

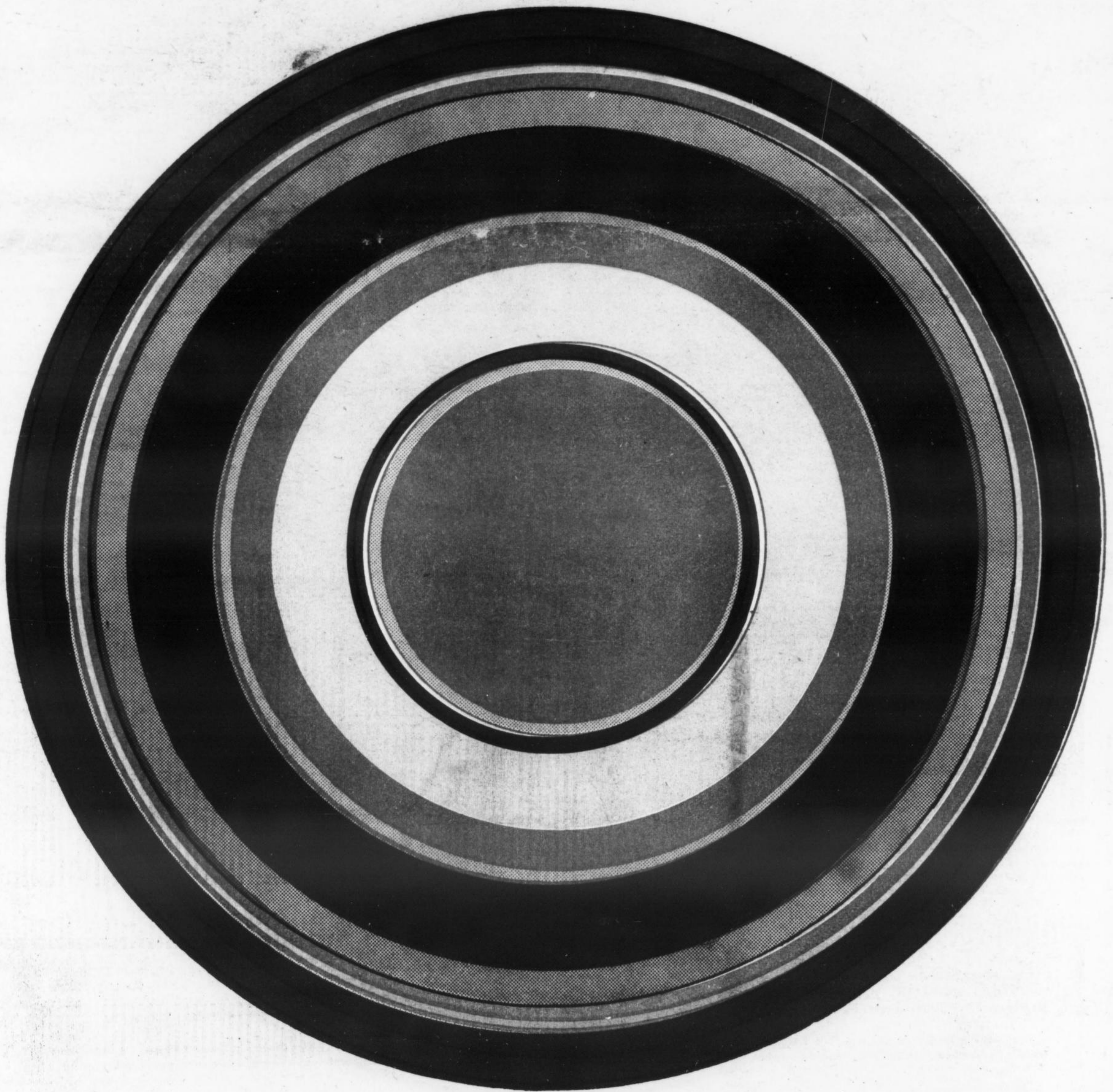
THE PIGS, THE PEOPLE, THE LOWER EAST SIDE pages 5&9

**THE EAST VILLAGE OMMER**

VOL 4 NO. 23

METROPOLITAN 15¢

MAY 7, 1969



## LETTERS / LETTERS / LETTERS / LETTERS / LETTERS / LETTERS

Dear EVO:

"is this anyway to run an airline?"

Scumbag National Airlines fired 1000 mechanics and related employees on Jan. 22, 1969.

The public don't even know, thanks to our great news media. The Times, News and the TV stations are too busy counting the bread from all the commercials and page ads that scumbag National pays for.

Just a little note in a fearless real paper that's together!!! Don't fly scumbag National Airlines where now only motherfuckers are working!!!

C. M. LOVETT

Dear EVO:

I am twenty six years old and have spent almost a full year in Vietnam. Today, I went to the PX to buy a bottle of Mogen David Wine, and found out that I have to be of the rank of Staff Sergeant E-6 or above to purchase any alcoholic beverage with an alcoholic content over 3.2 percent. I am old enough to die for my country, to vote, and to be held responsible for my actions in the courts of the land. Why, then, can the post commander say that I am not old enough to drink hard liquor?

The people of the United States are wondering why MARIJUANA is becoming such a great problem in Vietnam. What does the world expect of us when we can only relieve our tension by drinking 3.2 beer?

P.S. In behalf of the men in Viet Nam, I write this letter; in behalf of these men could you please print it.

PETER M. ROSE  
SP-4, U.S. Army  
HHC 36th Signal Battalion  
APO San Francisco 96491

Dear EVO:

WHAT IS THE ARMY DOING WITH ME?

December 6, 1968, Fort Holabird, Baltimore, Maryland, I, William J. Pockock, was inducted illegally into the Army, illegal because I did not meet Army Regulation physical standards. My disabilities—congenital absence of bone on my skull, a hearing defect, eye problems, asthma, back ailment, and a bad knee.

I formally requested discharge February 10th on the grounds of Army Regulation (AR) 635-200, 5-9.1 providing for discharge of inductees who did not meet the medical fitness standards at time of induction. This regulation provides that "application for discharge will be processed promptly," yet no action was begun before March 5, 1969, when additional physicals were begun.

I do not believe that my discharge will be approved. I think I am being railroaded into the Army. Let me offer you the following evidence on which I base this belief. I was re-examined for my back and other physical problems shortly before the completion of basic. For this back problem resulting from an injury THREE YEARS ago I was put on a profile III, a limited duty, for THREE WEEKS. Had that limited duty been made as a permanent restriction, much more logical for a permanent back injury, the doctors would have been confessing that I did not meet induction standards for men rated profile III did not qualify for induction. Had the profile III been made permanent, my discharge would be mandatory.

I would appreciate all support letters to be sent to my commanding officer

Co. E. 4th Bn, 1st Bct Bde  
CPT Donald M. Cinnamond  
USA TCI  
Fort Bragg, N.C. 28307

I give my complete permission and encouragement to anyone desiring to re-print this article in a publication. Please, if you do, send two copies, one to my commanding officer and one to me at same address.

PVT WILLIAM J. POCOCK  
US-516-75-506

Dear EVO:

Everyone that digs Uncle Ed has to go see Turds in Hell. One of the characters is Orgone, and he has a peno that is the only one in the universe equal to Uncle Ed's. He also does a great imitation of Mickey Mouse. By the way, keep Uncle Ed coming! Crash Nagurfo

Dear EVO:

The juxtaposition of Bobby Seale and Abbie Hoffman gives so nicely with something Steven Marcus said that I thought I would send it to you.

"Part of the poignancy of psychosis is that in some odd sense it seems to make no difference whether it is treated or not."  
R. KOHEN

Dear EVO:

Just read your editorial of Jan 10th. Seems to be a time lag between my groking the EVO and its publication. Your ideas were right on. Whatever happened to peace and love, to acid and fucking to living your life. Violence, that's Mao and meat. Get stoned, fuck, eat good food and live. Be free. Don't hate. That's the power trip and were free, aren't we?

Love,  
DAVID AND DRIN

Dear EVO:

Please warn all the beautiful heads (especially those with anything but a war-monger haircut) about a really bad scene. In the scummy shitty town of Monroe, N.Y. (in Rockland County) is a cock-sucking, scum-swallowing pig cop. His name is Floyd Ward Jr. He has a record of 250 drug busts in 18 months, just about one a day. His secret weapon is he hates long hairs. I hope no one on their way to Greenwood Lake, or Woodstock shares the road with this porker because this is what you can expect if he sees you. You will be stopped, insulted, illegally searched, handcuffed, arrested, beat, spit at, threatened and in addition your motor vehicle will be towed away by Porky's brother-in-law at a charge of \$40.00.

This happened recently, to a good friend of mine, a musician, a love child, an extremely delicate, artistic and gentle mind. Even though he was 17, his picture appeared in the local shit bag newspaper (tied up in a full nelson by the soon-to-be-murdered pig) while being handcuffed . . . a dangerous pot-smoking felon. My friend was kept in isolation for 24 hours and beaten because he wouldn't let the man cut his hair off.

One hour before his parents came to get him, the fucking pigs laid him on to a pack of cigarette paper and stale rolling tobacco.

Isn't it time? When will we finally say it's gone too far. Something has to be done. Persecution because of one's lifestyle (harmful to no one) is intolerable. Please brothers, let's not let them eliminate us! Listen to the MC-5. We're kidding ourselves if we think things will become better. It's time to strike back en masse and publically kill this parasite cop.

At one time I would have willingly served America, but if America permits this obscene farce to continue I will willingly relish every blow from any camp that will send her to her grave.

New children, acid people, you are not free, fact, fight or die. I love you so much, please don't get caught.

B. D. TEANECK, N. J.

P.S. On his way home from the bust Floyd "Narc" copped another bust. Two stoned acid heads (a guy and chick) pulled over for their freaky appearance. So enjoy as you drive through the mountains "free man," because around the next turn or maybe sneaking up behind you is FLOYD WARD, JR. (Monroe Police Dept), PROFESSIONAL SCUMBAG. Wait til the revolution, Floyd baby.

FREE

VIVA LA REVOLUCION



Allied with science and technology, the new liberal will welcome the responsibilities of creation.

Dear EVO:

Where is the Revolution? I've been in town a couple of weeks spending my time walking the lower east and west sides, and all I can find is "spare any change?" Is there really an East Village? There are a couple of blocks of St. Marks Place dotted with stores selling co-opted versions of avant-garde fashion and populated by the panhandlers. Is there really a West Village? There is the L-shaped Bleecker-Moc Dougel st. complex of tourist traps. Does anyone here give anything — flowers, a friendly rap, anything? It seems that the combination of being in a bad economic bag and being paranoid about dope creates a stand-offish, withdrawn type of community. Ah, the underground press. Where are the people who write these beautiful prose & poetry extensions of the alternative life style? Where is anybody? They write about relating to blacks, to the working class, etc. Christ, they can't even relate to reasonable hip-looking people searching for information about the movement and the community. I have concluded that the Revolution, the East Village, are myths, probably perpetrated by the YIP (Hoffman & Rubin have created enough commotion so that we know they are real). The "Hippies" on the East Side are really school kids paid \$2.00 an hour to play the part. There is no dope around here, although people sometimes smoke catnip. The final truth is that the YIP hoax itself is on the payroll of the NYC government, whose aim it is to draw in as many tourist dollars as possible from those seeking to see the "village" and the "hippies". Mario Procaccino secretly owns the controlling interest in every boutique along St. Marks Place. Trouble is, a lot more hearts are going to be broken among young people in middle America who imagine the Revolution as an alternative to the sterile life style of their homes. They'll come here for help and understanding and will be turned off by the apparent social Darwinism practiced among the Hip. Maybe an era is over and something really existed in the mid-60's. I wish I knew. And I wish I knew if there were an alternative to going back to Plasticville or jumping off a bridge.

DISILLUSIONED

P.S. Spare any change?

Dear EVO:

I've been reading your paper now for about six months. It think its great; but that's now the reason I'm writing you this letter. I've been here in the Nam for 6 months now and there's something I think the people of EVO should know. It's just that here in my brigade the infantrymen is only worth 500 points in this stupid fuckin contest our "higher ups" are having. The contest is as follows: The company who gets the most points gets a 3 day pass into Cuchi. You get so many points for captured enemy weapons, P.O.W. dead enemy and such, but the other part of the contest is EVERY G.I. KILLED YOU GET 500 POINTS TAKEN OFF, WOUNDED YOU GET 300 POINTS OFF. It's real nice to know that you're only worth 500 points to these mother fuckers here. These people are toying with our lives for a contest, just so they look good. I think something should be done to put a stop to this shit. Another thing, they don't give a shit about our lives, they just want "body counts". They have already sent a company time after time into a zone where they knew the enemy was just to get a "body count". 3 G.I.'s got killed then and some wounded. This place is bad enough without these fucking colonels and majors looking for medals.

PS: the brigade I'm talking about is I Bn 27inf 25 DW Wolf-hounds!

(Continued on Page 19)

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
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New York, New York 10003

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U.S.A.

D.B.L.

# NEWS

## COLLIER BUST AWAKENS POOR ON EAST SIDE

by Eli B. Enzer

NEW YORK (EVO) — One of the major ramifications of the arrest and indictment of Robert Collier has been the galvanizing of the poor black and poor Latin American communities of the Lower East Side in a new Community Coalition.

Collier, who first gained public attention several years when he was charged and convicted of conspiracy to blow up the Statue of Liberty and other nation monuments, now is one of the 21 Black Panthers under indictments charging conspiracy in attempting to blow up the Botanical Gardens and other equally unusual places.

But for the people of the Lower East Side, or some of them at least, Collier was the man who made a reality of the Tompkins Square Community Center on Ninth Street between Avenues A and B. For about two years, the center has concentrated its efforts on reaching the young people of the neighborhood, holding classes, and finding ways to keep the center open with virtually no money.

The building, a former welfare center and before that who knows what, is 15 stories high (only five had been used since no one had enough cash to pay for heating and other factors) and includes a swimming pool, a gym and plenty of space, about 88,000 square feet of it.

But early one morning, on the morning of Valentine's day at 2 in the morning, the police raided the Center. Occupants were evicted from the meetings that were in progress, and the Center was boarded up.

City authorities assert that the Center had numerous building codes violations, and that it was uninsured, and the city could not risk any liability suits. The justification for the dark-of-night eviction apparently was the fear of and adverse public reaction from the community if the action had been taken in normal hours.

Collier then tried to win community help in reopening the Center from the several organizations now trying to build the Lower East Side into a viable place to live.

One of the groups he contacted was the Young New Yorkers, a group of black and Latin American youths. Then on April 2, again in the early hours of the morning, Collier was arrested.

Police raided his home, and besides Collier, took two young people, 15 and 16, from his home. The two boys had been spending the night with Collier, and Collier's wife and two children.

Collier was busted with the 20 other Panthers (actually only 14 of the 21 indictees were found in the massive police roundup of militant leaders), but the two youths were held overnight separately without any charges made against them. They were eventually released.

But the arrests exploded throughout the community. Since April 2, a Community Coalition of about 25 organizations has been formed with the goal of acquiring the Tompkins Square Center on some sort of a permanent basis. One of the key organizations is Alerta.

