

THE east village OMEGA

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 27

METROPOLITAN 15¢

JUNE 4, 1969

1 HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO UP IN A SKY BOMB? THAT IS ONE OF OUR BEST FOURTH OF JULY SPORTS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY ONE?

ANYTHING YOU SAY, WE'LL DO.

YES. WE'LL TRY A WHAT YOU CALL IT!

2 WE WON'T GET HURT, WILL WE? WE GET HURT WHERE WE CAME FROM. SETEN!

SIT DOWN! NEMO! YOU CAN'T GET HURT AN' WHAT IF YOU DO? IT'S FOURTH OF JULY!

YOU WILL NOT GET HURT! JUST SIT STILL THAT'S ALL! ARE YOU READY?

3 BING! UP WE GO! UM WHEE! HUM LIKE A ROCKET!

MARS IS CERTAINLY A GREAT WORLD!

SIT STILL! DON'T GET FRIGHTENED AND I'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK! THIS WILL SHOOT YOU UP FIVE HUNDRED MILES INTO THE AIR!

4 THESE ARE NOT FIREWORKS, FOR THEY HAVE NO FIRE ON MARS! THEY CALL THEM GASWORKS, FLIP!

THEY HAVE NO WATER, EITHER! I SUPPOSE THAT IS THE REASON THEY DON'T CALL THEM WATERWORKS! QUIT ARGUING WITH ME!

5 SLUMBERLAND

I'M NOT ARGUING WITH YOU! YOU SAID THEY WERE FIREWORKS... OH! LOOK AT THE PEOPLE FLOATING IN THE SKY!

THAT'S ABOUT ALL THEY DO, IS FLOAT IN THE AIR HERE ON MARS! I'M SORRY I CAME UP IN THIS THING! I'M TIRED SITTING HERE! THIS IS NO FUN!

6 HA! WHAT MAKES YOUR FACE SO PALE? YOU'RE SCARED HALF TO DEATH!

I'M NOT! I KNEW SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, BUT NOT SO QUICK!

7 OH! WHO! BANG! NOW WE DO GO TO PIECES!

WHAT!! AGAIN? HUM! WHAT'LL COME NEXT?

8 HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!

HELLO! WHO ARE YOU? OK WHAT ARE YOU? UM! LOOK FLIP! AT MY FRIEND!

DON'T BOTHER ME! THIS FLOATING BACK TO THE PARK HAS GOT ME! THIS IS SOLID COMFORT! HUM!

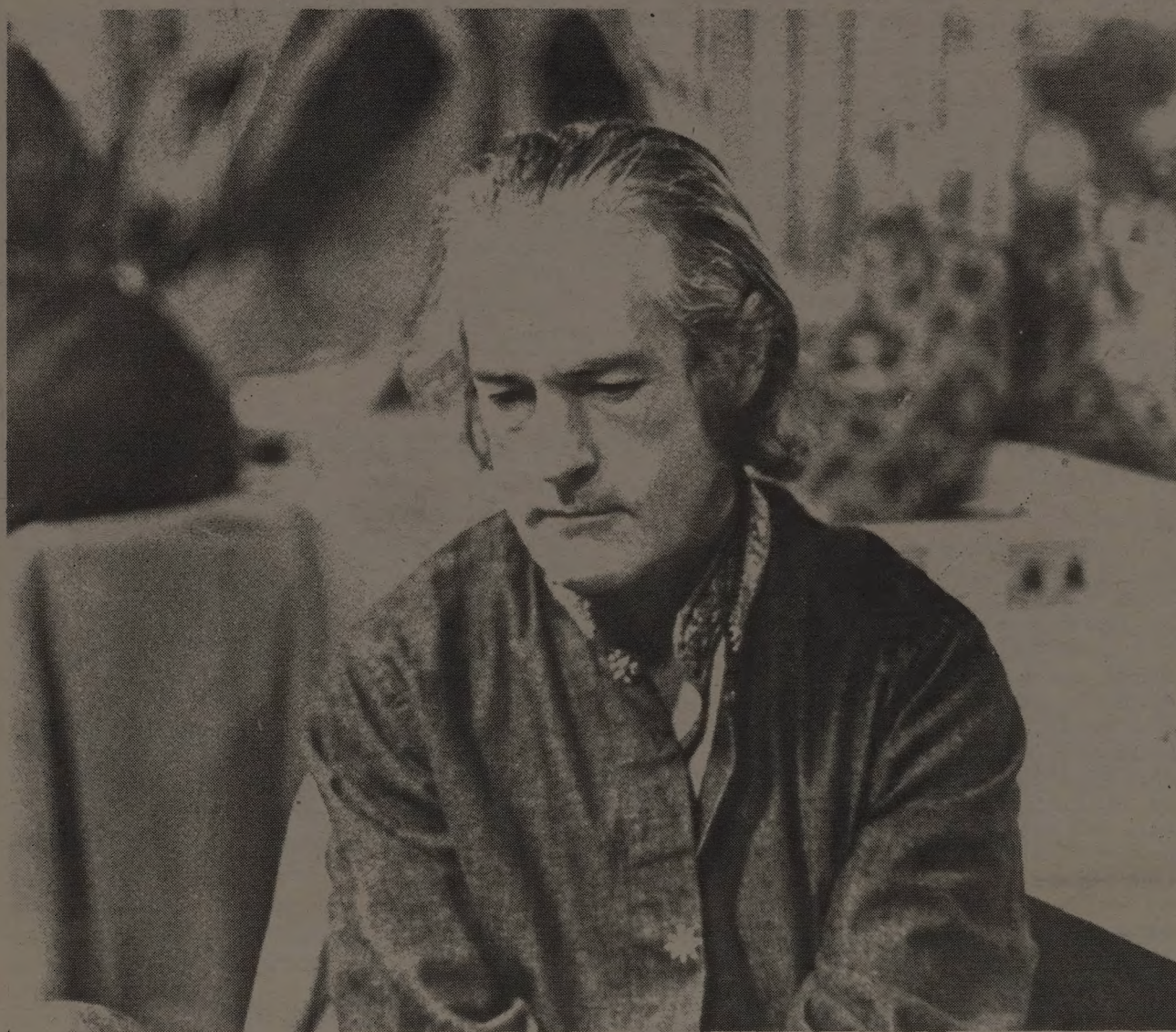
9 WHAT WAS THAT? A GIANT CRACKER EXPLODING OR NEMO FALLING OUT OF BED? HEY, NEMO! WAKE UP!

WINSOR MCCAY



INTERVIEW WITH TIM LEARY

come together, join the party



by JAAKOV KOHN

When the Supreme Court ruled unanimously in favor of Tim Leary the brittle foundation of America's pet hypocrisy—Harry Anslinger's MARIHUANA TAX ACT OF 1937—cracked beyond repair.

The multi-dimensional scope of Tim's vision has again prevailed by a sheer onslaught of positive energy.

When Tim flew into New York last week all that has almost become a relic of the past.

With a clarity of purpose that few can match, all and everything is centered on a new target.

The chances are exciting—the possibilities distinct.

In any case, it will be the healthiest thing that happened to the American political scene since 1776.



EVO — What is your interpretation of the Supreme Court decision in the case LEARY v. THE UNITED STATES?

TL — A little history first. When I was busted 3½ years ago in Loreda, the government offered me the standard deal — they would drop the heavy charges if I would plead guilty to the tax count. I would have probably gotten away with probation. I decided at the time that it would have to become a test case. The original thrust of the appeal had to do with the religious freedom argument — that the competition gives us our righteous right to get high. Also tacked on to this were the technicalities — the presumption that the government makes that all grass seized is smuggled and the requirements that you have to pay tax — which is self incriminatory. Unfortunately the Supreme Court turned

down the religious freedom issue but did hear arguments on the issue of self incrimination and on the presumption of smuggling. Their refusal to hear arguments on the religious issue naturally saddened us.

EVO — Besides relieving you of the onus of impending imprisonment, what to your mind has been the most significant aspect of the decision?

TL — The fact of the matter is that the Supreme Court ruling completely wiped out the Federal Marijuana Law. It ended federal prohibition.

EVO — You are referring to the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937?

TL — There hasn't been much publicity given to this in the press and the implications of it have not been explored by the media. For good reasons, I am sure. We expect the government to try to ram through new laws. As a matter of fact, Mr. Nixon had planned a nationwide speech urging the toughening and strengthening of the existing drug laws. We know that he was stunned and upset by the decision. In view of all this, many of us are getting together to see that adequate hearings are held prior to any new legislation. Any new marijuana laws, if any, will have to be based on current scientific findings which will certainly show that grass is not only harmless but indeed beneficial as a euphorant, an aphrodisiac and a stimulator of creativity. The implications of the decision are endless. We think this to be the breakthrough and from now on the anti-pleasure forces will have to be on the defensive. The most delightful aspect of this is the large number of young people who are or have already been freed from jail because of this ruling. Just as I walked toward the EVO office, I met a young black who told me that he wrote his own writ the day after the decision

came down and within two days was a free man. He is free today because of this decision. You have to multiply this by several thousand. I think that more people were made happy by this ruling than by any other governmental action since the Declaration of Emancipation. There are over a million heads and would be heads who have rejoiced at the end of the prohibition.

EVO — Have you detected any change in the pattern of police harassment that you have been subjected to over the last 6 years?

TL — Sure. Rosemary, I and our kids have been harassed incessantly. Anytime in the past that the cops saw me on the highway, they would pull us over and search us. All this time the knowledge that at any moment the government could pull my ball was hanging over my head. They could have done that anytime they didn't like my lectures or my advocacy of drugs. All this is over now. My attitude now is that since I am running for the highest office in the State of California, any policeman in California is likely to be my assistant in maintaining harmony in the future. I just feel differently about the harassment and this of course reflects how the police treat us. Just last week we were stopped by the police in Miami. I was there for a rock concert and a patriotic lecture. We were pulled over by a police cruiser at 5 A.M., while on our way to our motel. Within two minutes he had the captain and what must have been a large part of the force over there, but it was obvious that this was just a little adventure for them. They ran a make on me and when it was reported that it was a make on Timothy Leary, there was great rejoicing and amusement at headquarters. This encounter ended in a very friendly conversation in the course of which I offered all policemen present a job in California because they were all so alert and good humored. I hope this atmosphere of reconciliation will prevail and continue.

EVO — How did your decision to run for the governorship of California come about?

TL — I believe that I have a great deal to say about the state of happiness in this country. A group of us got together and saw the candidacy for the governorship of California as a very natural SUFI strategy. I need a platform to say what we all feel. I don't want to be the Harvard Professor, the EX High Priest or the "famous LSD enthusiast." The issues today are politics and the only issue in politics is morals. You will notice that all the politicians are concerned with is *Law and Order* and decorous behaviour. The issues today are not economic. They aren't even political. It's a battle over who and what is decent and who or what is indecent. I believe that the politics of pleasure is going to be the key issue in the next few elections. There has been tremendous enthusiasm throughout California about our campaign.

EVO — All this took place just after the bloodbath of the People's Park in Berkeley. What was the reaction to your ideas and plans among the people that were directly involved in that confrontation? What is the reaction of the Berkeley activists to your decision to run for the governorship?

TL — Of course they are all heads to begin with so they were happy about the new era of ecstasy. Of course we are all very close brothers. Rosemary and I live in Berkeley and have our headquarters there. We are very close to the people that were masterminding the People's Park incident. I might say that this was the classic, perfect example of

(Continued on Page 19)

JOEL FABRIKANT
 ALLAN KATZMAN
 JAAKOV KOHN
 SHERRY NEEDHAM
 MELISSA STOUT
 FLICKA
 DEAN A. LATIMER
 IRVING SHUSHNICK
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 LIL PICARD
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 WALTER BREEN
 DON LEWIS
 MANUEL RODRIGUEZ
 KIM DEITCH
 PETER MIKALAJUNAS
 HETTY MACLISE
 VAUGHN BODE
 R. CRUMB
 ART SPEIGLEMAN
 BOB PARENT
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 ANNETTE
 TULI KUPFERBERG
 TRINA
 RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN
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 PARIS: J. J. LABEL
 AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
 NORTH: THE KID
 SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE

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letters

Dear EVO,
 You stand accused.

Accused of paying only lip service to the primary interest of many of your readers; i.e., getting and staying stoned.

There are a number of new psychedelics making the scene, catnip in liquid and leaf form; Marzene (a medicine for motion sickness); wild Hawaiian wood-rose seeds; dimethyl hydrocyclamate (the active ingredient in Robitussin); etc. These have the advantage of being legal and relatively cheap, but we've heard no comment from you regarding these and other chemicals.

Also, Supergrass and catarias have been advertized in your pages. May I suggest that these and similar products be tested by your staff before being publicized? And let's face it — people will take any number of the above, and it would be a good idea for HIPpocrates to give any and all info on side effects, brain damage, etc. as a protection for your readers.

A word on catnip. Having made and drunk a tea from about half an ounce of the leaf-flake, I subsequently found myself totalled out for many pleasant hours. Enjoyable pictures. Your readers also might like to know that grass flourishes wild here in Lancaster County, especially along the north bank of the Susquehanna. Good shit, too.

Petrefiedly yours,
 SUPERHEAD

Ed: Well well well. Dr. HIPpocrates has written about drugs, especially the current mix-up of PPC for THC. Why dont you send us information about drugs you have tried, and other readers can send us info, and then we'll all get together and get totalled. Right on.

Dear Evo,

The brothers and sisters of the uptown commune would be very grateful if EVO would print the following in remembrance of a truly turned on brother . . . Dear Evo, and all the brothers and sisters.

