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	Avalanche	I.A.337

STATEMENT

WES' CHEVRON
Box 276
WELLS, NEVADA 89835

Phone 752-3833

DATE	7-27-73
NUMBER	

JACK BURNHAM

April 6th, 1972

Dear Jerri,

Every once in a while I get a response to one of my articles or books, but rarely, if ever, have I gotten anything as honest and elegant as your letter and pages of quotations. All I can say is more power to you and Les Petites Bonbons, culturally, you're part of the wave of the future, and if you can get it out into the street and make the little people think, then you'll be doing something that museums just can't do. Your choice of quotes made my day and I have them pinned over my desk.

Jack

TERMS:

PLEASE DETACH AND RETURN WITH YOUR REMITTANCE

25⁰⁰

DATE	CHARGES AND CREDITS	BALANCE
	BALANCE FORWARD	
	Changes for repainting my rest room walls you screwed up. Pay!	25 ⁰⁰
	Just sending me your lovely Bon Bon notes	

WES' CHEVRON

Thank You

PAY LAST AMOUNT
IN THIS COLUMN

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tax deductible!

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Danny Fields said that the only real underground star left was Wayne County, pictured here with David Johannsen. Certainly Wayne, with his band Queen Elizabeth III, have the

ability to shock audiences like no one else can anymore. He's been dazzling audiences all year in many of Manhattan's livelier nightspots. (Photo by Anton Perich)



In Hollywood ~~everyone~~ knows Jerri and Bobbi Bon Bon of Les Petits Bon Bons. Soon to be featured in a major motion picture, Les Bon Bons may be coming to your town soon!! (Photo by Richard Creamer)

Bon Bon Bullshit



Hallelujah! New York's very own Dolls have signed an exclusive recording contract with Mercury Records. The Dolls—leaders of a very strongly emerging New York rock and roll scene that in-

clude Teenage Lust, Suicide, Lola-Loa and the Lucky Stars, Queen Elizabeth III, and Ruby & The Rednecks, will have their first disc out very soon. Left to right, the Dolls are: Johnny Thun-

der, David Johannsen, Jerry Nolan, Arthur Kane, and Syl Sylvain. (Photo by Bob Gruen)

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Light Zone

NCE. MEETS DAVID BOWIE

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

LONDON, ENG. MAY, '73

Starring
lp Bonbons
as Bogus Buffoons

Don't you
thought all
the winners
Richard Wil-

was David
a court
a few
Janetta
water and
later the
part of Andy
the English
Porky
Barres, lead
Silverhead
and met just
along with
the well-
man-about-
local dile-

Janetta, once
bought, now
Mainman
and Bowie's
spokeswoman,
anywhere in
while the two
ing females
tough next to
note subser-
ing as de-
possible.

and I shook
exchanged
and I hasti-
in the corner
a humble ob-
the proceed-

ired Oxford
a loud check
herp looked
a clown with
it on. He's
an attrac-

of way, his
times betray-
and origins.
conversation
at the ax-
fumble, the
it ("I adore
are very un-
about re-
whole era.

very natural
very James
future plans
in four. He
is concern-
asking the
talking
des Barres
read, or in-
in super-
pleasan-

formed a ge-
table soul,
one to be
letly playing

the part of puppet-mas-
ter of the proceedings,
never letting anything
slip.

Someone puts on
"Virginia Plain" by Roxy
Music, and he imme-
diately nods in agree-
ment with the fellow's
good taste.

Four girls are allowed
in to meet the Star and
they giggle among
themselves, holding
hands and striving for
that necessary AC/DC
ambience.

Bowie flits from one
to another, chatting
with them, holding their
hands for a moment and
kissing everyone in
sight. The perfect host.

Later he confides that
this is the first time he's
given a party while on
the road, and invites all
present back for further
celebrations the follow-
ing night.

This was not perhaps
the wisest of moves be-
cause things proceeded
to become altogether
more boisterous. People
passed out on the car-
pet in true Detroit-style,
objects were accidentally
smashed. Bowie's
wife Angela, posed in
manifold embraces with
both sexes. Mick Ron-
son passed in and out,
looking lost.

Bowie himself disap-
peared later to reappear
from his room dressed
in ornate Japanese-style
pyjamas, placing his
hand in front of any
cameras pointed in his
direction. He seemed
slightly unnerved by the
reception.

A stoned-looking fel-
low approached him
and muttered how Bow-
ie had played a great
rock 'n' roll concert that
night. Bowie corrected
him abruptly — "You
didn't see a rock 'n' roll
concert tonight. You
saw a David Bowie con-
cert." Amen.

I left the room, with
an invitation from the
Star to meet him in Los
Angeles for "a little
chat."

THE MAN CALLED DAVID A 'PUNK', AND THREW A PUNCH

NOW LOS ANGELES
is a whole different
bag of tricks. It's a
paradise on earth,
friends, but the thing
is that its inhabitants
don't know what to
do with it.

All the way down the
Hollywood Hills, along
the Sunset and Holly-
wood Boulevards, a
blend of paranoia and
general unease reigns
supreme. Whatever else
though, Bowie has
bowled the folks over
here on the West Coast
too, which is fairly logi-
cal seeing as California is
generally obsessed with
the superficial. Bowie
serves up just that, with
every embellishment
catered for.

I witnessed our he-
ro's Los Angeles show
at the Palladium, a
theatre crammed full of
poseurs, more concern-
ed with checking out
what everyone else was
wearing than being part
of the rock 'n' roll ex-
perience.

Even more than the
extreme audience nar-
cissism seen at Bowie's
first two Rainbow con-
certs, the L.A. crowd
saw this wonderful En-
glish boy's arrival in
their city as a chance to
strut their feathers —
just as they'd done at
the last Rolling Stones
concert, another ex-
perience catering largely
for such bogus inten-
tions.

