THE OTHER village

VOL 6 NO. 41
OCT 20, 1971

INSIDE:

Letter From Leary

WPLJ Purge

Katzman On Sanders

On Charlie Manson

Krassner

Kupferberg

A funny thing happened to Larry Rivers when he tried to place an ad for his film TITS in the Village Voice.

THEY REFUSED TO PRINT THE WORD TITS.

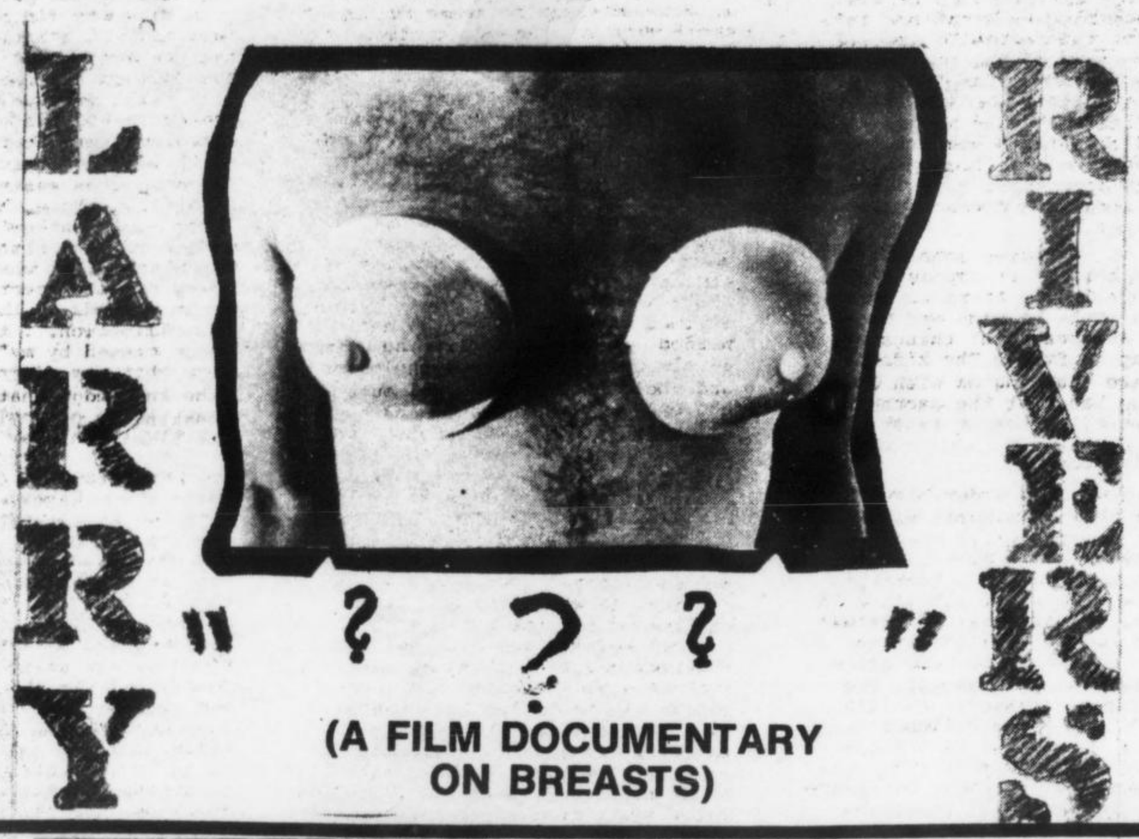
After inquiring as to the reason for their refusal and the avarage Voice reader's reaction to the rest of the paper, Larry received the following specimen of twisted logic:

"When the avarage reader picks up the paper and sees the word TITS, he sees it not in context of your documentary but sees it rather in context of gutter slang, gutter talk. There is a distinction between advertising and editorial. We separate advertising from editorial. What is permitted in editorial is permitted but that does not mean that people can buy space anytime and for just anything."

After complimenting Larry on his "wonderful artistry", the lady intimated that the prime fac tor that contributed to her dubious decision was the possible reaction of that invisible,mysterious and all powerful entity boorishly referred to as "Woman's Lib".

Not being one of the Voice's faithful regulars this bit of logic eludes me.It is difficult for me to conceive of myself relating to tits and gutters in the same breath and furthermore I fail to see any truly liberated woman objecting to tits, no matter what word is used.

I do wonder whether the Voice's sister entity within the greater CBS conglamorate, the New York Yankees, would permit me to kiss my woman between strikes and her kissing me between the balls.



Cover detail from a painting byAnita Steckel.
Caligraphy on Tuli's page by Leslie Weinberg.

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advertising:jonathan postel / distribution:werewolf distributors

second class postage paid at
New York,N.Y.EAST VILLAGE OTHER
published bi-weekly at20el2th st
New York, N.Y. 10003
telephone:255-2130-1-2 /1971/

LETTER FROM LEARY

Exactly one year ago I was waiting for the 8:30 "count, clear" whistle to make my cell with blackened sneakers to head for the prison fence.
What a year! So many liberations, each totally new. Undergrounds with leather. New set of Karma. Tarrot cards and how beautiful they were. Spin the wheel. Fly to Paris. All out involvement with newangels. New universe of possibilities in Europe. Spin the wheel. Fly to Algeria. Live [illegible] under collaboration [illegible] until the energy got too [illegible]. Spin the wheel. Two months on [illegible] uneasy. Cleaver [illegible]. Shuffle the cards. [illegible] have European [illegible] people [illegible] Switzerland [illegible] new allies. America [illegible] to help. Enormous [illegible] in Europe. Great network of love and hope here.
What a year. It will take a long time of quiet reflection to understand what has been happening. But one thing seems clear. Since the escape from San Louis Obispo and going underground we have been receiving hostile vibrations from anyone who has any stake in the American establishment and we have received loving and positive vibrations from those who have no investment in the American system.Practically this means that those who hold valid American passports have tended to rip us off or snitch us off.They want us back. The one who escapes the system creates a feeling of rejection; envious(?) resentment,of betrayal in those who are left.American Karma is so powerful.Surprising how many people felt personally betrayed when we so publically and decisively left. Many of our "revolutionary" and "spititual" friends are deeply committed to American rewards.Eldridge is totally AMERICAN.He doesn't really want to change the system. He wants to RUN it.Same is true of many hippy-love-peace friends. Jan Wenner. Playboy.Alan Douglas. Rock stars etc. The only Americans who came with love and help were those who had fake passports or the very young.The "age"factor. The guys I used to call menapausal in 1963 have now become senile.The "nostalgia" trip for example.And most of our comrades of the sixties have become middleaged. I used to kid Eldridge about the ridiculousness of middle aged men in Algeria sending out pompous manifestos to American youth telling them what dopes to avoid etc. During the sixties we did help set up a new "hip" establishmentwhich is now upset at change.

One obvious change that we applaud and go along with is the waning of American influence. The dollar fell the day we arrived in Switzerland. We cheered, even though it hurt us financially.

America is really cursed by genocide.The only hope is dope and total drop out. The European kids see this clearly while the left philosophers deplore the "retreat" to hedonism and self containment on the "quiet" campuses. The kids say"the only things we can agree on are sex and dope".The two intolerable threats to any power system.Free bodies and free nervous systems.

There is also the familiar attempt to write our obituaries. I remember my boss at Harvard saying"this drug thing is a fad like hoola hoops.The establishment press has been announcing the death of "hippie" since 1966.The psychiatric academy started diagnosing my brain damage in 1967; The guards who locked me up on February 18 1970 laughed and said"Well, that ends that.Throw away the key." Jan Wenner writes the same refrain. He won't publish anything I write because "the fad is over".PAYBOY announces" he"ll either come back in a year or so or committ suicide"(Page 3,July 1971 issue). All the rumors, That I really didn't write that Weatherman letter.So speak of the "recurring" rumor that there is something wrong with me.That rumor was started in 1960.What is "wrong" is that we continue to do what we were designed to do,change, evolve,move on,die and be reborn,serial reincarnation, practice what we preach,continue, so put our chips on the wheel and let it spin.Our minds are being blown at the ritual rhythm.The revelations keep coming. We are involved with higher and higher energies.The game is being played out now at the level of nations and continents.Rosemary and I have never been closer,more grateful, more serene.We are always [illegible] few versions of mythic hero tom [illegible] aware of the [illegible] unity. We are sadly aware that those who are circulating rumors that there is something "wrong" have no idea of what we have been really doing. [illegible] have not seen us in years [illegible] Playboy [illegible] came out with a long psychological attack on us. My God, all he knows about us is what he reads in the press. [illegible] about us or what [illegible] something is wrong are talking about themselves.He does see so many of our companions [illegible] the corridors of [illegible]. Think about those who [illegible] and realize that they are in the same offices, bored and trapped, performing the same routines,drifting away from their mates,drifting back to booze and downers,resisting change.

America is a plague area. It is possible that it is impossible to be sane in the American system. The world is wide and broad. Amazing and beautiful things are happening in Europe.The kids in Prague are turning on with cough syrup.Too bad that the sacrament is so inferior.,but at least they sense the solution and have the government worried.

Of course we live under heavy pressure.But that is natural.Wild animals are never totally secure.We remain outlaws. We have to maintain a high level of allertness and surveillance.Our situation IS dangerous.But at least we are awa- of the danger.The danger is not just our personal neurotic problem.It is a species danger. One of our karmic tasks is to live out publically the dillemma of our times.We act out on the international stage what every one has to work out in their own heads. We have left the myth of asylum which will be of great importance to the next generation of Algerians. Algeria accepted us and protected us from the wicked Americans.The myth has moved to Europe.We are now in the European consciousness.

The implications of our odyssey will reverberate for years.
Can you think of a better time in history to be an outlaw.exile,expatriot,dangerous fugitive from the most genocidal government in history?Many of our friends think that we are tragic figures because the American government is so eager to silence and destroy us.WHEW! Who would want to be otherwise these days? It's that insidious American-imperial neurosis. The greatest thing that could happen to any American who wishes to stay alive and grow and evolve is that he should lose his American passport and be condemned to live as expatriotand then (among many spiritual and practical rewards) discovers that there is a great global tidal wave of revulsion against American fascism. To be a persecuted exile automatically brings waves of love and support from free people all over the world."So the American government thinks that you are dangerous?Right on,comrades! Welcome to the freedom club;"

I spell out some of these perspectivesto provide you with positive energy to deal with the negative avalanche that overwhelms any turned on person in America.We have never been free-er or happier.And never been surrounded with more loyal and powerful loving friends.While the myth is ESCAPE!!!(and we continue to avoid social imprisonment), we cannot escape the relentless law of Newtonian physics. For every action there is re-action.Everytime we have brewed up an alchemical liberation that has freed us and other inevitably comes the negative reaction. The greater the freedom energy,the greater the reaction. And you must know that the energies are increasing.No one in the US has any idea of the energies, the powers that we are tuned in to.When we arrived in Switzerland. what a wave of criticism.We were grown to be here etc.Etc.etc. Another masochistic trip.Etc.etc.

It has been so clear cut.Being away from the United States for [illegible] the few contacts with American friends are etched so clearly.In the vacuum chamber of exile one records the rare contacts with Americans. Those who sent over negative messages are in desperate situations. Those who sent loving vibrations,those who maintained their faithare,ofcourse, those who are themselves alive and growing.Faith in us is simply faith in themselves. [illegible] for example,Seventy years old,Retired [illegible] retired Divinity professor. He never doubted the verity of the vision.It is simple enough for him.This is the greatest spiritual mutation of history and for God's sake how can you hold back,cop out, compromise with Caesar etc.Its all straight New Testament,Socrates, Blake script for him. When I languished in Lausanne prison and needed a miracle to live,he didn't intelectualize and psychologize and hold back.He went all out, the only way to do anything (like my friwnd M.says,"when you start something you go all the way... he took us in his home, at great risk,strangers,he is opposed to drugs, and went all the way;like that great Gurdjieff story in the first chapter of"All and Everything" :"when you go on a fling, go whole hog,go all the way,including the postage") and W., not waiting for detailed legal instructions,or accounting details, went down to the bank and mortgaged his house for 20,000. He is a poor retired professor with children and grandchildren,and sent it to a swiss bank.No bullshit about banking details etc.Two days later I was free. Everyone knows where it is at.
OK. Who is W.C.? Just a retired professor who got turned on to God,it was what he had prayed for and believed in for sixty years, the divine ecstasy.Once experienced, he simplydid the obvious thing...remembered..didn't cop out...and defied the college trustees when they wanted to censor him etc. etc. etc. and is now, in his seventies writing books, and crusading around theological conferences and zooping off to take peyote with the Indians and is still reporting that he just had the greatest religious experience of his life".Diagnostic sign proofpositive of his basic sanity. Beware of anyone who can't tell you he or she had the greatest religious experience fairly RECENTLY. Lament for those who don't know that their greatest religiousexperiences lie ahead.. think of all the thousands of those who at the age of 21give up dope and go back to work or back to Jesus and know that they have had already at this young age the greatest religious experience of their lives in the past.

