

THE EAST VILLAGE CONCRETE

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HIRAP

IN KEEPING WITH OUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION TO DO OUR OWN THING WHEN IT COMES TO INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, WE GLADLY OFFER OURSELVES AS COURIERS OF PEACE IN THE SAD AND SENSELESS MID-EASTERN MESS. SHOULD EL FATAH CHOOSE TO RESPOND, THE PAGES OF THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER ARE AT THEIR DISPOSAL.

התאחדות הסטודנטים בישראל
NATIONAL UNION OF ISRAEL STUDENTS

اتحاد الطلاب في إسرائيل

Office: 19 Reyzon St.
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ירושלים
טל: 54124
קבל: נויס, ירושלים



January 1970

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January 1970

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FATAH

Gentlemen, Shalom -

Included here is a letter we have addressed to El Fatah, which we are requesting you to print in your newspaper during the week of January 1, 1970. The bases for the letter are discussions which we had during the summer with several student leaders, among them, Nicolas Medvecky of The South End, the Wayne State University newspaper.

With the approach of the new year, we feel the time is ripe for a peace offensive, and we are calling on you, in the interest of real peace, to help us. We ask only two things from you: first, that you send us a copy of the issue in which the letter will be printed, and secondly, that you send us the responses to our effort which we hope will be forthcoming. In this way we hope to start a meaningful dialogue.

We are certain that you share in our desire to bring peace to the Middle East and that you will help us in this effort. Any initiative which you might take on your own with the aim to promote peace will be wholeheartedly welcome.

Sincerely yours,

Yehoshua Yehoshua
Yehoshua Yehoshua
President

Yaacov Kohn
Yaacov Kohn
International Secretary

Recently, several student leaders visited you on your side of the Jordan and us here in Israel. What they had to tell us of your ideas, hopes and plans, we found very interesting, particularly your hopes to live in peace and harmony with us. They told us that you do not teach your children to hate us as was done under the rule of various Arab Governments. They told us that we share a common analysis of the Arab Governments...that they are reactionary regimes that have prevented peace in the past and have suppressed the Palestinian People. We have heard that you in the Armed Struggle Command are the true voice of the Palestinian People and that what you seek is self-determination.

If these are your goals, we do not understand your strategy.

We feel that it is essential for us to start discussing these things NOW. To this end, we invite you to begin discussing with us the solution to the differences between our peoples here, in the open, in the pages of this press. We are sure that what you write in the interest of Peace will be printed, and we are sure that anything sent to the press in our country will be printed.

We know that a situation of constant War is intolerable. We know that the decimation of our peoples is not the answer. The answer lies in Peace. That is why we call on you to join us in this endeavor. We await your reply.

The National Union of Israel Students

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THE CLOCK IS TICKING FAST AND TIME IS RUNNING OUT. IF AND WHEN THE REAL SHIT HITS THE FAN IN THE MIDDLE EAST, VIETNAM WILL BE JUST A MININIGHTMARE OF THE PAST.

THIS MAY BE THEIR LAST CHANCE AT SOME REASONABLE DIALOGUE.

LET'S NOT FUCK IT UP WITH HANGUPS OF THE PAST.

PEACE * SALAAM * SHALOM *

Yaacov Kohn

DON'T PAY IT!

It's Illegal and Unconstitutional

The subway fare increase is illegal and unconstitutional. The government owns the subways and only the elected officials have a right to increase the fare. They cannot delegate this right to non-elective officials. They have illegally passed the buck to the Transit Authority.

The City Council Wouldn't Dare!

The only time the City Council tried to raise the fare was in 1948 when it voted 18-2 against an eight-cent fare!

The Councilmen well understand that the taxing authority is invested in elected officials and cannot be legally delegated to others. But these cowardly and crooked politicians proceeded to transfer their duties to the TA. And they allowed the TA to pass the present exorbitant fare increase —

Secretly and Without a Public Hearing

The tiny clique responsible for this swindle announced it one day and virtually carried it out the next. The people weren't even allowed to discuss the conditions of a subway they themselves were supposed to own! If we, the people, own the subways, why can't we call our managerial employees to order? Why didn't they dare to let us in on their plans?

Why Didn't the People Vote On It?

There is supposed to be a people's referendum on any fare increase. This was implicit in the measure by which the city took over the subway system in the first place. And the very fact that a referendum had to be held at that time should prove that a referendum must surely be held now — on a move which imperils the very livelihood of so many of the city's residents.

Don't Blame the Subway Workers!

The subway workers are allegedly getting an 18 per cent raise (in two years). But all the other workers are paying a 50 per cent fare increase — RIGHT NOW. Who gets it? The bankers who used to own the BMT and the IRT and who now milk the subways by drawing hundreds of millions in tax-free interest on city bonds!

The Subways Belong to the People

The subways were built by the people; they are operated by the people; they are financed by the people; and they have been paid for ten times over by the people.

**It's About Time the People
Rode Free on Their Own Subways**

Issued as a public service by
YOUTH AGAINST WAR & FASCISM 38 W. 25 St. N.Y., N.Y. CH 2-9225 OR 5-2520

Coming of age in the Nineteen Sixties

Heavenly Van Sankstone

The decade began for me in front of the red and gold Woolworth's on 34th Street. A handful of students, accompanied by one elderly Black man, were marching in a circle around the entrance to the five and dime. Every now and then a peppery fat young man would lead the group in a chant. "Two ... four ... six ... eight ... Why does Woolworth's segregate?" Then they'd stop and they'd march a bit more, while curious onlookers approached to peer at their picket signs.

"Why are these people marching?" I asked one passerby.

"Some Nee-grows down South wanna in-ti-grate Woolworth's lunchcounters," he answered.

The picket was strange ... fascinating ... wierd. People just didn't demonstrate much in those days. Demonstrating was dangerous. You'd get your name put on lists.

It was a Saturday and my best-friend, Carol, and I—the only two freaks in the Archie Comics high school we attended—had escaped Flatbush for a day in the City. I was fifteen in 1960, the only girl at Wingate High who dared to wear straight down shoulder-length hair, a quiet rebel, almost suffocated to death by the provincial atmosphere of my home borough.

Flatbush at the turn of the decade was a kind of Jewish distillation/exaggeration of everything that was wrong with America. It was a materialistic, petty little place, whose institutions worked effectively to crush anyone who might possess any individuality. Flatbush: land of Louis XIV furniture, row on row attached houses, nose-jobs, brain-jobs, Ivy League clothes and Wingate High School.

In 1960 Wingate was a frightening mini-prison whose jailors included not just the teaching staff but the student body, too. There was a narrow code of behavior, life-style and dress that one had to adhere to if one wanted to be considered socially acceptable. To be a persona grata in this high-school, for a start, you had to wear the uniform: a huge, teased, peroxidized head, a red pleated skirt rolled up at the waist, a white oxford button down collar shirt, and a black boatneck sweater. Everyone at dear old Wingate wore that outfit. It was a precibus anal little world of cheerleader dolls.

Everything—all life—revolved around "being popular." That meant being accepted into a fraternity or a society—preferably one of the more prestigious ones. Saturday nights fraternity boys would take their teased-headed mannequins to the Loew's Kenmore for a horror movie. After an ice-cream sundae at Jahn's,

the guy would summon his meekly protesting date to his fraternity house which was usually nothing more than a couch bestewn rented basement. For the rest of the evening they would neck passionately ("make-out") and play petting games like "Do you trust me?" No one ever

fucked in those frat houses. But the following Monday the Wingate boy's locker room was abuzz with juicy stories about the lost hymen of yet another Flatbush maiden.

Oh yes ... Wingate High School ... where you needed permission from the teacher to go to the crapper ... where no one spoke to me because my hair was long and straight and because I wore sandals ... where kids tromped on each other for grades, but never read books ... where girls sewed Lord and Taylor's labels into their box-pleated S. Klein skirts to impress their classmates during gym.

Each morning, Dr. Wolff Colvin, the institution's esteemed principal, got on the loudspeaker to deliver a long, impassioned lecture about the sufferings of the Jews in the Soviet Union. Meantime, Dr. Colvin banned the school chorus from singing the *Lonesome Train Contata* because its composer, Millard Lampell, had been subpoenaed by HUAC. As Dr. Colvin

Claudia Dressus



My, my, statistics, statistical ... While I was lying back in my chair the other day with my Golo boots up on the desk—I mean, how else does a girl let everyone know she buys her lingerie at Best & Co—some lowly slave named Stephen Shaw handed me a sheaf of numbers which I have just now finished deciphering. And I want to share this with you, and show you how lovely the chances for professional advancement are in our hip, mod, swinging Seventies.

Did you know, for instance, that 10% of business employers in America say they have no prejudices against hiring a young man with shoulder-length hair? A company called the American Society for Personnel Administration and the Bureau of National Affairs, Inc. (how kinky!) took a poll, and found that while 90% of American employers specifically forbid hiring any long-haired boys, none of the rest express any specific bias against it.

And what's more—now listen to this—45% of the employers say they have no objections whatsoever to female employees wearing mini-skirts. Isn't that sweet?! Of course, 60% of them said they'd never hire a female applicant who came in wearing one for the interview, but that just shows you that we've still got a long "row to hoe", as it were. It also turns out that half the firms in America have specific rules forbidding the wearing of see-through clothes—thank heavens (no pun intended) that it isn't so at dear old EVO—and every firm asked said they'd never hire a girl who came in wearing one.

In the matter of race, 47 percent of the bosses consulted claimed that they'd hire women who came in wearing Afros, and 41 percent said the same about Afro men. Only 17 percent said they'd reject an applicant wearing an Afro, but if you want my advice, I'd encourage you to stick to Dixie Peach.

(Continued on Page 21)



G.I. Joe Writes Home

Dear EVO

I'm writing you this letter because you're my only "hometown" newspaper worth writing to, besides I don't think the Daily NEWS would consider printing this letter as a public announcement.

I split from the USS WASP 15 months ago and according to the NEWS, I've been a "deserter" ever since. Since "Tricky Dicky And Company" has been pulling off a lot of mean shit lately, I think the time has come for me to tell "What Every Boy Should Know About Sweden". First and foremost you're safe here!! Uncle Shit is a pretty ugly figure in the eyes of the average Swede, so they'll do a lot to help you.

But before anyone decides to split to Sweden, there are a few things you should realize before coming there and not after. Although the Swedish government will pay you to go to school to learn Swedish, you should realize it is a hell of a hard language to learn. The government will find you a place to live, but don't expect anything that resembles good. There is a pretty big housing shortage here. Forget all the dirty little stories you've heard about Swedish girls. The truth is, Swedish girls on the whole are no prize. They are probably the most neurotic in the world. Sweden is a damn cold country both mentally and physically. It's also small if you happen to be from New York.

Stockholm is the only city here worth talking about. If you're a doper, you should know that hash goes for \$2 a gram but trips are \$10 each. If you're not dealing, the cops won't fuck with you.

For all those in college, you must have 60 credits before you can enter the University in Sweden. If you're a worker, the average pay is about \$100 a week, but 30% goes to tax.

The last and maybe most important thing to realize is that you're going to become very lonely. Although almost all Swedes can speak English, it's very hard to make your feelings understood. As I said before, Swedes are a cold people.

If anybody out there has any questions about Sweden, or the draft dodgers, or doctors here, feel free to write besides, I feel pretty lonely myself and would dig getting mail from "My Fellow Americans."

Peace,

Roy Krzeminski,

% STARFELT,

Henriksdahlströgen 99 VII

Nacka 5, SWEDEN

She Is Curious (Pinkoe)

Dear EVO

Could you tell me if the RAT is male or female. I'm just beginning to believe in Woman Power, and I'm too shy to ask RAT. This might hurt its (?) feelings.

Love,

Originator of GIAW

(God is A Woman)

Anna Maria Leving

ED Actually, the RAT is a rodent hermaphrodite compensating for feelings of sexual inferiority on both counts.

There's A Big Purge A Comin'

Tum De Dum

Dear EVO

The righ young Gods deign to "do their thing" upon their heavenly electric stage... high above the masses of the peasantry... who wallow about and squat down in a "New Year's At Times Square" type limbo to attend the pointless sermons, to be exorbitantly taxed, to be in youthfully sincere, idealistically innocent adoration of the well payed gods. The "movement" sacrifices its self image to pay homage (and bread) to the well payed Gods. Beautiful? Can we get any LOWER? We could go straight, I suppose... still.

There IS NO DREAM!!! The rock festival is no religion! Must our movement continually bow to and surrender to and beg from capitalist schemes only to fill heads with momentary sugar plums to avoid the pain of the present? Give up these absurd adorations of the false, abstract candy-cane phalloses and PREPARE FOR THE PURGE. For while we dream away our lowly existences, the much hated ESTABLISHMENT is quite down to earth in plotting our extinction. Happy New Year and may the Good Lord have mercy on us and give strength and wisdom to those who are right.

Moses

ED Quite so, but have you ever thought of using a magnifying glass to write with? We got one of those letters last year, it was quite dramatic.

Hoover Rips Off Sputnik

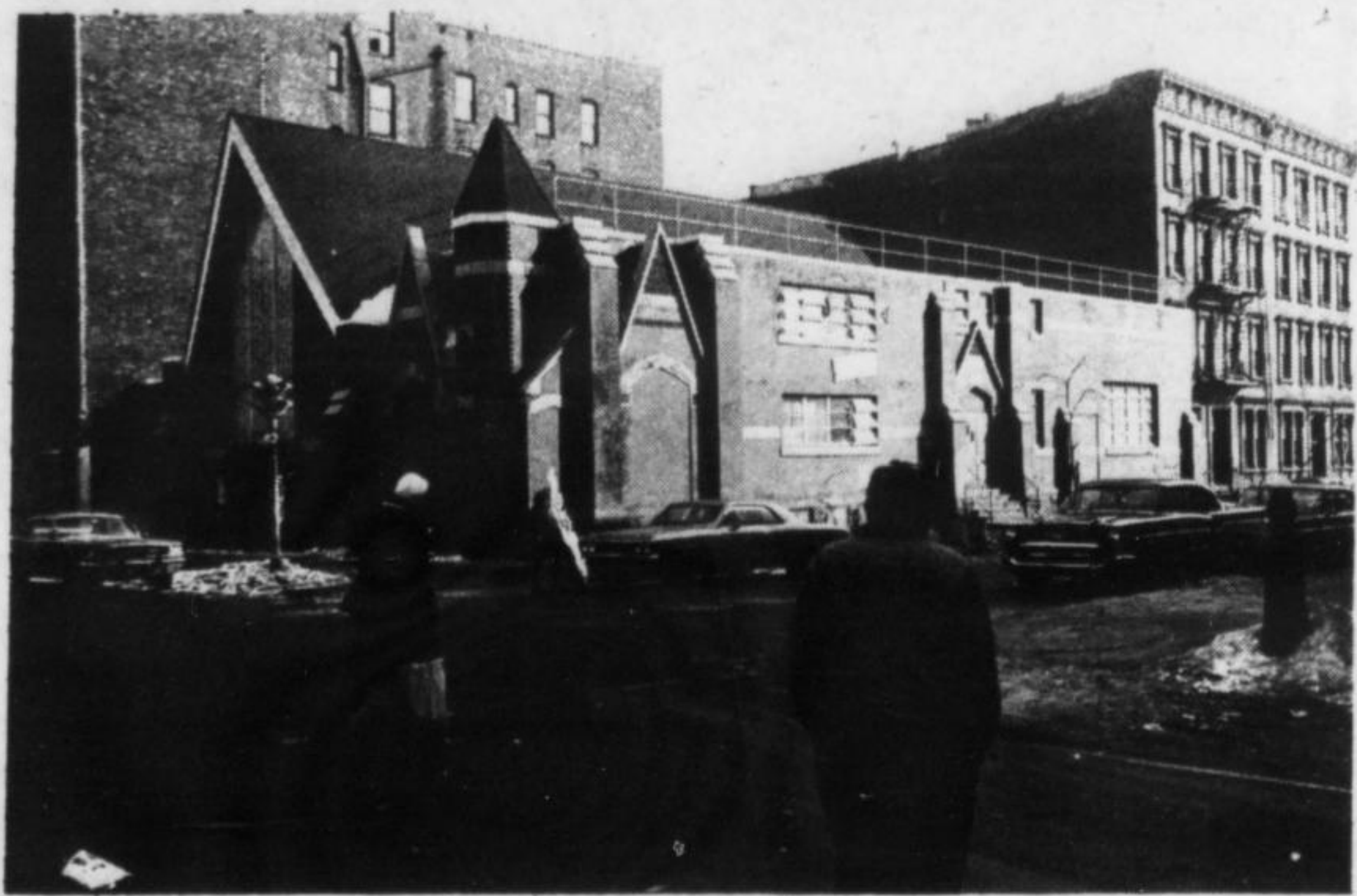
Dear EVO

J. Edgar Hoover of the fbi is celebrating his 75th birthday, and the Times and what all are letting us peasants know what a misunderstood bureaucrat he really is, so I thought I would share some thoughts with you that LNS apparently thinks are too hot for them. J. Edgar makes a big deal over how he won't ask anything of his men that he won't do himself, like how he even went and shot Johnny Dillinger with a bang bang when Dillinger had a turncoat girl friend with him, and J. Edgar went



