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GO *Rock & Roll In The Global Village* MAGAZINE

A VOLUME 11 NUMBER 3 MAY 1970

DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS

THE JAMES BALDWIN INTERVIEW
words on fire

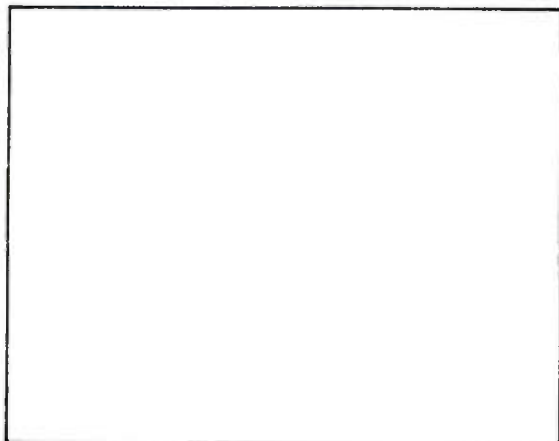
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GO MAGAZINE

Rock & Roll In *The* Global Village



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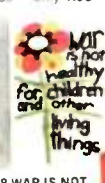
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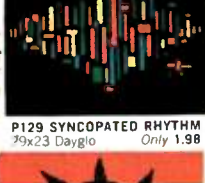
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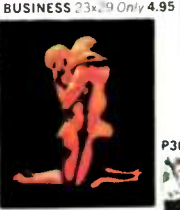
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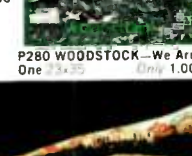
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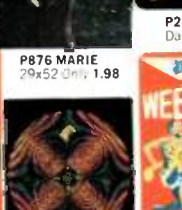
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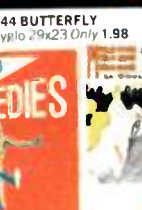
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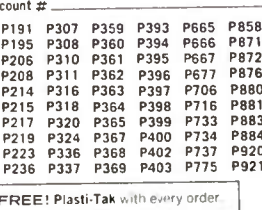
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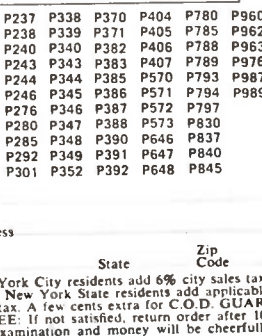
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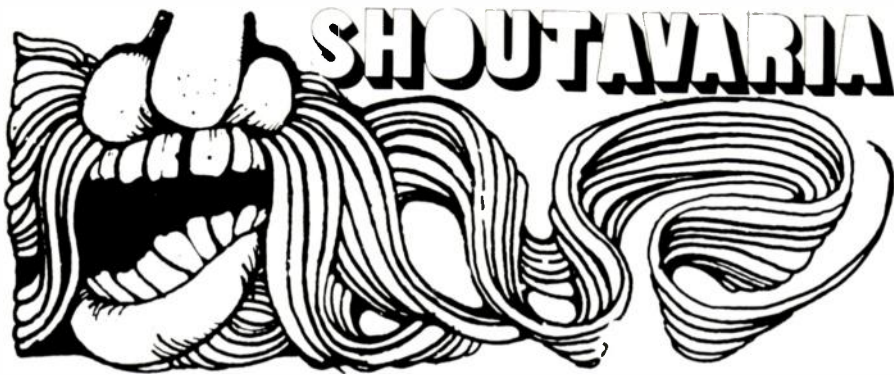
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Uncle Cheeze

I've just gone through GO Magazine for the first time and I feel it's good. I hope it gets farther away from teenybopperism from now on because it's still there.

I was interested to see that good old (?) Paul Nelson is writing your reviews. The last time I read his reviews was when he wrote for Circus. As soon as I saw his name I just had to read the column to see if he has changed. But unfortunately he hasn't. We still don't agree (probably never will - oh well). Since his column is for record reviews I couldn't understand why he reviewed the liner notes of Kooper Session and (evidently) went to the bathroom and locked the door while the album played. In my opinion if you are a heavy music fan this album is one you shouldn't miss. Especially the cuts "Bury My Body" and "Lookin' For a Home." Oh well Paul, we never have agreed. My final gripe is that Paul is still hungup on comparisons, Stones and Beatles, Everybody and Dylan. For Gods sake man, I don't care how they rate to Dylan, S.D. Cohen, and Anderson, and Siebel aren't Dylan and they sure as hell don't want to be. Would you please concentrate on each artist as a person instead of comparing him with Dylan.

Is there any chance that you would publish amateur poetry? If so I'm interested.

Peace
Lloyd Moss

Ed. - Yes.

Dear Paul,

I'm so excited you share my admiration for Paul Siebel. Do you know if he has an 8-track stereo tape out yet? Cartridge not cassette.

Could you also see that these other two things I've clipped from GO get to their proper place.

Thank you.

I think the new GO is something

that's greatly needed in the world of media. Power to you.

Sincerely,
Debbie Wolf

NYC

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading my first GO. In reading Paul Nelson's Reviews, I was completely surprised and almost started vomiting to read that he even thinks "Let It Bleed," could even compare to "Abbey Road." He said the Beatles are growing more unreal with each record and that everything the Stones touch these days is real. If anything he's got it backwards. The Stones aren't putting out music but trash, garbage that sounds about as good as a flushing toilet, at least the Beatles are putting out songs with meaning and beauty in them. I've come to two conclusions about Nelson. One is he's ignorant the other is he's tone deaf. Nelson, wise up.

Phil Kelch
Baltimore, Md.

Ed. *Alright gang, let's hear it for Paul Nelson. Altogether now. . .*

Dear Sir:

After reading your March issue, I found it to be very interesting and intend to keep on buying it.

Your stories are very rewarding and the story I found most interesting was "The Saga of Beautiful Dick." That story makes you feel like finally the world is going to be a beautiful place after all it has gone through.

Rick Bolsom you surely know how to put words together. Thank you.

Peace,
Billy

Dear Sirs:

After reading your first issue of the new "GO" I find it damn good. Your write ups on the Marshall State School and Hospital shows the need for better buildings and doctors. If all states took proper action, they could give better treatment to more patients, also, your

cont. on p. 58

TRUTH JUSTICE HONOR BEAUTY

and just
a pinch of
weirdness



WABX

DETROIT



As one rather more modest than the officious thumbs-up or thumbs-down illustration which graces the top of this column let me preface the month's remarks with a curious notion that they be accepted or rejected more as a fan's notes than as anything important or lasting. Read them, if you will, as the quirky, crotchety ravings of someone with whom you may frequently disagree, but don't let that neon sign up there have its adverse effect. Let's just talk for a few minutes, instead.

I don't want the last word about any of the specifics in question. After all, today's value judgements are tomorrow's toilet paper, as the saying goes. Anyone who believes in the exaltation of magazines and journalists, or of anything they say, is a fool and ought to be made to listen to the complete works of the Vanilla Fudge. It's not that my credences aren't clearwater enough, or that I hedge my bets, but rather an insistence on my part that seriousness and a sense of humor go hand in hand. What follows are recent thoughts about music and movies — no less and, certainly, no more.

Let's get down to cases.

Joan Baez: One Day At A Time (Vanguard). One of the minor paradoxes of life today is that Joan Baez matters so much to the various pacifist movements in this country and so little to American folk music and rock'n'roll. In a word, her morality is beatific, her music boring. And here she is again, decked out in the familiar murky mythology I've never been able to appreciate, draining the life from

Bonnie Bramlett's "Ghetto," offering a pitiful whoop or two to the Cajun classic "Jolie Blonde," perpetrating a really dreadful crime on the Stones' "No Expectations," and behaving in general as if she has no idea of what any of the songs mean. They're just words, folks, she seems to be saying, and I sing them all with my beautiful voice, isn't that nice? Not particularly.

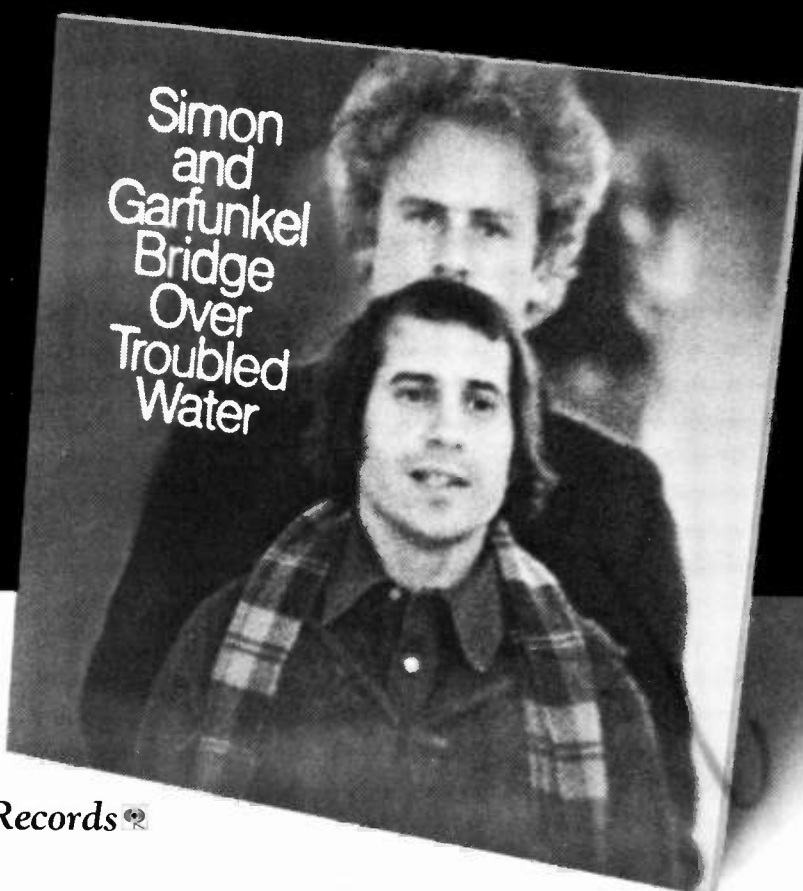
Rick Nelson in Concert (Decca) is one of those pleasant, unpretentious LPs which somehow stay on my turntable much longer than this week's latest British blues blockbuster. Its very contentment makes it something of a rarity — whoever heard of an artist whose modest grasp exceeds his reach? — and the easy-to-like performances of such contemporary evergreens as Bob Dylan's "She Belongs To Me," "I Shall Be Released" and "If You Gotta Go," Tim Hardin's "Red Balloon," Fats Domino's "I'm Walkin'," and Eric Andersen's "Violets of Dawn" provide ample reward without devious demand. A genuine sleeper.

The Beatles: Hey Jude (Apple). To mix a metaphor, saying something new and profound about John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr, and their ten olden goldies is like trying to admire Richard Nixon: impossible. "Hey Jude" in stereo is as good as Spiro Agnew is bad, and that's a lot. You want a review, you write it yourself. Instead, we can play "Paul Is Dead" games. Re the three cover photographs: in one, he's looking toward heaven: in another, his hands are clasped in the typical dead man's pose; and, in the

third, there are two red flowers growing behind him. Also, the total time of the album is 32 minutes 32 seconds. Surely, this double three-plus-two emphasis clearly indicates the presence of a fifth Beatle. And what about...?

*Song For The Asking

*Here is my song for the asking
Ask me and I will play
So sweetly, I'll make you smile
This is my tune for the taking
Take it, don't turn away
I've been waiting all my life
Thinking it over, I've been sad
Thinking it over, I'd be more than glad
To change my ways for the asking
Ask me and I will play
All the love that I hold inside*



Records 

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Nuclear Insanity

This is the second installment of the Free Form Forum. This space is for your opinions about everything and anything. You can express yourself in any form you care to and to any length you feel necessary. This month Mike Hutchison, who lives in New York, is giving his views about the nuclear insanity and what it means.



Talking with a friend the other day about the Shape of Things — down, shaking our heads, feeling the hum of that great Fan whereupon the garbage will hit one of these days; and suddenly this guy who had overheard us starts talking about The Bomb and how it's the thing that screws us all.

"Nuclear disarmament," he said, conjuring up visions of happy children dancing by pure waters and in green pastures under fallout-free skies, etc. "Nuclear disarmament" in a voice firm with dedication.

My friend began to pick his nose with active interest. There was nothing much to say. I mean, what can you say about Nuclear Disarmament? Damn. Haven't even heard anybody mention it much for just about a lot of years, not since the days when people argued about whether they had the right to shoot their neighbors if they tried to break into their fallout shelter. Air-raid drills in grade school-out in the halls and up against the walls, kiddies, and you missed a half-hour or so of class. People wondered Better Red than Dead? and it sounded nice anyway; but they already knew the answer. The Yankees always won the pennant.

On *The Beach* was a best seller, and make into a movie. And when some

critics dared to criticize the flick on aesthetic grounds, everybody and his Brother got truly uptight, because it was such a Serious Film about such an Unprecedented Pressing Problem that they thought it should be immune to criticism. Weirdos walked around carrying Ban the Bomb signs, making magazine cartoonists happy, because Weirdos were easy to draw and fun to laugh at. Ban the Bumms, haw haw. Cars grew tail-fins and people grew Cancer, and all along they talked about The Bomb.

Everybody noticed that for the first time in history, Man had the monstrous capability to annihilate himself; and they were so fascinated by the chill that went up their spine that they couldn't stop talking about it.

"Just think," they said at all kinds of cocktail parties and public gatherings, clutching their drinks a little tighter and assuming a deep philosophical tone, "for the first time in history Man has the monstrous capability to annihilate himself." Ahhh, yes. The others would nod, growl a bit in the lower throat; they too understood, shared the spine quiver. The Sword hung over their heads. They loved it.

The kids — us, the ones born after

Hiroshima — the kids had known it all along. As we grew up, the knowledge had trickled into our awareness, the knowledge that somewhere in the unknown past our country (right or wrong, by God!) had had to drop an A-bomb on the Japs and blow a lot of them to smithereens. And now they had a bigger and better one, the H-bomb, that could blow the whole earth off the face of the earth. Yep, well that's the way it goes.

The fact registered. Lying in bed at night you spent hours imagining yourself not stranded on a deserted island, like Robinson Crusoe, but as the sole survivor of the nuclear war (maybe you'd put your buddies in there with you, and that chick who sat in front of you in spelling class). Having fun imagining how you'd avoid the Fallout, how you'd live, get water — swell dreams of climbing through bombed out cities and looting candy stores. All the Topps baseball cards in the world, and no school either!

The fact registered. You watched the mushroom clouds on TV, saw how the camera shook from miles away, almost felt your own living room floor shake, the clouds billowing up, going up and up like something alive until you had to turn off the television and go to school. Later you could tune in

on the Mickey Mouse Club, Annette dressed up like a flapper twirling her beads and batting her eyes and blowing that cop's mind (it was only Bobby dressed up like one!) Or Howdy Doody – sly little Howdy – only a puppet and confined to his stage area, yet somehow able to preside over that whole crazy crew of humans and semi-humans, Buffalo Bob, Clarabelle, Chief Thunderthud, Princess Summerfallwinterspring, Phineas T. Bluster. Hey kids, what time is it? and we all knew. And then, after supper, came Captain Video and his Video Rangers, blasting through intergalactic adventures and open space in their irony roomy luxurious space ship. Spaced out.

To people who remembered the days before the idea of Nuclear Destruction came into existence, it was something unnatural – evil and threatening and above all amazing.

They wondered why, not realizing that the H-bomb was perhaps their greatest triumph, the very thing their view of life had been striving for all along.

They had wanted “progress” – they had placed value on scientific discoveries, on material comfort, on speed, power. They had wanted TV sets and satellites and no cockroaches in their clean houses, not realizing that the H-bomb came along with it. But there it was – they had created it and now they didn't know what to do with it.

To the kids, it was a fact of existence; neither good nor bad, merely a fact. They looked around and found a world full of superhighways and jukeboxes and color TVs food machines and huge jets carrying H-bombs and realized (without even thinking about it) that these things were all a part of the same thing, necessary components of the society their parents lived in. The world might blow up tomorrow; hmmm. It was a fact, all right. But it was also a fact that Annette had fine boobs. Who was to say which is more important.

It was a fact, so we accepted it. Just like we accepted the other facts we were taught in school and by our parents. The facts about American Democracy, about the necessity of that Cold War raging between the Communists and the “Free World;” the fact that history had been progressing, that things kept getting better & better, that today was the best so far – the family, capitalism, and neatly packaged TV Dinners. Facts. yes, but like all the crap you learned in school, not very important at all; certainly not as important as flipping baseball cards.

So we grew up, kind of. And all the

older people who talked at us kept saying “accept, accept.” Even the beatniks, those bearded dudes who puzzled and fascinated us, even they seemed to be telling us “accept, accept; it is the only way out.” Out, out. Well, if you say so. . .

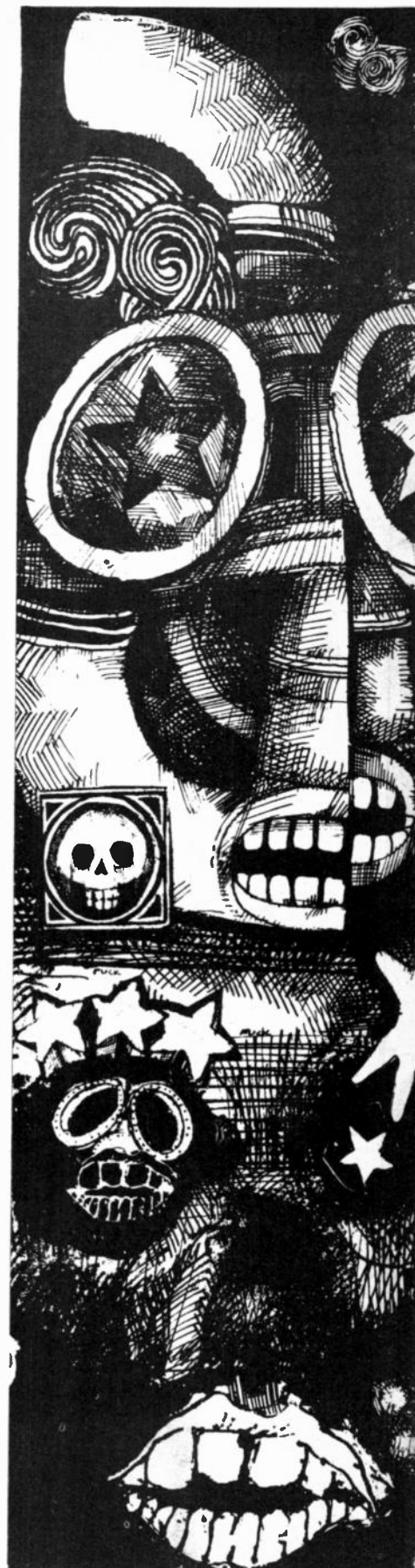
So we accepted the facts and because they didn't really interest us much, we filed them away in the back of our minds so we could get on with the business at hand – playing stickball, or chasing girls, or drinking cokes and stealing smokes at Duffy's Sunoco Station. “Where did you go?” “Out.” “What did you do?” “Nothing.”

But then it all began to happen; and suddenly we began to see that a lot of those “Facts” we'd filed away weren't facts at all, not even half truths, only lies. It all started happening, like someone had pumped a load of adrenalin into the world's heart, everything wrenching and breaking loose. 1963. Bob Dylan giving us a radically new way of looking at America, giving us the words for a lot of truths we had known all along, letting us know that we didn't have to accept the load of shit the old people were trying to give us, that in fact we ought to be pissed off about the whole thing. Hard rain's gonna fall. Stand over their graves until you're sure that they're dead.

Oh the foes they'll rise
with the sleep still in their eyes
and we'll shout from the bow your
days are numbered!
and like Pharaoh's tribe they'll be
drowned in the tide
and like Goliath's they'll be conquered.