In re-reading this letter we are aware of the underlying note of resigned sorrow about American conracts. We cannot understand what is happening. We see what is happening and it bewilders us. No one seems to speak the truth. Such fragmentation and confusion. Weather seems to be the only clear message and there seems to be such a conspiracy to misinterpret them and ignore them.In Attica, why didn't the committee join the prisoners?The prisons are the crucible,the center of liberation. Why weren't hundreds of thousands surrounding the prison?During those long days why did everyone sit back and wring their hands when the revolution had started? I know how Jackson and the Attica prisoners felt, When we were held prisoners in Algeria(a small and only symbolic event, but still significant)... what confused us and frightened us was not the situation itself...we knew who wants us silenced and confined and why... we are not surprised by the pig mentality...but what was really scary was the reaction of American friends....the fear and immobilization... the panic and anger caused by my"escape letter" (how that was misinterpreted!!!! 'the knowledge that everyone was speaking up or really threatening the situation was being systematically wiped out...and only the prisoners and the outlaws those whose lives were on the line see it clearly. The fear and the cop-out.
I'm dissatisfied with this letter. It's much more negative than we feel. It is only when I' attempt to think or write about the American malaise that our thoughts are less than blissful. Americans(even the most radical) are hooked on the media trip and the cynicism and nihilism of the press seems to infect everyone. It is so refreshing to talk to Europeans who share and preserve the hopes and cherish the seeds we planted ten years ago.
I do feel uneasy about this letter. It's like writing to a prisoner telling himhow terrible his prison is. Weare working on a mass escape plan. We love you.

THE FALL OFFENDS ME

COCA CRYSTAL

We are not too far away from the end of the FALL OFFENSIVE. Then it will be over. Thousands of dollars will have been spent on the fall actions, and certainly many people's talents will have been exploited by those organizations who are trying to pull off the fall actions.

So far, we have seen Sept. 25, Angela Davis Day, roo by, and then there was Oct. 2, Prisoner Solidarity Day, with demos at Danbury and across the nation. Then there was a biggie, Moratorium Day-Oct.13. Mayor Lindsay spoke at a NPAC/PCPJ sponsored labor rally. Only a handful of people there yelled at him.

We have forgotten George Jackson. We have lived through and forgotten Attica. And yet, the BIG ACTION still lies ahead. The Washington Action, Oct. 22-25. How are we, a year from now, expected to remember that?

We have seen about six demonstrations in the New York area centered around Attica. Each one getting successively worse. The incredible irony of Rockefeller getting a humanitarian award at the Hilton, Oct. 14, from the Cerebral Palsy group. And there we were again, with the same old song and dance. Everyone screaming: "Attica means, fight back, Rockefeller's a murderer, tear down the jails." All this while marching in a police barricade. Not even a rumor of tearing down those things. Then someone starts chanting, "tear down the barricades, take to the streets." Our hopes are lifted a little. We could have easily blocked Sixth Avenue and maybe even attempted at crashing through the doors of the Hilton. But it was just another chant. People clap, strut, chant, but they don't get the message. They stay in the barricades while the pigs move in closer.

Whatever happened to exciting demonstrations? Have we all grown up THAT MUCH in the last five years, that we won't take the same risks anymore? Are we afraid to throw that paint or rock or bottle through the window? Or are we waiting for someone to tell us to do it, or not to do it?

Certainly trashing windows is a mere bee sting to the ruling class, but at least it is better than standing around boring each other to death. Even Attica didn't excite us enough. I am afraid that demonstrations, the likes of which we have been having for the last two months are totally inadequate. I fear that if we need to have something worse than Attica happen, just to excite us, then we would be better off to take Abbie's advice and work within the system and register to vote. We are not at that stage yet. But the movement is dying a sure death, and each lousy demonstration brings it closer to that last and final breath. I mean does it take an air strike over Harlem to make us mad, are we going to wait until half of all of the Black race is wiped out before we stand up at the outrage?

Since Mayday, there have been relatively few good or imaginative demonstrations. A demonstration doesn't have to be violent to be good. But when most of the people attending a demonstration are bored, then it is time to figure out something new.

Demonstrations in New York are now destined to failure. You choose a site and then the police arrive first and put up a barricade. Then all the demonstraters are herded into the barricades. They march, chant, sing, and go home, eventually. And there are always those of us who won't march inside a barricade and do everything we can to tear the fuckers down, sometimes successful, but not always.

We are outraged at Attica, at Rockefeller, at Nixon, at the system, at our enemy the ruling class. But demonstrations are not the answer. Maybe it really isn't our fault. After all, we are fighting the biggest power structure in the world, and it shouldn't be easy. But we have got to get down to the hard work now, the thinking, the strategy and total commitment to joining brothers and sisters who are fighting for their lives against the United States Government.

Perhaps some of the blame can rest on those organizing groups, who certainly do their best, but cannot relate to their "troops." They are great at getting people out. They know all the right contacts in the papers, they can get all the right heavies to speak at rallies, then their job is over, except of course for the bail funds, which they try to minimize by making sure that the line is non-violent. They talk us out of our militancy with the promise of a heavier action in the future. If we are violent out, we might ruin the fall offensive, that is going along oh, so well.

May Day is dead, don't let anybody tell you any different. I read in the NY Times that the MayDay tribe was going back to DC to take part in the PCPJ (Peoples Coalition for Peace & Justice) actions. The Atlanta MayDay conference just about put an end to MayDay, and the NY conference put it in it's grave. All the "heavies" split, all the capable people, who COULD have put together an action, split. Certainly it hurt to see it go. It had a lot of promise, but no really experienced people and no bread. And certainly those two items, if anything, are what keeps an organization alive. Rennie Davis left the MayDay tribe to become a coordinator of the PCPJ staff, and so did many other MayDay tribesmen (and women). PCPJ is going to be the only show in town, and if radicals want to get it on, PCPJ will be planning it all the way.

The biggest trouble with PCPJ is that it is ruled by the Communist Party with an iron fist, and they aren't into youth politics or youth culture. At the most they will concede to non-violent civil disobedience. Which is sitting down and refusing to move, although most of them are no, not on the streets at the time of the actions, but in their offices or hotel rooms. They don't like gay people, and for a woman to get recognition of any kind, she must be at least 45 years old. I really have to make these accusations, but not only is PCPJ [illegible], sexist, but unfortunately [illegible] also rascist with only a few token Blacks, who are not too militant. They don't get behind any issues other than anti-war, which is in itself, rascist.

They wanted MayDay to be alive if MayDay would provide that one small item they needed for their demonstrations: THE PEOPLE. But we didn't want to go back to Washington to get ripped off and go to jail for sitting down. It isn't our style. We wanted to go one step further to materially affect the government. To pull off our action slated for the Stock Exchange we needed PCPJ for their money. They had us over the barrel, and they voted it down, and went for the Washington action. So MayDay, without heavies or money was doomed to faine, which it eventually faced. And when it came, many went over to PCPJ for a staff salary or a chace to become a heavy.

And all the other organizations are not too much better. We really shouldn't need organizations anymore. They just get infiltrated anyway. The only possible alternative is small affinity groups. [illegible] will do. And instead of getting ripped off at a lousy demonstration take a handful of peace crackers (available at 156 5th Ave. [illegible]) and some literature and go up to Rockefeller Center. Go and pay friendly visits to Boeing, Dow, Dupont, IBM, General Dynamics (forget Esso-their security is too tight). Ask them about their government contracts, how much they make on the war, bother them, talk to them, keep them from their work and commit any act of sabotage you feel you can get away with. Put up stickers, write on the john walls, leave notes saying that people are dying because of blood-thirsty fuckers like Standard Oil and the Chase Manhattan Bank (don't forget the First National City). It's just so stupid to get ripped off at a demonstration that it doesn't do anything.

Anyway, the action in Washington will probably be covered by all the media. People will try to sit down on the White House lawn and evict Nixon. Needless to say, they probably won't get within three blocks of the White House, and there will probably be some terroristic action on the streets. But I sincerely don't recommend anyone sitting down. Running is better. There is supposed to be a People's Grand Jury that will last from Oct. 22-25 (Rennie's idea) and will probe and avenge the Brothers in the slam. But it sounds like a lot of workshops to me. I really wish I could be excited about the action. There is going to be a telephone call, to representatives of the PRG of South Vietnam, (Madame Binh). However, this idea is good for a conference, such as the Concerned Clergy and Laymen against the war, which was done in Ann Arbor in August. But for a National action. I mean, where's the action part of the action? Where are the leaders of this country? What are they (we) going to do? This national action nonsense has got to stop. However, if really good people go down to Washington, then maybe something more than people sitting down will happen. I sure as hell hope so. As it stands now, I cannot convince anyone to go, I cannot even convince mayself that it is worth the time or the money. It won't be another MayDay, you many not even need a helmet for this one. It may not be heavy, but all the heavies will be there.

THE FAMILY: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion by Ed Sanders.

review by Allen Katzman

Ed Sanders has done a first rate reportage/job of just "reporting the facts, Ma'm, just the facts!" The Family is a psychedelic dragnet of Karmic journalism, and through the use of expert witness interviews, trial testimony, 10,000 pages of collected day-to-day data, and a year and a half of meandering over the actual scenes of the Manson Family's maniacal mayhem, Sanders has put together a definitive book on this Century's crime of Cultural Ca-Ca; the Love and Madness generation of dropouts, dungaree degenerates and diaspora of delirium disciples who were "welded together into a war-like clan that killed."

Manson comes off as the Rasputin of the new lifestyle 60's, a mixture of amoeba and "latah" absorbing the worst of America and its counterculture, perfecting "techniques of psychedelic brainwashing and criminal behaviour under complex hypnotic suggestion-patterns" to mold his band of hoary worshippers towards the final kill of Western Civilization and the impending Armageddon of "Helter Skelter."

"Manson began to listen to the song "Helter Skelter" off the new Beatles' album with earphones and somehow, as of a miracle, he began to hear the Beatles whispering to him urging him to call them in London. It is unfortunate that Manson evidently did not know that a helter skelter is a slide in an English amusement park."

If it all sounds like a modern day doom-prophetrevisited it is also a mad Mad Magazines Alfred E. Neuman made flesh. Sanders lays it out for all to see - of one man's foray into the world, a feral child without parenti nurtured by the institutional teats of orphanages, correction homes, prisons and Hollywood/Babylone put upon the earth to dymistify the mystery and with his feral family of followers (Susan Atkins, Tex Watson, Patricia Krenwinkel, Leslie van Houten and many others) to sacrifice all the "Christian Piggies" in blood ritual as preparation for the final takeover of the ultimate Truth Tantrum.

The Family is not only a good sociological biography of "hip" murder, it is the best biblical detective story of the purloined Eucharist turned topsy turvy. It is the story of Los Angeles (City of Angels) where the Devil does not fear to tread, and of His minions of Dream Merchants who would rather reign in Hollywood than serve in Heaven. If murder has a reason, it is in the biblical Law of Talon where the "Punishment must fit the crime," and only in Los Angeles, California could such a crime fit.

Charlie Manson and his dune buggy dervishes are not just products of America, but America is also the product of these children of the Ninth Circle contingent. Manson's madcaps on the Spahn Ranch and in the Death Valley desert is a "cry in the wilderness," and his thievery on the material as well as the occult plane combined with the totem trashing of human instinct via human sacrificial lambchowder rituals is for this Hitler-styled-Hippie, as well as his loyal stormtroopers, analogous revenge against the Middle Class oderites who had given their world the great black eye.

Listen to Sanders as he spills the beans:

"He had a way of stirring up paranoia that was legendary. Goose bumps shivered the back of the arms during his whispered superstitious lectures on karma and imminent doom. With language as flawed as a President's announcing an invasion of a South Asian country, he announced that the blacks would rise up, kill a few million whites, take over the reins of government."

"Then, the story continues, after forty or fifty years the blacks would turn the government over to Manson when they supposedly found themselves unfit to run the world. Oo-ee-oo."

"It was the pig Christian wealthy Americans that were going to get cut. He, Christ, he, Devil, was going to pull off the Second Coming. 'Now it's the pigs' turn to go up on the cross,' he would say."

Sanders does a neat job of tracking the flow of Manson's ideas in the cultural matrix of the sixties. He pinpoints dates, names and places of the outlander occult groups like the Process, Scientology, the Solar Ledge of the O.T.O. (Orde Templi Orientis) that intercoursed across Manson's path. He traces the steps of each member of the Manson Menagerie as well as its victims. He unlocks the facts on Hollywood's own rock & roll and movie starts involvement like Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys, and Terry Melcher (Doris Day's son) as they stand forth for Manson to witness their Christian guilt with gifts of money and encouragement. He maps out Manson's use of communal living, the manipulation of the Hell's Angels as his own private shock troop border guards through multi-lateral sexual commands to his family women to "strip and suck." And he notates all this in a fine finesse of facts rolled up into Manson's own little ball of Apocrypha.

"At least five separate individuals have claimed that they were told by a member of Brayton's rebel O.T.O. lodge that Manson was involved with the Lodge, both at the Lodge's desert ranch near Blythe, California and at one of the cult houses in L.A., near the USC campus."

