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Our Guerrilla's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

We brought our boys back from the moon but we can't even bring them back from Viet Nam. Millions for space flight but not one penny for pullout. It is the paradox of our times that we are already trying to build a third order world when we haven't even built a first order one.

It is with this in mind man must constantly be reminded that without the moral leap of his consequences, his leaps into space are really without true significance. In order that man be made aware of this obligation, the Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee has established August 2nd to the 9th as Hiroshima-Nagasaki Week:

On August 2nd and 3rd, there will be a commemoration of war victims at churches and synagogues throughout the city. On August 4th, a demonstration at Rockefeller's office. August 5th, a demonstration at City Council Chamber's City Hall. August 6th, a floating lantern ceremony (Hiroshima Day). August 7th, a garment district rally. August 8th, draft board actions. And on August 9th, it will all culminate in a giant anti-war march from 41st and Broadway to Central Park (Nagasaki Day).

To prepare people for this latest in protest demonstrations, the SDS and the High School Student Union has issued flyers on what to do and on how to act at protest demonstrations. I reprint it in its entirety to show how sophisticated protests have become and how much the movement has learned since the days of the pentagon and Chicago confrontations:

FOLD THIS UP AND CARRY IT WITH YOU

We're on the move in New York City. But the government is also moving--against us. The Black Panthers have been jailed, welfare demonstrators have been beat up and high school students suspended. Arrests and harassment are increasing. Here are some basic rules for avoiding useless arrests and injuries and for handling it when you get busted.

COP-FRONTATION

Cops may stop you on the street even when you're not in a demonstration. They will question and frisk you. If you're alone there is probably nothing

you can do to stop them. You can, however, sometimes avoid a useless bust by acting respectful and giving innocuous answers to their questions instead of asserting your rights.

DON'T TALK TO INVESTIGATORS!

Local cops and the F.B.I. may question you. Don't answer! You have a right to remain silent. Don't try to argue with them or outsmart them. You never know what use they can make of what you say and lying to them can be a crime. If it's too hard to refuse outright to talk, you can say "I don't want to talk until I speak with my lawyer."

PREPARATION FOR A DEMONSTRATION

Dress for action: women should wear pants and no earrings; wear shoes, not sandals; do not wear glasses unless absolutely necessary; wear a hat or a helmet and a heavy sweater to soften blows if it might be a rough demonstration.

If there is a possibility of tear gas and mace: bring plastic goggles which can fit over glasses to protect your eyes from mace and tear gas. Bring a damp cloth to cover your mouth and nose from tear gas. Cover your face with vaseline to protect yourself against mace. Remove the vaseline as soon as you are maced or you will get a slow burn.

Don't ever carry pen knives or even a nail file to a demonstration; they can charge you with possession of a dangerous weapon.

Don't ever carry drugs to a demonstration.

Don't bring your address book; if you are busted the cops will get the names of all your friends.

Carry the number of a lawyer or defense organization written on your arm or a piece of paper.

IN A DEMONSTRATION

Stay with a small group of friends and decide what to do together.

Demonstrations are infiltrated with plainclothes cops who often look like us. If you spot a cop expose him to other people. Never accept a brick, spray paint or a package with undisclosed contents from someone you don't know. If



"THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL"
FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN TRUMBULL

you've done something for which you might be arrested, don't think you haven't been seen just because there are no uniformed cops around; you might not want to hang around.

WHEN YOU'RE BUSTED

Don't try to talk the cop out of busting you or ask what the charges are. There is no chance of his releasing you and great chance that you will make admissions and get yourself and friends in trouble.

If there's no one around who knows you, shout out your name so that someone in the crowd can call a lawyer.

Try to get the badge and radio car number of the cops who bust you; notice the circumstances of the arrest and write them down as inconspicuously as possible. All this information may be useful during your trial.

IN CAPTIVITY

Especially if you are under 21 your parents should come to the police station. They can be of great help in getting you released.

You have a right to make phone calls as soon as you get to the police station and you should ask to do this. Often, however, they will not let you call for a while. First call a lawyer, then call a friend or relative who can come to your arraignment with cash for bail.

If a cop says, "There is an

Attorney X on the phone, does he represent you?" you should answer "yes;" it means that someone has called a lawyer for you. The cops may be more cautious with you if they know you have a lawyer. You can always change lawyers later.

Only answer questions about name, address, age, occupation, and prior convictions. Give an address where there's someone who will say that you live there. Do not answer questions about drugs or about what you did. If the cops harass you, try to put them off but do not antagonize them; say something like, "I don't want to talk until my lawyer gets here." DON'T TALK. DON'T TALK. DON'T TALK. DON'T TALK.

/The cops have a right to search you once they arrest you and they probably will.

/You may be able to get a summons; like a traffic ticket it allows you to go home immediately and requires your appearance in court the next day. If they don't mention it, ask "can't I get out on a summons."

ARRAIGNMENT (For people 16 and over)

After booking at the police station you will be taken to the courthouse and put in a cell called the bullpen. Probably you will feel isolated and scared as you get dragged around from one place to another. It will all be easier if you talk to the other prisoners.

A probation officer will ask you questions in order to advise the judge whether to release you without bail. Sometimes his recommendation influences the judge; if you have nothing to hide you should answer the questions although you don't have to.

Then you will go before the judge to hear your charge and have bail set. If you have no private attorney ask the judge for a legal aid attorney. You can get your own lawyer after arraignment. If you are charged with a minor offense called a violation (disorderly conduct, loitering) you should plead "not guilty;" you can always change your plea later. If you are charged with a misdemeanor or a felony you should enter no plea at all at this time.

HELPING YOUR FRIENDS

If you see someone arrested and you don't know his or her name, try to find it out. Then call a lawyer and tell him about the arrest and ask him to call the police station. Get as much cash as you can and take it to the arraignment. It is great to see friends in the courtroom.

Where the courts are located: Manhattan--100 Centre St. (City Hall or Canal St. subway); Brooklyn--120 Schermerhorn; Bronx--162nd St. and Washington Pl.; Queens--125-05 Queens Blvd.

If your friend was arrested before 3:30 in the afternoon or after 10:30 at night he or she will

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

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radicals in the professions:

THE YOUNG DOCTORS REVOLT

by Claudia Dreifus

The American Medical Association, the professional organization that maintains a stronghold on our nation's health policies, recently had a rude introduction to the new generation of radical, very radical young doctors. While two thousand delegates looked on, a group of a hundred and fifty rebel med students, interns, residents, and physicians seized the rostrum of the AMA National Convention and demanded to read a list of indictments against the Association. A stunned convention chairman permitted the protesting groups, the Student Health Organization, the Medical Committee for Human Rights, Movement for a Democratic Society and Health PAC, to have their spokesman, Dr. Richard Kunnes, make a brief statement.

"The AMA is really the American Murder Association," said Kunnes, a 27 year-old psychiatrist from the Albert Einstein Medical Center. With that remark, he burned his AMA membership card, an act the delegates considered sacrilege. As the card burned, one could see the austere convention of one of America's most prestigious professions contorted in a rage at Kunnes and his allies. Curses—and even a poorly-aimed ashtray—flew at the speaker as the veneer of dignity dropped from the audience to reveal a face reminiscent of Mayor Daley.

If Doctor Kunnes and his friends had been permitted to read their list of indictments, they would have explained how the AMA has fought every piece of legislation designed to improve the health of the nation's public. Through its THREE MILLION A YEAR Washington lobby, the Association has fought health insurance, social security, Medicare, Medicaid, pure food and drug laws, and cigarette bans.

One would think that an organization whose membership included two-thirds of the nation's doctors would fight hard in defense of public health. Not the AMA. When infants were being born with grotesque deformations because their mothers had taken a sedative called Thalidomide, it was the Medical Association and the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Associations that tried to suppress the story. Unable to keep the scandal quiet, the AMA and the PMA then went on the fight to protective drug legislation. The AMA, incidentally, receives more than 50 percent of its revenues from pharmaceutical advertisements in its journals.

It is natural to assume that the American Medical Association would be anxious to save as many people as possible from the horrors of lung cancer. But when the Surgeon General was complaining about the dangers of smoking, it was the Association that joined the tobacco lobby in preventing a cigarette ban. The AMA has been awarded a 10 Million Dollar grant from the Tobacco Institute for "research."

There is a chronic doctor shortage in America today, thanks to you know who. The AMA elders believe in the old fashioned economic law of "supply and demand." To the Association's way of thinking, the best way to raise a doctor's fee is to limit the number of people permitted to the profession. And so to keep the family doctor bill up, up, up, the AMA has conscientiously fought against the building of new medical schools. The result is that we have only half the doctors we need to service the nation. In some parts of the country the doctor-patient ratio is one doctor to a hundred-thousand patients!

American Murder Association? Until recently, the national voice of the medical profession opposed any kind of change in abortion laws. Meanwhile, the existing brutal legislation causes thousands of pregnant women to die on butcher's tables. Only recently has the Association agreed to make a meek statement for abortion reform. It has not, however, come out for abortion law repeal — a measure that would save countless lives.

"I think the demonstration got a lot of people thinking about the AMA and what it's been doing to medicine," Richard Kunnes said in an EVO interview last week. "But I do think the media misrepresented the purpose of our demonstration. We were opposed to the AMA, yes. But not just the Medical Association. We're opposed to all professional elitist groups that make policy for their clients. We think, to use a phrase, that people should be involved in the decisions that affect their lives. Many of the top-down medical groups we also oppose praised our demonstration because they hate the AMA."



Dr. Richard Kunnes

Kunnes explained that there is an intense struggle going on between the large urban medical centers, which represent the corporate liberal elements of the medical community, and the old, Neanderthal AMA. The universities and medical centers have dreams of empire, which they can only fulfill if they receive extensive governmental assistance. The AMA, consistent with its nineteenth century doctor tradition, has tirelessly fought federal funding for medical schools and hospital facilities. To the medical school administrators, the Convention disruption was a pure delight.

But Dr. Kunnes wanted his position made very clear: "The liberals are just as opposed to giving the community control of its health as the AMA is. And community control is what we're fighting for. Guaranteed health care for everybody in facilities they control."

Rick Kunnes has a history of battling large urban medical centers on behalf of community control. Last year, while serving as a resident at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, he organized Harlemites against a proposed P&S - sponsored Community Mental Health project. The program, which would have netted Columbia a cool \$40 million, involved no community control by the people it hoped to service. Evidently Kunne's organizing efforts were successful, for local protests were enough to stop the grant, and he was asked to leave Columbia, pronto.

Sandy-haired and boyish, Rick Kunnes is typical of many of the young doctors who are saying no to the establishment view of health projects. Kunnes claims he has little interest in high fees. "They're always telling, you 'suffer now and you'll be able to soak your patients later!' I don't want to 'soak' anybody later," he says. Kunnes would like to see the whole fee basis of medicine care abolished. "It gives doctors a kind of stake in illness, not in health. What I'd like to see is a kind of system where everybody gets the health care they needed—free of cost," he explains.

As a doctor, he is intensely critical of the medical training he suffered through. To him, the twelve years of post-high school training seem wasteful, and he feels that good doctors could be trained in half the time.

"Sometimes," he complains, "it seems as if the whole process is meant to break you.

Twelve years of school means that you're a child for twelve years. By the time you've finally finished your training you're so hopelessly in debt, you're almost forced to go into the more profitable aspects of medicine."

Health profits and his profit-oriented education are two of Dr. Kunnes' favorite targets. "From the beginning, we are forced to equate illness with income. There are almost no courses in medical school on preventive medicine because there is no money in saving people from disease. In medical school we talked a long time about lung cancer, about the lung, about what it looked like under a microscope, etc. But nobody ever said anything about the relationship between lung cancer and cigarettes. The only thing they told us was about radiation treatments."

While the AMA elders are still reeling from the convention disruption, Kunnes is mapping new projects for his band of rebel doctors. "Oh, I do think there will be other demonstrations. Doctors throughout the country are beginning to wake up, and I think our action may just give them the courage to come out in the open. But in the meantime, I'm going back to community organizing."

And in a plush Westchester suburb, a well-heeled physician heads to the bathroom in search of some Alka-Seltzer. "I don't understand these kids," he complains. "They could make a bloody fortune. But all they seem to want to do is spoil everything for us. You work hard, very hard to become a doctor and in the end you want some reward for it." His tirade is interrupted by a call from his answering service.

A lady is ill and would like the doctor to come over immediately. "Tell her I don't make house calls," the physician bellows. "You know that! Tell her to stop in my office in the morning—if she's still feeling sick. My wife has tickets for 'Plaza Suite' tonight and we're not going to miss that." Click.

The Doctor turns to his wife. "I just don't know what those protesters are after. I just don't know."

NEWSREAL

Death Valley Days

After a recent UC Regents' meeting, Mrs. Robert Walker, a member of the Berkeley Planning Commission, walked up to Gov. Reagan and said, with tears in her eyes: "Let the blood of the people of Berkeley be on your hands!" To which the Governor replied caustically: "Fine, I'll get some Boraxo to wash it off." - Herb Caen, San Francisco Chronicle

The Three R's

A physics professor at Chico State College has been asked to resign, because he made his final exam "to relevant" to current events.

Jack Zeilenga, 32, who describes his political philosophy as "militant radical left" asked students taking a Basic Physics final to:

1. Compute the recoil velocity of the body of the student killed by buckshot.
 2. Calculate the number of revolutions spun by the rotors of the helicopter that maced the people of Berkeley.
 3. Tell how much energy it would take to orbit a botulism bomb big enough to kill the human race ten times over.
- ...and so on

Zeilenga's colleagues in the Physics department sent him a letter saying "you have let your students down," and asking him to resign. They pointed out that he had been involved in protest politics before. Assemblyman Ray Johnson (R. - Chico) criticized the exam questions, calling them "forced political indoctrination."

But Zeilenga, who has tenure, announced Friday that he has no intention of resigning, and that he plans to continue teaching physics relevant to an age of revolution. - The Peninsula Observer

Sexy Missles

A routine progress report (in Army magazine) on Apollo 7 at Kennedy Space Center: "Subsequent to the mating operation and prior to final torquing of the mating bolts and silo closing, a rain shower passed through the area and water ran down the skin of the vehicle, making it necessary to raise the skirt to dry the mating surfaces." - The Peninsula Observer

Shorts

Below the belt -- We assume it's for real because it came from a reliable Minneapolis friend. It's a duplicated copy of an unidentified newspaper clipping datelined Chicago and reporting that the makers of Jockey shorts are suing Munsingwear for alleged, and seemingly contradictory, unfair competitive practices. They assert Munsingwear has been riding on their trademark with a slogan, "Jockeys wear Munsingwear." But they also charge that a Munsingwear ad falsely asserted that Jockey shorts have no pouch and that Munsingwear salesmen have been seen sporting buttons stating, "Jockey shorts cause cancer." We can't judge the merits of the dispute, but we have heard that when you wear Jockeys your breath tends to come in short pants. - The Militant

Uncle Makes Waste

by David Shulman

In one of the great ironies of history the Vietnam War which was hatched as a scheme to maintain American influence on the southern flank of China has significantly reduced the overall military security of the United States. When one views the \$110 billion cost of the war with the military's very own cost of effectiveness criteria, the war in Vietnam can be considered to be irrevocably lost. What then are these cost effectiveness criteria, and if the war so violates these criteria, why does the nation continue to pour lives and treasure in Viet Nam?

Cost effectiveness study is a method of determining the best possible allocation of a given amount of resources. In the case of the military it measures how the United States can be best defended with the given military budget. Through the use of sophisticated programming techniques an optimum mix of missiles, round forces, bombers, ships, etc., can be determined.

Today the military is arguing that certain programs are absolutely vital to the security of the United States and without any one of these programs, we stand naked against a fully armed enemy. Let us assume for the moment that what the military says it needs to maintain national security is true.

The current estimated costs of these programs are:

\$10 billion	Safeguard ABM
\$10 billion	MIRV
\$10 billion	Navy Modernization
\$8 billion	F-14 Fighter
\$10 billion	AMSA (Bomber)
\$10 billion	ICM (new ICBM)
\$7 billion	Anti-Sub Warfare
\$5 billion	F-15 Fighter
\$10 billion	Adv. Res. Proj.
\$80 billion	Total

If all these projects are so necessary to national security, why then have they been delayed and given lower priority than a peasant war 8,000 miles away in Asia? Somewhere within the labyrinth of the Pentagon military priorities have gotten screwed up. To assume otherwise, one would have to argue that the continuation of the War in Viet Nam is some sort of sinister communistic plot to weaken the national security of the United States.

This condition continues to exist as Fiscal 1970 begins. Why does the military and the Department of State continue to make solemn pronouncements as to the United States' commitment in Asia at the expense of more effective defense strategies? The answer to this lies outside the realm of sophisticated mathematical equations and IBM 360 computers. We must look elsewhere for answers.

The pride of the military has been irreparably damaged. Viet Nam has become an obsession. The vast army that defeated Hitler and Tojo is bogged on an Asian mainland by a NVA-NLF army that is outnumbered ten to one. The NVA-NLF fights on the face of overwhelming air and sea power, suffering heavy casualties. This staggers the conventional military mind. The military is afraid to admit defeat, for in defeat the purges will come and with that the loss of influence over the destiny of America. The fact remains, however, that the war has already been lost. - The protean-RADISH

Mexico is a Bad Trip

John Wilcock, author of "MEXICO ON FIVE DOLLARS A DAY," came back from that country and offered his apologies to anyone poor and under thirty who had been induced to go to Mexico on the basis of his book.

"Mexico," says an angered Wilcock, "is one of the most fascist places on earth. The Mexican government is conducting a vendetta against all young people who appear to be dirty, smelly, indolent, corrupt or dishonest. Most people consider this to be a perfect projection of the character of the Mexican authorities."

Wilcock's hostility towards our southern neighbor stems from the inhospitable treatment long haired kids seem to be getting South-of-the-Border. "In one town," he explains, "a town I had sent many people to, they were just rounding up American kids with helicopters, and deporting them to the airport without even giving them the chance to pick-up their belongings."

"The only kind of Americans they want down there," the disgruntled author complained, "is the RICH kind!" That's the kind they want up here, too, John.

Tissue Thinkers

We are all troubled by the unrest of students, their threats--sometimes turned into actions--of revolt, their denial of the ways of their elders.

Had we not better consider whether catering to the needs of a society of tissue thinkers and tube thinkers is a proper function of a university? The students, seem not to want to be tissue thinkers and tube thinkers--and who can blame them?