A few days ago one of us died. Black Ronald. Black Ronald died out on the strets fighting until the end against the pigs. They are the ones who murdered Black Ronald. We have no proof but the evidence was splattered all over the walls. We can't even find the body. Black Ronald was a Panther and he was an artist. Black Ronald is dead but his revolutionary works leave their message for all with eyes to see and ears to hear . . . There will be a sale of all of Ronalds art work and writing and some of his books and records. No one person should possess all of Ronald's work. It was done for the people. The proceeds will go into the movement. There will also be a session/concert consisting of the songs and poems by Black Ronald on tape. Burial memorial contribution or donation \$1. The exhibition will be held at Ronald old apt. 141 W. 139th St. N.Y. 10030 . . . 286-1491 . . . JUNE 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11. six to ten p.m. ALL are free to come. These are his last written words, found on his typewriter . . . "May 26, L(1969). Black balls of cotton sadness cloud over the blue green sky and there is no one there, on the inside of the red room. Dreams disintegrate as fingernails scrape across the concrete hearts. And nothing is delivered. It was then that just deserts awoke from his slumber and wiped his eyes with the bloody rags, which remained, from the night before. It was then that the new revolutionaries stumbled uptown to hear the turds of the false prophet fall insanely into assorted toilets. Many are called few are chosen.

Wasted words and dirty birds, women made of ice-cubes here we go round the bend hating one another faces bent with rotted love are you scared to reach out on the mornings of the moon when the MPS search out revolution in the Ghettos and we went down to Chicago but the pigs were too strong and it was complete rout army boots and real hip coats everyones in trouble schizophenic outlaw blues and I am living double death.

Standing on a crooked wheel wiggid out to the limit revolution everywhere wonder who will win it I don't know but I really care they say we shouldn't worry but time is running out my friend and there seems to be some hurry worn out shoes won't pay their dues everyones in trouble schizophenic outlaw blues and I am living double . . . it seems so long ago, Nancy . . . Now I go and pass my way no more can I relate . . . There's a bad moon on the rise . . ."

Thanks Eyeobi and Suzy.

Dear Sir:

A disappearing act took place on May 22 during the opening scene of the new show at the Radio City Music Hall. THIS WAS NOT PLANNED! During this scene a divided portion of the stage immediately behind the curtain is lowered. A musician stepped back and fell 12 feet, which caused him to be hospitalized.

Can it be the "show place of the nation" complete

editorial

Last week's EVO said that John Sinclair had been cleared of a pot possession charge, getting him out of a 20-year sentence. Sinclair, manager of the MC-5 and White Panther Party leader, is right now at court as EVO goes to press. We say things easily, such as All Power to the People; few test themselves and the honko-culture as Sinclair has been doing his whole life, and most especially right now, in this case. Detroit has been waiting a long time to find some ruse to nab Sinclair, and Everywhere Else seems to be looking a little harder at all of Us. So if it is going to be All Power to the People: well, people, get down on it because time just doesn't exist any longer.

.LITA ELISCU

* * *

Dear Editor:

Is EVO in on the MC-5 hype? It seems that your writers, Lita Eliscu, Bob Rudnick and Dennis Frawley spend most of their time keeping the 5's name in print. Add to this the amount of space you give John Sinclair, the 5's manager, and it would appear that EVO and the MC-5 have more than a passing interest in each other.

BILL MORELY
 Detroit

* * *

Ed: Lots of people talk a lot (see Editorial above) and only a few do anything, try to be someone. John Sinclair is more together than most of the people who give one fuck about this place, America or Amerika, your choice. And he is trying, all the time, to make it all better. If that comes across a hype, let it be known as sincere hype. The MC-5 play a certain kind of music called rock and roll. They have to be seen to be appreciated; even Jann Wenner, editor of Rolling Stone, realized that. Lots of rock bands talk about getting down on in, doing your own thing, pulling it together and the rest of the tiresome rhetoric we all use to cover the emptiness of the actual conversation. The MC-5 live a certain way in an effort to prove that it is possible to DO a job, love it, and grow along with it, grow into real people. If that sounds like a hype, hotcha . . . Passing interest . . . ? No, it's love at first sight.

* * *

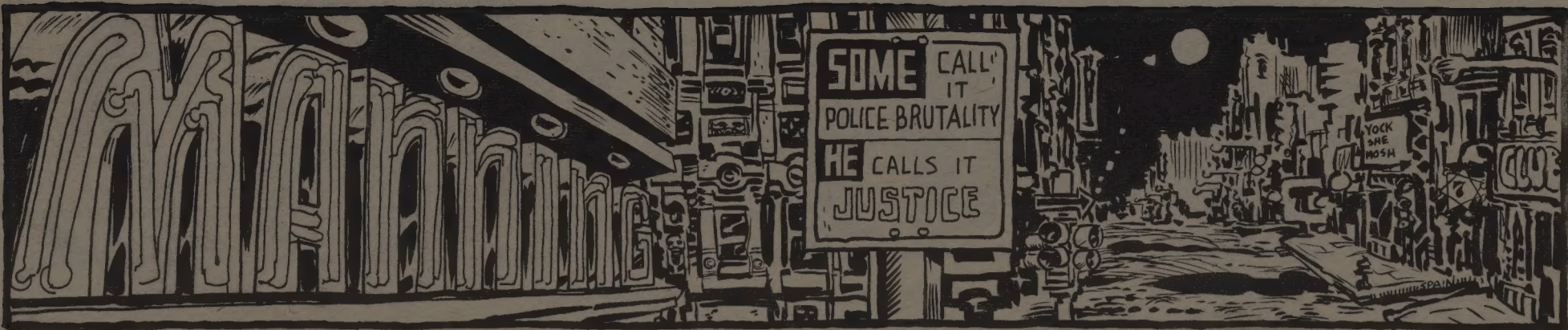
dancers and singers to move within inches of this abyss which has absolutely no guard rail behind the curtain?

I am certain every union who allows their performers and employees to appear at the Radio City Music Hall would want to investigate this unnecessary hazard.

Concerned employees of Radio City Music Hall.

Ed. Radio City Music Hall . . . ? Writing a letter to EVO . . . ? Misery must love really strange company.





WORKING THE 805 BEAT CHECKING FOR MUGGERS,

THIS HEART WILL BE YEARNING UNTIL THE END

PIMPS, WOULD BE ASSAILANTS SOME WHERE IN THIS TOWN

THIS PAIN THAT FOREVER WILL BURN

THERE'S SOME CRIME GOIN ON ... MY JOB ... STOP IT

OUR LOVE LIKE YOUR PASSION WHEN WILL RETURN

AFTER ALL I GOTTA FILL MY QUOTA

THIS FLAME THAT YOUR CHARMS NEVER BEND

THATS WHAT I WANT, A HOT DOG ..HEH HEH! WATCH ME PLAY WITH THIS S&P

HEY YOU OUT THERE, BRING ME A HOT DOG



THAT WILL BE A QUARTER SIR

WADDAYA MEAN I ALREADY PAID YA



B-BUT

NOW YOU LOOK HERE I'M A COP! DON'T GET WIZE WITH ME OR ILL RUN YA IN!

BOOM BOOM

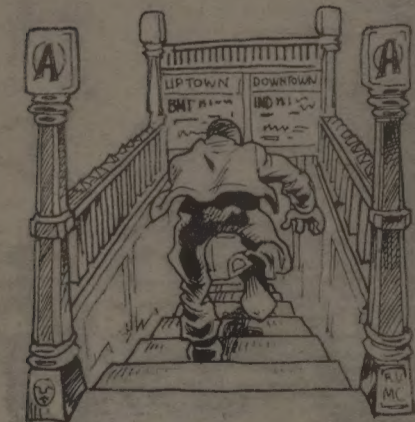
JEEES I WISH I HAD A CAMERA TA CATCH THE LOOK ON HIS FACE

A CRIMINAL SUSPECT!

STOP IN A NAMA DAW!

BLAM BLAM

TWANG



GET IN DAH!

ANOTHER COON EH?

OK! BOOK HIM ON A APB SECTION 12 OF THE PENAL CODE, LOOKING FUNNY AT AN OFFICER OF THE LAW

LETS GIVE HIM HIS CIVIL RIGHTS

HOWS THIS BLACK BOY

GROANEH?

COME ON LEMMIE TWIST HIS ARM

GROAN! BOO! THUD! GROAN! BOO! THUD!

LOOK, I KNOW A FEW DO-GOODERS COMPLAIN BUT ITS GOOD FOR THEIR MORALE TO LET THEM HAVE THEIR LITTLE PLEASURES

I WANT SOME TOO

BOO! THUD! GROAN! BOO! THUD!

NEWS

EARTH READ-OUT

About 2000 persons attended — off and on — a 6-hour teach-in on "Ecology and Politics in America" May 28 on the U-C Berkeley campus.

Idea was to relate the People's Park issue to broader questions of planetary survival.

Sponsors were American Federation of Teachers locals 1474 and 1795. Their leaflet for the occasion put it succinctly where it's at:

"The battle for a people's park in Berkeley has raised questions that go far beyond the immediate objects of public attention. They are questions about the quality of our lives, about the deterioration of our environment and about the propriety and legitimacy of the uses to which we put our land. The questions raised by this issue reach into two worlds at once: the world of power, politics and the institutional shape of American society on the one hand, and world of ecology, conservation and the biological shape of our environment on the other.

"The People's Park is a mirror in which our society may see itself. A country which destroys Vietnam in order to liberate it sees no paradox in building fences around parks so that people may enjoy them. It is the way of the world! Trees are anarchic; concrete and asphalt are orderly and tractable. Defoliation is Civilization.

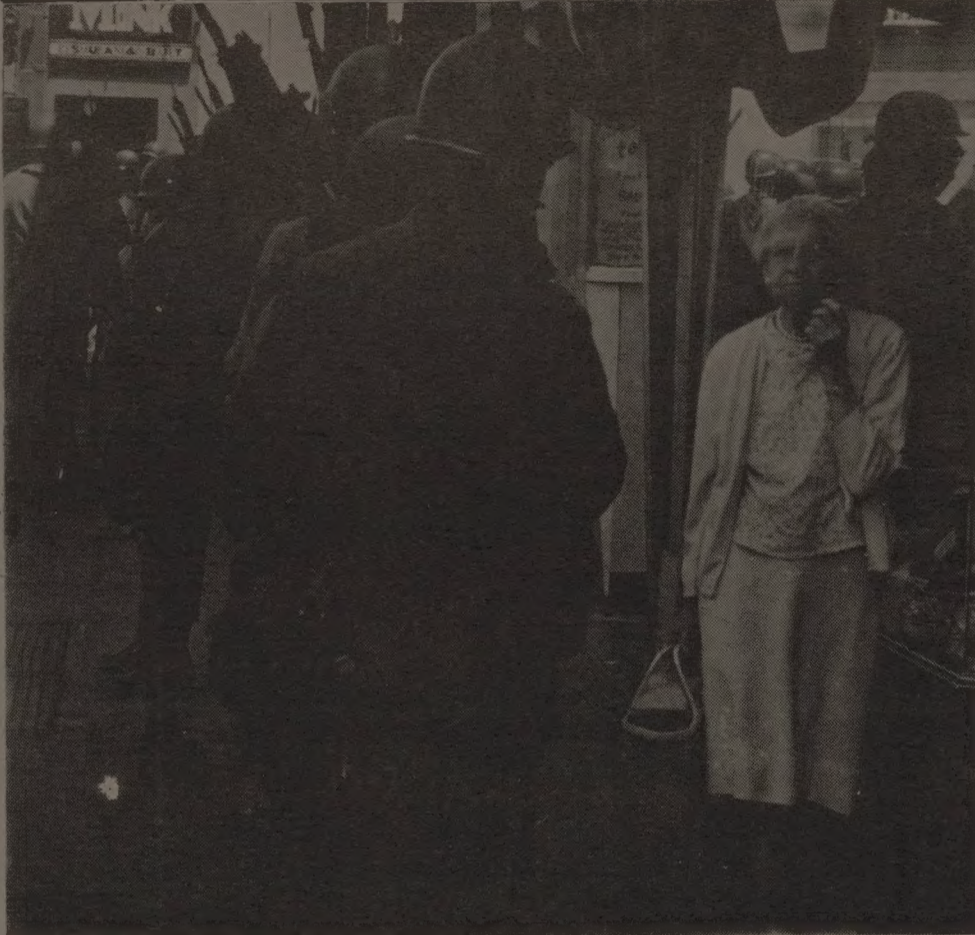
"The history of America is a history of hostility and conquest. We have constituted ourselves socially and politically to conquer and transform nature. We measure 'progress' in casualties, human and environmental, in bodies of men or board-feet of lumber.

"Ecology and politics are no longer separate or separable issues . . ."

Biggest mindblow of the day came from Robert Greenway, vice president for academic planning at U-C Santa Cruz, Greenway's contract isn't to be renewed because he's acting up — and the U-C regents got a court order forbidding him to make speeches because he's "inflammatory."

Greenway told his audience, "We have to go down to People's Park Friday with our women, children and neighbors and we have to say we're going to pull up the fence — gently — and then say to the National Guard 'Go ahead and shoot!'"

Prof. Sim van der Ryn, a member of the (U-C Berkeley) Chancellor's Committee on Environment, explained why we often have heavily polluted air in the Bay Area even during early morning hours: the air-pollution sur-



veillance bureaucrats do only a 9-to-5 thing, so most of the biggest industries release their poisons after dark or in early morning.

Dr. Tom Bodenheimer warned that DDT may get banned but be replaced by something even worse — that there are certain pesticides in use now (e.g., Parathion) which originally were developed as nerve gases. He said pesticides are the DIRECT cause of about 150 deaths annually in the U.S.

Bodenheimer said the concentrations of CS gas on the Berkeley campus are probably still so great that "next time it rains it'll be like a gas attack." He said the regime possibly soon may try to control demonstrations entirely from the air. He said the regime considers students, like insects, to be

pesta.

Landscape architect Lawrence Halprin, who was busted several weeks ago trying to stop Army Engineers from wrecking Tamalpais Creek in the name of flood control, equated the creek with People's Park: "Each little blade of grass is important."

