

Nicholas Johnson - Art - Panthers

east
village

REUNION U. S. Army Signal Corps Radiofoto in Sicily is a better title for this scene than Conqueror and Conquered. It shows Pvt. Joe Gallo of Poughkeepsie, as his grandmother spotted him at Gela, soon after the Yanks moved in. She had never seen her grandson, but recognized him from a foto his parents had sent her.

Hey Joe,
Ya Got Gum?



Hilary.

They keep saying that Czechoslovakia didn't have a single democracy in the past two thousand years, they complain and keep one in tithers of rage and joy, they are temperamental and often unpredictable but let me tell you - that EVO crew is a pretty sturdy breed.

After a head-on collision with the economic realities of the jungle, after having been put up against the wall by midget minds who couldn't see the forest for the trees, these evomaniacs had their finest hour.

Undeterred by the wildest assortment of shit that the business world is capable of coming up with, this motley bunch of freaks produced three separate issues within one week.

No mean feat any way you look at it.

To them the glory - and hopefully the prize.

- Jaakov Kohn
- Allen Katzman
- Fred Mogubgub
- Ray Schultz
- D. A. Latimer
- Jackie Friedrich
- Stephen Kohn
- Coco Crystal
- Yossarian
- Roger Tomlinson
- Honest Bob Singer
- Vincent Titus
- Rudi Stern
- John Reilly
- Vaughn Bode
- Alex Gross
- Spain Rodriguez
- Kim Deith
- Perfecto La Gogo
- Nellie Fernauld
- Irving Sbushnick
- Tuli Kupferberg
- Rex Weiner
- P. J. O'Rourke
- Robert England
- David Walley
- Hetty McLise
- Jill Freeman
- Nino Baraka
- A. J. Weberman

Little Arthur Chaitkin
 Harvey Matusow
 Subscriptions: Heidi

Joe Kohn



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PUBLIC NOTICE
 Federal Communications Commission
 March 5, 1971

LICENSEE RESPONSIBILITY TO REVIEW RECORDS BEFORE THEIR BROADCAST

A number of complaints received by the Commission concerning the lyrics of records played on broadcasting stations relate to a subject of current and pressing concern: the use of language tending to promote or glorify the use of illegal drugs such as marijuana, LSD, "speed", etc. This Notice points up the licensee's long-established responsibilities in this area.

Whether a particular record depicts the dangers of drug abuse, or, to the contrary, promotes such illegal drug usage is a question for the judgment of the licensee. The thrust of this Notice is simply that the licensee must make that judgment and cannot properly follow a policy of playing such records without someone in a responsible position (i.e., a management level executive at the station) knowing the content of the lyrics. Such a pattern of operation is clearly a violation of the basic principle of the licensee's responsibility for, and duty to exercise adequate control over, the broadcast material presented over his station. It raises serious questions as to whether continued operation of the station is in the public interest, just as in the case of a failure to exercise adequate control over foreign-language programs.

In short, we expect broadcast licensees to ascertain, before broadcast, the words or lyrics of recorded musical or spoken selections played on their stations. Just as in the case of the foreign-language broadcasts, this may also entail reasonable efforts to ascertain the meaning of words or phrases used in the lyrics. While this duty may be delegated by licensees to responsible employees, the licensee remains fully responsible for its fulfillment.

Thus, here as in so many other areas, it is a question of responsible, good faith action by the public trustee to whom the frequency has been licensed. No more, but certainly no less, is called for.

Action by the Commission February 24, 1971. Commissioners Burch (Chairman), Wells and Robert E. Lee with Commissioner Lee issuing a statement, Commissioners H. Rex Lee and Houser concurring and issuing statements, Commissioner Johnson dissenting and issuing a statement, and Commissioner Bartley abstaining from voting.

SONG LYRICS

[In re "Licensee Responsibility to Review Records Before Their Broadcast."]

Dissenting Opinion of Commissioner Nicholas Johnson

This public notice is an unsuccessfully-disguised effort by the Federal Communications Commission to censor song lyrics that the majority disapproves of; it is an attempt by a group of establishmentarians to determine what youth can say and hear; it is an unconstitutional action by a Federal agency aimed clearly at controlling the content of speech.

Under the guise of assuring that licensees know what lyrics are being aired on their stations, the FCC today gives a loud and clear message: get those "drug lyrics" off the air (and no telling what other subject matter the Commission majority may find offensive), or you may have trouble at license renewal time. The majority today approves a public notice which (1) singles out as "a subject of current and pressing

have to delegate responsibility for knowledge of content to their employees; and we can assume under existing regulations that those employees do know what is being played. We can also assume that licensees are well aware of the Commission's power to prohibit material that falls within statutory prohibitions and beyond constitutional protection. Why, then, this focus on "language strongly suggestive of, or tending to glorify, the illegal use of drugs..." - whatever that means - unless the intention is in fact to censor by threat what cannot be constitutionally prohibited?

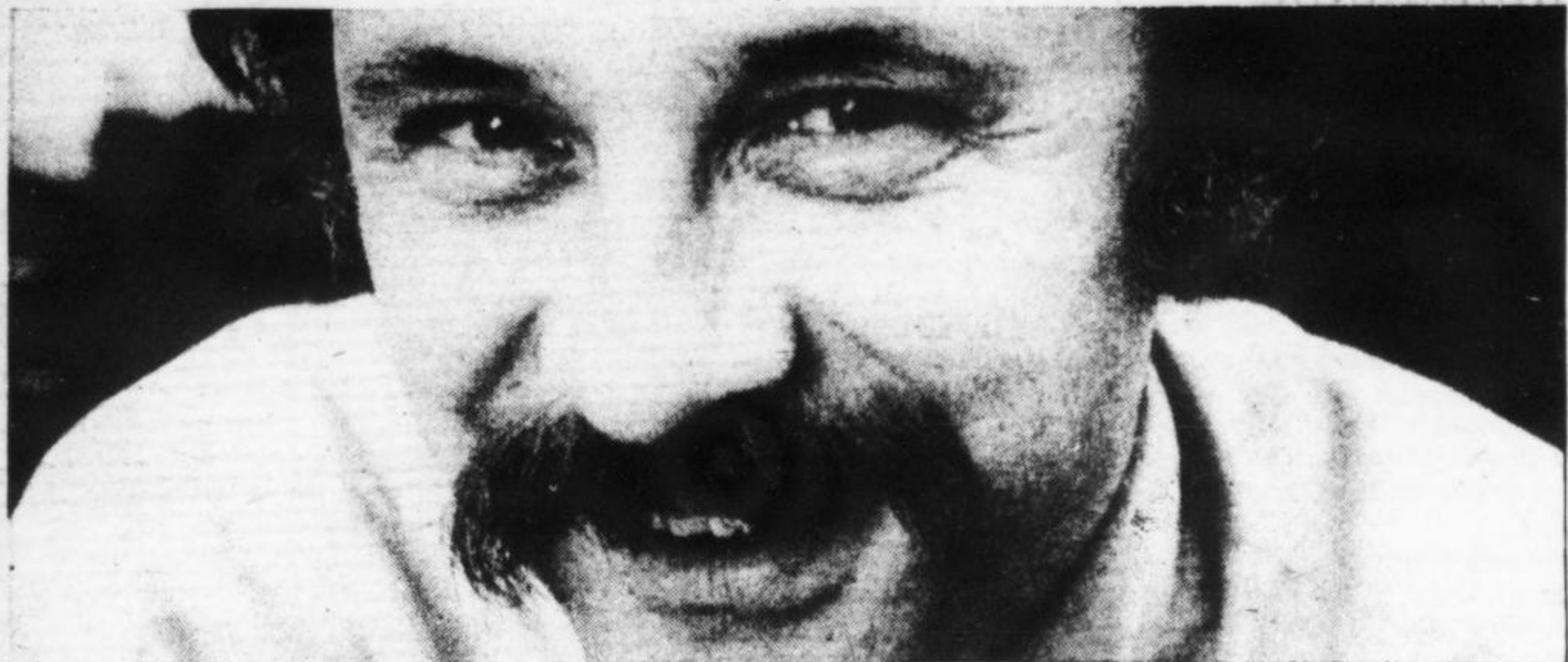
Moreover, there is a serious question as to whether the majority is in fact really as concerned about drug abuse as it is in striking out blindly at a form of music which is symbolic of a culture which the majority apparently fears - in part because it totally fails to comprehend it. If the majority were in fact concerned about drug abuse, they surely would not choose to ignore song lyrics "strongly suggestive of, and tending to glorify" the use of alcohol, which is the number one

It's non-controversial. Heroin as a drug is really quite benign, compared to alcohol, which is a poison. . . . We have two really serious drug problems in Washington, heroin and alcohol.

I do not think it's the business of the FCC to be discouraging or banning any song lyrics. But if the Commission majority is really interested in doing something about the drug problems in this country, and is not just striking out at the youth culture, why does it ignore songs like "Day Drinking":

... You know we just stopped in for one short snort
 Hey we are out on a binge
 Hey we got no troubles just doing our number
 Day drinking again
 Day drinking again

I'm starvin' to death
 We've been drinkin' since ten
 Food is fattening



concern: the use of language tending to promote or glorify the illegal use of drugs, such as marijuana, LSD, "speed", etc.;" (2) emphasizes the importance of "someone in a responsible position... knowing the content of the lyrics;" and (3) raises the specter of loss of license unless the "pattern of operation" is such that a "responsible" employee knows the content of song lyrics played on broadcasting stations.

The contrived nature of this offensive against modern music is demonstrated by the fact that, as the majority itself concedes, "the licensee's responsibility for, and duty to exercise adequate control over, the material presented over his station," is "a basic principle" of FCC regulation; it is so basic that today's action is completely unnecessary. Licensees (that is, owners of stations) simply can't listen to everything broadcast over their stations; they

drug abuse problem in this country.

It is common knowledge that drunken drivers kill each year nearly as many Americans as have been killed during the entire history of the war in Southeast Asia. There are more alcoholics in San Francisco alone than there are narcotics addicts in the entire country. Kenneth Eaton, Deputy Minister of the Division of Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism at the National Institute of Mental Health, recently declared: "In relative terms, the physical consequences of heavy drinking are far larger and more serious than those of heroin use;" he added that the likelihood of death in withdrawal from chronic alcoholism is much greater than in withdrawal from heroin addiction. Dr. Robert L. Dupont, Director of the Washington, D.C. Narcotics Treatment Agency, agrees "absolutely" with Eaton:

Ah, but then, booze is happening
 Day drinking again.
 or "California Grapevine":
 Well I'm sittin' on a bar stool drinkin'
 Somewhere way downtown
 Well my moneys all gone
 and I been here so long
 I've forgotten why I came to town
 I want to tell you
 Son, I know you're gonna find
 There ain't nothin' any sweeter or wetter than they grow on the California Grapevine.
 or countless other similar lyrics?

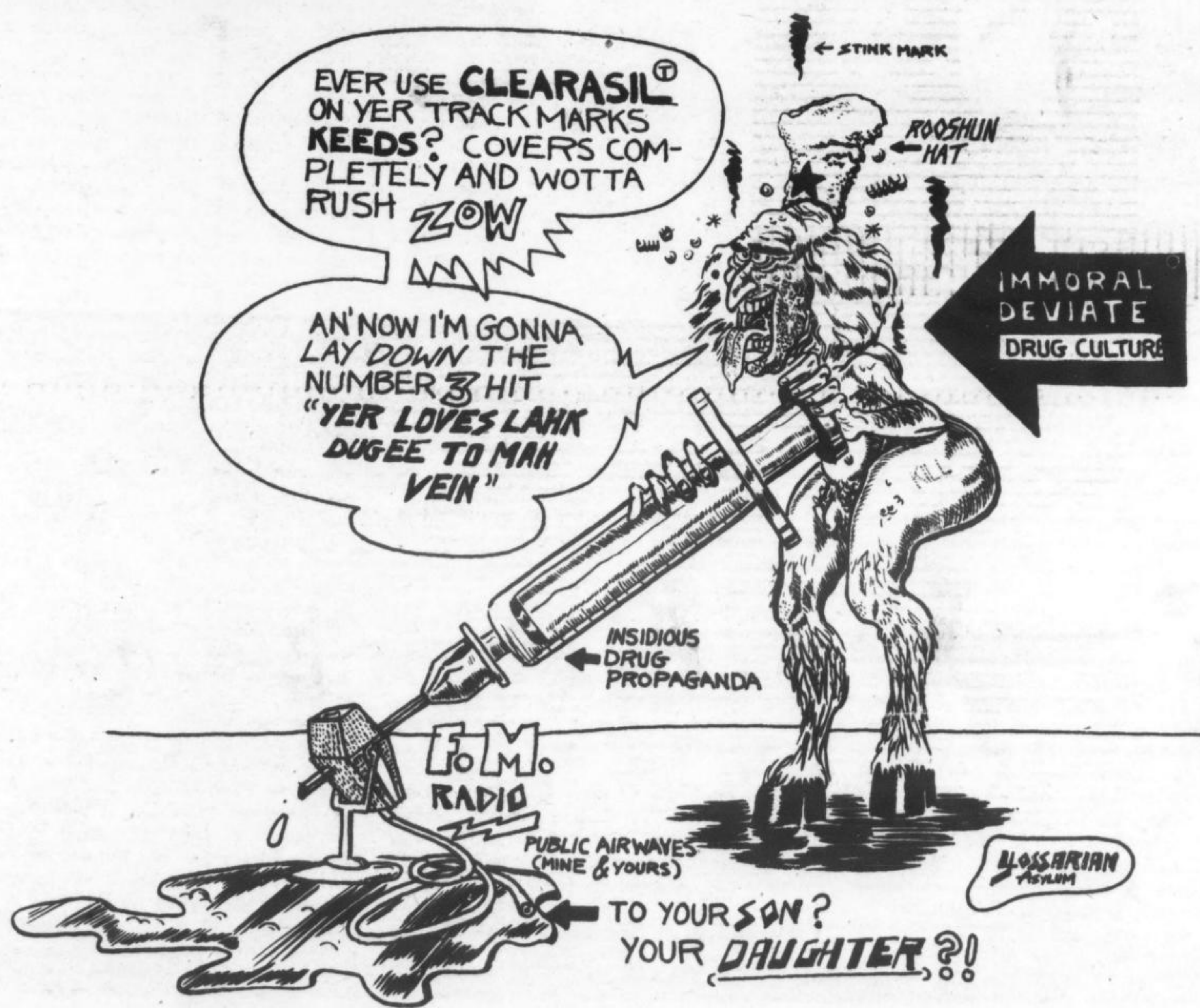
And why has the Commission chosen to focus on record lyrics and yet ignore commercials which use language "tending to glorify the use of drugs generally"? In asking Congress for a study of the effects on the nation's youth of nearly \$300 million worth of annual drug advertising on television, Senator Frank Moss of Utah has said:

The drug culture finds its fullest flowering in the portrait of American society which can be pieced together out of hundreds of thousands of advertisements and commercials. It is advertising which mounts so graphically the message that pills turn rain to sunshine, gloom to joy, depression to euphoria, solve problems, dispel doubt.

Not just pills; cigarette and cigar ads; soft drink, coffee, tea and beer ads - all portray the key to happiness as things to swallow, inhale, chew, drink and eat.

Commissioners Rex Lee and Thomas Houser have expressed similar concerns in this very proceeding. How can anyone possibly justify the FCC's failure to examine the impact of commercials such as the followinn on television:

(Music) ANNOUNCER:
 Leave your feeling of tension behind and step into a quiet world. You'll feel calmer, more relaxed with Quiet World. The new modern calmative. Each tablet contains a special calming ingredient plus a
 (Continued on Page 22)





COLLEGES STRENGTHEN SECURITY: EXPAND CAMPUS POLICE

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — At least one item in the budgets of many colleges and universities is now safe from austerity measures — campus security.

At the University of Illinois, about \$350,000 has been budgeted this year for additional security manpower and equipment; Stanford has budgeted an additional \$200,000.

George Washington University has increased its campus security force from 26 to more than 40 men, while budgeting for a total of 55. The university has hired a former director of the Secret Service's Washington office to head its force.

At Seton Hall University in New Jersey the security force has been increased by 25 per cent this year, with a new full-time fire inspector to guard against arson as well as accidental blazes.

Administrators also have increased cooperation with local, state and federal authorities, and funds have been increased for the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), and other police agencies to place undercover agents on campuses.

At the University of Vermont campus police regularly exchanged information with the FBI, including observations by campus security officers of potential strike or demonstration leaders. This was stopped after exposure by the university newspaper.

At Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, the administration has commissioned increased patrols by armed city police and additional unarmed campus police.

University of Oregon president Robert Clark turned academic records over to the FBI, sparking a considerable controversy on the campus.

The University of California at Santa Barbara has added a bomb squad.

Several institutions have expanded their police forces by establishing student "mod squads." Armed with .38-caliber pistols, several students at the University of Miami patrol the campus each night, after taking classes during the day. The students have undergone 800 hours of training at the Metropolitan Police Institute and have been commissioned as officers in the police department of Coral Gables, Fla. where the campus is located. They are controlled, however, by the school administration.

At Drew University in New Jersey nine uniformed student policemen have the sole responsibility for security in the dormitories, gymnasium and student center. Financed by federal work-study funds, they share squad car duty with professional campus police.

At Minnesota's Mankato State College, 28 students, dressed in street clothes and carrying walkie-talkies, have replaced uniformed and armed professional guards. The college's security office is also manned by students who have no power of arrest. When necessary the students can call on the city's police force for assistance.

The Police Science Academy at Lewis-Clark Normal School, Lewiston, Idaho, which is only partially controlled by the college administration, trains its students in patrolling techniques by having them mount armed patrols on the campus. Many students report being intimidated by the police-trainees.

David R. Green, a junior at Drew University and head of the institution's student police, says students are more responsive to law enforcement by their peers. "It's much more reassuring to look out and see the face of someone you sit next to in class than to see a stranger" enforcing laws, he says.

In an effort to improve student relations with police, several fraternities at Ohio State and Purdue Universities have invited police officers to lunch. At Ohio State, the project is called "Feed the Fuzz." At Ohio University in Athens, a two-day cop-in was held, featuring visiting police from New York, Chicago, Washington, D.C., and Cleveland.

