

# FRICK

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Right after lunch is the best time to give an inflammatory speech to highschools, in 8 out of 10 cases so far this method has worked. The other two was instrument failure but everyone made a clean break out of the way of the law.

What was on the tape? well it was some speeches that were put together and cut up and rearranged like burroughs writes. there was some poetry by muhammed ali and a speech by malcom x some tape of robert

kennedy talking to martin luther king and a whole lot of rock and soul music. the temptations, some old supremes records, some bo diddly music too. It was something youd expect to see on a broadway stage but it worked and everyone got away safe.

You can put what ever youd like on your tape i mean the choice is up to you, also the responsibility too. When it gets too weird i mean to the point where it dont even seem funny more thats the time to come in out of the rain and close the door. I been listening to a new collection of Beethoven records released as a set of classics called

*The Beethoven Album.* Its on Columbia masterworks, Nr. MrX-821. It contains all the the best stuff with the exception of the Eroica.

It has the 5th and 9th symphonies, and the Moonlight, The Appassionate, and the Pathetique Sonatas.

Performed by Lenord Bernstein and the new york philharmonic and eugene ormandy and the philadelphia orchestra also with Rudolph Serkin, and the Morman Tabernacle Choir.

Theres a marker near where Beethoven was buried. the inscription is as follows:

"If we are still able to think of completeness in this disrupted age let us come together around his grave. From time immemorial poets and heroes and singers and holy men have existed so that the wretched the confused humans may raise themselves up by their example and call to mind their origins and their goal." 1827.

CHARLIE FRICK  
SEPTEMBER 15, 1970



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# OUTSIDE

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But then — it was weird — all these attempts on my life suddenly, strangely, just stopped. I remember that it was around the time that J.C. Moses came into town and tried to play like me in the new system — and right after him Paul Motian and Milford Graves. That made four New Jazz drummers. Right about then is when that shit broke up. Since then they been trying to starve me to death but there ain't been no more people trying to kill me with violence. I guess they figured there was getting to be too many of us to deal with that kind of way. Anyway, since then I ain't had no more hassles like that. I've been cool.

Then, when the time came to go home everybody split on me — Albert said, "Bye," and flew home. I was stranded and frightened. I was in a hotel room alone in a foreign country. The embassy said, "O.K., we'll send you home on an army boat." They told me what boat to catch.

And this is how another attempt on my life came about. I had known a chick from the earlier tour and she come up to me and invited me to stay at her home which was sixty miles from Copenhagen. I said, "I'm catching the boat tomorrow and I can't go that far." She said, "Don't catch that boat, catch the next one." So I got a strange vibration and I didn't go home with this lady. I jacked my bags and headed for the train station to take a train to the port where the boat was.

When I got on the train, two cats got on right behind me. They were dressed very debonair. They kept watching me. Smiling at me. Everytime I went to eat they followed me into the dining car — real foreign intrigue shit! One time these dudes came and looked in my compartment and smiled and closed the door. I had me some smoke and I threw it out the window. I didn't know what was going on and I took this little Swedish dagger out and kept it near me all the time. When we got to the port, to Bremerhaven, the dudes changed clothes, man, and they came out dressed like sailors — and they weren't no sailors. This really messed up my head because what happened then was they changed into civies again and when I got off the train I saw the dudes cross the platform and get on a fucking train that was going back! It was too much, man. But that wasn't even it. On the boat, about three days at sea, a dude cuts into me and says, "You know the next boat that was leaving the day after this one? Everybody on that boat is just about dead, man." I said, "What happened?" He said, "There was an epidemic of spinal sclerosis or something. Somebody snuck a sick person on the boat and he died on the boat — he would have been dead in about three hours anyway." They had taken about four people off the boat in helicopters. So I'm thinking, damn, if I'd went over to this broad's house and layed up an extra day in her crib and caught the other boat I'd be dead.

I WAS AWARE OF MY HAIR, UNDONE... NO MAKE-UP, THE APRON... A BLUSH OF SHAME DEVoured ME...



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## WOMEN IN PRINT

cartoon feminists, finally gets sick of trying to join Iggy's dumb little slum of a clubhouse and says, "Fuck this shit!" Betty and Veronica finally tire of chasing after numbskilled Archie Andrews and decide to go out and join a women's liberation rap group.

Tirade Funnies, by an artist named Michele, is a devastating attack on all the shit that women have to suffer in the street. In Michele's strip, a woman walks out in the park to get some fresh air and is accosted by the usual polluting sounds of "Hey baby, over here," and "You've got nice tits," etc. Michele wonders if women "just dig all that attention, or why would we be out in the streets in the first place."

The book also contains two magnificent escape strip by Trina herself, "Lavender," and "Remember Telluria." Lavender is a beautiful sorceress who lives with a woman/lion/cat and who gets fucked by a deceitful, handsome rogue named Rohan every eighty years or so. Rohan shows up... fucks Lavender... drugs Lavender... tries to rip off one of Lavender's secret books that contains the mystery of the universe, but was foiled in his fiendish efforts. Lavender, being a sorceress and a woman, is much more clever than her muscular friend. She drugs Rohan. Her cat hides the book, Rohan takes off, and the two women

drink an undrugged toast to sisterhood. "Telluria" is another one of Trina's escape trips — all about an ancient and exotic beauty who fights the forces of law and society for the lover of her own choosing.

Supergirl, disgusted with her status, declares her freedom by telling old Mr. Macho himself that, "This is the last time you're going to get away with this, Superman. I'm tired of being bossed around. Our partnership is over!!!" Petunia Pig stops cooking and cleaning for her fat porcine friend Porky. Even Juliet Jones, proto-heroine of dozens of love comic sob-sisters, breaks out. "You're one of the most fascinating and exasperating, mysterious men I've ever met," Miss Jones sighs tearfully. Then she stops. Recognition flashes across her face. "Who put these inane words in my mouth? How long must I be this mindless simp, kept docile under the shadow of an eraser?"

"It Ain't Me Comics" is clearly one of the most beautiful things yet to come out of the women's liberation movement. Aside from being funny and clever and well-drawn, the comic book opens a whole new world for women — a chance to express through pen and ink, the suffering, the fury and the joy that is the American feminine experience. Until "It Ain't Me Babe Comics," it hadn't really been done before. Let's hope that this book is just the beginning.