

BILLY GRAHAM CRUSADE

by DA LATIMER

The charter bus bearing Betty Fuller and Bower McLaughlin coughs around the corner of 34th Street and dies gratefully alongside the front entrance to Madison Square Garden. It's been a long ride from Youngstown, Ohio, and Betty has to go to the bathroom very badly. She didn't dare use the bus toilet all the way over from the other side of Pennsylvania—all the people, up and down the aisle, they'd just know what she was going in there for! This girl, Betty Fuller, has sat there for eight hours in this bus, singing "Onward Christian Soldier", and "Our Rock and Our Salvation" with all the other people from Youngstown, Ohio, and she hasn't peed once. Now the Billy Graham Crusade Counselor is giving directives — "Live up two by two in front of the bus, that way we can walk through the crowd into Madison Square Garden and nobody'll get lost. And most of all, have your tickets ready at the door. Everybody got their tickets? Okay, now, one little prayer and we'll go in. Bow your heads in silence, please." But Betty Fuller is hopping a little in her seat, she can't think, can't pray, girl's gotta pee, she's rubbing her thighs together under her petticoats, locking her heels together, you can hear the nylons rustling. . . .

Inside of Madison Square Garden, the place is packed to the brim. Every single one of the seats is occupied by transfixed, bug-eyed, sweaty-palmed rubes from Youngstown, Beaver Falls, Pittsburgh, Teaneck, One-Hundred-Twenty-First Street, Brooklyn and Long Island City. George Beverley Shea is winding up his *schtick*, singing gospel to an organ accompaniment, and—why—that's Billy Graham sitting down there, behind the platform, just walked in like you and me and sat down there. The place is really jammed. There's a war on. Nobody can sit in the Madison Square Garden aisles, of course, it's against fire regulations. Thinks the Billy Graham Crusade Coordinator, ruefully peering out over the mob: "And we didn't want Shea Stadium because we were afraid of being embarrassed by all the empty seats. Jee-gosh! Twenty thousand of 'em out there, mostly in their thirties, mostly urban, white, middle class . . . Should get between 850-920 every time He calls them down from their seats. . . ."

Outside, Bower McLaughlin gloomily listens to the Negro man with the bullhorn: "We are sorry, there is no room inside. There is just no room for anybody at all. The Garden is full tonight. We are sorry, but nobody can get in. Ushers cannot get in. Choir members cannot get in. Reporters cannot get in. There is just no room. Do your duty now. Go home and pray." Shucks. Shucks! Oh, just shucks! The last three times Billy Graham was in Youngstown, Bower made his decision for Christ every night of the Youngstown Crusade: lifted up, blooming, tickling all over he left his seat at

the end of Billy's sermon and filed down to the podium along with all the others to stand there while Billy prayed intensely for a long time, sweat running down their ribs warm, and then the blessing: "The Lord bless you, and keep you: the Lord maketh his face to shine upon you and give you peace. As it was in the beginning, it is now and ever shall be. Amen." And that warm, mellow, runny feeling of release, just the best feeling a fellow can have, that blending, egg-yolk feeling that lasts for days and days and days . . . "We are sorry, people, but there is just no room. Not at this door, not at any other door. You'll just have to go home and do your duty—go home and pray." Bower McLaughlin stands around for a long time with a group of stunned people from Youngstown, Ohio — thirty tall, well-dressed, fat, pork-and-eggs fed people with sunburns standing in front of Madison Square Garden, stunned and stupid in the hi-test Manhattan mugginess, while the clouds glower overhead and the lightning flashes. It's going to rain, but nobody knows what to do. The Negro man with the bullhorn sits down on the marble fountain to rest his voice for a spell.

* * *

"Yes, Lord! Yea, Jesus gonna come again and rule for a thousand years just like Billy says. Oh Lord, oh Lord, I been an awful rumm, all my life, but Jesus gonna save me. He gonna save all the colored folk, Jesus gonna come and rule a thousand years. I said some bad things about white folk once, but now I see, Jesus gonna save me. Billy says I'm gonna be king some-day, then—I gonna sit there in my purple robe with my crown and jewels and pearls, wear my golden slippers and carry the sceptre of Righteousness. A thousand years, Jesus gonna come and save me."

* * *

Uncle Artie sits at his desk this afternoon long after closing time. It's a big desk, a vast walnut thronelike desk with framed portraits of Aunt Mary and Cousin Susanne, the biggest desk in the building, that's because Uncle Artie is boss. He made the company himself, it makes close to a billion a year, and percentages from that make Uncle Artie, the tax people, and a good number of South American politicians very happy. But Uncle Artie's depressed tonight. There's only one thing that makes Uncle Artie depressed, and that's the man from the State Department who comes around once or twice a year. Otherwise Uncle Artie's a very happy man, you'd like him, jolly and friendly with a good wit and a wonderful personal warmth. You should see Christmas at Uncle Artie's house. But once or twice a year the man from the State Department walks in and Uncle Artie gets all flustered. He's a personal friend of the president's, and speaking personally on behalf of the president, he thinks it's Uncle Artie's duty as a citizen to stop selling that roadbuilding

equipment to Peru, but rather to divert it to Columbia and Nicaragua at a loss (which the State Department will make good eventually, don't worry about that, never mind how . . .) Why sure, if the President says so . . . And then Uncle Artie remembers some things his roadbuilding equipment has made possible, and he thinks about screaming women and students dying in the Latin American streets, and he starts to get depressed, like right now . . . Pretty soon, though, he'll brighten, look around for his personal address book, and call his friend from the Billy Graham Crusade Committee: "Hi, Henry? Look, I've got—oh, she's fine, Henry—look, I've got about twenty thousand floating around, according to the books, and I was thinking I might as well give it to you people: I mean, you've got that New York thing coming up this month, and, well, the way they carry on back East there, I think you might need it. Sure, Henry, sure—I'll pray for you too."

And these little clots of fat, corn-fed folks from the sticks, sweating and healthy from Deepest America, they're still standing around in front of their charter Trailways buses next to Madison Square Garden. They are standing there like brained calves, assailed by the Manhattan heat, the stink, those tall buildings from which you could just fall . . . and fall . . . and fall . . . And there is just no room, Billy Graham has really socked them in there tonight, no room at all. Go home and pray.

"Lord!" screams a tall, shaggy-headed hippie sort in his Midwestern levis and Kansas City drawl — "Lord! Lord! I'm a sinner I'm such a lost, dirty, run-down Alkie of a sinner, Lord, even Billy Graham's too good to have any truck with such as me." Why, by Gee, it's Ed Sanders. "Lord, I want you to wash my backside clean. Rain, Lord, rain!" And *plip! Plip!* By all the fields of Goshen, if it don't start to rain right then! Of course, it looked like rain before that . . . He couldn't know, something, do you think? The fat, big-eared, potato-bellied people cluster a little closer to their charter Trailways buses, looking warily over their shoulders at Sanders and his friends.

And from that little clot of shagginess Abbie Hoffman disentangles himself, grinning broadly, and he saunters right across the sidewalk over to the Youngstown, Ohio people. Placing a long, gnarled, Semetic finger against his chest, he drills little cringing, hopping Betty Fuller with his eye and brags, "You know where I'm from? I'm from hell." And the first great shattering thunderclap rocks Manhattan as Abbie walks away.

Inside the Garden, Preacher Billy clasps his open Bible before his groin, grinds majestically up against it, and shrieks: "Blood! It is said in the Bible that the Jews sacrificed twenty thousand babies a year to God! Blood, people, blood!"

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NORMAN MAILER

by CLAUDIA DREIFUS



DEMOCRATIC PARTY PRIMARY RESULTS:

| | |
|------------------------|---------|
| Mario Procaccino | 233,486 |
| Herman Badillo | 203,317 |
| Norman Mailer | 39,209 |

When the New York pigs are using helicopters to sprinkle tear-gas on City College and Harlem, we'll be able to thank Norman Mailer and his cathedral sized ego. For had Mailer not decided to inflict his non-campaign on this city, the Democratic Party would have chosen a decent man, Herman Badillo as its mayoral candidate. Instead, we are now faced with a choice between two of the most howling obscenities the petit bourgeoisie has ever produced.

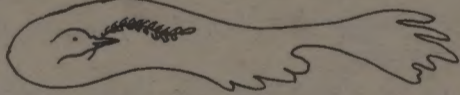
A while ago, Norman Mailer dipped his toe into the political waters when he ran a losing campaign for Mayor of Provincetown. Undaunted by his initial failure, the Pulitzer Prize winning author decided that New York would be a perfect forum for his wit, brilliance, intelligence and general political sagacity. The only thing he never considered was the possibility that he might pull enough votes away from the progressive candidate to throw the election to the Neaderthals.

Mailer's first announcements promised he would run an imaginative campaign, that he would raise important issues and set New York in a healthier direction. If that was his real goal, Mailer failed utterly. Few of his ideas were original—or terribly radical. The fifty-first state? People have been talking about making New York City a separate state since the Civil War. It's a passably good idea. But for any public figure to treat it like a panacea to the city's problems, is either deceitful or naive. Whenever a voter questioned Candidate Mailer about any issue: schools, the War, ABM, prison conditions, organized crime, political repression, rent control, a public park in Breezy Point, the high cost of living, the automatic answer was "Make New York the 51st State." BULLSHIT! The problems of the City are tied to those of the society. All of America needs to be restructured, democratized and reprioritized. We could become a separate state. But if the federal government is taxing everybody to death while spending nothing on housing, jobs, welfare, education and health, statehood won't mean crap to New York.

Mailer is fond of pegging himself as a conservative "left-winger"—a designation that may be artsy-craftsy and cute, but with only half the meaning that Mailer intended. On lots of issues Mailer proved more conservative than left-wing. Take for instance the question of Abortion—a matter of life and death for

hundreds of women each year. I don't know if Norman was courting the Catholic vote or not, but the candidate said that he would support legalized abortion only if women were willing to give up birth control. (Evidently the man is a naturalist who doesn't like anything unspontaneous to come between him and his supporters.) As for drugs, he wasn't in favor of legalizing them, either. "They dull the mind." Whose mind? Abe Beame's?

Central to Mailer's campaign was the idea that somehow he would become the mouthpiece for the "Silent Majority"—the working-class and middle-class whites of New York. Mailer and his braintrust of bright writers from the VILLAGE VOICE and NEW YORK MAGAZINE rightfully saw that the whites of the city are unhappy, that they have problems, and that they are caught in the vise of the affluent society. But I don't understand what could have ever lead Mailer to believe that he could be their leader. To the average longshoreman, Mailer on the tube made an impression as a slightly deranged, terribly incomprehensible nut. Take a look at the returns: Mailer polled absolutely no votes in working-class areas. His supporters came from the West Village, Brooklyn Heights, and Riverside Drive.



