

AND NOW, VOL. 4 NO. 24 OF THE

METROPOLITAN 15¢

THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER

ASKS THE MUSICAL QUESTION.....



WHAT
DID I
DO TO
BE SO
BLACK
AND
BLUE? ? ?

AN ELEVATION OF
A NEW REVELATION!

MAY 14, 1969

Handwritten signature

2 WBAI-FM MC-5 DOPE ETC.

Peace!

Enclosed is the subscription money order for EVO. I'm looking forward to getting EVO again. My old man and I have missed it.

By the way, I AM very well of age — 24. My old man said that if I'm old enough to screw with him, trip, smoke grass and hash and harass the local pigs on way to jail, I'm onld enough to get EVO.

Love, brothers,
SISTER JAN

Dear EVO:

You should be run out of town on a rael (sic) for publishing such filthy degenerate garbage and I'll see to it.

UNSIGNED

Dear EVO:

Things being as they are, some of your readers may be taken in by the "Doc Humes" interview in today's EVO. FIDO is just the age-old hope that some silent, omnipotent power will intervene to prevent war, pot busts, and high-handed college administrators.

That'e not the way the universe is arranged. Neither a *Deus ex machina* or Humes' FIDO is going to pull our nuts out of the fire for us; we've got to do it ourselves.

Besides, John von Neumann, who was supposed to have been FIDO's co-inventor, was despite his scientific brilliance a raving anti-communist and war nut. Guess whether he'd have helped assemble FIDO.

Stay Well,
JOHN BOARD MAN

Dear EVO:

I really enjoy reading your paper and I have an idea to make it even more interesting. Put an advice column in it! I think that many of our young revolutionists need encouragement and advice for facing our older generation! I wish so very hard that you could tell me what it's all about, though I have a rough idea. My parents try cruelly hard to frighten me and keep me ignorant on sex and say that no one would ever love or date me. I'm sick and tired of being kept ignorant on everything and only hearing prejudiced sides of the truth. Is it really possible that a girl my age (14) with nice looks will never get a date with a real boy, who like your writers, fights for love and truth?

PEACE

We wish very hard we could tell you what it's all about, too . . . but we haven't gotten much past your own realization that there is too much lying, too much hate, in the old system — that it's gotta go.

No, it isn't possible that a girl who is 14, looks nice, and understands as much as you do already will not find a real boy. Several of the staff have offered to prove this to you, but we all knew they had ulterior motives, slurp.

Dear EVO:

To all pigs, fascists, ego-trips and associates; you have brutalized us by brutalizing yourselves.

So brutal behavior you revel in, and subdue with enthusiasm, reluctance, or not at all.

Delicate behavior or cathartic behavior you squash with sadism and panic.

When we kill you, the cataclysmic breakthrough will be merciless and compassionate at once.

After the orgasm, we may then recuperate and, breathing easily and gently; moistness in our hearts; live and die in peace troubled only by spiritual orgasms that water the land.

No revolution is repressive.
All revolution is cathartic.

Yeah: all come together (Ed.)

Dear EVO:

The writer to EVO who signed himself "Disillusioned" and who complained that he could not find the 'revolution' in the Village needs to be educated as to where it really is.



First of all, the present "revolution" is nothing new. It has been in progress for many centuries. It has a precise history, most of which is unknown although eventually knowable. It is always carried about by a very few individuals. They carry it as long as they are not in despair. As soon as they fall into despair, it moves into other bodies.

At certain periods the history of the "revolution" is very plain. For a while it was carried about by Jean Jacques Rousseau. He exposed it to view and mankind went crazy, it was so beautiful. So they made the French Revolution which ended in the Napoleonic blood bath. The people always do the wrong thing.

But the "revolution" never dies. It remains and deepens, growing ever more intelligent. It learns. It is the only thing that does learn.

In the eighteen hundreds the "revolution" spit up into fragments. It is actually possible to trace little pieces of it here and there. Arthur Schopenhauer carried a bit of it. From thence it went to Freidrich Neitsche. The woman Lou Salome carried it and it was probably she who passed it on to Sigmund Freud.

It flourished abundantly inside of Freud and then poured with full force into Wilhelm Reich. Reich tried, as no man before him, to bring it into reality. He exposed it to view. Again it was unspeakably beautiful and again mankind went insane. This time Germany. It ended in Dachau, Buchenwald, Auschwitz etc. The people always do the wrong thing.

Bewildered, but still carrying the revolution Reich migrated to New York City. Then he moved to Maine. Then a terrible crisis came, a crisis in reason itself. Reich could not pass the crisis. He fell into despair and the revolution left him. In 1957 he died.

For a while the "revolution" had no home. No one wanted it. Then something so strange happened that it is actually unprintable. The revolution was forced into the body of a man whose main pleasure in life was masturbating while scanning girlie magazines and who never expected to do anything more important than this for the rest of his life, which he hoped would be short.

The man tried to respond to this unexpected honor by asphyxiating himself with carbon monoxide. But it was no good. He couldn't do it. The "revolution" was heavy but it was also fun, more fun than he could pass by at any time.

Under the influence of the "revolution" this man became immensely clever. He began to solve riddles of science that had flogged Rousseau and Reich out of their minds. Not that he wanted to. He had to, or else he knew there wouldn't be any fun.

Eventually the man and a woman companion picked up a joint and called that revolution. lage, where it sits to this day, smoldering, rotting and growing, by turns.

The "revolution" was brought down to the Village because it was thought that it would grow here. But then an old, old enemy came onto the scene, a friedly little weed called marijuana. The people always do the wrong thing. Instead of picking up the "revolution", they picked up joint and called that revolution.

But it doesn't really matter. By this time the "revolution" has become so knowing, so intelligent and so patient that nothing the people can do will surprise it. The "revolution" knows all about the people now and one day, perhaps, it will be able to lay hands upon them and get them to vomit out the truth about themselves.

So, "disillusioned" if you want the "revolution", come and get it. Just keep walking. Sooner or later you'll bump into it.

EARTH CO.

Ed.: Thank you.

