

BERKELEY - YOUR PAGE - ALL PERVADING THEME OF HERMETIC ANARCHY...

THE east village OTHER

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METROPOLITAN 15c

MAY 28, 1969



BERKELEY

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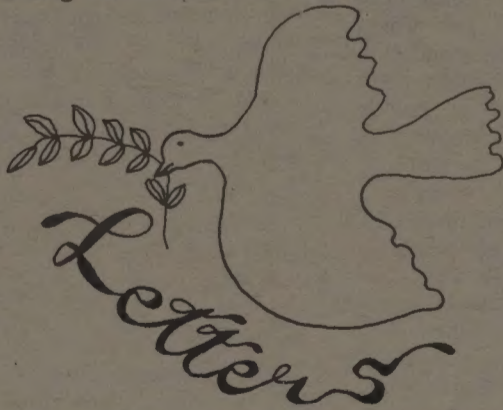
Not too long ago, a radio announcer made a joke, said EVO was becoming respectable . . . and I still don't know what that means. EVO and the other underground papers have supplied a whole new quantity and quality of information for people; some bodies have even turned it into knowledge, ordered more. SO EVO is now respectable because assimilation has set in, even in those rigid, institutionalized "liberal" minds who have always wanted to champion causes and invite them home to dinner. Yeah, the whole society has changed its surface because of nudges, pushes, and

screams from the periphery—and that isn't to mean that the periphery hasn't changed too. Which is the reason for this editorial. When variations, differences, and other problems are made visible in a society through media communication, then the problem receives a-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n. Sometimes, as in Lenny Bruce's case, it receives an overdose and the problem has to be solved after some more assimilation has set in, into a nice cold gel. This is 1969, or, '69, and it is the year of the pig, the cock, the Dick, and other such euphemisms as KISS and Screw. Only the last two are being suppressed, because they have gone just a little too far, too fat, in comparison to the other animals in the Ark. As a matter of fact, some of the problems uncovered by KISS and Screw were nasty; not pretty at all, in an age where beauty may be only skindEEP but gives you a hell of a lot more leeway, darling. Sadism, pedophilia, homosexuality, and basic old-fashioned foot fetishism . . . not too many right-minded American practice these outlandish activities, but then there are so many outlets for right-minded Amerika. Certainly, a substantial minority liked all of these and more: See 42nd Street! See Tiajuana! See Maryland's famous strip! See the NY Times Book Review section! See Oh, Calcutta! See Playboy! See I Am Curious (Yellow)! See Tropic of Cancer! See The Fugs! . . . See Che . . . ? See KISS . . . ? See people who are able to be truthful with themselves and face the both sides of their nature, that emerged from a bloody womb in the dark, protective blind empty space of someone else's body . . . ?

No, KISS and the others aren't pretty magazines, wordy literate reviews of various sex aberrations, deviations, and misfits. They are simply an outer limit of this society, and one which could best be taken care of, met on its own terms (notice: not "cured" because nobody yet knows (these problems except those who have them; they're afraid to talk with the others, and it may turn to be us who are "cured"—of fearing to learn the truth about ourselves). Why, at this particular time, has this society chosen to be so reactionary on exploring this distasteful, slime—and—guts frontier. Because it is too close too home. Because the pressures have been raised to a point where personal revelations and adventures in action have resulted in terrible bloodshed, buildings and lives ripped off, whole institutions thrown into upheaval. It's fear, going under the name of "breathing space," "time to adjust," or repression.

Screw will be publishing on an every-other-week basis. KISS is not yet sure what the policy will be; but KISS knows that it just cant stop now.

Swinging Headhunter was removed from EVO because KISS was considered a happier hunting ground, not because we are getting squeamish. We lost subscriptions when we took on these ads; we lost subscriptions when we removed them. Swing Headhunter itself will not be back in EVO



but certainly, plenty of other information will.

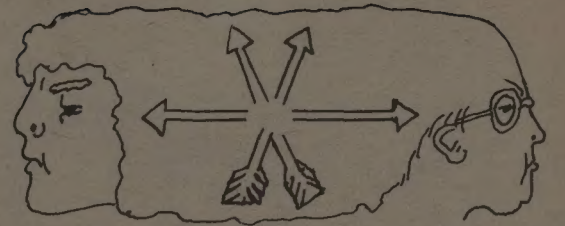
Dear EVO:

This letter is in regard to the 14 year old girl who signed her letter Peace in your Vol. 4 No.24. I know what hell she's been going through and my past experience might be able to help her.

I know that you will get flooded with letters from this particular one. Now to get down to what I am writing about. I would like you to give me her address so I could write her or call her on the phone. If this is impossible please contact her by mail and ask her if you could give me her address or forward my letter to her.

Thank you, Peace Brothers
 PHIL M. LIEBERMAN

P. S. I'm 16 so if you think I'm some kind of pervert — My address: Phil Lieberman, 22 Evelyn Dr., Bethpage, N. Y. 11714.



ED . . . oops. We lost the address of Peace, so we are printing your letter. If she wants to get in touch, we hope she reads consecutive copies of EVO.

Dear EVO:

This letter is concerning today. It deals with the present situation in our country. Throughout the year articles have been written condemning students at universities and colleges where problems have occurred. The attitudes taken in most of the articles is one which degrades the students, claiming that their ideals may be faulty and that their actions are most certainly uncivil and unjustified.

We at Marietta College feel that our problem is quite different and deserves the publicity which we the student body need.

The situation is the following: Our newly elected student body president, Earle J. Maiman, has been expelled from school for criticizing the administration. In an open forum Mr. Maiman stated that all year the communication among students, faculty, administration and trustees has been lacking. This lack of communication has been due to the presence of dishonesty and distrust. He proposed for once the entire college community be honest so that we will be able to end our difficulties. In his speech, it is true that his intonation was of a forceful nature, and that he spoke out against the administration and faculty as well as the students. But isn't this justifiable? Doesn't the president or any other member of the student body have both the right and obligation to stand up for what he believes? We think so. And so, once Mr. Maiman was expelled, we the students boycotted. Our contention is that Earle Maiman has been deprived of freedom of speech. So, in essence, has the entire student body.

Our protest has been backed by many faculty members, but we need your support. Our boycott has ended, presumably with little effect. It seems the only way things are made public is if violence occurs. We don't want that, and neither, we're sure, do you.

The Bill of Rights grants us the freedom of speech. Can the president of a college take that freedom away?

In a bulletin posted May 9, he wrote the following: "Anyone who would attempt to force issues by . . . impuning the motives of others . . . is unworthy of membership in this community and will be separated from it." Dr. Frank E. Duddy, Jr.

If Webster's Dictionary is correct, impuning means to challenge or speak out against. Is not Dr. Duddy violating one of the basic principles on which this country is founded?

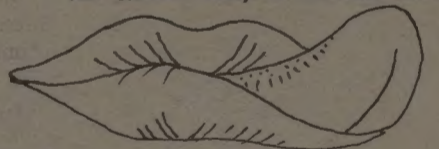
The student Body of Marietta College beseeches you and your sense of justice to help us in our conflict. Any publicity would be beneficial to our cause.

Education is more than what is found in the classroom. Principles are involved. We are involved. Hopefully, you will become involved also.

Our sincerest thanks.

Respectfully,

The Student Body of Marietta College



EVO — The tongue hits Santa Barbara By Paul Cabbell

At least one co-ed at the University of California at Santa Barbara has fallen prey to "The Tongue," a seemingly sex-crazed monster who hangs out in the area of the campus lagoon. According to Campus Police Chief W. A. Lowe, a young co-ed reported being attacked one night recently by a man claiming to possess a knife. "The guy apparently tried to pick the girl up as she was leaving the dormitory for a walk to the lagoon," reported Chief Lowe. "She refused a ride he offered her and apparently forgot all about him when he drove away. But then when she reached the northwest area of the campus lagoon this fellow jumped in front of her and put his hand over her mouth to keep her from screaming."

Chief Lowe further related that "the Tongue" told the girl, I have a knife and I'll use it. But if you cooperate I won't rape you, just eat you." He then dragged his hapless victim into the bushes and performed cunnilingus on her.

"The Tongue" was reported by the girl to be a white male, about six feet one inch tall, with blond hair and blue eyes. His hair was of medium length. He wore a sloppy V-necked sweater and a T-shirt, with light colored slacks." He was described as being about 23 year of age.

After assaulting his victim, "The Tongue" reportedly confessed that he really did not possess a knife. He even went so far as to express his apologies for what he had done, besides walking the girl back to her dormitory "in order to see that she got home safely."

"Nevertheless, the guy is obviously sort of an unsavory character," said Chief Lowe.

(Continued on Page 22)

'THE YOUNG, WITH THEIR RAGGED
HAIR, THEIR FREAKY CLOTHES AND
SAVAGE MUSIC, COME DOWN
UPON US LIKE THE GOTHS
UPON ROME'

— HARRIET VAN HORNE

John Sinclair and
D.A. Latimer

John Sinclair, road manager of the Motor City Five, is one mean mother-fucker. He's big and he's dirty and he was up until recently one of the most busted figures in Hip Culture. He operates out of Detroit, Michigan, where last week a marijuana possession charge was dropped against him, thus getting him out from under a twenty-year jail sentence. Sinclair's reaction to this may have been mixed: 'Like Chairman Mao says,' he told me last month, 'if the Pigs are trying to snuff you, you must be doin' something right.' Now that the Pig Farm in Detroit has cleared him, he may be considering an escalation of tactics.

The vehicle for Sinclair's tactical assaults on the Pig Power Structure is an organisation called the White Panther Party. More than a mere Honkies For Huey Outfit, the White Panthers work hand in fist with the Black Panthers in their chapters throughout the country to achieve 'a total assault on the culture at every level, through a three-point program: rock-n-roll, dope, and fucking in the streets'. White Panther Party ministers get busted just as frequently as their black brothers, so they certainly must be doing something right.

The MC-5 is the initial assault on the culture, as brother Sinclair explains it: their playing gets people all excited and Revolutionary, and the people then go out and inflict spontaneous damage on the Pig Power Structure. The Five themselves have a tendency to get busted wherever they go. And in the process of all this, they have fun.

Last month Sinclair and I got together over a tape recorder on a quart of Bitter Motherfucker — black port and lemon juice, official drink of the Panther Parties — and considered the society as an it exists, and possible ways of improving it. The tape was supposed to appear in this week's KISS, but KISS has been stomped by the Pig Structure too. Thus, for the next two or three weeks, this space will be devoted to different parts of our conversation. As this week's section commences, Brother Sinclair and I had been praising a teenage girl we had seen on the street dressed in a transparent skimper shift:

...JS: One of the bands greatest things — for the last two years the MC-5 has carried on an anti-bra campaign, anti-

underwear. It's common knowledge that the kids in Detroit never wear underwear. Every now and then we have these rituals — these chicks come out with their brassieres, man, and say, 'I just heard you straight out now, and we don't want no more brassieres. You want 'em?' And they hang them over their microphones and on their guitars and shit, or sometimes we burn 'em. Just last week in Detroit, at the Open City benefit, this dude jumped right out in the Motor City dance floor with a burning brassiere. We've had like ten dances where that's happened — we burn bras, or chicks come up on stage and take them off and give them to us. We hate brassieres, man. In Ann Arbor, where we live, it's bra city. All these college students who all live in their heads. They all live in Brassieres. I just get obsessed, I walk around to the store, just to get some-dope, I see all these millions of broads with brassieres. You get obsessed: a chick says something to you and all you can say is, 'That's a nice brassiere you got on'. You just wanta yank 'em. 'Cause tits are so wonderful, man. And these young chicks, they start wearing brassiers when they're thirteen just 'cause they're supposed to. They don't know, man, they just put 'em on. But the band . . . When they come backstage, these chicks, they find the Five are all notorious ass-grabbers, tit-grabbers. Say hello to a chick by grabbin' her ass. So the chicks come up and we confront 'em: 'What the hell you doin' wearing a brassiere? They say like it'd hurt or be uncomfortable if they didn't wear 'em. And we just explain like it's a ruse, if they don't wear one they'll really feel good, and besides, when a boy walks up to them he can reach under and feel a real tit. And they ain't hidebound like old people, they can see if you tell 'em somethin' that's real they'll dig on it a minute and say, 'Yeah, that's bullshit.' Give 'em a solution and they'll deal with that solution; they're not committed to that way of life yet.

DA: But actually, it might not be such a bad thing: these little chicks just start sprouting tits and they have to go get a bra, they feel compelled to, so it'll make them look like everybody else. But then they'll get along like fifteen or sixteen —

JS: With these huge, beautiful fuckin' tits! So fuckin' beautiful! Fifteen-sixteen year old chicks, man! WOW!!

...DA: Yeah, but when they get that old, then they start revolting against all the pressures of conformity, everything. And the first thing they want to throw away is the fucking bra they started growing into when they were eleven.

JS: Yeah, man, ready for action. You reach down under their skirt and there's pussy, man.

DA: Yeah, like where I came from, these young kids were always out to ball the chicks. All the time. But as soon as they'd ball some chick, it was like she wasn't worth shit. You'd go around and tell everybody else she's a whore: she goes down, she balls. And nobody'd touch her after that except other guys who just wanted to fuck her, and then say she was shit. And then a curious syndrome appeared: the chick'd say, gee, I fuck, so I must be shit. So the chick is going around balling everybody and everybody feels like shit and it's such a fucking sick scene, man . . . EE-yech. There'd be four or five chicks in every school class'd do that, and most of the guys, and the rest'd be these pristine little beauties that you always wanted to fuck but never could.

JS: Go out with them and hope they'd touch your cock . . .

DA: And after the date's over, it'd be, 'Hey, Harry, did she touch your cock? Huh? Did she? Huh? Duh . . . Well, gee uh . . . 'Didja cop a feel? Didja? Huh?' And if they did they'd have to break up the next week 'cause she'd be shit, and he'd be such a big stud none of the other chicks would go out with him.

JS: It was that way all over, man. It was like that in Michigan where we grew up. And the funny thing is, all those dudes grow up and become doctors, judges, lawyers, with the same attitudes; they have some frigid old lady who wears girdles . . .

DA: And there's a lot of guilt with it, too. And thus you get like alimony laws, which discriminate horribly in favour of the chick. 'Cause everybody feels guilty about feeling about women the way they feel about women.

JS: If you fuck 'em you have to stay married to them. You have to pay to fuck, dammit.

DA: So it's subversive as hell teaching little kids what you're teaching them. 'Cause it's gonna wreck all kinds of things — alimony, f'chrissake, that's a whole industry right there.

JS: Yeah, it's all interconnected. So you listen to the band, you hear the loudness and the frenzy and you don't have to do any of that wierd shit, you just go crazy and have a good time. Throw away your underwear, smoke dope, fuck . . . What this does is, it gets the kids concious and they ask why can't they do that? Then after the band has acted as the shock troops, the organisers of the White Panther Party silp in. And they tell them why they can't do this all the time, 'cause the capitalist imperialist decadent racist fuckin' structure of the United States is set up so you can't get away with that. If you could you wouldn't want to do what they want you to. After the MC-5 plays you just want to get out there and fuck, you want to hold onto somebody and get inside as far as you can and fuck 'em and eat 'em, stuff their feet in your mouth . . . Eat their arms, their fuckin' clothes . . . Rather than go up there and makes some speech about our moral commitment to our boys in Vietnam, you just make 'em so freaky they'd never want to go into the army in the first place, put up with the asshole phony discipline.

