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THE EAST VILLAGE



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HIRAP

UNITED STATE PEOPLES COURT

THE PEOPLE

-vs-

RICHARD M. NIXON)
SPIRO T. AGNEW)
JOHN NEWTON MITCHELL)

No. 69

Violation: Title 18,
United States Code
Sections 371, 231 (a)
(1) and 2101

THE NOVEMBER PETITE JURY charges:

1. Beginning on or about Jan. 15, 1969, and continuing through on or about Nov. 15, 1969, in the United States Of America, and elsewhere, these defendants herein, unlawfully, wilfully and knowingly did combine, conspire, confederate and agree together and with

Julius J. Hoffman
J. Edgar Hoover
The Republican National Committee
Committee For A Responsible Patriotism
Young Americans For Freedom
The National Guard
Veterans Of Foreign Wars
The Jewish Defense League
District Of Columbia Police Department

being co-conspirators not named as defendants herein, and with divers other persons, some known and others unknown to the Grand Jury, to commit offenses against the people of the United States, that is:

a. to use the facilities of interstate communications with the intent to incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in, and carry on a riot and to commit acts of violence in furtherance of a riot, and to aid and abet persons in inciting, participating in, and carrying on a riot, and during the course of such use, and thereafter, to perform overt acts for the purpose of inciting, organizing, promoting, encouraging, participating in, and carrying on a riot, and committing acts of violence in furtherance of a riot, and aiding and abetting persons in inciting, participating in, and carrying out a riot, and committing acts of violence in furtherance of a riot, in violation of Section 2101 of Title 18, United States Code; and

b. to teach and demonstrate to other persons the use, application, and making of incendiary speeches, knowing, having reason to know, and intending that said incendiary bullshit would be unlawfully employed for use in and furtherance of civil disorders may obstruct, delay, and adversely affect life and the movement of persons in the United States, in violation of Section 231 (a) (1) of Title 18, United States Code; and

2. It was a part of said conspiracy that from on or about Jan. 15, 1969, through on or about Nov. 15, 1969, the defendants and other co-conspirators not named as defendants herein, did organize and attend various meetings, did perform and cause to perform television speeches, and did make and cause to be made numerous radio speeches for the purpose of discouraging persons to come to Washington, D.C., to participate in massive demonstrations on Nov. 13, 14 and 15.

3. It was a further part of said conspiracy that from on or about Oct. 15, 1969, through Nov. 15, 1969, the defendants and other co-conspirators did conduct training sessions in which instructions would be given in such techniques as skull-cracking, macing, bayonetting, shooting, stomping, spitting upon, groin-kicking and otherwise defiling the dignity of free men.

4. It was further part of said conspiracy that a large number of humanoid pigs would be concentrated in, around, and within the peaceful demonstration against the War In Vietnam taking place in Washington, for the sole purpose of promoting and bringing about a phony, contrived, and premeditated confrontation between said peaceful demonstrators and assorted Law And Order wienerschnitzels placed in the vicinity of the Department Of Injustice for the sole purpose of creating a bloody nuisance in order to assure the continuation of the War In Vietnam and the furtherance of fascistic fetishistic behaviour by the Conspirators

5. It was a further part of said conspiracy that the defendants and co-conspirators would misrepresent, conceal and hide and cause to be misrepresented, concealed and hidden, the purpose of and the acts done in furtherance of said conspiracy.

OVERT ACTS

1. On or about November 4, RICHARD MILHOUSE NIXON spoke to a Silent Majority over national radio, and did use the words 'defeat' and 'North Vietnam cannot humiliate or defeat America; only Americans can do that.'

2. On or about Oct. 16, SPIRO TEEB AGNEW spoke and performed on national television the words 'mass masochism,' 'effete intellectuals,' and 'impudent snobs'.

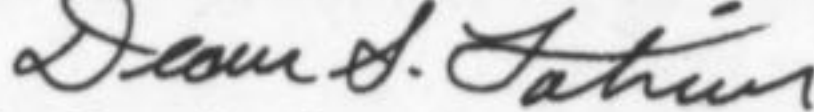
3. On or about Oct. 31, SPIRO TEEB AGNEW did pull the same scene, and speak the words 'parasites of passion' and 'ideological eunuchs'.

4. On or about Oct. 20, R. JOHN NEWTON MITCHELL before the people's press did use the words, 'They are more than snobs; they are active militants who want to destroy some of the processes of government and the institutions of government.'

Deposed by the Damned Old Depositor,



Signed and Sworn before me this day Nov. 10,



My Commission Is Fresh As a Baby's Ass. This Is A True Writ

JAAKOV KOHN
JOEL FABRIKANT
ALLAN KATZMAN
ARTHUR FELDMAN
FLICKA DE MOID
D.A. LATIMER
DAVID WALLEY
IRVING SHUSHNICK
CLAUDIA DREIFUS
ALEX GROSS
LITA ELJSCU
DON KATZMAN
LIL PICARD
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ (SPAIN)
AL SHENKER
KIM DEITCH
HETTY
R. CRUMB
STEPHEN KOHN
ARTHUR
RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN
LORDAN

GILBERT SHELTON (CHICKEN HISTORIAN)
PAUL ZAK ZAVORSKAS
CANDY S. CORNFLOWER
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PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
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NORTH: THE KID

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MARIO A. PROCACCINO

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN!



TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE ELECTIONS by David Walley.

Politics-it's a game the whole family can play, a game which any family can play, rich, poor, uptight middleclass, or patrician ... absolutely anyone. Right, anyone can run for office in a city of 8 million people. You can have a recent immigrant who by dint of working with the people's machine, the Democratic Party, became a judge, 'educator,' and even a comptroller (but a comptroller so inept that he can only manage to get a return from his pension investment capital of only 1 percent when a bank offers 4 percent), and finally, you can have a quiet-spoken, hidden intellectual, upstateconnected politician whose platform is the Ceasarian dictum, "Make haste slowly". Three men, three styles - the hip aristocrat, the phony media-populist, the upright conservative - all together on election night along with their camp followers to wait for the anonymous levers to be uppled in anonymous polling places. They all wait to see whether the barage of campaign rhetoric will carry the message at the righteous time when Man is confronted with a machine which gives him the illusion of being part of the democratic process.

Election night, a combination of the Senior prom, the Academy Awards, and This is Your Life, rolled into Manhattan on an overcast evening. The Candidates had chosen their fortresses with care; each location mirrored the occupants political style. Procaccino was ensconced for the evening (as he was for the whole campaign) in the Commodore Hotel, 42nd and Lexington. The Commodore has been the scene of many negotiations between labor and management - a scene of many conventions and failed conventioners. The ghost of Willy Loman still haunts the floors (though I suspect that

Willy never made it to Manhattan). The victory celebration for Mario the Magnificent took place in the Windsor Ballroom, an uppermiddleclass Bar Mitzva hall, replete with funny phony Greek parthenon curleques on the ceiling. Along one side of the hall were camera platforms fronted by a raised dias. Pictures of the candidates, Smith, Beame and Procaccino stared down - plastic smiles which silently said, "Welcome to Dachau, freak."

Procaccino people look like perennial wedding guests who crop up at any gathering. You can fill in your own relative types. The crowd was fortiesh - women were dressed in cocktail dress and spike heels, the type of clothes that went out of fashion five years ago. The young people were crewcutted and transparently lowermiddle class, the chicks were carbon copies of their mothers - bubble haircuts et al. (There was absolutely no one there whom I would have even wanted to ball). Tsk. Tsk. The reasonably hip-looking ones were press, but they melted into the crowd as is their professional occupation. Security people for the Proc wore silver stars and looked like your friendly neighborhood bricklayers. In fact, the whole atmosphere has reminded me of a family gathering, you know which Family. It was definitely an unfriendly place for one dressed in East Village attire - workshirt, jeans, boots, and leather fringe jacket...conspicuous what? (Late in the evening, since I was so recognizable, one of the policemen said, "Look at him (me), when he's not smiling, you know we're doing well." They weren't, and I was amused.) But on with the show.

As the Commodore headquarters was for the ++People's Candidate", so were the Lindsay headquarters on 5th and 52nd truly Lindsay. In

case you haven't been up in that area of Fifth Avenue, you're in for a treat. The big money is there: RCA, Rockefeller Center, Museum of Modern Art, General Motors, the Plaza, Gucci's, ... and Lindsay. Not to say that big money made Lindsay, money is the name of the game like anywhere else. The gathering itself resembled a combination NYU mixer-fraternity smoker blown to grotesque proportions - tweedy girls with Lindsay buttons, cats with longish (fashionably long) hair ... the Neat-and-Clean-for-Gene variety of political activists. They inhabited every nook of the main floor. Empty beer cans were in evidence - thank god for something cold to drink. Neither Procaccino nor Marchi had anything to drink ... for free that is. Overheard could be remarks more in keeping with the social nature of the event. Random pick-up lines interspersed with queries about the Candidate's progress. No spikeheel goldlame eyemakeup syndrome here, clunky shoes miniskirts and pantihose - a cleaner plastic scene, but antiseptic nevertheless.

The crush at Lindsay's headquarters started early in the evening. From 10 on it grew to gigantic proportions. In the middle of the hall television cameras on raised platforms overlooked the stage and gave the place an air of the Colosseum, though neither Christians nor Lions were present. There was no band playing campaign favorites. Apparently, the sound of victory, McLuhan style, was enough music in itself to keep things moving along. As the tallies came in, the good-natured crowd became more effusive, beer was spilled. Everyone was going home - the threat of a joyless New York had been overcome by a coalition of concerned Democrats, Republicans, and Liberals. There were no out-and-out freaks here either, no one who remotely

looked as if they knew what theater it all was.

I would rather have been stoned at home than crushed here, but there is something to be said for ass-grabbing at a social function. (Latimer would probably have taken better advantage of such a tight situation). Lindsay headquarters were predictably, youthfully, plastically chaotic. There were, however, other places to go on this magical night. Marchi headquarters were over in the Holiday Inn (57th between 9th and 10th). The scene there was less cheerful, more tragic, and much more human. That would be the logical place to go after Lindsay's Lauders had good-cheered themselves to another term at City Hall.

The Holiday Inn is one of those places where people go when they want to be cut off from New York City and remain in limbo. The district borders on the upper reaches of the Hell's Kitchen area, not quite upperwestside, not quite Chelsea. It is a world all to itself. One walks in off the street and New York fades away. Carpets, chrome, and glass greet the arrant reporter. Little commotion in the ballroom now except the normal amount of broadcasting hardware, kleg lights, radio reporters, and cynical television commentators. An air of defeat permeates the gathering. The crowd is dressed in strong middleclass attire, suits, ties, conventional McCall's clothing. There is a sprinkling of collegiates but of the Young Americans for Freedom variety. Everyone is concerned. Everyone is struck by the meaningfulness of the Marchi campaign, everyone is enthralled by the idea that the mayoral race in the Republican party was left to the conservative party because the big boys were fighting for control of the big corporate pie known as New York City.

Hell, Marchi didn't have a ghost

of a chance. His function was to split up the Democratic vote and cut into the major candidates' electoral margins. He did just that. Procaccino in his concession address was to reiterate that. Marchi's concession speech was a bit different. He came onstage to the accompaniment of "Happy Days are Here Again." He had nothing to lose and everything to gain by running in this campaign. His defeat enhanced his chances for obtaining a shot at the senatorial seat held by a Rockefeller appointee, Charles Goodell. Marchi, looking tanned and tired smiled excessively for and at the cameras. He spoke about Conservatism as the only way the United States could work with radical change. (I looked at the assembled multitudes, perhaps 500 counting press, and saw the gleam in their eyes as vision of Yuppies working on construction gangs danced in their heads.)

Marchi spoke about getting everyone together to run the city (lame cheers). His speech was cut by shouts of "Marchi for Senator" - the normal campaign fare for a failed candidate. He knew he had lost from the very beginning, but was more concerned about the future of the Conservative Party. He didn't resort to political innuendo as his colleague Procaccino because it was never necessary. He was supremely beautiful at the Times debate because he goofed on the whole proceedings, laughed at the other candidates and their political rhetoric meant for the unseen voter, and jeered back at they cynical political reporters who were waiting to draw their beads on any shred of humanity left after the gruelling campaign. Marchi knew the unreality of the whole thing, but that would never make him mayor. He needed some political savvy, and for all his honest intellectuality (well-

(Continued on Page 14)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

It has been a very good month for demonstrations until now. A peaceful demonstration took place at Fort Bragg, only gas was used at Fort Dix, but no arrests until now. 36 members of the American Servicemen's Union, while holding a quiet meeting in the Cascadian Service Club, were arrested and held incommunicado for up to 6 hours. One of the individuals arrested was a civilian, a lawyer. Jim Vonasch is his name. Here is what he has to say: "The group gathered to discuss enlisted men's grievances, the organization of a servicemen's union and the continued printing of their newspaper FED UP. In my opinion, nothing illegal was said or done. The Army ordered the meeting broken up for harassment purposes only. They had no specific charge in mind when the arrests were made and still don't as far as I can tell. The soldiers were detained behind bars from 3 to 6 hours without any advise of their rights and are still restricted to their company areas. They are still being harassed with questions in an attempt to find something to charge them with. The question here is whether or not the Army has the right to tell GIs that they have no right to discuss their rights and grievances."

Another civilian captured was Andy Stapp, chairman of the American Servicemen's Union. Upon being released, Andy has this to say: "When crooks like Sergeant Major of the Army William Wooldridge and General Turner stole millions of dollars of enlisted men's money from service clubs in the states, Vietnam, and Germany, they went unpunished. When rank and file enlisted men met at Fort Lewis to discuss their right to organize the American Servicemen's Union they were arrested. It is not hard to see that there are two types of justice: One for Officers and the other for enlisted men."

THE SHELTER HALF

Just like the Coffee House at Fort Dix, "The Shelter Half" is the escape for the Fort Lewis soldier. The Shelter Half is a non profit organization that has been taking on the burden of rallying a defense fund for GIs persecuted by the self appointed gods of the Army. They are presently in desperate need of money and have asked me to relay their plea to the people of New York via the East Village Other. Checks or money orders should be made out to: The American Servicemen's Union Defense Fund, Box 244, Tacoma, Washington 98409. GI POWER

HAVE MERCY ON THE GI

Now is the time to stop all the ridiculous and absurd atrocities being committed against us. If we are forced to serve in the Armed Forces, at least protect us from the pultrons that hide behind bars and stripes. We as civilians can and must help the oppressed soldiers. The next time you hear of a planned demonstration backing GIs, go and march. When GIs get together and open a Coffee House, donate your time and money if you possibly can. Most of all, back anyone running for office who promises to do away with the Stockade system, because without stockades there would never be a Vietnam! Yours in Peace, U.S.

LETTERS

Dear EVO,

Federal District Judge, J. J. Hoffman's decaying interpretation of American justice has shown itself morally degrading and has not only retarded the struggle for equality, but in fact, may be a direct cause of any future violent uprisings in the U.S., NOTING THE FAILURE OF COMMUNICATION THAT EXISTS IN Mr. Hoffman's courtroom. \$s Bobby Seale is a Black Panther Leader; Hoffman is a white U. S. Federal District Judge. Mr. Seale asks for the right of defending himself or at least choice of trial attorney. Mr. Hoffman showing signs of strain, chained gagged and later

sentenced him to four years in prison for contempt of court. Justice is not only blind, but deaf and dumb to boot. In the past, many defendants who were on trial for various charges, some of a much more serious nature, (James E. Ray, Sirhan Sirhan, etc.) showed some form of protest, whether it be in strong language or in strong action. Yet no one has ever been chained and gagged in court before. Are we reliving medieval times and punishment again? If so, shall we install a whipping post in our courts to be used on the public whenever deemed necessary?

Besides all mentioned, Mr. Seale is 34; Mr. Hoffman is 74. Is there a generation gap? I think it's more than that. Being 74 is not a critical age for most, but shouldn't there be a retirement age, especially for people who will have to make critical and crucial decisions. How many men have suffered at Hoffman's bench during the early years of his reign? How many more in the latter? Are we really making progress, or is two steps forward and three steps back? Shall we as a people stand idly by and condone such barbarism? Is this the form of democracy we offer the rest of the world, or are we experiencing the law of diminishing returns? The chaining and gagging of a defendant by a Federal Judge in a so called court of equal rights and laws is criminal and degrading. Mr. J. J. Hoffman should be put on trial for his crime against us all and especially Mr. Seale...

A. R. Petrocelli

Dear EVO-

Just wanted to let you in on how your coverage of John Sinclair's political bust-by Ed Sanders especially--has changed the place I work, and me. It's a large corporation in the garment district, it has a lot of black people and PR's in the shipping department and the personnel gets more and more white as you get to the front office. Of course, everything's interconnected with memos and intercoms--a real Big Brother setup. The only thing is, nobody really monitors the operation, which leaves it wide open to all kinds of subterfuge.

Now, I was just an ordinary shmuk until a while ago. I'd read EVO for quite a while, but I never really got fired up until I read what was going down with Sinclair. Oh, I smoked grass--who doesn't? But when they locked Sinclair up for ten years for two lousy joints, something just snapped. Now I just don't give a damn, because if they did that to somebody like Sinclair then FUCK them -- I'll do everything I can to bring them down in flames.

We have a Xerox machine here at work that can run off fifty copies of anything in the space of a TV commercial. And you know what? You can put up just ANY damn poster on the bulletin boards here and NOBODY will take them down, because nobody knows who put them up. You have to have authorization to take them down, see, but if nobody knows you're putting them up, well, fuck authorization. So we now have posters about the Chicago Eight, Dixie Haynesworth, the Black Panthers, Mario Proccacino, you name it. I just wish I knew some Spanish, I could put up some Puerto Rican Power posters.

We have an intercom system that anyone can operate, all you have to do is find one where nobody can see you using it. So when the Mets were playing the last game of the World Series, and it was being broadcast over the PA system to all departments, a voice came over right at the end of the game saying, "if the Mets can win the World Series, then we can get out of Viet Nam." You should have heard the cheers.

