

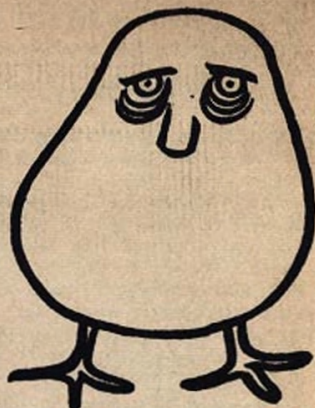
ERIC HOFFER IS A TRUE BELIEVER

No. 84

November, 1968

35 Cents

The Realist



The Case of the Cock-Sure Groupies

by Ellen Sander

The chords come flooding out of the amplifiers like a tonal wave, swelling to an impossible amplitude, blaring, ringing, pounding. A broad beam of noise is shot beating into the swarming crowd with great resonant thrusts and throbs. The amplifiers are complaining.

They press up against the stage, the young ones, their faces bathed in delight or clenched in crumpled ecstatic agony. They lean over the edge of the platform, clutching gifts and beads or notes or the group's latest album. And some reach, reach out, squirm on their bellies trying to get up over the edge of the stage, just maybe to-touch-one-of-them . . . once.

*And when it was over
The lights turned on and the
curtain fell down*

*They stood at the stage door
and begged for a scream
The agents had paid for the
black limousine*

That waited outside in the rain.

*Did you see them?
Did you seeeeeee them?*

*—"Broken Arrow,"
Neil Young*

The Buffalo Springfield

"Did you see them, did you seeeee them, oh, Cathy, they're so beautiful! Look at that hair, that blonde hair — oooh, those faces, Cathy, look at those faces! Oh, wow, the drummer, Cathy, the bass player! Let's go in back to the stage door, Cathy, Cathy, maybe we can meet them, talk to them, something,

(Continued on Page 14)

The Trial of Abbie Hoffman's Shirt

by the United States Government

Deputy Clerk: All witnesses in the case of the United States versus Abbie Hoffman step forward please. Mr. Hoffman, I'm sure you have been advised by your attorney that you have a right to a jury trial. It is my understanding that you waive that right. Is that correct?

Mr. Hoffman: That's right.

Deputy Clerk: The Government has no witnesses?

Mr. Benton Becker: None.

(At this point Mr. Gerald Lefcourt is sworn in, by Judge Andrew Howard Jr., to practice law in the District of Columbia for the purpose of this case, and Mr. David Weitzman of Washington D.C., who is a member of the defense counsel, is introduced to the court.)

Mr. Becker: Your Honor, this is a matter involving a criminal charge deriving from the Federal Code 18 USC 700. That section, 700, is a relatively new statute, which I have handed to the Court a copy thereof. The Government will make a statement and at the conclusion I will ask opposing counsel if they are willing to stipulate to everything that I have said.

If we had witnesses here, we submit that they would present evidence which would tend to show that on Tuesday August 3rd, 1968, at approximately 10:00 a.m., in an area described as the southwestern steps of the Cannon House Office Building, in Washington D.C.,

members of the Capitol Police Department focused their attention on the defendant, Mr. Hoffman. These members of the Capitol Police Department are officers MacFarlane,

(Continued on Page 7)



The (White) Protestant Restoration

by Larry Josephson

The uniting of the klans Eisenhower and Nixon was the penultimate event in the month-long pageant prior to the coronation of Richard the Hard-Hearted, King of the Free World and All Its Dominions. This union, between the last two pure-blooded WASPs in Christendom, which was made in Heaven and the Marble Collegiate Church, assures the continuation of the line of the House of Dwight which had been interrupted by the reign of the catholic King John.

The entire Kingdom of Plenty was aglow on the nuptial day. The gods had provided the couple with sunshine and clean air; the police, their nightsticks safely sheathed and forgotten, smiled benevolently at the throngs of clean-shaven well-wishers gathered on lower Fifth Avenue waiting to catch a glimpse of the pious couple. As the bride entered the church on the right hand of her father, the crowd strewed plastic flowers upon them and shouted, "Hail, Dick Rex!"

Inside the Temple of Positive Thinking, all was resplendent. Upon the walls were hung symbols of the Christian sacrament of marriage: food, cards, houses, wigs, cloth coats, and all manner of appliances. A hushed stillness, broken only by the soft Hosannas of the Yorba Linda Tabernacle Choir, pervaded the scene.

The wedding guests included some of the most distinguished bankers, lawyers, publishers and small businessmen in the land. The Vice-King, Spiro T. Agnew, and all the King's men were in attendance. Notable by his absence, however, was Humphrey Dumpty, principal contender for the Plutonium Throne, who was recently defeated by King Richard at the Battle of Illinois.

The bridegroom's grandfather, founder of the House of Dwight and Winner of World War II, was unable to attend as he was recuperating from a loss of heart at Walter Jenkins Army Hospital. A special closed-circuit television hookup was arranged so that the old general and his wife could watch re-runs of *Bonanza* during the wedding.

On a signal from some unseen director, the mighty Hammond organ, mounted on a hydraulic lift, arose on one side of the altar. On the opposite side, another, larger lift carried the shimmering flesh of Kate Smith toward the dome of the great cathedral. Miss Smith had been commanded to sing at the nuptials in reward for her steadfast loyalty to the Protestant King during his long period of pretension to the throne. As the organ and Miss Smith reached their simultaneous climax,

the first brilliant notes of *Zippity Doo Dah* filled the church.

Soon it was time for the ceremony to begin. Princess Julie stepped down the long carpeted aisle to the martial strains of Jeremiah Clark's *Strumpet Voluntary*, her hand on the arm of her father, the King of the United States. The bride wore a dress of grey flannel Belgian lace, delicately embroidered with the family motto: *Nixon's the One*. She carried a bouquet of African cannabis, Greek narcissus and non-perspiring mums. Her illusion veil of Saran Wrap applied with California table grapes was held in place by two miniature pearl-handled revolvers given to her by the National Rifle Association.

At the foot of the aisle, by the altar, stood the pastor of this simple church, the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, an old family friend and author of the bestselling *Power of Purgative Thinking*. Dr. Peale had magnanimously consented to take time out from his books, sermons, pamphlets, syndicated newspaper column, numerous personal appearances and television guest shots to perform the historic ceremony.

The service, which began with responsive readings from the Grosse Point, Michigan telephone directory, was conducted according to the age-old liturgy centered on the Protestant Eucharist: the turning of workers' blood into money. Dr. Peale offered Holy Communion to the members of the wedding party by placing an after-dinner mint on the communicant's tongue, then incanting, "The Body of Hiss."

Just before the marriage vows were given, Dr. Peale delivered a short sermon reminding the couple that "This is an awful world, just simply frightful, and we're stuck with it." He urged them to maintain "an expectant and optimistic mental attitude" through which, "with divine help, they might achieve health, happiness, prosperity and courage in time of grief." Dr. Peale has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Hundred Years War in Vietnam.

Prince David and Princess Julie exchanged vows in a simple three-ring ceremony in the tradition of the bride's American background: a ring for each of their fingers and one for the bridegroom's nose. The traditional kiss between the bride and groom was eliminated because of the groom's notorious bad breath.

(Even his best friend, Elmer H. Bobst, former chairman of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, makers of Listerine, wouldn't tell him.)

The ceremony was ended with the playing of *Happy Days Are Here Again* on the church Muzak system. The *Times* re-

ported, "The bridal party swept down the aisle all smiles. The doors of the church were flung open, and two secret service men appeared."

At the top of the church steps, the newlyweds stopped to wave and smile at the crowd. The respectful throng, so notably devoid of the witches, trolls, fags, Jews and Yippies who had caused so much unpleasantness recently, waved and smiled right back. After about 15 minutes of this, the wedding party and all the guests boarded a fleet of waiting carriages amidst a hail of shredded copies of the *Reader's Digest*, then sped uptown to a gala reception at the un-Americana Hotel.

One would expect the scions of so distinguished and powerful a family as the Nixonhauers to receive lavish, exotic wedding gifts from the many friends, relatives and favor-seekers who attend them. The military-industrial complex, about which the old soldier had cryptically warned, was well represented in the gift list.

North American-Rockwell, a prime contractor in the space program, presented the bridegroom with a set of titanium-foil condoms forged from the ruins of the defective Apollo-204 space capsule.

The Government was represented by the National Security Agency which gave the couple a telephone scrambler and an anti-bugging device to prevent their Secret Service guards from listening in on the newlyweds' verbal sex play.

The private sector, representing as it does, rugged American entrepreneurial capitalism, contributed 100 pounds of diseased meat.

Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo, a Florida real estate dealer and another old family friend, gave the newlyweds 160 acres of choice Florida land—presently under water—along with a four-color brochure describing the planned locations of roads, schools, churches and supermarkets.

The reception was a gay affair. There was much talk of gowns and gifts as well as the usual petty affairs of state. The quantity of food and drink, including a whole roast Negro sent by Sen. J. Strom Thurmond, was impressive. The newlyweds were toasted by King Richard, who said, "This is a very newsworthy and happy day. Today I saw the Apollo men halfway to the moon and the crew of the Pueblo released." When asked of the personal qualities of young Eisenhower, his new son-in-law, King Richard said, "Give me a week and maybe I can think of some."

As Prince David and Princess Julie prepared to leave for their secret honeymoon site, the crafty old King, mindful of the value of royal births for distracting public attention from the many crises he knew would soon come, called out to them, "Let's knock this one up for Ike."

Editorial Giggies

I Think You've Heard This Song Before

Yes, I know this was supposed to be the Tenth Anniversary issue. The thing is, I've been away for a few weeks—to several states and a couple of countries—and finally got an exclusive interview with political exile Eldridge Cleaver, which will be included in the anniversary issue, to be published in mid-February.

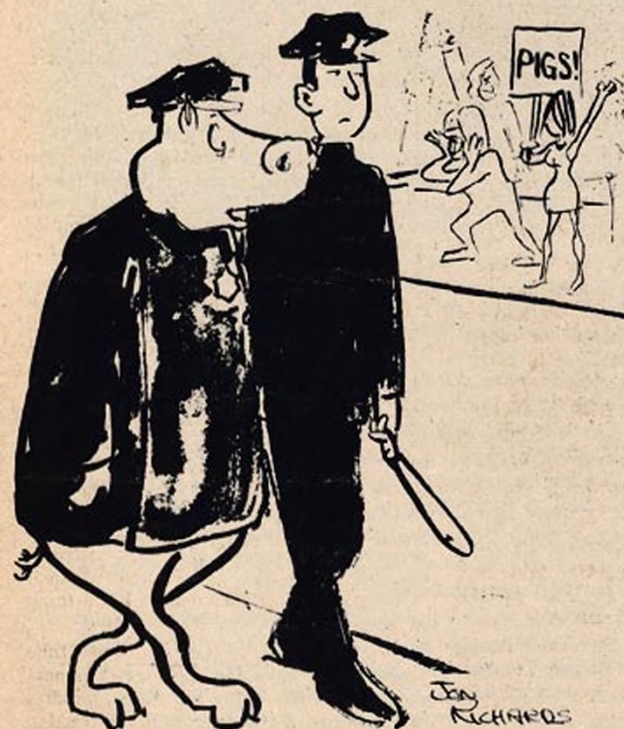
The newsstand price of that special issue will be increased to 50c. And there will be a pair of *Realists* going to subscribers only, in order to allow the anniversary issue to remain on the stands for a longer period of time. Even structure freaks might concede that it is entirely appropriate for an anniversary issue of the *Realist* to be eight months late.

A Kick in the Inaugural Balls

The sarcastic title of Mayor Daley's televised film defending the action of Chicago police during the Democratic Convention was *What Trees Do They Plant?* However, a group of local Yippies has since been arrested there for planting a tree without a permit.

Equal TV time was granted to the demonstrators—including 15 minutes delegated to the Youth International Party—but Metromedia saw fit to indulge in the censorship game.

At one point Allen Ginsberg was shown. The superimposed sound track originally had a trio of male voices



"I don't know . . . it never struck me as such a terrible insult."

chanting "Ommmmmm—dreaming of a white Christmas. . ." This was omitted because the network was afraid Irving Berlin would sue.

Near the end, our narrator announced that the Yippies would be "going to Washington for the inauguration of the pig." The television people felt that viewers might interpret this as an uncomplimentary reference to Richard Nixon. Gosh, we meant it literally.

Indeed, the Yippies are going to Washington for the inauguration, along with thousands of others, to continue the protest against an inhumane power structure. No masochistic confrontation is sought; we merely wish to celebrate the inauguration of our own candidate, Pigasus J. Pig.

Those unable to attend either event are invited to participate at home. At the precise moment that Nixon says "So help me God," toilets all across the nation will be flushed simultaneously, as though disenfranchised voters were pulling the levers that really registered their sentiments about the new President.

The State of the New Republic (Continued)

Many readers have cancelled their subscriptions to the *New Republic* until that periodical reverses its decision to refuse further advertising by the *Realist*, a policy instituted after some of their subscribers complained. As the publisher stated in a letter to me: "Evidently, your journal had referred to ours in some kind of deprecatory manner, and these people (not we) were upset that they 'bought' the *Realist* through the ad pages of *TNR*—yet you put the knock on us."

