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METROPOLITAN 15¢
NATIONAL 35¢
VOLUME 4
NUMBER 52
DECEMBER 3.1969

QUICK

HIRAP

WE NEEDN'T WASTE SPACE OR SWEAT ON SPIRO AGNEW. MEDIA AND THE NEW YORK TIMES ARE TAKING CARE OF THAT. BUT THEN, MRS. JOHN NEWTON MITCHELL IS A DIFFERENT STORY AGAIN. HER TENDER RENDITION OF HER ILLUSTRIOUS HUSBAND'S MOST INNERMOST THOUGHTS BEAR SOME THOUGHT AND REFLECTION. " I WILL TELL YOU, MY HUSBAND MADE THE COMPARISON TO ME, LOOKING OUT OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, IT LOOKED LIKE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION GOING ON. I DON'T THINK THE AVERAGE AMERICANS REALIZE HOW DESPERATE IT IS WHEN A GROUP OF DEMONSTRATORS, NOT PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATORS, BUT THE VERY LIBERAL COMMUNISTS, MOVE INTO WASHINGTON".

ALMOST FEELING THE SLIMY, CREEPY PAWS OF ALL THE 800,000 COMMIE PINKO LIBERALS OOZING UP HER IMAGINARY VIRTUE, BLONDIE CONTINUES HER TALE OF HORRORS: "THIS PLACE COULD BECOME A COMPLETE FORTRESS. YOU COULD HAVE EVERY BUILDING IN WASHINGTON BURNED DOWN. IT COULD BE A GREAT CATASTROPHE. THIS IS THE THING I WORRIED ABOUT WAY BEFORE I CAME TO WASHINGTON, KNOWING THE LIBERAL ELEMENT IN THIS COUNTRY IS SO, SO AGAINST US. AS MY HUSBAND HAS SAID MANY TIMES - SOME OF THE LIBERALS IN THIS COUNTRY - HE'D LIKE TO TAKE THEM AND CHANGE THEM FOR THE RUSSIAN COMMUNISTS."

GOOD THINKING, LAWMAN JACK. HOW ABOUT SWAPPING DAVID SUSSKIND FOR NIKITA KRUSHCHEV?? FAIR TRADE ANYWAY YOU LOOK AT IT.

BUT THEN, BLONDIE'S WETDREAM OF ARMAGEDDON NOTWITHSTANDING, THE SHITBAG OF REALITY DEMANDS IT'S DUE. JERRY'S LETTER MAKES THE POINT.

DEAR JAAKOV: JACK NEWFIELD IS A CIA-FBI-PIG INFORMER. HE LIES LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER. HE WROTE IN THAT PINKO RAG THE VILLAGE VOICE THAT I INCITED CROWDS TO VIOLENCE IN WASHINGTON. WHAT NEWFIELD WROTE IS NO DIFFERENT THAN WHAT WE HEAR EVERY DAY IN THE COURTROOM ON THE TWENTY THIRD FLOOR OF THE FEDERAL BUILDING IN CHICAGO. JACK NEWFIELD WRITES LIKE THOMAS FORAN AND WHATHE WRITES IN THE VOICE MAKES IT MUCH EASIER FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO PUT THE EIGHT OF US BEHIND LOCKED DOORS IN A FEDERAL PENITENTIARY FOR TEN YEARS.

WHERE ARE ALL THOSE LIBERALS WHO SHED ALL THOSE TEARS ABOUT THE BLOOD SPILLED BY THE CHICAGO COPS DURING THAT ONE WEEK IN AUGUST? SOME OF THEM, LIKE JACK NEWFIELD, ARE RUSHING TO SEPARATE THE GOOD RADICALS FROM THE BAD RADICALS. THEY MAY HERO WORSHIP LIBERAL GODS LIKE KENNEDY AND MCGOVERN, BUT THEY ARE IN AN EFFECTIVE WORKING ALLIANCE WITH JOHN MITCHELL.

UNLESS THE LIBERALS RUSH TO STOP THE CRIME BEING COMMITTED IN QUEEN HOFFMAN'S COURTROOM, WE ARE HEADED FOR DARK DAYS OF RAIN AND SLEET, THUNDER AND LIGHTENING.

THE TRIAL IS A BALL, A THOUSAND LAUGHS, A LIVING THEATRICAL YIPPIE HOAX. THE PROSECUTION WILL SOON END AND WE PLAN TO CALL TO THE WITNESS STAND EVERYBODY WHO CAME TO CHICAGO THAT WEEK AND EVERYBODY WHO DIDN'T COME TO CHICAGO THAT WEEK.

I AM FURIOUS THAT PEOPLE WHO CONSIDER THEMSELVES ANTI WAR LIBERALS HAVE NOT FOUGHT THE TRIAL. THEIR BARK IS BIGGER THAN THEIR BITE. THEY ARE A PUSHOVER FOR THE RIGHT WING AS IT TRIES TO ANNIHILATE ALL REVOLUTIONARIES.

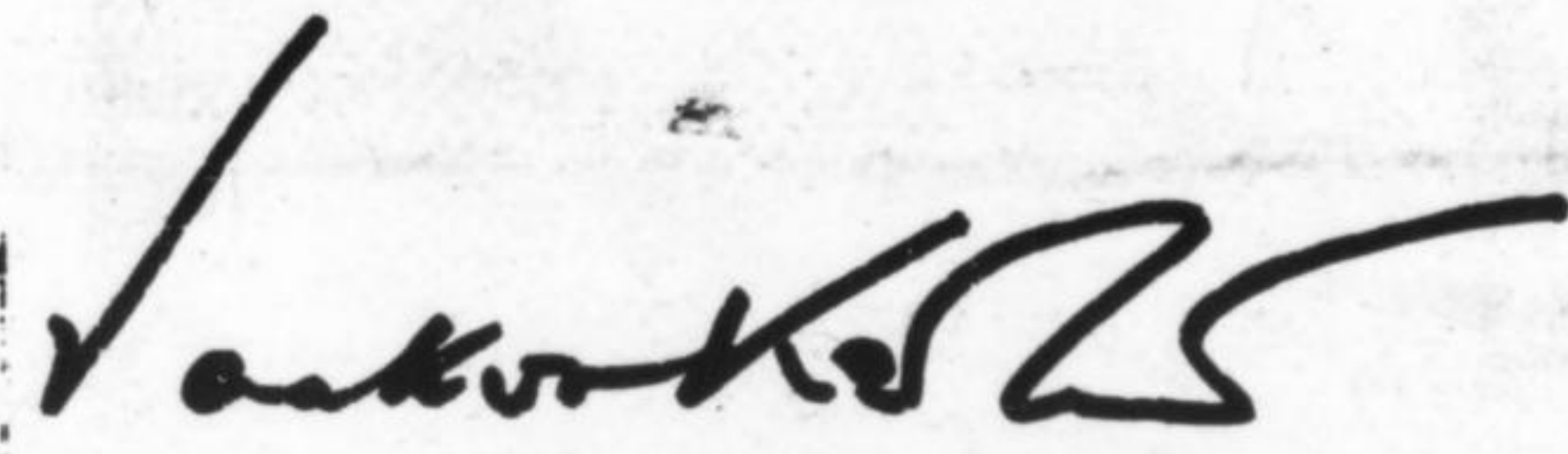
THE TIME IS NOW FOR LIBERALS TO ACT OR THEY ARE NOTHING OTHER THAN "GOOD GERMANS" WHO WASHED THEIR BODIES CLEAN WITH SOAP MADE OF JEWS.

WE ACNNOT WAIT FOR THE NEXT ELECTIONS. WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW, GOOD LIBS?

THINK ABOUT IT WHILE YOU GIVE THANKS FOR YOUR TURKEY AND DON'T CHOKE ON IT, JACK NEWFIELD.

PEACE AND LOVE, A FEW GOOD PUFFS ON THE PIPE, JERRY RUBIN.

RIGHT ON, CHAIRMAN JERRY.




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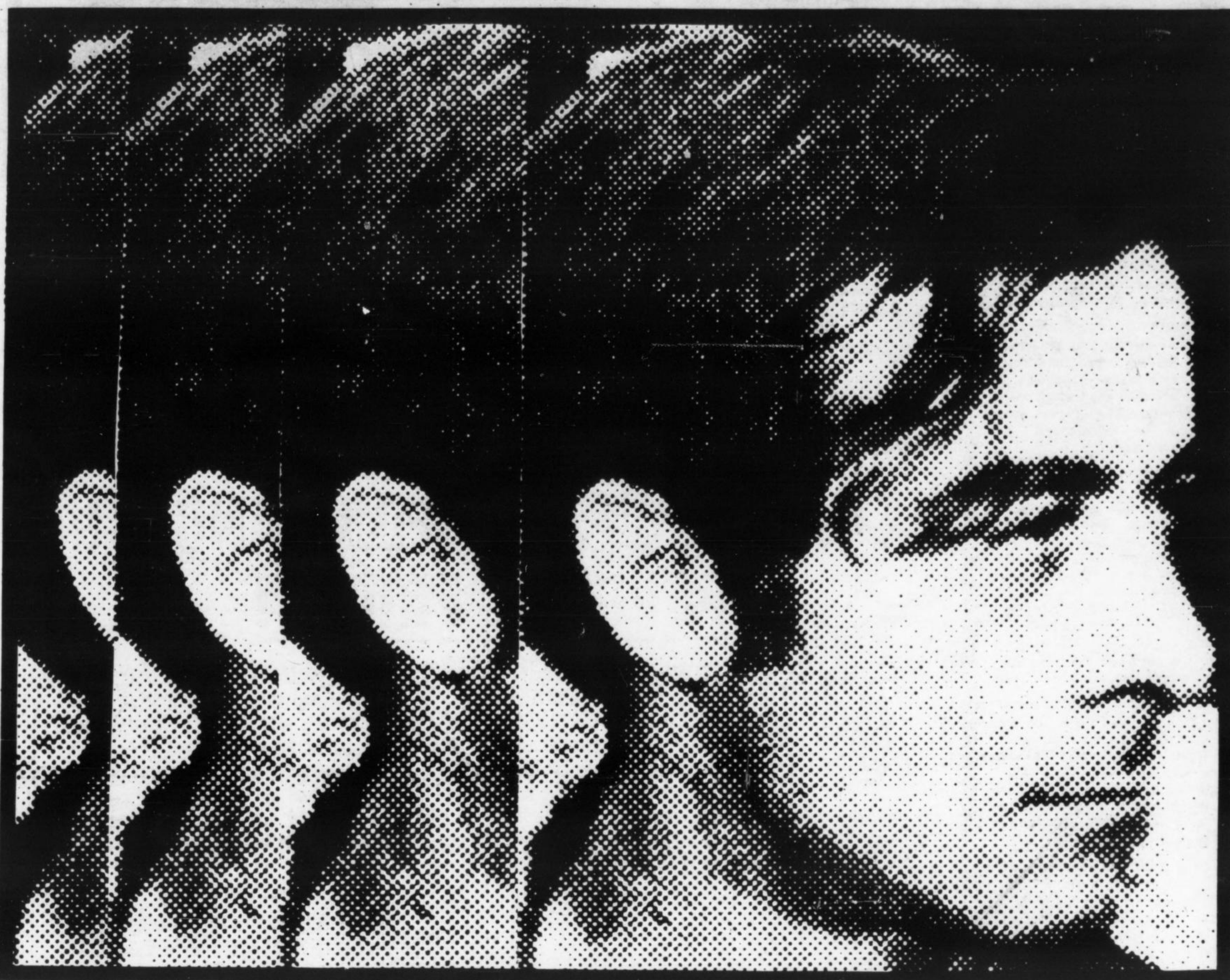
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HHHAPPPYYY BBBBIRRRRTTHHHHDDDDAAAAYYYYY HHEIIDDIIIIII!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

GEORGE DEMMERLE: THE PIG WORE A DAYGLOW HELMET



BY CLAUDIA DREIFUS

When we're not being accused of perverse smut peddling, the charge most often slung at underground journalists is that we're hopelessly paranoid. Like a few weeks ago I was talking to this fellow, Bernie the Reform Democrat, about my fears that the government may be launching a full scale attempt to muffle the media, over and underground. "Nonsense," said Bernie, "Nixon wouldn't dare mess with the big shots at NBC, CBS and the NEW YORK TIMES. You're just paranoid!"

The next day I ran into my friend Lance, the immaculate male model "Dahl-ling," he gushed, while brushing my cheek ever so delicately, "why don't we go somewhere and refresh ourselves?" I had been reading some very exciting Ralph Nader kind of stuff and began rapping about the dangers of insecticides and artificial foods. "Nonsense, Darh-ling," snipped Lance as he sipped a glass of Diet Pepsi, "You're just paranoid!"

And then there's Dr. Parataxis, a well-known psychoanalyst who hangs around a West Village pub.

Parataxis was rather uptight about the possibility of violence at the Washington Moratorium. "Whether or not there's violence in D.C.," I said, "I think that it's important for people to go down to the March. America is really beginning to look like Nazi Germany and I think people should show that they're not Good Germans."

"Nonsense," the analyst said condescendingly, "how can you compare the United States to Germany? It's a bad war, oh yes. But the Americans don't go around slaughtering whole Vietnamese villages. They're not committing genocide. Frankly, I must say, you have strong paranoid tendencies."

