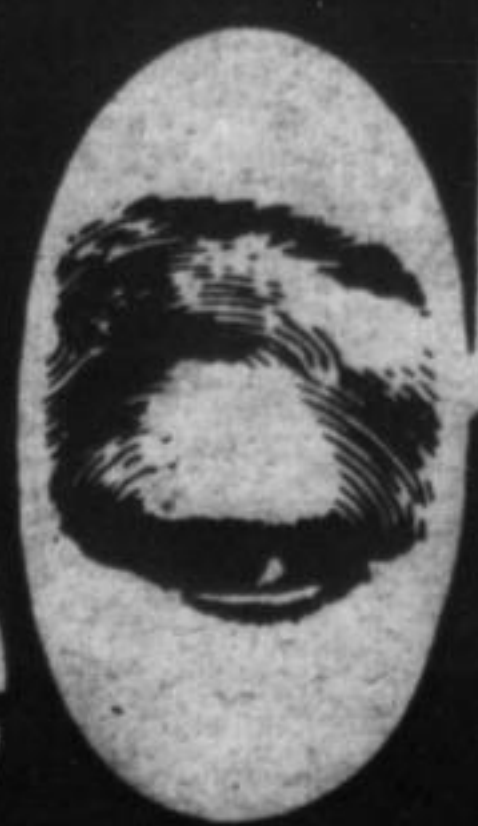


THE east
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ARTS

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THE HEAVY INFLUX OF NEW ANTI-WAR MONGERS, MANY OF WHOM USED TO BE UNTIL RECENTLY QUITE COMFORTABLE WITH THE VIETNAM FIASCO, HAS GIVEN THE PEACE MOVEMENT A PATINA OF RESPECTABILITY. IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT MANY OF THOSE WHO DID THEIR MORATORIUM BIT MOST ENTHUSIASTICALLY, ARE NOT TOO ENTHUSED BY THE PROSPECTS OF THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON ON NOVEMBER 14-15. UPTIGHT ABOUT "DISORDER", "VIOLENCE" "YIPPIES", "CRAZIES" "PANTHERS" AND WHAT NOT. BEING WHAT THEY ARE - THE ESTABLISHMENT - THEIR UPTIGHTNESS SHOULD NOT SURPRISE US. WITH TOUCHY DOMESTIC ISSUES SUCH AS THE CONSPIRACY EIGHT IN CHICAGO AND THE ENDLESS NUMBER OF POLITICAL PRISONERS ROTTING IN JAIL MORE AND MORE ON THE MIND OF AMERICA, THE ESTABLISHMENT ON BOTH SIDES OF THE WAR FENCE HAS GOOD REASON TO BE UPTIGHT. THEY OUGHT TO REALIZE THAT THEY AND ALL THE PHONY NIXONIAN "PEACE" HOAXES NOTWITHSTANDING, THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON WILL HAVE A DIFFERENT SHADING THAN THE GENIAL GET TOGETHER ON OCTOBER 15TH. NO MATTER WHAT TURN THE ARITHMETIC HOCUS POCUS ABOUT TROOP REDUCTION WILL TAKE, THE ISSUES OF NOVEMBER 14TH ARE CLEAR:

- 1) THE UNITED STATES HAS TO STOP ALL MILITARY ACTIONS AGAINST BOTH VIETNAMS.
- 2) WITHDRAWAL OF ALL U.S. TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT HAS TO BE COMPLETE.
- 3) ALL SUPPORT MUST BE WITHDRAWN FROM THE THIEU-KY JUNTA AND ALL SECRET COMMITMENTS RENOUNCED.
- 4) THE JUDICIAL FARCE CALLED TRIAL BY HOFFMAN HAS TO BE BROUGHT TO AN IMMEDIATE END.
- 5) FREEDOM MUST BE GIVEN TO ALL UNJUSTLY INCARCERATED POLITICAL PRISONERS.

NO MATTER HOW RESPECTABLE THE NAMES ON THE STATIONARY OF THE VARIED PEACE GROUPS HAVE BECOME, NOVEMBER 14 WILL NOT BE LIMITED TO THE WAR IN VIETNAM. IT MUSTN'T.

DURING THE PAST FOUR WEEKS OF HOFFMAN'S FOLLIES (NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH WAS THE BUST OF BOBBY SEALE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE), HANGING JUDGE JULIUS HAS MANFULLY ACTED OUT THE CONCEPT OF MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE. THE FACT THAT THE SHOW HAS BEEN PERMITTED TO GO ON IS A DISGRACE. THE CASE OF JOHN SINCLAIR IS A HORROR STORY OF RARE PROPORTIONS. THE 300,000 CURRENTLY SERVING TIME FOR SMOKING DOPE IS AN ATROCITY ONLY EXPLICABLE IN MEDIEVAL TERMS. THE PERSECUTION OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY IS AS UNREAL AS THE SPANISH INQUISITION - AND JUST AS STUPID. THEREFORE - NO MATTER HOW UPTIGHT ANYBODY MIGHT GET - WE HAVE TO ADDRESS OURSELVES TO THESE ISSUES ON NOVEMBER 14th. UNLESS WE ALL BECOME CO-CONSPIRATORS WE SHALL BE THE SUCKERS OF ALL TIMES.

OCTOBER 28, 1969

Jack Kerouac

JACK KEROUAC

So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, all the people dreaming in the immensity of it, and in Iowa I know by now the children must be crying in the land where they let the children cry, and tonight the stars'll be out, and don't you know that God is Pooh Bear? the evening star must be drooping and shedding her sparkler dims on the prairie, which is just before the coming of complete night that blesses the earth, darkens all rivers, cups the peaks and folds the final shore in, and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing old, I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty.

ON THE ROAD

<p>JAAKOV KOHN PETER LEGGIERI ALLAN KATZMAN JOEL FABRIKANT RICKA DE MOID SHERRY NEEDHAM D.A. LATIMER DAVID WALLEY IRVING SHUSHNICK CLAUDIA DREIFUS ALEX GROSS LITA EJSCU DON KATZMAN LIL PICARD ELFRIDA RIVERS WALTER BREEN MANUEL RODRIGUEZ AL SHENKER KIM DEITCH HETTY MACLISE R. CRUMB</p>	<p>JOHN THE SWEDF STEPHEN KOHN ARTHUR DON LEWIS TIMOTHY LEARY</p> <p>LONDON: MILES PARIS: J. J. LEBEL AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG NORTH: THE KID OCT. 29, 1969</p> <p>Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate). The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues). Copyright 1969 The East Village Other, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Sale to Minors without written consent of their parents is prohibited.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER 105 Second Avenue New York, New York 10003</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Please enter my subscription. <input type="checkbox"/> Please renew my subscription. <input type="checkbox"/> I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription. <input type="checkbox"/> I have enclosed \$10 for a two-year subscription.</p> <p>NAME</p> <p>ADDRESS</p> <p>CITY STATE ZIP</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">• subscribe •</p>
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by RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

NEVER TRUST A GREEK IN PINK PANTS



Presidential Power: A Myth



PIG PIERSON

by Stew Albert

I first met Bob Pierson in Lincoln Park in Chicago during the Democratic Convention. He was a big unshaven motorcycle guy who wanted to fight pigs and be Jerry Rubin's best friend. The guy was very likeable, a big soft spoken bear with a bit of sadness in a brute soul. He seemed very lonely among the Yippies.

This week Bob Pierson came to Chicago again as an undercover pig squealing on the Conspiracy 8 witness stand. He is a clean shaven robot who is trying to send eight of the best people I know to a Federal Penn for ten years, so he is lying his mechanical snout off. The sadness and the loneliness are still there, but the brute soul has been replaced by an empty package wrapped very ugly. He looked better on a motorcycle. I guess the three days he spent with us were the best in his life.

Pierson is one of a strange cast of monsters Richard Nixon has selected for the purpose of judicially disposing of the American Revolution.

The chief bloodsucker is Julius Hoffman. Hang 'em High Hoffman has appeared many times before. At one time he presided over the Spanish Inquisition and then over a People's Court in Nazi Germany. I had him every year in High School Math, and I failed the course without ever entering the room.

Hoffman deals with the defense lawyers as if they were on trial as well as the defendants, and with a much more serious charge than conspiracy to riot. The lawyers are charged with talking back to Judge Hoffman.

The prosecution technique is to introduce evidence of the defendants' activities during the Democratic Convention; activities which were completely legal but guaranteed to get the jury pissed off. This prejudice is occasionally mixed with the lying testimony of undercover pigs about rock throwing and ass kicking.

Our Supreme Court once ruled that if the prejudicial effect of something outweighed its probative value, then you can't introduce it as evidence. But prejudice does not exist as a category of law in Hoffman's tight little mind. So he permits the prosecution to hang our friends on any tree in the city to which they originally came for a festival of life.

(Continued on Page 17)

NORTHERN IRELAND FLASHBACK: TERROR EVERY NIGHT

By Claudia Dreifus

NEW YORK—October 12th On the news this morning came word from Belfast, Northern Ireland: a mob of several thousand Protestants, furious over their government's plan to institute civil rights reforms, attempted to storm Unity Walk, an isolated Catholic public housing project. The mob never reached Unity, but two civilians and a policeman were killed. Fifty people were wounded.

It was two weeks ago that I sat in the pub that serves as a community center and meeting hall for Unity Walk's beleaguered residents. "The fighting in Belfast began here, ya know," explained Eamon O'Sullivan, a member of the Unity Walk Citizen's Defense Committee and an unemployed brick layer. "We're isolated. On all sides for blocks around there are nothing but Protestant-Paisleyite districts. We sit here like a sore thumb for them. Everytime something happens, Unity Walk is the place that is attacked." Right after the barricades had been thrown up in Derry last July, an angry mob of

Protestant followers of the Rev. Ian Paisley joined with the Royal Ulster Constabulary in a rampage on the apartment complex. Several weeks later, an all night battle between police-Paisleyites and Unity's Catholic residents again took place. "Oh, it was a terrible night," recalls O'Sullivan. "They came with their batons (night sticks) and smashed every window in sight. The old people and the infirm, the ones who couldn't run fast enough, were caught. People were just beaten senselessly, they were battered and kicked on the ground. Some of our people are still sick. Frank Gogarty, the President of the Civil Rights Association of Northern Ireland lost part of his ear. The fighting lasted till well after 4:30 AM. in the morning."

That night, dazed and terrified, the residents of Unity Walk erected barricades. The barriers were amateurishly constructed from whatever materials could be found: a commandeered bus, paving stones, an old bathtub, used furniture, broken glass and barbed wire. The architect who had designed Unity

had built the place like a square maze—an architectural feature which made the complex tremendously easy to seal off. "I don't think the Belfast Corporation will ever build flats like these again," chucked Eamon O'Sullivan. "We call this complex 'Fortress Unity.' It's just a perfect place for barricading."

Inside the housing project, A Citizen's Defense Committee was formed. The Committee guards and patrols the houses and has become the only government that Unity residents recognize. Inside Unity, the Unionist government of aristocratic Major Chichester-Clark no longer rules. On the walls of the complex, signs are painted: "WELCOME TO FREE BELFAST." "Free Belfast" may have been free, but to the Protestant residents of the nearby Shankill Road district it stood as a glaring symbol of Catholic defiance to Protestant rule. Every week-end sees a Paisleyite attach on the housing project. Three Saturday's ago, a mob of Protestants charged up the street wielding guns, molotov cocktails and batons. As if to give warning to the Unity defenders, the gang had burnt down several Catholic owned homes en route. In front of Unity they encountered a defense of

(Continued on Page 15)

Page 1

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
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B. PAID CIRCULATION (1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTERS; 2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS)	49,300	50,124
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION	7,542	7,542
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Signature of owner, publisher, business manager, or editor: *Allan Katzman*

MS Form 3825-100 (1968)

THILM

by LITA ELISCU

A while ago, I attempted a series on the rock subculture (quotes, if you want) and failed; not miserably, but a failure, still, largely because the basic assumption was that there is a rock subculture. The Right Way and My Will had gotten lost in the peremptory decision to accept the existence of this thing. I was wrong, and the pieces demonstrated a notable lack of perception thanks to the

vacuum in which they were written. The vacuum equals the force of an immovable reality (no nooky rockculture) meeting and swamping the irresistible conclusion (that there is a rock subculture of the late 20th century all our own).

A good description of someone: that he was conceived in a vacuum, explains his character.

OK. There is no rock subculture.

Given that 95 per cent of humanity is fit to be worms and that the other 5 per cent has always existed, then the subculture (quotes?) is really the same old 5 per cent who heretofore remained invisible,

under ground, and only lately are living in Total Commitment (thanks to Hugh Romney). If visibility is a substantial worthy difference between the now-minority and all its preceding family, than this particular bunch are freaks, maybe Childhood's End (thank you Arthur C Clarke). Still, most of the great minds-men have always been involved with exactly the same boundaries of human existence: steps down and through the blackness including thresholds of pain including the realization that underneath the tortoise holding up our Earth house (yea, thanks Gary Snyder) there still is nothingness. And that there are other means of language to the end of communications

besides the usual obscure verbal patterns. Each one of the minority know that deep within the primitive magic instinctual natural rhythm pursuit of happiness amniotic core of a human being, lies the true Hopalong Cassidy version believing always that it is just like in the movies. The same incredible albeit indelible blend of fantasy, other people's reality and necessary detail. Same ingredients juggled for pleasure in the funky kaleidoscope of reality called a human haid. (Ah, go up 'long side youah haid, thank you Albie). This bunch of people called rock subculture are supposed to be different thanks to the music, which influences the style of life. Style is as good a differentiation

factor as any, but this lifestyle has been on for so long, hard to remember when it wasn't around ... Hope, it's a matter of visibility. Suddenly, everyone is in the castle stealing tarts and making it with the 3rd floor parlour maid and the favorite dwarf. Or rather, everyone says he is. Same people are still doing it, same percentage play solitarie without cheating.

2 Schools of Thought

1. The established majority (to coin a phrase) having tried a little of the dog that bit them, remaining unaffected and discovering that they feel OK, deep trying a little more in the process. Rhetoric does not conviction make, leaving them with a Lear costume of roles to

(Continued on Page 17)

INTRODUCTION

RC: A rich Underground Cartoonist named Robert Crumb.

Spain: Creator of Trashman and Manning under unspoken indictment for conspiracy to commit statutory rape; whose very sight causes strong men-to-blanch and women to lose a monthly.

Kim: One of the great ones, he Vulcanised Uncle Ed; Trina's old man.

Artie: Speigelman, a professional who moonlights in the Underground Cartoon racket.

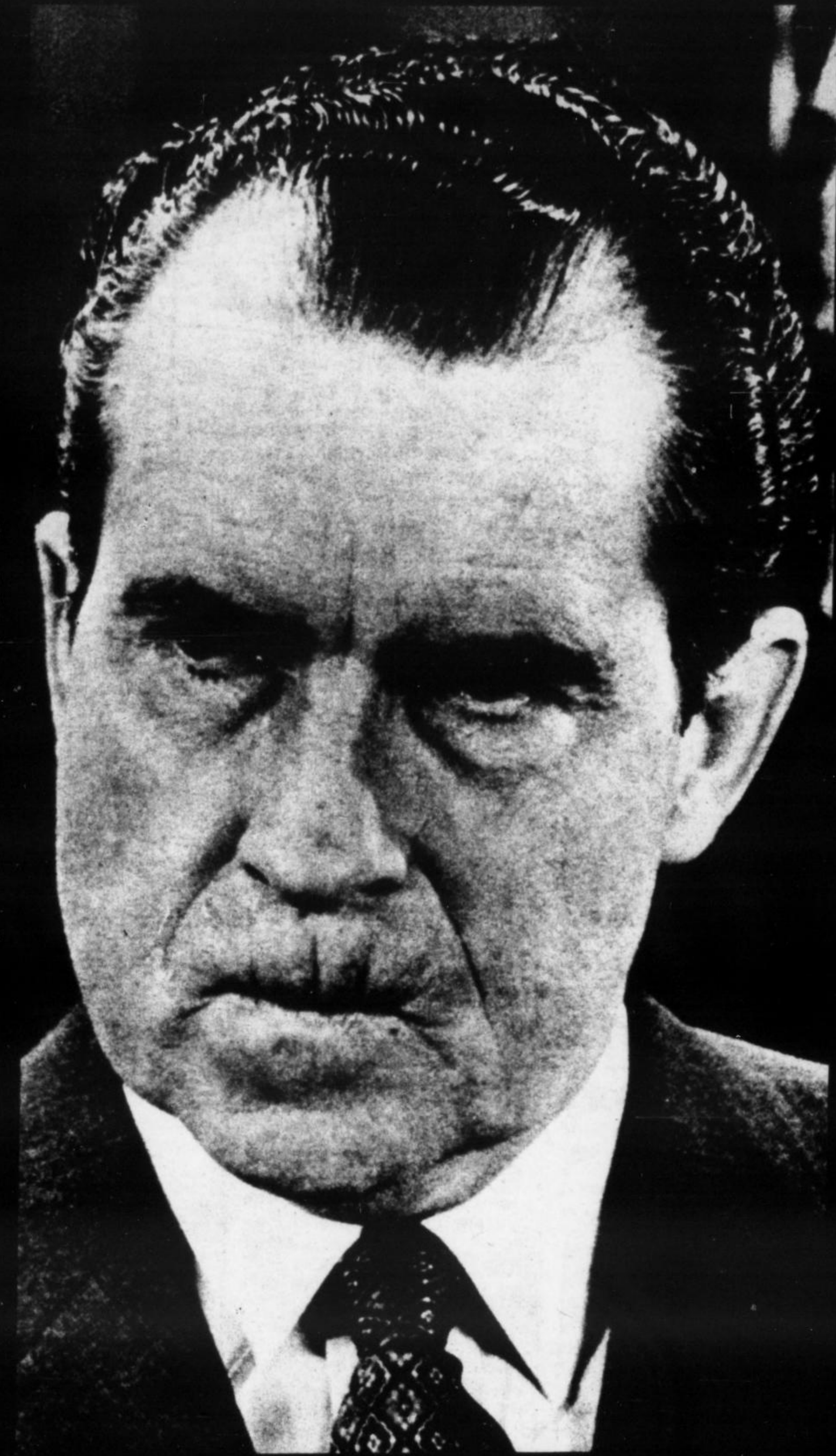
Shelton: Gilbert, no relation to the Klan leader of the same name; Gilbert set his chickens free.

DA: Yours truly; but for me, no tape recorder.

ES: Ed Sanders, local bookstore proprietor; but for him, the tape would never have got running.

That opaque aluminum brick of Nipponese shit that passes for our publisher's tape recorder really did a number, folks. Like the batteries were so dead while it was being recorded that they gave out before it could be rewound for the transcription. Then, when new batteries were installed, it turned out that the whole thing was recorded so dimly that the transcriber (Latimer) had to hold the damn thing up next to his ear to catch the voices; and since the static came through loud and clear at full volume, well, you can imagine the state of his (Latimer's) ear right now. So if some of the names and voices have been inadvertently confused on occasion, you shouldn't bitch, but feel lucky to be privy to one of the great seminal conversations of this age.

We did it in Kim Deitch's Comix Museum about a month ago; transcription difficulties upheld the appearance of this first half of the tape until now. The first half was nineteen pages long, and only through the outright castration of all the little grunts and farts and burps that render these gigantic artistic personages so endearingly human, has this much come to you at all. The other half of the tape is even better. I give you my word, but it's doubtful if EVO will run even this much on one subject. So let's see them cards and letters come



CORPA by DEAN LATIMER DELECTI

A DEGENERATE DISCOURSE WITH AMERICA'S BEST LOVED AND PERVERTED CARTOONISTS IN THE RAW

rolling in, Comix Fans—how many of you out there want to hear yet MORE of this brilliant bullshit session? Address all correspondence to More Comix Conversation, c/o East Village Other, 105 Second Avenue, New York 10015. Offer void where restricted.

