

**THE** east **ON**  
village **THE**

**VOL. 4, NO. 33**

**METROPOLITAN 15¢**

**JULY 16, 1969**



# DEAR JOHN

AN EXCHANGE OF LETTERS BETWEEN AN ENGLISH RADICAL AND JOHN LENNON

## AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN LENNON FROM JOHN HOYLAND

Dear John,

So they've done you after all. I didn't think they ever would. It's a nasty experience, and I offer you my sympathy, for what it's worth. But I hope you won't be depressed by it. In fact I hope this experience will help you understand certain things that you seemed a bit blind to before. (That sounds patronizing. But I can't think how else to put it...)

Above all: perhaps now you'll see what it is you're (we're) up against. Not nasty people. Not even neurosis, or spiritual undernourishment. What we're confronted with is a repressive, vicious, authoritarian SYSTEM. A system which is inhuman and immoral, because it deprives 99 per cent of humanity of the right to live their lives their own way. A system which will screw you if you step out of line and behave just a tiny bit differently from the way those in power want.

Such a system—such a society—is so racked by contradiction and tension and unhappiness that all relationships within it are poisoned. You KNOW this. You know, from your own experience, how little control over their lives working class people are permitted to have. You know what a sick, evil, and brutalizing business it is to be a "success" in this kind of rat-race. How can love and kindness between human beings grow in such a society? The SYSTEM has got to be changed before people can live the full, loving lives that you have said you want.

Now do you see what was wrong with your record "Revolution"? That record was no more revolutionary than Mrs. Dale's Diary. In order to change the world we've got to understand what's wrong with the world. And then—destroy it. Ruthlessly. This is not cruelty or madness. It is one of the most passionate forms of love. Because what we're fighting is suffering, oppression, humiliation—the immense toll of unhappiness caused by capitalism. And any "love" which does not pit itself against these things is sloppy and irrelevant.

There is no such thing as a polite revolution. That doesn't mean that violence is always the right way, or even that you should necessarily turn up at the next demonstration. There are other ways of challenging the system. But it does mean understanding that the privileged will do almost anything—will murder and torture and destroy, will foster ignorance and apathy and selfishness at home and will burn children abroad—rather than hand over their power.

What will you do when Apple IS as big as Marks and Spencers, and one day its employees decide to take it over and run it for themselves?? Will you let them get away with it? Or will you call in the police—because you are a businessman, and Businessmen Must Protect Their Interests?

One last thing. You've written some marvelous, honest, beautiful music. (And it's an indication of the weird effect capitalism has had on you that you felt it was necessary to pretend that in doing so you were only conning people.) But recently your music has lost its

bite. At a time when the music of the Stones has been getting stronger and stronger. Why? Because we're living in a world that is splitting down the middle. The split is between the rich and the poor, the powerful and the powerless.

You can see it here, and in the jungles of Vietnam, and in the mountains of South Africa, and in the ghettos of the U.S. and in the Universities all over the world. It's the great drama of the second half of the 20th Century—the battle for human dignity fought by the exploited and the underprivileged of the world. The Stones, helped along a



bit by their experiences with the law, have understood this and they've understood that the life and authenticity of their music—quite apart from their personal integrity—demanded that they take part in this drama—that they refuse to accept the system that's fucking up our lives. You did it for a bit when you were taking acid—the only time in your career when you stepped outside the cheeky chappy slot the establishment had slid you into, and the time when your music was at its best. But they didn't bust you (why not, John?), and the way was open for you to come to represent not rebellion, or love, or poetry, or mysticism, but Big Business...

But after all, they still hate you, even if you are a company director. They hate you because you act funny and because you're working class (in origin at least) and you're undisciplined and you weren't in the army and, above all, you've been going out with a foreigner. So now it's happened.

As I said before, don't be too upset about it. In the unjust and corrupt society there is no dishonour in being arrested, and certainly none of us on the left are going to think any the worse of you for it.

But learn from it, John. Look at the society we're living in, and ask yourself: why? And then—come and join us.

## A VERY OPEN LETTER TO JOHN HOYLAND FROM JOHN LENNON

Dear John,

Your letter didn't sound patronizing—it was. Who do you think you are? What do you think you know? I'm not only up against the establishment but you, too, it seems. I KNOW what I'm up against—narrow minds—rich-poor. All your relationships may be poisoned—it depends how you look at it. What kind of system do you propose and who would run it?

I don't remember saying Revolution was revolutionary—fuck Mrs. Dale. Listen to all three versions (Revolution 1, 2, and 9) then try again, dear John. You say "In order to change the world, we've got to understand what's wrong with the world. And then—destroy it. Ruthlessly." You're obviously on a destruction kick.

I'll tell you what's wrong with it—People—so do you want to destroy them? Ruthlessly? Until you've changed your own heads there's no chance. Tell me one successful revolution. Who fucked up communism—Christianity—capitalism—buddhism, etc? Sick heads and nothing else. Do you think that all the enemy wear capitalist badges so that you can shoot them? It's a bit naive, John. You seem to think it's just a class war.

Apple was never intended to BE as big as Marks and Spencers—our only reference to it was to get the deal we used to get from this nasty capitalist shop when we were downtrodden working class students and bought a sweater or something which was reasonably cheap and lasted. We set up Apple with the money we as workers earned, so that we could control what we did productionwise, as much as we could. If it ever gets taken over by other workers, as far as I'm concerned, they can have it.

When I say we con people—I mean we're selling dreams. Friends of mine like Dylan and Stones, etc. who are doing THEIR bit would understand what I said—ask them—then work it out.

The establishment never slotted us into a "cheeky chappy" bag, dear John—WE DID—to get here to do what we're doing now. I was there, you weren't. So suddenly the papers told you we were taking acid—two years after the event! So you decided that our music was best then. You're probably right about why they didn't bust me before—they, like you, had me "tagged." I'll tell you something—I've been up against the same people all my life—I KNOW they still hate me. There's no difference now—just the size of the game has changed. Then it was the school mastes, relatives, etc.—now I'm arrested or ticked off by my fascists or brothers in endless fucking prose.

Who's upset about the arrest? OK, I'll have a cup of tea. I don't worry about what you—the left—the middle—the right or any fucking boys' club think, I'm not that BOURGEOIS.

Look man, I was - am not against you. Instead of splitting hairs about the Beatles and the Stones—think a little bigger—look at the world we're living in, John, and ask yourself: why? And then—come and join us.

Love, John Lennon

(P.S. You smashed it—and I'll build around it.)

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SHERRY NEEDHAM  
MELISSA STOUT  
FLICKA  
DEAN A. LATIMER  
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# SOMEWHERE IN THE THIRD WORLD

a report from  
Eldridge Cleaver in exile

## Minister of Information, Black Panther Party

I want to take this opportunity to say hello to Brother Huey P. Newton Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, the leader of the Black Panther Party and the man who has done more, who has done most, who has sacrificed most to elevate the struggle, the revolutionary struggle in Babylon. It has been a long time since I've been able to say hello to Huey, Huey's in the same prison that I was in once. I know what he's going through being confronted by these fiendish pigs, those hogs that they call prison guards. And I don't know what can I say to Huey? Can I say Huey what's happening? Can I say how are you Huey? All I can say is Power to the People Huey. I understand. I know that you understand. And right on. All Power to the People.

I want to take this opportunity to send a personal and a warm greeting particularly to my comrades in the Black Panther Party, to the brothers and sisters in the Black Panther Party, but also just as warmly and very personally, I want to send this message to all of my friends in Babylon. I want you to know that I'm reunited with Kathleen. It's very beautiful to be with her again. It's also very beautiful to know that such a thing could happen - that we do have the power to do some things. And as far as I'm concerned, it was not possible because of me, it was not possible because of Kathleen, but it was only possible because of the power of the people. It demonstrated that by working together, we do have the ability to resist the manipulations and the oppression and the games that all the combined pig agencies in Babylon have in their power to do. That, even though they are opposed to Kathleen and I being together, even though they want me in prison or dead, even though they want to be able to thwart anything oppressed people want to do, they tried their hardest to do this. But they failed. They have failed up to this point. So that, we know that they are not invincible. We know that they can be opposed successfully. And, we know that not only can they be opposed on these small levels, but they can be obliterated from the planet earth. We know that it is possible for us to overthrow the capitalist system, and to rid the earth of capitalism, imperialism, and neo-colonialism and also all forms of oppression entirely. We know that this is possible. Throughout history, mankind has struggled to create a better world, and we have been struggling in our time to create a better world. I think that we have been making progress. I think that our situation is not as terrible, and is not as hopeless - and they are up against the wall, all over the world. The entire world is rising up against them, and is liberating itself from them, and it is our job to continue our struggle no matter what the resistance from the pigs might be. I want everybody to know that I'm not retired from the struggle, that in fact, if everything could be said at this particular moment, you would know that I've been very much involved in the struggle every moment that I've been out of sight. And that the struggle goes on everywhere. And that everywhere progress in the struggle is being made. But we have a tremendous amount of work to do. I'm sick in my heart over the news of all the repression that the pigs are bringing down on all sections of the movement in Babylon. But I have to say that it's not surprising, that this is something that we fully expect. We also fully

expect it to get a thousand times worse than it is, because whether we know it or not, the pigs know that they are involved in a war - a class war. And they are waging this war at this particular time in order to preserve their racist, decadent, capitalistic, imperialistic and neo-colonialistic power structure. They want to do this, and they would rather be dead than to see this system destroyed, and our survival, our happiness, our freedom, our future, the future of our children depends upon their destruction. So that, we know, we talk as though we know we're involved in a war. And we act as sometimes as though we were involved in a war, but the pigs act all times as though they are involved in a war. So, we have to become more fully aware and fully conscious of this, I'm very delighted to know that members of the Black Panther Party have become more conscious of the need for ideology or to formalize our ideology, I'm speaking particularly about a more conscious knowledge of Marxist-Leninist principles, because a knowledge of Marxism-Leninism is invaluable to oppressed peoples struggling against capitalism and imperialism because in the theories of Marxism-Leninism, we find a very accurate and very useful analysis of the capitalistic system, we find a clear picture of what's going on in the world and it makes us know who our friends are and who our enemies are, who our potential allies are, and how we have to move in order to destroy the system of our enemies. So, it's very good to see these developments. I'm also very glad to see that the Students for a Democratic Society is developing rapidly as it is. I agree that they had a perfect right to issue the resolution that they did issue. I've read the arguments on both sides as to the merits of the resolution, as to whether or not they had a right to comment on the struggle in the black community and I would not even care to dignify the reactionary arguments of the opposition by commenting or trying to refute the arguments. I don't think they're worthy of discussion. I think they were reactionary and I think that SDS is perfectly right in what it did. I'm very glad to see that it happened. I'm also very glad to see the struggle developing so rapidly in the Chicano community and the Puerto Rican community, the Chinese community, the Indian community, the red man's community. And also, I was very glad to hear news and to see pictures of the Young Patriots, the young white warriors who have related to the oppressed people, who have recognized themselves as being oppressed, and are relating on a fundamental level. I'm very glad to see all these developments, and I want to encourage those developments and say that we need to broaden our base in that regard. We need to have every community united in that regard - united itself first. The revolutionary forces within each community must become united. And, we must develop machinery that transcends each community, that connects the revolutionary forces in each community with each other so that they can all be focused on our common enemy. This is not impossible to do. I think that we have discovered the proper mechanism for doing this and that it is inevitable that this process will develop no matter what opposition or stumbling blocks are placed in our way by our enemies or by our well-meaning, but misguided friends.



Photo by Bob Parent

The most important thing that I would like to talk to you about, the most important thing happening, is something that I can't talk to you about at this time, except to say that I believe that it is time for our struggle to go through a qualitative change. It's very clear that Babylon is stacking up with fugitives, that many of us are no longer able to function within the framework of Babylonian legality, and so, therefore, we have the choice of either ceasing to function or to continue functioning outside of the framework of Babylonian legality, within the frame work of that which is legitimized by the people and by the people's struggle. I want to make it very clear that this is the choice that I make. That even though the Babylonians look upon me as a fugitive, I want them to know that I am not the fugitive, that they are the fugitives. They are the fugitives from the justice of the people. And that they may think that the arm of the law is long, but I want them to know that the arm of the people is much longer than the arm of the pig. And there is no place they can hide. They cannot hide here in contemporary times. They will not be able to hide in history because we will seek them out dead or alive, and we will put them in their proper place now and also in history. Justice will be done and justice will be established in reality and also in the history books. That they are

damed eternally by their actions. They are damned now by their present actions, and they will be damned historically by the evil that they're doing on the planet earth. So that there's no hope for them. They are the fugitives and we are pursuing them and we are going to capture them, and we're going to inflict justice upon them whether they like it or not. We have always known that Richard Meathhead Nixon, Bone nose Nixon is a dirty, treacherous motherfucker. Now he has really proven how dirty and treacherous he really is. For my own part, I didn't require any more proof because I watched the man's career and his election to the Presidency of the United States, to me is a very accurate reflection of the crisis that the United States is in, because for a nation to be in such a condition as to elevate such a man to supreme power, it means that there's a low reading on the barometer in Babylon because at last the gutter has been scraped. The gutter, the political gutter of Babylon has been scraped in order to come up with a leader to succeed Lyndon Baines Johnson, Lyndon Baines Johnson, everyone thought was the ultimate in scurrviness in the political arena. But Lyndon Baines Johnson came off the bottom of the bucket whereas Richard Nixon represents that which leaked through the bottom of the bucket and merged with the mud. So the man

comes from out of the mud of the political cesspool and I think it's very fitting that he is now President of the United States. He has now released his vicious mad dog J. Edgar Hoover to implement the fascist repression that he has always wanted to implement publicly, that he has in fact been implementing privately all of his career so that all the shit is coming out in the open. That we finally have the gestapo functioning openly so that everyone can see them for what they really are and so that not only the people who have been suffering from the persecution of the gestapo have known about it, but now it's out in the open so that everyone can see it in operation. We have these pigs vamping on freedom fighters, and imposing not bail--it is no longer bail--now it is ransom. And everyone can see that \$200,000 bonds, \$100,000 bonds, are nothing but ransom. Because what the pigs are admitting by this ransom is that the system is so fragile, that they are so uptight, that they can no longer deal with the revolutionary forces, but they have to get the revolutionary forces out of the streets by any means necessary. So that it's good to know that. I hope that they don't think - well, I don't care what the pigs think - but it's very clear to me, having been in prison myself, that they will not stop anything by locking these brothers and sisters up. The only thing that they will

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# HAITI: America embraces Papa Doc

by Ray Schultz



Papa knows best

Nelson Rockefeller was accorded every possible honor of state when he arrived in the Haitian capital of Port-Au-PRINC last Wednesday, for he had come bearing gifts, most notably, a promise from Richard Nixon to restore American financial aid to Haiti as soon as the trade winds were favorable. Up to now, Haitian affairs have not been the hottest topic of conversation among the Washington set. In fact, the feeling of the majority on the subject has been one of indifference, tempered occasionally by the cold fear that Haiti could explode at any moment in a blood bath that could cause the United States to intervene. With Rockefeller's offer of money now, it appears that a Haitian apocalypse may be closer than believed. Nixon may possibly be trying to buy time in order to gain an eleventh hour reprieve to ward off what could turn out to be the most ignoble and utterly disastrous foreign intervention America has ever undertaken.