Illinois State University has installed electronic monitoring devices in several buildings, including the reception area of the president's office. The system is basically a closed-circuit television operation, monitored in the office of security services. Cameras are also operating or are planned for the university's computer and telephone centers and the cashier's office.

George Washington University has also expanded its use of closed-circuit television in campus buildings, added emergency telephones around the campus, and purchased a radio-equipped vehicle.

Because insurance for plate-glass windows on college campuses has sky-rocketed in recent years, the University of Wisconsin is replacing windows broken in recent protests with panes of a transparent plastic material.

RADIO FREE EUROPE FUNDED BY CIA: NIXON ORDERS A BETTER IMAGE

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — Subway ads for Radio Free Europe proclaim "We get the truth through!" But when someone leaked to the press that the CIA has been funding Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty to the tune of \$30 million a year, President Nixon ordered a study of alternative methods of financing the U.S. government's two clandestine radio stations.

According to the New York Times, Nixon feels "that the publicity has stripped away the fiction that the stations are non-governmental and

funded entirely by contributions." Nixon wants to recapture that image for the stations so that the government won't have to answer the objections of east European governments to the broadcasts.

The "Forth Committee" — a panel of representatives from the CIA and the Defense, State and Justice departments that runs the government's "sensitive" covert

operations — has been entrusted with the thorny problem. They hope to place the stations under the jurisdiction of the National Science Foundation or the U.S. Information Agency.

Congress doesn't want the National Science Foundation to take any hot potatoes. The Foundation was created by Congress for the purpose of sponsoring scientific and

educational research.

The Information Agency already runs the Voice of America which broadcasts government policy and views openly. They seem opposed to combining both "overt" and "covert" propaganda. One U.S.I.A. official said that it would give the government the appearance of "talking out of both sides of its mouth at the same time."



CARSWELL'S KID SINGS... BEATS RAP!!

TALLAHASSEE, Fla. [LNS] — state's evidence against four other young people who were arrested with Judge G. Harrold Carswell, Nixon's one-time nominee to the Supreme Court, was rejected by the Senate for being a racist die-hard conservative.

He joins the ranks of other young ruling class freaks who have been busted for grass and other drug charges — Robert Kennedy Jr.; the son of New Jersey Gov. Cahill; Sargent Shriver's son; industrialist Howard Samuel's son, and many more.

Now it turns out that his youngest son, Scott, is into drug culture. Unlike thousands of ordinary kids, the children of famous men are almost always let off with a warning, or less. But G. Harrold Carswell's son do his father proud. In exchange for having the police drop charges against him, Carswell Jr. agreed to turn turning informer.



CIA RUNS CUSTOMS IN URUGUAY

MONTEVIDEO [LNS] — All the passports of citizens considered as "suspicious" are meticulously photocopied at a small window placed at the entry to the Montevideo airport's customs house. This is where people coming into the country normally go to see about their vaccination certificates and identification papers.

It appears to the unwary tourist that the passport is only glanced at, but it's really being framed by a photoelectric gadget and copied page by page.

Only those documents that bear a visa from a socialist country are considered "suspicious" and copied.

Then the films are sent to the U.S. Embassy which has a CIA information center that covers the southern area of Uruguay and probably the whole of southern Latin America.

The Embassy building has four underground floors, and the bottom floor (an area of about 1500 square feet) is devoted to CIA work.

Dan Mitrone, the U.S. police adviser to Uruguay's police force who was kidnapped and executed by the Tupamaro urban guerrillas last year, used to work on that bottom floor.



DEFENSE TO QUESTION JURORS ABOUT SEXISM: THE CASE OF THE D.C. 12

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — Twelve gay men were arrested during the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention, over the Thanksgiving weekend, when they tried to sit-in at the Zephyr, a Washington restaurant. The 12 has come to the restaurant when they heard that four third world gay men had been thrown out of the bar for wearing make-up.

The D.C. Twelve is preparing the voir dire for the trial along with their lawyers, one of whom is a lesbian. A voir dire is a set of questions used by lawyers to screen out the stronger prejudices — in this case anti-gay prejudice — among prospective jurors. There is no precedent for a voir dire in anti-gay attitudes or other forms of sexism.

The government argues that it is unnecessary and irrelevant to have a voir dire on homosexuality, and that questions about it would be "inflammatory." The D.C. 12 argues that their action was a gay rights action, and this is inseparable from their homosexuality.

Defense questions for the prospective jurors will attempt to show that gay people are punished by society in proportion to how gay they appear to be, as well as according to skin color and gender; that gays are an oppressed minority; that members of the minority have the right and responsibility to defend individual members of the minority; and general points about dress and adornment, sex-determined roles in jobs, etc.

The government has dropped charges against some of the 12 because witnesses were unable to identify them in a line-up. The defendants need money desperately. Send contributions to D.C. 12 Fund, c/o Terry Leigh, 1620 S. St., N.W., Washington, D.C. Make checks payable to D.C. Gay Liberation Front.

REAGAN URGES POLICE AGENTS BE GIVEN PHONY PRESS ID'S

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS] — California Gov. Ronald "if it takes a blood bath let's get it over with" Reagan recently told a crowd of newspaper publishers that he approves of police using phony press ID's in order to infiltrate "subversive organizations and capture terrorists." He urged them to issue phony press passes to police agents to allow police surveillance of legal assemblies where police presence would not be welcome.

The 500 present at the California Newspaper Publishers Association convention gave Reagan a standing ovation.

THREE KILLED IN PUERTO RICAN ANTI-ROTC PROTEST

LIBERATION News Service

SAN JUAN, P.R. [LNS] — The chief of San Juan's tactical police force, another cop, and a student ROTC member were killed during a blazing gunfight at the University of Puerto Rico on March 11.

The police had been called onto the campus to quell fighting that erupted between members of ROTC and pro-independence students at the cafeteria. The fighting had spread across the campus when ROTC students tried to march across the campus carrying an American flag.

ROTC has been the focus of a long struggle between pro-independence students and colonial administrators. Pro-independence students feel that it is the final insult that Puerto Ricans should be used to fight America's colonial wars in places like Vietnam while Puerto Rico itself is governed as a colony.

When the police arrived to bail out the helpless security forces, they were greeted with

curses and chants of "This is not Vietnam" by several thousand students — and with gunfire and molotov cocktails by some of them.

The fighting raged on through the night with sporadic sniping and numerous buildings blazing out of control because firemen were unwilling to approach the scene. Most of the fires occurred in American-owned stores.

In the hours following the gun battle, police began rounding up political activists all around the island colony, barring all roads and cutting communication lines.

Governor Luis Ferre claimed that the insurrection was initiated by outsiders.

The following communique was issued by Frente Unida — a united front of all Puerto Rican liberation groups in New York. They include the Young Lords Party, Puerto Rican Students Union, Movimiento Pro-Independencia, El Comite, Justicia Latina, Justicia Boricua, the Blue Angels Party, Movimiento Latina, Resistencia Latina, and Health Revolutionary Union Movement.

Yesterday, March 11, brothers and sisters from the Federacion Universitaria Pro-Independencia were provoked when the ROTC, displaying the American flag, marched

illegally on the University of Puerto Rico. Fighting broke out between students and the ROTC. Police were called on campus.

The fight against the ROTC is in reality the struggle for the independence of Puerto Rico. It is part of the struggle against U.S. military occupation that has existed in Puerto Rico since the invasion in 1898. We as Puerto Ricans here in the U.S. support totally our brothers and sisters on the island.

We believe that our people have suffered long enough as a U.S. colony and we will not allow ourselves to be separated from the rest of our people on the island. We are one nation — Borinquen; and are one struggle — liberation. We urge our people to continue the struggle, to remain strong, and spread the struggle throughout the island.

We give warning to Governor Ferre and all other vendepatrias [traitors] that we will not stop until Puerto Rico is free; that if this wave of repression continues, it will only make us stronger in our fight of independence, that we Puerto Ricans will not remain quiet while our people suffer; and just as our people on the island are struggling, we too here in the U.S. will mobilize to take action against those who keep us from gaining our freedom.

NEWS

FIRST GRASS HEARINGS HELD

OLYMPIA, Wash. [LNS] — There were harmonicas in the marble halls and a hint of incense — or something that smelled like incense — in the galleries of the State Capitol of Olympia, Washington last week as some 650 mostly young, mostly student, and mostly pro-pot people gathered to hear the first hearing on the legalization of marijuana in the

United States. There were so many people attending that the hearing had to be moved from the scheduled hearing room to the House chambers. In two hours over 15 persons spoke for and against House Bill 588, sponsored by Rep. Mike Ross of Seattle. The bill, if passed, would legalize the sale of up to one ounce

of grass per person per day through Washington's liquor store outlets. The grass, grown and graded by the state, would be sold on much the same basis as alcohol. All liquor in the state is sold through state stores. Receipts from the sales would go to drug research at state universities, to public schools and to the state's general fund.

NUCLEAR WAR IN CHINA: THE SCENARIO OF A U.S. STRATEGY ADVISOR

LIBERATION News Service
[Editor's Note: The following article is the incredible "illustrative scenario" of how the United States may respond to People's China sending volunteers to support the North Vietnamese against an American invasion. It appeared in the "Annals of the American Academy" of November 1970, a scholarly journal of the American Academy of Political Science in Philadelphia. Its author is Edmund O. Stillman, an advisor to the Pentagon, the Atomic Energy Commission, and a member of the Hudson Institute, a think tank whose job it is to think up such scenarios.]

Unable to solve its dilemmas in South Vietnam and Cambodia, the United States invades North Vietnam with an amphibious force of four to five divisions.

The intention is to seize the Hanoi-Haiphong area, driving the North Vietnamese government from its capital and thereby destroying its prestige as a legitimate government in the North and as a sponsor of a "winning" insurrection in the South.

The invasion succeeds beyond expectations and the authority of the North Vietnamese government begins to disintegrate. The Communist Chinese, led by a militant faction, intervene. As in Korea, the Chinese score important successes in the initial phase, and the U.S.-South Vietnamese forces suffer major reverses.

The United States considers alternative policies. Because of the prevailing political climate in the United States and the weight of man-power and material needed, the alternatives of fighting a localized conventional campaign against the Chinese in Vietnam or of a conventional invasion of China itself are rejected. United States conventional air power is judged (rightly or wrongly) insufficient wholly to interdict logistics into North Vietnam or wipe out Chinese industry.

Instead, the United States detonates a one-megaton weapon at 500,000 feet above Peking as a demonstration, together with limited nuclear attacks on selected military targets. Simultaneously the United States begins round-the-clock broadcasts and drops leaflets proclaiming that Chinese nuclear facilities and air defenses have been destroyed. "Your leaders have led you to disaster. Nothing stands between the Chinese people and annihilation but the self-restraint of the United States."

With such attacks, the United States is primarily disarming the enemy capacity to harm the United States and targeting the morale of the Chinese people, in an attempt to unhinge Chinese society. It is felt that, subjected to these attacks, the Chinese people may bring irresistible pressure against the regime to compromise with the United States; or, alternatively, acting out of fear, destroy the regime; or, finally, destroy the regime not so much through purposeful revolution as simply by withdrawing support, Chinese society dissolving into anarchy.

The assertion that nothing stands between the Chinese people and annihilation but U.S. self-restraint is intended to demonstrate the helplessness of the leaders and thus to destroy any charismatic authority of the Communist party — which is perhaps thereby shown to have lost whatever it has left of the "Mandate of Heaven."

The United States then announces the forthcoming destruction (within, say, 48 hours) of one of ten (named) cities, simultaneously announcing sanctuary areas. The announcement of ten likely cities is intended to augment the quality of terror and to drive large segments of the population into motion, disrupting or contributing to the disruption of the governmental structure and authority. The announcement of sanctuary areas is intended both as a humanitarian measure and as an important contribution to U.S. peace of mind in the aftermath.

In 48 hours the United States delivers a delayed-action warhead or bomb (set for 24 hours) in Mukden and simultaneously calls upon the Chinese people to overthrow the regime and save themselves. This attack is followed by similar attacks on three additional cities — Harbin, Changchow, and Canton.

The above very truncated scenario still gives us a basis for further discussion. The United States at this point would presumably be

SUIT IS FILED AGAINST U.S. PASSPORT BLACKLIST

NEW YORK [LNS] — Four individuals and the Socialist Workers Party have filed a suit against the State Department's secret surveillance file, maintained by the Passport Office.

The suit contains a court order that the files be destroyed. About a quarter of a million names are in the file. They are on the State Department's blacklist as subversives, Communists, draft dodgers or law-breakers.

According to Sen. Sam J. Ervin (D-N.C.), a persistent critic of government surveillance, people whose names are in the file would have trouble obtaining passports or validating existing passports. People on the blacklist are not allowed to see their dossiers, but federal, state and local agencies have free access to the files.



WONDER BREAD HELPS BUILD STRONG BODIES TWELVE WAYS..... NOT TO MENTION WHAT IT DOES FOR THE MIND

THREE GIs INDICTED FOR BOMBINGS: CAMP MCCOY 3 FACE
35yr

LIBERATION News Service

CAMP MCCOY, Wisc. [LNS] — Three organizers for the American Servicemen's Union are facing 35 years in prison and fines of \$30,000 each after being indicted for bombings that destroyed the electrical system, telephone exchange and waterworks at Camp McCoy, a Wisconsin army base, last July 26.

Sp/4 Tom Chase, Sp/4 Steve Geden, and PFC Danny Kreps were arrested Feb. 11 and held on a total of \$55,000 bail. The arrest came just several days after the invasion of Laos; ASU organizers are certain that the heavy indictments are meant to warn anti-war organizers that resistance to the Indochina War will bring severe repression from the government.

"Mitchell said we are 'bombers,'" wrote Tom Chase from jail. "At the same time Nixon orders more bombs to be dropped on the people of Southeast Asia. He raps about peace but orders a wider and wider war. There is no question in my mind that we are innocent of these so-called crimes."

When the three GIs appeared in court for the first time, one hundred women and men walked a picket line around the court building; at the rally which followed the picketing, a representative from the Farm Workers Union spoke in support of the three men.

People who are interested in supporting the defense of the Camp McCoy Three, or in more information, should contact the Camp McCoy Three Defense Committee, 156 Fifth Ave., No. 538, New York, N.Y. 10010, Tel.: [212] 675-6780.

"ABNORMALLY HIGH LEAD LEVEL" FOUND IN BLOOD OF MANY N.Y. RESIDENTS

NEW YORK [LNS] — During the past year the alarming news came out that thousands of young children in urban slum tenements are slowly being poisoned by the lead they ingest while eating paint chips.

But lead poisoning — which causes mental retardation and eventually death — is more and more frequently being found in children who live in apartments free of lead-based paint, as well as in adults who don't eat paint chips while playing or when they are hungry at night, as many slum children do.

The cause of the high lead levels showing up in the blood of New Yorkers, according to city air pollution officials, is the lead that is spewed into the air from automobile exhausts.

Sampling stations along major arteries in traffic-clogged Manhattan have disclosed abnormally high concentrations of lead in the air, as well as in the bloodstreams of nearby residents.

hoping, at the minimum, that riots would break out in various parts of China and that some military units would side with the rebels. If the process were to go sufficiently far, the central government's authority might collapse. Although there would be considerable bloodshed within China, the extent of the death and destruction caused by mob actions and scattered military actions would be far less than would have resulted from even a discriminating and controlled but large-scale nuclear attack.

One can imagine that even if there were not a complete collapse of central Communist control, in many provincial capitals Communist authority would be overthrown; in others, local Communist authority might be maintained but the Peking authorities would be defied. This would correspond to a fairly standard pattern in Chinese history when the government has seemed to have lost the "Mandate of

Heaven" — i.e., the charismatic authority necessary to legitimate government according to classical Chinese political philosophy. Once this happens, there has characteristically been an interregnum with territorial fragmentation and "warlordism" prevailing.

The United States at this point might have little or no desire for a formal peace settlement with the Chinese authorities since, at a minimum, Chinese logistic support in Vietnam would doubtless collapse. Probably the Chinese intervention force would disintegrate or be withdrawn. In either case the Chinese would no longer be in a position to interfere seriously with the U.S. campaign in North Vietnam. One can then imagine the United States government announcing: "The Chinese people may choose to support any government they wish, but they must under no circumstances aggress or produce nuclear weapons because, if they do, the United States will act again."

SUGAR CREEK: FIRST WALLED CITY IN U.S.

LIBERATION News Service

HOUSTON, Texas [LNS] — Eighteen miles southeast of Houston is a 1000-acre, electronically fortified, walled city. Every one of its \$40,000-200,000 homes is equipped with a mandatory, inter-linked set of security devices. The city's name is Sugar Creek; by the time it is finished, Sugar Creek will be entirely surrounded by a six-foot brick wall.

At the only two entrances there will be guard posts containing police or closed circuit TV. Every house will have electronic sensors on the downstairs doors, and many will have them on the windows. Optional "panic buttons" will turn on lights, sirens and bells, and summon private police.

The site chosen by the developers, reports Business Week magazine matter-of-factly, is surrounded by the homes of "low-income" Mexican-American families. Many of them speak only Spanish, and some of them work in the Sugar Creek homes. "There are a lot of Mexican-Americans in the neighborhood," one of the house-builders says. "The people who come out here know that, and the security system makes them feel better."

The system was designed by the Apollo Systems Division of General Electric, the same company that does contract security work for NASA's space programs.

Don Marquardt, a motorcycle dealer who bought a \$75,000 French Mediterranean home in Sugar Creek, says: "Nothing has been left to chance." And his wife adds, "It's going to be a perfectly elegant community."

NEWSPCEM

What we have here is the Mona Lisa.

You expect us to sell it for chopped liver?

- Jerry Perenchio promoter of the Fight of the Champions Life Magazine Mar. 5, 1971

Whose liver gets chopped Bif bam bopped

The Manly Art The Sport of Queens

Kill for Peace Box for Blood

Its a release & better than bear baiting

Such elegance As he pulls the trigger

Every father Should beat his son

Punch drunk? Hit 'im with a bottle!