DA: Ain't it wonderful about the Mets?

RC: Uh, Who's that?

Spain: The who?

ES: Ask 'em about ethno-astronomy.

RC: No. Don't. I think the Mets won the pennant, didn't they?

DA: Yeah, they did.

KIM: Now maybe the Jets'll win the pennant.

RC: It'll be a great day for New York.

DA: Okay. Anyway, what're you in town for, Crumb? Any particular thing or are you just fuckin' around?

RC: What am I in town for? Well, Dean, actually, I'm in town because the Mets won the pennant. But mainly because I got a free ticket. Hey, is that tape recorder working?

DA: I hate this fucking thing.

forget about it. Hey, how come is it you changed publishers from Viking to Ballantine? Like your new book *Fitz The Cat* came out of Ballantine? What happened to Viking?

RC: They were censoring me.

ES: That's interesting. Was it Cole that was censoring you or was it Guinzburg?

RC: No, it was just somebody who said he was the head of the Viking Press.

ES: Guinzburg. He did it? That's very interesting.

RC: Ralph Guinzburg? Cutting out pages?

ES: No, no, Tom Guinzburg. You know, they're really an old, conservative firm.

DA: What'd they cut out?

RC: A couple scenes. One scene where these guys have got this chick tied up. And stuff.

DA: My God! Smut! Is that in the Ballantine book?

RC: Yeah, they didn't cut anything out.

DA: Wow. MUCH SCRABBLING. I just bought it tonight. Got it right here. Oh, yeah. Yum. Gee, it makes me glad you're getting ten percent of the \$2.50 it cost me. Oh, this is fabulous. It's this horrible looking chick getting wasted over by a buncha wierd freaks, the whole page. Thus be it to horrible looking chicks!

RC: Yeah, I'm taking out my hostilities on virginity in general.

DA: It's only a comic book, it's safe, to quote R. Crumb.

RC: Better take that bit about my old lady off the record.

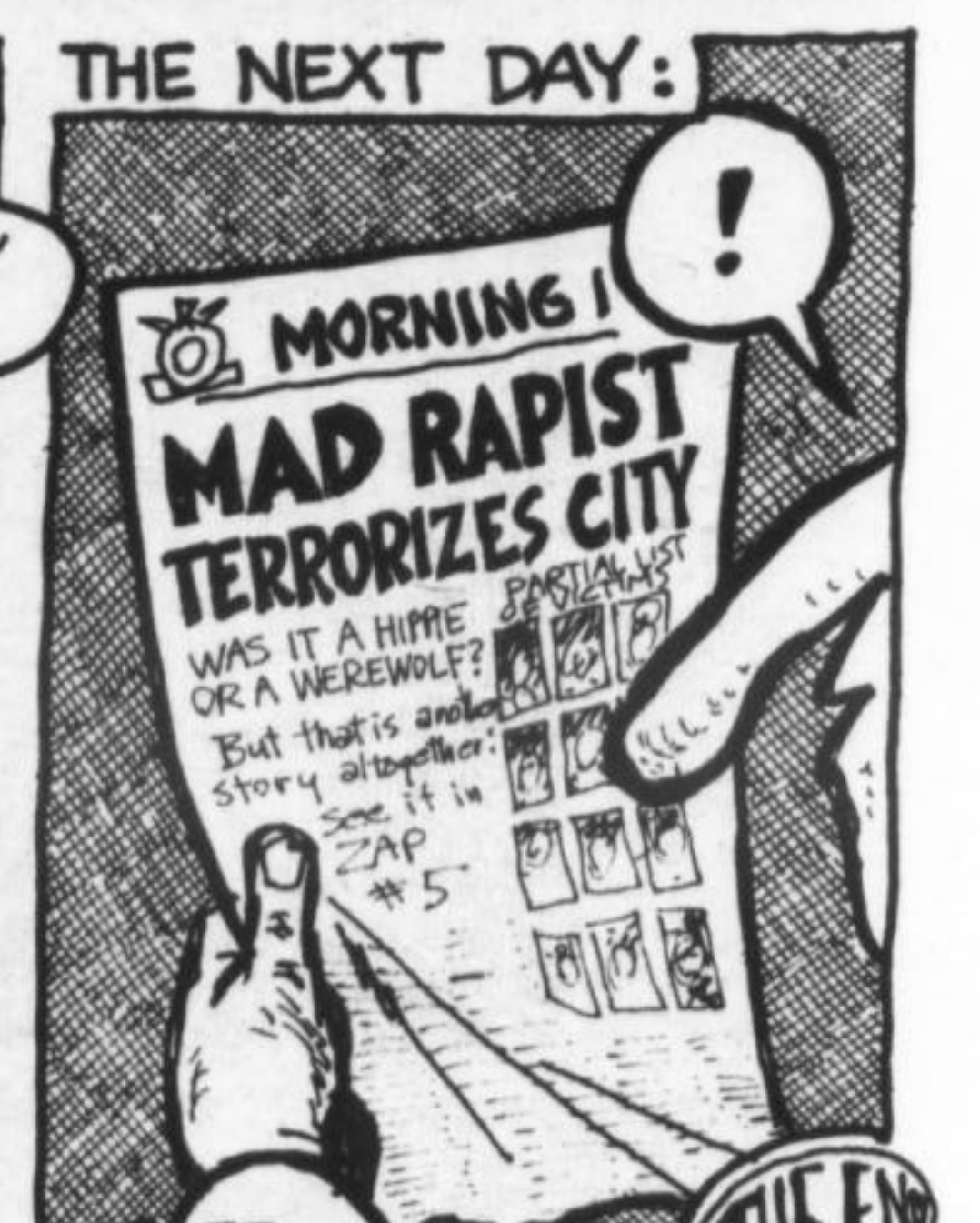
DA: Right, nothing about the old lady. We'll say you're taking out your frustrations on virginity in general. But how did the scene really go with Viking? Did they pay you for it and then just say they weren't gonna run it?

RC: Yeah. They gave me \$2500, but—uh—when Ballantine bought it they gave me, like, \$2500. So I got five thousand bucks altogether for it.

DA: Making money on censorship, huh? Almost as good as DA Canboy here in New York. Hey, do you have the thing in here that had Spain in it?

RC: Yeah, it's in there.

those fabulous furry FREAK BROTHERS



Millicent Shelton 10-27-52

MOTORCYCLE

by C R MAN

Out here where no snow - slush flies in your face from passing wheels, where girl's legs are visible all the long year, motorcycles soar unhindered. A bike in New York is like an eagle in an aviary, but on the limitless California freeways the birds are always migrating to new roosts, wild cries flying back from passing gaggles of bikers.

"What's it like to have that BIG BLACK THING throbbing between your legs?" said the fag in Paris to Mike. What's it like? To float between rows on nightshaded trees, passing through currents of warm - cold air, unseen rivers, scents of pine and eucalyptus, the speedometer - tachometer softly lit indicators, spirit guides to the unseen world.

The epitome of California motorcycleism seems to be derived from the endless parade of Angel flicks now appearing at your local drive-in theater. But that's not the world I know or see, and Hunter Thompson has done it to death anyhow. Of course, every season brings more & more gasstation hangers-on and Mexicans on choppers, you see them at every McDonald's sometimes with cleancut blond surfer-gods, sometimes very hard-faced punks. But let me leak a dirty secret - most choppers (violently modified Harley-Davidsons) are terrible motorcycles. They vibrate, their stylishly small gastanks require more stops than vacation station-wagon full of five-year-olds, and they are not fast. The dirtiest secret of all their extended front forks make them dangerously unstable at speeds over 60. A chopper is an ornament, a sculpture, a work of art. A motorcycle is fast and functional.

Quite near where I live are sparsely-inhabited hills full of curving, well-paved roads, a road-racers' paradise. On a Sunday afternoon, bikeriders heaven. Mom, Dad & kids out on shiny new Hondas, Harley riders in strange ritual Harley clothes, hats, windshields, radios, cigarette lighters, fourteen kinds of lights & chrome roll bars: kids on scramblers, kids on bikes with racing fairings, serious-looking engineers from Lockheed on black, shiny BMW's, old men on Indians and everywhere the cops.

California Highway Patrol are a trip unto themselves. Very polite, very efficient, very quick, hard to believe that Ronnie is their Commander in Chief. I have had quite a few experiences with these gentlemen and they are nothing if not efficient. They are more friendly than any cops I have ever seen, and they can afford to be - it's no use hassling, pleading or reasoning. They always get you, so you may as well dig it.

There is a guy I know who used to be a motorcycle cop, until he lost his nerve. Once, nicked by a lady driver, he slid, with 900 pounds of Hog, radio, antenna, red lights, siren and notebook into the back of a restaurant, winding up in the garbage cans, all slimy and gorbey. Yet another

time, the wind from a passing truck knocked his parked bike over just as he was about to make a pinch for speeding.. and an average man can't pick up one of those Christmas-tree Harley's so he had to radio for help and let the speeder go. I think the embarrassment rather than the danger finally got to him.

Still and again another time, I was coming through darkness up the coast highway & ran into an old geezer on an asthmatic old Honda. We stopped & drank coffee, & he turned out to be an ex-bike cop, retired but still driving a huge hog. The little bike was his son's. Those old bike-riders are hard to kill and it's sinister to realize just how many bike cops also have their own Harley's...I wonder if they ever smile on their own bikes.

If one has heard any rumors about the effect of bikes on girls, it's all true. Once I met a highschool English teacher, friend-of-a-friend, she was just curious, ya know, took her out for just a short ride -- and that was all it took. Truly if strangely, she was a 24 year old virgin, just hadn't ever gotten around to it. That old vibrato between the thighs works some wonders.

Terrible - a complete jolting shock of acceleration, a sudden orgasmic pause - whoooooop - pause - whoooooop for the gears, and suddenly all the trees are getting closer, faster, faster, the wind tears at your clothes, distorts your cheeks, pulls at your eyes, your legs are tensed on the pegs, body thrown back and forth by acceleration and gearchange, "like dying and being reborn" said a pornographer: "aha, a new addiction" said a hip doctor.

Girls admire bikes, girls will even come up and stroke a suitably studly bike: "a huge, black bull Triumph" said a girl with huge breasts and a Catholic-school look. There is even a little - known form of sado-masochism practised - the cult of the bike-burn on the ankle. On a fast, winding road, the passenger on the back of a bike must enter into a deep communion with the rider the machine, or else all poetry and grace are lost. This communion almost inescapably becomes sexual, covertly or overtly.

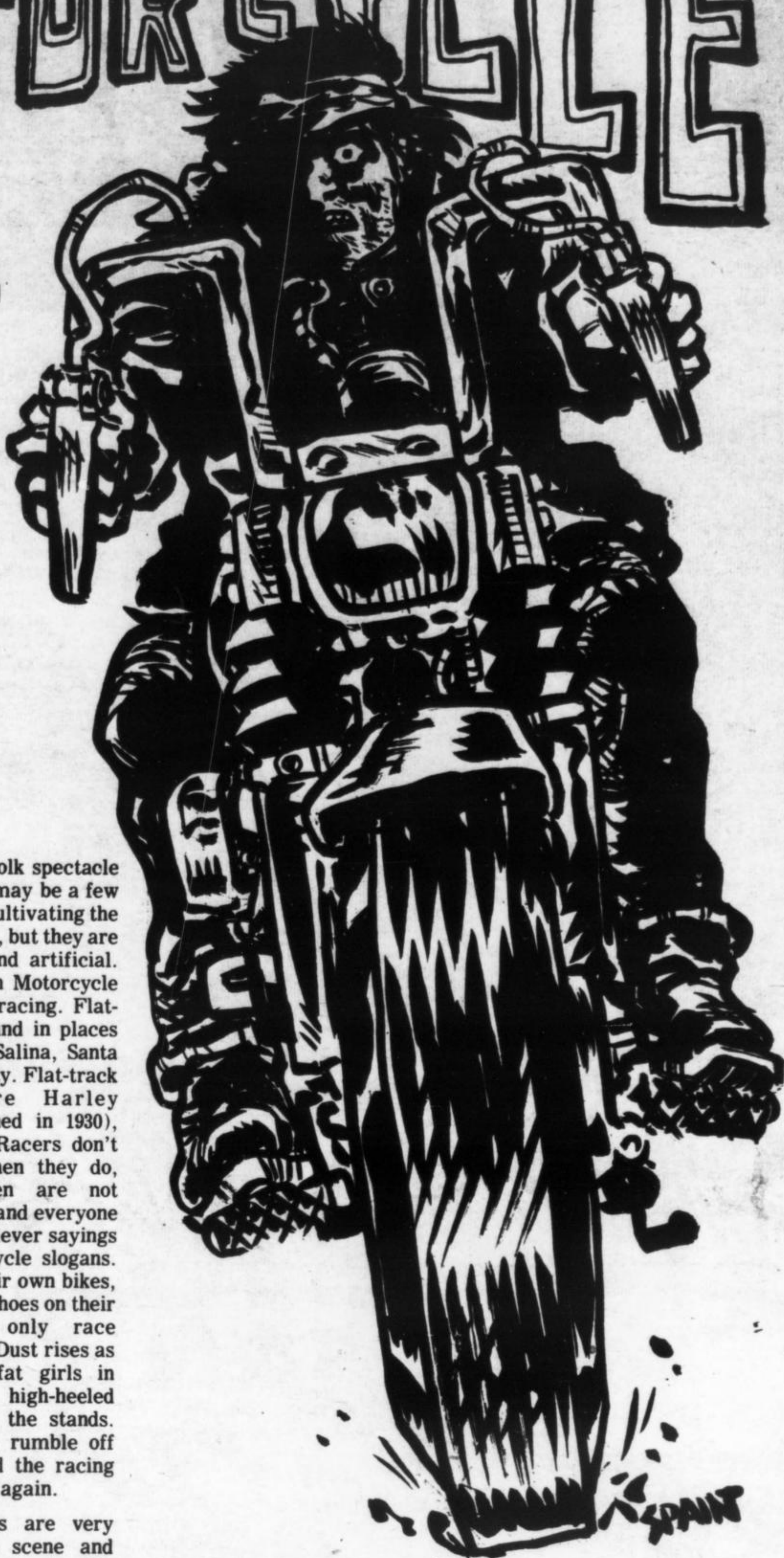
Taking girls for their first ride on a bike is a process all seducers will recognize.

"Oh, please be careful...don't go too fast...I'm afraid of getting hurt. What was that? What are you doing? Don't go so fast ... please take it easy, this is my first time." Then after the ride..."when can we go out again? That was fun ... What kind of bike is that?"

Bike races are a folk spectacle unmatched. There may be a few gentleman-racers cultivating the true European style, but they are transplants, pale and artificial. The Real American Motorcycle Sport is flat-track racing. Flat-track ovals are found in places like Sacramento, *Salina, Santa Rosa, Oklahoma City. Flat-track motorcycles are Harley sidevalvers (designed in 1930), Triumphs, BSA's. Racers don't say much, and when they do, they cuss. Women are not allowed in the pits, and everyone wears shirts with clever sayings on them & motorcycle slogans. Racers work on their own bikes, wear strange steel shoes on their left feet (they only race counterclockwise). Dust rises as beer goes down, fat girls in shorts and gold high-heeled sandals waddle off the stands. Harleys fart, burp, rumble off down the road, and the racing oval is a horse-track again.

Motorcycle wrecks are very much part of the scene and mystique. There is an Apache pain-and-injury attitude everywhere. "Well, had my leg busted a couple of times, lost some skin, little gimpy now but I still ride OK." Evel Knievel got a speeding bike in the gut at 60 mph but lived to jump the fountains in Las Vegas and bust 14 bones, but he'll do it again. Speedy Babbs, now creaky 65, broke every bone in his body in every country in the Western Hemisphere but he's retired now, but still moving. I busted my collarbone and worked on the bike while still in my cast. A little taste of deathwishes livens up the dull day: when I come in with wind, dust, noise, smoke, still echoing my ears and burning my face, a little death comes in with me.

Riding lights-out under a full moon is a ghost-trip, floating in a secret world of falling fleshy light, the air still, clear, every taste clear on the tongue and smell, every motion and turn exquisite, every instant hair-edged with soft, delicious danger.



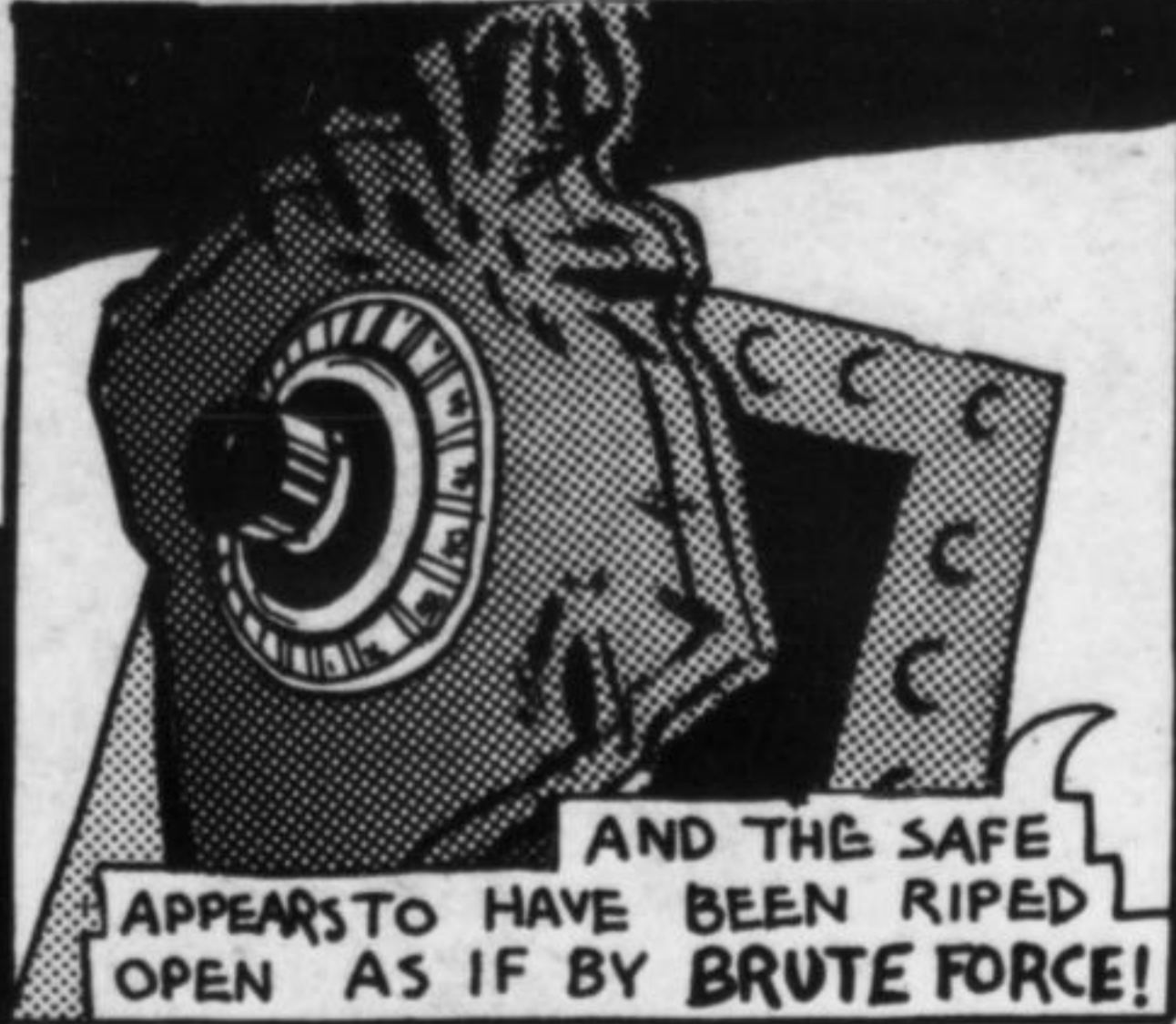
Motorcycles get very sad very soon if you don't look after them, love them, fix them and clean them. It's possible to treat a bike like a car, but most spirited machines get very slobby. Workin' on the bike is a close-to-earth thing. Girls who fancy themselves as grandmothers like to crotchet, put wild blackberries up in jars. Bike riders merge with their image by putting on a mechanic's cap and getting grease under their fingernails. After a while, one begins to smell of grease & oil all over, impossible to get it all off. Tools, parts, manuals, notes are familiar cult-objects, used, loved, known, not disposable or interchangeable. After the first culture-shock of being insulted and neglected by the guys at the bike shop, if you can stick it out, you will begin to merge into the edges of the bike-talk coterie, exchange experiences with carburetors instead of repeating the things the fellow-down-the-street told you. The company may not be the most intellectual, but bikes ... they understand.

