



DISSENTER

Fubar

A WORD OF INTRODUCTION

This year, the DISSENTER has been a long time in the coming, and this year many things have changed. The DISSENTER was born two years ago at Amherst. It has appeared sporadically, and last year after an ugly incident, it did not come out at all for months on end.

This year, the DISSENTER has expanded. This issue will appear at Amherst, Bennett, Clarence, Kenmore East, Kenmore West, Park Williamsville, and an unknown number of Catholic high schools in the area.

The DISSENTER has been, and will continue to be a magazine of satire, literature, politics, and an occasional bit of slander here and there.

The DISSENTER is student-run, and self-supporting. We are neither reliant nor affiliated with any political group. We speak our mind; any censorship in the DISSENTER is self imposed.

The DISSENTER welcomes your comments and contributions. Letters to the editor, general complaints, material for publication advertisements, hate mail, and plastic explosives should all be sent to THE DISSENTER, 35 Tillinghamst, Buffalo New York 14216, or given to a DISSENTER salesman. Please specify with all articles whether they may be edited, and whether they are to be published signed or unsigned.

Because of past experiences, the DISSENTER staff has chosen to remain anonymous.

The DISSENTER would like to express it's gratitude to Jeremy Taylor (former editor of the UB Spectrum) for his invaluable advice, and to the ladies who taught us the ins and outs of the mimeo machine.

If you are in any way dissatisfied with your copy of the DISSENTER, take it to your salesman

and ask for your money back. Not only will he refuse to give you your money back, but he will also deny that he ever sold you the magazine in the first place.

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By Chairman Mao

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This magazine is sold by weight, not by volume. Packed as full as practicable by modern automatic equipment, it contains full net weight indicated. If it does not appear full when opened it is because contents have settled during shipping and handling.

Often, the Dissenter is criticized by teachers and administrators who fear what some of the adults in the community would say were they to see some of our more provocative articles.

School spokesmen claim that they regret these conditions, but they say that the community simply isn't ready for the Dissenter.

What they fail to consider is that by suppressing freedom of speech, they are creating another generation of narrow-minded citizenry.

It takes a certain amount of courage to avoid this vicious circle, and we hope for the sake of the community that the area high school administrations will show this courage.

NOW IN THE PLANNING STAGES: THE NEW IMPROVED HISTORY OF MAN. KIND: A DISSENTER SPECTAT*****

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CONQUEROOS

Several days ago the Conqueroos, a rock-blues band gave a free concert at Amherst; a good performance, marred only by the boorish behavior of some of the Amherst Audience. Later, the DISSENTER interviewed the group at their apartment.

Originally founded four years ago as the Uncalled Four, the Conqueroos after a mythical Negro hero of slavery days. The group is made up of Dave Gittler, on piano and vocals; George Levinson, drums; Jeff Tillman, guitar; and Mark Goldfarb, electric bass (who wasn't present at the interview.)

Their Music

First, I asked the Conqueroos what their ultimate ambition was, and Dave answered "to attain nirvana, and to bring happiness to other people. Then I asked them to describe their type of music, and they described it as a cross between Paul Butterfield and the Mothers of Invention. Dave, more or less the spokesman of the group, said that they had been offered had been offered an audition with Columbia Records which they had postponed indefinitely because they were not yet personally satisfied with the nature of their music. Money, they said, was not a matter of great concern to them.

The Draft

The conversation then turned to the draft. Dave, along with twelve or fifteen others, has turned in his draft card to the local draft board "for reasons of conscience", on October 18th. He mentioned the threatened penalties for non-possession of one's draft card- up to five years in jail and/or \$10,000 fine. Dave said that at this

this point he could get away with turning in his card; the resistance was too strong for the government to prosecute. But, he hastened to add he was quite ready to go to jail. Then it was George's turn. I asked him what he would do were to be drafted. He said that he didn't know. Time will tell, Dave interjected. But, George added, they would under no circumstances serve in the army. I asked Dave whether he thought that the Resistance, a radical organization against the war in Viet Nam, and turning in draft cards would be effective in ending the war. He said that it would and quoted Dr. Benjamin Spock as saying that the most effective way to stop the war in Viet Nam is draft resistance. "It's growing" he concluded.

