

JOHN WILCOCK'S

OTHER SCENES

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UNION SQUARE

Images of American Dissent in the Sixties

What I am trying to do with my photographs is to show what's going on in a free society, letting those people who are the masses, who are ambivalent to the idea of freedom, who love it and hate it as it goes along, just look — here's what's going on.

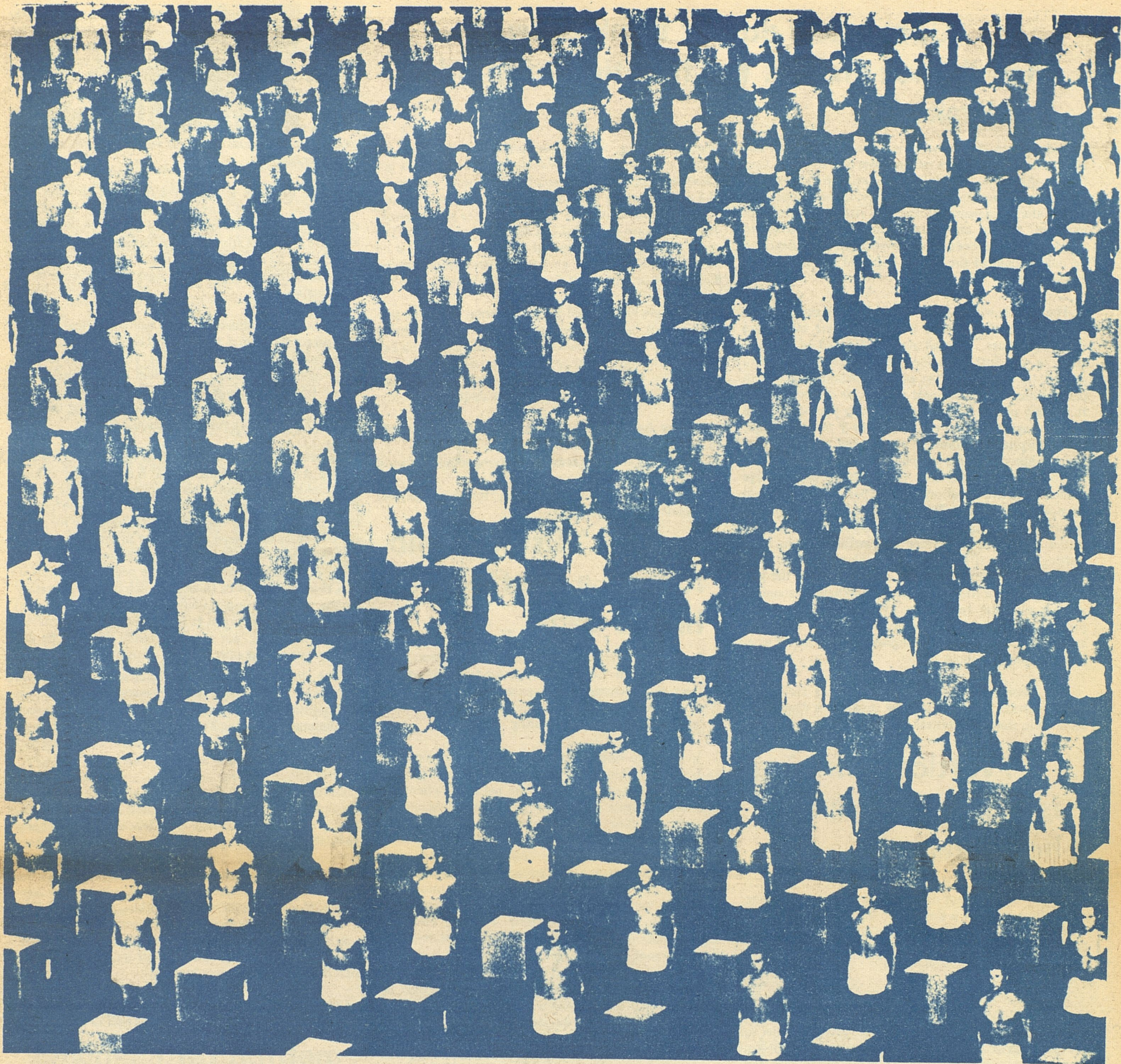
My idea in taking these pictures has been to determine when an individual steps out and says, "I protest!" — no matter what it is about. Because when something clicks, whatever it is, the individual changes as a person. Unfortunately, the majority of people all over the world, not only in America, step aside and say, "Better you than me; don't break my bubble." In other words, most people just sit and go along with the ride. But this book, in a sense, is people saying, "This is where I change."

We need dissenters because the moment we start falling asleep, they're going to kick us in the ass and say, "Get up and do things." They keep things going so that we are aware and that when an issue arises, we know where to draw the line. That's why it's great to keep people on the streets.

Benedict J. Fernandez



This page is collaged from Ben Fernandez "In Opposition" (SS from Da Capo Press, 227 W. 17th St., New York 10011)



USING THE BRAIN AS A COMPUTER

by Edward de Bono

The brain functions as a computer only because it is a bad memory. The function of mind is mistake.

It is the nature of a self-maximising memory system to create patterns and recognize them.

The patterns are created passively and on so slight a pretext as to be almost whim. But once created the patterns tend to get established ever more firmly. In such a memory system processing is carried out by passive selection which is indistinguishable from active attention. This attention is directed by the stable patterns with the result that only information relevant to the established pattern is selected. In its extreme form the process is myth. A myth is a self-perpetuating pattern which controls the generation of conflicting evidence.

Pattern forming and pattern recognition is characteristic of this type of memory surface. So is humour. A pattern is an exclusive arrangement of information. It is sharply defined. It is defined by what it excludes as much as by what it includes. There is no gentle diffusion of suburbia but the sharp bastions of a medieval city to separate what is included from what is not. This sharp definition does not arise from the nature of the information itself nor is it imposed on the information. It is the self-maximising property of the memory surface which makes information behave in this way.

Push against a glass. Push slightly harder all the time. The glass tilts further and further as you push. But suddenly there comes a point when the glass does more

than respond passively to the pressure, it takes off on its own and falls over. Yet the increase in pressure has been quite gradual. From this gradual input the system creates those sharply defined patterns which are characteristic of flip-flop processing.

Computers often surprise their operators but they do not surprise themselves. *And to surprise oneself is the essence of humour.* It would be sinister if a computer could laugh for then it would be capable of much else as well. With a computer the arrangement of information is always the best possible one according to the programme. In a self-maximising memory system there is no programme except historical sequence and so the arrangement of information is only one of several possible arrangements. Humour like insight is the sudden switch over from one arrangement to another. Both processes indicate the existence of a self-maximising memory system. Computers do not think because they do not distort: the function of mind is mistake but the function of a computer is accurate reflection.

The brain needs insight because it does not process the information but simply offers the information a chance to process itself. The processing is effective because it leads to the mistaken creation of patterns where none exist. But in these patterns the arrangement of information must always be less than the best possible arrangement. The system makes sense of whatever information is available at the moment. The pattern so formed is enlarged and modified by subsequent information but never re-structured. The ultimate pattern depends heavily on the sequence of arrival of information—on the

intermediate patterns. Yet the best possible arrangement of information would depend on the information alone and not on its sequence of arrival.

The brain creates patterns in order to use them. The usefulness of these patterns is determined by the usefulness of these patterns and not by how well they accommodate the available information. *The function of mind is survival not accuracy.* In these patterns the brain creates its own code and carries on a one-sided communication with the environment. The communication is highly efficient. Far more is received than is ever sent. Just as one might obtain the full information contained in a library book by using the code number to get it so from a few code signals the brain elaborates those patterns which it has created for itself, whether or not they reflect the environment.

Though the characteristic behaviour of the brain is the creation of fixed and self-perpetuating ideas the mechanism for changing ideas is not efficient.

Ideas have always lived longer than people but today people live longer than ideas. Technology has so speeded things up that it is necessary to change ideas within a generation instead of between generations. Yet our culture and education are concerned only with establishing and communicating ideas but not with changing them. The only available method for changing ideas is conflict and that is most inefficient.

If conflict involves the direct confrontation between

'Computers do not think because they do not distort: the function of mind is mistake . . .'

two ideas then the outcome is a change in neither but the practical dominance of one over the other. If conflict involves the collection of evidence to challenge an idea then it cannot work if that evidence is evaluated within the framework of the idea itself. The development of science and mathematics is an attempt to arrange for the collection and evaluation of evidence to be independent of the current idea and its extension as expectation.

The trouble with mathematics, logic and similar information processing devices is that they are all second stage techniques. They all start at the end of the first stage. In this first stage the natural patterning tendencies of the mind working as a self-maximising system parcel things up in that neat manner we call perception. It is these parcels which are efficiently piled up by the second stage algorithm machines. *But if this first stage, this perceptual platform, is wrong then no amount of second stage processing will put it right.*

No matter how far back one takes the second stage processing there is always some perceptual platform from which one starts. Where this platform is stable one can make good progress with logic and science and mathematics. But where the perceptual platform is constantly shifting even as it has to bear weight much less can be done with these methods. Nor can one process the perceptual platform itself since one would have to stand on another platform to do this. Even though one cannot process the perceptual platform one can change it around and try different arrangements—and that is what lateral thinking is about.

The second stage information processing techniques are all vertical thinking. Vertical thinking is digging the same hole deeper. Vertical thinking is the traditional

' . . . vertical thinking is digging the same hole deeper'

progression by sequential justified steps. Each information state is the direct development of the preceding information state. It is possible to dig very deep or build very high but of itself this won't change the location. *Lateral thinking is not concerned with developing patterns but with re-structuring them.*

Apart from conflict the other mechanism for changing ideas is insight. An efficient insight mechanism is essential in a self-maximising memory system in order to update patterns. Yet the insight mechanism in such systems is always surprisingly weak as indeed it is in the brain. So weak that it cannot be regarded as a directly available method for changing ideas. It is more a matter of waiting for change.

Lateral thinking is concerned with the insight re-structuring of ideas whether it be to change old ideas or generate new ones. Lateral thinking is an effort to bring this about deliberately.

Lateral thinking has two basic functions. The first function is to stimulate new ideas in a provocative fashion by usurping the right of the environment to arrange information in juxtaposition. The second function is to weaken the rigidity of the existing patterns in order to free information. Neither stimulation nor liberation are ends in themselves but only means to achieve new patterns which are in turn subjected to the parallel processes of use and re-structuring. *An idea starts dying as soon as it is born and yet it is immortal in its effect.*

Lateral thinking is used to achieve discontinuity. History is no longer a scaffolding but a cage. It no longer helps one build but it prevents one developing. The expert is no longer the man with stores but the man with vision.

Lateral thinking is made necessary by those very characteristics which make vertical thinking so effective. It is the other side of the coin. Not a different coin. Not a two-headed coin. The nature of lateral thinking is, however, so fundamentally different from vertical thinking that prisoners of the latter have great difficulty in understanding the effectiveness of the former.

There are two ways of reaching a solution. One can proceed by sequential, justified steps. Once one has reached the solution its validity is guaranteed by the soundness of the path by which it was reached. This is

vertical thinking. *With lateral thinking one can reach the solution by any means whatsoever.* Once one has got there the validity of the solution can never depend on the path by which it has been reached. The solution has to make sense in its own right. It must be seen to work. It must fit into a context or create its own context. The mere existence of an apparent solution point gives it no validity at all except as an intermediate mental step on the way to another configuration of information.

Once one has reached a solution point it may be possible to look back and construct a sound logical pathway by which that point could have been reached. If this can be done then the solution is just as valid as if it were reached by vertical thinking for it cannot possibly matter from which end the pathway was constructed.

It may be necessary to be at the top of a mountain in order to find the best way up.

There may not be a reason for saying something until after it has been said.

A conclusion does not only arise from a context but can create its own context.

'History is no longer a scaffolding but a cage . . .'

It is easy in hindsight to see how a conclusion could have come about. *Logic is enough for hindsight analysis but not always enough for progress.* For change and new ideas a provocative break with logic may be essential in order to bring about re-structuring.

In order to siphon water out of a bucket you have to begin by sucking it up through a tube. Once the water is flowing it seems to follow the natural gradient and one easily forgets how it had to be forced against the gradient for flow to occur at all. As an intermediate stage in the insight process a false configuration of information may be necessary in order to put things into a position from which a new pattern can snap into being—as a catalyst constrains chemical molecules into mating positions. Yet the whole of education is concerned with the need to be right all the time. The very essence of logical thinking and of mathematics is that one must not be wrong at any stage.

The need to be right all the time is the biggest bar there is to the development of new ideas. It is only by being prepared to be wrong within a frame of reference that the frame can itself be changed. This is quite apart from the value of being wrong in order to provide a provocative catalyst stage. Being prepared to be wrong is an essential part of lateral thinking but not an end in itself.

The well educated terror of being wrong creates the arrogant certainty of being right. Such arrogance is based on the error-free pathway that has led to the conclusion. But from where? From a perceptual platform that is itself unprocessed and the product of the natural patterning behaviour of the mind with all the limitations that implies. One may indeed be right but right within some established pattern that is unlikely to be absolute in any sense because of the mechanical properties of the informative system. Insight, change and updating are demanded by the system in order to overcome the patterning effect of the sequence of arrival of information. All are opposed by the arrogance that accompanies being right. Lateral thinking involves an awareness of these limitations, an awareness of the arbitrary nature of any pattern. *Arrogance is the only sin.*

Perhaps the most difficult thing for a vertical thinker to accept is that a totally random stimulus can be part of the thinking process towards an effective solution. It needs a lot of confidence (or a little understanding of the process) to accept that a completely irrelevant input can help toward a better arrangement of information.

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And yet the attention mechanism of the brain ensures that nothing can remain irrelevant if it is considered in alternation with the other thing. *Some sort of connection must develop between the two and it is this connection that illuminates the problem in a different way by altering the sequence of attention.* Whenever the usefulness of a random word stimulus is demonstrated to a group some of the listeners always protest that the word used was not random at all but selected for its relevance to the problem.

To be effective a random stimulus needs time and space. Too rapid a succession of random stimuli or strange juxtapositions merely give rise to noise. To be effective a random stimulus must impinge on some order and disturb its continuity but if randomness is itself the order then the stimulus is no longer a disturbance but a continuation.

There are a number of formal techniques that seek to encourage the lateral thinking processes but too often they seem to be artificial gimmicks. Too-eager an emphasis on such techniques detracts from the basic nature of lateral thinking. Though there is always a practical interest in usable tools it is as well to be sure about the purpose and need before rushing to choose tools.

Lateral thinking is not yet given full recognition as a fundamental way of thinking that is as necessary as logical thinking. It is not always appreciated that lateral thinking can be used deliberately and that its purpose is effectiveness. Lateral thinking itself is not new for some of its aspects have been appreciated in several fields. Individuals have used it consciously or unconsciously on many occasions. What is new is the need to establish it as a recognised type of thinking which is made necessary by the mechanical operations of the information processing system of the brain. It is not a luxury, nor a matter of artistic striving, nor a temperamental desire to be disruptive but a workaday method of using the mind.

The divisive and polarising tendencies of the brain arise from its self-maximising behaviour. These qualities are essential to the pattern-forming function and as such are immensely useful. Yet the fierce errors and dangers that these qualities give rise to have been apparent throughout history.

It is effective to move from one cliché pattern to another. This makes for quick action and reaction. *But it also means that it is easy to be blocked by there being nothing in the way.* If one enters on a cliché pattern even as one enters a fast stretch of road one moves forward so smoothly that any side turning cannot be explored. One is blocked by openness, blocked by adequacy, blocked by there being nothing in the way. *That is why most really significant progress arises from the solution of problems which are not there.* Such progress is the result of re-structuring set off by chance information for which no one was looking.

'The only available method for changing ideas is conflict and that is most inefficient'

It is only when one looks into the basic physiology of the mechanism of mind that one realises that so many of the properties of the information processing system are both useful and dangerous at the same time. From such a realization arises lateral thinking which is developed to compensate for the deficiencies of the system without interfering with its effectiveness. It is encouraging that other people should have arrived at parallel conclusions on purely empirical grounds. In particular lateral thinking is necessary to bring about that insight re-structuring of information which is so necessary in this sort of system and yet so feebly accomplished.

There is a basic functional word missing from language. It is missing because its function does not have a place in the evolution of language. This new word is as basic as the negative. Just as the negative is the basis of logical thinking (vertical thinking) so this new word is the basis of lateral thinking. If it were to be introduced early enough in language training then it would be easy to think in ways which are now difficult for us. The full understanding of the function of this word depends on an understanding of the mechanism of mind*

*THE MECHANISM OF MIND (Simon & Schuster, New York October 1969)

See also: NEW THINK: the use of lateral thinking in the generation of new ideas (Basic Books, New York, 1968)

Look!

WHEN Long Island police arrested the owners of a bar for "operating a disorderly house," it was explained to reporters that this meant the bar had catered to homosexual customers. It was also explained, and reported in one of the papers, that two detectives had wrapped up a six-month investigation in which they had "visited the bar once a week and posed as homosexuals, wearing tight pants and pointed shoes." Further, "they gradually won the confidence of the bartender, and finally entree to a back room where unnatural practices were allowed to take place."

I can see it all now. Two men enter a bar and make their way through a haze of cigarette smoke and lavender upholstered booths to a leather-trimmed bar. As they pass a table crowded with foppish young men, one snickers something about "pointed shoes."

The two men take their seats toward one end of the bar — near a life-size replica of the nude statue "David" by Michaelangelo, lit with soft pink lights — and one of them croons to the bartender: "Andy, sweetie, can we get a couple of creme de menth frappes, please?" When the bartender serves the drinks, the other man puts his hand on his arm and says, "Andy, honey, we've been coming here for a long time — six months, huh? — and tonight Paddy and I are feeling a little. . . well, you know. . . and we'd like to make a little trip to that back room we've heard so much about."

The bartender hesitates for a moment, and the other man rumples his hair: "You know you can trust us, sweetie," he winks.

The bartender goes to the cash register, takes out a key and hands it to one of the men. He whispers something and a crumpled bill is exchanged.

The two men slide off their stools and head toward a door at the back of the bar. One whispers, "Gosh, Sarge, we did it!"

The key is inserted, the door is pushed slightly ajar. The two men peer inside and see several couples in the dim light, in various stages of sexual union on velvet couches and chairs around the room. In one corner four men are together.

When the two men step in to get a closer look, the door snaps shut behind them. The couples in the room look up from their unnatural practices to stare at the awkward newcomers. The two men shift on their feet, then one whispers to the other: "What do we do now, Sarge?"