PHOTO: RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

YOUNG LORDS



TUESDAY, JAN FIFTH: AS OF THIS WRITING THE YOUNG LORDS ARE SCHEDULED TO BE EVICTED FROM THE SPANISH METHODIST CHURCH ON 111TH STREET AND LEXINGTON AVE. IN EAST HARLEM SOMETIME TODAY OR EARLY TOMORROW (WED) MORNING. A CONTEMPT OF COURT CITATION WAS ISSUED YESTERDAY FOR THE LORD'S FAILURE TO RESPOND TO AN INJUNCTION TO QUIT THE CHURCH LAST FRIDAY. THE LORDS OCCUPIED THE CHURCH AFTER SERVICES ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2ND, AFTER PRESIDING REVEREND CARZANA REFUSED TO ALLOW THE PREMISES TO BE USED FOR A CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST PROGRAM. A PREVIOUS OCCUPATION ON DECEMBER 7TH ENDED IN A POLICE RAID AND 13 ARRESTS-INCLUDING THAT OF LORDS NEW YORK CHAIRMAN FILIPE LUCIANO WHOSE WRIST WAS BROKEN IN THE MELEE. THE LORDS HAD BEEN MEETING WITH CARZANA FOR SEVERAL WEEKS BUT THE REVEREND CLAIMED THAT THE CHURCH WOULD SET UP IT'S OWN BREAKFAST PROGRAM. THE SECOND OCCUPATION HAS BEEN MARKED BY HIGH FESTIVITY-AND SOME FEAR. BLACK, BROWN, RED YELLOW AND WHITE RADICALS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO SLEEP IN THE CHURCH AND SHOW THEIR SUPPORT. THE REGULAR PARISHIONERS, IN TURN, HAVE BEEN INVITED TO CONDUCT THEIR USUAL SERVICES. "THIS IS THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH" LORDS INFORMATION MINISTER YARUPA SAID OVER THE WEEKEND. "TO MANY PEOPLE IT REMAINS A SACRED PLACE AND IT IS A SACRED PLACE FOR ALL OF US. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS NOW WE HAVE WON THIS BATTLE AND THEY CAN NEVER TAKE THE VICTORY OF THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH AWAY FROM US." THE PROGRAM IN THE CHURCH HAS INCLUDED A LIBERATION SCHOOL TEACHING MATH, SPANISH AND PUERTO RICAN HISTORY TO THE CHILDREN! A SUBSTANTIAL MEDICAL PROGRAM: A BREAKFAST PROGRAM AND FREQUENT POETRY READINGS AND MUSICAL CONCERTS BY SUCH PERFORMERS AS CHEZ MARTINEZ AND PEPPY AND FLORA. A SPECIAL CLEANUP ATTEMPT HAS BEEN MADE TO LEAVE THE CHURCH "BETTER LOOKING" THAN WHEN IT WAS FIRST OCCUPIED. YESTERDAY A GROUP OF WHITE RADICALS SEIZED THE OFFICE OF THE RELIGIOUS CENTER AT 475 RIVERSIDE DRIVE IN SUPPORT OF THE YOUNG LORDS. NO WORD IS AVAILABLE NOW ON POSSIBLE POLICE RETALIATION.

(A MORE DETAILED REPORT ON THE YOUNG LORDS WILL FOLLOW NEXT WEEK)

LET IT BE(ATLE)

LET IT BE(ATLE)

LET IT BEatle

or

"Me I just wait so patiently
With my woman on the floor
We're just trying to do this jigsaw
puzzle
Before it rains anymore."

—M. Jagger

or

"When the train left the station.
It had two lights on behind.
Oh the blue light was my baby
And the red light was my mind."

—Mick J.

or

LET IT BE... atle

let it beATLE

Pick as many as you like before
proceeding to GO!

—James Lichtenberg



KENNY RANKIN DISTRIBUTING GIFTS photo: bob gryen

Take 1.

No year would be complete without it, even if it took right up to the 52nd week to happen, talk of the Beatles splitting up. "It's the 27th time," said a gentleman at Capitol records, "Everytime they finish a record John talks about going his own way... No, there is nothing official about it, but with the Beatles you never know. If it's going to happen it will." Lennon did two interviews in England, one in the New Musical Express and the other in Melody Maker, venting frustrations that go all the way back. Paul is the chief villain, the super-slick organisation man and John is the shaggy individualist.

But don't panic. Three more Beatle lp's will definitely be sold, an

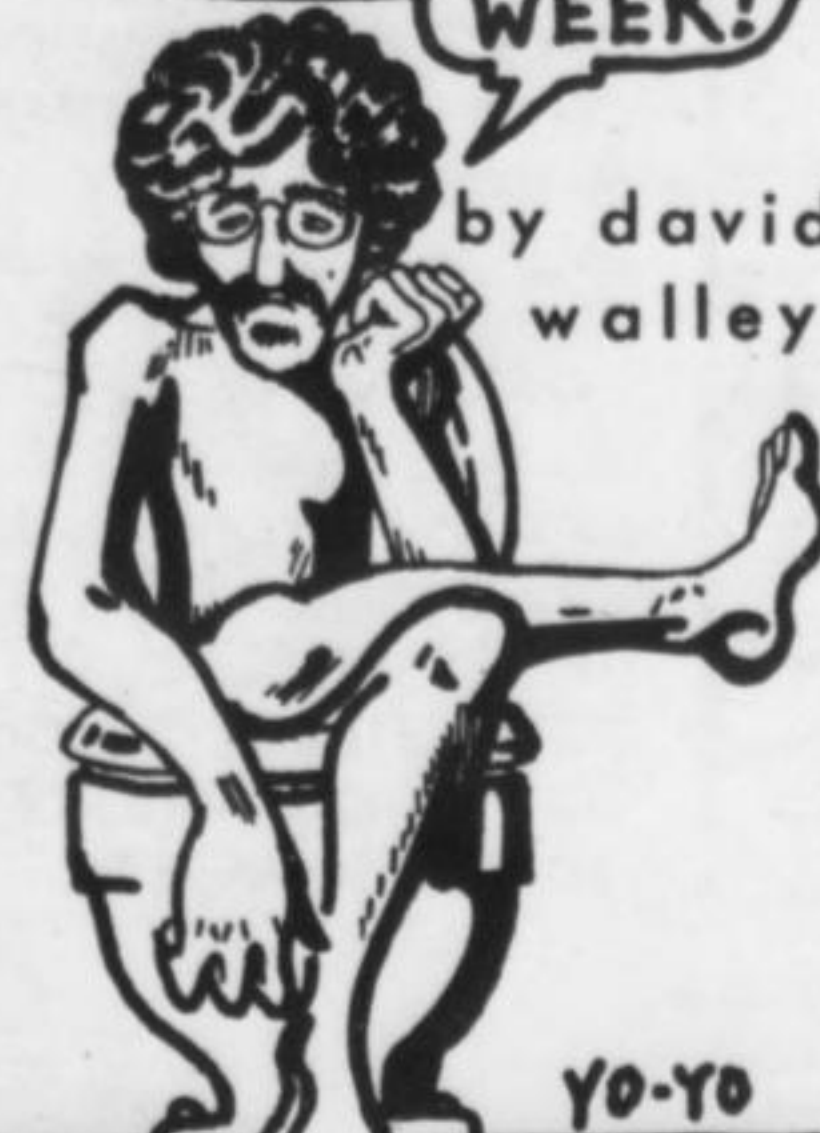
album of oldies but greaties, never before albumized should be in the stores as you read this under the title "Beatles Again" including, according to Capitol, a beautifully re-mixed version of "Hey Jude" and the nearly inaudible "Old Brown Shoe", "Paperback Writer", "Lady Madonna" and much much more. The other two lp's were to be the double album "Get Back", whose release has been pushed back to coincide with the release of their film, and both film and album will now be called "LET IT BE" (any similarities to titles living or stoned is pure). If they're going to imitate anyone it might as well be Jagger and Co.; certainly this year if you had only one album to buy (a colossally absurd idea) I think

it should have been "Let It Bleed". The Stones are the only Titans who continue to thrive (if in a somewhat ghastly atmosphere) as the Beatles and Dylan start to fade. (Oh yes, there's "Tommy" too, well, it's absurd... "she knows too much to argue or to judge" B. Dylan, "Love Minus Zero/No Limit".)

Of the albums that have crossed my path in the last several months, none has given more sweet stoned pleasure than Neil Young's "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere". The dark genius of the Springfield and now Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, Taylor and Reeves, Young is unquestionably one of the most gifted writers and performers anywhere. It's not noisy and it's

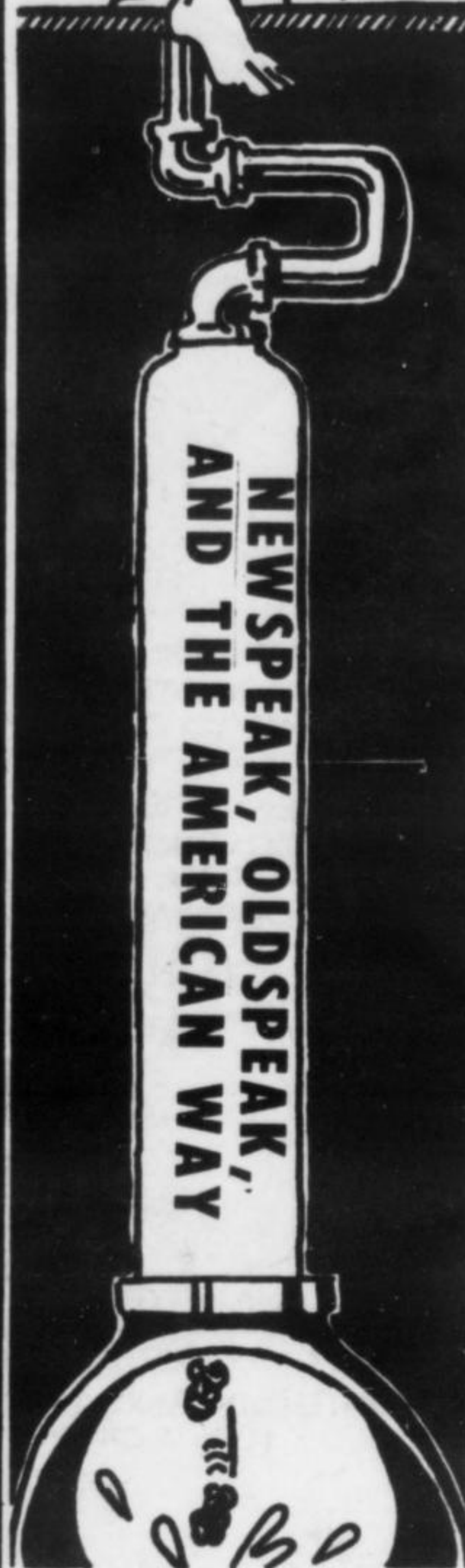
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DON'T TELL ME I'M GONNA GET A VISUAL THIS WEEK!



by david walley

Yo-Yo



As I was coming into my apartment building, I happened to trip over an innocuous orange booklet which had been left, I guess, for the voting constituents of the building. It was not just any pamphlet, however, but a Government pamphlet, (my interest was already kindled to the combustion point), House Document No. 530, entitled *OUR AMERICAN GOVERNMENT What Is It? How Does It Work?*. I was intrigued for never had I encountered anything, aside from the articles of Confederation or the Declaration of Independence which appeared in my high school history text which sought to explain exactly the nature of American government. Whenever anyone did manage to explain the Constitution he would use terms which were indigenous to the document itself, newspeak of the lowest form... and bad logic to boot.

So here was a booklet about the United States, maybe I was going to learn something, get an insight to clear up all that leftist confusion.


After all, it was printed by the Government and it came, according to the rubber stamp on the cover from the offices of the good Leonard Farbstein of the 19th Congressional District; hell, I couldn't go wrong. Wow! Imagine 175 questions and answers "interestingly and accurately portrayed" no less; well, there was no mistaking that invitation. I was feverish with anticipation.

The first question seemed straightforward enough: "What is the purpose of the American Government?" The answer could have been written by any fifth grader who had memorized the preamble to the Constitution, "We the people of the United States in Order to form a more perfect union... do establish this Constitution for the United States of America." Fine answer but no answer at all, it merely explained the government by saying that it was a product of the Constitution, but didn't explain what the American government's purpose was or indeed what purpose meant (it was all preamble I kept telling myself). Alright, the writer of the booklet was overwhelmed by the question and sought the easy way out. No one's perfect and why not give the House of Representatives a second chance. So far so... just as I expected, I read further with interest.

Question five was interesting, "How are both democratic and republican principles of government embodied in the government of the United States of America? (Two for one question, the big one) Ah, here was a question which was sure to be chock full of the right phrases, plus a little tub-thumping and mug-wumping to be sure. And the answer: "The national government is a form of representative democracy; a pure democracy (where all affairs remain in the hands of the people) is not practicable because of the geographical size and large populations, and the fact that the masses of citizens do not have sufficient leisure for the continuous direct participation in public business." I puzzled over the last part of that answer, such anti-language, this new government shorthand slang. Perhaps they meant that the average citizen didn't have the time to serve on special subcommittees and take junkets around the world. Perhaps it meant that the citizen can't be bothered with all the needless protocol which goes on in Washington and passes for human relations. Perhaps the answer meant that normal citizens, like Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor, do not feel the compunction to take the worries of their fellows on their own shoulders as our public servants seem so fond of recalling only at election time. Perhaps the answer meant that ordinary citizens weren't qualified to judge what was right for them and that those magically democratically elected representatives knew


(Continued on Page 16)

THE ADVENTURES OF...
JIMMY JET
 BY DA LATIMER and LESLIE



JIMMY WAS A JET IN THE U.S. AIRFORCE HELPING TO FIGHT THE VIETNAM WAR. HE WAS VERY PROUD OF THIS AND OF HIS SHINY WINGS AND HIS PRETTY GLASS COPIOLA AND THE FLUFFY, WHITE CONTRAILS HE LEFT IN THE AIR. OF COURSE, JIMMY WAS TOO SMALL TO BE A REAL BOMBER. IT WAS JIMMY'S JOB TO FLY OVER PLACES TO BE BOMBED...