EVO will be 24 pages for the next couple of weeks, not because this is such a hot fighting weight but because we are paying in pages to get rid of certain information—like Swinging Headhunter—in order to supply everyone with other information. As soon as we can get the bread together, there will be more EVO. If certain columns seem to disappear for a while, they haven't; it is just a matter of fudging around with space in order to fit everything in—sometime, somewhere.

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Dear EVO:

Your last issue had a fine article on prisons. With only 35% of prison expenditures going towards so called rehabilitation, one realizes the reasons for "repeaters". The way in which civilian and military prisoners are treated give a good concept of the values one finds in America today. The comparison of prison life and military life was excellent. Indeed lifers are found in our military as well as in our prisons. I believe most prisoners are victims of the criminal establishment, and when a humane society is a reality, prisons will be a thing of our barbaric past.

For peace,
founder of WORLD PEACE APPEAL

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New York, New York 10003

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Please renew my subscription.
I have enclosed \$6 for a one-year subscription.
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Sure, it's you.

WBAI:

STRANGE INTERLUDE by LITA ELISCU

This is the Age of . . . so many things; certainly the heyday of mass media, interest in The Movement, and mounting pressures — add paranoia and move the game of alliteration one step over. Every popular viewpoint has to have its communications outlet, and WBAI-FM, New York's favorite son of the Pacifica Foundation's trilogy of stations, has become a respected, loved, even adored, voice of the liberal 'Left', that — group . . . ? bunch . . . ? important minority?/majority? — who feel that America can be changed through various pressures short of total eradication. WBAI is lately undergoing as much flak as the whole Church system, and indeed from the inside as well.

January 27th of this year, Chris Albertson, former program manager of WBAI, devoted his 15-minute jazz program to a denunciation of station practices and procedures he felt were destroying the original concept of WBAI, giving public notice of a conflict which had been alternately simmering and raging for the past year or two. Mr. Albertson joined WBAI in 1960 as a volunteer, was made a staff announcer in 1964, and that fall, accepted the job of station manager. In 1966, he resigned, feeling that the job "was, simply, too time-consuming." He proceeded to screen applicants for his job, then found out the Foundation had selected Frank Millspaugh. In 1967, Albertson returned to WBAI during their May fund-raising Marathon, and felt a sense of nonplussed, definite alarm at the direction he felt the station had taken. "There was relatively little emphasis

on public affairs, and relative over-emphasis on folk-rock — which you could get from other stations." He was also upset by the "star system" he felt was growing up, allowing several commentators (especially Bob Fass, Larry Josephson and Steve Post) "to be unbelievably rude and cynical in their attitude towards listeners: 'give us your money and shutup.'" During this time, 1966-1969, it should be noted that subscriptions have risen from approximately 8,000 to 20,000 not to mention the corresponding and non-measurable rise in listeners.

Together with Tana de Gamez and others, Albertson formed a Committee of Concerned Listeners and Supporters to Win Back WBAI, in order to inform the public of practices they felt to be harmful, including:

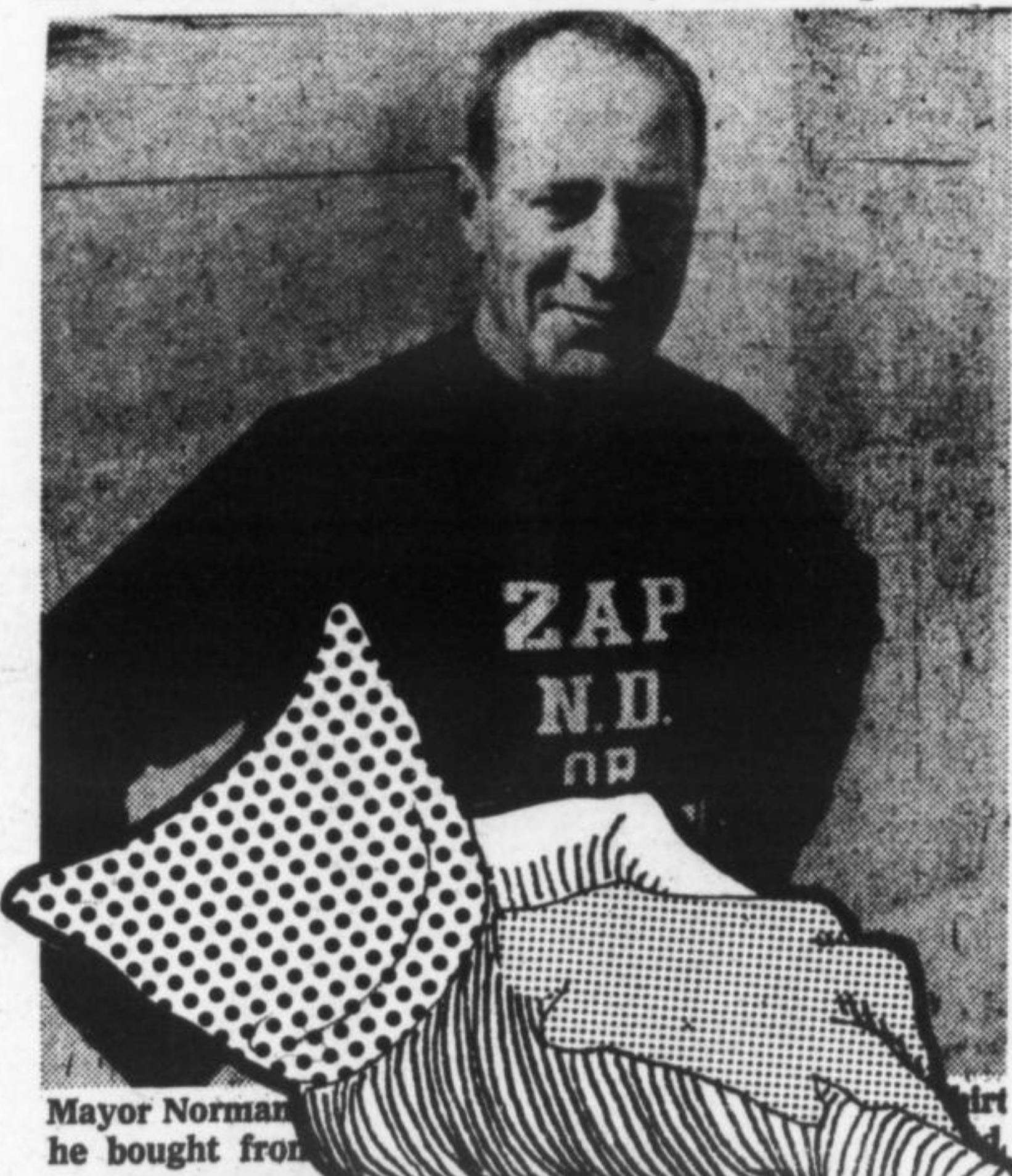
1. — The "star system" charge whereby several commentators were getting "exorbitant" salaries;
2. — The misplaced Building Funds money, which was to be used towards finding a new residence for the station when the lease on 39th Street was up. The money has been used for various operational necessities, although the Committee feels that the necessities were mere fancies;
3. — The general mismanagement of the station, resulting in a move away from the concerned, listener-sponsored basis towards a more commercial, bland, package of content, including censorship of programs.

