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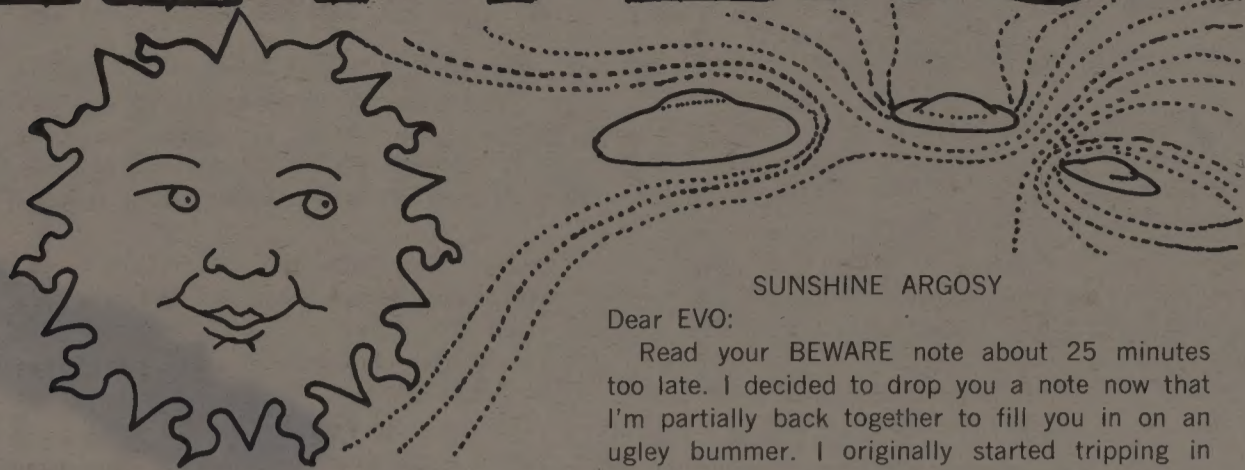
METROPOLITAN 15¢

1969



**GOVERNMENT
SUPPRESSES
UNDERGROUND
REPRESSION OF
ALTERNATE
CULTURE OK'D
BY LIBERALS
REV. GRAHAM
SAYS END
IS NEAR
ATLANTIS
STILL
SUNK**

LETTERS



BEWARE UFOS!

Beloved Earth Brothers:

I fear that your UFO liason has been either sadly tricked by a Sirian or a fellow Subterrestrial is exploiting a fiction being currently propagated by archetypal beings who are intent on securing Mental Force from Earth bodies for their own diabolical armies-to-come during **Armageddon** at the End of our Era.

Whichever the case, you are being hoodwinked. Beware the consequences of following the teachings of this Space traveler, for his "report" clearly shows that he is ignorant of the Destiny of Earth Nations.

The true Apocalypse will come from the Arousal and Projection of the Racial Unconscious, which will set loose the Dread "Great Old Ones" (A Venusian Serpent Race) upon our planet. Be watchful, for the Dimensional Doorway has now been opened, and the meat of Earthlings is sweet indeed upon the tongue of these Titans who will ravage the unwary in Days to Come.

Remember most of all that the Belief and Faith that you and your Brothers nurture is the true Catalyst for the Invasion, so that: if you place your Trust in the supreme Ally of the Great Mani Rimpoche who dwells in the Rainbow City of the subterranean Kingdom of Self, no harm will come, for the aura of the Sephiroth shall enclose You, and You will be spirited away before the Holocaust of Judgement is set loose upon those who are taught to flee the coming of the Great Radiant One.

We are not instructed to Good from extra-anything. All is contained in the Great Akasha; this Vision is true Vision. Open the eye that the Holy Race has provided You with, that you may see the Path that has been laid for All.

Believe in the writings of the Prophet Nostradamus and endeavor to interpret the Holy Scripture and Sutras by the practices of Alchemy and Yoga.

Om Ah HUM VAJRA GURU PADME SIDDHI HUM IAO CHRISTI.

Signed with the signature of all things. By my own Desire.

BAKATALIA

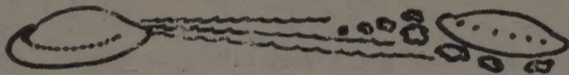
We gotta consult the I CHING first.

SUNSHINE ARGOSY

Dear EVO:

Read your BEWARE note about 25 minutes too late. I decided to drop you a note now that I'm partially back together to fill you in on an ugly bummer. I originally started tripping in El Paso where it is common practice for love shildren (Strangers) to exchange gifts—lids, tabs, etc.—in the street. Today in front of Cooper Union a Beautiful (???) Person laid an orange tab on me; being new here in your love center I accepted with a joyful heart (having heard of the Sunshine movement). This was 3 p.m., drop time. By the time I reached Port Authority Bus Terminal by the underground I was besieged by cramps in the lower right side, then both sides. I got on a bus headed toward Belmar, N. J. where I knew friends awaited my safe return. Then I got stomach cramps and chills and my spine was on fire. I only maintained knowing that sea air and sandy beaches were only one hour away. Well—fucking burnt toast and raw egg administered till I puked my guts out on the floor and about eight cups of boiling hot tea and I'm okay but very shaky. It was FUCKING STRYCHNINE! Whattya supposed to do, call a fucking pig in blue, or are they the ones who are turning it out? Now I know. Don't trust people with moccasins, beads and long hair, don't take acid, don't smoke pot. Buy a ticky tacky house in Levittown, drink Johnny Walker Red from your friendly licquor store dealer whom you love and trust. Thanks a fucking lot for the trip, E. V.!!!

Right on! And watch the parking meters.



JUMPED & LIBERATED

Dear EVO:

Brothers and Sisters, it really is time to kick out the jams! Christ, after digging the MC-5 at Ungano's this weekend, I'm still flying high. Dig it, what Rudnik/Frawley have been putting down is real—there's no one like the Fove! Talk about vibrations—Christ It was Cosmic! As a 19-year-old Scum Sister, I want to say it was a soul-liberating experience getting jumped by Brother Robbie Tyner. There's so much love there, people, so dig it. Fuck you if you don't dig MC Scum. Thank you MC-5 and EVO for all your love and good, joyful feelings. I love you all.

Rock 'N Roll, Dope and Fucking in the Streets.

SISTER HEDY

Guilford, Connecticut

REMIND-A-PAD

Dear EVO:

Man has been civilizing himself and fucking up his chemistry for years. Now, even more than in "Brave New World," we've got to start riding our bodies of bad chemicals and feed them regularly on healthy foods like "Sunshine." You are what you eat and we are at the mercy of a power structure that is one writhing virus. That science fiction story in your last issue was boss, looking forward to reading more.

BOB VAN WAGNER
Newtown, Pa.

How about a peanut butter sandwich, too? A tall chilled Kool-Aid? A root beer float? Cheeze Nibs? Bloody rare hamburgers? Neilsen Chocolate Bars?

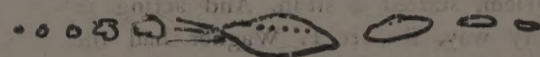
BREATHLESS ANTICIPATION

Dear EVO:

I am waiting for the rest of your reports from outer space started June 11. The newsstand on 57th and 7th, south side of the street in New York, always seems to be a week behind in getting your paper.

JOHN OSTRANDER
Morristown, N. J.

Very interesting . . . And have you notice any other peculiar phenomena on that streetcorner?



RONNIE RAG ON GETS HIGH

Dear EVO:

Your coverage of Berkeley in the June 4 issue was welcome. We must depend on the friendly press to spread the story where the establishment press will not. Your pictures and copy created some echo of the terror and horror we all felt. I must deny, however that many of us feel any sense of victory. One man is dead; several are permanently maimed; hundreds have been arrested, and the park, over which the battle began, remains fenced in. The Regents, controlled by Ronald Reagan, voted yesterday to commence building student housing on the land AS SOON AS POSSIBLE—over the objections of their own administration. In the face of these facts, the sympathy of a predominantly liberal faculty and student body constitute NO VICTORY. Indeed, it is not at all clear that Reagan's handling of Berkeley has hurt his statewide popularity at all.

The hundreds who were arrested have already begun their trials. This will be a drain on our money and energy this summer. But we have no intention of giving up the fight for People's Park, and the principles of spontaneity and community control implicit in it. To continue, we need support. The People's Park Defense Fund is desperately in need of money. Having spent 24 hours in Santa Rita Prison, I ask you to consider whether you can help others avoid days, months, or in some cases possibly several years in prison (many people face felony raps). If you can give us this sort of help, send a check to People's Park Defense Fund, 1925 Grove St., Berkeley, Calif.

Thank you.

ROBERT HIGH

PETER LEEGGIERI
ALLAN KATZMAN
JAAKOV KOHN
SHERRY NEEDHAM
MELISSA STOUT
FLICKA
DEAN A. LATIMER
IRVING SHUSHNICK
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LONDON: MILES
PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
NORTH: THE KID
SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE
BEGODD

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JESSE RETURNS !

an interview with the
Harlem rent strike leader

by Claudia Dreifus

While New York's Democratic and Republican Primary elections seemed to indicate a swing towards reaction, a more hopeful note was sounded by the voters of Harlem last June 14th when they selected Jesse Gray as their Democratic candidate for City Council. Gray, an activist who has been organizing tenants groups and rent strikes for the past twenty years, was not expected to win the primary. He was not a machine candidate and besides had a reputation as a determined radical—a constant troublemaker. The media steadfastly ignored Gray's campaign, so when he won, the victory surprised many outside of Harlem. They hadn't even known he was running.

For Jesse Gray, winning the Harlem Councilmanic was an ironic triumph. Over four years ago he had been banned from City Hall by a special order issued by Mayor Robert F. Wagner. Gray, who had brought a group of shivering rent-strikers down to City Hall because there was no heat in Harlem, started a sit-in. And acting in his customary way, Robert F. Wagner had the tenants removed by the Police, and Gray arrested. An order to the City Hall guards followed, banning all non-official visitors from the Executive Chamber. No one, not even tourists, could enter the premises without special permission.

And now Jesse Gray will walk through City Hall's gates and no Executive proclamation can stop him.

Shortly after his victory, EVO invited Mr. Gray to its Second Avenue offices to talk about his campaign. We remembered him from 1963 when he simultaneously put 200 rat-infested tenement building on rent-strike. Thinking back to 1963, we thought of Gray bringing dead rats and garbage down to City Hall—so that Smiling Bob might smell what the life uptown was about. And then there was the day when the City Marshall came to evict a rent-striker, and Gray stood in his way to stop the procedure. Thinking about his work, somehow he seemed a bit too good for the City Council. But then, perhaps he has some plans for waking up that moribund body . . .

CD: How did you first begin organizing rent-strikes?

JG: Well, I was a trade-unionist in the National Maritime Workers Union. In 1948-49, I challenged the leadership of Joe Curran, the President, by running for National Secretary. What happened was that I and many others were forced off the seas that year for fighting a racist-company run union. After being pushed out of the NMU, I was kind of forced to get into Harlem. The first thing I did was join the existing tenant's organization and organize my building. We didn't have any hot water and the place was just freezing. Later, in 1953, I began organizing the community to fight the proposed 50 per cent rent increase that the landlords wanted. We kind of won—we got a 15 per cent instead. That's really what I've been doing for the past 20 years. Getting into the day-to-day struggles of Harlem life, organizing buildings, getting arrested and marching on City Hall.

CD: How many times have you been arrested?

JG: Oh, I think about 22 times.

CD: You'll probably be the only one on that council with an arrest record that long. What do you think you'll be able to do as a City Councilman? The Council is, after all, an almost powerless body?

