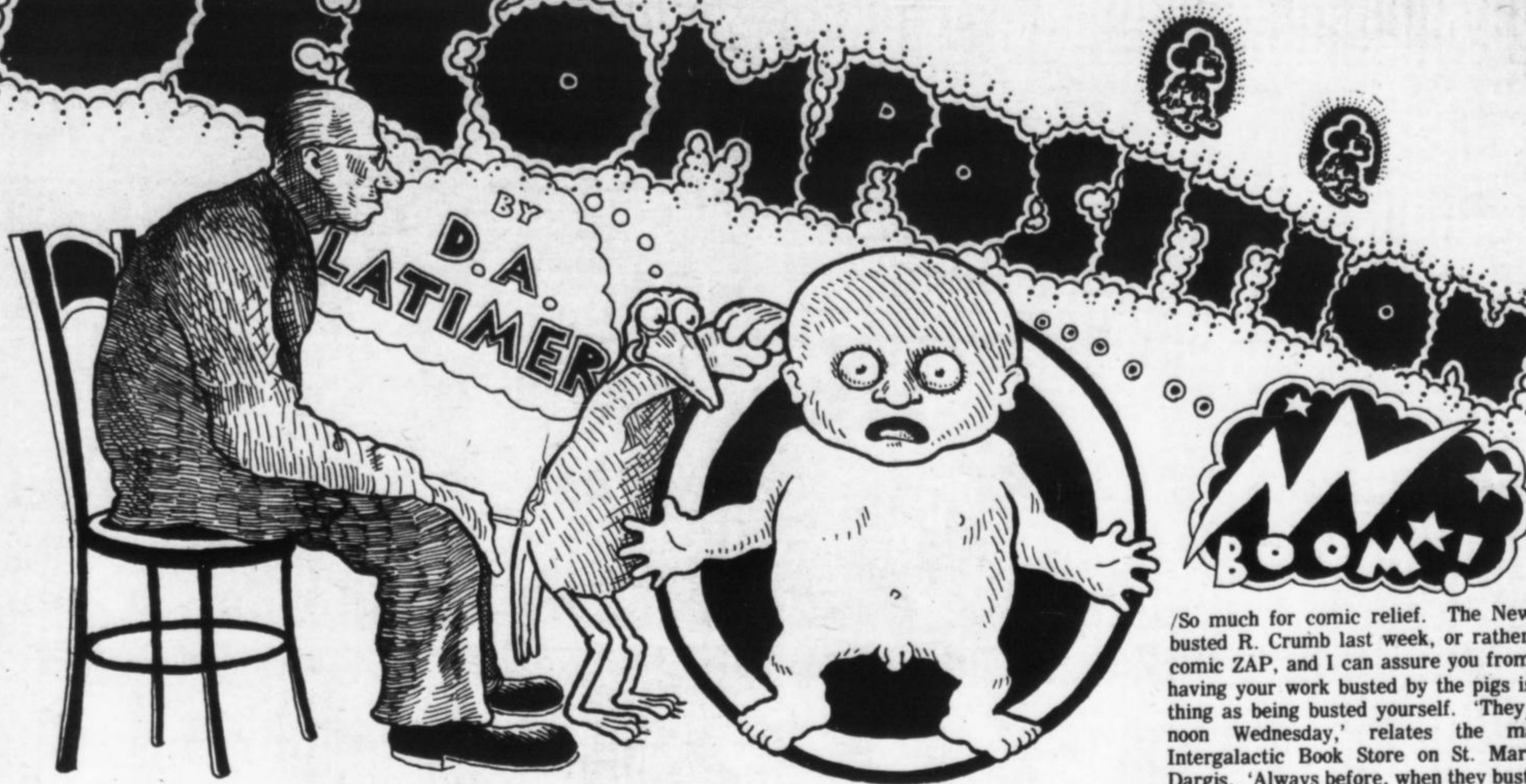
There was no use for me to argue with that point of view and then they took off for the Middle East with my blessings.

I think of the most remarkable acid chemists. Ones who arranged their laboratories like shrines. They pray constantly while performing their chemical miracle, that the acid they are making will bring freedom and liberation to the people who will take it. Praying that there will be no bad trips and paranoia in the mysterious molecules that they were brewing.

The acid chemist is in a particularly vulnerable position because you can't make acid without being constantly exposed to this powerful molecule. You have to get high. They are floating on 10,000 mikes while performing their magic. They have got to be pure. They have got to be centered to accomplish their technical achievement. I don't know of one successful psychedelic chemist who doesn't have a feeling about how he does it. None who doesn't attempt to purify his mind of negative thinking and who doesn't believe that the acid is influenced by the spiritual and psychic status of those who make it and distribute it.

I don't know one righteous and successful dealer who doesn't. Don't ever buy grass or acid from a dealer who doesn't lay a prayer on you while he takes your money.

IT'S POWERFUL MEDICINE IT'S MAGIC AND IT HAS GOT TO BE TREATED THAT WAY



/This week I am in a bad mood, for reasons which I propose to enumerate at length. First of all, there is this business of general grasslessness about town. Now, as anybody who knows me can tell you, and generally in terms of great astonishment, I do not smoke grass myself, having decided that the stuff is just another kind of booze only with good Karma. Legalise it and people will be using it to compensate for inferiorities by way of backalley brawls and chicken joyrides, just like Four Roses and Old Grand Dad. But I contend that anything this side of cyanide is preferable to smack and speed, and this general grasslessness is promoting a bull market in those unspeakable chemicals.

/It was this that started me on my bad mood. Until Monday, in my ignorance, I was chuckling snidely at the vicissitudes of all my friends as they scrambled about the black market screwing each other for whatever little culture existed in the City. Oh, when I saw someone I have known and loved all my life expediting the sale of DET, which is a fairly unhealthy sort of dope, then I confess I felt a twinge of apprehension, but shit, said I to myself, anybody spends good money on that horseshit deserves to get poisoned. Man can live without dope—Latimer, who in his youth spent a few good solid eternities on acid, DMT, grass, opium, dexamy, and Vitamin B Complex, is a case in point—and so it was not my concern until Monday, when I drank that fatal egg cream at Gem's Spa.

/Actually, the egg cream had nothing to do with it. Gem's Spa egg creams are the most emetic concoctions this side of daquiris at Buck & Red's, and the only reason I ever drink one is to enjoy a spell of teenybopper-watching after a hard day at the news desk. They're good this year, the teenyboppers, they got them see-through midy blouses and the miniskirts, they make me almost happy that the groupie scene didn't move to Union Square this year—to the North Village, that is—as the realtors wanted. So I am standing there scarfing down a syrupy chocolate egg cream, devouring these two young chicks with my slavering imagination, when it comes to me that they're talking about the most dreadful shit on earth:

/'What do you wanna go out with him for?' asked the taller one with the inverted navel. 'He's nowhere. His father won't even let him take the car into the City!

/'Yeah, but he's got works,' the other one said. 'Sniffing that shit is a drag, you get a runny nose and your eyes get bloodshot and your food tastes funny all day. Alvin's mother's a diabetic and he stole her works and he knows just where to shoot it in so it doesn't leave big tracks.'

/The tall one sniffed in a superior fashion. 'Snow is such down...Lissen, Buddy got these meth spansules on consignment and gave me a couple dozen in the motel Sunday night. You should try it before you start getting tracks.'

/'Tracks, what's tracks?' the small one shrugged. 'Better tracks than bleeding gums any day.'

/That's another couple feathers in Richard Kleindeist's hat, that conversation. Due credit should also be given to DA Burton Roberts, since these chicks were definitely from the Bronx. Forget not Sanford Garelick and Howard Leary, and let's hear it for all the fellows on the narco squad. And how well I remember seeing Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld on the David Frost interview tevee show, offering the very sanest arguments for the legalisation of marijuana; and heard David Frost conclusively destroy everything Dr. Hippocrates had

said by observing that the use of marijuana leads inevitably to the use of 'hard narcotics'. When those two girls quoted above, so firm and bouncy this summer, are turned by next summer into speed-blistered husks of random nervous tissues, I trust Messrs Kleindeist, Roberts, Garelick et al will be rich as shit from the augmented Mafia kickbacks. America, these are the guardians of your youth, making history as the perpetrators of the greatest marijuana famine ever to hit the land. For this the flag was planted at Panmunjom.

/G. Legman
/Managing Editor
/KRYPTADIA
/La Cle des Champs
/Valbonne (A.M.-06)
/FRANCE

/Dear D.A. Latimer:

/The mails are very slow, owing to the vacation postcard rush, I suppose, and I have just received EVO for August 20th. Very interested in your article on the New York sex newspapers. And would like to study these, and eventually write about them, from a different viewpoint—as the threshold of the public dissemination of the New Freedom, which, as you certainly know, still hasn't really hit the media, such as t.v. Action Up From Under, like this, is the essence of real revolution. And will prove, once again, that nothing can be made to stick that people will not back from the guts, and not from the lips.

/Meanwhile, I lack materials: I have only a subscription to SCREW, turned over to me by Dr. Albert Ellis, who got pissed off when they ran an attack on him in issue No.12. Can you please give me the A.D.D.R.E.S.S.E.S. of KISS (interested especially owing to your compliments on its physical layout), also of PLEASURE and FUN, and the NEW YORK REVIEW OF SEX (anything has got to be an improvement on the N.Y. Review of Kooks up on W. 57th St....)

/Thanks in advance,

/G. Legman

/The East Village Other
/105 Second Avenue
/N.Y., N.Y. 10003

/Mr. G. Legman, editor Kryptadia Journal of Erotic Folklore:

/After fifteen years of floppity rabbit quality comics, it is inspiring to know that Dr. Frederick Wertham's hatchet man is in France conscientiously promulgating the New Freedom. But for you, you mouthy son of a bitch, very likely the New Freedom would have been the Old Freedom these many years past. On behalf of Bill Gaines, Harvey Kurtzman, Jack Davis, Will Elder, Wallace Wood, Graham Engels, Frank Frazetta, and countless others who might have brightened this crummy century, I call down upon your head every manner of evil thing, you cocksucker. If I ever make it to Valbonne I will mold your head in concrete and ship it to the Kefauver Foundation, collect. From now on you would do well to leave your radio unplugged while in the bathtub.

/Yours For The New Freedom,

/Dean. A. Latimer

/So much for comic relief. The New York City pigs busted R. Crumb last week, or rather they busted his comic ZAP, and I can assure you from experience that having your work busted by the pigs is quite the same thing as being busted yourself. 'They came in around noon Wednesday,' relates the manager of the Intergalactic Book Store on St. Mark's Place, Pete Dargis. 'Always before, when they busted us for the sex papers, they were very polite; they'd give us time to fix up the store, call the lawyers, pray, all that. But this time they came on like gangbusters, six of them, three at the door to make sure nobody came in or out. They had a John Doe warrant for whoever sold the Zap 4 to the complainant—you know, they send somebody in to buy one, he complains, and they get a warrant on the basis of his complaint. But they served the warrant on the kid who was tending the counter, and he didn't come anywhere near the description on the warrant. It turned out I was the guy on the warrant, I guess, so they busted me too. They took us straight down to the station, and when the owner, Jim Rose, showed up there a few minutes later, they busted him too, right there at the desk. That was noon. We didn't get out until ten that night, on fifty dollars bail. The charge was promotion of obscenity, possible seven-year sentence. And we go to court for the sex papers next week.'

/Also busted that day on Section 235.05 of the New York State Penal Code were Charles Kirkpatrick, manager, and Pete Martin, owner, of the New Yorker bookstore on 57th St. Now, while the sex papers had never occasioned them any discomfort, Kirkpatrick and Martin were familiar with the tactics of the morals squad after a hassle last year over a slightly altered American flag poster. They agreed that the bust yesterday was unusually trying: 'They made us go over every single little detail of our arrest procedure,' says Martin, 'and they were unmistakably determined to harrass us and intimidate us by any means possible. This business of bail was absurd—are we going to leave town because of an underground comic? I don't know what this stuff is all about—ZAP isn't obscene, it's something else entirely. Somebody's getting a merit badge out of all this.'

/According to Pete Dargis, the cops seemed quite familiar with the work of the venerable Crumb: 'They knew all the stuff he'd done before, ZAP and SNATCH and HEAD COMIX, and they knew all the legends about him from the Hashbury scene. He seems to be one of their culture heroes too.' How about that, Bob? 'From the way they were talking,' Dargis offers, 'I think it was the Joe Blow episode in ZAP that pissed them off.'

/So if this has whetted your appetite for ZAP 4, I encourage you to go out and buy it if you possibly can. If you get the chance, I want you to shove it in the faces of Lt. Russo of the Morals Squad, and DAs Kenneth Conboy and Richard Beckler of the New York City Administration Of Public Morals. These dudes are using R. Crumb to dip their snouts ever deeper into the public trough, and they cannot be allowed to get away with it. The hearings for the booksellers of ZAP 4 will be held on October 15 at 9 A.M. in section 1B of Criminal Court at 100 Centre Street. At this time you will be able to see all these fellows in the flesh.