I asked Dave what had happened to him since turning in his draft card. Dave answered that their phone had been tapped, and that many others had been visited by FBI agents.

The Resistance

Another fellow, who identified himself as a spokesman for the Resistance gave me what amounts to a DISSENTER exclusive. He said that the Resistance representatives were presently in Europe negotiating with the National Liberation Front, the political arm of the Viet Cong. If these negotiations are successful, if trust is established, the NLF will delegate to the Resistance power to bargain with the US Government for the release of captured pilots. He said that the anti-war movement had changed from one of protest to one of confrontation and resistance.

Music

The conversation turned back
Cont'd.

CONQUEROO INTERVIEW (cont'd)

to their music. I asked Dave who his favorite musicians were. He named Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans, the Late John Coltrane, Miles Davis, and Muddy Waters.

The Conqueroos always eat, but not always too well. They have stood up for what they believe in and they deserve your support. The Conqueroos are excellent musicians, and they can be contacted at 837-6744.

The Resistance can be contacted by writing to The Resistance, Box 62, Norton Union, State University of New York at Buffalo.

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MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES

The true confessions and chronicles of Damnation K. Jones
First installment

I began my life at the tender age of zero, when I was born. When I was but a few weeks old, nameless, faceless and bald, I was brought to the portals of the Safeguard Rubber Company in an old cardboard box along with a note decrying in the bitterest of terms the ineffectiveness of Safeguards products. The note went on to explain in concise logical terms how I properly belonged to Safeguard and not to my mother and how in any case they were stuck with me.

Safeguard was at a total loss for anything to do with me, the suggestion that I be made the emblem for a national sales campaign being voted down for obvious reasons. In the end it was decided that I would be best off in an orphanage.

Friends, the orphanage wasn't pleasant. I still remember the nurses in their blood stained gowns, who would gently jab me in the navel and ask me in the most endearing of terms "You're a little bastard aren't you?"

I lived the orphanage life for three years, and then a loving but childless couple by the name of Ebenezzer and Angelica Jones adopted me.

The only name which the orphanage had seen fit to give me was kid, and Ebenezzer strove to find me one that was more appropriate. He took out a well-worn Bible, closed his eyes, and banking on the Lord's divine guidance, opened the Good Book to page 47. When Ebenezzer opened his eyes his finger was on the word "damnation".

I was baptised a few days later in the First Presbyterian Church of Des Moines Iowa by the Reverend Pancho von Blitzkrieg as Damnation Kid Jones. To the great dismay of the reverend, I proceeded to urinate merrily into the baptismal font. "He'll never come to any good", von Blitzkrieg confided to my father. "Bastards never do."

The next few years were happy ones. My parents loved me and cared for me, and all went well in the little house in Des Moines.

Alas and alack, all good things must end someday. When I was five years old I fell in with a gang of vicious six and seven year-olds. We started small, candy from babies and call that, but greed soon drove us further into the depths of crime. Finally, on my sixth birthday, we held up the First Federal Bank of Des Moines, and got away with \$300,000 on our tri-cycles.

Ebenezzer was very disappointed when he found my share of the loot stuffed away in my pillow. While Angelica prayed for my soul, Ebenezzer sent off my fortunes to the Missionary Society of Papua and New Guinea.

"Idle hands are the devils playground", Angelica quoted, and she decided to send me off to school.

(In the next installment Damnation K. Jones will tell about his beholding it was unusual

STAY TUNED FOR THE NEWS
With Algernon

Yes, folks, it's time once again for "THE END OF THE WORLD", that great show that chronicles your demise. Last week we brought you the power failure that cancelled out North America in living black. The week before it was the Asian land war. This week we're covering the population explosion. Here is the Pope.

Tell us, your Holiness, why aren't you in favor of birth control?

"Bless you my son, rise and say Ave Maria."

