

**THE** east **ONION**  
village **ONION**

VOL. 3 NO. 18

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# HANOI SAYS YES?





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# BRAIN DRAIN

Dear EVO:

At the present, my ship is in the Mediterranean Sea, and second class mail usually arrives about three weeks late.

My shipmates, many of whom are near perfect squares, tend to condemn EVO as junk. Yet they are usually quick to ask if they can read the latest issue when I'm through with it.

Sometimes they tend to read the latest issue before I even get to see it.

All these things led me to believe that possibly some scoundrel was at work, scarfing up on my EVO like Big Don Purnell scarfed up on Miss Pauline Purity. But after reading a letter from Mr. Pravia in Vol. 3, No. 12, I wonder just how much the U. S. Post Office has to do with the universal disappearance of (Vol. 3, No. 9) from subscribers' mailboxes.

Because I am totally different from my shipmates, most of them call me "Old Weird Bill," which I don't really mind, but now and then I come up with a good idea, so I'll tender you this suggestion. If you have any backcopies of (Vol. 3, No. 9), you (and readers who are lucky enough to be able to buy EVO from newsstands in the City) hang on to them. Possibly, they could become collectors' items, seeing as how it's so damn hard to get a #9 these days.

Sincerely,  
His Imperial Weirdness  
T-3 Div.  
USS Columbus

Dear EVO:

I'm a GI in Da Nang, Vietnam, and all of my friends and myself read the paper. We get a lot of laughs out of your witty satire.

We were wondering if it would be possible to get a subscription to the Other and have it sent to us.

You are probably wondering how I got my hands on it in the first place. I'll explain.

My sister-in-law was on your cover of the March 1-7 issue (Vol. 3, No. 13) and my wife sent us a copy.

Since then the paper has been all over the Battalion, and the guys are asking when I'm going to get another one.

I'm from Mass. and I've been to the Village a few times, but just as a tourist. I have found the people to be warm and sincere, and we like to read about their views on all opics. Sometimes we don't agree with them, but what kind of a place would this be if everyone agreed with each other?? We are here, and we

all believe in the cause, but that's not the point. The point is, that all Army personnel aren't dogfaces and we enjoy hearing other people's views. If you could possibly see your way clear to send us a weekly copy, we would be most thankful.

If any of your readers would like to write to me, or any of the other guys, we would be more than happy to answer their questions about Vietnam, and trade views on all subjects not just the war.

After all, who knows more about this war than us?? We are the guys who are fighting it.

Thank you very much for taking time to read this letter.

Sincerely,  
Alan E. Smith  
Ra 12773289  
HHD 58th Trans Bn  
Drawer #76, Da Nang  
APO San Francisco 96337

Think a Prayer.

"Trust in the Lord with all your might and acknowledge Him always and He will light your ways."

This prayer has been sent to you for good luck within 4 days of receiving this the Netherlands and has been around the world nine times. You are to receive good luck within 4 days of receiving this letter. This is not a joke. Send 20 copies of this letter to friends you wish good luck. Do not send money. Please do not keep this letter. It must leave you within 96 hours after receiving it.

While in the Philippines Gen. Napar lost his life six days after receiving the letter. He won \$775,000 before he died. However, he failed to circulate the letter. Remove the name from the top and replace it with yours at the bottom.

Warren S. Russell, Larry McConly, I. I. Warren, Nancy Ann Herman, Kathy Valdez, Samuel Weill Jr., Ralph Cutright, John J. L. Iblony, J. C. Viltone, G. S. Thurmond, W. L. Thurman, L. Lloyd K. Compton, Jane Morgan, Deanna Inglis, Chris d'Entrimont, The East Village Other.

Dear EVO:

... in reference to Kervin Roos pathetic dirge on how "Several weeks ago, the local vigilantes took it upon themselves to burn a commune (his) composed of three houses . . . I ask, what can one do?" (EVO—Vol. 3, No. 16).

You fuckin' people make me laugh!! You turn the other cheek n'—sure enough—you get belted again. You leave

your mini-Garden UNGUARDED n'—sure enough—the yokels come in and happily set fire to a dream . . . you people gonna end up in a circus; you're gonna be a bigger attraction than the Mets . . . an yuh know what I think? I think you deserve to be . . . It's easy to be a pacifist in Paradise but-Where's it at? . . . and the State Department wouldn't give you a passport anyway. You, the pacifist . . . What are yuh gonna do if the MAN decides to rape your Mammy (or other soul). Your gonna read him the dogma of Gandhi right? . . . WRONG . . . You're no pacifist . . . a turnip is a pacifist . . .

Good luck,  
Tom Sayles  
c/o General Delivery  
Marlboro, N.Y.

P.S. Diane Dorr-Dorynek's photo of McCarthy amid his New Believers was a mind-blower; my congratulations . . .

Dear EVO:

Every time I get mad at cops, I read something like the hysterical horseshit printed in last week's EVO (Vol. 3, No. 17), and all I can say is fuck you TOO.

Sure, there were lousy cops at Grand Central who wanted to bash faces. And there were other cops who wanted anything BUT to bash faces. But EVO screams about all of them like they were just one animal. Which is exactly what the squares do to anyone in long hair. BULLSHIT.

You think that all the boys and girls were just wearing beads and dancing? CRAP. I was there too. There were a couple of hundred pop-heads who wanted BLOOD at all costs: theirs, yours, or mine. Yeah, they were "Springtime": like napalm vomited on the floor.

"AUSCHWITZ" ??? Shit. You half-assed petunias at EVO don't know what "Auschwitz" means—or you wouldn't use the word every time you fart. Auschwitz: what happened at Grand Central had as much to do with Auschwitz as the drool of an EVO editor has to do with a hurricane.

"Auschwitz." Hell, compared to EVO's "story," the fucking Daily News is honest.

Love,  
Cappelbaum (Cooperman)  
New York, N.Y.

Dear EVO:

We are three guys from the New York City area who go to a typical mid-west school, or it was typical until the east invaded and people started turning on. We live in a tenement shit hole with mice living in our garbage can. But as the mice are happy there we are happy here. Right now we are all zonked but we remain interior striken states for fear of Igor. Igor is our downstairs neighbor (straight). He likes to kill people—but he would really like to kill us. What a hangup. Grass is so expensive here and when some is finally brought down from Chicago, they sell it for 20 dollars an ounce. Why do people screw others why can't we all just spread the wealth instead of trying to make money on others. Can't wait to come home to New York prices. Best of luck in court.

Graciously,  
Swids, Els, H  
Peoria, Ill.

Dear EVO:

I appreciate your kind mention of me in (Vol. 3, No. 15) EVO, but I must demur when you describe me as the film critic of the Chicago Tribune.

I work for the Chicago Sun-Times. Chicagoans rarely confuse the two papers (we are the one without a military editor). Perhaps you were misled because the Tribune owns the publishing company which printed the Chicago Seed until the Tribune bought the company. The Tribune is not the Chicago Seed either, however.

Best regards,  
Roger Ebert  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear EVO:

Greetings. You are as full of shit as the institutions you attack. It discourages me to think of the young guys with fashionable Jesus hair, wearing a bell on a lanyard (made by some psychedelic entrepreneur), sitting in some crap-hole in a tenement and sucking pot through this year's fashionable day-glo water pipe (\$4.98)-swearing they're getting Certified Visions of Truth while you people race behind them barking "Great, groovy, holy, outta sight, keep it up!" Dig yourselves.

Tune in to some of those messages I hope you got during your vaunted acid recesses.

Contraction and expansion—remember?

Your scene now is playing the barking martyr game for fashion's sake. Things will change from the inside—not from the outside. The only sure way to change things is to come in—not staying out there hurling paranoid bags of piss at the middle-class towers for Dada's non-sake and the celebration of the death of the mind.

Come in and be real subversives.

After all, the Movement is only kindergarten and if you don't graduate from it you get to spend the rest of your life sitting in a corner and gazing at a wall.

And this aint the wall-gazing Bodhidharma rapped about.

It's too easy to paint the clock in Grand Central Station, drop garbage in Sheep Meadow, drop caps and giggle at the pretty lights in the waiting room.

Love,  
Bruce Maddox  
N. Y. C.

Dear Friends:

I would enjoy reading your groovy tell-it-like-it-is in the vernacular-like-it-is publication, but (as I have stated in a previous letter a few weeks ago) certain apparatus of this institution do not dig four letter word iconoclasm. Therefore, my precious subscription is going to waste—I mean that literally, each issue is ripped up and thrown in the trash can. Please help me put a stop to this maliciousness by hence sending forthcoming issues to my California pad—so that I may enjoy them when I get out this November.

Peace,  
William Bliss #59991  
Auburn Prison  
135 State Street  
Auburn, New York 13022

(Continued on Page 20)

DEAR BRUCE:  
NOBODY'S PERFECT!  
- Adolf Eichmann  
DEAR ADOLF: FUCK OFF!  
- Brucie

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
105 Second Avenue  
New York, New York 10003

#### NEW WEEKLY RATES:

Please enter my subscription.

Please renew my subscription.

I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription.

I have enclosed \$10 for a two-year subscription.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

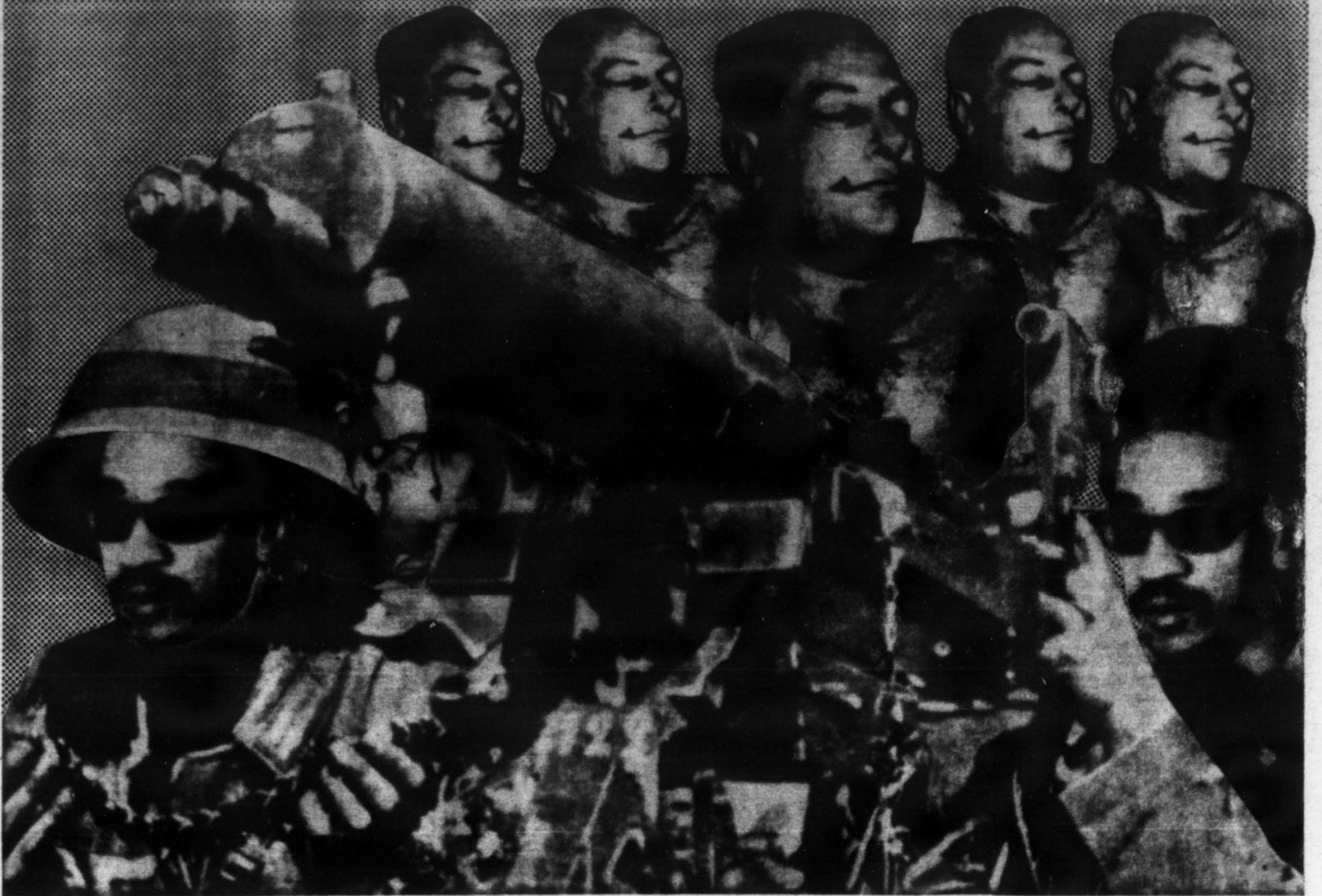
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## Will H. RAP Rap Brown Be Pressured Into Fasting To Death?



by Lennox Raphael

Fifty pounds have dropped from his skinny frame since February 21 when he said, "For every day I am imprisoned I will refuse both food and water. My hunger is for the liberation of my people. My thirst is for the ending of oppression."

"They want him to die," Flo Kennedy, one of his attorneys, cried after a scary confrontation with Maryland authorities last Tuesday.

H. Rap Brown, elected Minister of Defense at the Detroit "founding convention of a new nation" last Sunday, drinks water every other day.

"Being a man is the continuing battle with one's life," he wrote from a New Orleans prison, "and one loses a bit of manhood with every stale compromise to the authority of any power in which one does not believe."

So an integrated CARAVAN FOR JUSTICE went to Maryland to demand that Gov. Agnew (moderate Republican who wants Rocky as President) and Mayor Pritchett, plumber, take note of the unpublished Report prepared for the President's Commission on Civil Disorders which put the blame on whites for the Cambridge Police riot last July. Not brother Rap who was charged with arson and inciting to riot.

Maybe it would have been different if the bus had been blessed. But Flo Kennedy said no. "Last time Hal Koppersmith blessed it, it broke down before we reached the bridge." (Koppersmith, a candidate for Congress, plans to kill himself sometime after The Fourth of July.)

So all hell & fear boogalood in the brain of the law when the unblessed bus got lost in Maryland and ended up at the Whiteonly Cambridge Country Club.

The unblessed bus was suddenly at the head of a parade of State Police, County officers, deputy sheriffs, FBI agents and other concerned vigilantes. Several golfers stared, pointed, laughed

at the friends of Rap looking for the Mayor's office.

"It is simple," Flo Kennedy said, "we're in a parade."

Driver Cy Gordon stopped the bus at the first filling station on High Street. But nobody knew where the Mayor's office was. Not even police officers who spilled out of their cars and started giving wrong directions, to confuse. It was funnier than falling down at a White House reception.

A black resident directed the bus to the Mayor's office. The group walked in. The Mayor was there.

"Sorry to be late," Mrs. Kennedy said to him, "but Maryland police kept giving us the wrong address." The Mayor sucked his fat cigar and smiled. "This whole business is your fault," she scolded at 2 p.m.

"The charges against Rap should be dropped. It would be a terrible thing if because of his fasting and bleeding ulcer he should die."

The Mayor looked t City Attorney Charles Emmonds. Charlie returned the Mayor's smile.

"You say you want him," Mrs. Kennedy said, "well, bring him here. Very simple. The whole Report indicts white racism, and this town is a perfect example."

"I'm not interested," the Mayor said.

"You should be interested especially when this man is a symbol of black liberation. We can't go and take him out," she said in put-on voice, "the guard will hit us. Cambridge is becoming a symbol of racial injustice," she added. "Don't think about us. Racism is going out of style."

The Mayor smiled.

"How do you feel holding him in light of the Report that absolves him of all blame?"

"I have no more to do with this than this table has," the Mayor said.

State Attorney William B. Yates 3d was the boss who hopes to become Governor one day, at the expense of H. Rap Brown.

The Mayor went to fetch Yates 3d. "Yates is damn good," whispered a

Cambridge reporter. "He never losses a case."

"He's not available," the Mayor said, and kindly, "If only you had sent me a telegram about that." He was smiling expansively.

AND WILIAM B. YATE 3d WALKED IN.

Why prosecute Rap in view of the Report, since all the charges against him are predicated on "your charge" of arson and inciting to riot?

"Let's start off with the so-called President's Commission," Yate 3d said, and read a letter to him from The Congressional Relation Office which confessed that a "draft of the report escaped us."

"Why did it escape?" "We don't know," Yates 3d said. "We only know what we read."

Flo passed him an excerpt from the Report and he started reading, "Excerpts from an unpublished REPORT: an analysis of the Cambridge, Maryland disturbance. What has come to be known as the Cambridge riot was in fact a low-level civil disturbance. For a few hours on the night of Monday, July 24, and an hour on the night of Wednesday, July 26, there were small scale disorders by Negro crowds, but nothing of the magnitude anticipated by local authorities or reported in the press."

His eyes were hard, impassively so.