Sweden outlawed it (But they're fags)

No you cant Kick him in the balls

Each brother a chance To beat his brother

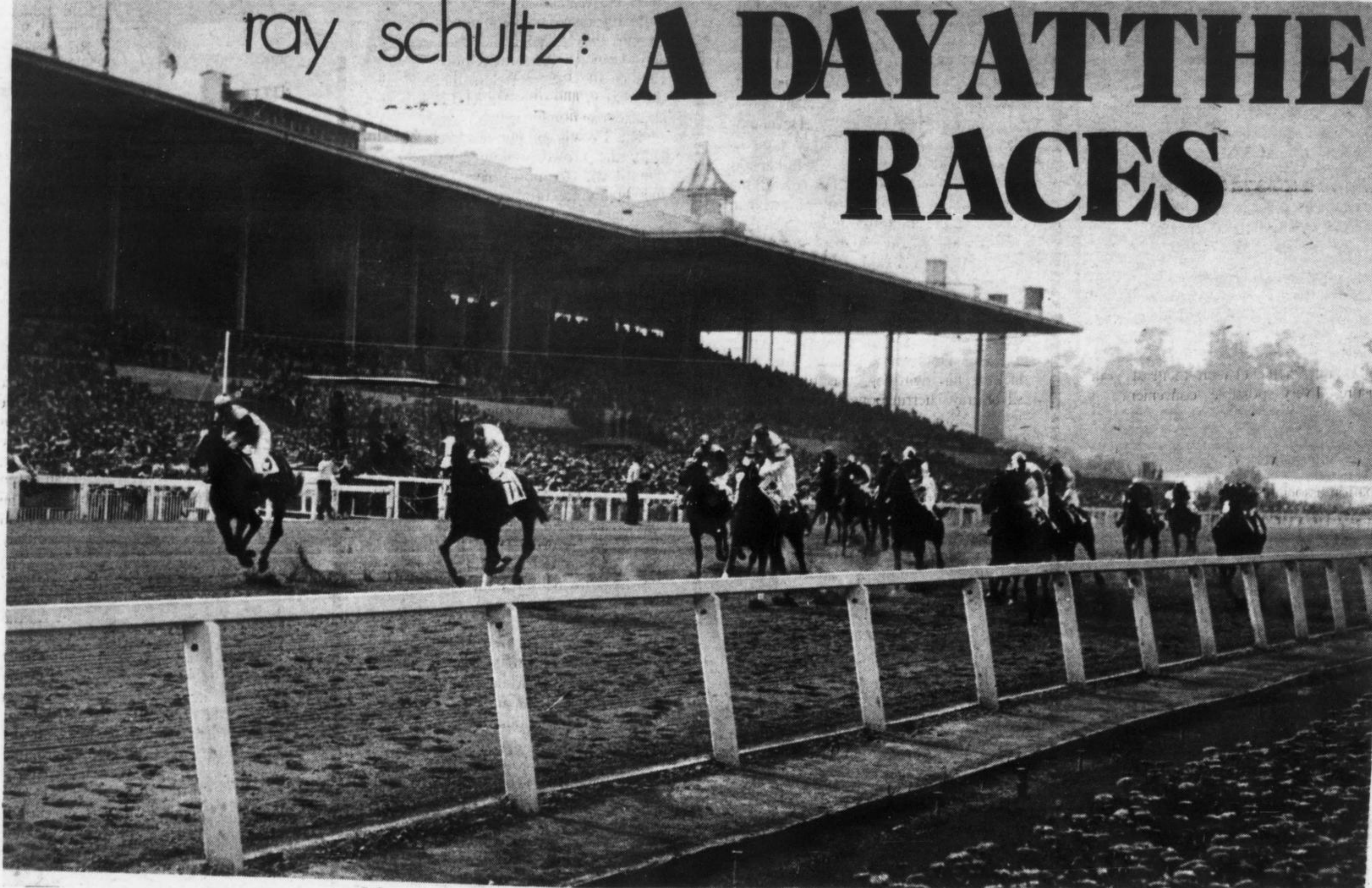
The Romans loved it They however used brass knuckles

What have you got Thats better?

How about a walk arm in arm For a start...

Tuli Kupferberg

ray schultz: A DAY AT THE RACES



In two short weeks, residents of the city of New York will be able to gamble away their lives in an enterprise never before realized in the history of horse-racing and city finance in this country: legal off-track betting, a grand scheme that will take millions of bucks a year from the pocket of your local bookie and give it to the city government which in turn will use it to make improvements in the quality of housing, sanitation, hospitals, police and fire protection, bridges, tunnels, subways, marine and aviation, primary secondary and higher learning, welfare and Yankee Stadium, not necessarily in that order, and not including the \$45,000-a-year salary of Howard Samuels who will run the whole shebang until it's on its feet according to Howard Hirsch, a public relations assistant who this week gave me a rundown of what he and Samuels and 198 other O.T.B. employees think they are doing.

"We're gonna make money," he said. "We figure to do about \$25 million a year, and that's just a start. We'll be a profit-making venture by June and will have paid back the entire investment a year from July 1st. The city and state are bankrupt and need the extra revenue. Samuels feels that obviously, people gamble, and they've been doing it illegally, so the city might as well move in. Besides, this will enable us to make great inroads on organized crime. Heroin, embezzlement — it's all connected with this."

"We'll be opening up two parlours, initially, on April 8th, then 10 within the first 3 weeks, and we have a phone operation. You keep money on deposit, just like a bank, then all you have to do is call in and give your account number and code name, and we tell you your balance, and you make your bet. We've already got 3,000 telephone depositors, with deposits of more than \$125,000. It's all run by computer and is no doubt the safest and most accurate gambling operation possible."

"The racing industry is nervous about the idea, but it's actually going to help racing by attracting new attention to it. Racing is bigger than ever in the countries where they have off-track betting, like Australia. We're the first in the country, and other cities are interested. We've already had about 50 or 60 inquiries. Frankly, I don't see how we can lose. We're really off to the races."

As Hirsch was presenting me with these facts, the O.T.B. headquarters at 1501 Broadway was bustling with activity in preparation for the April 8th opening. Security was stringent: every visitor had to sign in and out and wear a special pass. Hirsch told me that applicants for jobs are screened very carefully.

"We're dealing with public funds," he said. "We have to be extremely cautious." The whole thing came about as a result of the need for just such funds. After a city-wide referendum calling for legal off-track betting in 1963, Mayor Robert F. Wagner tried to get the state legislature to act under the argument that potential revenues would be fantastic, but failed, as had several men before him. Similar bills died during the '65, '66, '67, '68 and '69 sessions, but in April 1970, pressed on by John Lindsay, and sensing imminent financial disaster for both the city and the state, Nelson Rockefeller signed a bill authorizing the city to set up a corporation to start taking bets on the ponies. In July, Lindsay appointed Samuels to head it, after Samuel's defeat to Arthur Goldberg in the democratic gubernatorial primary. To many people, it seemed a blatant politically-oriented appointment, and these fears were not assuaged when the O.T.B. payroll was found later to contain the name of Samuel's 18-year-old son Howard Jr., who had been busted earlier for possession of grass. After that bust, Samuels confessed that he had met with all of his eight children, and that all of them had "experimented with drugs," including "other than marijuana," and that he was sympathetic. Local freaks wondered if maybe he was smoking a little hash on the side himself. The thing that made Samuels seem a viable administrator was the fact that operating out of a \$35 a month abandoned schoolhouse with his brother in Macedon, N.Y. in 1946, he started the Kordite Plastic Corporation, now merged with Mobil Oil, and grossing some \$100 million a year. A famous liberal and long-time candidate for governor, he was head of the Small Business Administration for a time, and served as Under Secretary of Commerce during the reign of Lyndon Johnson. His associates on O.T.B. include vice-presidents Robert S. Fenn, of Kinney National Service Corporation, Charles B. Chriss, a founder of the Data Processing Center at Howard

University, Irving Russ, former publicity director of the Brooklyn Dodgers and Yonkers Raceway, and Herbert Swope Jr., a former sports director for CBS, and Ken Auletta, Samuel's campaign manager last year.

Revenues from single bookies in various states were quoted as follows:

Georgia, for two weeks of operation, \$142,708
Louisiana, one day, \$73,100
Tennessee, five months, \$1,689,050
Virginia, one month, \$128,532
Illinois, three days, \$161,915
Massachusetts, seven days, \$374,897
Cincinnati, seven days, \$266,395
Indiana, three days, \$1,156,605.

To pull this kind of money into the city, O.T.B. will be setting up parlours: 16 leases have already been taken, and 23 are under negotiation, representing 148 betting windows. Each parlour will have anywhere from 5 to 20 issuing machines, which will be monitored to the Central Processing Facility, two IBM 360/50 computers located at 1501 Broadway. How it works is you put your money down, the machine feeds your bet into the "pool," from which odds and payoffs are computed, and your money rides in the same company as every other dollar bet on that race in the city. The computer enables you to keep betting right up to post time, and gives instant



samuels, etc.

verification of winning tickets while preventing counterfeits and allowing you to collect your cash at any branch office in the city one half hour after the race has been run.

Out of every dollar bet in its parlours, the O.T.B. will take a "pari-mutual revenue tax" of 16 or 17 cents. Out of this, the racetrack will receive 1 cent, and O.T.B. expenses will be paid. Out of the remaining net, the city will enjoy 80%, while the state will realize 20% profit. If revenues should ever reach the \$200 million mark, the state-city split will be 50-50.

Seeking the buck from every possible angle, Samuels recommended the following changes in the state betting laws in a progress report to Lindsay last month: legalizing pari-mutual bets and "numbers-type games"; cancelling income tax on gambling winnings; allowing races to be run and bet on on Sunday, and giving 18-year-olds the right to bet, or, as Samuels put it, extending to the 18-year-old citizen the same confidence in his capacity for rational behavior that is granted to older adults — a step already taken in the granting of 18-year-old suffrage, and B) permitting a person under 18 years old to be on the premises of Off-Track Betting's branch office when accompanied by a person eligible to use the Off-Track Betting facilities. This will allow a person with a child not to have to abandon the child at the entrance of the office in order to transact business on Off-Track Betting premises." Also, Samuels was putting out special public relations feelers to the "Black and Hispanic" communities, and had hired Howard Sanders Advertising to appeal to Blacks, and the Link Advertising Group and the Hispanic Communications Group for the Spanish. To me, it seems like a deliberate attempt to exploit the poor. I asked Hirsch, weren't they afraid people would gamble away their homes and families?

"Sure, there are irresponsible gamblers," he said, "but most are responsible. Besides, the city might just as well profit from it as organized crime."

"Are you shooting for certain peak periods during the month, like the day welfare checks arrive?"

Hirsch smiled.

"Welfare, I don't know about that..."

"What about paychecks, then?"

"Paychecks, maybe."

Put in a sporting mood by all this talk of racing, I went out to Aqueduct the afternoon of St. Patrick's Day to see the other side of the industry, the horses on whose carcasses these millions are bet. Aqueduct is an eyesore, sort of a lop-sided airplane hangar jutting up from the flat turf of south Queens, adjacent to Kennedy airport and the Belt Parkway, one hour from Manhattan by subway. The admission price is \$2.00 for the grandstand, and \$5.00 for the clubhouse. I opted for the grandstand with about 2,000 other people who were standing around busily working on racing sheets, and watching the conveniently-located TV sets that listed odds and gave instant color replays of the races. The stadium has three main decks, and you can go back and forth between them at your leisure. Every possible convenience is offered for the bettor: haircuts for two dollars, binoculars for one dollar (a day's rental). The Jamaica Bay Club (No one in his right mind would even touch any libation associated with Jamaica Bay) and several cafeterias at which you can scarf down anything from cheeseburgers to "Jumbalaya," a sort of mash that looks like it was dredged out of the bay. Neatly placed bars offer alcoholic beverages, which are sold by a color code: gold, Carstairs, 90 cents; white, \$1.30, Hennessy's, and so on. Gambling being a drinking man's sport, these bars enjoy a heavy trade.

It doesn't take long to find that racing has nothing to do with sports: it's pure finance. With the money scene what it is in the city these days, the bettors seem to go at it with special gusto and craziness. They were all there: whites, blacks, Spanish, and other: bettors who were riding with the tide, wearing fine sportjackets and placing the heavy bets, some rich folk who had no doubt tasted of better turf, and plenty of the small

guys, men and women of every description with bulbous noses and falling hair and no teeth and wrinkled dollar bills in the back pocket, and Queens longhairs with racing forms, and dozens of scattered Morning Telegraphs and Daily Mirrors, and one exceedingly fat man wearing a kelly-green sportcoat and a large button "Irish power," and several of them had children. A mother tried to keep the kids in tow while the father was crouched on the floor, working maniacally at a racing form. The woman too was more interested in the form than she was in the kids. A man, slurring his words, told his kid to go back to "Nanny," while he ordered himself a scotch on the rocks. The kid was screaming for a ginger ale. On the bottom floor under a TV set were two men in extraordinary wheel chairs. The first, lacking his right leg, was dressed in a silver/gray herringbone jacket with a lemon yellow open-neck shirt: the chair was a rimmed contraption with four small wheels like a shopping cart, and a shelf for the man to lean on while he was scribbling furiously at his odds and figures. He looked to be about 65, and seemed to be going through a prosperous period indeed. The other man was less fortunate: ruddy, and looking worked-over by time, his chair was of the more normal variety, but had a third wheel in back, and was creaky and looked like it was made out of the scrap heap of a body and fender shop. These people weren't there to see a sporting event like a baseball game or a boxing match or a stockcar race or a golfing tournament, they were there to supplement their incomes, or maybe make their daily fortunes, rake in the cash, get that legal tender in the coffers. They were fucking junkies, Max, do you have any doubt? The programs (for 25 cents) listed the contestants in each race, plus such odd and varied bits of information as changes of equipment (PAC RAT - blinkers off)

and the types of horseshoes, and the names and odds on the jockies, and the rules and regulations of the New York State Racing Commission concerning the Exacta, the Quinella, the Daily Double, and Twin Double, the Optional Daily Double, the Round Robin, the perfecta, the parlay and the Muriel Corinella, a strange selection indeed.

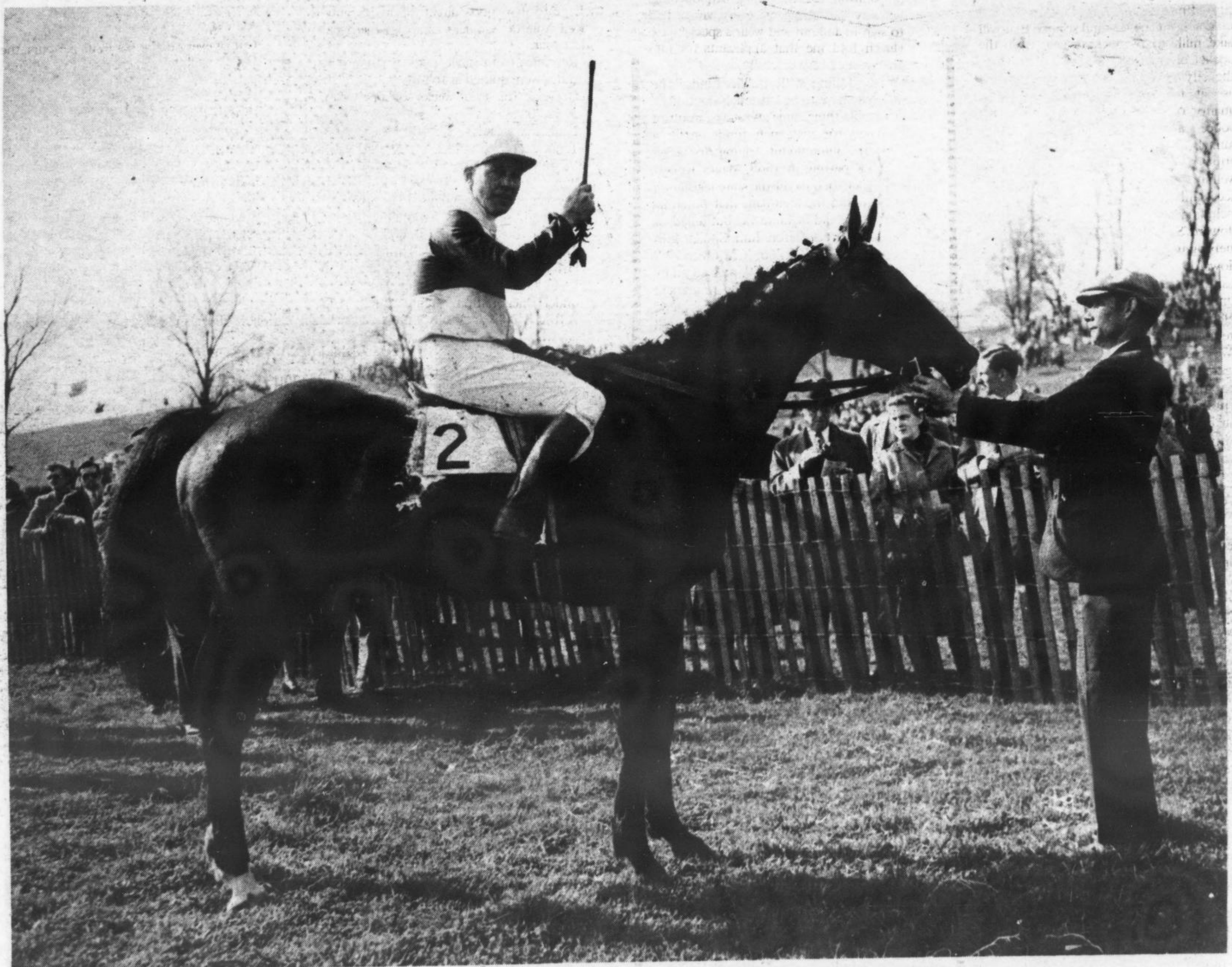
The TV sets and public address system kept the crowd well-informed of the countdown to post-time. The almost inaudible voice of a woman would come over and say "the horses are on the track," then just before the race started, suddenly, the bettors would pour into the grandstands, and down to the fence at the track, screaming and stomping for their favorites. I arrived in time for the fifth race, which was to 6 furlongs for four year-olds and upward for a purse of \$4000. Ignorant of both racing and gambling, I studied the racing sheet and saw that the following horses were to run: Road Mail, Greatch, Aranjuez, Pac Rat, Old Brookville, Strongman, Icebound, Band Air Basis. On sentiment alone, I approached the Win counter, however, and placed a \$2.00 wager on a horse named All Highest, and was given a ticket in return. Then I joined the sportsmen in the stands and waited for my horse to deliver, which he didn't, in fact I never really saw him.

