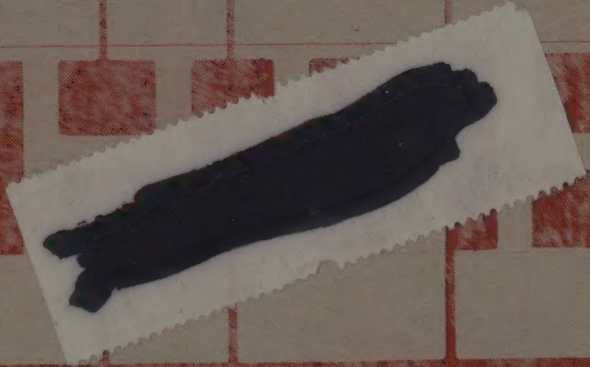


THE EAST VILLAGE INTERVIEW



VOLUME 4 NUMBER 25

METROPOLITAN 15¢

MAY 14, 1969



EDITORIAL

Three weeks ago, we held a benefit for the underground press in New York, at the Electric Circus--The Erotic Energies Festival--the one where the Oklahoma mad bomber showed up, only no one saw him but the pig-heads. Anyway, we made \$500.00, so:

\$ 200.00....The Rat
150.00....New York High School Free Press
50.00....Lita Eliscu-expenses
50.00....Joyce Plichu-expenses
50.00....EVO-expenses

\$ 500.00.....yeah yeah

Well, we all had a good time, even if the bomber suddenly got significant to the cops, you know--they had to go get 'm--just as Ben Morea was finishing a typical Motherfucker jive-with-the-Good Guys speech. In the middle of our festival. They had the courtesy to wait that extra hour, from 12:30 when they got there, to 1:30 when Ben spoke, after the MC-5 played. Great timing.

Dear EVO:

Thank you for Lita Eliscu's article on the Committee of Concerned Listeners and Supporters to Win Back WBAI, it certainly was a fairer treatment of that organization than the one given by the Voice, a couple of weeks ago.

1--Neither Tana de Gamez nor I formed the Committee. It was formed, without our knowledge, by students of Conrad Lynn and Flo Kennedy, at the Alternate U.

2--Tana de Gamez had already quit her news broadcasts and was only doing her weekly commentaries when the station's management abruptly "dismissed" her. Thus the charges that she was "unfairly mixing them (her news and commentary programs) up" is hardly a valid reason for altogether denying her access to WBAI's "free speech platform"

3--The "22 (who) came for further discussion in my apartment," as I was quoted to say, were **not** people who attended the May 8th meeting at the Diplomat, but a group of WBAI listener-supporters and former program producers who, on April 10th, tried peacefully to gain admission to a WBAI Board meeting. I had been invited to that meeting to state my case and these people had important testimony to offer. The Board refused to hear them out.

4--I resigned as manager of WBAI, in 1966 not only because I found the job too time consuming, but also (and mainly) because I was disenchanted with a weak-kneed "liberal" local Board, which didn't even find time to listen to the station.

LETTERS

I would also like to point out that the rise from 8,000 to 20,000 subscribers (figures which the current powers that be seem to consider a great defense against charges of mismanagement) is **not** any measure of good programming. For one thing, Millsbaugh inherited vastly improved trans-

mitting facilities which I had had installed only two months before and which had just about doubled WBAI's coverage. Secondly, the station is now listing as subscribers any persons who donate \$10, justifying this by including among those eligible for that low rate "indigent hippies." In my days as manager of the station, only students were eligible for \$10 subscriptions, and they had to prove their status.

In closing, I would like to point out that neither management nor Board were represented at our May 8th meeting (they had received written invitations), but that they flew Chris Koch all the way from Los Angeles to attend (presumably at WBAI listener's expense). If they had hoped that his presence would disrupt the proceedings, they were sadly disappointed. I had announced that I would discuss the Albertson/Koch affair of 1965, later in the evening, but he left after his presence had been pointed out to a not too receptive audience.

Over 300 people are currently circulating a petition for the Committee to be given some air-time on WBAI, to present its case and play some of the tapes which management has surprised some of the taps which management has surprised necessary for concerned listeners and supporters to go to such efforts in order to obtain a very limited amount of time before the "free speech" station's "open microphone" is not only ludicrous, but it also clearly illustrates where WBAI's management is at.

Sincerely,
CHRIS ALBERTSON

JOEL FABRIKANT
ALLAN KATZMAN
JAAKOV KOHN
SHERRY NEEDHAM
MELISSA STOUT
FLICKA
DEAN A. LATIMER
IRVING SHUSHNICK
DAVID BODIE
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i really try and haunt through those charred streets and dig
the searing and crackling flames of the burning buildings

APOKATASTASIS



RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

INTERVIEW WITH PEPE

by MEL CLAY

....TAKE A FEW STEPS IN THE DARKNESS AND YOU WILL SEE STRANGERS GATHERED AROUND A FIRE; COME CLOSE AND LISTEN, FOR THEY ARE TALKING OF THE DESTINY THEY WILL METE OUT TO YOUR TRADING CENTERS AND TO YOUR HIRED SOLDIERS WHO DEFEND THEM. THEY WILL SEE YOU PERHAPS BUT THEY WILL GO ON TALKING AMONG THEMSELVES, WITHOUT EVEN LOWERING THEIR VOICES. THIS INDIFFERENCE STRIKES HOME. THEIR FATHERS YOU TREATED LIKE ZOMBIES AND THEY DARED NOT SPEAK TO YOU. THEIR SONS IGNORE YOU: A FIRE WARMS THEM AND SHEDS LIGHT AROUND THEM, AND YOU HAVE NOT LIT IT. NOW AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE, IT IS YOU WHO FEEL FURTIVE, NIGHTBOUND, AND PERISHED WITH COLD. TURN AND TURN ABOUT: IN THESE SHADOWS FROM WHENCE A NEW DAWN WILL BREAK, IT IS YOU WHO ARE THE ZOMBIE.... J. P. SARTRE on the THIRD WORLD

Pepe is a student at CCNY. He says the last two weeks have been the most together of his life. As we talk he is alive with the energy of action, pacing the small room of his mother's apartment in the Bronx, chain smoking, supporting his rap with 45s of Latin rock music. His left hand is bandaged and a patch of his head has been shaved to clean a wound behind his ear. His real name is not Pepe, for obvious reasons his identity can only be revealed by what he says.

EVO: What are the goals of the strike at City?

PEPE: ...same as everywhere man no different like San Francisco like Berkeley; you know the Brown Berets man? Brown Berets a Mex group Mexican American Brown Berets the arms of the third world thing on the west coast very heavy thing. The man has to dig that we mean business and we want it now...

EVO: Want what?

PEPE: What everyone else got in this country. Like I'm working for a degree at City right. That's cool if I stay together and get that degree chances are I can get some kind of slave when I get through right? Well what about the brothers who can't make the college thing. I'm black right? Those are my people; dig who's doing the kitchen work at City and mopping the toilets. The brothers. We want all the brothers to have some chance.

EVO: Is that what SEEK (Search for Education, Enlightenment and Knowledge) is about?

PEPE: Don't get hung up on names man. That's something we made up for the newspapers.

EVO: But representatives of SEEK are negotiating with faculty people to make changes.

PEPE: They can do all the negotiating they want, I know where it's at...

EVO: Where's it at?

PEPE: Look man, we were negotiating with those people all month and almost getting somewhere when The Man cut us off, changed everything around and offed the whole rap.

EVO: Who is The Man?

PEPE: The dudes of the Board of Higher Education, some dudes never been on the campus, never been in Harlem, never been high, calls themselves Higher Education."

EVO: They stopped the meetings?

PEPE: Fucking A, man...

EVO: Who's idea was it to close the school?

PEPE: We closed it man. The people did it, the brothers.

EVO: How many people actively supported the strike?

PEPE: Hundreds and hundreds.

EVO: But there are 20,000 students there.

PEPE: Right man. Those other dudes worried about their degrees, knowing it's a bad scene but trying to sneak their asses into the fucking system and line up with the other jive mothers. Some dudes actually fighting us and talking about open the school, shit we had our asses on the pan and them chicken shit mothers talking bout open the school, shit we ought to open their heads.

EVO: There was some opened heads I understand.

PEPE: Yeah.

EVO: What happened at Arnow Auditorium?

PEPE: We burned the motherfucker down.

EVO: Why?

PEPE: Why not?

EVO: Do you want a college open for whoever wants to learn or do you want a wipe out?

PEPE: I say we ripped off Arnow, there's still plenty of City College standing...You ever read Fanon?

EVO: Yes.

PEPE: You know he says the only way the oppressor will quit is with a knife at his throat. We been talking for months with those dudes about things. It's their business to dig and only when we start ripping off some property that we get through to them. That's the sad assed scene in America. Harvard the same and everybody got bread there. The papers pick it up when the pigs and the guards show up and some heads get done. You think they'd dig where it's at. Nixon get tough policy and heavy laws on campus is a bad mistake. They backing us to the heavy gun scene.

EVO: Maybe that's what they want.

PEPE: What?

EVO: To back you to the heavy gun scene and off you once and for all.

PEPE: You think they can?

EVO: They got the armor and they got the itch.

PEPE: Right man. That's why the people got to get their shit together. We got to stop hasslin each other, same on the campus and the streets. I'm off the street and I know. It's street tactics, the only language the man can dig. We can jam this scene when we get ourselves together.

EVO: You were together at City.

PEPE: Right.

EVO: Lots of times these things lose their energy

EVO: Lots of times these things lose their energies after they happen and die down. What plans are there to inform the people, the neighborhood around City what is going on. Those are good people, if they knew what is happening not what they read in the newspapers you could count on their support.

PEPE: Right man, we're into that. We got people from door to door in Harlem spreading the word. What is happening at City is happening all around and we all learn from each other. I used to think it all had to be burned, you know; burn the motherfucker down and let's start again. Hope the next generation gets a better scene.

EVO: We got to do more than hope.

PEPE: Right man, action now, right kinda action. All the brothers--whites, browns and blacks--get it together. Up against the wall...

EVO: Up against the wall and over it.

PEPE: Beautiful. There's a lot of groovy work.

EVO: Are you going back to school?

PEPE: Sure.

EVO: Do you think the negotiations will get you what you want?

PEPE: Survival man, we're talking about survival and what comes next.

EVO: What if the talks turn out to be a con?

PEPE: We'll burn the motherfucker down.

EVO: The school?

PEPE: The whole motherfucking country.



It was a tired nation that demanded to know just what our newly-elected Chief Executive was doing to end the war in Vietnam. And so to answer his terribly impatient critics, the President took to the airwave with a very important message.

ONE GOD ONE COUNTRY ONE NEWSPAPER

by CLAUDIA DREIFUS

"Good evening, my fellow Americans. Since I took office 4 months ago, nothing has taken so much of my time and energy as the search for a way to bring lasting peace to Vietnam."

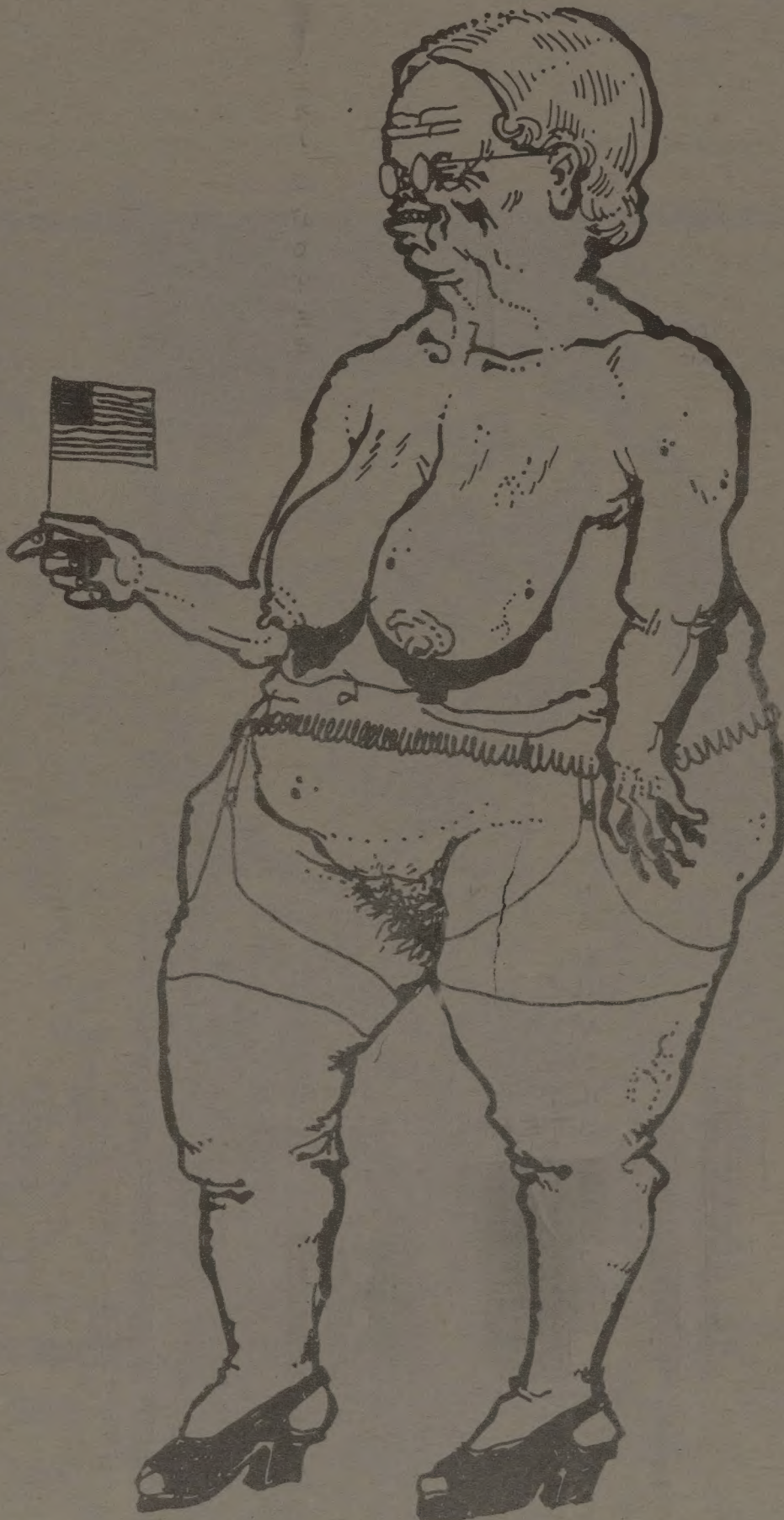
TV GUIDE had promised us that this speech would be a blockbuster, and so not to disappoint his public, President Nixon came forth with a "dramatic new proposal" to end the War. "The time is approaching, the President declared, when South Vietnamese forces will be able to take over some of the fighting fronts now being manned by Americans." According to the President, this new magical process granted to the ARVN forces could make possible a partial U.S. troop withdrawal no matter how the Paris peace negotiations fared; however, Nixon hoped that the discussions would prove productive and to aid the deliberations, he offered the NLF a somewhat softer set of American peace terms. Closing his talk, the President said:

"In my campaign for the Presidency, I pledged to end this war in a way that would increase our chances to win a true and lasting peace in Vietnam, in the Pacific and in the world."

My mind reeling from all this pollyanna double-think, I busily searched the NEW YORK TIMES for a scrap of truth. And there, on the front page of the May 13th issue, exactly one day before Nixon's momentous T.V. talk, was the handwriting on the wall: NIXON PROPOSES DRAFT LOTTERY: WOULD CALL 19 YEAR OLDS FIRST. From this one line, one could ascertain that the President and his Pentagonists had every intention of running the war for a good long time.

During his Presidential campaign, Dick Nixon had promised to end the draft and to replace it with a voluntary army. The professional military proposal would have totally abolished conscription by offering monetary and educational rewards for enlistment. It would further have provided a democratic check on the President's foreign policy capabilities as he would have had to actually DECLARE a war in order to reestablish conscription. Many sensitive legislators supported the voluntary concept as the only feasible means for dealing with the draft and this year an unusual coalition of Senate liberals and conservatives introduced a bill to actually establish a voluntary system. Included as supporters of the end the draft legislation are such liberals as George McGovern (D., South Dakota) and conservatives as Barry Goldwater, Sr. (R., Arizona).

For years, people have been talking about ending the draft. Peacetime conscription, as a matter of fact, is completely contrary to American tradition. Concerned that the peacetime draft was an unwarranted denial of individual civil liberties, John Kennedy ordered the Pentagon to make a study of the feasibility of a voluntary system.



The Generals, most of whom oppose voluntarism, because they want the opportunity to get their grimy little hands on as many of American's young as possible,

quite naturally were appalled by this suggestion.

Throughout his Presidential campaign, perhaps Nixon's only acceptable election promise was his

call to end the draft. True, his voluntarism speeches were couched in rather peculiar terms. Abolishing the draft, he was certain, would end the myriad of problems facing the poor, misunderstood "man in the middle": alienation, hippies, draft-card burners, marijuana smokers, anti-war protesters and other anti-socialisms. But despite all his twaddle, the voluntary military concept is a damned good one. There's only one hitch: you can't get a volunteer army unless you're planning for peace. You can't institute a smaller, pre-Vietnam war sized armed forces unless you're first planning on ending the fucking war.

Nixon's lottery proposal, which is nothing less than a full-betrayal of his campaign promise to end the draft, will make the procurement of military manpower easier and more efficient than ever. Selective Service, at present, tends to run inefficiently and engenders so much unpleasant protest because some people think it unfair. Although the lottery would still incorporate many of the draft's inequities, it would reverse the order of call — taking the youngest to the army first. The military likes this idea. The present Selective Service System tends to call oldest men first, which means that by the time most draft eligible men get to take their physicals, they have developed all kinds of ailments that make them useless to the war machine.

A National lottery would work quite simply. All young men at the age of 19 would have their fates made subject to a national drawing. First prize is a one-way ticket to Danang. If a youth reached his twentieth anniversary without receiving his greetings, he could be reasonably assured that his name had been passed up and that he was draft safe. A college student would still receive a deferment and his name would be placed in the draft hopper on graduation day. However, should the young man develop a hernia or an occupational deferment, he might just be excused from the lottery game.