Let me add at once that the unrest and the revolt are not confined to a small number who are "just troublemakers." The extreme activists may be relatively few, but they are the leading edge of what may well be a massive and turbulent storm. Andrew Kopkind has recently commented on events in California,

especially at San Francisco State College, in an article that he called "America's student class war." We have got to recognize that it is the basic assumptions of North American plutocracy that are being challenged.

If in Canada we are so foolish as to suppose that we are exempt from the problem, we had better awaken to the fact that in a country where 42.9 percent of university students come from families in the upper 17.8 percent of the total labor force, the invitation to revolution is pressing.

It is a commonplace that the repugnance, the loneliness, the distress of students in our time are products of alienation. Alienation is no new phenomenon. Herbert Marcuse, who has been examining its development and its effects for several decades, points out that it was described at the very beginning of the industrial revolution, and quotes Schiller:

...enjoyment is separated from labor, the means from the end, exertion from recompense. Eternally lettered only to a single little fragment of the whole, man fashions himself only as a fragment; ever hearing only the monotonous whirl of the wheel which he turns, he never develops the harmony of his being, and, instead of shaping the humanity that lies in his nature, he becomes a mere imprint of his occupation, his science.

No reader of Victorian prose -- Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Mills, Morris -- can fail to recognize the passionate, horrified preoccupation of those writers with that theme; nor is it difficult to trace its course down to this present hour of protests, sit-ins, confrontations, violent and otherwise. - Canadian professor, Percy Smith, quoted in THE CHEVRON.

Trashmen

Navy Seaman Apprentice Roger Lee Priest must be a terribly dangerous man. Priest, the twenty-five year old editor of OM-THE LIBERATION JOURNAL for enlisted men, has been, in the past few months, followed by as many as twenty-five government agents.

Priest, whose underground publishing activities are rating him a full scale court martial, is charged with fourteen crimes including using contemptuous words against Representative L. Mendal Rivers and soliciting comrades to commit sedition. Evidence against Priest was collected by a special squad of the District of Columbia's Sanitation Department and the Naval Intelligence Service. Sleuths from the Navy carefully checked through Seaman Priest's garbage daily.

Free Speech

The battle against free speech goes on in the armed services. Two young Black marines, George Daniels and William Harvey, are serving three and four years, respectively, for participating in a bull session in which the war in Vietnam was described as a white man's war. The two, who were serving at Camp Pendleton, California in June of 1967 were alleged to have claimed that black men could not in good conscience support the war abroad while their people were suffering at home.

Last Saturday, Mrs. Lossie Daniels, mother of one of the prisoners, marched to the Navy Disciplinary Prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Wearing chains on her hands to symbolize the unjust imprisonment of her son, Mrs. Daniels was accompanied by Dr. Howard Zinn of Boston University, Rev. Richard Fernandez of the Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam, and representatives of scores of other Boston area peace groups.

Commenting on the court martials, Rev. Fernandez stated, "The Harvey and Daniels case is a blatant travesty of justice. It is absurd that these young Americans have spent two years in jail and shall spend more time for doing the same thing we have done -- speaking out against the immoral war in Vietnam."

Tierra o Muerte!

When the Mexican revolutionary Emiliano Zapata cried "Tierra o Muerte!" he spoke for the anguish of millions of poverty stricken peasants who had been cheated out of their farmland by clever realtors. Zapata's cry is now mouthed by a brave group of Chicano Mexican-Americans who farm in the area near Tierra Amarilla, New Mexico. The farmers, led by Reies Lopez Tijerina, call for the return of land wrested from them by Anglos over a hundred years ago.

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CONVERSATION WITH ED SANDERS

by Jaakov Kohn

Introduction:

By virtue of birth and inclination, Ed Sanders has the spirit of 1776 running through his redwhiteandblue veins. Behind the Fug stands an intricate and delicate network of sensitive, aggressive nerve ends totally attuned to the deafening beat of today as well as to the free and loving slurp of tomorrow. In his relentless pursuit of his goals, he has made every four letter word sound more AMERICAN than the FLAG, MOM, and APPLE PIE put together.

Conversation with Ed Sanders

EVO -What are you doing these days?

ES -I have been organizing a country band called COUNTRY MOUNTAIN AND WESTERN POKER CHIP KNUCKLE CRACK TRUCK STOP DRIVE IN BAND to record an album for Reprise.

I have also been writing a novel about the Chicago riots last summer and about the Yippies - Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Paul Krasner, Allen Ginsberg - in a magical, atheist pornographic setting. I am totally involved with this project, writing every free moment.

EVO -What is the title of the novel?

ES - "SHERDS OF GOD - the growth of commie sequenced suck rape - dope fiend chromosome damaged magic-atheist smut brigade within the fabric of American civilization."

EVO -As the publisher of "FUCK YOU - magazine of the arts," I called you the granddaddy of the current pornzines. How do you feel about what's happening on the porn front?

ES -I like the concept. Some of the issues of these smutrags I find interesting, however, there seems to be a greed problem which has corrupted some of these mags. a) They are printed cheaply. b) They print a lot of swedish pornography - pictures which are blurred. What they should do is to cultivate and promote a group of New York artists who are interested in the concept of the sexual photograph as a work of art or as a poem. A porn picture should be as interesting as a poem and should discharge as much energy into your brain as a poem does. I am looking forward to a pornographic magazine that will combine politics and pornography. I think that that's the sturdiest center from which to raise the green banner of smut. It would have to be on a political front.

EVO -What would your approach be to the "socially redeeming" bit?

ES -One way around is to put a fuck photo over a copy of the first amendment or caption a photo of a walrus fornicating with a girl, with something like, "This valiant fighter for woman's liberation is warding off the rapacious lust of western capitalism."

EVO -Do you find any of them humorous?

ES -I think SCREW is quite funny. It sounds like the conversations that took place in the Boy Scout camp that I used to go to. It all sounds like Scout tent beat off babble that's really very funny. KISS is funny by implication. The only trouble is, that like all other underground papers, they all have to take themselves seriously. It's the Pulitzer syndrome. You grow up and get further and further away from doubting yourself.

EVO -In the course of our conversation the word POLITICS keeps popping up. Where are you at when it comes to politics?

ES -I think that across the United States political groups that are involved in the struggle to liberate our society, both bodily and fiscally, are becoming aware that we all have to become disciplined, orderly smut cadets. You have to figure out where your defenses are; how to use them and how to move forward with greater force. I think that that's true for smut as it is for the Black Panther Party or the marijuana legalization

campaign or for the new politics of freedom. One thing might be to leap forward into the political fray. For instance on the lower east side of New York, we, the long haired grope hordes, could easily control our representatives in the City Council and in Congress. The current councilman should certainly be snuffed out of office. So should Congressman Farbstein, who is a jackoff. I don't think that he is going to run again because Surrogate

Samuel Di Falco is pressuring him (Farbstein) to step aside in favor of his son, Anthony di Falco. I think it is possible to get a long hair like Allen Ginsberg to go to Congress where he can deal with the problems on hand: Junkies' need for their heroin; the legalization of marijuana for the smut apes; the legalization of the use of spread shots in pornzines; the nationalization of the

american medical force; and the revamping of the monetary system and all the other things that need to be done. Who knows, maybe we on the lower east side can form the vanguard. We have the forces, and the framework is there, too. All we have to do is to be there and snuff the forces of HONK.

EVO -When you say "democratic framework," I take it that you believe in it.

ES -You don't have to believe in something to use it but I believe that democracy works as I found it in units like rock groups or peace walks. It works there - it can work anywhere. I think that democracy has to be more personalized and then we can use it. Then there is that big legal structure that says that you can run for office even though you may be a total maniac.

The Adam Clayton Powell Supreme Court Decision held that everyone can go to Congress, as long as you are over 25, appear to be a human, and hopefully are capable of thinking a thought.

EVO -I have detected a departure from the old stance of dropping out. Take Tim Leary's campaign for the governorship of California.

ES -I think Tim has changed.

EVO -I think we all have changed.

ES -As you get older and see the lame jerkoffs controlling the universe, you realize that Plato was right. If you let things slide along, creeps will run your life.

Creepy congressmen, creepy policemen and creepy judges. If only a few people who are dedicated, zealous and believe in all their hearts that they are right, they can do an incredible amount to straighten and reform the United States.

EVO -On what level would you be willing to get involved?

ES -I think that if Allen Ginsberg is not going to run for Congress, I may or somebody else on the scene may or

rather SHOULD. I don't know as yet if I will run but my motto would be, "If elected, I will smoke marijuana. If not elected, I will smoke marijuana."

EVO -How do you feel about the mayoral election?

ES -Now there is an example of the triumph of jackoffs. You are confronted with the choice of HONKHONK and HONK. It's an incredible decision one is confronted with, but one hopes that Lindsay will win.

Things have loosened up a bit since the very fascist regime of Robert Wagner which was a nightmare for artists, poets, and filmmakers.

EVO -When were you busted?

ES -I was busted in Lindsay's administration but at the same time I was able to do a lot of things with Lindsay. He met with the Fugs when we had a lot of trouble during the early flagburning era. When we had trouble we were able to meet with Lindsay. He is more accessible than others. He may be creepy in many ways, but he is still superior to Marchi and Proccocino.

EVO -Do you believe that the current persecution of the pornzines is primarily due to the upcoming elections?

ES -It's probably an important factor.

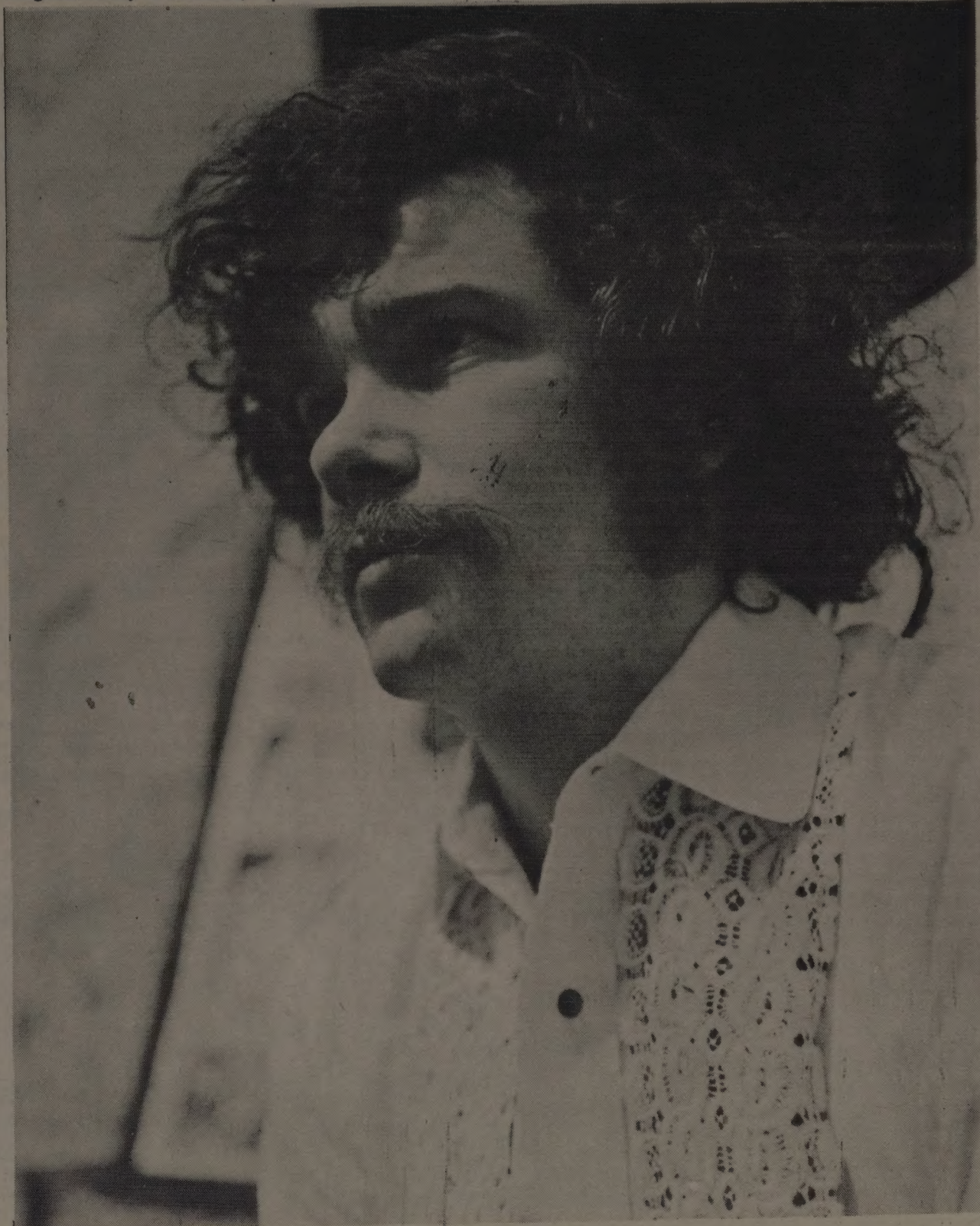
EVO -Where does Asst. D.A. Conroy fit in?

ES -Conroy bears a strong resemblance to Richard Kuh, who was the prosecutor mainly responsible for the snuffing of Lenny Bruce. Richard Kuh was this "intelligent" Assistant

District Attorney who lived in the West Village who proceeded to push case after case against Lenny Bruce, which I think eventually led to Lenny's death. Conroy is the same type: pushy, hung-up young creep who crusades against the spreadshot.

He evidently does not believe in people's right to look at a vagina. That's the issue. I don't think he believes that

(Continued on Page 14)



Ed Sanders

Well, I was born down south on a chicken farm

Near Nashville, Tennessee.

'Tweren't nobody there but a sky full of air,

And fourteen thousand chickens

And me.

Actually, Gilbert Shelton was raised up Deep in the Heart of Texas, the same rustic placid pastureland as spawned Janis Joplin, Ken Weaver, Jeff Shero, Bill Beckman and many other fabulous luminaries. The fertility of Deepest Texas has brought us any number of such culture heroes, contemporary American folklore is deeply indebted to the area. From Shelton alone we have Wonder Wart Hog, Oat Willie, Norbert the Nark, and the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, all three of them. They seemed to spring fully formed from the hip of Shelton, like Jesus, or out of his nose, like Gargantua.

And then one day, I said 'Hey hey hey,

I think I'll take a little LSD!'

I blew my mind....

I got real kind...

Long before acid got around though, Shelton was enlightening us comics fans with the inimitable adventures of Wonder Wart Hog. Conceive of a super-humanoid pig, eight feet tall, wearing blue and green trousers and cape, adorned with a nose resembling an erect camel's penis, and tusks protruding from a face straight out of your childhood nightmares: that's Wonder Wart Hog, the Avenging Angel of Muthalode City. Now, in real life, WWW functions as Philbert Desanex, deuce copy boy (one step down from an ace) for the Muthalode Morning Mungpie, where he is affectionately known as 'geek'. Unlike most costumed superheroes, Desanex generally encounters a lot of difficulty in changing alter egos - 'Pardon me,' he hastily explains to a pot-smoking San Francisco bank president - 'I have to go to the men's room to... to shoot up!' - but when he finally emerges as the Hog of Steel, that's where his real troubles begin. He invariably triumphs though, thanks to a combination of his own clumsiness and the evildoer's uncommon stupidity, and then his revenge is horrible to look upon - 'First we deftly remove the arms and legs,' he hums, 'and then we break the neck in a couple places.... Oh-oh... Say, you wouldn't have time to tell me where you hid the stolen money, would you?'

Yes, Wonder Wart Hog is about the oldest living Underground superhero. Shelton first published him in Harvey Kurtzman's **HELP!** Magazine, back around 1961, when Shelton was in college and Kurtzman had not yet fallen afoul of Hugh Hefner and Little Annie Fannie. Besides the rest of its fabulous insanity, **HELP!** debuted Shelton and Crumb in the forms of Wonder Wart Hog and Fritz the Cat, respectively. Unhappily, **HELP!** perished from the nonpayment about 1963, and Shelton was not heard from - aside from WWW sequences in certain College Humour Anthologies -- until 1965, when he briefly worked on **EVO** for a few issues.

AND THEN I SET MY CHICKENS FREE!

Wonder Wart



It was not until he got to San Francisco, though, that Shelton's comic genius erupted. A fellow named Donn Donaghue owned a plant there called Ripp-Off Press, wherefrom came rock posters that put the town on the map. When Shelton and Crumb and S. Clay Wilson -- who created of those posters -- showed Donaghue their cartoons, he began running off various issues of **Jive Comix**, **Jizz Comix**, **Snatch**, **Cunt**, **Feds N Heads**, and even **Radical America Komiks**. These last two were largely the creations of Shelton himself, and were thankfully spared when Rip Off Press burned to the ground a couple months ago.

The cast of characters invented by Shelton is probably the widest and most completely articulated collection of comic types invented by any underground cartoonist. The tension between Wonder Wart Hog and Philbert Desanex is as absurdly convincing as that between Spider-Man and Peter Parker, and both WWW and Desanex have beautifully rounded sardonic personalities of their own. Then there's Cat Willie, a skinny creep with ONE hair on his head who rides about in a two-wheeled oat cart, carrying around his absurd preoccupations, getting

squashed wherever he goes -- a more morbidly delineated **shlimazzel** than even Edgar Crump or Flakey Foont.

And there was chickens in the pasture,

Chickens in the barn,

Chickens in the Cauliflower,

Chickens in the corn...

But the comst COMPLETE set of characters in Shelton's repertoire -- and I think they're the most HUMAN characters in ANYBODY'S repertoire -- are the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, the most Down Home type family in the current Revolution. The Freak Brothers are three: Freewheelin' Frank, a real Wild Bill Hockock type, the phlegmatic, pragmatic, infinitely resourceful cat who in a quiet structuralist way sort of leads the trio; Phineas, bespectacled, hairy, skinny, the excitable rumormonger; and Fat Freddie for plain dumb slapstick. Together they live in what passes as a tenement on the Coast -- an unfurnished house -- and carry on the PROTOTYPICAL hippie existence.

Actually, I think the Freak Brothers constitute the most accurate representation of hippie life that's ever been done. Amusement? 'Ah, this is the

Hog's Father

about how he found a trail of leapers leading through the woods, and rapping on, and rapping on, and rapping on...

The very best Furry Freak Brothers stories are to be found in **Feds N Heads** and **Radical America Komiks**, both of which still may be gotten from the East Side bookstore, 35c and 50c respectively. As you might suspect from the title, **Radical America Komiks** is an official SDS trip -- they gave over one issue last winter to Shelton and his friends, and came out with one of the most effective pieces of inflammatory leftist propaganda ever committed to paper. Shelton dominates the magazine fore and aft: besides the Freak Brothers installment in the back, the lead story is a thoroughly hilarious Wonder Wart Hog trip, wherein he takes on the entire Red Chinese army for the sake of a puff of opium.