Last month I misreported what the offending passages were. Apparently, what was objected to was this item concerning a panel discussion on *Violence in the Films*:

"Someone spoke of the dichotomy of *Bonnie and Clyde*. As an intellectual he scoffed at their stupid neuroticism, but as a liberal he was buoyed by their attempts to rob the rich. Critic Andrew Sarris replied that this was no more conflicting than the *New Republic*: 'The first half is filled with all the outrages being performed on the mass of little people. The second half, on culture, attacks the philistinism and mass tastes of those same little people.'"

Meanwhile, the *New Republic* carried ads for the conservative *National Review* and the late Hubert Humphrey.

What Do They Want, Blood?

When Abbie Hoffman was arrested in Washington for wearing a shirt that resembled the design of an American flag, authorities at the maximum security penitentiary did their worst to harass and humiliate him. For example, although he doesn't have lice, they gave him a preventive de-lousing. They also took a blood sample against his will, without affording him the sterile courtesy of a disposable syringe.

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Two months later, he was hospitalized in New York City for serum hepatitis. Conspiracy theorists consider the possibility that it was done on purpose. The Jack Ruby case all over again. Anyway, the recuperative process didn't prevent Abbie from helping doctors to organize themselves against some of the oppressive tactics of the medical profession.

And there will be a lawsuit against the D.C. prison for gross negligence. It could conceivably turn out to have been the most expensive blood donation in American history.

Happiness Is a Warm 69

January 1, 1959: Fidel Castro enters Havana.

January 10, 1958: March of Dimes switches from polio to birth defects.

January 12, 1967: Dick Gregory sentenced to six months for fishing with the Indians.

January 14, 1967: First Be-In in San Francisco.

January 18, 1969: Week long boycott of Coca-Cola begins.

The above dates are selected from this month's entries on the *Official Yippie Calendar*, a beautiful work of dedicated art which includes such other milestones as the day Barry Bondhus dumped 10 pounds of shit in his draft board files; the day Teddy Nadler answered the first question on *The \$64,000 Question*; the day Andy Warhol was shot by Valerie Solanas; the day Sherry Finkbine had her abortion; the day Timothy Leary took his first LSD trip; the day Thomas Dewey's victory party was held; and the day John F. Kennedy was killed by unknown assailants.

The price is \$3. *Realist* readers may have copies for \$2 plus 25c for mailing, from Real World Hallucinations, Inc., 333 E. 5 St., New York, N.Y. 10003.

**The Realist, Dept. 84
595 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10012**

- \$1 for five extra copies of this issue, #84
- 75c for Johnny Got His Gun by Dalton Trumbo
- \$1 for How to Talk Dirty—Lenny Bruce's autobiography
- \$2 for A Guide to Rational Living by Ellis & Harper
- \$2 for a copy of Paul Krassner's Impolite Interviews (with Alan Watts, Lenny Bruce, Albert Ellis, Henry Morgan, Jean Shepherd, Jules Feiffer, Hugh Hefner)
- \$1.50 for giant poster of Paul Krassner with spray can of Instant Pussy (additional copies to same address, \$1)
- \$1 for a dashboard Saint Realist (our cover mascot)
- \$1 for a red-white-and-blue Fuck Communism poster
- \$1 for a blasphemous One Nation Under God cartoon
- \$1 for Putnam's set of 4 empty marijuana seed packets
- \$1 for Guindon's invasion-of-privacy phantasmagoria
- \$1 for Wally Wood's Disneyland Memorial Orgy
- \$3 for a back-issues binder (will hold 36 Realists)
- \$..... for back issues at 25c each or all 41 for \$10:
23, 25, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 35, 39, 40
41, 42, 43, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 57
58, 59, 60, 63, 64, 66, 68, 69, 70, 71
73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83

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STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

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 9. Extent and Nature of Circulation: A. Total number copies printed: Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months 116,667; Actual No. Copies single issue nearest filing date 100,000. B. Paid Circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 64,292; single issue nearest to filing date 73,876. (2) Mail subscriptions: average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 19,912; single issue nearest to filing date 19,463. (c) Total paid circulation: average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 84,204; single issue nearest filing date 93,338. (d) Free distribution (including samples) by mail carrier or other means: average no copies each issue during preceding 12 months 50; single issue copies nearest to filing date 50. (e) Total distribution: by mail, carrier or other means: average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 84,254; single issue nearest to filing date 93,388. (f) Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 32,413; single issue nearest to filing date 6,612. (g) Total: average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months 116,667; single issue nearest to filing date: 100,000.
 I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. /s/ Paul Krassner, Editor

Two Martyrs Beyond Conception

Bill Baird was arrested for giving a free birth control product to a college student, thereby violating a Massachusetts law protecting chastity. The case goes right to the anti-pleasure crux of the controversy. Baird needs money. Campus and other groups can invite him to speak by writing to the Parents Aid Society, 130 Main St., Hempstead, N.Y., or calling 516-538-2626.

Dr. Nathan Rappaport wrote a book called *The Abortionist* by Dr. X. He has terminated thousands of unwanted pregnancies safely, but recently he brought a patient with complications to a hospital where she died. He has been charged with manslaughter. Those wishing to lend moral support when his case comes up may contact the National Organization for Women at 509 5th Ave. in New York City, or telephone 212-MU 7-0890.

Abortion, after all, is only birth control in retrospect.

For the Man Who Has Everything

Ever since Phil Ochs said that not having a color TV now is like someone living in the Elizabethan age and not going to see Shakespeare performed, I've felt guilty for not owning a set, so I finally bought one. What could be left for me to desire? Well, there is one thing.

When Joseph Heller entered a gift subscription to the *Realist* for Tony Curtis, the actor wrote and asked if there was anything he could do for me. I will now make my corruption public.

I want one of the huge rectangular banners that say *The Boston Strangler* and fly in the wind over marquees at theaters where the movie of the same name is playing. I plan to use it as a bedspread. I would be the only one in the whole world who would have *The Boston Strangler* embroidered on his bedspread.

Except maybe for the Boston Strangler.

Reporter at Small

by Robert Wolf

The Wall Street Bust-Out

Recently more than 10,000 respectable New Yorkers formed a ruly mob in front of the Stock Exchange in order to get a good view of a 21-year-old girl whose measurements are 43-25-37. Four automobiles buckled under the weight of the horny spectators. Police were armed with bullhorns rather than billy clubs, for these were Americans whose skin was not black, whose hair was not long, whose chronology was not young.

They had gathered in force, not to protest human injustice, but to ogle at a pair of large mammary glands.

And so on November 15th, professional hippie Louis Abolafia went to Chase Manhattan Plaza with three girls. His public relations man, Stan Goldstein, was saying: "While most of the system's straights do not see naked ladies running through the streets of America's money center with their eyes open, they do see them when their eyes are closed. They know what they want."



A few days previously, having leafleted the area, Abolafia showed up with four girls of various-sized breastworks. The group then walked into about 15 buildings and banks, and the girls took off their coats, revealing that they were bare from the waist up. A crowd would invariably gather, and the guard would come over and tell them to move on: "You can't block up the front."

One of the girls—a pretty 18-year-old brunette, Janet Manno — had been along that time, when another girl named Adrian had been the featured number. This time Janet wanted the spotlight, so Adrian was not invited. The other girls were blonde Sandy Pearson, 27, and another brunette, Sonya Bowerman, 18.

The group reached the sidewalk in front of Chase at 20 minutes after noon. Abolafia had called the *Daily News* an hour before, to ask them to be on hand, but he saw no *News* car in sight, so Janet opened her coat, exposing her breasts, and the other girls began to unbutton their coats.

Abolafia began a loud spiel to passersby about the beauty of the human body. Three men stepped forward from the crowd at different points as if to get a closer look, surrounded the group and hustled them all into a police patrol car.

The police took along Sandy and Sonya — even though they hadn't opened their coats yet — because they "suspected the other women were also about to go topless." The two were later released without charges. But Abolafia and Janet were held in jail for eight hours.

In night court, with a Legal Aid attorney, they pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct; a "not guilty" plea would have meant that Abolafia would have had to raise some bail money. They each received a two-day suspended sentence, one for each tit.

The Fort Dix Love-In

Upstaging Martha Raye and the DAR, the peace forces decided to take their own songs and cookies to the GIs at Fort Dix. On a drizzly Sunday morning at Union Square, two chartered buses were filled with peaceniks, and there were standees in the aisles. On one bus, a CBS film crew (they obligingly called themselves "the three stooges") tagged along.

For the bus riders, it was like the army — hurry up and wait. When the buses finally pulled out at 11:30, someone muttered, "Don't be surprised if the next stop is Allenwood." Within a half hour, we were riding in New Jersey farmland, where there were paint brushes for trees stuck in red clay mud. A joint was passed around to exorcise the factory/pig-farm stink. After we saw a convoy of three Army trucks at 1 P.M., we passed an exit sign: "Ft. Dix, McGuire AFB, Atlantic City."

The bus captain took the driver's mike to make a few remarks about the spirit the love-in should assume, and to tell about how the Armory is always available to Guy Lombardo but never to The Fugs. The CBS crew threw their lights on; the speaker said, "Oh, fuck!"; and a girl cried, "Fuck CBS, the parasites! They had to be kicked out of the Fillmore."

Tuli Kupferberg polished up the statement he'd make, if asked: "I was just following orders."

The speaker said there wouldn't be any ants at our picnic, but one might have to be careful not to step on an MP or a CID agent (Criminal Investigation Division of the Army; G2). There may not be any GIs to mingle with either, but if there are, he warned, they won't want to spend the time rapping about Adolf Eichmann; "thousands" of stickers had been put up on base saying "Fuck the Army," so it won't be necessary to elaborate on it. Someone else warned, "Don't touch anybody. You might get meningitis." The buses were stopped by MP and State Trooper cars; an Army fligree-visor gave the bus drivers some orders, while his driver broke the ice by smiling at the demonstrators when the officer's back was turned. The buses were given an unrequested red-light escort to a "park" — a weeded strip of field along the highway — across from the base.

We disembarked near a red, white and blue sign which said "Re-Up!" and a directional sign pointing to a building: "Preventive Dentistry" (pull out the teeth?). The buses pulled away, to park a mile-and-a-half down the road in Wrightstown, and we were left facing, across the road, a field of low, colorless, frame barracks of probable World War II vintage.

Some of our young men looked hard, to see what they'd missed, while Allen Ginsberg described the panorama as reminding him of Prague or Moscow. Later he gave a Hindu incantation to purify the site for our ceremony.

ABBIE HOFFMAN'S SHIRT

(Continued from Cover)

Curry, Giardino and Graybill. Officers Graybill and Giardino observed the defendant's dress, with particular emphasis on the attire on the upper portion of his body. It was their opinion that the attire worn on the upper portion of the defendant's body closely resembled the symbols and designs of the American flag.

Acting on information from their superiors, they approached the defendant and arrested him for desecration of the American flag. During the course of the arrest, unfortunately, the evidence was partially injured, and we will introduce that which we have as part of the attire.

Now, during the course of this arrest and exposure, certain photographs were taken of the defendant, which the Government would ask to be marked as Government's Exhibits 1, 2, and 3. In addition thereto, the Government would ask that Government's Exhibit Number 4 be marked for identification, which is that garb worn by the defendant — or perhaps I should say more accurately, half of that garb worn by the defendant — on the date in question. It appears to be the right side; may the record reflect that it shows the red and white stripes with the stars, and it contains two political buttons. And there are buttons down the front.

Mr. Lefcourt: Could you read those buttons?

Mr. Becker: These items that I described as political buttons, and I quote: "Vote Pig in Sixty-Eight, Yippie," with that profound message; and the other says, "Wallace for President, Stand Up for America."

The Court: Now, we've got it all in.

Mr. Becker: The Government will now ask defense counsel if they are willing to stipulate as to all the facts that I have elicited.

Mr. Lefcourt: Your Honor, I would like to agree with the U. S. Attorney and stipulate to all the facts that he has just elicited, with the exception that the date was October 3rd, not August 3rd.

And secondly, perhaps the U. S. Attorney would indulge in a further stipulation to the effect that the defendant was on his way into the Cannon Office Building to attend a House Un-American Activities Committee hearing, accompanied by others, who were subpoenaed to that hearing, and counsel, of which I myself was present.

(After some legal arguments regarding the relevance of Hoffman's subpoena to HUAC, the stipulations are allowed, and the defense agrees not to challenge the Government's exhibits.)

Mr. Becker: The Government would now rest its case.

The Court: All right.

Mr. Lefcourt: I want to hand this up to the Judge. Your Honor, I have a memorandum of law for which I would like Your Honor to have access during the course of my statements and argument.

The Court: All right.

The Deputy Clerk: Any objection, counsel?

(Becker objects to the memorandum because he hasn't read it yet. The Court allows the objection.)

The Court: You just make your argument, and I won't look at it until later on.

Mr. Lefcourt: All right.

The Court: One thing before we get started. Do you have

a star for each state, or doesn't anybody know. Is this enough of the flag?

Mr. Lefcourt: Well, I think the statute talks in terms of anything that resembles a flag.