"Two family members, one of them Susan Atkins aka Sadie Glutz, have said that the family participated in ceremonies involving the drinking of dog blood and the sacrifice of animals This was alleged to be a sexual tonic. Readers, however, should not take that possibility seriously. The blood-drinking of the family forces contemplation of the hideous possibilities of a new form of psychedelic vampirism, i.e., getting hits off of blood while on dope."

"According to testimony at the Brayton gang's trial the Brayton gang was into drinking the blood of sacrificed animals."

"More important to the study of the Manson family is the fact that the Brayton cult also believed most vehemently that there was an imminent black-white bloodbath to occur."

"And that it was going to happen in the summer of 1969. Sound like Manson?"

The murders of Gary Hinman, the sociologist who befriended the Family, the Bianca's, the upper middle class family innocent of any connections of lust lapping and "creepy crawl," and the Tate, Sebring, Frykowski, Folger quartet bound to the "devil through inadvertant meetings and dope diatribes are not unrelated events.

(Continued on Page 17)

TULI

NEWSPOEM

OXFORD, England (UPI)--
ninety-four workers at the royal
mint have been found innocent
of their crime--847 years too late.
the men were accused by king henry i
in 1124 of pocketing silver and
putting tin in the coins they turned
out. as punishment each man had his
right hand cut off and he was cas-
trated.
yesterday, an expert who has studied
the coins with x-ray equipment said
henry was wrong. the examinations
proved the coins were more than
nine-tenths pure silver, michael
metcalf of the ashmolean museum said.
TORONTO DAILY STAR, Aug. 4, 1971

Better Late Than Liver

Justice triumphs in your end
Line one: hands back your silvered hand
Pull yourself together: you
Collect your dry balls on line two

BLANTYRE, Malawi(Reuter)--
a warrant for the arrest of a
misbehaving monkey has been
issued by a magistrate in a village
150 miles northeast of here.
the monkey invaded a courtroom
three times during a trial, tried
to steal a national flag and picked
up a penal code book and started
thumbing through it.

TORONTO DAILY STAR Aug. 4,1971

"now irving berlin, this cocksucker,
is 82 years old and living somewhere
in senility. you dig it? he had his
lawyers write me a letter. now i have
a song called 'God Besss America FOR
WHAT?', but some dumb shithead
around here (electra) looked at it
and figured it should just be "God
Bless America."
"so the lawyer sent me a letter,
and now i'm being sued by the god
bless america foundation. they said,
'all our money goes to the boy
scouts and the girlscouts of
america. your title is misleading
and when you sing 'God Bless Amer-
ica' you sing it the way irving
wrote it'. which i did! the only way
to make the song effective is to sing
"God Bless America FOR WHAT?' the
way 'God Bless America' is sung, or
else it don't mean shit½"

swamp dogg in CRAWDADDY July 18, 1971

God Bless Berlin
God Bless Berlin
Songwriter I love
Stand beside him and guide him
Thru the courts with a writ from above
From the lawyers to the judges black with slime
God Bless Berlin
And his song sublime
God Bless Berlin
His songs sublime

Dedicated To: Bill Graham on his retirement from The Fillmore

"M" is for the many shows you brought us
"O" is for the Office where you hid

an angry prosecutor applied for an arrest warrant after the monkey stole a bottle of ink and disappeared.

You and your monkey!

Hear all evil see all evil speak all evil

Monkey?! I thought the law was an ass!

Silence in the courtroom--

the monkey wants to speak!

Hey...

that monkey shines!

"T" is for the Tariff that you charged us

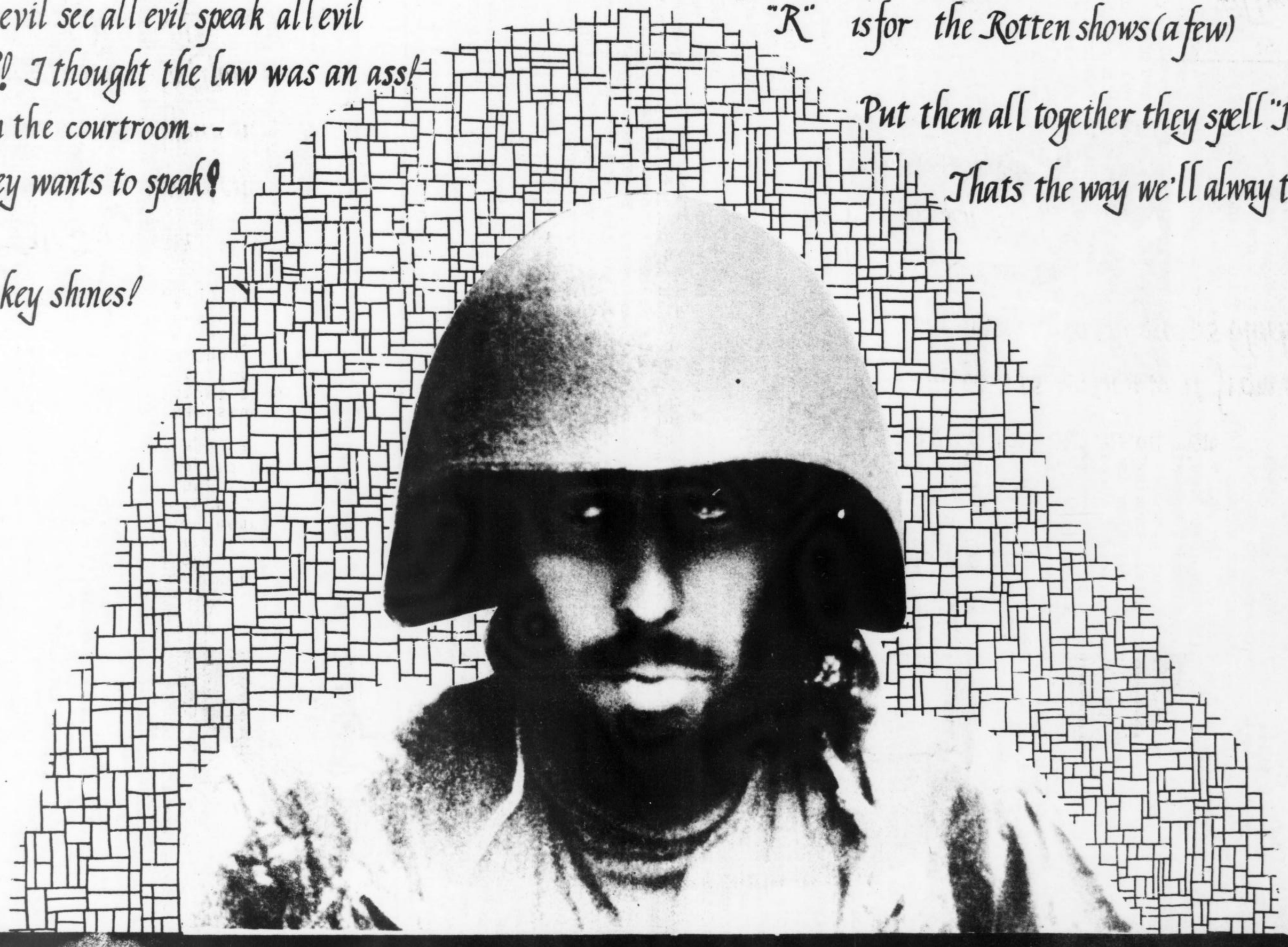
"H" is for the Hoodguards did your bid

"E" is for the Ecstasy you bought us

"R" is for the Rotten shows (a few)

Put them all together they spell "MOTHER"

Thats the way we'll alway think of you



HARRY

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

HARRY HAIRY HARRIED

by P.J. O'Rourke

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND:

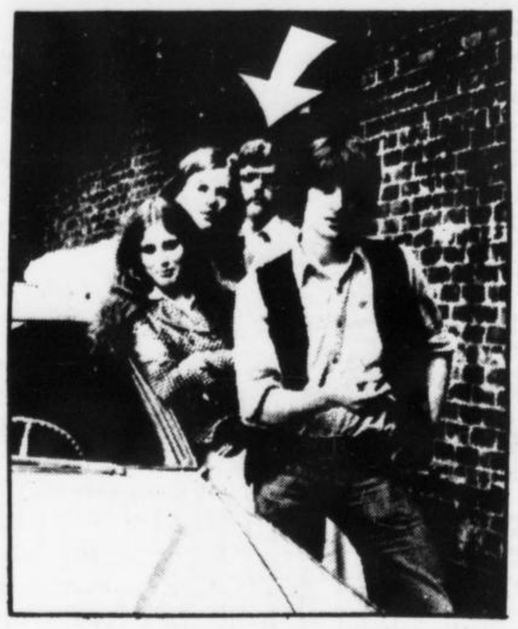
Baltimore's underground paper, HARRY, just found out that it's had its own policeman on the staff from the first issue. In fact, Glen Ehaz, the HARRY staff photographer and Baltimore City Police Department Internal Security Division, Intelligence Department, undercover agent is the only person on the HARRY staff who's been there since the beginning. Glen is nothing if not loyal.

Which, as it were, seems to be true. I worked on HARRY as a writer, reporter and, for awhile, as the editor and I knew Glenn since the time I first came there. From all evidence, our household police escort had not only been filing reports on, and photographs of, sundry enemies of the state but had been, at the same time, shielding our ass from the hot cock of father law.

We were busted only once for dope and that was people who weren't living at the office. They got off very lightly and the folks in that house who actually worked on the paper got off completely. When we were (rather often) busted at demonstrations we also escaped with reprimand or small fine. We thought we were lucky. And the paper itself suffered no police harrasment at any time. Yet, all the while, Glen was compiling evidence and information about our comrades in struggle. Looking back on it, all this is very embarrassing. Especially so since HARRY has a long history of dissagreement with most of Baltimore's other political people.

The fact that Glen was an agent came out because he had worked as cameraman for a community newsreel being put together by the paper. He filmed a real howdown of a riot during February's demonstrations against the Laos invasion. When the film was developed we were all (Glen included) surprised to see that the movie showed a youngman vigourously whopping a cop on the head with a four feet long 2x4.

Unknown to us, Glen, of course, gave a copy to his friends. A local radical named Hank Smock was arrested and his trial began October 7th. The night before the trial started I visited Hank's defense lawyer who told me he'd just found out that the prosecution had a copy of film allegedly showing Hank relating to cop. He knew that we'd shot film that matched this description. This blew me away. We talked for awhile and concluded that of the three people who had access to this film (myself, the present HARRY editor and Ehaz) Glen (having a wife, kids, a divorce suit in progress, a prospective fiancee and ordinary ambitions) was most open to police



Glen Ehaz, at back, with three HARRY staffers

intimidation and that they had probably frightened him into giving them the film.

We didn't know that Glen was to be called as a prosecution witness the next day. Because of this, at the same moment that I was talking to Hank's attorney, Glen was confessing his entire role as a police agent to Tom D'Antoni, the editor of HARRY. Tom and Glen had been good friends since before HARRY existed. Was Tom surprised? Glen claimed that he agreed with most of what HARRY said, that some of his superiors did too, that they had not ever considered us a threat (that was sort of like having your lady friend ask, "is it in yet?") and that he had real friendship for the bunch of us (and that was like having Vito Genoavesse ask "is it in yet?").

Glen then told Tom that he was worried that HARRY would now lose all credibility and that we should print a big picture of him on the a cover and feature a complete expose. (Maybe they've infiltrated us with somebody else). (Maybe they'll want us to do the next issue of the Police Gazette.)

We had a staff meeting and pretty much decided that we had never given Glen any heavy political information. We'd always been a little wary of Ehaz, partly because his participation in the Days of Rage back in '69 had been so demure that he wasn't even arrested, let alone beat, kicked, gored, mauled and shot like everyone else. Then, more humbly, we pretty much decided that we didn't know any heavy political information. We hadn't been very wary of Glen at all. When I left D'Antoni he was layed out on the bed, howling like the mother of a convicted hatchet murderer, "He was always a good boy.... so quiet."

2 POEMS by p j o'rourke

"Ain't no woman disappears completely in the dark.
Stale piss and talcum powder to you too, Trixie."