I think it's starting to work.

Peace and Freedom
Former Shmuk

More Comix Conversation

Dear EVO--I'd like to hear more of that brilliant bullshit session--quick already! DA Latimer better be right about ahat second tape being better than the first. It should be made into a play! Has EVO ever printed underground comix by its readers?

So Cyarcrick
Brooklyn

ED: All our underground comix artists read EVO. What else IS there, for goodness sake!

Slave to Marijuana

Dear EVO--First it was pills. One day after school the girl I was walking home from school reached into her purse, pulled out a handful of "bennies", and offered one to me. Like a fool, just to be "one of the crowd", I accepted it. Before I knew it, I was hooked. I would beg, lie, borrow, steal for more bennies.

Then it was "skag". When bennies had destroyed my health and I was so skinny you couldn't see me from the side, the girl I was hitchhiking across the country with reached into her purse, pulled out a needle and offered me a "hit". Like a fool, just to look "hip and with it", I accepted. Before I knew it, I was hooked. I would beg, borrow, steal for more skag.

Finally I graduated to "booze". One day after work, the girl who lived in the apartment below me reached into her purse, pulled out a bottle, and offered me a "swig". Like a fool, just to seem "suave and sophisticated", I accepted. Before I knew it, I was hooked on juice. I would beg, lie, borrow, steal just to get more alcohol.

Then it happened. One day between classes at college, the girl who was helping me dissect my biology frog reached into her blouse and offered me a joint. As usual, hoping to be "accepted" by the "In crowd", I accepted. We torched up, smoked it down, and--before I knew it, I was getting laid for the first time in my life. At last a USE had been found for GIRLS!

Now I'm lost. Life is just one long round of fucking, sucking, cornholing and dope-smoking. EVO, I need your help. Where did I go wrong?
Compulsive Charles
Cooper Union

ED--It's not clear. We need more information. Tell us, did you hate your mother very much?

Dear EVO,

Why don't single swinging women the world over unite in a love revolt that may stop warfare, social diseases and over populations?

Women, with full hygienic approval, may keep single males too happy with lovin' and exchanging lovers to want to fight or get married.

With so much fun outside of marriage what woman eager for nightly honeymoons would willfully throw it all overboard?

What virile male would quit lovin' a bevy of male-crazy women for a marriage contract or to fight a war?

Cordially,

Joan J. Senog
Holden, Mass.

NEWS

PERU: STILL MOVING LEFT
by NACLA

LIMA, Peru (LNS-NACLA)--Developments in Peru since the takeover by a military junta a year ago are continuing to surprise political experts. The new regime expropriated the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Corp., and initiated a massive agrarian reform program.

Now, on the first anniversary of the coup, President Velasco has indicated that Peru's nationalist "revolution" will continue moving leftward. In speeches to the peasants of Talara and Piura, Velasco warned of "difficult days" ahead, knowing full well that by openly defying the United States, the arrival of those days is assured.

The Peruvian oligarchy, for its part, has hoped that by expressing a lack of confidence in the "investment atmosphere," the ruling junta would be induced to follow a course more amenable to elite interests. Velasco, however, has shattered whatever lingering hopes they may have; in his Oct. 3 speech, he declared that there would be no return to constitutional rule until the power of the oligarchy was broken.

Velasco is not, however, talking about socialist revolution. The government, he said, supports private investment for economic development, with respect for both "the fair expectations of capital and the legitimate rights of the workers."

MORE OIL DRAINAGE FOR LATIN AMERICA
by NACLA

NEW YORK (LNS-NACLA)--Texaco Inc. and the Gulf Oil Corporation announced last month that they would construct a second trans-Andean pipeline to transport oil from the newly opened Amazon Basin oilfields in northern Ecuador to the port of Esmeraldas, 320 miles away. The two companies already operate a 193-mile pipeline from the Amazon Putumayo Basin to the Colombian port of Tumaco. The Amazon Basin oilfields are considered among the richest in Latin America; when the second pipeline is completed in 1972, the two lines will have a combined capacity of 400,000 barrels a day.

Meanwhile, Gulf's operations in Bolivia were nationalized by the new government of General Ovando, who declared that the country was "tired of being cheated and fleeced" by international blackmail. Gulf Oil has invested over \$140 million in Bolivia since it began operations there in 1955; the Bolivian fields produce 32,000 barrels of crude oil a day, accounting for one percent of the company's worldwide output.

GEOLOGIST QUILTS MOON PROGRAM

PASADENA, California (LNS)--A leading geologist is quitting the moon program because he believes the moon exploration going on now could have been done three or four years ago at one-fifth the cost with unmanned flights.

Eugene Shoemaker, who is principal investigator of field geology for the Apollo program, is one of several scientists to leave Apollo in recent months.

Many scientists have implicitly pointed out that the whole Apollo mission is less a scientific achievement than it is a public relations mission for the American way of life.

FT. DIX COFFEEHOUSE FACES EVICTION

WRIGHTSTOWN (LNS)--The GI movement at FT. DIX is the largest and most advanced in the country, and this is due partly to the Coffeehouse for GIs in Wrightstown. The organizing efforts of the Coffeehouse bring hundreds of GIs every week to relax, listen to music and talk about fighting imperialism, and the pulled off the first demonstration where thousands of civilians invaded an Army base last Oct. 12.

These successes, however, have resulted in an eviction notice for Nov. 25. The sight of 10,000 people marching up their main street, and the spectre of rebellious GIs and future demonstrations, led the businessmen of the town to coerce the landlord to evict the Coffeehouse people.

The Coffeehouse is fighting the eviction in court; their case is being taken by the Emergency Civil Liberties Union.

BIOLOGICAL BULLETS

WASHINGTON (LNS)--In typical Defense Dept. fashion, news has finally gotten out four years late about the Army's stockpile of poison bullets. According to the New York Times, the Army produced and stockpiled over 20,000 bullets containing Botulinum at the Pine Bluff Arsenal in Arkansas in 1965.

Botulism, the disease produced by the toxin Botulinum, is a highly fatal disease of the nervous system. It is virtually impossible to cure and takes effect in 12 to 72 hours. The Times indicates that the bullets are probably for assassinations -- a person would only have to be nicked by a bullet and he would probably die of botulism.

The Army swears up and down that its chemical-biological weapons are only stockpiled and not in use anywhere, but there are reports that they are using chemical defoliants and nausea gas in Vietnam (nausea gas can produce fatal vomiting and diarrhea).

HOFFMAN VS. SEALE



/HOFFMAN - SEALE

/Judge Hoffman: You sabotaged the functioning of the Federal Judicial system.

/Bobby Seale: That's a lie. I stood up and defended myself.

/JH: you are making it very difficult for me, Mr. Seale.

/BS: You are making it very difficult for me, Judge Hoffman.

/JH: You are guilty of violent behaviour.

/BS: That's a lie, I never attacked anyone, I never struck anyone and you know it.

/(Judge sentencing Bobby to four years on 16 charges of contempt)

/JH: I shall now hear from you, Mr. Seale

/BS: How come I can speak now if I couldn't before?

/JH: This is a special occasion.

/BS: What kind of crap is this? All this time I ask to speak in behalf of my constitutional rights and you won't let me. Now, after reading all this stuff into the record you say I can speak. Is this a court? It must be a fascist operation.

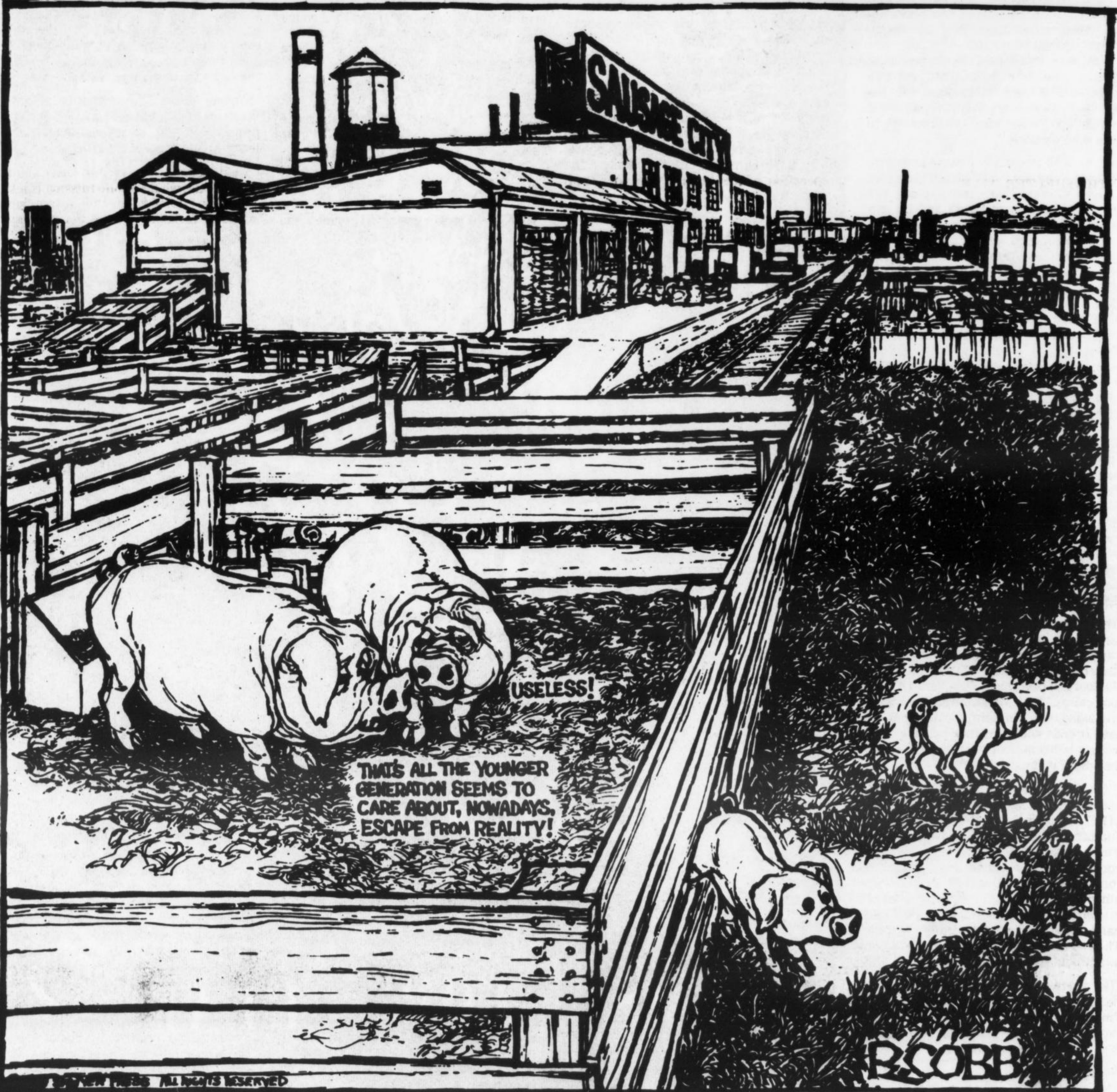
/JH: The law requires that I let you speak for yourself now but you can speak only on the issues raised in this contempt citation.

/BS: I have nothing to say about that. You punish black people all your life. - They say you own factories that make things to kill people in Vietnam. Ha, I have nothing to say about that. I just want to defend myself. I am not in contempt of court. I know that I, as a human being, have a right to stand up in court and ask for my constitutional rights...I'll ask for my rights as a black man living in the scope of racist, decadent America.

/JH: If you are addressing me, sir, you will have to stand.

/BS: You have been telling me to sit down all this time, now you tell me I got to stand up. Enough of this. I've got my suit to deal with. I am suing you. It's going to a higher court and we'll see what happens there - if it's possible to get justice anywhere in America.

/END OF DIALOGUE.



(you may not believe this but ...)

Wonder of wonder of wonders. The devil's advocate of villainous American commercialism, the masters of hype and monsters of mind bending...advertising may be the salvation of us all.

If you all had a-listened to what mother McLuhan said...accelerate something, even something not altogether praiseworthy, and it will pop into a whole new level of wonderful consequences. Smiley smiles, smiley smiles, soon we'll see for miles and miles.

So there I was, last night, flipping among the homogeneous channels to see if Lindsay was getting the pork, or if the pigs were getting John (...he worked hard and got it down, be thankful for perdition avoided) and I came upon this Marlboro commercial.

It's no news that commercials can be pretty groovy experiences (especially tv itself gets worse and worse). They are made with superfine equipment, talent and have that uncompromising drive to communicate to you. A regular movie would end up costing 60 million dollars if the same amount of money per minute were spent on it as on the cream of the advertising films.

It's also no news that Madison Avenue has been cashing in very heavily on the psychedelic turn-on, I mean, even general tires sells its latest (bullshit) model treads with a lightshow. And cigarette advertising in general has had a certain secondary level which you can relate to. The scenes which accompany the slogan "What a good time for a Kent" are exactly the moments that make you think "what a good time for a joint" and I've always had a certain fondness for the covertly revolutionary implications of "If you light up (he, he) after breakfast try to get to work on time."

Yes, back to the story. I came upon this Marlboro commercial about halfway through. Camera pans away from the herd to a close up of rough and tumble cowboy's hands holding a match. He strikes the match which flares up and glows. Music softens and the "voice" says, "But today, things are very different" and as he says it the camera follows the match up toward the mouth where...(are you ready, are you really ready) snugly slipped between those cowboy lips is a long, smooth, skinny, fantastically well rolled...yep, a joint. One quarter of a second is all you get to see it when, wham, jump cut to a slightly longer shot of cowboy with Marlboro.

Well, since I've been coming on for some time now about "groovy" tv commercials, when I managed to communicate this experience to my next of kin, happily rubbing skin cream into her pregnant belly in the next room, she though, there he goes again, hallucinating in the living room. But it's true, it's true, and it's all so new...I see changes, changes, all around me are changes (Jefferson Airplane said that).

This morning, a humble servant in the gardens of truth...without any hassle I was put through to the director of creative advertising at Philip Morris (to which Marlboro appertains). "Oh, yes. That is a spot called 'Trail Drive', which contrasts life along the Chissolm Trail, then and now. It ends with a cowboy herding cattle from a helicopter. That cigarette is how they did it in the old days."

"Oh, but in light of what's going with young people...in light of the cover of LIFE magazine last week, isn't there another implication?" A pause, a laugh, a warm reply "No, I don't think so. That commercial was filmed last spring. It is something unintentional if there is any other implication." Yeah, what a magnificent unintentionality. I've seen hand rolled cigarettes of straight tobacco. They're fat, a little lumpy and don't have nicely pointed ends.

But see for yourselves "Trail Drive" will be shown again this week, November 13th, Jim Nabor's hours, Channel 2; November 19th, CBS News, 7 o'clock; November 22nd, Greenacres, Channel 2.

Happy viewing.