...AND FIND THE TARGETS. THEN HE WOULD TELL THE BIG JETS WHERE TO BOMB, AND FLY BACK HOME. SOMETIMES, IT MADE JIMMY FEEL SAD TO SEE THE BIG JETS FLYING OVERHEAD ON HIS WAY HOME. HE WISHED HE COULD DO SOME BOMBING BUT HE KNEW HE WAS TOO LITTLE!



AT HOME, THE OTHER JETS PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO JIMMY, ESPECIALLY HIS HERO, SAM SUPERSONIC. SAM WAS THE BIGGEST JET ON THE BASE. HE FLEW HIGHER AND DROPPED BIGGER BOMBS THAN ANY OTHER JET. ALL THE JETS LOOKED UP TO SAM.



THERE WAS ONE BAD JET ON THE BASE, BILLY BLOCK BUSTER WHO MADE FUN OF JIMMY SOMETIMES. "HA, HA!" HE WOULD LAUGH, "YOU'RE JUST TOO FUCKIN' SMALL FOR THIS AIRFORCE! WHY DON'T YOU FUCKIN' GO BACK TO FUCKIN' PALISADES PARK?"




AND SOMETIMES...
 ...THIS MADE JIMMY CRY!



THEN ONE DAY THE BIG JETS RAN A MISSION OVER A BIG CITY IN VIETNAM AND ALTHO THEY MANAGED TO DESTROY MANY VALUABLE SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS, DAMS, RESERVOIRS AND CHURCHES, THE ENEMY'S FLAK GUNS DROVE THEM OFF, MANY OF THEM NEVER CAME HOME. THE ONES WHO DID INCLUDING BILLY AND SAM, WERE HURT SO BADLY THEY COULDN'T FLY FOR DAYS.

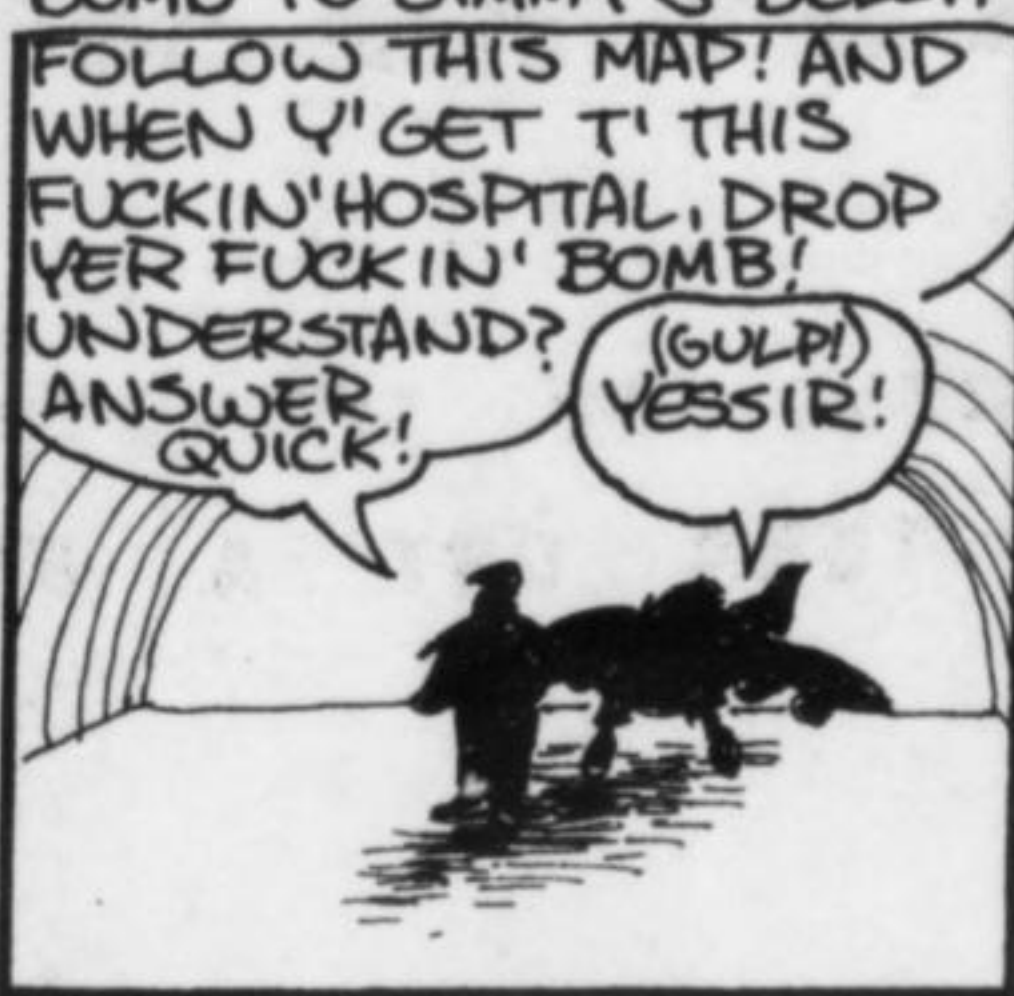
"SON OF A BITCH!" JIMMY HEARD THE GENERAL SAY NEXT DAY...
 HOW CAN I BOMB ANY FUCKIN' CITIES WITH NO FUCKIN' JETS? ISN'T THERE ONE COCKSUCKIN' PLANE I CAN FUCKIN' GET TO FLY ONE COCKSUCKIN' MISSION? SHIT! ONE BOMB! WHO CAN DO IT??!




AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, JIMMY JUMPED UP AND SAID...
 ME! HUH?



SO, THE GENERAL RELUCTANTLY STRAPPED A BIG BOMB TO JIMMY'S BELLY. FOLLOW THIS MAP! AND WHEN Y' GET T' THIS FUCKIN' HOSPITAL, DROP YER FUCKIN' BOMB! UNDERSTAND? (GULP!) ANSWER QUICK! YESSIR!



SO, OFF FLEW JIMMY INTO THE SKY ON HIS FIRST BOMBING MISSION. HE WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE SHOT AT. "WHAT DO YOU DO AFTER YOU'VE BEEN SHOT?" JIMMY JET WONDERED, BUT BEFORE HE COULD THINK OF AN ANSWER... HE FOUND OUT!!



FLAK WAS GOING OFF ALL AROUND HIM!! DESPERATELY JIMMY DIPPED AND DARTED NIMBLY THROUGH THE SHRAPNEL. HE WAS TOO SCARED TO STOP OR DO ANYTHING BUT TRY TO FIND HIS TARGET. AND THEN...




...HE FOUND IT!
 OBOY!
 FLAK!



ZOOMING DOWN LOW, HE SIGHTED IN AND DROPPED HIS LOAD.



WHEN HE DARTED UP, SUDDENLY, VERY LIGHT AND FLEW UP OUT OF THE RANGE OF THE FLAK.



AND THEN, FAR BEHIND, HE HEARD THE BOOM OF HIS FIRST BOMB GOING OFF AND NOW HE WAS PROUDER THAN EVER!




BACK AT THE BASE, ALL THE JETS FLOCKED AROUND JIMMY AND FATTED HIS FUSELAGE. BILLY BLOCK BUSTER SAID HE WAS SORRY FOR EVER TEASING JIMMY AND HE PROMISED NEVER TO DO IT AGAIN!

AND EVEN SAM SUPERSONIC LIMPED OVER AND SAID...
 JIMMY, FUCKIN' JET! YOU'RE A GOOD FUCKIN' AMERICAN!
 AND JIMMY FELT SO PROUD HE ALMOST BURST!



SO TODAY, JIMMY JET IS THE HAPPIEST JET IN THE U.S. AIRFORCE AND WE SHOULD ALL THANK HIM FOR SAVING US FROM COMMUNISM. DON'T YOU WISH YOU COULD BE LIKE JIMMY JET?



THE END





Richard M. Nixon (12)

POOR PARANOIDS

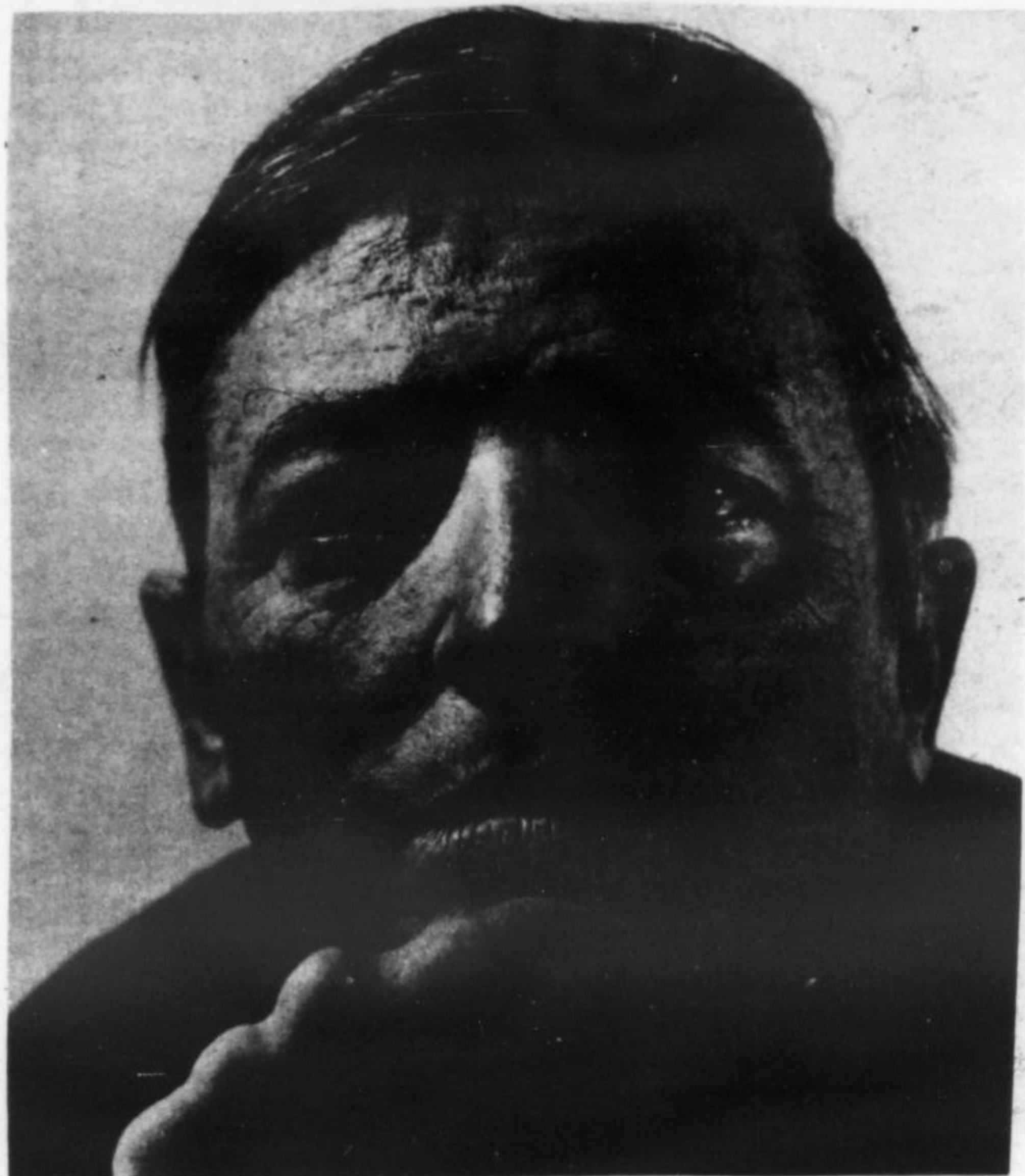
I'M A CREATURE OF HABIT! WHY DO I HAVE TO SIT DOWN AT THE DAMN TYPEWRITER EACH WEEK AND HAVE TO TURN OUT A PIECE!

I HATE THIS DAMN TYPEWRITER!

BESIDES, I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

ALMANAC

BY ALLAN KATZMAN



THE EMPERORS NEW BALLS by ALEX GROSS

One of the potentially good things about the present ferment in the art world is the way it is pushing stodgy institutions to show that they are "with it." Unfortunately this does not work out well in practice, since these attempts at being with it often make it painfully clear how totally without it these institutions are. Like the current SPACES show at what more and more people are referring to as the "Modern" Museum, with Modern in quotation marks.

The SPACES show is five to ten years behind the pop world in its content and must make everyone painfully aware that there are now two cultures in this country, the real one and the plastic one to be seen at the "Modern." This show should make everyone realize that it is no longer the "Modern" which sets trends in the art world—though god knows, it did enough harm while it was setting the trends—but the real culture, the pop culture, the freaks and the people.

The most successful part of the show is the strobe light environment in the garden by a group called PULSA. This gives you an idea of the standards, since as any one can tell you people were doing strobe things at discotheques five years ago. But for this contribution to high culture the PULSA group has been given fellowships, research grants, the sponsorship of Yale University, and the imprimatur of the "Modern."

The other five rooms, and the atmosphere connecting them, are not very exciting rehashes of the happenings and environments attempted over the last ten or twelve

years. One man has an all-white room, another has an all-black one, a third uses fluorescent tubing with singular clumsiness, a fourth has a refrigerated room with trees planted in an improvised garden, a fifth seeks to mystify you with pieces of canvas labeled in German. No doubt it is all very stirring stuff for the "Modern," but it does not add up to very much. It would not even be worth discussing but for the dangers of the pseudo-theories that purport to justify it.

Happenings and environments are among the most important phenomena of our time, not just artistically but socially, but what we have at the "Modern" is not only the sorriest selection of these seen in a long time but in reality a continuation of all the old hypes and frauds perpetrated by the "Modern" in the fifties. In the act of transferring these genres to the museum the curators have emasculated them into what usually passes for art on Fifty-Third Street and turned them into something vague, vacuous, and without meaning for self or society.

We have all heard the usual defenses for this sort of art advanced by the minimal and conceptual apologists—we know that we are supposed "to see space anew," "to come to a fresh awareness of reality," or "to explore the seeming emptiness of the universe." Much the same

apologies were put forward for abstract expressionism a decade ago, and what we have here are much the same defensive explanations advanced out of the same vacuum of sense and feeling. This is the art of an age (or perhaps of a social stratum) that does not want to look very deeply into itself for fear of what it may find.

In a previous article I have spoken of Eisenhower Art (or IKE ART) and the tasteful vacuities of the fifties, and in the SPACES show we have what may be a perfect example of NIX ART or Nixon Art, the drab evasions of the seventies. Let us be thankful that it does not represent the whole, or even a significant part, of today's real culture.

The all-white room and the all-black room are the real giveaways—they are the twin clichés of the so-called "modern" style. The all-white rooms and all-white walls of the "Modern" were at one time considered the pinnacle of taste and exuded high cultural ecstasy to those who walked among them—today they seem merely drab and unimaginative. And the black room is even more revealing—if the uptown art world has a single esthetic slogan nowadays, it is "Put It In A Black Plexiglass Box." It is perhaps the ruling cliché, and an artist who makes almost

(Continued on Page 17)



I tell her daddy's plane fell down out of the sky
wife of missing US Air Force pilot
on CBS-TV, Xmas 1969

And what was daddy doing there, mommy?