1963 and things are getting very weird. JFK gets bumped off on a sunny afternoon, and we see suddenly that it's not like they'd told us. It's not all checks and balances, rules and procedures, work within the system, be patient because everything takes time, etc. One little man had changed the shape of the world in seven seconds with a mail order rifle. We see that History is in the hands of real people, not the historians and politicians; that History is not something in the past separated from normal life, but that it is going on all the time and that we are a part of it. Jack Ruby steps out of the crowd, gun in hand, and history twitches again. Instant re-play.

And then, the Beatles. Music you played LOUD, music that reached out and grabbed you, music that made you dance and be happy and full of energy wherever you were; and everybody else was digging it too – you smiled at each other and had to laugh out loud as the wave of sound flowed over you – and you suddenly realized that there



Mer Beck 7.



THE CHOW MEIN FREAKS

by Debbi Smith



Chinese Restaurant Syndrome: Discomfort occurring between thirty minutes to two hours after eating in a bad Chinese Restaurant. Victims report head and neck pains, numbness, nausea, and dizziness. Monosodium Glutamate (like Accent) is the cause. A popular substance for "bringing out the flavor," it is probably the no. 1 condiment in Chinese restaurants here.

Chinese Restaurant Syndrome: Discomfort occurring when one realizes one is "hooked" on Chinese food, because it is so unique.

The "habit" starts when parents coerce the child into "trying a little rice-y" at a tender age. In his teens a Sweet 'n' Sour devotee, the budding addict gets a job a block or two away from a cheap but adequate Ho Ding or Su Lung. Soon he can be found there, in the blue booth by the door, three days out of five. He may even use chopsticks.

Major cities, especially New York, do little to discourage the bamboo shoot-er. A few "Token cockroaches"

here and there, the customary bug in the soup, occasional ensuing "bathroom syndrome" – these are not enough to dissuade the die-hard "eater."

Eventually the "user" is called out of town for a few days, and he may land up in a place where there are no Chinese restaurants. The addict sulks, refuses all Pizza, enchiladas, Kentucky Fried. Mystified, his friends end up taking him miles out of their way in a midnight search for Shrimp Egg Rolls. Family and friends watch silently as their beloved lops oozy duck sauce on his rice, oblivious to the mediocrity of the food. And it's a tough habit to crack. I know. For I am yet a pawn in the ever-booming Chinese Restaurant Syndrome. This is its story.

Sometime during the 19th Century, the Chinese came to America to work on the railroads and in the factories. Many came – hundreds and thousands of them – and a goodly part of them

came illegally. They settled in the big cities: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York – for the sake of anonymity: Many of the immigrants never bothered to learn English, and there was only one alternative left them – to open restaurants. Today there are more than 1600 Chinese restaurants in New York City alone.

Not all Chinese cuisine in the U.S. is cooked by immigrants. Madame Wu, owner of Madame Wu's Garden in Santa Monica, is a granddaughter of D.T.F. Wu, First Foreign Minister for the Republic of China, and an Ambassador to the U.S. Wu coined the word "chop suey" while entertaining American friends in this country. ('Suey' means 'little pieces.')

One enters Madame Wu's and is immediately surrounded by and serenely wide open spaces. Pale, spacious rooms and starkly simple decoration merely emphasize the excellence of the food, served on delicately painted plates. Madame Wu is proud of her excellent cooking. ("I



caught a chef putting fat in with the cooking oil in the old place," she confides, "And I told him no. I can smell these things.") Highly conscious of vitamin content, vegetables are swished around so fast in the pans of Madame Wu, little value is lost. She includes a few vegetarian dishes on the menu and confesses that her own consumption of meat is very low. She stands to reveal a tiny, shapely body, a living testament, she says, to the healthfulness of Chinese food when it's cooked correctly. There is little fat, she adds, in Cantonese-style cooking, and a lot of protein.

Madame Wu's Garden is easily the best in the Los Angeles area. Friendly, witty, and diplomatic, Madame Wu knows the best publicity is by word of mouth, so she cultivates her clientele, helping them to order and pasting pictures of celebrities in her scrapbook. Nureyev, Cary Grant, Mayor Sam Yorty — they all come to Madame Wu's.

"But most of the celebrities we get

in there are just like the rest of the public," she sighs. "They know only two dishes: Egg Foo Yung and Chicken Chow Mein. Even Frank Sinatra has the Chow Mein — won't have anything else. It's very depressing." She also serves fortune cookies. "Yes, we have them here. But in China we don't."

Madame Wu decided to open her first restaurant years ago, when she was attending school in the States. "My friends and I would go to Chinatown and I would be embarrassed to death."

Those ubiquitous tales of Cat Chop Suey and Cockroach Pellet Soup come racing back as I remember walking very close to Dad through Manhattan's Chinatown at night. Neon signs and late-night groceries, chock-full of weirdly smelling herbs and wide-eyed, obscene fish glaring out of glass cases. Kids — every single one clear-skinned and beautiful — running along the gutters, chattering in monosyllables, running into hallways with blue paint

peeling from the walls. Their elders, the Inscrutable Generation, didn't even look at us as we compared Groups A, B, and C on a thousand different downstairs menus of a thousand upstairs restaurants. Won Ton Soup — the New York Won Ton — is the best in the world, and there are crunchy noodles to plop on top of it. You watch a roach scramble under a crack in the wall, but when you're a kid you shut up about it. You get a red fan or a giant Yo Yo if you don't tell Mom till after the meal. But Madame Wu is still speaking.

"You see, the trouble with most Chinese restaurants is they don't read the papers, and don't know what's happening. When the public's worried about saturated fats, they won't change to oil cooking. They don't know, and they don't care. When we heard, for instance, that MSG made people in New York sick, we cut it out immediately."

Ginger ice cream is served. "Your own blend?" I drool. "Dutch-Maid,"

says Madame Wu. "Business is not too good for restaurants in Los Angeles, you know. In New York people go out more, sometimes right after work. They walk along the street and go, 'Oh, here's a Chinese; and pop! they're in. Here people have lovely homes, and they like to entertain in them. So we make quite a bit from catering parties in Beverly Hills."

Polynesian-Chinese cuisine? She laughs. "The high-class Chinese refugees go in for atmosphere because they can't get the cooks. Don the Beachcomber, Trader Vic's, Tonga Lei — very beautiful atmosphere. The food? So-so."

Lim, headwaiter at Tonga Lei in Malibu, doesn't argue. "The decor draws people in, we have no competition in this area, and the view (of the Pacific) can't be beat. Most people come for the decor and the drinks."

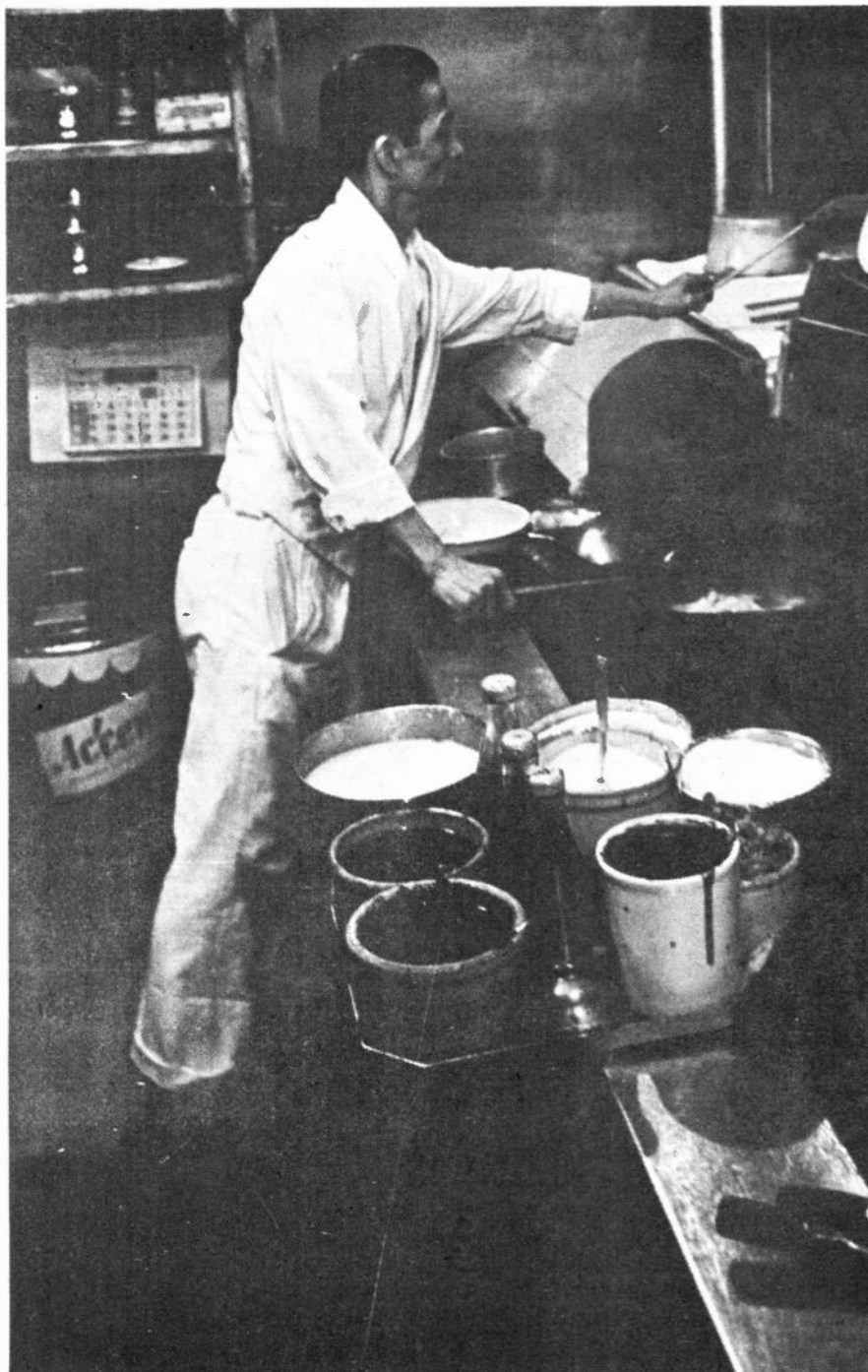
The drinks. For even occasional drinkers, Tonga Lei is a grown-up Disneyland. You enter through flaming torches and over a tiny bridge. It is very dark inside: red and green-eyed Tiki gods stare down from the walls, while red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple, gold, pink, and white globes in fishnetting are the only other light. You sit in bamboo booths, watching the ocean come up to your window. Those drinks are strong and enormous. Suffering Bastard, Cocoa Bo, Kapu ("Forbidden"), Scorpion, Zombie — they're all here in their brain-softening tropical glory. Tonga Lei is ten years old and doing fine.

"You go into a regular Chinese restaurant," says Lim, "Get a Scotch on the Rocks, and it hits you right away. Here, you sip the fruit juices, and they hit you slowly. People look for the kick we have in our drinks — they have a few and let the drinks creep up. By that time the food comes and they're having a good time." The food? "It's okay," he says.

Shun Lee Dynasty is the only four star Chinese restaurant in all of New York. "Go — Go!" redheaded Jane, a fellow glutton/gourmet, commanded. "You will DIE!!!"

And a fine meal it was — spicy Hot and Sour Soup, strange but succulent appetizers, Mo Shu Ro (pork, eggs, and tiger lily leaves wrapped in gossamer pancakes), and kumquats. Masters of Szechuen (Peking) cuisine, Shun Lee serves the highly spiced dishes of the region. Though of the main schools of Chinese cooking in the U.S. (Shanghai, Peking, Cantonese) Cantonese is served in nearly all the Chinese restaurants, Szechuan cooking is finding its popularity snowballing in Manhattan.

Still, according to most Chinese



restaurants, Canton cooking wins Middle America all the time, probably because it's not highly spiced, and is very rarely greasy (unlike the Szechuen style). And for honest-to-God Manhattan Chinese eating, it's the Canton Village on 40th.

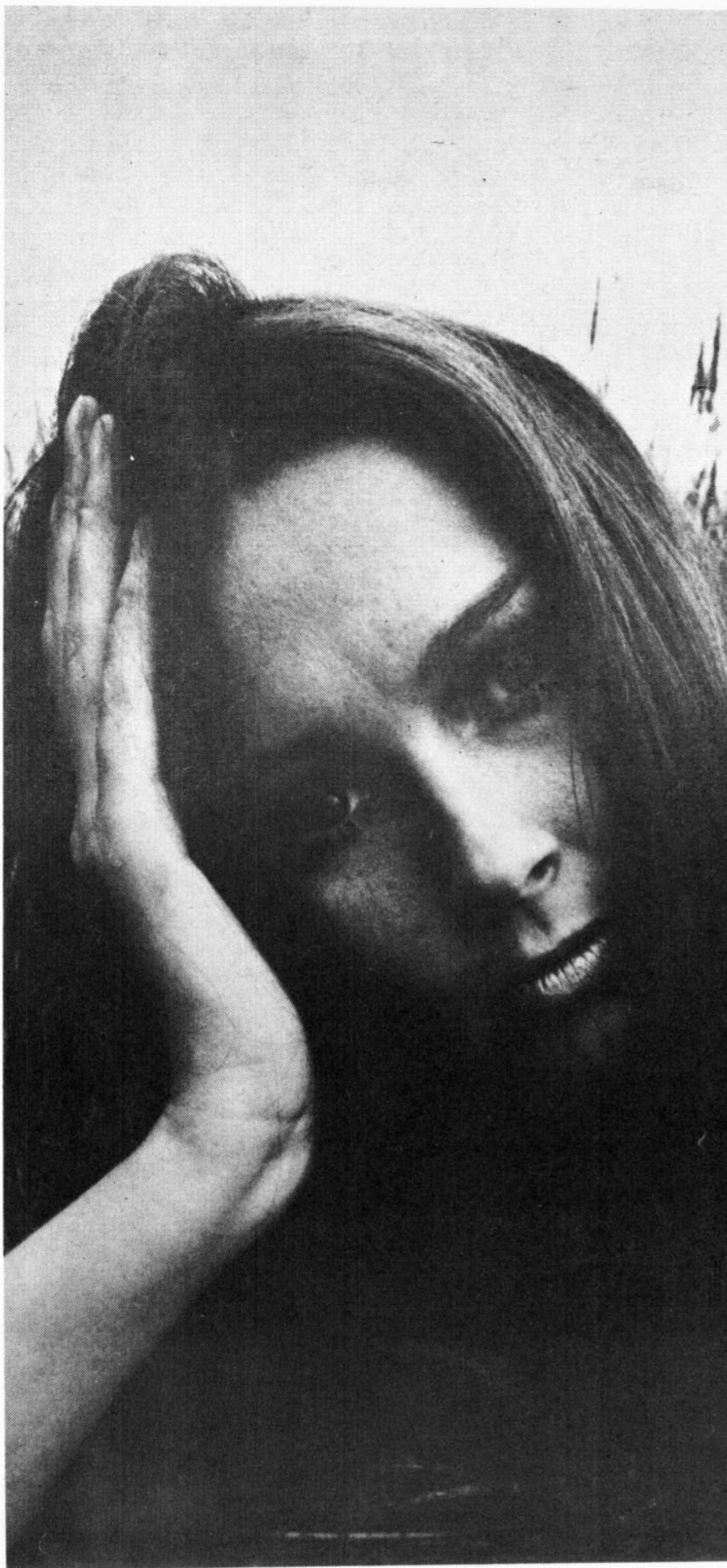
Open from 11:30 a.m. to 5 a.m., the Village feeds great multitudes of wrestlers, actors, celebrities, regulars, and the Times Square tourists, too, in unpretentious surroundings, Leo, who runs Canton Village, is proud of the clientele.

"Tuesday night we had Grampa Munster in here — you know him? — Ten o'clock p.m.," he beams with satisfaction. "Want to see?"

He pulls out one of the those white business cards. On the back of the card it says, "Regards — Al Lewis. 'Grandpa Munster.'"

"That's really nice," I say. "You like it?" says Leo. "You take it." "Oh, hey," I hedge, "It's really great, but don't you want it?" It is too late. Leo won't hear of it, and waves the thought away, along with my protests and thanks. "Aw, we get them here all the time," he grins. "Louie Armstrong and everybody."

Kevin the photographer and I get busy lining up the chefs and waiters for pictures. One waiter refuses to pose. Who invented the fortune cookie?



"I'm a believer ...are you?"

"I believe in love. I believe
in people. I believe the world's
a great place.

I believe (most of the time) in
myself.

Most of all,

I believe in believing.

Even when I'm in a skeptical mood,
believing is more fun than not.

Maybe that's why I groove on Zodiactronics.

It lifts me up. It makes me
laugh. Even when the joke's on me.

I confessed a few little
things to Zodiactronics and
they came back with pages
of things about me I never knew before.

Intimate, personal things.

All in a thing called my
Astrological Life Chart.

It's great.

It helps me to cope with the loves
in my life ... with my teachers ...

with my boss ...

even with those unpredictable
ups

and downs I have.

I don't know how I ever got along
without my Life Chart.

Want yours?

Just fill in the facts
about your birthday on the reply
coupon and send it to Zodiactronics.

In a few days you'll find your
Astrological Life Chart in your
mailbox. It

costs \$5.00. But you don't have
to send any money now. The Zodiactronics
people will trust you. They're
believers, too."

Zodiactronics

Box 230, Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

Yes ... I want my Astrological Life Chart.
Rush it to me as soon as possible.

☐ I'm enclosing my check for \$5.00.

☐ Trust me now and bill me later.

Mr. _____

Mrs. _____

Miss _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

DATE OF BIRTH

Mo. _____ Day _____ Yr. _____

PLACE OF BIRTH

City _____

State _____

Country _____

TIME OF BIRTH*

A.M. _____ P.M. _____

*Not necessary, but helpful. J1



Electronique Fantastique



There is a unique new album called "Ceremony"

It's a major recorded fusion of rock with
electronic music.

It's the first venture of French electronics
composer Pierre Henry into rock.

It's the first
religious ceremony in rock and electronics.

"Ceremony" was composed
by Spooky Tooth's Gary Wright and
Pierre Henry, France's
foremost composer of electronic music.

It is performed by
Henry and Spooky Tooth.

Ceremony

Is Unique.

Produced by

Spooky Tooth | Pierre Henry

for A&M Records.



The Lonely Passion of James Baldwin

by C. Robert Jennings

In July of 1968, an article, based on an interview with author James Baldwin, was printed in New York Magazine. It's 1970 now and some of the names and events that dominate today's news weren't even mentioned in that interview. And yet the essence of what Baldwin was saying is currently more important than ever. Through the courtesy of New York Magazine and the article's author we are reprinting the piece.



"If I am a writer, I should try to improve a troubled world, and try to be numbered among the great artists of my race."

—James Baldwin, age 13.

A tensile sliver of Haitian mahogany, he is slight, black, jagged, young, but his pain is patently old and central — wounded eyes, scarred nose and deep facial creases are witness to it — and one remembers a character in one of his books with "pain so old and deep and black that it becomes personal and particular only when he smiles." He smiles easily; but just now, in an unextraordinary house on the lower slopes of Palm Springs' San Jacinto Mountain, he sips coffee served by a whimsical Negro named Walter and scowls with Russian gloom and talks long-distance in a hurried, sometimes muzzy staccato. From faraway Madison Avenue, Harold Hayes, editor of *Esquire* is "checking" a recent interview and saying, with less gratuitous flattery than gritty fact, that his subject "talks better than most people write."

For comfort he is barefoot, his brown shirt hanging out and open all the way down the front. Nearby, on a vast coffee table crowded with cough syrups, Kleenex, playing cards, jelly beans, Pall Malls, memos ("Call Fred

Zinnemann"), white bond and yellow-lined paper, Free Presses, invitations ("To meet Princess Margaret..."), typewriter, whiskey, a freeform metal sculpture looking appropriately like movie-celluloid, lies the near-finished treatment of the film version of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. A silver dagger weights its loose leaves. He has retitled it, *One Day When I Was Lost*, and above all things just now, it hangs with Damoclean imminence over the ferocious passion of James Baldwin.