Mr. Becker: Well, as I understand — I should perhaps say that the defense counsel and the Government have worked rather closely in this case, and we anticipate a brief opportunity to argue the law in this case at the conclusion of the defense's case.

The Court: All right.

Mr. Lefcourt: Your Honor, I would move to dismiss for failure to prove a *prima facie* case — and on that I have some brief comments. The statute in question, Section 700 of 18 U.S.C., provides — and it's very simple, Your Honor — it says: "whoever knowingly casts contempt upon any flag of the United States by publicly mutilating, defacing, defiling, burning, or trampling upon it," etc. Those are the acts stated in the statute.

Now, Your Honor, nowhere in that statute is there a proscription against wearing an article of clothing that resembles the flag?

The Court: What does defiling mean?

Mr. Lefcourt: My very next point, Your Honor. In order to apply this statute to this defendant certainly could in no way interpret the act of wearing a flag, which has been stipulated to, as mutilating, defacing. Certainly not: that implies marking. Burning? Certainly not. Trampling upon? Of course not. The only possibility of the application of this statute is the word *defile*.

Now, we have a long-standing construction rule in our legal system known as *sui generis*, which, in a sense, takes a list of words and by their application — each one here we're talking about — connotes one word that is not certain of, whether it is a physical act or not, and deems it a physical act.

Now, there is no physical act alleged against this defendant. There is no mutilation. There is no burning, or anything like that. He's simply charged with wearing a shirt, this shirt resembling an American flag.

Now, I doubt if any attorney reading this statute would know that wearing a shirt that resembles a flag violates the statute, and I think that's a very, very major point in this argument. The statute does not say *wearing* a flag; there have been statutes which have said similar things. For instance, we have a statute that was here in the D. C. Code, 22-3414, where it says *displaying or painting*. But *wearing*, this statute does not say that. If Congress wanted to say that, it should have.

The Court: Well, what is the definition for *defiling*? What does that mean? I don't know.

Mr. Lefcourt: It's defined by Webster's as *dishonor*.

The Court: Dishonor.

Mr. Lefcourt: Dishonor. That's Webster's definition. In a legal definition, and we have to apply it to the statute, every word in this statute is a physical act. If we apply the word *dishonor*, we have to talk in vague terms. What does *dishonor* mean? Is it clear? Actually, does it meet the standards of our legal system? We know that the classic difference between a democracy and a demagoguery is in their laws. We want to know exactly what is proscribed. Is wearing a shirt dishonoring the flag? Does Uncle Sam, when he marches in the parade on July 4th, dishonor? It's a real question.

The Court: Well, does he have a flag draped around him?

Mr. Lefcourt: Well, the Uncle Sam costume . . .

The Court: I know, but aren't there stripes down his long jacket?

Mr. Lefcourt: And the stars on his hat, and that's the question. The question is whether this court can interpret defiling as wearing a shirt; and from a reading of that statute we cannot know that. So, therefore, I renew my motion to dismiss, on the failure of the Government to prove a *prima facie* case.

The Court: All right. Mr. Becker?

Mr. Becker: Well, as I say, I've met with this motion, but I am not without having done some homework on this, Your Honor. There is a case called *State v. Schlueter*; it's cited at 23 A. 2d, 249. It's the 1941 case, and it attempts to define the words *deface* and *defile*. This case says to deface or defile, when used in reference to a flag, have been interpreted as meaning purposeful acts which dishonor the national symbol. Acts which deface or defile the flag require a state of mind which is lacking in accidental conduct.

That's point one. Point two: the flag was defaced. Let me give you the defacing definition from Webster. It's to destroy or mar the face or external appearance of. It's to impair, and it implies superficial injuries, as in scratching, scribbling, or the removal of detail. All right, defiling is to make filthy, dirty, to make ceremoniously unclean, sully, or to dishonor.

We would submit that at a bare minimum, a bare minimum, placing a political button on that flag which sits behind Your Honor would be a defacing of that flag. Placing political buttons only.

I just want to add one other point. I feel I should respond to the Uncle Sam argument. Uncle Sam himself is a national symbol, just as the flag is a national symbol, and one national symbol, recognized as such, cannot deface and defile and cast contempt upon another national symbol.

The Court: Did I understand you to say that the mere fact that you place some political buttons on the flag, you interpret that to mean that it defaces the flag?

Mr. Becker: That's correct. That it would mar its purpose. It would make it ceremoniously unclean. It would be adding to or detracting from its normal appearance. But, that's at the very least, because we're not dealing with a situation like that. In this case what appears to be a flag has been converted into a shirt. You have a flag being used as wearing apparel. The Government submits that that is an adequate showing of casting public contempt upon the flag, or a representation of the flag as defined by the statute.

The Court: You say that having placed these political buttons on here will bring it under this part of the statute that speaks of defacing? See, I had gone along with counsel and just about eliminated defacing, and I was working on defile.

Mr. Becker: There are two points, Your Honor. The case I cited, and the Webster's dictionary: to *destroy* or *mar*. I think *mar* is the more significant word. Webster says that deface is to *mar*.

The Court: All right.

Mr. Lefcourt: Your Honor, I would just like to add that nowhere in our stipulation was there any comment about that being a flag. That's a shirt that resembles a flag. But the more important thing is that the statute must involve intent, and we're talking about intent to dishonor. We're defining *defiling* or even *defacing* together, and the Gov-

ernment has to show that this defendant intended to dishonor the flag by wearing something that resembled it as a shirt. We have no evidence whatsoever of any intent. Now, I don't think Your Honor can just presume intent. We are talking about a criminal statute in which Congress has said a one-year penalty in jail is appropriate. I think it is a very, very serious question as to whether Congress can punish somebody for wearing a shirt that resembles a flag.

There are really two questions involved, and the first one is: is the conduct such that it creates a secondary effect besides its communication of an idea? Did his conduct do anything more than communicate an idea to others? And the second question then becomes; if it did, was the secondary effect so substantial that the Government should punish him?

Now, I submit to you that wearing the shirt could have no possible secondary effect. It might upset some people. But the question is, can we punish somebody for doing something that really doesn't effect a substantial government interest? There is no violence. Nobody was hurt. Nobody was injured. Can we punish somebody for doing that?

Mr. Becker: Your Honor, I would like to respond to the two points raised. We have not stipulated that the item in question is a flag, but quoting the language of the defense counsel, he admits that it's something that, "resembles a flag." On the second point, intent is not necessarily a prerequisite to criminal punishment. There are two kinds of intents, and two kinds of crimes: a general intent and a specific intent. This is a *general intent* statute—and that the defendant intended to wear a shirt that resembled a flag is clear. And to the argument that it is conduct communicating an idea, I submit that there must be an end to some kind of conduct that communicates some kind of ideas. I happened to have been present during the argument of the O'Brien decision in the Supreme Court, and I remember full well Justice Fortas saying to the defense counsel at that time, "Wouldn't it be conduct communicating an idea if someone threw a rock through the White House window, showing his opposition to President Johnson?" The defense counsel said, "Yes, I suppose it would." And Justice Fortas said, "Well, would that conduct be guaranteed by the First Amendment?" And the defense counsel admitted no.

The reason why that is not — and the reason that this, the wearing of an American flag, should not be protected by the First Amendment — are equal, in that the Government has a legitimate interest in maintaining the sanctity of its symbols. There is a very popular show that's been on Broadway, and I believe it ends with a line: "Without our traditions and symbols, we would be like a fiddler on the roof." The Government needs to maintain its symbols. We ask Your Honor to resist the motion for dismissal.

(Some discussion follows, regarding the fact that the shirt has been commercially made; but this is considered irrelevant. The motion to dismiss is denied, and the defense calls its only witness. Mr. Hoffman.)

Direct Examination by Mr. Lefcourt

Q. Mr. Hoffman, before we get into the actual occurrence in question, I wanted to ask you, for the purposes of edifying the Court, the type of activity that you have been in-

volved in, in the past four or five years — such as civil rights activities, and so on.

Mr. Becker: May I make my first objection, on the basis of leading question and irrelevant to the issue at hand.

The Court: Oh, I would like to have his background.

The Witness: Well, in 1960, while I was a graduate student at the University of California, I happened to go to a hearing of the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco, and what I witnessed at that time, and with what I read in the papers about what was going on in the South, I decided to leave school and begin radically trying to change things in this country.

I went back to New England and became involved in some political campaigns of peace candidates, and then I went South to work in civil rights, chiefly in Mississippi, during the summers of 1964, '65, and '66. Mostly, my responsibilities were in voter registration, and conducting classes for black children in freedom schools. And I did a good deal of organizing in ghettos in Massachusetts.

In late 1965 I became sales director of the Poor Peoples Corporation, which was an attempt to build craft cooperatives in the State of Mississippi — where people would own the business, and have a direct control over economic affairs that influenced their lives. I came to New York City in 1966 to open the first of seven stores, called Liberty Houses, which handle those craft goods, as well as the goods of poor whites from Appalachia.

Then I guess I became what people call a Hippie, let my hair grow long, and decided to participate in a revolution among young white people, just as young black people were participating in theirs; and this led me to become an organizer of many demonstrations, including the march on Washington, and Chicago, and going around to universities, and talking to people about ideas on how to change this country.

During the course of these activities, I have been arrested somewhere between twenty and thirty times. And, as far as I know, I have but one conviction.



"Please, officer . . . listen, I'm a racist . . . I hate Lindsay . . . I voted for Wallace and Buckley . . . I belong to the NRA . . . I'm for victory in Vietnam . . . I . . ."

I was here in Washington at the request of the House Un-American Activities Committee, to answer charges arising out of what happened in Chicago.

Q. You arrived in Washington pursuant to a subpoena, is that correct?

A. Yes.

Q. Could you tell the Court exactly what happened on October 3rd, at approximately 10:00 A.M.? Where you were, and why you were doing the things you were doing.

A. Yes. Well, we had been headquartered in the hotel right next to the Cannon Office Building. We were proceeding from there to the Cannon Office Building to enter the hearing room. There were a group of us, and many of us choose to dress symbolically — the way we feel about HUAC and the state of the country in general. I was playing with a Yo-Yo, and I had on a shirt that resembled the American flag. I wore the shirt because I was going before the Un-American Activities Committee of the House of Representatives, and I don't particularly consider that committee American and I don't consider that House of Representatives particularly representative; and I wore the shirt to show that we were in the tradition of the founding fathers of this country. That's why I wore it.

Q. And were you subsequently arrested?

A. Well, the police approached me, and proceeded to rip the shirt. There was a struggle. I was trying to get the Yo-Yo off my finger — they got the Yo-Yo, see, and it was pulling my finger; it hurt. My wife saw that I was struggling and tried to come to my aid a little, and then a whole fracas broke out — in which the police ripped the shirt off my back.

Mr. Lefcourt: I have no further questions.

Cross-Examination by Mr. Becker

Q. Now, Mr. Hoffman, you indicated that you proceeded in a group, is that correct?

A. Yes.

Q. How many people were in the group?

A. I would say ten to fifteen.

Q. Did they come — Where is your home, Chicago?

A. New York City.

Q. What do you do for a living there, sir?

A. I am a revolutionary artist.

Q. How does a revolutionary artist put bread on the table?

Mr. Lefcourt: Your Honor, I object.

Mr. Becker: How does a revolutionary artist put bread

on the table? I can be more precise.

The Court: Do you understand what he's talking about?

Mr. Lefcourt: Well, he's asking how he makes his money.

The Court: Oh, put bread on the table.

Hoffman: That's hippie talk. Bread. He means money, Judge.

The Court: When you say bread, I think about —

Mr. Lefcourt: I would say that how Mr. Hoffman makes his money is really not relevant.

The Court: — of course I would never understand that way.

Mr. Becker: Well, I would be glad to rephrase it for Your Honor. (To Hoffman.) How do you make your living?

A. I write books and articles about being arrested.

Q. And that's how you make a living, sir?

A. That's one way. The chief way, the other is that I steal.

Q. When was the last article you had published?

A. Well, I have a book. It's called *Revolution for the Hell of It*. You can have a copy if you like.

Q. Have you ever had anything published in a magazine, which I could have purchased in one of the local Peoples Drug Stores?

A. The local Peoples Drug Store? There are no Peoples Drug Store. That's Communism.

Q. Will you answer my question, sir?

A. I didn't understand it. I don't know what drug store you go to. Do you read the real lies? (Ed. The witness said *The Realist*.)

Mr. Becker: Your Honor, would you instruct the witness to be responsive?

The Court: Well, you're getting —

The Witness: I have had articles published in magazines.

Mr. Becker: Okay. Fine. Now going back, about the group you came with. Now, did this group accompany you from New York to Washington on this occasion?

A. Most of them did, yes. About five to ten came from New York.

Q. Now, you were — did you use the word summoned or subpoenaed? — before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

A. I don't understand the legal distinction, I was "commanded" to appear, to use their words.

Q. Were any of the other ten or fifteen — if you know — similarly commanded to appear?

A. Yes, four of the group of fifteen; the rest were lawyers and friends.

Q. Now, how many of the others were wearing any clothes that resembled the American flag?

A. None, that I recall. One was wearing a Viet Cong flag.

Q. In fact, you were wearing a Viet Cong flag under your shirt, weren't you? You had it painted on your back, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, you have indicated that you wore the shirt because you were dressing symbolically?