The problem is that president Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier, after 12 years of plundering the soul and natural resources of the land, appears to be nearing the end of his days as dictator-in-residence. Duvalier at 62 suffers from diabetes, a poor heart, and now, it is rumored, cancer. The constitution he enacted in 1964, which makes him president-for-life, does not provide for a successor. If he were to die tomorrow, several groups presently in the shadows would leap for the seat of power - a situation most inimical to the interests of the United States, since one or more of the groups would certainly be communist. And even if Duvalier survives the wreck of his body, it is unlikely he can survive the wreck he has made of his country. He is reportedly so frightened at present that he carries a gun with him when he leaves the presidential palace in Port-Au-Princ, even though he has an extensive personal guard called the *Tonton Macoutes* - a group of cutthroats well-known for their practice of murder, rape and extortion.

Ninety-five percent of the population of Haiti is black and poverty-stricken. The illiteracy rate is 85 percent. The religious superstitions of the creole peasantry are exploited without end: many Haitians are convinced that "Papa Doc" Duvalier holds the powers of voodoo so that dogs and cats and birds and mice will deliver to him word of any seditious activities. The penalty for such activities, real or imagined, is death, possibly by torture, or imprisonment in the hell-hole of Fort Diamanche, the political prison in Port-Au-Princ. Duvalier feeds his self-image at public expense by building signs reading *Je Suis le drapeau Haitien, Uni et Indivisible* (I am the flag, one and indivisible). He owns the country, he holds the stock, he casts the deciding vote, he is the flag of Haiti, whatever it stands for, and the people count for nothing.

Naturally, all this has resulted in the destruction of the nation's economy. The statistical comparisons are too numerous to reprint, but a quick glance at one or two of them will indicate the general trend: in 1964, Haitian exports totaled \$31 million, as opposed to \$44 million in 1788 when the French occupied the island. From 1956 to 1965, the import total has dropped from \$51, approximately, to \$36 million - and is still going down. Tourism, once a fairly healthy staple, is practically dead today, and a fledgling fishing industry that once held great promise has never been developed. A few American companies remain, and Duvalier has been known to export slave labor to the sugar cane fields of the

Dominican Republic for a price (a practice no longer allowed by the Dominicans). The profits of these enterprises never reach the Haitian public. Duvalier pockets the change and buys gifts for his family. Filled with a dictator's penchant for self-esteem, Papa Doc constructed a city to his own unyielding honor, his crossed version of Brazilia-Stalingrad, the ruins of which now rot in the tropical sun, uninhabited perhaps forever, except by the murderous snakes and scorpions of the jungle. The professionals have all fled the country, followed by the less-educated - 55,000 to New York City alone, several thousand to the Bahamas, to Cuba, to Europe, to Africa, anywhere and everywhere they can escape the conditions that make life intolerable for them at home.

The International Commission of Jurists said "The rule of law in Haiti has been replaced by a reign of terror." The Honorable Morris B. Abram, upon ending his tenure as American representative to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, called for an international investigation of Haiti, along with Greece, in accordance with the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The Organization of American States has disowned all possible traffic with Duvalier. Civilized men the world over have denounced the Duvalier regime as an atrocity against humankind - need there be more proof?

True, in 1963, President John F. Kennedy began searching for a "non-communist" alternative to Duvalier. In anger, Papa Doc broke diplomatic relations with the United States and cast a voodoo curse on Kennedy's head, an *ounaga a' mort* and bragged forever more that he was responsible for Kennedy's death (Kennedy died on the 22nd of the month, a powerful number in voodoo numerology.) Shortly after the assassination, however, President Lyndon Baines Johnson reestablished diplomatic relations with Haiti. In a formal ceremony in the White House, at which he received the Haitian ambassador, Johnson said "The United States looks forward to close cooperation and solidarity with the government of Haiti."

Behind the scenes, meanwhile, the State Department has been giving tacit approval to an exile group called the Haitian Coalition, a responsible "moderate" organization which is the very model of the non-communist alternative Kennedy had sought. Led by Raymond Alcide Joseph and headquartered in New York, the group is forced to work with very tacit approval indeed. They are limited to publishing a bi-lingual newsletter and making radio broadcasts which inform the people of Haiti of Duvalier's crimes. The group also works for the benefit of the Haitian exiles, both in New York and the pro-Duvalier Bahamas. Joseph himself is honest enough to admit that he will not come to power without American military intervention.

"We are still young", he told me in a recent interview. "Duvalier is old. We can afford to wait for many years before taking over from Duvalier."

And it would seem that the U.S. is willing to wait for many years also, before letting anyone seize power from the fascist Duvalier regime. The State Department has quelled several minor attempts to overthrow Duvalier that came from exiles in this country. One of the most colorful of these occurred in January, 1967, when a group of disaffiliated Haitians and Cubans led by Father Jean Baptiste Georges, an instructor at a parochial school in

Queens, and Mr. Rolando (the Butcher) Masferrer, one of Batista's worst henchmen, set up camp in Miami Beach - and agreed to be photographed for a CBS television color special - aptly titled "The Haitian Revolution". Under the direction of Jay McMullin, CBS even had cameras waiting in Port-Au-Princ - the whole thing was to be documented from beginning to end, until, in the final hours, CBS got uptight and walked out, and just in time apparently, for a posse of U.S. Customs officials and local police swooped down on the camp of the rebels and crushed the planned invasion. A more recent

And why, is the United States so wary of letting the exiles have their day against Duvalier? I spoke to a black South African Marxist-Leninist recently, who told me that the New York exiles were representative of the mulatto class and would suppress the black majority if they gained power.

"They are not the real revolution", he said. "The real people's revolution will come from Cuba where several black exiles are now in training. They will throw Duvalier out, and create another Vietnam if the United States should intervene."

Ray Joseph, when consulted, admitted that this was a strong possibility. There are, he said, 50 to 75,000 Haitians in Cuba, most of whom live in Oriente Province where they work as sugar cane cutters. Most certainly some of them are training to overthrow Duvalier.

"They are only 50 miles from Haiti", he said. "They would be stupid if they didn't." Up until last December, there were two communist groups operating in Haiti itself: THE *Parti Entente Populaire*, a pro-Moscow group which favored the gaining of strength and a power base within the present government; and the *Parti Unifie Demokrat Aisyia* (creole for Haitian), a Maoist-Fidelist organization which favored violent revolution as soon as possible. In January, Russia's Tass News Agency reported that the two groups had merged into one. This single group has presumably consolidated goals and methods to make it hotter for the Doc. Coincidentally, Duvalier, in early April, began exploiting the communist menace to impress Nixon, who has traditionally taken a hard-line anti-communist stand. On the 14th of the month, Duvalier's birthday, an attack was made against communist headquarters. The reports of what happened during this incident are vague and confusing. Duvalier claims 70 communists were killed, period. Ray Joseph claims that Duvalier's henchmen went up to the mountain village of Boutillier to capture one Gerald Brisson who "was known to be the leader of the communists". Brisson was actually the proprietor of a funeral parlor in Port-Au-Princ, and was not, in fact, believed to have communist leanings, according to Joseph. At any rate, the Duvalier force began shelling the house, the peasants from the surrounding hills came to see what was happening, they were shot and killed on the spot - 70 bodies, 70 communists.

"If they were communists", Joseph said, "they should have been identified. Duvalier should have let out their names, so the world could see who these communists were."

The *Daily World*, however, alluded vaguely to the incident as being part of an April uprising during which several guerrilla units in the northern mountain regions made simultaneous attacks on outposts of the *Tonton Macoutes*. The attacks "badly frightened" Duvalier, who asked for and received assistance from the U.S. military mission in Port-Au-Princ, in the form of a number of Black GI's (Green Berets) who mobilized for counter-insurgency against the anti-Duvalier forces.

If this is true - and there is no reason to doubt it - then the State Department of this country has begun to act negatively toward the confusion of the Haitian situation. This negative approach was described most adequately in an article which appeared last year in the *Atlantic*

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# MARK LANE: ASSASSINATIONS YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

PART TWO OF EVO'S INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR OF "RUSH TO JUDGMENT."

by Claudia Dreifus

Mark Lane first became involved in the investigation of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy after an Oklahoma woman named Shirley Martin sent an article he had written to Mrs. Marguerita Oswald, mother of the alleged "lone assassin." The article was a lawyer's brief emphasizing points Lee Harvey Oswald's attorney might have used had his client lived to see a trial. Mrs. Oswald liked Lane's brief and suggested that he attempt to represent her dead son's interests at the Warren Commission hearings. The Commission, of course, refused to permit Lane to act as Oswald's lawyer. But undaunted, he began a five-year investigation into the JFK assassination and the others that followed.

For the past year Lane has been living in New Orleans where he worked as an associate of D.A. Jim Garrison. It was while participating in the New Orleans investigation that Lane began unraveling an uncanny pattern in the four major assassinations of the nineteenth sixties. For Lane the pattern is clear: America has become a land where political assassination is the major weapon employed by the military and the intelligence community to prevent social change.

CD: You worked with New Orleans District Attorney James Garrison for nearly a year. Tell me something about him. The media tended to characterize Garrison as some kind of mad politician who was robbing the grave of John Kennedy in an effort to grab national headlines. They always seemed to portray him as power-hungry, publicity-seeking and partly insane. One tends to be rather distrustful of media descriptions, so I'm curious to know what he's really like and what he was trying to do.

ML: Garrison is one of those rare people this country produces on occasion. He is wise, brilliant and unintimidated. I don't believe in the cult of personality, but there are few men such as Jim. In my life I've met just a handful: W.E.B. Dubois, Bertrand Russell, Jim Garrison and Dick Gregory. Garrison gave up what was a tremendously promising political career to conduct a real investigation into the assassination of President Kennedy. He was one of the most promising figures in Southern politics. He'll probably be defeated in November when he's up for re-election as New Orleans' DA.

You know, right after Clay Shaw was acquitted, when the New Orleans newspapers were really out for Garrison's head, Dick Gregory sent him a telegram: "To the hip folks, you're a hero. Never mind about the fools." That's kind of how I feel about him, too.

CD: With the exception of PLAYBOY, it seems that most of the media was hostile to Garrison's investigation and tended to distort the facts about his effort. You were down in New Orleans while he was preparing the Clay Shaw case. What really happened?

ML: The media was about as accurate in reporting what was taking place at the trial in New Orleans as they are about everything else. Let me give you an example: Huntley-Brinkley. They sent down an ace reporter, Chuck Quinn, to cover the trial. I know Quinn from the time he was the Herald-Tribune's legislative correspondent in Albany. I was an Assemblyman at the time, and we often had drinks together.

Now, Louisiana is one of those states where they don't pay jurors for jury service. People thought the Clay Shaw trial would go as long as eight weeks, so every prospective juror was told that he could be excused for financial reasons if he wanted to be. Because of that, most of the jurors, over a thousand, were excused. Louisiana is a poor state, and a lot of people just can't afford to be without an income for two months. It's not a good system for jury selection at all.

For the first three days Shaw's attorneys asked every prospective juror, "Do you believe the Warren  
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The late MALCOLM X

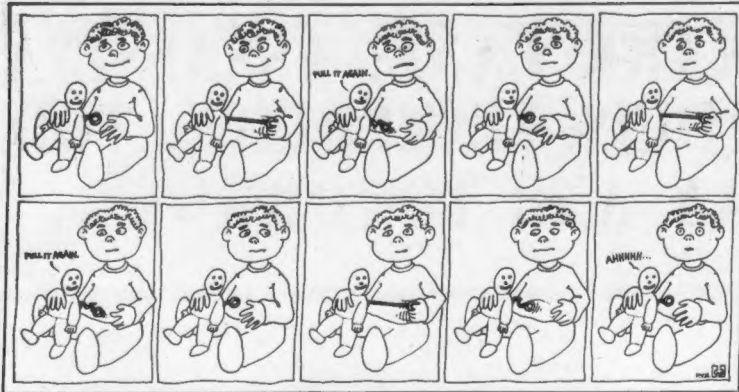
Photo by Bob Parent



Bullet holes in lectern at the Audubon Ballroom



Malcolm X being rushed to the hospital



# DECOMPOSITION

by D. A. Latimer

"These are the hippies" says the man on television, delighted at having found a few after months of diligent searching. "These are the new hippies! Look at 'em -- strong, healthy, hard-working young lads. They even take baths, and as you can see, their crash pad here on East Tenth Street is spic and span. If it weren't for the long hair, why, you'd think they were people just like you and me. And this is Peter Cawley, spokesman for The Family, as they call themselves: tell me, Peter, how did this all come to pass?"

And this is what Peter says: "Well," he said, "we're all getting a little older now... You know, 24, 25 years old now... And we've done the stuff, we did dope, and then we did war protesting, and last summer we went to Chicago and all that. We got sick from dope, speed and all that, and we got busted for Chicago... And we're still getting sick and still getting busted... But we're getting on now, damnit, and a man wants a little security!"

"So that's what Movers 'N Things is all about. We want to find work for our people, and decent places to live. It's not a matter of coping out, dropping back into society, since there is no more society we can drop back into. Our tastes are too developed for the nine-to-five grind, with the split-level and the wife and the Labrador Retriever. So we're making our own alternate society, living in The Family. And we want to help other people, people who can't or won't make it in straight society, we want to help them find comfortable living styles. So we're buying these buildings, and the farm upstate..."

Hey? It's been less than a year since Cawley's people initiated Movers N Things, and here they already own their own building on First Avenue. It is no small thing to own a building in New York City, and within a few months The Family expects to own three or four of them. It is definitely not a small-time operation, this Movers N Things. It's getting to the point, in fact, where the operation is filing for corporation papers under the title, Alternate Seed, Inc. How does a bunch of hippies get into the landlord racket?

It's not really that difficult, according to Cawley. Landlords often find it to their advantage to let some of their buildings deteriorate beyond the point of condemnation, such tactics can through capital losses and whatnot actually augment their incomes, even after tenants are thrown out of the place by the Health Board. And when something like Alternate Seed comes around and pays them money for these places, they'll most likely sell out for a song. The secret is to pick up the mortgage on one of these places and pay it off in comfortable installments, while you renovate like mad to get it in shape for rental.

And so it is that The family finds itself in possession of a severely deteriorated tenement on First Avenue. They bought the place through the profits from their moving operation. The way the moving operation works, local kids who need bread come to the Movers N Things office at 209 East 10th Street, and Cawley's people set them to work moving people's belongings from apartment, or renovating old apartments. It's not unpleasant work, and

"Did you hear about those hippies that moved into that state land south of the Bally farm?", draws Mrs. Cora Firestone of Long John, Nebraska. "Well, old John Bally was down that way chasing after a fence jumper -- old Nellie, she's a mean one, jump a barb wire electric fence soon as look at it -- and he sees those hippies there. And you wouldn't believe it, the way John tells it, they was poaching off the land there, growing corn, and they had beets and potatoes and onions they'd planted in that state ground. And they were even building a house out of lumber they probably stole somewhere, and those lazy hippies had it almost built and they were laying around laughing and talking dirty... Why one of the girls John said wasn't even wearing her shirt! So they were laying there, all naked like that, and dirty, and John said they were just like savages. Just like wicked dirty savages, right here in Long John. So John he went back to his house and got his hired man, and they took John's 12-gauge and his .22 and went back and shot up those dirty hippies. Chased them right off the property, screaming and hollering. One of them went to the hospital, but they moved her up to Lincoln for intensive care. And you know what, a couple of town boys were living there, letting their hair grow and when they got back to town a bunch of boys from school got after them and beat them up good, then they went back and burned down that house and ripped up the stuff that was planted there. Won't have no dirty lazy savages in our town, you know it."