Among many other speakers was Stanley Smart, a Paiute who recently was busted for—dig—hunting without a license. "We don't believe in the white man's law," he said.

Poet Gary Snyder stressed our responsibility to all the other species we share the spaceride with. "Each of them," he said, "is on his own trip through millions of years and may have some unknown future evolution we have no business interfering with."

BERKELEY, PHASE THE EARLIER

In 1794, Washington signed the Pickering Treaty with the Senecas, one of the most important of the Iroquois tribes (related to Catherine Tekakwitha, no doubt). The treaty guaranteed them four reservations in western New York: Buffalo Creek, Tonawanda, Cattaugus, and Allegheny. Which lands happen to be on rivers and particularly rich at that. 125,000 acres or so. So in 1838, the Ogden Land Company tried to finagle it away from the Senecas . . . they created a "treaty" by which the Senecas seemed to have had a change of heart and sold the reservations for \$202,000. The Indians protested — proving they had been beaten up, starved, and otherwise gently persuaded to sign the "treaty", and Prez Martin van Buren tried to reason with his Senate, advising that the treaty be re-viewed, but everyone decided the treaty was just fine the way it was. The Indians were peeved. So in 1842, there was a "compromise Treaty" which went halfies, giving the Indians back Cattaraugus and Allegany. The Indians on the other land were dumped into Missouri wilderness, no food or provisions; most died, a few made it back to Cattaraugus and spread the typhoid they had caught . . . no one seemed to remember, even then, the original Pickering Treaty:

" . . . the United States acknowledge all the land within the aforesaid mentioned boundaries, to be the property of the Seneca Nation, and the United States will never claim the same, nor disturb the Seneca in the free use and enjoyment thereof; but it shall remain theirs. . . ."

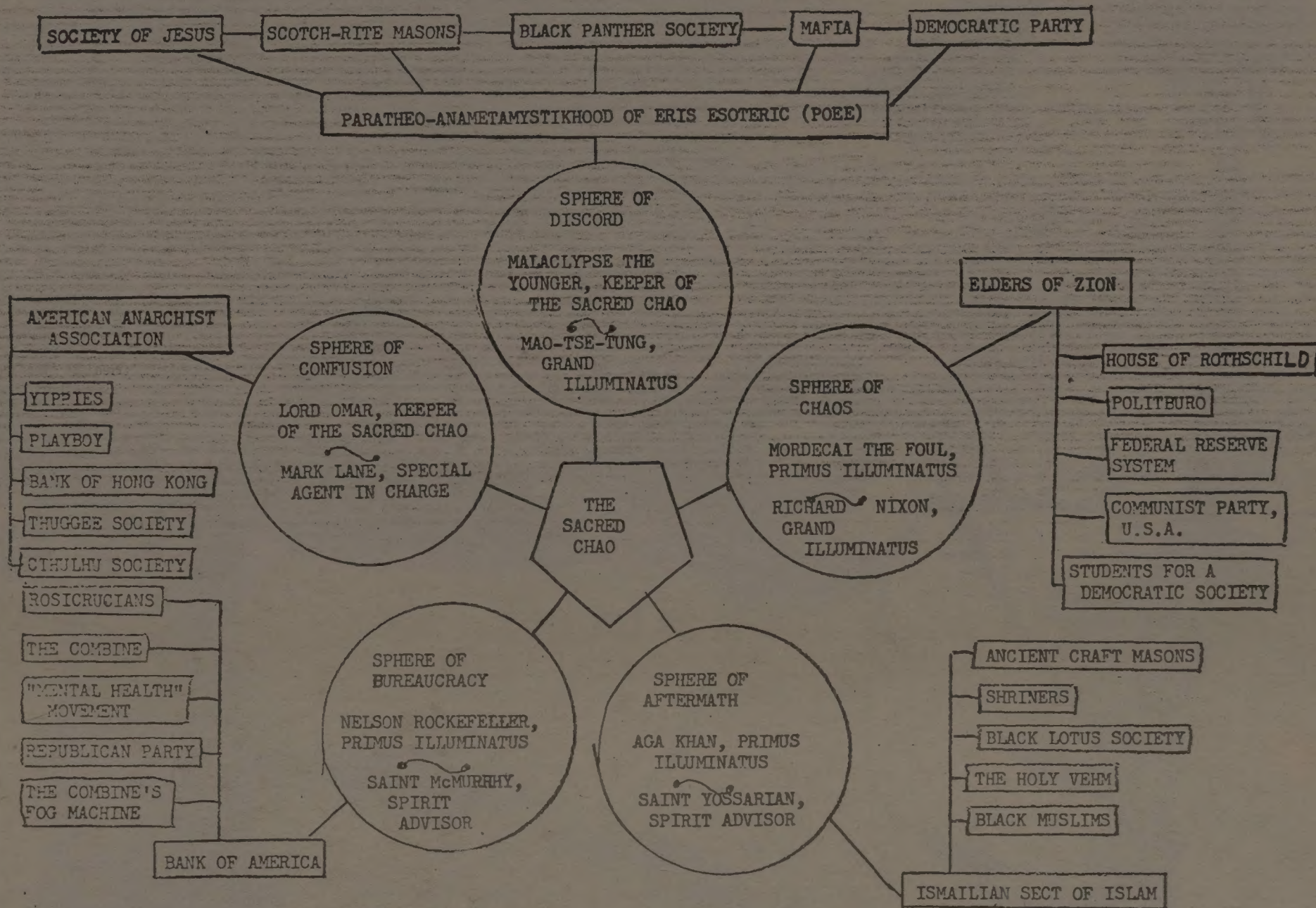
plus some stuff about the US having first right of purchase should the Indians want to take a vacation or somesuch.

In August, 1941, Congress authorized an "Allegheny Reservoir Project" as part of the Ohio River flood-control program. The Kinzua Dam, which was planned, would flood 9000 of the 12000 acres left to the Seneca reservation. So the Indians complained again, and in 1957 brought suit against the US Corps of Engineers who had suggested the dam, and pointed out alternative measures which were cheaper, safer, etc. . . . The Allegheny Reservoir and Dam honko-deal were finished in 1965, and proceeded to flood over 80% of the Senecas' reservation. . . .



NEWS

dear reader, all news is colored ...this page is 1/2 for us and 1/2 for you...you're so sharp do your own relevant news



CURRENT STRUCTURE OF BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI CONSPIRACY AND THE LAW OF FIVES

Ellen Van Fleet

creator of whimsical impermanence and fun
antislack inventor phantasmical fancier

SHE SAYS:

horsehair and feathers
will be around
forever.....

and cloisonne.

saran and polystyrene
sorceress of events (i just like to make SOMETHING)
jeweler of horsehair and feathers
it's alchemy you know
i'm the tentacle since the 1970s

and no one can

tell me

what

to make

fashion editor

so ask SHE SAYS c/o EVO....

if someone likes something they must have the guts to ask for it



The most important developments in art in the last seventy years are taking place here in the United States, and now in 1969. The advances are all linked to a heightened and intensified visual awareness which is directly attributable to cinema or, indirectly, to television and light shows.

Ever since 1890's and the advent of moving pictures, man has had the ability to compose with visual images in the same way that he has been able to work with audio images (music). A number of artists understood this and began working in cinema, but cinema then as now needed an industrial complex; to give it substance, the machine age had given birth to an art with the ability to turn, move and have life as long as the gears meshed properly with one another and its mechanical guts were well greased with money. It soon became apparent that the easiest way to make money with movies was to tell a story, and so: the narrative film. The box office attitude towards cinema was intensified by the introduction of "talkies" and the theatrical influence on film was compound.

A few artists made a few pictures without concerning themselves with the industry. The industry maintained a closed-door policy; anything that did not meet their formulas for products was not given a chance was denied distribution and screening.

Those who loved cinema, and knew it could be so much more than what it was being used for, struggled on and slowly, as they got to know one another, formed a co-op distribution organization. It soon became the instrument by which artists working with cinema, who had no interest in the industry or its commercial product concept of cinema, were able to distribute their work unfettered by the preconceived little notions of little men with little minds.

These efforts have just begun to bear fruit. It is still a bad situation, because the box office remains the basis of cinema economics, but there is on the horizon a new era in which recorded visual images can be bought, like books or records in stores, through electronic video recording. (The EVR system makes it possible to rerecord at low costs all previously recorded visual material, whether on film or video tape, onto a special film which can also have sound. This can be done in large quantities then, through an EVR player, these films can be seen on any T.V. set). A free booklet on EVR can be obtained by writing to, Motorola Inc. Communications Division, 4501 W. Augusta Blvd. Chicago, Ill. 60651. Cinema will then be in a position similar to that of music or literature, and a free atmosphere will exist for the first time in cinema history.

At the same time that the old order of the industry is about to pass away, a new enthusiasm is in the minds and eyes of young people all over the country. They are super visually aware because of exposure from infancy to T.V. There is more interest in visual communi-

cations than ever before, and every aspect of light and its manifestations is being delved into and investigated. The number of filmmakers grows in explosive dimensions. A good example is the showing of the San Francisco avantgarde film, by the Film-makers' Cinematheque at the Gallery of Modern Art at Columbus Circle, in May. Over 170 films were shown representing more than 50 filmmakers. These screenings were only a part of the San Francisco scene (which only ten years ago barely existed), and San Francisco is by no means the only scene. It exists everywhere, already has international overtones. The number of students interested in cinema has grown so large, so fast, that even the tripling of cinema courses offered has not been sufficient to meet the demand in colleges.

There is so much being done today in all phases of kinetics (in which I include cinema, television, light shows, and sculpture using light) that there is a need for definition.

BOXOFFICE CINEMA: The regular Hollywood factory product. Made to make money, aimed at a specific market and merchandised like dog food: prepared, canned, labeled, and delivered to the nearest outlet.

EXPRESSIVE CINEMA: A singular and unique work done by an individual artist using cinema to express him or herself.

One way to think about the above definition is to ask yourself whether or not you would pay to see a box-office film again. I maintain that the better a picture is, the more often it can be seen, and each time more will be gotten out of it, as you study it with repeated viewing.

In the last few years, individual artists working in cinema in this country have begun to bring into realization aspects of the medium which were always inherent, such as complex structures in time and images dissected and rebuilt in new forms, but these films do not make good boxoffice material, so that they are generally ignored by the industry. When these same, non narrative films become readily available through (EVR) and a visually aware (T.V. generation) public lays its eyes on them, the old concept of cinema as only entertainment will evaporate and expire in short order.

The vast majority of film critics in the media write about boxoffice films only. There are a number of poor excuses for this . . . but there is, a direct corollation between the amount of money spent on boxoffice films and the attention they get. The world of cinema includes such things as the mundane educational films, documentaries that cover all kinds of subjects and tiny T.V. commercials. This has led to, and helped to perpetuate, a form of cinematic illiteracy, and I have no intention of catering to or pampering cinematic illiterates.



FILM FABLE

CHARLES LEVINE

lower east side survival bulletin

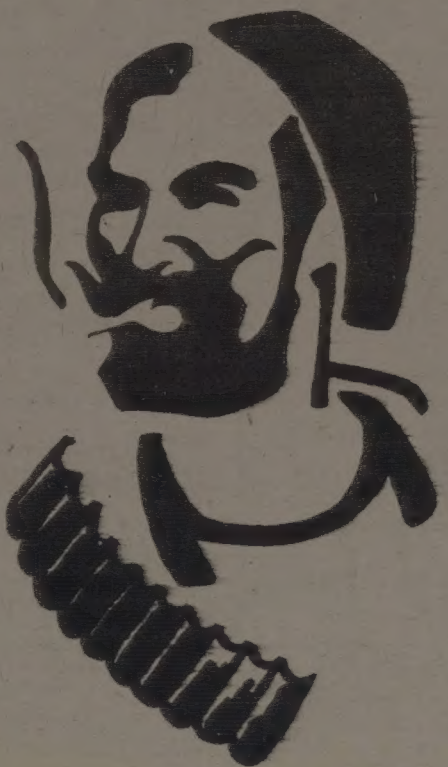
Memorial Day Feast in Tompkins Sq. (People's) Park was out-of-sight. About 2000 people came and went, most stayed all day. All heads together, Puerto-Rican, West-Indian, psychedelic: all the East Side is going to remain and grow as a community.

The Bust Scene remains bad... "Strange Tommy," a black dude, very spaced, who has been walking around our community for 3 years now, bothering noone, talking to everybody... Last Monday the pigs told Tommy to move off a stoop on St. Marx. Tommy didnt move fast enough and got the shit beat out of him.