So Norman Mailer, the Maximum Savior of the Prol went on to commit an incredible piece of post-primary chutzpah: "Mailer to Back Lindsay, If . . ."—NEW YORK POST, Thursday, June 19th. The dearly defeated candidate had just parted for the more peaceful wilds of P-Town, but he left behind a well-instructed aide, Peter Maas, the magazine writer. Maas explained that Norman had thought about the whole situation—about Marchi and Procaccino and would be willing to support John Lindsay's independent bid, if the Mayor would commit himself to paying more attention to the white folk:

"Lindsay has to explain to them what the realities of the city are. He has to stop diverting them. They are getting as bad a deal as the blacks," said campaign aide Peter Maas.

"Lindsay has got to stop coming on like a St. Paul's (his New Hampshire prep-school) graduate. He has to try to communicate to these people that they are being used, too. A white, low-income guy in the Bronx is trying to make a payment on his car and he sees a guy on welfare taking violin lessons. It isn't right," said Maas.

SHIT! What out and out racism. Everykind of honky-pig-talk imaginable is being spouted by one of this city's bright young magazine writers! Really, kid, how many welfare recipients do think are taking violin lessons? People on welfare are starving—STARVING! The public assistance budget this year was cut by our compassionate state legislators in Albany. Nobody is taking "violin lessons," when they can't afford powdered milk for their babies.

But more than that, where the hell do Mailer and Maas get off making this kind of demand. All along John Marchi has been hurling horribly similar charges at Lindsay. It was this kind of "he's doing everything for the Blacks and nothin' for us" talk, that helped defeat John Lindsay in the Republican Primary. And now, now when the very survival of our city depends on everyone uniting behind Lindsay (no matter how bad his record on labor, and housing is) Mailer gets up and says that the Mayor will have to admit that he's been too good to the "nigras" to win his approval. Christ!

For a brief moment after the primary returns were in, Norman felt remorse about the effect of his ego-trip. "If I had known that Badillo would do so well, I might have hesitated about running," the political adventurer said. So???? The trend towards Badillo was evident for over a week. A more honorable man, one who didn't enjoy seeing his face on television as much as Mailer, would have withdrawn in Badillo's favor.

As if to vindicate himself, Mailer shrugged off New York's disaster by saying, "I'm not sure that the people who voted for me would have voted for Badillo." Peter Maas concurred: "If they hadn't backed Mailer, they wouldn't have backed anyone else. They were the young people, the disaffected lower-class." Contrary to Norman and Peter's romantic self-delusions, their campaign was hardly an effort of the lumpen and the alienated. How many Blacks, SDS-kids, or white-workers toiled in Mailer's crusade. His supporters all looked like they either read or worked for the VILLAGE VOICE. And if they didn't have their flamboyant friend to divert them, they would have reverted their more usual Reform Democratic-McCarthy' Kennedy voting pattern.

Out of all this bullshit only one Mailerite emerged as an authentic person, Jimmy Breslin. More than anyone in the Mailer menage, he has a legitimate pipeline to the lives of New York's working-class whites. And it was Breslin, who without hesitation or pretentiousness, immediately offered his services to Lindsay for the November struggle. (Continued on Page 17)

LA CONIA '69

INTERVIEW
BY
JAAKOV
KOHN

EXVULTURE SPAIN REVISITS OLD BUDDIES

STATE OF HELL'S ANGELS TODAY

EVO — You have just returned from Laconia N.H. where the Hells Angels had a week long meet.

S — Hells Angels East — which means everything east of California. All the chapters met, people coming from thousands of miles to see their club brothers.

EVO — What happened?

S — What has happened is that the Hells Angels, originally a California based organization, have been moving eastward. There are chapters in New York, Massachusetts and throughout the midwest. All these guys met in Laconia for the first time. They just got together and partied. There was some shit going on, some violence, but mostly it was just a get-together. For me, personally, it was a chance to meet many old friends. By the time I got there everybody seemed to be pretty petered out. It was a week long meet on a 30 acre camping ground near Laconia.

EVO — You mentioned violence — was it a gangbang, a riot or just fights?

S — When some other bikers who were there left, they knocked a few of the guys over with the open door of their car. The Hells Angels dragged them out and totally demolished their car. After that they chased some broads through the woods and, after that, as a matter of hospitality and courtesy they were let go.

EVO — From all the things that you've told me about biker lore, etiquette seems to play a big part in the life of the outlaws.

S — Yes, it does.

EVO — What is the origin of the ritualistic observance of this unwritten code?

S — These are all fighting clubs whose people don't take any shit. When they get together certain norms have to be adhered to in order to minimize any chance of friction. Therefore, a certain amount of protocol is inevitably involved.

EVO — Before Ken Kesey established diplomatic relations with the San Francisco Hells Angels, it was taken for granted that they were just a bunch of rightwing redneck punks. Then, suddenly, a change in their image took place. They weren't just beautiful, but groovy too. Suddenly they became glorious pop heroes. Everybody pointed out the similarity of cultures—they weren't only defying the man, but were dope freaks too. In spite of their aggressive hostility, they were, wishfully, deemed brothers. Was that attitude mutual?

S — Definitely not. The Hells Angels don't consider themselves a part of the Hippie movement. In fact, just about the opposite is the case. The comparison of the two cultures is one of contrast rather than similarity, though, to a certain degree it exists. They are both rebel cultures. They are both cultures that are at odds with the established forces, but their whole sets of values are different. Their rebellions took on opposite forms. The Hippie responds to man's dehumanization with an attempt to get back compassion and kindness, a kind of humanity thing. The Bikers, who were an earlier movement, responded by attempting to rip off the false mask of humanity and kindness and get to the real brutal reality of it all.

EVO — What is more brutal than some of the senseless aggression the bikers are known for? Or do you think that this is an erroneous impression?



S — I think it is.

EVO — What I have in mind is their penchant to mess people up.

S — These people wish to be left alone. They don't want to be hassled. But they will fight if and when they consider themselves menaced. There are, of course, always a few exceptions.

EVO — Who are "your" people?

S — The New York branch of the Hells Angels. My own club, the Road Vultures, are a part of the New York Angels.

EVO — Are you still a member?

S — No.

EVO — Why?

S — I couldn't keep up with my obligations as a member, namely to be around, pay dues, ride with the club and take part in their functions and activities.

EVO — What is your status now?

S — A good friend.

EVO — Did you enjoy yourself in Laconia?

S — Even though there was a certain amount of hassling due to frictions resulting from new associations, I haven't had as good a time in years.

EVO — I remember the Road Vultures during the Pentagon exorcism, right out front storming the walls. Where are the Hells Angels at politically?

S — They are more concerned with issues like the N.Y. State Helmet Law. To wear a helmet is really not a safe thing to do because it impairs your vision and your hearing — both of which are essential to functioning on a bike. They feel the Helmet Law was pushed through the Legislature by the helmet interests. They are somewhat sceptical and ask why the Legislature should suddenly be so concerned about the welfare and well being of bike riders.

EVO — Are there blacks among the Angels?

S — No.

EVO — Why not?

S — I guess people in general are basically racists. The same applies to the Hells Angels. We always respected the territory of the blacks and wouldn't go there. They didn't bother us and we didn't bother them.

EVO — Isn't there any sense of solidarity with others?

S — The average biker is a pretty independent person who doesn't identify with anybody but fellow bikers. The club functions on a pretty tight-knit basis. People feel a sense of identity with each other but have a kind of general hostility and suspicion toward the outer world.

EVO — Have they no other interests other than their own?

S — Lately there has been some interest in what's going on but it's difficult to speak of a general attitude. Each biker speaks for himself. Attitudes in a club range from narrow racism to a broad sense of identification with others. One can't speak of a monolithic party line. The one thing these people value is above all their freedom. That sense of individualism that makes them what they are. They respect each other's individuality.

EVO — How about the chick that gets gangbanged whether she wants it or not?

S — You have to realize that the whole Angel trip is pretty much of a male supremacist thing. Chicks have to be kept in their place. Actually, they have a pretty poor deal. If a chick fucks up she can be subjected to a whole bunch of shit and often is. It's a situation of contrasts. That's what life is. Bikers are basically rurally oriented and therefore still have the old value where the woman's role is one of total subservience to the man. In the Bike culture the man dominates and therefore the tendency among chicks is to be somewhat mannish. In the Hippie culture the opposite holds true. It is a female dominated scene and there is a tendency among men to be somewhat feminine. The outlaw knows that he is going to take a stand for himself and his friends whereas the Hippie doesn't quite know where he stands. The rider's impression of the Hippie is that of a coward who wouldn't really stand up. The outlaw is proud that his survival is due to his esprit de corps. Now that the Hells Angels have gone national, the outlaws are more together. They are growing in consciousness and maturing. They are becoming more aware of their own interests and how to go about

(Continued on Page 18)

HIGH COURT FREES HIGH PRIEST

By MICHAEL R. ALDRICH
Head of LeMar International

On May 19, 1969, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed Dr. Timothy Leary's marijuana conviction, destroyed most of the Marijuana Tax Act, and cleared the way for decent marijuana laws in this country. (It was Ho Chi Minh's birthday—a fitting day for some earth-shaking in Washington, D.C.)

Justice John Marshall Harlan, in handing down the unanimous 8-0 decision, noted that Leary, Henry P. Covington, and all persons in like situations, ran "a very substantial risk of self-incrimination" under state marijuana laws if they complied with the federal laws. (Or maybe Justice Harlan was celebrating his own birthday—he turned 70 on May 20.)

After deliberating for almost five months on Leary's and Covington's defenses, two *amicus curiae* briefs filed on Leary's behalf by the American Civil Liberties Union and the U.S. National Student Association, and the Justice Department's prosecution cases, the Court held

—that the 5th Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination is a valid and absolute defense for persons charged with failure to pay marijuana taxes—or for persons charged with transferring or acquiring marijuana without having paid the taxes, and

—that possession of marijuana is not sufficient evidence for the prosecution or the court to assume either that the drug was illegally imported or that the possessor knew it was imported.

Overall, the decision makes present federal anti-marijuana legislation virtually impossible to enforce. Immediately, the Justice Department estimates that it will have to revise prosecution strategy on over 100 pending cases. It will certainly result in the dismissal of cases charging marijuana dealers with literally millions of dollars in back taxes due. And it may even, as Dr. Leary hopes, "mean freedom for thousands of young people who are now in jail for smoking marijuana."

Exultant at the decision, Dr. Leary took the occasion ("the happiest day since the Emancipation Proclamation!") to announce plans to "walk or fly, not run" for Governor of California in 1970. "We'll hold campaign celebrations in every city," he said, "and keep the Revolution in high gear." His running mate, Shakti, and flying guide will be his wife Rosemary, naturally.

It all started on December 23, 1965, when Dr. Leary and four others were refused entrance into Mexico by the same Mexican Secret Service police who had escorted his pioneer psychedelic group, IFIF, out of Mexico two years earlier. Recrossing the International Bridge, Dr. Leary's car and its occupants were searched by American customs officials at the Laredo, Texas, border station. Less than a half-ounce of marijuana was discovered, for which Dr. Leary took responsibility, although it was not in his personal possession. "I remember warning the customs agents that they had probably just put themselves out of a job," he says.

