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village **OTHER**
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HIRAP

IT MUST BE OBVIOUS TO ALL THAT THE MAYORALTY OF NEW YORK IS BUT AN IRRELEVANT PHANTOM OWING IT'S EXISTENCE TO THE FOLK'S NEED FOR SOMETHING TO PUT THE BLAME ON FOR EVERY POSSIBLE MISERY BESETTING THEIR FRUSTRATED, OVERCROWDED LIVES. TAKING THAT FOR GRANTED, THE CURRENT ELECTIONEERING CIRCUS SHOULD'NT HAVE BEEN ANYTHING BUT A TIRED REHASH OF EVERY PREVIOUS, TEDIUS CAMPAIGN. IT DID NOT TURN OUT THAT WAY.

THE HEAVY TRIP THAT RESULTED FROM THE PARANOIA CURRENTLY BESETTING THE CITIZENRY OF GREATER NEW YORK HAS MADE IT PRETTY EASY TO MAKE THE OBVIOUS CHOICE. ONE NOT NECESSARILY MOTIVATED BY THE MAN'S GREAT VIRTUES BUT BY THE CHARACTER OF HIS DETRACTORS. "NEW YORK CITY AND ALL ITS CITIZENS ARE IN THE MIDST OF A TERRIBLE CRISIS TODAY. THAT IS A RESULT OF A FEARFUL AND MEEK MAYOR. ALL PEOPLE HERE ARE GIVEN OVER TO EXTREMISM AND CHAOS WHILE JOHN LINDSAY SITS SILENTLY. BUT AS ALWAYS FOR THE JEW THERE IS SOMETHING SPECIAL"

"TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK IS NOT A JEWISH CONCEPT AND THEREFORE I AM COMPLETELY WITH YOU IN YOUR STRUGGLE TO DEFEAT JOHN LINDSAY AND IN YOUR BATTLES ON BEHALF OF JEWRY AND AMERICA." THE TYPE OF SHIT PANDERED BY THE JEWISH DEFENCE LEAGUE, AN OUTFIT OBVIOUSLY SADDLED WITH AN INCURABLE INFERIORITY COMPLEX VIS A VIS THE GOYIM OF THE PBL AND THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY OF QUEENS.

IN JOHN LINDSAY THE ANGLOPHOBES OF CROWN HEIGHTS FOUND THEIR IDEAL VICTIM. A MAN WHO IMMORTALIZED HIS TENURE BY ORDERING A "FUCKING DOOR" TO BE SHUT IN FRONT OF LIVE TV AND WHO HAD THE GUTS AND COMMON SENSE TO SPLIT TO THE VIRGIN ISLANDS IN MIDST OF A MIDWINTER CRISIS (SNOW OR GARBAGE-THE PICK IS YOURS), ASSUMING CORRECTLY THAT HIS PRESENCE WOULDN'T HAVE MADE ANY DIFFERENCE EITHER WAY.

IF ALL THIS AND HIS ANTI WAR STAND HASN'T TIPPED THE SCALES AS YET, WE OUGHT TO CONSIDER AN ADDITIONAL JEWEL COMING OUR WAY COURTESY OF THE JDL

"MY CHILDREN, STAND TALL AND STRAIGHT. KNOW THE TRUTH AND PURSUE IT. LET THE WELLSPRINGS OF JEWISH LOVE FLOW FREELY AND FEEL THE PAIN OF THE TEACHER, STOREKEEPER AND CIVIL SERVANT AND COLLEGE STUDENT EVEN THOUGH THE ACHE IS NOT AIMED AT YOUR BODY. JOIN OUR DECENT NON JEWISH BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN OUR COMMON FIGHT FOR OUR AMERICA AND OUR NEW YORK. IF NOT YOU WILL BE DOOMED TO BE WASHED AWAY BY THE VERDICT OF HISTORY ALONG WITH THE LITTLE PYGMIES WHOSE CARPING VOICES ARE SO SADLY HEARD YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW" THERE CAN'T BE ANY MORE DOUBTS LEFT. HE WHO APPROBATES PYGMIES FACING ALL THOSE PIGS, BOTH KOSHER AND NON KOSHER, CAN'T BE ALL THAT BAD. THE ALTERNATIVE IS ABSURD.

Jack Kohn

Oct. 21, 1969

ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26TH FRED BAKER'S FILM "EVENTS" WILL BE PART OF REV GLENESK'S SERMON AT THE SPENCER MEMORIAL CHURCH IN BROOKLYN HEIGHTS. DISCUSSION ON "EROTICA IN THE ARTS - EDUCATION OR EXPLOITATION WILL FOLLOW. PARTICIPANTS: HILLARD ELKINS, FRED BAKER & OTHERS. TIME 6PM.

LETTERS

Unfit for Military Service

Dear EVO--Just like to rap about the Ft. Dix Action on Oct. 12. Not many of our brothers and sisters are hip to how uptight the brass pigs really are. I spent 14 months in S.P.O., the most

together unit on Ft. Dix. If you've been there or have heard of it you can dig what I mean.

The motherfucking pigs in charge, mainly Sgt. O'Briana, a filthy lifer, tried to use me as a pawn in their game of hate and war; they threw me in the stockade six times. When I finally got hip to the fact that my love for love and peace was too

strong, they discharged me as unfit because I used drugs. Can you dig that? Unfit to become a murderer, a heartless motherfucker...

When the SPO news came, it brought panic to all the brass pigs who made every effort to destroy its source and to keep it away from the GIs. But our

heads were together enough to stay together. Then our will to survive brought about the coffee house, a definite thought of suicide must have entered their metallic heads.

During my stay at Ft. Dix, (a dream of Ft. Dix transformed into a hip community for the people, the land is out of sight), I

came upon a few tarnished pieces of brass who were only in it for the money, good people to

know. I contacted one last week and he said that the General is so uptight about the march on Oct. 12 that he has stopped signing all discharges with the exception of those in the stockade.

(Continued on Page 14)

JAAKOV KOHN
PETER LEGGIERI
ALLAN KATZMAN
JOEL FABRIKANT
FLICKA DE MOID
SHERRY NEEDHAM
D.A. LATIMER
DAVID WALLEY
IRVING SHUSHNICK
CLAUDIA DREIFUS
ALEX GROSS
LITA ELISCU
DON KATZMAN
LIL PICARD
ELFRIDA RIVERS
WALTER BREEN
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
AL SHENKER
KIM DEITCH
HETTY MACUSE
R. CRUMB

JOHN THE SWEDE
STEPHEN KOHN
ARTHUR
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Last weeks photographs of Ft Dix were courtesy of Randy Brody.



Wherever you went Wednesday there were children. At Bryant Park, Washington Square, Central Park, Mall, St. Mark's, In The Bowery there were all these little children, small types, tykes, in baby carriages and peoples' arms, crawling on the pavement or standing up clenching someone's forefinger with the little fist doubled up in the wet mouth. Their new warm winter clothes. In their hands some of them held little American flags, making this the first demonstration in quite some while that the appearance of the red, white and blue did not provoke bellows of Fascist and Pig! The little ones will gain the country back for us, maybe.

The mothers were pretty, as what mothers aren't? and the fathers were a good solid bunch of guys. Not your usual

chickenshit peacemicks, these people—it was amusing to watch this second-generation wholesale appliance dealer in the S. Klein overcoat with the black armband and necktie, standing uncomfortably with his five-year-old kid next to the fountain in Washington Square, glancing nervously back toward the Crazies just behind him with the hard hats and fatigue jackets. God, he was upright. But he stood his ground, maybe he had another son just about to graduate from school and get snapped up in Nixon's nineteen-year-old draft, so he wanted to get out of Vietnam even if he had to stand all day in Washington Square with the Crazies. He wanted to get out of Vietnam! Out! and to hell with all your fancy colloquies about pacifist ethics versus America's sacred commitment to the South

Vietnamese regime. Believe me, when you have a nineteen-year-old son—and three or four of your neighbors had nineteen-year-old sons up till just recently—then you don't mess around. You just get right to hell out of that swamp.

Reuben Maury is in for bitter days. He writes the editorials for the Daily News, does Reuben—not a finer little old boy in town than ole Reub—and lately those editorials have been something to read. Blood and teardrops in every paragraph man. Starting Sunday, October 12, the Great Vietnam Moratorium, or Day Of National Disgrace, dominated every issue of the News, particularly Reuben Maury's page. On the second or third page of the News you would read a listing of proposed Moratoria from Grant's Tomb to Union Square, and in the Editorial you

would become familiar with every possible reason for them not to be allowed to take place. God, they ran out withered old arguments that hadn't been used since the Tonkin Bay Resolution in 1964, mainly the one about the President deserving a free hand with foreign policy, all the way from the pressing of the nuclear button down to the disposition of the life of your nineteen-year-old son. Oh, Reuben Maury is in for extremely bitter days!

He suffers so. Cutting away the attendant emotion from his words, and there was a lot of it, you arrived at the structure of his argument, that public dissension against the policies of the President should be, if not outlawed outright, stamped on and shut down, and all you bleeding hearts should shut the fuck up. Since this is essentially the message of the President to

the People, I think it meet that we inspect this argument, using as a guide the editorials pages of the Daily News. It used to be you could ignore the News, it was just too far out of it to be relevant, but now that the wielder of the Presidential Seal thinks in exactly identical fashion with Reuben Maury, it ought to be well to keep an eye on these maniacs.

POINT I. My, my, we are writing like William Buckley now. Must be that stale prune Danish I ate at Ratner's this morning. Anyway, POINT I, they will tell you that the President's word should be law when it comes to bombing gooks in Vietnam, since the President is the President and the people elected him and he is privy to certain Classified Information and you you're just a stooge who is too easily manipulated by subversive like me, and the gooks are only gooks, after all. The

(Continued on Page 20)

BLATANT COMPOSITION

NOW TO QUICKLY DON MY FOOTBALL ATTIRE. SEE YOU AT THE SUPERBOWL!!

D.A. LATIMER



"There are no legal means left to exhaust."

...White Panther Party, Detroit

On October 9, 1969, Federal court indictments were levied on White Panther Party members John Sinclair, Pun Plamondon, and John Forrest, charging them with conspiracy to bomb the offices of the Central Intelligence Agency in Ann Arbor, Michigan in 1968. A Detroit grand jury delivered the indictments, issuing a warrant for the arrest of Plamondon, who could not be located by federal agents. Also listed in the indictment was David Valler, a former associate of Sinclair, who is presently serving a 7-10 year sentence on a narcotics conviction in the Ionia Prison for the Criminally Insane. The indictments were reached after Valler, acting as States Witness for the Federal Prosecution, testified that he had helped in the planning of the bombing of the CIA office, that he had spoken to Sinclair a number of times during the operation, and that Plamondon had planted the explosives.

The possible sentence for a conspiracy conviction is ten years in jail without parole; the damage to the CIA office ran, according to the indictment slip, in the neighbourhood of 100 dollars.

Sinclair, Minister of information for the White Panther Party, is

presently serving a 9 1/2 to 10 year conviction on a narcotics arrest in Marquette Prison, a high-security pen termed the Siberia of Wisconsin. He has been denied appeal bond while his case is taken into Federal court. His wife, Leni, was arrested for possession of marijuana last summer in New Jersey, on her way home from the Woodstock Music Festival. With her, also arrested for possession, was Pun Plamondon, who faces a variety of other charges by Michigan and Federal authorities.

John Forrest was previously under indictment, with Valler and several others, for conspiracy to place explosives in a number of police stations, police cars, and draft boards. Valler, who was later convicted on the dope charge and sent to the nuthouse, was promised by the prosecution that the conspiracy charges against him would be dropped if he would turn state's witness. After a period of treatment at the Ionia Prison For The Criminally Insane, Valler agreed to do so, and also began writing a series of confessional articles for the conservative Detroit NEWS, with such titles as 'Drugs Ruined My Life'. The indictments were served on Valler's testimony that:

1. On Sept. 7, 1968, he 'held a conversation' with John Sinclair.
2. On Sept. 14, 1968, he 'had a meeting' with Pun Plamondon. In

neither case is the object of these meetings disclosed in the indictment.

3. On Sept. 24, Forrest and Valler gave Plamondon some dynamite.

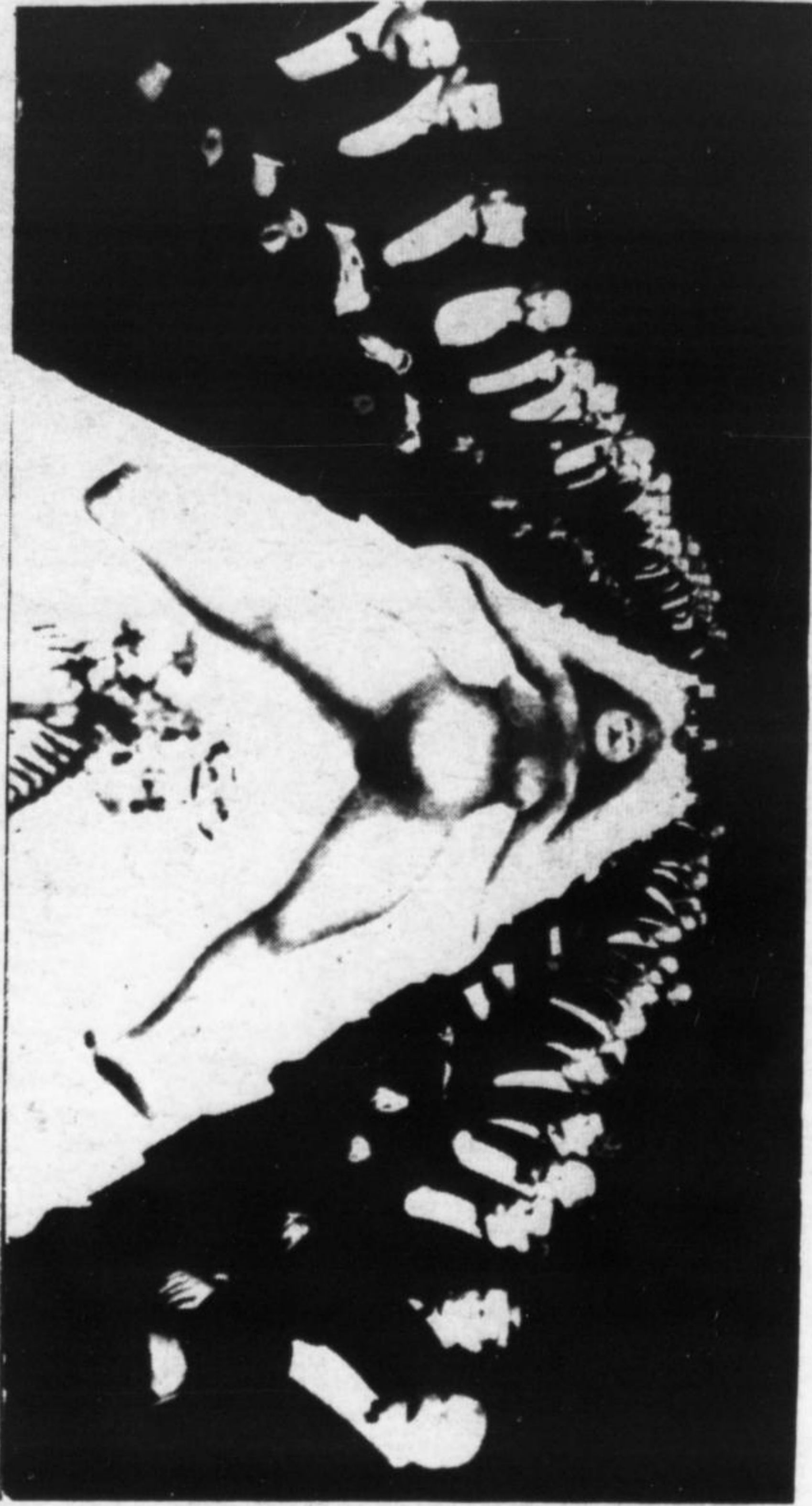
4. On Sept. 29, Plamondon placed the dynamite outside the CIA office in Ann Arbor.