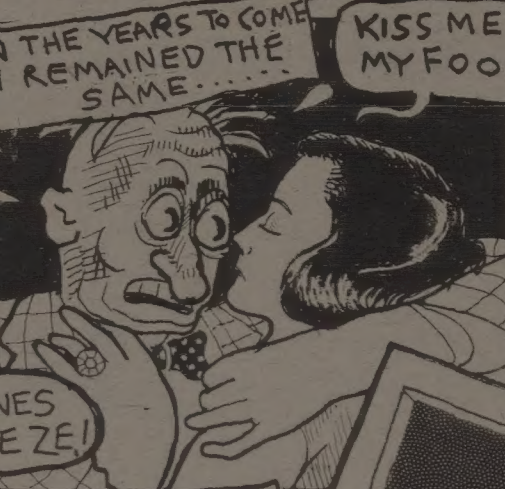
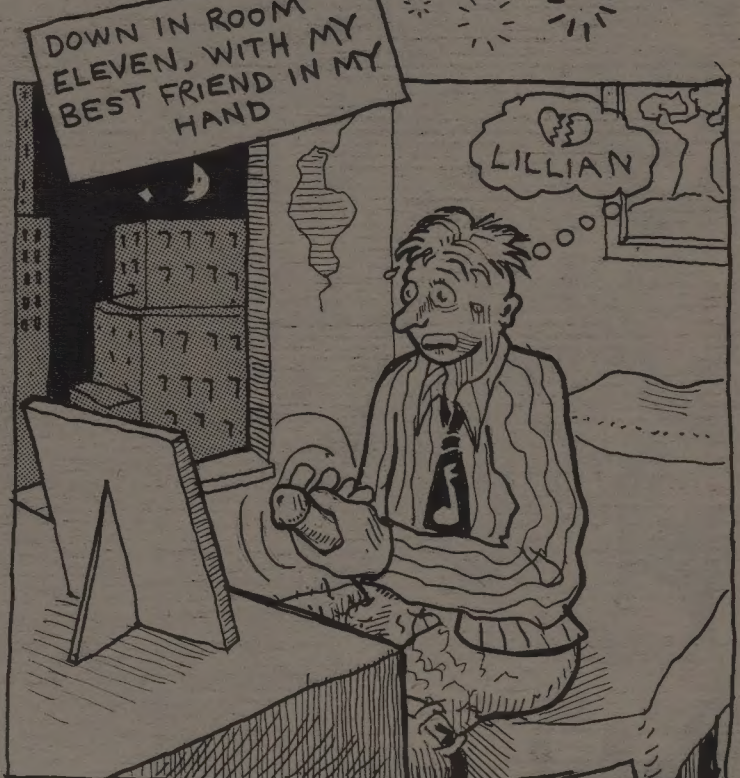
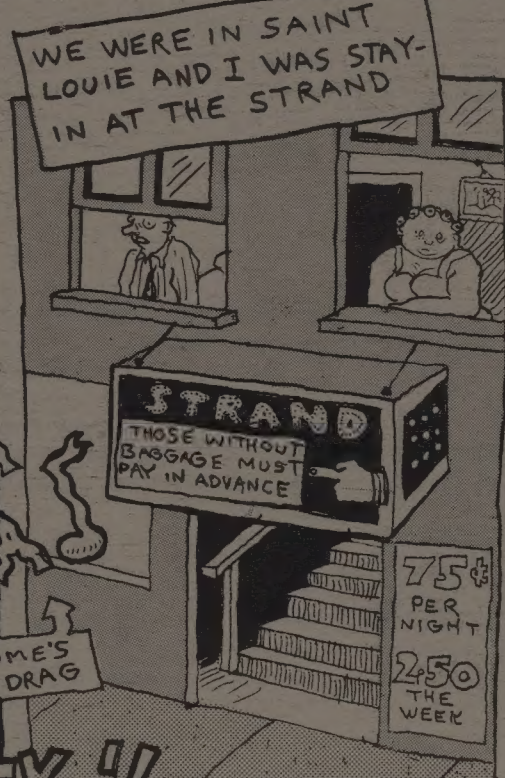
There have been about 10 arrests on the street since then. Most dropped or paroled. Pure harrassment.

For those of you still hung up over violence/non-violence, you should steal a copy of Crazy Horse, Strange Man of the Ogalas, by Sandoz, & start digging the difference between life-violence and death-violence.

Send all information or bail-money to Motherfucker c/o East Side Survival Organization, P.O. Box 512, Cooper Station, N.Y. 10003.



OFF TH' WALL



Kim Ditch

THE BITTER END

NEWSART I

LIL PICARD

"O My Life" by Anne Waldman printed by Angel Hair Book came through the mail. It's my best mailart piece I got during the last weeks. I love "My Life" and I love my life. It's a thank you poem-book to life. Anne is lovely. She walks the streets & does Streetart, a sandwich - girl showing up her poetry to everybody from 14th street to Grand - Broome - Spring - Prince - Greene and Wooster-street.

"I am alive
& when I think of that
I go insane!
Flowers
I have to go uptown
& see Joe's show again
Believe it or not
birds are singing
outside my window
I'm really feeling
sad right now
so don't think
otherwise but
you will anyway
won't you?"

This is a sample. For more information concerning Angel Hair publication write: Angel Hair, Box 257, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York City 10002.

The poems are illustrated in black and white.
Street — Works III, 700 works performed May 26th between Prince and Grand street, from 9 to 10:30, it should have lasted until midnight. But the cops came and didn't like Streetart. Why? They should be invited to go to Art — openings on Saturday afternoon every Saturday to get some kind of Art Education. One has to get some training in Art, in New York those days, in this Art-time of today, otherwise one just doesn't get it . . . For instance The new breed of artist — poets did their thing. One covering a street — crossing with white flour, it looked like freshly fallen snow in summertime, — changing a dirty grimy slumstreet into a newscape, — but flour—snow was not liked by a couple of N. Y. finest, they didn't get the message . . . strange sight for patrolling cops, those bunch of poets and artists, walking around in the loft —

area by the dozens, in barely lighted streets, putting broken down cash-registers on the sidewalk, writing "nightpoem" on a black iron wall, bundling up a door entrance with wood and plastic sheets, photos and flowers, distributing mailart, giving a young cop a loveletter from Paris, it was just an envelope for a Paris - Gallery - opening, "It's empty," he claimed, and put back in the artist's mailbox . . .

At 10:30 the law and order people got tough. Enough is enough . . . John Giorno the Poet and Stella Waitzkin, my friend, packed up their gear, a bag of nails and a can of liquid plastic, and walked out of Streetwork III to go to St. Adrian's Bar . . . The big painting hangs over the bar-counter like a symbol of eternal doings by artists . . . a stylized copy of Frans Hals masterpiece "St. Adrian Militia Company."

John Clem Clarke did the work in his personal style, a copy—invention he developed for many years to perfection, working with stencils. John Clem Clarke's painting with 14 dutchmen all wearing white ruffled collars is not a copy, it's a transmitted idea and the Adrian Company keeps the drinking artists company in troubled times. I called up John Clem Clarke to have a telephone rap about his Art. Since 1965 he does stencilled works, not copies, but his own interpretations of visual works he likes. 1965 he liked Magazine —girls. His loft on Rivington street was cluttered with Magazines. He was cutting his pinup girls out, he drew them enlarged on brown packing paper, he was obsessed with his stencils, his girls, his drawings, his ART, John is a real von Gogh—kind of anut, he never stops doing his thing: painting. Does he ever sleep? He paints, and he sits under the Frans Hals Painting, stencilled out and painted by him, a real Bar-Masterpiece of today and that's his life. On the phone he said: "My show at the Kornblee Gallery opens on Tuesday June 3. I use the Painting of John Stuart Copley." The Governor & Mrs. Thomas Mifflin, as my specific reference.

L. P.: Why did you use that National American Theme?

Clarke: I used it, because I want to do a show of systems. It's just a picture,

I don't carea bout it. I am transmitting it. I am creating a visual code. I don't want to be sensational. I am interested in creating. I am not interested in making originals. I am making non-originals, I use a specific reference. For instance, in TV, you see twenty pictures in a second. I am not in the business of making new pictures.

L. P.: What is Art about?

Clarke: It's about three things: INVESTIGATION / EXPLORATION / INVENTION.

L. P.: If you are not making originals, what are you making?

Clarke: I am making a system, a visual code, and the visual system makes the painting. In the show are six paintings of the Copley Portrait, they are in color, but not bright color, they are dirty, subdued . . . each is a different system.

L. P.: How did you arrive at the SYSTEM-THING?

Clarke: I had to do, what I had to do . . ."

May 28 in "The Theatre" 78 West 3rd Street two night events, performed by four artists. ARAKAWA / VITO HANNIBAL ACCONCI / JOHN PERREULT/BERNAR VENET (Venet's piece was performed with the assistance of MD Richard Cornfield and James Rosenfeld, an economist). I think the evening had been extraordinary News-art. John Perreault's dance and music had been a delight to hear, to watch and dream about. He used the purest and most simplest methods, to do a one—man ballet. It was the essence of choreography, and in one's mind one saw a thousand ballerinas and dancers, one heard a city trembling under the sound of machine—noise, drilling, night noises from the sound of "dig we must," from excavations, powerdrills, noise, noise, noise, sounds and Perreault just taking positions: front-view, side view, backview He covered in "minimal" motion the square—space, a very limited space . . . and suddenly the sound changing to the romantic melody of Swanlake—traditional ballet—music . . . Perreault's group and ideas seem to me, at that moment in New York, the most interesting—a kind

of new Tenthstreet Art of 1969 . . . experimental, searching with a new look . . .

* * * * *
The Lecture—piece by Bernar Venet proved the obsolescence of all lectures. That the black-board was chosen in a green color, showed a sense of wit. The two lecturers did their boring thing. Each one at his pulpit, the "Economist" talked and talked and talked on a Stockexchange "security" "Brunswick," —the other one, the Medical—man talked and talked and talked on the Pancreatic disturbance of Pancreatic Fibrosis . . . Blah . . . Blah . . . Blah . . . went words and both lecturers did the explaining designs on the Green-Blackboard, the pancreatic sickness invading the Stocknotations in complete Nonsense—facts. The old Dadaists had invented the slogan: "Everyone his own football" . . . Artist Venet (French) says: "Every—scientist his own football." Brunswick versus Pancreas. Medicine and Economy can never meet in our space Of time . . . so it seems to Venet . . .

Arakawa did a short sketch called MOVIE. People moved, acted slow motion, did Antonioni—like gestures . . . Acconci on the other hand was just using Perreault as messenger to buy a newspaper. Perreault came back with . . . guess what?

EVO? No! But the Village Voice. Of course! Acconci took a brown paper envelop, addressed it carefully, put on a row of the newest United States stamps: "W. C. Handy, Father of the Blues," and gave the MailART to send to minimal artist Hanna Darboven in Hamburg Germany.

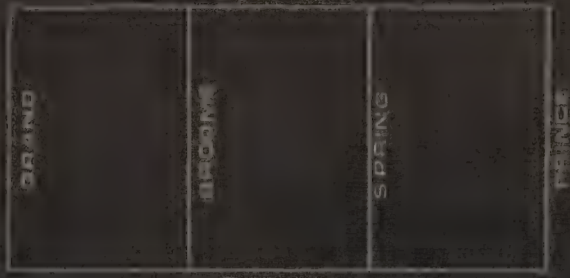
Shows to look at: Opening June 3rd Phoenix Gallery 989 Madison Avenue Annual Graphic Show. June 3-28. Dwan Gallery: Language III until June 18.

The second edition of Extensions is available. Price \$1.00. Editors: Suzanne Zwavian & Joachim Neugroeschel. Poems by young Americans and known poets from Germany (Wolfgang Hil-desheimer) & Karl Krowlow, from France Andre Breton & Jean Chatard.

STREET WORKS III

FOR WORKS

SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1969 9 P.M. - 12 MIDNIGHT



YOU ARE INVITED TO DO A WORK



Alex Gross

acquisition

What may be the most successful and best sustained protest movement among artists in history is still breaking new ground. Last week's demonstration outside and inside the Modern Museum at the gala opening of the Rockefeller show brought home to all those participating how much remains to be done to change public thinking about art. As the trustees arrived in their limousines and taxis and entered the Museum with a few words of confused anger it became obvious to the demonstrators that much more would have to be done to bring their ideas home. Neither picketing outside nor distributing leaflets inside was enough; even the few stink bombs that exploded inside the garden seemed impotent.

Outwardly the demonstration seemed to some to be successful—the Museum itself has suddenly let the word be spread that it is ready to negotiate. But revolutions move quickly—the terms those which were being demanded by the artists last January. In the meantime, the artists have moved considerably forward in their thinking and have evolved new demands. The Museum has suggested that it soon may be ready to discuss specific steps to aid the artist financially, such as rental fees for showing his work, the standard resale contract now being prepared for all works of art, and support for legislation favorable to the artist. But all of the ideas, as welcome as they are, will have to be hammered out in precise terms with the entire art establishment before they have any meaning in practice. They may mean setting up an artists' union every bit as fierce and demanding as the unions protecting composers and theatre people. All of this is probably inevitable—it is certainly overdue, since artists did so little for so long to set standards for themselves on the economic side.

The real issues have to do with what artists can actually do for society, what kind of social role they can now play in the confused, near-hysterical mass that society is rapidly becoming. As much as society must begin to recognize and reward the artist and his work, the artist must begin to ask himself what his art can mean in terms of recognizing and rewarding society. It means a thorough questioning of the entire elitist tendency underlying the art world and its values today, a system which has allowed a few pet artists and galleries along with their chosen critics to dictate what art should be or mean.

So pervasive is this system that it has even attempted to reach into the protest movement itself—artists have for so long had no choice but to fight each other or scramble over each other while jockeying for position and advantage. But the mere fact of the survival of the movement this long is evidence of its validity and viability—no one for a moment doubts that the time is now at hand to start making changes, and even the Modern Museum has recognized this in its own slow way.

At a time when this city is caught in a sea of ugliness, what is to stop a large group of artists from descending on a subway station, one in the East or West Village to begin with, and decorating it in a manner more fit for human beings to pass through. The result could be not the usual subway station but a people's passageway. If the authorities were to react in a less than friendly way to this project and attempt to interrupt or destroy it, then this would merely be one more piece of evidence that they do not regard this state as fit for people to live in.

Entire street corners and vacant lots could be commandeered, and street artists might join together with street theatre people in a series of acts whose

(Continued on Page 20)

first aid information: tear gas casualties

DR. SCHOENFELD

Claude Flavet

hip-pocrates

QUESTION: While watching the action attendant the occupation of People's Park, I received several mild doses of tear gas. The result seems to be a considerable lessening of congestion in my sinuses though I suffer from chronic sinusitis.

Do you recommend this treatment?

ANSWER: Two types of tear gas have apparently been used during the current Berkeley crisis, CN AND CS. Technically, they are not gases but solids dispersed as aerosols.