Sure, they stuck ar-
ound and quietly gasped
at Bowie's amazing en-
try on stage (easily the
best part of the show,
full of drive and genuine
excitement that so
quickly becomes dissi-
pated once the band get
down to business), but
15 minutes later you'd
find the 'cool school'
lounging around the bar,
staring at each other in
the required manner and

leaving just the fans and
groupies to watch the
show.

Bowie's pal, the no-
torious Iggy Pop, now
resident in Los Angeles
and looking especially
bizarre in bleached
Beach Boy blond hair
and bronze sun-tan,
strutted around the hall
with Coral, his 16-year-
old girl friend, a perm-
anent sneer on his al-
ready demented
features. He seemed to
be trying hard to stay
above becoming yet an-
other fixture of the Los
Angeles Satyricon.

Aficionados of the af-
orementioned are on the
whole a particularly bo-
gus crew, boasting such
as The Petit Bon-Bons,
two ambiguous buf-
foons known as Geri
and Bobbi whose spe-
ciality is posing in pop-
star dressing rooms
with a whip and sending
ornate greeting cards to
their current fave-raves.

Then there are all
those sweet young girls,
average age 15 and all
refugees from "Star"
magazine and Rodney
Bigenheimer's English
Discotheque, who pout
at each other, look like
rejects from the New
York Dolls, and forever
boast of their conquests
with rock idols.

The anguish their
mothers must go
through... well it
doesn't bear thinking
about, my dear.

And the beat goes
on. And on, and on, it
seems, for here in Los
Angeles the tedium is
the message. One quiet-
ly wonders just how
long people will go on
kidding themselves into
placing boredom in the
category of 'chic'.

In true superstar fa-
shion, David Bowie re-
sided in the plush
Beverly Hills Hotel
while his band, the
Spiders, publicity folk,
road crew et al, stayed
at the Continental Hyatt
House, on Sunset
Boulevard.

Unfortunately, all
communication be-
tween Bowie and the

plebian masses of Los
Angeles was cut dead
as the result of an unfor-
tunate incident at the
Rainbow Grill, a tawdry
L.A. version of the
Speakeasy.

Bowie, apparently,
was dancing with his
almost-constant com-
panion, Freddie, when
some long-haired surly-
looking individual
approached him and
called him a "punk", lat-
er trying to throw a
punch at his fragile
features.

Of course, the lout
was hauled away by
bodyguard Stuart, but
Bowie's paranoia had
risen once more and he
cancelled all future en-
gagements.

'SON OF A BITCH',
SAID BETTE
MIDLER WHEN
BOWIE DECLINED
TO STAND UP

TONY DEFRIES WAS
in town, and security
was upped to top
notch at all times. Bow-
ie did, however,
partake in some un-
dercover socialising
by giving a dinner for
Ringo Starr and Klaus
Voorman, and ventur-
ing out to Long Beach
in order to witness
Bette Midler perform.

He received a stand-
ing ovation as he swept
down the aisle, and re-
mained ever the super-
star by refusing to take
part in a similar standing
ovation for Miss Midler.

The Divine Miss M.
stood in front of the
stage and scowled at
him until both he and
his companion for the
evening, Claudia Len-
near, rose to the occa-
sion.

"The son of a bitch,"
stated Bette Midler
when I met her after a
concert in Ann Arbor.

And what did she
think of Bowie as the
new star attraction?

"Oh, he's a very sweet
boy, and I must admit

CONTINUES OVER

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ANDY WARHOL'S
INTERVIEW MAG.

DEC. '73



Photos by Julian Wasser

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Santilli and said, "Will you please remove yourself from this part of the courtroom?"

"But I'm the defendant," replied Santilli. His answer was greeted by loud cheers from the 40 to 50 young persons who jammed the small spectator section of the courtroom.

Santilli's attorney, Miss Sandra Edhlund, in asking for the dismissal, argued that the arrest was unconstitutional since only men are arrested for this type of offense. She said that women appear daily in men's clothing but are not arrested.

This victory, unheralded in the Gay Press, quietly achieved in Wisconsin, would certainly make life easier for thousands of TVs in N.Y., California, Florida and Texas. Homosexual acts are treated as misdemeanors in N.Y., can get you life in Nevada and are legal in five states (as of January, '73). This disparity between attitudes in separate states toward dressing illustrates the need for uniform codes. Why should a drag be abused in Dallas when she can come to Milwaukee and be treated as a law-abiding citizen?

λ λ λ

Of the predictable, sometimes routine, but always welcome mail I get, one of the most spirit-lifting pieces of '72 came from a Cudahy group known as Les Petites Bon Bons. Addressed to John Fran-'sis' Hunter, the envelope was pasted up with a N.Y. skyline post card and cherry and reindeer stickers. Zip Code was 53110h!

Then, inside, the photo of a cluster of gorgeous gender defiant freaks made my heart leap up and warmed The Cockettes of my heart (see CALIFORNIA Overview).

Les Petites Bon Bons asked for nothing, gave no prosaic explanation of who they are, just three lovely pages of super-identifying one-liners, quotes, lyrics and, well, let me share a few....

We have no art. We have only Life which is One and Gay. L.P.B. erase the straight line between life and art and give you ecstasy.... L.P.B. are both carrion crow and the rising phoenix, soon to become the bird of paradise.... We don't believe in positions.... Gay people have a responsibility to sabotage seriousness (Charles Ludlam).... Meaning is not in things but in between (Norman Brown).... There's room on the Bon Bon cloud for anyone who wants to move from work to play, from productiveness to receptiveness, from security to the absence of repression, from

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delayed satisfaction to immediate gratification, from the fetishism of commodities to the erotic science of use values.... To dance is to live (Isadora Duncan).... Let the little children come unto me, for such is the kingdom of heaven (Jesus Christ).... We aim to radiate power not possess it (Henry Miller).... I AM NOT FAR FROM THINKING THAT IN IRRESOLUTION LIES THE SECRET OF NOT GROWING OLD (André Gide).... Everything we do is music (John Cage).... By having fun we are fighting the straight man's inebriation with death. Our lives are our art. Our art is our politics. Our politics is the way we make love.... We are poets and we are dancers. L.P.B. is the name of the play, a group of rock musicians, a gay twirling corps, a traveling circus. We are the \$64,000 question. Everything they say we are, we are—and lots more they haven't even dreamed of yet!

