

THE

east
village



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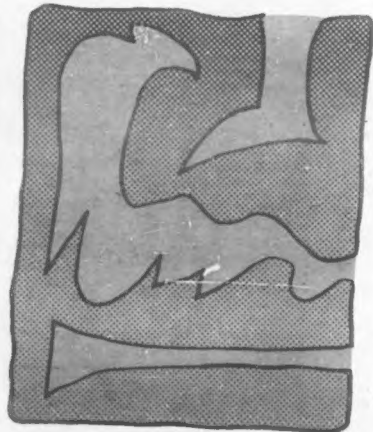
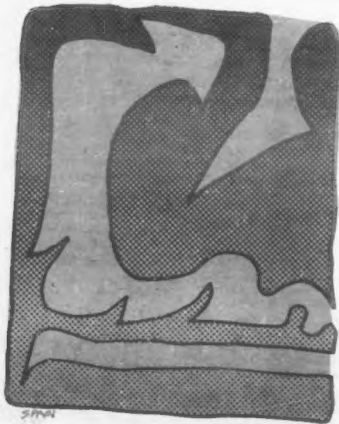
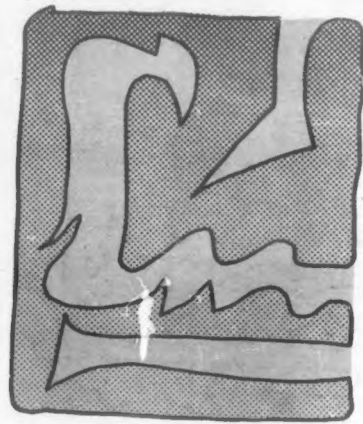
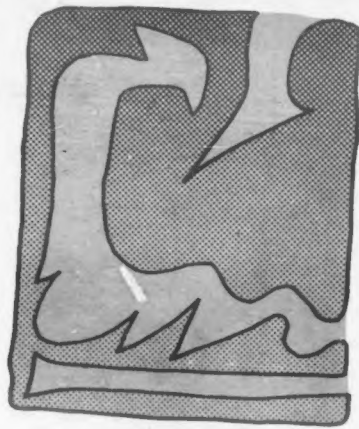
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CITY



HIRAP

Isn't it sort of silly for America to go through the shock and repentance bit about as common and casual a matter as a routine application of the Final Solution to a couple hundred Gooks? After all, by now we should have gotten accustomed to women and children in the role of victims. Who the hell are we kidding? One's instinctive penchant for instant and all-conclusive vengeance notwithstanding, isn't it sort of ridiculous to heap it all on First Lieutenant William Calley Jr., redneck that he is? ("My, my, never thought young Bill had it in him," quoth a proud neighbor.) The sight of Mel Laird being "sickened" is more revolting than ten My Lais.

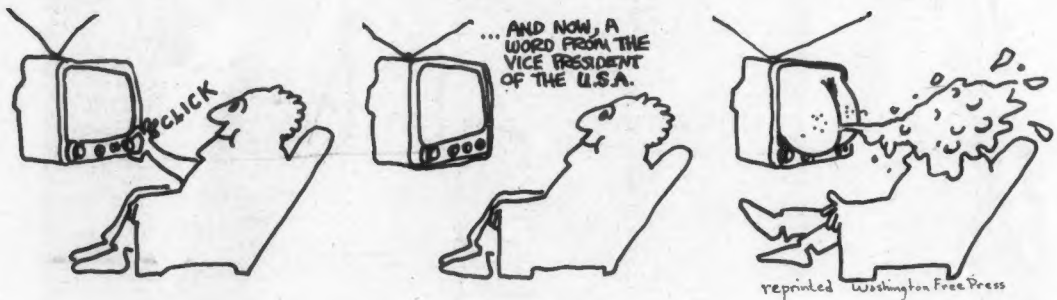
We're all so fucked up behind facts and figures that it took photographic proof and a killer's testimony--"I see women and children in my sleep, some nights I can't even sleep"--to drum into our heads the fact that we're all parts all functioning parts of a genocidal monster.

All of us. You and I and everyone else were right there in Song My killing Gooks. Too bad about women and children, but that's how the game is played. And come the next demonstration--well, that's how we'll dispose of our consciences.

It just doesn't make much sense any more. To cop out behind our individual rituals of dissent from pray-ins to window-smashing is as irrelevant as the pennant-waving of an aging Legionnaire. No matter what finger-exercise we use for salutation, nor how righteous we feel we are in our own "solutions", we cannot avoid the realization that we are at an impasse. Not a million marchers nor a battalion of guerillas nor for that matter the whole damn Silent Majority can resurrect the thousands that die in the Song Mys of our lives. Perhaps the state of trepidation we are in will be a catalyst for the re-evaluation of our heads, our mouths and hearts.

We can't cop out behind the illusions of our dreams. Marching and stomping simply won't do the thing. We've got to face the blood and the gore for what they really are. Why not re-route the energy from our feet to our heads?

✓



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bobby seale



Q: How did they get you here?

SEALE: About one o'clock yesterday they told me to pack my property together and I was handcuffed and taken to the airport where we waited for an hour then we went on the plane. When we got to San Francisco they put the handcuffs back on, put me in shackles and leg-irons and brought me here. That was about it. A four-hour flight.

Q: How long do you expect to be here?

SEALE: We have some extradition procedures to go through. And there's the flimsy, trumped-up charges against myself and 14 other Panther party members in Connecticut. From there I really don't know...

Q: (To Charles Garry): Do you expect that Bobby will be

extradicted within the next month?

GARRY: That will be their attempt, but we're hoping that we'll be able to stop that. We intend to argue that there isn't probable cause that Bobby has committed a crime in Connecticut or any other place in the United States. And we're going to also argue that this is persecution on the part of the federal

government, given aid and comfort by the state authorities to exterminate and kill the constitutional rights of the Black Panther Party and to destroy their leadership. Bobby Seale, being chairman, has been singled out along with some of the others.

As far as the Chicago trial, we have filed a notice of appeal immediately after the judgement by the judge. And we intend to

appeal the case. We feel that the sentence is illegal. And we believe that it's going to be overturned on appeal and we'll take it to the highest court in the land.

Bobby was entitled to a jury trial. He was entitled to an independent judge that did not already have a prejudgement in this matter. Hoffman never once

(Continued on Page 18)



BLOOD DONORS RESCUE MUSEUM By Alex Gross



photo: ricard carey

At three p.m. on November 18, four bulky dressed people entered the Museum of Modern Art and stopped short in the middle of the lobby. Those who were observant noticed that they dropped several leaflets to the ground, but most people present were only aware that some form of violent encounter had begun. The four were clawing at each other and giving off groans and moans as though their very flesh was being rent to pieces. Instantly the museum visitors, and guards took up positions around them to watch from, the way people do whenever there is some violence in the air that doesn't yet seem personally threatening, and soon everyone was gathered at a discreet distance from the four struggling figures, the entrance cordons neatly providing the ropes of a wrestling ring.

And the four were indeed wrestling now and writhing as well until at last they fell to the floor where they continued to belabor each other. And they were a bloody sight to see, for they had by now ripped open containers hidden beneath their clothing and spilled two gallons of fresh beef blood onto the floor of the Museum lobby. Soon they could fight no longer and lay motionless in the midst of the widening pool of blood. After a few minutes the four stood up and left the museum with dignity, accompanied by a round of understanding applause, even though few had read the leaflets they dropped. These called for the resignation of the Rockefeller family from all posts connected with the museum's activities. The reasons given were political, having to do with Napalm and Viet Nam, though a few valid

artistic reasons could also have been listed: what kind of art world is it where the president of the board of trustees of the most powerful museum in the world is also the chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and his brother is the governor of the richest state in the nation? What effect, direct or indirect are these connections likely to have on artistic values?

The museum brought no criminal charges against the four, although their names were signed at the bottom of the leaflet: Jon Hendricks, Poppy Johnson, Jean Teche, and Silvianna. No one doubted for an instant that this demonstration was the work of the notorious Art Workers Coalition, indeed of its most dreaded faction, the Guerilla Art Action Group of the A.W.C. Action Committee.

It might be supposed that this sort of demonstration would put the Museum staff upright and would tend to frustrate bringing about the very changes in the art world the A.W.C. is seeking. Oddly enough, this didn't turn out to be the case. On November 25, exactly one week after the bloody demonstration described above, some forty members of the A.W.C. met with high-ranking staff members of the Modern Museum, press people, and other artists and guests to discuss some of the long-pending demands addressed to museums by the Coalition. The atmosphere of the meeting did not seem adversely affected by the previous week's demonstration - if anything dealings with the museum were more forthright than at the previous negotiating session in September, when twenty members of the A.W.C. walked

(Continued on Page 14)

THE NEW YORK TIMES THINKS MICK JAGGER IS

james lichtenberg

ADOLF HITLER

HENRY CABOT LODGE

MAE WEST

(Check it out.)

(Note: This is not a review of the Rolling Stones, that's next week. Musically speaking EVO is one stoned week behind event, but as Jagger himself will tell you, "Slow down... Why don't we sing this song all together, open our heads, let the pictures come. And if we close our eyes together then we will see where we all come from.")

Well, if you guessed Charlie Chaplin's Bavarian imitator, right on. It's not really the entire New York Times, but only someone called Albert Goldman

(Section 2, Sunday, November 23rd). Others think he is Mussolini, the president of BOAC, or a girl.

You see, the literate man, the printing press man, your good, old-fashioned newspaper man, he's not too accustomed. He's not too tribal. He doesn't like to see you together, experiencing things at the same time because then you won't want to buy his newspaper to find out what's happening.

You see, Aldous Huxley, a pioneer in the psychedelic landscape, even he was obsessed with fear, the fear of the tribe, the fear of simultaneous universal experience, the fear that mass interchange would lead to total mass domination by (Continued on Page 15)



photo: raeane rubenstein

women take over abortion panel by maryanne raphael

Tired of having men make all the decisions concerning their bodies, a group of women succeeded in getting an all-male panel of so-called "experts" on abortion to give up their seats on Wednesday, November 19 at Cooper Union.

As the master of ceremonies Johnson Fairchild was introducing the 4 men scheduled to discuss abortion, 4 women, Nadine Miller, Joyce Beatries, Elizabeth Bell and Pam Swain, climbed upon the stage and insisted that they were the real experts.

Many members of the audience began shanting that's right. Let the women speak and the men stood up offering their seats.