/This is deadline day, as I write all this in a foul mood. Next week, without the depression dips into actual catatonia, I will tender a critical review of Zap 4. EVO will print illustrations therefrom. If you miss this one you deserve to be drummed out of the movement. Free Joe Blow!

SERMONETTE





CINEMA IS DEAD BUT MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER. (ANTONIN ARTAUD AND THE NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL.)

by Jud Yalkut

Antonin Artaud was born 73 years ago this past September 4th, under the sign of Virgo, with a Leo moon, the same day as F. Scott Fitzgerald, another miraculously demented misanthropic lover of humanity, hell-bent on self-destruction within the maws of the demon of creation. On that immortal birthday, the planets Mars and Neptune were conjunct in the mundane mind sign of Gemini, a conjunction that is the most powerful single magentic aspect of the horoscope, the configuration of the ruthless magician, the bender of minds, the penetrator of imponderable portals into all-pervading energy ecstasy.

With this Mars-Neptune conjunction harmoniously trine to mental Mercury in the balance Libra, the powers of mind erupted indelibly into the common consciousness, while tortuously racking a human entity whose sun self was squared by that same conjunction. "I suffer from a frightful disease of the mind", wrote Artaud, "My thought abandons me at all stages. From the simplest act of thinking to the external act of its materialization in words... I am in constant pursuit of my intellectual being...I am beneath myself, I know it, it makes me suffer, but I accept the fact in the fear of not dying entirely."

"THE CONTEMPORARY THEATER IS DECADENT BECAUSE IT HAS LOST THE FEELING ON THE ONE HAND FOR SERIOUSNESS AND ON THE OTHER FOR LAUGHTER; BECAUSE IT HAS BROKEN AWAY FROM GRAVITY, FROM EFFECTS THAT ARE IMMEDIATE AND PAINFUL--IN A WORD, FROM DANGER." - ARTAUD IN THE THEATER AND ITS DOUBLE.

With this ferocious condemnation of the stilted facade of accepted culture, Artaud hurled potent missiles at the crystal palaces of conservative conservateve conservatories, unafraid and invulnerable in his holy dementia, bared beyond the boundaries of the windows of his soul. THE THEATER IS DEAD screamed Artaud "because it has broken away from the spirit of profound anarchy which is at the root of all poetry", and this has condemned us, "and along with us the state of things in which we live and which is to be destroyed, destroyed with diligence and malice on every level and at every point where it prevents the free exercise of thought."

There were no compromises for Artaud. When he railed against the stagnancy of the temples of theater, and later, cinema, he knew whereof he spoke, for he had moved and incanted beyond the mouthings of sanctified texts, beyond the glittering showcases, beyond the fleeting cinematic shadows of his dying Marat in Abel Gance's NAPOLEON, beyond the partaker of the peyote sacrament of the Tarahumaras, into the purveyor of a bitterer and more potent communion at the altar of the soul's self-immolation.

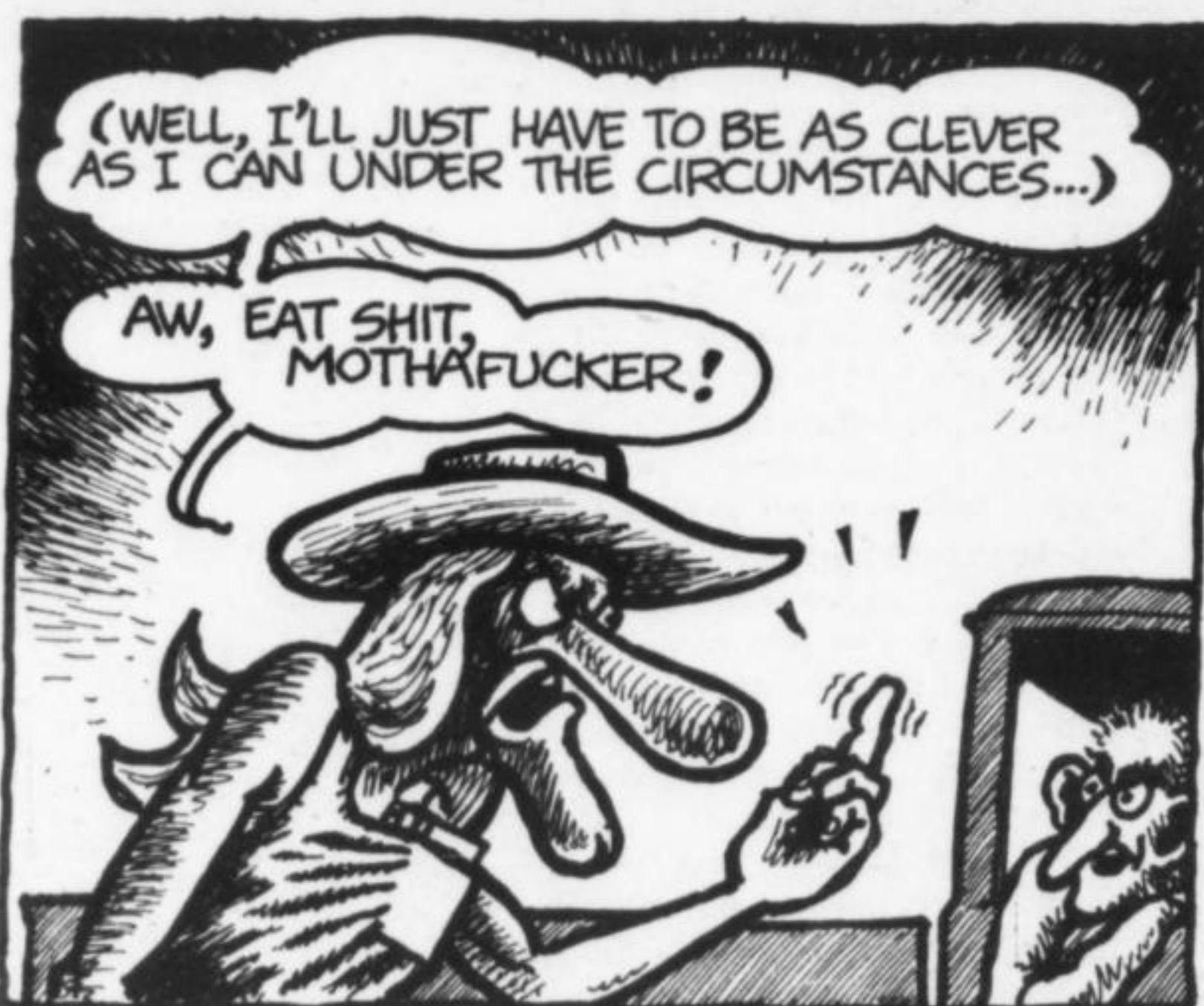
"THIS IS A REAL MADMAN TALKING TO YOU. ONE WHO NEVER KNEW THE HAPPINESS OF BEING IN THE WORLD UNTIL NOW THAT HE HAS LEFT IT AND BECOME ABSOLUTELY SEPARATED FROM IT."

The total renunciate is one who has seized fervently at the searing center of his tortured divinity. "The Tortured Man has come at last to be recognized by the whole world as THE REVEALED." He has made the ultimate commitment, far beyond hellish incarcerations in Bedlam. He has bentured into the unknowable, beyond death, into the moment of Lorca's DUENDE which must "circle death's house", into the land of no return from which he re-emerges, stigmata transfigured beyond all material crucifixion.

"NOW THE BODY HAS A BREATH AND A SCREAM BY WHICH IT CAN ACT ON THE DECOMPOSED LOWEST DEPTHS OF THE ORGANISM AND VISIBLY TRANSPORT ITSELF UP TO THOSE HIGH BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED PLANES WHERE THE SUPERIOR BODY IS ALREADY WAITING FOR IT...THE SCREAMS, THE UNCHAINED SOARINGS OF A SINCERITY WHICH IS ON ITS WAY TO THIS REVOLUTION OF THE WHOLE BODY WITHOUT WHICH NOTHING CAN BE CHANGED."

"IF I COMMIT SUICIDE, IT WILL NOT BE TO DESTROY MYSELF BUT TO PUT MYSELF BACK TOGETHER AGAIN" screamed Artaud the alchemist, distiller of the essential spirit, of "an absolute and abstract purity, beyond which there can be nothing, and which can be conceived of as a unique (Continued on Page 20)

THE FABULOUS FURRY DRUG TRIP BROTHERS



Gilbert Shelton

The End

thilm



Don't anyone ask: "Anybody gotta match?"

A U.S. Customs official checks luggage and paper bags at the San Ysidro, Calif., border crossing between the U.S. and Mexico during intensive search by the Feds for drugs dubbed "Operation Interception." The Customs people checked thousands of cars and pedestrians (→) at all the border crossings along the Mexican frontier. The big crackdown on smuggling created big traffic jams. Some people waited for hours.

by LITA ELISCU

Last week's piece was even more confused and confusing in print than it had seemed in type. Instead of a round-up portrait of the rock subculture (tarrah) a holograph of print to be seen only through 3-D study—using mind to integrate as well as see—the piece lacked cohesion; not an interwoven commentary, not a tapestry, just a bunch of loose threads.

Any bunch of people, and obviously any bunch large enough to be called a 'culture', has as many faces as a mitotic super-Amoeba, each living moment spent kaleidoscoping through time and space, changing, growing, becoming, making the basic elements infinite in pattern. Like Grace Slick, may we all hope to someday spend our lives in a succession of brain-turn-around moments, a state of grace, continual epiphany...when we wake from the sleep called consciousness. And may there be a Hall of Fame for words whose usefulness has been inflated and exploited: reality, tension, plastic, consciousness and communication are first nominations. Until the paradox of our existence and the vocabulary used is resolved, 'communication' is what it's all about (Won't someone take on John Cage and R.D. Laing?) So

this piece is a communication attempting to finish explaining why rock music has been chosen as the method of communication for people whose existences have been Time-labeled as "the rock subculture" may it rest in peace. There is no one revolution or one movement, and what ever content Time and others have so carefully attempted to make out as a static phenomenon has little to do with the who and what. Who uses the word 'hippie' besides certain media and local DJ's...? Which brings me to the final wrap-up statement: there is no such thing as a rock subculture when talking qualitatively, only quantitatively. There will always exist people who accept certain matters of existence such as happiness to be a right and not a privilege, a goal definitely sought in favor of power, security, desire. These people are called saint. There are very few of them. But there are large numbers of people, especially young ones who have not gone through material depressions and inter-personal wars, who try to be happy by balancing the external environment with internal to produce anything but a medium cool atmosphere. To produce an intense aware compassionate living experience called existence. And they use rock

music because it is a unifying force which requires little formal education and is basically a sensual experience. "Good rock music" as many besides Stefan Ponek of KSAN in San Francisco have said, "is good balling music." Naturally, each to his own tastes.

Radio is where the music plays and the DJ's—a low order of seraphim—tell it like it is. TV has too much commercial reward to belong to people not hungry enough to grab the power; literature has become a focal point of disagreement, having led so many minds up so many blind alleys. Radio plays the music, at least. In San Francisco, both the transition and the radio and quite active; communication is quite effective. In New York, free-form WFMU was shut down a few months ago, depriving the whole area of the only station which ever said anything. On KSAN, "Scoop and the News", which is just Scoop reading the news...do you know how funny the news is...do any New York DJ's...? WBAI, in its own 1930's liberal way is too aware of the importance of everything, including earnest, not to be without humor on almost any level. Most specially the news, when everyone is given equal opportunity time, as though all are applying for the job of

(Continued on Page 19)

flock you

James Lichtenberg
Walking around startled. I mean sometimes you have to admit it's all a bit startling... what has brought you to where you are and all. Where are you?

At the Fillmore...and something is different. Less crush, more cool—a lot more cool, and a place to buy brownies, cakes, fresh chinese almond cookies, drinks, a gently mind-blowing selection of yogurt.

Wow, survival! Mr Graham's nostalgia? Out in the (once) Wild West at that Fillmore there (is) was a sign: "Food" (arrow to the left) - "Peace" (arrow to the right): a real restaurant, an incredible snack counter, and to the right, space for the stage, for the people lying on the floor, lounging on the couches, seated on the floor around the stage, dancing in the strobe lights, smoking, dropping, tripping, children, babies, wander, life. More...in that direction. Maybe it's beginning to happen. If San Francisco becomes a violent, uptight New York, will New York become a spaced, peace-full San Francisco?

Friday, September 12.

It may come as a shock but now there's something called The Flock. Very beautiful, that inspite of moments of aberration Chicago continues to come forth with such delights. There's a strange long-haired gypsy who plays the electric violin in a way that will kick out every jam you ever had about violins. The violin is a rock instrument...just like the electric guitar which the gypsy also plays with total blues, rock, classical mastery. It's really a shock: you dance, you trip, you lose your mind to this violin. And to hear a group for the first time in concert and be carried away by them is a pretty good sign.

Also in the caravan, a gnome-like creature who sings lead and plays guitar, and a tall woodsman who also sings and plays bass guitar and a drummer who has to be pure mushroom, and the man who carries the staff and plays the saxophone. They come at you like something out of an early Bergman movie...