(—Denis Boyles)

Whir were we're words
The ear's in the here
& the I's in me
But to be & beyond
& on & on & on & on
techtechticktickticktocktechnology
d d d d death

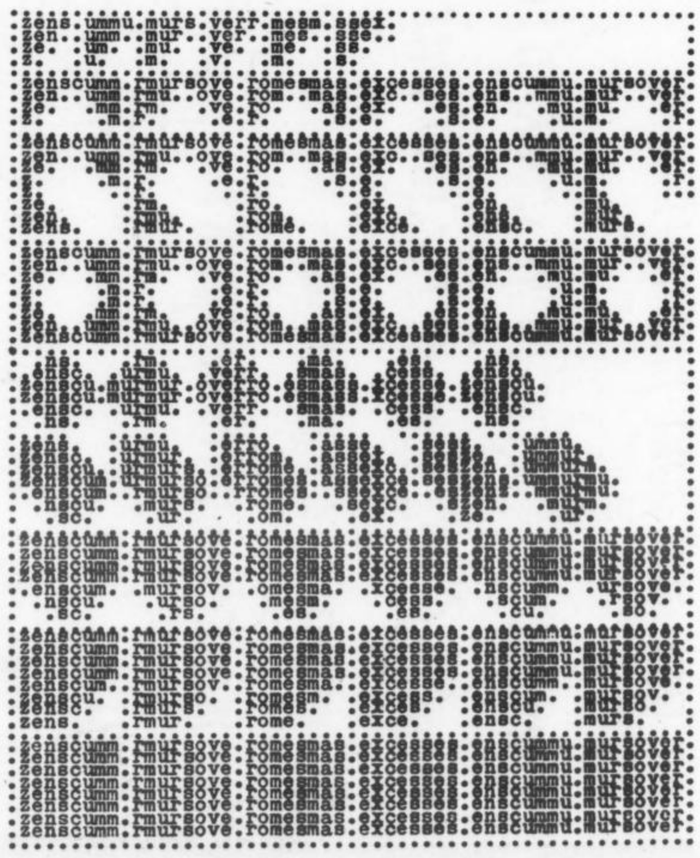
You are
You're annual
Your anthropromorphic God is gone
The self-sound
Of felicific calculus in Asian loins
Is upon us:
Thesis/Arsis
Theseus
Thesaurus

Hoochie-Coochie man
Ho Chi Mihn

I hear William Dean Howells in your vowels:
I hear: howls in your vowels:
I hear: Howl in your vowels:

So wiley why we's
While we
Circle
Zurich Circe
Poof
And your an ice pic.

ST. THERESA AT BRIGHTON WITH WATER WINGS



Cut along dotted lines and arrange as a Graham Greene novel.

THE PURGE AT WPLJ

by LYNDA CRAWFORD

It was late 1969 and while WABC-AM had the highest ratings for a radio show in the country, their FM counter-part, airing mainly opera, ball-games and boring taped talk-shows, was barely keeping itself out of the red. It wouldn't have mattered that much to them before this date as their FM station had never made money and with the profits soaring in from AM, Leonard Goldenson, the President, found it was a situation he could live with quite comfortably. But, as I said, it was late '69, a time when something the listen er had never experienced before on a commercial station was beginning to pop up on the FM dial periodically across the country. A *something* that was tried by WOR-FM in '67, then picked up by WNEW-FM in '68, WBCN in Boston and gradually began to spread throughout the nation, bringing with it the promise of a new direction for radio and a profitable one at that. This *something* was called Free-Form Radio.

Free-Form, in actuality was nothing new. Where it started is anyone's guess, (John Leonard?, Jean Shepard?, Mitch Reed?, Guglieo Marconi?) but the person accredited by most to have adopted and then expanded Free-Form radio to its fullest is Bob Fass of WBAI, an independent station supported solely by audience subscription. Bob started in 1962 by convincing Pacifica,(WBAI) to give him the time slot after midnight (previously a dead spot) as an engineer and announcer with the promise that he would be able to get more subscriptions, something that they desperately needed. Within this slot, Bob began his "Radio-Unnameable", a show unlike any that had ever been broadcast.

Taking the concept of free-form (or birthing it himself?) he began with music , totally non-commercial music, music that no other radio station played, but most important, all kinds of music. He set out to show that all music, be it rock, classical, folk, all music relates to each other and that none of it has to be categorized. He'd hunt record stores to find the obscure, request the new releases from every record company there was and then play a segment on the air that say would start with a folk number, follow it immediately with a new rock sound, follow that, without a beat in between, with something classical, maybe a wierd John Cage piece, follow that with a cut of Lenny Bruce and then end it all with some early blues. All different kinds of music, all relating to each other; that was the first component.

From this stemmed the second: Mixing. He began to show how all music related to each other to the extent that not only could it all be played consecutively but that parts of varying types could be blended together presenting one sound or more important, one message, such as in an anti-war mix. Nothing before had ever been as effective while at the same time as subtle in saying something through music.

The third component that made up the uniqueness of Bob's show was his monologues. Some say they were patterned after Lenny Bruce, others say Jean Shepard but in reality they were a little bit of everybody and a lot of Bob.

The fourth component, the dialogues, stemmed from the third, his monologues, as he started letting the listeners actually become part of the show; a radio for the people (but isn't that what radio was conceived to be in the first place?).

The fifth and final component of this Radio-Unnameable was that all of the previous components were continually being expanded and nothing was considered to be a definite "format". The show was completely free; and there you had free-form. Other stations, particularly college stations began picking up on Bob's show and trying to duplicate it; and then eventually, when it looked as if it might be profitable because of its popularity, commercial radio entered the game.

WOR-FM was the first to try to pin-point the formula(their first mistake as there was no formula) of the success of Bob's show. They began to play groovy music, because Bob played groovy music; they had their disc-jockeys all talk soft, because Bob talked soft; they started allowing a little politics to creep into their shows (mind you, it was just a little) because Bob's show had political content; convinced that it all had to be part of one enormous master-plan that Bob had drawn up they even began to imitate him personally, breathing into the mike every now and then because Bob did; rattling papers about once every half-hour, because you can hear them rattling on Bob's show (if they had ever bothered to watch him while he was doing the show they might have found out that the rattling of papers was due to his constant misplacement of things and not part of any "sure to get em" formula).

Anyway, WOR-FM started the grand attempt to co-opt free-form and soon many others followed. They were not successful, however, in trying to duplicate Fass because as it became formated(all they were doing was substituting formats)the show would lose all of its balls. The only stations that managed to accomplish free-form were college or independent ones. Still more and more commercial stations were trying and even though few would last, it was evident to everyone that they had touched on something that had profitable possibilities.

That brings us back to late '69 and ABC-FM. The air was ripe for change. It was happening all around them but ABC had not as yet entered the race. Then on to the scene came Allen Shaw, boy wonder. Shaw was young, aggressive and had made up his mind early in life that he would some day be King of an empire; the Bill Drake of progressive rock. He went to ABC to sell them an idea; an idea he promised would change the course of their FM failures: automation. Taking the new music, the music he called counter-music, he would produce tapes, all self-contained tapes of this "really commercial" sound for practically no cost to the network at all. The only expense would be an initial investment of buying the automative equipment. They were sold and boy-wonder Allen became Vice-President of the ABC-owned FM stations.

The package tapes were called Love. He hired Brother John to read poems and tape (seperate from the music tapes) the announcing portion of the shows. It was completely automative, i.e., when Brother John would say "you just heard John Lennon and now here is a new Dylan song", he had never heard the songs himself. His taped portion, read from lists given him, were just inserted) thereby saving ABC the cost of hiring any disc-jockeys. Being it was the first time ABC had even tried anything new, they received some flutters of acceptance initialy but after awhile Shaw realized they had to introduce at least one segment of a live show. This was mainly due to the audiences of New York and those of their six other ABC-owned stations. In other parts of the country, where they had 30 or 40 stations subscribing to the tapes for maybe three hours a night, Love did very well.
In deciding who to get for the live portion of Love, Shaw made up his mind that it would have to be someone who would gain ABC-FM still more acceptance from its newly found audience. It had to be someone that represented the listeners, not ABC and so they chose Mr. counter-culture himself, the friend of John and Yoko, Howard Smith. Love continued then with Brother John doing all the taped secuences and Howard Smith live and succeeded pretty well...for awhile.

They just could not get around the fact that the tapes were messing up. They were tapes, plastic tapes and the more they tried to make them sound as if they were live, the more of a joke it would become. Allen Shaw's little brainwave was showing the first signs of being a failure. He knew he had to have more live segments yet also knew he was in no position to go tell American Broadcasting Company that they had laid out the cost of automation for nothing. He had to bide his time for a complete change-over but he could get away with adding one more live show and for this he hired Bob Lewis (formerly Bob-a-lu of ABC-am). Bob was really pretty good. Overwhelmed with the new freedom he had, after leaving AM radio, Bob began to play more and more esoteric music, started rapping on politics and culture and even began talking to people on the phone...then all of a sudden he was fired. Why?

Meanwhile, Shaw had a slot to fill and turned his ears to Philadelphia. On MMR in Philly, Dave Herman was making it pretty big playing progressive rock. But there was more appeal to Dave than that. He was a professional DJ turned hippie and not just on the air; his whole lifestyle had changed. Because of this Shaw knew that the audience trusted Dave Herman and if he worked for ABC, they would in turn trust them. They needed credibility and Dave had it. Only problem was that he was perfectly happy in Philadelphia and felt that ABC would never give him the freedom he now sought in radio. They offered him a four hour live show, six nights a week and a ten-hour tape to be syndicated on the automation. Herman said no immediately to the taped portion citing how he did not want to do a show for an unknown audience. Shaw said O.K., don't do the tape.

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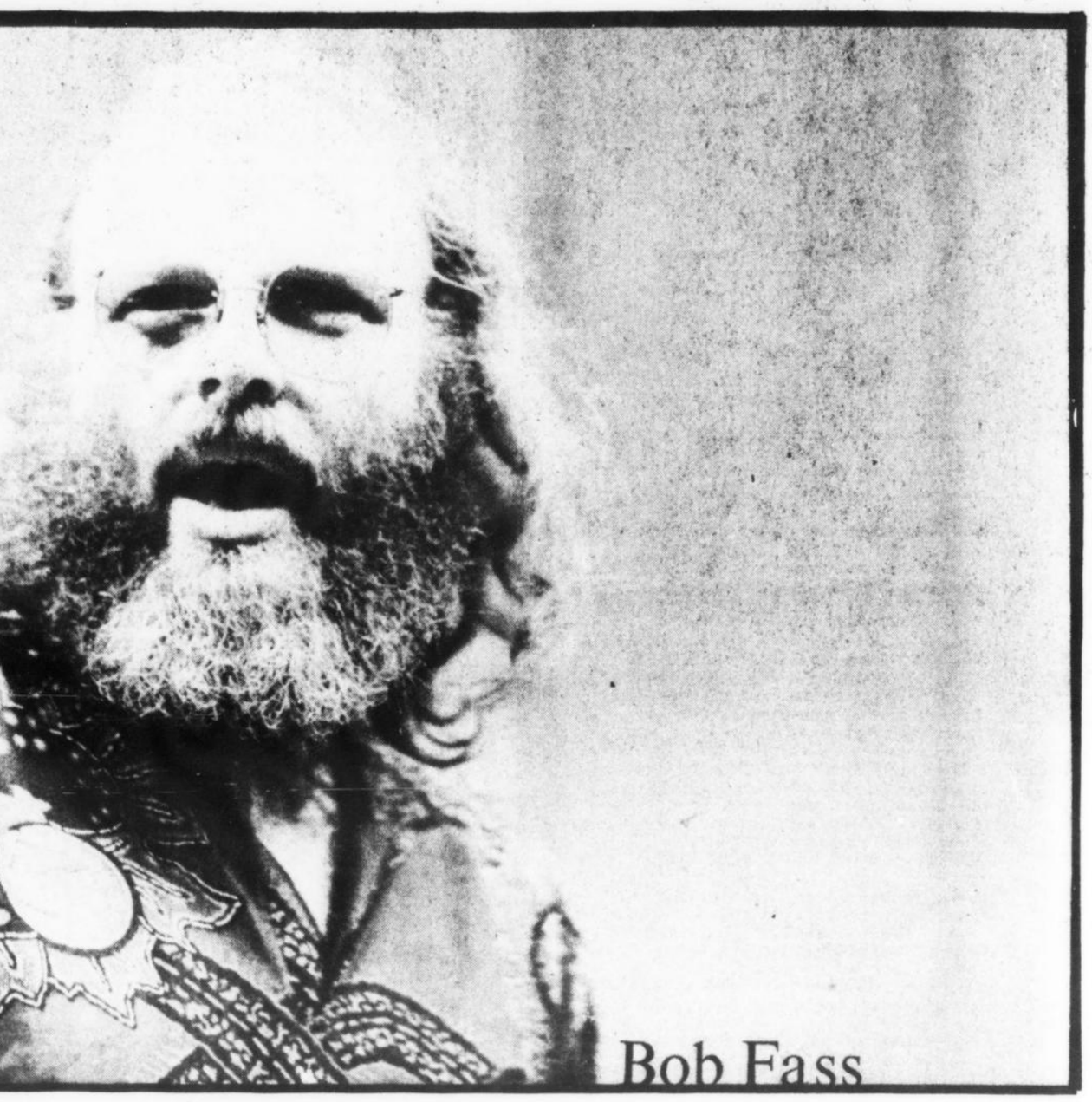

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P,STATIONS

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as Program Director and Shaw's yes-man. Yahere's qualifications for the job stemmed from him being Shaw's room-mate in college. Together the three of them made up the management of the what-seemed-to-be promising ABC-FM. The time now was summer of '70. The response to Dave Herman was fabulous while at the same time the response to the still taped segments was getting worse. Shaw had to begin the next portion of the LOVE phase-out and so hired Mike Cuscuna from the same station in Philadelphia they had got Dave Herman. Mike was great and things were genuinely looking up.