5. On October 6, 1968, Plamondon and Valler 'held a conversation'.

THE GRAND JURY FURTHER CHARGES

On or about Sept. 29, 1968, at Ann Arbor, in the Eastern District of Michigan, Lawrence Robert 'Pun' Plamondon, willfully and by means of dynamite, did injure, and cause to be injured, property of the United States, that is, office equipment, furniture, and supplies, thereby causing damage in excess of \$100; in violation of Section 1361, Title 18, United States Code. This is a true bill.

Plamondon is on the lam. Sinclair is being transferred temporarily from Marquette to Detroit for the trial, and will be kept in detention throughout: his is the first case in Michigan that a defendant has ever been denied appeal bond. Who NEEDS a preventive detention law? For that matter who needs law, just lock up everybody who thinks funny. There are no legal means left to exhaust. There is no law.



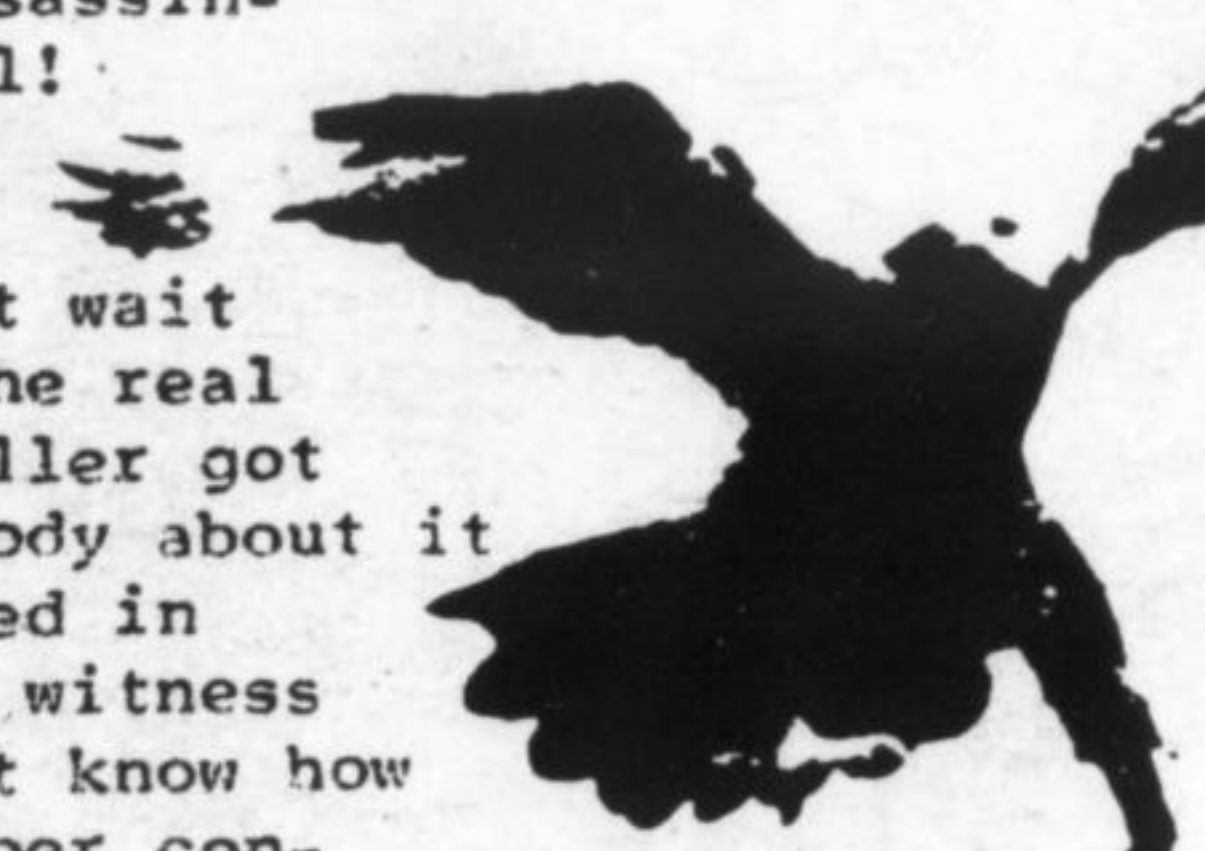
John Sinclair, 123 507 P.O. Box 779 Marquette, Michigan 49855



This is a letter from John to his wife Leni

Dear Leni,

Every day it gets weirder, huh? Today, when I was walking out to lunch a dude came up and told me that he'd heard on the radio that I was being arraigned in Detroit next week for conspiracy to blow up the CIA building last year. That's pretty far out, but it's right on as far as I'm concerned. They might as well arraign me on that--the only crime I'll ever admit to is the assassination of President McKinley in 1901! Never! They'll never pin it on me! Those ponks...



I can't wait tell the real story of those bombings-- how Valler got the dynamite and told everybody about it and got all those young kids involved in Detroit and now is the govern- ment's witness so he can get special parole. I don't know how the fuck he ever got me into his paper con- spiracy, and that's pretty wierd, too, I didn't even know who he was or that he exist- ed until after he was arres- ted with Valler. But the Police and the papers and the courts don't care who Really did it anyway, as long as they get somebody and have somebody to lie for them. What's really the funniest thing about the whole deal is that I didn't even know there was a CIA building in Ann Arbor until I read in the paper that somebody had blown it up, and then I figured that Valler and them had done it. Now I read in the papers that I was the one. Far out. It's quite an honor I guess, and it would certainly go to prove that the dope bust was political after all, despite all their protestations to the contrary, and now they prove our point by sticking me with a political arrest pure and simple. I confess! I started the Cold War too! I'm responsible for inflation and the trial of the Green Berets too! I'm the reason Howdy Doodie isn't on the air anymore, too! What else do you want me to say? I read a book by Che Guevara once! I jack off at night sometimes! I'm a real crook, buddy, and don't you try to cross me or I'll eat your Wheaties! What the fuck...

I'll see you soon enough, if I make it, and wouldn't you know, the indictment comes down on the 2nd anniversary of the CIA offing Che! All power to the People! Off the Pig! Love, John, Political Criminal and Criminal Conspirator.



HES HEADING DOWN THAT



IN THE LAST THRILLING EPISODE:
ELMO THE LEGLESS BANDIT AND HIS GIRL LIZ
EXECUTE A GEM THEFT BY SHORTING OUT THE
POLICE ALARM SYSTEM. WHILE MANNING AND
HIS PARTNER ARE BUSY LIZ AND ELMO PULL
OFF THE CAPER

MANNING

HEY GERSHAM WILL YA SUCK M'DICK



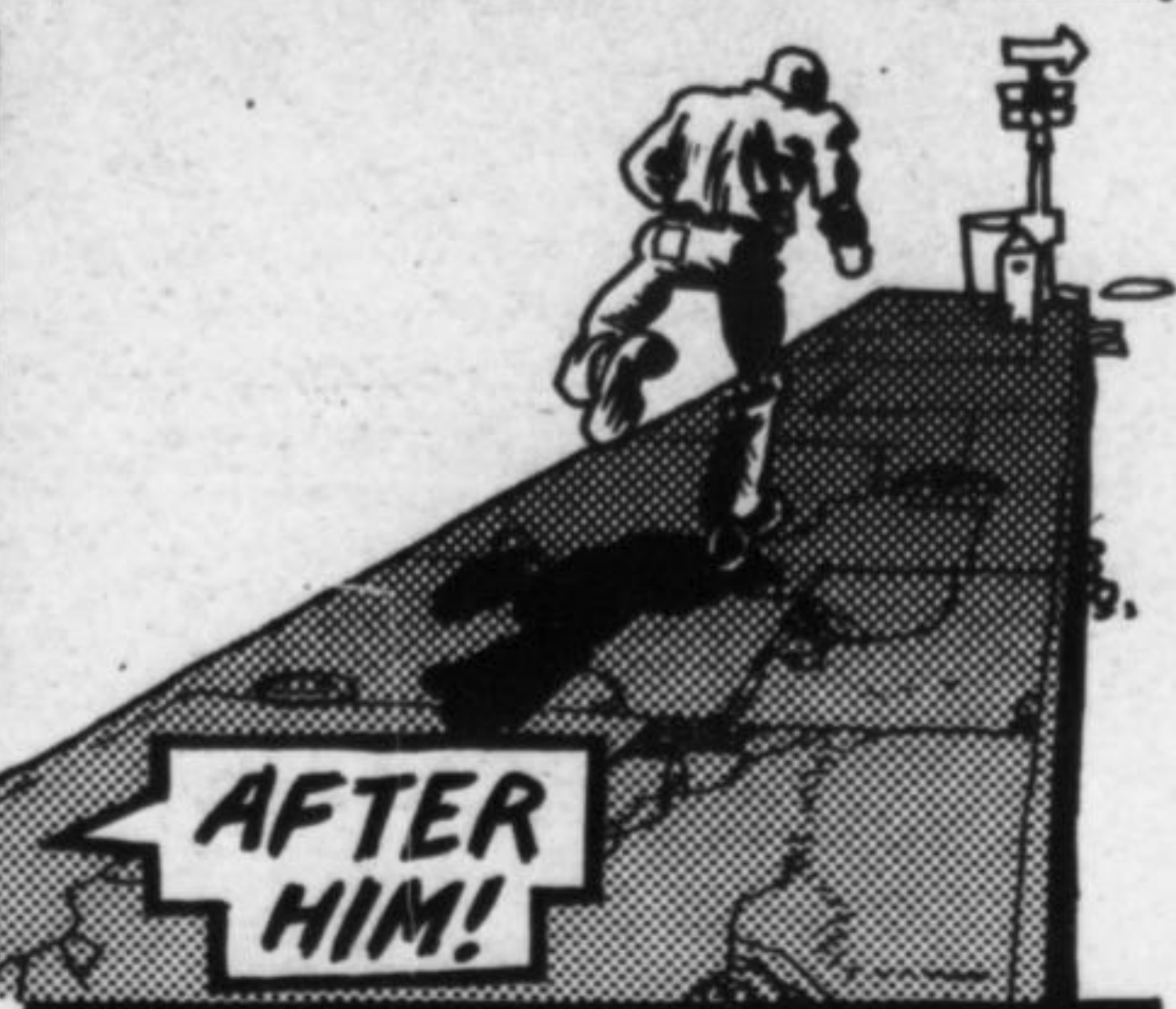
NEVAIR!



WHY HALF THE BIGTOWN
FORCE IS DOWN HERE



HEY LOOK THAT MUST BE
THE SUSPECT



AFTER
HIM!



WHERE'D HE GO?



THERE HE IS



GRAB IM



HE'S HEADING DOWN THAT
STREET. I'LL CUT AROUND



I WANT SOME
TOO



BETTER CHECK
IM FER DOPE.
DROP YER PANTS
BUSTER!



SHADDUP!

B-BUT OFFICER

Y'CAN NEVER
TELL ABOUT
THESE
THINGS



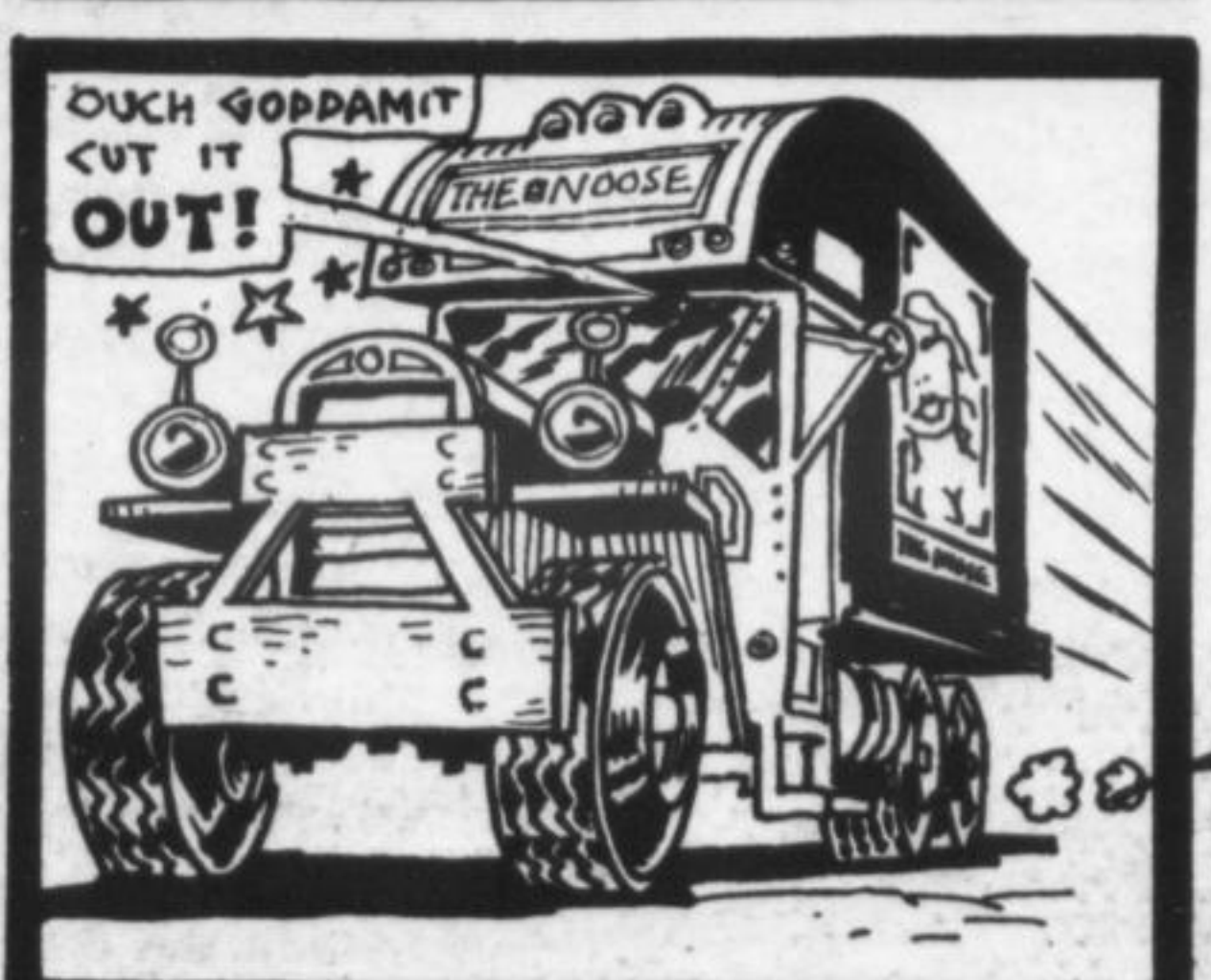
MEANWHILE THERE'S LIZ
RIGHT ON TIME



GREAT! ELMO



GOT THE JOOLS!
LET'S SPLIT



OUCH GODDAMIT
CUT IT
OUT!