The women's supporters in the audience began shouting for the Male "Speakers" to leave the

platform, and after a few indecisive moments, they did.

Nadine Miller read the following statement explaining their actions:

The following note is now being presented to the panel on stage: **WE DEMAND THAT THIS PANEL OF SO-CALLED "EXPERTS" ABDICATE ITS SEATS TO THE ONLY REAL EXPERTS - WOMEN!**

Each year thousands of women die because men have forcibly denied us the right to control our own bodies. Women are the only real experts, because - It's WOMEN-not men-who have abortions. It's WOMEN-not men-who undergo nine months of pregnancy and the dangers of childbirth when they can't get abortions. It's WOMEN-not men- who are held responsible for the difficult task of rearing

unwanted children. It's WOMEN-not men- who are expected to take primary responsibility for contraceptive measures all of which are either dangerous to health, unreliable or both, and yet are denied an essential part of birth control-safe legal abortion.

The Constitution guarantees us freedom of religion through separation of the Church and State. The male hierarchy of the Catholic Church has used powerful lobbies to impose its doctrine on all women. It's a woman's HUMAN RIGHT to control her own body! Laws made by men have driven women to death through knitting needles, coat hangers and other desparate extra-legal "aid."

WE DEMAND IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL REPEAL OF ALL ABORTION LAWS! FREE

ABORTIONS ON DEMAND! Sisterhood is Powerful! REDSTOCKINGS (Women's Liberation) 87 East 3rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

A man in the audience began shouting for all the Cooper Union regulars to leave and a few did, but the vast majority of the audience shouted him down saying we want to hear the women speak.

Nadine Miller told about the humiliation and heart-break she went through with a therapeutic abortion when she was 18. She had to pretend to be insane so that 2 psychiatrists (at a fee of \$60.00 each) would state that she would commit suicide if she were forced to go through with this pregnancy.

Later she told about how she became pregnant a second time and spent 4 months in a

"nonprofit" institution for unwed mothers, which "supported itself" by harrasing the mothers into giving up their babies for adoption, selling them at the price of 10 percent of the adoptive parents' annual income.

Elizabeth Bell spoke of her illegal abortion at the age of 18 and of how she barely escaped being committed in a mental hospital when she tried to convince a psychiatrist that a child at that time would destroy her mental health.

Joyce Beatries, who had never gone through an abortion, illustrated the fact that every woman is an expert on abortion simply by her ability to get pregnant and by repeatedly having her life disrupted by suspecting that she is pregnant. (Continued on Page 17)

a **SLAVE** is
one who
waits for
someone
to
free him.

— Ezra Pound



Communications is a much better word than politics because it makes me feel better; "politics" has about it such a cookie-cutter ominous atmosphere as though a few do all the thinking and solutions for the many. Given that in any group, 95 percent are fit to be worms, that seems hopeless. Communications is something each one of us does at those times where there is something to be understood by another, and it is one this inter-personal level that I best understand change, whether in an individual or a society-composed of these individuals. Change has nothing to do with "conservatism" or "liberalism" because those words

thilm by lita eliscu

do not apply to human beings, only particular actions and convictions. Some people get together in order to bring others information so that change may occur, so that human beings can work towards some kind of more full life.

The Movement Speakers Bureau, or "Move Speak" as they say on the phone provides anyone interested with speakers who have certain information. Poets, authors, filmmakers; people who speak on Ecology & Community Survival; Women's Liberation; The Law; Religion;

Dope; Sex; on just about anything to do with the furthering of human existence, the possibilities of being and becoming. Move Speak will send "any-all" of the speakers available "to suit your climate" and advises that media be mixed...it would be doing them an injustice to make metaphors now; to speak of the biggest stage being the world, and Move Speak some kind of outcome of the Happenings and New Theatre's desire to Make it Real...This is already real and is trying only to make it possible as for people to get information.

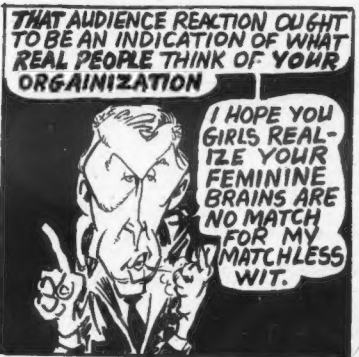
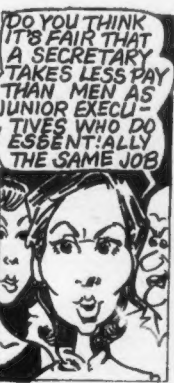
To contact them, Move-Speak is at 333 East 5th Street, NYC 10003. Tel: 228-8432. The money which each speaker receives goes 70 percent to the speaker; 30 percent is held back for expenses and a common pool. At the end of the year, a gigantic party will be held and all money left over will be given to movement organizations according to a vote by all the speakers. The life cycle starts over again after that.

The University of the Streets was begun way back, pre B.C. (Bob Collier) in a time when

everyone laughed at the phrase Real Great Society, it's other name. (All of us, our other name). What it is and does is summed up very nicely in the mimeo'd brochure...and reading it fast, and adding the realities of the Lower East Side, it isn't hard to see that this is one of the best of the attempts to make people realize that other peopl care, and care by helping in practical life-giving ways. Ostensibly there is an alternative scholastic program, running from "preparatory" school through

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THE DAVID FRAUD SHOW





POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

By Allan Katzman

Lenin once wrote, "The Russian Revolution had as many suicides as it had martyrs." Last week on Monday, November 24th, the "Year of our Lord" 1969, in the "New American Revolution," an organizational body known as the VETERANS & RESERVISTS FOR PEACE voted to suicide themselves out of existence and disband their group for good and the well being of the "New Left Movement" in this country.

In the past couple of years, and especially in the past few months, three police agents have surfaced to the public's eye, as well as their own, from their particular group.

George Demerle and Louis Salzberger, the better known of the three agents, had caused havoc with the procedural structure of the "movement" itself. (Demerle was arrested in connection with recent bombings in New York, then released without bail and on his own recognizance. Salzberger testified at Chicago Conspiracy Trial as a witness for the Federal government.)

The V & R for Peace decided to "never hold another meeting." Their decision was based on an understanding of what their function was and what the past function of other organizations like themselves were in relation to other past and present "World Revolutions and Movements."

The V & R since its inception, was a discussion and organizing group for military and ex-military personnel who had grown leery with the Vietnam war as an "immoral" war, and with the whole structure of the military as a practical and

dependable instrument in solving our political policies.

They functioned for many years within the Peace Movement itself and in some ways touched, and were in touch with some of the more militant groups within the antiwar movement in this country.

They were an open organization without specific radical or revolutionary ideology who had no real leaders but were rather led by their desire to protest, and by their organizing and protesting to bring an end to the institution of war per se.

Because of their free wheeling organic structure, they soon became a stepping stone for infiltration by undercover agents.

It is believed by a majority of its members that there are at least one to three more police agents who are still functioning within the group. It is further known that one of the original founders of the group, who is still functioning in it, was and is a police agent who had brought other known agents into the group.

The V & R have also decided to make these names of "suspected agents" known to the rest of the New Left movement in the country. As one V & R person related it to me, "We are going to publicize these people's names and we don't care if we blacken one innocent man's name."

"We felt there was never a real danger in having agents in our midst because we talked about nothing illegal. But now we realize how naive we were and that we were being used as an information unit for such agents to infiltrate into other groups and to also act out their roles of police provocateurs in the other more militant groups of the movement."

"We decided to disband because of our potential threat to the movement itself and because we understood that when the police force themselves into organizations like ourselves, they force us to become totalitarian to plug up the leak. Since we felt this natural outcome was as dangerous as allowing ourselves to stay in existence, we decided to get out and commit a sort of organizational harikari."

This timely decision of the V & R has begun to illuminate the path of a truly revolutionary movement in this country in the next couple of years. The movement will grow not just more radical in the next year or so but also more fanatical.

There will take place a house cleaning and witch hunt within its own walls. It (the movement itself) will become more elite. Its own dedication and even fanatical drive will become suspect to each member. The real person to worry about will not be the police provocateur (because he will be easily recognized when not working under orders of the party's own top echelon) but the quiet person who is into everything. He will be suspect because of his dedication and the need to know by other members of why he is so dedicated. His lifestyle will be checked and spied upon to see if it conforms to revolutionary policy. There will be no room for ten hour revolutionaries. A true believer will be one who lives, eats, breathes the revolution for twenty four hours a day.

Because of this natural outgrowth to survive as a well functioning organization, the New Left will become more paranoid and suspicious of its people if they are not willing to die at a moments notice for party policy. Its organizational habits will come

to resemble that of its most threatening enemy in terms of its power struggle to survive and overcome.

This, of course, is prophecy and one possibility of the "movements" new personality. It is also the most viable one since it is the possibility which seems to crop up in historic examples of other revolutionary movements more often than most.

THE VETERANS & RESERVISTS decision was an historic one and confirms Lenin's own judgement about what he had felt was his own revolution. That it had as many suicides as it had martyrs.

The New Left movement in America is falling into historic pattern. One hopes though that this one may be different and in a sense more revolutionary. That between the suicides and the martyrs, there are a group of revolutionaries who are moderately passionate and passionately moderate. That the revolution is not seen in terms of dying but living not hate but love.

It seems to me, there hasn't been that type of revolution happening too much in history for a long time. And that the few times it ever got off the ground, it got as far as ten feet suspended in mid air and nailed to the sky against a wooden cross in some forgotten field called Calvary.

But one must realize also what happened to such a rare event when organizations such as the Church got their hands on it. They turned it into something that didn't really happen and had the least amount of importance to people as individuals. Nothing changes unless Man is born again totally anew.



decomposition by d a latimer

You walk up to the supermarket counter to cash your paycheck and there is a glossy yellow sign hanging there demanding in thick blue letters, 'New York State Lottery— GET TICKETS HERE. The sign is very official looking, not at all like an advertisement, with the 'New York State' looking like a copywritten trademark. It might as well say 'STOP—Get Ticket.' Like Allen Ginsberg, you get scared. Better stop and get a ticket. Play the numbers with Governor Rockefeller.

Playing the numbers this way may be a criminal waste of the grapefruit money, but it still beats following the track receipts in *The Daily News*. The way you do that is, you think up three numbers, any three numbers, and write them on a slip of paper. You give this slip with a sum of money to the local numbers runner—say, you barber—and listen to the results of the first three races at Aqueduct over the radio, or read them in the *News*. If the numbers you wrote on that piece of paper come up as winners of the first three races, you are awarded a substantially greater sum of money the next time you visit your barber. Have fun getting it home from the barber shop.