My dears, I have you on my wall, I hope you don't mind. You have immortalized yourselves. There was a star danced, and under that you were born.

λ λ λ

KOHOUTEK

There is also Gay Perspective, an informational radio program produced by GPU here, Thursday evenings at 8:30 over WUMU. It was once on at midnight and has progressed to "prime time."

Gay activists converged 200 strong on Madison over Thanksgiving, '71, from Boston, N.Y., N.O., Chi, Austin and Houston, for a Gay Thanksgiving Convention at the university.

A Madison GLFer said the discussions emphasized "the positive qualities in gay culture—our ability to love one another, to fight our oppressors, to approach each other as individual human beings—as opposed to some of the sexist, exploitive things we see in gay life, like the newspaper ads for gay bars with pictures of super-handsome guys with genitalia so oversized as to be grotesque.

"That kind of thing reduces gay people to sex objects, and we were all pretty much united in being against the image, that style of relating," he said.

"It's beautiful in Wisconsin," observed then GAA/NY president Jim Owles. "What is a Gay doing living in N.Y.?"

Another meeting, the Midwest Homophile Conference, took place in Milwaukee in April, '72, sponsored by GPU. Held at the Sheraton-Schroeder Hotel and the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee Student Union, it drew representatives from throughout

GAY INSIDER U. S. A.

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BY JOHN FRANCIS HUNTER

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THESE NAMES WERE SELECTED BY CHANCE FROM OUR MAILING LIST TO RECEIVE
A RANDOM SAMPLING OF TRAVESTIES FROM THE 1973 BONBON YEARBOOK. . .

jack burnham truthco david geffen
todd everett william wilson lou reed
 michael miller christopher isherwood john dowd
gold cup jane lance loud 491
 willoughby sharp larry smith wally depew
sky art henry edwards jobriath montana rose
 jeff s. hoo hoo archives ian whitcomb
lisa robinson norman o. brown leee childers
 lew irwin andy warhol
 phyllis kind dana atchley earl mcgrath
identity change lowell darling chris burden
 john paul hudson phil harmonic
kim fowley nat freedland
dave marsh david bowie taylor mead
 paula winston general idea marty cerf
 salvador dali miss pamela
matthew of glendale danny fields x
fanzini lisa rococo newsweek
 sable star john gosling
herb caen rosemary kent GAA/NYC
elton john edith berlow r. meltzer
 anna banana arthur bell jimmy page
ben edmonds ray johnson sylvain sylvain
 iggy pop nelson howe
richard kostalanetz rona barrett
time T.N.M.V. lydia woltag
 john mitzel davi det hompson
magic video softmachine lee dejasu sharon lawrence
 steve katcher jonathan price pat tavenner
 winston leyland readers' dajest
john perreult cyrinda foxe nyle frank
leo castelli random notes gerome tarsh
 cudahy senior high school advocate
art in america peoples music works

see you at The DecoDance?

DeaBonBon

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LES PETITES BON BONS
present the
IGGY POP
SCHOOL^{OF} TEENAGE
Rebellion

BEARER OF THIS CERTIFICATE
HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST
SCORES IN.....

- ROCK N ROLL GROUPIEISM
- JUVENILE DELINQUENCY
- PARTY CRASHING
- UNBRIDLED SICKNESS AND PERVERSION
- CRIMES AGAINST SOCIAL DECENCY

bearer

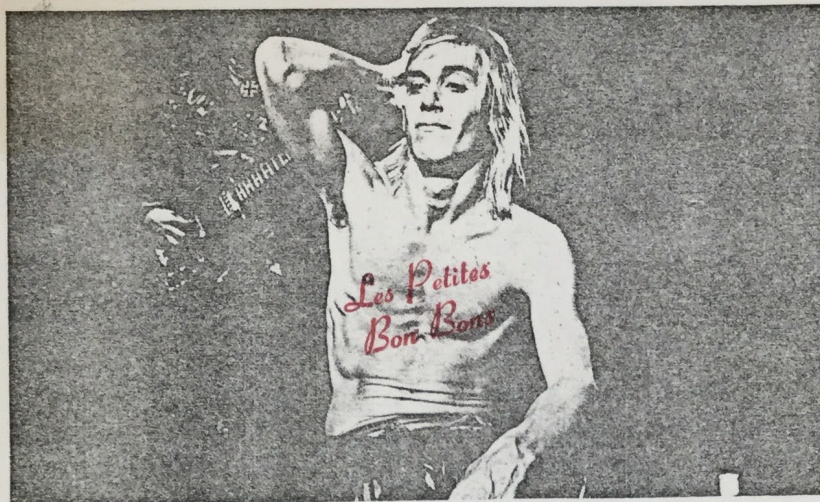
Jainy Baby Bonbon
bon bon

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JULY '73

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Phonograph Record



HOLLYWOOD

LISA ROCOCO

This dear old town is hotter than it's ever been, my darlings, in every way imaginable. Just yesterday my brand new custom-made plastic platform shoes melted and stuck to the sidewalk on Hollywood Blvd., right on dear Marilyn's star after I had a lovely lunch at Daniel's. The heat has worn the skin of Hollywood down to the nerve endings, and in just the last two carazee days have been popping, not always for the best. If it keeps up for a couple more the whole scene could explode into shambles. It won't take much.

