

JOHN WILCOCK'S

OTHER SCENES

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THIRD YEAR, No. 6

JUNE 1-14, 1969

25 cents



Shunk-Kender photo

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LAW
34 Sev



KATHLEEN CLEAVER

photo by Alexander

CITIZENS! *Sign*



MINISTER OF INFORMATION BLACK PANTHERS
PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE P.F. B. B. B. B. B.
AUTHOR OF *SOUL ON ICE* - *REASONS*

**PETITION
TO KEEP
FAVOR**

**ELDER
OUT
ON**

NEAR FISTIC

Mystery tongue eats it

PAUL CABPELL

At least one UCSB co-ed has fallen prey to "The Tongue," a seemingly sex-crazed monster who hangs out in the area of the campus lagoon. According to Campus Police Chief W.A. Lowe, a young co-ed reported being attacked one night recently at around 2:45 am by a young man claiming to possess a knife. "The guy apparently tried to pick the girl up in the Isla Vista area," reported Chief Lowe. "She refused. Then when she reached the northwest area of the cam-

pus lagoon the guy jumped in front of her and put his hand over her mouth to keep her from screaming."

Chief Lowe further related that "the Tongue" told the girl, "I have a knife and I'll use it. If you're cooperative I won't rape you, just eat you." He then dragged his victim into the bushes and performed cunnilingus on her.

"The Tongue" was reported by his victim to be a white male, about six feet one inch tall, with

blond hair and blue eyes. His hair was of medium length. He wore a "sloppy V-necked sweater and a T-shirt, with light colored slacks. He was described as being about 23 years of age."

After assaulting his victim "The Tongue" reportedly confessed that he did not really have a knife. He even went so far as to express his apologies for what he had done.

"Nevertheless, the guy is obviously sort of an unsavory character," said Chief Lowe.

**The difference is . . .
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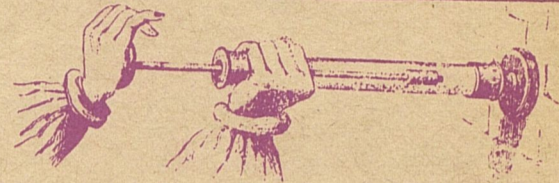
OTHER SCENES

THIRD YEAR, NO. 6 JUNE 1969

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AGEIAN Broadside 1

WE HOLD YOUR HAND by c.dilworth



The mere thought of her, the touch of her sends this aurora borealis vibrancy through my body.

In the many loves of living comes a soft, liqued toneing to the natural skin above the wrist and the foot's soul. The heart gives forth skin juices so that to touch the belly or the thigh is great beauty for both the touch and the toucher.

Holding becomes the flesh and feeling;—giving softness to the hardest living—helping the isolated to face the world through each other.

I need you in many, many ways. I need you in one-thousand and one different ways. I need you when you are with me; and I need you when you are away.



You are like a rock walking, a pie in my eye:—gentle fingers in a muscled body—tough, hard, soft belly. You are of our now world—of my fantasies, of our realities.....You are NOW.

For love is deep like living rock and living rock and earth together.

Come the flowers of spring,---for we are the flowers of spring---we are man and child together. We are love.

We hold your hand as you hold ours; we cry in your tears---laugh for your smiles. Of course---hold us---we are love---and you are love too.

So she walks, sits, talks, moves, smokes, eats, comes, leaves---I watch her; love her; see something new each time I'm with her. She is love, and love moves the trees, the sand, the sea, you-me-she. Thats love.



THE AURORA BOREALIS OR NORTHERN LIGHTS

For GEE & for LOVE; both--one & together. Done Tues. March 18, 1969 © Write c. dilworth; Apt. #24; 125 Sullivan St., N.Y. City 10012. The BLACK COFFEE PRESS



Shunk Kender photo

Brigid

Brigid Polk is an important personality, an amazing artist, and—I suspect—one of the most authentic voices of downtown spiritual aspirations. Before she took up art, Brigid was best known for her brilliant performance in *Chelsea Girls*, playing the pill-peddling dike who punctuated her monologue by poking (poke-polk) a hypodermic needle into her fanny right through her jeans. Her medium is books—blank volumes which she fills with her own drawings and collages in an incredible medley of styles, ranging from expressionistic finger-paintings to meticulous color abstractions to erotic pop collages. She solicits almost everyone she encounters, whatever it be Rauschenberg or her kid sister, to do a page for her. She has completed more than 40 books. None of them are for sale or even for exhibit, though she insists on showing them to anyone around.

Eyes darting, bosom heaving, wisps of blond hair flying across her pretty face, she hurtles through the night with her armload of books. She makes her art on the run—usually at Max's Kansas City, Andy Warhol's Factory, or wherever she has momentarily alighted. But she's most productive when she works at home, which is a tiny room not much larger than herself in a hote near Gramercy Park. She has decorated the room to make it look as cheery as a child's nursery. There, amid the Raggedy Ann dolls, the paper butterflies, the pink dildos and the cerise featherduster, she sits under the hairdryer, makes marathon telephone calls, and creates page after page of art.

by DAVID BOURDON

“I've always done books. I loved copying notebooks in school, just filling notebooks, but it had to be in perfect handwriting. It didn't matter what they were about. I just loved to sit and do handwriting. I loved to write my name, I'd write my name Bridget Berlin 100 times. In school when I had penances to do, I'd write all the I's in a line — “I must not be rude to the teachers,” “I must not go to the john.” And I'd sit and write 2000 times: “I must not be late for class.” I'd make them so neat. Finished in 10 minutes and perfect handwriting.

I saw my first modern art in Smilow-Thielle furniture shop on Lexington Avenue 10 years ago, and I hated it. Danish modern they used to call it. I had French furniture, and I was buying \$24-a-yard Scalamandre prints for my drapes. In my house when I was married, I had Fortuny fabric because I was copying my mother and I had to be very Louis IV, very French you know.

I've kept trip books for a long time. Originally I wrote poetry in them; I never tried to draw people because they all turned out alike.

I went to Max's the day it opened. I sat at the bar with Chuck Wein. Then months later I started going with Andy. I didn't know there were artists in Max's, I didn't know what the front was about. I knew running the roller over the silkscreens at the Factory, and I was aware there were Marilyn Monroes. I was involved with sitting around rapping with Rotten Rita,

listening to the opera with Billy, I knew the chaos of the Factory, but the art of it . . . I didn't even know that Andy had a gallery, which one it was or anything. So one night sitting at the round table in the back room of Max's, Andy said ‘do you mean to tell me Brigid that after the three years you've been coming here, you don't know that you're sitting under the Flavin?’ I said I thought that was just a lighting fixture by the people in a lighting place on Third Avenue, I didn't know that was art, that that was a piece.

It was divine when I was sitting in the back room of Max's, painting, and I wasn't aware that this just isn't done by the artists. An artist never goes into Max's with even a little stain on his pants, this just isn't done. I'd sit there and I'd paint and have a ball, not knowing there were a lot of famous artists there. Well, I'd spend three hours at home packing my bag with my No. 1 pencils and I'd do circles or I didn't know what to draw because I had so many art supplies that I couldn't decide. But I liked color, I love lots of color, and I never could try to do anything in just one shade of blue, or just two colors, I have to use all of the colors in the box.

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Andy said he was going to quiz me within three days. Well, I went to St. Mark's Place and I got all the catalogs, I was going to memorize the catalogs. I'd say Morris Louis, the stripe, and then I'd copy, and I'd draw a red line and a black line and a green line and a white line until I had Morris Louis in my head. Then I just began to memorize so I'd be able to spell their names and to associate something that they did. Transferring was when I first started to get into it. I did them in turpentine and they didn't come out right. Then somebody said: ‘Oh Rauschenberg does that,’ then I wanted to find out who Rauschenberg was, and so I met him in Max's and by that time I had done 5000 transfers. So I went up to him and asked him and he told me he used lighter fluid. Well I tried Ronson lighter fluid and I didn't dig it, I tried Zippo and I dug it, and I used these soft pastel blenders and I got perfect pictures. So then I started to do plastic transfers. I just take any photograph from a magazine and I can produce it onto plastic in two split seconds with my method. I started doing thousands of transfers, I used to do 50 a night. I would take every page out of a magazine, transfer transfer transfer. I feel like I'd done something complete, it was finished and it was on another piece of paper and it was mine and it was quick and I could show a whole portfolio of them in a minute. Then that started to bore me.

I wasn't aware of starting to collect, now I'm still not aware of collecting. . . oh I did a book for Mickey Ruskin for his birthday, that's actually when I started to collect. I went around saying who's famous, who's famous, it's Mickey's birthday, will you do a drawing? I was scared to ask Rauschenberg, I hadn't gotten to Rauschenberg yet for myself. I went up and I said it's Mickey's birthday, would you do a drawing? He was right on the dance floor and he opened the book, one of those big black art supply store books, I didn't know then they had beautiful leather books, and he took his and drew a line and he took a price tag from up in the corner, just a little stick-on label, and put it down here and he wrote something. . . I didn't get everyone but I sure got a lot of people. Then that's when I decided to get my own book.

Rauschenberg and I were going to become blood brothers and sisters. And the horrible thing he did at the bar of Max's with a syringe, we couldn't find a pin anywhere, none of the waitresses had a pin, nothing, only my syringe and a needle, and he pricked his finger with a needle, then I was scared he might get hepatitis, he pricked his finger and the blood came, and he signed the page and he said close it quick and you'll have two, and he smiled and he laughed; he's so divine. I took it home and I was scared even to take that book out again, I was scared somebody was going to steal it, every time I had my pocketbook and my 5000 boxes of art supplies, I'd go crazy because I'd think, Oh, my god, where's my little green book. . .

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Then I wanted to know all the artists, I wanted to have an alphabetical list. . . then I got to the minimal artists and I began to wonder is Rauschenberg minimal? I still dig detail. . . and colors. But now I know you don't take your art supplies to Max's. I wouldn't walk in there with a bijoux water color set in a million years! David Novros, I was very impressed when he did a drawing in another trip book I had, when he did that drawing with his little silver ruler, the next day I went to an art supply store and I bought a silver ruler and I had to have it in my back pocket just like him. . .

Fred Hughes kept saying get into big books, get into big things, well those books are heavy to carry around, that little green leather book fits easily in my pocket and nobody knows, that way they don't say, ‘Oh here she comes with her trip book.’ I don't want anyone to know I've got these books, I'm ready to put them in the bank. I've gotten to the point with my little green book now, with the Teddy Kennedy opposite the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's Christmas card, and I put the Teddy Kennedy on the back of the Rauschenberg blood Rauschenberg was upstairs in Max's dancing, I had just left Viva's, we had been with Andy's mother all night,

and we'd gone back to watch the news and I left Viva's to go home, and on my way home I said, Oh, I've got ten minutes left, I think I'll go to Max's, I'm so thirsty. I got out of the cab and they were all standing around the cigarette machine, and as I walked in they yelled out to me; Bobby Kennedy's been shot. I said: oh will you stop joking, I mean after Andy and everything, ah! to pull something like that. And there it was, I heard it, and I walked down the aisle to the back room and Rauschenberg was coming down the steps from dancing and I said, 'Hi, Bob,' and he smiled at me. I said Bobby Kennedy was just shot. And he fell down to the floor and he was crying and then he got up and he was sitting at a table, this was after Max's closed, and he said: "is this the medium?" I'll never forget that.

Gerard I had heard sat at his desk all day making prints of his cock and so I went home and took the stamp pad and I just plopped it against my tits, got down on the floor and I go—choom!—and then I decided I had to do my cunt, but that got oh so messy, I had to fold the paper and the prints wouldn't come out clear because you couldn't see the hole. Anyway I did page after page and I felt the tits looked like perfect cameos. I call them twirling around in space. But then I had this boy over to my place one night and he had such a minicock, it was that—THAT little, and I tried to pull it and I couldn't understand, he was on acid, and finally he was lying on his back and I said ok take off your pants, and he said, 'Oh well I'm not hung up that I don't have big knees or something,' and I said that's all right, and I tried to pull it up to the stamp pad, and I pulled it and I made one nice little print, I was very tempted to outline the opening of his little cock with my rapidograph. I did it once and it turned out to be a ballet dancer. Well I did another one but then I did my tit next to his tiny cock, and then I had a terrible time trying to decide which was going to be the moon and which was the earth. They were both twirling around in space.

4

Then somebody gave me a thing called the United Penis. You could send away for it, they were prosthesis and they had this whole brochure, and I put it in an envelope for Nice Ned. We took Nice Ned back to my hotel room, Viva and me and Andy, and Andy sat in my little room in the straight-backed chair with his Kodak Instamtic camera while Viva and I tied up Nice Ned with a lamp from my desk. We tied him up and he laughing, he's about 40 years old, he's a retired sea captain, owns a million dollar paper bag company, drives a Cadillac, lives in New Jersey. Every night I would hit him for my allowance, I've always called him my allowance. The other night I hit him for my allowance, because I'd gotten from Grove Press all those big sheets, the extra pages from the erotic art book, and I rolled them all up like big posters and I had them in Max's, and he came up and said what's that? And I said they're very expensive, they're \$50 apiece. And he said where can I get that book? and I said where's my allowance? He handed me \$5. Well, I got so mad, he's very rich, so we did a drawing of Bunny, the Queen of 42nd Street, disciplining Nice Ned. See how he likes it, Nice Ned's cock tied up with a chain, squeezed. . .

Then I got very horny and hung up when somebody gave me an Italian comic book of pornography but I only could keep it for the night, I had to return it in the morning, I couldn't find any xerox machine, well I sat at my windowsill, it was beginning to get daylight, and I got this tracing paper out and I traced each orgy, six, seven, eight, nine of them, the pricks going in and out, back and forth, and I was going crazy, I'd pick up the tracing paper and the shading wouldn't be right, I'd realize I was using the wrong pencil. . .