The difference between the Lottery and the Numbers is infinitesimal, except that the Numbers has a certain unfavourable notoriety due to the presence of the Mafia in the operation. Now, the Mafia gets bad-mouthed a lot—especially by the FBI, which maintains it doesn't even exist—although to be sure it rarely bothers anybody who doesn't go looking for it. Narcotics and gambling are fetishes that self-destructive people have, and if the Mafia weren't around they'd find something just as disagreeable. And anybody who wants a coin-operated vending machine in his establishment, or wants to distribute a periodical, why should he worry about whose third cousin comes around to empty the bin or drive the truck? In fact, the Mafia is a good deal less obtrusive in one's private and commercial affairs than the police, whom

they resemble in every respect but that of average intelligence. It has been said that the average Mafioso has to take his shoes off to count higher than ten.

Which brings us to the point of this essay, Jimmy Breslin's new book out of Viking, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. 'You're gonna write about that?' Jaakov Kohn asked me. 'Better watch your ass—that's about the Brothers, you know. I'd like to know what they think of Breslin right now.' But then a guy from Brooklyn told me it was about Tony Luchese, and since the book is set in Brooklyn, I'll take his word for it. Luchese is in no condition to snuff anybody out.

The question is, will Breslin snuff me out? That's a lot of lard to bring down on your head. Also, the enormity of his girth is equalled, if not surpassed, by the magnificence of his prose, and it would be a hell of a thing for me to start talking about that. I like it. Anybody who writes like Damon Runyan and Jimmy Cannon uses, he deserves to be read. The only trouble is, I think Breslin's head is a good deal more exotic than the studiously blue-collar rhythm of his prose lets on, and he ought to try some fancy filagree sometime. If he wants to. But this is all bullshit, because it's a good funny gory New York City sort of book he has written, the kind you don't see no more at all.

It's about just plain folk, and how long has it been since you read something like that? 'Kid Sally took the English Oval and put it in his mouth. He clenched the cigarette between his teeth. He wanted to see how he looked with the cigarette like this. It was all right, but the cigarette was too short. You can put your teeth on a filter cigarette. But who can smoke filters? You got to smoke English Ovals. Kid Sally let the cigarette hang from his lower lip. He looked through the smoke. That's pretty good. Kid Sally thought he looked pretty good. He felt good.'

I forget how old Kid Sally's supposed to be, twenty-five or thereabouts. A punk kid. He's a lot like the dudes who drive

down from the Bronx on weekends and cruise the singles bars: dense, narcissistic, aggressive, and extremely mother-dominated. He also happens to be a killer. Breslin plays him off beautifully against Baccala, the head of the Family in Brooklyn: "'Saint Anthony, let me make the good-a living today. And Saint Anthony, let me tell-a you something. I know they a lot of people, they tell you Baccala is no good. Tell you that I'm bad.

Well, you listen to me, please? You remember one thing. Baccala he's on your side. You need, Baccala he goes out and gets it for you. Don't worry about Baccala. He's with Saint Anthony. So Saint Anthony, you be sure you on Baccala's side. Don't listen to those-a creeps. You understand? All right. Amen.'"

/Spain Rodriguez tells me the word 'Baccala' means in straight Italian the smell of spoiled fish, and in naughty Italian the scent of unwashed pussy. Baccala is also a killer, although in matters of attitude—when it comes to himself in relation to society and God—he's remarkable similar to any self-made man. If your father is Chairman of the Board, chances are he thinks in strictly identical fashion with Baccala. (After a couple months of putting out *The Review Of Sex*, Steve Heller was wondering how many bodies the Sulzberger brothers had dumped in the river to make *The Times* the monopoly it is today.) The books' plot revolves around Kid Sally's grandiose scheme to take over Baccala's operation, and the many hilarious murders that result.

The killings and attempted killings are described with rare skill and high humour. You can fairly hear the bones breaking just under the page. Not since I heard a North Carolina country-and-western singer tell a dirty joke have I encountered such fine phraseology, with such loving attention to detail. It's really gruesome when you read about Kid Sally trying to twist a guy's head off—the sort of due any Catholic mother would want for a son-in-law, and blood all over his hands.

After reading this stuff, you find it easier to understand how the Song My massacre could have happened.

Breslin makes it very clear from the start, however, that it is not only Italians who murder people. In fact, when you think about what we arrogant WASPs have done to the Indians—Song My was a YMCA field trip compared to the Nez Pierce genocide—you have to laugh at the Mafia. They only kill each other. Breslin also underscores the fact that crookedness is hardly a Sicilian monopoly—when Baccala's lawyer tried to ram a private bill through the state legislature, the Governor remarked in vetoing it, 'The last person who tried something like this was my grandfather.'

A very disturbing thing this book brings up is the incredible profanity with which our Mayor is given to expressing his discontents, and also the bigotry which exists in circles like the City bureaucracy: 'The Mayor was wearing a short-sleeved blue knit yachting shirt. This made everybody at the table think of one word: Protestant.' These people actually think of others in terms of religion and ethnic derivation. What a wierd trip! Like, the word 'guinea' actually means something to them. That's a real Generation Gap thing—I'll lay odds that less than 5 percent of the people under 30 think about these things. After pondering this, I have to conclude that the reason they hate Us so much is that they can no more tell a kike hippie from a guinea hippie than I can—so they have to lump us all together into their xenophobia. Fucking wierd, man.

There's a tragic love story in here too, plus a rollicking good description of a bike race that turns into a riot. Not much sex, I'm afraid, unless you're a homosexual necrophiliac, or vice versa. The really bad thing about it is that it reads much too fast—240 pages of Breslin, you'll have to do it in one sitting. So wait 'till it gets into paperback to buy it—you will not only save money, you'll make the paperback distributors happy.



Funny thing about the rock and roll world, it gets by regardless of the press... I thank god. Press conferences are a necessary evil in any form of media politics. Mayor Lindsay announces a news conference to tell all the members of the press that he is going on vacation, Kim Agnew calls a press conference to tell everyone that her old man is lame, and the Rolling Stones have a press conference just to announce that they are alive and well. What is a Rolling Stones conference like? Not what you think, not in any way shape or form.

There are no Nubian handmaidens passing out grapes, no joints passed around... just juice, liquor and tired pressies... you see, the object of any press conference involving rock people is to get together to swap lies and catch flies, stab friends in the back (out of hearing range), or get drunk. The Rolling Stones conference was no exception to the unspoken rule. Everyone was there that could be considered there in the rock world: world famous journalists of the now burgeoning pop press, the Times representatives, infamous Post critic, literary groupies of all hues. Everyone who remotely aspired to being anyone was there - a regular convention.

But what about the conference? How would you like to have a conference with the Press in the Rainbow grill, 65th floor of the RCA building at Rockefeller Center. How would you like a string quartet and hot food plus drinks just for the drinking? How would you like to talk to people, while being blinded by klieg lights, surrounded by clicking mechanical eyes, being peered at by anonymous camera eyes, or answering all manner of inane questions?

The Stones came into the high ceilinged room at the Rainbow Grill and were met with a barrage of mechanized McLuhanized media freaks. There was absolute pandemonium as questions were dodged. "What do you think about the Vietnam war?" Jagger smirked, Richards mumbled, "I knew that we were going to be asked that question." The question wasn't answered. "What do you think of America?" "It changes?" said Mick. Hell, the whole thing was inane, pointless, a needless expense. The Stones could have benefited from a rest not a press conference.

In fact, the whole thing was managed for Alan B. Klein's benefit. Klein now manages the Beatles and the Stones in the U.S., and the press conference seemed to be the test of whether Klein could sustain the pecuniary damage of renting the Rainbow Grill, maintaining an open bar, and serving hot cou'd'oures.

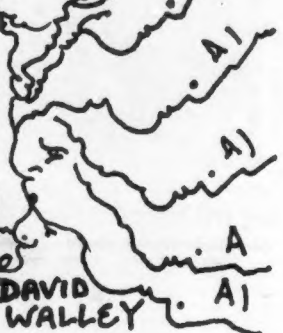
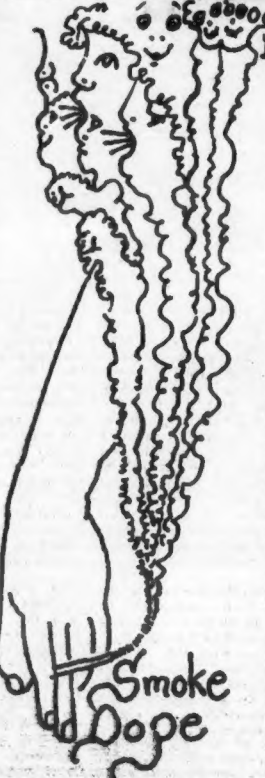
Talk about cynicism, man you haven't seen anything until you have seen Mick Jagger sneer after being asked a pointless question. Newsmen, however, are a special breed of parasite, they are called on by their higher-ups to give the viewers or their readers something to read, even if there is no news worth considering. Cameramen in turn must present something to their chiefs, something which may or may not be used on television. Consequently, this press conference turned into a shoving match between the news cameramen and the still photographers. Shouts of "Down in front" almost drowned out what the group was saying, and since they said very little, the predominating theme of the conference was "Down in Front" or "Speak up, I can't hear the question."

That's not much news to report on is it? Press conferences in themselves are another sort of social phenomenon. They are not held especially for the people who have called the conference, they are held for the press who has to attend them. In fact, any press conference more resembles a reunion. Everyone comes to see their friends in the different news papers, or camera crews. The last thing they want to do, besides eating and drinking is to film the conference or ask questions of the participants. No one cares who calls the conference, only what will be served or how comfortable the accommodations. The Stones conference had a B plus ambience, the drinks were generous, but the press room was mobbed and no one could see anything after it began, sort of like the locker room scene after the Mets won the pennant.

While I was listening to questions and drinking my obligatory Scotch on the racks, I idly wondered why the whole thing was so necessary in the first place. The more I watched, the more convinced I became that anyone could have been in front of those cameras - anyone except the stones. One could have made up his own questions, or even exchanged places with the Jagger and nothing would have been any different. The underground people there laughed into their drinks at the tortured questions of the straight media. Not that the straight media are any better than their underground compatriots, but the audience is a little different. Funnier still is the fact that everyone knew that the questions were inane, but almost by force of habit, the questions had to be asked, and the Stones had to respond in some coherent or incoherent fashion. The answers mattered less than the questions. The view from the top of the RCA building was worth the minor inconvenience of waiting 45 minutes for someone to show, dodging tv cameras,

lighting fixtures, and tape recorders.