The track was a wide oblong stretch covered with some kind of light topsoil and the inner field consisted of two artificial lakes with ducks and swans and other fowl, and the steeds were led out from under the stadium and up the track to the left of us, then turned around and trotted to the starting position on the other side of the track. Without binoculars, you could hardly see it. Then the woman started screaming "Post-time!" and they were off, inching down the track in a counter-clockwise fashion, and coming around the half pole and the quarter pole to the finish line on

our side of the track. The woman bluffed out their progress, a lot of talk about coming up on the inside, and suddenly they were down front with no. 1 Road Mail easily in the lead with No. 5 Pac Rat and No. 7 Strongman easy second and third. Needless to say, there was no real feeling of drama or exertion in this business, but the screaming got louder as the horses approached the finish line, then when the results were announced a mass of people rushed to the cashier's counters where crisp new bills in denominations of five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred were handed out with ease that made me think I had spent my life working on the wrong vices.

For the next race, I went right down to the fence and found that you can't even see the horses from down there when they line up at the automatic starter. When they take off, you see nothing but some kind of vague movement on that field so far away, but nothing specific happens until they make the turn and are shooting past your face, but even then it's terrible, you can't even smell the nags, the thing is so sterile. The one thing I noticed was several horses had bandages on their feet, specifically Canterbury Tale, Emerald Skies, Grafton Annie and Great Poise, who actually limped when they led her up to the track and looked like a ready candidate for the glue factory. This race was an exacta, which means that when betting you must pick two horses, first and second in the correct order, to win. This condition seemed to provoke more excitement among the bettors, as far as I could see, and as the nags approached the finish line the man next to me screamed "GET UP THERE, YOU SON OF A BITCH!" When the results were announced, Canterbury Tale first and Sky Play second (4 and 6), a kid standing near me

(Continued on Page 20)



BERNADETTE DEVLIN

VIDEOFILM

by JOHN REILLY

The following material is taken from a work in progress on Bernadette Devlin, that I am making in cooperation with Ralph Diamant of the American Documentary Film Group.

The final version will be a *Videofilm*, that is a film based on the video image as the prime source of image information, distributed by American Documentary Films.

The tapes were shot over a two-day period primarily in two locations: an informal press conference for the movement people and a speech at the Hotel Diplomat. The over-three and one half hours of tapes were edited for this article by Susan Milano and the photos taken from the video images are by Dan Hedges.

BERNADETTE DEVLIN

"For any of you who don't know who the I.R.A. are, they are certainly not the official army of the government of the Irish Republic. They're an illegal organization. The letters I.R.A. stand for Irish Republican Army. They are the armed wing of Sinn Fein. Sinn Fein is the oldest progressive movement in Ireland. It is the only 32-county-based movement in Ireland. It has consistently fought on the platform of building a socialist workers republic. The membership of the I.R.A. are those people who work politically within Sinn Fein - Sinn Fein recognizes its own right to self defense of its members and its organization and of its ultimate need to defend the lives of the people of Ireland. The members of the I.R.A. are those members of Sinn Fein who are trained in the use of arms and can shoot straight. Many people worried about that. They forgot their worried when in 1969 the I.R.A. defended the lives of the people of the ghettos of Belfast when they were under machine gun attack by the police state. Now after 1969, because of the increase in political activity... the realization of the cause of growing political activity... that Sinn Fein was a socialist republican organization... and that the Irish Republican Army was a revolutionary army... some of its members split from the movement on two (sic) bases. One that the movement was Marxist and two that the I.R.A., (which was an internal conflict) had no right to take a decision on the abstention policy in the politics of the movement, which was that they didn't sit at Parliament and... three, that they had not adopted an aggressive policy towards the state, after August 1969. Those members who split from the official Sinn Fein and I.R.A. movement, called themselves the provisional command. And are known as the provisionals.

The problem with the provisionals is, they have no politics. They're not right wing Catholic militants by determination. It's complete lack of any class analysis that forces them into, just the sort of...

free Ireland... glorified, narrow patriotism, which appeals to the conservative Irish-Americans over here. He doesn't want to hear about socialism, he wants to hear about Patrick Pierce and people that push propaganda. He doesn't want to know about imperialism. All the British are the same. And it's the conservative Irish-Americans here who are financing the provisional terrorism. Just sort of indiscriminantly and to the extent that the kids who are joining the provisionals don't have the training... even to conduct terrorism efficiently, and they've done themselves much more damage in terms of killing themselves, than they have generally to anybody else.

They (the provisionals) think that if you drive the British army out... if you establish re-unification of Ireland... with the existing 26 counties... that somehow our problems would be solved. They have from time to time adopted terrorist policies. But because they have no political explanation to offer the people, they do no political education. The terrorism... that is the blowing up of a bridge or a factory or the burning down of a shop has been small. But it simply isolates the membership of the provisionals from their own community. Because the people do not understand the politics of why they're doing it. To a large extent, the provisionals don't understand the politics of why they're doing it. But in any case... the taxes go up, the factory owners get full compensation... the shopkeepers get full compensation and therefore, they are neither educating the people in self-determination, nor are they moving any nearer self-determination. They become the scapegoats of the government... they are accused of things of which, they are not guilty. The provisionals do not pay children to fight in the streets. Nobody in Belfast has to pay children to fight to British army. What they do do is they weaken the movement... (a) by splitting off from it... (b) they split the community, and lack of politics forces people back to their traditional differences... forces them back into militant Catholicism as opposed to republicanism and therefore to a large extent... they are... whether they realize it or not... they are further dividing the country. They are increasing the dependence of the people on the British army... they're working for the army because the government's propaganda becomes plausible. You know, for every one act the provisionals do they're accused of ten. And the other nine become plausible because of the existence of the one. And they are in fact setting back the date even of the kind of unification they're talking about because they are not effective, they are not educating anybody... they're too small... they're not trained well enough... they haven't got the power

and the only thing those kids are doing whether they realize it or not, whether they mean to do it or not, and they certainly don't mean to do it, the only thing they're actually doing is killing themselves and killing their own people. And that's not very helpful to the people of Ireland.

But again, the conservative Irish-American over here is to a large extent responsible because he refuses to see things politically. And he'll not send money home to left-wing organizations. They'll refuse, to a large extent, to support the official Sinn Fein movement. They'll send money home to every crackpot who says he's gonna free Ireland tomorrow with the gun. So... they bear a lot of the responsibility for the inefficient terrorism that's going on at the moment.

But one of the major problems, particularly in the Belfast area, has been the factionalism with the breakaway of the provisionals. It's, at the present moment, almost more dangerous to distribute left-wing material in provisional territory than it would be to distribute it in the face of the police or the army. Because there just is this sort of Catholic militant backlash in some areas where the provisionals have taken over. And their main argument against the main Sinn Fein organization and the groups that have grown out of the struggle is that they're left wing, they're Marxist... that they're going to ruin holy mother church in Ireland and the morals of the Catholic population have to be protected and the fight for freedom protected against Communist infiltration... which is us. And quite a lot of people find it physically dangerous to continue leafletting and working in these areas. (Because of the provisionals) The motto of the provisionals is when you meet a Marxist... beat hell out of him. And they have been involved in some internal shoot-ups within the I.R.A., particularly the shooting of official I.R.A. members... in the time-honored tradition of shooting people in the knees... cause if you're shot in the knees you can't stand on the street and distribute leaflets or can't do any outside work... you're usually crippled and left at home. Which is quite vicious and at the moment, increasingly dangerous.

That's what we're fighting about in Ireland. Somebody's gonna jump us shortly, in the middle of the hall and ask me... what's my position on the national question. I've heard it before. Cause they don't see in what I'm saying the true spirit of freedom of Ireland. They don't see the true nationalism... which is the socialist republic in Ireland. The true spirit of being Irish is not being Irish to be better than anybody else. It is to be an equal man in your own country so that the people of your own country are equal people with the people of other countries. If you don't want exploitation at home, don't build the wealth of your country on the exploitation of somebody else. So if you want to be... interested... involved... and fighting the cause of Irish freedom... it's not the word Irish that's the most important... it's the word freedom. You can't be for it in one corner of the world and against it in the other.

We're working in Ireland to build the workers republic... the socialist republic... and those people who really

(Continued on Page 20)

STARTING NOW.... (FRIENDS & NEIGHBORS...)
WITH A LITTLE ATOMIC HOTBREAD...

TINY
TIGER
SEZ...

GO UNSCREW
YERSELF!

(NEXT WEEK: THE ARMORKINS HIT TOWN!)

COMMIE-FAGGOT-PERVERT-CREEP UNDERGROUND CARTOONS BY
L. TODD, LATEST ENTRANCE INTO THIS UNDERPAID PROFESSION,
BORN FROM THE UNIVERSAL-CARTONIST-ELECTRONIC-WOMB HERE
AT EVO (FULL BLOWN YET, LIKE ATHENA FROM THE HEAD OF ZEUS!)
READ HIS BRAIN-SQUEEZINGS ON THESE HERE PAGES!!!



ATOMIC HOTBREAD

BY TODD
© 1970
IN LARRY STAMP

HO, BOY! T'REE-ARMS!
I BETCHA HE GOTSA LOTS
A GRASS IN 'AT BAG!

I AINT 'AD A TOKE IN
TWO WEEKS... I WILL
BREAK 'IS 'EAD WITH
DIS ROCK!
HO, BOY! GRASS!



HOOTAI!

SO... A
MUTANT!



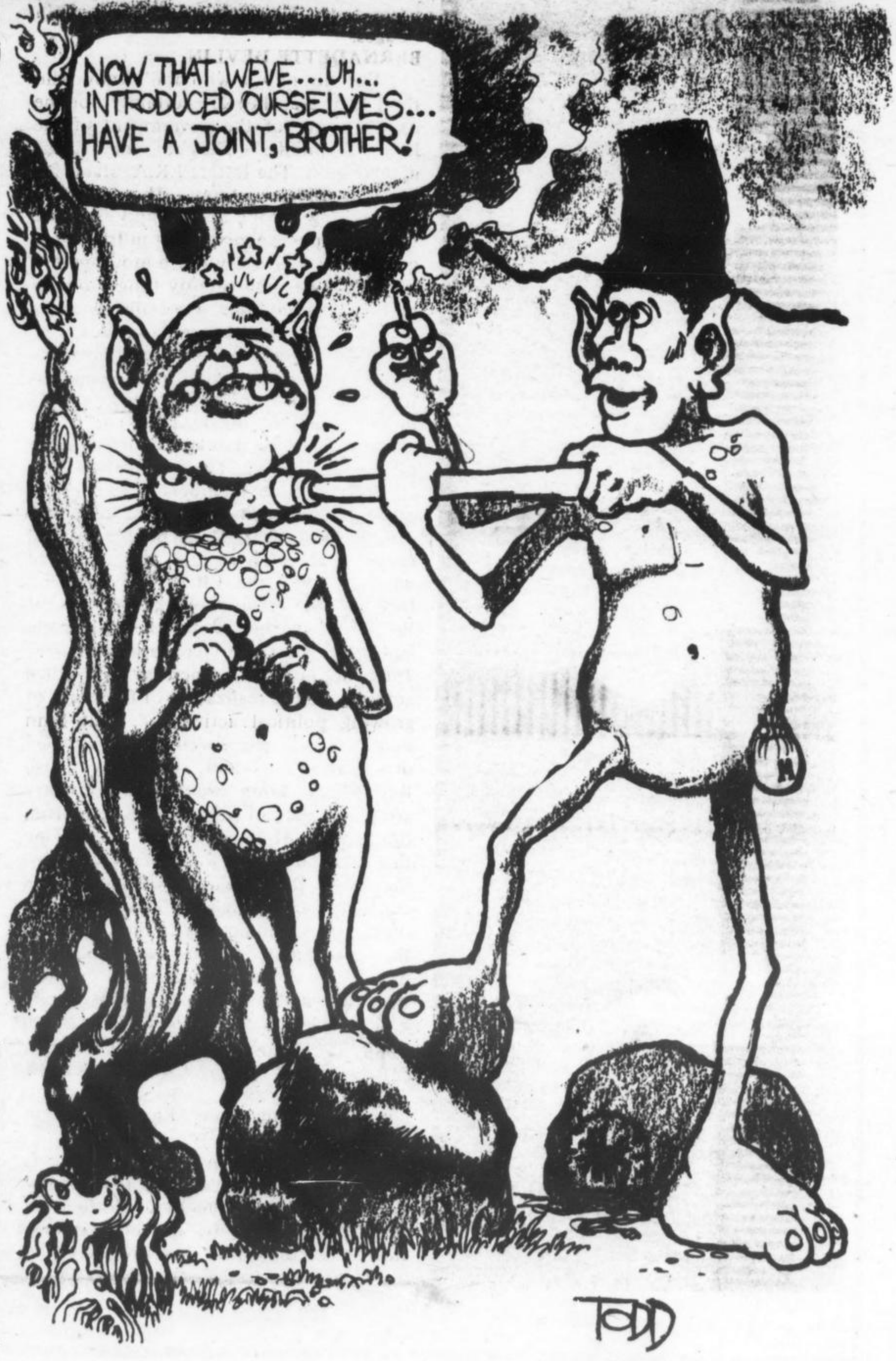
UGLY, CREEPY MUTANT!

WHAK!

BOOMP!



NOW THAT WEVE... UH...
INTRODUCED OURSELVES...
HAVE A JOINT, BROTHER!



TODD

Why Not Body SHOCK

by Lil Picard

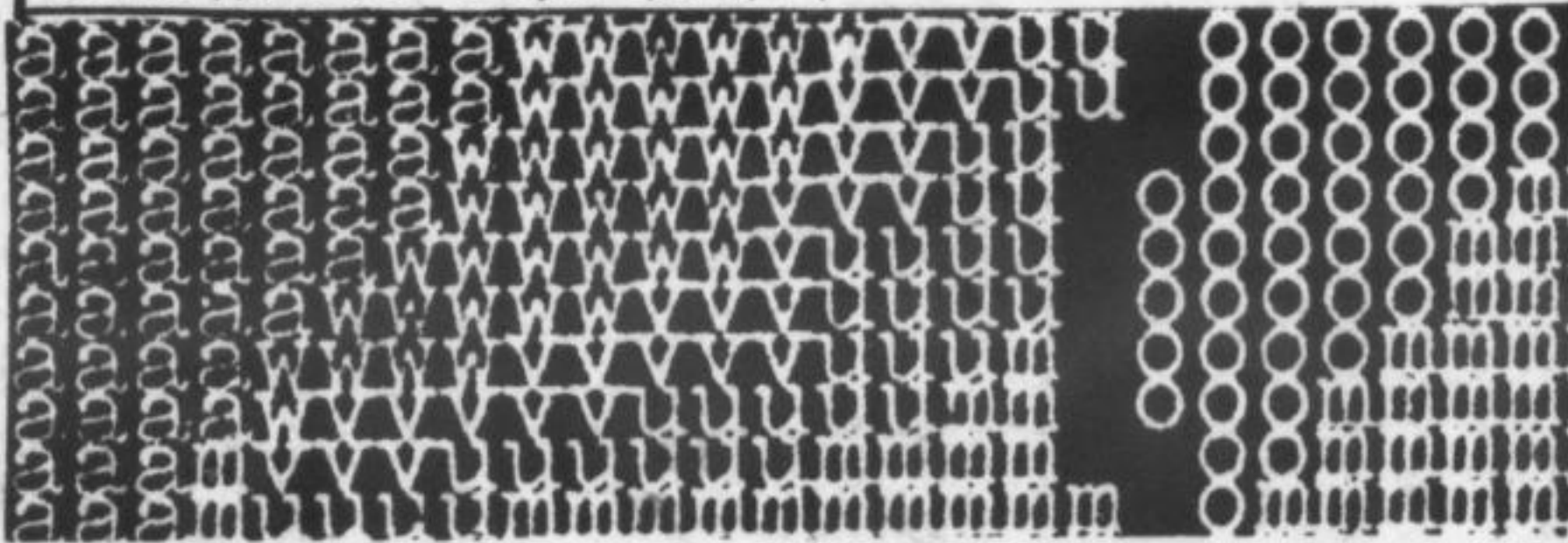


Shock Art in the Sonraed Gallery, Ltd.

Tonsun Bayrak, well known for his Theater of Cruelty events, the Blood Street Happening which last year upsetted the Prince Street's peaceful artistic neighborhood, when animal blood rained from rooftops and the artist directed a street event of gruesome reality, with rats and copulating nudes. Dirt, blood, paint, sex, brutality, are just subject matter for Bayrak's Art. This year his idea was a three day wake. "The Wake for the late Captain Hasan Tursun Efandi. A Ritualistic Celebration commemorating a War Hero." The opening gala - Feast at sunset took place at the Sonraed Galleries, 141 Prince Street, this time an indoor event, with an entrance fee of \$10. a person. Noticeable were mostly media people with cameras, videogear, journalists, even foreign ones, and friends of the artist. After a long waiting time, two officers of the "Society Against Cruelty Toward Animals" showed up and placed themselves like part of the "Event" against the walls of the cold cellar of the Art Gallery. In the entrance stood a goat, attached with heavy ropes to four corners of the dark place. In the middle of the gallery an aquarium, surrounded by potted palms, and other nice "bourgeois" plants seemed to be the center for the activities, which had attracted the attention of the police, which appeared on the scene: Three cops and one hippie cop, clad in black western felt hat, white embroidered shirt, black glasses, a sinister looking character.