"Well, one thing is for sure," whispers the other, "we don't want to look queer — uh, strange. Get down on your knees."

"But, Sarge!"

"That's an order, Lieutenant," the other man says as he unzips his fly and smiles around the room.

England has finally gotten around to publishing a counterpart to America's "Sexology" magazine. FORUM: THE JOURNAL OF HUMAN RELATIONS is soon to end its first year of successful publication (\$1 a copy from 170 Ifield Rd., London SW 10); —the sample sent me, the ninth issue, had a cover by Beardsley. The magazine's most popular department is a candid confessional-letter section which takes up half the 60 pages of an issue; one reader wrote in the letters section about it: "My husband and I sometimes read some of the letters to one another in bed before intercourse." Here is one sample from that section:

At a recent party at home, I decided to try the "peek-a-boo" game on my father's friends, so I wore a very short flared skirt and hold-up stockings (so much nicer than tights) with a normal nylon blouse. A little experimenting in front of my bedroom mirror soon sorted out what movements were needed to show how much. I chose my first victim carefully and sat on a low chair opposite him. It didn't take long for him to start eyeing my legs, which were pretty exposed anyhow. Just as he put his glass to his mouth I crossed one leg over the other with a very exaggerated movement, which I knew would give a fleeting glimpse of everything. The poor chap nearly choked, but I got a tremendous thrill from this one act. I tried it again later on another chap and it was obvious he had noticed, because soon after he came and asked me to dance with him. It took only a few moments of exploring with his hands for him to be convinced he had seen aright, but from then on the party took a new dimension for me. Enough said!



Radical America Comics/LNS

Since the death of Bobby Kennedy, the Secret Service has expanded its Protective Intelligence unit, a section of 130,000 punch cards describing persons whom the bureau considers dangerous enough to be kept under surveillance during a visit by a public official to the suspects locality. Information is fed in continuously from "every agency with any conceivable kind of security responsibility," says *True* magazine.

"The list includes anyone who has ever threatened any public official anywhere, belonged to a suspect group, been in a mental hospital. Whenever a high public official — a potential target — is scheduled to make an appearance, an IBM machine turns up everybody on the list from the designated city, and agents in the field check them out for 'activity and capability.' Anyone who has engaged in any activity which might make him dangerous. . . is kept under surveillance." Aiding the bureau are psychiatrists like Dr. James Brussel of New York City, author of *The Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist*. He helped police catch The Mad Bomber by diagnosing him as a paranoid then concluding what his physical appearance would be like, using research done by a late German psychiatrist whose theory was that certain mental illnesses are common to particular body types. The hope of the bureau is that they can refine the "picture" of a potential troublemaker to such an extent that agents can pick him out of a crowd and preventively arrest him before the Big Man arrives. *True* reports: "Suspects are now picked up at almost every public gathering where a likely assassination target is appearing. Often the suspects are confused and baffled. They don't understand why they are suspects." The composite picture the experts have been able to draw so far — studying every successful or unsuccessful assassin from Booth to Sirhan — indicates that the man they consider dangerous is slight in build, straightlaced, self-righteous and resentful, a chronic loser and outsider, a failure with wo-

men. He's probably a former enlisted man who joined the army to prove his masculinity, then ran into trouble by bucking the service's father image. He's probably living alone in a boarding house, has few friends, and belongs to no social organizations. He's very demanding in tidiness, and probably doesn't drink or smoke. Religious, he believes he's heaven-destined to right the world's wrongs (Booth: "God simply made me the instrument of his punishment"); after the assassination, he can smile because he knows he'll get his reward in history's pages. This is the kind of description against which the Secret Service matches its file cards.

"Sanitation is a way of life. . . it is nourished by knowledge," reasons the New York City chapter of the National Sanitation Foundation. So it has, in cooperation with the city, published a free 12-page pamphlet detailing local sanitation laws. For instance, you risk a \$25-\$500 fine — and/or a year in jail — if you throw a burning mattress out the window in order to keep the fire from spreading to the rest of your apartment: "No person shall. . . throw. . . any ashes. . . or refuse into any public street. . . vacant lot. . . backyard or court." But on the other hand, there are a few things you can keep your watchful eye out for. For instance, "Every owner, leasee. . . having charge of any lot or building shall, within four hours after snow has ceased to fall or within four hours after 7 a.m., if snow has ceased to fall after 9 p.m. the previous evening, clean such snow or ice from the sidewalk." And: "It is illegal to distribute commercial advertising circulars except through the U.S. Mail. Among other things, this applies to distribution to pedestrians and to attaching such circulars to automobiles." And here's one you might want to call into enforcement next time you see the Sanitation Commissioner's wife walking her dog: "No. . . offensive animal matter or any odious. . . liquids must be allowed to. . . fall on any street." — Robert Wolf

Ready when you are, America.



Photo: Hy Fujita

The invasion continues.

Hot on the heels of such other Canadians: Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, and Neil Young. (You remember Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, and Neil Young. All Canadians. All neat.)

Now Canada has done it again.

The Collectors. A group that makes other groups sound under-ambitious.

Looking for status? Try these on:

1. Name the only rock group that will compose their country's World's Fair music.
2. Name the only group that've composed a score for a new rock musical (it makes Hair sound like Rose Marie).
3. Name the only rock group selected by the prestigious Canadian National Film Board to score a whole film.

Name... The Collectors.

BUT HOW TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE ALL THIS?

Our pleasure would be for you to support their two albums. The Collectors are now in America. For us (Warners) they've recorded two albums. Our Mr. Smith, who runs our la-

bel and loves it when we look good for the stockholders, has put out the word: "Get some action."

We show you their two LP's and request your action.



#1. "What Love"



#2. "Grass Etc."

DON'T BELIEVE US.

We suspect, however, that you feel there is still some proving to get done. You still don't — be honest now — you still don't believe us. Do you.

To conquer your suspicions, we present our Collectors-One-Time-Only-Get-Acquainted-Offer, which will save you 80¢, or even less. We will send you a genuine Collectors single, filled, edge-to-label, both sides, with their music. All it costs you is a dime.

A dime, and that's all.

Or for our buddies who can't spare a dime, we'll take a nickel. We're anxious to please.

Dick Contino Fan Club
Room 208-C
Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records
Burbank, California 91503

Enclosed is my dime _____ or nickel _____.
Send me the Collectors single you promised, or I sue.

(Do It Now)

Why do we do all this, at no small expense? Because The Collectors are going to hook you. And then, buddy, you're going to have to **buy** the albums. Retail. And when that day comes — o joy — America'll get no cutesy nickel-or-dime offers from us. America, you'll pay through the nose.

And love us for it.





ROCK COLLAGE

Quote of the Month

Super K Records, which has conspired with its parent label, Buddha, in the perpetration of "Bubblegum Music" ("Yummy, Yummy," "Chewy, Chewy" etc.) was saluted recently on the pimple-rock TV show "Upbeat." The performances by all the Super K acts were part of a national exposure campaign of TV and concert appearances by the label's "artists" and staffers, including Super K masterminds, Jerry Kasenetz and Jeffrey Katz. Included in the schedule are 15 high school and collage seminars on the topic "It Takes Talent To Find Talent." Want more? Check out the Bubblegum item in Rolling Stone, No. 27.

Mother Superior Pregnant

Frank Zappa's Bizarre Records is releasing several albums in the next few weeks. Featured is the Mothers' new lp, the two-record soundtrack from their "Uncle Meat" film. The package includes a 24-page booklet. Also set for release are Lenny Bruce, the GTO's, Jeff Simmons, Alice Cooper, and Lord Buckley. No word yet on Wild Man Fisher.

Shape of Things to Come

The goose that laid the golden eggs may have been screwed to death. The first indication that the seemingly endless supply of record company dollars which has been lavished on relatively unknown "underground" bands may be about to dry up came from the Warner-Reprise group, who announced that they will concentrate on promoting acts already under contract.

Even before the announcement was made, the new policy was evident in renewed advertising campaigns for Joni Mitchell's moderately successful lp and Van Dyke Parks' stone, "Song Cycle."

BS&T

Congratulations to Blood, Sweat, and Tears on Making It. They've signed to record an H.I.S. commercial. Maybe they should get together with the Airplane and record a whole album of jingles. Who next? According to Mike Ullman, who supervises the production of commercials for the Young and Rubicam agency, "I think you could even obtain the Beatles, if you had the money."

Snap, Crackle, Pop

Several months ago an article in Rolling Stone exposed the bullshit behind the switch-over by the record companies to an all-stereo product. Briefly, the change eliminated duplication of pressings, jackets, and inventory, as well as the two-tiered price structure saving the companies millions of precious dollars. Only trouble is, the new "compatible" stereo isn't as good as the old stereo when played back in stereo, or the old mono when played back in mono.

As if that wasn't bad enough, there's

another problem which no one ever talks about, namely the abysmal quality of the vinyl disc itself. Despite all the improvements in studio equipment, albums suffer from the same old ills. The number of defective lp's is incredible. If the big labels ever heard of quality control, it sure doesn't show. Then there are the "maintenance" problems. Even if you're reasonably careful, static electricity causes the disc to pick up dust, which becomes embedded in the grooves. Snap, crackle, pop. And many companies don't even put the record in a sleeve. It goes straight into the jacket, which makes it nearly impossible to avoid scratches. The absence of even such a cheap safeguard is particularly galling in light of the latest price increases.

Disc recordings have been around for about 60 years, and the modern stereo disc for over a decade. Album sales are booming. The big labels have millions to spend on talent, recording, new studios, promotion, and even jacket design. Wonder when they'll get around to static, dust, scratches, sleeves, and quality control.

Waiting For The Doors

I played a few cuts off the Doors' first album the other day. Despite everything that's gone down since I first heard it, it's still a beautiful, powerful experience. The very first few times it was absolutely overwhelming. I didn't really know anything about the Doors then, except that they were the most promising new group around.

Gradually, stories and articles about the Doors and Morrison started appearing, with greater and greater frequency and, "The End" was getting more copy than any other rock cut before or since, which was good.

"Strange Days" was slightly disappointing, in the way that second albums often are. The playing was better, but on the whole, it was a consolidating lp. The jacket, though, was terrifying, and the stories made up for what the record lacked. Still, it took some determination not to be disillusioned by seeing them in person.

Long before "Waiting For The Sun" was released the stories had become jokes, the act a farcical caricature. Nevertheless, "Unknown Soldier" was a good song, and sort of brave. The album was a gas the first time through, but didn't have any staying power. The same old Doors in a slightly different package. A triumph of content over form.

Why even bother to write about it now? Well, because I still hoped they might deliver on their promise. Right up until their most recent single, "Touch Me" is, with the exception of the arrangement (for which the credit probably belongs to Paul Rothchild) as thoroughly ordinary a song as any Doors composition/performance. Let the Doors pander to Gloria Stavers. I won't be listening.

-Jim Rodger

'Every time I hear a political speech, or I read those of our leaders, I am horrified at having, for years, heard nothing which sounded human. It is always the same words telling the same lies. And the fact that men accept this, that the people's anger has not destroyed these hollow clowns, strikes me as proof that men attribute no importance to the way they are governed; that they gamble—yes, gamble—with a whole part of their life and their so-called vital interests'

ALBERT CAMUS

BORN FREE

by Rocky Racoon.

A few weeks ago, a child was born free in a San Francisco communal flat. The state has no record of its existence.

The baby was delivered by the father and a nurse, acting as a friend.

When a mother gives birth to an infant in a hospital, the baby's birth is routinely recorded and a birth certificate is issued. Usually, as a precaution, the child's footprints are recorded. The state then has a permanent record of the existence of this new human being so that he might enjoy the many "benefits" society affords him.

"We want our son to be free, unprogrammed and completely unidentified with the state," says the child's young father.

"He will not go to public schools unless he wants to."

He will not require a social security card because he will not seek employment unless he wants to. The boy will learn a handcraft from his father.

The parents say they plan to raise their son in the forest until he is old enough to know his own mind. "He can leave whenever he wants," they say.

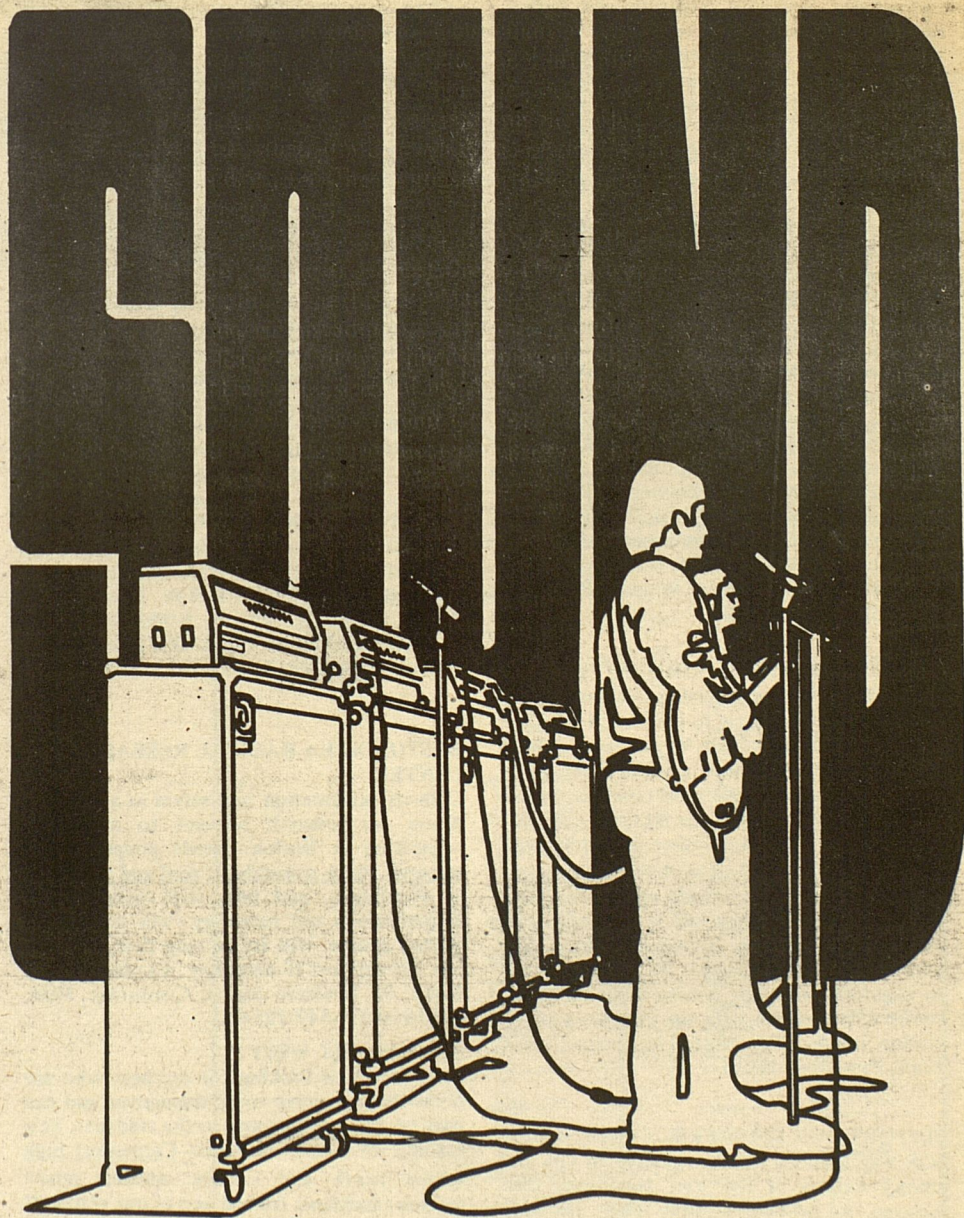
The boy will not be forced to register for the draft because the state will not know he is alive.

If the child becomes sick, his parents plan to nurse him with herbs and rely on medical care outside officialdom's forms. "He will not get sick from the foul city air because he will be in the country," says the father.

The boy even has the option to keep his foreskin.

And if he is ever busted? "He will tell them he's from another planet," advises the father.

Now will King Herod send his troops to search out this child born without a number?



supercharged



CHANGE YOUR JOB change your life

Vocations for Social Change is an organization devoted to helping people do something more meaningful with their lives. Or, as they put it, "a decentralized clearing-house for people struggling with one basic question: 'How can people earn a living in America in 1969 and insure that their social impact is going to effect basic humanistic change in our social, political and economic institutions?'"

VSC publishes a monthly listing of new jobs—and lives—and this can be obtained from Canyon, Calif. 94516 (send \$1 if you can spare it, otherwise free). If you are looking for a socially useful job drop them a line and they'll try to steer you to the area in which you're interested.

What follows is a random selection from current VSC listings.

THE VILLAGE OF FREE SOULS

Will be an intimate group of 50 to 100 people making their lives what they want them to be by throwing their hopes into one bag. To have such a village takes more than talk or marching. It takes work, (and a little bread), a lot of LOVE, and intense Human Association. To Become Everything YOU have in you, to be, JOIN US in building that VILLAGE! Contact Gene Kalin; 3042 West Wilson; Chicago, Illinois 60625.

TWIN OAKS COMMUNITY

Twin Oaks is an experimental community based on the novel *Walden Two*. We are located on a 123 acre farm in central Virginia and now have 14 members. We welcome letters from people interested in *Walden Two* who wish to visit or inquire about joining us in our efforts to design and establish a radically different society.—Contact Twin Oaks Community; Louisa, Virginia 23093; (703) 894-2301.

SCHOOL OF LIVING

The School of Living is helping people learn about and experience communal life, subsistence living, and small-scale farming. There are two School of Living intentional communities: Heathcote Center in Freeland, Maryland and Lanes End Homestead, Brookville, Ohio. People are needed with skills in building and repairs, gardening, publicity, and clerical and library work. Room and board are provided, salaries are probably. Several active family homesteads are open to apprenticeships during summer months. A monthly newspaper, *THE GREEN REVOLUTION*, is published from Brookville. The Heathcote Center carries on active training, work-bees, and discussions on the how and why of modern homesteading and community life. The curriculum and scope of the School of Living adult education effort is contained in *SEVENTEEN PROBLEMS OF MEN AND SOCIETY*, a new book by Ralph Borsodi, a founder of the School of Living. Five of these problems of living fall into the broad area of "economics"; production, distribution, organization, possession, and occupation. The School of Living contrasts traditional authoritarian solutions to these problems with the libertarian, or "mutual convenience" solutions that they are encouraging people to try. Contact Mrs. Mildred Loomis; School of Living; Heathcote Center; Freeland, Maryland 21053 or Lane's End Homestead; Route 3, Box 235; Brookville, Ohio 45309.