Burning little children like you, dear
in the arms, legs, eyes, mouth, body & cunt, dear ...
Burning them to death.
Now go out and play, dear.

Tuli Kupferberg



T H I L M

BY LITA ELISCU

This is an end of the year column... originally was one of those "10..." best, worst, etc., numbers, but is now, after searching for 10 of anything and failing, now is an end of the year column, period... full of thoughts and hotcha criticisms and pithy cocktail conversation poop and some pithy stuff which is for more than parties hopefully... it symbolizes the change into 1970 a year of great delight and, even latent and potential as it is at the writing of this, a year full of plenipotentiary goodness. Yippie skippie.

An observation: people over a certain age, because of their environment conditioning, tend to have certain built-in responses and attitudes. When they seek to go somewhere else, they generally pitfall into trying to get back in order to complete their (life) cycles. People under etc., if they are together, are trying to get a way or away, and they might go back for a while but only because it is convenient not because it is the only direction they conceive of, etc. (The etc, is really because it is bad grammar to end with a preposition)... What is back, anyway. Like Tristram Shandy's bear, what is back...? Do you remember December 25th 1968 and do you remember where, who you, when you were. Can you recall the experiences of January 3rd, 1969... do you want to. (oh well).

In no particular order, intensity, or other categorization, but mainly because they are on the record

player, *The Velvet Underground* is memorable. How many groups have taken us as individuals to so many places as have the Velvets with their tough-as-trembling birch leaves-way of going right through all society's foibles, heroin, Jesus, the discreet talk of soldiers, the impossibility of both our bodies and our minds... and the line, "What do you think I'd see, if I could walk away from... me?" a whole way-of-life on every record, that line's from the 3rd album, which is so scratched up I have played it so much and still has more magic than 23 hairs from the tail of the sleeping Tortoise or the moon of a baby's fingernail. . . . *Tony Williams Lifetime* makes music the essential and ultimate communication form and Tony Williams is the best drummer I have ever heard whatever that means; it means that when he is playing with McLaughlin and Young, there is no other music, no other drummer, organist, guitarist in vision... the music of the Lifetime people fills you up and goes out the top of your head. You wanna call it jazz or some other zippeededo name, you can, but if you don't like jazz, then don't try calling the *Emergency!* album jazz... if you don't like avant-garde music, then don't call it that either. Listen to "Vashkar" by Carla Bley and then call this Lifetime anything but a song cycle (yeah yeah thanks VDP)... Live, the Lifetime is so fine, so good, and the words are lost because they are now on the

record player... oh yeah: Amazon waterfall deadly nightshade off into the purple of twilight patent leather blacks and blues little girl's Sunday heaththrobs.

there are always words. Get hold of *The Lifetime* while we're all here. (Although they will no doubt last longer than *Blind Faith*). And Pharoah Sander's *Tauhid* which plays equally well at either 33 or 16. The slower way makes you think of legions clanking, tall proud slaves, and at 33 they and you are liberated from the doubts of bondage, free to be on the same groove—that's where the expression comes from, 'groovy,' or 'in the groove' isn't that nice?... The Stooges. The Stooges, it was said, was the experience of 1969 even unto epitomization, and some claimed to see a *posteriori* signs of Iggy Stooze in the 1969 Mick Jagger especially "Midnight Rambler" (thanks Bobby) and everyone hoped they saw signs of Iggy, some nights and days in their life. For variation, Stooze Hall is a great one to try; if sensuality is a form of death, removing us from our individual discontinuities, then Iggy fulfills Jim Morrison's fantasy of unreasonable terror... and 2001 will soon be recognized as the first of a new kind of movie, new film, because finally someone will begin to try to make something as profound, beautiful and exquisite, but as Stanley Kubrick says, "The surface of film has hardly been scratched" and someone can

play for a long time, and will scratch the surface; Stanley has already embroidered, emblazoned and etched his comments. Godard gave us more frustration for us to vent in action by making it real... *Putney Swope*, *More*, *Invocation of My Demon Brother* by Kenneth Anger (where are you, incredible filmmaker, both inside and topographically?),

Lions Love all of *Jordan Belson's* work and *Momentum* is this year's, these were favorites and deserve to stand all-time for all different reasons. Mainly that they were and are beautiful and their beauty and my vision made it together, isn't that the proper image? Also the sequences in an otherwise dreadful, almost but never good enough to make it parody called *Helga* (the story of a chickie's sex education, nim nam) mainly a piece of junk... the sequences of an electron microscope's film of an actual sperm mating with an actual egg to form ZYGOTE!, and then, in stop-time action, we watch the woman's hips grow wider to take on the enlarging fetus... and later the actual in color childbirth, purple blood gushing from a naked thumping vulva, thunk-whoosh thunk-whoosh while hearts failed all around me and so did stomach sphincters (oh you get-back people, how you failed...!). the movie in *Thomas Pynchon's* head... *David Holzman's Diary* by Jim McBride and Kit Carson, a film which taught me a

lot of good questions to ask and from which I learned much... a film never made from the novel *Beautiful Losers*, using computers (thanks Bob Downey)... the crazed light show at the Museum of Natural History more of a natural prayer cycle than any other such wheel of fire/ice/dust that I have seen (it was our Universe up there in the heavenly ceiling of the New Sistine-cum-Museum of Natural History, a First Perception for us all, and come to grips with your own last judgment whenever you no longer need life)... and to look forward for a moment, 2 films coming up: *A Married Couple* which is about exactly that, a couple whose marriage was 'in crisis' and got filmed. Some people will be very uncomfortable, some will be in agony, other persons will just watch a life style different from their own... a movie which are you, incredible filmmaker, both inside and topographically?, *Lions Love* all of *Jordan Belson's* work and *Momentum* is this year's, these were favorites and deserve to stand all-time for all different reasons. Mainly that they were and are beautiful and their beauty and my vision made it together, isn't that the proper image? Also the sequences in an otherwise dreadful, almost but never good enough to make it parody called *Helga* (the story of a chickie's sex education, nim nam) mainly a

EDUCATION' NIM NAM) mainly
(Continued on Page 19)

DEC COMPO SITION

BY D. A. LATIMER

Let this be a short personal note to the managers and performers of Santana, Canned Heat, Smith, Crow, Vanilla Fudge, Grateful Dead, Butterfield Blues Band, B.B. King, Hugh Masakela, Tony Joe White, Biff Rose, the Amboy Dukes, the Turtles, Motherlode, The Band, Johnny Winter, Cold Blood and Sweetwater. All you dudes performed at the Miami Rock Festival a couple of weeks ago, remember? Hollywood, Florida, recall that? Yeah, I know how it is with you guys, your manager gets off the phone and shoves you into a cab and you go off to the airport and most often you don't even know where you're going until you land, because you're so wiped out from your last gig you spend all your flying time asleep. Right?

And what do you get for it? Rock people never have any money. Once in a while a groupie chick comes back to the dressing room and gives you head, and an hour later you've forgotten her face. Great fun there.

The manager gets all the bread and a big name in the industry, where it counts, and also he gets all the fun of shutting you poor wretched bastards around to gigs like the Miami Rock Festival in Hollywood, Florida.

Fuck that, man. None of you dudes reads newspapers, so I am going to fill you in on what went down in Hollywood. Not many people there, right? A real loser, hey? Well, that was because the pigs were checking out everybody that came through the gates for dope. You had to go through the gates, it was that kind of festival, all the groovy psychedelic ads in underground papers across the country had warned, 'Don't Come Down Without A Ticket'. This itself kept a lot of kids from showing up, but then when it came out in the newspapers that the Hollywood town council had passed an unconstitutional stop-and-frisk law special for the occasion, well, you were lucky to sell ten thousand tickets on that gig.

The police chief of Hollywood town came on the national news to

announce that his department was trying to discourage all of 'those type of young people' from coming. You were lucky to get ten thousand. You shouldn't have got twenty. You fucking shouldn't have played there.

On Sunday, Billy Graham showed up. Not the... who runs the Fillmores, the pig who saves souls for Jesus and President Nixon. And he came down and he said things like, 'Tune in, Turn on, and Drop Out for Jesus'. And this prompted a bit of quiet laughter from the kids, but since there weren't so many of them, and most of them there had fallen asleep, there was no profanity. But it made lovely newspaper copy for Billy Graham, and it was a sin that you cocksuckers should have your names in the same story with that rat bastard pig.

But you mothers woke up and got off the plane and went out to the amphitheatre and shot up and played there. I hope your managers lost a lot of money on that gig. For years now, they've had you lining their pockets

and the pockets of such as Bill Graham the Fillmore Philanthropist, not to mention the pig fascist recording cartels. And lately a lot of people like Joe Cocker have been coming up, doing their own impressions of Beatle tunes and Stones tunes and like that, and most of it has sounded an awful lot like the Andrews Sisters performing their rendition of 'Stardust' for the millionth time. And I dig that the managers have got a lot of you people doing this too, even for the stuff you did originally yourself. But God damn it, you shouldn't have played Hollywood.

So look, in the future you've got to start reading the papers. And if you find out the night before the big 1970 Shitcreek Festival, with kids hitchhiking in from all over the country, that the governor has just called in the National Guard and twenty thousand empty boxcars down the local railroad line, than you got to back out of that gig. Otherwise some of us are going to feel very hurt. Okay?

THE RETURN OF THE HIGH SCHOOL FREE PRESS

by RAY SCHULTZ

In the fall of 1968, a group of immature and ignominious young bastards from the public high schools got together to publish a newspaper that would wreck the health of every teacher, cop and parent in the city of New York. Some of them were hard-line radicals, and members of the newly-formed High School Student Union. Others were pure creative types with no more than an *aesthetic* interest in the project. Most of them were plain old punks: troublemakers who were everything a responsible citizen might fear them to be.

They were given technical support, right off the bat, by the now-deceased *New York Free Press*, another underground rag of questionable taste. The *Free Press* ran on a fairly tight production schedule in those days; the office was immaculate, and the editor, Sam Edwards was a despot. The first thing he did when he heard the kids were coming was to assign a Camp Counselor to keep things in line, to wit, associate editor Peter Johnson. Johnson was able-bodied and he managed to hold the kids in tow—for the first few days. By Christmas, however, the *Free Press* office was a complete shambles, and the new paper, the *High School Free Press*, was well on its way to becoming one of the best underground papers, page for page, bust for bust, in the country.

The first issue included two first-person accounts of the riots in Chicago (*Czechago*); several personal testimonies on the iniquity and inequity of the school authorities (*Now we have a UNION—UP AGAINST THE WALL Bd. of Ed.*); progress reports from schools in the city and the rest of the country (*Shit Flies at Seward*); reprints, side by side of the lyrics of the Beatles' "Revolution" and the Rolling Stones' "Street Fighting Man," and the cover—an underground classic—was a cut of a naked baby Black girl holding a black flag of anarchy over the caption *The H.S. Free Press is born... great stuff.*

Some of the prose was a bit heavy, some of the layout more than a bit imbalanced. As more issues were printed, however, the quality improved and the response from students throughout the country was staggering. The papers had a cover price of five cents, but often as not they were given away free to anyone who wanted them. Ere too long, the paper was receiving letters: "Wow!—you really did a beautiful job!—paper is great (i'm envious)—i'm editor at the liberated student newspaper at erasmus hall h.s.—*surrealistic review of the times* we were satisfied to get out anything underground. in retrospect i can now see the paper was really fucked up.

we'd like to keep it as an independent paper and yet could use help—perhaps you could give us a subscription to the free press? (only it would really have to be "free"—we have no bread...) if you'd like in exchange I'll mail you copies—Nadine."

Nadine received the subscription. Black and Puerto Rican students were invited to contribute to the paper, resulting in such letters as this: "I just finished reading the second edition of HSFP and I was sure glad. (It's about time.) I was really glad you did something for the Black people. Enclosed is something written by my friend Norris. Maybe you would like to publish it in the next issue. (By the way, it really reaches many types—it seems that many people are interested in HSFP—had no trouble spreading it—people were begging me for a copy.) Maybe something like Norris wrote would help turn on more white people to the problem of being black—understand it better. Ken Kobac. (Ed. Note: See page 6)." Other letters poured in from the rest of the country, asking for free subscriptions, offering to pay for subscriptions, recommending various revolutionary tactics, asking for advice on the issues of the day. The print run jumped from 7,000 to 40,000—support was widespread—the "adult" *Free Press*, for all its hightone muckraking and artistic criticism, could not boast of such a dedicated and committed readership.

Naturally, some of the more interested "readers" of the paper included the police, the High School Principal's Association, the editors of the *New York Daily News* and *Daily Column*, and several concerned parents. Staffers who tried to distribute the paper in the schools were suspended. Others were actually arrested for their folly. All of the little bastards were kept under surveillance, to one degree or another, and at demonstrations were held and "checked-out," for three hours until things cooled down. During the Spring Offensive, the paper was denounced by then City Council President Frank O'Conner, cursed roundly on the *Daily News* editorial page, and listed by Mayor John Lindsay as one of the six leading factors contributing to the disturbances in the schools. (All of the factors he listed were people and organizations). Once, an entire school busload of copies was confiscated.

All of this made good editorial meat for the paper. Every single comment or public action against the paper was printed—in toto. Reporter Fred Ferretti of the *New York Times Magazine* was mocked beautifully for a few misquotes he had perpetrated (later his name was added to the masthead). When the school strike was finally ended (the FP staffers tended to take a pro-McCoy stand, but a tempore one: the main issue was hatred of the UFT), and an extra 45 minutes was tagged on to each school day to make up for the lost

time, the paper ran a large headline on each page; *FUCK YOUR 45 MINUTES!* The exploits of individual teachers were recalled with wicked glee. One particularly brutal account concerned the racism of a teacher at Franklin Lane High School in Brooklyn. It was one of the most profoundly malicious hatchet jobs I have ever seen. And by some devious means, the subversive little pricks had a knack for coming up with confidential reports and statements from the High School Principle's Association—and these were reprinted with due credit to the authors.

The working methods of these punks were, alas, somewhat less enlightening. They usually pulled into the office, around five in the evening, and began cursing, stamping, bickering and driving their various ideas into something cogent and readable. Watching them was somewhat akin to watching the Viet Cong being routed from a cave with napalm; it was not a pleasant experience. For all their talent, for all their drive, for all their hatred of the imperialistic, racist, warmongering, profit-making system, it took something really heavy to get them going. For one thing, they liked to sing: (to the tune of "That Old Time Religion")

*Give me that old Bolshivism,
that old Bolshivism, that old
Bolshivism,*

*It's good enough for me—
If it was good enough for
Lenin,*

(Continued on Page 18)



Inaugural Ceremonies

December 31, 1969

New York City

City Hall Plaza

INAUGURATION OF THE SWINGING EROTIC SEVENTIES!
by Al Hansen

It was mostly groovy artists and wild looking chicks down at City Hall today for the John Vliet Lindsay Inauguration. Great Scene! There we all were freezing down at City Hall under a gloomy, glowering slate grey sky, funky leaden lowering dirty clouds. Harsh biting sleet, icy feet.