While he makes suggested "fixes" a large colored man in white suede scuffs, Bermuda socks and shorts enters looking like a benevolent Abdel Nasser. I rise to introduce myself and, still somewhat flustered by the sight of so many blacks in deadly white Palm Springs, miss his name between blushing gulps of Ballantine ale. (He misses mine, too.) It is noon, and Walter pours a burly Chivas Regal. The banter is polite, puzzled, mostly mindless, until he casually mentions that he is enjoying a quiet rest at the nearby villa of Winthrop Rockefeller. "He's only here for about ten days every winter, so he left the house to me and my family for a few days."

The mind tingles with beery bourgeois stereotypes — valet? butler? chauffeur? — and, after a series of

tentative but vain probes, I make the plunge — "he must be a good guy to work for, but how do you like living in Arkansas?" — and promptly sink.

The man is Whitney Young Jr. — he has to spell it out now — executive director of the National Urban League, syndicated in 100 newspapers across the land, one of the three or four top-echelon Negro leaders in the nation, one of two with a direct pipeline to the White House (the other: Roy Wilkins) and perhaps the only one welcome in any boardroom in America.

After nearly an hour, Baldwin is off the phone and into a new outfit all in brown and we repair to the spectacular Rockefeller spread for drinks, solemn talk and unsolemn viands by the pool. The children and servants line up near the door to greet us, and Baldwin shakes hands with each of them graciously. "The help is so aware," says Mrs. Young assuringly. But when Margaret Young turns to the honoree with "The kids have been saying, 'Guess Who's Coming to Lunch?'" and laughs, I muse: she should have said it to me, uninvited, unexpected, conceivably unwanted, of different skin-color and, thanks to my gaffe, feeling lower than a gnat's heel.

Which brings us to the point, the

point of James Baldwin, black *enfant terrible* of American letters and first to point out, with bitter irony and eloquence, not only that the emperor has no clothes but that he has no color. "The only thing worse than being black in America is being white," he says, shifting his oblique fury my way. "Segregation doesn't mean I am segregated. You are. We all are. I know all about you, but you don't know me. It's not our problem, it's yours. If we can properly exploit these tragedies (King's and Kennedy's deaths), we can prevent another one. If this doesn't do it, nothing will. You can write off the country. If we do not manage to live together now, we won't manage to live at all. I don't want to see any more blood — anyone's blood. My God!... No white liberal knows what Ray Charles is singing about. We're not in trouble, you are. The collision between the revolutionary impulse — now noble or romantic, if you will — and a kind of self-interest that says you can become part of the American apple pie, is symbolized by Shirley Temple Black — we don't need her; she needs us."

Thus it is to white that Baldwin speaks so vividly rather than simply for Negroes. Indeed, he says, "I'm bored with being a Negro." He just wants to be people, but he is acutely aware that the question of color is still "a fearful and delicate problem, which compromises, when it does not corrupt, all the American efforts to build a better world."

Whitney Young listens intently to Baldwin, though the two symbolically polarize the revolution. This day they are brought together in the common cause of brotherhood, though Young laughs uneasily when Baldwin jabs, "You're not black, you're sort of fried chicken brown!" Young sloughs it off with a little name-dropping and a capsule account of his trip to Vietnam, and Baldwin counters, "It is fantastically ironical that the big-city Negro, off-duty, is still going to his own places, like the Senegalese did when the French were in Saigon."

Someone mentions the *Advisory Commission Report on Civil Disorders*. "I've lived through a mountain of these reports," says Baldwin, "and there's nothing new in it that every junkie in Harlem doesn't know. I've always known it was the whites — let them cool it, especially their police departments. I've been learning it for 400 years. I'm the one who's been slaughtered, I'm not the murderer here. I've been the one to tote that barge and lift that bale, baby... The absence of disorder in Watts? They got the point down there. They're not

listening to Sam Yorty. The game is called Enough Rope."

"I think it's a whole new ballgame," says Young, "partly out of enlightened self-interest, partly out of fear. If it wasn't for the rioters, Henry Ford would not call me and say, 'I need your help.'" Baldwin is clearly unimpressed with Henry Ford, and he is not optimistic about the future, and he flares again: "I don't think Martin's death changed anything. The Establishment is using it as a whip over the black people's heads, as an excuse for tanks in the streets. I don't think it reached the conscience of this country — if the country has a conscience. No one has said to the white people that they're the ones to cool it. They have the guns, they have the power. All these assassinations, and no guilty party has yet been found. There are still 50 unsolved murders and bombings in Alabama alone. I walk through any Deep South town and I know who threw the bombs. The black cats tell me — you can see them on their lawns every Sunday playing baseball with the FBI. This farce about Martin's assassination — it is the spirit of the state, it is the will of the people, it is not one psychotic assassin. The hand that pulled the trigger did not buy the bullet."

At the same time, Baldwin is not in accord with Black Power leaders Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael. "I think Rap is a kid," he says. "He and Stokely talk too much. I'm much more dangerous than they are. If you're going to fight a guerilla war, you don't get up on a soapbox and say so. It's a great shame Malcolm is dead because he's the only cat who could have the ear of those kids — he'd never approve of Stokely. The problem now is how to invest the kids with the morale that it does take time. To somehow reach the kid so he'll know it isn't hopeless. What the Christian Church did with Christ, we might have done with Malcolm."

"Stokely keeps talking about getting guns, but that's not really where the problem is. All that controls me is that I'm not about to send this generation out to die. The kids simply want action, and until this moment the country hasn't given them that. It cannot be done with guns. I'm not being moral or Christian when I say that. I'm just being factual. They're in the streets all summer long 'cause there ain't no place to go. A ghetto can be improved in one way only: out of existence."

After many cucumber sandwiches and much seafood salad, a steady procession of beers and whiskies, Jimmy Baldwin prongs his fingers

histrionically for a steely goodbye to Whitney Young: "When I'm talking remember I'm not talking to you, I'm talking to them." He is at once tense, graceful, epicene and dramatic.

Later in his own living room, Braques and Picassos mutely watching, Baldwin scribbles some script notes in finishing-school longhand: "And the mother's fears increase, and the conflict between her and her husband, and the difference between them, grow. We focus on Malcolm, watching and listening and now he has begun to feel sorry for his father." He underlines the last ten words. He wants Ossie Davis and his wife, Ruby Dee, to play Malcolm's parents. Dinah Washington sings "Drinking Again and, like all the songs he plays — Aretha Franklin, Mahalia Jackson, Bessie Smith — he plays them loud to drown the lonesomeness."

He stops writing: "I got to bust out of here. Palm Springs is Death Valley. Eartha Kitt's got all these houses everywhere, and I'm going to move into one of them in Beverly Hills. This is Another Country. Only this country is a strange place to me. It's a millionaire's graveyard. I'm not a millionaire, and I'm not about to die. All I'm doing is working hard..."

He talks balefully of his heart attack two years ago in London. "It was a sort of male panic. I found it frightening to meet the halfway point. But I'm finally beginning to grow up. I've begun again. Everything's cool now. My new novel (*Tell Me How Long The Train's Been Gone*) is out now, and it's my best one, baby. It's about a very famous Negro actor who has a heart attack in the middle of life. It is an attempt to find out what knocked him down. Henry James said that presently no one in America will be able to survive success. It destroys your public life and private life unless you're very strong. It's what my novel's about. The thing is to know it. Your only freedom is knowing you cannot possibly survive it. You become famous because you're lonely and then fame compounds it, but then there you are — you become MORE lonely when you are famous. Emerson said be careful what you set your heart upon for it will surely be yours. I am famous, I am lonely, and I am furious."

He strikes poses, walks about the long white room, straight Scotch on ice in one hand, cigarette holder in the other jutting off one hip. "I know I come on dramatic," he says laughing, "but I'm not entirely what I look like. I may have been young once, but I was never stupid. I have been way down yonder in the valley by myself, when I

"I've been scared since the day I was born and

couldn't hear nobody pray. Except, occasionally, me."

"But doesn't his pamphleteering abrade his artistry? "It was a monumental collision and it was awful. I know what I'm doing, but I'm trapped — I know that too. I have to do both. Since I'm much more patient now, much more single-minded, it's easier to deal with my essays. I'm still a novelist first, but my intellect is my greatest handicap — you calculate your moves. I'm far too cerebral. Love, murder, disaster come out of the same depths. So does writing."

Unlike his friend Truman Capote, he doesn't sniff at screenwriting: "Cinema is an art in the hands of an artist, and I am an artist." At one point William Styron and Norman Jewison wanted him to transmute the controversial *Confessions of Nat Turner* to film: "Bill Styron asked me several years ago if he could and should write about blacks. One never is writing about white or black people: you're writing about people who have no color, and I told him to write it. It has nothing to do with history or the real Nat. Here is Bill, a white Southerner, trying to deal with something that happened to him — in that sensibility Nat Turner would have to be a very menacing event. He has done a great service to deal with the terror that has been in American minds since the very beginning. It's a terrible indictment of Christianity; the whole book is drenched in blood and the Old Testament. As someone in it says, 'The Negro slave will last a thousand years.'"

Exhausted, he flops into a chair and washes down a potful of "hoppin'john" (black-eyed peas and rice) with Pouilly-Fuisse: "Hope you like soul food baby... I'm the last black cat left, y'know — Medgar, Malcolm, Martin are gone, the three Ms. They were all friends of mine. Whitney needs me now. I would not be a white man now for all the rice in Southeast Asia. I'm not a Negro leader, but I am representative of the Negro in some sense — I'm a revolutionary in a way Whitney could never be. He is a respectable cat. I'm not respectable. I refuse to be respectable. I know who I am. I'm a novelist and an actor and what you listen to is what people aren't saying. I think Whitney and Roy are both trapped. None of them had any jobs in

their hands for anybody — Whitney said to me, 'I can no longer go to the people empty-handed.' It's not their fault. Martin had a dream, y'know, but he also said we don't need dreams, we need jobs. That wasn't his fault — it's the country's fault. A country which can blow off the heads of our presidents and our Kings and systematically shoot down our little black children in the streets can do anything. And if we don't do something about it now, we may turn out to be a worse disaster for the fate of nations than Germany. I mean that from the bottom of my heart, and it is to the heart that ultimately we must listen."

James Arthur Baldwin has been listening to his heart since the day he was born in a Harlem tenement 43 years ago; and that sensitive organ has done noble combat with a tough mind ever since. The resulting debris is neither exfoliated from nor assimilated inside his frail body, and it is for this reason that Jimmy's numberless friends wonder aloud why he is still alive. He is a walking wound, an open sore or, in the words of his on-again, off-again pal, Norman Mailer, "an exposed nerve." It is for this reason too that he can galvanize blacks with his white heat and rivet whites with a Black Boy's love — pure, boundless, troubling. He doesn't want "to be fitted" into the fabric of American life — he wants to reweave it. And so he does, in a coruscant melding of King James Bible and Billie Holiday, the rhetoric of the storefront church and Charles Dickens; though he says, "My private models are not Hemingway, not Faulkner, not Dos Passos, or indeed any American writer. I model myself on jazz musicians, dancers, a couple of whores and a few junkies." And thus he is able to confront us not merely with the wails of Ray Charles — "and where they come from" — but with the human predicament. Writing about him is like grabbing smoke or, more accurately fire.

It was the appearance of *Nobody Knows My Name* in the early '60s that made Jimmy a star; at this point too he became an *homme engage* in the civil rights movement for all time, aware as he was and is that "it demands great force and great cunning continually to assault the mighty and indifferent fortress of white supremacy." During the 1963 chaos in

Birmingham, he told Attorney General Robert Kennedy: "This crisis is neither regional nor racial. It is a matter of the national life or death. No truce can be binding until the American people and our representatives are able to accept the simple fact that the Negro is a man."

Kennedy suggested a secret meeting with Baldwin and other influential blacks. Instead of expected "leaders," Baldwin, trundled in Lena Horne, Harry Belafonte Lorraine Hansberry "and some other talented cats." When Lena told RFK she didn't know a single Negro who trusted the FBI, Bobby's assistant Burke Marshall replied lamely: "It's a specially-trained organization, we don't have any other." Snapped Lena: "Then you better find one." Says Baldwin: "Bobby was shattered by Lena's performance. He thought she was the black Joan Crawford. She knew who she was and it wasn't the pork-chops-in-the-sky gal of those films. She kept flashing those eyes and those teeth and saying to Bobby, with a spinning kind of irony, 'But you do cai-ere, don't you?' " (He did.) Adds Baldwin: "I was chilled by the look in Bobby's eyes at first. What I felt about him was the frustration of my being Cassandra. Hamlet was not his story. I won't vote for either party unless they change."

Another novel followed (*Another Country*, a potpourri of sex and race in which he tried to show that "everything that breathes is holy") and one bitter, beautiful play, *Blues for Mister Charlie*, which wrecked his health again. Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead wanted him to open the Lincoln Center Repertory Company with it, but he spurned them because "I didn't want to be the nigger in the window."

Then there were the fabled debates with William Buckley, one in Cambridge which Baldwin won hands down, with the first standing ovation accorded anyone in this century; one in New York which he lost because "I was trying to do what Martin was doing, I still hoped one could make people listen. But Bill's a bully, he can't listen, he uses weapons I simply won't use. I said people who live in the ghetto don't own it, it's white people's property. I know who owns Harlem. He said, 'Do the landlords tippy-toe

I'll be scared to the day I die."

uptown and throw the garbage out the windows?' And I tuned out. If a cat said that to me in life, I'd simply beat the hell out of him. He was saying Negroes deserved their fate, they stink. To my eternal dishonor, I cooled it, I drew back and I lost the debate. I should have beat him over the head with the coffee cup. He's not a serious man. He's the intellectuals' James Bond."

But it was in the clear and exquisite eruptions of his New Yorker essay, "The Fire Next Time," that Baldwin made perhaps the most profound contribution to the revolution of any man in our time. Scorning to protect his rear, seasoning his indignation with lamentation, challenge with hope of redemption, he concluded: "If we — and now I mean the relatively conscious whites and the relatively conscious blacks, who must, like lovers, insist on, or create, the consciousness of the others — do not falter in our duty now, we may be able, handful that we are, to end the racial nightmare, and achieve our country, and change the history of the world. If we do not now dare everything, the fulfillment of that prophecy, recreated from the Bible in song by a slave, is upon us: God gave Noah the rainbow sign, No more water, the fire next time!"

It is in the same prophetic piece that Baldwin speaks of his first brush with the Black Muslim movement, which he is now chronicling for the screen. In the wispy but potent presence of Elijah Muhammad, who preaches that Allah will wreak vengeance on all "white devils" Baldwin found himself longing to defend his white buddies: "I suddenly had a glimpse of what white people must go through at a dinner table when they are trying to prove that Negroes are not subhuman. Elijah and H.L. Hunt are really saying the same thing — separate, separate."

Since then, of course, the Muslim's number two man, Malcolm X, severed all ties with the movement and, at the moment he might have become U.S. brotherhood's most bracing force, was shot down in cold blood. That same day in London, Baldwin railed at white journalists: "You did it! It is because of you — the men who created this white supremacy — that the man is dead. You are not guilty — but you

did it. Whoever did it was formed in the crucible of the Western world, of the American Republic. Oh my God!"

When Kazan approached him about transposing Malcolm's story into a play, Baldwin was "very excited" about it. "Later, I heard Hollywood wanted to do it and my reaction was cynical. It seemed like a waste of time. Also, I had been very sick finishing my novel, and I'd been to Hollywood before (working with Tony Richardson on *Another Country*, never produced), and I had other things to do. It's a very abnormal project — they can't do it ten years from now with Betty Grable — so I said, forget it, I'll do it on very abnormal terms — I approve director, cast and final cut. It's my neck. I'll be the guy who gets shot in the barbershop." He'll also be the guy who gets \$200,000 plus percentages. ("I have made a lot of money, but I'll never have any money; I'd have done this for nothing.") And he's the guy who conned Columbia into hiring, as a \$1000-a-week consultant, Malcolm's widow Betty Shabazz, who was left with six children and no inheritance.

Since Sidney Poitier is as quick, charming and charismatic as was Malcolm (never the sinister spook so many imagined), and since he is under contract to Columbia, the casting of *The Black Angel* in the leading role seemed inevitable. "It's true they wanted Sidney originally," says Baldwin, "but I said Sidney could never do it and they could either have him or me."

With paradigmatic Baldwin ambivalence, he adds: "I'm scared to death about it. One's always scared, but it's got to be my greatest performance, and the odds are very much against me. But I'll bring it off. I have one great weapon — I have nothing to lose, only my life. I cannot blow this gig. I'm scared. But I've been scared since the day I was born, and I'll be scared to the day I die. If you're scared, walk toward it. The act of working is an act of faith and I will find what I need. It's always a leap in the dark. They keep raising the stakes and raising the rope and there's no net. The whole effort is to do it from the inside; otherwise, you only have a propaganda poster. Since Martin's death, the terror is both more and less. Less because it shows me what I have to do; more because the responsibility