DA: Like the whole Army thing is just so fuckin' stupid . . . Egomaniac generals and shit, killing . . .

JS: Well, you can't get me on some fuckin' morals thing about killing. I'll kill some fuckin' pigs in a minute!

DA: Sure, I'd drop a chair out of a window on a cop any day.

JS: Diane Di Prima wrote this poem a little while back about how the only reason you keep mimeograph machines around any more is to drop on some fucking pig's head.

DA: The Mimeograph As A Revolutionary Tool.

JS: Wayne's well known for his tongue movements on stage. And like when he's doing 'Rambling Rose,' he usually fondles his genitals: 'The more you feel it, the more it grows.' 'Cause what's cool it is the way the young dudes are waking up. Just fuckin' and suckin' these chicks, and they know there ain't nothing wrong with it, they can be out front about it, instead of being all twisted and wierd.

NEWS

FIRST FUCK IN SPACE

By ALEX GROSS

It is rumored that the first fuck in space has already happened. Not be deed itself, unfortunately, for the latest team of astronauts took no females or female farm animals aboard Apollo 10, and the three men had no time to test out their bisexual potentials on each other (assuming air force training hasn't bred these out). But at least the word, the expletive, the expression, F-U-C-K as it is sometimes written, has now found utterance in outer space.

The main problem is that it was all neatly hidden by the private radio line the astronauts had to Houston, the line on which they told what was really happening on the trip instead of those wonderfully offhand heroics of the THIS-IS-HISTORY-PRESENTED-BY-GULF show on the telly. We should probably be thankful that Stafford, Young, and Cernan were at least a jolly crew compared to Lovell, Anders, & Borman who did it before. But then they were doing it for the first time, and that was a Christmas trip complete with readings from the Old Testament, something that undoubtedly alienated the entire Buddhist, Hindu, Moslem and pagan population of the planet. But then not even public relations can please everyone.

We should be thankful even for the word, which according to some was uttered by Colonel Stafford, though others credit it to Commander Eugene A. Cernan. Part of the secrecy is easy enough to explain — whichever one of them said it may be arrested when he returns to earth. Despite the fact that it looked like Apollo 10 was about to crash into the eternal Sea of Tranquility as well as the lunar one, this would not be enough to forgive the astronauts from uttering that dread word (according to earth laws). Some say it was uttered a second time as well, when they finally reached the climactic moment of entering the moon-bound LEM only to find a snowfall of plastic shreds floating everywhere. Saying fuck then would also not be surprising under the circumstances — HISTORY-VIA-GULF has no right to be so frustrating, but once again they can still be arrested. The fact of the matter is that the FCC regularly employs scores of men to monitor our air-waves for the purpose of keeping such expressions off the air. They are in fact short of help for the job, and if your thing is twiddling with dials and waiting breathlessly for obscenities, there is a well-paid job waiting for you with the FCC.

If on the other hand you are more interested in knowing exactly what happened, and how it happened, on the latest Space Flight (or the ones to come), then don't expect to learn it from the televised accouts, as thorough as they appear to be and as conscientious as many of the reporters actually are. Granted, this is not the Soviet Union, and the space shots have been presented on the whole honestly, even at the beginning when they were embarrassingly unsuccessful. It is just that there are certain things we aren't supposed to know, such as how the space-men are really feeling, whether they are really



being as dead-pan about outer space as they sound on the telly or whether they aren't just whining like little kids before the enormity of it all asking anxiously for comforting voices from Houston. Could our space-men possibly be part sissy? Of course not, but then of course they would never dream of saying fuck either, and they seem to have said just that.

Part of the problem is the absurd divorce we still insist on making between Big Life, they way is supposed to be in technicolor, and little life, the way it really is, greyish-brown with pimples. It is this giant pretence, which enters all areas of living, that young people are worked up about as much as anything. Until we can admit that

Big Life can only exist when we're honest about little life (and never when it is PRESENTED BY GULF), we are all going to stay in a lot of trouble.

Of course the rest of the trouble comes from the word fuck — no one should be surprised if people get uptight about it in space when people are still out to get it here on earth. Not just the word either, but the thing itself, as is witnessed by the legal hassles now engulfing two worthy publications. Maybe the astronauts really should be arrested for dirty language when be arrested for dirty make a test case. Man has no right leaving this planet until he has resolved this little problem here on earth.

SOME DOWN-HOME THINKING FROM VIOLENCE HATER HOFFER

WASHINGTON — Eric Hoffer, the only intellectual that LBJ could ever stand and a member of the President's Advisory Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, spewed forth last week: "You need chancellors of universities and mayors of cities who will get up in the morning and spit on their hands and say 'Who am I going to kill today?'"

THREE DOT JOURNALISM ROUND-UP . . . SHORT SHIT FROM AROUND THE WORLD

WASHINGTON—Uptight Congressional leaders are seeking to overturn the recent Supreme Court decision that released Tim Leary from a marijuana rap and that weakened anti-pot laws. These Congressmen are seeking new and more repressive marijuana restrictions . . . OTTAWA, CANADA—Canada has eased her immigration rules in order to more freely admit U.S. Army deserters . . . NEW YORK—Handsome John Lindsay's tenant protection regulations will prove useless to tenants who hold less than a two year lease. Faced with the kind of housing emergency we have in New York City, a Mayor with guts would tell the landlords that their rent-gouging days were over and that complete rent-control was to be installed. That's what Fiorello La Guardia did back in the early forties. That's what we need now. Not some kind of meaningless regulation that is filled with pro-landlord loopholes . . . COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—"The Fort Jackson Nine," a group of soldiers who dared to protest the War in Vietnam, have all been released from the stockade. They were granted undesirable discharges for their heresy . . . BOSTON, MASS.—Sources close to the Spock-Coffin conspiracy trial are hopeful of a victory in the current appeal proceedings. Evidently, the State has only been able to point to ONE instance of violence caused by anti-draft demonstrations: The Oakland Induction Center Action. An Alameda County Court recently found the "Oakland 7" not guilty of conspiracy to incite violence during those demonstrations. It should be noted that not one overground newspaper has picked up this rather important aspect of the Spock-Coffin case.

WASHINGTON — When President Nixon made his "peace proposal" to the Vietnamese several weeks ago, he categorically ruled out an American military solution to the War. Evidently, the new President hasn't been co-ordinating his policy statements with those of his Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird. A minuscule piece hidden on an obscure page of the May 19th edition of the NEW YORK TIMES carried this surprising headline: "LAIRD SAYS IF TALKS FAIL, MILITARY MAY RESPOND." The article quoted the Secretary as saying: "I wouldn't rule out any military activity. I would think that it would be a mistake to rule out the various options that could be used."

President Nixon maintains a reputation liking to keep his subordinates in line. No doubt he will want to correct this little split from the official administration line.



photo by linn m. ehrlich

CRAZY

by LITA LSQ

FILLMORE: Led Zepplein, Woody Herman & His Orchestra, Delaney, Bonnie & Friends.
 VILLAGE GATE: Up—Miles Davis
 Down—Ahmad Jamal - through Mon.
 SLUG'S: Joe Henderson.
 CIRCUS: Memphis Blues, Furry Lewis, Rev. Robt. Wilkins & His Sons; Bukka White.
 SCENE: NY Rock - Roll Ensemble.
 UNLTD: The Shirelles.
 BITTER END: Everly Brothers.
 AU GO GO: Tim Hardin
 GAS LIGHT: 674-9486.
 UNGANO'S: Junior Wells and John Braden.
 APOLLO: Jackie Wilson, Bobbie Bland, Young Holt, Ltd.

* * *

It's 4 p.m. and then it's 4:15, 4:30, 4:40. And I decide to leave at 4:45, knowing we will run into each other at the elevator door . . . but I'm wrong, it's the front door. "Arthur Brown . . . ?"

RRRroooooahhhrrrrrrRRrr. Ugh. Umm-mmm. (Trans: Me Taran you Jane). Ugh. We identify each other, I go to get photographer Raeanne. Arthur Brown stoops, carries her across the threshold, "Because you look like a green princess." He is tall, lanky; a sharp face all angles in soft brown hair, a long body in transparent shirt and pants with purple velvet patches set at appropriate moments along their length . . . Two others walk in, his friends Carl and Mick. Now we are five. Drumsticks are rattled against a tabletop, Arthur Brown signs in glorious operatic offkey rumination, returning to the growl for effect. Raeanne picks up the drumsticks and he announces, "I feel a strange message coming through my blood," puts out his hand for the sticks and hurls them straight across at the opposite wall. "Scared you, I did. Didn't I, ahhh." Holds the picked-up sticks like calipers and measures my mouth. "Five and a half sticks wide, right?"

How long will you be here—"Too Long," says Carl. "Three Centuries," intones Arthur Brown, turning to play a run at the piano, a Khatchaturian toccata, it is, it is. Mick plays drums on the lucite box next to him, and Arthur says, "Ah, yes, notice the illusion of the hole. Is it there? Or not? It is due to muscular control. You will realize he has superb mus-cu-lar control, and is able to simulate the illusion that there is no hole in the box, but a piece of plastic—or that there is, rather, a semi-hole, only. AhrrrrRRRRrrrooooo." He picks up a bottle and mumbles. Did you say Moloch's day . . . ? "No. Maalox, this liquid right here (NB: it is antacid stuff). It's Maalox day. But Moloch's day has been good for the past few centuries . . ."

* * *

We look at each other, almost into a mini-glare, or maybe it is really mutual concentration . . . I try again (conversational). What is your sign? "I am a . . . sign . . . of the future." Yeah, so are we all. "Oh, you really want words . . . Well. The intellectual approach, the divine presupposition of the wisdom, divine flowering petals of the Eastern mind . . ." Suddenly, he turns back to the piano again, and happily points out, "We can really do rock and roll."

LLLOOOOCILLLE!!! Baby satisfy my haa-rrrrt! "I could be Little Richard." Then he swings round and in the same light tone, but softer, "Why are you here?" We lock.

- Because I'm alive.
- "What does it mean to be alive?"
- It means I'm not dead.
- "What is dying?"
- "It's not-living, I don't have words to describe it because no-one alive can know what it is . . ."
- "Why are you here, then. Why were you born?"
- . . . I don't know. Why are you here?
- "I'm here because I was born."
- And why were you born?
- "I don't know."

I laugh, we laugh. He still sits the same position, "Why are you here, What is dying, What is it mean to be here. You can search for the answers through philosophy, through religion, and you get to the same place! It all comes back to, I don't know, when you're all through."

Muscular control—anything. A joke about it, about Britain, about the secretaries who got up early every morning to give an extra hour of time to their offices in an effort to help England's economy. "Sure. An intellectual ploy to convince the people they were stupid, and not the government. It's true, that Britain is the repository for the highest culture known to the West . . . America likes traditions, you know . . . America—is a human rainbow, but also an animal belch." The tele-

(Continued on Page 18)



photo by RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

EAST SIDE SURVIVAL BULLETIN

The streets around St. Marx are being systematically cleared of street people: busts, harrassments, I.D. checks, ect. The TPF has gone so far as to threaten young kids with beatings if they don't leave the area. Their occupation and terror has intensified since the community attempted to prevent indiscriminate beatings and arrests. Each week (especially weekends) there are innumerable arrests. Also there have been two large "suspicious" fires--someone must believe in fighting fire with fire.

■WEDNESDAY: one cat released from Riker's Island that morning on a phony disorderly charge was picked up again for loitering--paroled from night court.

THURSDAY: three kids arrested for trespassing--they were in the burned-out supermarket looking for food. One released, two sent home.

■FRIDAY:total six arrests, all bullshit: loitering, disorderly, etc. All cases were thrown out in night court. Even though people aren't held (insufficient charges, etc.), this is an effective way to clear the streets and terrorize the people.

■SATURDAY: two cats busted--one for loitering (given a summons after being held two hours in the police station).

HOW TO INTERPRET PIG TALK

Also on Saturday, late in the evening, a 13-year-old kid was busted next to the old Victory Delicatessan for sniffing glue. His name was Abraham Morales Cruz, he was from East Tenth Street, and his story made the Monday Daily NEWS because he yelled for help. According to the NEWS, fifty brothers and sisters converged on Cruz after he had yelled, 'Help, they are beating him.' Cruz has been in this country from Peurto Rico only three weeks. The cops were forced into a hallway and called for reinforcements. When Cruz was taken to juvenile court he was charged with inciting to riot (because he yelled for help), interfering with administration of 'justice' (because he didn't want to be arrested) and resisting arrest (because they beat him up). You have to read between the lines.

■SUNDAY: three arrests--one cat for standing on the corner, paroled in night court, and two others for possession after they were stopped and illegally searched.

 MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30: Feastival-Rally, six rock bands, food, theatre, etc. "Bring the Community together." Tompkins Square Park, 1 p.m. - 11 p.m.

 Send information or bread for bails to Motherfuckers: East Side Survival Organisation, P.O. Box 512, Cooper Square Station, New York 10003.



MARIO SAUNANI

INTERVIEW WITH AN EROTICALLY PREOCCUPIED.

by JAAKOV KOHN

EVO — I have known you for many years and all through this time your main preoccupation, in spite of most respectable fronts, has always been with the erotic. You have both partaken and observed. For a long time your main thing was photography—strictly erotic.

EPU — I had a collection of over 500 photographs dealing only with situations that I was involved in—both auto-sex and multi-sex to various degrees. I obtained a special gadget that enabled me to activate the camera from whatever position I was at.

EVO — Did you consider the technical requirements of picture taking as prime factors in the sexual position that you directed yourself into Was the stance precalculated with the photographic end result in mind?

EP — The picture had to be calculated to a certain degree. If there was another party or parties involved, they never knew when the picture was taken. If they did, they would have been too conscious and stiff as; thus the candid aspect, the true erotic aspect, would have dissipated immediately. It would have been totally eradicated. I remember one chick who, while getting oiled on a vibrator, suddenly asked me whether I had a camera and if I would like to photograph her. "I'll tell you when and you just take the picture." Every time she told me when there was a bad picture. "Look, baby, you just deal with your coming and I'll take the picture. You set the direction—just concentrate on your pleasure." This arrangement worked out quite well. I took some great pictures; in due course she switched from the vibrator to dildoes and eventually both of us made it together memorably.

EOV — What does it do to you to watch a girl masturbate with a vibrator?

EP — It is primarily a voyeurist experience. I am aware of WATCHING. The greater the kick because of the intensity of the orgasm.

EVO — What is the sensation that you get when you flick that camera, bearing in mind that your participation is strictly optical?

EP — It is more than optical. It is a cerebral thing. I am getting aroused and certainly I am being gratified — even if not in the ordinary physical sense—i.e., getting erect, which I do not usually get by looking. Only by direct contact — but that may be due to my age.

EVO — There has always been an X factor that has been an integral part of your life. The excitement, the conspiratorial delight that have always been yours whenever any erotic notion entered your mind or the environment you found yourself in.

EP — It is all cerebral. An important factor, because it keeps the adrenalin from flowing. It may be also because I am there, a part of it. This is beautiful. I see in it a beautiful composition. Total excitement. A moment of beauty. There is something very lovely about it which I find very beautiful to look at.

EVO — I have seen you feel that way about what I might call hard-core clinical shots. When I look at the very same picture, I might feel as if I am watching a gory operation but at the same time you seem to be experiencing total and complete excitement. You were simply titillated.