In a corner on the floor, the "Feast" was arranged on metal plates: brains, animal stomachs, snails and a white mass of some stuff, looking like sperm... but it was just yogurt prepared in an oriental fashion, and as I understood very tasty. The promise of sperm cocktails, the rape of the goat and the killing of a chicken, never took place, because the official visitors took care of that... But the visitors of the Bayrak Wake for his father, the late war hero, a Turkish gentleman, who two years ago had died in New York, surprised us with a meal for the dead hero, consisting of bread, brain and stuffed tripe not a la mode, but a la Bayrak, a blood mixture cocktail smelling of Pernod, a nude ointment of two young men, and a strip tease of the mother of the hero, before the aquarium. In the glass coffin (aquarium) was swimming the "living Sculpture" fashioned by the artist from meat, fat, fish bones and fins, with live frogs, crabs and fishes swimming happily around the "symbol" of the diseased war captain. Bayrak himself clad in white oriental chemise and pants, looked impressingly aristocratic, a perfect host, for a meal for the dead, in ritualistic mannerism symbolically, surrealistically executed. A young nude girl played the American and the German National Anthem on a violin. Asked what the Ritual symbolized, the artist said: "It's an accusation of the brutality of our time and nationalism which is leading to war." Another

Art changes into something MORE and LESS. For two months I went into my Art Isolation bit. No Art at all. Just sleeping, living, thinking. I am back in the groove, why not? "Why not?" an ARADAWA "Serenade of Eschatological Ecology" I saw a year or so ago at the home of Virginia Dwan, and now again at the Whitney Museum, during the "NEW AMERICAN FILMMAKERS SERIES." It has changed considerably from it's first version and become an excellent slow motion BODY-SHOCK film. Photographed by painter-filmmaker Arakava in black and white and achieving tension and drama with a non-story, a tale of "unique" quality.



gentleman, the director of a neighborhood gallery made a speech, telling about the cruel war the Turks fought in 1922 with the Greeks. The gentleman wore a white headband around his forehead. He was Greek. Bayrak was a Turk before he became an American Artists Teacher. The evening ended with a leech ritual, the leeches sucked Bayraks blood, and were offered to the frog, the fishes and the crabs as food.

The lovemaking to surroundings (ecology) in the cool manner of philosophical Artaud-experiences culminates in the bicycle-love scene, a really groovy Duchamps feedback.

The beautiful soft girl, heroine of Arakava's story, faces her lover, the bicycle-object, with slow motion erotic, she acts in the isolation of private loneliness, she dies at the end.

No happy finale in this story of object-love and death wish. Autoeroticism, frustration, but nevertheless the climax of the final scene, just before life fades out, has all the drama of a passionate life. The life of the perfect introvert.

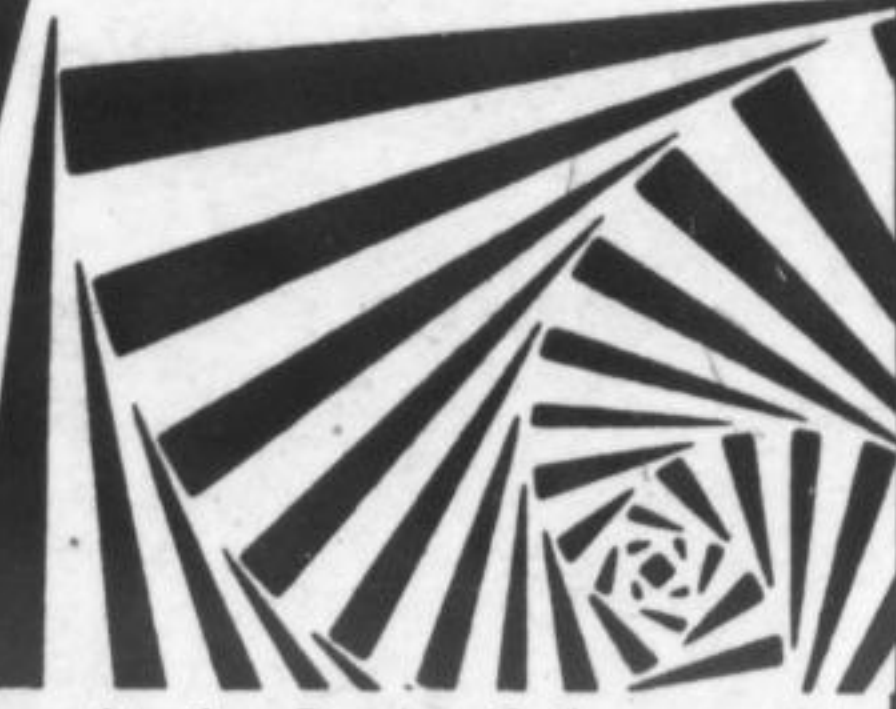
meantime the brains, the chickenfeet, the snails, the stomachs and the yogurt had been eaten by the guests. Everybody had been nourished in the most extraordinary fashion. The next day at sunset the remnants of the event were given as a public homage and on the final day February 28 the final ritual, and burial of the war hero took place. In short: Decomposition of Life... Why not? Body Shock!

"Body"

Body-Art is represented by a group of artists, who decided to try the research of reactions, with their bodies, related to their thinking, their feeling, their minds. Body Art is the most un-materialistic Art I have encountered. It's a truly sensitive adventurous new form, to work with one's own flesh... head, nose, eyes, mouth, hands, arms, legs, feet, genitalia... the body becomes a landscape, a field, a discovery planet... the artist is engaged in a body trip. The body is space, valley, stream, mountain, the universe.

In New York University's Loeb Center, John Gibson arranged several evenings under the title: BODY. Seven artists performed. Some of the performances had been "live," others were films or videoevents. The film that still sticks vividly in my mind is VITO ACCONCI's "Shashing of Cockroaches" on his naked body. Slow motion shock is stronger shock, then explosive fast shock... let's say a photographed accident, or an explosion. The repetition in this post-Warhol film holds you spellbound. Dennis OPPENHEIM changes into the wonderland of the Body, leaving land art... But some earthy flashbacks are still visible, when he photographs a female body buried under stones, earth and mud. His artistic perverse erotic images use the opposition of hard and soft. A foot touches and fumbles the stone landscape, a finger, a toe is buried in rocks, a lead stump attacks the hard surface of asphalt. Body-Works have not yet made the "Madison Avenue" art dealers commercial scene. They are still exciting "discoveries" in University - and Warehouse circles. The human body is used as sculptural material. The whole body or parts of it. The only "residue," leftover, souvenir if you wish, when the live performance is completed are films or photographs, slides. One of the most imaginative performers is for me BRUCE NAUMAN. His inventiveness is astonishing. He is an actor, a poet, a sculptor of ideas, if one can be such a thing. I think one can.

A 1969 film, 16mm, black and white, lasting 10 minutes was shown at the Loeb Center. Title: "Gauze." It was in a certain form Nauman's selfportrait, photographed - it seems by himself - his head was hanging down, it filled the frame completely. His hand touched a kind of material that emerged in super-slow motion from his mouth, in the manner of plasma - materialisation phenomena known from the hypnotic performances of mediums. Nauman's eyes were closed like in pain. The 10 minute film seemed an endless experience. "Black Balls" also lasting 10 minutes, was an even more painful shock for the nerves. Here the exploration of the body, took on a self-mutilating quality, similar to a body work of William Wegman, who used toothpicks to stick into his gums: "Eleven TOOTHPICK EXPRESSIONS." The Black Balls expression was performed with the help of a sticky dark kind of gummy stuff, which the artist rubbed in extremely slow procedure into the soft skin of his balls, which finally got completely "destroyed" under the dark gummy substance... blacked out... painfully experienced by the performer... and so it seemed by the observers the film.



At the Dorsky Gallery on 4th Avenue, one could see reverse light sculptures consisting of iridescent plastic egg shaped material and cylindrical phallic shapes. The artist follows her own ritualistic intentions by bury some of these sculptures in far away places of the earth, to express her wish for a peaceful existence. She protests with her activities the war of Vietnam. The pictures of sites and maps of the burial grounds are carefully stored in a safe deposit box. Only opened when peace in the world is established. The last burial took place just at the time of the earthquake in California.

A HARRY DULOZ
ADVENTURE

The GRIM REEFER

©1970
YOSSARIAN
ASYLUM
PRESS

I HAD JUST CLEARED UP THE MANSFIELD "ICE" CASE AND WAS GETTING SOME WELL EARNED SACK TIME SO I WAS UPSET WHEN THE PHONE SHATTERED THE AIR AT 3 AYEM

RRRINN

OWWW!!

GODAMN MOTHERFUCKIN-
COCKSUCKER TURDLICKIN-
SON OF ASICILIANWHORE!!

CRASH DRIP
BAN
SPILL

THIS BETTER BE GOOD OR I BREAK YER FUCKIN' MOUTH!! WHAT? OH, CHIEF. YEAH I SEE ILL GET RIGHT ON IT. YEAH, YEAH...

YA WANNA BUY A PIZZA?

BZZT.. ZORT
PLIZZT.. FOO

THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER TRICIA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY REVOLUTIONARIES LED BY MY ARCH ENEMY, THAT MEXICAN BASTARD, EMILIO FLOURIDE.

EMILIO FLOURIDE? DON'T THEY CALL HIM "THE TRASHER OF THE SIERRA MADRES"?

ONE AND THE SAME.

A QUICK BOUT WITH A RUSTY SCHICK IS FOLLOWED BY A CAREFULL CHECK OF THE SILVER LADIES IN THE CLIP OF MY WEMBLEY .402 CAL. GUT SPREADER



MY NAME IS HARRY DULOZ I WORK FOR WASHINGTON

IN THE SHORT TIME IT TOOK ME TO REACH THE OFFICE THE NEWS HAD BEEN LEAKED TO THE PRESS.



EXTRY!!!
EXTRY!!

TRICIA NOXIOUS KIDNAPPED BY SEX CRAZED HIPPIES!

GEE THANKS MR. DULOZ.

I HOPE THOSE PENCIL PUSHERS DIDN'T BLOW THIS ONE.

OH MR DULOZ!! THE CHIEF SAID TO LET YOU RIGHT IN.



THERES ONE HONKY BASTARD AH'D LIKE TA SHOW A GOOD TIME!



HMMM... THE CHIEF DIDN'T MENTION ANYTHING ABOUT A RANSOM NOTE.

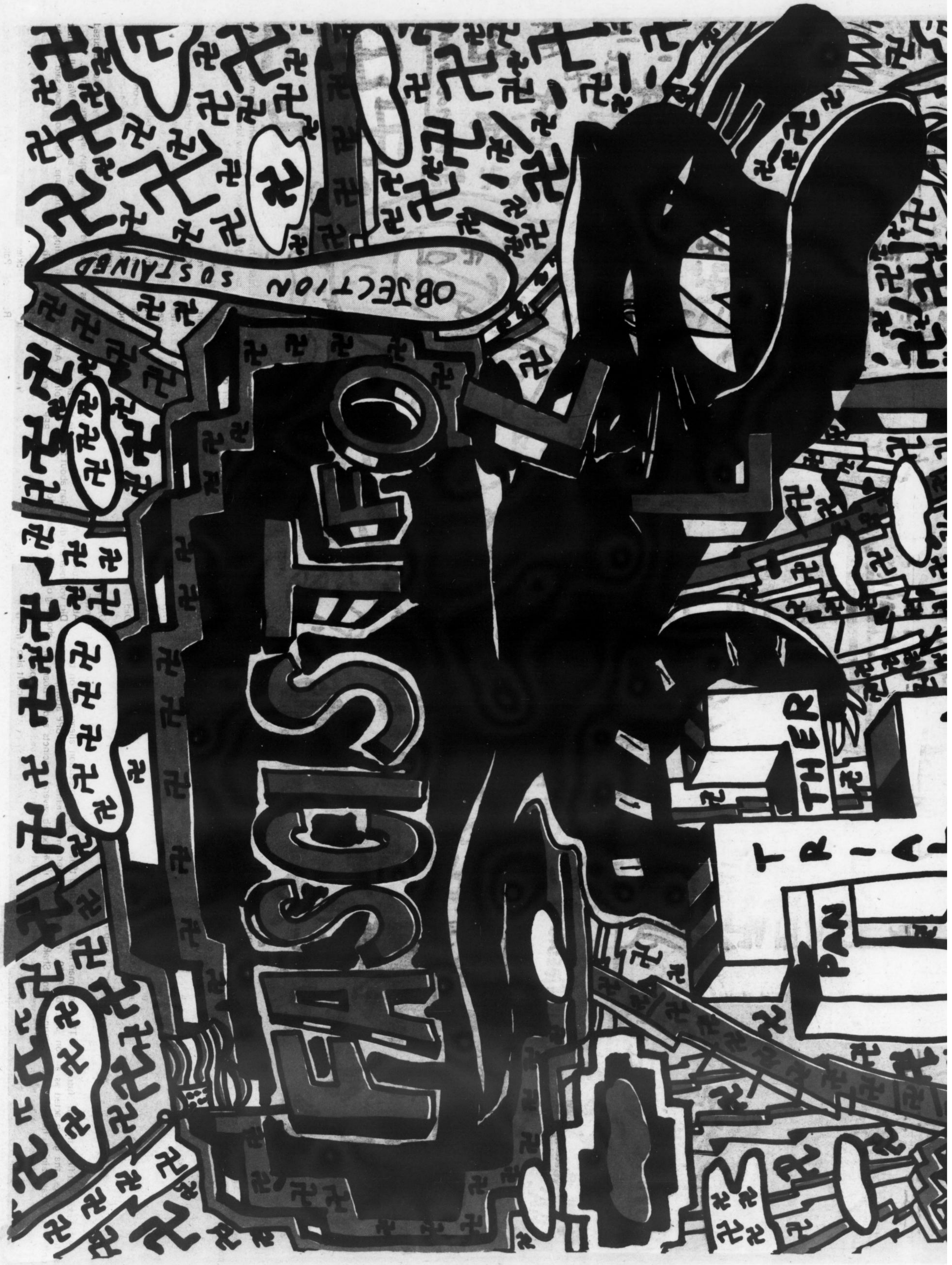
COL. RODNEY FRENDEGAST
CHIEF US SECRET POLICE
OFFICE OF INTERNAL SEC
SECT 201A



'LO CHIEF WHATS THE LOWDOWN ON THIS CAPER.



TO BE CONTINUED





BY JACKIE FREDSON

Thurs. Mar. 11

Defense Attorney Sandy Katz continued his cross examination of patrolman Carlos Ashwood, the fourth BOSS infiltrator to take the stand.

Ashwood had previously testified that in a section meeting on Dec. 30, 1968, Afeni Shakur had said that the section would "act as a unit" and "implement theory." The patrolman defined "implementing theory" as going out as a group and blowing up a pig station.

Ashwood testified that in future section meetings, the group acted as a unit in physical training, hand to hand combat, demonstrations and rallies. When asked if they went out as a group to blow up pig stations, Ashwood said, no, they talked about it.

In his direct testimony, Ashwood had said that on Dec. 30, 1968, Clark Squire had potassium nitrate which could be used in the making of bombs. However, before the Grand Jury, the agent said that he *imagined* the potassium nitrate would be used in the making of explosives, even though he, himself, had no knowledge of the properties of that chemical or how it could, in fact, be used. So Ashwood then admitted that he never saw Clark Squire in possession of a bomb or an explosive substance.

The patrolman had also testified that on Jan. 6, 1969, in another section meeting, Afeni Shakur said that if a Panther were to be arrested, they would arrest a policeman and hold him in ransom. Although Joan Bird was arrested on Jan. 17, 1969 — less than two weeks

later, Ashwood said that he never, in his entire career as a police officer, heard of a policeman having been arrested by the Black Panther Party.

At the end of the day Ashwood admitted that he never saw dynamite or any other explosives in the possession of any of the defendants.

Mon. March 15
Sandy Katz continued his cross examination of Ashwood by focusing on the night of Jan. 17, 1969.

The prosecution alleges that on that night members of the BPP attempted to bomb several precincts and a Board of Education building and to snipe at police officers leaving the 44th precinct. It also alleges that two Panthers were involved in a shot out with two patrolmen on the

Harlem River Drive.

Patrolman Ashwood had testified that he saw several of the defendants on the night of Jan. 17 and that they appeared nervous, loosely referring to something having gone down.

Did you hear any mention of any precincts having been bombed? Sandy asked. No.

Did you hear any mention of any buildings having been bombed? No. Did you hear any discussion about dynamite? No.

About explosives? No. Did you hear any discussion about the shooting of police officers? No.

The prosecution alleges that the car found at the site of the alleged shoot out was a red Dodge Dart rented by the defendant Clark Squire. Previously

witnesses for the prosecution have testified that they saw the car in that location on the Harlem River Drive at about nine or 9:05 PM. The prosecution has said that defendant Joan Bird and co-defendants Sekou Odinga and Kuqesi Balagood were at the site of the shoot out and that a rifle was seized from the trunk of the Dodge Dart. Patrolman Ashwood said that Lumumba Shakur drove the Dodge out of the parking lot at Rockland Palace at about 6 PM. The patrolman further testified that no one was with Shakur at that time, nor was there a rifle in the car.

Patrolman Ashwood had been selling BPP papers and posters at a benefit at Rockland Palace on the night of Jan. 17, 1969. He said that Alex Mckiever (Katarra) came into Rockland Palace saying that things hadn't gone right and

he didn't know why. When Ashwood was asked if he now knew what Mckiever had been referring to, the patrolman said, no, not exactly, but he *imagined* it had to do with the bombings and the attempted shooting of police officers that night.