Cast & Credits

Gypsy.....Jerry Goodman
Gnome.....Fred Glickstein
Woodsman.....Jerry Smith
Mushroom.....Ron Karpman
Staff Carrier.....Rick Canoff

There are also two other people, another saxophone and a trumpet (Tom Webb, Frank Posa) who may not belong in the final count. No evil, it's just that on stage they were not in the movie. (You're either on the movie or off the movie.)

The Flock is still getting together in terms of a total identity fusion of their talents, a hit of clarity that will make them forever THE FLOCK. But the music they are doing now is a brand new release of energy built on the coming together of classical, rock and roll, blues, jazz...to name a few. Like a lyrical mind-blower, "I am the tall tree" followed by "Here's a proposition an ultimatum...Truth!", said the gypsy before they began to play the most amazing piece of the set. (What did you think while Truth was being heard? "In the forming tribe there are now two camps: those who think 'after all, everyone is human and systems of hate-profit can be changed to systems of love-peace'; and the others who think 'No, some are definitely sub-human, can never

be dealt with, and systems now bad must be destroyed and completely rebuilt.' These two camps are presently somewhat at each other's throats.) But that wasn't truth. TRUTH was the most incredible "drum" solo which the gypsy played with his fingers on the... ready...back of his electric violin. Mighty Mr. Baker, check this one out.

And kids, BE the first one on your block to get a record of The Flock!

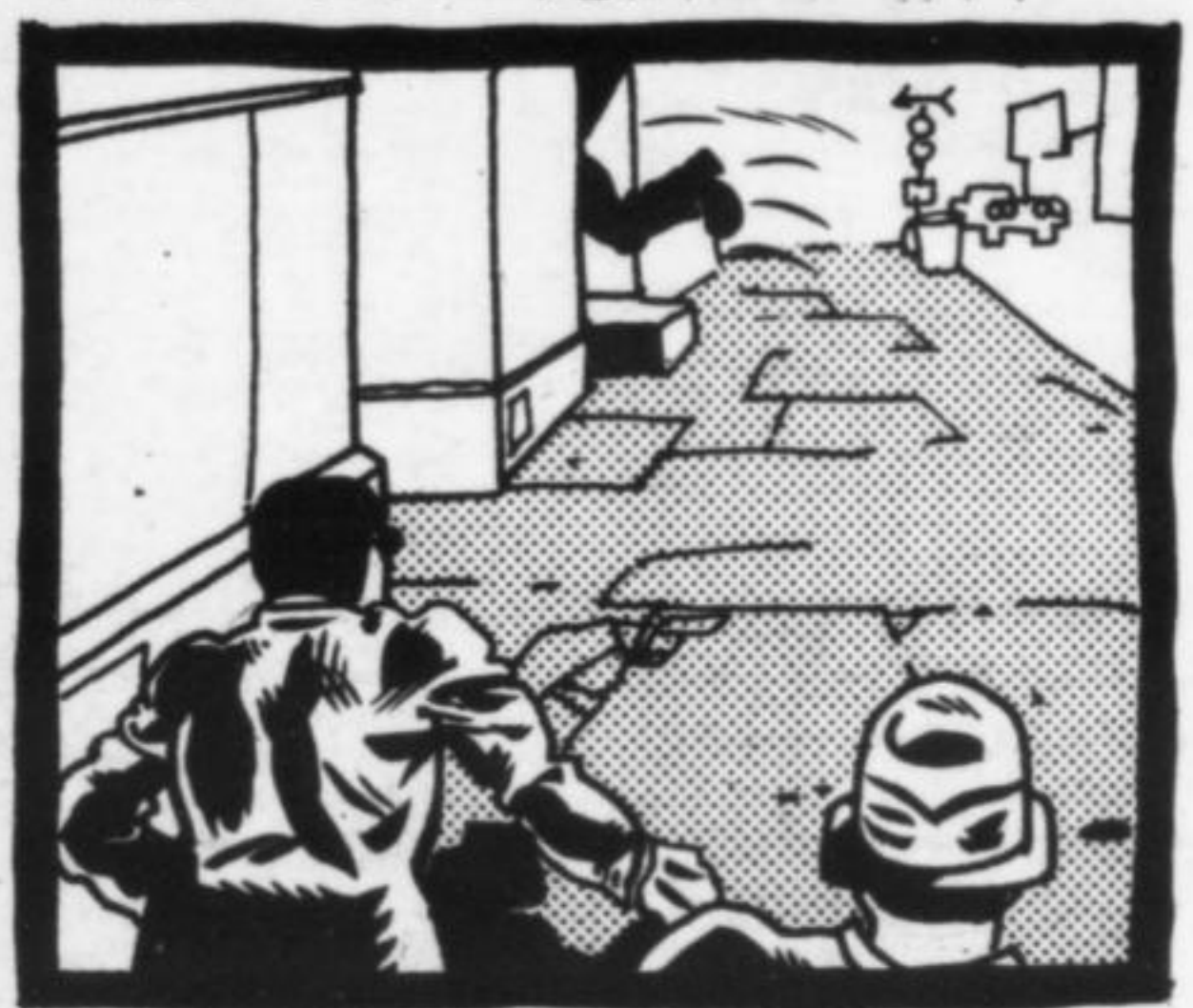
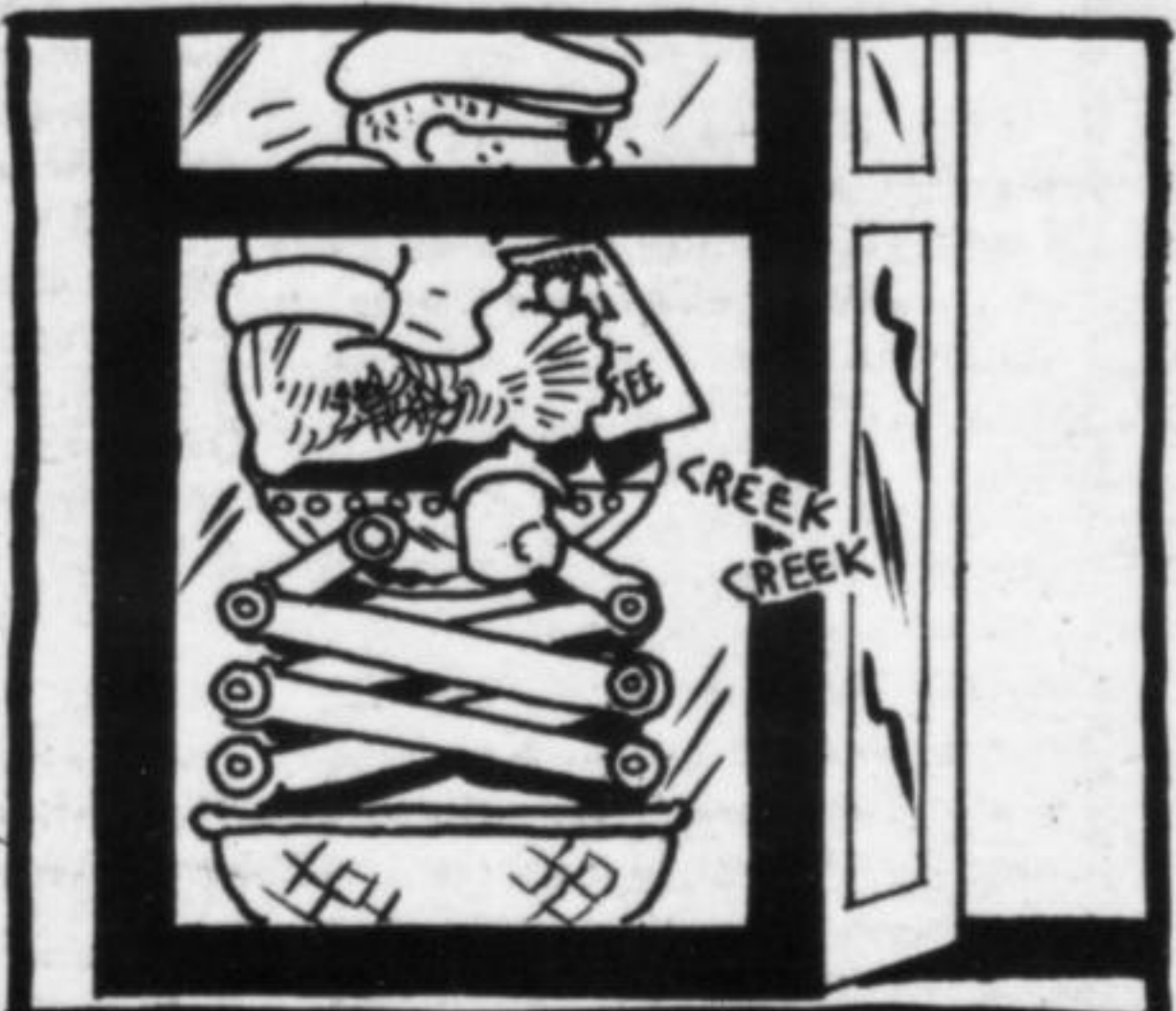
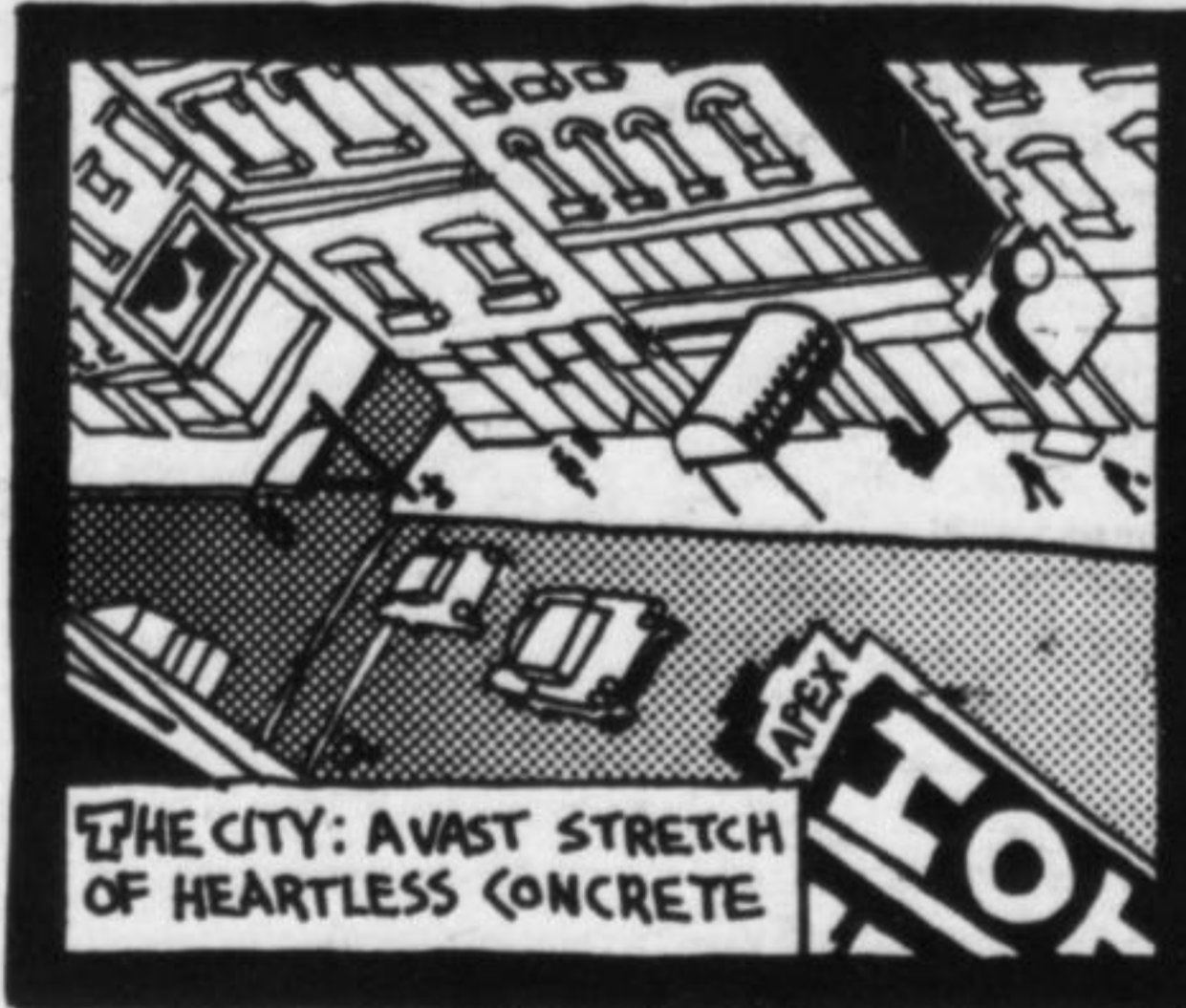
Our good mother earth is beset with ecological problems. Velocity problems. Sad but true, so it seems is Mother Earth. "Living With The Animals" is a beautiful album ("Make A Joyful Noise" somewhat less convincing). Tracy Nelson has a rare voice and R.P. St. John, Jr. writes real songs. But what happened on the Fillmore stage just wasn't there. Baz Scagg did most of the singing and "Lend Me A Dime" went on and on...and then came this gospel stuff (Which Tracy thinks allows her to "get more musical complexity than from any type of blues"...really, hmm.) The audience roared The Flock back for an encore and their efforts at 4:00 AM to revive Ten Years After was strictly mouth to mouth love. Mother Earth left hearing a sad, polite "good-bye". In all fairness, they stepped in when Fats Domino stepped out. "Pneumonia...he's in New Orleans...click." Send your cards and brownies where you will.