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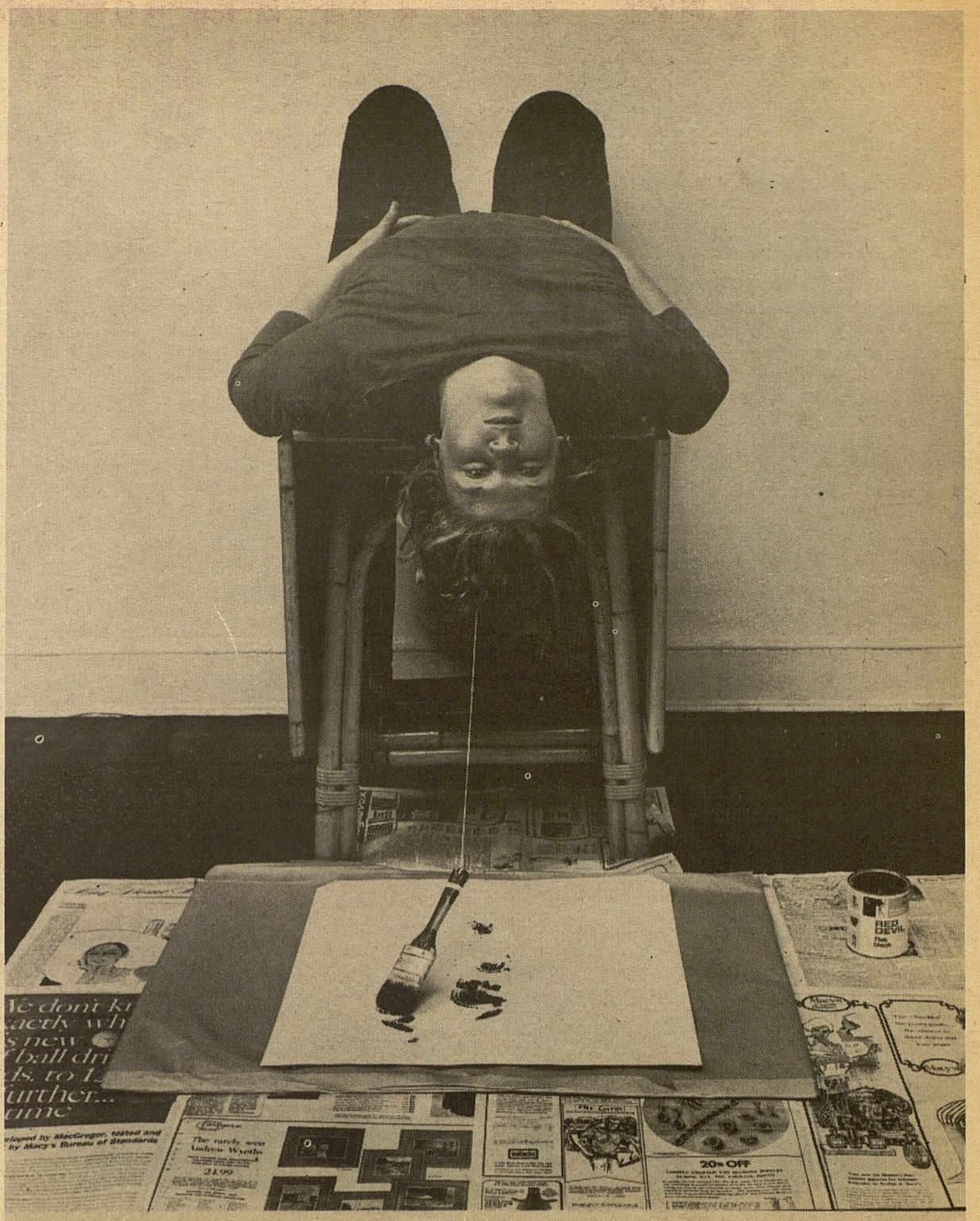
I want to do a sculpture of a big cock, a beautifully formed cock, it would be up to here on an average person so when they walk around, they don't have to reach up. You wouldn't have to look up to start to lick it, it would be level. But you see if this is going to be a sucker that people lick on, then the sucker is going to be there for a few days unless someone just wants to stand there and lick on that dick for the whole entire day.

Still it's going to be a big enough dick if it stands in a room alone. I'd go myself, even though I did it, to see who sucked it. If you suck out of the hole, that's going to be sour lemon, like the center of those English hard candies. People are going to get sticky on their arms, because I think some people are going to put their arms around it like it's another person. So you see the center is the thing that's sour, that's the come, the outside is just a little subtler, clearer. . . it could be pink, the color of a cock, and still taste lemon. But I want it to be lemon, I don't know why really, but I still would like it I think to be yellow.

Michael Findlay, I'd like to see him licking the dick, and Frosty and Andy, I'd like to see them licking the dick, and Rosenquist, David Novros, Brice, Neil Willaims, John Chamberlain, oh I'd love to see John up there all day. Walter De Maria, I'm afraid he to sit on top of it. Viva, I think she would definitely do that, she would wait until it got sucked narrow enough that she could get fucked by it, you see it's going to keep going down, and people will be sitting on it, you'll have that group. It could be a lovely thing, definitely revolutionary. And the reason I'd like to show it at Leo Castelli's is because that's where I've gone the most and

I feel hornier there. ”

Shunk-Kender photos



THE PEVERSION OF THE LEGAL SYSTEM

by SHEILA GOLDEN

The scene of the action was the New York Criminal Court Building at 100 Center Street, where less than three weeks before over a thousand outraged students and members of the black community demonstrated against the jailing of 21 Black Panthers.

This time it was lawyers themselves on the picket line protesting not only the nation-wide campaign to destroy the Black Panther Party, but also the perversion of the legal system generally.

The theme of the demonstration, carried on simultaneously by more than a 100 law students in front of the U.S. Court House and New York Supreme Court in near by Foley Square, was "Confront the Courts for Criminal Justice".

For the first time in memory, it was not merely a few of the countless victims of the legal system, but those responsible for applying and upholding the law who were accusing the courts of failure to live up to its promise that every man would be treated equally under the law.

It was a quiet and rather dignified demonstration, and not confrontation politics, although the choice of the previously sacrosanct courts in downtown Manhattan, (Only a few blocks from the heart of America's corporate and legal establishment), was potentially a very dramatic one.

Demonstrating lawyers carried signs in support of 10 demands:

1. "End preventative detention and excessive bail. (The unrestrained power to deny a man his liberty pending trial would be granted through preventative detention)"
2. "Jury trials where the punishment is one day or more." Jury trials are granted in Civil Court for disputes over \$500, but denied in Criminal Court for cases with punishments of 6 months.
3. "Representative Juries (The systematic exclusion from grand jury service of the non-white, the poor and the young, creates juries that represent a class of citizens that cannot relate to other groups.)"
4. "Penal Reform"
5. "Abolish Victimless Crimes" -- i.e. abortion, homo-possession of narcotics.
6. "Eliminate Judicial Incompetence" -- i.e. an end to judges who are political appointees.
7. "Adequate Legal Services Controlled by the Poor."
8. "Civilian Control of Police"
9. "End the Activities of the Character Committees which deny attorneys political freedom."
10. "End Legal Exploitation of the Poor (Examples abound of the duality of our system, where power is rewarded and justice is denied to the powerless poor . . . it must be changed to grant fairness to the poor oppressed of our country . . . however empty their pockets.)"



Barbara Rothkrug, LNS

WILLIAM KUNSTLER

The tone of the demonstration was not particularly militant (when some of the lawyers began chanting "No more Panthers in Jail! Off the Pigs!" they evoked numbers of embarrassed smiles from other demonstrators), but the lawyers' demands were specific, detailed, and personally verifiable by nearly every one of those who demonstrated and later spoke.

Many of the lawyers doubted that such demands could ever be implemented, so long as the U.S. was ruled

in the interests of a corporate elite, but they felt that the mere presentation of the demands was a first step in exposing the hypocrisy of American Justice.

This sense of a radical change growing from within the profession gave immeasurably more momentum to the rally at Foley Square, where the 100 lawyers later joined approximately the same number of law students, as speaker after speaker stressed the duty of lawyers -- as lawyers -- to change the corrupt system by opposing it if necessary.

Juan-Maria Bras of the MPI (Moviento Puerto-riqueno de la Independencia) said: "When law goes one way and morality another, it is the duty of lawyers to go with the true law, the law of morality."

Arthur Kinoy of Rutgers Law School quoted Charles Sumner (who opposed the Fugitive Slave Law): "All that I am or may be, I freely offer to the cause." There is nothing more fitting for an American lawyer today."

Similarly, Lewis Oliver of the Committee of Lawyers for the Indigent, who protested the lack of jury trials for offenses receiving sentences of less than six months: "We are here to demonstrate our concern at what happens at 100 Center Street because we work there."

Florence Kennedy, a well-known black lawyer, warned the lawyers of the possible consequences of repressive courts: "When they (the courts) wipe out the Black Panther Party, you'd better have non-flammable suburbs. The second oldest profession better get off its arse and start wearing asbestos pants." (Mrs. Kennedy also warned them about the unreliability of the mass media--and sure enough, the event was blacked-out by the city's two dailies.)

The radicalization of lawyers seems to be following a pattern: The very depth of their commitment to the Movement requires that lawyers work within the system, not as accomplices but as its skilled opponents. The legal system is a key tool of the Establishment--giving it the official right to destroy its enemies with no questions asked.

The role of a radical lawyer is to use legal proceedings to immobilize that tool, to play the game of the courts long enough to help the Movement survive until the time when it will no longer be necessary to play the game.

As William Kunstler, attorney for H. Rap Brown, the Panther 21, and many others said:

"Every time a lawyer faces a judge on the bench, he confronts the Establishment . . . As long as we can keep radical leaders alive, out of jail, and on the streets, we serve a valuable function.

"Lawyers must be part of the Movement, people who will stand with their clients, have a final belief in them, be able to plead for those whom the system feels threatened by . . ."

Law & Order (Military style)

ARGENTINA ON THE SWAMP

After a thousand days of Law and Order under the ruling of Lt. General Ongania who in June 1968 took over the White (Government) House in the midst of a dull period noted by the putrefaction of the Liberal Establishment, after a thousand days of organized mediocrity some violent actions disturbed the national calm. Some military posts were briefly captured and all arms captured in commando action. Right at the doors of the First Army, near Buenos Aires, and in the interior of the Republic too. Stores which sell guns were also robbed at night.

Days before angry and hungry workers of Tucuman (northern province) had rioted, while in another province (Sante Fe) other workers occupied their working places. Young priests, here, there and everywhere, were organizing strikes and demonstrations against the administrators. Hysteria attacked some of the Ministers, and the police investigated.

More than one hundred persons got arrested in April: right wing peronistas, left wing peronistas, left wing catholics, trotskytes, communists. The series of commando actions were not part of a national organized plan, but initiatives



of small autonomous groups looking for Revolution while the majority of the argentine population watches TV.

Argentina: 24 millions live here. One third of the population in the Buenos Aires (Federal Capital and suburbia) area. Four TV channels, 100 art galleries, 50 drama theatres, 400 cinemas. Since 1930 the same old story of military coups, liberal presidents, dictatorship of mediocrity, generals, colonels and the rest of the usual latinamerican nothingness.

When Lt. General Ongania got in and closed the Congress only a few cared: anyway it was full of corrupted politicians. When the political parties were dissolved by decree it was okay, they were stinking. When the University was intervened, the students resisted only a bit, the police were everywhere, foreign professors were beaten. Finally, the force of the military prevailed. During some riots, a student was killed in Cordoba and a worker was murdered in Tucuman.

The "argentinos" are peaceful people,

the national doctrine is "not to get involved". So they go to the soccer matches on Sunday, and simply work during the rest of the week, waiting for the pension which arrives after 65 years of "lasting."

There is a cultural establishment which lives with its eyes on Europe. There has been a quick development of publicity techniques: now we have all the structures of modern selling but with only a relative bit of affluence. Madison Avenue types organize big meetings, bureaucrats become efficient "executives," there come out 6 (six!) important weekly news magazines and we have 5 (five!) big daily papers. No student publications, no underground press, no cultural guerrillas, no liberation front. Nothing but a large middle class swamp named Buenos Aires. The rest of the country, with its angry workers and peasants, the rest is a distant world named "the interior."

With a great accent on nationalistic items, like all military governments of Latinamerica, our "President" is launching big constructions: bridges, dams, highways, distilleries, oil, electricity, etc., everything under the name of the "Argentine Revolution." In the meantime, the soul of the "argentinos" gets frustrated and vanishes after 39 years of words, words, words.

The Army, the Navy and the Air Force buy ultra-modern weapons from european countries. A platoon of American "green berets" train Argentine soldiers for anti-guerrilla warfare in Tartagal, province of Salta. General Barrientos (one of the men behind Che's execution in Bolivia) dies in an accident.

Ongania goes to his burial. Military president of Peru weeps goodbye. Military president of Brazil weeps farewell. The civilians watch the newsreel on TV.

In Buenos Aires the new censorship law begins forbidding the screening of Pasolini's TEOREMA. Spanish translation of Henry Miller's Sexus is seized by the police at the publisher's office and in bookstores. All 1st of May demonstrations were forbidden, and where workers tried to organize manifestations there the police went with all its modern anti-riot equipment. Some radical publications are sold freely giving the Government the image "for export": if the interamerican inspectors come, the left wing mags give an image of "freedom of press."

We do not live in an open dictatorship. Slowly (but firmly) the officials apply modern techniques of domestication. One by one, essential sources of freedom are being suppressed. Those who complain are marked as subversives. Then, the Anti-Communist Law give the technocrats an architecture for the erasing of dissenters.

Argentina does not swing. Some "argentinos," a tiny minority, are aware of the "inner" revolution, the invisible insurrection, the alternative society, the experimental communities, etc. Others, also a minority, are getting ready for guerrilla warfare activities. More than half of the Latin American population is under military control: there are 265 millions south of the Rio Grande. First round is over meister. Regular fights for the championship have fifteen. It's a long way yet.

Chacho Guemes



MONEY BOLISH MONEY

DAVID RAMSAY STEELE

Abolition of Money! Down through the ages this wild and visionary slogan has been whispered by a subversive few. Ever since human beings discovered cash, they have hated it and tried to rid themselves of it — whilst their own actions have kept it alive. In this respect, money is like syphilis.

Today the whisper has become a shout — though still the shout of a tiny minority. Tomorrow it will be the roar of the crowd, the major topic of discussion in every pub and coffee house, factory and office.

The abolition of money is an ancient dream, the most radical demand of

every social revolution for centuries past. We must not suppose that it is therefore destined to remain a Utopia, that the wheel will simply turn full circle once more. Today there is an entirely new element in the situation: Plenty.

All previous societies have been rationed societies, based on scarcity of food, clothing and shelter. The modern world is also a society of scarcity, but with a difference. Today's shortages are unnecessary; today's scarcity is artificial. More than that: scarcity achieved at the expense of strenuous effort, ingenious organization and the most sophisticated planning.

The world is haunted by a spectre — the spectre of Abundance. Only by planned waste and destruction on a colossal scale can the terrifying threat of Plenty be averted.

Money means rationing. It is only useful when there are shortages to be rationed. No one can buy or sell air: it's free because there is plenty of it around. Food, clothing, shelter and entertainment should be free as air. But the means of rationing scarcity themselves keep the scarcity in existence. The only excuse for money is that there is not enough wealth to go

round — but it is the money system which makes sure there cannot be enough to go round. By abolishing money we create the conditions where money is unnecessary.

If we made a list of all those occupations which would be unnecessary in a Moneyless World, jobs people now have to do which are entirely useless from a human point of view, we might begin as follows:

Customs officer, Security guard, Locksmith, Wages clerk, Tax assessor, Advertising man, Stockbroker, Insurance agent, Ticket puncher, Salesman, Accountant, Slot machine emptier, Industrial spy, Bank manager, before we realized the magnitude of what was involved. And these are merely the jobs which are wholly and utterly useless. Nearly all occupations involve something to do with costing or selling. Now we should see that the phrase "Abolition of Money" is just shorthand for immense, sweeping, root and branch changes in society. The abolition of money means the abolition of wages and profits, nations and frontiers, rich and poor, armies and prisons. It means that all work will be entirely voluntary.

Of course, the itemizing of those jobs which are financial does not end the catalogue of waste. Apart from astronomical sums spent on the Space Race, and the well-known scandal of huge arms production, we have to realise that all production is carried on purely for profit. The profit motive often runs completely counter to human need. "Built-in obsolescence" (planned shoddiness), the restrictive effects of the patents system, the waste of effort through duplication of activities by competing firms or nations — these are just a few of the ways in which profits cause waste.

What this amounts to is that ninety per cent (a conservative estimate) of effort expended by human beings today is entirely pointless, does not the slightest bit of good to anybody. So it is quite ridiculous to talk about "how to make sure people work if they're not paid for it." If less than ten per cent of the population worked, and the other ninety per cent stayed at home watching telly, we'd be no worse off than we are now.



1968: *The Abolition of Money*. The abolition of pay housing, pay media, pay transportation, pay food, pay education, pay clothing, pay medical help and pay toilets. A society which works towards and actively promotes the concept of "full unemployment".... (Yippie election leaflet).



The money system is obsolete and antihuman. So what should we do about it? In years to come, with the increasing education and increasing misery of modern life, together with growing squalor in the midst of growing plenty, we can expect the Abolition of Money to be treated more and more as a serious issue, to be inserted into more and more heads. The great mass of individuals will first ridicule, then dare to imagine (Fantasy is the first act of rebellion — Freud), then overthrow.

In the meantime, as well as propagating the notion of a Moneyless World, those of us who see its necessity have a responsibility to sort our own ideas out, in order that we may present an intelligible and principled case. We must stop thinking of the Moneyless World as an "ultimate aim" with no effect upon our actions now. We must realise that the Abolition of Money is THE immediate demand. A practical proposition and an urgent necessity — not something to be vaguely "worked towards."