YOU FOOLS THE MAN YOU ARRESTED
WAS A TRACKRUNNER AND THE WHOLE
P.B.D. WAS A DIVERSION FOR A \$30,000
GEM THEFT, WE'VE BEEN DUPED

SHADDUP!

B-BUT COMMISSIONER

STEPPIN' OUT WITH THE BAND
by James Lichtenberg

One is so used to The American Cultural Revolution appearing with comic book abruptness, a magnificent lightshow flashed on the tenement walls of classical culture, that an evening interweaving Dylan, Ginsberg and The Band is of such refreshing truthfulness that at first you think it's a coincidence. I doubt it. It happened at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, B.A.M. That was really fine. Y'all do it again.

I don't know what the talk is about Brooklyn. The friendliest TPF patrolman pointed us the way to go with a great big smile. Better hurry. I think it's already

begun. A way reached the brightly lit entrance way to the Carnegie Hall of Flatbush, a perfectly respectable citizen pulled one of them French looking cigarettes from his yes, overalls and went on his way. The air conditioning inside was generous and lovely, and the people, the Fillmore has got a ways to go to match these peaceful vibrations. In the words of Robbie Robertson, Sure is Brooklyn.

Before I go any further, the evening deserves its own chronology, know that The Band is one of the most soul-restoring experiences you could hope to find. As musicians as individual human beings, as a group of people working together in love, as composers, wherever you can hear them, do. It's pure wilderness, and where can you find that. Into the Music Hall. The lights

went down and the curtain opened up on Johnny. The Basement. Bed but Suckless. Ginsberg rapping over on the left. Dig yourself and all of Don't Look Back England 1965. Dylan on film is better than no Dylan at all. I saw it two years ago, but see it again. Like Alice in Wonderland time adds. This time it was. See Dylan freak out. All the hype and pressure and money scene from grassman, all the kids who were digging him but so few people who seemed to be able to whow him they really understood. The

first time I responded more warmly to Joan Baez, she told a reporter, and especially to Donovan than to Dylan. Now oh man, they are lovely background but somewhat obvious. That encounter between Dylan and Donovan. People kept telling Dylan that Donovan was great and better than him and stuff, so

they get together and Donovan does this sweet song about. I'll be there to sing for you. And Dylan says Good song man and takes away the guitar. Chords, chords, chords. You must leave now, take all you need you think will last. How long has Baby Blue been with us? 4 years? When Dylan started to sing the whole audience gasped and some really cracked up. The contrast, the stoned depth of it, the political awareness, irony, bitterness, cool. WOW. Donovan was a school kid in shorts, sweet, nice, but Dylan was a talking arch angel William Blake declaration of independence. It truly hurt to see him gradually freak as it became obvious that people even in cool civilized England didn't want to understand. The putdown of the Time reporter, for all its venom, still stands a great declaration of individual liberty in our paratotalitarian free society. They're coming to see me to be

entertained. You can't believe they're coming to be whipped. Pause, laugh. And if they're coming to be whipped, isn't that entertainment? Or as Richard Farina quoted him in his piece, Baez and Dylan. A generation singing out, strolling in the pre-dawn London fog. It ain't nothing just to walk around and sing. You have to step out a little, right? Take Joanie, man, she's still singing about Mary Hamilton. I mean where's that at? She walked around on picket lines, she's got all kinds of feeling, so why ain't she steppin' out? And so Dylan sold out at Albert Hall, London, 1965, and the peatles were there to listen. He sang his steppin' out songs and the next day the papers called him an anarchist. That really got to him. But four years later, eight people who listened to him are on trial for steppin' out, only this year the word isn't anarchy, it's conspiracy. (Continued on Page 18)



NEWS

OFFICIAL TERROR By Hugo Hill

Saigon (LNS) -- The CIA's semi-secret terror campaign is now official "national policy" in South Vietnam. The proclaimed purpose of the campaign, dubbed "Phoenix", is to eliminate the "Viet Cong infrastructure", i.e. the PRG's administration.

The CIA launched "Phoenix" last year in an attempt to recoup the losses suffered during the Tet Offensive. Since then the program is supposed to have eliminated more than 20,000 "Communists".

"Phoenix" was elevated to the status of "National policy" by Tran Thien Khiem in one of his first acts since becoming puppet prime-minister. General Khiem has been in charge of the Vietnamese side of "Phoenix" since the program's inception.

"Phoenix" has imposed on the South Vietnamese people a reign of terror unmatched since the days of Ngo Dinh Diem. The CIA's mercenaries have zealously filled South Vietnam's prisons and cemeteries with thousands of suspected patriots.

Although the 20,000 victims of "Phoenix" are supposed to be "Communists", the terror is so indiscriminate that even Saigon's

rubber-stamp National Assembly has been moved to protest. In recent months several assemblymen have spoken out against the imprisonment and murder of innocent peasants. The Assemblymen pointed out that the victims are not granted the formality of a trial nor are they confronted with evidence. The National Assembly formally demanded an explanation from General Khiem.

Khiem's response came in a public ceremony in which he proclaimed "Phoenix" to be "national policy". It is thus certain that terror will increase against the South Vietnamese civilian population. Khiem did not mention the fact that his "national Policy" is directed and financed by the CIA.

"Phoenix", of course, has had little effect on the PRG's administration. The liberated territories are as sturdy as ever, and shadow governments exist in all the occupied zones. "Phoenix" is a futile, though bloody, attempt to whip the people into line. It is sure to suffer the same fate as "Strategic hamlets" and "provincial reconnaissance".

ARGENTINE VILLAGERS SEIZE CONTROL: ARMY PUTS THEM DOWN

CIPOLLETTI, Argentina (LNS) -- Citizens of the little town of Cipolletti kicked out government

officials early in October when they felt that these officials were not acting in their interest.

The issue was a highway construction program which would have taxed them heavily, and not benefitted them very much. The town's mayor opposed the program and when the provincial governor dismissed him, Cipollettians attacked the governor, his deputy and the police chief.

Two hundred armed police with dogs were brought in, but they could not stop the support growing for Cipolletti in other towns. The province was finally occupied by the military on orders from Gen. Juan Carlos Ongania, military dictator of Argentina.

Popular revolt has been hitting the tinhorn Ongania dictatorship harder and harder over the last year. The incident at Cipolletti takes place against a backdrop of heavy urban guerrilla activity and frequent labor strikes.

TUPAMAROS FIGHT COPS IN URUGUAY

PANDO, Uruguay (LNS) -- Communist urban guerillas robbed three banks and seized briefly the main police station in the town of Pando on Oct. 8. The guerrillas, members of Los Tupamaros, fought a gun battle with the police on the streets, in the bank and at the police station. Los Tupamaros operate all over Uruguay ripping off banks for the revolution.

DEATH SQUADRONS OPERATE IN DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

SANTO DOMINGO (LNS) -- The Movimiento Popular Dominicano (MPD), a coalition of forces that fought against the U.S. invasion in 1965, has accused the government of Joaquin Balaguer of murdering at least seven members of their organization. The MPD said that "Death Squadrans", similar to those used by the military dictatorship in Brazil, have been formed to liquidate those who oppose the re-election of Balaguer.

Balaguer was "elected" for the first time in 1966, with the support of the Dominican military and the U.S. government.

DRINKING NARC KILLS YOUNG MAN

WHITTIER, Calif. (LNS) -- A rifle-waving narc killed an innocent man here Oct. 3. Detective Sgt. Frank Sweeney raided a Whittier apartment, swung his rifle as if to smash it on the arm of one of the men in the apartment, and the gun went off. The shot went through the floor and hit Heyward Henry Dyer, 22, in the apartment below. Dyer was struck in the head and died instantly.

Breath tests showed that Sweeney had been drinking. The other agents involved in the raid were not given tests. None of the narcs has been placed on suspension.

Who's next?

DAY OF NATIONAL DIGNITY IN PERU

LIMA (LNS) -- October 9th was declared the "Day of National Dignity" in this country of 13 million people. One year ago on this date the Peruvian government expropriated the International Petroleum Company (IPC) which was a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

The IPC had been illegally pumping oil out of the La Brea and Parinas fields since 1924 and had run up a 690 million dollar debt with the Peruvian state for the subsoil rights. On October 9, 1968, the Peruvian Army occupied the company's property, effectively foreclosing on the debt.

At the time of its expropriation, IPC controlled 87 percent of the country's oil business.

REVOLUTIONARIES LAY CLAIM TO WHITEHALL ST. BOMBING

NEW YORK (LNS) -- Two days after the bombing that "devastated" the fifth floor of the Whitehall Induction Center and had inspectors scurrying around trying to figure out whether the structure had been damaged beyond repair, LNS and other news agencies received the following message:

Tonight we bombed the Whitehall Induction Center. This action was in support of the NLF, legalized marijuana, love, Cuba, legalized abortion and all American revolutionaries and GIs who are winning the war against the Pentagon. Nixon, surrender now!

There used to be a time when electronic music was listened to as an art form, not as a fad. Record executives aware of this bad state of affairs decided to remedy the situation... unhappily for both the artist and the public. Record producers, as you may know, are in the habit of using a good thing until there is nothing left inside, until there is no musical value, no cultural value -- just a string of acetates of Moog-mad composers and depleted expense accounts.

About a year or more ago, Columbia records produced a record called *Switched-On Bach* composed by Walter Carlos, through known affectionally in the trade as Bach a la Moog. By some quirk of fate, either catchy promotion, or because it was fundamentally good, *Switched-On Bach* sold many copies. Everyone who was anyone had one and played it to death. Most straight Bach records declined in sales during this interesting period. It was really the latest thing in music, or so went the popular myth. Just imagine a machine which could duplicate any musical sound as well as any voice. All one needed to do was master the keyboard and all those electronic switches. *Switched-On Bach* was a good experiment because it showed the versatility of the Moog synthesizer; anyone could have told you that it really wasn't the same as hearing Bach with ordinary instruments...nor was it meant to be.

What happened when Moog went commercial is similar to what happened to country music. Everyone and his producer brother got on the gravy train. There were electronic scores to Hair, electronic Christmas carols (soon to be released, watch for this goodie!!!), electronic Latin music. You can't get away from it, just like television. If spy shows work for one network, the other four must have their own. The market gets saturated, actors get unemployed because a false demand is created by a fabricated

supply. So the basic problem here with electronic music, or more importantly with the Moog and other sound generators, is that artists should find a way to use them as instruments instead of gimmicks to sell yet another piece of wax.

What about those people who have been directly involved with electronic music as a musical form? Vladimir Ushachevsky, Walter Carlos, Karlheinz Stockhausen and Milton Babbitt have been innovators in the field for the past twenty years. They have been working constantly, strung out all over the world, living off their teaching knowledge and hoping for some breaks. They learned many things from that grand old master Edgar Varese, granddaddy of electronic music who had been experimenting with sounds in the twenties. Varese died in relative poverty through his works were performed at the Brussel's World Fair in 1958 and he was downtoned to by the musicologists (though they never helped him pay the rent). The general public thought that he and his colleagues were doing little more than making improper noises, since atonal music was the 'in' thing.

Who turned the general public on to synthesizers if not some rock groups? The Beatles, STONES, Byrds, Silver Apples and Lothar and the Hand People started experimenting with Moogs and other assorted tools to make sounds which would not take the place of their instruments but would enrich the instrumentation they were already using. Abbey Road by the Beatles is an excellent case; the synthesizer in "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" frames the original instruments rather than overwhelms them. It's not so significant that a composer has synthesizers in his piece, but more a question of how he integrates their use with standard instruments.

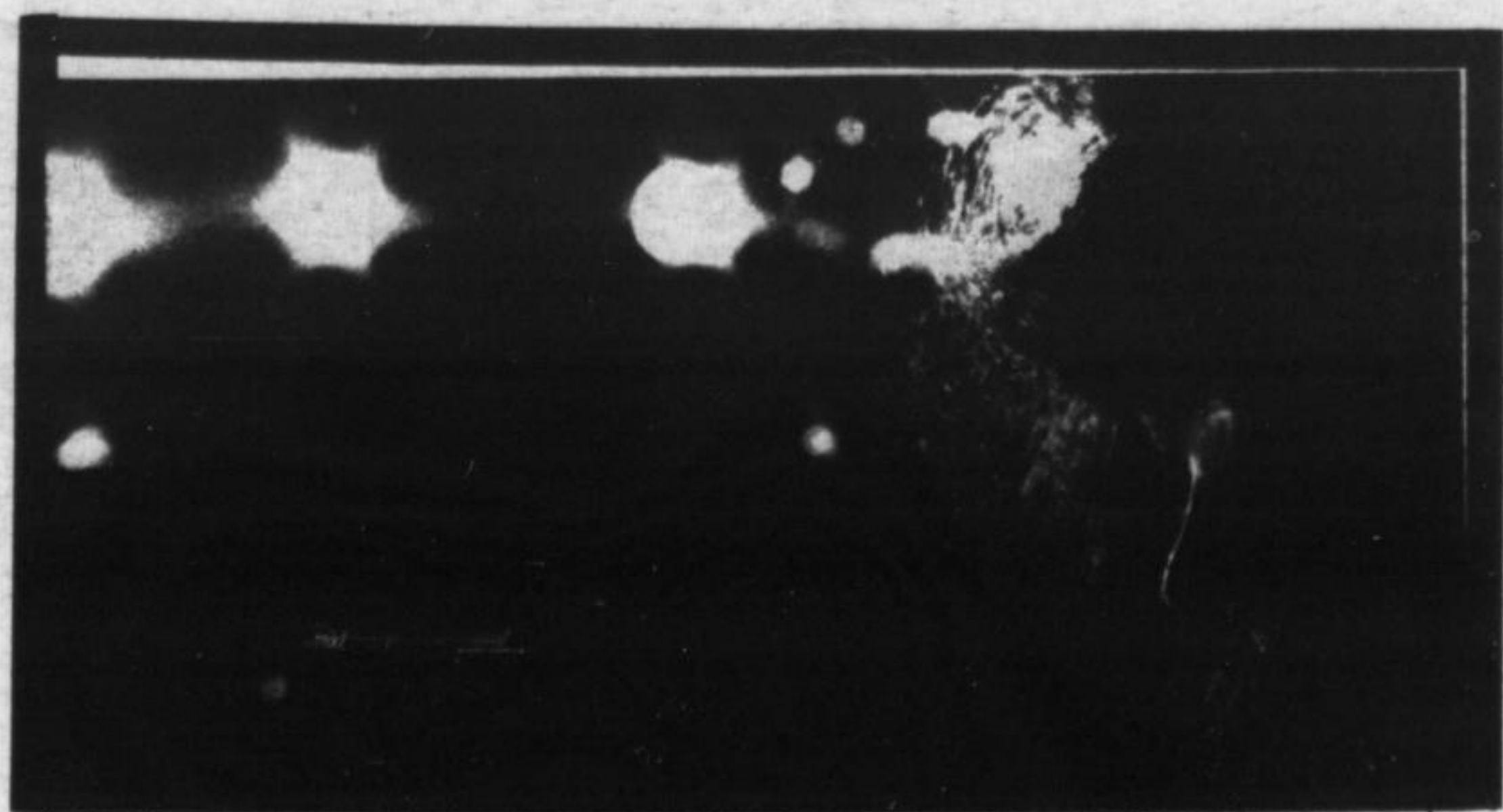
The recent electronic music craze has produced perhaps two artists who merit some discussion and analysis. Columbia, for its its multiferous faults, leads in this field and has produced a gem. Latest and in many ways, the most lyrical of composers in this finally accepted medium of electronically generated or altered sound is Terry Reilly who has the soul of a stone poet. His latest album is like a cosmic hymn to joy called *A Rainbow in Curved Air* (Columbia MS 7315). It's message is joy, happiness, and supreme exaltation in man and his world. *A Rainbow in Curved Air*, the title piece enfolds the listener in gossamer wings of fantasy-colors shoot out of it and splash the drab streets with energy and light. Reds, blues, oranges float out of the speakers and cover all surfaces bringing peace and serenity. Reilly knows the possibilities of electronic sounds without making them harsh and mechanical. His vibrations are lyrical and organic with a quiet jazz finish.