I just couldn't say whether it was Iggy's fabulous party at the Top of the Strip and his outrageous return to the Whisky that was the catalyst for all the madness, but it certainly did get the strange energies rolling. Jeri and Bobby Bonbon and Columbia Records did an ultra-marvelous job for Ig, and the party moves into the number-one-for-the-year (so far) position. Among the distinguished guests were Lady Divine in all her glory (her makeup man, Van, flew down from San Francisco and rendered her fit to be seen in public), Goldie Glitters (in the red dress she wore in *Vice Palace*), several Louds - Lance (snapping away with his Instamatic), Kevin (with a couple of the boys in his band) and beautiful Delilah (making her first trek into the wilds of Hollywood).

Also: Wally Cockette - oops, he's an Angel of Light now. Sorry, love. Howard Kaylan, who spent the evening out by the pool; Dennis Lopez, who has some hot deals cooking now that he's no longer managing Sylvester; Miss Pamela and Michelle Myer; Susan Myer and Ronnie Rhinestone (working hard on their *Interview* coverage); Pristine Condition (with musical notes painted around her eyes); authoress Francie Schwartz; Columbia artist Jimmie Spheris (he saw *Pink Flamingos* four times in New York and was ecstatic at meeting the

movie's Divine star) and his filmmaker sister Penelope.

Pant, pant. Also regulars Kim Fowley and Rodney Bingenheimer, of course (Rodney was in a brand new jacket, so you know this was a big one - Rodney never buys new clothes). From the media: Lew Irwin, Earl Leaf, Elliott Mintz & Julian Wasser. Melissa McCarty was there, looking fine in denim and a sheriff's badge; Rick Munoz.

Expected but absent (with completely forgivable mitigating circumstances): Lee Childers, with Wayne County (!) in tow, who ended up sitting in their plane on a New York runway for five hours after rushing across Manhattan to catch the beastly bird (Mainman, which dropped the Stooges from its artist roster a week or so ago, didn't fare well at all that night, what with their Susie Haha being denied admittance to la Whisky); and Claudia Lennear, who had promised up to the last to pop out of the six-foot cake (artfully decorated by Mr. Griffith Parke) with machine gun in hand, unable to attend because of rehearsal exhaustion. A game Ms. Clemente subbed for her, but by that time it was terribly anticlimactic.

Surprise guest of the evening was the new president of the shaky Columbia Records empire, Goddard Leiberson, who seemed to be enjoying himself, to the considerable surprise of all. He enjoyed his drinks and his chats with Kim Fowley and Monica Medieval, to be sure, but he didn't enjoy some of ace photog Richard Creamer's aggressive shutterbugging. So Goddard had him thrown out, and now Richard is fuming.

It was the last day of spring, the hottest June day in history, a Cockettes reunion, a teenage school's out celebration, a testimonial for the incomparable Raw Power boys (whose Whisky opening was the hottest since Sylvester and the Hot Band's party last year), the Bonbons' first large-scale, non-conceptual

FUNction - in short, a multi-faceted smash. Lisa's heartiest Hollywood congratulations to all concerned.

The next night though, my loves, was the other side of the tinsel coin, a brutal and disastrous evening at both ends of town. What must poor Wayne County think of Hollywood on this his first visit, with Lee getting thrown out of the Stooges' dressing room followed by that ghastly scene up at the Mainman house, a 50-person drunken bit of spontaneity that resulted in broken glass, cut feet and a suicide attempt. As we said earlier, there's a short fuse on the Hollywood powder keg. And the same night, Asylum Records threw a party for their Eagles, on the beach, and the missing caterer was by far the least of the problems. The presence of Pristine Condition, Kathy MacDonald (who was really giving it when she vocalized with the strolling mariachis), Goldie, Wendy and Daniel, two Bonbons and their crowd on one side, and those awful, macho Laurel Canyon creatures on the other was bound to erupt into something less than pleasant. And so while a beloved, world-renowned singer-songwriter played callgirl in the sand under the lifeguard tower, scuffles were breaking out closer to the beach house.

It really got hot and heavy at departure time - Prissy's makeup man was slugged in the face, and then three other guests were badly stomped and chased by three brutes on the deserted Coast Highway after jovially telling the assailants, in answer to the latter's request, that no, they didn't have any cocaine to offer them. Lisa, lividly indignant at the moment, does wish that Mr. Geffen would be more careful about whom he lets into these affairs. He'd better, or things will get really nasty, to no one's benefit.

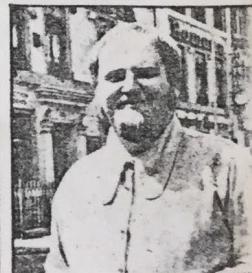
As Speedy Keen, who this month made his first visit to the Hollywood he captured so well on the Thunderclap Newman album, wrote and sang: "There's something in the air." And, my dears, it's not all good.

BRITAIN

LADY BANGLA BOOM, MS.

This month's bountiful barrage of bombastic British badinage beginning with... Split Ends, Rost reshuffling still all the rage on the beat scene, with long-expected Strawbs schism top-ranking disintegration... In a maneuver similar to Lindisfarne's recent bifurcation John Ford, Richard Hudson (writer of group's no. 1 breakthrough, *Pa Of The Union*), and Blue Weaver forming new band; while founder Dave Cousins and newly-added guitarist Dave Lambert retain group moniker and add new members shortly... Other tumultuous departures include John "Rabbit" Bundrick's anklng Free (who's let you might well ask) and, more traumatically, Chris Britton finally making good on five-year-old threat to leave Troggs (you'll recall almost split in order to dissociate himself from the drug-saturated scene of '68, but maestro Larry Page gently persuaded him to stay). Chris' plans are uncertain, but as always I backing Britton. Meanwhile on Richard Moore is his replacement and the group careens onward, selling out provincial venues, and arousing speculations of Trogmania's return, what with electrifying live performances of Peggy Seegar's *Satisfaction*, and most of the Anglo-punk classics. Here's hoping new single *Listen To The Man* (Polygram) will be the disc to whisk them back up the charts, and while on the subject many happy returns of the month to the Raver himself, R. Presley, who turned 31 recently...