THE NEW LEARNING COMMUNITY

An embryonic and evolving community of people discovering how to use New York City as a learning environment. We are trying to help individuals explore their own learning goals and define methods and structures for pursuing them. One aspect of the NLC is a communal house in Chelsea; another is working with an experimental children's school. Many members are expected to provide money for their room and board if they live in the house (approximately \$100 per month—will help find part-time job if necessary). We are also trying to negotiate ways for college students to do credited field work with us. For more information write: 225 West 21st Street; New York, New York 10011.

SUPPORT OUR SOLDIERS

SOS was founded because American GIs are among victims of the Viet Nam war. Our message to soldiers is that they are still Americans and part of the human community who can think, act, speak and feel for themselves. And we are demonstrating that being for peace means being for them and their lives. SOS is currently running three coffee houses: The Shelter Half in Tacoma, Washington, The UFO in Columbia, South Carolina, and The Oleo Strut in Killeen, Texas. More and planned in other cities near military bases. Girls, guys, or preferably couples are needed to work in Tacoma and

Columbia. Possibly in Killeen. Subsistence salaries—prefer people who like to rap, guys who've been in the military. Those interested should write to the SOS headquarters in San Francisco, not to the individual coffee houses. Also needed are volunteers to help with office work and fund raising. Salaries may be available for those who become vital. Contact Donna Mickleson; 373 Green Street; San Francisco, California 94133; (415) 434-1619.

PLAYGROUND ON WHEELS

We need a co-ordinator to help expand our project which has also been described as an art cart, a toy wagon and a hippy wagon. The person must be able to make it with kids and move creatively in unknown and free-flowing situations. The purpose of the project is to create situations where kids are free to develop a sensitivity to their feelings and in individual awareness of their environment. We work towards this by having people who possess these qualities within themselves, and who have a strong love for children, encounter the children in the streets where they normally play. Sometimes we bring a small wagon with arts and crafts supplies; sometimes we take trips—anything is possible. Part-time with regular, flexible salary.—Contact Joe Forbes; YMCA: 220 Golden Gate Avenue; San Francisco, California 94102; (415) 885-0460.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES FOUNDATION, INC.

Is trying to change the University into an agent for radical social change by 1) increasing its underclass enrollment, especially black, and 2) building an independent organization parallel to the University's financial bureaucracy but different from it in purpose and function. We are primarily the funding arm of a complete program including recruiting students for scholarships, paying the scholarships, running a tutoring program, and developing relevant curricula. By Fall 1969 we hope to be supporting 50 students. Someone is needed to coordinate all phases of the organization's work, especially directing the funding projects. The work would include travelling and meeting business people, mainly in Indiana. Salary will probably be \$200/month; room and board may also be provided. Would have the help of one part-time assistant, two coordinators with black student associations, volunteers for special jobs, and hopefully a secretary. Preferably black and definitely hip. Contact Bob Klawitter or Pierre Spaulding; c/o R. Klawitter; English Department Indiana University; Bloomington, Indiana 47401; (812) 332-3095 or 337-1296

BOSTON AREA RADICAL RESEARCH CENTER

Collects information and serves as a clearing-house for research relevant to movement organizing in Boston. Needs people to do research, train researchers, read and file radical documents, and help with office work. Experience is not necessary—will teach committed people. Will try to help find part-time job for support if necessary. Contact Nancy Mann; 56 Boylston Street; Cambridge, Mass. 02116; (617) 547-7254.

SUMMERHILL WEST

Free school is looking for teachers who are involved in creative work themselves and can pass on their enthusiasm to the students. This spring, we will need most: Carpenter; high school math and science teacher; music teacher; assistants for teachers of our youngest (5-7) and intermediate (8-11) age groups. Formal degrees not required, but B.A. preferred; also prefer married people. Full-time or part-time through school year. Subsistence salaries, more if funds are available. Room and board.—Contact Dr. Frank Lindenfeld; 23859 Stagg Street; Canoga Park, California 91304; (213) 883-0502.

ART & ARCHITECTURE CENTER

A high school of the arts working to develop cultural awareness, self-pride and confidence

in inner city youth. Trains them in all aspects of the arts—photography, film, dance, music, etc. A film instructor is needed to teach hard core teenagers 16mm and 8mm film making. Salaried position; commitment of one year or longer. Must have film experience and knowledge and be able to relate to inner city black youth and drop-outs. Contact Topper Carew; 2335 18th Street, N.W.; Washington, D.C. 20009; (202) 332-4500.

ARKANSAS PEACE INFORMATION CENTER

Is looking for more staff to do anti-draft organizing in the hostile South. The center is nearly broke but will help find part-time jobs, which are fairly easy to come by for straight looking people. Places to live can be arranged. People eventually needed to take the place of the two full-time organizers who will be on the verge of collapse or arrested by summer. Draft counselors are especially welcome.—Contact Larry Buster; Arkansas Peace Information Center, 28 Winchester Drive; Little Rock, Arkansas 72206; (501) 565-2201.

TEASPOON DOOR

Need woman of any age for senior help on established underground paper. Must have interest in social change and journalism with either some clerical ability, artistic talent, or promotional knack. One or two small children acceptable.—Contact Dale Herschler; Teaspoon Door; 7053 University Avenue; La Mesa, California 92041.

THE SOUTHERN COURIER

Needed: Reporters in Dothan, Troy, and Huntsville, Alabama, Albany, Georgia, Jackson, Hattiesburg, Natchez, and Holly Springs, Mississippi. Salary \$35/wk. plus rent, travel, and photo expenses. Camera and car desired, but not prerequisite. Job includes news and feature coverage of 5-10 county area, some business responsibilities. Business Manager in Montgomery, Alabama. Salary \$60/wk. plus rent, travel expenses. Must be willing to be on the road constantly, seeing advertisers, hiring and checking up on distributors, arranging special promotions. Car desired but not prerequisite, driver's license a necessity. Write to Michael S. Lottman, 1012 Frank Leu Building, Montgomery, Alabama 36104; or phone (205) 262-3572 on Fridays only.

KALEIDOSCOPE PUBLISHING CO.

Needs people for anything/everything. Write, type (IBM Executive, justify), wash dishes, layout, advertising sales, super-sleuths, artists, live, love, write some more, work, work, work. Subsistence pay when possible, except ad sales which are by commission. Housing possible on temporary or permanent basis.—Contact John Kois, Kaleidoscope Publishing Co.; Box 5457, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211, (414) 272-5091. Also in Chicago, Illinois— inquire at above address.

TEACHER WANTED

Teacher—needed for experimental school in the South Shore area of Chicago. Junior High School level. Ungraded, the eight children in the school range in age from 11 to 14. Start now or whenever you are available. School is run cooperatively by the parents and a team of part-time teachers. This staff will be available to help with teaching. Pay and hours are flexible. Pay for full-time person would start at about \$65/week—Contact Staughton Lynd; 7359 South Bennett, Chicago, Ill. 60649; (312) 288-5077.

REFUGEES OF RESURRECTION CITY, U.S.A. FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

A group of refugees of Resurrection City, U.S.A. is building a new city 16 miles from Selma, Alabama. It is to be self-sufficient and inhabited by people from all over the world who wish to be a part of a free society. The goals are to create an economy opposite of capitalism, to eliminate money from the

community, to create whole, confident selves, to create an educational system that eliminates fear, pressure, and competition from the lives of children and adults. Are seeking technical assistance—teachers, doctors, nurses, lawyers, carpenters, farmers to build an example of what a Beautiful Society can be. Schools, hospital, and cultural centers will be set up. Also needed are organizers to help set up support groups throughout the world. Contact Cheryl Robinson and Ray Robinson, Jr.; P.O. Box 604; Selma, Alabama 36701.

SALUD MEDICAL CLINIC

Salud is a venture in community medicine. Without government funding, it serves primarily the low income farm working community of Woodville and surrounding areas in the San Joaquin Valley. Ideas and energy abound. How can delivery of medical care be effectively changed to meet needs of PEOPLE? Salud is beginning to find some answers. The staff presently consists of sixteen workers, with a ratio of two local people for each one recruited from outside the area. Another physician is needed. A General Practitioner is preferred, but other specialties would be acceptable. The salary is \$200/month (this can be varied according to need); long working hours. A one year commitment is asked. Salud will soon have non-profit status and thus be acceptable as an alternative service agency for C.O.s. Contact Dr. David Brooks; Salud Medical Clinic; P.O. Box 416; Woodville California 93257; (209) 686-8744.

THE NEWSREEL

The Newsreel is a radical film project, making films (one every two weeks) that can be used by organizers and others in the process of building political consciousness, building a movement for social change in this country. The Newsreel makes films that are tools or weapons. People who get deeply involved can expect to learn the whole range of film-making technique, plus all its applications in the areas of propaganda, agit-prop. We also need people interested in film distribution and desk work, as films go out free as they are completed to groups across the country that are doing active organizing. No salaries at present, but will help find part-time jobs for support. Newsreel is presently operating in five cities: NEW YORK—127 East 15th Street; New York, New York 10003; (212) OR3-8270; SAN FRANCISCO—450 Alabama St.; San Francisco, California 94110; (415) 431-2404; BOSTON—c/o Pincus; 335 Western Avenue; Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138; CHICAGO—c/o Chicago Film Co-op; 162 North Clinton; Chicago, Illinois 60606; LOS ANGELES—619 South Bonnie Brae; Los Angeles, California 90057; (213) 483-2352.

RADIO FREE PEOPLE

REP is the audio counterpart of the "underground" press. It produces and distributes tapes of talks, demonstrations, forums, poetry political analysis, etc. to social-action groups, college (and possibly commercial) radio stations, or anyone else who wants them—may also move into "hot news" coverage. We need people in touch with movement activities to produce tapes locally and send them to us for distributions; to help "push" our material and feed back information about local needs; to set up local, loosely affiliated operations. We need electronic technicians and engineers with experience in radiocommunications to develop low-cost carrier-current AM broadcasting facilities. We want to coordinate research on thought-control in the USA, and hope to bring together people who can gather hard intelligence about the mass media—their values, their semantics, who owns them, etc. People who work with us in N.Y. will be trained in recording and editing. Volunteers at first, hopefully subsistence or slightly better salaries eventually (will help provide the essentials somehow in the meantime). Contact Peter Suthem; 160 Prospect Place; Brooklyn, New York 11238; (212) 622-4092.

MIGRANT THEATER

A political theater—agitates and propagandizes for the Revolution. Is looking for actors, writers, etc. Also needed is a reliable, patient, competent driver for three or four months beginning about June 15, 1969 when the troupe will go on a cross-country tour, giving political puppet shows in English and Spanish, and guerilla theater performances. All expenses paid, possible bonus at the end of the tour if it comes out financially. Contact Syrek; 1524-A Berkeley Way; Berkeley, California 94703; (415) 548-1403.

BREAD AND PUPPET THEATER

"The Bread and Puppet Theater is a continuous workshop in puppet and mask-making play-making, glueing, sewing, stapling, papier-macheing, woodcutting, mimeing and music-making against the war." Actors, musicians, craftsmen, and bread bakers are welcome to drop by and spend an afternoon of a year. Training is given in all of the theater's activities. Salaries are possible after working with the group for a while. 2nd Ave. and 2nd St. (S.E. Corner); New York, New York; (212) 533-7560 or 982-1535. Contact Margo Lee Sherman; 430 East 9th Street; New York, New York 10009.

life

a poem by Michael O'Donoghue

One thing led
To another and,
Before we knew it,
We were dead.



"YO' HONKY
MUTHERFUCKERS
BES' BUY MAH
FLAPJACKS OR
AH'M GONNA
WHUP YO' ASS!"

Lip Ripped Off, Eaten By Dog Stitched Back On Girl's Face



after meditating for ten thousand years, He flashes a brief enigmatic smile and reveals the key to all human thought, understanding, and wisdom in a single phrase...

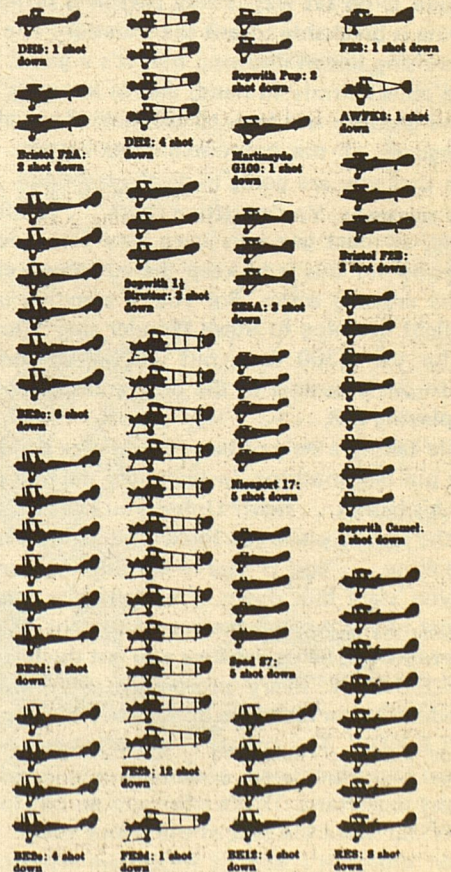
Never, NEVER
buy a Datsun!



M.

Richtshofen's Score

Through the chances of war, all but one of the aircraft Richtshofen was officially credited with shooting down were British (the exception was a Belgian Spad). As with all aces, most of his victims were reconnaissance, not fighter aircraft. The drawings below illustrate the full tally of 20 types of Allied aircraft that fell to Richtshofen.





CRUISING IN L.A.

by SAM WINSTON

The best cruising, I feel, is done without words — that's HARD cruising. Object: Sex. There are times when you never know their name, but it doesn't matter. It's mutually understood you want the same thing from each other. . . and you don't want to get involved. Those who are stepping out on their lovers [often by marital agreement] are good at this kind of cruising. Of course there's the opposite type who must talk at length to their prospective trick before committing themselves. [It's like the difference between those who couldn't think of going to bed with friends, and those who wouldn't bat an eye over it. . . personal preference.]

BAR CRUISING: Let it be immediately understood that there is no set way. Every person is different, and every rule is breakable to suit the situation. The secret of good cruising lies in knowing that it's a game. Of keeping the object firmly in hand, and in knowing the symbols and gestures and how to use them. This, after all, is the language of the homosexual sex-culture. . . We'll assume that you are going to do the cruising. . . you will be the aggressor. You're sitting there. . . or more likely standing, as most gay bars have very few places to sit. The reason for this is to keep the customers circulating to make cruising easier. So, you're standing under the black light listening to Steve Wonder sing "Once In My Life" for the 4,300 time, but you're too god damned cheap to put a quarter in the box, and some other fairy keeps playing B-2. . .

While taking a swig of beer, you notice a kid standing by the pin ball machine. Instinctively the first place you look is his basket. . . right? Unless you have a fetish, then that's the second place you look. You wait till he catches you looking. . . and if you're considering pursuing the prey, you stare him down. This tells him you're more than just idly surveying the crowd tonight. If you stare him down twice, he can assume you got the hots for him.

RULE NO. 1. Every prospective trick [unless he's stripped naked on his knees doing you] is a cop.

RULE NO.2. The cruise. . . the conquest. . . is one of the most important parts, and many people feel that it is the most important. That's why you go out looking, to conquer. So make the best of the cruise game.

Now, unless it's one of those rare wonderful cases when vibrations explode like fireworks, and it's inevitably written in the stars that you two will get together. . .

the kind of times when he walks in and the room lights up, you're gonna have to pursue the game. You might subtly touch your crotch, or run your hand over your ass, or linger your mouth on the beer bottle and work on it. But remember, each gesture is saying something, and he's probably standing there interpreting [or misinterpreting].

The chase is on. . . if he's still interested; and you're prayin' he is. Each sex act — as well as the cruise — has two partners [or more] a & b. Basically they play roles. Sometimes 'a' takes the male role and 'b' the female — or the other way around. Sometimes a & b mutually, diverse in desires, respond equally. . . happy 69. Of course there's a lot of deviates runnin' around, but depending on what kind of bar you're in, you can usually count on fellatio, sodomy, masturbation, and plain old making out.

You're now ready for the physical chase. Move to another part, and be sure to look closely into his beautiful blue eyes as you pass. You might, if the bar is crowded ACCIDENTALLY touch him as you pass. If he speaks, you're in. Or you might want to say something profound like "hi". If he doesn't, make sure he knows you're hot and bothered, and permit him to see where you're going. Sometimes you can go to the tearoom [head] and if he follows you, pee [or at least pretend to]. Look over your shoulder at him. . . DON'T TOUCH. You'll both know if you're interested. This is an excellent chance to see what he'll look like in the morning, for while the bars are very dimly lighted, the men's rooms are usually harsh and ugly.

RULE NO. 3. If you get suspicious about his civic intentions, split. Don't rationalize bad vibrations. Learn to trust them. The loss of one trick is less important than the loss of your freedom. Or \$625. [Ways to somewhat check him out: See who in the bar he knows. . . check for costume incongruities. . . If he's under the minimum LAPD height requirement [5'8"], you're cool. But mainly trust your feelings.

As you play the game, he might suddenly become the pursuer. . . so take the opposite role. This doesn't necessarily mean those are the roles you'll take in bed. Remember, every homosexual likes to be cruised. Most pick-ups are based on the premise "Let him say the first word" and the success of the cruise depends on who

weakens between the legs first. Sometimes it's a stalemate, and both parties give up in boredom, blaming the other guy for being "too fuckin' pissy."

RULE NO. 4. If you want him, go get him. If you don't scoff him up, someone else will. There is "no holds barred" in cruisin' . . . and best friends will steal your trick right from under your KY.

S&M: Leather does not necessarily mean Sadist & Masochist . . . but there are more chances of encountering it in a leather-type bar. Most S&M looking people are a shuck . . . it usually boils down that S will accept the masterful role, and M, the passive. Thus they play games. M can mean "I'll let you do little nasties to me, or you can make me do things to you" . . . and S, the opposite. Most will trade roles easily. But when in doubt, ask. A true S or M will admit it and will even tell you how far he wants to go. Don't wait till he's about to go out of his gourd in a passionate whip wielding climax before you decide he's going too far. (If you find yourself in this situation, call me.) Most realize just what their bag is, and any type of S&M activity takes two to tango. The clearest indications are in the "gear" they wear. Chains, earrings, buttons, keys, cocks worn on the right indicate M. On the left, S. Middle or both . . . they'll go both ways. Leather freaks are usually devoid of all this paraphrenalia. Of course there's always the possibility they ride bikes.