Though in many ways opposite in feeling from Terry Reilly, Jon Appleton's *Appleton Syntonic Menagerie* (Flying Dutchman FDS-103) achieves the same happy feeling. Appleton uses sound in a different way by re-arranging one's common idea of sound. He restructures and rebuilds ordinary sounds into music. This is not electronically generated sound, but things like doors closing, subway noises, baby cries are musically reshuffled. He works with the technique called *music concrete* which utilizes natural sounds. His pieces require much concentration -- they cannot be grasped as easily as Reilly's lyrical works. They nonetheless are artistic because Appleton has an artist's sensitivity

in selecting and editing common sounds. His music jars you into consciousness of ordinary life, it does not make you transcend it. He invites the listener to experiment with different levels of consciousness when hearing ordinary sounds. Appleton makes Cage's dictum that ordinary sound is music, work. He deserves to be heard on this score because his idea truly does work. My special favorite is *Chef d'oeuvre*, a Chef Boyardee commercial which has been slightly rearranged as a type of anti-commercial for good social comment.

Electronic music is an exciting medium of expression for the creative artist. The permutations and combinations of manufactured with natural sound are endless. It is a creative medium if not inhibited and commercialized by greedy producers eager to gull the public. Electronic music does not deserve to be made a "thing"; it has been suffering for too many years. Too many composers have

Even in this advanced stage, electronic music will still have to go a long way before it is up to the level of proficiency and comprehensibility where most people will accept it as another equally varied form of music. Happily, Reilly and Appleton are the newer composers who have seen fit to take electronically and naturally generated sounds and use them in intelligent ways to make something which is both pleasing to the ear and good for the head. They have helped in a small way to raise both the level of electronic music by taking it away from the taste-wasters and placing it before the public mind. There's still much work to be done, but it's awful nice to know that here is a start.



THE TIME ELECTRONICUS WENT OUT TO LUNCH
photos : by raeanne rubenstein

BY DAVID WALLEY

Island, Street and Body Art - it's out of sight.

Ward Island's Seventh Avant-garde Festival, Part One, ended last Sunday with the Ascension of the Festival's organizer, the indefatigable Charlotte Moorman. She rose up into the blue sky in Yukahise Isobe's gray-red-blue striped hot-air balloon and played her cello. Anticlimactic on the other hand was the dark reality, that those who regard Ward Island their sacred property, destroyed the yellow plastic structure, looking like a strange one-horned animal, which housed TV sets, taperecorders and other utensils of multi media art. Charlotte fought an absolutely admirable battle with the city and Con Edison to get permits, electricity for her artists and finally succeeded during the last few days to get it all going in the Buckminster Fuller Dome, with movies, TV, Art, and performances of all kind...avant-garde, improvised and destroyable. But the Festival did not end - so it was said last night. On October 26, Part Two will go on, with a sculpture exhibition on the tiny island of Mill Rock, which can only be reached by boat. But the gigantic tower built by German artist Ernst Lurker will be seen from afar.

I, as a participant of the Festival, enjoyed most the multimedia evening organized by Bud Wirtschafter, a documentary filmmaker, as part of his fall course in the New School, "The Art of Process and Idea." Charlotte on the mike talked with the enthusiasm of "I am courageous, (purple)" on her idea to help artists of the avant-garde to do their thing against all odds. Jud Yalkut's film told the story of the Festival 1966 in Central Park, slides gave a good idea of the intention of different artist's work in the Harlem Parade 1968, a beautiful color film showed the Philadelphia Festival and another one, the visual effect of the hot air balloon. Somehow seeing the documents of the actual happenings in form of slides, films, and hearing the different artists talking about their works gave the viewers a concentrated experience - without the handicaps of "nature" - the accidents which happen when it rains, in the wind, with cold & heat and through distances. In the New School the "Outside" got drawn together as a compact mixed-media performance. For such documentations the adventure and the risks of Festivals of this kind are justified. In the long run, the adventures of art one can't buy, may it be Street Work events, Body Art or Festival gatherings in the form of parades, park displays or island-invasions in slum districts have the educational and Art-historical value. They are necessary because they stimulate way-out artists to risk the adventurous, the spontaneous, the improvisation, the unendurable and the non-salable in art. Documented in films, tapes and slides, they become ART-MATERIAL that will influence new generations of artists, and to form young artists and give them ideas. Only Art creates Art and new Art. Only suffering, never-ending flights to create even under the most disastrous conditions, will give the future new art and new life styles. In the New School Bulletin.



BY LIL PICARD

AFTER RICHARD ELROD LYING PARALYZED AFTER GETTING HIS WAGES OF SIN



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

OK People, Dig this.

Now is the time for all good people to come to the aid of their brothers.

JIM COULTER WANTS YOU.

I know what the typical Army town is, and Wrightstown is no exception. In case you have never been "privileged" with military service, or have never been in a "rural" atmosphere, here is what we call

Wrightstown.....

That is right friends, nothing. Wrightstown is nothing. The town is so bad even the rats left. The only entertainment that can be found for the soldiers is the Dix Drive In (WOW) and the Bars in town (where the music is so bad, that when a waiter drops a tray, everybody gets up to dance).

PUT SOME SUGAR IN THE COFFEE

The support behind the Fort Dix demonstration was so good, that I only wish it would happen again. Can't you just imagine getting gassed every week, gang? Well, now that the demonstration is over, the men at Fort Dix are still in need of your help. The Fort Dix Coffee House, which is the only outlet with which the G.I. in Fort Dix can vent his frustrations to, is in desperate need of performers, speakers, poets, just anybody willing to come out and entertain the men. If you like to perform on stage, or if your band needs a place to practice, with an audience,

BEFORE CHICAGO ASSISTANT CORPORATION COUNSEL RICHARD ELROD MOONLIGHTING AS A PIG



GET IN STEP NOW

For those civilians or military personnel that would like to help please call the Free the Fort Dix 38 Committee at (212) 864-6226, or the Fort Dix Coffee House at (609) 723-5577. Allow me to make one more thing clear....The Fort Dix Coffee House is a non-profit organization dedicated to helping all G.I's. The owners are presently in debt and it would be very difficult to finance bands or performers (not impossible though, if you are good) at the present time. If you desire to take the relaxing drive out to the Coffee House, it is about an hour and a half from New York City. Just get on the New Jersey Turnpike, get off at exit 7 and follow the signs to Ft. Dix. The Coffee House is located about 1 mile from the Wrightstown Entrance to the Fort, and is on Dix Street, opposite the Police Station. Now what could be safer than that?????

IN SUPPORT OF PEACE

October 15th's Moratorium has shown to the world that the people of America really want peace. Not to be outdone however, the Soldier Citizens in the Nam were also seen supporting the peace efforts at home. About 50 per cent of the American Division in the Saigon Area wore the black armbands of solidarity with their brothers, while on missions. Some even took them into combat patrols. General Abrams, the King Pig, did I say King Pig, I meant King Pin, of all the Army in Vietnam stated that he did not think the mass protest in the United States would change battlefield policy in his little world. He is also sure that you can catch syphilis from toilet seats....

COMMANDERS OPTION

The Commander also maintains the right to prohibit any activity on his installation which would interfere with orderly accomplishment of daily duties or present a clear danger to loyalty, discipline, or Morale of the troops. The directive adds that a serviceman is prohibited from engaging himself in any off base demonstration while on duty, either in or out of uniform.

UNDERGROUND PAPERS

The new directive permits servicemen to publish papers, providing it contains no language the utterance of which would be punishable under Federal Law. Those personnel involved with the printing, distribution, or any other connection with the underground paper would be punished for such infractions. The directive states that a Post Commander may require that prior approval be obtained before he would be allowed to give permission to the distributing of the paper on his post.

OFF POST GATHERING PLACES

Commanders still have the right to place off post establishments "OFF LIMITS" if they that the activities included; counseling members of the Armed Forces to refuse to perform duty or to desert, involve acts with a significant adverse effect on member's health welfare or morale. ("Morale" is determined by how much military propaganda the G.I. swallows. A dissident G.I. thus has "Poor Morale".)

THE BLUE SCROTUM FLIES AGAIN

The Air Force is studying a New Department of Defense Directive against dissent in the ranks. The new regulation will be distributed onto Air Force Bases around the world. The new regulation deals in the service man's right of expression, possession and distribution of printed materials, off-base gathering places, underground papers, and demonstrations on and off of military posts.

POT AND THE GI IN VIETNAM

A new paranoia against the wonderous plant is being worked out by a team of Army Doctors. It is called Short Timers Disease, and they are trying to prove that pot leads to it. In a recently published medical paper a team of Army Doctors stated that in several cases where pot was smoked by G.I.'s, killing took place afterwards. They are trying to make you think that pot causes violence. In the mean time, alcoholic intake by Officers is still the leading cause of death among Enlisted men....

(Continued on Page 16)

At the beginning of anything, there is a certain lust to creation, that's how we got started, it's why Eve ate the Apple so eagerly. She ate everything eagerly. When music — our music: spontaneous, ballsy, rock-began, there was that kind of lust and joy in its creation, even the quiet creations. Now music has become little more sophisticated, mainly institutionalized, like trilobites and with equal guesses as the the First Cause. Music criticism, now that it's an Art we are discussing, is the same frowzy, cluttered party conversation poop as the others. The critic gives a fast rundown of quotables: "blend of jazz and baroque pop cascading down like a do-right waterfall" etc, followed by the real meat, the anecdote, letting you know that the writer is this tight with the musician(s). This is because everyone who owned a transistor radio when "Naughty Lady of Shady Lane" (Rock Around the Clock, Ricochet Romance, even Chantilly Lace) first blared, is now a music expert, thanks to years of long exposure. Writers, therefore, have to prove their greater, closer identification with the music. (Pass the mustard, will ya...?)

Jean Louis Barrault said (in *Cue*) the most important quality of life is "to be a virgin every morning. To kill (your) self each night and to be reborn again each morning." To take joy and grow

WILMELLS

Too many people have forgotten the joy of living and are content with the word of others.

JOHN SINCLAIR IS STILL IN JAIL.

John loves music as he love life; he is not a symbol of the recurrent phenomenon, "fuck the system and it will fuck you," he is John Sinclair, very much a man and very much a man and very much in jail. Denied right to appeal, denied right to bond, denied but in no way negated. Please, start talking and give to the defense fund: There is no way to criticize the action taken against him, there is only action to be taken. Lesser wrongs are only lesser in magnitude, not quality. Alfred, love with him that she comes to the Great, is a movie whose substance is too great for the never really understands his fear of his own nature.

supporting structure, and director Clive Donner has been unable to find the center of this epic. The film attempts to create an Alfred torn by his greatest passions: either to be a priest and serve God or to unite England and serve his people, the country. David Hemmings as Alfred gives a curious performance, finicky at some moments, overwhelming in others. Michael York plays the Viking warrior who is his opposite in every way, lusty and unashamed of it; proud of his warrior god who is the god of life, linking men with animals, for whatever he roars in the mead hall. Alfred's queen, is so much in love with him that she comes to hate him for spurning her. She never really understands his fear of his own nature.

This is not a cinematic landmark; scene piled upon scene does not create a fine necklace or tapestry. The overall is too uneven. Still, the movie is extraordinarily powerful in its effort to communicate the richness of that century, some of the battle glory and the inviolate, pristine private moments. The battle scenes are wonderful, as is all of the photography on location in Ireland. Those scenes set around the main story are also, perhaps because of lack of tension, quite compelling, as when Alfred realizes that many 'outlaws' are more just than his nobles. There are moments of skill and technical sophistication which prevent this movie from being just another epic; it's an epic with subtlety.