JG: Well, I can be a kind of forum for people. I can expose some of the corruption at City Hall and believe me there's all kinds of corruption there. More than that, I'd like to see us introduce resolutions to strengthen rent-control, roll-back rents to 1960, see what we can do about freeing all the political prisoners in this city. We've got to get to the whole question of taxes and start getting the rich to pay, instead of the poor.

CD: What made you decide to make a run for Council?

JG: Well, I didn't decide to run until ten days before the petitions were due. This meant that I had only ten days to get enough signatures to qualify to run. Then I got this call from some friends at the Riverside Reform Democratic Club, they're young kids, and they asked me to come

down and speak to the endorsement meeting. I really hadn't planned on going. It seemed like such a closed organization, except for the young people, who are very good. Out of the five candidates, I made my speech and got the endorsement.

CD: Reform Democratic Clubs often have a reputation for being liberal—but just that. Did you work well with them?

JG: Most of the club was very enthusiastic about my candidacy. But there were some people who kept on coming up with things like their fears that the white community was much more conservative than it actually was. They kind of felt that I would hurt the club in white areas. But once they got out into the neighborhoods canvassing people, they saw the terrific response that I got. Once that was settled, I was able to campaign with ease in Central Harlem—where my main opponent was the Powell machine. Powell's people said that I was only going to get the white-radical vote and that the Black masses wouldn't support me. Everybody was wrong: I polled 85 per cent of the vote in the Black community and 65 per cent in the white.

CD: This seems like one of the first successful coalitions of white radicals and Black community people in New York.

JG: Right. We're working to get together a certain kind of coalition. One where everybody understands and respects what everybody else is working for—Black militant and white-radical. A wavering coalition of white-liberals and Blacks wouldn't work. But what we did in Harlem could set a pattern for the whole city. A lot of neighborhoods are just right for this kind of thing, the Lower East-Side, for instance.

CD: What kinds of issues did you raise during your campaign?

JG: That this office should be a place for people to voice their grievances. That we should be attacking real crime—not this bull the system feeds us. That we need good, new low-cost housing for the poor.

CD: What's going to happen once you take office? The City Council, even if it were so in-

(Continued on Page 10)



The Politics of Barbarism

DECENCY, DISCIPLINE, DISTRICT ATTORNEYS and DECOMPOSITION

By D.A. (DEAN ALPHEUS) LATIMER EVO & KISS Hack

Twurl River: Just heard about those four "grossies" newspapers getting arrested and put out of business last week. I say cheers! Of course, while I certainly oppose censorship in any way, shape, or form; I must say I'm happy to see the police and the DA have the courage to stand up against the craven cowards who peddle their filth and their smut and their liberal Pinkoe propaganda under the disguise of "Free Speech." "Filthy Speech" I call it, and in my day these unbathed college creeps would be run out of town on a rail and castrated. But what about those commie pinkoe so-called "Underground" papers? I say we won't have decency until they're ALL put out of business. Don't censor them, Frank Hogan, just run them out of business.

DOC GUFFNIK

AT THE AGE OF 35, Steve Heller was suprised last Friday to find himself behind bars for peddling obscenity. Nor was his compeer Sam Edwards much looking forward to beginning a possible seven-year smut rap at the age of fifty. If you've been in the smut racket that long without making enough to pay off the Smut Squad, it's clear you've wasted the best years of your life in the wrong vocation. And Steve and Sam had both had great expectations one, in their youth. 'It seemed like only yesterday I was a strapping boy of 21,' Heller relates mournfully, 'and *The New York Review Of Sex and Politics*, my virgin effort, was still in the borning stages. And then before you know it I'm in jail, a degenerate old smut peddler, aged beyond my years. To see me on Thursday — spring in my step, headstrong with the audacity of youth, hair down to my shoulders — who would have thought that within 24 hours I'd be a 35 year old man waiting for my lawyer to come bail me out? And through his fat bejeweled old virgin-fondling fongers sift the bitter shards of remorse . . .

No! Hold it! Heller is 22 years old and looks 18; Edwards is 26 and doesn't look a day over thirty. Yet it has been said in *The New York Times* that when both of them were brought before the bar last week their ages were 35 and 50 respectively. How is this accounted for? Therein lies a mighty tale, mates, lurid with sex and politics and redeeming social significance. Follow along whilst I spin it.

SCREW APPEARED LAST DECEMBER and its co-publishers Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley immediately appropriated the entire field of raunchy journalism: to listen to them talk you'd think *Screw* held the copyright to the word 'fuck' and the split beaver. Since December, any publication with the impertinence to run a naughty picture, a racy story, has undergone the withering editorial contumely of *Screw*, 'The First and Best In The Field It Created'. *The New York Review Of Sex And Politics*, *Pleasure*, the *Daily News Kiss* — all of them pikers next to *Screw*, the shoestring. Buckley's story too is inspiring: a

You may read in this month's *New York Scenes* a gossipy account by Claudia Dreifus of how Goldstein, the Korean War Veteran from the Bronx who once flunked a Police Academy Physical, has become the hottest hustler in the hip publishing racket, creating at 32 a \$250,000 newspaper empire on a him, for back in March, Detective Gray had charming Catholic boy who, failing at his own attempt to become a priest, rode Goldstein's coattails to success and national acclaim at 25 as publisher of *Screw*. The American Dream: if at first you don't succeed, try something else.

But on Thursday last a policeman called *Screw's* office and advised Buckley and Goldstein to fetch themselves down to the Elisa-

beth Street police station for booking on charges of disseminating obscene material. The policeman was Detective Gray of the Fifth Precinct, whose name the two defendants had seen before: Detective Gray had been deponent on *Screw's* last obscenity indictment, in early May. And from even before that they knew him, for back in March Detective Gray had appeared at the offices of *Screw* dressed in uncommonly scruffy plainclothes, representing himself as a distributor named Red Davis.

Red Davis turned out to be a genial fellow, a red-bearded pot-bellied foul-mouthered crooked-minded beer-swilling genial son of a bitch just like *any* distributor, and thus it was that he won the affections of red-bellied pot-bearded foul-minded crooked-mouthered beer-bitching genial Goldstein (You need a score card to tell them apart, until you perceive which one has more brains). So it came as a dreadful shock to Al to discover that beneath his coarse exterior, genial ole Red Davis was actually possessed of such sterling moral uprightness that he could, with a straight face, testify on oath that Goldstein's activities were **immoral**.



On the same day that he busted *Screw*, on that notable morning last May, Detective Gray also brought charges against Joel Fabrikant, publisher of *Kiss*. Now Jay Fab, as the alias goes, is often as not seen lurking about the EVO office, and it was here that Detective Gray — or 'Red', as we still called him — came to wait for him. And so EVO columnist DA Latimer called Goldstein in great agitation and exclaimed, 'Al, there's a pig here in the office waiting for Joel!' And Al, the Korean War Vet who once flunked a Police Academy physical, reproached Latimer saying, 'Don't call the cops pigs, Dean, they're just doing their job.'

What a disagreeable job! Poor Red sat uncomfortably in the outer office for nearly two hours, drowning in the hostility of everyone around him, until finally he called headquarters to complain that Joel was nowhere around. Imagine his consternation and embarrassment when he learned that Joel, knowing Red was looking for him with a warrant,

had turned up at headquarters on his own in a snappy new jail suit.

OF COURSE, THIS OPERATION totally destroyed Red's good alias among the pornzines — all four of which he had infiltrated — and he hasn't been seen around that often since May. However, this operation did *not* destroy the pornzines themselves, as it was intended. Instead, their new notoriety has brought them closer to the mainstream of Dissent, and circulation figures were back to normal by the time they were again busted last week.

Oh, pardon me . . . I should have said, 'this operation did not destroy the pornzines themselves, as it was *apparently* intended.' I have to qualify that, the cops were only *apparently* out to destroy the pornzines. In my headstrong youthfulness (Latimer is barely 23, in case you read different in *The Times* someday) in precipitate emotion, I committed a potentially libellous blunder: it *appears to me* that the authorities were then and are now out to destroy the four pornzines, and it is this *apparent* intention and the way they *seem to be* going about it that pisses me off and makes me spout libels.

To my mind, then, several things support this impression, that the pigs are on our ass. After the initial busts of *Kiss* and *Screw* in May, several newsdealers reported that agents of the city's Irish Political Mafia had been cruising around to the stands, warning of serious consequences possibly devolving on honest businessmen who had any truck with *Kiss* or *Screw*. Even before the busts, a perfectly respectable printer was reportedly warned that to run *Kiss* off his press would bring the wrath of Tammany down on his plant for the next two years. Al Goldstein tells of a blind newsdealer who was kidnapped from his stand in broad daylight, taken to a place where he could hear groans and the clashing of prison doors, and told in darkly authoritative tones to remove all the pornzines except *Pleasure* from his stand — and was the following week busted for carrying *Pleasure*.

An then there was this business of *Kiss* and *Screw* having been ruled obscene before they had been any more than indicted on that charge . . . On the very day that both papers were removed from the stands last May, New York County Assistant District Attorney Richard Beckler revealed himself to the daily press as the mastermind of these proceedings, or at least the fall guy for them. According to releases in the *Post*, the *News*, and *The Times*, Beckler had received 'thousands of phone calls' complaining about these papers*. He was concerned that such as *Kiss* or *Screw* might become 'available, either directly or indirectly, to school-children,' who God knows have troubles enough of their own. And so it happened, according to Beckler, that — now dig this, smut fans — 'both papers have been ruled obscene' and 'any newsdealer carrying them will be liable to swift and forthwith arrest!!!' This tissue of horseshit hit the stands just before the next issue of *Kiss* came off the press, and that's why that issue lost a lot of money — the newsstands were too freaked to carry it thanks to Beckler, who while he has no more authority to rule on the seemliness of newspapers than he has to use the word 'forthwith' as an adjective can still spin a darkly authoritative tale.

THUS, DEPRIVED FOR A PERIOD of their retail outlets, the papers *Kiss* and *Screw* suffered a dreadful, nearly fatal loss of income. it went particularly heavy on Goldstein

— not the drop in profits half as much as the crippling of *Screw*, his pride and joy. As you can tell just by looking at that paper, someone loves it dearly, and that someone is Alvin Goldstein, 32, the kid from the Bronx who fought in Korea and tried to be a cop. He may be a fat capitalist, Al, and a crooked one withal, but he's got heart and that heart belongs to *Screw*. He worked his ass off to get it going, and that's a lot of working: he distributed the first three issues by foot all over Manhattan to dealers who wanted no part of it; he invented the peter meter, and in the issue that got busted last week, the peter on the meter wore Goldstein's face; he wheeled and dealed and ran the razor between the Mafia and the Fuzz for seven months, and *Screw* today is an organic protruberance from the soul of Goldstein**.

An when *Screw* missed an issue last month, thanks to Red and Beckler and all the other men just doing their job, it went hard on Goldstein. 'The whole thing makes me really sick, Dean,' he admitted to Latimer last week. 'I really didn't believe things like this could happen in America, we're supposed to have a free press. Anyway, I really never imagined the cops would do this to anybody, it's illegal as all hell, and they don't seem to even give a damn. Man, am I getting disillusioned — I don't know what's happening to me any more, I'm starting to call cops pigs, I never did that before . . .'

But no, Al, there ARE some good things left about America. For one thing, after their initial panic, most of the newsstand dealers showed a phenomenal amount of courage by accepting *Kiss* and *Screw* again, those 'future issues' which DA Beckler had 'ruled obscene' before they were, even pasted up and printed. The fact that these papers had in many instances tripled the dealers' weekly takehome might have bolstered their courage somewhat; although it must be pointed out that to run a newsstand at all without violating some regulation under the city bureaucracy is virtually impossible — and the Department of Licenses is said to work very closely indeed with the DA's office.