A. Yes.

Q. Could you explain?

A. I was also kind of cold. It would have been cold without any shirt.

Q. Could you explain that, please, sir? What do you mean by dressing symbolically?

A. I think I explained it in my previous statement, about why I wore it.

Q. Well, would you repeat that statement?

A. Well, the reason was that I was attempting to show that I and the other people who were summoned before the committee, and in general those people that went to Chicago, were acting in the American tradition — as the founding fathers saw it — more than the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Q. Well, do you mean that your conception of American history shows the founding fathers wearing clothes that resemble the American flag?

A. On numerous occasions I have seen paintings of George Washington's troops wearing the flag around their heads as a bandage, and around their legs. In fact, in one picture of him crossing the Delaware, the flag is quite prominently worn by someone; and I believe the revo-

lutionary attitude of the founding fathers was made quite clear throughout their writings and actions.

(An exchange follows where Hoffman admits he never saw any of the founding fathers dressed specifically in a flag shirt.)

Mr. Becker: I just want to understand one thing, Mr. Hoffman, and then I'll be seated. You recognized that the shirt you had on that day resembled an American flag, is that correct?

A. Yes.

Mr. Becker: Nothing further.

Mr. Lefcourt: That's the defense's case, Your Honor. We rest.

I move now to acquit this defendant on the grounds that his guilt has not been proven beyond a reasonable doubt, and, on that, Your Honor, I have some further comments — and now I address myself to the constitutionality of the statute in question as applied. I think it's clear from the defendant's case that the act, of wearing a shirt that resembles the flag, was one of symbolic speech . . . This is a First Amendment argument, Your Honor. It is my belief — and I think the Supreme Court has stated it over and over again — that the communication of ideas is what this country is all about, and that as long as you can communicate ideas without affecting a substantial interest of the government, then that communicating of ideas must be protected. Now, it's clear that the wearing of the flag on Mr. Hoffman's part, as he stated, was to show that this committee was not in the American tradition — it was trying to subvert his honest intentions, and those of thousands of others who went to Chicago to protest against the system in this country, a system of politics where certain views can get across and others can't.

The Court: Well, be more specific. Whose views don't get across? I thought everybody got a shake at it this time.

Mr. Lefcourt: Well, I — We could go into a real big argument on the question of whether everybody's views have access in a society based on controlled mass media . . .

The Court: Even Paulsen. Even Paulsen got in.

Mr. Lefcourt: Well, it seems that the only way the views of those thousands of people who went there to protest the actions of the Democratic Convention, the only way those views got expressed was by actions of the people in Chicago. I mean it was their act of going there to demonstrate — which is constitutionally protected by our First Amendment and the same with wearing the shirt.

Now, if we don't protect the communication of ideas, then we're leading ourselves down the path of serious trouble, to a repressive society.

So, therefore, this statute must be deemed unconstitutional as applied to him. The statute may be very constitutional as to somebody burning a flag with no apparent reason; it may not, on the other hand. The Supreme Court of the United States is now considering that very question. There is a New York flag desecration statute in which a man named Sidney Street, after the death of Martin Luther King, took the flag that he was holding for twenty years, since his participation in the army, took that flag and went into the street, and he burned it; and said: "If they could do this, then I don't want that flag."

Now, I contend even his activity should be protected. Even the activity of burning a flag. But Mr. Hoffman didn't do that; he wore a shirt that resembled a flag.

Now, the constitutionality of the statute, on its face, is

in jeopardy by the Supreme Court action in the Sidney Street case. The Supreme Court just heard the argument on it three weeks ago. There is a strong likelihood that the Supreme Court will protect Mr. Street's activity, and I think that this Court, at a very minimum, ought to protect the activity here in question . . .

(Pictures are presented of other persons wearing similar shirts, and a picture of Mr. Hoffman at a New York rally wearing the shirt; and arguments made on the fact that he was not arrested in New York although observed by a number of policemen.)

Mr. Lefcourt: I ask this Court to acquit this defendant on the ground the people have failed to prove their case beyond a reasonable doubt.

The Court: All right, Mr. Becker?

Mr. Becker: I'll try to be brief, Your Honor. The question of symbolic speech, I have already addressed. There must come a time, there must come a place where symbolic speech becomes overt action. To carry a sign which says I am opposed to trains carrying boys to Viet Nam, that sign is symbolic of what you would be saying. It's something *different* to put yourself on the railroad track and say, "If that train wishes to go to Viet Nam, it must go over me." That, I submit, is not speech; that is an act, and I submit that what we have here today is an act, not speech. In fact the statute says nothing about speech. It never makes any mention of any communication. It speaks of acts. It speaks of burning, defiling, defacing, desecrating, casting public contempt upon.

Now, as to the Street case, I would suggest that it would be judicially unwise to attempt to read the mind of the Supreme Court, and if the Supreme Court should conceivably find the burning section of the statute unconstitutional, then the burning section of the statute would be declared unconstitutional and the rest of the statute would remain. It wouldn't void the entire statute. The Supreme Court has addressed themselves to the question before. I would bring to His Honor's attention that the Supreme Court in *Halter v. Nebraska*, a very old case, 1907, upheld the constitutionality of state legislation designed to prohibit the use of a flag for advertising purposes — and to, and I quote, "Punish desecration of the flag," against the contention that such legislation was within the sole province of the federal government. That statute is the closest case to the case at bar, and that is a Supreme Court case.

The Nebraska statute, involved in 1907, significantly is almost identical in language to the statute at bar.

Congress approached this question very cautiously, and they did not care to merely go through a legislative exercise; they wanted to create a statute that would be upheld constitutionally, and in accordance thereto they used the language of a statute which had already met that test, and met it successfully . . .

(Response to statement that because police did not know of statute in New York does not justify, act; arguments given. It is also noted that this is the only case yet tried under this law.)

Mr. Becker: Simply in closing I would merely reiterate that the Government has a legitimate interest in maintaining its symbols. That legitimate interest has been manifested throughout our history in case after case. We're not merely dealing with a piece of cloth. It's not a piece of cloth that some seamstress has decided to put a — what I believe

rather beautiful and attractive — pattern to. It's symbolical — the United States of America, and for Congress to attain the ability to legislate criminal statutes for the public contempt of that symbol seems to me a legitimate function of the Congress.

I thank the Court for its indulgence.

(Mr. Lefcourt follows with a long rebuttal, claiming that no casting of contempt has been shown and reiterating previous points.)

Mr. Lefcourt: Your Honor, I have one final comment. That is that if Your Honor finds this defendant guilty of this statute, you are in affect saying that wearing an article of clothing resembling an American flag is contemptuous and should be punished.

The Court: Well, that's all it says. Is that your interpretation of defiling, defacing? What if you put "Pig" on this flag, don't you call that defacing it?

Mr. Lefcourt: No, Your Honor. He put it on the shirt, you remember. The shirt is what resembled the American flag. And it's a political button.

The Court: But it says "Pig," or "Vote Pig." And then the other one. It doesn't matter who he says vote for. Even if it said Humphrey or Nixon, it wouldn't make a difference, it would still be the same thing. You shouldn't put them on there.

Mr. Lefcourt: Are we saying that any time you put a button on a shirt that resembles a flag you're punishable by a year in prison? Is that the type of society we want to live in? That's the question the Court has to answer. I think that putting a button on any shirt, putting a button on the very flag itself, is protected conduct.

The Court: No, sir, I don't agree with you. The Court finds him guilty.

The Deputy Clerk: Stand up, Mr. Hoffman.

The Court: Do you want to say anything before I sentence you?

Mr. Hoffman: Just that I consider this decision as ridiculous as the House Un-American Activities Committee. The night after I was arrested, I saw a television show with Phyllis Diller, who wore a mini skirt that looked like the American flag. And Uncle Sam — you're making him a criminal under the law. And every political convention, they put buttons all over things that look like flags. This is ridiculous. Why aren't all these people arrested?

The Court: You had a shirt and the button said "Vote Pig."

Mr. Hoffman: So what, they're all pigs — what's the difference?

The Court: It doesn't matter who you say to vote for. It doesn't matter whether you say Humphrey, Wallace, Nixon, pig — you're still defacing the flag.

Mr. Hoffman: Why isn't Phyllis Diller arrested?

The Court: If I had had her here — If she did that — If I was trying her, I would try it.

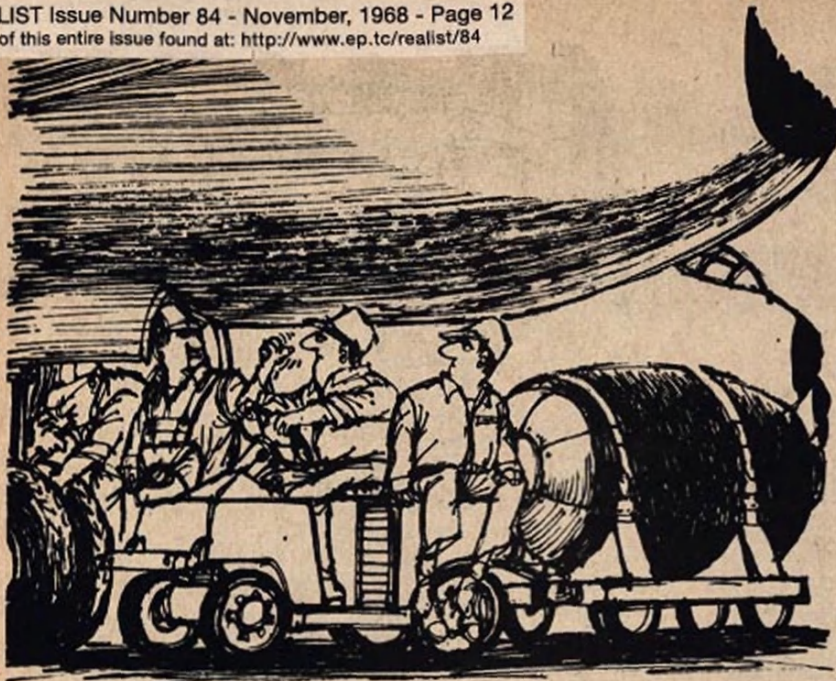
Mr. Lefcourt: I would just like to state that we are going to appeal the decision.

The Court: Well, I will have to sentence him.

Mr. Hoffman: I regret that I have but one shirt to give for my country.

The Court: The Court sentences the defendant to pay \$100 or serve 30 days in jail, and I will stay the execution of the payment of the fine or jail sentence subject to the appeal.

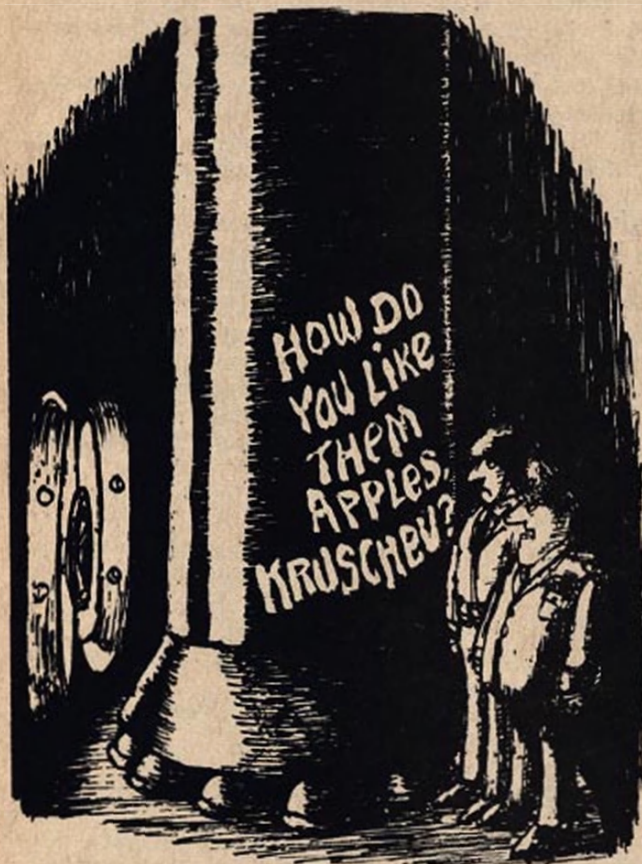
Mr. Lefcourt: Thank you very much, Your Honor.



"... Leningrad?—Third aircraft down—we're Tashkent and Novosibirsk."



"... and finally in the news, the following countries reported detonating their first nuclear weapons today — Zambia, the Yemen, Gibraltar and the Falkland Islands. In addition, Cleveland, Ohio; Passaic, New Jersey; San Jose, California; Londonderry, Northern Ireland; and Durban, South Africa are in the process of exploding their first nuclear weapons at air time. Meanwhile in Las Vegas, a spokesman for Howard Hughes said the billionaire sportsman-industrialist would detonate his first H-bomb tomorrow, rain or shine."



"Dammit, Major, doesn't anybody around here read the papers?"