On March 11, 1966, Dr. Leary was convicted by a Texas federal court for (a) transporting illegally-imported marijuana (b) without having paid a \$100-an-ounce transfer tax. The jury had been instructed to disregard expert testimony on the harmlessness of marijuana, and the Judge threw out a First-Amendment defense that marijuana use was his religious right as a practicing Hindu, because Hinduism does not require marijuana use though 90% of India's holy men turn on. Dr. Leary was sentenced to from 5 to 330 years in prison and

a \$30,000 fine. The case was appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court and argued by attorney Robert Haft before the court on December 12, 1968.

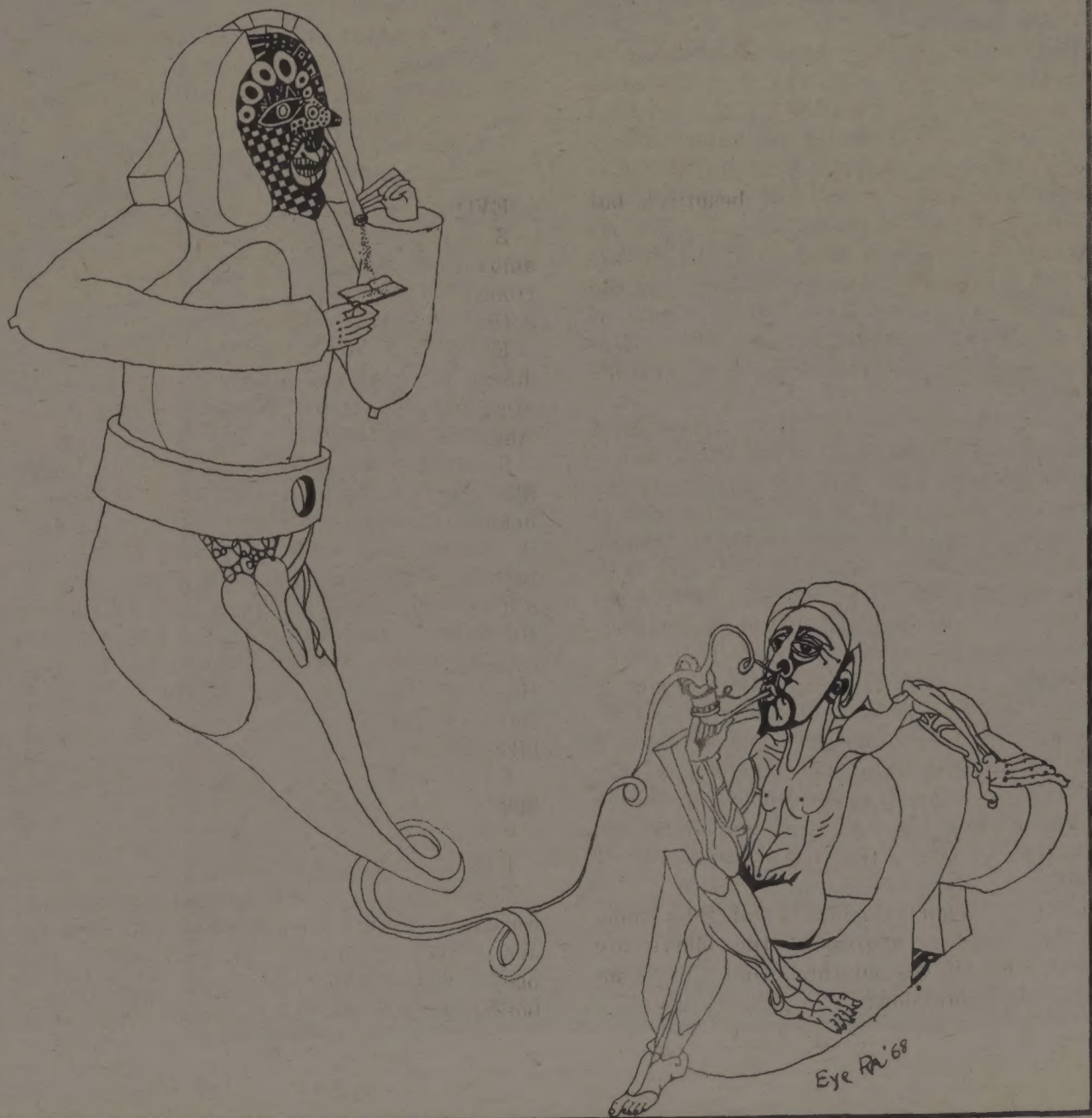
Meanwhile, in Columbus, Ohio, U.S. District Judge Joseph P. Kinneary had dismissed an indictment against Henry Preston Covington, a jazz musician, charged with "being a transferee of and acquiring a quantity of marijuana without having paid the tax imposed by law." On March 27, 1968, Judge Kinneary ruled that Covington would have incriminated himself under state laws if he had tried to pay federal tax. On May 14, 1968, a similar decision was handed down in Wichita, Kansas, but conflicting decisions by federal courts in New York and Boston upheld the federal statutes. This conflict of decisions assured that the Supreme Court would have to settle the issue. The Justice Department appealed the Covington decision to the Supreme Court, where assistant solicitor general John S. Martin, Jr., argued that self-incrimination was not an issue because Covington (and Leary) "could not pay the tax," i.e. the Narcotics Bureau would not issue them tax application forms.

Not a single Justice was persuaded by that tendentious bit of Narco smoke, however. By deciding in Dr. Leary's favor, the court ruled in effect that he and Covington could have paid the tax, but in so doing they would likely have incriminated themselves under state laws forbidding possession of marijuana. Justice Harlan summarized the court's opinion by noting that Leary "had ample reason to fear" that information given the federal Bureau while trying to apply for and pay the taxes would be turned over to local authorities and "would surely prove a significant link in a chain of evidence tending to establish his guilt under the state marijuana laws."

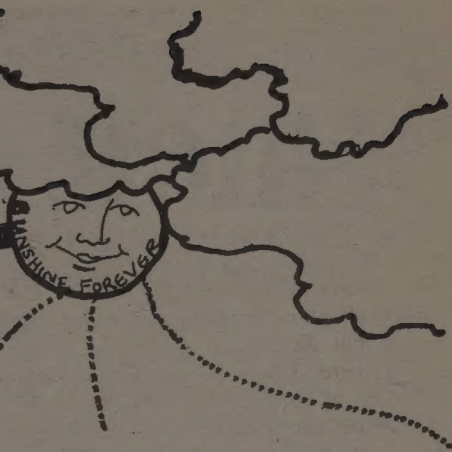
Ironically both the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 and most state anti-marijuana laws are the result of the ferocious campaign against "the killer weed" waged by Harry J. Anslinger, then Commissioner of Narcotics, in the mid-1930's. At that time, constitutional lawyers doubted that the federal government could outlaw basically local activities by any other means than taxing them and making it very difficult to pay the tax, while criminally prosecuting anyone who performed the taxable activity without paying the tax. The heart of the federal marijuana legislation is that it is illegal to acquire or transfer ("transfer" means "any type of disposition resulting in a change of possession") marijuana without first filling out application forms and transfer forms, and without paying a special tax, which ranges from \$1 per ounce transferred for persons registered as doctors, researchers, or licensed importers under the Act, to \$100 per ounce for persons not so registered. Meanwhile, under the various state versions of the Uniform Narcotics Code widely adopted because of Anslinger's nationwide campaign, it is a crime to possess or transfer (sell) marijuana under almost any conditions. Hence, Anslinger's campaign carried within it the seeds of its own destruction—the resulting laws conflicted and, by the new Supreme Court ruling, require a person who wishes to comply with the federal laws to incriminate himself under the state laws. Although state laws and certain provisions of federal law which make illegal sale itself subject to stiff penalties remain unaffected, "It looks like Congress is going to have to write entirely new national legislation," says Michael Standard, another of Dr. Leary's attorneys.

Legal precedent for the new decision was set by Supreme Court decisions of last year which

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EARTH CATALOG



by LITA ELISCU



Up and away, but there is no *up* and *down*; try in and out, so out Out, al the way OUT until you are in again, right in there where the earth becomes Whole Earth (did you realize that "earth" spelled differently is "heart"?)

One day not very long ago, Stewart Brand was in an airplane over Nebraska, on his way back to California. He was:

1. reading *Spaceship Earth* by Barbara Ward
2. thinking about:
 - a. friends who had started their own communities within the ecological happenstance of this whole earth;
 - b. (conjecture) aware even consciously of Bucky Fuller.

"So many of the problems I could identify came down to a matter of access. Where to buy a windmill . . . Where to lay hands on a computer without forfeiting freedom." The answer: A Catalog, of course, modeled after Sears & Roebuck but chocked with the goods and information, the ways and means of *access*, of modern stone-agers. Books on how to grow organic vegetables; places from which to order seeds; basic letters and information from people who have tried it Already . . . and a Truck Store which would travel about with samples and information, a store on wheels; mobility is one of the bases of making a fact information—if you can't give the fact to someone else, you've got a private epiphany, religious until it can be sent out to someone else, taken in by that person. Epiphany with a synapse.

The Portola Institute was established in 1966, a nonprofit corp. "to encourage, organize, and conduct innovative educational projects" which include the Ortega Park Teachers Laboratory: "one teacher, one student, and 70 acres of redwoods" and The Whole Earth Catalog & Truck Store.

There is a whole political decision to absence, to vacating the space which makes you unhappy and going to a time/space which allows you the freedom to be as you want: your unhappiness being a direct variant on you and those whom you choose to have concern you, including the sun and rain. To try to save certain spaces, conservation of your mind and territory whether physical or problematical . . . to raise people who do not worry about living destructively while aware of that Promised Land, but go about their life together as creative happy human beings . . . maybe that's for whom my favorite quote was written, "If you would have men love you/Try to make them happy/ Not free. The mind has walls/ Of its own." It was sitting there on The Great Wall of China, just waiting for the Whole Earth people to come along the carousel and scoop it up. Like music, bread and wine, all it wants or needs is you, for the Catalog is a totally symbiotic creature, entering into the I-Thou of existence with heart and style. Grace, too. Grace in knowing what is enough by knowing what is more than enough (paraphrased Blake).

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| etcetera, you get the idea. | |

The Catalog deals with a world we should have and need, where people accept their commonality, community and dignity. Where privacy is accorded according to the need-and-ability syndrome, with none of the hangups. I/Thou because all it needs to exist is you, to turn the information into knowledge and then add perspiration-inspiration for wisdom . . . A world which brings god back to the original concept, to the men who created that which was greater than themselves. Access to information and clarity.

The implications are just so nice.

(Continued on Page 15)

The most important exhibit in town at the moment is not in an art gallery or at the Modern Museum. It is the *CAN MAN SURVIVE?* show at the Museum of Natural History. It will be on for the next two years (and probably remain the most important show in town during that period), but there is no time to be lost in going there if you want to see the best wedding of subject matter and exhibiting technique yet devised by humans. This show is a real watershed, and future shows will be compared to it and have to surpass it if they want to make a mark of their own. It will have an enormous effect not only on exhibition techniques but on education at all levels, transmitting information on all levels, and even the decoration of public spaces.

shocked the elderly trustees and directors of the Museum on their first viewing—they took out their anger not on the theme but on the alleged noise and confusion of images presented by the show.