Don't be fooled by size. (God knows we all have been.) There's a lot of hulking big brutes who like to get fucked . . . and likewise, there are a lot of little fuckers who'll sock it to you while you're pouring the coffee. If you are in doubt about someone, and you're in one of your favorite haunts where they know you, ask the friendly bartender if he knows so-and-so. That's part of their job, matchmaking.

BAD OPENING LINE: "What do you like?" Your answer can get you arrested if he turns out vice.

RULE NO. 5. Don't play with each other in a public place, and a bar is a public place.

You eventually end up trusting intuition based on the countless little things you've picked up living in the gay subculture. You can't explain them. I remember once sitting in a bar, early, I had just walked in. I sat down and ordered a beer. This kid sits next to me (almost no one there yet). He turns to me and says "You wanna go home and fuck?" Well, I suspected he wasn't vice. I hear he's doing 2 years. . .

Read the blackboards in the tea rooms. Often they have hot tips on personal preferences (learn to be versatile) . . . or whether the MAN is visiting.

Remember, once you've committed yourself verbally or otherwise, into going with him, you're a cunt if you back out. So if the subject of "shall we?" comes up rather straight forward, decide and answer. Don't fart around. It may be blunt to say, "no.", but it will save a lot of hurt and embarrassment when you can't get a hard on and you start on the suck uncle bit . . . and he's wasted his last popper . . . etc. If you can't decide, buy him a beer and get to know him a little better.

LAST MINUTE HINTS: Pick ups can happen anytime. If you go to a bar with a friend, and you see something you want, don't feel you have to stay and talk to the friend. Go after it.

If you're cruised by an obnoxious drunk dirty old man, be polite and sweet. There is no need to hurt people. Dirty old men need love too. After all, each cruise is a compliment to you.

If you can't remember his name, say so. . . hardly anyone ever can.

Since you never know when or where love will strike, and it seems it has a way of doing so when you can least reciprocate (shopping with mother, etc.) **WASH IT BEFORE YOU GO OUT** . . . even if you're goin' to church.

- Some of the places I've picked up people:
- Greyhound bus from New York City to Newark.
- Closed Head shop.
- Dinner party.
- Hollywood Freeway at 60 MPH.
- Disneyland.
- The office.
- Cousin Bob's farm.
- Stravinski concert.
- Corner Sunset and Fountain.
- Post office.
- Fag Beach.
- "Sound of Music."

Community demonstration and riot.
Underground newspaper office.
Weekends in Hollywood bars are touristas . . . Tues-Thurs nights are good sex nights.

If someone buys you a drink, you aren't obligated. But thank him.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO TALK TO PEOPLE IN BARS . . . THEY'RE ONLY PEOPLE. BARS ARE OMINOUS ENOUGH, WITHOUT EVERYONE IGNORING EVERYONE ELSE. GETTING INVOLVED IN A CONVERSATION DOESN'T MEAN YOU WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH HIM. IN L.A. WE GOTTA UNDERSTAND THAT.

OPEN CITY

Le calendrier des galeries

Les galeries sont classées par ordre alphabétique selon la première lettre qui sur le mot galerie. Pour participer au calendrier des galeries, le forfait mensuel est de par mois T.T.C. Pour la mise à jour de la liste, les modifications de texte doivent parvenir le 15 du mois précédent la parution.

PARIS

ALENÇON PEINTU 4, rue d'Alençon, BAB 13 NAKACHE, ROLF, GIO COLUCCI Gouaches, lithographies.

Galerie ALEXANDRI 196, bd St-Germain, 84 Victor Brauner, Max Er Fernandez, Yves Klein, Matta, Martial Raysse, Saint-Phalla, Tinguly. En permanence : Coly Crippa, Leonor Fini, Fon Gette, Ghika, Lalanne, Toiles de : Braque, Fat ger, Miro, Picasso, Wols

André PACITTI 174, Fg Saint-Honoré, Expert près les tribunaux douanes français. Tableaux, dessins, sculptures XIXe et XXe siècles. Sculptures de Moirigno, Rivière. Médailles de Salvator Dali. En permanence : Céria, Jean Dubreuil, Marcel Leprinc, Muhl, Pierre Ino.

André... 140, D CAR Peintures, Mar... Vie W... Scu Pu'

Galerie CARDU-MATIGNON 32 av. Matignon (8e), 225-03 D'Anty, Chochoy, Gille-Liliane Loursel, Mari Scholla, Thiollier. Sculptures de F. B. Du 26 janv. au 2 f LEON. Hommage à du Mal.

Galerie Camille REN 133, bd Haussmann (8e) BAL Astoule, Burtin, P.-M. Chevolleau, Courtens, Labelle, Marzelle, Mouy, Perre, Sarth. Sculptures de D Gravures de Tapisseries Emaux de Jusqu'au A. QUF

CHRISTIANE COLIN 33, quai Bourbon - Isle Saint-Louis GRAUER, LAMORLETTE, LAURIN D'AIX, LOUVIGNIE, MO-JONG, PONS.

CIMAISE DE PARIS 72, bd Raspail, LIT. 08-14. FORMES et COULEURS peintures jusqu'au 15 février.

Galerie 59, rue Le... Louis V... rains : maire, tezin, ret.

Galerie des Editions LES HEURES CLAI 19, r. Bonaparte (6e). TABLEAUX, DESSINS, ILLUSTRÉS, GRAVURES

Galerie DANIEL T 58 r. Bonaparte (6e). Ado, Arnal, Barré, B Defert, Del Pezzo, Du Journiac, M. Mohr, f cillac, Télémaque, Tysz Estampe David

du DRAGON ragon, Paris-6e. hemay, Crémonini, arfein, Lévêque, Pel... Rosofsky, Ségui, Titus- et Vélickovic.

ID-RUEL dland (8e), ELY. 06-14. TIME. février inclus.

FRANCE ale-Saint- ANI, TABU SHI. février 196

numéro, Lagar, Lamarque, Lejeune, Mühl, Oudot, Person, Rohner, Van Heck. Sculptures de Carton Collamarini et Couturier. Œuvres de Manguin. Exposition ROHNER, à partir du 4 février.

Galerie du PASSEUR 90, rue du Bac (7e) 548-3 PEINTRES DE LA GALERIE.

Galerie 235, r. Petit et X. lièreme

Galerie rue de Ken GILLOU LOURD

MANU Matig any Le André Prikng et au Expo du

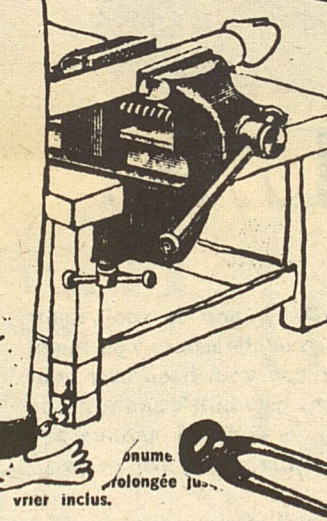
Charchoune, Des... ève, Féraud, Ger... Guino, Lapicque Patkai.

Sculptures de CARDOT et de DERBRE.

ANTICONFOR- toré (8e).

ob (6e). MED. 90-66. ustlein, Derieux, Gafgen, usson, Charles Marq, Sa- brigitte Simon, Weelen. s de Vieira da Silva.

ie Jacques CASANOYA ion LIA GRAMBILM Marie Montp



Galerie KNOEDLER et Cie 85 bis, rue du Fg-Saint-Honoré. Tél. 225-59-78. TABLEAUX MODERNES.

Galerie KRIEGL 36, av. Matignon (8e). ELY 17-89 Adilon, Michel Aubert, Bolin, Philibert Charrin, Cottavoz, Carbell, Germain Kimura, Lansky, Mendelovici, Romathier, Schmid. Sculptures de Berrocal.

LA DEMEURÉ 6, pl. Saint-Sulpice T. 326-02-74 TOURLIERE, tapisseries du 9 janvier au 2 février. MILLIEN, de l'aube à l'aufévrier

AN, TABU SHI. février 196

LA NOUVELLE GRAV 42, r. de Seine (6e). 633-01 Lithographies et gravures origin d'artistes contemporains : Araki, Ballif, Bierl, Bissière, Bortyk, Connal, De-rini, Friedlander, ewska, La Bour-Nedelec, Piza, Smiechowska,

Galerie LAMBERT 14, rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Île (4e). Tél. 326-51-39. En permanence : Bogojevic, Le-benstein, Josaku Maeda, Key Hi-waga, Akos Szabo. Exposition : MARTIN SCHMID qu'au 8 février.

HAUT-PAYE, GAI SAI Montebello (5e) ICHIKAWA : es ». 24 janvier au 13 févri

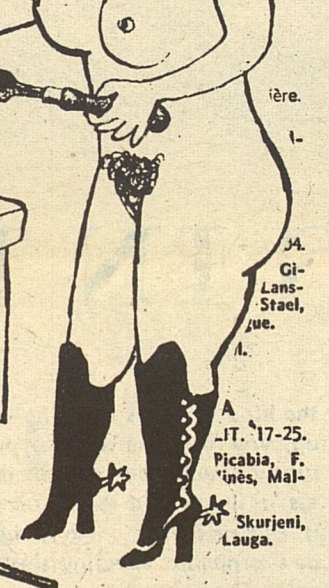
SOLEIL DANS LA de Vaugirard. ODE. 3 février 1969.

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MAEGHT Téhéran. EUR.

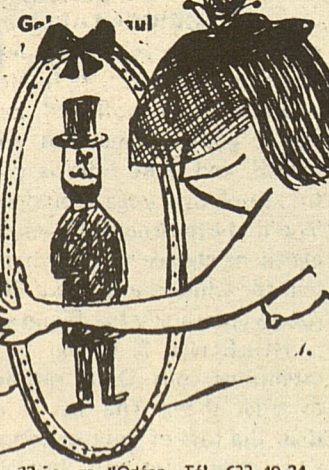
G. Braque, P. Bury, A. C. M. Chagall, E. Childe, F. der, A. Giacometti, W. Kandinsk, Z. Kémén Miro, P. Palazuelo, R. Re- niopelle, S. Tapies,

GA MA 4, rue Tél. Art



ie MONTPARNASSE 47 r. Montparnasse. DAN. 18-49. Du 11 décembre au 25 janvier Berthomme Saint-André, Grau la, La Vernede, Margotton, P Worms, Dequet, Yan, Dolle Chapaud, Merelle, Violar

Galerie 9 9, r. des Beaux-Arts. Arnajz, D. Carron, Dagan, Dar-naud, Iscan, Moulin, Padamsée, Saint-Cricq. Sculptures de JEANKELOWITSCH. Du 14 janv. au 3 févr. LOPUSZNIAK.

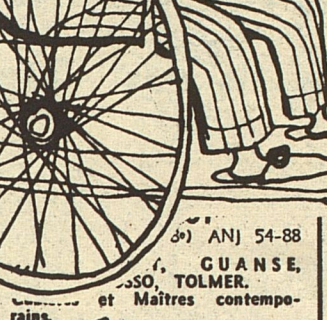


22, r. de l'Odéon. Tél. 633-49-24. Galerie d'arts de tradition popula-laire. ACTIONS DE GRACES POPULAI-RES. Avec le concours exceptionnel du sanctuaire de LAGHET.

Simone BADINIER 15, r. Guénégaud (6e). 633-04-38. Clavel, De- rs, Mc Cor-

Y, SURVAGE, J. A RAMOS, TOF-

OULANGI 326 rier de 17 à



(art mural) 468-20-39 mentes

Galerie 3 + 5, rue Visconti-6e. Groupe de peintre 28 janvier-17 févr

Galerie 3 + 6, rue Visconti (6e) DARAN. Dessins. 21 janvier-17 févr

Galeri 12, r. Tél. En p. ROBEK

VILLAND ET G 127, bd Haussmann. Peintures, aquarelles, gravures de 1912 à MORANDI (13 décem- vier 1969).

Galerie WELTER 40 av. de MADOIDA 3-74-93. GINALES ET GRAVEE DE

ACADÉMIES ACADEMIE GOETZ Ex-académie A. LHOTE), 12, p. Départ (entrée 18, r. d'Odes- Paris-14e.



PROVINCE

BORDEAUX Galerie ST-MICHEL 58, rue des Faures Tél. 91-21-27. Jusqu'au 22 février : HANS HARTUNG. Peintures, lithographies, lithographies oc-



Arnal, Ber- Corneille, Cuixart, S. Delaunay, Dumitresco, rier, Gastaud, Guitet, Istrati, akoy, Mansouroff, Matta, Mil- es, H. Nouveau, Pignon, Piza, oliakoff, Revel, Rezvani, Sato, Vols. sculptures de : Chavignier, Dürr- ich, Etienne Martin, Féraud, Gua- Guino, Theunishen, Vi-

81, rue ibes. Tél. 39-91-45. LUCIEN CLERGUE : œuvre pho- tographique.

LILLE Galerie NORD 29, pl. L.-de-Bettignies. Tél. (200) 55-22-03. EXPOSITION DE MASQUES : DAN, NGERE, WUBE. jusqu'au 25 janvier 1969.

DE BELLECOUR Auguste-Comte, Lyon (2e) hographies originales et Durozad, Joneaux, Lau- onie, G. Martin, Soko-

it, Descombes, Jean Puy Thevenin. ZAROU.

IGNAN de la MAIN DE FER de la Main-de-Fer. tion MIZRAHI LA MOSAÏQUE DANS L'ARCHITECTURE

22-03-28. Waroquier, rd, Brayer, Prikng, Coutaud.

IGER QUE

S I REUSET (UNE) reeu, Bruxelles 1-

18 janvier, au (espa-

— Salle B : Declercq Marc. Dessins.



THE *bull-* REVOLUTION *shit*

The Bullshit Revolution is on every channel, tune in, drop one, and let them take you over.

I know a group of people who are by their own evaluation, Drop Outs. Here is what they do. They run about avoiding warrants for traffic violations, they never have money for their rent, are always moving, leaving letters that cannot be forwarded, phone bills unpaid, pregnant girls, piles of dirty laundry, and boxes of junk which they ask you to keep until they get settled. They take a lot of uppers and let their lips flap blabitty blabitty, or they slouch around in a stuporous dope charm mixed with animosity and grins. They travel a lot in a limited circle and fall in love weekly, they let their hair grow and chop it off, they hardly read anything but sometimes go to movies or rock concerts where they sweat a lot and look at the teenyboppers. They come from upper middle class homes and had good minds which occasionally surface, they all have old rotten cars and a lot of anxiety.

Well, what have they dropped out of? Nothing. Everything they do is in opposition to the system, which means that they are captives of the system, they are about as free as prisoners who rattle their bars and write slogans on cell walls. Their whole time is spent in avoidance of things, landlords, cops, tax men, bills, warrants, girls who love them, anything, anything which would make them pause for a moment and evaluate their position. I'm not going to take a fucking job in a fucking office, they say, crumbling about in their despair, but what are they going to do? They crash their cars and burn their sleeves and look for dope and swallow any pill you leave around and vanish for weeks and reappear, as dreary and captive as ever. What is the answer? I don't know, except that there is something more to life than just saying no.

If you want out of a repressive system, you have to pay a price, and one part of that price is to play it cool. If you refuse their dance, you better get out of their dance hall, or at least hide behind the curtains, because you don't survive long without cover. Castro didn't advertise his headquarters with banners. If we are the dropouts, the underground or the revolutionaries, we should examine our methods. Just how underground are we anyway? Look at us, we are fully visible, full of success, our leaders famous and published and photographed in funny funk clothing for the amusement of the great omniverous masses, (you've seen Krasner's rat nest in Life and Abby Hoffman on TV in baby battle dress). Our styles are big business, our slogans sell cosmetics, our newspapers carry huge amounts of establishment advertising (LA's KMET "underground" radio station advertises Cadillacs to the tune of Canned Heat's On The Road Again), our movies are shown in theatres that charge three dollars to let us see films about revolution, we buy psychedelic clothes from department store quick quack fad boutiques and decorate our cars with expensive manufactured paste-ons.

We are bullshit revolutionaries, that's what we are. We do our fighting in front of TV cameras, what kind of security is that for a revolutionary, your face on every channel? Look at the Panthers,



Uza Williams

in case no one would recognize them they wear a uniform! Bullshit, they are walking targets for every cop and rival Black Power gang that covets their fame! 'They' are helping Us Kill Ourselves off! Who is going to be safe when every dumb fuck tells anyone who will listen that he has a houseful of guns? What kind of revolutionaries are we when we defeat ourselves by stupid disorganized demonstrations in the face of highly organized troops with mace and clubs and guns? We cry about our mutilated forces but do nothing to protect ourselves, that's not how you take over! Suppose they decide to fill those concentration camps? Who will be left outside, who is working quietly, steadily and organizedly? Look what has happened to the Black leadership: jail, exile, murdered, is that a way to protect leaders?

I haven't gotten away from the point I started with, those friends of mine who "dropped out" are on the same sinking ship, doing the same public half-assed gestures of defiance. They are as uncool and self victimizing as everyone else. It's advertising that has captured us, advertised revolution, advertised drop-outism. It is the Guise that has fucked us up, the Great American Guise that starts out with MY COUNTRY TIS OF THE SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY and continues with dyes to make grey hair black and creams to make old skin young and names cars Mustang and Cheetah and crummy blocks of apartments Chateaus and last year put beads and peace ankhs on every instant hippie and this year will sell a billion western style shirts, that last year sold acid and this year sells THC and feeds you the latest political slogan with the seven o'clock news...Hi there folks, tired of the same old We Shall Overcome? Try our bright new Free Huey or Black Power or Pigs Pigs Pigs.

What is the answer? Voltaire suggested that we should cultivate our own garden. It's too late for that, we don't own our gardens anymore, the bank does, and wants cash, and we are told by the latest electronic age sage that it's all one Global Village anyway, so what now? Thinking might help, thinking instead of gobbling up everything that is spewed at us, the musak of our times is what's killing us. For most people Vietnam is geographically on the front page of the newspaper or TV set, so what's real? Biafra was last month, so what's new? Everything is dished out, it's one glorious 24 hour show, even the revolutions are sponsored, specials on revolution courtesy of your friendly computer monopoly, and on to detergents and here come de Beatles and here come de news and here come de late night war movie (or is that still the news?)

So my friends drop pills and years like there is nothing out there, drop their own minds like used kleenex, drop anything that might make them pause and think. Maybe I'm left over from another age, maybe this is the way it's going to be from now on, just a porridge of bodies and slogans and bombs. And when you read this, if you read this, if you haven't turned to the classifieds for your dose of sexual feelings and the front page for news of this week's voluntary victims to give you your little thrill of paper anarchy, and turned on the TV, and smoked another cigarette to keep your hands busy, what will you do? What will any of us do?