"Three specific factors seem to provide the immediate context which confirmed white fears for the worst: (1) the content of the speech and the excitement it generated or was seen to generate; (2) The communication of information about what Brown said and how the crowd responded by the Negro police who were the informants for white authorities; and (3) Brown's walking a local girl home, being followed by a group of local youths, which was interpreted by the authorities as the beginning of an actual attack . . . may be reasonably surmised that there were pressures on the Negro police to lean toward the pessimistic side in judging the degree of threat posed by

Brown. Since whites anticipated some form of militant action, to underestimate the crisis would have placed the Negro officer in an awkward position (I.E. not telling his white superiors what they really wanted to hear).

Despite the fact that a riot did not occur, newspaper accounts of the disturbance tended to propagate the notion that Brown incited a riot in Cambridge. A careful reading of available clippings indicates that newspapers in reporting the specific instances of violence were pretty close to the mark. But nevertheless, the overall impression that one gets is of widespread violence following immediately upon Brown's speech . . . it may be emotionally satisfying to think that Brown came to Cambridge and that therefore there was a riot, and it may be simpler for the public to grasp. But the facts are more complex and quite different.

In summary, the role of Brown seems to be this: to have induced in city officials a sense of an impending riot, which then became the basis of their subsequent actions and interpretation of events. To the extent that Brown encouraged anybody to engage in precipitous or disorderly acts, the city officials are clearly the ones he influenced most. Indeed the existence of a riot existed for the most part in the minds of city officials, and to the extent that the Negro disorder occurred, it can best be interpreted as a response to actions of the city officials . . . Brown was more a catalyst of white fears than of Negro antagonism, the disturbance more a product of white expectations than of Negro initiative."

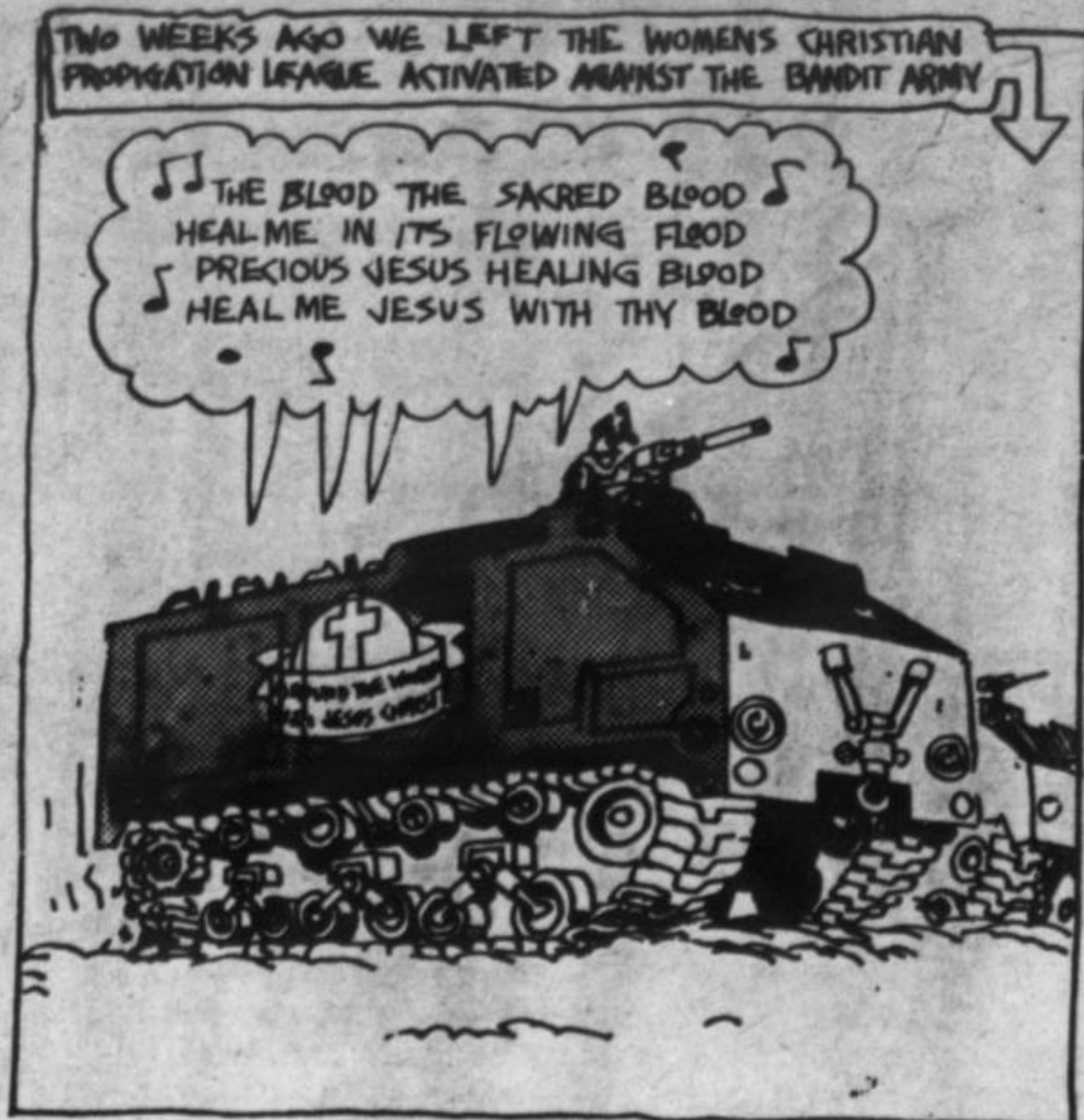
"I am not interested," he said, and started HOLLERING, stood up, it seemed he was going to belt Flo Kennedy, Rev. Robert M. Kinloch stepped before him, he turned to the door, someone said, "Don't let him leave like that." The Mayor, the City Attorney, everyone surprised by his histrionics. "Don't you shout at me," Flo Kennedy said.

"He might be innocent like a babe



# ZAP ZAP

DRAWN BY **M. RODRIGUEZ**  
WRITTEN BY **ALGERNON BAKWASH**



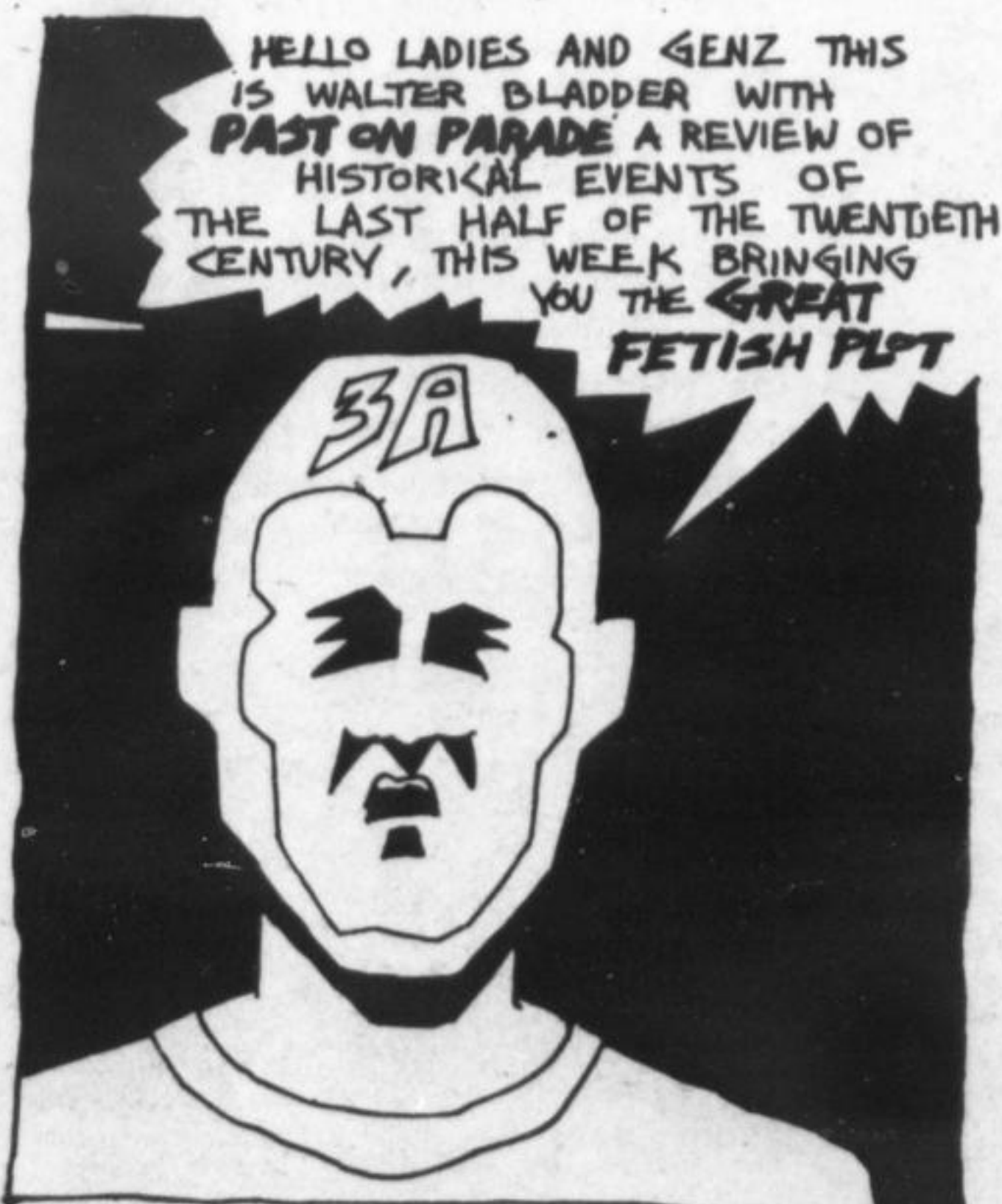
MEANWHILE A FEW MILLION YEARS AGO IN THE MESOZOIC AGE NILUS NECROPHILUM CONFRONTS YOUNG KATHY NESBIT

MY DEAR, THERE IS SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO SAY TO YOU SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO EXPRESS TO YOU PERHAPS THIS POEM MIGHT CONVEY....



*It's fragrant and lushful  
From a Wayward and Despicable  
Vagrant  
O Princess when I first saw you  
I knew you were the  
Red of Corruption,  
the Stone of Temptance  
and the Blossom of Desire  
Your erect and Statelike Form  
is all this life I have not seen  
and its vision brings solace to my  
If fortune were kind and would  
grant me some slight respite from  
this tormented path  
it would be only through  
your divine person  
Nilus*

OH NILUS



MASS PRODUCTION HAS BROUGHT MANY BLESSINGS TO MODERN SOCIETY SUCH AS THE GREAT VARIETY OF CONSUMER GOODS AVAILABLE TO THE PUBLIC. THERE ARE, HOWEVER, CERTAIN UNSCRUPULOUS PERSONS EVER READY TO TWIST THESE INNOVATIONS TO SUIT THEIR OWN NEFARIOUS ENDS...



WOMEN HAVE BEEN HELD DOWN BY MEN FOR AGES THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE BACK IN THE NAME OF WOMAN POWER

TO BE CONTINUED....



"...the treasures of the universe will be yours..."



**LETTER FROM EMMET GROGAN OF THE DIGGERS:**

**Digger Headquarters  
Somewhere in the  
mysterious East.**

Listen!

We are sick and tired of having the Digger name connected with the efforts of certain con-men who end up promoting violence and letting the blame fall on us. Who died and made these types King? The Diggers are a Christian movement and no true Digger has anything whatsoever to do with violence nor will we advocate it. True, we are anarchists of a special kind, but our movement is away from the centers of power, politics, and related bags. We are partakers of the mystical body of the Christ, the Prince of Peace, and this summer we'll be operating farms in Vermont as well as spiritual centers in other nearby states. Our revolution is a Green Revolution, a return to the soil after the manner of Tolstoy, Benjamin Tucker and the other American anarchists. This summer we will also operate here in the city but on a far more selective basis than last year. We won't be running as many crash pads for spoiled so-called "hippy" kids. Hippies should stay home; we are only concerned with those who are ready to admit their ignorance and learn. The sign of the Digger is that he is not afraid to burn his last dollar. That is the only demonstration that makes sense at this point.

Pax vobiscum.

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On April 10th, Harper and Row will release "G I DIARY" by David Parks, the son of the distinguished photographer and writer Gordon Parks. The book sells at \$4.95 and is a diary of one soldier's experience of army life and war. The book has special significance since Parks is a negro and the prejudice encountered on the firing line makes the war even more untenable.

The following is an excerpt: "Rain has brought everything to a standstill, and Bravo is under about ten feet of water. Sometimes I would prefer action to sitting around listening to these officers beat their gums. It's either how many battles they've won or how many broads they've laid. At times they act like children the way they demand attention.

And you better jjump if you don't want your ass out on that firing line. The only way to keep cool with them is to lie quiet. Show the slightest sign of intelligence and you've had it. Especially if you're a Negro. Pratt and Gurney are pretty bright souls. But everytime you see them they are pulling a shit detail while the white cats lie in their bunks enjoying life. A couple of the white guys got so ashamed that they came to the old man today and complained about Pratt and Gurney getting all the shit. I hope it does some good, but I doubt it."

\*\*\*

American International Pictures will start production this summer on two major motion pictures, "The Marquis de Sade," and its sequel, "Justine."

# poor paranoid's almanac

Washington, March 15 (Liberation News Service) — The Israeli government is now using the same law the British used against Jewish nationalists in the 1948 fight for independence. Acting under the "Emergency Regulations" inherited from the British, the Israelis are trying Arab student Halil Tauma for the crime of harboring another Arab student, Ahmed Kalifa, who was wanted by police for distributing leaflets against Israeli policies.

The Israeli government also recently blew up an Arab residence because they suspected it had sheltered an Arab terrorist. The action was sharply criticized by the mayor of Jerusalem.

(from Peace News, London, and I. F. Stone, Washington)

\*\*\*

I don't like Jim Morrison of the Doors. I don't like the man (?) who yelled at the Cafe Au Go Go a few weeks ago. "I want to eat Jimi Hendrix," during the Experience's performance there. I like the Doors, their music, and their latest, "The War Is Over." But in person they put me off. As a reporter from the L. A. Free Press put it. "Homosexuality is a pain in the ass."

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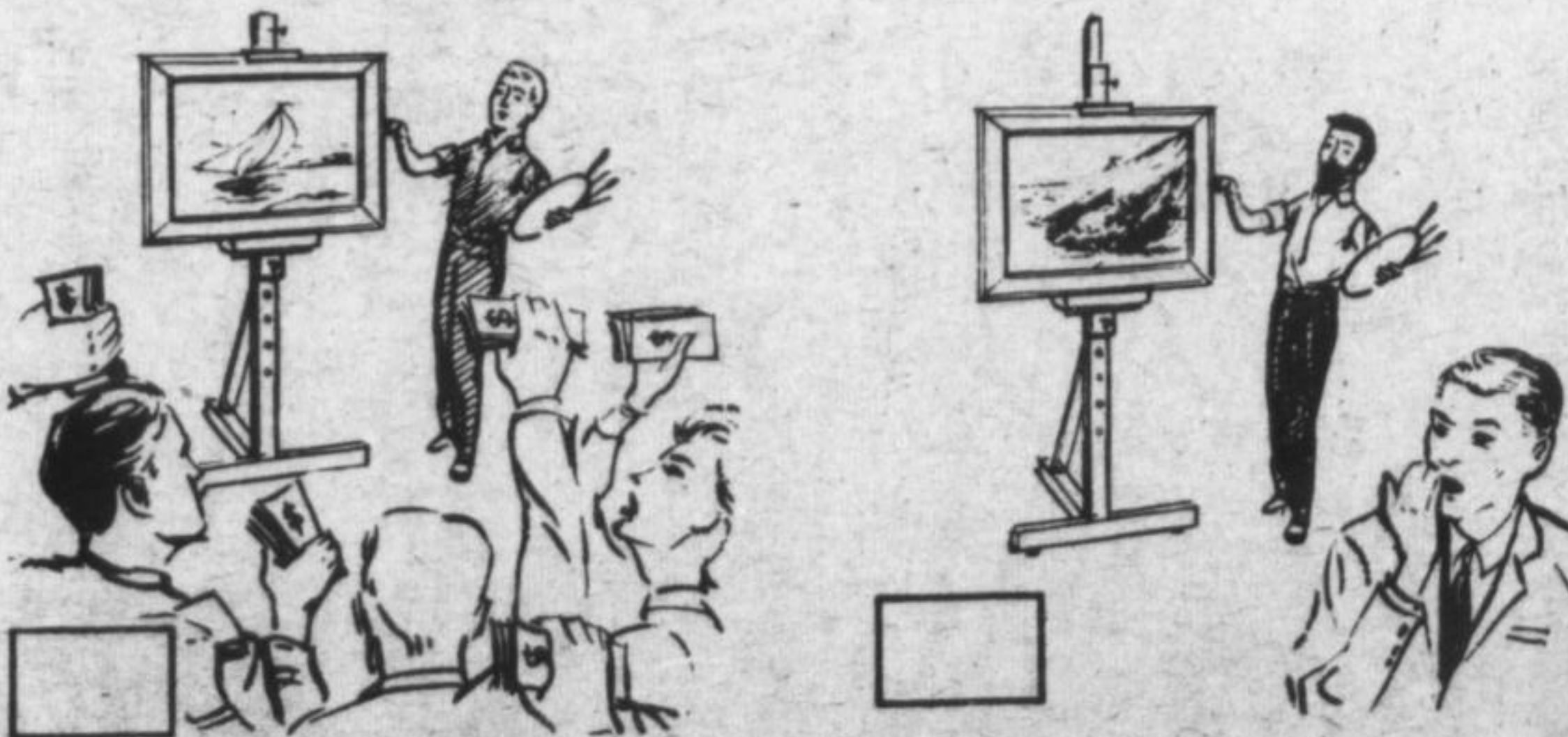
Anyone just wanting plain GOOD NEWS send 40 cents post paid to 239 East 2nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10009. GOOD NEWS is a pamphlet put out by Tuli Kupferberg and Steve Kraus.