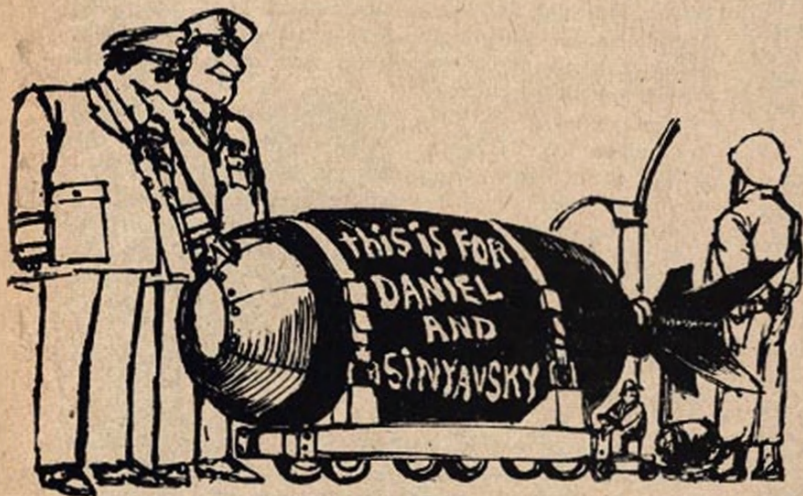


"... They SAY they'll never be the first to use their H-bomb, but who here feels that the Mafia can be trusted..."



"Chairman Mao feels that the first strike strategy be Moscow, primary target—Washington, secondary..."

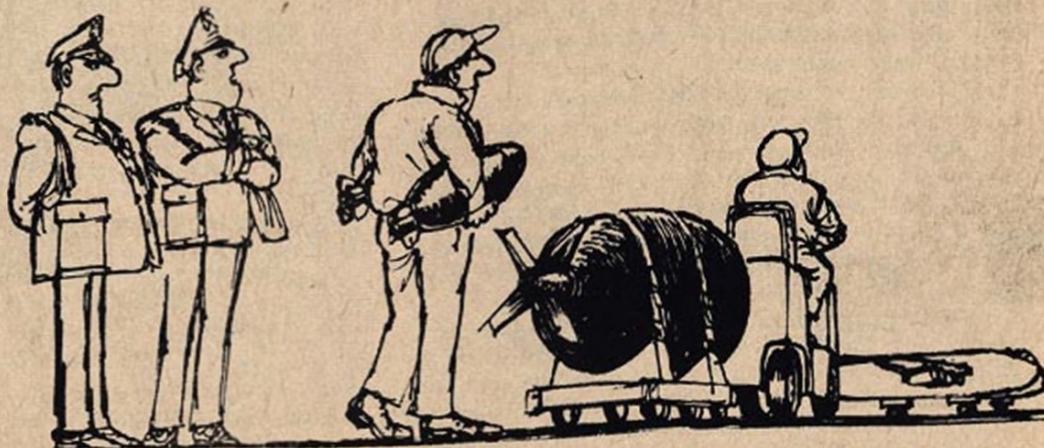
"... The grape growers attitude notwithstanding, Colonel Turgenev, I am against diverting the San Francisco missile to Delano ..."



"... Colonel Zent, it's damned heartwarming to know we've got cultured men in this outfit ..."



"... and those two conventional bombs bring up the total to an even ten million casualties."



COCK-SURE GROUPIES

(Continued from Cover)

Cathy, let's go outside and see if we can catch them on their way out! Maybe we can meet them, talk to them, anything! Cathy, come on!!!"

Groupies. Their legions, bless their little rock and roll hearts, are growing geometrically. Often they work in pairs, sometimes in gangs. Their techniques for getting backstage, which run from bribing, fucking or knocking out security guards, and their methods of tracking a group down would put a private dick to shame.

(You call all the better hotels in town. If you're looking for the Stones, ask for a Mr. Jones, *not* Mr. Jagger because that way it's less suspicious.)

When I have the opportunity to watch them in action, it is not without a genuine sense of admiration that I note their acuity. And rarely can I refuse a trembling, pleading teeny when she begs me to take her with me as I flash my press card at the security men that guard the dressing room areas at rock concerts.

Cops and security men are a fixture at rock concerts. They belong there as much as do the fans and the group and the rock and roll press entourage. They personify the balance of tensions between rock and conservative society. They try to stop the kids from scaling the stage and causing riots.

Occasionally they succeed.

But when they try to keep the groupies from their prey, they haven't got much of a chance. For the groupies are girlchild guerillas with a missionary zeal. They'll cooperate with each other to outfox whatever stands between them and the rock and roll boys — but only to a point. That is, they'll gang a door to get inside, but once it's broken in, it's every girl for herself, unless there's been a previous agreement.

When the Buffalo Springfield first came to New York a crowd of groupies stood in the back of the house and divvied the boys up. If more than one girl wanted a certain Springfield they had it out as to *which* manner of lovemaking *each* would apply to *what* and *to whom*, right *then* and *there* so there'd be no squabbles when they got to him.

Some girls are specialists. The lead-singer-fuckers are a particularly strong contingent, and lead singers who write are considered a *tour de force* by any groupie's measure. They dress like creatures out of some glorious romantic drama, scrawl gross amount of black around their eyes and wear the biggest, most gaudy baubles they can find, so maybe, *maybe* he'll see me.

The great ones, the super groupies, have real class.

There's one beautiful long lithe spade chick from New York, Lilly, with her enormous dyed bubble head and enormous dark glasses, who's been to Los Angeles to visit the Doors and been to London to live with the Stones. There's Cindy and Morgan who live in San Francisco and make clothing for the groups — and don't you know those fittings get pretty intimate.

In L. A. there are the G. T. O's, Misses Christine, Lucy, Pamela, Sandy, Sparkie, Cynderella and Mercy, a gaggle of groupies who have had this card printed up that they give to groups. They are said to have written torrid poetry about their rock and roll conquest which Frank Zappa may set to music for an album.

"The level of involvement with today's music is quite amazing. One example: Groupies. These girls, who devote their lives to pop music, feel they owe something to it, so they make the ultimate gesture of worship, human sacrifice. They offer their bodies to the music or its nearest personal representative, the pop musician. These girls are everywhere. It is one of the amazingly beautiful products of the sexual revolution."

—Frank Zappa, *The Mothers of Invention*
in *Life Magazine*

Zappa knows. I'm very close to believing that Zappa knows where it's *all* at. When I first heard about the Plaster Casters of Chicago via the pop grapevine which claimed Zappa as the source, I honestly didn't believe it. Yo-ho, another paranoid Zappa fantasy unleashed on the unsuspecting great unwashed.

Some weeks later I was rapping late at night with Marshall Efron when this friend of his, the road manager from the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, comes in and oh, how's everything and the group is going great, one chick handed Frank Cook a note after a set which said "Dear Fuzzy, I came five times during your drum solo," and aren't these chicks outasite?

And I threw in the tidbit I'd heard about these groupies in Chicago, wow, I heard they make plaster casts of the groups' cocks, Zappa is spreading the word and who knows, maybe it's true.

And the road manager, he laughs and whips out this card that says "The Plaster Casters of Chicago, Life-Like Models of Hampton Wicks—Rennie and Lisa" with phone numbers . . .

"Fly Jefferson Airplane, Get You There on Time" —
Donovan

In Chicago's Aragon Ballroom, the Airplane and Blue Cheer and the Fraternity of Man are playing and it's Friday night. What's left of the Steve Miller Blues Band is in town and Terry Reid is expected any day. Chicago, long renowned as a music town, could that weekend be called a Groupie Happy Hunting Ground. A stocked pond, in fact.

The Plaster Casters weren't hard to find. I chose the Aragon Ballroom because the Airplane was there for one night only. My escort was a local record company executive who kept looking in mirrors and running his fingers over his dried lips throughout the whole adventure. In less than an hour a stagehand brought them to me.

I take them upstairs. They are thrilled that I came all the way from New York to find them. They are both draped in black antique-y looking capes and shawls and whenever and whatever they move, something — hair, fringe, capesleeve or skirtbottom — is hanging, fluttering, swaying.

Rennie is 21, pretty in a round, soft kind of way. She has expressive, animated eyes, a petulant mouth, and her dark hair falls like a protective curtain around her face. By day she's an IBM keypunch operator and her father works in civil service.

Lisa is 17, chubby and very young looking, almost innocent. She has one of those millions of expressionless mid-western faces that nobody gives a damn about. She still

goes to school and her father is a Chicago cop.

They've both been groupin' for almost five years, and they told me rather proudly that all of their sexual experience has been with groups.

They started working as a team because both of them are very shy and they share a penchant for English groups. Being very shy girls, even now, who don't converse easily with boys they don't know, they walk up to them and ask, "How's your rig?"

Rig?

"Rig. It's cockney slang for dick. There are a lot of those slang words. Rennie learned most of them from the Hollies. *Up the stairs* means take a shit. *bristol cities* are titties, *daisy roots* are boots, *chopper*, *rig* and *hampton wick*, they all mean cock, and *charva* means fuck. Eye magazine printed it 'charver.' Eye magazine. So unhip!"

In those early days, before they were Plaster Casters, they would use the cockney slang in their letters to groups. It was the sort of in thing that none of the other Chicago groupies were hip to.

To the Hollies:

Rig Men,

Are your hampton wicks looking for some Chicago Charva? If so, look no further. Your two barclays bank-



Editor's note: Originally, pseudonyms were to be used in this article. Now, however, the girls want not only their correct names published, but also their photo, because of the increasing imposter problem. So, "Lisa" is actually Dianne (left) and "Rennie" is Cynthia, who writes: "Here is the best of what we hastily scrounged up at 2 in the morning at the Oak Park Arms with my very old Polaroid. I'm even sticking this in the mailbox at an ungodly hour, I'm so anxious with our competitors closing in on us all the time."

ers from the Chicago Charva Chapter have arrived. We'd love to satisfy any needs you may have. For appointment or more info, call . . .

To the Beatles:

Dear Beatles,

We happen to know that you hold the record for charva championship around the world. We suppose that's why you've got such healthy looking hampton wicks. Tight pants tell a lot of stories, you know. And from the way yours projects at the zipper we can tell you've got four rocks of gibraltar stashed away. Maybe *this* is the secret behind your success. If your rigs get nervous from being cramped up and need a little exercise when you're in Chicago, we are the girls for you. We're two barclays bankers, our bank has convenient night hours and you can make all the deposits you like . . .

To the Rolling Stones:

Dear Keith (Richards),

We watched you on teevee the other night and the first thing that grabbed our eyes was your hampton wick. After that we did a little besides studying it. We're not kidding, you've got a very fine tool. And the way your pants project themselves at the zipper, we figure you've got a beauty of a rig. Sometimes we hope you'd whip it out or something, but they don't have cameras that would televise anything that large, do they? Hey, tell Mick (Jagger) he doesn't have to worry about the size of *his*, either: we noticed that (really, who could help, *but?*)

Keith, we're serious. We judge boys primarily by their hamptons because they're so exciting to look at and contribute so much to a healthy relationship. We can hardly wait until you come to Chicago in November; maybe then we can find out more about what's inside your pants . . .

"I'd like to cast Jagger," flashed Rennie defiantly. "I'd like to see about *this!*" And she whips out her wallet and thumbs through the plastic encased memorabilia until she comes to this picture of Mick Jagger's crotch she clipped out of *Tiger Beat*. There is a hypertrophic bulge outlined by his pants. Wow, it looks like a *tumor!*

"I think it looks like a bar of Sweetheart Soap. I heard that he was once caught in the men's room before a TV appearance, stuffing paper towels into his pants. They told him to take it out and he wouldn't so they got even with 'im by not shooting 'im from the waist down."

Dear Brian:

I am in one of "your" moods at the moment. I was looking at your picture and what a pity your rig wasn't so noticeable. I saw it once on telly and what a grand thing it was!! Well, I can't help it, I'm in a hampton bag and I just can't climb out of it. Only Andrew's hot one is as creamy as yours . . . here goes:

*Your televised body is something to pant on
Above all else sticks out your hampton
I know it seems a lot of much
but in your eyes I see a 'oosh
I'm not the type whose eyes first goes
To long blonde hair or delicate nose.*

*At the art institute I studied perspective
To ignore the way yours projects would be
[disrespective
Pointing downward like a lance
Pounding hard inside the pants
Extraordinary is your rig
Is a fact that cinches.
Pray tell, Brian, how many inches? . . .*

It all started when the Beatles came to Chicago, lo those many years ago. There they were in the third row, Lisa in her early teens, and shrewd; Rennie, so *fetching* in a dark lowcut dress, black lace nylons and big round glasses. They were screaming and laughing and crying while John, Paul, George and Ringo were singing "Please Please Me" and Lisa was getting violently restless.

"Let's go downstairs," she urged. "Maybe we can meet them."

And they went downstairs and outside and there was the Beatles' limousine, and a cluster of girls with the same idea were already there. Lisa grabbed Rennie's arm and yelled "Run!" and they ran down the block to be there when the car passed them.

Rennie hurriedly scrawled a sign that said "Charva" and held it up as the astonished four rode past. "McCartney just kept staring and staring at us — he couldn't believe his eyes!"

For the Who, their acronymous sign read "Welcome Hamptons Outstanding."

And for the Raiders, the first sign read: "HAIL! — the Conquering RIG!"

That was before they learned the Paul Revere and the Raiders' word for rig: *lanoola*. And at the next Raiders concert, with due respect, they held up a sign which gloated: LANOOLA. The Raiders, they dug *that*.