The Freak Brothers story is entitled "Those Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers Pull A Heist" and leads off with a splash panel of the three of them in masks, heading towards a bank -- as soon as they can get Fat Freddie past a candy store, which he wants to rob first. "I won't know what to DO" wails Phineas. "I've never BEEN in a bank before."

That's the splash panel, it has delightfully little to do with anything in the story. What happens, see, is that the Brothers have run out of money, prompting Frank to disburden himself of this gem of folk wisdom: "As we all know, DOPE will get you thru times of no MONEY better than money will get you thru times of no DOPE!" And so they took up on the water pipe, clanging and tweeting and hooping and FLASH -- pretty fine dope you have there, brother!

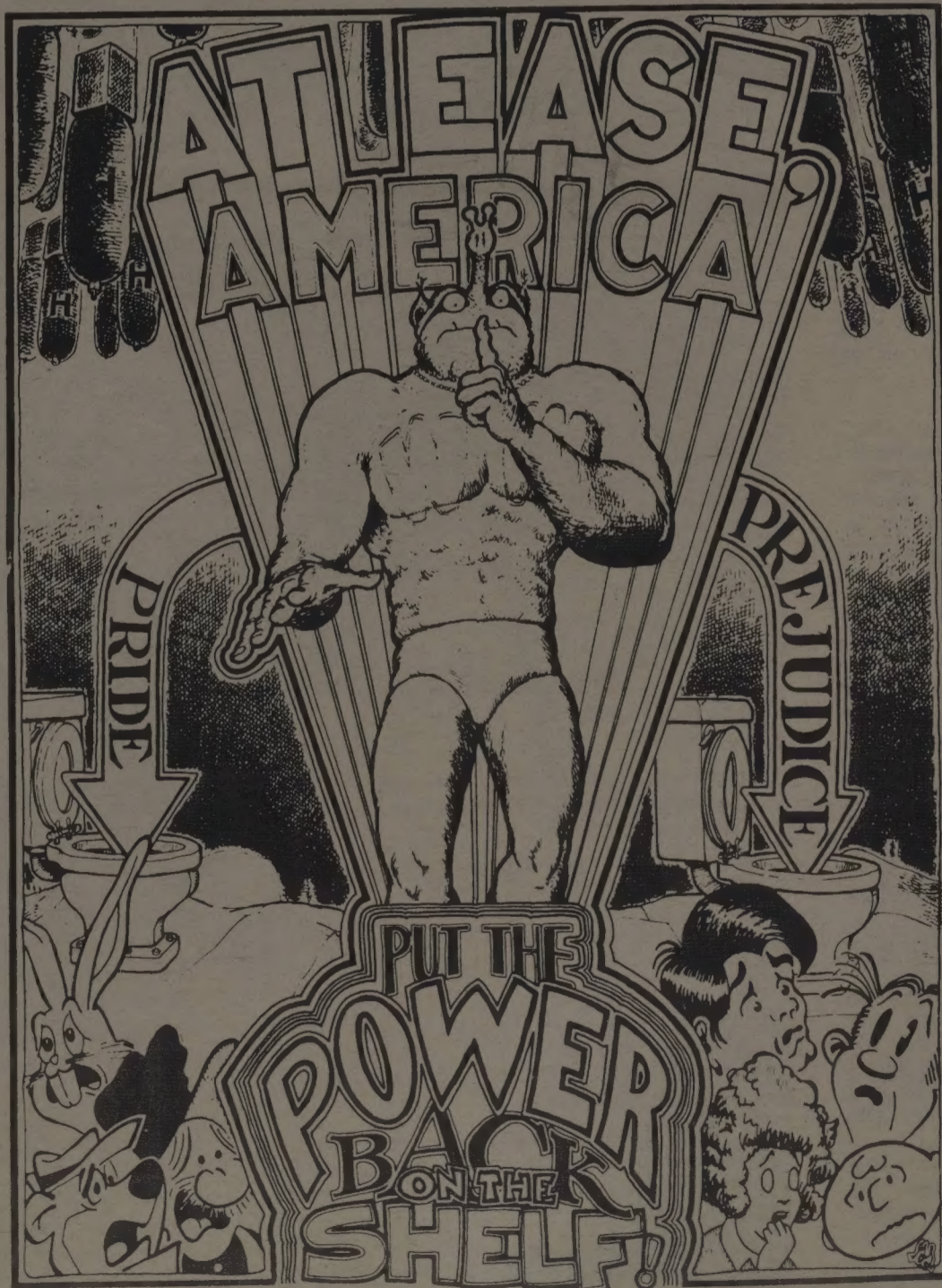
And off Fat Freddie goes to the refrigerator -- "Gee, I sure am HUNGRY all of a sudden, for some reason!" -- natural as water goes downhill. But lo, no food in the 'fridge! "EEEEEEYYAGH!" he screams. "I wanna teevee enchilada dinner and a sixpack of beer! I wanna sack of pork rinds! No wait! Make that a cheeseburger and a root beer float! I MUST have a CHOCOLATE BAR! And a bag of doughnuts! Get me a plate of spaghetti with garlic sauce! Give me something to EEEEEEEAT!" And after freaking out and flopping on the floor -- "Tweet! Freeble! Honk! Poot!" -- he seizes a meat cleaver and chases Phineas and Frank out of the house, grunting "Kill! Kill! Kill! Eat! Eat! Eat! Eat! Kill! KILL!"

Is that America radical enough for you? At this point, having gained a couple blocks on the food addict, Freewheelin' Frank puts his head to work. Borrowing Phineas' shirt and tucking his long hair up under his hat, he saunters into a grocery store and identifies himself to the certinous counterman: "Hi. I'm Groucho Marx, Jr. I imagine you've heard of Candid Camera on television?"

"Groucho Marx," stutters the counterman, laboriously making the connection. "Television? Sure."

Well, Frank explains, the Candid Camera people are allowing the poor guy a couple seconds to compose himself before they start FILMING.

(Continued on Page 13)



Saturday night, the Apollo flying through the black cold dust toward the moon, Jessie Suncloud of Mouse Tribe standing in the Sheep Meadow where the refreshment tent will be in twelve hours, watching the CBS van setting up the equipment. Kenn Penn's party behind the museum is almost over but the acid wisps still fill the mind, and the media men seem like R. Crumb's creations, big-footing the equipment to the center of the grassy field, setting up the big screens.

"Eldridge Cleaver called the whole moon shot thing a big circus." I said.

"We can just hope," Jesse Suncloud says, dancing to some private tune of his own.

Sunday evening the Apollo whirls around the moon in total silence while the Eagle has landed firmly, displacing just inches of Lunar dust, and adding its exhaust as 5 percent of the moon's atmosphere. Central Park is overcast by cloud and smog. Three large screens, each bearing the imprint of one of the networks, make a triangle in the center of the field, so that if you don't want to watch Walter Cronkite you can watch Frank McGee, just like at home.

Almost all young people, less than at any be-in. The vans have all set up the channels and are showing color simulations of space-divers stumbling around in the clumsy suits and the science fiction writers these so well years ago. Raining lightly at first, and much of the crowd has come prepared with umbrellas and raincoats. Then more heavily, thudding down, and I'm under an umbrella with seven other people, a radio tuned to the Met's game, not 50 feet from the screen. No one watches.

"Let's go over to my cousin's house after all this ends,"

about the screens. The police, brought out to intimidate much larger crowds, seemed relaxed in their black slickers, happy to be here rather than somewhere else. They were almost the only people to read the S.D.S. pamphlet citing the costs of the space flights.

24 billion? 33 billion? 51 billion? 8 apples? We can't compute such figures? Look around the field. 5,000 lives? What has it cost to go to the moon, to be waiting for two men to walk onto the rubble? 50,000 lives? Has it cost that? Can we compute starvation and disease, pollution and pestilence, five dead spacemen? Dead monkeys? Mice? Insects? Can we compute?

The computer almost drove the Eagle into a crater. Neil Armstrong guided the ship manually to a safe landing with only 30 seconds of descent fuel left. His blood pressure soared, his heart beat went from 75 to 156 beats per minute.

Nobody in the Sheep Meadow seemed EXCITED. I mean, some people were stoned and getting stoned, and some folks were doing a little partying, and the hoards were standing in front of the T.V. screens, as if Big Brother himself would appear any second with the commercial, but nobody was EXCITED.

Simulation. Simulation. We didn't watch simulations, because we wanted the real thing, but there was growing a sense that when the real thing did occur, that too would not be the real thing, that for the crowds littering the fields with Coney Island refuse, there would be no real thing, not any more.

the bulk. You can see pictures of them at Times Square on New Year's Eve, blowing dull horns and waiting for a neon ball to give them a one second turn on before they head for the subway, leaving the litter behind them like bandages of the dead. You can see them in pictures of VE day and V-J day, a generation ago, applauding not the peace but the victory, giving war a big hand. The losers didn't applaud even though everybody got peace as a consolation prize.

These are the living dead and it takes all the might of all the authority figures in all the media to bring emotion home to them. For the living, for the feeling, that amount of television is overkill. Every day the society practices overkill on the ears, the skin, the senses. For the moon-shot they killed our sense of wonder.

That's the real crime. Yes, we know about the hypocrisy. It was not mankind's achievement, it was the American flag, Nixon's puss. The space program is the public relations arm of the military. Yes, it was a circus to distract us from the poverty and the meanness of so many lives here on earth.

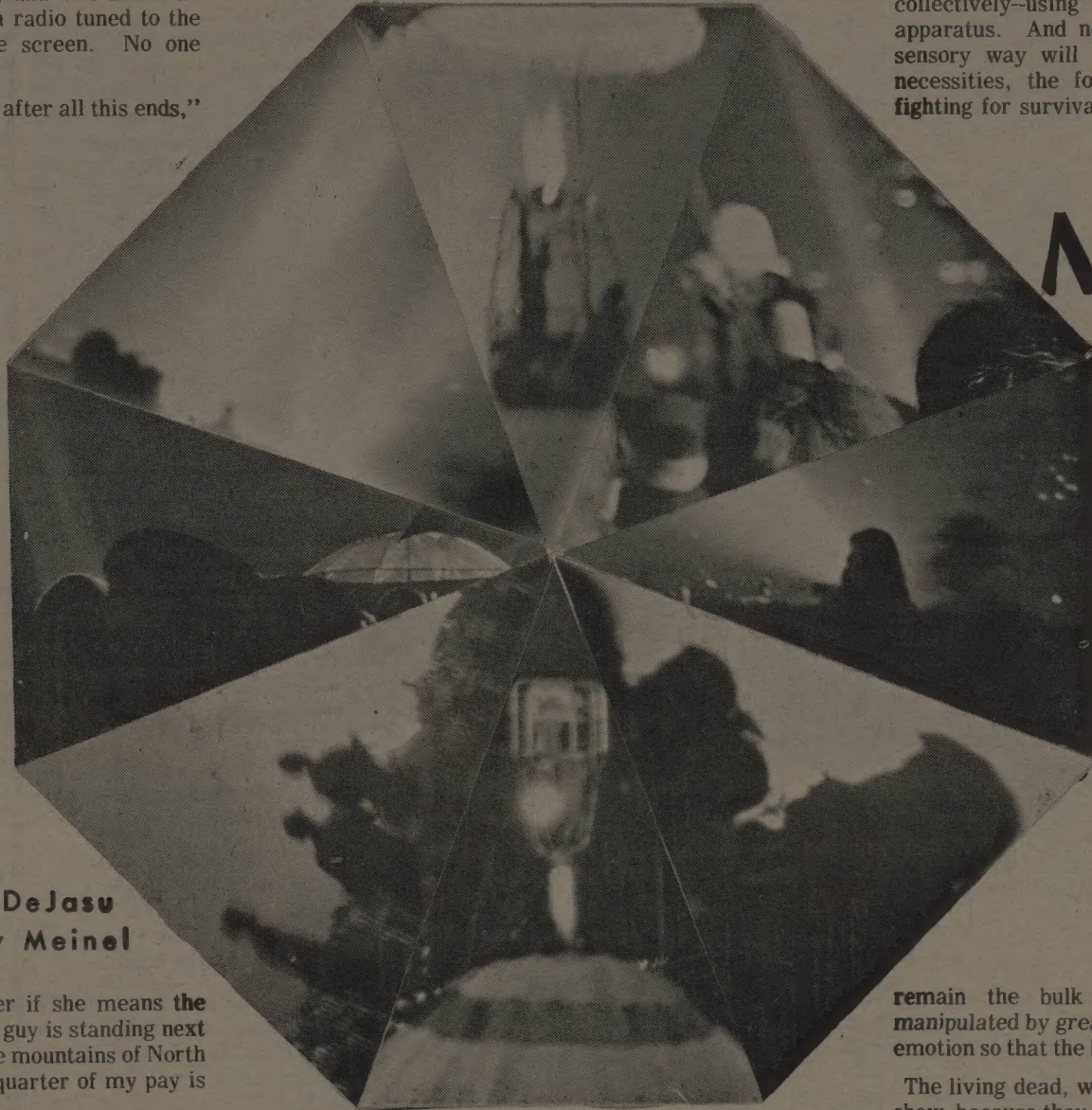
But do you think that if we eliminated the space program today that any of that money would get to the starving, the poor, the wretched of this earth? Can you compute?

And should you compute?

We're going to work our way out of the moral crater we've dug by only one means--individually and collectively--using our senses, our entire feeling apparatus. And not until enough of us are free in a sensory way will we be able to pass on even those necessities, the food, the shelter, to those who are fighting for survival, because as long as the living dead

Sheep Meadow Loon-in

by
Nat
Goldhaber



Photos by Barry DeJas
Collage by Gary Meinel

one girls says, and no one asks her if she means the landing or the rain. A lanky, blonde guy is standing next to me. Gary Hill, originally from the mountains of North Carolina. "I came to see where a quarter of my pay is gonna go," he says.

We make it through the rain to the large orange tent facing the ABC screen. Inside the tent are clusters of people separated by large bodies of water, like a map of the earth. On a counter a tray of white, powdery donuts looks like the craters of the moon, each with a little American flag on a toothpick stuck into it.

The largest cluster of people is around David Peel, who is singing "I don't want to be an astronaut," and getting folks to move to it, even in the slush and the gloom. "You trip in your capsule," he shouts. "We'll trip in ours."

"If the cops try to take my capsule away," he added, "I'll swallow it," and he held up a t.v. tube. The space trip, the acid trip, the media trip, all together on the meadow. The three rings needed for the circus, or so some thought. But the parks department wasn't through. The rain let up and we walked out of the tent and away off at one end of the meadow were two more screens, showing old films, and next to that, six black lights sticking out of the ground like lollipops, and a troupe in white with day glo faces who called themselves the moon people when they gathered each other together to climb under a parachute and undulate while the jokers stood around and made jokes about mooning.

Since we were so close to the trees we continued on and smoked some kif out of an improvised tin foil pipe. Later the astronauts would use tin foil to gather solar energy on the moon's surface.

And now the crowds entered the meadow and condensed

"I came here because my friend came here but now I can't find him."

"I came here because I thought there was going to be a lot of people here."

"I came here to watch a great moment for the human race."

"I came to score."

"I came here because they said on television...because man is shooting for the heavens...to pick up a chick...to see the moon, whadya think..."

And then the astronauts came down and we all said how clear the fuzzy picture was, and a lot of people left, and the rest drifted off to watch the guys go up a few feet in the helium filled balloon, and some went off to watch the old space serials on the smaller screens, and a few kept vigil.

When Nixon's face came on the screen, almost everybody booed. He sounded like he was making an obligatory phone call to a rich aunt who had just recovered from an operation.

But by the time he had finished his two minutes of banality no one had to stamina to boo again. Because who can compute the amount of shit we've had to eat in these Nixon months?

There are two groups of people in this country. The ones who feel and the living dead. The living dead make up

remain the bulk of the population they will be manipulated by great circuses to yield a small amount of emotion so that the brainwashing will have its effect.

The living dead, weirder than any science fiction moon show, because they are among us, so much among us that most of us love someone who is too dead to love us back except in the programmed way in which they've been taught.

You see the moon trip, the real trip, was to have been there with the astronaut, yes in imagination, so that we can be with the rest of our race in imagination. But a potentially great event was turned into a non-event. So much activity on the screens, so much passivity in the people. And in full color the sons of bitches kept talking.

By late in the morning the Sheep Meadow was almost back to normal and a night tripper would have no trouble grooving on the futuristic-prehistoric scene as hordes of freaks roamed the grass like nomadic tribes against a background of T.V. screens as big as billboards.

I asked a chick sitting up in a sleeping bag if she intended to sleep in the park overnight.

"No, man," she said, "I've been sleeping all day. I just woke up. Did the cats land?"

"Yes," and I was about to add that she didn't miss anything, when her face lit up and she said, "I can just see it right now. Space suits, bouncing around, rocks, everything. Groovy!"

Maybe I'm just a down cat, maybe it was just the frustration of the entire night but I thought she was lying, that she had been awake, until I looked at her face. Wow, we still have a chance!

emanations

by Elfrida Rivers

/In this column, questions will be answered relative to occultism, magic, witchcraft, spiritualism, astrology, or any related subject which might arouse curiosity in our readers. Questions which, for reasons of length or general interest, cannot be answered in this column, will receive a personal answer if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed; and please be patient, as my correspondence is enormous and sometimes backlogs for weeks. Sooner or later, I'll answer every civil question which has been sent me. Questions on the order of "Why don't you drop dead?" will be referred to the proper authority - my Guardian Angel (who must pick them out of my wastebasket). Please direct all questions to Elfrida Rivers, c-o the East Village Other.

/Q. I am trying to make contact with a group of people called Yezidis. They originated in the Middle East and are similar to the Sufis. They call themselves, or are called, the Order of the Peacock Angel. There is a description of them in the book HISTORY OF SECRET SOCIETIES by Arkon Daraul...there are supposed to be three lodges of them in the U.S.A. Do you know any of them, and can you tell me where I could contact them? E.H

/Dear E.H.: Sorry, this is a completely new one on me. I have the Daraul book you mention, but having read it, you know as much as I do. I can only suggest that you write to the author of the book (in care of his publisher) and ask for further information. If anyone among my readership knows more, and will tell me briefly what it's all about, I will gladly print the information.