This show is probably the most perfect example of what McLuhan was trying to get at and may represent one of the first steps in the development of a post-literary learning process and a post-book culture. Far from being an arbitrary or chaotic assemblage of sounds and images, it is obvious that great care went into the selection of the visual material shown, every slide and film-

a collection of photos badly punctuated by two rooms of projectors. Even the projectors were poorly used, placed both too high up and too sparsely to create a genuine world of images like that at the Natural History. Then too the Harlem show projectors did nothing but click away at a precise unchanging rhythm, duplicating the rhythm of a bad classroom situation instead of cre-

terial available from any era or concerning any subject. Soon one will no longer read a book about Seventeenth Century France or Sixteenth Century Spain—one will enter a living environment representing it with images, music, spoken fragments, tactile experiences, and other sense realities connected with the age. Acting, dance, and happening elements can also be integrated into the environment.

ART



by ALEX GROSS

Both the theme and the technical achievements are equally impressive.

Using mainly projections and pre-programmed sound, the show moves from the romanticized nineteenth century view of nature into the twentieth century polluted mess man has made of nature's resources in a series of constantly mind-holding image-filled interlocking chambers. It is estimated that two million people will have seen this show before it closes, and related exhibits will be set up in other institutions and cities. For the first time a generation of Americans may be allowed to grow up challenging the idea that all people need to do is get married, have children, be good consumers, and nature will take care of the rest. It is not surprising that the show has already proved controversial and

strip being chosen from masses of available material because it makes the most meaningful visual effect. This is in marked contrast to many so-called mixed-media shows recently on view which merely used the hardware of mixed media but did not succeed because not enough thought went into determining the desired effect and finding the visual material to achieve it. This means that mixed-media like any other art form is only as good as the thought and discipline that goes into it if the object is to communicate a single theme. This of course is merely one more proof that mixed-media is a legitimate art form in itself and not just a dilettante game which anyone can put together with a few projectors and tape recorders.

CAN MAN SURVIVE? succeeds on a technical level in many of the ways that the recent *HARLEM ON MY MIND* show at the Metropolitan failed. The latter only pretended to be a mixed-media show—what it was in reality was

ating an entirely new atmosphere in which set ideas are broken down and learning can take place. Once again, the images at the Harlem show, unlike the present one, did not overlap but were trained onto fixed screens—any number of people seem to think you can only use a projector with a specially prepared screen, when in fact a wall, a bed sheet, bunting, or any relatively light-colored material will work perfectly well. The Natural History show does not make this mistake, overlapping its images onto a variety of shapes and surfaces.

As exciting as this show is, the implications for the future are even more exciting. All of us reading this paper have grown up learning our history, geography, and other descriptive subjects from more or less dull drab textbooks with more or less faded and distant photographs of the subject matter treated. Even television only presents a single screen with a single sequence of images, and even the most adventurous new books in France and America, attempting to integrate a wider variety of pictorial material, are still presenting relatively little of the pictorial and illustrative ma-

Every high school and elementary school will have at least one sensory environment room where images of the subject matter to be studied will be flashed at and around the student at a rate as fast as life. The same technique can be used for covering geography and any subject with a specific theme. By this time it is to be hoped that high school and elementary schools will have gotten around to updating both their syllabus and their antiquated ideas of how much can be taught to today's students. Learning does not consist merely in being able to adjust to the tortoise speed of today's text books, but in the communication of meaningful information from one head to another by whatever means. The teacher who marks his students according to their rote regurgitation of antiquated learning media is holding up education rather than forwarding it, and it is no surprise that more and more elementary and high school students are beginning to sense this.

Obviously it will be necessary to "program" various subjects meaningfully into the new medium, which means once again that much work and thought must be devoted to selecting the visual material for each "course," even if this requires making new films from the process and going through a vast amount of material to find the right slides. But once this has been done, the expense

(Continued on Page 22)

By JUD YALKUT

"Circa 1950: Yoko Ono is sitting around some-place striking matches. She is observing the significance of a natural act. Many matches later she finds that by lighting a match and watching till it has gone out she is making something that has a shorter existence than herself, and by comparison is making her life longer."

—Tony Cox, ART AND ARTISTS.

Who is Yoko Ono? Filmmaker, artist, composer? Environmentalist, Libran, Bird-woman, teenage idol? Working all her life in the multifarious forms of "Concept Art," has she finally transcended her perimeterless "painting of the mind" to become pure concept herself?

"Duchamp instituted brain painting, borrowing objects from real life to capture the substance of life as in "The Air of Paris," a sealed empty bottle. Yoko Ono continues brain painting, carrying it into the sixth sense world (i.e. her 'paintings to construct in your head'), not as interested in Duchamp's paradoxical cynicism, but more encouraging people to imagine illusions and to participate in her art by adding and interpreting in their own way. Conceiving an image in her mind Yoko writes instructions inviting the public to join her in an act of creation."—from a discussion in Tokyo, 1964.

(MORNING PIECE (1964 to George Maciunas by Yoko Ono will be performed on the roof of 87 Christopher St., N.Y.C. you may come between sunrise and noon wash your ears before you come)

Yoko appeared at the Fourth Belgian Experimental Film Competition of 1967-8 where she had come for the out-of-competition showing of her "Film No. 4" ("on taking the bottoms of 365 saints of our time")—a film "OF MANY HAPPY ENDINGS"?

(Two films of Yoko's are presently available in New York from the Filmmakers' Cooperative as part of the Summer, 1966 version of the FLUXFILM PROGRAM: No. 16, "No. 4"—Close-up shots of buttocks of some 12 different performers: 5 minutes, and No. 14, "No. 1"—Match striking and burning. Shot at 200 ft./sec.: 5 minutes. Thus the techniques of Yoko's later films were concisely presaged by her earlier filmwork.)

She performed her "bag piece," laying motionless for eight hours within, on the crowded foyer floor of the gambling casino which housed the ten-day festival at Knokke-Le-Zoute. Four signs flanked her prostrate form, saying two in English and two in French, "Yoko Ono is not here."

It was at the Festival that Yoko lamented to Shirley Clarke "Nobody loves a lady filmmaker." Several months later as history now records, she and John Lennon became international figures together, continuing her film career with the famous FILM NO. 5 of John smiling in their garden filmed at 20,000 frames per minute (three minutes telescoped into 52 minutes), and TWO VIRGINS. "There wasn't any point in just making love, secretly and everything. We had to make a film which had the same vibrations as making love." Before Yoko returned to London from the Festival, we held the following interview together:

J.Y.: How many films have you made thusfar?

YOKO: About nine. Some are actual films but most just have instructions. Jonas Mekas has seven completed instructions which have never been performed in New York. (NOTE: Six film scripts—including WALK TO THE TAJ MAHAL had been privately published in 1965.) One film is to supply scissors to the audience who can cut out any part of the film that they like from the screen. Any film will do. This produces dark holes in the screen. I have made both films and film events.

"Event, to me, is not an assimilation of all the other arts as Happening seems to be, but an extrication from the various sensory perceptions. It is not 'a get togetherness' as most happenings are, but a dealing with oneself. Also, it has no script as happenings do, though it has something that starts it moving—the closest word for it may be a 'wish' or 'hope'."—Yoko Ono.

Bill Waring, a beautiful cameraman who also edited the film, shot a 14 minute version of my Wrapping event, which is being blown up into 35mm. The film was a documentation of the wrapping up of the lions in Trafalgar Square. The spectators were invited to wrap up the 20 foot high, 30 foot long statues until they disappeared. Of the first four or five films, the best was the match film—lighting a match until it goes out—shot with a high-speed camera by George Maciunas, Peter Moore and Tony Cox.

"It is not possible to control a mind-time with a stopwatch or a metronome. In the mind-world, things spread out and go beyond time."—Yoko Ono.

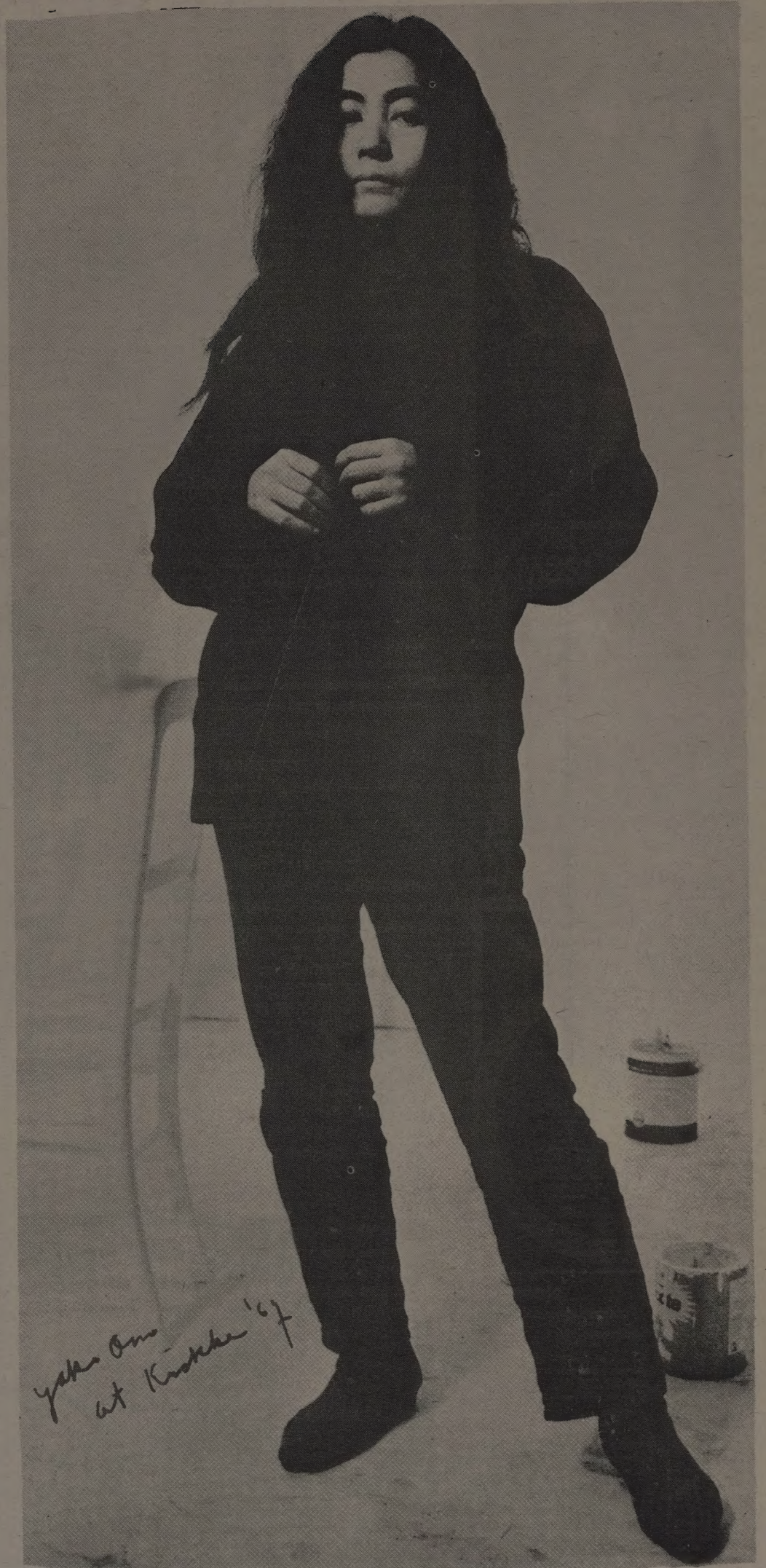
J.Y.: How did you make the buttocks feature, FILM NO. 4?