It was just at this time when Shaw was invited to the Alternate Media Conference. The conference, run by Larry Yurdin, just completely overwhelmed poor Allen and took this super-straight boy-wonder and turned his head around. He realized, as a result of Yurdin and the Conference that it was not just playing the right music that was important but all the other things too. The shows *must* be live, must be for the people, must be controversial, must be a link between the people and what is going on. No longer could Shaw go on with LOVE. He was truly convinced that he had to go into Free-Form. This immediate change in him brought on by the conference showed up something very typical in Shaw's character. He could easily be influenced. When he started Love he truly in it and for the six months he tried it Shaw gave love every bit of his energy but the minute someone else got his ear... all of the previous beliefs were gone and he was off on a new crusade. Whoever had Allen Shaw's ear at the moment was then his biggest influence. At this particular moment it was Larry Yurdin.

Describing Larry Yurdin would probably best be left in the hands of those that truly know him. A triple cancer, he had limitless energy to do what was considered by others the impossible but if left to do something simple, orderly, or otherwise boring, Larry was useless. He was an unbelieveable organizer. Larry knew everyone in radio and knew how to get them. He could put anything together but once that job was finished he'd have to move on and organize somewhere else. If left just to do a daily job, he was impossible. He was called "a God," "a genuis," "a crazy," "St. Paul," "a pest," "a guru," "beautiful" and "intolerable" by those that knew him. Whatever they all made up together was Larry Yurdin.

But one thing that everyone that knows Larry will always mention was his "incredible rap." All of them had been subjected to it. So that when Allen Shaw met up with Larry it was almost impossible for things to turn out other than they did. Larry had his rap that he had brought with him from the West Coast on free-form radio and Shaw listened. Larry had his contacts, practically everyone involved in radio and Shaw listened some more. Larry knew what he was doing and believed he could make it work on a commercial station, at that, and Shaw stopped listening and hired him.

Larry was given the title of Group Program Director because in order to get money from the American Broadcasting Company you have to have a title. What Group Program Director meant on paper was that he was supposed to coordinate the sound of public service announcements, news and teach the advertisers how to reach their new audience. What it meant in reality was to advise Allen Shaw what to do. As I said before Larry knew everyone who was doing radio in the country and soon began recommending people for the shows, one of whom was Vince Skelsa.

The last time Larry had spoken to Vinnie, five or six months before Vinnie had just fired him from WFMU, the Upsala College radio station in East Orange, New Jersey. The story went something like this: in the summer of '68 Vinnie talked Upsala to let them stay on the air for the summer, something they had never done, for a cost of $3,000 Vinnie, whose God was Bob Fass, aimed at a program such as Bob's but only with music as the most important part. He wanted to take the best of what WBAI was doing and stick that into 24 hours of good music...and he succeeded. Within no time at all, Vinnie was broadcasting one of the best stations in the country. What WBAI was to WFMU, WFMU was to

all the college stations. Well, one day Larry Yurdin walked into WFMU and laid an "incredible rap" on free-form radio to Vinnie that was absolutely convincing and absolutely true. There was no money at FMU except for $45 a week that went to Vinnie and two others. Everyone else worked for free and now included in that everyone was Larry Yurdin. Again his energy was tremendous. He worked full time, brought in people he knew and did everything he could to contribute to FMU's success (something that was measured in popularity not profits). Everyone loved him for what he was doing but at the same time, as the amount of work he had to do decreased, everyone was finding it harder and harder to take Larry. Finally one day the staff voted him out. They loved him and thought he was a genius but just reached the point where they couldn't stand him around. So this day when Linnie had to fire Larry was the last time they had spoken until Larry called.

In the interim Vinnie had left WFMU, along with the rest of the staff, when the college began interferring with their freedom. He had gone to WBAI for awhile but there was no money there and he needed something to support himself so he took a job as a free-lanse writer for a publication called Poppy and all but gave up the idea of ever doing radio again... until Larry's call. It sounded great. Bringing free-form to commercial radio had always seemed rather unlikely to him but, well if Larry was involved it was worth a try. Vince Skelsa went to work for ABC-FM.

The station wasn't making any money yet but it was still only half-live. Taking the phase-out in gradual steps, Shaw promised everyone that soon they would be all live. In the meantime Shaw had another idea. He wanted to completely disassociate what they were doing from the mother corporation, ABC (in name only), especially because of the top-forty AM counter-part. Yurdin was agreeable and in no time at all everyone was working for WPLJ. Next Larry brought in Mike Turner from Detroit and put him on the air til three in the morning. Things really looked good except that they still didn't have enough ratings. It was about this time that things began to change.

The talent(as the disc-jockeys were called; again ABC's necessity for titles) would often complain when a certain type of commercial came in; what they termed distasteful. In the beginning their advice was taken but then after a while WPLJ decided they would take whatever commercials came in to them, after all they were really still ABC and in the business of making money. Arguments were starting to spring up among the talent and Lou Severine, who openly told them they had no say in what commercials were run.

At the same time, about February of this year, it also seemed like they had decided that they had picked Larry's brain clean and really no longer needed him. They couldn't possibly fire him as they knew that would certainly cause an uproar of some sort among the rest so instead they played on Larry's weakness. They gave him a job doing all the night tapes. (After firing Murray Roman, yet another one). Larry doing a job? Larry confined to a set task and set hours? Impossible. Everyone knew it, Allen Shaw included. Like a time-clock ready to go off, Larry, quite predictably, quit.

Just before he left Larry suggested their hiring Alex Bennet who was having a hard time finding a job after he was fired from WMCA-AM. The problem though, as Shaw saw it, was that if he hired Alex he wanted him for a talk-show (a natural after his controversial talk on WMCA) but they only had one talk-show slot, the one Mike Cuscuna had. So coy Allen Shaw, instead of making a decision himself, went to Cuscuna and told him that they wanted to hire Alex and they were sure that he would be good for the show but he would only be good for a talk show. He told Mike to make the decision therby all but forcing to give up his slot and be moved back to a music show. This began to stir more dissention among the talent.

There were also other things going on within the management that added to this. Allen Shaw called a meeting at which he presented the talent with his ideas of hiring a Program Director. Everyone was against it. To them it meant a dictator, someone who would inflict his "thing" on everyone. All felt that, just as WBAI did, they should all be responsible for their own program and if someone was messing up the staff would get together and tell them. Together they would work as Program Director. Shaw and Severine disagreed; they felt it could work so the decided thing to do was take a vote, which found them with a nay verdict. What about a Coordinator, Shaw asked. Someone who would act as a liason between the talent and the mangement. That was accepted by all. Two weeks later they received a memo informing them that they now had a Program Director - Mitch Weiss. No one could believe it. Why had they even bothered to vote?

It was just about then that Detroit Annie was hired (another Larry Yurdin recommendation). Annie proved to be disasterous on the air due to her inexperience. The show was chaotic and confused but with time she could have easily gained the polish others had. She also, being inexperienced, didn't know the rules and during one of her half-hour talk shows she let the word Shit slip out.

Well, Mitch Weiss was home listening because Annie was the first disc-jockey he had hired. When the word shit came out, he didn't know what to do. He called Bill Menkin (who did weekend shows) and told him he was to do her next show and then called her up, *while she was still on the air* and laid into her, one of the most ridiculous things anyone could do. You always wait until the disc-jockey gets off the air to discuss any complaints, for obvious reasons. Meanwhile he never mentioned to her that he'd already told Menkin to do her next show, nor told Menkin that he hadn't told her nto to come, so on what was to be her fourth show Annie showed up to find Menkin in her slot. She called Mitch on the phone immediately and Shaw as well, to protest her injustice. In her excitement over the situation she also called Lou Severine to find out what he had to say. Well, it was Sunday and one thing you never do is call Lou Severine on Sunday, his day off. He flew off the handle and fired her on the spot.

The talent immediately called an emergency meeting. Most everyone agreed that Annie hadn't really hadn't been ready yet for the show and that she needed more time to learn the craft but the way in which she was fired was what outraged them. Severine apologized and said it would never happen again. This was not enough for Mike Turner, however who later approached Shaw alone and demanded that Detroit Annie be rehired. Turner and Severine hated each other's guts so Turner went one step further and demanded of Shaw that he fire Severine as well, for his mis-treatment of Annie.

This was too much of course for him to ask; to fire Leonard Goldonson's fair-haired boy - impossible. Mike Turner was fired.

I must stop here in the story to point out how easy it was for ABC to have all these firings take place. Every disc-jockey that works for them, no matter how long each individual contract, has an option that comes up every 13 weeks. This makes it very easy for them to fire someone by simply *deciding not to pick up an option*. It also serves to produce a very paranoid atmosphere to work under.

As the time moved up to mid-June somehow Shaw, Weiss and Severine had managed to appease the rest of the talent for what had happened with Detroit Annie and Mike Turner. Unfortunately, at this same time the new ratings came out, the worst yet. With this on one hand Mitch became a little dictator and Severine brought in all the junk advertisers he could find but on the other hand WPLJ finally became completely live with the entrance on the scene of Zacherly. As bad as a lot of it looked, those remaining still felt if they could hold out just six more weeks for the new ratings, giving the listeners time to heal from what happened with Annie and Turner and turn them on the 24-hour live show, there would be an improvement. Shaw and Severine agreed to it and then went away to Chicago for a big corporate meeting. With them when they returned came a broken promise and a play list.

To best describe what a play-list is I would like to quote from Steve Post's article that appeared in the Voice on that subject: "A play list" is a radio station's list of records or record cuts to be aired in any given hour. It gives the order in which they are to be played and indicates what commercials or public service announcements are to be broadcast, and at what time. The play list is produced by a program director, working with the continuity and advertising departments. Together they see to it that the radio listener is not exposed to any undue creativity, that all the major record companies get their share of air play (i.e., plugs) and that you won't be offended by anything heard over their air - including the news. Play lists have almost always been standard operating procedure at almost all radio stations".

Perhaps on any other station, in any other circumstances many of them would have taken the idea of a play list a lot easier. But here it just represented one more purge. They were brought in for free-radio; WPLJ was supposed to be giving the listeners free-radio; this was not free-radio. No, it was commercial radio, what it had been from the start. The American Broadcasting Company was only into free-form if it was profitable; at WPLJ it was not.

With the entrance on the scene of the play list it marked the exit of Vince Skelsa. He had argued with Weiss that the play list took away all of his music freedom; if you had to play the five required list songs and then announce whatever required announcements there were, out of every hour that left you about ten minutes to do something creative, but not ten consecutive minutes. It was all but impossible. Vinnie decided to take it into his own hands and just refused to follow the list as instructed... and was fired.

Mike Cuscuna followed Vinnie by telling Weiss that this was not the kind of radio he wanted to be a part of and that he would leave when they found someone to replace him. Last Saturday, October 16th was Mike's last show.

Almost all of this went on without it being brought to the public's attention because of an order handed down from Lou Severine that "anyone who mentions any of it, wither on the air or to a newspaper, would be fired".

Shaw's position at this point was that of one let down by the listeners. He felt that although everyone said that they wanted free-form radio in reality, they did not, (the ratings during the free-form period were lower than even Love). Also he had to make perfectly clear that ABC was not BAI, a listener supported station. They had to make their money from commercials,and when there are bad ratings, there are no commercials. Of course, although he did not mention it, his changeabout may also have had something to do with the ruling recently issued by the government, dealing with their (the government's) low estimate of free-form radio. I'm quite sure ABC is very concerned with heeding just about everything the government would have to say.

Back at the station, the only person left there that was brought in by Yurdin, as of this writing, is Alex Bennett. Dave Herman and Zack are also still hanging on. Maybe unlike the others, they just realize that free-form can not work on a commercial station. Or can it? It was certainly existing for awhile. Perhaps the answer can be found in something Terry Noble said,(a disc-jockey that is presently trying to introduce free-form to WRVR-FM)"the Russian revolution consisted of ten revolutions: nine that failed and one that made it".

MIKE TURNER
FIRED!

LARRY YURDIN
QUIT!

DETROIT ANNIE
FIRED!

VINCE SKELSA
FIRED!

MIKE CUSCUNA
QUIT!

WPLJ

BAD VIBES

A.J. WEBERMAN

Well, one thing's for sure, the MADISON WISCONSIN PIGS, dig my writing. They stole my report on the Dana Beal Smoke-in out of the U.S. mails. Dig, I mailed it by air to LNS & EVO and neither publication received it. The phone I talk-on, when I made arrangements for a ride to the Post Office was definitly tapped. Live and learn.

In an early BAD VIBES column I claimed that the NEW YORK POST was responsible for harrassing News Stands which carried the HERALD. I based my claim on the testimony of one editor at the HERALD rather than checking the story out...like I eventually had RLF member Crazy Mike go to 30 newsstands and not one of them reported harrassment. I APOLOGIZE TO THE NEW YORK POST and have got to admit that my prejudice against them caused me to print that story without checking it out.

Marshall Efron, who describes himself as a "reactionary Yippie" is coming out with an lp on Polydor co-written by Alpha-Betty Olsen and Barton Heyman - scheduled for release in January of this year. I'm looking forward to the record but must admit that Marshall is no longer as heavy as he once was - like he's been on a diet of souvlaki meat and diet Pepsi and has lost 40 lbs.