You could have called it any way you wanted...it was a stone drag for all concerned. It would have been better to have 26 selected members of the press meet with the Stones in less palatial quarters with less uptight people around. I would have preferred it, the other 230 members of the Establishment would have preferred it, and Mick Jagger would have been more at ease. The pop industry is funny like that and the people who manage pop people should know better than to treat artists like cattle. Oh well, I guess that's the price of being a Stone.



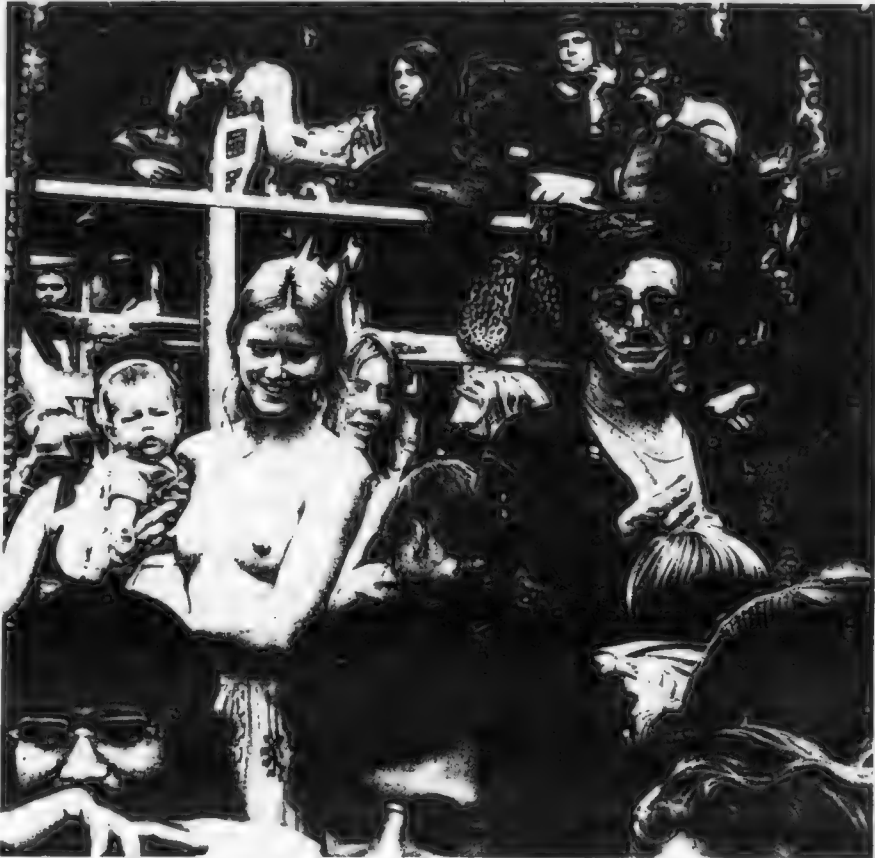
Hot Dog - Hot Rats!

There are few things which make me happier than to listen to good music. Recently, I was given a copy of *Hot Rats*, a new album by Frank Zappa and some of his friends Sugar Cane Harris, Jean Luc Ponty, and Ian Underwood and others. There are no words to convey the joy which this album gives me. This is Zappa's first album without the Mothers - it is different. It is not rock and roll, jazz, third stream music, classical music. It is fresh and better than just about any other albums which have been released this year. For one thing, one can actually hear Frank play lead guitar unobstructed by nasty lyrics, triple tracking, and over dubbing. Two of the best numbers of the record, *Hot Rats* (featuring the inimitable voice of Captain Beefheart) and *Gumbo Variations* deserve special mention. *Hot Rats* features a rather long and marvelous guitar solo by Zappa in which he outdoes any of the superguitarists of the British set. He plays cleanly and fluidly and with authority. *Gumbo Variations* features the fine violin work of Jean Luc Ponty. Zappa and Ponty are presently collaborating on an album for Pacific records which should be released sometime next year. It will contain Zappa's music as arranged and played by Ponty - definitely a switch...

Hot Rats is a musically simple album, so simple that one wonders why it was done in the first place. I would venture to say that Zappa decided to make some of his own blues after listening to what has been turned out over the past 2 years by the British invasion. He probably said to himself, "Hell, I can do better than that"...and he did. Definitely commercial potential, hooray!

the yugoslav directors meet american students

by jud yalkut



From November 13 through November 26th, the Museum of Modern Art has been presenting new works of Yugoslav feature film production, this present crop composed of films released in Yugoslavia in 1969. In an attempt to encourage communication with younger filmmakers and film students in America, the Museum staged on November 20th screenings of two films by two of the newest Yugoslav directors, followed by a student press conference with four of the directors in the series. When they had been asked about their preferences in meeting the press, the Yugoslavs unanimously agreed they would be most interested in meeting with American students, filmmakers and young leftists. Certainly this first encounter proved to be a tentative probing at best, and one was left after the podium had been deserted with a sense of awkwardness for American youth, or at least for those spokesmen of American youth who had chosen to present themselves, student filmmakers and reporters from New Jersey, New York public and private high schools, New York University, and Columbia University.

The directors present for the conference consisted of three new directors just completing their first features, and one seasoned master of the Yugoslav film who has completed three features. Dusan Makavejev, whose *MAN IS NOT A BIRD* was first screened at MOMA in conjunction with the New York Film Festival, and whose *LOVE AFFAIR, OR THE CASE OF A MISSING SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR* was a hit of the 1967 New York Film Festival and opened in New York in the following season, proving to be the most exciting production in several years of any Eastern European director, interspersing

macabre commentaries by aged lecturers in sexology and criminology with classical pornographic art throughout the ostensible story of the senseless throwing down a well and death of a blonde switchboard operator by her passionate but dejectedly drunk (she is reluctantly three months pregnant) lover, a sanitation inspector specializing in rats. The complete candor of their mutual passion and openness progressed and flashbacked hypnotically throughout the prosaic mundanity of their civil existences and the police investigations of the accidental crime of passion.

During Makavejev's previous New York appearance, he relayed a number of impressions on the art of filmmaking: "I am happy to think that different feelings are evoked in audiences of different screenings. People fill in the gaps with their own explanations. I left gaps intentionally and felt there was no need to fill in with unnecessary talk... I feel that film is closer to painting than to drama and literature. You can have different deas at different

points (wherever you start to view)...In Yugoslavia I was educated very strictly in dialectical ideas but I find them hard to take now. My country has been in a state of permanent revolution for the last 95 years. The control of art is very different from a country like Czechoslovakia. Everyone can have a passport, can travel where he likes. There are 20 million inhabitants and art is free. There is a special fund for the promotion of filmmaking from box office receipts. Filmmaking is not supported directly by the government but from these funds, so we are able to work independently."

The other three Yugoslav filmmakers had just completed their first films, some after having made numerous short documentaries, Zelimir Zilnik having written and directed *EARLY WORKS* (distributed by Grove Press), with additional dialogue by "Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels", and Boro Drascovic having written and directed *HOROSKIP (HOROSCOPE)*—one was never sure why the film had this title despite an oblique but obvious

reference to one character being a Cancer (someone should check this out)--Commented Drascovic: "In some places the young people try to turn the world 'on', to change and perfect it. However, there still are places where they suffocate in pernicious boredom. They are informed about the world, they know what they like and what they don't, but they have no real life-plan and condemn themselves to idleness...I made this picture out of the need to show the young that they have only one solution: and this is action. All others can lead to catastrophe." Zilnik had commented likewise in his program notes, and both *EARLY WORKS* and *HOROSCOPE* rang with the same cry against youthful apathy, with Zilnik's film openly manifesting a Post-Godardian aesthetic, reminiscent of *LESS CARABINIERS*: "I became involved in film through utopian belief in its direct impact and healing powers. My concern is with the rejected, exploited, persecuted and forgotten people, whose fate should serve as a warning of the need to examine and verify the claims of a

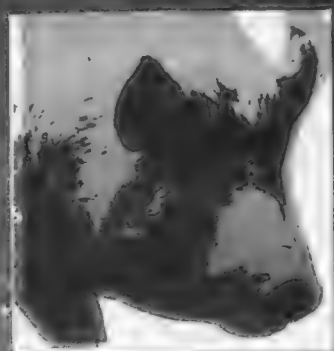
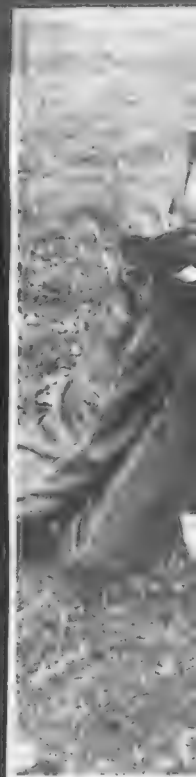
general prosperity. I am concerned with groups who upset the existing order and rules...people who have nothing to lose: they can spit in anyone's face both the truth and hatred. My documentary film on student demonstrations in Belgrade, in June 1968, brought up the questions raised in *EARLY WORKS*—the immense explosion of hope in 1968 among the young people all the way from Paris to Prague, disintegration of the existing power structures, seizure of the future in their hands, and withdrawal before the forces of the establishment, lethargy and reaction. In a sense, my recent films are a form of 'self-critical realism'."

Makavejev, Zilnik, Drascovic, and a fourth director, Ivanda, met with the New York representatives of American youth under close quarters in a meeting room of the Museum Library. The proceedings were administered by the Museum's film director, Willard Van Dyke.

/DRASCOVIC: I have been in America twice, and I have spent about forty days. Can I have
(Continued on Page 20)



**everybody
wants to
FUTZ**





BY AL HANSON

FUTZ! Oh WOW, man...you dig stickin your cock into a pig? Not a cop...dig it man, a pig. A big old swaggery, sauntering, granting sow of a pig with ten teats hanging in rows and a nice enterable cunt to poke your rod up? - Admit it now man, with some of the stuff you've put it in...a pig is a step up...