On the other side of the ledger Gerry Rafferty rejoined Stealers Wheel, a newflash which pales in insignificance when set alongside its fabulous tidings that Neil Christian back... Although boasting only one British hit to his credit (*That's Nice*, '65), Neil harks back to the prime-time beat boom era, and his Crusaders various points included the young Jimmy Page, Ritchie Blackmore, and Albert Lee (Jeff Beck failed in audition). Now Neil's back with new band of Crusaders (drummer Frank Fowler played with John Kidd & His Pirates, for true British rock archaeologists) and an act in terms "real showbiz", and who could be better? Well, Stackwaddy has reformed, too...



Judge Dread

Chartbusters: Judge Dread's salacious reggae exploitation *Big Eight* hasn't enjoyed the success of its immediate predecessors *Big Seven* and *Big Five*, but the Judge

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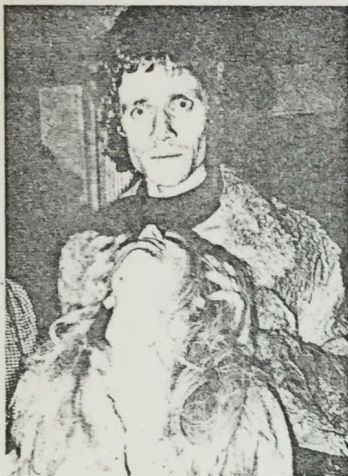
Bonbons throw a party

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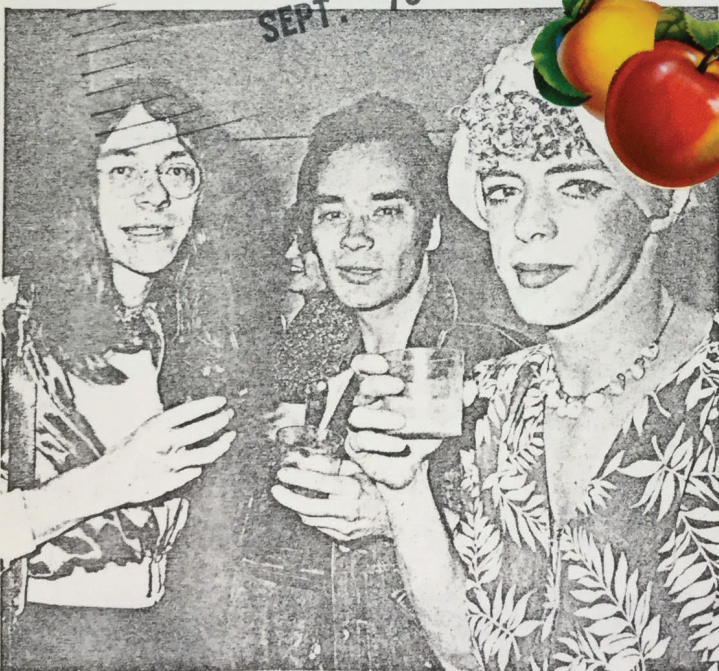
PARTY

Up in Xanadu The Diamonds Fell Like Rain: Well, it wasn't exactly "Citizen Kane", but photographer/Bowie publicist Lee Black Childers party for visiting Cherry Vanilla and the Stooges still has Hollywood talking. Even though no one threw anyone in the pool, Torreyson Drive won't ever be the same!

Sable Starr with Shady Lady's bassist and host Lee Black Childers clown for our cameras. (Photo by Richard Creamer)



The highlight of any Hollywood Party is always the mysterious and elusive Kim Fowley—shown here with one of his many fans. (Photo by Richard Creamer)



Our lensman Richard Creamer captures writer Richard Cromelin, with Jerri and Bobbi of Les Petits Bon Bons

—L.A.'s latest dragrock sensation—in a serious moment. (Photo by Richard Creamer)



We've been to parties where people have talked about him, but this was the first time that Z-Man, (actor John Lazaar from "Beyond The Valley of the Dolls"!) attended himself!! Pictured with the legendary actor are Lisa Robinson, and Z-Man's lady.

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THE ATTORNEY GENERAL

WASHINGTON

June 22, 1973

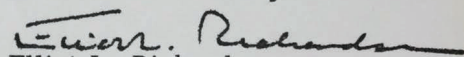
Dear Mr. Bonbon:

Thank you for your letter of May 14 in which you indicated an interest in working on the Watergate case. I am sorry I have not been able to respond sooner.

As you undoubtedly know, former United States Solicitor General, Archibald Cox, has now been confirmed and is serving in the position of Special Prosecutor. Accordingly, I have referred your letter to Mr. Cox and should there appear to be a way in which you can be of assistance, I am sure he will be in touch with you.