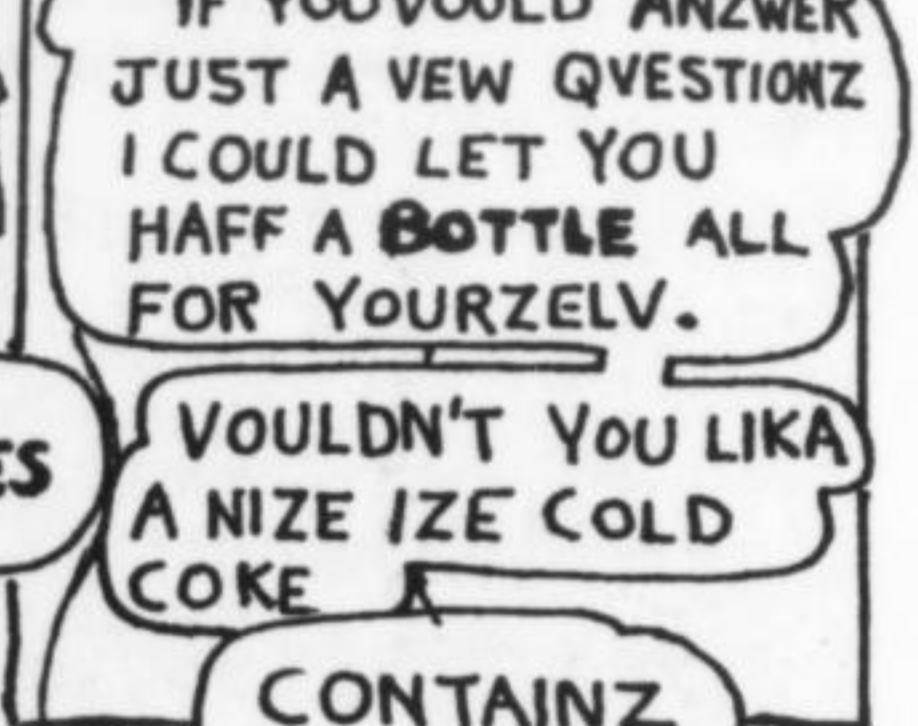
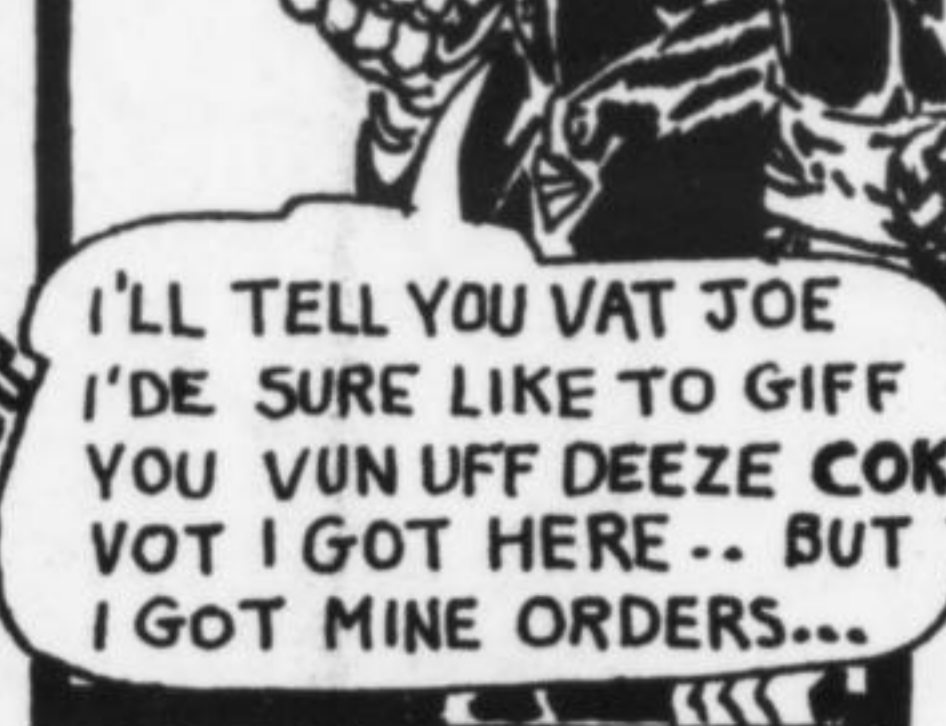
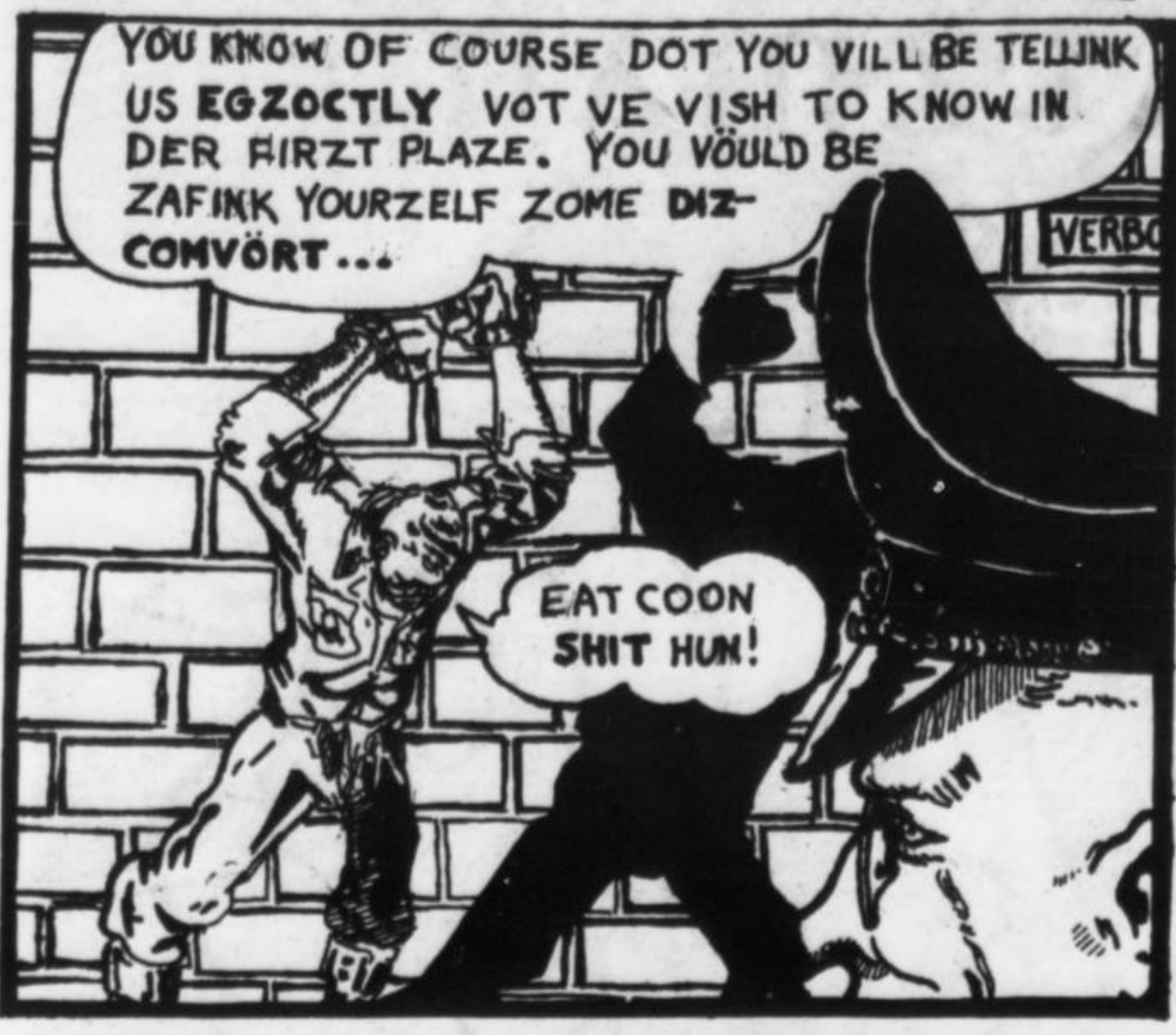


MARLBORO COUNTRY
IS FOR REAL

By James Lichtenberg

FUNNY NAZIS

© 1969
A. SHENKER



I grow young slowly. It is endemic to my condition as it is to others to cheat old age of its potential. What makes a man take life so seriously that he's ready to sever his relationship with it without a moments hesitation?

Marshall Bloom died last friday at the age of 25, suicided by carbon monoxide. He was found in a garage in Leverett, Mass., not far from the communal farm he had retreated to after his bout with the incongruities of city living.

Marshall was a mover and doer in the field of Underground journalism. In August of 67, along with one of his cohorts, Ray Mungo, he created out of his own need, as well as the needs of others, the Liberation News Service.

In October of the same year, in Washington D.C., a day before the march on the Pentagon, Marshall and I managed to convince underground newspapers to join with the newly formed press service. It was a big step forward for an alternate press in America.

Though the relationship began advantageously, Marshall began to feel that the alternate society which LNS was to report on had a better chance of flourishing in the country rather than the city.

It was this change of center and mind which antagonized the more political members of LNS to split off from Marshall's purpose and create a second LNS. After a short period of time, Marshall's own service began to peter out and he soon found himself living his own lifestyle rather than reporting on it.

Friends and acquaintances were puzzled by his suicide. No less than I when the N.Y. Times called to tell me of his death. I'm sure Marshall would have even been more puzzled if he could have read how much they misquoted me in their report on his demise.

Being involved with the newspaper media for most of his life, Marshall's depression over the evident inaccuracies of life led him to leap into eternity where misquotes could never stray; a place where I'm sure the N.Y. Times is barred entry, and where "All the News That's Fit to Print" has been co-opted by the Truth.

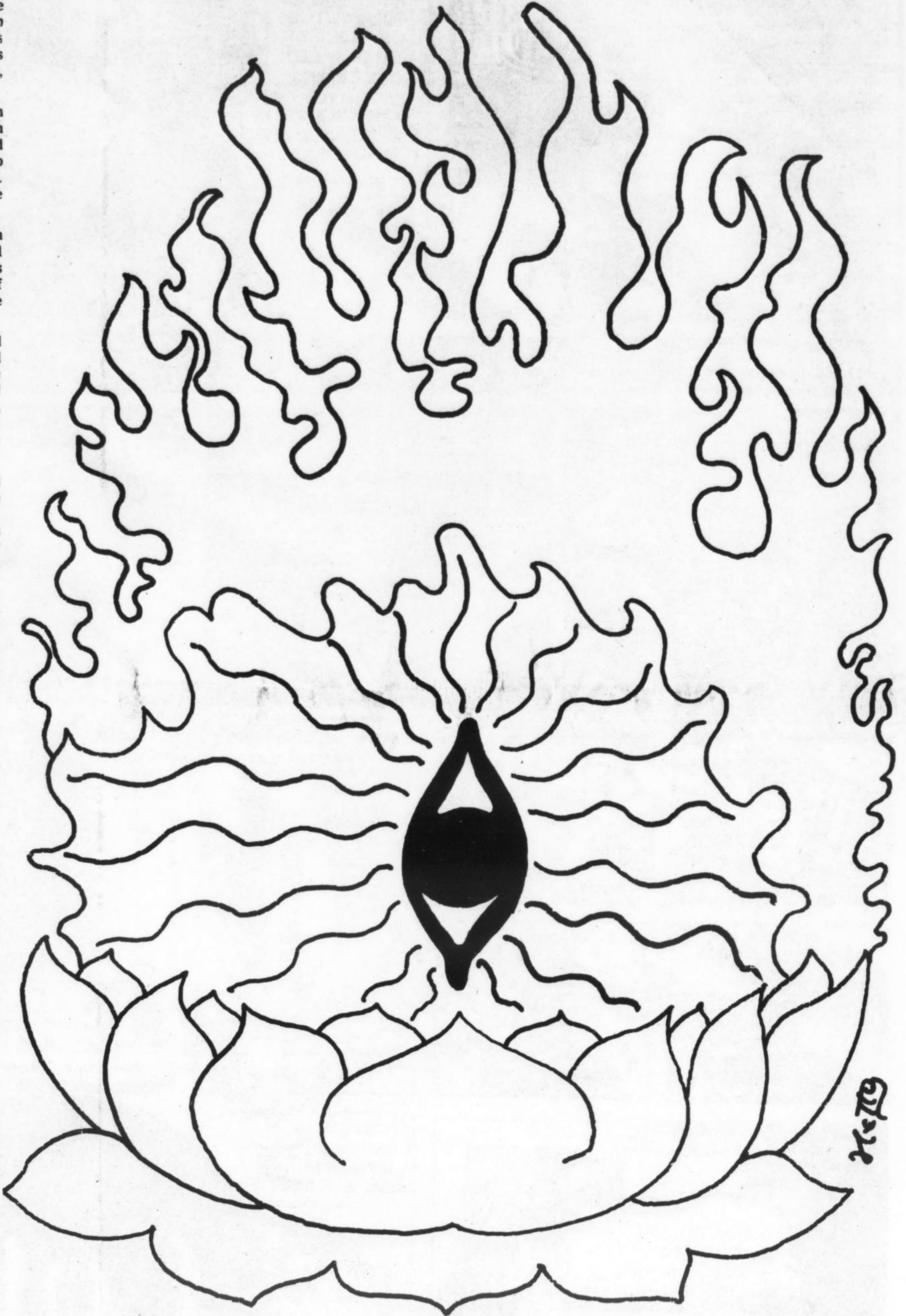
It is encemic to the newspaper medium itself that once events are put into print they become exaggerated, especially when they are surrounded by the mosaic mystery of reportage. It is no less an exaggeration that Marshall should have seen fit to take his own life.

The N.Y. Times reported that everyone who knew Marshall felt the reasons for the taking of his own life were a mystery. But the reasons become clearer once his obituary was in print and juxtaposed next to the events of the day.

Newspapers are prophecy when totally taken into the bloodstream. Marshall's suicide falls into perspective when one reads the news from cover to cover. He was more than just personally involved in his own confusion and depression. His self annihilation was a sacrifice to the growing death of Democracy in America.

It is this growing repression in America today that Marshall's negation of himself seems to presage. The polarization of America is complete as is the history of one Marshall Bloom. The America he knew is over and the America about to be born begins once again, with blood on its hands. "History," as I stated a year ago in a speech on that eventful day, October 1967, in Washington D.C. when UPS joined forces with LNS, "has a knife at our throats pushing us towards the inevitable in the name of Peace and Love."

poor paranoid's
almanac
allan katzman



the Sangsara is no more than one's own thought.
with effort one should therefore
cleanse the thought.
what one thinketh, that doth one become.
this is the eternal mystery

THOSE FABULOUS FURRY Freak BROTHERS



HEY, WHADDAYA SAY WE ALL GO DOWN TO WASHINGTON FOR THE NEXT PEACE MARCH!?

I DUNNO, MAN... WHAT ABOUT ALL THAT PREDICTED VIOLENCE?



VIOLENCE? DID SOMEBODY MENTION VIOLENCE?



AH! HERE COMES A RIDE ALREADY!



I KNEW YOU GUYS WERE ON YOUR WAY TO WASHINGTON TO TOPPLE THE GOVERNMENT SOON AS I SAW YOU!

HERE! DO SOME SPEED!



HEY DIG: I HAVE PLENTY OF MOLOTOV COCKTAILS AND A WHOLE CASE OF DYNAMITE IN THE BACK OF THE CAR, SO FEEL FREE ...



OH, WOW, THIS GUY IS A REAL REVOLUTIONARY! HE SURE AIN'T ONE OF THEM EFFETE SNOBS!

YOU GUYS GOT PLENTY OF ROCKS FOR THROWING?



"What kind of sordid business are you on now? I mean, man, whither goest thou? Whither goest thou, America, in thy shiny car in the night?" — Jack Kerouac

HERE WE ARE, BROTHERS! WE'LL JUST PARK THE CAR HERE BY THE (HEH-HEH) WHITE HOUSE WHILE I GO MAKE A QUICK TELEPHONE CALL!



HEY, HE DROPPED HIS WALLET DOWN HERE ON THE FLOOR.



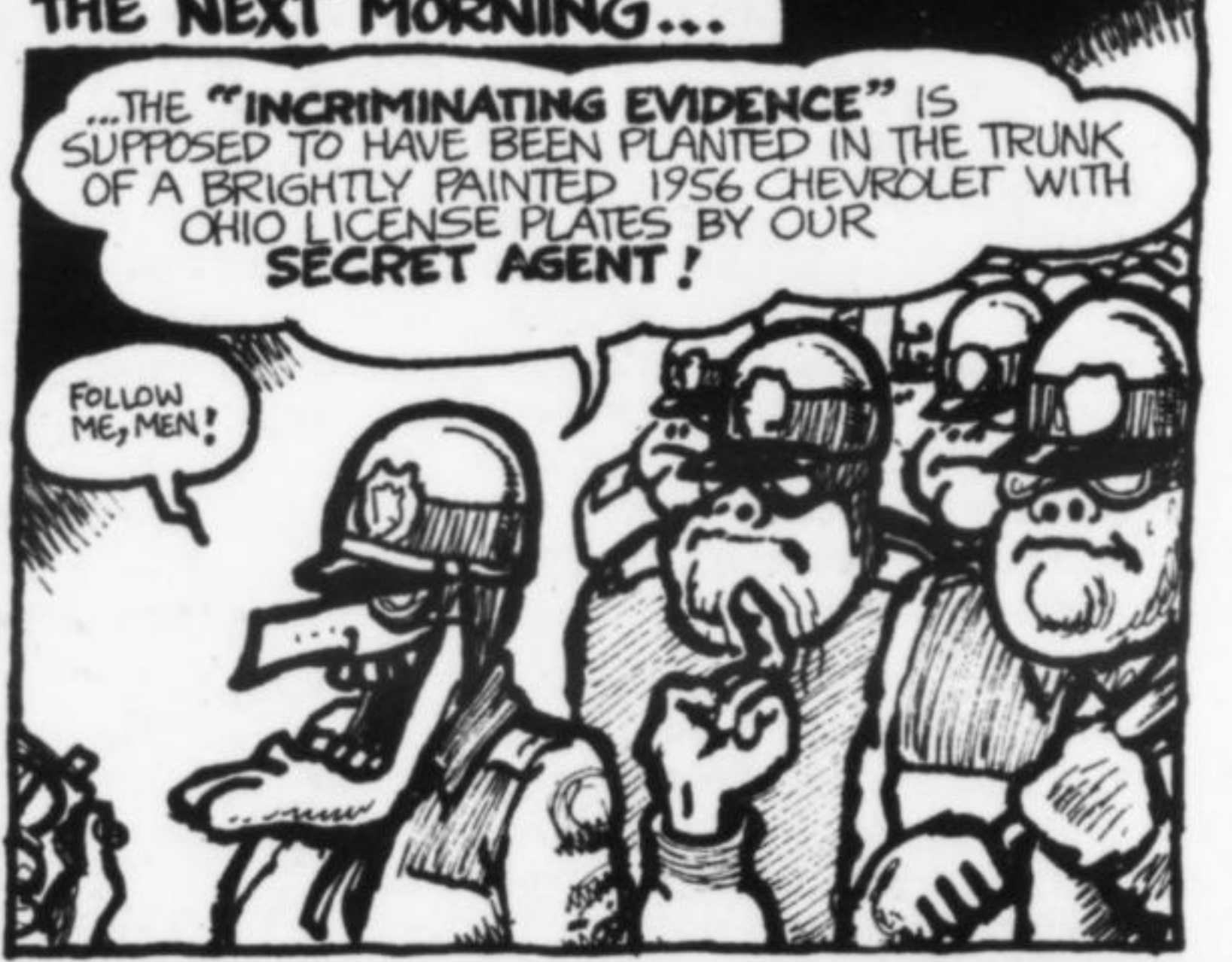
JUST AS I SUSPECTED! HE'S A COP!

IT'S A TRAP!

ME GOLDEN IDOL IS TARNISHED!



LISSEN — HERE'S MY PLAN: PSSST PSSST PSS MMM HMMNH PSSST MMM HMMNH...



THE NEXT MORNING...

...THE "INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE" IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN THE TRUNK OF A BRIGHTLY PAINTED 1956 CHEVROLET WITH OHIO LICENSE PLATES BY OUR SECRET AGENT!