EP — Yes, I was totally and completely titillated by it. This is my psyche, maybe my hangup! I enjoy looking, I am not inhibited by being looked-upon and I find looking at sexual activity and sexual parts quite beautiful and exciting. It just pleases me no end. I can also be turned off by something crude and overly arty.

EVO — What turns you off as being too arty, I find to be an anatomic presentation which to me is far from repugnant.

EP — It's phony to me because it is a purely abstract shot that has nothing to do with eroticism.

EVO — Isn't the concept of eroticism, in all its manifestation a total abstraction?

EP — All right, I am not repelled by it, just find it a total drag.

EVO — Let us get to the beginning of your erotic preoccupation. Do you have any recollection of what turned you on the first time?

EP — Sure, I remember looking at my mother. She always had a conquering attitude when walking around in the nude in front of me. She was a very provocatively built woman and until my eleventh year, she used to walk around stark naked. She was a beautiful woman and therefore it was only too natural for me to look. When I was twelve we moved to a larger apartment with more privacy and that was the end of the naked scenes with my mother.

The next thing that comes to my mind was finding pornographic cartoon books in my father's drawer. I would say that finding these books created the first such awareness within me. When the other kids in my neighborhood became aware of my "special knowledge," the ball started rolling.

EVO — When did you have your first sexual experience?

EP — Three days before my 13th birthday. It was a mere penetration rather than intercourse. We touched but never kissed. After that she started going out with older boys and it was the end for me. The first time I actually screwed came after I showed a girl some of my father's books.

EVO — You made it then with the aid of those books?

EP — Yes.

EVO — Was your father preoccupied with sex?

EP — No, he never spoke about sex and I am sure that in spite of those books he never made it with anybody but my mother.

(Continued on Page 18)

PAGEANT PLAYERS

by CAW (ED BOTTS)

Pageant Players is a street theatre group, New York's and possibly the country's first. It was formed—or created—in spring, 1965, and has been performing continuously ever since: in parks, on street corners, on campuses, in hospitals, a prison—anywhere there are people who need/want the powerful, beautiful images of the plays.

The interview was made in spring, 1969, by Ed Botts of CAW, the SDS arts magazine. *Pageant Players* were fresh from a high-power, intense 3-week tour of New York and New England campuses, and the interview was conducted in an atmosphere of questions and criticisms from both sides, concerning the campus nature, its relevancy to *Pageant Players*, and *vice versa*.

Caw: I thought we'd start out concentrating on your tour.

Ira: My impressions of the colleges of the United States: they are all horrible places, vapid, torturous . . .

Jeriann: We couldn't really justify anybody being there. First I thought it was only the girls' schools . . .

Ira: Most of the kids I met were really confused, and felt like leaving if they only knew what to do. My answer to that was, Before I left school I didn't have anything to do either.

Jerry: There's like thirty million students at the University of Mass. There could be a million things happening and you wouldn't know about it. The dormitories are each twenty stories high.

John: Oh, that is a freaky scene, man. You know what happened at the University of Mass? We are going to stay in a dorm with these two chicks. Like you're not allowed to, you know. Had to sneak in. So I'm in bed with this chick. All of a sudden over this booming loud-speaker comes the name of this chick . . . cause like they knew, like her boy friend was coming, and they were calling the cops. So we were rushing out, and this loud speaker was booming. It was horrible. The state universities are like 1984 . . . Albany University is the ugliest place in the fucking world . . . But a lot of the kids overcome it. They go to school, but they don't go to classes. They are into some pretty groovy scenes.

Arlene: Those are the dangerous places. Kids turn on and go to school. It's very hard to get them to do anything. Like at New Paltz, there's this hip scene there. Kids still go to classes. There have been some very groovy teachers fired there and they don't do anything. They're just grooving.

John: They had a Dow thing at Harpur, remember? Where they put these guys in a cell, and all the cops came in and aimed at them with blanks in their guns, and started shooting at them . . . Scared shit out of those guys.

Caw: Was this a guerilla thing that the kids did?

John: No, no. They got arrested for sitting in; and when they were in jail, the cops came in and shot at them with blanks.

Jerry: This was a guerilla thing done by the cops. They thought it would be a big joke.

Caw: Yes, the cops are very disciplined. But do people need special training to be in the theater? What do you think?

Arlene: Anybody can make plays, anybody can create beautiful things, and anybody's an actor. We were at the Caravan Theater in Boston, and had a workshop. A lot of acting people . . . And we made a couple of plays: The one I saw was very shitty. Kids at the schools made much better plays because they had something to say. They were clearer, very good images. The acting people got very obscure, and didn't know what they wanted to say.

Caw: Did you get into a lot of explicit political raps with the kids?

John: Some of us did. Fourteen people went on the tour; some like to rap a lot. I'd rather go and turn on, get stoned, listen to music, just talk about living. I hated political raps.

Caw: But politics is kinda how you live, right?

John: Yes, right.

Arlene: Not always, you know. That can be a lot of shit because you can look freaky, and lots of people do, and they can still hold these horrible jobs, and go to school. They dig us when we come on the campus, but I think political raps are extremely valuable . . . The rap that went on at the Caravan Theater was a groove. We had this workshop, and they were really digging us. Then we started talking about politics, and they said, "Well, you know, you can't get involved in politics. You gotta straighten out your own head." That's the new line. We really talked about that, what that means: how your head is

fucked up in the first place, and how you get it unfucked up. You can't separate "politics" from your personal life. Now before that we were really grooving, then you come to politics . . . it's very challenging . . . Kids in the universities are really co-opted. It's nice, it's pretty, you can groove through without doing much work, there're a million ways. They may be groovy kids but they're still being trained to go into the system.

Caw: Did you try to convince people to leave school?

Arlene: Sure. Kids have left, kids left some of the schools we were at.



John: We didn't make them drop out, I mean they were thinking . . . A lot of kids really dug the fact that we seemed free, whatever that means. Here we were, running around, none of us had much money. Some of us didn't have any money. It was a groovy thing because we'd come, and we'd do something, and they'd take care of us. It was like an exchange, very beautiful . . . Next time we go on tour we'll take a big bus and take everybody with us, a magical mystery tour or something.

Arlene: There's a tremendous mystique built up about any traveling thing, more so than if you just performed in one place. There's something very attractive about a thing that wheels into town, does a thing and then leaves. It seems like the greatest thing to be doing.

Caw: You probably got into a whole new thing just traveling around?

Arlene: Yea, we did, we got very egotistical. And arrogant.

Joella: People were asking us these questions, and we're supposed to have all the answers.

Arlene: I mean we were still nice, but also there was a bit of arrogance too the way we talked.

Riot of the Dishes

Joella: One of the grooviest things that happened, politically, was that last day at Amherst, with the dishes.

Arlene: The dishes at Amherst have Lord Amherst.

John: Lord Jeffrey Amherst.

Arlene: Lord Amherst destroyed thousands of Indians by infecting them with small-pox; this is who Amherst is named after.

John: He gave them these blankets infested with small-pox.

Caw: Is this common knowledge, do the kids know this story?

Jeriann: Oh yes. The Amherst song goes something like, "Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier of the king, and he came from across the sea. He fought with all the Indians, he fought with all his might, to save you and me . . ." Something like that.

Arlene: The dishes at Amherst have a design with Amherst on his horse killing Indians.

Joella: Yea, there's an Indian cowering in front of him, and another Indian running away. Every dish has it.

Arlene: This freaked some of us out. We were

sitting in the cafeteria playing music, and we decided we'd make up a song about it. The first line that came out was, "Have you looked at the picture on your dishes?"

John: I started smashing dishes . . . not too many from the *Pageant Players* smashed dishes, but some kids from the school did. We didn't smash too many.

Jeriann: One boy who was a student and worked in the cafeteria came out and said, "Do you think you should be doing that when you're getting free food here? Who's going to clean up these dishes?"

Joella: This started a huge discussion. Everybody got involved.

Arlene: When we got back to New York the place we rented the cars from had a call from the Amherst police saying we started a riot.

The Compete Play

John: . . . like nothing happens, they sit around those cafeterias bored. That's why the cafeteria plays were great, cause like nothing ever happens in cafeterias . . . so when you go in there and do a play, it's a groove. You're not supposed to do plays in the cafeteria.

Caw: You have a play you do automatically in cafeterias?

John: We have a few we do but there's one we did a lot on the tour called *The Compete Play*. One person leads us in. He wears a white mask. He's like the Dean. And the rest of us walk in double file, very formally, as if we're marching, a slow march. We have our hands over our eyes and we sing *Pomp and Circumstance*. (hums) The Dean leads us all around the cafeteria and we keep singing with our hands over our eyes and of course everyone looks up.

John: It really blows peoples' minds when we do that.

Jerry: Yea, they don't know exactly how to react; they laugh, they don't know what's happening. We all stop in one spot and the Dean gets up on a chair, and he starts to chant, "compete, study, get ahead, get married, get a job," and as he's chanting we lower our hands from in front of our eyes, slowly, slowly, and our faces are exposed. We try to have a blank or harrassed look on our faces. Then little by little (we're standing one next to each other) we start getting in front of each other, slowly and casually, and we start saying, "I have to be first in my class." It gets more and more frantic. And we start fighting . . . we get in front of each other and we push each other back. It becomes this mad scramble to be first. And we're shouting, "I gotta get ahead!" or "My father told me I gotta be first in my class!" And the Dean keeps standing there chanting, "Compete, study, get ahead . . ." Finally someone in the group shouts out, "No! No! No!" And we all stop and look at this Dean. He starts getting angry and upset, and he starts pointing at us, and he keeps chanting more frantically. Finally we're all staring at him and somebody else shouts out, "Columbia!" and we all shout, "Columbia!" And someone shouts, "San Francisco State!" and we all shout, "San Francisco State!" And somebody says, "Paris!" and we all shout, "Paris!" and we're all starting to threaten the Dean, we start moving toward him, and he gets frightened. He gestures out to another part of the cafeteria where we've planted the Policeman. He wears a police cap, and carries a big club, a 2x4 about eight feet long. He comes running out and starts pushing us off . . . it usually ended up that we chased him and the Dean. And then we go wild, completely, all around the cafeteria, chasing each other like madmen.

Jeriann: And if there was food being served we'd just take scoopsful of it and start eating it.

Jerry: We'd run through between tables, throw chairs around . . .

Caw: Did you make this up on the tour?

Jerry: It was based on something else we did at Stoneybrooke, someone was getting busted in a courtroom scene. It was part of that . . . And as we're running out, the Dean whistles, and we all freeze again. He stands up and makes a very dramatic, comedian-type announcement of our performance, "Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight at 8 p.m. in the Refectory, the *Pageant Players*, a street theater from New York, will perform two plays! You're all invited, free! Come!" After he finishes we go into the chase again, and run right out of the cafeteria. Then we go into the next dining hall and do it.

John: *The Compete Play* is a play we do, but plays also came from our workshop, plays the kids

make up. Like we'd do a workshop for a couple hours in the afternoon, and then do a play with the kids.

Workshops

Caw: What were your workshops like?

Ira: We started out with turning-on exercises, getting people to move around, run all over the place, roll in piles, and all start humming. Then there were open-ended exercises where people would do things that ended up where they wanted to . . .

Ira: We'd get into doing exercises with people . . . be like very turning-on things; sensitivity, sensory exercises like just moving very slowly, and being very aware of yourself, or having people give each other back rubs and really relax, like really strain yourself and go through all kinds of movements and then lay on the floor, completely relaxed. Then we'd go around and rub them and touch them with their eyes closed . . . things that put people a little up tight, but also things they could get into. Then we'd get together and do small things in groups. There was one play where Michael would say, "Just act this out: A man was born." Then he'd say, "He came into the world and he found there were many beautiful things," and it was very nice. People would respond to each other . . .

A lot of kids had very negative attitudes at first. They'd stand around outside the workshops and want to poke fun . . . that happened at Springfield . . . we just said we were doing a workshop. We didn't say there was anything to watch. One teacher brought his class, and the kids sat down to watch it. They were all saying, Blasssss, blasssss . . . the workshop last a couple of hours way after the class was over and the kids all stayed.

John: These chicks at Vassar made up a play (in the workshop) about male chauvinism. All it had was two guys, like they're standing there, and there's these lines of chicks for each guy. They guys are into these very sexy motions, and the chicks come on very sexy. The guys fuck the chicks and then throw them away, fuck another, and throw 'em away. It's like an assembly line . . . then the guys start changing partners and things like that. All of a sudden the chicks dig what's happening and they don't want it anymore, so they rebel against it. They don't destroy the guys, they sort of transform them like into an equal being. They stop that male chauvinist bullshit. And they go out holding hands in a circle. It was a pretty groovy play.

Caw: They performed this in a cafeteria?

John: Yea. And an announcement was made of our performance that evening . . . The people in the workshops would find it very exciting when they could build the workshop into making plays which we then can immediately perform . . .

That was an action thing, talk is bullshit. People could see that they could create a play on the moment and do it and they did it. Kids in the audience knew the kids because they were in the school, and that was a very groovy thing.

Creating a Play

Caw: Let's say you were going to create a play. What would you do?

John: What I dig is being totally relevant to the moment. Like whenever anything happens, I dig the idea we can create a play. We did the *Presidio Play* in about one night . . . Arlene came in with a basic thing and we improvised around it till we got it down . . . Let's say someone comes in with a *Scenario*.

Jerry: Or an idea. Even facts.

Jeriann: what we did in the workshops wasn't just that. We had different sets of exercises to lead up to the possibility of making a play.

Shelly: The quickest way to work probably would be to have someone come in with a scenario, like the *Presidio Play*, where Arlene had one which said what happened . . . The reason this one got done so quickly was because we all said, Yea, We dig it, and we just went ahead. It turned out really groovy and we got it done very quickly . . .

Shelly: It helps you get to the essence of what's really going on. Someone might say in a *Dream Play*, "I was frightened of this." One of us might jump up and be the thing that made him uneasy, even though it wasn't mentioned . . . Theater to me is basically non-verbal. It's bodies, doing things, moving.

Michael: Artaud says a good thing: Everything that is specifically theatrical is *not* used in Western theater. In the West we think of theater as a play; a play is the script everything else is secondary, the

lights, the stage, the movement; actors take a class in mime . . . in Eastern theater those are all the things that *are* theater . . .

Caw: Can we make this a little more concrete? Say we were kids you met on your tour, and we wanted to form this guerilla theater.