With kindest regards,

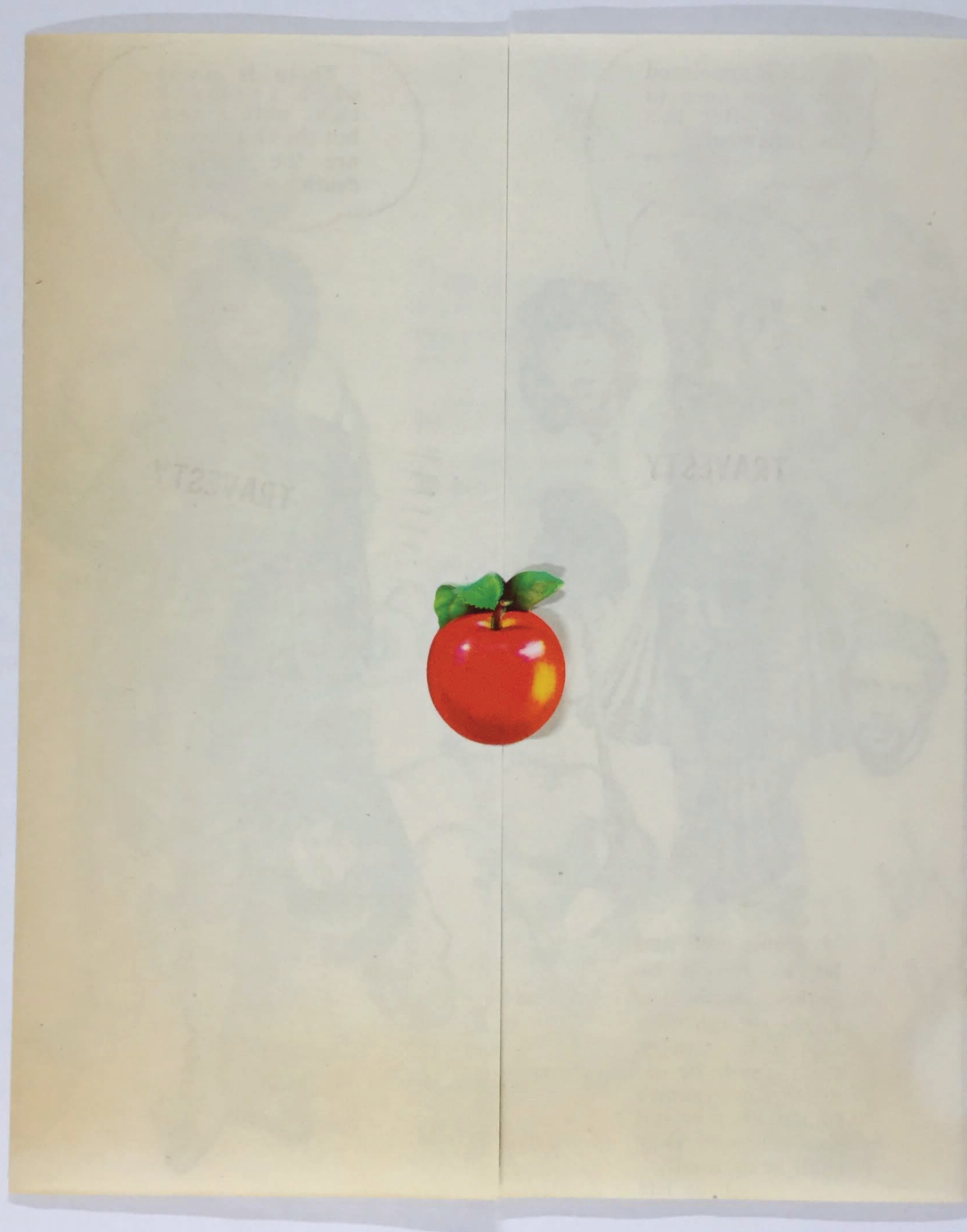
Sincerely,


Elliot L. Richardson

Mr. Jerry Bonbon
647 Parkman Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90026

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LOU REED INTERVIEW

(Continued from Page 9)

DENNIS (On phone) — You thought you had an L.A. surfer, huh? And she turned out to be a hooker . . . Yeah, you shoulda taken her up on it, though. LOU — That's what I told him. DENNIS — What do you mean? What's wrong with that? . . . Wait a second, wait a second: You were sitting next to a chick that you wanted to ball. Now the fact that she wanted thirty dollars to do it, why should that, what does pride have to do with it? . . . What? . . . Oh, you DID tell her that. LOU — Lester Bangs should be here for this. He'd REALLY eat that up. DENNIS — Oh, you're into tits? LOU — Who does he think he is, Burt Reynolds? . . . Are you finished, Jim? REPORTER — No. I'll be finished when the Chinese acrobats are. LOU — I can't stand them. REPORTER — You said that already. LOU — He's putting another chair on his head. REPORTER — He's going all the way up into the ceiling in a minute and swing from the rafters. (The phone rings again.) BETTY — Hello? . . . With a Bon-Bon package? Where are you? . . . (To Lou) It's Susan Pyle with a Bon-Bon package. DENNIS — Ask her if she has any dope. BETTY — Oh, yeah . . . uh . . . Listen, do you have anything other than a Bon-Bon package? . . . Why not? . . . Okay, just run up with the Bon-Bon package. LOU — Just for a few minutes now. BETTY — What? . . . Oh, she has to go do a screening anyhow. DENNIS — What's a Bon-Bon package? BETTY — From Les Petits Bon-Bons. DENNIS — Oh, FUCK. I don't even want to answer the door. LOU — I'm going to, I'm gonna meet Ruby Rhinestone. BETTY — I'll answer the door. LOU — This is my, these are my people. BETTY — Hah! Miss Pyle. DENNIS — She your people? REPORTER — She SURE is. LOU — Fuckin' cunt! REPORTER — Could I have some more of your scotch? LOU — You can have as much as . . . you'd be happy with. There's also ice.