So, it was with a certain perverse satisfaction that I noted the following item in last Thursday's NEW YORK TIMES: "BOMBING SUSPECT FREED MINUS BAIL: DIE MAKER MAY BE INFORMER OR COOPERATIVE WITNESS."

"One of four persons originally held on high bail in a plot to bomb governmental and corporate buildings has been freed without bail in Federal Court with the Government's consent."

"The government refused to say yesterday why it had consented

on Tuesday to a motion by George Demmerle, who had been held on \$50,000 bail, to be released on his own recognizance. Frequently in such cases the defended is either an underground informer or one who has decided to cooperate with the authorities."

George Demmerle...George Demmerle...George Demmerle. I knew the name. CLICK! Of course, he was the tall, forty-ish guy known around the East Village as "Prince George Crazy" and "George Crazie." I had met him once and at the time, had kind of accused him in print of piggery.

Flashback to last August's Nagasaki Day Parade to End the War in Vietnam. Over fifteen thousand New Yorkers had braved the summer heat to march against Southeast Asian murder. But when the marchers arrived at the Central Park Bandshell, instead of the expected program of anti-war songs and speeches, they found the stage sieged by a group of Crazies and members of Walter Teague's American Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front. Every time a speaker from the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee would begin his rap, Crazies and Teagelets would commence shouting him down with chants of

"Power to the People," "The Stage belongs to the People," and "Get the C.P. (Communist Party) off the stage!" Fist fights and scuffles were constantly breaking out between Peace Parade Committee marshals and the usurpers. Every now and then a disruptor would begin blasting the audience on a portable phonograph and amplifier set with horrible scratchy sounding Vietcong marching songs. The audience below simply responded to the pandemonium with chants of their own: "You're all agents" and "Get the pigs off the stage." But there were other marchers, many of them new to the peace movement, who rather than participate in insane internicine warfare, simply got up and left the park.

And on stage was this huge man who was sort of leading the madness. The man was striking because of his costume: a shocking pink satin caucassack shirt, an orange day-glow helmet, and a freaky acid smile. Around him was large coterie of Crazies who would follow him in any chant he cared to start. The man's name was "Prince George Yippie" alias "George Crazie" alias "George Demmerle."

Bravely, I approached Prince

George and asked him why the Crazies had come to disrupt the Nagasaki Day Demonstration. Was there not a right-wing rally somewhere where Crazie efforts might prove more productive? Georgie boy looked at me suspiciously and answered: "We Crazies have been trying to get up here for years. But the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee is dominated by the CP and they won't let any other view get a forum. We feel that the Parade Committee should be more militant, so we're going to force them to be so. The Movement shouldn't be holding peace rallies we should be out in the streets!"

Did Prince Crazy think his disruption would cause a split in the Movement? "Oh no, I don't think we're splitting the Movement," Crazie George replied. "We go around making enemies, so that the Parade Committee can gain support. Besides, we're not into organizing."

The demonstration ended as it had begun: with scuffles, curses and chants. But afterwards, as I sat talking with Michael Luckman, the Parade Committee's press relations man, a young nurse

(Continued on Page 14)

PHOTO: GUERRILLA PUBLISHING

NEWSNEWSNEWS

(ERO) Two prominent radiation specialists estimate there would be 17,000 additional cases of cancer each year in the U.S.A. if all Americans received the level of radiation dosage presently allowed by the federal government. Thus John Gofman, associate director of the Lawrence Radiation Lab at Livermore, and his colleague Arthur Tamplin call for reduction of "the Federal Radiation Council dose allowable to the population-at-large by at least a factor of 10 - to a figure of 0.017 Rads per year, or even less, for peaceful uses of atomic energy."

The statements occur in a paper presented by the two men October 29 in San Francisco at the 1969 IEEE Nuclear Science Symposium. The paper was ignored or overlooked by overground media.

The tone of the paper is sometimes one of ironic understatement. For example: "Thus, if any comments made indicate serious concern on our part about allowable radiation standards for man, then that concern can only be amplified by considerations of the additional burden of genetic disorders in future generations, fetal deaths, and neo-natal deaths resulting from irradiation."

The lab at Livermore is one of two centers in the U.S. for the development of nuclear weapons. That one of its associate directors should take such an outspoken position on radiation levels is probably of great significance to the future of nuclear power in the U.S.

The paper estimates that each new cancer case costs at least \$10,000 a year in the U.S. - or a total of 170 million dollars annually for 17,000 cases. "We submit," Gofman and Templin say, "it is far better to appropriate \$170,000 additional per year to learn the engineering and biology requisite to conduct the development of nuclear electricity and related peaceful uses of the atom under reduced allowable dose standards for the population. If we stay with the present guidelines we may very well pay the same amount of money or more plus a fantastic cost in human misery and premature deaths."

SPIROPOP

"My fourteen-year-old daughter, Kim, wanted to wear a black arm band to school, to demonstrate against the war. I told her I had no objections if she really understood the facts. So I took a lot of time to tell her how we got involved in Vietnam, and the situation there, and so on. She said, 'I understand what you're saying, but I don't agree.' So I explained the whole situation again, about the 1954 accord, and the 1962 accord, and she said, 'all right, but why not just get all of the troops out of there?' So I said 'Kim, I have given you the arguments for not just getting out, and you haven't given me a logical argument against it. So there will be no black arm band and no participation in a demonstration.'" Spiro T. Agnew

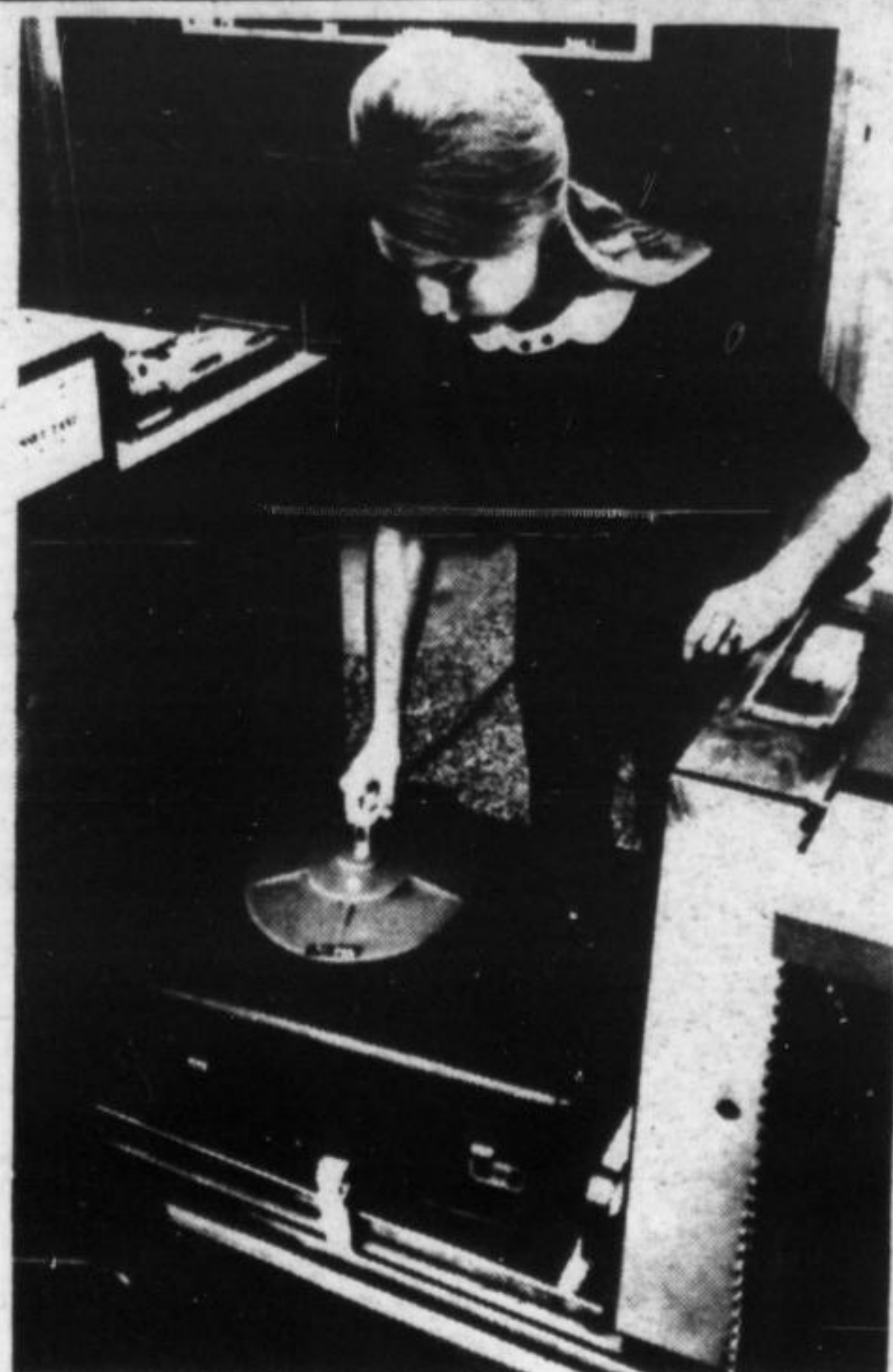
/MAKING SCIENCE GOOD

/CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (LNS) - A conference concerning the conversion of U.S. science from destructive to constructive ends will be held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dec. 3-5. The event, known as the National Conference on Social and Economic Conversion, is co-sponsored by the Science Action Coordinating Committee and the Fund for New Priorities in America. The conference grows out of an on-going struggle at MIT, a center for war research. MIT students and teachers have been arguing that science and technology in the U.S. society is misused and requires "conversion." For information, write SACC, Walker Memorial Building, Rm. 316, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

Preparations are underway for a National Ecology Teach-In on many American College campuses next April 22. Under the direction of US Senator

Gaylord Nelson and Representative Paul McCloskey, coordinating the event, remark, "More than any other issue in this country today, the environmental concern cuts across generation, political parties, and attitudes, and we anticipate that a successful National Teach-In will involve more diverse elements of our society working toward a common goal than this country has ever seen before. Jump on it. Time is getting short."

This chick is checking you out for cold steel. The thing she's working on is called the FRISKER, a lightweight solid state metal detector developed by Radiac Company of Long Island. Pigs use it to search people for knives and guns and stuff; stores use it to detect shoplifters. The EVO office is going to try to buy one to tell just who is a pig and who is not. Better living through technology.



women into the stuff of other men's lives.

Pericles

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—Jacob Brackman, Esquire



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—Jason McCloskey, After Dark



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—John L. Wasserman, San Francisco Chronicle



"'FUTZ' ERUPTS ON THE SCREEN! AN AWESOME AND UNFORGETTABLE EXCURSION INTO THE GROTESQUE, THE MYSTICAL AND THE SAVAGE ELEMENTS OF MAN'S SOUL! A BLEEDING IMPRESSIONISTIC PICTURE OF AMERICA! Tom O'Horgan has transferred the dynamism and electric vitality of his stage production to the screen. He has unleashed primitive and tumultuous furies and splashed them on a violent canvas of colors and sounds. He has created an exuberant, remarkably funny and affecting commentary on the plight of the pariah in contemporary society and the destructiveness of man. The La Mama cast is superb!"

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ALL RIGHT ON A WINTER-Y NIGHT

James Lichtenberg

Blues is special stuff. Ol' flattop he shoot coca cola. A lot of people it's a drug, easy to hear, easy to follow, easy to understand on the surface, and so blues have become a psychedelic stupifier...and that's just not it. Blues is intricate, delicate, weird as well as earth-sex music and that basic chord pattern, I-IV-I-V-IV-I, over and over again, just has to be buried, obliterated, contrasted, suddenly drawn out unexpectedly, highlighted and put to bed just oh so right or forget it. Winter (it may once have been a chilly time) does it just oh so right.

As we learned in school, black field chants-African music, country sounds from old folk tunes mixed together and somewhere around the turn of the century down ol' Mississippi way...oooh, them blues got themselves born. Yeah. A man called W.C. Handy, later a composer and adapter of blues, heard them for the first time near Clarksdale, Miss., from a man who was sliding a knife over the guitar strings. "Weirdest music I ever heard" he said.

On the stage of the Fillmore last Friday, Johnny Winter shook free his long silvery hair, tuned his twelve string electric guitar, tuned to the fans and said "Now I'm gonna play an old slide guitar tune that's on my Imperial album". Slide guitar, a knife sliding over the guitar strings, same special stuff. 66 years later "the weirdest music I ever heard" has made John Winter a Columbia records recording giant. When the mode of music changes, the walls of the country rock.

But Winter is wonderful Americana, a country boy from Texas livin' the road cafe musicians life in stoned obscurity, then "Rolling Stone" discovered him and turned on Steve Paul who turned on Columbia Records and all together they turned on the kids at the Scene and the Fillmore. A quintuple play: Winters to Wenner to Paul to Columbia to Graham, fantastic! When the heavy stones star rollin' it's something else.