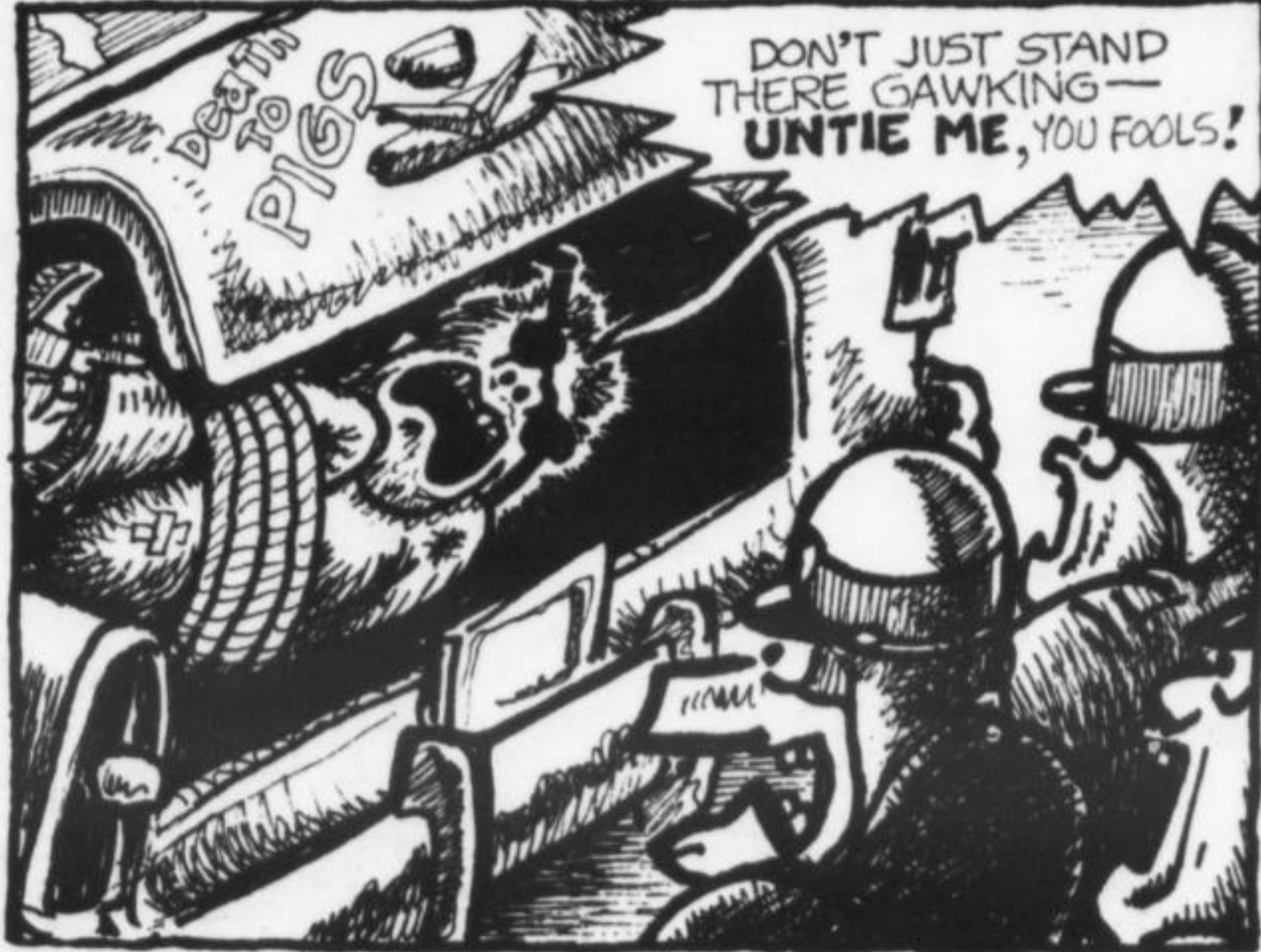
FOLLOW ME, MEN!



THERE IT IS NOW!

...AND WHEN WE PRY OPEN THE TRUNK AND "DISCOVER" THE EXPLOSIVES...

...THEN WE CAN CALL FOR 1,000,000 POLICE AND NATIONAL GUARDSMEN!



DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAWKING — UNTIE ME, YOU FOOLS!



IT'S SAFER TO WATCH IT ON THE T.V., ANYHOW!

MARCHING ON THE NEW NIXON

By Claudia Dreifus

Devoid of his Madison Avenue image makers, his silver-tongued speechwriters, his elegant t.v. make-up artists, the President of the United States appeared on television last week to invite the American people to March on Washington for an end to murder in Vietnam. Actually, Richard Nixon hadn't intended to give a recruiting speech for the November 13-15th Moratorium. As a matter of fact, the President had taken to the airwaves in hope of proving to the nation what a fine man of peace he was and that ungentlemanly actions such as moratorium marches were unnecessary—completely unnecessary. But an unprepackaged Nixon is something that no one will buy. Inadvertently the Commander-in-Chief sounded the trumpets for what is certain to be the largest peace march in the nation's history.

Ever since millions of Americans demonstrated for an end to Viet-murder on October 15th, rumors have emanated from Washington that the President would make a "big statement" on Southeast Asia. The impact of October 15th was something that even Richard Nixon couldn't ignore. When millions of students, parents, black people, yellow people, GI's, veterans, stockbrokers, former Cabinet members, Mayors, Senators, Congressmen, federal employees, doctors and lawyers marched for unilateral withdrawal, even Nixon could perceive that the feelings for peace had spread through every layer of society. Something had to be done.

Washington sources buzzed with rumors about what the White House was willing to do to take the steam out of the November Moratorium. The first leaks had it that on November 3rd the President would announce the withdrawal of 200,000 troops. The first leaks had it that the President would announce the withdrawal of 200,000 troops. Around Halloween hints began to be whispered that Nixon's co-option plans were to include an immediate cease-fire. In liberal

dovish circles there was much cooing. Ahhh, at last the end of the war might be near.

/NIXONESE ON THE TEEVEE TUBE

/He finally appeared on the silver screen, looking his used car salesman-self. In a Southwest California drawl, we were given a Nixonized history of Vietnam and America. To white, the United States is only in Vietnam because the South Vietnamese people invited us there to prevent aggression by that age old standby of a villain, The International Communist Conspiracy. We could withdraw, but that action would only lead to the massacre of millions of innocent people. Aside from these humane considerations, Amerika had other interests to take into account. For instance this one: "For the United States this first defeat in our nation's history would result in a collapse of confidence in American leadership not only in Asia but throughout the world."

/Dragging out the tired old dominoes that LBJ had no doubt forgotten in some White House closet, Dickie explained that a Viet withdrawal would cause world-wide insurrection. "This would spark violence," Nixon insisted, "wherever our commitments help maintain peace—in the Middle East, (a pitch for the Jewish vote) in Berlin, (a pitch for the German vote) eventually EVEN IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE (a pitch for the paranoid vote)."

/In livingrooms throughout the country, there will still some hopefuls who felt that the President would simply declare the war a victory, pack up and go. These illusions were quickly dashed when Nixon blurted out the following piece of policy: "We are not going to withdraw," he said. "In my opinion, for us to withdraw from that effort would mean a collapse not only of South Vietnam but Southeast Asia. So we're going to stay there."

/For the next ten minutes the President treated us to tales of his relentless peace-seeking efforts. We were even let in on the text of an exchange of two innocuous letters between Nixon and Ho Chi Minh (who is as dead

as Fiorella La Guardia, and just as incapable of clearing his name from misuse by living invokers). The enemy is at fault, not the noble, brave, clean, and reverent American government, we were told. "We've" done all we can for peace. In Paris, Nixon complained, the Vietnamese have been rather uncooperative about negotiating their surrender.

Having written off withdrawal as a possibility, having placed the blame for the war on the other side, President Nixon then went on to assure the American public that things were, after all, going rather well on the battlefield. To listen to Dickie, you might have thought we were winning the war! Air operations, infiltrations and casualties were down. "After five years of Americans going into Vietnam," the President exclaimed, "we are finally bringing American men home. By December 15th over 60,000 men will have been withdrawn from South Vietnam, including 20 percent of all our combat forces."

/For the record, ever-industrious journalist I.F. Stone investigated Nixon's withdrawal record and came up with some startling facts. Citing official Pentagon figures on the number of U.S. troops in Vietnam, Stone notes that on August 31st, when the withdrawals began, the troop level was at 509,800. On October 2nd, when according to Nixon's own timetable troop strength should have been down by 25,000, the figures read 509,600. A net loss of 200 men and that's not counting casualties. Said Stone in his bi-weekly newsletter, "At this rate we would withdraw 1,732 men every 12 months and be out of Vietnam in 294 years."

/As if the blatant lies weren't enough, we were treated to a genuine dose of Orwellian Nixonese. The President was pleased to disclose that he was launching a super-secret plan for disengagement. No, he couldn't reveal the details of his scheme. That would ruin everything. What would make the plan succeed, we were told, was the immediate unification of the American people around Nixon and his plan. As soon as we supported the war, it would end. At that point little lights began to register around the nation. So THIS was the "New Nixon!" Wasn't this the same man you

wouldn't buy a used car from? Was this not the same Richard Milhouse Nixon who had promised us another super-secret plan to end the war during the 1968 Presidential campaign? And did not that Nixon also say that he could not reveal the nature of his plan until he was elected? And did that plan ever work? Was it even revealed? We are, after all, still at war. It was at that point many Americans started mentally packing their bags for Washington.

/There were still a few teevee addicts who stayed tuned. Those who remained were treated to an old-fashioned dose of patriotic, racist, imperialistic talk unlike anything seen on the airwaves since Walt Disney died. "I know it's not fashionable to speak of patriotism or national destiny these days," the Great White Father said bravely, "...we have become the strongest richest nation in the world, and the wheel of destiny has turned so that any hope the world has for the survival of peace and freedom will be determined by whether the American people have the moral stamina and the courage to meet the challenge of free world leadership." To every steelworker in Gary, Indiana, to every insurance salesman in Forgotten America, Richard Nixon was broadcasting a message: "Hey there, Honkie, don't be dissatisfied with your rising taxes, poor city services, inflation, alienation. You're a member of the master race. Just have moral stamina and you'll be a free-world leader."

/For those members of the Silent Majority who were too thick to digest the previous message, the President repeated his patriotic incantation. "Let us be united for peace," he scowled. "Let us also be united against defeat. Because let us understand—North Vietnam cannot defeat or humiliate the United States. Only Americans can do that."

/By the time Richard Milhouse Nixon had left the air, the telephones were jingling incessantly at 255-1075, the New York headquarters of the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam. Furious New Yorkers, tired of being fed death statistics and lies, wanted to know how they could march on Washington, on the war machine, and on Nixon. If the

President's original goal had been to discredit the March, he had, with his own speech, insured its success. The public had heard Nixon's vaudeville act before—only the last time the comic had a Texas drawl.

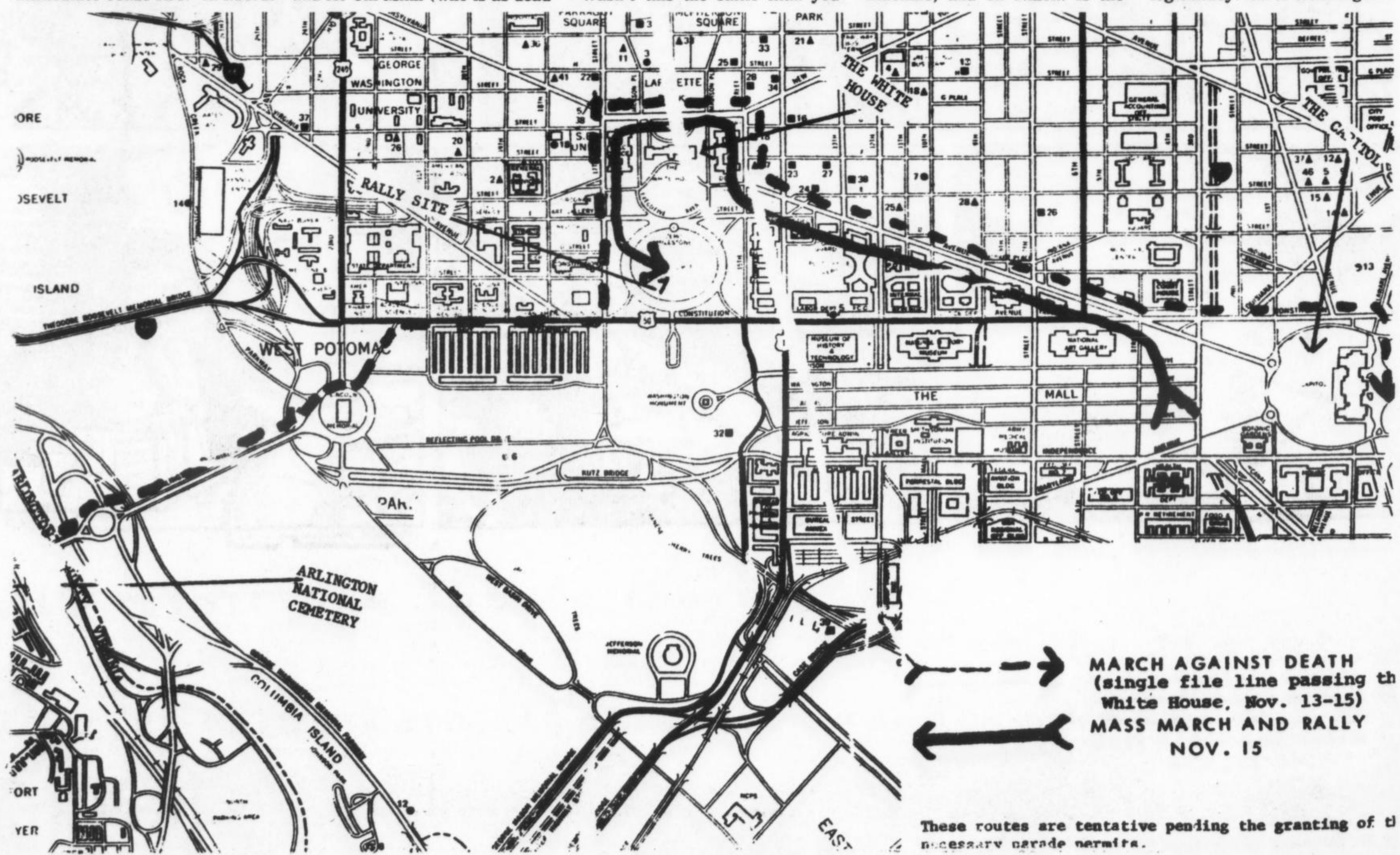
/DOVES AND ADMINISTRATION UNITE TO BREAK MARCH

/In Washington, officialdom began to do what it could to destroy the Moratorium March. Rumors began to circulate from very high places that bearded hippie folk would be coming to D.C. to tear the town apart. VIOLENCE! Frightened liberal Congressmen began to circulate statements urging their constituents to stay home. As if to guarantee another Chicago, the Justice Department refused to grant permits for a march past the White House. According to one Justice Department official, "a sizable march on the main route from the Capital to the White House risked the possibility of violence flowing into the downtown business and residential district." The same official said that he had secret information that "A minority of the demonstrators may be planning to foment violence."

/The Violence-boogeyman even hit home with certain prominent doves. Senator William Fulbright voiced his measured anger at the marchers. It was his view that marches in D.C. were undignified, dangerous and useless. He suggested that the public have more faith in his way of doing things. To prove his point, the Arkansas Senator announced hearings "to tell the people the truth about this war." He later cancelled the hearings indefinitely.

/For Fulbright, the aristocratic Rhoades Scholar, so much noisy marching and protesting is a highly distasteful thing. He would prefer that we left the battle against the Amerikan Empire to his quiet work. If his occasional hearings succeed in ending the war, good. If not, well, that's the way things go.

/But the fight to bring the troops home from Vietnam, Thailand, Laos, the Philippines, Guantanamo Bay, Panama, and the Dominican Republic, is not something to be left to one man. Empires only fall when people refuse to accept their legitimacy. On to Washington!



MARCH AGAINST DEATH (single file line passing th White House, Nov. 13-15) MASS MARCH AND RALLY NOV. 15

These routes are tentative pending the granting of necessary parade permits.



LITA ELISCU

Makbeth is the latest offering of the Performance Group, once again returned to US and the Garage on Wooster Street. As the title suggests, this is **Macbeth**, and the 'k' intimates newness, hard as opposed to soft machine-worn changes, child of this our time and no other. The play is currently in rehearsal, performances being run-throughs of large sections of whole-play, certainly enough to see what the group off spring will look like, if not be.

The play is seen as an organism, a living tissue whose parts function actor by actor. The amoeboid structure spreads out over all the levels of the Garage, now a series of wood levels whose center is a slightly raised platform and whose highest points are towers at all four corners. When the

organism is all together, when the electric currents speed synapses through all bodies simultaneously, the play breathes and is sublime, full, exciting. When a character-tissue-body falters, so does the action and digestion.

The physical levels of the place are re-emphasized by the multi-level actions; simultaneity is almost as spontaneous here as in Theatre of the Ridiculous, although without the same theatrics or simple love of professionalism. Instead, there is a definite feeling of life-processes, because they conscious is unable to perceive all the action all the time. Before the play starts, director Richard Shechner makes a short speech, explaining just how great a part chance plays in the audience's role as spectator and re-actor: depending on where one has chosen to sit, one is offered certain pieces of action

denied others because they are hidden. This can give you the feeling of immediacy, as though you are definitely and irrevocably part of this play's action (the performance you are at); it can also confuse you--all to the good, of course, giving the implication that human beings are confused.

The Group as a whole are in much better existence than they were at any time prior, except the very end of **Dionysus in 69**. While that piece seemed to concentrate on the actors somehow working out their own inter-relationships, by this time they have progressed to working at presenting a whole concept and organism to the spectators, presenting us with a play whose explorations are more spiritual than **Dionysus**, where the concern seemed to be more organic and ritualized. The outcome of **Makbeth** is determined as **Dionysus'** was

not, allowing the Group now to develop ground already mined for ultimate solutions and definition by every theatre before it.

Makbeth will no doubt prove as interesting a piece of theatre as **Dionysus**; easily making it one of the best shows of the season--just look around.