To Washington politicians the lottery is a perfect solution to the nasty problem of the draft. Ted Kennedy likes the idea because it is somehow equalitarian. Nixon likes it because it quells draft dissent by giving the appearance of fairness. Even the Generals like the lottery. It gives them the opportunity to get their bloody hands on younger recruits, whom they claim are "more impressionable and easier to train." And in the State Department, a lottery means joy, unbridled joy. Here is a scheme that provides them with unlimited manpower for gun-boat diplomacy.

Is Dickie Nixon going to end the War in Vietnam? "Under present conditions . . . some kind of draft will be needed for the immediate future. As long as that is the case, we must do everything we can to limit disruption caused by the system and to make it as fair as possible. For one's vision of the eventual does not excuse his inattention to immediate. A man may plan to sell his house in another year, but during that year he will do whatever is necessary."

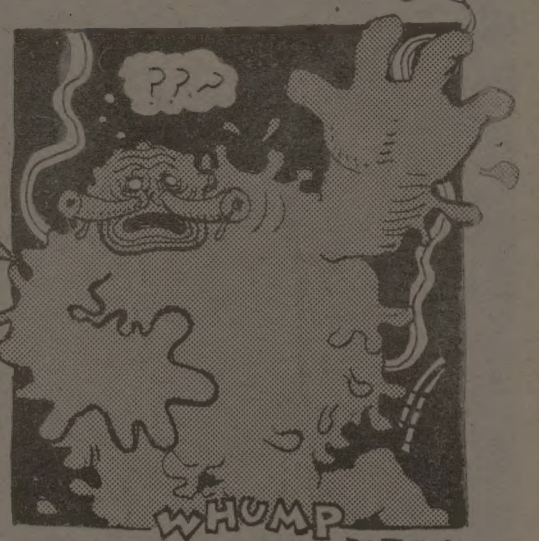
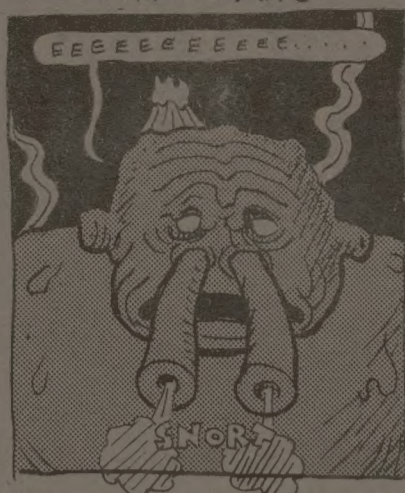
But really, would you buy a used house from that man?

SCREAMING MONOTONOUSLY AS IT STUMBLES DOWN A CLAMMY CORRIDOR,

CRAZED WITH THE UNREASONING MANIA OF A THING DYING, IT APPROACHES!

GRUNGY AND STINKING, IT IS A RUSTING GOLEM, BLOATED AND PIG-LIKE IN APPEARANCE.

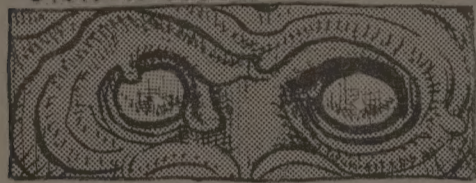
SUDDENLY IT IS ON ITS KNEES!



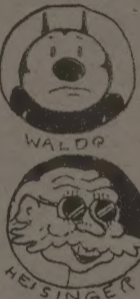
TO ITS BLIND EYES, CANCEROUS AND CORRUPTED, BY GREED AND GLUTTONY, COME AN OMINOUS AND UNNATURAL GLINT....

REARDING ITSELF FOR A SUICIDAL LAST STAND, IT MANIACALLY ANTICIPATES

THE BIG GOBBLE

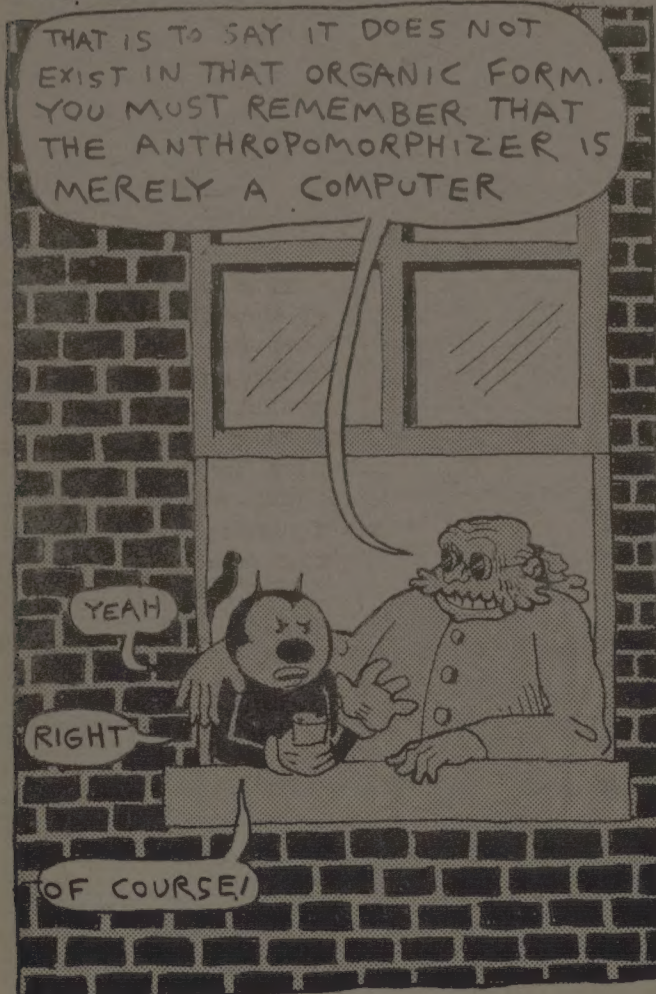
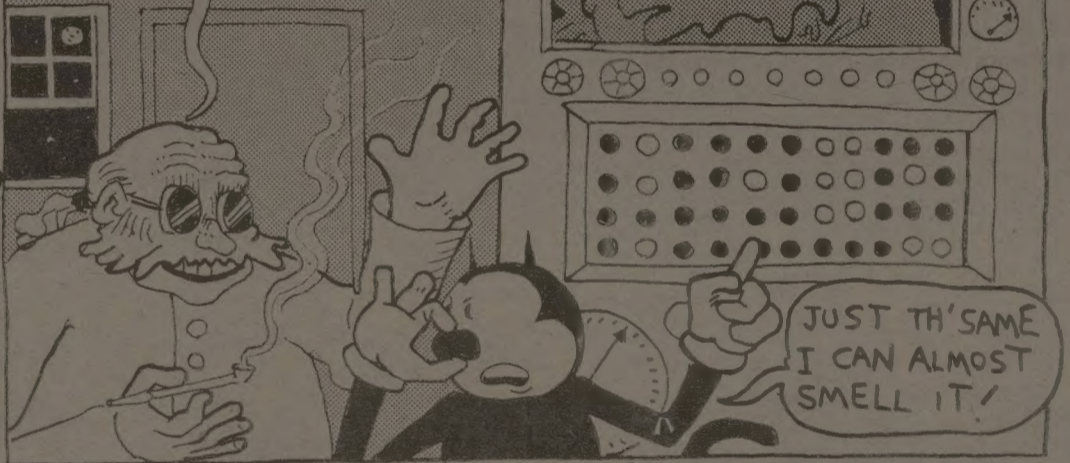


SINCE HIS T.V. BROKE DOWN, WALDO HAS BEEN SPENDING MOST OF HIS EVENINGS IN THE APARTMENT OF HIS NEIGHBOR DR. LUDWIG HEISINGER, FORMERLY OF THE VIENNA INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIC STUDIES. YOU CAN FIND EM THERE MOST ANY EVENING SMOKIN DOPE AND DRINKIN A LITTLE BREW. MOSTLY THOUGH,.....

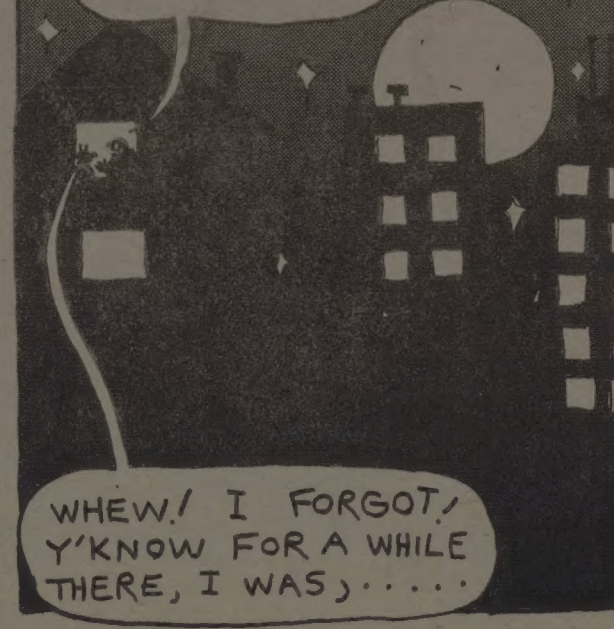


... THEY PLAY AROUND WITH DR. HEISINGER'S DRAMATIC INVENTION; AN ORGANIC COMPUTER CALLED THE ANTHROPOMORHIZER!

DOES MY ANTHROPOMORPHIC PROJECTION OF NEW YORK CITY FRIGHTEN YOU? YOU FORGET THAT IT'S COMPLETELY HYPOTHETICAL. IT DOESN'T REALLY EXIST.



HAVING BEEN FED ALL PERTINANT DATA ON A NON ORGANIC ENTITY, IN THIS CASE NEW YORK CITY, IT MERELY CONCEIVES ORGANIC PARALLELS USEFUL FOR THE DIVINATION OF CERTAIN PHILOSOPHICAL DATA; BUT IT IS HARDLY TO BE TAKEN LITERALLY.



Kim Fitch



ABBIE

by JAAKOV KOHN

After talking at length about the many and varied ideas that float about his head — and which inevitably turn into actions, Abbie almost casually added:

"I might change. I certainly will change. I would have written a lot of things differently in the book. As soon as they hit paper, ideas are obsolete. The thing about movements is that they move. That's what a movement does — it moves and if you are a part of a movement, you have to recognize that . . . You and your tactics have to change and at that very rapidly. That is EXCITING." The thing about Abbie is that no matter what changes take part in his mind and therefore actions he will remain the same MOVING—CHANGING and always EXCITING.

EVO — After the Stock Exchange, the media stuck to you.

AH — Not really. I was pretty anonymous at the time. I made an effort to maintain my anonymity. I would never give my name in press conferences but eventually, due to all the busts, they found out. Still, if I can get away with it, I'd rather not give my name. Simply because I don't know if it is a non-ego type of move . . . Shit, I have enough ego for a lot of people. I am not exactly modest, but the anonymity bit is just fun. To pick up a paper and read that George Metesky or Frankie Abbott said this or that. The names are usually culture heroes of mine like Alfred Packer who was the only guy executed for cannibalism in this county. Frankie Abbot was head of the Amboy Dukes.

EVO — How did the fun concept find its way into your revolutionary thinking?

AH — Because of my involvement with what is called the Hippie movement, I developed the attitude that there ought to be fun in a revolution. If fun was subversive, if we could define what fun was, if it wasn't going to the golf course or drinking a martini, if we could redefine what fun really was, in terms of fun being fighting for what you believe in and fighting for the future—if that could be fun—wow, we could have a tremendously powerful weapon.

I just finished Cohn-Bendit's book in which he claims that the revolution will come through joy and not through sacrifice. That really blew my mind. I find him very exciting.

EVO — He is a Yippie through and through.

AH — His book is quite serious. He is not telling jokes. He uses a lot of the rhetoric that the Left in this country uses but you have to bear in mind that each and every revolutionary movement will have its own individuality. Look at us. We have parallel revolutions. The Blacks are having their revolution and the young white radicals are having theirs. The symbols are different, the structure is different and the organization is different. We live in different countries.

EVO — Take the Panthers who are doing theirs according to the Red Book.

AH — I am not putting down the Red Book. I read it continuously.

EVO — I know that you are not putting it down but you know that it is Chinese and not necessarily your cup of tea — whereas to the Panthers it is a perfectly viable philosophy.

AH — But still when Seale or Cleaver speak, they speak the language of the people.

EVO — Yes, the language of the poor black people to whom the Red Book relates in much more viable terms than to you or to me.

AH — I don't know, it makes a lot of sense to me. For instance the passage where Mao speaks about the need to develop a culture. He says: An army without culture makes dull witted soldiers. What does that say to white kids in this country who want to produce revolutionary change? I think it says something similar to what Tim Leary has been saying—turn on, tune in and drop out. We have to pull out and develop our kind of culture, our own lifestyle, our own stimulants, our own new family ties, new attitudes toward money, sex, everything. All this we have to forge into new culture. It doesn't matter how concrete it is, how you can reach out and touch it. It just means that we have to develop an alternative vision, a new kind of fantasy about the future. This fantasy we have to get into a position where we will be ready, in Mao's terms, to become an army ready to fight. I think that this is clearly our prime task. Mao's book definitely relates to whites as it does to blacks. It just depends on your interpretation. The Blacks are oppressed. The young whites are alienated. The world that we see is not the world of oppression that the Blacks see. It is a world of plastic alienation, of immoral values, of fragmented roles and existences. We reject that and we are getting to a point where we reject it with the same ferocity as the Blacks have. It is moving very rapidly. Shit, when I was in college 10 years ago, if you were a radical you went to a Pete Seeger concert.

EVO — Pete Seeger was the rallying point during the bleak fifties. Those concerts kept us all going.

AH — Pete Seeger was the only national organizer in the country. He would come and sing and that was it. There was nothing else. I am certainly not putting it down. Then take the Free Speech movement in Berkeley. Consider their demands and their tactics. That was just five years ago. Compare that to what's happening today. I just saw a survey of high school and junior high school principals that showed three out of five acknowledging a militant protest movement in their schools. The others expect it to develop by the end of the year. All this give me a tremendously optimistic view.

EVO — What thoughts has the revolutionary tactician within you had as of late?

AH — I am very interested in opening to the RIGHT. Demonstrations, philosophies, tactics, attitudes which will allow us to establish

a rapport with the right wing rather than with the liberals, which has been the traditional approach.

Take the gangs. They have all changed their character. A gan has become a political organizing cadre. The street gangs that came to Chicago were best equipped to survive in the streets and fight the cops. The people that were coming out of the colleges and universities, with all their ideologies and rhetoric, were ill prepared to deal with the situation on hand. That was an intense learning experience, one that was not open to them in academic circles.

EVO — Bobby Seale called it a cram course.

AH — That's what street actions are — schools. That's where you learn to survive in the streets.

EVO — Were you surprised by the reaction of middle class America to police brutality as practiced in Chicago?

AH — Not at all—they couldn't believe it. From their position police brutality isn't true. They live in white middle class suburbs and to them the cop is the guy who keeps an eye on their house while they are on vacation. They watch Mod Squad and all the information that reaches them makes the cop a good guy. If you own property, the police ARE good guys. They have a nice working relationship with the police. So when they saw cops beating up kids who were seen on some psychic level as their own, their reaction was disbelief.

EVO — How is your personal working relationship with the police, especially in view of the fact that we are now two buildings away from the precinct house?

AH — It is complicated. Sometimes they come by leaving suitcases full of guns and things. Later they come by and pick it up, in the process arresting a lot of people.

EVO — We just passed a tavern filled with cops and they were waving to you.

That he understands because you are talking

AH — Yeah, I shoot pool with them in that tavern. In fact, Inspector Fink invited me to speak at the Police Academy. Since I was on my way to a demonstration I couldn't accept his invitation. After you have been busted 40 times and spent innumerable hours in the backrooms, you get to know cops. I almost like dig them and kind of love them. I do detest people who go around with "Support your local Police" stickers more than I do cops. They support the cops because they are afraid to come out into the streets. I am always more against the fencesitters than the people who are in there swinging, no matter if they are on the left or right. Cops — on the one hand they are acting out a lot of their internal emotional feelings and on the other they are just doing their job. At the same time I have tremendous hatred for them. I have been beaten too many times to have any real love for them. I just visualized it as a football game. I played football in high school and I always had more love for guys on the other team than people in the stands, even people who cheered for my team.

EVO — I am interested in what happens in your personal encounters with cops. Is there an element of simpatico there?

AH — Sure I speak their language. It is all a game which I really dig. It is what Rap Brown calls "playing the dozens." Instead of saying "I'll kill you, pig" I say "If you touch me once more I'll have you in Staten Island."

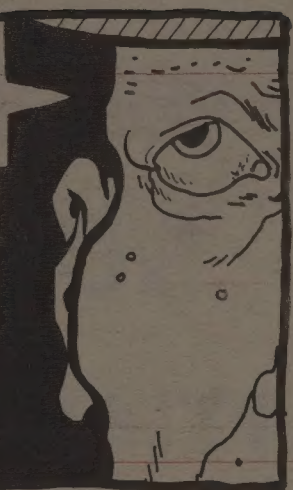
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MANNING

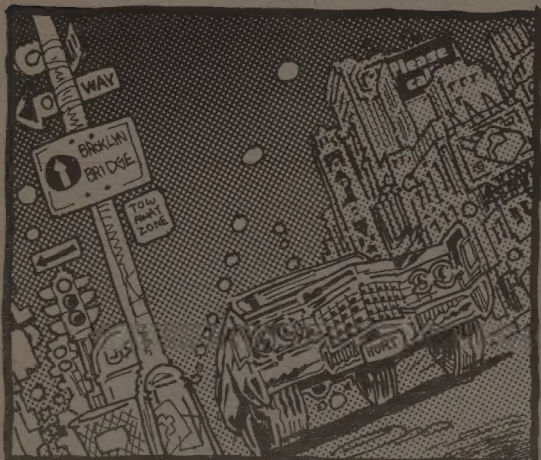
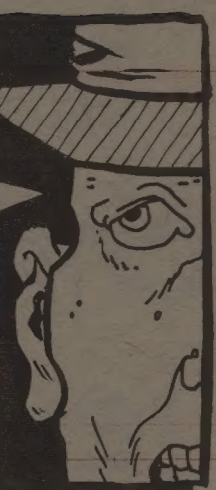
SOME CALL IT
POLICE BRUTALITY
HE CALLS IT
JUSTICE!