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MANNING

THERE'S NO SEMBLANCE HERE
NOT EVEN BIOLOGICAL - SEN MARCHI

IT'S AMAZING! EVIDENTLY THE
CRIMINAL EMPLOYED SOME SORT
OF DEVICE TO BEND BACK THE
BARS ON THE WINDOW



AND THE SAFE
APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN RIPPED
OPEN AS IF BY BRUTE FORCE!

THE ONLY CLUE IS THIS
SCRAP OF PAPER WITH
AN ADDRESS ON IT



IT'S UP TO YOU NOW BOYS, YOU
GET OUT THERE AND SOLVE THIS
CASE! REMEMBER BOYS ALL
LAW ABIDING CITIZENS ARE
DEPENDING ON YOU



WE'D BETTER
INVESTIGATE
THAT ADDRESS



WOW WHAT
A CLASSY
LAYOUT

LOOKS
LIKE
NOBODY'S
HOME



WE WON'T
LET THAT
STOP US



JUST
WHERE
DO YOU
THINK
YOU'RE
GOING



SHE GOT THE DROP
ON US



NOW LOOK HERE M'AM
WERE POLICE OFFICERS

I DONT CARE IF YOU'RE
PAUL MCARTNEYS GHOST



IF YOU DON'T HAVE
A SEARCH WARRANT
YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE

TRY MY BRAND



KAF
KAF
TASTES
LIKE
SHIT
NOW
GET
OUT



GIMMIE BACK
SHATCH



OK THEY'RE
GONE
YOU CAN
COME OUT
NOW



THANK SWEETS



BUT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY
ARNIE GLICK SAID WE'D GET
TOP PRICE FER THESE JEWELS
GREAT DEAL EH KID?

OUCH!
GODDAMMIT
LAYOFF



I'M AFRAID ALL
ILL BE ABLE
TO OFFER YOU
IS \$2,000
PAL



WHAT?

NOW EXCUSE ME I JUST ATE
AND I GOTTA BRUSH MY TEETH



WHY YOU
BANANA
AWTTA CRUSH
YOU

NO WAIT GURGUL!



DOPE AND WEED

OTHER FANTASIES

JOHN da Swede

Dick and the Boys have been learning about politics in Amerika and finally it's all beginning to sink in. It has penetrated their thick skulls that the Amerikan people will pretty much do as they please and to hell with the laws. The capitalist pigs selling legal dope (ups, downs, booze and other killer items) and polluting our air with more killer stuff and spraying our food with still more killer chemicals have known this for years and have virtually enjoyed carte blanche to poison us all with no regard for LIFE; just bread, baby, just bread. But now, the realities of dope consumption have reached the White House and it's every man for himself.

Last July, Dick's Attorney General puppet John Mitchell sent a bill to Congress asking stiff 2 to 10 year penalties for possession of grass, acid and smack. These three drugs were to make up the top category for punishment of "drug abuse". Ups and downs, which are both legally and illegally consumed and which closely resemble the Amerikan Way of Life, were to be in the lowest level of punishment for "abuse."

But, somebody talked some sense into the Feds. Dr. Roger Egeberg, chief pill peddler for the administration, said the proposed law was stupid, far exceeding the crime it was supposed to punish. That, of course, was just a cover-up for the real reason Nixon has now decided to make dope holders subject only to misdemeanor charges. Nixon, Mitchell and influential congressmen were told that if the original bill became law that tens of millions of Amerikans would be potential felons and that any eagerness on the part of enforcement pigs to apply the law would turn these millions into at the very least paranoid freaks and more probably stone (and stoned) enemies of the system, outlaws more than willing to overthrow the powers that be by any means possible. They would be effectively removed from the "mainstream" of Amerikan life, swelling welfare rolls, prisons and the ranks of the revolutionaries. They were told that if they winked at dope use, they could continue to run the country and fuck over the people as usual. Why just look at the Woodstock Music Festival, 400,000 heads stoned out of their

minds not giving a shit what went down as long as nobody took away their dope. The revolutionaries

just couldn't get their thing off the ground there so why not go along?

Agreeing that this form of logic made sense, they spread the word around that "if all you corrupt bastards (various congressmen, business types, and other pigs sucking bread and power out of the system) want to hold on to your thing, you better go along."

Operation intercept was just another ploy to make the folks back home think they were concerned about dope. It had almost no effect on dope coming in from Mexico, which travels easily across the border via border guard payoffs for quantity.

Even more, with rising dope prices, every mothers-son-head is beginning to cop quantity so he can deal some off to pay for his own consumption. This has vastly increased grass use throughout the suburbs and college towns. Now, the kids are dealers instead of just users, selling off ounces to pay for their

kilos. Ahh, Capitalism.

It's extremely doubtful Mexico will crack down on the Mary Jane growers. This would only result in extreme deprivation for many Mexican villages. Besides, the corruptibility of the Federales is well known. It is to be expected that the Mexican Feds will make a show of burning down a few fields and making some busts, but that's about all.

A few weeks ago, Senator Javits of NY suggested in Congress that the US send helicopters, spray planes and technical assistance to Mexico under a lend-lease program to wipe out the dope. Guess they don't want to waste all that equipment once it comes back from napalming the Vietnamese. Also, Interpol passed a resolution at its recent meeting of pig representatives from 105 nations that a worldwide crackdown on dope be initiated.

It now appears that efforts to tighten up supplies of dope along with somewhat more lenient penalties for possession will cause many heads to seriously get into growing their own. Already, major home-grown crops have just been harvested now that the frost is here by

those who had the foresight to plant last Spring. Last week, Vermont fuzz reported that the crop was so heavy and so dispersed up there that they could not possibly find and destroy more than a small portion of it. Heads are picking up on growing methods and Sylvania is enjoying a boom on its Gro-Lux lamps for indoor growing. The underground press is filled with instruction of starting seedlings, proper fertilizers, transplanting, and the like. And, surprisingly enough, much of the home-grown is pretty good shit. You won't get high on two tokes but a skinny joint will usually get one person off, and it's free.

By next summer, the heads will be doing their part in keeping Amerika green and before you know it the weed will be everywhere. Within two years, with seeds acclimated to northern climates and growing techniques improved through experience, good home grown dope should be so plentiful that "everybody will get stoned" and your friendly neighborhood dealer will be standing in the unemployment lines or hustling like the rest of us. Right on, vother!



HEY THAT'S FOR ME!

UNCLE ED MEETS VANIA THE VELVET SWEETHEART
 WHEN HE TANGLES WITH THE UPTOWN DECADENT SCENE
 IN **PERFORMANCES**

HELLO THERE, I'M HIGH HARD AND HANDSOME



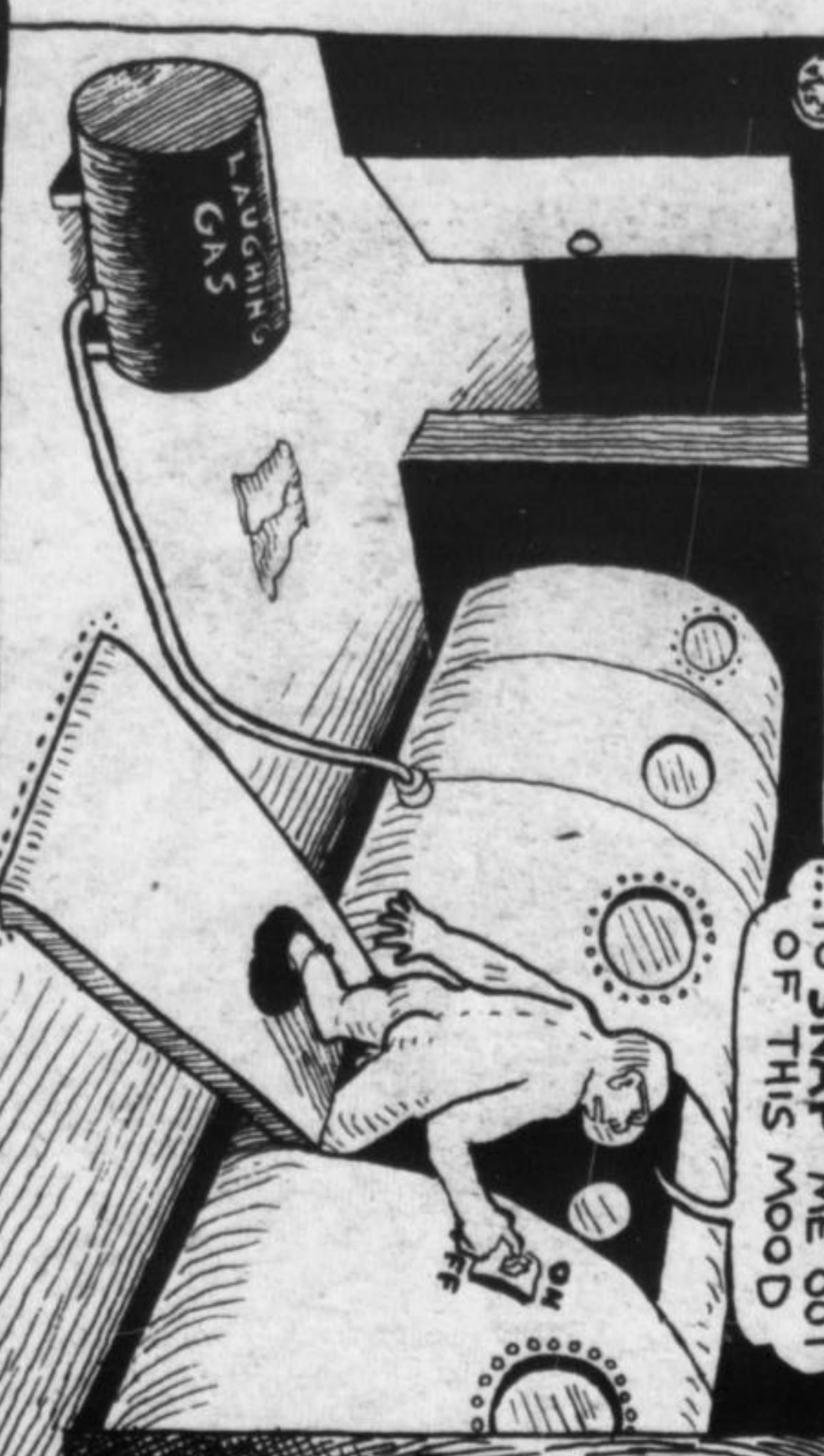
AFTER A HARD DAY IN THE CITY, ED FOREST SHLUMPS HOME BOY, WHAT A DAY!



I'VE JUST GOTTA HAVE A FEW LAUGHS



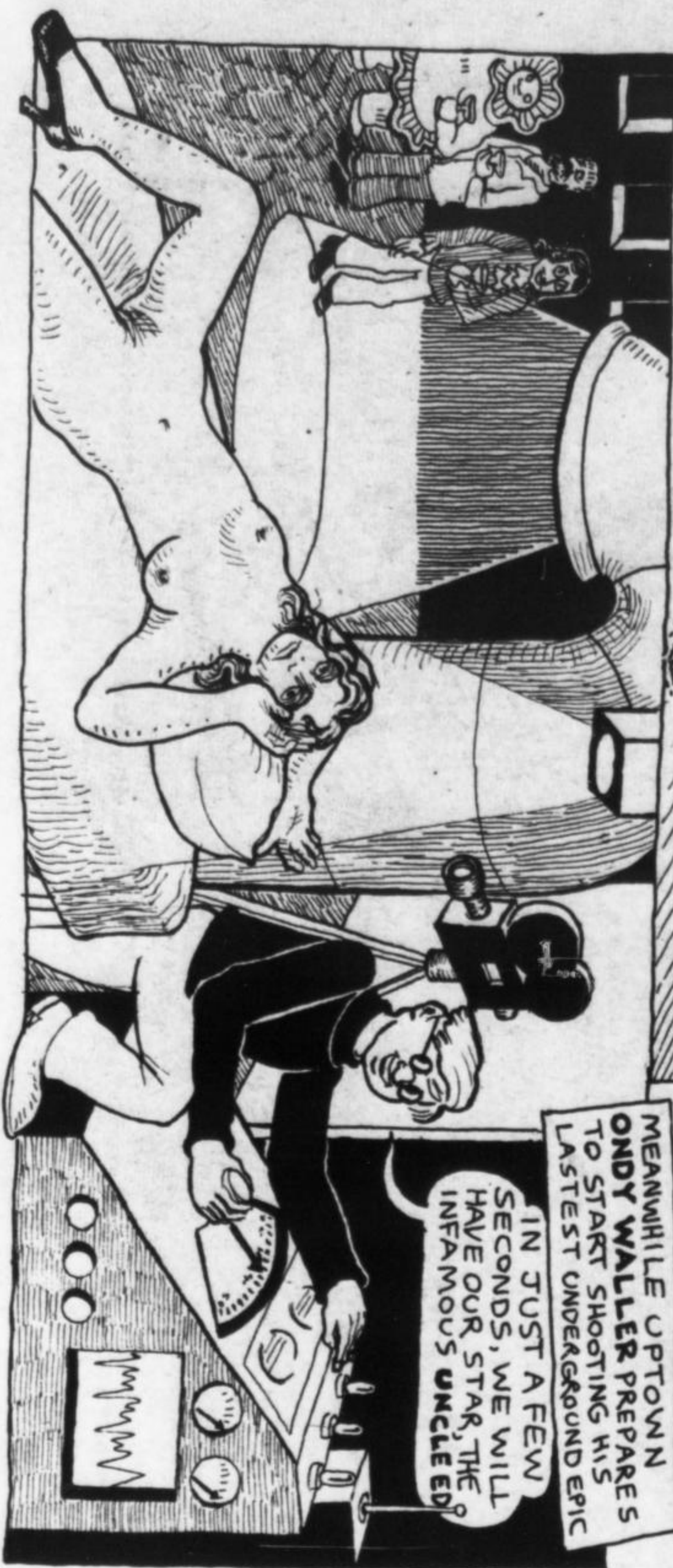
JUST A COUPLE OF QUICK KNEE SLAPPERS



...TO SNAP ME OUT OF THIS MOOD



SHORTLY



MEANWHILE UPTOWN ONDY WALLER PREPARES TO START SHOOTING HIS LATEST UNDERGROUND EPIC

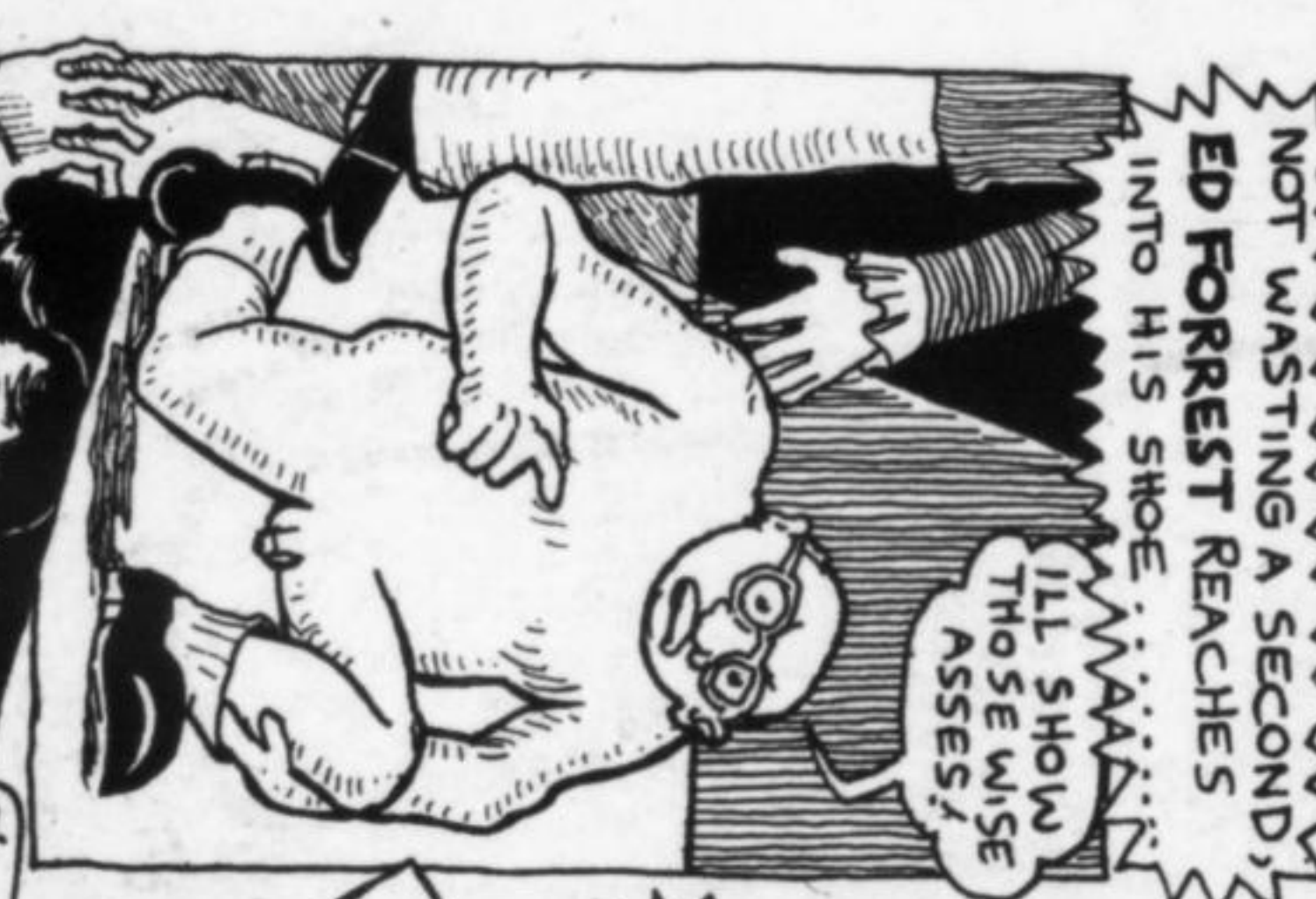
IN JUST A FEW SECONDS, WE WILL HAVE OUR STAR, THE INFAMOUS UNCLE ED



THE SWITCH IS TURNED AND THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH!