I have the feeling I said something similar about Theatre of the Ridiculous only weeks ago...it's true: these are both extremely marvelous examples of what theatre can do with and to its own nature. **Heaven Grand in Amber Orbit** is as fabulous as **Makbeth** is marvelous. 2 out of the plethora, miasma, and general shitstorm being offered. Reservations for **Makbeth**: 925-8712; Thurs-Sun, 8:30, 33 Wooster St.

Pablo Picasso is a great painter. He wrote a play called **Desire By the Tail**, here

presented as **Desire** at Theatre East. As might be expected, the play is violent, visionary, melancholy, fantastic, outrageous, grotesque and outspoken (outspoken...?) and is about the human condition. The cast of characters is Big Foot, a randy loving would-be writer kind of artist; Tart who loves him, and various others, including God. The scenes alternate between the beginning of man and his end on both a cosmic and everyday scale.

The production, directed by Walter Sanchez, is uneven, awkward, and the actors, while they have extremely lovely body, especially the leads, Samantha Sigal and Mike Stallone, do not know how to project voices 6 feet over canned music. The other actors are alternately uneven, awkward and funny. Writing this, I realize I still can't find a

(Continued on Page 14)

DECOMPOSITION

D.A. LATIMER

Chances are S. Clay Wilson would dig on Mervyn Peake's stuff--the Gormenghast Trilogy--supposing S. Clay Wilson is the sort of dude who reads, supposing he hasn't read it already. There are a couple pages of Wilson's wierdness in *Zap 4*, the busted issue, that are essentially very close to Peake's head. I refer to 'A Ball In The Bung Hole', of course, which Wilson aptly subtitled 'a study in decay'. Mervyn Peake was very expressive of decay, obsessed with it, specifically, the decay of the social conventions of ancestral nobility; his books reek and shudder with some most horrible hemophiliac degeneration of fine instincts and standards of bearing, they are slathered and beslimed with the decomposed tissues of traditional aristocratic elegance. Like Wilson's, Peake's creatures are nauseating grotesques, horrifying degenerative parodies on the human form--through the semblance of humanity protrudes the hide and hair and hoof of the beast, and beneath the beast are already visible the grainy bones of the corpse. In Wilson's case, however, the corruption has proceeded beyond the point of some unthinkable transmutation of matter, and out of Peake's charnel pit he seems to be growing mandrakes. They scream when you pull them up.

Hoity-toity lit crit talk this week, hey, comix fans? Well, dig it, December will be down on us like stink on shit in a minute (ribald similitude courtesy S. Clay Wilson), and with December will come the trials of the booksellers of *Zap 4* on charges of obscenity. So copies of this article will be mailed to the defense lawyers, with permission to reprint any drool herefrom, quote it, wipe their arses with it, or any of the other uses to which an East Village Other may be put. Hoity-toity lit crit talk is not my bag at all, but if there's anything I can do to get *Zap 4* back on the stands, now that the elections are over, you need but ask.

In the matter of 'A Ball In The Bung Hole', the affinity of S. Clay Wilson with Mervyn Peake is particularly evident. Originally, most of Wilson's characters would be Hell's Angels motorcycle hoods with an occasional demon passing through them, to their consternation. Clearly, to Wilson the Hell's Angels represented the most extreme incarnation of the qualities in contemporary man with which he was

concerned: total disengagement from conventional society, total degradation and debasement of all the human qualities which that society piously upholds, and a fierce joy, a revelling in that degradation and debasement. To be free of The Combine is impossible, he seems to be saying, but to exist at odds with it, to rejoice in one's contempt for it and one's violation of its hygienic little sanctities--this is life, and more than life, this is Art.

Not bad, hey, comix fans? Development a trifle weak, but the sense of the passage is superb. The capital 'A' on Art always is a grabber. Somewhere, is some university housing project, some assistant professor of History is clutching his forehead in exasperation after reading this--once again the Philistines have fallen upon the Temple and melted down the icons of the Sun King into square bronze ingots. Art! Will the pigs never tire of burning Art? (Artie Schlepp, my buddy--they promised to let him cop a plea, then they threw the book at him). Well, actually, see, it was politically expedient that week to bust *Zap*, being that John Marchi had just then issued a few mumbblings about the Smut Wave in New York. The heat fell upon *Zap* mainly because real smut is protected by the Mafia, and the weekly pornzines had just taken the DA into Federal court for a restraint-and-damages suit. There seemed to be nobody around to bust until someone remembered raising a hardon over Crumb's 'Joe Blow' strip in *Zap 4*, so... 'Ork! You're under arrest!' That way, if Marchi or Porkaccino were to bring the subject up again, egg could be quickly hurled on their earnest faces.

Of course, living outside the law has its inconveniences, foremost among which is Madness--hence Wilson's demons. However, what is madness under the prevailing social norm is not necessarily mad at all, and in fact is ever more frequently and casually encountered as one removes oneself from the blinders and

(Continued on Page 19)



ART LIL PICARD

I am concerned with reporting THE TRUTH, Ideas, NEWS, but am tormented by the limited views of my fellow ART-Critics, who seem to live in the never never land of Art-esthetics, where nothing else counts than taste, form, tradition, workmanship.

I am concerned with life, processes, discoveries and experimentations, but am tormented by the "ART-WORLD."

I am concerned & I am tormented. Concerned of my fellow men, tormented by the endless war; as long as I can remember the waiting for peace was my waiting for Godot.

Concerned & tormented as I am, I ask myself:

Why most of the art critics disliked the Whitney show:

"Human Concern - Personal Torment. John Canaday (N.Y. Times) wrote: "If your stomach is strong enough to stand the sight of a lot of other stomachs ripped wide open, you might have a glorious time at the Whitney." The New York Post didn't like the show, the Mag. New York hated the show, why so much critical vomiting? To all those critics the show looks junky, gory, bloody, horrible, the

term "Horror-show" comes easy from their pens. For me this exhibition has impact, and because it is a protest against brutality, horror, ugliness of war, torture and human bestiality, I defend the show. It's organizer, Whitney curator Robert Doty, was concerned with "Truth." He writes in the catalogue, which I recommend as reading matter: "Human Concern and Personal Torment" is a mammoth documentation and accusation of our world. It exposes the infamies of man over the last 100 years." The show fills the 4th floor of the Whitney and the visitor, by entering the exhibition rooms, is attacked from all sides, from walls, floors, ceilings, by images of a funky, gruesome nature, gory colors, brutal scenes, shocking forms. Plastic forms in garish colours grab at you from structures, posters, and comics shout accusations, billboards tell you about injustices, all kinds of structures, assemblages, sculptures tell stories that are frightening. Artists are concerned, it seems, that humans are cruel towards humans. And the result is, that some critics get shocked out of their wits, and that romantic,

(Continued on Page 19)

BOOKS AND BEYOND

JUD YAKULF

/BY THE LATE JOHN BROCKMAN. The Macmillan Company. New York, 1969. 166 pp. \$6.95.

/Only once in a very great while is a new book issued that is so much a harbinger of a new age of consciousness that its very publishers have not the least conception of what they have unwittingly wrought upon the world, but rather harbor even a manifest fear of the ignorance of how to present this prodigy, much less determine its import. It is like the fear of the obstetrician assisting at the birth of some magnificent mutant starchild. In their fear and ignorance, are they at all justified in masking this monster 'in their eyes' and hiding in under wraps? Macmillan, upon being informed by one of the great metaphysicians of our day who had just read BY THE LATE JOHN BROCKMAN that it was "the most important book since Wittgenstein", professed ignorance even of the identity of Ludwig Wittgenstein of whose own monumental PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATIONS

/they were in fact the publishers. Thus, clouded behind a glaring absence of publicity and advertisement, BY THE LATE

JOHN BROCKMAN has found its way into the shelves of our book dispensaries.

/As unceremoniously unheralded as it has been so far, BY THE LATE JOHN BROCKMAN presents an unpretentious face to the world, being bound in black like some hundredth edition of the Bible with a plain brown dust jacket upon the face, spine and back of which appear only the words which serve as both title and credit. The dedication page reads JOHN BROCKMAN 1941-1969 and the first of its only right side printed page reads "Man is dead". With this posthumous declaration for himself and the human race, the author, who is alive and well in his present incarnation, proceeds to pitilessly demolish as many human preconceptions as it is possible upon the printed page, and that indeed is many since the pages, which may be read in continuity or as individual entries in a veritable Handbook for Invisibles, ranges from "the invisible present, the direct experience of the brain" to the electric technology which makes it possible for "every brain" to "receive the same information simultaneously".

"At this level we can't talk about 'man' or 'media' - the concepts involved are beyond the semantic categories that could 'explain' these phenomena. We can even say that the medium is not the message but the confusion. We can only talk about ourselves in operative non-linear terms which the English language does not have. Hence we're blocked into a reality of linear categorization determined by 'words'. We're stuck with 'me' and 'not-me', but the non-linear activity of our brains, of

(Continued on Page 16)

FILM

ELLEN SCHECTER

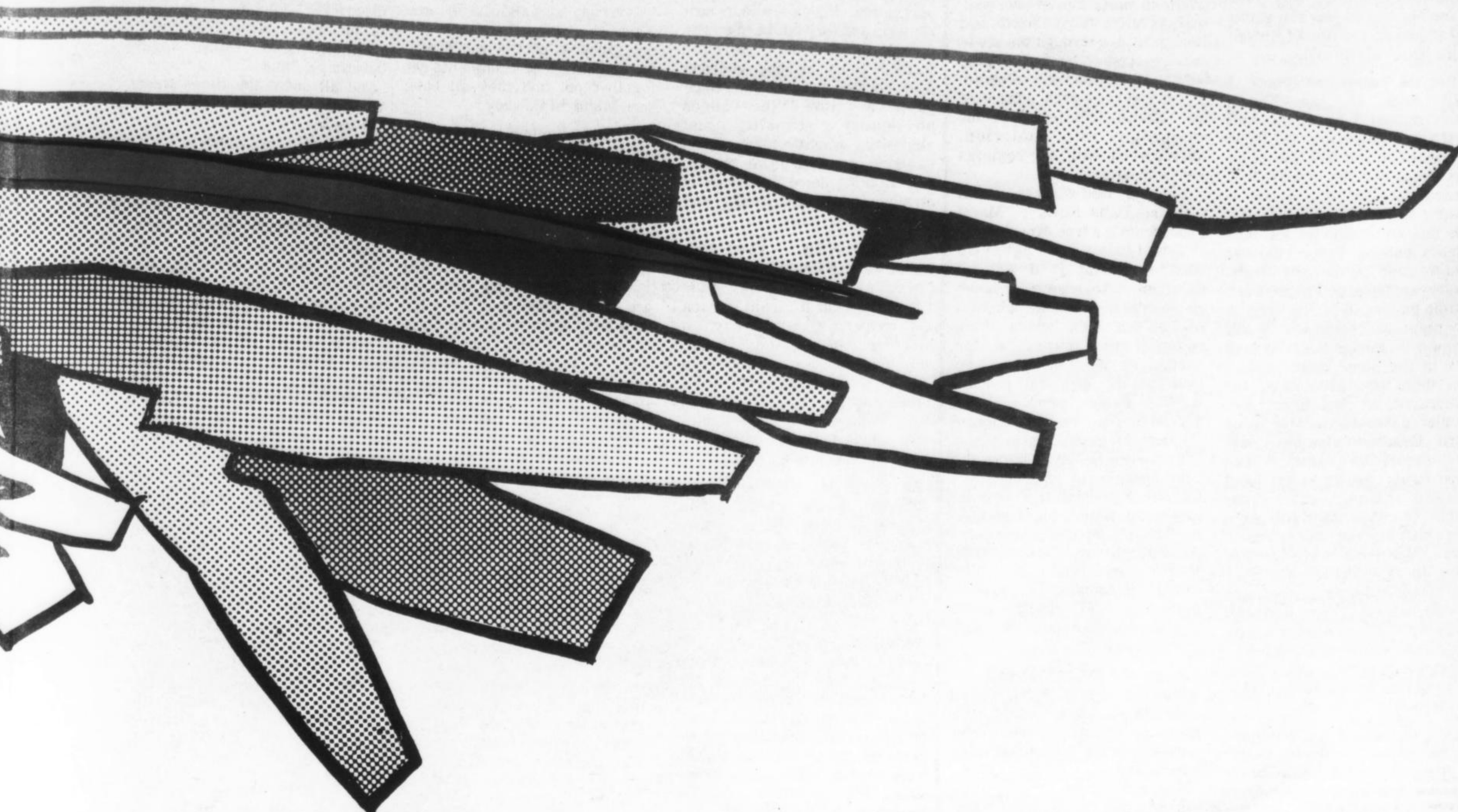
/Some films reveal clarity of purpose (if it exists) only in retrospect. A good film often affects, even if only temporarily, the camera in the mind - enabling the viewer to carry out with him a new slant of vision or a unique graph of meaning which may superimpose on the multiple images which await him. Sometimes, bombarded by technique, violent sensation, hammered with fancy opticals, supersaturated with symbols and too much music, spattered with non-structure one watches and waits with no result.

/With a film like "Black on White," the images and strongly enforced meaning are so tackily familiar, so wrung of meaning, so lavishly spent, that the shock of recognition comes all too quickly.

/The seams of this film mosaic are forceably smashed together to form a surface so slick and synthetic, so livid with purple patches, so frothily bloated with libido, SEX, fear, SEX, violence, SEX, sadism, SEX, masochism, SEX (yes, and humor) that you almost can't bother searching for the significance beneath the pyrotechnics of the sexercise.

/But go ahead. "Black on White" will hit your neighborhood showcase theatre shortly, having given way at the Trans-Lux West to "Therese and Isabelle." Wander in yet another cinematic orgasmic cycle after an (unnamed)

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ELECTIONS

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hidden) he was never more than a small time politician with a small-town mentality who came to the big city to slay the giants and wound up sacrificing himself to the lesser of two evils.

After the concession speech, I split back to the Proc's establishment. Lindsay was well on the way to winning and I was interested to see how the party was going, or the wake, as it turned out. Democrats are a lovable lot, even Democrats who ran this campaign full of self-piteous whining. Prococcino was past master at the look-at-me-I'm-crying-because-I'm-such-a-human-guy number. The party in the main ballroom was in full swing even though the television sets in the other room showed that there was little cause for celebration. It felt like I had wandered into the wedding scene from *Goodbye Columbus*, only with television cameras and flood lights instead of the local wedding photographer. Your Uncle Al and Aunt Edith were there dancing a species of Italian horah. Your two bratty cousins were there dancing with their boyfriends and making nuisances of themselves. Everyone had inhaled the air of false courage-behind the smiles on the lips, the eyes were grimly set, taking defeat and trying to be noble about it all.

Upstairs on the 7th floor, campaign central, the big chiefs were sitting around and thinking of the future. They carped about Marchi, Lindsay money, and the Daily News which had done in the "People's Candidate" the day before while trying to peak Lindsay's campaign momentum. They were sitting around and trying to draft a conciliation speech for Prococcino, for his minions downstairs, for the crush of cheering little people who had worked so hard, for the two black people who happened to be there, and for the press who were waiting to make a post-

mortem and go to bed after a gruelling night.

At 2:30 in the morning, the band went into it's here-comes-the-candidate number with trumpet flourishes. The white-starred policemen in linebacker tradition pushed back the well-wishers while Mario, Smith, and Beame rushed through the sea of outstretched back-thumping hands. Mario read his telegram to Lindsay and then addressed his faithful followers and his campaign into oblivion. Interspersed with his remarks were encouragements from his well-wishers—"Down with the Daily News", "Mario Prococcino is a true American", "John Lindsay is a Fag", "We want a recount" - it was all recorded on television for home consumption. I was struck with the venom with which these epithets were hurled at the winner, at the other loser, and even at the electoral process itself. These people were deprived of their supreme moment of glory. Mario put it better when he said "We're the little people of this city" - tumultuous cheers and frantic waving of victory signs greeted it. The ultimate obscenity for these people was to lose to a man who represented in some imperfect manner the best in people instead of the worst common denominator of hate and paranoia.

While all this was going on, while the cheers were ringing throughout the ballroom, upstairs on the seventh floor hung a forlorn handwritten sign which read:

P eace in the city
R enewal of urban communities
O dorless city
C ommunity centers
A slowing of dope pushing
C rime stoppage
C ivil liberties
O n the city there is hope

The campaign was over. Now I could go home to bed. The goodguys had won and the bad guys had lost...God what pathetic theater.

THILM

(Continued from Page 11)

center to the play, one which gives it creative force and perception. It gets lost in its own rhetoric and fury but hardly ever communicates any of the torment to us. ni hope someone does another production. Once upon a time, the sheer physicality, sexuality and vulgarity might have been shocking on their own terms; now walking down the street is an adventure in other reality and there has to be more.

FRED NEIL. Fred Neil didn't want to sing "Everybody's Talkin'", for the movie. They asked him, but it meant leaving Coconut Grove for a while...leaving good dope...warm sun...friends...the dolphins. So he didn't go. Some people need fame and hypes, Fred Neil is Fred Neil, nobody to tell him who, what, or how he is because he knows, thank you.

An awful lot of things once under-the-ground have become chi-chi: everybody wears sheepskin and Stella-and-Colette clothes if they can afford to (remember when the first striped bicycle peasant shirts hit the street in the summer?); Newsweek wrote pieces about ho-mo-sex-u you know, fags, and ohmigod, there's Theatre of the Ridiculous!!! And everyone knows how to raise his fist in a V or closed sign, and Clive Barnes reviews Dylan with as much reverence as A.J. Weverman and Laura Nyro is finally getting a biog done in *Life* (whose *Life*?) and still, Fred Neil...Capitol tried giving people a Fred Neil LP if they would buy the other...the Fillmore East had him booked for a special performance and word-of-mouth (mine) had the auditorium filled before they could pull the ads-because Fred Neil didn't feel like making up his mind weeks in advance as to whether-not he wanted to make it to New York.

So there are the albums: Fred Neil, Sessions, Bleecker and Macdougall...those are the ones I own, but there are probably others.