John Vaccaro and The Playhouse of the Ridiculous are so much fun, but fun with the necessary complement of professional goodness (what does it mean...?). The latest production is *Heaven Grand in Amber Orbit* by Jackie Curtis, which phrase alliterates beautifully; is a short poetic statement unto itself, being equally reminiscent of *Heaven Grand-ness*, the lustrous beauty and value of *Amber* and as modern as space age *Orbits*. If that seems far-fetched:

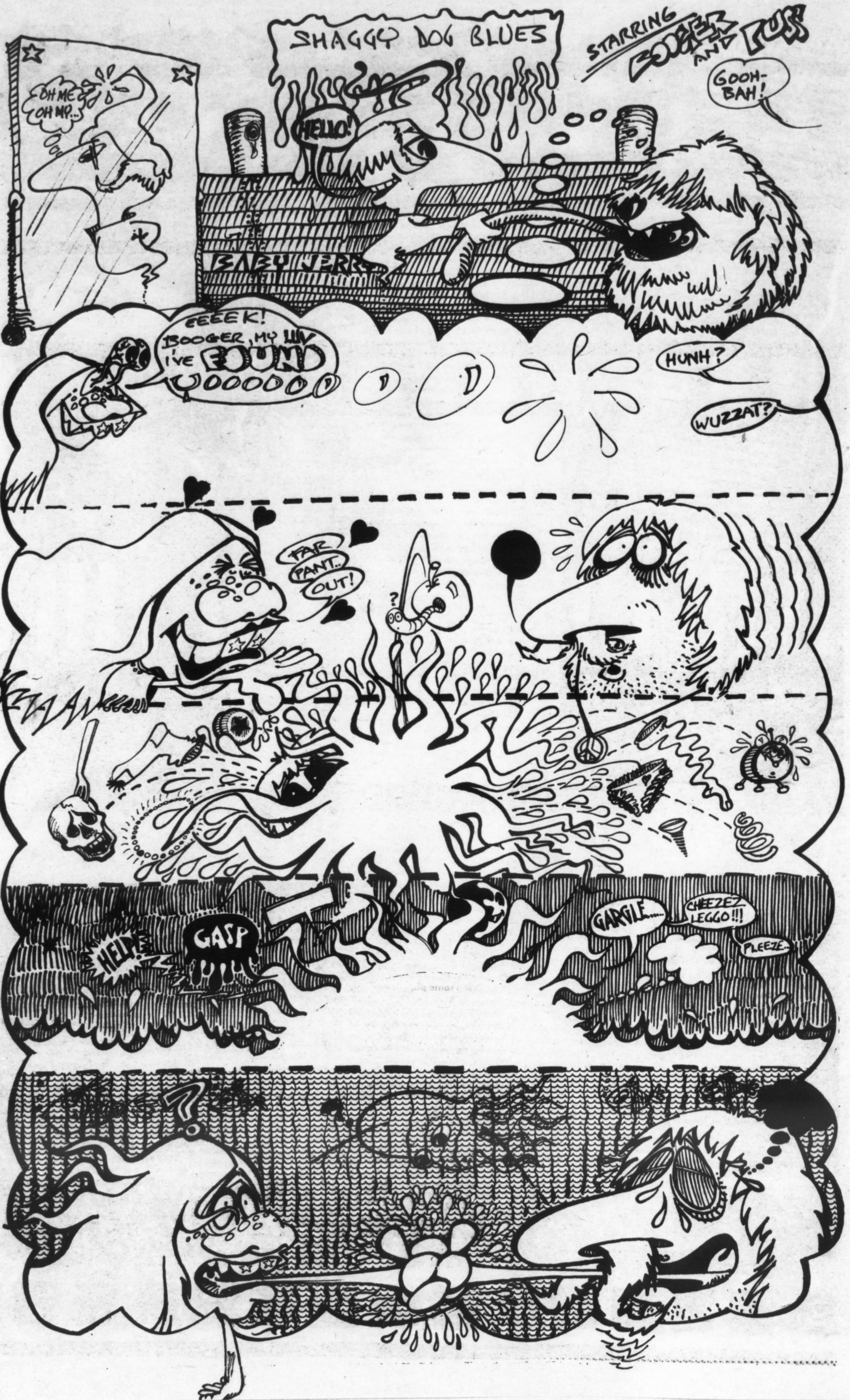
1. You haven't seen the play.
2. It is.

The beauty of Theatre of the Ridiculous, as a whole, is the non-consequentiality of stage action; this is the major non-linear theatre created in America. Unlike the more serious Living Theatre, Grotowski (who is in New York at BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC) or Joan Littlewood's troupe, T. of R. has values quite different, not concerned with effecting change in the audience (against their conscious will so much as it desires to amuse—with reservations. This funny theatre's essential menace derives from its very freedom, a concept which has taken modern theatre down a strange trail. There is foreboding to a theatre which says, "laugh—if you know when and at what. Remember, we will be the judge. All of Us." Emphasis is on costume, makeup, and embroidery of theatre. Characters are as fantastic and confusing as possible, even multi-sourced. One basically male (you can tell by the distribution of muscle) will utilize 40 well known one-liners from different stage and screen actresses, plus gestures, in order to (re) create a character role. The characters are fantastic because they are based on the marvelous, perfectly paced insane reality of the people who are the theatre.

It is impossible to mention each person who helps to make this play so outstanding (and it is, especially when you look at the competition). Major roles are played by Frank Dudley, Ruby Lynn Reyner, Jaime de Carlo Lotts, Morris Chevrolet, John Harry Christian and John Vaccaro. The play is at the Gotham Art Theatre, 455 West 43rd, Thurs-Sun. at 9 PM, call 581-5011 for reservations.

Another play by Tom Murrin, whose *Cock-Strong* was performed by P or the R, Myth (or maybe Meth). This time directed by La Mama's Ed Setrakian at The Loft Theatre, Bleecker. Murrin pits words, (endless streams,) against dissimilar, baffling counterpoint actions, the play seeming a dream sequence in which each character tries to interact with the others: sometimes called reality. A man, an innocent stranger, Kenney, comes upon a strange family of a slightly fanatic Latin Military type, Pa; three daughters who are like the whiter shade of pale and beyond; and a general frenzied outsider, rather maniacal boyfriend, Corporal Goodhart. Mari-Claire Charba as the older, worn, too smart to be idealistic sister is her usual professional self,

giving the part a subtlety it needs; Gloria James as the black sister who wants to go to Haiti also uses her role quite well. Much talk, on various levels, people trying to talk to with one another, tell of fears and pasts, hopes and nightmares, sprinkled with dialogue which is just too obtuse, too far away from whatever themes are even tenuously established: "Let there be light, and there was music" was not at all helpful as lines go, Setrakian's direction was especially good in the second act, when much of the play's mood was established, allowing the actors to use the structure as set up. (Continued on Page 17)



SHAGGY DOG BLUES

STARRING BOOGER AND BOB

OH ME OH MR...

HELLO!

GOOH-BAH!

EEEEK!
BOOGER, MY LUV
I'VE FOUND

HUNH?

WUZZAT?

TAR PANT...
OUT!

HELP!

GASP

GARGLE...

CHEEZEZ
LEGGO!!!

PLEEZE

TWO POEMS By Vincent Titus

CREDO

Let them recite no Aves there for me; it will not avail,
Because I worshipped idols in my youth the bigots say:
*Beauty Art the sensuous and fine muses and graces:
*These the highest God I gave devotion to.
I could not stand Jehova Moloch of the flame
all the bloody crew
who took from man his sacrifice in vain
and gave him no bread but dust

out of the night
dark on my soul
star ever bright
stand as my goal
lead with your light
voyage me whole
the dark will leave
I will endure
if I believe
one star is sure

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE END BY PAULETTE COOPER

Inthebeginninggodcreatedheavenandearth
The sea and Grass.
And Man saw that Grass was good.
So Man created some paper to roll it in
And a match to light it with
(god had already provided the woman to enjoy it with.)
And god saw that Grass was good.
So he gave Man an entire garden
And presented him with the forbidden fruit,
The Cactus.
And soon Peyote, son of Cactus, begat Mescal Line,
And Lysergic Acid knew Di Ethylamide
And Then -
Man was in heaven,
Ah-men.

Roop
Ivanov
Kamanac
Atlan
Katanen

PEACE. The word putters from the cheeks. A harmless explosion. Let a million or so mouths utter it and it becomes a blast that can melt the mouths of cannons and make Presidents shutter in the wake of its power.

October 15th the word boomed across the nation like heavy cannon fire. The artillery of suddenness. The White House trembled under the attack.

Commentators. Capitalists. Conspirators. Crochety old woman all took aim and fired. No more war. No more death. Nothing could stop an idea whose time had come. PEACE.

In New York, the word reverberated off the tallest buildings, careened and echoed in the parks and streets of the nation's largest city.

The time had come for the people of America to petition their government for a redress of grievances. The middle had moved. Moved away from their apathy, from political promises that had no more basis in reality than the broken bodies and decaying flesh of their sons lying on the battlefields of Viet Nam.

Would the President be moved?

No one could move in Bryant Park. By 4:30, the park was packed so tight that even the word "peace" had a hard time squeezing through the known apertures of sapce. People waited, hung in their flesh, knee deep in the cold air. Young kids clung to the available trees for a better view. Statues were assaulted by scraping shoes and clutching hands. The sparse bushes and flowers of Bryant Park were crushed and trampled by the growing need for more room. The crowd spilled over out into the streets, blocking and slowing traffic for nearly three hours.

They waited, proferring their signs, singing, catechising slogans of "Peace Now!" and waited for their heroes of peace to arrive. McCarthy, Lindsay, Javitts, Goodell. The four horsemen of Peace.

There was an absence of uniformed police in the park, and paranoia, without which reality becomes history, had retreated indoors to seek refuge from an idea which had no precedent in human suffering. Moratorium. The Last War. The Last Death. And if need be, the Last President.

They stood silent as the proceedings commenced with spoken prayers. Suddenly an uninvited speaker stood before the



WHAT DO WE WANT
PEACE



microphones and introduced himself. His name bottled up by the noisome crowd. A few facts falling on stopped up ears. American Legion. Retired Navy Commander. Nixon right. Moratorium wrong. For a split second, there was confusion and stunned silence then a host of hisses and boos. Plainclothes police rushed to the makeshift stand and enveloped the intruder. He was gently escorted off and surrounded by the press, microphones, cameras, tape recorders shoved in front of his face, an electronic rape before the crowd could get their hands on him and perpetrate the real thing.

But no one moved toward the uninvited speaker except the press. He was safer here than he could have ever been in Viet Nam. This battlefield would have no casualties. It was a moratorium on violence, on destruction. But not on words and speeches as Tony Randall and Shirley McLaine began to introduce the official speakers.

Joan Collins and Peter, Paul and Mary contributed their voices. Melodius protest. Ben Gazarra, Janice Rule, Helen Hayes, Julie Harris (who Tony Randall wrongly introduced as Julie Andrews), Dick Benjamin, Patrick O'Neil, Eli Wallach, Kier Dullea stood before the crowd flashing the peace sign to cheers and hasannas.

They cheered. This was no Mary Poppins of Peace crowd but the real thing. Actors were not the only people who made up the script and politicians were not the only actors who were emoting peace. The real people had thrown off their masks of apathy; mothers, doctors, lawyers, students, accountants, the senior citizens. The real forgotten Americans that Nixon had forgotten even existed were speaking now. An oracle of atoms vibrating with energy, magic words of "Peace! Peace!" which would tumble Nixon and his ilk into the garbage heap of obsolesence. We the people of the United States of America, in order to form a more perfect union, will have peace. People legislating change to the highest power in the land. Democracy at its highest optimum level.

If it all could have taken place at that moment then there would have been no need for the parade of politicians which soon followed. The crowd stirred to the peak of emotion as Shirley McLaine introduced their political priest of peace, Eugene McCarthy. "The man who started it all," she said, forgetting that some semigod had started it all centuries ago.



WHAT DO WE WANT
NOW



(Mr Nix)
Oh Lord
hear our prayer
and let our cry
come unto thee

Lindsay soon followed, a smile on his lips as McCarthy had just endorsed him for Mayor in front of millions. Peace was profitable. Peace was politically sound. Peace was a way of life; a life style of ages; a rock; a long time coming.

Javitts and Goodell also gave their vote of confidence to the proceedings. Peace was official. The politicians had spoken. The people had spoken. A new religion was loose in the land, roaming the airways, stalking the streets with its soft steps. People had a new purpose, a new lease on life, everything except the ability to raise the over 40,000 slain or to change a Presidents mind who said, "He would not be moved..."

They moved now out of the crushed park, slowly, into the vacant streets. Up towards Fifth Avenue where the police had cordoned off a few followers of the American Nazi Party. The peaceful ones stopped a moment to watch them as they circled with their signs. One old woman, newly converted to it all, her shiny peace buttons lapeled to her coat like medals, shook her wrinkled head. She looked up at the tallish blue policeman who separated her from confrontation and spoke to him with grandmother endearment; her accent catching his attention.

"Ya know, they all look so frightened and lonely. What are they afraid of? Death? Wait til they're my age, then they'll have something to really be frightened of. But ...I'm not complaining...we gut peace...at last."

The policeman smiled.

LONDON ARTS LABS

By Alex Gross

LONDON NOW

ARTS LAB INTERNATIONAL

After eighteen months of relative inactivity England is finally beginning to move again. The new spirit, supplied by the squatters' movement, an upsurge in the music field evidenced by new work from the Beatles and the Who, and the surreptitious publishing of the first sexpaper in England, entitled SUCK, all indicate the beginnings of a new energy.

The biggest thing happening in England at the moment, and the biggest idea in circulation as well, is the Arts Lab. It is a true grass roots movement which has sprung up among the young and the spirited in the last few years. It is something that has already begun to crop up all over England, tenderly and tentatively in some places, more robustly in others. And at a time when so many people are writing and shouting with enormous theoretical vigor about alternate societies, it is perhaps most important that these young people are quietly and without any theoretical hangups building some true alternate structures.

What precisely is an Arts Lab?

To begin with it is a people place. It is a place where young people and others who share their tastes can meet without hassle. To dream their dreams, to talk about anything they want to and to smoke their smoke. This means that it takes place inside a building, tent, dome, or other structure. Preferably one that can be heated in winter, though in England this is not always possible.

This first area, which can be called the people place, is basic to an Arts Lab, but beyond it, either above or below or on all sides of it, many other areas open off. The first London Arts Lab included a film theatre without seats, one simply lay back on a slanting floor of foam rubber, a completely rearrangeable stage theatre with movable seats and stage, a tea room-restaurant, an exhibition area, and a rooftop terrace.

A second Arts Lab has just opened in London and it is even more ambitious. Among the facilities it plans to provide are an unstructured stage area, a film theatre together with a home for the London Film Makers Co-op, a Metal-Plastics workshop, a center for work in electronics and cybernetics, equipment for use by the Computer Arts Society, a printing shop to make posters and programs for the rest of the Lab, a music center, an exhibition area, mainly the walls of a large

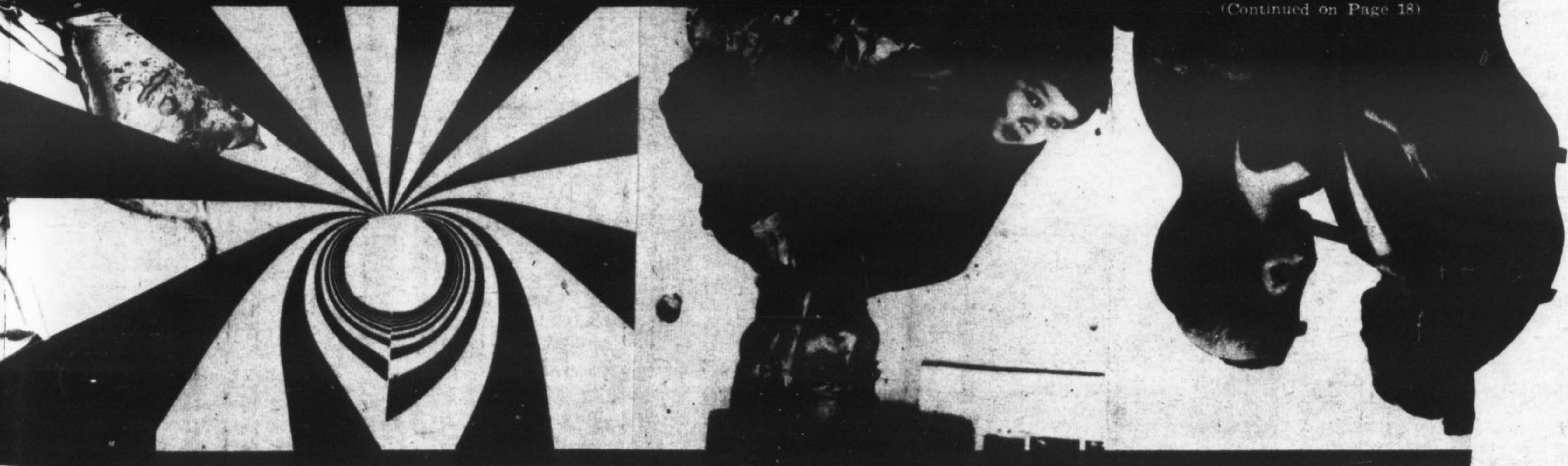
ground-floor people place, and most important of all, quite possibly a video tape center.