YOKO: We were broke in London when some rich guy asked if I was interested in making a feature length film. I said I wanted to make a film of buttocks moving. I wasn't really interested in buttocks but in covering the whole screen with one object from beginning to end which is unusual. I had already made the short bottoms film with Fluxus, shot by Jeff Perkins and Tony, and produced by Maciunas. Well, he got turned on, said go ahead, but never came across with the money, though he gave us the incentive. We managed to raise 60 pounds, a borrowed camera, and the film given as a gift. A house was borrowed for the shooting and all the actors and actresses, friends and fellow artists, volunteered, so we had many sizes and shapes of bottoms to work with.

(When the film opened in London, the "New Statesman" said "Buster Keaton is her prophet." For the first week the box office take at the West End Theater was the third highest ever. There was a censorship scene. The private industry based British Board of Film Censors never saw the whole film. Yoko and friends picketed the Censors' office and sent 30 boxes of flowers to Trevelyan, head of the Board, and finally received a Greater London county certificate to show the film, two days before elections).

I wanted to make a film so simple that it becomes a film event, in the sense that the film is so basic that anyone can make it. This allows much variation, stimulates involvement, and is the compliment to anything.

(Continued on Page 14)



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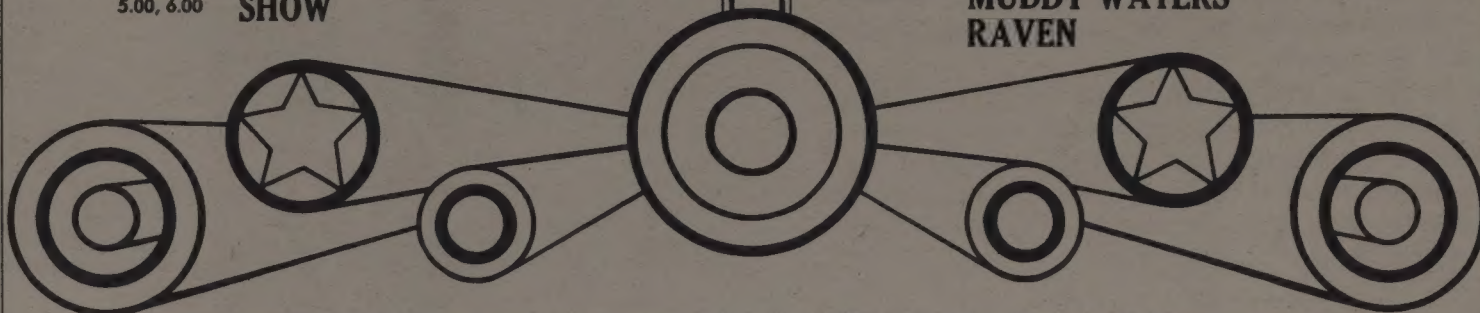
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by DAVID WALLEY

**THE FILLMORE EAST—AN
EXPERIMENT IN URBAN
SOCIOLOGY**

Let's all go down to the Fillmore East and watch the show. So the ambience is a little shoddy, the seats a little torn, and sometimes the Coke machine lights up like a pinball machine, yells "Tilt," and throws you out a root beer. Sometimes even the orange drink is a little warm, but no one goes to the Fillmore to sample the ambience—there are far more important things to see . . . besides the entertainment. **BESIDES THE ENTERTAINMENT?? ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU GO TO THE FILLMORE FOR?** The question stands nevertheless.

What else is there to watch besides the performers. Why not the audience? Every single rock performer that I've talked to is unanimous in his distaste for the Fillmore East audience. There is just something about them which defies description. They are a varied crew. Queens teenies mixed with Mothefuckers (those who have somehow managed to get a few dollars together from a hard day on the streets), uptown collegiate Eastside types with groupies from the record biz (those chicks who put out at the right time with the right thing), tourists who can be distinguished by their shattered stares which take in even the ushers' multicolored shirts (they're forever polishing each other throughout the performances as if to say, "Look at that, George, they don't act like that in Peoria"), and then of course the regulars, who are distinguished by their spaced expressions of beatific bliss mirroring their joy at once again being inside the Fillmore on yet another Friday or Saturday night. A cast of thousands.

The performer doesn't mingle with the audience: but he nevertheless has to confront them when he is onstage. The more any rock musician play at the Fillmore, the more he notices one thing: the audience is entirely immune to what the performer is laying down—it doesn't matter whether he is on or off, together or destroyed. The Fillmore audience will politely applaud, or more normally, give anybody with long hair a standing ovation. Perhaps the musicians deserve that praise because they play at the Fillmore East. But it seems more certain that the audience must bet its money's worth, so why not scream and holler instead of listen and appreciate?

This audience, strangely enough, seems to be exclusively concerned with themselves. Instead of the music, it is **BEING AT THE FILLMORE** which is paramount. The musician never gets a reasonable feed-back from them . . . he could play the most execrable shit and get the same response as if he really did a number and went somewhere. It is only rarely that a Fillmore audience will show disapproval: the last time this happened, the Led Zeppelin was playing second fiddle to the Iron Butterfly, heavyweight against a flyweight no matter how the billings read. The Butterfly walked on stage, took 10 minutes to tune up, and played some LA candyrock licks. The audience almost threw their seats . . . this is rare, however).

PHOTO BY RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN



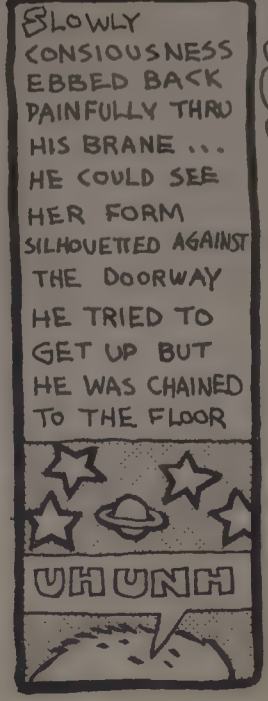
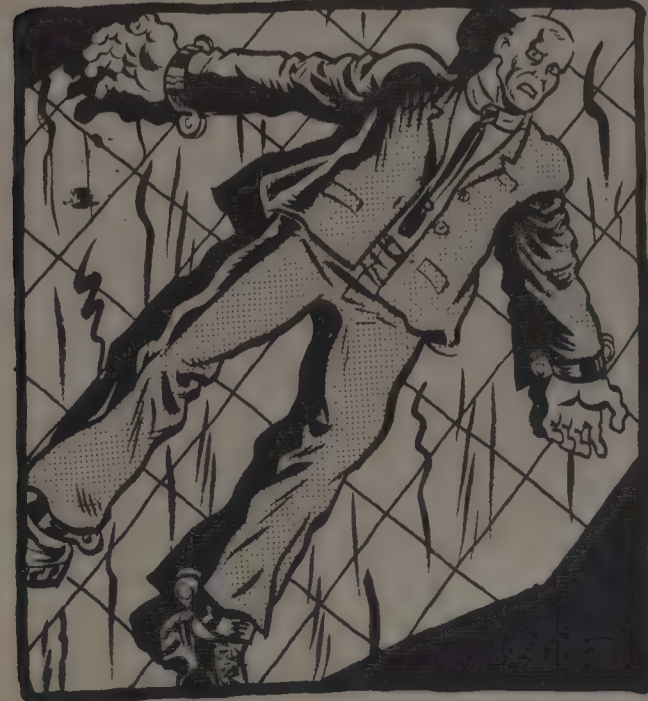
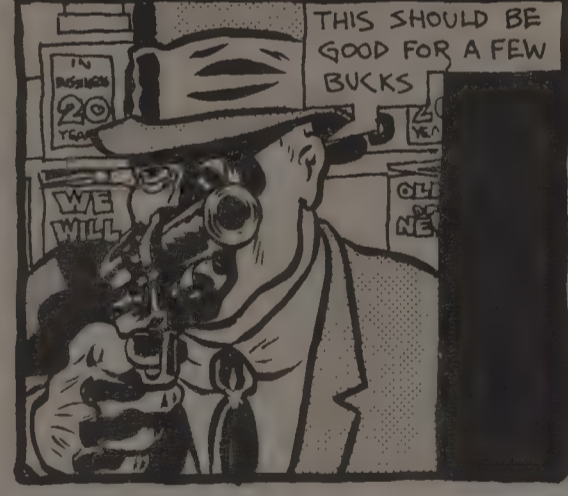
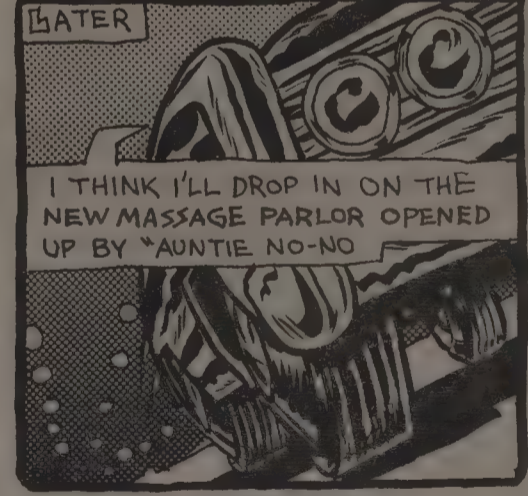
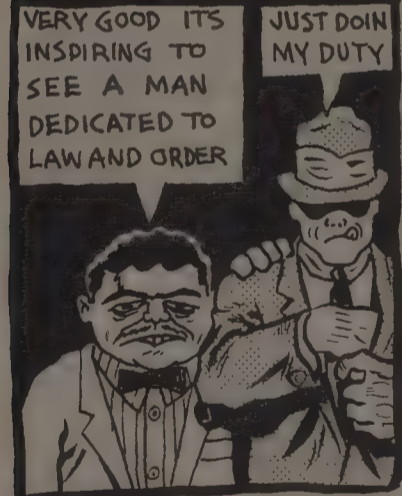
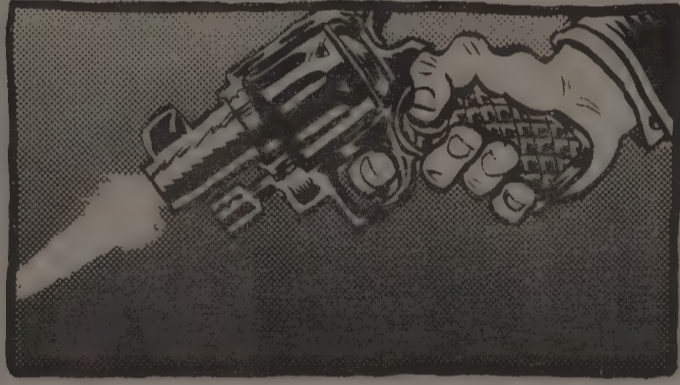
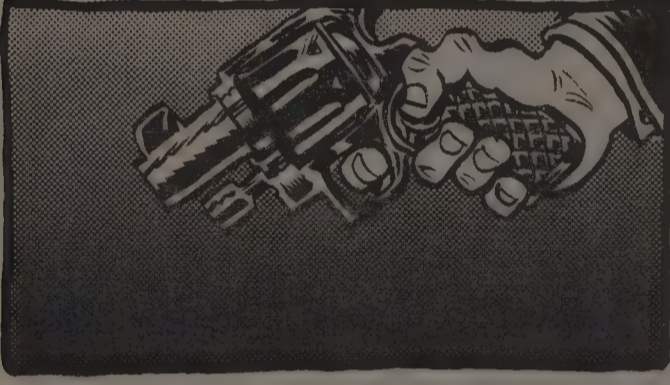
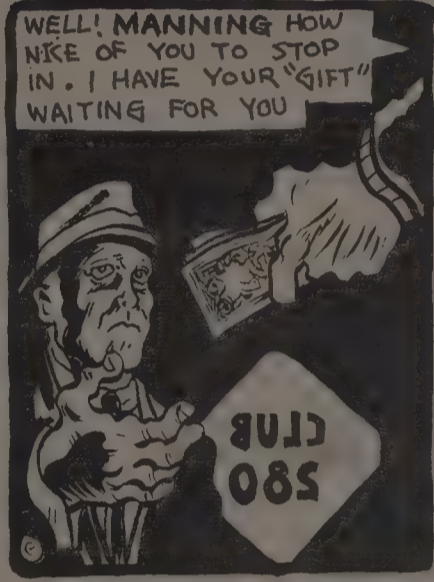
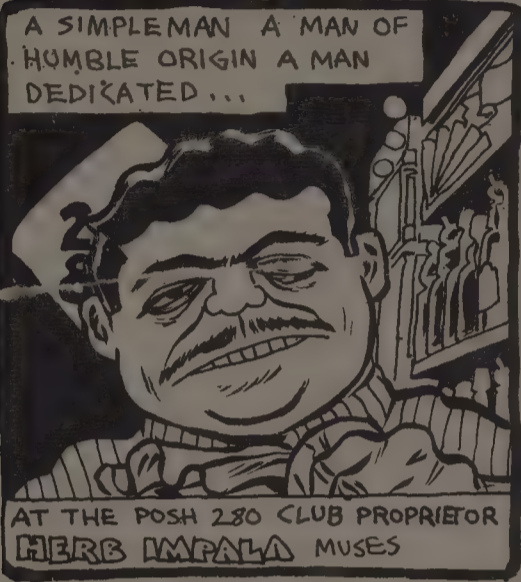
It's a funny thing, though either the Fillmore crew is perfunctorily receptive, giving each group its standing ovation it's almost a standing joke among musicians to speak of a Fillmore East (ovation) or they just don't respond at all. I've seen countless concerts where the performer has just finished an ear-punishing, finger contorting guitar lead or drum solo and the audience shows no appreciation at all. I'm not asking that they turn into cool jazz freaks, silently digging, but why not have some consideration for the sweat that is worked up and the music that is being made? Perhaps the only person who really gets anywhere with this type of crew is Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. They avoid the problem by in effect playing for themselves and ignoring the audience).