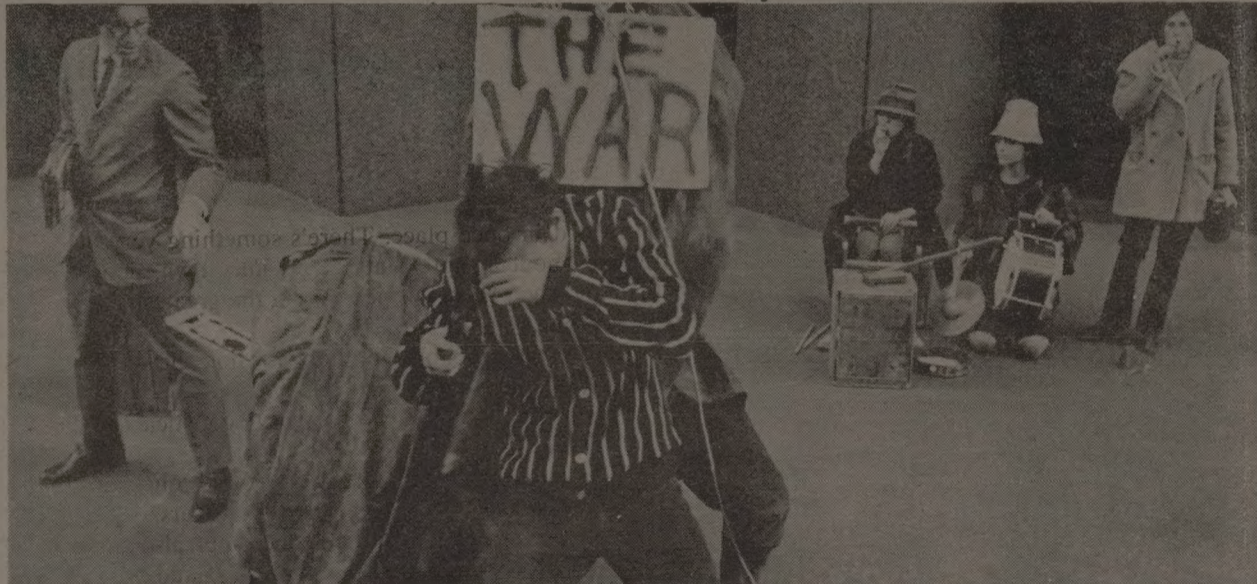
Michael: The car's warming up and John Baluss is pissed . . .

John: It's really hard to say. The basic thing we convey is in the workshop, just exercises. Because the exercises are so simple, once you see them, you can remember them. Once you start doing your own exercises you get ideas. Just a sound and a motion; there's an infinite variety of ways you can do that. . .

Shelly: One of the basic things is music; you want to go around with music to attract a crowd. You get tamboreens, kaszoos, drums, garbage can lids, bottles, instruments everyone can play . . .

Jeriann: First of all we wouldn't be sitting around this table having a discussion. Our workshop was our way of showing people how to do theater. It's not enough for us to sit and tell you.

Michael: I don't understand how you get into this talk about teaching people guerilla theater. We never thought of ourselves that way before, until this tour. A few people came up to us and asked us to teach them about it . . . it's been on our minds more now . . .



Jerry: Yea, but we might tell someone. Say we're just about leaving and some people say they're starting a theater, could we rap about it for a few minutes?

Jeriann: We'd probably say things like, keep it simple, produce images, work with sound and motion, no pantomime.

Neighbor: Why no pantomime?

Jerry: Pantomime doesn't open the imagination up, it's like memorizing a script.

John: . . . like painting with numbers.

Jerry: Pantomime would be the pitfall for most beginning guerilla groups on campuses. Their first impulse, is someone was telling a story and they wanted to act it out in terms of a play, would be to pantomime it. If you said you drank a glass of water, the guy would pantomime drinking a glass of water.

Neighbor: What would you do?

John: Drinking a glass of water could be just like throwing your arms forward and breathing in and then bringing your arms back.

Jerry: Right, say you were feeling really good when you drank. You'd bring that out by drinking up an ocean, say.

Shelly: It's not just that. It's getting to the essence of the feeling, the emotion present, the whole thing. Like a guy's running away frantically; maybe the

best way to get that motion is to do it in slow motion . . . more tension. It's a beautiful thing to do in the street.

John: And the simple action of the officers covering the mouths of the men in the *Presidio Play*. All they do is put their hands over the men's mouths.

Very simple, cliched motion, but very effective because it conveys in that simple motion exactly where the whole situation is at. That the army tried to shut these guys up. It's really that simple.

Michael: Tell people not to be cowed by the cultural establishment . . .

Jeriann: Give up culture . . .

John: Give up art. Give up everything!

Caw: Or just give up your hangups . . . things have been drummed into us so long.

Jerry: If that group talking to us was really going to come a groovy theater, what they'd learn from is not so much what we said, but how we managed to split while we're saying it . . . We're in a big hurry. Baluss would be very angry, and there'd be screaming and arguing, loading props and taking props out again cause they weren't loaded correctly. Two guys would be turning on in the parking lot under the nose of a cop. And as we're talking we're somehow slipping out of there. Getting fourteen people into cars is like a theatrical act . . .

Shelly: Zen Masters . . .

Jeriann: Tell people they should have at least one drum . . . a few simple rhythm instruments. And when they worked out a play in the street, to keep a rhythm going. That's what people feel in their bodies as they watch, which words can't get into.

Shelly: People want to do a play, they gotta know how to use their bodies. That's like a basic thing. Do a lotta maybe dance exercises, mime exercises, Yoga, anything that you know. You can do all kinds of things, wierder motions, you can reach things better if you know how to use your body.

Jeriann: Use everything you've got.

Caw: What kind of subject matter do you think is most successful for doing guerilla theater?

Jeriann: Something that's important to whoever's doing it. So they feel the vitalness of wanting to get it out, and the importance of getting across that maybe they'll be able to change something.

Michael: They can be the culture . . .

Shelly: Right. What we're doing at these schools, in a sense, is eliminating their need for us. We were showing them that they didn't need to call us in to do plays, that they could do the plays. We can't respond to every school that has something going on. Those school have to have their own theatre, do their own plays.

To be continued next week.

THE BROOKLYN MAW



On most University campuses where students have grievances, these grievances are directed against the trustees and administration. However, at a few universities the principle of "faculty governance" is in effect to a greater or lesser degree. Departments are allowed to elect their own chairmen, a faculty council has a major role in policy-making, and a mass meeting of the faculty has the power to review faculty council policies.

Unfortunately, none of this seems to do much good to the students who are urging changes in the university's structure. As James Thurber said, "American colleges, like American women, have dull, half-dead faculties."

A case in point is Brooklyn College of the City University of New York. Brooklyn College, complete with faculty governance since its founding in 1930, is the poor relation of CCNY, with feeble imitations of everything that goes on at the Manhattan institution including the demonstrations and strikes of 1969.

In April 1969 a set of 18 demands was put before the Brooklyn College administration by a group of black, brown, and white student radicals. Open enrollment for black and Puerto Rican students (which in practice accounts for most of New York City's ghetto inhabitants) is the first order of business. Reappointment is demanded for four faculty members fired for their political activity. A white English professor who has showed open bigotry against black students is to be fired. Tutoring programs are asked to bring up to college standards any student whose previous education has not been adequate. Black and Puerto Rican students are asking what Jewish and Catholic students already have — cultural centers. There is no demand on ROTC, because Brooklyn College's ROTC program died of apathy several years ago. And there is little weight to demands about military research, because not much is done there.

Brooklyn College has had four presidents in the past four years, thus approaching the record set by Huxley College of Marx Brothers fame. After an iron-fisted anti-Communist named Harry Gideonse retired, some

students began revving up the revolution. The first occupation of a campus building (the registrar's office) occurred less than a year later.

The presidency is now held on a seat-warming basis by a jumped-up dean named George Peck, while the Board of Higher Education (a public body of trustees, responsible to the city government) goes searching for another Gideonse. Peck submitted a critique of the 18 demands to anybody who'd listen, claiming that he didn't have the authority to implement them.

Faculty council (which represents only tenured faculty, leaving out huge staff of instructors, lecturers; graduate teaching assistants, half-timers, part-timers, labmen, tutors, and other academic proletarians) took up the matters referred to them by President Peck, and shoved them somewhere on top of a bookcase. They were not pushed into action even when Orlando Pile, a black student leader, seized the podium and tried to force them to at least give him a hearing. Pile, with about 20 other students, is now under arrest for allegedly setting loose a wave of fire-bombings and window-smashings on campus. "Evidence," seized in 4 AM raids upon the arrested students' homes, includes such things as *The Thoughts of Chairman Mao*, books by Fanon and Clever, and Black Panther literature alleged to be a "blueprint" of future campus bombings. Total bail is \$130,000, graciously marked down from \$300,000.

On Monday 5 May, a regularly scheduled faculty meeting at which President Peck put his view of the 18 demands before the faculty.

The May 5 meeting refused to listen to a reading of this statement. The most that the president was willing to concede was that the statement be circulated among the faculty, and then discussed at a special meeting on the 19th.

Other faculty bodies were equally uncaring. The American Association of University Professors, which roars like a lion at the least hint of the violation of a professor's academic freedom, lay down and purred when the president called the police on campus on Friday 9 May. Since then, about 80 cops have infested the campus.

The United Federation of College Teachers, the conference's rival and an AFL-CIO affiliate, supported neither the 18 demands nor the strike which the student government called against the presence of the police. The union teachers contended themselves with pledging the munificent sum of \$500 to be the bail fund, meanwhile nervously looking over their shoulders to see what the union of public school teachers would say.

But it was on 19 May, meeting for a discussion of the "Amherst Statement," that the farce of "faculty governance" was finally played out. President Peck looked out over the assembly and announced that since no quorum was present, no business could be done. This had not kept the faculty, a year previously, from debating and defeating a plan to admit 1000 ghetto students and bring them up to college-level work by special tutoring, but business is business. The president recognized a woman who moved immediate adjournment; the proposal was carried by voice vote without debate.

Some 40 or 50 faculty members have joined the student strike, which plans to carry on as long as the police are on campus. Other faculty members, while supporting the 18 demands, are keeping their classes in operation while teaching such potentially useful topics as Applied Chemistry, Psychology of the Establishment, Principles of Short Wave Radio, and History of Revolution. But majority vote and "faculty governance" seem to express nothing but the sincere wish, on the part of ivory heads in the ivory tower, that all of 1969 would go away as fast as possible.

If students cannot seek help from the faculty, they can bring pressure by another means. With allies in the ghetto, chiefly blacks who want to get into the college, they can enlist the aid of community leaders. This can bring pressure on public universities through the governments which run them. And there is a minority of the faculty sympathetic to their efforts. But "faculty governance" is a failure.



KISS and Screw

FOREVER

KISS and Screw

FOREVER By CLAUDIA DREIFUS

You can't tell a cop from a dirty old man these days. Just a few weeks ago, a red-bearded and somewhat hippy-looking undercover sleuth turned up at the Second Avenue offices that serve as headquarters for EVO and an underground pornzine named "KISS." The cop, known in East Village circles as "Red" Davis, was posing as a South Jersey newspaper distributor seeking to bring the erotic truth of KISS to the swamplands. "He looked like the real thing to me," confessed EVO observer Pete Legierri. "You see, he had sweaty palms and beady eyes and looked like he NEEDED to read this kind of stuff." But KISS's publisher, Joel Fabrikant, was somewhat more skeptical about the authenticity of "Red Davis." "I really became suspicious when I saw him hanging around downstairs from our office all the time," reported Fabrikant.

Publisher Joel's suspicions were justified: on Wednesday, May 1st, "Red" Davis appeared at our humble offices with a warrant for Fabrikant's arrest. KISS's publisher and distributor had been charged with violating the State's criminal obscenity law. "Where's Fabrikant," bellowed the bearded porker to Legierri. "I don't know," reported Peter innocently, "he's probably out getting laid or checking newsstands or both!" Sensing a snub, undercover pig Davis said he had other business to attend to, and left his partner (Ben Alexander????) to wait with the warrant for Joel.

Joel, who is a law abiding citizen if ever there was one, decided to do the honorable thing: he turned himself in at the District Attorney's office. Now this little bit of public-mindedness did New York's Finest absolutely no good. You see the plain-clothes pig cooling his heels in the EVO office was holding the warrant for Joel's arrest. And so the D.A. was powerless to book him. Hours later, Joel was taken to the Fifth Precinct, fingerprinted, photographed and branded "pornographer."

Now, Joel isn't a typical candidate for the jailhouse. He holds a Masters Degree in accounting from NYU's Graduate School of Business Administration. And frankly, to my knowledge, no alumnus from that institution has ever been arrested for anything but embezzlement.

"Are you a faggot?" asked one over-curious detective.

"Why is your hair so long???" asked another, as if to answer the first questioner.

With great deliberation, Joel responded to these assaults! "If you're getting laid half as much as I am, that's twice as much as the normal person."

Having dealt with Fabrikant's sex-life, the officers went on with their examination. "You know what I think," volunteered one cop. "I think that all these rioting kids on campus need to be taken in hand and given a little 'discipline.' Ya know whada mean?" (Could the officer have been suggesting some English culture?)

For KISS, this arrest marked the newspaper's second tussle with the law in two weeks. In an earlier civil action, Judge Irwin Davidson granted a temporary restraining order to the City prohibiting the "sale, publication and distribution" of Issue No. 3 of the paper. Issue No. 3, it seems, had contained some photographs of people actually fucking and the Judge found that kind of thing terribly distressing. He insisted that Issue No. 3 had actually contained "hard-core pornography" and as such, was an immediate danger to the health and morality of the City. To facilitate his order, the Judge had all copies of that number of KISS removed from the stands. KISS a co-defendant in the first anti-KISS action. KISS and EVO are two separate newspapers which happen to

share offices and some staff. However, each newspaper is incorporated separately and owned by completely different stockholders. Naming EVO as a co-defendant with that which it had nothing to do, can only be viewed as an attempt to break the underground press. Thus far, it has been mildly successful. Some newsdealers are afraid to carry the OTHER because they have been told it was ruled obscene. Circulation has been cut.

* * *

It was in his jail cell that Joel Fabrikant discovered that the morals squad had experienced a banner morning. Not only had Fabrikant been jailed, but Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein of SCREW, their printer, Martin Balan, and Archie Gordon, KISS's distributor were all also in the pokey.

For Buckley and Goldstein, arrest was hardly pleasant. Jim had been entertaining his mother all week. "Showing her what a successful publisher I am," he explained sheepishly. "It was the first time I had seen her in over three years and she was really beginning to get into the SCREW thing. I mean she was terribly impressed by me. A matter of fact, Mom got to point where she even wrote some sexy poetry about what it would be like to fuck Father Hill. Well, I was supposed to see her off to the airport on Wednesday, but I got busted. It ruined everything—the whole illusion." The morals squad just has no respect for motherhood.

Arrest for Goldstein was terribly tense. He had been spirited off to a police-car before he could divest himself of a fine collection of hard-core porn which he had been perusing for possible use on the "Nostalgia Page" of SCREW. For hours, Al sweated the possibility of a search. "It would have hurt our case," he confessed, "But, thank God, no one bothered to look."

Goldstein was true to form when it came time to be photographed for police identification. "I just insisted on opening up my fly. You see, I wanted them to get a picture of the REAL me." You just can't keep a good man down.

The Police Department now possessing a gaggle of the most lascivious pornographers in the history of Fun City, were quick to hustle them off to court for arraignment. "It was a circus" reports Al Goldstein, who is still a little amazed. "It was if they had arrested us just in time for the various District Attorneys to make statements for the evening papers. D. A. Burton Roberts of the Bronx was handing out mimeographed statements decrying the "obscenity" of SCREW and KISS. Our lawyer objected to this procedure as prejudicial, but the Judge ruled him out of order."

After a brief kankeroo court proceeding, Fabrikant, Buckley, Goldstein, Baran and Gordon were arraigned for violating Secion 2305 of the Penal Code, which makes it a crime to sell, distribute, publish or promote obscene literature. A trial date was set for June 17th.

Later that afternoon an article appeared in the NEW YORK POST quoting D.A. Roberts in a highly interesting statement. "The D.A., "according to Jim Buckley," made it appear as if it would be a crime for a newsdealer to sell ANY future issue of SCREW — which is not true. Roberts was just trying to scare the newsdealers out of carrying our paper by telling them a lie!"