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STEREO ROCK



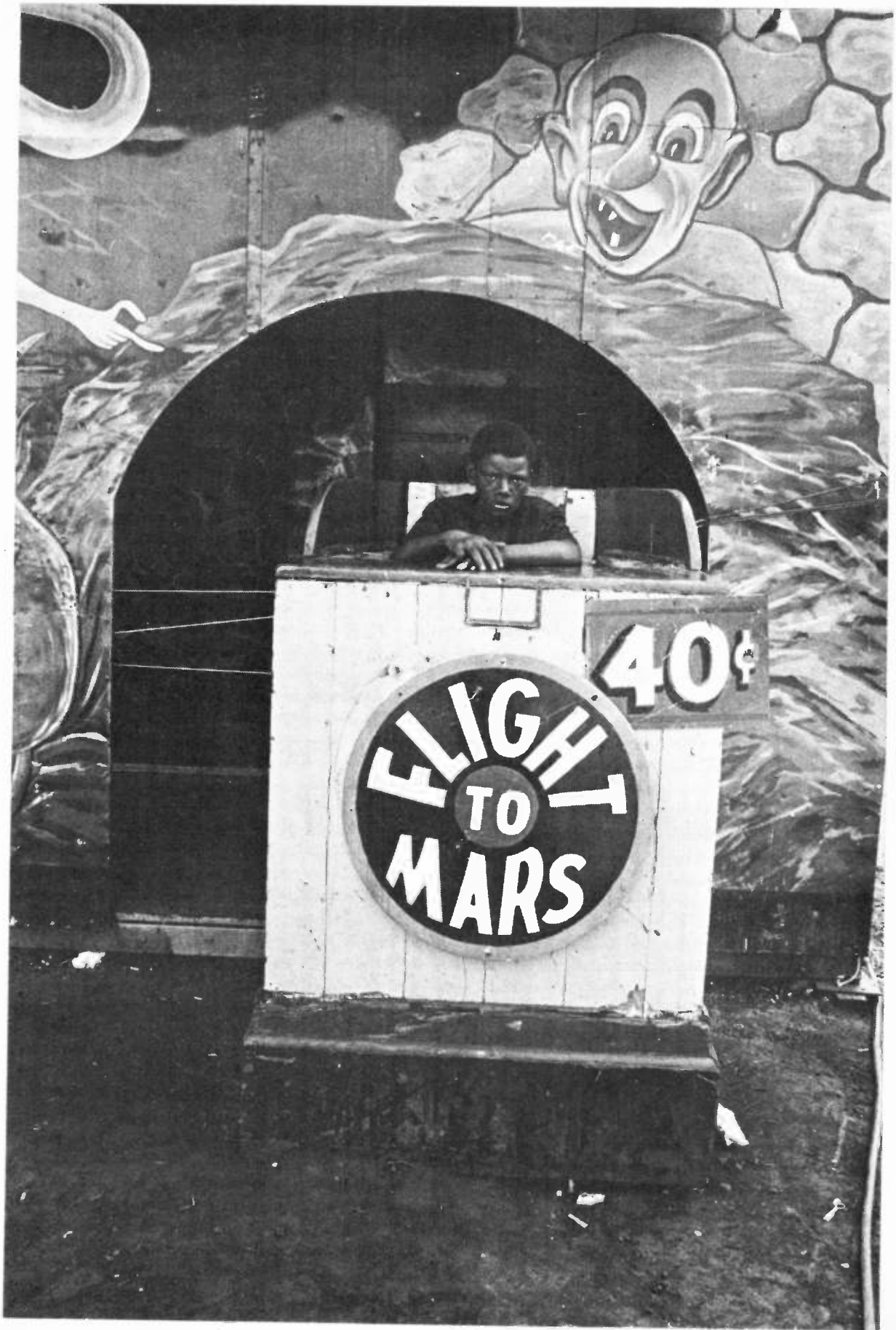
PHILADELPHIA



EVERYBODY'S THING

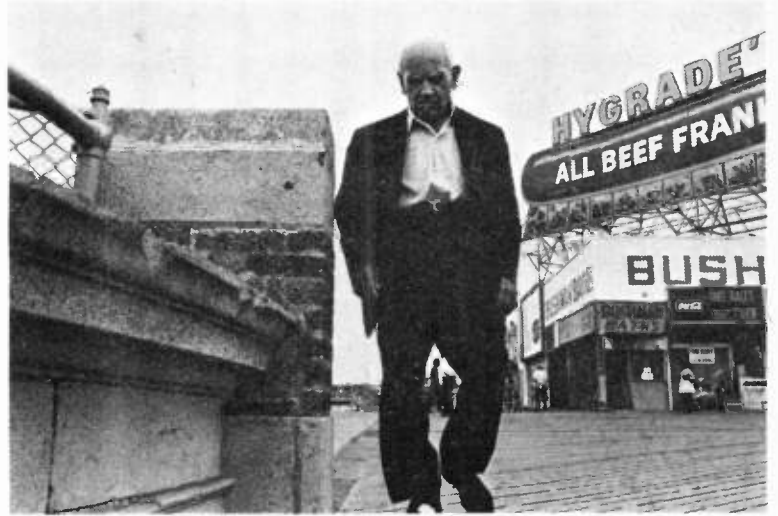
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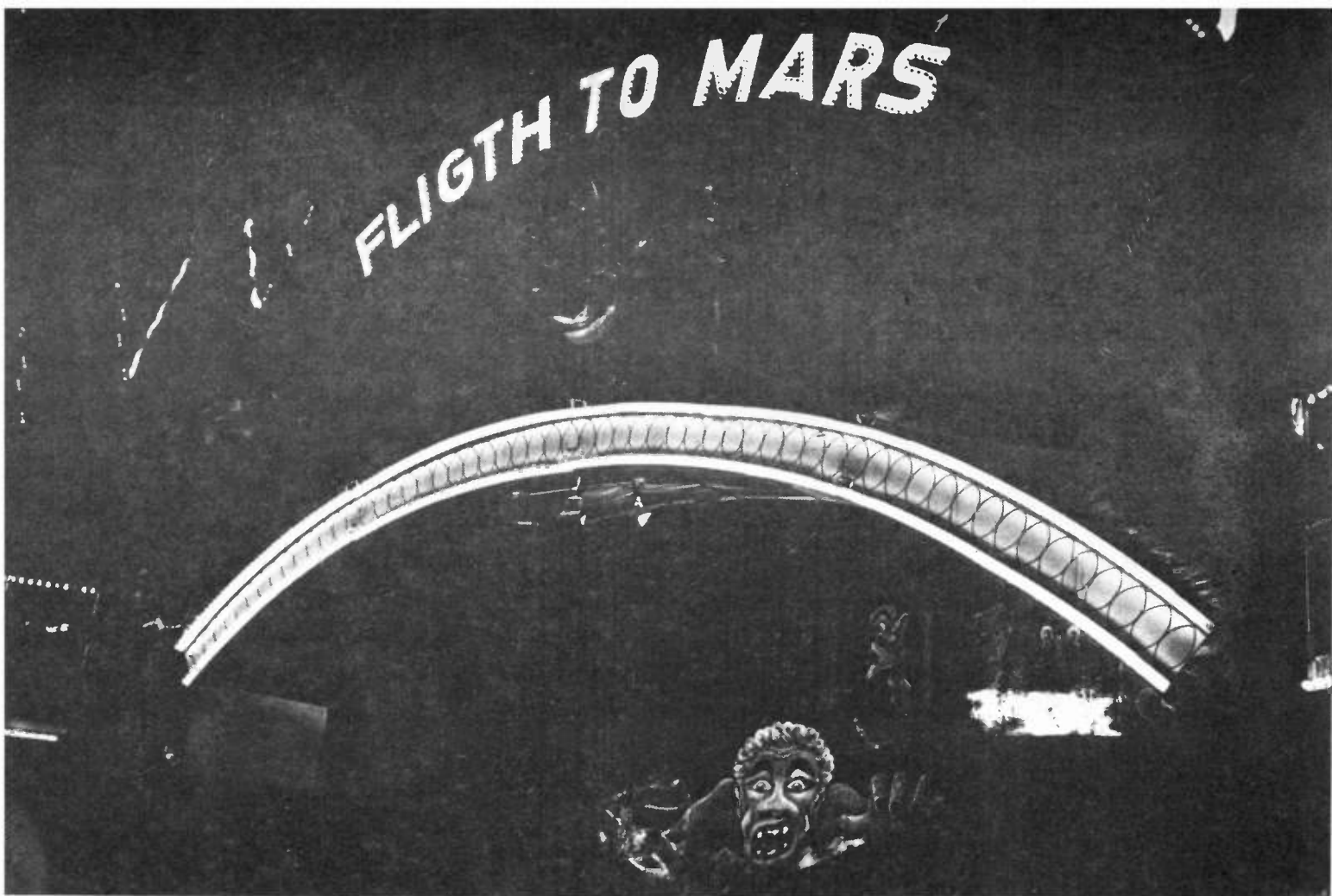
Stereo Rock 24 hours a day.

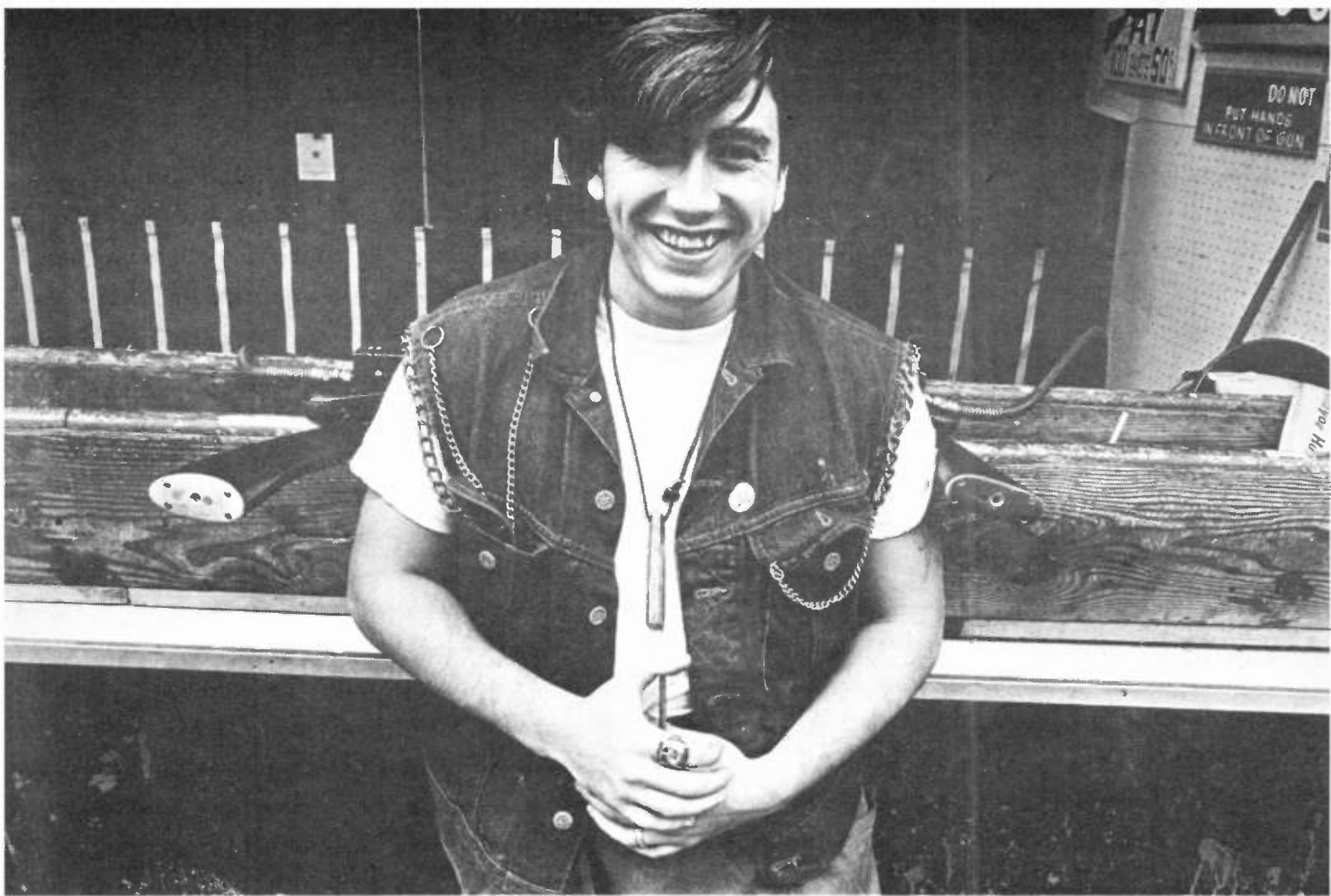


OCTOBER COUNTRY

by Shalmon Bernstein









by Aries

ASTROLOGY IN THOUGHT AND ACTION



Dat ol' Professor of the Cosmos, Alan Watts, says that we must love our enemies, because they define our own being. Studying the 90 degree angle between planets, Astrology's bitter square, helps the love along. This and the next couple of columns will touch on squares between the Cardinal, Fixed, and Mutable signs. Hopefully this may help us to laugh the cosmic laugh at ourselves, or at least lessen the fear between signs that lie in square to each other on the Zodiacal wheel!

The blatant, ruthless battles between the Cardinals and the frightening, ego-mad wars among Fixed signs, we'll go into later. Somehow it seems more urgent to pay some attention to the least understood and appreciated souls, the Mutable signs.

Nearly everyone is born with Mutable planets in their birthcharts. Without the ability to roll with the punches, the Fixed Taurus would crack at the first obstacle. Fortunately, most of us have healthy doses of Sag, Pisces, Gemini and/or Virgo lurking somewhere inside. Mutable and mellowness go together, leaving us more open to suggestion and mind-expansion than, say, a triple Scorpio (the trinity is of Sun, Moon, and Rising Sign). A cautionary note here. The blunt comparisons of signs that follow account for some, not all, of the workings of the Mutable signs. If you know your moon or rising sign, the comparisons work best within the framework of your own personality. It's okay to compare a Sagittarian chick with a Virgo man, but better to compare your rising sign (view of the world and defense mechanism) with your Sun (what you really are).

If you do compare two persons of signs in square, don't be disheartened at the seeming impossibility of a lasting friendship or high union. If one loves deeply enough and is able to cut out some of the games, anyone can get

along!

The early astrologers referred to the Mutable as the "weaker" force, in that Mutable signs tend to reflect better than they project. Generally on the planet, receptivity as high as that found in the Mutable scheme can easily turn into a weakness. To be Mutable is to be: 1) More susceptible to hard sell and high pressure, and 2) A maker of light, indistinct impressions on other people. It's generally true that a person with Pisces prominent in the chart has a harder time of it than one with a prominent Leo. Still, if you want to eat Italian, they'll eat Italian too. Suckers? Hardly. From birth the Mutables are instinctively aware that to give in is the highest strength: "Thy will, not mine, Oh Lord"...

Mutable people are quietly amused by Cardinal and Fixed compulsions. Libra pouts when he doesn't get his way, but the Geminian never cared that much in the first place!

Round One. Gemini vs. Virgo. You are at a cocktail party to raise funds for Arthritis. You watch a lanky, dark man with a high forehead and nervous fingers. He looks as if he's going to leap up and off any second, but on and on he bubbles, chatters, and charms, twisting that cigarette round and round his itchy fingers.

Gemini's trip is communication, transmission and reception of thought — on all levels. Graceful, charming, worldly, Gemini needs many friends. He eats too much, fiddles, reads all kinds of nonsense, and finally grabs for the phone when he is alone: his restless craving for people can chain him to the earth and its thinking. Feed your Gemini friends with brief ideas — he'll respect your consideration. Often an optimist (because he hasn't got all the facts, says Capricorn), he knows and goodnaturedly admits that his

problem is superficiality. It's all too much to Gemini and he wants a sample of everything. He knows he plays games, but he delights in games; eventually he sees the underlying link in all things.

The chick — er, young lady — Gemini is chatting to is a Virgo. She has a good figure, and is pretty in a blunt, picky way. If she were fifty, she'd wear a pill-box hat. Instead, the hatness manifests in the way she listens to you. She picks up every word, stretching to get your precise meaning, a great listener. Something you've said offends her. Or was it the way you said it? There is the feeling of rejection from undeveloped (read, most) Virgos. Virgo adores truth — at any cost. They detest the sham of center-stage, and yearn to feel they are of some practical use to humanity. So high are the Virgo ideals that other signs sometimes feel uncomfortable when Virgo boasts of her day at the clinic, changing bed-pans, Virgo's nit-picking criticism of everyone eventually drives Virgo to tolerance. Many Virgos develop ulcers unless they change themselves for the world, and not the world for themselves. It's a painful, introverted struggle.

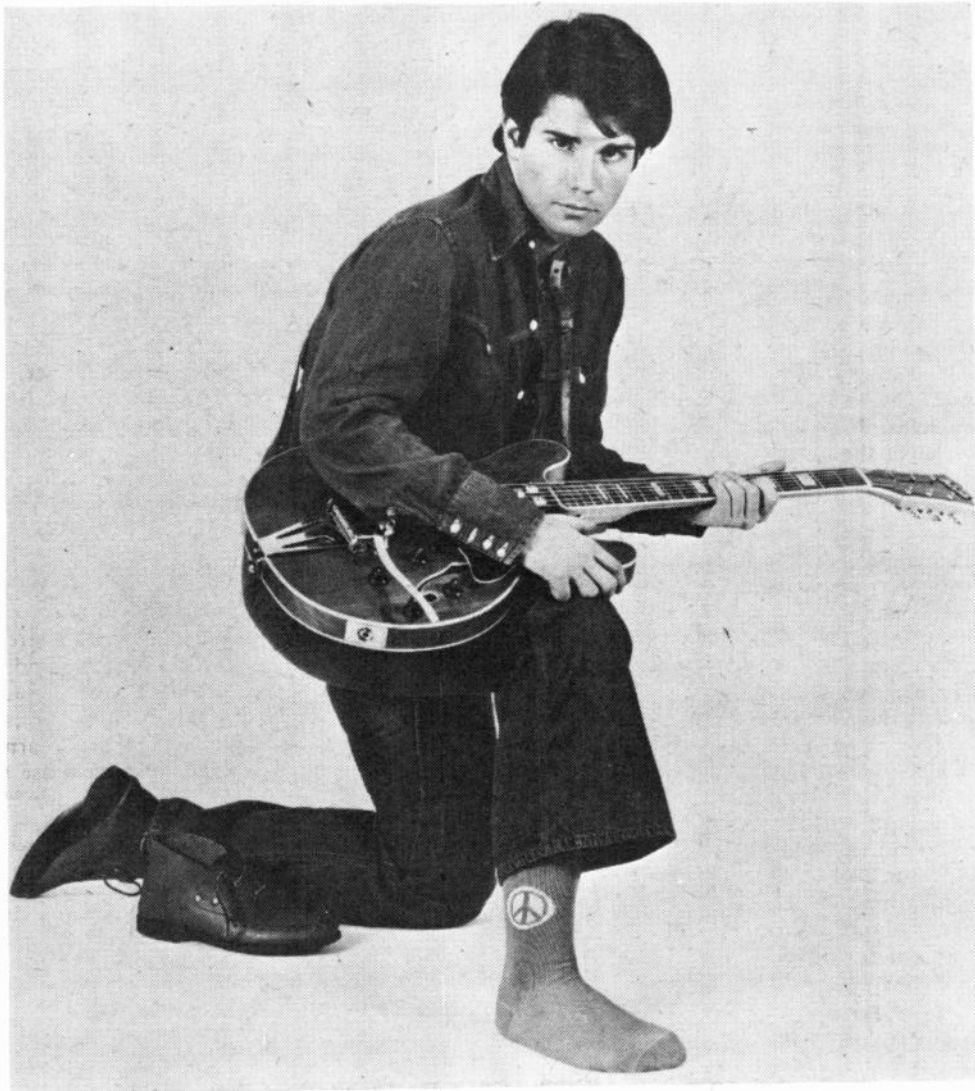
The clash between the two here is not impossible. Both ruled by Mercury, the planet of intellect, Gemini and Virgo are both intrigued with new ideas. The trouble arises when Gemini, intent on picking up and throwing out ideas for the hell of it, meets Virgo, who wants to select one idea and research it thoroughly. Both chatterers, the conflict is as basic as earth and air: one watches and the other does. Reciprocal nervousness aggravates the situation.

Sagittarius and Virgo, both idealists, clash more over method than basic ideals. Each feels his is the best way of bettering the world.

Sagittarians are slobos on all levels.

cont. on p. 58

TAKE A PEACEFUL STANCE



Millions of young people will be taking steps toward peace in the Seventies. Interwoven's new Peace Socks allow them to make each step symbolic of their goal.

Already quite popular in medallions, shirts ties and jeans, the symbol is boldy and crisply knit into each side of the socks in white on ground colors such as brass, avocado, black, blue, gold or ruby.

Knit of Orlon, Olefin and Nylon, one size fits 10 to 13, \$2.00 a pair.


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A PRINCE DIRECTS

by Robert Sarlin

If Bob Downey's view of the world is correct, we are all in for a lot of trouble and will need many like him to keep us laughing on the way to the end of it all.

 Zing, the dinner roll is arching high above the Regency Room of the Garden City Hotel. Thwap, it lands in the full coffee cup of a distinguished gentleman with beard. Somewhere else in the crowded room a voice shouts with comic but real Brooklyn accent, "Anybody got an extra roll?" The predictable replies fill the air, perhaps ten dinner rolls sailing in the direction of the request. Soon glasses, plates and small children's howls of delight at the sudden lunacy of their elders fill the air. It is the morning after a night of shooting and the cast and crew of Robert Downey's latest film, "Pound," are relaxing and, considering their director, it is no surprise that their favorite form of relaxation borders on the insane.

For, sure enough, the first roll was heaved by the retired pitcher's limb of Bob Downey, well known as the writer-director of "Putney Swope" and other lunatic flicks, and the cup it filled (and spilled) was that of his producer, Floyd Petersen, who's resigned reaction suggested that he'd long ago learned to accept Downey's childlike lunacy.

"Pound" is Downey's latest cinematic stab at Amerika, and if the shooting's promise is fulfilled, it will be a more than satisfying successor to "Putney Swope," in which Downey's

paranoia about institutions and his general faith that all men are inherently equal in their greed, centered around a Madison Avenue ad agency taken over and run by Blacks. "Pound" takes these same sentiments into a dog pound, where about a dozen animals (mostly dogs, but with a couple of cats and a penguin thrown in for variety) await imminent gassing at the hands of the local establishment representative — their keeper. The camera follows closely their short-lived alliances, fears and fantasies.