Are there any reasons why the starving people of South America, for instance, should be obliged by their religion to breed like rabbits?

"A rabbit is God's creature too, my son. Remember St. Francis and the beasts of burden. Rise and say a pater noster."

That was the Pope himself. Look at that jeweled scepter, my, my, isn't it swell, folks? Now here's 4958.

Mr. 4958, what exactly did you participate in?

"I'm the sole survivor of an experiment conducted by social scientists to determine the results of leaving a specific physical area alone with it's people for several generations without any control on population. The results of this massive half century experiment were terrible and horrifying. Starvation, madness, and death. Disease and poverty. "Awful."

Where was this area?

"Well, we called it India."

Thank you, Mr. 4958.

"Call me '4'."

Alright, 4. Good luck on your scurvy and typhus.

And here is this month's mayor of New York-Boston, Moishe O'Brien.

Tell us, mayor, how do you control the population of your hundred million constituents?

"Every riot I use nuclear warheads to disperse the mobs."

How do you deal with rats, flies, etc?

"Well, rats I don't handle, that is the Fed's job, but we have a spe-

cial spray composed primarily of East River water, deadliest of all chemical weapons. We've hit the flies so hard that they're dying like people."

Thank you mayor. Bad break about you being mugged, sir. Recover fast.

And that's all for the population explosion scene, folks. Next week we'll cover a new angle on the apocalypse: the war on Mars. Is the alien population fit to govern itself? Or should they be protected from Venusian subversion? We ask questions like these to the U.S. Army advisors there, from Brigadier Generals to Pfc's.

And now, all you sadists and psychotics stay tune for the news.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The author of the preceding article, Algernon Organism of Syracuse New York, is at present going through a great family crisis. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Tecumseh Organism, now in the twilight of their years, have gotten the strange notion in their heads that their son's name is Mickey Stern, and have ceased to refer to him as anything else.

ADVERTISEMENT

"Up tight with the draft?" Those seeking informatiion on alternate services, conscientious objection or draft resistance should contact Jeremy Taylor, at 885-4072 for draft counseling.

Remember, The Dissenter needs you! Send your articles, cover designs, jokes, cartoons, and suggestions to DISSENTER, 35 Tillinghast, Buffalo, New York

Well, like it all started one day a long time ago when everybody was sitting around at my house, and nobody really knew what to do and then this kid hollered out there's something in the paper about bananas and about how you could get high on them and all. So we got all our money and in all we had about two dollars among us and we got on our way over to a grocery store and we bought maybe five pounds of bananas and then we went over to this kid's house and started scraping out the insides of banana peels like it said in the paper. We did that for maybe half an hour and then we put the mess in the oven at about 200 and we went outside and waited and started shooting baskets with this soccer ball and we kept missing, then we inflated the ball. Every time someone shot this big dog kept getting in the way or maybe he was a wolf, that's how big he was. And every fifteen minutes or so someone would run in and see if the stuff was done yet and we waited about four hours and finally we started anyhow. So we put this smelly stuff that looked like dried mushrooms (kinda) into this big pipe that looked like the indians had made it or something and we couldn't get it lit because the stuff was too moist, and finally we just stuck burning matches into it and it burned (so did our fingers) but never too well. Then we started passing this pipe around all sitting in this circle like a bunch of stupid indians (which is not meant to slight you indians) and the kid whose house it was, well his mother looked on benevolently and then she started to laugh and flap her wings (strangely built woman) around like they were arms and hollering, "The sky is blue! The sky is blue!". And she was mocking us out and we weren't getting very high (she was though) and we knew it, and me and this other kid were choking our guts out. (in?) So then we went out and bought some joints.

WARNING!!

READING THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE HAZ-

It has always been the DISSENTER's policy to include a little constructive criticism in each issue. Therefore, in the light of the recent failure of the New York State Lottery, we would like to offer a suggestion (seeing as the lottery would like to support our education). Many have said that the lottery was conducted in a slipshod manner. (If we're going to gamble with our education, let's not do it slipshodily!)