Buckley and Goldstein have no intention of taking the Bronx District Attorney's actions calmly. They lost thousands of dollars. Undaunted, its staff went on to print Issue No. 4, which contained nothing that could be considered "hard-core", but which was still busted. As a kind of bonus, EVO had been named

intend to sue him and Morality and Media for conspiracy to destroy a business.

There was an ironic twist to this Perry Mason Wednesday. As Jim and Al were leaving the courtroom, they were confronted with what they consider the ultimate in obscenity. There, calmly sitting on a newsstand in the lobby of the Criminal Court Building, were copies of shock-violence and sex rags like the NATIONAL ENQUIRER: "WIFE EATS NEW BORN BABY FOR BREAFAST," "MAN BORN WITH TWELVE PENISES TURNS TRANSVESTITE," etc. To make the situation truly hard-core was the fact that Mell Brandon's phony come-on sheet "THE METROPOLITAN SWINGER" was also prominently displayed.

For those concerned with the growth and unfettered development of the underground press, the two pornzine busts are serious omens. Although it is likely that both KISS and SCREW wil eventually be cleared in court, there appears to be an official policy to drive the pornzines out of business with legal harassment. Constant arrests and seizures tend to frighten newsvendors, and without outlets the ponzine's can't survive. While KISS is yet to be found obscene in a trial (Judge Davidson only issued a temporary restraining order against one issue of the paper) it has had two consecutive issues removed from the newsstand and the dealers are getting jittery. In the Bronx, a squad of 15 detectives went around from newstand to newstand confiscating copies of KISS and SCREW. To further terrorize the news hawkers, the officers issued legal-looking summonses warning dealers "that if they still carried these publications, they would be subject to arrest." Bronk D.A. Roberts explains that he directed these actions "as soon as there was a judicial ruling that the publications were obscene and should be off the street, so we moved."

The truth is that there has been NO SUCH judicial ruling against SCREW or against Issue #4 of KISS. People have been indicted; no one has been found guilty. What Roberts seems to be doing is to pre-censor every single future issue of the two papers by making sure that no one will sell them. Such actions, even by law-enforcement officials are illegal. Roberts knows this. SCREW knows this and SCREW is suing.

In the meantime, both SCREW and KISS are seeking federal restraining orders prohibiting District Attorneys and the Police from interfering with future publication. But no one is certain how long it will take to win such an order. Adding a note of dignity to the situation is the fact that the ACLU has taken up pornzine defense and will represent Goldstein.

Why the repression? Joel Fabrikant thinks that there is a "general right-wing conspiracy to destroy the underground." He may well be right. But what is happening in New York is politics-pure politics. This is an election year and every politician (Yes, Virginia, District Attorneys ARE politicians) needs an issue. You can't pick on the Blacks because they might retaliate and burn the town. You can't hit the students because they might get mad and burn down the school gym. So who's left to rouse the rabble with??? No self-respecting D.A. can get onto the issue of organized crime. Too many judges, police-officers and the like seem to be on Mafia payroll. No, that issue certainly wouldn't do. What about the decap of our city? The War?? Racism??? The ABM??? Nahhhhhhh!

Why talk about real things. So the politicians run to the one issue that is both banal and impeccable: the defense of public morality. SCREW and KISS were busted because some political hacks didn't have enough sensitivity and brains to tussle with what is really destroying our City. And in a bathroom somewhere in Brooklyn, a prominent politician is jerking off to a copy of KISS while he cries "Shame! Shame!"



"A movie shot honestly can really test you a lot"

(White Panther News Service)

Pop art, California style.

Stereo-ampex Life Style: seven cameras with synch-sound, 50,000 frecks hanging on an eight-track Ball and Chain—POP!

"Once you leave you may not re-enter," the Pinkerton dick warns us as we step into the world of Monterey 1967, where Eric Burdon comes out late at night to jam for the stoned kids blanketed under the stars, where the Rolling Stones walk talk and toke among their American brothers; and where Otis and Hendrix touch the apex of their careers.

Monterey Pop takes you up, strokes you, gropes you, and sets you back down with a tear of pride . . .

"This is where it all ends," a monitor finally barks as the English group furiously builds a finale of destructo-creativity —

Talkin Bout My Generation!

Who?

D. A. Pennebaker!

Pennebaker is a soft-spoken, Chicago-born Middle-Atlantic Man who comes on like two-thirds of his forty-three years. Known largely for the Dylan film, *Don't Look Back*, Pennebaker is one of the originators of the stylized documentary approach to film-making known as cinema-variete.

"Pop" demonstrates conclusively that what *is* is more engrossing and evocative than turgid Hollywood dreams. "Good film-making is news," Pennebaker commented in an informal discussion after the San Francisco opening. "It is news beyond the bullshit of tv. You can't tell if Nixon is a straight guy by listening to his speeches, or by hearing Walter Cronkite's analysis, but with a camera, you can film him buying his groceries!

That can tell you more about the man than a chain of network spectaculars."

Pennebaker's technique is noticeably devoid of editorial comment. A couple of underground reviewers have criticized him for being too "shallow", but Pennebaker himself claims that "I don't want to make a sociological film". "We just turned a huge mob of people loose, and when the lights went on—zap! We all started filming like madmen. There was no previous decision on what to shoot. We hung around with several groups before hand a bit. Lou Adler was invaluable in getting the cooperation of Big Brother and several other groups." Is he striving, then, for the objectivity of a news documentary? "No, I don't claim to be objective. You can only try for interpretation. You try to set a mood. We tried to avoid what might in retrospect be too vogue. I was accused of 'throwing away' the Airplane's hit, White Rabbit. But I had the feeling that in a couple years, it might be dated. "Similarly, we cut Bloomfield completely. He is in the longer version, but somehow it just plays better without him. And the Shankar set—yes, is long—but how do you cut Ravi Shankar?

That would have destroyed the aura."

You've got to be able to capture mood, you've really got to be able to smell it. In Monterey Pop there were certain moments when I actually felt—when I tried to convey a vortex of energy. This is not just the function of the artist—being able to structure the essence, the mood of a living thing—this is the function of learning. That is the point—are you learning?

"My approach in *Don't Look Back* was much the same," Pennebaker went on. "But I had certain preconceptions about the film. These were destroyed in the process of making it." He observed that this may be true of any creative endeavor. I wasn't trying to be objective, but I tried to remove the coloring—my own bias and predisposition, so I could really get into it. A movie shot honestly can really test you a lot. To this end, I tried to follow a general structure and chronology in the film." *Don't Look Back*, it appeared to us, had tried to subtly focus on the irrevocable change the media itself had worked on Dylan. Perhaps, we suggested, the endless hours of film not shown in *Don't Look Back* may have revealed an essentially different person:

"The parts that were edited were redundant. There is a longer version that runs 3 to 4 hours. I really wasn't trying to get into Dylan's head. I mean, I had no right to. It would have been futile to ask Bob, for example, 'what does life mean to you?' Bob didn't want to get his head into the film. He wasn't going to give me any quarter. I had to accept him — and try to catch him—in situation." In fact, he was even going to edit it. After I had worked on it a year, I showed it to him, and—my God! He was making all these notes and everything, making all these points about this and that—I thought I'd have to completely remake it. But the next day he called me up and said it's fine just as it is, run it. "Of course he wouldn't say whether he liked it or not—that wouldn't be like Dylan."

Pennebaker made another film with Dylan, which has not yet been released. "We made it on the following year on Bob's second trip to England, with The Band. Bob himself is editing this—it's his own film, really."

There are more songs, he suggested, in the second film than in *Don't Look Back*. "In the first one, I felt that everybody was familiar with his work, and I didn't want to focus too much on his singing." The second film also includes a conversation between John Lennon and Dylan in a car. Pennebaker noted with pride a sequence which captured Johnny Cash slamming a piano cover down on Dylan's hand.

This second film was originally titled "You Know Something's Happening", and was made for A.B.C. But—and this is becoming a familiar re-run with Pennebaker—the network objected to parts of the film, or the total implication. (Monterey Pop was originally planned as an A.B.C. special, but was jet-

tisoned, presumably when the network realized the potential impact of the combined media—rock music and tv.) Pennebaker is now hoping to make, with Dylan, a four to six hour movie out of the second film. "I think this is another thing we'll be seeing more of", he continued. "We have to reach the point where people will accept the idea of watching six hour films.

"However, the films will have to entertain. When people are laying their two bucks out—they still demand to be entertained. So, while the new films will increasingly focus on 'news', it will have to be done in a way that holds interest." He predicted that more theatres will be showing films that don't come out of Hollywood. "I see a breakthrough in equipment that's going to allow people to take inexpensive films with synchronized sound. There's going to be a flood of new film-making when this happens. The Telegraph cinema in Berkeley is taking steps in this direction, by opening up their theatres to young film-makers. Unfortunately, most young film-makers today are reduced to going into advertizing to make bread, because all the other outlets are monopolized by establishment media." While recognized by the "establishment" media as a first rate producer himself, Pennebaker has been continually plagued by network renegs: "We did 'Crisis' for A.B.C., one of the three times I filmed John Kennedy. We had six cameras. I was with President Kennedy, we had a camera with Wallace, and one with Attorney General Katzenbach." As usual, A.B.C. balked at the results. "The networks are the guardians over the dissemination of information: the protectors of public taste and opinion. Even Bell and Howell in still making stuff for people to take pictures of dogs with! Movies and tv, instead of opening up communications, are closing it down. FM radio originally started to open up the field a bit, but even that has come under the grip of the establishment.

"I'd like to see Andy Warhol use a cinerama camera—Jesus! I bet he'd do something great! Cinerama has very interesting possibilities, you know. You no longer need an editor to impose himself on the film; it catches everything. And that's all Andy is saying anyway—let the camera put its own power on the field."

Pennebaker's favorite subject seems to be rock and roll, although by his own admission he only became interested in rock since the Beatles. Last year, he made a film with Jean Luc Godard, which centered around interviews with people such as Tom Hayden and Eldridge Cleaver. Well known actors then "interpreted", or acted out, the interviews. 'Rip Torn', for instance, walks into a Brownsville ghetto school in New York and starts rapping, in drag, to the mystified kids about stock brokerage. And this, to Rip Torn, is the meaning of Tom Hayden.

Another segment involves the Airplane giving an open-decibled performance above an apartment building in Times Square: "Wake up you motherfuckers—it's free music!" the Airplane howls into the concrete abyss, and the staid burghers are reveling in the streets—until the Airplane and crew get busted!

And how do you interpret an interview with Eldridge Cleaver? Apparently, it's got something to do with a naked chick trucking down a city street in broad daylight. (This segment hasn't been shot yet.)

Television, he surmises, is afraid not only of controversial innovation, but of rock and roll itself. "We wanted to do an Easter show at the Filmore with the Chambers Brothers, but none of the agencies would bite. They were all scared—and the networks were terrified! One guy even suggested that it might work if we could have Jack Lemmon narrate it. "We couldn't even sell Monterey Pop at the beginning. Everybody thought it was too old—that the groups were out. The networks won't look at anything unless it'll get 22 million people, a third of whom will stay with it all the way through. If it won't appeal to half the country, they're not interested."

What if you were going to make a film, we asked him in closing, tomorrow in San Francisco? "Oh . . . I don't know," he mused, and then—"Oh yes! We were going to make a film here, The Great San Francisco Earthquake we were going to call it. We were going to take six cameramen, put one with the mayor, one with the chief of police, one with the seismograph, and film the whole day. Of course, there'd be no earthquake, but you'd call the movie The Great San Francisco Earthquake. In fact, the day we were going to do it, there were three tremors. "Wouldn't it be wild if one had occurred on the day we were filming? The camera would have driven everybody all the way into it!"



...it's really frightening, the man above is bleeding to death and is going to die:

James Rector on roof just before he was shot, note rifle pointed at him, yes this is him dying above:

Thank you Gov. Reagan, UC, et al. **BERKELEY**

by KEITH LAMPE
zens had expressed their opposition to the Occupation—and so many had actively resisted it—that the mayor had to meet his city council and pass a resolution requesting that Reagan withdraw all Occupation Forces and return rights of speech and assembly to Berkeley. Reagan officially refused both requests—but he did withdraw the national guard to nearby armories and he did lift the ban on marches and rallies. Reagan must withdraw gradually to hide the enormous defeat of it—just as Amerika must do in Vietnam.

Now when the demonstrators arrived at Santa Rita Prison they had to deal with pigs who dimly knew they had lost and who also were accustomed to getting away with absolutely anything behind bars. Most of the male demonstrators were made to lie face-down on graveled asphalt thinly clothed outdoors from about 7 p.m. till about midnight of a cold evening. About 10 p.m. a doctor came by and expressed fears for the men's health. So a guard ordered the men to "run in place" for a few minutes and then they returned to lying on the gravel which cut through their clothes and faces.

Many demonstrators were brutally beaten when they expressed their constitutional right to give only name and address until obtaining counsel.

One nice thing happened—and it blew the whole elaborate public-relations thing the officials had put together for the media earlier in the day. Tim Findley, a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, that afternoon had decided to be arrested with the demonstrators in order, I guess, to see what a prison is like. When he got out (bail for all 482 ranged from \$800 to \$1000), he spread the whole thing—except for the most brutal beatings—all over page one of his paper.

But did you get to hear of the nightmare at Santa Rita in other parts of Amerika, kiddies? What did they tell you on the Honky-Brinkley Report? What did they tell you on the Walter

(Continued on Page 16)

So much has happened here this past week it's hard to get a grip on it. Also I don't know what degree overground media have blacked it out in other parts of the country.

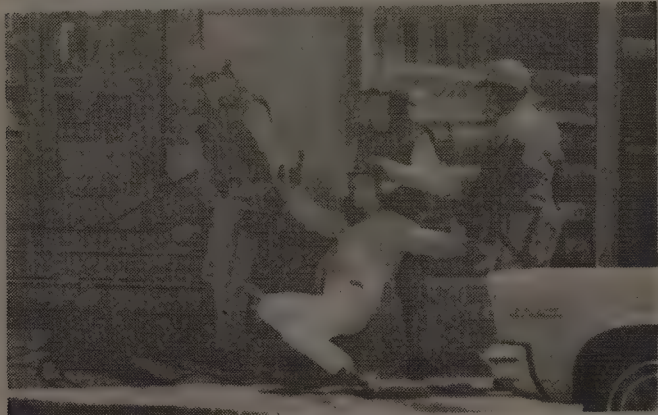
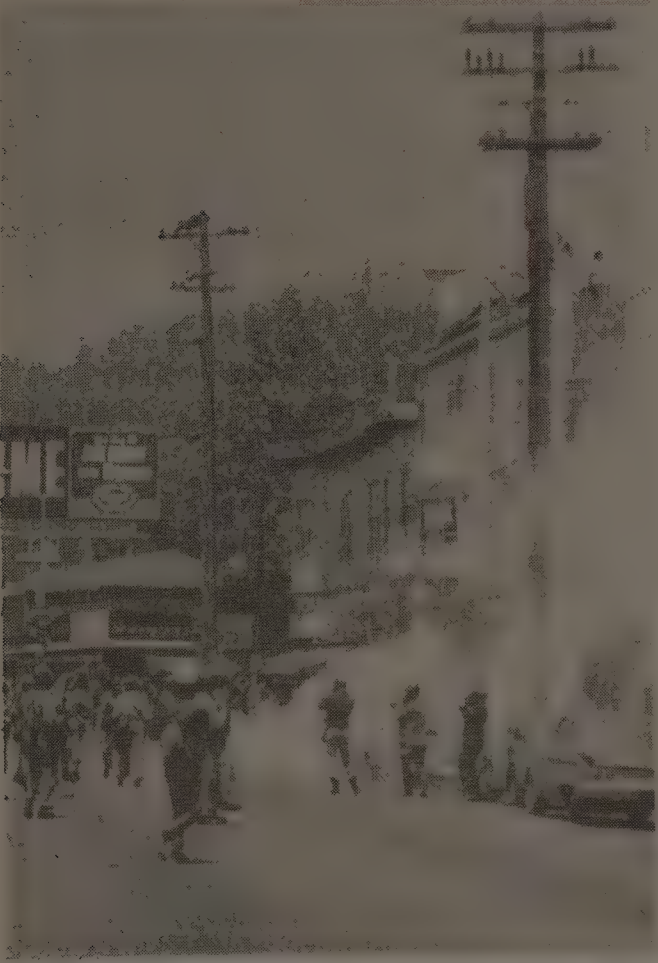
But let me start with the death of Brother James Rector 10:12 p.m. Monday. "Shock and hemorrhage due to multiple gunshot wounds which perforated the aorta." Two Thursdays ago James Rector had been standing on a rooftop watching the action when a pig shot him from the street. Shot him with double-ought buckshot, a third of an inch in diameter. On that day also Allan Blanchard, a painter, was blinded by buckshot. At least sixty other brothers and sisters were wounded.