After the set — it was a Catholic high school dance, and there were all these nuns around — one of the Raiders stepped to the front of the stage and thanked everyone for being such a great audience and thanks especially to (lickerish wink) Lanoola.

The next day a review of the concert appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* which contained the following paragraph:

"The Raiders . . . left after wishing a special thanks to Lanoola who went limp on the sidelines where she was standing holding a name sign."

The paragraph title was:

LANOOLA GOES LIMP!

Oh, they laughed about that one. That was far out. Reading about yourselves in the *Chicago Tribune*. Too much.

How did they graduate from super groupies to Plaster Casters? Oh, it was very respectable and with the highest artistic intentions. It was about two years ago and Rennie was an art major at the University of Illinois, Chicago Circle Campus. They started doing plaster casts in class and the assignment was to cast something — anything — and bring it in.

Rennie, now very much the experienced lady and not at all inhibited about such things, thought: Why not a rig? Why not, indeed? So a fellow student became the first plaster cast.

Lisa's part of the job was to "plate" him (um, er, that is, give him head) so that he'd get hard: "That's the way to look at a rig, right?"

Then they lubricated him with vaseline.

Rennie jammed a vase full of casting material over his rig, let it set and removed it. They poured plaster into the impression and made a near perfect cast.

"We didn't get all of it, just about half — it looks like a salt shaker."

Before that they tested some poor quaking little neighborhood boy and he was so terrified that it got soft. "It turned out like a *bas relief*. We didn't know to go straight in at the time."

"The first popstar we tried was da-da-da-da from the Procol Harum but please don't mention his name. See, the mold failed and it didn't come out at all and he begged us not to tell anyone because he didn't want people to think his *rig* failed. Then we got Hendrix. Oh, and don't forget Ogilvie, Ogilvie, he was the road manager for the Mandala — mmm — one of the *worst* groups. We got him right in this very room!"

(Which was a dressing room, upstairs in the Aragon Ballroom, a little narrow and a little drafty.)

Ogilvie is the road manager. "That's what a lot of groups do, set their road managers on us. They're afraid of losing their precious rigs."

There's this story going around, I tell them, that Hendrix almost *did* lose his because the mold material got so hard they couldn't remove it. "Oh, nooooooo." And they convulse with laughter.

"What happened," they gasp, "is a few of his pubic hairs got stuck in the mold. Otherwise it would have just slipped out as soon as it got soft. We were frantic, fifteen minutes he was in there. We just picked the hairs out of it, carefully, so we wouldn't hurt him. I was frantic, I thought he'd hate us or kill us. He was so — *impressive* — and I was so *nervous*. And I'm going. I'm sorry, it never happened this way before and he's going. 'No, it's all right.' Fifteen minutes he was in there and he said he *liked* it, he said it felt like a *cunt!* And you heard that the plaster got stuck on his rig? Oh, no, ohnononono — it just shows you how things get *twisted!*"

And the process? "You mix the mold material. We use dental alginates, it's wonderful — it gets all the little veins and crevices and indentations and everything. While I (Rennie) mix, Lisa does the plating. Then we get the rig down into (the alginates) straight. The guy has to help, he has to reach back and push his balls into the mixture. He has to keep his rig hard, too. After a few seconds the alginates harden, the rig gets soft and falls out."

Then they got Noel Redding, Rennie's ultimate best favorite popstar, the one that got her started on bass players. She's had a thing for bass players ever since that day last March when she casted Noel.

Tonight she is here at the Aragon to *talk to* Spencer Dryden of the Airplane, a serious discussion, you know, he's a friend of Zappa's and all that. But the Steve Miller Blues Band is in town and *that* bass player — but that's tomorrow night. Tonight it's the Airplane and though they're as sick as dogs they're in rare musical form.

They grind out that clumsy sweet and violent San Francisco rock, and evangelical harmonies wash over the room like a caress. The audience is transfixed. Blue Cheer and the Fraternity of Man are here also, but the Plaster Casters

of Chicago don't want *them*, nosiree, no. They're — uggggg, no — Blue Cheer . . . Yahhh. You've got to have *some* sense of distinction.

"Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby" — The Rolling Stones

There was a fateful day for the Plaster Casters, one day in April, 1968, shortly after they casted Noel Redding, Noel, lovely Noel. The Cream were in town and Lisa found out where they were staying. They rang up Eric Clapton and he said sure, come on up and talk to me.

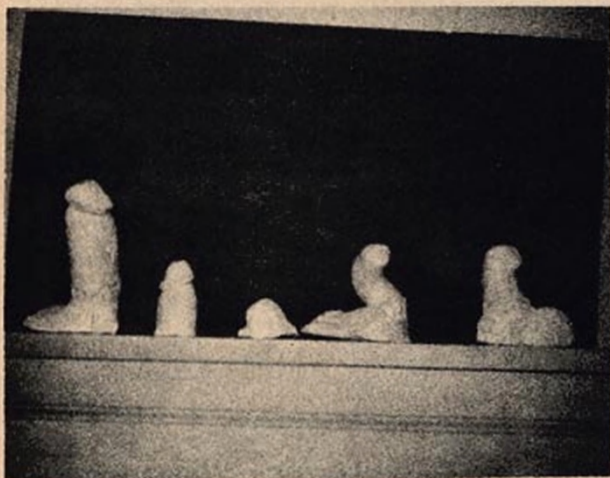
They went upstairs and told him about the castings. No, no, Clapton said, not tonight. Tomorrow for sure. And I have this friend who probably wants to meet you, they'd both do casts then, he promised.

And, since life truly moves in psychic cycles, the friend was of course Frank Zappa and Rennie thought, oh, no, that ugly, gross thing. But Zappa flipped out, *flipped out* he did, when he talked to them and they all became extremely close friends. But both of them, Zappa and Clapton, copped out when it came to the castings. And Rennie is still a little bitter about *that*.

They call Zappa their "sponsor" now; he tries to protect them from any derogation. He confiscated their diaries and plans to publish them along with the diaries of the GTO's. "It's an important sociological document," he told me. And he wants to have a Plaster Caster exhibit in an art show or museum as soon as the collection is ready.

He has ideas, like playing the cockstar's music behind the exhibition of his plaster casted rig. Cock-Rock. Why not? I suggested a tool kit, but Zappa just laughed. Zappa's manager, Herb Cohen (says Rennie) came up with the idea of making lollipops out of the casts and selling them under the slogan, "Suck your favorite star." Haw haw. What a capitalist!

Rennie is an artist, she don't look back. She feels if her collection were put in the hands of somebody who believed in it, it would be a significant thing . . . a tribute to and reflection of the sexual revolution, a radical change in morality . . .



Plaster Caster samples: Jimi Hendrix (#00004, 2/25/68); a friend from school; a fellow student; Noel Redding (#00005, 3/30/68); Don Ogilure (road manager, 5/5/68).

Lisa, on the other hand — she's only 17 — is not so sure she wants to continue to be a Plaster Caster. She did officially resign but she's going to keep helping Rennie until she finds someone else.

For one thing, it's Rennie telling all the boys in the bands that Lisa is the best plater in the world. "Suppose I plate them and they don't *like* it?"

And also some people are grimly censorious of the whole idea of plaster castings and it's beginning to bring her down. "It's okay for Rennie, she only lives for the moment, but I want a heavy thing with a guy someday and I'm afraid this would prevent it."

"Nothing's perfect." Rennie snaps, "everyone can't like you. You've got to make up your mind that you're a pioneer."

The Plaster Casters are, by now, legend. They have fans, they are frequent *dramatis personae* of the rock grapevine. and recently they discovered two imposters: Alice and Candy are copping their thing! Getting to groups by saying *they're* the Plaster Casters!

Rennie, whose dedication is a joy bordering on abandon, hopes they don't learn how to plaster cast — it would spoil her exclusivity. Because they're getting more famous by the moment. Spencer Dryden told them that Friday night that groups in San Francisco were writing tunes about them. And they're still reading about themselves, though the coverage has been somewhat tangential.

The *Chicago Tribune*: "The Yardbirds were in high spirits. They had just seen about 300 girls at the Civic Opera House to receive gifts and sign autographs. They received everything from imported caviar and kumquats to instant psychiatric kits, 69 sweatshirts (*Rennie gave him that*), stuffed animals and incense. One girl was on crutches and took moving pictures. Another brought along her plaster kit to get a mold of Jeff Beck's leg forever!"

His leg, indeed!

Playboy: "Roland Ginzler, whose paintings have unfailingly captured the existential spirit of the famed author's work (*Nabokov's Dispair*) . . . is currently teaching in Chicago and has works hanging in the permanent collection of the Art Institute in Chicago and the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts and has exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York City."

But *Playboy* left out what must certainly be considered as Roland Ginzler's most significant contribution to contemporary art. Roland Ginzler, after all, was the professor who taught Rennie how to plaster cast.

And in the middle of a review of Jimi Hendrix's latest album, *Electric Ladyland*, published in the *Chicago Circle Focus*, all *l* itself, set off with asterisks:

Ask Jimi Hendrix about Plaster Casters

And the adventures, the grouping, the meetings, the chase and the casualties. There was that time in July '67 with the Monkees. Oh, those dumb Monkees. They were in the lobby of the hotel and there was a lot of security around. Getting upstairs was going to be a problem, they thought. But the Monkees had heard about the Plaster Casters and, oh, yes, wanted to see *this*, they did, and they sent down for them.

"We approached Davy Jones and he said yeh, it would be great, you could have duplicates made and sell them in stores." But Davy went into the other room and got Peter Tork, brought him out with nothing on, he did, and said "Okay, here." And there were about thirty people around, some of the Buffalo Springfield were there and oh, it was a scene.

"Bright one over here," Rennie flips her hand toward Lisa, "takes hold of his rig and starts hand-jobbing him. They're all sitting around waiting for me to do something. I grabbed his rig too. We both had our hands on it. Somebody got on the piano and started playing *Lovely Rita Meter Maid*. It was — like a movie!

"Then Dewey Martin of the Springfield takes off his pants and drags me over to the couch — too much!"

Later Rennie got up and went into the kitchen. Opening the can of alginates she cut her hand severely on the metal strip. There was blood all over the place and they had to tourniquet her. Then they all got mad and went to bed. "They're so stupid. The Mon-keees!"

Then there was that awful time with the Detroit Wheels, though it's funny when she thinks about it now. Rennie didn't particularly like that organ player who brought her to the hotel room, but she was nuts about his music. "He was kind of a turd," she recalls.

"There was another one in the group that I liked and I thought if the drummer took me back with him to the hotel, I'd get to see the other one." No such luck. Rennie was in the room, stuck there with the drummer.

"I wouldn't ball him. He had my clothes off and he threw me out of bed. He wouldn't give me my clothes back, he just said 'Okay, get out.' And I had just gotten this new outfit from my mother — she'd be sure to notice — not that I was nude, but that I didn't have my new outfit with me."

But that was back when they were very young and didn't really know who they wanted. It's different these days; more organized, more professional. Rennie is dieting like mad for next week when Hendrix will be back in town and she can get to Noel again. And Saturday night, tomorrow, there is the Steve Miller Band . . .

It is now Saturday early evening and we are in Lisa's house in a flouncy girl's bedroom, all pink and white and precious. And there are posters and popstars pictures and hundreds of albums, Traffic, Procol Harum, Rhinoceros, the Beatles, the Stones — pretty good taste, I must confess, not a chickenshit album in the bunch.

And Rennie is assembling the plaster kit, putting all the paraphernalia in a little briefcase with a sign on it, "The Plaster Casters of Chicago." That briefcase has become their trademark, and a well respected one at that. The underground radio station knows about them and so do all the club owners who let them into the clubs for free now.

After all, they're celebrities in their own right.

They lovingly show me the casts and allow me to photograph them and other mementos, the signs, the apparatus in the plaster casting kit and all. And I read their letters and they proudly show me their clipping file. But it's getting late, you know, the Steve Miller Band goes on in an hour and The Cellar is all the way out in the suburbs so we'd just better hurry.

I knew they were going to be in Chicago that weekend. Their press agent, Mike Gershman, had called from L. A.

to inform me of the activities of another client in New York. Did I want to do the story? No, no time, but who's going to be in Chicago this weekend? He was really in no position to refuse to help me, and I asked him would he ask Steve Miller to cooperate, I really want to witness a casting and I had a pretty good idea the Plaster Casters would go for him, such a pretty face. So I had called Miller earlier that day and I told him I'd already located the Plaster Casters and would be arriving at the club with them.

"Whew!" he answered. "I've just been sitting here writing a tune and now, this, wow, it makes it all so freaky." But Steve Miller already knew about the Plaster Casters — remember, they're legend in San Francisco, legend.

We arrive at this little asshole-of-a-club out in the Illinois sticks full of beery high school kids. They are generally noisy except for a small crowd of blues heads and girls three and four deep hanging glassy-eyed over the stage. The vibrations are fair to middling and I have a sinking feeling things are not going to work out.

The Miller Band is down to three — leader Steve Miller; Tim Davis, the drummer and the bass player, Lonnie Turner. Rennie has her eyes on Lonnie, that girl doesn't miss a trick, she's edging-toward-the-backstage-door-working-her-way-through-the-crowd.