Easter Sunday, April 14th, seems to have escalated more than its share of activities. Besides the annual parades and be-in's, there will also be a YIP-OUT: Resurrection of the Free at the Sheepmeadow in Central Park.

The YIPPIE activity will be a new high in get-togethers. The Sheepmeadow will be surrounded on all sides by four sound stages. Music will be beamed in over loudspeakers and 5000 records will have a turn on the P.A. system. Free balloons will be given out with free YIPPIE posters. Rabbits, flowers from heaven via airplane, and artists and freak happenings will probe the central park landscape. The police have agreed to stay out of the meadow. So come and do your thing and leave your hate at home.

\*\*\*

The illustration below is taken from a school textbook designed for first graders. Notice the puerile distinction made between art and success (money), and beards and non-beards.



by Allan Katzman

\*\*\*

The Internal Revenue Service has announced that it has adopted new rules for "coping" with persons refusing to pay the 10% tax on their telephone bills as an act of resistance to the war in Vietnam. What the new rules amount to is cutting corners on the democratic process by eliminating the right for a "costly" personal hearing at which the tax refuser has an opportunity to discuss his position with representatives of the government. Clearly the government's position vis-a-vis those opposed to its policies is that in case of conflict between the smooth running of its machine and the right of individuals to exert whatever influence they can on policy, individual rights will have to be sacrificed.

\*\*\*

Stonybrook University will be sponsoring their own Festival of Life, April 26th. It will all coincide with the National Student Faculty Strike which is being held the same day. Rock and Roll bands, favorite folksing stars and a whole galaxy of fun and festivity will take place from 1 p.m. in the afternoon to 1 p.m. at night on the Stonybrook athletic field.

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Try this experiment: Buy a twenty-seven cent eight ounce container of yogurt. (What? You don't like yogurt? Never mind — to make it more palatable you can use the flavored kind: strawberry, orange, boysenberry, etc.)

Now, on an empty stomach lap up the eight ounces of yogurt. Feel anything? Notice an insidious desire to laugh seeping into your brain?

Of course you do; for the bacteria in the yogurt culture produce a mild psychedelic. (Let me assure you that this is not another banana hoax perpetrated by the Berkely Barb and then the Village Voice. Yogurt does contain a psychedelic.)

A friend turned me on to yogurt for the first time the other night — colors were enhanced; a feeling of well being (of being connected to the world) swept over me; and I suffered from a bad case of laughter.

You can enjoy the YOGURT EXPERIENCE quite legally — for the moment. But I foresee the day when police will swoop down on health-food haunts on a regular basis.



**Dance/Concert:** James Cotton Blues Band, Mint Tatro, Brotherhood of Light: Straight Theatre, Haight & Cole; 9 p.m.—\$2.50. **Dance/Concert:** Family Dog, Siegal-Schwall, Kaleidoscope, Savage Resurrection; Avalon, 9 p.m.—\$3.00. **Dance/Concert:** Moby Grape, Traffic, Lemon Pipers, Spirit; Winterland; 9 p.m.—\$3.00.

This was for Friday, March 22nd in San Francisco. The schedule ran in the latest Berkeley Barb I could get before press time. On a good weekend, there are one or two more dance concerts as well as shows in the small clubs and coffee-houses. Shows start at 9 p.m. and



The members of the group come from solid backgrounds in jazz and avant-garde classical music. They're good. I also get the feeling that they're being condescending. Maybe it's N.Y.; they're from L.A. and seem to have built a following there doing their own curious blend of Stockhausen and rock—serious Zappaesque sounds. But I wonder if the L.A. audiences try to dance to them.

is now playing at Slugs; afterwards they go on tour and wind up at the Fillmore West.

If audiences respond (as they have for Charles Lloyd) then the whole avant-garde jazz scene may shift to San Francisco. The record companies are apparently up in the air now. If the next big sound is new jazz and jazz rock, there's going to be a lot of shifting around on 57th street.

Listening to WBAI last week and I hear this new group called the Children of God. Psychedelic—boogaloo—soul—blues . . . and it's nice. Well, turns out

go on until 2 a.m. Non-stop, no hassling with sets and show time; just music and lights and nice people. On Sunday, prices drop to \$2.50 and \$2.00, and the places are usually filled all week-end long.

Now, I've been rapping about the high price of rock in New York since I got here. And my friends, more cynical than I, say: the audiences in N. Y. wanna pay a lot of money. Say: the audiences here don't know they've enjoyed themselves unless it costs them.

Well, last weekend should have turned them around. The Anderson Theatre and the Fillmore East let people in for free after selling maybe half their seats by show time. And uptown, the Cream's concerts at Hunter College were completely sold out—eight or nine thousand people coming to hear them.

To take a date out for one of these things means to lay out up to ten bucks for tickets . . . if you want decent seats. Since a show will usually last two hours—maybe up to three for a last set—you've got to go elsewhere either before or after 11 p.m. Like, it's costing these kids at least \$20.00 for a Friday night out and most of them can't afford to repeat it again on Saturday. Maybe that's why the audience at the Fillmore is looking more and more like an upper-Eastside shopping tour. Rock is "hip" these days . . . like pop-art and Dylan hair-cuts—but after you've "done" Eric Clapton Friday . . . what more is there?

I went to see the United States of America Saturday night, first at the Au Go Go and then at the Fillmore where they opened the show. Five LA musicians—all incredibly sophisticated—surrounded by \$40,000 worth of sound equipment and a hostile audience. Columbia has just released their first LP at the end of a fantastic promotion campaign . . . and what can I say?

## pop rock & jelly

Received a memo from Mercury informing me of what's happening with Manfred Mann and their new hit single: **Mighty Quinn**. When Melody Maker in England quoted Bob Dylan—who wrote the song—as saying that the group had done his material "right in context with what the song was all about;" Manfred told the reporters: "It gave me far more pleasure to hear that than anything else. A hit means certain satisfaction—'Gee we're going to have another hit'. But for Dylan to say we do his stuff better than anyone else really is nice." Oh, yes.

I caught Archie Shepp last Friday at Carnegie Recital Hall and it was something else. Shepp is working now with two trombones, tuba, bass and drums. In ensemble they sound at times like a New Orleans marching band and, in fact, concluded the show with maybe ten minutes of simultaneous improvised marches.

Shepp, a brilliant, young tenor player, has worked with Coltrane and others in the jazz avant-garde for several years now. To watch an audience of less than 300 people trickle out on him during the concert was a drag. If you keep your head open, you have to dig what these people are doing. A new LP, **Magic of Ju Ju**, (Impulse 9154) should be out soon—get stoned and listen to it. And go April 14, at 5 p.m. to The McMillan Theatre (116th St. and Broadway) to hear the group.

Albert Ayler, another important N.Y. avant-garde jazzman will present a concert on April 28, before leaving for the west coast. Says Ayler: "If I can't get gigs here, what am I staying for?" Maybe the times are changing—Cecil Taylor

by Jules Freedmond

to be a demo by a group Jerry Moore put together after his ESP release **Life is A Constant Journey Home**, came out four months back. The group is just beginning to play around now; call Fass and ask to hear his copy And another "Fass Find"; Jerry Jeff Walker (Mr. Bo-jangles) is now appearing at the Bitter End.

The Free Spirits are playing this weekend at the Fillmore East on a bill with Buddy Guy and The Who. After a first LP on ABC, **Out of Sight and Sound** (ABC 593) fell onto the charts last year, the group split up. Guitarist Larry Correal and drummer Bob Moses went off to San Francisco to work with Gary Burton.

The rest of the group stayed here, added a new drummer and organist and—like Alice—just GREW. I heard tapes for their new LP last week and they are out of sight indeed. Jom Pepper's tenor sax takes the top of your head off with wild riffing lines while the rest of the band moves like a locomotive behind him. People on the coast have been into their sound for a while now—which ever record company finally buys the tapes is going to find itself with something very, very hot.

Tambolini's Gate wants to sound proof their set up and do Sunday mid-night 'till morning rock concerts; meanwhile, the Seventh Sons will play from 7 to 9 p.m. this Sunday—admission \$2.00. John Handy is at the Dom on St. Marks Place. Blood, Sweat & Tears will be at the AuGoGo through Sunday, followed by Ian & Sylvia. The Chambers Bros. are at the Electric Circus through the 21st. Tim Hardin will give a concert at Town Hall this Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. Sun Ra is on Monday nights at Slugs. And on Wednesday, the Group Image does their thing (and invites you to do yours) at the Hotel Diplomat; starting at 9 p.m.—admission now \$1.50.



# slumgoddess

photo by Ronald E. Reis

clean energy From Con Edison





## THEATRE?

They all came (all right . . . WE all came) to cheer for Ho and Che and boo LBJ. Especially that fast, folks, in multi-floral bouquets of Bronx cheers, condescending, ascending laughter and high spirit. The First American Radical Theater was on, giving itself a benefit sponsored by the Radical Booking Agency. There's a lot of radicalism in that last sentence; radical theatre is one thing Radical American Etcetera is another. Capitalization does something, and around 9:45 p.m. on Sunday the actors got separated from the bandwagon people when Richard Schechner ran in—no, leaped in to announce LBJ's decision not to run again.

Before the announcement, it was semi-substantial fun to be part of a general protestation: the People vs. The System. After Schechner—who directed one of the groups involved—the issue directed but off-the-mark harpoons seemed fatuous and unconnected with theater as it is pronounced ringingly: **Thee-eah-tuh!** To be fatuous myself, groups involved in theatre are almost never involved groups.

Emotion is a nice stimulus, but theater damned well better have validity if the audience is going to keep its eyes open and its hands from throwing rotten tomatoes.

But theater is not the re-enactment of George chopping down his cherry tree while a fife and drum play. Theater, in five words or more-less is a means of dramatizing the human situation and the reality of human beings is not the god-dam war in Vietnam. If one is to discuss the politics of a particular group, and one is also doing theater, than it is one's fucking duty to reach behind and under to the essence, to the motivation, to the framework of the action being studied. If I stand on a street corner and yell "I hate war" I am making a scene, true. But if I scream that on the stage of the Royal Shakespeare Company, dressed in drag, it ain't theater until I somehow reveal to you why I am screaming.

The night began with the Performance Group, directed by Schechner. Label them theater of essence, or color them in the line of Open Theater. They presented an oral and physical essay whose thesis was that one can dramatize some of the possibilities open to human beings through the use of mind and body. Compounds and complements: motion/motionlessness; sound/silence; some of the essential qualities, perhaps, of being human. When the controlling consciousness is minimum, then particular single actions and sounds are very important. One actor stands, the others lie or sit, and the question of power is raised. Words are turned over in the audience's mouth like whispered clues in a murder-plot.

Being born on a stage has always been a fun thing to participate in, an achievement, the steeplechase of acting because of all the inherent thrills and chills; and of course the danger of failing . . . of falling. The Group ritualizes this action as well as any bodies short of an actual childbirthing mother could. It isn't easy for a heterosexual group to convey this agony; most people know only the pain of either being born or giving birth . . . if they know of one at all. After the ten male actors dropped their shorts and continued in jockstraps, the audience was already in a wierd mind—discomfort—further illuminated by the visible writhings and tortured undulations of the bodies who moaned and whimpered and sighed.

Theatre of shock has many levels and an infinite spectrum, from the superficial verbiage of Hey you! mothuhfuck-kuh through a Kusama-like exploitative use of nude bodies in impossible positions. This group was able to use words in an extremely delicate and revealing way, making the sounds themselves act to both heighten tension and then allow for comic relief, merely by the way the sounds issued forth. A boy is pushed out of a line of wriggling-on-the-floor bodies and when he emerges, he sighs. "Good . . . Evening sir, may I take you to your seat?" Then the others pick themselves up and chant this same phrase as a common replacement for all communication symbols from How do

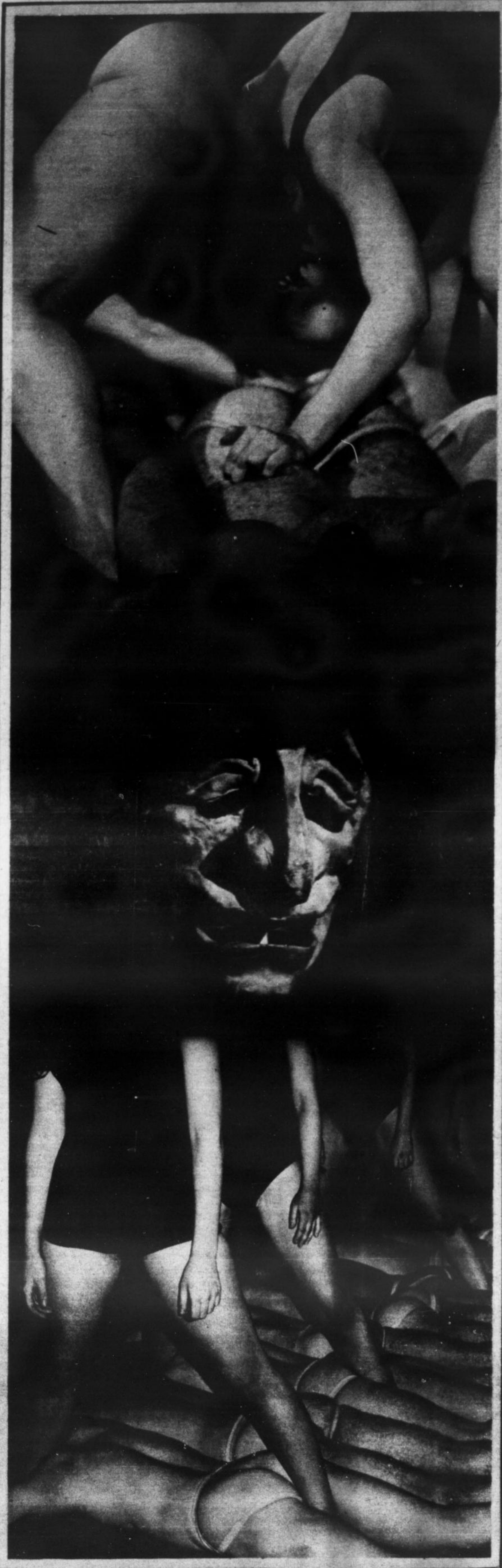


photo by Raeanne Rubinstein

by Lita Eliscu

you do? through. I wanna go to the bathroom.

Pageant Players—you either like them or you dont and for about as many reasons as people argue about the relative value of long and short hair. They did their agitprop thing, called "The Rulers", which means a two-headed ugly Ugly struts out and does a Pinkie Lee routine so that nervous laughter could be just amused. Then the show rolled: it seems pantomiming the erection of a country (well, it has that fervor about it) is a very popular thing these days. Lanford Wilson did it in his "Untitled Play," but hardly so well, or maybe he just did it longer, and there is something about watching people go through this Hollywood-musical Gonna Build a Mountain with no words which is worse the longer it is . . .

Then we have the eternal division of the world into the Land of the Haves and the Nots. In typically subtle form, the Nots have only peace and understanding and Love while all the machine society of Haves have is frustration, gout and TV sets. The poor little yellow people have the sun and the moon and the stars that shine and we're got Coca-Cola. Fucking isn't mentioned or pantomimed so I cant report on who is better in that area although conclusions may be drawn as to the relative merits of a steady diet of opium, rice and fish versus pizza pie, Coca-Cola and pot.

The best line occurs when the man-shirted machine-society girl looks around this strange country she has been sent to (to KILL!) and says, "I don't like it here . . . I wish I was back at my shitty job." And the audience laughed because they of course were not part of such an automated life. They protest; and meaningfully, right . . .? The other high point of the piece lost out too, partially because it has been used so many times. The ugly Ugly Who Wants To Control The WORLD needs more people in his army, and he looks out into the audience and screams; I'll take you! and you and YUO!