WASHINGTON FREE PRESS

ABOLISH MONEY

Happy The Mothers Day

Last May 11, while most of the Red, White, and Blue were giving it to Mom with sparkledust greeting cards, we at Reprise were quietly celebrating this most sentimental of national holidays in our own freaky way. With our beloved

MOTHERS OF INVENTION



Yes, Greater America may have Nixon, cold cream, and vacuum-pack lima beans, but we at Reprise are now allied with Frank Zappa and his Merry Pranksters. And from them we have a disgusting new album called

UNCLE MEAT



Which is something to celebrate. And write ads about.

We were thinking of suggesting that all of you tell Hallmark to shove it and place a few bucks with us for a copy of *Uncle Meat*. To have slipped to Mom on HER DAY. But we weren't quite sure of how she'd take to Suzie Creamcheese. Or Ian Underwood (who whips it out live on stage in Copenhagen). Or The Dog Breath Variations. Or Electric Aunt Jemina. Or King Kong (live on a flat bed diesel in the middle of a race track at a Miami Pop Festival). Or the picture book that goes along with each and every album.

Which is to say, is the Everyday Housewife really ready for the group whose efforts are described by *Life* (magazine) as:

"Conglomerates of humor, satire, chance, nonfiction and the grotesque, punctuated with snorts, oinks and bongs, sprinkled with bits of Motown, Sacco and Vanzetti, R & B, Rosemary de Camp, and Stravinsky."

In a word: NO.

Yes, Record Lovers, now that all's said and done, we're glad we played our hunch and didn't try to upset the Mothers Day apple cart. Visions of soaring sales aside, when you get right down to it: Zappa & Co. are enough to scare the pants off Mom.

Mom should keep her pants on. We all know that.

So what we've done is write off our 20,000,000 beautiful "Happy The Mothers Day" stickers. Instead we've made sure that *Uncle Meat* is in the racks of your favorite open-minded record stores. To sell to people who won't write us lousy indignant letters.

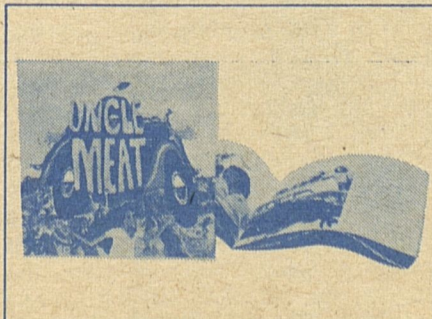
THE DEAL

For \$7.98 (or less, where possible) you get



TWO RECORDS AND A BOOK

Which is pretty cheap for a masterpiece.



Witchcraft

The English word *witch* derives from the Anglo-Saxon *wicca*(m.), *wicce*(f.) and means wise one. Through oral tradition and reincarnation, we believe our origin is Celtic and our spiritual ancestors, the Druids. So-called witches and their counterparts exist in every culture, but I write only of the Celtic branch of the family and their ways.

Reactions ranging from fear to incredulity usually greet the word Witchcraft. Aleister Crowley and "Rosemary's Baby" as well as the bible and "Macbeth" present a picture, distorted beyond reason, when compared with the reality. How so many misapprehensions arose is clear when you realize the only history of the cult has been written by its enemies . . . the Christians. Today, most of the material you read, from Dr. Murray to Professor Robbins, is based on confessions obtained under torture during the medieval period. The bias of the interrogator is apparent when you review the charges. Signing a "pact with the devil" by those who could neither read or write, orgies with demons, desecration of the "sacred host" and celebration of the "black mass" are typical of the heresies for which so many burned or were hanged. Later, as church and state combined their opposition, the weapon used was ridicule. It must be concluded that Witchcraft posed a serious threat to society.

In one respect, all sources agree. A witch possesses occult supernatural power. Over the centuries, as man's senses have become more and more limited, what was once natural, now seems supernatural. As more is done for man, the less he is able to do for himself. The only reality we accept is the individual. I think this is the crux of the matter . . . the reason behind the opposition of church and government. We hold it is only through intuition and instinctive knowledge, one may reach primary truth. We don't believe man is a "herd animal" or can fulfill his destiny in a selfless state.



II GEMINI

As we enter the sign of Gemini, it is appropriate to mention dualism, a basic concept of Witchcraft. The two-fold nature of the universe is constantly underscored in our lore and ritual. In ceremony, we call the sun—masculine, the moon—feminine. In the moon myths, duality is again evident: the new moon symbolizes death and the waning moon, rebirth and life. The forces of good and evil, certainty and chance, all play a part in ceremonial dance and drama. Through it we see that everything involves its opposite and ultimately, we know, both are the same. An understanding of duality is considered an essential in finding harmony and achieving the power . . . that awareness of your own place in the cosmos.

Gemini is an air sign. Those born under it are warm and spontaneous. A swift, agile mind and a restless spirit finds them easily bored. Apt to take delight in gossip and intrigue, they quickly desist if challenged. The volatile and quixotic nature of the Gemini must be reckoned with in an intimate association.

The folk stone, engraved with the ancient zodiac symbols, is the traditional talisman of witches. You may obtain yours by sending two dollars and your sign to:

Images

R.D.2, BOX 200, PINE BUSH, NEW YORK 12566



ESCAPING THE CAGE

by Kerry and Cara Thornley

Looks like *Brave New World* and *1984* are commonly thought to concern what might happen in the future—actually, they are revealing variations on what is already happening and on what has been happening all down through history. What makes the idea of a future totalitarian society or of a foreign totalitarian society fearful to us is not so much that it is totalitarian, but that it differs from our own totalitarian society. Manacles worn since infancy are less painful than new ones to which we have not yet grown accustomed. If they bind tight enough, in fact, and if we have worn them long enough, manacles can become so much a part of us that their removal causes intense pain or extreme insecurity.

Therefore, O Liberator, be not surprised if you arouse more hostility than gratitude when you try to **MAKE men free—for you face more than an existential/political contradiction. And while the manacles of this age are not always physically visible, their presence can be nonetheless detected in the behavior patterns of men. People go about today as if they were in cages, but in fact the cages are in them.**

Conditioned reflexes, unresolved infancy traumas, linguistic restrictions on thought scope, sanctified superstitions, and great amounts of sheer misinformation and ignorance form the neurological cages around accepted behavior. That *some* behavior so produced is *sometimes* humane is coincidental. No, it is miraculous! For the man who is made to live cramped within his own smothering inhibitions cannot be expected to overflow with love and compassion.

What is even more callous is to expect people so enslaved internally to give a hang about outward freedom. So long as the structure of a man's neurological cage fits into the power structure of his society, political problems do not exist for him—and, moreover, he is busy enough coping with the inescapable psychological consequence (seldom diagnosed) of being bent out of his natural shape. And this is why some advanced psychotherapeutic methods—those which work—face actual or potential political roadblocks; they begin a process which can only pass into political alienation.

Of political alienation there are two kinds—that of the psycho-political casualty and that of the awakened being.

THE PSYCHO-POLITICAL CASUALTIES

Many psycho-political casualties are closer to the awakened state than individuals whose cages fit into the power structure. Many others are not. Any individual whose neurological cage contains his behavior and yet

restricts it along politically unacceptable lines, is included in the psycho-political casualty category. Compulsive criminals, chronic psychotics, fanatic extremists, eccentric geniuses, etc.—all who are neurologically inhibited from doing everything their rulers demand or who are neurologically compelled to do anything their rulers forbid may be considered psycho-political casualties. They come to be through hereditary abnormality, off-beat childhood conditioning, social isolation, addictive drug use (most often alcohol), etc., and are virtually mass produced in times of rapid social, political, or technical change. They are the hard-core misfits of the world—the people whose neurological cages either came off the assembly line defective, got banged up in shipping, were damaged in accidents and social wars, or simply went out of style.

To become such a casualty is to become, literally, a brand of political alien—criminal, madman, subversive—and extreme forms of such misenslavement become so intolerable that victims thereof cannot bear to remain caged. This is why the way of the political outsider can lead sometimes, directly or indirectly, to physical self-destruction and other times, to the awakened state.

THE AWAKENED BEINGS

Here and there, in the recorded past, an individual managed, by this means or that, to slip out of his neurological cage entirely. And he generally thereafter radiated such an awesome psychological quality, such a profound life-sense, that before long his biography was transmuted to legend, and people were saying that a Buddha had passed through the world—or a Messiah or a Prophet or a Saint or an Avatar or, sometimes, a Devil. It all depended on the culture. In ancient China they called this sort of fellow a True Sage.

Prolonged meditations, introspections, prayers, vigils, fasts, and flagellations were among the methods used to either find the key or to break down the walls of the neurological cage. Ego, mind, little self, hang-ups, separate will, neurosis—these more or less ambiguous terms were among the many used to speak of the cage by people who had become aware of it. And those who were successful in the great escape, Subjective Liberation, found such bliss that they often could not contain themselves and wanted to share it with other men and women.

Patanjali compiled the *Yoga-Sutras*. Ignatius Loyola founded the Society of Jesus. Sigmund Freud developed psychoanalysis. But all the various techniques of liberation have only gone to show, in contrast to the pitiful number of awakened beings in past ages, that what works



BECOMING FREE

for one man whose behavior is restricted by one cage generated by one culture under one set of individual circumstances, does not often work for many other men whose behaviors are restricted by other cages generated by other cultures under other sets of individual circumstances.

Christ espoused a technique which worked miraculously among the psycho-political casualties of the oppressed colonies of the Roman Empire—so later cultures generated their cages around what they conceived to be the Christian life-style, only to produce a neurological prison with a slightly different floor plan, and a very different coat of paint.

Buddha hit upon a way of liberation which knew astonishing success among all classes of India. In Japan, however, during the Kamakura period, it became a rationale for terroristic political oppression.

Cages have differences; escape plans must have differences.

But cages also have universal similarities, and so do the Great Escape Plans of Hinduism, Judaism, Taoism, Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, and Hip. And by regarding the universal similarities, one may acquire a feel for the work of internal escape, and perhaps it is even possible to distill the essential principles of neurological jailbreak. In any case with the escape plans of many past prison breaks to draw from as heritage (for the first time in history) of a single cosmopolitan culture, and with an unprecedented degree of knowledge about the human nervous system, and with psychedelic hacksaws—the age of the revolutionary saint is upon us!

FREEDOM FREAKOUT

Internal freedom kindles visions of external, political freedom. And true political freedom (freedom from

politics and from the rule of the political state), gets men high, sanctifies them, allows their neurological cages to fall apart—forever.

But internal escape in the context of the political society cannot be permanent. You must either come down or drop out—or, sooner or later, by one means or another, men will crucify you. Either that, or fighting them off will bring you down anyhow.

So, when you go on a voyage out of your cage, it usually has to be a round trip. And as you re-enter you will see your cage from a fresh angle and usually, you'll see room for an improvement or two—to make it more comfortable. More like a home. Coming down, back into the security of your old habits, can be a groove—so long as you remember how to get back out!

No True Sage has ever advocated a program of political action or sought a position of political power. But, nonetheless, all have had to come to terms with the political problem. The Prophets of Israel put the kings straight by telling them, in no uncertain terms, where things were at. Lao-tse did the same thing with that ambitious young bureaucrat, Confucius, and later on, when things got too uptight in the Ch'u State, Lao dropped out, leaving by the north-west barrier gate. The Buddha taught his followers to divide their days, months, and years between retreat (with meditational cage escape) and involvement in work and the world. Christ taught outward submission to Caesar, with death before internal compromise. Gandhi preached Passive Resistance. And Timothy Leary came up with the Politics of Ecstasy.

If Sages have not been politically ambitious, it is because power is not worth having; the tightest neurological cages are needed for locking in near the top of the power structure. But if they have not advocated programs of Holy Anarchy, it is because it was politically unrealistic to do so. Their numbers were too few at any

one time or place. They were usually quite satisfied to get a semi-autonomous community going—a monastery, where they could spend most of their time out of their cages.

Today things are different. Our juncture in history is a fortunate one; we have a virtual arsenal of escape plans and breakout/freakout tools at our disposal.

Let the revolution begin!

LIBERATION PROGRAM

By his very existence the True Sage exerts a political significant influence. Is it any wonder that Caesar fears him?

And a word of caution: Don't flaunt your freedom. People don't like to learn they are in cages—unless they can learn how to get out at the same time. Come on cool. It's okay to have long hair and beads and be dazzling and freaky, but always come on much, much farther out than you happen to be at the time. "The Superior Man," according to the *I Ching* "veils his light, but let it shine through." We need our Allen Ginsbergs, but we might also dress like William Burroughs. Moreover, we want to gently liberate those who are not ready for beads and robes. And don't worry about hiding your light under a bushel. You can't. You will glow—it doesn't matter what you are wearing, except in your eyes.

But, in any case, example has less to do with appearance than words and less to do with words than actions. And more important than your choice of action is the spirit in which you pull them off. Good hard-bopping revolutionary karma is made by remembering that your purpose is *not* to MAKE men free. It is to let men know what freedom is and how it can be theirs. So you must practice hard and train yourself to be ready, at a second's notice, to slip out of your neurological cage, to drop your ego defenses—of a sudden. Disarming. Blowing minds. Making way.

Radicalization. The work of liberating others by involving them in the work of liberating yet others is as timeless an approach among saints, monks, and missionaries as it is among political radicals. But you can also put people very uptight by pushing them into something they are not ready for. (That is how most finks and double agents got put on their trips.) Yet again, handled in a gentle, voluntary, invitational, low-key manner—involving in the work people who are strongly motivated toward blasting out their own cages can multiply the impact of all you do.

Keep an eye out, too, though, for the pitfalls of organizationalism—or you'll wind up with an impersonal social machine/institution geared only to increasing its own size and influence—a turned-off Frankenstein Monster which knows nothing about anything relevant to freedom of any sort. This is what happens to almost ALL religions, let alone political parties. Keep it personal. Shun inflexible rules and unresponsive structuring.

Another big approach to radicalization among those revolutionists who have not transcended the power games is exposure to oppression. This is not an entirely useless technique for the Yin Revolution, but it cannot be given near the emphasis and reckless scope it gets at the hands of the political players. For the Yin Revolutionist does not need to risk his cause by provoking the state/weapon to harm in order to turn people against it. He has but to radiate his electric bliss in order to lure them down out of the whole state/weapon bummer, letting the chains of person-to-person turn-on (not necessarily chemical) reach out into the world from his friends to their friends, etc. In fact, as we've said, he can't help doing this, given a social context. But he nevertheless should take advantage of whatever oppression is going down, seeking out those who are its victims and hiping them to the social karate of his way.

TEMPORARY TRIP

As for chemical turn-on as a means of affirmative radicalization—which is to say, a temporary trip out of the cage; a taste of freedom—it is overestimated by the saints of our time and underestimated by our revolutionaries. Therefore, the revolutionary saint will tread the middle path and (never depending exclusively on chemicals, but using them moderately with due respect for their immense powers) he will learn to introduce them at the perfect time in the proper supportive setting, and he will thereby do more good than all the indiscriminate LSD pushers in the world combined.

Further, the wise man will avoid the use of chemicals which are illegal—not because of any virtue in conforming to the legal mystique—but because, with at least a hundred substances and with technological turn-on methods being discovered all the time, needless abortions of preliminary Yin Revolutionary activity can be avoided by simply acquiring a little specialized knowledge. Only those turn-on tools which are most available with the least hassle are presently illegal. By going to a little trouble, the True Sage avoids a great deal of static.

Person-to-person intellectual conversion is another radicalization method—tried, true, prosaic, but reliable. This has to do with groking the many English sublanguages and learning to phrase the truth of the way to the freedom/void in them. A scientist will accept/reject different terminology than a minister, for example, but cage escape can be presented to each in his own terms, and to anyone else in any other word-net/bag, given mastery of the sub-language and a little perception of where it reaches farthest out toward nonverbal space, beyond the cage. That is where you want to take people in dialogue—to that jumping-off place. . . .