His new album, "Second Winter"--deceptive. It's his second album for Columbia. It's the second winter of his fame and it introduces, as he is doing in concert, the second Winter, his

brother, Edgar. And Edgar is really good: drums, piano, alto sax, sings, pure white (but short) hair like John, a real "contribution". John is incredibly easy on stage, completely into his songs, simple, direct, informal. Edgar was straight and shy and didn't even acknowledge the considerable applause for his drum and saxophone playing on top of some early-Joplin pinwheel skyrocket singing, wailing! Edgar and "Uncle John Turner did a double drum solo, shades of the Dead, that had 'em up and screaming.

Blues as they should be played. Perpendicular to the obvious shoreline, they take the mind out to the open ocean, play with you on the waves, spinning you into cloud arabesques, hauling you on long swells and bring you home. Winter is super in concert. The album (with one of the softest sides of music ever recorded) is heavy by comparison and John's unique and fantastic guitar is junked up and obscured by dull fuzz tones. Cream broke up because of this sort of stuff. Come on, HJohnny, be good. His sheer virtuosity is so powerful that in a sense it still overshadows the essential musicalness of what he is doing. Listening to him is like

taking off on a three puff joint!!! You go up so fast that you are instantly into the geometry of motion, driving a Lotus through the Rockies, looping a jet over the desert, travelling a thousand channel cross-country coaxial cable...I mean in a certain sense he plays "Highway 61" better than Dylan and "Johnny B. Goode" better than Chuck Berry and that's really disconcerting and beautiful at the same time. Winter is the basic power and togetherness ("together"-ness) that really did make America...until the death, war, money tribes freaked out the immigrants and made them follow evil ways. What I'm trying to say is if you've never made it through Winter, you'll find it's a whole new season.

You laid Winter on us, Jann, and this year for "Rolling Stone's" Second Birthday--with a whole hoop-dee-doo-la here it comes kids straight down the pike to you it's oh my gosh an interview with yes can you cut it wow--Bob Dylan. I don't know. Just don't know. Talking about Dylan is like talking about your past and childhood and everything complicated.

(Continued from Page 15)

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Junkies Invade Pinkville!

/D.A. Latimer

SONGH MI (CST)--Two soldiers attached to the company that attacked the South Viet Namee village known as Pinkville said that their unit was ordered to destroy the village "and when you come out, leave nothing standing or walking." The attack began about 6 a.m. and lasted until about noon. At least 100 civilians, including women and babies, were murdered during the attack and after. West said he did see some "yanigans" (young soldiers) killing civilians indiscriminately, but he said, "You see, we had orders to kill everybody."

"I walked through the village after it was over... all around were bodies of women and children, all shot up. Everything and everybody was wiped out. Men, women... Children... Only the chickens were left alive. Most of the guys didn't dig it at all. We'd never been ordered to wipe out everybody before. When it was over, they were almost sick."



/Everybody says write about it. All right, I write about it. The last time I pissed my pants was in the gym locker room at junior high school. I was late for class, tying my sneakers alone among the banks of smelly lockers, and I was taking the opportunity of the isolation to sing aloud some-er-ribald songs. One of these, to an old rythem-and-blues tune, was my own composition:
/Ah met her in the graveyard,
/She's all rotten and daid:
/They was shit comin' from her touchole
/An' snot drippin' from her haid.
/Befo' Ah kissed her juicy lips,
/Ah sucked her slimy tit-
/Ah drank a jug of dead men's puke
/An' swam right through her shit.

/The second verse was even tastier. So I was singing this stuff, having a fine old time for myself, under the impression I was alone. And as I finished up the last quatrain of a slightly revised 'Clemintine', brushing the fungus off my diseased gym suit, I turned the corner of the locker room and met the gym coach leaning up against the his office door, staring at me. His face was red. A little trickle of urine suddenly dampened my jockstrap. Seizing me by the scruff of the neck, he marched me off toward the shower stalls, to the white porcelain sinks, where he dabbed some green chemical soap on his palm from the aluminum soap dispensers, thrust the soapy fingers into my mouth, and swabbed them around my tongue into my cheeks. Does this sound wierd to you? He was Catholic. Later, as I sat on the gym floor, spitting softly into the hem of my teeshirt, I had a higher appreciation of what it must have been like to be an Albigenian.

/So last night I was ripped off at knifepoint by a spade junkie, during the course of which

transaction I pissed my pants again. And the relevance of that business in the locker room to this is a little murky, I'll admit--but look, I wasn't half so terrorised by that spade junkie as I was by that Catholic gym coach.

/We are suing the landlord at our place. Three knifepoint robberies, two apartment ripoffs, one flaming short circuit, a billion cockroaches and bedbugs, and all the other unpleasantries of the last month at our building have driven us to it. For some reason, the junkies especially like to break into my mailbox. They never find any money there, being that when somebody owes me some I make a point of picking it up in person. That, and having had no cold water for two weeks after the short circuit, have prompted me not to pay any rent at all. Let them try to throw me out; the way the junkies run through the place, I might as well be sleeping in the streets anyway.

/So last night I went up to visit Mark and Diana who live on the third floor and have a television set. The men were landing on the moon and I was in the mood for a laugh. But as I got to the third landing the sound of squishy footsteps came to me, coming up the stairs, and I thought: JUNKIE. And sure enough, just as I hurriedly knocked on the door, a junkie appeared at the top of the stairway. 'Hey man, you got a cigarette?' said he.

/Have I got cigarettes? You need but ask, baby. But as I handed him the cigarette, he gripped not the cigarette but my elbow, and produced in his other hand a bone-handled Bowie knife straight out of the Alamo and pressed it up against my neck. The door opened, Mark peered out and asked, 'What's up?'

/We shuffled inside. When Mark saw the knife, he tried to close the door on the junkie's head. The knife pressed into my neck. 'Be cool,' said the junkie. 'Just stand over on the other side of the room.' I made to go to the

other side of the room, but he gripped my elbow tighter and said, 'Not you. You stay here.'

/Now, thought I, why would he want to kill me? He was black. Have I written anything bad about black people lately? Why, no...And at that point I pissed my pants. Not much, just a trickle, you wouldn't even know it to look at me. If this guy snuffed me, it was going to look bad for the Movement. HIPPIE WRITER SLAIN BY BLACK IN TENEMENT: New York, Nov. 19: A writer for the East Village Other, a hippie magazine, was knifed through the throat tonight by a Negro dope addict in his East Village apartment building. Dean Latimer, 23, was pronounced dead on arrival at St. Vincent's Hospital. A self-appointed champion of civil rights and the violent Black Power movement, Latimer was stabbed to death by a colored junkie for a total of \$73.49, which he had in his pockets at the time. Witnessess said he pissed his pants in the final moments....

/Hold it. \$73.49, is it? Yes, yes, I just cashed a check from SCREW with a certain shady operative, I had fifty one-dollar bills, two tens, and a pocket full of change. Maybe if I give him my money he won't kill me, I thought, and began scrabbling for my wallet.

/He took it. It was a little tricky, giving him the money, because every time he took his eyes off Mark and Diana to look at it he got worried. And when he got worried he'd press the point of the knife a little harder against my arteries. But it was hard for him to keep his eyes off that thick green sandwich of bills, and so while I was scrabbling it in chunks out of my wallet he'd keep pricking me with the knife. With every prick, a fresh thread of urine would rickle down my leg. He was so stoned -- his pupils were the size of the freckles on my nose -- that I imagine he could have slipped the knife right up through my tongue without even knowing about it.

/Actually, though, straight people are worse to deal with in these situations: when they're out for your ass, you know they're really out for your ass.

The worst beating I ever got in my life was from four teenage boys in my home town in the summer of 1967. I'd done up the last of the speed I'd taken up there with me, and I was feeling little pain when they pulled up alongside me in a battered 61 Pontiac and piled out. We were alongside the graveyard in the middle of town, one of the darker spots. 'Hey, hippie,' said the biggest, fattest, most freckle-faced typical American one of them. 'Why don't you get a haircut?' I asked him why he didn't get bent, or something, and the brawl was on. Midway through getting the living shit kicked out of me, not to mention the right upper canine, I went into a speed reaction and began fighting back. We were all pretty bloody when the police showed up. They were local fuzz, and they sent the local boys home with a warning. Me they took to the station for a drunk test. The dumb shits: I could have walked a straight line up the wall and across the ceiling by that time. But the next day I got a crewcut.

/The junkie only took my money. Mark tried to explain that I was a writer, which came out something like I was some sort of social worker. 'I'm sorry,' said the junkie, 'but I gotta have it.' You know how it is. After a while there's just nothing else to do but buy more junk. Once in a while they catch you and torture you for a few weeks and let you go. What else is there to do?

/Finally the money changed hands, though. Pennies and dimes kept spilling on the floor, dollar bills kept appearing from the recesses of the wallet -- 'Wait a second,' said I at one point, 'there's more here.' --but eventually he had it all in his free hand. 'Okay, man,' he nodded, peeling a one off the top. 'Keep this.'

/Subway money. Far out. After that, he herded us into the living room, took the two paring knives from the kitchen table and threw them into the bedroom, and split. 'Power to you,' I mumbled. The police showed up twentyfive minutes after we called, two guys from the ninth precinct. They promised to make a report. Once on St. Mark's Place I saw a cop trying to break a spade's leg over the curb. I wonder how that report went.

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defense of zap by ted titolo

(The article following is a severely edited section of a much longer consideration of the artists in ZAP NO. 4 and their work. Due to space limitations, the commentary on S. Clay Wilson, Willie Moscoe, and Robert Williams could not be included in this issue of EVO. — The Editors.)

/"WOW! YOU SURE LOOK SEXY, MOM!! I NEVER THOUGHT--"

/So says Junior; and young blonde, Mom, provocative in scanty black panties, a black bra with cutouts to expose her nipples, high stockings, shoulder length black gloves and leather boots, legs spread, hand on hips, tosses back at him, "Never mind what you thought! Come here!"

/Promptly, the crew cut teenager hugs her, and nibbling a breast, reverently gushes, "Gee-You must be the greatest Mom a guy ever had!!"

/And promptly, New York's Finest, deciding that Robert Crumb's ZAP COMIX No. 4 was pornographic, arrested a number of book store salesmen and

owners in order to protect our lingering public fantasy of a neuter mankind.

/Obviously the authorities feel that comic books don't deserve the rights and protections ordinarily granted to High Art. But actually, comics are in the oldest tradition of art: from Egyptian tomb painting to Greek vases to Renaissance pictures to films, art has been used to tell a story. The question is, can comic books be considered real art? And the answer is, if the artist is a Robert Crumb, yes.

/Now that art seems to be moving away from the art for art's sake doctrine that has dominated the art world for most of this century, and seems to be moving toward a more direct relationship with the public, it's not surprising to see a revival of interest in narrative art forms which have always had mass appeal.

/We are well into the era of mass-produced and mass-supported art. Films are an early example. Underground comic books are in many ways related to the art of film. In fact, some members of this new generation of artists look upon their cartoon strips as an inexpensive way of making a kind of "film" short subject. Like film, the strips make use of "camera angles" and characters, edited into narrative form. And like film, the work can reflect the very personal attitudes of the creator.

/The "Joe Blow" story, for the benefit of those who are not permitted at present to buy ZAP NO. 4 is as follows:

/Joe sits looking at a TV set as his pretty wife, Lois enters the room and delivers the opening line of a TV-situation-comedy-level joke. "Hey Joe! Are you pretending to watch T.V. even though it's not on??" "Yep," says Joe, "cause I

(Continued on Page 20)