Then came R&R, which can be interpreted as both Relief and Recreation (military style) or the more commonly use "Rock and Roll." It was both. It celebrated LBJ's announcement, and everyone fighting the hard fight was now catapulted into euphoria and joy. My captain my captain, the fearful deed is done . . . Suddenly I discovered I didn't know why I was jumping up and down and stopped.

Gut Theater was next; a bunch of street kids from a gang called The Spoilers. Must have been a junior and senior division, because the kids ran from seven or so through late teens and maybe even early 20s. Whenever kids get on a stage, I always wonder whose maiden aunt wrote the devastatingly cute, self-conscious lines. In this case, the lines must have been written by that disgruntled old WPA member over there, and I did a free-association stint of remembering that great line of Hitler's: "Give me the youth and I'll have the nation." Or something like that. . . . So they did plotted skits roundly labeled City Tripe; which I dramatically subtitled, World of the Street.

They did Cops, stupidity of; power, its diisive effect on friends; Money, the root of it all, etcetera. A mid-20-year-old negro came out in a Brooks Brother suit to represent the kind who doesn't look like he is going to demand you call him an Afro-American. He read poems, e.g., The Death of a Landlord, then took part in the older kids' skits, more sophisticated ones where he represented the Sidney Pottier in all of us. It was all nice social commentary, but the whole of Gut Theater has one actor, a teenage boy who is a great clown. The others are cute or fumbling depending on their age.

Bread and Puppet did a papier-mache parable on war, the reactions and reverberations: Hail Vietnam, alma mater who gave birth to all this theater. Their use of puppets is as sophisticated a technique as the also-used strobe lights in the performance, and the B & P handles both dramatically. The death-ray feeling grows through the wierd use of a tiny plane whose shadow is thrown in huge magnification around the dark walls as it buzzes its way around the room on

(Continued on Page 10)



PETER: One, two, hello, hello.  
 EMMETT: OK, we're on. What do we talk about?  
 PETER: UMMmmmm!!  
 EMMETT: What's your next single going to be?  
 PETER: No hope there, I'm afraid, for conversation. I have no idea. Our singles policy is always pretty confused. We never really know what we're going to do until it's out, because . . . I never really sit down and write what I expect is going to be the next single,

for the Maharishi at all. I don't know why. I admit he's a divine person. I admit that when you're in his presence you probably get the Maharishi bug, but it seems something akin to hypnosis to me. And although the values that he's putting across are very, very valid in life, and that there are a lot of god-seeking people in the music business, it seems like the Maharishi is making himself a ridiculous character, you know, the whole Herman Hesse thing about seekers having a



because it never comes off. I've long given it up. So I just write what comes to mind, and Kit Lambert says what is to be the next single.

EMMETT: Who was Happy Jack? Was that anybody in particular?

PETER: No, that was inspired from a couple of things. It was inspired from the fact that I never read Christopher Robin before . . . that story about the bear . . .

EMMETT: Winnie the Pooh?

PETER: Yeah, that's it. Well, I read it, and it just got my head into a peculiar way of thinking for about a week. I was really delighted by it. I wrote a lot of things like Happy Jack. One was called King Rabbit, which was about king concepts and ruling concepts and ceremonies and things like that, and another one was called Lady Fat People which was about sunbathing tourists and things.

EMMETT: Well, then, Happy Jack was essentially you, right?

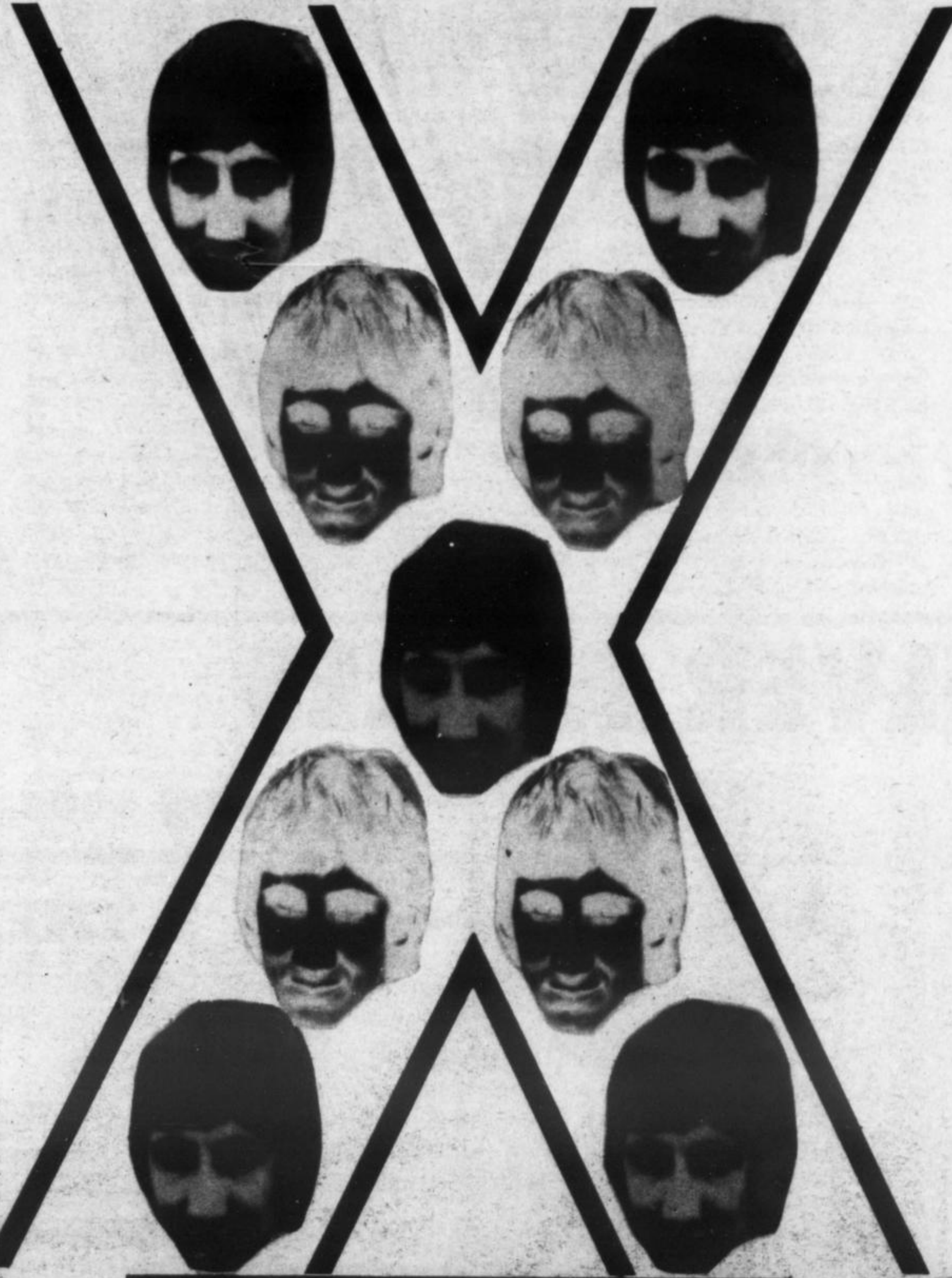
PETER: No, it was about . . . Well, it was directly related to a part of my childhood . . . you know, I don't actually like relating songs done by a group to my personal experience, you know, but . . . it was meant to be based in the Isle of Man, which is an island where I spend a good part of my childhood between Ireland and England. It's got its own laws and everything. And my father, as a musician, used to play there a lot. And they have this peculiar beachcomber there, has an image sort of like Moondog, you know. And I spent a lot of time mocking him, and so did most of the kids, but he always seemed to be happy and he didn't mind. I don't even know what his name was. He used to try and come up and lead the donkeys that the kids rode on the beach. He used to try and come up and lead them, and then they'd chase him off. But he used to take everything kindly. Didn't matter. Once he was sleeping on the beach and they actually physically buried him, and he could suffocate, but he just laughed at them. It taught me something. I tried to transmit that feeling.

EMMETT: What's your feeling about the pop musicians and others who are flocking to the Maharishi?

PETER: Well, I don't know . . . I've got my own man, a man called Meher Baba. I don't particularly care

# WHATWOO

by Emmett Lake



secret society as it were, you know, and that the secret society's purpose is that it could be mocked, but the thing about the Maharishi is that he comes out and he says things and becomes mocked. It's very similar to the Christian concept in a way. When Jesus was alive he had a lot of disciples that probably became divine because of being in his presence. But there's a huge problem in that the layover of the impression of Christianity of one of . . . of mockery I mean it's easy to believe in Christianity. It's just as easy to cast it aside. It's important that if you're going to get into seeking, if you're going to get into religion, it's important to have someone that is alive. You shouldn't be worshipping ceremonies. But you know, Catholicism has it all. You realize that the ceremonies of Catholicism are important. It's a humbling of the person before a kind of chunk of stone. That's what people are. They should know humility, in order to know themselves. Really. To humble themselves to an altar, or to humble themselves to a cross, or whatever they do. It's important that you should love thy neighbor, and all this kind of thing. You should love yourself. You should respect yourself and maintain yourself above all others.

EMMETT: What's your position on drugs? Seems to be the popular thing with pop musicians to take positions on the issue these days . . .

PETER: Well, I'd say in advance that I've changed my attitude. When I talk about drugs I talk in retrospect. I mean I talk about what I did, and what I've been through with drugs, not what I'm doing now . . . I do regard it, to some extent, important that other people do what I did, because I regard a lot of things that happened to me via drugs as being important to the way I feel now. In other words, acid made me, quite simply, aware of something bigger. And, uh . . . I didn't get obsessed with acid, you know, thank God I mean I don't think acid is the highest high.

EMMETT: What's the highest high?

PETER: I think the highest high is to become one with reality. You know: devine. To find what everyone is actually here for. To find peace and unity with life itself, you know. One of the problems of being a human being is that, although you're equipped as



(Continued on Page 21)

Photo: Eugene Kupsztin



# LADY BIRD DROPS BOMB IN MACY'S

by Allan Katzman

Why bomb a Department Store? Is it an answer to how America works?

The answer, which some of us seek most of our lives, was never brought home to me more fully, with all its social impact, than at the time several years ago when I had the dubious distinction of working in one of America's finest symbols of organization and clockwork orange known as Macy's Department Store.

I was the proud possessor of "the white flower" or what is referred to in the merchandising vernacular as "one of the hired help with executive powers." My position, I must admit, was peculiar because even though I was trained by Macy's and had to follow their every rule to the strict letter of the law, I was at the same time paid by Hartz Mountain Pet Food to run their concession which was, of course, "Macy's Pet Shop."

The answer came one morning when I strolled at 8 a.m., an hour before I was scheduled to work and the store was to open, to see if my stock clerk had received the shipment I had ordered the day before of two thousand java temple birds. When I entered the back of the pet shop, where shipments were received, I noticed at least twenty five cartons ripped open and emptied of its contents and no stock clerk in sight. I did not suspect anything was wrong except the fact that I thought the clerk had arrived early, opened the cartons, and put the birds in their cages outside on the floor; and then after fulfilling his duties, had gone off to sniff a coffee bean. I figured he was sitting in the company's employee cafeteria sipping his daily black narcotic of leisure. It didn't dawn on me at the time to check the cages as I was positive of what had probably happened. I thought at the time, what possibly could a stock clerk do with two thousand and java temple birds except put them in cages.

I didn't know or even suspect that there was another possibility until my phone started to ring around eleven o'clock, two hours after Macy's had opened for business. It was Ladies Clothes, on the third floor, calling to tell me that "a whole bunch of your fuckin' birds are flying around, shitting on our clothes." In the next couple of moments I was deluged with phone calls from practically every department on every floor in Macy's. "The birds are attacking" was the message. Macy's was under siege and their prestige,



customers, and merchandise were taking a heavy beating and toll from the droppings of two thousand birds who were scared shitless by this sudden world and slave market for their tiny souls. They were petrified by their new found freedom in a place where ordinarily Nature would not condemn them for their shit but Macy's would. The whole affair took on an absurd plot escalating itself until twenty minutes later I was ushered into the office of the Chairman of Macy's, Mr. Jack Straus.

The scene was unbelievable. Mr. Straus, usually a charming and nonchalant person, had completely blown his cool. He stood in the middle of his plush office on the fifth floor, right behind the toy department, yelling at me for letting such a thing happen and not trying to do something about it afterwards. But my mind at this point had reached such a state of numbness and nirvana that I quietly and logically deduced for him that I was not responsible for such a thing happening but that he was because the store clerk was hired and paid by Macy's. I related to him how I had not been idle minutes after the recognition that, as he put it, "an enemy was on the loose." I had found out that his stock clerk had gotten drunk and out of revenge, rebelled, by letting the birds loose. I also logically showed him it would take hundreds of his employees, working a steady eight hours, to round up these small but extremely fast "beasts of prey."

He seemed calmer now after I had rattled off my excuses. In fact, he

seemed almost in awe of me as I convinced him that I was the only person in all of Macy's, if not the whole world, who was totally innocent of this whole catastrophe. He spoke calmer now and with respect and asked my advice. I told him I would help him with all the power I had at my disposal. I explained to him that I and three of my clerks would stand in the middle of Macy's with nine foot nets and track down the birds one by one. Of course, I knew he realized it was an impossible task for four people no less than a hundred. But I left him with a thought as I exited to get the job done that, "it was not beyond my propriety to act the fool if it served a good cause."

So for almost eight working hours, I stalked the jungles of Americana, among the women's and men's clothes, the pots and pans, the TV sets and radios, the toys and perfumes, the pure products of America; tracking down the birds in my brown Brooks Brothers suit with the white flower beaming from its lapel and a net attached to a nine foot pole in my hands which marked me now with the phallic distinction of Hunter in this new found jungle.

I ran from floor to floor, almost twenty in all, enjoying myself and practising all kinds of maneuvers in trying to develop my skill as a net catcher and manipulator. The joy was overwhelming as I caught these precious but delightful birds alive in my net; spending the most loving eight hours of my life saving them from their fright.

For almost eight hours, I was exhilarated by the thought that one person had completely fucked up Macy's and two thousand birds had brought it to a standstill and that I was not responsible in either case even though between the three clerks and myself we managed to catch only fifteen of them. I left that night with the contentment of an anarchist beating inside my breast. Two thousand beautiful birds were trapped in Macy's unable and unwilling to follow its rules or regulations and making Macy's and the dynamics of its organization vulnerable to their shit till the end of time.

But I was a fool and not very clever to realize that there was always another possibility that lurked in the dark corners of the future. When I came in the next morning at 8 a.m., two hundred workmen, standing on painter's platforms, were plastering up the almost sixty foot high ceiling of Macy's first floor. The assistant head of Macy's stood in the middle of the floor with his hands behind his back while he and his crisp \$200 suit made sure the job was done right. The possibility I had not foreseen had become real. He greeted me from the corner of his eye, "Good Morning, Mr. Katzman," and I replied, "I see you solved the problem." During the night, after closing hours, using almost three hundred workmen and police dogs, they had sniffed out and tracked down the birds and shot them one by one with b-b guns. That morning they stood around walling up the crime and making sure no trace of evidence was left for posterity.

## SILVER APPLES

coming soon...

## THEATRA

(Continued from Page 8)

the end of a long pole. Somehow the body-snatching of the puppets was better than anything LeRoi ever wrote home about. Every time the plane hovered, a bunch of puppets were whisked off in dead silence.

Open Theatre grew into the demands of the moment, interacted with its environment, and put on a rock and roll benefit inside the whole concept of benefit. Many more flowers were thrown freely, and dancing went on in a marathon way, with people doing extravagant leaps, twirls and crazy pirouettes. A Swiss boy walked over to me and explained he had just been passing by and heard the music; was this a new form of religious ecstasy in this particular church...? I said yes.

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it's at. Ask the Chinese. They practice what they preach and their preaching inspires — is holy, clan and pure because all else is corrupt. What? You still don't like it? Tough. It's a reality and our words won't change it.

...  
 In America we are just beginning to accept homosexuality as a sad reality — an establishment deviation. "The Queens," a verite film of the Miss All America competition, beautifully photographed and directed by Frank Simon, is one facet of where it's at in the gay old U.S. of A. today. It's not sensational because we are all too familiar with the subject, but it is sympathetic and is another battle won in our sexual revolution. Granting the queens their fantasy, we no longer snigger. Slowly we are beginning to understand ourselves. We too may be living out a fantasy. And sometimes — living it out turns it into a reality.



Utopias are fantasies. Without Lenin, Marx would have remained a blueprint. Lenin was the not-so-secret ingredient it took to make the revolution practice the philosophy. A successful revolution demands a revolutionary philosophy.

"Le Chinoise" is not only a statement on youth and revolution, it is also, from filmic point of view, a revolutionary statement. Godard does not lecture us in the film language of an elder, his vocabulary is that of the avant-garde at its finest — its freest. It is this total freedom from the cliches of the past that makes him the eloquent spokesman of the younger generation and the bete noir of the establishment. You may not agree with him but you will have to admit that, on a dramatic and social level, he has given more to film than any other director of this decade.

