

THE EAST VILLAGE OMBL

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WHY IS
THIS MAN
JOLLY ?

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HI RAP

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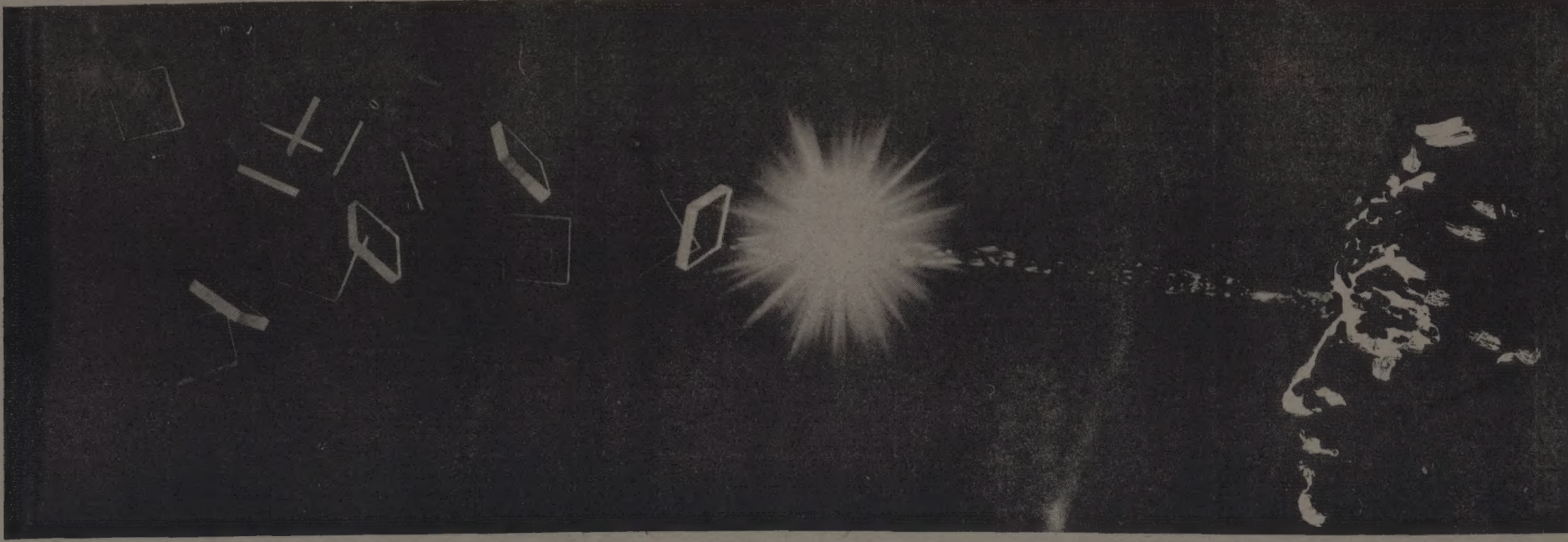
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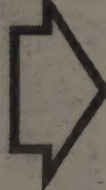
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3 PHOTO : RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN



Happy Christmas and New Year



CLEAN FUN ON SIXTH AVENUE
by RAY SCHULTZ

You may take it for granted that the man is out of his mind, he is absolutely out of his head, he is standing on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street trying to convince the happy tourists that the Jews are to blame for the war, for poverty, for fallout, for bigotry, for inflation, for ghetto riots, for lung cancer, for everything. I've been following his act for months. He has an amazing repertoire. He arrives around four in the afternoon, usually on the weekends, and proceeds to set up his wooden hot dog wagon with the drawings and the flags and the decals and the slogans, *Give Israel back to the Arabs; The Jews are racists; There are no black Americans, no white Americans, no yellow Americans — just Americans* — impressive sentiments all modified by the admission the Jews are not the only racists on the planet. He opens a folding chair, sits down under the

umbrella on his cart, and begins strumming on a small ukelele:

Oh, the teachers on the school board

They are racists too—

And the Marxists in the Panthers

They are racists too—

And the radicals on the Guardian

They are racists too—

—and so it goes. The man is short, with gray hair and steel-blue eyes that light up when he's in the middle of a particularly heated statement. Naturally, it takes only a few minutes for a large crowd to gather.

"How can you call the Black Panthers racists?" someone asks.

"It's easy. They're inverse racists. They discriminate against whites."

"What about the Guardian?"

"They're all the same. They set up the same myths that black Americans and white Americans actually exist."

"Well don't they?"

"Of course not. Everyone is an American, period. We're all the same. There's no such thing as race, it's a scientific fact."

"How do the Jews fit into this?"

"They're the leading proponents of the theory that separate races exist."

"How can you say that after all they've been through?"

"Come on! With all their money? Their whole system of religious and philosophic thought is dedicated to the proposition that they're a separate race. They think they're better than the rest of us. They're the most selfish group of people on the face of the earth. They only think of themselves."

"You sound like an anti-semite."

"Maybe I do. But I'm no more an anti-semite than the Jews are racists. They're at the bottom of all the trouble we have. I wouldn't say it if it wasn't true."

"That's insane," an elderly woman says. "You're out of your mind. The Jews have made some very important contributions to this country."

"They sure have. They gave us the atom bomb, crooked financial dealings, racial prejudice . . ."

"What a minute!"

"No! You listen to me. The Jews haven't given us anything of value. They've caused more trouble than they're worth. Their whole educational structure is based on discrimination, it's a fact."

"You can't prove a statement like that."

"The hell I can't!"

"Go ahead and prove it," the lady says.

"No, wait a minute," a man says. "I've got something to say. I fought in World War II to save this country from the likes of you. I think you're filth!"

"Are you a Jew?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Are you a Jew?"

"That's none of your business."

"Hey, let the man talk. I want to hear this," a black man says.

"That's right. He knows who's stepping on him."

"You think the Jews are stepping on you?"

"They might be," the black man says.

"That's ridiculous. They've supported you from the beginning."

"Sheeeet," another black man says. "That's bullshit. Phony white liberal bullshit."

"Why do you call it that?"

"You give us the same old shit. Integration. There's no white man a black man can trust, nohow. You want to help us, you give us guns."

"That's an intelligent remark," another white man says. "What're you gonna do with them? Kill us all?"

"If we have to, we have to."

"I picketed for fair housing on my campus," a young white man says.

"So what?"

"So, I tried to help you."

"Well thank you, brother. What do you want me to do? A dance? I'm not your nigger!"

"I didn't say you were."

"Oh, you didn't say I was. Well I'm sorry!"

"We can live together," the young white man says. "I think all men are brothers."

"Oh you do. Well I can see you coming a mile away," the black man says. "I know where you're at."

"Just a minute," an older white man says. "Why bow to them? They don't appreciate anything. Not a goddamned thing."

"Who asked you for your opinion, you white bastard?"

"Who are you calling a white bastard?"

"I'm calling you a white bastard!"

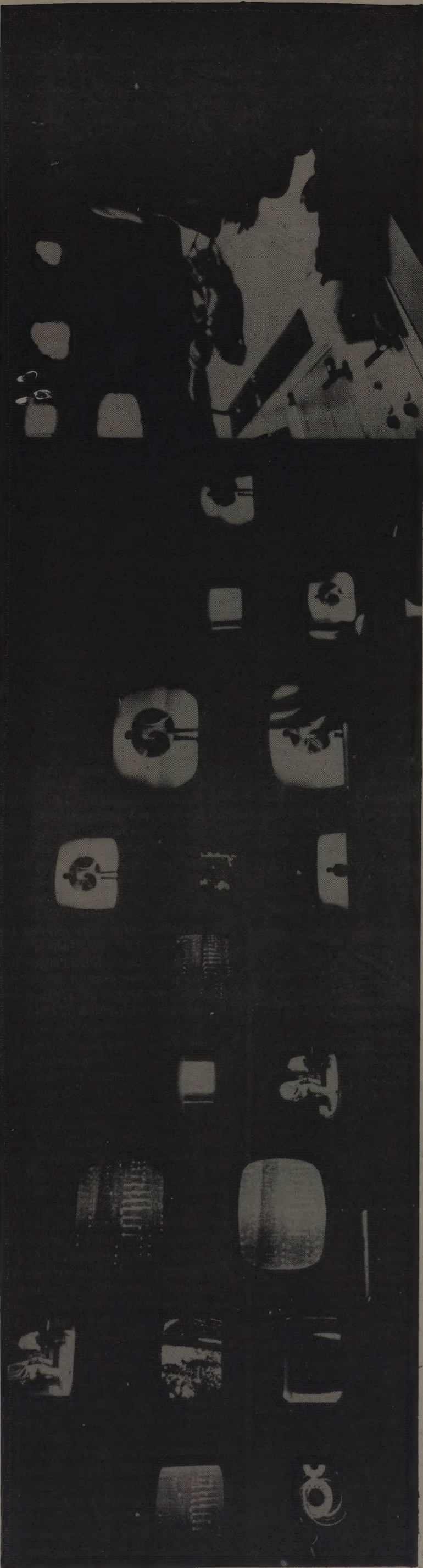
"If I'm a white bastard, you're a black bastard!"

(Continued on Page 17)

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XXXXXX

The Medium Is The Medium

Jud Yalkut



The present standards of television programming have driven those home television receiver owners, not already totally desensitized by the Big Brother violence-not-sex video soporifics, into the exploration of educational and ultra-high frequency broadcasting channels. Artists engaged in the probing of the electronic media have generally worked with closed circuit TV systems, or by modifying and totally distorting the overflow of network cliché iconography, and have moved into portable video equipment and the creation of environmental videotape theaters. Eventually laser communications and the possibility of transmitting thousands of individual frequencies within a single beam may permit a separate channel for each living human being. In the interim, creative workers in video are seeking openings for collaboration with educational networks and encouraging and initiating the possibility of cable television systems and listener subscriber support. The National Educational Network has instituted two television stations in this country as experimental centers, KQED in San Francisco and WGBH in Allston, Massachusetts, near Cambridge. The following conversation was recorded with Fred Barzyk, a producer-director in the experimental program at WGBH, and Olivia Tappan, his production assistant and assistant producer.

(Our primary vehicle for experimenting with new forms and new ways of handling subject matter was the weekly series "What's Happening, Mr. Silver," which in 1968 came to the end of a full year's run. Incorporating a youthful style and a sense of concern, it developed a framework that might be called television collage and, among other

things, illustrated how much life and imagination can be put into television through manipulation of electronic equipment. — from the WGBH Annual Report 1968.)

BARZYK: Silver, young guy, 22 Tufts University, tried to create if at all possible a collage program, each of the 30 weeks having something different involved with it—in other words, the format changed—one week we'd have the Vietnam war, and another week would be drugs. It was a young show, and one program won the NET award for the best cultural program.

We used John Cage's theory of random selection. We had about 32 different inputs including audio and video, and we had about 20 people in the control room, and when they got bored, they yelled out and so there was a kind of a plot back here, but it was executed on the spur of the moment, and we'll see how it looks when we get there. That was 30 weeks of that kind of thing, and it was in that process that we started dealing with McLuhan's term "The Medium Is The Medium", because lots of times we really didn't have much content but what we could do were a lot of electronic things. We were turned on to that stuff—the weird stuff—and it got into the process of getting into the crew, and into the engineers, so that certain engineers were turning on to doing certain effects and things in the process where normally in a television station you're dealing with people who are trying to give you the most accurate lifelike picture possible. It turned into giving you things that were abstractions and patterns, and this was '67-'68, and out of that came a request by PBL (Public Broadcasting Laboratory) to do a show called THE MEDIUM IS THE MEDIUM, and that's how we (Continued on Page 20)



SPEAKS SOLDIER UNKOWN THE

Boy, it sure makes you feel bad when you hear of a friend getting busted for theft, or drugs or some other obnoxious heinous act against humanity. It hurts even more when the guy is busted for exercising his human rights granted to him in the Constitution of the United States. Freedom of the press and Freedom of Speech being the crimes. Such is the case of Roger Priest, the Texas Seaman, and its pending courtmartial for exercising Freedom of the Press by putting out a pamphlet called *OM*. *OM* is distributed in the Washington, D.C. Area and seems to cause quite a stir. It seems to be an effective piece of paper because the FBI, CID, MI, and the Wash DC Garbage Men have all been called in on the case. Roger will probably end up spending a good portion of his life behind bars, up to 39 years, and all this can be followed with a Dishonorable Discharge. From my own experience with Army Underground Papers, Roger's paper is a well organized, hard hitting magazine. It doesn't sound like a goddamn sorry bastard reading off a grievance list, and shouting "the

world owes me a living." Instead, he voices his beliefs and opinions in a highly ingenuous way. One poem in his magazine has to be reprinted. It is a really moving. Read it for yourself . . . its called VICTORY

Bullet has muzzle velocity, so great,
1235 feet per second
and 1.2 seconds later it meets Steel-Helmet
who held up as well as he might Bullet
but Bullet's force was great and he
was melting and vaporizing and
spritzing out tiny blobs of lead
as Helmet gave in
inward bulged the steel and
on rushed Bullet 1.204 seconds
after leaving muzzle
jagged edges behind him he met
Hair who held him up nowise
in his Journey
Skin gave way to mushroomed Bullet and
Bones deformed at his will
671 feet a second he went as he tore
vessels too surprised to bleed
then Bullet nosed through soft grey-white stuff
hardly hard as butter
First he cut through the memory of Mom
then a small grey dog
through a first car, a wreck but what the hell
it ran
through a huge area of scraped knees and
pulled pigtailed then
a little bit of fear—about this
about that

about bullets
then through a first kiss and the warm soft
skin of a girl and
plans for a boat—someday
and tears—
of acrid wine first tasted—
the remembrance of raucous birds calling in
the soft grey dawns of winter
of food cooking warm and pungent
of sex and school and sandwiches and sorrow
then he was through that map of life and out
the otherside easy as punch
flicking helmets edge
continuing on
erratic now partly flattened
going 662 feet per second
slowing down until 853 feet on he
rests himself in a palm tree
sitting there warmly—
duty done—
to map hell where paradise had been.