/I am, however, mildly curious about why anyone would wish to join an obscure cult about which they know so little, and what they think they could contribute. I once read a book by a famous debunker, who said that the main reason why people flock to occult groups is because (I am paraphrasing; the book and the exact words have long faded into limbo) they are usually scruffy and naive little people, who have never done anything exciting and interesting in their ordinary lives and like the ideas of being part of something Big, Important, and Strange, knowing a lot of secrets that the commonplace person doesn't know, and so forth and so on.

/I didn't believe it then. I believed that seekers after occult wisdom were usually brilliant strong souls who had exhausted the possibilities in their ordinary education and surroundings, and wanted to go on to higher ground.

/Then I began to dip into the occult world myself.

/I saw women who gathered around ouija boards, and planchettes almost every night, writing down great notebooks full of minute details about the construction of Temples in Atlantis, and the geography of the Third Astral Plane,

Summerland, the Blessed Realms and probably the third chorp dimension...yet none of these women could tell you who Frank Lloyd Wright was, the population of Harlem, or how much was being spent per child in the hot lunch program in their city.

/I heard women talking about how they were being guided by the spirit of Bach or Brahms to compose great music. I heard one of these women play once, and she might better have beseeched the ghost of Czerny to teach her how to play five-finger exercises.

/And I can't even count the number of people who have come to me to ask how they can recover their memories of past incarnations - when their lives here in this plane, right now, were in the most unbelievable mess.

/I can't really blame these women (and they're not all women) for wanting to escape



"MAKING GAME OF THE HUNTER."

the gross realities of this Earth plane, any more than I really "Blame" the government for wanting to get into the Space Race and throw away billions of dollars which could probably be better spent in solving the immediate problems of THIS planet. But I think there's a time and a place for everything; and if anyone who can't spell "familiar" writes to me and asks how she can become a witch, I'm likely to tell her that she should acquire an education first, otherwise she won't be any more effective as a witch than she is as a letter-writer.

/And I didn't mean to use your question, Mr. E.H., as a jumping-off place for letting off steam. It's simply that this is one of the most common questions I receive - how can I join this, or that, occult group. Whenever I know, I'll gladly tell - but I reserve the right to ask why, And do you know? Some of the people I ask "Why," don't seem to know!

/Q. Is there a clairvoyant of the stature of reliability of Edgar Cayce, in your opinion? I would like to obtain a Life reading, particularly as regards a marriage and a two year cohabitation that both fell thru -- Karmic obligations, etc. I have the deepest respect for Edgar Cayce. S.K.

/Dear S.K.: I also have deep respect for Edgar Cayce; and you must realize that clairvoyants like Cayce are

usually born only once or twice in a century. As far as I know, no clairvoyant alive and practicing /at present comes ANYWHERE NEAR approaching his reliability and sanity.

/As for Life Readings, the term has recently become popular, probably because everyone wants to get into the Cayce act. Every month, FATE magazine carries a dozen or so advertisements for Life Readings -- clairvoyant, astrological and Tarot - for which they will charge you anything from \$3 (a bargain--you'd spend more than that in a carnival mitt-camp) to \$65 (I'd need a lot of proof before shelling out that kind of money!) You might consider selecting two or three of the most convincing, and send each of them a request; if any two check on important details, you could probably accept that much as evidential. The best way to choose a clairvoyant is probably to talk to her (for some reason

my full support and that I would withhold my column from the Barb if they went on strike. Anyone on the staff with pad and pencil and the inclination could have figured out that Max was making a lot of money from the Barb. The staff formed a union called the Red Mountain Tribe. Newly formed unions such as the Red Mountain Tribe quickly become, not the wage agents we know today as unions, but true tribes.

/Negotiations between Max and the Tribe changed from a group of employees insisting (justifiably, I think) upon more money to a tribe wishing to buy a newspaper. I informed Max and the Tribe that my connection with the Barb was that of a freelance contributor. I had no desire to participate in owning or managing the Barb. The Tribe says they were locked out by Max Scherr. Max says the Tribe became uninterested in talking about wages and working conditions.

off in three years, double their salaries and have profit-sharing benefits at the end of each year.

/But within a matter of weeks relations between Max and his staff passed from a group of people putting out a funky underground newspaper to a series of angry verbal confrontations between boss (owner) and employees (buyers.)

/When negotiations broke down, Max removed some expensive equipment from the Barb office and locked the doors. I drove by the Barb the same day. Signs pasted to the window said "MAX--PIG" and "MAX--FILTHY CAPITILIST" (sic). A few days ago, Max told me, "I was wrong to allow policemen to be called 'pigs' in the Barb. Now I know what it really means." It means that calling a man a pig not only causes him to be more brutal but "pigifies" the caller as well.

/The Red Mountain Tribe decided to print a "strike" edition. Max would also produce a paper. What to do about my column? I thought then and still believe the Barb staff should receive more money. But now the game had changed. Here was a situation in which a group of people was dissatisfied with the terms by which they were to buy a business. So I withhold my column from both the Barb and the Tribe's newspaper.

/Franklin Roosevelt was hated by the Communists of the 1930's because he took steps to save the country from internal destruction. Perhaps Max Scherr has pointed the way to saving the Nation in 1969. How?

/In the tradition of Andrew Carnegie and Horatio Alger, Max became prosperous by selling newspapers on street corners. He has taught thousands of vendors the workings of capitalism, selling them newspapers for 7½ cents each which they in turn sold for 15 cents or more. Max also taught the Red Mountain Tribe that unions were necessary to protect the workers from exploitation by employers, whether intentional or caused by a money hang-up.

/Both the Tribe and Max learned that an Establishment is not without value. When the Red Mountain Tribe threatened to appropriate the Barb's name for their own, Max obtained a court injunction against them. In turn, the Tribe has vowed to carry their grievances to the National Labor Relations Board. When he learned of this, Max said, "You see, they're going to the Man!"

/Both Max and the Tribe have learned that exploitation and reprehensible tactics are the same whether used by "us" or "them." Because there really are no "us's" or "them's". We are all one.

/Max Scherr will probably leave the Barb soon. I don't know what he'll be into next and I don't think he does either. But it won't be ordinary because Max is not an ordinary man.

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

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

they seem nowadays to be women) other clients. Or you might write to the Cayce Foundation in Virginia Beach, Virginia (I think it's called the Association for Research and Enlightenment) and ask if they can recommend anyone who is presently in practice. But don't expect the results you would have had with Cayce. He wasn't infallible, but he came closer than most. Clairvoyants are like pianists, some good, some barely competent, some superb. Or maybe I should say they are like skin-divers; some can see only a little way, through muddy waters, and others can dive very deep, see very clearly into the unseen, and are gifted with the ability to make it understandable to others. Which is why, at one end of the spectrum, you have an Edgar Cayce or an Eileen Garret, and at the other end, a Madame Rose in the local amusement park.

HIP-POCRATES

Eugene Schoenfeld MD

/NOTE: For the last few weeks HIP POCRATES has not appeared in either the Tribe (published by former Berkeley Barb employees) or Max Scherr's Barb. When the Barb staff informed me they planned to negotiate for higher wages and improved working conditions, I told them they had

/The \$150,000 Max is said to have asked from the Tribe was thought to be a bargain by them - except for other conditions they regarded as impossible.

/Max's Barb hasn't carried my column because I supported the strikers. The Tribe's paper hasn't carried my column because it's not the Barb.

/Wit, style and accuracy are combined in the July 18th Time story about Max Scherr and the Berkeley Barb.

/He owned the Steppenwolf in Berkeley for seven years but, so the story goes, the toilet in the men's room broke down one day in 1965, and rather than lay out the money to fix it, Max simply sold the place and started an underground newspaper, the Berkeley Barb."

/Max's present difficulties arose from the same syndrome. As a filmmaker and critic Lenny Lipton said,

/This is probably the first time in history that a boss tried to sell a business to his employees in preference to raising their salaries."

/Every few years Max makes a big change in his life. He wanted to sell the Barb and some potential buyers were interested.

But the best time to sell a business isn't when the staff is talking strike. When Billy Hitchcock backed off from buying the Barb, Max offered to sell the paper to his staff. No money down. They could pay it

T h i l m

by Lita
Eliscu

Q: What is a dits??

Lothar and the Hand People IS, not are, and as such, there is very little notice taken during the interview as to who exactly is talking. For the record, then: John Emelin, Kim King, Tome Flye, Rusty Ford, Paul Conly, and Lothar, the Theremin.

"A Moog Synthesizer works on the principle of an oscilloscope—do you know what it is...? It's a machine which makes sound visible. Sound can come in one single wave or in blocks, so when you play the Moog, you play around, creating different sound blocks, until you have combinations you like, and then you can work up or down, from one single sound right through to white noise: everything in combination!! At once."

The first member of Lothar and the Hand People had come by, and my first thought was: Moog waves.

"The Theremin is a fantastic machine, too, it operates by using the electric waves in your hands as you pass them over the antennae—yeah, that's where "hand people" comes from..."

Is the Moog like playing an instrument, a guitar say, and learning more complex chords?

"No, it's like light, like a rainbow, yeah, because each sound wave has its own light." Lumia Suite. The rainbow. The moon. The astronauts.

Two minutes with Lothar and you start admiring their minds; five minutes and you have to respond in kind, allowing ideas to spin off and around in sheer joy for the exercise.

"Machines and people, that's this whole country. We had a song on our first album, 'Sex and Violence'—that was the whole lyric, just sung over and over again, drummed in. Because that's about it, isn't it? That's all there is to say about it, that it's so definitely there. We didn't want to keep on saying just that though; that's what a lot of groups seem to have done. We aren't trying to do whatever is popular...I think it's fair to say we have been in at the start of an awful lot of movements, hmm yeah. We started out as a blues group in early 1965, real dirty urban blues, then we got into Indian music, but we never really learned to play it well enough—one kid did: he's on the West Coast, studied with Ali Akbar Khan, is now one of the world's great tabla players—"

"--undiscovered greatest--"

"Yeah—he got so far off the path of being discovered, he plays only for a few friends, no one has ever heard of him..."

It seems such a pity that there has to be all the ugly part always for making music; that he can't just use a recording studio to reach more than his few friends, some how to make the circle larger...

"We aren't trying to turn everyone on—anyway, as far as the Indian sound, I think the Byrds are the only ones to do well by it."

Do you mean The Byrd—Roger McGuinn—or the Byrds as they were—

"I always felt McGuinn was the force behind the Byrds, but I mean the Byrds, THE Byrds, as they were now and as they are then, that sound is always great, there is just: the Byrds...Anyhow, then we got involved with psychedelics, and I guess we were lucky we didn't make it with that because there just isn't too much going on with the psy-che-del-ic bands that are still around...then we put a stamp in the mail and got back our Moog synthesizer: not bad for one stamp..."

What are you trying to do with your music (the heavy question, right?)

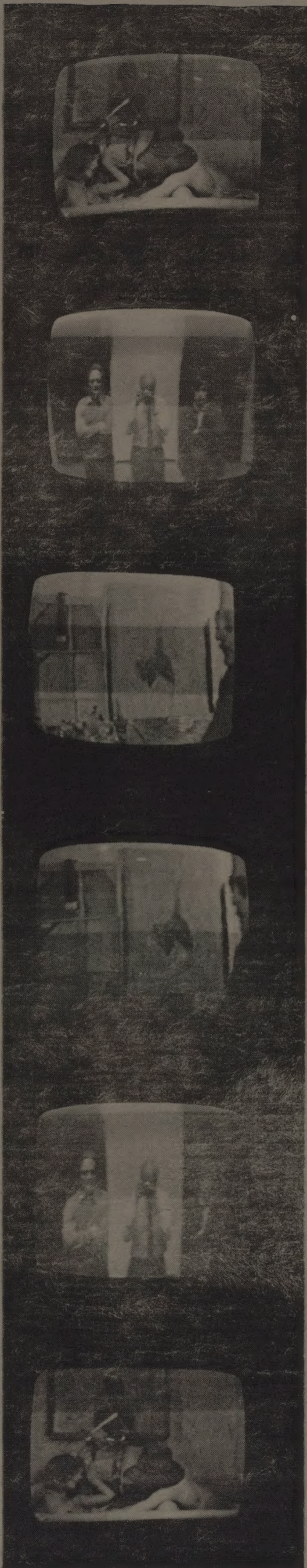
"Well, I said we AREN'T trying to turn people on, not in the sense of being a sexual substitute. There is this whole "want me want me" syndrome in music today; the whole arrogance bit. That's why there are male groupies too, they admire this stud performer up there saying, yeah you want me, big arrogant me..."

"Yeah, you want it, get the Jim Morrison 8-week course..."

"Anyway that's what a lot of groups are selling because this whole country is into sex, everything has to be sex...how else could it be, in a culture where you grow up with those ads which make you know you have to be sexy or else."

"Sex is really human relationships anyway, at bottom, and—that's one thing about the Byrds you notice, almost none of their songs are about sex straight, but human relationships, and that's what we want, too...So we make statements that seem worthwhile to us, and then go on to something new. We seem to stay—and I think I can say this without seeming too immodest—we stay three steps

(Continued on Page 12)



"WIPE CYCLE" by Frank Gillette and Ira Schneider. (Courtesy of The Howard Wise Gallery)

F i l m

by Jud Yalkut

film. Somehow the media are different.

JUD: The immediacy of the television medium.

FRANK: Well, half-inch videotape was a technological compromise in a way. It compromised image definition for portability. You can make a portable videotape reasonable if you put the information on half-inch tape. It's the other side of the equation being equalled out. In terms of the television definition of resolution, 230 lines is a high-resolution picture. It's only a low resolution picture when it's compared with, say, 560 lines.

IRA: When we talk of 560 lines, which is standard broadcast television, we're talking about 560 at the point of transmission. By the time it's received by a set it's down to 320 lines. So there's not too much actual difference between that the the, say, 220 line capability of a portable system.

FRANK: The potential of cable television (CATV) is that with adaption you can send any signal over the line—the cable line—without having to go to the two inch quadriplex tape which is not portable. You can essentially produce a cable TV station with facilities built around portable equipment. You eliminate the interface problem by transmitting through cable as opposed to throwing it out into the air. The FCC requires 560 lines when throwing signals into the air because of the chances of break-up, interference, and all kinds of electronic pollution.

IRA: It's a difference in rationale because with cable you're getting no loss. When you're passing a signal from a video amplifier through cable you're getting, basically what your output is at the reception site.

FRANK: The only existing problem with cables is that they have to be insulated because signals can transfer and pollute each other.

JUD: Like crosstalk on magnetic tape.

FRANK: Exactly. So with some minor adaptations, the essential attribute of videotape when it connects with CATV is that it uses already existing systems. Now, television is usually understood in terms of a receiver. Our idea is to render that void. Television is something you feedback with as much as you receive with—which is a symbiosis—which works both ways. That's the vast potential of cable TV hooking up with portable equipment. You can have everybody running around with portable TVs like people running around now with Bolex cameras, and by eliminating the interface with that and transmitting using cable.

IRA: Perhaps we should quickly run through these different television notions: CATV, CCTV (Closed Circuit TV), and UHF. The notion of closed circuit TV is akin to cable TV in that closed circuit, if we're talking about videotape or storage of information and playback, plays back from the recorder into a wire that runs

(Continued on Page 15)

Ira Schneider is, or was, a filmmaker who previously had studied art history and research psychology, and had begun making films in 1963. In the winter of 1968-69, he joined forces with Frank Gillette, a former painter who since 1965 had experimented with communications and videotape programming. As a case study of why a number of filmmakers and other artists have migrated into the realm of television and videotape, the following rap with Ira and Frank, part one a developmental conversation to be continued, may prove extremely useful in understanding this shift in perspective, as well as why a film column like this should range the entire broadening spectrum of media and intermedia.

FRANK: ...Film people come to videotape as an extension of film; it's a relief for them. They see videotape in a large part as a means of making film easy, whereas tape is an entirely different realm, having many more bogus similarities to film than genuine ones.

IRA: Of course you're saying that as a painter. (LAUGHTER.)

JUD: How do painters and filmmakers get into videotape—how did you both get into it?

FRANK: I got into it when Fordham University—Marshall McLuhan's Media Center, or whatever it was called—laid some equipment on me a year ago last June. Basically the unit was two studio cameras, two portable cameras, two playback decks, and two monitors, and about \$300 worth of tape—that, plus some minimal editing equipment, various microphones, cords and addendum things. I had this equipment for three months in which to do whatever I wanted. It was like using the artist-in-residence concept in reverse—in other words, you take the residence out to the artist and give it to him to work with. So I had four TV units for three months and I produced a few programs with it. That was my introduction to tape.

IRA: I got into videotape when I found that the type of filming I wanted to do required particular ease and little stress on production—whereas in filming, it was always difficult to get sync sound without the use of a crew. What I wanted to do was environmental

and very loose, and I found it much easier to work with videotape equipment than with film equipment because basically you got everything down, AND with sync sound, and you could do whatever you wanted to it afterwards. I've always had difficulty in working with low budgets, using film equipment and having to depend upon people to help me. Videotape cuts down the size of the crew and provides sync sound from the word "go." Another advantage to videotape is that it fosters a life quality which I didn't always get on

The Newport Folk Festival this year was weird...but weird not in an awful way like Godzilla or the Return of the Fly People, or even Mayor Daley but rather weird as strange, or unfamiliar. It was weird like crickets to someone born and raised in the city, like the smell of hay to a nose plugged up with soot, like history to a computer, like the past. Folk music, in 1969, is weird.

Partially, the exotic character of the festival is encouraged by the Newport Folk Festival Foundation, the group which sponsors and runs the festivals, through their policy of attempting to present not only what they call "urban star" type performers such as Bob Dylan, Theodore Bikel, Judy Collins, Joan Baez, etc. etc. from year to year, but many of what they call "grass-roots" or non-commercial artists. As a result the line-up this year included not only the well-known Buffy Ste. Marie, Johnny Cash, Muddy Waters, Joni Mitchell and Arlo Guthrie, but some lesser-knowns such as Spider John Koerner and Willie Murphy, Doug Kershaw, Jesse Fuller, Big Momma Thornton, and the Everly Brothers with "Grass Roots" Ike Everly. To be fair though, there WAS James Taylor, and Pete Seeger, and Ramblin' Jack Elliot, and John Hartford and the B.C. Harmonizers. And Son House, by far the most incredible creature to wander across that Newport stage, dead drunk. Son House, about a hundred years old and dead drunk, still plucking away at his guitar like it was part of his arm, and mebbe' not the only part feelin' reel good. But in the workshops, during the afternoon, scattered all over the festival grounds, were such people as Billie Monroe and his fiddle, Jean-Bosco Mwenda, Happy and Artie Traum, Peter Walker, the Cook City Singing Convention, and many others, as well as

many free-lance, independent plunkers, good enough to fool at least a few dudes into gathering around.