Tuesday was to have been set aside as a day of nonviolent mourning for James Rector. A day of truce. Instead, a helicopter sprayed gas across a wide area of the U-C campus. The gas speeded into the university hospital. Several patients had to be moved; one of them had to be placed in a respirator. The gas drifted up Strawberry Cayon and reached a group of 200 children and 75 mothers. Reactions to the gas included skin blistering and projectile vomiting. The gas probably was CS, which was condemned world-wide when Amerika first used it in Vietnam. It also might have contained some mustard gas.

Wednesday at 1 p.m. 100-150 mothers gathered on Shattuck Avenue with an equal number of their infants and children for a civilly disobedient march through the center of the city. They carried signs supporting People Park and demanding an end to gassings and an end to the Occupation. Eight or ten times pigs jumped from squad cars and demanded they stop marching or be arrested.

Large numbers of PTA people—Parent-Teachers Association—met that evening and scheduled for this morning a disobedient clogging of the center of the city.

By the time this morning arrived, the clog-in really was unnecessary. A combination of fear and a widespread boycott had reduced sales 60-80 per cent in the city's largest stores. So many solid citi-



who helped in this beautiful piece of "law enforcement"



The Reality

Emitt Wallace, a pre-law student who lives at 2500 Dana St., Berkeley, shot this picture from his second story window on the corner of Dwight and Dana streets.

"I was looking out the window Thursday afternoon (May 15), and I saw some 50 people standing on the corner," Wallace told the SF Chronicle (Mon. May 19). "Then they all started to run. The cop came around the corner and stood there like he was going to shoot. I never dreamed he would, but I picked up my camera and shot."

The policeman -- a member of the Alameda County Sheriff's Department -- sighted along the barrel of his shotgun and, according to the Chronicle, "suddenly fired at the back of a fleeing man." Wallace reported the cop "took his time aiming" and was only two carlengths from the victim when he fired. "The guy fell down in the street howling. The cop took off, and someone dragged the guy into a house."

The police made no attempt to arrest the victim. No warning shot was fired.

The Lie

According to the Chronicle -- May 17 -- Madigan defended the use of shotguns by the police because he had "reason to believe that the radicals have developed an antidote for tear gas." And further that when police were allegedly being attacked they were in such tough spots "that at times they had only rocks to throw back into the crowd." It then "becomes obvious that birdshot should be considered."

Captain Edward Cummings of the SF Tactical Squad-- which also used shotguns -- defended the shootings because "our men were being assaulted." He added that it became necessary to shoot, but "they fired into the ground and the pellets ricocheted."

Added Sheriff Madigan, "There are a lot of concerned citizens, but that's the way the ball game has to go."

by RHYDER McCLURE by KATHRYN THURSDAY & Other BERKELEY BARB PTGHRs.



here is another photo taken seconds later showing friends helping James..... people can't you understand why you can't just sit on your ass any longer, they're going to kill most of us. they're going to kill most of us.



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 of Lincoln Center)
 (no tickets required)

berkeley (Continued from Page 14)

Crankie Report? Generous servings of Apollo 10. Right?

Since that first bloody Thursday the citizens have resisted almost entirely nonviolently—much the way the Czechs did during the first days of Russian occupation last summer.

We won (to date: Reagan may still salvage himself temporarily with a Reichstag Fire trick) and the Czechs lost (to date: they'll eventually win) because Reagan presently has less freedom of ac-

tion than Moscow did. Reagan can continue the Occupation of Berkeley only if free to cancel gubernatorial elections scheduled for November '70. He is not free to do that at this time because it would burn out the pluralistic-democracy image that Nixon has got working very smoothly in the national media now.

Reagan simply encountered much more resistance than he had anticipated. U-C Berkeley students in a referendum voted 85 per cent in favor of the park; U-C Berkeley faculty voted 642-95 to get rid of the park fence and to end the Occupation.

I think the most important thing of all to remember from the Occupation of Berkeley is a simple statement made by a few pigs at different times to a few demonstrators "Go home and get your guns and we'll shoot it out with you." There are two extremely important things about this statement.

First, the person who makes it is no longer a pig. Reaching toward self-respect, the pig has become—within his limitations—a man, a police man. He has become willing to fight on terms much less unfair.

Second, it indicates that the attitude of Bay Area police towards us is much like the attitude of national Amerika towards China: if we don't get them into an all-out war now, they'll be too strong for us by the mid-seventies. I think the police have made a reasonably intelligent analysis. They probably can snuff us now—they probably can't in three or four years.

I think we would be extremely foolish to go home and get our guns at this time. I think we would be extremely foolish to talk to any of the media—overground or underground—about the (relatively few) guns we have now.

Tim Leary thinks the Amerikan middle class is beginning a general return to righteousness. If so—if in the next few years the Aemrikan middle class comes to resist as stubbornly as the Berkeley middle class has done—we won't have to have any big shoot-outs ever.

—KEITH LAMPE
 (Written for *Evo*)

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*three guitar legends
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Albert King Steve Cropper John Lee Hooker

founder and organizer was personally known to my informant as a sincere and honest man. Possibly they could give you a line on some reliable medium.

Q. Where can I get information on self-hypnosis? I would especially like to contact a Denys Kelsey type who can hypnotize for far memory regression and teach self-hypnosis.

(Continued on Page 23)

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(1st N. Y. APPEARANCE)

THURS. THRU TUES. JUNE 12-17

SAVOY BROWN

BLUES BAND

(FROM ENGLAND)

SUN. THRU SUN. JUNE 22-29,

EXCEPT MON. & TUES.

DANCING ■ CONCERT

phone rings, Carl puts Arthur on: "Yes, language application board heah. Yes, well. You stand on your head, you take your fil-lett of flounder . . . No, no, zees eez zee Baron Lichtenstein, yah . . . The Arthur Brown group? Yes, I expect they'll be superstars in a—year. Yes, the audience was mahvelous; they gave us V signs, fuck-ups, piss-offs. They responded . . . We played a party for the Kennedy and upper crust set, yes, very crusty. One woman came up and said, "You're the nearest approach to modern ballet I've seen," and actually I was scratching my dick. . . ."

After the phone, after some more roars, after some more conversation, it's time for pictures. First one then the other gets into the window's light, and then Arthur insists on taking our pic-

tures," Where's the snap button?" but he gets the pictures taken . . . "How old am I? Ah; public appearances and things, say I'm 23, but I could be up to 40 . . . yes yes-more, too." We talk by the piano, and the others do other things. "People think they must have extraordinary things . . . I guess they need them until they realize everything is extraordinary . . . We can only be grateful for the things we get in our heads, that come from wherever—our souls, I suppose, yes—and then we can perform them for people." He breaks away, comes back and we try to stare into each other's eyes, but it is physically hard because I'm both near and farsighted. We all play some more, make jokes, wander about the room, then decide to leave, go to the Fillmore and EVO, to pick up tickets, to get home, whatever . . . Outside on the street, there is one car facing the wrong way, parked. We get in, make a turn and are off. . . .

BILL GRAHAM IS HONORED TO PRESENT

THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF

THE WHO

WITH

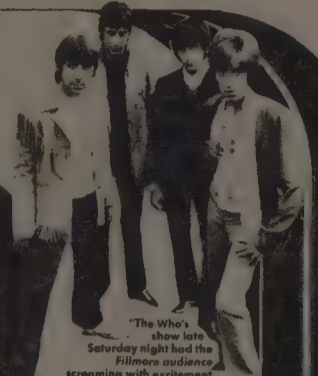
CHUCK BERRY

ALBERT KING

JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

FILLMORE EAST

THURSDAY & FRIDAY, JUNE 5 & 6
8:00 & 11:30 PM EACH NIGHT
(NO SHOWS SATURDAY)



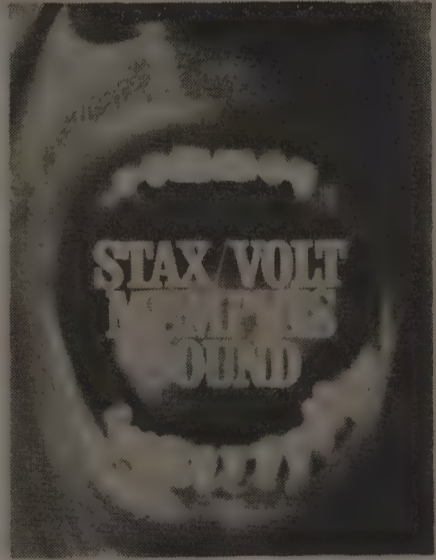
"The Who's show last Saturday night had the Fillmore audience screaming with excitement as they encircled with the familiar 'Summertime Blues', 'Magic Bus', and 'Shaking All Over', after polarizing the audience with a large portion of their long-awaited rock opera 'Tommy' (a fantasy about a deaf, dumb 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."
— EAST VILLAGE OTHER

"So much stamina, such range and musical invention — this might just be the first pop masterpiece."
— NEW YORK TIMES

"Pete Townshend has made it. The album fuses all the talents which, so far, the band had displayed separated out: the energy flow with high-volume guitar and drum pyrotechnics; clear vision; and the creation of super-characteristic fables. 'Tommy', all 90 minutes of it, is the first rock odyssey . . . isn't this the time to come right out front and use some words for special occasions — 'masculine', 'genius', and so forth? For there's no question but that 'Tommy' won't be overtake this year; that it's as momentous as 'Sergeant Pepper' . . ."
— VILLAGE VOICE

soul roots

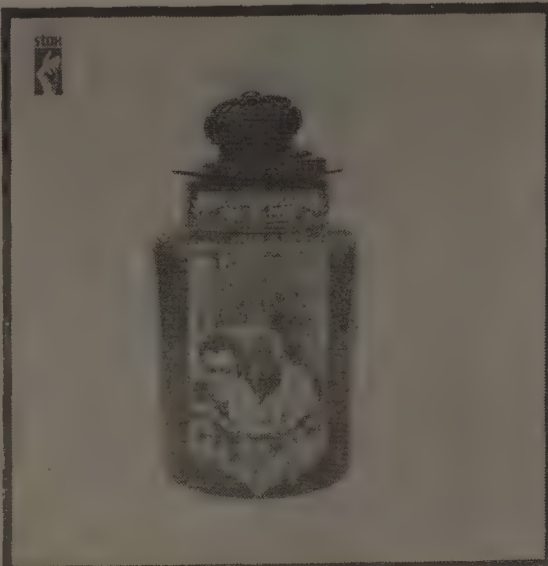
We'll Get Over
The Staple Singers
STS-2016



...and berries

Steve, Pops, Albert
Steve Cropper, Pop Staples,
Albert King Jammed Together
STS-2020

Mavis Staples
Mavis Staples
VOS-6007



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TWO PLAYS**"ORGY ON SATURDAY NIGHT"**

Written and Directed by Eugenia

"... The talk is gummy ... the nudity is just there in the course of the action ..."

and

"THE PENALTY FOR BEING SLOW"

by Burton Snyder

Directed by Henry Calvert

"... Racy farce ... brims with hilarity."

—Show Business

At Cooper Square Arts Theatre 35 Cooper Square
(3rd Ave. bet. 5th & 6th Sts.)

*Across the street from "That Play")

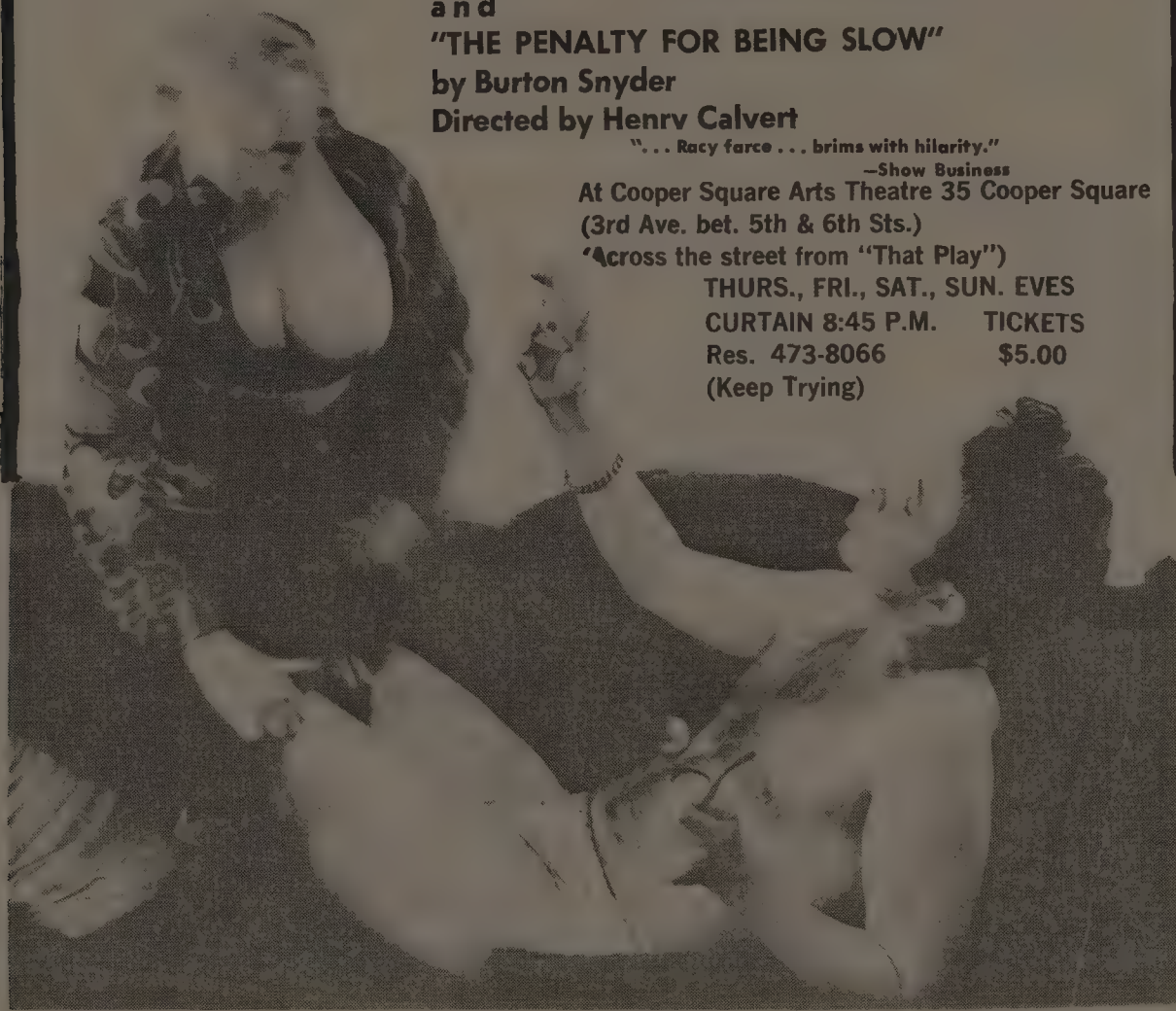
THURS., FRI., SAT., SUN. EVES

CURTAIN 8:45 P.M. TICKETS

Res. 473-8066

\$5.00

(Keep Trying)

**occupied** (Continued from Page 7)

EVO — Do you remember any other related incidents from that period?