In Aptos, California, the local hippies have dropped what the local rednecks call "that peace and love shit" in favour of armed strength. After reading their story in the current Berkeley Barb it's clear that they had no alternative. There are three houses along Cathedral Street in Aptos which are inhabited by heads: they pay the rent, they don't mess up the neighbourhood, they just live there and make their rugs and pottery and whatnot. If it were up to the local straight people, they'd die there.

When the hippies first moved in to Cathedral Drive, local residents began calling them at odd hours of the night, warning them to move out, "or we'll shoot your dogs, to begin with". When the heads showed signs of sticking around, a couple local rednecks broke into one of the houses and threatened the inhabitants. Shortly after that, somebody took a shot at one of the heads, Jeffrey Finch, and later that night beat him up. "Don't give us that peace and love shit," he was warned, "we're trying to kill you." This prompted the hippies to call in the county police, which is a switch. The man who shot at Finch was identified, but the police refused to take any action. It would be another story if one of the heads shot at somebody, but the fuzz refuse to handle this case until somebody gets killed, which has not happened quite yet.

It may happen pretty soon, though. After this action, the indignant local straights drove their cars out to Cathedral Street and blocked it off so that no one could go one can pick up a week's meals from one operation. Of course, Cawley's people share in the operation -- they provide the moving vehicles, and supplement the labor -- and the profits they obtain they use to keep up their commune and to buy old tenements.

in or out of the hippie houses. When the police arrived to break it up, they swallowed the excuse that all seven vehicles were there to assist one vehicle that had broken down and been fixed just before the pigs came along.

Shortly after that, a five-day deadline the straights had given the hippies to leave "before the shooting starts" ran out. Sending the women and children away, the heads collected twenty men with guns. As of this writing they're still sitting up there in their houses, waiting for the straights.

Before the tenement they now hold title to is refurbished to the point of actual tenancy, Alternate Seed expects to own one or possibly two more places. Now they'll have to do plenty of work on all this real estate and they are eagerly searching for all the skilled and unskilled people they can find. As the apartment buildings become fit for human habitation, they plan to rent them out to local people -- heads: Puerto Ricans, Ukrainians, whatever -- at the lowest rentals they can afford. If operating expenses on these buildings come to, say, \$500 for a month, Cawley tentatively plans to take \$550 in rent. The profits from these and allied endeavours will go into the purchase of a fourth building, which is where the really interesting stuff will begin.

The fourth building will be turned into a craft co-op. Artists and craftsmen will live and ply their trades there. Already Cawley has reservations from Rat and the switchboard, and once it gets going he expects to be flooded with space demands. And this will give rise to the purchase of a fifth building.

When the fifth building gets under way, Alternate Seed plans to turn the first building, which they are presently working on, into yet another craft co-op. The people there shouldn't have to be relocated, since by that time Alternate Seed will hopefully have trained them in trades of their own, such as rugmaking, weaving, leatherwork, etc.

"So you see the kind of options we're opening for the community," Cawley explains. "As things go on, we're going to need more and more of the kind of help we're getting with our moving operation -- people who can work for enough to live on while at the same time they can either teach or learn a trade, like plumbing or carpentry. Once we get these apartment buildings going, we'll be able to offer them places to live cheap, and once we get the craft co-ops underway, why, they'll be able to earn their own living doing the things they dig doing. But the icing on the cake is the farm up in Redford, near Saranac Lake."

That's an essential part of the lifestyle Alternate Seed is offering -- a place away from the city to goof off occasionally. Out under the trees, in the wind, with the rocks and the animals, out in the open where the pigeons can shit on you... The Family is paying off for an 80 acre plot of woods out in the Adirondacks, which should provide a pleasant spa for their tenants and affiliated craftsmen.

Oh, I could rap on indefinitely about Movers N Things, the way the whole block between First and Second on Tenth has become a genuine neighbourhood since they moved in; but it would be the rantings of a maudlin old man of 23 who is surprised to discover a sense of community in his dolage... But no, I just want to turn you on to these people, their office number is 254-7782, and they're looking for help. Especially they are looking for a chick to handle bookkeeping and typing and such on a volunteer basis. Find security and the company of good people through Movers N Things, soon to be known as Alternate Seed, Inc.

Reprinted from the Berkeley Barb, as a lesson to all: The Earl of Cheit is leaving the University of California, at least for a year. The Number Two fuckup is 'being rotated' and will not return to be Heyn's left hand. Instead, he will write a book entitled "How to Plant Flowers Behind a Fence". The Reader's Digest has already condensed it before it is written. The hallmark of Cheit has been that never once has he said anything that remained the way he said it, even for a few moments, let alone over a period of time.

His specialty is sellout.

His private secretary, in service to him for years, was 'let go' the same week he was appointed vice-chancellor four years ago.

Her problem was that she was called 'a communist' by the McCarthy Committee. He kept her working all during the years before his VC job (which proved he was a liberal) but when he got close to the top, he dumped her (which proves he is still a liberal).

His latest and last sellout was the People's Park. After declaring that he would not 'sneak in' at night, he sneaked in at night, and all the rest is history.

"He was extremely brilliant and extremely shitty," said Art Goldberg, who ought to know from FSM and the Park scenes.

The question before the campus is: who's going to clean the shit out of Reagan's bed now that Cheit is gone? Answer: Some other liberal.

"...Jazz is the music of improvisation with a beat...I must admit that I am very sorry that so many musicians have given up the four-four beat in jazz, I don't mean playing in the four-four time, I mean playing, as Lester Young used to say, the litty-boom. You know what I mean, just the simple four-four beat, because that still is the guts of jazz to me. I don't care what you play on top of it, I don't care if you play like somebody from another world on top of it; but I still miss that four-four beat." -- George Wein, white producer of the Newport Jazz Festival and last spring's Fillmore jazz concerts. He is also a piano player (sic); ca. 1930's style.

"Beats is just a hereditary force that has followed us all these years. Like, to get away from beats is to get away from poverty." -- Sunny Murray, black drummer.

The abortive spring jazz concerts at the Fillmore, ostensibly intended to turn the rock audience on to jazz, apparently worked to certify, for many people, the demise of jazz, and I think this happened not out of ignorance or blundering on the part of the promoters but, consciously or unconsciously, by design.

/With only a handful of exceptions, the style, the consciousness and emotional references, of the players who were chosen to participate (and large they were extraordinary players), belonged to a 1950's (and earlier) dynamism and order, and that crucial factor rendered their superior musicianship vis a vis most rock performers, academic and irrelevant. A young acid-oriented audience couldn't possibly relate to them anymore than a Morningside Park audience can identify with a production of Shakespeare.

/Jazz has always (and necessarily) embodied and reflected changes in the consciousness and sensibility of the black man and viewed from this perspective, jazz, as Webster (and most Down Beat critics) defines it: "a music characterized by syncopation, heavily accented 4/4 time, melodic variations..." most assuredly is dead; as dead as the black American's four hundred year old ambivalence regarding the worthiness of his identity; as dead as the civil rights march; as dead as Martin Luther King.

The jazz that has emerged in the '60's however variously labeled, "new thing," "avant-garde," "free jazz," "abstract jazz," "new black music," and among whose principles are pianist Cecil Taylor; orchestra leader and pianist Sun Ra; alto saxophonist, trumpeter and violinist Ornette Coleman; drummer Sunny Murray; and tenor saxophonists Pharoah Sanders, Albert Ayler and Archie Shepp (all of whom are also composers), constitutes quiet as it's kept, the most vital and transcendent expression in the entire history of the music.

The new jazz has liberated itself from many of the jazz art's traditionally fundamental, but ultimately constricting, systems, disciplines, properties, (e.g. chord progressions, the song form, the concept of swing--at least in the sense that

# JAZZ ISN'T DEAD--- IT'S OUTASITE

by Robert Levin

"swing" has long been understood). The true revolutionary impulse always seeks to recreate an environment that is conducive to an existential evolution. Or, as Sunny Murray has observed, "Now a cat plays to find out what a horn sounds like before studying it."

The iconoclastic aesthetic of the new jazz involves, among other things, an insistence upon a natural sound emancipated by collective improvisations which have done away with the perennial structure of solo and accompaniment, and which allow for the release of a vertically-flowing energy that is propelled and calibrated by the internal, natural rhythms of the players, rather than an externally-imposed and predetermined meter. (The idea of collective improvisation is atavistic. The soloist-rhythm section separation developed as Euro-American influences upon the black man increased.)

The dynamism behind this aesthetic is derived from, and is part of, the same explosion of consciousness that has given rise to the quest for an emotional revolution, a revolution of the sensibility, implicit in the spiritually-tuned manifestations of black nationalism, and many of the reactionary attitudes that emerged during the bebop revolution of the early 1940s, surfaced again, only more venomously, on the occasion of the new jazz and its obvious correlation with black nationalism. "Chaos," "lunatic yowlings and nursery babbles," "anti-jazz," "nihiliism" -- have gone some of the epithets. Indeed, when a white critic determined that what Cecil Taylor or Ornette Coleman play is "drivel" or is not jazz, was his judgement truly anchored in aesthetics, or rooted in a form of backlash racism (and, in turn, an inability on his part, to grow)? Perhaps it was that he did not want jazz to evolve in this direction: did not want the black man to play this way--to be able to play this way. Moreover, the contention that the new jazz is formless and without order is parochial-blind to the existence of that order which dwells beneath the most immediately accessible levels of consciousness; and which the new jazz has reached (viz. some new jazz album titles: "Spiritual Truth," "Ghosts," "Spirits," "Karma," "Spiritual/Infinity"...)

The failure of the new jazz to achieve the support of the jazz-business structure and to find an audience equal in size to the beauty and profundity of its statement, is more likely

attributable to the nature of its virtues than to any deficiencies. The auality, among many, that is most disturbing about the new jazz, one would suggest, is the awesome emotional force, the authentic passion, that is at its center. Passion is the only force that can give motion to ideas and the mechanisms of genuine change. The passion generated by the black man's liberation from uncertainty concerning the validity of his identity, has been a development of very dangerous dimensions to a lot of people because it challenges their pathological emotional balances and the wisdoms of the choices they have made. It illumines, in its intensity, ambivalences in which, and by their own hand, they are locked.

Passion frightens most men of the technological age because they find it attractive and impossible--they, like their machines, are not programmed to deal with it. As a consequence, and in a complex of subtle and blatant ways: in the name of reason, sanity, maturity, health, law and order--non-violence (the use of which words to such purpose throwing the medium of language into ignominy), the culture has been committed to the suppression--the dispersal, enervation and neutralization--of passion, in whatever form it may take. The anxiety which, for example, a new jazz performance provokes in many people, is only by degrees different from that which a riot will stir in them--the same circuits are disrupted.

When the destruction of property occurs in a riot, it isn't the potential collapse of his economic position, as such, that distresses the businessman, but the destruction of the boundary markers of his uptight emotional order which that property represents.

Of course the rock audience is one area of the culture, where, potentially, the new jazz could claim a positive reception. Aside from the obvious connections between jazz and rock, the black man's journey--in a sense that has mundane applications--from slave consciousness to spiritual consciousness, and the sound of his arrival at the latter level, is not, after all, dissimilar to the intent, and to may of the qualities of the LSD experience which has oriented rock and the rock audience. There is, however, one important distinction. The black musician arrived at his present state of spiritual awareness without the assistance of chemists (or the local power company). He did not ascend via an air-conditioned, express elevator,



MILES DAVIS

Photo by Roseanne Rubenstein

but up the stairs and through the ambush-ridden, labyrinthine corridors of the superstructure in which he was imprisoned. The dangers he risked, considerably heavier than a night at Bellvue, involved his total being, demanded the jeopardizing of his soul of "soul". It wasn't a flick. And the organic, as opposed to vicarious (or intellectual) quality of his experience gives the spiritual consciousness he has reached an irrevocableness, a density, strength and (again) AUTHENTIC PASSION, that makes it unsusceptible to control, exploitation or vitiation (in the way that rock and its audience can be controlled by the businessman; and dope and its users by the Mafia).

/That distinction may well preclude the possibility of a broad response from the rock audience for the new jazz. On the crucial level of how much one dares to feel, and which determines what one will do with one's intelligence, much of the rock audience, having no more confronted and engaged its most private and profound demons

than did its fathers, may have no genuine emotional reference with which to listen and may not, in the deepest sense, be revolutionary at all: a hip artifact of the declining culture rather than the promise of the millennium.

Still, the age and orientation of the rock audience (what possibilities it is aware of) gives it, theoretically at least, the leverage of choice, and a series of concerts featuring Taylor, Sun Ra, Coleman, Shopp, Sanders, Murray, Don Cherry, and Marion Brown, might have had an effect of enormous proportions.

/George Wein recognized that possibility.

Here, there, and there, however, new jazz musicians are available to be heard, and if to acknowledge the demise of the order over which Miles Davis has reigned is to be in touch with truth, to still say, after listening to its 1960's incarnation, that jazz is dead, I think, is a projection on the part of the speaker of despair; despair over what he cannot get to, over what is dead, or dying, in him.

# festivals: Rock imperialists make plans for Woodstock

by Mark Kramer LNS

NEW YORK (LNS) — The list of stars who will show up at the Woodstock Rock Festival this August is mighty impressive — as fine as any ever.

There's everyone: Joan Baez, Joe Cocker, Janis Joplin, the Jefferson Airplane, the Who, Ravi Shankar, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Richie Havens, Canned Heat, Arlo Guthrie, Tim Hardin, Johnny Winter, the Band, Iron

those who beg spare change to buy a knish.

On the rich side, the same outfits as on the poor side, except ironed and cut from finer cloth — bell bottoms, groovy vests, mucho hair, svelte girls in granny glasses. On the poor side, it's hip... on the rich side, it's a shuck, it's an imitation of hip. It's fancy boutique clothes cut to look like the old surplus clothes which the street people once

the kind of daydream they push in ads for cunt deodorant.

And the kind of daydream they push on...album covers. "But (you say) album covers are great, I trip, and look at album covers, and...etc." But it ain't that way. Rock may have come from the street people, along with styles that grew out of buying surplus clothing, and daydreams that grew out of mystic studies and sunshine state habits. And the communication between the performing artists and you may still bear the same free-you-up message.

But in between you and the performer, there's billions of dollars that you're paying and (for the most part) he's not getting. Who is getting it? The huge companies that own the

most of the other major record companies. Like true imperialists, they'll go wherever the market is, talk whatever language (be it Vietnamese or hip-ese) needs talking, sell whatever people will pay for, as long as they make a profit.

Does this mean you shouldn't buy records? No, of course not. If you wanted to live in this country without supporting the death machine, you couldn't eat or turn on an electric light. What it means is that you should understand a few facts of life. When you sit down with a sandwich (made of food processed by big business) and when you take a bite of the sandwich and start listening to music of YOUR culture, peddled for the profit of THEIR culture, then dig it! That's the corner

planning security for their '64 convention at the Cow Palace. That's who the investors ("leaders of the rock community" consulted with when they wanted security for their investment, not the underground press people. Even though the press conference handout reads "We have called a special meeting of the underground press and rock community leaders to discuss ways of developing... safe and harmonious pop music festivals."