But really it was none of that alone which made the festival seem weird, at least to me (New York born and raised, jaded and blase' and stretched that I am) or to any of the people I spoke to, but rather something more remote, something nostalgic, something past, or gone, like a riverboat, or a speakeasy, or a corset, or snuff, something that you know about but don't know. It has to do with something like "The Spirit of Leadbelly" which was the actual theme of the final concert on Sunday night; with something like Leadbelly saying he was "terrible with womens-terrible rough;" or Bill Monroe saying, "The first music I heard was Uncle Pen and Uncle Birch," and, "There's a long ridge back home called Jerusalem Ridge, and I remember we had to cross that and go down a mile to where we come to this real old house called the Lizer Place, and this man, Clea Baze that played the fiddle, he lived there." And Jesse Fuller's instrument, the "Fotdella," and even Arlo Guthrie yelling out into the audience before his set, "You out there, ma?" There was a spirit of something almost unknown; a spirit of familiarity, a spirit of small towns, of friendship, even intimacy; a slowness, a lack of frenzy. ("What am I doing here," whispered Harold Black of David Peel and the Lower East Side one night, in the middle of a sashay, at the after-concert hoe-down or whatever.) It's easy to say that it took a long time to get accustomed to, but difficult to say if it was nice. One felt almost-like retiring at dusk, rising at dawn, to watch the sun come up, and milk the cows. Technology be damned, New York City, be gone, computers, what the hell, television, new-fangled contraption, where's the

"Old Cotton Fields Back Home?" And most everybody spoke with some kind of twiter, slang, or twang, except the newsfold, who were definitely, absolutely, for once, out of it, whatever it was:

Feller with guitar: "You a pitchur-taker?"

Girl with camera: "Yes."

Feller with guitar: "You like bein' uh pitchur-taker?"

Girl with camera: "Yes."

Feller with guitar: "I hate pitchur-takers and your pitchertakin' machine is touchin' my geetar so get outa here."

Back at the hoe-down, girl with frizzy brown hair, calf-length calico skirt, fat ankles and dirty feet is definitely the belle-of-the-ball, loop-de-looping with more handsome grandfathers and dowageresses than ah evah did see befo'.

But the weirdness came I feel now from even more than the country, bluegrass, blues, folk-legend kind of music, or from the freshness of the air and smell of the sea. I feel it came also from the fact that this was a FESTIVAL in this year when festivals seem to bode all kinds of unknown and perhaps not all pleasant types of surprises. After all, this has already been the year of tear gassings at the Newport, California festival, of riotings, and some destruction at the Newport Jazz Festival only two weeks earlier, of the huge, brontasaurus-monster festival Woodstock coming up, (town fathers everywhere within one-hundred miles out of their minds with fear, in fact, town fathers everywhere—for all they know—they might be next...) and the Wild West San Francisco Festival after that. All eyes were on this festival, with its battery of fully costumed and armed cops, semi-uniformed police, private, hired guards, young-

(Continued on Page 18)



olk

Newport Folk Festival



The Everly Brothers

Paul Oscher and Muddy Waters



op

by David Walley

The Circle Game

Oh America, land of abundance, land of waving fields of wheat, Mother, The American Way of Life, Vietnam (the newest national cliché), and lunarnauts! Oh America, maker of saran-wrapped vegetables with the right amount of dry rot to have them decay as soon as opened. Welcome to Package City where everything can be consumed, and everything becomes garbage in turn. Oh America, there is something new to turn into garbage and media pap-Revolution and rock. Welcome them to the deathcamps of the sensivity.

We seem to consume everything with equal relish—a Clapton riff, Johnny Winter, sweet smoke, Daddy's money, and revolution without differentiating in the slightest. Revolution has become a worn out cliché, along with "hippie" and "turned on." Just as in France where everyone considers themselves Republicans no matter how far right or left one is, so everyone in this country (at least those under 25) does the same but calls themselves "revolutionaries." "I am for the Revolution. I have long hair, wear freak beads, smoke lots of dope, fuck a lot, and hate the Pig. I love everyone..." The streets of the lowereastside reek of it. It's enough to make one take a job in BBD&O or some government agency. Who is anyone kidding? The Older Generation, surely not? The government, are they full of fear and trembling? Hell, they just send less troops in steadily increasing numbers. Maybe it's themselves.

There are many ways to consume the image. Wear a button, make the hair fashionably long, but not long enough to step out of accepted norms, or dig the MC5 when they kick out the jams, but for heaven's sake, not on the street, but in the comfort of one's own stoned nightmare reality trip. It

is all self-deception, but more than self-deception, it affects the movement of a whole generation. It is as vicarious a thrill as some of our more enlightened, though equally misguided, elders experienced in the privacy of their homes in the 30's when everyone, simply everyone, was a "parlour pink"...Look what happened to the generation of the Thirties.

But the Sixties are different. You may say, the youth have finally come into their own. Why, in 1970 half of this country will be 25 or under. Show me, says I. The problem is that everyone is hyped on revolution without knowing exactly what it entails. What came out of the Free Speech Movement in Berkeley in the early 60's and was re-emphasized at Columbia last year (the sadly THAT has attained mythic status in radical circles) has become as plastic as the packaged food bought in the local supermarket. Everyone talks about IT, but very few are prepared to sacrifice anything for 'the rev.' The latest craze since the SDS split in Chicago is PL, Progressive Labor; radicalism at its ideological best; pure social analysis without a program; 'power to the people' as its just goal under the leadership of 'the dictatorship of the proletariat.' There is, however, no real explanation of that magic phrase—nothing but the 'Rev' with all its complicated ramifications. Is that any way to run a Revolution? Bet your ass it's not.

PL is just tailored to the consumption-conscious radical (read media) revolutionary. It is all machinations and furtive gatherings, comraderie, but no constructive action. All power to the people is a wonderful slogan until one realizes that no one has ever been able to find out exactly who THEY are. And they include all those people in the great Midwest who have never seen

poverty, or black people, or garbage in the street. Those are the people as well as our urban brothers.

To proclaim oneself a revolutionary by visual association or group identification, mass auto-hype is neither sufficient nor advisable. Revolution and rock as well as blues are always linked together by the above-ground media (Columbia Records made a whole promotional campaign around those two magic words, rock and revolution.) Down here everyone consumes on all levels, consumes the Movement. One can listen to the Airplane, or the Chambers Brothers' rendition of 'Time,' or even the MC5 and then turn around and go home without having anything sink in, without being aroused. In this situation, one can experience passive fulfillment, or on another level, one can vicariously consume the 'scene' without being involved. The funny thing is that the 'hip' rocker puts down his squarer brother who sits transfixed at the tube watching a bubble-breasted wench sell the Dodge rebellion and then perhaps goes out and actually BUYS the damned car. Hell man, that's some sort of audience response, much better than listening to the MC5 in concert and then beating a fast retreat home in Daddy's car: And why do the Mothers ask so cynically in the song "Brain Police," "What would you do if we let you go home?" They know because all most people want from them is a scene, not a message.

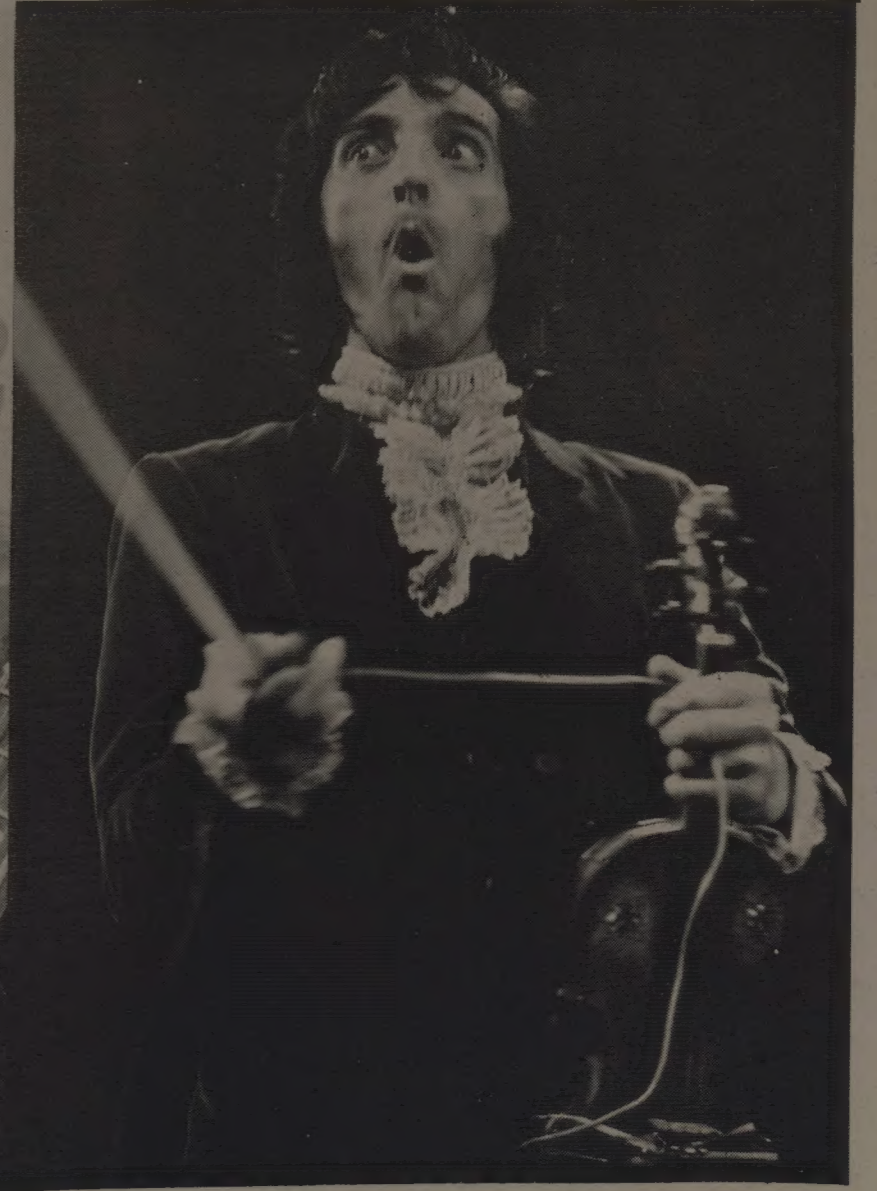
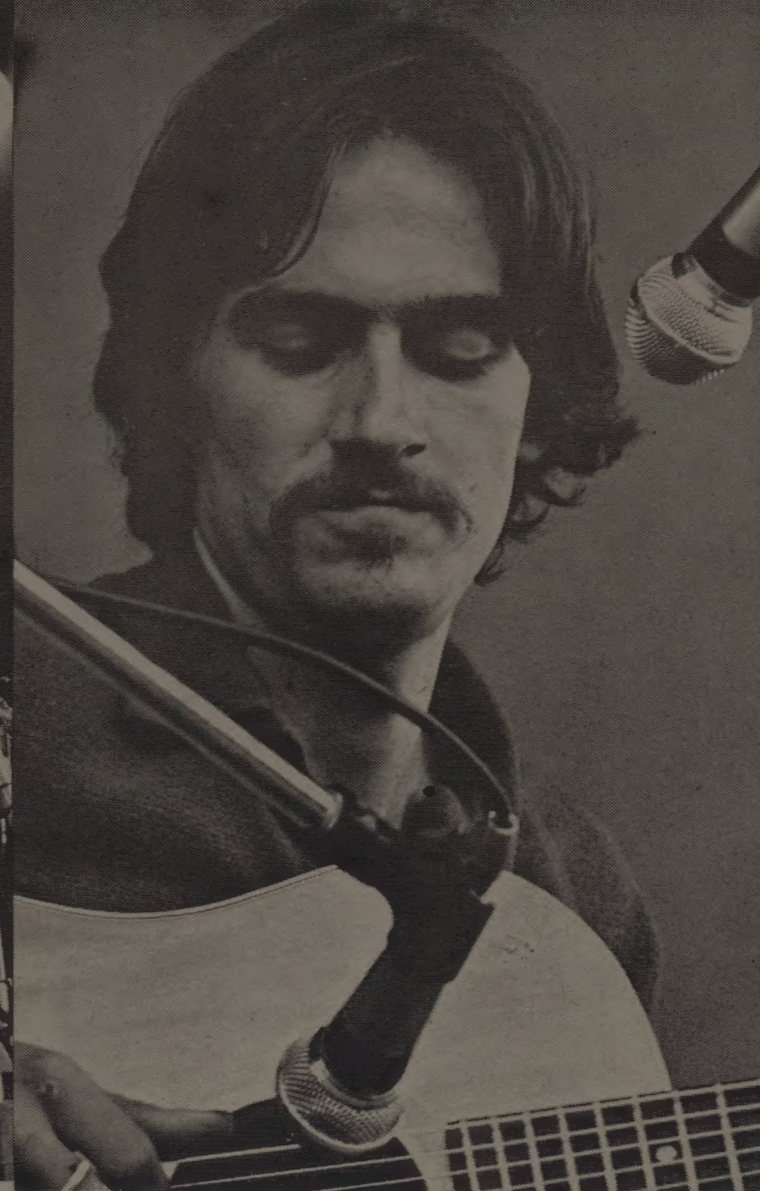
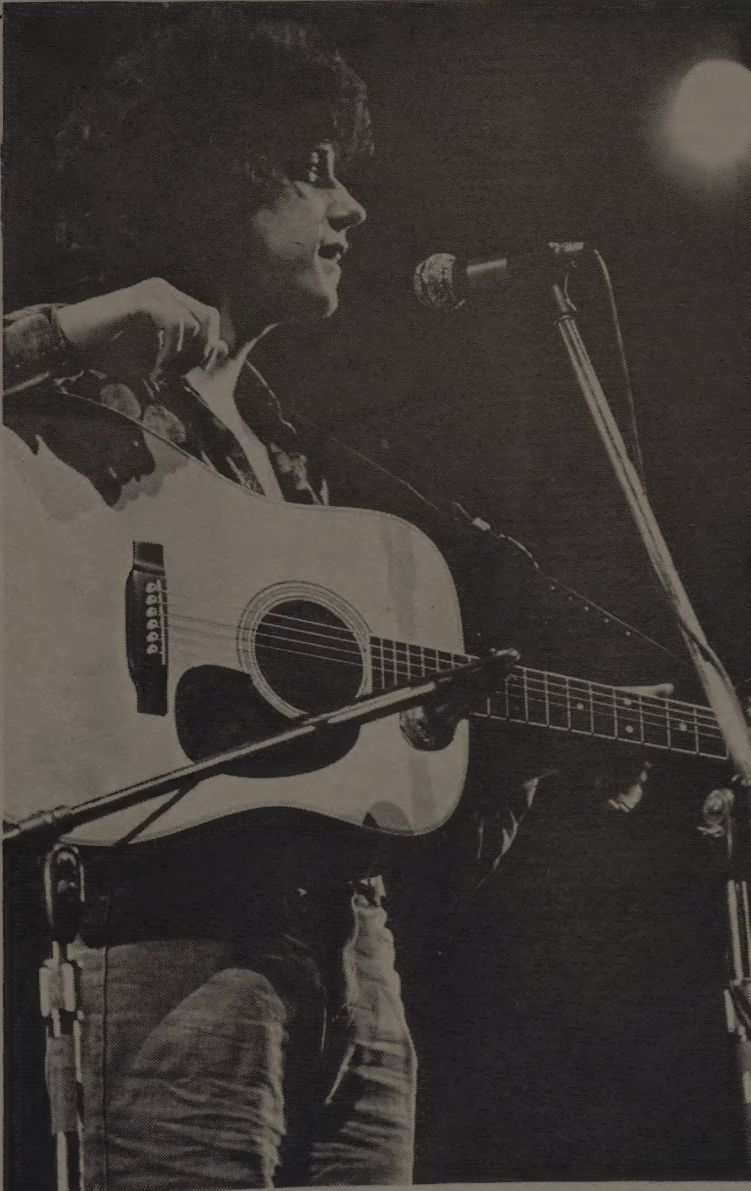
It's a relatively easy matter to consume revolution at home or in the safety of a college radical clubroom, but it is quite another thing to make it one's life. There are some groups who practice or at least attempt to practice what they preach. Trans Love Energies in Ann Arbor, Michigan is one such community. It is composed of bands (MC5, the (Continued on Page 19)

Arlo Guthrie

James Taylor

Pete Seeger

Doug Kershaw



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thilm

(Continued from Page 9)

ahead of what is popular. By the time taste has caught up to where we were, we're three steps ahead again..."

Well, HL Mencken said, "No one ever lost money underestimating the American public," and I guess it's still true...Still, the kids are growing up now..."

"Yeah, that's our hope, that the audience is growing up now and will be able to appreciate what we are into. We aren't as easy to get to know as some people—not personally, but talking about Lothar and the Hand People as a PERSON. I mean, The Beatles, first time we all heard them, we knew they were friends. Lothar isn't like that. It takes a while, but I like to think that once you and I - we - ARE friends, we are good friends. Our music takes listening to, yes. You can't just turn it on while you want to hum along—not that it's so complex or difficult—I don't think we play very complicated music—but because we just aren't screaming a message all the time."

What is "sideways sound"?

"Oh, our producer, Nick Venet—"

"One of the most brilliant producers in the business..."

"He told us to say that..."

"But as it happens, he really IS one of the most brilliant — really, anyway, he got this idea for taking the 2-inch tape we work with — it's on 16 tracks and that's how wide it is — taking the tape and cutting it into 2-inch pieces. He's got lots of patience, cut a whole bunch of 2-inch squares. Now, if you make a 180 degree turn with the tape, you get it playing backwards, right? But if you make a quarter turn - 90 degrees, you get the tape sideways, standing on end—that's sideways sound."

"Yeah, just think about doing it with 1/4-inch tape!"

"We aren't a very prolific group; we don't produce song after song the way some groups do, you know; sit down and say, well, guess I'll write a song about that, and it should be sad—"

/Like the Beatles?