Miss de Gamez, a well-known lecturer on South American affairs, had both news and comemntary programs on WBAI, but was felt to be unfairly mixing them up, editorializing the news as though it were commentary, and her program was cancelled. Mr. Albertson's program was removed after the January 27th tape

On May 8th, Thursday, the Committee held a meeting at the Hotel Diplomat, "right in the middle of our fund-raising marathon — not really a time for a heavy turnout," as one WBAI announcer put it. Estimates of attendance vary between 125-250, but everyone agrees that about 30 were left at the end, and about "22 came for further discussion in my apartment," noted Albertson.

Needless to add, each side is capable of refuting the other; charges of mismanagement and "star-system" salary arrangements are personal viewpoints, or realities; implications of CIA associations on the part of Millspaugh boil down to his one-time work for the N.S.A. and the U.S. Youth Council. It is true that WBAI has been receiving larger and more frequent grants from foundations, and federal aid through a college work-study plan; again, to draw the conclusion that this must mean compromised programming is to have to agree that almost any group not totally self-supporting, almost to the point of making its own money, is compromised by the inter-dependent economy of the U.S. Bob Fass noted that the Albertson public airing also coincided with the Julius Lester program (*The Julius Lester program, the one of the Jew baby, watch out, black power gonna's get all of you, forget your momma, content*) and that after the initial outburst from listeners, "we only had about 100 subscriptions actually cancelled, which means that our listeners *must* be willing to support us even when a particular action obviously doesn't please them; that people realize there is a need for stuff to be aired, somewhere."

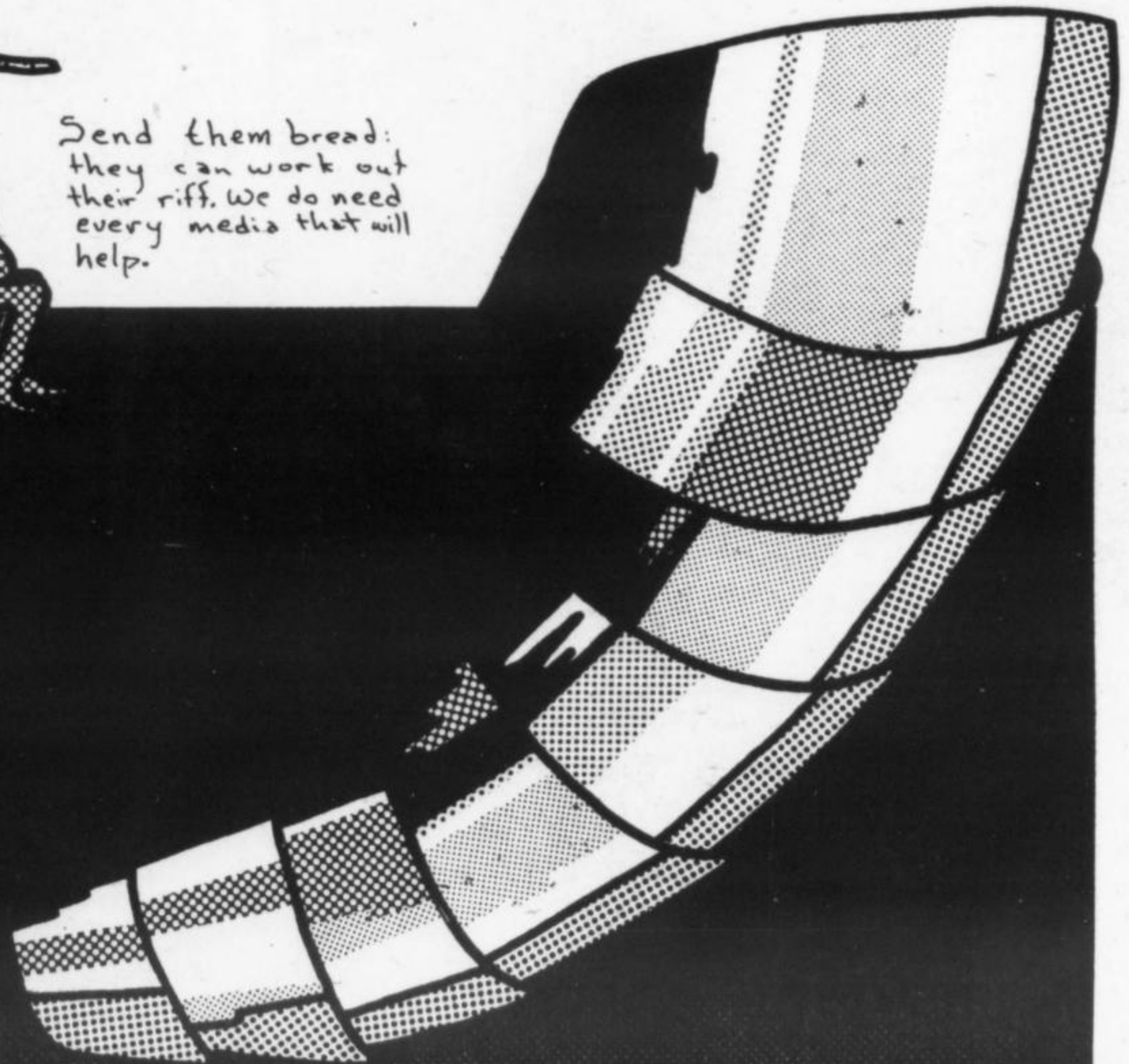
It may not be WFMU or KMPX, but who else do you have?, to paraphrase one of the nation's leaders (former).