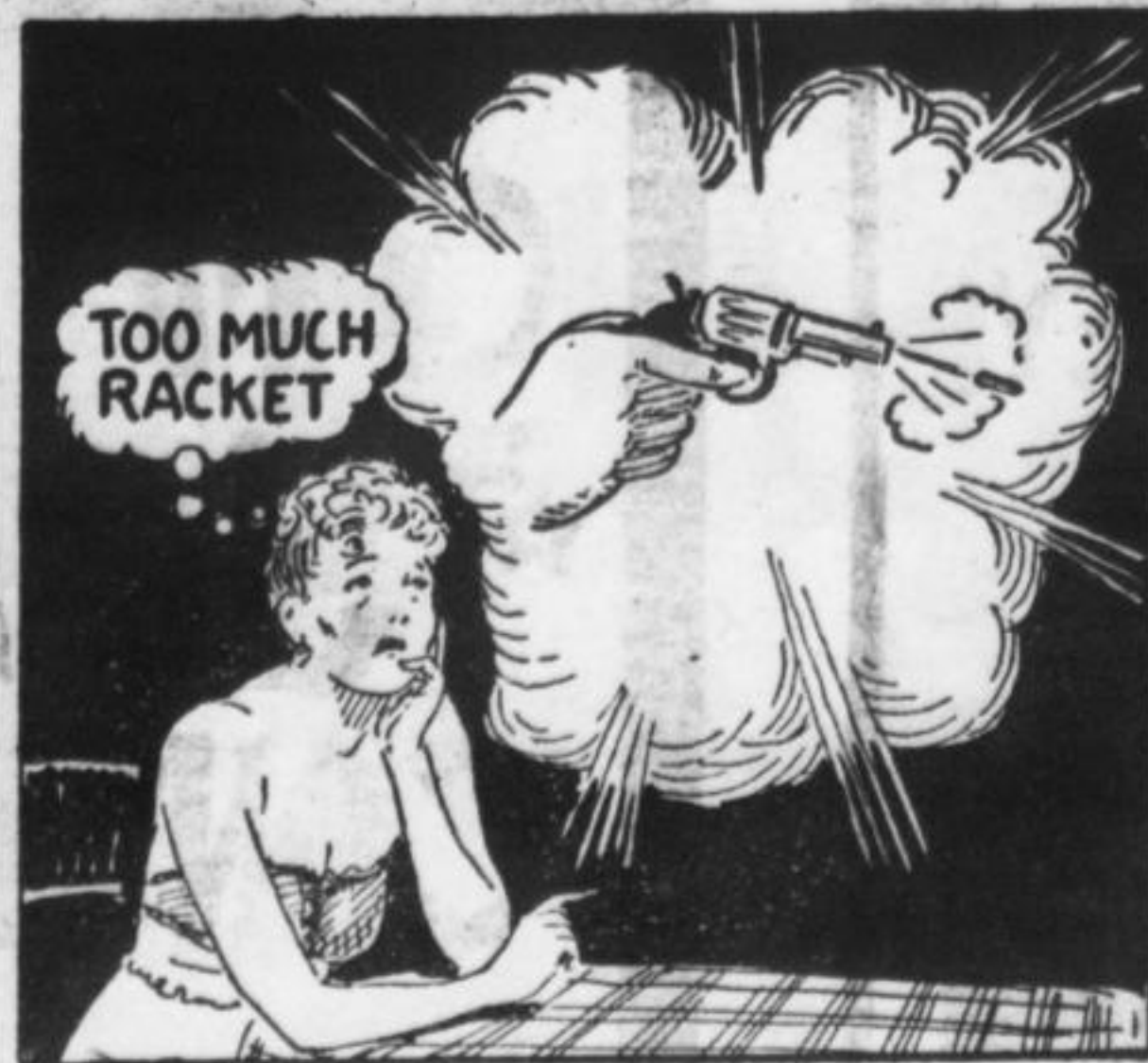
How did he know? The patrolman said that he didn't know, he just imagined.

Although DA Phillips tried to paint a picture of nervous, worried Panthers coming into Rockland Palace on Jan. 17, 1969, Ashwood had testified before the Grand Jury that many of those accused seemed happy and were laughing.

In an act of true Maxwell Smart subterfuge, Ashwood now said that he had taken that laughter as being happylaughter, but it could have been sad laughter.

When asked if he could demonstrate a "sad laugh", the court intervened.

APRIL 7, 1943



SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE GROOVIES

by Rex Weiner

Huge crowds stuffed the streets around the Fillmore the night that the super-nuke albino featured on the bill. Johnny Winter had sucked the suburbs dry that night of every sixteen-year-old wow!-bopper blues kid along with the eye-shadowed honeys from Hoboken to Canarsie.

And like here they were, on second ave jamming in their own zitty way, blocking traffic copping tickets copping dope of all kinds biting off a little more of the L.E. Side than they could chew or pop or shoot and digging it all right up to the last nervous edge.

The Haves, the lucky-ducks with tickets to the late show, got on line and started going in. The Have-nots pushed up against the wooden barricades and watched the parade, pissed off and frustrated and yelling for absolute blood. The football jerseyed Fillmore guards were in rare pushy form protecting Bill's establishment from the music hungry hordes. Some guards were wearing cute buttons that said simply "Get out!" A nice crew, with efficient, if misplaced, egos.

Not more than three minutes after the doors closed, some anonymous outlaw freak did a phone-booth number causing the entire late show audience to be back out on the streets again while the house checked out the bomb threat.

Mean down dirty rage and punch ups sprinkled with stoned laughter and drunken wallowing patterned this ousted bunch in the blinking light of the marquee. Nighttime bums hit up the rich kids for wine money. One fist-drunk

black man started going through his paces as the crowd moved clear of his swinging arms and some jokers yelled "Ali! Ali!" Little girls got their asses grabbed by horny fingers, complex emotions on their faces. Nowhere and hung-up in the crotch of the beast.

"Move back! G'wan... Move back you shits!" the long-haired guards shouted contemptuously at their peers, having apparently received an order from higher up to keep the crowd away from the entrance. They bullied the people back and cleared an area which they staked out with the barricades. The bomb squad was coming they said.

The guards, about twelve of them, strutted about inside the barricades, cracking jokes to each other and flexing their muscles. They were on stage.

"Sing a song!" someone in the crowd yelled to them.

"Dance, motherfuckers!" yelled another.

The guards clowned, putting on a lame act. They decided to play "Red light, Green light" there in front of everybody, really in the best tradition of noble indifference. They played the little game.

"We wanna play too!" shouted someone from behind the barricades.

"Fuck off suckers," said one guard as a reply.

People in the crowd started doing war whoops and Yippie cries. Others called for a charge, urging the rest to "trash the fuckin Fillmore!" But no one did.

Cops arrived in cars and went in.

"Hey, what group are you?" someone yelled.

"Autograph!" yelled another.

The squad cars left empty and unattended in the street were quickly climbed upon and a guy was kneeling by the front tire letting the air out and asking all who stood around if anyone had a knife. The smell of marijuana drifted through the air.

After ten minutes the cops came out, having failed to find even a firecracker. The crowd hooted and cheered them as they got in the cars and drove away. The line formed again and the late show audience began to re-enter.

Word quickly spread that they were taking ticket stubs at the door and that if one had a whole ticket, it could be torn in half and two could get in on that one ticket. Dynamite! Once inside, the crashers jammed the aisles, took other peoples' seats way up front, or just took up a lot of space in the lobby. The guards cleared aisles just as Elvin Bishop and his group were coming on. The lobby was full of people now, totaled-out freaks who had burned their way into the house on the clever device of some manic brother or sister without which they would have still been out on the street with the rest of the Have-nots. Now they stood on the tip-toes of their boots and sneakers to see Elvin Bishop who, first thing, took the mike and said

"I dunno who phoned in that bomb threat but whoever it was, I say, fuck that shit!"

The audience cheered and clapped and most agreed.

"Now, let's hear some music and have some fun!"

Yay!



EVO Scyinese

by Nellie Fernald

Of all the drugs used by civilized communities, aspirin — acetyl salicylic acid — is the most familiar, the most widely used and possibly even the most valuable. It seems to be used with comparative safety in all

kinds of circumstances. Some people use aspirin to go to sleep, some for pain relief (either headaches, or more seriously, arthritic pain) while aspirin is also used for the relief of some of

the troubles caused by colds and other infectious ailments.

Taken in excess, of course, aspirin can be bad, but on the whole the usefulness of the drug seems far to outweigh the damage it can do. It is

by Vincent Titus

FABIE

Once a Pig was on his way to the slaughterhouse when he escaped. They caught him and put him through some changes till he turned to pork.

MORAL: Don't be a pig.

Mechanicals Prepared By Amalgamated Fable Preparers International (A.F.P.I.) 1971

therefore something of a surprise that so little is known about the way in which aspirin functions as a drug.

An article now published in the British scientific journal, "Nature," by Professor John Vane and Pricilla Piper of the Royal College of Surgeons in London has fortunately thrown some light on the way in which aspirin may work. At the same time, the authors have been able to explain the mechanism of inflammatory reactions in the bodies of experimental animals and in doing so, they have provided a technique which will undoubtedly be widely used in the study of these and similar phenomena. One way or the other, it looks like a good start has been made on understanding the mechanism of aspirin.

To begin with, it is only fair to say that the general character of aspirin as a drug has been known for a long time. What it does is to moderate certain of the natural defensive reactions of the body — fever pain and inflammation. It is, in short, an "antid defensive drug." This is why progress has been made by studying, first of all, the ways in which defensive reactions are produced by chemical substances in the bodies of experimental animals. In particular they have studied what happens in lungs taken from guinea pigs and kept chemically alive by supply of an oxygenated solution. The objective of this technique is to provide a way in which small quantities of chemicals can be supplied to the lungs to see how they work. It turns out that treatment with materials known to produce inflammation releases in the lungs a

number of chemicals associated with inflammatory reactions — histamine, for example.

The great interest of the new work, however, is the discovery that chemicals not previously recognized and still unidentified are also released in inflammation of the lungs. Moreover, the experiments carried out at the Royal College of Surgeons show that aspirin seems to function by interacting chemically with one of these unknown substances.

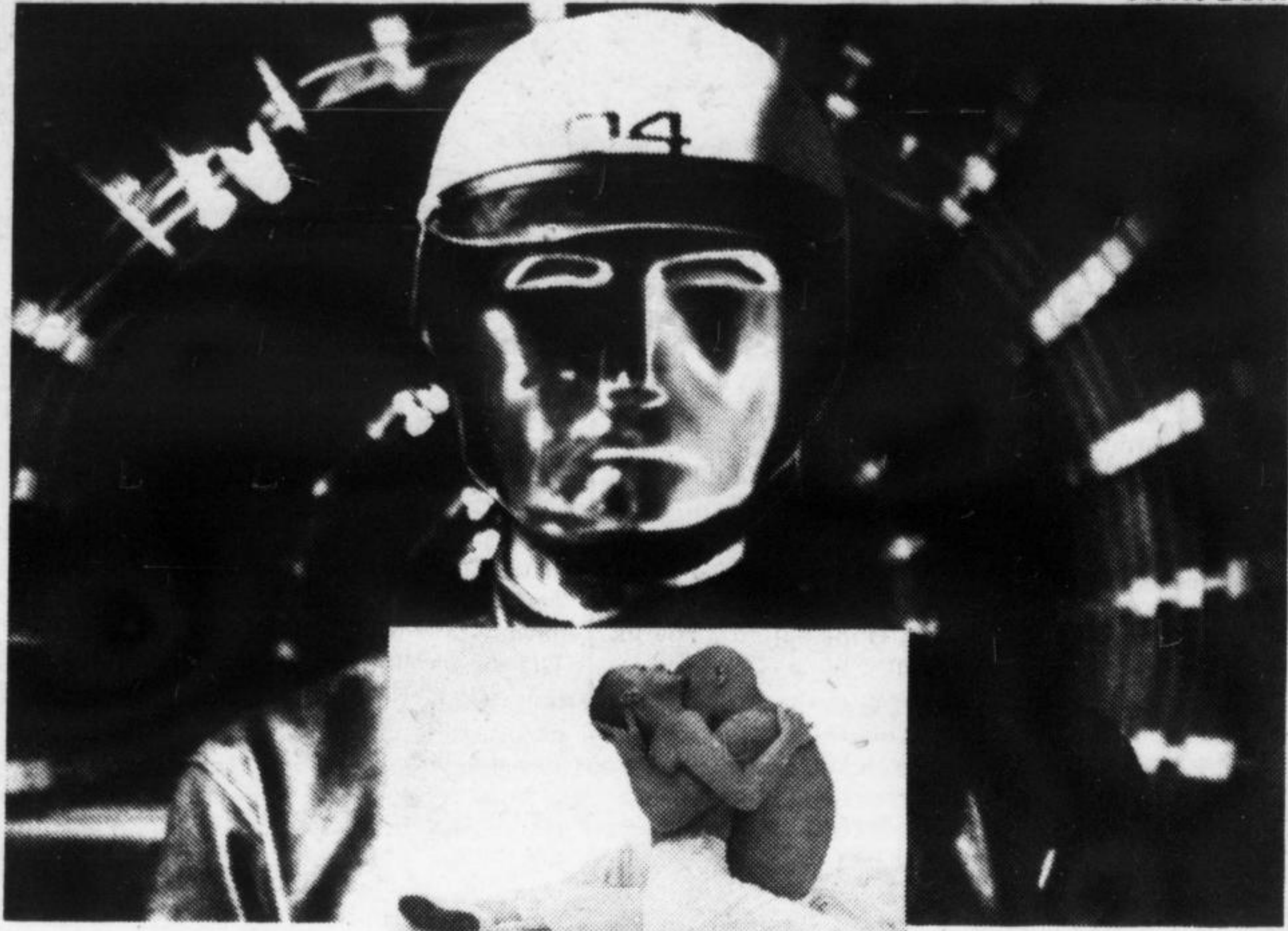
The implications of this discovery are far-reaching. For one thing, it is not clear that several theories of how aspirin functions must be discarded. It is clear, for example, that the drug does not act by interfering with the substances against which the body is reacting or even by protecting the sensitive sites in the body from the materials which are originally responsible for the reaction.

Indeed, it now seems clear that in the reaction of the body to some external challenge — as in inflammation in the lungs — what happens is that the external challenge sets off a sequence of chemical reactions involving the release of certain substances with definite characteristics. What aspirin does is to interrupt or at least to modify this sequence.

The next job will be to find out precisely where the chain is broken and then to find out whether the experimental results with inflammation of the lungs are also a sufficient explanation of what happens in the use of sapirin against other excessive defensive reactions as in fever or in pain.

"KUBRICK'S '2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY' SET SOME NEW STANDARDS FOR MOVIES: 'THX 1138' MEETS THEM!"

-After Dark

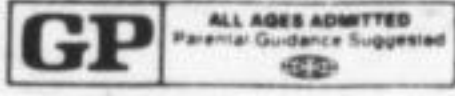


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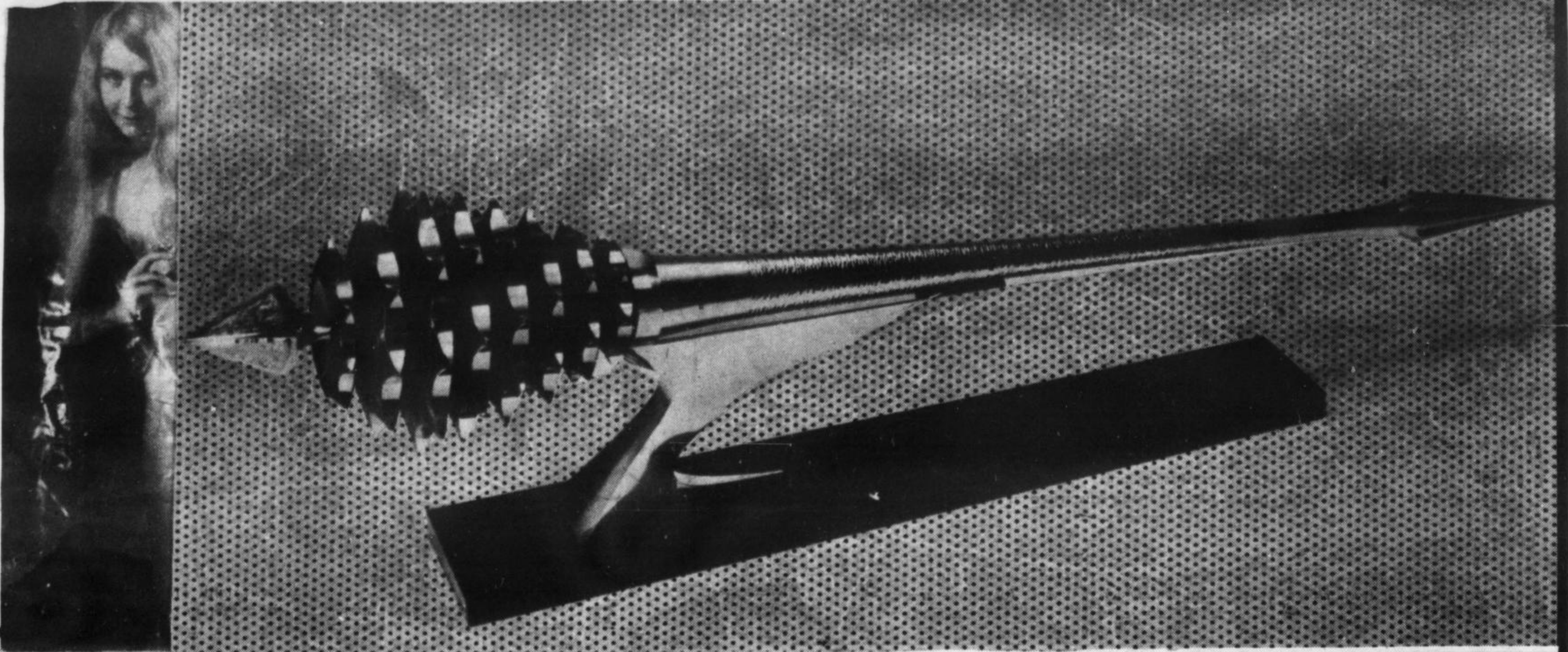
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New Deal On The New Deal

by Alex Gross

scheduled to go to real, live artists. But already artists are beginning to rub their eyes in shock and disbelief, wondering what the implications of state support for the artist could turn out to be.

This is leading to a new interest in what actually happened under the New Deal artists' programs, and more and more people are beginning to look for a book called *Federal Support for the Visual Arts: The New Deal and Now* by Francis V. O'Connor. Those interested in the subject and able to fork out the necessary \$8.50 will not be disappointed, though they will have to be of a scholarly turn of mind, as this book is not easy reading.

It is probably necessary that the first important book on this era is a scholarly one, for the author discovered during his researches that no one had sufficiently cared for this period to bother organizing the copious documentary material available on it in Washington, and that the existing archives were simply a mess. Because of his work, later scholars and writers will have a much easier time. But what is perhaps most interesting and intriguing of all is that this book was actually commissioned by the Federal government in Washington and was published by the New York Graphic Society in New York under a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

The amount of misinformation in circulation about this period is positively staggering. Most people imagine there was only one program for artists at this time, which they erroneously refer to as the "WPA." The correct name for this program was in fact the FAP, or Federal Artists Project, and furthermore there were three other federal programs for artists going during the Depression, all of them administered by the Treasury Department. These treasury programs followed the elitist theories of the time that certain artists were allegedly better than others and therefore deserved better commissions and higher pay. These theories are still current today, and there are any number of self-styled

revolutionary critics and artists who would not hesitate to defend them. Yet the actual fact is that none of the artists who worked for these elitist Treasury programs have left their names or their influence to the present day, while the artists who worked for the more egalitarian FAP, where work and wages were given to any artist with a modicum of skill, count among all the best-known and most esteemed artists of the modern movement.