CRIME IN THE STREETS ...
PEOPLE GOIN WILD
SOME BODYS GOTTA
DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...
THATS MY JOB

I'M A COP
MY NAME IS MANNING
SPECIAL AGENT ATTACHED
TO THE BUREAU OF
NOCTURNAL TRAFFIC
MY JOB.... JUSTICE



THEY SAY THAT THIS
IS A WORLD OF
MANY COLORS OR
SHADES, THAT
THERE IS NO BLACK
AND WHITE....
THEY'RE WRONG
JUST AS SURE AS
THERE IS A GOOD
AND EVIL I AM
GOOD AND IF THEY
GET IT FROM ME
THEY GOT IT COMING



SOME PEOPLE DEPLORE VIOLENCE ...
.. WE LIVE IN A VIOLENT WORLD

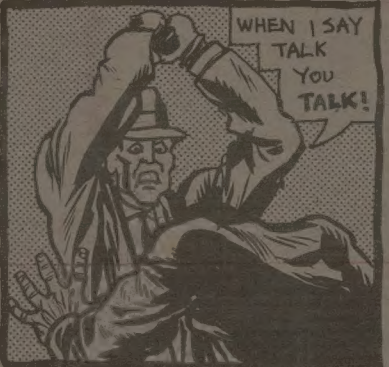


THINK I'LL GO SEE LOUIE
THE PUNK AND GET SOME
INFORMATION OUT OF HIM



O.K. PUNK, TALK!

PLEASE MANNING.. AH.. I ..



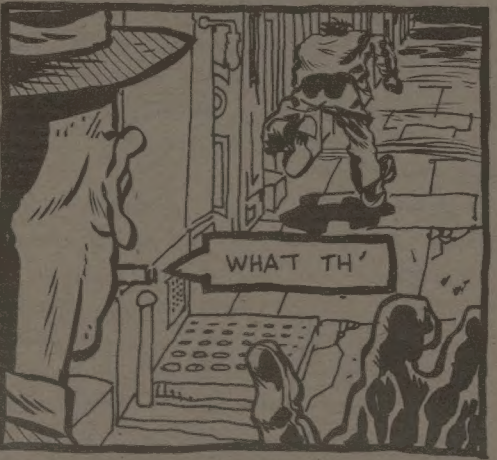
WHEN I SAY
TALK
YOU
TALK!



SCRAPE



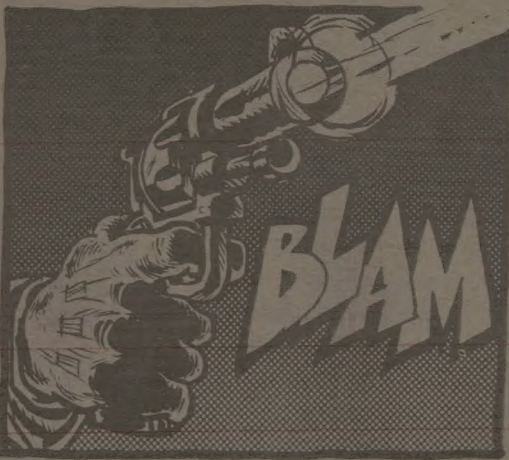
THE PUNK PASSED
OUT. GUESS I'LL JUST
RELAX A WHILE UNTIL
HE COMES TO



WHAT TH'



STOPINNA
NAMADALAW!



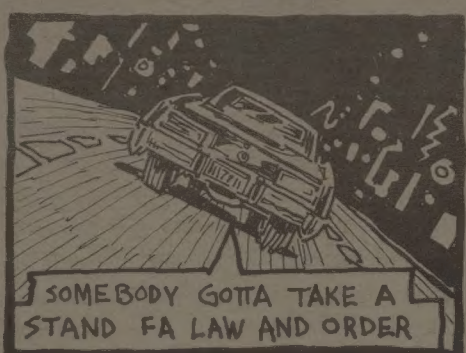
BLAM



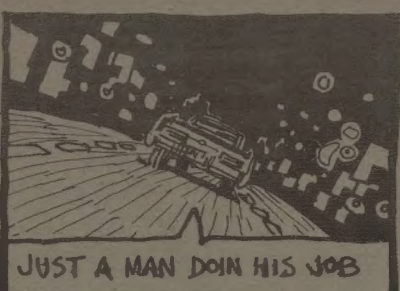
UGH!



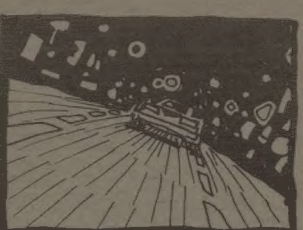
LET THESE GOOKS GET AWAY
WIT SOMETHING, SOMEDAY THEY'LL
WANNA TAKE OVER!



SOMEBODY GOTTA TAKE A
STAND FA LAW AND ORDER



JUST A MAN DOIN HIS JOB



christian steeples jewish mezuzahs and greek columns are phallic but can they fuck and reproduce

by CLAUDE PELIEU

And yet I was IN IT. From the outside nothing can be extracted, or understood. (Jean-Jacques Lebel).

—; Indian Summer, USA., 1968 —

—; the word-shrinker doesn't exist . . . I have destroyed hundreds of strategic scripts . . . monosyllables thrown into the mist —

Weapons annexed by space . . . handyman shell . . . frenzy, screams, curable shores — Assassinate scraps, & secondary themes — on the blue screen this old page, a black dream married to a dead figure.

Here & there ignoble deeds . . . 'trompe-l'oeil' is even being murdered (lack of prudence or by proxy) . . . the camera catches signs broadcast by lively nudes . . . gestures pinned by radioactivity . . . Midnight: "normal state", a vague dose, a few marijuana joints, "automatic opacity" — secret agents are reduced to later on . . . noise (oceanic site) illuminates Chinatown, petal-tanks attack the death of cold —

Solitude serum . . . beautiful flesh-storm . . . are reduced to that (you understand Mol & Mort's confession don't you?) — reduced to what? ("to later on") —

at the Script-Unique-Goddess's feet Bakunin's morning-glory, as red as a breaker — screams stabled by the FBI & riddled certain conditions . . . a riddled America neglects her witnesses . . . like France neglected Gerald Neveu's "obscure furnace" — the hairless-nature of a dust-word . . . slow things lying on the paper —

The whole world's happy life flanks crowds, controls them, governs them, enslaves them . . . the Texas Telephone Exchange buzzes in the heart of White Mexico — (good is born of evil, they say . . .) —

(Paranoia-Critique? If you wish), it is not unusual for a paranoiac to be in good physical condition . . . the technical plans for recuperation deliver us hand & foot tied to Death . . . that's why we borrow our rulers' monkey-suits — submerged in gusts the red sound scoops out the shadow, the banal-medium gesticulates on the Abdominal Screen — All dictatorships are alike (a precise point that will cause much blood & ink to flow), to swallow what? . . . your lanterns? . . . a few more bits of verse? (yr legal medicine) . . . swallow the "prestations" of the retarded cretin who wants to write another novel? . . . we're passing thru' . . .

infra-numerical skirmishes — THE ORBIT-VACUUM OF LIBERTARIAN ATOMS STARTS SWEEP GOD FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH —

"Paradise Lost", murmured someone . . . "everything that hasn't moved yet" . . . our old film torn to pieces by the antennae of piano-bias . . . memory's horn defoliates the white hour — Who is talking? Who is talking in the middle of the digestive-jungle? — the tense lines of desire, someone else's hi-fi fingers —

Child's rose-WINDOW & CLAY-LAUGHTER . . . BELLY-HUNTERS DRILL THRU' GALAXY-CIGARETS . . . DIAGRAM OF INNOCENCE . . . THE AUTOMATIC WITNESS'S FACT-&-CAUSE WAFER, THIS WILL NEVER END (& OF A COMMON ACCORD) . . . immobility-thaw . . . plains bleat in unison w/ old photos — where are we? . . . rapid starts twinkle on our bodies . . . mists of laughter crouch in the window of The House Of Charms (The Home Of The Sausage) . . . heaven & earth achieve nothing . . . we're drifting w/ the merry-go-round, bull's eye of the wind — AN ORANGE PARADE OF EVERY EXPRESSION . . . here SOLITUDE . . . foam of cameras & tape-recorders . . . "Kafka meets Fellini", Mr. Weisser's last Saga . . . opacity sickness, you understand? . . . dreamlike, unique, raw & cooked world-roundabout, anything you wish — Texas & holes . . . we hear their songs . . . we borrow their plans . . . The US Army's red banana sound will create another novel . . . (frontier-window-novel) . . . these endless streets where mad mirrors slobber, with corpses molded in the slowness of the old film . . . the televised "things" of the Jungle — someone else will cause the high-laughter of horns . . . many colors & white whistling w/ robots . . . hundreds of foggy scripts . . . the weapons of REALITY murder blue . . . the black dream (milk-fragment) — secret agents control anxiety . . . certain conditions on earth, & shit — in the heart of proof, the America-word doesn't exist . . . Fascist seasons protect the digestive storm, the waxer-shadow of dictatorships . . . make us swallow what? . . . yr bellies' scissors? . . . in the sky? . . . San Francisco-Chicago . . . god on the face of the dotted lines . . . Southern dogs pick the leaves of absence — where are we? . . . monosyllabic strategies vomited by space . . . memory is seduced by themes . . . ignoble deeds? . . . DO NOT IMITATE THOSE DOGS —

screams? . . . (reduced to) . . . screams are our witnesses . . . Critique-Exchanges broadcast gust-DEATH . . . a few bits still want to sweeten the earth . . . a white note shadows the slug . . . finger-desire is an antiring revelator —

TEMPORARY CONCLUSION & LIBERTARIAN SITUATION

Order is re-established in Paris, order is re-established in Mexico, order is re-established in Chicago. Thousands of injured, dead, & hundreds of disabled — everything that happened in France, in Europe, & now in the USA threatens all the ruling classes in the world — in the name of "their freedoms" the power-holders oppress those who commit the crime of thinking, those who do not accept the conditions for SURVIVAL, those who refuse mixtures & compromises.

The black & red flags confront, for the last 3 months, the fascist opacity, confront Bourgeois alienation — Paris, Prague, Columbia, Berkeley, Berlin, Mexico, Milan, Athens, Tokyo, Chicago — youth & most of the exploited people from the capitals, contest all society, & this from East to West, for the first time — Bureaucrats from Moscow & Peking & the yellow dogs of Washington & Tokyo.

Youth now knows that a revolution is possible. Asphyxiating & gloomy chokers of Bourgeois propaganda did not succeed in disassociating the proletariat-Third-World-intellectuals, revolutionary atoms push received ideas off balance, art must no longer partition things off.

In Viet Nam, as in South America & in Europe, it is the beginning of a difficult psychological war, using all the methods utilized by the totalitarian blocks who, no matter what the cost, want to impose their own way of thinking — Official lies abound from Moscow to Washington via Paris — Who are these revolutionaries? Respectful priests or shameful, cowardly conservatives? — on the whole they are virus-agents of recuperation. They never dared talk of poetry, of worker-autonomy, of racial equality, they never allowed us to speak about the doing away with frontiers, salaries, & the trade & war production of the State . . . They never allowed the individual to dispose of himself PSYCHICALLY & PHYSICALLY.

We are witnessing the mobility of the revolt. Also we notice the determination of Black militants who know they are doomed in advance because they ARE

(Continued on Page 27)

do you rise from the black chasm or do you descend from the stars?

G.I.'s stake hamburger hill

Dr. Timothy Leary was cleared of charges of... by the Supreme Court on Monday, May 19. In their decision, the Court... presume intention of smuggling said dope, nor that it was... existing pot laws will have to be reconsidered, redesigned, hopefully revoked.

Leary:8-0 ; Mark Rudd: 00000 Soooeey

Monday, May 19, Mark Rudd and Peter Clapp were busted for possession of marijuana while crossing Niagara Falls back into the good old USA from Canada. Leary was acquitted for one ounce; Rudd and friend were busted for slightly less than 2 ounces and a pipe.



The FIRE Now, Not Next Time

photo by RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

The world may not end in fire, but New York City is getting off to a great start. Thursday, May 15, around 2:20 a.m., Max's Kansas City exploded for the ...3rd? ...4th? time. The kitchen's gas jets were all going ahead, down on making those steaks and hamburgers, when a spurt of grease caught a jet, exploded, and sent everyone running. Brigid Polk, of The Cock-Book fame (and other varieties) said she heard a rumbling moments before the actual explosion, "We saved the cash register." Max's is open again.

Friday, May 16, about 10:30 p.m., the Lion Supermarket, on 2nd Ave. and 6th St. next to The Fillmore and EVO, went up in flames. Unverified reports say an unidentified person was seen throwing something into the building only seconds before it began to burn. All of the 5-story apartment house, plus the supermarket, are completely gutted, charred remains standing like some foreign memorial to WW II--bombs which never touched America but probably devastated the original homes of many who lived in the apartment building.

EVO and The Fillmore were left untouched, although the Fillmore marquee's plexiglass background has been removed on the 6th Street side because several pieces had cracked off from the heat...I wonder if the mad bomber who the pig-heads insist was at the Electric Circus is still laughing his way through New York.

WHO? WHO Kicked The Cop Inna Balls

Physically untouched, The Fillmore must have picked up some of the bad karma from the fire. Friday night's early show was only partially on when the fire began. The Who had just begun to perform, when a supposedly unidentified man, wearing a blue denim shirt, came on stage and demanded the microphone which Peter Townshend, lead guitarist refused to give him. Roger Daltrey, The Who's vocalist, came over and the man repeated his demand, going to the mike and ordering everyone out of the auditorium because of the fire. Townshend and Daltrey, thinking he was a nut (how right they were only we in New York can know) kicked him off the stage. Whereupon he identified himself as a cop. Whereupon he arrested them for assaulting a policeman. Whereupon he grabbed the mike and finished ordering everyone out of The Fillmore. Townshend and Daltrey will return next week to finish the case of mistaken identity, hotcha. To offset the loss of Friday's late show, an extra concert was held Sunday afternoon, and it is to The Who's inimitable credit that they performed brilliantly—as usual.

NEWS

CHINA ENTERS A NEW PHASE

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y. (EVO)—The People's Republic of China has moved into a new political phase, with the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution ending in the Ninth Communist Party Congress held last month in Peking.

This is the conclusion reached by analysts and international diplomats based here at United Nations headquarters.

The Cultural Revolution which started in 1966 with the Red Guards becoming a new power factor on the Chinese political scene, has come full circle. The youth of China have been instructed to go to the farms, increase production, learn from the peasants and to study diligently the works of party Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

The membership of the nearly 20 million member party has been subjected to severe strains, and many members have had to make public statements revealing alleged shortcomings and how they have corrected them.

Besides the official deposing of Liu Shao chi, the chairman of the National Congress (in USA terms, President), Teng Hsiao peng, the party secretary is heard from no more. That is not new. The question is what has happened to the party apparatus that Liu and Teng dominated.

It is useful to recall that in China the party sets all policies in every sphere of life. The government's role is merely to execute these party policies. The army's job is external defense and internal security. Mao, in 1958, lost his job as president but returned his job as party chairman. To this day, Mao has government job.

The party can do no wrong because it is the people's party. Mistakes can be made, but they are mistakes made by individuals who misinterpret the will of the people as seen through the filter of the party.

Mao, who conceived the Great Leap Forward during which pig farmers were told to make pig iron in backyard furnaces, has consistently followed the red line, that is, purity of communist thought as opposed to the line advanced by the so-called capitalist-roaders.

Simply stated, this has been called the conflict between being a red or being an expert. What it came down to was this:

Since China is 70 per cent an agricultural nation it becomes necessary to improve agriculture so that food is produced to free people from the farms to work in the factories. The more food produced, the more commodity capital is created to fund the development of industry.

It was apparent that Mao had made ideological opponents during the Great Leap who warned that the results would be disastrous. On the face of it, these critics seemed right.

But the fact remains that a new consciousness was brought to the 700 million people by the Leap—farmers did become aware of their important role in the new Chinese society, and the masses of the nation were moved into action, an achievement in itself.

Analysts now are reconsidering their view of the Great Leap and wondering if it was merely a first phase of a long range plan which goes step by step toward the goals of democratic centralism, socialism, the complete

power of the proletariat.

Mao, bits and snips of information tell us, carefully plotted the course of the Cultural Revolution before it burst on the scene in the summer of 1966. He apparently discovered that factions with self-interests at stake were increasing, that government officials, and all of the leading officials are members of the party, were carving out their own hegemonies, were concerned with regional problems, and in essence were committing the sins of individualism.

The root of this revisionist phenomenon was back in the party itself.

But Mao needed a power base from which he could strike at the backsliders—as he saw them. He could turn to the Army, which he eventually had to do in the summer of 1967 during the Wuhan incident, but this, at the early stages, would mean tremendous risks. Mao has always placed his faith on the masses of people and if the army were rule, this great myth of his could not have survived.

His answer was to create a new power base, the red guards. He found that youth readily responded to his call for carrying the revolution in China to a new stage of Marxism-Leninism, as the propaganda organs frequently stated. The new stage is, simply, continuing revolution.

Lenin's revolution has been usurped by the Kremlin leadership as far as the Chinese are concerned. This started with Krushchev and continues with Brezhev and Kosygin. The Russians, if one is objective, are revisionists. The Italians are building Fiats in the Soviet Union, the Americans are willing to have understandings with Moscow, and so on.

But Mao believes that he has found a way to carry on when Lenin and Marx could not. The red guards were told to make revolution, and Mao took the chance that this might mean the end of Communist China. He risked all to test his theory of continual revolution, and the gamble proved a winner.

In the party congress just ended (it was the first congress in 10 years despite the fact that congresses were supposed to have been held every year). Lin Piao, second in command to Mao, made a political report. The report, made on April 2, was not adopted until April 14, and "the delegates made many good proposals for additions to and modifications of the report," Peking Review said.

Those weeks and the open statement seem to be an indication that a coalition of forces must have been involved in the new alignment now in the party.

New people have new roles, but the basic structure remains intact. Mao, who managed to keep full control of the propaganda system during the entire Cultural Revolutions, seems to have won the struggle decisively, and has allowed some of the old guards to remain to their posts, leaving these people with face, and reminding the young that their assignment to the farms is what they wanted for the sake of the revolution.

A new directive states that schools should be run by the workers and peasants and should only last until age 10 or 15, and don't worry about technology, it will spring up from the people.