Mayor Norman Tompkins he bought from



Send them bread: they can work out their riff. We do need every media that will help.



WBAI

'Brain drain' and tea break are problems, too

EISENHOWER YEARS

By BILL HUTTON

(Courtesy of The Coach House Press Detroit)

Eisenhower spent Sundays in the attic of defunct seltzer bottling factory trying on old hats & whistling Army songs. He was happy. He found an old map of Madagascar and wondered if it'll be worth anything. Then he heard the nightwatchman coming up the stairs and he hid behind a mandolin.

"Who's in here?" said the guard beaming his light around the room. "I heard a little noise up here. Come on out."

"Here I am," said Ike standing up.

"Why it's Ike Eisenhower," said the man taking his light away from President's eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Sherman Adams and me well we just come up here actually for ideas sometimes. It's O.K."

"Sherman Adams drives a Buick, don't he?" The two men moved over and sat on a dusty trunk.

"I've decided," said Ike, "that we need, well we really need less government in business and

more business in government."

"Give the people what they want, Pres!"

"We gotta tighten our control on the Communists actually."

"Here here!"

"And we finally got to face the Negro I think."

"We gotta face him."

"It's time to give your Negro an even crack. I'm pretty certain in that regard."

The guard laughed and said he sure enjoyed being next to the President. The President brought a bottle of green juice from his pocket and the men shared it. They became very small. Eisenhower led the guard to a small mousehole and the two men entered.

They passed gleaming rows of new cars with big price tags say \$\$\$\$\$\$ tied to bumper. They walked through rooms of square boxy furniture and men with slick hair advertise products of TV. They passed a giant size poster of Marilyn Monroe. They watched the Sputnik go up. They watched Bobby Thompson hit a homerun against the Dodgers. They ate snow cones. The saw Norman Mailer and Jack Kerouac Indian wrestle in crummy old bar. They saw the Cisco Kid eating

a box of Fab Soap.

"I like Ike." Said the gard as the men walked through the rooms. "I've always said that. I've always contended—"

"Shadup!"

Ahead, Mamie sat on white leather bar stool. She wore combat boots and thick belt; nothing else.

"Gives me a hard-on every time I see her like that," said Ike. Ike went over and gave Mamie some head. The nightwatchman turned away sayin, "Oh dear, Oh dear . . ."

"Now, where were we?" ask the President returning and whiping his mouth with starched napkin from Betsy Ross linen chest old mothball small pine chest woman see through lacy curtains.

"These are important years," say the guard blinking.

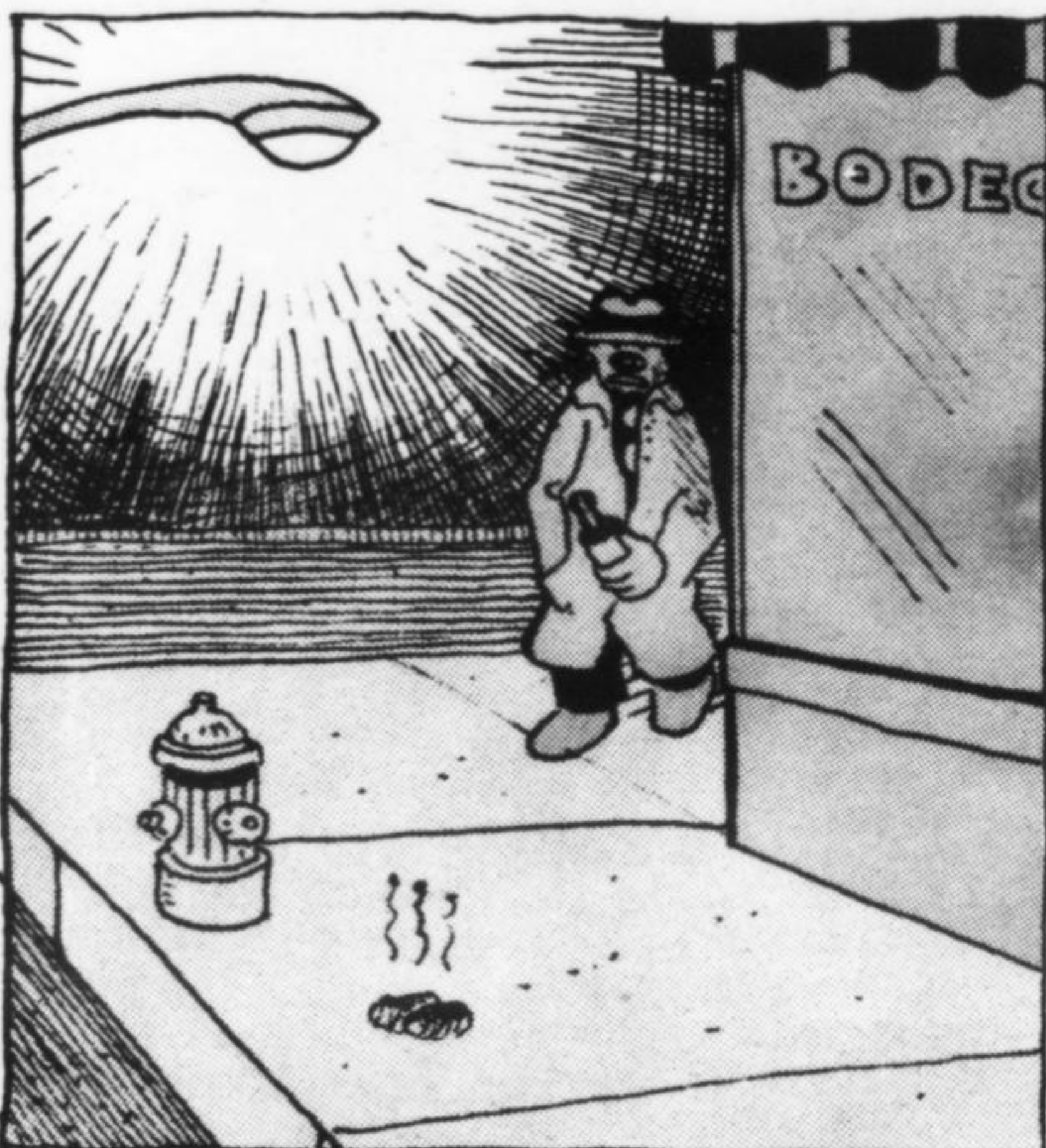
"That's what I say."