Some of his other subtle ways
are in the way he sets type, by setting
a small section of the Constitution
next to his Courtmartial papers, to
quote "CONGRESS SHALL
MAKE NO LAW . . . ABRIDGING
FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF
THE PRESS, OR THE RIGHT OF
THE PEOPLE TO PEACEABLY
ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION
THE GOVERNMENT FOR
REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES." and

furthermore, under the heading of
SUBVERSIVE LITERATURE . . .

"We hold these truths to be self
evident, that all men are created
equal, that they are endowed by their
creator with certain inalienable
rights, that among these are life,
liberty and the pursuit of happiness."
The above portion of the American
Declaration of
Independence—without being
identified as such—was recently read
to 252 U.S. GIs at a base in West
Germany in an experiment
conducted by the University of
Maryland. The GIs were asked to sign
the statement if they agreed.

The result: 73% refused to sign
because they thought it was
subversive. (This goes to show you
that the Army's indoctrination
works). What can you do to help?
You could start by writing a letter to
Sen. Goddell and imploring him to
come to the aid of this patriot. While
your letter is in the mail you could
send a \$1 donation to Roger, which
would help pay for the defense costs.
If you want to part with \$5 you can
get a one year subscription to *OM*, \$9
a two year subscription. Send all mail
to Roger Priest, *OM*, c/o LINK, 1029
Vermont Avenue NW, Room 200,
Washington, D.C. 20005.

WOMEN IN THE NOOZ

Heavenly Van Sandstone is the
pen name of an attractive
seventeen-year-old Washington
debutante whose column,
syndicated through the
Underground Press, appears for
the first time in *EVO* this week.
So far, in her current series of
'Women In The Nooz', Miss Van
Sandstone has spoken of
Madame Thieu, Mrs Richard
Daley, Eva Braun, and the wives
of the Astronauts. This week she
takes on Pat Nixon.

After eleven months in the White
House, according to reliable sources,
Mrs. Richard M. Nixon seems to be
enjoying herself a little more than
initially. "There's no place to walk
on the White House grounds without
people watching," she still complains,
'no place to get fresh air and exercise.
We are shut in this house.' However,
the advantages of her location and
position are beginning to dawn upon
the First Lady. 'I think each person
has to be herself. I'm going to be
active in a number of fields. There
are so many worthwhile programs.
I'm going to be involved.'

The problem is, with how many

programs can the First Lady involve
herself without sully the prestige
of hubby's office? Now is not the
time, for example, to fool around
with cinema—one of Mrs. Nixon's
favourite enchantments—(see
below)—being that the Judge who
acquitted Clay Shaw in New Orleans
was busted last week at the private
showing of a triple-reel stag movie. It
seems the Honorable Edward A.
Haggerty of New Orleans was viewing
a dramatic production involving three
lesbians and an Airedale when
officers of the local Vice Squad asked
him for his identification. A bit of a
chase and a mild scuffle ensued, and
when His Honour arrived handcuffed
at the precinct, they charged him
with assaulting two police officers.
Which is one of the disadvantages of
having an aggressive District Attorney
in your town.

So it looks as if Mrs. Nixon will
have to limit her movie experience to
the watching of them, after dinner,
with Dick. 'Something gay,' as Mrs.
Nixon describes her preferences—'I
have enough troubles.' One can well
understand her saying this. What
other housewife has to put up with
Spiro Agnew? 'I'm not getting into
that hassle,' she warns. 'He's very
good company.' A pity Spiro can't

bring around his nephew, one Bill
Nystrom, who might make even
better company—young Bill has split
for Vancouver in order to avoid
Vietnam, according to *Georgia
Straight*. The trouble with
entertaining the Agnews is that there
are some subjects one cannot with all
decency discuss

And the greatest problem is that
there seems to be no place
whatsoever poor Pat can go without
coming in contact with the grubby
crowd. 'Going to 21 was such a
treat,' she sighs, recalling the Nixon
family exile in New York City. 'We're
going to try to do more of that. But
in Camp David, when I tried to shop,
I spent all the time signing
autographs. I didn't get anything
done.' The Nixons have homes at
Camp David, Key Biscayne, and San
Clemente—not to mention their
spacious quarters on Pennsylvania
Avenue—but there simply seems to
be no place to go for a rest.

Even the moon is out. Reliable
sources report that the Nixon family
had previously held out hopes for a
little pressurized chalet in an
out-of-the-way arc of the crater
Copernicus, but these hopes were
endangered last week when a
Columbia University physicist

suggested the setting off of H-bombs
on the moon's surface. For strictly
scientific purposes, of course.
Remember how the moon vibrated
severely after the Apollo 12
astronauts took off? Well, Dr Gary V.
Latham told a meeting of the
American Geophysical Union in San
Francisco that a good A-bomb blast
would settle a lot of questions rising
from that phenomenon. So it looks
like Pat's stuck with the White
House.

And as if the Agnews weren't
headaches enough, you've all heard
how Attorney General Mitchell's wife
has been carrying on lately. It's not
bad enough the woman has to come
out and denounce 'liberal
communists' and other phantoms of
her husband's imagination, but what
she said the other night was just
unforgivable. It seems that a party
at the Israeli Embassy had tuckered
the poor dear right out, and as she
climbed into the limousine of Mrs
Gilbert Hahn—no relation to
Goldie—Mrs Mitchell opened her
mouth and sighed, 'Boy—I'm sure
glad to get away from all those Jews.'
Gracious, poor Pat must be
wondering what calibre of person her
husband hangs out with!

NEXT WEEK—MRS. NIARCHOS

BY HEAVENLY VAN SANDSTONE

Little Man vs. Big Government?

Thilm

Lita Eliscu

Nina Simone. White dress, a black woman underneath, all curves shining through, talking at you, through the white material. She bows, undulating ripples of white flashing snap crackle at you, a swan going lower and so does her voice, ripples off the atmosphere and catches you below your subconscious belt. Early show Saturday night; she already had Friday night done and the first few minutes she sat at her piano (*her piano cos yes if you belong to Nina Simone who else would you wanna belong to*) and she pouted at the mike. Pout. Voice. What did she sing... I remember phrasing which Bessie Smith and Sarah Vaughan would have clapped over; shining pride, enough for divine right and satisfaction. She opened with "Black is the color of my true love's hair" and her guitarist picked it up and sang it back to her, and the lyrics took on a whole new meaning when blackness, and beauty and love and heart were the melodies. And she sang "I Got Life" from *Hair*, the tribal-rock musical, and sweetly arched her head, holding back on power and loading over the subtlety (overload of the senses) of "Ah got my hands, got my teeth, got my boobies," and etc. And to prove all of it, she shimmied, swayed, and moved under that white dress just like so much warmed mercury, catch that silver thing, will you.

She closed with... well, she tried to end at one point, had to come back on, tried to close with "To Be Young, Gifted, and Black" from Lorraine Hansberry's play, then came back on and sang a soft strange love song full of the blues and longing, asking for good treatment because she'd give it back. And in every moment of her presence on that stage there was a black woman telling about her life and how she had chosen to live rather than die that it was her choice, that black had to be alive and it was on the Fillmore stage that night. Miss Nina Simone. There was a light show, but anyone who noticed anything but the whitelight at the piano could not have been there.

... After the performance, some boys sitting behind me discussed the basics of life, Nina Simone and good shit, duh. Nina Simone came out least pure because, as one of them put it, "What is all this jive with her dancing! What is this. I liked her pure, back at the Village Gate, when

she just sang. What was with this shit!..." But then, he went on to explain he didn't like Dylan going electric either. So much for the purists of this world. They would have us all never learn to be more than what we were when they knew us first, and they would have us all never learn to be any more full of life, any wiser, more joyful than the symbols we were when they knew us first and last. Jiveass shit? Yeah, baby, that's what Nina Simone's into, sure thing. Just ask her, and she'll be glad to go right back to being your favorite Aunt Jemima soul singer and make like they do on TV in the big Nightclub Scene. Sure.

And ask Miles Davis, too, to go back to playing that great stuff he did in the late 50's, that Five Spot stuff, that sounded so sweet and low and pure and moaning and bluesy. Just try asking him.

Miles Davis was at the Village Gate, with Chick Corea on electric piano, Wayne Shorter on sax, Tony di Gennaro on drums, Dave Holland on bass.

Miles Davis was ostensibly on the trumpet, but it's hard to say what he was really on. Pure charisma? A big fat kiss from the muse of whatever music is? A well of concentration and self-discipline whose waters haven't been drunk by anyone else for a long time? He was timeless, the sounds from his trumpet no longer notes, no longer riffs, no longer dissonant chords rolling off one another. He was on to the heart of sound, like riding in the eye of a storm, and we all just sat there and listened at it. Chick Corea reached for plateaus of pain, ecstatic painful notes from somewhere off the end of the piano, the fourteenth octave and beyond, and Wayne Shorter just blew it all out. Each one had found a voice and spent the night blowing that voice, using some kind of instrument so the audience would believe the performance. There were periods of silence, moments of pure form and tenderly held notes, but overall there was that wedding of music and sound, making the world of art, fantasy, de-lite and home all grow closer to whatever mother's heartbeat you are into.

... S funny. Laura Nyro last week came out and did her numbers at Carnegie Hall, replete with Piano (not hers) and Shawl (definitely hers) and sang her songs all about New York,

(Continued on Page 18)

About a year and a half ago, I decided to take an exam for the New York City Fire Department. Figuring it was a real groove to hang off the back of a fire truck or ring the gassy bell, this was right on for me. It's really far out to go through red lights and drive down the wrong side of the street.

Well, my luck was good and the test was easy, we managed to pass with no problem. Two months later I took my medical and physical exams. First came the medical, they checked my eyes, weight, ears, nose, mouth and asshole. I guess everything looked all right. I guess the Doc really grooved on my hairy cheeks. Now came the real test, the Physical exam. A bowl legged reindeer could have passed this exam. Santa would have been real proud.

After passing the three ridiculous tests, I thought I met the requirements. Little did I know that they had a lot more in store for me. I didn't realize that one of the requirements is to be a right wing fascist pig fuck!

I received a questionnaire from the Department of Investigation. So I filled out the application (or should I say miniature book) as instructed and brought it in. As soon as I got there I was fingerprinted and then brought into the interrogation room. Some cat carefully examined all the absurd questions. He then asked me to sign a release of my draft files. Well friends, I was sick as a fuck and wasn't in the mood to argue the legality of the request.

Two days later I went down to the friendly draft board. I told the miserable pricks that I didn't want my files released. The Super Patriot at the draft board told me the city had a legal right to see them. I wasn't about to argue with the pig.

I figured I'd get the jump on the city. So I casually walked into the New York Civil Liberties Union for some assistance. I walked out an hour later, happier than a pig in shit.

Then the letter came, saying that the Department of Investigation was gonna disqualify me for not cooperating with them. The pricks didn't waste any time on trying to drop their load on me. Luckily I had my legal umbrella on. I casually wrote them a letter (within five days as requested) thanking them for their promptness I also told them my Lawyer was looking into their puddle of fascist afterbirth. That seemed to scare the pricks off for awhile, I guess. They haven't said shit since. I guess they figured they were doing something wrong. Maybe afterbirth on the walls and floors is a fire hazard?