Disarming. Blowing minds. Making way.

concluded next issue

Taxproof



DR. Kenneth Clark, psychologist and dean of Rochester University's college of arts and sciences, has twice visited Vietnam at the expense of the Defense Department. At the annual convention of the 27,000-member American Psychological Association, he urged his colleagues to devote some of their talent to aiding the U.S. in its venture in Vietnam. Before an assembly which the Daily News called "dovish," Clark wondered aloud why "the social sciences have almost deliberately avoided engaging in those activities that might have proved useful to the Department of State had it decided to play a more extensive part in relating to other governments."

He concluded that maybe it was because there's more "status" in working in other areas. The convention showed the mood it was in to accept Clark's proposals—it refused even to convene any meetings in Chicago in the near future, let alone going half way around the world to work in a more remote police state.

HERE'S the view of the Vietnam war which the Army permitted a former political science student to see. He wrote about it in *Student* magazine: "If you're the guy running the war—not the common GI, who hates it—then Christ, it's exciting as hell. Now this is a terrible thing to say, but if you're a colonel or general who can have bacon and eggs for breakfast, fly out in a helicopter to see the action, then come back to a steak dinner at night and sit by the planning board with your staff, it's not a bad life. In fact it can be downright enjoyable."

IF you added up the cost of the bombs alone—we've dropped 50% more already than were dropped in all of World War II—the cost of that single item for the Vietnam war would come to about three BILLION dollars.

BE the only person in your building to have a combination lock on your refrigerator door—or what appears to visitors to be one. Orville K. Snav & Associates (111 N. Jefferson, Mason City, Iowa) mails for \$1 an adhesive-back "dial and pointer" which when attached to something, looks like a legitimate control. Snav is also originator of a purse/pocket game called Zudirk ("Don't play Zudirk with strangers!"), also \$1. Send one to a friend and he'll be up all night trying to figure out how to play it (it SOUNDS sensible) before he wises up. Another good put-on gift for technically minded people (scientists, engineers, ect.)—but I can't describe it; I've been sworn to secrecy—is the Improved number & BunaB. It's worth \$1 to see so clever a satire on our mechanical culture.

A girl I know with a complicated hairdo says she seeks her weekday bedmates exclusively among a circle of male hairdressers: "They're ideal. Next day when you have to get up and go to work, they can make you look presentable."

A journal called *Military Medicine* reported that the high incidence of suicide among young Air Force recruits (7 out of 100 noncombat deaths) probably results from the "restrictions" of a military existence: "Implicit in their suicidal gesture, in the majority of cases, is the wish to be released from mil-

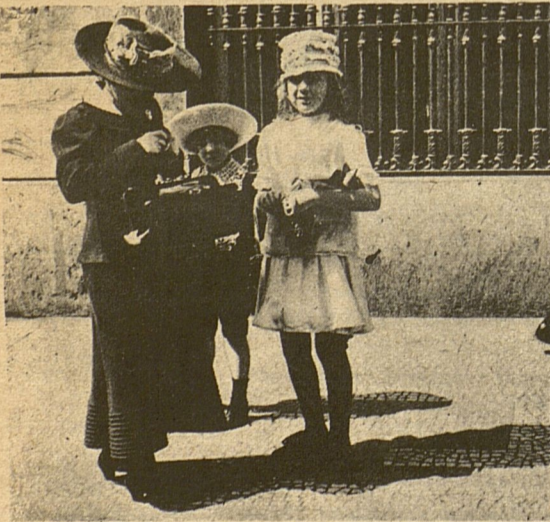
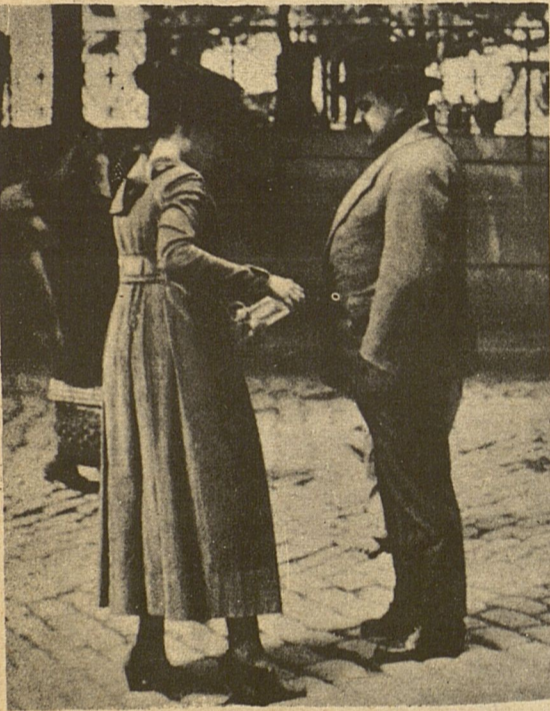


itary obligations." One of the Senate investigating committees recently heard testimony that there is, in our armed forces, a desertion every 10 minutes.

NEW York Scenes, a new entertainment monthly, recently carried a photo spread on see-through fashions along with some tips on New Etiquette. For example: "Always compliment what's underneath first (if deserving), then the blouse. 'What a great dress' sounds inane when what one is obviously viewing is Beautiful Breasts."

IN my spare moments, I edit the semi-annual journal of Dr. Albert Ellis' Institute for Rational Living. Rational Living celebrates its third anniversary with an issue which contains a long article on how to donate your body to a medical school, bequeath your eye comes to an eye bank, and how to pre-plan a rational memorial service (as opposed to a drab and depressing funeral). A second article, by Albert Ellis, illustrates how Ayn Rand's anti-Communism and dog-eat-dog capitalism has degenerated into a religion. There's also a dialogue on the book "Joy: Expanding Human Awareness," and a book review of "Black Rage" and "Malcolm X," among other articles which attempt to stimulate unshackled living. The journal sells for \$1.65 by mail, but for \$1 (45 E. 65th St. NYC 10021), the Institute will send you a sample copy.

Robert Wolf



money!

DAILY PAPER

NEW YORK JUNE 1, 1969 UPS 10c



Charles Gatewood photo

'HIPPIY' DAILY BEING PLANNED

THERE is a more or less untapped community in New York City—hip, artistic, creative, radical, young—large enough to sustain a new kind of daily newspaper. Such a newspaper, really more of a daily *newsmagazine*, can be started and continued for a fraction of what professionals usually believe would be needed. At a rough estimate: \$50,000. Enough to begin such a paper and operate it five days a week for a period of about three months which will be long enough to see if it will be a success.

The paper will be printed offset, in color (in colored inks and/or overlays) and sell for 10¢. It would be a morning paper competing on the stands with the New York Times and the Daily News and beginning with an initial circulation of 10,000 copies daily which will at least triple within the three-month period.

The paper will be half-size tabloid, 16 pages, printed on newsprint or possibly a slightly heavier white stock and will be concisely edited and full of pictures and various graphics.

It will not attempt to compete with the regular daily papers in wholesale coverage; its coverage instead will be selective and lean more heavily to features although current (radical) events would be its mainstay and *raison d'être*.

It will be a UPS paper and as such will have the cooperation of all 60 papers in the

Underground Press Syndicate whose staffers and contributors will all be informed of the paper's start and will cooperate with the regular coverage and features from their various areas.

Apart from an editor, one fulltime reporter and one fulltime photographer in New York, the paper will rely on numerous part-time and outside contributors to fill its pages. It seems essential to have other regular inflows of material and as the regular wire services (UPI, AP, Reuters, etc) are too predictable possibly another source should be set up. In my opinion this should be via telex links to other existing radical papers: the Los Angeles Free Press, Berkeley Barb or San Francisco Express-Times seems the most suitable in this country; OZ, the Black Dwarf, IT might be best in London. One link to the coast plus possibly one link to Europe would provide ample coverage, supplemented with telephone reporting from radical correspondents in all areas. Most of these people would initially be unpaid. LNS or similar radical press services will also be an essential link.

THE paper will appear five times each week and tentative make-up will be: Pages 1 and 16 are BOTH front pages, usually pictorial; pages 14 and 15 are FREE CLASSIFIED ads, two other pages are the responsibility of the advertising dept. to fill with free ads to deserving people or organizations in the move-

ment when unsold); two pages are the responsibility of the COLUMNIST OF THE DAY (five rotating movement names) two other pages are for the various features, foreign reports, rock coverage, underground movie columns etc etc) leaving four pages for the major news, features or comment of the day. Daily coverage will be very selective: the editor assigning the reporter and/or photographer to the major event(s) of interest to our particular audience. By late afternoon it will be obvious which stories of the day are to get the prominence and the paper would be basically set and laid out in the first part of the evening.

It seems essential to have as much of the production means under one roof as possible to ensure no holdups: ideally the typesetting (already operated efficiently by Other Scenes), make-up; photography dark room and processing; negative and plate-making will all be owned by the paper and in the same building. Hopefully a cheap press could be owned by the paper and also on the premises. Failing this, time could be booked with a printer at midnight each day to run off the already-made plates. The paper will appear five mornings a week — Monday thru Friday.

Serious investors are invited to contact John Wilcock, Rm 419, 41 Union Sq. W., NYC, 10003.



Fred Hausman

Swinging Variations

by JOHN WEBSTER

Swinging, I have remarked, is educational. It is educational because everyone is different and because, through swinging, a person has the opportunity to know a large number of individuals intimately. Such intimate knowledge ultimately leads to greater understanding of people, a deeper tolerance for others, and a feeling of warmth and love for mankind generally.

People differ in their needs and their desires, and they differ greatly in their sexual behavior. The variety of sex encounters a person experiences with a succession of bed partners is, alone, educational and provides one with considerable first-hand knowledge of the nature of variety in human sex relations. Conversely, one may learn how widespread certain sex practices are.

For example, a surprising number of people seem to assume that oral techniques are rarely employed; our sexual mythology takes it for granted that oral sex acts are indulged in by relatively few, and a great deal of gutter humor is designed to deprecate fellatio and cunnilingus. However, within my personal experiences, nearly everyone enjoys oral-genital contact. So far, in all of my swinging experiences, I have only recently encountered the first of my sexual partners who was not interested in performing fellatio. This particular girl was a comparatively new swinger one who had had very few extramarital adventures. It was soon evident that neither she nor her husband had learned much about sex techniques beyond the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am approach to coitus during their twenty or so years of cohabitation. Even this girl, though, has quickly learned to enjoy a wide range of techniques her swinging friends have introduced into the game, and she responds profoundly to cunnilingus.

Eventually, I am sure, the cumulative effect of swinging will be that she will overcome whatever inhibitions remain and she will learn to let herself go completely with her bedmates. Similarly, her husband is learning that there is more to intercourse than "hopping on and hopping off." If neither remained a swinger for another day, I am confident that the education they have already received will have improved their own sexual relationship enormously.

Men frequently are concerned about penis size. The man with the extraordinarily large penis is apt to express one of two attitudes toward his genital organ; it may be that he will feel concerned that he is too large and, therefore, may harm a sexual partner, or it may be that he will feel proud of his ample penis. A man with a small penis is apt to worry that he has insufficient means with which to satisfy a woman. Women, on the other hand, are rather consistent in their attitude toward penis size. Briefly summarized, the usual female attitude is: so what?

The fact seems to be that the size of a man's penis has little or nothing to do with a woman's enjoyment of the sex act. This appears to be the case for several reasons. In the first place, a female's sexual response does not depend upon the introduction of the penis into the vagina,

where there have been shown to be few nerve endings. A female's erotic feelings are centered in her clitoris notwithstanding whatever nonsense we have been taught about "vaginal orgasm," and her reaching orgasm depends almost entirely upon direct stimulation of the clitoris and not at all upon the stimulation of the vagina with the penis.

Beyond those facts, the vagina is a remarkably flexible organ. In childbirth, the vagina demonstrates its flexibility by providing passage for the infant and, of course, the smallest infant is several times the size of the largest penis. Finally however, the whole question of penis size dissolves when one realizes the interesting fact that in erection all penises are nearly of the same dimensions whatever their measurement may be in the relaxed, nontumescent state. All that I have remarked upon here, of course, may be found spelled out in modern and up-to-date sex manuals. Nevertheless, such lessons may be better learned in the swinging environment.

Paradoxically, sexual aberrations are completely normal to the human animal. At one time or another, nearly everyone has unfulfilled sexual desires—those sometimes-dreamt-of activities that we have been unable to realize for various reasons. Margie, for instance, had secretly wished for years that she would have two men making love to her at the same time. Phil had long dreamed of having a dozen women in the same evening—not at once, but consecutively. Bob's secret desire, somewhat more conservative than Phil's had simply been the chance to make an immediate comparison of the fun to be derived from being with a blonde, a redhead, and a burnette. Janet had never had intercourse with a Negro and wondered if there were any special differences related to race. Les had never experienced intercourse with anyone other than his unusually tall wife, and he dreamed of trying coitus with a number of small girls.

Scott's wife found anal intercourse painful and, therefore, unpleasant; so, Scott hoped to find a swinging partner who would derive positive delight from the technique. Lucy had never experienced orgasm and wished fervently for complete satisfaction. Barbara sometimes found herself thinking about what it might be like to be with another woman just once; ever since her high school gym days, she has been fascinated—if not actually sexually excited—by the sight of naked female breasts. Dick secretly wanted to be able to view another couple performing the sex act. Jane often wondered if it would be possible for her to attain multiple orgasms, as she had heard some women can. Bart had long believed it might be an interesting experience to join in a "daisy chain" with another couple. Ted and Cathy had agreed between themselves that they might enjoy making love with another couple in the same bed. Helen's sexual appetite exceeds her husband's, and she often wished there were a number of other men in her life.

Clearly, people differ. They have an infinite variety of

desires and it is perfectly normal that they should. The fortunate thing is that swingers find they are able to satisfy their desires. Each of the persons I have mentioned has stumbled across someone else who was eager to cooperate in the realization of his or her private sexual dreams.

Margie succeeded in experimenting with two men at a time as she hoped she might and, later, confided to me that the experience was "most flattering, although a bit too much to make a regular practice." Phil exhausted himself completely trying to make the rounds of every one of more than a dozen women at a party one evening; he was pleased with his effort, but Peggy—who was one of the girls in his parade—complained, "I didn't find him exciting. I had the feeling he was rushing through things as fast as he could just so he could get on to the next one. I hope he has it out of his system, now." Les has enjoyed his quota of petite girls. Lucy has developed the ability to enjoy orgasm. Barbara has had her occasional lesbian fling. Jane (and Peggy, too, by the way) regularly experiences multiple orgasms during swinging parties. And so it goes.

A friend recently asked me if I have any "special interests," or aberrations, and I replied that I have none which are unfulfilled. The fact is that before swinging I sometimes wished for the opportunity to watch a girl masturbating. As it turned out, two of my bedmates take special pleasure in masturbating while they are with a man. Linda likes to masturbate while she is experiencing cunnilingus. Ellen likes to have a man watch her while she lies on her back and masturbates to her first orgasm; after her initial orgasm, she is pleased to engage in whatever mutual acts—mutual masturbation, oral intercourse, or coitus—the man chooses to bring her to subsequent orgasms. Ellen, incidentally, along with several other swingers I have known, provides evidence to the effect that it is simply not true that there are no female exhibitionists, as is often believed. Some of the female bisexuals one encounters in swinging engage in Lesbian acts primarily because it is exciting for them to have men watch their performances. It is not true, either, that there are no female voyeurs, since several women I have met express interest in viewing both heterosexual and homosexual activities. Stag movies are as popular among the girls as they are among the men on the rare occasions they are screened at swinging parties. Peggy prefers privacy for the swinging, and I fully expected that she would not care for veiwng stag movies; after she had seen her first such film, however, she told me that it had "really turned me on."