UNCLE ED MY ASS HAW HAW HAW



I'LL SHOW THOSE WISE ASSES!



AND DEFTLY INFLATES IT



NOW TO STRAIGHTEN OUT A FEW THINGS



EDD DADLING WE MEET AT LAST

HOH?



SAY WHO ARE YOU?

I AM VANIA THE VELVET SWEETHEART LETS FUCK

I THINK HE'S SOFTENING

ARE YOU KIDDING?

FILL TEACH YOU TO MOUTH OFF YA FUJIN YA MARRY!



WHAM EEEAA!

Stetly

GUERRILLA THEATRE ZAPS MUSEUM GROSS

NEW YORK (EVO) - Jean Toche and Jon Hendricks of the Destruction in Art Movement staged a piece of guerilla theatre outside the Metropolitan Museum recently which summed up the feelings of many successful and unsuccessful artist working today. The occasion was the fancy opening at the Met of Henry Geldzahler's mammoth hype exhibition New York Painting 1940-70. Amidst a crowd of policemen, onlookers, and demonstrators from the Art Workers Coalition, the two performed their piece, Hendricks dressed in bow tie and tails as the "Curator" and Toche in ordinary garb as the "Artist." The "Curator" invited the "Artist" to sit in a large trunk in order to honor him. In order to bestow further honors on him the "Curator" offered him milk to slake his thirst. When the artist agreed to the offer, the curator poured the milk over Toche. He then smeared hours d'oeuvres and caviar over Toche, first offering some to the onlookers and police who had joined with him to honor the artist. The curator ripped off the artist's clothes until he was almost completely naked, crushed tomatoes over him, and finally offered him champagne, only to add this to Toche's bath. The police were worried about Toche's health and suggested calling an ambulance until Toche insisted he was alright. The police insisted they leave and threatened to charge them with indecent exposure, drunkenness, littering, and creating a public

nuisance. But Hendricks insisted they would not leave until the Museum's curator Geldzahler came out to formally receive Toche as a work of art. It took forty-five minutes of cold nudity for Toche until Geldzahler's refusal was relayed from inside the museum.

Toche and Hendricks failed in their attempt to get inside the Museum with their stunt but they succeeded in getting their point across better than the conventional pickets and leafleters from the Art Workers' Coalition.

KILLERS OF MEN, KILLERS OF FISH

HAWKS AND DOVES, WASHINGTON HAS PLAN FOR BOTH
 WASHINGTON (LNS) - The Pentagon is undertaking a new project to study whether birds can replace man in such facets of war as aerial photography, gunnery, steering of missiles, detection of mines, and search and destroy missions. The Humane Society is all in a flurry about it and has described the plan as "the work of birdbrains, a crowning idiocy of our time."

The Pentagon has signed a \$600,000 contract with the University of Mississippi for this study which would concentrate on the adaptability to war of crows, ravens, doves, vultures, chickens

NEWS

NEW YORK (LNS) - An AWOL soldier successfully eluded military authorities closing in on his sanctuary and is reported alive and well somewhere in the U.S.A.
 After three days of "political asylum" in the chapel on the campus of Columbia University, 17-year-old Jorge Caputo left hundreds of supporters who came to the chapel to express their solidarity with Jorge, the Fort Dix 38, and the thousands of GIs who have been forced to fight a war that the American people are now clearly against.

In a message sent to the chapel the day after he split, Jorge thanked his supporters for helping him accomplish his purpose "to tell the truth about the army." He said that the "asylum" had provided him with a platform to get the word out about the inhuman conditions in the Dix stockade, where he had spent seven months, and to tell the American people that their sons and brothers trapped in the army

WASHINGTON (LNS) - The same system that kills men in Vietnam killed 15 million fish in 1968, the Interior Department revealed. Blaming water pollution for the destruction of the fish, a spokesman for the Department noted that municipal and industrial waste was the primary cause. That means that the same politicians and business are engaged in another kind of destruction with equal impunity. In both cases, neither man nor fish matter more to them than profits.

RIO DE JANEIRO (LNS) - The political police of the state of Guanabara, which comprises the city of Rio de Janeiro, recently ordered the burning of more than 10,000 "subversive" books. The books were seized by police squadrons who invaded libraries, private homes and bookstores. (Continued on Page 16)

BOOK BURNING IN BRAZIL

THE EVIL GERMANS DESPERATELY NEED

BY ALEX GROSS

Politics may be a dirty game but it is also sometimes a sophisticated one which bears a lot of careful study. One case where slogan shouting definitely will not help is last German election. At a time where every major country in the West (and a few in the East as well) appears to be moving to the right, the great archfiend of nazism and fascism that is Germany is actually moving to the left. Willi Brandt may not be the most doctrinaire socialist in the world, but there is no doubt that he stands visibly to the left of the former government on most major issues, and there is also no doubt that the neo-nazis took a real beating in the same election. This election has two real lessons for intelligent people elsewhere, whether or not they call

themselves leftists, and these lessons are important for the whole world, not least of all America. The first lesson is that a high degree of vociferous (and even violent) political activity need not lead to rightist domination and the suppression of the left. The German students were every bit as extreme and as dedicated in their political activities in 1967 as American students are now. It can indeed be argued that many of the tactics now being used by American students were first tried out by German students in the streets of Berlin over two years ago. Anyone who was in Berlin on the June night in 1967, when the philosophy student Benno Ohnesorg was shot down by the police, has not been terribly surprised by anything that has

happened in Chicago or Berkeley since then. It may indeed have been unfortunate, in one respect, that no demonstrator actually was killed during the Chicago convention and that the Berkeley killing occurred in such a way that it was difficult to gain large-scale public sympathy. Seen in retrospect the Berlin killing was the turning point that led to a leftist revival among the German young and Willi Brandt's victory last week.

But no one saw this happening at the time. All the so-called responsible observers were certain that the students were going too far, that they would certainly create a nazi backlash which would put Germany back thirty years into the Hitler era. Everyone also assumed that the Socialists would lose votes by joining the

coalition government with Kiesinger's party. But everyone was wrong--none of this happened. The whole extreme leftist drive created an atmosphere where people really began to argue the issues. The result has been, in the long run, a better German government. If this can happen in Germany, it can certainly happen in the United States, however dire things may look for the next few years. What is needed is not fear and less activity in the face of Nixon but more and harder pressure in the right direction.

The second lesson is just as important, but it may be harder for a lot of people on the left to accept. If Germany is the only country going left at the moment, then a lot of people are going to have to give up their war-based

concept of the Germans as God's own ultimate fiends. This is so difficult for some people to concede that I have already been told by friends that the recent election simply didn't happen or that if it did happen it was obviously only a prelude to the Germans going nazi again. This attitude is so ingrained that there are people who start seeing demons if they merely see a can of German food or hear a German word correctly pronounced. The one sure way of making the Germans go nazi again is by insisting that they must do this and rejecting them in any other role. Some people are so shell-shocked by what happened in Germany in the Thirties that they are unable to see the Sixties clearly.

(Continued on Page 14)



NEED IT

DADA & MAMA AT THE FILMORE EAST -- A CULTURAL CONFRONTATION



by DAVID WALLEY

Remember the last time you went to the theater and got entertained? Remember the last time you went to a concert and instead of being blown out of your gourd by a heavy blues guitarist you fell off your chair in a fit of uncontrollable laughter? Laughter, what's that doing in a rock concert? Doesn't everyone sigh and squirm in sexual abandonment? Laughter is only one element of a Bonzo Dog Band performance, a mad sextet of musical dadaists whose job it is to jolt you out of your stoned reverie with a journey into irreverence of the musical conventions you held so dear.

For those out there who made it to the Fillmore a week ago to see the Kinks and Spirit, something else happened - the litany-like atmosphere of the Fillmore ritual was shattered beyond repair. Instead of the normal teen combo before the main attractions, out came the "warm-up" band for the Fillmore: 4 men dressed in jockey shorts and another disembodied plaster-headed member, all doing push-ups,

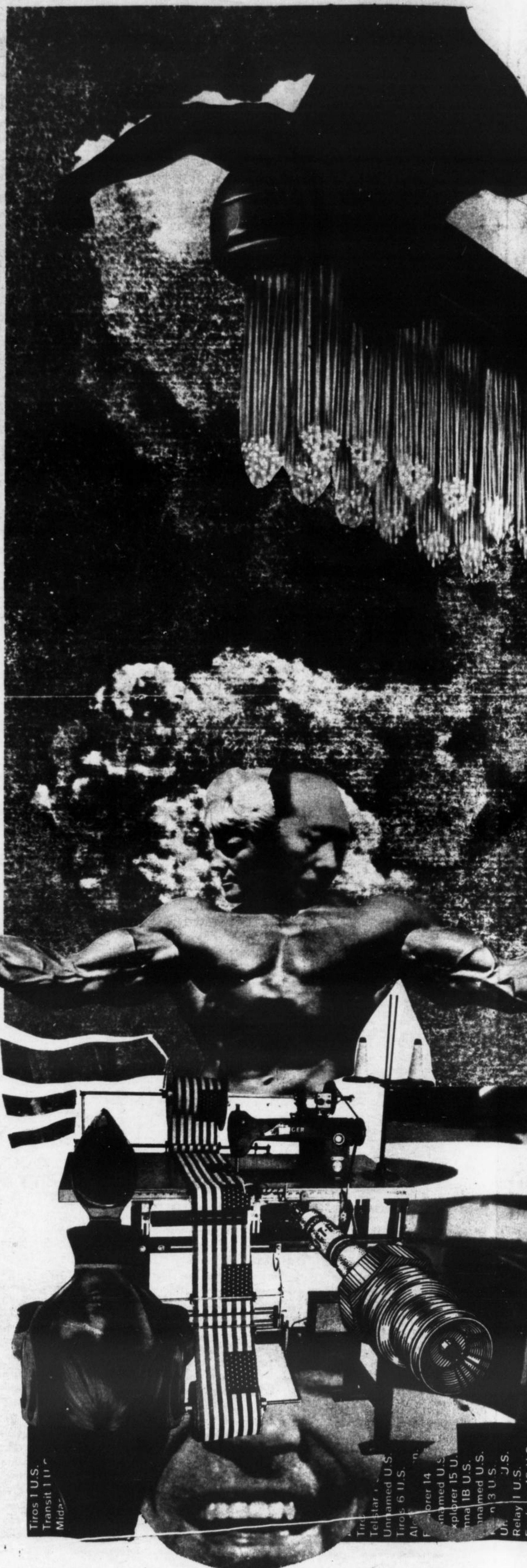
jumping jacks, and deep-knee bends and led by a funny short-haired man looking every inch a brevit major leading the drill by whistled commands. He barked the commands and all followed in various fashions. Nervous laughter, sporadic laughter or silence greeted this strange routine - no one had ever seen a "warm-up" band before, no one knew why either. Just then, a Porky Pig cartoon flashed on the screen with its Daliesque backgrounds and everyone settled back to watch ... well, they were warned, weren't they?

After the Pig captured his Dodo, the Bonzo Dog Band appeared (re-appeared) with their normal striped shirts, baggy pants, along with assorted instruments and other implements of destruction. Not only were they outrageous in their demeanor, but they played outrageous music - parodies of 50's crooner rock, psychedelic Peter Townsend hard rock, "hard blues" (Can a White Man Really Play the Blues??), music hall music, just about everything. In fact the Bonzo's are similar in their approach to

the now defunct Mothers of Invention, only a bit more gentle. Their impact on the audience as opposed to a Mothers performance was like attempting to gauge the difference between getting judo chopped on the base of the skull and being blown out by a large calibre automatic. Through one is a deadly as the other, the former is quick while the latter is messy - people opt for the former because it is gentler (and anyway the choice wasn't made by the audience, is it?)

Everything in short (in long, if that makes any difference), was fodder for the Bonzo's satiric cannon. If you wanted sould music, there was the Trouser Press, Baby (one, two, three, kick...) Roger Spear, the group's mad kinetic artist in residence was only too happy to entertain you with a trouser press electrified to sound like ... you guessed it, a trouser press. Not to be outclassed by his more electronically-minded friends, Roger also used a Thermanin shaped like a leg which he stroked with equal precision.

(Continued on Page 18)



Tiros 1 U.S.
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TOMMY - THE WHO

by JAMES LICHTENBERG

What nonsense. Even before the N.Y. Times carted away the "McCarthy Death Rubbish" (death rubbish, wild) it was known that Paul was alive. Larry Dietz said so. Now on to the WHO.

(Author's note:

1) The Beatles have always been merry pranksters.

2) They have been to India, and learned all kinds of tricky magic and stuff.

3) Their records, if scarce these days on music, are full of wild and whirling words to weird the wit.

4) Since pop music is now more subtle, there is no reason that rumorous disc jockies (Ron Gibb-Detroit, Chuck Leonard-NYC) shouldn't be also.

5) The whole thing is also in "Time", therefore by definition "sell".

6) It's ALL a put on, yes ALL, surely you've read Cervantes, Einstein, Joyce...John Lennon only popularized it.

7) And besides, Larry Dietz said so...he may have trouble boie-ing a sunjob (or whatever that fish was) but he is a source of pure intelligence. We'd love to PUT you on.)

Two years in the composing, one year in the recording, 1 hour and 14 minutes and 13 totally coherent seconds in the listening (not counting the time it takes to turn over the records) but, alas, not in its totality on Monday night at the Fillmore where they are doing "Tommy" for one whole week. One of the

memorable crashes of recent history ... "You are forgiven", though, after the mind atomizing encore version of the "Underture".

But in our fiscal reality were all pure things are alloyed with baser, but sold as "pure" for better pro-fit, anything truly pure ... ah well, sell out and get rich or stay pure and get fucked. The WHO sold out two albums ago, on their album "The Who Sell Out". (Not really, though). Unlike the Beatles who only said it to make money, the WHO know that all you need is love, have stayed pure and presented us, oh •fabjous day, callooh, callay (!) with the single most magnificent achievement in pop music: a rock opera (right on the button) "TOMMY".

TH... WHO are the WHO are the who are (you?) serious people. No Shakespeare between cuts, no mystical cut-out dolls and your mother wouldn't necessarily know. MUSIC that's WHO!

As the printed program rightly said, "Tommy" in its present form, is more an oratorio than an opera, a musical story recounted without assistance of action, scenery or dress with aria (songs) recitatif (little bridges of sung explanation) and musical interludes (musical interludes). This form in classical times was often used to recount the story of Christ according to one of his disciples; a most fitting antecedent, in that "Tommy" is a mystical tale full of religious over-, middle-, and under-tones, currents and themes. (Continued on Page 16)



POOR PARANOIDS ALMANAC

BY ALLEN KATZMAN

I went to see COMING APART on a cold last Wednesday and came apart. The film's public relations department had been after me a good three weeks to come down to several of their screenings to review the film before it hit the Great White Way. Somehow I could never get myself together enough to make it to the several different showings.

But last Wednesday, after several false starts and an urging phone call, I chanced to find myself on Broadway and the upper 40's without a chance notion of where the hell I was. In my excitement to make the 8 o'clock screening, I had forgotten to ask for the address.

Somehow I had it in my head that it was being held in the

United Artists building next to the Metropole. But my wife had a different notion, having spotted advertisements for COMING APART on a theater marquee kattykornor to Bway & 7th Avenue.

We entered the Theater and I presented my press pass. The ticket taker didn't seem impressed and all she could say to me was, "\$6.00 Please!" I was indignant and told her so in no uncertain terms.

"Look, I'm a film critic and came to review the film. You don't charge a film critic for doing his job!"

"\$6.00 Please!", she answered in broken record fashion.

I grabbed my wife's hand and stormed out of the place like a bad enraged bull and scolded my

wife for wasting precious time with an unnecessary side trip.

We charged into the United Artists building and hoped we weren't too late. The elevator man leaped from his chair as soon as he spotted us. "Right this way," he said. "... the picture hasn't started yet." I gave my wife a look as if to tell her that I knew all along that it was here the screening was to take place and that she should have more trust in my uncanny intuition as a critic to sniff out the right place.

So there we were. Me in my contemporary duds, leather jacket, zippers on the sleeves, bell bottoms, purple sweater from France with bottoms primped in the left shoulder, epilets of white teeth and longish hair. A mod bull in pink tinted ski glasses leaning on a brownish

196
 U.S.
 Relay 1 U.S.
 Explorer 16 U.S.
 Transit 5A U.S.
 Unnamed U.S.
 Syncom 1 U.S.
 Unnamed U.S.
 Explorer 17 U.S.
 Telstar 2 U.S.
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 os 7 U.S.
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 TPS 2 U.S.

paranoids

(Continued from Page 13)

barber-shop came to support my once broken legs and my wife, carol, in her new wet look, purple vinyl with zippers cascading down below her knees.

We were dressed to perfection as contemporary as the film we were about to see. COMING APART ... a film about today's sex set starring Rip Torn, Viveca Lindors and Sally Kirkland. New York circa 1969. I had seen the pictorial promos beforehand. Knew what to expect. Costumed nudity. Sally Kirkland in the flesh. Cock, balls, and tits. A programmed orgy. A sex fetish for the seventies. **Restricted.**

The elevator landed on the 14th floor and we bulled our way into the arena. The small screening room was crowded with aficionados. Someone shoved a program into our hands and we splashed down into the soft seats waiting for us in the front row.

Paranoia struck instantly. The program in our hands spoke to us of our mistake. We were in the wrong theater. The wrong movie. We were about to see Stanley Kramer's production of "The Secret of Santa Vittoria," starring Anthony Quinn, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, Hardy Kruger and Sergio Franchi. We were even in the wrong time sequence. It was a picture about WW II.

I looked around and whispered to my wife. "We're surrounded." A generation gap in Hollywood gulch. The middle class mafia were hogging their way into our reality.

I sleezed down into my seat hard and disappeared into my long hair. My wife enveloped herself in her vinyl. Noises snouted themselves into the back of our heads. Everyone sounded like Procaccino.

"So, I told 'em if he didn't like da deal, he could shuv it up his ..." His last words seemed to get group up in the works as the screen in front of us began to get filled up with light. A big M appeared: **FOR MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY.**

I began to read the program again to find out where I was:

Is "The Secret of Santa Vittoria" a true story?

It's a true story that has become a legend and where the truth leaves off and the legend begins, no one can really say. But there is a town in Italy called Santa Vittoria, and in the latter days of World War II the people of the town did hide their wine from the retreating German Armies, and this was their secret:

The legend has been recounted many times in many versions, and one who heard it was Robert Crichton who saw in it the rich ingredients for a novel. From his research, and his imagination, came "The Secret of Santa Vittoria", to become an international best-seller.

But even before its publication, the book came to the attention of Stanley Kramer, and its richly drawn characters and situations were envisioned by him as perfect material for a motion picture. Kramer purchased the book, to be produced and directed by him as an independent production for United Artists release.

In his mind's eye, Kramer "saw" the town of Santa Vittoria and described it to his production team. For six months they searched for his vision and found it, not in the real town of Santa Vittoria, but in the mountain-tip village of Anticoli Corrado, 36 miles southeast of Rome. Its weathered buildings, its windswept piazza, its steeply winding streets and most of its 1,200 people would play vital roles in the making of the film.

With equal clarity, Stanley Kramer pictured the major characters in his story. To play Italo Bombolini, the bumbling fool and drunkard who becomes the town's mayor, its inspiration, and finally its hero, Kramer's first and only choice was two-time Academy Award winner Anthony Quinn. Similarly, he saw only Anna Magnani as Bombolini's wife Rosa, she of the flashing eye and fiery tongue. Virna Lisi is La Malatesta, the beautiful aristocrat. And Hardy Kruger is Von Prum, the German officer obsessed by honor and consumed by duty. Sergio Franchi makes his dramatic debut as Tufa, the deserter.