The video tape center is likely to prove important because of the role some of England's most alert young people see television as playing in the transformation of the society. In the near future the

London underground foresees films and video tapes, unlikely to be seen on B.B.C., being sent around arts labs all over England where they can be shown to local audiences. But there is an even more ambitious program for television being presented in England.

English television once imagined to be better than television in America or anywhere on earth, has sunk to an unbelievable low. Neither the two B.B.C. channels nor the one commercial channel offer fare any higher than whatever Alabama television might offer. The same people are also

sponsoring the idea of local television and hope to obtain backing to begin operations on a small scale in London's Notting Hill. It would utilize one of the many unused standard channels in England. There is a fighting chance that this idea will become operative in the next few years. (Continued on Page 18)



LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

The main pig wants to rid Ft. Dix of all the troublemakers. Poor, poor apranoid. This must be a definite bring-up to all our heads. We have them shitting in their tapered Class A pants.

Our goal of course is to free all our brothers and tear down the stockade. This goal is coming closer with each demonstration, with every discharge given to one of our brothers. Someday soon Ft. Dix will be Ft. Dix park. Our success on Dix should encourage brothers and sisters all over the country to march on their friendly neighborhood fort, and free all the slaves, smash the metal monster and show them that love and peace will always dominate over hate and war. I haven't forgotten you. Joe Kelly and Joel Altman and the rest of my people I was forced to leave behind. As long as one of my brothers is a slave, I shall not be free.

Dear EVO

I am a mother of five children, (and I am a very respectable and responsible parent) and a wife of one of New York City's Finest! What I mean is I'm the wife of a fucking PIG!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Because I know he hates your papers guts, I would like to have a subscription to your very amusing publication. I enclose the \$6.00 in a check made out by my pig husband. I would also like to ask for a job on your paper. But I do so only because I feel qualified. I have numerous pig stories that I think your readers would be very interested in. Thank you very much for the time you took out to read this.

Sincerely,
A Pigs Wife

Dear Pigmate:

Anytime you're ready. Just ring us up and ask for the editor. We'll be waiting. \$s

Dear EVO:

Some years ago I read G. Legman's preposterous pamphlet entitled Gangsters of the New Freedom in which he compares the Hippies to Hitler's Storm Troopers. A sold out hack, Legman is well named. Leg man for the John Birch Society, the CIA, the American Narcotics Department who has the unmitigated gall to call himself a revolutionary. Congratulations on D.A. Latimer's run down.

Sincerely,
William S. Burroughs (Signed)

Dear EVO--As you probably can imagine, living where I live results in quite a dearth (i.e., "lack") of cultural advantages. Movie-wise, qui "Monterey Pop" arrived last week, "Easy Rider" is not expected until December, "2001" has NEVER arrived (I saw it in Montreal last summer) and Warhol, Godard, etc. are unheard of in this part of the country. Thus, when I subscribed to EVO last year, it was like a double dose of "Sunshine" acid every time an issue arrived (that's also unheard of here -- WE get purple acid, blue acid, brown-speckled, green, orange acid, all of which react as through you'd swallowed a can of Right Guard shit deodorizer.) Anyway, I no longer live where I used to and I thought that EVO had forsaken me because I

hadn't received any issues for about two months. But, lo and behold, my father arrived at my new address bearing gently in his arms a copy of the September 17 issue, ripped in four pieces. It seems that a few months ago my mother chanced to look through an issue and was completely appalled by its obscenity, communism, etc., and has declared herself a one-woman wrenching crew dedicated to destroy each and every issue before it reached me and perverted my impressionable young mind. Fortunately, however, the White Knight arrived on the scene and rescued your Sept. 17 issue from the fireplace and delivered it to me. (I just finished putting it together and grooving to DA Latimer, my hero.)

The point of this letter is, would you please mail future issues to me at my new address. (Along with any spare acid which may be lurking in your office?)

Steve Jamieson
Dartmouth
Nova Scotia, Canada

Latimer creep and latch onto a REAL stud revolutionary like John Hildgert. Even your mother would like him, and your mother should know...

Dear EVO--

Every time I come down to the great city of New York I am amazed again at what a prison it is: in the last few months, while I've been "stuck on the farm" I've been swimming every day, been to Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard, to New York, Boston, etc. etc., while my firends in New York haven't been out of town -- but it's easy to go because there are no walls around where I am. It's ironic. There are no walls around New York, just a wasteland - desert of dumps and plastic places that you have to penetrate before you can get anyplace worth getting to, and somehow the barriers seem larger from within than without. Have you ever been in a walled city? Where the city is on one side of the wall and the country on the other? Real nice if you can imagine it. It makes me cry to think how fucked up it all is: (Continued on Page 15)

ED--Aw. forget about that

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LETTERS

(Continued from Page 14)

Manhattan is an island. Thanks to the wondrous miracles of western technology, there is no reason why the city has to have the surroundings it does, it wouldn't matter how fucked up Manhattan was if the country started on the other side of the rivers. But these are daydreams. I just want to tell all of you that there was a time not so long ago when I lived in cities and didn't know how easy it is to really escape, not just leave NYC for the same place, someplace else: you just have to walk out, nobody stops you unless you've got a broken taillamp or something, and the

fascists'll give you what for that anywhere. Are you "saving up" to buy a farm someday? Don't bother you're getting burnt, it's just an existential decision to split and it might as well be today as next month or next year. Don't wait until you've got a car because New York City will wreck it while you're getting the rest of your shit together. Don't wait till you've saved enough money because you'll need more than whatever you have in mind and you actually don't need any, whatever you need somehow comes your way.

All this assuming that, like me, you are a human alone, without a nice rich middleclass mommy who sends you money when you want it oh baby or the lucky owner of stocks and shares

which are taking blood from Vietnam and labor and from the poor everywhere and passing the evil mixture onto you in the form of money.

I just wanna tender a few suggestions. There's always New England, a current resting place of the ancient human spirit. Only a few hundred years ago, men came there from Europe who were freaked out, just like you & me, and all they had were themselves and the land around them, just like you & me: it's more subtle now, because the cancer of America has spread, is spreading all through, speeded up now by the interstate highway system: you can buy your groceries at the A&P or Finast (or steal them as the case might be), just like in New York City, if

you want to; there are apparently hospitals, \$2.50 cinemas etc. etc. and you can if you want to live the middle class life. But there is a web of independent people there, homes where 1969 is just numbers, places where you can be at home, though only after you have made your home like that.

It's easily done. You can rent houses with enough land to grow all you need for \$20 a month. You could buy enough land to build on next spring for a few hundred dollars; if you demand too much land around you it'll cost you thousands and thousands of dollars and it may be too late when you get it together. Most of what you need is free. Milk! Butter! Buttermilk! comes out of cows which moo and go on heat and eat the hay you grow

and who never, never ask to be paid, just loved. A gallon of kerosene will light your house for a month for 17c without wires which lead from your house via the power station to every evil place on the North American continent. Think about it. To get your scrambled eggs you don't have to work for someone, get paid, buy them: just run out to the chicken house and cook 'em right up. Old Farts for Freedom smoke Pall Mall's when they can afford it (\$4 a week) and roll their own when they can't (50c per). Etcetera, etcetera. Love that country pie, and while you think about it you should subscribe to The New Babylon Times, two dollars for four issues from Box 160, RFD 3, Brattleboro, Vermont.
(Signed) John Wilton

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ART

(Continued from Page 8)

"Newsletter of Ideas", Prof. Ernest van den Haag writes an essay titled "The Student Rebels" and he says in it that education has taken the place formerly occupied by religion.

I think that art, too, has taken this place, and I feel with many other artists that it is really the only religion left to us, something to believe in, which is hopeful and pure. Even so, art manifests itself in so many colors and forms, even so, artists are blamed to be egomaniacs, publicity minded, commercial, bad boys, bad girls, that they are addicts of all kind of "beliefs", that they are the "artistes maudits", the rebels of the time, the sex and love maniacs or the abstract philosophers, the understandable madmen, they are the Salt of the Earth. Artists are the great Lovers of Life. They have an unhappy - happy love affair eternally with only one thing, one muse: ART.

The artist Jean Toche, who showed aggressive light sculptures and did "Burnings" of words, which had a meaning to his personal political involvements, has written a letter to EVO, which throws a light on the controversial

Festival. He also spoke last week about his ideas together with Destruction Artist, Ralph Ortiz, on WBAI. Ortiz had placed a few dozen rat-traps on the stony edge of Ward Island, and he told me that in his opinion the only relevant art work on Ward Island was his "Rat-Work". He caught with it many rats during the eight day Festival...and surely depicted a strong reality on the Island facing the worst slum sectors of East Harlem, giving the artist-interested invaders of Ward Island a taste of things as they are and an ecological, sociological lesson. Rat-Trap had been an education event, as was the "Litter-Piece and Litter-Enclosure" of Bici Hendricks, and the Art-Work of Two John's she had bought for \$110 and placed for "Vital Function" on the Island's grounds.

"Dear EVO," writes Jean Toche, October 10, 1969:

"Being flesh and blood I have fallen victim to the egomania which attacks all artists. I found myself greedily participating in irrelevancy, seeking fame and glory, typical of the bourgeois fever. But my discomfort grew more and more as I returned each time to the land of the insane asylum and the drug addiction hospital passing through East Harlem.

When I saw Professor Drury's urethane yellow dome completely crushed to the ground - the most powerful destruction event of the 7th Annual Avant-garde Festival at Ward Island - something clicked in my mind. Twenty-five years ago, when the Nazis fled from Belgium, my native country, after 4 years of military occupation, I saw people burning in the streets all over the country whatever had been German: books, magazines, records, films... Buildings which had been occupied, or built, by the Germans were dynamited. The Belgians wanted to erase forever whatever had been part of the Deutsche - Kultur.

The same urge prevailed 2 weeks ago at Ward Island, and it is naive to dismiss what took place as the result of hoodlums' behavior. We artists had invaded an island, which was the only park and playground for the neighborhood Puerto Rican kids, and had imposed on them something totally alien to them:

the products of a white arrogant decadent Kultur, and an abstract and totally irrelevant language called "Art". "Hey, Mister, who sleeps in that dome?" How can you possibly justify to a kid who has to sleep in a half burned down neighborhood, in rooms covered with poisonous lead walls and rats all over the place, that a dome was built not to sleep in but to project abstract lines-and-dots type of films or to show light boxes?

The only object which might have had a vague relevance to them was Buckminster Fuller's geodesic dome: it looked like sort of a dreamlike, gigantic parallel bars, and did they enjoy climbing on it - but not for long, for police reinforcements were quickly brought in. There we were. Not only had we created a Vietnam, but in the name of Kultur-and-Order, we brought in the troops...The feeling of the kids could be summarized in two sentences: "They are only here one day, and they already think

they own the place," and "You are leaving. Good! We hope you will never come back!"

The only constructive point of the festival is that it forced a lot of people to cross that section of Harlem and maybe realize for the first time in their lives what it is to have to live in a ghetto. It also brought forth strikingly the absolute necessity for the artist to become more relevant to his environment and to the social struggle going on in the world, if art is to survive as a meaningful force. To express and not repress. To involve oneself in reality instead of playing irrelevant and indifferent abstract games. To try to understand what is around us instead of patronizing and telling it to the people. It touches the very essence of art. Art for art's sake has died on the barricades of Ward Island.

AGGRESSION ART
Jean Toche (Signed)
72 Carmine Street
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required reading for radicals



governments suggest

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THILM

(Continued from Page 9)

Outpourings of words are often about animal acts; the lust for a mango and the description of peeling, breaking the skin, deflowering the fruit, crushing and staining oneself and being ungrateful when through, while another lies in the back, perhaps in orgasm or at least some kind of female ecstasy-through-pain...death, sex, all in a hamburger and some famous jam. Food is everywhere throughout the play, as physical action and metaphor, we are all ravaging animals, lusting through life and refusing to believe in any of the mystery. Then, for the finale, the play (quite reminiscent of both *The MOKE EATER* and *Grand Panique Theatre's LABYRINTH*) does a *Joanna*, as in the film: it's all wonderful make-believe, because who believes in art any longer...?

It is now my turn to say that *The Band* is really fine, and that on stage their presence at Brooklyn Academy of Music was full of moonshine, joy and stoned-out hotpants fun. No attempt at theatrics or rapport with the audience, but then, this is *A Top Band Who Know It* and besides, that isn't their appeal. They just come out, get their instruments and play music for the self-appointed time of 50 minutes or so. Music which is pure, rich and full, firm and crisp, yeah. By now, everyone knows they all sing, all play several instruments and are endlessly inventive. A basic theme is hardly stated when they begin to play circles and rainbows around it; Robbie Robertson fills with hard little C & W fiddle rags, sweet melodic blues riffs, straight rock progressions and then a fiani curlicue from nowhere but his own head's computer which takes joy at the endless combinations it turns out. Garth sits at the piano and plays...It isn't rock, it's hardly vaudeville tinker-tune, it's just plain music.

It is difficult to pick favorites off the albums; all songs are performed with the same enthusiasm, a quality more visible in live concert than on the LPs, although the Fillmore East show seemed more closed-off and restricted than anything on the

albums. Brooklyn was another time, a different place, and so was the music; the Band just rolled on, even doing "Slippin' and Slidin'" for a final encore, in such perfection as to make Frank Zappa appreciative.

The second LP (both on Capitol) is not 'better than' the first, it is different. The musicianship doesn't improve from the brilliant to more brilliant, but the subject matter is more joyful, reassuring, and contented. The organ work by Garth Hudson characterizes it, ranging from church-spiritual through church-classical and waltzing through the whole spectrum between...Garth plays a baby sax on stage (son of soprano?) which sounds fine and looks unbelievable, as though he is really playing his beard. Which he will probably do next, hopefully not electrified (neither is the sax).

Saw *Roundtree and Mark* at the Au Go Go; two brothers both on guitar, one acoustic the other electric playing miniature (in length) ballads and intricate harmonies; soft sounding songs whose complexity and intensity may be missed if the listening is not careful and patient. The feeling is almost as though they are alone, and you have come upon them, sitting together in a field, playing together for themselves and their world. Their music is still very much for them, overly involved with learning techniques and using them, -- or at least too involved for pure entertainment -- and without the proficiency which creates the necessary atmosphere of, say a Fred Neil. But it will come, I am sure.

Southwind is a new group on Blue Thumb. The first album, "Ready to Ride," is full of energy and goodwill, heavy into late 50's rock, especially "Rock and Roll Ruby" a girl who is the other side of The Springfield's "Rock and Roll Woman" and the sweeter gentler tracks do sound like Springfield, more particularly Richie Furay and Poco now, C&W pining nasal quality, those thoughtful, plucking-string guitar riffs.