Inevitably, from time to time one bumps into characters who add nothing to swinging and who, therefore soon find themselves sidelined. One such character is Brian, who appeared among us for a short time.

Both Brian and his wife, Wilma, are exceedingly attractive people. Wilma's unusual beauty made her especially interesting to the men, and she proved to be a talented partner. Unfortunately for those of us attracted to Wilma, her husband turned out to be a dud. Before long, our wives began to complain about the dreary evenings spent in his company. His routine was invariably the same. At each party he attended, he chose an attractive girl and invited her to go to bed with him. Once in the bedroom, where the girl became the captive of her own good manners, she would learn that Brian was incapable of erection and, furthermore, had no interest in pleasing his partner by means of noncoital techniques. Instead, he hastily explained that he could not attain an erection "the first time I am with a girl." The second time, after I have gotten to know someone, I am great." Then, in preference to turning the girl loose so that she might find another, more capable lover, he made a practice of keeping her by his side while he talked for hours about himself and certain academic interests of no particular importance to anyone but himself.

For a time, comparing the experiences they had had with Brian became a favorite after-party pastime among the ladies in our circle. However dull the evening with Brian might have been for each of them, the girls did seem to enjoy—afterward—the unusual and, in its own way, educational experience. No one, however, has ever found out whether or not it is true that Brian is "great" the second time he is with a girl, as he claims, since no one that we know of has ever been willing to risk missing more promising adventures in order to find out.

"Everyone may be different," Peggy has said, "but Brian is too different."

Happily, characters like Brian are rare, and by far the majority of people one meets through swinging are lively, exciting, and considerate. Every sojourn in the bedroom proves itself to be a worthwhile experience. Each individual partner I have had reveals her own style, her own special interests, her own unique way of using her body, her own movements and caresses and kisses. Each meets orgasm uniquely. Some are quiet and gentle and soothing to hold. Others are vocal and explosive and wild. No two are ever exactly alike. And these are some of the things that make swinging fun.

Extracted from the book, *Sex is For Giving* (Elysium Inc.)

Tortured 9 Years by
2 CORNS and a WART

the JOHNNY WINTER Conspiracy

rises to a FEVER BLISTER RUNAWAY SO

trapped between amplifiers the ice cream cone
Renewal comes up ready to Blink light was meant to be !

a Mother of Nine who knew him as a boy Will Never

Take her.

Measure your Superose

Erotic

sputter
and

purr-r-r-r-r.

rock opera

fit for

NARCOTIC

Expansion

gives
a new twist

others

can't forget

HIE

was a

Wild Beast

operator

out of his mind.

Lord
of the

total-control GUT

Thug of

self-effacing PORNO-VIOLENCE: "HORSE OF THE WEEK"

out to get The adulation of millions

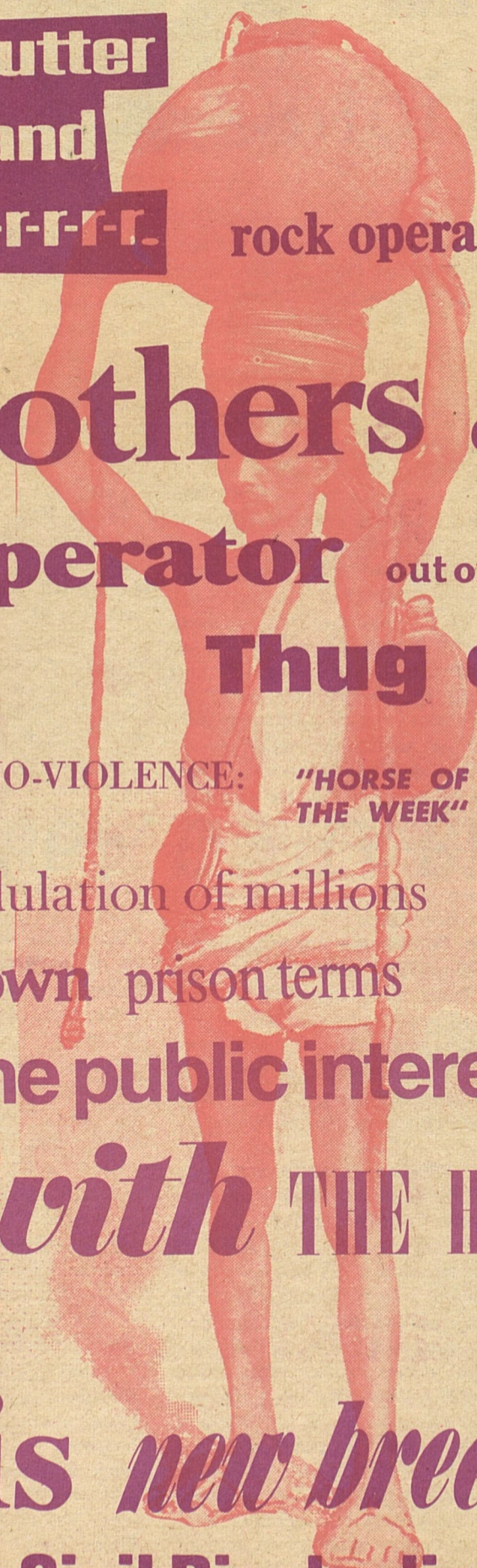
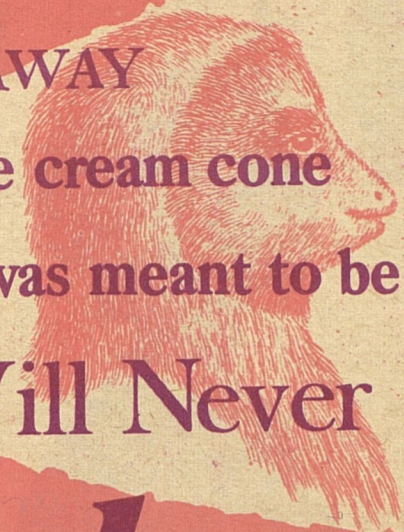
He's tearing down prison terms

FOLKS, in the public interest.

It began with THE HEADS

This new breed

alive with Civil Disobedience



move to the Times Square

NEGRO-WHITE CLUB

would you
that

call it A chaos Trip or

COMMITMENT

Gits a Little CONVULSION

lump

It's This Way?

What's that

Check it

WE'LL BUY THE PIE

the hunt's over.

But when Johnny's ready

Like a man possessed

pioneered by

CROSS-COUNTRY Go for broke

no fumbling for

colors, numbers

OR

back-to-back pangs ...

The FAST FINISH

Metaphysics of a

sweet

loser

paces the Howl-In

Uppity,

Passionate

as

Byron



HE has been called

a phenomenon

How come? getting it

is the name of the

safety pin

Gee.

It really works!

Be

thankful

a surfer in

Giant-Screen

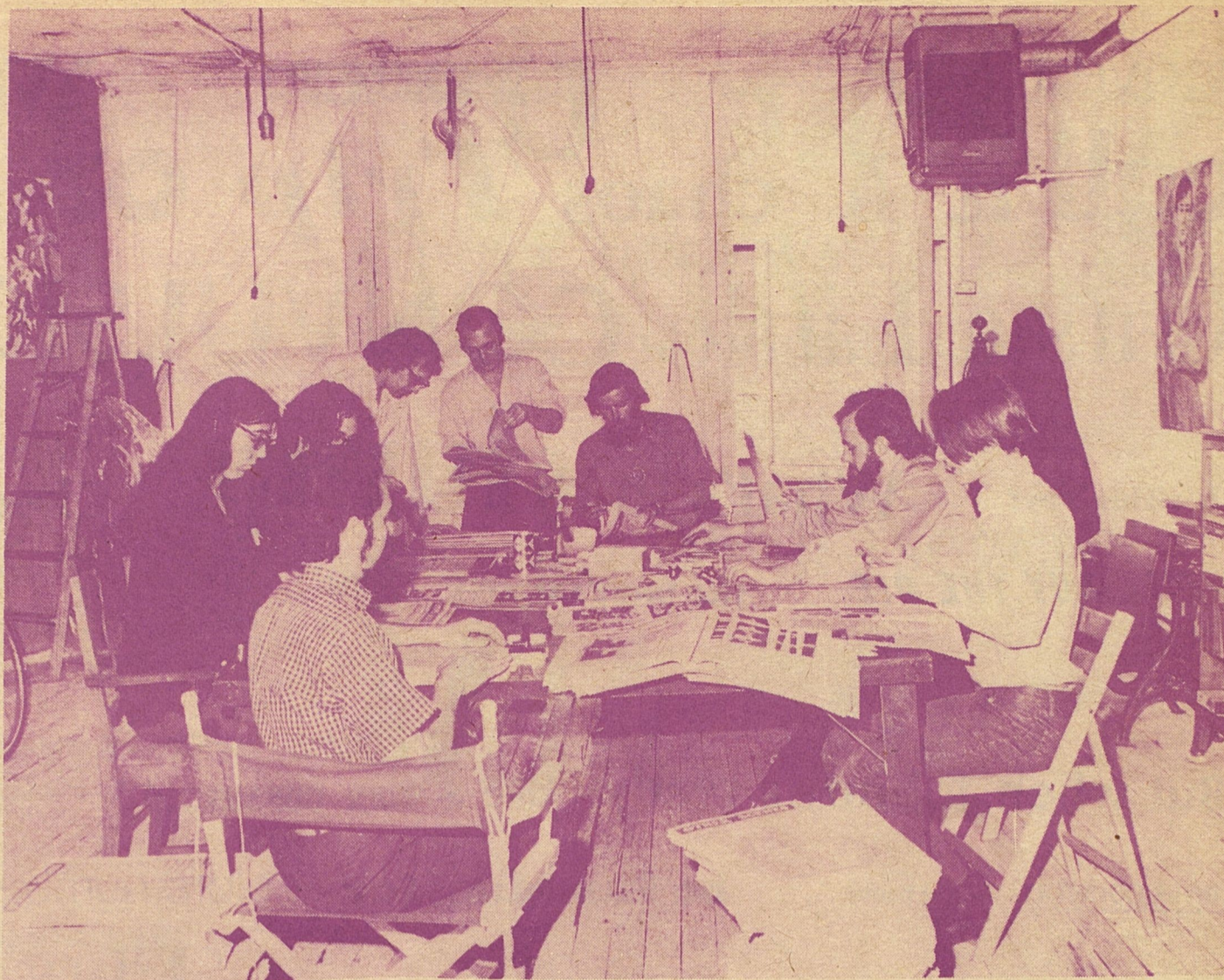
can be fateful

Too



What are all these people doing ?

New York Press Service/Louis Salzberg



Staff and friends of *Other Scenes* doing a hand-job on the erections in the May issue of this newspaper to make it acceptable to New York City newsstands

That's right, folks; part of the last issue of this paper was censored by hand to make it acceptable to our distributor who —notwithstanding the phenomenal popularity of four new sex papers — said that *Other Scenes* just wouldn't go on sale unless we covered up "the hard ones". Has all our sexual freedom come to this? Tits, cunts and ass are okay - but not cocks?

Ok, so we complied with his wishes (it took 30 of us 16 hours to cover 'em up) because he also brought us other news: *Other Scenes*' circulation has more than doubled in the past few months and is about to double again as

OTHER SCENES starts publishing every two weeks

We can't say we're the biggest paper in New York, nor the smallest. We aren't the oldest or even the newest. We're not the cheapest nor the most expensive. We certainly aren't the richest or the most successful. *But we are the most interesting.*

Screw, Pleasure, NY Review of Sex & Kiss have lots of sex
— so does *Other Scenes*

The Rat & The Guardian have plenty of politics
— so does *Other Scenes*

EVO has comics, collages and social comment
— so does *Other Scenes*

In fact we've got *all* the ingredients that any one of the other papers has and many more things, too. *Other Scenes* doesn't just cover art, for example, it *IS* art. And we don't just write about interesting people — we have them write for us.

Here are some of the artists and writers whose work has appeared in *Other Scenes* during the past two years: Alex Apostolides, Arman, Arakawa, Al Aronowitz, Ayo,

Wallace Berman, Pol Bury, Bill Beckman, Mary Bauermeister, Charles Bukowski, John Bryan, Brian Boylan, Christo, Robert Crumb, John Chamberlain, Ron Cobb, Eldridge Cleaver, Edward de Bono, Diane de Prima, Francois Dallegret, Alan D'Arcangelo, Bob Dunker, Lita Eliscu, Jim Fouratt, Michio Fuzuoka, Charles Henri Ford, Erich Goode, Marvin Garson, Ronald Gross, Alan Ginsberg, Dick Gregory, Walter Gutman, Abbie Hoffman, Al Hansen, Bici Hendricks, Harold Humes, Jerry Hopkins, Ray Johnson, Ted Joans, Hakim Jamal, Shunk-Kender, Karuna, Konrad Klapheck, Allan Kaprow, Kassoundra, Paul Krassner, Tuli Kupferberg, Jean Jacques Lebel, Julius Lester, Tim Leary,

Adrian Mitchell, Taylor Mead, Karen Murphy, Gerard Malanga, Richard Merkin, Marc Morrel, David McReynolds, Yoko Ono, Michael O'Donoghue, Claes Oldenburg, Kenneth Patchen, Nam June Paik, John Peck, Burt Prelutsky, Michel Quarez, Rotella, Martial Raysse, Jerry Rubin, Hugh Romney, Ed Ruscha, Gary Snyder, Juro Suzuki, Elaine Sturtevant, Martin Sharp, Joey Sacks, Gilbert Shelton, Anita Steckel, Sine, Paul Steiner, Gene Swenson, Walasse Ting, Jean Toche, Feliks Topolski, Wolf Vostell, Andy Warhol, Liza Williams, Ken Weaver, Robert Wolf, Richard Whitehall, Michael X, Israel Young, Allen Young, Toshio Yoshida, Tadanori Yokoo.

Look for many more illustrious names and fascinating contributions in the weeks to come: a new column by Paul Krassner; art coverage by David Bourdon; Suni Mallow on underground films; Shelley Lustig's expanded Poets' Tree; regular reports on the avant garde from London, Paris, Copenhagen, Milan, Tokyo & Amsterdam.

And now *Other Scenes* will be on your newsstands twice as often — on the 15th and 30th of each month. Buy it then or SUBSCRIBE: still \$5 for the rest of 1969

Name.....zip.....

Address.....

(Mail this with \$5 to Box 8, Village Post Office, New York 10014)

We regard all these papers and their publishers as our friends, not competitors, and if any out-of-town readers want the addresses of each or any of them let us know and we'll pass along the inquiries.

PEOPLE OF
THE WORLD:

RELAX!



★ BY JOE BRAINARD



BEWARE OF TIGHT PANTS

THEY CHAP THE FANNY AND IRRITATE THE LEG MUSCLES

YOUR FRIENDS WILL LAUGH

AND YOUR MOTHER WILL KNOW

HI FOLKS!

DO NOT FEEL GUILTY IF SHOWERS TURN YOU ON

THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH MASTURBATING IN THE SHOWER

I MASTURBATE IN THE SHOWER

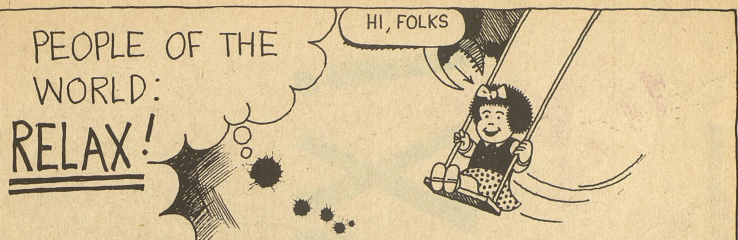
AND THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT

EVERYONE DOES IT

IF YOU DO NOT DO IT...