For those select few who go to the Fillmore, music is a commodity which can be vicariously consumed and passively enjoyed. The Fillmore isn't a place to go because it is the Fillmore; it is a place to go to listen to rock music, good, bad or indifferent: that's the way it should be anyway. Appreciation is something: that's the way it should be anyway. Appreciation is something an artist should expect only if he has earned it. It is not something he should attain just by walking out on a stage. Perhaps we are all to blame, but no music which is as vital and powerful emotionally, intellectually, and politically as rock music should be treated in such an offhand manner. If you (we) don't react, those purveyors of schlock rock will think they are really doing a job glutting the record stands with such groups as The Ohio Express or the Monkees. Again, since when did money-making sanctify shit music? That's the fault of the system, but more of that in a future column).

Normally I will not make a point of "pushing" certain artists, but I will make exceptions when I feel that someone hasn't been heard and should be. One of those exceptions is the Detroit based Amboy Dukes. The Dukes have three albums to their credit and are working on their fourth—the latest, **Migration** is a killer hard-rock record. Those who saw them at the Fillmore East last winter should agree that they are an electrifying performance group. Lead guitarist Ted Nugent has as much power as the Britishers Beck, Lee and Page. Andy Solomon, keyboards specialist, who looks like the original mad scientist, is a defrocked conservatory student with a few unpublished string quartets to his credit. He plays a frenetic organ and an a capella soul (he and the drummer Dave Palmer spend days in Dave's cellar taping and arranging old favorites playing all parts themselves on overdubs, sort of an a capella revivalist scene). Bassist Greg Aram effectively underpins the group with a solid rhythm bass. They are all fine musicians and tremendous performers. Either get to see them the next time they hit the city, or go to Detroit and see them there.

After the Fact: The Mothers

As an afterthought for the Mothers
(Continued on Page 17)



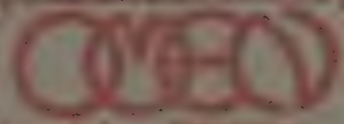
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"After unblocking one's mind, by dispensing with visual, auditory, and kinetic perceptions, what will come out of us? Would there be anything? I wonder. And my events are mostly spent in wonderment."

In film events, I have no interest in esthetic or the particular mood created, but in the idea. An idea is something that can travel by word of mouth. The idea would travel through different versions and variations. All my ideas can be put into words—other people can make the films.

"This film proves that anyone can be a director. A filmmaker in San Francisco wrote to me and asked if he could make the San Francisco version of No. 4. That's OK with me. Somebody else wrote from New York, she wants to make a slow-motion version with her own behind. That's OK, too. I'm hoping after seeing this film, people will start to make their own home movies like crazy." Yoko ONO.

Most basic mathematical equations can be applied to any situation. Here there is the direct involvement of people in the sense that they can use the same equation to make different films. The film is never completed. At the end,

a title says "TO BE CONTINUED". I feel it is just a starting point.

"Last year, I said I'd like to make a 'smile film' which included a smiling face snap of every single human being in the world. But that had obvious technical difficulties and was very likely that the plan would have remained as one of my beautiful never-nevers."

J. Y.: What was the response to the showings of NO. 4?

YOKO: At the Festival and in London too, people walked out, and that's OK. I guess maybe it's a film for anybody who wants to make a film, and if they start to make it, it's great. In old China, a man would buy a lark and let it fly away from the cage, then wait all day long just to hear it sing once in the sky. This is like the music of the mind.

"The only sound that exists to me is the sound of the mind. My works are only to induce music of the mind in people."

I try to slow down the pace of the world, to do it with meditation. Maybe in a few years the world will develop a different time sense, and one and half hours would be just right and people would be able to get hung up on all the little details. I liked Mike Snow's WAVE-LENGTH very much, but I would have made it without anyone coming in, without color, flashing, and superimpositions—just one room from night to dawn.

"Very soon, the age may come where we would not need photographs to communicate, like with ESP, etc., it will happen soon, but that will be 'After the Film age'."—Yoko Ono.

Immediately, because the idea is the thing, variations are possible. Please do it yourself. If you feel a film idea is great, offer the idea to the world. Let them copy it, use it.

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earth

(Continued from Page 6)

What is there to do with words. There is information to give, and The Catalog is a super How-to book, how to live a life given the infinite compassion and disinterested capabilities of computer-sized quality and quantity. There is no poverty in this electronic hallelujah software and hard society, open at all ends, dedicated to other ways (and a whole nod to Hebert Kohl and Allan Kaprow out there in California, at Other Ways).

The address of the Whole Earth etc., is:

Whole Earth Catalog & Truck Store
558 Santa Cruz Avenue
Menlo Park, California 94025

Always wanted to 'do it better . . . ? Pick up *Other Scenes* next week, the Special Issue, and try filling in the blank spaces, ring the bell, be a man . . . Or something, but at least be something.

"HIGHEST RATING ON THE PETER METER (91%)

BEST PLAY OF THE SEASON." — *Screw Mag.*

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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.
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

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

BAY — San Francisco Bay Area, Cal.
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

CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM OR C/M

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

MILLENNIUM FILM WORKSHOP INC.

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

MOMA

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

PALACE Theater

Columbus & Powell, North Beach
San Francisco, Cal.

U-P FILM GROUP

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

CALENDAR

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

MILLENNIUM — For the balance of the summer, Millennium Film Workshop will not operate a regular schedule but will maintain some classes and schedule showings whenever a program becomes available. All events open to the public will be listed here as soon as scheduled.

JUNE 26 — THURSDAY

10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX

JUNE 27 — FRIDAY

9:00 PM — NYC — ARMAND WESTON: Distraction. RAY WISNIEWSKI: Russian Funeral. MAURICE AMAR: Nunez. BEN HAYEEM: Extreme Unction. JIM THORNTON: Beach Scene I & II — U-P

9:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX

MIDNITE — BAY — San Francisco Premier Nite: JIM McBRIDE: David Holzman's Diary. SCOTT BARTLETT: Monn. LARRY JORDAN: Our Lady of the Spheres. Betty Boop — PALACE

JUNE 28 — SATURDAY

9:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Friday program — U-P
9:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX

MIDNITE — BAY — Repeat of Friday program — PALACE

JUNE 29 — SUNDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — ELIA KAZAN: On the Waterfront. No Game, a documentary on counter-insurgency techniques used at the Pentagon — ALT U

8:00 PM — NYC — 2 man showing: 2 films by Philippine filmmaker ENRICA FRANCA and 3 by DON WOODS from Wales. Both will be present for discussions — MILLENNIUM

JULY 1 — TUESDAY

5:30 PM — NYC — Cineprobe: PAUL LAMMERS: The Initiation, film & discussion — MOMA

6:00 PM — NYC — A program of selected new Films from San Francisco — C/M

JULY 3 — THURSDAY

10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX

JULY 4 — FRIDAY

9:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of previous Friday program — U-P

9:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX

JULY 5 — SATURDAY

9:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Friday program — U-P

9:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX

JULY 6 — SUNDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — FELIX GREENE: China! CHARLES BRAVERMAN: American Timecapsule, a new color history of the U.S. — ALT U

JULY 8 — TUESDAY

6:00 PM — NYC — A program of selected new films from New York — C/M

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MAGAZINE

The Articles

- MALE AMATEUR STRIPTease
- HOMO-EROTICUS
- DOUBLE EXPOSURE
- CHARLES PIERCE DRAG CAMP '69
- SUMMERSEX
- REPAIRMAN
- SANTA COMES IN CALIFORNIA
- The FOOTBALL BOY as THE BASKET BOY OF THE WEEK

15,000,000

Homosexuals
in America?