This LP is a re-release of FXRED Neil, now subtitled "Everybody's Talkin'" in the hopes that somewhere, the chi-chi groovies of the world will want to have a new subject to get together on, and they all have seen *Midnight Cowboy*.

A Fred Neil album. There is so much to admire, to respect, to be friendly with on this record. Musicians know it: John Sebastian, the Airplane, Dave van Ronk, Felix Pappalardi. The songs are distilled concentrate of life substance and the musicians playing them out are great. Fred Neil sings and the others approve, talk, back-up (infrequently) and they all are high on the music--and for this once in a great while, so is the listener. "Sweet Cocaine" is about just that, momma and poppa; if you know the trip, then here's the soundtrack your heart made when you lived with someone who knew how sweet it was. "Green Rocky Road" could be a nasal country bit, but the amazing guitar work which fills in the lyrics makes the song's essence shirn. "Cynicrustpetefredjohn Raga" has to be heard. Everyone knows that the definitions are breaking down, that jazz artists insist they play music, that rock musicians insist they play just music, that everyone plays just music. So the Raga is music. The bouzouki is played by Cyrus Faryar, his brother Rusty on finger cymbals. Other musicians on the songs include Billy Mundi of the Mothers, Rhinoceros, Mother Earth; Peter Childs on the guitar, freestyle; Nick Venet on lightning, thunder, and production.

Wow. There's another whole side to the album, too. Yeah. Mhmm. It's on Capitol, which I said before but deserves to be said again. Maybe someday soon

Fred Neil will come to New York. Maybe we should all go to him. And no, he isn't a goddam mountain. As the album says, "Fred Neil courtesy of Mrs. Fred Neil" bless her.

Maybe Fred Neil and Dr. Lilly discovered dolphins about the same time. Fred Neil says, "sometimes I think about Saturday's Child,

And all about the times when we were runnin wild;

In the sea,
And sometimes I wonder,
Do you ever
Think of me.
This world may never change...

Lilian Roxon wrote *Rock Encyclopedia*-(Grosset & Dunlap) and when it is good, it is quite all right; when it is not, the sins of omission are emblazoned with scarlet letters and they are hard to forgive. Encyclopedia? of rock? that ephemeral, momentary faddish, roman candle of sound swirling droming in the air and their GONE! pouf! to be replaced by something else...an encyclopedia? as though the people can be caught and impaled on sharp prose pins for posterity, butterflies whose luminescent wings can be captured in words. An age of rock, the one which semi-went up to 1967, 68. No Santana, no Alice Cooper, Led Zeppelin "is the new name for what was left of the Yardbirds (namely Jimmy Page)...No mention of the Fillmore or Bill Graham, Nicky Hopkin and talkin' bout Little Richard without saying Beautiful!!! NO PHIL SPECTOR!!!

BUT. When she is good, she is quite all right. The background pieces on major groups and people are excellent; Beach Boys, Beatles, Dylan, The Doors, good background material for kids who maybe were not there, but no mention of which show Presley first appeared on, or the good Colonel. Well, this is not supposed to be a titillating book but a background, and for performers matched to

(Continued on Page 15)

Rare Earth is under it all.



Rare Earth is also the name of a *very* heavy new label... and the "other-worldly" shapes above are really *Mothers* in disguise.

THE PRETTY THINGS' recording of the epic "S.F. Sorrow" (with the story and lyrics inside the fold-out cover) comes from London, along with LOVE SCULPTURE, dishing up a "Blues Helping" for your eyes, ears and mind. The RUSTIX declare a moratorium on "Bedlam." The MESSENGERS bring it all on home-tightly. And finally, RARE EARTH, the beginning of it all, warns you to "Get Ready."

In short, if you're wondering what's happening, the answer's simply... RARE EARTH.



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THILM

(Continued from Page 14)

performances, albums, singles and possible ties with other groups—for a picture of the bare canvas which the tapestry was built on—this book is a perfect reference...it may be the only

one for a while. As a matter of fact anyone who reads Nik Cohn's book should read this one just to gain some perspective about mostly the same people. God Save the Kinks.

LIONS LOVE DEPT.

Lion's Love is a great movie. To depart from my normal habit of not never saying go see it, go

see Lion's Love because one day it won't be around and you will have missed a cinematic landmark, funny movie, as interesting for techniques not used as the ones they are, and as much to do with Andy Warhol as someone else's tape recorder. Now I not only like Andy Warhol as an artist (I love him as an artist) I Like Andy as a Person.

Andy is a very much alive person and his films are for individual tastes. I like them too. Agnes Varda is Agnes Varda and her films are exquisite cycles of thought and action, the perception as true as Little Richard's showmanship, Lorin Hollander's encores, Bill Graham's business sense, Richard Burton's love of words,

her very own love of life.

If you don't see it you will be sorry because everything is right in the End, and in the End this film will be acknowledged as great—and you wouldn't want to have to say you didn't see it, right? And you won't if you don't go soon. It is at the 72nd St. Playhouse.

Bi-monthly "Gay" newspaper needs music editor-writer-critic. Must be familiar with all types of music, especially rock. Salary open. Gay Power 105 Second Ave, NY NY 10003

Bi-monthly "Gay" newspaper needs cartoonists-any professional gay cartoons. Gay Power 105 Second Ave., NY NY 10003

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Bob Dylan's first major interview in three years is in the new issue of Rolling Stone Magazine. In the same edition of Rolling Stone, the first complete discography of the unreleased Dylan tapes and records. The interview with Bob Dylan, based on a four hour rap with Rolling Stone Editor Jann Wenner, is complete and unedited.

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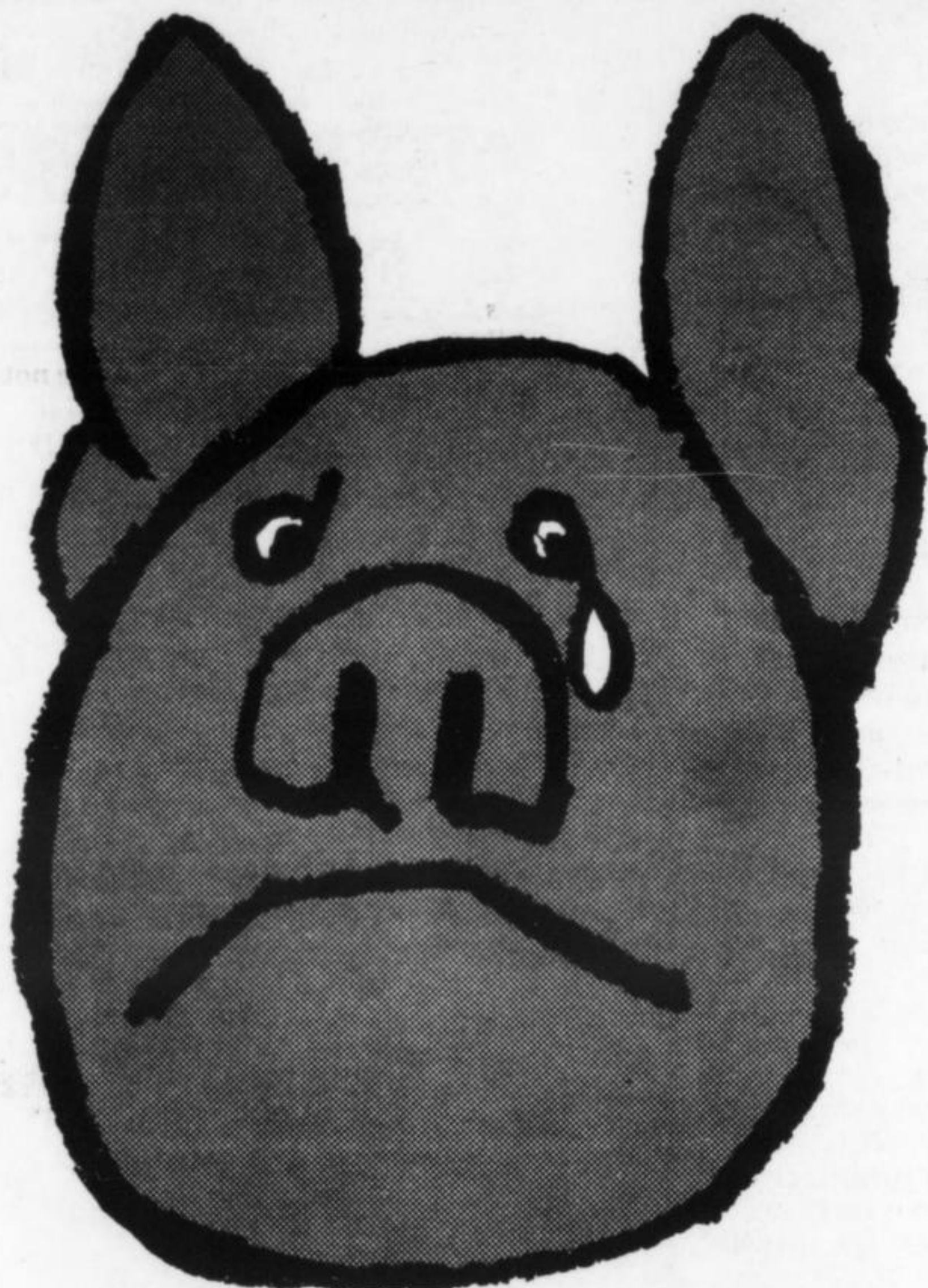
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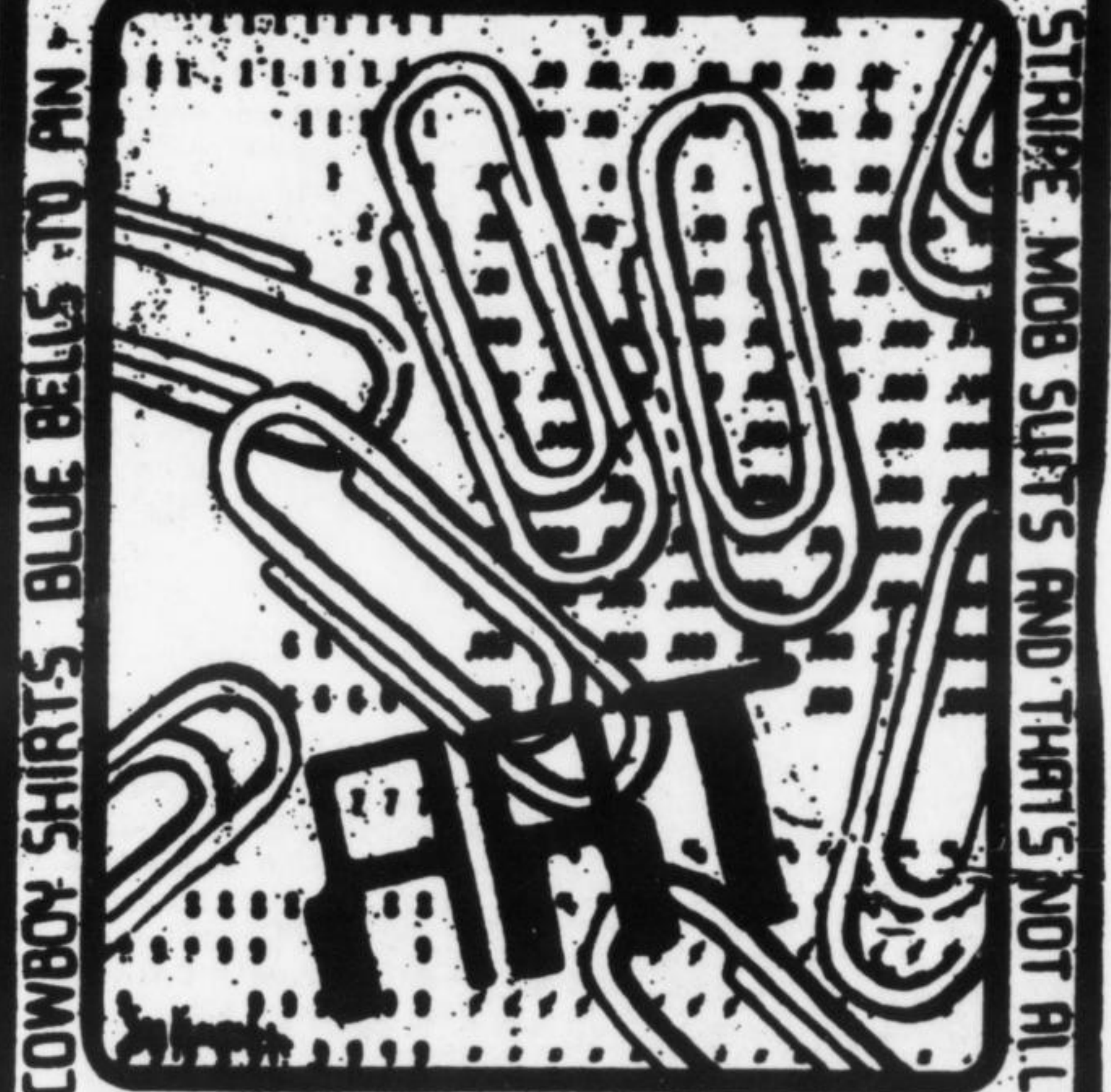
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BOOKS

(Continued from Page 13)

which we can never be aware, has nothing to do with an 'I' or 'me' or 'we'. We must look to what the brain is doing and how this is affected by transaction with present exogenous forces." - JOHN BROCKMAN.

BY THE LATE JOHN BROCKMAN heralds the death of mysticism and the end of consciousness. "We have to understand that consciousness does not exist; indeed, there is no reason to believe that it ever did exist. Invisibles are not conscious. They are unconscious. If there is not such state of consciousness, there can hardly be a state of unconsciousness." The new parameters of the human mind are defined in terms of a present and invisible world in which "there is no choice", like the mythological hero standing on the brink of both discovery and victory, necessarily motivated to totally abandon all the habits "of thousands of years of mistaken belief" in the face of the invisible unknown which is both happening and about to happen, not behavioural patterns and environmental stimuli but the direct transaction of the activity of doing, the constant questioning of "Who is I?"

"The brain of the invisible receives information and acts on it by telling the effectors what to do (input). The loop is completed as the performance of the effectors (output) provides information for "input." In words, on the visible level, only the past can be approached. "Man could never be aware of the activity of his brain." The invisible present will always be "the direct experience of the brain", of the moment of the perception of the signal, the intangible instant, the interval that "is closed forever, and man ceases to exist." "Man, a relic of the past. Man, an instant too old to exist... The interpretation of the ordering of the brain takes place while new ordering is continually happening. It is almost as though there were two parallel planes." But, almost, the author says, if there were a choice of our plane of perception. But, "there is no choice. There is only the ordering and arrangement, the here-and-now." All else is blindness, an immersion into a daydreaming of the past. It is only in the perception of our reaction to change that the concept 'information' serves as a measure of effect, "how the control center of the organism, the brain, reacts to change in order to maintain continuity." The present exists for the invisible only on the neural level, in the process of transaction between signals. "Do not confuse information with signals or the source of signals." As an eastern teacher said: I cannot show the moon to you; I can only point out to you the direction in

which it lies. Do not make the mistake of thinking that my finger is the moon.

"Effect involves the total situation and not a single level of information movement," Brockman quotes Marshall McLuhan, and the total situation is the process of the nervous system, an operational system "in the invisible, transactional present." We are dealing with a set of relationships which allows us to conceptualize the communication of neural experience." When man learned to talk, he modified the operation of the brain up to the point that he became aware that he was involved in the process of talking. "The moment man said, 'We're talking,' was of great significance in the process of evolution." Once man started to become aware of a conceptual whole, he died as man, as an old model to be replaced by a new one, "no more truthful than the old one, no closer to any ultimate answer. An abstraction is only an abstraction." It is only by replacing current abstractions that any progress beyond stagnation is made.

Break old habits, forget old symbols, become concerned with what the brain is doing. "The only total situation is in what the brain is doing," and in the multiplicities of the brain's doings, into "a universe of simultaneity". A visible will no doubt believe an invisible to be out of his mind. To an invisible, there is no mind out of which to go. Who's crazy?"

By understanding all our experience "in terms of neural operations", we gain a perspective into the characteristics of life, the world seen from inside-out to a "visible man's" linear perceptions. The only way to consider the invisible interaction is to "start with effect and work backward." The brain "is a system of oscillations" pulling "themselves together into a particular frequency banj." In a universe of simultaneous operations, "man" and "not-man" are "integrated on the level of the neural activity of 'man'." The observer of the universe is himself an element of that universe, himself being engendered by himself, not standing outside of himself to observe himself, but himself

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FILM

(Continued from Page 13)

woman who pants through a maze of her own making, searching for her own real make.

Begin. Beautifully overexposed, impressionistic, sun-spotted Hyde Park morning. In purposely obvious English overdubs, woman rejects man later revealed as husband. He leaves. Motifs appear: sex among flora, fauna, and freaks. Significantly dusky naked bodies flash in soft-focus through green leaves. They will appear again. Anita Sanders, a pallid but equally alluring and Italian surrogate Sophia Loren strides off into an exhaustive and exhausting erotic day-long dream of fantastic and phantasmal proportion. Colorless, nasal voice of unseen narrator drones: "And what about violence? And what about sex? And what about love? And what about hate? And what about movies? And what about asking questions?" (Fill in subsequent blanks, please; we all know the questions and their "significant" juxtaposition with each other and those images on the screen).

And what about this movie? It's all about sex. And violence. Fear. Built. And the peculiar relationship of race to all of the above. Essentially, we know almost all about it because we've almost seen it before — although usually without the racial overtones. The plot is spattered here, but familiar: obviously sexy but secretly repressed wife with loving but somewhat latent spouse. "Juliette of the Spirits." "The Pumpkin Eater." "Lola Montes." "Belle de Jour." Internationally known genre, but moreso here.