In the comic, confused, courageous efforts of Bombolini and the people of Santa Vittoria to resist their oppressors, Stanley Kramer has sought to capture the essence of an eternal earthy wisdom, the presence of an irrepressible vitality that can snatch victory from certain disaster, and the determination to preserve, at all costs, a fundamental human dignity. This is "The Secret Of Santa Vittoria".

An Italian who sees the picture may say, "E vero, it happened, but ... come closer ... senta ... I can tell you something more that nobody else knows ..."

I sat there for the next 2 hours and 19 minutes critically evaluating a film screening I was not invited to, nor really wanted to review. I certainly was not dressed appropriately for the occasion. The only rationale I could find for being there was the fact that my wife, Carol, was half Italian and her father had fought in World War II.

I settled down into my mistake and let the darkness of the movie cover my evident paranoia. It was interesting to watch Anthony Quinn's antics as a bumbling idiot and drunkard who suddenly becomes Mayor, Hero and manly inspiration in a matter of two hours. The acting was professional and in some cases superb. The storyline was thoroughly entertaining and wholly earthy and human. There was not one moment of boredom and the pace of the picture was engrossing enough to make me leave the theater thoroughly satiated. Virna Lisi gave a fine performance with enough bare breast to keep the juices flowing. The picture was fine family fare the the Italians come off as lovable, human and earthy.

There were no orgies of lust or human nakedness except for a couple of minutes of credible violence. A few contemporary lines and words were evoked like, "UP YOUR ASS," (something I had heard a few minutes before the unreal movie began) and "BITCH."

The movie ended with the German Major, played by Hardy Kruger, yelling in complete and

utter frustration over not uncovering the secret of Santa Vittoria; yelling at the people of Santa Vittoria to tell him, "WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE ARE YOU ?!?!"

The film ended and the audience answered with steady applause. These were certainly their kind of people, crude, farcical, bumbling, emotional but loving. A purpose in their blood to survive, to keep the peasant in them on top of the heap. Bombolini was a fool but conquered with his peasant knowhow. Procaccino would have been perfect in the part. What better person for Mayor than a fool from their own stock. That's what they liked about the picture most of all. Bombolini was all of them, back in some bygone age doing a dance to outjest them all. A purpose they no longer saw in all this contemporary crap of sophistication and intricate wiring. The puppet in them refusing to admit that his strings were too simplified and obsolete to keep the drama going. They accepted the movie on their own terms because it shrouded over their doubts of existence and made their type a fool a little bit more relevant. 1943 was more credible than 1969. It was this belief which kept them from coming apart.

They applauded and I applauded with them, not because I accepted their type of fool but because I accepted my own. How could I not. I was the only mistake in the whole place, the wrong critic at the wrong film.

evil

(Continued from Page 14)

It is time we all realized that people everywhere are changing, not just on an intellectual McLuhanist level but every dan and in real life. No one denies that the Germans slaughtered millions (though many prefer to forget that the Russians did the same), but it is odd that the same people who believe that inflicting punishment for crime is useless and the criminal is the product of society nevertheless also fell that the Germans must be punished into eternity for their original sin and deny that the Germans are the product of the society of nations.

This attitude towards the Germans is present on all levels of society, including the underground where the mere spelling of America as Amerika is supposed to summon up instant visions of goose-stepping nazis. This kind of thinking (or non-thinking) is not worthy of the underground--the whole point of the revolution, is to turn over the ideas in one's head, not to strengthen the prejudices already there. Perhaps some people just need instant demons located elsewhere to protect them from the demons inside themselves. If so, then the real revolution should be directed against them.

Granted, the Germans are an acquired taste, but for those who are qualified to make real comparisons the young Germans today are probably more alert and tuned-in and "swinging"

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than their counterparts in England or France. And Germany today is in some respects further from going fascist than either England or France. Granted also, certain German traits such as pedantry and mental conformism may persist among the young but these are better combatted by open ridicule than secret dread and hatred. It is possible that extreme Germanophobia in coming years may yet become the possession only of the elderly and the fanatic, and even the most doctrinaire of leftists may come to recognize that the Germans did after all produce a few decent socialists. Like Rosa Luxembure, GFriedrich Engels, and Karl Marx.

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news

(Continued from Page 11)

UPTIGHT BUSINESSMEN
CHANGE SDS NAME: BUT THE
GAME'S THE SAME

NEW YORK (LNS) -- To the amusement of everyone except Students for a Democratic Society and the masters of Scientific Data Systems, the two groups have always been known by the same sets of initials, SDS. The capitalists apparently have broken first under the pressure, as most always happen when the people keep their thing together: Scientific

Data Systems has changed its name to Xerox Data Systems, and now asks people abbreviate them XDS.

STUDENTS PROTEST NARCO
DEAN

GRINNELL, IOWA (LNS) -- In protest of an administration effort to stamp out drug usage on the Grinnell campus, more than 250 students staged an angry demonstration recently in front of the college administration building.

Carrying signs reading "We're Stoned, What Are You Going To Do About It?" and "Since When Is R.S. (Resident Adviser) Spelled N.A.R.C.?" the students demanded and got a meeting with the Dean of Students, Alice Low.

The Dean's office had issued an order to the resident advisers stating: "If we (resident advisers) are reasonably certain from our own observations that a student is under the influence of any illegal drug we have no option other than to report this..."

But after a heated discussion during the meeting with Dean Low--during which a student leader asked her to resign--the order was retracted "until the situation could be clarified."

In the previous weeks several students on bad trips with mescaline went to the town hospital for treatment. After the hospital notified the Dean's office, some students were placed on probation and their parents were notified.

The president of the college, Glenn Leggett, has expressed fear that if "we don't deal with the problem now, Grinnell may well become a haven for users and pushers in a couple of years."

Since the demonstration it has been learned that Leggett has been informed that State Bureau of Criminal Investigation agents have infiltrated the campus.

Grinnell, widely known as the drug center of Iowa, has yet to have a drug bust of any kind, but now it looks as if the pigs are joining with the administration in trying to come down hard on the students culture.

WAR
Gov. Ronald 'Body-Beautiful' Reagan has been accused by one of the state's foremost sexperts of spreading VD.

According to Tom Palmer, director of the Sexual Freedom League, Reagan has directly contributed to the high rate of venereal diseases among persons under 18 by vetoing the state legislature's bill to allow teenagers to buy rubbers.

"VD can and should be prevented," Palmer said, "but Reagan's prudery blocks this reasonable step."

(Continued on Page 18)

ireland

(Continued from Page 4)

homemade petrol bombs ("Throw well, throw Shell," is the most popular slogan heard around Belfast these days.) and a surprising sputter of a machine gun. Catholics are not permitted to own any weapons in Northern Ireland, so the machine gun bullets were unexpected. Confused police threw canisters of CS tear gas on the Paisleyite attackers--and to add a measure of luck, tossed a few cans toward the Catholic side. While Unity residents vomited and coughed, the Paisleyites fled in fear.

By morning, the magic machine gun had disappeared. No one in Unity Walk would admit to its existence. "Ach, no," said one man with a wink, "You know that Catholic people couldn't be havin' any guns, now. The Paisleyites must have gotten caught shottin' at each other. There very clumsy, you know." So the Police arrived that morning only to gape stupidly at curious bullet holes in the walls of the buildings across from Unity.

After the machine gun incident, the Royal Ulster Constabulary was more anxious than ever to regain control of Unity Walk. The evening I was there, while I was sitting in the living room of a Mrs. Conner. A young man from the Defense Committee burst in. "Sorry to be disturbin' ya," he said apologetically, "but the Police and the British Army are at the front barricade. They say they want in. They say that everyone will have to evacuate their houses because a bomb has been planted and they've got to search the place."

"Well, tell 'em to GO TO HELL!" Brigid Brien, a 50-ish widow, yelled defiantly. "We ain't going nowhere. They just want us out of here so that they can get a chance to search the place for guns. We're NOT moving!" Mrs. Brien, was still recovering from a heavy dosage of CS gas that she had inhaled over the week-end. But the CS had done nothing to dull her fire. "You can tell the damned RUC (Royal Ulster Constabulary) that we'd rather die from a bomb than let them come in here."

On the barricades, a solid line of Unity men stood poised. A representative of the Citizen's Defense Committee walked outside the flats to tell the police that the people had decided not to evacuate. "They'll be no entry for you," the guard said sternly. Unity residents armed with petrol bombs and rocks stood on the rooftops to insure the integrity of their homes. No police entered. No bombs exploded.

After the Police had left, Eamon and I returned to Mrs. Conner's. "You'll be needin' a cupatea, darlin'" she said as she prepared a dark brew. "This all must be unsettlin on your nerves. But for us, it is like this every night. During the week, the Police and the Tommies come and harass us. Then on week-ends, after the prods are all boozed up, they come down here and attack the flats. They'd like to terrorize us into leavin' the country. But we won't go. We're Irish and this is our country. I'll tell you, I've been through the programs of the 1920's and the 1950's. They couldn't move me from my country then and they'll not be movin' me now. I'll be dying in Ireland"

Eamon, who is thirty-five and lives with his mother in the building across from Mrs. Conner's, explained that he thought the bomb scare was all a part of the war on nerves that the police are inflicting on the residents. "The RUC here is just like the Gestapo and they work hand in hand with the Paisleyites. Often members of Paisley's Ulster Volunteer Force, are members of the RUC. On the night of August 2nd, it was many RUC men who were beating the residents and the old people. They were leading the Paisleyites, but softening us up with baton charges."

I asked Eamon how he had gotten involved with the Citizen's Defense Committee. "Ya don't get involved," he answered. "You just have to defend your home and your people when they are threatened by a mad mob. And there are other things to this fight, too, "I am a sympathizer with the Republican cause--That means I support the reunification of Ireland. It's only been the Raypub-icans that have been militant bout defendin' the people."

Did he see this situation as a religious war? "Oh only on one side," replied Eamon O'Sullivan. "Only on one side. We are not blaming the Protestant people for our troubles. We blame the government. They have fired the people up like this so as to defend their position of privilege. Frankly, I'm not a racist. But the way we are attacked, sometimes I think of this as a fight to defend the faith I believe in."

Until then, I had been reluctant to ask about the Church. The Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland has an abymal history of non-support for Irish nationalism. True to its traditions, in the midst of all the Protestant attacks on Catholic individuals, it was the Church that was again telling people to take down the barricades. But to be a Catholic in Northern Ireland is an act of political opposition; and the people cling to their faith because it is a reaffirmation of the fact that they are Irish. As Mrs. Brien said, "The Protestants will never put us down. We're Catholic and they can club us all they want. We'll simply out-breed 'em!" Gingerly, knowing I was treading on very delicate ground, I asked Eamon how he felt about the Church's lack of militance in supporting the embattled people of Belfast.

"Well," he answered, slightly embarrassed at my question, "The Roman Catholic faith is the faith of the people. I say that the Church is open to a lot of criticism--that it's conservative in ways. But a lot is changing. Besides, I don't always listen to the Church. You know, after fighting on the barricades last Sunday, I went to mass. It looked very funny."

What was life like in Unity Flats before "the troubles" of July 12th? "We're a peaceful, good natured community," Eamon explained. "You wouldn't find anything like this in America. Nobody ever locks their doors. People just come and go as they please. If there were a party tonight, people would be arguing with you--just as if you belonged here."

But there were problems, I ventured, big problems.

"Yes of course. We have terrible unemployment. Terrible. Few of the men can find jobs and the work we get is very low, very low indeed. But now, work is no

longer a problem. Those of us who had jobs lost them since all this began. We spend our nights guarding the people. Everybody pools the money and somehow, we live."

There was still some time to return to the pub before it closed. On the way, I encountered a group of fifteen year old boys who were standing guard on the main plaza.

"Are there many kids defending Unity," I inquired?

"Yeah," answered a thin, short boy. "On August 2nd, if the young people hadn't been fighting, this place would have been burnt to the ground. We were defending the people while many of the older ones were afraid. But still, there are old-timers who call us hooligans. They should be thanking us for their lives!"

"Where ya from?" asked a kid in the corner. "Australia?"

"Hell no," I replied, somewhat offended. "I'm from the East

Village in New York-- a place every bit as far out as Australia, but a lot better."

"Well, tell the people in the East Village that we support Black Power over thre and that over here, we're GREEN power!"

There was singing in the pub. The songs, were the many ballads of six hundred years of ...h rebellion. In Northern Ireland, to sing an Irish rebel song is a crime and the room was filled with criminals rejoicing in their felony. "You see," said Eamon, "our battle is a battle to live. But it is also a fight to remain what we are: Irish. There's been a border cross Ireland for fifty years, but we haven't forgotten that we are a people. We've fought for our freedom in 1798, in 1848, in 1917. Maybe, this time, we'll finally win."

Author's note: Because civil liberties scarcely exist in Northern Ireland, I had to change the names of many of the residents of Unity Walk for this article.

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tommy

(Continued from Page 13)

As the program again rightly said (great program!) the album cover bears the following credit: "Avatar -- Meher Baba". (Avatar - Hindoo Myth. The descent of a deity to earth in incarnate form.) "Tommy" is a flowing, whirling work beyond the shackles of Aristotelian logical repression, inspired and enriched, no doubt, by the descended deity who re-ascended last January. "Tommy" speaks cryptically, jumping from minute reality to allusion (also illusion, delusion and even collusion) which makes its truth, light and story-line both easily graspable and only understandable from a great distance. For me there are three phases which flow into one another ineluctably. Phase I, the recounting of Tommy's early life and family situation until his cure. Phase II, the psychedelic aspect of his childhood psychological blindness, deafness and dumbness, and the cure by none other than the Goddess of our Age, the Acid Queen herself. (Guaranteed to tear your soul apart of money refunded on all unused tabs.) Phase III, Tommy's fame and religious role as a pinball wizard-pop star-religious leader of youth and men.

Musically, "Tommy" is total soned fulfillment, and after the surprisingly muddy Turkish coffee acoustics chez Graham, full of reverberation and underbalanced vocals, I cannot adequately rejoice over the beautiful recording Decca has made. But dramatically there were certain currents, running hot and cold, that are only now integrating themselves into a completeness which the music achieves practically instantly. Tommy, at a most tender age, watches his wrongly-reported-missing-soldier father and his mother (this according to the "explanation") murder her lover. He is then beaten and brainwashed by his mom until he goes psychologically deaf, etc. OK, a fairly gutsy rendition of us all on the metaphorical level with regard to what our Society and Government has tried to perpetrate. But the villain of the piece, "wicked Uncle Ernie" (hiss), who rapes the young boy (although his total innocence prevents it from wrecking his head) then becomes his minister at the Holiday camps when Tommy becomes a great leader. And if, during his boyhood and psychedelic enlightenment, he seemed a personage with whom one could identify wholeheartedly, as a pop star religious leader he is more than covertly fascist, insulting to his followers ("Put in your ear

plugs, put on your eye shades, you know where to put the cork.") who finally rebel in the manner and very reminiscent of the WHO of "My Generation". Contrast "We're not gonna take it" (Tommy) with "Why don't you all fff fade away" ("My Generation"). But even when his followers forsake him and his Mussolini style holiday camps are destroyed, Tommy remains charmingly amazed by it all in that brilliant close "Listening to you I get the music ... Following you I climb the mountain ... From you I get the story."

At first these changes bothered me very much in their oriental mystiness but not (I couldn't explain it) things seem to fall together better. I think it has to do with author Peter Townsend's unflinching sense of detachment and insight even in the eye of his most passionate involvement. The WHO are already beyond "Tommy", and "Tommy", not the total expression of the WHO at any given moment but rather a work of art, is free to live on its own. And as they say in Bolivia, TOMMY LIVES!

"Tommy" could also be called "The Who Strikes Back." John Gabree, author of "The World of Rock" and a voice of musical reason during the general orgasm following the release of "Sgt. Pepper", once grouped the WHO with The Hollies, Kinks and Yardbirds as great bedrock English groups who have never made it in the land of the redskins. The WHO have always been aware of this as reflected in lead singer Daltry's aside, "For

those of you who discovered us two months ago ...". The WHO are authentic founding fathers, "Tommy" is their fifth album, and since its release a few months ago they have been lifted into the ranks of the "exalted". Now, hopefully, there will be a renaissance of interest in their first four albums, also because the "operatic", Gilbert and Sullivan-esque, classical strengths (bass John Entwistle also plays a beautiful French horn, world's most difficult wind instrument) are discernable a long way back along their musical line. Early WHO charted virgin territory at equal but different distances from the Beatles and the Stones, and not to know it is to deny yourself a very enlightening trip of superfine music.

Visual, ah yes, v i s u a l. It's been quite a week of visual, the most serenely mad and enchanting Bonzo Dog Band at the Fillmore, Sha-Na-Na (I knew I'd catch up with you and oh boy, you memory lane sharpies, it was sure the sprint!) and WHO. Daltry was a long way from the shimmering magic he did at Tanglewood last August, but "the very insane Keith Moon" (B. Graham) and that altogether fantastic musical combination of Don Quixote and the windmill, ol' Pete Townsend did it proud. Very young children give each other contact highs all the time by their bursts of pure energy and enthusiasm. Moon's drumming is a contact high, and Townshend's completely

rhythmical leaping and diving is another. The WHO have never lost touch with the rock and roll root of stage spectacle, musical circus, which very money minded promoters are trying to re-sell us with the "revival" - as in the Felt Forum Rock and Roll Revival, Saturday night.

Chuck Berry remains the master, poet-composer-performer-troubador, (and so angry with the management about something that he refused to get off stage and brow beat MC, Scott Muni, into leaving him alone while he did his dirty "Dingaling" song until somebody had the courage to threaten to disconnect his amps.) The Coasters, well maybe, some good rap about Harlem and "Speedo" was ok. The rest, man, whew; the Platters have been whitewashed, televisionized and completely

destroyed...they are like a plastic milkshake from a N.J. Turnpike restaurant. But Sha-Na-Na, by doing it as you remembered it and felt it, and by putting on the whole early r&r scene are so great they completely outdistance the oldtimers. Bill Haley and his bogus claims about inventing rock and roll should be renamed Bill Haley and the Grand Wizards...kuklux rock. It would be best to let the revival die its death. The great ones will make it back - Fats, Berry, Little Richard - with the right exposure because kids are hip to real talent. We simply don't need a revival because rock and roll is alive ... it never died. Dig the WHO, Youngbloods, Stones, Creedence and away you go.

Besides, as you all know, the secret of eternal youth is dope, Dylan and lots and lots of love!

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pig

(Continued from Page 4)
Julius Hoffman used to be known as Mr. Magoo because of his five feet of height, ancient age, and seemingly cute pinched face. But Julius Hoffman has disgraced Magoo and wears his appearance as an obvious disguise. His old wretched flesh is animated by a total malignance. He has not had an acquittal in his courtroom for years and never grants appeal bonds. The government picked him as a sure executioner and he is performing with expected ignobility.

The jury is middle aged and dry. They seem to live completely without a hint of animation, ten women and two men who were selected by the judge in two hours without even being asked if they hated the defendants because of what they read in the newspapers. In a Federal Trial the judge selects the jury without the lawyers doing any questioning. So Hoffman picked the ones who he thought would bring in a guilty verdict, and now sits by amused while the defendants attempt to reverse the inevitable.

The government has entrusted the prosecution to Foran and Schultz. Foran wears his pants in a cuff and was good-looking about 10 Chester Morris years ago.

He is tough and professional, a skilled killer brought in for the big hit. The 10 women on the jury might have something going for him if there are any urges left in their wooden bodies besides the great desire to sleep through the trial.