HUNGRY

GENIUS

ANgRY

SADHU

BEaT

HIPPY

SAINT

Free

DEVIL

VISIONARY

FURIOUS

DANgEROUS

CaRELess

UNSOCIAL

UNMARRIED

aBnorMAL

a MALEFACTOR

CREATIVE
DESTROYCTOR AND

ArTiST

SPiRITUAL

ABSTRACT-SURREALIST

My paintings are the facade of my different ejaculation—yeah, sleeping on the bed of vomit of my entire vision, indigestion and stinking works ahh, a sudden howling from somewhere, I saw in my room painting screaming on the wall, bravo shout more and more fiercely.



GIVE ME

Colors

I WILL GIVE YOU THE
most VENOMOUS Neucer
LOVE SIGHT this

EARTH
HAS
ever
SEEN

A
MONSTER
Who has been touched

by
THE
Cold teeth
OF
LIFE

a
WILD painter
A crazy VOLCANO

KARUNA

assassinator of art, a Hungryalist animal from the carnivorous historicity, KARUNA NIDHAN MUKHERJIE, that terminal character, he, karuna, who claims to have kicked all great backs from Dali to Bangdel and Picasso to Hussain, screamed entire lastnight after burning 19 of his canvases. He was a dope paddler in Rangoon, a reseller in Varanasi. "Give me colours; I'll give you the most venomous neucer lovesight this lump of shit called earth has ever seen", he told Tridib Mitra in Calcutta. Last autumn he had a one-man-showdown in a junky tea shop louvre at 12 ashwamedh, when the fire brigade from BHU came in search of him, he was swallowing uncooked buffaloo meat 'Kachile' in a village brewery around Kathmandu.

Karuna is a mobilizer of the inaccessible. A monster who has been touched by the clod teeth of life. Karuna has done away with art, academy and establishment.

Karuna Nidhan Mukherje is a wild painter who intends to zoom his visions with his human paws.

—Malay Roy Choudhury

AMNESTY NOW

by David McReynolds
War Resisters League

The war in Vietnam has cost the lives of hundreds of thousands of people, but the casualty rate is greater than can be seen by viewing the graveyards where Vietnamese or American boys lie with their broken dreams. There are the countless thousands who will always bear the marks of napalm or bullets or torture, limping down the years without legs, reaching without arms, sleeping without lovers. Long after the jungles have reclaimed old battlefields, the forests have refoliated themselves, and the debris of our invading army has sunk into swamps or rusted into the earth, the scars of this war will remain with us.

In a political sense this war flows from the nature of our society, and while its causes are more complex than some on the Left believe, it is also true that the war is part of a pattern, one of many interventions, that it fits into our foreign policy and is not simply an accident of history. But this war has, in its consequences, brought disaster to both nations that were involved in it. It laid waste the land and cities of Vietnam and it has more deeply divided our own nation than any event since the Civil War.

In a political sense it is impossible—or immoral—to draw a veil over the past decade, to refuse to learn from Vietnam, to refuse to continue our struggle for the kind of basic changes that are needed so that we have the kind of society which will never again inflict so cruel a war upon the world. If the war ended tomorrow the struggle to change our society must continue.

For All Those Who Said "NO"

But the nation as a whole can do more than study the past. If we cannot bring back those hundreds of thousands who died, we can set at liberty those who are variously called prisoners of war, prisoners of conscience, or political prisoners. There are hundreds held in our own federal prisons and military stockades for their opposition to this war. There are thousands held in prisons in South Vietnam for their political beliefs. There are American pilots held in prisons in North Vietnam. There are thousands upon thousands of young men in exile in Canada or France or Sweden. There are thousands here who have been indicted and await trial, or who may still be indicted for turning in their draft cards. There are many military deserters living covertly in our midst, fearful of being picked up and sent to prison. There are men like Coffin, Goodman, Ferber and Spock who have been sentenced to prison for resisting resistance to this war.

For all these, whether American pilots or military deserters, whether men who accepted prison or men who fled to Canada—for all these—we must ask a general and total amnesty. This is not an appeal to the government that it act with mercy. It is an appeal to the people of this nation that, acting through the agency of the government, they recognize in part what horror we brought to the world and atone for it in part.

Does a fight for amnesty for war resisters in prison mean, some have asked, that we don't care about the others in prison? The blacks driven to crime by the ghetto? The youth made into criminals because of the marijuana laws? No, it doesn't mean that. It does mean that any movement will fight to protect its own people. It does mean that these men were the front line in the fight and they have suffered the most from having waged it. The political prisoners must be released because the very idea of political prisoners is wrong.

Hopefully the struggle for amnesty will focus public attention on the whole system of courts, jails, and "the crime of punishment." Hopefully, also, many resisters will, as they are released from prison, make prison reform, or possibly abolition of the prison system, a central concern of their lives.

Is it right, some ask, to ask amnesty equally for deserters and draft resisters and those in exile? Are not some more worthy than others? The point, however, is precisely that when a nation has gone through a traumatic experience like Vietnam it must not then "pick and choose," but act swiftly and generously toward all. Is a deserter living in daily terror of being discovered less worthy than a man who serves a year in prison? What is important is not the fact that different men and women resisted this war in different ways, but that they did resist it. It is that which unifies them.

Without Exception

Should we not offer a more "constructive plan" to the government, one which they might accept, such as releasing those men who agree to do alternative service? No. We have nothing to negotiate. We have no control over what the government shall do, but we do have control over the demands around which we unite. And those demands are summed up in the statement that we want a general, total amnesty for all those in jail, under indictment, or in exile because of their opposition to the war.

The power of the amnesty movement now beginning can be sensed when we think of the 1000 people who visited Allenwood at Christmas time. One may fault aspects of that action but one cannot ignore that it was the most dramatic statement in our history that those outside the prison walls identified with those inside. We urge the parents and friends of every man in prison, every man in Canada, every man in a military stockade, to join with pacifists on the demand that this nation take the first steps back toward its own rehabilitation by granting general, total, unconditional amnesty to those who had the courage, at whatever level of their being, to resist a war that was criminal. A century from now historians will honor these men, deserters and prison inmates together. Let us honor them now, who gave us our only honor in a dark time. Amnesty now. Amnesty for all.

I Won't Fight Another Man's War

"As a black man I refuse to serve in whitey's army. I am 19 years old. I have lived in the black ghetto all my life, attended segregated schools, experienced racial discrimination in employment. Any day of the week one can pick up a newspaper and read of racist crimes against the black man... I object to the war in Vietnam... It is a war on people of color. And I am a colored man. Bombing villages, executing demonstrators, poisoning crops, torturing villagers suspected of being VC and supporting 10 military takeovers—all this is why I cannot be a party to this immoral war... If you as a black man feel as I do, then I urge you to promote these views."
- Draft resister, Edward Okendo

Words and music by Cruz Martinez
© 1968 by Cruz Martinez



THE
VIETNAM
SONG
book

by Barbara Dane

and Irwin Silber

Distributed by Monthly Review Press

There's a lady in the harbor,
Called the Statue of Liberty. (2X)
The words written under her body
Don't seem to pertain to me. (2X)
(chorus)

A little piece of paper
Promises me liberty. (2X)
Now what the hell does that paper
Really mean to me? (2X)
(chorus)

I'm a Puerto Rican,
Proud as I can be. (2X)
I'm not asking favors:
I'm takin' what belongs to me. (2X)
(chorus)

Won't somebody tell me,
Tell me if you please, (2X)
Are 30 million people
A minority? (2X)
(chorus)

Chorus

C Am F C

I will wait no long-er, I will wait no more.

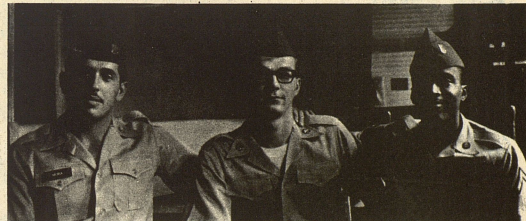
I will wait no long-er, And I won't fight an-oth-er man's war.

Ballad of the Fort Hood Three



"We've been told in training that in Vietnam we must fight,
"And we may have to kill women and children, and that is quite all right
"We say this war's illegal, immoral, and unjust.
"We're taking legal action, just the three of us.

Words: Pete Seeger



"We are PFC. James Johnson, Pvt. David Samas, and Pvt. Dennis Mora, three soldiers formerly stationed at Fort Hood, Texas, in the same company of the 142nd Signal Battalion, and Armored Division.

"We represent in our backgrounds a cross section of the Army and of America. James Johnson is a Negro, David Samas is of Lithuanian and Italian parents, Dennis Mora is a Puerto Rican. We speak as American soldiers.

"When we entered the Army, Vietnam was this unjust, immoral and illegal war," for us only a newspaper box score of G.I.'s

and Viet Cong killed or wounded. We were willing to go along with the program believing that we would not be sent to Vietnam.

"We decided to take a stand against this war, which we consider illegal, immoral and unjust.

All three were found guilty, received dishonorable discharges and forfeiture of pay, and were sentenced to three (Mora) and five-year (Johnson and Samas) prison terms at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The three men made our decision. We will not be a part of were released from prison in October, 1968.

POTSMOKING WILL STOP THE WAR IN VIET-NAM

There is a certain type of criminal called the "dope fiend" who preys on his own body by preparing and smoking the drug marijuana.

At this very moment in some dark and dingy hippy pad you can probably find one of these criminals separating the marijuana seed from his stash in preparation for the spring planting.

I know that you are as concerned as we are about the wanton spread of this dread menace, and are anxious to help nip this trend in the bud.

As a public service, we are taking the responsibility to alert all citizens as to how these criminals cultivate and prepare this highly illegal substance.

First, the fiend will soak his seeds in water for a couple of days. He then stores them between moist tissue paper for a few days, to help them germinate.

Just think -- from these seemingly harmless pale green shoots springs a Pandora's box of evils ranging from murder and rape on

this stuff will stop at nothing to make a fast buck; they will put an overly large amount of sugar in the curing solution in order to make the end product heavy with sugar and thus pump more money out of the hopelessly-addicted user.

Do not be mistaken about this point -- marijuana carries with it a very strong psychological addiction.

After smoking only a small amount of this potent substance, the fiend experiences a state of mind which he calls "happiness," and which he feels he must return to over and over again whenever he is unhappy.

Once the fiend has cured his plants, he hangs them upside down to dry. He then harvests the flowers and leaves.

Some of these crooks obtain as much as a "kilo" (2.2 pounds) of marijuana from a single plant. A few plants are enough to keep them selves and all their criminal friends breaking the law for an entire winter.



ROGELIO POLESSELLO

the one end, to prostitution and dope trafficking on the other.

You can see it in their haggard walk and shifty eyes as they proceed to plant these germinated seeds.

They seek out good loose soil and plant at a depth of about half an inch -- either in a window box or else in the ground -- someplace where they can be watered until they are firmly established.

Cunningly, they obtain maximum yield by planting the seeds in groups of six, at a distance of about 1 1/2 feet apart. This is the sinister practice known in botanical circles as "selective breeding," which allows only the strongest one in each group to grow. However, these fiends often get desperate enough to smoke even the sickliest-looking plants.

Once the plants reach maturity, a fiend will come along and cautiously dig them out by the roots, being careful to preserve the roots.

The next step in his fiendish plot is a process these dope peddlers call "curing." They begin by immersing the roots of these diabolical plants in boiling water for a couple of hours.

Some will add another substance to the water, such as sugar; hence the term "sugar cured."

Keep a sharp ear out for such strange terms, for your alertness could lead to the apprehension of a dangerous, if not deadly, criminal.

Curing causes the sap to rise up to the leaves by osmosis, saturating them with the active ingredient, cannabiniol.

Some of the crooks who peddle

Others plant under more desperate circumstances, like on the court house lawn or in front of city hall. These lawbreakers are quick to strip off the leaves as soon as they appear.

They claim that these leaves are enough to get them very "high," which is a very illegal frame of mind. Fortunately, they are usually very stupid and irresponsible, and often leave their stash out in the open, where the rain or rats can get at it.

However, watch out for the more clever ones who dry out their stashes or put them in sealed jars. Some of these criminals dry the wet stashes in ovens, claiming that it makes this toxic substance stronger.

All of these procedures are deplorable in view of the fact that marijuana, although proved harmless by countless medical researchers, is illegal.

Under no circumstances should this article be construed as an encouragement to those who would cultivate this substance.

Psychedelic mushrooms, on the other hand, are not at all illegal, and therefore their cultivation and use should be encouraged to the utmost.

WARNING: Phone the police if you should happen to hear local disreputable elements encouraging the illegal cultivation of marijuana by saying "SPRING IS THE TIME OF THE GREAT PLANT-IN, SO SAVE YOUR SEEDS."

By Dan McLeod
(UPS, Georgia Straight)



John Gibson in his New York gallery



El Grito Del Norte
Box 466, Fairview Station
Española, N. Mex. 87532

Feb. 15, 1969

Vol. II No. 3

EL GRITO

DEL NORTE



15°

española, n.m.

a cry for justice in northern new mexico



Battle for a Burial

Many years ago land was donated to the people of the Tierra Amarilla area for a cemetery - a cemetery for all religions, for any religion. This cemetery is now called the "Catholic Cemetery".

On Saturday, January 25th, 1969, Elias Lopez of Tierra Amarilla died. From the funeral home, Mr. Lopez' body was taken to Sally's Green Leaf Cafe of T.A. on Tuesday, Jan. 28th, for the wake.

Elias Lopez was a poor man, and the community of T.A. donated money for his burial. Mr. Lopez's granddaughter contacted the Catholic priest of Parkview, Father Finian Connally, about the arrangements for burial and for the priest to give the last rites. She was refused because her grandfather had been a protestant. Many people believe she was refused because Elias Lopez was also a poor man.

Los Commancheros del Norte then came to help the Lopez family. They went to talk to Father Connally, and once again he refused both the use of the cemetery and the giving of the last rites. Los Commancheros told the priest that they would carry out the funeral themselves, in the "Catholic Cemetery". To this the priest answered "I will have the New Mexico State Police at the cemetery to see you don't bury him there".

Don't Buy Grapes

People all over the country are supporting the Huelga of the farm workers in California and refusing to buy table grapes while the strike continues. Even though the growers are lowering prices, making big advertising campaigns, and putting grapes in stores that didn't use to sell them, the boycott is growing more effective. The growers had to dump 1,228,569 tons of scab table grapes from last season's crop into the wineries.

Dolores Huerta, the Farm Workers vice president, is leading the boycott in New York City. Now only one big chain of New York supermarkets is still selling scab grapes - 22 chains have given up. Students in high schools, colleges are being organized to 'watchdog' every store and fruitstand in the city when the 1969 crop starts coming in. The New York boycott organizers are concentrating their efforts on church and social groups this month.

Meanwhile, Eliseo Medina, a midwest representative for the farm workers, got a vote of support from the Illinois Council of Churches.

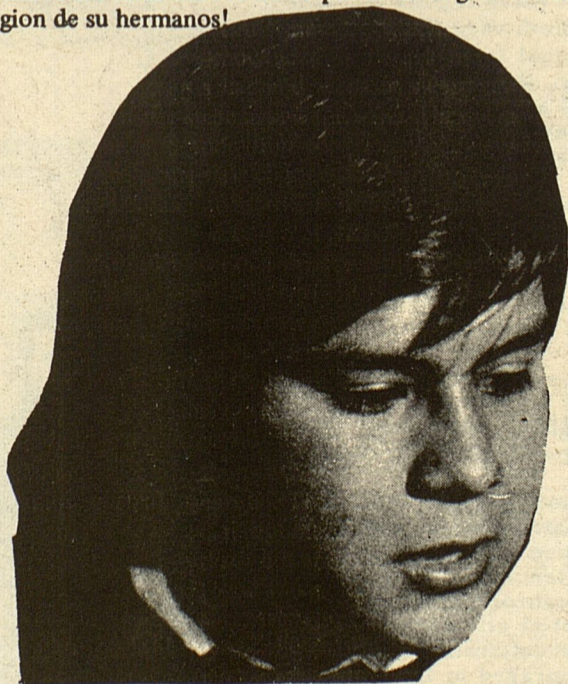
However, there is one big buyer whose purchases of grapes have gone markedly up: the Department of Defense has been buying more and more grapes as the strike and boycott continue. In the buying year 1966-67, the government bought 468,000 pounds of grapes for shipment to Vietnam, in the buying year 1967-68, they sent 550,000 pounds. In only the first three months of this buying year they have bought 140,850 pounds of scab grapes for Vietnam.

After this Los Commancheros went to the Reverend, Earnest Day, a Baptist, who told Los Commancheros and the Lopez family that he would give Elias Lopez the funeral services, and that since there is no allocated Baptist cemetery, he was willing to have the burial in front of the Baptist church.

It was now the night of January 29th. During that night the priest from Tierra Amarilla, Father Pacian talked with Father Connally. Perhaps Father Connally thought over what Los Commancheros had said to him. Perhaps, he saw the strength of the people around him. For on the morning of January 30th, the Lopez family was told that they could use the "Catholic Cemetery" for the burial. Reverend Day agreed to give the funeral services. Elias Lopez was buried on the afternoon of Jan. 30th, with about fifty people attending.

Los Commancheros said: "...if he had been a rich man it wouldn't have mattered what religion he was. Even priests can sell out to the rich people and the police".

And we say: All people and especially brothers of a common struggle or race should not discriminate against each other because of one's religion. Yet many people do this. Para estar unidos no se puede distinguir con la religion de su hermanos!



17 year old Dale Suazo, an Acoma-Taos Indian (which means one of his parents is of the Acoma Pueblo and the other from the Taos Pueblo in New Mexico) is in his last year at Valley High School in Albuquerque, New Mexico. On January 27th he was suspended from school because he refuses to cut his hair - anglo style.

As he was told by his principal "If you want to be an Indian, go over to the Indian school...If you want to have long hair, you can carry a drum and wear a feather headdress and go over there". (to the Indian School).