And that brings us to TYA... Truth, Youth And Acid? No, Ten Years After, whom everyone had come to see.

Ten Years After came together in a bus station in North Wales (those sneaky English). Two years and four albums after, their style has refined out the jazz of the old days and laid in hits of Hendricks and quarts of Cream. They took off with "Spoonful"...it might be a spoonful of diamonds. Certainly everybody's lyin' about the spoonful.

TYA (says the button) blow blues. But unlike Canned Heat who delve into the original blues head, or the Airplane, amazing the world with art-blues, Lee, Lyons Churchill & Lee have taken the blues on a refined, English, physical trip. Writing songs that weave together B.B. King and Eric Clapton, Alvin Lee shakes his long blonde hair as he sings and calls out to you to "Help Me"...very smooth blues. How long you like to listen to them depends on your mood. Their greatest difficulty in recording their own music is trying to capture "the same basic effect" of a good live performance. They say. It's that refined physical thing, sweet white English boys doing gritty black American music. Alvin screams, sighs, drives and carries it all, doing medleys of Cream and Berry, playing his guitar with a drum stick and bottle-necking with the microphone stand. For me, though, the brightest moment was Ric Lee's tonal drum solo, sweet Ginger.

Inspite of a certain sameness of sound, their fans know and love all the songs, and were up and dancing in the aisles especially during the encore "I'm going home". It was 4:00 in the morning. Bright eyes screaming for "more". Chick Churchill (organ) staggered back on stage, leaned over the microphone, confronted the drill team chanting and shook his head..."We're too fucked." Laugh and leave.



Actually, I can't see any basis for people getting into such and uproar over preventive detention. Everyone is suffering under the delusion that here is another fascist, police-state move that the Nixon administration is instigating. Apparently, not too many people are aware of the fact that there already is a preventive detention law on the books, and for all practical purposes, in use. Contained in the Bail Reform Act of 1966, Public Law 89-465, section 3148, it reads:

"A person (1) who is charged with an offense punishable by death, or (2) who had been convicted of an offense and is either awaiting sentence or had filed and appeal or a petition for a writ of certiorari, shall be treated in accordance with the provisions of section 3146 unless the court or judge had reason to believe that no one or more conditions of release will reasonably assure that the person will not flee or pose a danger to any other person or to the community. If such a risk of flight or danger is believed to exist, or if it appears that an appeal is frivolous or taken for delay, the person may be detained."

The verbiage is rather tricky at a few points, but don't doubt that any judge would be able to find a way to detain someone whom he doesn't particularly like.

To add to the detention package, a congressional committee study on the Bail Reform Act was delivered in May 1968. Although they brushed Preventive Detention aside with a request for further study, their ideas, under the heading of "Reduction of Crime on Bail", are evidently conservative.

According to the Committee's advice, any person released on bail who might pose a threat to the community or who might flee would have to submit to certain restricting conditions before he would be released on bail. He would be supervised twenty-four hours a day; he would be escorted to and from work; his free time would be minised; he would be required to reside removed from any area where he had previous associations with known criminals; he would be subject to arrive, regular checks for the use of narcotics, and abstinence from alcohol.

But the real surprise came towards the end of the report.

"Bail During Civil Disorders"

"In the final days of this Committee's deliberations, the special problems

involved in the civil emergency of April 5-8 came into focus. There has not yet been time for the Committee to analyze the data on bail setting and its consequences during that period. We understand, however, that this task is being undertaken by the recently appointed District of Columbia Committee on the Administration of Justice Under Emergency Conditions. Such a study will perse the belief of many persons that special bail procedures and special legislation are needed to deal with pretrial release during officially declared emergencies.

"The massive scale of criminal acts occurring during civil disorder, coupled with the intense feeling of the community, are felt by many to justify detention, for a cooling-off period during the emergency, of certain dangerous defendants arrested under very incriminating circumstance for riot connected acts dangerous to life and limb. The committee members differed on the offenses which might be included in such a statute. There was substantial sentiment for covering arson, possession of explosive and incendiary materials, and possession and use of firearms. Some also felt that inciting to riot, burglary and assault with a dangerous weapon should be included.

"The scope and limits of possible legislation in this area should be based upon greater factual knowledge of the variety of arrest, situations, bail dispositions and subsequent developments in cases arising during the recent emergency. The formulation of any legislation must also take account of constitutional questions which inhere in any proposal to authorize judicial orders of pretrial detention.

"The Committee has agreed, as set forth in preceding sections of this report, that a judge, inconsidering what conditions of release he will impose, should be authorized by legislation to take danger to the community into account. We are now urging the prompt enactment of legislation, with appropriate safeguards consistent with the emergency, giving judicial officers in the District of Columbia additional authority to deny release entirely for persons charged with certain riot connected offenses for the duration of an officially declared emergency."

(At the present time, the formal Preventive Detention Bill, introduced before the Senate on July 1, 1969, by Sen. Roman L.

Hruska (R: Neb.) pertains only to the Federal courts. It was designed specifically for the District of Columbia where all criminal cases are tried in Federal courts. It was one of the first moves of the Nixon administration to back up a campaign promise to use the nation's capital as a model for cleaning up crime in the streets.

As a functional part of the country's democratic process, the bill is a punctured life raft - thrown in the wrong direction - for the sinking ship of American justice. The Administration realises that, due to its own largess and bureaucracy, it may never be able to update and make efficient the standing judicial system. So, Preventive Detention is their cop-out. It would enable the courts to hold any "dangerous criminal", without bail or any other terms for release, until the trial is held or up to sixty days. At the end of sixty days, if the trial has not been delayed by the defendant and has not yet been held, the "dangerous criminal" is then subject to the standard bail system.

The obvious gaps in this bill are inexcusable.

1. Who is a "dangerous criminal?"

"Included in the definition of a dangerous criminal" is anyone who is caught selling "narcotics." "The definition covers robbery, burglary, arson and rape..." Also included are murder, assault, and any crime of direct violence. (Quotes from the statements of Sen. Hruska, Congressional Record, July 11, 1969.)

2. Despite any motions in the opposite direction, there are bound to be incidents where the trial cannot be held before the sixty day period has expired. Afterwards, the "dangerous criminal" is subject to release. As of now, in most urban areas, many court schedules are backed up as much as two years. This means that in a few cases, these "dangerous criminals" may be on the streets for as long as twenty-two months before trial. As a "deterrent" to any dangers that may arise from this situation, Sen. Hruska has proposed an additional penalty for those who commit crimes while on bail, so that when trial is held, the defendant would be sentenced to the mandatory four years for his original crime, plus the mandatory number of years for the crime committed while on release, plus a mandatory sentence of not more than five years if the secondary crime was a felony and not more than one year if it was a misdemeanor. All three terms would

be served consecutively.

THE WEIMAR STRUGGLE

Before Sen. Hruska made his statements in July, the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights was holding hearings on the Bail Reform Act of 1966, and Sen. Sam J. Ervin Jr. (D., N.C.), chairman, was most likely of the mind to find out more about the Preventive Detention issue. The Subcommittee is under the auspices of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, one of the most powerful and influential committees in Washington. Its members include Sens. Kennedy, Dodd, Thurmond, and Byrd.

Nothing concrete was established at the original hearings in January and February of this year and, according to an aide of Sen. Ervin, the committee is planning more hearings in the near future.

It is obvious from his statements before the Senate that Ervin is out to cut off the administration's proverbial balls. And I quote:

"The pretrial detention authorized by the Nixon bill is unconstitutional and smacks of a police state rather than a democracy under law.

"It repudiates centuries of Anglo-American concepts of fairness, due process, and common standards of justice. The administration would put in jail uncounted numbers of citizens without trial. It would authorize a hearing—a sort of 'pretrial trial'—in which the defendant would be convicted if the state could prove a 'substantial probability' of guilt, and produce more 'evidence' of 'dangerousness.'

The administration's bill protects no one. All it does is convict and imprison without due process.

"Judges are not gifted with the prophetic powers necessary for accurate judgements as to which individuals represent a danger to the community. This law will be highly susceptible to abuse. It will result in the imprisonment of many innocent persons.

"The real answer to the problem of crime committed by persons while awaiting trial lies not in the preventive detention of individuals presumed innocent, but in the speedy trial of the accused and the swift and sure punishment of the guilty." (From the Congressional Record, July 16, 1969.)

It is merely a matter of Manifest Destiny.

PREVENTIVE DETENTION or THE NEO-AUSCHWITZIAN THEORY

by Alan Asuen





gay power comes to the village voice
by Claudia Dreifus

When hundreds of homosexuals made history last spring by participating in the Stonewall Inn riots, it was the VILLAGE VOICE, that alleged vanguard of avant garde and anti-establishment journalism, that wrote the event off as some kind of faggot grumblings due mostly to Judy Garland's death. But what happened at the Stonewall had nothing to do with the Wizard of Oz. It had to do with things the VOICE is supposed to be so liberally concerned with: freedom, justice and the rights of the individual.

To be a homosexual in New York State is a crime. Yes, folks, a crime! And gay people have for years accepted a life of police harassment, bar raids, blackmail, and paranoia. Rather than fight ludicrous laws banning homosexuality, the homophile has sat back and passively accepted his role as society's outcast. But on June 28th of this year, something happened that was astoundingly different. When a contingent of police began raiding the Stonewall Inn, a popular gay spot in the West Village, the gay folk shocked the world: They rioted.

It was an incredible evening. At first, the Stonewall's patrons began pelting their tormentors with coins. Later they escalated to beer bottles and rocks. As the tactical patrol force came in to reinforce a beleaguered and trapped police contingent inside the bar, they found themselves involved in hand-to-hand street fighting. Queens vs. Cops. One queen, all decked out in lipstick and a wig, picked off an isolated TPFer. When it was over, the policeman had to be hospitalized.

The VILLAGE VOICE is located right down the block from the Stonewall. At the first whiff of excitement, they promptly dispatched Howard Smith, that paper's Assistant Publisher, to cover the local event. When Smith arrived on the scene, he decided to perceive the event as nothing more than gay entertainment, not an outcry for justice. Having written off the rioters as mad faggots, he proceeded to cover the story by tagging along with the constabulary. "I had struck up a spontaneous relationship with Deputy Inspector Pine, who had marshalled the raid," Smith confessed in print the following week. Pine was described by the Assistant Publisher of the VILLAGE VOICE as a very friendly, paternal man. Yes, Inspector Pine is very paternal. He's the man who beat the holy shit out of Lennox Raphael after busting him on dozens of counts of "consensual sodomy" and "public lewdness" in connection with Lennox's play "Che!"

Smith and Pine were trapped inside the Stonewall for much of the evening. As the riot grew tense, it was Howard Smith who told the Deputy Inspector in charge of the Morals Squad that he wished he had a gun! Lacking that, our man from the VOICE grabbed a wrench and stuck it in his belt as protection. Mmmnnn.

Smith wrote up his impressions of the Stonewall Riot the following week. Never once did he question the morality of the raid. Never once did he ask how it was that the head of the Morals Squad was leading a raid on a gay bar for alleged "liquor licensing violations." He did, however, lace his report with suggestions that the whole thing was due to the full moon, to Judy Garland's death

and to Mafia skull-duggery. His prose was liberally laced with the word "faggot"—the gay equivalent of "nigger."

So, startled Greenwich Village housewives, curious tourists, and friendly passersby who happened through the Sheridan Square vicinity two Fridays ago found themselves reading a leaflet that said:

"GAY LIBERATION FRONT ASKS: WHERE HAS THE VILLAGE VOICE GONE?"

"Where once the Gay Village Community was able to relate to a literary voice, it now cannot..."

"Not only has the VILLAGE VOICE consistently displayed a contemptuous attitude towards the Gay Community, it has played a vigorous role in the attempt to force Gay People to think of themselves as sick, depraved, unworthy and inhuman...What else besides deprecation would explain a V.V. staff writer finding the singing of "We Shall Overcome" by 500 homosexuals 'curiously moving.'"

The GLF went on to ask the Greenwich Village community not to advertise in the VILLAGE VOICE any longer and to join in an all day demonstration in front of the VOICE's Christopher offices. An appeal was made to VOICE staffers to stop work in sympathy with the gay folk—an appeal that fell mostly on deaf ears.

Inside the tabloid's office, women were cackling, "What do those faggots want with us?" In the Advertising Department, the staff wore a fiendish smirk. Remembering my best Lois Lane tradition, I decided that I would make an attempt to see Ed Fancher, the psychologist who publishes the newspaper. It would be interesting to hear his explanations for the fact that he had refused earlier meetings with the Gay Liberation Front. I wondered how he, as a psychologist, felt about words like "faggot" and about his Ad Department's suggestion that the word "homosexual" somehow was obscene. I wondered how he might professionally consider Howard Smith's interesting grab for a wrench during the Stonewall Incident. But Publisher Fancher would not see the lady from the EAST VILLAGE OTHER. More respectable credentials from WBAI were of no help, either. Fancher was strictly non-communicative.