# SAINT GODARD & THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION.

*If you want to know why a man is hated—look at his enemies.*  
 The enemies of Jean-Luc Godard are the establishment critics. Their minds are gilled with traditional forms, character progressions, fit subjects, plots, beginnings middles and ends. Politically they consider themselves progressive, but their progression is gradual — like a snail. They profess to approve of change but they expect plenty of warning. They want first a weather forecast, then a caucus before they trim their sails. They suck and they hate Godard because they know that his wind is sharp and sudden and no matter which way they are turned it will blow hard up their ass.  
 When Sartre made Genet a saint it was because he knew that the doors of the Academy Francais would be forever closed to him. Wiley old Sartre. But Genet is old and his halo has lost its sparkle and the younger generation needs a saint with dash and vigour, like D'Artagnon. They need a new saint who knows where it's at. When they choose one it will be Godard for Godard est un Saint.

In America, the Academy is fitting Arthur Penn for his paper crown. When the Oscars are given he will become King of Mediocrity — the highest award the American Academy can bestow. That the American intellectuals and critics should have swallowed "Bonnie and Clyde" hook line and stinker is a bitter reflection of where their interests and values lie. In death and mediocrity.  
 Arthur Penn will be crowned King because no other director in America has his finger so close to the faltering pulse that creates its grass roots heroes. From Hellen Keller to Clyde Barrow is but a small sentimental step.  
 But, my God, how the money rolls in. If only money could laugh. Penn's story is how to succeed in film without actually contributing anything except animal cunning, and in spite of having a directorial technique that is 15 years behind the times, in spite of not having an eye, or a soul, in spite of not having a memorable word in the dialogue. If it were not for the fact that he hires brilliant editors like Avakian and Dede Allen, I doubt that you would ever have heard of his name.

...  
 France is not less decadent than America. It just has J. L. Godard instead of Penn. And the magic that keeps Godard in perpetual production. America is more vital than France being at the pinnacle of its power and in the early throes of its second revolution. But whose to know this since there is no-one to tell the story. Truth is not legal tender. Ideals are scary. A luxury that only the avant garde can afford.  
 When a mature man can not only feel but concretize the aspirations of youth he is not just a genius, he is also a saint.

In this century, in France, the left has always been the source of human and artistic purity. But Communist parties are corruptable and the eyes of youth are sharper than those of the eagle. As Kossygin moves right, youth moves left — over the steppes, across the Gobi Desert to Peking.

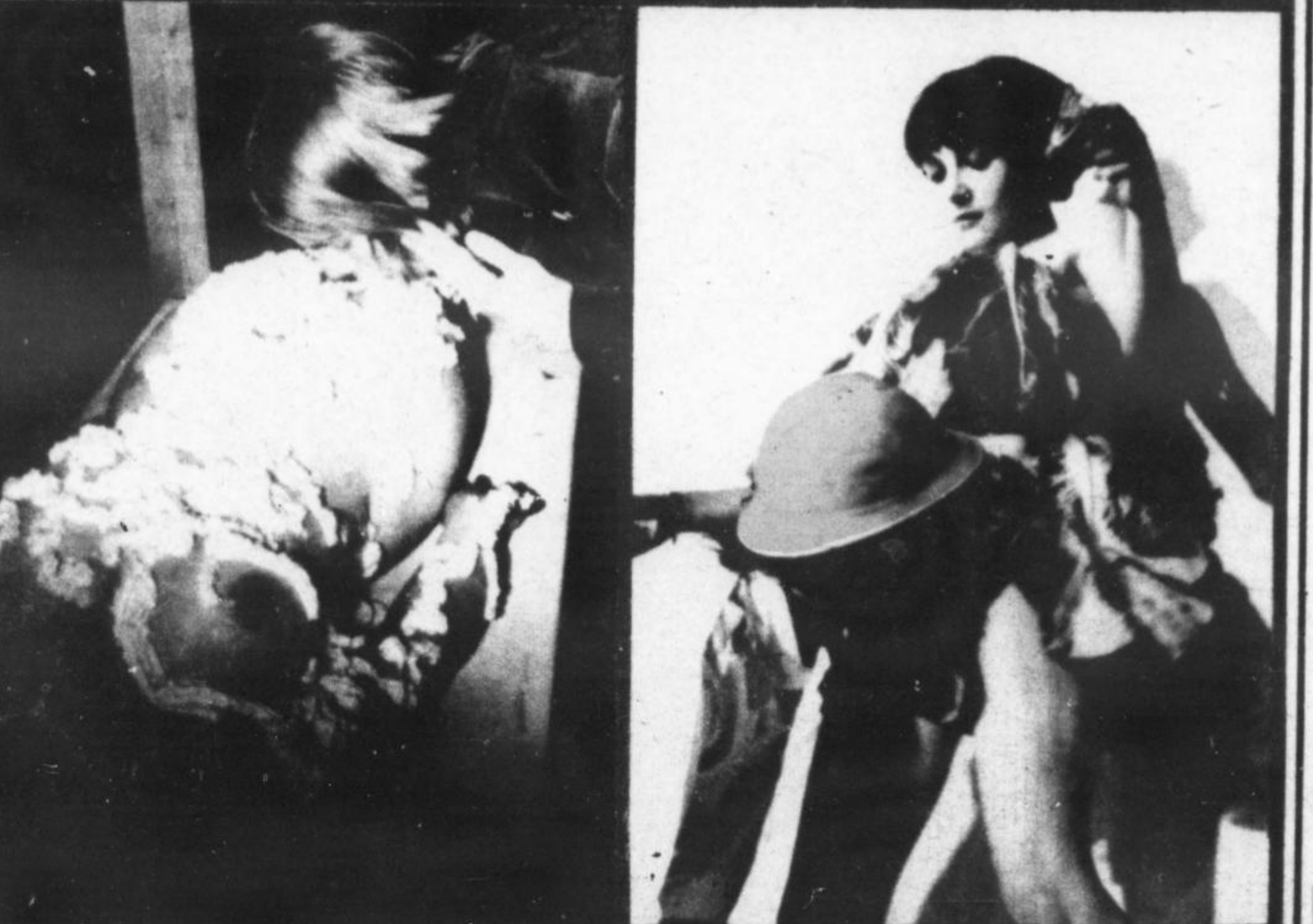
Godard's "La Chinoise" is an empathic study of youth in their perpetual search for purity.

The revolution is everywhere. Underground in someplaces, bursting forth like spring flowers in others . . . in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, China, Cuba, the U.S.A., France. The labels and manifestoes differ but the need, the desire is the same everywhere DOWN WITH HYPOCRACY. DEATH TO BULLSHIT. Here, in America, the new label has not yet even been articulated.

In France, where tradition makes past and present inseparable, the label is "Marxist-Leninist." You don't like the words? Tough. Cause that's where







# YESTERDAY TOMORROW THE FINCH

by Saul Gottlieb

Shortly before Charlotte Moorman smashed her violin on my head at the Destruction in Art Symposium, celebrating the first day of Spring, I read Jean-Jacque Lebel's open letter to the organizers of the Symposium in EVO (March 22-28). Lebel refused to take part in their Finch College Museum show because it is part of the "same dollar-brained machine which is making napalm and other 'cultural' products". He demanded that they blow up the Finch Museum with 5 pounds of NT s his contribution to the festivities.

(He added "this event could and should be repeated at quite a few Universities, induction centers, police headquarters, army posts, art galleries, concert halls, publishing houses, TV & radio stations, churches, etc." Shortly after EVO printed the letter, Whitehall Street Induction Center was blown by one stick of dynamite).

Jean-Jacques is a good friend of mine, I'd published in BOSS (Spring, '67) a long talk we had in Cassis, France, in the summer of 1966 when he was with us in the Living Theatre for the premiere of Frankenstein, which Jean-Jacques followed by the greatest happening I'd ever been in, involving 500 people in Cassis tearing and pulling and biting and fighting over a mile-long plastic gas-filled 3-foot-in-diameter "snake" stretching along the wharf and across the harbor.

Recently, on my way back from Cuba via Paris (courtesy of U.S., State Dept. and the Cuban Government), I spent a week with Jean-Jacques; he'd just come back from the Film Festival at Knokke in Belgium, where he helped organize a demonstration against the government of Belgium, protesting their bullshit "no-politics" dicta for film-makers by putting on a Beauty Contest for Males and Females, nude, while the Minister of Culture was trying to give a speech. He also joined the German radical students who broke up the Festival with a demonstration demanding that American underground film-makers make films against the war in Vietnam. They were all kicked out of the gambling casino in which the Festival was held, and the Belgian police have since tracked Jean-Jacques down to Paris and arrested him — he was in jail only a few hours, and is now out. He was also in close contact with Czech happenings people whose leader was (and maybe still is) for making a happening without a permit on the streets of Prague.

So it ill-behooves Lil Picard, in the last issue of EVO, (March 29-April 4), to snidely attack Jean-Jacques (while saying she loves him) as a lazy Parisian dilettanti sipping aperitif's at the Cafe Floré (he never took me there — we did go to the Dôme one night, where he introduced me to many anarchists, pacifists, and revolutionary artists—most of the time he was busy translating Last Exit to Brooklyn and preparing a book of revolutionary conversations with Julian Beck and Judith Malina. He may have been less radical in 1964, as Lil recalls, but we've all changed a lot in the last few years.

And how do you think Jacques is not planning to blow up the Louvre or St. Germain? Do you think he's going to do it in advance?

Jean-Jacques's letter is one of the factors that stop Charlotte Moorman from playing that violin. Her name, the night before the gang had accepted Alan Burke, who refused to destroy live animals and fish on his TV show, walked out in protest. Burke, at the last moment, let Nitsch destroy the fish." The show is Charlotte Moorman's letter to the fact of their collaboration emphasized this as a tempt to prevent a smash, just before she had an obligation to Picard.

Al Hansen's rude John Harriman's protest destruction (not dealing human being worth and discussion, but Charlotte's vicious postulations at the first tried to stop her violin (later I found he returned Vietnam G serves), were other factors — I was also in Ortiz and Jon Hendricks to the freeing of the BRANCHES OFF BRANCHES TREES IN THE JUDS that symbolic destruction wasn't this mentioned.

The point is that the two years behind the for purely SYMBOLIC as indicated by the Whitehall Street the stores in Chicago and a massacre at Orange Jacques asks them to and they respond to destruction event in the end of April . . . "J will "be exploded with about counter-revolution exactly what Jean-Jacques about in this EVO letter of how the so-called itself get sucked in the entertainment industry later absorbed, cost Much sooner than you Jacques.

There are also variations about the validation-in-Art theories: actual destruction of dead meat, produce audience, a kind of does it enrage people reformers, as happened March 21st? I'd like whole issue publicly gang, if they're willing.

I'd like to find out present situation in the "tists" have. I'm appalled that Ortiz can write, planned chicken-killing Power—Back Power p



# WHITEHALL

## MORROW

### FINCH MUSEUM

you know, Lil, that Jean-Jacques was planning to blow up the Herman art galleries? Do you go to tell you about

letter in EVO was only for those that led me to try to destroy Moorman from destruction. Herman Nitsch had told me before, that the DIAS had accepted the censorship of the show, but refused to permit them to destroy animals or dead meat on a TV show, and Nitsch had refused to protest, even though I had last minute, agreed to destroy "one large dead chicken" as mentioned in Charles' letter in EVO, but not in my cop-out—though I emphasize a reason for my attempt: Charlotte's violin—before she conked me. You want to report that, Lil

the rude treatment of poet's protests against the police dealing with him as a nuisance and unworthy of consideration (but as a nuisance) and his pushing and angry at the young man who kept her breaking the violin and he was a recently-minted GI, still in the Republic precipitating factors also incensed that Ralph Hendricks had reacted to the chickens by SAWING OFF THE ONLY TWO CHICKENS IN THE JUDSON BACKYARD. Is this destruction? And why mentioned in EVO, Lil?

that the DIAS people are at the times — the time of POLITICAL destruction is over, by the blowing up of the fires in department stores and New York, the Orangeburg, etc. Jean-Jacques' plan to blow up the Finch Museum with "a symbolic" act in the Judson Gallery. "Jean-Jacques' letter ended with a 'BOOM.'" Talk of revolution! This will be Jean-Jacques' warning them in EVO letter: "an example called 'avant-garde' let's be led in by the cultural or industry and sooner or later castrated, silenced." Can you imagine, Jean-

also very serious question of the validity of the Destruction: Does viewing acts of violins, chickens, produce "catharsis" in the mind of Pasteurization, or people against the perpetuated (not only to me) and like to debate the publicly with the DIAS willing.

What out what sense of the in the U.S. these "appalled, for instance, write, in EVO, about his killing, as a "White-power psychopathic reali-

zation with all the frenzied erratic White Power paranoid verbalizations and actions and the Black Power reactions — action and verbalizations." (Note he doesn't use the word "paranoic" as an adjective for Black Power!). The White Man smashing the white chicken to death shouting WHITE POWER and BLACK DEATH and the black man doing the same to the black chicken shouting BLACK POWER and WHITE DEATH.

The meaning of such an event would seem to me to be a terribly gratuitous insult to the forces of Black Liberation in the U.S. — Rap Brown, Stokeley, Le-Roi and Ed Bullins would look at Ortiz ruefully as another insane White honkie, and maybe he is. White Power and Black Power are not EQUAL contenders, as this would indicate, and Black Power people do not want to smash black people or chickens to death — they want to liberate their people, and thereby eat more chicken.

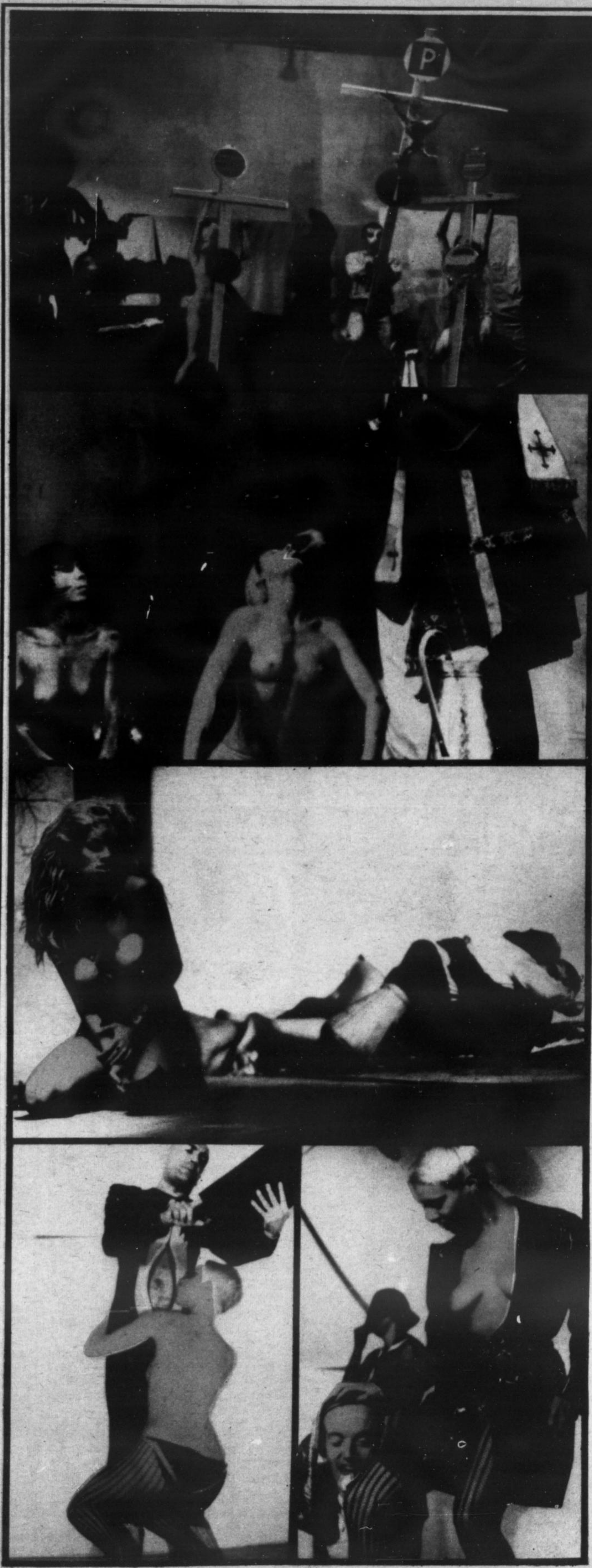
Ortiz claims I understand nothing about Destruction Art. Maybe (though those who saw my play "American Atrocities in Viet Nam" during Angry Arts Week last year, now published in the spring issue of The Drama Review, might disagree), but perhaps something was wrong with the presentation if I did not understand it. "Like the child who chases his bright colored ball into the street without looking for oncoming cars, so Gottlieb plunged into Moorman's path," Ortiz writes, quaintly. But what was the "bright colored ball"? Life, instead of death? The oncoming cars (Moorman is more a Mack truck) were clearly visible to me — Moorman smashed the violin on my head while my back was turned — and her "path" had been deflected for a good ten minutes of discussion, argument, wrangling and even Hansen's trying to convince her that my intervention was in the "spirit" of destructionist art, that they wanted people to protest destruction. If I'm a child (age 44, graybeard), I prefer that to being a demonic destroyer of chickens and trees.