The building, now under the jurisdiction of the Department of Real Estate, apparently worth some \$6 million, a sum

the community simply can not afford. It is also thought that some real estate people want to buy the building. But the Community Coalition, spearheaded by Alerta, is working on plans which call for the City leasing the Center on a longterm basis.

Alerta is also working on the consciousness of the people in the community. One of the leaders of Alerta, Lorimor Rhodell, told EVO during an interview that Alerta is actively engaged in a program of talking with the people of the area, telling them what the 21 bust means — means to them and their aspirations. The program also is working on what to do because a key leader has been busted and will be out of action for several months even under the best of circumstances. (Bail is \$100,000, something beyond community resources).

Rhodell said Alerta is searching for fresh ideas to reach the people, who at this point angry about the jailing of the two kids and the action against Collier, but at the same time feel impotent against the authorities.

"Money is energy," Rhodell said. "Right now we don't have fully community support and we have to find ways to get it, especially if we want to carry on the work of Collier."

resources to handle criminal cases," Rhodell said. "So we will concentrate on the political scene."

Alerta and other organizations on the Lower East Side are appealing for funds, ideas and help.

## JUSTICE DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS PONDER FINAL SOLUTION TO CAMPUS REBELLIONS

LIBERATION News Service  
WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — In little offices deep in the maze of Justice Department corridors, Nixon appointees are contemplating a final solution to campus rebellion.

In an interview with Elizabeth Drew, Washington editor of the Atlantic Monthly, Richard Kleindienst, second in command of the Justice Department, said, "Let's take these students. I would encourage students to probe and seek, up to the time they would close down the institution which gives them freedom of expression. If you can show a concerted form of activity of a subversive nature where people similarly inclined spread throughout the country to fan this, then it becomes the role of the federal government to suppress that form of subversive activity . . ."

Atlantic Monthly brought a quick denial from the Justice Department that there were plans to put student demonstrators in detention camps. However, they refuse to confirm or deny Kleindienst's comments.

But the remarks of Will Wilson, new head of the Criminal Division of the Justice Department and chief prosecutor for the Federal government, complement those of Kleindienst, and indicate that the top men in the Justice Department are indeed intent upon drastic measures to stop campus protest.

Wilson stated: "I think if you could get all of them in the penitentiary, you'd stop it. The ringleaders, I'm talking about."

I don't think the American public is going to tolerate the destruction of universities, or the turning them into schools for revolution, when they realize that's what they're intent is, rather than hot or cold lunches."

## DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ON BRUTALIZATION

WASHINGTON (LSN) — Congressional investigation of the Indian boarding school in Chilocco, Oklahoma, has caused a stir in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Mistreatment of students by some of the staff was considered material for a report rather than action after investigation by a bureau team. Students were found handcuffed, subject to physical abuse and living in a "reformatory" atmosphere.

Although the Bureau was criticized for its slow reaction to reports, some Senators and Bureau officials questioned the veracity of the original report and claimed that the investigating committee had done a hatchet job on the school.

Sen. Mike Gravel (D.-Alaska) who visited the school and met the 250 students there, claimed that he had never seen a happier group of kids.

## THE HARLEM CULTURAL FESTIVAL A MEANS FOR COMMUNITY PROMOTING INVOLVEMENT

The Harlem Cultural Festival, sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee with the cooperation of Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration, can now be considered an institution. Tony Lawrence has decided to direct much of the energies of his Festival toward economic uplift and total community involvement with the Festival. The 1969 Harlem Cultural Festival has set forth as its economic goals for this year, attracting over a quarter-of-million persons to the Harlem Community. These persons should generate approximately one-million dollars of capital for community businesses. This is a shoot-in-the-arm that the community sorely needs.

Tony has established a talent search for all. Weekly auditions are held, leading hopefully toward booking of the televised summer Festival programs. This could lead numerous young Blacks and Puerto Ricans to successful theatrical careers. Also The Harlem Cultural Festival plans to schedule numerous block-parties throughout the Harlem Area. Music and entertainment will be provided, and also included will be block-cleaning procedures. "This is only a start, but building any type of self-pride in my people is not only desirable but, an absolute necessity" says Mr. Lawrence.

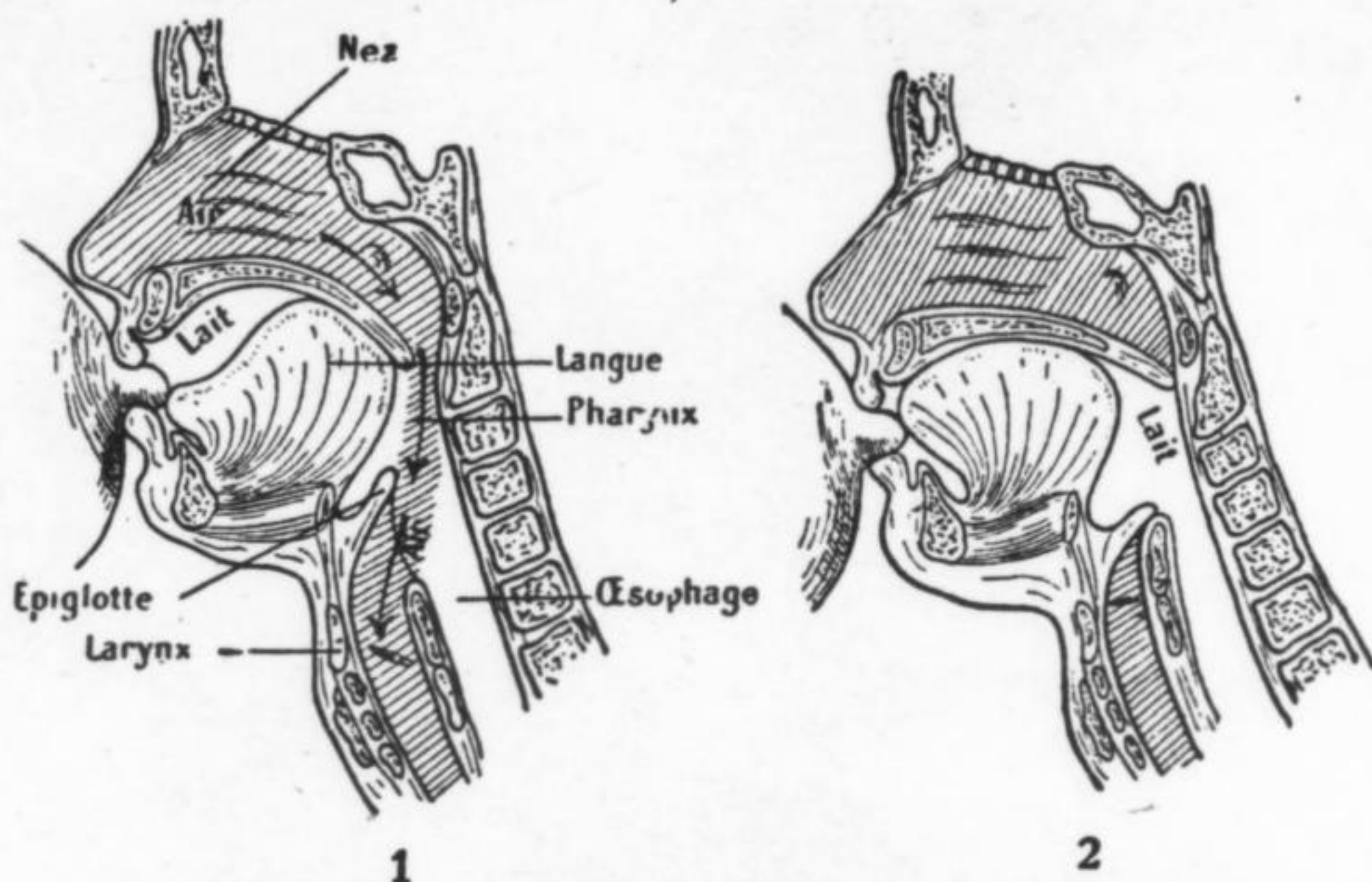


FIG. 58. — Tétée. 1. Premier acte de la tétée : succion ; 2. Deuxième acte de la tétée : déglutition.

Collier is a real third worlder, he is beyond the problem of black is beautiful, power to the people, white power to the white people, black power to the black people.

"Abbey Hoffman says the war is already on, the skirmishes are over. But right now we need the bread to get our Center. We will have to tap the reformers and the militants because we have our thing."

Rhodell also said that within the next week a lawyer's answering service is to start operations. Apparently police have been busting many people and people are disappearing into jails with hardly anybody knowing about it. The 21 Panthers were only the beginning it seems.

An emergency 24 hour lawyer service will promptly respond to any political busts. A lawyer will initially go to the precinct houses to find out the charges and do what he can for the busted person. Then he will contact special committee of Alerta which will determine whether the bust is political—regardless of the technical charge made by the police.

"We don't, at this point, have the

[On SDS] "If that or any group was organized on a national basis to subvert our society, then I think Congress should pass laws to suppress that activity. When you see an epidemic like this cropping up all over the country—the same kind of people saying the same kinds of things—you begin to get the picture that it is a national subversive activity."

"If people demonstrate in a manner to interfere with other, they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp." (emphasis added).

Deputy Attorney General Kleindienst is one of the men responsible for an increase in overt fascism in American government: as director of field operations for Goldwater in 1964, he created the catchword "law and order."

It was Kleindienst who "suggested to me that I make law and order my principal issue," Goldwater commented at the Senate hearing on confirmation of Kleindienst's new position. Kleindienst held the same position in Nixon's campaign in 1968—director of field operations—and pushed the emphasis on "law and order."

Publication of the interview with Kleindienst in the May issue of the

# decomposition

by D A LATIMER

SUNDAY, 4 MAY

Ben Morea was not in evidence around the Electric Circus as your reporter, his old lady, Alex (the infamous) Gross, and Eileen Astrakhan sauntered up the strobing steps to dig on Lita Eliscu's Erotica Festival, so this account will have to come off a *capello* the Sunday Nite Electrical Erotica Hoo-Rah, an Eyewitness Report.

It was around one ayem, Monday morning actually. At door to the Circus a trio of nervous footmen were turning away all prospective customers: 'Nobody gets in,' they said. 'We're closing down for the night.' This was hardly understandable, seeing as we were all from EVO, after all, this was Lita's porn carnival. Gross wheedled. Latimer cited the authority of God, the East Village *Other*, and the mothers of the several footmen. Nothing availed: 'Nobody gets in,' they reiterated. 'Nobody. Don't hassle us. The cops are closing us down.'

Cops!? Sakes alive, there were upwards of twenty TPF *vaches* out front in formation with the billy clubs and all. Very erect they were, and stern. Borderline psycho plainclothesmen issued among them, muttering, muttering. What a scene, what vibes! They were also mute, their lips were sealed to such as EVO reporters: even the Aquiline captain incharge professed perfect ignorance of why they were there, of what he was in charge. 'If I could, I'd tell you,' he lied, while the swarthy little undercover pig at his side looked on approvingly.

As it turned out, it's very likely the poor cluck really truly couldn't let on why he was there, because that smirking little gob of pork beside of him was in all probability an FBI stooge. It took Latimer's old lady, exposing a generous amount of thigh, to pry this suggestion loose of one of the younger, blonder fuzz in the formation, which gradually surrounded the Circus entrance on three sides.

'Who's in there?' she crooned. 'Who are you looking for?'

The answer indicated someone on the Ten Most Wanted List was auditing Lita's porn festival.

'My god, is it Cleaver?' The cop winced: 'Close,' he nodded.

The old lady wants to be a lawyer. She ought to be a spy.

So as people eddied out of the Circus in little cursing bunches—'I just got here, motherfucker!'—they were greeted with this rumor, and pretty soon the sidewalk was infarcted with a curious mob. Like, what was curious was that nobody was uptight, except the cops. The unspoken consensus, for a while, was that if any fucking creep pigs were going to drag Eldridge out of there, they would do so over a lot of dead bodies. Eldridge being worth at least one curious mob of us, there was not a qualm on the sidewalk.

But eventually, after a couple hours while the Circus cleared out, reason descended like a gob of blue in an Alex Gross lightshow, and it became clear that (a) the likelihood that a jive cat like Cleaver would have any truck with a no-count honky-tonk like the Circus was highly improbable, and (b) if Cleaver was in there he wasn't damn likely to let these pigs come in and get him, and (c) the rumour got progressively diluted as time went on until nobody knew which end was up.

Paul Georgiou appeared eventually, speaking of a naked fellow who had run through the crowd briefly, setting the management all up-tight, and hence the closure and the cops. But Paul had himself been invited to perform bits from *Che*, so this was reasonable but unlikely. Somebody said the MC-5 had wrecked the place, and everybody was being thrown out on that account. Lita herself appeared, swearing about some "Okalahoman bomber at large in the ballroom" . . . It kept going around like this



photo by Pat Musquire

until most everybody went home. Around two-thirty the fuzz filed in, spent a half-hour fucking about inside, and came out apparently emptyhanded. Off they went down the street at last, while the Five loaded their equipment, apparently intact, into a Hertz U-haul.

A representative of the Circus suggested to Latimer's old lady that the reason the cops had broken the Festival up lay in the Spring Offensive against the Movement: "They don't want the Community to be together," he noted. "The proceeds were going to the underground papers, and they sure don't want to make the papers look good. So they busted it up and got everybody pissed off. They're really trying

to keep us apart.' But one hopes, for the sake of law and order, that the cops have more brains than this. Getting thrown out of the Electric Circus by bellicose pigs pisses no one off: to the contrary, it's exciting, romantic, and enhances the solidarity of all concerned. The accounts of such Hoo-Rahs in the underground press make for lively, involving stories. Best of all, it perpetuates other Hoo-Rahs of its kind: rumour now has it that KISS, the world's grossest pornzine, is trying to arrange for another Porn Blast with the other pornzines, to be held, who knows, in Madison Square Garden maybe . . . *Amor Vincet Omnibus!* 'Wow, Oiving, dis is better than da Stanley Cup Playoffs and da NBA tournament put togedder.'

# TIME

BY JAAKOV KOHN

Fear, paranoia and general uptightness have become the Leitmotif of our time.

The fear of ultimate punishment, i.e., imprisonment, has driven us into a lifestyle of impossible pirouettes that all too often land us flat on our collective asses. It renders us listless and therefore useless.

Time has come to clear up the musty cobwebs of fear so that what to many may seem to be the ultimate in oppression — i.e. detention, will be just another life giving experience. It is possible. It works and my friend is a living, breathing case in point.

Not only was he unscathed by the two years behind bars he emerged a bigger, more conscious and therefore wiser man. The power of positive thinking — or how to beat the MAN at his game — a primer in jail survival.

*EVO* — Many good people are in or about to enter prison. Their understandable apprehensions are primarily due to a lack of knowhow regarding life on the inside. You have spent a number of years in Federal Prison as a pot offender. Having known you for a long time before that interlude, I find you now in exceptional shape. How did that happen?

*PO* — The thing you have to realize about the prison system — I am talking about the Federal Prison System — is that it is a part of the federal bureaucracy. It's just like the army. Same kinds of rules and regulations, pass the buck and so on. Naturally it is very easy to feel maligned by the guards and realize what a bunch of fuckpigs they are. As in the army, the most important thing is to survive it with a sane head. The weird thing about prison is that it's like some weird kind of family. You have to realize that the guards are there doing time just like the inmates.