To carry *Kiss* and *Screw*, then, was a positively American act — the honest businessman standing up against the threat of punitive action by the authorities. It was this, as Goldstein might say, that made our country great — and a little of this greatness came out in many newsvendors last week when the pigs went around to bust the newsstand again. At a chain bookstore, when a girl asked for a copy of *Screw* last Thursday, the counterboy called over the manager and asked him if he cared to risk a bust for selling pornzines, all four of which had just been busted: 'Bullshit!' snorted the manager. 'Let 'em come and take me away, the sons of bitches. We'll sell 'em 'till they run out'. This was the second time around, you realise, and many dealers had become disgusted with being repressed so blatantly. At another store, the manager was in fact called down to Elisabeth Street, and returned by way of the four pornzine offices with extra copies to fortify his depleted stacks. And in midtown they were selling them under the counter for a buck — American capitalism in action, supply and demand a la J. S. Mill.

For *Pleasure* and *The New York Review Of Sex and Politics* it was their first bust, and they were mildly suprised at this. That all four pornzines were being busted on the same day was astonishing enough, since that would tend to indicate that all four had chosen that very same week to print 'obscene' material; whereas since none of them had been busted for the past six weeks, and *Pleasure* and the NYRS&P had never before been busted at all, it would also seem to indicate that none had printed anything 'obscene' for some time

previous to the bust, if ever. A comparison of last week's batch of pornzines with any previous batch shows no discernable difference in quality or content, at least not to my mind.

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND that the only legal definition of Obscenity is a string of distasteful synonyms — 'filthy, lewd, lascivious, vile', etc — and it's hard enough to take it seriously, much less apply it to the matter at hand, which in the case of pornzine publishing is creating something to amuse and titillate a few hundred thousand readers of wildly divergent tastes. It should also be explained that the old shibboleth of 'redeeming social content' has perished now at the hands of the law and order freaks: all matters of 'redeeming social content' has perished now at the hands of the law and order freaks: all matters of redeeming social content aside, it is now held that if one prints something called 'Hard Core Pornography' — even if he accompanies it with the proposed new Teacher's Contract — one can be thrown under the goddamn jail.

Like the rest of us, *Pleasure* and the NYRS&P worked according to vague directives handed down to them by associates said to be in contact with the Irish Catholic Mafia. One week it might transpire that an erect penis could qualify as Hard Core Pornography; the next week one would be told to avoid fuck shots; the week after that it was acts of a sodomistic nature, and so on, without rhyme



Solidarity

I hereby declare my support of Screw, Kiss, Pleasure and The New York Review Of Sex And Politics. I oppose the actions of the District Attorney and the police as I understand them from this article, and call for these actions to cease immediately. Also I resent anyone telling me what I may or may not read or write.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Not Essential
 Phone Number _____
 Age _____ Sex _____ Occupation _____
 I have read these publications and found them good . . . I have read these publications and found them awful, but I oppose the censorship of them . . .

or reason. Apparently the authorities had given up trying to prosecute the written word — pigs are remarkable creatures, they can even be taught to read certain fourletter words, but to get them to speak coherently about it is another thing — and they were now relying on photographic content as grounds for Obscenity charges; the status of drawings was always unclear. But the word would float down from above, a different word every week, and the pornzines would usually try to abide by it.

AND SO IT WAS that *Pleasure* and the NYRS&P were perhaps lulled into a false sense of security, after the initial busts passed them over so enigmatically last May. To me, however, to my mind, it seems apparent, in my opinion, I suppose, that they were saved from the first bustwave for purely tactical reasons. After *Kiss* and *Screw* perished from the nonpayment, *Pleasure* and the NYRS&P could always be busted, who would doubt it? And personally, I imagine the cops wanted to keep the pornzines alienated from one another: that is, by busting only the two of us, I think they thought we'd maintain our rivalry, which was fierce, and thus fail to confront them as a unified coalition. And fail we did.

However, thanks to the staunch American pluck of the Newsdealers, *Screw* and *Kiss* survived. So there may have been, I wouldn't be suprised, a change of tactics. Last week, who knows, could have been shoot-the-works week, bust all four papers, bust 'em fast, and keep it quiet.

It certainly was a strange occurrence. They busted everybody by calling them over the phone — editors, publishers, distributors, newsvendors — and asking them down to the Elisabeth Street station for fingerpainting exercises, after which everyone was released on his own cognizance. Almost despite this, a number of reporters for the establishment papers appeared there — including the charming miss Lindsay Van Gelder in a soft blue floral minidress and red Goucho hat — and sat around on the front stoop swapping stories.

Despite this, the busts of the four pornzines received virtually no coverage in any of the daily papers. The stories were written, but they were killed by the same editors who printed Beckler's 'forthwith arrest' fantasy without one word of editorial qualification.

Only in *The Times* was this action mentioned, in a five-inch blurb jammed into the entertainment section. It was a list of the names and addresses of those who had been busted, and a couple impressive rumblings from DA Beckler. Even for this we would be grateful, except for the misrepresentations of Heller's and Edwards's ages. And here, finally, is how it came about that these bareface boys could age a generation in the space of a night:

FOR UNDISCLOSED REASONS, Heller and Edwards failed to surrender themselves on Thursday as requested, no, but procrastinated until the following day. Having the deadline to meet, *The Times* reporter obtained the relevant information on these two culprits from the police, and who would question the veracity of an officer? And anyway, the reporter didn't know Heller and Edwards from beans, and doesn't it stand to reason that they should be middleaged, lecherous, filthy old men? That's your typical smut peddler, after all . . . Tnd 'The Policeman Is Your Friend.

Yes, I'm sure we all remember the heartfelt croaking of Mayor Daley last summer: 'The police is not here to create disorder, the policeman is here to preserve disorder.' And to achieve this end, it seems to me that from now on through the Mayoralty campaign, and probably for long after that, it's not going to matter what you do, what say, how you look

compiled by

NEWSREAL

Claudia Dreifus

Law enforcement officials throughout the country have grown increasingly paranoid about the popularity of underground newspapers. In an effort to crush the growth of the alternate media, state and federal authorities have utilized police power as a weapon of intimidation and fear. Editors, publishers, printers, news distributors and news vendors have been busted on a variety of ludicrous charges ranging from obscenity to sedition to pot. Several papers, notably AVATAR in Boston and OPEN CITY in Los Angeles were forced to cease publication as a result of official campaign of censorship and arrest.

One underground tabloid, the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS, has been the constant target of official intimidation. The FREE PRESS which is published by a commune of Capital Area writers and artists, was recently brought before a Montgomery County Grand Jury for "Sedition" and attempting to overthrow the government of the State of Maryland. Street-vendors attempting to sell the publication have been arrested for anything from jaywalking to selling without a license. Earlier this Spring Brint Dillingham, a FREE PRESS news vendor was arrested for peddling obscenity. He had been pushing copies of the underground tabloid in front of the Bethesda, Maryland Police Station and was sentenced to six months in jail for that "crime." Making things harder for the tabloid is the fact that they can find no printer within 300 miles of the nation's Capital willing to print the paper. The WASHINGTON FREE PRESS has to be printed in a suburb of New York City and shipped back to D.C.

The publishers of the ACID FLESH, and underground tabloid printed by Wilmington, Delaware high school students recently were charged with blasphemy. BLASPHEMY? It seems that the paper ran an article entitled "The Purple Jesus or the Grape of the Virgin" -- which suggested that Jesus was a bastard. God-fearing folk at the gendarmerie took horrible offense and tossed Matthew Allan Bennett, 17, and William F. Bertolette, 18, into the clinker for their lack of respect for the Savior.

Bennett and Bertolette were arrested under a 143 year old statute which came into existence the same year Delaware became a colony. The two publishers were also charged with "lewdness" for a review about a film about necrophelia.

Not to be outdone by her neighbors near the Mason-Dixon line, New York City last week busted the publishers and distributors of four underground pornzines. SCREW, KISS, PLEASURE and the NEW YORK REVIEW OF SEX AND POLITICS. The charge was obscenity, of course. For KISS, this was the third bust and confiscation in a six week period.

Thorne Dreyor and Victoria Smith of LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE have compiled a brief list of the most recent examples of American reaction to a FREE press:

DALLAS NOTES: Office torn apart twice by cops, in search of "pornography." Cops confiscated four typewriters, cameras, darkroom and graphic equipment, business records, books, posters, a desk, a drafting table, everything that could be ripped loose and carted off. Kept the spoils. Arrested staffers for possession of "pornography."

KALEIDOSCOPE (Milwaukee): Editor found guilty of "obscenity": \$2,000 and two years probated; being appealed. Obscenity law was written especially for paper. Editor's car firebombed and windows shot out. Office firebombed.

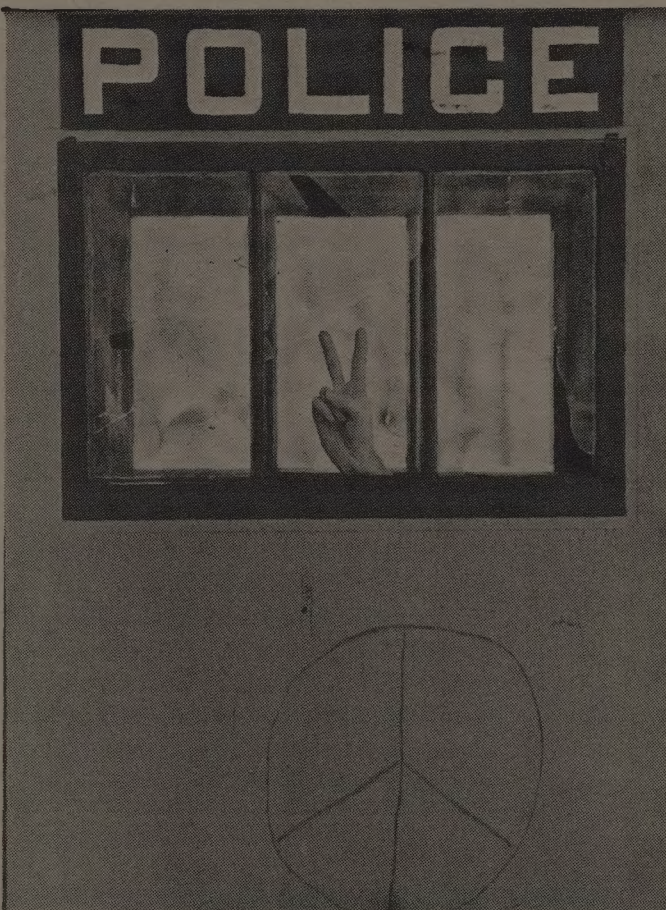
GREAT SPECKLED BIRD (Atlanta): Local Parent's League for Decency starts smear campaign against paper. Leaflet says, "...responsible persons are rightly disturbed by the sacrilege, pornography, depravity, immorality and draft dodging...Let's put a stop to this flow of filth before it hurts any MORE children than it already has." City initiates campaign of harassment, threatens grand jury investigation.

XANADU (St. Louis): Police chief wages war against paper and its predecessor, the Daily Flash. One of the editors busted on grass charge by plainclothes cop masquerading as hippie.

KUDZU (Jackson, Miss.): Staff members busted on "obscenity" rap. Fourteen staffers and friends beaten up by deputy sheriffs. Cameras confiscated, paper evicted from office.

OPEN CITY (Los Angeles): Editor convicted of obscenity. Gets six months and \$1,111 fine. Under appeal. Busted second time, same charge.