The young have been, or soon will be, absorbed into the main stream of Chinese life, except that they have been raised to a different consciousness than their

parents, and they will teach their children to move on after them, to make revolution after them.

And where will it go after that?

WILL NORMAN MAILER GO THE DISTANCE

By Eli B. Enzer

NEW YORK (EVO) — Norman Mailer is running for mayor at a jogger's pace, feinting rights and lefts and sometimes landing solid blows.

Last week a series of fund-raising parties were held for the old battler, and one of them was held in the spacious Central Park West apartment of John and Charlotte Sheety. Coincidentally, the apartment is in the same building where another famed battler lives, Paul O'Dwyer.

Mailer appeared right on time that Tuesday evening and immediately was handed an enormous goblet which might have contained gin or maybe water.

A path was cleared through the hundred or so Westsiders who came to see for themselves what the literary warrior had to say, not at all sure whether he was for real in his political ambitions.

"I am running to win power for the neighborhoods," the Jewish boy from Brooklyn who made good said. "Breslin and I are the most improbable candidates. This is the worst of cities—which has the worst of problems, the worst of the twentieth century laments—and this also make it the best of cities."

The greying candidate put his drink to rest on the nearby table, his small stature swollen to bigger than life proportions by a booming voice tinged with a strange Southern accent, and in the pause one matron whispered to a companion, "He stabbed his wife you know." "Oh, that was long ago, and it was only his first wife, and he was only using a pen knife," was the reply.

The last of the "No More Bullshit" campaign buttons were sold, and Mailer continued to talk.

"I'm here to get some of your dough," Mailer said. "Wagner and Scheur or whatever his name is are spending a cool million each. I'll make some apt remark and then take on eight questions, eight rounds, and then we'll collect the dough and scam. Some of you maybe have seen the button we have—no, not just the bleep-bleep one, the one that says just 51."

"51. That's what we want, 51 states. The State of the City of New York. That would be a major step in straightening out this. The 51st state and power to the neighborhoods."

"We managed to collect 14,032 signatures yesterday on our nominating petitions. Wagner had 54,000, and Powell got 9,000 which goes to show that we are in the running. We walked into the Board of Elections and gave the clerk, Mr. O'Rourke, the petitions and strutted around like pigeons when he greeted us not only like gentlemen but like we might be winners."

Mailer linked his thumb in his wide leather belt and continued. "We seemed to have missed the TV gentlemen at the Board, and the Daily News, so and behold, recorded our 14,032 without comment. I won't comment on the other morning newspaper."

Pointing to the laid aside goblet of what appeared to be grog, Mailer went on, "Breslin and I are the only public sinners in this campaign. But a man can

learn in public from his last mistake. The public does not want a drunk for mayor.

"I said that we are the most improbable candidates because the mess has become so bad in New York that it is impossible to tell the respectful politicians from the clowns. What we need now is Tammany Hall inside out. Now I'll take the questions."

A woman's voice from the rear shouted "housing" and Mailer bellowed back "On the job training."

"The worst thing that can happen is having the government go into a black neighborhood and tell the people that we're gonna build you some housing and then bring in a lot of trade unionists—men who once were proud unionists proud workers but are afraid to work in Harlem—and the people stand on the street corners watching what is being done to them under the name of doing something for them. That's an impossible thing. We want to have on the job training, and let the people in the neighborhood do their own work. We will turn over the dough to them and what they do with it is their business—they sink or swim. On the job training is the answer. We will have a few teach the many carpentry, plumbing, wiring."

The candidate was asked what he thought his chances of victory were, and rather than a direct reply Mailer said, "If the voters do say yes to Mailer and Breslin, they are saying that they are disgusted with what has happened in New York City. We are running as super chauvinists, we are running to become the 51st state."

"Mr. Mailer, could you please better define what you mean by neighborhoods?"

"If 18 people want to set up their own school, or garbage disposal, than as far as we are concerned they are a community, they are a neighborhood and entitled to all the rights, privileges and responsibilities. Power to the neighborhoods! The blacks, the working man, they want the same things: their own neighborhoods, their blocks to look like they want them to look, a sense of security."

"But Mr. Mailer," a swish male protested, "you can't do that, it is against the law and will lead to segregation."

"Yeah, maybe," the candidate said. "Score one round for you. But the people have to have power."

"Mr. Mailer, you sound like a conservative. Could you define your political position?"

"I'm a left conservative. The concepts of left and right are theological. The right, fearful of judgement day, is concerned with how you live your life, whether you will make the grade. The left wonders why one lives and what for. The center has taken over, science has taken over, we no longer have the devil, the technicians are in control."

Mailer was asked why he talks about freeing Huey Newton and Bobby Seale, but doesn't say anything about the 21 Panthers.

"First of all five of the 21 are cops, so why should I talk about freeing them?"

"Then why not talk about the freeing of the 16?"

"This is not the place. But you mark it down and see if Mailer doesn't talk about the 21 Panthers before the end of this campaign. You mark it down."

We have.

JILL JOHNSTON will be analyzed by John de Menil, Walter Gutman, Ultra Violet, Carolee Schneemann, Lil Picard, Dr. John Atchley, Andy Warhol, Gregory Battcock, and moderator David Bourdon in a panel discussion, "The Disintegration of a Critic," on Wednesday, May 21, at 8:30 P.M. at NYU's Loeb Student Center, 566 La Guardia Place.

Analysis by Lil Picard

CONFESSION WITH AN ACCENT

JJJ Jill James Joyce Johnston with a dash of Kerouac is a dry martini of a critic, in motion, on a trip, a dancer-with words, movement and changes. In the film "Changes" are passages which remind me of JJJ's writing technique. She uses slow and fast motion. She uses abrupt changes. Gossiping associations and analogies in sign and shorthand abbreviations, staccato style. She is, so it seems to me, the only critic today who went on a word-trip, becoming miraculously creative. Instead of being an average, not-very-personal critic of modern dance, doing a typical traditional pedestrian Village Voice reviewing job, grinding out every week reviews on modern dance events and long, long paragraphs of writings, she started suddenly to become a dancer herself. She dances with words. She changed from Jill Johnston to JJJ. I hope, iii.

you will understand that I mean the four-letter sign JJJ as the greatest compliment I can give. James Joyce invented language as a changed world of thought. He also went on a trip into the inner spirit of the world of words and poetic abstractions.

Sounds, visual and thought-sounds, think-sounds; JJJ's writing has the same quality.

by LIL PICARD

A
R
T

She is very witty and has an uncanny humor. She is self-critical and wonderfully tough. Her writings are often as down to asphalt as a conversation with a New York taxi driver.

I am an addict to taxi drivers philosophy-talks. They save my sanity in New York. One recently answered my every question with, "Yes, Fraulein" —"Yes, Frauleih," he said we went

Space Oddity still:



photo: ED SEEMAN

down West Broadway to 66 Grand Street. "Yes, Fraulein," and so I knew forever that I have an accent as an unchangeable external stigma. But I also knew that he liked my accent. I like JJJ's personal accent of changes and motion. Yes, JJJ, yes, American Fraulein.

What I want to say is: Jill didn't disintegrate as a critic. In fact, she got herself together and became a creative writer. I dig her. All the people she knows are dancers. Life is her group. She is a choreographer of the life dance. All her friends are action people. She dances with Polly, with John de Menil, with Jasper Johns, with Alice and Gertrude and Teeny Duchamp and George Segal. She pirouettes from personality to personality, from superstar to superbitch, without periods and commas in a stream of Virginia Wolfe inner monologue subconsciousness all the way down the line of life. I am a frustrated dancer myself and clumsily I try to dance with words. Yes, Fraulein.

The only time when I get blessed with JJJ's quality of word-dance-high is when I awake in the morning. Then I dream up a kind of dance orgy. Sentences becoming floating ideas mysteriously changing into associations. It is all like an extended dreara trip, and I fly and feel free. I believe that what happened to Jill is that she freed herself of conventions and is now on a voyage in the dream dance of words.



By CHARLES LEVINE

Sunday, April 27th, at the Gallery of Modern Art, Columbus Circle, a program of new films was presented by The Film-makers' Cinematheque. While the films were chosen at random by The Film-makers, they demonstrate a certain kinship; all show the sparkling creative activity of highly individual artists, none had a factory or mass-produced look. Each was marked by a distinctive difference in style. Ten short works were run off, most for the first time in New York. Those who saw them got a fine taste of the boiling bubbling children of the "new cinema," still more widely talked about than seen.

The work which moved me most was "Strange Lands," by Cassandra Gerstein, described by her as "erotic audio homage to Ingmar Bergman", the film shows us a girl reading a letter to her lover or her dream of a lover. We hear her describe how she was aroused by the sight of two dancers in a film show, the experience created in her a longing for physical fulfillment, and after her description of a scene with her fantasy lover, she proceeded to masturbate herself until she had an orgasm all the while describing

how she would treat her lover if he were there with her in bed. This tale of human longing that is as beautiful as it is unpretentious is accompanied by a few shots of Central Park, a number of tiltops of the ancient Egyptian obelisk, a girl's needle used as a phallic symbol, and groups of children playing in the park, all combine in sight and sound to project an aura of longing to be satisfied in some uncertain future.

"Strange Lands" was perhaps the best film that could be regarded as a kind of lyric poetry. Others dealt with cinema used directly as a structure in time with each element used as an integral part, or a building block. Hollis Frampton's "Maxwell's Demon", stands as the best of this type. This picture has three basic images, (1) a man exercising; (2) the sea; (3) colored leader; the three are mixed together so as to form a rhythmic pattern and when ever the sea appears a monotone beep is heard. The picture shows the influence of minimal art, but the manipulation of time which is a truly cinematic operation and an integral part of this film can only be inadequately described here as visual structures in a musical sense.

There were two other pictures which worked with time as their main element: "I Wish I Was A Rice Krispie Relaxing In My Bowl Shooting Movies", by Carl Jacobs, the first part of the picture is optically in reverse, so that a sign reads backwards and in the latter part of the film these are reversed or put right side up. "The Sunburst Ascension of Anastasia Orange", by Wheeler Dixon, also has a bit of this and takes a new direction in that here, a strobe-light was used to punctuate paragraphs or stanzas. This particular use of a flashing light is fairly original and has some very interesting possibilities. It certainly opens a new path as regards transitions or couplets.

Other films on the same program were "Strange Desires" and "The Dove" by Britton Wilkie, "Undine", by Cassandra Gerstein a portrait of Calo Scott, "Maximus To Himself", by William David Sherman, was notable in the lyric group. "Mandala" by Peter Spoecker, which is one of many beautifully animated mandala films I have seen in the last few years, and "Dave's Fantastic Fifties Rock Group," by Wheeler Dixon whose work contains a number of poignant, romantic images of love.

THILM

To be 28 inches short of heaven! . . . Where is the Great Temple of Buddha anyway, now when I need it. Art works, like other human creation including the Temple, are notorious/famous for being short of perfection, some a good deal more than 28 inches. Still, it is hard to recognize the extraordinary when it does come along, for it too often wears the disguise of cliché, hidden by a tongue-in-cheek shield, a brass-hard exterior, and the mitigating effect of 'cool.' **People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart**, like *The Story of O*, uses a classic form — the Rebelaisian-Playboy model short story of wayward couples and interlocking paths — and the film will no doubt raise as much question to its worth as the book did, and has. Sofia Petersen is a dancer who has the stamina of Man O'War and the inclination of the proverbial alley-cat, whose reputation suffers each time someone wants to accuse a human being of amorality, an activity which is peculiar to humans who insist that animals have no sense of defined morality. Sofia meets men everywhere, most especially on the train and in brothels. The train is going from Copenhagen to Rio de Janeiro, no mean trip; the men wander with her into the bathrooms, bedrooms, dance halls and even New York. The film is shot partly in color, part b/w, and always with a bemused, wry look at itself, as though the camera kept one eye on the action and one eye on the perspective at all times, so that one can't be quite sure what is being spoofed: *Valley of the Dolls* or *The Bible* (the book, not the movie). Sweet people have names like Mithra, Sjalof, Devah, Evangeline and Robert Clair de la Lune. The film uses eye-winks of every sort: a man and a woman sit across from each other in a train; glances are thrown and withdrawn like matador passes. The

ELISCU

screen fills with a black card edged in classic white lace. In white letters is written:

Could anything be more erotic than a cigarette?

No, but there is much in this movie which maintains equal appeal, each to his own: the upstairs neighbor's wife madly loves the downstairs neighbor's husband, takes a gun and tries to make him screw her — a reverse of men give love to get screwed, for the wife only wants him to screw her and then learn to . . . love? . . . her; long-lost divorced mothers meet up with wayward, abandoned daughters; fiancé returns home to discover that fiancée has become a dyke . . . and people become infatuated with each other, committing murder, larceny, and their lives to follow the attraction as long as it holds them.

Levels of fantasy have had the covers torn off, revealing altogether new non-limits, further horizons. Perhaps the film, from the early moments when Sofia meets the first lover, Hans, on the train, is a fantasy in her mind — in his mind — in the filmmaker's mind, given to us as a present, a meal which requires delicate chewing at some points, wholesale swallowing at others. People have, always, a wealth of information stored in their tape-computer heads; once Friday entered the life of Robinson Crusoe, there were three versions of reality to deal with: his and the truth . . . so that when any two people decide to interact, there are at least four people involved and it really doesn't take Freud to establish it. **People Meet . . .** is a tease, that red string attached to the trinket or herring, in the hands of a master joker who lures you on until the game is no longer one-sided, you are caught up, accepting the fantasy presented as plausible. The whimsical, outrageous plot somewhere on the border of that maniac Congo we all

(Continued on Page 18)

KOKAINEKARMA

THIS WEEK IN NEW YORK

FILLMORE: Sly & Family Stone, Clarence Carter, Rotary Connection
VILLAGE GATE: Amad Jamal Down —Richard Prior, Miles Davis Quintet

SLUGS: Joe Henderson Tues.—Pharoah Sanders

ELECTRIC CIRCUS: Wednesday—First Generation Blues, May 21—Big Mama Thornton, Jessie Fuller

SCENE: Sweetwater thru Thurs., Fri., Wed.—New York Rock and Roll Ensemble

UNLTD: The Belmonts, The Exciters
BITTER END: Tom Paxton

AU GO GO: Tim Hardin (weekends)
GASLIGHT: Cam Bruce, Charles

John Quarto, Steve Elliot
Folk City: David Bois, Teddy Ber, Bart Massy

UNGANOS: Joe Cocker thru Thurs.
APOLLO: Jackie Wilson, Young-Holt

Limited, Barbara Acklin, Bobby Blue Bland, Reggie Lavong

The Fillmore East went deep into the bizarre Friday night with the inhibited auditorium turning into spontaneous exciting theatre. While the show was going on, unknown to the people in the Fillmore, the corner of 6th street and 2nd Avenue adjacent the theatre was burning down. While the Who were deep into their show Fri., a plainclothes pig leaped onto the stage spouting something about a fire. The undercover hog, dressed in a blue denim shirt, appeared to be some kind of derelict interested in being part of the act to Peter Townshend. Without missing a beat, the smoothest of the English pop performers kicked the intruder in the balls and the cop was quickly whisked off stage. Townshend was charged with assaulting a pig and was held in the 9th precinct until Saturday afternoon when Bill Graham arranged for his

release. Meanwhile the theatre emptied calmly minus the supervision of pigs or firemen with hatchets in hand. The Who's second show Friday had to be cancelled due to smoke and was rerun on Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M.

The Who's show late Saturday night had the Fillmore audience screaming with excitement as they encored with the familiar "Summertime Blues," "Magic Bus," and "Shaking All Over" after polarizing the audience with a large portion of their long awaited rock opera "Tommy" (a fantasy about a deaf, dumb and blind boy) from which their recent single, "Pinball Wizard" is taken. The Who are the most exciting performers of all the British pop groups. The only reason they aren't larger than they are in popularity is because of their record label in the U. S.—Decca, who haven't been in tune with contemporary music since the days of the Bing Crosby 78's with John Fox Trotter and his Orchestra. The Who play rock and roll, hard and fast—something rock fans always like and which too many bands seem to be afraid to play, thinking refined aesthetics is where the trend is at.

The other two acts on the bill were a hodge-podge-conglomerate of music which no one seemed to relate to audience or musicians. Certainly rock and roll was given secondary importance in the musical context of both groups. Sweetwater, who allegedly have been knocking out audiences around the country received a lukewarm polite reception from the bored Fillmore audience. At one point female vocalist Nansi Nevens declared that it was great to be among friends and received a reply of Oh Yea from a less polite portion of the crowd. Her vocal styling seemed to try to stretch from Janis

(Continued on Page 18)

photo: RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN



Mad Media HIP-Pocrates

David McReynolds believes pro thugs executed the May 9 attack on the War Resisters League offices where "the entire mailing list of 10,000 was surgically removed."

"They were paid to do a job," the League field marshal theorized: "There was no hatred or vindictiveness — no paint sprayed, no slogans scrawled on the wall."

The most likely explanation is that the job was contracted for by a reactionary org in an attempt to disable the Resisters — an efficient operation smashing office equipment & stealing all membership cards & stencils.

McReynolds discounts the possibility that it was an FBI happening: "the FBI would have the names already." Nor has the League ever been the target of such assault by the police as have other radical groups like the Black Panthers.

The news media were indifferent. No newspaper reporters came, and in a small item on page 30, The Times buried what information it had received. CBS cancelled plans to take pictures; NBC killed the newsreel it had shot.

The League was hit the weekend before moving from its 5 Beekman Street offices, from which it was evicted, after 25 years. Landlord Ruby Solsky told EVO: "We're not for the war; we just don't like the way those guys dress."

People who were on the list are asked to write to the League at its new headquarters, 339 Lafayette Street, 10012.

HENRY MILLER'S SEXUS WAS CONFISCATED IN BUENOS AIRES.

In repressive acts likewise ignored by the U.S. was the screening of P. P. Pasolini's *TEOREMA* was decreed taboo, and on the same day, May 2, *SEXUS* continued its revolutionary adventures by being seized at the publisher's office (Santiago Rueda) and in many Buenos Aires bookstores.