SUSAN — Hi. BETTY — Susan . . . DENNIS — Wait, wait, wait . . . You forgot your glasses. SUSAN — That's what I was wondering: How I got home last night. DENNIS — We were wondering also how you got home. SUSAN — I was totally wiped. I don't even remember when —. LOU — Susan, did you bring something that's usable? BETTY — No, I already asked her. SUSAN — No, but I have scouts out, and I'll know tomorrow. SUSAN — I'm parked in the red zone. (To Photographer) Are you Jim Martin? DENNIS

Where IS Jim Martin? REPORTER — (From Bathroom) I'm getting some water. DENNIS — Oh. LOU — (To Betty) Why don't YOU open it. (To Susan) Just tell me who gave it to you? SUSAN — Jerry, uh, Bon-Bon . . . LOU — Oh, it's a present from Les Petits Bon-Bon. SUSAN — Yes, of course. LOU — Want to go to the Stampede? . . . Oh, look at this! . . . OH . . . BETTY — That took a LOT of work. SUSAN — I have one, too. LOU — God, he did the whole book! SUSAN — They only do it for people they love. REPORTER (Sotto voce) They only come out at night. BETTY — What? REPORTER — They only come out at night . . . Isn't that a great album title? . . . Are you married to him? BETTY — Yes . . . You mean, you'd never know? REPORTER — No, no. I saw your picture in "Inter/View" but I just didn't recognize you, because photos don't exactly —. BETTY — That was a very bad picture. REPORTER — Photos don't mean the same thing. BETTY — No, they don't. SUSAN — Jim? REPORTER — Yeah? BETTY — How come I haven't spoken to you in such a long time? REPORTER — I don't know. SUSAN — I was going to call you up last week, but . . . I don't know if it's safe to leave messages there for you anymore. REPORTER — No, not there. I don't work there, I just go by now and then. LOU — Oh, it's a condom. REPORTER — Is it a condom? LOU — No . . . Glitter, glitter. DENNIS — That's really lovely. LOU — When YOU have fans as dedicated as MINE . . . SUSAN — Look at this, isn't this nice? LOU — It's all so camp . . . What's THAT? They made that themselves. Oh, that's when I put on my nail polish. DENNIS — When you were in the park? LOU — The English were a bit appalled . . . Oh, this is great. They put a lot of work into this . . . It's STILL Jerry Bon-Bon; I haven't met any of the OTHER Bon-Bons. SUSAN — Bobby's . . . Bobby's out here, too. BETTY — Jerry Bon-Bon. SUSAN — (To Reporter) Rich Cromelin was with them tonight. I had to make the pickup, and I happened to run into them . . . and I told them, listen, I got to rush over there, they're doing an interview with you. And Cromelin said, "Oh . . . Jim Martin . . . got an interview with Lou? Ummm." REPORTER — Well, he had an interview, didn't he? SUSAN — No. REPORTER — Why not? SUSAN — Cause Hillburn did it . . . REPORTER — (To Betty) When did you get married? BETTY — Just last January . . . The sixth. REPORTER — What sign are you? BETTY — You

mean you can't tell? REPORTER — No. BETTY — HAH! Look at that book there. It's about my sign. REPORTER — This whole book is about your sign? BETTY — Who would BUY something like that? There are only two possible signs . . . I'm a Scorpio. (CLICK)

ACT TWO: SANTA MONICA CIVIC, TWO NIGHTS LATER, SAME TIME.

The glitter queens are out en masse. Cultists. In the line outside, two teeny Tam's are ogling an androgynous creature standing behind a rope barrier, hoping to beg borrow or steal a ticket. One of the Tam's looks at the other and says, "Flip a coin." They get a big laugh out of it.

The Persuasions do their usual fine a capella set; they're exceptionally good, even though they've never played for such a bizarre honky audience. Very few Blacks in the crowd. Their set includes two exciting medleys — one, of old Platters material, and the other, of old Jimmy Reed songs. They get an encore.

After a short intermission, during which the glitterbugs return to the lobby to parade in all their finery, the Reed set starts. Lou's right: They band IS just great. Worse, really. On some of the more driving, Velvets-style songs ("Rock and Roll" and "I'm So Free," for example), they're adequate, having apparently copied, note for note, the album cuts themselves. But on the ballads, they're bungling, and "Walk on the Wild Side" comes off like a flaccid turd you can't wait to flush down the toilet.

Lou's more together than ever before. He's abandoned his guitar, and he has all of the lyrics down perfect, for once. He dons black leather and prances about the stage like some cheap imitation Jagger or Bowie, and the mannerisms are camp and cute. But the performance is strained, without vigor. And the pot belly hangs out over the stage like an overripe watermelon about to drop from the vine. Not so much Jagger or Bowie, perhaps, as Jim Morrison in the later days.

What we have left, of course, is the poetry. And even if Lou's vocal range seems to be no more than an octave, the poetry is still great. One line still haunts the Reporter:

"I watched it for a little while/I love to watch things on TV."

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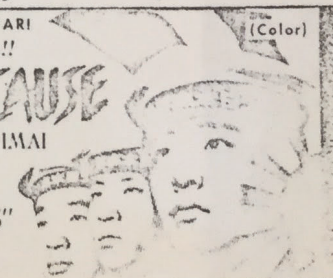
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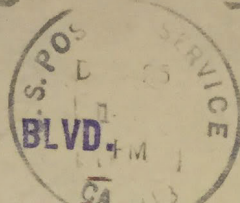
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I. These photographs of my work do not aspire to be an art object. They are only a document of the idea which, according to its character, exceeds the limits of static and finally organized concept of an act.

By that, I understand only the temporally marked integrity of Action-Work, after which there are not any physical tangible elements left, those which could subsequently and without my will, replace or substitute my activity.

My work in fact is the indivisible part of my vital gesticulation and I express myself within the marks of my personality and without losing my integrity, by means of various methods and through various problem formulations.

As I am turned toward my body and my spirit, I am aware that the base for all the suppositions about my art does not lie in the statically realized physical material, but in the prerequisites which have led to it and in the meaning which is contained in these prerequisites. But then: we cannot explain the art without finally determined elements of solid structure by which the art is realized.

II. Something more about that work

The work I called "Drinking of water - inversions, imitations and contrasts", I realized on April 19. 1974 in cooperation with Marinela Koželj in the Students Cultural Center Gallery in Belgrade. The work lasted 35 minutes. During that period I drank 26 glasses of water.