When a nation like America which holds its parliamentary "democracy" so dear, which swears by its inalienable rights, will blatantly abridge "freedom of speech," somebody must be pretty fucking uptight.



MORE CONSPIRACY INDICTMENTS DUE???

Early this year eight anti-war, youth, and Blackpower leaders were indicted for conspiring to "cross inter-state lines with the intent to incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in and carry on a riot," at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. Now it appears that the government may be preparing more indictments — these concerned with anti-war demonstrations held during President Richard M. Nixon's inauguration in Washington, D.C. "I was visited by two FBI agents this week," reported John Bolt, who was arrested during the D.C. demo for disorderly conduct. Bolt added that "the agents had crew-cuts and the whole bit and they wanted to know the same kinds of things they wanted

to know when they were preparing the Chicago indictments. They asked me about various groups at the action: SDS, Yippies, Crazies, NLF. I told them to speak to my lawyer, Martin Garbus of the ACLU and suggest that if anyone else is approached that they do something similar."

ANOTHER FIRST FOR THE EMPIRE STATE: PREVENTIVE DETENTION

New York has always maintained a reputation as THE most progressive state in the union. And so as not to be outdone by perhaps California or Mississippi, New York State Senator Edward Speno began holding hearings this week on making the Empire State the first in the nation with preventive detention as part of its penal code. Preventive detention, for those unfamiliar with Nixonese, is a cute little euphemism for depriving a citizen of his constitutional rights. It works simply: a judge or law enforcement official can "detain" an accused prisoner, awaiting trial, if he thinks that said prisoner would be likely to commit a crime again. So a student activist at City College could be arrested for demonstrating for open enrollment — find that the Judge doesn't like open enrollment — and will keep him in the cooler a few months until his trial comes up. Unsavory types considered prime candidates for PD are Black leaders, campus rebels, pot smokers, street people, you and me.

As if to give the concept a trial-run, New York's Finest arrested twenty-one Black Panthers last April under conditions that very much suggest preventive detention. The Panthers were charged with a variety of crimes including "conspiracy to commit murder" by blowing up the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens (???). Bail for just ten of the twenty-one totaled to well over a million dollars — an impossible sum for an overtaxed movement to raise. And so the Panthers languish in jail, most likely innocent of a charge they've never been proved guilty of. The trial is months away.

(Continued on Page 10)



emana tions

by Elfrida Rivers

In this column, questions will be answered relative to magic, witchcraft, spiritualism, yoga, and such related subjects as may interest our readers. Questions which for reasons of length or general interest cannot be answered in the column will receive a personal answer if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Direct all questions to Elfrida Rivers, c/o the Etst Village Other. Although I am glad to receive and answer general questions about astrology I cannot undertake to draw up or to interpret individual horoscopes.

Q. A friend of mine is worrying because as at project in her Sociology class in Berkeley High, a group made a contract with the Devil. During the ceremony she panicked and mixed up some of the names; would that make any difference? Now she wants to get out of the contract but she is afraid she will lose her boy friend if she does. What can I tell her? D.S.

Dear D.S. — I thought I had heard of some remarkable baloney going on in the high schools these days, but this takes the cake. Cake hell — it takes the three-story double-frosted chocolate eclair!

A reputable sociologist whom I consulted, first of all, tells me that this is not the sort of program which would be a valid and controllable study for sociology. My own feeling is that this is the most pointless piece of nonsense — and I could use a much ruder word than nonsense if I chose — that I have ever heard. Stop and think; if one is a believer, then literally for nothing one has consigned one-self to eternal torment; if one is NOT a believer, one has taken part in a nasty piece of silliness.

But some people have this remarkable compulsion to disprove things which they say they don't believe anyhow. For instance, I have a good friend who insists astrology is rubbish; no reasonable man could believe in it; it's been proven to be bunk time and again for hundreds years, and so forth and so on. Yet he is constantly trying to disprove it again, dragging up "evidence" and showing it under the noses of his friends who can make astrology work for them, and trying to organize formal debates on the subject. Usually, as in the case of the rabidly atheistic person who is always squalling about and attacking someone's religion, they secretly believe and have a desperate wish to be free of the fears connected with their belief.

I'd be extremely interested to see a psychological depth study of the teacher who set up this project for his students, or of the student who attempted to put it over — for purely clinical reasons. I'd be willing to bet that whatever mask he wears, he (or she?) is a deeply disturbed, neurotic and probably borderline psychotic person, desperately fighting inward superstitions.

But just now, I'm more interested in the poor kid who's worrying.

In the first place, take heart. For a contract with the devil to be valid, the Devil must sign it! A one-sided contract isn't valid anywhere — or I would long since have signed a one-sided contract with Random House, or some such place, for a best-selling novel! In all medieval accounts of

(Continued on Page 16)

slumgoddess

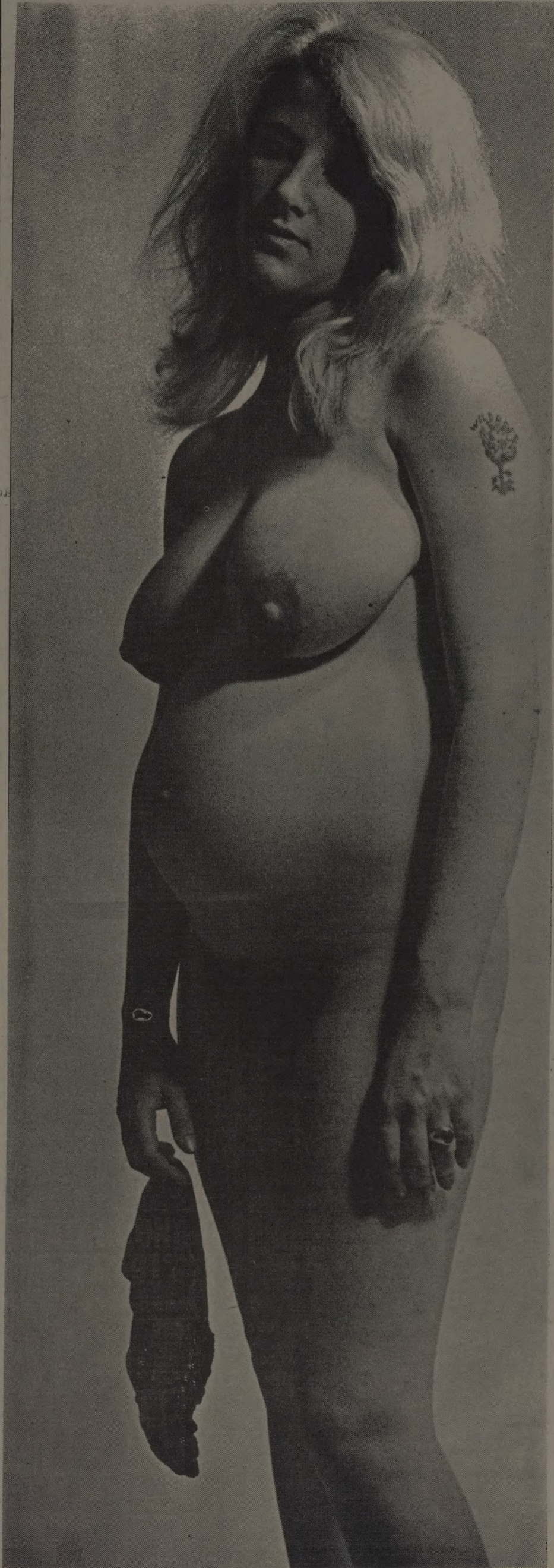


photo by Frank Pearson

hip- poc Rates

© Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

QUESTION: I think my girlfriend and I have been screwing too much. The reason I believe this is lately I've been almost continuously tired.

Could it be that too much sex is wearing me out? We only screw once a day, six or so times a week. As far as I know, I'm getting a balanced diet and plenty of sleep.

What do you think?

P.S.: 1. I'm 20 years old.

2. We've been living together 4 months.

3. I'm six feet tall and weigh 130 lbs.

ANSWER: "Too much sex" for one person may be too little for another. But newly coupled couples sometimes feel they must have sex every day, even if they're not in the mood, just to prove to each other they're in love. Any way, sex is not as lethal as we've been led to believe.

Perhaps you're not really eating a proper diet. Six feet tall and 130 lbs? Eat! Eat!

Chronic fatigue may stem from any one of several causes. Have a physician give you a thorough physical examination.

QUESTION: I've been married for five years now. A little over seven years ago, my husband, he was 18 then, had a vasectomy (clip job, he call it) in order to make him sterile.

He has been sorry that he did it but what was done was done. We decided we would adopt a couple of children next year or the year after.

But believe it or not, I am pregnant. Missed last March but didn't worry. Finally my doctor insisted on a test at the end of May and that proved it.

My husband won't believe that he is the father. I have no reason to lie to you—I don't know you nor you me. Another man hasn't touched me in 6 years. My doctor told him it was possible for the vasectomy to heal and asked to examine him but he thinks my M.D. would lie (I think maybe he suspects my doctor).

Now he has said that he does not blame me for wanting a child but insists on knowing who this "mythical" man is.

It would make him the happiest man on earth if he just knew it was his baby.

ANSWER A vasectomy is a simple surgical procedure often performed in a physician's office. Two small openings are made in the scrotum in order to cut and tie off both vas deferens, the spaghetti-like tubes which transport sperm from the testicles. Vasectomies ALMOST always cause permanent sterility. Since attempts to reunite the severed ends of the vas deferens are usually unsuccessful, few physicians would perform a vasectomy on an 18 year old.

Rarely, the severed ends reunite spontaneously and this apparently has happened in your husband's case. Any family physician or urologist could examine your husband's semen microscopically and assure him he could father a child.

The Medical Association of Hawaii has recently passed a resolution to ban the sale of smoking materials and tobacco products in Hawaiian hospitals and clinics.

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

by Lil Picard

Secretly for twenty years . . .

On page twenty in the summer issue of *Art in America* (June 30, 1969), a "myth of art" is destroyed: the myth being that Marcel Duchamp, the hero of the Pop and Happening Generation had cut himself off from art for the last twenty years of his life. Now, a year after his death in 1968, the secret of the work he did in those twenty years is revealed. *Art in America* published a kind of "Portrait of the Artist" as seen by eleven artist/writers with colored illustrations showing the artist/philosopher, chessplayer, collagemaker, ready-made inventor, nude descending a distance/cubist painter, enigmatic, dadaistic-surrealistic-mathematically-thinking Duchamp in his life and art. "Chronological Notes" from 1887 to 1968 gives the historical facts of the work of Duchamp, who became one of the most influential personalities in the United States and Europe during his 80 years.

Only Mrs. Duchamp knew about her husband's secret work. The hidden master-piece will be unveiled on July 1 in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. It was presented to the museum by the enigmatic sounding Cassandra Foundation. Also an enigma is the title of the work: "THE NEW PIECE—Etant Donne: 1. La Chute d'Eau. 2. Le Gaz d'Eclairage. Signed: M.D. 1966." The name is a pun relating to an older piece he had named "Eau et Gaz sur Tous les Etages" (Water and Gas on All the Floors) which referred to the accommodations one received in so-called "modern" hotels in Europe during the first part of the Century.

William Copley, one of the writers who interpreted Duchamp's masterpiece said, "This New Piece is in many ways a happening, but a short glimpse of it makes its effect for a lifetime . . . I can close my eyes and see it in detail anytime I choose." Copley, who is himself a very witty and highly sophisticated artist, considers the NEW PIECE an extension of the famous unfinished "Large Glass" (Philadelphia Museum) on which Duchamp worked from 1915 to 1923. The title of that work has kept art historians busy for years deciphering the meaning of Duchamp's word-assemblage: "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even."