Mike Lang and Artie Kornfall and two other partners put up half-a-million bucks. They're expecting big returns from ticket sales, a cut of concession sales, and also from selling T.V. and movie rights. Artie used to head Columbia Records. He told me "I'd dig my daughter to be able to eat, too."

What about the street people? Mike says "We're not turning our backs on these people — we've got to feed them." And let them in!

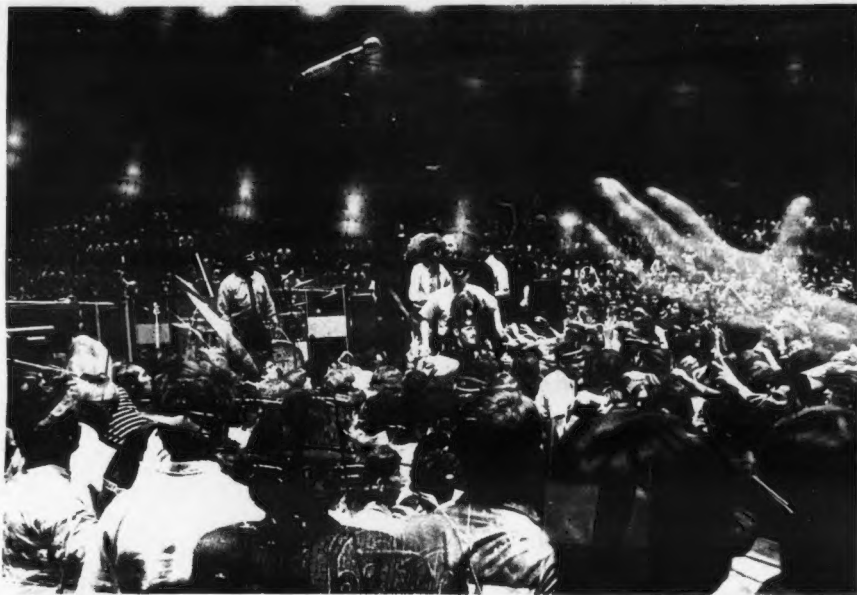
Don't you feel you're exploiting hip culture for your own gain? Artie said "Much of us have the same goal. We want to be able to cut out — not take shit — and go live in the country." Except that for most, it is a dream, not a goal, as long as Artie collects from every freak who wants to hear his music. And except that now so many people want to cut out, they might find it easier to get together and put a stop to the conditions they want to escape.

What about the riot that happened at the L.A. rock festival, Artie? "We are there — when they attack us, they are attacking themselves. If you talk about an army, it's got a lot of different wings. We're just another wing."

Maybe Artie and Mike are fooling themselves and maybe not. But they have extracted from the movement those things which can make them some money — talent, excitement, revolutionary energy, identity with hip looks and talk. But they have missed the heart of the movement. The revolutionary energy of rock and of the movement is a response to oppression — it grew out of the blues, out of the poor white country music, out of the anticipated poverty of the street people and their drug scene, out of the anger about national leaders representing corporate interests, white killing people, anger about how students got lied to and treated in public schools.

The movement is made by and sung by people who oppose exploitation, whether by war elsewhere, or by high prices, racism and low wages at home. The movement is not represented in any way by rich investors getting richer by the profits of rock festivals — even if the investors do look hip and talk hip and know hip people.

By the way, if you do go to the Woodstock Festival, actually, the grounds are located in Wallkill, N.Y.) Wes Pomeroy has a staff of 400 security people working for him, in and out of costume. When he was asked about kids smoking dope there, he said "We'll do nothing to protect them. There will be narcs there, same as everywhere — they're going to have to pay \$7 too."



'BLIND FAITH' at Madison Square Garden on the night of the riot

Photo by Racanme Rubinstein

Butterfly, The Grateful Dead and the Incredible String Band, for example.

The arrangements to help you spend three days in the wilds sound as impressive as the list of stars — free campgrounds, ample water and outhouses; free rice kitchen for the poor and hungry; catering by Nathan's of Coney Island; craft booths which might be bivouac head shops but are probably just craft booths.

So the rock imperialists deliver the goods. When you want a banana, United Fruit sells a good banana. And when you want a rock festival, Woodstock Music and Art Fair, Inc. sells a good rock festival — at \$7 a day.

The Guatemalans who grew the bananas get to eat an occasional bruised model. And the street people, the denizens of the lower east side, of the Haight, let them eat free rice and maybe they'll hear the sounds wafting out past the gates.

But they made the culture which the rich fops imitate. Walk down St. Marks Place in the East Village and dig the crowd on either side of the velvet rope which separates those with the bread (\$10 a couple) to get into the Electric Circus from

wore out of poverty, thereby creating a style.

For some, the dress constitutes a case of 'going native' for a night on the Bowery. For others, it's simply high fashion. The impulse for kids to dress 'well' is plugged in nasty trend-setting magazines like "Seventeen", and supported by the huge cloth and garment companies, the cosmetics companies and the hygiene-freak companies. The sales job for fashion is easier than others — for the styles come complete with a built-in image. Marlboro has to spend millions to rope together its cancer-sticks and he-manhood. But the Fashion-Makers have it easy this year, because the clothes styles which they plug were once part of a genuine revolutionary and romantic lifestyle.

So America's teenagers are exploited by big companies that hold 'lifestyle' as bait. "BUY THIS AND YOU WILL BE..." You will be what? Hip? You'll own another piece of snappy clothing, you'll be able to crowd the poor girl down the block still further, you'll earn your ticket to daydream about running toward him through tall fields of hay, arms stretched toward the sun —

record empires. Here's the puzzle: the same companies that own the recording contracts and record studies which make liberated music, also own government contracts and subsidiary companies which make electronic bombing equipment, spying equipment, death equipment which is used in Vietnam and in our other colonies. The companies don't care how they make money, as long as they make the money. If they can make it from anti-war youth culture by coming on hip, they'll do it. And if they can make it from killing Vietnamese and killing off thousands of years of Vietnamese culture with expensive weapons systems for the government, they'll do that too.

For example, CBS owns Columbia records, Masterworks, Blue Horizon, Odyssey, Harmony, Date, Okeh and several other record companies. They have invested heavily in defense contracts as well, working especially in the areas of laser beams, radar, spy photography, underwater detection — the sorts of technological work which keeps up the arms race and makes fat profits. It's the same story with

they've got you backed into. Supporting the very things you hate the most in order to get the few things you want. There's a revolutionary movement growing in this country to fight just that form of oppression

What has this got to do with Woodstock? You might go there and have a fine time, but just remember that someone is making a million on your fun, and it isn't the performers, many of whom come for little or nothing.

We interviewed the promoters setting up the Woodstock Festival, at a press conference arranged by the mid-town publicity company they hired. The conference itself was a slick operation. It passed itself off as a consultation between "leaders of the rock community" and the underground press on how to have peaceful good times for everyone.

They didn't need to consult with anyone. Way back in April they had hired a federal law enforcement official, Wes Pomeroy, whom they described to me as "a very progressive kind of cat who had worked with Johnson on the Safe Streets' Act, and with Republican bigwigs in

# FILM

by Lita Eliscu

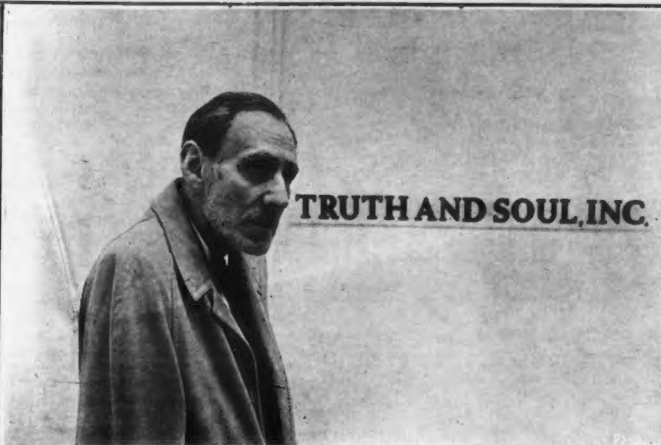
**Easy Rider** is very easy to watch, hard to feel about. Using silence as a highly effective conversational motif, the opening scene stars Phil Spector picking up his stash from two dealers (Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda). Billy and Wyatt. No sounds except the roar overhead of planes, the grins on every face as noses take a good snort of pure snow and blow up, the sounds of motorcycles.....

Motorcycles form a large part of the film's structure, providing the scale -- cross-country rides -- and pace. The theme, in part, might be what is happening (OH THAT PHRASE) in America now: machines are driving people apart and causing generation gap as well as any other stimulus to growth and death. Motorcycles are thrills, danger, speed, single or double seat, free noise. They belong to the young, the footloose, the tribe loving Americans who don't think in terms of nationalism. Cars are for teenagers to neck and fuck in; cars are for getting families from one place to another for vacations, cars are for safety belts and prayed-for togetherness.

So the movie watches, into the roship sunsets, while Captain America (Wyatt, or, Peter Fonda) and Billy (Sidekick, or, Dennis Hopper) make their way from L.A. to Mardi Gras in the belief that the roads of this country are still free. They are, especially if you travel in armored cars.....

Along the way, Captain America and Billy pick up passengers, the most notable and by-now talked-about being Jack Nicholson as "George" who is a Southern small-town freedom fighter, and on a lotta levels, boy. He is the local (and probably only) ACLU lawyer; he uses alcohol as an escape instead of pot; he has an old football helmet for a crash cap; he has wild stories and fears, just like the two wild young bike riders; he has life, too -- for a while.

When the movie is over, the riders have seen a lot of country, a bummar acid trip, too many scared, mean people, and the tension revealed: the highwire telegraph, telephone, and general nervelness which lay underneath the skin of everywhere, people and land alike, and seem to be pulling tighter in knots as the days pass the the agony grows. The tragedy in the film occurs near the end, a typically violent, crushing American Tragedy, and following the Drieser heritage, the fault lies in the genetic stars of all of us. But the tragedy of the film is harder to come by: after seeing it twice, I am not sure whether it is the film's fault that I remain unmoved, or if it is my own tragedy that death no longer instills shock. It gets harder and harder to feel these days, baroque layers of desensitized frills and



Scenes from 'PUTNEY SWOPE'

corollaries cover up every decent emotion and sentiment. Callous is tattooed and inked until it looks more tender than the original skin. The characters are not presented as easy to care for, they are human beings -- and the question they leave burning in mid-air, like the fire at the end

of the film, is when did simple pity go down the drain. It depends on the philosophy involved. Supreme objectivity states that that which you can't see does not exist: it's a matter of peripheral vision.

**Easy Rider** is a slightly made, highstrung film made of taut

aluminum wire, shining in the sun like those telephone wires strung across the country..yeah...it is an easy film to applaud, because criticism and especially self-criticism is loved in this country, as a tolerable and somehow deep-cleansing form of self-

punishment, like flagellation. Also, like other religions and zealous efforts, there is little sense of humor. **Faces**, **Midnight Cowboy**, they lack humor, as though that might destroy the reality of the indictment...I think it just stacks the cards.

**Putney Swope** manages to make an even more sweeping indictment of America (if you will use the phrase in this time of law and order) but will probably be without the deep effect of **Easy Rider**.

It is funny, and not only is it funny, it has truth running through the whole flick like some shining melody, holding the orchestration in firm and beautiful control. **Truth and Soul**, yeah. This is a film full of dumb niggers, stupid whites, smart people, and the whole fabric of America -- cosmopolitan, goofyfoot, overeager America. Jaded dudes owning souls of bluebirds, with a layer of rhino horn around for protection. No one gets killed in this movie, although about half the characters have already decided to live without any mind of their own; nobody actually threatens harm to anyone else, although certain people totally control the destinies of the others; action is limited to fast fade-ins and fade-outs. There is no motorcycle to pace the film, no revving up and down -- if anything, the overall pace is too fast, allowing no time for thought and reflection, no time to savor a favorite scene or line... it's just like Mad Avenue's ulcer schedule.

Bob Downey, who created the movie (well, he wrote, directed, and somehow affected the whole thing in ways in which it is not fair to reveal) and who is a prince, recognizes there are no compromising compromises in living; there is only life, and because it hurts a lot to sometimes make the decisions that must be made to stay alive, you gotta find a way to laugh, or go under. You go under, whether you suffocate or are suffocated, you know.

There comes a time when one becomes aware that there is a creative way to live, to exist so that function, happiness and life-style combine to make life and existence creative. Some people choose to spend a good part of their lives living with that understanding, and yet only talking about it to analysts, religious, professional, or semi-professional. They talk about how much they hate their destructive, non-creative existences, but they continue to live them, furthering the unhappiness which unfortunately is everywhere and too much. It is no longer a good time to catalogue the faults which comprise America. It never was, but this is an especially poor time. Art seems to have taken upon itself the job of arousing everyone to action instead of perceptions leading to action. (We'll make up your mind for you). If so, then it might be nice to suggest methods as well as reasons for change, revolution, and general chromosome upheaval, whether it be by acid or A-bomb...and I'll take mine with a sense of humor.

**Easy Rider** will open July 14th, Bastille Day (ok ok) at the Beekman, 65th St. & 2nd Avenue.

**Putney Swope** is at Cinema 11, 60th and 3rd Avenue.

# NEW PORT JAZZ FESTIVAL

Photos by Racanac Rubinsteln

by David Walley

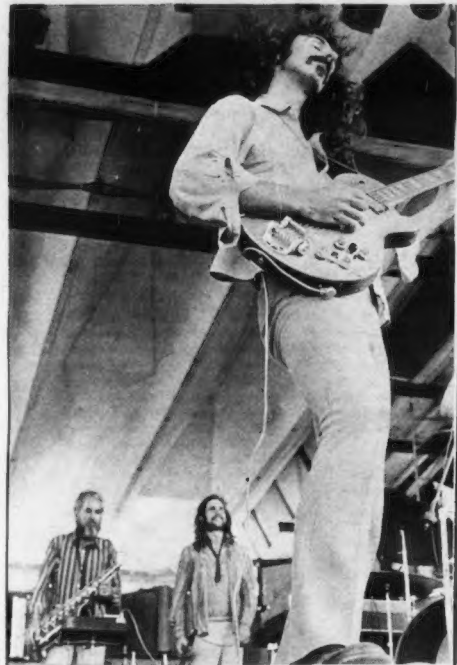
The Newport Jazz Festival of 1969, for all its touted performers, was a horrendous mismatch of tastes, emotions, life styles, and music. George Wein, producer extraordinaire, not only made a heroic attempt to bring forth a selective representation of jazz musicians for public consumption, but he also tried to make his festival into a supergroup's dream by bringing together, on one stage, though at separate times, the three most spectacular rock guitarists in England: Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page, and Alvin Lee. The emphasis this year was on "heavy" as opposed to "relevant" music; names as opposed to styles. In the end, Wein's efforts unbalanced the festival to the detriment of both Rock and Jazz. The results were disappointing.

Festivals are supposed to make money. Nobody questions that, but festivals must have some internal consistency, some rationale for putting acts on a stage besides money. It seems that in order to make money, "heavies" and big money "draws" should be liberally sprinkled throughout a festival weekend. If the selections are judicious, then the festival becomes an artistic as well as a financial success. If the selections are made without account to taste of the audience, the results are not so pleasing. But let's take a closer look at Newport '69.