Home-grown reefer has always had a bad rep....like you'd smoke jays and jays of it and the only thing that would happen would be you'd get a vague memory trace of a high you had 2 weeks ago. Ed Rosenthal set out to change all this by experiment with the different variables involved in growing grass and has developed a formula to grow what he calls supergrass (I smoked some- it's pretty good) Ed sells complete systems for growin yer own (being an ex-provo he gives 25% of what he makes to political prisoners locked up for grass. Call him at 796-0057 or write CLEARLIGHT, 21 E 205th St. Bronx) Why make hip capitalists who cash in on the fact that grass is illegal richer? Grow yer own and do good things with yer coppin bread.....

The underground press has reached a new low in Madison, Wisc. While Mark Knopps, editor of the political freek-oriented rag - KALIEDESCOPE was in jail seving a six month sentence for refusing to testify before a grand jury regarding the whereabouts of some weatherpeople the unimaginative, old-line element got together and threw him out. What a way to relate to a brother in jail....a place none of these Parker Bros. Game revolutionaries will ever risk going to since they relate more to critizing each other than fightin the pigs. But Madison is still a great town with 15 riots in the last 3 years.

Speaking of Parker Bros. Revolutionaries, Toby Mamus takes the trough. He's a dude who hangs around Rolling Stone, Warner Bros., etc. all day with his Mao and Free John Sinclair buttons kissing ass. He makes these music pigs feel like they're payin their dues to humanity -- "Oh we're cool with the revolution, why just the other day Toby Mamus told us so....." When we invaded the Rolling Stone offices and seized their files it was Toby who gave the Rolling Stone Associate Editor the names of my cohorts who stole the stuff. How do I know? I had a friend there with a concealed Tape Recorder who stayed after we split and I got it on tape. Luckily RS was too uptight about giving me publicity to press criminal charges, but if they did Toby would have been their INFORMER.

Rolling Stone has made me a non-person. After we stole files they adopted a policy of NEVER MENTIONING MY NAME AGAIN IN ANY CONTEXT. They carried no story about Paul's funeral or about the occupation of THEIR offices. They didn't even mention Dylan's attack on me - a very newsworthy story from their pig point of view. I'm goin out to the coast soon and have another demo against them out there....

SOME QUICKIES.....
Claudia's book with a chapter on me is published by Lancer... EVO staffer Rex Weiner is gettin his head together in Paris..... David Crosby is paying for Wavy Gravy's back operation...there was marijuana in the meatballs at a Steve Miller press party...Ann Duncan's next oil painting in her Great Moments in Rock series is Janis Joplin ODing....that AP feature story that I was 'sassy' to Dylan's wife over was on Cronkite nationwide news and in about 50 establishment papers....2000 freeks marched in support of Dana Beal after a smoke-in in Madison at which I rapped & David Peel spoke...Clancy Morales, the Latin-American liason of the RLF is now in NYC. He started Puerto Rico's underground rock paper - LA BARBA (238 Bda, Carmen Salineas, PR).... although the Lennons have to be cool about politics here in Amerika they have been helping a lot of groups in England - like this coalition of left groups designed to fight repression called FREEDOM. Look for special Beatles Bad Vibes page with my review of FLY, IMAGINE and my rap with George Harrison...

EVO Cartoonist Yosarian is in deep trouble. If he don't get up $400 to pay his fine for a pot-bust by November 1st, he goes to the slammer. I'm gonna lend him some bread so he can keep working for the revolution rather than having to get a straight job, how about you? Call EVO for further details....I'm thinking of starting a DEAR AJ column in EVO, so write me yer questions....Chuck Collins' Chicago UHF TV programme - UNDERGROUND NEWS - is perhaps the most liberated 'commercial' TV spot in the nation. Chuck's a real young cat with a good hip-political head who is now in the midst of fighting the draft in court. The programme is being syndicated to more and more cities and let's hope it comes to NY. For further info write to Chuck c/o WSNS 430 W. Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.....the Milwaukee chapter of YIP held a demonstration when Art Linkletter came to Beer City to address a $100 a plate Republican Fund-raising dinner. We all donned Dianne Linkletter masks (Dianne was Art's daughter, a freek who allegedly killed herself while high on acid - altho there is no proof for this. More likely she was sub-consciously tryin to off all the super-straights around her) and marched chanting LSD-Linkletter Slew Diana....John Riley was illegally detained while visiting Ireland recently - they somehow thought he had connections with the IRA...Jerry Rubin has agreed to do a benefit speech for Dana Beal in Madison, Wisconsin. Jerry is going on a nationwide speaking tour rapping about YIP, Allendes Chile and more....remember you heard it first in Bad Vibes.....

Well, keep on truckin you people with that spark of life and compassion in ya and don't let the shits get ya down. See ya in 2 weeks....A.J.

Rumpleforskin Erect

I was under a lot of pressure while I was reading "How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years This was mostly due to the fact that I was curled up on a yellow waterbed with black silk sheets wrapped around me in Paul Krassner's San Francisco apartment. Paul was busy at the typewriter until he noticed I was reading his book; the typing soon stopped and he just sat there staring at me, waiting for a reaction.

Every time I smiled or blinked or even coughed he jumped up: "What part are you reading now?" I somehow managed to get through the first 40 pages with this going on, and was relieved when he finally let me alone and went back to his myth-making. I was in the middle of The Second Coming, a chapter showing a glimpse of "What's My Line?" with Lenny Bruce ("the former controversial comedian who sold out and was now a regular panelist on the show") accompanying Dorothy Killgallen, Arlene Francis and Bennett Cerf, when I felt a gust of hot air on my neck. I turned around to find dear old Paul squatting behind me on the floor witha big, dopey grin on his face. "I didn't know Lenny did that," I gasped, to which Paul replied, "Let's go to the movies."

We talked about the book on the way down Larkin Street and Paul in a Paternal tone, lectured me on the relationship of fantasy and reality. Realizing that I clear ly represented the typical mis-informed, gullible citizen of these United States, Paul was fascinated to hear that I believed all the fantasies and thought the "real" things were put-ons. Our little philosophical conversation stopped when we got to the theatre and watched the sexual tortures of a 15 year old virgin in "Deep Eng." Back on the street again, it resumed.

"Well, the kid was kinda cute," I commented in a failing attempt to make a lousy movie seem not-so-bad.

"He was an ass-hole."

"What were you like when you were 15, Krassner?" I challenged.

"Oh, I'm sure I was an ass-hole too, but I probably knew it." Is there such a thing as an aware ass-hole? If so, Rumpleforeskin (Paul's spiritual name) must fit the description.

California can make anybody feel healthy. Paul found his particular dream house in Santa Cruz on two acres with a private beach, which he shares with two of the Merry Pranksters. He rents a small place in San Francisco for weekends when he comes to the city to do his radio show. And he just bought a little yellow Volkswagon -- the Hassler's going to teach Paul how to drive. It's quite a decadent life for someone who spent so many years on Cornelia Street without insulation. I visited him last winter when it was 15 degrees, outside and inside, and discovered that the editor of the Realist typed his paper with gloves on. "At least I'm not in jail," was his answer when I questioned his choice of life-style.

Moving to the coast wasn't easy. Although he claims to be able to survive with a minimum of possessions ("all I need is a typewriter, a color TV and a waterbed"), his apartment in New York closely resembled the office of a college president, after 3 months of campus riots. He sometimes talked about splitting, but it never seemed Realistic (ahem) or even possible to sort through all the books, newspapers and manuscripts that had been saved and figure out what to do with them. But when Stewart Brand asked Paul to co-edit the supplement to the Whole Earth Catalogue with Ken Kesey, he decided to prove the impossible. It took weeks to clean out the apartment. He gave away the television and the typewriter; each manuscript was re-read and some were sent to people who might be able to use them. Almost everything else was thrown out, including the bed. Having paid the final installment on his dues, Paul flew to San Francisco with 108 cartons worth of bare necessities. I asked if he'd ever consider moving back to New York...."Only if they offer me the Johnny Carson Show."

And then came the book, which Paul regards as a non-believers version of the I Ching. When in doubt, consult the book. I remember having a hard time deciding what moview to see; all we had to back our decision was newspaper reviews, and we narrowed it down to "a shocking, thought-provoking thriller" or "a subtle, graceful, and sensitive story." Paul told me to pick any three numbers under four; lacking imagination and enthusiasm, I chose 1-2-3. He got all excited as he turned to page 123 to find the answer. He closed his eyes, picking a "message at random" which seemed most appropriate to the movie he secretly wanted to see all along. But I, even more secretly, wanted to see the other movie and didn't believe in his message anyway.

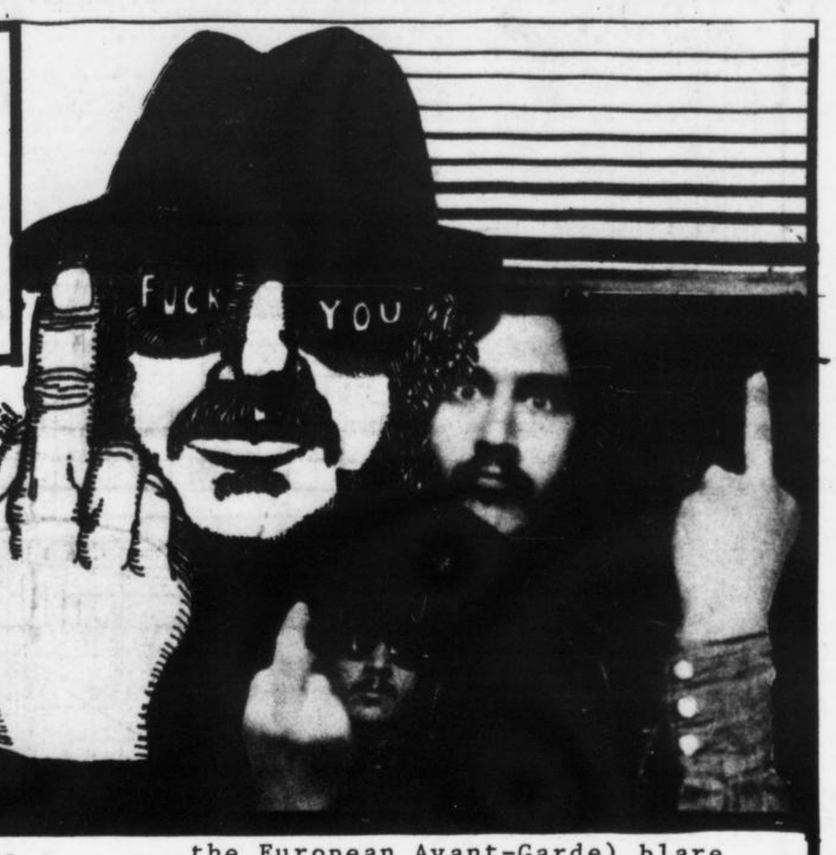
We ended up seeing the subtle, graceful and sensitive story. It was awful.

An I Ching it's not, but, yin or yang, "How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years" still makes it. Krassner is the great Mother of the underground; his book strives to feed the young straight from the bosom. And the picture of Rumpleforeskin Erect on the back cover is definately pin-up material.

And now, Paul Krassner for 7-Up...

by Kathie Streem

HOW DOES ONE SAY "FUCK YOU!" IN FRENCH? by REX WEINER



I really feel at home here in Paris. The typical every-day Parisien is just as nauseatingly obnoxious as the typical every-day New Yorker. Just the other day I was walking along the street and saw a cab driver leap out of his cab, run ahead to the car that was stuck in front of him, and try to yank the frantic driver out by sticking his mits into the window and howling something to the effect of "You sonofabitch! Get your fucking heap moving! I'll cave your stupid head in, sonofabitch!! And while the cab driver began kicking the door in, a whole crowd gathered to watch.

In fact, a favorite pastime of these Parisiens seems to be just that - watching. They sit in sidewalk cafes for hours on end, sipping all sorts of villainous liquids (including a particularly poisonous kind of coffee), and watching. This habit lends itself to all kinds of perverse spectacles which only the Gallic mind can appreciate. For instance, there's this weird old guy who is a fixture on St. Germain, a very chic boulevard that is the quivalent of Fifth Avenue, always crowded with strollers. He stands in front of any one of the many popular cafes and when somebody meek-looking comes along, he lets this enormous hairy rat jump from his hand into the person's face. Of course, it's a fake rat, but real enough to give a little old tourist lady from Wisconsin a heart attack.

A crowd always stands by, terrifically amused. They urge the rat-man on by pitching him a few centimes, even pick out victims for him by going, "Oh here comes a good one!" The rat jumps into a girl's face and she shrieks. The rat-man keeps a straight face. The onlookers laugh! Oh boy, do they laugh!!

A bunch of sick fuckers if I ever saw any.

One early morning I was down by the Seine, just watching the ol' river flow. I heard a rustling noise behind me and I turned to see a grey bearded old bum climb down out of a nearby tree. He shook himself and stretched like he'd had a good night's sleep, then wandered off in the direction of Notre Dame, scratching his rags and muttering ancient lies.