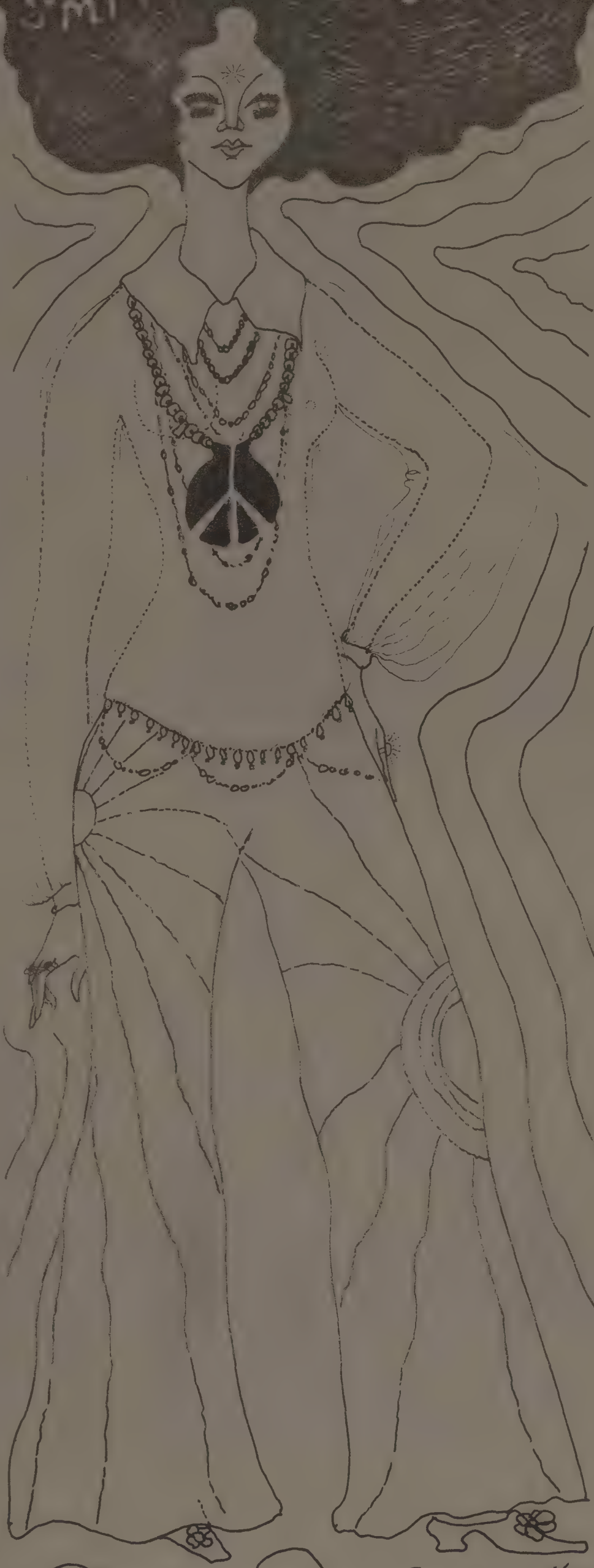
Miguel Grinberg, editor of *Eco Contemporaneo*, reports the censorship was carried out on orders from Municipal Attorney Guillermo de la Riestra who is famous for having confiscated "To Die in Madrid," the Spanish Civil War documentary, along with I. Bergman's "Silence" and assorted books.

BIG MONEY B-WAY OPERATORS ARE DROOLING IN THE WINGS, WAITING TO MOVE IN IF CHE TRIUMPHS IN THE COURTROOM DRAMA.

The following story gives perspective on the events leading to the second bust, the appearance of the show biz promoters, and the differences between playwright Lennox Raphael and producer Ed Wode basic to their angry schism (chronicled by D. A. Latimer in *EVO*, May 14).

WILL PLAYBOY'S ANSWER TO HOWARD HUGHES BUY INTO RAMPARTS? "I wish he would," laughed publisher Frederick Mitchell. Meanwhile, in Chicago, three Playboy execs refused to deny that Hugh Hefner is considering the invest-

(Continued on Page 26)



oooh yes its a sin to dress the way we do!

Dr. Schoenfeld:

Here's an answer for the fellow who wants Barb classified interpreted.

"B&D" is "Bondage and Domination Discipline" — all the "S M" (sado-masochistic) sex games.

Now: lots of these sex-freaks invent their own terms. I recognize several of these terms as belonging to a cat who once, years ago, wrote to me and defined "Alabama Tailspin" and "Mason Thriller" and a few other current ones. I may still have the letter in my files, but it's more likely the narcs copied it during one of my 3 busts, or else it was among the stuff that I still haven't found time to try and sort.

In any case, the descriptions were fairly graphic, tended to complex sexual routines, and — I'm fairly sure — have no relevance outside the originator's head. He did get a number of female inquiries, though, which apparently was his motive.

In brief, then, the "meaning" of the terms is that he's looking to get laid.

LOVE & KISSES

P.S. for the naive:

Bondage: tie 'em up and play with them; anything goes: they can't get away; tease or torment.

Domination: cf. — *Story of O* for male-dominant version.

Discipline: heavy stuff — whipping, etc."

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Reference is made to your article . . . in which you state that "Hensley's 17,000 ministers are draft exempt." I want to tell you that you are absolutely wrong, and that you are encouraging people to completely corrupt their file. We have probably handled something like one hundred fifty or more draft cases. In our view it is absolutely imperative that garbage like Hensley's ordinations be kept out of any draft file, where the registrant is seriously attempting to confront the draft system. The fact of filing something like Hensley's ordinations in your draft file is to demonstrate fraud. Since the test in many draft situations is merely "sincerity," Hensley's efforts to make himself a little dough can result in numbers of young men going to prison.

I cannot urge you strongly enough to immediately retract the utter nonsense which you placed in your column which can only have the effect of screwing up large numbers of young men who don't know any better." COMMENT: I don't doubt that Hensley's ordinations may be treated like garbage by draft boards. After all, worse treatment has been given to ministers through the centuries.

Recently I read that Selective Service Boards consider 100 hours a month as an active minister sufficient time spent to qualify for deferment from the draft.

Hensley is making some "dough" alright, but he's small potatoes next to ministers like Billy Graham.

(Continued on Page 26)

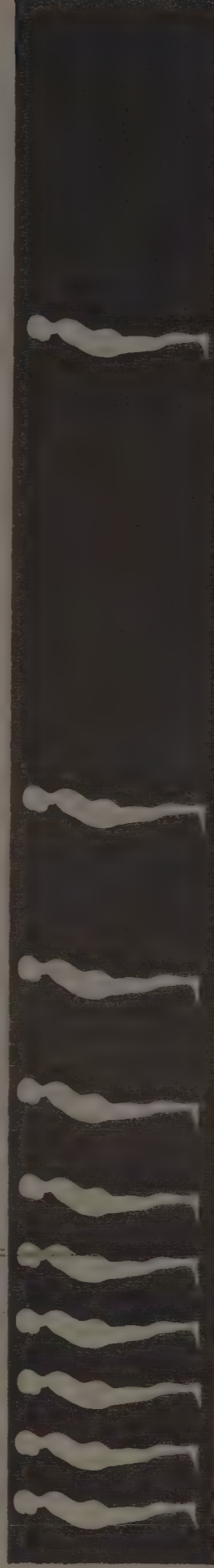
BERKELEY

Occupied Berkeley 9 a.m. Sunday, May 18, 1969.

It's hard to determine exactly what our casualties have been so far. Best estimates indicate about 200 wounded, about 100 arrested. Thursday close to 100 people were hit with birdshot, buckshot or bullets. Rumors persist that one or more of them have died—but nobody can substantiate them. Yesterday at a press conference Frank Bardacke (one of the Oakland 7) announced that two persons had died Friday in Herrick Hospital. His sources had been—second-hand—two nurses and an orderly at the hospital. Last night he retracted the statement and apologized for circulating what seems to be false information.

Nevertheless, there are several serious wounds. (Overground media here refer to them as "injuries"—as though weapons hadn't been used against us.) James Rector, 25, of San Jose is in serious condition, a bullet in his liver; surgeons have removed his spleen, part of his pancreas, and a kidney. Michael Beavers, 19, of Berkeley is in serious condition with buckshot wounds in his eyes, face and neck; he may be permanently blinded. I suspect that this is what will happen all over America as we begin to challenge their real-estate notions.

People's Park is nominally owned by the University. For two years it lay unused, a mudhole, a breeding ground for insects. Because the people of the neighborhood had no park of their own, they began several weeks ago to reclaim the land—first by laboriously draining the stagnant breeding pools.



As the project gained momentum, hundreds came to help. People brought soil, flowers, bushes, swings, all the usual amenities. The forestry supervisor of the Berkeley Parks and Recreation Department was delighted by it; he said the city later might be able to donate bushes and trees for the perimeter of it and he said the university should forget it owns it. Many on the faculty of the university's department of environmental design also applauded the "spontaneous, creative" character of it. In short, the park had broad support throughout the city.

Nobody knows exactly what behind-the-scenes machinations took place—but the best guess is that University of California Chancellor Roger Heyns some days ago got a crush-it-now ultimatum from Gov. Ronald Reagan, who in turn probably got pressured by the southern California real-estate interests which control him. Early last week Heyns issued a statement proclaiming that the university soon would seize the land and convert it to a soccer field. On Wednesday people scheduled for the following noon a "peaceful march" to Heyns' office to protest his plans.

Heyns' second-in-command—a man named Chelt—earlier had said the university would not "take any actions in the middle of the night." Nevertheless, at 4 a.m. Thursday about 400 police surrounded the park—some of them stationed on nearby rooftops with sniper rifle scopes. Because I did not know of these middle-of-the-night actions, I drove to the park near noon with my wife and 13-month-old daughter. We expected a peaceful march in company with many other mothers and babies. Parking space was hard to find, so I dropped wife and baby a block from the park and naively told my wife I'd meet her at the sandbox. That's the last I saw of them through several hours of indiscriminate tear gas, pepper gas, buckshot and bullets. When people learned they had been barred from the park, they assembled in the university's Sproul Plaza several blocks away. There, after a brief rally, they began a protest march to the park. The group—perhaps 3000—started down Telegraph Avenue but was stopped and then decimated by the weaponry I've already described. Police from several communities took part. The worst of them were the Alameda County sheriff's deputies.

Thursday evening Reagan placed Berkeley on a 10-p.m.-to-6-a.m. curfew and suspended constitutional liberties of speech and assembly around the clock.

Friday hundreds of national guard arrived and patrolled the streets with fixed, unsheathed bayonets. A couple of "illegals" rallies and street marches took place—and there were casualties from tear gas and truncheons. Saturday the people gathered in the center of the city to bring the reality of the thing to the larger merchants who tacitly support it. They succeeded in clipping many of Berkeley's largest stores for part of the day. Casualties were heavier Saturday than Friday. Sheriff's deputies clubbed people indiscriminately along an area of Telegraph Avenue in late afternoon—and even entered a restaurant there and clubbed occupants to the ground.

LATE ADDITION: Keith was too kind; the toll now includes 1 Dead

Someway a petty official will appear with a piece of paper, called a land title, which states that the University of California owns the land of the People's Park. Where did that piece of paper come from? What is it worth?

A long time ago the Costeocan Indians lived in the area now called Berkeley. They had no concept of land ownership. They believed that the land was under the care and guardianship of the people who used it and lived on it.

Catholic missionaries took the land away from the Indians. No agreements were made. No papers were signed. They ripped it off in the name of God.

The Mexican Government took the land away from the Church. The Mexican Government had guns and an army. God's word was not as strong.

The Mexican Government wanted to pretend that it was not the army that guaranteed them the land. They drew up some papers which said they legally owned it. No Indians signed those papers.

The Americans were not fooled by the papers. They had a stronger army than the Mexicans. They beat them in a war and took the land. Then they wrote some papers of their own and forced the Mexicans to sign them.

The American Government sold the land to some white settlers. The Government gave the settlers a piece of paper called a land title in exchange for some money. All this time there were still some Indians around who claimed the land. The American army killed most of them.

The piece of paper saying who owned the land was passed around among rich white men. Somewhere the white men were interested in taking care of the land. Usually they were just interested in making money. Finally some very rich men, who run the University of California, bought the land.

Immediately these men destroyed the houses that had been built on the land. The land was left empty. We are building a park on the land. We will take care of it and guard it, in the spirit of the Costeocan Indians. When the University comes with the land title we will tell them: Your land title is covered with blood. We won't touch it. Your people ripped off the land from the Indians a long time ago. If you want it back now, you will have to fight for it.



tenaciously in a couple dozen cities around the country, they might soon bring down the American dollar. After that, the old-timers probably would make important concessions to us. When the occupation is finally discontinued here in Berkeley, we can easily be sufficiently disoriented to bring all the expensive machinery back into town again. Third, the national guard here is half to two-thirds sympathetic to us and in an all-out civil war large numbers of them would defect to our side. One young lady here asked a group of fifteen guardsmen whether they'd fire on us. Eight of them remained silent—but not hostilely so—and the other seven said under no circumstances would they shoot; one of them said "No, but I'd sure shoot a pig." Fourth, the quality of the consciousness of the nine-to-twelve age group here is downright inspiring. They understand. The revolution is in their heads at the deepest psychic (pre-ideological) level and the regime never will be able to eradicate it. But what has to be understood—and somewhat accepted—is that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of us are going to be murdered before the old-timers concede anything real. We must try to accept this and we must try not to blame old-timers as individuals. Their conditioning has been so lengthy and so complex that it is almost impossible for them to understand. It is easy, for example, to feel sorry for Roger Heyns, who is no worse than the average old-timer. The job of being a college president has become so unpleasant that soon draft resisters may be offered the choice of five years' jail or five years as college-president-at-hard-labor. Heyns probably can remember having humane thoughts and feelings and performing humane acts in younger years; think how painful that must be. Twentieth-century history—which, after all, will be written by people now students—will deal harshly with him and probably he is partly aware of this.

WHO OWNS THE PARK?

If one can forget the horrible wounds sustained by our brothers, there are many reasons for being hopeful.

First, we have all known—since Chicago or earlier—that in fact we do live in a police state and Reagan's measures here have forced that fact into the Bay Area are strung thin. (At Palo Alto Friday police had to wait three hours for sufficient reinforcements to move against a small group of Stanford protesters.)

If young people can stimulate similar repressions simultaneously, the old-timers probably would make important concessions to us. When the occupation is finally discontinued here in Berkeley, we can easily be sufficiently disoriented to bring all the expensive machinery back into town again. Third, the national guard here is half to two-thirds sympathetic to us and in an all-out civil war large numbers of them would defect to our side. One young lady here asked a group of fifteen guardsmen whether they'd fire on us. Eight of them remained silent—but not hostilely so—and the other seven said under no circumstances would they shoot; one of them said "No, but I'd sure shoot a pig." Fourth, the quality of the consciousness of the nine-to-twelve age group here is downright inspiring. They understand. The revolution is in their heads at the deepest psychic (pre-ideological) level and the regime never will be able to eradicate it. But what has to be understood—and somewhat accepted—is that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of us are going to be murdered before the old-timers concede anything real. We must try to accept this and we must try not to blame old-timers as individuals. Their conditioning has been so lengthy and so complex that it is almost impossible for them to understand. It is easy, for example, to feel sorry for Roger Heyns, who is no worse than the average old-timer. The job of being a college president has become so unpleasant that soon draft resisters may be offered the choice of five years' jail or five years as college-president-at-hard-labor. Heyns probably can remember having humane thoughts and feelings and performing humane acts in younger years; think how painful that must be. Twentieth-century history—which, after all, will be written by people now students—will deal harshly with him and probably he is partly aware of this.

It is now noon. In an hour we gather at Herrick Hospital to hold a vigil for our wounded. I hear sirens in the distance, but I do not know what they mean.

It is now noon. In an hour we gather at Herrick Hospital to hold a vigil for our wounded. I hear sirens in the distance, but I do not know what they mean.

karma

(Continued from Page 14)

Joplin to Barbara Streisand. The band played a 13th century Rondo utilizing their fine cello player, August Burns, as well as hitting the jazz-rock-blues aficionados with their flute player playing endlessly, sounding like an om after awhile—similar to Jethro Tull's trend-sniffing sound. The trouble with all these bands is that they try to be all things to all people and are effective at none.

San Francisco's Its A Beautiful Day made their first appearance at the Fillmore with a sound which also drew from a wide range of influences often sounding however like something akin to gypsy music. Anyway, they don't sound like rock and roll either. Excellent musicians in this sophisticated band with a violin implemented by leader David LaFlamme, who combines his vocals (which sound more suited for Broadway shows than R & R) with Pattie Santos to produce the lyrical melodies. The violin can produce an interesting effect for a short time but becomes irritating before long in a rock context. Its a Beautiful Day are efficient, tight, arty, and bland—they just don't move or titillate. In both of these groups, everybody does his thing (more or less) and with their undeveloped group-concept, all of the talent adds up to less than the sum of its parts.

After these two acts The Who were like a tornado with their slick, joyous hard rock-and-roll and show. One of the few pop groups realizing the importance of a stage act, They play a music which they can identify and has relevance to them and they don't have to become itinerant bluesmen or relive cowboy fantasies to fit the image of their music. Its encouraging to see a band that stays together and enjoys playing and entertaining with each other such as the Who. Bands don't come any slicker or tighter.

Sun Ra and His Myth Science Arkestra have been traveling around and being heard by many new ears. Recently on the west coast, the Sun God and his aggregation appeared last weekend in Detroit at The Grande Ballroom in a cosmic show with the MC-5. Sun Ra and his Spacemen are living next to Trans-Love Energies in Ann Arbor during their stay in Michigan. They will be featured in The Detroit Rock and Roll Revival scheduled for May 30, 31 at the Michigan State Fairgrounds.

The slew of pop festival are a big boon to rock and roll. They draw huge crowds and garner much publicity for the music in the establishment press. Unfortunately some of the festivals are poorly planned and the charge is often too high—like \$6 a day.

The upcoming R&R Revival in Detroit will feature bands not picked solely from *Billboard* or *Cashbox* charts or *The Rolling Stone's* popularity list. The ante is also only \$3.50 per day. Among the performers are Sun Ra, Chuck Berry, MC-5, albino bluesman Johnny Winter, Dr. John, Terry Reid, New York Rock and Roll Ensemble as well as a host of Michigan groups from the emerging Michigan Rock and roll scene—The Stooges, Lyman Woodward Trio, Amboy Dukes, SRRC, Teagarden & Van Winkle, Frost, Rationals, and others.