But the set is over and — omigod, no! — there's Lisa, talking to Lonnie. And Rennie bristles and trembles and g-l-a-r-e-s at her. But Lisa doesn't see and Rennie, crest-fallen, makes her way into the tiny dressing room in back of the stage where Miller is in a really weird mood.

"Did you see that kid give me a cheeseburger? A cheeseburger, he handed me a fucking cheeseburger!"

Miller is rapping to some friends, an ex-member of the band and his wife, and to distract Rennie, I point out a graffito on the dressing room wall. Someone has written *Whatever became of the plaster castors* (sic) and Rennie cracks up, that's very funny. She takes out a magic marker pen and corrects the spelling error. Very dignified.

I introduce Rennie to Miller. "How do I know you're the real plaster caster?" he demands, all too eagerly. Rennie is not prepared for this. She hands him the card. Very proper. But Rennie's mind is elsewhere, with Lonnie, the bass player who is maybe her very second best favorite popstar next to Noel Redding.

Lisa is still talking to Lonnie. "We usually divide them up between ourselves," Rennie complains miserably. "She knows I like him . . . what's she doing to me?"

And there is another complication. There's Gail, this grotesque skinny painted Henna redhead who knew the Miller band in San Francisco and she wants Lonnie too, oh, no!

And now Rennie is chastising Lisa for talking to Lonnie first and they're both upset and they're not sure they want to go to the Holiday Inn after all, but, well, we have a ride and everything, and Ron has to go look after the Blue Cheer and we don't want to do that, do we. So? Are we going — yes? — no? — Yes.

We get to the Holiday Inn in Elk Grove and walk into the room and there are Steve Miller and Tim Davis from the band and some company and — damn! — Gail! — who somehow got there before us. And oh, there's going to be trouble. Groupies, even Plaster Casters, must deal with competition on some honorable level (like the Plaster Casters give out the GTO's cards and the GTO's return

the favor) and there's Gail. Ahead of them. Entitled. What a bringdown.

Miller is still bitchy. "Let's hear this, girls, what is this about what you do?" But Rennie is in no mood to discuss it, no mood at all. Lonnie is in his room across the hall and Miller is badgering her mercilessly. Marie is there and Lisa is whining because after all, it's so uptight and she's all but retired from being a plaster caster and she just doesn't want to be there at all, not after how Rennie *bitched* at her for talking to Lonnie first. I resign myself that I'm not going to see a plaster casting tonight. *Shit!*

The girls are going into Lonnie's room because that's where they left the kit. I assume they'll gather it up and we'll all go home. Tim, the drummer, a swaggering randy tall black man, checks out Lonnie's room and comes back guffawing. "They chickened out! I was all ready but they don't wanna cast tonight. I told them if they had a change of heart, I'm ready — my jools will still be here!"

Where's Lisa? Someone comes out of the road manager's room and says she's in there if I'm looking for her. They're playing the new Beatles album and, yes, it's cool to go in there. I knock on the door but it's open and I walk in and there's the road manager lying on his back on the bed with nothing on, there's a towel under his ass and Lisa is fondling his rig and absently looking at the color TV where Abbie Hoffman is doing verbal jousting with Chicago City College Cancellor Shebat, Dizzy Gillespie, Robert Q. Lewis, Pete Seeger and some others. It doesn't look as if he's doing too well but the sound is off and I can't tell. The Beatles album is playing and there in the corner on a chair is Gail with her eyes glued hungrily on the bed scene.

I'm, ah — unsettled. I turn and stare at the TV pretending to be intrigued while I panic and try to figure out how to split the room fast without putting everyone on a bummer. I turn and leave all in one gasp, mumbling something about cigarettes.

I close the door behind me and across the hall Tim's door is opening. Steve Miller is gone. The guests and friends are leaving. Rennie, I correctly surmise, is with Lonnie. Lisa was with the road manager. And I'm standing here in the hall with my face hanging out. It's the middle of the night and I'm not even sure where the hell I *am*, what does "Elk Grove" mean to me? I don't know what cab company to call, the desk is closed and I forget the address of the place I'm staying and whatthefuckamigonnado? I stand there, that's what I do. I am hoping that Tim is, um, a gentleman . . .

The morning after. The boys in the band are checking out of the hotel and everybody is saying goodbye and Steve Miller is *really* irritable. He's looking at me, half surprised to see me there. He knows Rennie was with Lonnie and Lisa was with the road manager and he's figuring I was with Tim, and boy, he's pretty crabby 'cause *he* spent the night *alone*. And in my mind I'm going hahahahah, eat your *heart* out you stupid garbagemouth, bugging the Plaster Casters like that, hahahahah.

We girls call a cab and eat breakfast in the dining room while we wait for it to arrive. When it comes and we have to take a few minutes to pay the check, get the change, leave the tip, meanwhile the driver is trying to convince this prostitute to come in the cab with us, he'll take her along because her cab is late.

But I want to talk about plaster casting in the cab and I tell him I don't want another passenger in the car. The driver shrugs and casts the hooker an apologetic, maybe a disappointed, look and we walk outside. "They probably want to make love to each other," the hooker spits.

On the way back to the house I am made aware of another dynamic. Gail is very pissed. She wanted Lonnie too. And that makes it almost certain that she'll go after Noel when Hendrix gets into town the first week in December. It's sort of like defending her honor in groupie society. And Rennie is so upset . . .

I'm still disappointed I didn't get to see a plaster cast. Lisa gives me cherry-flavored cigarette papers and Rennie kisses me goodbye at the airport. I leave Chicago with my tapes and my photographs, but somehow without my favorite shirt, and I fly back to New York.

I've received a letter from Rennie.

Dear Ellen,

Here is your shirt (it is magnificent!) Ron drove me over to the hotel and I started getting scared when he started talking about, do we ever plate people without casting 'em, but I stared out the window the entire journey and he didn't pursue it further.

What groups do we want pictures of? Oh, goodness almost everybody, if you'd really like to know. Well, Hendrix, Procol Harum, Traffic, Jeff Beck, The Who & Steppenwolf and Dianne's and my fave raves but could I get anything on the Bee Gees, Small Faces, Doors or The Herd for my groupie compatriots. Oop — almost forgot — and Rhinoceros!

Only six more shopping days 'til Jimi Hendrix. Does my stomach ever know it! (For the week before Hendrix comes to town, my stomach always goes nuts.)

Maybe by the time you get this we will have casted Terry Reid. Oh, boy!!

When are you coming back to Chicago? When, *when?* I am already missing you, my dear Ellen. Do you have any pictures up there of yourself that you can send me? Send them along with a nice fat letter, would you? SOON!!!

Practically all my love

(Noel's got the rest)

Rennie

On the envelope there is a design constructed out of the letters in "Ellen," and in the corner is this note: "Partially finished token of my love to you. Due to Terry Reid's road manager calling up and saying come on over (and NO ONE knows they're in town yet). So must cease this and hasten to get the kit ready."

On the back of the envelope, neatly lettered:

**"TODAY TERRY REID,
TOMORROW THE WORLD!"**

Maybe by now they do indeed have Terry Reid casted. But then again, maybe not. Because Rennie is a true plaster caster, yes, an artist, a pioneer, right up there in the front lines of the new morality. But rock and roll rigs, *object d'art* or no, are rigs nonetheless and ever so, well, *distracting*.

And Rennie, bless her little rock and roll heart, is first and foremost a super groupie. And that's a *very* high art in itself.



"... No, madame, we are NOT shocked by the current Nude Look, See-Through, Peek-a-Boo, Backless and Topless styles. On the contrary; remember, we administer the recently-passed Truth in Packaging law."



"The 175th anniversary of our Resistance! — and still no sign that the other side is willing to stop the slaughter, or negotiate!"



"You'll have to wait. The girls are conducting a slow-down."



"—And to my brother, James, I leave my newer kidney and both ventricles; to my nephew William, 4 feet of small intestine and an excellently working cornea; to my sister-in-law Millicent . . ."



"Be careful how you introduce the Nostalgia Show over in Germany, Japan, Italy . . ."

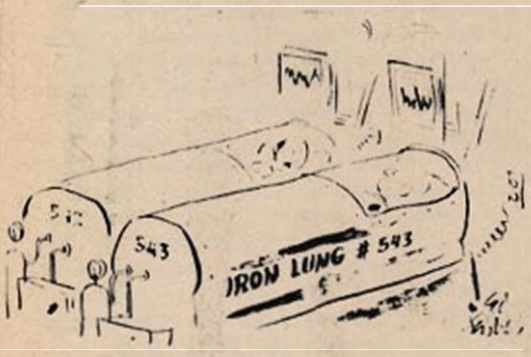
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"—I understand it's for a drama about the founding of the Republic, by LeRoi Jones."



"He started here as a worker-priest, worked his way up to foreman-priest, and now he's hand-in-glove with the management-priests."



"—And if the Establishment denies us our rights as a special minority, we start thinking up costly little ways to harass it, disrupt it, even if necessary smash it! . . ."



"When I told you to question everything, I didn't mean question Herbert Marcuse!"

CRIME AND BEDSIDE

(Continued from Back Cover)

A degree of medical ineptness that would be scandalous, if the public had not stopped being scandalized by medical scandals, is revealed in the extraordinarily high death toll from unnecessary blood transfusions. Dr. Max H. Simon, a New York State surgeon, in an address to the International College of Surgeons, stated that the annual death rate from three major complications of blood transfusions totaled 16,500. Dr. Ben J. Wilson, chairman of the surgery department of the University of Texas Northwestern's Medical School comments: "... one cannot dispute the fact that there is a tremendous loss of life and induced illness from this procedure." Dr. B. P. L. Moore, an eminent Canadian doctor, has cited evidence indicating that in the great majority of deaths from transfusions, the transfusions were probably unnecessary. Since doctors have been repeatedly warned by knowledgeable colleagues about the risks in this area, a plea of ignorance is not as understandable as it would be in the case of so many other medical matters.

Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, noted doctor and columnist, points out that a transfusion of a pint of blood is often routinely prescribed after a minor operation. The blood isn't needed; even if it were, a pint wouldn't be enough to do any good. It is, however, capable of doing a great deal of harm—which seems to intrigue doctors. The prevalent feeling seems to be, anything that harms patients can't be all bad.

The death rate from blood transfusions exceeds that from appendicitis. Considering that many of the people who die after a transfusion required only a minor operation, and consequently had little wrong with them to begin with, it isn't unfair to say that doctors are better at weeding out the fit, than nature is at eliminating the unfit.

Biggest current medical need is for some acceptable procedure that will permit a doctor to collect his fee without obliging him to earn it by damaging the patient.

Dr. Ray Trussell, a fine and courageous doctor, and the former New York City Commissioner of Hospitals, has called for the imposition of financial sanctions on incompetent doctors. Since doctors would most likely pass on these extra expenses to their patients, the chief result would probably be an increase in the cost of getting incompetent medical care.

A great many operations—whether competently or incompetently done—are unnecessary. Dr. James C. Doyle, who made a study of hysterectomies performed on 6,248 women, stated that one-third of the operations "seemed to be unwarranted." Dr. Doyle added: "An appalling number of the patients aged 20

to 29 (30 per cent) . . . had no disease whatsoever." In some hospitals, the percentage of superfluous hysterectomies ran as high as 66 per cent.

A surgeon with a tincture of mercy in his soul doesn't like to de-sex a healthy woman who has never done him any harm, particularly when she is young and pretty, and could probably bear lovely children for some lucky man. The kickback system which enfolds so many doctors, however, leaves no room for compassion.

Say the woman has a harmless fibroid tumor in her uterus that will probably never give her any trouble, and doesn't in any case warrant an operation now. If the surgeon sends her away, the general practitioner who spotted the tumor and referred her to him will stop giving him his business. Many—possibly most—general practitioners rely on surgeons' kickbacks to pad their incomes to the levels at which income tax exaction becomes worth-while. The loss of possibly several hundred dollars is one the general practitioner will not forgive. Since a surgeon's practice depends almost entirely on referrals from general practitioners, a small amount of honesty and decency on the surgeon's part can push him a long way down the road toward bankruptcy.

Many patients inevitably die under the unnecessary surgery promoted by the kickback system, martyrs to the general practitioner's need to keep body and soul together in the style to which he has become accustomed.

Additional clues to the amount of unnecessary surgery can be obtained by noting the volume of operations before and after a hospital is accredited by the American College of Surgeons—a citadel of honesty and competence that flourishes most implausibly in a climate thoroughly hostile to it. The College watches very carefully for evidences of fee-splitting and needless surgery, causing many fees as well as patients to stay in one piece.

The eminent Dr. Paul Hawley, when he was chief of the College, cited a hospital whose surgery rate plummeted from 796 operations in the year before accreditation to 298 the following one—with the patient load remaining the same. Appendectomies dropped from 305 to 66—indicating, among other things, that accreditation may be a better cure for appendicitis than surgery. It is not at all impossible, in view of available statistics, that the total number of unnecessary operations performed solely for profit outnumber the necessary ones—a matter that has not been given the attention it deserves by our criminologists.