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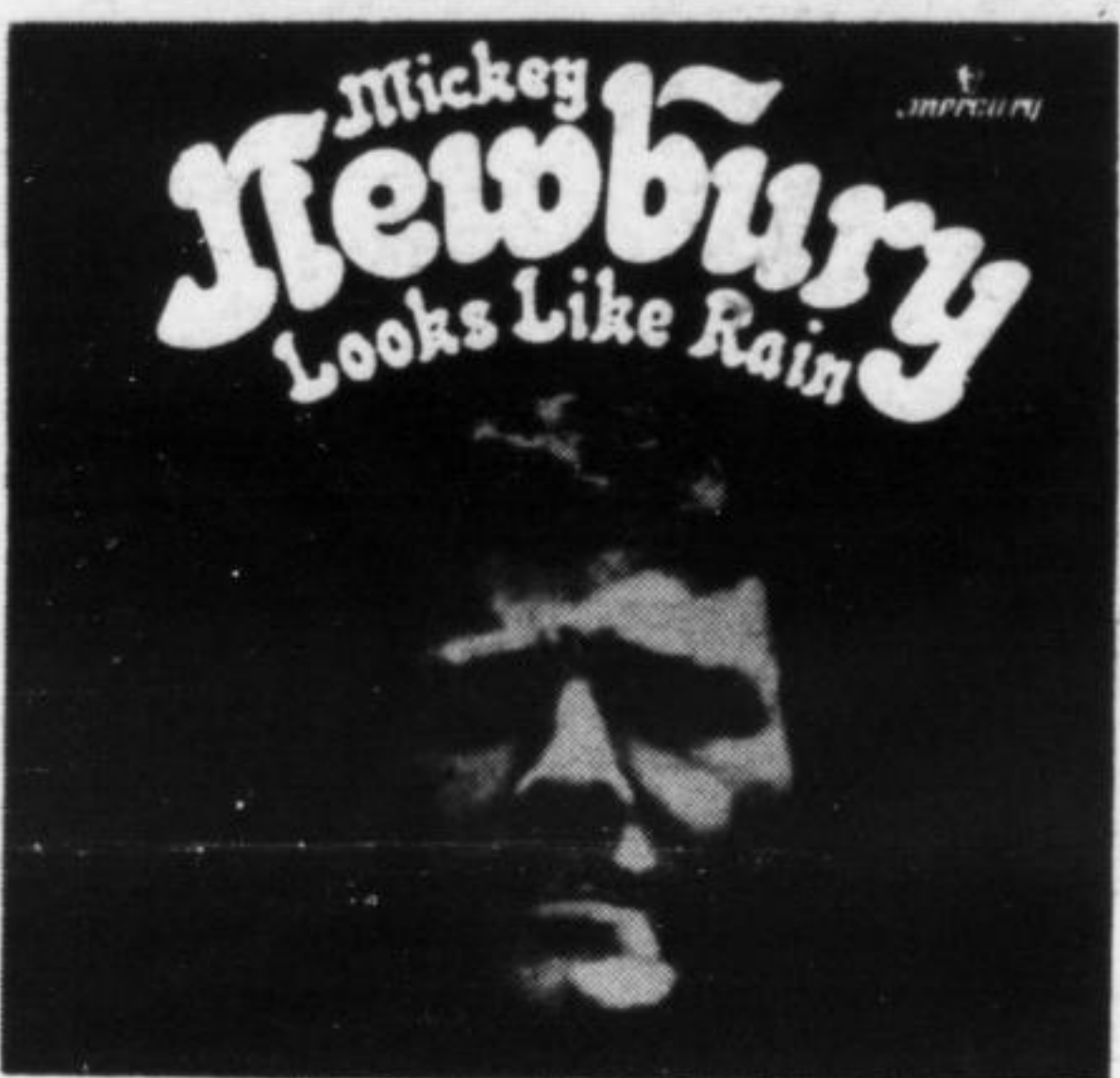
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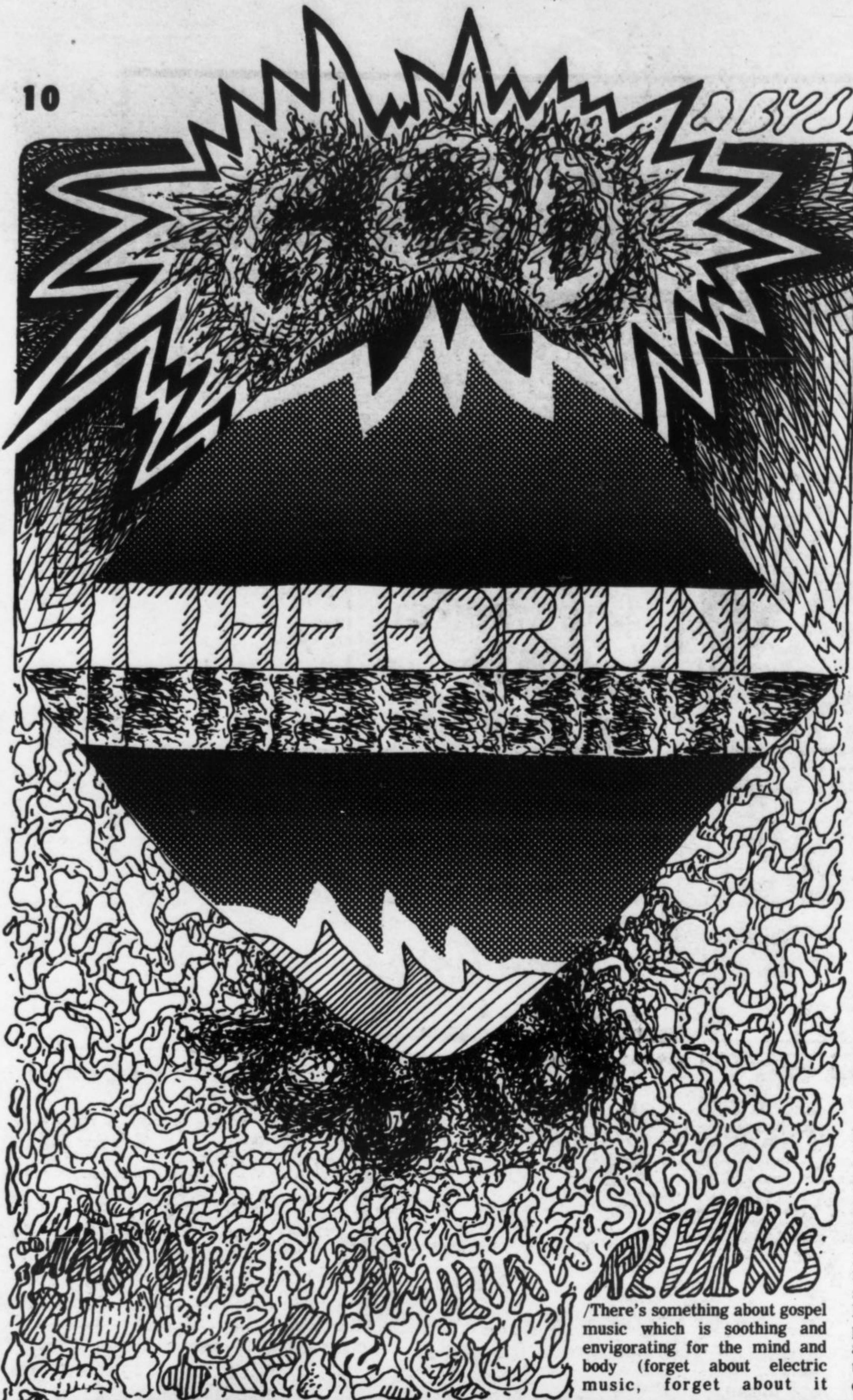
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ABYSS DAVID WALLEY



There's something about gospel music which is soothing and invigorating for the mind and body (forget about electric music, forget about it

completely...give me that old time religion, it's good enough for me). There's a special event taking place at the Fortune Theater, I believe nightly, called "God is Black, Black and Singing Gospel at the Fortune Theater." No way to describe the joy of both seeing and participating in a night of old fashioned hymn singing. (Hell, I walked into the theater grudgingly because of other head matters and literally sang my way out, wayout, what??) The Fortune Theater is an intimate setting in which to present gospel - not only is the place just the right smallness, but the performers can get off the stage and walk around the audience, microphone in hand. If any cultural cross-fertilization can take place, a gospel show in the midst of the lower eastside is certainly a plus for all concerned.

What is "God is Black"?, basically a series of gospel tunes accompanied with guitar, piano and organ. All songs are interspersed with a real fire-breathing, fire and brimstone preacher-man enrobed in red velvet, better known as Tommy Brown. Between his cussing' and Devil and his exhortations to walk with Jesus, old and new gospel tunes are rendered in moving, motivating fashion by the Gospel Clefs and the Gospel Starlets (the Facing Sisters, Mary, Dorothy and Gladys) and Clara Walker, unquestionably one of the heaviest gospel singers around. Not only is she beautiful and possessed with a stirring voice, but she has the power to raise staid theatergoers from their seats. Once on their feet, such people sign and raise their voices joyfully to the Lord's callings.

"God is Black" needs no high flown analysis, no brilliant verbiage. The performers are enthusiastic and vital, there is no lost action. Gospel can really motivate the soul and the spirit to move mountains, it can move you as well, move you as it did me to stand up and shout and sing and carry on. For a change, I was not present at a performers' wake where the audience sat in their seats and took all the performers' energies, like some other places

that can be named. "God is Back" is a good show for what ails you - if you are feeling low, come and sing and praise god, if down, get up with it. Pleasure these days in the theater is rare, either music reviews are too slick, too phoney, or too lame to bother with. "God is Back" is beautiful, as beautiful as Clara Walker's vibrant earthy voice, as cajoling as Tommy Brown's preachings, as joyful as Mary Facing's performance with "Open Your Heart" and "Stand Up for Jesus."

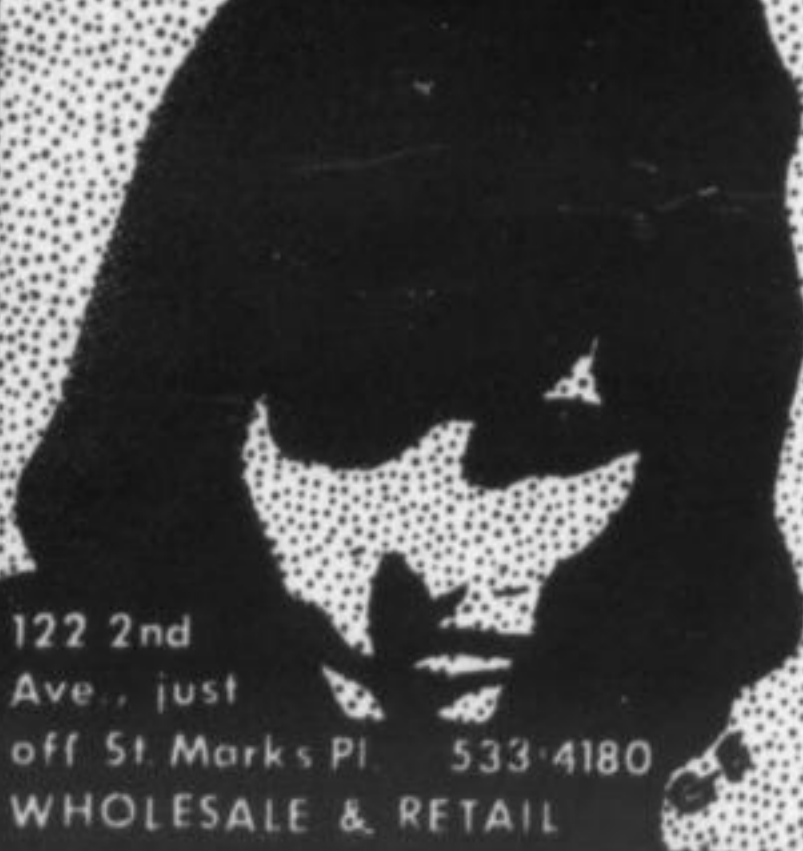
If you are looking for something special, something which will brighten up your spirits, indulge yourself and come to the Fortune Theater on E. 4th (right above Channel One) and partake in "God is Back, Black and Singing Gospel at the Fortune Theater"...you won't be disappointed.

While on the subject of theater, I may as well say my peace about the recent spat of "rock" musicals. Have you ever seen a stage hippie, you know the type who appear in Hair. No, I'm not saying that those people aren't real, they are - that's not the question. Just as in the old days, before the Brothers got hip, there was normally an obligatory Black for each situation comedy, the Rochester figure, the Yassir Bos' figure, the good nigger. Funny that today there are suddenly "good" hippie types proliferating every corner of the industry. They can be called in for commercials, for advertisements on the subways, for just about anything. But don't be fooled, don't be fooled by look-alikes, those people in the ads are adpeople (one word), adpeople, they exist only in an art director's mind and a corporation president's bad dreams. Media hippies are the Establishment's answer to the good nigger. After all, how can you hate a fun-loving freak who does nothing all day long but freak, smoke and talk about love. They're harmless enough, what? They won't do anything unseemly, like run amuck through the agency pulling down water coolers and lighting fires in the wastepaper baskets will they?

(Continued on Page 21)

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MEANWHILE C'MON OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP ELMO THEY GOT ME LIZ YOU GET AWAY WHILE YOU CAN



LATER I HEAR BY SENTENCE YOU TO 20 YEARS

ILL GET THAT MOTHER FUCKER WHO RATED ME OUT



EVEN LATER POLICE RAFFLED SIX STATE ALARM LIS. TROOPS KILL



HI YA ARNIE



HAVEN'T SEEN YA IN A LONG TIME ARNIE



HELP POLICE



OW I'M HURT



NO ELMO I DIDN'T MEAN..

ARRRRRHH



STOP

GAG



I THINK I WINGED HIM

HE CAN'T SWIM ANY WAY HE AIN'T GOT NO LEGS

IS THIS THE END OF ELMO?

NEW LIFE STYLE aren't always women

TAPING THE UNIVERSE

by Alex Gross

There is at last an alternative to network television news programs, but it isn't going to make Spiro Agnew happy. With a bit of luck it may send him completely around the bend and force him to resign early and avoid the wear and tear. Because what is happening at the Global Village on Broome Street is dynamite, and it isn't going to go away. It is true alternate television and represents the culmination of the dreams of many people in many countries.

The basic idea couldn't be simpler. You get hold of some video tape equipment and record your own demonstration, confrontations and interviews--you can then show them on any video monitor using the same system anywhere in the country or on earth. Video tape now costs about thirty-five dollars an hour, and the price is coming down. It can be erased and reused. It is just as easy to handle as ordinary audio tape, even easier because you can do your splicing electronically and don't have to worry about small pieces of tape.

In less than six months at least two major electronic companies will bring video tape systems onto the market at reduced prices, may even be starting a price war. A complete set-up to tape, make copies, and play back

will cost between three and four hundred dollars. Every college, every organization, every newspaper office, ultimately every informed citizen will have their own video equipment. Tapes will be exchanged and sent through the mail by the thousands. Count to three and SHAZAM, society will be transformed -- the establishment communications network will have been bypassed. And not through the insidious plotting of an effete, snobbish minority, but through the far-sighted hard-hitting go-ahead realism of red-blooded American capitalism. Irony, if you will, but no one should look a revolution horse in the mouth.