But I am interested in destruction, albeit not merely "symbolic." I hereby warn the DIA gang that if they attempt to blow up Jean-Jacques' letter I will try to stop them, and not nonviolently, because my experience with Moorman proved to me that nonviolence doesn't work anymore, not with these "artists" (none of them tried to stop Moorman hitting me) nor with the police at Grand Central, the armed forces at the Pentagon, or LBJ.

Further, I demand they call off their plan to blow up Jean-Jacques' letter, and to call off the Finch College Museum DIAS show, as both are counter-revolutionary. If they hold both or either event, I will try to stop them — VIOLENTLY.

Jon Hendricks wrote in EVO: "We are not politicians or political activists, but we are artists and as such we must make the strongest statement we can." I submit that in these days there is no distinction between "artists" and "political activists" — every "artist" must consider whether his work is aiding the forces of repression or the forces of liberation.

Photos by: Harold Chapman, Jacques Prayer, Manuel Bidermanas, Masal and Martine Franck





THE (WORLD WEARY) ADVENTURES OF **Sunshine Girl** BY KIM (THE GRIM) DEITCH



OY WHAT A SUMMER IS COMING. ITS GONNA GET BAD. OOH I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS CITY

FUCK MAN, WE GONNA BURN IT DOWN ANYHOW

Wow! WHAT A COUPLE OF BAD TRIPS. BEEN HEARIN THE SAME SHIT ALL OVER. GOSH, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE, THEY'RE RIGHT!



**BLOODSHED!** MORE HIPPIY MURDERS BUSTOS



MAN, WHAT A BUMMER



HEY! I GOT A BITE!



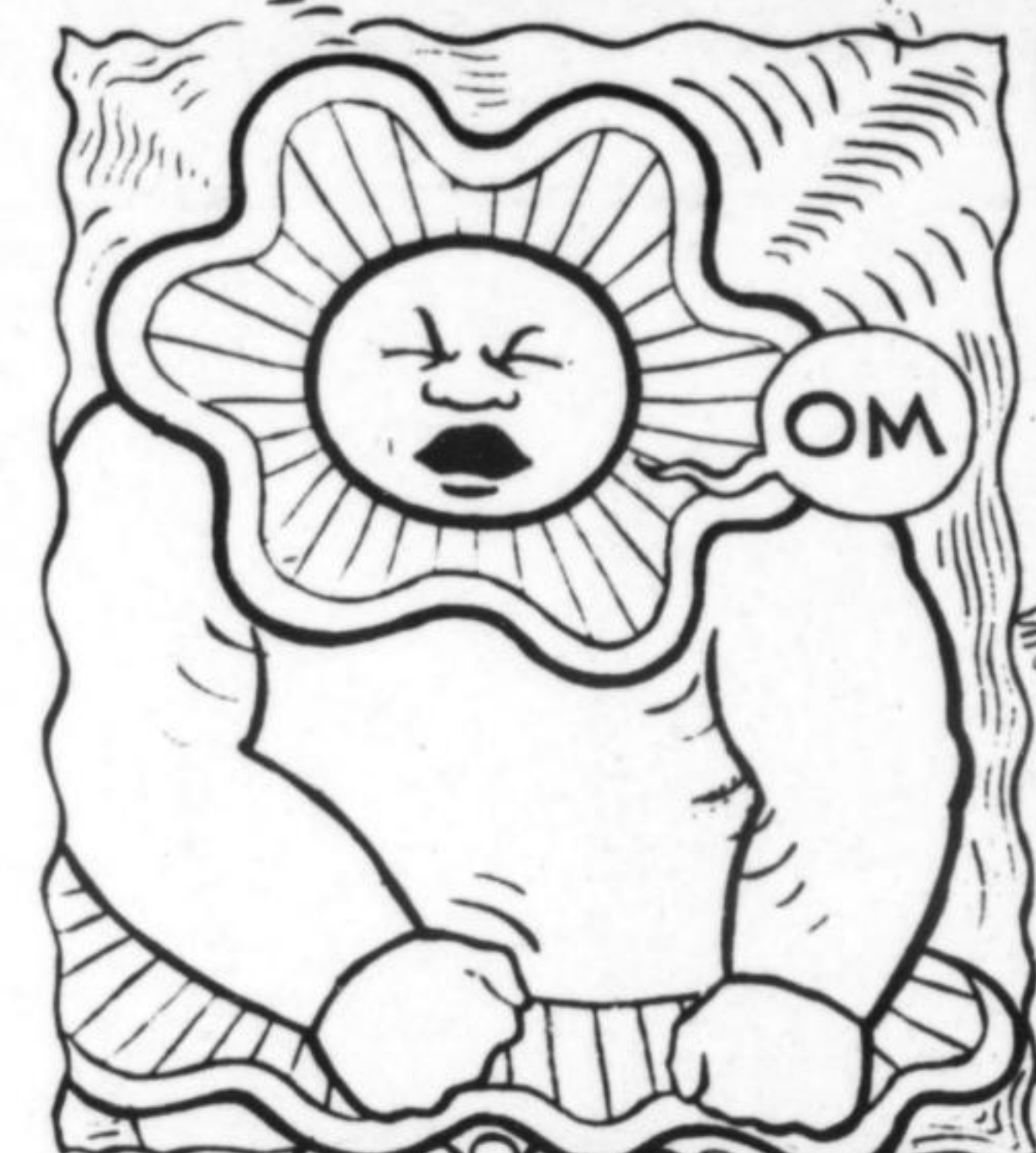
SUNSHINE! HOLY SMOKE I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YA SPLIT FOR ATLANTIS

LEAVING NOT EVEN THE GROSSEST OF DETAILS TO HER IMAGINATION, BILLY ENUMERATES UPON NEW YORKS ELEPHANTINE PARANIOA. EVERYTHING! SPICS, NIGGERS, NARCS, EVEN THE (SECRET) CONCENTRATION CAMPS THEY'RE BUILDING ON AVENUE D!



NOT ONLY THAT I'M HORNY

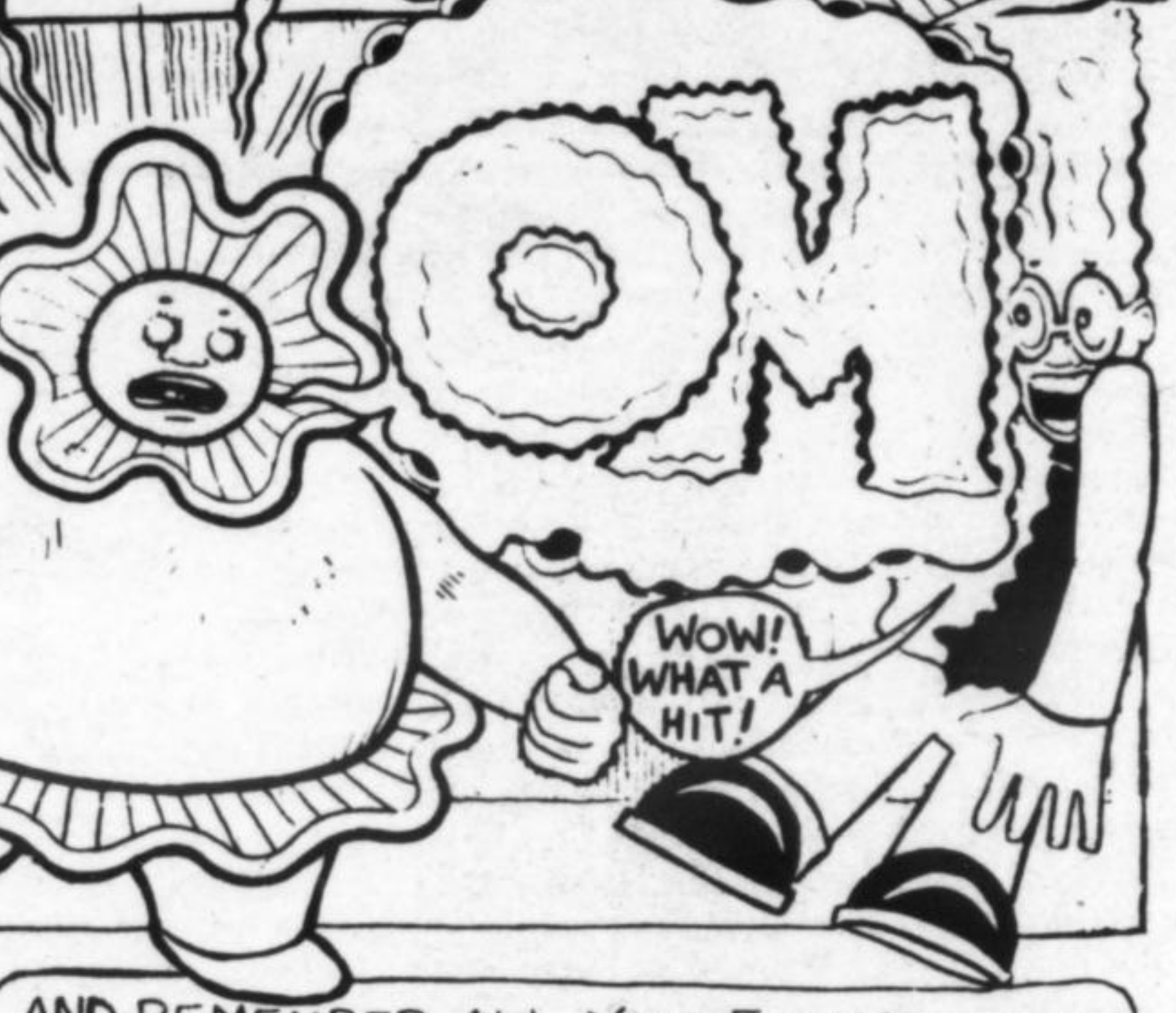
WHAT A BUMMER



OM



OM? WHAT'S THIS OM? WE STAND ON THE EDGE OF APOCALYPTIC ABYSS AND ALL YOU CAN SAY IS OM?



Wow! WHAT A HIT!



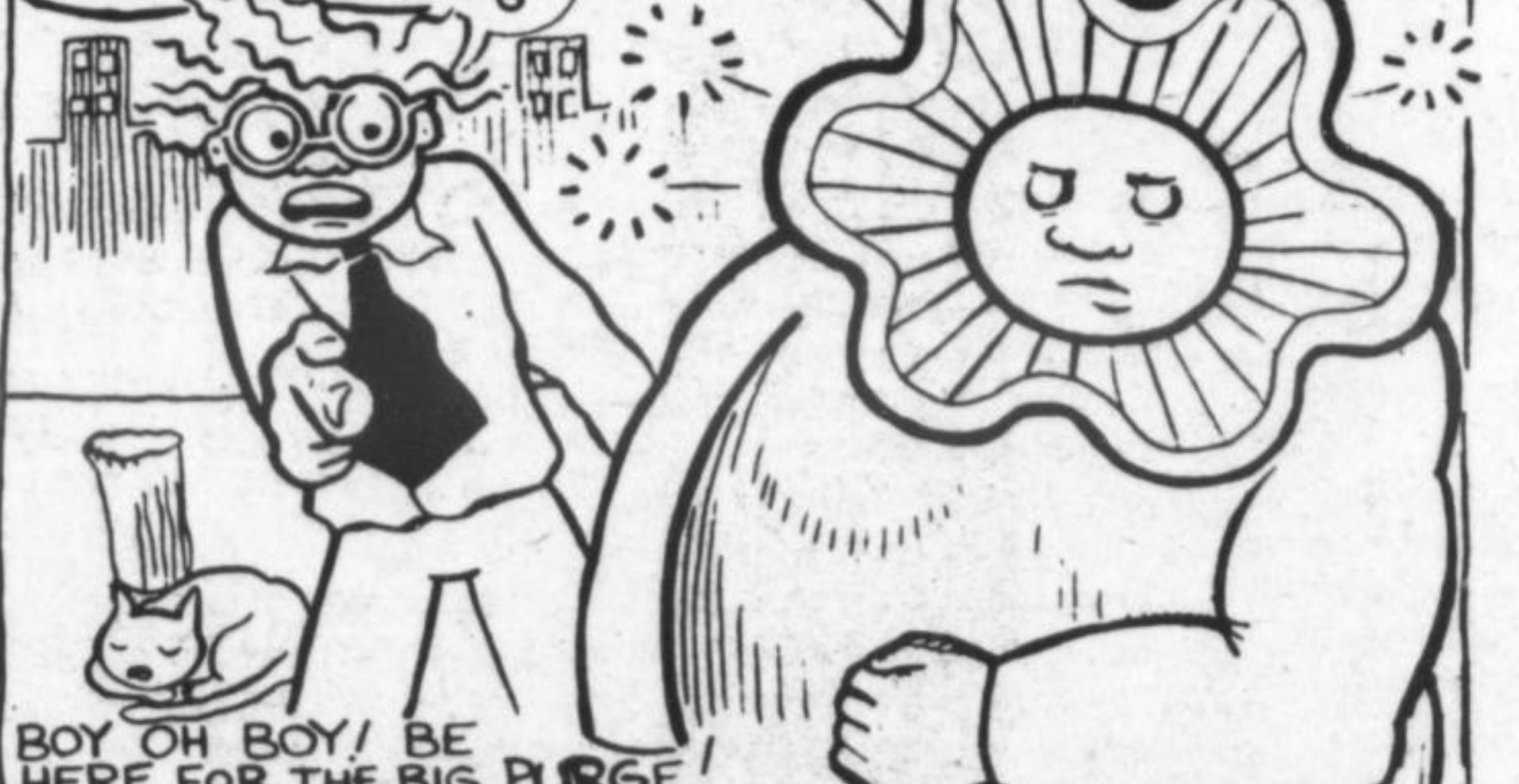
WHOA YEAH! NOW I GET IT!

LATER SO WHAT IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO KIDS, IS THIS; THE ONLY THING GONNA SAVE NEW YORK, THIS SUMMER, IS A WHOLE LOT OF CLEAN KARMA.... WHICH MEANS WE'VE ALL GOT SOME CLEANIN TO DO



So LETS GET GOING

AND REMEMBER ALL YOU FOLKS CLEAN-ING UP YOUR KARMA, ME AND SUNSHINE ARE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY! AND THOSE OF YOU WHO NEED JUST A LITTLE MORE HELP THAN THE REST, (AND YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE,) BETTER WATCH OUT!



BOY OH BOY! BE HERE FOR THE BIG PURGE!

**THE END OF THE WAR!**



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IS A MIND SHOWN:

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# Yippie-Yi-O-Ki-Yay

In the afternoon of LBJ's sudden shocker, a heated dialogue between Phil Ochs, folksinger, and Jerry Rubin, yippie organizer, took place on the subject of America, Johnson, Kennedy and the movement. Perhaps it was not untypical . . .

**RUBIN:** The six-gun has surrendered; the machine will now move back into control of America's banks. Rationality will replace the sloppy hand. Kennedy, the mechanical consumer product, will replace Johnson, the existential gambler. And things won't be as interesting up there.

**OCHS:** The machine has never relinquished control; the six-gun is now fully automated. The yippie is a political child reacting emotionally, like an artist, armed with intuition and numbers, and therefore effective in the current madness. Perhaps the politics of acid. The yippie is the child and creation of the insane technological society.

**RUBIN:** Only an emotional child could react properly to this world. What can a grown-up Harvard professor say about napalmed babies? What can a rich man know about black poverty? I try to react to America like an emotional child. I am also angry. I am angry at a machine that does not ask why, that smiles, that shakes your hand, that feels no emotion. The battle in America is not between Johnson and Kennedy, or Democrats and Republicans, but between children and the machine. Kennedy represents the basic evil of America, not Johnson. Johnson was just doing all he could in his own way to live up to J. Kennedy's memory. I hate all rich bastards.

**OCHS:** You radicals are all alike, lashing out at the approaching armed tractor with yo-yo's. I agree with an essential part of what you're saying, but I also sense the machine is developing a rather apparent emotion, that of survival. The system is in a state of crisis and I feel there may be a surprising number of radicalized establishment figures ("rich bastards") who are responding to the lunacy of the times as deeply as we are. Many people are very mad, many are in a drugged stupor, and being a semi-yippie I'm hysterical.

**RUBIN:** O.K., that draws the issue clearly. I do not want this system to survive. You do. I want to help destroy America's military domination of the world, and her cultural imperialism. To me the essence of America is viewing man as a material, not a spiritual, object. In other words, the Death society. America at her essence is irrational to man's freedom. Kennedy would rationally protect this irrationality. Kennedy is the enemy of the South American peasant, the Detroit black, and the dropped-out Long Island white teen-ager.