George Wein demonstrated a bad sense of timing and an even worse sense of showmanship when he attempted to fuse jazz with rock: evidently, he knew very little about rock music. On Friday night of the festival, for instance, Wein billed Jethro Tull, Ten Years After, Steve Marcus, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Roland Kirk Quartet and Jeff Beck. Despite the approximate "heaviness" of each group (except for BS&T - a shuck white honkey plastic soul band no



BB KING



FRANK ZAPPA



JIMMY PAGE of 'LED ZEPPELIN'

matter what John Wilson of the Times says, the concert was an artistic failure. Each group deserved much more than the 50 or so minutes it got.

There was just too much to take at one time. In a classic case of musical overkill, minds were wiped out under unrelenting waves of electric blues. And then to top it off, Roland Kirk and Jeff Beck played back to back at the end of the bill. That was fair to neither performer. From that moment on, there seemed to develop an antipathy between the rock and the jazz people at the festival.

Another problem with Newport was that the emphasis on the "scene" turned it into a sort of hypermeister's paradise and prevented it from becoming a genuine musical event. "Remember when festivals inspired, or were supposed to inspire, performers???" "Making the scene" upset the performers. The audience, instead of wanting to have their perceptions changed about music, or at least stretched somewhat, preferred to sit back and let it happen on them. There was no real kinetic energy exchanged between those in the audience and those on the stage. Those who went to Newport consumed music as a commodity, like a hotdog. If anything, the performers were turned off by the audience. The quality of the music suffered from this.

Everything at Festival Field was rushed. It seemed as if George Wein was more concerned with the number of groups he could muster in four hours than with the music and diverse feelings which the music could evoke. Groups were given 50 minute sets to do their thing - not even enough time to work up a good sweat. This, coupled with the rather repressive atmosphere on the grounds, produced memorable flare-ups. The Mothers' set on Saturday afternoon was 45 minutes long. Frank Zappa closed in the middle of a piece with "Goodbye" and stalked off the stage - was he pissed! George Wein, all through the Friday night concert, kept pleading for law and order and for everyone to cool it (kids were doing the almost normal freebie thing - sitting on fences trying to get in without paying, screaming and yelling from outside the festival grounds, and blowing a lot of smoke). It was all very heavy-handed fun.

Newport may have been a little sloppy in some areas, but in others it was a positive disaster. The attempted union of jazz and rock was supposed to be a marriage but was, in fact, nothing more than an uneasy cohabitation. Nevertheless, Wein could have found a way to make the idea work. One could see it in the crowds themselves (there were two distinct crowds at Newport - the jazz, and the rock-folk crowd). The jazz crowd dug Miles and Roland Kirk and were less impressed with the fiery, if sometimes meaningless riffs of Beck or Lee. The rock crowd was enthused by the pyrotechnics of the British bluesmen and, despite my own prejudice, overly enthusiastic for Blood, Sweat and Tears, a group which really didn't do much of anything except pose for their fans - but that's showbiz...I guess. The rock

people were less open to the jazz end of the festival. The whole week-end reminded me of the days when there used to be a song called "Yeah-BOO" - in which the major line was "If you like it holler 'Yeah,'" and "If you don't holler 'Boo.'" The whole idea of this type of a festival was to bring people together to introduce them to new forms but this as well was something lacking.

Newport could have been a wonderful way for rock and jazz people to get together and work out some sort of a truce, or if not a truce, then a working artistic and intellectual arrangement. Regretably, the advertised jam sessions really didn't come off as well as they could have. I think the musicians felt too uncomfortable to jam with each other. Certainly, the audience wouldn't have known what to do if Roland Kirk jammed with Mother Frank (though that happened in Boston the month before and the crowds went wild at the Tea Party).

Finally, it seemed that everyone was having trouble with the sound system at the festival. Friday night, "An Evening of Jazz-Rock" with the aforementioned BS&T, Beck, Ten Years After everyone was having trouble with the sound. In fact, during the 2 days I was there, quite a few people messed up their amplifiers. Jeff Beck had it particularly nasty - Roland Kirk had just finished a mind-blowing set, and the crowd was sparked to life. The mood was uneasy at 12:30 when Beck walked out. There was almost nothing he could have done to recoup the edge since he was the closing act. Beck walked out on stage, plugged in and his amp went. Rod Stewart muttered quite audibly "So we've got shitty equipment again," and then Beck and Stewart stalked off stage until the situation was rectified. On Saturday evening, when Sly and the Family Stone played, their sound was weak and fuzzy. It should be evident to Wein that if he is going to produce rock as well as jazz, he should check into the technical end of production and find a sound system which can withstand high energy sound.

The Newport Jazz Festival could have been an artistic success if only the promoter could have tried to make a fusion between the two styles instead of widening the divisions. If Wein ever decides to put rock with jazz next year, he should follow some suggestions: 1) discover the difference between a "heavy" and a "hype" band; 2) understand that commercial rock is just as insipid as commercial jazz; 3) give the musicians who do play more of a chance to develop their music instead of running an advanced level vaudeville show; 4) finally, understand that jazz and rock can co-exist provided there is enough room for both to work on the other. Perhaps the major fault of the Newport Jazz Festival was that the promoter hadn't enough experience with rock music (the year before he said that rock music was nowhere and then ate his words).

Running a festival is hard work, and Mr. Wein shouldn't give up the ship. His intentions were honorable even if the desired results were not obtained. He has a year to lick his wounds and try again.

# ARTNEWS

## inflatable sculpture

by Lil Picard

White, translucent, phallic, polyethylene tubing sculptures are turned on by the night wind and perform a floating, waving, ballet in the warm summer air. The originator of this inflatable sculpture is Kip Coburn, the youngest of six artists selected by Tejas Englesmith, the new curator of contemporary art at the Jewish Museum, for a show entitled "INFLATABLE SCULPTURES!"

The sculptures are kind of midsummer night's dream: very poetic, very delightful, very beautiful. Positioned on the floors of the Museum's rooms, the sculptures inflate and deflate in a sensual rhythm of lovemaking. The pieces, shaped in the form of phallic symbols, seem to underscore the philosophy that there is an organic link between blow-up and blow-job. And that link would seem to lie in the phallic rhythm of erection-deflation-erection.

The reactionary, middleclass "ART-judges" displayed an open distaste for the show. An example of that reaction appeared in Emily Grenauer's column, "Art and Artists", in the NEW YORK POST. Miss Grenauer considered the show to be nothing more than a lot of hot air. This is not an unexpected judgment when one takes into consideration Miss Grenauer's longstanding opposition to Modern Art. Since the end of the forties, she has put down practically every new style. She cannot see the future in art, she is completely engaged in the past. The shopping list of her dislikes include Abstract Expression, especially Frank Stella's striped paintings; anything new, such as the current Whitney show "Anti-Illusion-Procedures - Materials: the white paintings of Rauschenberg; and John Cage's "Silence", which she could not bear.

In her personal light with the Art of Tomorrow, she attacked the artists Raphael Ferrer and Michael Asher. The new Jewish Museum curator, Mr. Englesmith, gets hit because he described the inflatable sculpture as "relevant to our age because of our constant exposure to space experimentation." Emily Grenauer retorts, "To bring space experimentation into discussion is pretentious nonsense." She cites the old Tivoli Gardens, English Gardens and Fireworks as transient art—but she can't see that today space equipment, vinyl, plexiglass, polyethylene and other plastic materials are stimulating artists into new

fields of endeavor. This Miss Grenauer cannot grasp, she is definitely a Yesterday person—and she brainwashes the Post readers—too bad.

On opening night I watched Michael Benedikt standing next to Charles Frazier's air-shaped silk sculpture, and Michael seemed completely engulfed in a poetic trance, enraptured by the God-like Phallus shape, swelling like an ocean wave into the open fan of a gigantic silken womb. Frazier's statue, "Jump", measures 22 feet, with a diameter of 35 feet. It is made from soft, cream-white silk, and air is pushed into it through a tube in programmed intervals of time.

The whole exhibition has magic and beauty. Next to Frazier's white "Jump" stand two monumental works by Otto Piene (born Westphalia, 1928), one of the co-founders of Group Zero, now a teacher at MIT and deeply involved in the Dusseldorf and Cologne art scenes. He shows two works, one of which looks like two man-eating flowers—exhaling a powerful ominous mood, a spell... opening... closing... slowly, slowly.

Susan Lewis Williams displays "PODS", a fairy tale wonderland environment hundreds of egglike vinyl shapes stacked up as walls and columns, embracing the viewer. Susan Lewis has worked in formica and plexiglass since 1965, studying with Tony Smith. She is young, gifted and beautiful.

David Jakob's room combines sound and form with silvery metal and monumental black rubber shapes. The creatures, resembling science-fiction robots, are programmed to inflate and deflate against a complementary musical background. I like this piece better at the D'Angelo Studio with its multi-media colorslide projections, city pictures, boats and people.

The least original artist in the show was Vera Simons, who combines the Calder Mobile with Warhol silver pillows. Elegant, chic, fashionable, yes—but wholly and literally derivative.

On Independence Day, the first unofficial secret uninvited and illegal show was smuggled into the holy halls of MOMA without the benediction of her curators. Artist Harvey Stromberg displayed his own photo collection of drainpipes, walls, floors, ceilings and radiators scattered all about the walls of the museum. He told me on the phone that he is not a member of the Artist's Coalition, but is



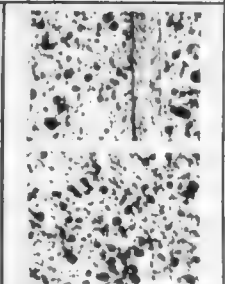
Pods by Susan Lewis Williams



Phallus by Kip Koburn



Fleurs du Mal by Otto Piene

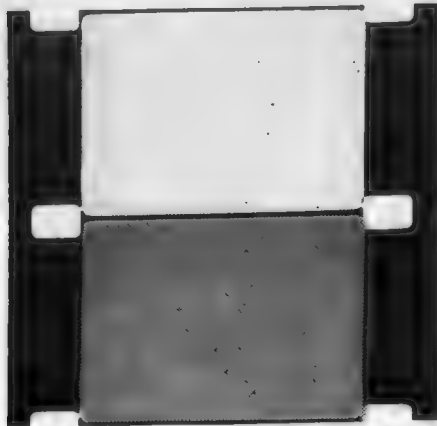


Harvey Stromberg's 'Brickwall of Modern Art'

marble staircases, inoleum tiles and floorcoverings. None of the authorities had notice of this display at the time of my viewing it on the Fourth of July. Under the watchdog scrutiny of young guards (probably poor artists who make a living this way, I took two of Stromberg's artworks from the walls (see photo). If he wishes, I shall return them; otherwise, I hope to include them in my collection of independent illegal art. Presently Stromberg is touring the United States. He will photograph other museums, creating new independent art. He plans to start a new idea, Pun-Art.

acting independently to put the Museum in a new perspective. About the museum in fact, he is not a member of the Artist's Coalition, but is

caterina and the exhibition rooms, he has placed 250 postage sized photos, identical to the photos of the museum's terms of brick walls.



# FILM

## PAUL SHARITS

by Jud Yalkut

"Most affectionate and affecting memories of early childhood were those evenings when relatives would gather in his Grandfather's living room to delight in their grainy black and white projections from his Uncle's home movies." — from Paul Sharits' biography

J.Y.: That should be nice on tape—the sound of the fan being turned off.

PAUL SHARITS: That's very interesting, you know, because I was just going to tell you about this film for which I need to use a rheostat—something you can plug into a tape recorder to change the speed—a variable speed control—to record by sound of a film projector. At one point in the film, what you did with the fan I'm going to do with the projector. It's a continuation of the thought.

J.Y.: You remember Takehisa Kogusi's piece where he beamed an empty projector onto a large paper screen which he cut very slowly from behind into one continuous strip, starting from the center and cutting in concentric rectangles.

SHARITS: Yes, I was at one time very much interested in that kind of physical manipulation of the screen. I like what Kogusi did very much. There's a section in my film *RAZOR BLADES* based on a loop I made years ago of a man wiping his ass. The original way that was supposed to be projected—my initial thought—before all kinds of things came together into *RAZOR BLADES*—was where the loop is projecting for a while and toilet paper is affixed to very measured points on the screen. These nine rolls would be dropped to the floor and allowed to go along wherever they fill and then be taken back and attached to the projector lens tautly, so that it would be like a screen pulled all the way along with the light beam—would be simultaneous with it. You always get the feeling of projectors always projecting outwards and I was thinking it would be very humorous to have the screen more or less becoming a projection

itself and projecting in towards the light. Because then you see a physical thing like that you always tend to think of the direction as being towards the smallest point—I have that sense very much—but when you see a light beam you never feel that way, because it actually is

projecting out. One of these days I want to do a piece called *FADE OUT*, some evening with no clouds, very dark and a crystal clear sky—to take a film projector, run nothing through it however, and just project it straight up where the light beam would just fade out. That's a major shift, as a matter of fact, from what I've been doing. I've been working with highly directional things—like *PIECE MANDALA*—the movement is towards the center—a directional sense—towards the central point.

"blank color frequencies space out and optically feed into black and white images of one love-making act which is seen simultaneously from both sides of its space and both ends of its time." — *PIECE MANDALA*.

SHARITS: Let's say it was going towards the source and then, I was trying of course, to go back out. I was interested in that sort of inverse symmetry. *TOUCHING* was the last film like that and in a sense it's a summation—or not a summation, perhaps a synthesis of a lot of the Mandala films — *N:O:T:H:I:N:G*, *PIECE MANDALA* and, in a certain way, *RAZOR BLADES*. But a word movie I would think of as being non-directional because it begins and goes through a certain form of random cyclic motion and partially controlled film. I'm not a homogeneous enough of a person to immediately direct conscious energy. I mean I could sit down and consciously do it but that would be creating a system, which is the way I worked. If I sit down and start making doodles, they never turn out to be totally homogeneous. That's why it's so remarkable to me that Jackson Pollock was able to do that — and Mark Tobey. But with the ideas of going in towards a point, what I've been working with in loops in taking out so to speak, and flipping the back of the film over on itself — a kind of directional vortex.

One of the very important things that's occurred recently for me, is Stan Brakhage deciding for himself that sound is not an intrinsic part of the art of cinema and removing the sound from the first section of *SCENES FROM UNDER CHILDHOOD*. It's very problematic for me that sound is perhaps not only not intrinsic — possibly destroys it

nature of the medium. There's a very prevalent tendency these days, in working with motion, to relate or to counterpoint the visual image and sound levels. I'm trying to get into a way of dealing with this problem without that duality occurring, without taking up the problem in those terms at all — to find a way of personally operating outside of the terms of that problem.

"A two-screen film; stereo sound, a mandala opens to the other side of consciousness." — *RAZOR BLADES*.