After long, arduous hours of contemplation of assorted navels, pornographic camp pictures, and the poems of Kahlil Gibran, we came up with the following solution; dissolve 4.5 grams of...wait a minute! The solution is to turn the lottery over to the Mafia! Let us consider this seriously for a moment. (then you can laugh)

What other organization is better qualified and more hard-working than this fine fraternity? The Mafia, having many years of experience in running such contests could certainly do a far better job with the lottery than the amateurs in Albany. There is no doubt in our minds that were Gov. Rockefeller to contact the leaders of the Mafia, they would be more than willing to take over the lottery for a mere 10% of the take. The sales technique of the Mafia is admirable, or in any case undeniably effective.

I mean, could you turn down three lovable, heavily armed toughs collecting money for your child's education, I mean, could you?

For those who are not convinced of the Mafia's ability to make money on the lottery we have only one question: Is the Buffalo City Government starving?

MEMORANDUM

FROM: DISSENTER SPORT EDITOR
TO: BUFFALO ARE TRACK TEAM COACHES

PEASANTS IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL LONG AGO FOUND OUT THAT THEY COULD MAKE THEIR LAZY DONKEYS MOVE FASTER BY RUBBING PEPPER INTO THEIR REAR ENDS. ALTHOUGH THIS APPROACH TO TRACK IS UNDENIABLY AN UNORTHODOX ONE, WE ARE SURE

HENRY'S BIRTHDAY
a short story

From the moment that he got up, Henry could tell that something was wrong. First of all, his wife was nowhere to be found. Still sleepy, he dragged himself through the apartment, looking for her, and finally resigned himself that she was out shopping.

Henry was surprised. And more than a little hurt, for this was his twenty-eighth birthday, and he had envisioned a birthday cake, and candles, and his wife's dancing eyes present to brighten up his morning. Instead, she was gone and hadn't even left a note.

Henry dressed, and stepped outside. The street was strangely quiet; in fact it was totally deserted. Somewhat surprised, he got into his car, and headed downtown.

It was then that Henry knew that something was definitely amiss. The downtown streets were deserted, too!

Henry was quite alarmed. Trying his best to stay calm, he headed out towards the airport, and found that it too was empty. He went over to his plane, a small two-seater, and in desperate search for other human beings, he took off. He began to fly over the city, first in small circles, then in wider and wider ones. No one could be seen anywhere.

Want hours later, back in his apartment, Henry made one last try. He switched on his short-wave set and turned over all the bands he could cover, but the radio was as if dead. Then he began to pound the radio, until it ceased to make any sound at all.

With new quiet and serenity, he went to his bedroom, took a pistol from a bedside drawer, and pointed it to his temple. He heaved a long sigh, and blew his brains out. For
(cont. column next)

maybe a quarter of an hour the world was silent and then, almost on command, his closet door opened and out streamed merry, mirthful, and for the most part drunk, his wife, his boss, his friends and the entire 3.2 billion people who had decided to make Henry's 28th birthday the nicest one ever. Surprise, they cried, surprise, surprise.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE SUPERIOR
DIGESTIVE TRACT (UPI)

Buffalo high school senior John Jay is celebrating the successful outcome of a \$1,000 bet with UBE professor Henry Ib. John drank a quart of hydrochloric acid without experiencing any uncomfortable aftereffects. He contributes his success to clean living, good health, and two years of school lunches in his high school. "There's nothing that can compare with one of those delicious lunches to prepare you for the harder stuff. I attribute my success to the cafeteria staff." We salute this gallant senior.

THINK UP STUPID IDEAS TO FILL
EMPTY SPACE DEPT.

What's the matter? We're
forced to present the

OLD DISSENTERS NEVER
DIE THEY JUST FADE AWAY DEPT.

Rick Wolfson is alive and safe.
in Eastern Michigan University.

Every Junior that wants to go to college takes:

SOME ATROCIOUS TEST

1. Johnny went to the store for his mother. The distance from his home to the store is 1 mile. It took him twice as much time to go as to come back. It took him one hour in all. How much did the groceries weigh? (Hint: he was in the store for 10 minutes.)