Schultz is something else. He not only wants to put the defendants in jail, he wants to clean their fingernails. He is unpleasingly plump, walks on a slant and constantly lectures the defense lawyers on how they should present their case. He might be turning off some of the jury who think he is acting a bit too know-it-all.

Our people will be getting a shot at freedom in a month. They will try to prove what all newsmen who were here during the Convention know. It was the police who started the riot and we who bled.

The brothers are in good shape and mood. I had a chance to grab a few words with Bobby Seale whose eyes still have no trouble winking anger at the unfolding farce. Bobby is under heavy guard, and whenever the lights go out for some courtroom motion picture films, the Marshalls double their guards. As if they expect Seale to get bored with the flick and start demanding his money back.

Jerry Rubin is finally out of the Cook County Jail and wearing a wig. He received tons of hair from all over the country to replace what the Santa Rita sheriffs took from him.

It's starting to get very close to the wire for us. Some of the best minds and hearts of our generation are in heavy jail, or on their way. The pigs are not trying to repress us tolerantly -- they want to rip some flesh and burn our balls with electricity. We may still get some hung juries and win a few appeals but the signs of the future are spelled out in Judge Hoffman's face.

It's going to be a very ugly era, and the only beauty we will know will come from our own courage. There will be no other.

thilm

(Continued from Page 4)

play with, but not even a plucked chicken of their own, let alone a soul.

2. Same, except that the repetition of the rhetoric and other fancy dressings, actually succeeds in making them the est. maj. change their viewpoint, resulting in an effective change in mankind as a whole.

I sourly subscribe to the first school of Thought, thinking that besides all the above, there is as a natural order only pre-programmed spectrums. Rather than the organic curved 'continuity in change' which directed line would eventually return on itself and form a whole (circle), there is this pre-mapped out square that the est. maj. keeps rebounding off of, action - reaction style, while they watch the minority describe a circle around them. The twain do not meet, except at incidental corners, again & again.

Woodstock was wonderful. Sort of like the 16th century grain harvests; the peasants would have a bad harvest, and the priests would order a period of fasting and prayer. Meanwhile, the rotten wheat fermented, creating a natural variety of lysergic acid. Then the people used the wheat in ceremonies of offerings to God. Then the people ate, drank, etc., the wheat. Then you can guess the rest. Oh Yeah, the Glory of God is Great. Woodstock was wonderful because everyone determined to make it so, not because the experience itself was pleasant but because each person decided to fulfill his responsibility as a human being and both learn and teach from the data of the experience. Rhetoric became reality for a weekend, or a week. Then we all came back to New York and Abbie Hoffman had already begun to put down the experience, sahing we had not learned enough soon enough, that John Sinclair was still in jail, that repression still existed, and who were we to celebrate the end of hate when there was still no-bond no-appeal for so many. And rhetoric had taken a giant step but still was not reality. Woodstock, marvelous as it was, does not still live and the karma does not pervade our sidewalks.

The current exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts is a sunorthodox as the others have been. This museum, by title, is a paradox; it 'collects' and 'stores' contemporary crafts, those examples of our life which time has not tested and valued. This exhibit is "SOUND" in varying degrees of interests and possibilities. There are tubes energized by sunlight; musical instruments played throughm intervention of a human body in the heretofore inviolate space around the object; a Moog synthesizer played more beautifully and interestingly than I have heard in some time, by Gino Peserchio whose understanding of the Moog is a rare blend of know-how and precision.

There are games on various levels: for a quarter, one sound work will turn into a circus; for a handclap, a ball becomes a private circus; for a hand up and down, moon music can be created, celestial rhymes playing equally well back and forth. The star of the exhibit is

perhaps "Atomic Rejec" by Tony Price. It is on the 3rd floor, and you simply pick up one of the assorted rubber mallets and play on-with his creation. You'll both enjoy it, as the creation enjoys being creative. There is also one machine which nastily blinks at you and has all sorts of directive buttons but continues to make the noise it likes without any attention to human intervention.

There is also a silence chamber.

The Museum is on 29 West 53rd Street, and the exhibit runs through January; it starts as you walk in...listen to the flowers.

...Don't miss the earphones on the 2nd floor...The exhibit does not try to make profound statements about the uses or misuses of sound into noise, etc; as do so many ohter aesthetic events; it is trying to reawaken basic awareness of the life all around us, the continual theatre "we hear and see" as John Cage said. If people open themselves and are spontaneous enough to perceive phenomena as they happen, then amazing inventions and discoveries may result. Hotcha.

Coming Apart, as its title suggests, is about the inability of (a) human being (s) to come together, co-exist, make sex or life anything but a reflective masturbatory experience; an attempt to use someone else as a means of gratification to the end of remaining inviolate and the same as before the involvement. Once again, sex has been used as the major metaphor-cum-reality, the sticky cosmic threads of our own tapestries. Sex on screen can be a surprise even to the actors involved. So can the introduction of a chocolate malted when vanilla was ordered, but somehow, sex seems to be the more commonly introduced thematic symbol. OK.

This movie's interest is partially that it provides such rich conversation for afterwards... intiguing dialogues whose richness takes on patinas of intensity as the conversation turns more and more away from the movie-as-movie and nearer the movie-as-experienced reality. Someday, an American movie will actually portray sex as-it-is. Until then, Coming Apart will have to stand closest. I don't want to write about the film quite yet; people will write about it, talk about it, discuss and so forth. They will reveal more about their attitudes toward fellow human beings and sex (are they the same thing?????) than much about the movie. I shall wait until many people have had their say, and then, if I have anything else to add, OK. Meanwhile, Coming Apart is extraordinary on enough counts to make it outstanding and well worth seeing. Rip Torn and Sally Kitkland give veritabily amazing performances, credible, terrifying, searing.

In another vein is Lions Love. As I missed half of the Lincoln Center Festival, I am now able to state that Lions Love was my favorite film of all. That's not a hedge; at worst is could only have been second favorite. This is a many-splendoured film, an achievement quite dazzling and in its own way as important as 2001. Go see Art become art! Go see a film which succeeds as Godard might desire! Go see a film which does more for the cinema than Trigger did for palominos!

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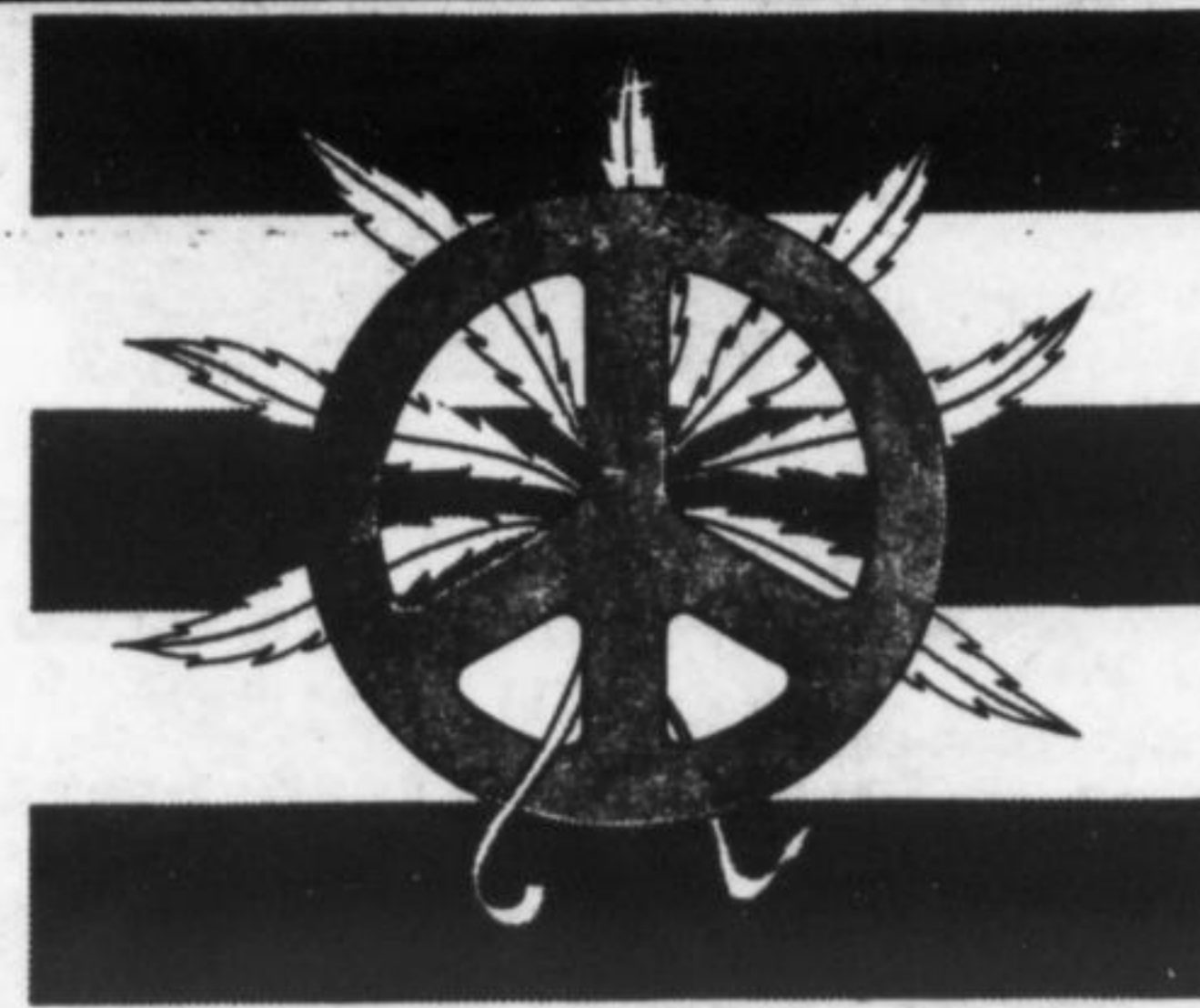
and he stared hungrily at her legs. "You really do like *Horseshit Magazine*?" she asked him. "I love it," he said. "I've been looking for a man like you," she said, pulling her dress off. "What is your favorite section?" she asked excitedly. "The take-off on the Kama Sutra?" You know, the one with all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



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(Continued from Page 15)

"He sides with those who believe VD is God's punishment for the sin of fucking."

State Senator Anthony Bielenso noted that "the legislation was supported by key medical advisors throughout the state, including the governor's top medical aide, as an effective way state government could help control a critical health problem. Yet he ignored the advice."

Ronnie's limp excuse was typical: "The moral issue inherent in this bill must outweigh whatever medical advantages might result from its approval."

Drip, drip, drip ...
(Berkeley Tribe)

STRANGELOVES IN THE PENTAGON EYE WISCONSIN, SEE GIANT ANTENNA FOR POST-HOLOCAUST DEATH MACHINE

CLAM LAKE, WISC. (LNS) -- You've got to feel sympathy for the big-shots in the Pentagon, lying awake nights worrying about how to make sure that after we've been destroyed the rest of the world will be destroyed too. But they do dream up amazing ideas that way.

Like their latest scheme for insuring that the word gets out to our Polaris subs even if all normal communications systems have been incinerated. What they're going to do is turn the state of Wisconsin into an immense radio antenna. You've got to admit it takes an imaginative twist of mind to come up with something like that.

But they're serious about it. Just like they're always serious about things. This one is called Project Sanguine. Right now it's only in the testing stage, so it only covers 14 square miles. But before it's done it will have covered 25,000 square miles and close to \$10 billion.

The idea is to spread a vast grid of underground wires (totalling 6,000 miles of cable) which will serve as an antenna. The size of the antenna will make it possible

to transmit radio waves of such a low frequency that they will be impossible to jam and will penetrate water and reach the submarines without forcing them to surface.

The only problem with it (other than the expense) is that no one has any idea what effect such low frequency radio waves have on living organisms like plants, animals and people. Furthermore, the grid will leak great quantities of electricity, again something with totally unstudied hazards for anyone or anything living in the vicinity.

The possible effects are enough to frighten anyone except Pentagon strategists and the owners of electronics companies who understand the vital significance the \$10 billion might have in stimulating the economy.

Lowell Klessig, an environmental science specialist, says (quoted in the Washington Post), "Every biologist knows that the nervous system and other biological processes operate on the principle of internal electrical fields. To put an organism in an external electrical field, such as is proposed by the Navy in Sanguine, may very well alter these processes..."

"The electromagnetic field may even influence the guidance system of migratory birds, such as ducks and geese, can cause them to lose or change their flyway patterns."

A study done in 1967 suggests that with extremely low frequency radio waves, "there may be some effect on sperm production."

No wonder some people are having nightmares. But the people who decide things like this don't frighten so easily. After all, what could be as frightening as the nightmare of falling profits for war industries if we can't find new ways to dispense with defense money?

People should be grateful that there are men around who can think up such ingenious ways of spending their money. Maybe after we've finished making Wisconsin into a radio antenna, we can make Oregon into a radar station.

dada

(Continued from Page 12)

Shock was the major reaction of an audience which had been used to the normal run of big name bands and big time blues artists, manufactured for everyone's consumption by your friendly record company. Honestly, they even tried to play straight music but it came out a combination of Spike Milligan - Spike Jones and Antoin Artaud thrown in for good measure. Like clown princes they came on stage ... lights flickered, firecrackers went off at unexpected moments, music stopped and insanely changed moods at odd moments. The audience acted a little coolly at first but later warmed up. The Bonzo's didn't care that much, they fed off each other's wit. Lead vocalist, Vivian Standshall mimiced a variety of song styles and played esoteric instruments with precision, while drummer-vocalist Larry "Legs" Smith pounded his skins with a savage glee. Although he knows perhaps three different tempos, he wasn't hassled by technique "...nice things to play when I'm stoned," sez 'e. (Legs gives his drums to Keith Moon yearly so that they can get a work out). Larry also doubled as a teen crooner and a topless tap dancer, breasts and all and did a stirring rendition of "Hello, Mabel" in music hall style. Again shock...

The rest of the crew were equally loony. Niel Innes, lead guitarist and writer of most of the group's material did a marvelous imitation of Peter Townsend but in his zeal, got his fingers caught in his strings, fouling up the whole number. Dennis, the blond bass player looked a little lost amongst these freaks, like he wandered onto the stage at the wrong time and being part of the Kinks, knowing that he'd better play if he wanted to leave, played while attempting to look as inconspicuous as possible.

The Bonzos at their Fillmore recital represented the Dada elements in rock music. They weren't really rock musicians though they worked within a rock frame of reference. Their attitude was more like an acid music hall comedy mixed with black humor - they shattered all preconceptions and for that reason they were obscene and not merely heard.

I haven't figured out why England sports the extremes in musical entertainment. The Led Zeppelin are the most excessively sexual band I have ever encountered while the defunct Cream was the most ego-oriented group around. The Bonzos follow along in this line with excessive zeal toward their art. It's not that they want to shock, but rather they entertain through shock, turning the joke upon the audience. Not being a rock band in the traditional sense helped them to achieve their ends - sounding more like a bunch of Art College dropouts (they are) who have joined the ranks of their equally distinguished colleagues the Beatles and the Stones.

In the old days, the English educational system used Art College as a kind of file thirteen for rejects. Most of the Bonzos dropped out of Art College because they really couldn't get involved in making silly projects. Roger Spear has the distinction of being tossed out for

making a plaster cast of a mattress which used up the sculptor's department's year supply of plaster. He called his project non-functional representational art, but the officials weren't impressed and they gave him the gate.

Roger's quirks are minor when taking the whole group into account. If one were to attempt to categorize them, they would be Dadaists of a 60's variety who turn kitch into cultural gems. Essentially they turn out revue material. Perhaps someone will be nice enough to lease them an off-Broadway theater so that they could do their material in New York, something like the Beyond the Fringe company a few years back.

Unfortunately for all of us, the Bonzos are back in England after cancelling their tour due to problems financial and promotional. They lost \$5000 dollars in three weeks because of broken commitments and plane tickets needlessly spent. They will return if, and when, they can get together a tour which will not fall apart - a consumation devoutly to be wished for many of their new-found fans.

For those who have not seen them, see them: for those who have not listened to their albums, listen please. The joy of their commentary coupled with their mad visuals will be enough to drive you back to your old Gilbert and Sullivan operettas - for material and solice. Rule Britannia, Britannia waves the rules!!!

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The place is beautiful, just ask the Led Zeppelin or Janis Joplin. It's the only place to really get in on. Call Ronnie or Tom Edmonston at 226-3075 and about the rates. Visit it even, the trip is worth it.

Chartered Bus Service by the East Village Shonkeepers for the Moratorium, Nov 14-15 to Washington, D.C. Bus leaves 2nd Ave. & St. Marks Pl. Fri. Nov. 14 at 7:00 p.m. Tickets available at: Bookstall, 328 E. 9th Antiques, 374 St Marks Sock It To Me, 197 Second Ave. The Garden, 175 2nd.

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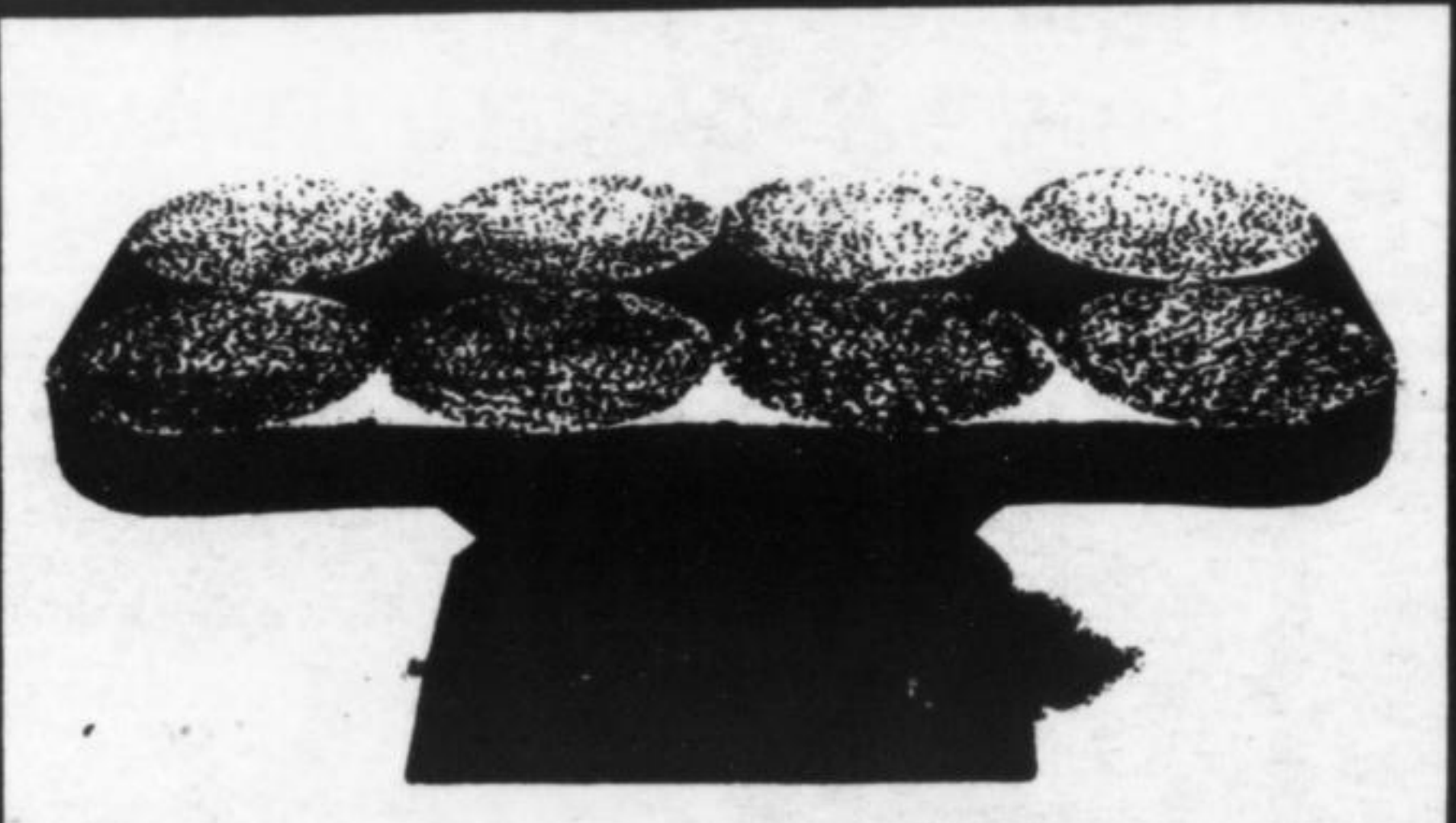


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(Continued from Page 5)
 RC: It sort of slightly resembles Spain. I did it last December.