Returning to the street in failure, I noted that the demonstration had grown larger and more boisterous. One young man was leading a chant, "Gay Power to the Gay People." Several VOICE staffers were speaking amicably with GLF leaders, "The problem with the VOICE," said one, "is that we've got this fifty year old virgin running the Advertising Department. She's constantly pulling things like this. But, I don't think her attitude reflects VOICE editorial policy in any way."

It was Howard Smith's incredible report, coupled with continued anti-homosexual slurs, that brought thirty members of the Gay Liberation Front to the VILLAGE VOICE's door two Fridays ago. The GLF, a militant and radical organization that grew out of the Stonewall Inn incident, had attempted to place an ad with the VOICE for a forthcoming dance, but the Classified Advertising Department at the tabloid told the Front they would have

to delete the word "homosexual" from their copy. Homosexual, the GLF was informed, was as offensive a term as fuck and shit. No, the word "gay" could not be used either. It, too, was dirty.

"Wanna bet," retorted a rather cynical picketer. "They're just a bunch of people who were okay for the 1950's but who are out of step with it now. They think that everything is a joke. Something to sneer at. Something to write cute headlines about. Well, I'm not letting anybody get away with calling me a mad faggot anymore!"

Ralph Hall, a tall, intense young man, explained his reasons for demonstrating: "It's time that gay people stopped taking public abuse. The VILLAGE VOICE is supposed to be so anti-establishment, yet they have no respect for us as human beings. They even imply that we were as stupid as to riot because Judy Garland died and because the moon was full! That's crazy!"

While demonstrators chanted their distaste for the VOICE, a chunky school crossing guard stood on Seventh Avenue shaking her head. "This is a terrible thing," she said. "ya know, kids learn from this kind of stuff. They're very impressionable. They see these kinds of people out in the open like this and they wanna imitate them."

A balding man standing next to her agreed. "You know, these fags say they're 'The Community.' And what's more they'll never be 'The Community,' either. These people ought to be moved somewhere else, somewhere out in the country where we wouldn't have to see them. You know, if they want to do what they do, they ought to be hidden."

Most other observers proved to be more friendly to the gay cause. Several local residents, gay and straight, spontaneously joined the picket line. One man said he was marching because the VOICE had given him trouble when placing a classified ad, too. "I think it's just a rotten paper," he said, "and I don't care who's picketing them. I'll march along. Why, you can't even go into that Classified Ad office to take out an 'Apartment Wanted' ad without getting snooted at!"

Other passersby signed anti-VOICE petitions and made financial contributions to the GLF.

It had been planned that at 4:30 the picketers would hold some gay guerilla theatre by attempting to go into the VOICE office and place an uncensored ad. Attempts would also be made to speak with the elusive Mr. Fancher about his newspaper's policies towards homosexuals.

At 4:30 the advance guard strode into the VILLAGE VOICE's offices. As giddy newspaper staffers watched, a receptionist informed the group that yes, Mr. Fancher would see them after all. Some time later, Lois Hart, an activist from GLF, emerged from the conference and appeared before the demonstrators. "We won," she smiled. "They've agreed to take our ad and never again to use the word 'faggot!'"

On Christopher Street there was dancing that day. It was such a small victory. But it had been won.

poor paranoid's almanac



painting by William Kirkaldy

allan katzman

The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the Republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order. Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive. Elect us and we shall restore law and order.

ADOLPH HITLER, HAMBURG, 1932.

So they elected him. They elected him in California. In Milwaukee. In their minds. In the seat of their own crotches--Washington, D.C. They will probably elect him in New York City this November. They elected him recently on the moon: The vote being 2 to 0, and no one even asking for a recount.

One man elected him while waiting for a bus; trembling up the dark alleyways to home; and decided to get a gun. One woman even screamed at her television set, which had suddenly turned into a toilet seat before her eyes, and decided to vote for him there and then; the flush and fury of her own existence going down the drain as she flipped the clanking handle or dial or knob, flipping it as she would a voting booth key.

A conspiracy of circuits clicking on across the country to a scapegoat circus. The game known as America, as Democracy, as Military-Industrial Complex Corporate Capitalism finally deciding to demand a more than normal number of sacrifices.

The fifties becoming the sixties, and the seventies joining hands with twenty years of fear, prejudice and hate. Behind the backs of those born free of tyranny, they joined hands and took a step backwards.

In this triad of time, the people of the united states of america enjoined the people of a new world to a due process of law. The stadium of events to be a big league affair; a spectacular of strength, of power, of skill, of human survival.

The "Conspiracy 8" versus the "Washington D.C. Kangeroos", as Abbie Hoffman, one of the Conspiracy team, refers to it all. The first pitch to be thrown out September 24th in a Chicago Federal Court.

Law and Order. The World Series of American Supremacy, Injustice, Greed, Mistakes. The 'Rat Race' steaming full force to the best four out of seven.

I once tried to join the team and found the gate locked. So I climbed the fence, jumped and broke both my legs. Now I am sidelined with an injury as are so many others who couldn't make the team--both teams. I could spend money or pay my taxes, or both. I could referee, preferring to be a prophet rather than a player, and call the balls and strikes. I will do what I have been made to do.

I will lay the odds, take the bets, and be poorly paranoid about the outcome:

There will be no winners. The pitches are coming the other way. The curve ball which bends the earth and makes it wretch open its gaping mouth. The screwball which twists the balance of mind and matter into frozen movement. The fastball which comes upon bodies with instant nuclear impact. The floater which makes the hands heavy with the very air it breathes. The slider which rumbles down the airways in an avalanche of falling. The illegal spitball which buries the sky in its very own juices.

Law & Order is someone else's ballpark. The Adolph Hitler you see upon your screens in full living color is Mother Nature's other son. The one who bears the scars of lies and deceit. The one whose mind has been raped by wrong ideas. The one whose body has been bludgeoned with beliefs that can no longer support human life.

He is the relief pitcher when the going gets tough and mercy is no longer available. He is Justice bent on destruction. A winner at all and any costs. "My illegitimate father," as Abbie Hoffman said of Judge Hoffman, the man who is trying his case along with his co-defendants, Jerry Rubin, Dave Dellinger, Tom Hayden, Bobby Seale, Rennie Davis, Lee Weiner, John Froines.

His charges are fierce: "...Beginning on or about April 12, 1968, and continuing through the National Democratic Party Convention in Chicago, in...Illinois and elsewhere, defendants herein, unlawfully, willfully and knowingly did combine, conspire, confederate and agree together...to commit offenses against the United States, that is:...At the times hereinafter mentioned the defendants committed, among others, the following overt acts...:

"...spoke to an assemblage of persons at 48th Street and Park Avenue, New York...at the Diplomat Hotel, New York

"...participated in a meeting...at Chicago

"...attended a 'marshall' training session at Lincoln Park, Chicago

"...met at the National Mobilization Committee Office at Chicago

"...engaged in conversation at Grant Park, Chicato

"...did travel in interstate commerce from outside the State of Illinois...with intent to...encourage a riot..."

His Law even fiercer: "...Whoever: Travels from one state to another - Writes a letter - Sends a telegram - Makes a telephone call - or Speaks on radio or television...with 'intent' to: Encourage any person to participate in a riot...a 'riot' meaning: An act of violence by one or more persons part of an assemblage of three...which...shall result in...injury to the property of any other person, shall be fined not more than \$10,000 or imprisoned not more than five years, or both."

The illegitimate father of Nature is coming to play in our ball park. In the ball park, we stole from his Mother. Adolph Hitler is angry. He doesn't like Judge Hoffman. He doesn't like the United States of America. He doesn't even like Abbie Hoffman. He doesn't like anyone.

His charges are final: "Beginning on or about, and up till now, in...Illinois and elsewhere, defendants herein, unlawfully, willfully and knowingly did combine, conspire, confederate and agree together...to commit offenses against my Mother, that is:...At the times hereinafter mentioned the defendants committed, among other, the following overt acts...:

- "...War
- "...Greed
- "...Pollution
- "...Starvation
- "...Disease
- "...Fear
- "...Hate
- "...Prejudice

His law is irrevocable: "Whoever transgresses against my Mother has had it and shall forfeit their lives, or be imprisoned for eternity, or both."

Adolph Hitler is playing the scatological game in a court of no return. He sometimes finds allies in people like Nixon, and Kosygin and Mao, and even Judge Hoffman. But they are not his friends but his most ardent enemies who make his coming so much easier.

He will be present when the first pitch is thrown in Chicago on September 24th. He will be the guest of honor and have the privilege of throwing out the first ball. He will be one spectator which the United States of America didn't bargain for as a referee as he watches her barreling down home plate to her doom. The Conspirator of us all, friend to politicians alike, boom to mankind.

Come to Chicago and laugh him away. Send him packing, back to his Mother. Or send a check to the *Chicago Defense Fund* and mail to: *Committee to Defend the Conspiracy*, 28 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60604. Or call *The Conspiracy* for time of events and free tickets, 674-8686.

To Conspire: To Breathe Together. In Unison with Nature. Law & Order is a gag to stifle laughter. The bad joke of a rotten society.

Adolph Hitler, you're a fool.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

You MAKE LOVE NOW, G.I.

It's about time that the worm started turning, that the pawn refused to move. All of Sam's Malitia is Burning, now the men are in the Groove. Let's get down to BRASS TACKS. Aren't you sick and tired of the flagelations wrought upon you by the heinous and unequal leaders of this nepotistic regime? Aside from the fact that the Draft, as it stands now, is unlawful the Government won't even grant you your Constitutional Rights as a citizen and soldier.

EQUAL TIME

The Constitution grants us the right to free and orderly Assembly, free and orderly Speech, and Freedom of the Press. Try to get this in the Army. Try to get permission to have a quiet and orderly gathering on your post for the purposes of discussing US Policy and the Vietnam War. Just

attempt to distribute anti-war material. Look, if the brass can make you sit for hours in reenlistment talks and "Training" then it should be fair to allow peace groups equal time, Right? Ha!

BI-MONTHLY BROKE

How does it feel to be one of the chosen? Illegally removed from normal civilization and placed in the most corrupt organization in the U.S.? How do you feel after you receive your measely cut in the bankroll of our government and find that they have taken out money, without your permission, to go towards the old Lifers Home? If your unfortunate enough to have been drafted while you were married, pity you. Unless you are a Lifer, you really can't make ends meet. The people of most states make more money on Unemployment than you make in an E4 slot! You are legally entitled to go on welfare in certain states if you are E4 or below. In fact, the Veterans Administration pays

you more money to go back to school when you get out, then a PFC makes, and you can't beat it cause it's free...

THE AMERICAN SERVICEMAN'S UNION (ASU)

I have been asked by many soldiers as to the bennies of joining the ASU. Well, aside from it being the only major one in existence, to my knowledge, it is the main backing to what I believe to be the largest Underground Army Paper, "The Bond". The ASU has many members already and they seem to be in useful places. Many of these members help each other in their occupational capacities, by formint Clerks Mafias and "Losing Orders" on individuals. They will also publicize many cases of Brass Brutality, and can be instrumental in gaining civilian lawyers through the Civil Liberties Union. The cost is about a dollar (donation) and you get a cool card, it's great if your a card fetish, and a free-subscription to the Bond. The address is: The Bond, c-o The American Serviceman's Union, 156 5th Avenue (Room 538), N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

BLACK APPEASEMENT

Uncle Sam, through the generosity of his heart, is now allowing the Black soldiers to have a reasonably cut Afro haircut. Isn't he sweet? The Marines initiated it, the Air Force followed, the Army is still playing with it, but the Racist Navy won't "HAIR OF IT." Be reminded that in all of the posters showing Uncle Sam, Uncle has long hair, sideburns, and a scraggly beard, definitely not the type of character your mother would let you hang around with....

THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA TIGER DIVISION

When you ask a Vet about the Koreans, you will probably receive an answer of mixed feelings. Usually, contempt, mixed with fear, and well seasoned with Kimshi. (Kimshi is composed of decayed cabbage and is the diet staple of the koreans) The average GI assumes that every Korean soldier is the master of Karate and Gung-Fu, which is false. The Koreans are taught Tai-Kwon-Do, which is a form of Ju-

Jitso and Kindo, as their basic training, but they are still mortal. The only real fear they radiate is the fact that they fight like the savages that they are. Ask any Vietnamese. The Koreans dispise the rest of the Asian races and do their best to intimidate them all. To instill fear in the hearts of the Viet Cong the Koreans have cultivated a gross habit - they cut the ears off the dead VC. This is not only an atrocity but a psychological attack also. The VC are composed mainly of Buddhists, who believe that if they are dismembered in anyway, they cannot get their after-life. The Koreans on the other hand are given a slow death by the VC. One of the ways the VC get back at the Koreans is by the use of biological warfare. The VC will go into a village and infect the local prostitutes with various rare strains of syphyllis. The Koreans infect themselves en masse and are then sent to Okinawa to finish their lives out in anguish. They are never allowed to return to their country lest they spread the disease. As is, some American Lovers are also enjoying the sights of Okinawa too... ©



IMPRESSIONS FROM WITHIN THE MILITARY

On Being in the Military

I am a commissioned officer in the United States Air Force, fortunately not a pilot, just a draft dodger of sorts. For obvious reasons I cannot reveal my name.