Murderous cold! The trees were encased in ice. Claes Oldenburg wanted to know who the young old guy was. I thought the cat was an old young guy but Claes runs deep and he comes out of Europe and Chicago and look what he's done. The guy is clearly a giant in an art world full of midgets. So you pay attention when he muses, because there is always something in it. Roy Lichtenstein and Dolly said they didn't know who it was but the program said the Honorable John S. Palmer was in the Number one speaker slot. God it was cold! "Is that the John Palmer who used to come up to Andy's old factory?" with Tomothy Baum?" John Giorno and Ondine wanted to know. Taylor Mead said No it wasn't. John Chamberlain seemed to be crashing from something. A bully looking cop got up close to John and glowered. I guess John's peruke had the cop uptight. Fashion is the leading edge of change and all the guys are fastening their long hair back from the cold breezes with rubber bands like the old 1700's. That Billy Budd Ahab thing the guys are doing with their hair. Maybe the Scene Look is shifting and the Red River trail boss look is giving away to an Ahab Billy Budd whaling semen (oops!) seamen! The three chicks who had come down from New Haven with Oldenburg were really taking a shine to John Chamberlain. "I really should be filming this!" John said, looking the cop dead in the eye. The cop moved off.

A murmer went through the crowd: "Lindsay's here! Lindsay's here!" they murmured. Arrogant head down, flanked by a flying wedge of turtle neck sweater pants suit young commissioners... he was effecting entrance to City Hall around back.

Taylor Mead hugged his portable radio with his bent antennae. "God, can you imagine having a baby by him?" Taylor moaned. Lindsay very much on top of things, keeping an eye out for Breslin, flashed a nod and a wink at Mickey Ruskin the art world restateur of Kansas City fame. The Honorable John Palmer Commissioner of Public Events was well into the introduction. Two scurvy, piratical looking Soho area artists, were wearing buttons that said, "ART IS LOFTY." A police general (what else is two shoulder stars outside an S&M bar?) briefed a squad of TPF's to take the East Flank by Foley Square and keep an eye out for Breslin. "If the bum tries to sneak through in an ambulance run them up to the Circle Line Pier on west forty second and hold them there!" "What about Mailer?" a young lieutenant asked. "Let Mailer t'roo." The cop general barked.

Lichtenstein murmured something about doing a big painting of City Hall like the one he did of the Parthenon. A Rolls Royce Sedan wheeled up driven by a guy in a little cap. A cop raised his arm to stop them "Where the hell you think—?"

"Rauschenburg!" the driver barked. A Police Captain bawled, "Let 'em t'roo!" As it wheeled in a cigar butt came out the back window and bounced off a rookie cops chest.

The All City High School Chorus sang and you got to give them credit in all that cold. Ultraviolet was in a buckskin jacket thing like Timothy Leary's and never looked lovelier or more voluptuous. "Watcha got in the bag?" I rapped at her. She opened the big Vuitton number and pulled out a handful of hundred dollar bills. She always tops me. On top of that Merv Griffin was with her and he cut me dead. After the nice happening I did on his T-V show with Alison Knowles and that Jack Carter tried to paint with a brush on my girlfriend Valerie's belly button? He snubs me! Big deal. Lindsay Decker and Tom Blackwell were putting Art Is Lofty Buttons on all the office girl's coat lapels. Most of them giggled when they put a hand inside the girl's coats to cup their titties so the pin from the button wouldn't stick them. "Those are thoughtful guys," John Giorno said. John Chamberlain muttered "They're just feeling the girls teats." "No, no, no. Its a political statement, Taylor insisted.

The All High School Chorus sang another song. Lil Picard was telling Lil Brody that in Berlin in 1931 something or other was done first and she saw it and knew the guy who did it. Claudia Dreifuss and Flo Kennedy were on a lower step of City Hall right in the big doings with Norman Mailer who had ominiscently come out of City Hall itself. Secret Deals? Trust Claudia to find out.

The Right Reverend W.B. Donegan, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York was well into his Invocation Rap. A crew cut triple chinned N.Y. Telephone Company bully in steel rimmed glasses and forearm tatoos sat in the cab of his telephone company truck reading the Christmas issue of KISS. Vincent Titus in a white football helmet that said WEATHERMEN across the front, sidled over to the truck. The cats truck was plastered with American flag stickers. America first stickers, Join the Conservative Party stickers. A big metal sign fastened to the front bumper said: "IF YOUR HEART ISN'T IN AMERICA—GET YOUR ASS OUT!" Titus sidled up to the truck and tapped his fists together a couple of times like a prizefighter about to get in the ring. The fascist phone guy is looking balefully out at Titus who's lapels are covered with political left buttons, old and new. CNVA, SDS, Coalition and Moratorium buttons. Dick Gregory for President buttons. Black Power, Black Panther and Black is Beautiful Buttons... Before the Phony (Hal) could spit in his face, Titus, who was mainly focused on the issue of KISS went into a spiel about he thought he had a poem published in that issue.

I began building with a tycoon looking chick. A real great Wall St. (Continued on Page 20)

SHE STARTED AS A BUDDING TOPLESS CELLIST.



IN A DARING NEW BREAK-THROUGH, SHE FOUNDED TOPLESS DRUMMING.



THEN, WITH A BOLD HAND ON EACH TIDDIE, SHE CREATED A MAJOR AVANT GARDE MUSICAL REVOLUTION. SHE WAS PROCLAIMED:

TITSLAPPER

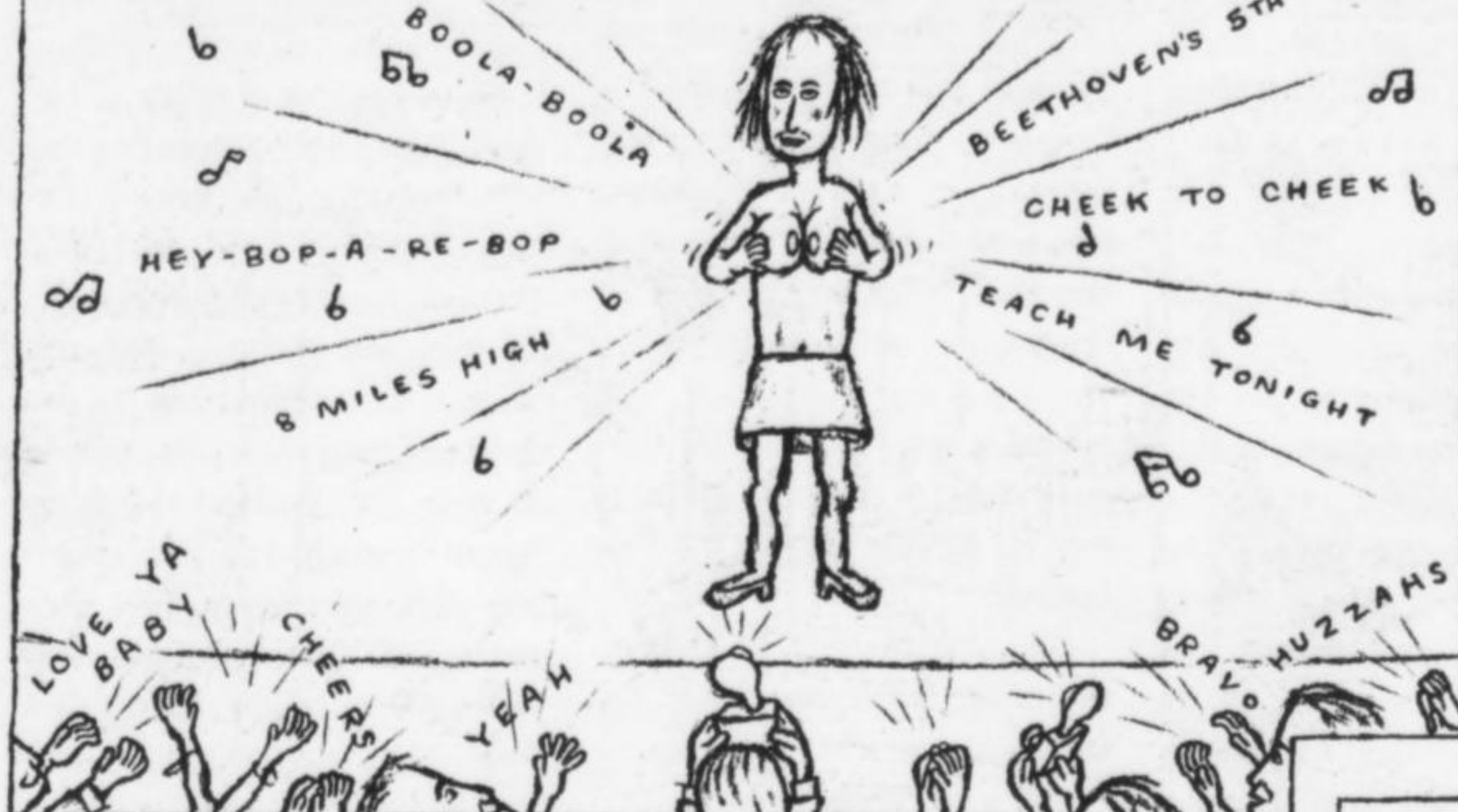
by Bill Anthony



FRESHENING-UP.



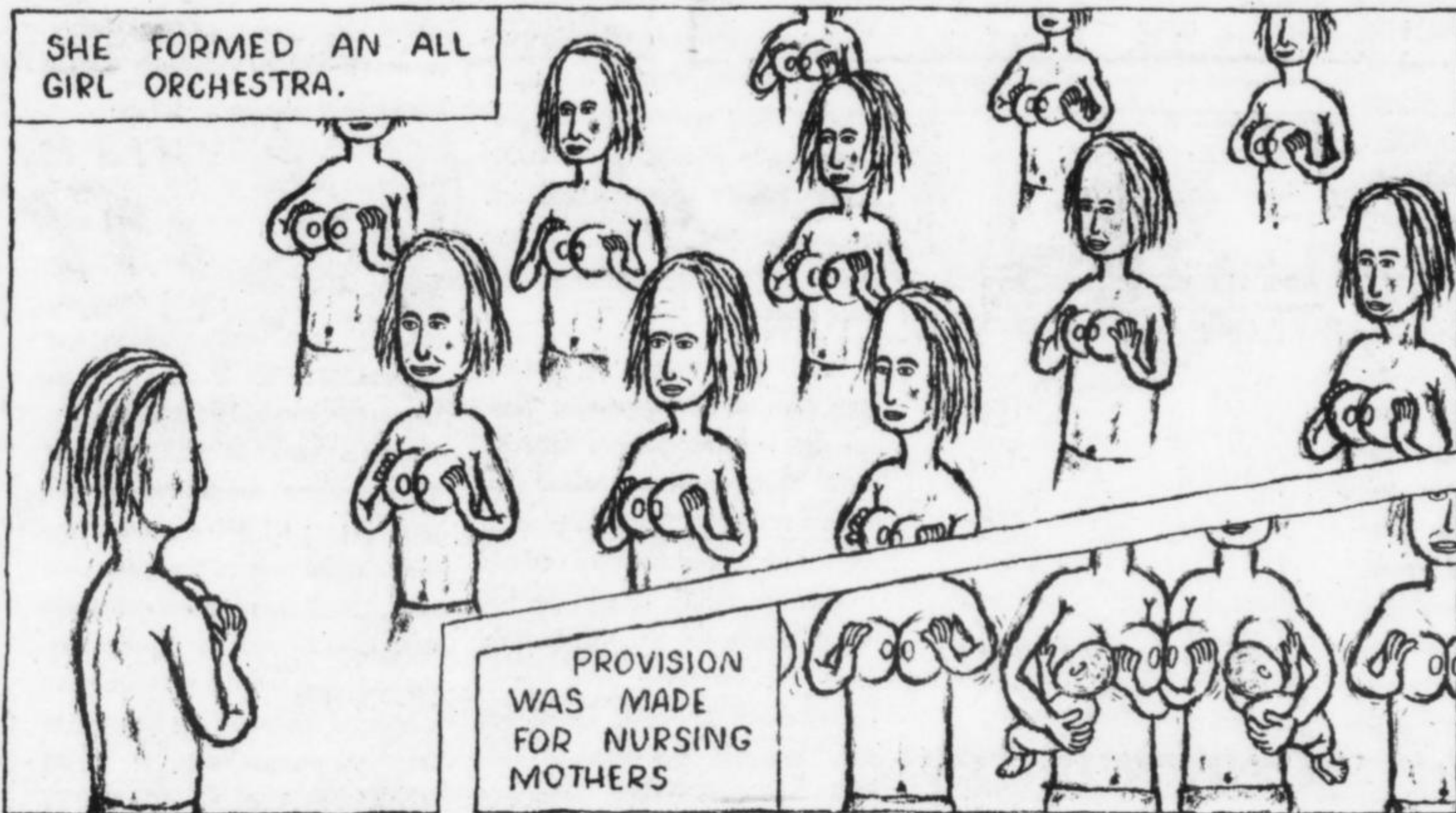
YOU NAME IT, TITSLAPPER COULD DO IT.



MAKING HER 12TH MILLION SELLER



SHE FORMED AN ALL GIRL ORCHESTRA.



TITSLAPPER BECAME PLAGUED BY A BUNCH OF PHONY IMITATORS !!

AND EVEN THOUGH THESE BITCHES COULDN'T SLAP THEIR TITS AS WELL, THEY MADE DIRTY REMARKS ABOUT TITSLAPPER BEHIND HER BACK (WOULDN'T YA KNOW IT).



BUT SOON TITSLAPPER LEFT ALL THESE DUMB SHITS FAR BEHIND—'CAUSE THEN:

IN A CONSUMMATE FEAT OF BRAVURA ARTISTRY TITSLAPPER EMERGED AS ONE OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL SHAPERS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION, 'CAUSE NOW TITSLAPPER SLAPPED HER TITS WITHOUT USING HER HANDS !!!