The MC-5, whose revolutionary hype was too much for Elektra and prompted Holtzman to sever his company's contract with them because "they just didn't fit into the special chemistry of our family—and that's what it is at Elektra," signed last week with Atlantic Records.

Lead singer Robin Gibb of the Bee Gees recently served as an example of how an artist is jailed by his contract and unable to make a move. Gibb, who tried to leave the Bee Gees

was served with writs last month, so reports manager Robert Sigwood, and legal action was commenced against Robin by both Stigwood and Robin's brothers Barry and Maurice Gibb, to force him to conform to the terms of his contract. Robin is contracted to remain with the Bee Gees for the next three years, as are his brothers Barry and Maurice and Colin Peterson, the groups drummer.

Blind Faith is the name of the new "super group" featuring Winwood, Clapton, Ginger Baker, and bassist-violinist Rick Grech. They will be recording on Atlantic with their first release scheduled for June 22. They will begin their first U. S. tour at Newport, Rhode Island on July 11 and are scheduled for Madison Square Garden on August 2.

thilm

(Continued from Page 14)

know about in our minds, gets the better of us. Mirrors within mirrors, joke on joke, reflections of the reflections of something or other. To accept the film as put-on only is to miss half the joy it can bring. *People Mezt . . .* is worth seeing and enjoying; it is happy in a day when that alone deserves honor; it is outrageous at a time when few even know to be so, anymore.

It is at Trans-Lux 85th, Madison and 85th and Cinema Village 12th and Fifth Ave.

"*A Matter of Days* concerns the student rebellions in Prague and Paris, as seen through the cheeseclothed, cheesecaked, teary eyes of a conveniently located Parisienne named Francoise, wouldn't you know—to let you know she's French. Otherwise, she might be indistinguishable from the hordes of other gay, laugh-

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YOUR
MIND!**

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DECCA RECORDS



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thilm

ing, chattering, fucking drinking, screaming students who gaily inhabit both universities, the Czech and the Sorbonne. In a series of misapplied jump-cuts, we come to realise that Francoise has gone and married the French student, Jean-Louis while slowly falling in love (me? moi? aimer? vous?) with the Czech, Pavel. Meanwhile, Paris is burning and Prague is alternately smouldering and raging, and back on the ranch, Francoise is trying to live her life according to the 'new' principles: no repression, sexual, political, lingual, cosmological, fashionable, or otherwise.

They are all very pretty, Francoise Jean-Louis, and Pavel. They are slightly prettier than the rest of the students, but that's OK. What is not OK is the emphasis on sensationalism without exploration in various scenes, both sexual and political; what is not so OK is the dismissal of Francoise's wardrobe without one scene of discussion between herself and her Czech dormmate. What is not OK is the cautiousness of the film. Everybody knows everybody else screws—or everybody is told that, continually, *ad nauseum* in various films, theater and other media attempts (*ad nauseum* only . . . because they always make it so much the same, as though the same little masturbator wrote each script and detail to fill a bunch of soup-can requirements. It is not mmmm-Good). The violence and depth of emotion which revolution can and does instil in people's hearts is not there; it is replaced by the chaos of the love affair as a disappointing fulcrum. The storm in my heart rages, the storm outside only mirrors it . . . where are you Elizabeth Barrett.

Showing two students in bed, interrupted by another student who must get his dictionary, is amusing. Repeated, the joke is boring. Had the camera held for a few more moments and allowed the students to display some emotion, some tension, or had the interrupting student's thoughts somehow been revealed, the scene would have been more relevant. The same thoughts could not possibly occur to an African med student in Prague, the only black student

(Continued on Page 20)

SOMETHIN' ELSE

FRI. & SAT. (MAY 23 & 24) FROM 8 P.M. TIL 2 A.M.

"SOMETHIN' ELSE"

FEATURING

DEEP PURPLE
[APPEARING 10 P.M. & 12:30 A.M.]

NEIL YOUNG
[FORMERLY OF THE BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD]

CRAZY ELEPHANT

BILL DEAL & THE RHONDELLS

COMING FRI. & SAT. (MAY 30 & 31)

JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND • BLACK PEARL
RUBY & THE ROMANTICS • CRAIG HUNDLEY TRIO

HOST: HAL JACKSON • GUEST M.C. CHUCK BROWNING, WMCA
LIGHTS BY PABLO • CONTINUOUS DANCING
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JUNIOR WELLS &

JOHN BRADEN

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JOHN LEE HOOKER & RAVEN

Sun. thru Wed. June 8 thru 11

DR. JOHN THE NIGHT TRIPPER

(First N. Y. Appearance)

Thurs. thru Tues. June 12 thru 17

SAVOY BROWN June 22

SPOOKY TOOTH July 13

MUDDY WATERS July 22

DANCING ■ CONCERT

the **FIELDS**
backside is 20 minutes
long and reaches two
climaxes!

will YOU?



TV 13050

EXCLUSIVELY ON



abbie

(Continued from Page 8)

coptalk. Cops who fuck up in New York get sent to Staten Island. They are not getting killed. Staten Island is concrete and has them spooked.

EVO — When beaten by a cop, do you hit back?

AH — I sure do. All the time. I don't know how often I connect or how much damage I do, but I certainly hit back. The last time they hit me I sent three of them to the hospital.

EVO — Do you have any contact with the bureaucrats in City Hall?

AH — Yes, simply because I am involved in local organizing on the Lower East Side.

EVO — How do you relate to these people?

AH — Well, I don't. The Lindsay people always come on with "We ought to open a dialogue" or "Some of the things you say have to be done." It's all bullshit. It shouldn't even be entered into. The only reason I talk to them is because I am getting old and foolish. You can't help but see how impotent they are to solve the problems in New York. Their minds are the true "vast wasteland." A year ago I was at Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute. The so-called Think Tank. I was amazed at their questions. They were five years behind their times. They have the government's paranoid point of view — conspiracy, international contacts and so on. People who support the establishment simply can't acknowledge that they and the system are wrong. If they did

they would either have to kill themselves or join us. Since they can't do either, they have to acknowledge us as their enemy, or really not us but secret powers behind us. It is therefore no surprise to me that Attorney General Mitchell sees a conspiracy wherever he goes. If you are in the movement you can't help but get hysterical at such a notion. The people that have been in it for a long time can really dig the humor of it all.

EVO — It is almost funny how grimly some of us approach it.

AH — I think the fun thing is essential because we have a dual problem here. Number one we have to confront the establishment and make protest. Number two is to steal kids. We are confirmed child molesters. We have to get the kids turned on to a new way of life. As Castro said "We are grateful that the revolution does not reach maturity." That is certainly truer for this country than Cuba. It has to be immature because "maturity" and "seriousness" are defined by the establishment. Take work. W-O-R-K. When we say that nobody is going to work in the new world, it really spooks them. Not ideology nor drugs.

(Continued on Page 23)

JUST ABOUT AS MUCH AS I AM CURIOUS
 Vincent Canby, New York Times

"MAY BE A BIT TOO MUCH FOR MANY PEOPLE, BUT THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM."
 Wasserman, SF CHRONICLE

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To reduce unwieldy repetition, abbreviations are used to denote the region involved and the name of the theater. Full description of the codes are listed alphabetically and precede the calendar.

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CALENDAR

MAY 21 — WEDNESDAY

12:00 noon — NYC — selection from American Film Festival Winners — MOMA

2:00 PM — NYC — repeat of May 18th 6:00 PM program — C/G

8:00 PM — NYC — The NEWSREEL — JUDSON

8:30 PM — NYC — ED SEEMAN: a graphic artist who is "painting with the camera." He will show and discuss excerpts from his new film on "The Mothers of Invention," "Space Oddity" and other examples of "the flying camera" and "Psychedelic cinema verite." — CUBICULO

MAY 22 — THURSDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — "Early Abstractionists" program II: JOSEPH VOGEL: House of Cards; MY HIRSH: Autumn Spectrum; Scratch Pad; Divertissement Rocco; Defense A'Afficher. LARRY JORDAN: Man is in Pain; The Season's Changes; 3; Undertow — C/G

6:00 PM — NYC — The films of ROBERT GIORGIO: Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; Hare Krishna #3. The Rock Opera Trilogy: Love Happens #3 — America's Wonderful — Everybody Needs Somebody. Part 2 of the program: "Madness": Fugue #1; This is Jennifer — C/G

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — JOHN DULANEY: Yipout; LAC Film: Skinny Fat Park Carpet; Mentat; Fly Family Spectrum; The Outing; new film in progress — AM-EX

MAY 23 — FRIDAY

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — Second 8 mm program: The films of MICHAEL STEWART: Free Form; The Gray Annamand; Consequences; Through the Mind's Eye; new work. Films by ROBERT GIORGIO: Meanwhile. Fantasy. MYRON ORT: And Love Must Love — C/G

8:00 PM — NYC — The films of BEN VAN METER: The Poon-Tang Trilogy; Color-film; Olds-Mo-Bile; Up Tight. L. A. is Burning . . . Shit; Steve Miller Blues Band; Garden of Proserpine; Vivid Color 3D Nude Models; Naked Zediac Trailer — C/G

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — AMAR

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — AM-EX

8:00 PM — NYC — Free outdoor film festival — CENTRAL PARK MALL

MAY 24 — SATURDAY

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — BEN VAN METER: Acid Mantra/or/Rebirth of a Nation — C/G

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC repeat of Friday program — AMAR

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — AM-EX

8:00 PM — NYC — Free outdoor film festival — CENTRAL PARK MALL

8:00 PM — NYC — New works, independent filmmaking study material, commercial, classics, the very frontiers of cinema, Life, Filmmakers invited to bring films; call Barry Coburn, 212-226-1936 for info — CLOSET

8:00 PM — NYC — Underground film program — MILLENIUM

MAY 25 — SUNDAY

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — SETH HILL: Shadows and Reflections. JOHN SCHOFILL: Filmpiece for Sunshine. TOM DeWITT: Atmosfera. SCOTT BARTLETT: Metanomen; A Trip to the Moon — C/G

8:00 PM — NYC — ERNIE GEHR: films & discussion — MILLENIUM

8:00 PM — NYC — Outdoor free film festival — CENTRAL PARK MALL

MAY 27 — TUESDAY

5:30 & 7:00 PM — NYC — ALFREDO LEONARDI: Se L'Inconscio si Ribella (if the Unconscious Revolts); Libro di Santi di Roma Eterna (Book of Saints of Eternal Rome); Le Ragazze Piu Belle di Piazza Navona (The Most Beautiful Girls of Navona Square). C M

MAY 28 — WEDNESDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — "The Beat Period," program I: STAN BRAKHAGE: In Between (portrait of Jess Collins); CHRSTOFER McLAINE: The End (photographed by Jordan Belson, The Man Man who nvented Gold; Scotch Hop. LARRY JORDAN: Visions of a City (with Michael McClure, DION VIGNE: North Beach — C/G

6:00 PM — NYC — "The Beat Period," program II: VERNON ZIMMERMAN: Lemon Hearts. RON RICE: The Flower Thief — C/G

MAY 29 — THURSDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — SHELBY KENNEDY: The Bruce Nauman Story; I Change I am the Same; Headgear. DON SYMANSKI: For Feet to Flower; Lady Reddog Returns. DON LLOYD: West; the Astronauts. Judith Wardwell: Plastic Blag. EDD DUNDAS: The Burning Ear — C/G

6:00 PM — NYC — MYRON ORT: The Awakener; He's Here Now. FRED PADULA: Ephesus; Little Jesus, or Hippy Hill — C/G

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Dulaney — AM-EX

MAY 30 — FRIDAY

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — The films of LARRY JORDAN: The Old House Passing; Deep Colors; Ein Traum der Liebenden — Johnnie — Jewelface — C/G

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — AMAR

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Thursday program — AM-EX

8:00 PM — NYC — LARRY JORDAN, program II Petite Suite Shomio — The Dream Merchant — Pink Swine Big Sur; The Ladies — Rodia-Estudiantina; Three Moving Fresco Films: Enid's Idyll — Portrait of Sharon — Hymn in Praise of the Sun; Our Lady of the Sphere; Duo Concertantes; Gymnopedies — C/G

8:00 PM — NYC — Benjamin Hayeem: Flora; Papilot; & other films with discussion — U-P

MAY 31 — SATURDAY

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — repeat of May 30th 8:00 p.m. program — C/G

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC repeat of Friday program — AMAR

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Thur program — AM-EX

8:00 PM — NYC — see previous Saturday — CLOSET

8:00 PM — NYC — Underground film program — MILLENIUM

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Friday program — U-P

JUNE 1 — SUNDAY

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — MAX KATZ: People; Jim the Man — C/G
3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — Salt of the Earth; 1000 Cranes — ALT-U
8:00 PM — NYC — ALFREDO LEONARDI: films and discussion of Italian underground film scene — MILLENIUM

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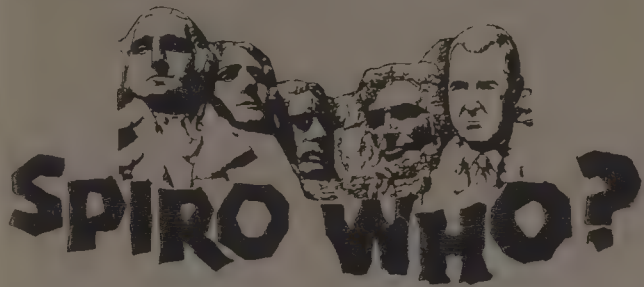
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abbie

(Continued from Page 21)

W-O-R-K. When you tell the straight world you are never going to work again they go into fits of ulcers.

EVO — I think this is because W-O-R-K is directly linked to the Judeo-Christian guilt complex. The original sin. W-O-R-K supposedly atones for all sins. The Protestant Ethic has worked hand-in-hand with Capitalism to keep the wheels rolling and the poor fuckers down in the mines.

AH — We live in the last days of the Roman Empire. What hapened to the Roman Empire was Christianity, which was a slave revolt caught up with a new morality, a new sense of values, a new lifestyle, long hair and what not. When people went to hide out in the Catacombs they were dropping out. Same as now. We are living under a system that is falling apart under its own weight, it's own bureaucratic excesses and it's own immorality. Just like the Roman Empire. Our revolution is like the slave revolt in Rome. It is as much a revolution in consciousness as a revolution in politics, and it is carried out in the bowels of a dying world Dinosaur.

EVO — The revolution in politics being a direct result of the revolution in consciousness?
AH — Well, that's a Western dichotomy. I can't relate to those distictions. "Life," said a great philosopher, "is an undifferentiated, aesthetic continuum."

EVO — What do you foresee for the future?
AH — I am worst when it comes to that. I stil can't believe that they didn't give us the permit for Lincoln Park. I am still waiting for that permit. I still can't believe Nixon and not Johnson is president. I am quite naive. And the indictments. I really can't believe THAT. We knew that we were on their list with the FBI following us every where like some me-

(Continued on Page 25)

"HIGHEST RATING ON THE PETER METER (91%)"

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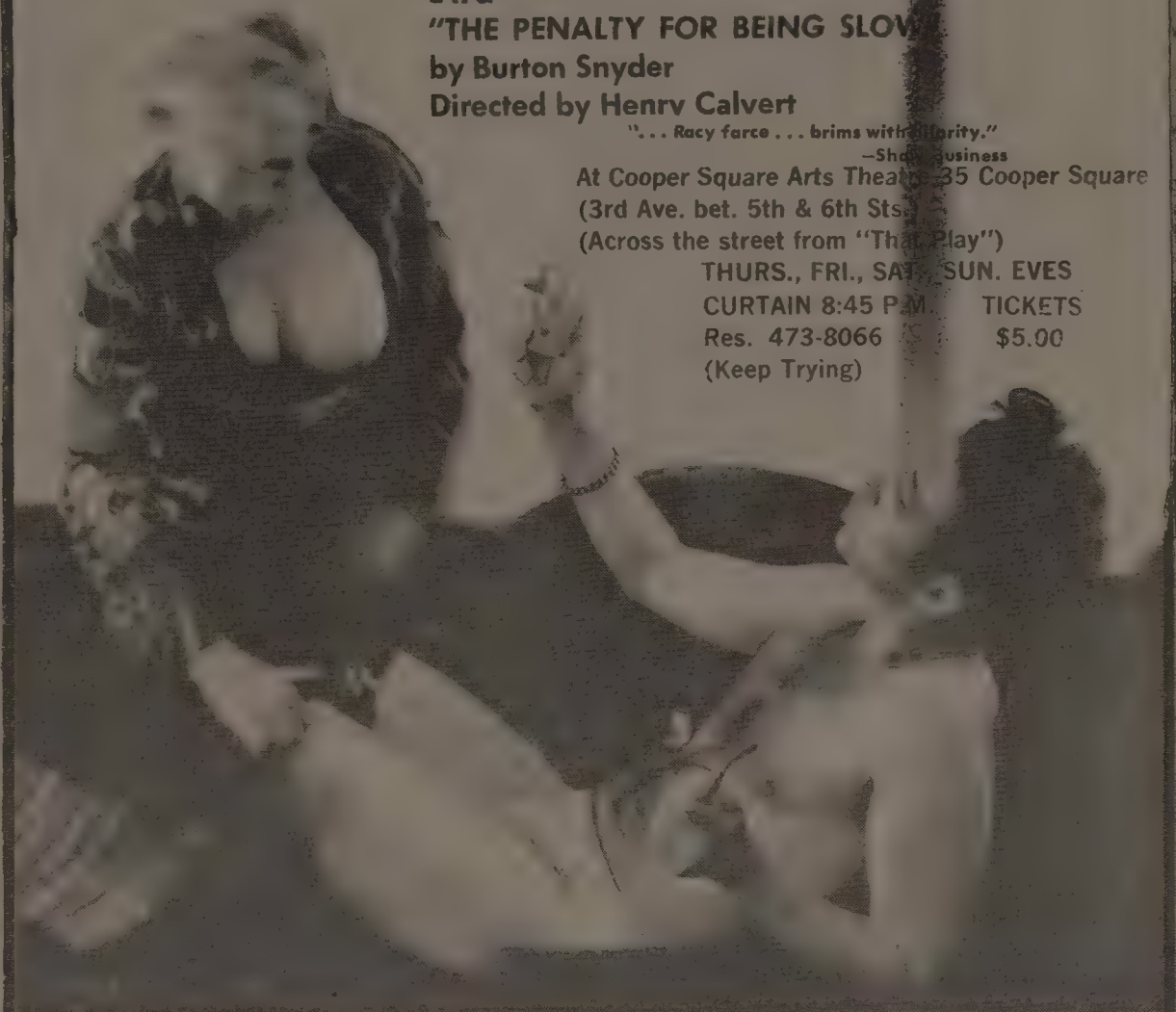
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art

(Continued from Page 13)

I am very much addicted to words, to word-images, language, vocabularies, slang, and to poetic aphoristic writers. In my youth in Vienna I was in love with the writings of Peter Altenberg and the short essays of Alfred Polgar, and in Berlin in the 30's with the social critical writings of Tucholsky, who wrote the most wise and witty political time critical columns in small literary pieces in the *Weltbuhne* (mentioned in the book *WEIMAR GERMANY'S LEFT-INTELLECTUALS*, by Istvan Deak put out by the University of California). The Weekly *Weltbuhne* was in a certain way at that time equivalent to today's *Village Voice*, except that it had practically no advertising, it was less commercial, and less establishment, and could really have been called the underground weekly of pre-Hitler Germany.