I still wasn't through with my investigation. Little did I know, they still had more in store for me. About a month later I had to go for another interview. This interview was with the Fire Dept. itself. I received another questionnaire, this one was even more outrageous. After I filled out the twenty eight questions, I went for my interview. A couple of right wingers were a little upset when I brought in the application. There were forty questions on the application. They wanted to know why I wouldn't fill out the twelve missing questions. I replied again, in a polite manner, I wasn't gonna. Some cat started screaming about something like I as only a number on a list and no one ever did this before. Finally he glanced over to his American Flag decal on the wall and

stopped screaming I sure was glad, he almost gave me an ear ache.

Well, they want me to come back with a filled out application. So everything is cool and I'm digging and grooving on my twelve questions. I figured I'd share my questions with you.

QUESTION 8... Present draft status... Were you ever classified 1Y or 4F. Now what the fuck does an army physical have to do with fires? I already passed their medical, so what's it to them?

QUESTION 13... Were you ever refused bond? (yes or no) If refused bond, give name of company. What does this have to do with the price of apples? Who give a fuck besides a few fascists?

QUESTION 14... Have you ever been arrested? (yes or no) State facts below. Include all contacts with police, including Juvenile Delinquency, youthful offender and waywood minor. Once I bumped into a pig in an elevator, come to think of it, I stepped on a pigs foot stepping out of a street car. That's enough contact with the pigs. As for Juvenile Delinquency, I once hit a baseball through a window. Some pig got real upset when we tried to get the ball. He said we were guilty of breaking and entering. He forgot to include, that the house was abandoned for the last five years and the owner didn't give a fuck. The pig had to have some retaliation. Since the owner of the house refused to press charges, he gave us a J.D. card or some shit. I wonder if I can still put out a fire. Have I ever been arrested? Well, that's none of their fucken business if I wasn't convicted. As for being a wayward child, I was one, at the age of four. I got lost in Macy's. I was crying alot, but mommy found me.

QUESTION 15... Have you ever been served with a summons or a subpoena? Well I got a broken headlight ticket once.

QUESTION 22... Have you ever been a member of the communist party, it's affiliates or any other subversive organization? Maybe, I'll never tell.

QUESTION 23... Have you ever associated with any known communists? I didn't know they still registered commys? Another thing, who in their right mind asks anyone he meets if they are a communist or a member of one of their affiliated organization or any other subversive organization. What the fucks wrong with them, there ain't no Klan in these parts.

QUESTION 25... Have you ever used narcotics, Marijuana, sleeping pills, barbituates? I just smoke hash and do speed.

I decided not to even bother putting down questions thirty one, thirty five and thirty seven. I went straight to question thirty eight. Twelve illegal or questionable questions out of forty is pretty good, considering the first seven questions is finding out your name, address, age and your wife's maiden name.

QUESTION 38... Have you ever been involved in any civil suits, either plaintiff or defendant? Yes, you fucks, I'm gonna be the plaintiff and your gonna be the defendants. I'm gonna sue you for my fucken job, fucks.

Now the moral of the story is, don't take shit from the government or any other subversive organization. No one's too big to fuck with. You don't have to be outrageous to be a thorn in the pigs ass, just be a thorn.

Written by,
J. Muni Church

obscure was consume juvenile bonus wisdom;
quantities of compromise - there is nothing to want.



D. Lewis

Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

Television as a medium has grown by leaps and bounds in the last ten years. The speed in which it has grown is adverse to the changes happening has initiated a conscience in young peoples' consciousness and stricken search among its higher echelon personnel into what makes Television tick and how it can as a medium insert itself into the vanguard of changes taking place in the cultural milieu of the country.

In an effort to explore these avenues of approach, CBS-TV went outside its own bigness and professional standards and hired a number of unprofessionals to experiment with the medium.

The rationale behind its foray into the 'movement' of the young, long haired and culturally committed was evolved around the conscious fact that those who were involved in making it happen may be the best qualified to explain and evaluate it.

Television, as any medium, has this built in occupation; to explain, inform, entertain and perform. Its organizational structure is such that it also has to *sell*; ideas as well as products. And in most cases what it sells has the least amount of nutritional value; in terms of mind as well as body. It is *this* lack of control and feeling of incompetence to at least steer the "social navigational charts of history", in order to create a healthy reaction by what it produces, which is at the root of its dilemma.

In the past few years because of TV's own generational gap with what is happening, and especially since the advent of Nixon's media messiah and watchdog, Agnew the All Seeing, that big assed corporate structures like CBS have been spurred on to seek out the least competent at its own trade.

On last Wednesday night, after months of preparation, a \$60,000 budget, an assortment of makers and doers from the so called cultural mix

of the 'underground' known conglomerately as *Video Freex* at a loft located at 98 Prince St stuffed with oodles of sound and video equipment, not to mention assorted invites to the culturally hip (including myself), CBS executives were exposed to their own initiated but uncontrolled experiment.

What was revealed throughout the two and almost half hour of tapes and live video recorded studio entertainment and contemporary rock, soul and folk music was best described as "committed chaos."

The two most important aspects of the medium itself, information and entertainment were sacrificed to the gods of the so called underground; spontaneity and fun.

The most informative and entertaining aspect of the evening presented itself when Michael Dann, Vice President of CBS-TV, made *his* corporation's only contribution to the events of the evening; a rather apologetic and tolerant thank you speech.

What did Mr. Dann expect? He admitted freely the least of it would be professionalism. Then why be disappointed when the least would also be information, explanation and entertainment?

If Mr Dann had looked around he would have found these qualities already present in the people who were there rather than in a \$60,000 production. If the higher echelon of CBS had bothered to come down and participate in the actual production in the way these young people participated, they would have learned more about their own organizational faults rather than reinforcing them. And on the other hand, those who were 'making it happen' would have learned to have made it happen more competently. What was lacking was what was always lacking; a need to work together in new relationships and to understand themselves in terms of what they were doing

(but I wouldn't necessarily smoke it.)

—James Lichtenberg

Santa Claus is an ambitious figure. First, he is always laughing. Second, kids and animals instinctively love him. Third, he can fly. Fourth, he is always smoking a pipe. Fifth, and this one is really evidence, the smoke "encircled him like a wreath." No wonder he can get it together only once a year.

Christmas. Scrooge McJagger gives a free concert. Bad vibes and death eclipse the stoned energy release of 300,000 heads gathered together in rock. Recriminations and self questioning flash through the tribes. A San Francisco writer goes to his public with the accusation that the Stones tour was massive ego-tripping, the free concert was in guilty re-payment of their extortionist concert policies and that Jagger is as responsible for the death as anyone else. Was he responsible for the boy who died after being run over by a tractor at Woodstock, or the other Bethel death from an overdose?

Maybe now is the moment to bring out front that more people than would openly own up were distressed by certain wretched sides to what was also the beautiful Woodstock experience. On the one hand it brought the tribes together so no one can deny them, but as San Francisco's free Stones festival, and even the Miami Rock Festival (with people sitting in the rain and mud all day) also show, a lot of basic, environmental responsibility just isn't being taken. Bethel's promoters lamented and cried bankruptcy, but they are going to make a really tidy bundle. At everyone's expense.

Shades of Dylan's Subterranean Homesick Blues: "Look out, kid, you're gonna get hit".

Rock is a magnet for millions of people. With records, concerts, festivals, instruments etc. it is well on its way to being a billion dollar industry. This kind of energy has to get together in some form of reactor to preserve the love and good vibes. Right now it's freaking, political pressures on one side and incredibly intense commercial pressure from record companies, and the like on the other. The days of "Maybelline" and "Day Tripper" on your car radio, sadly, are over. It's a different scene, requiring moments of detachment. Just because it's loud and plays electric guitar doesn't mean it loves you. Just because it has long hair doesn't mean it's not on a classic ego-money trip and just because it's absolutely beautiful doesn't mean it's immune to gross commercial exploitation. Take Cream. "Fresh" was a hit of good music and then "Disraeli Gears" was just a fantastic

change and development. Crucial moment. Bring it all together and work on creating a lasting achievement? Or, put fins, chrome, power door knobs on it, program the obsolescence and soak em! It's just like Detroit, kids. So Cream boiled its great smokey amphetamine way into oblivion. Time to salvage. Create the supergroup, the light unto the world. Blind Faith! Little matter if in the process you destroy "Traffic", one of the finest, slowly maturing, musically together groups in England. Blind Faith: one mediocre album considering their talents, one horrendously inaudible squeeze 'em dry concert tour and already we're on the ropes. "Rolling Stone" December 27: "Blind Faith Split? Yes, No, Maybe..." or as Dylan said in the interview "I'm going to make it my duty to see them... 'cause they'll probably be gone (laughter) in another year or so."

Even friendly old "Rolling Stone" is doing the 11th Hour News bit, just a little bit, and "news" as we have learned is always publicity for somebody who is selling something. The lead story of December 27th was all about how the free concert was "going to happen!" (It sure did) but they buried away a meaty little item, taken from the LA Free Press: "I don't like the Beatles new stuff much—I mean I don't think the Beatles should get back. Rubbish." Mick Jagger said that, and I don't think it was out of jealousy or in order to get famous by putting down the Beatles. He is an artist. He loves rock and all the music. He really listens and he really cares.

Beautiful things in New York. Quiet things, sort of Christmas-y. The Allman Brothers at Ungano's... very fine. You may have seen the ad with all of them naked in a pond. Duane Allman, that fine guitar stuff on Aretha Franklin's albums, also on Boz Scagg's album, and his brother, Greg, who sings and plays organ, (blonde Fred Neil type) and two drums, bass guitar and another (sort of) lead guitar. Separate musicians, they always wound up seeing each other at gigs in the back country musical scene down south, Florida. According to Barry Oakley (bass) "We ended up living together, and playing together." Playing together since last April, doing a wake-up-and-look-around, tight, together rock-r+b-blues which already is its own sound. They played a lot in Atlanta for the "Great Speckled Bird" tribes. Duane plays beautiful slide guitar. Barry said that what made it happen, partly, was how easily the pieces fit together and how the songs flow right out of (Continued on Page 19)

The Holly Is Also A Female Plant

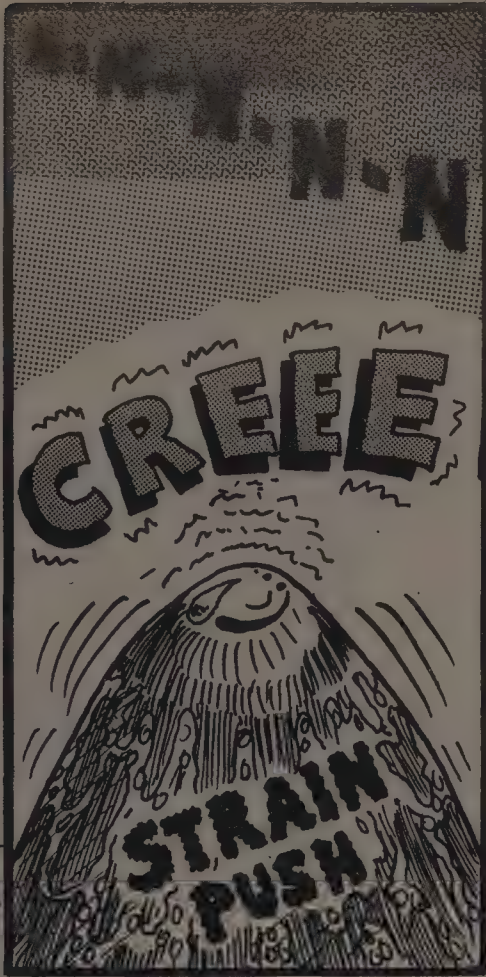
The In-depth

INTERVIEW INLEBALEM

"The modern-day cartoon-
ist refuses to die!"
-Little Lulu.



GRIFFITH



CHICAGO BLUES...