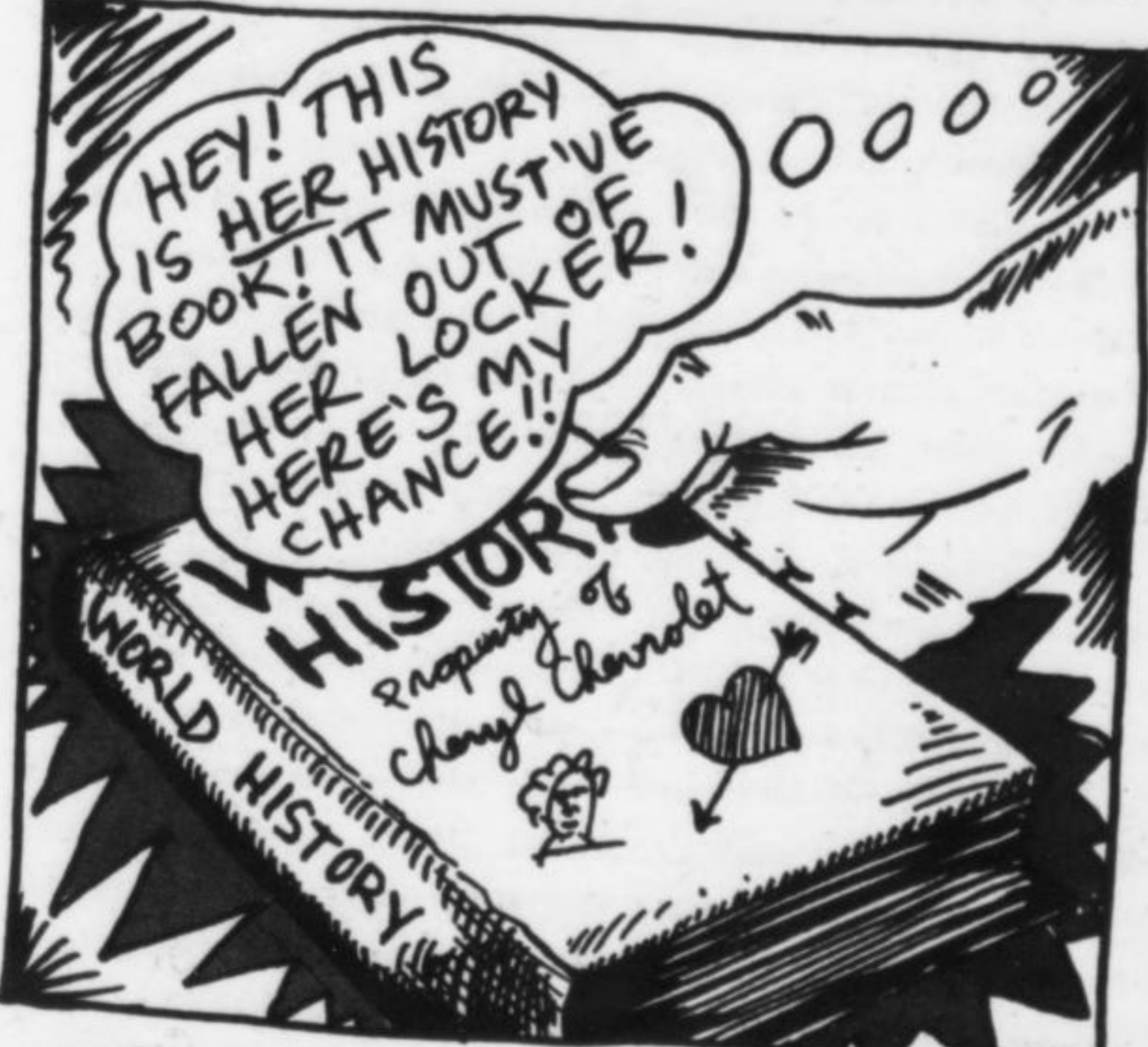


NEXT WEEK: BRING YOUR RAINCOATS KIDS 'CAUSE ITS GONNA BE: 'PRICK-SLAPPER'

THE FEARS AND THE TEARS OF...
LOVE'S LABORS



THINK BACK, IF YOU CAN, TO THE TIME WHEN YOU WERE SIXTEEN & THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ALIVE!



NEWSPEAK

(Continued from Page 7)

better . . . and D.C. ain't Ashtabula. Perhaps . . . but I didn't know, it was all news to me what the book said, the little orange book.

Paging through the whole of the 175 questions about the United States government was a heartening experience. I noticed that most of the questions were about procedure, protocol, and the mechanics of government; they had little to do with the philosophy behind why such a government existed. Maybe none was needed, maybe a government only exists by the force of the rhetoric in which it can clothe itself. The mantle of authority thrust on the shoulders of the legislators is ermine, symbolizing the power of the State, but more likely the munificence of the office holders. So it goes.

"Our American Government" will never make the best seller list (they're giving it away for the asking). Unfortunately, very few people will read it because it comes from the government printing office through the House of Representatives. It should be read by every radical in the country. More can be learned about the United States Government than all the gassings of civilians in demonstrations, all the massacres, police actions, and poverty wars. The only way one can realize the government mentality is to read what it says about itself, and how it defines and qualifies what it says. Reading this informative little booklet gives a macabre insight into the way our world can end . . . in a jumble of officialeze jargon and double entendres. (For another example of a well-meaning document sans booklet there's always Stalin's edition of the Soviet Constitution of 1937.)

The implications of the booklet are staggering. What matters in affairs of state is not what is done (very little is done anyway according to a recent *Times* front-page story which denounced federal poverty programs as meaningless and badly organized). No, actions do not a government make. The most important thing a government does, is to set the stage for democratic power. It doesn't matter what is done as much as the way in which something is done. The business of government becomes the business of entertainment and public relations . . . show biz. (Anyone considered lobbyists who spend their time wining and dining prospective senators and congressman as base public relations men, or just simple press agents? Next time you're down in D.C. check out your friendly lobbyist, not your congressman, and chances are you'll find both at the same whorehouse). Everyone knows that the President of the United States uses the news media as public relations. Cut to take 69" "Take this

here, son, while I'm standing with this colored fella, bring the picture back to me and then we'll caption it . . . or, if we leak the story that Spiro got busted in Flagstaff, Arizona for peyote, maybe we'll be able to keep the war going and get those dope fiends on our side" . . . So it goes.

Nowhere in this little pamphlet is there any exegesis of the Constitution. Nowhere can one find a philosophical discussion of Constitutional issues. Everything is defined by the thing it defines, the Constitution by constitutional language. Most of the questions are taken up in learning the mechanics of Congress or the Senate. For that alone, Citizen Everyman (sans street-issue culottes) could get annoyed. That such a cumbersome set of regulations and procedures



could even hope to run a country the size of the United States boggles the imagination and incidentally the swift function of governing. That the men entrusted to such power as they have (neatly and quite sweetly defined in the Articles of Confederation) have to act on such paltry philosophical basis as denoted, presumably in this book is a wonder . . . a wonder that they don't choke in their own red tape.

Power to the people? Nowhere in this booklet is either "people" or "power" defined (just like the Radical Ultra Left), or even mentioned. If one happened on this booklet from another country, laughter would erupt. That such a country could be run by such antiquated rules which make no allowance for technical problems, progress, or even electricity . . . Not only is behavior ritualized, but the newspeak of the ritual is taken to have meaning!! There's always the little red book, pink book, yellow book, always Kropotkin, Bill Heywood, Rosa Luxembourg and a host of other radicals to follow. But **OUR AMERICAN GOVERNMENT What Is It?** (an ungainly child who is just learning to use its hands and head) How does it Function? (by the grace of god and a little help from its friends). If radicals want to get food for thought, they can send for House Document No. 530 from the 89th Congress, 2nd Session), costs a few cents but crystalizes the Conspiracy and the Panthers grievances . . . right Mom, it condemns its own inefficiency with its own language.

BE(ATLE)

(Continued from Page 7)

somewhat subtle, but his music glides you down into real and dark ambiguities of experience (like the Beatles of "Norwegian Wood" or the Stones of just about everything they do). Young draws on folk and country, the way Jagger and Richard draw on blues and pure rock and roll, each then putting the music through his own head until he has refined and created something absolutely inimitable.

Young and his moonlight group Crazy Horse hold one of the promises for the early part of the next decade. So, perhaps, if it comes to fruition, does a group which Boz Scaggs (he released a very enjoyable if not violently distinguished album called "Boz Scaggs", produced by Rolling Stone editor Jann Wenner) is putting together with pieces of the Sir Douglas Quintet, a Texas honky blues group of mind-blowing grass root reality that pinwheeled out of existence in San Francisco. I really like the chemistry of that, sure hope it works out.

And another year has gone by, but we have yet to deal with the super fantastic all-time greatest skeleton in the closet of rock—why one of the most beautiful, richest and mysterious albums ever done, Van Dyke Parks "Song Cycle" was a \$38,000 loss for Warner Brothers records. But that's something worth getting into all by itself. If you don't know it and would like to start things off with a difficult but potentially incredibly satisfying musical trip, do "Song Cycle". It may help to be very stoned on something sweet, and it may take several good hard listens. I hated it the first several times, and thought the friend who turned me on to it had freaked completely. He had, of course, but sometimes its not on the surface. May old acquaintance be revived. Come down off those methadrine horses into the lazy meadows of timeless beautiful things.

Take 2.

Charity is unacceptable. At a time when both financial and political means are available for a valid, continuing, dignified alternative to poverty (social injustice), to promote a system of charity rather than insisting on real changes is copping out. ("Alice in Wonderland" may still be the ultimate political allegory. When voicing his objections to publicly supported and available birth control, the Archbishop of Washington, D.C. said, "Why that would kill off the poor. It's genocide!" Certainly a worthy successor to the congressional remark objecting to the proposed \$1,000 per person income tax deduction, "Why, it would give people with large families a tax advantage." And Alice picked up her flamingo and knocked the hand grenade (disguised as a

crocket ball) right up the steps of the justice Department.)

But, unfortunately, although change is now and things that seem solid are not, there are still a lot of people suffering poverty as a consequence to the injustices of our social structure. It was a fine gesture, Kenny Rankin, to do a show at the Electric Circus (the Sunday before Christmas) admission being a gift for a child. Deftly coordinated beforehand through Inspector Fink and distributed through the auspices of the 9th precinct, another distinguished effort (in the vein of the Fillmore/Fuzz football games) to let the blue meanies know that freaks are fine people, baby lovers not baby eaters. After all, we've been officially endorsed by evangelist Billy Graham (at the Miami Festival)—"I love these kids"—who smilingly listened as a happy long hair told him he was praying for "good weed". (Jesus, that's just all right with me.)

The Electric Circus gig was also deftly coordinated by Rankin and Mercury records to coincide with the release of his second album "Family". The cover features two fantastic photographs by Richard Avedon (the "lead" photographer who did those four beautiful acid-photography Beatles portraits) the front one especially showing a naked (but modest) Rankin with his two naked (and equally modest) beautiful daughters. Musically the album has no relation to its title, but is a collection of some fine songs including the most tragic rock song ever written, Stephen Stills' "Four Days Gone" (heard in the original on the Springfield's "Last Time Around"), "Dock of the Bay" and "While My Guitar Gently Weeps". Hope this will be taken in the friendly spirit in which it is said, but, after meeting him, I think the album is vastly over-produced and over-slick. Little of his dense New York personality and humor comes through, which is a real loss. He was raised 'uptown', lived on the roofs, and was banished from Johnny Carson's show, where he appeared several times, after he told an interviewer about his childhood as far from affluent New Yorker and mentioned (horror of horrors) that some of his friends were junkies. (So, if you're interested in making it with Carson don't tell anybody about your friends.) The only original song on the album he wrote with his wife, Yvonne, "Soft Guitar" which is simply that. He does play the guitar very well, and described a jam with Jimi Hendrix at Hendrix's upstate home, just the two of them, Hendrix playing an acoustic steel string guitar. He was tripping, said it went fantastically well, and the night ended with a mystical experience on a hillside of virgin woods as the sun came up in a halo of trumpets. "I reached out and touched the sky."

Ingenuous interviewer: "Why don't you do an album called "Trumpets"?"

Wise pop star: Why don't I do one called "Sugar Bags"?"

Kenny Rankin's next album will probably be called "Sugar Bags", and if you think about his boyhood friends . . . yeah.

Take all.

Child of the '50's though it was, when the '50s ended rock had too, almost. Ray Charles and a couple of others kept the coals glowing in the early '60s until the energies of the folk movement, Dylan, Beatles, Stones, Airplane et al. made it the most significant cultural and revolutionary force of the decade. The '60s are really the decade of Rock, and inspite of the somewhat freaked vibrations of the last couple of weeks, Woodstock and Altamont (Stones free concert) are the evident manifestations of rock's universal strengths.

The Museum of Modern Art (far from a revolutionary or even "modern" institution but interesting to watch as a reflection of the established powers) chose 11 films as the trend setters of the '60s. Only three are American movies, "Psycho", Warhol's "The Chelsea Girls" and . . . ready . . . "Easy Rider". In announcing the choices the following clarification was made: "Some of the films—particularly 'Easy Rider'—point to where it is going from now on." Very interesting. 'Easy Rider' could not have ever come to be without rock. Apart from the incredibly heavy contribution which already composed and together songs made as a sound track (most of the time their lyrics were as significant as the dialogue) the whole film was saturated with the strength and feeling of rock. Richard Goldstein said (in the New York Times), talking about the essential simplicity of rock: "Why the Beatles would sacrifice 46 of their 48 channels to recapture it. And Dylan had to cut his hair and 'throw it all away' to seem naive again." He also felt that the same essential simplicity was part of the movie: "That's why 'Easy Rider' comes so close to capturing the feel of rock on film and that's why the score (which is simply a dozen very good songs) seems so natural. It's almost like hearing music in a car."



So, rock and roll, not only a champion in your own right (or "write" as Mr. Lennon would say) you are also a basic force in a completely different art form. Looks like you're "here to stay" for lots of reasons. Happy New Year.

BALLS

(Continued from Page 10)

anything will be told that it would look better in black plexiglass or in a black plexiglass box. Here again we see the social and cultural evasions—the gallery owner who recommends black plexiglass, or the collector who prefers it, is doing more than showing that he has overcome his repugnance to plastic as a material. He is also showing his preference for a material in which he can see his reflection, but only in a vague and flattering way, not his true reflection at all. So all-pervasive is the black plexiglass syndrome that even artists who consider themselves revolutionaries have been trapped in it and have begun to believe it is good because it is the only way they have been able to sell their works.

Once again there are those who will defend all of this, be it minimal, conceptual, or black plastic, but then there were also plenty of people to praise the Emperor's New Clothes. Today there is a new fashion—one no longer praises the Emperor's clothes but shows how hip one is by praising his nudity. This would all be very fine except for one problem: the Emperor doesn't have any balls either.

The real scandal is that there are far better artists around than the ones Jennifer Licht has included in this show, artists whose work can set the mind afire and light up the walls and streets and clouds of this city with new brilliance and turn the interior of our homes and minds into blazing citadels of alertness and self-knowledge. It ought to have been Miss Licht's first obligation to find out who these artists are, but she chose to rely on in-group established names instead. Symptomatic is the appointment of Claude Picasso as photographer in residence and the special press release devoted to him—Mr. Picasso is no more or less

competent than any number of other photographers and was probably chosen because of his father's name.

Even more scandalous is the undemocratic turn art has taken in its technical and environmental orientation—the fact is that few artists can afford to work in the new media because of the great expenses involved. There are any number of ideas going around, but the main places to go for support, the "Modern" and E.A.T., are unsympathetic except to big names and the well-connected, and the Howard Wise Gallery, which is one of the few places that does encourage experimentation, is not set up to handle the growing crush.

But the greatest scandal of all remains the Modern's" handling of the My Lai massacre poster, a scandal which threatens to make last year's troubles over Bates Lowry look tranquil by comparison. The great majority of the museum's executive staff had agreed to join the Art Workers Coalition in sponsoring this poster when a single negative word from a single trustee set the entire staff aquiver with fear.

In the meantime the Coalition has brought out the poster by itself—everyone from the printer to the suppliers of the paper to Life Magazine (which provided the color separation) donated their work free of charge. Only the museum held back. Now there are reports of growing dissatisfaction among the younger members of the museum staff. And it may yet be that one or more of the executive staff will show some courage, though this looks doubtful at present.

Copies of the poster are being distributed through many channels (free of charge) and are available at 729 Broadway, corner of Waverly Place, second floor. And meetings of the Art Workers Coalition, which are open to all, continue to be held at the same address every Monday evening at eight o'clock.

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 5)

with only about thirty armed men. Now a few years ago J. Edgar fired one of his stalwart men for being a bit too manly. The rascally fellow had a girl friend stay overnight with him, and that's (gasp!) immoral. Now, as everyone knows, J. Edgar never married. The logical conclusion must be that J. Edgar must be a 76-year-old virgin, which makes him and the Pope members of a very exclusive club.

The Russians launched the first satellite on Oct. 4, 1967. WKCR, which is the radio station at Columbia, was the first station in the USA to broadcast the thing's beep. The next morning a couple of fbi-men came by and casually showed their credentials and took the tape. It has never been returned, replaced, or paid for. That sounds like the fbi are a pack of thieves. But at least they are virgins.

Tom Hamilton
Flushing

ED—Maybe those beeps were Morse code for dirty words, and that violated FCC regulations.