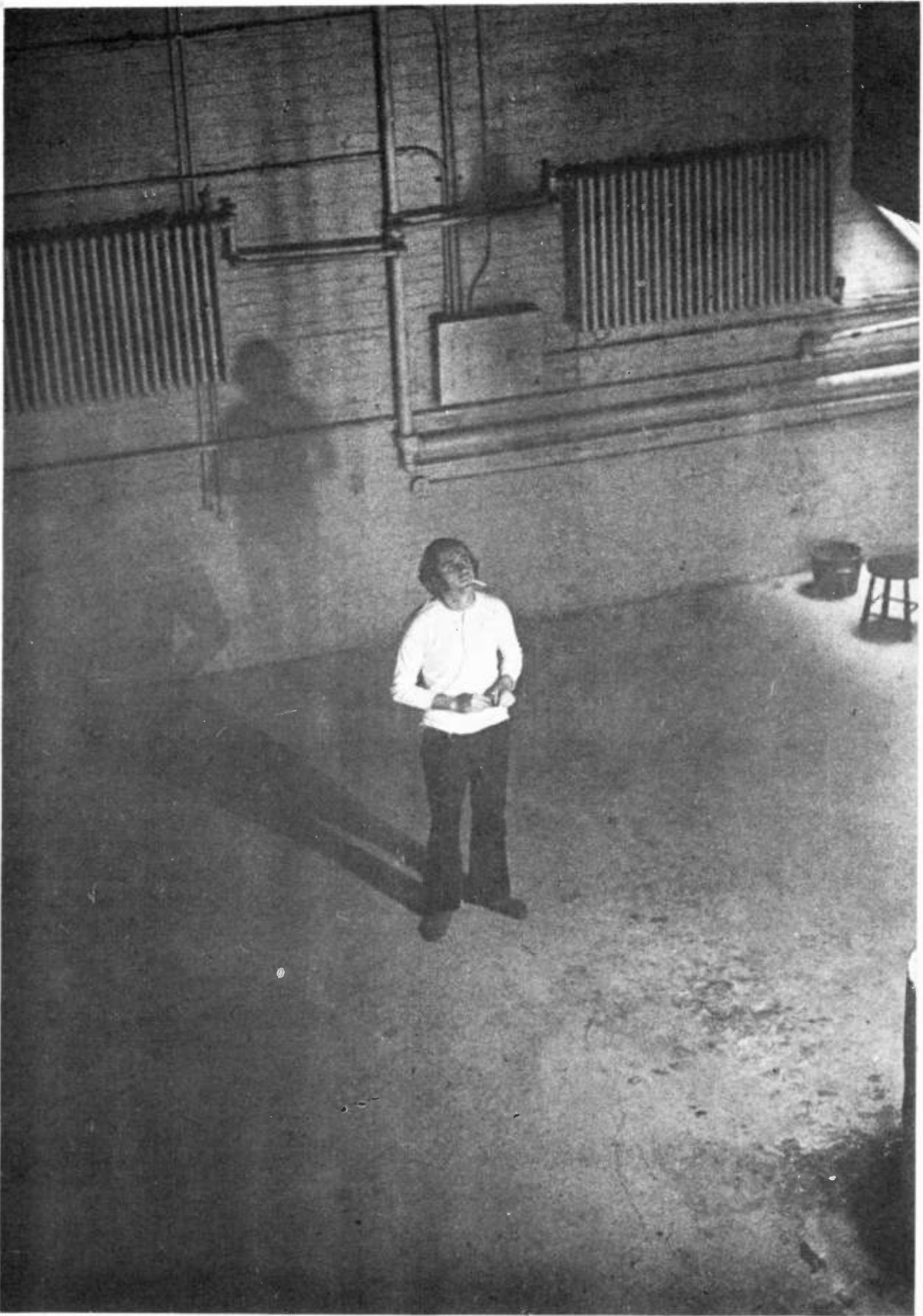
Downey, 33, is a well known New York paranoid, subject to almost childlike responses to most of the obvious threats of modern living—flying, debt, doubledealing and government repression. His rise as a director follows a long career of failure — first in school, then in the army and finally, in the cinema underground, where his failure consists of having fled to major pastures as soon as the money was available to do so. "Pound" is financed by United Artists, who are praying that the comic genius of "Swope" will produce an equally insane sequel for the "new" audience, that bunch of marijuana-blowing youngsters who seem to be the only people going to the movies anymore. As major production after major production collapses, almost all of the

mighty film conglomerates are seeking out younger, low-budget directors with the hope of saving their badly worn silk shirts.

As it is, those shirts (and their harried owners) never showed at the skinny New York building where most of the film was shot, and if they had, there might've been no "Pound" at all, for the language and graphic portrayal of sex acts between the animals would've surely sent them scurrying off in search of censor shears and their lawyers.

The major set of "Pound," the kennel itself, was created in a building in New York's decaying lower West Side dock area. It lies wedged between the Vita Herring headquarters and a holding center for those few of the city's narcotics addicts unlucky enough to get caught. The sounds of their games (especially basketball) filtered loudly through the walls of the set, and served as a constant reminder to the inhabitants of the pound that incarceration of any form is no joke.

Guarded by the pickets of one of the more persistent film unions, the set seemed to be another world, one in which weirdness was the norm, and the norm the target. Downey has precise taste in actors, and those he recruited for his dog movie included veterans of "Swope," as well as some



The Prince

newcomers. Seen for the first time, they appear to be refugees from a circus side show, but after a short adjustment one finds them to be more interesting than most of the people who stroll the streets, as well as better company. For Downey chooses among those he has met to play his characters, and lets his actors' creative instincts construct their parts. The script is endlessly revised, and reconstructed and the feeling on the set is one of creative release and high mutual respect. Often shots are marred by appreciative laughter behind the camera with Downey the chief offender.

Downey directs gently, and as he races around his set, nearly always dressed in the same cowboy hat and well-worn clothing, one begins to think of him as a child-genius, for his interactions and his persistent one-liners reveal him to be a strange combination of the childlike and the brilliantly biting intellectual. His athlete's body (he pitched for a semi-pro baseball team) has not wilted and the brightness in his eyes as he works on his set could be that of a child on a tour of Universal City.

The actors he directs are a special breed, obviously caught up in Downey's mission and there is a great camaraderie present on the set. They include such veterans of Downey's earlier flicks as Larry Wolf, a completely hairless New York filmmaker, who plays the Mexican hairless of the pound. His portrayal is brilliant and mostly the result of his own way of perceiving the world, for Downey has allowed him to create the hairless as a pathological liar given to near-psychotic torrents of wildly funny lies.

Another of Downey's discoveries is Lucille Rogers, a henna-haired 80 year old veteran of all forms of show business, whose Actors Equity membership dates from 1919. In the film she gives birth to a penguin in what will surely be one of the most talked about grotesques of 1970. Her scenes in this film border between the delightfully comic and the incredibly grotesque, and it will be a good test of Downey's editing as to whether his audiences howl from laughter or terror.

Marshall Effron, well known on both coasts as one of the late night lunatics of listener-supported radio, worked with Downey for the first time in this film, and is another of the actors whose parts are self-created. Effron's daschund is, without a doubt, the most obscene character in the film, bringing to new heights the art of verbal abuse, with a thick German accent. Downey's usual directorial

instruction to Effron consisted of "Go, Marshall" and Effron obliged by saying some things that have never reached a movie soundtrack before.

All these actors, and their comrades best illustrated their creativity in one of the film's numerous fantasy sequences—a breakout imagined by one of the dogs. As Downey and his crew huddled across the street, the cast opened the bright blue pound door and, suddenly liberated, scattered on the city streets. Downey could've used 15 cameras to follow the action, for each of the actors chose his own particular way of facing sudden freedom.

One character, Tony Fargas' washed-up racing Greyhound slowly relived a moment at the Hialeah dog track as his thin legs shot forward again and again only to falter and limp. Effron's daschund predictably attempted a sexual assault upon the prettiest of the escapees, but when rebuffed, settled for a rape of Lucille Rogers against a churchyard fence, while Miss Rogers cries of "Police, police" rose into the chilly air.

But the most surprising gesture of all came from George Morgan, Downey's tousle haired token white in "Putney Swope" who greeted the street by frantically ripping off all his clothing and disappearing around a corner completely nude. The action was perfect, sure to be cited as a directorial triumph, yet Downey was as surprised as anyone else by his actor's gesture of comic genius.

And this then is the key to understanding Robert Downey, whose "Pound" will surely establish him as one of the country's more important liberated filmmakers. By casting a cold eye on the world and bringing a warm heart to his relations with his actors, he had freed them to be spontaneous and when this kind of lunacy of release works, it is a unique and extraordinary cinema experience. Downey has been called an American Fellini, and on a small scale this is a remarkably accurate description. For the Italian master of fantasy seeks the same spontaneous sort of interaction that Downey has found to be most effective. Yet Downey cannot function on the grand scale of Fellini for his own fearful view of the world forces him to look over and over again at the many absurdities of modern life.

If Downey's vision of the world is correct we are all in for a lot of trouble, and we will need many like Downey to keep us laughing on the way to the sorry end of it all.

And who knows if enough people laugh perhaps what seems an inevitable path downward might not be so inevitable after all.



Mexican hairless
Larry Wolf



GAB

The purpose of GAB is to compile data based on the opinions on various issues of people who are part of the new culture. This data will be printed in a future issue of GO and no segment of it will be censored or withheld.

In addition to this information we are also setting up a means of communicating with those businesses that seek to make contact with the youth culture. We want to tell them the truth about their products whether they want to hear it or not. If they choose to listen to us they'll be feeding things into this market that have some use. They'll earn the money they want and we'll get the products we want. Those readers who wish to take part in this aspect of GAB should so indicate. They will be put on the GAB mailing list and very likely receive products for evaluation as well as questionnaires to be filled out.

Name
Address
City State Zip
Age Sex

1. Is there a TV at your disposal?
a) black & white. . .
b) color. . .
2. How many hours per week do you watch TV? . . .
3. What kind of programming do you prefer ?
(number in order of preference)
a) Adventure. . .
b) Westerns. . .
c) Drama. . .
d) Sports. . .
e) Variety. . .
f) Educational. . .
g) Game shows. . .
h) Talk shows. . .
i) Situation comedies. . .
j) Soap operas. . .
k) American Bandstand type show. . .
l) Movies. . .
m) News. . .
n) Other. . .
.....
.....

4. Using the catagories above, which kind of programming do you most dislike? (number in order of disdain.)
a). . .
b). . .
c). . .
d). . .
e). . .
f). . .
g). . .
h). . .
i). . .
j). . .
k). . .
l). . .
m). . .
n). . .

5. How successful do you feel that attempts at youth programming have been?
a) Very good. . .
b) good. . .
c) fair. . .
d) poor. . .
6. Do you feel that TV news is prepared and offered with a certain amount of bias? . . .
a) Anti-establishment and to the left. . .
b) Pro-establishment and to the right. . .
c) Other. . .
8. In which one or combination of the following areas do you believe the future of TV lies?
a) Commercial TV. . .
b) Pay TV. . .
c) Publicly-owned TV. . .
d) Other. . .

9. Which of the following TV viewing hours are most convenient for you? (in order of convenience).
a) Early morning
b) Daytime
c) Early evening
d) Evening
f) Late night

10. Are you in favor of censoring TV?

11. If answer to above is yes, which areas?
a) Sex. . .
b) Violence. . .
c) News. . .
d) Other. . .

12. How would you rate the place of TV in your life?
a) Very significant. . .
b) Significant. . .
c) Of minor significance. . .
d) Of no significance. . .

13. What new uses of TV would you like to see?
.....
.....
.....

14. Do you watch educational TV? . . .

If yes, how many hours per week? . . .

15. In relation to commercial TV, do you consider educational TV?
a) Superior. . .
b) Equal. . .
c) Inferior. . .

16. In reference to TV commercials, do you consider them
a) Entertaining. . .
b) Offensive. . .
c) A necessary evil. . .
d) No comment. . .

In relation to regular programming, do you consider production techniques in TV commercials

- a) More creative. . .
b) Less creative. . .
c) Equal. . .
d) Other. . .

18. What kind of programming innovations would you like to see?
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.....
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.....
.....

2 WINNERS FROM CREWE



THE FOX CR1336

Fresh from England comes THE FOX. A heavy group with their first American release, "For Fox Sake Volume 1".

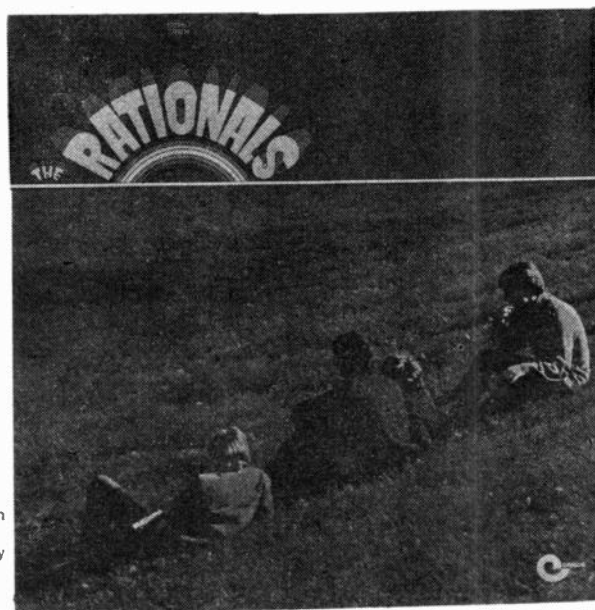
Personnel:

Steve Brayne - Lead Guitar, Winston Weatherill - Lead Guitar & Sitar, Tim Reeves - Drums, Dave Windross - Bass Guitar & Piano, Alex Lane - Hammond Organ & Piano

Exceptional Cuts:

1. Secondhand Love 2. Lovely Day
3. Butterfly 4. Mister Blank

This album consists of a unique cover design featuring a detachable cardboard poster in color.



THE RATIONALS CR1334

Detroit's own The Rationals' first album on Crewe Records, and it's a powerhouse!!! Scott Morgan, Bill Figg, Steve Correll and Terry Trabandt really do their thing.





GRASPING AT STRAWS?

KNEAD KNEAD

LOOKING FOR WAY OUT?

...AND I WANT TO MAKE THAT PERFECTLY CLEAR

JUSTE KANT GIT HIGH

DALI-ESQUE WATCH (JUST SO YOU DON'T CONFUSE THIS WITH REALITY)

BEFORE

DROOP

FLACCID UPPER LIP

REMEMBER

KEEP YOUR SHOULDER TO THE GRINDSTONE & YOUR NOSE CLEAN!

AFTER

FLEX FLEX

STIFF UPPER LIP

KANAREX '70

EPISTLE TO RICHARD

Fiction by Michael Fedo



Willard Branch's burning ambition was to be the most prodigious letter-writer of his generation, hoping that in the process he'd one day be included in various collections of letters to famous persons, or the collected correspondence of those celebrities.

To that end he had undertaken the task of sending at least four letters a day to luminaries throughout the world, or to editors of various newspapers and magazines. He had done this daily, except Sundays for six years. Willard Branch was seventeen.

He was meticulous about his work, and kept a carbon copy file of all his correspondence, inserting the letters into manila folders which were arranged in accordance with the following system. All letters written during a given month were put into one folder which was subdivided into Subject, Person Written to, and Publication (if any) Submitted To.

There were exceptions to this rule, however, as Willard had, over the years, corresponded with many individuals more than once.

He had special files on Bertrand Russell, Willie Mays, and Richard Nixon. Willard was thinking of starting a file on Mae West, to whom he had written perhaps eight or ten times during the past two years.

A special scrap book was also maintained on letters he had written

to editors of newspapers and magazines. This scrap book was embossed in gold and entitled, "Letters to the Editor, by Willard Branch." Willard had managed to get some published in *BOYS' LIFE*, *ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST*, *DAIRYMAN'S NEWSLETTER*, and various local publications. He attributed his lack of success in making *NEWSWEEK* and *THE NEW YORK TIMES* to the pinkish philosophies of their editors — who obviously did not want to hear from a middle-of-the-road, concerned teenage kid who vigorously opposed the radical trends of certain subversive elements of society.

Of all his correspondence, however, the most gratifying to him was the one he had begun six years ago with Richard Nixon. Willard was a Nixon man through and through. He had read about the life and style of Richard Nixon in books and magazines, and had largely liked what he read. He also identified with the loser image that dogged Nixon before his election to the White House.

Willard himself was something of a political loser, having been defeated for every club and class office he had sought up to the time he first wrote to Nixon and advised him that, "... we losers must stick together, shoring one another's spirits, for that inevitable day looms on the horizon when those

who once scorned us will exalt our names and call us to lead them from the chaotic wilderness." He went on to say that he planned a political career himself after acquiring experience in the business world. He felt too many politicians were lawyers and teachers and therefore out of touch with the problems concerning business, the life-blood of our country.

Nixon had returned a short note saying he was moved by Willard's support.

During the 1964 Presidential campaign, Willard wrote to Nixon and expressed hope that should Goldwater get elected, Nixon would be appointed Secretary of State.

As time passed, Willard continued with his letters — noting that since Mr. Nixon's correspondence invariably must deal with complaints, and sycophants seeking favors, he would undertake each month to write a chatty, friendly letter to Mr. Nixon. He told about the activities at school, about the time he helped his father paint the garage, about his grandmother's shingles.

From time to time, Nixon would reply, briefly and to the point, thanking Willard for his interest and friendship.

Willard wrote letters during most of his free moments during the day, but composed Nixon letters only in the late hours of the night after his

Willard anonymously phoned a few of his liberal acquaintances. and chuckled into the phone before hanging up.

homework had been completed, so his mind would be unfettered by the day's trivia. Often Willard took this opportunity to espouse his own political ideologies to Mr. Nixon. "I fully agree with your recent press statements," he once wrote. "Time and circumstances certainly do demand action — but as you say, that action must indeed be carefully considered before being undertaken. To do otherwise is to unalterably blunder as we see the opposition so often do."

After the 1964 election, Willard wrote and explained that maybe it wasn't so bad after all — that 1968 might be a presidential year for Mr. Nixon. The former vice president responded, saying he appreciated this earnest and unsolicited support.

Meanwhile, Willard had lost 8th grade elections as class treasurer, homeroom monitor, and sergeant at arms for the stamp club. He told Nixon about his set-backs, and Nixon encouraged him to persevere. "Determination will out in the end, my young friend," Nixon advised.

Willard was pleased with this attention as the then-private-citizen Richard Nixon wrote two or three times in the year and each time reaffirmed his faith in America and its fine young people.

As the 1968 presidential primaries drew near, Willard was able to relate to Nixon his plans for forming a Youth For Nixon club at school. Candidate Nixon said he was warmed by the gesture and would always remember it, and that should he carry the banner in November and win, the young people of the land would find him a willing listener to their problems.

Willard gloated at the returns, and was particularly pleased when Walter Cronkite announced Nixon as the projected winner. Willard anonymously phoned a few of his liberal acquaintances, and chuckled into the phone before hanging up.

He then wrote a congratulatory letter to the President-elect, and indicated he would temporarily close his Nixon file to give the new President time to acclimate himself with the position.

He resumed his letter-writing with vigor, however, and took up the slack caused by his not writing to the President, and doubled his output to Willie Mays.

Feeling that Mays never received letters that weren't affiliated with baseball, Willard attempted to correct this imbalance. Knowing Mays was a bachelor, Willard sent along favorite recipes, and suggested books for the great outfielder to read, or classical records he might like to listen to.

Mays sent Willard an autographed picture, and invited him to stop by the clubhouse if he ever got to San Francisco.

Willard received the Mays letter the same day he ran sixth in a field of six candidates for the vice presidency of the botany club. Everyone in the club held an office except Willard and a fat girl with bad breath named Willa.

That night Willard consoled himself by describing the election in a letter to the President. When Nixon did not respond after some weeks, Willard felt it was because he no longer had time for it and this was understandable. Besides, Willard had complained in the letter, and Nixon couldn't be bothered with complainers.