BY RENFRU NEFF

Q. Miss Morse, isn't it a fact that in your opinion, there is no alternative but revolution?

A. Yes.

The second week of the defense in the trial of the Chicago Seven had its surprises and a few "star" witnesses were thrown in to keep the scene interesting, if not always meaningful. As for the accounts of the Michigan-Balbo Intersection Battle, the Haymarket Bar Incident, and the Battles of Grant and Lincoln Parks became repetitive and the film footage depicting the incidents from various vantage points grew boring, one struggled to keep in mind that these horrors were the crux of the matter and that the Super Witness who dropped by to say a few words about the bloodbath were, as another reporter aptly put it, "gifts for the defendants". The press section, particularly its local contingent, may have been impressed by the virtually meaningless testimony of William Stryon (who always seemed to be standing "below the brow of a hill" when the shit was hitting the fan on the other side), the New York hip-ness of director Jacques Levy, the good appearance of folksinger Phil Ochs (no matter that Ochs' testimony was an important rebuttal to the testimonies of undercover agents for the prosecution), and the courtroom visits of Midnight Cowboy Jon Voight and movie director Nicholas Ray, but ultimately those firsthand accounts by the non-famous who were clubbed, maced, dragged, choked and kicked, the ordinary human beings who filter through the screaming, bloodied mobs on-screen onto the witness stand, will be what the jury must face and deal with in its moment of truth.

Allen Ginsberg has been the most effective presence the jurors have had to confront so far. He spoke directly to them, addressing them as his peers and thereby crediting them with more intelligence than the prosecuting attorney who attempted to slander him, and if his words were not necessarily comprehended, his presence was. It was under the later cross-examination of Stryon that the government made known its intention of rebutting the defense case, for it could not trust the jury after the Ginsberg magic.

MONDAY, 15 DECEMBER: Dick Gregory took the stand and testified, in essence, that defendant Abbie Hoffman is full of shit... not exactly a "bombshell" testimony, but at least someone finally said it. Gregory said that part of his reason for not supporting the Yippies had to do with his not being able to take Abbie seriously and feeling that he (Abbie) couldn't be depended on in a dangerous situation. Gregory recounted the events leading up to the point at which, due to lack of leadership under-fire from the Yippies' self-proclaimed media-mad non-leader, he had felt compelled to take over and had invited the demonstrators to march home with him.

Defense Attorney Kunstler shrewdly used this testimony to illustrate the incompetence and irresponsibility of the defendant, thereby suggesting that the charges in the federal indictment against his client were rather posterous.

The defense team's genius would be exhibited again at week's end when Timothy Leary took the stand, but on Tuesday morning Linda Morse began the most controversial testimony of the defense's case. Under direct examination, Miss Morse came across as an intelligent, well-spoken young lady who had started out from Philadelphia with a non-violent social consciousness. Later she had worked with the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee in New York and had assisted Dave Dellinger, working for Mobe and the Radical Organizing Committee and organizing pacifist groups to come to Chicago for nonviolent demonstrations.

She spoke of watching police and National Guardsmen assemble on the periphery of Grant

Park, a steady buildup of troops before the peace rally had even begun. By mid-afternoon, with the rally well underway, she had gone to the bandshell to ask Dellinger to call off the scheduled march to the Amphitheatre because the park was surrounded by armed troops. Dellinger had said the march was necessary, the least they could risk for men dying in Vietnam, and Tom Hayden had agreed that the crowd should be separated into small groups that would go only as far as the Hilton, a better lit, more public area where there might be less risk of police violence.

It seemed like just an ordinary testimony by an All-American girl, but under cross-examination a Passionaria transformation took place on the witness stand, and Linda Morse, now a resident of Berkeley, created a strong disagreement between those who thought her damaging to the defense case and others, including the defendants, who felt it was time to let the jury know that the Revolution would not come) OM-ing through.

Tricky Dicky Shultz, ace government flunky, chose to deal with Miss Morse's radicalization since Chicago, and using an interview with the witness in a recent issue of PLAYBOY as a guideline, proceeded to question her regarding her practice of Karate and an M-1 rifle she owns. (Miss Morse declared at a later point, the emphasis more on conscientiousness than modesty, that she still didn't know if she could ever kill anyone.)

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Brandishing the PLAYBOY issue for the jury to see its flamboyant cover, Shultz tried to convey the impression that a centerfold spread of the witness might pop out if he weren't careful, and not until the re-direct examination was it brought out that Linda Morse had been one member of a panel of young people convened to discuss the student revolt for PLAYBOY. Nevertheless, each inflammatory question was given an even more combustible answer and though she was permitted to speak at length, her responses were objected to as being "unresponsive", and questions were repeated two and three times, prompting yet another tour de force of senility from Judge Hoffman.... "This is not a political case. It is a criminal case, I have the indictment right up here."

Court adjourned Thursday afternoon following a lengthy videotape, screened with the jury out, which the defense was offering into evidence. Naturally a re-run for the jury was expected, so naturally most of the press showed up late on Friday morning. The day before, there had been a flurry of rumours to the effect that 1) Timothy Leary was coming on Friday, 2) Timothy Leary, due to four pending convictions of his own, was not coming on Friday, and 3) Timothy Leary, was coming on Thursday but wasn't going to testify on Friday. In any event, whether he came or not, there was all that videotape waiting in the wings, along with a 45-minute taped speech by Tom Hayden pending since Wednesday. A real live witness probably wouldn't get on till afternoon. That was the way it looked, and Friday morning loomed like a good time for a snooze. In court or out.

The morning began with another clash of Federal paranoia with technology as the govern-



ment expressed its willingness to accept the videotaped exhibit on the condition that the sound be turned off in two places during the screening for the jury. This reporter underwent a fleeting onslaught of temporary amnesia and has no recollection of what went down just prior to Attorney Weinglass' request for postponement of the screening in order to put "a brief testimonial witness" on the stand.

And within minutes Timothy Leary had ambled to the stand in a ponyskin jacket with a veritable flagellation of fringe, taken the oath and given his occupation as a Democratic candidate for governor of California.

Leary smiles a lot and appears to be amused by something loitering in the back recesses of the judge's skull as he relates some early meetings with the Yippies and Yippie supporters, of Yippie plans for a Festival of Life during the Chicago convention, and of his own final decision against participation because of the likelihood of police violence. Cool and forthright, Leary's direct examination takes fifty minutes.

Foran's cross-examination begins with some half-assed question about Leary's lapsed memberships in fraternal and professional societies, the point of which, assuming there was one, seemed to be to suggest to the jury that the witness had been forced to resign from whatever organizations he had once belonged to because of his research with drugs. But this apparently wasn't the case, the good doctor simply lost touch with

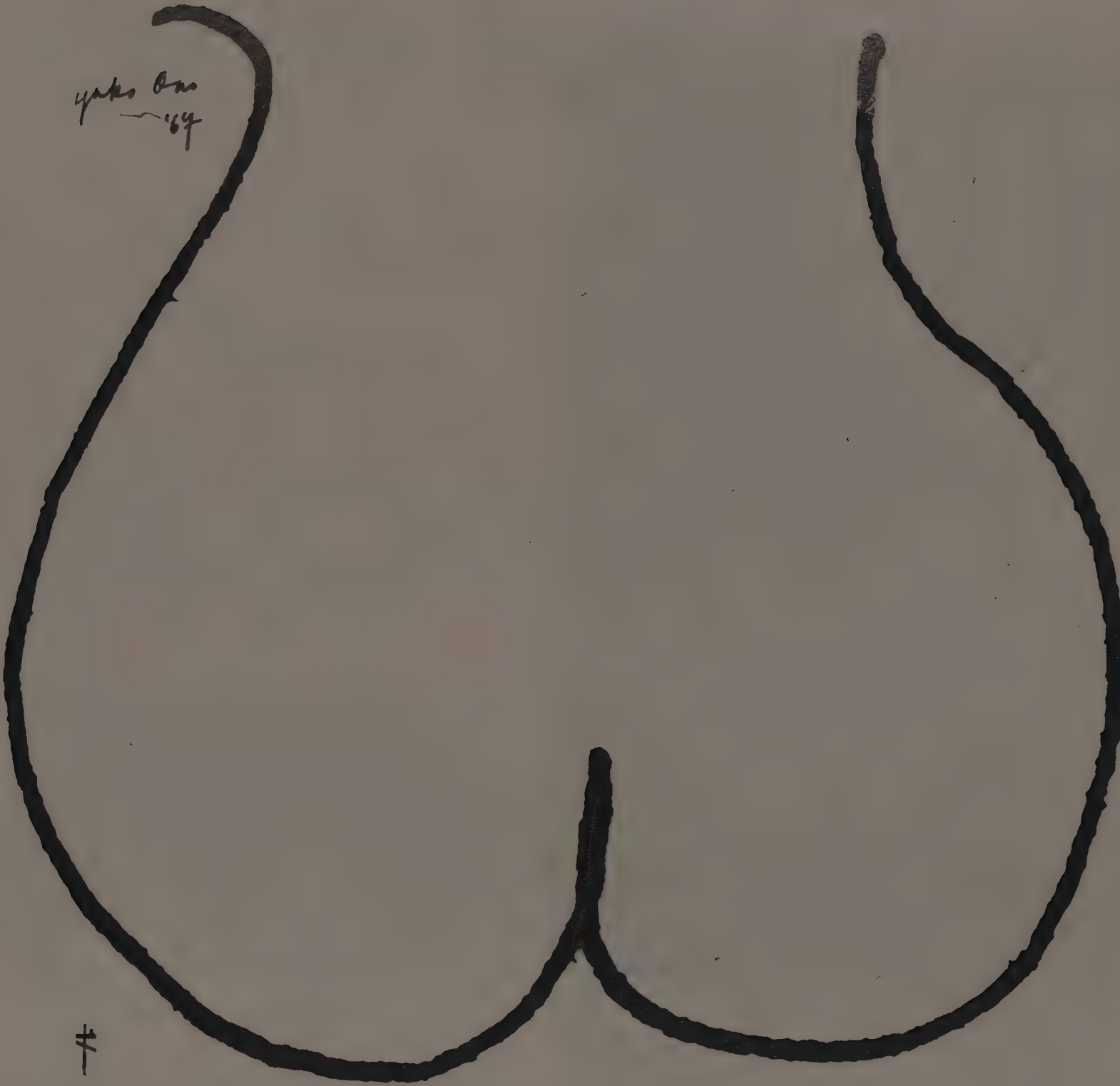
such things.

Foran: You mean just dropped out?
Leary: Yes, just dropped out.

Having watched the prosecution's attempt to nail Ginsberg, its attack on Linda Morse and its prurient interest on the cross-examination of Jacques Levy, it was strange indeed to see Foran fumbling through random, aimless questions with Tim Leary.

The defense team had struck again with a brilliant guerilla tactic. Having kept Leary's appearance uncertain and sprung him first thing in the morning on an unprepared prosecution, they had caught the government with its FBI wires down. Without its file, cross-examination was impossible, and Foran fumbled for six minutes before giving up on the man who was a head of us all.

The removal of Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale has stripped the trial of much of its political significance. Without Seale, Tom Hayden remains as the one defendant capable of and dedicated to implementing serious political change. But if its pure political meaning has diminished, a broader significance emerges, one that poses an even greater threat to the government because in the long run it will lose control. For this is a trial between two cultures, and the new one is making no concessions, no apologies, to the old. No eulogies for the dying.



A Challenge To The Art World

\$\$\$\$ ART \$\$\$\$ ART \$\$\$\$
by Alex Gross

The scandal of today's art world has finally leaked out from the pages of the underground press and found its way uptown. Two weeks ago New York Magazine published an article called *The Manhattan Arrangement of Art and Money* by Sophy Burnham. It was a detailed, carefully researched account of the interlocking family relationships which rule the city's and the nation's museums. Things are even worse than we thought they were—no one can ever again, now that this story has been published, claim that the art world is governed by the quality of art alone and that race, color and creed are not important criteria of judgment. No one can ever again claim that our museums are run by wise, liberal good-hearted people who really know what they are doing.

We have here a story of the deepest cultural significance, fully worthy of aroused national scrutiny on every level from the Readers Digest to Life Magazine on up to the television networks. What a society considers to be its "culture" is of vital importance to that society. How the elements which make up that "culture" are chosen is also of vital importance. And who the people are who choose these elements must ultimately become, front page news in every sense of the phrase. This would be true at any time in the

history of this nation, but it is compellingly true today when the country, indeed a large part of the world, stands divided in its loyalties between two cultures, the old and the new.

As Miss Burnham's article makes clear, it is not the knowledge of the experts (if this exists) which runs our museums at all but the whims of the trustees. "Like the Modern Museum," to quote Miss Burnham, "where 40 trustees all think they're experts on art. Have you heard of the meetings of the Acquisition Committee? It's like a madhouse." The conflicts and deals between trustees, as well as the interlocking family network of trusteeships, which this article presents should be required reading for anyone who thinks he knows about the art world. And even so it only touches the surface of the subject—the true interlockings of the art world would be so intricate and incestuous as to stagger the imagination.