"No, more like...you know The Woodie Guthrie Songbook? It's got thousands of songs, everything: Ah went to thee bathroom, and ah snatched off a piece of paper—"

"Well, we can't do that. We have a thing—every song, each note we actually record or tape, has to be better than the very best we have produced up until that time. And we all share in the songs—you notice that the album, in noting the composer of each song, credits ALL OF US ALL OF THE TIME, not individual names. That's because we can't get into this state where one of us has to worry about someone else getting credit for a song when he wanted to play drums and not write the lyric. When I listen to a Beatles song, I'm as turned on by George Harrison playing the guitar as by McCarthy's lyric...Tom did write a song once, called 'The Rape of Lucy Farnsworth' about a girl who lived in Guam who was raped by the marines and the first line was:

The Saga of Lothar and the Hand People:

"Ah, yes; we were going to the University of Denver, and Tom here had just pledged Beta -- In thee arrrms of Baaaytaah

"And Dick told him to get his guitar and 'come over to the Phi Kap house.' We thought it'd be cool to be a rock band, like the Stones. I (NB:John) didn't play any instrument so I was to be lead singer. Dick didn't really play guitar, but he owned one so he AS GUITARIST. We let our hair grow long -- early Denver freak scene. Tom was into that very pussy Brian Jones act, we were going to be the Rolling Stones. And we got this manager, Leon Carey, who heard us play and gave us the whole job, "We have contracts to sign, boys," and he got us our first job - a radio promotion show held in a Denver movie theater. And the place had a rising stage, and there we were, submerged, and as our eyes cleared the stage, we saw four mexicans and a popcorn vendor -- our whole audience..."

"Don't forget our fan club!"

"Yeah...as it turned out, Leon Carey WAS a great manager...Our next job was at a place called the Pink Pussycat Au Go Go, in Denver...and it had this enormous mirror covering the back wall. So we get out there on stage to play, and suddenly I realized the guitar is out of tune or something. Tom was looking at himself in the mirror, fascinated, sure he looked like Brian Jones -- I got so lost for a minute, I missed a few lines myself..."

Then we advertised for a pianist because ours split -- just got up one day in the middle of a set and walked out. And Paul Conly came along, told us he could play -- he couldn't - but that was OK. One day he went to the eye doctor and came back, he had found out why he had such pain in his eyes: he was sensitive to light. We tried to explain that meant he could barely see..."

"Yeah, his ears were sensitive to sound."

"So we were a whole group once more, went to New

York, which was a mistake. We took our choice San Francisco or New York and chose...New York, six months before anything broke in San Francisco. First place was Trude Heller's. During our first set, she sent a note up, "Don't talk, just play." Then we went to the Night Owl -- our really big mistake. We got the business from the owners, they got us into one of those unbelievable contracts, we had signed away our publishing rights, recording rights, performances, etc. You know: would we want a group playing here who wasn't happy? If it doesn't work out, we'll just tear up the contract." It took us six months to get out of it, and about two years to really clear ourselves."

...time out while we discussed nutrition and Leon Carey, Mgr...

"We don't try to play the same kind of music on each track. We keep trying new things - that's one thing about not being really successful, you stay creative and you don't have to worry the way many groups do. They get locked into a sound that sold for them, and they become afraid to break loose. We have to specific sound..."

"We don't even have an atlantic sound."

"I said specific, not pacific."

"No, really?"

"OKOK, we don't have an atlantic or a specific sound...and we really give our all in doing an album, you'd be amazed how much energy goes into an album!! YEAH, IT'S LIKE AN ORGASM: you come, you put out all you've got -- and then there's nothing more for a while, you have to...smoke a cigarette."

"An album -- it's like being on stage doing a performance, and then having to wait three months for the applause."

"What do you think of the album?" (NB: SPACE HYMN, Capitol ST 247)

I like **Midnight Ranger**, **Wedding Night Song for Those in Love**, **Space Hymn** of course you don't like or dislike, you just get into it because of the mood or not...

"Hmmm. OK."

ADDENDA AND OTHER NONESUCH:

EASY RIDER: I did not dislike Easy Rider,

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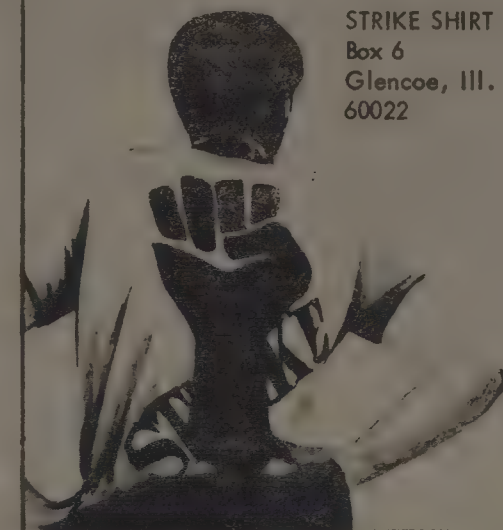
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whatsoever at all; coming from the jaded peripheral smoky outsider's bunch, it is simply that a film in which pot is smoked frequently without ill effects, a film in which a way of life we have all be touting, giving lip service to, and a few sticking their necks out to actually LIVE: such a film makes everyone happy. It proves that the life-style does exist — there it is on celluloid by God, Emma. It proves you can make a movie like this for a major company, Columbia. It catalogues a whole lot of ills in this country. East y Rider has some of the meatiest sequences I can remember being strung in the necklace which makes a film.

The everywhere - talked about acting of Jack Nicholson; the incredible silent-treatment opening shots of the dope going from dealer to buyer; the equally slent and strangely wrought beauty of the bumper acid trip (now that's interesting, yes indeed, a film brave enough and acutely perceptive enough to show a bumper trip and make it real); the overall structure, a sort of 1969 slick space-time american opera.

Phew: there, that's just desserts.

Blue Movie is now playing at the Andy Warhol Garrick Theater down there on Mc Dougal and Bleeker next to the Au Go Go...and a rose by any other name smells just as lewdly wicked and blue as the original title. In the East, they have 'bride books' for young newlywed couples to help them along those first nights. The Kama Sutra, or The Ananga Ranga in the far behind West, for certain tastes, we have The Blue Movie. Don't be put off by saying that it isn't what sex is all about; neither is the turkey trot. The Blue Movie holds a lot of answers if you already know the right questions.\$s

newsreal

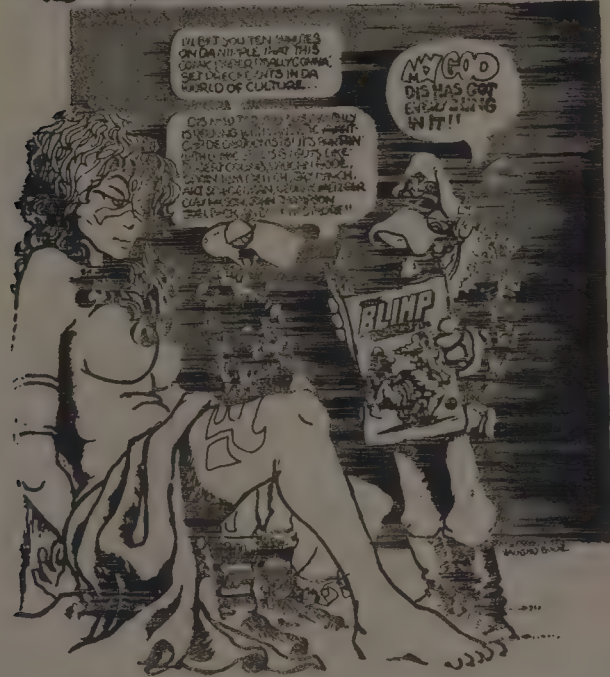
(Continued from Page 4)

As a first step towards reparation of the stolen land, and also towards economic stability for the Chicano, the farmers have formed an agricultural co-operative. Located in Tierra Amarilla, the co-op is a beautiful venture—a kind of New Mexican kibbutz. Over twenty families have contributed land and equipment, and are working the commune in true co-operative spirit. Food produced on the farm goes to feed hungry Chicano families. Everyone works equally and contributes what he can to the growth of the commune.

A small but courageous experiment, the Tierra Amarillo Co-operative is in desperate need of support. Funds are needed for seeds, tools, tractors, goats, and repair equipment. You can join actor Brock Peters, author Jose Yglesias, and Nathan Schwerner, father of the civil rights martyr, in sending a check to Northern New Mexico Support Committee, 900 Ninth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

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decomp

(Continued from Page 6)

right HERE! And as the counterman stands there paralysed in the glare of footlights, KREEGAH! bests in Fat Freddie through the glass doors with the cleaver held above his head.

The composition of this page is incredible. It's a 'dumb' sequence, no dialog, just Fat Freddie spinning around in a fit, slashing the tops off root beer bottles, canned peas, limeon drops, and scarfing them down

entire while the counterman hangs in the background spiked on stage fright. Finally Freddie sits back, declaims a vast Canterbury Text 'Burp!', and keels over in completion. And then... Now dig this ... In come Frank and Phineas together, and over his head Phineas is wearing a paper bag!!! Providing you have a head left on you by this time, you will laugh your head off here.

Fat Freddie's body is stretched out, and on it is piled a month's worth of groceries, all in silence, and off go the three Fabulous

Furry Freak Brothers down the street. There is one more page, taken up with four carefully drawn panels of the counterman's face, frozen, jaw dropping into his belly while the Freaks disappear off into the crosshatching. Finally though — without moving a muscle, mind you — the counterman asks plaintively "Hey Mistah MAHX!? Are ya through FILMIN' yet?!!!"

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sanders

(Continued from Page 5)

an adult New Yorker has the right to look at a picture of a spread out, open vagina, wet with willingness. I think he also does not believe in the right of adult New Yorkers to witness pictures of erect membra virila - which is Latin for a hardon, entering the aforementioned nooky castle - or vagina. Whenever you fuck your wife or girlfriend, you have in front of your retinal screen little photographs of fucking flashing into your brain. You see these pictures of fornication all the time and you are still able to walk around and not be turned into a raving maniac. Conroy flunks the humanity test. because he has no rationale other than his hangups and his ethical malaise.

EVO -O.K. Here is flunked, hungup Conroy. What do we do about him? Where did it originate?

ES -I don't think that Lindsay is the one to blame. If he is the one that started a big anti-porn campaign and if the pornzines would do what they should do which would be to put up a fierce struggle against the oppression, Lindsay would still be blamed for letting it come about. Therefore, I think that it originated in the Proccocino camp and what better tool at their disposal than the D.A.'s office? And who else but Conroy for whom this is a unique opportunity to get maximum publicity by attacking the long haired, drooling, pot smoking, porn hordes and try to snuff them as if they were a disease.

EVO -Concerning pornography--do you draw the line anywhere?

ES -Yeah, you know the Lenny Bruce thing about running over baby heads? Lenny was very cynical. His thing was that if you legalize everything completely, you will have promoters charging admission to watch cars running over puppies and stuff like that. Yes, I do draw the line. I would say that you would not allow people to have masturbation parties at beheadings or fucking while watching boxing matches. That type of sexual behavior seems very creepy to me. I would draw the line at violence or death. I am a member of the life force. I want to live and I want others to live and be happy. Anything of sexual nature that also harbors death or violence - the need to harm - is taboo for me. I am a pacifist. I have a very religious attitude about this. I don't know whether there is a God, but I do know that everything is alive. Spiritual salvation may not be possible, but people have to rally behind the forces of life. Sex is an attitude of life. The act itself has been structured within the biological framework to be positive, resourceful, regenerating, a blissful mechanism. It should be helped and spiritually enhanced. To make the revelation of it illegal is to align yourself with the forces of death, darkness violence and destruction.

EVO -Do you read pornography?

ES -Sometimes.

EVO -Have you come across anything you really dug?

ES -I think that the last chapter of ULYSSES is very good porn.

EVO -The last good pornography that I read were Henry Miller's TROPICS.

ES -Some of W.H. Auden's oral erotic poetry which I printed in FUCK YOU is very nice I think and I think it is the best erotic poem that I ever read. Auden is a fine poet.

EVO -Are you an optimist or a pessimist?

ES -I try to be an optimist because I think that you operate better from a position of confidence. I would say that the American Constitution is an interesting document and I think that upon that I base my optimism. I think it is a document upon which additions can be appended. Additions that will enable the setting up of a government based on the principle of sharing. A liberation government with lots of freedom can be based upon the American Constitution. Additions to the Bill of Rights have to include: a) absolute prohibition of electronic eye and ear snooping; b) the right to see and hear everything. I guess that I would have to say that I am an optimist.

EVO -Do you write poetry?

ES -Sometimes I try to...I have various little sleezoid books of verse out.

EVO -Ed, what turns you on?

ES -Happiness and being with people that are alive and believe in being alive. The main idea is to stabilize the human race so that it doesn't become a cancer that gets into outer space like one and creates inert matter. That's what the human race is in danger of doing. Ecologically spoiling the milky way. Just going at it like drunken sailors.

EVO -How long have you been operating the Peace Eye Bookstore?

ES -It was organized in 1964. I ran it off and on, at times losing interest in it until January 1968 when I decided to reopen it at a better location and operate it as a freak spa...not just a bookstore, but a leaflet production center,

a small art gallery and a place where messages can be spread about and information obtained. It is a place to set up my electronic stencil and mimeo machines for greater use by the community. Over the last year and a half over 500 different leaflets for different causes were put out on my equipment.

EVO -There was one devoted completely to spreadshots.

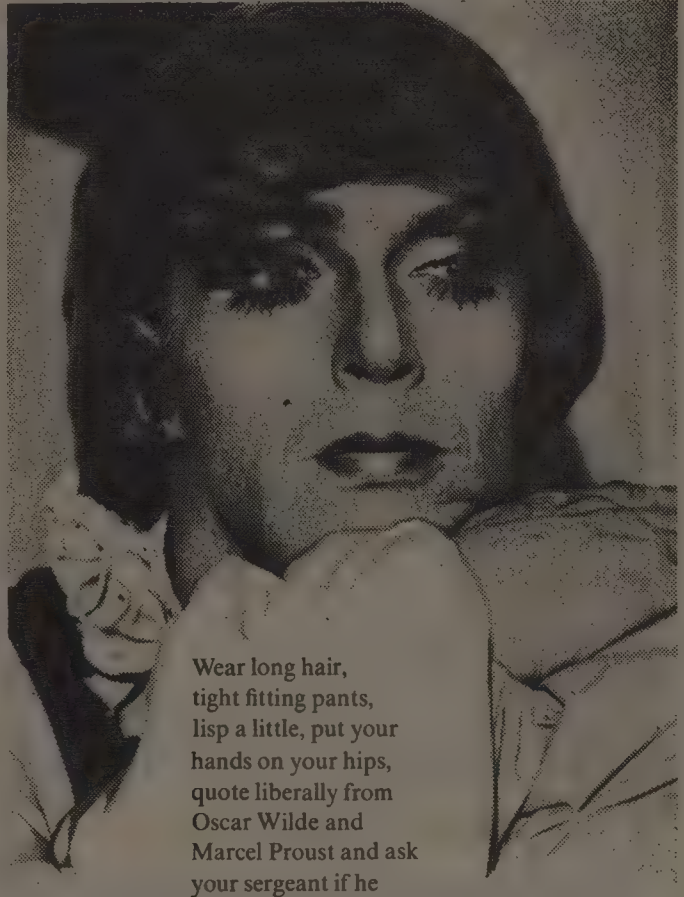
ES -The concept of the spreadshot is worshipped at the Peace Eye Book Shop.

EVO -Have you had any trouble with the police?

ES -They usually leave us alone. I am not doing anything illegal and besides that cops like spreadshots.

EVO -What would make you happy?

ES -a) To know that someday I might approach the land of God; b) To see come into existence in America a government based on principles of total freedom and enforced sharing; c) Guaranteed income; d) Guaranteed welfare and e) Eternal life.



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GIVE UP?

film

(Continued from Page 9)
into the monitor. CATV is an extension of this in that the wire-cable-between the playback and the monitor is much longer. The longer the cable, the more you have to generate the signal so that it can travel that far—it needs amplification.

FRANK: Closed circuit TV is best understood in terms of a stereo system. A few years ago there were no stereo systems, and no software to play on stereo systems. Likewise, in 5 or 10 years, closed circuit systems will probably be as popular as stereo systems are now, and as you have stereo albums for stereo systems, you'll have videotape albums for video systems.

IRA: Although EVR (Electronic Video Recording) that CBS is coming out with may interfere with that. I think EVR is another hype.

FRANK: It's a reactionary technological move.

IRA: EVR is not videotape but a combination of magnetic sound strip and film to be played back through a special apparatus on your TV receiver or monitor. I think their main interest in investing in this system is that it is basically like Super-8 film, and

they expect to be putting out entertainment albums on EVR, and unlike videotape, it will be difficult to copy, so that they can control the market.

FRANK: It's going against the current of the nature of television. Television has ubiquitous access. If you let the system run wild, everyone can get in on it, and it's not held by selected hands.

JUD: You were going to mention UHF (Ultra-High-Frequency).

IRA: UHF is simply a means of putting more channels out for broadcast—thrown through the air. However, it suffers the same limitations as standard broadcast in the sense that it's regulated immediately by the FCC—though not as rigorously and commercially compelling as standard broadcast—but still frozen to a certain number of channels.

FRANK: On the other hand, UHF will probably serve as the first show for the WBAI-Pacific radio kind of experiment when it reaches television—it'll probably not be CATV. UHF is now serving some function in the sense of sub-cultural TV serving the minority communities.

IRA: But UHF now has severe limitations because it is mostly set up by people who are
(Continued on Page 16)

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film

(Continued from Page 15) committed to the standard format of broadcast TV—limited like standard broadcast in the sense of what they can deliver or what they can see is necessary in terms of information transmission to people. For the most part now I see TV as a dehumanized media.

FRANK: At the present time. But that's not intrinsic to the system that television is. We're interested in exhausting the potential of what television is as a total system.

JUD: Frank, what was your first work in television?

FRANK: Well, I had been doing monochromist minimal painting, dealing with concrete concepts, and I had reached a hiatus in painting. Along came the contact with Fordham, and I first produced a five and a half hour documentary on St. Mark's Place. I spent three weeks standing on Gem's Spa corner interviewing the locals. The documentary's conception was that it focused from the inside out—these people defining themselves, and not my going in and extracting information of which they're only an element. They basically gave their raps on videotape.

IRA: And during this period Frank existed on egg creams and marshmallow candies.

FRANK: That lasted three weeks. Then I experimented through the Village Project with the effects of videotape on kids with bad trips—15 to 19 year olds—burnt-out acid cases—let them use the cameras on me, themselves, as a means of expression as opposed to a means of recording their expression. They were alienated from their shrinks who came in periodically to extract information from them on the St. Marks' scene. Videotape was a new, favorable means of feedback for them, they dug it.

I also used videotape like a canvas, specifically about four hours of what I call a self-portrait on videotape, that used four cameras with two feedback systems. There are points in the self-portrait where you see on tape me looking at myself on tape, looking at myself on tape. There were generations of feedback, and the gradual alienation from one's previously considered image into an entirely redefined image of oneself.

At a point in December, I met Ira, we discussed working together, and we went out to Antioch College in January and February.