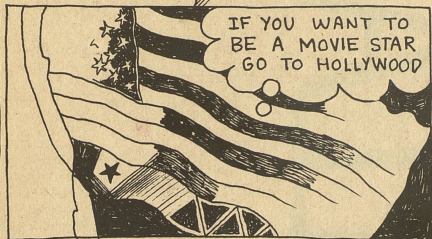
TRY IT

EVERYONE DOES IT

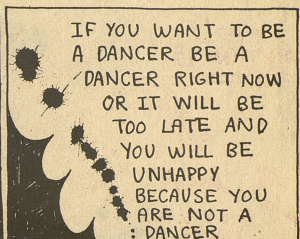


PEOPLE OF THE WORLD:
RELAX!

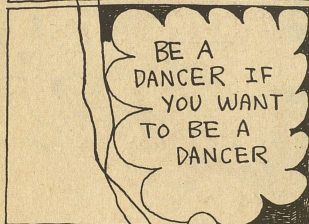
HI, FOLKS



IF YOU WANT TO BE A MOVIE STAR GO TO HOLLYWOOD



IF YOU WANT TO BE A DANCER BE A DANCER RIGHT NOW OR IT WILL BE TOO LATE AND YOU WILL BE UNHAPPY BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT A DANCER

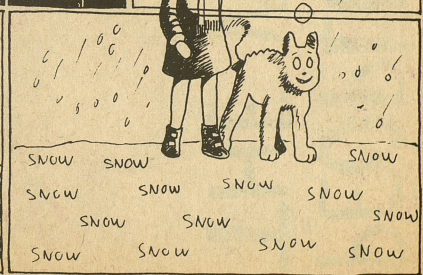
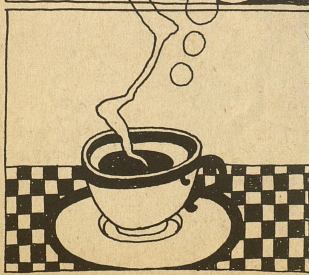


BE A DANCER IF YOU WANT TO BE A DANCER



DO NOT BE AFRAID

SOME OF THE BEST PEOPLE I KNOW ARE DANCERS



SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW SNOW

PEOPLE OF THE
WORLD: **RELAX!**

TAKE IT EASY
AND SMOKE A LOT



DO UNTO OTHERS AS
YOU WOULD HAVE
THEM DO UNTO YOU



OTHER PEOPLE
WILL HEAR YOU....

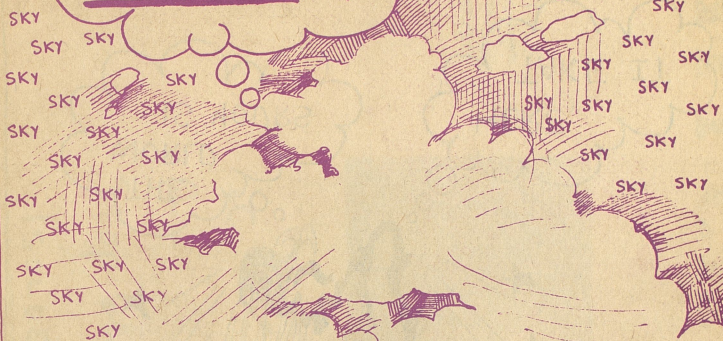
MAKE ALL THE
NOISE YOU
WANT TO ON
THE TOILET



BUT IT DOES NOT
MATTER



PEOPLE OF THE WORLD:
RELAX!!!



PUT ON A CLEAN
WHITE SHIRT
AND **RELAX**



DO NOT BE
AFRAID
SOME OF THE
BEST PEOPLE
I KNOW ARE NOT
AFRAID



DO NOT BE
AFRAID
OF
DEATH



IT WILL NOT
HURT
YOU

PEOPLE OF
THE WORLD:

RELAX!!!



THIS IS A GOOD LIFE. GO OUT-OF-DOORS A LOT. SMELL FLOWERS. SIT DOWN IN THE GRASS. IT WILL NOT HURT YOU. LOOK AT THE TREE. THE SKY IS BLUE. CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN. AIR IS THE ONLY HOPE. DO NOT KILL ANTS. THEY ARE YOUR BEST FRIENDS.

PEOPLE OF THE WORLD:
RELAX!!



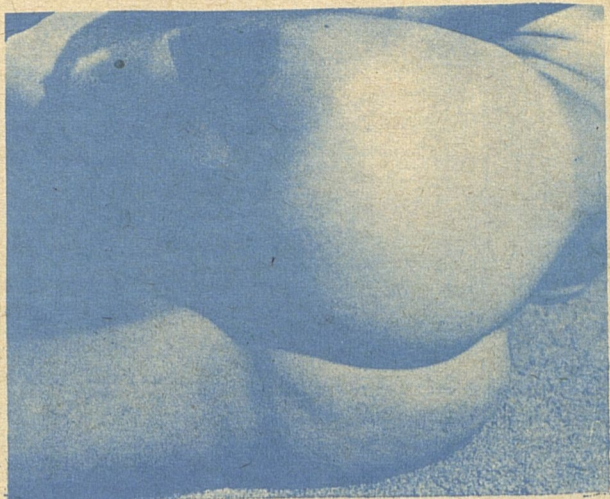
THE
WORLD
IS YOURS

HERE,
TAKE IT

THE END

CHIT-CHAT

TRISTAN
Is that
your ass?



Raise

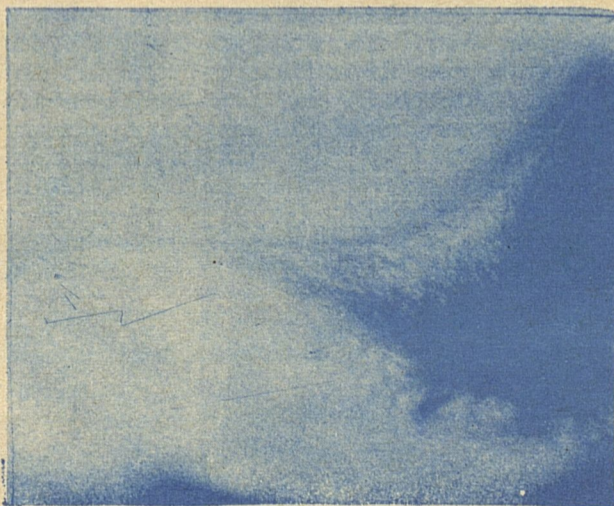
it,
Go...
Stop oh...



ISOLDE
As!... o!...
Balls!...
you



Wet
My
Cunt



* Robert Cordier
after a
Charles Cros poem

POEMONTAGIE.

SPECTOR

By Robert Zimmerman

There's a story they tell about Phil Spector.

Phil was sitting at a table in Martoni's in Hollywood and diners nearby began to hassle him about the length of his hair, the cut of his lacy duds. He told them to cool it. They persisted.

Spector told them to *please* cool it. Then Spector's bodyguards told them to cool it. They persisted.

Spector's bodyguards took the hecklers outside to the parking lot and bent their arms.

After nearly two years of silence, the man considered one of the most brilliant record producers in pop music history is back in the studio. Phil Spector, who has had a string of rock hits from 1959, is now producing discs for A & M.

Spector's first two single releases on the Herb Alpert-Jerry Moss label were released a few weeks ago — one by a long-time Las Vegas act, the Checkmates Ltd., the other by a trio of girls long associated with Spector, the Ronettes. (Veronica, the lead singer, is Spector's wife.) Both records are now appearing on radio play lists throughout the country and it is the Checkmates record that seems to have the best chance of being a real hit.

A good thing, too, because reports are this one record — merely two songs — cost \$18,000, more than is often spent on recording a full album for many artists. The A-side is called "Love Is All I Have to Give" and it was co-written by Spector.

The record opens with what sounds like 1,000 violins, backed by five or six regulation symphonies. Then the Checkmates' lead vocalist comes in, sounding like both Righteous Brothers (an earlier Spector act), and this is followed by pounding kettle drums. In the distance there is a chorus of sopranos.

It's amazing. Slowly, insistently, the instrumental wall is built. There are balalaikas (hundreds of them, it seems), gypsy violins, horns, you name it. Track is laid upon track upon track, as the wall stretches beyond reach, then sight.

Will it be a hit?

If not, Phil Spector will be an unhappy man. He "retired" from the music industry after suffering a series of disappointments (about which, more later) and it is because he likes to make hits that he has come out of retirement.

For a man in his middle 20s, it is unusual to talk about retirement. Especially for a man who was admired by all his contemporaries, and who seemed to be in a position of getting anything he wanted. It was then, in 1967, that he dropped out of sight, retiring to the huge mansion in the Beverly Hills once owned by Barbara Hutton.

Why return to producing, then? Because he had finished "regrouping"? Perhaps. But also because he likes to make hits. "There's no sense going in there and just piddling around to enjoy yourself," he once said.

A & M has released two singles: The Checkmates Ltd. singing "Love Is All I Have to Give" and the Ronettes singing "You Came, You Saw, You Conquered." Also one album: "River Deep, Mountain High." It's the same album by Ike and Tina Turner as was released two years ago. A & M wants to give it another try.

There's another story they tell about Phil Spector.

He lives in a big house, see, and there is a barbed wire gate and then up next to the front door is some more barbed wire, with big signs all around: WARNING! STAY AWAY! KILLER DOGS! And it's known Spector is a karate freak, that he hires professional

football players during the off-season to make his safety their first concern.

"People say, why do you need dogs and bodyguards, what are you afraid of, and I say, well, maybe I am trying to instill fear into you. Am I afraid when I meet you with my bodyguard or are you afraid? Why ask me if I am afraid? You are the one who is afraid when my dog comes up to you — I'm not afraid at all. So the whole basis of it is a little sick and neurotic, but I'll do it and accept it, and then the psychiatrists will say that the reason really is that you're afraid of being rejected. So you immediately cause rejection. Fine. I'll take any analysis . . ."

It doesn't matter. Not to Spector. Say what you want. Tell all the stories you want to tell. But listen to the music, listen to the music, listen to the music, listen to the music, listen to the music . . .



Phil Spector's story begins — where else? — in Los Angeles, at Fairfax High School, in a predominantly Jewish neighborhood, now dotted with psychedelic shops, where, in 1959, his classmates voted him the Man Least Likely to Succeed.

It was about the same time the young Spector formed a rock and roll singing group called the Teddy Bears, who then sang a song Spector had written, "To Know Him Is To Love Him." It was based on a phrase placed on his father's grave by his mother and it became a Number One hit nationally.

Not bad for the Man Least Likely.

He co-wrote a Top 10 hit for Ben E. King, "Spanish Harlem." He produced a hit record for the Drifters. He discovered and/or formed several new acts, the Crystals among them, four girls whose records, "He's A Rebel," "Da Doo Ron Ron," "Uptown" and "Then He Kissed Me," splashed into both the rhythm and blues and the pop charts.

He formed his own music publishing company, Mother Bertha (named for his mother), and he formed his own record company, Philles Records (named for himself). He supervised recording for Bobb B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans, the Alley Cats, Darlene Love . . . and then the Ronettes.

In 1965 his big act was a duo, Bobby Hatfield and Bill Medley, the Righteous Brothers. They had two million-selling singles, "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" and "Unchained Melody," a dozen smaller hits and two best-selling albums.

The next year Spector produced "River Deep, Mountain High," a song and an album, for Ike and Tina Turner. It was a Number One smash in England, a flop in America. It was considered (by critics and musicians and arrangers) a masterpiece of production. The public rejected it flat. Spector retired.

That's the way most people explain his retirement.

What is not mentioned is Spector's relationship with the late Lenny Bruce. Spector was one of Bruce's few close friends in his last year and today Spector maintains a strong identification with the late satirist. Bruce died rather badly and after about a year of living with that fact, Spector decided to go home and think for a while.

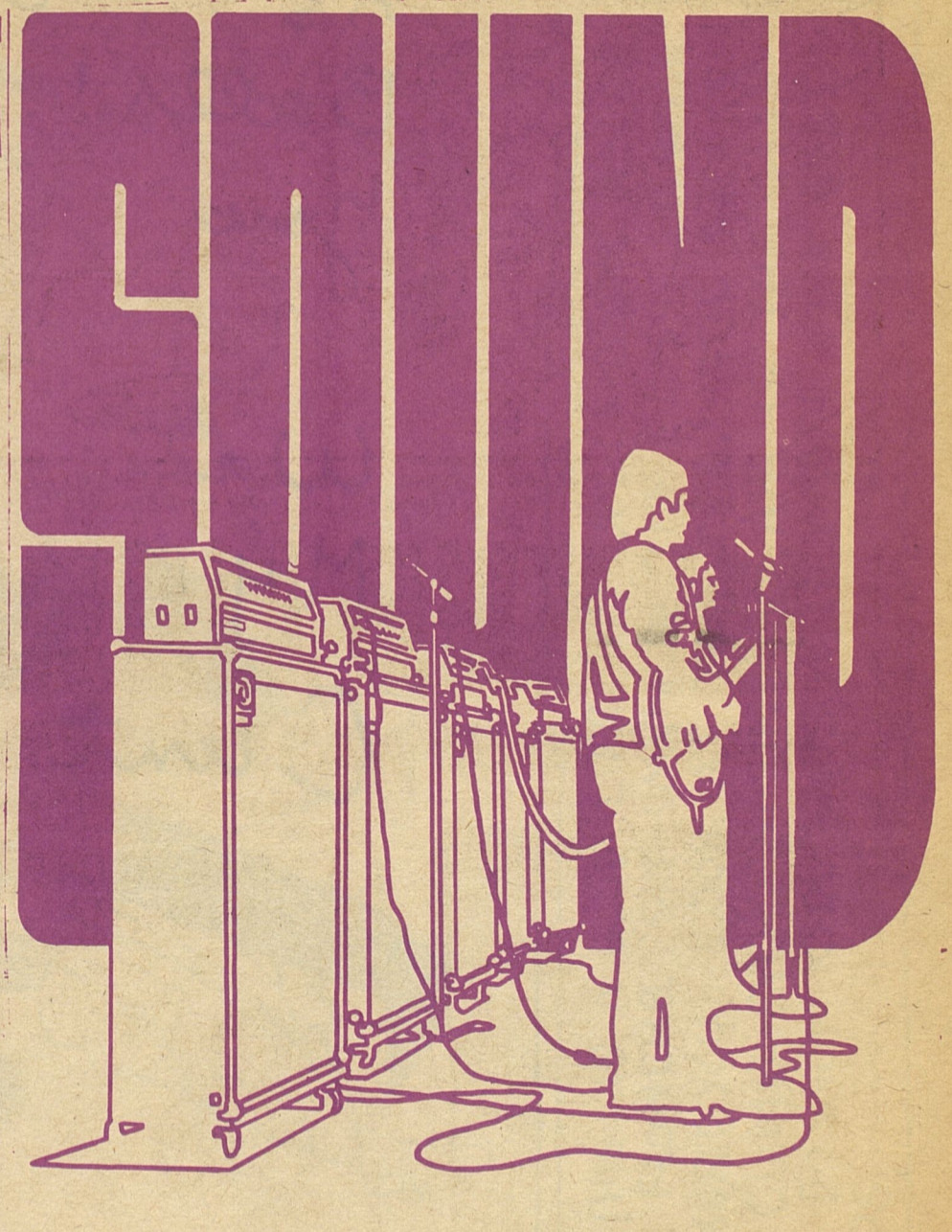
Which is how others explain his retirement.

Spector himself tells it still another way. "I saw what the record industry was turning into and the few giant forces bothered me, and also financially, I didn't have to stay around. I needed a couple of years to find out what I wanted to do and where I wanted to go and what I wanted to say and how to say it, and I figured the only way to do it was to regroup myself and my way of thinking."