It is maybe indicative of our times, when a panel is discussing and analyzing the disintegration of a critic, that I am forced again and again to think back to the pre-Hitler years when the *Weltbuhne* was one of the few real honest publications in the midst of fascistic revolt with inescapable onslaught of mental and physical disaster until the final end of it all: the disintegration of a culture. It seems to me that at this moment we have here in America today the same kind of a high in literature, theatre, poetry, and art—a high in which a subcurrent of a foreboding of a coming disaster is threatening—impending repression in all the arts, the end of a culture maybe. I

noticed that everything comes here in the USA about 30 to 40 years after it had occurred in Europe: Art Nouveau, Bauhaus, Dada, Expressionism.

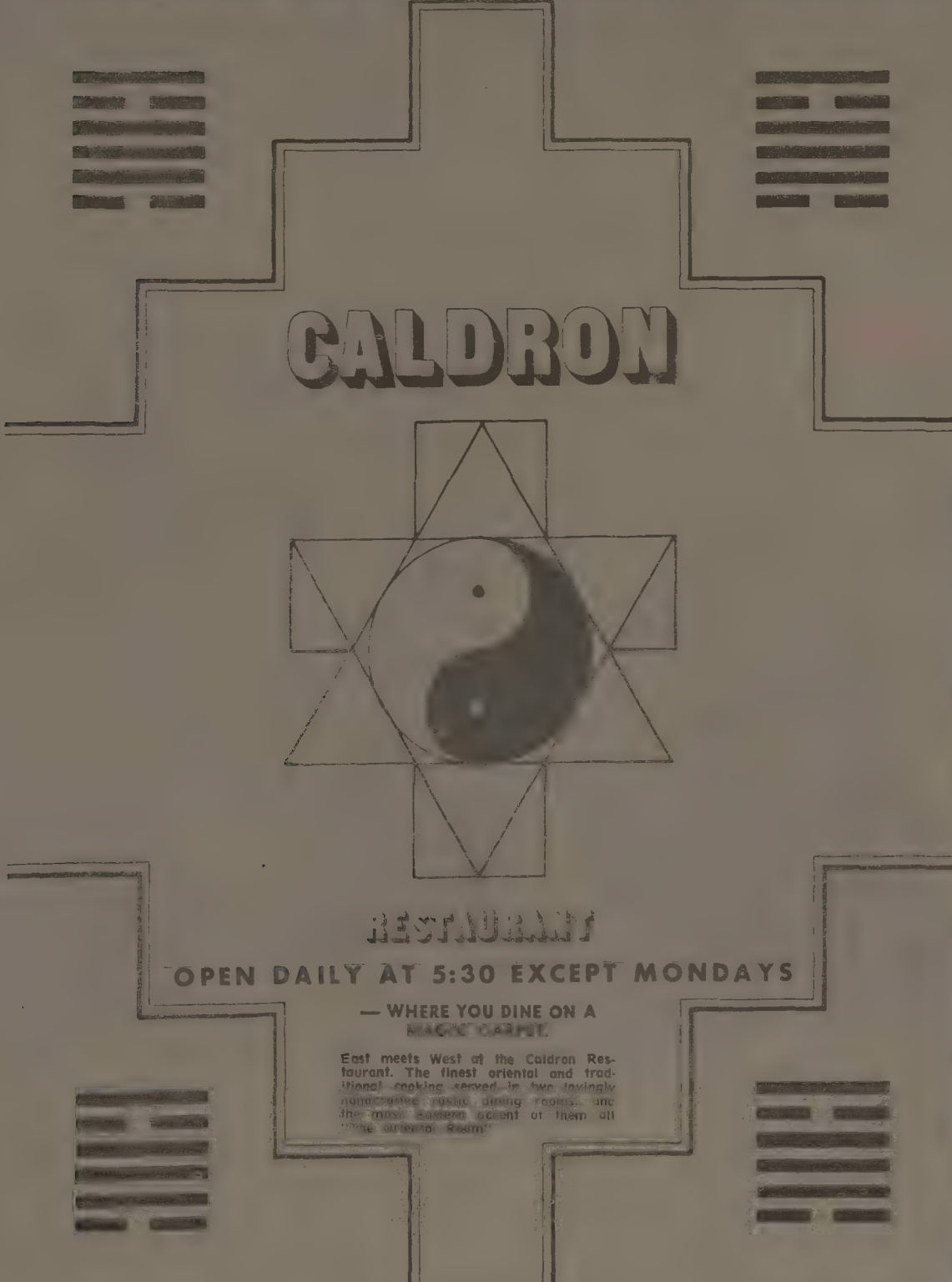
Berlin before 1933 was a flourishing and vital art center. Also, there was permissiveness in every area. Homosexuality, pornography, nude cult, sadomaso bars and night clubs, etc. I somehow relive it here again, extended to gigantic proportions, to superactivities, superstars, superbitches, superqueens, superart, super underground, supersuicides, supercritics, maybe also superfascists very soon. I am dancing, too, Jill, you turned me on to it. But my dance is unfortunately polluted by my memories of Europe's past, so my dance is a death dance, but I really want to be positive. A butterfly, but I can't help my negative fears. That's the way the thoughts flop when one is a New York Fraulein with an accent. Yes, Jill Johnston, you helped me to find hidden words and to express buried memories. Am I also disintegrating as artist and art reporter?

March 3, 1969 Barbara Rose questioned the validity of art criticism in the weekly New York "Why Read Art Criticism?" "The modern critic is in the odd position of a judge with no laws to consult . . . The question arises: 'If anything can pass for art, who needs the critics?'"

Tom Wolfe, August 19, 1968, got very profound in writing, also in the weekly New York " . . . If you want to invest in a stock, the thing to buy at this point in history would be a good self-realization company . . ." And he adds "Everybody's beginning to try and discover what I call The Real Me. It's sort of saying, "This job I have, at the telephone company or the whatever they work for, that's not The Real Me. The Real Me is not the hubby or the mommy. The Real Me can come out in some way."

Les Levine realizing this new trend of personality investment went ahead. Here it is: what I got in the mail. L. D. Sherman & Co., Inc. Members: New York Security Dealers Association Les Levine 500 Cassett Cartridge 4 3/4 Amount \$2,375.00. March 21 Les Levine bought himself shares on himself of Profit Systems No. 1. A post object work, the transaction in itself is a work of art. To follow Tom (Continued on Page 25)

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art

(Continued from Page 25)

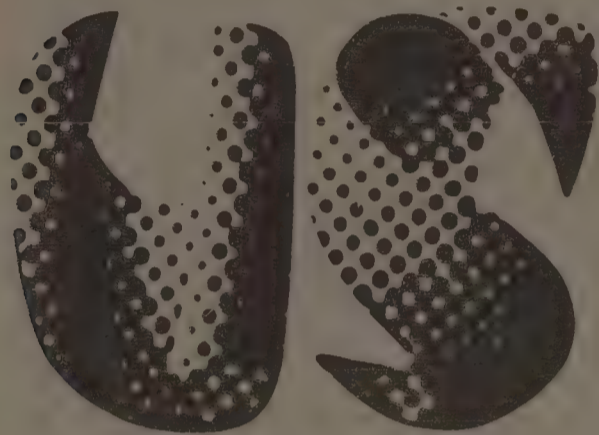
Wolfe's idea and tips I get from the underground I think I will invest in Jill Johnston's new writing voyage safari into which she took off about a year ago. I quote one sentence she published October 3, 1968 (my birthday is October 4), so the sentence is printed in the sign of Libra, and, therefore, I kept a copy. Jill says: "I was, in fact, in a trance. I woke myself up because I knew I was 'out there' and might not come back, if I continued to travel." Bon voyage, Jill. Meet you "out there." I hope—perhaps you don't know it—I am a butterfly. I am, myself, on a trip in space.

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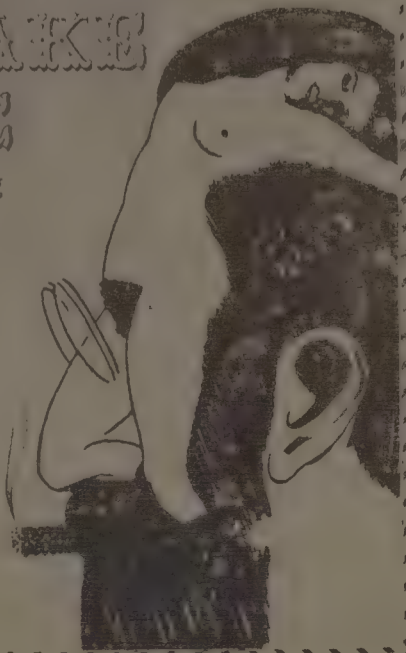
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abbie

(Continued from Page 23)

chanical Boswells recording all our moves. They could have gotten us all and tried us separately in separate states, isolated and alone and we would not have had the sense of solidarity that we have as a conspiracy. I am eternally grateful that I don't have to go into the motivation

of the establishment. I don't have to figure out their strategy because their strategy sucks. Whatever they do — they are forcing the movement to become more and more militant, they are like a Dinosaur sinking in the mud of history. I'll admit we have to watch out for the thrashing tail of the beast, but we should recognize that it is doomed. (Continued on Page 28)



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THE SECRET MEANING OF THINGS"

— FERLINGHETTI

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mad media (Continued from Page 15)

ment. The ways of their leader are mysterious, they told my co-worker Ray Boxer.

REPORT FROM THE OUTBACK (compiled from dispatches by Kelly Adrian): Using the New York State statute "protecting" minors from obscenity in film and printed word, Sioux City and Des Moines, Iowa, passed smut control ordinances, with another about to be approved in Omaha, Nebraska . . . Michael Harris, 21, deputy chairman of Des Moines' Black Panther party, is on his way to begin a 25-year term in Men's Reformatory at Anamosa. Nabbed as a parole violator, he was sentenced on a charge of "robbery with aggravation."

Des Moines Panther headquarters was . . . was a black community center, Soul Village. Four other bombings followed in quick succession. An attempted student boycott of classes flopped at the University of Iowa, as only 1200 of the 18,000 students picketed against a tuition raise . . . A new bill would bar students from voting in Iowa college towns, and a student anti-riot act was expected to be signed by Gov. Robert Ray . . . In Sioux City, Harlan Brower and Tom Fugle, owners of the Gale Gallery were indicted on a charge of exhibiting on obscene picture.

At Marshall University in West Virginia, a young bearded journalist teacher tore up his contract after being told that he was not given a raise because he had published an article in an underground newspaper. Despite a series of student protests the administrators remain implacable.

ONE MAN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE SYSTEM OFFENDED JAMES SIMON KUNEN (**Strawberry Statement**): The reporter of the Columbia uprisings, en route to New York from a writers' conference at Marshall, was annoyed when one plane passenger conducted a stand-in at Huntington airport because he had a reservation but no seat. Despite the angry muttering of a couple dozen soldiers on board, the man refused to leave until the airline had arranged passage on another flight. Disparaging the man for holding up the flight, the student apparently couldn't see any resemblance in principle between this protest and the Columbia rebellion that shut down classes.

THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, CLASSIFYING LITTLE MAGS AS BUSINESSES, REFUSES TO GRANT NON-PROFIT STATUS TO COSMEP, THE SMALL PRESS CO-OP . . . COSMEP was recently instrumental in winning a more important role for small litmags in the government-financed literary projects . . . There'll be a COSMEP jamboree June 12-14 at Michigan State U. where the outsiders will plot against the marketplace. (Info from Hugh Fox, ATL, MSU. E. Lansing 48823)

hip-pocrates (Continued from Page 15)

The other day I received a certificate and card making me minister in the Universal Life Church for the cost of a six cents stamp.

Hensley is charged with issuing Doctor of Divinity (D.D.) degrees without a license from the State of California. For twenty dollars the Universal Life Church will send a packet containing ten lessons and a D. D. certificate. Perhaps some people could be duped by such a D. D. degree but this too is a centuries old tradition of the ministry.

Selective Service Boards would not be faced with these problems unless the American people knew they were involved in an unjust cause.

Quite a while back a girl wrote in to you, asking what to do about her problem of severe pain during intercourse. Having been through this same problem myself I felt that your advice was singularly unhelpful, and finally decided to send some of my own along.

(1) Lubricate well as you can. Getting your boyfriend to eat you is a good idea.

(2) Take it slowly. Ease the cock in at your desired speed. Don't let anyone push you faster than you want to go at any time.

(3) Keep your legs fairly wide apart, but not to a point where it is strain to keep them there.

(4) Relax. Relax. Sometimes this may mean thinking about something besides sex and what's happening at the moment.

(5) Part of it is just time, waiting till you get stretched out enough (or whatever happens). And Really, it does happen at last.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P. O. Box 9002, Berkeley, Cal. 94709.

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PELIEU (Continued from Page 10)

revolutionaries. All the individuals struggling against worldwide reaction (at any level) know this. The "Battle of Berkeley" started w/ a simple demonstration of solidarity w/ the French students & workers.

The pitiless Fascists appetite of Gaullism has reduced France to nothing, to a Police State, a New Order. Something even more decadent than Petainism (if that is conceivable). A little information: The "French Left" merges in order to divide the revolutionary organization. The French Communist Party looks like the ultra-short fire-hose of parliamentary groups. The passage to Socialism brought about w/ legal peaceful ways is just another trap.

All the revolutionary organizations were dissolved. A decree of 1936 aiming at armed Fascist groups. Ironic gift from a Popular Front that sank deep into bureaucratic re-plastering. A new vile law followed by several arrests & searches, deportations of aliens, questionings, newspaper seizures, tortures, etc. — Paris-Prague: The people rose in front of the Soviet tanks & the CRS. The USSR is afraid of herself, like America. They know (The Members of the Government) that we are 'MUTANTS. On that level revolutionary aims define themselves — the official cantors & the old deprostitated 'motherfuckers' may still regret violence. But violence is created by the Bourgeois society & the Fascists — revolutionary violence is tenderness & poetry — their mugs appear on TV screens w/ the Pope & Mayor Daley: calling for calm, demagoguery, insults, they chase the brain away, they seize the poets, they misrepresent them, they reign as experts, they are the masters of dish-water & fakers.

In France, now: man-hunts, hippie-hunts, anti-democratic measures & police tactics. Liquidation of all the newspapermen, technicians & artists of the ORTF who went on strike. They are replaced by yellow Gaullist rats. Aggression against freedom of expression & "talent". The "pigs" are preparing their great October offensive. The precautions the French Gestapo have taken are unbelievable. Men in the Judiciary, Intelligence & the DST are in the streets & have infiltrated the student movement, & the unions. The effective forces: The CRS, the 'Gendarmes Mobiles' & Special Intervention Forces have been re-inforced, 3000 "pigs". Modernization of equipment, which means: New combat uniforms, vehicles that cannot be turned over, new light weapons, special gasses, etc. They even recruit cops inside the University.

Serious also are the actions taken against the leaders of the student movement, against Alain Kervine incarcerated at the 'Prison de la Sante' w/ 20 Young Communist Revolutionaries. "La Sante" (Health): Where Algerians, Tunisians, Madagascans, Vietnamese, & Blacks were imprisoned, tortured & executed. The Vendors selling the newspaper "Action" are attacked in the street by the "pigs" for any pretext at all, beaten up, their papers & their receipts stolen. Not to mention the measures taken against the German students, against foreigners (Tunisians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Africans, sent back to their respective countries where they were immediately imprisoned). Grotesque actions taken against Julio La Parc, Demarco, Julian Beck, etc.

Today what do the labels French, German, Czech, American mean? Nothing — total revolution has become vision — the recuperators can do nothing about it — the revolt is not dead — the revolution doesn't lower its eyes, every far-reaching act here, in Paris, in Prague, anywhere in the world helps those who would like to conjugate LIBERTY & FRATERNITY —

REALITY MULTIPLIES INSOMNIA
"A step forward must be accomplished in silence"
(William S. Burroughs)

Ball-Lining of night, Nada-Miracle, Lexicology-Tit, (god? . . . a nostalgic pinhead) . . . the eyelids of morality smash the soundings of the Grey & invisible Generation — Indian statues ringed w/ sun — New Mexico via Colorado . . . the 3 cosmonauts have chewed . . . RESPONSIVIME — CREATION OR DEATH, that is what Allen Ginsberg's poem "Pentagon Exorcism" brings to light —

The first names given to Black children are elastic the all time bevel bites South East Asia cruelly . . . the state columns of LBJ & his successors are made of vaseline . . . whose negotiations? . . . bomber-crusade

. . . (they bend our ears about a few pilots liberated & the spy-crew of the Pueblo); this is not a public fair — "the Underground is in Vietnam & in the Black ghettos" the photographer Jeffrey Blankfort told me; it is approximately what Jean-Luc Godard told me last year in Berkeley —

Every channel is stifled by California poppies, occasional scraps spat out by the 23 dead in Newark (New Jersey), Buddha collapsed in the Wool & Cotton turning — SPEED-UP ELEMENTS — INTERGALACTIC WORLD-ORTF Office Radio Television Francaise.

BRAIN—PROJECT AX23
(Another kind of journalism); natural scalps stolen from spray-thunder-bolt-images . . . blue revolutions . . . BLACK & RED MENTAL SITE —

The Fascist hydra putters around on Sunday morning, we are still hoping . . . who will be gassed at San Quentin? . . . Huey Newton's trial is just as important as Sacco & Vanzetti's, & the Rosenbergs' . . .