The NEW PIECE is described by artist/critic Cleve Gray as being "as explicitly sexual as any work ever made. The female nude in the piece, lying spread-eagle in real bushes, is made of real skin. To view the entire apparition, the spectator has to peer, voyeur-like through two peepholes in a real wooden door." Materials used by Duchamp include wood, brick, glass, metal, pigskin, human hair, twigs, linoleum, oil, electric light and a Peek Frean's biscuit box.

The Duchamp in *Art in America* is in my opinion a new kind of art-journalism and presents itself as a "magazine-art-work." The summer issue is highly recommended as reading matter for the vacation. The subscription price is \$12.50 for one year (six bi-monthly issues).

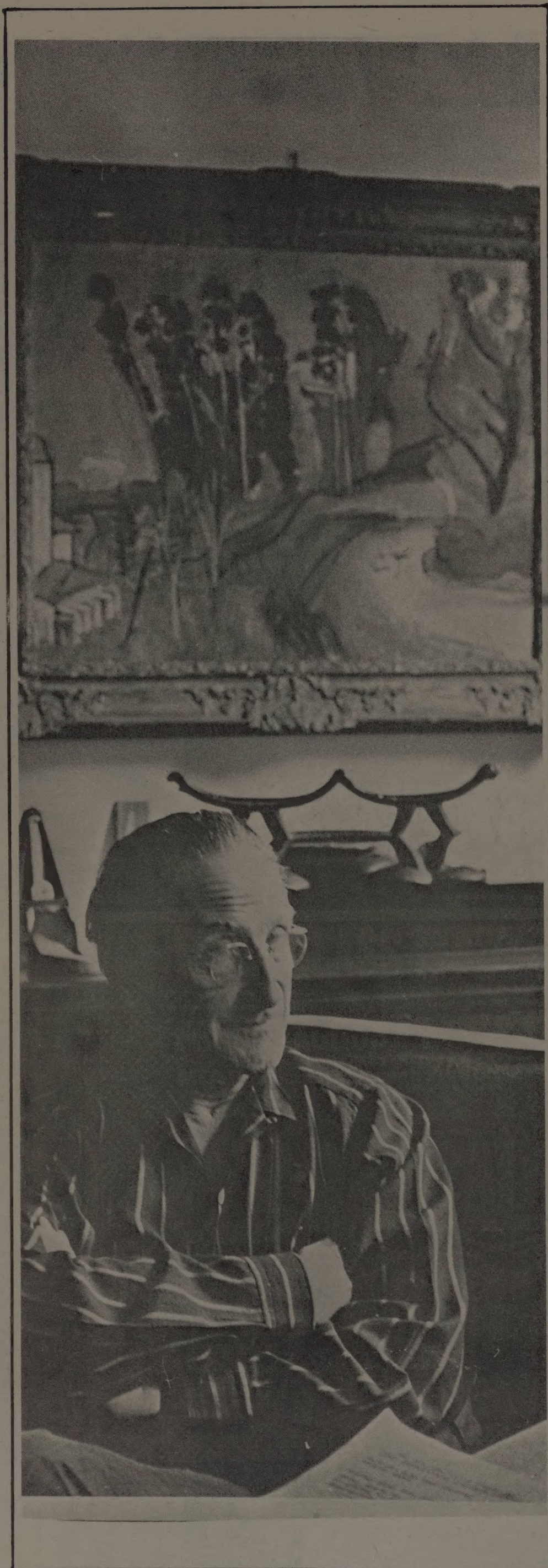


photo by Bob Parent

by Lita Eliscu

When I am Mayor, I will take the keenest pleasure in thwarting the purveyors of filth whose brazenness passes the imagination.
N. Y. Times: 6-25-69. John J. Marchi.

Sitting here playing with a pencil. It's Thursday night about to melt into Friday morning, and it is still very dark outside; marshland midnight, you wish you could toast it on a stick and make it crisp, palatable, like a marshmallow—yes. KISS has just been busted along with the other underground sex sheets, *Screw, Pleasure, N. Y. Review of . . .* and a friend has just found out he may be deported, and another friend is facing trial for possession, and *The Washington Free Press* is busted for sedition (sedition? Will the real Tom Paine please rise . . .) and it is time to dig in. To dig in or get out, because there are no longer shades of pale to choose from when selecting what suit you wanna wear, momma, there is Stay or Go, because otherwise you die a thousand times and this is no place for cowards, they just get in the way.

Sitting here part of the night, talking to friends, and wondering what is going on. It's obvious what is happening, but, *what is going on*, ah: another rendezvous entirely . . . Freedom of action leads to RE-action because freedom scares peopl. Freedom without knowledge leads to irrational random behavior. Freedom of thought led to a generation of kids turning their backs on a way of life, led to a generation of parents getting scared. If you have a kid in order to perpetuate the image (YOU) and the kid says uh-uh, then you gotta keep order so you get rid of the kid. Better to go down with what you know than attempt to board another ship, even if it is the good ship Lollipop.

wich means the time has come for everyone to think about living, about happiness, about freedom, about Here and Now. Do you wanna be a moovee starrrr; do you wanna raise kids at all, let alone healthy ones; do you believe that you can read what you want; do you feel anything is worth doing? Changes come because of pressure, and this is a big country. There have always been safety valves—if you pick up EVO of 3 years ago, the same doom was being prophesied, and the *N. Y. Times* today until tomorrow will always carry the same armageddon headlines . . . but this is our time, the time, your time, my time, and I don't want to wait for the pendulum to ho-hum swing to where it was. Get back Jo Jo, get back to where you once belonged . . . Who do you think they're singing that to, Sonny & Cher . . . ? Always with a smile—it's funny, right: underground porn papers busted, ha ha, another reason to twist and shout.

No, because people may go to jail for it, and others will suffer for a long time. The others are you and me, and I don't want to be in the unfortunate group who got the toothpaste without mindbending hexa-hexa whatever it is. New York City has always seemed a magical place to me because it is sooo big that there is room for

by David Walley

all the periphery and suddenly—there is no place to hide, the submarines come up everywhere, and New York is another hick town with hick politicians and hick kids, big idiot farm-boys who show muscles to the girls but pull their pants down whenever Daddy pulls off his belt.

Well. Due to nobody bothering to get out there and vote, we seem to be faced with Marchi or Procaccino, both evil-smelly looking men, one looking like a pimp clothesdresser (oh yeah, Petrocelli . . .) and the other as though he has 2 rods up his ass for everybody else's 1.

Please. If you don't like the city, get out. If you do like the city, then get off your ass and vote in this election! Vote for Lindsay—you know, the one who is a nigger-lover, and has managed not to have any riots; the one who is hated by everyone, while trying to run a city which the RAND corporation admits is more complex and harder to analyze than the nation's defense program. Or don't vote for Lindsay. Watch the law-and-order people have their little frankenstein win. And watch your life as it trickles away, snuffed out by your own carelessness. Only you can prevent forest fires and the living dead, so watch.

* * *

COCK STRONG IS MAHVELOUS, a pageant and hallelujah to everything still alive in New York. Right before the play started, someone informed me that "cock strong" is prison slang for a male prisoner who resists homosexual action in jail, becoming . . . blue-balled and noisy and mean as all shit (the last is my paraphrase). It is fair to say that is what the play is about. It is fair to say that is not at all what the play is about. The play is about The Theatre of the Ridiculous as represented by Playhouse of the Ridiculous as directed by John Vaccaro, acted in by everyone including Jackie Curtis (whose voice is enthralling and quite wonderful, and she lithps), Lynn Reyner (alias Ruby Lynn) Frank Dudley and a chorus which contains Otto Erotica, Penny Arcade and Reginald Rimmingstongue III (pronounced as in Montague) And Old One-Eye who stares out at the audience, oh yes indeed. To tell the plot—is to add too much salt to the stew . . . is to smudge the eyeliner with the extra line . . . is to insist on more garlic in the salad . . . (2 eating metaphors my my). Is no no. The Silver Apples and Ralph Czitron play music, the counterpoint set up between disjunctive musical clauses and acting but not interacting actors is too much, there is sublime transcendent chaos and it is guaranteed to make you concentrate on nothing else, because the play has such freshness and life that all else pales during its existence on that stage.

At La Mama, Wed. Sun, 10 PM, call 475-7710 for reservation.

There will be dancing in New York even if it wont be exactly in the city proper. Where once was a World's Fair, there will now be a music festival, THE SINGER BOWL MUSIC FAIR, and there will be 2 programs.

(Continued on Page 13)

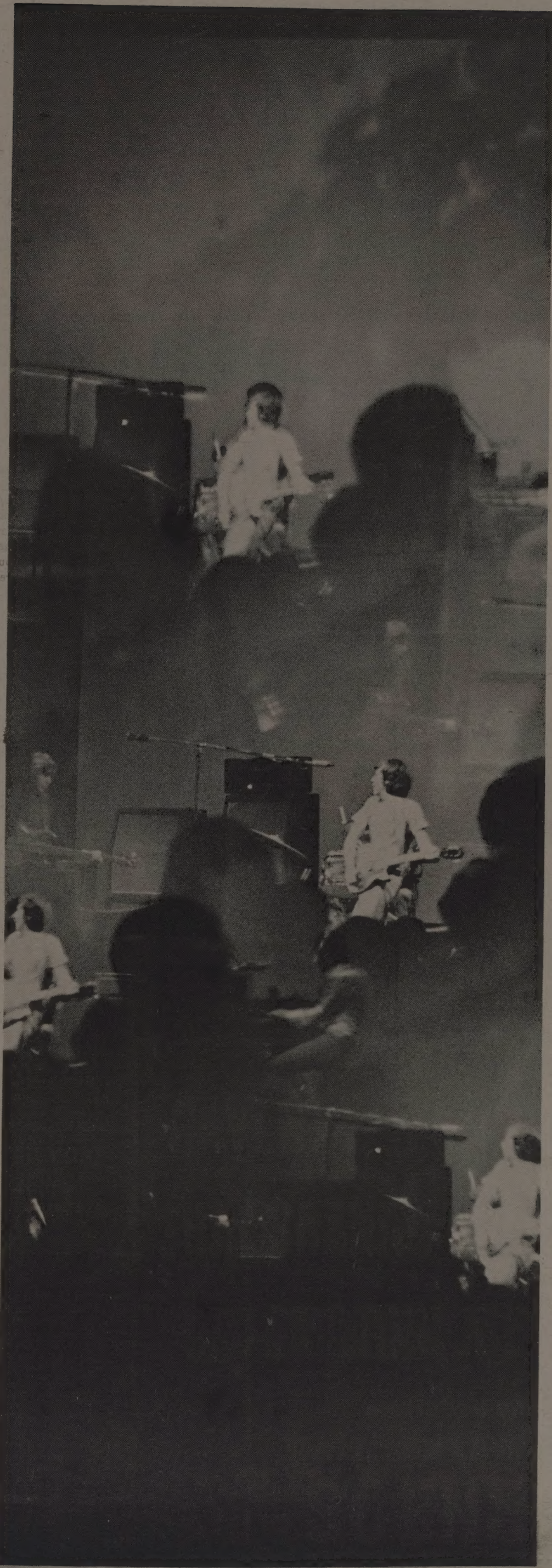


photo by Raeanne Rubinstein

BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

In this age of McLuhan, the printed word gets overlooked unless it is packaged in an attractive form. Although commentary is sometimes dismally linear, commentary on Rock music and the life style it spawned has generated a new style of journalism. No matter how mindblowing the Rolling Stones are, or how fascinating it is to listen to *Sgt. Pepper* on stereo earphones, some people still have to be convinced—the communication has to be established on paper.