**OCHS:** Once again I essentially agree with you but I see a different pattern for the change. America must change the direction of its foreign policy and the character of its soul if it is to survive. The world at its essence has been historically irrational to man's freedom and we're just the new generation of actor-comedian-revolutionaries who get to face the impossible, but only worthwhile battle. I'm as unpatriotic as the next guy but I realize the revolution requires timing as well as militancy. Look before you leap and consider who else might be dominating.

**RUBIN:** Fuck your timing. Johnson quit because like you, he understands that the counter-revolution also requires timing as well as militancy.

**OCHS:** Johnson pulling back is either the noblest or the craftiest move he ever made. The advancing armies, panting on the verge of a major kill, pause and lift their visors to discover to their outrage that their helpless enemy has disappeared and joined their ranks through the night. Come back Lyndon, we need you.

**RUBIN:** Johnson hates Kennedy more than he hates Ho Chi Minh. He has robbed Kennedy of a Kennedy

**YIP-OUT:**  
RESURRECTION OF FREE  
CENTRAL PARK/ALL DAY/EASTER SUNDAY



crusade. Johnson can now sit on the sidelines, amused. Both men have so confused their images with their heads that all they see is their images colliding in the media. And the whole charade is a technicolor movie distracting us, the yippies, from doing our thing.

**OCHS:** Yes, but it's a great movie, and I suspect we're all part of it, without our choice. In fact, we are probably creations of it. We're trying to kill daddy by our underground films, forgetting that Warner Bros. can still come up with Bonnie and Clyde. Yes, one hand on the creation of the new society, but perhaps another trying to keep horseshoes away from the cossaks.

**RUBIN:** The change in the faces of royalty have no effect on Yippie. Chicago will still be a theatrical stage, and we actors. The Democratic Convention still smells of Death. Yippie and black power are the only ideas left to believe in America.

**OCHS:** The change is the faces of the party will in fact diminish some of the natural organizing power of Yippie. Johnson is the great theatrical enemy to have; it is much easier to get people to freak out over him than the memory of John Kennedy.

**RUBIN:** But in four months Bobby as the established candidate will reveal his fanged teeth; he will oppose revolution in South Vietnam; he will salute the flag; he will attack crime in the streets; he will embrace Lyndon B. Johnson; he will condemn extremism; he will court the South; he will have you arrested for pot; he will joke on camera. Bobby is the polar opposite to our alternative consciousness, alternative culture. In Chicago the freaky, emotional, communal underculture will expose itself to Bobby's refrigerated mind.

**OCHS:** All presidential candidates are required to recite the defensive slogans of the corporation cold war; the question is what they actually do when in office. John Kennedy followed

the natural political course, which was middle; Robert Kennedy will follow today's natural political course, which is moderate left. I'm not proposing to blindly follow the man. I'm leaving open the possibility that he is hip enough, and charismatic enough, and powerful enough to make a major attempt to reform an unworkable system. If he really has no intention of making a change, he will fall like any near-sighted bureaucrat.

**RUBIN:** Phil, please take your thumb out of your mouth! Don't swoon so soon! Bobby Kennedy believes in the corporate cold war with all his sawed-off soul. Bobby Kennedy has won your heart and stolen your head. Kennedy stands for the maintenance of property; we stand for the destruction of property and the establishment of community — never the two shall meet. The youth are building a real thing, and Kennedy is irrelevant to it. I suggest a five-month ban on the mention of Kennedy's name.

**OCHS:** Jerry, take the joint away from your thumb. The day community stops meeting property is the day Kennedy loses his ambition. I believe the youth movement should define its separation from Establishment leaders so as not to face anything approaching the Stevenson disillusionment. But while we're hacking our way out of the jungle, let's not forget that we're not the only tribe and we must carve our future out of our past, however corrupt. Kennedy doesn't own me; I visualize him arm-wrestling in the wings with Che Guevara, and morally I lean toward Che's side. I admit I'm confused about the current situation. I am blinded by movie star reform, and movie star revolution. But I can see reform on the way to youthopia.

**RUBIN:** Kennedy? Who is that?

**OCHS:** He doesn't exist; neither do the yippies.

**RUBIN:** The yippies are a social movement, a dynamic youth energy force. International. Young people too alienated to become spare parts in

somebody's junk car. Young people ecstatic with the "now!" Demonstrations are becoming a way of life, a life style — a celebration of the future — without specific political demands — our politics exists in the very way we live our lives. We cannot be coopted because we want everything. We do not accept the assumptions of America. Electoral politics is a trick-bag which has little to do with the way America works; America's power lies in her cultural and economic institutions, and we are at war with them. The Vietnam war has taught us how to stand on our two feet. Once standing, we shall never kneel again. See you in Chicago!

**OCHS:** The energy of the youth social movement is there without the yippies, and the yippies are becoming the natural embodiment of that force. I'm a part of that force; I celebrate life; I also have specific demands, like the legalization of marijuana, the curtailing of the police, the end of an imperialist foreign policy. I am not kneeling, but my feet aren't completely off the ground either. America is the beautiful shipwreck; we are the orphans of technology, and "now" is an illusion just as sure as my name is Eugene McCarthy. Keep flippy for yippie; see you in Chicago!

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# RAPRAP

(Continued from Page 3)

or a lamb," Yates 3d hissed, "but we're going to bring him to trial. I don't regard this Report as nothing, not even a piece of paper. It's untrue. A lie. No deputy sheriff shot at Rap Brown."

"Were you there?"

"I was here."

"But he was fired upon?"

"ABSOLUTELY. But I'm not interested in this Report."

"Suppose he dies."

"I'm not interested," he smiled like the pimp who won, "BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT," he started hollering again, "AS SOON AS WE CAN GET RAP BROWN WE'RE GOING TO HAVE HIM."

"You just met the Chief of the Racists," a local brother sang.

"Your town is going to smell like you," Flo Kennedy cried. "We have had a whole course on racism. He couldn't have done better."

Phase One of Operation Justice was over. Rap was supposed to appear in Richmond, Virginia, and the bus was going. Cambridge was quiet on the surface. The Cambridge Daily Banner said a group of 15 NY area residents were due to protest the arrest of Rap. "Police Chief Brice G. Kinnaman said the 15 left New York at 6 a.m. this morning," and "After almost a year of legal maneuvering Brown's attorneys have succeeded in keeping him out of Maryland," and carried an AP story, "Reports persisted that Brown had left Louisiana, where he was under heavy bond charged with illegal interstate transportation of firearms, and was somewhere in the Richmond Area," plus an editorial which tells where Cambridge's at.

## EDITORIALS

### The Negro Police

Whenever the question arises of racial integration in Cambridge, the point is usually made that this community had the first integrated police department on the Eastern Shore. Today there are at least five Negro policemen wearing the uniform and badge of the Cambridge City Police Department.

Racial activists have not failed to point out that while the local police force contains Negro officers, the department is not really integrated. Although police officials have disclaimed such a policy, everybody with two eyes knows that the white police patrol the white areas of town while the colored policemen are confined to the Second Ward.

Recently in one of its mimeographed leaflets the Cambridge Black Action Federation called for the use of Negro policemen on Race St. The federation also proposed that the local police department truly become color blind in its assignment of officers. This is a proposal with which many Cambridge residents seem to be in agreement.

Apparently the hierarchy of the Police Department has agreed to assign one or two Negro policemen to the Race St. beat, at least on weekends when pedestrian and vehicular traffic through the center of town is heavy. That move seems to have the blessing of the Cambridge Police Board which is the policy-making body for the police department.

The point is sometimes made that Negro police are assigned to the Second Ward because that's the way ward residents wanted it. While that may have been true when the first Negro men were placed in police uniform, it is no longer so today. Negro activists say the day is past when only a black

officer can arrest a black man and a white officer a white man.

Since the confinement of Negro police to the Second Ward has become a point of obvious community friction, the Police Board has acted wisely in pointing toward a more realistic use of its police officers.

"You can't represent H. Rap Brown here," he said to Flo Kennedy. "And neither can William M. Kunstler. I've already had a letter sent to him. He's not a member of the Maryland Bar Association."

"BUT WHO ARE YOU?"

He smiled.

A black resident approached the group of New Yorkers and said, "Do you plan to stay here?"

"No," someone said.

"Well, you'd better leave soon. You've got to be kooky to stay in this town."

Everyone was scared, everyone wanted to leave, but Lemuel D. Chester, who is on the same charges as Rap, wanted to conduct a guided tour of the Second Ward below Race Street, the dividing line. Then the news that two members of the Caravan for Justice, Jim Jones, 24, and Robert Williams, 19, had been picked up for speeding in Delaware and charged with possessing a 30-30 caliber rifle, 30 rounds of ammunition and a knife. Which dampened every spirit. Plans changed. Lets head for Delaware. But first the tour of the Second Ward, followed by everyone including the Federal B of Investigation. "We're supposed to go along with these shacks and rats," Chester said, but was reminded that Harlem rats were bigger, healthier.

Then a Bishop ran up and said the bus was parked too near to his church whose doors were heavily bolted. He lives 40 miles away. "Move!" he said,

Chester called him a Tom Nigger, he ran across street to complain to watching cops, he is hated intensely in the Second Ward. Someone said he was flown in by Police who feared the New Yorkers were about to start a rally in the black community. Even his pastor resigned.

So everyone got on the bus and started for Delaware, crossed the bridge where Captain Randall pleasantly offered directions, "Stay on Route 301," past sign KEEP MARYLAND BEAUTIFUL AND SAFE. And the Delaware Police & FBI took over, and followed the bus into New Jersey.

And back in New York the thought was of Rap dying. But, James Forman (International Director of SNICK and Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Black Panthers) expects white revolutionaries to avenge his death with ten war factories (destroyed), fifteen police stations (blown up), thirty power plants (demolished), no flowers, one southern governor, two mayors, 500 racist cops (dead) and a generous, sustaining contribution to SNICK, the black liberation front.

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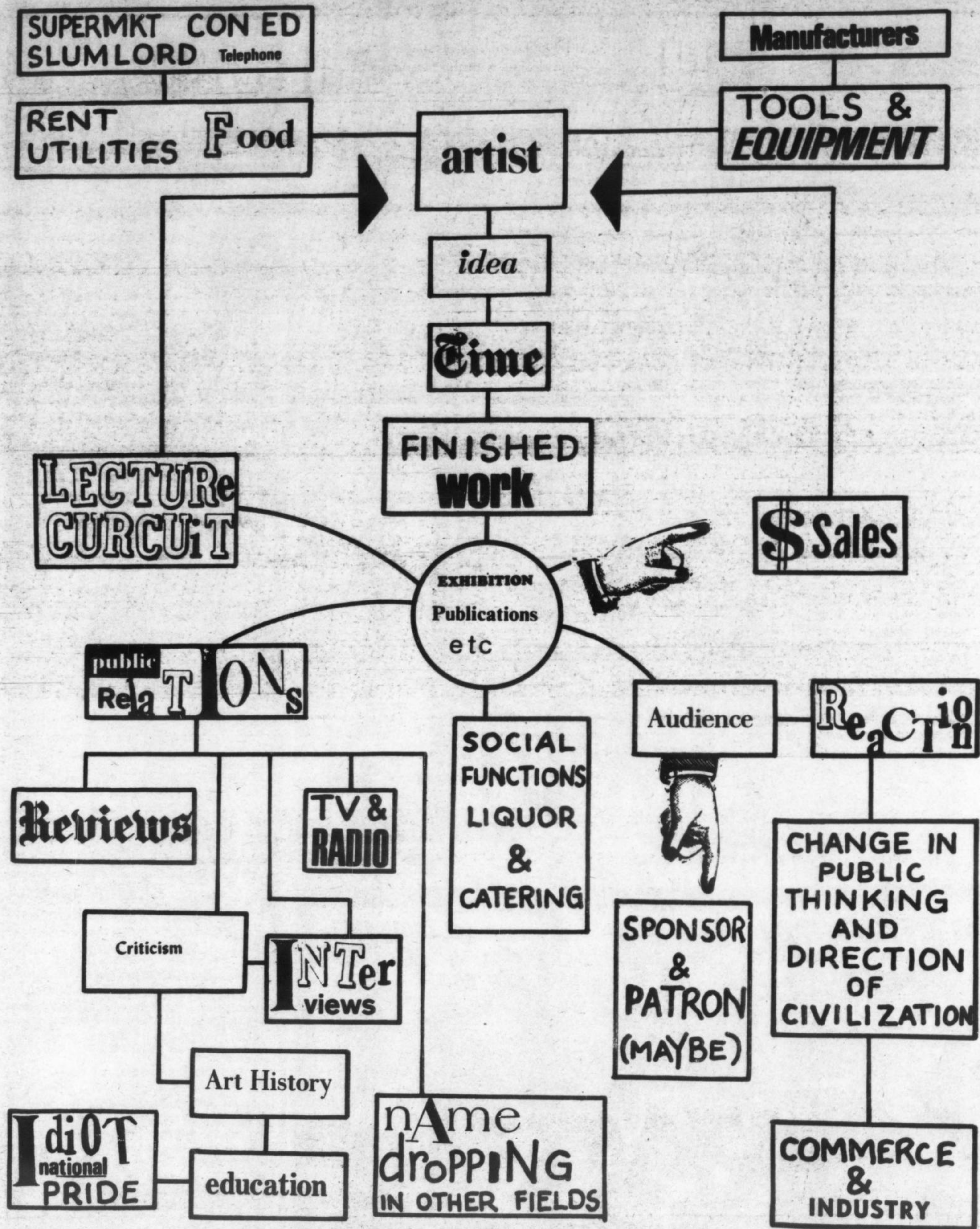
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# PORTRAIT OF the Artist as a CATALYST in a CAPITALIST SOCIETY



by DICK PRESTON

CHART BY ELFI

There is an unfortunate attitude prevailing in our society which results in the artist being viewed as a drone and a parasite.

The situation is quite the contrary, as the above chart shows, and it is most often the very people who put the artist down who are the actual parasites

The artist may make nothing out of what he does — but what he does contributes to someone else making a good living.

If, after perusing this chart, you find that he really is a vital cog in the machinery of your way of life &/or business, you might try being a little

more sympathetic. Lay a little bread on him. Lend him your car or your daughter. Don't bug him about those bills. He'll appreciate it and it will help him to produce more that will make you richer.

While we're playing this chart game, why don't you make up a chart of your favorite "parasitic" image. For instance, if you're a cop, you might try playing it with the criminal as the centre point. You will probably find that you owe him your bread and butter and your childrens' education. Next time you make an arrest, and before you slam the cell door in his face, give him a cup of coffee and kiss him good-night. He'll appreciate it too.



# LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

Dear EVO:

This is one of those infamous open letters to the writer of the pre-war letter (signed a proud sailor) in the March 29th issue (Vol. 3, No. 17) and any of his camp that happens to be dropping in for his laugh at the truth.

I would like to be very democratic and a nice guy, and say that he like everyone else has his right to opinion, and that I respect his opinion, but I'm sorry, but at present in this not so democratic country, I don't feel morally constrained to be either democratic or respectful. You say that the Viet Cong commit this atrocity and that atrocity, and steal this and lie about that. You're probably very right. But then let's be fair and mention that we commit this atrocity and that atrocity as well. And we steal this and lie (many times over) about that (and too, our own country's government representatives). Let's face it, regardless of the Geneva conventions, war is not a game played according to Hoyle, and both sides do what ever they damn well please. But as an aside, let's also remember that the Viet Cong are fighting Asia style, true to tradition, whereas we are not fighting American style also true to our tradition. We are supposed to be the nice boys, who don't do things like torture and rape like the bad people of all the other countries do in time of war. God protects us and we protect the virtues of God, except of course when we think he's not looking, which in an age of atheism is rather constant. Anyway, friend, both sides fight dirty.

Now about this right and wrong bit . . . it seems to me that "my country right or wrong" is a very relative statement. Relative to the country that you happened to be born into. Q.E.D. if you were born in Russia, Russia would necessarily be right, or Red China, or shall we say North Vietnam. It wouldn't do to have you fighting against yourself, in which case I would suggest you do not go to Vietnam, your schizoid self might make a very unhappy meeting for both partisans of the truth involved.

You tell me to flee if I don't like thee, but my dear fellow citizen, according to Virtuous Americans, that is cowardly. Wouldn't you rather have me be an American for once in my life and stay to fight.

Lastly, I don't think I should have written this letter. Neither you nor I, is going to change his mind. We are both helplessly committed to our respective brands of truth and morality. And as

any good American pragmatist knows truth is relative, so we're both right, except for one thing . . . you're going to kill the red bastards and feel their red blood splatter in your face, while my truth gives them a chance to enjoy that great life, which you generously offer me if I will take my head out of illusion and offer it to your bloodbath.

When you come back from your tourist duty, I would appreciate hearing how much of Vietnam is left to save.