FACT: According to police records and statistics compiled by health officials and doctors--every 6th man in America today is a homosexual.

Krafft-Ebing regards sexual inversion, whether "acquired" or "congenital" as a form of inherited neuropathy.

Cesare Lombroso feels that what civilized humanity punishes as a crime, is a law of nature in brutes, and persists as a normal condition among savages, and displays itself in the habits and instincts of children.

"While crimes of violence increase, an irrational public policy dictates the police forces maintain vice squads to carry out espionage activities in toilet booths."
—Edwardes and Masters

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, no matter how measured or far away."
—Henry David Thoreau

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TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE (thru Thurs. preceding show): Manhattan-BOOKMASTERS, 3rd Ave. at 59th St., NEW YORKER BOOK SHOP, Broadway at 89th; VILLAGE OLDIES, 149 Bleecker (Upstairs); Brooklyn-PRANA-132 Montague, Bklyn, Hts.; Westchester-SYMPHONY MUSIC SHOP, 28 Palisades Ave., Getty Square, Yonkers; Bronx-COUSINS RECORD SHOP, 383 E. Fordham Rd.; Queens-REVELATION, 71-20 Austin, Forest Hills; DISKINS, 135-26 Roosevelt Ave., Flushing; New Jersey-RED BARN, Garden State Plaza, Paramus; THE LAST STRAW, 317 Glenwood Ave., Bloomfield. SPECIAL DISCOUNTS FOR GROUPS OF 30 OR MORE WHEN AVAILABLE. CALL CRAZY DIANA: 777-3910.

priest

(Continued from Page 5)

voided national gambling and firearms tax-registration laws as self-incriminating. These cases—Marchetti v. US, Haynes v. US, and Grosso v. US, all 1968—gave marijuana lawyers all across the country the clue to breaking the Marijuana Tax Act, and are probably the reason that the recent Leary-Covington ruling was unanimous; the Justices must try to establish continuity in their "case-law" decisions wherever possible.

A second law drastically affected by the new ruling governs importation of marijuana. Dr. Leary was convicted of transporting illegally imported marijuana under a section of the importation statutes and administrative regulations called "possessory presumption." This clause, written into law at the behest of the Narcotics Bureau, allows a court to presume that any marijuana found in the possession of a defendant was imported from some other country; and, in order that the possessor may be charged with smuggling (even if he was not in fact illegally importing marijuana), it also makes a presumption that the possessor knew it was imported. Since, back in 1965, Dr. Leary had not entered Mexico, it was obvious that he was not smuggling marijuana from Mexico into the United States when he was arrested, so the agents had to invoke the "possessory presumption" clause to charge him with transporting imported marijuana.

Late in 1968, a federal district court in New York City, well aware of thousands of dollars worth of marijuana that had just been discovered in a New Jersey field, declared the "possessory presumption" clause unconstitutional. LEMAR guru, attorney Joseph Oteri, who wrote the amicus brief filed on Dr. Leary's behalf by the USNSA, pointed out the earlier decision to the Supreme Court; and, though this idea was not originally part of Leary's defense, the Court decided to confirm the earlier decision and to dismiss the second count of Dr. Leary's indictment and conviction. Now that the possessory presumption clause has been declared illegal, the Justice Department will be hard put to prove that any pot they find was illegally imported, and that the possessor knew it was. In fact, the narcos will not be able to prosecute successfully any illegal-import case unless they can prove the marijuana was obtained outside the United States, and the defendant knew it.

This ruling may have the immediate effect of taking certain cases out of federal hands. For instance, the very evening the Leary decision came down, Columbia SDS organizer Mark Rudd and his companion Peter Clapp were busted at the Rainbow Bridge near Niagara Falls, N.Y. en route from Detroit through Canada to New York. Two ounces of marijuana and a hash-pipe were allegedly found in their car. Previously, Customs officials could have charged them with a federal felony, illegal import—though with such a small amount it was not very likely. Instead, Customs turned them over to Niagara Falls city police for indictment under state laws against possession. This sort of procedure, already fairly standard where small amounts are concerned, may well become commonplace whenever there is any doubt about the legal efficacy of the import and tax federal laws. The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs will probably recommend patch-up legislation soon.

Dr. Leary is still not quite home free. This case now reverts to a lower appeals court for either dismissal, or re-trial and re-sentencing; and there is a possibility of his being re-tried under Texas laws. Moreover, in New York he faces eleven counts of conspiracy to distribute drugs, from Millbrook busts of two years ago, and in California he (and Rosemary and Jack)

face a felony "possession with intent to sell" charge stemming from their automobile arrest December 29, 1968, in Laguna Beach. "We'll start picking away at state laws on marijuana," Dr. Leary said in announcing his candidacy for Governor. If other cases, such as Sargeant Sunshine's, do not succeed in voiding the California statutes, perhaps Dr. Leary's will.

The Leary decision came down at a most auspicious time for getting consideration of decent marijuana-control laws in the national Congress. The ruling effectively knocks the heart out of present federal laws, but specified that it does not imply "any constitutional disability in Congress to deal with the marijuana traffic by other means." With 50 to 70 percent of America's college students turning on, and with national news magazines publishing major stories about marijuana which are remarkable for being factually accurate, Congress can't get away with secret-cloakroom barbaric marijuana hearings. The issue must now be resolved in open discussion, with testimony from all sides.

At least six bills calling for various changes in marijuana laws have recently been introduced in House and Senate committees. The most urgent of these is a bill sponsored by Rep. Edward Koch, of New York, calling for a massive blue-ribbon Presidential Marijuana Commission to study the problem, hold in-depth hearings, and issue a report like the Wootton Committee's report to the British Home Office, to recommend appropriate new laws.

And, without any fanfare, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has established a "Brooklyn Plan," whereby juvenile marijuana offenders, before or after arrest, may be called in to discuss with-holding court charges; and, according to the USNSA's Drug Law Bulletin, the Bureau has announced, very quietly, that it will stop enforcing marijuana laws altogether, regardless of legislative action, if the National Institute of Mental Health finds that marijuana use should not be criminally punished. NIMH is beginning to get returns from its 1967-68 research projects, and marijuana is getting an almost clean bill of health—for example, research recently completed in Washington State demonstrates that marijuana does not impair chronic users' driving ability. Several states have dropped, or are considering dropping, marijuana penalties from felonies to misdemeanors. As tens of thousands of people get busted every year for smoking marijuana, but otherwise doing no one any harm, and as hundreds of thousands more every year turn on, the pressure to legalize marijuana grows great. Congress cannot ignore this pressure even if it would like to.

Now is the moment for decisive action on the part of all those who wish to see marijuana legalized, i.e. regulated along lines of reasonable restriction comparable to alcohol regulation. What can you do? If you are a doctor, lawyer, or educator with special interests in marijuana research, or if you simply wish to register an opinion, write Rep. Edward Koch (c/o House of Representatives, Washington D.C.), support his call for a Presidential Marijuana Commission, and ask to be heard as a witness during the hearings. If you would like to help sponsor a pro-legalization New York Times advertisement, get in touch with Dr. Stanley Krippner, 515 Howard Avenue, Grymes Hill, Staten Island, N.Y. 10301. If you can help LEMAR INTERNATIONAL conduct a major legalization campaign, contact us at Box 71, Norton Hall, SUNYAB, Buffalo, N.Y. 14214—membership and a Marijuana Information Kit is \$2.50, a subscription to the *Marijuana Review* for a year is \$12.00. The next time you get stoned, scrawl LEGALIZE MARIJUANA on a postcard and send it to Senator Koch or your favorite legislator. Sit down with your parents and discuss your preference for marijuana factually

with them—or turn them on, if they're ready for that. Scatter your seeds in public parks to beautify America. Speak now, or forever be at war.

And vote for Timothy Leary in 1970!

rock

(Continued from Page 11)

of Invention, I would like to suggest that Frank Zappa premier his Double Electric Bassoon Concerto in Carnegie Hall with the New York Woodwind Quintet or the Contemporary Chamber Music Ensemble. If they wouldn't do it, he should do it himself. Besides that, it's time that the "professional" critics got off their asses and learned about contemporary music instead of pontificating.

For some reason, there has been a patronizing attitude on the part of the more serious critics in the city to appreciate pop (that word is overused, but if not the candryrock, then the real cultural/intellectual innovators, Mothers, Airplane, and Sun Ra) only as a cultural aberration. Classical musicologists are too concerned with their images and their self-esteem to come down to hear the Mothers, much less consider them musicians. Too bad for them.

Something for Everyone . . .

A few months ago, I went up to Woodstock, and, quite accidentally, heard some very fine groups which, as of this date, seem to have been snowed under . . . **Fear Itself** has been playing on and off in New York for about 6 months; they have spent most of their time recording a disk for Atlantic called **Fear Itself**. I don't know whether it's been released yet; look for it . . . Crysalis released a record last year, it went nowhere for reasons I still haven't been able to fathom. On this same Woodstock trip, I caught them playing at the Community Center; they have signed with Bizarre Records (Zappa Enterprises) and that is a good sign. Spider, the lead guitarist, loves insects, in fact every song he does is about insects. He has a voice like a stoned John Wayne . . . Flash . . . Charlie Daniels, M. C. for the Madhatter in Boston was busted by the police for 3 diet pills and held on \$6,000 bail. He's up for a sentence of from 2 to 10 years. You never know, do you, when the brain police will strike in your neighborhood; the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has done it again, move over, Hester Prynne.

mailer

(Continued from Page 3)

Marchi won't win the general election. New Yorkers never elect Republicans unless they're really Democrats. But unless we're careful, weeping Mario "Only in America" Procaccino will become our next Mayor. And while "Fun City" is no paradise now, it would be a frighteningly fascistic place under Procaccino.

Philosophically, the Democratic candidate is hardly distinguishable from Reagan, Yorty and Madigan. And you only have to read the most recent issue of the LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS to foresee New York with Mario in City Hall. "Venice Cops Rip Off 70 Residents, Violate Rights." "Police Informer Rats On Chicanos, 14 Arrested." We've got that kind of thing going on here too, but the pace hasn't quite reached that on the Coast. The New York City Police do not sport all the latest in Stoner rifles, police dogs, mace, tanks and all that interesting law enforcement paraphernalia that is becoming standard equipment in many other towns. And every time you think that the coming election doesn't matter, conjure up the People's Park, James Rector and Weeping Mario screaming for more Law 'n Order. Procaccino has made his position very clear: "My first priority will be safety in our streets and security in our homes." Think about that. Then think about that picture EVO ran some weeks ago of James Rector lying on a Berkeley rooftop, bleeding to death.