I came to be where I am for two reasons:

1. Desire to avoid the dehumanized existence of an Army draftee, with its inherent possibility of killing and being killed.

2. Lack of courage to risk "messing up my future" by standing for what I really believe and rejecting the system altogether. I must content myself with working from within. Perhaps being in the service will add authority to what I have to say, although dissenters within the service are branded "isolated malcontents" by the authorities.

/Being an officer at a rear-echelon desk job is a middle road that offers physical comfort but little else. I get half decent pay in a semi-civilian job, and give only vague support to the men who actually drop bombs. I do have the opportunity to exercise some humanity with the men assigned under me in a basically inhumane institution. I have two years to go on a four year enlistment, and will probably spend one of those years in Southeast Asia, again in a noncombat safe position. I feel that the Vietnam war is wrong, but if one is in uniform it does not matter whether he serves there or in Missouri. Philosophically, going to Vietnam will not trouble me any more than being in the Air Force here, although the involuntary separation from wife and family will be painful. If I thought that my job there would be at all dangerous, I would not go. It would be ironic to die for something which one is firmly against.

The Military System

War and dying are distasteful pastimes that can only

occasionally be made palatable by patriotism, hatred, glory, or other fare served up by the instigators of war.

But, for the most part, war is messy at best and those who have to do the actual killing and dying do not understand it, are too young to know better, or are powerless to do anything about it. Coercion and fear are the only means open to the military to insure that young men will fight and die for the machine. If an attempt were made to explain and justify war and the military for their actual reasons to each individual, there would be no army tomorrow. National economics make a poor excuse for dying.

Widespread education, much touted by the government and even the military, will be the undermining of those institutions. It is responsible for the unrest of youth today. We know too much to be quiet. Schools teach more than literacy and mathematics. Educated people ("personnel" in the military) are not passive--this is causing great problems in the military. Young servicemen of

all ranks are better educated and hence more restive. It is difficult to convince a draftee with a college education that he must humble himself to "salute" a like man who happens to be an "officer." Young servicemen also have been raised in more affluent surroundings, making the rockbottom existence of the draftee financially as well as spiritually humiliating. I have heard numerous officers comment that keeping the young troops broke keeps them out of trouble. Unrest is growing and the young servicemen are finding a voice. They are banding together in small groups as part of a large loosely knit resistance called The Movement.

The severe punishment that accompanies the breaking of military law does much to stifle unrest in the service, but the resistance is stiffening and desertions are mounting. In 1967, the last year for which I have figures, 53,000 troops deserted and 150,000 went AWOL. More recently, less surreptitious protests have become commonplace, most noticeably the Presidio and Ft. Jackson incidents. As a result, penalties seem to be getting harsher and

there is a tighter lid on open criticism within the military, a subject with which I shall deal later.

/Another area wherein the service is finding the going difficult is reenlistment. It is essential to the military to retain its trained "personnel"--training costs money: the price tag for training a basic infantryman is around \$5,000. More technical training is obviously much higher. Basic pilot training (1 year) costs around \$148,000.

The Air Force, which generally has better reenlistment rates than any other branch of service, had set its optimum reenlistment rate at 44 percent for first-term airmen. This figure has been reduced to 20 percent in an attempt to cover a wide discrepancy between the optimum and the actual reenlistment rates. The actual reenlistment rate for FY68 was 18 percent of eligible first-term airmen. In FY69, the figure was 14.5 percent, and it is still falling. Figures on first-term officer reenlistments are not available supposedly, but they are undoubtedly low. The Navy

(Continued on Page 18)

THIS CATAclySM BROUGHT TO YOU

BY **Coca-Cola**



Everyone is getting their leather jackets out of the closet or the cleaners. No doubt about it, there's a revival on, and everyone from Mike Jahn to Paul Williams is rapping... revival, revival is here. The revival takes on different shapes and forms, no one has a corner on the market. There is one school of musical antiquarians which say that rock can only come back in its original form and therefore it must sound, feel, and look like the real thing. Voila - Sha Na Na, Columbia drop-ins who traded their tweeds for leather jackets. They mimic all the old Teen manerisms to the point where the memory becomes no longer a happy one, but ridiculous. No, one shouldn't cry real tears when one recites the lyrics to "Teen Angel" (that would be too much for any man). Sha Na Na is a 12 man group with a chorus and gold lame garbed lead singers. And Oh Wow, are they groovy, you can hear all your old favorites - just the way they used to sound when you were in your own adolescent fog...how does that grab you!

Inspite of their obvious enthusiasm, Sha Na Na can only be seen once and only once. After 2 numbers you can go back to those stacks of 45's you have in the attic or basement collecting dust-that would be the real nostalgia trip. If Sha Na Na was all the rock and roll revival offered, it would be a poor movement indeed - they are a rather cute but an insubstantial substitute for authenticity. Let's move on to other areas.

If glee club singing is out, one can do as Frank Zappa's mythical culture hero Reuben Sano does with his band, the Jets, and take rock in its nascent form and make up new lyrics. Not like Sha Na Na which makes you maybe smile and quietly sigh for the old days, Reuben is more likely to make you squirm and break out. The biting satire with which the job is done reminds me of a Dadaist making movies about the 60's and then showing them in sewers...so be it.

The Jets have a real sharp album out called *Cruisin' with Reuben and The Jets* which takes all those four chord songs which always sounded the same, distilled the banality of good old teenage lyrics and then made up their own original period-piece rock and roll numbers. Reuben does not slavishly imitate the 'old days', he uses the old rock and roll forms for modern satirical ends. Fortunately, there are other ways to stage a revival without making the music sound either plastic or sinsiter.

It is apparent that rock in its most primitive state was more than just a collection of rather badly-rhymed quasi-poems to the Teen idol (a capella pimple rock). Rock was more than just a system of chord changes which was musically boring. Rock was a feeling that one got from playing as spontaneously and freely as possible. Rock was always inhabited by a spirit, elan vital which stayed no matter how badly mangled the lines were, no matter how badly the band played their instruments. What pop or modern music has been noted for is-was its ability to use and rework old forms into an everchanging set of variables which changed as musicians became aware of other musical techniques and constructions. However, when music can capture the vibrations of a certain period, then the band deserves credit for really getting down with it - Cat Mother and the All Night

ROCK AND ROLL IS HERE TO STAY... CAN IT EVER DIE?

by DAVID WALLEY

Newsboys capture this all-over good feeling about rock and roll like in some ways, The Loving Spoonful, they make good-time music.

The singular beauty of Cat Mother is their ability to interact with the roots of present music

without having the roots take precedence over their art, without sounding precious, phoney or cute. Funny thing about Cat Mother, they don't have gold lame suits or funny mustaches or far-out pachuco choreography, nor even Buddha's questionable logos to contend with. Cat Mother didn't even have a press party in the El Morocco nor have the

distinction of being remnants of a college glee club. Cat Mother worked for a long time together in New York and Woodstock before they got together. But no matter how painful it got to pay the dues to the Establishment, Cat Mother had a vision of rock, or better, they never lost sight of the essence of early rock. This freedom permeates everything

they do and the cynicism of Reuben and The Jets or the plasticity of Sha-Na-Na never enters into their numbers.

Cat Mother aside, the current vogue about the "rock and roll revival" seems no more than manufactured hype. So musicians who really don't get off on the "good old days" are learning their period piece so that they shouldn't appear out of place in this reemergence of cultural cream. The more one listens to numberless imitators of which Sha-Na-Na is, (if not the worst, than the most highly touted hype of the year), the more one realizes that there is no substitute for the originals. I have always submitted that if I wanted to hear the good old songs which turned me on in high school, I would rather play my old Danny and the Juniors records than watch a group of Glee club oriented college students do their to the accolades of the cultural mafia of New York Pop Scene. Better to have seen Reuben and the Jets at El Morocco than Sha-Na-Na, because at least Frank Zappa knows where it's all at, though he may appear a trifle nasty at times. If you're going to listen to it, like it really was, then perhaps you should by *Cruising* which, if you believe Frank, "...will put you back in the parking lot where you belong." Is the parking lot where you want to be, or better, is it the only place we belong?

Perhaps what both Zappa and Cat Mother are diving in their approaches to music is that rock and roll is not an art form which can stagnate. It cannot afford to spent its creative energies eating itself, like the orobuous, nor can it afford to wistfully look back to more peaceful times which were, in many cases nothing more than a collection of adolescent wet dreams which the disc jockeys pushed. They weren't even our dreams, man, they were the dreams of those little old bubblegum manufacturers which we bought because we either knew too much, or not enough to make the dream valid. Funnier still is the thought that most of these companies are still at it, fouling the market with slop.

Creativity is multi-faceted. Multi-dimensional rock music has proved that it is creative. nln that sense, the thought of a revival is something of a joke. The problem is not that Sha-Na-Na or Reuben and the Jets both represent revival, but the fact is that they represent a qualitatively different way of viewing revival, like the old argument of content over form. Banality is the spice of the music world, witness the recent spat of "switched-on" gimmicks for the trendy consumer. The basic question when listening to any music is can the artist or the group make it new and make it theirs. Textually speaking, the difference between Sha-Na-Na, Reuben and the Jets and Cat Mother is enormous. The former make it stale and the latter two make it real and new simultaneously.

I guess I really wouldn't have gotten so worked up if the concept wasn't important. Rock is food for the soul and no matter how butchered and plasticised it gets through the evil masinations of some record company, I probably will never lose interest in it (primitive or modern). What did Cat Mother say..."When I was just a little boy- my one and only joy - was to listen to that good old rock and roll".

Right on brothers.

letters

(Continued from Page 2)

headline... I never before have written "a letter," and I probably never will again, but news most urgent and deadly has drifted East to me from California. A chemical has been developed and is being used which, when sprayed on marijuana plants, causes eventual smokers a great deal of illness: nausea, vomiting, headaches, muscle pain, etc.

I don't know for certain if (or what part of) this is true. I really hope it is rather a paranoid series of West Coast rumors. But if it is true, I intend to spearhead with money, influence, and a great deal of energy a series of revengeful repercussions the likes of which the straight world has never seen.

And I urge, BEG, everyone who can see-feel-taste the bitterness as I do, to join with me in a career of mass sabotage against those who would poison us through our beloved and Godly pot.

I am withholding my name because I have been badly busted and am on probation of which this letter might technically be a violation. That bust was pot...

Con Victed

ED: Look, BDAB on grass is good for you-- they wouldn't have put it there otherwise.

3 Months at the Zoo

Dear EVO: Three months ago I was busted for grass and acid. My parents found my stash on one of my short visits home and turned it over to the police. The next time I came back I was put in the hospital. If the pigs hadn't talked my parents into committing me instead of letting me face the charges I would be out today on probation. The hospital makes the sick worse by putting the really sick patients with the patients who come up from the Youth House who always pick fights and screw up the minds of those whose minds are already screwed up. This place is a noisy zoo and nothing better. They feed the animals three times a day and put a roof over their heads. They even have their own beds. Isn't that a gas, they herd you to breakfast, lunch, and dinner and back again and they also tell you when to go to sleep. Really dynamite way to live. Some of the kids don't even know what the outside is like anymore. They have been here so long.

I was taken off the streets without a cent and don't have any money now, but do you think you could send me some back issues and anything else to keep me up with what's happening? I have been in three months and expect to be here from three to five more. Some of my friends have been sending me head material to keep me occupied while I do my time. As long as I have something to do and something to read it's not so bad. Could you let me hear one way or the other. Maybe you could tell me how much it would cost and I could get the money from a

friend. Try and let me know. Thanks.

Peace,

Bob Fischer

Overbrook County Hospital, WARD 35,

Cedar Grove, New Jersey

ED: If you wish, we can also send some people around to talk to your parents. If your father has a house and a car, they could talk about that too... The Kerosene Squad has been idle for too long.

reappeared on Wilkes Barre newsstands amid cries of pornographic smut for odd balls. I found it to be more lucid than before and as a result its attacks on the Establishment was of more impact. But what the hell good do you think you're doing? OK. I read the paper. It's great to see that someone else is alive and recognises bureaucratic, narrowminded shit for what it is. But I'm already on your side. (Result-- I can't get a job around here because of my hair and got canned by a mom whose sweet daughter now goes with clean cut

DIRTY JOKE WRITER

Dear EVO--Your paper recently

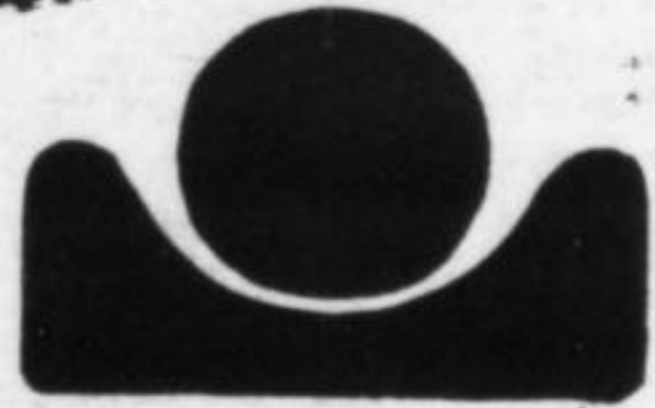
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—Time

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—Village Voice, Sept. 18, 1969

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Best band I'd heard in America.—John Mayall
By nightfall a park had been created. Listening to the music of the Joy of Cooking, release came that night. . . . People whirled around, barefoot, folk dancing together in a circle at a million miles an hour, going back to the jungle tribe.—Ramparts

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letters

young men and boozes it up as often as possible. Happiness is an empty sixpack and a back seat.) Anyway, you make the Establishment bastards out like they're all over thirty. But they're sure as hell not. How many of my so called "peers" do you think you're reaching? Do you think one of those computerised, look-how-brilliant-I-am-mommy, clean little darlings of society would dare put a virgin finger on your naughty, communist, porno sheet? Christ, they don't even want to, even out of curiosity.