I remember asking a guard how long he had been in Sandstone. "Twelve years." Do you think that you will be doing all your TIME

here?" "No, I'll finish up in Leavenworth." It blew my mind. He was talking about the next twelve years, which he has to serve in order to be eligible for retirement. I thought to myself — Wow, I am going home in a year and this guy has twelve more years of this stuff.

As I said, just like the army, and therefore many of the guards come from the army. They are mainly career men who wanted to get into something else and still have their thing intact. They come to the system already regimented as hell. The thing that attracts them is the chance for promotion. Guards start as junior officers. Then Senior officers. Eventually they make Lieutenant and then Captain of the Guard. If he is on the ball he can then transfer to the administration, become assistant warden and perhaps even WARDEN. The interesting thing is that a guard cannot advance from one position to a higher one at the same institution. If one wants to advance, one has to move about. They have an interinstitutional newspaper, like a trade

magazine where one can find want ads like "WANTED — a Warden." If guys buck for promotion, and most of them do, they move government, being BIG BROTHER, pays for all from one institution to another. As always, their expenses. Upon transfer nothing changes much. He is again in a small town, just like the place he left, with the same rules and regulations, the same uniforms and the same people. That's why the Federal bureaucracy is full of these square corn ball people.

*EVO* — Aren't different institutions famous or infamous for their own individual patterns of functioning?

*PO* — In the Federal system there are the Federal Correctional Institutions and the Penitentiaries, which means absolute maximum security, with machine guns on the walls.

In the F.C.I. they primarily keep people that are doing minimum terms. They try to keep the age level above 25. Many of the inmates there began with long terms in penitentiaries. They usually spent there 5-6 years. If they were on good behaviour they were eventually sent to the country clubs — the F.C.I.s.

*EVO* — Is there really such a difference between the two?

*PO* — It is really a joke. Even though they are less secure, they are in the middle of nowhere and one really can't escape.

If you do, all the farmers in the area hear the sirens and they are all out, with their shotguns, for the \$50 bounty that is set on your head. Because of the lack of privacy they know about your escape the minute you split. Therefore the concept of minimal security, like the guards not carrying arms, is strictly a psychological thing. In contrast to penitentiaries, the monotony factor is there simply because most of the people there are on good behaviour. You couldn't get a food riot going if you fed shit. Everybody is bucking for parole and for the most part they are a bunch of bootlickers. It is indeed a very bland place with a very bland atmosphere.

It is easy to complain that you can't get the books you want, that you can't write as many letters as you may wish to write or that this or that can't be done. I say this is a lot of selfdefeating bullshit. When you are sent to an institution, try to go through the few weeks of orientation with a strong, positive attitude. You have to come to terms with the fact that you are THERE. You have to be at times brave in adjusting. If you do that you have, in reality made it because after that you can fuck up all you want. All you have to do is to get the people on your side in the beginning. You don't have to lick ass. You can be what you are and do what you want. Then, if you encounter trouble, you

just write to the Bureau of Prisons in Washington, and man they come right down, and in most cases it really works. If you raise the stink in the right places, it usually works.

**EVO** — Does that mean that only by working through the established channels does one get what one wants?

**PO** — Yes. In many ways it is a drag but remember that you end up beating the system and fucking with the people more than if you have a temper tantrum. To blow one's cool is just a waste of time and energy because as long as the prison system is going to function, it is going to function pretty much the same way as it has been functioning until now. I was certainly not there for the mere purpose of changing it. I was there because of an illegal bust, an illegal trial which was so adjudged by the Court of Appeals. I was nevertheless THERE, as an observer of a part of the American way of DOING THINGS.

Anybody going in there should dig this attitude and use it as a creative, positive period to get things done. To read to write to communicate and dig what's happening. You should also dig a class of people, whom you might not snub in real life — yet you would never have the chance to be so close with, to eat sleep and play with on such equal terms. In prison everybody is as one. Everybody is wearing the same clothes, eating the same food and living the same existence. Everybody looks the same and you can't tell a malignant innocent apart from the greasiest token pigs. It is certainly an interesting experience.

**EVO** — Fear of incarceration plays a big part in the chemistry of our paranoia. How does that relate to prison reality

**PO** — You don't have to have any real fear of prison and its system because it is like going away to camp. Nobody is going to whale

on you and you would be surprised how much you are respected for taking a stand against the government. Everybody in prison hates the government. Everyone believes in his innocence and firmly believes that he was framed by the government. If you come in with a positive attitude you are not being looked down upon. To roll with the system does not mean that you have got to kiss ass. All you have got to do is to dig the vibes. Asslickers do not get paroled because even the system does not like them. They use stool pigeons to get information and in turn make promises to them. But they are considered incapable of getting along with their fellow human beings and therefore unparolable. Besides, why parole anyone that is so useful to the system? If you aren't what they want, they are eager to get rid of you as soon as possible.

**EVO** — There is much talk about rehabilitation. How do you feel about that?

**PO** — It is all sheer bullshit. Just bear in mind that up to 75 per cent of their budget goes for custodial expenditure — not rehabilitation. It is a catch phrase which doesn't mean much. To REHABILITATE suggests that you have been habilitated once and now they are going to rehabilitate you once more. It is a ridiculous concept.

**EVO** — You mentioned to me your preparation for prison. You mentioned Gurdieff, Ouspensky and Hatha Yoga.

**PO** — I mentioned these only in terms of the positive aspects of their philosophies which always did appeal to me. It all came into play when I found myself in a jungle called Cook County jail. My positive attitude was the thing that kept me going. To be negative puts you in a black mood and prevents you from functioning. On the other hand, while focusing on the positive you say to yourself: "I fucked up, 've got to do 3 years I'll probably get out after two and if I am lucky I'll make it even sooner."

Look, where else would you have a chance just to lie back, not worry about food, clothing or housing and be able to read all the books you may want to read, do all the thinking and just dig what's happening? How many people do you know that wouldn't want to knock off for a year and be able to do just that?

Therefore I think that all those who have to go in and are uptight about it, are fools. It is a drag but the positive aspects of prison life can elevate it from a level of negativism and make it a very life-giving experience. I think this is one of the ways to take the government, which is out to make you pay for something, and say to them in return, "You haven't hurt me. You have just give me more strength by showing me that you can't do a thing to hurt me."

**EVO** — I have spoken to a number of people that like you have served time. Basically they substantiated what you have said. The only thing that seemed to have gotten them was the element of oppression—the oppressiveness of incarceration.

**PO** — Right—boredom and regimentation. But they aren't your real concern. They are just an insignificant detail. To get hung up on it is to defeat yourself. The days that I got hung up behind one thing or another made the nights black and unbearable. Boredom is the biggest problem and the woman thing is a complete drag. The homosexual thing is practically none istant in the Federal system. All this may boil down to is handholding and an occasional coy glance. Due to a lack of privacy it is almost impossible to beat off, let alone fucking. The sex thing is one that necessitates sublimation, otherwise you drive yourself up the wall.

In the long run all these are details that you learn to deal with. The anticipation of them is considerably worse than the actual thing. Remember that there is always a tomorrow.





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# STREET PEOPLE

D.A.  
LATIMER

Bizzare things happen to St. Mark's Place when the seasons change. For a few weeks every spring and fall, a curious tide of some sort seems to wash every psychopath outside of Bellevue into the area, and also, by some coincidence, sets the cops up tight. For various peculiar reasons the situation has grown into a predicament of acute proportions. People have been getting their heads busted every night for the last week down here, it's starting to look like Oakland.

Ben Morea of the Motherfuckers keeps on top of this action, and it is to him that EVO owes the following night-by-night documentary account of last week's disturbances, from April 25 to 28. But first, let it be known that EVO and UAW/MF are in no wise antagonistic to each other, it is only on matters of tactics that we have ever argued. Sam Edwards of the New York *Review of Sex* (he writes the Melmoth column) notwithstanding, EVO never once had as its company policy an official hostility toward UAW-MF: some people here have always grooved on the Motherfuckers, some haven't—EVO is rarely of a single mind about anything. Anyway, here it is, it's the spring of '69, all hell's set to cut loose and if we don't hang together we shall surely hang separately. The Motherfuckers and EVO both realise this, and we are now and henceforth (at least till December) as brothers. So pigs, watch yer asses.

FRIDAY NIGHT, 25 APRIL

For some weeks previously, the Motherfuckers had been serving free food at the old Courthouse on Second Street. On Friday night, it happened that the police had occupied the building, specifically, it appeared, to discourage such seditious behaviour as free food Scarf-Ins. Faced with this, the Motherfuckers strategically withdrew their kettles to the church yard of St. Marks-In-The-Bowerie on Tenth Street, and everybody ate for a couple hours and drifted off toward St. Mark's Place.

And so, beating little rhythms on their empty kettles, the Motherfuckers wandered down to St. Mark's Place, where the rhythms were enthusiastically taken up by the people who were hanging around Gem's Spa. Tambourines appeared, a couple flutes, one coronet, and innumerable drums: before the cops knew what was going down, six or seven hundred people were jiving around the corner, the first heavy Spring-together-riff this year.

The streets for a few hours Friday night, belonged to the people. The cops merely looked on, a little uncomfortable — the people were heavily together, they were strong, and the Pigs weren't about to come out against it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26

The evening started off with strong negative vibes out front. The fuzz were hassling people. One of the things Spring does to fuzz. . . We have this new brand of police going around down here: the black leather jackets with zippers and patches, black leather hats with the little hard helmet underneath, the black leather boots up to the knee. The look of '69. Plenty leather. Not too many of them yet, they seem to be trying them' out for effect. They stride along the sidewalks in little groups of two or three, touring St. Mark's every hour or so. They don't look much like those posters hanging around the school halls that insist 'The Policeman Is Your Friend'.

Which is a tactical error on the part of the NYPD, I think. Because, see, when the street action is getting tacky and you feel called upon to make a little Revolution, it's hard to work up a good hate for the simple cop who's standing around in shirtsleeves, sweating a little, with his feet hurting. The Policeman Is Your Friend, remember, so you don't want to hit him unless he comes after you.

But when you see a Pig like this . . . The element of Leather makes for an unmistakable Pig effect . . .

And you see one, and you want to hit him even when nothing's happening. And if things are happening, as they are this spring, as they will be for some time to come, and feelings are high — when there's action, and the Pig is involved in part of it — when he has his back turned, then, given all that black leather, it's all too easy to sneak up behind him and hit him. With a brick. With a wastebasket. With a length of board. With an axe handle. The others you avoid whenever possible, but when Pigs dress like that, then you want to sidle up alongside of them and hit them with whatever's handy.

So it didn't help, around one in the morning, when the kids were standing around in front of Gem's Spa smoking and bullshitting, and two of these Pigs appeared from along Third Avenue dragging a kid between them, beating his head back and forth. They were twisting him out of shape, dragging him straight into the crowd, dig it. So naturally, with the leather and the blood in plain view, the people got all excited and tried to pry the kid loose of the pigs. This precipitated some wild club-swinging until somebody in Gem's Spa helped drag the kid indoors, and then lock the door. From outside of the store, you could plainly see the Pigs beating the kid in back of the counter, the clubs rising and falling and a little screaming . . . A kid kicked in the window, but nothing really effective could be done before six squad cars screamed up and unloaded a mess of fuzz who formed a corridor between the cars and the store, through which the kid was dragged, safe from kidnapers.

Then somebody threw an orange at one of the squad cars. Half an orange: *splik!* against the windshield. This set the cops off, and they charged the

(Continued on Page 19)

# fashion

by TIA MÄDLER

Once upon a time there existed many mythical kingdoms — each complete with its own tyrant, its own monster, ogre and witch, its own queen, princess, and of course, its very own dashing, deadly, devastating hero. In those days, the kingdom was safe from all assault, being mythical, and myths being the private invention of a single mind or the property of a very special group of initiates. But hark now—melords and medames — the strange tale of THE DAY THE KINGDOMS MET—

The tale begins in a mystical time, a time when everything existed at once, and no one understood a thing, when nothing was real, yet nothing was impossible — a time in which electricity and print, technology, and automobiles, and airplanes, and televisions, were the Prime Movers on the planet. During this time, knowledge was available, yet no one knew, people were accessible, yet no one knew anything but themselves, occasionally. Yet during this time also there was conversation, and media, and canting galore—

So given the information (no, facts) and the Means Necessary — those once isolated, secure kingdoms became bound-earth-bound to meet. (Voice-Deep, secure, lordly — Here is your assignment Cecil, go and photograph . . .) so he goes, Cecil Beaton, the Hero of the Kingdom of Flowers and Elegance, the darling of *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*, stage designer, costume designer, painter, interior decorator, horticulturalist, photographer, writer; wealthy, possessor of "a luxury of marvellous manners," whose "visual intelligence is genius," and whose significance in those fields he has touched are inestimable. So he comes, mechano — levitates from worlds away — to arrive, black, magnificent stetson secure, tailoring impeccable, camera, assistant on hand, in the land of mirrors, and plastic, and glass, a sterile environment, The Factory, the Kingdom of Plastic and Celluloid, with its hero, modern, conquering lord of the yet-to-come—Andy Warhol.

And so they stand — face to camera — armed with what they have been and what they are. Weapons drawn . . . they assess — elegance, confidence, a life-time of luxury, acknowledgement and success, experience, perspective, a library of Time Sequences against what? — a Total Other Thing, a thing unelegant, raw, yet pampered, a thing with no perspective, a thing of only the present and perhaps, the future. Queen Candy reigning over all, plastic paper, plastic dildos, plastic smiles at the ready, tousled pretty boys at the ready, bare-breasted giantesses on call, court fools to hark the knell . . . it was Mitsouko vs violets, Patchouli vs. jasmine, plastic against old lace all the way . . .

Yet, lines drawn, forces at the ready — Nothing Happened — silence reigned, not a single, static, charged staff pierced the air at any point. Alas — woe be us — yelled the people on both sides, betrayed.

For they suddenly saw the mediocrity of the kingdoms in which they had believed, and realized that they were never meant to oppose, but only replace, one the other. With nary a sound the event faded, the Hero Cecil left to draw, in elegant line the nude giantess with dildo in the Court Book of Cocks . . . And so they all live on . . .

photos by Raeanne Rubenstein





Eldridge Cleaver has reached sanctuary in Africa, according to an informed source. Although EVO was not given his exact itinerary, he was reported to have been in Mexico City during February.

A classic and frightening case of suppression has been ignored by the Eastern Press.

When black teaching assistant Lionel Williams distributed Lenore Kandel's "Love Lust" to his class at the University of New Mexico, here's what happened: he was suspended, and English dept. chairman Joe Frank & freshman English head Roy Pickett were relieved of their administrative duties because they refused to name a replacement for Williams; the owner & an employee of an off-campus bookstore were busted for selling Lenore's poems; and over Civil Liberties Union protests, Gov. David F. Cargo signed an "emergency anti-student riot act" along with measures to slash the university's budget and to conduct an investigation of it.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti telegraphed: As original distributor of Lenore Kandel's Love Book, we are shocked by recent disciplinary measures taken by the University of New Mexico against instructor Lionel Williams who used her poetry in his class and against his department head Dr. Joseph Frank who is a courageous and highly intelligent teacher and administrator. The university should be ashamed of itself. As a poet and publisher, I consider Lenore Kandel's poetry not obscene in the least. The obscenity is in the eye of the beholder.