There are many ways to go about getting this communication out. One can publish a magazine devoted to the Scene, or one can put together a comprehensive anthology which deals with rock music yet touches on the Scene, since rock sets the pace. In recent months, *US—A Paperback Magazine*, edited by none other than Richard Goldstein has appeared in the stores as well as *The Age of Rock* edited by Jonathan Eisen.

US for all its pretensions, comes on like a super-hip, super-hype, psychedelic medicine man. It contains heavy writers like Graig Karpel, Michael Lydon, and Paul Williams and wants to make you feel the force of the powerful intellects of this generation. It contains everything for your coffee table or your old trunk which serves as the coffeetable, but nothing for your head. *US* has little editorial consistency, no unifying theme. Magazine are supposed to have some sort of party line and it doesn't have to be an ugly dialectic. *US* is trivial and irrelevant at a time when relevance is a necessity. (So maybe it's just another magazine . . . OK, let the buyer beware).

The Age of Rock, however, should be read and kept on your bookshelf for future reference because it is interesting, informative and relevant. The editor's introduction touches on the points which Goldstein's magazine, for all its hip merchandizing does not, but could. Eisen states that his reason for compiling such an anthology of Rock was that Rock is the voice of the movement. Rock touches on all the issues of the age: the Draft, the War, the Weed, the Mind, and Sex. Rock is the music of liberation for Eisen and I suspect many of us as well.

Eisen not only has articles from the "hip" writers such as Jon Landau, but the older "hip" writers like Ralph Gelason and Nat Hentoff. In fact Hentoff's "Something Is Happening and You Don't Know What It Is, Do You Mr. Jones?" makes the best statement about the Scene I've ever read. Communication, as Eisen knows, is not only for those who are already there, but for those who are not quite sure whether to come along or not. (The editor might think of doing something on his own hook . . . he has the insight).

US and *The Age of Rock* present opposite approaches in dealing with the New Culture. The tragedy of *US* is that Goldstein should have known better than to peddle a product with such little substance, trying to merchandize *US* rather than communicate to us. Merchandizing blocks communication and WE need this communication to tie it all together.

(Continued on Page 10)

(Continued from Page 3)

clined, doesn't have the power to deal with Harlem's problems. Won't people be disappointed?

JG: I haven't stated that I'm going to stop organizing buildings. What my election really means is that I have the right to go inside City Hall finally. I think that this enhances the Harlem Tenant's Union strength. (Mr. Gray is the Executive Director of the HTU—a group which, incidentally, receives no poverty funds.) From now on every Wednesday is going to be "Housing Day" in New York City and we're going to have something doing every week.

CD: Was there much red-baiting during the campaign? I remember when you were running a city-wide rent-strike over five years ago and when an item appeared in the NEW YORK POST in-

timating all kinds of things about your political history. Did that happen again?

JG: You've got to realize that people in power would like to redbait us all. But the people in the streets and the kids on the campus have made all that obsolete. No one listens any more to a red-baiter. No one cares.

CD: What kinds of things have happened to you since you won the primary election?

JG: The people in charge don't really want me to run in November. They're even now trying to think of reasons why I shouldn't be the Democratic candidate. The doors of City Hall have been locked to us since February 21st, 1965. But certainly my election has been able to change that and the doors of City Hall must open to me now. I look forward to going back. I want to have the same cops there that day when I return. . . the same ones who threw us out. . ."

(Continued from Page 6)

In the meanwhile, you can help defeat "preventive detention" for these Black leaders by sending desperately needed bail funds to:

William Kunstler, Black Panther Party Legal Defense Fund, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

JOHN WAYNE NEVER MENTIONED THIS

For years now the military has insisted that the rate of U.S. deserters to the Viet-Cong was low to the point of non-existence. But last Tuesday's NEW YORK POST carried this interesting slip of the Pentagon tongue: "GI TURNCOATS NEW U.S. TARGETS."

According to the POST, nearly ten soldiers a day are turning colors, while carrying with them important information useful to the NLF. Most of the deserters are said to be Blacks disgusted with racism at home and in the military.

It seems that these turncoats are proving such a hazard to the U.S. war effort that special plans are being made to eliminate them. A detail of Green Beret troops have been assigned to the sole purpose of searching and destroying (killing in non-pentagonese) the renegades. What's more, the Army has ordered Court Martials for any deserter brought back alive. But that event has yet to happen.

ONE, TWO, THREE MAYBE FOUR PEOPLE'S PARKS

Films, tape-recordings, and photographs are available from Izzy Young of the Folklore Center, 898-8811. TOPIC: People's Park in Berkeley. PURPOSE: Fundraising for bail money, legal defense, and little new people's park throughout this great land of ours.

pop

(Continued from Page 9)

The Age of Rock is, in my opinion, a worthwhile edition and, even if you've read some of the articles, it's nice to have them all in one place for continued reading pleasure. With all the merchandizing that's around, this book is a pleasure to read and enjoy. It is both intellectually and editorially honest . . . check it out for yourself.

NOTES TO THE UNDERGROUND

Speaking about doing your thing, why not go to the Woodstock Music and Art Festival for fun, enjoyment, enlightenment and great music. Why not go for Three Days of Peace and Music? There will be 600 acres of woodland to gambol about in, with loads of parking space and a 24 hour shuttle bus service to and from these areas. There will be space for campers and camper buses (a general store will be part of the Festival facilities).

There should be no scenes like those viewed on the Coast because the police are going to be cool. Woodstock MAF is providing its own force of specially recruited men known for their cool. No guns, no badges, no scenes (if you freak out on some powerful concoction, they'll take you to the Festival infirmary and help you get down). These 3 days in August will be an opportunity to show those who are skeptical that we can take care of our own without the short arm of the law.

(A note of caution . . . whatever goodies you're planning to blow or drop, be cool. Although the security force will be hip, state and local authorities who are not known for their cool will be on hand. Besides that, cars are being randomly checked coming off the NY Thruway at the Woodstock exit, keep your stash well hidden or forget it and enjoy the vibes. You should get high just be being up there.



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ARCHETRON

by Jud Yalkut

"Very very high-frequency of laser will enable us to afford thousands of large and small TV stations. This will free us from the monopoly of a few commercial TV stations."—Nam June Paik.

"By means of a console with innumerable knobs, switches, dials and other mysterious looking controls, three small TV monitors and a system of mirrors and color filters, Tadlock is able to compose on a TV screen constantly moving and changing colorful kaleidoscopic images. In accomplishing this, Tadlock uses all or part of three separate live broadcasts. It is now possible for this artist (or any other using the Archetron) in effect to create simultaneously works of art on TV screens in countless homes, thus making Nam June Paik's 'Silent TV Station' possible. All that is needed is for a broadcasting organization, a closed circuit TV company or a cable TV company to avail itself of this remarkable development."—From the notes for *TV AS A CREATIVE MEDIUM* at the Howard Wise Gallery, May 17-June 14th, 1969.

J.Y.: How did the conception of the Archetron first come about?

THOMAS TADLOCK: Several years ago before I ever came to New York, maybe five years ago, I was working as a light sculptor with light bulbs, in Providence, Rhode Island where I studied at the Rhode Island School of Design. I started watching television, kaleidoscoping it and screwing up TV—just something fascinating, like games or something. I'd never even heard of Nam June Paik at that point. The first kinetic show that I think was ever held in this country was "Art Turned On" in Boston where I saw one of his pieces, so I first saw Paik's work which then showed even greater possibilities of television. I still continued to work with the electric pieces and finally got into TV with the actual commission—by Dorothea Weitzner, a collector—for this machine.

JY: Is this the only machine built so far?

TADLOCK: Using television, yes.

JY: Is it a patented machine—similar to the one for Richard Aldcroft's Infinity Projector? Would you build any others?

TADLOCK: Mrs. Weitzner wants to do it to protect herself. From the building or this, many new ideas have come—of how to expand this, make several others. In fact, this is really a basic experiment in what I could do with TV. It's not everything I can do with TV—because of the expense. Nobody can really afford it—it's hard to find people somehow, to get the money to experiment with this.

JY: Have you considered the idea of projecting these images?

TADLOCK: This machine can drive a TV projector as well as a direct monitor. A projector costs \$186,000. I could make this machine more complex and show much more. There are many more things that I'm ready to do with TV; I only need the means to implement the ideas.

JY: How is the image transformed through The Archetron?

TADLOCK: The broadcast signal is received in black and white, and

a section of the entire picture is removed—a triangular section—and repeated in a reverse repeat around a symmetrical axis, to make the pattern that you see. That's a basic process—there are three units in the machine—there could be any number of these devices to convert the picture over and over.

JY: Similar to the triangle repeated kaleidoscopically eight-fold in computer random dot patterns.

TADLOCK: From one given picture, you can make two or three of these symmetries, because I could take the upper left, or the lower right and another in the middle. That's what's going on here—there are three now—maybe there would be ten, 17 or 22—all feeding in.

JY: This would make the image complex.

TADLOCK: Yes. Those three black and white images are then fed as sum and differences of the gray scale—different areas are superimposed, each by the nine color controls and the one given a color which is designated three percentage controls on the electronic palette board—or color mixer. For each of the signals coming in, there are three knobs for the three primary colors of light-red, blue, and green. By adjusting the combination of these, you can make each image any particular color—for instance, if the red and the green knobs are both on and the blue knob is off, it'll be yellow; and if the red and blue knobs are on, it'll be violet; and if all of them are on, it'll be white.

You can then take each converted image and make it any color you want, and combine those three colors by the percentage knobs to make it, say, 50% the yellow image, 30% the orange, and 20% the blue image, or whatever. And you can also change those while you're watching it, but I prefer to set them and then leave them. And you can set them up to show in a primary system, a tertiary system, or you can set for pastels, Tibetan colors. I don't know, everybody likes different colors to play with. I'd like to make that programmable, instead of knobs being adjusted, by filling out cards of different positions and what they mean. I can see it starts to fall in patterns that have to be explored—and instead of positions on knob, it can be run by sequence like they use in electronic music synthesizers—to synthesize color patterns going right down.