DA: Last December? I thought he'd got off his Marxist trip by then. You got him down here as a hard-line dialectical materialist.

RC: Well, Spain put me in his trashman strip some time ago. He kind of made me heroic, though...So I thought I'd return the insult.

Shelton: Just truckin', moth'fuck.

DA: So is Ballantine gonna put out any more of your stuff?

RC: No.

DA: But you're gonna keep publishing your own stuff in ZAP and like that, right? Are you gonna make a big production out of any of them—I mean, like ZAP doesn't get any real promotion, you know. It just lays there. If you know what's in it, it's cool, but who knows what's there?

RC: Well, I like that. That promotion scene, it's like you're really pushing something. When you're just lying there, quiet, I like it better.

DA: Yeah, but...Me, I got this thing—I like to reach people, people who don't generally go to the East Side bookstore and pick up on underground comics. I write for SCREW and like that, I think it's a great medium—the sex press especially. It's not a matter of promotion, it's who you're reaching through the promotion.

RC: The way things are set up now though, you gotta wait for the people to find it. You try to make it big enough so that everyone can see it and it fucks it up. It gets corrupted by other people's ideas.

Shelton: Maybe it's already big enough so that it can just get to

all the people who can read that stuff without freakin' out.

DA: Well, like I read this shit and then I laugh and go home and jerk off or something... It really doesn't change my way of living. Like, who is most of this stuff directed toward? Do you have any audience in mind?

RC: Teenage girls?

DA: Virgins in the cornfields...You get a lotta groupies? That's the way everybody promotes you. Me, for one.

RC: No, it doesn't work. I don't get any more now than I did five years ago. It's the same thing, it goes in cycles. The underground scene's not what it's cut out to be.

ES: It is for Spain. He's got all the seduction techniques, the whole thing. In Chicago I saw him on top of a girl during a tear gas attack. He wanted to have some fun with his revolution, like Chairman Mao says.

Spain: Chairman Muff.

DA: That fuckin' jerk-off...He draws this Trashman strip, and all these little chicks think, 'Gee, I'd sure like to get balled by Trashman!!!'

RC: There's this one chick in San Francisco, really beautiful chick that everybody had been trying to get to, and then I found out that Spain got to her before anybody else. He just got there, and everybody was still wondering about this...gross...maniac...

DA: Gee, I guess we all oughta be Hell's Angels. Get ourselves some leather jackets and boots...Grow beards...Talk about Harley-Davidsons a lot...

Shelton: The only problem is, eventually we'd have to fight the real Hell's Angels. Then it'd be all over for us. They'd just use that brute force, and we'd be blown away.

Spain: You know, they just announced this program...There are all these guys walking around with 'VOID' on their jackets now.

ES: They turned into a buncha mystics or something?

Spain: No, that's what they do when they see some jacket with 'Hell' or 'angels' or something on it. They just paint 'VOID' on them.

DA: You mean with nice solid postage-stamp letters? NULL AND VOID?

Spain: No, they use like spray paint. For instance, there was this old guy, he was selling these exact copies of a Hell's Angels jacket...

RC: He read Hunter Thompson's book?

Spain: Meh, maybe. You went to this place and bought these jackets off the rack. So what they did, they just came up to his place one day and painted over the backs of his jackets: VOID.

Shelton: I saw this motorcycle gang last night...They had these emblems on the backs of their cutaway leather jackets which were all shiny and new, and had these metal studs kind of holding them together instead of seams, and they all carried whips in their hands...And somehow they all looked very clean, y'know? They all had sunglasses too, and the biggest, loudest, ugliest of 'em had a bullwhip, and he'd POP it inside of this hamburger stand...

Artie: Were they all these fifteen-year-old bikers?

Shelton: Nope, but they were fascinating.

DA: Probably leather fags, like over on the west side. They're outa sight.

Shelton: Yeah, this was at the corner of MacDougal and Bleeker.

DA: Leather fags...You know, I'm doing a story on fags for SCREW. They know I hate fags, and they want me to do an anti-fag thing, seeing as they already alienated their female readership. So last night I went over to this leather bar...

RC: You better watch out, you're liable to get stomped by some irate, uh...

DA: By FAGS? Are you kidding?

Whip me to death with their hankies...No, so I'm in this leather bar, sitting around surrounded by all these monsters in the leather jackets and chains and whips and shit. And they're all sitting around looking mean and tough as hell, and I'm really getting paranoid. This is way to hell off in the shadow of the West Side Highway...Anyway, finally I start listening to what they're talking about: 'Gee, this new hair conditioner I got just won't hold at all...! I've tried rolling my own, but I just can't do it!!'

RC: You get any pickups hanging around these places?

DA: No, no, I just make sure I wear underwear and it's all right. If I don't, I'm liable to get mobbed. Starts hangin' out my pantleg...What sort of man reads EVO?...

RC: That'd make a pretty funny ad.

DA: That's a cartoon I was thinking of, it'd be great if somebody wanted to do it. 'What sort of man reads EVO?', you know, and there's this Playboy cat with all his Playboy duds on and all this shit. And he's standing in the public library, somewhere, and of course there's this chick off in the distance leering at him, but he doesn't even know she's alive...But there's his dick coming out of his pantleg, crawling over the floor, draped up over the table, running along the bannister...Sneaking around behind the chick all set to zoom right up her miniskirt.

Shelton: That sort of man reads EVO?!

DA: Yeah, well...What do you think of, Crumb, when you see this stuff...There's a lot of advertising stuff coming out now, sort of fake underground comic style. Seems to have definite influences from all you guys. What do you think when you see this shit?

RC: It was inevitable.

DA: But personally, do you feel pissed or flattered?

RC: Naw, I just get a feeling of resignation.

Artie: At Topps bubblegum there's this advertising guy gets this journal called Media 260 or something, some trade journal, and there was this big story on how underground stars were in and everybody should try to get hold of Speigelman and Crumb and like that.

RC: That's far out, far out. Scary...Like these guys that paid my way to New York, they want to put me up to some exclusive contract for this multi-media thing. The Crumb approach to cosmetics and stuff...

Artie: Another Peter Max! Far out!

RC: But I was just kinda acting silly about it, so they got sorta pissed: 'Well, you have your return ticket, you know, and you're obviously not possible to deal with in a businesslike manner.'

Kim: Alan Katzman here at EVO said you were obviously crazy.

DA: Congratulations!

RC: I think he would have gotten me some gigs that paid good if I hadn't shocked him somehow. Like, he got me this ticket to New York. That was really neat, y'know, 'cause these guys have so much money they don't care about losing the ticket. I was suprised they didn't look more irritated with me.

DA: What'd you do?

RC: I just acted silly. I didn't read the contract--'The party of the first part agrees with the party of the second part to...' I don't understand that shit. They asked me questions like, 'How about tearing off clause 24?'

Artie: Marx Brothers stuff.

RC: I don't like that part! Tear it out!

DA: Katzman was telling me a few months ago that like Roger Vadim and Jane Fonda were doing a movie and they wanted you to go in with them and make some kind of animated flick.

RC: Jane...Fonda...?

DA: Yeah, your cartoons and Jane Fonda. Katzman said he wanted you to do it, but he couldn't find you in that goddammed hotel room in the Haight. Shit, the opportunity of a millineum, you know, to fuck Jane Fonda maybe...I was feeling good for you.

(Continued on Page 20)

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(Continued from Page 19)

Shelton: An animated cartoon of Crumb and Jane Fonda fucking, with sound effects by R. Crumb and Jane Fonda.

RC: Rrrrrighhhht!

DA: And the Snoid from Sheboygan jerking off in the background.

RC: With Jane Fonda...I wonder how old she is?

DA: What? Twenty-nine? What the fuck does that have to do with it? That's the best.

RC: A ripe age.

Shelton: Hell no, don't turn her down.

Kim: She's so horny...

Spain: Twenty-nine!

DA: She'll look good in her fifties.

RC: At a hundred!

Shelton: She's so long-legged...

(REVERENT SILENCE)

DA: What's this cheesecake magazine here, Kim? Copywrite January, 1931? I quote: 'This year 1931 will be a better year for all of us--if only because it couldn't be worse than 1930.' That good old Depression humor.

RC: Kind of cheer-up poetry: Things are worse than they ever were, but we're smiling on through...

DA: Depression cellar humour--it's cellar all right, but the humour shits.

RC: Lotta cheesecake, though.

DA: Oh yeah...You ever see the very first issue of LIFE magazine? Got these pictures of spiders fucking, the life-style of the black widow spider. I jerked off over that when I was a little kid, I want to tell you.

Artie: Over spiders fucking?

DA: Yeah, it was a big female domination trip. But the next thing I knew I was running around in a red uniform with a spider-web pattern, worrying about my Aunt May.

Artie: Jerking off over a radioactive spider?

DA: Naw, it was just a black widow, but it had this nice cheesecakey hourglass thing on its underbelly. Wow, I can see all the way up to her hourglass, like that...

RC: That sounds like an S. Clay Wilson trip. Why don't we just fill up this tape with dirty stories?

Spain: Tell 'em the one about Ding Dong Mother.

DA: Wouldn't be violating any copywrites, I'm sure. Hey, there's an idea! Why not take all these ancient cheesecake magazines of Kim's up to Goldstein at SCREW and reprint parts of them as a retrospective? Cheesecake of the Thirties.

Artie: The best of Hot Dog, 1931.

RC: Great moments in cheesecake.

DA: Anybody see Putney Swope? The trailer with it was a selection of the best Busby Berkeley dance routines. Very horny, seriously.

RC: I've seen that somewhere. By A Waterfall...You should've seen it, Spain, it had all these chicks in the water lined up with their legs spread open.

DA: And the camera just zooms in between their legs, crotch after crotch...

Shelton: Heh heh HEH HEH heh...

Kim: Kind of an entertaining escape thing, you get away from it all by going to the movies.

RC: I can imagine leaving the theatre in 1934 and going into this hot, dusty street...

DA: By a water-fall, I'm calling you-hoo-hoo-hoo...

Shelton: Hap-py days are here a-gain...

Spain: I wonder how many guys back then wanted to attack the leading ladies?

RC: Wow...Assault the Vulture Demoness.

DA: Hey, that was in Big Ass Comics, right? You know, that was one of the most powerful things of yours I've ever seen.

RC: Trina said it was very hostile toward women, though.

DA: Yeah? She said...Shit. What the fuck? I mean, what seven-year-old boy isn't hostile toward women?

RC: Yeah, but when you're twenty-five you should know better.

DA: Yeah, but when you're twenty-five and you can re-create the sensibilities of a seven-year-old, that's really something. Art...

RC: Who's re-creating?

DA: You mean that's the way you feel toward women?

RC: Well, sometimes.

DA: You mean you have fantasies of vulture-billed women coming at you by the thousands? Crawling up through their bodies...

RC: Well, Gee, Dean...

DA: Anyway, it's great vaudeville.

RC: Bawdy humour.

DA: It's one of the great things. You really ought to get it animated.

Artie: Jane Fonda?

RC: That comic got weird reactions from people. You know, I just finished another comic called 'Despair'.

DA: What's the cover on it?

RC: Oh, just some people sitting around the living room...

DA: I thought you might use the one of the naked old man falling dejectedly through the void, 'The Endless Nothing,' or something.

RC: Yeah, it's most all of it like that.

(A LOOOOONG SILENCE)

Shelton: Why don't you just kill this article and show a picture of everybody sitting around with these long hippie faces, sideburns and everything?

DA: Just put in the stage directions: 'Rodriguez scratches balls'....

(MORE SILENCE)

DA: Why doesn't somebody say something profound about the Mets?

Shelton: Who's that again?

Spain: Greatest thing to happen to the world since the invention of baseball.

Artie: Put in something nice for the janitor or somebody. You know, he has all these nice distractions like the Mets going for him...

DA: Sports Fan In Street Gets Low Down On Mets: 'Yeah, well, I wuz watchin Jackie Kennedy watchin' da Mets...'

Kim: It seems kinda artificial. I keep hearing all this talk about how great the Mets are, and it all seems like some kinda put-on joviality...

RC: Like, how can anybody get excited about boxing any more? I mean, after Joe Louis...

DA: Or Cassius Clay.

Shelton: After Norman Mailer stopped writing about it, boxing's gone right down.

DA: Shit, Ray Schultz can do a better job of it than Mailer.

(ANOTHER LONG SILENCE THREATENS)

DA: Anybody seen any good sexy advertising lately? I gotta gig doing a thing on sexy ads now.

Kim: Well, there's that ad for Gay Power, all these naked people at all the subway stations. I gotta hand it to them, that took guts. They didn't do it at just one stop, they must've gone all over town naked.

Shelton: It'd make a great subway ad. Everybody'd start hanging around the subways, looking for bare skin.

DA: Every now and then a naked fag runs through and jumps on the train...

Kim: Make it into a traditional New York thing, nude-ins on the subway. Quarter of four every Saturday morning, just like clockwork.

DA: Can't you just see Proccacino promoting nude-ins after he gets to be Mayor of New York City?

Kim: Or Louis Abolafia. He could be the Gordon Whelan of the 1970's--the City's official greeter, handing out keys to the City and like that.

RC: Master of ceremonies at ticker-tape parades, stark naked.

DA: Get one of Abolafia's naked VD-ridden chicks to smash the champagne bottles at ship-launching ceremonies.

Kim: I wonder how he gets all those chicks to work for him.

DA: Probably goes out on the streets until some starvling hippie chickie comes up and hits him for spare change. So he slaps her on the back and says, 'Hey there, bay-bee! Tell yas what I'm gonna do--I'm gonna make yas top banana on da chorus line. Whaddaya say about dat?' God damn Sergeant Bilko routines of his...

RC: Ah, now we're gad-mouthing somebody. Is the tape recorder on?

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DA: Um, nope, it's been off for the last fifteen minutes, Bob.

ES: He's shittin' ya, it's on all right.

RC: Oh, I better shut up.

DA: A heavy silence descends upon the room...Gilbert Shelton starts reading a cheesecake magazine...Hey, how did you guys get Kurtzman to do those panels in Gilbert's strip with you for EVO?

RC: I was really suprised. It was real easy. Like, Gilbert brought over this page with the panels blank, and asked if he'd like to do a jam session, and he just said, 'Sure, I'll try.' But he was real self-conscious about it, he couldn't bring himself to actually like write out the words 'fuck' or 'shit'.

DA: Yeah, hyuck, I noticed: S, H, I, Weird squiggle...

Shelton: He's gonna do another one. Gonna come right down to the East Village Other office next Monday and maybe we can all collaborate on a couple pages.

ES: Harvey Kurtzman? What's he doin' with the East Village Other?

RC: He's thinking about doing a Little Annie Fanny episode about the Underground Press.

DA: Far out. God, I hop he's halfway sympathetic...

RC: Well, he has the idea I think that it's all some kinda sex thing. That's what he kept probing me and Gilbert about: 'What really goes on down there?' Hopes it'll be raunchy or something, y'know.

Kim: I think it'll be a really good thing for him to see, after all these years of doing Little Annie Fanny. That weird morality thing confronting the Underground Press...

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(Continued from Page 20)

too? Dirty! You get subway dirt on it! Don't touch me!

RC: California girls, though, they're all right. They stopped wearing underwear some time ago.

ES: Sperm, though. Girl don't wear underwear and she gets all sperm. No use for it. You see sperm drippin' down her leg under her miniskirt, you know she's a California girl. Like to see that.

Kim: I got to honestly admit, I've never seen a snatch on the street.

ES: That's because the girls get all upset, they all wear underwear. But you do see some pussy now and then.

RC: See some sittin' in the park...

Kim: I see a lot of tit, but never any pussy.

DA: The thing to do is go hang around in the subways. There are plenty of good places where you can just sit there and look up. Very naturally, you're just sitting there reading EVO and glancing up...What sort of man reads EVO?

Kim: Here's Latimer--I saw three dicks and a tit today, but no pussy.

RC: California chicks, most of them never wear bras. Come along in those tight sweaters and no bra, y'know...

Shelton: It's the culture.

RC: Yeah, it's mostly considered square out there when a chick wears underwear.

Kim: It's the culture, sure enough.

DA: One thing I noticed out there, very few of the chicks seem to have any compunctions at all

about taking their clothes off in public. I was brought up back here, you know, and it's always, 'You can't take off your clothes here! Not in public! Can't take off your clothes in the bathroom! BACK!!!'

RC: But I think New York girls have something alluring, some kind of untouchable class; you know, that California girls don't have. Very sharp, like some kind of Vargas Drawing.

DA: Yeah, who needs it? They carry around their own pedestals with them.

ES: And once you fuck 'em, they're around for ten years after that. Girls you fucked in 1961, suddenly they come out and you see 'em again. I find that happens to me all the time. Girls I fucked five, ten years ago--appear, fuck, split...

Spain: That's just the opposite of California. Out there a chick'll ball you anytime so long as she's balled you once. In New York it's weird...Trying to come on to a chick after you've balled her, you're kinda afraid she'll put you down or something. You say hello to them and you're afraid they'll just walk on by...

RC: It's so casual out there. You're not worried about all these things. The chicks are...They haven't got that New York intensity or something.

DA: Yeah, you take your hangups out there and they all think you're exceptionally uptight.

RC: Yeah, it's kind of crazy. You've got several layers of bullshit you're ready to go through with them, and like they just want to run off to bed.

DA: 'Hurry up and get to the point, Irving.' Yeah, I just wish you could dispense with all that bullshit in New York. Ever since my old lady split for college, I've been running around trying to get into all these chicks...Waddaya do, you go up to a chick and say, 'Hey, uh...'

ES: You just go up and say, 'Hey, let's fuck'. That way you don't have to wait around.

DA: Yeah, I was gonna pull just that on Reanne tonight when I went over to mooch the tape

recorder. 'Hey, Reanne, you wanna ball sometime?' But she had this guy at her place, prob'ly her old man or something...

ES: You just ask him to leave: 'You...OUT! You...BED!'

DA: 'Remove thyself, for I would fain fuck your old lady'.

ES: Think that wouldn't work with her? Let's set it up, get a hidden camera, I bet it'd work.

DA: The guy'd stomp me, I know the type. He's only about six foot...

Kim: And we'd have it on film.

ES: 'Now, Reanne, if you'd just move over here out of the way... That's right...'

RC: We could pull a Road Vulture thing. Wait outside, all of us, then bust in and rescue her at the last moment.

DA: Rescue HER!?

ES: Make good newspaper copy, son. 'REPORTER STOMPED--GIRL SAVED!'