While Che was up against the wall, I am curious (yellow) passed the half million \$\$ mark in New York. It recently opened before capacity audiences in Washington, D.C., (at two playhouses) and Philly. Other openings

are scheduled soon for L.A. & Frisco, Grove's Morrie Goldfisher reported. No date has been set yet for presentation of the sequel (Blue).

Letters the Times doesn't print department:

Attorney Robert J. Cahn, who represents Che producer Ed Wode, wrote a keen & delightful rejoinder to Times censorship policy. Not the sort of letters the Times prints:

Letters to the Editor  
New York Times  
229 West 43rd Street  
New York, New York 10036  
Sirs

The catchy, lumpenprole title of your April Fools' Day Editorial in support of police suppression of theatrical productions, and mass arrests of actors, producers, playwrights, lighting men, and aisle sweepers connected with them, confirmed my suspicion that you had borrowed the News's editorialist for the occasion. April Fool? If you were serious, this shameful editorial disgraces your distinguished newspaper.

Aware that a federal Appellate Court correctly held "I Am Curious" not to be illegally obscene, and to have sufficient "social importance" to warrant its importation and its exhibition in this country; aware of the Time's considerable influence upon the actions of local public officials and of its power of life and death over stage productions in this city; aware that the acts portrayed in "Che!" are essentially the same as those depicted in "I Am Curious"; and aware that all questions involving the premissibility of presenting "Che!" here are now sub judice, you chose, in the most cowardly possible manner, to issue a flatulent, contemptible, Comstockian blast at theatrical realism in general and "Che!" in particular.

In order to sustain your primitive

view that what all mature adults do, or are, at least, perfectly aware of, must not be acted out before them, you are compelled to condemn "I Am Curious". This, you quote approvingly from a prissy, petulant attack on the film by one of your feature writers (the title of whose recent book, "Do You Sleep In The Nude?" was, of course, not meant to titillate or to sell lots of copies), but deceitfully omit to mention either that the film was judicially held not to be obscene or pornographic, or that your own recently-appointed movie reviewer wrote two laudatory critiques of it. Since, however, the fact of that judicial holding is inescapable, you proceed to make a fantastic distinction that no responsible court has, as far as I know, seen fit to make; that, while a film depicting certain sexual activity engaged in by living performers may not be obscene (for adult audiences), the same activity depicted on a stage by three dimensional performers before the same audience is obscene. That, gentlemen, is ridiculous.

Criminal statutes may not be enforced unless they are rationally drawn to forbid or curb a recognizable evil, you cannot outlaw, say, writing with one's left hand, since writing in that manner has no demonstrable baneful effect upon anyone. So, a criminal statute is impermissibly applied when its application does not have the effect of curbing or pushing an evil. No one has even attempted to show that viewing "I Am Curious" or "Che!" has harmed any member of their exclusively adult audiences. I saw "Che!"; as reasonably mature adult, I was not harmed by viewing it. Since you people are no more mature or adult than I am, I believe, I resent most strenuously your presuming to decide for me whether I may or may not see "Che!", and your support for those who have lent the police power

of the State to their presumptuous decision that my contemporaries may not see the play.

Back in the days when you supported our First Amendment liberties and opposed police censorship, you recognized the inherent and fatal vice of the latter. Who shall set the standards of respectability, of readability, of viewability for the rest of us? If they can suppress "Che!", they can, on the same grounds, suppress "Hair", "Jean Brodie", "Golden Rainbow", "Ballets Africains", "Dionysus in '69", "Sweet Eros", the London production of "Dr. Faustus", "Scuba Du", "Boy on a Straight-Backed Chair", "Marat-Sade", "The Living Theatre, etc., all of which have won varying degrees of praise from your own reviewers, and all of which depict nudity and more or less physical contact among performers. Where shall they draw the line? At this or that particular sexual act or embrace? And, if so, why exactly there? The answer is that there is no rational dividing line and, because sensibilities are different from yours and theirs and the next man's, there can be none; I will do battle with you and with Them unremittingly rather than permit you or Them to impose upon me standards of taste and toleration, and sensibilities, different from my own. Worse yet, if censors have NO fixed standards, the imposition of their AD HOC judgements upon the rest of us is the most dangerous kind of despotism.

What makes your Comstockery positively insufferable is its disgusting hypocrisy. "Che!" and "I Am Curious" depict a variety of erotic situations openly, honestly, without the "leer of the sensualist", without pandering. Each Sunday, however, YOU publish a magazine whose advertising pages are widely recognized as a gold mine of erotica for a variety of appetites

(Continued on Page 20)

# underground cine-scene

compiled by Bob Parent

This is the beginning of a regular weekly feature. It is a Service to help the New American Cinema. Screening, and/or guest talks by filmmakers that are open to the public (whether theater, festival, campus or loft) will be listed free providing the subject relates to *avantgarde* — *experimental* — *underground cinema*. It is being compiled in cooperation with the *Filmmakers Newsletter* and will cover the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. All interested operators and filmmakers should send their schedules to *EVO* as soon as available.

To reduce unwieldy repetition, abbreviations are used to denote the region involved and the name of the theater. Full description of the codes are listed alphabetically and precede the calendar.

## REGIONAL CODE

NW — Pacific Northwest

NYC — Metropolitan New York City area

## CALENDAR LOCATIONS

### AMAR

Movie Loft  
61 East 11th Street  
N.Y.C.

### AMEX—AM-EX

American Experimental Cinema  
8 Stuyvesant St. (near Couper Union)  
N.Y.C., 212 677-9790

### CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY

Film-makers' Cinematheque series at The Gallery of Modern Art  
Columbus Circle  
N.Y.C., 212 LT1-2311

### CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM

The Jewish Museum  
1109 5th Avenue (91st St)  
N.Y.C. 10028, 212 749-3770

### CLOSET CINEMA

30 Watts St. (nr. 6th Avenue)  
N.Y.C., 212 226-1936

### THE CUBICULO THEATER

414 W. 51st Street  
N.Y.C., 212 265-2138

### EMANU-EL MIDTOWN YM-YWHA

344 E. 14th Street  
N.Y.C.

### JUDSON Mem. Church

55 Washington Sq. So.  
N.Y.C.

### MILLENIUM FILM WORKSHOP INC.

46 Gt. Jones Street (E. 3rd St.)  
N.Y.C. 10012, 212 228-9998

### MOMA

Museum of Modern Art  
11 West 53rd Street  
N.Y.C. 10019, 212 CI5-3200

### U-P Film Group

814 Broadway  
N.Y.C., 212 475-9110

## CALENDAR

### MAY 7 — WEDNESDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — The pioneers, program: FRANK STAUFFACHER: Notes on the Port of St. Francis (1952); Sausalito (1948). SARA KATHRYN ARLEDGE: Introspection (1947). CHESTER KESSLER: Plague Summer (1951). SIDNEY PETERSON: The Lead Shoes (1949). Mr. Frenhofer and the Minotaur (1949) — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

6:00 PM — NYC — films of SIDNEY PETERSON: The Potted Psalm (1946) (co-director: JAMES BROUGHTON); The Cage (1947); The Petrified Dog (1948); Clinic of Stumble; Horror Dream — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

8:00 PM — NYC — The NEWSREEL: Black Panther & others — **JUDSON**

### MAY 8 — THURSDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — JOHN SCHOFILL: Die; X film. MICHAEL WIESE: Tree. STEVE ARNOLD: Liberation of the Manique Mechanique. LARRY JORDAN: Triptych in Four Parts; Hamfat Asar. SCOTT BARTLETT: Off-On — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

6:00 PM — NYC — GERALD VARNEY: Physical Fitness. BRUCE BAILLE: Port Chicago Newsreel (1966). MICHAEL KLEIN: Summertime (1965). DAVID RINGO: March on the Pentagon (1967-8). SAN FRANCISCO NEWSREEL: Off the Pigs (1968) — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

7:30 & 10:00 PM — NYC — WALTER GUTMAN: The Adoration of Susie; GEORGE KUCHAR: Unstrap Me — **AM-EX**

MIDNITE — NYC — JOHN DULANEY: Yipout; LAC Film; Skinny Fat Park Carpet; Mentat; Fly Family Spectrum; The Outing; new film in progress — **AM-EX**

### MAY 9 — FRIDAY

NW — public screenings of entries in Lewis & Clark Film Festival — **L & C**

2:00, 6:00 & 8:00 PM — NYC — Films by WILL HINDLE: 29: Merci, Merci (1967); FFFTCM (1967); Chinese Firedrill (1968); Billabong (1968) — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

7:30 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — **AM-EX**

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — films by MAURICE AMAR. New film added as completed. **AMAR**

8:00 UM — NYC — open screening & independent shorts. 1 film per filmmaker with 1 month max. run. Contact Raffique for details. — **U.P.**

MIDNITE — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — **AM-EX**



### MAY 10 — SATURDAY

NW — public screenings of entries in Lewis & Clark Film Festival — **L & C**

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — DAVE McLAUGHLIN: Swim Fish Swim; Frustrations of a Crane; When the Ship Comes In. BRUCE BIRMEIN: Tuna Fish Kiss; Consumers Report. IRA FABRICANT: Friends. LYLE PEARSON: Pterodactyl. JERRY ABRAMS: Be-In; Mainstream. KEN De ROUX: Riding out (this program is by filmmakers, except Abrams, whose first 16mm films appeared during the past year and a half) — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

7:30 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — **AM-EX**

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Friday program — **AMAR**

8:00 PM — NYC — New works, independent filmmaking study material, commercial, classics, the very frontiers of cinema, Life, Filmmakers invited to bring films; call Barry Coburn, 212 226-1936 for info — **CLOSET**

8:00 PM — NYC — Undergroud film program — **MILLENIUM**

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of Friday program — **U-P**

MIDNITE — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — **AM-EX**

### MAY 11 — SUNDAY

NW — public screenings of entries in Lewis & Clark Film Festival — **L & C**

2:00 PM — NYC — Early JAMES BROUGHTON: The Adventures of Jimmy (1950); Mother's Day (1948); Loony Tom the Happy Lover (1951); The Pleasure Garden (1953) — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

6:00 PM — NYC — "The Middle Years" (1953-63, post-Broughton to early Nelson); BRUCE BAILLE: On Sundays (1960-1); Mr. Hayashi (1961); The Gymnasts (1961); PAUL BEATTIE: The T Cross (1961 or 62);

A Thimble of Goodbye. WILL HINDLE: Pastorale d'Ete 1958; Non Catholicam (1958-62). ROBERT NELSON: Plastic Haircut (1963) — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

7:30 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — **AM-EX**

8:00 PM — NYC — MARC SADAN films & discussion — **MILLENIUM**

### MAY 13 — TUESDAY

5:30 & 7:00 PM — NYC — NATHANIEL DORSKY: In-green; A Fall Trip Home; Summerwind — **CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM**

8:00 PM — NYC — CESARE ZAVATTINI will be present and introduce A more in citta — **MOMA**

### MAY 14 — WEDNESDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — The films of HERBERT JEAN de GRASSE: Killman; The New Improved Inner Argh; Firelady; Venus — **CINEMATEQUE/GALLERY**

6:00 PM — NYC — The films of HERBERT JEAN de GRASSE, continued: Blindman; The Cop; The Lawyer — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

### MAY 15 — THURSDAY

2:00 & 6:00 — NYC — The films of LENNY LIPTON: Powerman (1966); Ineluctable Modality of the Visible (1966); Happy Birthday Lenny (1965); Cornucopia (1967); Below the Fruited Plain (1966); Memories of an Unborn Baby (1966); The Dunes of Truro (1966); We Shall March Again (1965); Show and Tell (1968) — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

7:30 PM — NYC — screening of finalists in "Film as Art" category — **AMERICAN FILM FESTIVAL**, N. Y. Hilton Hotel, 6th Ave. & 53rd St., NYC

7:30 & 10:00 PH — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — **AM-EX**

MIDNIITE — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — **AM-EX**

### MAY 16 — FRIDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — first 8mm program: LENNY LIPTON: Office. IRA FABRICANT: Window; To the New Born; Sky Film. KEN DeROUX: Eclipse—Clips or Lunar Movie. RON DAHL: Mexico 63. Films by ROBERT BALLARD — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

6:00 & 8:00 PM — NYC — The films of BRUCE BAILLE, program I: Show Leader; Termination; A Hurrah for Soldiers; Mass for the Dakota Sioux; Quixote; Still Life — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

7:30 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — **AM-EX**

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — **AMAR**

8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program **U-P**

MIDNITE — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — **AM-EX**

### MAY 17 — SATURDAY

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — The films of BRUCE BAILLE, program II: Show Leader; Brookfield Recreation Center; Have You Thought of Talking to the Director; To Parsifal; Tung; Yellow Horse; Castro Street; Valentin de las Sierras; All My Life — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

7:30 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — **AM-EX**

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — **AMAR**

8:00 PM — NYC — see previous Saturday — **CLOSET**

8:00 PM — NYC — Underground film program — **MILLENIUM**

8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — **U-P**

MIDNIITE — NYC — repeat fo DULANEY program — **AM-EX**

### MAY 18 — SUNDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — The films of LAWRENCE & SHEILA BOOTH: The Banquet; The Last Days of Spring; Rust; No Dominion — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

6:00 PM — NYC — "The Early Abstractionists," program I' PATRICIA MARX: Obmaru; Things to Come. JANE CONGER: Odds and Ends; Logos. HY HIRSH: Chasse des Touches; la Couleur de la Forme; Gyromorphosis; Come Closer (version). HARRY SMITH: Early Abstractions — **CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY**

7:30 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — **AM-EX**

8:00 PM — NYC — NAOMI LEVINE films & discussion — **MILLENIUM**

# thilm

Theatre is always a matter of reality-interaction—yours and theirs. Sunday's Erotic Energies Benefit at the Electric Circus was a mystery, obviously . . . Sequence of events: MC 5 perform, energy level rises: for the first and only time that night, everyone got off their collective cultural backside and gathered round the stage . . . Hugh Romney got up, asked everyone to for a warm loving pile . . . Ben Morea arose to the occasion, started screaming righteously (sticks and stone never never, but words . . .?) and then, we wuz closed. It seems that Sunday night, one of the FBI's 10 Most Wanted, a murderer-bomber from Oklahoma, had decided to hang out in the Electric Circus and the cops decided to come get him just as Ben Morea was speaking . . . They didn't want to interrupt before . . .? They only found out where their man was at 1 AM . . .?

It's a mystery, folks . . .

And then there is the Gallery of Modern Art, a Nixon frontrunner . . .? April 25, Friday, a showing of Stan Brakhage movies . . . The 8 PM showing was cancelled, charge of obscenity . . . no, nobody knows who said to cancel. Yes, Brakhage is having a show at the Museum of Modern Art. Yes hes a great filmmaker . . . Nothing stands in the way of the Blue Righteous, not even the Bill of Rights.