It is safe to say that the situation even borders on the criminal. Were Mr. William Rubin or many other curators, dealers, and trustees at our museums to perpetrate some of the normally accepted art world practices in the world of business or banking, they might quickly find themselves hauled into court by the Security Exchange Commission or other policing agents. But there are no rules in the art world, and so there is

nothing to stop trustees and collectors from acting like nineteenth century robber barons where art works are concerned.

All of which might be all right if it weren't sometimes concerned with living people called artists. And if it weren't concerned with what we laughingly call our "culture."

One thing which emerges quite clearly from Miss Burnham's article (and which has also begun to emerge from A.W.C. negotiations with the "Modern" Museum) is that the members of museum staffs, far from being oppressors, are every bit as much part of the oppressed as the artists. This is the best way of describing their relationship with the trustees—a genteel oppression it may be, but an oppression nevertheless. As soon as staff members at museums begin to realize they are being oppressed and take measures against it—and there are signs that this is already beginning to happen at several museums—then the whole museum-art-world-culture configuration as we know it will collapse overnight like an enormous dream palace in an eastern fairy tale.

And what will happen then? Where will our "culture" be if this happens? What will it be? Most important of all, what will happen to our trustees, and what will they do with themselves if more and more people stop playing the power game called "Culture?"

This question is not being asked lightly or with sarcastic intent. Many of the trustees of the "Modern" Museum will have a great deal of trouble seeing themselves cast as villains. As they view the situation, they are doing everything they can to help art and culture as they understand it and to benefit the individual artist. Many of them would do more if they could, if only they could understand what is happening to society and how they could best play a role in bringing about changes for the better. There may be a hard-core minority among them who believe that all change-seekers are communists or worse, but by and large the "average" trustee (or junior council member, the training ground for young prospective trustees) feels he cannot help it if he happens to be rich, spends long periods of time in the peaceful green of the country, and is in a position to collect works of art. He also cannot help it if he has a wasp name like H. Ray Winship, Mrs. Bliss Parkinson, or Carroll L. Cartwright, and has his city address in zip-codes 10021 or 10022, as do the majority of trustees and junior council members.

Nor can many of them be expected to know that the very nature of culture and the purposes of museums and other cultural institutions is being questioned by an increasingly large number of people,

including many artists. They have not heard of the burgeoning arts lab movement in England or its possible potential for America, because this sort of thing is not normally printed in the New York Times or other publications they are likely to read. Some of them may only be marginally aware of the new youth culture and may even be contemptuous of what little they have seen of it. But for the time being they must be given the benefit of a doubt, as long as free entrance days, greater rights for black artists, and other substantive points are being meaningfully debated between the museum staff and the A.W.C.

But they should also know that an effort is being made by the staff not to inform them of what is going on in these negotiations, for fear of upsetting them. There must be some direct channel of communications opened between the protesting artists and the trustees themselves and it must be kept open, at least until everything proves hopeless and both sides withdraw in disgust from each other. Because my colleagues at the New York Times and at this city's major art publications are not providing this channel, I have no choice but to challenge any and all of the trustees (and members of the junior council) of all this city's museums to public debate or to private conversation with members of the Art Workers Coalition on the role of the museum in today's society.

If Sophy Burnham's article has any fault, it is her failure to mention the role of the A.W.C., both during the confused period last spring and at present. The Coalition has just sent a letter to all the trustees of the "Modern" Museum demanding once again that the museum's board of trustees should be made up of "one-third Museum staff, one-third patrons, and one-third artists." Similar letters have been addressed to the trustees of the Guggenheim, the Whitney, and the Metropolitan and will soon be sent to museums across the country. As the museums are at present largely controlled, if not actually run, by the trustees, this is a truly revolutionary demand.

Equally revolutionary is the A.W.C.'s proposal that the "Modern" join with the coalition in issuing a poster in mass quantities condemning the My Lai massacre. The initial museum reaction on this was favorable, and the Coalition was quick to present a simple reproduction of the body-lined burial trench photo from Life magazine. Life agreed for it to be used, and everything was going with unexpected smoothness when the staff, perhaps prompted by the trustees, began to hedge. This would be the first time the museum had ever taken a moral or political stance, and besides, it whined, wouldn't it better to have a poster competition or better still an exhibition on the horrors of war, which could take months to organize (entitled perhaps THE ART OF THE MASSACRE IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION). At present it looks like the museum may cooperate after all, as the Coalition has them on tape agreeing to it, but if the poster does appear with the museum's backing, it will only be because Coalition members have spent hours and ultimately days fighting it through.

Meetings of the A.W.C. continue to take place every Monday at 8 P.M. on the second floor of 729 Broadway, corner of Waverly Place. They are as always open to all.

News

The standard Army field telephone has been designed for something more than mere rapping, it turns out. As a torture instrument—complete with batteries and self-sustaining generator—it comes in much handier than flaming bamboo splinters for wresting information out of Viet Cong suspects, especially females under the age of twelve. According to two Vietnam veterans, Peter Martinsen and Jan Crumb, officers and enlisted men in Vietnam are specially trained in electronic interrogation techniques. Much of the training is completed before they leave the States, at Ford Holabird in Maryland where the standing joke is, 'Wire him up on the telephone and ring him up.' Hot wires on eyelids, tongues and genitals leave fewer marks than bamboo splinters: 'You could do anything you wanted,' remembers Martinsen, 'as long as it didn't show.'

In January, 1967, during Operation Cedar Falls in Vietnam, Martinsen witnessed a man being tortured to death. 'I was wiring him,' the captain in charge of the interrogation explained afterward. 'He was just about to break. He was on the verge of telling me something when he died.' Back in the states, when Martinsen tried to broadcast these details, he was visited by the Criminal Investigations Department of the Army and publically denounced as a liar by an Illinois Congressman. Crumb and Martinsen are presently arranging a Civilian Commission of Inquiry to provide soldiers with an opportunity to relate their own experiences with torture without fear of official retaliation.

ARMY TURNS ON TO CS TEAR GAS
Hard Times / LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — The Army is urging police departments to use CS gas (the type sprayed by Washington police on crowds Nov. 15), even though its

own tests show the gas can cause severe skin blistering and require the hospitalization of victims. Besides skin inflammation, a Pentagon report says, Army volunteers who tested CS suffered unexpected delayed reactions so severe that the tests were "immediately discontinued to preclude serious injury to the volunteer subjects."

In one training accident, 21 Chemical Corps officers received first and second degree burns, some with severe blistering, when they were enveloped by a cloud of CS in a moist environment. In Berkeley, Calif., where CS was sprayed from a helicopter on crowds during last spring's People's Park struggle, small children in a nursery school were affected. They experienced unpleasant psychological effects after the gassing.

Because of Army enthusiasm for CS, manufacturers of Mace are marketing a new version of that liquid, combined with CS.

"BEAT THE PEOPLE" — SAIGON GENERALS KEEP FAITH

SAIGON (LNS) — There are 54 generals in Saigon's army. In the French Indochinese war—the war in which the French tried to take back the Southeast Asian peninsula after native guerrilla armies successfully resisted and expelled the Japanese invaders of World War II—50 of the 54 generals fought with the French against the Viet Minh, two fought with both sides, and two did not fight at all. These figures were verified recently by the Los Angeles Times.

NO ONE WANTS TO BE A LIFER; MARINE CORPS FACES CRISIS

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — Marine re-enlistment rates are at their lowest in history, according to official figures released by the Pentagon. More than 95 per cent of the Marine Corps members who finished their first term during the 1969 fiscal year wanted out and refused to sign new contracts.

"He knows more about violent death than any man in the world."

Tuli

MAYOR BACKS POLICE ON CLASH

"Mayor Lindsay today blamed 'a small group' for the violence at last night's anti-war rally outside the Waldorf, where President Nixon was speaking, and praised the Police Dept. for its handling of the outbreak . . .

About a dozen customers were in Saks' 50th St. boutique shopping to the strains of 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing,' when the carol suddenly was drowned out by the crash of bricks through glass and the howls of the demonstrators . . ."

NY Post Dec 10, 1969

Hark the Herald Anglos swing
Glory to Lindsay the newborn King
Prices on earth & bargains wild
Shop & shoppers reconciled
Joyful all ye billyclubs rise
Join the triumph of black eyes
With the Anglic host proclaim
"Get that fucking hippie dame!"
Hark the Herald Anglos swing
Glory to Lindsay the*

*at this point the tape was overcome by the sound of breaking glass & the cries & curses of the wounded

Tuli Kupferberg
381 E 10
NY NY
10009

BOP!

Dear EVO—Tuesday December 9 at anti-war demonstration at Waldorf-Astoria, the police pulled a demonstrator out on the street; I rushed after the demonstrator to retrieve him, and held his coat. A cop came down on me with a club (7 stitches worth) and they dragged me off, too, to police car; they threw us both in like sacks of potatoes. Blood was pouring down my face, drenching my coat and shirt. The other fellow had his arms wrenched behind him. I gave the peace symbol to the demonstrators thru the car window, and the tough holding me slugged me with his club across the face. (I thought at the time that my nose was broken.) The thug was in plainclothes—one of the Gestapo toughs used by cops to work people over.

At the precinct headquarters, they brought in about nine more fellows shortly, some of them dreadfully injured. Opened heads were the most common—a police specialty. Gradually my eyes started going shut from pain. Some of the demonstrators had bruises and lacerations all over their bodies, from clubs and kicks from New York's Finest.

A first-aid girl came in and bound up my head to stop the bleeding, as she did with several others.

We were taken to Bellevue where a surgeon sewed us up. The cops marched me out to a car, and I was taken back to the precinct in handcuffs. I think it was not too far from the Waldorf area. I spent the night in a cell without heat, making it nearly impossible to sleep especially with the nine stitches. The bunk was a hard board. In nearby cells were approx nine other demonstrators, some badly injured.

We were hauled off to 100 Centre Street next morning and put in mass cells where they crowded about 30 of us in at a time. On the way down to Centre they increased the original ten in paddywagon to about 17—picking up the extra prisoners en route. At one point a cop told a handcuffed fellow, "If you run, I'll shoot you." I think he would have done it. Everyone was handcuffed with not actually in the various prison cells, until about midday.

Two charges are on me: resisting arrest and interfering with governmental procedures (arrest of another demonstrator).

In jail I saw the results of police brutality. Smashed in faces, wounds, wrenched and broken fingers and hands. One fellow, Eric Shaffo, age 15, had severe head lacerations with many stitches; a friend of his had fifteen stitches on head (also age 15). I spent all day in jail. Court case comes later.

We call upon people of humane leanings to unite against the Gestapo existing in the police. Now that the US imperialists have slaughtered and murdered in Vietnam, they are now taking on dissenters at home. Let us form a great protest movement against war, fascism, Gestapo tactics and torture by the cops. Civil Liberties, Lawyers Guild, etc. are handling the legal end, we must form also a mass civil protest with the strongest possible effect.

Power To The People

Orion Mehus

ED—Right on. Do something to help topple the system this afternoon, and we'll call it the First National Day of Dissent. Tomorrow will be the Second, and so on.

Letters

Usual Bullshit

Dear EVO—So you think you exposed George Demmerle of Crazies—well I hope you have—but it might be more of your usual bullshit to protect your Hebe girl pal Janey Alpert and friends at RAT. Your so smart—why haven't you exposed Abby Hoffman as CIA-FBI—you guys have had enough tips. Krassner is aware—also Al Ginsberg, also Sulzbergers at NY Times. Jerry Rubin is another CIA piglet. EVO is the sow protecting young CIA weanling pigs.

The Panthers would have liquidated Hoffman and Rubin by Dec. 12 if Daley fuzz had not cornered Fred Hampton in Chi. We blew their cover Dec. 2. When Viet Nam is over and boys in black are back with us, we will put an end to SDS, yippies, Crazies, weathermen, even all rock festivals in USA. When Stones hire white Hells Angels cycle fiends to kill a young colored boy in California then that's endsville.

You dogs will probably tip off Hoffman & Rubin, but okay—they should worry some prior to liberation.

Panther in Temporary Exile
Saskatchewan

ED—While this paper enjoys its function as a sounding board for any bizarre notions our readers may harbour, this is the last letter (the third received in the same handwriting) we are going to print from a pig trying to discredit the Panthers in the eyes of the movement.

Unnaturalized Citizen

Dear EVO—Please advise DA Latimer that Dondi came not from Italy but from Korea. He was a war orphan brought back by the man (whose name escapes me) who he usually lives with, and by Whitey McGowan whose mother is now trying to improve his class. The strip started after the Korean War and before the Vietnam war. Perhaps they have whitewashed it to Italy recently, but I think Latimer is misinformed.