You can get a preview of all this at Global Village now. A large second-story loft has been converted into a video environment with multiple monitors, foam rubber seats and pseudo-Turkish pillows, and a giant screen on which alternate a Rudi Stern lightshow and the uncanny image of a video image projected to the giant size of nine by twelve feet. Surprisingly, the projection is not dull or coarse of grain, thanks to a new kind of projector, which should itself be cheaper and more plentiful in a few years time, though perhaps never cheap enough to become a home appliance.

(Continued on Page 15)

SEEING DOUBLE

By Robert Weiner

QUESTION: What's Happening at The New York City Center through November 30, 1969?

ANSWER: The First Annual "Celebration Of The Arts For Children".

QUESTION: Who thought it up, what is it all about, what is The Joshua Light Show doing uptown, what is Richie Havens doing narrating PETER AND THE WOLF?

ANSWERS: The "Director of The Celebration" is Jay K. Hoffman, best known for his presentations of Ravi Shankar, The Incredible String Band, The Salzburg Marionettes, and at Philharmonic Hall -- Japan Week, Fiesta Mexicana, The Mozart Festivals and Five Xman Festivals. I asked

Jay how the idea for doing a celebration "For the CHILD of the 20th century" came to him. "I think of young kids today as the most hip of us all because they are the most free -- they are the second generation television children. In the past decades JACK AND THE BEANSTALK were going to the sky and that was magic. Today five or six year olds can talk about orbiting or landing on the moon. Children's senses have been enlarged by television and by their older brothers' and sisters' heads being into the pop-rock music of today. The influences of today are quite different than on the child of the early '50's. For example who picked up on the graphics in YELLOW SUBMARINE first? It

(Continued on Page 16)

POOR PARANOID'S

By Allan Katzman

All signs point to a big turn out and turn on in Washington D.C. the spring of 70 for the Smoke-In planned by the Right A Wrong committee to legalize marijuana.

Everyone I meet holds great expectations for this kind of protest. People I know who are not into any kind of protest at all are planning to go. As one of them explained to me in confidence, "Pot is so scarce in New York that it looks like I'll have to go to Washington on July 4th just to get stoned."

There is a good natured attitude toward storming the Capitol steps with Mary Jane's sweet elixir. y not? We will bombard them with

smoke cannisters of Acapulco Gold and Panama Red and watch the National Guard defend the White House with bayonet and tear gas against the stoned wind of change. We might even attend the House and Senate and demand to have a joint session of Congress.

All of it will have a flair of fun about it. It will run counter to Nixon's political bullshit to legislate the highs out of our existence. His corny peregrinations to bring us back to the fold of the "downers" by propoganda and a Peace Festival to be held in 1970.

(Continued on Page 17)

THERE'S A FEATHER IN YOUR FUTURE JUST YOU WAIT

DON'T SUFFER DRY SKIN, MADAM
PHOTOS FROM: THE GLOBAL VILLAGE



What you need right now is a p

ART nice TOWARDS A NEW 1970 ARTSCENE

by LIL PICARD

/"On the Bowery"

/The area around LaGuardia Place and the streets going east and downtown, Greene Street, Prince Street, Houston Street and the Bowery will soon be the new New York Artscene. At 542 LaGuardia Place "A fly can't bird but a bird can fly (Inc.)" two artists Tosun Bayrak, born in Turkey, 1926, and Joseph Kurhajec, born 1938, in Wisconsin, are showing *Carpets and Fur*. They both sing a new note. Kurhajec does his flying with monkey fur, leather, and spikes. His Art has an aggressive, sinister quality. Colossal phallus-shaped forms wrapped in fur or leather skins, reach up to the ceiling and are arranged in groups and rows. Columns made from fur tell a story of a very special fetishistic obsession. Everything Kurhajec touches has black magic. The columns rise like fur covered snakes. They are strange dancers of doom. They also give the feeling that something ominous is hidden behind the surface of smooth dark black monkey fur, and the tightly packaged sealskin and the black leather laced with strips and cords. These are gigantic penis-shaped structures.

/It seems to me that this artist would have been better presented if the gallery would refrain from showing fur covered clothes hangers, muffs and handbags, in order not to spoil the impact of the structures, some attached with metal coils to metal pyramids and enormous stell plated shapes.

/Tosun Bayrak is even more of a shocker in a room completely hung with oriental carpets. The viewers are asked to take off their shoes and enter this den. Plastic skins of human forms hang from the ceiling are spread like corpses in decay on the oriental rugs. Stuffed animal skins and plastic carpets filled with dead rats and guinea pigs preserved in vomit colored shades of decomposition are not easy on one's system. From a greenish, whitish plastic sculptured female body, haunting oriental music is pumped into the room and the smell of formaldehyde makes one's nose run and eyes water. This is "teargas shock" treatment of Art. Leaving this gallery one will be haunted by the Pig-man lying in his coffin, (a Bayrak sculpture placed at the entrance of the gallery) whose programmed tape recorded ha ha ha ha laugh follows us while we proceed to the downtown Art tour to other adventures.

/O.K. Harris, APOGEE, Paula Cooper, Star Turtle, Bowery, FEIGEN.

/Only a few houses next to the "Fly" a window display with apricot-rose plastic squares invites to visit the show room of artist Peter Gee to look at "APOGEE", a selection of Gee's colorful circular forms in bright and brilliant colorations. The surface of these decorative wall paintings is smooth like ivory and, the content of the work is purely optical.

(Continued on Page 19)

THILM by Lita Eliseu

/In 1967, Peter Brook, director of *Marat-Sade...etc.*, took a look at the world's more contemporary political horrors, and the problem of being what he was -- in this case, a filmmaker-- and doing something about these horrors, and so he made *Tell Me Lies* with various members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. And he made a film about Vietnam; the story of a young man, sickened and disillusioned about the war, who tries to find an action, however ultimate it may be, which will actually help put a stop to the action of the war. An action, a personal gesture, which he finds he is capable of and which he hopes will be significant enough to reach people and somehow affect the status quo.

/The young man learns about Mao in a very beautiful, slick, funny Godard-kin sequence; he learns about the war resisters; he learns about revolution he learns about liberals he learns. He learns about self-immolation, and we watch, in full color, as that first monk whose name I've

forgotten, sat in front of the parade and poured gasoline all over himself, sitting there in full lotus while the flames made his hands appear to tremble and his body shiver. We watch once, twice, and then third in slow motion. And by the third, you know: it isn't so bad. It's just somebody killing himself extravagantly. So the young man hears that this self-negation is no longer approved, that the first monk's action took admirable courage but that those following did not have his right of priority and desperation. He immolates himself anyway, and his friends cry; people talk; groups debate. The war goes on.

/Later in the picture, the young man returns to his friends, picking up the debates, the demonstrations, the caos, all over again. Maybe it is a flashback or a time warp...I don't think so. He came back because, there was nothing gained by his action. Death, the supreme negation of what we call 'life' is not an ultimate answer to positive action...at the

(Continued on Page 17)

PARTICIPATION



THE PIG

(Continued from Page 3)

approached us with a very interesting story. This lady had come to the demonstration with the Medical Committee for Human Rights and, in the course of providing medical aide, she spotted three Crazies flashing badges and handing papers to two well-known Red Squad super-sleuths. Could she identify any of the three? She said she could. So Mike had her look through photographs of the demonstration and the girl did come up with one positive identification: George Demmerle.

That week EVO printed the story, complete with the nurse's revelations. It was that week that East Village Crazies broke off all friendships with EVO staffers. It was that week that our hallway was plastered with Crazie stickers. It was that week that my mailbox was filled with notes saying: "Prince George Crazie was here. He wants to talk with you."

Figuring that George either wanted to beat the shit out of me or play me some Vietcong music, I decided to ignore the messages. Now I wish I hadn't been so hasty. It might have been interesting to hear old George be indignant at my accusation of his pigdom.

When news of Prince George Crazies finkery burst into the headlines, many of his East Village acquaintances reacted with genuine shock. "George must have freaked out last week or something," explained Bill Etra, a photographer for RAT. "I mean, I just can't believe that was an agent all along. It's really hard for me to conceive of an police agent being tripped out constantly. And George always went around as if he was on one big, big trip."

RAT'S Art Director, Paul Simon disagreed: "As soon as I heard that four people were arrested for these bombings, it struck me that if any one of them actually was guilty, it would have to be Crazie George. Cause he was the craziest person I had ever met. But as soon as we learned that there was a police informer among the defendants, I immediately thought of George--for the very same reason."

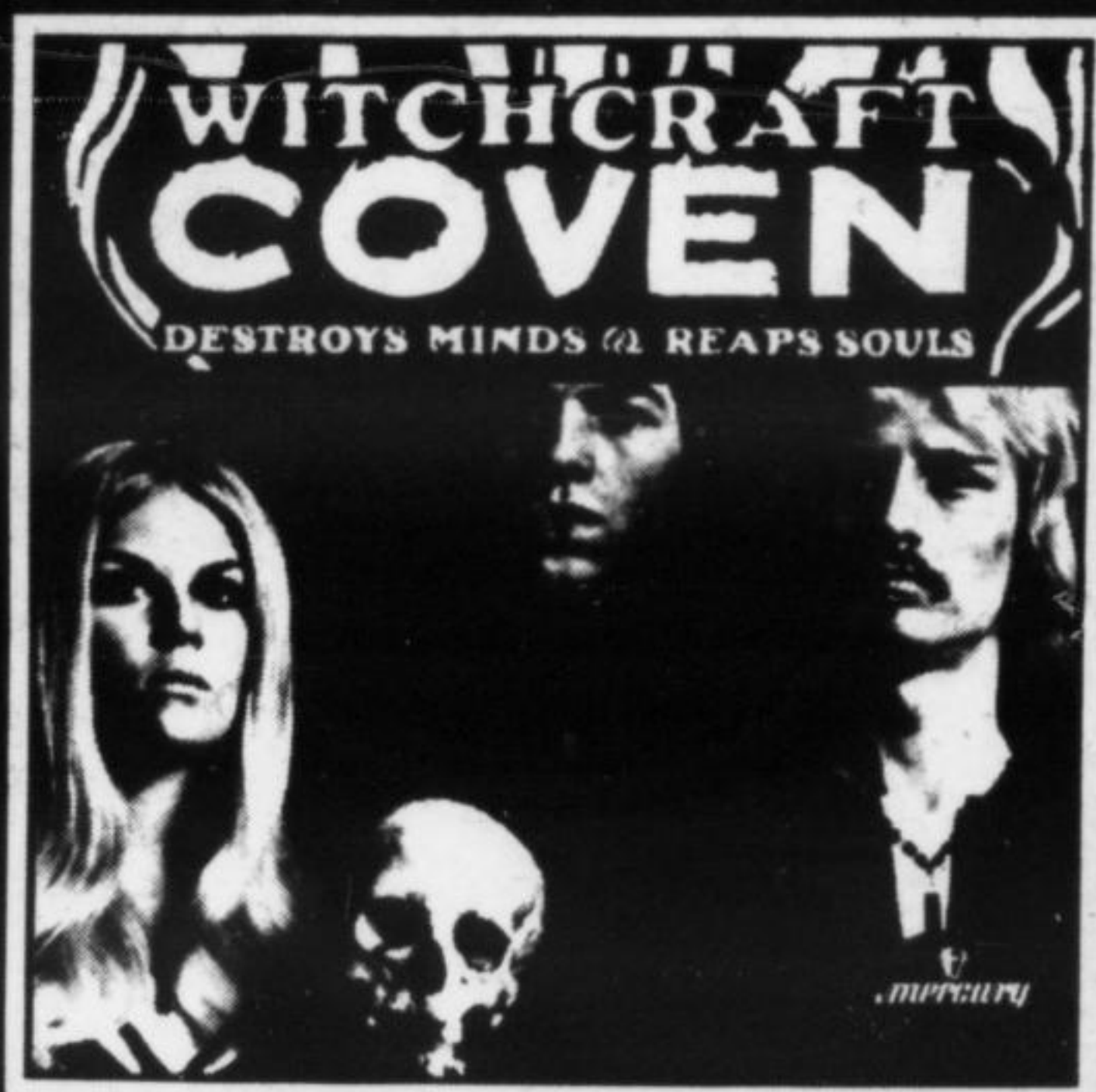
Friends of George Demmerle describe a vague collage of events to explain his character. George was the guy who sat at Yippie planning meetings playing with his own toy bombs. George was the guy who showed up at the Alternate U. costume party dressed as a dead Green Beret. George was the guy whose brother said that he always thought he had very right-wing politics.

Jeff Shero, RAT's editor, only knew George Demmerle from Yippie meetings. "Whenever there was a meeting," Shero recalled, "He'd get up and say to people, 'Anyone who wants to get arrested, come with me.' A lot of people thought he was very cool and very radical. In retrospect, it appears that George was trying to get a lot of people busted."

"It's funny," said Jeff thoughtfully, "he always struck me as a guy who was over thirty-five, flipped out and having fun with his life. I guess he wasn't having much fun after all."