SHARITS: We were talking about the difficulty of multiple projection. To work on *RAZOR BLADES* I got a "so-called" grant from the American Film Institute which I'm appreciative of insofar as I'm able to continue my work — and that's it. But there are a lot of difficulties. I wasn't pleased with the fact that you give away sole distribution rights, but of course I knew about that in advance. The film is really their property, but they've actually been pretty fluid about it — they bought me a print and I retain the original — which is much more than I thought possible in an institutional or corporate thing like that. Having to do something FOR someone is a very weird feeling, and the way they're operating is more like the production agency or an East Coast Hollywood type of scene: Having to work under that kind of tension, knowing that they have in mind that something is going to repay itself, is an enormous obstacle for any artist to try and deal with. People don't realize that no one asks a painter, for example, when he's applying for a grant, to give a scenario of the painting he has in mind or submit a detailed budget and have to think of the profit motive, or any kind of money motive. I think that's extremely detrimental. Some people can work under those conditions as long as they take it lightly, and that's only one level on which to take it, but I'm afraid I'm not light enough odds that. But I wrote to some other agencies like the National Endowment to the Arts and they said they were only giving bulk funds to the AFI.

Well, that's the National Endowment to the Arts, and if they were giving individual grants to painters, for instance, they wouldn't give the money to some painting agency to give to the painters. I don't know, but I presume they'll change all that one day — I think they're still open. But in the meantime it's going to be extremely difficult for the film artists. Right now I need more funds than I've worked with before, because the nature of the work has become, not more extravagant, but more demanding in terms of projectors. I want to do pieces in locations where people can go in for free, just walk in any time of day, go on a lunch break, and not have to be embarrassed about walking in and out — a different kind of factor from the attention that's always required in a conventional film showing. I can understand why Brakhage wants his *SONGS* purchased, to avoid that kind of tension. I'm starting to feel in many ways that film is a dramatic form that is attempting, in our secular culture, to replace a mystic form with which I'm not happy — the Christian form — the formal structure and the things it philosophically.

projection beam, screen, emulsion, film frame structure, etc., this is not an 'abstract film' — projector as pistol — time-colored pills — yes-equals /no — mental suicide & then, rebirth as self-projection." — Paul Sharits on *RAY GUN VIRUS*.

SHARITS: I was talking about that sense of trying to find, dealing — feeling, with that highly directional form that's evolved in my work — it's a very simple form obviously — the feeling of it — I've known about it for some time — but the feeling of it is simultaneous with the Moon shots which are really quite spectacular, because at once we're entering an age that's so abstract it will be regarded as an age of investigation based on temporal concepts, and non-temporal concepts. Instead of an Iron Age, it's gotten to a conceptual stage. Well, of course, the Stone Age was really conceptual, too. As we go into an age that's progressively more conceptual, it's also becoming more tangibly process oriented. They have a push-button telephone now with two extra buttons built in, so in the future you can dial a code and push one of the buttons and it'll perform some function in your house, like turning on the stove — isn't that flipped out? When a conceptual system, a circuit system, and a mathematical system, all very abstract non-visual systems — work together, come together to do things like turn on your stove, that's incredible. All of our relationships to the natural environment will become more direct — our extensions are really getting to be terrific.

George Maciunas was telling us about this man who's doing Catholic Church Service pieces, and though I think it may seem a bit negative, don't you think this man has real compassion for human beings in the sense of going into a highly ritualized situation, which people don't any longer recognize as such, and restructuring his own behavior doing inversions of what everyone else is blindly following. By doing exact inversions, I think what he is doing is intensifying — possibly reawakening — their vision of where they're really at — so you get onto second and third level ritual. I don't know what he really felt but it reminds me of Kafka's short parable: There's a service going on — some sort of ritual — and in the door walks a tiger and frightens everyone, and does this every day at the same time and, of course, at the end the tiger becomes part of the ritual. That's destruction — real destruction. That's mental entropy, I think.

I've had very interesting dreams lately and I've been very nervous about this change in direction — that's very funny, change in direction. On the apparent level it doesn't seem too related to my other work and it's very strange that it has a different mood. I've always enjoyed those Buschmiller *NANCY* cartoons — his kind of resiliency in what can be construed as a blank culture and I feel I'm starting to understand his sense of things. I've been very interested in getting a sense of motion, but a motion of course that's not going anywhere.

*DICK TRACY* on one hand is expressive of the cultural mind on one level because he takes up all the paranoia and all the excitement of being involved in

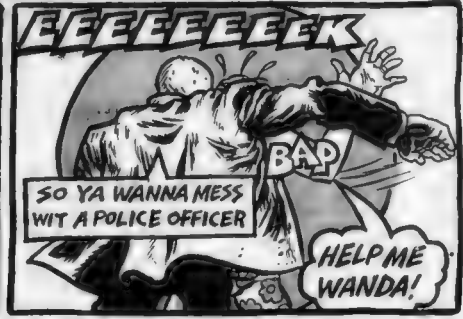
the present — that urgency. On the other hand, *NANCY* lives in this anonymous world, with these incongruous rocks, every once in a while a tree way back there, and a crazy house sitting in what seems to be a park or wasteland. There's always this looney likeness that expresses another part of a real American thing. *NANCY* is on Earth and I doubt if Buschmiller will have anything to do with the Space Age. With projectiles leaving the earth, people are going into overview thinking, very generalistic kinds of thoughts — in other words, they are zooming back, like those shots off the earth — that kind of physical zoom off the earth and a larger view. I feel very primitive at times in that I feel I'm going exactly opposite in zooming in on these details and making blowups of these more and more minute, yet totally expandable worlds. When you can get into a true relationship with any unit of space, it's just as full — it's full enough for my comprehension.

Another thing I find is a certain sense of fatalism and a feeling that I can live within it, and can face what's obviously happening in the universe. However, one of the things that was involved in my reconsideration of symmetrical forms was the sense that there definitely was a germinal point or germinal points in the universe. Most people from the most remote areas of our "spacehip" have this sense that there is some germinal point or points — either god, gods, the Creative, etc. However, I'm very much shaken by the doubt that is such a thing in terms of what Einstein revealed. I do feel that the only direction is towards something I can't comprehend at all — which I suppose is total entropy. I came out of a cocoon, I suppose, in sensing that I don't know, and no one knows, where it's at now.

People always think of the cinema as a movie — not just the thing on the screen is a movie, but the process is a movie — a moving process. But that's only half the story. I'm sure it could be researched and determined that half of cinema has a different structure, because you have all sorts of cyclic systems operating the projector, many rotating things, and yet there's this linear strip of film. I'm of course very interested in loop projection — long loops. I've been working with forms in which an inherent logic is conceptually implied within the given set of factors — within whatever film I've been doing — a system within that would imply the loop. But I've been actually making the loop. That's another thing that's been shifting in my thinking about time, this not wanting any longer to reverse direction in a film at any point. The essential thing is that all these circular activities are part of the cinema on the physical level — the projector, turrets, the shutter blade spinning, the shape of the lens, this optical eye shape — all this curvature is within the system. Now, when the projectors are turned off and the movie is over, and everyone leaves and the room is dark, or else the lights go on and it's not a projector light but this diffused light across the room — then, the system is still there, or at least potentially there. I'm starting to think now, how do you realize a cinema that encompasses the time when the projector is off? That's real too.



BUT EVEN AS HE SPIT OUT THE PISSY BREW HE COULD FEEL THAT HE WAS ABOUT TO BLAKK OUT AGAIN



# BOOKS

by Allan Katzman

They tell me that the novel has been dying these last thirty years. The prophets of Literatti have been whispering such finalities into my ear ever since I was born and I am only thirty two. There is, of course, enough truth around in what they say; having had enough bad writers and profits of Literatti around in the last thirty years to contribute to its demise.

But death is not enough for the novel so long as it has a hard-ticker like words to keep it alive and kicking. The reports of its death have, of course, been greatly exaggerated. It has become the same old tired horse, and when the horse wears thin then it is time to bring out the language.

It takes a poet to perform such miracles. It took a poet to perform one. Homer was THE poet to write the first novel and it was, the funniest one in novel history. If you don't believe me, read them in the original greek and be prepared to laugh your ass off. It had metrics, puns (Odeseus, Odd-isee), stanzas, free verse and enough plot, characters and satire to make it even contemporary.

And now that the thirty years war has ended, it took another poet like Ishmael Reed to perform such a miracle. Not that Mr. Reed has discovered a new form. New forms are just old forms revitalized. As Samuel Beckett, an old revitalizer, has written, "The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new." Ishmael Reed, likewise, has no alternative. He must "bring out the language."

**Yellow Back Radio Broke Down** is a satire saga of the old West. It uses the prairie slickies and sickies of the Hollywood factory as target practice and in the process breaks down some very old myths. In the killing, it also invents some new ones.

The Loop Garoo Kid comes riding out of the west and demolishes mental midwets with magic and the fact that things are a changing. He is the eternal wanderer, fool, cosmic jester, the "dark satanic cowboy" in the words of Mr. Reed, who pulls off the caravan caper of the year, the perfect crime: the destruction of Western civilization.

Whereas the dark satanic cowboy uses the last draw, quick whiplash, ambush by amulet, and mumbo jumbo marauding his enemies with the facts to attain his end of selfhood and godhead, Mr. Reed accomplishes his task with the magic and fast driving power of the word

His language is action packed, new, with plenty of grizzly ornamentation to grind his enemies to death or tickle his



ISHMAEL REED

contemporaries into the dust. His pace is swift and his satire even swiftn. One ends up with ropeburns trying to hold onto his prose. His aim is accurate and rarely ever misses. He is the warlock of a new american novel and his voodoo rhythms make others seem like vultures circling a dead language.

The opening paragraph is itself a lulu of americana prose:

"Folks. This here is the story of the Loop Garoo Kid. A cowboy so bad he made a working posse of spells phone in sick. A bullwhacker so unfeeling he left the print of winged mice on hides of crawling women. A desperado so ornery he made the Pope cry and the most powerful of cattlemen shed his head to the Executioner's swine."

Mr. Reed's novel is a scatological showdown where the cowboy, like the moon, is the posse of his own footsteps. Even the Day of Judgement is not safe from his High Noon hijinks:

"Loop, you know you could have leveled this town with a word. We were observing you. We looked it up in the Book of Mysteries and found what you were doing with the snake and the charms. We thought we'd play along with you. Of course the ol man wanted us to come blasting like before, you know belligerant chariot fleets, thunder storms, earthquakes. But she overruled him, gave him a headache. At times it seems she's about to take over. Loop, we figured out your game, what's your point?"

"Horse opera. Clever, don't you think? And the Hoo-Doo cult of North America. A MUCH richer art form than preaching to fisherman and riding into a town on the back of an ass. And that apotheosis. How disgusting. He had such an ego. 'I'm the Son of God.' Publicity hound, he had to prolong it for three hours, just because the press turned out to witness. And his method had no style at all. Compare his cheap performance at the gravesight of Lot - sickening - and that parable of our friend Buddha and the mustard seed. One, just a grand exhibition, and the other, beautiful, artistic and profound."

This is Ishmael Reed's second novel and already his style is artistic and profound. One wishes though, he would go into a more complete description of Video Junction and the City of Cibola in this short novel of only 177 pages. But one, has to remember that he is covering a lot of territory at back breaking speed. It takes a top writer to perform such a feat without barreling over the cliff

Eventually, as Mr. Reed writes more novels, he will learn to pony express his writing rather than take the chance of riding one horse to death. When he does, his journey will be more encompassing instead of a one man foray into a one horse town. But the fact that he can complete the journey with plenty of speed to spare is still a point in his favor. The novel is not dead when the reins are held by a top dog who has complete command of his craft and its language.

## HIP-POCRATES

by Eugene Schoenfeld MD

**QUESTION:** What are the potential dangers of the new "3 way" tablets (mostly mecaline plus a little LSD and a wee bit of cocaine)?

**ANSWER:** One of my friends got stoned wild on this but spent the last three hours on the john. What's coming off?

**QUESTION:** Maybe your friend's intestinal lining. How can you be sure of the purity of these drugs? Or the dosage? Or even that they're the drugs you believe them to be?

**QUESTION:** My wife had a baby two months ago and is breast-feeding her, which we both wanted. The problem is that my wife doesn't want to make love, though she always really liked to before.

**ANSWER:** I think it is because she is nursing but she doesn't think so. Breast-feeding means a lot to her so we are reluctant to stop.

**QUESTION:** Could you please tell us if you've ever heard of sexual desire being affected by nursing? Please hurry - I'm getting awfully horny.

**ANSWER:** The opposite reaction is usually the case for both mother and father. You and your wife should feel free to discuss this matter frankly with each other. A talk with your family doctor together or separately would be very useful.

Breastfeeding can be one of the most satisfying experiences in the lives of both mother and father - and don't forget baby. Detailed information about breastfeeding can be obtained by writing to La Leche League International, Inc., 3332 Rose Street, Franklin Park, Illinois.

**QUESTION:** There is a painting by Rubens of an old man at the breast of a buxom blonde (plate L-III - Mysteries of Sex - Waldemar). It is said that a young wet nurse can help an old man to prolong his life. Is there anything to this great idea?

**ANSWER:** His life might be prolonged but it's the container rather than the contents acting as a tonic here.

Decreasing membership and increasing activism by young physicians and medical students has forced the A.M.A. to consider some basic changes.

The weekly A.M.A. NEWS has now become AMERICAN MEDICAL NEWS. According to a recent editorial "Every attempt will be made to give all sides of every issue."

Some interesting items reported in recent issues of the AMA NEWS:

John Hopkins University School of Medicine and School of Hygiene and Public Health have banned the sale of cigarettes and ordered cigarette machines removed from their buildings.

The U.S. Air Force has banned smoking by patients in all its medical facilities unless written permission is granted by a physician. Sale of tobacco products is also prohibited.

The U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare has circulated a newsletter which estimates that 5 to 7 million Americans have used marijuana at least once.

An Indiana medical association has passed a resolution condemning sex education in grade schools. The Daviess-Martin County Medical Society voted unanimously and urged the Indiana State Medical Association to take a similar stand. The resolution says in part: "...whereas a careful study of the educational programs indicates that their principal purpose is to further deteriorate the morals of our youth..."

Proof of a world-wide sex education conspiracy comes straight from Russia. Dr. Viktor Kolbanovsky of Moscow's Institute of Philosophy believes that sexual maladjustments hang up thousands of Soviet citizens. He urged the establishment of sex clinics throughout the Soviet Union.

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

## haiti

(Continued from Page 4)

Monthly, written by retired Marine Colonel Robert Debs Heiml, current military affairs expert for the Detroit Times, former chief of the U.S. Military assistance advisory group in Haiti, and commander of the U.S. Naval mission there.

In that article, Colonel Heiml described the reaction in the State Department to a report that Duvalier had been assassinated.

The hearty tone in which State later denied the report was an indication that few Caribbean developments would be less welcome to Foggy Bottom's harassed desk officers than the fall of the hemisphere's most savage and detested dictator.

The very thought of another Caribbean intervention is apparently so unthinkable today that nobody can bear thinking about it.

The first American intervention occurred in 1915, when conditions in Haiti were much the same as they are now. On the 27th of July of that year, the President, Guillaume Sam, was butchered by the crowd and the next day, under the altruistic provisions of the Monroe Doctrine, the Marines landed. A new constitution, written by then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was approved in a mock election supervised by the Marines. (These are not rumors, these are facts, verifiable in any good encyclopedia or world almanac). A treaty was written making Haiti a political and financial protectorate of the United States for a ten year period. When the ten years were up, of course, a ten year extension was conveniently approved. In 1934 the country was once again declared independent, this in accordance with F.D.R.'s "good neighbor policy" - and the finances were relatively stable, although the conditions were just as bad as they always were, and ready to burst.