RC: What a scene...Twenty million beatniks come in the run this chick off on the back of a Harley-Davidson.

DA: You already did that twice this week.

RC: You got such a scruffy appearance, Latimer, that's the problem. No chick wants a guy who's always wearin' a SCREW sweatshirt.

DA: That's what Kurtzman says--I'm a nice kid, but unkempt.

RC: Put a few gold bars in your hair, that always works.

DA: But that attracts naked chicks, the wrong kind. At least I don't draw porn pictures in an attempt to get laid.

Kim: You would if you could.

RC: Kurtzman says he's getting tired of doing Little Annie Fanny. Says he finds it limiting. Guess he's gonna change her hairdo or something, get rid of that bubble hairdo.

DA: It worked for Millie The Model.

Spain: She's had that bubble hairdo for ten years now.

Shelton: If she just kept that bubble hairdo...After everybody'd

changed and grown older, and Little Annie Fannie'd stayed the same, it'd be perfect. Great satire.

RC: That's the way it is. Everybody else in there's gone hippie, but she still walks around with the bubble hairdo.

Spain: Yeah, Ruthie's pretty nice.

Shelton: So pretty soon it gets so nobody wants to ball Annie Fanny. Can you see it?

RC: It's gonna be weird, with all her boyfriends getting old and wrinkled.

ES: Yeah, she'll have to go to a psychiatrist to find out why she just keeps getting prettier and prettier.

DA: And suppose the psychiatrist turns out to be from the Esalen Institute? That'd be cool. Little Annie Fanny starts to have a nervous breakdown because she never changes and everybody's out for her ass, so she goes to a psychiatrist who turns out to be from Esalen, and nothing changes there 'cause everybody'd be out for her ass. But the thing is, nobody'd feel guilty about it, or bad. What a trip! So he puts her into one of these encounter-group situations...

RC: He already did one where she was in an encounter group. It hasn't been published yet, it's not too funny...

DA: It'd be so cool. She goes to one of these things and gets mauled around, you know. But instead of being hung up and disappointed, she winds up loving getting mauled around. Finds her vocation, like...

RC: But that'd put the blocks to the whole point of view. At the end of this one she gets mauled around, but then she just goes home.

DA: Oh, man, what a drag. That just perpetuates the Hefner influence. I love Kurtzman, he's my guiding light, but that fucking Hefner thing...Those unisexual little fluff-dollies of his...Everybody's daughters.

ES: Nobody fucks my twelve-year-old daughter.

DA: Exactly, dammit.

ES: That's gonna be the next big thing. Incest--the next big moral issue. And I'm gonna break it.

RC: With your twelve-year-old daughter?

ES: Better than that. She's only four.

DA: Yeah, well when she was only two she set me to slaving. I'd like to see her now.

ES: I tell you, I wanna run away with her.

DA: I'll take Miriam off your hands...

(END OF FIRST SIDE OF TAPE)

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TALL, DARK, HANDSOME, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and...Let's talk about it. you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c-o-AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

Male negro, aged 27, seeks understanding, intelligent, decent marriage minded girl. nNo jail-baits. Photo and phone if any. Answer all. Write now to "Gerald" P.O. Box 52, Corona "A", N.Y. 11368.

Young business executive in 30's, good-looking wants attractive girl or student for part-time easy office job, answer phone at his pad. Keep pad clean. Live in pref. good bread and opportunity. Call 982-5698 evenings after 9, weekdays.

Is there an attractive, trim shaped gal, 21-35 interested in a simple, uncomplicated, uninvolved sexual relationship perhaps once or twice a week for a few hours? You will be respected as a person and appreciated as a woman by attractive, intelligent, well-built, pleasant, executive type guy. Write and let's discuss the possibilities. Photo please. Same returned. Discretion assured. Box 3415, GRAND CENTRAL STATION. P.O. 10017.

GAY SINGLES PARTIES - Every Friday nite gay singles parties are held at Holiday Inn, 57th and 9th Ave. Come groove to live band, Go-go boys and bar. \$3. donation. Special: Sat. Nov. 15 - For info call 201-843-8555 or 212-799-0916. New York Mattachine Society.

GOOD-LOOKING MALE in mid-thirties, height 5' 11" weight 160lbs. Masculine in appearance wishes to meet aggressive young male with solid body and handsome appearance to age 35. Please include photo and phone. Write to P.O. Box 1337 Grand Central Station, NYC 10017.

YOUNG MAN 18, seeks young men 18-23 for fun and friendship send picture and phone number. P.O. Box 163 Parkchester Station. Bx. NY, 10462.

Tall, Attractive, White Male 45. Can Enliven bored housewives of all ages, with all arts you desire. Discretion Assured. Phone, Address all answered. P.O. Box 151, Ozone Park, New York 11417

SINCERE DOCILE SLAVE DESIRES TO SERVE, honor, obey Dominant, female(s) in any capacity Only request; sincere female(s), Phone No., any race: Write P.O. Box 375, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

HANDSOME, 24, affluent, would like a handsome (17-25) guy from N.Y., N.J. area to be my guest on trips and other adventures throughout country. Send letter, photo and phone no. to Jon Molahowski, P.O. Box 221, Ellicott Sta., Buffalo, N.Y. 14205.

For that extra sensational climax call Peter. PY 9-0277 and go "up, up and away" (international variety men only).

MALE STUDENT, 21, 5'9", 180 lbs. brown hair and eyes sensitive and shy, interested in theatre and music. Would like to meet same for friend ship. Photo and phone to Box 791 Madison Square Station, NY, NY, 10010. Assures quick response.

Come to Mattachine's All Saints and Sinners Ball on Nov. 1 at 9 in Executive Suite of Hotel Diplomat. Gala live drag-revue go-go boys, trophies, Call 799-0916 or 852-8158.

TWO ATTRACTIVE GUYS need location suitable for discipline pleasure and photography. nWilling to rent for occasional afternoon or evening. Write: R. Michaels, Box 716, Grand Central Sta., N.Y.C. 10017.

LEATHER & SM. Groovy tale of hitchhiker and two S's., by Published author. Send \$2.00 Box 9, 150 Christopher, N.Y., N.Y. 10014. Several Stories, Write for information.

Young artist wants to meet shy type of person for permanent friendship. Give details. Write: Stevens c-o Toro 99 E. 4th St., NYC 10003.

"FOR WOMEN ONLY - 24 yr. old ex-paratrooper and graduate school student wants to offer his escort services to discrete women of any age. \$35.00 per. **DISCRETION A MUST** Drip a note including name and phone no. to: Joe B. Box 426 Van Brunt Station, B'klyn. N.Y. 11215"

Hear my Heart when peril beguiles the flood & chaos deceives the bud
Hear my Heart when hatred experiments with purity & cowardice distorts maturity
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS THE SECOND
Hear my Heart when longing threatens finality & emptiness prevents fatality
Hear my Heart when remorse tempts a monument & distance bewilders an accident
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS THE SECOND
Hear my Heart when the ghost prolongs vibration & day-break wanders into emanation
Hear my Heart when the knife descends with a wave & an edge revives the grave
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS THE SECOND

STRAIGHT, BUT IN FINANCIAL BIND. Beautiful European type boy, youthful figure like David, well endowed, willing to strip for photography, etc. \$25.00 Tel: Charles 254-1560 mornings.

WANTED: Girl, slim, shapely, 18-35, to enjoy better things in life with young, sincere, nice-looking guy who's new in Manhattan and lonely. SR, Box 11, Prince Station, NYC, 10012.

Hear my Heart when waste imprisons the seed & slumber conspires with greed
Hear my Heart when the mask offers formation & the mirror possesses deviation
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS THE SECOND

VERY HANDSOME, educated and well-built **FRENCH SPECIALIST (32, 6', 175lbs)** desires meeting a very attractive type girl or couple who would thoroughly enjoy this culture. Reciprocation not necessary. Anonymity, authenticity and discretion are all assured and encouraged. Please write Michael Blau, 152 West 42nd St. (suite 536) New York, N.Y. 10036.

VERSATILE STOCKY MALE forties wants meet masculine gay guys young to forty who dig unusual scatological way out activities male scene only. Send phone if possible and I guarantee wild time my midtown pad. Show menu first letter. JB, Box 277, Murray Hill Station, New York 10016.

UNINHIBITED SUBMISSIVE TRANSVESTITE (sweet Gwendoline Type) loves bondage discipline, leather, rubber fashions restraining devices-apparatus, would love to serve as slave maid to Dominant Lesbians, Ladies of Scum and other feminine groups or singles, also seek source-supply of realistic foam rubber flesh colored tits-pussy also seek modeling movie assignments free to travel weekends: Jim c-o 4547 No. 19th St. Phila. Pa.

LEATHER subscribe to "What's new in 'A TASTE OF LEATHER' monthly newsletter" 1 yr. \$3., Brochure \$1. (free with subscription). A.T.O.L. Box 5009-EVO San Francisco 94101.

SUPERGRASS TURN-ON. Guaranteed. Just like grass. Cook or smoke it. One lid \$2.00, 3 for \$5.00, 7 for \$10.00. On the Spot, 907 N. Harper, Box 3, Hollywood, Calif. 90046 (dept. C). 100 percent legal.

OHIO - Sincere, warm and affectionate couple, 30-28 attractive, seek young ac-dc girl, no couples, sincere only need write, Photo and means of contact to J & L Box 30212 Cincinnati 45230.

RELAXING MASSAGE - studio or residence. CALL GENE, Tel: 246-3554, 10 AM - 9 PM. LIC. No. M6E000908.

For a relaxing stimulating massage call Jell. Young, handsome and 19. Call after 7 PM on weekdays (weekends, anytime). Will come to your home or apt. \$30.00 per session. Call 835-0044.

BOB & BOB'S RUBS - Young Black-White rubdown duo, working singularly or jointly to rub you the way you like 10 AM - 12 Midnight. Call 724-8185 or 982-4851.

ESCORT SERVICE. Feel lonely?? Meet your companion for any length of time. Men of different nationalities and varieties of experience. 7 days -- **MEN ONLY!** Call BRUNO, SX9-0277.

HER FIRST TIME she did it and we filmed it in Raw Action 8mm B & W film. Full 200 ft. complete show \$10.00 50 ft. preview \$3.00. Sorry no Monors or sample collectors. Director Box 81, NYC 10019 Dept. EVO I.

GROOVY RUB-DOWNS by Tommy (available 24 hrs.) Call: KY 3-2441 at my place or yours.

MEN! CUSTOM MADE BY NORMAN KNIGHT, LTD. 17 East 13th St. 255-7390. Black Leather Jock Strap \$15.00, Zipper Front, only desigh of it's type in the World. NOT sold by mail. Over 300 well-satisfied customers.

AT YOUR SERVICE for the NOW RUB- Ken, Peter, and Grady. For appointment phone 787-4916 Two till Midnight.

UP TIGHT? COOL IT MAN. CLIMAX YOUR DAY WITH A MIND BLOWING MASSAGE BY PIERO BY APPOINTMENT DAILY 10 AM to 10 PM CALL 734-5094 STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.

FOR THE ULTIMATE in massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal. Lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St. between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned. **PAUL FOR RELAXING RUB-DOWN + MEN ONLY 988-0845.**

Get your exciting "HOT LINE" letters answering personal ads placed by girls and couples who want to swing. Speed \$2.00 to **LETTERS, BOX 74513-EO, Hollywood 90004.**

LOVE CLUB Swingers & Swappers. French & Greek Culturists. National Club lists them all. Gals Guys & Couples that do **THEIR THING** - with photos. 1 yrs. Membership \$5.00 Current Issue & Application \$2.00 P.M. Club P.O. Box 68, NYC 10014 Dept. EVO I.

SPREADS And other Things of me and my two roomates I Girl, I Boy. We do our own photo work and will send you the real thing. 12 Group photos of us \$3. Sample 25c, **ADULTS ONLY** Jean Box 139 EVO, 322 West 52nd St. NYC 10019.

JOIN THE SEXUAL UNDERGROUND, wife swapping, group sex, orgies, with pictures, rush \$2.00 to: **ORGIES, Box 48337-EV, Hollywood 90048.**

LETTER WRITERS - Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what other people write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC-DC and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples just released (sent in plain wrapper). **RUSH \$2.00 for: THE LETTER FILE Box 36603-EVO, Hollywood 90036.**

APHRODISIACS - Induce sexual desire in others - **RUSH \$2.00 to: MAGIC, BOX 74818-ev, Hollywood 90004.**

FILMMAKER NEEDS GIRLS for film work. Must have good figure. Excellent pay. Call 989-8751 after 4 PM.

NUDE BOYS & MEN, all types, sizes and shapes. Photo sets, Slides, Movies, Magazines. Get our 32 Page Catalog plus **BIG Sample.** Send \$1. and state in writing you are over 21. **MIKE DIAMOND PRODUCTIONS, 7471 Melrose Ave. Dept-E, Hollywood, California 90046.**

ANNIHILATION, dialectical, nonviolent, infinite. No hawkers, innocent children, well informed intellectualia. Write to Steven Dean, 156 W. 73rd. Hurry, impending funeral otherwise.

"LOOKING FOR SOMETHING SPECIAL?" You'll find it from **ADULT YELLOW PAGES.** Send 35c for 40 page descriptive booklet. **Adults ONLY. COSMIC INTERCHANGE, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.**

INTERESTED in what's available on the **EUROPEAN PHOTOG SCENE?** Send \$1.00 to **UNIQUE.** Dept. EVO, POB 1702, Washington, D.C. 20013. **ADULTS ONLY. MALE, 25, 6' 1", 190lbs,** attractive, and intelligent desires to meet other males and females interested in group marriage. Box 298, No. Baldwin Sta., Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

MECHANICAL SEX TRIP - May we help in your search for the ultimate sex experience? We sell the **VIBRA-SEX.** It's a throbbing woman substitute made of vibrating skin soft rubber. you'll find this and many other mind-blowing devices in our stimulating new catalogue. Adults - send \$1.00 to **TOOL AND SCREW WORKS, P.O. Box 1175, Seattle, Wash. 98111.**

EXTEND, for prolonging the male climax - 5 for \$1.25. **HEAD, COVERS JUST WHAT NAME IMPLIES. 1/4 FOR 3/4 C. FRENCH TICKLERS** 1 for \$1.25, 6 for \$4.00. A sample of all 3, \$2.00. **HAILE, Box 147 A, Bay Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.**

Trip-out with **SUPERHIGH, 100 percent legal.** 20 number lid \$2.00. 3-\$5.00, 7-\$10.00 Guaranteed. Send, today to: **CHRYSSTALLIS, Box 36241-EV, Hollywood 90036.**

SMOKE LEGAL TURN-ONS. Details on preparation, mind-bending efforts and instructions. Rush \$2.00 for your get high guide to: **VIBRATIONS Box 74607-EV, Hollywood 90004.**

I.D. CARDS, birth, reporter, photographer, correspondent, university, highschool, artist, movie director, nurse, karate expert, Sold Blank - 3 for \$1.00 - **HEADLINES, BOX 202, DEPT. 12K, COMMACK, N.Y. 11725.**

TAKE A TRIP - Turn on with the "FAMOUS TRIP-OUT BOOK." Sure-fire formulas to make hash from legal chemicals. Make peyote, DMT, cannabis, LSD, etc. Do it NOW! Send \$2.00 to: **TRIPS UNLIMITED Box 36347-EVO, Hollywood 90036.**

LEGAL GOLD - Turn-on guaranteed. Just like grass, cook or smoke it. \$2.00 lid makes 20 joints, 3 lids - \$5.00, 7 lids - \$10.00. Dealers Wanted - **WINNER, Box 48475-EV, Hollywood 90048.**

MUSCLEMAN MOVIES. Big muscle boys bulge, ripple, flex on film. Incredible physical developments. Project in privacy or as groovy party films. Send \$5.00 for sample film and catalog. Specify 8mm or Super 8. Classic films, Box 45653, Los Angeles, California 90045.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience **WITH OR WITHOUT A PARTNER.** We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices to satisfy your every exotic desire. If 21, send \$2.00 for a beautifully illustrated catalog to: **BACCHUS & CO. P.O. Box 478, Mill Valley California.**

ENIGMA OF HO CHI MINH'S FUNERAL

I am walking down the middle
of Telegraph Avenue Berkeley
in the middle of the surrealist enigma
which is HO CHI MINH'S funeral
Revolution
comes out a third story window
on a record player
Whatever
colors the mind
is a raga
Red Ganges
washes over mine
as water over shallows
When the mode of the music changes
someone throws bathwater out
with a burning baby in it
The people's parade
makes a U turn
and washes up at the door
of the Free Church
where they hang up Ho's portrait
on the Cross with red&black flags
They are passing out red&green flowers
and reading Ho Chi Minh's Prison Poems
from the pulpit
An old friend I never knew very well
comes up & kisses me
waving her new black baby
A black tank trundles by waving its red light
and whining electronically
Back in Genoa Street
Nadja opens the door of her womb
to Philip Lamantia
It is illuminated by a very small light bulb,
neither black nor red
I stand there reading
a counter-revolutionary poem by Yevtushenko
which claims truth is no longer truth
when the Revolution incidentally
sets fire to a loved one's roof
At the corner of Grant & Filbert
Another Nadja named Natasha Nevsky
comes to bid me a red-eyed goodbye
on her way home to a bed
in the home town of Dostoevsky
I join the parade again
in my red Volkswagon tepee
A very small party of poets joins me
The photo of Ho seems to be saying ho-ho
enigmatically
Waving a small black flag which turns red subsequently
I run over my family
accidentally

IT'S LIKE UH WHITE ONION FLESHED
PUMPKIN TINY BLACK EYES 'n ROUND
PAPER HAIRS LAUGHING WHITE
COLLARS THAT WAVE LIKE JOKERS
MINCED MUTED IN THE HUFFING DRY
MORNING WIND THAT JINGLED LIKE FISHBONES
THE BLACK FELT LOAM SEEPED HUNGRILY
'n THE WAXY PEPPER STONES PUFFED GREEN
TONGUED CACTUS WITHERED HAT THORNY
FLOWERS SEEPED LAZY IN THEIR THIRST
SEARCHING IN THEIR PROTECTED NAKEDNESS
IN THE BOTTOM OF ARIZONA'S NAKEDNESS
IN THE BOTTOM OF ARIZONA'S OCEAN
THE SUN STROKED THE GRAY FLESHED
DRUNK CURTAINS 'n UH LIZARD FLIPPED
OFF LIKE UH STAR OF SCALES 'n FUKED UH FLY
OF UH YOKE YELLOW THROATY CHIRP
UH SENSELESS DUST DEVIL BUCKED
THE BRUSH DEBRIS CHIMNEY SCARING
INVISIBLE WATERFALLS 'n DRENCHED THE
STILL MIRROR UH JOSHUA GRATED 'n
DANCED UH CROW ON EACH HAND FINGER
ITS GREEN STRAW HAT TIPPED OFF BALANCE
'n WEBLIKE 'n SPOKEN MYTH WHISPERS
DESERTED LADY BEAUTIFUL BARE
UH KANGAROO RAT SWALLOWED ITS
COTTON NEST FROM UH FEATHERED
SHADOW JERKING
HER FACE TATOOED WITH LIFE FOREVER
UH PICKET FENCE POKED THE WET MORNING
ARROW 'n RAN AROUND UH TREE
SHE GREW OLD WHILE SHE WAS YOUNG
SO SHE COULD BE YOUNG THE REST OF HER LIFE
PURPLE MOUNDING DANCES
DOPED INSTUNNED MIRAGES

— Ferlinghetti 5 Sept 69

Robert Rauschenberg