One reason the FAP program has fallen into disrepute is that during its last years it was subjected to so much bureaucratic and political pressure that this period has colored the memories of many of the FAP artists with considerable bitterness. This was the time of growing attacks on the program by the Hearst press and the partial economic recovery stimulated by the possibility of war. Yet during its hey-day the FAP worked admirably, considering the misery of the time, just as government-supported programs for the arts are working admirably today in such countries as Holland, Finland, and Canada.

Perhaps the best witness for the FAP program itself are the words of the artists who worked on it:

"More than six years of constant work in an atmosphere of complete artistic freedom brought my career to maturity in a gradual and natural manner. I did what I chose to do and thus came to rely on my personal feelings rather than on the pressures of the market, which might have resulted in a loss of faith in my own identity. Early success based upon clever adaptation to current styles is fatal for an artist. On WPA I was able to find an identity—Supervision was tolerant and flexible. We were not expected to do anything striking or technically spectacular... to attract attention and win prizes in national competitions. The atmosphere was healthy. We didn't consciously try to be original—we were more interested in being ourselves. I therefore feel that the best of WPA work is a true reflection of the vitality that existed in American life. As such, this unforced, completely felt work is an important contribution to our national culture and will be prized more and more in the years ahead."

"The fact that the WPA/FAP was intrinsically a part of our culture, close to the grass roots,

giving the artist and the people (in and out of government) a kinship with art and artist—no exaggeration—The New Renaissance. Ninety percent of U.S. art today would never have been, without it"

"In the twenties the artistic center was Paris. The thirties could easily have been a completely sterile period. Instead it formed the basis for the subsequent development of American art as a major force."

"The sense of community dominated the period 1936-1939 in New York. It is still recalled with wonder among those who shared it. It is probably unique and can never happen again. The interesting thing is that all of the usual contentions were present, abstractionists vs. social realists, older vs. younger, etc. but these differences were submerged in a situation which was virtually non-competitive in all its basic aspects. Reinforcing this was the almost total isolation of all the artists of this community from the cultural clap trap of dealers, patrons, museums, decorators, promoters, critics with Madison Avenue notions, etc. Competition in art is inimical to it—is poison to artists as a group."

"Artistically it freed the artists from the idea that another artist is a competitor or potentially so, and it made it possible for artists to work together, as they should do in groups, in promotion of ideas and projects. The experiments in silk-screen, which had been a commercial medium, is an example. Anthony Velonis was responsible for suggesting it, and a group of artists, chosen from the graphic project, of which I was one, did the first prints. The artists, working together, were responsible for that wave of popularity that swept silk screen into fame and acceptance as a fine art medium." * * *

"We were all permeated by a sense of anxiety and a feeling of being outside of the establishment. It was the first time artists ever had a notion that they could get something if they would gang up and holler. They had the common experience of being on the dole. Socially we knew only artists because most of us were from other parts of the country and art was what we had in common in New York. Also we had more time to talk and no money. Talking was the main sport and activity in our free time. I knew hundreds of artists during those years.

In the last twenty years I have known less than half a dozen. In those days everybody went to every exhibition and every exhibition would bring on lots more arguments. Discussions of aesthetics often led to fistfights. I once saw a man get knocked cold because he said that Georgia O'Keefe could be called a painter. Who on Madison Avenue today cares passionately enough about any artistic idea to get beat up for it? Also many of the leading artists of that time were active among artists and available to the young as advisers and friends—such as Kuniyoshi, Rivera, Steiglitz, John Sloan, George Grosz and many others. I knew them all even though I was only a green kid." * * *

"The continuous meaningful, and close contact with the most important and vital group of artists in the country: at a time when we had some general common aim and activities, but the greatest possible spread of artistic ideas; at a time when we were being paid to work continuously at ART—this was tremendously stimulating." * * *

"To this date we meet and reminisce about the good old days—when we flourished as artists together, then as now there were greater and lesser artists, but everyone had respect for the other fellow artist and his need to work at his art—The economic aspects, as poor as they were, were not terribly important. It was the artistic freedom that was important, and I feel without that era we could not have gone as far in art in America as we have." * * *

"Economically, the program after 1937, when the first mass firings took place, was disastrous. For those with families, who could not subsist on relief, it meant taking the meanest jobs (dishwashing, etc.) and thus disqualifying themselves from applying again later. Unnecessary hardships were endured, which in many instances broke the spirit of artists. After 1937 artists anticipated the dreaded pink slip every payday. This was a demoralizing experience which has embittered many artists and has turned them against Federal sponsorship of the arts. It has also given them painful memories of their years on WPA which have tended to outweigh the advantages they received."

YOUNG SCULPTOR SHOWS AT THREE TOP GALLERIES SIMULTANEOUSLY
(Has this phenomenon ever occurred before?)



Neke Carson has three shows of his Directional Slide Sculpture at the Castelli Gallery, the Fischback Gallery, and the Feigan Downtown Gallery. Carson, like many young artists today, is frustrated by the near impossibility of getting a show at a gallery that he respects, and with whom he would like to show. Besides, such sought after galleries are booked up for two or three years in advance, making one unable to have work which is created now, shown now.

Unlike most of these artists, however, Carson is using his position and the direction of the art scene in a positive way, a new way. His approach has never been tried before. Carson feels that immediacy is what is important to him now, to show this week, not in five or ten years, and he has devised a system which enables him to make his art and get it to the public in one week.

The physical reality of Carson's Directional Slide Sculpture consists of a number of slides of works of art by other artists which are presently being shown at a gallery, enclosed in the yellow plastic box which film companies use in returning processed slides. Inside the box, half-way through the slides, is a note explaining that this three-dimensional object - the box with the slides - is Carson's "work of art." He is giving the works which he has photographed a new direction by redirecting them from the gallery where they are on exhibit, to a new gallery where, upon their arrival, they are also "on exhibit" as part of Carson's New Directions Show. The Directional Slide Sculpture arrived at the three galleries on March 12, and on March 15, hundreds of fliers announcing and briefly explaining the show were sent, pasted, and distributed around the New York area. The object at each gallery is for sale. The price? Totally up to the gallery. Carson only hopes that if sold, the gallery will give him his 50%.

Carson feels that this and other new directions are needed in the art world. The gallery's direction of playing it safe in this time of economic recession, of showing only what they have pushed and what they can now sell as a safe investment, is deadening.

Carson's show is not done in anger, it is done in humor. He is not laughing maliciously at galleries and what they have done to artists, he is smiling. He is using the ridiculous, and absurd, to get his point across. A gallery looks at slides of work that they would never consider showing, and then discover that the work is "on display" at their very own gallery. Carson gets satisfaction from these shows. It makes him feel good. It also brings him publicity. It is a progression of his work which may change his position. Next month the New Directions Shows can expand to include even more galleries, and Carson may use slides of the work which is on display this month, that is, the yellow plastic box containing slides. In this way, he will be redirecting the work which has already been redirected. If Carson chooses, these shows can continue indefinitely - that is their power.

Carson wants his Directional Slide Sculpture to be treated as a show, not as a stunt. It is a show about a concept - seeing old things in new terms, and what should be more old and familiar to a gallery than slides of paintings or sculpture that are already being shown at another gallery.

What are the reactions of the galleries? When I showed my flier to a girl at Fischbach, she immediately knew what I was referring to and

took out her flier and the slide sculpture. She smiled but seemed a bit confused. When I asked if it was for sale, she seemed even more confused and admitted that she hadn't really discussed it with the director.

At Castelli, I spoke to a blonde young man who smiled too, but not as much. I looked at the sculpture and asked him if it were for sale - a more confused smile - "Your guess is as good as mine," he said, but, of course, that isn't quite true.

The most interesting reaction occurred at the Feigan Downtown. A boy in a blue denim jacket singing "Working Class Hero" was at the desk. Unlike the other two galleries, he didn't know anything about the sculpture, but had seen the fliers posted. I told him that I was in a hurry and suggested he check the stack of slide boxes behind him. Sure enough, after his second try, he found one labeled "Neke Carson." I looked at it, in it, asked if it were for sale. He laughed and said he didn't know. I said I wanted to buy it and he said I could have it. "But you SELL art here - galleries are here to make money, aren't they?" "But free's better," he insisted. "Okay, I'll just take them... and return them." "You don't have to do that. Just leave your name so this guy will know who's got his slides."

So, I was given a sculpture, free, by the Feigan Gallery, but I think I'll return it so that others can view it.

- Nina Paull

So Spiro is a humuncious after all



Protest Art by Stella Waitzkin

WILLIAM T. WILLIAMS
Reese Palley Gallery
March 5-27

William's paintings are a festival of color and motion which captured my attention as I entered the gallery and sent me spiralling through to the far wall.

This rush of excitement is enhanced by the absence of space between the eight canvases. The vividly colored bands which formed circles and serpentine lines which increase their visual clarity. Small triangles opportunely placed, straight strips, and triangular flaps like pages of a book combine with these to create a complex fast moving world that sings and spins both forward and backward into the canvas. The surface of the paintings is enlivened by textures varying from smooth to rippled areas. A second group of six paintings which bend around a wall are a bit simpler. There are more angles than curves, and one travels through them more slowly. These are earlier.

Another group of three paintings are earlier still. Here the curved strips are broken up so that they swing. Downstairs the show continues with small water colors and pencil drawings. The water colors are again made of brilliant colors. They seem much like American Indian tapestries, more-or-less symmetrical patterns conceived of triangles and ellipses. Each builds a repeat rhythm of verticals or horizontals, much slower in motion than the large paintings. The pencil drawings are

linier preliminary sketches, yet sensitive and fluid and works in their own right. They develop the motions of the larger paintings upstairs, whose structure progresses in intensity and speed, the later ones containing twice the energy and power of the earlier ones.

It is a beautiful show.

- Nina Paull

STEPHEN POSEN
O.K. Harris Gallery
March 12-April 3

Stephen Posen is part of a five-man show. His paintings are of boxes covered by drapery. At first the rectangular boxes seem to be trying to fight their way out, but the force is not that great, and that is not their intention. The struggle has been completed, they are still now, dead, wrapped in shrouds.

The planes created by the forms, enhanced in interest by the vast number and variety of the folds of cloth are enclosed in the canvas. Occasionally a point almost touches an edge, but not quite. The shrouded boxes are contained by white, or off-white, in the case of a shadow. The beauty, the tension, the balance would almost be exciting if one did not feel the coldness of these paintings. They are technically excellent, visually interesting, yet emotionally chilling. One only hopes that Mr. Posen truly has a love of boxes and drapery.

- Nina Paull



Stephen Posen Oil - Canvas



Philo T Farnsworth

SOMETIMES RIGHT BEFORE SPRING COMES MARCHING DOWN THE STREET, THERE'S A WHOLE NEW DREAM IN THE AIR. SOME PEOPLE LET IT SLIDE BY, SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T CARE. THERE WERE MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF AMERICAN KIDS IN THE 1950S THAT WERE BROUGHT UP UNDER THE ELECTRONIC GUIDANCE OF TELEVISION. THE TEEVEE GENERATION. IT WAS POSSIBLE FOR PEOPLE THE WHOLE ROCK AND ROLL INDUSTRY NOT ONLY TO GROW AND FLOURISH IN THE INTERESTS OF FREE TRADE BUT THEY WERE ALLOWED TO TAKE CONTROL OF REACHING THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE THAT WERE PLUGGED INTO IT. IT HYPNOTIZED A WHOLE GENERATION, THAT SAME BUNCH OF PEOPLE ARE CALLING THE WOODSTOCK NATION WAS BROUGHT UP SUCKING A TUBE. ELECTRON FREAKS WATTAGE WIZZARDS, THE MIRACLE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. MOTHERS AND FATHERS OF AMERICA WERE PROMPTED INTO BUYING THE KIDS ELECTRIC GUITAR LESSONS AND THE RACE WAS ON.

THE MAN MOST RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CEASLESS STREAM, THIS ENDLESS DREAM DIED LAST WEEK. UNASSUMINGLY ENOUGH HIS NAME WAS PHILO T. FARNSWORTH. BORN AND RAISED AS A SHEEP HEADER IN THE WILDERNESS OF BEAVER UTAH, HE GREW UP AROUND THE AMERICAN MID AND SOUTH WEST READING SCIENTIFIC JOURNALS AND ENCYCLOPEDIAS. A WHIZZ KID. AT THE AGE OF 15 WHILE ATTENDING HIGH SCHOOL IN IDAHO, HE DREW A SKETCH ON THE BLACK BOARD AND EXPLAINED TO HIS TEACHER THAT IT WAS A DESIGN FOR SENDING PICTURES USING ELECTRICITY. 6 YEARS LATER HE PATENTED THE ELECTRONIC SCANNING DEVICE THAT HE HAD PERFECTED. THE FIRST PATENT ON TELEVISION. *HE WAS THE FATHER OF TELEVISION* AS WE KNOW IT. HE ATTENDED BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY AND WHILE OPERATING HIS OWN LAB IN SAN FRANCISCO, A BANKER PUT UP THE MONEY AND IT WAS IN HIS GREEN STREET LABORATORY THAT HE FIRST TRANSMITTED PICTURES. THE SECOND THING EVER TO BE TRANSMITTED WAS A PICTURE OF A DOLLAR SIGN. FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK.

AS THE YEARS WENT BY AND THE PATENTS BEGAN TO PILE UP. HE WAS THE HOLDER OF SOME 200 ODD PATENTS WORLD WIDE. THERE

WERE MANY CORPORATION HASSELS OVER HIS WORKS BECAUSE THEY WERE THE MIRACLE THE AGE. HE CAME UP WITH THE FIRST WORKING DIAGRAMS FOR TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING OF PICTURES CODED INTO ELECTRONIC IMPULSES. IT WAS A TELEVISION. IT WAS LIKE ALL THOSE BUCK RODGERS STRIPS THAT PEOPLE USED TO READ ABOUT SPACE TRAVEL AN OTHER WORLDS OTHER LANDS. NO ONE BELIEVED THAT STUFF 30-40 YEARS AGO. MORE NEW DEVELOPMENTS HAVE REARRANGED THE WAY WE LIVE, THINK, TALK, AND ACT.

MIRACLE MAN DIES. WORLD CONTINUES TO SPIN AS PHILO T FARNSWORTS TRAVELS THE LONELY ROAD TO HIS JUST REWARD. SO LONG PHILO AND THANKS FOR THE LIGHT.

THEN MAGICALLY APPEARING ON THE SCREEN FROM ANOTHER PLACE ANOTHER DREAM FROM A LAND THATS JUST AN ON OFF SWITCH AWAY, THE GRAMMY AWARDS WERE COMING MY WAY THRU THE MAGIC OF INSTANT REPLAY ON THE ACTION OF THE DAY. IT WAS LIKE AN AFTERNOON SOAP OPERA WHERE ALL THE CHARACTERS KNOW WHAT TO SAY AND SAY THEIR LINES ON TIME. ELECTRONIC DANCERS FLICKERING TO RHYTHM AND RHYME. IT WAS THE BIGGEST EVENT OF THE EVENING ACROSS THE COUNTRY. MILLIONS WERE PLUGGED IN TO WATCH THE ENDLESS PARADE OF THE GREAT AND NEAR GREAT COMING IN TUXEDOS TO PAY HOMMAGE TO THE ONE FORCE THAT BINDS THE MUSIC INDUSTRY AND THE MOVIE INDUSTRY AND THE TELEVISION INDUSTRY AND THE SUPERMARKET INDUSTRY AND THE AMERICAN SLEEPING MAJORITY TOGETHER. YOU GUESSED IT THE ALL MIGHTY DOLLAR WAS BEING CELEBRATED BY THOSE THAT HAVE SOLD MORE THAN A MILLION UNITS IN THEIR TIME. THE GOLD RECORD WINNERS AND ALL THEIR FRIENDS WANT TO THANK YOU THE WOODSTOCK NATION AND THE SLEEPING SITUATION FOR MAKEING IT ABLE FOR THEM TO LIVE LIKE KINGS AND QUEENS AND GET INTO SO MANY SORTED SCENES WITH THE MONEY YOU PAY TO BUY YOUR CULTURE BACK FROM THE HIP CAPITALISTS DO YOU KNOW WHERE ALL THE JUKEBOX MONEY GOES????

BUT ANYWAYS IT WAS A NICE CEREMONY AND THERE WERE A FEW SURPRISES, PHIL SPECTOR

WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THERE TO ACCEPT THE AWARD FOR THE SOUNDTRACK TO *LET IT BE* BUT WHEN THE NAME WAS CALLED WHO POPPED UP BUT PAUL MCCARTNEY AND HIS WIFE. IT WAS WONDERFULL THEY CAME DANCEING OUT OF THE DARKENED AUDIENCE UP TO THE STAND SMILING AT THE CAMERAS ALL THE WAY, THEY REALLY LOOK JUST LIKE ALL THOSE PEPSI COMMERCIALS THATS WHERE THE PEOPLE AT PEPSI GOT THE IDEA FOR THE PEPSI GENERATION. IT WAS THE BEATLES, ONE OF THEIR TOP EX-EXECUTIVES TOLD ME A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, "WE FIGURED THAT IF THEY COULD SELL SO MANY RECORDS THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO SELL PEPSI TOO. THATS WHAT THEY TRIED TO DO, GET THE BEATLES TO SELL SOFT DRINKS TO THE FOOLS.

THE PARADE WENT ON, JOHN WAYNE WAS THERE AND SO WAS THE 5TH DIMENSION AND GLENN CAMBELL AND HENRI MANCINI. THEY ALL CAME TO SEE WHO WON THE ANUAL LOTTERY FOR FAME GAME. ITS THE THING TO GET TO THE TOP. THEY ALL WANT TO BE THERE AND MAKE THE *BIG MONEY* THATS WHAT DRIVES THEM ON.

THEN THE JAZZ AWARD CAME ON AND THERE WAS A HUSH IN THE AUDIENCE THE MOST RESPECTED OF ALL CATEGORIES. THE AWARD FOR THE BEST JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR. ALL THE TOPS WERE NOMINATED, DUKE ELLINGTON, PAUL DESMOND, QUINCY JONES, AND A COUPLE OTHERS. MILES DAVIS WON IT FOR *WITCHES BREW*.