By giving financial aid to the corrupt and abominable

regime of "Papa Doc" Duvalier, Richard Nixon is not only supporting a dictator condemned around the world, he is also betraying the very 'moderates' he was supposing grooming to take over eventually. And by imposing these 'moderates', without the consent of the Haitian people, he is disregarding the right of a nation to decide its own affairs. There is nothing, in short, that he can do without violating all the fundamental concepts of democracy, except perhaps by keeping his hands out of the mess. The only other thing to be hoped for at this point is that Colonel Heiml was wrong when he wrote: "After Duvalier's fall, which, like it or not, may well demand military intervention, we and the OAS must be ready to take Haiti's abiding problems. Ironically, the military phase is all the United States is ready for."

As usual, it appears that in any case, the Haitian people will be the ultimate losers.

## lane

(Continued from Page 5)

Commission Report?" Of the ninety-six who were asked that question, ninety-five answered, "No, I don't believe the report...No, he couldn't have fired that fast...No, the shots came from too many different directions." Just one juror said, "Well, I'll have to go along with the government." One prospective juror out of ninety-six believed the Warren Report! Finally, the judge had to order the defense attorneys desist from asking that question because he was afraid he'd never get a jury. At any rate, as the days passed juror after juror was excused because of financial reasons. Finally, on the next to the last day of jury selection they had found twelve jurors and one alternate. And David Brinkley that night, in his first comment on the trial, said something like, "the flamboyant DA Jim Garrison is prosecuting Clay Shaw down there, but he can't get a jury--The reason for this being that he's gone through 1,000 jurors so far and most of them say they believe the Warren Report."

The fact is that only one of 1,111 said that. Ninety-five prospective jurors said they disbelieved that piece of official fiction. And the other 1,000 were never even asked that question. Well, I talked with Chuck Quinn and asked him how such a blatant lie could get onto NBC national network news. Chuck said he couldn't understand it, and he was as upset as I was. He promised to find out the truth. Here's NBC's only correspondent in New Orleans and he never gave David Brinkley that information. It's an absolute lie and it is presented by Brinkley to the whole nation as a fact. This is just one example of the kind of reportage that came out of New Orleans.

CD: Perry Russo, the prosecution's chief witness against Clay Shaw, came off terribly poorly in the media. In New York, one always got the impression that he was slightly deranged.

ML: Perry was often more maligned by the press than even Garrison. Here's another example of misreporting: TIME magazine described Perry as "Drug Addict Perry Russo," therefore he became a drug addict in the eyes of the nation. Perry has never taken an aspirin; he's never taken a drug in his life. But since TIME had decided that he was a junkie, the whole country thought that the main witness against Clay Shaw was some kind of pill and needle popper. Perry had attended a meeting at which the impending assassination of John F. Kennedy was discussed by Clay Shaw, Lee Harvey Oswald and David Ferrie. His credibility was central to the prosecution's case.

CD: What exactly happened during the Clay Shaw trial?

ML: Well, Garrison destroyed the Warren Report at the trial, that's what really happened. Two things were attempted by Garrison: Number one, to prove that there was a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy, and secondly, to show that Clay Shaw was part of that conspiracy.

The press revealed that polls were made of the jurors and that Garrison had failed utterly in his two-fold attempt. Well, I personally polled all of the jurors several times and had long interviews with them. The jurors were convinced that Jim Garrison had destroyed the Warren Report at the trial and a conspiracy existed beyond any doubt. Every juror I talked to was confident there was a conspiracy to kill John Kennedy. Then I asked if they thought Clay Shaw was part of the conspiracy. Most of the jurors believed he was. But the jurors said they did not believe the evidence was strong enough to prove his involvement beyond a reasonable doubt.

CD: So, why didn't you get a conviction instead of an acquittal?

ML: The reason for this is that Perry Russo was very much afraid that information of a derogatory personal nature would come out about him at the trial. There was something in his personal life about his relationship with David Ferrie which he did not want revealed. Clay Shaw and his lawyers were very much aware of this. Through reporters like Jim Falen of TRUE magazine, who work as reporters, I believe, as a cover, information was delivered to Perry that if he wouldn't be "rough" on the

(Continued on Page 18)

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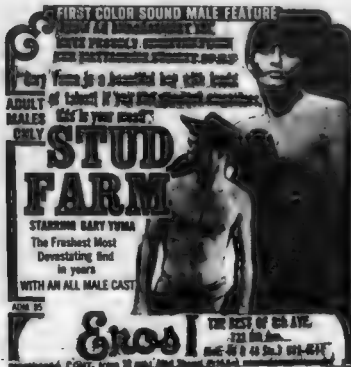
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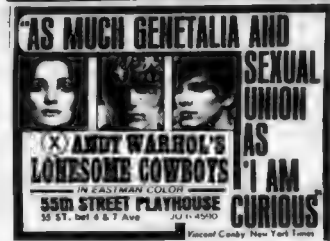
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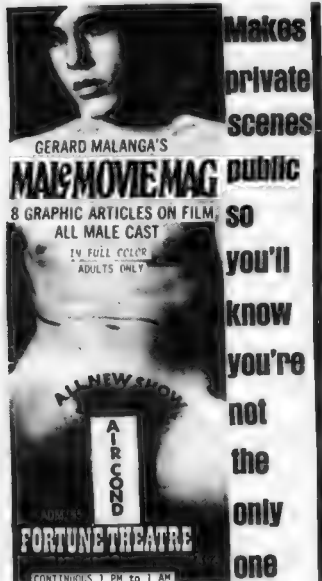
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 SEXUAL UNION  
 AS I AM CURIOUS  
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 LONESOME COWBOYS  
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## underground cine-scene

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 avant-garde-experimental-underground cinema. It is being compiled in cooperation with the Filmmakers Newsletter and will cover the United States, 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 theatre. Full description of the codes are listed alphabetically and precede the calendar.

### REGIONAL CODE

BAY - CAL. - California  
 CENT. - Central States  
 NYC - Metropolitan New York City Area  
 SW - Southwest  
 SOU - South

### CALENDAR LOCATIONS

#### Alternate U

69 W. 14th St.

NYC 10011

#### Am-Ex

American Experimental Cinema

8 Stuyversant St. (near Cooper Union)

NYC 212-677-9790

#### CANYON CINEMA

756 Union St.

San Francisco, Cal. 781-4719

#### CM

The Jewish Museum

1109 5th Ave. (91st St.)

N.Y.C. 10028 212-749-3770

#### 8-16 Film Society

2219 Oregon

Berkeley, Cal. 848-3945

#### FLY

a fly can't bird but a bird can fly inc

542 La Guardia Pl. (W. B'way)

NYC 10014 677-9120

#### GETZ

Academy Theater

3721 University Ave

San Diego, Cal. 284-1000

Art Cinema Theater

1326 Pearl St.

Boulder, Col. 444-3641

Art Theater

1924 Wayne Ave

Dayton, Ohio 256-3132

Art Theater

288 E. Cuyahoga Falls Ave

Akron, Ohio 376-4063

Cinema Theater

1122 N. Western Ave.

Los Angeles, Cal. 467-5787

Continental Theater

13931 Euclid Ave

Cleveland, Ohio 451-8147

Fine Art Theater

1225 S. Maple

Fresno, Cal. 251-8078

Fine Arts Theater

1818 Garnett St

San Diego, Cal 274-4000

Foster Theater

2504 Glenwood Ave

Youngstown, Ohio 788-2013

Guild Theater

1705 Poplar Ave

Memphis, Tenn. 274-6406

Plaza Theater

5936 Magazine St

New Orleans, La. 891-0206

Towne Theater

Auburn at Myrtle

Sacramento, Cal. 332-4730

Valley Art Theater

509 Mill Ave

Tempe, Ariz. 967-6664

Vogue Theater

1465 S. Pearl St

Denver, Col. 777-2544

Westwood Theater

1602 Sylvania Ave.

Toledo, Ohio 475-8976

World Theater  
 2159 N. High St  
 Columbus, Ohio 294-1133

Holy Mountain Cinematheque  
 Le Conte School  
 Russell & Ellsworth Sts.  
 Berkeley, Cal. 848-3945

Millennium Film Workshop Inc.  
 46 Great Jones St. (nr E. 3rd St.)  
 NYC 10012 228-9998

Museum of Modern Art  
 11 W. 53 St.  
 NYC 10019 315 - 3200

Palace Theater  
 Columbus and Powell  
 North Beach  
 San Francisco, Cal.

U-P Film Group  
 814 Broadway  
 NYC 475-9110

### CALENDAR

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.

#### JULY 16 - WEDNESDAY

9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 PM - NYC -Films by JERRY

CHALEM-FLY

9:00 PM - BAY FILM - RAP 8. S8 & 16 mm open screenings with discussion and wine -8-16

#### JULY 17 - THURSDAY

8:30 m - CAL -Program of Underground Films usually scheduled after the deadline for this calendar. Emphasis is on new works and visiting filmmakers. Otherwise from the library of the Co-op. 8 - 16 mm open screening after regular program. -CANYON.

9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM - NYC +-Films by JERRY

CHALEM-FLY.

#### JULY 18 - FRIDAY

8:00 PM - CAL -DeGRASSE: The Inner Argh. Dan

McLAUGHLIN: God is Dog Spelled Backwards: Star

Spangled Banner: others -HOLY

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: MAURICE AMAR:

Americana: RAY WISNIEWSKI: Doomshow: others -U-P

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

MIDNIGHT - BAY -CHRIS MARKER: Komiko Mystery

-PALACE

#### JULY 19 - 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

MIDNIGHT - BAY -Repeat of Friday program -PALACE

MIDNIGHT - VARIOUS -Underground film programs -

some made up from the Ann Arbor Film Festival - tour

this circuit of 17 theaters -GETZ

#### JULY 20 - SUNDAY

3:00 & 8:30 PM - NYC -ORSON WELLES: The Trial:

DAN Mc LAUGHLIN: Star Spangled Banner (a collage of

the Chicago Police Riots) -ALT U

9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM - NYC -Films by JERRY

CHALEM-FLY

#### JULY 21 - MONDAY

10:00 - 12:00 AM & 1:00 - 5:00 PM - NYC -"A Day with the

Avante Garde" will be organized and presented by the

Filmmakers Newsletter at a summer seminar for film

educators "Film Media Conference." Open free. The

morning session will be a review of the underground by

Jonas Mekas and - or P. Adams Sitney (pending

confirmation) with a selection of representative films.

The afternoon session will feature two filmmakers. Ed

Emshwiller will show 5 films and talk. Expected films

are RELATIVITY, TOTEM, GEORGE DUMPSON'S

PLACE, TRANSFORMATIONS, DANCE

CHROMATICS. Hopefully, Michael Snow will be

available to show and talk about his films and the

"Minimal film" movement. (This seminar had been

scheduled and included some hip and groovy talks on

media but nothing on avant garde films. This was

brought to their attention the day before press time and

they immediately agreed that a day on the avant garde

was not only an oversight, but essential! Consequently,

the program is still in formation. -FORDHAM UNIV.

Arts Campus at Lincoln Ctr., 113 W. 60th St., Cor.

Columbus, Manhattan.

JULY 22 - TUESDAY

6:00 PM - NYC -LAUREN SEARS: Experiments with Video-CM  
9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM-FLY

JULY 23 - WEDNESDAY

9:00 PM - BAY -Film-Rap - 8, S8 & 16 mm open screenings with discussion and wine-8-16  
9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM-FLY

JULY 24 - THURSDAY

8:30 PM - CAL -Program of Underground films usually scheduled after the deadline for this calendar. Emphasis is on new works and visiting filmmakers. Otherwise from the library of the Co-op. - 8 & 16mm open screening after regular program-CANYON  
9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM-FLY

JULY 24 - FRIDAY

8:00 PM - CAL -BARTLETT: Moon; Off-On: Metanomen-HOLY  
9:00, 10:00 & 11:00 PM - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM-FLY  
9:00 PM -NYC -Repeat of previous Friday program - U-P  
11:00 PM -NYC -Films by JOHN DULANEY-AM-EX

JULY 26 - 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  
MIDNIGHT - VARIOUS -Underground film programs (some from the Ann Arbor Film Festival) tour this circuit of 17 theaters -GETZ

JULY 29 - TUESDAY

6:00 PM - NYC -Classics of the avant-garde film by CLAIR, DUCHAMP, EGGLING, LEGER, RICHTER - C-M

JULY 30 - WEDNESDAY

9:00 PM -BAY-Film-Rap: 8, S8 & 16mm open screenings with discussion and wine-8-16

JULY 31 - THURSDAY

8:30 PM - CAL -Program of Underground films usually scheduled after the deadline for this calendar. Emphasis is on new works and visiting filmmakers. Otherwise from the library of the Co-op. - 8 & 16 mm open screening after regular program -CANYON  
SAGINAW FILM FESTIVAL -Entries are open for the 2nd Saginaw 8 - Super 8 Film Festival. Write to Will Wegner, 4373 WAYSIDE S. Saginaw, Mich. 48603 for entry blank. Silent and sound (incl. tape) on any subject and - or length. Deadline for entries Aug. 8. Festival to be held Aug. 15 & 16 at the Ginger Blue Coffeeshouse.

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# cleaver

(Continued from Page 3)  
do is increase their revolutionary fervor. They will create more revolutionaries because when these brothers and sisters go to prison, they will take the message there and Babylon has had it. Babylon has had it because there are too many angry men and angry women in Babylon for Babylon to survive. It's no longer a case of one or two bad apples in a barrel, but it's a barrel of good apples who know that they're not bad apples, who now realize that the pigs are the bad apples in the barrel and it's time for some pruning. And so we're gonna do some pruning and we're gonna prune these bad apples, these pig apples, off the tree of life and put them into the garbage can of history where they belong.  
This I'd like to say to the revolutionary forces in Babylon, I do not want people to think that I was setting an example on how to deal with the situation by leaving Babylon. I hope that you understand that it was my desire to remain in Babylon, to go underground in Babylon, and to

continue my struggle and my participation in the struggle underground. I do not want people to believe that the best thing to do is to leave. I would advise them that if it's at all possible do not leave, but to stay in Babylon and to continue the struggle and make it possible for others who have already left to return because that is where my heart is. That is where I want to struggle. And that is where I will be returning to as soon as possible, and it's not far away, and, do you

dig it? Do you dig it? Do you realize that I will be back and that I'll be back soon? And that just as I was able to get out without the pigs being able to do anything about it, I will be able to get back in without the pigs being able to do anything about it.  
How can I not say something to - I mean all the names pop into my head. So I'll just say, right on people. Right on. Right on Brother Bobby. Right on Brother David, Right on.

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lane

(Continued from Page 15)

defense these questions would never come up at the trial. And finally, he was told that he would hear the key question. And the key question did come up. It was: "Mr. Russo, you were present at this meeting where you claim that Clay Shaw discussed the killing of President Kennedy with Lee Harvey Oswald. Did you believe that this meeting was a conspiracy or just maybe a 'bull session'?" Russo reluctantly said he thought it was a "bull session." That was all the defense required. When they summed up to the jury, this was the point that the defense lawyer Diamond hammered away at. "If there was a conspiracy," Diamond said, "and if there was a meeting, the only person who was present and told you about it was Perry Russo. He says it was a bull-session. Can you say that you are positive beyond a reasonable doubt that it was in fact a conspiracy and not a bull-session, when you heard this one witness say that p was?" Every juror I talked to said that this was the turning point in the trial for him. Since Perry wouldn't say that the meeting was definitely a conspiracy, they couldn't go as far as to vote "guilty."