CN or chloroacetophenone (C₆H₆-COCCH₂C₁) is a fast-acting irritant to the eyes and upper respiratory passages which was invented at the end of WWI. According to CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL WARFARE by Seymour Hersh, the official military manual TM3-215 states:

"In higher concentrations it is irritating to the skin and causes a burning and itching sensation, especially on moist parts of the body. High concentrations can cause blisters. The effects are similar to those of sunburn, are entirely harmless and disappear in a few hours. Certain individuals experience nausea following exposure to CN."

CS or o-chlorobenzalmanonitrile is said to have been developed by the British in the 1950s. The 'S' means "super" and its formula is C₁C₆H₄CHC (CN₃).

"CS produces immediate effects even in low concentrations . . . The onset for incapacitation is 20 to 60 seconds and the duration of effects is 5 to 10 minutes after the affected individual is removed to fresh air. During this time the affected individuals are incapable of effective concerted action. The physiological effects include extreme burning of the eyes accompanied by copious flow of tears, coughing, difficulty in

breathing, and chest tightness, involuntary closing of the eyes, stinging sensations of moist skin, running nose, and dizziness or swimming of the head. Heavy concentrations will cause nausea and vomiting in addition to the above effects."

TM3-215

On May 20th a military helicopter sprayed teargas over the Berkeley campus of the University of California. The gas, probably of the CS type, enveloped Cowell Memorial Hospital and drifted up to the Strawberry Canyon Recreational Area affecting small children and their mothers. The following instructions for treatment of exposure to tear gas were prepared by Henry Bruyn, M.D., director of Cal's Student Health Service:

Slight-Moderate Exposure

EYES — expose to fresh air. Do not rub.

SKIN — keep dry for 4-6 hours. If the skin is wet, shower with soap.

NASAL DISCHARGE — will subside rapidly without treatment.

SHOES — should be washed with a sponge or cloth.

GREASE OR OINTMENT—should NOT be used before or after exposure, otherwise the gas particles will cling to the skin.

Heavy Exposure (powder will be visible on the clothes and body)

EYES — large amounts of plain tap water. Burns of the cornea are possible so eyes should be checked by a physician. Recovery takes about 2 weeks.

SKIN — water increases the stinging but helps prevent burns.

HAIR — should be thoroughly washed.

CLOTHES — should be washed with a detergent.

Medical personnel may be affected by a patient's skin, hair and clothing.

(Continued on Page 20)



The people are being deluded. They have been led, by certain unsavoury forces in American politics, media, clergy, etc., into the mistaken conviction that their prurient interests are best served by gross, unwholesome, frank publications like *KISS* and *SCREW*, and by lewd, nude, crude dramatic productions like *Cbe* and *I Am Curious* (*Yellow*). All four of these sexual excrescences—hailed or denounced, depending on the particular critic's particular delusion, as *Groundbreakers In Sexuality*—have been at least temporarily crippled by the aforementioned unsavoury forces, who have striven mightily to ruin their characters and profit-making capabilities. Naturally, this lends to the people the impression that *KISS*, *SCREW*, *I Am Curious*, *Cbe*, and the like are extremely heavy stuff, and the people wind up spending their honest bread on reality puerile dreck. I mean, look at the stuff under consideration

KISS: a cheesy tabloid sprinkled liberally with photos of expressionless women contorted into postures ungainly and exaggerated, with a tuft of public mound the usual central focus of composition; erotic stories of such elaborate sophistication as to be unintelligible to anyone unfamiliar with the arcane traditions of erotic literature; comic strips the content of which is more strictly religious than prurient.

SCREW: too fucking funny to be horny; laughter is painful, physically, to be hardon. Try jerking off to Mike Perkins' book, *Whacking Off*—I dare you.

Cbe: aside from the Sister Of Mercy's behind, about as erotic as a volleyball match in a nudist camp.

I Am Curious (*Yellow*): for anyone who has gone to college in the "Sixties, this flick may hark nostalgically back to a more innocent, less complicated era—the movie is about as erotic as the original experience, which was hardly wet dream stuff.

* * *

Frankly, The Times Sunday Magazine section has all this arty book beat by a considerable scumspurt; I've never jerked off with any of the other stuff in mind, but in my porn collection there are pages from The Times Sunday Magazine that have grown frail and yellow from—er—age. You see, the most vital element of erotic literature (I cannot use the expression "porn," lest when the

Grand Jury subpoenas me to appear on behalf of *KISS* or *SCREW* they use the expression against us) the element that coaxes the old orgasm out from the reticent libido, that element is *fantasy*. In *KISS*, *SCREW*, *Cbe* and *I Am Curious* there is plenty fantasy, mind you, but not at all the correct sort of fantasy. For fantasy to function on a sexual level it has to correspond not only with one's balls but also with his life: there has to be a highly formal element of myth in any fantasy before the fantasy can succeed in wringing loose anything like an orgasm.

Since The Times Sunday Magazine has been mentioned, take it as an example: it's full of lingerie and fashions ads. Contemporary fashions, of course, reflect unmistakably a preoccupation with traditional erotic fantasy—leather, boots, tight miniskirts, furs, feathers, chains—Sacher-Masoch and his Viennese soul-brothers had all this nailed down a century ago. But the integral element in Times Sunday fantasies is the *models*: they're all really classy bitches, them chicks, they look like the waitresses in Max's (rest in pieces) Kansas City, secretary in the Public Relations office, they look like grown-up versions of the chicks you could never ball in high school; they project *this* image, possess *this* aura, and their function in one's masturbation fantasies is that they present one with figures to worship. Yeah, worship. Back when the Cro-Magnons were the In Set, there were doubtless many individuals who masturbated while caressing with their free fingers one of those extraordinarily female pieces of Eath-Mother statuary, potbellied and big-breasted; today we jerk off to the Dexamyl demimondes in the Times Sunday Magazine. An ephemeral difference of degree, not kind.

Yes, there's still some extensive ground to be broken before the Avant Garde touches the prurient precincts of the Sulzberger Ser. Or is there? Jesus Christ . . . There is a movie out now called *The Libertine*, playing at the Trans Lux East and West (quality joints), which movie will make hard that which is limp and render the rigid and frigid all soft and warm. If there is a Law, Order and Decency repression in the next few months (perish forfend) and they snuff us all out, I want the future (who will puke on them as snuff us out) to remember us by this flick. It may be the first

sexually healthy flick ever made: it's got whipping, stomping, animals, high-heeled shoes, voyeurism, and good old-time Freudian psychology. Yeah, it's an Italian flick with subtitles.

The chick is Catherine Spaak (we who were reading *Men's True Danger Illustrated* five years ago will remember her under a multitude of names), and as the movie opens she's attending a wake for her husband, leaving her if not bereft at least rather bored. Mildly surprised at her own lack of feeling, she goes about settling her old man's estate with the help of his lawyer, a sophisticated swinger sort she detests. During the course of the settlement, she makes a startling discovery: her husband, quite unbeknownst to her, had fixed for himself a super Playboy Penthouse pad in the middle of town, complete with mirrors, deep rugs, erotic statuary, and—wierd trip!—a projection room displaying movies of her husband and her best friend engaged in all manner of fetishistic behaviour. Entranced, she views hours of film: whipping of prostitutes, rolling of them in mud, drinking of piss from highheel slippers, the whole *index prohibitorium*.

Now what the hell is this stuff? He never said a word to her about it. He certainly never did it to her. Why, the bastard actually kept a notebook listing each one of his chicks on a point scale according to proficiency, looks, build—and she, his *wife*, was nowhere to be found! Understandably, this pisses her off: all these years of baroque psychosexual infantility, and he'd never so much as eaten her snatch. With them he made whoopee: with her he made sandwiches. Going through all this erotic memorabilia, she's shocked for the first time since she's been married.

The shock raises her to a higher awareness of what it is to be a wife: in Christian culture to be a wife is to be a drag, a millstone, a shlepp. All these years she was being used. She was her husband's excuse for functioning in society, rather than offering himself up completely to his storybook aberrations. Oh, is she pissed!

Christine Spaak is so beautiful . . . She's long and tall and altogether well-formed. There is no flaw in her, and she passes through this movie in every possible gradation of undress: pussyhair-nude, bikini-panties, hose 'n heels, half-bra, microskirt, miniskirt, tennis shift, tight slacks and pajamas.

(Continued on Page 22)

OK The First Annual Detroit Rock and Roll Revival, at the Michigan State Fairgrounds far from the present Trans-Love but near the old one (Artists Workshop) the first line of the poster saying:

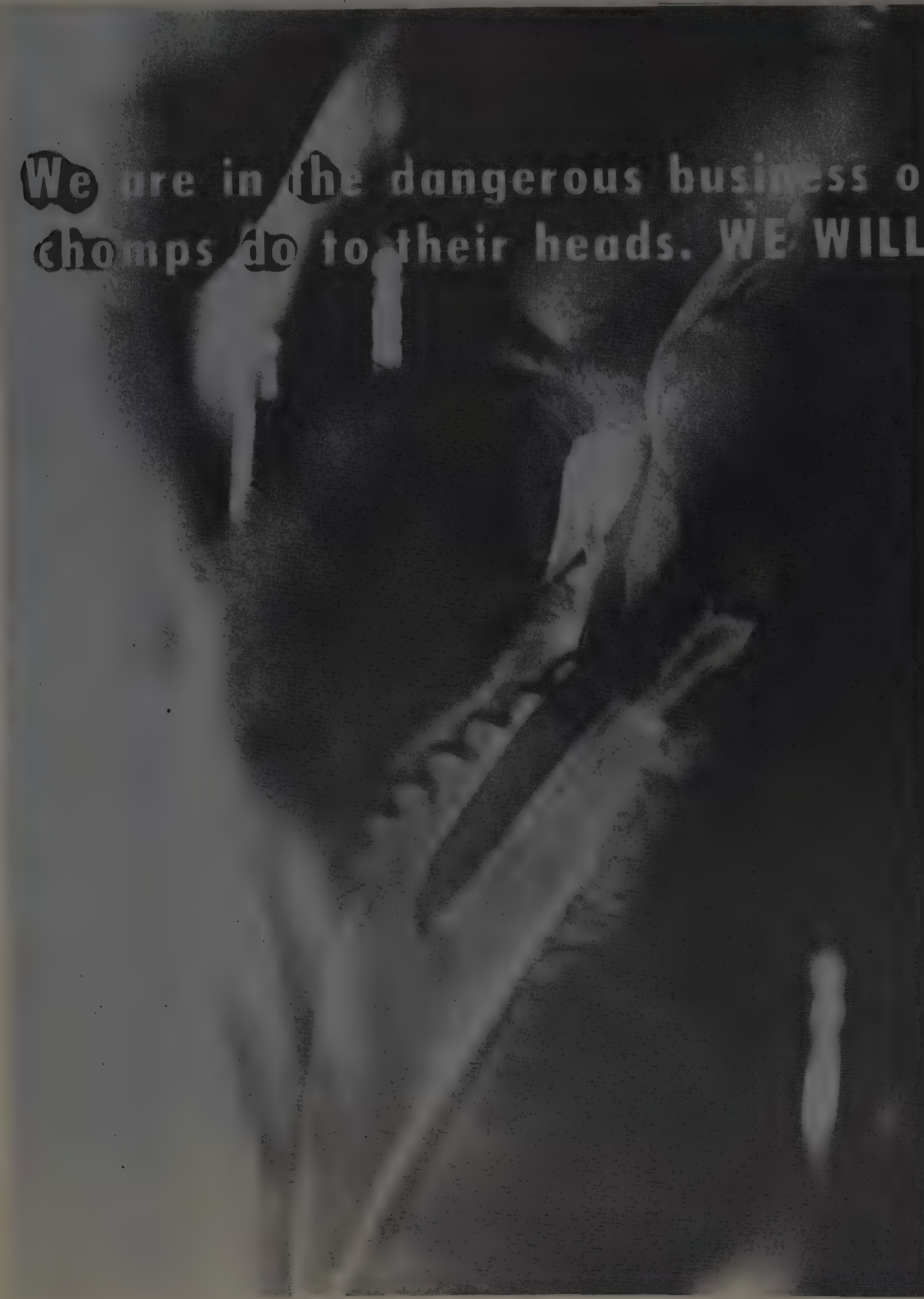
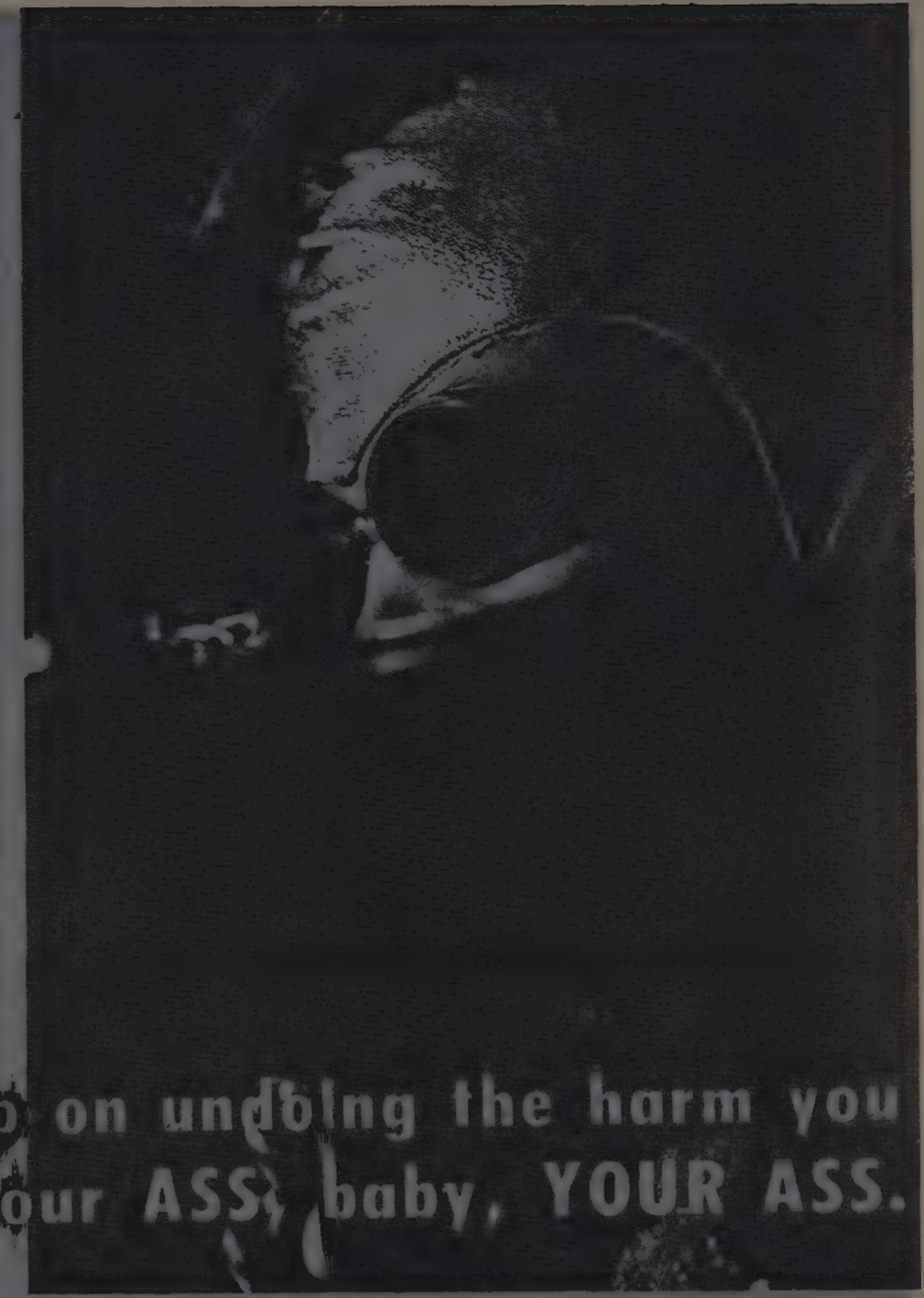
MC-5 - CHUCK BERRY - SUN RA and there are six more lines of groups including Johnny Winter, The Stooges, and not including The Bonzo Dog Band, formerly, The Bonzo Dog Doo Da Band, who play both days.