Earl Warren became Chief Justice.

"That's what I say," Eisenhower repeated. "These are important times. It is within our power to help or hinder this country at this point like it is. I mean what I mean is about, well, is about

(Continued on Page 15)

OUT OF THE MURKY NIGHT, ONE OF SECOND AVENUES NUMBERLESS FORGOTTEN MEN, SHUFFLES INTO VIEW.....



AS HE MUMBLES A SOMNAMBULISTIC PLEA FOR ALMS, OUR COLLECTIVE EYES SUDDENLY PERCEIVE A FAINT FAMILIARNESS ABOUT THIS SHODDY SOUL.....



COULD IT BE? OF COURSE! ITS KOKO THE CLOWN, ALL BUT FORGOTTEN STAR OF YESTERYEAR!

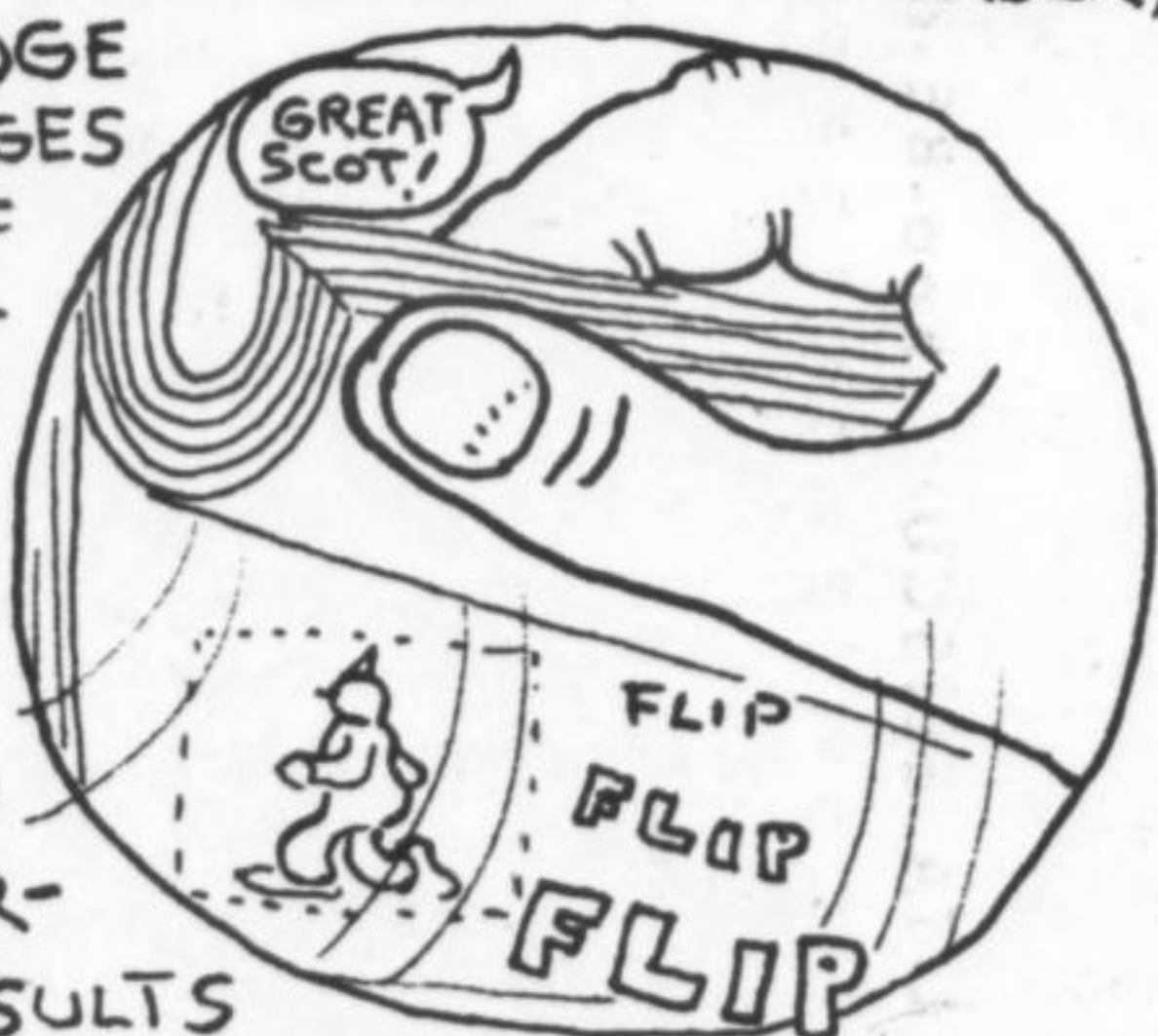


WHO COULD EVER FORGET THOSE HALCYON DAYS OF YORE, WHEN HE GAMBOLED 'CROSS THE SILVER SCREEN?

NOW YOU CAN RELIVE ONE OF THOSE MAGIC MOMENTS

SIMPLY CUT OUT THESE 30 ACTION POSES OF KOKO THE CLOWN! AND PASTE EM EVENLY, ... IN ORDER, ...