IRA: We were invited out by David Brooks, who was teaching in the film department and who managed to get us access to their TV studio equipment. We brought our own Sony portable equipment, and completed about 20 hours of taping there, combining many approaches, in the studio and in the streets. The basic notion was that we were going out to meet an American sub-culture, without any preconceptions, and to work through interaction.

JUD: You had been filming and not working in television prior to this?

IRA: No, I stopped that summer when a film project fell through because of lack of funds.

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Alterations Made While You Wait

I was filming this British painter painting the SALVATION building in Sheridan Square and his interaction with the indigenous people; from him alone painting, to over fifty people dancing in the streets and decorating the phonebooths. I won't mention the cameraman's name, but he was an inveterate zoomer, which made cutting the shots very difficult. Again with film you have to spread out production among many people, and if you don't have an organized group, it becomes impossible.

(Ira Schneider's previous films include **THE FRANTIC PEDANTIC SEMANTIC ANTIC**, **THE GHOST OF WITTGENSTEIN**, and **LOST IN CUDDIHY**—a prize winner of the 1966 National Student Assoc. Film Contest.)

JUD: What happened after that?

IRA: Well, let's see—four mother of depression (LAUGHTER), thinking about what I was going to do next, and then I woke up one morning saying, "Television, television, that's how to communicate quickly." And then I met Frank. I decided videotape would be the next move, grabbed a knapsack full of money, some videotape equipment, a car, forty pounds of salt pork, cans of baked beans, and we split for Antioch—where we did some lecturing and involved the students as actors in our studio and non-studio work. One technique was to introduce four to six people into a studio with only chairs facing cameras, leaving them there and working the cameras from outside.

FRANK: We gave them minimal instructions, like—you can't communicate with each other unless you communicate through the camera. Under each camera was a mirror—they sat in the chairs, could do anything they wanted, but only through the media—the camera, and they could use the mirror to facilitate their actions.

IRA: Sometimes the rules were more and sometimes less restrictive—like the restriction being only not to destroy the cameras. We also taped out at David Brooks' country house with actors—loose plots—an actor peeling potatoes, and suddenly he was a farmer who had lived there forty years

FRANK: We also picked up the town, a strike at a bookbindery, interviews with farmers, children, and the locals at the doughnut bakery there in Yellow Springs, Ohio.

IRA: And then we had the Cincinnati jugband in the basement.

FRANK: And a vain attempt at a skin flick on tape.

IRA: We canned that, but we got a lot of beautiful bathtub footage.

JUD: Some of the bathtub scenes were included in your WIPE CYCLE television mural at the Howard Wise Gallery TV AS A CREATIVE MEDIUM SHOW?

IRA: Yes, we seem to have a facility to abstract small sections of material—

FRANK: Which is an important point. Videotape lends itself to collage more easily than film because of the accessibility of the image.

IRA: One thing we succeeded in doing at Antioch was turning the kids on to using videotape in their own work, and then we split back to New York, and shortly thereafter fell into WIPE CYCLE.

FRANK: Back in New York, I got a call from Howard Wise who had been given a list of people working in videotape by Nam June Paik, and our names were on it. We brought Wise a proposal essentially like WIPE CYCLE which was later adapted into its final form.

pp's
(Continued from Page 2)
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THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING (PERSONAL AND BUSINESS) DEADLINE IS FRIDAY NOON FOR THE NEXT WEDNESDAY'S PUBLICATION. PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL ADS.

ALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING MUST BE PREPAID. NO ADS WILL BE TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE. NO TEAR SHEETS SUPPLIED FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

NO PHONE NUMBERS ACCEPTED IN PERSONAL CATEGORIES.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Anyone who was a witness to, or has any information regarding the incident where a young man was pushed by a New York City patrol man through a glass panel door at Grand Central Station at the time of the Yippie demonstration of March 22-23, 1968, please contact his attorneys at (212) 889-5290.

APARTMENTS: 3 or more rooms, less than \$121.00 per month, in the east (less seedy, C & D avenues) or west village are hereby solicited. CALL 228-8640 or LU 8-2708 after 7 p.m.

Eastside hite man desires services of black lawyer for case with racial overtones. No one-shot deal. Competence means continuing business as well as chance to strike blow at racism. Present credentials to Mr. Walter 737-7133. (After 6 p.m.)

GIRL WANTED: For General Office work. Part-time, no typing necessary. Preference for one of liberal qualities. Hours 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. 18 hour week, \$90 to \$100 take home pay. CALL 233-2030.

SPECIAL SERVICES

Come to ERIC SCOTT'S ENCOUNTER GROUPS. Towards Game Free Experience. Open groups - Just come on in. Tues, Fri, and Sat. 8:30 p.m. \$3. (Females Free until 9:00 p.m.) 72 Grove St., Sheridan Square. 3rd Floor. Thru Delaney's Door. CALL 691-8434. 6:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.

ESCORT SERVICE. Feel lonely??? Meet your companion for any length of time. Men of different nationalities and varieties of experiences. 7 days - MEN ONLY. Call BRUNO Tel: SX 9 - 0277

OUR THING: ZODIAC MOBILES AND RINGS. Indian Leather Headbands, Black-Light Posters at very low prices. WHOLESAL ONLY! REP DISTRIBUTORS 3009 S.E. 5th Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33361

Specialized Astrological Services. Accurate Charts. Consultation. Realistic Interpretations. Reasonable Fees. WALTER BREEN, YU 4 - 2808 or write c-o EVO 105 2nd Ave., New York, N.Y. 10009

BIRTH CERTIFICATE, MARRIAGE, DIVORCE, HIGHT SCHOOL, COLLEGE DIPLOMA, ADOPTION, BAPTISM, WILL FORMS, CORRECTLY WORDED. Blank. \$1.00 each. HEADLINES, Box 202, Dept. 12-H, Commack, N.Y. 11725

Brooklyn's got a chicken coop!!! It sells records and things - at prices that left you buy two instead of one. So stick your head in a chicken coop and see what's inside. And if your head can't take it: We'll deliver anywhere in Brooklyn, FEE CALL 284-3077. CHICKENKOOP, 727 Coney Island Avenue, or the nearest phone.

Grove Studios laying down out of sight allegorical, Zodiac, Peace symbols in mixed medias pottery, brass, leather, enameling, Charles Harris, Box 416, Coral Gables, Fla.

KENNEDY IN 72. Buy this button (25c ea). Also 350 other buttons, bumperstickers, 84 different 1968 political buttons, BUTTONS & BUMPERSTICKERS MADE TO ORDER FREE catalog to all. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46th St., N.Y.C. 10036, Tel. 212-581-4199

Proof ID Cards, Birth, Drivers License, University, Press Photographer, Reporter, Karate Expert, Investigator, SOLD BLANK 50 cents each, 3 for \$1 HEADLINES, Box 202, Dept. 12K, Commack, N.Y. 11725\$5 /SHOPS AND INDIVIDUALS..Earrings. Very Beautiful. Silver and hammered brass. Write to E. Gardner, 525 Hyde St., Apt. 15, San Francisco, Calif. 94101

PUBLICATIONS

SEXUAL FREEDOM. New magazine of the S.F. League, mailed in plain cover. \$1. SFL, Box 14034-EV, San Francisco, California 94114

Our Staff of Sexual Geniuses see the world as a pleasure garden of erotic delight. They have put together a collection of sex toys which are a remarkable realization of 20th Century technology. Recent development in the rubber and plastic industry have made all this possible. They have created toys of pain and pleasure and devices for love play, as well as erotic recreations from the past. The ultimate purpose of this research is to make your sexual encounters more rewarding. They think sex should be fun. They also feel that their unique inventions will blow your mind and will add a whole new dimension to your sex experience. If you're over 21 and have \$1 handy, you are eligible to receive a copy of our catalogue of 20th Century sex equipment. Send your dollar to: Pandora's Box, P.O. Box 5760, San Francisco, Calif. 94101

DON'T answer another personal ad until you see what other people write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC-DC and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples. Just released. (Sent in plain wrapper.) Rush \$2.00 to The Letter File, Box 36603-VO, Hollywood, 90036

TURN ON with the famous TRIP OUT book, a sure-fire formula to make hash from legal chemicals. Make Peyote, DMT, cannabis, mescaline, LSD, etc. Do it now. Send \$2.00 to TRIPS UNLIMITED Box 36347-EVO, Hollywood, 90036

Get High with nutmeg and other little know turn-ons. Tells how to use and prepare with details on mind-bending effects. RUSH \$2.00 for your high to CRYSTAL, Box 607-EO, Los Angeles, 90004

NO LONGER BANNED. "INTERCOURSE" the sensational pictorial marriage manual. Fully illustrated by a loving couple. ADULTS ONLY. Menion age! \$5.00 by fast first class mail. A.P.S. Box 3600 - EVO St., Paul, Minn. 55101

Read Weird Things - ME-ISMS about Hitler, Religion, Sex, Happiness, Race. Hear this side. A collection of thought. Feed your mind. 24 pp. illustrated. \$1.00 to S.P.&P. P.O. Box 1563, Rochester, N.Y. 14603. HURRY

GAY BAR GUIDE. The only COMPLETE guide in N.Y. Guaranteed. COMPLETE. or money back. \$2.00 Box 471, N.Y.C.

LEGAL HASH. Turn-on guaranteed. Just like grass. Cook or smoke it. \$2.00 lid makes 20 joints. 3 lids - \$5.00, 7 lids - \$10.00. HURRY! WINNER, Box 48475-EV-1, Hollywood, 90048. Dealers wanted.

MEET more swingers. Get your collection of exciting "HOT LINE" letters written in answer to personal ads placed by sexy girls, and couples who swing. GET ACTION!! MAKE OUT!! Send \$2.00 for yours to LETTERS, Box 74513-EV, Hollywood, 90004

MODELS

GIRLS-GIRLS. Tired of that dull office routine? If you want to try something different and make ends really meet, why not try photographic modeling! Call for info. collect. 201-542-2761

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE MALES needed (18-25) no experience necessary. CALL RL-8-3626. 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Mon. thru Fri. Only. GOOD PAY.

YOUNG MALE MODEL. 6'2", 21, Attractive, Slender, available for your thing, photography. Your place or mine. \$25.00. Call 533-6602 day or night.

Handsome model, 28, 6', 165 lbs., good proportions. Is available Tuesday-Friday. Telephone 744-6249 after 2 p.m.

Photojournalist seeks Barbarella and Phoebe Zeitgeist types for slide show-exhibit at United States Gallery of Erotic Art. Girls 16-24 call Tom Boxer PL-7-3995 and leave name and number.

Female figure models \$25 a session. Married negro couple, photography exthusiasts, needs models with education. Age, race, experience unimportant. Must be intelligent and broadminded. Replies confidential. J.B. Box 7, Hollis Station, L.I, N.Y. 11423

Photographer needs models experienced and non-experienced caucasian, negro, etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc. book covers, pin-ups, figure for magazines. Call 1-6, George Sova, 134 Fifth Avenue.

ATTRACTIVE females needed for nude photography. Painters, parties, etc. TOP PAY for those with no hang ups. CALL 679-1911. 2 p.m. to 12 midnight.

Groovy male nudes 18 and up available in your home for \$35 a session. Integrity assured. 679-1911. 2 p.m. to 12 a.m.

GROOVY looking female model, age 23 will pose privately for photographers, painters parties, amateur-professionals, etc. CALL 679-1911. 2 p.m. - 12 midnight.

Marvelously young, male model will pose for guys and chicks. Call 349-0985 Weekdays 5:00 p.m. - 7:30 p.m. Ask for Tommy

Youthful nude models - MALE - will pse or otherwise assist in "doing your thing" Your bag is mine. CALL RW 9 - 0277

ATTRACTIVE GIRLS & GUYS needed to model for legitimate figure and nudist publications. No. Exp. necessary. Age 18-28. Call Bill anytime. BE - 3 6161

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary. \$10.00 per hour. Call AL-5-2711

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio. Not an agency or amatiur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting. All day earns 75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711

100 Girls needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Call Bob Wolfe Studio 255-2711. Same girls used many times.

MISC.

Handsome white male, 26, needs cash and will work HARD for it. Call Phil at 684-5468

IMPERSONAL

20 year old, 5'8", 155 lbs., brown haired, blue eyed, virgin guy desires to meet sympathetic understanding virgin girl for sincere relationship. Marriage minded. No collegiates. Whites only. Tom 601 Leonard St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11222

WANTED: Two young attractive girls to accompany two men to swinger type parties. Write P.O. Box 1921, G.P.O. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202

Hear my Heart - when the nightmare weakens impossibility - & humor forgives incompatibility - Hear my Heart - when the future inflames infow - & particles cease to grow - yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

MASCULINE AND HIP male model from Fla. Good Build, 6', handsome. Available for your thing - photo, sketching, film and acting, escort, will travel. Call Paul 873-9145

GROOVY CHICKS, LOOK! I'm 29, sexciting, and all MALE (sepia). Let's have a sex marathon. Discreet. Lasting friendship sought. "JAY" 391 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238

Young guy, 23, wants to meet masculine guys, 18 to 30, from N.Y.-N.J. area. Write P.O. Box 703, East Orange, New Jersey. Photos answered first.

Modern (happily) married, handsome, 40, generous and passionate, desires une Belle du Jour, a sensual beauty, young and voluptuous, for lunch or dinner engagements. P.O. Box 203, FDR Station, N.Y. 10022

Groovy professional bachelor with pad, car, and cruiser desires to meet a chick 20 and over. Would like meeting couples also. Send phone and photo if possible. Make summer beautiful. "AL" Box 29, Queens, 11378

Attractive white bachelor, 29, 5'10", clean-cut, wants intimate friendship with caucasian female (East-Mid-west). P.O.B. 372 College Park, Maryland 20740

Hear my Heart - when virginity measures exploitation - & poison equals an origination - Hear my Heart - when stagnation collides with discovery - & conflict desires a destiny - yu-2-4471 - ORPHEUS JR.

"TO TYRANNY & RADIANCE" You are the law of an untamed luxury - that distorts the fringe of victory - when a chaotic potential of gentility - assaults the imperfect truth of impurity - with an unrelated contentment of stolidity - O cautious depth of admiration - brevity immortalizes an expectation - yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart - when a wound protects the immagination - & the ultimate destroys a transformation -Hear my Heart - when the desert betrays extremity - & equilibrium avoids fidelity - yu-2-4471 - ORPHEUS JR.

Divorced - businessman (have my own business) early 30's, seeking compatible female for enduring relationship. P.O. Box 4023 Long Island City, N.Y. 11104

Tall, dark, handsome, 33-year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and...let's talk about it. You won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c-o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC PLEASE, gals only.

UNISEX

Attractive, blonde butch, male, 30's seeks well built blacks for oral sexual ventures. Can satisfy all. P.o. Box 2735 Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. 10017

/Male, cauc, very masc, slim (5'8", 140 lbs), 32, hung. Been down many interesting roads, but never tried gay. Would like to meet a sensitive male with a lean young body; for lazy talk, companionship, and exciting sex. If you are 18-25 and passionate, and you think that friendship means more than just ready access to meat, drop me a line and let's see what happens. If experienced, fine; if not, we'll turn on together. Wild, wild queens are not my kick. Hustlers, this is for pleasure, not for pay. Occupant, Box 271, Village Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10014

/We are tall, slim, handsome white college guys who are looking for college guys or younger who fit the same description. Object three way love-in. We are personable and straight looking...and hope you'll choose to dig a threesome. First timers and the inexperienced...and the discreet especially welcome. Send Photo and Phone Number and we'll send you ours...Then the fun begins. You have read these horny ads like us long enough...time for some action. Write Box 529, New York, New York 10011

/Male, 17, seeks to start group of sophisticated yet simple, sensible and sensitive aware yet questioning, independent and self-asserting people, who are willing and able to accept a conscious attraction to their own sex as a supplement, to, not depletion of, their personal stature, and are chronologically no older than 18. If you exist, write G.P.O. Box 2543, N.Y., N.Y. 10001

/Male, graduate student from Boston, 23, 6', 160 lbs., good looking, masculine, serious, with many interests, seeks close relationship with intelligent, interesting, good looking male 23-30. A. Sterling, P.O. Box 8411, JFK Station, Boston, Mass. 02114

/MAN in late forties would appreciate the company of a sincere young male student who would enjoy overnight trips to the mountains in the summer, and snowmobiling in the winter. Please give details and photo, if possible. Thank you. Box 8, Ramsey, N.J.

S&M

/LEATHER subscribe to "What's new in 'A TASTE OF LEATHER' monthly newsletter" 1 yr. \$3. 3 months \$1. (incl. broc.) A.T.O.L. Box 5009-EVO, San Francisco, Calif. 94101

/ENGLISHMAN, 25, slim, 5'8" gives and takes strap, paddle, cane, spanking, etc. Seeks males 18-30. Ex-reformatory or leather or coloured males especially sought. Please send frank letter about yourself, punishments and likes. Photo if possible. MM, Box 266, HANOVER, N.H. 03755

/Wanted: Straight-Gay; Married-Single; good looking masculine guys 18-40 with interest in nylon, garters, hose, etc. Am mid-20's, good looking, swimmer type body, bizarre tastes. Write R. Cunningham, 520 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10036. Those enclosing photo answered first.

GROUP GROPE

/A select uninhibited nude swinging party group has room for several new chicks -- sexy and under 30. All our guys are well

hung, verile, considerate, and erotic experts; our girls are beautiful and hip (many AC-DC). Just beginning to swing? OK -- we'll teach your body every imaginable sexual thrill. Also interested in hearing from other groups and couples for new combinations. Send name and address or phone to: BOX 399, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036. Don't wait--experience the ultimate pleasures now!

/YOUNG ATTRACTIVE COUPLE looking for sincere gal. Trio affairs. No men. Photo and Phone. G.P.O. Box 1272, New York, N.Y. 10001

RUBS

/French masseur licensed. Stay healthy with a Swedish relaxing massage. Studio or residence. 245-3136

/CALL "MARK" for massage - complete discretion no matter how complete the massage. (10 am to 11 pm) 799-1008.

/UP TIGHT? Cool it, man. Climax your day with a mind blowing massage by Piero. By appointment. 10 am to 10 pm. CALL 734-5094 Air Cond. STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL

/For the ultimate in massage. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal Lic. 528742, MU 8-4681 and EL 5-3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

FLESH MARKET

/Scientific dating service - guaranteed dates. Est. 1961. Ages 18-70. 147 West 42nd St., N.Y.C. Room 1018. 11:00 am to 8 pm and Sun. OX 5 - 0158. TA 8-7897

/BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRLS needing American boyfriends. Free details. Mexico, Box 3973, (M-24), San Diego, Cal. 92103

/Everybody wants to meet some new people. Little Black Book, The Dating Magazine just happens to be the SIMPLEST, SAFEST, AND EASIEST way. For your copy send \$1 to Suite 503-E, 160 West 46th St., N.Y.C. or send for FREE info. Or Call (212) 581-4199. Also available on newsstands and book stores.