Nonetheless, Willard immediately wrote the President and apologized for his last letter, saying he had no business writing it. He had put to persevere, as Mr. Nixon had said himself, so many times, and exoneration would come his way.

He found it increasingly difficult to remain optimistic after his 55th political defeat. He had sought to be prom co-chairman and had lost. It was the last opportunity he had to win an elected position while in the public schools.

It was while home recuperating from the 24-hour flu that the revelation struck him; he was an anachronism in his own time to his own generation. Willard had always believed in the old Virtues set down by the founding fathers. He revered the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln; John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford.

He was writing letters while his peers were smoking grass, sipping surreptitious beers in farmers' field,

scoring with girls in those same fields or in back seats of cars. They were counting "notches on old Sid" while he filed correspondence in folders and pondered the affairs of state.

It became abundantly clear to Willard why he was never elected. He did not share common experience with his classmates. While their particular life style and brand of behavior was often unbecoming to a Nixon man, and was often distasteful to Willard, he now felt a leader must be of the masses, yet rise above them as duty calls.

It was known that he was in all matters sexual, unspoiled. Clearly, that was the issue to attack first.

He would no doubt have to be discreet, yet let the word get around that he had indulged in sexual horseplay and beyond. It would be good to have this taken care of soon, so he could run for freshman class president at the community college the next fall with a settled conscience, knowing that only his stand on issues would decide the election, rather than some abnormal quirk of personality.

The affair would have to be handled properly and Willard would be thoroughly prepared. To this end, he daily consulted the *DICTIONARY OF SLANG* and the Masters-Johnson Report at the public library after school, taking copious notes. He also purchased several paper-back books by Havelock Ellis. He began a notebook and drew a line down the middle of the first ten pages. In the left hand column he wrote the proper and polite terms for the various anatomical parts, while the right hand column contained the more common vulgar counterparts.

To effect a naturalness in the usage of such terms, Willard repeated them softly to himself in the privacy of his own room, gradually putting them into simple sentences. These alternately pleased and revolted him, but harkening back to the advice of the President, he persevered.

At the end of three weeks study and analysis, he felt ready. At the top of the first page in his notebook, he jotted the phone number of Barbara Lamp, a much talked-about girl in his class. She would be ideal, Willard figured, as she was reported to have

even taken on Joey Robillard, a boy possessed with the annoying habit of constantly fingering his acne. Barb would do nicely, Willard resolutely decided.

One evening when his parents had gone to a board meeting at church, Willard crept downstairs, clutching his notebook, and approached the phone. He picked it up and dialed the number. Sweat trickled under his arms. The phone rang twice.

"Hello," a male voice answered sourly.

"Er — hello," Willard piped nervously. He felt a moist burning sensation in his bowels. "Uh, can I talk to Barbara, please?"

"Who is this?" the voice, probably belonging to her father demanded gruffly.

"Uh — Willard." He swallowed and considered hanging up.

"Willard who for chrissakes."

"Willard Branch," he replied in a small voice.

"Just a minute."

Willard heard the phone clank when the man set it down. He hastily scanned his notes. His tongue felt thick and swollen in his mouth. "Barb —" her father called distantly. "Telephone."

"Who is it?" Willard heard her ask from another room.

"Bunch — Branch — Willis. I dunno."

"Huh?" she said, her footfalls coming closer to the phone. Willard doodled furiously with a pencil on the notebook page.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello — Barb?" Willard's voice squeaked.

"Yeah — who is this?"

"Willard Branch," he said, and took a deep breath. "From school," he went on, when she did not respond. "I wear glasses," he continued after another pause.

"Oh," she said.

"Uh, we were in Baldwin's history class together last year," he said hopefully. He sniffed audibly and swallowed again.

"Oh yeah," she said with disappointed recognition.

Willard fleetingly consulted his list. "Uh, listen —" He gulped a breath. "I'd like to go out with you."

She giggled. "I barely know you. I mean what would we do?"

Willard's pulse thundered in his ears. "See a show or something." He could hear her breathing on the other end. "I'd be good at it," he said suddenly. "You'd like it."

"What is this?"

Willard rolled his tongue over his lips. "Uh —" he said, flipping through his list. "You know," he said

deliberately, trying for a blase effect. "I'd er — juggle your — uh, nuggies, or something like that."

"Who do you think you are?" she demanded in a harsh whisper.

"Willard Branch," he said, and laughed forcibly. "I mean why give me a hard time — none of the others —"

"You shut your goddamned mouth," she whispered in the same angry whisper.

"No — listen — I mean I respect you, Barb."

"Go to hell," she cut in, and banged down the receiver.

Willard gazed mutely at the dead phone in his hand then slowly replaced it on the hook.

Disconsolately he made his way back up to his room and sat at his desk, his head in his hands. In a while, as was his custom when depression overcame him, he reached for the Nixon file, hoping some past words from the President would cheer him.

He quickly skimmed the letters. One dated three years earlier caught his attention. The last line read, "If you feel that I can ever be of service to you, do not hesitate to contact me."

His course of action was clear. The President would understand. Willard inserted a roll of bond paper into his typewriter and began writing.

Dear Mr. President:

I have not written to you in some months now because I felt it best to give you time to more completely adjust to your office. So far you seem to be making out okay, and I'm behind you one hundred percent.

However, I would if I might, like to remind you of a note you sent me some time ago, in which you stated I should feel free to contact you if ever I felt you could be of service to me.

Mr. President, I believe such a time has arisen, and I would deeply value whatever advice you might offer. I am aware of the pressing problems demanding your full concentration, but fervently hope my concern will not pass unnoticed.

Be reminded that I am seventeen years of age, and an above-average student. I believe I have always obeyed the canons of good citizenship. I have pointed myself toward a career in politics, but as yet, have mustered no victories — partly, I feel, because I may be out of touch with my generation.

I am speaking frankly of sex, Mr. President. Erotica. And I am at a loss to know which way to turn. I have always shown the deepest respect to

young ladies — but now I find myself being pressured into wanting to do things with them that I heretofore considered sacred to the institution of marriage.

I don't want to force a young lady into a compromising circumstance so you can appreciate my feelings at this time.

Consequently I am regarded as a novice, a tyro, by my peers, and they are loathe to trust me with an elected office.

Therefore I was hoping perhaps you, a man respected throughout the free world, would make some suggestion to me as to how to ease my burden. Perhaps a similar situation occurred during your own boyhood which might prove helpful to me.

Let me add simply that there is a house of prostitution in a nearby community, but it operates outside the law and visiting there could entail criminal charges being brought against me. (Perhaps you might care to comment on the feasibility of legalizing prostitution.)

Though you are busy, I sense a genuine desire on your part to be of assistance, and I eagerly await your response.

Sincerely

Willard Branch





Doin' the Funky Chicken

by Bob Palmer

 Rufus was pacing up and down the carpet in the Stax publicity office.

Deanie Parker, the head of the department, was back in town and it was a cigarettes and coffee trip for the publicists. Rufus, his daughter Carla (the Memphis Queen) and I were waiting for the space for an interview to materialize. "I've gotta go out in the hall for some water," Rufus finally said. "I'll be right back." Outside, Memphis soaked in the 65 degree January day.

The halls, dimly lit, deeply carpeted, and narrow were no man's land. Stax president Jim Stewart, staff producers/artists Booker T. and the MG's, Isaac Hayes, David Porter and legions were all in town at once and the energy careened along the corridors in the form of gaggles of people in a hurry. As soon as we sat down in the office they cleared for our interview, a crowd consisting of Hayes, Porter, Rev. Jesse L. Jackson (the civil rights leader, now a Stax artist), other artists, photographers and company people burst in, laughing like a bunch of stoned people entering a restaurant. They were having their picture taken for the trades. A brief, unheavy dispute about who could use the office for what ensued but it soon gave way to spirited and precisely idiomatic verbal repartee, the flashbulbs popped

and the convivial party went its merry way.

Rufus, Carla and I got to talking about the days when Stax was just starting its operation. Their duet recording "Cause I Love You" helped put Stax on its feet in 1961. They talked about the people coming together in the months that followed, Booker T. Jones, Steve Cropper, Otis Redding, one by one until they got a thing together that turned pop music around. The same thing happened in Memphis earlier, I remembered, in the late fifties when Sun records spawned Carl Perkins and Elvis Presley and that mixture of black blues and hillbilly that became rock and roll. Rufus, it turned out, was around for that one; his record "Bearcat," released by Sun in 1953, sold 100,000 copies! The words were the same as "Hound Dog," he recalled. It was his first big hit and he worked Memphis for awhile with a band called the Bearcats, but he had to wait for his next successful record until Stax got underway.

Rufus liked the easy atmosphere of Stax in its earlier days: "I could go into the studio anytime I had an idea, and take as long as I wanted getting it right. If one drummer didn't work for the tune, we'd get another drummer and on until we got it right. Now all the studios are busy, and a producer

may have a track cut, here or even in Chicago or St. Louis, and get an artist to sing over it. I couldn't do anything on record for a long time after the "Dog" things because I just can't work like that. Now the "Funky Chicken" I cut with the musicians in the studio; the only thing added later was the horns. I cut the new album the same way; it's mostly beat things, like the single."

"But when you're in business," Carla said, "you have to run it like a business working with a track doesn't have to be bad. If you have a good producer, he can come with ideas and arrangements that he has, that are good." I asked them about heavier orchestration, strings, the directions Motown has been moving in. Carla said it depended on the song: "You can make strings do anything. If they fit, they're good." Rufus said he liked the more basic instrumentation and feel and cited "Last Night," the Mar-Keys classic with its two-note theme. In another office, somebody put on "Last Night" and turned it up.

"Now, if you were doing that song today," Rufus said, "there would be a lot more notes. The beat that we had then was like this" — he clapped slowly and steadily — "but now its like this" — he went into a busier, double-up time. "That's why the

"Funky Chicken" sold; it's a new dance that people are doing, and it has a new beat. Sly (Stone) and his people turned the beat around, but Cornell McFadden, the drummer on "Funky Chicken" and on the album, is turning it around again. He's a monster."

(Flash: The Monster, behind a floppy hat, orange sunglasses, and a beard, is sitting at the kitchen table at the house where I'm staying; we've been Out There playing music. Cornell is a seasoned cat, toured with the Platters, played drums behind the Bob Hope show in Vietnam when the army got him. He is cutting with all the artists at Stax now that Booker T's group is getting into being a group and away from being a house band, but he is thinking about other realms too: "You know when I come back home I always start really getting into it and then I want to split. I go into all these sessions and they want me to do this" — he claps a boogaloo rhythm — "all the time, and I'm wanting to do this" — he makes a whooshing Elvin Jonesish sound of waves breaking on a shore.)

promotion and exposure, "I do my radio show during the week, and I go out weekends. With the new record I'm busy all the time. And I'm getting national television shows, which I didn't get before, not even on the "Dog" Records." The "Dog" records, classics of the funky Memphis rock genre, were big hits, but Stax was then a local company struggling for recognition, and Rufus went on pretty much as usual even though "Walking the Dog," released in 1963, sold 800,000 copies. "The Funky Chicken" has already sold over half a million and may become Rufus' first million seller.

The Memphis Commercial Appeal quoted Rufus as saying "I love it," in connection with his long-established show on WDIA. "I love playing my own records too," the quote continues. "They sound pretty good to me." Rufus is now a part owner of WDIA, the station that used to be "The Voice of Brown America" and is now known as "Soul Radio." He does more than play the soul hits, and sprinkles in a lot of blues records — Elmore James, Lowell Fulson, singles like the new "Cummins Prison Farm Blues" or Candy Staton's "Prisoner" from small, down-home companies, his own blues things. Between records, he's the master of the Memphis Soul Revels, not as overwhelming and flipped-out as Wolfman Jack, but burnin'. His ease in the master of ceremonies role goes back to his days as a tap dancer with the Rabbit Foot Tent show, Royal American Shows, and then, with his partner Robert Couch (Rufus and Bones) at the Beale

Street Palace Amateur House. It was there that Rufus began to work as an M.C. as well as a dancer.

(Flash: Dream Show, the Memphis Municipal Auditorium, 1966. T-Bone Walker, Jimmy Reed, B.B. King, Little Milton, Joe Turner, and the one and only Howlin' Wolf, with Rufus Thomas as host. Rufus runs down the jokes about his sunburn, gets into "The Dog" and has the black audience in the palm of his hand. From that point on everyone is bursting with energy, working out to win an audience that is already at a pitch of excitement. T-Bone plays clear and clean, beautiful as 1948, gyrating to his lines, and Howlin' Wolf rolls around his eyes wildly, humps the microphone, humps the curtain, and finally rolls around on the floor, singing all the while, fifty years old and three hundred pounds of heavenly joy. But after each act Rufus is back keeping the moment going and even building it a little until for the capper All the performers get together onstage and trade off verses of a fast blues like jazz musicians trading fours... or Rufus hosting the Memphis Blues Festival in 1969, keeping the patter going under the ninety-plus July sun while an inept TV crew tries to set up, even doing his whole routine a second time when the TV crew doesn't get a 'take' the first time around... or running into Rufus

at the Party on Summer, doing the conviviality boogaloo with record company people down from New York for Brenda Patterson's opening. Hang around Memphis for awhile and you can hardly avoid running into Rufus doing his thing.)

Carla has the same quality, the same command. She's a little more uptown with her stage appeal — majored in English at Howard and U of Tennessee between singing engagements and takes an interest in changes in the business and the music — but the easy down-home charm is there. It's just as polished as the Broadway-Vegas number Motown is cultivating, but its flavor is closer to hospitality. The People can dig it because Memphis is really America, just as Elvis Presley and Otis Redding are American music.

Carla is into the new trends at Stax, and the new trend is definitely going in the direction of Motown, i.e. a more polished product, a fuller, busier sound. She has taken to doing some Broadway tunes, but she hasn't succeeded with them on record like



she succeeded with "Gee Whiz" or "B-A-B-Y." Her personal appearances are a different story. Carla's good looks, her personality, her rap have more of a chance and she can get the audience excited with a mixture of older and newer things.

A few years ago Carla and Otis Redding were performing together as the King and Queen of Soul and when she did a solo appearance it was with Otis' backup group, the Bar-Kays. They were a young, aggressive band with an innate knack for creating kinetic excitement, compulsion to

action. Carla was also heard from time to time with Booker T. and the MG's and the Mar-Keys horn section, and the "Stax-Volt Review Live in Europe" set has several examples of her stage manner, especially the very effective "Got My Mojo Working."

After the original Bar-Kays perished in the plane crash with Otis Redding, and Booker T. and the MG's started going out more on their own, a new Bar-Kays was created, and it is this band that now backs Carla and/or Rufus in many of their live appearances. When I heard them last summer, they were relying heavily on visual theatrics, i.e. everyone stopping the sound and motion and freezing in the middle of a number, being a sculpture for four bars or so and leaping back into action. They still do that as part of their act but their music is more together and growing. Lately they have played a few dates where they are out front as well as backing Rufus and Carla on the same bill.

I asked, since father and daughter are appearing together from time to time, if they are planning to record together again. "I'd like to," Rufus said, "If Carla would." Carla allowed that they would have to find just the right material. They started reminiscing about their duets of the past like they hadn't thought about them for awhile, and decided maybe they would do "The Night Time is the Right Time," or something similar, together at an upcoming college concert.

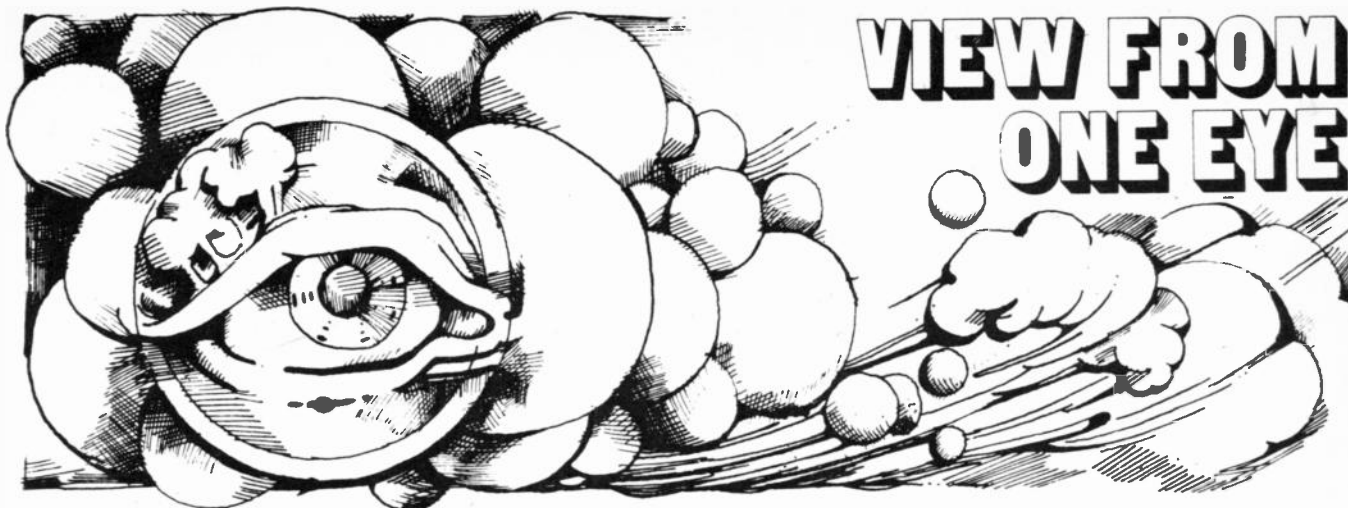
It was getting late. Rufus wanted to go down the hall and then hear the horns they had put on his album. Carla wanted to go home. People were still hurrying past in the hall. We said goodbye until next time and I wandered out, through the psychedelic purple front office, into the parking lot and the sun. The golden afternoon light was playing in the finish of Isaac Hayes' restored Cord sedan, a rainbow of diffraction. The guard was still standing at the narrow entrance to the lot, still wearing his still-loaded gun. I grinned as wide at him as you can grin at somebody with that power and made the street, kids running up and down shouting kid games and older kids swinging by with their transistor radios, doing the Funky Chicken, and the yet older kids watching me sullenly as I passed.

Down the roughly paved, tree-shaded street I stopped by Sounds of Memphis, another busy recording center. The same horn players who had been working on Rufus' album were there, standing around waiting to put on some more parts. A bottle of wine was just about emptied and one



of those friendly sparring-type bull sessions was in progress. I stepped out in the hall for a coke, came back, and they were already at work, two tenors and trumpet getting that same full blend, playing those same basic lines pared down to essential simplicity, filling out a driving rhythm track. In the house next door a band was practicing, blaring out to the street, and a crowd of schoolgirls on their way home were dancing on the front lawn. "Y'know," I said to the wall, "no matter how much it changes and how much it stays the same, people still like to dance."





by *Debbi Smith*



Everyone objects to bags. Probably our rock "stars" object more vehemently because they are so easily baggable. Blood, Sweat & Tears, slick-rock; Procol Harum, classical-rock; Stones, ego-rock. Even more frustrating are the hea-vee groups still caught up in the stagnating satin shirt and velvet pants balling scene; the music hardly rates a bag. And these are the people who bitch in an interview, "Hey, man, how can you classify my genius? I mean, you know, like, that isn't where it is. . ."

In a few years movies will be the same way. Thrillers, mysteries, frothy sex comedies, adventures in nature, old classics revived with a twist, honest portrayals of this rotten country as seen through the eyes of our youth. Even the stuff coming from France (who needs another sex-and-suicide flick?) are pretty much popcorn-stuffers.

Buttered popcorn, icecream bonbons, carob-covered raisins and cherry soda you have to sneak in under your coat. Previews. Sarcastic comments to friends about the merits of the scripts. Asking little gigglers to pipe down in front. Attila the Hun. The best parts of the movies aren't the movies.