Power to the Pentel

A comic strip addict

ED—Latimer is not that misinformed, merely deranged. Last week, picking a syphilis blister from his cornea, he mentioned that Dondi was 'pretty greasy for a slope,' but allowed as how it's a free country.

Sunny Arkansaws

Dear EVO—DA Latimer's story in the Dec 3 EVO about the junkie is good reading. What makes you live in such a dull building? Why don't you get out and really live? Man, how can you sue the landlord, because of cockroaches and bedbugs and mayhem? Your best bet is to write a book that gets to be a best seller and move out of there. I sure enjoyed the story and hope you write more of same. You called the East Village Other a magazine. Thought it was a newspaper. I'd like to write like that. I have a big house here and will let an attractive chick girl writer or artist with talent stay with me. Free room and board, while she turns out a best seller, or masterpiece. Is your home town Little Rock? If the junkies let you still alive, try to answer this letter.

Mike T. Winet

1014 North 33rd Street
Fort Smith, Arkansaws 72901

ED—Mr. Latimer replies: 'What? Leave New York, and pass up my only chance of making it on Broadway?'

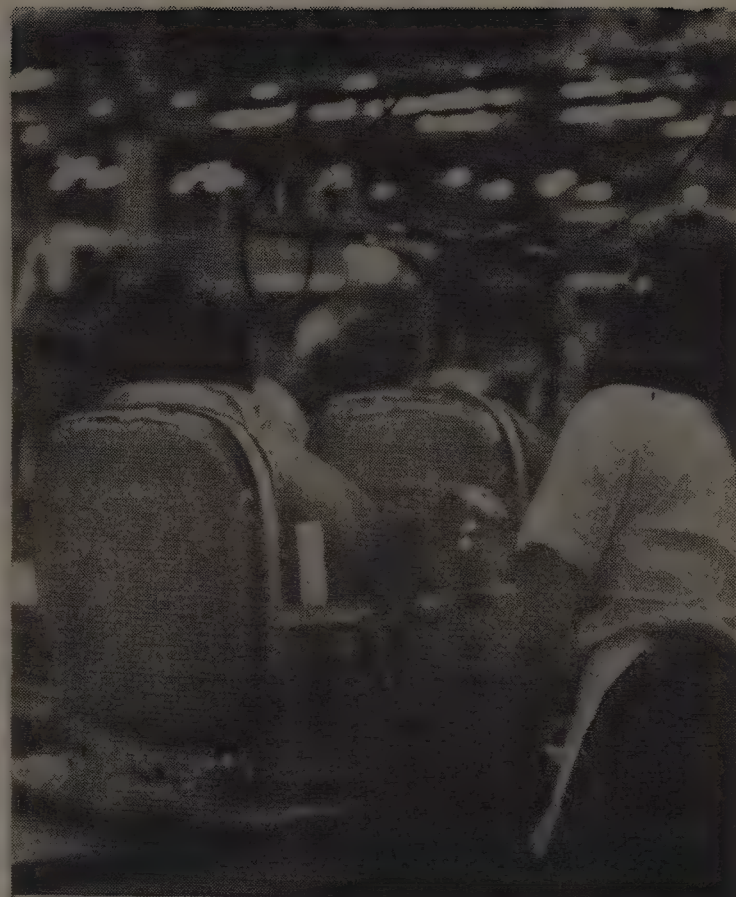
Not Much "Grass"

Dear EVO—I was gratified that you so promptly supported RAT by permitting them space in your paper during their recent troubles. Also I enjoyed Tuli Kupferberg's News Poem. And David Walley's acid trip, 'Song My Revisited'. Funny enough, I get the same impression of grayness and depression when I wander about this area and I've never used acid, although I have used marihuana a few times. I've only gotten a real charge out of marihuana once when I attended the UAW/MF all-night gathering at 89 E 10 St. Everybody was feeling very good and I caught it from them. I was feeling very high all night, even without much smoking of "grass".

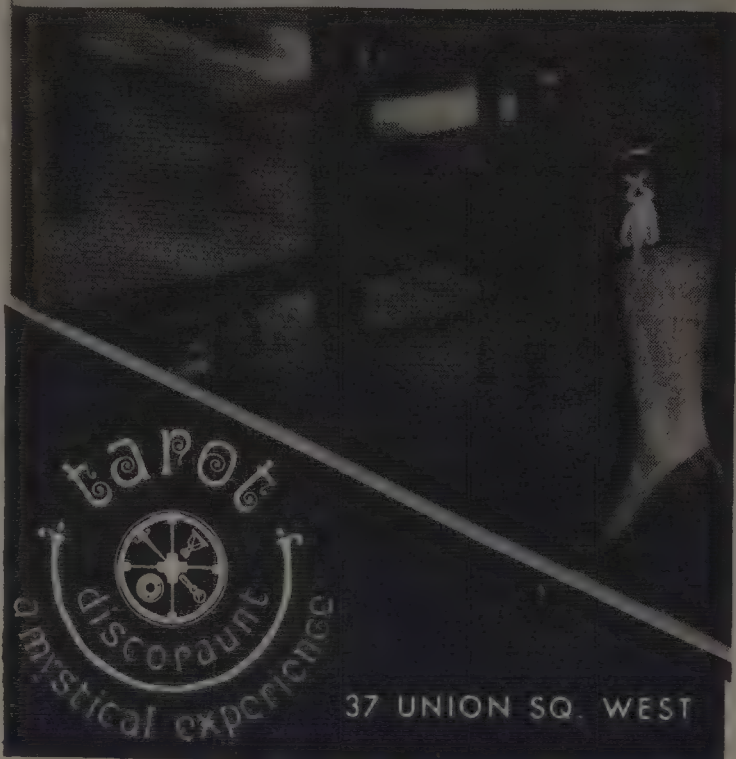
I know Mr. Kupferberg very slightly and saw him at the Downtown Community School Fair a week ago but was afraid to say hello. Sincerely,

Anonymous Friend

ED—Only police officers and their friends spell 'marijuana' with an 'h', son. Just whose side are you on, anyway?



NEW YEARS EVE
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Clean Fun

(Continued from Page 3)

"You want to repeat that?"
 "You're a black bastard!"
 "That's just what I'm talking about. You're a racist pig!"
 "That's right," the young white man says. "You've ruined all the progress they've made."
 "That's right," the black man says.
 "All the progress they've made, they're ruining themselves. Didn't you people ever hear of due process of law?"
 "Due process of law doesn't get us shit!"
 "I'm defending you," the young white man says. "Can't you see I'm on your side?"
 "Yeah, yeah," the black man says then he proceeds with the debate.
 There is never any violence. Once our clever little anti-semite starts his rap, a number of side debates are bound to develop on all possible

aspects of the human condition, but there is never any violence. The anti-semite withdraws back to his wooden hot-dog wagon where he holds court for people who may or may not agree with him. Surprisingly, some people do agree. Others are rendered absolutely livid. The arguments continue and are followed by debates between Jews and Gentiles, Marxists and conservatives, Blacks and Whites, Catholics and Protestants.

It's a free show. You can listen for hours. Uniformed cops keep their distance and you spout just about any opinion you have on any topic. One young man says he is a communist to the very marrow of his bones and is willing to kill his mother if the party requires it. Somebody else says that the communists are rancid and should be forced to register. Still another person says that he put up with that crap in Hollywood during the 40's, when John Wayne and Ward Bond were terrorizing the community. Somebody asks him what he did in

Hollywood.
 "I was a technician on Navy Log. I work for Grummans now."
 Eventually, of course, it all comes back to our boy whose name is Davies, or Davis, or something along that line. He was wary of giving me his name when I talked to him. He claims that he started the little business in 1967 right after the Arab-Israeli war. He denies that he is part of an organization.
 A heavy man who looks like the movie actor Paul Ford approaches. Four or five pallid little men follow him.
 "I've been watching you," the man says. "I've got the police on your tail."
 "Do you really?" Davies says. "I'm frightened."
 "You're a dirty pig. A filthy loudmouth. You'd better watch your step."
 "Is that a threat?"
 "That's a threat, buster. We've got no use for your kind of disease. We've got the police on you."
 "It's my constitutional right to

speaking here."
 "We've got the police on you."
 "You're a Jew, aren't you?"
 "I am not."
 "Ladies and gentlemen, this man is a Jew and he's ashamed to admit it."
 "That's not true."
 "Oh, isn't it? I know you! You're an English Jew who changed his name to Montgomery when he came here. You're ashamed to admit it and I don't blame you."
 "You're sick. You're a mental case."
 "And you're a liar!"
 "You're the liar!"
 "You're a pathological liar!"
 "You're sick."
 "Ladies and gentlemen, this man is a pathological liar!"
 "You're suck."
 "He's a pathological liar!"
 "You're a mental case!"
 "You're a pathological liar! A pathological liar! He's a Jew and he's ashamed to admit it."
 "You're disgusting," somebody

"This man is a pathological liar!"
 "We've got your number," Montgomery says. "We'll get you again."
 "Oh! You admit you got me the first time? Ladies and gentlemen, this man and three of his Jewish thugs beat me up one night on my way home."
 "We'll put you in the hospital."
 "But I'm not afraid of him. It just bears out what I've said. He's a pathological liar."
 Davies' face is red with self-vindication. The veins on his forehead look like they're ready to burst. He sits down on his chair and begins playing his ukelele.
 Montgomery is a liar, He also is a fool—
 He says that he is English, But I know he's a Jew—
 "You're sick," Montgomery says. "We'll wipe up the ground with you."
 "What's the matter Montgomery, can't you match wits with me? You ashamed of being a Jew?"
 "I happen to know your wife is Jewish," Montgomery says.
 Davies stops for a minute. His wife is with him by this time, standing next to the wagon. She is a short woman, slightly plump, and wearing thick glasses. She has a benign smile on her face.
 "My wife is not Jewish," Davies says.
 "She certainly is. You're ashamed to admit it."
 "And even if she was Jewish once, she'd have converted by now."
 "He's trained his wife!"
 "You're a liar!"
 "He's trained his Jewish wife to be an anti-semite."
 "You, Montgomery, are a pathological liar!"
 "You've trained your wife!"
 "Ladies and gentlemen, this man is a liar. He's an informer for the police. I know who he is."
 "You belong behind bars."
 "Davies' wife says they should go home now. Davies agrees; it's dinner time. By this time almost the entire crowd is screaming at them led by Montgomery. Davies shouts something at Montgomery now and then, as he packs up his hot-dog wagon, then he repeats it to anyone who happens to be standing near him, as if they couldn't possibly disagree.
 "Montgomery is a pathological liar. He's a Jew!"
 And with the jeers of the crowd urging them on, Davies and his wife finish packing their little Vaudeville act. They look proud, martyred, happy, crazed. Their finest hour. They begin to walk away, and Davies stops to offer one last "This man is a pathological liar!"
 "We'll get you," says Montgomery.

TURTLE SOUP



This is the New TURTLES' ALBUM, titled TURTLE SOUP. It was produced by RAY DAVIES. (Need we say more about the production?) All of the songs were written by the TURTLES; Howie, Mark, John, Jim & Al. It is the first TURTLE ALBUM that the TURTLES themselves have liked. It is a definite "Pop" extension in days when everyone is searching so hard for "Roots." It's really a good album.



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Thilm

(Continued from Page 8)

shit without the christmas gossamer, and love which is on eight bells when the heart is on all fours. And then she did "Rose In Spanish Harlem" in the middle of all this smoky, melodrama chanteuse flavors, and ... she disappeared. Right before our eyes, Laura Nyro, little girl with the crazy head and even bigger crazier voice and heart, left us and was replaced by Helen Traubel wailing the blues while still in her Brunhilde get-up. Along around the first bar, Miss Nyro also realized her demolished effect and proceeded to put the song away in double-time surrounded, covered, frosted with layers of arpeggios, gingerbread houses of full trills, rills and warbles over any empty space.

She was out of her depth. But had the fast sight to return immediately to her own numbers, and once again the fans roared appreciation over each introductory chord which they had learned from the albums.

The questions to ask are plenty, but one of my top ones is why does the magic of music work sometimes all the times and other times only sometimes...? That's supposed to read that way. Read it again, I had to say it twice, too. Nina Simone and Miles Davis have a sense of theatre about themselves which transmits to the music to the audience. The music is a bridge for everyone to climb on; Miss Simone's message is more purely personal and even political, trying to effect a very definite change in her audience while Miles Davis music just gets it together and soars, past all the attempts and experiments and syntheses of what came before. His music just makes it, over and over, regenerating all the senses through a new definition of strength through joy.