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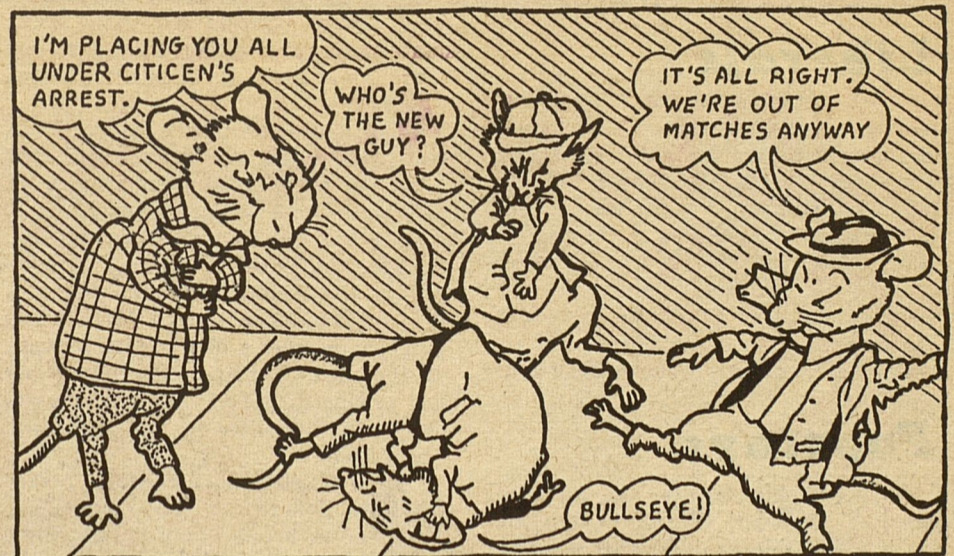
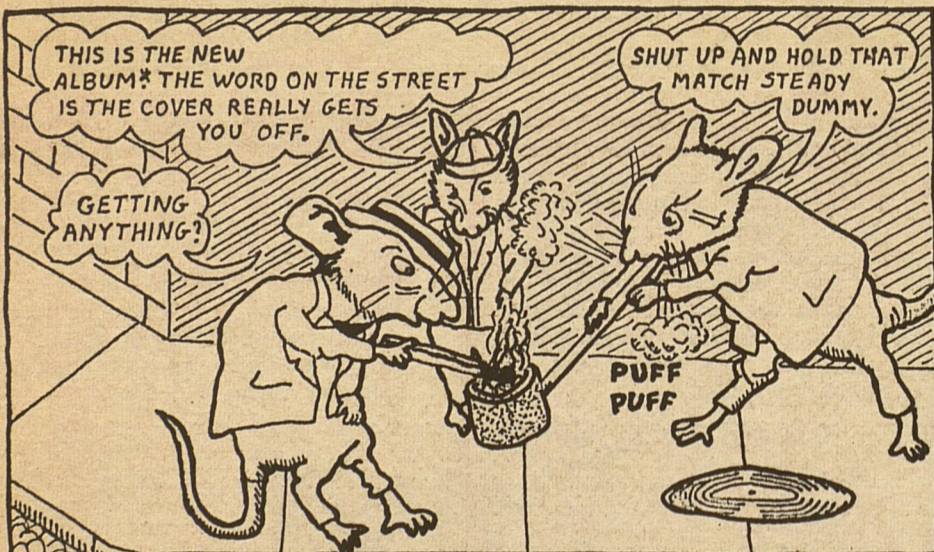
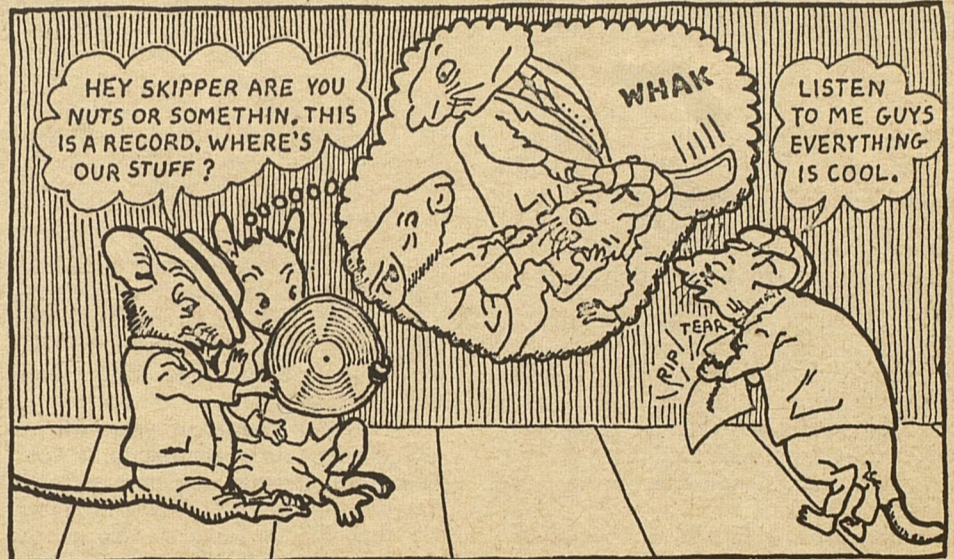
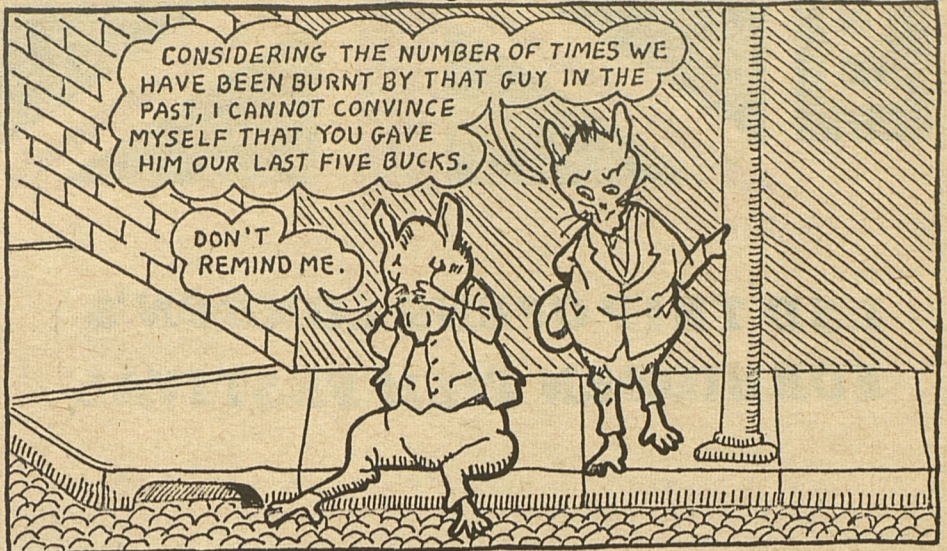
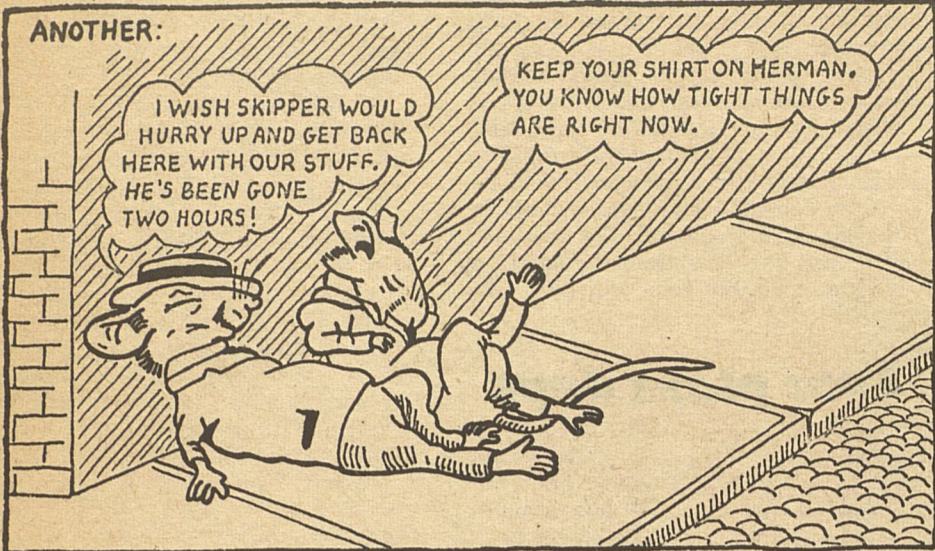
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DIDDYBOP COMIX

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* ATTENTION EAST COAST UNDER ASSISTANT PROMO MEN. CAREFULLY PUT THE TITLE OF THIS WEEK'S PUSH ALBUM IN THE BLANK SPACE AN' MAIL THE CARTOON TO THE HOME OFFICE. THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE DOING A GOOD JOB.

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THE NEW YORK ROCK AND ROLL ENSEMBLE

ATCO SD33-240

A COMING TOGETHER OF DIVERSE MUSICAL FIELDS. RIGHT?

WRONG! THE MAD PECK

HOW ABOUT SOME COUNTRY PIE?

AND REMEMBER KIDDIES, NEVER NEVER FRONT YOUR BREAD.

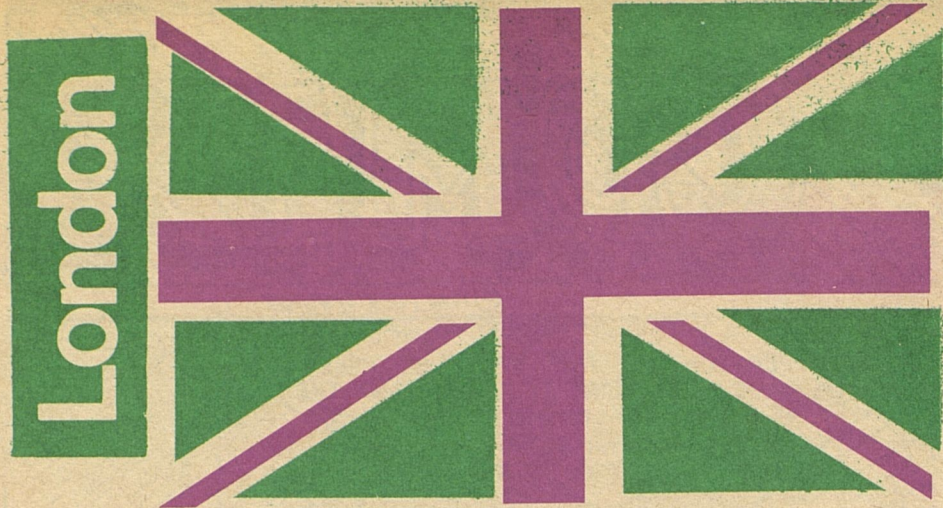
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BUY IT RIGHT NOW AND PAY AN EXTRA \$1.50. THE MAD PECK



by John Walker

LSD TRIP OPENS LONDON'S FORBIDDEN FILM FESTIVAL

THE battle to free British cinemas from censorship opened in earnest this month with the screening of Roger Corman's innocuous LSD-based "The Trip" as the beginning of London's Forbidden Film Festival which will run until the censor goes.

Derek Hill, head of the New Cinema Club which is organising the festival, found his main problem was accommodation. Royal Festival Hall authorities, who had been happy to present an illustrated lecture by John Trevelyan, Secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, felt that banned films were too much for them.

He was also turned down by Bernard Miles, director of the Mermaid, the City of London's only theatre, who is at present producing a revival of the bawdy musicals "Lock Up Your Daughters", complete with parts cut by the stage censor when it was first shown ten years ago.

Hill has now housed the festival in a small Soho cinema. So far, his strategy

is working. His choice of films has exposed the flimsy basis for censorship to influential critics. "The Trip", which has been well received, was banned by the British Board on the advice of a psychiatrist who thought it would encourage people to take LSD.

Other films to be seen include Corman's "The Wild Angels", which, says Mr. Trevelyan, was banned "because of its portrayal of anarchistic and nihilistic attitudes in ways that might be harmful to impressionable young people."

Mr. Hill is hoping to stage a confrontation between Corman and the psychiatrist sometime in the summer. Says Mr. Hill: "The Festival is an answer to John Trevelyan's lecture 'Censored - and Why'. Now the challenge is Uncensored - and Why Not?"

"I think a couple of years will be enough to get rid of censorship. It won't mean total freedom. Cinemas will still have to comply with the law. But it will put film on the same footing as the theatre."

funct group Guerilla who held street readings and saw poetry "as a subversive force, attempting to alter the basis of society."

The tall cadaverous Fry writes: "This occasionally led to clashes with the fuzz: one or two readings in Hampstead and Soho were subject to harassment, despite the fact that Guerillas did not ask their audiences for money. Anyone present at a reading could take part in it. At one workshop session in the Arts Lab, I remember a boy coming forward to the reading chair, sitting down and just talking for several minutes. He was expressing himself: his self-expression was a poem.:"

'Poetry Letter' also contains poems by Steve Heller, who recently left San Francisco to live in London, and will be issued free by Colin Fry "whenever the material warrants and finances permit." It can be obtained from 32 Vardens Road, London, S.W. 11. (Overseas readers are asked to contribute something towards postage costs).

Hanging judge

THE most revolutionary play in London is not to be found at the experimental off-Shaftesbury Avenue theatres nor being played by the state-subsidized National or Royal Shakespeare Companies.

It is "The Ruling Class" at the Piccadilly Theatre, a wild, whirling, bitter farcical onslaught on the aristocratic frame of mind. It opens with a judge, wearing cocked hat, sword, and ballerina's tutti, playing a nightly ritual with death and losing; he hangs himself from his four-poster bed. It ends with a nightmare vision of a necrophiliac House of Lords cheering a speech on the benefits of hanging and flogging.

Its hero is a madman, the 14th Earl of Gurney, who begins in innocence imagining that he is the God of love and ends as another Jack the Ripper. The author, 38-year-old Londoner Peter Barnes mixes in every theatrical style from musical comedy to Grand Guignol and produces a series of fantastic theatrical coups like an incredible magician conjuring one chimera after another from a gleaming top hat.

He says of his play: "We reach hungrily again for the size, weight and texture of the Jacobean dramatists. We need never conceal we are in a playhouse watching a play and never consent to the deadly servitude of naturalism: box-set and four midgets contemplating their navels.

Prologue, soliloquy, rhetoric and formalised ritual are gateways to dramatic reality. We can use vivid colours, studied effects, slapstick, slang, songs, dances and blasphemies to conjure up men, monsters, and ghosts. We can also raid mystery plays, puppet shows, Shakespeare (damn his eyes!) and demagoguery to create a comic theatre of conflicting moods and opposites where everything is simultaneously tragic and ridiculous.

"My comedy is about the withdrawal of light from the world, the obstinacy of defeat, and asks again the question, is God a 10,000 foot tall, pink jelly bean?"

Fuzz plant dope

POLICE are accused of planting drugs on the innocent and threatening to use violence in a report on "Drug Offenders and the Law" just compiled by Release, the organisation set up to help those busted on drug offences.

Release's report, which has been submitted as evidence to the committee investigating the wide-ranging powers given to the police under the 1967 Dangerous Drugs Act, shows the police at best as bullies determined to do anything to get convictions.

The Police Federation have denied the truth of the report. Meanwhile Release is near-bankrupt and may not survive much longer, despite a recent 5,000 Pound gift from George Harrison.

Students

THE London School of Economics trembles on the brink of disillusion and dissolution over the dismissal of lecturers Robin Blackburn and Nicholas Bateson—an act which has swung the moderate students behind the militants so that, for the first time, authorities face a united protest.

Students have voted to boycott classes and lectures until the two are reinstated. By the time these words are read, rioting is likely to have broken out, as well as violence between staff and students that could permanently poison the atmosphere.

Blackburn, a leader of Britain's New Left, and Bateson, a Maoist who once taught at the University of North Carolina, were dismissed for supporting students who tore down iron security gates at the school.