New York is good for seeing the good stuff, though. Pete Sellers and Alec Guinness and Luis Bunuel. Luis Bunuel is a director. I discovered his obscure and wonderful films in L.A., of all places, down in the — how you say? — raunchy part of town. He is a metaphysical heavy. He makes cheap, freaky, mystical egghead films — with

a difference. Most of the eggheads don't go to see them.

This stems from many reasons. Reason A is that Senor Bunuel is not overfond of linear logic, or any otherkind, for that matter.

Take the latest film, "The Milky Way." A shot of a long dusty road surrounded by fields. We are in the South of France. No people. But wait — two figures, pilgrims, are making their lonely way to the shrine at Santiago de Compostella. Suddenly on the opposite end of the long, winding road, appears another figure. A man, sheathed in black coat and hat, lugubriously makes his way away from the shrine. The characters meet. The pilgrims ask the man in black for money. The pilgrim who has money is rewarded; the penniless beggar is rebuked; and the phantom continues down the road, stopping only to pull a small hunchback from his cloak.

A moment later he vanishes. After a few Bunuel pictures you get used to this sort of thing; it unnerves, but it's just the guy's sense of humor.

Then there is the question of casting. I've never seen a Bunuel film yet that didn't have at least two sheep, one cripple, several beggars, a hunchback, a saint, or saintly being, and a semi-pretty girl. There is little, if any, boy-girl romance. And ugliness in all its verbal, emotional and spiritual forms, abounds.

Yet the biggest drawback to his film's abilities to attract big audiences is none of these. It's the subject matter. It's metaphysics.

Tom Bishop reviewed "The Milky Way" in *Vogue* a couple of issues

back, and fell into a trap already brimming with misguided Time and Newsweek staffers. He called the man an atheist: "Bunel's atheism is manifest in his virtulent anti-clericalism, in his irony about the Church, and in his moving cry of anger against the crimes, stupidities, and hypocrisy perpetrated against men in the name of a faith. And yet, paradoxically, he is irresistibly attracted to the ritual of the Church and to its mysteries which in turn give rise to its heresies. He indicts the Church, most of all, for denying the constructive life force of the flesh; at the same time he treats with a sort of reverence the mystic, poetic quality of religion."

Come on. Why does a man devote his entire life and 29 films to bitterly satirizing the Church? Is it atheism? Masochism? How about a belief in the higher forces?

Throughout all its switches from now to medieval times, and its everchanging characters and philosophies, the central theme of the film is obvious. People have always argued religion — killed for it, tortured themselves for it, lost jobs for it, even been exhumed for it. And still the arguments over technicalities of the Christ continue. Is He three in one, or one? Is He God's son or not? Did he walk dignified?

At film's end, Christ appears — and answers the questions. Vogue and those eggheads who are interested could catch the film again. . . and watch the "atheist" turn into a believer before their eyes. One has to look closely, yes?



5 bloody hours of British rock

10 AM

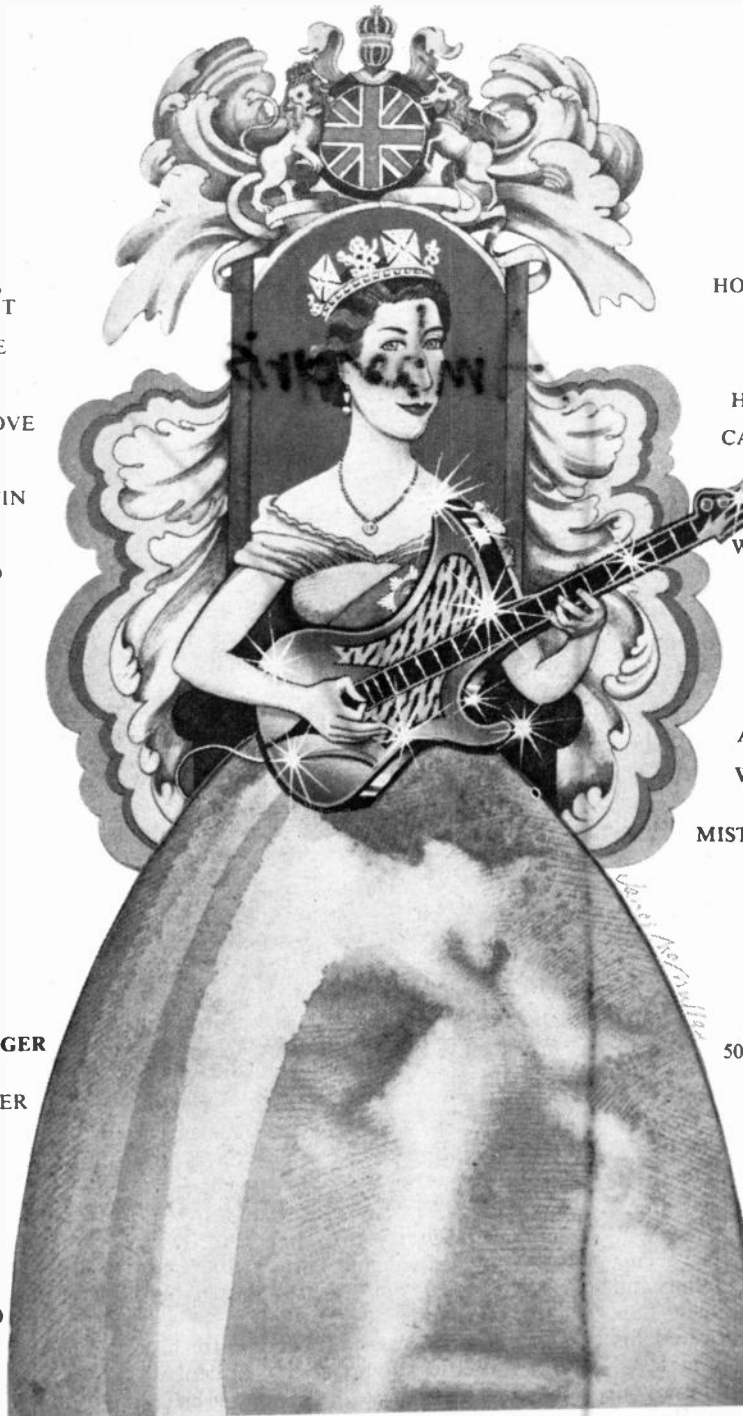
BEATLES
HEY JUDE
STONES
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS
GET WHAT YOU WANT
LED ZEPPELIN
WHOLE LOTTA LOVE
WHO
PINBALL WIZARD
CREAM
SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE
BEE GEES
HOLIDAY
MOODY BLUES
NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN
PENTANGLE
I GOT A FEELIN'
HOLLIES
CHARLIE AND FRED
TRAFFIC
FEELIN' ALL RIGHT
JETHRO TULL
NOTHING IS EASY
W. K. FROG
ALEXANDER

11 AM

10 YEARS AFTER
GOING HOME
JOHN MAYALL
MY OWN FAULT
BEATLES
YESTERDAY
DUNCAN BROWNE
THE GHOST WALKS
BRIGITTE ST. JOHN
LIKE TO BE WITH YOU
ESCALATOR
GRASS
JIMI HENDRIX
REMEMBER
JULIE DRISCOLL/BRIAN AUGER
BREAK IT UP
JACK BRUCE
NEVER TELL YOUR MOTHER
CREAM
ULYSSES

12 NOON

DONOVAN
MELLOW YELLOW
DONOVAN
CATCH THE WIND
DONOVAN (WITH JEFF BECK)
LOVE IS HOT
JEFF BECK
I AINT SUPERSTITIOUS
LED ZEPPELIN
HEART BREAKER



LED ZEPPELIN
JUST A WOMAN
ANIMALS
HOUSE OF RISING SUN
YARDBIRDS
OVER, UNDER
DAVE CLARK
GLAD ALL OVER
BEATLES
HOLD YOUR HAND
BEATLES
CAN'T BUY ME LOVE

1 PM

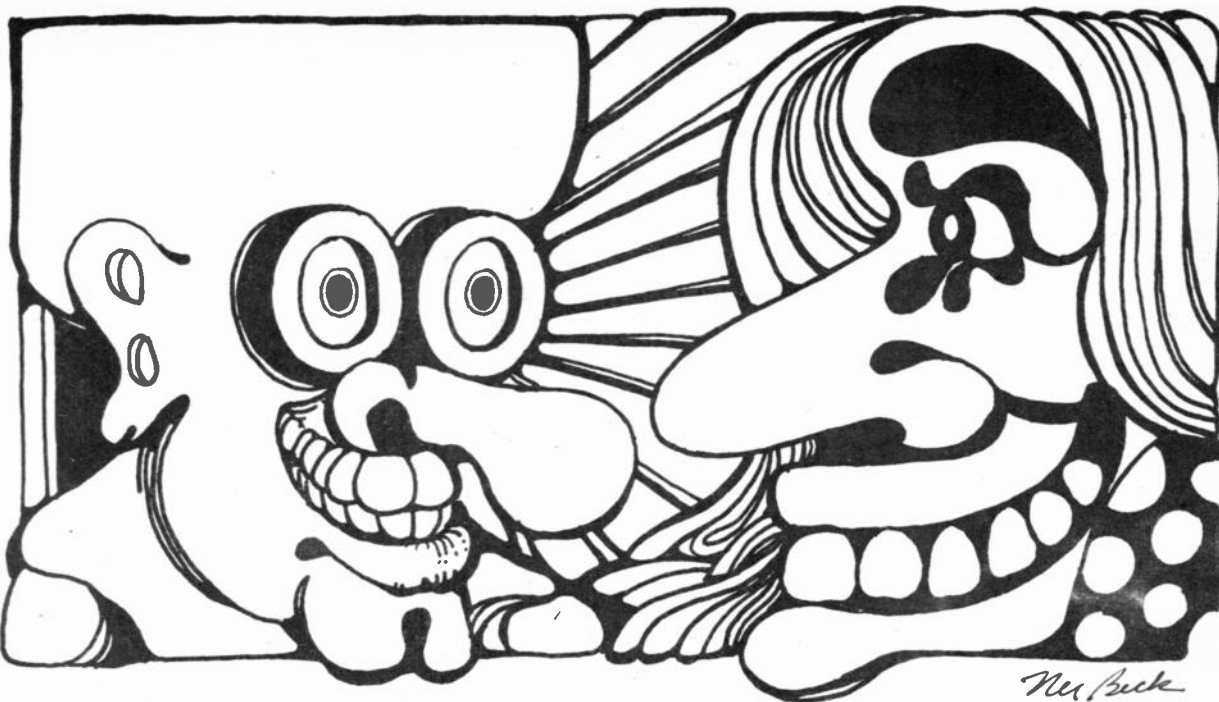
PROCOL HARUM
WHITER SHADE OF PALE
BEE GEES
DISASTER
BEE GEES
WORDS
STONES
JUMPIN' JACK FLASH
FLEETWOOD MAC
SUNNY DAY
SPENCER DAVIS
ALEC IN TRANSITLAND
PETER SARSTADT
WHERE DO YOU GO TO,
MY LOVELY?
THE MOVE
MIST ON A MONDAY MORNING
BEATLES
BIRTHDAY
RARE BIRD
MELANIE
STONES
SATISFACTION

2 PM

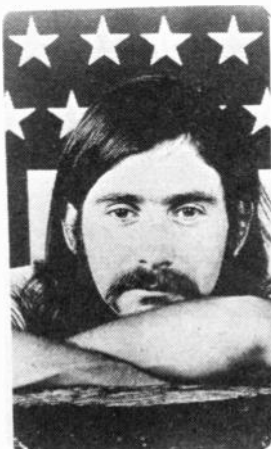
10 YEARS AFTER
50,000 MILES UNDER MY BRAIN
BLODWYN PIG
CHANGE SONG
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
WHO KNOWS WHERE
THE TIME GOES
EDWARD'S HAND
ORANGE PEEL
HUMBLEBUMS
SATURDAY ROUND
ABOUT SUNDAY
CRIMSON KING
THE COURT
JOHN MAYALL
SOMETHING NEW
SIREN
AND I WONDER
BADFINGER
COME AND GET IT

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WNEW-FM.102.7**

SMILING FACES



Ambergris



Norman Greenbaum does not expect to become a true super-star. In fact, he is quite literally following Voltaire's advice and is cultivating his own garden in Petaluma, which happens to be 50 miles north of San Francisco.

Once upon a time he was a prime creative force with Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band.

Once upon a time he enrolled in Boston University because he thought he should. "I took a course in geography," he relates bemusedly, "because my mother didn't want me to take a course in theatre." Three years later he stopped listening to his mother, dropped out of college and moved to Los Angeles where he began to live a debauched life on the Sunset Strip."

Now he makes records and grows organic vegetables. N.S.

A new group, with nine people, two trumpets and a trombone. Son of Blood, Sweat and Tears, right? In the case of Paramount Record's flagship group, Ambergris, that couldn't be more wrong. Ambergris has achieved what all groups strive for — a unique sound. And it's a good thing for Paramount that they have, for it is with this group that Paramount is launching itself (with a good amount of time, effort and money) into the wonderful, wacky world of rock'n'roll. Everybody wants a piece of the action these days, kiddies, so keep on buying those \$5.95 LPs.

In spite of the above, the group is good. Perhaps because almost all of them have played with other groups, and because they are almost all older than your average new group member, and because they spent months locked up together in a loft working together, they are a very tight group, all plugged into each other. Leader Larry Harlow was formerly the leader of a latin group called Orchestra Harlow which garnered its share of gold records in the latin field. If the thought of "latin rock" turns you off, don't let it. In the case of Ambergris, the blend of Latin sound and hard rock works well. It's a sound that is just different enough to work.

Having seen and heard Ambergris in person, both performing for "the press" in Greenwich Village's tiny Bitter End, and for frenzied teenies at the Electric Circus, there is no doubt that they get it on in person as well as on record. Once they become familiar

enough with working on stage together, and develop stage presence (at this point it consists of "And here is another song from our new album on Paramount.") they should be one of the bigger groups to have come around in a while. E.K.V.



If you're really into music, it's more than likely you won't like David Peel. The kindest thing that can be said about his approach is that it is emphatically amateurish.

But that is also his greatest strength. He is one of the those people to whom the street belongs. His second album has been released by Elektra and he is still to give a public performance for which he is paid.

David is a running, tumbling mass of enthusiasms and he can often be found in Washington Square Park singing his own songs including, "Have a Marijuana." According to David, his group, the Lower East Side, is the only

cont. on p. 60

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTIST: — By JOHN STEVENS/70



SHOUT MARIA

Cont. from p. 5

write-ups and pictures of Linda Ronstadt and Ike and Tina Turner were very well done.

I enjoy reading "The Saga of Beautiful Dick" too bad it ain't true.

Please write more on the Dead, because they're excellent musicians and beautiful people also, please write articles on the beautiful John Lennon and his Plastic Ono Band, who are really great.

Peace and Love Always
R.G.

Dear Phil:

I hope you will go on an anti-drug rampage as a publication that no doubt will have a large influence on young people. I hope more and more rock musicians will start realizing there is nothing wrong with being against drugs and publicly saying so. I hope they will stop worrying about losing fans if they make such an admission and start thinking about the young lives they can save by showing their concern for what is happening all over the country on and off the campuses.

Why not become the first underground publication to crusade against young people taking drugs?

Sincerely
Harriet Wasser
N.Y., N.Y.

Ed. — Would any of our readers care to share their opinions about this?

Paul Nelson Reveiws

Cont. from p. 12

barricades is wishful thinking (she prefers music to news on the radio), while Mark, although overtly political, is too undisciplined to formulate or

carry out any plan, let alone one which makes good radical sense. "I want to take risks," he says, sounding like a character out of Gide, one who is far more interested in the existentialist's gratuitous act than in meaningful guerrilla action.

When Mark and Daria make love in the desert, the film begins to show its parabolic structure. Dozens of other couples and threesomes both amplify and universalise the act into some kind of mythopoeic statement which is almost beautiful, almost silly (love-in humor is to be resisted). If America has reached its nadir as a moral force — its *Zabriskie Point*, if you will — Antonioni seems to be saying, let us look at the ambiguities of such a condition. From the heart of the disaster can come young people of great strength and purity, formed perhaps by the very abyssal pressures they must alleviate. Philosophically, absolute good can be found only if there is absolute evil. Viewed from this perspective, nothingness is a two-sided coin, fifty per cent passion, fifty per cent putrescence.

For *Zabriskie Point*'s two lovers, the coin comes up tails. Mark and Daria repaint the plane in Day-Glo colors until it becomes "a strange bird" bearing the byword mythology ("Make Love, Not War," et cetera) of the new sensibility of the '60s and '70s. She drives to Phoenix, and he flies to Los Angeles and is killed by the police at the airport. "Cops kill people and mythology," I scribbled in my notebook, and the omniscient overhead camera angle used when Mark dies actually shows the men in blue firing only at the symbolic entity that is the plane, which, like Zapata's horse, they cannot destroy.

Daria hears what has happened on the radio. Her employer's house — an edifice carved from nature by corporate wealth — and everything in

it — the maid, the gun collection, the plan to plasticize a portion of the desert and sell it like so many TV dinners — repel her, and she leaves. To her, *Zabriskie Point* is more than a silver pin in a real estate map. She stops the car a short distance from the house, and mentally dynamites the structure. We see it all explode, over and over again — the beauty of destruction in slow motion — its contents floating dreamily in space as the sun sets on America. A rejection, preview, state of mind, wish, statement of values? All of those.

The director's detractors — and I am not exactly an Antonioni aficionado (my dislike for *L'Avventura* is unrivaled) — are careful to point out several flaws in *Zabriskie Point*. I agree with them. When the demonstrators are arrested, the scenes in the police station are badly done; the satire (the advertising campaign, the tourists and their trailer) and the irony (a cut from Mark in a pickup driving through a slum to the executive in a limousine in front of a glassy skyscraper) are indeed too obvious; the acting (Mark Frechette and Daria Halprin, two nonprofessionals, as themselves, and Rod Taylor, a veteran, as the businessman) is practically nonexistent; the artificiality of Los Angeles is overused; all this and a dozen other things. Yes, these criticisms are valid, and no, none of them are, because, for me, the picture remains whole and undamaged by them. Rod Taylor, standing in his office with potted cactus and American flag, a blue, gray, and gold bank vault of a building visible behind him, is the archetype of benign corporate power; and poor Mark and Daria, two political innocents cut down in their prime by circumstance, do somehow manage to make the desert come to life again. I don't expect any more than that.

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June 22 - July 22



LEO
July 23 - August 22



VIRGO
August 23 - September 22



LIBRA
September 23 - October 23



SCORPIO
October 24 - November 22



SAGITTARIUS
November 23 - December 21



CAPRICORN
December 22 - January 19

FREE FORM FORUM

continued from page 15

were a WHOLE LOT of you. Wow.

And it built up and everything got mixed together and it built up even more. More murders, more music, more energy, more people. And Vietnam. Vietnam was the turning point for a lot of people. It was like the tar-baby Uncle Remus talked about. You began to realize how wrong the whole thing was, so you did some more reading and talking. You started to see how it was not a "tragic mistake" but rather the natural result of American policy. And suddenly, co-eds who only weeks before had been defending Truth, Justice & the American Way were giving copies of Marcuse to their friends, and beginning to realize how inseparable imperialism and racism were from the America Way. That the American Way depended on keeping much of the world enslaved and in poverty.

The deeper you got into it, the more horrible it became. You saw that even if America were to withdraw from Vietnam tomorrow it wouldn't make much difference; that the real sickness lay much deeper; that Vietnam was an effect, a symptom, not the cause; that the whole rotten structure would have to be changed or it would only happen again and again.

And all along the old people are making noises, saying "Well for chrissakes we got half a million troops there, we can't back out now; the free world depends on us." They want to get out, they tell us; it's an awful, tragic war and they want to get out just as badly as we do, they say, but these things can't happen overnight, they take time, and we need to have some kind of negotiated settlement. . . So the war goes on.