Making it Making it and getting there Friday, it is very hot, nothing you can put on is cool. All girls wish they were boys, could take off a shirt without making a scene (How can you even think of saying, "Oh, don't touch me there!" if that's all there is there) getting there too late for the opening; Terry Reid is already on, off, so are several others. Is it Train which is on, playing versioned electronic rock, not too together — or is it because the sight of thousands of people, after the long hot ride which never ended, is still after you. More groups, then start looking around, because there are too many people not to pay some attention. Fairgrounds there are Refreshments dotting the grounds, cotton candy, Sno-Balls, and Popcorn at a couple, hot dogs, ice cream cones and Slopies at others. There is a Men's room near the press office, you see it when you go to get stamped (DRR: Detroit Rock and Roll) there doesn't seem

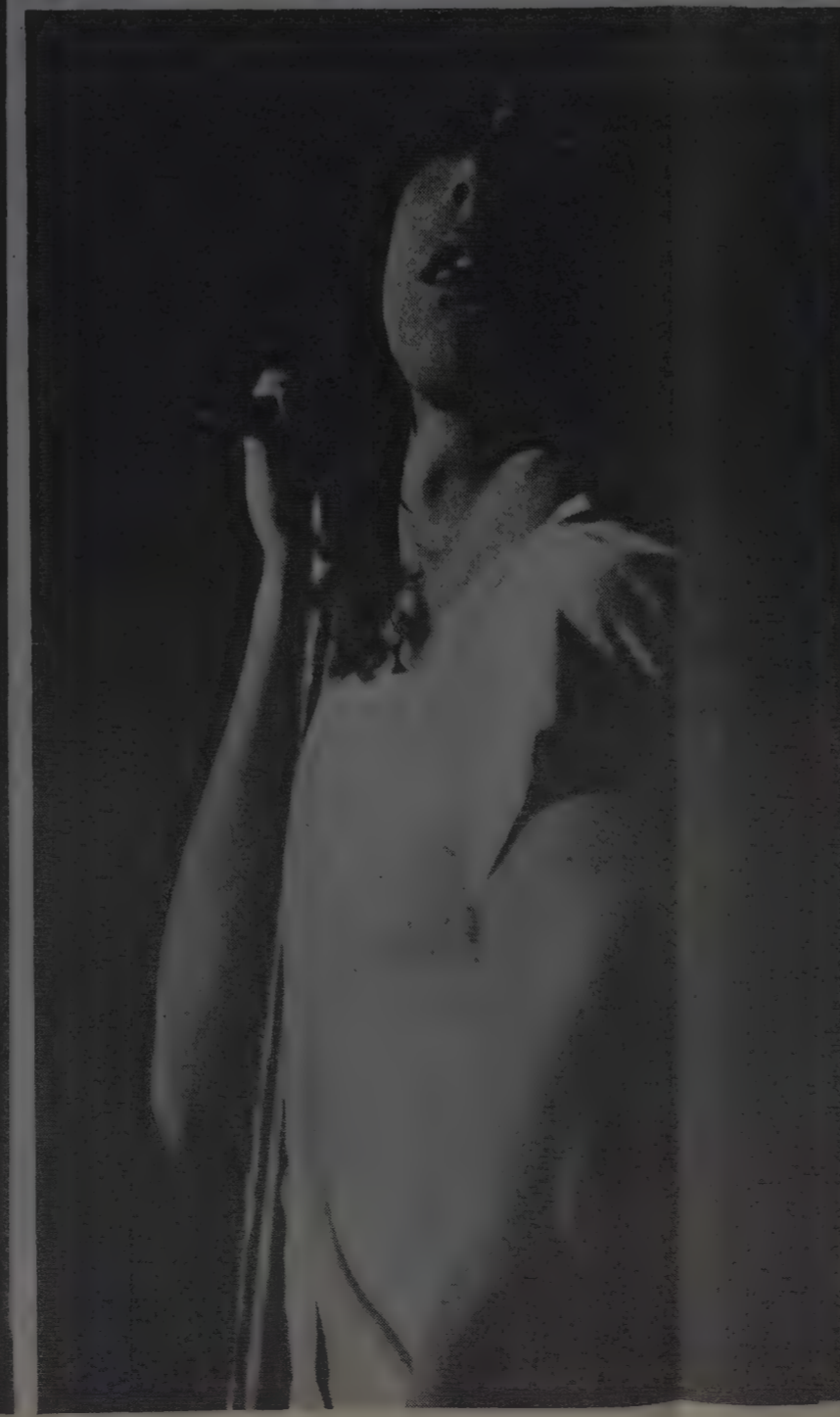
to be a Ladies. Teegarden & Vanwinkle, The Rationals, Red, White and Blues — nice sound . . . friends are found, made, and the fairgrounds fills up with even more people. It is where the State Fair is held, and to reach the Grandstand where the rock is playing, you walk past buildings which smell of hay, cattle, horses, Cattle and Swine Building, Agriculture Building, and so on and on with the rest of the people, all in pants, floppy hats, sunglasses, shoes or no shoes, so many many people. Grandstand has crowds in the seat, but everyone is out on the grass and the sandy pebbles area in front of the rock stages (there are two side by side), grass on either side. Trucks of equipment near the stages, equipment men and musicians playing in the front and back seats with whatever passes by looking irresistible. People chomp on eggs, cotton candy, hot dogs, beer, dope, soda, more dope, scoffing everything in sight, leaving peanut shells and cotton candy cardboard cylinders. The colors waver in the heat, caught in a frazzle like a Dufy painting. Through the 2 days, making a color splotch of their own, Davi Peel and that bloc of The Lower East Side wandered around playing music, games, and firecrackers.

The Stooges go on as it becomes dark, watching Watching closely, Iggy up on stage, "Nice to be here at this . . . rodeo, yeah," goes into a song,

(Continued on Page 17)



We are in the dangerous business of liberating Amerikan youth. We plan to keep on undobling the harm you chomps do to their heads. WE WILL NOT BE FUCKED WITH! And if we are, it'll be your ASS, baby, YOUR ASS.



INSTALLMENT TWO:
 In which White Panther leader John Sinclair, whose cover is managing the MC-5, carries on through a haze of Bitter Motherfucker re. Sex and politics in America, past, present, and future. Having just last installment pledged himself to the destruction of of PIGS, Sinclair admits:
 JS: Oh, I much prefer fuckin over killing. These chicks in Detroit, I love 'em. They'll fuck you anywhere, anytime. And they're clean, too, they keep penicilin tabs handy at all times. They're all good middle-class girls, they get the clap and they clean it up right away. And their parents pay for it all. And good, do they ever fuck good, look good . . . Wild as all hells those chicks.
 DA: You know, the kids that grew up in the Midwest would probably be more radical than anybody else, the shit they have to put up with.
 JS: Yeah, you talk about gropies, but they ain't

the wierdo, far-out chicks like on the Coast. They are just high school girls, man, who love to fuck. They like to be around the rock-n-roll musicians 'cause they're the farthest-out dudes. They're groovy young chicks — but they don't just want to fuck; they want to be around people like this, dig on the life style. And then they apply it, they take it back to their schools and their neighborhoods and their communities, and they being the farthest-out ones there, they organize the kids around themselves. So it's an educational process too. They're far out, man, they all live at home.
 DA: Yeah, that's cool, because when you're at home you've got all the technology in the home itself. Not like running away to a tenement in some city: home you got the television, radio, the magazines, whatever—selling to you, listening to you. Besides your parent's money you got all the other shit too.

(Continued on Page 16)



photos: RAEANNE RUBENSTROM

your ass

(Continued from Page 15)

JS: You got money, a car, clean clothes and food in the refrigerator to start with. And most of 'em just order the parents around.

DA: When you're home, what you buy there is very significant. Like the advertisers, the manufacturers, the people who sell the products, they got no moral sense, what's right or wrong: they got no God, Mother and The Flag bullshit on them. If you'll buy it, they'll sell it—promote it, legalize it, and make a buck on it.

JS: They keep letting us put on dances, because they know we'll pack the place no matter what we say. So all these straight club owners turn into stomp-down radicals, say, "We're with you all the way, man. We think you oughta be

able to do all this. Here's a thousand dollars . . .

DA: So you see all these guys in like motivational research taking polls, man, and they look around and see all these kids watching just the wierdest shit they can get on television, in the movies, buying just the wierdest shit that they can put out. Like, dig all these naked chicks on the street, walking up and down the street . . .

JS: They can't cope with that, man. No bras-sieres, no underwear—they're losing money on underwear.

DA: The only way they can make money off it is to start making things look more sexy, start bringing the chick out — the ones who do that can make money out of it, and the one hung up in bras and girdles, Hide-It shit, they'll go broke.

DA: Actually, it wouldn't really be too hard to turn over the fashion industry so that what really sells wouldn't be the fashions made by faggots for faggots, for chicks that look like faggots. Guys that made fashions for really fat, dumpy chicks, so the chicks would look good in them, they'd make money. I mean, bring out the fat, make it look sexy—there's nothing sexier than a sexy fat chick, but nobody makes clothes for them.

JS: Yeah, we got these two chicks who came to us when they were really fat. And we let on as how it'd be better for them to lose weight, they'd feel better, it'd be healthier. They weren't getting enough meat, so we fed them right, they lost a little weight — now they just look heavy, voluptuous, and they smile all the time now, 'say they move better . . . They get more fucks, man.

DA: Speaking of smiling chicks, what about the Lennon Sisters? Y'know, the Lennon Sisters are getting a show of their own this fall. They're gonna fill in the slot the Smothers Brothers vacated.

JS: Really? Shit, Nixon wants this to be 1952 all over again. I mean, they're just a bunch of punk honky housewives! What happened to John Lennon? Gladimer Ilyich Ulyanov? The Lennon Brothers. f'chrissake!

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THE
AMBOY DUKES

&

JOHN BRADEN

WED. THRU WED. JUNE 4 THRU 11

LOVE CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR

LOUIS ABOLAFIA

FRI. & SAT. JUNE 6 & 7

1st N. Y. APPEARANCE

DR. JOHN

THE NIGHT TRIPPER

THURS. THRU TUES. JUNE 12 THRU 17

THE
MC-5

&

JOHN BRADEN

THURS. THRU SUN. JUNE 19 THRU 22

SAVOY BROWN

BLUES BAND

TUES. THRU SUN. JUNE 24 THRU 29

DANCING ■ CONCERT

You Can Buy This If You Want To

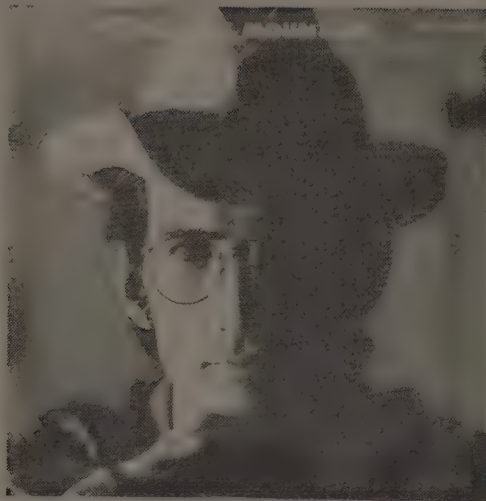
MUSIC FROM THE SOUND TRACK
Of the Paramount Motion Picture
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS
Featuring Songs Composed and Performed by
THE ASSOCIATION



Additional Scoring by Charles Fox

The Association's Original Sound
Track Album Of "Goodbye Columbus"

on **W** Warner Bros.-7 Arts Records & Tapes



(Continued on Page 22)

(Continued from Page 14)

"I Wanna Be Your Dawwwwwgggg" growling screaming awwwwrrrr Unnnh! but the crowd stays away from it, the lights are hurting eevryone's eyes and Iggy doesn't hear them asking to have them shut off until he is almost through the set . . . Frost comes on, the crowd loves them, they play good rock and are Hometown. Dr. John dressed in arsenicked old lace and his face painted spangle-gold, wears piebald pony moccasins and does a shuffle around the stage, singing, "Ahhhhh . . . Dock . . . torrr . . . Jawwwwn" looks like a maniac-depressive clown with evil intents. Gothic mystery rags. Went to get coffee, missed NY Rock and Roll Ensemble.