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TAPING

(Continued from Page 12)

But the contents of the tapes is the main thing in an alternate news source, however fine the environmental trappings, and here too the quality is high. There are exclusive interviews with Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin made by Allan Katzman and a large number of tapes from the Aquarian Festival at Woodstock by John Reilly and Ira Schneider, together with Jud Yalkut's excellent film on this event entitled **Woodstock Rushes**.

Round the whole out with the lightshow, a splendid tape of a couple fucking in the woods blown up large on the screen, and whatever demonstrations and events happen to have been taped fresh that day, and you have an idea of what is waiting for you in the semi-darkness of Global Village. The people running it intend to have one day each week free to all interested members of the community—right now this day would appear to be Wednesday, but check this out before going by phoning 966-1515. Normal prices on all other days will be three dollars a head,

but student reductions of one-half price will be in force at all times. Address: 454 Broome St., corner of Mercer St.

Another show that deserves your attention is ARM, which stands for American Revolutionary Media, to be seen for the next two weeks at MUSEUM, 729 Broadway, corner of Waverly Place. MUSEUM, as you may remember, started out last year to become the main alternative to the uptown Museum-Gallery system. Despite their unfortunate choice of name and a large membership who turned out to be mainly interested in seeing their own paintings on the wall, MUSEUM has made a few steps in the ambitious direction they originally set for themselves, as you will see if you drop in on this show. ARM is different every night, presenting films, plays, poetry, music and other events in addition to the mixed media display of posters, slides, and lighting effects which is there all the time. ARM has been organized by the Persian poet and light artist Farman and shows definite signs that the classical left is trying to get with it—media-wise and present their message in a new and interesting way. Unfortunately

WINTER

(Continued from Page 5)

"Dylan For President" got me through the last elections. But if this interview were his campaign speech, well I'm not sure I'd vote at all. A new Bob Dylan, successor to Allan Dullas, co-owner of Maggie's Farm, "Look out kid, now I keep it all hid." Samples of the interview: "Well, maybe...well, I don't know...Well, I can't remember...Did he say that? ...you know I don't recall how that happened...that's the most I can say...I generally like everything she does...I usually leave that to the producers...well now that's difficult to answer."

/Oh, fuck off! But one thing keeps me from being really angry, "and I still didn't sense the importance of that accident till at least a year after that. I realized that it was a real accident. I mean I thought that I was just gonna get up and go back to doing what I was doing before...but I couldn't do it anymore...What change? Well it...it limited me. It's hard to speak about the change, you know? It's not the type of change that one can put into words...besides the physical change. I had a busted vertebrae, neck vertebrae. And there's really not much to talk about. I don't want to talk about it."

/Sabotage? Lobotomized? Threats? Scarey, absurd thoughts. Once upon a time, though, you did dress so fine, threw us all a rhyme...didn't you?

/Wipe away the tears and wing away on another Columbia records carpet, Roger McGuinn and his ever changing Byrds. I love the Byrds, even when they're flying low...the album "The Ballad (important word) of Easy Rider" is a few hundred feet into the smog above Laurel Canyon, hardly "41,000 feet above tula county." Scene one: Peter Fonda rushing ecstatically between offices at Screen Gems Music "Dylan's gonna write a song for my movie!" Scene two: Dylan dissatisfied, says it's his harmonica playing (what?) and McGuinn sings "It's all right, ma" and the song Dylan supposedly wrote "The Ballad of Easy Rider". Scene three: a long fuzzy scene in which Dylan's name is gradually removed from first the music and now the words...and replaced by

McGuinn's. War is Peace, Pot is Evil, Dylan is McGuinn but it's still a fine song, Dylanesque and a fitting ending for the film, (healing) which has just ripped your head off. Along with "Jesus is All Right" (which should have been three times as long) and "Oil in My Lamp" It makes the album worthy of attention.

/If, gentle reader, you get the impression of slight dissatisfaction with once revolutionary figures (are you up for a walk-on Beatles Ed Sullivan gig, no music, and the over-priced too-few-in-number Stones concerts?) you're right. Hey, let's get to them now before they become the next hair-brained establishment. A joke. Come together, right now, lots of live music at reasonable prices (with a free one or two thrown in) and we'll be friends.

/You see, the second generation of rock is breeding talents that are serious contenders for the affection lavished on the early favorites, like Jack Bruce on his own. "Songs for a Tailor", his first venture since Cream evaporated, has that same drive and wonderful rolling quality which Cream overdid and eventually exploded. Baker may have been the least sparkling member of the group but his contribution to their music was immense. nSoul elements, big band sounds and straight poetry are part of this refined, unforced music, deep and lyric. I have to thank "Mountain" for getting my head straight about Bruce. At the Fillmore they did a version of "Imaginary Western" (on the album) that was so lame by comparison, I "came to know" how fine "Songs for a Tailor" really is.

/HURRY, THIS RECORD WILL BE BANNED

/(...BUT'S ALREADY NO. 87 IN MAJOR NATIONAL SURVEY!!!)

/On that grey afternoon when we were celebrating Columbus' discovery of the West Indies and tobacco smokin' injuns, Mercury's messenger, hardly winged sandals, ah well, appeared with a little thing on the Fontana lagle innocuously entitled "Je t'aime...moi non plus" (I love you...me too). Innocent looking but an orgy of sound, this little record caused the police to break into the Philips warehouse in Rome, to ban and destroy—banned also in Sweden (very strange), No. 1 in Britain and Denmark, No. 5 in Germany


etc...why? Well, to a background of slow rockin' music, and in French, they do it... "aural fucking". Juicy lyrics: "Je vais et je viens entre tes?" (I go and I come between your?) "Et je me retiens" (And I hold myself back)...how about that? Then, who's breathing (remember the girl in "Blow Up" who together with a friend raped Hemmings, the one whom they undressed completely? Jane Briskin is now doing her thing on records!) and breathing, and he sings "Et je me retiens," but she cries out "No, maintenant!" (No, Now!) Gush...

/Anyway you'd better hurry to your local dealer of smut, garbage, rock and roll and stuff before the man gets a translator...if you've got ears for this sort of thing, a 4 minute and 25 second recorded hump (complete with orgasm for two), and 4 part harmony, as Arlo would say.

/Returning to the Children's Celebration, Jay detailed some of the events that would take place including a television workshop that would make a videotape recording of the entire festival. The main events include the aforementioned "MAGIC CLOWNS THEATRE" by the Joshua Light Show; Jackie Cassen's Theatre of Light version of Hans Christian Anderson's LITTLE MATCH GIRL, an authentic African Dance Theatre, the Budaya Indonesian Epic Theatre and Richie Havens narrating PETER AND THE WOLF.

/Other events taking place are a two part program by The Harlem Cultural Council with first performances of an original poem based on THE BLACK COWBOYS and Kurt Weill's DOWN IN THE VALLEY; There will be workshops in television, film animation, modern dance, poetry, jazz, Spanish language, African dance, improvisational theatre and teen-age film. There will be exhibits of American Indian painting and crafts, dolls from around the world, a history of the comic book and a continuous PUNCH AND JUDY Show.

/With the help of a \$30,000 grant from the New York State Council of the Arts, Mr. Hoffman may be able to pull off a fantastic event that will be of interest to every child—and aren't we all?



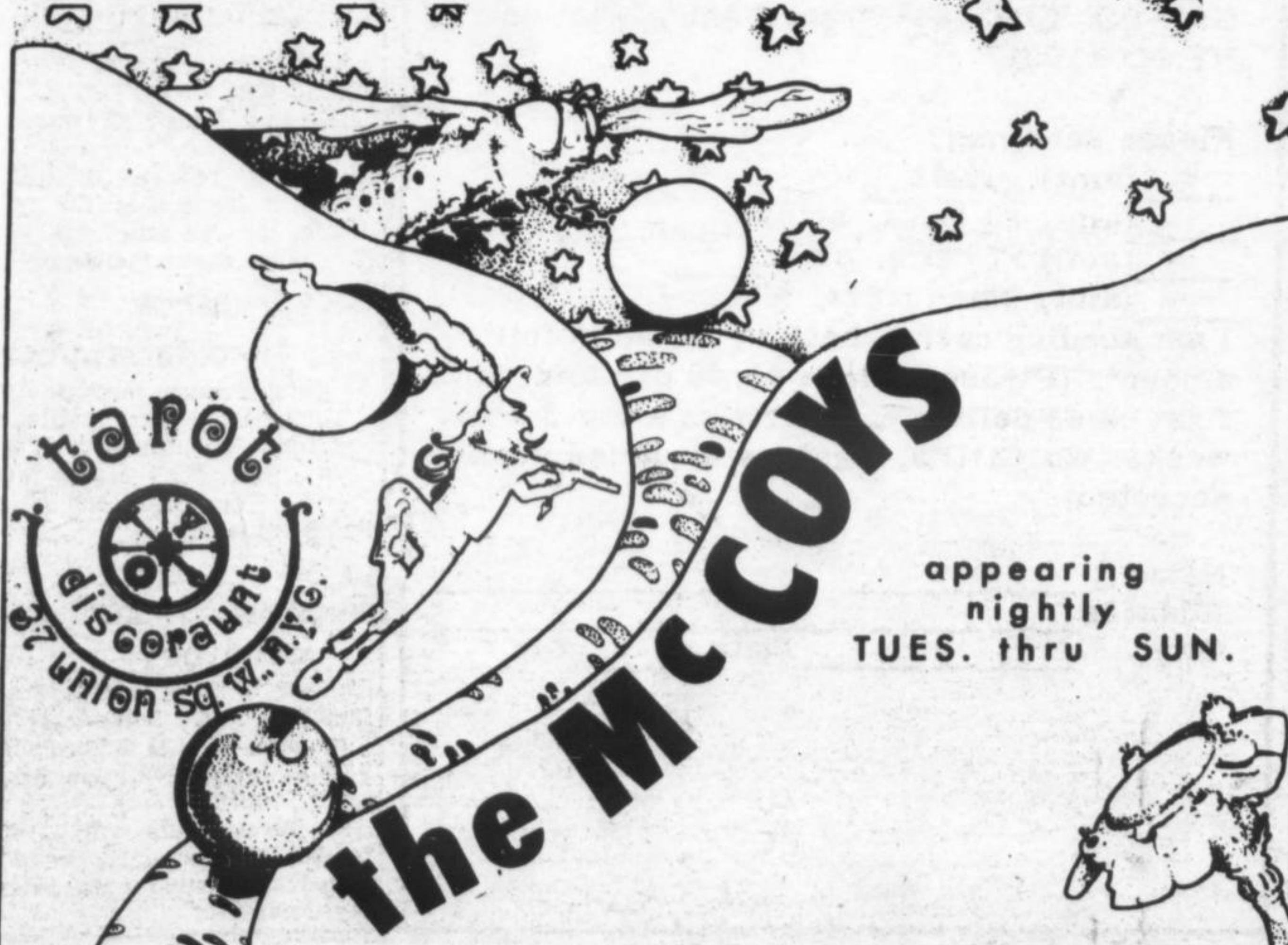
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DOUBLE

(Continued from Page 12)

wasn't the Pop Culturists -- it was the little kids who had been exposed to the BEATLES cartoons previously on TV.

/We saw that no longer could fairy tales be the entertainment for the child. Puppet shows were out and it was not fun to go with kids to events put on by third rate directors with fourth rate companies doing fifth rate material. Many parents started taking their kids to adult entertainment like ASTARTE, YOUR OWN THING and 2001.

/It was obvious that we should create something that the kids are into. We went to people who have things to say to adults.

/We got Richie Havens to do the narration for PETER AND THE WOLF. The Eglevsky Ballet will perform to Richie's narration on November 28th, 29th, and 30th.

/We went to Josh White of the Fillmore's Joshua Light Show and said to him, instead of just staying behind rock groups why don't you come out into the audience? So Josh is doing a multi-media Clown show with live members of a circus plus the light show -- a concerto for mimes and light show.

/Speaking of the Fillmore, I am a big fan of Bill Graham's, but I think that a guy like Bill, who has the whole fucking rock world in his hands, has not done a thing for the rock artists. He has not stimulated them to go on beyond 'where it is currently at.' He has given them the platform -- he is their champion and he is a tremendous personality -- but he is a buyer and seller -- Graham, or any rock promoter could say to any rock group that is riding high -- 'Why don't you try to go further? Why don't you do a rock

opera or film and light performance?' Graham could be the real synthesizer or catalyst."

/I disputed this statement with Jay, expressing the opinion that Graham had no control of rock groups, except those that he manages and they are at this moment groups that do not have the artistic abilities of groups like THE WHO and THE BEATLES. I asked Jay how this related to what his organization was trying to do. Jay said that "what Graham has done and will continue to do is fantastically important. If we were in the rock business we would be encouraging artists to go a step further and in a way we are with the INCREDIBLE STRING BAND. We are their American representatives and have commissioned them to do a folk-pop fairy tale that will be a fully designed production with mime, dance, etc. It will be a full theatrical evening. It is based on a Scotch folk song."