EP — Yes, I remember going to the country when I was 14 and spending that whole summer peeping through a peephole at a girl's outhouse. That and killing flies were the highlight of that summer.

EVO — Since that was the first overt manifestation of your voyeurist tendencies, I wonder if you remember your feelings at seeing your first erotic photograph?

EP — The very first time, as always thereafter, I was totally fascinated by it. I couldn't look at it enough. Sex always excited and fascinated me. Even my freshman term paper in English was a well researched article on birth control which at the time was almost a taboo. I was always involved with sex, from all different viewpoints but I could always see it tie together. One needn't be a "pervert" to dig it. I don't think that anybody really knows what "pervert" means. Perhaps "kinky" may get closer to it but still it loses points.

EVO — What is our definition of pornography?

EP — I would say that anything that deals strictly with the sexual would be pornography. I am not using it in any moralistic way. I don't play the game of calling it now PORN. Pornography has had the same meaning for me for years. Without the moralistic overtones—i.e., being dirty or wrong. I like it. I enjoy plain pure pornography. I like the look and therefore enjoy it.

EVO — How do you feel about pornographic reading material?

EP — The same thing. I am stimulated by a good book, but again when I say stimulated I don't necessarily refer to my genitals. It is essentially a cerebral, warm feeling that inflicts a warmth upon me when I get involved with it. When I am in the proper mood, I find reading or looking at a picture very erotically stimulating. I find this to be the case especially when on speed. People on speed I found to be easily getting hung up look-

(Continued on Page 20)

OUR MOTHER THE MOUNTAIN

HAPPY RECORDS

**TOWNES
VAN
ZANDT.**

He writes folk
music that realizes
a new world

He sings folk music
that imitates no one,
but will be imitated
by many.

Listen to his new album
"Our Mother the Mountain"
Then you will understand.



DETROIT

ROCK and ROLL REVIVAL

MAY 30-31

CHUCK BERRY

SUN RA MC-5

DR. JOHN

JOHNNY WINTER

TERRY REID

NEW YORK ROCK 'N ROLL ENSEMBLE
 DAVID PEEL & THE LOWER EAST SIDE
 LYMAN WOODARD TRIO
 TEAGARDEN AND VANWINKLE
 THE WOODS
 AMITY BROWN
 MC
 THE FIVE
 THE SATURDAY

RED WHITE AND BLUES BAND
 WILSON MOWER PURSUIT
 JAMES GANG
 SAVAGE GRACE
 JIM POWER
 JIM
 GAIL KOTRICE
 CAZZ
 THE
 THE
 BY



#350

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR GROUND

NOON TO MIDNIGHT

BRING BLANKETS - FOOD - FLOWERS

occupied (Continued from Page 18)
 ing at erotic pictures and always rapping about it.
 Both facts and fantasies.

EVO — Do you perceive speed to be closely related to sex, unlike heroin?

EP — That was my original and only purpose for ever taking speed. In the beginning, at least.

EVO — How did you become involved with speed?

EP — For over two years I have been spoiled on Cocaine, through which I discovered some truly exciting, extraordinary, exquisite and beautiful sexual experiences. When the cocaine fountain dried out, I searched for a 'substitute and was eventually turned on to amphetamine. I turned out to be the oldest speed user I knew. It was strictly for the sexual experience. Through it, I became involved in spontaneous scenes and it seemed as if
 (Continued on Page 24)

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ALL THE DRAUGHT BEER YOU CAN DRINK

Foamy pitchers of draught beer.
 Have another, if you can.



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 12 oz. for just 16 oz.

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BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS IN NEW YORK

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, MAY 30 & 31

LED ZEPPELIN
WOODY HERMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA
DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS

THURSDAY & FRIDAY, JUNE 5 & 6
 THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF

THE WHO
 WITH
CHUCK BERRY
ALBERT KING

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JUNE 13 & 14

BOOKER T. AND THE MG'S

CHICAGO
 (Transit Authority)
YOUNGBLOODS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JUNE 20 & 21

GRATEFUL DEAD
SAVDY BROWN
BUDDY MILES EXPRESS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JUNE 27 & 28

PROCOL HARUM
AL KOOPER SHOW
RAVEN

TICKET PRICES THRU JUNE 28:
 \$3, \$4, \$5

SPECIAL HOLIDAY SHOWS
 TICKETS: \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50
 THURSDAY, JULY 3

JEFF BECK GROUP
JETHRO TULL
SOFT WHITE UNDERBELLY

NEW TICKET PRICES:
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IRON BUTTERFLY
MAN

AND AT EVERY SHOW
JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

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SOMETHIN' ELSE

FRI. & SAT. (MAY 30 & 31) FROM 8 P.M. TIL 2 A.M.

"SOMETHIN' ELSE"
 FEATURING
JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND
 (APPEARING 10 P.M. & 12:30 A.M.)

BLACK PEARL
RUBY & THE ROMANTICS
CRAIG HUNDLEY TRIO

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HOST: HAL JACKSON
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THE FELT FORUM MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CENTER
 5TH AVE. BETWEEN 31ST & 33RD ST.
 AIR CONDITIONED

underground cine-scene

compiled by Bob Parent

6:00 PM — NYC — STORM DE HIRSCH: The Color of Ritual; The Color of Thought; Cayuga Run — C/M

This is the beginning of a regular weekly feature. It is a Service to help the New American Cinema. Screenings, and/or guest talks by filmmakers that are open to the public (whether theater, festival, campus or loft) will be listed free providing the subject relates to avantgarde — experimental — underground cinema. It is being compiled in cooperation with the Filmmakers Newsletter and will cover the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. All interested operators and filmmakers should send their schedules to EVO as soon as available.

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.

CALENDAR LOCATIONS

ALTERNATE U

69 W. 14th St.
N. Y. C. 10011

AMEX—AM-EX

American Experimental Cinema
8 Stuyvesant St. (near Cooper Union)
N.Y.C., 212 677-9790

C/ELG

Elgin Theater
8th Ave. & 19th St.
N. Y. C.

CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY OR C/G

Film-makers' Cinematheque series at The Gallery of Modern Art
Columbus Circle
N.Y.C., 212 LT1-2311

CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM OR C/M

The Jewish Museum
1109 5th Avenue (91st St)
N.Y.C. 10028, 212 749-3770

CLOSET CINEMA

30 Watts St. (nr. 6th Avenue)
N.Y.C., 212 226-1936

THE CUBICULO THEATER

414 W. 51st Street
N.Y.C., 212 265-2138

EXPO

Photo Expo 69
N. Y. Coliseum
Columbus Circle
N. Y. C.

MILLENNIUM FILM WORKSHOP INC.

46 Gt. Jones Street (E. 3rd St.)
N.Y.C. 10012, 212 228-9998

MOMA

Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
N.Y.C. 10019, 212 CI5-3200

U-P FILM GROUP

814 Broadway
N. Y. C., 212 475-9110

CALENDAR

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 invented 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
7:30 PM — NYC — IAN HUGO: Gondola Eye. HILARY HARRIS' Highway. NORMAN McLAREN: Pen Point Percussion & Loops. HOMER GROENING: Study in Wet — TOMPKINS SQ. LIBRARY, 331 E. 10th St.
8:30 PM — NYC — Recent films from North & South Vietnam — CUBICULO.

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 — JOHN DULANEY: Outing; Mentat; Fly Family Spectrum; California Dreams; K-16; B-N16; new film in prog., others — 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 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 Hayerem: Flora; Papillot; & 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 Thur. program — AM-EX

8:00 PM — NYC — BARRY COBURN: Leggo; A Film Called Out of Focus; Return of the Son of Abraxes; others — CLOSET

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

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

JUNE 1 — SUNDAY

11:15 AM — NYC — DICK HIGGINS: 1 man show — ELG

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — MAX KATZ: People; Jim the Man — C/G

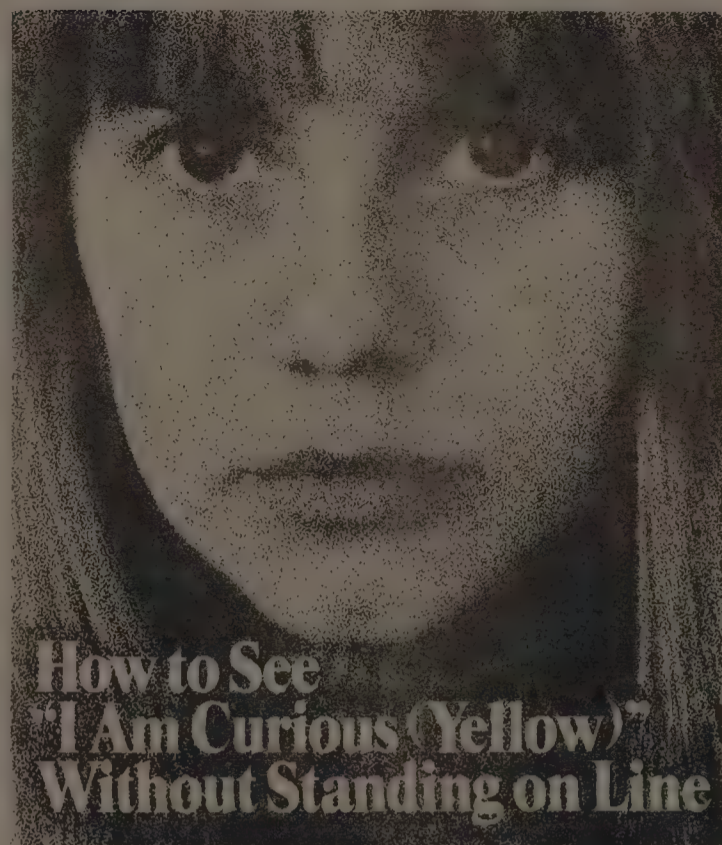
3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — BIBBERMAN: Salt of the Earth. 1000 Cranes — ALT-U

8:00 PM — NYC — ALFREDO LEONARDI: films and discussion of Italian underground film scene — MILLENIUM

8:00 PM — NEV — RON RICE: Senseless — UNIV OF NEVADA, Reno, Nev.

JUNE 3 — TUESDAY

5:30 PM — NYC — Cineprobe: RICHARD MORDAUNT: Voices (Godard, Rolling Stones, Anna Wiaznesky) w/ discussion — MOMA (Continued on Page 22)



How to See
"I Am Curious (Yellow)"
Without Standing on Line

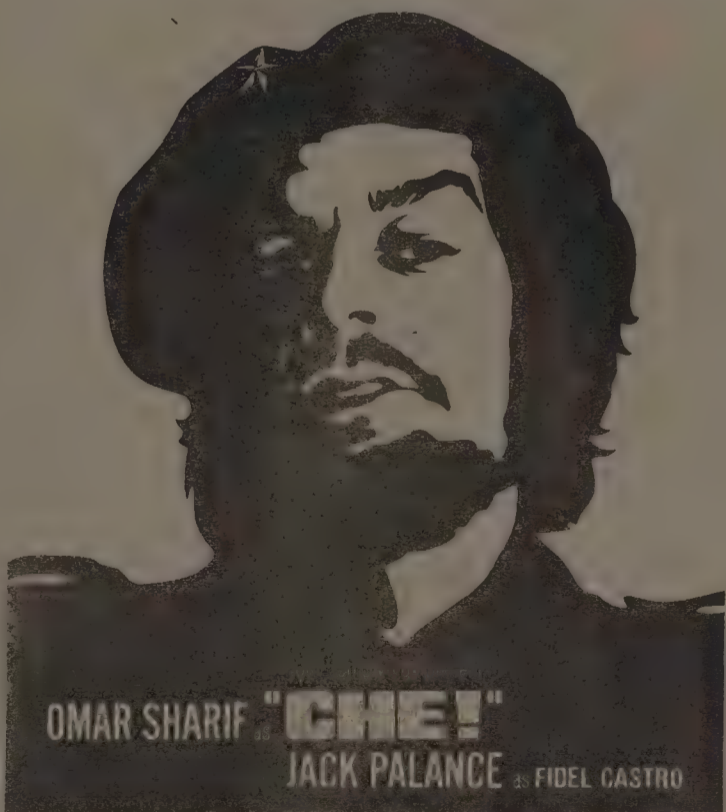
Method One: Go directly to the Cinema Rendezvous on Fifty-Seventh Street. Chances are you'll walk right into one of the six daily shows running there continuously. Or, if you prefer a seat reserved especially for you, use Method Two: Telephone us at the downtown Evergreen Theater (212-533-5325). But do it now, because we're only accepting reservations through May 31. After that, Evergreen Theater will go on a continuous performance basis. Vilgot Sjöman's *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is an Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press and stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production. ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

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Cinema RENDEZVOUS
JU 6-4448 57th Street, West of 6th Ave.
Daily: 12:00, 2:00, 4:00, 6:05, 8:10, 10:15, Fri. and Sat. nights only 12:30 A.M. All tickets \$3.00.

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53 East 11th Street at University Place... 533-5325
Daily at 3:00, 5:30, 8:00 and 10:30 P.M. Matinees \$3.50. Evenings \$4.50. Box office opens daily at 12:00 Noon. Phone and mail orders accepted.

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THE FIGHTER TURNED REVOLUTIONARY.
THE REVOLUTIONARY TURNED MARTYR TO SOME,
MURDERER TO OTHERS.

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OMAR SHARIF "CHE!"
JACK PALANCE as FIDEL CASTRO

A Sy Bartlett-Richard Fleischer Production
Co-Starring CESARE DANOVA ROBERT LOGGIA WOODY STRODE BARBARA LUNA
Produced by SY BARTLETT Directed by RICHARD FLEISCHER Screenplay by MICHAEL WILSON and SY BARTLETT Story by SY BARTLETT and DAVID KARP Music Composed and Conducted by LALO SCHIFRIN
Panavision® Color by De Luxe Music from the motion picture "CHE!" available on Tetragrammaton Records

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FURRY LEWIS BUKKA
WHITE BIG BOY CRUDUP
SLIM HARPO FREDDIE
KING LUTHER JOHNSON
THE CHICAGO BLUES
ALLSTARS OTIS RUSH
ED YOUNG FIFE & DRUM
BAND REV. KIRPATRIC
OTIS SPAN & BAND

'THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS'
PRESENTS 'FIRST
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WEDNESDAY NIGHTS
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EAST VILLAGE NYC

MAY 7 Muddy Waters featuring Otis Spann & Luther Johnson, John Lee Hooker, Buddy Moss, The Atlanta Blues Band, MAY 21 Big Mama Thornton, Jesse Fuller, MAY 28 Rev. Robert Wilkins, Shaky Horton, Shaky Horton, Clifton James, JUNE 23 (revised) MAY 28, 29, 30, 31, 1st Generation Blues or The Electric Circus, Saint Marks Place, East Village, 777-7000, Open at 8:30, Admission \$3.50. A scheduled time is guaranteed for all.