Drugged dogs, Fucked chicks, Forged pix

AN experimental theatre company may soon open at Stratford-upon-Avon as rivals to the Royal Shakespeare Company. . . Down at London's Nash House, relations are strained between the Institute of Contemporary Arts and the four other arts groups who share the building. The four, all staid and desperately respectable organisations, fear that the ICA's avant-garde activities may endanger the grant they get from the Arts Council. The ICA, with a deficit of 30,000 Pounds, is likely to fall in line. . . Newspaper columnist Quentin Crewe has put forward the theory that police train dogs to track down drugs by turning them into addicts. . . Nine out of 10 young people in Britain aged between 16 and 30 think they are happy, according to a recent Gallup Poll. I can't think where they found their sample. . . Tourist note: if you want a quick fuck, try girls from the upper social groups, or men from the lower. 68 per cent of upper class women thought fucking without contraceptives was a risk worth taking, against 66 per cent lower class women, 33 per cent of upper class men, and 77 per cent of lower class men, according to a survey carried out among 400 young people. . . Said Beatlewife Patti Boyd after being fined 500 Pounds for possessing pot: "That's a lot of money. Is it before or after tax?". . . Labour MP William Hamling is trying to abolish the laws on obscene books to prevent a repetition of last year's sad occasion when "Last Exit to Brooklyn" was prosecuted. . . Black magic could replace drug-taking as the next "craze" according to John Moon, Registrar of the Chelsea College of Art, who claims that the black arts already have a hold in New York. A hex on him. . . Charles Marowitz is to stage a voodoo version of "Macbeth" at his experimental Open Space theatre; Marowitz's 90 minute condensation of the play includes three Macbeths as well as three witches, and opens in London after its world premiere at the Wiesbaden Theatre Festival. . . The National Film Archive has acquired 300 vintage RKO pictures, including "King Kong," "Last Days of Pompeii," and "Curse of the Cat People." . . David Stein, at present a resident of Sing Sing, has a London exhibition of his forgeries of Chagall, Picasso, Braque, and Matisse, at prices ranging from 50 to 200 gns—though, of course, he used to get much more for them.



Liberals

YOUNG Liberals at their annual conference called for pot-smoking to be legalized. It's not really a breakthrough. The vote was 48 for, 40 against—the low numbers resulting because few of the 500 delegates had arrived at the conference when the debate was rushed through at 9:50 am. Later, the YLs went on to elect Czechoslovak leader Mr. Dubcek and Senator Eugene McCarthy as vice-presidents of the organisation.

Popstars

IN spring the voice of the turtle is heard in the land: "Unruly bands of screaming youngsters took possession of the streets for two or three hours," claimed a Mrs. Eva Gibbons speaking in the seaside town of Scarborough at the recent Co-operative Party Conference (a political group that retains working class roots). "A large proportion of these youngsters must have been drugged," said she.

"How comes it that whenever police raid pop singers' homes we find a court case following inevitably. They could not do these sort of antics and songs in their performances unless they had a certain amount of drugs in them."

The evidence is that Mrs. Gibbons - she's 70 years old - did her thing without the influence of any sort of drugs, though obviously overstimulated by something (could it be envy?). Scarborough police revealed that one person had been arrested during the conference. It wasn't Mrs. Gibbons.

Poets

POET and journalist Colin Fry ("I regard poetry as an experimental science," he says strangely) claims that 1968 was a momentous year for British poetry. "There is evidence that poetry is playing a more important part in the life of the people than it has for centuries," he writes in the first issue of "Poetry Letter" which he is editing and publishing from his home.

He recalls the success of the now de-

(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.)

"I haven't been so busy since I discovered sex," says **Joachim Neugroschel** director of the Unit Theatre where I substituted for **Carolee Schneeman's** (*Fuses*) late assistant. Out of a clown white I made CS a "skin" tight bathing suit. She hung nude in clown white while the audience threw pink plastic foam pieces at one another. **Schuldt, Acconci, Marvin Cohen, & Higgins** filled time & space with the trial of concrete poetry read from eye charts, a cut string, a mirror's dialogue and an audience participation poem.

George Plimpton (Paris Review) held a benefit party at his home after the premiere of the "Salesman." Celebrity staring was one of the night's occupations. (Mailer, Breslin, Steinem, Torn, Page) Art goodies made wall-staring the night's other occupation. I found a signed poem collaboration by **Marianne Moore & Cassius Clay**.

Rachelle Dolores says it's been so long since she's made it that her next lover can take her off his taxes as a charitable deduction.

New Poet read last month at the "Y." Name's **McCarthy**. No, not the wooden puppet—the other one.

Russian poets fill a stadium. **Allen Ginsberg** filled NYU's auditorium twice when he performed musical-ly Blake's "Songs of Innocence." **Lee Crabtree** accompanied him and also scored the work.

At the Gotham Book Mart reception for **Robert Duncan's** "Stony Brook" I learned that they will publish **John Ambruster's** "A Bibliography of F O'H" (Frank O'Hara), GBM's photographer sculptor **Bill Yoseary** did busts of **Melina Mercouri** and **Tammy Grimes** before he went non-representational. See what you can pick up at cocktail parties.

It's two tits past one cock. That's how to tell time on the "Carnal" clocks of **Robert Rauchenberg** at the Castelli galleries.

Have you come to see the cake? Christina asked me as I entered painter **George Schneeman's** home for the wedding of **Larry Fagin** (*Parade of Caterpillars* Angel Hair) to **Joan Inglis**. Chris, daughter of Carol & Dick (*Bingo*) Gallup, knew why she was there.

John Stanton ("Slip of the Tongue" St. Marks), **Tom Veitch** ("Literary Days"), **Dick Gallup** ("Bingo" Mother), **Bill Berkson** ("Saturday Night Poems" Tibor deNagy) **Jim Carroll** (*Organic Trains* Penny Press) on East 89th Street Sunday at 2 p.m. Literary conference?—No! Basketball game and that wasn't words of poetry I heard coming from the court.

Presentiment! Nixon's Derby favorite was **Majestic Prince**. Prince came in 1st with Arts & Letters 2nd.

Forgetting **Peter Schjeldahl's** ("White Country" Corinth) "Nervous breakdowns which await us hungrily" became easier when following his St. Mark's reading my laugh center involved itself with **Edwin Denby** ("Looking at the Dance, Dancers, Buildings, and People in the Street") giving Taylor Mead a life-saving enema in **Rudy Burckhardt's** "Tarzan" film.

One of the Skowhegan Costume benefit judges was **John Ashbery** ("Tennis Court Oath" Wesleyan).

Anne Waldman behind a sandwich board. **Larry & Joan Fagin** sidewalk dancing. **John Giorno** behind purple sunglasses handing people obscene poems. "Hi, I'm **Michael Brownstein** nice to meet you" said the slips of paper MB handed out. **Bernadette Mayer** throwing away money. Subway photos of **Lewis Warsh** decorating 14th Street. The Street Works struck again.

Ed Sanders (Fuck God In The Ass, Fuck You Press) now doing a single "Fug." The record will be released soon.

England's **Pip Benveniste** who filmed "Poet" here in "dirty city" looking for a distributor. Dirty city is **Jim Brodey's** ("Identikit," Angel Hair) synonym for Manhattan.

Marianne Benedikt's astrological prediction of good fortune didn't work on the lottery ticket she bought in her husband **Michael's** ("The Body," Wesleyan) name but he did manage to vindicate her extrasensory psyche by becoming the recipient of a Guggenheim.

Blaise Cendrars lives again. That's what **David Antin's** ("Code of Flag Behaviour," Black Sparrow) 23-month-old is called but he calls himself and his sex organ "B."

A "Factory" visitor tried to get permission to manufacture **Andy Warhol** Jigsaw puzzles.

Lita Hornick (Kulchar Press) arranging for fall Whitney Museum poetry readings with **Ron Padgett, John Ashbery & Michael Benedikt**.

Tom Clark (Stones) and his wife **Angelica** have named the new (are there any other kind?) baby **Juliet**. Juliet's parents were impressed by the Zeffirelli remake of "West Side Story."

John Brockman (The head on the "Head" posters) who designed **Levine's** restaurant has a new **MacMillan** book that will out do the **God is Dead** people. He's



killed off man.

"He promised to stalk me for the rest of my life," said artist **Michael Findlay** (Feigen) of the paranoid who pursued him at the benefit opening of "Young Artists Around the World" (270 Park Ave.) Michael escorted **Ultra Violet** whose toe sucking scene in Warner's "The Phynx" promises to ecstasize the foot fetish crowd. Molder of spaces Argentinian **Luis Wells** four "Toys" and Japan's **Naoto Nakagawa's** curioiser and curioiser spatial relationships kept my attention even with mink **Funny Girl** costumed **Barbra Streisand** as competition. (Mink in mid-spring?)

Arden Anderson was named by default. Seems they used up **Enoch** on his grandfather.

Bernar Venet's mystery post card says "dial 9361212." Solution: It's going to be cloudy tomorrow.

It was written in the TWA book of stars that **Jonathan Cott** (World) met **Kenneth Koch** (*Thank You & Other Poems*, Grove) his mentor on a European flight. File that in your "Isn't it a small world" cabinet.

England's **Trevor Winkfield** (1 bubble at the sound of his name) publishes **Juillard**. **Kenward Elmslie, Harry Mathews** and **Ron Padgett** can be found on its tastefulpages. (\$1.25 to 14 Wesley Road Leed 12 England.)

Dylan Thomas Award-winning author of "Whose Little Boy is on his hands and knees worshipping crickets" is working at Harlem Hospital before he leaves for Biafra. Name, Dr. **Herbert Krohn**.

In case of shipwreck hope **Hannah Weiner's** on your raft. She's made an art form of her knowledge of ship code flags.

Yes, Virginia! That was **Ron Padgett** (In Advance of the Broken Arm) teaching a Staten Island Ferry work shop of watery poems. Here's one of his classes drier collaborations:

"Today I watched the abominable animal in the zoo. Shovelling shit in corners, wiping down elephant hides, he failed to return our look. Years later we were found behind the dark expanse of an ape. So much music is like cheese! It scratches itself and the cheese rots slowly. Pretty disgusting! But still, the Chinese like it. And if they didn't, it wouldn't matter, because what they know of the magnetic zoos of the West, is over there."

Conditioning an audience for poem collaborations was effected by filling St. Mark's with March music at **Larry Fagin & Ron Padgett's** reading. Prospective readers of their "Leon" poems were paid a penny at

its distribution. (For their thoughts?)

If you've wondered (and I did) who did the Grand St. sidewalk mosaics in front of Ferrara's they're by **Primarosa**.

Carl Gerstacker named "Internal Marketer of the Year" by the Sales Executive Club. He's chairman of **Dow (napalm) Chemical**. My name for him only rhymes with marketer.

Information gathering at Artist **Julie Lomoe's** party for mayoral Candidate **Louis Abolafia** I learned that rumors of his marriage were just rumors. Park Dept.'s refusal for a rock group permit still bothers the "love" candidate who likes his **Be Ins** orchestrated. "A penis takes over N Y" is the plot of **Louis' next production**. (For audition call 477-6108.)

When **Paul Krassner** introduced **Sirhan Sirhan** at the Civil Liberties Filmore Benefit a semitic-faced tie & suited young man carrying a shopping bag walked on stage. "If you've got it, flaunt it!" he said as he stripped. While messing his hair and putting on his shopping bag wardrobe **Sirhan** magically turned into **Abbie Hoffman** ("Revolution for the Hell of It" Dial). The act will never make Vegas but they loved it on the Lower East Side.

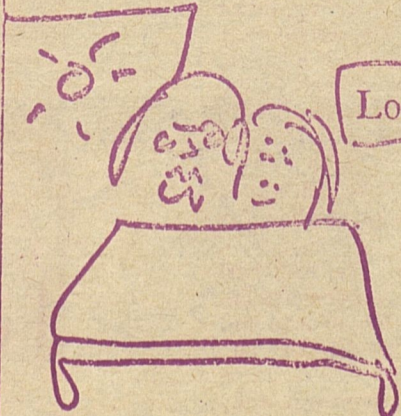
"May we soon better know what we are doing/meanwhile pursuing/our projects at the university so/that social studies, sciences and arts/may profit from this change of hearts." Ends **Kenneth Koch's** "Change of Hearts" a one act opera whose heart transplanting surgeon, **Barratag Harmeg** rearranges your house calls to indoor laughs on the May pages of **Harper's Bazaar**. Sketches of the **Perreault, Costa, Weiner Fashion Event** appeared in April's Bazaar.

BECOME SOME SILENT SOUND.



Dear John,

See you in Nov books,



Love + Peace = Bagism

Love,
John + John

DAY TA' DAY COMICS

FOR GOOD, CLEAN LIVIN'

PRESENT

Things ta Remember FOR JUNE

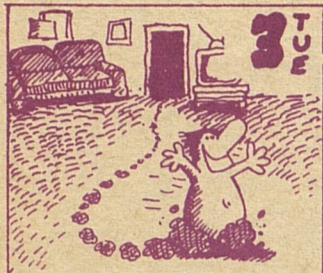
the fifth estab.



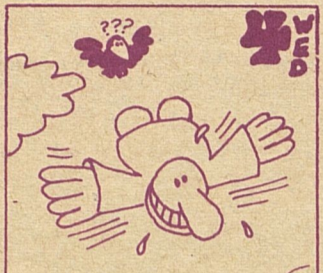
MAKE HAY WHILE DA SUN SHINES



ORDER A PEETZA



TRACK IN MUD



GET SOME AIR



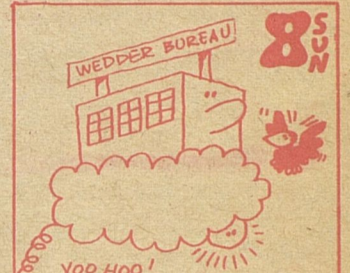
TROW OUT OLD STUF



LET YER FINGERS DO DA WALKIN



GET SICK



CALL DA WEDDER



CHEW YER FOOD



WHISTLE WHILE YA WORK



FEED YER CAT



TAKE OUT DA GOBBIGE



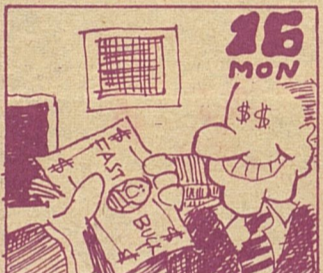
SUPPORT YER LOCAL COMIC



MAKE OUT



GROW YER GARDEN



PAY DA RENT



EAT PIE!



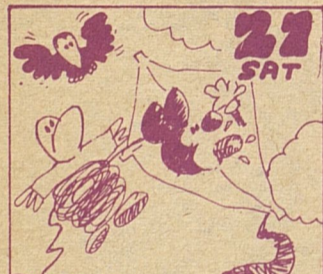
LET A SMILE BE YER UMBRELLA



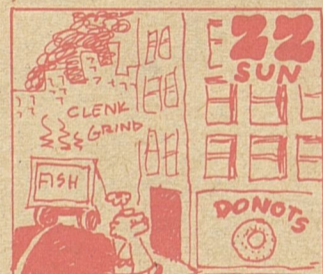
GET A HORSE



TAKE A BAT



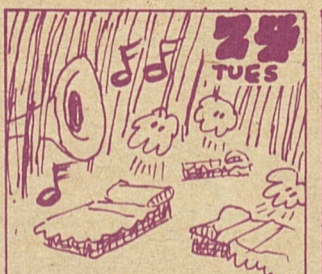
FLY A KITE



GO DOWNTOWN



BUY A DUCK



GET YER DANDRUFF UP



GO TA DA DRIVE IN MOVIES AND SEE DRACULA



GO TO DA COUNTRY



BLOW YER NOSE



STAY YOUNG



BRUSH YER TEET



PAINT YER ROOM



INVENT SUMPIN'



GIRLS! THE MAGIC NUMB IS ANN ARBOR 761-9577

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