/Returning to the Children's Celebration, Jay detailed some of the events that would take place including a television workshop that would make a videotape recording of the entire festival. The main events include the aforementioned "MAGIC CLOWNS THEATRE" by the Joshua Light Show; Jackie Cassen's Theatre of Light version of Hans Christian Anderson's LITTLE MATCH GIRL, an authentic African Dance Theatre, the Budaya Indonesian Epic Theatre and Richie Havens narrating PETER AND THE WOLF. Other events taking place are a two part program by The Harlem Cultural Council with first performances of

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THILM

(Continued from Page 13)

end of the movie, the young man sits there, in a barely furnished white room, with a friend, and he reads a magazine. He holds it up to his friend and asks him 'how long can you look at this picture of the napalmed child?' and his friend looks for as long as he can, and the camera just watches him until he looks away, and then the camera looks away, around the room, while the Voice Over says, as the camera rests on the slightly ajar door, "And what if she came through that door?"...and the picture ends.

/By now, the Vietnam War has come through the door to an immense number of people, even those in Dicky's great silent majority, and many are wondering just what it is within their power to do to stop the war. The government leaks are even getting better; uncorroborated stories of atrocity in Vietnam are finally being substantiated. Of course: if you are in someone's country, fighting a war, and you kill off his children, his parents, his land, his way of life, then you have to be more atrocious than someone fighting back and able to destroy only young men sent to his land to do the above. It's a simple conclusion. There just isn't anyone or anything else for the Vietnamese to destroy besides American soldiers, and I am not

bothering to differentiate between North and South; I'm not even sure how the Army does. Or if they bother.

/Where does all this go...? To 1969, now (figuratively) and some more movies about That War, Our Problem. Last year, Godard, in *Far From Vietnam*, cried out that he wanted to show the war and all the horrors, but couldn't find the right images; so he then wanted to go to Vietnam and make a film about the war, but they wouldn't let him. So he had to chose, like so many, between full-time revolutionary and filmmaker. He chose...we think...filmmaker. (Another time, another discussion about Godard.) This year, among others, there are *Year of the Pig*; *Terry Whitmore, For Example*; and *Futz*. Actually, *Futz* is the best of all three, which is saying very little. Despite the literal blood in *Futz* and the described blood in the other two, all these films are anemic (gahhh) in comparison to the Lenny Bruce short which plays with 'Terry Whitmore.' First, a brief consideration of the 3 films.

Year of the Pig is a series of short interviews, clips, stories, document-on-film narrations, strung together to be a hangman's necklace for those who might still want to support the Vietnam War. You simply cannot watch General Patton grin with those horse teeth filling up the screen, eyes lit up (devilishly of course) saying,

PARANOID

(Continued from Page 12)

/Nixon will achieve his ends, of crucifying marijuana on a cross of lies, even if it means using blackmail and threats to do it. Bud Wilkinson, Nixon's head lackey for the Peace Festival and ex-basketballfeer and A-Head, (All athletes use Amphetemines to keep them moving) has already applied these techniques to his advantage.

/In the case of the big entertainment program at the Felt Forum in Madison Square Garden Wilkinson offered Donovan (Rock & Roll's Balladeer) entrance to the U.S. if he will not only sing for the Festival but denounce drugs, all drugs, as well. Donovan who is not being allowed to enter America because of a possession charge against him, greedily accepted. One of the other stipulations was a closed mouth about our Vietnam involvement. Wilkinson offered the same deal to John Lennon who told him to go fflake it.

/The "Push Against Drugs", (This does not include liquor, one of the Nix's favorite lobbies) is to be headed by Dione Warwick and MC'd by Murry the K (the K is for KREEP). Wilkinson has called for a meeting of all disc jockeys across the country to join in the Dope Inquisition or else.

/Billy Smith, who related these little tidbits to me about

Wilkinson's and the Government's dope deals, has quit the Peace Festival and is now working towards one of his own.

/"The Peace Festival will go on," Billy stated to me over the phone, "but not the way Wilkinson thinks. It will be tied up with the Moratorium and the legalization of marijuana. It will be a real Peace Festival."

/There is no doubt that the push is on and has been for a long time. The jailing of thousands of young people for the act of smoking this harmless hemp has taken a political bent of late. The entrapment and jailing of John Sinclair, Jerry Rubin for such acts has pushed marijuana into the area of political harassment and terrorism to quiet our constitutional rights of Freedom of Speech. A case in point is the recent "bust" of John Giorno on October 7th. Here is a personal account by Giorno himself of the latest tactics in police terrorism:

/On October 7 I was out doing some errands a couple of hours before I was to fly to Germany for the Frankfurt Book Fair, which opened the next day where I was

to give JOHNNY GUITAR, an environmental poetry reading, and for the coming out of a book of my poems translated into German, published by Marz Verlag. When I got back to my loft there was a note in the mailbox to pick up a package in the store downstairs, which I did and went upstairs, halfway up I heard all the doorbells in the building ringing. The package was from Jamaica BWI from someone called Kennedy with a return address in California. I placed it unopened with my laundry bag on a bed and went to my desk, when the unlocked door of my loft burst open and police rushed in with guns drawn saying "You're under arrest!" handcuffing me and ripping clothes off to search me. I said "Why?" They said "We know what's in that package." "How can you know what's in it, if it hasn't been opened...I have never been to Jamaica, I don't know anyone called Kennedy and I don't know what's in it." They spent the next hour tearing my loft apart, saying "Where is the rest of the stuff?" They found 1/4 of an ounce of grass and some Moroccan pipes on a table. The

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TAPING

(Continued from Page 15)

the message is the same old one and has not been, in this case, altered by the medium into something more arresting and persuasive. But the show is different every night, so go and draw your own conclusions—among the groups that are either participating or providing material are the Black Panther Party, Newsreel, the Venceremos Brigade, the Rainbow Coalition, the Art Workers Coalition, and many others.

What is most tantalizing about both the ARM show and the Global Village is that they are potentially parts of a single thing that ought to be seeable at a single place. The Global Village will be going on for some time, but after the ARM show comes down one presumes that MUSEUM will simply go back to its old policy of showing people's paintings, and to hell with mixed-media, movement, excitement, and a meeting place for interested people. And there is the danger that even Global Village may be forced into all the grotesque contortions which the need to keep self-supporting may impose on it, even though the people running it do not want this to happen.

Basically both ARM and GLOBAL VILLAGE should be separate rooms in a single building at one address, a building that goes on and on through several floors supplying different sorts of stimulations, diversions, and meaningful learning events. The people at Global Village would like to be able to provide this, and so do the more alert people at MUSUEM, and yet it is not happening. Anyone who has seen Fantasio and Paradiso in Amsterdam or the better Arts Labs in England knows that this can be done—in fact it is something that ought (long ago) to have been done better in New York than elsewhere, simply because of the sheer multitude of talented people working in this city. Perhaps this explains why it has been attempted in Europe first, just because there are so few people working in London or Amsterdam that they have been forced to work together.

Put here in New York the same pattern remains depressingly familiar—one or two gifted people decide to set up their thing - they go out and hustled their money, put it together in one way or another, and are most usually disposed of a few months later by the inexorable laws of finding the rent and overhead. It seems reasonable to assume that there must be a more satisfactory system for getting new things off the ground. It also seems logical to suppose that a few people ought to be able to pool their talents in order to get others together under more promising financial conditions.

There are vast untapped resources available in the form of unused building owned by the city and others, foundations who would respond to a properly drawn-up prospectus, and private individuals willing to provide funds for genuine advances in organizing the arts. And yet none of this seems to be happening—How much long will this situation prevail?

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ART

(Continued from Page 13)

/Crossing Houston Street, the new O.K. Harris Gallery assembled the wellknown uptown art opening crowd at the Mario Yrisary first downtown show with Ivan Karp, the former Castelli manager, Hansa Gallery pioneer and discoverer of young talents. Ivan Karp took the leap downtown and named his shop O.K. Harris. O.K. Ivan! The gallery is a treat for wall conscious artists who need enormous dimensions and space to present their ideas.

/The "Warehouse" size of a showroom is solved with the new "Karp-outlet." The smooth elegantly sized parquet floor is a work of Art with a minimal quality in pure form, shape and function. To walk on, to feel secure, to take in its brilliant glaze and to give the exhibited large rectangular impeccably executed sharp defined collorsprayed paintings by Mario Yrisary the support from below. Yrisary, who moved with Ivan Karp from uptown (Graham Gallery), used to spray over large linear stenciled paper-shapes on canvas. Now his forms are much more defined and his technique to use masking tape instead of stencils results in a grit of rectangular colorlines with a definite and disciplined structure. The visual quality of Yrisary's rectangular images is extremely poetic.

/One block further East one enters the Richard Feigen "Warehouse" Gallery, a wellknown place on Greene Street, where not only young oncoming artists find lots of space to show their inventions, but also unusual performances happened during the last year. For instance, John Van Saun's Fire Events. The Richard

Feigen Gallery downtown is managed by Michael Findlay who has a knack to get along with the young-way-out-Art-Generation. Parties in the Feigen Warehouse are famous.

/At the 306 Bowery the Star Turtle Gallery seems to develop to a very special pioneering enterprise. It's the lovechild of Bill Keck, who treats visitors and himself to jazz seances in the backroom. He himself is a jazz musician playing French horn and guitar. Ever since I have been going to galleries the backroom always attracted me more than the front showroom. Here the real things are experienced. The mystery is not yet openly displayed. The true spirit of an art gallery is apparent in the backroom, in corners, on shelves, under the desk. Where there is no mystery there is no Art! I mean the new downtown is still a mystery and it's exciting. On November 30th (Sunday) at 4 o'clock, a poetry reading is scheduled at the Star Turtle Gallery, where on November 21st an unusual show by George Schneeman will be opened. It's a figurative show of a young gifted artist, who has chosen as subject matter portraits of "Naked Poets", the same poets who will read their works on November 30th, dressed and undressed. The poets are: Bill Berkson, Tessi Mitchel, Larry and Joan Fagin, Ted Berrigan and Dick Gallup, Donna Dennis, Ron Padget, Katie Schneeman, Peter Schjeldahl, Ann Waldman, and Lewis Walsh.

/The youngest Art cooperative, 299 Bowery, is called Bowery Gallery and has in my opinion not yet found its bearings. Good luck! Another Art cooperative on the Lower Eastside Grande Street is called "Ours."

/At Paula Cooper Gallery, 100 Prince Street, you have to walk up two steep flights to the showroom to be initiated to the newest: spilled plastic shapes, pyramid tents made from canvas, wall poetry, conceptual drawing, programmed and electronic Art inventions, film showing by filmmakers like Paul Sharits, Barry Gerson, Richard, Serra, Hollis Frampton and Robert Morris. You name it, Paula Cooper got it. Right now a show by Edwin Ruda is on view. His work changed considerably from his long horizontal bands, stained on unprimed canvas. For Christmas Paula Cooper is planning an important drawing show. As a sensational feature there will be some enormous drawings by Bridgid Polk (of Cock-book fame) of Tits. Selfportrait tits by Bridgid, who doesn't concentrate solely on cocks. She also loves tits and has made a Tit-book.

/Cannabis Gallery, a groovy small gallery shop, just off 8th Street, is managed by an artist and shows good quality in graphics, prints, original drawings of the turned-on imaginative universal world of experiences. I quote from a Cannabis press-release so poetically phrased any change would hurt the style, describing the work of Kay Walkingstick, part Cherokee Indian, a Pisces.

"If you've never been in love, you won't understand her ice cream nudes; edible strawberry, coffe, blueberry bodies, inviting you to taste. If plastic roses appeal to you because they're permanent, and practical, and never change, you may be disconcerted when one of her vivid, hardline abstracts suddenly becomes a languid body that pulses and gives off an erotic heat, then explodes on the canvas with a soft bang."

WOODSTOCK NATION

ABBIE HOFFMAN, Yippie non-leader, notorious dope addict and up-and-coming rock group (the WHAT), is currently on trial with seven others for conspiracy to incite riot during the Democratic Convention. When he returned from the Woodstock Festival he had five days before leaving for Chicago to prepare for the trial. WOODSTOCK NATION, which the author wrote in longhand while lying upside down, stoned, on the floor of an unused office of the publisher, is the product of those five days.

PARANOID

(Continued from Page 17)

package contained 2 1/2 pounds of grass. Then I was dragged to the 7th Precinct and then to the 5th Precinct and eventually to court, where at precisely the time the plane was to take off for Frankfurt, I was standing in front of a judge being charged with possession of a dangerous drug with a maximum sentence of 10 years in prison and bail set at \$2,500. There's no doubt that it was a political arrest, because of my involvement with the Movement, the Chicago Conspiracy Trial and revolutionary poets. It's a joke that they should get me 5 hours before I was to leave the country, but then my telephone is a 100 percent wire-tap. Eight plainclothes cops brought this package with a special postman, waited 2 1/2 hours for me to come back, with one of them hiding behind a window in the office, whose eyes never left the package. My lawyers call this entrapment. Some time that night I was taken to the Tombs which is this snake-pit where conditions haven't changed in 40 years and where unbelievable numbers of men are hopelessly locked up in concentration camp conditions. There weren't enough beds, so I slept on the cement floor and there weren't any blankets and it was cold in an incredibly dirty 7' x 4' cell with 2 spade junky cats who'd been there a month. In the cell next to mine a guy committed suicide by sticking a wire in his arm and shoving it up the vein until he died. Across the cell block another freaked out guy with the flu, wet his clothes with water and wet his blanket and lay on the floor wrapped in the wet blanket screaming and going mad and shivering until he was carried away to an insane asylum. Every man feels crushed by some total injustice and slowly goes mad as a caged animal eating pure starch slop. As Jerry Rubin says: N'I wish everyone could be sentenced

to spend some time in any jail in America. If you do not come out a determined revolutionary, it's because the system has smashed your capacity for compassion, love and hope." The next day my friends raised the bail and got me out. Besides the \$2,500 bail, I've had to borrow \$2,700 to pay the lawyer's fees and we've only just started which is the reason for the benefit.