What about this one? An Audobon Films release, "Black on White" is well (but somewhat over-) directed and edited by a young Italian, Tinto Brass. It is high-style, low life surrealist pop-op super-effect cinema with no holds barred. The acting? Minimal, but effective in view of the physical gamut it runs. It's good FILM; the texture of sight

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and sound is scandalously well-achieved. Positive and negative images fade into and out of each other with achingly well-phrased persistence. Foreexample: Bared white thigh framed in a long gloomy alley. Carressed by Black hand. Rerun — in negative (white on black), in sepia, in fluorescent lavender, in daguerotype mauve-brown, shimmering white-purple. Slow-motion pixillate. Extremely well done, if not over-done.

Visually exploitive and technically razz-ma-tazz, "Black on White" is fermenting with cliché and fresh, hot images. There are superbly edited audio and visual melanges of films past and present. There is, of course, the obvious: Vietnam demonstrations elbowed aside by the perpetually horrifying and, again, familiar Hitlerian footage. Che (or is it Fidel?) harangues. We have the demonstration as indigenous to Japan, France, Great Britain, Washington, the World. The concentration camp, the slaughterhouse, the napalmed children, cows in the beauty salon. But skillfully paced, well-

cut, and compressed into an intriguing (albeit unsubtle) commentary.

And there is the not-so-obvious: Some beautifully handled montages of peeling posters which create a meaningful and graphically astute third effect as one layer cracks off to reveal countless others. The farcical, but funn: slowly erecting lipstick tubes; the Cockfosters subway stop in London; "Way Out" arrows significantly cocked; Nelson's pediment in Trafalgar Square emerging for perhaps the first time in conscious history into a sex symbol. A full range from raspberry to tutti-frutti Cupid's Quiver to an encounter with a gynocologist with "contraceptive fingers." (Is he a sexual maniac who fears to leave fingerprints? She wonders).

The Story? Sparse, secondary. The guilt-ridden, repressed (but not very) Italian wife flees from Paolo, her impeccable, "too symmetrical" mate. Pursuant (and pursued): The Black Man (walked, sans dialogue, by Terry

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BOOKS

(Continued from Page 16)

(Continued from Page 16) realized in the very moment of his self-realization. "Man was in a very real sense, man made."

"Information is a process. Its whole is measurable only by effect ... Media are in the world of the past ... The message is operational and nonlinear." We are directly concerned with the active process, in the brain there are no images, no words, no form and content. "There are only electrical neural impulses", organized by the brain. "What is the point of attempting to correlate patterns of neural activity to man's mind, feelings, emotions, etc.?" The brain operations continually in the present, an operant system of interlocking circuits and networks, correlating past impulses of external "information" to maintain its stability and continuity. "All

man was sure of was that he was conscious." Past impulses coded his nerve libraries, imprinted him with the barrage of experience. "Every instant becomes the ordering of the brain in the simultaneous, continuous present. Even the notion of instants, of time, disappears."

"We now have a system called a 'consciousness' which gives no clues as to 'how it became that way.' The 'clues' are strewn around the environment which coeds all our brain functions. If we concentrate on all technology and activity not in linear terms as 'entertainment' or 'art', etc., but deal with it as information theory and communications engineering, we can see that what really happens is the direct communication of non-linear brain operations. Technology must be viewed as communications telling the brain what to do on the physical level, rather than as the means for the communication of 'ideas' to a 'mind.'" — JOHN BROCKMAN

What means have we to operate

within a reality which is unmeasurable as a whole except through effect. Only through the processing of 'information'. "The name of the game is navigation." All paths lead to the same unknown.

Television is the direct perception of light photons projected directly into the neural inputs, altering man's neural rhythms, "coding" his organism irretrievably, impregnating him with millions of information bits per second. "There is only information. It is the control, the measure by which the operation of the brain changes. There is always complete control." Media has long been considered "only in terms of what they had to say, what they had to communicate." "The movie experience is a flicker experience of a frequency of twenty-four times per second, slightly higher than the level considered dangerous for certain people." Direct perception of oscillating light sources and the reflectance of a mechanical strobe precariously close to the tresh-hold of man's own brain

rhythms "can have the effect on the neural level of an electronic brain message", far beyond any considerations of emotional and intellectual delectation of the experience. "How ridiculous it is to discuss 'I like it, I don't like it' without reference to questions about the brains' activity, a universe without I's."

The experience of perceiving phenomena effects changes within the organism itself. It is a direct communication process. "The source is not in what the eye sees, but in what the eye is doing: the stretching of the muscles, the gravitational receptors, providing information for the brain." Every experience is the first experience, recoding the neural fibres, evolving the organism, modifying it constantly in relation to its external environment as programmed by the ever present now of the brain's activity. "Time and space are considerations of the interpretation of the ordering, and not of the transaction, the invisible present." "The transaction is the synchronism of frequencies." The deeds and accomplishments of man are past. "All that is happening is what the brain is doing."

With the spread of media tools, television, etc., neural food is being presented simultaneously to millions upon millions, reprogramming their neural centers, remodulating their brain frequencies, forcing all to share in a primal simultaneous unity. "Not brotherhood, but unity, Eucumenical technology."

All activity is to be considered on the transactional level, on the moment when the energy flow takes place. "In changing the operation of the brain we change nature; in extending the

nonlinear experience of the brain as communication we transcend time and space. We become invisible." The brain constantly modifies itself, adapting to change as rapidly as change takes place, or else there is breakdown. This "frequency synchronization" is akin to the mystic's dream of unity with the cosmos, or solidarity with the universe. "The only choice for man is the universe of simultaneous operations, and there we find no choice, only information." The invisible processes are beyond definitions and classifications. "There is a unity beyond words, beyond interpretation, beyond knowledge." As each entity is reprogrammed reprogrammed with new frequency inputs it will maintain its existence by modifying its self-organizing system in the process "called evolution". "This constant transaction with new rhythms and the ordering process is the level to which we should apply our attention." The synchronization of frequencies will surpass communication to become communion. Man through his technology has constantly been perfecting new means of creating new experiences, unaware that these selfsame processes were constantly modifying his won humanity, the nature of his own perceptible being, his brain being the terminu of manifold currents. "Look to the environment and measure how the brain changes through the transaction with the forces that are nonlinear extensions of its own experience."

"A guru was once asked about God. He responded, 'You are God and I am God. The only difference between you and I is that I know it.'" — MEHER BABA.

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FILM

(Continued from Page 16)

Carter) -- free, wild hope of the fearfully Catholicized, sado-masochistic, ultimately attractive Super-Chick. He is strangely but too sweetly reminiscent of Sidney Poitier. Strange, too, that Psolo (played by Nino Seguerini), who is asymmetrical in smile only, resembles Marcello Mastraianni.

The erotic odyssey skips sporadically through the plastically colorful Carnaby scene (mirrored in boutique windows, of course); conjures up sex-through-the-ages under the time-stripped bones of prehistoric monsters lurking in museums; bursts into a strip show scene in Soho against the music of a string quartet (and featuring, with multiple lens emphasis, guess who). We follow the inner unreality of Her mind -- replete with shots of Bosche's ever-contemporary grotesqueries, senses of Magritte and other surrealists including the ineffable treat of watching a razor slit the eye-ball.

There are many tunnels (heavy Freud, but aptly photographed), many guns (often equipped with rosily phallic projections in case you should miss the point), many too many plays on the black-white theme: Whites in black clothes, blacks in white...white and black together in bed, but still in fantasy. The medium is definitely massaging (as we are explicitly informed) -- if not masturbating.

Strictly sexplotive? Merely crude? I suppose there is something unique about seeing just about every significant (and tawdry) contemporary horror, excess, and moral perplexity in terms of one woman's obsession.

Just as we frequently define social problems in terms of one assassin's skewed life. It might even be plausible to form an intricate set of linkages between her search for sexual expression-honesty and that of a culture. ("Let's say goodbye to subterfuge and shame...All we need is love," chants the nearly always-present folksy acid-rock group).

As we watch Her struggle to slip out from the cocoon of guilt (and maybe even that elusive thing called "normalcy") and try to escape from the sign held by the impeccable and temporarily priestly Paolo: PROIBITO::: we often wonder what the search is really about.

But this is quite a filter to hold over the world. Limited, shall we say? And all the cinematic pyrotechnics, as well handled as they are, leave much to be desired. When freedom is defined by The Pill (as She says, "Freedom is having it wherever you want, with whoever you want") it sounds a bit defensive. Emancipation is reduced to perhaps too low a common denominator. Then again, it IS a common one. Honored folk like D.H. Lawrence saw contemporary frustration, paralysis, and perniciousness as an outgrowth of our denial of blood-consciousness. We still deny it, for the most part. She,

too, sees fear and guilt as the result of the filter that ubiquitous THEY have placed over mystery.

/But how often can we follow this question -- phrased in this fashion -- naked through graveyards? And how much do we really need to hear again the Papal Bull that, henceforth, the violence of war will replace "X" scenes in flicks? Or hear again the computer who claims to be human denounce the human sexual act as a phenomenon equal to but not surpassing excretion, regurgitation, ingestion, and weeping? That particular basis for an amoral standard is already hollow, basically insignificant, and a drag. It answers none of the "what about..." questions framed so flatly at the onset.

By the time the cycle is completed and we have proceeded through the maze, the points are sharply sledge-hammered out.

Contemporary man (collective) seeks freedom in a deep sense; this contemporary woman (singular) seeks it also -- sexually but equally deeply. Admittedly, sex pounds through all aspects of the culture -- slicked over with false mystery. Whites lash at the Black Man because they fear his spectacular (and over-imagined?) potency as a wild, free animal. Woman courts him -- in fantasy -- so they say -- and in this case finally confronts him back at Hyde Park at sunset. But reflected in a compact mirror and eating an apple. One quick embrace. Then Paolo slides up in his sleek, BLACK, middle-class-sex-symbol car. And she goes with him.

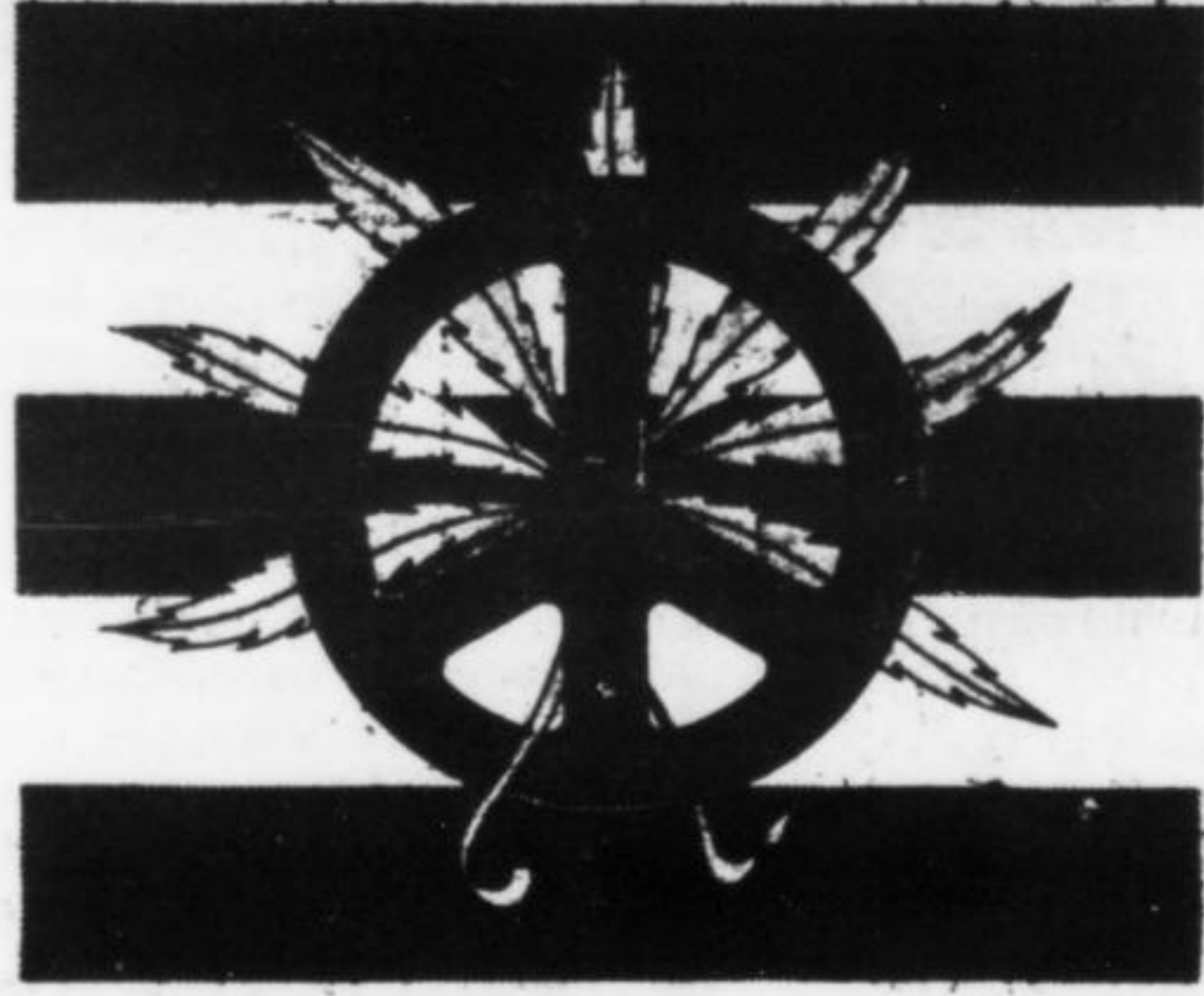
Many things are worth repeating. We celebrate the poets and sculptors when they say for us what we would wish to say ourselves.

But the questions here need not be asked so titillatingly. Because they're there at 49th and B'way. And ever-elsewhere. And framed, for the open-eyed, in very much the same terms.

And yet, if the new focus sharpens the questions and thereby pushes out somenew slender tunnel toward answers, perhaps there's some significance in a film like "Black on White".

Maybe. Maybe for somebody. Maybe even for the ubiquitous Us.

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ART

(Continued from Page 12)

lyrical souls are turned off by such kind of "gory art expression. One of my artist friends even said that such a show should not exist, because children shouldn't see such works. Why this artistic outcry against a show of real meaning?

In my opinion the Whitney show is at the moment of American history one of the few relevant art events in town. It must be seen. The entrance fee to the Museum is 50 cents.

That so many American artists today are working in this particular expression of "Protest"

and have chosen political pamphletting as a visual form and that we have in the U.S.A. now an avalanche of artistic dissent in the form of anti-abstract and anti-esthetic creations, is remarkable--especially so, when many other concerned artists "retreat" artistically into "Anti-Art, conceptual" alienation-Art, Non-Art of sophistication conceptual-ideas.

The artists shown in the Whitney don't turn away from reality. They are facing the ugliness of our actual experiences.

Sculpture Duane Hanson is a newly discovered talent and is represented in the show with two works which are super-realistic in impact and shine out as true portraits of a tragical reality, depicting scenes from the human racial conflict, which this generation of Americans is involved with. Hanson's "Riot" group of human figures and the group "Pieta" (a white woman holding a wounded negro youth in her arms) are not only documents of our time, but also original, strong, honest sculptural works by an extremely gifted truthful artist. Outstanding are also the two tableaux-environments by

Edward Kienholz: the living room of an old lady and the bedroom of an American couple. The latter is extremely funny, parodistical with surrealist hints through "Peepholes" at the dreams of sex in a matter of van Italie's American-Hurrah theater. There are torture-boxes by Lucas Samaras, cartoons by our own EVO artists Spain and R. Crumb, Bruce Connor's black veiled surrealist spiderwebbed boxes filled with shrouded bodies, one of Willem de Koonings powerful women, Mel Ramon's Pop Painting, a leather-head by Nancy Grossman, the strong funky works of Chicago's group "The Hairy Who," - and so we are really face to face with the drama of the sixties and the coming seventies.

We will enter the seventies, so it seems, with all this cruel reality of war and brutality, and can't escape into wishful soft art-images any more, at least many of the young artist feel this way today. The show has therefore to be judged as an artistic protest and a political demonstration.

I missed some important artists, who for the past 10 years worked in the Protest-movement of Art: Sam Goodman and Boris Lurie. They had been shown on Tenth Street and at the Gertrude Stein Gallery during the period of 1959 and 1962. ("Doom," "No" and "Shit-Show") Also missing in the Whitney are examples of the Destruction Group. Only Ralph Ortiz is exhibited with one destruction (owned by the Whitney).

But two destruction artists, who had been represented in the destruction show in the Finch Museum 1968 and had since 1967 been active with destruction protest guerilla events, topped the Whitney's human concern effort by appearing October 31 in MOMA at 2:30 PM to do an unusual powerful artistic DADA act in the well guarded third floor galleries in room 5 next to the famous Picasso Gallery with the priceless Guernica wallpainting.

I was a witness of the Art-Act performed by Jean Toche and Jon Hendricks, and I think their political event is not only a protest-work and a political action for the Art Workers Coalition, but also it is a NEW ART FORM. By this I mean that Toche and Hendricks' Piece to "remove a valuable painting from the wall of Moma and replace it with a Manifesto written by the artist as a symbol of revolution was in itself a work of art, performed like a "Happening with meaning," inside the Museum of Modern Art.

At two o'clock the galleries on the third floor were empty. Only half a dozen people looked at the familiar modern masterpieces. The guards were their usual bored selves. Around 2:15 two girls appeared and sat down on

DECOMP

(Continued from Page 12)

traces of conventional sensibilities. Wilson's demons invariably wear a thoroughly natural, recognisable air, as if they were no more than once removed from ordinary humanity, or at the most, twice removed. They're a bit more obsessive than strictly human beings, and they possess certain vague supernatural powers and affinities; but these supernatural attributes are altogether reasonable for them, considering that they were born and raised, as it were, in the supernatural. And thus they cruise quite casually among Wilson's human beings, no more peculiar really than your average compulsive drunk--a little touched in the head, perhaps, and extravagantly ill-endowed of form and feature, but then, who in Wilson's mandrake garden isn't? The demons are a little more evolved than Wilson's other wierdos, that's all, and they possess a bit more direction and stability on that account.