Cigarettes here are as cheap as forty cents. Gauloises and Gitanes are the most popular brands. Have you ever smoked one of these? Sure, it's like inhaling acetylene-- lit. Yet these descendants of the Gallic hordes smoke packs of them a day. Have you ever seen a real French film? The first shot is the hero asleep next to his woman (who ing the most existential places).

He wakes up. The first thing he does is reach for his pack of Gauloises on the table next to the bed, fumbles around, sticks a cigarette in his puss and lights it up, exhales after some seconds and ponders the heavy questions of life. For the rest of the film, he's lighting a cigarette while walking out on his beautiful wife offering a cigarette to the other woman in a chic restaurant, smoking a cigarette while driving in his car with the other OTHER woman. The hero goes to see the son he has always neglected, and his son offers him a cigarette. They smoke. I swear it's possible to get cancer just from the vicarious experience of watching a French film.

But enough complaining. Paris is very beautiful in the Fall. The only people worse than the Parisiens are the American tourists, and they are mercifully few in this season. The Parisiens are not all bad either once you get to know them. I could say only the best things about the people I am staying with, as they have made my stay here very comfortable.

The place I really feel at home at is the office of *Actuel*, a beautiful full-color underground magazine that is EVO's counterpart here in Paris. Jean Francois Bizot is the editor and publisher, very much in touch with everything that's going on in radi-culture scenes all over the world. He has a special fondness for underground cartoons, especially Crumb, whom Bizot has made famous in Europe by publishing a beautifully printed and well-translated collection of Crumb's *Headcomix*.

At the *Actuel* office, the Stones or the Soft Machine (a favorite of the European Avant-Garde) blare forth from the stereo. Freaks lounge about the place discussing their latest acid trips. The phone rings constantly. I sit at the typewriter, doing an article for their next issue. I pick up on all the gossip. They tell me pretty Martine, the secretary, is about to split for the States with Michael Zwerin, the "Outside:" guy from the *Village Voice*, who also hangs around here they tell me, but I never see him. One freak is busy translating a particularly obscene piece from *Suck*, the European counterpart to *Screw*. I help him with those difficult Anglo-Saxon words.

Jean Pierre Lentin is the music critic for *Actuel*. He is serious and analytical about the whole thing (the very opposite of EVO's own Charlie Frick who has interpretive insights from apocalyptic visions - I think I prefer Frick, who is a poet in his own maniacal way) but he glows when he tells me about the little bottle of pure liquid acid that the Grateful Dead layed on him and Bizot the last time they were in town. With Lentin, I go to a rock concert that is being filmed in a TV studio, a German group. We get in free on the good ol' press pass system. The group is fantastic (Ammon Duul-the only Continental rock group to make the charts in Melody Maker, been together 7 years), and the young crowd is very far out.

Last night I walked back to my place during the rush hour. Paris is in the midst of a subway strike so everybody and his grand*mere* has a vehicle on the street. Coming to the big concours in front of the Opera, ' all I could see was an ocean of cars, trucks, buses, bicycles, all jammed into the worst tie-up the poor ancient cobbles of Paris had ever witnessed. I was instantly buoyed by the scene. A huge threnody of joy sang suddenly in my red, white and blue heart, moving me to clamber up on the front of the nearest car and make my way across this madly honking vehicular sea from hood to hood. As, smiling broadly, I strode thus, from the hoarse throat of more than one driver did I recieve a complexity of French epithets. To which I was completely at a loss to answer, except, eh, how do you say.....FUCK YOU!!!

TITUS

A FABLE

A FABLE BY VINCENT TITUS

ONCE A PIG AND A WOLF FELL IN LOVE AND GOT MARRIED. THE PIG HAD A LARGE SALARIED POSITION WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT AND THE WOLF FELL RIGHT INTO HIS ORBIT. THEIR PARENTS THOUGHT THEY WERE INCOMPATIBLE BUT THEY TURNED OUT TO HAVE SOME THINGS IN COMMON.

MORAL: SOME PIGS ARE WOLFISH AND SOME WOLVES ARE PIGGISH.

TYPED AND PUNCTUATED BY TIPPY-TOP TYPESETTING, A WHOLEY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF THE LEON TROTSKY INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED DANCING BEARS

The New York Film Festival has come and gone, as it will, with the usual calculated frenzy of the press corps and the sublime indifference of the public. Unlike the now-familiar *panier* of improbable expenditure for equally improbable radical asdtheticiam, this year's bizarre bazaar wafted into history on the same benevolent gubernatorial wings that bore Attica across the horizon. This year's festival was unusually au courant with an arduous schedule of baffin-minded stocking-fillers. Was it commercial? Is the Pope Catholic? Oh, we had a fair share of auteurist turkeys, like Werner Herzog's *Fata Morgana*, dreary ecological ruminations, and Krzysztof Zanussi's *Family Life*, a Tenessee Williams vintage masterpiece of Polish decay complete with prodigal son, invalid father, repressed aunt, numphomaniac daughter, deranged dog, a house overgrown with weeds and plumbing that hasn't worked for years. In general, the Festival went through its usual supermarket mechanics, only moreso. This year's slogan was "This year, who knows?" which picture would be this year's 5 Easy Pieces, which was last year's Easy Rider, etc? They even went so far as not to have a Godard for the first time in nine years. After the debacles of the last two Festivals, things are getting desperate indeed. Finally, the Vivian Beaumont is one of the worst places to see pictures, if you've decided to play it smart and sit in the two-dollar seats on the side in which case you found yourself looking at some other wiseguy across the semicircular stage. So for those of you foxy gluttons for punishment out there considering how your light is spent, here's the lowdown on the hits, the misses, the hits you missed and the misses who hit you. In the words of Maie West, John Garfield and Richard Roud, "So long, sucker."

Peter Bogdanovitch's desperate and breathless attempt to recreate a Texas to a town of 1951 so sociologically tenuous it seems to be held together only by a poolroom, a burger joint and the first lay industry in *The Last Picture Show* provoked the interesting remark from Andrew Sarris that "the point of the Bogdanovitch is that we really can survive anything, even the popular songs of that era which are reprised so generously...he has managed to turn out...a refreshing affirmation of the life force of our civilization." Fighting words from a man who put down Solzhenitseyn for Uncle Tomism. Yet why Sarris should feel threatened by swains copulating and failing to copulate with heifers, hookers, 3 year olds, frigid virgins and the high school coach's wife, and on the other hand that such to-dos are the life force of our civilization, though puzzling questions are not beyond all conjecture. Reich would have identified the hinterland ignorance of Bogdanovitch's seventies-slick Peyton Place as the breeding ground of the fascist psychology, save that the characters as if by an act of God have almost no family or social life outside the high school sexual gossip area, leaving them more or less free to blunder through the neurotic affairs (sado-masochism) of vicarious psychothrills. If anything, Bogdanovitch's closing shot of the teenage hero and the coach's wife holding hands superimposed on the sleezy Mains Street is an image of decay that can no way be read as an image of love, even love finding a precarious balance in a crumbling society like some romance of the late Middle Ages. What can be expected of a film where morons are run over by trucks?

The best thing beside the fine character acting is a striptease on a diving board by Cybill Shepher. If Oscars were given for soft glowing skin. But they're not. *The Last*

Picture Show is a superb vehicle for self-flagellation for Bogdanovitch and Sarris whose neoclassicism is a front for a reactionary nostalgia for survival: the privileged elitist. romanticism of the auteurist tourist creates the apotheosis of the peasant, goodbye cowby, hello Tolstoy. And if they're going to revive kulak corn, how long before we start washing with proletarian soap?

Pasolini's *Decameron* is earthy and earthbound creation. The medieval stories are of course the world's oldest, from the simple gags about graverobbing and cuckholding to the parable of Giotto (who turns to the audience and says "Why create a work of art when you can dream it?") basted richly with a folksy hardeharhar which will probably be duplicated in his upcoming Chaucer adaptation. Boccacio's freely secular work came at the end of the Middle Ages, opposing pagen sexuality to Catholic repression and popular realism to metaphysical dogma. Pasolini identifies with this because in Italy at least *la plus ca change la plus c'est la meme chose*. Nonetheless, *Decameron* is a rambling, bloated film.

Four Nights of a Dreamer had this written in the ad blurb: "As the mysteriously illuminated bateaux-mouches glide under the Pont-Neuf, (the) heroine and her suitor lean over the railing, waiting, but not for the same thing." That deserves to live.

Born to Win. To quote the picture, "the only good addict is a dead one." How about Jerry Lewis making *The Nutty Junkie*?

The Sorrow and the Shame: I missed this fucker but if there's any hope for the art of cinema, it's in the five hour movie. Let's hope this one gets shown.

WR Mysteries of the Organism uses Wilhelm Reich's ideas to give the final proof of Godard's dictum that modern life is a comic strip. Although the documentary is sketchy, relying largely on unproven (except that everybody know it anyway) assertions about orgasm theory and *non sequitur* interviews with Reich's hostile neighbors, and there are some unfortunate choices of business like Tuli Kupferberg dressed as a soldier masturbating a rifle, a shtick that should have died Lenny Bruce, the intercut story of the Yugoslav Reichian Marxist girl who rejects her lover the "drunken pig" worker Radmilovic for the people's artist of the USSR who rapes her and decapitates her with his iceskates, "a true Red Fascist" is fast and funny. The film is strongest when attacking the sexual fascism of Stalinism, which is beating a dead horse but I guess it's the coming thing among the Slovaks.

A Safe Place is an often gripping picture about the degenerating identities of a manic-depressive hippie, Tuesday Weld, and a nice straight lad from Central Park West, Philip Proctor. However, the most interesting datum of identity about Tuesday, who is given to the recitation of raps about how impersonal life is because phone numbers don't have words in them anymore, is that she shares the dominant trait of *The Flying Nun*. Now I'll fight spike and spoon for any brand of fantasy but some styles of escapism escape me. Henry Jaglom has brought a lot of potent imagery of character dissolution into his rapidly edited case history, but by creating a situation and no plot he leaves Tuesday no place to go but up. Orson Welles has a lousy Yiddish accent. This is the best film to come out of BBS Productions (*Easy Rider, Easy Pieces*) yet, and Jaglom is their most interesting director. He will be a jajor if he can divest his concern with the metaphysics of the self from Pop overstatement.

Well, another Festival down. I'll have more to say on Makavejev and on Louis Malle's *Le Souffle de Couer* which, pending review, is recommended to afficionados of French urbanity and the Oedipus complex in the breathtaking weeks to come. Say not *au revoir*, Lincoln Center, only goodbye.

The St. Marks Cinema is the cleanest revival house in town and seems miles away from squalid Second and St. Marx. Their programming is solid and their current midnight attraction, Arrabal's *Viva la Muerte!* is one of the best psychological films I've ever seen, every neurotic nuance made as palpably desperate as the entrails of the ritually slaughtered bull who wafts in to symbolize the hero's masculinity and individuality. Arrabal displays a complete mastery of plastic values in his first film, which will ask "Who killed Sloan in the kitchen" and other questions of the age.

FREE ADVICE: Sleep only during films in languages you don't understand to avoid hidden persuasion and subliminal brain damage.

GREAT LINES FROM GREAT MOVIES: Bela Lugosi in *The Black Cat*, 1934: "Supernatural? Perhaps. Baloney? Perhaps not."

MANSON (Continued from Page 5)

"Central to a discussion of plans to kill famous people is the "list," about which a heavy area of silence has been created. The "list" was found in Death Valley and it marked out those to die."

"In one report it contained thirty-four names of stars and businessmen to be killed. This "list" of family enemies included those who had helped out in the past but had ceased to aid. It is a common phenomenon for cults to have a hate list or enemy list. At least two groups operating in lower California, besides the Mansonoids, have, or had, enemy lists."

Sanders covers the whole spectrum of police investigations that finally culminated in the arrest and conviction of Manson and his zombie zietgeists. It all reads like the uncovering of ahe cosmic caper of the century, and Sanders brings it all to a peak in a pyrotechnical display of scholarly fireworks and facts, a sort of teleological tautology of underground journalism.

The Family is more than just a book about murder, unfettered magic, or instinct unchained, it is the maudlin mirror of American institutional life, Vietname war games, and public impovishment of the American soul filtered through the psychotic veins of its truest believers.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear EVO:
Sneaky Al Garbage mouth quoted me as harrassing women on the streets by saying:"Hey Baby, wonna fuck or words to that effect."
As usual he lies. I challage him to submit his libelous action to the Karma Adjustment Board on my radio show on WRVR-FM.
If he doesn't agree or ever slanders or libels me again, I'll punch him in his filthy mouth.

ONE BEGGED TERRY.

Female companionship wanted-I am mainly interested in big BOOOOOOOBS, not beauty.Pls. include measurments and phone#. Adv.Manager,Box274 Red Bank, N.J.oo77o1

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Do you realize that in the dark ages we would have been burned at the stake as wizards for this?

THE MONSTER TIMES is the first multi-media newspaper, devoted to the best aspects of the 20th Century's popular arts renaissance, namely monster flicks, comic arts, Sf and pulps and all like that there . . . items of interest to all the fan-doms. But what is a "Monster Times?"