Printer Seeks Employ
Dear EVO—

I'm writing this letter in the hopes that you or someone you know needs a movement printer. I worked for the Southern Conference Fund for three months. I did most of my work in the darkroom and leaning over the light table, but I helped run the offset press, too. I'm not mechanically inclined, but I'm a hard worker when it's for the movement. I enjoy printing, and I don't need much money.

Some details: I'm 19, and female. I've had one year of college, at Florida Presbyterian College. I quit SCEF because they fired their four best organizers, leaving them with twenty full time fund raisers, and three full time organizers. Since then

I've been travelling around the South, and now I'd like to go to the East for a while.

If you or anyone else is interested, please let me know as soon as possible at 7308 Glades Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, 63117.

In the struggle,

Pam Klein

ED—At the present time, this publication could only use a 19-year-old girl printer for decorative purposes, but we'll spread this around, and when you get here, give us a call straightaway.

GOD BLESS US ALL

Bob Dylan
105 Second Avenue
New York 10003

Dear Bob,

I've never come into personal contact with you, but I just met a brother named Paul here in Reno. He turned me on to your address, and I thought I'd write to you.

I am not very familiar with the "program" you and John and "Alex" have, but my interest is pretty keen.

I've looked for the clues, and I've found just a few. What I really need is a push, I guess.

Right now, I'm in jail, but that will only be until 1973. These John Birchers don't like my brand, I guess.

Anyhow, I'm only me and if I tried to get abstract or heavy, it would probably only confuse both of us. But peace is in my mind tonight. Jesus was born tomorrow. I have no desire to protest the war, or any war. War and anger is merely ignorance.

I just thought I'd say to you that I am proud to be associated with you in the search for universal peace. "You can have your cake and eat it too." If you could, I'd like to hear from you. Maybe we can do one another some good.

A Brother,
Fred Evans
Box 2915
Reno, Nevada

Dear EVO Readers:

If your memory serves you well you'll remember I'm the one who wrote a series of articles interpreting the poetry of Lennon-McCartney, Jim Morrison and Dylan. Well it's like some of those articles have been stoned prophetic. First of all in my article about Dylan's JOHN WESLEY HARDING I predicted that his next L.P. would contain simple poetry ostensibly on the level of the moon-spoon-June shit cranked out by tin pan alley. Dig NASHVILLE SKYLINE. Then in an article about THE BEATLES TWO ALBUM SET I said that the Beatles put old timey songs on their albums in a "sort of last ditch effort to get old people hip". I said that the song LETS ALL GET UP AND DANCE TO A SONG THAT WAS A HIP BEFORE YOUR MOTHER WAS BORN expressed this idea. In an interview in Melody Maker Lennon was quoted as saying—"The Beatles can go on appealing to a wide audience as long as they make albums... which have nice little folk songs for the grannies to dig". Also I said George Harrison was the most radical of the four and in an interview in Screw, Lennon said the same. Lennon has acknowledged the fact that I have gotten into his lyrics more than anyone else in GIVE PEACE A CHANCE. (the single) In this song they sing—"Let me tell you now everybody's talkin' bout WEBERMAN", evolution, masturbation etc. (it's revolution and not Weberman on the Plastic Ono Band version though).

But this isn't what I'm writing to you about. I want to tell all EVO's readers that I'm going to be playing my full collection of rare Dylan Tapes on WBAI-FM starting 1/10/70. The programme is called MUSIC FROM THE DYLAN ARCHIVES and will be rebroadcast on Jan. 14 at 3 P.M.

A.J. Weberman

ED: —Wasn't it Weatherman?

BEATLE BUNGHOLE



AT LAST—A USE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED FOR—
THE OTHER
SUBSCRIBE NOW!

FREE PRESS

(Continued from Page 13)

If it was good enough for Lenin,

If it was good enough for Lenin,

It's Good enough for me—Give me that old Bolshivism, etc.

(Verses repeated with Trotsky, Stalin, Krushchev, Castro, Mao, Ho, others.)

They also had several impressive chants:

WE SHALL SUPPORT EVERYTHING THE ENEMY OPPOSES AND OPPOSE EVERYTHING THE ENEMY SUPPORTS. CHINZAI MAO! MAO! MAO!

Ultimately, the ringleader Howie Swerdloff would call the meeting to order and work would begin. The writers would sit to typewriter and begin finishing off their stories. One of the girls, and sometimes the noble men themselves, would sit at the IBM typesetter and begin working on the copy that was ready. As the galleys came off, they would be pasted up on the dummies—ripped off, laid down again, argued over, and finally thrown in for good and all. After about two hours of sustained effort, it would be time for chow-call. Someone would go down with the meagre collection of bread; he would return with a bizarre assortment of orange juice, chocolate milk, dark bread, cheese, tuna fish, cookies and cigarettes. All the remains were thrown on the floor of course.

Work would continue into the night, long after the "adults" split. There was a very speedy atmosphere about it all. Occasionally one of them would express a fear about the homefires.

"I haven't been home for three days."

"Fuck it."

"Yeah, but they know I haven't been to school. And I was supposed to go home and get my Chanuka presents."

"Where did you get that new shirt?"

"They gave that to me the other day. An advance."

"Fuck them, anyway. We have to get this out."

"Mark Rose, get to work."

"I'm tired, man. I haven't slept for days. I'm strung out, too."

"Well you gotta get your ass in gear. We don't have much time left."

"All right, just give me a few minutes."

"Well hurry up. You're the biggest fuckoff around here."

"Fuck you, man."

"Hey, don't give me any shit."

"Fuck off."

"You fuck off!"

"Listen you fucking prick, either you start working or get the fuck out of here! What the fuck do you think this is?"

"Fuck off,"—and Mark Rose

would doze off.

Mark Rose was the most obnoxious of the lot. He was a short, wiry kid, some 15 years of age, and quite exceptionally talented. He designed the paper and for all his vast immaturity and vast inferiority of character, he did a superb job. He was also given to composing such rhymes as this:

Eat me, beat me, anyway you treat me—

As long as you suck me, it's all right—

He had terrifying physical courage. He had no inhibitions about attacking someone twice his size, myself for one. I was doing paste-up work on the legit *Free Press* one night when he popped over and demanded that I give him the glue-can I was using.

"Fuck you, I'm using it."

"We bought that fucking glue! I want it back!"

"Fuck off, punk."

I was standing at the work table. The little bastard punched me in the stomach. It didn't hurt too bad.

"Try and do that again," I told him.

He did it again. He was too small just to waste, so I contented myself with denting his head ever so lightly with a Webster's Complete and Unabridged Dictionary. It didn't daunt him, though.

Work would continue, then slack off again—then they would resume their singing.

On the first day of cancer,
your nose will turn to rot

La-la-la, la-la-la la-la-la-la

On the second day of cancer
your teeth will turn to pus, etc.

They would stand up on the desks, and dance on the floors, and two of them would climb over the transom windows between offices, and sing to the crowd below—and the whole thing would be like some grotesque Hollywood-production number. One night, they were in a rousing chorus of "Get a Job," and the sound carried for blocks. The lead baritone was Counselor Johnson himself. They shouted and sang and danced and roughhoused, and *FP* managing editor Jim Buckley (and future co-publisher of *Screw*) was working on a story and asking them very politely to shut up for God's sake, but they didn't hear him and he finally picked up a chair and threw it at the wall. It broke through the wall and was stuck and suspended in mid-air. The singing stopped.

"Will you please shut up? I have some work to do," Buckley said quietly.

"Sure, Jim."

The little creeps stole everything in sight. Edwards, for lack of a doorknob to his office, finally put a chain through the lock-hole, then around through a hole in the wall, then he padlocked it. He put up several signs: "No High School Kids Allowed." "High School Kids, Hands off." It didn't work. They finally broke out in somehow, and wrecked the place.

By the time the Spring Offensive arrived in the schools, the *New York Free Press* was dead, and the office was gone. Sordid. Wiped out. Looked like Hiroshima. The kids moved to other quarters.

The Spring was the highpoint of the HSFP history. True to the Mayor's paranoia, the paper was integral in most of the action that occurred on an intellectual level, if nothing else. Within a matter of weeks, however, school was over, Howie Swerdloff and a few others had graduated (right out of a gig on the paper, in fact: that's the rule), and the *High School Free Press* was for all intents and purposes—dead.

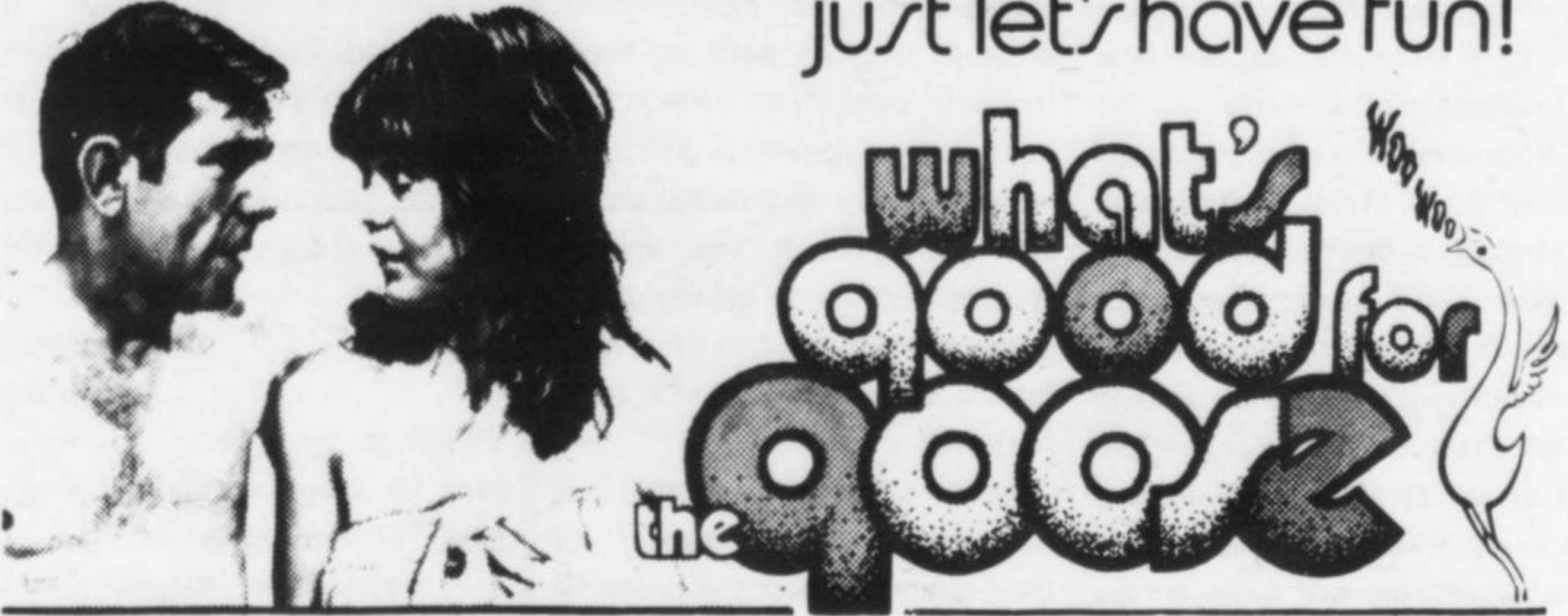
This unhappy state of affairs went on until just a few short weeks ago when Issue 9 finally appeared. Published out of the Firehouse, a radical media commune on East 11th Street between B and C (the building actually is an abandoned fire house: The kids rented and renovated it), and typeset on the *Guardian* machines, the paper has all the terrible qualities it did last year. One of the best items in the new issue is "The Troublemaker's Communique No. 3," a 'confidential' report by the High School Principle's Association on how students should be handled in confrontations.

Some handy advice:

Anticipate the mood of your student body, the demands of the militants. Determine your posture in advance, not in the shrill atmosphere of charge and counter-charge. The demands are predictable demands, and the predictable demands are subject to pre-planned responses.

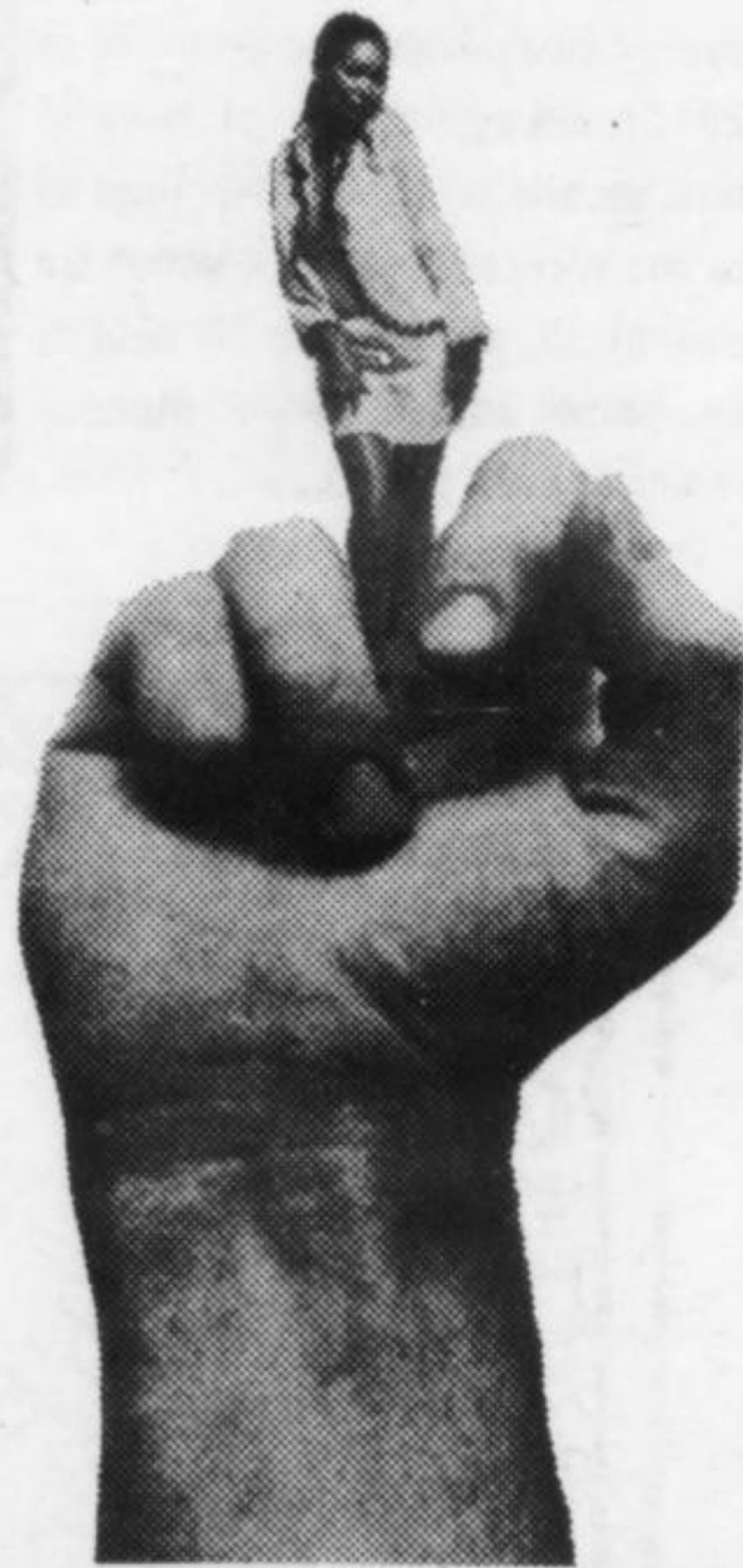
In any case, it's a swinging paper, and it needs help, and you might send for a two-year subscription, \$4.98 to *HS Free Press*, c/o 208 West 85th Street, New York, N.Y. It'll keep your blood moving, I guarantee it.