You begin to think: That's the same shit they're giving us about the H-bomb! "Yes, son, it's a terrible thing, the H-bomb, but you see it actually acts as a deterrent. . ." Hmmm. So they keep trying to talk to each other about NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT, as if having a roomful of gunfighters put their guns in their holsters would make much difference. When all along the big question sits off in the corner - why do they have to wear guns in the first place? What kind of place is it where everyone is so scared of everyone else that they'll carry a death threat on their hip? What is needed is not nuclear disarmament but a radical change in man's way of looking at himself and his relationship to the world.

The nuclear weapons are only the result of the way many people view reality. One nation believes it has the right to destroy the entire world in defense of its way of seeing. The distorted ego that permits this is the same one that permits a nation to destroy and pollute the ocean to get rid of its garbage, a company to pour poisons into the atmosphere and slowly but certainly murder all life in order to make a profit, people to destroy millions of acres of land by covering it with cement for highways so people can drive faster than ever in greater numbers than ever in their poison-making automobiles.

People can sign all the nuclear disarmament treaties they want, but until they begin to realize that the way of thinking, the way of perceiving reality that led them into making an industry of such weapons, a foreign policy that demanded them and a nation that could accept them was not only a miscalculation but a diseased and evil way of living. Until that time nothing will really change much. Not that they chose the wrong way of protecting their nation, but that whatever it is they're protecting they have no right to it in the first place.

Talking about ecology, it's probably the most important thing in the world and beyond. Do you worry about the possibility of nuclear warfare? What about the actuality of the destruction of all life on our planet, a process that is going on right now - polluted rivers and oceans, animals and humans dying from DDT and other man-made chemical poisons, people starving all over the world, the atmosphere becoming so thick with garbage that sunlight is filtered out, the temperature of the whole earth being changed, more people massacred each year from cancers and heart diseases and man-made poisons than any war has ever taken, a famine not more than twenty years away, a famine so severe that people will be turned to cannibals or murderers in order to survive. And on and on.

The answer? I don't know. Maybe just bust ass. Don't wait for governments to make treaties - change the governments. Throw the rascals out. Don't wait for Con Ed to become humanitarians - they ain't and never will be. General Motors, the Rockefellers, General Electric, Standard Oil - it is the very nature of monsters like this to exploit and destroy their environment (and the people they hold captive). For them the H-bomb is only a vicious watchdog to protect their Castle and the wealth and privilege they have stolen out of the earth; if the watchdog is taken away they'll only get another one of a

different breed. It is the people who feel they need the watchdog who must be attacked and destroyed. When the Castle is torn down, the watchdog will disappear.



CHOW MEIN FREAKS

continued from page 18

"Fortune cookie???" says Leo. Moments later he is filling a bag with them. "You can take these home with you."

Next we are introduced to the head chef, who, presumably presides over every dish that comes out of the kitchen. The hands on the clock say nine-fifty. The head chef is putting on coat and earmuffs to brave the January winds and the bitter-cold trip home. "But if you watch all the cooking, and the place doesn't close till 5 a.m. who will cook?"

I shouldn't have worried. "Cold? Ah, no, no. I have gloves right here." His smile is far too gentle and too wide for me to ask again.

At half past nine Kevin and I leave the restaurant. Between us we have an autograph, a menu, and twenty-six fortune cookies. Kevin asks for a few more cookies and puts them in his briefcase. "My friends at Ungano's will never believe this," he mutters wondrously.



JAMES BALDWIN

continued from page 29

is so much greater, that's why I'm scared. Life frightens me."

In a curious way, says Baldwin, it was Malcolm X who gave him the assignment: "the last time I saw him, before he went to Mecca, his youngest child was lying across Betty's lap, and I asked Malcolm the question which comes in The Grand Inquisitor part of Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov*: 'If you knew you could save mankind by dashing this baby against the rocks, would you kill this baby?' He just looked at me and said: 'I'm the warrior of this revolution, Jimmy, and you're the poet.'"



ASTROLOGY

continued from page 34

Just as their housekeeping depends on whimsy, Sagittarians disregard isolated facts to take up the main currents in a given situation, tying facts up with a general theory. The Sagittarian childlike perception infuriates Virgo, who worked five times as hard to reach the same conclusion. In the same way, the Archer's eloquent lip-service to Fidelity, which he is hard put upon

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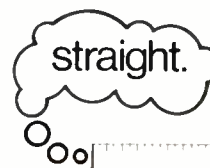


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—Don Heckman,
The New York Times,
January 25, 1970.

BLUE AFTERNOON / STS 1060
STRAIGHT RECORDS



TIM BUCKLEY



ASTROLOGY

cont. from p. 54

to practice, shakes up the Virgoan set of morals. Virgo may sleep around, but he doesn't label it "sharing Universal love."

While Sagittarius sees the usefulness of nurses and critics, to him Virgo is earthbound, narrow-minded, near-sighted. Virgo can't understand all the idealistic talk and no action. Both are bent on saving the world, one through selfless service, the other through inspirational propaganda. When the two bring their vision to a common meeting ground, they will save their energies from argument and genuinely do something about the human condition.

Sagittarians and Pisceans are much beloved by many. It's a pity they so rarely feel loving towards each others. Both tolerant and romantic — ruled by Jupiter — they, too fight over which is the best method exploring the Cosmos.

Deeply aware, Pisces is expert at pulling you gently into romance, faith, mysticism, or even confusion. The world hurts the sensitive Fish so much that he is forced to go one way or the other; an all-accepting being, or an escaper into drugs, booze, deceit, witchcraft. To others in the Zodiac, drugs provide an awakening into what is. Pisces gets trapped into the Is-ness and lacks the control to live as a high being without drugs. Pisces' way off the Wheel of Illusion is to float on top of the subtle vibrations. Imagine, then, the discomfort when Sagittarius bombs into town, brimming with exuberant personal propaganda, but missing every nuance of thought that is Pisces' daily bread. Since Sag is the extrovert, he gets all the credit, too. Pisces is left withering alone, too gentle and helpless to demand the help he needs. Sagittarius kinda likes Pisces (the Archer's not too critical), but can't understand why the Fish can't get himself toGETHer... "Goddamn chick always talks in whispers, you know?"

So back to Pisces and Gemini. It's rough. Gemini is a media freak. Pisces talks to a tree when in doubt. Gemini's full of little cheery notes. Pisces cheer — or depression — is deeper than Gemini can tell. The 12th sign has no explanation for anything — all is mystery. All is interesting, says Gemini, but mystery? Weird outlook, says Gem. Speed freak, sulks Pisces. Superficial, chattering goony bird. Phony, says Gemini. All the drama and psychism and stuff is a bit embarrassing, n'est-ce pas?

So much for the squares. Opposite signs aggravate more subtly, but they

need each other badly, too.

Sagittarius knows. He is a high, deep, compassionate thinker. When he opens his mouth to tell you where he's been, burbling enthusiasm ripples out — sounds of wonder and humor that only an Aries or Leo can easily slide into, while the rest of the Zodiac chuckles and watches; while Sagittarius never makes his point. He needs Gemini's impeccable manner of communication, his diplomatic charm, his continual fascination in everything. Likewise, Gemini is a silly bore without some guiding philosophy to back up what he says. Gemini really knows how to live, but he needs to know why he lives. His mercury-like mind doesn't allow him to figure out the metaphysics, so he looks to Sagittarius for the heavy stuff. It works.

Virgo says, "Thread this needle — the range of my tolerance — and I'll accept you." A rejector, Virgo is often rejected for too many harsh thoughts of others. Pisces comes along and says, "Do anything and I will still find a way to understand and forgive you!" Virgo is shaken by this attitude, investigates it, and finds comfort in it. No matter how bitchy or sharp the tongue of Virgo, Pisces will always love and understand. Pisces, however, is constantly being chided for not measuring up, dreaming too much, being too sloppy. Virgo, craving the soft edges of Pisces, says, "I'll organize you. And remember, you have to be pretty special if I accept you..."

So it goes. It appears that the main conflict between signs in square or copposition is less of intent than of method. Peer behind the personality and habits of people born under any sign, and base your friendships on the stuff within. It's difficult, but unions between conflicting signs grow deeper, faster, and mellower than easy trines or sextiles. A personality with many squares is intelligent, quick to learn, and more fascinating than the person with many smooth patterns and reactions. It's a gamble, but the friendships and understanding that can come in square are often worth the risk.



SMILING FACES

cont. from p. 58

professional group that will always be playing on the streets.

Where did David Peel come from? "I came," he says, "from Staten Island and I traded in my surf board for twenty dollars and a broken-down guitar." J.M.

Stevie Wonder was relaxing in his Waldorf-Astoria suite when we met him. He was in town to play the Copacabana. Earlier in the day he had to vacate the NBC studios because of a bomb threat.

He was talking rhapsodically about the various people who were performing his music. (Ramsey Lewis and the Rotary Connection among others). It seems that though Stevie is a dynamite performer his main thing is composing.

"Actually what it is," he explained, "is that my hobby is writing and creating. I love talking very much, expressing how I feel."

Steve's cousin, who was travelling with him, made some pithy remarks. Steve laughed and went on to another subject.

"People ask me," he continued, "how I feel being blind. I hate for people to feel that I'm handicapped. I don't consider myself handicapped. A handicapped person is someone who makes a bomb threat, or someone who's prejudiced. Someone who is sick." N.S.

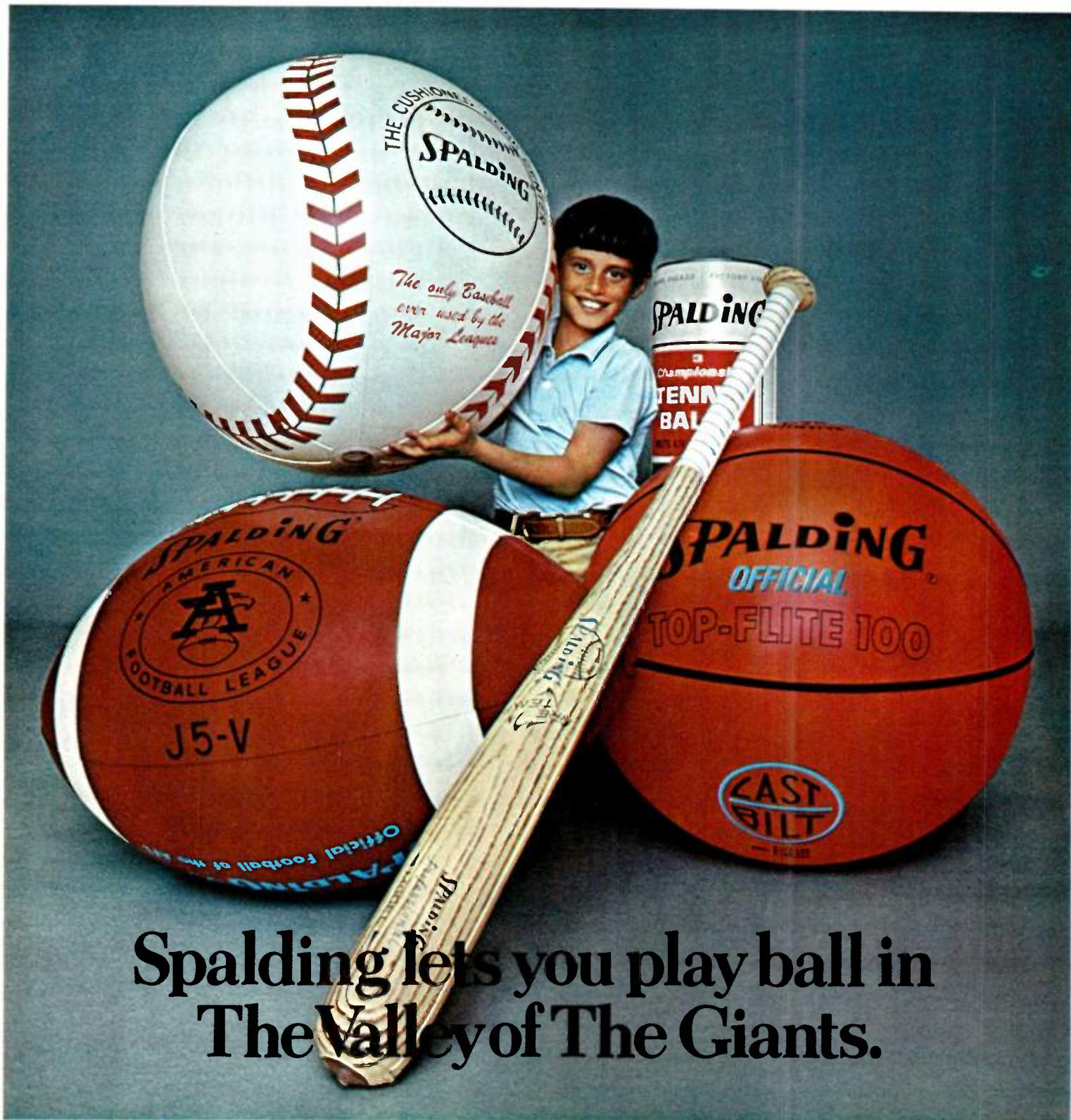


Joel Vance is a songwriter, singer and apparently a late bloomer. In his album, "What I did on my Vacation," he rips through a whole bunch of songs most of which he's written and he sings in a really great rock and roll voice, although once in awhile he will sound like Fats Waller.

Joel is the kind of guy that is likely to carry a William Buckley paperback in his right back pocket and a Norman Mailer book in his left.

We call him a late-bloomer but of course that phrase, a misnomer, is a typical example of yellow journalism. What it means is that Joel has been waiting ten years to record. While he's been waiting he's been developing his feeling for blues. (He comes from Chicago, you know.) In that time he has worked on music trade papers and has spent the better part of the more recent years as a press agent. That is, he has been using his skills to make less talented musicians better known than he. Joel Vance time has come.

cont. on p. 62



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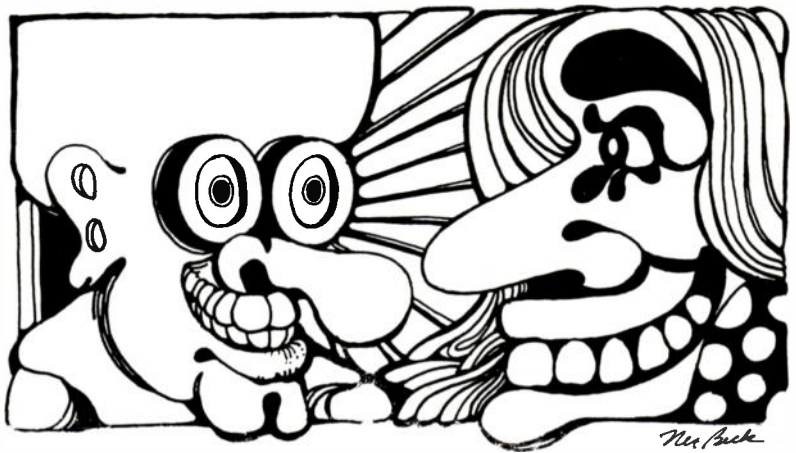
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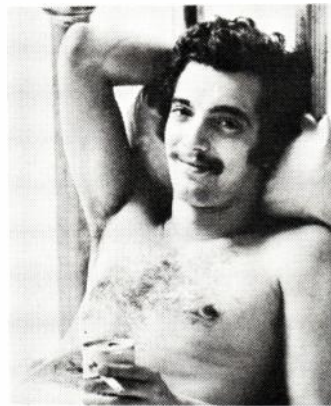
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Kevin Spleid and Louis Gaudiosi are two thirds of KLN Photos, GO's staff photographers. Kevin and Louis are also carpenters par-excellence, having just finished rennovating the GO editorial office. If you have some pictures you want taken or some walls you want built and you live in the New York area (or are willing to pay transportation costs) you can reach them through GO at 765-9630. P.F.



Rosalie Sorells is one of those rarities. She is a folk-singer who's never been to college.

She is a dark-eyed mountain girl from Boise, Idaho with a face like an elf and a voice that reminds some people of Billie Holiday, others of Edith Piaf and others of Kltty Wells. When she isn't minding her five kids or cooking a memorable meal for some writer or singer passing through Boise, on his way to someplace else, Rosalie writes songs. And she sings them.

As mentioned before she never went to college. She never travelled outside the country. She has spent most of her adult life living with her husband in Salt Lake City, Utah. Yet, Rosalie has one of the best furnished minds, and one of the most seasoned hearts anyone is likely to find. There are few books she hasn't read, ew records she hasn't listened to. She is a distinguished folklorist, a student of frontier history, and an authority on the music and traditions of the Mormons. N.S.



Stone the Crows is one of those really heavy groups that you could be bored with until you listen to them. They not only have a nice souply blue electronic sound. They have a feel and a love for what they are doing.

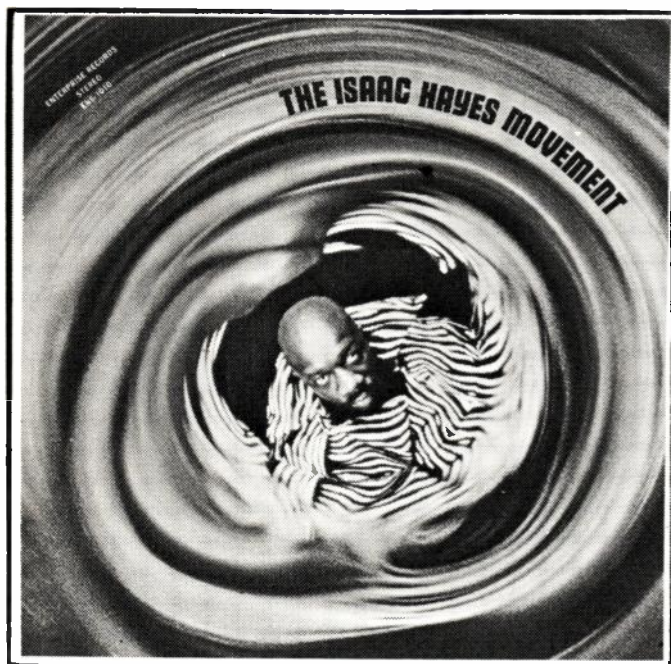
The group was sitting around in the comfortable Polydor offices and describing their ten-week tour of he U.S. of A. After doing some dates in Texas they are planning to drive North and see America. This is a particular act of bravery in that they have seen "Easy Rider" which is anything but a commercial for middle America.

Maggie, one of the group's two vocalists, gets her inspiration from Aretha Franklin. "She's got everything," Maggie explained. Jimmy the other vocalist is crazy about Ray Charles. "I'd love to meet him," says Jimmy. J.M.

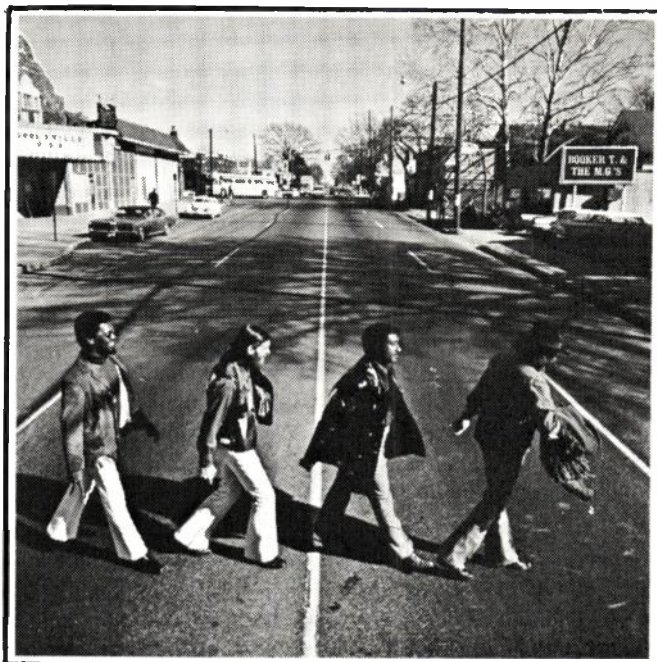


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