ON THE EDGE OF THE PAGES OF ONE OF YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS AND FLIP! YOU'LE BE AMAZED BY THE THRILLING RESULTS



... JUST CUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINES



Rocket rocket rocket to the—YEAHHHHH the—
 Fuckit yeah yeah sheeeeit baby Get. Down.
 On. It. Cmon mothahfuckahs CMON MOTHAAH-
 FUCKAHS MAKE FUCK A LOVE ZAP cmon mothah-
 fuckahs and kick out the jaammmmmms! yeah!
 YEAHHHH GET DOWN

... because where else do you go after up and
 out, on beyond those self-styled limits to what-
 ever you thought were the natural boundaries of
 (your) energy, (your) head, (your) very own
 power, you you yeah you yourself, and you over
 there not really sure maybe why you are still
 reading this but knowing that there has to be
 a subject of the piece coming up, sometime, and
 wanting to read on for the few more moments ...

MC 5

deserve a space to themselves—to itself—a
 breathing space they have earned by clearing the
 air, the atmosphere, of America which is a place
 not just a word.

Remember rock and roll: that it had The Beat,
 a pressure which made it imperative to get down
 on it together or go hungry, and because nobody
 had yet made it an art form, rock and roll was a
 matter of style and class treating the content
 with tender loving care, never hiding The Beat.
 Blues and simple progression as root, used fault-
 lessly and depending on the individual performer
 to give them particularity ... Jazz and the proud
 improvisation made possible because crude in-
 formation had been turned into knowledge—the
 kind it take time, space, and self-involvement to
 get. (It wasn't some dry ass-groper who said Man
 is a political animal, it was Aristotle, and he
 wasn't trying to be fashionable or rationalize his
 college spring fever).

The MC 5 are a political rock group whose
 politics, or actions including thoughts, mean
 they make revolution. That is what they do. They
 pour energy on and into a space and into the
 people in that space, using a beat which makes
 everyone itch for someone else to be with; that
 is what life-energy is all about, creation, and the
 only way to create human form (or style) using
 instinct and mitotic hangover is by getting down
 on it together. The MC 5 find their energy, in a
 need to tell other people that getting together,
 trusting one another, and getting strength from
 that trust-between-persons is power (All power
 to ...) Their own energy on stage goes beyond
 the itch, it goes into free-form joy, the mania
 that comes from doing what you want, believe in,
 and doing it well. They only go one way, straight
 on ahead, pushing themselves and the audience
 past the exhaustion they just felt, and into new
 levels of feeling-as-knowledge.

"It's a matter of levels, everybody working on
 his own level, and realizing that everyone else
 is also working on a level—even if it isn't his
 own—to make the revolution ... The Mother-
 fuckers and the Hog Farm and you and me;
 different levels but all for the same thing," Rob
 Tyner, vocalist. "The Revolution ...?"

"—You want it in 500 words or less?" gita-
 rist Fred Smith breaks in, and the others all
 laugh ... Rob shrugs, makes a grab for me—"If
 you want it, take it, it belongs to you. Dont ask;
 grab ass, push past the limits, don't wait to
 find out, try first, get down"—they all start to
 thump and yell, "Yeah, get down!" What hap-
 pens if you really don't want to fuck? "Why not?
 Do you really know why not, or it it just a hang-
 up, what you've done before, a con-ven-tion,
 right?"

Wayne Kramer, guitarist, nods, "Yeah, get
 down on it: everybody has to realize what is
 happening and make it happen."

Watching the Five perform is a joy for sure.
 They have more pride in, and love of, being
 rock and roll musicians than any group since the
 Stones and why not; they have not just love of per-
 forming, they have the energy which comes from
 purpose and need to tell the audience not to be
 afraid of joy and power, of making the revolution.
 DH Lawrence in an essay talked about social
 dancing of his age and other ages. His, and
 most others, he termed as sexual preliminaries,

PHOTO BY RAEANNE RUBENSTEIN
 Bottom: Wayne Kramer
 Middle: (l. to r.) Rob Tyner, Dennis Thompson, Fred (Sonic) Smith
 Top: Michael Davis



A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL IN LONG BLACK STOCKINGS LIFTS HER SKIRT AND SITS IN A SAUCER OF MILK SO THAT HER BOYFRIEND CAN WATCH THE MILK TRICKLING DOWN HER LONG BLACK STOCKINGS

a come-on to make the partner realize just how
 juicy a piece you are. But the early Greeks danced
 alone, total maniacs, in honor of the joy of being
 alive, of life itself, and the whole process of
 creation which makes us human beings and in-
 dividuals. Usually they danced around a big
 cock; sometimes, just danced around in the
 shared knowledge that life is a joy because be-
 cause ... There is creation there is fucking
 there is joy. When the MC 5 play, their own
 energy goes right on into this kind of frenzy and
 mania: they don't want to stop and fuck anyone,
 they want to keep playing and fuck the whole
 room. (Ed: Well ... Sometimes). Did you ever
 get your ears loved by silver supersonic tarbaby
 wolves ... by a slick screaming rollercoaster ...
 by a macrobiotic steamshovel ...?