BASIC DULL FACTS: The Monster Times will be on the newsstands **every two weeks,** with 36 Monster-sized tabloid pages (12" x 17") featuring **original** color covers, comix and centerfolds!

WHAT ELSE? Articles, written with more depth, insight and humor than in any pro-zine before, on: monster horror, sci-fi and fantasy films, both classic and current; comic art, both old and new with articles slated such as a two-parter on EC, and a super-special on Bradbury in the comics (now being prepared by the Thompsons), **plus** articles on the monsters of "Prince Valiant (which gives us an excuse to reprint and to root for Hal Foster) **plus** articles on Flash Gordon(s)—Alex Raymond and Buster Crabbe (we intend to have Denny O'Neil interview Buster Crabbe to run in conjunction with Buster's new X-rated film, "The Comeback Trail" in our big Crabbe-Gordon special issue!)—and the screenplaywrite of The Comeback Trail, Roy (The Projectionist) Frumkes, is wrangling an interview with George Pal—who's just bought the rights to ALL the Doc Savage books! Naturally we'll do stuff on Will Eisner, National's new Burroughs line of adaptations, and (ho-hum!) Buck Rogers.

PLUS: interviews with and feature-articles-on Wally Wood, Frank Frazetta, Jeff Jones, Berni Wrightson, Gray Morrow, Denny O'Neil, and Kirk (Superman) Alyn. **PLUS:** original comic strips and short fiction by same and others (potential contributors, please note!). **PLUS** listings of classic SF and fright films being shown in your megalopolitan area. **PLUS** calendars of conventions held across the country, to help boost fan-dom's ranks (we have a special complete STAR TREK issue planned, to coincide with January's Star Trek Con—Trekkies keep this in mind!). **PLUS:** Movie, record and book reviews.

PLUS: Tests of mail-order products a la Consumer Reports, so readers will be forewarned just what is and what isn't a shuck. **PLUS** fanzine reviews! **PLUS:** Original color centerfold posters commissioned from Wrightson, Jones, Morrow, Kaluta as well as rare old poster art from motion pictures, **PLUS** lots of other incredible stuff, including our contributors.

WHO ELSE? Already contributing to "MT" are Berni Wrightson, Gray Morrow, Jeff Jones & Mike Kaluta, not to mention Larry Todd, Denny O'Neil (our regular film reviewer), Phil Seuling (our fan reporter), film buffs Alan Asherman, Steve (L'INCROYABLE CINEMA) Vertleib, and Dave Izzo (Jean Izzo's hubby). Our Man In Filmdom—Roy Frumkes, Don and Maggie Thompson (Fandom's Own!) and at least a half dozen more.

Sound good? We think so, otherwise we wouldn't be taking a gamble, trying to present that elusive whatchamacallit called Quality. Our doors are always open to new suggestions, particularly from Fandom, where all today's talent seems to be coming from.

We're offering fans a special introductory pre-publication subscription offer: 10 issues for $3.50, or 26 issues (one year) for $9.00. With the year's sub, you'll get a Special Monster Times poster, thrown in gratis.

SPECIAL MONSTER BONUS!—Also with every one year subscription, the subscriber gets a **FREE 25-word classified ad** to be run in our Fan-Fair classified page. You can advertise comics or stills or pulps, etc for trade, or a free ad for your fanzine, should you publish one. But keep it in good taste gang!

Please be prompt with the subscription orders to help us accurately estimate our poster print-run. You can then be assured of receiving The Monster Times every two weeks.

W[illegible] remember the great Save Star Trek letter [illegible] that kept the show on prime-time TV for two additional seasons. We were thinking what a great thing it might be if a little of that energy and enthusiasm were employed on a grass-roots level to encourage the newsstand dealers in your town to prominently display "MT"—So bug the heck-fire out of 'em! Right, team?

the Monster Times 11 WEST 17th STREET, NEW YORK CITY 10011

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PS: I pledge by the [illegible] of the next full moon to bother my local newsstand until he (a) shakes in his boots at the sight of me, and (b) regularly and prominently displays THE MONSTER TIMES.

props

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I am a very handsome, educated, verbal, self-confidant, dominant yet sensitive, unique young male Manhattanite, who really understands women and thinks them adorable I know in the past you have been treated as an object and not as a person. Attractive women call David. 674-6931.

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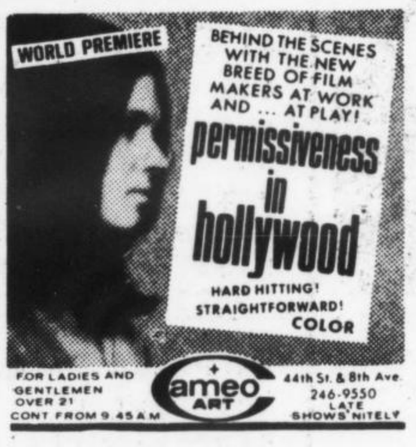
when a devil re-
wards the innocent
& the gypsy welcomes
an experiment
hear my heart
when a fortress trem-
bles in the light
& the shadow screams
with forsight
Orpheous Jr.
YU2-4471



MALE, white, 27, good looking, good build, digs S&M. Would like to exchange ideas and possible meetings. Write: Occupant, PO Box A, B Paramus, N.J. 07652

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Photographer seeks female model, age 25-35 who shares his interests in experimental and glamor photography. No pay; call only if you really enjoy being photographed and think you might be interested in an experiement in expanding your self-awareness. Call 564-7142, mention this ad.

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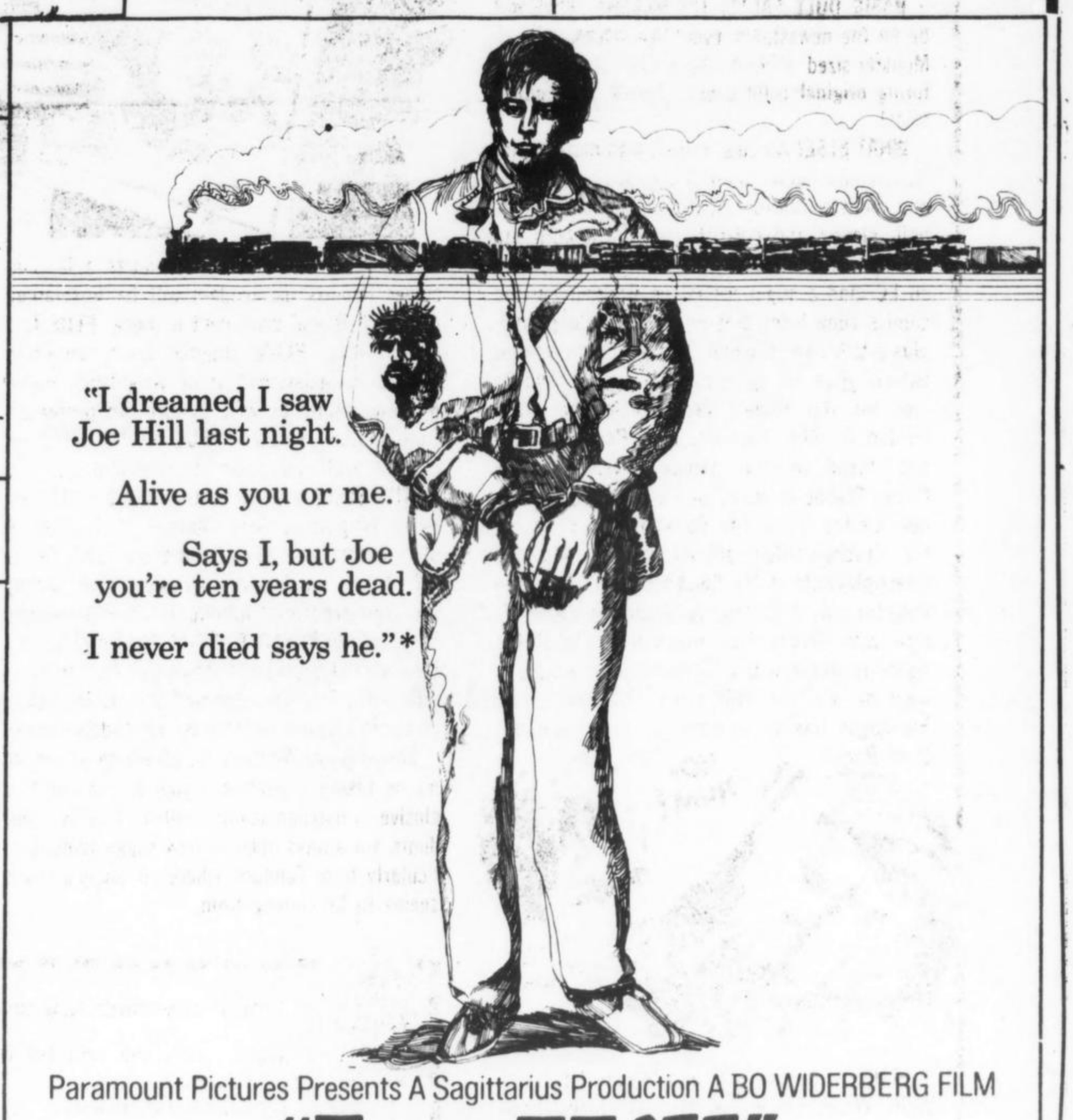

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"Joe Hill"

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GP ALL AGES ADMITTED Parental Guidance Suggested

This film contains material which may be unsuitable for pre-teenagers.

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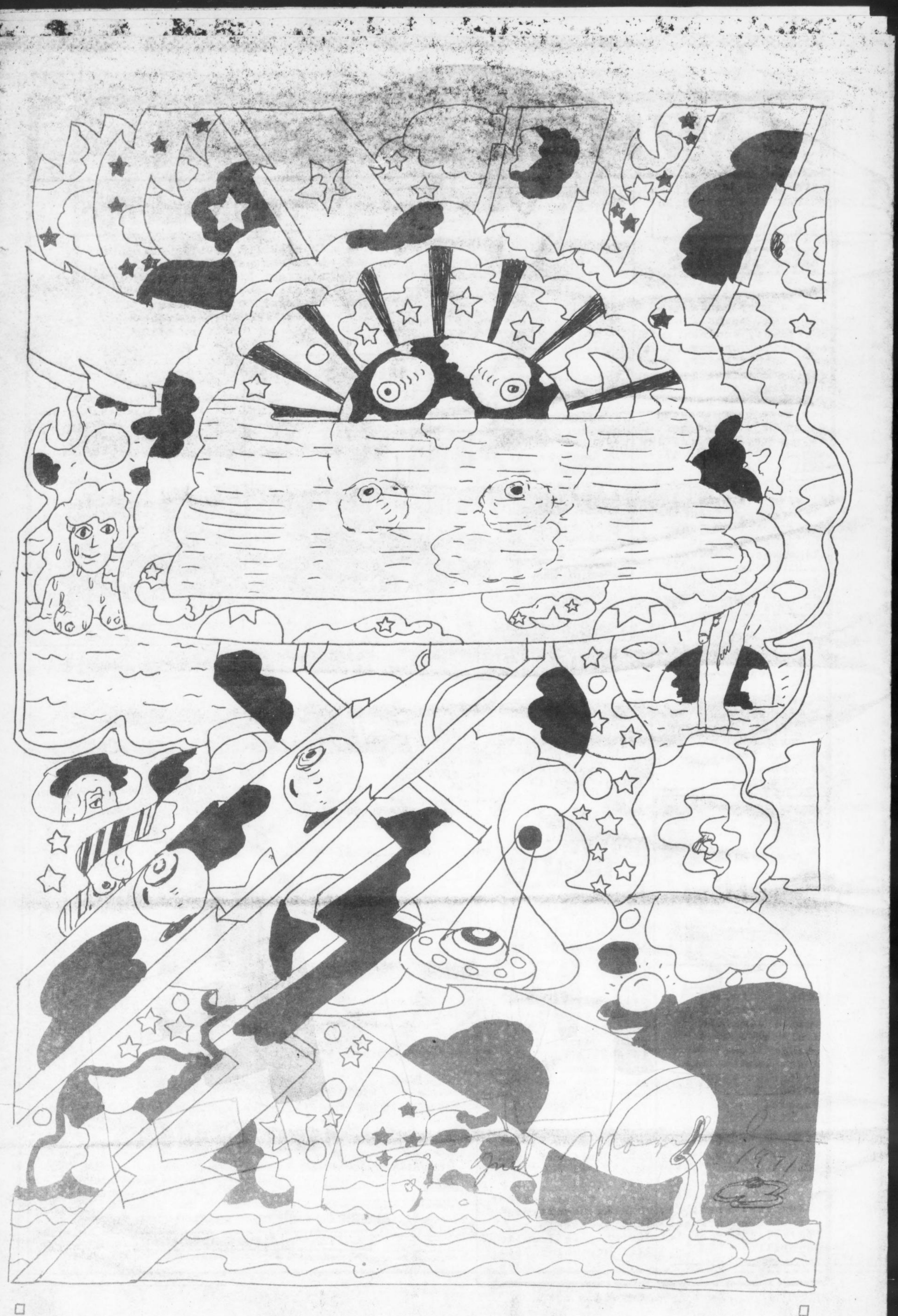
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