SIMON AND GARFUNKLE WERE THERE TO COLLECT THE HONORS FOR *BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATERS*, THEY GOT THREE AND I STOPPED COUNTING AFTER THAT.

YES A NICE SAFE EVENING FOR MISTER AND MISSIS AMERICA. LIKE HAVING A JUKEBOX IN YOUR TELEVISION SET TO GO ALONG WITH THE TIGER IN YOUR TANK AND THE GIANT IN YOUR WASHER... THE ONE SURPRISE OF THE EVENING WAS THAT *BB KING* WON A GRAMMY FOR *THE THRILL IS GONE*. HE REALLY DESERVES ONE TOO. THE BAND PLAYED ONE SONG AFTER ANOTHER AND THE COMMERCIALS CAME AT NICELY SPACED 20 MINUTE INTERVALS AND I COULD JUST HEAR ALL OF AMERICA OUT THERE SNORING ON INTO THE NIGHT, SLEEP WELL AMERICA, YES, ITS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

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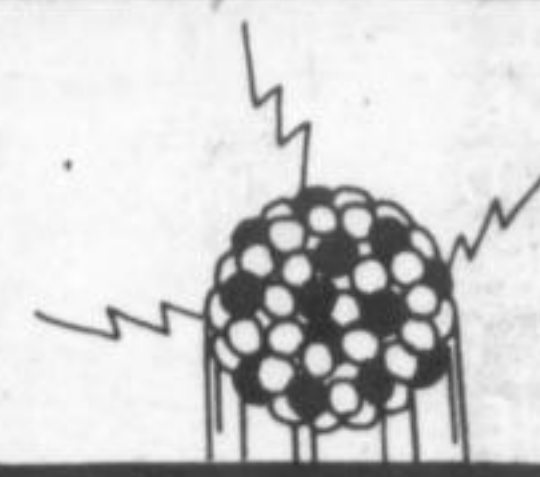
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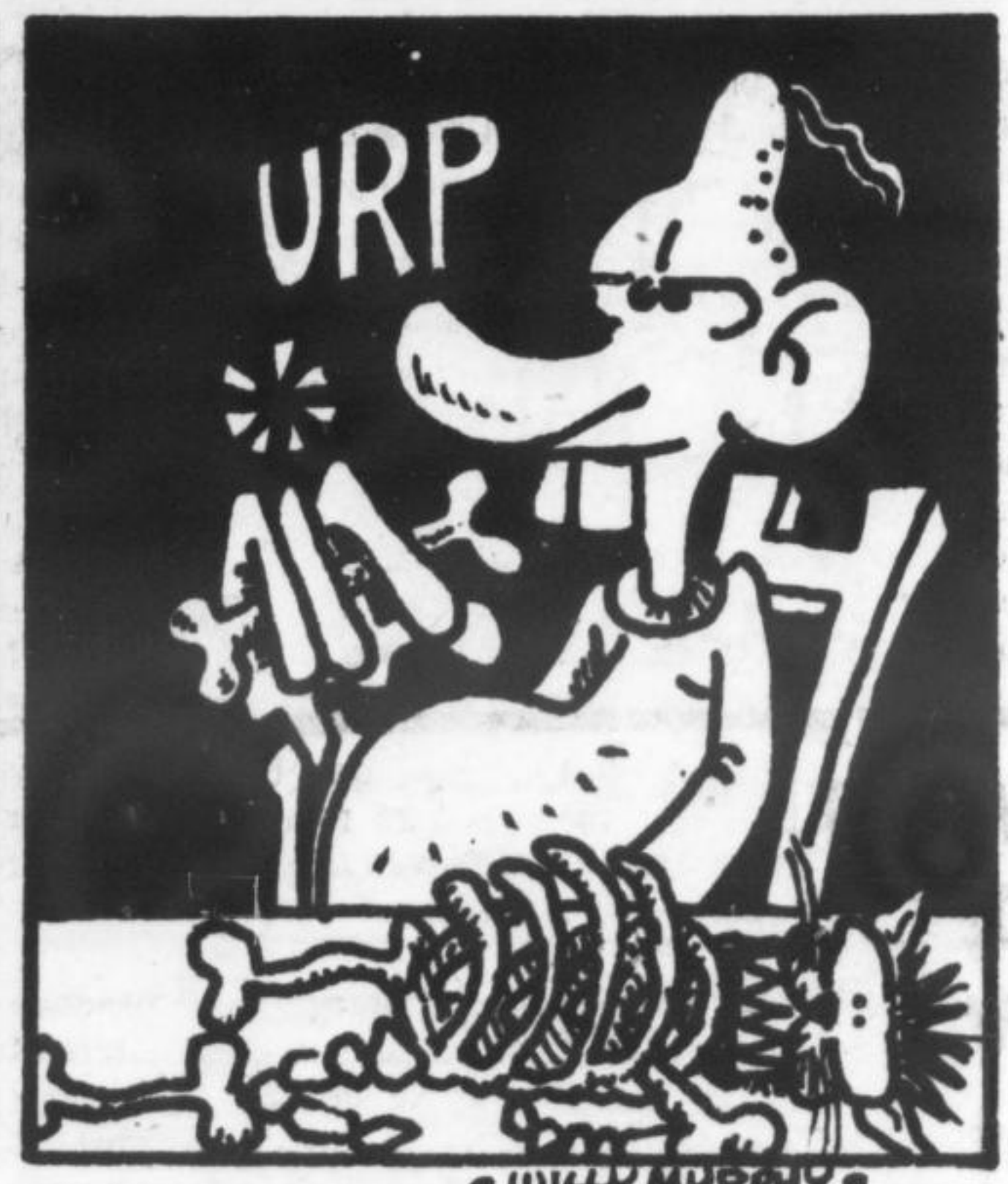
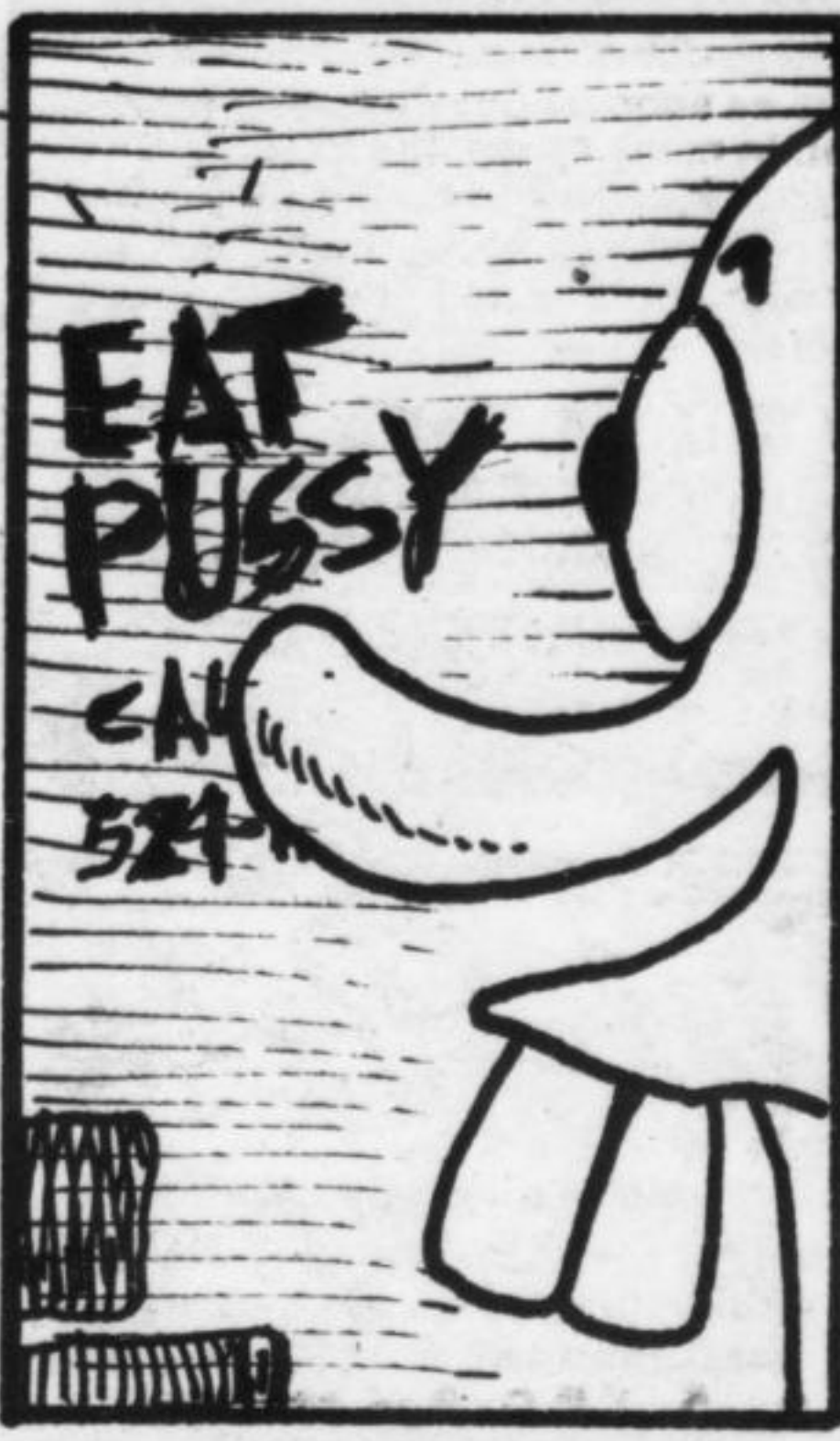
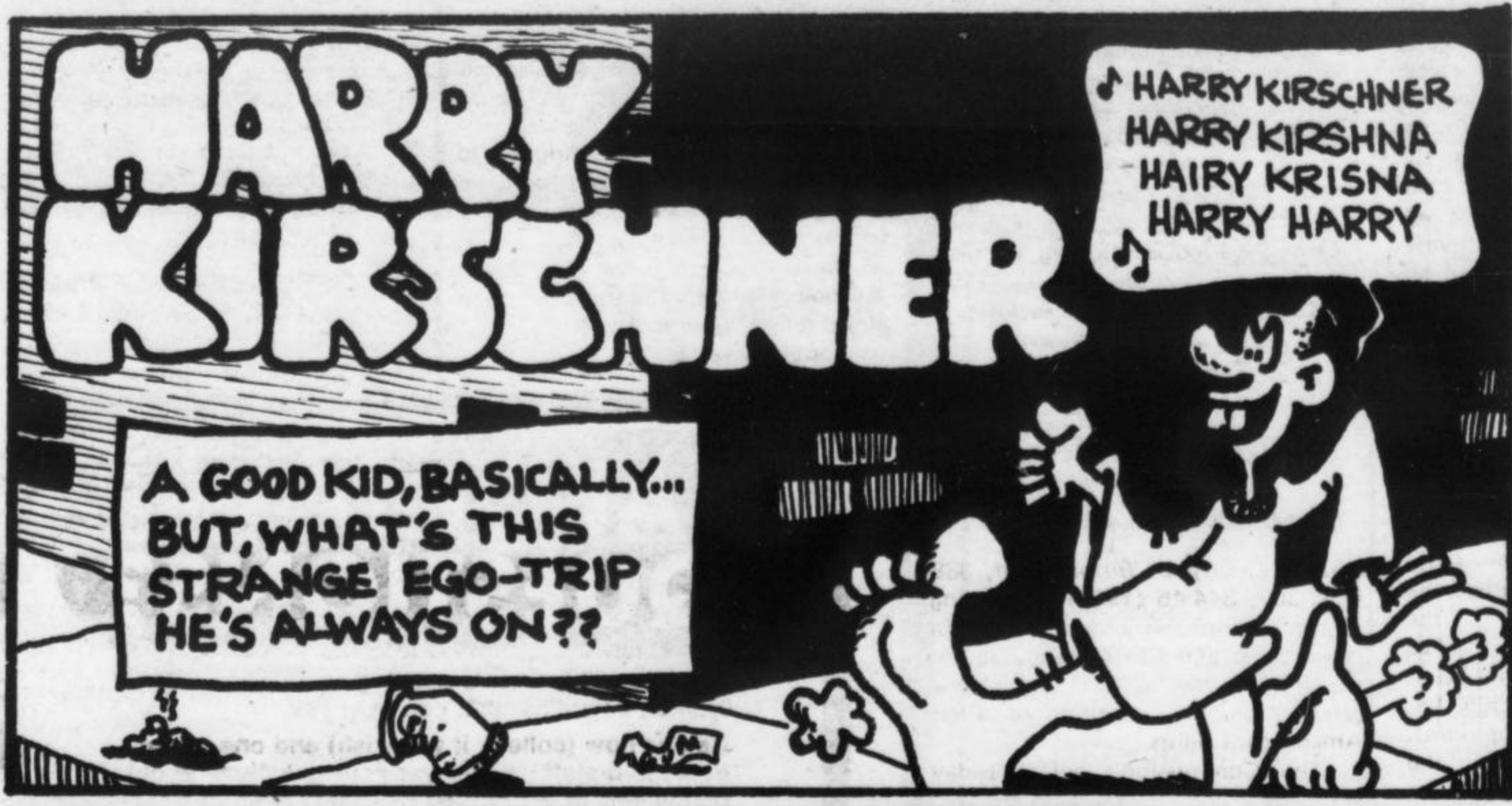
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JOHNSON

(Continued from Page 3)

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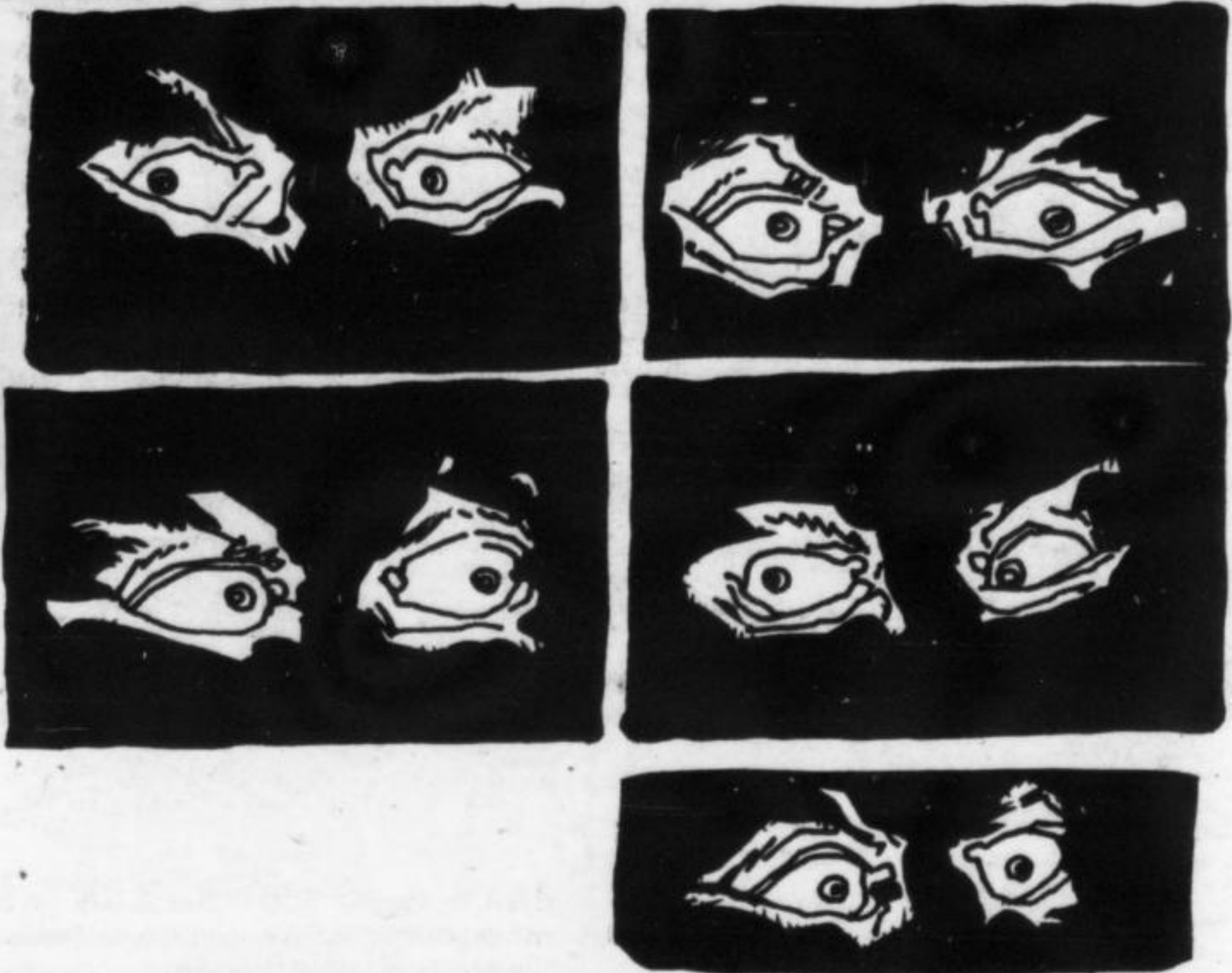
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(Continued on Page 20)


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"You think I can really keep prices down?"

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, every time you refuse to pay more than the ceiling price, every time you shun a black market, you're helping to keep prices down.

*"But I thought the government put a
ceiling on prices."*

You're right, a price ceiling for your protection. And it's up to you to pay no more than the ceiling price. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And black markets not only boost prices—they cause shortages.

"Doesn't rationing take care of shortages?"

Your ration coupons will—if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Your ration book merely sets a limit on your purchases. Every coupon you don't use today means that much more for you—and everybody else—to share tomorrow.

*"Then what do you want me to do
with my money?"*

Save it! Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts and don't make new ones. Buy and hold War Bonds. Then your money can't force prices up. But it can speed the winning of the war. It can build a prosperous nation for you, your children, and our soldiers, who deserve a stable America to come home to. Keep your dollars out of circulation and they'll keep prices down. The government is helping—with taxes.

*"Now wait! How do taxes help
keep prices down?"*

We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go. And it's better to pay more taxes NOW—while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So . . .

*Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .
Make it do . . . Or do without*