A surgical operation performed without the consent of the patient, where no emergency exists, constitutes an assault, according to the law. When consent is obtained by misrepresentation, it can-

not be considered valid permission. In the strictly legal sense of the terms, then, a surgeon who operates unnecessarily on a patient, obtaining his consent by misrepresenting the operation as necessary, is committing assault and battery, as well as fraud, and the general practitioner who works with him is an accessory to the crime. If the patient dies, the crime becomes homicide.

The facts are not generally stated as baldly as this. It is *de rigueur* to treat the assaults and homicides of doctors with the greatest respect. The doctor is, in fact, the only kind of criminal who not merely goes unpunished for the very gravest of crimes, but is paid by the victim for committing assault and homicide on him.

He comports himself with the greatest dignity under the circumstances, removing the internal organs of healthy and unhealthy people with strict impartiality, if he is fair, and concentrating on the healthy ones, if he isn't. Throughout activities which might very well depreciate a lesser man, he maintains his self-respect, the respect of the victim, the esteem of his colleagues, and the firm support of his professional association.

Medical sources almost invariably state that fee-splitting is engaged in by only a small percentage of doctors. There are no statistics to confirm that the percentage is small; there are statistics that indicate it is large. Possibly our medical sources mean that the percentage is small compared to one hundred per cent.

"The report has been made," states Prof. Sutherland, noted explorer of the jungles of white collar crime, "that two-thirds of the surgeons in New York City split fees, and that more than half of the physicians in a north central state who answered a question on the point favored fee-splitting."

The American Medical Association has never made an authoritative investigation of the extent of fee-splitting, probably because it doesn't have a rug big enough to sweep the results under. Besides, fee-splitting is condoned by the A.M.A.* An investigation by the A.M.A. would require it to probe itself, condemn itself and possibly fire itself—commendable activities that are not likely to commend themselves to the Association. Fee-splitting, it is worth noting, is a specific violation of the law in twenty-three states, and a violation of the conditions of admission to the practice of medicine in all states.

While doctors are just like business men in their enthusiastic contempt for ethics, the law and the public, a significant difference is worth noting. The business man works his mischief at a considerable distance from his victim. He remains remote

* Dr. Robert Myers, former peppery executive of the American College of Surgeons, cites as evidence A.M.A. approval of payments by surgeons to referring or assisting physicians.

from the unpleasantness he creates, and is never forced into the character-building effort of contemplating it.

The doctor, on the other hand—the surgeon, say, who performs an unnecessary operation—works closely and intimately with his victim. Confronted by the evil of what he is doing, he rises to and transcends the moral challenge, convincing himself in some marvelous fashion that his action is useful, or necessary, or unavoidable, and therefore proper.

Like the Greek Fates who sent people to their doom, he sends his victims to theirs, contemplating the tragedy he may be wreaking impersonally, with neither pity nor joy. The fee-splitting surgeon and his general practitioner colleagues are each responsible for the cutting off, in their lifetimes, of possibly hundreds of pounds of healthy human flesh, throughout which they maintain a greater tranquility and peace of mind than Shylock would have experienced in carving out his pound.

It is this great achievement, perhaps, that builds the self-esteem of many doctors to outsize proportions. Who could soar so high above good and evil without being worthy of the greatest admiration and respect?

As noteworthy as the medical and surgical treatment doctors give to patients who don't need it, is the failure to give such treatment to persons who do. An A.M.A. committee report in 1961 conceded the point, admitting that some doctors were guilty of many abuses, ranging from unnecessary medical or surgical treatment to failure to respond to calls for medical assistance. A milestone of sorts has been reached, when a doctor will agree to treat a patient only if it isn't necessary.

Physicians who refuse aid are numerous—one doctor in two* has stated he wouldn't stop to help an auto accident victim, if he saw one stretched out on the road. Europeans—Frenchmen, say—would never understand this; a doctor's failure to aid a sick or injured person is considered a crime in France. In the U. S., punishing doctors for not extending aid to people in need of it is as unthinkable as jailing them for doing persons harm.

Another grey area doctors slink through with characteristic dignity is the testing of new possibly dangerous drugs on unsuspecting patients. The doctor gives the patient a drug which may make his condition worse, or even kill him, in return for which he collects a fee from the drug company, and another fee from the grateful patient. The least a man of conscience would do in such circumstances is not charge the patient for endangering his life, or pay his funeral expenses.

Thalidomide, a drug responsible for deforming thousands of babies born in

West Germany, while never approved by the U.S. government for sale here, was nevertheless distributed to 1,267 doctors for tests on patients. The two and a half million pills or substantial fraction thereof that circulated on their poisonous errands undoubtedly caused considerable numbers of children to be born defective. Perhaps such occurrences may be avoided in the future by paying doctors for not testing pills.

The illegal activities of doctors are not, of course, restricted to fee-splitting, or the unnecessary poisoning, assaulting, deforming, maiming and killing of people. Doctors are busy people, and their range of crimes reflects this. Sutherland summarizes these illegal activities: "In the medical profession . . . are found illegal sales of alcohol and narcotics, abortion, illegal services to underworld criminals, fraudulent reports and testimony in accident cases, fraud in income tax returns, extreme instances of unnecessary treatment and surgical operations, fake specialists, restriction of competition and fee-splitting."

Fraud in relation to phony accident claims is particularly popular. The N.Y. State Board of Regents, which reported in 1962 on a criminal investigation of 1500 New York City physicians charged with inflating bills for insurance claims, stated that the swindling practiced by all too many doctors in New York "staggered the imagination." Considering the less beneficial activities doctors could engage in instead, the public should be grateful.

It is common and respectful to say that relatively few doctors engage in criminal activities. Honest, careful and disrespectful investigations of medical crime have, however, in instance after instance, implicated a majority of physicians. In mass anti-trust actions initiated by the U. S. Department of Justice against ophthalmologists (eye specialists) for instance, a majority were found to have been criminally involved in price fixing and kickbacks to other doctors.

In 1948, the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau warned that 70 per cent of the doctors in the area were receiving rebates from medical supply houses, pharmacies, opticians and laboratories. Doc-

tors, it seems, are not only willing to practice corruption; they are ready to do so on the same thrifty level as a cop tearing up a summons in return for a sixty-cent bribe. Corruption itself may be brought into disrepute by tactics so inimical to good image building. The menace has, however, been ignored. The profession's motto remains, a doctor can do no wrong, especially when so many doctors are doing it.

Lawbreaking extends, as may be expected, to the apex of the medical profession. On Dec. 20, 1938, a Federal Grand Jury indicted the American Medical Association, three of the societies affiliated with it, and twenty-one assorted physicians for violation of the Sherman anti-trust act. The A.M.A. had been attempting to intimidate doctors affiliated with a Group Health plan in the District of Columbia.

The Association vigorously defended itself in a long series of court actions against the outrageous and accurate charges, and was just as vigorously and repeatedly found guilty. Very little was done to punish the A.M.A. aside from fining it \$2,500—a considerably smaller financial punishment than the courts incurred in bringing justice to the Association.

The public's growing distrust of the medical profession worries some of its members. The problem is to keep the public from becoming more suspicious without giving up the activities that arouse suspicion.

One most embarrassing matter is the near-impossibility of getting a doctor to testify to the malpractice of another doctor. A public that refuses to look at matters in the proper perspective—the perspective of the underworld—considers this evidence that even honest doctors are accessories to the crimes of the others.

The reluctance of the honest doctor to break out of the conspiracy against the public and peach on a colleague is understandable—revenge is as certain as it is in the underworld. The criminal who testifies against a fellow crook is likely to lose his life; the doctor, his livelihood.

Considering the alternatives, however, unemployment may not be so bad.

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		5. Alleviation of fatigue noted.
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		7. Although psychotherapy still needed, role of chemotherapy cannot be disputed.

Soft-Core Pornography: The Leaning Tower of Penis

* According to a *Medical Tribune* poll of 1,209 doctors.

CRIME AND THE BEDSIDE MANNER

by Saul Heller

There are ingenuous people left in our society who expect members of the professions to live up to professional standards of honesty. This is, of course, expecting too much. Standards in these areas, as in most others, are simply diving platforms—heights from which to reach the depths suitable for successful functioning.

Some optimists feel that education is the key to a crime-free society. Well-educated professionals, however, find criminal activity as congenial as high school drop-outs do, making it necessary to get a different key—or change the lock.

The unethical and criminal practices of doctors in the U. S. are particularly interesting, in view of the great respect with which doctors are treated. Substantial numbers of doctors send people to hospitals who don't require hospitalization, practice surgery without the qualifications for doing so, and possibly create more sickness and disability than they cure.†

The assumption that a doctor's primary function is to make sick people well indicates a degree of unsophistication that can be dangerous to life. While there are certainly many fine and ethical doctors—mine, and possibly yours—this article will consider the numerous physicians whose chief function is to get money for treating people, without reference to their degree of illness or health.

As a matter of fact, at least half of the doctor's patients are not sick at all—physically sick*—and if he sent them all to psychiatrists, it wouldn't be long before economic worries made him ready to join them.

The unethical and criminal practices of doctors are due, not merely to the insufficiency of genuine physical illness among people who circulate in and out of doctors' offices, but also to the difficulty of diagnosing and treating real illness. Treating non-existent illness, manufacturing it, and making existing illness worse are considerably simpler than curing the genuine article, making them more important than the sideline of healing the sick.

† Dr. Warren F. Draper, former Deputy Surgeon General of the United States, has commented: "Unnecessary surgery performed by reasonably competent physicians who know better, but want the money, is hard on the patient. . . . closely related are the services performed by physicians who know they are not qualified for certain work but who will attempt almost anything in order to retain the fee. The results are often gruesome."

* Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, Mayo Clinic doctor, says: "My own figures show that for one mildly psychotic person who consults a psychiatrist, there are fourteen who see a general practitioner, an internist, a surgeon or a quack." According to Dr. Walter L. Palmer, of the University of Chicago, emotional disturbances "fill half of our hospital beds and half of the doctors' offices."

The law requires the doctor to be qualified, but does not bestir itself to see that he is. Neither do the medical associations. It is not strange, in consequence, that half the operations in the United States are performed by incompetents—general practitioners who have no business practicing surgery, according to the American College of Surgeons. Considering the high incomes doctors have achieved—even a mediocre general practitioner makes \$20,000 or more per year—what the country needs are physicians as expert in medical operations as they are in financial ones.

A study made in New Jersey indicated that not one doctor in the state went to a general practitioner for surgery when he or a member of his family needed it. They went to specialists, often traveling to another state to get optimum attention. What's good enough for a sick patient is not quite good enough for his doctor, when he becomes ill. A general practitioner must get the best of care, to give his patient possibly the worst of it.

Since surgery by unqualified physicians can and does lead to disability and death, and is proscribed by the law, one might expect it to be punished. The law isn't that intolerant, of course. A general practitioner dabbling in surgery is likely to get into deeper and hotter water by advocating an increase in Medicare for old and sick people, than by operating on and killing them off. Not too long ago, a New Jersey osteopath who used improperly sterilized needles knocked off twelve patients, without incurring any legal penalty worth speaking of. The law

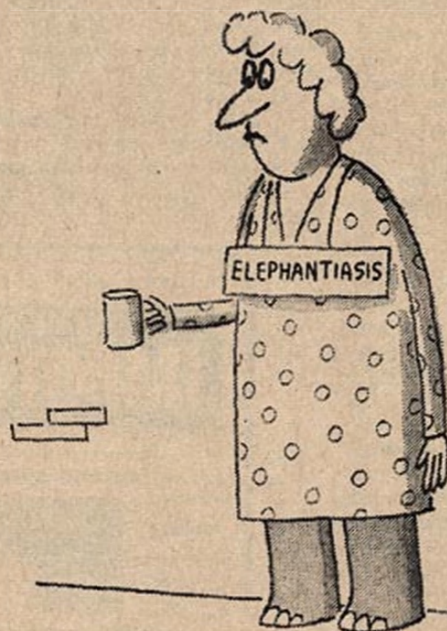
only makes a fuss over unlicensed incompetents.

The prevalence of medical incompetence in general was highlighted by a Columbia University study of medical care in New York City hospitals under the Blue Cross program. One-fifth of the patients were found to have received "poor care," another fifth received only "fair care." One-fifth of the hospital admissions were considered unnecessary. In a fifth of the general-care surgical cases, there seemed to have been unjustified delays in performing the surgery. The quality of the surgery in twenty per cent of the surgical cases was considered "poor," and only "fair" in another twenty-six per cent. A Red Cross program would not have been entirely out of place, to aid the Blue Cross survivors.

According to testimony given by Dr. Walter Modell before a Senate subcommittee, one of every twenty patients in hospitals is there because the drugs prescribed for him made him worse. The trouble may perhaps be traced to the fact that the drug company copywriter on whom the doctor relies so heavily is better at promoting drugs than at practicing medicine.

Dr. Allan M. Butler told the same subcommittee that ten to fifteen per cent of the nation's physicians practice "bad medicine." This most conservative figure still means that many thousand of people must run risks of serious illness and death, to promote the well-being of doctors whose chief qualifications for treating people is their business acumen. An ethical profession would weed out its incompetents; the A.M.A. prefers to let them weed out their patients.

(Continued on Page 22)



S. GROSS