/Chicks, couples wanted for erotic photography and/or video s theater; call 925-2835 or 925-0632. Photographer also available for free-lance assignments and portfolios.

/IMPORTED heavy-duty stimulator-massager 7" x 1 1/4" - \$6.95 Postpaid. Strap-on rubber "Aid-More" 6" x 1 1/2" endorsed by doctors - \$6.95 Postpaid. Both items \$11.95 No C.O.D. orders. V.T. Company, P.O. Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey 07055.

/NUDE BOYS & MEN, all types, sizes and shapes. Photo sets & color slides. Get our New 27 Picture Catalog plus Big Sample. Send \$1 and state in writing that you are over 21. MIKE DIAMOND PRODUCTIONS. 7471 Melrose Avenue, Dept. E, Hollywood, Calif. 90046

/Film Developed. NO CENSORSHIP. FAST. Service. Any B-W roll, \$3. Box 4467, E-1, San Jose, Ca.

/SALE: MALE NUDES, Clearance: high quality 8 x 10's. ACT NOW!! Quantity limited. 3 for \$2, 5 for \$3, 10 for \$5. Roman Studios, 601 S. Vermont, El, L.A. Calif. 90005 Must be over 21.

/MALE nude photos offered by private party. Six 4x5's for \$5.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 5983, P-C, San Jose, Ca.

/SEX MAD MAIL GALORE. Get loads of sexy, adult, horny mail. Put your name on the Nat'l Adult Mailing List. Send \$1 to WLS, P.O. Box 912 Azusa, CA. 91702

/GAY BAR DIRECTORY. Includes Restaurants, Hotels, etc. N.Y.C. \$1.00 N.Y. State \$1.50. Send check or money order only. GETH ENTERPRISES P.O. Box 712, Auburn, N.Y. 13021

/EXTEND: for prolonging the male climax - 5 for \$1.25. HEAD: covers just what the name implies - 2 for 75c. FRENCH TICKLERS: 1-125, 6-4.00, A sample of all 3 \$2.00. Haile Box 147A, Bay Station, Brooklyn, New York 11235

/HOMOSEXUALS. The Society for Individual Rights, dedicated to giving the homosexual male and female the dignity, self respect and justice, is now five years old and the largest gay group in the U.S. Send 25c full information and a copy of VECTOR. 83 6th St., San Francisco, Ca. 94103

/WORLD GAY GUIDE. "Le Guide Gris" 191 pp. 12 city maps, descriptive details, bars, hotels, beaches, baths, etc. 67 countries (except U.S.) 74 listings in London alone. 9th year of publication. \$5. B.K. Baird, 1317 Hyde St., Apt. 5, San Francisco, Calif.

FLEA MARKET

/DANCERS - Topless and Go-Go to work in Long Island Night Clubs. If you want to make big money call Fonda Agency 516-731-0597.\$s

/"FEMALE SLAVE ART STUDIES" - 20 4x5 photos for 5.00. 10 for 3.00. Sample set 2.00. Sahara Photo P.O. Box 4993, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

/WHOLESALE WANTED: OFFERS TO; Stepping Stones, 61 Howitzvej, Copenhagen, Denmark

/How would YOU like to get up at 10 am, have some coffee, and then make \$75 before noon EVERY DAY??? "HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITHOUT REALLY WORKING" Legitimate, serious, ingenious. Send \$2 to the THINKING-MACHINE-A22, Box 151, Sunland, Calif. 91040. Prompt return assured.

/EVERYBODY WANTS TO MEET SOME NEW PEOPLE. Little BLACK BOOK, the dating magazine, just happens to be the SIMPLEST, SAFEST, & EASIEST way. For your copy send \$1 to Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C. or send for FREE info. or call (212) 581-4199 (also available on Newsstands and book stores.)

/DILDOES, VIBRATORS, TICKLERS, EXTENSIONS. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for information. ART FORM PRODUCTS. Box 815, Ojus, Florida 33163

/SUPERPOT is better than marijuana!! Stock up while still legal. Money back guarantee!! \$2 - lid, 3 - \$5. 7 - \$10. F. Kaleda, Box 134-SF, Kent, Ohio 44240

/GAY GUYS. Great mags and books just for you. Also SIZZLING FEMALE PHOTOBOOKS. State your choice. Free brochure. 20 percent discount first order. Phoenix, Box 16644-EV, Phila., Pa. 19139

film

(Continued from 16)

"Wipe Cycle is a television mural designed to engage and integrate the viewer's television 'image' at three separate points in time and five exchanging points in space. Synchronized cycle patterns consisting of live delayed feedback, broadcast television, and taped programming are developed through four programmed pulse-signals every two, four, eight and sixteen seconds. Separately, each of the cycles acts as a layer of video information, while the four levels of information in concert determine the overall composition of the work at a given moment. The intent of this overloading (something like a play within a play within a play) is to escape the automatic 'information' experience of commercial television without totally divesting it of its usual content. Thus, the information on the programmed tapes juggles and re-combines elements within the gallery and its immediate environment with portraits, landscapes, montages, and video distortions..." - FRANK GILLETTE, in notes to TV AS A CREATIVE MEDIUM.

FRANK: The original proposal was to distribute the tape delay systems throughout the gallery, but because that would have interfered with other exhibits it was shelved, and the mural conception with the delay mechanisms on one wall was introduced.

IRA: I guess we just designed for the space provided for us--an entrance piece, or opening piece, facing the Gallery elevators, and picking up people as they came in.

FRANK: To emphasize this point we taped our co-exhibitors while the show was being set-up and programmed these bits into WIPE CYCLE to give it an interesting internal feedback quality. You saw the show being put together as you entered the gallery, and the rest of the show was how it had been put together.

IRA: The most important facet of WIPE CYCLE was the notion of information presentation, and the integration of the audience into the information.

FRANK: It was an attempt to demonstrate that you're as much a piece of information as

tomorrow morning's headlines--as a viewer you take a satellite relationship to the information. And the satellite which is you is incorporated into the thing which is being sent back to the satellite--in other words, rearranging one's experience of information reception.

IRA: WIPE CYCLE's physical makeup is a television mural consisting of nine monitors.

FRANK: It's a prototype model--

IRA: A live feedback system that enables a viewer standing in its environment to see himself not only NOW in time and space, but also 8 seconds ago and 16 seconds ago, and these are in juxtaposition and in flux. In addition he sees standard broadcast images which come on at periods alternating with his live image, and also two programmed shows which are collage-like, ranging from a shot of the earth from outer space, to cows grazing, to 57th St. Somehow there's a juxtaposition between the now of the person, the individual, with other elements of information about the Universe and America, and so the general reaction seems to have been a somewhat objectifying experience, and also a somewhat integrating experience in terms of one's place in the Universe.

FRANK: It's an attempt to reshuffle one's temporal experience--one's sense of time and space.

folk

(Continued from Page 10)

annoying Fillmore-type nippy pests, and Secret, Ever-Watching, Ever-Busting, Plainclothed Infiltrators, as well as its inner and outer rings of wire, wood, hurricane, medium high, and enormous fencings. The Big Question: Will there be any trouble in Newport? More than one OFFICIAL, badge in place, confided in me blaringly, "The eyes of the festival-giving world are on us this weekend! Woodstock depends on us!" As a result, it seemed to me there was some reason to be nervous, but mis-vibrating as I was, not having been born, but some early mischance, no where even near Kentucky, no one else except the officials and my friends and me seemed to know how historically (Continued on Page 19)

/FRENCH TICKLERS!! 95c each, 3 for \$2.50, 7 for \$5.00. (sold as a novelty only) F. Kaleda, Box 134-FF, Kent, Ohio 44240

/Top Quality Battery-Operated (Deluxe-Model) Personal VIBRATORS, 7"x 1 1/4", \$5 each. Prime Strap-on Rubber HEALTH MATES, 6"x 1 1/2", Recommended, Reusable. Only \$5.00 each. Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS - \$1.00 each; 6-\$5.00; 12-\$7.00. All items shipped First Class. We pay postage. No C.O.D. UniSales, Dept. E, P.O. Box 574, Times Squ. Sta., New York, N.Y. 10036

/SUPERGRASS TURN ON. Guaranteed. Just like grass. Cook or smoke it. One lid \$2.00. 3 for \$5.00, 7 for \$10.00. On the Spot, 907 N. Harper, Box 3, Hollywood, Calif. 90046

BUY and SELL

/Brooklyn's got a CHICKEN KOOP!!! It sells records and things - At low prices that let you buy two instead of one. So stick your head in a CHICKEN KOOP and see what's inside. And if your head can't take it - we'll deliver anywhere in Brooklyn, FREE - CALL 284-3077. CHICKENKOOP, 727 Coney Island Avenue, OR the nearest phone.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. \$50 - \$75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

folk

(Continued from Page 18) important this event really was. Everyone else just plunked, and twanged, and sashayed along, and there weren't not even a lick o' trouble.

But to get back to the subject, the music, I thought it was really fun, honest, friendly, and really good. I like to hear the Everly Brothers sing "Bye Bye Love," and hear Ike Everly thumb-pick his guitar like I read about in magazines, and I like to see Muddy Waters start jumping around with happiness after a fantastic set, while still deep into "Got My Mojo Working," and I like to watch Son House, drunk, sober, or any way, with no teeth, sitting there, in front of me, singing real Mississippi Delta Blues. And I like to listen to Joni Mitchell sing all the songs she's been writing for everybody else, like "Both Sides Now" and hear people who claim to know her well praise how much she's learned, and grown in two years, how she's getting to be "great"; and to the Pentangle, with their strange medieval-gospel sound, and their singer with a voice like a church bell, and to Arlo Guthrie telling silly stories and giggling. And so on. I guess the

only things I didn't like were the ones I can't remember.

Oh yes, one more nice weird thing is this strange boat, called the Sloop Clearwater, which exists because Pete Seeger conceived of the idea and worked with some friends, like Arlo Guthrie, Olatunji, the Rev. Kirkpatrick, Grant Rogers, and the Rockefeller Family Funk, to raise the money to build it. The ship is a replica of an old Hudson River Sloop, like the ones that actually rode the river a century ago, and is filled with momentos and objects from the river life of the time. But not only is it meant to be a floating museum, but also a "symbol of the time when the river was clean, when its natural beauty was not marred by its usefulness, and when the river banks were a source of pleasure to those who lived on them." It is also meant to remind all people that it is time to begin to work to restore our spoiled surroundings to their original beauty. Anyway, anyone interested in Pete Seeger's interests, or this project, can write to the Hudson River Sloop Restoration, Inc., P.O. Box 265, Cold Spring, New York. One may become a member as well, by sending \$10.00 if one is just an ordinary old person, \$5.00 if one is a student.

pop

(Continued from Page 11) Stooges, and Up) artists and artisans, poets, painters, but mostly people of all kinds. They don't preach revolution as much as attempt to make their lives revolutionary. In fact, the Ann Arbor authorities are less inclined to hassle 'the community' because they ARE unified, not solitary atomized individuals sold on a scene.

If one was to attack this problem, one can pick on the dream merchants, or the rock capitalists for surely they are the villains says Mark Kramer (EVO-July 16-LNS). I wonder if it has ever occurred to Mr. Kramer that the people who go to festivals for the most part care less about the music than "what's happening?" Has it ever occurred to him that, for the most part, they react the same as any groupie who balls the name rather than the person of the rock musician. Copping the scene extends to copping the performers' vibes without giving in return. Again, why castigate the promoters and not the audience, is it not a symbiotic relationship? Is it not just as criminal that the producers of schlock rock make thousands

and millions off those same pure masses to whom the street belong? Talking about brothers, even the police are brothers, though they don't realize it yet and neither does the Movement, for the ultimate revolution would be to have the hippie as officer of the peace. (No one's thought about that.)

The name-calling in the Movement only serves to make it even more plastic than it is already becoming. To identify revolution with hair, clothes, and dope, is equally ridiculous. The only thing which gets it all together because is physically brings people together is rock music. Rock can't be consumed, just as revolution cannot be consumed by hip association. Both can be packaged, commercialized, and dogmatized, but the message will get through. The ramifications are serious.

If someone ever decided to shut down rock music or blues with censorship (assuming that the government knew or listened to the music), communication would be more difficult to maintain. The message which the music brings, not the hype, must be digested. Again, it's up to the audience to decide, it's up to the consumers not to consume, not to mistake the

package for truth.

America can package almost anything. It can sell anything to anybody and it is trying to sell an attractively packaged and media-cute revolution for all to safely consume in the privacy of their homes. Take it out of the home and make it a part of your life and no matter how onerous the hype, the message will remain, and 'togetherness' which is preached will become instead of be "...all together now."

RANDOM NOTES:

I am happy to report that Canned Heat has released a new album entitled **Hallelujah** (Liberty LST-7618). It's a gas and a joy to listen to. Canned Heat are one hell of a band, and not only do they make music, but they have some great social comment injected into their songs. My personal favorite is 'Sic'em Pigs,' about your local officers, but more especially about the LA Police Force, you know, the cop's cop. There are no extended boogies on this new record, just good old fashioned songs which are done in a country sort of Dust Bowl ballad form. It's all very enjoyable....If the first man on the moon would have recited from the Tibetan Book of the Dead instead of "A small step for man, a great step for mankind" things might have been a little groovier in Cape Kennedy than they apparently are. Oh well, that's show biz....

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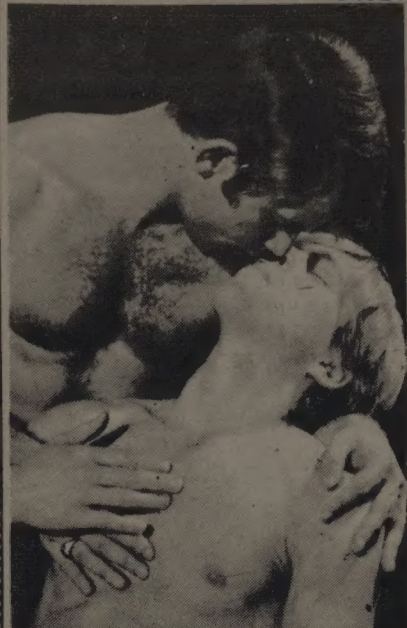
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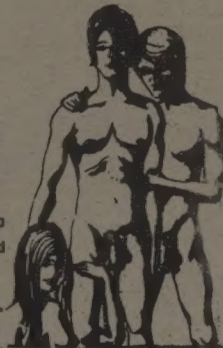
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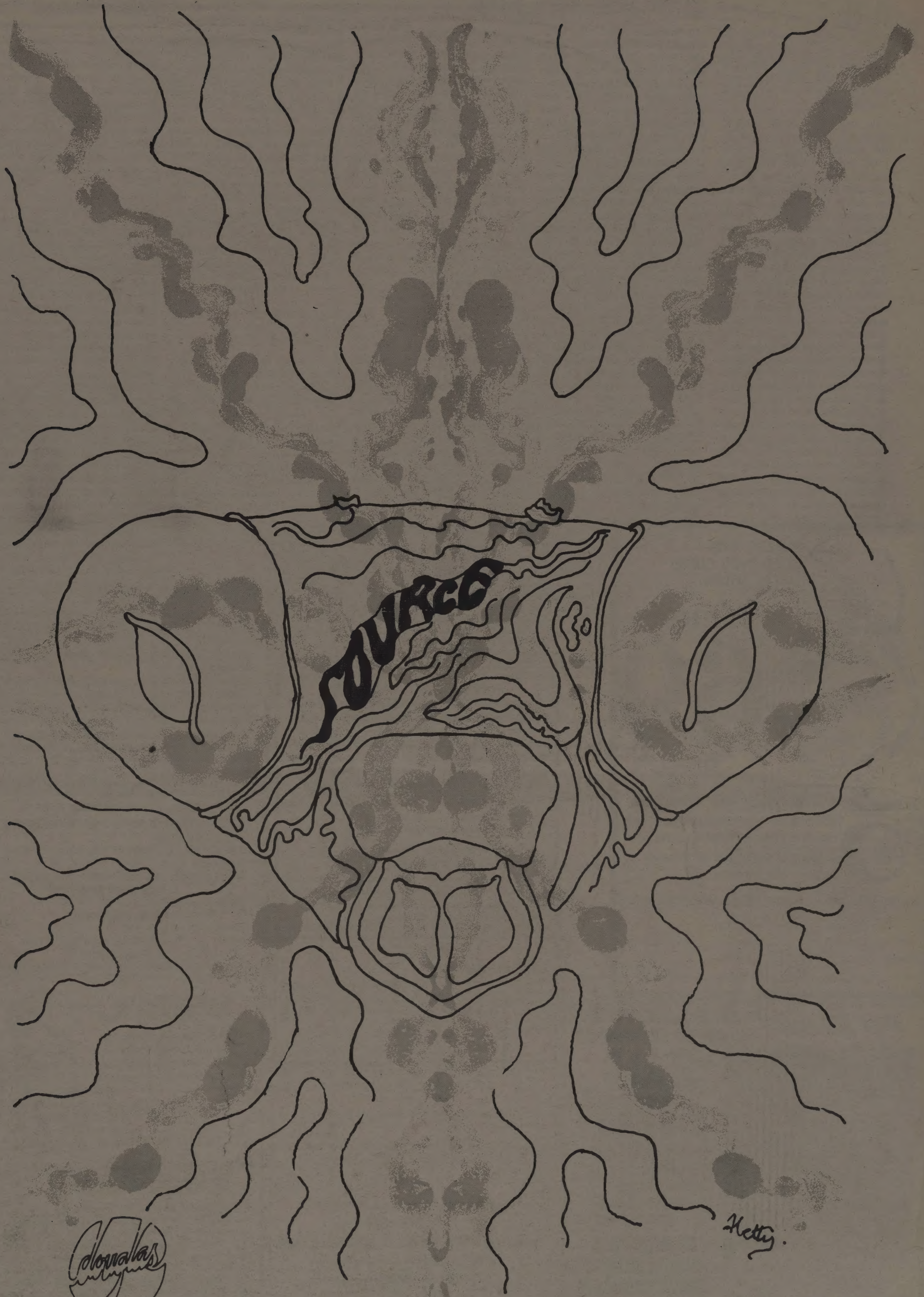


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