Rochelle Owens stayed right in there writing additional dialogue for Joe Stefano's screenplay. Acid color orgy scenes make the "speed" shots in 2001 seem amateurish. The vehicle sea change that usually fucks up a movie never lays a hand on Futz. A good way to insure against damage in transit is to go along as Rochelle did. Another way is to find people who can really get into the material and think it out, feel it out, smell it out and fuck it out. Usually the realtor mentality that undertakes to make a hot play into a movie that millions can attend, gets into the star thing and Daily News' it up so that like education it becomes palatable to broader millions of

potential attendees. The average intelligent layman gets very pissed off at dubbing, ameliorization, idea extraction and other shit that gets perpetrated on plays and novels being crossed over into the big distribution launching pad. There is a very good reason for this. When they get the film all together they make many, many copies, these are then distributed to theatres all over the country; first, second, run, etc. That's what its all about, big business. The odds against a work getting through at all are enormous; Goldings 'Lord Of The Flies', 'Drums Along The Mohawk', 'Easy Rider', 'Gone With The Wind' lets see what they do with Myra Breckenridge. The environmental whisper word out on FUTZ is...yeah, theres this guy fucks a pig, yknow and he sucks his mothers teats in the play...like its wild! Funny how to get on such a big strong work of art. The establishment, the real estate mentalities that usually buy up and use a



letters

Dear Brothers & Sisters—Washington, Nov. 15, 4:30 PM: a Faction of SDS, "The Weathermen" (who I know to be a bunch of pseudo-revolutionary fucked-up assholes) marched on the Department of Injustice. We marched with them because we believe that the fuckin' pigs who swore to uphold the constitution should do at least that. We stepped marching when the shithead "Weathermen" decided we should all have our heads busted for no damned reason. (What the fuck do they care, the Weathermen wear helmets.) As far as the raising of the Viet Cong flag goes, fuck that, because a flag is just a piece of cloth and means shit, whether it has one star or fifty (God Bless America). Taking down the American flag and raising the VC flag was a sure way of starting trouble, and won't help free Bobby Seale and all the other prisoners of Pig Justice.

If the "Weathermen" and other SDSers and the like believe that a successful revolution is less than seven years away (1976, happy

"200th") they should "go back to school" and reorganize their fucked-up heads. For the revolution to be successful it must be well-organized and strongly unified or it'll be put down easily and quickly. Now is not the time for open "fighting in the streets". The "Battle" is too well-guarded. Cripple the system first and then bring it down to its knees. Nitroglycerine works much better than VC flags and Ho Chi Minh chants. Who knows, one morning Dow Jones might really get kicked up the ass when he wakes and finds the New York Stock Exchange rendered to dust (hint! hint!)

Peace to the People,
Uncle Heeb and Indian

PS—Print this letter or else we'll blow up your office.

ED: Blow yourself.

Dear EVO—When someone speaks of "non-violence" in the Movement these days he's living in the past because that phrase is decidedly dated and what it means is just ancient history now and has no relevance to us as either a tactic or philosophy. In a beautiful "H-rap" some

issues ago Editor Kohn himself gave wholehearted endorsement to the use of violent tactics for violent situations, whenever these situations might occur in the Politics of Confrontation. I agree with Kohn in this conclusion but one wonders where he's been and what took him so long that he didn't draw the conclusion sooner. But, no matter, the boy finally did come across. Hallelujah, the brother has come home. But, let's take it a step farther now because analyzing the nature of all confrontation tactics, be they violent, nonviolent, or anything in between, is itself quite pointless. Granted, violence can be a useful tool, but why give a shit about its makeup, the important thing about any tool is that it works perfectly and is the proper one for the job. My point is that since our government long ago abandoned all pretense of morally evaluating its tactics, if we want to survive, then we've got to meet Big Xruther on his own terms. One doesn't have to look for to see this country's ambivalent attitude toward violence. Hell, it smacks of schizophrenia. In our culture, when some citizen freaks out and

kills a number of white Americans just for the hell of it, then everybody gets all uptight and screams "law and order" because they're horrified of the senseless killing. But when some Runky in uniform for Uncle Sam murders a lot of Vietnamese, the home town folks make him a hero and everybody wants to shake his hand for killing all these little brown savages "over there". Don't you see? It's just a matter of perspective: killing and violence are just action and result, no more, no less. The moral justification of which society determines by who did them and where they occurred.

I repeat, to beat Big Brother you've got to adopt his own tactics. Don't fuck up your mind with irrelevant considerations or "right" or "wrong", don't analyze your fuckin' tactics. Instead, reflect on the results of them. Better yet, don't reflect at all on anything, just DO IT. Get stoned and do it. Lie, cheat, murder, destroy, these things are American staples, just like apple pie, remember? It's the aools we're interested in, not the tactics, if they help the cause of human decency. Some will ask,

"what's decent about violence and destruction?" but isn't "decency" itself just a matter of perspective, and a lot of us knew "perspective" all too well. We've had enough of that shit.

James Zeman
Cader Rapids, Iowa
ED: Editor Kohn was fighting British soldiers with guns before you ever thought about violence. It wasn't much fun.

Dear EVO: In the August 22, 1969, issue of LIFE magazine, there was a short article entitled, "Marijuana Famine", by Barry Farrell. In this article, he discussed the use of a new drug by the United States government which was sprayed on marijuana plants from helicopters. This drug did not kill the plants but induced in the potential users of marijuana intense nausea and vomiting for a period of up to three days. The name of the drug used is benzylidethylamino benzosate. This drug is extremely stable, will not break down over along period of time, and is closely related chemically to—get this—DDT and cancer-producing drugs. Look it up. Then write to people.

An Interested Friend

museum

(Continued from Page 4)

out over the demands for black artists and greater decentralization of cultural functions.

No one could say that things went smoothly, however, and perhaps the most hopeful thing, as in Viet Nam, is that negotiations will continue, though as in Viet Nam no one is entirely sure who really means what. Some of the exchanges at this meeting were full of interest, for instance the one remarkable curator who frankly and humorously admitted that the only reason he put up with setting up exhibitions and doing museum work was not the salary but the feeling of power he gave him over art history and public taste.

Another revealing comment was made by William Rubin, one of the chief curators whose brother happens to be the head of the American Society of Gallery Owners, concerning a suggestion that older works in the museum's collection be sold to the

Metropolitan and proceeds of sale be used to buy newer works by younger artists. This plan was actually part of the museum's policy between 1949 and 1953, when it was abandoned: Mr. Rubin stated that the reason it was abandoned was because the Metropolitan refused to pay anywhere near what the Modern felt the paintings were worth, and so the Modern decided to hold on to them and build a permanent collection of "Modern Masters." He indicated that the Metropolitan even today would still not pay what he regarded as a fair price.

Besides providing an interesting footnote on how art experts disagree not only on aesthetic matters but hard cash, Mr. Rubin has also given us an interesting explanation of why we really have museums and culture and all that stuff; at least according to his version, it is not because they are either great or inspiring or good for us, but simply to preserve the works of art until they reach a

high enough agreed value to be sold, providing tax deductions for their donor-owners in the meantime.

Mr. Rubin is an authority in this field, and his remark, once it is published—as it is now—could well provoke the long-predicted crash in the world art market. Even the staunchest of capitalists grant that the stock market occasionally gets over-inflated and has to reach an "adjustment," and there is no reason to think the same isn't true of the art market.

In the meantime negotiations continue, and there are a few slim signs that we may yet get the Modern to open its doors free of charge one day a week. Even if this was all the A.W.C. ever accomplished, it would have served its purpose, but as one of the founders of the Coalition I believe it has a number of deeper and continuing aims. These involve not only obtaining greater recognition for black artists and the various issues concerning artists' rights but, more

importantly, fighting to change the overall concept of culture as it presently understood.

Decentralization of museums is part of the solution, but it is questionable whether sending De Kooning prints to be shown in the nation's poverty areas will do the trick. The A.W.C. must find a way of communicating clearly to all levels of museum (and government) hierarchies, including the trustees, that culture is something else today than it was when the Modern was founded.

It is more direct, less pretentious, hopefully less elitist, and it is spread as much by word of mouth or the media as by ordained cultural ministers. The Museums must learn that their old strictly-structured definitions (which werailed down clearly by the staff at the negotiations) are not a profitable gateway to the future—if they continue in this vein they will not only impair all real progress but they will end by losing the younger generation.

At one time the Modern actually suggesting allowing the A.W.C. to set up a Lower East Side art center, something which could hopefully be run in the free and unstructured manner of England's many arts labs. It is to be hoped they mean to follow through on this in the many parts of the city that need it.

In the meantime it is not surprising that many Coalition members are still suspicious of the Museum and suppose that the whole point of the negotiations is to smother the A.W.C. in a blanket of words and co-opt its members. If the Museum does not show proof of its good intentions in the near future, it will also not be surprising if some of the Coalition's members come once again to prefer actions to words.

Meetings of the Coalition continue to be held regularly on Mondays at 8 PM, 729 Broadway Corner of Waverly Place, second floor. These meetings are open to everyone.

DOWN IN BOLIVIA, GULF OIL IS WORRIED

The Gulf Oil Corporation, fearing the example of Bolivia's recent nationalization of its property, called on the Nixon Administration to invoke the Hickenlooper Amendment against that country.

The Amendment, which enables the President to withhold foreign aid payments, was originally passed in retaliation for seizures of U.S. property by revolutionary governments. E.D. Brackett, chairman of Gulf Oil, stated that "if ever there was a straightforward case to which the Hickenlooper Amendment can be applied, it is the one we are discussing."

Although Gulf's Bolivian production is only about 1.1 percent of its worldwide output, the Bolivian nationalization coupled with Peru's seizure of the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Corp., poses serious threats to Gulf's future investment in Latin America. For example, a joint project of Gulf and the Bolivian

news

Ins

National Oil Company to build a 334-mile natural gas pipeline to the Argentine town of Yucubia is now threatened.

Furthermore, a joint Texaco-Gulf project to construct a trans-Andean pipeline in Ecuador will also be endangered if Bolivian nationalization is allowed to go unnoticed.

CIA'S SWAN ISLAND RADIO STATION MAINTAINED

TEGUIGALPA, Honduras (LNS) - The United States and Honduras have reached a happy agreement about the Swan Islands, a few bits of land about 100 miles northeast of the Caribbean coast of Honduras.

At least the U.S. is happy about the agreement. A State Department press release notes that while Honduran sovereignty

over the islands may be recognized, the U.S. gets what it wants: "In a reciprocal gesture of cooperation and friendship," the press release notes, "the Government of Honduras would allow the United States to retain its installations on the islands, which consist of a radio beacon for international navigation and an upper-air weather sounding station, the services of which are freely available to all nations."