Isn't It Something...

by Preston Monongye

What is happening to the Indian today in the white man's world? To be truthful, he is dying! Sad but true. But there has been a small spark of life coming forth. Old and young alike have been coming together, even Whites, Spanish, Blacks. After a long time under the U.S. government's dictates, they have finally (thank God) started to try and undo the wrongs that have been placed against them. It would take pages and pages to list all the wrongs against the Indian people. And a lot of people would say, "Who the hell do they think they are, what do they mean they were here first?" The only thing is, we were. So let's face the facts about that. The Indians only fought because they had to. And now, once again, we find ourselves fighting because we have to. Only this time we are not only Indians, but whites, Spanish and Blacks together. And this is the only way it will work. So this is the spark, and we all know what a spark can do.

We want to live in peace with the non-Indian, but it seems they don't, except for those few that try to understand us. So we Indians say to you, "If you want to give it back to us, we accept. Thanks!"

I was sitting at home one day talking to some religious leaders from Hopi. I was telling them of some land I had just bought. One of the religious leaders was shaking his head for a while, and then he spoke. "Isn't it something that an Indian has to buy back his own land?"



CONTROL YOUR LOCAL POLICE

Many of the wealthy white liberals who live in Santa Fe won't believe it, but police brutality does exist in Santa Fe. It has always existed for poor Chicanos, and now is beginning to be felt by the "flower children" who are migrating to this area.

Take last Christmas, for example. Frank Quintana, a lifelong resident of Santa Fe, had had a little too much to drink, as many of us do at Christmas. He was in a grocery store and accidentally knocked over a stack of cans. Then he went out to his car and went to sleep. Meanwhile, the owner of the store called the cops. They came and arrested him, and took him to the city jail. Two cops beat him with nightsticks to wake him up. When he protested that being arrested for drunkenness was no reason to be beaten, he was also Mace'd. (Mace is a new spray chemical used by police departments; it is supposed to "stun an attacker". But when it is used at close range, it causes large, painful blisters and can cause blindness if squirted in the eyes.) His hands and face were covered with cuts from the beating, and his face had blisters from the Mace. His eyes were also temporarily blinded by the Mace.

Another example: recently there was a large "dope" raid in Los Alamos and Albuquerque. That same night, the chotas in Santa Fe were on double shift, riding around four to a car, going crazy and picking up and beating up drunks, etc.—anyone who was defenseless.

A local lawyer has at least one case where a "flower child" was beaten by the Santa Fe cops. At the instigation of merchants and rich people, who want to keep the city "clean" they are trying to force the hippies to leave. The "flower child" who was beaten doesn't want to bring charges, for fear of the cops beating even more people. But if something is not done now, the cops will know that they can get away with murder.

What can be done to stop this? We need community control of the police. The police are supposed to serve and protect the people. Maybe if the people are overseeing them, they will be more careful how they treat the people.

MAKING IT WITH ARNIE THE ARTIST

ALAS, NOT FOR THE ARNIES OF THE WORLD WAS SATURDAY NIGHT CREATED! WILL HE NEVER MAKE IT?

I WOULDN'T WEAR A SEE-THRU SHIRT EITHER, IF I WERE HER.

BROMBERG GOT A WALL FOR HIM & HE DID THE MOST FANTASTIC THING; HE PAINTED IT TO LOOK JUST LIKE BRICKS!

O-O-OH, I JUST ADORE RUSTLERS...

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF BECOMING AN UNDERGROUND MOVIE STAR, MY DEAR?

I'M SHY, REALLY.

I DON'T REMEMBER DYLAN'S ADDRESS, BUT IF YOU'VE GOT A CAR I COULD SHOW YOU HOW TO GET THERE...

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED PLASTIC CAN GO F*CK ITSELF.

HE JUST GETS THESE URGES!

FIRST SHE GOT KICKED OUT OF HUNTER & THEN HANK CUT HER OFF HIS PARTY LIST.

HE CAN'T STAND THE MINI-POETS ANYMORE. HE'S GOING TO BE A GREAT AMERICAN AUTHOR.

YES, HE'S INTO EARTH WORKS NOW. YESTERDAY HE TRIPPED OVER A MANHOLE & FELL INTO A SEWER.

CERT STOLE THE MERINOS?

OH MAYBE IF I COME TO ENOUGH OF THESE PARTIES & GO TO ST. ADRIAN'S, I'LL MEET MR. RIGHT.

SURE, FIRST UNDER SMITH'S FERRARI & THEN HANGING UPSIDE DOWN OFF GANSEVOORT PIER. SHE'S OUTASITE!

SO CON ED WAS PUTTING ME THROUGH ALL THESE CHANGES 'N' FIRST I HADDA HOCK MY AXE...

FOX? I'M SORRY, I DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I COME TO THESE THINGS.

PERRERAULT? HE'S EASY. YOU JUST HAVE TO...

SIXTEEN-TRACK? YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON...

COULD YOU LAY 50¢ ON ME?

WELL! THE MAN WHO REVIEWED THEIR BOOK IN THE TIMES WAS ACTUALLY THE SAME ONE THEY...

WHERE'S THE VINO?

WHADDAYA MEAN, TYPE YOUR NOVEL? I'M A POET MYSELF.

YOU WANT ME TO BLOW A LITTLE SMOKE UP HIS ASS FOR YA?

TYPICAL, TYPICAL FASS! JUST IGNORE THEM. PUT A TABLECLOTH OVER THEM. WHY, I'VE HEARD...

I WAS DOING MELTED BOTTLES TWENTY YEARS BEFORE SHE WAS.

NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

GROVE? YOU'RE KIDDING.

HE GOT THE ACID OUT OF HIS MOTHER'S POCKETBOOK, BUT THEY COULDN'T EVEN TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

I HAD A HEART TATTOOED ON MY ASS.

I'M A HARD MAN, FRED. I WAS ON PORK CHOP HILL. BUT WHEN I SAW BENEDIKT PASTING THOSE FAKE TEARS ON SCHEEMAN'S FACE I THOUGHT, "SARE-IT! I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT."

SQUALID SUBJECTS TOMORROW. I'LL CALL MYSELF... YES! THAT'S IT! I'LL CALL MYSELF AN... INHUMANIST!

BUT I AM DOING MY THING!

YES, HE COMMITTED SUICIDE. HE DIDN'T GET ONE OF THE TELEGRAM-INVITATIONS FROM BROCKMAN

WHERE'S THE SCOTCH?

HE GOT TO HANNAH TEN MINUTES BEFORE I DID WITH A FIRE EVENT & HE HAD DIAL-A-POEM TEN SECONDS BEFORE I DID.

HER ANALYST WENT ON VACATION SO SHE STARTED DRAWING BITCHY CARTOONS.

NOT EVEN ENOUGH BREAD TO GET IT PROCESSED.

NOT EVEN ENOUGH BREAD FOR RAWSTOCK.

NOT EVEN ENOUGH BREAD FOR BREAD.

HE'S THE KIND OF GUY WHO BUYS A LIVING JEWEL.

OMIGOD! I'M NOT KIDDING. IT'S MY FIRST WIFE. WHERE'S THE DOOR? THIS IS THE END!

THE DOORS? "THE END"?

HE'S THE MOST SENSUAL OF THE MINIMALISTS. THOSE ANODIZED EXTRUSIONS...

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I BELIEVE IN... FREEDOM!

HELLO? WHERE'S THE HOSTESS? ISN'T THIS A BIRTHDAY PARTY? I BROUGHT A PRESENT. IT'S A BABY MOUSE, MY NICEST ONE.

SHE COULDN'T GO TO THE OPENING BECAUSE SHE COULDN'T GET A SITTER.

RABBITS? OWLS I COULD SEE, BUT RABBITS?

SHE'S GETTING AWFULLY LIONSHEADY. SHE'S ALMOST 28, YOU KNOW.

SHE COULDN'T GO TO THE OPENING BECAUSE SHE COULDN'T GET A SITTER.

I SWEAR TO GOD, 3/4 OF THE MEN HERE HAVE HOWARD SMITH HATS & HOWARD SMITH MUSTACHES. I MUST DISCUSS THAT WITH HOWARD; HE'S ONE OF MY OLDEST & DEAREST FRIENDS, YOU KNOW.

I'LLO. 'ERES A COPY OF OTHER SCENES. THERE'S A SUBSCRIPTION BLANK ON THE BACK PAGE.

I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH EXPERIENCE, THANK YOU.

YES, HE ACTUALLY PUSHES HER OUT THE WINDOW, BUT THEN OF COURSE SHE'S LIKE THE TOTAL WITCH.

ORGANIZED LABOR IS COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY.

YOU OUGHT TO JOIN MY SENSITIVITY GROUP.

KNOW ANY CHICKS? WE'RE SHOOTING AN EXPLOITATION FLICK THIS WEEKEND.

O-O-O-H, LOOK! I'VE GOT A RUN IN MY BODY STOCKING.

HE GOT ONE OF THOSE \$5000 GRANTS FROM ROGER STEVENS & HE WALKED RIGHT OUT THE DOOR PAUSING ONLY TO RIP HIS NAME OFF THE MAILBOX.

YEAH, I NOTICE SHE MANAGES NOT TO BE TOO BITCHY TO ANYONE WHO CAN DO HER ANY GOOD.

by murphy: a product of Badly Drawn Comics



UNDER SHELLEY'S POET'S TREE



(Under Shelley's tree Newton's law doesn't apply-only Berrigan's. Ted-Berrigan's Law states that anything that happens in the life of a poet is interesting.)

Dick Higgins (Something Else Press) gave a party to honor John Cages publication, *Notations* and I got to meet the only Tasmanian fascist painter in New York City. That's the way Tony Woods describes himself and I wasn't about to argue. Strange evening—I asked a straight question of three graphic designers and got the reply, "Say Grant, Tom & Pete do it in the road." Personally I like it in the bed but I wasn't about to argue with them either. I suppose the fact that Mr. Higgins has red wine in his water cooler and mouse traps and hair bows on his wall created the night's mood.

My editor's wife Amber showed me the perfect way to watch the **John Chamberlain** 7-screen film shown at Hunter College. While I was tennis-matching my neck she found a seat on the far side of the theatre. "As near center as possible" will be a lost phrase at the box office if the future is going towards 7 beautiful screens 7.

When poets **Hannah Weiner**, **John Perreault** and **Eduardo Costa** presented a fashion show they didn't plan for audience participation but when Deborah Hay's beloved saw her dressed in a picture frame he proved to be an art lover (right on stage, folks.) **Hannah Weiner** who designed a wear-your-luggage trip-cape for the show tells me it's for sale. Great for people who have overseas excess baggage problems.

The plaster casters of Chicago went to the Factory to immortalize **Gerard Malanga** (*The Last Benedetta Poems* Black Sparrow). Everyone should have a hobby—how about collecting celebrity-cock plaster castings? **Paul Krassner** whose November Realist article has helped make the casters a legend acted as an assistant caster on this occasion. No hot water at the Factory to mix the plaster made it into an anti-CLIMATIC experience. I was in the audience when Paul humanized the "Tonight Show." They bleeped his 1st line which clobbered Bean's unclever comment concerning Paul's hair length: "You'd make a fine looking girl!" said Bean. "Find me one and I'll make her." said Krassner. I tried to tip Paul off to the fact that an electric applause sign was being used to rein-

force Orson Bean's statements but I couldn't get my note past the NBC troops.

Opening night of the Richard Feigen Gallery "Mayor Daley Show" turned into instant art for the patrons who got to see poet-painter **Larry Rivers** and his assistant **Bob Russell** assembling Mr. Rivers contribution on the gallery floor. Bob Russell wants it known quote "I am not Carolee Schneeman's boy-friend." Seems the film maker Schneeman's frequent companion and Mr. Russell are look alike. You can file that in the same cabinet where they keep the records of all the people who go up to poet **Bill Berkson** (*Mount Everest: The West Ridge*) and ask him if he's Roddy Mc Dowell. Bill now teaches the Wed. poetry workshop at the New School.

If you look through the village faces in the filmed version of "Futz" you'll spot the play's author, poet **Rochelle Owen**. In real life (I love that phrase) she's the wife of poet **George Economu**. The play was filmed in Stockton Calif., under the direction of Tom O'Horgan who had a pregnant Jane Holzer in his cast. Baby Jane carrying a baby in a rough house play like "Futz" must of made O'Horgan's task taskier.

When **Allen Ginsberg** presented an evening of Indian and Tibetan chants at the New School he had the imagination to turn it into a sing-a-long with Ginsberg. While girls in Eastern dress passed out apples the phonetic translations of the chants were also distributed to the audience so that they could Hare with Allen's Krishna. Mr. Ginsberg sitting on the floor under a painting of a voluptuous eastern lady blowing a flute, told of the time he chanted for 7½ hours the "Aum" until he received what he called a Reichian electric shock. Encouraging us to chant the Aum more "seriously"—"It's just like fucking—you don't get there unless you fuck," said guru Ginsberg who feels chanting is a form of "phys-ed". The only off note of the evening was when the police hassled boys who were sitting in the aisles, but Allen shouted "SHIVA" at the law and invited the youngsters to join him on the stage.

The PA system failed to carry the soft voice of **Robert Creely** (*For Love*, Scribner) at his St. Mark's reading so one of his admirers shouted, "Louder, please." Creely replied philosophically, "That's the story of my life."

Poet **James Wright** (*We Shall Gather By the River*) dedicated a poem at his Guggenheim reading to a cashier who was the most beautiful girl he ever saw. He questioned why she wasted her time playing with green bits of paper when she could have made all that money as a hooker. Then he confided to his audience before reading, "A Poem About Breasts," that, "A tit is a tit, buddy, and don't you forget it."

Rev. Allen threatens to close St. Marks if the siege of current thefts doesn't desist. That could mean the end of those historic club meeting workshops run by poets like Padgett and Schjeldahl. Start every line with "I wish" was **Ron Padgett's** last week's class poem assignment. It turned into a personal Rorschach test. "I wish I could get back the time I've wasted, with they would soundproof the streets of the city, wish I could pick up the phone and always hear the voice of someone I loved, wish I could spend the next two days in bed with

Try It! Using the word *stone* in every line Ron had the class compile a Birthday Card for poet **Tom Clark** (*Stones*).

"Julia Hernandez came out of the Underground," says **Andrei Codescu**, pet-citizen of Transylvania (no cracks!). He's got Ellis Island Edge since immigration pressure politicians have threatened his Italian passport.

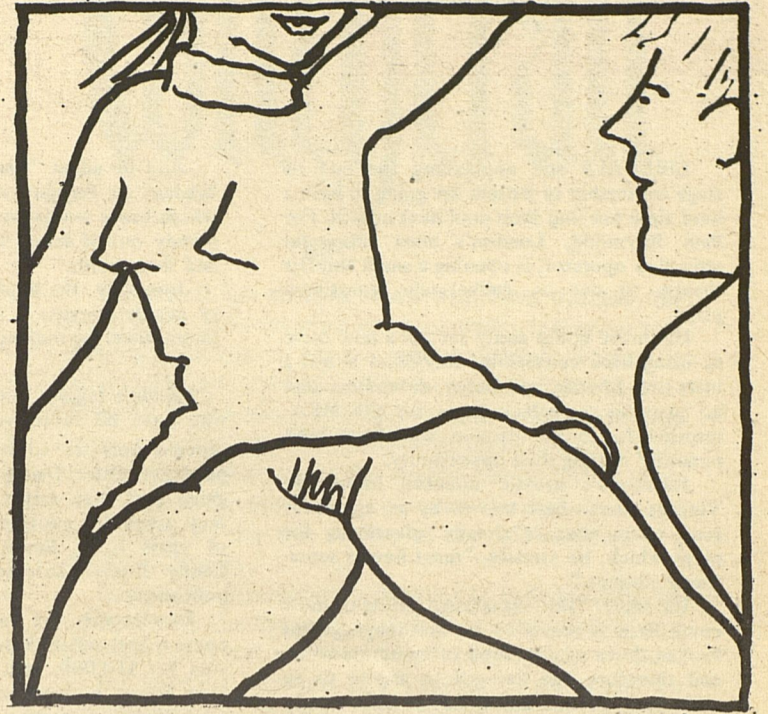
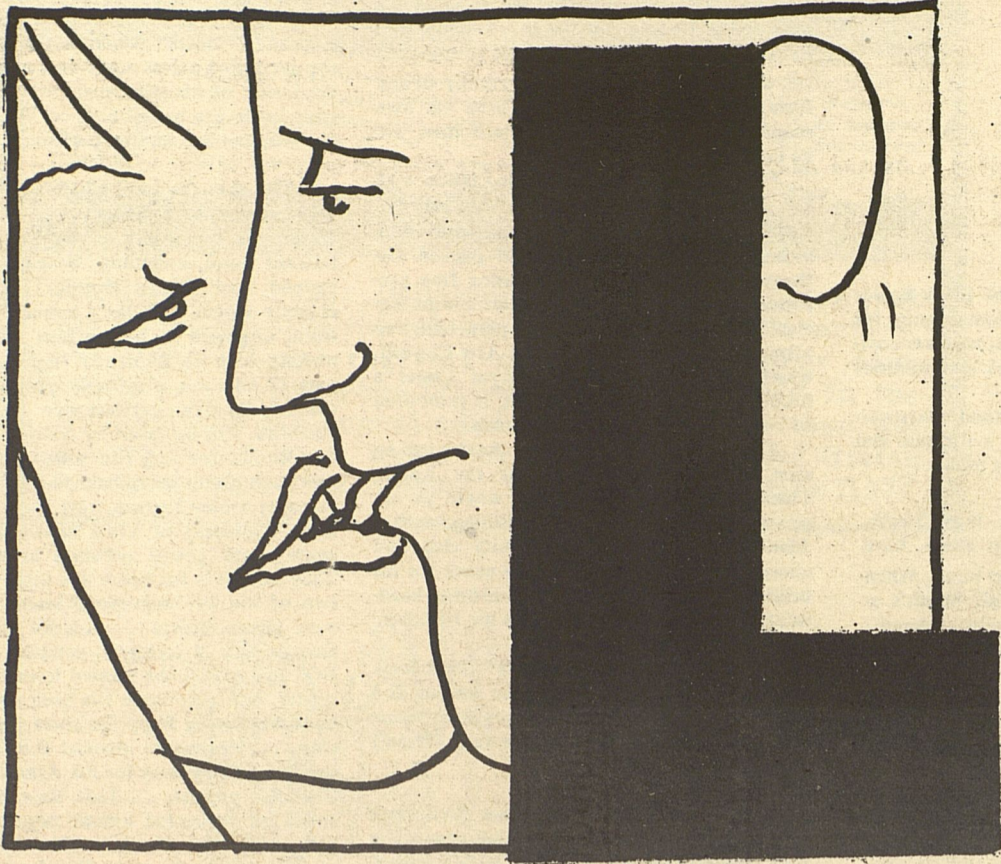
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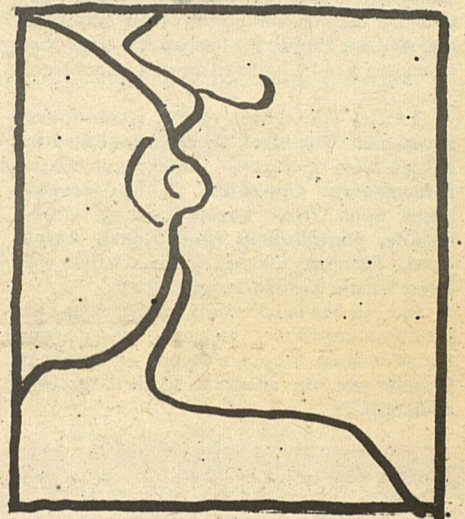
Juxtapositions by Claes Oldenburg

Dr. Anita Stećkel's Eye Chart



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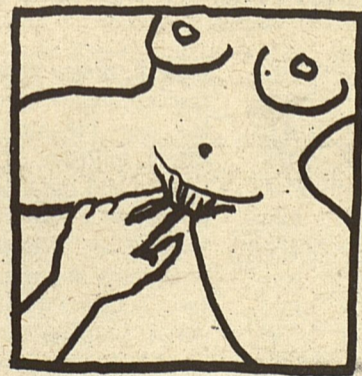
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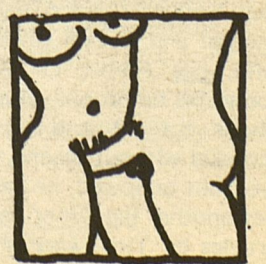
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London

LIBERALS still applauding the end of stage censorship in Britain are going to have a hard time keeping their cool next month. For Paul Raymond, London's most successful strip-club operator, is opening a small Mayfair theatre to put on deliberately sensational plays.