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ZAP

(Continued from Page 8)

can think up better shows than the ones that are on! Ha ha!" "Heh heh", says Lois, and we are in familiar territory, (even to the cartoon counterpart of canned laughter), lulled into the mood of amiable nothingness TV itself uses to prepare us for a sale. The technique employs the hard projection of good intentions with almost no content, and politely we give the conditioned response, the same way we respond to a "nice people" smile, and the offer of a Billy Graham handshake. It would be rude to say no. So Crumb lulls us into that TV-somnambulant state, the better to whack us wide awake a few frames later. For as Lois arranges flowers, Joe checks to see if Sis is really doing her homework, and from that moment on, we know that reality and the TV dream are about to enter a struggle to the death.

Joe discovers Sis sitting on her bed, fat naked buns exposed, guiltily masturbating. This so unnerves Joe that he races to the bathroom, fretting. Frame seven shows him doing a TV "take" of decision making. Frame eight has him taking a bottle from the medicine cabinet while, as a familiar character in a commercial, he muses "A simple pill called compoz!" He pops the pill into his mouth and smiles, the fast TV recovery, "I'm a new man!"

Restored, he asserts his Daddyhood and calls for Sis, "front and center right this minute!"

Guiltily Sis asks, "What is it Popsy?" "Don't play dum with me, Sis!" he says.

Then in frame 13, we are given a close up of his erect penis in hand, the other hand pointing to it as an order. "That's it!" he says in frame 14, "Pretend it's candy!", as she blows him. Frames 15 and 16 are close ups of sexual play and intercourse.

In frame 17, Joe Jr. comes home, baseball mitt in hand, cap on his head, and we see through the open door the TV dreamland of nice suburbia. Joe Jr. discovers Joe and Sis on the floor in a view that reveals the genitals in full detail, but as in the case of the previous close ups, places their heads outside the frame, a view fully depersonalized and totally physical in its expression, and, not incidentally, a view which parallels the conception of humanity given us in TV situation comedies. Joe Jr. runs to Mom, who is doing dishes. "Mom! did you see..." "Yes Junior, I know"...and Mom commences her seduction, first sternly forcing Joe Jr. into a guilty admission of his masturbatory practices and fantasies, ("Um...I think about girls I know in school...especially Carol Dumzowski! She's got big tits...Once I gave her a feel job...Sometimes I jerk off lookin' at pictures of women in magazines...sometimes I even get a hard-on when I'm playin' baseball...") and then by changing into the black nylon and leather outfit that causes him to leap into her arms.

The final page contains six frames, 29 through 34, and the dialogue deserves to be reproduced.

Frame 29: "Later." All are dressed. Joe and Sis enter as Lois and Joe Jr. sit closely on the

couch. "Hi Lois," says Joe. "Sis'n me have just had the greatest time!" "So have Junior and I" says Lois.

Frame 30: Lois: "People should get together with their kids more often!" Joe, arm around Sis: "That's true, honey!"

Frame 31: Close up of the happy face of Joe: "I never realized how much fun you could have with your children!"

Frame 32: Junior joyfully embraces Sis, as Joe and Lois look on. Junior: "And we've learned from you, too!" Sis: Now we know what to do!"

Frame 33: The kids go off into the dream suburban landscape, while Joe and Lois stand aside. Joe: "There they go...off to make even more new discoveries!"

Frame 34: Close up of Joe and Lois with confident smiles. Joe: "...and to build a better world!" Lois: "Yes, youth holds the promise of the future!"

And so ends the TV drama.

I am assuming that "Joe Blow" is the cause of the pornography arrests. ZAP NO. 4 contains the work of six artists all in the top echelon of those working in the new art form. All six here present work in which overt sexual references are present. But because this kind of literary and visual imagery has been used freely over the past several years without arousing the Forces of Decency, we must conclude that it is Crumb's family drama that is raising the dust this time.

Sexual metaphors are no longer taboo. Portnoy's Complaint is one long exploration of sexual acts that are meant to reveal a soul's malaise. If the Freudian attitudes are simplistic, at least they coincide with the average man's understanding of "how he got that way"; at the same time they are presented in a style that we all can accept as "proper" literature.

But when Robert Crumb uses sexual metaphors and he uses them all; he moves beyond the popular Freudian theology of blame, blame, blame, guilt, guilt, accompanied by the whine, look what my parents made of me, into the new political theology of Hosannah, I respect my animalism as well as my humanity and bring you word of your freedom.

Almost nothing could be more challenging to a people's popular conception of its basic nature, of approved attitudes, and of normal social relationships. But what becomes an even greater affront is the style of presentation of the new viewpoint. It seems to violate every standard we set for art, standards that parallel our very mode of perception of the world. Moreover, the style is so enthusiastic and open about what it is, while it is so joyfully not the high art supported by the rich, their corporations, foundations and governments, that some have difficulty in seeing it as art at all. But it is an art of high order and purpose.

Every major revolution in art has had to face this battle. Not only does the accepted, if not yet totally popular, definition or art exclude the new subject matter, it denies its existence as art because the style fails to meet prevailing definitions. The inseparable combination of new subject and new style, amounts to a new mode of perception.

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THILM

(Continued from Page 17)

"(Those soldiers) are a bloody good bunch of killers!" You cannot watch the American soldiers (the bloody good bunch of killers) shoving a little old Vietnamese peasant (white-hair, 2 black eyed solen grandchildren, eyes uncomprehending, round with terror) as she trembles while the mighty conquerors go forth. Or Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, making brilliant metaphors while he equally brilliantly plots strategy to save his country...you cannot watch and be moved to action unless you already were moved to action by these same facts and truths and cynicisms a year ago, 2 years ago, maybe more. War is hell, and this film has not gotten beyond comprehending that fact. It does not illuminate it so as to Make It Real.

/Terry Whitmore, For Example was pretty well summarized by Roger Greenspun in the NY Times (which, when its economic power is not called into the question does a good job

of reporting) who noted more or less that watching one man, even if he is an attractive, young (21) Negro (Whitmore's term) ex-Marine, for over 1 1/2 hours, gets monotonous, even if he is telling Truths About the War, and The Atrocities. This film would make an excellent, compelling TV documentary, Hear Hear, if any network has the guts to broadcast it. Who knows, it might win them an Emmy, just like The Anderson Troop. TV is a great single or dual-person medium, and Terry Whitmore is funny enough--given commercial breaks--to last out the 1 1/2 hours. The semi-demi attempts at intersplicing towards the end of the film, creating multiple cliffhangers, does not help but irritates. Ah! but on TV!!!! My eyes light up and my heart gropes at the thought!!!!

/Futz...is the Rochelle Owen's play, with the La Mama Repertory, filmed. Futz, the story of Cy Futz who loved his Amanda pig and loved her so that he made his farm neighbors mad, madder, mad enough to let blood. Now, Tom O'Horgan happens to be a very creative master (one hates to use words

like genius and then say the work was a failure) and I expect that someday, when someone lets him make a film, not a series of moving stills of a play, Tom O'Horgan will make a great film. He has learned all the techniques, and in the few minutes given to him in between the actions of the play, he does make a film. A close up of a tongue covering the whole screen; slithering across in glorious wet smoked salmon pink; the lovely orgy scene; the work done on Seth Allen who is magnificent, oh wow!...these and other moments stand out. The bloody ending is unnecessary and almost refutes the previous moments; if there is one special danger in transposing a play to film, it is the urge to demonstrate the difference between the media in a didactic manner. And this is what happens. Blood cannot be shown on stage; it can be shown on film. Ychh. Even Godard in Weekend must have realized by now just how lamebrain that was. Showing a play, talking about the green grass and mud, and dissolving to the filmed action, set in the green grass and mud-- this is not film. This is labwork.

/Staunch supporter of Tom O'Horgan that I am, I felt, during Futz, that he was simply outnumbered in his decisions as to how-to. The film, for those who never saw Miss Owen's marvelous play, is worth seeing in that way. As a film, on its own merits... it is slick, it has techniques from everywhere, and moments are extremely creative, brilliant. It has more to do with the reason Amerika is in the Vietnam War, still, than any of the other films mentioned. Because something makes our "brains red" and we fight, stirred by passion and drummed-up emotion rather than reason.

/The short playing with 'Terry Whitmore' is The Story of Mask Man, narrated and created by Lenny Bruce. The question is, not only how can it not fail today?, but how it managed to not be shown for so long? The answer is given in the film, when The Lone Ranger gets Tonto and Silver under wholly new conditions, never hinted at in the original series. I can't describe the short; I did it live, for friends, and they all immediately went to see the short. Just watch out for, "Thank you, Mask Man," and his answer... playing at Evergreen Theater, on 11th Street off University Place.

/...and in the middle or end of all this, a reminder that John Sinclair is still in jail; that The Rat is near extinction; that John Sinclair is still in jail, and even if he puts down EVO I can still love and admire a man able to remain a man after the country in which he lives puts him away for ten years for two joints because, Fuck the system and it will fuck you;

/that Dick Gregory will be at Carnegie Hall Nov. 26, 8:30 pm. Thanksgiving Eve. That Picasso's Desire was presented in this country by Living Theatre at the Cherry Lane, in the late 40's, early 50's, so that besides hoping for 'another production' of this play, I can hope for one with as much intelligence, fire, and compassion as The Living Theatre's must have had.

/That next week is Thanksgiving and

GOD

(Continued from Page 10)

/Co-Option has always been the name of the game, but now the game has become more sinister. Being straight will not sell any product, no matter how good it may be. However, if some schmuck with a mustache and beads stares out at you from a subway wall, or a urinal, you'd be more likely to buy the latest pimple cream wouldn't you. What???? wll, if that's the way you feel, why has no one communicated it to the advertisers. As Country Joe said way back in time, "Look at this country, they can sell revolution for \$397 a shot and no one's the wiser" - yessir, that's America.

/What does this have to do with muscials? Simple enough sir and madame, every new show on or off Broadway now has its newest additional hippie jokes, just as two years before they had jokes about integration. Pretty soon, they'll have a show about sex and all the New York intellectuals and old ladies from Queens will rush down to titter at nakedness or tits (as Latimer is fond of calling them), or assorted and sundry genitalia.


/On other levels, Hair may be a beautiful musical, but then again it's all so plastic. (Again, the actors and actresses do great things). But Hair is a vehicle to carry on insidious propaganda - all of which does not work. The people who go and see it, those matrons who lust after young bodies, come basically for a few moments of flesh- all the rest of the play is lost, but then, as long as the freaks are up on stage (that could be reversed) and the straights are in the audience, no communication will take place and the people will go home and

oppress their sons and daughters. "Oh, Henry, that was so nice, I especially enjoyed the scene where everyone talked dirty, it made me soil my hankey," and on and on.

/Maybe you yourselves should liberate the theaters from the producer's mentality. You know that line, "Let's put a few scatological references in, add a few jokes about the war, pot, and have some nude scenes -- and it will be a smash." I can see the cigar ashes falling on his threadbare coat right now in someone's office. Why all this diatribe? Ask yourself what you prize most about the way you are, then ask yourself why so many people have to cash in on it, or better, why they bother to when they have their own mines. Remember, the people who wore powder-blue Nehru suits a year ago on Madison Avenue are now wearing beads and smoking a lot of dope. Nothing changes, nothing except the accounts and the ups needed to produce the subway hippie, the Hair hippie, the Madison Avenue freak. Co-option by any other name is still co-option, peaceful or otherwise.

/Of course, you can play the same game they play - they watch you because they have no sense of themselves. Why not go back to goldfish swallowing, why not bring back Glen Miller from the grave, Woody Herman anyone, why not sack dresses, bubble haircuts, plastic teeth, false eyelashes, cut hair, go bald, join a monastery, abstain from women (or men), be for war in a peace economy, agitate to have your local garbageman given a vote on the city council, why not sell a peice of peace. Perhaps we can interest a sizeable number of corporations in peace because they will make money...then we can take it away from them, right?

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/BEAUTIFUL KATYA - I called you Saturday, Nov. 8, at 11:30 PM. Wrong time?? Write again. Please explain. Box 3415, Grand Central Station, P.O. N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

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

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/ATTENTION ATTRACTIVE FEMALE SWINGERS interested in swinging sexually with an above average white male. I'm Pete, 30, tall, well-built, good looking, have a large 9" cock and a educated tongue, both exquisitely trained to satisfy your every sexual desire. If interested, write: Janigian, 25-12 Steinway St., Astoria, L.I., N.Y. 11103. Photo, phone appreciated, everyone answered.

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/when waste imprisons the seed
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/when the seed defies a masquerade
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/when the bird transforms a violin
/& goodbye hides an origin
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/when longing threatens finality
/& emptiness prevents fatality
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/when remorse tempts a monument
/& distance bewilders an accident.
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/Hear my Heart
/when peril beguiles the flood
/& chase deceives the bud
/Hear my Heart
/when hatred experiments with purity
/& cowardice distorts nature
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