There's a lot more to this agreement than meets the eye, however. The Swan Islands received national attention a few years ago, with the publication of *The Invisible Government*, which told all about the CIA radio broadcasting operations headquartered on the islands.

The islands, it is also assumed, are a focal point for propaganda and counterrevolutionary efforts directed against Cuba.

THE BLIND WANT UNDERGROUND PRESS TOO

ATLANTA (LNS) - Georgia state officials moved recently to step the Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped from sending out tapes of the Great Speckled Bird, Atlanta's radical weekly. The federally-financed Library had been sending out tapes of the Bird in response to the request of blind people throughout Georgia. Despite the intervention of the state, blind people in Georgia will continue to have access to the Bird - staffers of the paper and their friends are continuing distribution of Bird tapes to the blind through private channels.

DRUGS WIN AT LABORATORY

Federal narcotics arrests, including marijuana, totalled 3600 in 1968, up 14 percent from

1967, while the FBI's most recent report shows drug arrests up 32 percent. California shows a 64 percent increase in "dangerous drug" violations and a 40 percent increase in all drug arrests, with a solid majority being of drug users under the age of 18. Washington State, with incomplete figures, indicates a doubling of drug arrests, and New Jersey reports a quadrupling also with incomplete figures. Utah's drug arrests were up 260 percent and Oregon records show an increase of 120 percent. Colorado's drug arrest figures, not yet complete, have apparently quadrupled since 1967. Hawaii's figures show a 90 percent increase, Alabama reports a 32 percent rise, New York reports a comparatively low 23 percent increase, and Illinois indicates a 25 percent increase, with a 20 percent drop in number of LSD and pep pill arrests.

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hitler ?
(Continued from Page 5)

an "evil" figure. His famous book, *Brave New World* is a kind of anti-tribal propoganda to scare everyone away from thoughts of harmonic, tribal tranquility; better to hang on to the injustices of the literate society than to fly to universal, acoustical "damnation"

I suppose it is a big change. If you haven't grown up with TV advertising, grass and, in the words of jumpin' Joe Cocker - "Warner Brother's Second Production of The Moon"... you might just think that the human race cannot handle "knowing itself", talking to itself, being itself, just all at once, with flowing harmonic interchange, like the ocean

You see, the literate man is very self contained. When his wife makes love to him she "oohs" politely, just three times at orgasm. Nobody wrythes and cries out, nobody lets go, unless of course they are just about to gas 2,000 jews. Ah, yes, that's tribal man, marching in the peace parade in Washington before returning to his place at the war machine production line, howling the great Jagger on to a bloody conquest of the entire West Coast. Think if the Rolling Stones had been to Woodstock...ah what carnage "Hitler wore a maxi-coat! Hitler took pep pills! Hitler was so far ahead that only now are the kids catching up to him!" (Hitler played a Gibson?)

But for sheer juicy, joyful illogic listen to this fantastic sentence: "Actually, the idea that rock is Fascism spelled Fashion is as familiar as the fact that smoking causes cancer."

It would take a lot of acid to undo Mr. Goldman's tortured synapses. In all fairness, let's

just say, Albert, don't be scared Mick Jagger's many fans are not being revved up to go out and gas communities. They may go home and ball all night or roll their joints on Section 2 of the Times, but the good, old-fashioned, newspaper-reading policeman of America's answer to Batista, our own John Mitchell, yes those men will gas more people in a month, than all of Mr. Jagger's fans in their collective life times. And the New York Times, for all her liberal breast-beating, is rather fond of those good old-fashioned, newspaper-reading policemen So you see. Golden slumbers to you and yours

That's a funny generation. The Times is busy seeing the Third Reich at a rock and roll concert Mr. Mitchell, according to Mrs. Mitchell-not too many of you to make her say it, saw the Russian revolution at the Peace march Can you imagine, as the Armies were storming the Czar's palace, if Mobe marshalls had left up on the palace walls, flashed the peace sign, told everyone to cool it, and all those guns of the mighty Bolsheviks had turned to ink bottles and the palace had rung with the cries of "Free Bobby"? Dear Sirs: flagrant exaggeration is not too convincing.)

Actually, it is one of the essential delights and amazing qualities of authentic rock music that, although it may gather people by the hundreds of thousands, it is exactly the opposite of totalitarian. Beauty, said Da Vinci, was a quality of the soul, visible in the eyes. The beauty of rock stems from deep, evolutionary human, energy-releasing experiences which in themselves are so full of love and so intimately dependent on direct interchange between free-spirited independent people, that I do not see how it would ever fan the muderous paranoias of a totalitarian system. Sure it would be possible to play Rolling Stones' music at a rally for

George Wallace, just as it is possible to set up a psychedelic light show at a marine recruiting office. nBut - the essential vibrations are so different it would lead nowhere, nor would a totalitarian situation ever inspire the free-wheeling, ecstatic release of spirit necessary for the creation of rock

Take Joe Cocker. One of the heros of Woodstock, definite sign of totalitarian leanings, right? Absurd. On the stage of the Fillmore waving back and forth on his helter-skelter legs, his long fingers playing guitar, piano, saxophone in the air, he was the embodiment of pure desire to "be friends with you. What is so powerful about the way he sings "My lonely days are gone, I'm a-comin' home, my baby done wrote me a letter" is the way he gets you into that experience, not in a political way, but in an intensely individual way. Greek plays- involvement and catharsis

The magnificent King Crimson, and if they continue to fulfill their promise we're in for the next super group from England, do a blinding thing called "20th Century Schizoid Man" which is a fantastic trip into this whole mind-bent world of the totalitarian freak out, 1984 contrasted with the flower children, which is precisely what is going on. To go with them on the energy and love of their tremendous rock music down the paranoid mind alleys of the political nightmares was the high point of the concert I heard, even if they were the first on the bill. They are very young, original, spontaneous. It's completely understandable why Peter Townshend is so high on them

Fleetwood Mac has to be very good. Friday night they were very unraveled. Wouldn't have scared even the Daily News (See you at the Garden (of Eden)

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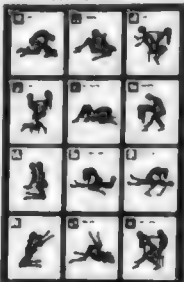
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abortion
 (Continued from Page 6)

A woman from the audience interrupted the speeches to shout that she had come a long way to hear the original men speak and wanted the women to leave the stage. When she finally realized that she had no support she left.

The women were continually harassed by having the microphones disconnected and later removed and all the lights turned off.



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They continued their talk shouting in the dark until someone found a light switch and turned the lights back on. After the speeches they asked for questions from the audience. And one man stood up and shouted that Bitches were born to have children and if they could have the fun of fucking they should be willing to have as many children as they conceived. They should sew up their cunts or wear chastity belts if they were unwilling to perform their proper function of satisfying men and having babies.

A woman suggested that since women put up with the dangers to their health involved in childbirth and abortion, they should not be forced to risk their health taking birth control pills etc., but contraceptives should be developed for men.

The priority seemed to be against this suggestion though and one woman stated that she wouldn't trust a man with that much control over her body.

Richard Bowers from the National Association for Abortion Law Repeal and Optimum Population Center was drowned out by shouts that Law are made by men and that women were not represented in the legislature.

A woman from the audience suggested that women should not alienate men who were willing to work with them for the repeal of all abortion laws.

Several women waved cast hangers representing the various dangerous weapons used by desperate women attempting abortions.

One woman wanted to know why the Womens' Liberation groups were demanding free abortions since they would be cheaper than they are at present if they were legal.

She was told that most women with enough money can obtain a therapeutic or a relatively safe illegal abortion even under today's laws, and that, in general, it's the poor women who are forced to bear babies which they can't afford to care for or to risk their lives in cheap dangerous operations.

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WHERE IS TRANQUILITY?

futz

(Continued from Page 13)

erty almost always go for... FUTZ should be loaded... Lucille Ball, Joey Bishop... Ray, Tab Hunter, Arlene... Dean Martin and like... because reality is involved... properly in terms of big... stars that create... speedes just to see them. Its... Broadway and Hollywood are... involvements or structures... where love is emanated from the... stance to the stage in ways... spell lots of dollars. Its a... technically engineered thing that... with the known. The... ishment won't deal with... ing but the known. That's... artists, poets, new politico... and other crazies upset... establishment so. They... am and freak on the unknown... that's over the edge of... into chaos.

FUTZ is earthy and primal and... ous and sensory and strong... re are about eighty places... they could have made it... th and more popular... it need your head teet... it and once through... h because it never... a work of art that requ... attention. The new electric... seamless global universe... ptual sensory shit bathos... im in twenty four hours... has insisted on an... mentalization of cinema... lineat need to at least... us strip effect if not... real. Rock shows, club... tiques, etc., are... onmentally coming through... doorways of Happenness... onmental art, neo-dada... age-assemblage which is the... of the world is. The way it... ily is. 2.001 and The Night... Raided Minsk's were all... l by the linear, honky... te press as haying fuzzy... lly apparent or weak plots... vone discussed 2001 and... low Submarine as places to... Simple? Nit all comes from... ness. Management and... my selling create outpost... play in the 5 & 10. You find... dy outposted in cosmetics... stockings outposted in... ting cards. The grocery... re sells dristan and tampax... l the drugstore lays in coke... eam and stationary and the... store has a cigarette... rhine installed... its a... netic crossfeed inter... ed Media America. Visual... aural stupefaction and... estion 24 hours a day! All of... designed by artists and... ners who went to Fruit... per Union etc. Within this... network FUTZ could have... made nice, still sexy but... as pie with every co-ut... ored by a critic... etically concrete Yabb... stavs strong.

FZ opens with a Jud on... ch Carnegie Recital Hall... garde music piece using... wonderfully fucked u... Lucas Foss, Stockhausen... Higgins and Max Neuhaus... rolled together in one... tformance as an avant garde... pull but with love. The... ence is really a Jud-on... ch culture vulture outfit and... watch and concentrate as... black tie and gowned... ormers launch the piece... onductor directs their vocal... vels busily combining the... uts and fartsounds and tells

with tympany xylophone (I think) and other classical instruments. The message to the establishment in this kind of experimental percussion and concrete music is the old and the new blended and fragmented into anarchy and chaos. The fairly straight audience begins to come apart at the seams and as the choral group launch into a tague (I think, maybe it was some kind of round) on the words

How many pigs would a pigfucker fuck if a pigfucker could fuck pigs! Something like that, anyway they explore it vocally and the cloak of civilization falls off the audience the way it never does in real life. The audience begins chanting it and tearing up their programs and freaking out. The performers are into it too. One cat gets a base drum over his head and a chick tears a guys jacket sleeve off, people are making it and fighting. Dresses are coming apart... if the message of art is to instruct us, then here is the latest in advanced music actually having an effect on an audience.