"You dont have to love me, old boy...
just let's have fun!"



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ROCKLAND COUNTY
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Spring Valley
UP-STATE
NEW YORK
Community
Kingston
STATEN ISLAND
New Springville

THILM

(Continued from Page 11)

still has me remembering and mulling over its various tastes and sensibilities like so much bittersweet root. And *End of the Road*, the very first film made for me!!! no kidding. This film may be appreciated by lots of other people, but it was made for me. It took away my breath, it took me away with it to a strange new territory where cosmopsis and the Doctor reside, where the rose gardens

grow in the toiletbowl and the act of living can sometime seem less important than being and nothing... and horses, too.

Ida-Eyed a play by Richard Foreman may have been the one most incredible theatre experience of the year, including *Le Living... The Moke-Eater* as performed by The Playhouse of the Ridiculous directed by John Vaccaro... the single, *Stone*, by The Stones... Woodstock...

A record called *Environments* from Syntonic Research; the side

Psychologically Ultimate Seashore being the best balling music ever, because the sea is a mother's heartbeat and uterus and lover and loved and the record can be played at any speed, so that it can last an hour—ample time for at least more than any record ever let you have before. More about the record: the other side is The Optimum Aviary, and bird sounds, from experience, need: little if any light, a sense of humor, plus company has to like birds... did you love the birds at the zoo? Otherwise, get Sounds of a Tropical Rain Forest from Cornell (*African Bird Songs* is the real title) or *Voices of Night (Frogs & Toads)* also from Cornell University. No I am not kidding; frogs turn into princes, and faith, blind or awake, can be

wonderful, not to mention that I like the sounds of frogs—have you ever heard the little green tree frogs who look like David Webb rare jewels or maybe the tears from Rapunzel's face as they shine and glisten...? Then think about it. Them. The record. Or don't, of course, I think I'm getting caught in my own righteousness. Music is obviously going in new and perhaps different directions; when music comes out of the walls like humidity and dryness, then the music playing may be something like these environment records, or some of the new stuff *Miles Davis* has on tape, strange, floating sounds, all water and air, no violence or heartbeat, waiting for the beings to empathize and play the final instrument—their selves...

What else: *Led Zeppelin* at the World's Fair Pavilion one hot night when cocaine was in the ozoned atmosphere, for sure, and more stuff which I will remember too late, that's how wars get started: someone remembers too late what happened before.

And to John Sinclair in his cell: Let us hope 1970 is your Spring. Oh yeah, Seth Allen in *Futz*, because his acting should be could be used as a show and watch and learn in various acting studios... and what happened in 1969 which didn't happen in 1968...? 1967...? 1847? well... 1969 was the year Dylan stopped telling us all our fantasies and began to sing about his own dreams... and Dick Nixon became president of the United States (well you understand that's when he really got into gear, after planning for 3 months what to do if he didn't get killed before the Inauguration)... Do you remember who won the Kentucky Derby?... by now I'm babbling (Tricky Dicky, thoughts of, always makes me babble). It was the year *Vogue* not only featured bare breasts and bodies (which has been going Inner for a long time) but suggested that bare-breast would be the popular way to go horsebackriding in the foreseeable future... assuming you have perfect breasts and a beautiful bay stallion to hold between your thighs... or maybe a motorcycle... and I was 22 years old during the year 1969, this time around... how's by you?



— No Question About It—
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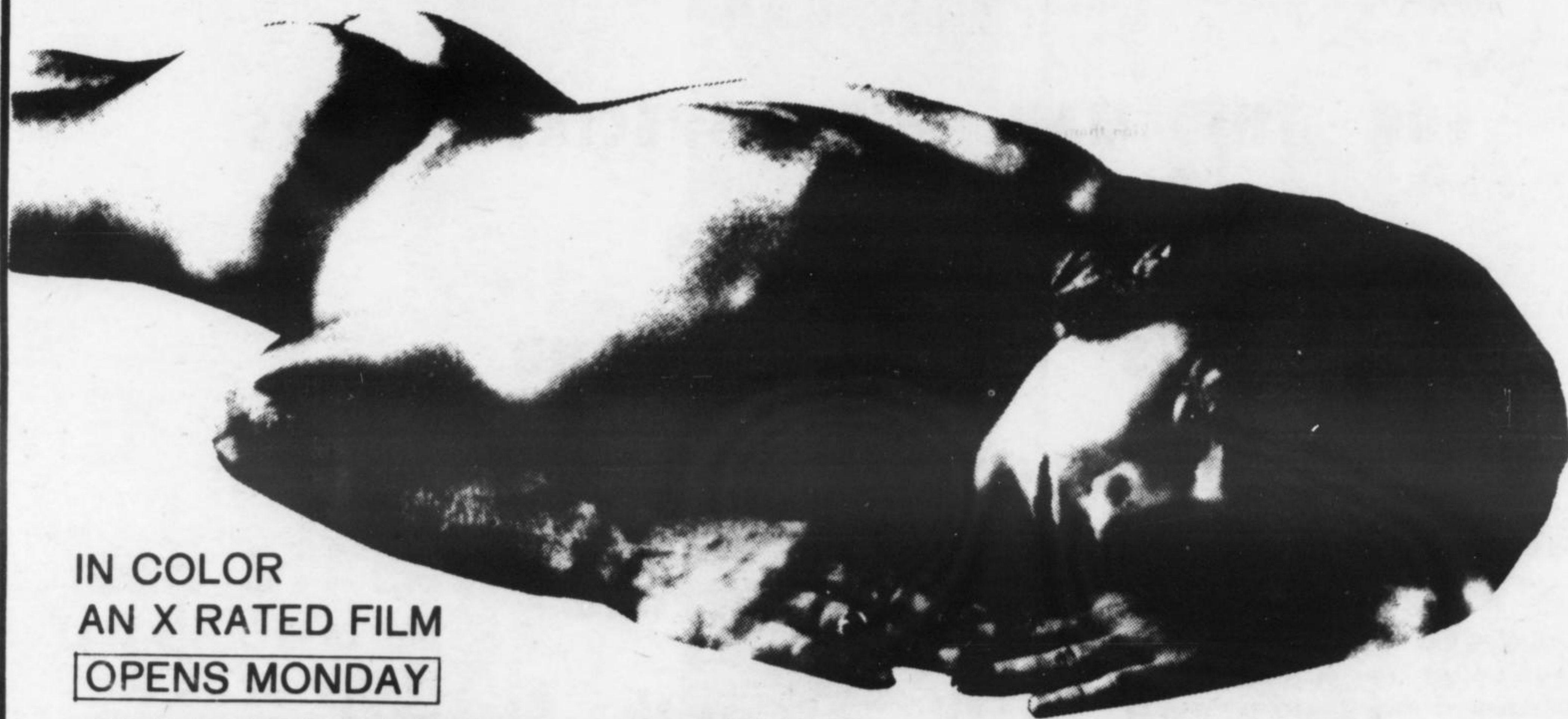
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COMING OF AGE

(Continued from Page 4)

droned on about the miseries of being a Jew in Eastern Europe, I would wonder if it was possible to be anymore unfree than I was in Flatbush. Who the fuck cared about matzoh in Moscow? I couldn't even wear sandals to school without having teachers and students stare at me. Everyone in that miserable little place thought I was some kind of leprosidized witch just because I dressed slightly different from them and because I went to foreign movies and read books. "In Russia," Colvin would lecture, "a Jew cannot go to synagogue."

"In Flatbush," I would muse, "a person cannot grow!"

If life at Wingate was asphyxiating, there was always one slight reprieve. Saturdays. Each Saturday, Carol and I would troop off to Manhattan for the afternoon. We would browse through glamorous midtown, write obscenities on subway posters, stare at beautiful shop windows and fantasize about the kinds of lives we'd lead when we were old enough to flee Brooklyn.

Evenings we would dash down to the West Village to play at being "beat." For the price of a cup of coffee at the Figaro' or the Cock and Bull we'd be entranced by super-spade poets like Ted Joans cursing out the culture that we too hated. Sometimes, freaky looking men at nearby tables would try to pick us up. Nothing ever happened. We were really too shy and too conventional for that. But the idea that a REAL hipster might find us attractive ..."

It was during one of our Saturday forays into fantasy that Carol and I encountered the Woolworth picket line. How odd to see people marching for something they believed in. In Flatbush the only ideology we ever encountered was Materialism. Crass, crass Materialism. Who were these people and why did they bother to march around in the cold city slush for someone down in North Carolina? I must have stood staring at them for a good ten minutes. And finally someone looked back at us.

"Why don't you join the line?" beckoned a denim-clad, blonde young man with a wispy mustache.

"Will I get into trouble?" I asked most unheroically.

"I doubt it," he laughed. "This is all quite legitimate. The NAACP is sponsoring this action."

Carol and I conferred. What if someone took our names down? God-forbid someone from Booklyn should see us on the picket-line. We had told our mothers we were going to the movies. What if we got into trouble? Oh, to hell with things like that. Let people from Brooklyn see us. Marching might be fun. Bettcha Jack Kerouac marches.

So without even having the slightest understanding of the politics of the act we joined the civil rights demonstration. It seemed like a rebellious thing to do, rambunctious, beautiful, alive. "TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT, WHY DOES WOOLWORTH'S SEGRAGATE?" I didn't know why Woolworth's segregated. I didn't have the foggiest notion why anybody segregated. Racism just didn't seem nice. And besides, I was so desperately trying to free myself that I would risk the scourge of my McCarthyite

(Continued on Page 22)

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COMING OF AGE

(Continued from Page 21)

environment to do something, ANYTHING, that seemed alive. I was in the Movement as a charter member. For me, the sixties were on.

TEN YEARS LATER, eight years removed from Flatbush, I still can't get on a southbound IRT express without feeling horrible pains in the pit of my stomach. But Flatbush... or at least the kids who live in it, have changed a lot. Sure the frivolous jocks and dollies that I went to Wingate with have grown to be the petty businessmen and housefrauds that they were meant to be. But the younger sisters and brothers of my classmates lived through a decade that was eyeopening and astounding. The New Frontier. Freedom Rides.

Political assassinations: Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Kennedy. FSM. The Mississippi Freedom Summer. Vietnam. Laos. Cuba. LBJ for the USA. The attempted annihilation of the Black Panthers. In spite of Brooklyn, these kids have been watching and learning and growing.

There's a lot of pot smoked in Flatbush these days. And Wingate High School has a big SDS contingent making life for Dr. Colvin or whomever has replaced him, quite, quite difficult. What is nice is that it seems a lot easier to be young now than it was ten years ago. Kids seem to respect each other. The enemy isn't the rebel, but the pig institutions made by those over thirty. And, if it matters, almost everyone these days seems to have long hair. Sandals, too are very popular.

But in Michigan today there's a man named John Sinclair who, in the last months of the sixties, was sentenced to ten years of hard labor for passing two sticks of grass to a federal agent. Sinclair, whose wild, long mane made him a symbol for the young people who wanted to bury the America of napalm and Motorola, was a leader of a mid-west revolutionary youth organization called the White Panthers. As the manager of the rock-group, the MC-5,

Sinclair traveled through the country like a vertiable Johnny Appleseed spreading the word of revolution, dope and fucking in the streets. Now, John Sinclair will be in prison until late in 1979. But what frightens me more than even the horrible injustice of his sentence is the fear that he will emerge into that same dead America that we left behind in 1960. In this Nixon-Agnewesque era, TIME Magazine names "The Silent American" as the 1970 Man of the

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Single guy 35, white and masculine seeks sincere relationship with same or younger. Write to Dick Box 1337 Grand Central Station New York City 10017.

Good looking, athletic college student, 20, will model. 6'2" 195 lbs. Call Jeff 835-0044 after 7 p.m. weekdays; weekends anytime. \$30.00

Attractive Nude Male Model, Bodybuilder, Masculine, 6" tall, well proportioned physique, well endowed, will pose for Photographers in your Studio \$30.00 per session. Call 246-3292.

TV producer can use several well built male models, 18-25, preferably blacks. Call 269-3652 day or night for workout. Keep trying.

FRANK & JERRY, two roommates, available 12 to 12 for modeling. Your place or ours. \$25.00 per session. 874-5871. ACTION LINE.

Nude Male Model, 5'11" 155 pounds. Excellent definition and symmetry. Photo and details available on request. P.O. Box 52, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.

TOP EUROPEAN MALE NUDE MODEL, 22 6'2" 185 lbs. Blonde, clean-cut, blue eyes, great body. Available for all kinds of posing at your place or mine. Call Siegfried 677-2006 anytime.

MASCULINE AND HIP attractive and groovy model(s) for hire \$30. Call 873-9145 9AM-midnight.

Only few weeks in town!!! Top Californian nude figure model. Age 24, 6'2" 180 lbs. 49" chest, 17 3/4 bicep, 32" waist. For art, photography, magazines and all kinds. Men only. Ask for Rick PW 9-0277.

GRADY & CO. FOR THE SENSUAL RUB. Four young men working to please and ease your every tension. Phone 787-4916 to start your year right.

Hear my Heart when the prison challenges caprice/ & freedom opposes avarice/ Hear my Heart when fervor eludes the sea/ & the bird bewilders a plea/ yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio, 255-2711.

EXECUTIVE, 30 new in city, lonely sincere honest, wants to meet a white lady 22 to 40, who needs plenty of love and affection. Please write. Box 435 NYC 10011.

Lonely guy, 28, 6', goodlooking, wants to meet girls interested in the erotic. Interested in all cultures and love to please. Have pad to share. Don, Box 67 Miami, Florida 33133

Black male, 20, moving to New York soon, would like to advance female friendships. P.O. Box 1811, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

Attractive clean cut male, 36, seeking pleasant married girl whose husband has no objections to wife having occasional variety. Phone number helpful. E.B., P.O. Box 2051, Brooklyn, New York 11202

ATTENTION OLDER WOMEN! Widowed? Women of distinction? Here is your chance to turn on with a sincere, honest young man. I'm 23, tall and very handsome white male and am available for a trip to tropic shores. Call this week from January 10 after midnights William Robinson 1505 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N.Y.

HOUSEMAN, YARDBOY, PERSONAL AIDE (gay or bi-guy) for mature businessman seeking comfort, companionship, contentment in secluded home in woods 45 miles from Washington, D.C. Career opportunity with many benefits for mature, stable man able to serve discreetly with straight guests. Send photo and complete details to forwarding address: John D. Harper 2154 Market Street San Francisco, California 94114.

Hear my Heart when paradise frightens torment/ & silence entices the impotent/ Hear my Heart when compassion prevents lust/ & courage embellishes disgust/ yu-2-4471-ORPHEUS JR.

Wanted: young, sincere, male friend by middle-aged, educated, slim male. Send details phone and photo please. Confidential. Box 405, Main P.O., Springfield, Mass.

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.

SOCIAL-ENCOUNTER GROUP Join a group of men and women in a unique and enjoyable evening of making contact thru touch and expressing feelings. Body awareness training and total honesty. Tues., 8:30 P.M. till 12:00 and Fri., 10 P.M. till 6 A.M. Call 677-4263 mornings or 6-8 p.m. All females a guest the first time!

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I'm Butch, you're Femme, let's meet. I'm 32. Have car will travel, but prefer Brooklyn. Please answer with phone number. Very discreet and sincere. (Females only) P.O. Box 174, Sheephead Bay Station, Brooklyn, New York 11235.

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