Hallelujah to both performers and thanks that they still are here and we are here together. (Thanks Beatles, whoever you are).

Theatre of the Living Arts is in Philadelphia, and is presenting Michael McClure plays, some of the Gargoyle Dreams: *The Bow*, *Spider Rabbit*, *Cherub*, *Meatball*, and *The River or The Real Life of Bruce Conner*. Michael McClure's vision is so extra-terrestrial, I wonder what he does when he is turned-on. I think he plugs into a tape recorder and creates these plays, short flashes of the white light which bathes us all but almost never shines through the murky chickenshit which covers us. The plays are small explosions and implosions of light energy, little flashes of reality from one singular mind. The same rhythms and sparring effects of *The Beard* are still present, and the same attitude towards Infinity as being just around that corner ... that corner—the one you keep missing but which Michael McClure is constantly turning.

I missed *The Bow*. *Spider Rabbit* is about *Crusader Rabbit/Bugs Bunny/Eensy Weensy Spider/Grimm's Fairy Tales* and You, or, about the *Spider Rabbit* inside all of us ("Hi! I'm Spider Rabbit! Hello! Hello! This is my spoon and this is my bag and I have a surprise! Hi! ...") and S.R.'s re-entry into the world as the other side of all of us, playing with grenades, eating each other's brains when the carrots run out, or when they don't, and making sure there is a web between us at all times, a thick heavy ... wall of a web.

Meatball and *Cherub* are about the general state of the cosmos. The acting in the plays is quite good, Marion Killinger and Sally Kirkland in *Meatball* making the impossibility just a little more breathtaking than it might have been otherwise. The director, Tom Bissinger, is to be complimented for bringing the plays to Philadelphia and to be chided for the overall pacing, which, my night, seemed rather sloppy as though different actors were using different scores to keep time.

McClure's plays, however, are a source of wonder and strange, psychic flashes of spun glory, and I am very glad I saw these few dreams. I hope someone brings them to New York, especially *Meatball* and *Cherub* and maybe some of the other 20 or so Dreams ...

A Few Words Dept: *Futz*, after seeing many other 1970 entries, is beginning to look better than ever to me. Any movie which manages to say something cogent about the situation in Vietnam these days when every professional liberal is raising his grubby white arm in a fist, that movie deserves to be supported. If one has not seen the play, then the movie is better than ever, as an introduction ... The reviews enumerating the kinds of perversions in *Futz* are being written by people who dream at night of wearing furlined jock straps for masturbating, but settle for kicking the dog—and masturbating in regular fashion. They can not ever get past the skin of this strange bloody animal, which is us, of course. If they got past the skin of this one, they might have to study themselves, perish etc. I am aghast at

the idiotic criticisms being made of this movie; John Simon and the other faggoty-rabbity ilk should have their minds washed down with Lysol and their hearts rinsed with Sunshine, then be turned out to graze for the rest of this life cycle. While the movie as cinema may be a failure, and I think it fails on many levels in between the very brilliant opening and the clever moments, and the fabulous footage of Seth Allen being an actor (Actor?), the movie does not always work. But then, not so many movies have the impact of this one because what the others choose to succeed at is not worth the failure of this one which dared to take a big chunk of our collective nightmare and simply found us indigestible. *Futz* deals in the poetry of our lives, the way we kill because others "make our brains red" and the poetry of horrible needless death is not very comfortable. Maybe *Futz* is too close to Vietnam for comfort.

Now See Here Dept: Now see here, Luchio Visconti. When I was a little girl and saw *Rocco and His Brothers*, I felt the film was overlong, so repressed that the perversity was a state of frictive mind only, and that the melodrama made "Crusader Rabbit" look like serious Broadway fare. And now there is *The Damned* (subtitled *Gotterdammerung* in case you need pointers) and the opening shot is ... could it be ... oh gosh! ... arrgggh! kerrraghhck! it must be ... h h e l l. Ahhrgh, etcetera/No, and still, yes. It is the famous, notorious Essenbech ironworks of Germany in World War II times! Guess who, that's right. And Luchio Visconti has taken 2 hours and 35

minutes to spin this tale of horror, cookie crumbs, perversity which is so nowhere that the only thing to be hoped is that his head is somewhere else—anywhere but there ... lit-tle blond girls in long blond curls and blue dresses approached by their uncle Martin with his shaved pencilled eyebrows, wasp waist and the famed Essenbech nose and lousy acting ability. And one by one, they are mowed down in the most absurd manners possible, leaving ... guess who at the helm. I'm not sure because I fell asleep several times. It is the mark of this picture that I never felt lost in the story line despite my unawakeness. On paper, it almost sounds OK: Mart in making Mommy, little girls, appearing in Marlene Dietrich drag at old Uncle Joachim's birthday ... somehow, the major fudge aspects of the *Gotterdammerung* cake make this movie resemble nothing so much as a baroque opera without one good aria,


or like an elephant trying to whip up a batch of pamplemousse and creating lumpenproletariat ... I don't know who will go see this movie. No doubt people who truly loved "Rocco" and the others of Visconti's fertile if furtive, turgid brain. It was like being promised Hell and getting a lecture from Aldous Huxley on the essentiality of inner experience of all primates. It was like being told that The Bible was going to be recast and discovering Shirley Temple Black cast as Mary Magdalen, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. as God. Urp.

There are, heaven knows, good things to be said in favor of the color and the camera work. One was very strong, all primary and so forth. The other quite clumsy but equally strong Superimpositions sure as hell are superimpositions, nothing is left to chance. This film is constructed about as powerfully as was the Third Reich, on paper.

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Holly

(Continued from Page 10)

them. Even if they weren't together before, they all came from the same musical community. It's fresh, a real return to clean rhythm and straight song writing. (I mean, the Chambers Brothers on their new album quoting what some speech writer wrote for the astronauts during their first moon publicity trip for the US of A government, like it was poetry... "A giant step for mankind", maybe, "A giant step backwards for rock lyrics", I think so.) They (Allman) use blues as a base and get into their own heads. And the heads of Atlantic records are very high on them, so duck the hype, but dig the sound. They'll be at the Fillmore with BS+T.

Also Fat Matress was there (Ungano's is great if it's not stupifyingly loud), but less authentic. Going through the motions, it felt like, and people seemed distracted by how much lead guitar Noel Redding looks like Viva. Which is true, but surely the music should be more so.

Tuesday's on the Fillmore. Real applause for Quarry, from the wilds of western Massachusetts and now

New Jersey. Real rock and roll. Their own music was fine and varied, blues, folk rock, even a Ukranian-folk-song-rock thing called "Midgets" which they did for an encore, but what got to the happy, pretty full audience of people who were unquestionably there for the sound not just the scene, was a fantastically complete edition of the reprise of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" and zoom right into "A Day In The Life" introduced by (we didn't know what was coming): "Here's a song done by another group on a record. They've never done it live. They used a lot of stuff to record it, 700 dragons and all that." And when it was over: "More!" "More Beatles!" "More Beatles!" Had they started in with "Revolver" the audience wouldn't have let anyone send them home. Which would also have been too bad, because former Miles Davis drummer, Tony Williams, and his group Lifetime, english guitarist Johnny McLaughlin and organist Larry Young, aren't to be missed. People say that Williams is the best drummer in the world. "Best" is pretty hard to know. He is absolutely phenomenally good, you can imagine what with the stuff Miles got into. It's real jazz, the kind that takes you very far away if you can dig it. Had

Kubrick been serious with "2001" Williams and Lifetime could have done the music for the trip down to Jupiter. But it's much more personal. It's the space and energy inside you, and all the trips you go through on levels you don't normally think about. Everytime he sends you out to space, which is every song, he brings you back. And it rocks and he writes dense lyrics: "Being aware is know that there are people all around you who are trying so hard to share all their fears with you..." or "It's all said in bed".

I think it has to be said that, as much fun as they are, blues in a sense are old-fashioned black music (black by origin, a bluesman is a bluesman, whoever) Tony Williams is into totally new-fashioned, nuclear energies, real space odyssey's. Freaking, maybe on the surface, underneath it's love and as he says: "It's all in fun. It's got to be fun." You can get them to you from a new Polydor album called "Emergency"... (have you seen any red lights flashing?)

Then Terry Reid started to jam, and that was just fine.

And while all this was happening, King Crimson was in New York on their way back to England after their first American tour. With Cocker at

the Fillmore here a couple of weeks ago. Called the "sleepers" of the Miami Rock Festival. Have displeased rock critic Bob Cristgau who gives their album a D+ and calls them "ersatz shit". The plus is for Townshend, who thinks they have done a masterpiece. A single is about to crash the AM barrier, "Court of the Crimson King" which the FM channels have been doing for a while. And resident poet Peter-Sinfield and bass guitar and lead vocals Greg Lake are very nice people to talk to. They are very much into music, not screaming. The gig at the Whisky a Go Go in LA was flatteringly unsuccessful because the audience at the Go Go are apparently pretty piggy. Visited Big Sur, walked up the path at Deetjen's, walked up the path to the waterfall and were moved to tears. Unintelligible if you've never been there and felt the sun streaming down through the giant redwoods to the soft floor of the forest. Truly lovely if you have. Since you'll be hearing it a lot, "The Court of the Crimson King" was the outcome of Sinfield brooding on down things, that all came together with the phrase that is the title. The words just flowed out. I told him I liked the way English groups could tap their history and get a kind of mythical floating quality that worked. Like Donovan. (or David Crosby, "Guinnevere", doing it too.) "Yeah," said Sinfield "Timeless... I was

listening to a lot of Donovan at that time I wrote it." Meeting people tends to destroy your objectivity, or whatever. If you like them you can't help wanting to like what they do. Still, they've only been together for a year, and if they are as serious about music as their rap, beautiful things could happen.

And, as a pre-Christmas up, the Fillmore laid a beautiful Sunday night Incredible String Band concert on the folk. It was packed but it was peaceful. People who want to hear them really want to hear them. The original band is, of course, two absolutely enchanted Scots, Robin Williamson and Mike Heron (guitar and about 20 other instruments including a washboard the former, and piano/sitar and 20 more instruments the latter). Both sing and write songs and paint. Their refinement is mythical and now there are two new additions—"Chaning Horses" is the title of the new album which includes Rose and Licorice, beautiful, equally gifted girls, who also sing and play and all kinds of instruments and... DANCE.

Totally stoned creatures, sitting and beaming at each other while they play, like Indian avatars, they learned the facts of life, while living in Wales, from a pig (farm animal) who was "a very sleepy pig, all the time, unless he was makin' it. Then he was very wide awake! Until he wandered into the kitchen and ate 100 pounds of brown rice, a box of light bulbs, about six feet of foam rubber pillows and..." you can imagine he wandered off into the forest and well "Gone like snow on the water" but immortalized in Williamson's "Big Ted".

It took them a good forty years to set up for each new song. Nobody played the same instrument twice in a row, and Rose's electric bass guitar as either inaudible or four times too loud. But they are a trip, with a kind of ecological purity... you will be transfixed. It's that deep holiday intimacy and privacy in yourself which refreshes the spirit. It's not news, it olds, and trues and rock and you. "Dust be diamonds. Water be wine. Happy, happy, happy all the time. Time."

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Medium

(Continued from Page 5)

got in touch with artists like Nam June Paik and Thomas Tadlock.

PBL contracted WGBH to provide facilities and Olivia and myself, and six artists that they would choose. Now they were chosen by two producers out of New York—Pat Marx, who has a radio show, and Ann Dresser, a sculptress and part-time worker for the Kaplan Foundation. They had a lot of friends who were artists, and whose desires ran towards television, so they became like mothers to the artists and we became the source of getting it into tape. Because of money considerations, we had to limit each artist to a half-day in the studio, though some went over. So we took two artists and gave them a Saturday and a Sunday—six hours in the studio for each one, and we took three weekends at WGBH. We brought them up and showed them the equipment, the video tapes, the switching, and the panels, and their minds generated. We showed them some of our old tapes (The Silver tapes, and MIXED BAG, a jazz show with Charles Lloyd). The switcher who was working on the Silver show was the director of the Lloyd thing, and of course we had gone through so many processes that, doing this jazz show live, we started manipulating some of the effects, and we had a light show going with cameras on that, and it was beamed one on top of the other, matting it. David Atwood, came on as the co-director of THE MEDIUM IS THE MEDIUM. Really the three of us worked as a team on the Silver thing and we try to carry on that continuity.

(DEEP VOICE FROM TV: What happens when artist take control of television?)

ABSTRACT SOUNDS.