Before the beginning, I threw, from the previously prepared aquarium, a kilo and 200 gr. fish in front of public.

I was drinking water, trying to harmonize the rhythm of swallowing with the rhythm of the fish breathing, while I kept it on dry all the time.

Naturally, I was able to do that just for a few moments, because later on I had to establish my proper rhythm of swallowing of water.

Due to the high quantity of water in my body, I had to throw it up on the table in front of me.

In order to determine the duration of the whole work, I had poured the violet pigment powder easily dissoluble in water, under the white tablecloth, table was covered with. I thought that in the moment the cloth was completely soaked by that violet colour, due to the poured water, I would stop my work.

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It was very cold in the hall where my work was performed, so before the beginning I suggested to the girl, my collaborator, who was sitting by my side, to put on something very warm in order to intensify in spectators' minds the sense of contrast between my half-naked body and the warm clothes she was dressed in.

I began and completed the work in a series of inversions and essential contrasts and it was artificial, intellectually organized demonstration of my idea.

III. In nature there exists a determined order whose elementary simplicity is used by artists as an instrument to emphasize the essence of universum.

But, any imitation of this order, repetition and even a precise pointing out of its structure, remains at level of esthetics and in most cases is the imitation of something existing, and because of that there is no sense in doing it, not being it an art.

The artists always manage to avoid it and the reason of it is not the mythological giftiness of a person, but a degree of consciousness of nature.

Not even one physical element, colour, relations, organism conditions or mental sensations in my work, do not have descriptive, symbolic, metaphoric or ritual character. Some artists use these attributes in order to disguise the poor nature copies, or these are mystifications without any real base in nature.

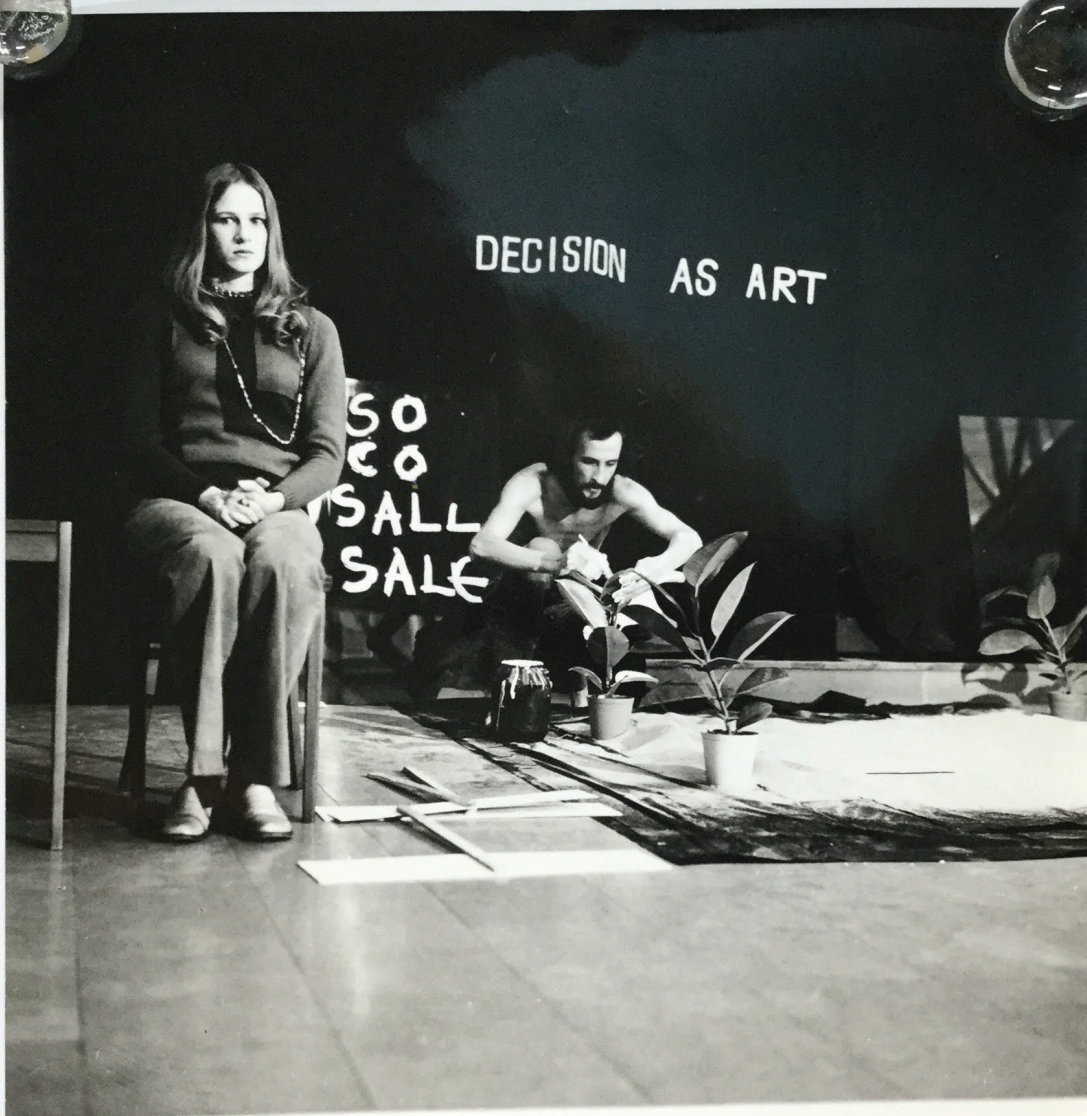
The physical reality of the fish I left on dry and its breathing equalize with my conscious and forcible swallowing of water. I have not had any intention to describe a state of facts or some nature relation, but to show by means of thought-out inversion, or simple act and define the artistic gesture-the art.

Belgrade, April 28.1974

Todosijević Raša

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