As everything comes full cycle, so does film: celluloid drama of the talkies; the flicks likes . . . oh pick your own . . .; spectaculars . . . then, movies . . . the Western; underground; nouvelle vague; cinema verite; full documentary. Songs From Under Childhood; Relativity; Chafed Elbows; Lolita; Los Olvidados; Nanook of the North . . . and on into the realm of the personal, which is where all this is going. While film was achieving status, any status, psychology was also growing; the audience was becoming more sophisticated and more determined to understand through revelation, both their own and the artists. Freud became a household word and all art forms began a race to erase the boundaries between the reality and the reflection. Realism became a way of life and a school of thought: now we are post-Modern, post-Realism, and even Post-Psychology. We are into the age of paradox, antithesis and reality itself, the quality of truth which provides each person's own code of existence. Reality has little to do with the—ism attached to it as a suffix; belief has never been a means of achieving truth, only a way to keep on, while waiting to find the truth. Religions, whether old-fashioned or the newer ones—Science (Technology) or Culture—are only mass explanations of the obvious inconsistencies everyone must interact with, during a lifetime. Mainly, religions are reassuring, and we don't live in a very reassuring time. Every age thought it had found the ultimate destruction weapon, but only ours has the mass media to pound it home every day, bigger and better . . .

Reality, then, is a personal matter, and existence a way of coping with that which you see and believe. We hear and see what we want to, and accept other visions as they fit in with our own. Words are limited; we don't yet have a vocabulary which is post-McLuan and post-Cage. We need a vocabulary which fits the paradoxical, the absurd, and the personal "real," until then, films are a substitute. They exist both in space,



by LITA ELISCU (Continued on Page 22) PHOTO BY RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN

# kdain kama

The Electric Kocaine Karma on WFMU has been silenced. After 10 months, the show which emanated from Upsala College in East Orange, New Jersey had built an estimated audience of 50,000 to 60,000 listeners. But these people were ignored to placate the American Legion, college alumni, the radio board and a tyrannical, hypocrite station manager, all whom were up tight about the free-wheeling style of the Karma Kapers. The decision to cancel was based on "various reasons of politics, taste and economics."

The tragedy of radio is that it was abandoned as a creative media. The greed creeps who own the airwaves bend in supplication before the TV antennae and sentence radio to a dull, drugged, uncounscious life. Radio should be the heartline of the community, an immediate source of news, music and inspiration, but the death consciousness of capitalism rendered it an obsolete media, whose only reason to exist is to sell products. Radio stations are a commodity owned and controlled by politicians, newspapers and holding corporations.

The Pacifica Foundation and college-owned stations are the only exceptions to the profit oriented butchering of radio. The former which operates three listener-supported stations, is directed toward the liberal, intellectual community. The freshness, life and vitality of radio demands a responsibility to the people. But the commercial stations are blind to sincere community involvement. The corporations are so totally unconcerned with the life of this media and its importance to the community that many stations are all pretaped, with absolutely no live contact with the listeners.

The media must be responsive to the people. Being responsible to advertisers and stockholders, radio has a lifeless, unchallenged existence—a bland, formularized state that affords no opportunity for creativity and denies the involvement of radio in contemporary culture. With the concern for programming, radio could be a springboard for new music, comedy, drama and thought, rather than being relegated to a graveyardshowcase of Muzak, plastic rock, ugly commercials and right-wing rhetoric. Babylon has indeed developed mindless radio for the honky housewife.

The so-called underground or "progressive rock" FM outlets are essentially top-40 stations playing hit albums instead of hit singles. The disc jockey personality is low-energy, pseudo-hip, holier-than-Thou and as ignorant of the music and community as Billboard, Cashbox, and the N. Y. Times. Pacifica's WBAI, with a great deal of social involvement, has become stagnant presenting the same consciousness, discussions, and folksy music night after night, year after year. Emerging to shatter these airwave doldrums was WFMU-FM, 1500 watts broadcasting from Upsala College in East Orange, New Jersey. The antithesis of "the yellow-jaundice tongue of commercial-formula radio, this non-professional educational station conceived the idea of "free-form radio." Conceived by Vince Scelsa and developed by Larry Yurdin who worked on San Francisco's original KMPX, this revolutionary method of programming liberated the disc jockey. Instead of merely being the zombie functionary of plastic radio, the on the air personalities of WFMU have the complete freedom to create new dimensions in the media. In May, 1968, representatives of free-form radio of-

by RUDNICK/FRAWLEY (Continued on Page 24)

## Hip-pocrates

DR. SCHOENFELD

**QUESTION:** I have six children and would like to find a way to present my soul-mate with a more shrunken area to play in. Dig?

My physician told me that I had an unusually good pelvic floor for having had so many children (whatever that means). I have exercised my vaginal muscles but think I have accomplished all that can be done that way. My husband is sweet and says it doesn't make that much difference, but . . .

Incidentally, I called my doctor to ask if I could have some kind of surgical repair. But the nurse I had to clear it through was grossly offended, wouldn't bother the doctor with it and called me a "perverted slut."

How do them up-tight apples grab ya?

**ANSWER:** If there's any perversion here it comes from the nurse and not you. I think you should bring this matter directly to the attention of your physician — he may not know the harm being done by his nurse.

Surgical procedures are sometimes performed in a case such as yours and a gynecologist could give you a definitive answer.

**QUESTION:** What hassles are involved for an operation to sterilize the female? I've been married and on the pill (only acceptable method of contraception for me) for 5 years.

I've had none of the typical pill troubles but wonder about longterm effects. Also I think it's pretty silly for me to keep paying even nominal pill prices when my husband and I are sure we never want children.

Can one just ask any gynecologist? Must several approve? Is the fact that I just do not want kids reason enough? I'm 23.

**ANSWER:** Female sterilization requires making incisions in the abdominal wall, cutting the fallopian tubes and suturing (sewing up) each of the several ends. Another method involves making an incision in the back of the vagina and gaining access to the tubes without cutting the abdominal wall.

When the tubes are tied off in this fashion, spermatozoa entering the uterus cannot meet the ova, or eggs, released by the ovaries and traveling down the fallopian tubes. Once the tubes are severed, chances for pregnancy are extremely small. Even attempts at reuniting severed tubes (if the woman later changes her mind) are most often unsuccessful.

The chances of finding a gynecologist who would sterilize a childless 23 year old woman are also extremely small. Your potential child-bearing years could last another 20 years or more and no one can foresee where your head might be during that time.

A study of birth control pill side effects completed recently in England showed an increased incidence of blood clots, some of which were fatal. These findings have been disputed by some American physicians. Assuming that the study was valid, it may be that the new lower dose pill forms have decreased these side effects. A study of this question in American women is scheduled for completion this summer. At present there is no recommended limitation on the length of time the pills may safely be used.

**QUESTION:** I recently had intercourse with a guy I just met who has just left for Cal and I have no way of contacting him.

(Continued on Page 25)



# ENCOUNTER OF MODERN IDIOMS

**BOOKS** by WALTER BREEN

**Bishop James A. Pike, THE OTHER SIDE** (with Diane Kennedy), Garden City: Doubleday & Co., 1968, 398 pp. \$5.95.

This book will do more for the cause of psychic research (and, perhaps unfortunately, for the spiritualist churches) than anything since Edgar Cayce. So far from being the usual recital of experiences only half credible even to one who has turned off his critical faculties, this is a deeply felt account of Pike's identity crisis, his having his nose rubbed inevidential (poltergeist phenomena when nothing else would bring his attention to the survival problem), and his progress from the dogmatic slumbers of orthodoxy to skepticism to acceptance of survival and reincarnation.

I admit that when I began to read this, I was not favorably impressed. Bishop Pike, at the outset, struck me as so wrapped up in his episcopal robes (and problems, to be sure) as to be hardly an adequate companion—let alone counselor—to his Haight-Ashbury son. The boy was in desperate trouble; using psychedelics showed him where his trouble came from, but not what he could do about it, and the Bishop's answer was to take him to England to renounce the whole Haight scene. It didn't work out that way; and the Bishop tended to blame LSD for the boy's suicide, when by his own account the very dangerous Romilar in over-

dose was responsible for the brain damage, despair and deathwish.

In context, after finishing the book, I find that this earlier material was properly left in. It is only honest for the Bishop to show what he was like before, as well as during and after, his son's death, his battle with the church authorities, and his own confrontation with the Unseen. (Though come to think of it the poltergeist activities were all too visible!) These are told candidly, realistically, with a chapter dealing with all the alternative hypotheses his own skepticism could bring up—which is quite a few. Having had some experience myself with poltergeists and with the problem of sorting out possible products of a fearful or fevered imagination from authentic evidence of discarnate interference, I can appreciate the Bishop's problem—and his honest approach. This is one of the strongest parts of the book.

One can find it incredible that a bishop of the Church of England—one of the more educated ones at that—should have for so long ignored the issue of the afterlife, of personal survival. For after all, Christianity itself is explicitly based on belief in the personal survival of the man Jesus, in the character of individual survival according to one's life on earth, and in the eventual resurrection of the dead into new bodies. For which reason, if no other, it behooves every professed Christian at least to investigate the

evidence turned up in the last few thousand years concerning individual survival. I am no orthodox Christian, still less a Spiritualist, but I have been long since forced to the position that a more open mind is not enough: the issue of a personal afterlife is too important to ignore. Which does not mean fearfully living according to someone's idea of how to escape hell, but rather to learn what can be pieced together about the afterlife from the most convincing accounts. It is singular, for example, that in *Man's Destiny in Eternity*, a collection of university-sponsored lectures twenty years ago, Dr. Hornell Hart did a content analysis of mediumistic communications from various countries and several centuries, and found so much independent agreement among them as to make inevitable the conclusion that they were describing a common type of experience, a common region of the (nonphysical?) universe. "Heaven" and "hell" were creations of believers only. Yet Pike was unaware of all this.

Better late than never, though, and his son's determined efforts to bring Pike's attention to the problem resulted in Pike's consulting mediums, obtaining not only evidential but some practical answers to mundane and other questions which only the boy could have answered had he lived long enough. There is also some evidence of other discarnate contacts, but whether or not the entities actually were who they claimed to be—Edgar Cayce and Paul Tillich—is immaterial: the important point here is that people do not automatically become any wiser, let alone omniscient, merely by dying and sending mediumistic messages. Consulting mediums for oracular messages is seen even by Bishop Pike as sheer illusion, and it is about time someone said so.

Here we also learn of the story behind the historic TV broadcast originating in Toronto, Sept. 3, 1967, the single incident which more than any other appears to have brought to public notoriety mediumship, survival and the whole group of studies, beliefs, theories, etc., commonly lumped as occult or mystical material. Pike, always a charismatic figure, came under immediate attack from his fellow church officials because of this broadcast; the publicity resulting from it has directly or indirectly created the demand—and thus the supply—of paperback nonfiction in this field. It is not often that historical turning points of this kind can be so clearly, realistically and honestly documented; we are fortunate to have this one. And the experienced reader encountering it will smile, realizing that here is the beginning of the fulfilment of prophecies made years before by Jeane Dixon and Edgar Cayce (unknown to Bishop Pike), to the effect that in the 1970's and 80's occult material will be as commonly recognized by the man in the street as are science-fictional ideas today.

There is much fascinating lore both about mediums and their messages (pace Prof. McLuhan) and the fate of persons immediately after death, too much to summarize here. Both newcomers to quasi occult, spiritualist, and similar literature, and experienced readers in this field will find much to learn and much confirmation from an honest, wary and would-be scientific mind of what they may already have learned from other sources. At the end is a list of other books in the field worth consulting; I can testify that most of the titles familiar to me—which is over 3/4 of them—are sensible in a field notorious for frauds and self-deceivers. Heartily recommended.

**For people who believe in old-fashioned quality.**



# APOCALYPSE

AS WE GET DEEPLY SUCKED INTO THE WORLD OF TOMMOROW, THERE IS INCREASINGLY LESS MAN CANNOT MASTER



THERE IT GOES GROGAN, AIN'T SHE A BEAUT?

BUT, AS IN ALL HUMAN QUESTS, BI-PRODUCTS OF ORGANIC WASTE ARE INEVITABLE.



CAPTAIN FULLER THE TEL-STAR HOOKUP IS READY



GENTLEMEN THE DAYS OF THIS REPUBLIC ARE NUMBERED

MOST OF THIS WASTE WILL PRESUMABLY BE DUMPED IN AREAS DEVOID OF LIVING MATTER



THIS VILE SUBSTANCE, WHAT EVER IT BE IS ENGULFING THE PLANET! AS YOUR PRESIDENT I AM ORDERING

OR WILL IT? CORTILIA, A PLANET OF MICROCOSMIC DIMENSIONS, MAKES ITS AEONIC ORBIT THROUGH JUST SUCH AN AREA



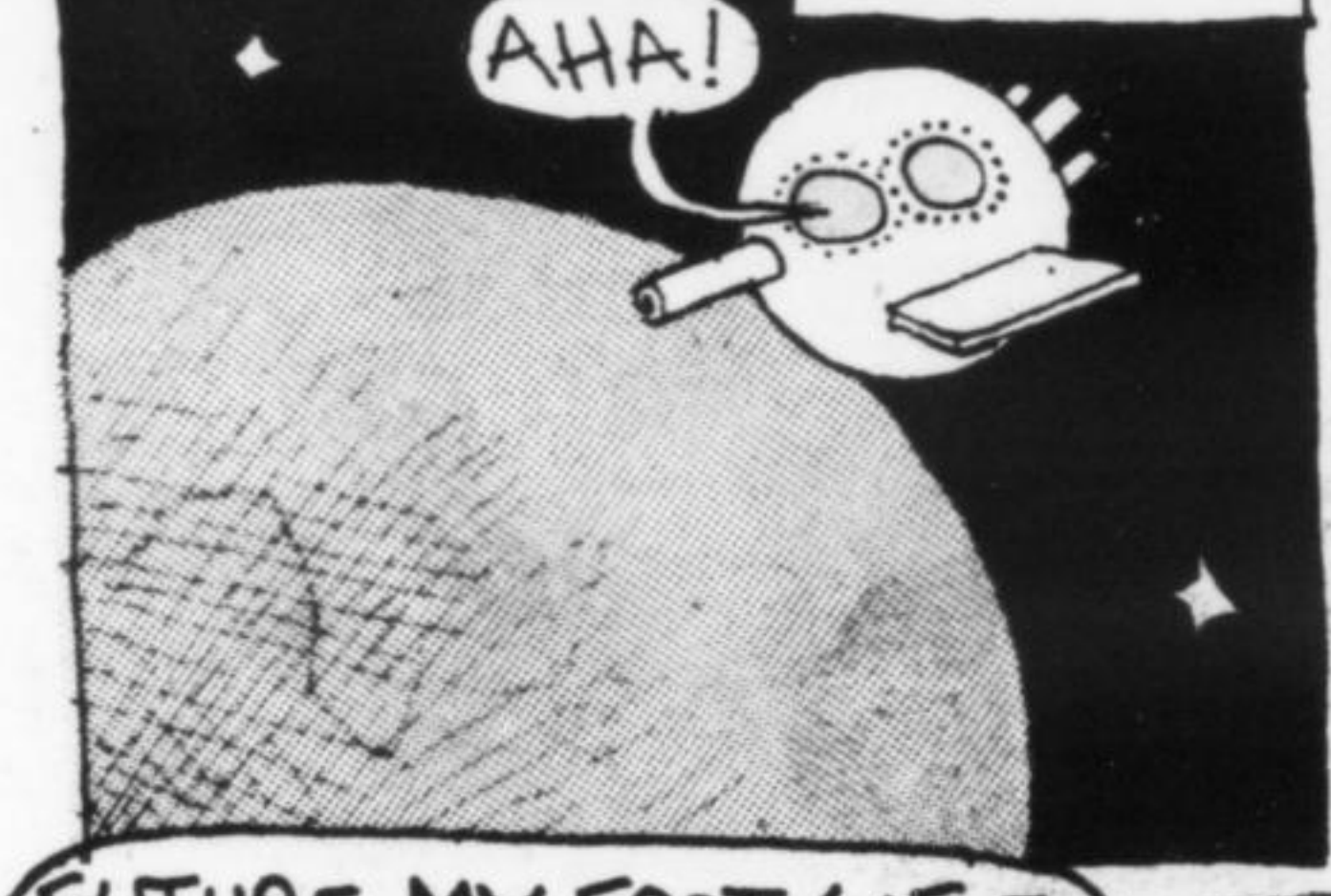
MISSIONARY UNITS TO FIND AN INHABITABLE HOMELAND

THE EFFECTS OF SUCH A MISHAP COULD BE CATACTLYSMIC



MAMA

ONCE WE HAVE FOUND A TRULY SUITABLE TERRAIN, THE DISPOSAL OF ITS NATIVES (IF ANY) SHOULD BE CHILDS PLAY



AHA!