His move could easily set off a new drive to bring back censorship. Raymond is not a man that liberals will enjoy defending, and he provides a perfect target for the MRA-inspired forces of reaction who have been patiently waiting their opportunity.

Raymond's artistic director, impresario Vincent Shaw—best known as an agent for soap opera stars—is already advertising for plays which, he stresses, "must have a sensational content."

He says: "The sensational content must come first. It seems to me that language has broken down as a method of communication and therefore one has got to appeal to an audience with basic emotions and basic words. They are the sort of plays which couldn't be done while the Lord Chamberlain was in power."

Raymond himself, who has learned the hard way to cautiously hedge every remark he makes, says that he believes in some form of stage censorship. He adds: "Before long somebody is going to overstep the mark and then the balloon will go up. After that, I feel one will be able to do less on the stage than when the Lord Chamberlain was in control."

TARIQ Ali, editor of the revolutionary newspaper "The Black Dwarf", has called for all left-wing groups to unite in an Extra-Parliamentary Opposition in his just-published book "New Revolutionaries," which includes contributions from Stokely Carmichael, Eldridge Cleaver, Fidel Castro, and Pierre Frank, Trotsky's ex-secretary.

But Ali has harsh words for some. He calls the Communist Party "an ageing ballerina who has never made the grade despite signs of early promise and who refuses to admit it, not even to herself."

And he adds: "Some of the Black Power 'leaders' in Britain are idle demagogues for whom brave words are enough, who are completely out of touch with black communities and their needs."

Ironically, the book has caused controversy mostly because it includes a diagram and instructions for making a petrol bomb.

Britain's biggest booksellers, W.H. Smith, who have 80 shops in London alone, have ordered only 25 copies of the book. When publisher Peter Owen protested, Smith's agreed that they might have under-ordered—they asked for another 18 copies. (A couple of years back, Smith's refused to handle Lenny Bruce's autobiography which Owen published).

Despite this, the book is expected to become a best-seller—American rights have been sold for \$10,000, and only Israel and Russia have shown no interest in publishing it. Ali, who is going to make a small fortune from his labours, says he'll use the money to subsidise "The Black Dwarf."

FREE Theatre—free from cost, free from social hang-ups—is the big artistic issue. Director Tony Richardson has formed a company called Free Theatre to put on plays at London's Round House, home of the underground club Middle Earth and of Arnold Wesker's socialist Centre 42. He's opened with "Hamlet" starring Nicol Williamson, with Marianne Faithfull as Ophelia. The performances aren't free; but, apart from a row at 5 pounds for the snobs, the seats will be the cheapest in London. Richardson has told the critics that they must pay for their seats because newspapers are rich.

He says: "We believe that society has a right to provide a free theatre in the same way that it provides for roads, galleries, and hospitals. This is obviously for the future and depends on massive subsidies."

The young are the audience he's after. He says: "This can only be done by emphasising

what is most unique in theatre, its presence. It is just this presence that the proscenium theatre has weakened and debilitated, despite the revolution already achieved by writers whose work, subject and attack could never have found a stage before.

"Now a new revolution is needed to destroy finally and completely the form of the proscenium theatre and the social habits that go with it. To restore the impact of the theatre, it must be liberated from tyranny of any form. Every production can have its own shape of stage and audience. Each then will be unique."

Free Theatre is working in association with the English Stage Company who run the Royal Court Theatre in Chelsea—and there artistic director William Gaskill packed the theatre for a fortnight by ordering free performances of "Life Price" (about a working-class child molester) after the play failed to attract a paying audience. The Arts Council, which last year gave the Royal Court a 68,000 pound (\$180,000) grant, is rumoured to be not amused by the new moves.

The old social habits of the theatre can be seen in concentrated form at the Apollo Theatre in "Forty Years On," where an upper-middle class audience, ignoring author Alan Bennett's irony and ambiguity, claps and cheers Sir John Gielgud not so much for his brilliant acting in the role of a retiring headmaster but because he embodies the traditional British public school 'virtues'.

At the New, John Osborne's "Look Back In Anger" still has the audience gasping and tut-tutting at the language (although someone was heard to say in the interval: "Hasn't Osborne mellowed?").

A crowd of 2,000 (three times the normal number) turned up at the Roundhouse for a rock concert that was to climax with a screening of the last 20 minutes of Barry Feinstein and Peter Yarrow's "You Are What You Eat". With typical Middle Earth casualness, it was discovered at 3 a.m. that the film didn't fit the projector, so no show. . . YAWYE opened in London with a double premier attended by every non-working rock group, and is playing at two cinemas. A publicity stunt fell flat when a girl stripped down to her G-string and no one, least of all the press photographers, took any notice. So far, the press critics have ignored the film, although one did faint during a preview. . . Rumoured that the National Theatre's Literary Manager Kenneth Tynan will quit this year for the commercial theatre. Meanwhile another play he likes—Conor Cruise O'Brien's "Murderous Angels" showing a homosexual Hammarskjöld conniving at the death of Lamumba—can't find an English theatre and has also been rejected by Dublin's Abbey Theatre (they say they've got no Negro actors). . . Labour MP Gwilym Roberts is agitating for an enquiry into the effects of

pop music on mental and general health, but the Government has refused to take any action. . . Folksinger Al Stewart is causing a fuss by using "fuck" in the 18-minute title track of his second Lp "Love Chronicles". . . Cartoonist Gerald Scarfe is advertising his one-man show of sculptures and lithographs with a green and red poster showing right wing MP Enoch Powell as a farting baboon. . . David Rowlands' "Postil" which features electronically amplified noises made by a pianist lashing the inside of his instrument with a cosh and whip while the bassist bounces white balls off his bass, just had its first performance.

NOW that the Lord Chamberlain's censorship powers have ended, the Royal Court Theatre is presenting a season of plays by Edward Bond, including "Saved", which was banned, and "Early Morning", a grotesque comedy which includes a lesbian Queen Victoria, disguised as her servant John Brown, making love to Florence Nightingale. (The part of Victoria, previously played at an unofficial Sunday performance by Marianne Faithfull, will be taken by Shirley Ann Field, best known for sexy film roles). . . Rainbows, new rock group being launched by Donovan's manager Ashley Kozack, have Meduse-like hair styles (courtesy of Vidal Sassoon) and wear ankle-length gowns off-stage as well as on. They also go in for heavy eye make-up, a trick two of the five man group learnt when they were circus clowns. . . Artistic entrepreneur George Hay is trying to establish a "Poetry HQ" in London—he wanted to call it a poetry centre, but that name has been registered by publisher Georg Rapp for some project of his own. . . Meanwhile novelist B.S. Johnson is carrying out a survey for the Arts Council into a similar project. . . Last time the Council called all interested artistic organisations together for discussions on forming a centre, the meeting broke up in disorder. . . Johnson, author of "Travelling People", "Albert Angelo", and "Trawl", has his new novel "The Unfortunates" published next month, it comes in a box in 27 sections which can be shuffled and read in any order. . . Roman Polanski very upset by the British film censor cutting 15 seconds from "Rosemary's Baby" (the bit when Mia Farrow's legs are tied). . . Black magic is thought of as still potent here: said the judge at the recent trial of a child murderer who read witchcraft paperbacks: "It is quite plain that this unbelievable revolting literature had a lot to do with the beginning of this terrible tragedy." . . British Ministry of Technology is to develop a fragmentation grenade to scatter CS riot gas—the grenade breaks into separate elements which will slide along the ground at high speed and skate about so that they cannot be picked up or dodged. The casing is designed to become too hot to hold so that the pieces cannot be thrown back. The invention was passed onto the Ministry by the US Secretary of the Army.

OTHER SCENES

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER

The vast transportation and communications networks that girdle the world may make some of us private citizens feel kind of outmoded, but for certain ruthlessly energetic free spirits they are a harp to play on. Such a one is John Wilcock, para-journalist and -publisher and the Underground's man in New York, Los Angeles, London, Paris, Tokyo, Athens, etc. Forty years old, small, droopy-looking in a pleasant sort of way, and deceptively mild-mannered, Wilcock is a virtuoso of typewriter, telephone, telegraph, and air mail. Over the course of about 15 years of nonstop activity (starting with the cofounding of The Village Voice), he has erected an international infrastructure rivaling the CIA, consisting of devoted informants and collaborators on five continents. His current project, a heavyweight underground newspaper called Other Scenes, is edited and published wherever he happens to be on the trail of his 30,000-mile-a-year travels. In any city a few phone calls suffice to supply him with a bevy of contributors, flacks, and assistants, all working for free.

Recently arrived back in homebase New York via London (one issue of Other Scenes) and Tokyo (three issues and a wife, née Amber La Mann), Wilcock found his bathroom ceiling fallen in, his phone cut off, and his subtenant absconded without paying the rent. Bothered but unbowed, he has surfaced with yet another big Other Scenes, featuring articles by Tim Leary and about Andy

Warhol, police brutality, the war, Greek fascism, Japanese erotic comic strips, etc. His own column, which as usual is a heady mixture of news, views, helpful advice, and paranoid fantasies, tells you how to get a free guest card for the Osaka Trade Fair, puts down George Meany, complains about higher New York cab fares, suggests that Bernard Fall was murdered, predicts that garters will be the new fashion comeback, betrays Mayor Lindsay's telephone code name for his staff ("Winston"), speculates on George Romney's sex life, sneers at Yogi Maharishi, announces the demise of the New York art scene, analyzes San Francisco police tactics, gossips about assorted underground celebrities, and advises on how to evade the travel tax—among other things.

"My own successful formula for a newspaper is pot, art, religion, politics, sex, sociology, and revolution," he says. "My function is to be a bridge. I like to explain the hippies to the squares, not being either." A sort of cosmonaut of the generation gap, in other words. "The extremist," he continues, "is the most valuable member of society. Without him, nothing would ever change. And what we need now is lots of change, revolutionary change."

PETER SCHJELDAHL

Avant-Garde



JOHN WILCOCK

John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES is a revolutionary newsletter concerned with art and politics. It comes in two editions: as a monthly tabloid newspaper available on stands in New York, London, Berlin, Amsterdam, Los Angeles, San Francisco & Tokyo, and as an infrequent newsletter in any shape, form or style, prepared and produced from wherever its publisher happens to be (editions so far from Athens, Amsterdam, Milan, Moscow, London, Tokyo, Hong Kong and New Delhi).

Wilcock, a founder of NY's Village Voice and formerly editor of the East Village Other and the Los Angeles Free Press, travels 30,000 miles each year writing and revising a series of travel books he has produced for Arthur Frommer's \$5-a-day series.

Subscribers to OTHER SCENES receive both the monthly newspaper and the newsletter supplements as well as other goodies. For the rest of 1969, subscriptions cost \$5 (\$6 foreign) which can be paid in cash, check, money order, postage stamps or the valid currency of any country.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

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Address.....



Mail this (with \$5) to Box 8, Village P.O. New York 10014

Bill (32): Horinouchi, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan; home phone, 312- office phone, 265 Fashion director for Japan's Playboy magazine. Dig psychedelic music, surfing, tennis, body-building, travel, and almost anything unusual. Can introduce listees to Japan's underground luminaries. Can sometimes offer modeling and other work, and always looking for man's magazine material from aspiring writers and photographers.

Michael (24), and Joan (22): East Sixth Street, New York, N. Y. 10003; (212) 533- Former Vista workers at the Muckleshoot Indian Reservation. She's a painter, potter, and lover of ideas and people. He does his own thing. Just traveled much of the U.S. and the Yukon, utilizing the Travelers' Directory. Offer sleeping-bags and space for at least one night, food, and talk.

Hundreds of other individual listings like these (but not censored like these) are in Travelers' Directory, the international registry of friends who offer each other hospitality when traveling. To be listed in the forthcoming 8th annual edition yourself, and then get a copy of the book, write for sample pages and listing forms to 5104 39th Avenue, Flushing, New York 11377.

Witchcraft

Witchcraft has nothing to do with devil worship, the Black Mass, child sacrifice or broomsticks. It is an ancient religion, dualistic in nature, and completely Western in origin. The evil reputation it holds resulted from conflict with the proselytizing christian church during the Middle Ages. Its rites were distorted with ideas springing only from the imagination of the enemy clergy. Later, those with a taste for the bizarre, adopted the distortions and knowledge of the true nature of the cult vanished in a tangle of fantasy.

Essentially Witchcraft is devoted to individuality. Its concerns are for the awakening of one's own unique and intensely personal senses and their relationship, in turn, to the universal elements of air, earth, fire and water. To achieve personal harmony with the universe is the prime motive. What would seem to be supernatural power can be the result of this achievement. How one uses this power does not concern the cult. No rights or wrongs exist in its body of teaching. The categories of black and white magic are dismissed as meaningless. The theme that runs through all the lore is simply this . . . within every human being there exists an energy, a vitality that is unique. And as there is only one of you in all time, it is your duty to develop this force to its ultimate degree.

AND WARHOL'S LONESOME COWBOYS IS REALLY THE PURS. AND Y WARHOL'S LONESOME COWBOYS MAY BE TOO MUCH FOR SOME PEOPLE, BUT THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM. WARHOL EMERGED WITH HIS FIRST HOLLYWOOD EROTIC FILM, IN FACT AS ER...

GEORGE ARAGNANO



LONESOME COWBOYS

ANDY WARHOL'S 'LONESOME COWBOYS' IN COLOR
STARRING VIVA! ERIC EMERSON • TOM HOMPERTZ • LOUIS WALDON AND TAYLOR MEAD



ARIES

My column begins with the first sign of the Astrological year . . . Aries. We accept as truth the fact that those born under certain patterns of the heavens will possess certain characteristics. These are tempered by time of day, geographical location and circumstances of birth. The signs of those who surround you in childhood have an inescapable influence, yet the basic nature of your sign is as much yours as the color of your eyes. Witchcraft considers it only wisdom to note and understand the tendencies of those born under signs other than your own.

They, who carry the stone of Aries—a fire sign, are haters of injustice, often imprudent in action and impatient of authority. They are kind of heart and will show great courage in adversity.

Filmmakers' Newsletter

THE MAGAZINE FOR
CREATIVE FILMMAKERS

AND UFO'S
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The folk stone has always been the traditional talisman of Witches. Marked with your own symbol of the zodiac, it celebrates your first distinction. In the early days, it is said, each of the twelve members of a coven represented a different sign, thus forming a true microcosm. In the sixteenth century, folk stones often served for purposes of identification during times of danger. Briefly exchanging stones as a greeting became a custom that survives to the present day.

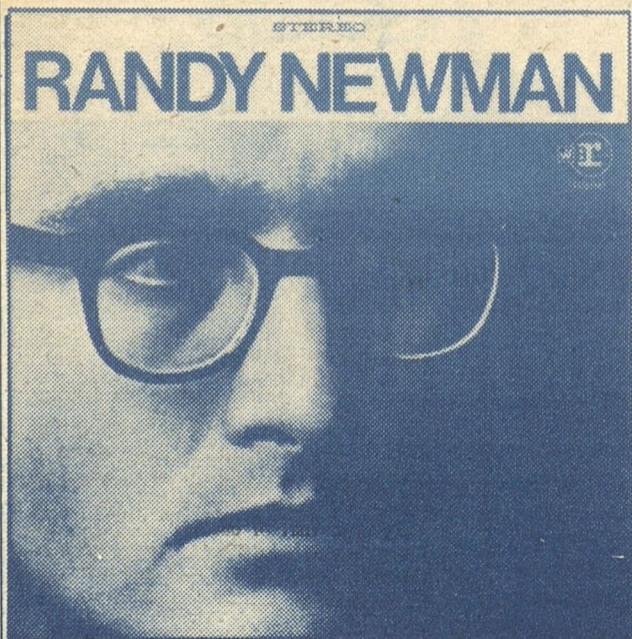
The climate of change in America and the existence of an underground press has prompted us to now share with others the knowledge, herb-lore and charms heretofore known only to the initiate.

For your folk stone, send two dollars and your sign to

Images

RD2, BOX 200, PINE BUSH, NEW YORK 12566

Want a free album? Okay.



Buy None, Get One Free

We'll give you a Randy Newman album. Free. Just write us. We'll send you one.

It's a cinch we're not selling many.

You don't believe us, do you.

Read on.

Yes, friends, that same regular \$4.98 album that *Hullabaloo* magazine called —

"One of the most stunning albums to get released thus far in 1968. The songs are exquisite; Newman writes them, arranges them, sings them, and laughs at them. A Sherwood Anderson on piano, a Leonard Cohen who shrugs his shoulders, a Luis Buñuel on wax, Newman writes about

things that are ugly-beautiful, silly-sad.

"Randy Newman may not sell many records. He's not hard-rock, and the lyrics aren't 'tough.' But for genuine music enthusiasts, for people looking for something dynamic and real, Randy Newman has indeed created something new under the sun."