They're behind society's skirts pointing a finger at "freaks". And, at least where I am, the younger generation is just as fucked up as the older one. (We had a "peace Sunday" which the American Legion not only boycotted but also organized a counter demonstration. God! Maybe then called it "Citizens For Killing" or something. That place is warped.)

wanted a few years ago. Uncle Sam was embarrassed by Sputnik so now our schools are technological institutes. Humanity gives way to science. Kids are gorged with numbers till they have algebraic diarrhea. Anything a computer can't do is a dirty joke. 95 per cent of the kids I knew were so brainwashed by the time they got to college that they didn't even know what they wanted till someone told them. They never had a chance. Irreversible educational brain damage, all right. Revolt was

cigarettes and Sen Sen or a boozed up dance with the 1910 Fruitgum Company. Then church the next morning, crewcut and all. (Bear the ultimate sin against authority-- pot never!)

And thus is the great benevolent younger generation that's going to save us? Setting up and salivating when society rings the materialistic bell?

Unless something is done about the school monster, starting with kindergarten, we're going to end up clicking and blinking. (Test tube babies--no need for all that messy disgusting you-know-what.) It's great to criticise government etc. but why don't you get to the root more often. Education well below college level is brainwashing a generation. People go in, machines are vomited out. Our schools are guilty of Genocide.

Dallas High--Fuck you!
 Sincerely, though pessimistically--
 Eric Mayer,
 Falls, Pennsylvania
 Ed.--Fine turn of phrase you have there, Mayer. Interested in making a little bread as EVO's high school correspondent?

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military

(Continued from Page 12)

for instance is experiencing such a high turnover in junior officers that it is considering offering a \$15,000 bonus for a four year reenlistment in some technical areas.

The military services are in trouble. They are under fire from within and without. The military machine is a feudal hierarchy, an anachronism that is hard put to justify and maintain a place in a society that is gradually awakening to enlightenment.

When there are no wars, the military is useless and thus frustrated. The military needed Vietnam. It had been a long time since Korea. Vietnam provided funds, research and development advances, actual combat experience for a new generation of soldiers, glory and much public attention for the military. Unfortunately, what is good for the military is not necessarily good for the nation. An institution that spends 60 percent of the national budget dollar without producing a like amount of consumable products is inherently inflationary. An institution which forces people into identical rigid molds, at least for two years, has to destroy spirit and creativity at least somewhat. And an institution which causes death and widespread destruction for basically nonessential reasons has to have a negative and uncivilizing effect on those involved, not to mention outright death for many.

However, the seamy sides of war are glossed over by this impersonal institution: people don't kill people in the reports, "fire is directed against a tree line," or a group of huts. Aircraft fly X number of strikes and drop X tons of bombs. Broken people are not in the reports, only neat packages of "body counts." War is not represented as the bloody horror that it really is, for whatever reasons that it is fought. If television were to show more broken people and less of Bob Hope entertaining the troops, Mr. and Mrs. America might have second thoughts about supporting their country right or wrong.

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On the other side of the coin, as much as we recognize an abhorrence of war, there is a necessity for a defensive structure in our system. We are not the only warmongers in this anarchy of states called Earth. The problem lies in keeping this war machine directed towards effective defense only and not allowing it to be used as an extension of imperialism and other political-economic interests both at home and abroad. Whether this can be accomplished by our primarily passive population remains to be seen. Unrest and distrust of the military is growing, particularly among the youth, and the military is taking steps to divert and stifle it.

After World War II, the War Department changed its name to the Department of Defense, an example of Rightthink that has been backed up by a continuing program of public relations and indoctrination that runs into millions of dollars per year. Such propaganda is much stronger within the services of course. An example is the monthly film, "Air Force News in Review," which is mandatory viewing for all ranks. In this film, relatively human interest material such as medical evacuation, the rescue of downed pilots, and mercy missions to scenes of natural disaster are interspersed with film clips from the Vietnam war. These scenes are largely actual aerial photography of bomb runs, multi-colored explosions ("Mussolini flowers"), and other glorious fare. Seeing patches of jungle and an occasional bridge blown to bits is supposed to build esprit d'corps and devotion to the Air Force "mission." Fortunately it seems to be working less and less than in the days of the Light Brigade. There was a time when man could fool himself into justifying the aggrandisement that is war by calling it glorious, for Honor, God, and Country, even if the definitions for those words were twisted. Hopefully, that time has passed.

On the Military Judicial System

If you are contemplating an outspoken witness against the draft, the war, or war in general, do so before you are inducted, not after. The Uniform Code of

Military Justice is generally much harsher on "insubordination" and refusal to obey orders than civil law is on draft resistance, and is more vigorously applied. The UCMJ has protected due process better than civil law, but only to make the military "laws" themselves appear more just, the catch being that courts-martial decisions can be appealed on grounds of due process violation, but the "laws" themselves cannot easily be challenged as in civilian jurisprudence.

Strictly military crimes such as insubordination, absent without leave, and "conduct detrimental to the good of the service" are not challenged in the judicial review process. When you join

the military, you give up most of your constitutional rights, including freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, and to a large degree, the pursuit of individual happiness. As a result, forthright individual expression contrary to the military viewpoint can be made only at the risk of harsh reprisal. When a group of 300 black soldiers at

Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, attempted to hold meetings in their off-duty times to discuss racial problems and the war, their leaders were arrested and the group dispersed by Military Police. When the remainder attempted to file a petition of grievances with the base commander, the petition was not

(Continued on Page 21)

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thilm

(Continued from Page 8)

bending the audience's head to believe one particular viewpoint. On KSAN, the music is a matter of personal taste—and so are the comments made between numbers except for commercials. KSAN is the local Metromedia outlet in San Francisco. In New York, that's WNEW and the two stations have little in common except the turntables. Stefan Ponek is program director; "I think of it as being a co-ordinator of beautiful, enlightened DJ's...The station is full of people in touch with the community—they are their community." A Black Panther sister, on the news spot, simply and clearly tells how local Oakland pigs interfered with a Liberation Breakfast Program and stopped it entirely.

No fanfare, no liberal impassioned boogeyman bullshit. It was just some more news.

In New York, the rhetoric is all there, but deeper sentiments, rarely put to the test in confrontation, are hard to come by. Still, the West Coast scene is splitting, polarization into violent and less-violent creating the deeply-needed movement to erase the provincialism which has given the West Coast communities both their strength and weakness. Soon, we shall all be one happy family.

The overwhelming deep-sleep majority (???) of this country, or at least those who really still have economic power, have bought the whole idea of 'hippie' lock stock barrel and papers, everyone wears his hair long and smokes Gold, or Cuban shit when he can get it. Yeah, sure. So the only thing left to do is, not cut your hair and tell your 2-year old he has to get a job...is to stop talking about the life-style and

live it, totally. Make it real, be while you are becoming.

This last paragraph is not meant to be a short summary of the movement across country, represented by the two ends; only an illustration of the natural laws of disintegration and growth. As forms dissolve, new ones take their place, energy-matter-energy-etc. Whatever subculture is happening, the music provides a creative unifying outlet which hopefully will prevent any sudden total destruction.

The Rolling Stones are coming, a tour through at least San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York, with LA most likely first stop. In New York, Madison Square Garden is the leading choice. I wonder if the Stones will use the revolving stage..?

The Beatles have a new album to be released before the Christmas special, called *Get Back!* and featuring a 15 minute first side, 10 songs-in-medley, lasting "as long as it takes you to have a bath" says Paul McCartney (you know, Beatle Paul, the cute one). Ringo has 1 number, *Octopus' Garden*, George Harrison has 2.

The New York Film Festival has opened—Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice is from Columbia Pix and is a medley about wife-swapping, peekaboo I see you in you Freudless slip, and isn't 'feeling' about each other fun

*Ingmar Bergman's *The Ritual* is an old man's movie; a brutal statement vut overwhelmingly true...3 'actors' who are also actors perform a series of rituals for a fourth 'actor' in a very Genet-like atmosphere, reminiscent of *The Balcony*. Pervasive, obsessive lust, frightening sex, fetishistic gestures and costumes, some of the most erotic and pornographic (yes Virginia baybee there is a

difference) scenes ever released!!! On screen!!! The film has exactly that!!! quality to it, as though it intends to shock; what in the realm of art, when science has produced napalm, poison gas, and starvation, could possibly shock any longer. Not even Bergman's magnificent, German Expressionist camera (as eerie as Dr. Caligari and Metropolis and all the other favorites) can sustain the intellectual rarefied horror.

Not from the Festival but due for release soon, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* weaves all the better-known 'new cinema' techniques together to create one hell of a good entertainment, backslap and all, subtle, contemporary humor and deadface punch lines; some shots in yellowed tintype, als 'minsky's' or 'Bonnie and Clyde', lots of breathless moments and chases, the usual reversal of goodguy outlaws and villainous law & order types. 'hell, who needs law n' order anyhow'. Someone says bitch, bitch, bitch, complain, complain, complain; someone else tries to say shit. (It is expected of EVO film critics to notice such things) and until the last 15 minutes, or so, the film is very exciting, beautifully made, dialogue and acting excellent, backgrounds marvelous..but. But. Another Western in which you feel sorry, sorta, for the real heros (Robert Redford and Paul Newman) lust for the beautiful girlfriend (Katherine Ross); are maybe sick for for one split second while the slow motion catches a man in death...yeah.

Fillmore Auditorium has achieved record labels of its own...I hesitate to say created, so many people refuse to believe Bill Graham has any of the artist about him. Columbia Records will get the Fillmore Label, Atlantic will get San Francisco. Not a bad split, the pacific and the atlantic reunited. Ha?

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artaud

(Continued from Page 6)

sound, defining note, caught on the wing, the organic part of an indescribable vibration. "A vibration on an octave scale eternally shocked beyond unimaginable crests, reverberating endlessly beyond the shattered eardrums of complacency, a complacency that turns into blinded viciousness against the glaring bursts of unleashed illumination. "INVENTED PSYCHIATRY TO DEFEND ITSELF AGAINST THE INVESTIGATIONS OF CERTAIN VISIONARIES WHOSE FACULTIES OF DIVINATION DISTURBED IT."

ARTAUD AS PRIMAL MOTIVATOR. His tomb is wreathed not with transient flowers, but with the living blood spattering blossoms of guerilla theater, open defiance, and the selfless sacrifices of all life asserting entities, the creators and the young in spirit. DEATH TO THE DEAD. "For a lunatic is a man that society does not wish to hear but wants to prevent from uttering certain unbearable truths."

The renunciate is the true revolutionary, shattering the illusions of temptations, the fool's gold of a status quo masking craven insecurity. There is no choice for the renunciate but the onrushing annihilation of hypocrisy, of the devil's wages cloaked in the fleece of the martyr holy lamb. "AND IF THERE IS STILL ONE HELLISH, TRULY ACCURSED THING IN OUR TIME, IT IS OUR ARTISTIC DALLYING WITH FORMS, INSTEAD OF BEING LIKE VICTIMS BURNT AT THE STAKE, SIGNALING THROUGH THE FLAMES."

"I demand weird, fantastic films", proclaimed Artaud, "philosophically speaking, poetic films and psychic films...But no real motion pictures have ever been made. I think that we can accept only one sort of film; the kind where every effective means of sensual stimulation is used...Why do we insist on perpetually using themes which neutralize the effectiveness of film because they belong to the theater?...Motion pictures are a remarkable stimulant. They work directly on the brain cells. When this art's exhilaration has been blended in the right proportions, it will leave the theater far behind and we will relegate the latter to the attic of our memories...Motion pictures have a poisonously harmless and direct quality; they get right under our skin like a morphine injection."

Would that Artaud's cries echoes now in the halls of the New York Film Festival! Where is the blinding flash to disintegrate the overdose of mindless barbituates, the soporific regurgitated pablum that passes for entertainment? Where is the consummate energy to dissolve the effluvia of a putrescent commercialism, that masks itself as Art with the Good Housekeeping Seal of Festival Approval? Is it poetic justice that the biggest American film festival has finally slipped openly into the hands of merchandising and business? What has the American Can Company to do with the production of cinematic creativity but to graphically shuffle empty packages giftwrapped as ineffectual panaceas?