The Fairgrounds are getting darker, very dark, The MC-5 come on and are deep into the set, it is getting late, the crowd is all up close getting higher towards the stage, watching the show and digging it all, everywhere, on top, a boy sits near

the stage his head wrapped in his knees and hands, he is very quiet, a separate blind eye in the storm of music crashing around him. Nobody sees him take off his clothes, but then he is on stage naked, caught in the spotlights, his hair blonded and silvered by the glare streaming down. For a moment he is very pretty, all a silvergleam nude could be. Then one of the equipment men tries to get him off stage, but the cops come too fast and try to hustle him, the boy goes limp then shot like an arrow from his own body's bow, he runs off, the cops grab him again, wrestle him near the back of the stage, his old lady clinging to him screaming, crying, moaning, the crowd continues to watch the Five in front, but the back's eye are watching the scene. The cops can't get him off stage, they keep trying, people scream for them to leave the boy alone, the boy curls up in a ball, caught in the protection of his arms over his head, the cops grab him again and it goes on until much later when the boy is brought into the office, strung out, left out, left alone with his old

lady.

What more could the crowd expect or even desire . . . ?

SUN RA

came on, and he and his Arkestra watched the crowd just keep on leaving, half not hearing even the strains of music, because there is nothing for Detroit after The Five play, so Sun Ra came on, played to a crowd that didn't know.

Saturday was beautiful all over again, the radio said chance of showers later. Lots of good groups. SRC. Third Power. Dr. John came again, The Bonzo Dog Band. It was getting cloudy and the sky had its brows knit, as they say: Sun Ra came but got there late, very late. Too late to go on, because you can't just ask another group not to play. The Amboy Dukes played dance rock beat music . . . that you couldn't dance to, they changed the beat every four bars. They looked at the sky with eevryone else and screamed Fuck the Rain . . . so the rain went away for a while.

(Continued on Page 18)

To Commemorate The New Grateful Dead Album, We Present Our Pigpen Look Alike Contest (Part Two)

To be downright brutal about it, Part One of our Pigpen Look-Alike Contest that we laid on you a few weeks back is a bust. Not that there haven't been entries. There've been plenty. But so far no one has, via black-and-white or color photograph, captured the panache, the bravado, the insouciance—the true and utter raunch of



MR. PEN

Just to have a moustache doesn't make it.
Just to have long hair doesn't make it.
Blondes don't make it.
Photos with no name and address don't make it.
And the pigmy from Venice (Calif.) who wrote that "contests suck" doesn't make it.
Now, because (1) in our heart of hearts we know there is a Pigpen Look-Alike in this world of ours, (2) The Grateful Dead have a new al-

bum, called *Aoxomoxoa*, and deserve an ad, and (3) we need all the diversion we can get here in Burbank, the Box Top and Party Games Dept. has voted to extend the deadline of the Pigpen Look-Alike Contest and make it

EASIER TO ENTER

No longer do you have to send us a reasonable facsimile of any of the Dead's album covers (a stipulation the first time round and a not-too-clever ruse to get you into the record stores). Now all you have to do fill out the form below and send it in with a photograph of your favorite Pigpen Look-Alike. The guy or gal who most resembles and captures the spirit of Mr. Pen is our lucky winner.

Live entries will not be accepted.

All photos become the property of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records and cannot be returned.

The decision of the judges is final.

And we reserve the right to make up more rules as we go along.

The Judges. Eagerly awaiting your deluge of entries is a frolicsome panel of Warners secretaries who have, on at least one occasion, brushed shoulders with the real Mr. Pen and are convinced there cannot be a double. Prove them wrong.

The Prizes. As before, First Prize is \$200 worth of our grooviest albums (Jimi Hendrix, Jethro Tull, The Mothers, Joni Mitchell, etc.). Second Prize is \$100 worth. Third through Tenth Prizes: \$50. No winners will receive a copy of *Aoxomoxoa*. That we want you to buy.

THE FORM

Box Top and Party Games Dept. N
Room 208
Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records
Burbank, California 91503
Dear Jean, Gigi, Shannon, Thelma, Ruth, Cinnamon, etc.:
Here is my Pigpen Look-Alike. The subject is male female. On my honor this is an honest-to-gosh unretouched photograph.
The Pigpen Look-Alike's name is _____

If this entry wins, send all those albums directly to:

Do hurry. Our judges have given up coffee breaks to work on this—and those albums are ready and waiting to be shipped out.

One final note: Fun Is Fun, but . . . we can't keep cracking out these *divertissements* without some sales. So we nervously suggest you take on *Aoxomoxoa*. For our mutual benefit.



AOXOMOXOA — WS 1790

detroit

(Continued from Page 17)

The Bonzo Dog Band went through its incredible razzberry of an act. The rain became a teasing fact. Dr. John came on and played, and as he ended, the rain came in a downpour. The rain stopped and the MC-5 came on, in slipstream technicolored high shit aciton, managing to count 3 coup before the night was over, girls in the front of the stage grabbing at Rob Tyner; he chose 3 to grab on stage, but all of the front row chose to grab him. The set churned on and out, past all energy stops, into high oxygen systems, and the end of the act was a fury of destruction, almost the whole stage obliterated, instruments and equipment and boys all falling over and over, the boys jumping up first to catch the poles forming the open roof.

Chuck Berry. Came on and did it right, playing all of Them, those Hits Which Are R&R and Are Chuck Berry's: Maybelline, Sweet Little Sixteen, Rock and Roll Music, Johnny B Goode. He played blues. At 1 minute to 12, he stopped and at 45 seconds to 12 the rains came.

The Festival was great but the people who came were the amazing part of it all. Thousand and thousands, all in their teens, big clean boys and girls, aware of certain beautiful power they had gave them this awesome strength, not just in numbers, but in being themselves. That they are the festival, that the Festival is us, we are the becoming and we have joy. The Yippies wanted to hold that Festival of Life at the Death Convention but in fighting the enemy, discovered they had breathed too much of the poisoned air . . . This was a real Festival of Life-style, no downers or bummers to create confusion. Only that power over the self which is accessible to everyone and accepted by so few. This was the first annual Detroit Etc., but it was also a revival . . . of something which has for too long been around and not visible, a revival of happiness through some fulfillment instead

of acquiescence to compromised illussions.

Strange to find it in this oversize mass of people who remained anonymous, young, faceless. To realize that the power did exist there, without being able to catch on to any particular symbol shot of the Festival itself: a rare great happening, and one full of hope for all of us.

. . . The first paragraph assumes that everyone knows that Trans-Love Energies sponsored and create the Revival. Well, it's true: Trans-Love and

John Sinclair did do so, and perhaps that explains at least part of the power felt like a charge running through the 2 days.

Zenta
Zenta is
Zenta is cosmic
Zenta is cosmic life
Zenta is cosmic life energy
Energy life cosmic is Zenta
and Zenta is what ran through the Festival.

DANCING—BLUES—CONCERT

WED., JUNE 4 - SUN., JUNE 8

CHILDREN OF GOD

WED., JUNE 4 - SUN., JUNE 8

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The Village VOICE, May 22, 1969

scenes

—Howard Smith

"HE WANTED ME to take a bath with them. That's the newest craze with all the English—they want you to take a bath with them and rub their back."

"Rub their back, what about when he played with himself?"

"Oh, he played with . . . when was that?"

"When you wouldn't make pigies with him."

"I wouldn't make pigies with him, so he went in the bathroom and whacked off. He's really crazy, he's really horny."

"Randy is what they call it, Randy."

"He's puny too."

"These English groups are so kinky, God. (the name of a well known English guitarist)—doves being better."

"The English groups are so pure and good, they come over here and get doped up. He went back with the clap. They all do."

"That conversation, as you may have guessed, took place between two groupies. What may surprise you is that it happened in a recording studio. The tape would sound for 15 hours including the most of four girls, 17 to 20. The result will be an album called "The Groupies" that will be released in a month and probably has a budget.

I think "The Groupies" will sell for a lot of reasons. For those on the scene but removed from this particular activity, there is a double-edged fascination. It is both morbid and vicarious in an attraction-repulsion way. The record also probably will be a handbook for teenyboppers with groupie aspirations. For parents of teenage daughters, it will be the scare record of the year.

Like this section, speaking of the road manager of a famous English group: "Oh, he's violent I got black and blue from him."

"Oh, she's sore! She showed it to me."

"I'm black and blue. That boy is evil."

"To every group there's about 20 chicks and everyone's pumping them and each chick wants to be around. And the way to do that is by being the freshest, and like to had pickles and stuff on the table."

"And they decide they're trying something new."

"Something new, in his mind is meningitis."

"And that they work a back in the refrigerator. And then they get a prostitute and they put it on a stick and (laughing) they eat something else. (Laughter) Pickles."

"A pickle sausage."

"Pickles, cucumbers, and I don't know what this girl made of."

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the groupies



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city _____ state _____ zip _____

leary (Continued from Page 3)

how to run a psychedelic guerrilla campaign. What they did was to lure the university administration, the Police and the National Guard off the campus. There was no issue of seizing buildings. It was simply COPS v. FLOWERS. It was brilliantly conceived and carried through and I consider it the most effective political event in years.

EVO — It was certainly a most potent moral victory.

TL — Tremendous. When the National Guard helicopter gassed the campus, very few dissenters were hit. They gassed the students in the cafeteria, the ones on their way to classes and the patients in the university hospital. They gassed the gym too, which in turn angered the jocks. Anytime you get the jocks running into the streets shaking their fists at the police, you score a victory.

EVO — A propos police—Abbie Hoffman said recently that killing a cop can be an act of love. An argument has been going on among various brothers and friends as to the wisdom of dubbing every cop a pig. Arguments on both sides are weighty. How do you feel about this?

TL — Everything has to do with what their karma directs them to do. There are some people whose karma it is to call cops pigs and then there are some whose karma it is to engage in violent confrontation with headbeating back and forth. This is an important part of the fabric. The police and the activists are both playing necessary parts in the drama to show the world how ridiculous the American political and law enforcement situation is. But then there are others among us whose karma it is to harmonize. Of course I am a libra — I have to admit this out front. So therefore, far from inflicting injury upon the police, the number one priority of my campaign is to reward the police. My campaign is based upon a psychology in politics of reward. Our country has been engaged in a convulsive experiment involving punishment. We all know that hitting kids on the head, shooting down dissenters or gassing students — no form of punishment has ever worked as a political technique. We are going to reward the unhappy citizens of the State of California. We are going to see to it that the police will be the highest paid citizens of California and that they will be relieved of the tremendous onus of unpopularity that is now generated by their enforcing laws

(Continued on Page 20)

oooo that tunisian underwear at 321 E 9TH ST

SOMETHIN' ELSE

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"The Who's show late Saturday night had the Fillmore audience screaming with excitement as they encircled with the familiar 'Summertime Blues', 'Magic Bus', and 'Shaking All Over', thus 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 they've recent single 'Pinball Wizard' taken the Who are the most exciting performers of all the British pop groups." — EAST VILLAGE OTHER

"So much greatness, with so much musical invention — this might just be the first pop masterpiece." — NEW YORK TIMES

Billboard has ranked 'Tommy' as the album of the year, 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... 'Tommy' is so far! For there's no question but that 'Tommy' will be the most successful of all the rock operas as 'Sergeant Pepper'... — BILLBOARD

rock-scene

Fillmore: the who, chuck berry,
albert king
Bitter End: everly bros.,
mackendrie spring
Siug's: yusef lateef
Apollo: stevie wonder, peaches
& herb
Gaslight: ron price & burt lee
Au Go Go: tim hardin & friends
Village Gate: bb king, irvin c
watson
Unltd.: the crystals
See ad listings for the scene,
ungano's

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— Richard Shepard, N.Y. Times

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OF WINNING. THE SETTING IS

EXCEPTIONALLY ELEGANT AS

ARE THE COSTUMES. THE WHOLE

THING IS MOST BEAUTIFUL TO

LOOK AT" — Clive Barnes, N.Y. Times

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AND BLASPHEMOUS—

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underground cine-scene

compiled by Bob Parent

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.

REGIONAL CODE

NYC — Metropolitan New York City area

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/MUSEUM OR C/M

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

EXPO

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MILLENNIUM FILM WORKSHOP INC.

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

MOMA

Museum of Modern Art
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N.Y.C. 10019, 212 CI5-3200

U-P FILM GROUP

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CALENDAR

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

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

JUNE 6 — FRIDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Thursday program — AM-EX
8:00 PM — NYC — open screening & independent shorts. 1 film per filmmaker with 2 month max, run. Contact Raffique for details. — U.P.