CD: Weren't there other witnesses that placed Shaw and Oswald together?

ML: Yes, there were many—in fact the national press just seemed to gloss over and forget. The first nine witnesses in the trial were CORE and Klu Klux Klan members from Clinton, Louisiana who saw Clay and Oswald together during a CORE voter registration drive.

CD: How did Jim Garrison first get started on the JFK case?

ML: His investigation began right after the assassination. Two days after Dallas, he arrested David Ferrie, who had just returned to New Orleans by car from Texas. The charge was "conspiracy to assassinate President John F. Kennedy." Garrison questioned him and was convinced that Ferrie was involved. So he turned Ferrie over to the FBI who kept him for awhile and then released him, saying he didn't know anything about the killing. As far as Garrison was concerned, that was good enough for him. At the time he still had a lot of faith in the FBI. After he read my book, RUSH TO JUDGMENT, he decided to reopen his investigation.

CD: What was Garrison like before all this? He seems like one of those odd, remarkable flukes that every now and then the South produces. They're weird and they're good in strange ways—like William Fulbright — or Huey Long.

ML: Well, he was an establishment figure. He's a Southern prosecutor who was a strong supporter of the war in Vietnam. While independent politically, he was a part of the New Orleans Establishment. But what he's discovered since he opened the JFK investigation has made him change his position politically.

The national press really had a hard time destroying him because he was such an establishment figure. But they certainly did their job. A perfect example of a media lie was one that appeared in the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, THE NEW YORK TIMES, and just about every other important publication in the country. It was an exclusive story that originated from sources unknown in Washington. The story was that Garrison had been given a mental discharge from the military at the end of World War II. The fact is that Jim flew an unarmed Piper Cub over enemy lines as a spotter for artillery. At the end of the war, a grateful government awarded him the Air Medal for his services. Also, he received an honorable discharge and was made a Lieutenant Colonel in the Reserves. So the story has absolutely no basis in fact. But it appeared all around the country in some of the nation's most respected journals.

CD: You said that Garrison had changed his political views radically since he began the assassination investigation. How does he reconcile these new attitudes with being an officer in the military reserves?

ML: Garrison has resigned from the reserves as a protest against the war in Vietnam.

CD: During the course of your five year investigation of the murder of President Kennedy, you've also done some inquiring about the assassinations of Malcolm X, Martin Luther King and Robert F. Kennedy. Do you think the four assassinations are connected?

ML: Well, I don't think that all these murders are the acts of "lone, crazed assassins." I do know that the CIA killed John Kennedy, I don't know who specifically killed Malcolm or King or Robert Kennedy. But an ordinary police technique requires an examination of that question. If there appears to be a similar motive because a similar kind of person is killed, you can develop some hypotheses to work on.

Frankly, these four crimes have many frightening similarities. All of the victims were men who had the ability and charisma to move masses of people to change the direction of this country. They were men who spoke out against the war in Vietnam, against control of this country by the hardware manufacturers and the

Pentagon, and against racism. All of them are dead, killed, according to official explanations, by "lone assassins" or Black Muslims. Similar methods were used in three of the cases. And in the deaths of John F. Kennedy, Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, the assassins all escaped from the scene.

CD: With the exception of a piece in the REALIST, very little has been written in the non-black press about Malcolm X's assassination. Why do you think Malcolm was really killed? Almost no one that I know in the Black community believes the Muslims did it.

ML: Evidently Malcolm didn't think he was being threatened by the Muslims, either. Shortly before his death, when he knew he was a marked man, he told his wife, his sister, and his biographer that he thought the CIA was about to execute him.

I think he was eliminated for very important political reasons. When Malcolm X was spokesman for Elijah Muhammad he was receiving more column inches in TIME and NEWSWEEK than Martin Luther King. But when he returned from Mecca and said Blacks and Whites could work together, the press began to ignore him. He was really beginning to get effective just before his assassination. He was building a very important political base for himself in Harlem. But he did something even more unforgivable than that: he developed important ties with African leaders which really could have brought revolutionary changes in terms of the black liberation movement at home. When he moved in these two areas it became clear he was a threat to those who run the country, so he no longer was on television. And you never read about him anymore. And then he was dead. In his autobiography he points out how he was trying to develop a radical coalition of Blacks and Whites. He felt his work would probably be responsible for his being killed—perhaps before he finished his book—which is what happened.

CD: That's precisely what the Black Panthers today are trying to do: get radical whites working as allies of revolutionary blacks. That's also why they are getting killed and jailed. But back to Malcolm, what precisely happened?

ML: On the day he was killed the New York City cops were in the Audubon Ballroom in droves. Malcolm had asked for police protection because his house had been bombed a week earlier. Well, he never got very much police protection, but he did get a lot of police witnesses to his death. They saw several men walk up to Malcolm and fire at him at a public meeting in Harlem. One of Malcolm's bodyguards who fired at one of the killers, was arrested for assault and violating the Sullivan Act, while the assassins escaped.

CD: Getting back to RFK's death. How is the public ever to know the truth about his killer's true "sponsors"?

ML: I don't think a real investigation can ever be launched into this case. People just don't seem to care. The case has many questions which will probably forever remain unanswerable because of the mini-trial in Los Angeles. It was like the trial of Jack Ruby and James Earl Ray in many respects. The prosecution and defense were in absolute agreement about one question: it was essential to prove there was no conspiracy. In Dallas it was essential to prove that Jack Ruby was not involved in a conspiracy to kill Lee Harvey Oswald when clearly he was. In Los Angeles, it was urgent to prove that Sirhan acted alone, and the same holds true for the Memphis mini-trial.

CD: Why?

ML: Because the federal government has taken the position in each of these cases that there was no conspiracy and that each man acted alone. We have a lot of lone, unhappy nuts running around the country killing people today.

CD: Don't you think that if they found a conspiracy they would have been certain to pin the rap on the left. Mayor Yorty was spouting on a good deal about Sirhan's alleged affiliations with the Dubois Club. (Continued on Page 19)

**BRITAIN EAST**

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# lane

(Continued from Page 18)

/ML: Well, they might have. But we all know that nobody in the Dubois Clubs or no one on the left is involved in assassinating important officials in this country. It's never been that way. Who's been killed on the right in this country? My goodness, Bull Conner was never shot at! How do you explain that in a rational society?? Assassination is really a concept of the extreme-right. The Minutemen advocate it openly. But in practice, political assassinations of high public officials seems to be limited to well-organized intelligence agencies.

/CD: While you were working as an associate of James Garrison in New Orleans, did you come across any information relevant to Senator Kennedy's murder?

/ML: Robert Kennedy sent two emissaries to see Jim Garrison at two different times after he had declared for the Presidency. One of them was the only man whom I know of who went to sleep with both Robert Kennedy and Jim Garrison—different schools at different times. But he knew both of them well.

/CD: What was the purpose of his mission?

/ML: He told Garrison that Robert Kennedy had sent him. Robert Kennedy wanted Jim to know that if he were elected President, he would apprehend and prosecute those responsible for killing his brother. He also wanted Jim to know that he supported the New Orleans investigation.

/CD: So, what RFK was saying was that he thought that Garrison was on the right track and that he believed in what he was doing.

/ML: Right. He said he supported the investigation. He also said that there were assassins of his brother's that had not been apprehended or prosecuted, which meant that he didn't accept the fiction of "Oswald, the lone assassin."

/CD: Do you think Kennedy sent the emissary in an effort to get Garrison to cool things until after the election?

/ML: That is a possibility. But I tend to doubt that was the situation. A second emissary arrived in New Orleans shortly after the first one left. This one was from the New York area. The interesting thing is that both of them carried the same phrase from Senator Kennedy: the phrase was: "I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING NOW, THERE ARE GUNS BETWEEN ME AND THE WHITEHOUSE!"

/CD: How do you know this?

/ML: No one familiar with the case believed that the guys they finally picked up and charged were involved in the murder. But by that time, the Black community was so alienated from the police that they declined to assist the investigation and trial. The DA's office at the trial tried to pin the rap on the Muslims. But in Harlem there's a great deal of cynicism about that explanation. Malcolm himself told many people just before his death that he was afraid he was due to be executed by the CIA.

/CD: Getting on to the Robert F. Kennedy assassination, here again there seems to be a very similar pattern to earlier political murders. For instance people who were witnesses to the assassinations seem to be dropping off like fleas. At least a dozen witnesses to the JFK assassination have died—some of them from very curious causes. There was a reporter who interviewed Jack Ruby who was karate chopped to death in his shower. And then there were all those people who "committed suicide" in police stations and elsewhere. And now this girl who was an important witness in the Robert Kennedy assassination, the "girl in the polka-dot dress," has just "committed suicide." She was the blonde who was seen talking with Sirhan just before he pulled the trigger. It was also said that she ran from the assassination screaming "We killed him! We killed him!" What do you know about this?

/ML: I haven't really done as much work on this case as I would have liked to. However, I was in Los Angeles shortly after the assassination and I did talk to a number of the witnesses. I talked to several witnesses who gave their names to the police and who saw a great deal of what there was to see that night. They were never called by the police, never questioned, and never testified at the trial.

/CD: What did they see?

/ML: Well, they saw the girl in a polka-dot dress closely associated with Sirhan. Also, originally there was information which indicated that a car would be made available to Sirhan—or at least Sirhan thought there would be.

/CD: Yes, didn't the police find the keys to a car that belonged to a Hotel Ambassador kitchen worker in Sirhan's pants pocket?

/ML: Yes, they did find that key. But they brushed that off as accidental. I suppose you could give Sirhan a lie-detector test, if those things really worked, and he could deny he was involved with the CIA or an intelligence

agency. Because if we was involved with such a group, he would not have the faintest idea that he was. There are various ways intelligence organizations motivate people to do things without their knowing they are doing them on behalf of a certain group. Sirhan's Arab nationalism could easily have been played upon so his motive for the murder could bear no relationship to the original "sponsor."

/CD: What is a "sponsor"?

/ML: It's an intelligence term. If the CIA, as a far-fetched example, wanted to murder JFK, they would be the sponsors. They would establish "false sponsors." The left, for example, would be a sponsor for those of a conservative bent. For them, the record shows Oswald's associations with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and his trip to the Soviet Union. For the moderates, there is Jack Ruby and his Mafia connections. We're all against that group. For the left, we can condemn and suspect H.L. Hunt and the Dallas oil forces. These theories are encouraged. Only if you brush the false sponsors aside and dig deep into the matter do you come upon the classic pattern of an intelligence operation. Neither the right nor the left—and certainly not the moderates—are involved. Just a group of gentlemen with fine manners, socially accepted in all ways—except for one: they wanted JFK out of the way. They have modest aims—merely control of the entire planet. Now probably the moon as well.

/ML: I met one of them while I was down there. The other emissary was in New Orleans when I was out of town giving a lecture. But Jim told me who he was and that he said pretty much the same things as the fellow I met.

/CD: Why didn't Garrison press Senator Kennedy into making the assassination into a campaign issue?

/ML: Well, Jim did not try to persuade Robert Kennedy to make his position public—if not for political reasons, but for RFK's own personal safety. What Garrison told

(Continued on Page 23)



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/Hear my Heart - when the tempest laughs upon the ice - & the child sleeps with sacrifice - Hear my Heart - when the claw burns into reward - & star-light softens the sword - ORPHEUS JR. yu-2-4471

/Good looking, intelligent lonely male, 21, wants a young, attractive, masculine friend and companion, 18-23, to help him find the best way by which the process of living can become truth. Phone and returnable photo. Eric J. Cornell, P.O. Box 281, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

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/Two young girls wanted by two good looking guys (17 & 19) to learn together the arts of making love. Photo necessary and means of contact. EDDIE Box 511 Fresh Meadows Post Office, New York 11365

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# lane

(Continued from Page 19)  
 the emissary was this: "Tell Robert Kennedy that there is no sanctuary in the White House. There is no immunity. Your brother was killed not when he was a candidate, but when he was President. And secondly, I would give you the same advice that I would give any other witness. Don't be the repository of exclusive information. Make it as public as possible—otherwise your life may be in danger." But RFK's answer was adamant. He would say nothing until the last primary was over. At that time he would make his position known. "There are guns between me and the White House."

CD: And so he was dead several hours after the last primary was over. Yes, there were guns between Robert Kennedy and the White House. But for all those months before his assassination, weren't you tempted to spill the story to the press?

ML: I was. But I couldn't say anything because Garrison had asked me not to. On numerous occasions when I was speaking on college campuses or on T.V. talk shows, I was asked "does Robert Kennedy accept the Warren Report?"—as if the fact that he did not was proof that Oswald was the lone assassin.

I've always felt this was not a family affair and the assassination of a President had implications for the people who were not members of the Kennedys—the assassination had ramifications for everyone. But Garrison said I shouldn't say anything and I didn't until one night last June. I was on a T.V. program in Washington, D.C. and the question of RFK's endorsement of the Warren Report came up. So I said, "I know his position, but I'm not allowed to discuss it. Let's see, it's ten o'clock here in Washington. That means that it's seven in California and the polls will be closing soon. Nothing I say here can have any effect on the primary election out there. So I think I can tell you

this without betraying any confidences." And I reported the entire conversation Jim had with the emissaries. I ended by saying that RFK's final message through his couriers was "I can't say anything now. There are guns between me and the White House." Later on T.V. I saw him shot to death.

CD: One might have thought the press would have picked up on your very important revelation, but I don't remember reading about it anywhere.

ML: No, the TIMES does not exactly pick up on this. The only paper to mention what I said was an industry magazine called BROADCASTING. They featured an article by Jack Anderson, Drew Pearson's associate. Anderson was in the audience when I was on the air.

CD: What about Teddy Kennedy? If your theory that any charismatic leader bent on improving the country is fated for assassination is correct, then Teddy would be a logical next victim. Do you think the forces that killed JFK and RFK also have Edward Kennedy on their list?

ML: Well, that depends. Teddy has something going for him that nobody else in the country has. He has that last name, which means he has built in charisma.

CD: He's also the last of a matching set.

ML: What does that have to do with it? There'd be no reason to kill Ted Kennedy unless he started using that charisma for concepts considered radical in this odd society.

CD: He seems to be using his talent and his position as an active opponent of the very people you say killed his

brothers, the intelligence community and the hardware manufacturers. His statements on the ABM, on the Space Program, and on the war must make the folks at the Pentagon shudder just a little.

ML: Teddy Kennedy may become President of the United States, but he's a long way from that now. The question is what will he do if he is elected? We'll know more about it between now and 1972. I believe it is plain that if he would do things that displease the hardware manufacturers and the Pentagon he may be eliminated as a candidate. No intelligence group wants to use "executive action," their term for assassination, unless it has to. It is engaged in as a last resort when all other techniques fail. But if he is a serious threat, if he cannot be eliminated any other way, his life may well be in danger. I hope he knows this by now. I mean, the family can't lean that slowly.

The second of two articles. For Mark Lane's revelations about the assassinations of Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy, see last week's EVO.

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