- a. 2 kilograms
- b. 5 kilograms
- c. 1 slug
- d. 9.8 Newtons
- e. 4 acres

2. Yeti : counter framms as reindeer :

- a. Your father
- b. Pancho von Blitzkrieg
- c. a sprocked frozzle
- d. habitual disorientation
- e. All of the above

3. Which is heavier, a pound of iron or a pound of silk pajamas?

- 1. Silk pajamas cost a dollar a bushel
- 2. Iron is going out of style

- a. 1 alone is sufficient to answer the problem, but 2 isn't.
- b. 2 alone is sufficient to answer the problem, but 1 isn't.
- c. Together they are sufficient to answer the problem.
- d. Either 1 or 2 alone would be sufficient.
- e. Neither 1 nor 2 is sufficient.

4. Philip has a swimming pool. One day he left both pipes filling the pool and the drain open. Each pipe would take 3 days alone to fill it if the drain is shut. It takes two days to empty the pool with the drain. How long will it take to fill the pool?

- a. Philip is spelled with two l's
- b. It was stupid to leave the drain open
- c. We were lying, Philip doesn't own a pool
- d. 22.4 Whatsadingers
- e. The question is stupid

5. The word most nearly opposite to a is:

- a. None of the above
- b. Maybe yes maybe no maybe maybe
- c. I don't know but don't mark it wrong, I want to go to a good college.
- d. None of your business
- e. Allgemeines Krankenhaus, bitte warten.

POETRY

Winter Mountain
by Arthur Axelrod

In the slanting, northern light, in the wandering organ tones
Of the wind, the mountain stads, layer over layer firm---
A winter monolith.
Enduring like the organ tones, their rhythm carved in
Snow-covered rock, or like the textured evergreen wood, out into growth,
Even in the midst of death.
The roof of evergreen deepens into the white sky, revealing
the sun against the winter forest and its quality as if through a seal of gold,
Its light enduring.
The silent, solid mountain stands, symphonic rock over rock, its
Pinewood centering the horizon of this white landscape. It endures, although never
Before so close to death.
Even here, there is the slow movement of the year against
The mountain and the coming change to evergreen and darkening blue. But that is in
A time apart from this,
In another time.

CIRCLE

Hello world, circle of life
Truth to the simple
Complex to the wise
Each piece is beautiful
In itself
Lay your wreath upon
My heart and mind
Bring your joys and sorrows
To my eyes that
I might comprehend
Give me strength to endure
and faith to believe
For I live and have seen
The light!

Anonymous

Love Song from a line by Chairman Mao

"What we need is an enthusiastic but calm state of mind."

A passionate cool we gave 'em,

Me and Morgan,

Everyone secure in his HIS or her HER,

Hiding behind Night Guard

and

soda pop germ killers from Dow Chemical

(who had experience in that kind of thing).

Morgan,

He gave 'em insecurity.

And me,

Me, I just watched not being sure what to do

Not having finished the book.

But then Morgan is gone.

It's because of you,

your image there,

while it carried him across sets

by

Michelangelo

on which

Sidney Poitier and Governor Wallace

played out Hollywood fantasies

at a place called Amerast.

And the Governor was a natural for a disciplinarian.

Until Morgan kicked him

in

"A Last Feast of Defiance"

which I unfortunately missed,

struggling with your image

at the time.

I first heard about it on Guntly-Brinkley,

Somewhere between Dow Jones's

and

Caroline Kennedy.

But the President was called on to make a speech

which his ghostwriters did very well.

One never even saw the teleprompter hidden behind the rostrum,

or heard the trucks driving over just bombed bridges,

with just killed drivers,

in a just solved war.

I was very enthusiastic about the whole thing,

in a calm manner

But then your image was there.

A link with a reality which wasn't,

But which I was forced to enter to have you

and

pull you into true reality.

Life as it really wasn't except in dreams dreamed by Ferlinghetti,

in which absinthe was the lock,

and marijuana the key.

While yellow ozies and purple nuggies floated on the sidelines,

trying to cloud the issue.