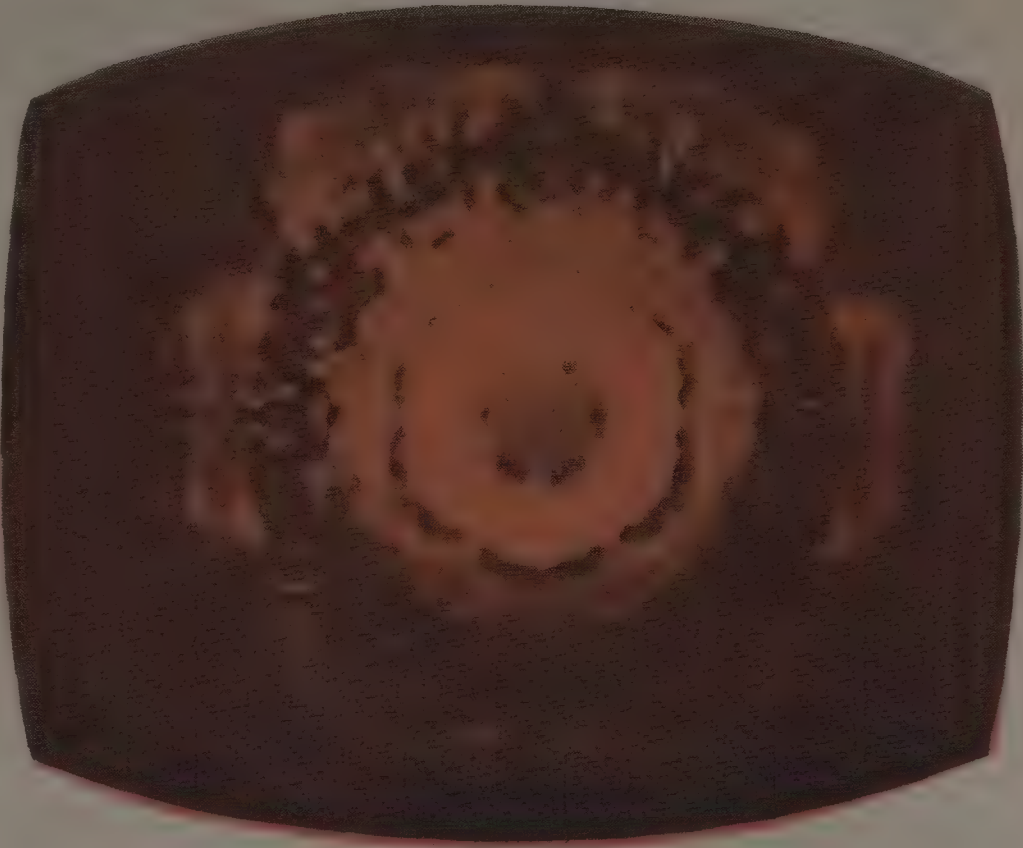
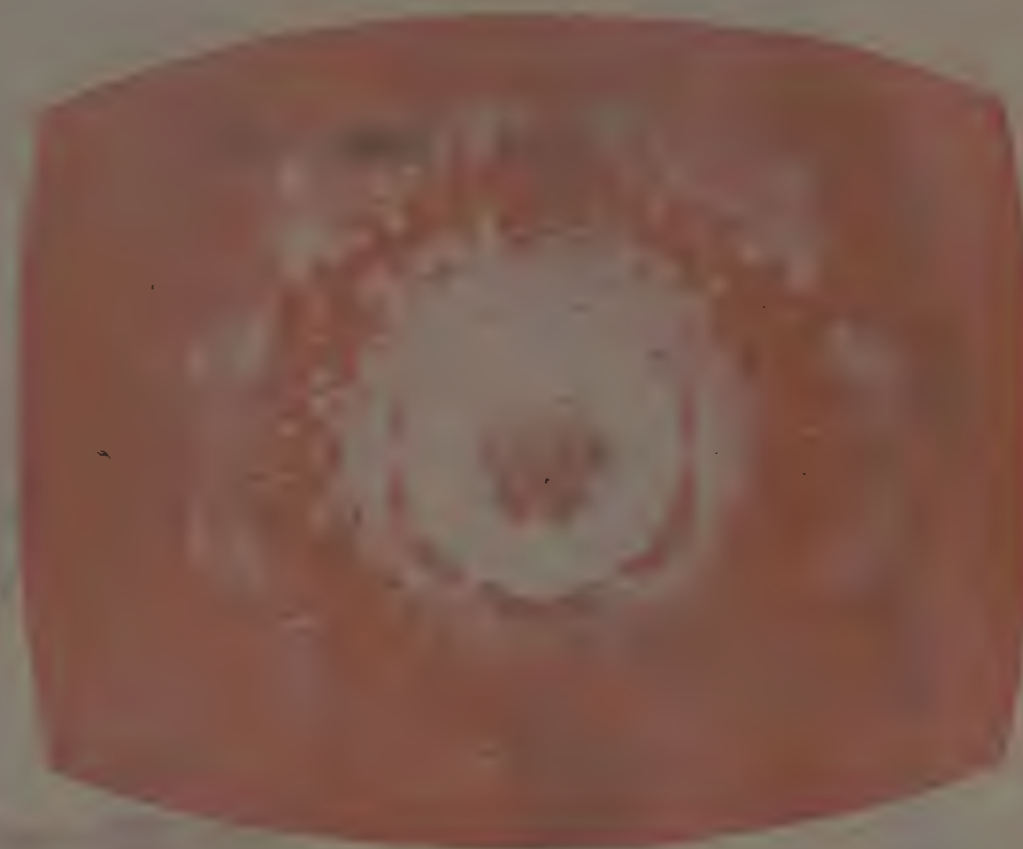
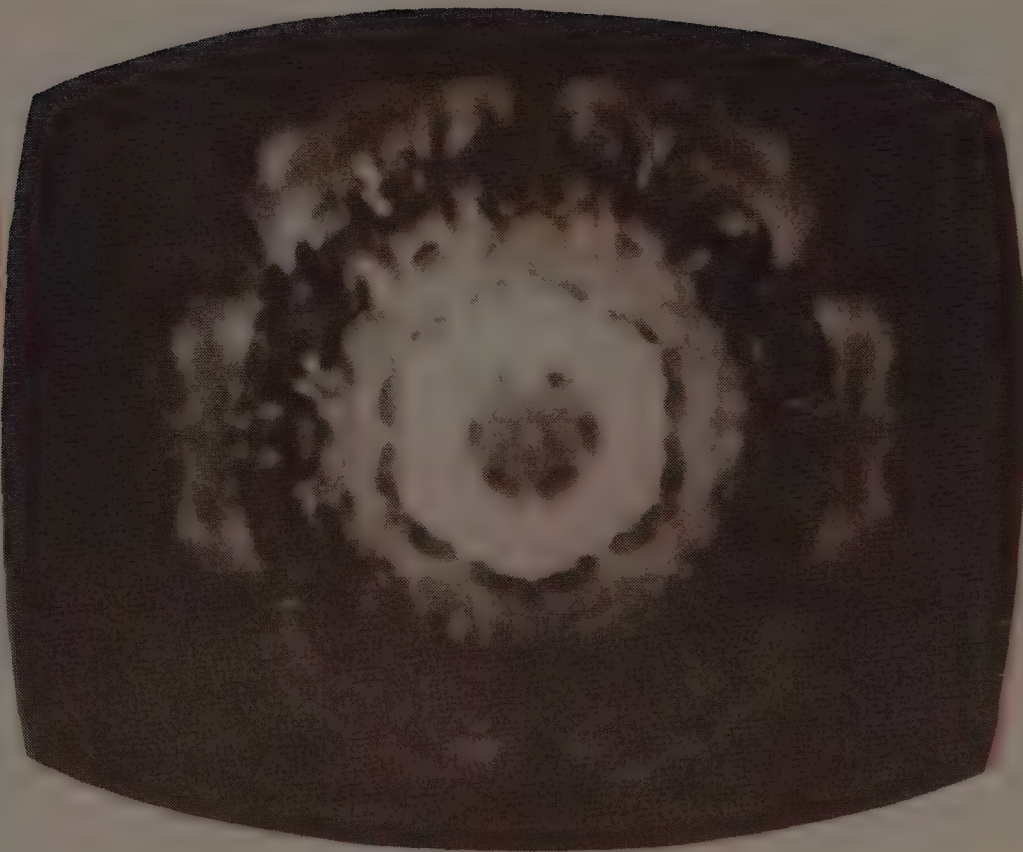
JY: What do you envision working on after this piece?

TADLOCK: There are many avenues of approach that have opened up in the making of this piece, and I'm waiting to see just what I'm going to do. I mean, I work mediumistically. I don't set to do anything—I just do whatever comes up. I want to further extended my idea of processing the existing information that they're throwing into the air.

JY: How did your earlier light machines compare with the present work?

TADLOCK: I still want to work in light but it's frustrating because the image producing apparatus isn't as complex as I want it—in other words, the most advanced light source that we have is the television tube.

JY: The two million information bits with which to play around.



(Continued on Page 13)

photo courtesy Howard Wise Gallery

decomp

(Continued from Page 12)

or who you suck up to — if the pigs feel you're getting out of line you've had it, baby. Better get yourself a toothbrush and a bail bondsman.

In the case of the pornzines, it's likely they'll be busted every week from now on: DA Beckler has intimated as much. All matters of content aside — they could probably print photos and lyrics from Busby Berkley movies and still get tromped — I fear these papers will just be busted again and again and again until they die or give up trying. I predict a rash of license citations being slapped on the newsstands that carry them. When I look into the future I witness their profits being exhausted by bail funds, countersuits, and lawyer's fees. Oh! It's too much! I can bear no more! There goes my fifteen a week for my Kiss bullshit, my cat will starve, my old lady will leave me for a wealthy attorney . . .

My friends, we can't let this happen! If

you love me, if you loove EVO, if you want to save your ass from another McCarthy pogrom you got to do something! There are several things I could encourage you to do, but this is Law And Order Summer and the statutes governing Conspiracy and Incitement are tight as the shincters at a Decency Rally.*** I refer you to the Solidarity Statement for inspiration.

* Since none of these papers is tapping Beckler's phone, they cannot refute this possibility.

** And Buckley too, but one tragic hero is sufficient for the purpose of this article.

*** A martyr I am not, Met fans.

I'm getting fucked and I need a witness.

On Friday, May 16, the night of the Who concert, a fire completely destroyed my studio which was located next to the Fillmore. As I watched a year of work burn, and waited nearly ½ hour for the fire trucks to appear, I asked a fireman on the scene what was taking so long. I was answered with a punch in the head and then was arrested for assault. My trial is July 9, where the fireman and his buddies will lie about the occurrences of the evening. I desperately need a witness (there were hundreds of people gathered) who saw what really happened to testify for me. If you were there, or know someone who was, please call Barry Levine at 765-4321, Ext. 4656 (9 AM-5:30 PM).

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The Pavilion will have dancing and restaurant food, and on Friday July 11 will kick off with The Grateful Dead, Joe Cocker, and Tribe. All Pavilion shows will be \$3 a show. The Singer Bowl series will have shows top-priced \$5.50, and a special Folk concert (Tim Hardin, Pentangle, Incredible String Band and others) will be \$3.50.

Howard Stein is presenting the concerts, and he has been trying to hold all the usual shit to a very creditable minimum. "We'll have our own police there . . . I don't want it to be tense, or have people enjoying themselves being questioned continually . . . I just want it to be possible for people to dance to rock music again—that's what rock music is all about, and I didn't want it to have to be too expensive—people have to be able to come."

The shows vary from ethnic through specialized, a lot of good sound, some quite commercial: an Israeli Festival; a "guitar show"—Led Zeppelin, Buddy Guy, Larry Coryell; James Brown; Paul Butterfield, Muddy Waters and Raven . . . and then there's Sea Train, Savoy Brown, Rhinoceros . . . When I first looked at the schedule, it seemed easy to dismiss it as an easy, digestible no-waves show. Still, this is an age of \$7 concerts, pigs hitting people over the head, no place to dance, and little enough joy . . . At the rate things last, one hopes the Singer Bowl just makes it though its schedule; one prayer to that effect, and a thank you to Howard Stein for attempting to make something lovely.

* * *

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* * *

Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band have a new album out, Trout Mask Replica, on Straight, STS 1053 and it is better than any of his other albums. How's that! It is a double album, the words are given to you, the spirit is not. On this album are shades of Albert Ayler screaming into the wind; longdrawn marrowsuck screams and electronic hear-rendering vocals, narration, and human violin voices. Songs like Pachuco Cadaver, Steal Softly Thru Snow ("The black paper between a mirror breaks my heart / The moon frayed through dark velvet lightly apart / Steal softly / thru sunshine / Steal softly thru snow"), Neon Meate Dream of an Octafish . . . songs which insist on costuming themselves in glorious Kinglear array and putting on de blackface, mammy, in order to hide whatever agony is there underneath—the agony which is your own interaction with the song. Sometimes happy, not always breaking-the-heart, but always tearing, cutting into, kaleidoscoping worlds in order to discover the one true Universe.

This is not a review, it is a musing. More on Captain Beetheart after I listen again.