Yours,  
William Borman  
New York, N. Y.

P.S. No, I don't believe everything I hear, but I hear so much that some of it has to be true. It's hard to turn off to everything. But I see some people can do it with conviction.

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# WHO

(Continued from Page 9)

the most aware being on earth, you're also equipped with a lot of things that fuck you. You know, you're equipped with reason, which is a big screw-up, and you're equipped with intelligence, which is another big screw-up, and you're equipped with intellect, which is another big screw-up. And these things, they might point the direction, but they also root you to the spot. I think that something very good about pot is that it can uproot you from that spot. I think that pot takes you in the right direction. If you're concerned with things like meditation, or just grooving, as it were, or if you're hung up on life, or just living, if you're lucky enough to have that, then pot is a way of digging it more easily, as it were. One of the biggest things which stops me from smoking pot is paranoia. I'm always afraid of being busted. I'm afraid of being prevented from coming to America. I'm not saying I love the American soil, but I've come to love a lot of American people, and I'm beginning to enjoy it here, and make friends here, and I don't want to be kept out of the country. I don't want to be prevented from being a member of a group, by going to jail, because I'd have to work out a whole new way of living and thinking. I

don't wanna get busted, and so I don't get to smoke a whole lot of pot; in fact, not many people get to smoke half as much pot as they want to smoke. You know, the police aren't interested in you if you're smoking an eight-of-an-inch-thick joint, but if they regard you as a member of a ring that's pushing stuff, maybe including dodgy acid.

EMMETT: What's "dodgy" acid?  
PETER: It means it was made by that Owsley geeser.  
EMMETT: Does that mean "good" or "bad"?

PETER: Bad. You know, stopped-up acid. It wasn't pure. It completely fucks you up. Much too strong. Stuff like that

EMMETT: Did you have a bum trip?  
PETER: Worse than that. I think it actually effected some kind of brain damage. Ever since then I've never felt quite the same. I remember what I felt like before. I think it's done something to me. Physically.

EMMETT: Have many people in your circle of friends flipped out . . . gone insane, lost their minds because of acid?

PETER: Yes, but this was all before acid. People were just tripping out all on their own. One guy who was completely insane took acid, and told me about it, and from what I could understand, the acid was nothing compared to what he was going through on his own. In terms of "normal"

schizophrenia. In fact, he was having such a hard time with schizophrenia that the acid went by him practically unnoticed. Because acid has got a lot to do with how much you can actually sit around and appreciate it, get your head together inside your head to look out and enjoy it. Uh . . . I've got to say I'm anti-acid because I am. But then I wouldn't ever preach to anyone about drugs. Neither to take them or not to take them. Or about anything else, about drink or smoke. I don't drink or smoke, and most of the time I feel pretty good, and this is because I keep kicking myself up the ass and saying "feel groovy, cunt, because if you don't you're wasting your time." Meher Baba says everyone's got a right to be happy, you know. I mean, it's such a simple fact. I mean, if you wanna be a drag, if you want to drag down other people, if you wanna bring down other people, then go and do it, but, you know . . . it's not what we're 'ere for. The sooner people would admit . . . Back down from the worst side people are made of, and enjoy themselves. And I think pot is one of the vehicles to people owing up. It's one of the vehicles. I mean, at least when people are stoned, they . . . I mean, you can get brought down when you're on pot, you can get the horrors, feel really bad on pot, and because you're on pot, it feels much worse than . . . But most

of it can be traced directly to feeling sick because if you've had too much grass you begin to feel sick, it goes completely out of proportion and starts a downhill slide. I dunno, that's why I couldn't get into the peyote bag. The thought of being sick for two days . . . What a masochistic high. I really got sick over the Rolling Stones bust and Donovan bust; this whole thing, it's so out of proportion, I mean the whole thing is completely out of proportion . . . It's like as if we went down to a South America village where everyone is drinking a certain kind of coffee and tellin' everyone that they can't drink it, you know, because it keeps them awake, or something, you know. Any kind of censorship pisses me off. I feel that authority shouldn't come from bureaus.

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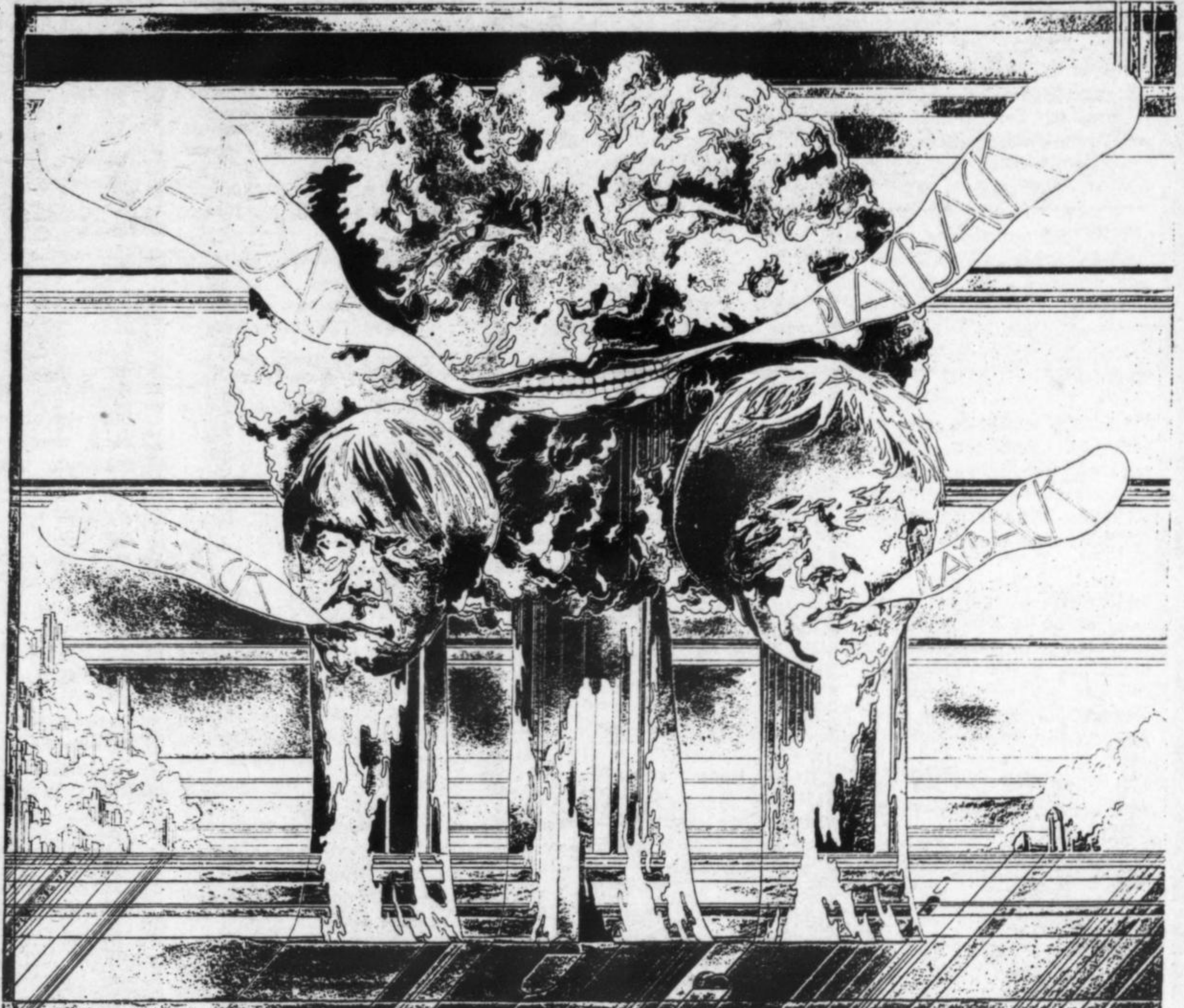
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THE BLACK BOOK is a singles-only magazine dedicated to putting new people into your life. The Black Book, unlike other publications advertized nearby is dignified, legit and deals in service, not sensation, if you are tired of the same old faces, the Black Book is for you. Send \$1 for your copy. Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C. 10036.

CLASSES in practical and esoteric astrology. Tuesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m. for information call Paul, 675-1663, or Alan (morning) TW 6-2672.

SUBSCRIBE to JUSTICE WEEKLY sold USA subscription ONLY containing exciting personals, for those interested subject of discipline, TV., and other unusual diversions, plus news worthy articles on allied subjects. 52 thrilling issues: \$8.00 cash or M.O. - JUSTICE, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231. Sample COPY \$1.00.

MALE nudism is popular among free thinkers. Fully illustrated magazine and sample monthly newsletter. State age, send \$5.00 to Solstice Society, Box 3775-V, Van Nuys, California, 91407.

HELP, anyone with any back issues of "Help", write ZOD Fenster c/o EVO 105 2nd Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

PARTY cards ADULTS ONLY 52 lively playing cards plus jokes in gorgeous color \$3.00. (First 100 orders BONUS mini-deck FREE) Parisian c/o Box 68-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231.

#### BUY & SELL

SUBLET APARTMENT CLEAN building, private tile bathroom, kitchenette and 1 large, sunny, room, Birds sing every morning. Low rent! Contact Fred at EVO come in or phone 228-8640 and leave message.

THE FACE seems familiar but the name's not the same. Convince friend or foe with novelty blank Certificates, Birth, Baptismal, High School, marriage, and divorce. \$4.00 each. Real? A Mirror's Image. Send \$4.00 to Brandon Lawton, P.O. Box 299, New York, N.Y. 10011.

STAG Films for sale. 8mm 100 foot black/white or color. I have female/female, male/male or male/female films for sale. You pick the subject. State age. Send \$8.00 for black/white film. \$15 color or \$3.00 for samples and titles of films to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

MALE or female photos for sale I have photos of good looking young well built males and young luscious girls posed in fascinating positions specially selected for their appeal. Set of 8 4/5 prints \$5.00 or samples and catalog \$2.00. State Age. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379 N.Y.C., 10023.

MALE/MALE films for sale, 8mm 200 ft. black/white \$15, color \$25. State Age. Send to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

#### DRINK SOUL

HOME BREWERS International Confederation teaches science of brewing everything know, sends newsletter on new discoveries and holds brewing contests. Manhattan membership plus complete receipt on CHAMBER \$1.00, H.I.C., J. Modunk, 165 E. 2nd St., N.Y.C. 10009.

CAMPING supplies - uniform jackets 95c double breasted suit - safari, leather, trench \$2.00, knickers, blankets, bells, \$1.50, pants, shirts, gas mask, helmets 50c. 97 E. Broadway, WO 4-6806.

SNOOPY for President, Lucy for First Lady, buy these and 10 other Peanut buttons. Also 188 stockbuttons. BUTTONS MADE TO ORDER, posters. Free catalog. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 W. 46 St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036, 581-4199.

FINEST RAJPUT INDIA INCENSE. 20 thick 11" sticks, only 50c Pkg. Why pay more? Send 10c for sample with list of ten fragrances plus "The Story of Incense". Mail orders shipped promptly. Imported by HANO, 1598 Third Ave., New York, 10028.

CAN WE GET YOU LAID? No, you'll have to do that. We can sell you "The Swinging Set." 24 pages containing 200 personal ads, candid photos and offers. \$1.00. Lillian Marsh, Box 1125, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

WINE RACK for the connoisseur... wine rack to hold his best vintage properly on their sides. This handsome piece is not only practical but its decorative too. Holds two bottles and collapses for easy storage \$5.998. Robert Warren & Co., Dept. G.P.O. Box 188, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11234.

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IMPROVE your outlook. Send 25c. today for a stunning Sunshine Girl Button. Kim Deitch, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., N.Y.C. 10003.

HIPPIE beads or bells \$2.00 post paid. Hippie psychedelic love charms \$1.00 postpaid. Dealer inquires invited Valco Trading, P.O. Box 151, Passaic, New Jersey, 07055.

HIPPIE lipstick. Sexsational novelty. (Adults Only). Rush \$2 plus STAMPED addressed envelope. Hippie, Box 68, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

COLLECTOR'S Deck 5x7 full-color soil-resistant. Adult party cards. Limited quantity, \$5.00 each. Fine Art c/o Box 68, EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231.

BUTTONS, Posters, peace jewelry, post cards, love bills, trip glasses, psychedelic, etc. wholesale to all! We cut you in on the button boom 5-\$1; 12-\$2; 50-\$5; 250-\$20; 1,000-\$75. Our entire line is a must for any successful "in" shop. 10c brings our mindblowing catalogue via air. Free Speech Inc., 28 St., Marks Pl., N.Y.C. 10003.

#### EMPLOYMENT

LOOKING for exceptional lead singer style - Mick Jaeger, Jim Morrison. Drummer also, style Mitch Mitchel or Ginger Baker, for original group going to top with all original material. Must have transportation to Island. Information call: 516-671-1157 after 6 p.m. 516-671-1925.

PROFESSIONAL photographers do you need nude male or female model's for book covers - figure work - magazine layouts and etc. We have them by the hour or session at low rates. For information call Kent, 10 to 6 at 628-5760.

PROFESSIONAL Photographer need's female nude model's, \$10.00 to \$25.00 an hour. Age 15-30. Call Brion at 628-5476.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, Negro, etc. For illustrations of dresses, etc., figure, pin-up, for magazines. Call between 4-6: George Sova, Graphic House, 280 Madison Avenue, MU 6-8827.

BODY PAINTERS and MODELS wanted for poster work. Good opportunity for publicity and promotion. Call Miss Lee at 757-3995 for appointment.

FEMALE Nude models wanted \$40-\$60 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Need many girls-steady. Phone 545-8997 or 545-9233. C.V.S. Figure Studios.

50 YOUNG male figure models for professor photographer. No experience necessary. \$10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711.

MALE physique photo and Art Guide, where to obtain hard to find B/W photos, color prints and slides, movies, physique drawings and other art work and physique and homophile magazines. Send \$5.00 to G. Moore, P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.



FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2771.

AMATEUR photographers would you like to shoot a well built, young male model in your home. For information call Dave 11 to 7 at 628-5761.

GIRLS wanted to pose for nudist magazines. \$50 immediate cash. Lee Studio "A" 279-6452, Thurs., Fri., Sat., 1-9 p.m. 68 W. 39th St., N.Y.C.

YOUNG artist needs females models, 16-20, Caucasian only. Light to medium build, \$10.00 an hour. 249-2603.

ATTRACTIVE female will model for artists, amateurs and photographers on location, your studio or my place (body paint available). Write Miss Lee at Suite 600, 155 W. 46th St., N.Y.C.

ATTRACTIVE female models available for photographers for fashion, figure and sketch work on locations, or your studio or ours (body paint available). Write Miss Lee at Suite 600, 155 W. 46th St., N.Y.C.

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

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

WOMAN would like to know EVO readers in Princeton, N.J. area. Interested in New World of Being. Box #106, Cranbury, N. J.

S. POT Nudnick. Do you read the ads. Why? Your in Spiritual Development.

LIBERATION ARMY... LETS STOP WASTING TIME. WEED UP, BLOW THE BOWL, POP THE TOP, AND DOWN THE PIE... WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY? TIME TO WEED UP. — ZOD

FABULOUS new boutiques to open in East Village, we would like designers who make groovy clothes to bring samples to The Psychedelicatessen, 164 Ave. A, between 1 and 5 on Monday, April 8.

RURAL commune in beginning stages is in poor financial condition and desperately needs the following: tools (all kinds), canvas, canned goods, rope, etc, etc. and money. Send stuff to or contact WALDEN THREE, 646 E. 6th St., Apt. 10 Thanks!

WHERE are the peace demonstrations and meetings this week? DIAL - A - DEMONSTRATION. 924-6315.



RURAL commune in beginning stages is in poor financial condition. To continue work we need; Tools (all types), canned goods, seed, money, people with transportation, rope, cloth, and a plow, or anything that could be used. Send stuff to or Contact, F. Bannon, 646 E. 6th St., Apt. 10 Peace. BLOW YOUR MIND. SEE ERNIE KOVACS, ABC-TV, APRIL 9.

OAK Lane School Underground Film Fair will be held in Philadelphia April 27th. If you have a completed film on work in progress that you would like to exhibit, call us no charge for exhibiting. N.Y.C.: call 871-7999; in Phila. call 248-0385.

GAY GUYS and gals in N.Y.C. want new friends? We hold very private partys 4 times a month. 2 for guys and 2 for gals. For date and address of our next party send \$5.00 along with a description of yourself to G. Moore. P.O. Box 379, N.Y.C. 10023.

GIRLS wanted to appear in 16 mm. underground film. (Balling the director not required.) Showcase. (No pay.) Weekends. Send photos. Marshall Anker, Box 2504, G.P.O., N.Y.C.

NEW JERSEY IS THE AVENUE D OF AMERICA.

RELIABLE EVO employee needs stereo - will buy if price is right - or if you're leaving city will be glad to stereo set. My references are good, I am insured. Call Barbara or Annette at EVO, 228-8640.

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