UP VOICE FROM TV: PBL invited six artists to collaborate with television technicians in search for new ways to use the tools of television as an electronic art form. Each artist has experimented with sophisticated technology in his own work, mechanical and electronic devices, optics machines, kinetics, and multi-media. They all see television as an immediate way of reaching a vast audience, and creating a museum for millions. Here they use the medium as THEIR medium.

Aldo Tambellini, born Syracuse, New York, 1930. Mixed media pioneer and co-founder of New York's Black Gate Theater. His work explores the philosophy and social concept of blackness. He uses 1000 slides, 16 films, TV monitors, and 30 children in his piece titled BLACK. TV SOUND: Tiny children's voices, playing, Diesel sound comes in and crescendos...

BARZYK: Aldo Tambellini brought his slides, his films. He asked us to go out and grab 30 kids, and set up an environment inside the studio where they could see themselves, and hear themselves, and just play around and have fun. We took three cameras—Aldo wanted to do everything black and white—so we put up the cameras, one camera shooting slides, another camera shooting his films, and the third camera on the kids running around. And we started the tape, said "Kids, go to it—play around here, dance around for a while, you other kids sit on a rug for awhile," and we just went for a half an hour, with the three cameras going.

Sometimes Aldo would run out into the studio and say No, No—do it this way, and run back in, and sometimes he was switching it, and most of the time he just watched the process go. The sound was being created at the same time this was going on. Aldo brought some sound sources, and we had others, and he talked to the audio man and everything kind of happened at once. JUD: What kind of sound did he use? BARZYK: These were basically feedbacks and loops, and plugging into the audio console board itself, and tape rewinds, and that kind of material. Everything was just happening and really going by Aldo—with everybody sitting there, and Aldo was like the piston in the machine, and he was going: "Oh, that's beautiful, that's terrible, that's good, why don't you give me more of that, that's awful." This sort of went on, and we were all like up and down. So we had a half-hour of Aldo on tape.

The second was Thomas Tadlock, who brought in his Archetron kaleidoscopic video machine, and there was very little we had to do. We got him a source of I SPY, brought it into his machine. We ran Tadlock for an hour and a half, and he left the studio sometimes, and sometimes had on headsets coming out to him with the Beatles, and other records and tapes, which were also being recorded on the video tape as well as the sounds of the television shows we were using. And we just recorded a lot and that was raw material for him.

(TV VOICE: Allan Kaprow. What's happening here. He uses four locations, in Massachusetts, 5 cameras, 2 television monitors, and people trying to get in touch. Title: HELLO.

FIRST LADY: I see you, Harriet.

SECOND LADY: I see you, too. Hi. There you are. Who are you?

MAN: Hello, hello. That's my daughter. If I could only talk to her through all this machinery, it'd be great. Helen, Helen.

LITTLE GIRL: Hi.

MAN: Hello, this is daddy. Do you see me?

LITTLE GIRL: I saw you already.

MAN: Do you see me now?

SMALL BOY: Hi. MAN: Hi, Peter.

HELEN'S FATHER: Hello, Helen. I can see you.

HELEN: I see you. MAN: Take the microphone out of your mouth.

MAN: Hi there. Do you hear me, Helen? Say hello to the man on your left.

LITTLE GIRL: Hi. MAN: I see the moon.

RECORDED VOICES: Boy and girl, distorted, saying hello back and forth.)

BARZYK: For Allan Kaprow, we set up four locations in Boston, which we have coming into GBH from other areas for other purposes—a line to MIT which feeds us programs which we record for them, and other lines from EDC (Educational Development Corps) which also does special educational shows. We also have a Mobile Unit which was set out in the parking lot, and we also used a studio. So these were the four sources. Allan said, these are the rules of the game—at each place about eight people, and the only thing they're supposed to say to each other is Hello, I see you. The switcher is to work out a plan of how he's going to edit it. The people at each location will have a monitor, and what they see will be determined by somebody else who works it out independently of what might be taking place on the video tape, and the audio man has

worked out a situation so each location would hear a certain other location, independent of anything else that was going on. The people who were experiencing the happening had other things going on besides what was on the show. Al had to make the compromise of cutting down a half hour happening into five or six minutes. We had to come up with a final product, so we recorded a half-hour with black and white lines coming in.

(Continued on Page 21)

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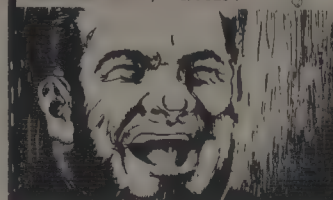


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Medium

(Continued from Page 20)

(TV VOICE: James Seawright, born Jackson, Miss., 1936. Technical Supervisor of the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. Here, Seawright uses two dancers, videotape delay, positive and negative color, and the electronic composition CAPRICIO by Bulent Ariel.)

BARZYK: Seawright brought with him his wife and another dancer. We constructed a totally black environment for them with very strong hard cross lights, and put the dancers in white against the black, and then put three cameras next to each other. Each camera was working only on one of its color tubes, camera one shooting red, two green, and three blue. There were three sections. The first part used just a

black background, and the three cameras next to each other shooting the two dancers, each shooting its separate color, and the video man adding the blue and then the red background electronically into the picture.

The second had the same three cameras exactly the same except in negative, so that the black became white and the white took on the almost plastic aspect of Warhol's pinks and purples. The three cameras started to move when more gyration came to each camera working on a different plane—they reversed scans on one of the cameras so it gave some cross reference of balance. When it was negative, the video man switched the colors a number of times in the most vibrant parts, and simply colored in some of the effects.

The third element of the Seawright piece was a kind of McLaren body-catching thing, sort of a NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE, with one camera and the two dancers. Each of the three color tubes inside the camera were run to an individual tape machine, so when a dancer moved, three machines were running, one picking up the red image, one green, and one blue. After they finished the dance, we stopped, set up each of the tapes

with a quarter second delay after each other, and we ran the three tapes into a final mastertape, so when the three color images stop and catch up with each other they turn into a black and white image, and when they move again they return to color. (TV VOICE: Otto Piene, born Westphalen, Germany, 1928. Exhibited first smoke paintings, programmed light sculptures and hot air balloon demonstrations. Piene here uses 800 feet of polyethylene tubing, 22 tanks of helium, searchlights, and one 95 pound girl, in his ELECTRONIC LIGHT BALLET.)

TV SOUND: Internal, shimmering, echoing sounds.)

BARZYK: Otto Piene came in twice and constructed one aspect which was a happening out in the parking lot at night, when we used all these balloons to float a girl 40 feet into the air, with search lights on her. We recorded this 20 minute happening, and the other effects were with stenciled cardboard circles with holes and patterns punched into them. We put very strong light behind them and manipulated the circles around, while the video man was manipulating the colors. So the light patterns were burned in.

(TV VOICE: Nam June Paik, born Seoul, Korea, 1932, composer of

electronic music and experiments in mixed media. His tools—magnets and junk television sets; his images—three hippies, a dancing model, and national political figures. Title: ELECTRONIC OPERA NO. 1.

SOUND: A fugue being played on the xylophone.

VOICE: This is Participation TV. Please follow instructions.

SOUND: The Moonlight Sonata.

PAIK'S VOICE COMES IN: Close your eyes ... open your eyes ... three quarters close your eyes ... two thirds open your eyes ...

HERBERT HUMPHREY'S VOICE: ... Being one of the top experts of defense appropriations ...

VOICE: I'm getting awfully bored.

PAIK: Thank god, it's the last one.

VOICE: Well, what do we do now?

PAIK: Well, let's start it again from the beginning.

VOICE: This is Participation TV. Please Follow instructions.

VOICE: Turn off your television sets.)

BARZYK: Paik. A dancer, three cameras, again, red, green, and blue, and then he fed those images into a monitor and it was shot from the monitor—the monitor shot itself with another camera so that in fact what you get is the whole feedback of the hand and the girl twisting and turning, and we adjusted the amount of contrast, brightness, and the amount of image that was going into the monitor to give some flexibility. All the effects when he said "Close your eyes" were his old TV sets with the magnets in front, and we added the color. He brought four sets in, and he had also recorded on helical scan the President and those other people, and we shot the helical scan monitor, and put the magnets in front of that and turned it around. We added the red, green, and blue

dots. The hippies again were standing in the same place the nude was; they were shot in negative, three cameras, red, green and blue.

All these artists came here and recorded more than what was seen on the air. We thought we'd better keep them short and keep them moving. Everyone agreed to four to six minute sections.

We brought each artist back for an eight hour day in electronic editing, viewed the material, decided what we wanted, put it together. Aldo's was very simple—It was just hard edits all the way through. We took perhaps 6 or 7 big areas, added a little volume to the kids' "Black, I'm Proud" which we recorded in the studio. Tadlock looked at his whole thing and said he just wanted this one section with the Beatles' sound. Allan Kaprow and we hard edited the half hour happening, except for the last bit which I felt should make more clear man's relationship to the machine, and Allan and I came up with the suggestion that we have the moon and the earth, and the hello, a surrealistic ending with the machine last. Allan wasn't particularly happy about all this but it was the strongest ending we could find for something, which in its original form, had a flow which was hard to describe. James Seawright's was the simplest in many ways because, in effect, he had brought us a piece of music, so everything was timed to that. We knew his piece was going to be 6 minutes long, and we had just recorded the same piece over and over again, so we just took the best sections from each. With Otto Piene's, we had to superimpose one thing on top of the other after he picked the best sections, 6 minutes in length of the moving colors and dots, and of the happening, and we simply dissolved back and forth between the two, Audio was added by the audio man right out of the board—whatever noise was in the system was added—whatever sound came through from the recording of the happening—"Hello, are the lights all set? Lucy, are you all right? Etc." Nam June Paik's was the hardest because we had nearly two hours of his, and he realized he was to be the last one to edit, and the last one on the show. So he tried to work against what everybody else had done, put a little humor into it, and we sort of created it on the spot. He had tons of stuff we never even got to—we

(Continued on Page 22)

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Medium

(Continued from Page 21)

composed an almost piecemeal thing, music was added, a touch of corn, a touch of sentimentality. He's a very disparate human being—he was very flexible and probably got shortchanged more than anyone in this whole thing because his time was cut very short.

We did the opening with the PBL device, and the flag—The flag was a regular flag, and we matted into the white of the flag a slide of moire patterns. And the PBL Twirling, swirling device was a steal from the Silver show—we cut a piece of aluminum foil to fit the front of the

lens, and cut out the shape of the PBL letters—it could have been anything, tree, man, PBL—physically put it right over the lens, and placed a very bright object, like aluminum foil or a Christmas ornament with a lot of light on it, put it out of focus so we were just picking up the dots of lights—So you have a multitude of the same thing, PBL popping in all over the place, and the colors were added by the video man. It's very interesting because what we're seeing for many years was considered mistakes by engineers, and now we're dealing in extremes, looking for mistakes that we can have fun with now.

RECOMMENDED: Every Saturday and Sunday afternoon through the

month of December, at 2 and 4 P.M., the Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Avenue, is presenting a 90 minute retrospective of the films of Norman McLaren, the animation pioneer of the National Film Board of Canada. Museum admission is 50 cents, and the screenings are one dollar extra at the information booth inside the museum.

If nothing else, the show is admirable content for a children's audience, and capable of providing quiet bemusement to even the stiffest adult. McLaren's handdrawn and hand painted films are accompanied by hand-drawn soundtracks of electronic sounding beeps and slurs. "How it moves is more important than what moves", McLaren has stated, and hence his animated

abstractions, vibrating and teasing one another in some cosmic children's game, inherit a kinetic unification. McLaren learned a great deal from the kinetic master Len Lye, and Robert Breer's metamorphosing line drawings have further transmuted directions in two-dimensional space into high sophistication.

Perhaps some of the most beautiful of McLaren's work shown are the pastel animations, A LITTLE PHANTASY ON A 19th Century Painting (Also known as ISLE OF THE DEAD) and LA POULETTE GRISE, both from the 1940's, in which constantly modulating lights and darknesses flow and fuse intangibly throughout the range of emotional tonalities. "It was difficult

to make these pictures, keeping in mind both these elements, because the rhythmic thing would be doing one thing and the words would be doing another thing. To do a third thing, the picture, which integrated with the first two things, was very difficult."

Of his recent output, OPENING STATEMENT (1960) made to substitute for a personal appearance at the Montreal Film Festival, uses the animation of usually inanimate objects, in this case a microphone with a will of its own. PAS DE DEUX (1968) is the flashiest, used multiple image technique to fan prismatically the movements of a dancing couple into some rare moments, up to the dance films of Emshwiller.

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