Hullabaloo's a nice enough magazine, but that review sure didn't sell Randy Newman albums. We've got hundreds on our hands. Can't sell 'em. So, we're giving 'em away.

How come?

We got our reasons:

First, we'd love to have it not forgot that, once, for one brief shining moment, **SOMEBODY GOT SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.**

Second, we think Randy's album is one of the five greatest albums we've ever put out. It was co-produced by Van Dyke Parks and Van Dyke's producer, Our Mr. Waronker. We play it a lot around our plush carpeted offices. We'd like others to do the same. That's the second reason we're giving 'em away free.

Third, we're fed up to our Edwardian lapels with j.g. flower-boppers looking down their noses at us because we're "in business."

That's why we're calling this—

OUR FLOWER CHILD PUT-UP-OR-SHUT-UP FREE ALBUM OFFER

All you boppers out there, now's your chance. For this one brief shining moment,

darlins, you're seeing Capitalism crumble before your eyes.

Here's all you do: Ask for one. The first 1000 askers get our Randy Newman album, the one we should be able to but still can't sell.

After we mail out our thou, and those're gone, the price on Our Mr. Newman'll be right back up to \$4.98 again.


We do warn you this, however. Our Mr. Newman is working on a second album. On that album, there'll be no hanky panky. Strictly \$4.98, first til last.

Which brings us to the age-old dilemma: **can the girl who gave it away ever hope to sell it?**

For the time being, that dilemma is academic. Right now, get 'em while they're free:

Margaret Sanger Fan Club
Room 208-D
Reprise Records
Burbank, California 91503

I believe, I trust, and pray nightly that my postmark's among the first thousand. Bless your hearts.

See, no loopholes. Randy Newman is and will, of course, continue to be on  where he belongs.

The Astonishing Debt Of William F. Buckley

ONE of the basic fundamentals of conservatism, presumably, is to conserve what you've got (no matter how much somebody else might need it) and to this extent, at least, 43-year-old William Buckley, heir to a \$100 million fortune, is true to conservative principles. Several hundred -- or thousand -- subscribers to Buckley's magazine, the National Review, received a heart-rending plea in the mail last week: unless somebody gives the slick, rightwing, magazine \$250,000 "it is quite literally true that the nation's only conservative journal of opinion will have to close down." Fulfilling his pledge to readers "to say nothing less than the truth", the snobbish Buckley who looks like a tooth-paste ad but sounds like he has the tube stuck in his cheek adds: "We do not have the money to continue in operation . . . we are, as a publishing enterprise, dead broke." Admitting to a certain amount of "immodesty", Buckley goes on to suggest: "It would be wrong to deny to Providence a role in ensuring the survival of National Review over the years . . . the American government needs not only Polaris missiles and ICBM's and a CIA, but . . . a journal which reminds us of the finer things, of the gentler things . . ."

Now all of this is very touching if, indeed, a little extravagant -- at 12¢ postage for each page letter the mailing must have cost at least \$250 per thousand and NR claims 134,000 circulation -- and even though Conservatives oppose handouts so avidly, who can blame them for asking?

What does seem a little surprising is that concurrent with Buckley's tearstained plea that the money for NR can't be found was the discovery of his ad in a New Orleans newspaper filing for permission to acquire WBOK a local radio station. According to Nola Express, the New Orleans paper which reprinted the ad, Buckley is offering \$700,000 for the station on behalf of the company, Starr Broadcasting, of which he is two-thirds owner. Buckley is also owner, says Nola Express, of

PUBLIC NOTICE
On November 25, 1968, there was tendered for filing with the Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D.C., an application for consent to the voluntary assignment of license of Station WBOK, New Orleans, Louisiana, from WBOK, Inc. to Starr WBOK, Inc. The officers, directors and stockholders of WBOK, Inc. are Jules J. Paglin, Stanley W. Ray, Jr., Conrad Meyer and Carl L. Bradford. The officers and directors of Starr WBOK, Inc. are Peter H. Starr, Michael F. Starr, William F. Buckley, Jr. and Gordon Ryan. Starr WBOK, Inc. is owned by Starr Broadcasting Group, Inc., of which Peter H. Starr, William F. Buckley, Jr. and Gordon M. Ryan are the officers, directors and stockholders. A copy of the above-mentioned application is available for public inspection at 505 Baronne Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

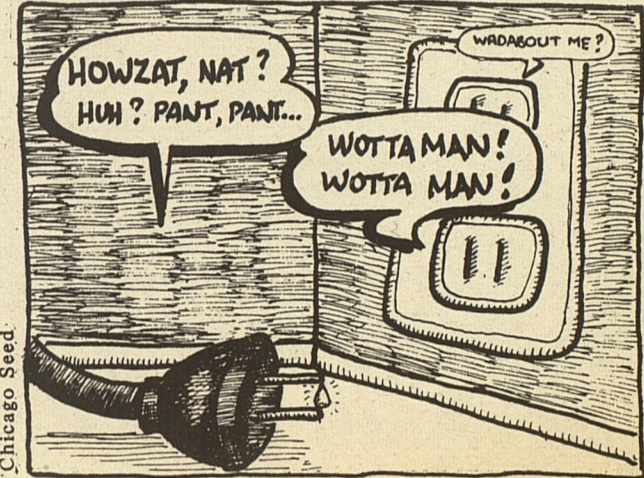
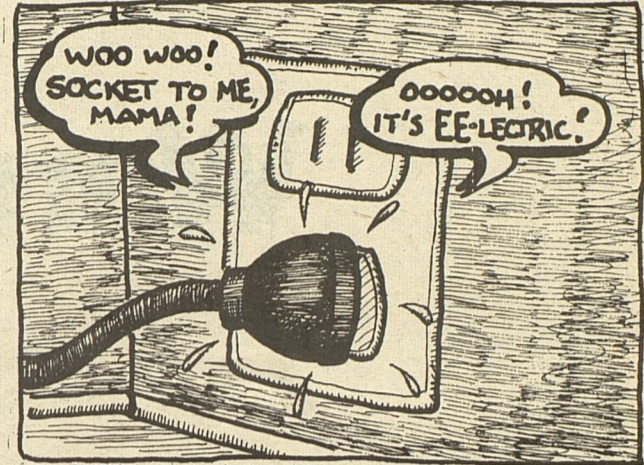
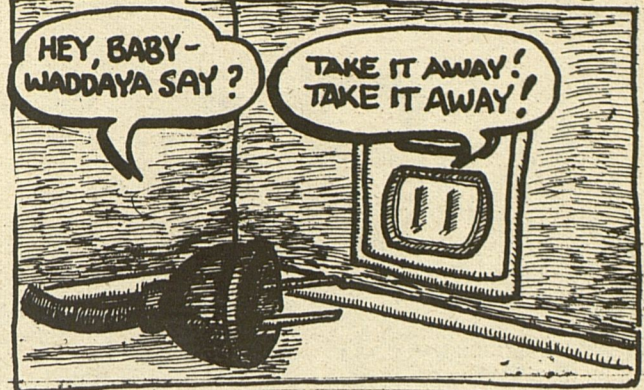
KOWH in Omaha, Nebraska; KISD in Sioux Falls, South Dakota; KUDL in Fairway, Kansas; KCJM in Merriam, Kansas, and KOZN in Omaha. Despite the fact that he can't find money to keep the National Review going, Buckley also apparently intends to buy two other stations. He has applications pending to acquire KYOK in Houston, Texas, and WLOK in Memphis Tennessee.

These last two stations, interestingly enough, are Negro radio stations as is the New Orleans' station, WBOK. But as Business Week has commented in the past, listeners to Negro stations (95 per cent of them are white-owned) "usually believe the stations are 100 per cent owned by blacks so advertisers get an important asset: the listeners' confidence that the station stands behind its announcements."

Nola Express, a tabloid which specializes in stories uncovering property ownerships in New Orleans, points out that the Buckley family's oil concessions -- source of the family wealth -- are usually managed by Buckley's brother, John, while William himself concentrates on National Review.

Hey, do you think John might lend the mag the money?

FLAPJACK HAMLOCKS
by PAUL DAVID SIMON



Chicago Seed

Ethnic News:

Traveling Without Leaving Home

by Ellen Kenwood

Ethnic News is the title of a monthly newspaper published by Ellen Kenwood who tells readers how to visit the world without leaving New York. (As she's also a travel agent she also gives advice on how to visit the sources, too.)

Rich through the heritage of its populous millions, a little known fact is that 1/2 of New York's population is either foreign born or of immigrant parentage, and that more than 1 1/2 million New Yorkers speak, read and write in their native language!

New York City has the following foreign (local) newspapers:

Arabic, Chinese, Czechoslovak, German, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Yiddish, Latvian, Lithuanian, Polish, Puerto Rican, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, and Ukrainian.

COMING EVENTS IN NEW YORK

April 10-12 - *International Festival* Three days of happenings, including international dancing, food booths, films, wine, cheese and art parties. At Foreign Student Center in Columbia. Call 280-3591 for complete details.

April 19 - *Nite of all Nations* - a one stop world tour of talent, art and food (a small World's Fair). 6:00 PM to midnight - \$3.00 (\$1.50 students). International House, 500 Riverside Drive, 666-7600.

April 19 - *East Indian Dance Program* - featuring the Indo-American Dance Co., Brooklyn Museum, 3:00 PM (free).

April 20 - *Nationality Evening* - Folk dance demonstrations in full costume by the Estonian folklore group, Italian folk dancers, Matusz Polish Dance Circle and Byelorussian Youth Group. General folk dancing by everyone before and after the performing period. Ukraine National Home - 140 Second Ave. (Corner 9th St.) - 7:30-11 PM - \$1.25.

April 26 - *Indian Pow-Wow* - featuring folk dancing and singing by the Thunderbird American Indian dancers. There will be Indian food, crafts and records, McBurney Y.M.C.A., 215 W. 23 St. 8PM (free).

WHY?

After the performances of the dance groups participating in the 17th Annual Israel folk dance Festival, the spirit of the youth groups flowed into the streets where they continued their dancing and singing in the rain. That is until the police came to break up the orderly celebrations . . . WHY?

There is a young man who plays violin in the streets to earn money for music and acting

lessons. He likes the spot in front of Carnegie Hall, because the audiences are more appreciative - financially and aesthetically. After several warnings from Carnegie Hall's Management, he was arrested . . . WHY?

I've written about "Damascus and Beirut" in Brooklyn, and the Italinas, the Estonians, and the Gypsies of New York. "Did you know, that New York has almost every type restaurant from Albanian, Jewish, Haitian, etc. but no Gypsy Restaurant", remarked the Gypsy Prince who is head of a tribe in Brooklyn, "and New Yorkers are missing so much" . . .

ETHNIC CAFES

LEVANTINE

185 W. 10th St.

Phone 255-9809

Owned by Menachem Dworman from the

"Cafe Feenjon" and "Feenjon Group", this mid-Eastern cafe is now the meeting place for all lovers of Israeli, Greek, Arabic, Turkish and Armenian music featuring live entertainment on weekends and tapes during the week.

Menu includes mid-East specialties such as humus, tchina, rice in grape leaves (and bagels and lox).

Open daily (except Monday) from 9 pm - 2 am; and Friday and Saturday until 5 am. Minimum 60¢ weekdays; cover Friday \$1.50, Saturday \$2.00, Sunday \$1.00.

COLOMBIA

At 140 East 57th Street is one of the most pleasant cafes in New York. And the finest coffee is graciously served by red-coated waiters and lovely young girls. From mid-May until mid-September tables are placed outside.

INTERNATIONAL LABS

A monthly section in which readers in all countries can reach each other. There is no charge for listings which should be kept to less than 50 words. Exchange apartments, find a fellow-traveler for your foreign trips, contact your counterpart in some far-off land, bum a ride to Mexico, offer something free, etc. Write: P.O. Box 8, New York 10014.

Would you like to rush around Europe with me until we find somewhere sunny? Qualifications: nice girl with some cash 'cos I'm not loaded (but have motor). Phone Mick, London 878-2622.

Wtd: underground newspapers from all over the world for a collection I am starting. Peter Fraser, 6986 S. Franklin, Littleton, Colo. 80120.

Attention UPS editors: please send your best-ever two issues for my files. Will send any Other Scenes you'd like in exchange. John Wilcock, 26 Perry St., NYC 10014.

The Atlantis News, RD 5, Box 22a, Suagerties, NY 12477, carries news of a libertarian country still in the founding stages.

Diezi's trips to India leave regularly from London and cost only \$200 roundtrip. For details write to Jose Artajo, 12 Chapel St., London S.W.1.

Japan's EXPO at Osaka (March-Sept/70)

has started selling advance tickets via Japan Air Lines offices.

Peace blankets from Mexico! Inquiries: Chris Moser, Apdo Postal 662, Oaxaca, Mexico.

NYC Apartment (2 1/2 rooms) Near Central Park. Furnished. Suitable 1 or two. Swap for any apt near beach in Spain. England, Holland, also o.k. Will consider other offers. June, July. Possibly Aug.

Hey Yankee! Send 25 cents for Curacao's only underground paper (P.O.B. 2025, Port Betaald, Netherlands Antilles.)

Hawaii's u/ground is The Road (20¢ from Box 352, Haleiwa, Hawaii 98762.)

Green Revolution, a monthly newspaper, regularly reports on independent action-family homesteading, intentional community, home education, do-it-yourself health maintenance, and all aspects of a good life. \$4 a year from Heathcote School of Living, Freeland, Md.

But the place is rarely crowded, for it has one drawback: It is FREE. And it is literally a cafe, for coffee is all they every serve.

The Columbia Center offers free coffee (and iced coffee too, over the summer) to publicize its main export. But shades of Juan Valdez, passersby eye it warily and keep walking! Whether this is from fear of the free, or lack of publicity, we do not know. The Center is open Monday through Friday from 10:00 am to about 5:00 pm.

It's 3 am and one wants to eat Beef Stroganoff (\$1.95) French crepes (40¢), have 1/2 a pitcher of Sangria, (\$2.25) and see a bull-fight (25¢). This cozy little restaurant, LA TOUR EIFFEL, is open daily from 11:30 am to 4 am and serves French and Spanish cuisine. Besides atmosphere, and a huge choice of entrees, prices are unbelievably low, and they have Scopitone.

Want to know when Independence Day is celebrated in Albania, or Liberation of Africa Day is in Chad, Carnival in Brazil, Purim in Jerusalem, or the birthday of the Shah of Iran, then visit or call the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., 23 Wall St. 425-2323. Ask for Free 120-page book, "Bank and Public" Holidays Throughout the World," (1969).

ETHNIC RADIO & TV

Want to learn

Hebrew

"Shalom Va Boker Tov" (Hello and good morning). What a delightful way to wake up every Monday through Thursday morning from 8:15 am to 8:30 am on WEVD (97.7) f.m. radio.

Italian

(Friday) WFUV Radio, 5:15-5:30 p.m.

German

(Saturday) Channel 13-TV, 1:30-2:30 pm.

The Voice of the International Music World can now be heard on Saturdays, (and as usual Monday-Friday, too) from 7:05 to 8:00 pm on WRFM (fm). You can listen to Erwin Frankel play the best of the International discs ranging from France's Charles Aznavour to New York's Feenjon group; to Israel's Guella Gill. You never know what Erwin will play next (neither does Erwin). . . And even his commercials are great!

For 12 issues of "Ethnic News" (2 year subscription) send \$2.50 to:

Ethnic News
160 E. 55th St.
New York 10022

K7870

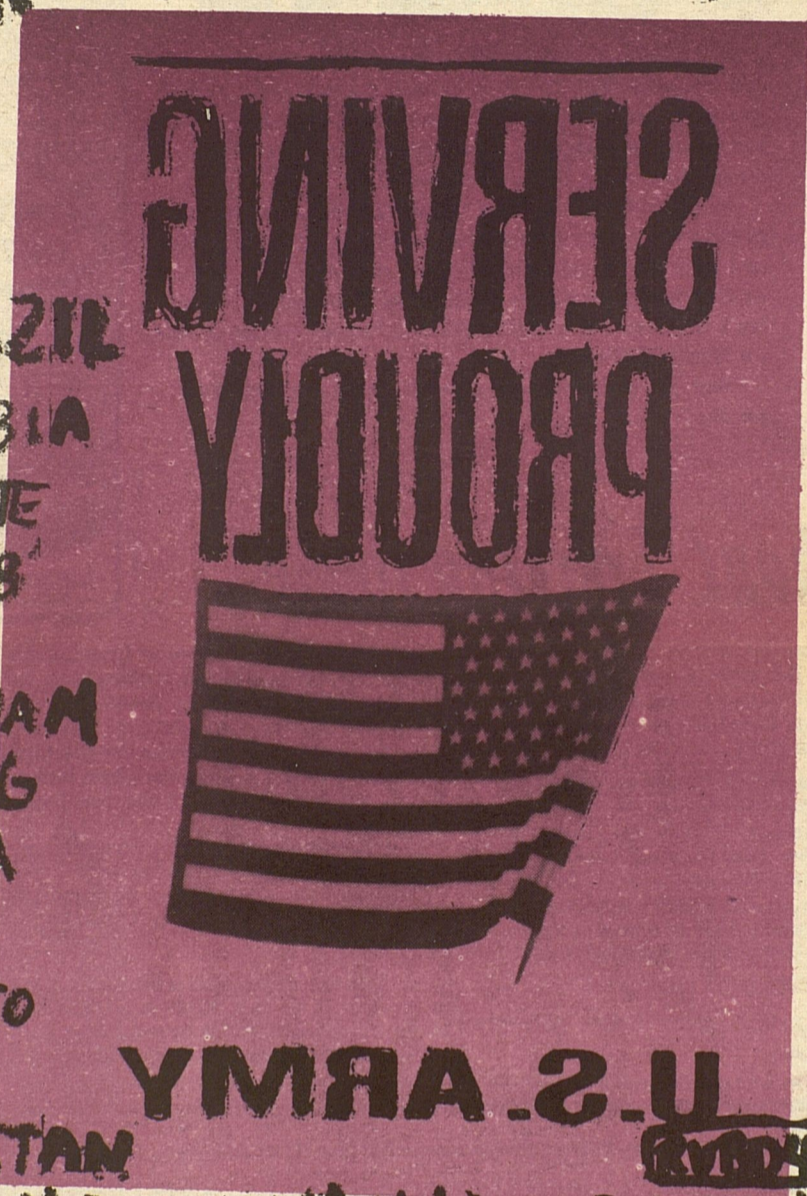


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(TROOPS
 OUR HEROES
 RUSSIAN ALY)