I lean on the White negatives of the Color Services — I am KARMA, the red-memory that lost the sex-pliers in the margins of the Black Calendar, everything has changed since the magnificent insurrectional Spring, (everything except the fools, everything, except reality scalped by vacuum) — the Black Cold has gone (perhaps because Revolution & Eroticism are tightly linked together), everything has changed, even where pain spills over . . . at 4 p.m. Daylight Saving Time as I have already said, The Girl W/ The Skirt Of Snakes topples into the pre-natal vacuum of the Invisible & Silent Universe — REALITY MULTIPLIES INSOMNIA —

(I too, have changed), walls may scream like the vertigo-sex of a child in front of the Hundred Flowers w/ cruel fingers . . . fluorescent eyes, sexual balls escorted into habit . . . of this confession the children of Marx & Coca Cola have said: "We understand what we have become" — FROM CREATIVE SUBVERSION TO SPONTANEITY —

Once again DEATH posts cotton on the wrong flesh . . . norms & ordinators blaze in the most hidden part of the Want-Ads of Time —

In the most lucid part of blood insomniac hollows have beaten the grey odors held back by Chinatown's signs . . . at 4 a.m. Daylight Saving Time I cough in the Vomito —

Is it still too soon? . . . between the total enigma & chatter 2 pederast sailors hold Springtime at arms' length . . . the huge shadow of the Winter Girl foams on eyes — (she was as beautiful as the revolution & she consented to it) — the autopsy of an eye reveals that imprints are orange —

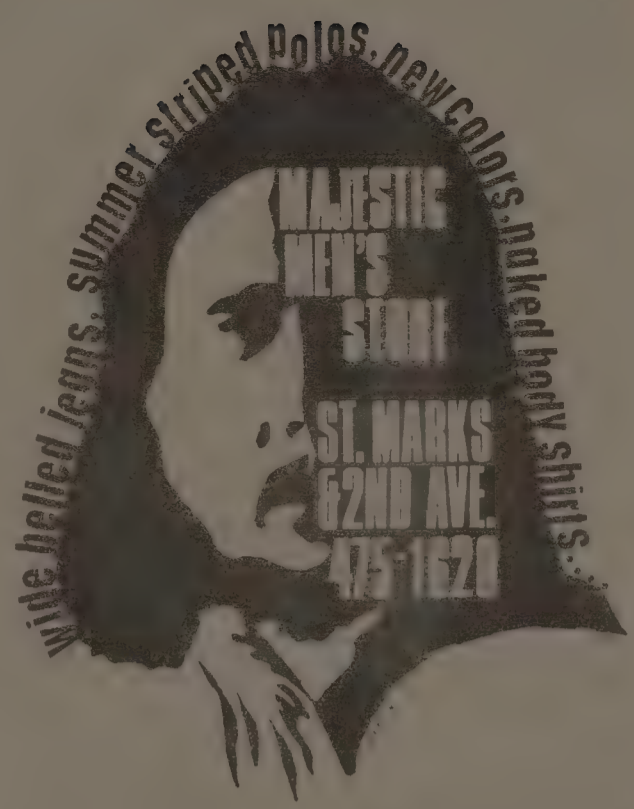
"Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Hare Hare" . . . Ginsberg asks you to sing this mantra humbly — the cold scissors of reactionaries humiliate the allegorical eclipse of a fluorescent dawn that falls on the sad unmade bed of those who believe in Heaven — Imbeciles! You pray to a dead man, collapsed in the pyramid of your credit cards — HEAVEN? an archipelago swarming w/ cops, priests, crooks, little average men of fun-&-games — saw-tooth-dawn of resurrection is just a chemical variant testing the extent of mental exploration —

(It's true, we have nothing to do here), so the white of the eye guzzles H gasoline, like a child — napalm absorbs all meaning . . . (so I aimed between the official photographer's legs, & I suspected the magic powers of night) —

Everyone remembers the magnificent nights in May 1968, multiple 'Communes' of the Black & Red Spring, which was eaten away from the inside by the scribe-henchmen . . . a vegetable-wave has revisited us ("I have to discharge Goddam it!" cried the Divine Marquis in front of the judge who was a Crystal Pourer) —

Counter-sensitivity & psychic endurance . . . a few spermatozoids commit suicide at the Air-Wave Crossroads . . . (on 12 pages ambiguity creates humor, & in the egg w/ great bites, reinvented weights & measures) —

Nuclear weapons protect the information-minus-zone . . . Japanese multicolored circumferences . . . lonely bodies turned over & buried by magician-poets . . . the Blue Cavalier holds the candle of an uprising sweating anxiety . . . the rebel archangel has long thighs inhaled by vacuum —



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abbie

(Continued from Page 25)

EVO — What do you foresee as the future tactic of the movement?

AH — Sabotage. Today I don't think I'd sit in a building. I am only interested in what I can get away with — and that spells sabotage. The movement is bound to become more violent. In order to have a revolutionary attitude you have to be willing to use all the means necessary. I'm not preaching violence, I'm just saying that people should check out their resources and use whatever they got . . . whatever . . .

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May you read this three times and grok in fullness—
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EVO — What is your reaction when the anarchist tag is pinned upon you? More black than red.

AH — Definitely. I am against power. I want to destroy power. The reason I would accept the label of anarchy is because it throws back on the individual his own responsibility. He has to come up with his own program. His own tactics and weapons. It may be blind optimism, but I believe that due to our technological capabilities, we can really have an anarchist, utopian, future in this country. The future is so unlimited and so mindblowing. The computer oriented society and therefore the political structure will be so different that I can hardly conceive of them. You have to watch the CBS-TV show 21st Century on Sundays, you have to recognize that in a very

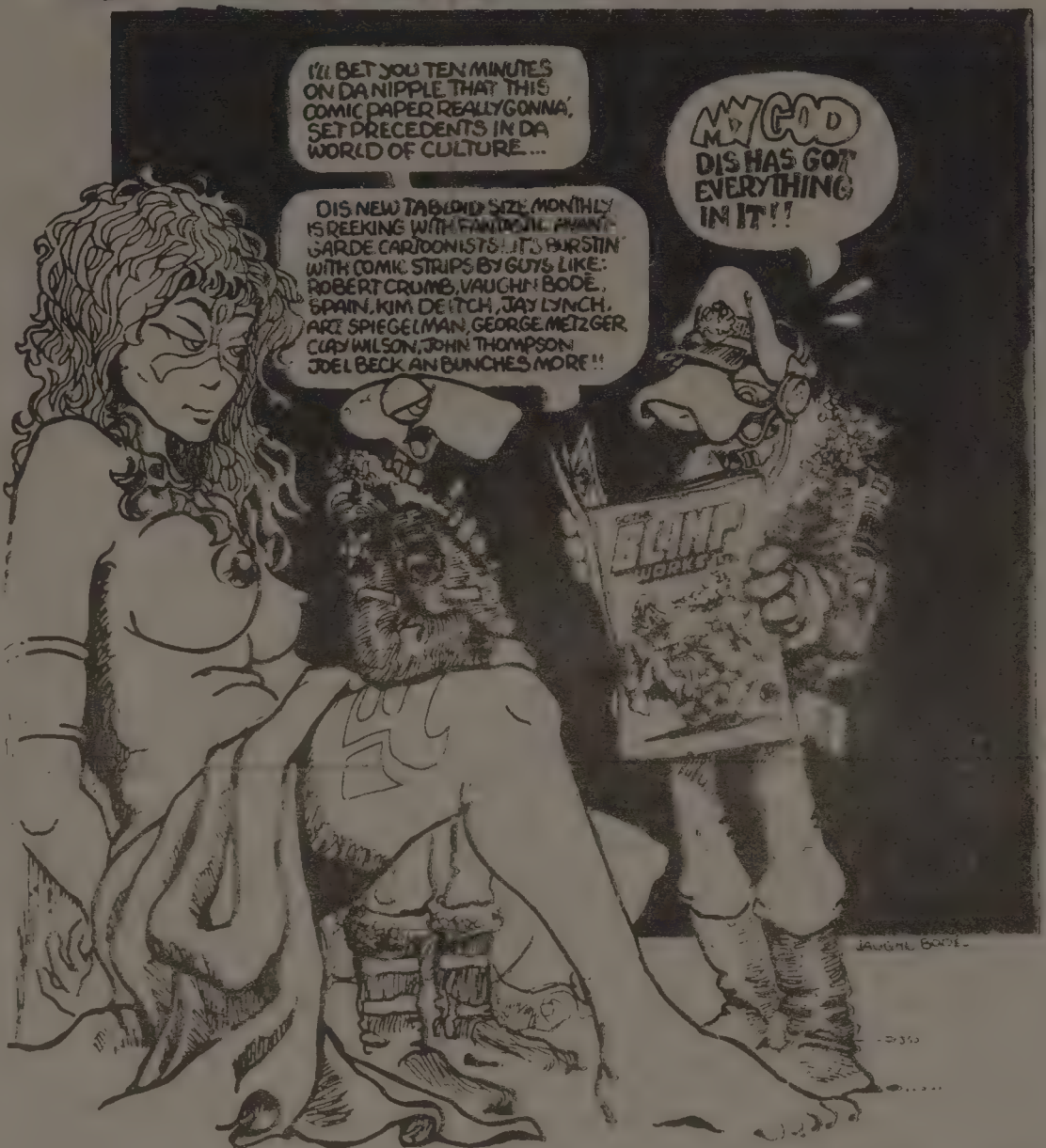
short time the average home will have its own computer, that man will be on other planets, that we will be able to control the weather. The program of the future will evolve out of the struggle and the form of decision making will come out of the struggle itself. I am eternally confident in the ability of people in the future to provide these answers. That confidence makes me smile.

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7 — MISC.

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8 — IMPERSONAL

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. — Steve Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C. Please, gals only.

Hear my Heart when nakedness whispers to the stone
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& a place predicts the shield
YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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WE ARE tall Slim handsome white college guys who are looking for college guys or younger who fit the same description. Object three way love in. We are both well hung and personable and are straight-looking . . . and hope you'll choose to dig a three some. First timers and the inexperienced . . . and the discreet especially welcome. Send photo. We'll send you ours . . . then the fun begins. You have read these horny ads like us long enough . . . time for some action. Write to Box 529, New York 10011.

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P.O.O.G.O. — Many uninhibited thrill seeking girls needed by five bachelors with boats for Hudson River romps. Also need nude models for profit. Transportation arranged. Photo and phone to POOGO, Box #451, Westwood, N.J. 17675.

HANDSOME bachelor, versatile, sterile. (40, Caucasian). Have air-conditioned cozy pad. Looking for trim, affectionate chick for an intimate relationship. P.O. Box 132 GPO, Bronx, New York 10451.

INTELLIGENT, quietly hip young man wants to meet attractive warm girl for intimate, perhaps lasting, relationship. Write Mike Mason, 214 Riverside Drive, NYC. In phone book. (Mornings or after 10 PM.).

SWINGING handsome bachelor, secure, owns boat, convertible car, apartment in city, seeks girl who digs sun, swimming, water-skiing, boating, night-clubs — fun life — marriage possible. Please write or meet after 5 PM. L. Sobotta, 60 W., 68th St., N.Y. 10023, Apt. 2B.

TALL, attractive, warm, honest, male, white, 30, desires to meet female companions, single or divorced for romance and possibly marriage. P.O. Box 3016, N.Y. 10017.

I'M LOOKING FOR a slim girl who has reverence for herself, can phantasize, and would enjoy sharing my pleasures. I am 40, trim, white, artist. P.O. Box 75, Village Station, N.Y. 10014.

ARE YOU a single pretty affectionate short light built girl 18 to 25 who likes the finer things in life? Please write. Photo a must. Mike 1014 North 33rd St. Fort Smith, Arkansas, 72901.

CONSIDERATE, YOUNG, good-looking executive (new Manhattanite) wishes to meet slim, attractive girl (18-28) for good times, fun, and mutually satisfying relationship. J. Ackerman, Box 580, Cooper Station, NYC, 10003.

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MAN 36, well built, needs slender or small female for mutual satisfaction. Discretion. Age not considered. My place or yours. F.S., 160 Broadway, Suite 1102, New York, N.Y. 10038.

JOYCE MARTIN — You called me about my ad 3 weeks ago. Please call back so we can get together. You won't be disappointed. Write Mike Mason, 214 Riverside Dr., NYC. I'm in the phone book. Mornings or after 10 PM

10 — STUD SERVICE

WELL BUILT, handsome professional man, 35, desires to wine and dine attractive gals wanting wild sex for the ultimate in ecstasy. Write Dirk Derek, suite 1102, 160 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y.

11 — UNISEX

DRIVING to San Francisco in June. I'm 24 and would like young gay male passenger, 18-25, any race, share driving, expenses. No heavyweights, effeminates, or drug users please. Send letter with complete description, characteristics, address; phone, recent photo to Dave Reister, PO Box 1864, Binghamton, N.Y. 13902. No calls. All letters answered.

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BEST OF TWO WORLDS. Creative male, thirties, seeks same to share his lovely country house 1 1/2 hours north NYC, in exchange sharing Manhattan Ap. Photo appreciated, Box 472, Holmes, N.Y. 12531.

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12 — S & M

"OUR THING IS HUMILIATION." Two dominant young men wish to meet submissive and docile women of any age who desire to be degraded in any or every way possible. No men. Box 132, 5517 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10463.

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16 — FLEA MARKET

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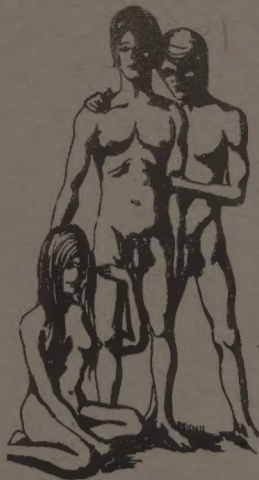
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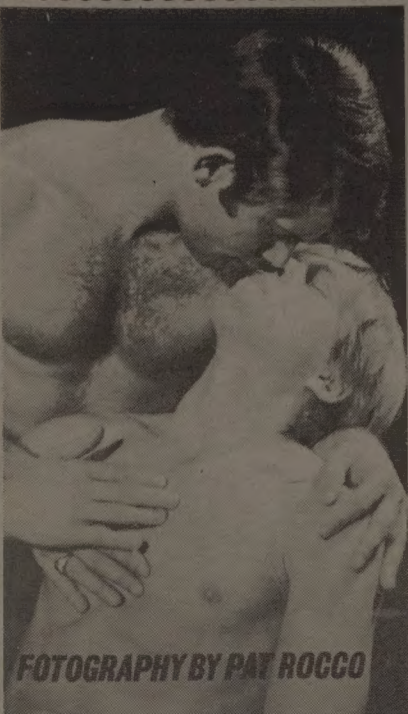
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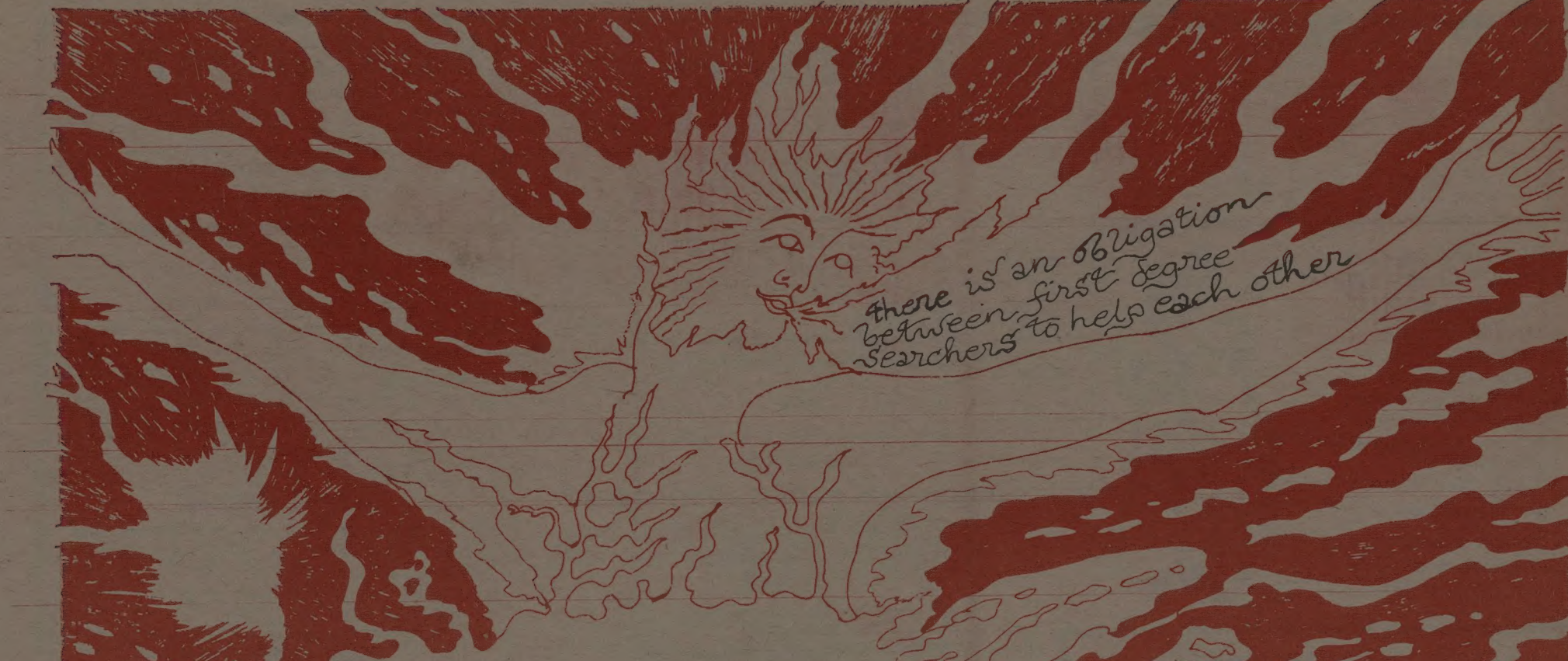
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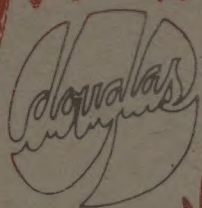
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