Art is the envelope culture is mailed down through the ages in Couteau laid a crazy line on me once about artists being in a sportscar out in advance of the rest of the world which travels by slow bus. America ia is a schizophrenic outfit built on the mass hysteria energy of crazies and norm deviators from all over the globe. America and Hollywood and General Motors are the world's sportscars out in front. Like, the torties ducks ass haircut and pegged pants just got to Oghkutsik, Siberia last week and that's what all their swingers will look like until the Elvis Presley records start to filter in there. But this FUTZ that Ben Shapiro's Guvnor Productions filmed is some really hairy heavy shit brainwise, and soulwise is what

I'm trying to tell you. My proof is that the square press choked on the fact that this cat is really into fucking a pig. Now how could anybody prefer a pig to a beautiful woman or even a dull woman? That's what FUTZ is into and the avant garde orchestral work and what it does to the audience and the performers is the launching pad for FUTZ.

Tom O'Horgan directed and the cast of the movie is almost to a man and a chick the exact same La Mama Repertory Company of Ellen Stewart that did it in New York and its such a tough piece of work and when you think of how the money guys might have fucked up Rochelle Owens head with enough bread to jetset it and buy out boutiques and shornhow she hung in there and O'Horgan hung in there and Seth Allen is dynamic and its like a big win for our side and for art. After the concert a rural players group began to perform on primitive homemade instruments outdoors on a multi purpose platform that is performance area, and a boxing ring size base for a house, a stage... everything that transpires can be seen in a multiview. The players are completely ordinary country folk fresh scrubbed and sturdily rural. The fields and country stretch for years. It is South Carolina, Salinas, Hopper and Wyeth, Ohio, Harlan County... pickup trucks and jalopies and country store cracker barrel types that are brightly Wasp are the audience. They are clearly the parents and husbands, the kin of the players. And the performance begins with a rube putting on a jug Jimmy Kweeskin style, his foot slaps a funky jug band beat and the whole thing takes you away on a head ride that doesn't let up for what seems like an hour and a half.

(Continued on Page 19)

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futz
 (Continued from Page 18)

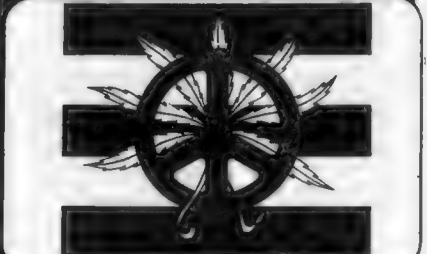
Once the blonde chick who gives Set Allen suck refers to the music as "Sad Jack." Its a tough vibrant simple theme as "country" as is much of the film and characters and equal to "Hey Jude", the best of "HAIR". Quite often we are the pig. Quite often we are addressed as if we are the pig. Put that on simmer.

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thilm
 (Continued from Page 6)

high school equivalency diplomas. More though, these people have made the neighborhood conscious of its own existence as people who have somewhere to grow, to be Street kids can now invade almost any floor of the seven story building on the corner of 7th and Avenue A, find others who, with them, are building something; it might be the Mothers in Action nursery center, it might be the Karate and Judo school on the first floor, it might just be the office where Director Muhammad Salahudeen is busy spraying the walls, listening to four different stories and problems, and trying to give directions to someone on the phone all the while wondering to himself how long this can go on with no salaries no money coming in.

Trying to write about people who are really pulling on an idea and making it work—and doing it with little or no pay—is hard; suspicion and desire to disbelieve as they are, it somehow does not make sense that anyone still has heart left alone soul. But University of the Streets is, is alive and is working, all done with great heart and nearly no bread Foundation money is at drip-drip standstill because of the ensuing investigation by Tricky Dicky who wants to know where his tax money is going (yeah, his, it all gets back to him anyway); and it is probably Muhammad's Aries nature which keeps it all somehow functioning.

If you want to find out more about it, U of the Streets is at 130 East 7th Street, NY 10009, Tel. 254-9300

When this column was originally, haphazardly named Thilm, I was thinking more in terms of theatre on stage, but theatre which I hear and see is happening all over and much as I personally dislike the institution of politics (Chinese peasant proverb: Politics is as the meeting of hot air winds; let us do something important and spread manure on the fields) the growing together (coming together) of levels of existence has made me aware of politics—which I still find a necessary luxury to ignore except as means to an end. Still, each to his own level for helping change to happen, for making human beings happier and awake. More and more people are growing aware of the necessity of action; Time-Life staffers and et. al. all wear black armbands and make fists...only only means that there is that much more to be done by the vanguard to push the movements and revolutions and changes that much closer to glory. It already is real, and now we have to deal with it.

The speakers and staffers of Move Speak are some of the people who have been making changes in our world, growing themselves and trying to communicate whatever they've learned. Now they have gone onestep further and pooled resources, presenting a combined force field...and if we all do that, re-energizing each other, who knows just what might happen...

The two organizations just mentioned are exactly that only two out of many trying to create an information core for the new world to stand around; it is the responsibility of each human being to find out who he is and add that information to the stockpile, use those experiences and whatever knowledge gained to communicate to others and to always try to get back to whatever essential wisdom we are born with, the wisdom of Star Makers and the cosmos, micro or macro.

Music. My stereo is finally on again, and records fly through, sweet strands of honey and brass, pity blues and efforts to find Samadhi in 12-bar progressions and whatnot Things I have listened to even though there are even more waiting, but records I have needed to hear again, over Taubid, Pharoah Sanders...Inside, Paul Horn...If the Jasmine Don't Get You the Bay Breeze Will, Vince Martin...You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you just might (crack crack) get what you need.

Note: Go see 42nd Street movies for a fast, practical course in American Civilization or Introductory Sociology; the sexual mores of the films are direct takes from the way they all live...environment conditions, a story from Paul Krassner: A little black girl, about 5, in Berkeley wanted to cross the street; looked for someone to help her across, saw a policeman walked over and smiled, "Mr. Pig, would you take me across the street?" If that's the only name you ever heard, you wouldn't know either.

The Mix: Not worth it

Vixen and Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers: Russ Meyer's specials. Girls in The Mix all look like cheap playboy rejects, and except for one jive scene of hard hard chickie masturbating with gun while peeking through at young teenagers performing first 69, not much of a flick.

Vixen...will fuck anything: kid brother, charging rhino, husband, except for local spade, Niles, whom she calls Rufus and other assorted names. Big letdown: does not fuck Rufus or local animals in the woods or even the fish she plays with. But makes lesbian scene after being overcome by "strange feelings" and etc...very bad lesbian scene, has nothing to do with the real excitement, beauty, or even simple sexual thrills. Finders etc. has the nicest bodies of all of these and a few more, and is most fun at the time although am hard put to remember what actually happened besides straight sex and one James Bond kind of scene.

I hope everyone has fun over Thanksgiving and DON'T FORGET: Nina Simone at The Fillmore December 12 and 13 with Richie Havens. NINA SIMONE!!! Between Thanksgiving and Christmas just so the holiday spirit never lets down. Mmmmmhmm, Nina Simone, babble babble...Guess I'll go play with my Led Zeppelin blow-up rubber reproduction, my favorite bathroom toy...and wait for Thanksgiving to come.

Do not bring yourself misery. Do not go to see Popcorn even if you don't see the Stones.

yugoslav

(Continued from Page 11)

forty days to speak about America?

VAN DYKE: Of course

DRASCOVIC: It was really a big experience for me. I had an opportunity to fly from New York to San Francisco, from San Francisco to Chicago, and Florida. Till now it has all left me topsy-turvy. I couldn't find time to think. Always new things come and I cannot stop and start to think. I just can feel about things.

MAKAVEJEV: The first film I ever saw in my life was when I was five. It was thirty-two years ago and it was FELIX THE CAT (Laughter) So it seems to me that, for the last 32 years at least, I am in the same culture as you, because the main films we are seeing are American films or, as you know, there is no country in the world that is not in one way or another occupied, or dominated, by this country (Laughter) so I don't feel that I am in a strange culture. I partially feel at home, and you know what it means to feel at home. It can mean everything (Laughter)

ZILNIK: Well, ten days ago I met some young people in Chicago who are actually members of the Junior League (Laughter) and I really would like if the young people here would be different from those in Chicago

VAN DYKE: I think you'll find that the young people here are much different from the Junior Leaguers who walked out halfway through your film in Chicago. Disgraceful

COLUMBIA FILMMAKER: I was very impressed by HOROSCOPE because I was in Yugoslavia for a very short time.

but a long enough time to catch that it's a country somewhere along with Spain and Greece, being both advanced and primitive. The movie and the characters in it sort of manifested that in-between state, not primitive enough not to know about things like BONNIE AND CLYDE, and Kansas sweatshirts, but just on the edge of what was really happening and as a result they just seemed so confused and bored and therefore became nihilistic in a way. This and EARLY WORKS compared for me favorably with the best French and Italian cinema. For me European cinema is far superior to American cinema

QUESTION: How conscious are you in your own country of the presence of the U.S.? We don't notice it that way because it's our country

MAKAVEJEV: It's not so easy to answer. We're so happy to have our own national production of chewing gum, or a factory that just received a license from Lorillard to make Kent cigarettes, and they bought the rights to Pepsi-Cola, but these kinds of things are in a way accidental, some sort of superficial signs of this society, but at the same time they are some type of signs of a better standard of life. So if you are a peasant and you want to show to a girlfriend that you are advanced, that you're a truck-

driver and not a peasant anymore, so you drink Pepsi and smoke Kents (Laughter) and probably that looks like this in-between culture of civilization. But these are all superficial signs that today's industrial culture is really all over the world the same. On the deeper level, there are some differences in mentality or some deeper or more complex feelings, and I'm not sure that I can talk about that with the same ease, or in a half-joking manner. Something more difficult to express, the difference in culture, so I prefer more some questions asked about films

DRASCOVIC: I'll say for these two points in HOROSCOPE, I think that the world is smaller and smaller somehow and that all your problems are at the same time our problems. Like your Vietnam problem is also a Yugoslav problem; probably some of the themes in HOROSCOPE are the same as those of your young generation. When two people meet and try to exchange their shirts it means, for me, not just exchanging shirts, but exchanging skins also