THE ELECTRIC CIRCUS

22 letters (Continued from Page 2)

Dear EVO:

Death of Closet Cinema.

And another free theater bites the dust.

While some theaters call themselves free stores or say they ask for "donations" (at \$1. per and up), this theater was truly run on a pay-what-you-like basis. Every Saturday at 8pm independently produced films (as well as cartoons, old time commercial film and old TV junk) were screened. A continually changing variety of exciting motion picture material, perfect for film freaks.

But are there any film freaks?

If there are, perhaps they couldn't find Watts Street, (located in Beautiful Downtown Manhattan). Perhaps these people don't read the listings on the back page of the Village Voice. Even though every film critic in the city received a flyer with information, not one, not even from the so-called underground press, came to see a program.

Whatever it is that stimulates people to see things is an intriguing question. Often I've been asked what the show is like, demanding some kind of a guarantee of excellence. As the film form is impossible to express in a verbal manner to begin with, I can only answer that there is about the same percentage of good/bad in the underground as there is in the aboveground. In other words, you take your chances on either getting a high or a headache. No guarantee.

A full page ad in the NY Times, I'm told, would have generated a little excitement. But then an admission charge would have to go in effect to cover the cost, and the whole purpose of a free theater concept would be lost.

Shows began in January. The last show is on May 31.

Due to a lack of cultural enthusiasm, Closet Cinema is further underground than ever.

BARRY COBURN

Closet Cinema (R. I. P.)

30 Watts Street N. Y. C.

cinescene (Continued from Page 21)

JUNE 4 — WEDNESDAY

12:00 noon — NYC — HECTOR HOPPIN & ANTHONY GROSS: Joie de vivre (1934). MARC SEDAN, FRED WELLINGTON: Whispers (1969). ALBERT LAMORISSE: Crin Blanc (1953) — MOMA

JUNE 5 — THURSDAY

8:00 PM — NYC — GEORGE KUCHAR: Mammal Palace; Color Me Shameless. MIKE KUCHAR: Craven Sluck — AM-EX
10:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of previous Thur. DULANEL program — AM-EX

JUNE 6 — FRIDAY

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

JUNE 7 — SATURDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — JIRI TENKA: The Hand. The Uall; Interview with Bruce Gordon; Uptown: A Portrait of the South Bronx — ALT-U
8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Thursday program — AM-EX
8:00 PM — NYC — Underground film program — MILLENIUM

JUNE 8 — SUNDAY

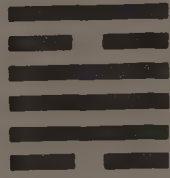
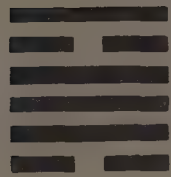
8:00 PM — NYC — AMY GREENFIELD films & discussion — MILLENIUM

HOURLY — NYC — Films by BRUCE NAUMAN, ROBERT FLORE & MICHAEL SNOW as part of the current show "Anti-Illusion Procedures/Materials. Daily thru 6 July — WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave, NYC, CI 9-4100

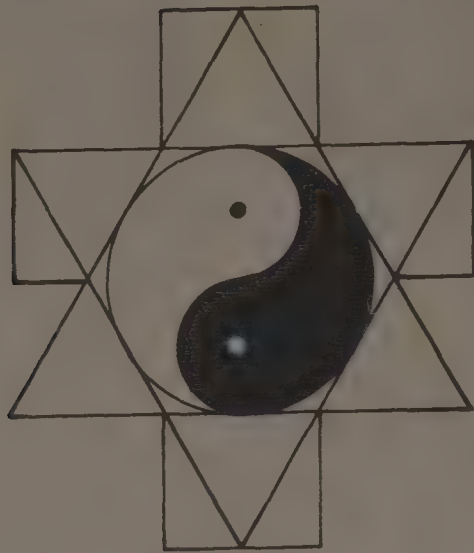
NYC — JUNE 7-15 — PHOTO EXPO 69 — Their ads boast 5 theaters amid all the equipment exhibits and sets with models to lure the squares into using up bundles of film, processing, and accessories and inciting the urge to buy more equipment. America is the undisputed leader in the avantgarde, independent, experimental, and/or underground film movements around the world today. Our photo-journalists are in the forefront of creative still protography. The American Society of Magazine Photographers, whose members comprise most of the creative still photographers, is neither participating not exhibiting. Not one minute of screening time is devoted to the New American Cinema, not even a token sampling! In a huge exhibition, probably the largest to ever be held in this country, designed to show off all the latest developments and future portents by the leading manufacturers the world over in the photographic industry and draw attendance to all variety of interests in the many facets of photography from specialized technical applications to the artistic (they both buy with MONEY), why is here such a creative void?

The Kodak-Pathe Multivision show in one of the theaters can be expected to be an artistic void but of interest as a demonstration of potential uses of multi-media techniques. 7 projectors using a combination of slides and film on 3 screens with stereo sound will present an overground travelogue. The holography exhibit will present a new technique using lazar beams to give 3 dimensional effects. This could possibly open a new direction for the creative photographer (both still and cine). Beaumont Newhall, who is one of the deans of still photography history has put together a show on aerial photography history has put together a show on aerial photography (from the hot-air balloon and wet plate era to today's space probes) without using a foot of cine film. All slides! WHY! The other 2 theaters are to be divided between a slide show and a film show. One of each day's film programs is given over to one of the local film clubs and their work will probably be as passe and sterile as their still counterparts—but these programs don't cost booking fees. Show hours for the public: Sats.—1:00 to 9:00 PM; Suns.—1:00 to 7:00 PM; weekdays: 5:00 to 9:00 PM — EXPO

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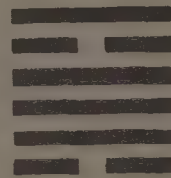
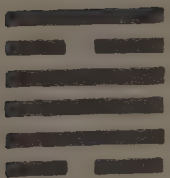


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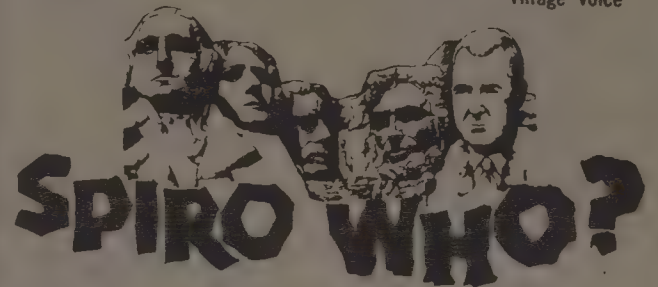
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emanations (Continued from Page 17)

From the multitude of questions in this letter, and the long paragraphs preceding it, in which the writer attempted to convince me that since he had read all sorts of occult books, he was a "very serious student and not just fooling around," I would say that the writer falls into a common error—that of believing that knowing a lot about a subject is the same as knowing the subject. No amount of reading about occultism, yoga and the like will make one an occultist or a Yogi, but only practicing the hard work of these disciplines. No amount of reading about diets will help you lose weight; you have to go on the diet and follow it to shrink the poundage. Now, in addition to Yoga, Edgar Cayce, etc, etc, etc, you want to know about self-hypnosis.

The Denys Kelseys in this world do not spend their time in regressing people who want, for idle curiosity, to know about their past lives. They have more important work than that. Knowledge of one's past lives is usually given either to help the person understand what he should do in this life, and why—or else to help the person get over some terrible problem whose causes lie in a former life.

In general, self-hypnosis is a risky and dangerous thing to monkey with, unless you know perfectly well what you will let loose by getting in touch with your own subconscious. If you feel that for you it is safe, the method doesn't matter; there are any number of methods, and most of them work equally well. It is what is released by self-hypnosis, not the method of self-hypnosis, which makes the difference.

So I suggest you look in any issue of FATE magazine. You will find something like a hundred and thirteen advertisements, each one supporting to teach you self-hypnosis in anywhere from one easy lesson to twenty-four easy lessons, from anywhere from one dollar to a hundred dollars. Pick any one which appeals to your purse and to your fancy. They will all work equally well, or be equally ineffective, depending on the work and effort you put into it.

I used to warn people against self-hypnosis. Now, after several months of this, I am realizing that no one can keep a determined person, filled with boredom and curiosity, from experimenting with anything he chooses, dangerous or not. Perhaps that is a good thing, even! But after hearing several hundred "personal experiences", any one of which would tax the powers of belief of the editor of a science-fiction magazine, I have come to believe, like the late Dion Fortune, that "if there is a special God who looks after fools and drunkards, there must also be one to look after foolhardy occultists and their friends."

Good hunting!



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occupied (Continued from Page 20)

it will just go on. None of those speed scenes were over planned in advance.

EVO — After five years of speed, would you say that from a sexual premise, speed lived up to its original promise?

EP — If you abuse anything you are going to get a lot of negative returns. As the gratification was great, I did eventually abuse it. As the other parts of my life began to fall apart, I turned more and more to speed. My personality changed. I was unpleasant. For several years, I was almost totally unrelated, and completely obsessed with sex. The only people that I could relate to were those involved with sex and drugs. It began to isolate me from people with whom I would be sexually involved. People were turned off by me and I turned more and more into myself. I went through a lengthy period of time wherein I examined my own feelings, my own mind and trying to understand human sexual response by going through a long, lonely period of experimental auto-eroticism. Through it I became aware of myself as a sexual being more than I ever dared to imagine. Eventually, however, due to the high content of speed and the wear and tear involved, it all began to wear. Speed slows you down in reverse proportions of the amount you use. Not only had it isolated me sexually from people, but eventually ceased to arouse me at all. Even though I went though

the motions I found myself totally bereft of drive.

EVO — Since you began to abstain from speed — has your appetite returned?

EP — It has come back slowly but it a different way. I don't have to go through a lot of the numbers that were necessary while being on speed. I was turned off speed. The small returns of gratification, by the complexity requires and by every other conceivable bad news that comes with it.

EVO — What, until recently, has been your private world suddenly burst into the open. How do you view it, how do you explain it and what is your projection for the future?

EP — I think it is a healthy thing. Like with anything else in the social scene that occurs throughout history, there is going to be a pendulum. After all how many times can you look up a broad's snatch? Eventually you have to go to something better. It is good that it all came into the open, even though the inevitable pendulum will swing back a bit . . . but remember that it will never go back totally. That is our gain.

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FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER/CINEMATOGRAPHER, young, leaving this summer for three week jet-hopping assignments in Mediterranean: Portugal, Spain, Italy and Greece, maybe Crete. Boy, 18 or over, wanted as traveling companion and camera caddy. All expenses paid — plus \$50 weekly pocket cash. If available, call evenings only please: 867-1346.

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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.

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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.

GIRL are you in, your twenties? Single, pretty, affectionate, short and light built? I have a very comfortable pad and crave lots of loving. Write, send photo and sock it to me, honey! Michael T. Winet 1014 North 33 Street Fort Smith, Arkansas. 72901.

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WE'RE Searching for two mature, creatively-talented young women who would like to join our comfortable uptown commune. Great atmosphere. Very low rent: Groovy people. For additional information, please write to Herb Vernon and David Salkey, 1460 Macombs Road, The Bronx, N.Y. 10452. Please include phone number for quickest possible response.

GOOD-LOOKING, well built young champion needs female partner with great legs to enter the longevity event in the next up and coming conni-analagus olympiad. Write P.O. Box 406, Bronx, N.Y. 10451.

YOUNG business executive seeks liberal minded girl to cook and share bungalow on water (private beach) for summer. **FREE** room and board. Write: RMS, 45 Front St., Greenport, N.Y. 11944.

A **SUCCESSFUL** and attractive male, 26, desires to meet attractive females for dates and intimate fun. Discretion is assured and anything goes. Send phone, photo. P.O. Box 1579, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10802.

YOUNG LADY, 21-35, wanted to accompany attractive young man, 29, to nearby nudist camps, on weekends. Write to: Ralph, P.O. Box 792, Hillside, N.J. 07205.

MALE weather forecaster 41 will share interesting apartment overlooking park with intelligent girl only rent free in exchange for household duties. Write A. Kane Message Center, Chemical New York Bank Building Sheridan Square, NYC, 10014.

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CLEAN GUT, outdoors type white guy, new "village" apartment, seeks pretty, swinging black or Spanish girl for sincere relationship. Box 926, Peter Stuyvesant Station, N.Y. 10009.

SELL PUSSY — GIRLS . . . the latest "in" thing" is selling pussy . . . great social protest weapon . . . gets the establishment very uptight. If you don't need the money, do it as a hobby . . . be like Severine Serizy in the movie, Belle De Jour. Get your kicks and get paid for it too. Live for NOW . . . this world hasn't got much time left. **THE SENSUALISTS**

11 — UNISEX

Still looking for boy 18-21 to live with me and share life. Am 23, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Seek slender, attractive boy needing mate. Prefer clean cut guy who wants and gives love in exchange for security. Letter answered when photo and phone enclosed. Steve, P.O. Box 27, Frederick, Maryland 21701.

YOUNG BOY seeks young boys 18-23 for fun and friendship. Send photo and phone to P.O. Box 163, Park Chester Station, Bronx 10467, N.Y.

WEST VILLAGER, 38, looking for fun and games with slim men and boys, afternoons only. Write Box 64, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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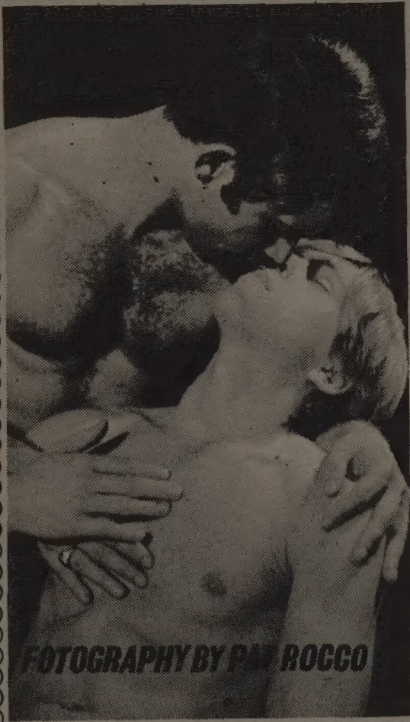
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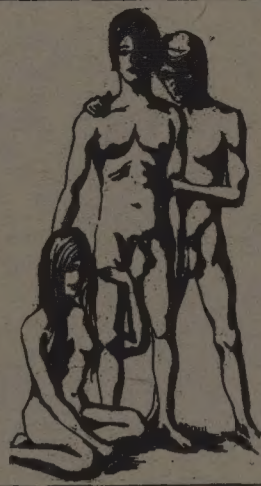
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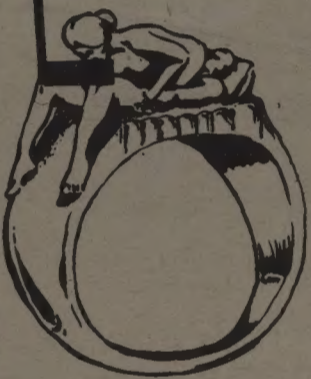
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