JUNE 7 — SATURDAY

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

JUNE 8 — SUNDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — JIRI TRNKA: The Hand. The Wall; Interview with Bruce Gordon; Uptown: A Portrait of the South Bronx — ALT-U
8:00 PM — NYC — AMY GREENFIELD films & discussion — MILLENNIUM

JUNE 9 — MONDAY

5:30 PM — NYC — JAMES IVORY: excerpts from his films from India: Delhi Way; Householder; Shakespeare Wallah; The Groove; discussion — MOMA

JUNE 10 — TUESDAY

6:00 PM — NYC — Films of MIKE JACOBSON: Esprit de Corps (1966); Sunspots (1967); The Burning of New York (1967); Abstract Film with No Title (1968) — C/M
8:00 PM — NYC — MARCO BELLOCCHIO will introduce one of his films — MOMA

JUNE 12 — THURSDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY and/or others — AM-EX
MIDNITE — NYC — ANDY WARHOL: sneak premier of a new work, benefit for Film Culture magazine — ELG

JUNE 13 — FRIDAY

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Thursday program — AM-EX
8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — U-P

JUNE 14 — SATURDAY

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

JUNE 15 — SUNDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — Go West. WILLARD MAAS: Geography of the Body. Landscape of the Body: 21-87 — ALT U

JUNE 17 — Tuesday

5:30 PM — NYC — Cineprobe: STANTON KAYE: Brandy in the Wilderness w/discussion — MOMA
6:00 PM — NYC — PAUL SHARITS: Touching; ROBERT BREER: 69; STAN BRAKHAGE: The Horseman, the Woman, and the Moth — C/M

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 photography. 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 there 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 laser 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 (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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Greenwich Village West

your ass

(Continued from Page 16)

DA: Y'know, I used to jerk off to the Lennon Sisters . . .

JS: WHAT?

DA: Yeah, I was like eleven, twelve years old, and the little one, Peggy, was just my age. Probably still is, if you can accept that. And she'd wear these starched petticoats and her knees'd stick out. And for those days knees were something else. And I used to lay there idly while the Lawrence Welk show was on, and I'd jerk off. Until the Lennon Sisters came on, and then I'd come. It was real profanity: like, my whole family doted on Lawrence Welk and the Lennon Sisters, and this was like profaning the Virgin Mary.

JS: A gob of come in the eye of God.

DA: Speaking of God, you ever read a sodomy statute? It goes, "He who commits the Abominable and Detestable Crime Against Nature" shall be liable on a count of first-degree sodomy . . . Man, all this lovely vaudeville rap that rails off into this linear logic shit . . . That's real profanity. Anyway, it seems that if you've got your tongue even two centimeters away from the chick's clit, it starts twitching, then the cops bust in and drag you away for sodomy.

JS: I don't care, I'd have to plunge on. They'd have to carry me away with that clit clenched between my teeth.

boudoir

(Continued from Page 13)

Definitely wetdream stuff here. She spends her time seducing men, see, as a means of getting back at her dead husband and as a means of self-revelation. Unfortunately she seduces no women—she tries her maid once—but then, Krafft-Ebing really wasn't into lesbians that much . . .

The men in the movie, by and large, are oafs. Too many movies putting down oafs have been made, it's time something different was done with them, and Radley Metzger (producer) does it with *The Libertine*. Why, frig me if he doesn't present a halfway sympathetic handling of the creeps this woman has to deal with. The lawyer, that oaf of oafs, she seduces and then gently destroys by refusing to marry him (he has to marry her, dig it, because he suspects she may have had the upper hand over him all the time and his ego will not stand for the thought).

Let me emphasize something here: this is a *funny* flick, it's hilarious. Unlike *SCREW*, though, its comedy is all of a part with its prurience, you chuckle through your lust rather than guffaw it away. The funniest bit in the flick, for instance, revolves around the exploration of Miss Spaak's anatomy by a scarab beetle. She is reading from Krafft-Ebing's bestiality passages—Aunt Minnie and Her Pooch—in this voluptuous Belgian voice while the camera follows this *tiny black beetle* along the underside of her left breasts. Is this a takeoff on Sister George? Anyway, making like Tenzig Persha, the little beetle painfully ascends the curving snowy mound of her tit while her voice deepens and she commences to breathe heavily . . . And as the creature finally

(Continued on Page 27)

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leary (Continued from Page 20)

professors who will run their own education as they see fit. We are going to use tax subsidies to help these private institutions. Under my administration, if the students will have complaints against their employees — their professors — it will be a trade union problem and such disputes should be ironed out amongst themselves. The state has no business having anything to say about education other than supporting it financially. Education will be free of government interference. Of course, one of the major aspects of our program is our effort to cut down the bureaucracy of this burgeoning state government which plagues all of us. I intend to cut the prison population in California by at least 90 per cent, keep only those who insist on being violent, behind bars. Again the enormous savings made here will delight the right wing.

EVO — The elections in California being 18 months away, the country is in the meantime in the grips of paranoid convulsions. Many are frightened and most are uptight about the oppression to which more and more are subjected to. What do you think should be done about this?

TL — What is going to unfold this summer is going to be the greatest upheaval of joy that this country has ever seen. There are going to be large rock festivals and there is now, for the first time in years, a large supply of LSD in the country. There has been no good LSD since 1966, the year of the Be-ins, which led to that wonderful summer of love and song. Since that time there hasn't

(Continued on Page 24)

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leary

(Continued from Page 23)

been any good LSD and what people think that they have been taking, has not been LSD. This spring the DNA code and the devine process have given us more LSD per month than we have ever had in the entire history of LSD in America. It is the best LSD. Anyone who has had the opportunity to try the orange tabs (they are called SUNSHINE) will discover that although they thought they have been taking LSD before, they haven't. Therefore, this summer you are going to see mass assemblages of turned on people and I think that we should take this opportunity to show our righteous numbers and our righteous energy. Thousands will come to these celebrations nad I intend to be there making patriotic addresses so that the lesson will not be missed by the world at large.

EVO — Do you have any specific plans relating to your campaign?

TL — Next fall we are going to rent a train and visit every town and city in California. All the rock bands that I contacted are very enthusiastic and will join us in this. We are inviting anyone who wants to join us on the train during September and October. We are certain these campaign stops are going to be the most exciting events that these California towns and since the last gold rush.

EVO — You are aware of the upcoming trial in Chicago of the Conspiracy 8 and the heavy emphasis on class conscious revolutionary rhetoric surrounding it. What is your reaction to this?

TL — I think that everything is perfect. I think that Mayor Daley was sent down to pay his part in the divine plan which is going to free us all. We are all involved in the revolution, but the essence of the revolution is a hedonic revolution. The key to it is internal freedom. I think it goes beyond classes. The thing that impressed me as of late is that when you visit the most deserted parts of the country, you find the kids most outspoken on the hedonic revolution. They may not consider themselves revolutionists at all, but they are completely disgusted with the establishment. Anyone who speaks to them without hypocrisy and talks honestly about individual freedom, will receive their full scale support. I think that the politics of violence, while necessary at the present, is irrelevant in the future. I'll give you an example. The violent confrontation in Chicago resulted in 70 per cent of the American people siding with Mayor Daley. That shows that violence breeds violence and therefore that confrontation, while necessary, was essentially a setback. On the other hand, the People's Park issue in Berkeley, where the issue was not our violence against theirs, but our planting of grass and beautifying a dump, resulted in a 66-1 vote of

confidence by the student body. By provoking a confrontation in which we are rightiously joyous, we won 89 per cent of the young and over 50 per cent of the older people. With a violent confrontation we will lose in every way.

EVO — This is a point which should be reemphasized since the trend toward arms has taken on as of late alarming proportions. It is a futile step which will inevitably hurt us. It sets us all up for a certain kill.

TL — It should be stated that New York is extremely uptight. I think it is impossible to live in this city for more than a week without becoming violently insane. Therefore there is no question about the revolution being won through the spirit of the West Coast, which is the spirit of absolute confidence in the righteousness of our position — which is love and joy and the certainty that hedonic tactics and pleasure guerrillas will easily win out. We must never forget that the contest is being played out in the minds and souls of the kids. The whole issue should be centered there. The average High School kid does not want to carry arms. He wants to get high and fuck in a spiritual manner. They laugh at the violent politicians.

EVO — In the last few months the PORNOGRAPHY syndrome burst upon the American scene with the expected repression following closely at its heels. What do you have to say about this?

TL — The key energy for our revolution is erotic. A free person is one whose erotic energy has been liberated and can be expressed in increasingly more beautiful, complex ways. The sexual revolution is not just part of the atmosphere of freedom that is generating within the kids. I think it is the center of it. The reason the psychedelic drugs, particularly marijuana, are so popular, is because they turn on the body. I'll say flatly that the meaning and central issue of the psychedelic experiences is the erotic excelleration. The increased freedom in sexual expression in art and mass media is symptom number one of our victory. The key to it is that kids aren't only open to sexual energy but they won't stand any hypocrisy about it. It isn't so much sexual freedom, because people have been doing weird sexual things for generations, it is just that now people are open and joyous about it. They don't feel guilty. On the West Coast 12-year-old kids aren't only fucking rightiously and without guilt, but do it very poetically. The average 15-year-old California kid has explored every way of sexual expression — single and multiple — and is ready to go to more in his sex life, which means the spiritual, tantric sexual path. In an interview in LOOK a 17-year-old girl was quoted as saying that grass was great for balling. To which LOOK's middle aged expert said in a pitying way, "What

does she know about sexual intercourse?" This is, I think, the key to the generational gap and the breakdown in communications between the generations. The fact is that any 17-year-old has had orgasms longer, deeper and more complex to a thousandfold than all his or her ancestors put together. The older generation just can't stand this fact, they can't tolerate it and therefore repress it. The thought that their children have sexual delights and tantric ecstasies and Karma Sutra unions with multi-sensory symphonic harmonies than they in their crude alcoholic wrestling on the mattress or in the backseat of their Tommy Dorsey car, could never dream of. Therefore the pornography issue is a perfect sign of our joyous victory.

EVO — Is there anything you may wish to say in conclusion?

TL — I would like to say one more word about the politics of violence, just to illustrate how futile it is. You are never going to win anyone over by being uptight. A frowning face with lips pursed like a hen's asshole does not win votes. Take Berkeley. After the murder of a young man by the police, the gasing of the campus by the National Guard and a series of threats — our reaction was with flowers and kids. Those are our weapons and that does win just about everyone over — except that minority on the right as well as on the left who get their kicks from violence. Let's face it, violence on both sides comes from violent heads whose future is inevitably doomed.

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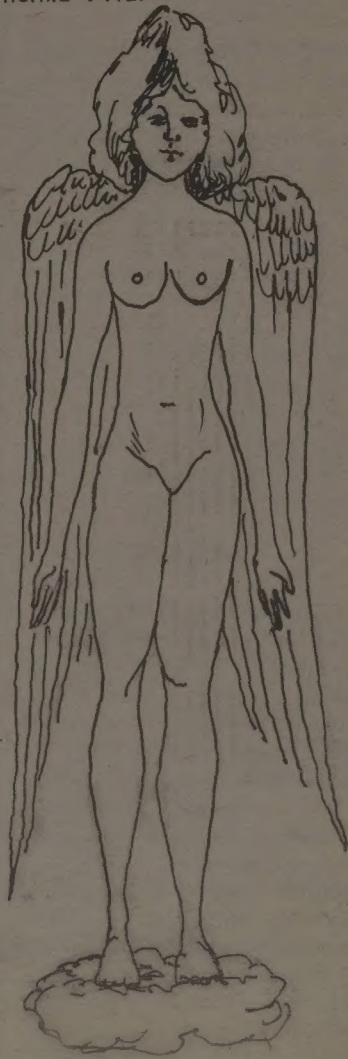
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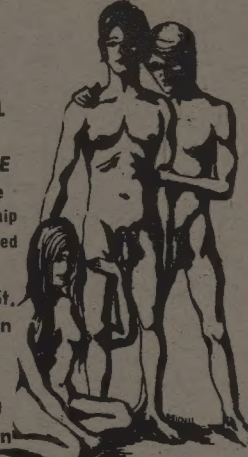


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boudoir (Continued from Page 22)

staggers over the tip of her nipple, the—nipple—erects—the nipple absolutely erupts beneath its little feet! Too much!

As you should be able to tell by now, this film is a widely successful comment on sexual fantasy and its relation to reality. With the help of Psychopathia Sexualis, Miss Spaak launches herself into fantasy and remains as guilt-free, uncontaminated, and genuine as she was when her shmuck husband was still alive. At no time does the fantasy take possession of her, any more than it did her husband. She does seem to derive a certain amount of amusement and gratification from her adventures in surreality, but not until the movie is almost over does she find her Thing, and a man to do it with her.

The man is Jean-Louis Trintignant. According to this reviewer's old lady, he's the sexies thing on the silver screen since Errol Flynn. The other reviewers knocked *The Libertine* for its ending, which has M. Trintignant a doctor turning the tables on the seductive Mlle. Spaack and actually marrying her, but to my mind the conclusion is perfect. For one thing, the scene where Trintignant demolishes the Playboy Penthouse pad in terrifying splashes of glass and plaster is one of the most violent and most cathartic things I've ever witnessed: the demolition of the whole phony honky Hefner fantasy apparatus. After this there is a charming spanking session wherein Trintignant doubles his lady over his knee and torments her into accepting his proposal.

Her thing, it develops, is a variation of the Aristotelian Method: according to Krafft-Ebing, Aristotle's preferred mode of sexual foreplay involved riding around on his wife's back until erection happened: this he recommended highly, and Miss Spaak takes him up on it. The last scene in the flick portrays her astride Trintignant's spine, dressed in brief white panties, groaning and moaning in mounting passion as he flounders around gently explaining the different views of Freud and Schiller on fetishism in sex.

Word on this flick ought to get around in all the better circles. Watch some while there's still time, dammit! The last dramatic work I said that about got busted: *The Libertine's* pretty likely to get busted eventually too, with things going the way they are and a new Supreme Court this month to help things along. I hate to give the Decency Crusaders the credit, but I think even they could discern the superior erotic quality of *The Libertine* over everything else that passes as racy and lewd these days. Frankly, I've never seen anything quite as good as *The Libertine*, and I'd like to see people do a lot more along these lines. But if we get shut down all of us, you know, this may be the best we'll ever have done. So go dig on it while there's still time.

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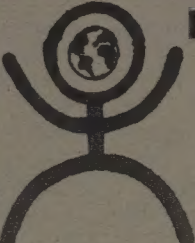
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