Our case in point: the opening night of the New York Film Festival with a puerile dribble of trivia called BOB & CAROL & TED

& ALICE, capitalizing upon imaginary problems of marital infidelity, bourgeois bedswapping, and the surface involvements of parodied encounter groups. Pick two female leads for an imagined common man's desire, a blonde perturbed neurotic pseudo-lioness portrayed by Dyan Cannon, and the simpering petite brunette, ingenue-stereotyped in person by Natalie Wood. Mate them with the hip veneer of an I SPY television hero, and the bumbling goodnaturedness of Barbara Streisand's husband, jigger them with bourbon, shake well, and behold, instant mush for easy wallowing. Feed it to the great unwashed middleclass as "you laugh on the way to the bank", and veil it in unfelt LOVE and PEACE slogans and fantasy mass enlightenment, to assimilate the revolution, and by devouring, destroy it.

But despair not, lovers of true visualization. Even from the quagmires of self-immortal truth may be found emerging despite the pall of creeping death that is a festival plague. Within the second day, two proud films have reared their impassioned heads, and more will come, within and without the reaches of official ossification.

A Czech film, fortunately to be released here through the auspices of Grove Press, THE JOKE (ZERT) sardonically peers through x-ray glasses beyond blind adherence to bureaucracy and the surface stimulation of unthinking acceptance, to bite as sharply into capitalistic flesh as into the communist regime it appears to demolish, with the devastating clarity of Wilhelm Reich's THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM, a book so clear in its indictment that it remains banned in this country of presumed democracy. "Optimism is an opiate of the people" is the JOKE written by the protagonist to his erstwhile sweetheart who turns him over to the authorities and 15 years imprisonment "for the good of the party", singing and dancing "in national costume" as he is carried away to the army of the dead. His past and present interchange hallucinatingly as he realizes that his hollow plans of revenge are an attempt to hit back at something he cannot possibly reach. But he has no choice, and he cannot flinch in the face of unalterable destiny, beyond the parameters of a justifiable alienation.

Robert Bresson's UNE FEMME DOUCE, after Dostoevsky's THE GENTLE WOMAN, flows with warmth and human sadness through the minimalistic technique of an austere clarity. Never has a suicide been so poignantly and economically delineated: the sudden overturning of a metal table clattering to a balcony floor, and the slow motion drift of a woman's scarf deserted in mid-air. Her husband attempts to understand her suicide through the ramifications of their abstracted alienation, and through his analytical ruminations: their life as reflected in objects, their emotions another bartering in the pawnshop of their existence, an exchange of objects or money, or a hollow lusting, an empty stairwell and the sound of footfalls as he turns the landing to disappear into his jealousy; his soul traverses tortuously their enmeshed destinies to the moment of the coffinlid sliding hideously into place, and the blackness of the

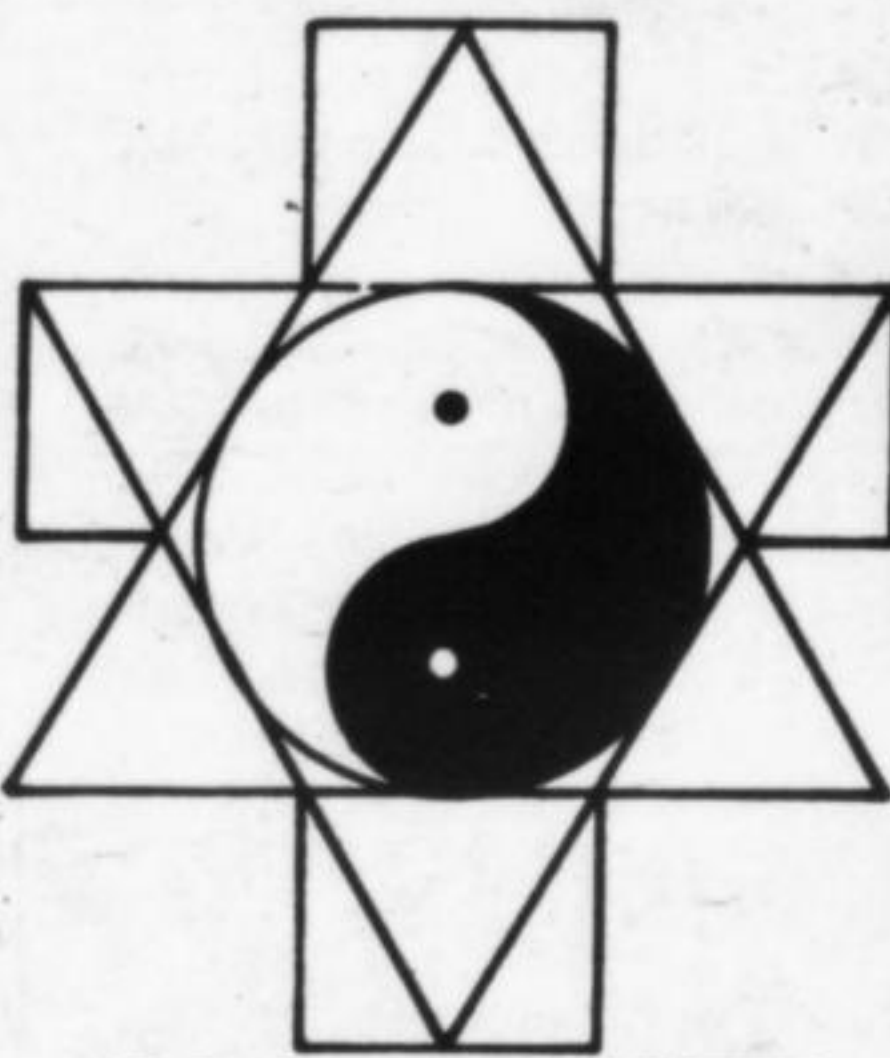
end. How much more life there is in this retelling of a dying than in all the neurotic artifices of BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE & EGO TRIPS & DEATH IN LIFE & EMPTY HUMOR.

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military

(Continued from Page 18) even accepted. This example is typical of military procedure, although individual "troublemakers" may be subjected to less publicized harassments such as backroom beatings, cancellation of leave time, extra duties, and other non-judicial punishments.

/If you are contemplating submitting to the draft of enlisting, consider the alternatives: go to jail, or hold your peace for several years

(and in doing so, supporting the system). One can be as painful as the other.

The Military and Drugs

/The use of drugs is spreading like wildfire in the military, ironically due to the Vietnam war. Marijuana is cheap; plentiful, and easy to come by in Vietnam, and is much more practical than cans of beer when one is on patrol and marching for long miles. Marijuana is anathema to the military leadership, however, and propaganda lectures of the worst sort against marijuana use are a

regular occurrence. To them, grass is still the first step to heroin and social ruin. The penalties for possession of grass are stiff: 5 years at hard labor for having a few joints is common. Be warned.

/On the Draft and the Future Direction of the Military

/If one must accept the existence of war, at least for the time being, and the necessity for the military for defensive purposes, then the draft system must be maintained. The inequities of the draft system should be expunged, but the military should not be allowed to become all-professional. Draftees and ROTC officers from liberal colleges provide a much needed balance in an otherwise fascist institution. An all-professional army could be an awesome powerful thing beyond civilian control, as has happened many times in history, from the Praetorian Guard of Rome to the military juntas ruling many countries today.

/The influence of the military mind on our foreign and domestic policy today is frightening. While it is true that ultimate power in decision making rests with civilians in the persons of the President and the Secretary of Defense, the decisions are in fact based to a great degree on the findings of military intelligence. And it is an axiom based in that agency that intelligence officers see only what they want to see, or are supposed to be looking for. The opportunities for influencing major decisions with the limited military outlook are enormous, Vietnam and the Bay of Pigs fiasco being prime examples.

A professional army would multiply these problems of self-serving narrowness manifold if not tightly controlled. Military despotism would be an ever present threat. Servicemen would give their allegiance not to the country and its people but to their commanders and their units. This has happened time and again in history, and it is

possible here if the U.S. were to have a professional army. There are trends in that direction today:


/A Lieutenant General on the staff of the Air War College at Maxwell AFB, Alabama, recently sent out a letter that was required reading for all officers, NCOs, and other military managers. The gist of its message was that military leaders should engender among the troops an allegiance and devotion to themselves and the units they command. It was the general's feeling that in our large and homogeneous population there was a lessening of attachment for the old values and symbols, and therefore strong loyalties should be developed for the commanders and their organizations if the military was to remain strong. Such a thought is horribly frightening but such actions are happening today.

/Humorous note: Many career officers of high rank have voiced the opinion that they are against a professional army. It is also a fact that a great many career military officers come from the South. They fear that an all-professional army would have mostly economically deprived blacks filling the enlisted ranks. Wouldn't that be a wild scene: a black army led by white officers takes control of the country. The white-officers are in turn overthrown and the country is run by a black military despotism. The black supremacists would come to power not through confrontation with the Establishment but through the Establishment's most stalwart defender, the army. Wow, it's a complex time we live in.

/This essay has been the work of one Air Force officer, certainly not with the cooperation of the Department of Defense. I have tried to present the facts as I know them and the opinions as I feel them. Hopefully, my impressions of the military from within will be of some value, particularly to those of you facing the draft. It is important that all sides be heard.

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SHE LIFTED HER SKIRT...



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

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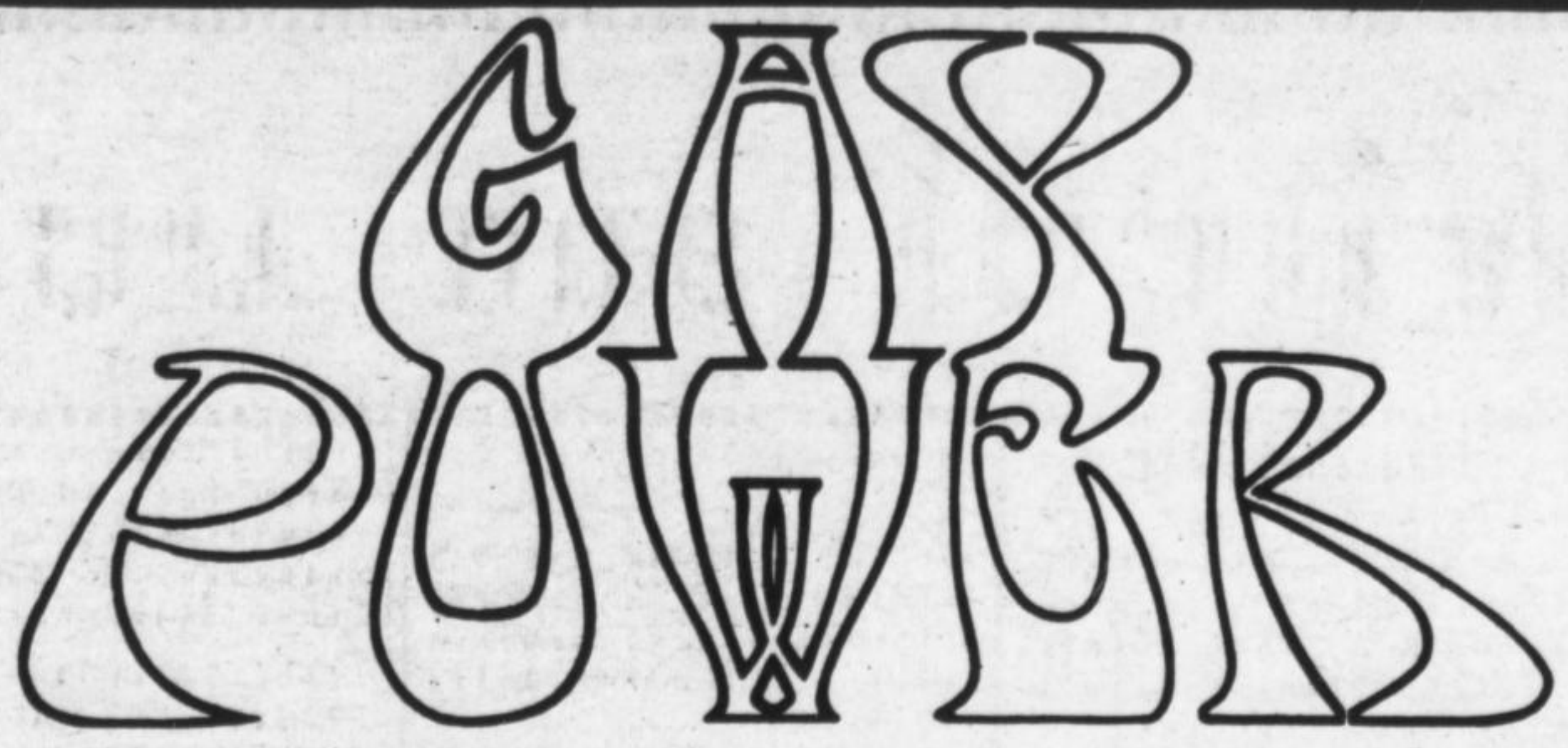
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