Now, it may seem to you, pinkoe Commie fag civil libertarian dope freak Free Silverite that you probably are, that using porn as a political issue was a shoddy way for Mayor Lindsay to get himself re-elected. What happened to all that sterling WASP liberal gentility of his that he'd descend to such a reprehensible level as smut-hunting to pull down the little votes? Well, now....Let me think for a minute what it'd be like if he'd lost....I'd be in jail with all my dope addict friends, and jail would be the safest place in town. And as the town burned down, we'd be cracking up over every edition of every paper that carried quotes from Mayor Porkaccino. (He sued the Daily NEWS--can you dig it?) You must understand, Marchi and Procaccino are shoddy, reprehensible politicians, their campaign tactics reflected this of them, and it is an indication of Lindsay's true strength that he could be just as shoddy and reprehensible as they when the need arose. He got the votes, even if a lot of those votes had to come from minds little enough to be shocked by smut.

Now, when you begin using demons in your Art, you are clearly moving forward from a strictly immediate, contemporary portrayal of the individual against society. Demons, ifrits, trolls, all the avatars of Madness have been with man for his entire history, and thus it was quite natural for S. Clay Wilson to evolve his characters from the immediate consciousness to the timeless: Hell's Angels became in the course of time pirates, and the open road turned into the boundless sea. As this transmigration progressed, the antagonisms of Wilson's characters altered accordingly: occasionally his Hell's Angels would stomp a bartender or total a filling station, but as pirates they fight nothing but one another. There is no one worth the trouble of dealing with him, apparently, except for those who share your own alienated, degenerated consciousness. Wilson's fights are always extremely ferocious--most are outright brawls, with the participants largely unaware of precisely why they're fighting--but withal they're fairly amiable affairs, ending generally with the bloody, exhausted opponents agreeing not to fight any more for a while. There's no particular hate among Wilson's pirates, nor any great amount of love, either--a resigned sort of camaraderie prevails, and a sense of numbed,

patient waiting.

Don't get me wrong, though--I wouldn't go so far as to say that porn was any great factor in the campaign, just that Lindsay was extremely skillful in keeping it from becoming one. But it was that sort of campaign, it was the unwholesome little things like porn that could have tipped the City over. Ten months of Republican rule in the White House has accustomed the people to speaking and thinking in terms of the little things. With Nixon in office, Clement Hayensworth cannot be called a scoundrel crook money-gouging little two-bit Patronage

backfart: no, he has to be elevated to the status of a genteel Southern barrister, where anyone who opposes him opposes all of Southern gentility, and a good deal of American jurisprudential tradition, too. The little things. The entire history of Black repression in Amerika, and all the horsewhipped hope for the Black people for the rest of this century cannot be seen in the railroading of Bobby Seale: no, he's just a crazy uppity nigger who insulted that poor long-suffering Judge Hoffman so terribly and he should have kept his mouth shut. The October Moratorium was not the American equivalent of the Czechoslovakian Resistance of 1968: no, it was a mass of masochists led by an effete corps of pseudo-intellectual snobs. These little things are what make Mayors these days, to mention only Mayors.

In 'A Ball In The Bung Hole', however, Wilson's figures are unique among his repertory, in that they depict members of a corrupt nobility--'the black prince', his degenerate friend, and 'the little servant girl'. Like Mervyn Peake's nobility, the prince and his friends are horribly disfigured by their base obsessions, and yet both perform the gestures of gentility as vestigial traits inherited from their noble forebears. For example, as the prince's friend masturbates the little serving girl's clitoris, he snorts a gob of mucous into a delicately-held lace handkerchief. The story has it that the two noblemen, far gone on abisinthe, abduct the little servant girl from her dusting and subject her to their depraved sexual whims. The servant girl, while rather pretty for an S. Clay Wilson heroine, is already tainted by neurosis--'This dust makes me sneeze,' she complains while dusting the cracked plaster bust of some forgotten duke, 'and when I start sneezin' my boogie starts to ooze....' At first reluctant to join the prince in his depravities, as she is excited by his friend she does an abrupt about-face: 'The dusting can wait--I want the prince's big throbbin' prod shoved down my throat!' In this we see that she welcomes her graduation from her common status into the realm of the nobility, and also that she embraces already the degenerate nature of that nobility by her preference for submissive oral intercourse. For one who embraces a corrupt society there is no hope--any elevation of status in that society will only serve to corrupt and destroy one ever more efficiently.

It's the way Nixon's working it, you see. He doesn't have an ounce of greatness in him, so he concentrates on the little things; and the people eat it up, because that's why they elected him. We were all exhausted by Kennedy and Johnson, some of us want a rest now. That's why they dig Agnew so much--he can't even hate in a big way, and his spiteful little speeches simply thrill them

to pieces. Agnew says, in so many words, that the war protestors are a buncha fags. At last, a firm-spoken man! Leave them peaceniks up to Ted. Spiro works along the lines of Eric Hoffer when he gives a speech, which goes over big with the Silent Majority. Hoffer, you'll remember, was the man who said, 'I've never seen a case of alienation that a little power couldn't cure'. See, you just say a few key words in the proper tone, and the people will fill in the details themselves. Properly cultivated, the people can be turned into Mynah birds. 'Vietnamization of the search for peace--that means we give the swamp back to the gooks, all right. But 'Creative Polarization', now--pray, Spiro, what does THAT mean?

The subjugation of the little servant girl proceeds apace, straight to her inevitable annihilation. First, they bind her into a restrictive leather harness, a token of her bondage to the sexual caste system which dictates that she, as a female, must remain submissive to the male. 'This thing is tight and hot,' she initially complains, sweating. 'Come, my sweet,' responds the prince, 'and run your tongue over my emblem of the generative power.' While his friend holds a flintlock against her buttocks, warning her not to 'flinch', she sucks on the prince's honk. 'The more the harness strap cut into her sweet cunt, the harder she sucked'--Story of O revisited! Finally, as the prince ejaculates into her mouth, she flinches, and the friend fires a pistol ball into her boogie. Unhappily, the ball lodges in the prince's crank, much to his irritation. 'Whew,' breathes the prince's friend.

'Creative Polarization' means this, that Nixon is going to pull another McCarthy trip as soon as he can insure the necessary McCarthy silence. As a matter of fact, he's already pulling one--has anything but a great Fiftyist silence come out of the Chicago unpleasanties? But next week the shit's really gonna hit the fan, when the Vietnam Mobilisation meets Honour America week like the Hulk meeting Captain America. The Committee for Responsible Patriotism has arranged, with any number of similar red-blooded American organisations, for their own Mobilisation, and they're going to be raising the flag all week. The excuse is that Veteran's Day falls on the 17th, but the purpose of it is to Creatively Polarize the people of America. It's a little thing essentially, in that it depends on a little mind's way of thinking. As an American, you will be expected to demonstrate by two sets of people: Mobe wants you to protest the war, and Responsible Patriotism wants you to Honour America. Now, while these two intentions are not mutually exclusive, you can bet your ass they will be presented that way after it's over. The Honour America production will be presented as evidence of support for the President's policies in Vietnam, and as of the President's speech last Monday, his policies have become the American Way; the Moratorium production, contrariwise, will be presented as a disHonour to America. It's all very logical, in a William F. Buckley way of thinking: if you're demonstrating against the war you're not honouring America; if you're not honouring America, you're dishonouring her; how can Freedom survive unless you're locked up in jail or shot or something?

/If anybody ever wondered what I meant by 'faggot logic', the above is a pretty good example.

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ART

(Continued from Page 19)

the bench in the middle of gallery 5, then a girl-photographer showed up, a few minutes later people seemed to be looking for "something," waiting for "something," rotating in the 3 galleries. I felt a certain tenseness, a vibration of apprehension, like an air-current around my body, and suddenly two beautiful looking figures appeared. Toche all in black with long black hair and beard looking his Karl Marx best; Hendricks with long blond hair all in brown suede-jacket and long scarf, poetic-byronesque, the poet-revolutionary in tight jeans and pale complexion, holding under his scarf some package..

One couldn't help seeing them, they had the "art-image" all written over them, and one couldn't help loving them. They lingered before the Guernica painting. I heard Jon saying: "One really should take some time to study this painting for a longer time." Then both artists went inside room 5 and stopped before the white on white painting by Kasimir Malevich,

showing a white square placed obliquely on a white background. This famous painting by the Russian suprematist painter was painted 50 years ago in 1919. It made revolutionary history then and made revolutionary Art-history now again. Slowly Toche and Hendricks took the work down and placed it on the floor. Hendricks attached quickly with brown tape a white sheet of paper on the empty spot where the Malevich had been before. At that moment guard Nr. 58 rushed forwards the two artists involved in the protest action and shouted: "What are you both doing there, what are you doing that for?" and he tore the manifesto off the wall. "You come with me," said guard Nr. 58. "We will not," said Hendricks. "We like to present this manifesto to the director of the Museum."

Toche and Hendricks stood now motionless flanking the white on white Malevich that stood between them on the floor and holding the white sheet of paper before their stomachs. Visitors had by now gathered before the group and approached the artists to read the manifestos. The

guard called two security plainclothesmen, who took Toche's and Hendricks's names, addresses and telephone numbers. Meanwhile the lady-photographer clicked constantly away, taking photos of the scene.

The Protest Happening now took on a dramatic proportions. Elizabeth Shaw, public relations Director of Moma, arrived with Director of Painting Mr. Wilder Green, Director Lieberman passed by, just glancing at the "Revolution" but not stopping, Art Coalition worker, Tom Lloyd, who fights for the Black Wing, watched, next to him appeared Gallery-owner Howard Wise, some Art Coalition Workers joined in and the Manifesto became for a while the center of interest. Mr. Green studied it together with Miss Shaw. "Why did you choose the Malevich" asked Mr. Green, smiling politely at Hendricks. "We had intended to remove an impressionistic work, but when

we noticed that the second floor was closed, we decided on the Malevich, because it is a revolutionary work," replied Hendricks. "You made a good choice," said Mr. Green. To the three demands of the Manifesto Mr. Green answered: "Point one and two are out of the question, number three we have to discuss with our Board of Trustees."

After exchanging more polite talk and very nice non-revolutionary handshaking the artists left the place of action. Mr. Green and Miss Shaw took the Malevich and placed it back on the wall. First it was hanging a little bit crooked, then Miss Shaw gave it a push to the left...and so the Malevich's white

on white square is saved...but it will never be the same anymore. It's now touched by LIFE and REVOLUTION.

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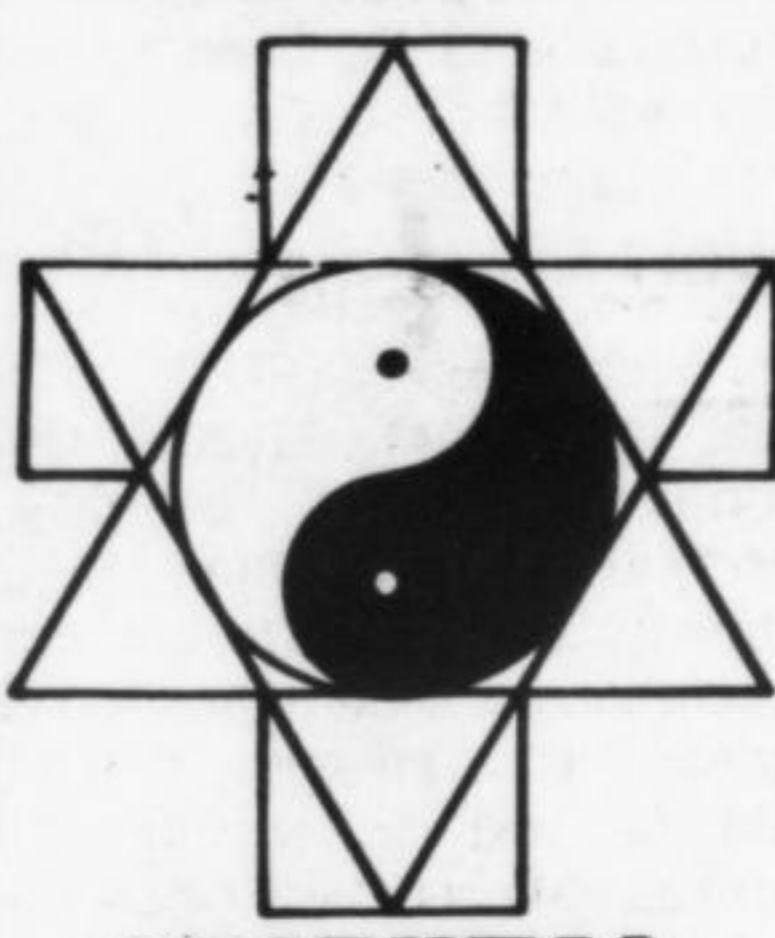
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The New Babylon Times

Taj Mahal, in the liner notes for his album "The Natch'l Blues" says:
 "This album is the work of four musical men and their musical friends (close friends), some of whom do not use musical instruments to make their song. Men who love one another, men who are always in love with lovely ladies, children, dogs, cats; with old Ma Nature at her best and at her worst, men who can still laugh and cry, men who have paid their dues to the unknown cashier, men who can accept their own mistakes and the mistakes of others. It's all living, you know. Be well"

People pick up a copy of this absurd little magazine with a picture of Christ looking real sly on the cover and captioned 'Are YOU for Real?' and ask what IS this a religious paper? I sure wish I could say it as well as Taj. The magazine too is the work of a group of close friends, who have known each other long enough to have had their little ups and downs: they live in families/communes in Vermont, Roxbury & rural Massachusetts, in a loft on the lower lower East Side, some are in colleges, others are travelling: living in different places and doing different things, but it's all the same. The magazine is an effort to do something which is good by our standards in these late Babylonian times. If you live in New York or Cambridge you should be able to find it on sale if you look hard enough, and if you like it you really should subscribe, getting your copy to you isn't as easy as you might think. If you live elsewhere you should send \$2 for 4 quarterly issues to New Babylon Times, Box 160 RFD 3, Brattleboro Vt 05301.



- Giorgione (Gardner Museum)

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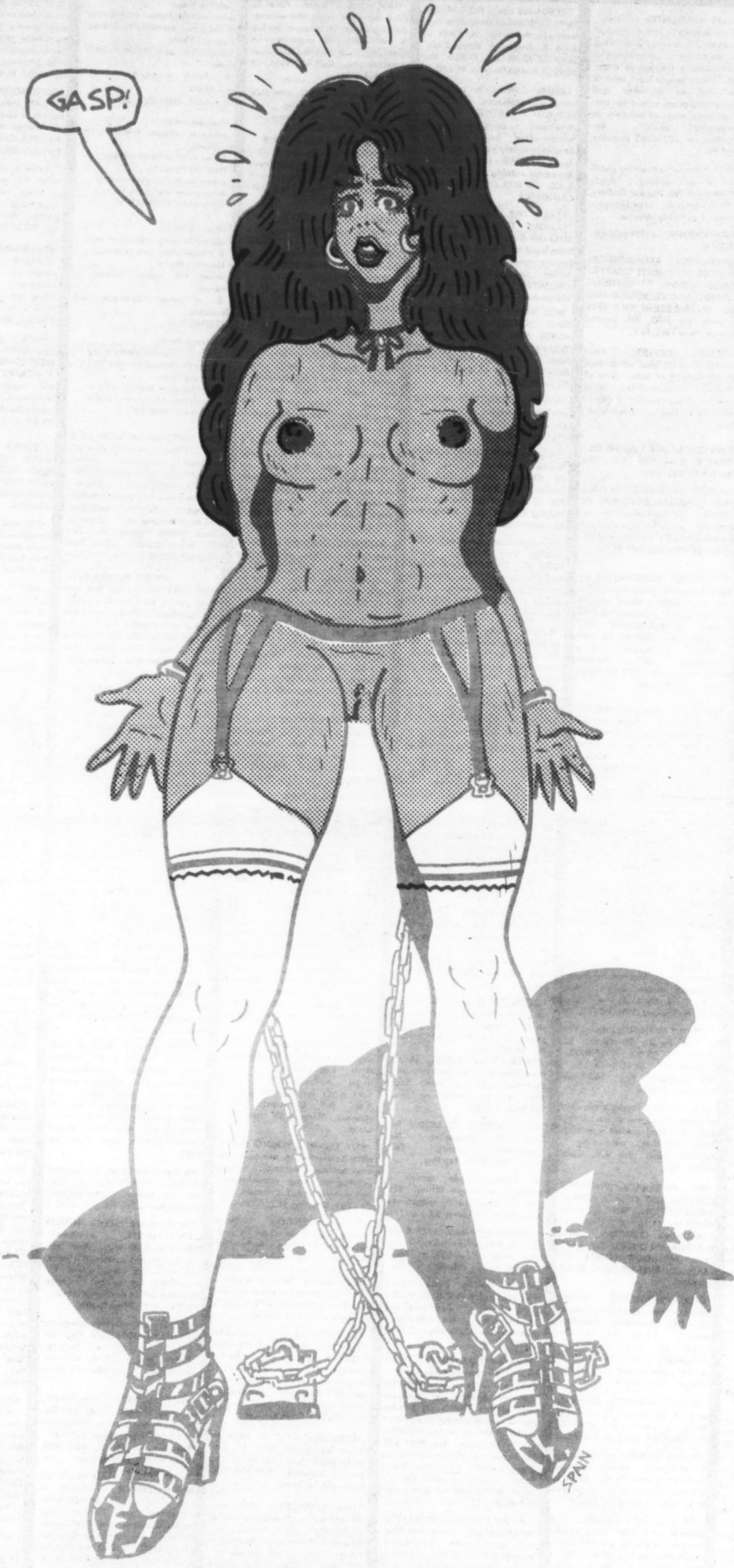
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