For me, Kansas-well, I was always bad in geography-I never was in Kansas, but for me all the

letters of Kansas are some strange sign, and probably for my hero it was the same. Our problems are all the same, and we must try together to settle them. That is the deep, or undeep, (Laughter) meaning of it

QUESTION: What's going on in the U.S. and Western Europe with the youth or the New Left or Left has something to do with our bewilderment or dissatisfaction with centralized or capitalized government, whereas in Yugoslavia you're living in what is supposed to be the most liberalized socialist state, and you do have government ownership of all the factories and all your industry. I know that in EARLY WORKS Mr. Zilnik was trying to deal with the completion of the revolution whereas many people in the U.S. would say it hasn't started here yet. I wonder what you think of youth's relationship to the state machinery in Yugoslavia which is so much like what so many here would like to see

ZILNIK: I don't agree completely with what my colleagues said before because I

think that there are certain feelings that grip both our and your youth but only those youths who do not agree to serve society. You can speak about movements only with those kind of people, and I think that most of the people do agree with the system, and are satisfied even if they don't have anything. So you have young people in our country who don't want to serve society first of all, and secondly who don't want to be used by society, but speaking generally, the oppression is quite different though it doesn't look so. People my age in my country don't want to agree with collectivization of the Stalinist type, but on the other hand feel that complete

(Continued on Page 21)

THE EROTIC MUSE

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yugoslav

(Continued from Page 20)

individualism is also not the answer. So there is a very interesting student movement which, to me, was a socialist movement of value, but the center of this movement is to remove barriers between individuals and society. It was a movement for socialism but against bureaucracy as an intermediary. I feel that this student movement did not succeed because in some ways it was an old fashioned movement--it agreed to play a whole political game which is played in every country, and that's why I made this sort of film which is not only critical but I intended to also be self-critical.

MAKAVEJEV: Perhaps we can add some student slogans from our student arrest last year just for you to understand what really happened in Belgrade. Slogans were: Down With The Red Bourgeoisie, (Laughter) For The True Socialism, Against The Lies In The Press, and To Bridge The Gap Between Words And Practice. Students were generally supported by leaders--COMMENT FROM A YUGOSLAV IN THE AUDIENCE: I would say leaders HAD to support students. (Laughter)

MAKAVEJEV: Because the students asked for things that are taught every day in political meetings and all kinds of political events; our leaders who are leading our country for the last 25 years, generally in a very good way, independently and with great courage, they are pronouncing all kinds of beautiful humor and socialist slogans. But not all of these slogans are realized in practice.

And this was the main remark made by students. But there's another problem. You cannot with a completely collectivized country--in all other scalled socialist countries you have this total domination of the state, the state is some sort of total employer and people are not stimulated to work--and we discovered another form of socialism that is more clever and takes the talent of the individual, and we have a combination of free market competition and public ownership of all factories and economics, and it doesn't work all the time successfully. Sometimes you have people who are more quick, they can earn more than they really worked for and some people are thrown out because they are unqualified. So other slogans that they asked for were: More Equality In Wages, and More Care For Unemployed People. So there is not only conflict on a political basis but really stemming from the quick pace of industrialization.

DRACOVIC: You know, I enjoyed leisure very much when I was a student. I enjoy it even now. I spend a lot of time doing nothing. (Laughter) But now when we have to change a lot of things we must do a lot of things. Juxley once said that leisure is the sister of contemplation. It's beautiful. I like the expression. But in my film I tried to show that leisure is also the sister of catastrophe.

DRACOVIC: It's a very interesting question, and I would like if our friend Makavejev, he's also a psychologist (Laughter), probably he will answer very well.

noticed in the two films today that there was a concern for groups, that the actors were always in a group. It seems that in our Western society we stress the individual, and artists especially are free to be totally individualistic and expected to be away from the group so that they can expose and study themselves. And I just wonder if living in a socialist collectivist society has colored your whole perception.

DRACOVIC: It's a very interesting question, and I would like if our friend Makavejev, he's also a psychologist (Laughter), probably he will answer very well.

ZILNIK: Just after the war we had thousands of parties in films which actually weren't speaking about collectives, and afterwards came this new generation whose films actually did really deal with individual problems. Now the new group of filmmakers of this or last year recognize the same thing that was recognized by the student movement--that collective does not mean just something outside of the individual, it doesn't have to be compulsory, that if you want to change something in society you have to be united but in some other way, not in the old fashioned way of compulsory unity. I think that's why you see in these films some people who are just trying to cooperate among themselves, and of course, some of these groups can't even cooperate between themselves or with the rest of society. We felt, in our country and over Europe, that these movements didn't succeed, because the society was too cold and did not answer enough at all.

MAKAVEJEV: I think it is wrong to say that this country is extremely individualistic, because I feel all of you are very sensitive to the problem, among young people, of compulsive belonging--you have to belong to the silent majority, or you have to belong to this or that kind of organization. I felt last night when we saw footage from Woodstock, that this was just a different kind of belonging, and we saw an enormous number of people who were individuals and who were together. So it seems to me wrong to divide some countries as living together and other societies living alone or individually. In both, in all kinds of societies, you have some sort of compulsory, or irrational, belonging.

All of us four filmmakers. I think we are all very much concerned with finding our individual way of expressing ourselves, but we don't lose at the same time this feeling for others. It's probably some feature of the Mediterranean culture--they're very gregarious, and on the other side, we're very individualistic. There is a big tradition of brigands and pirates in our history. Probably in our country people are more often, in spite of their individualism, more involved in some sort of sharing socialist responsibility. You cannot leave your responsibilities to somebody else.

DRACOVIC: I think he's right when he says that all of us share some social responsibility. You don't live alone. You belong to somebody and somebody belongs to you. I feel that somehow we are, that we want to be, somehow together.

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Hear my heart who the ghost prolongs vibration & day-break wanders into emanation

Hear my Heart when the knife descends with a wave & an edge revives the grave YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when innocence returns to yesterday & transience possesses the pathway

Hear my Heart when farewell lingers with fantasy & temptation escapes into memory YU 2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when the magnet decays into creation & rebellion waltzes with aspiration

Hear my Heart when revenge surrenders to ecstasy & folly blooms into decency YU 2 4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when dynamite evades the veil & purity awakens to well

MALE graduate student seeks young female to share three-room apt. near NYU. Rent free. Write P.O. Box 593, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... Let's talk about it if 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, Ptsce. Gals only.

CRIPPLED GIRL WANTED, Man, 27, 5'8", philosophy grad student, intellectually oriented, politically left, digs crippled girls. Serious relationship only with intelligent girl. Johnson, c/o Graham, 28 E. 10th St., New York 10009.

CUTE INVENTOR needs backing. Will act as slave or servant to attractive girl or woman means ok. 763 West St., Apt. 12-A, NYC 10014.

GOODLOOKING, tall, outdoor Negro girl to share same. Drop a line to Box 373, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y. 10010.

ATTRACTIVE, bearded male, 26, professional and white, seeks honest female for mutual and varied sexual satisfaction. Photo and phone. Cullerton, 168 E. 32nd St., Paterson, N.J.

MALE, white, 34, loving and affectionate, enjoying erotic or normal, interested in female only. Also like to paint and model for female only. Have apt. Write: Tony, PO Box 2163, Grand Central Station, NYC, NY 10017.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE white male, 45, offers sex to singles, couples, etc. All arts, beginners welcome, no age barrier. Discretion guaranteed. Will answer same day. P.O. Box 151, Ozone Park, N.Y. 11417.

HANDSOME, TALL well built, white male, 35, would like to hear from an attractive romantic female. I can satisfy your every desire. Ask for Bob (516) 931-4547. I'm only 1/2 hour from NYC. Will meet anywhere, anytime. No males, please.

ARE YOU A SHY, inhibited female who wants sex on a confidential basis with an attractive white male of 45? No age limitations, then write. P.O. Box 151, Ozone Park, NY 11417.

SERIOUS WRITER, 36, unpublished and unemployed, seeks feminine companionship. Box 233, Calverton Station, New York, N.Y. 10025.

FEMALE ROOMMATE wanted, seeking desirable, compatible female, 18-25, to share brick-walled West Village Apart. Separate legit checks only. 691-3065, Pte.

YOUNG BOY would like to meet "baby faced" boys. Must be young. Photos answered first. I will exchange. P.O. Box 1265, Woodhaven Station, Woodhaven, N.Y. 11421.

ATTRACTIVE gay girl, 22, ar. 1545, seeks other gay girls to share interests and increase meaningful relationship. No phones need apply. Write Box 21, 73 E. 4th St., New York, N.Y. 10003.

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE male, 24, 6'1", 185, seeks similar to share apartment near Manhattan. Box 298, N. Baldwin St., Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

BODYBUILDERS/ATHLETIC bodies. If you like tall, slender, very attractive, hung blondes, drop a line with details and will get together. Box 159, Village Sta., 150 Christopher St.

CLEAN CUT, educated male, who dislikes the bar scene, 36, 174 lbs., seeks congenial male friend for occasional meetings. Manhattan or Queens? E. B., P. O. Box 2053, Boplym, N.Y. 11202.

WHITE MALE with little dick, seeks meetings with females who are tired of being torn apart by guys built like horses, offer a party with a very possibility of a sexual climatic ending, provided it is done my way. J.J., 4547 No. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124. N.J., Pa., Del. and will travel.

LIVELY GENTLEMAN, 45, white, 5-4, very, very discreet, seeks warm lady like all women. I sincerely believe you're God's finest creation. I'm looking for the very passionate and with fine character for daytime dates in your apt. or hotel. This is and for loving, not for drinking or other time-wasting foolishness. Photo and telephone, please, if possible, c/o AAA-1 Services, 943 Columbus Ave., New York, N.Y. 10025.

FOR A RELAXING massage call Gene, Tel. 246-3554 between 11 a.m. - 7 p.m. Mon. thru Fri. Geo. Vihstrand, 146-07 46th Ave., Flushing, N.Y.

BOB & BOB'S RUBS. Young Black-White rubdown duo, working sunnily or jointly TO RUB YOU THE WAY YOU LIKE. 12 a.m. - 12 midnight. Call 724-8185 or 992-4851.

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"Vice President Agnew isn't going to like Futz"
—Newsweek

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disgusting people I've ever seen."
Alan Watts

"Futz is a very magical experience."
Jimi Hendrix

"Absolutely the most penetrating exploration
of the motion picture medium. I loved it!"
Timothy Leary

"The greatest movie I ever saw—
Tom does it better than me."
Andy Warhol

Futz

is Funky