There is no one backbone to the group, no Robbie Robertson either in terms of technical skill or underlying leadership, no one to provide the constant inventive phrasing for bridges and pauses.

The music is heavy on enthusiasm and basic rock, short on variety and technique. Still, it is very fresh and earthy, making you want to snap fingers and maybe dance, at least move! somehow.

When I first heard the album, I thought it sounded a lot like so many others...but it doesn't. It is no imitation of mere 50's progressions, but a still new group reaching out to find ways and paths, using what they know best for substance, and waiting for sophistication to come in its own time rather than get lost in that quicksand of superficial complexity so many groups settle for.

3 Cheers for the Brooklyn Academy of Music

Southwind's first album is out on Blue Thumb and both deserve a vote of thanks; Blue Thumb for consistently producing good records, of which this one--and not all in a style, as happens with some small companies--and *Southwind* just for being. This group is full of goodwill clean energy, synergistic at best, slightly simple at worst. Their music is heavy into a late 50's rock sound, especially on cuts like "Rock & Roll Ruby" a girl who is the other side of The Springfield's "Rock and Roll Woman"; This music, while full of the same progressions and phrasings of typical teenybopping rock and roll, also has a 1960's ability to turn some chords inside out, playaround, allow the organ a few solo riffs. The sweeter, slower tracks sound like the Poco side of the late Springfield, that nasal, twangy downhome earthiness, almost doing a parody in some spots, like "Green Green Grass".

The most exciting part of this record, however, is not the musical proficiency or variety, but the simple ability to play what they play cleanly, well, and with a spontaneity sadly lacking in many groups who seem hung up on superficial over-complexity, get lost in the murky depths and are never heard from again. *Southwind* has places to go, and will definitely get there. There is no sloppy playing as such, the music itself is just loose. *Southwind*, in the words of the album title are *Ready to Ride*.



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—Archer Winsten, *New York Post*



"Lions Love" is raunchy, rowdy and outrageously hilarious. Its super stars are natural, innocent, and naked as Jaybirds. Miss Varda has made a film which sparkles with nonsensical delights which border on the surrealistic, an *Alice in Wonderland* for the hip generation, and she has punctuated it with originality, wit and intelligence."

—Mayerson, *Village*

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BAND

(Continued from Page 6)

As the boy next to me said when the lights went back on, "There are a lot of people here 'lookin' back'".

So we walked around in the lobby for a while while the Opera House cleared from the first show, drinking orange juice and rapping with the very beguiling natives, and then it was time for the Joy Of Cooking.

Right. I didn't know, Margaret didn't know, you probably don't know. Yeah, it's a good somewhat square cookbook that every middleclass bride should own... "Joy of Cooking".

This was the last of three evenings of "A celebration of the revolution in popular taste and culture". "Joy Of Cooking" is all three--revolution, taste and culture. A beautiful rock group out of Berkeley (People's Park, naturally) it has the (I think) uniqueness of two women among its five members, not Garlandesque soloists, as visceral part of the group, the spice and the seasoning. Tight California sound, that stoned depth (deep as "Baby Blue") can go right past speed-y hyped New York ears, but at 11:30 people were really digging them.

The lead singer plays an electrified twelve string guitar (a lot of work for a lady) and is a subtle blend of Billy Holiday, W.M. Thornton and (grab your hats) The Jimmy Dean of "Giant" (at tells us that he's got Bridget Bardot things in him (I think it's more like Juliette Greco after seeing "Don't Look Back" again) but it's one of the great and unexplained lacks even in the culture of the new tribe that there aren't more feminine figures free enough to emerge as the bisexual mixtures and personalities

that make up normal human beings. Groupies, man that's just Miss America all over again. New journalism has been pretty cool, I like to read Ellen Willis as much as anybody, but why, hmmm, are there so few feminine rock musicians. It's so beautiful when it happens. Thoughts should be thought, deeds done, encouragements encouraged. If the next Mick Jagger or the next president had breasts and a vagina...I mean would you really mind?

Cooking is as high an art and noble as endeavor as anything going down in history, music, poetry or politics not excepted. Joy of Cooking is deep and fine like the Airplane or Springfield or, yes, Quicksilver Messenger Service, that's what it feels like. Electric piano playing of freewheeling delightfulness and like the Dead, double percussion, bongo's and the traditional rock set-up. A true, pure discovery. Come on back.

Alan Ginsberg appeared with his little red hand mantra harmonium and a black notebook, wearing jeans and a denim jacket. "We're running late, so I'll be swift". Diva, or his wife (?) cut off her head and somehow that's related to the Mantra for the sacramental taking of ghat or bhong or pot or grass. Most of the people were so busy doing it they couldn't applaud right away. It's beautiful to see Ginsberg, to hear poetry that's so alive you follow it like music, getting into the word riffs the way you get into Robertson's guitar riffs. After the Mantra, Ginsberg read a long poem, in his amazing language of high sentence and ecstasy and colloquialisms, about the war and language and Wichita, Kansas. The insense stick burned to its grey ash and the poet was gone. Dylan to Ginsberg to The Band. Some triple play. Cultural bridges.

Jaime Robbie Robertson is in full bloom. Whatever the overwhelming experience of being in a band that backed Dylan and then was born to its own musical public in Dylan's presence, he's got it all down. I have always felt that his "Chest Fever" was the most amazing experience of that amazing album "Big Pink" and so I was most excited to learn that the new album, "The Band" was practically completely Robertson's music. With unfeigned joy I put the record on the victrola and was promptly disappointed.

Like Robertson in person -- he seemed definitely nervous and uncomfortable when the audience came on too fast or too strong -- his music is subtle, winning, reserved even delicate. The incredible involvement and soul satisfying joy he is obviously experiencing while making music (his guitar licks were so great that people stood up and cried out their admiration) is something largely private outside the bounds of the music itself. Bandmania would be an intolerable situation, but even sweetly freaked out up frontness is not precisely his choice. Richard Manuel, who has grown a full beard since the album cover photograph was taken, was the most relaxed as far as the audience went. In a silence between songs someone called out, "Play all night!" He took it as a complement, not a threat, and as a feasible possibility. He laughed, turned

(Continued on Page 19)

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BAND

(Continued from Page 18)
toward the voice and mumbled something about they'd get hungry and would need sandwiches. "Want a ham on rye?" was the reply from a folk. More laughter. The only audience-performer interchange.

The album, "The Band", is serenely magnificent. In the wake of fine releases from Jack Bruce, Lee Michaels, Neil Young, some say The Beatles, Stones et al., it has a weight and an authenticity that gives it a special place. "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" breaks me up every time. It's no news about the North, it's economic hanky-panky motives, the hypocrisy of freeing the slaves, and if the Civil War had causes on both sides it still doesn't account for the ferocious brainwashing about Southerners. Anyway never has the simple human tragedy, the stoic, unhatful expression of meanness suffered been so movingly set forth. In any sense of the words, this song is a work of art. When Levon sings:

"Now I don't mind chopping wood
And I don't care if they money's no good.
You take what you need and you leave the rest
But they never should have taken the very best.
The night they drove old Dixie down...

you see so clearly that the simple people bear the brunt of the mindless cruelty, and are burned and twisted and have their heads wrecked for generations. The Northern American immigrant power groups have slaughtered

the American Indians, practised the enslavement of the blacks, humbled the South beyond humanity and, running out of Occidental tribes to harass, are taking it all to the Orient. I think it's the mark of surpassing artistic expression when tangents like these are unavoidable. And you tell me about The Beatle's "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window"...a different league, that's all, different league.

And then the Band comes right back at you with "Up Cripple Creek". Rock and roll, country and western, rhythm and blues, I don't care what it is, it's too much fun, and the way they do it on the album is total.

And "Jemima Surrender" which has the musical rhyme of the Fall:

"Jemima surrender
That's all you have to do.
I'll bring over my Fender
And play all night for you."

(vision of electronic lover lugging amplifier to beloved's space tepee)

The most difficult, enigmatic and subtle of the harvest is "King Harvest (Has Surely Come)" very far from even far out Band music. And there's a lot more to talk about, the fantastically rich rhythm changes, the smooth, loose completely together singing, even more mind-widening than the first time around, the simplicity and sudden depth of the lyrics...but you'll get it all out. Just get it on your victrola and give yourself a little time to get into their particular country idiom. Ah, Wilderness.

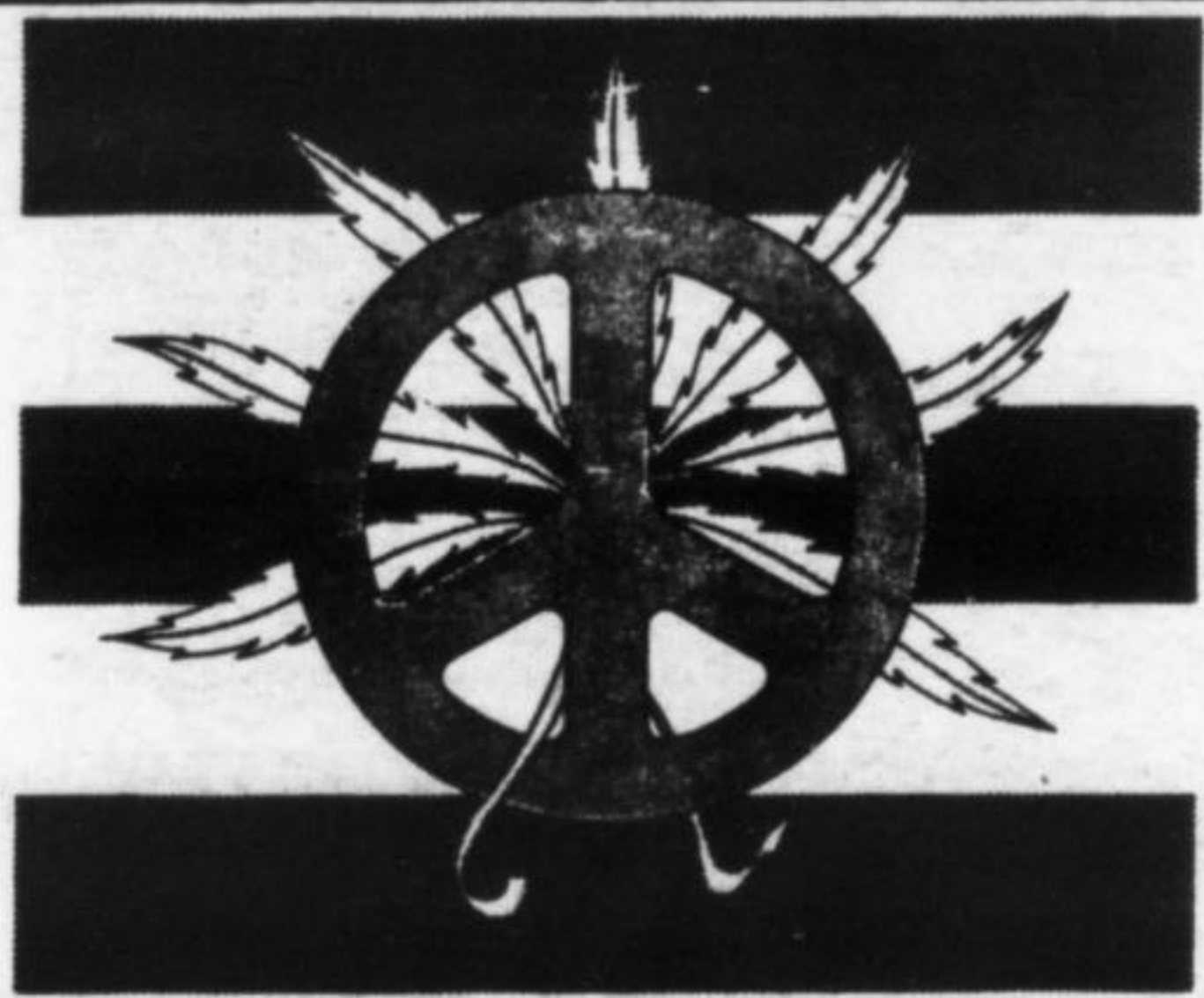
No small disappointment that they played so few of the new songs, not for themselves, but just that Robertson has so much new to offer. Sitting up close it's a

delight to watch them switch off, almost boyishly, Manuel walks over to the drums, Garth lumbers to the piano from the organ, Levon gets his electric mandolin and comes up front to join Danko (who was reminding me a little of Paul McCartney) and benignly smiling Robertson. He is completely alive to the others as they really get into his songs. Levon, Danko and Manuel each sing so well and each have a different style. Happiness, admiration and satisfaction, Jaime Robbie Robertson is in full bloom.

A super standing ovation. It makes me a little angry--audiences seem to be the target for put downs these days. Ok, you're tired and you've done your set and an encore, but at least come out and say good-night. Just to pull down the curtain in everyone's face...C'mon, that's not what it's all about. The Dead and the Airplane also do "free" concerts...the eyes of the world, Mr. Grossman.

If an audience wants "more" it's because they like what they're getting. Dr. John, Aum and Vanilla Fudge were at the Fillmore this weekend. At the concert I saw, the Fudge practically didn't get any applause at all, for good reason. There has to be a give and take, otherwise in a couple of years we'll be hearing rock and The William Graham Center for Performing Arts. Aum did a cool version of "Highway 61" and Dr. John is fun (the whole thing was basically a trip to Coney Island) with his daughters of the Nile and "Twilight Zone", but they weren't special, there were no wild calls for encores, and I don't think you're really fooling anyone who is paying as much as \$5.50 for one seat.

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DECOMP.

(Continued from Page 3)

speciousness of this one is evident right away, since after all this particular President was hardly elected by anything that could be called The People, he just happened to have a plurality when the polls closed. Nixon winning the election was about like the Orioles winning the first game of the series; hold the election over again a few days later and who knows what might have happened? Nobody, not even the Time Magazine Readers of America, is about to give Nixon a free hand with anything much more important than Operation Intercept.

POINT II: After that limpshit first one, they'll say that our vocal opposition to the War only encourages Hanoi to hold its ground and try for the fattest possible settlement, which—since Nixon is reluctant to settle for anything short of outright humiliation for the Reds—only prolongs negotiations and thus kills more American boys and lends aid and comfort to the enemy and calls for the defeat of America in Vietnam. To this you can only say that the whole idea of the Moratorium was to coax Nixon into getting to hell out of Vietnam, boys and all, and what Hanoi thinks about it couldn't be less interesting to ourselves. As for all this talk of 'Defeat', which the News gets into every third sentence or so, well, defeat is when the enemy forces occupy the capital of your country and take over the railroads and mail service. Wouldn't it be jolly if Hanoi just tried to do that?