AIN'T IT A NIFTY ONE? HUH!

WOW!



SO YOU'RE READING THAT JUNK AGAIN ARE YOU?

BUT UNCA DONALD

IT'S NOT JUNK

IT TELLS US ABOUT THE FUTURE

FUTURE MY FOOT! IF I SEE THIS TRASH IN THE HOUSE AGAIN I'LL TAN YOUR HIDES



HEH HEH, GUESS I NIPPED THAT IN THE BUD

(GULP) YES UNCA DONALD

MEANWHILE, ...ON THE EDGE OF EARTH'S GRAY-ITATIONAL SPHERE



WELL, WERE ALMOST THERE

IT'S A GOOD THING TOO... WITH DWINDLING FOOD RATIONS WE COULDN'T HAVE LASTED MUCH LONGER

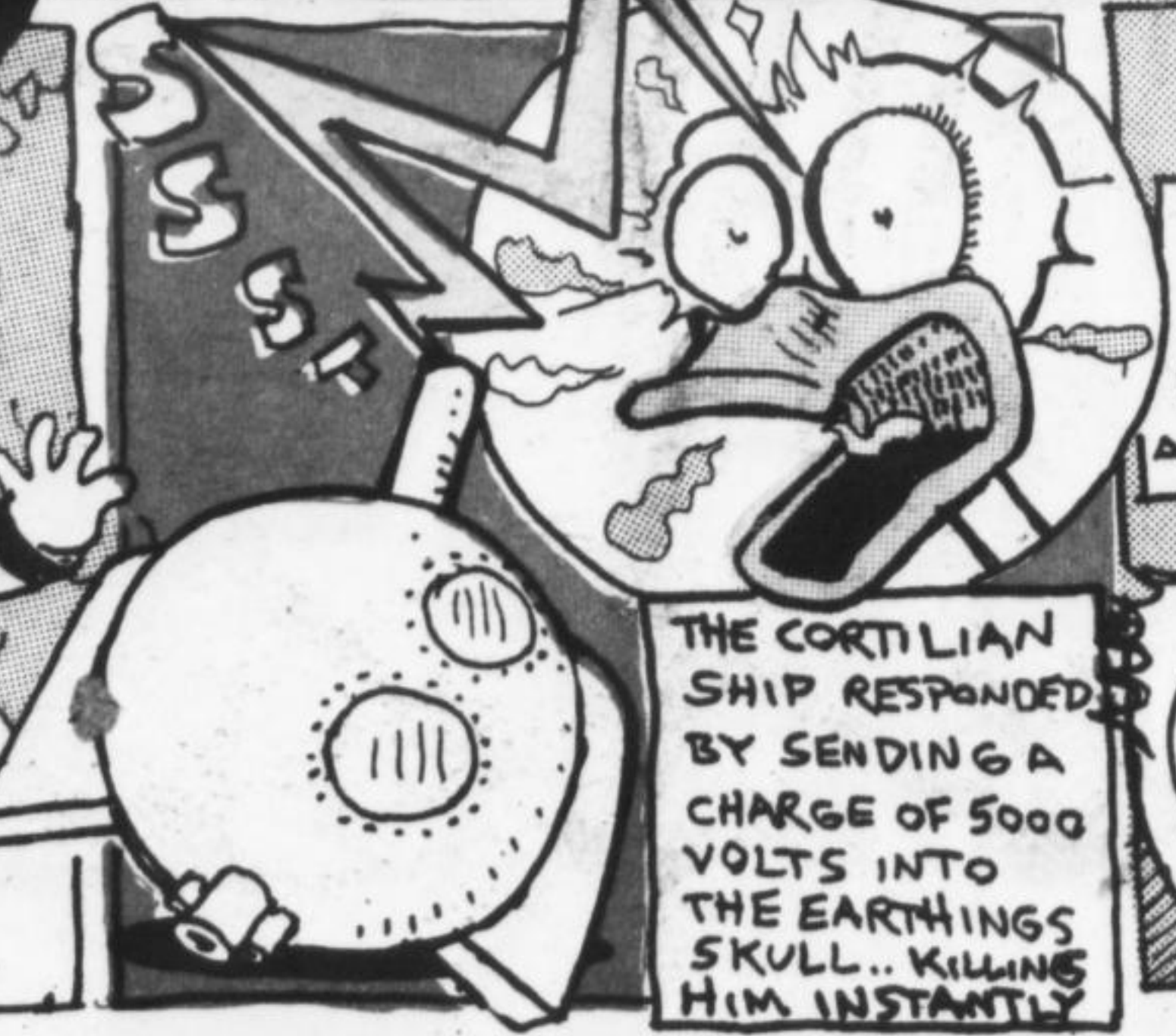
AND HOW I'M FAMISHED



BEEP BEEP BEEP



WELL BLESS MY SOUL!



THE CORTILIAN SHIP RESPONDED BY SENDING A CHARGE OF 5000 VOLTS INTO THE EARTHINGS SKULL... KILLING HIM INSTANTLY

DONALD'S LIFELESS VISAGE SERVES AS THE MORBID BACK-DROP OF OUR CLOSING ACT...

WHO KNOWS IT COULD BE THE HONBLE BEGINNING OF ALIEN DOMINATION



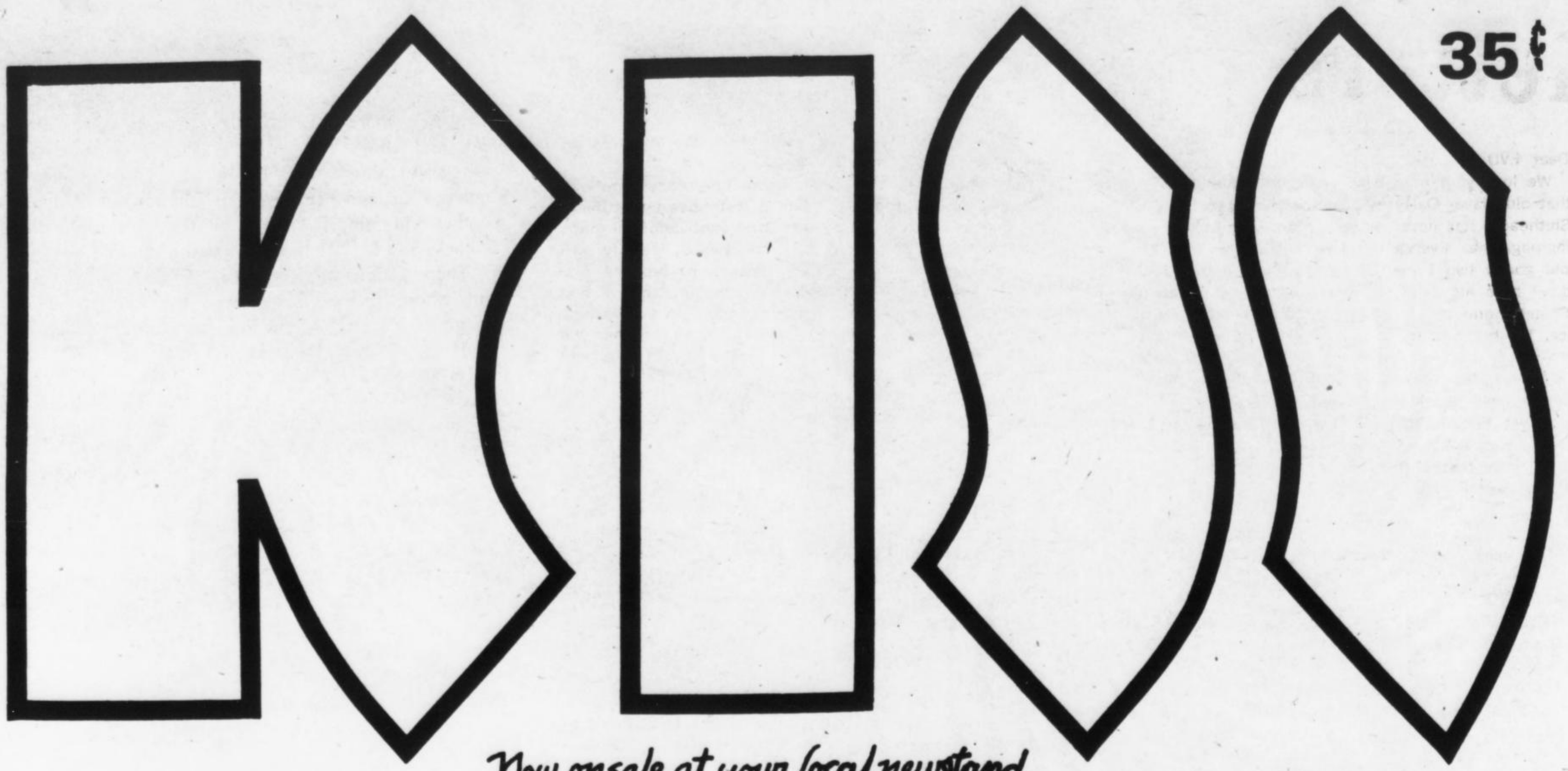
HECK HE'LL KEEP US IN FOOD FOR A WEEK

THATS FOR ME LET'S CUT OFF A CHUNK RIGHT NOW!



ALLAN even my dog can jump that fence without busting his balls, Bob.





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# letters

(Continued from Page 2)

Dear EVO:

We love your mag here in Illinois, although I'm sure that old Mayor Daley in Downtown Chicago (King of the Shitheads) has never picked up an issue of this expanding magazine. Everybody here in Chicago doesn't like old goody two shoes Daley like Chet & David say we do. I hate his guts. He throws all of the heads out of Chicago and gets praised by every T.V. fan in America. He bullshits us into thinking that he did this for the windy city and that is a big fabricated lie. If you walk into the cleanest city of America (chicago?) you get mugged and killed, (if you are lucky). If you aren't you get thrown into Mayor's slum development area. Where rats the size of cats eat you up entirely. I hope and know that alot of people agree with me. Mayor Daley isn't a king, he is a filthy pauper.

Love,  
BROTHER ROE

P.s. fsoaisillenter (Translation: War Sucks!)

Dear EVO:

Grow Research Organization is a group of about 75 people that have organized in a commune in order to help one another do their things. We've got a hell of a lot of things going already, including CROFARM, and a lot more things ready to go as soon as we get the bread. Besides doing research on communal living itself, we plan to start a school, build a groovy ecological garden (where the animals and plants can do their thing under giant geodesic domes just like home), build a reservoir on CROFARM with a wildlife sanctuary, etc. We also have designed a geodesic dome having quarters especially for communards (anyone who has lived in a comune knows that conventional structures don't make it). The area in which CROFARM is located is not too affluent (to say the least) so while we make it OK from month to month and are able to steadily improve the farm, we are having a hard time raising the bread necessary to get some of the groovier plans moving. We're looking for loans, gifts, cottage industries . . . in short, any legit source of funds. At present we've got a lot of ambition and talent going to waste. Ideas also appreciated. For the time being, please accept the enclosed ad and we'll see how many people are willing to give up a lid or so to help get us started. We'll send all donors a certificate of Honorary Membership to remember us by when we make it.

Love, CRO. Box 706 L Veneta, Ore. 97487

Music and color have lifted me out of stagnation. But they only seem to be condiments and frosting and desserts.

I have counted my name and birds. I am a five in a world of threes and nines. Interesting.

I have cast the cards with their hanged men and knaves and milleniums of sacred experience. Somehow, a past life.

I have studied the stars and learned much. Astrology seems to be slightly too academic and scientific. It tells me, but I do not feel and know.

An old and wise woman read my hand. I think I shall read palms in my old age, when my body is weak but my mind still strong, when inner vitality exceeds that of the vehicle.

I have tasted the poppy, and alcohol, and found them pleasant, but unfulfilling.

I have intellectualized my existence until I bored myself to death.

I have emulated and imitated those who I revered. Their way is their own way.

I have rested in the shade of the tree of marijuana for countless hours, observing and enjoying

And one day, in this life, I knew that I had read and thought and conjectured too much. I was a man dying of thirst, reading a treatise on the value of water, not knowing enough to drink.

There are a thousand ways. Ten times a thousand. But my youth lends impatience. I cannot wait twenty or fifty years to gain enligstenment. We seem to have an acute shortage of teachers. Our mechanical, sexless, uptight American ethic has denied the pure their birthright, communication. I have no teacher. You are my teacher. God is my teacher. I am my teacher. Acid is my teacher.

Have you ever experienced the entire universe, all things living of the past and future and present, pound through you?

The pieces, I feel, are beginning to fall together. I am a child of the universe. I am the universe. Astrology, and penis are all part of the way, but not the way. They are the branches and the leaves an the fruit. You and I, we are the body. Acid is our water, and our brothers the sun.

Bernard Coyle  
Tucson, Arizona

## WHICH IS THE WAY, MASTER?

or, Confessions of an American Acid-Head

My way is the way of drugs. There are other paths. My way is not the way of the other men, nor is theirs mine.

There is no good, nor evil: There are only paths. And Karma.

My father, and his father before him, chose the way of religion, of orthodoxy. I find it restrictive and stifling. Is fear of eternal damnation true motivation? I once aspired to the priesthood, for I could easily identify with the transubstantiation. Later I leaned toward the monastic way. But a thought, the thought, that I had done all these things, came to me. I have been a celibate, and a priest, and known those powers. We are all priests. These are the ways of past lives, and future. In this one I choose to live, and to be.

I have tried the disciplines of Yoga, and found them body. It doesn't seem to be enough. Another life, perhaps.

I have sung mantras and flown on their vibrations. Of themselves, are these enough?

Dear EVO:

I've been doing up your formerly fine trash for 3 long years and I'm pissed. Must you rob me of my only alternative to the venerable "Times." The shit slinging turd all over you, man — please, please, please. Don't blow a good thing.