The group. There is Rob singing, Fred, Wayne
 and Michael Davis on guitars, and Dennis Thomp-
 son on drums; J. C. Crawford, First Minister of
 Zenta and spiritual adviser; and John Sinclair,
 manager, poet, and founder of Trans-Love-Ener-
 gies, a community closely associated with the
 Five (an interview with Sinclair by Dean Latimer
 appears in *Kiss* this week, showing just how far
 the bounds of erotic energy can go). J. C.'s raps

are messages of generous love for everyone, li-
 mitless energy, and the fullblown belief that
 everyone can make it, can get down and do it,
 "You can be the solution or the problem, brothers
 and sisters, the solution or the problem, just get
 down on it and choose!" J. C. talks like this
 on and off the record (album), making a pure
 flow of words come alive, but the rest of the
 Five are much more of an interview reality when
 playing, not talking ... they roll onto a stage
 like 5 baby bulls, too old to be left loose with the
 girl calves, too young to be left with the big
 bulls: a prize show team of hard energy, heads,
 and cocks; a compact-size maxi-monster football
 team. A pause, and the theatre starts; short hard
 chops on the guitars, a few drum rolls, Rob mak-
 ing fast talk, suddenly breaking into a plea for
 everyone to Get Down On It, get down get down,
 seconded by everyone else, then Tyner is talking
 about the next number, which is from the Elektra
 album, and the charge that the MC 5 is a hype,
 a hype, breaks into a song, "We are the MC
 Five, We're so glad to be alive, We're a hype,
 Hype hype, hype hype hype ..." to the tune of
 "Let's Go to the Hop." The album, *Kick Out The
 Jams*, is by now notorious/famous depending on
 whether or not you are an Elektra executive. Even
 (Continued on Page 17)

BY LITA ELISCU shoo-BE-do

CCNY RUCKUS PERSISTS. BUT GOALS SEEM UNCLEAR

Prepared by
ELI B. ENZER

NEW YORK (EVO) — The turbulence at City College of New York has continued uninterrupted since the end of last month, and observers of the scene attribute this to the lack of clearly defined goals. "Look man, the blacks want to change this place Harlem U, the whites (militants) want to change the university," a student told EVO.

But to understand this requires explanation.

The major stumbling block to a settlement of the black vs. the administration conflict apparently lies in the black demand for open enrollment.

This specifically refers to the problem faced by tens of thousands of blacks and Puerto Ricans in the New York City public schools who are virtually forced to take "commercial" high school curriculum, that is, they are trained for life in the garment district.

The Harlem U coalition of blacks and Puerto Ricans demand that potential university students be given special courses and in any event be admitted for a college education regardless of the academic deficiencies.

Originally, the seizure of the South Campus at CCNY was prompted by five demands, then two more were added involving campus rent-a-cops who refused to crack student heads and were subsequently "laid off" by the university.

But at least three of the demands, and perhaps as many as five, were resolved during the negotiations between the blacks and President Buell Gallagher before Gallagher quit last weekend.

The white militants were basically in two groups: one, which referred to itself as the "family" or the "commune" took over Klapper Hall, the education building which lies just outside the gates of South Campus.

The other white group appeared to be in the SDS bag.

The commune permitted an EVO reporter to visit with them. The ensuing rap covered the problems the commune had in feeding its self (about 50 to 100 felt themselves to be members of the family), and they mostly lived on rice and what they wanted to do.

And what they wanted to do essentially was to "support the blacks." In the two hour conversation, that was the only program — aside from a commune agreement to permit some neighborhood children to meet in one of the seized classes for their regular Saturday morning classes.

An attempt, a pretty good one, was made to set up commune security. The gates around Klapper Hall were always guarded, and the doors inside the building also were protected. One room, across the hall from the communications center office, had a long table on which about two dozen clubs, bats, and staves were neatly laid out.

"We are expecting trouble from the engineers," one family member said.

But the Klapper people were tossed out last week by police when the decision was made to reopen the campus after nearly three weeks.

The blacks refused to allow whites to enter South Campus. Members of the Klapper commune, which shared food with the blacks and worked with them to win community support, were refused admittance to South Campus

unless Klapper telephoned first and described the guy who wanted to visit, and explained why he wanted to visit. To this reporter's eyes, the whites at Klapper seemed intimidated by their blacks comrades.

The white militants outside of Klapper apparently would have been pleased if the university never reopened, or did not reopen until it was a completely revolutionary university.

The blacks who were interviewed with an EVO reporter (black university rules forbade any student interviews to the press) were interviewed with the director of the admissions office. The students with the admissions office were interviewed with the admissions office. The students with the admissions office were interviewed with the admissions office.

but it must be remembered that they are fighting for enrollment in an establishment institution.

This is the difference between the blacks and Puerto Ricans who demand a place for themselves — a slice of the affluence, and the white militants who were stuffed from birth with the affluence and now want to be lean and hard, for to them, leanness (discipline) and hardness (militancy) will lead to the new world of goodness — that is, they believed what they were told at Sunday school and in the Boy Scouts.

If one scans the newspapers, it quickly becomes obvious that college administrations faced with disturbances have been much more delicate in their handling of the blacks and their demands than they have been with the white radicals.

Perhaps this is because the administrations recognize that the blacks — after all is said and done — want to preserve the universities and the

system which produced the universities. But the whites truly want to tear the whole thing down, and therefore they are far more dangerous.

Right now the university administrations have not been able to make this point clearly enough for the white American public who find it easier to attack blacks (the busts of the Panthers, for instance).

And the mass media have hurled their slings and arrows at the administrations for excluding the black students. It seems that white parents and others will find it possible to somehow bring their offspring to CCNY or Cornell or Columbia as long as they are involved in a new form of panty-raiding, a phase that will somehow be quite acceptable to a peace teacher nowadays.

It seems highly likely then that college officials will find a way to whisper in the ears of those who hold power and tell them that it is possible to deal with the blacks — just give them a chance to get a piece of economic action — but watch out for these white kids who don't want a piece of the economic action, who don't want hardly anything that the establishment can give or lend to them.

ARTISTS' PROTEST MAKES PROGRESS

By Alex Gross

New York EVO — As was recently noted in this paper, the Director of the Museum of Modern Art was coming under considerable pressure to offer his resignation, partly because of incidents related to the artists' protest. He has now in fact resigned, but there is no

great jubilation among the artists, partly because the circumstances surrounding his resignation remain unclear, partly because much work remains to be done.

The artists' protest has now partially formulated itself under not one but two names, "Artists Coalition" and "Art Workers Coalition," this being but one of many symptoms of how unconventional the whole movement is in political terms and on how many different levels work is being done. If the Artists Coalition were ever asked to define its program, it would probably disappear overnight, but fortunately it has yet asked for a precise programmatic formulation. This may be one of the reasons why everyone is keeping so busy. The black wing perhaps has the most and serves as an impetus to other members.