* * *

Better-late-than-never Righteous Dept: Alternate U. is still going, 69 West 14th, 989-0666. Courses include a general discussion/analysis/critique of Alternate U. as it exists, in order to make it better. Courses in Spanish, The American Indian—emphasis on white-man=bad; politics and economics still high . . . Revolutionary Poetry, Rabblerrousing, and a Day Care Center (for kids of mothers who will help create the Center). If you're staying in New York, it might be a good idea to send for the catalogue . . .

JY: The two million information bits with which to play around.

TADLOCK: Before I got into processing imagery this way, I was processing random information through a triangular rotary repeat. There might be six lights in each triangle that were wired all around so that a random pattern fed into that would be a changing kaleidoscopic turning star effect. Before I really knew what I was doing, it was similar to reprocessing TV—which is like random garbage—I was reprocessing random information coming out of countdown circuits, etc.—into this kind of a pattern.

JY: Did you know Richard Aldcroft?

TADLOCK: Yes, I met him at my studio. The people next door were trying to make pirate copies of his Infinity Machine—and somehow he came to see me. I was working on this machine at the time and he flipped. You see, the people next door had wanted me to run one of their pirated machine copies to see if it would work. And there's some secret to the process that Aldcroft knows how to do that would keep it from blowing up—the cylinders in all the pirate copies would blow up in three hours and the oil would all come out. They lost about \$6,000 trying to make those phony copies.

JY: That secret is not included in his patent.

TADLOCK: Right. So he thought that was pretty funny. And he was talking about the same thing that I wanted to do.

JY: The beautiful thing about his machine, and the Archetron too, is that the same pattern is never repeated—That's been a dream for a long time.

TADLOCK: Plus the information that keeps coming in here. Like my patron was watching this machine when it was broadcast on TV (on Channel 13's THE MEDIUM IS THE MEDIUM)—She watched it on TV on itself. And during the opening there were psychedelic TV shows on TV we were watching on it—reprocessed, and so it goes on and on.

JY: Did you ever talk to Aldcroft about his design concepts?

TADLOCK: We talked a lot. He wasn't interested in his machines at all when he was in Provi-

Continued on Page 10

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underground cine-scene

compiled by Bob Parent

This regular weekly feature is a service intended to build support and 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

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AMEX—AM-EX

American Experimental Cinema
 8 Stuyvesant St. (near Cooper Union)
 N.Y.C., 212 677-9120

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

FLY

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 N. Y. C., 10014 677-9120

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

PALACE Theater

Columbus & Powell, North Beach
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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.

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JULY 2 — WEDNESDAY
 NOON — NYC — A short history of animation, the cartoon, 1879-1933 — MOMA
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY

JULY 3 — THURSDAY
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY
 10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX

JULY 4 — FRIDAY
 9:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY
 9:00 PM — NYC — JOE WEBER: Fool's Tale; BOB MILLS: Report to the Stockholders; MAURICA AMAR: Americana; others — U-P

JULY 5 — SATURDAY
 9:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY
 9:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Friday program — U-P

JULY 6 — SUNDAY
 3:00 & 8:30 PM — NYC — FELIX GREENE: China! CHARLES BRAVERMAN: American Timecapsule, a new collage history of the U.S. — ALT U
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY

JULY 8 — TUESDAY
 6:00 PM — NYC — A program of selected new films from New York — C/M
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY

JULY 9 — WEDNESDAY
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY

JULY 10 — THURSDAY
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY
 10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — AM-EX

JULY 11 — FRIDAY
 9:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY AM-EX
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY
 9:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of previous Friday program U-P
 MIDNITE — BAY — AGNES VARDA: Le Creatures — PALACE

JULY 12 — SATURDAY
 9:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY AM-EX
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY
 9:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Friday program — U-P
 MIDNITE — BAY — Repeat of Friday program — PALACE

JULY 13 — SUNDAY
 3:00 & 8:30 PM — NYC — HERBERT BIBERMAN: Salt of the Earth. NEWSREEL: Up Against the Wall, Miss America — ALT-U
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY

JULY 15 — TUESDAY
 5:30 P.M. — NYC — Cineprobe: JOHN KLEIN: Juggernaut, film and discussion — MOMA
 6:00 PM — NYC — New films by STAN VANDERBEEK — C/M
 9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM — NYC — Films by JERRY CHALEM — FLY

JULY 18 — FRIDAY
 MIDNITE — BAY — CHRIS MARKER: Komiko Mystery — PALACE

JULY 19 — SATURDAY
 MIDNITE — BAY — Repeat of Friday program — PALACE

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 REPAIRMAN
 SANTA COMES IN CALIFORNIA
 The FOOTBALL BOY as THE BASKET BOY OF THE WEEK

15,000,000 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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film

(Continued from Page 13)

dence—he was interested in making some kind of floating environmental structures—

JY: Yes, floating spherical cities on the ocean.

TADLOCK:—which had to do with what I wanted to do—and we were both more interested in that than in art at that point, so that's what we talked about. I listened mostly to his theories which were all very radical but he was able to convince me of the sensibility of every one of them. Since then I've thought more and more about it and I'm working on something on a smaller scale, a more personal sized environment.

JY: What are your thoughts about EVR—Electronic Video Recording?

TADLOCK: You can't record in the home—you have to record it on a very expensive machine—using RF heated celluloid—and it plays back on 16mm film base, not as light video. It's as cheap as a film cartridge and the machine to play it on your TV is very inexpensive also—about \$8.

JY: Do you see any application in it to what you might want to do?

TADLOCK: I think it opens up great possibilities and I'd like to work in it. However I'm afraid it's going to fall so much under government control that it'll be years before the artist will be able to get his hands on one of those recorders—to actually make the cartridges—and it will naturally be completely

commercially controlled—and it will be maybe a hundred years before it opens to fine arts.

JY: I've believed for some time that one of the few possible salvations for this country would be if the technology of this country were made immediately accessible to artists, rather than into the hands of —

TADLOCK: Business. As soon as an advance comes along that's powerful enough to be of use to the artist, it is usually snapped up and kept in tow by advertising—and government. For example the controls that are put on TV. It's been out now for some 33 years and only now are artists being able to —allowed—to use it. I think I'm being too pessimistic about all this—maybe being like that will get them to loosen up.

JY: What do you think of TV as a medium for spiritual enlightenment or education? I can see something like the Archetron doing something to loosen up people's sensibilities.

TADLOCK: That's right. I've noticed that to be true—because making this kind of meditation pattern and then feeding it with the programming that exists—(the time base patterns that they feed into commercials that they've discovered make you want to watch, make you want to buy, make you just want to want)—just those subliminal countdowns they put in and things like that are reprocessed through the machine, and sometimes you can amplify it, and that makes the possibility come to the front.

JY: Paik has been taking popular images, like his

Lindsay piece, and completely transforming them beyond all proportions into the abstract. Our society takes good things and turns them into cliches. and Paik's and your work transforms these cliches into pure energy concept—pure visualization.

TADLOCK: Right. That's exactly the purpose of the work..

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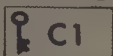
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emanations


(Continued from Page 7)

one's soul to the Devil, it is always stated that the Devil will turn up and sign *his* part of the contract. If he didn't, she can stop worrying right now.

In the second place; since this was hearsay, of course, and I have no idea what ceremony was used, it's just possible that, instead of a "contract with the Devil" one of the old medieval formulae from the grimoires was used, summoning not the Devil, but some demon or other, to come up and do the magician's will. Read the grimoires yourself if you like (probably the best account is in Eliaphas Levi's THE SACRED MAGIC OF BRAMELIN THE MAGE) and see; the magician calls up the desired demon — there are hundreds — binds him by spells and incantations not to do the magician himself any harm, and gives him commands. This is tricky business, and if the requisite demon does not appear, you won't get what you want — but the demon can't harm you, either, if you later repudiate the bargain, since by the rules of

(Continued on Page 17)

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emanations

(Continued from Page 16)

this game the magician is in command of the demon, and unless the demon gets out of the magic circle and gobbles you up, you're all right anyhow.

(For an account of a modern sorcerer who played at this dangerous game, quite seriously, two books by John Symons — THE GREAT BEAST, and THE MAGIC OF ALIESTER CROWLEY, are very good reading, and will give a clear, if somewhat flippant, account of how this magic has to be done).

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of experimenters:

In the third place, I have never heard that the Devil, if there is a Devil in that sense (which I personally am inclined to doubt, John Dickson Carr's THE DEVIL IN VELVET to the contrary) went around buying the souls of high school students. And if there is a Devil and he wanted such souls, I'm sure there wouldn't be such a shortage that he'd bother buying them; if the religious views are true (which again I doubt) by that set of rules the souls of so many people are coming to him anyway, that trying to sell him a few extras would be like trying to sell air-conditioning equipment in the Arctic circle!

And as for the boy-friend, if he really comes from the Devil (as if the Devil would be bothered!) the best thing she could possibly do with such a boy friend would be to lose him if he doesn't come from the Devil, but was attracted to her for her own sake, she couldn't lose him anyway.

If it were my own daughter, or myself, I would simply dismiss the whole matter from my mind. This is not because I take a contract with the Devil lightly. On the contrary; even if you don't raise devils from Hell, you are like-

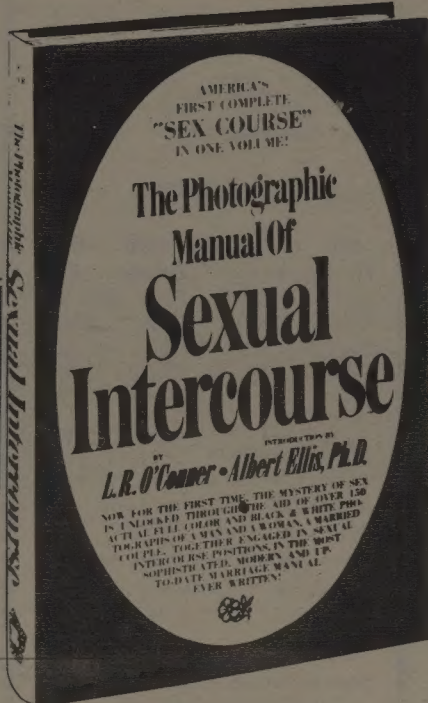
ly to let loose all the Devils, and Hells, on your own subconscious, after which a theological Hell would be quite superfluous. A nervous breakdown would be about the least you could expect, and you'd be getting off quite lightly at that. (Crowley, who when he went into this business was healthy, rich, and gifted with enough sexual powers that someone once compared the list of his mistresses and children to the Manhattan telephone directory, died old, almost friendless, forgotten by all but a few zanies, a drug addict, impotent for years, and repudiated by every mistress he had ever had and by all of his children, legitimate and bastard; also, and worse for a gifted poet, nobody reads his poetry anymore).

But this particular contract with the Devil arouses me, not to horror, but to a sort of disbelieving laughter. (In the fourth place — I think I'd gotten to the fourth, — magic must be done perfectly seriously, and I doubt if a class of high-school students could all keep their faces straight long enough for the ceremony. Considering the ceremonies I know, I'm damned sure I couldn't).

If anyone is really worrying about it, all I can say is, God give you good health, good fortune — and more good sense.

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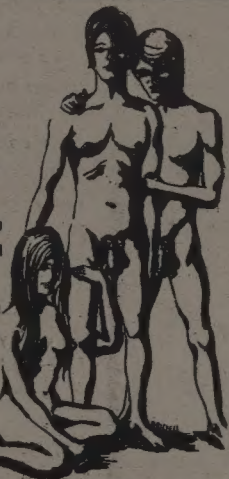
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