Love  
JEFFREY

Dear EVO:

The undersigned, all staff counsel of the New York Civil Liberties Union, wish to express their dissent as individuals from the ACLU statement published in the New York Times on April 4, 1969 regarding disruptive demonstrations.

We endorse the Union's commitment "to the protection of all peaceful, non-obstructive forms of protest." But where peaceful, non-obstructive means of protest have failed for particular groups in this society, where the democratic process has been unresponsive to the grievances of minority groups, where it has denied those groups access to the machinery whereby decisions governing their lives are made, where it has been unable to provide the full measure of equality promised by the Constitution, then we believe it far more important to emphasize these conditions than to focus on the militant response which they have bred. It was precisely for this reason that the Presidential Commission on Civil Disorder, though not condoning urban riots, placed its greatest emphasis on the racism infecting our society.

We believe that civil liberties in this country are ultimately most threatened by organizations and individuals, public and private, who by virtue of their positions of power are able to subtly oppress without resort to disruption. Their toleration, and even encouragement, of attempts to impose rigid conformity on our society and their persistent refusal to come to grips with the pervasive denial of equal opportunity to racial minorities constitutes the real threat to a free society.

Finally, to add the voice of the ACLU to the repressive forces already at work against social change in our society seems counter-productive if not dangerous at this time.

Very truly yours, Alan H. LEVINE, NEIL FABRICANT,  
PAUL CHEVIGNY, BURT NEUBORNE.

## Street People

(Continued from Page 9)

crowd. See, there were only maybe forty people on hand, and about half as many fuzz with superior training and weapons technology . . . Three of them jumped a kid and began whaling the tar out of him. Another kid jumped on one of the cops, right on his back, and he was hastily ripped away and beaten up. There people were busted and taken to the station, where they were worked over pretty well, enough to pick up seven separate charges apiece: felonious assault, resisting arrest, possession of dangerous weapons, interference, all that. The more they beat you up, the more they have to charge you with to justify beating you up in the first place. understand. One of Ben's family got a broken arm and several dozen stitches in the head: he may go to jail for a long time for that.

SUNDAY NIGHT, 27 MARCH

Vibes were heavy on Sunday, but the Motherfuckers worked to keep things cool. The Sixth Street Theatre, who were collecting bail money for the family, suggested performing on the street for donations, but Ben felt it would be politic to hold off for the evening, since the cops were extremely freaked. No violence, just intimidation.

MONDAY, 28 APRIL

The Sixth Street Theatre entertained in front of Gem's Spa early in the evening, before a crowd of perhaps twenty. Everything was very cool. Nobody was damaging any property, and the Sixth Street Theatre scrupulously avoids any sidewalk blocking . . . There was no justification for what the cops did then, unless what Sping does to the heads of cops( and psychopaths) can justify it: they charged the crowd in force, dragging people away to get at the troupe, who they beat the shit out of. They were hitting a girl over the head, in the belly, over the kidneys and on the shoulders—there are plenty witnesses—when a boy jumped them and was himself ripped off enthusiastically by these leather-clad Pigs. Six theatre people were arrested in the melee, including a girl who was slugged in the belly and groin so soundly and repeatedly that to this day she's not working quite right. They were dragged off to the station, and the streets were cleared.

After this, Ben Morea went around to the business people along St. Mark's, asking for donations to the bail fund for everyone who had been busted since Spring Cleaning started. Several people wanted nothing at all to do with him, but most promised to donate something eventually (Continued on Page 20)



# The Legal Front

Ltd.

Mens Boutique 12:00 A.M. - 9:00 P.M.  
39 St. Marks Place 677-9910

# Street People

(Continued from Page 19)

TUESDAY, 29 APRIL

On Tuesday, Ben was going around St. Mark's to pick up some promised donations, when he was met by a squad of fuzz who threatened to bust him on extortion. What a shuck! Ben Morea, head of the Motherfuckers, fooling around with extortion! Sure . . . I mean, if the Panthers can bomb the Botanical Gardens, why can't Ben Morea extort bread from St. Marks' hippie industry? Some people will believe anything from the mouth a Pig, especially judges. So these Pigs took Ben around to various businessmen, trying to talk them into pressing charges against him. The Shopkeepers were reluctant to lie for the Pigs—they may be capitalists, but Pigs they're not—and so the cops were forced to bring out some stoolie or another, a girl who—according to them—had told them Ben would stick her with a knife if she didn't cough up some bread. Fortunately for Ben, though, she came through when the nitty got gritty and insisted she'd told the Pigs no such thing.

Ben Morea is still at large. For those of our brothers who have been hung on charges, though, it would be well if all EVO's philanthropic readers would mail donations—Give Before It Hurts—to the bail fund, c/o ESSO (East Side Survival Organisation) at P.O. Box 512, Cooper Square Station, New York 10001.

**SOMETHIN' ELSE**

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**STEVE PAUL'S SCENE** **JU 2-5760**  
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## Mad Media

(Continued from Page 11)

— pretty teenagers in bikinis and undies, titillatingly-concealed nude ladies applying colognes and deodorants, men in form-fitting briefs for the gay crowd. Subteen girls, with long blonde hair in bikinis, and topless in pantyhose. For our pedophilic friends, etc. Given the power, though, I wouldn't censor your magazine; I'm not a hypocrite, you see.

Perhaps the most basic thing you and your friends, the censors, fail to recognize is this: by heavy-handedly closing down "Che!", they have denied us the right to see the play; by presenting the play, however, "Che's!" producers and actors did NOT deprive you or them or anyone else offended by the sight of the human body of the right to stay away. No one imposed "Che!" upon you or them; "Che!", rather, was imposed upon, NOT because it is "obscene", NOT (I personally believe) because it is politically radical, but simply because local elections are coming up, and everyone wants the

organized Puritan vote. As surely as election politics inspired Congressman Murphy's foolish tour of 42nd Street nudie shops, election politics dictated that "Che!" be suppressed. Your enthusiastic support for a brutish assault on the First Amendment freedoms so basely motivated does you no credit.

As an attorney who assisted, two years ago, in the defense of Charlotte Moorman, the last person (until the suppression of "Che!") prosecuted for an allegedly obscene stage performance in this city, and who is currently assisting in the defense of the "Che!" defendants, I condemn what is unquestionably the most despicable aspect of your editorials: Your use of your considerable influence to condemn defendants in a pending criminal prosecution as guilty of the crimes for which they are being prosecuted. This is precisely the kind of irresponsible, reckless journalism denounced by the U. S. Supreme Court in the Sam Sheppard case, the kind you have heretofore declined to engage in. You have made it almost impossible for them to obtain a fair trial in this city for the offenses you have so publicly prejudged. I believe you owe to them, and to the processes of justice, an editorial apology, and I call upon you to make such an apology promptly. Meanwhile, "I Am Furious".

ROBERT J. CAHN, Counsellor at Law  
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To 305 E. 47th St., 1st Floor  
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Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys. Fillmore East. May 9 and 10.

Soon to be heard on

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# thilm

(Continued from Page 13)

thanks to the still camera, and time—the movie camera, hotcha. The obscurity which words have as an integral property are very unhelpful in a time when noone is sure he understands

the next person, anyway. Pictures, with the solidity of some basic, accepted representation, are somehow more convincing.

Lonesome Cowboys is about a new kind of reality

Produced, Photographed  
and Directed by  
ANDY WARHOL

existing because there is a whole audience

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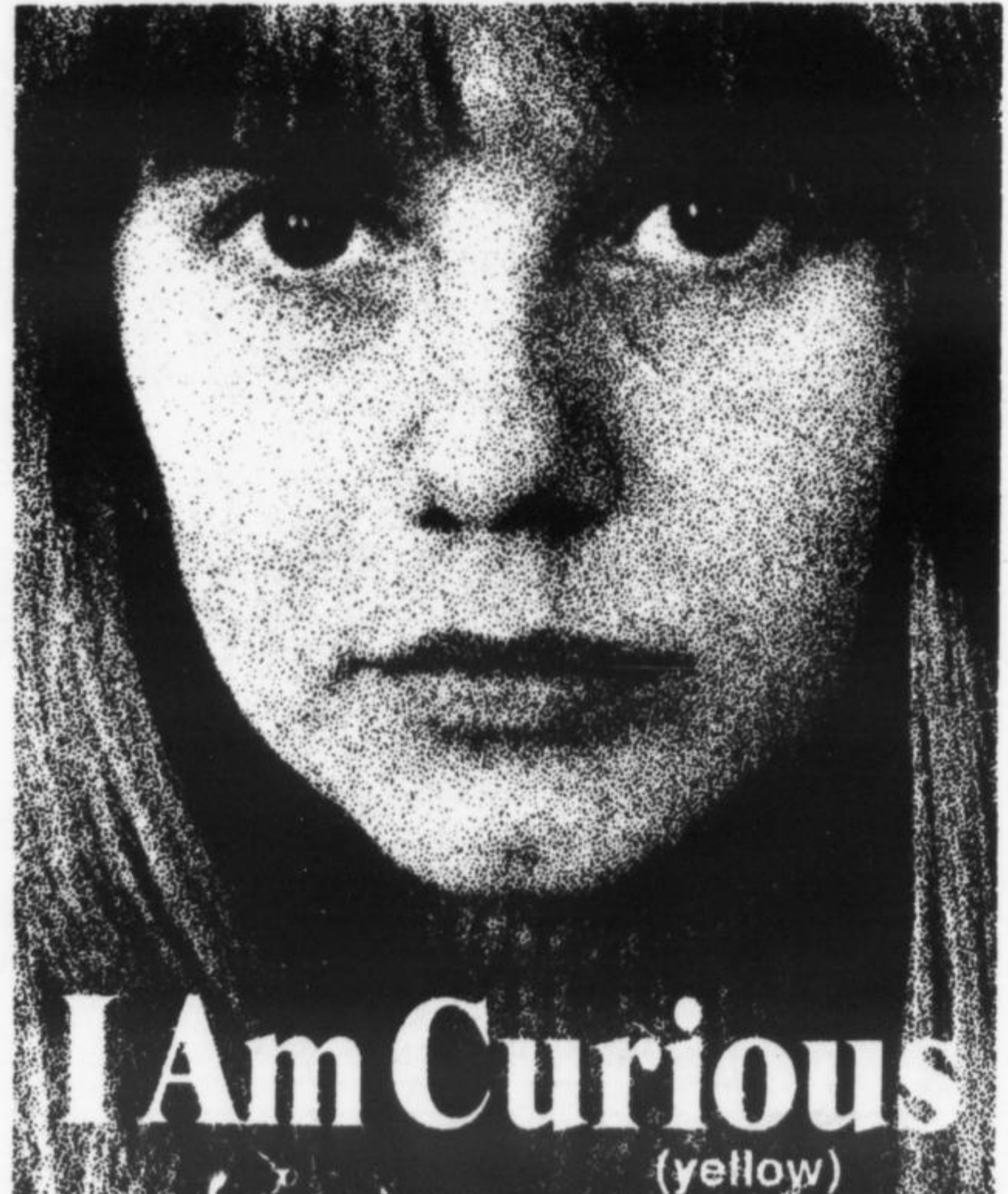
The  
Green Slime  
are  
coming!

who have been shocked and then pleased by his visions set for stage, screen, and even newspaper melodramas, not to mention the literary world. The movie stars a special, particular kind of person whose existence is the result, at least partially, of so many people wanting it to exist; a whole world whose incredible freshness, not innocence, perversity not perversion and candour not truthfulness, have taken on everyone and managed to fascinate them.

It opens: warm, mellow honey-browns merge with burnt gold in shadows. Underneath is a thin pale slice of coconut cream. The camera stares on and the two candy bars rephrase themselves it is Viva and Tom Homperetz, on top of her, lying in the grass. Summer and the heady-scented droning silence are over all, the cool, long grass all lush and velvety. It is young love, making it in the grass together—or are they just playing games . . . white flash/zzzipp-cutnext scene: a deserted movie set's Ghost City. Into the camera frame stride Viva and Taylor Mead.

(Inside information: close listening reveals little. The plot is as follows: this is an updated remake of *Romeo and Juliet*, with a sex change for the three major characters—R and J plus the Nurse. Romeo becomes Ramona, or Viva-Juliet becomes Julian, or Tom. Taylor Mead-Nurse). Far more than a spoof on Westerns, good as it is right there, *Lonesome Cowboys*, in its disarming fashion, takes a good, reflective look at our whole 20th-century way of dealing with other people, and hits bullseye. Without sentimentalizing, or overcomplicating the picture through inappropriate interference with the people being filmed, the film is a highly accurate portrait of our time, a comedy of maners which have been so inbred that they are now cultural characteristics. The undercurrent of beauty-worship is absolute. These are all very beautiful people who have gotten well past being self-conscious and on into being self-aware: they have a security inherent, an understanding that there is no time when the camera is off or noone is looking. Better than mere acceptance, they relish the idea of stardom, of being super-stars in a world which pays more the further you get from anonymity.

(Continued on Page 23)



Vilgot Sjöman's complete and uncut *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is "a landmark likely to permanently shatter many of our last remaining movie conventions," says William Wolf of Cue Magazine. The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production. ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

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mail orders accepted.

# Thilm

(Continued from Page 22)

Lonesome Cowboy's reality is most overwhelming because it is close to a total view, a child's eye's worth—all of it taken in, perceived without prejudice or alarm, and most especially, without condemnation. This is more than cinema verite with its already built-in point of view. Actors are not given scripts, they are chosen for their qualities, then put into situations and filmed—requiring only that they be alive enough to interact with one another and the camera; accept time as it occurs and manage to affect it, change it slightly so that the scene is different because they are there. Unlike most efforts at such expansive visions, this one maintains a sense of humor, something usually lacking to revolutionary anything, certainly films. This, and other Warhol movies, are stamped with a certain simplicity and freedom, setting them apart from almost all other films ever made. But then, Andy Warhol is not exactly like any other artist, either.