POINT III: Once you've mention what we're all about with our Moratoriums, they'll explode with the objection—and this is a fairly new one, they're grasping at straws now—that what all this demonstratism constitutes is mob rule. The Tuesday News editorial cartoon showed two hands grasping an American flag, as if choosing up sides for sandlot baseball, and the bare forearm read 'Mob Rule' and the French-cuffed-wrist said 'Elected Representative system'. This one first came out in the President's notorious letter to a dissenting college student, where he said that since not all the people of America were demonstration in the streets, then he couldn't very well be expected to listen to them that do. And to that you have to say this, that he God damned well is TOO listening to us—General Hershey was tasty, Dick, but tough and sparse—and he had God damned well better KEEP listening. The Daily News and such have always equated political demonstration with violence in the streets and mob rule, and it must just knock them on their asses when they look into the Constitution and find that it is not only provided for very solidly there but actually encouraged as essential to the Democratic process. Nixon says it sabotages the Democratic process. What was the name of that law firm he used to work for? Fort Mudge, or something?

POINT IV: That last one was their abstruse argument, its very vacuity lends the impression that there must be something to it, some mystical thing that makes it make sense, and therefore a few more people might swallow it than swallow the others. If it doesn't work, though, they'll hit you with their Emotional Snapping

Turtle, which goes to the effect that if the Reds take over the South, why, they'll just go on the rampage and slaughter every man, woman, and child who ever took bubble gum from a G.I. This one is most effective when delivered by someone who has seen the work of the Communists at first hand, such as, say a Hungarian. There are Middle European refugees in this country who make a living by breaking publicly into tears every time somebody says we should get out of Vietnam, and one of them landed on Channel Five last Tuesday night to read the editorial off of the teleprompter, interjecting a little choke and sigh here and there as he told us why we should not raise our voices in protest against the Administration. Channel Five also broadcasted the playoffs and the world series from the points of view of Atlanta and Baltimore, respectively. Anyway, when they put up one of these professional weeps, what you got to observe is this, and very gently, that this country has spent the last half-dozen years slaughtering every Vietnamese man, woman, and child that wandered into the line of fire, which line, considering the way we work the thing, is pretty damn broad. If you feel malicious, you might mention that in Saigon there are more than a few American sympathisers who warrant execution, after what they have done to the people of their country. Anyway, for myself, I do not want some weepy immigrant telling me it is better that the blood of Vietnam be on my hands than on some gook Commie's. I want out, Motherfucker!

And after what transpired Wednesday, it must be evident even to Reuben Maury that it is not just me and wierdo pinknik unbathed longhaired foulmouthed creeps like me that want out, motherfucker. He's in for bitter days, because this country is getting out of there toot sweet, baby, toot fucking sweet.

That's where the trouble's going to start, I think. Remember the little children with the American flags? Beautiful. But a little wierd, at a peace demonstration. The mommas and the poppas of many of these little ones are not as you and me, wierdo pinkoe EVO reader (Otto Otepka please disregard this section.) What accounts for this sudden groundswell of anti-war sentiment is a frantic concern on the part of the middle class for their sons, 38,887 of whom have died in Vietnam at last count; not to mention the amputees, psychotics, and other horrifying desiderata of this adventure in American peace-keeping. These people are pissed, you don't see them standing up to be counted until they're really good and pissed. This war has gone on far too long, Nixon's promise to end the war immediately upon election turned out to be a lie, and they are really, really, pissed. Somebody's gotta take the rap, and that somebody ain't gonna be Nixon, or Johnson. Or even General Hershey, who was nothing more than a blood sacrifice, a ritual that fizzled. The sons of the middle class have been dying, and somebody else is gonna take the blame for that.

You don't have to be told, I think, who's to wind up holding the bag. You and me. Refer to POINT II. As the boys are hurried back from Vietnam, you hear more and more of that POINT II

talk, how with our sit-ins and protests and violence in the streets we Commie-inspired pinkniks prolonged the war until all those boys were killed and Nixon had to pull them out of there in humiliation and defeat. 'So now that you've abused your privilege of free speech so much,' they'll tell us, 'you had just better tone down about civil rights and stuff like that. Our beloved President, in his justice and mercy and wisdom, managed to pull us out of Vietnam despite all your treasonous displays, so we don't want to hear any more of your loud talk.' And then just watch the boom land. Reuben Maury may be in for bitter days indeed, but he should get his good humour back before very long.



But the Mets won Wednesday! I flatter myself that perhaps they were inspired to go out and sock it to the Orioles after reading that week's EVO, which came out Wednesday morning with a half-dozen strategically placed GO METS! imperatives which I had placed here and there about the paste-up pages, over the vocal displeasure of the rest of the pasteup staff. It was probably the first time the East Village Other had affirmed the existence of the World Series. Hippies are so Goddamn anti-American, you mention baseball to them and you're liable to get belladonna dropped in your beer. But it was so wierd: on Monday night, when we pasted up, I couldn't mention the Mets without getting drowned in a unanimous howl of pained censure; but after they won the Tuesday game, I walked in here Wednesday and they were all listening to that fabulous tenth inning, ears glued to the radio like cops digging on a phone tap. Maybe Tom Seaver's astonishing observation the day before—'If the Mets can win the World Series, then we can certainly get out of Vietnam'—helped a little. Maybe they wanted to see how this guy could have a head like that and pitch a decent baseball at the same time. Anyway, Tom, the entire staff of the East Village Other was following every pitch you made in that game. Thanks for winning it for us. And, uh, any chance we could get Nancy for a slumgoddess? Or Etoile Ryan (yummy nums)?

One hopes Seaver was inspired in that game just a little by the telegram from the Chicago Eight which read thusly:

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LONDON

(Continued from Page 13)

The remarkable thing about the Arts Labs is not only their growing power but their staying power. The first London Arts Lab has managed to stay alive and keep exerting an influence during the first two years of its existence against every imaginable kind of harassment, police pressure, hostility from above, financial crises, and inefficiency from within. The Arts Lab is a mongrel growth, undignified, unpredictable, sometimes even ugly to look at, but a hardy one. It is perhaps the only thing or place the underground has actually built above ground, so to speak, and it is flourishing. Thusfar the underground has existed mainly in its music, in its press and in the minds of the young, but the Arts Lab is something really there to go into. It is not an institution and often seems not to be organized at all, but a new-thing do-place.

The Arts Lab may provide the much discussed and sought-after alternative to the modern museums left over from the thirties. To begin with, the Arts Lab is free to all, to enter at all times, ideally all of its films, plays, and other functions should be free as well, but this has not yet worked out in practice. A great many of the presentations have nevertheless been free or nominally priced. Artists who had been desperately looking for a place to show their work in the London gallery system, have been able to use their people-places to show. Financially the reward has never been worth considering, but these artists have gotten their works through to an enthusiastic and critical segment of the public who might otherwise never have seen them.

Currently there are at least twenty-five functioning Arts Labs in England. A year ago there were one or two, yet the variety and sheer number of groups, individuals, art objects, films, theatre companies, concerts, happenings, meetings, conferences, light events, and other indefinable activities at this one Arts Lab alone, would fill a space far larger than the columns of this newspaper permit. It is reasonably expected that there will be one hundred Arts Labs in England one year from now with a second hundred well under way. I have a detailed list of fifty proposed and existing Arts Labs throughout England, and it is already out of date. It includes towns like Caerphilly in Wales, Huddersfield in the North and towns as far removed spiritually from London as Glasgow, York, and Bradford. Even the grey grim suburbs of London are either planning or operating their Arts Labs. Wherever there are young people in England, there are Arts Labs.

The Arts Lab system represents the complete breakdown in the hold of the museum system over cultural affairs in the Northern Europe. Phenomena similar to the Arts Labs have been springing up in Holland (where the police finally succeeded in closing Fantasio and Paradise, where pot could be freely smoked), Germany, and Scandinavia. They were a spontaneous independent phenomena. The Dutch places were particularly original in their sense of environment, and Fantasio boasted a giant "tea room" in Turkish style, replete with carpets, hangings, plush blankets for couples to crawl under, and a sense of oriental abandonment--this was later copied on a smaller scale by the London Arts Lab. It is rumored that the Dutch are planning something even wilder this year, including a Fucking School, which may already be in existence.

The mere existence of these Arts Labs raises important questions as to whether art can possibly continue to be an individual, contemplative, essentially egotistical experience, as has been encouraged by the various museums of modern art, or whether it is not turning into something more shared, participatory, and outward-looking in character.

Along with this high philosophical aspect, there remains the nagging question; "How do these Arts Labs support themselves?" The answer is as varied and unexpected as the Arts Lab phenomenon itself. Some have begged, borrowed or (possibly even) stolen the funds to

get themselves started and proceeded from there. Others have gone to the city or borough or national authorities hat in hand and in a few cases have been given funds or a suitable site. Still others have started organizing in unused buildings or their own homes or university property. In almost all cases they have been told that what they were trying was impossible and that it would never work either artistically or financially. Jim Haynes, the Texas-born American who started the London Arts Lab says he has never made any money, though as one of the guiding spirits of the London scene, large amounts have gone through his hands. The Arts Labs give off a feeling of virtuous penury, and yet things keep happening and the labs never seem to close for good. One or two of the originators have been arrested and-or sent to jail for their pains.

And yet there is no reason why an Arts Lab could not even make money, if that were the goal. Much of the thought which led to founding the first Lab came from an obscure pamphlet by Alex Trocchi, perhaps the most influential piece he has ever written. It was called *The Invisible Insurrection* and had as its thesis that there is absolutely no reason why the arts could not make money and therefore no reason why artists should have to go to foundations and government agencies begging for a handout. He described a combination of various functions under the same roof and enumerated the sources of income such an undertaking could expect:

1. Commissions earned by the Agency on sales of all original work of the associates.
2. Money earned from "patents" or by subsidiaries exploiting applications (industrial and commercial) evolving out of 'pure studies.' Anyone who has spent time in an art workshop will know what I mean. The field is unlimited, raging from publishing to interior decorating.
3. Retail income. The university will house a 'living museum,' perhaps a fine restaurant. A showroom will be rented in the city for retail and as an advertisement.
4. Such income as derives from 'shows,' cinematic, theatrical, or situationist.
5. Fees.
6. Subsidies, gifts, etc., which in no way threaten the autonomy of the project."

As it has worked out many of these sources of income, though by no means all, have been partially used to finance arts labs. Rock groups have also been appealed to, as with the underground press, to give benefits to keep things going. At the beginning of the London scene, there was in fact a fairly healthy financial feedback arrangement between the local rock club, the underground paper, retail outlets of various kinds, and what was then functioning as an arts lab. Revolutionary purists will no doubt argue that the money element should be chucked altogether, but as long as money is around these suggestions may be of some value.

It may be argued that the sort of organization represented in the Arts Lab has been done long ago in America, (Judson and St. Marks in the Bowery in New York) and

various local equivalents elsewhere. This is to an extent true, but both the Judson and St. Marks have lacked the underlying concept of bringing together as many different art forms as possible and to bring about interaction between them. They have also not emphasized the social "people-place" concept. Things are now starting to happen in England. Nothing at all happened for so very long, but the lines of communication are different from those set up in America, if only because of the difference in temperment. What the Arts Labs are doing is what any number of free art centers are only pretending to do. What Experiments in Art and Technology is only pretending to do and what the Modern Museum has never even attempted.

There are signs of new militancy among young people. They are trying to influence the way money is spent for the arts in Britain. There are few private foundations in England, and almost all public money for the arts is channelled through a government agency known as the Arts Council. A group of young people styling themselves as Friends of the Arts Council Operative (or FACOP for short) took the extreme measure (for England) of actually occupying a meeting of the Arts Council. The result was not the expected outrage but the first public disbursement of funds to be earmarked for activities among the young. Further demonstrations, possibly more extreme, are expected soon. In Holland, once again, events have gone even further, with Dutch artists occupying the Rijksmuseum last June and forcing the Amsterdam authorities to close down all museums, for fear of another occupation.

How conservative things still remain and how much must yet be done is best illustrated by the recent publication of *SUCK*, the first English-language sexpaper in Europe. To begin with *SUCK* was not even published in England, because everyone knew they would never find an English printer. Consequently they had it printed in Holland, and it is now on sale on the stands there and in Germany and Scandinavia. In England, no dealer would dare to take it and streetsellers would also be arrested. Therefore it is only available by subscription in England, (\$4.25 for ten issues to Joy Publishing, BCM-JOY, London, W.C.k, England). The publishers may be planning some sort of test case in order to launch it there. Even sold by subscription it seems likely that they will soon have a scandal and a law case on their hands in England. The pioneers responsible for *SUCK* are William Levy, Willem de Ritters, and Heathcote Williams.

New Yorkers may find *SUCK* a trifle ordinary--there are not as many straight crotch shots as in *Kiss or Screw*, but the overall feel is probably stronger and more erotic. The graphics are on the whole much better, and the contents include a homosexual fantasy-poem by W.H. Auden, first published in *FUCK YOU* by Ed Sanders and now unavailable, a Feminine Fuckability Contest (one for men to come next issue), and a weird article entitled *22 SEXES AREN'T ENOUGH*. All of this would make pleasant and even exciting reading in New York or Amsterdam and no one would think twice about reading it, but in Swinging London it is still revolutionary and forbidden.

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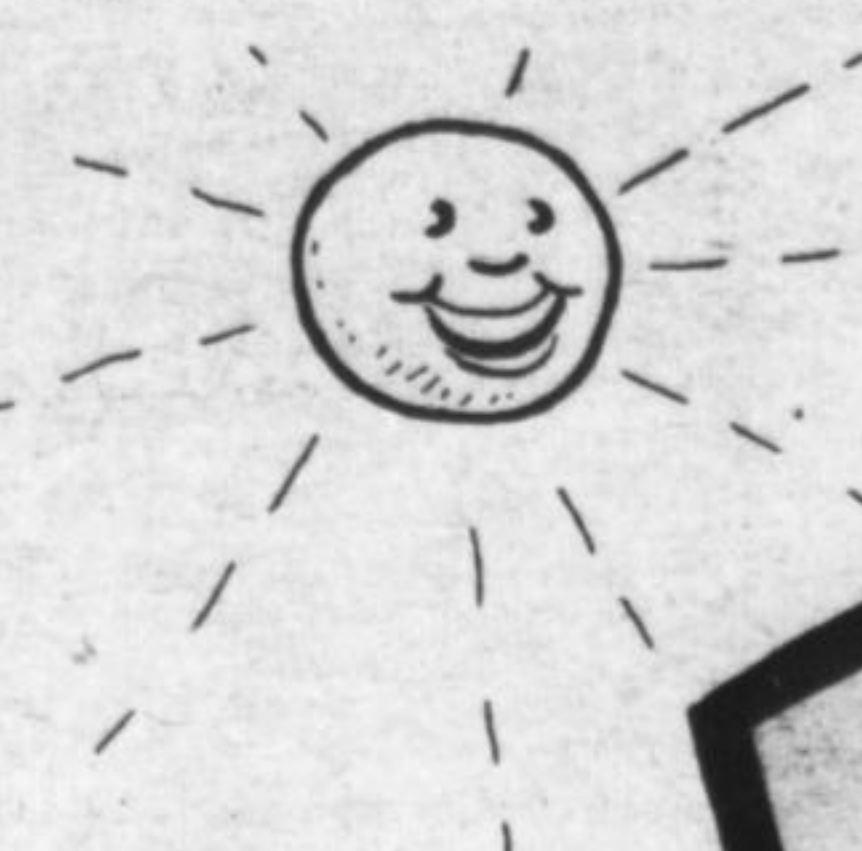
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