* * *

Throughout his campaign, Norman Mailer would say that his candidacy was a victory for the poor man because he was able to run for Mayor without spending hundreds of thousands of dollars. Mailer was terribly proud that he was running a Mayoralty effort on a shoestring. Victory for the poor man??? This campaign

(Continued on Page 19)

laconia

(Continued from Page 4)

gaining their objectives. You can find an amazing number of riders with whom to have a perfectly intelligent discussion. The impression that all outlaws are ignorant is false.

EVO — How did it feel to be with them again?

S — It was good to see everybody. I felt good. I felt kind of at home. I respect these people because I have been through a lot of shit with them. I have strong feelings for them. They are my friends. I can understand their attitudes.

EVO — What is their attitude to drugs?

S — They generally avoid addiction which they feel is another part of the Hippie culture. They avoid shooting up.

EVO — What about the fantastic variety of pills they constantly gobble down?

S — That's just to do something different.

EVO — Was there anything about them that didn't quite agree with you?

S — I never went too much for some of the shit they put chicks through. Not everybody participates in this. Some of the guys are married and have kids. I didn't see any of that in Laconia anyway. I felt kind of nostalgic. I really felt like getting a bike and joining up again. While there I rode a bike for the first time in years and it really felt good.

EVO — If you would rejoin them, would you continue to draw?

S — Probably, but I don't make plans.

EVO — Did you the last time?

S — I didn't do as much while with them as I did before and after.

EVO — There seems to be a scent of unreality to it. I dig their outlaw mentality but

to me it seems just like a drawn out fantasy — a kids horror dream.

S — It's just a social club for people to get together and party.

EVO — Giving a drunk cat 2500 mikes of acid and when he flips out, to beat the shit

out of him, or gangbanging some chick certainly isn't a very social thing to do — anyway you look at it.

S — I guess there is a degree of cruelty going on but the Hells Angels hold no monopoly on that.



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emanations

(Continued from Page 8)

Is the study of Yoga important? God help us—important for *what*? I have known some people who have found that the study of Hatha Yoga has benefited their health greatly; for an interesting discussion of this, you might try reading "Yoga, Youth and ReIncarnation," by Jess Stearn. This well-known reporter spent several months studying Yoga for the sake of his health and found it more valuable than he had expected. I personally studied the breathing disciplines of Raja Yoga for a short time and developed lung capacity which aided my singing voice and breath control considerably. As for the spiritual benefits of Yoga, I suggest that you read some books—you'll find them in any and every occult bookstore, and in some that aren't—and decide for yourself. It takes a good deal of patience and persistence to study Yoga long enough to get anything out of it, and it isn't anything to take up for a whim. The simplest explanation of the different kinds of Yoga that I know about is contained in a little book which is probably out of print now, but you might find a copy; it's by Claude Bragdon, and is called, simply, AN INTRODUCTION TO YOGA, and that is exactly what it is.

* * *

Q — Do you believe in Christian Science and faith healing? — R.S.

Dear R.S. — No, I don't. But I've seen them work.

The body is an astonishing mechanism and the life force has incredible reparative qualities. A few faith healers, so-called, and Christian Science practitioners, seem to know how to touch the life force and set it to repairing the body. I don't know how they did. I don't know how I did it in the days when I used to have a minor gift of curing headaches, hiccups and other minor afflictions; I believe at the time that it was a power of suggestion. Now I don't know what to believe, which is why I don't try to do it any more.

As I say, I don't believe in it, but I have seen it work.

I still take my kids to doctors instead. Many faith healers *don't* have the knack, and, like Jean Harlow, you might be dead of a kidney infection or something before the healer decides that the forces aren't working just right today.

* * *

Q — Can you tell me how to guard my house against malicious psychic attacks? I have a lot of friends or people I know who claim to be witches, and some very funny things have been happening in my room lately. How can I protect myself from them? — S.F.

Dear S.F. — With friends like those you don't need enemies. If you really want to protect yourself against these kind of people, the first thing to do is to drop them from your circle of acquaintance. Life is too short to spend it with people you don't trust not to attack you, physically or psychically. You wouldn't make friends of people who beat you up or stole your things; why do it for people you can't trust mentally or spiritually?

If you genuinely want to guard your house or possessions, there are many ways it can be done. These things may be superstition or suggestion, but I have known them to work, and it hardly matters what they are called. The best way is to hang a crucifix, or a cross, blessed with holy water, over every door and window; then no one who wishes you evil (i.e., who is doing any unChristly thing) can get in in spirit, and if enemies come in physically they will feel uncomfortable. If you fear astral entities, you can hang a sprig of mistletoe, or a clove of garlic (if you can stand the smell) over every door and window. Or you can draw pentagrams with chalk over every entrance, meanwhile visualizing your enemies being turned away from you. Even better is to use the ritual of the Lesser Pentagram, which is printed in Israel Regardies' excellent book THE MIDDLE PILLAR (now in print) and also, I think, in Aleister Crowley's MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE—a fine book but one to be taken with a grain of salt, as he had a nasty sense of humor and was not above playing elaborate put-ons on his friends, feeling that if they had the sense God gave a goose they would never be taken in by such things. A better book is Dion Fortune's PSYCHIC SELF DEFENSE, which will tell you, not only how to guard against a psychic attack, but how to tell whether it's a real psychic attack or just your own imagination working overtime.

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mailer

(Continued from Page 17)

may go down in history as being one of the only electoral efforts to ever show a profit. Pulitzer Prize winner Mailer is now commanding a cool million per book and don't think he doesn't have a mayoralty memoir hidden under his bushy head. As for his literary campaign associates, publishers have approached them about doing an anthology on the election.

Considering that this disastrous campaign will prove a boom to the publishing industry, it would seem fair that Mailer and his associates donate their royalties to the Movement. After all, without this bad, bad, ego-trip, we might not need half the lawyers and half the bail funds that will be necessary under Mario. Mailer has brought final havoc to the city and it's only reasonable that he pay some kind of reparations. A million dollars will go a long way towards bailing innocent Black Panthers out of New York jails. A million dollars will be needed for the legal defense of college students, high-school students, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, grass smokers, underground editors, and anyone else who gets into the way of Mario's dream of America. A million dollars will be needed to pay the hospital bills of brutalized peace demonstrators and ghetto activists.

Mailer once wrote a book he titled "Advertisements for Myself." So here lies New York City—burned to the ground in the year of 1970—an ultimate advertisement for Norman Mailer.



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hip (Continued from Page 8)

Even before Dr. Kwok's letter appeared, a Yale gastroenterologist had found a connection between Chinese food and headaches in some individuals. Dr. Martin Gordon and seven brave volunteers (all of whom had previously been victims of Chinese Restaurant Syndrome) ate in a Chinese restaurant in New Haven, Connecticut. You know they're brave.

Halfway through the meal they noticed headaches, numbness of the face, palpitation of the heart, sweating, clenched jaws and flushed faces.

The culprit seems to be monosodium glutamate which is generously used in such delicacies as won ton soup. Most people are not sensitive to this seasoning but those who are suffer from the dread Chinese Restaurant Syndrome.

Don't worry too much about it. One or two hours after the symptoms begin they disappear and you'll be hungry again.

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

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



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LOVERS of OM are now holding public meetings, Sundays, 1:00 p. m. and Wednesdays, 8:15 p. m. at 251 W. 55th Street, N.Y.C. A United World without racism and nationalism, but actively encouraging interracial marriage and miscegenation, a world without money but supported economically by gift-service, a world observing the right of public nudity, and without sexual fear, and in which capulation, practiced without insistence on privacy, is sacred, dedicated in love to OM, God of gods, and a world of general peace, harmony, health, and divine service are a few of the ideals around which the Lovers are centered. All — young, old, rich, poor — are welcome.

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MONOGRAMS DESIGNED, personal or business 2 letters \$3.00, 3 letters \$5.00. Aileen-Art Co. Rm. 205 152 Hobart St. Utica, N.Y. 13501.

5 — PUBLICATIONS

ADULT MANUSCRIPTS wanted by Publishing firm. Contact Miss Rossman, 673-2828. FOR A SAMPLE copy of America's best homosexual mag., send \$1. to Tangents, 3473 1/2 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

6 — MODELS

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7 — MISC.

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8 — IMPERSONAL

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ARE YOU white inexperienced girl student or single, married, divorced gal afraid of writing to kooks, undesirables. Come take the step now. I'm a straightforward, white, good-looking guy seeking uninvolved mutual enjoyment. Johnson, P.O. Box 265, Flushing, N.Y. 11355.

TALL LAWYER, 25, new in town, romantic, sincere, unmaterialistic, seeks girl to 24, 5'7", intelligent, attractive, slim, interested foreign life. MTH, 51 W. 94 St.

GENTLEMAN in forties would appreciate the company of a sincere young student. Please give details and picture if possible. Thank you. Box 8, Ramsey, N. J.

BLACK writer, Philadelphia based, mid-thirties, well read in Jungian Psychology; interested in the serious arts is taking this unusual way to find new friends of integrity. Write to Box 646 (D) Ansonia Post Office, New York 10023. Include phone number and photo if possible.

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11 — UNISEX

ATTENTION muscular guys — 21 and over, masculine male, 6' 200 pounds, wants to meet well built, muscular, well endowed males — athletes, bodybuilders, all races, for posing, massage, satisfying fun and pleasure. Send honest description, phone, photo if possible. All answered. Green, 152 West 42nd St., Suite 504, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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HAIRY, Rubinesque male desires young, attractive, well hung stud, white only. Ask Brooklyn information for Mark Slade. Call 3 P.M. to 8 P.M. weekdays, anytime weekends.

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12—S & M

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16 — FLEA MARKET

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art

(Continued from Page 7)

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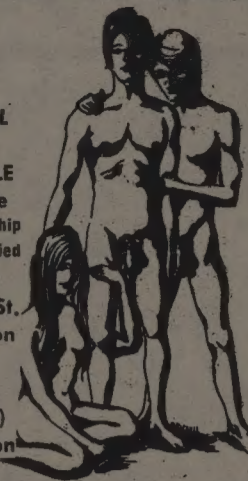
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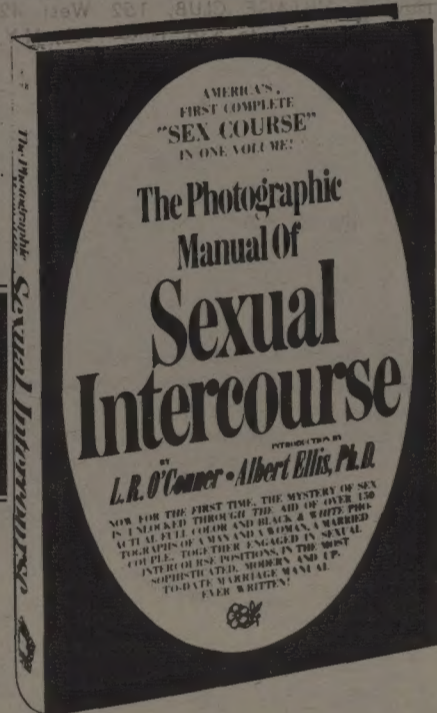
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