King Murray is about Murray King, super-insurance salesman captured by the camera of David Hoffmann who, with equally intrepid and resourceful cameraman (and friend) Jonathan Gordon, managed to put together a film whose real subject is almost as hard to uncover as the subject of this sentence. Which doesn't mean Murray King is not up front, no sir Murray King is not a super-insurance salesman in America (USA, Good Ol') for nothing, he's here for at least a quarter of a million dollars per year and when you make that kind of money selling something, people know who you are. So Hoffman and Gordon followed Murray King on a typical insurance-selling day, all high pressure and wise cracks and energy level mounting, like the little engine that could: rrrrrRRRRRoaaarrrrrRRRRR YEAH! and so forth for a barrage of words sensations and then the realization that this one man Murray King is very close to what keeps America strong. And weak. (Continued on Page 28)

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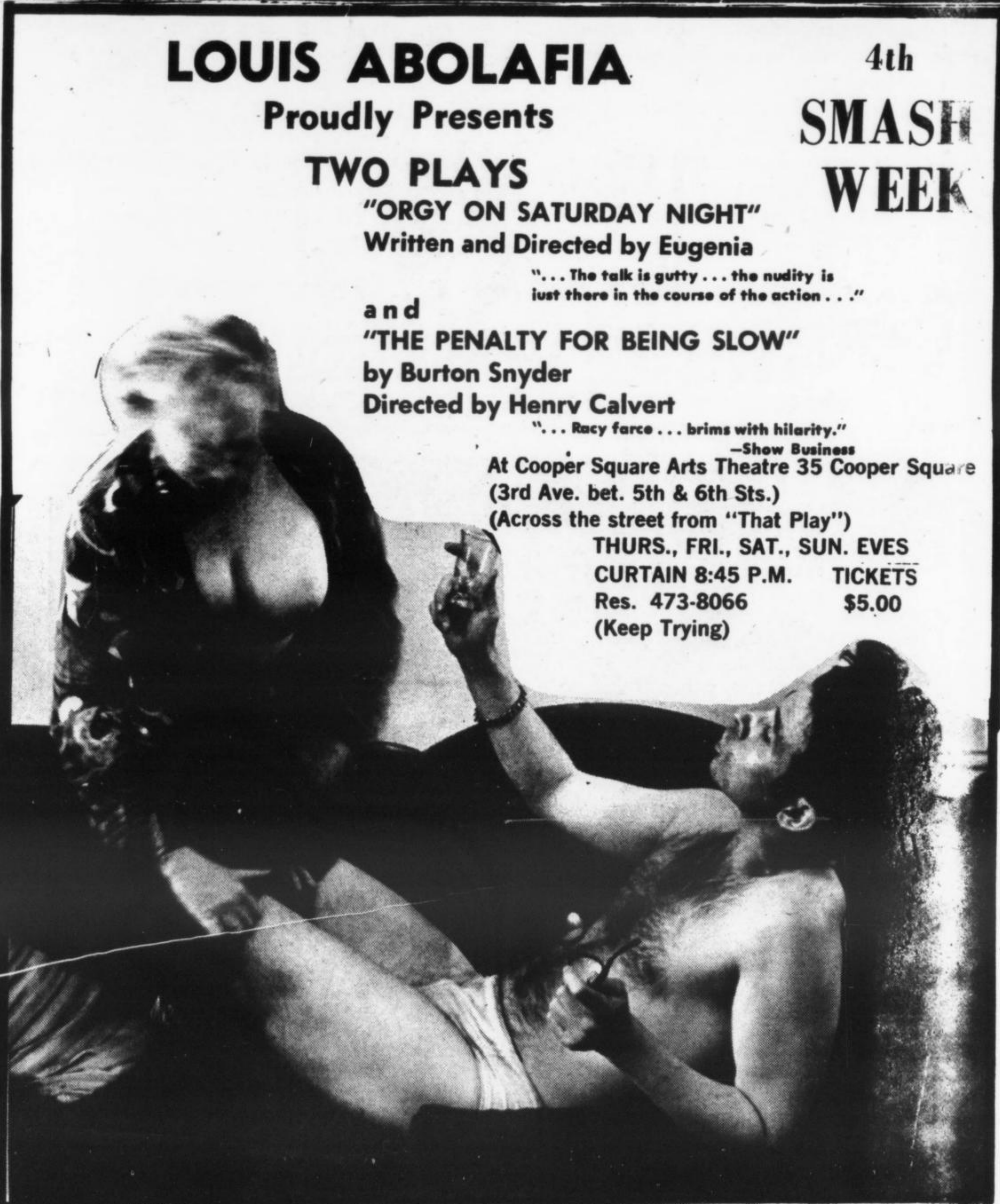
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# Karma (Continued from Page 13)

ered us a show. The extension of Kokaine Karma into a new media could provide immediate and direct 2-way communication between us and the reader/listener. Critics are pompous, inside and out of touch with the people because they dont utilize or encourage feedback. The Electric Kokaine Karma would be a dynamic extension and a dramatic expansion of our linear writing in the East Village Other.

The Kokaine Karma show is a product of the contemporary youth culture. Rock and roll records, through the explosive blast that avant-garde jazz musicians, are interspersed with the words of Malcolm X, Eldridge Cleaver, John Sinclair, Adrian Mitchell, Ezra Pound, Allen Ginsberg and Abbie Hoffman. Raps are spontaneous, informal and high-energy, concentrating on the evolving new society and satirizing the bizarre American death culture. The sudden cancellation of the Karma Kapers has the humping bark of cultural repression. It is the latest move to preserve the bland, plastic nonkie world and leave the new culture stillborn.

The decision to end the show was forced on the WFMU staff by Ran Bullcock, 24-year-old punk station manager. Neither the studentless college radio board or Mr. Bullwad give a shit about the station's listeners or the community. They conspired to ignore 60,000 people. They greed. Without regard to the necessary use of bullshit assinine arbitrary power. Young Mr. Bullcock has been attempting to use the station's studio for his own private capitalistic greed. Without regard to to the necessary use of equipment and space. Mr. Ramson tried to tie up the facilities by producing his own skonkum-chompo 45 record. He's a racist motherfucker who will not allow WFMU's only black disc jockey engineer his own show, because the other "isn't responsible enough."

Meanwhile, the reign of terror continues at WFMU. The situation is very uptight severely inhibiting the staff and making a mockery of

"free form radio." Listners were denied the complete story about the mysterious and sudden yanking of the Kokaine Karma Show. The following directive was issued to station personel:  
Topic: The sudden cancellation of Kokaine Karma Show.

Although most of the staff knows the reasons surrounding the cancellation of the Kokaine Karma show it would obviously jeopardize us to delve into it on the air and on the phone to impartial listeners. While I think we should discuss why the show had to be cancelled openly, doing so might as greatly affect the continuation of the station as the continuation of the Karma show should have.

No more than the following should be announced or discussed on the air or on the phone:

1. Hoperfully this is a temporary cancellation. Karma should return in the summer.

2. Although the staff of WFMU is greatly upset over the decision to cancel the Karma show, for various reasons of politics, taste and economics, the extenuating circumstances have made it necessary for us to accept his temporary loss in hopes of acheiving a greater gain.

3. (Only to be said on the phone). If questioned by listeners as to who fired the Karma—the staff should reply the management of the station through political and economical coercion of the owners.

Please be extremely discreet and careful and intelligent in discussing this on the air or on the phone. Any slip-ups or emotional outbreaks could screw us to hell!

Because it showed that radio need not be dull and somber, our show was cancelled. Kokaine Karma was essentially 2 people and their friends talking, playing music and having a good time. The concept was to free the listener to more truly perceive the world around him, free him from the rigidity of the over-programmed social being. It was this fun and freedom that offended the American Legion and the Upsala Alumni.

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## Hip-pocrates

(Continued from Page 14)

Well, I've just begun to have pains when pressure is applied to the general area of the ovaries. I've never had these pains before and was just wondering if it's anything I should be concerned with.

Also, I think I might have certain psychological problems and would be interested in discussing them with a competent psychiatrist. But shit, who's got the bread? What do you suggest I do?

**ANSWER:** The pain you describe could be caused by a number of things (including psychological problems).

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Males almost always know they have gonorrhea because of the discharge and painful urination. Females usually don't recognize the early symptoms. Every male who knows he has gonorrhea should notify all his female sexual contacts, for failure to do so may cause them to become sterile.

Information about free or low cost psychotherapy is available through your city or county public health department.

**QUESTION:** When I am about to have a climax, many times I get a charley-horse in my foot or leg. Is there any way to prevent his?

P. S. I am a female.

**ANSWER:** My limber secretary suggests that daily calisthenics may be useful preventive medicine. A timely foot massage is suggested by her boyfriend. She says he spurs her on . . .

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TO JOHN T.: Young friend I met late evening Tuesday, April 8, Americana. I care what happens to you. Let me try to help. Want to be your friend even if never meet again. Will be gone from April 26 to May 7. Will answer after seventh. So please write and tell me what you need. Let me be friend, please. John W., PO Box 1711, Tuscaloosa, Ala. 35401.

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& brevity vomits an award  
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limitation  
& yesterday defies continuation  
Hear my Heart  
when tomorrow delivers a shell  
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## Thilm

(Continued from Page 23)

He goes on an insurance jaunt to protect his insurance fees; i.e., he takes specially good clients on a junket to Las Vegas, as a reward for paying him to insure their lives which are their property and wives and the usual Semitic setup and household. Hoffman and Gordon go too and yes so do we. In color and with off-camera asides to the cameramen and back, a semi-straight badinage is kept up throughout the film. It is as though the tennis game in *Blow-Up* was remade with only one-half the players showing on camera; just the ball, returned from off-stage, and the tension on one side of the net. Late that night and on into the next day, Murray and his friends sit around, drinking, eating, talking visual note of the girls in the room, but hardly interacting with them. They sit around, discussing other adventures they had: a time when Murray and his friend got drunk, picked up some broad who had a 2000-dollar duplex apartment. By turn, they got drunk, sick, and horny—or not horny but just wanting their money's worth. How many times do you lay a 2000-dollar duplex broad...

And then when the film is over, there it is: a portrait of a certain man, a certain kind of human being who exists in 20th century America and whether we like him or not, there he is, full up and a big contender in the reality sweepstakes, film division, 1969.

There is more to Murray King than outlined here, and there is more to *King, Murray* as well; but here the realities part ways, because the film is at the same time more and-less than the portrait of this one brash, hard-driving, "hyper-kinetic, that's what I am" salesman. Realism never did equal reality, the belief that the real exists and the truth of it are never the same because personality has to get in the way. So scenes are set up, film is cut, suggestions of plot are made, in order to give a true portrait of Murray as the film-makers came to understand him.

This is old-style "realism," not reality. There is no attempt being made to allow someone the moments of boredom and the resulting exquisite flashes of insight and interest which create a cycle of time in anyone's existence. The cycle is replaced by a synthetic, manufactured product, just as it has been. Instead of finding a Hollywood actor to play someone, he has been allowed to play himself, as written into a script whose only merit is that only part of it is prewritten; most of it being conceived through editing and between-plays quarter-backing... In Las Vegas, staying at Caesars Palace (no apostrophe), "the most sumptuous, extravagant" hotel Murray has ever stayed

in, he makes a bet with "us" that he can swim the pool's length underwater. Incredibly, he does it. Admiration goes up 10 points because it was a wonderful thing, to watch this man struggle to accomplish what he had set out to do, even if it was a simple game. Later I found out that the incident was not real, that the film had been cut to give the illusion... which doesn't make this a lying film, just that it is not after the reality of Murray's own situation, but after giving an intense portrait of Murray-as-seen-in-an-imaginary-environment.

*King, Murray* is a very good film, certainly. The character created by Murray and the film-makers is a vivid, marvelous, intensely alive human being, a true representative of a certain kind of man. It is just that, like the kid who gets to the end of the tootsie roll and finds the other-flavor center. I feel cheated, and I know Murray himself would have somehow made sure that my favorite flavor was there.

\* \* \*

Francisco Arrabal is one of the more interesting playwrights around, and he is currently represented in New York by two one-acts, *Piquenique en Campagne* and *Guernica*, both dealing with the horror of war and the absurdity of ever trying to be brave, honorable, or heroic.

The productions of Le Tretau de Paris have a linear concept which allows dialogue-accompanying-action only as a serial event, and very little interference, no matter how necessary the parenthetical details might be.

Still, certainly better to see Arrabal this way than not at all; I wish he and others like him—Obaldia, Adamov, Tardieu, and Artaud—would be performed more often, bringing back a theatre still aware of words, like Sam Shepard's, one of the few able to deal in concepts and words successfully.

*Pique-Nique en Campagne* and *Guernica* are at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, 58th and 6th Avenue, only through this coming week.

\* \* \*

There will be a Mailer-Breslin Rally at the Village Gate, starting midnight, May 7th, this Wednesday. The N.Y. Rock and Roll Ensemble will be there, not to mention the candidates, lights by Joshua and hopefully everyone who would like to see New York regain a little perspective.

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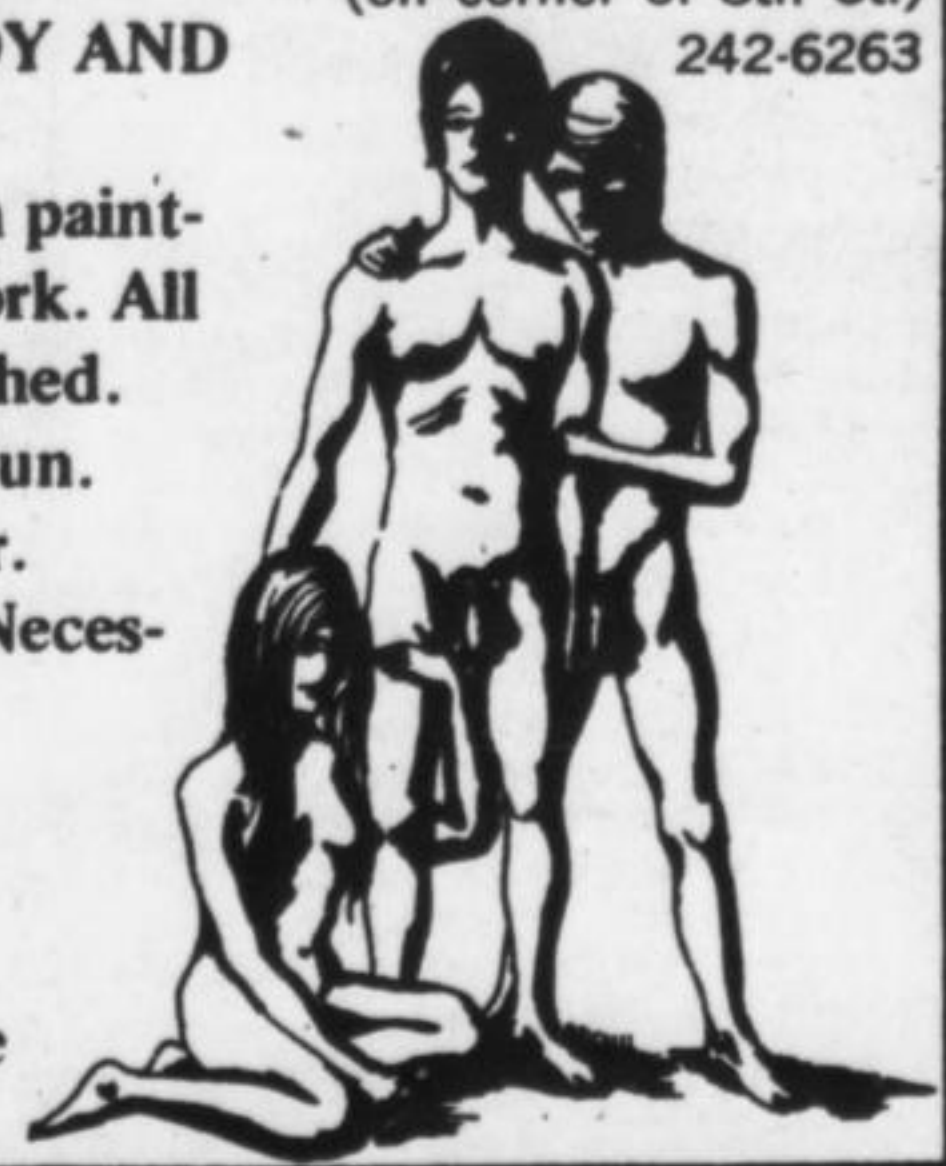
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