— Tom Lloyd, Faith Ringgold, and other black artists are at the Modern every Saturday and Sunday, giving out questionnaires on the Museum's policy towards black artists. Over two hundred people have filled out these questionnaires and mailed them to the Museum, which has thus far not yet answered any.

Last Saturday, a small group of both black and white artists joined forces in a demonstration which was a model of what a dozen, well-disciplined people can accomplish. The goal of the demonstration was to press home the Artists' Coalition demand for free entry to the Museum. To do this, a few of the demonstrators at first merely asked to be admitted free, muttering the name of their organization. The guards were completely unprepared for this request and agreed to it. At least fifty members of the general public were admitted without paying before the guards caught on and further admission was refused.

The demonstrators were prepared for this. They went to the ticket booth and took their places in line. When they arrived at the window they started to pay the \$1.50 admission. Other demonstrators circulated leaflets to those waiting in line, and explained to them what was happening. The Museum tried opening another ticket booth, but the demonstrators were waiting here too with their pennies. Security men appeared in the middle of the crowd, and did their best to sell tickets amidst amused cries of scab and strikebreaker. The demonstrators gave up when they ran out of literature to distribute — the entire incident lasted over an hour and a half.

Further actions are planned, but in the meantime, work continues on a variety of fronts. The Artists Coalition will soon be responsible for the first Standard Contract Sheet for selling a work of art since the beginning of art history. This will ensure the artists a percentage of the profit on any work of his that is resold at a higher price after it has left his hands. This means that the artist will have for the first time some of the returns on his work that copyright laws and unionism now offer composers, writers, and theatre artists. One of the things that has become evident during the artists protest is that artists must now make up for the fact that they did relatively nothing for themselves during the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties; this means a revolution on several levels at once, from the bread-and-butter financial side to the political, to the utopian.

Activities and policies are eclectic rather than doctrinaire and can be expected to so continue. This means a resolution to work towards a guaranteed annual income for all citizens in order to change the overall feel of American life in the future as well as a readiness to work with all groups here and now which are interested in changing the quality of personal and political life.

THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE

By CLAUDIA DREIFUS

But for the cowardice of many New York hospitals, thousands of pregnant women could receive perfectly legal and absolutely safe therapeutic abortions. While New York State's abortion law is one of the most restrictive in the country, it does permit a hospital to terminate a pregnancy where the fetus endangers the life of its mother. Bowing to pressure from church groups and conservative medical associations, most of New York's hospitals, public and private, have initiated the infamous "committee system" — an effort to make sure that not too many women make use of legal abortions. A hospital board usually consists of a staff of MD's who decide whether or not a woman is really physically or psychologically endangered by her pregnancy. The result is that the boards turn most of their applicants down and many of the major hospitals conduct as few as three therapeutic abortions a year. Hundreds more could be granted, but the hospitals are afraid of appearing "abortion happy" and so they keep these operations down to the most murderous minimum.

Last Thursday, a group of two hundred women from WITCH, New Yorkers for Abortion Law Repeal, and the National Organization for Women, decided to strike back at the hospitals and their committee system. They were joined in their effort by various ministers from the Clergy Consultation Service.

Choosing Lenox Hill Hospital on the Upper East Side as their target, the women set up an angry picket line around that institution.

"Lenox Hill was picked," explained Lucinda Cisler, Treasurer of New Yorkers for Abortion Law Repeal and co-ordinator of the demonstration, "because it is one of scores of hospitals

with an appallingly timid abortion record. It is a symbol as well as an offender in this terrible crime against this city's women—particularly against poor women, who are almost never given therapeutic abortions."

The demonstration received much support from hospital employees, many of whom joined the picket-line during their lunch hour. "I'm with ya, ladies," yelled a medical supply salesman as he rushed to the main lobby. "Nobody should be forced to have a kid they don't want." From the social service department came a group of social workers who joined the line, while their supervisor stood on the side and looked on. A medical student also marched. "I'm against murder," he said. "And that's what is done to women at many of the hospitals. They can't get a legal abortion, so they go to someone they find on the streets. If you could see a case where a woman has had a street abortion . . . and for what? . . . It's just because people are desperate and often they'll risk their own life, rather than give birth to another child."

Two nursing students from Cornell Medical School, Gayle Vervoorn and Amy Ward, took the day off to join the demonstration. "We're here," said Miss Vervoorn, "because you just get tired of seeing women come into Emergency who have been butchered. I've seen enough of these cases to be really mad."

For the groups sponsoring the demonstration, Lenox Hill is only one institution on which to vent one's anger. There will be others. "We're going to expose hypocrisy wherever it is, and we're not going to stop until we get that abortion law repealed," said one angry marcher. She looked like a very determined lady.

'Sex can be terribly unromantic and ridiculous' by D A LATIMER

Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine of the New York City Morals Squad has seen the play **Che** seventeen times. Occasionally he rises from his seat after a performance and arrests everyone in the place. He did this on the twenty-fourth of March, 1968: acting upon the advice of Kenneth Conboy, the Visible Saliva Monitor from the DA's office, Inspector Pine rose from his seat and arrested everyone associated with the production on the following charges: obscenity, public lewdness, sodomy, and conspiracy to commit same. Some charges were subsequently dropped during an investigation by the Grand Jury; many others were added, about fifty others.

The complete brief, listing fifty-four graphically described sodomy and lewdness charges, attested to by deponent Pine, was in the hands of **Che's** author, one Lennox Raphael, last Wednesday morning. Now, for over a week, Lennox and his co-Defendants had been presenting **Che** at the Free Store Theatre, bust or no bust. They needed the bread. And so it came to pass that on Wednesday night last, Inspector Pine entered the theatre with a \$9.50 ticket and set his ass onto a \$10.50 seat.

"Inspector Pine," Lennox told him, "I wish you wouldn't sit there. That's a reserved seat." Lennox was the usher, being that the last one, a 16-year-old kid, was being forced into testifying against **Che** for the State, by the State, by Inspector Pine and Kenneth Conboy. "Please move, Inspector." The deponent only glared, his ass was glued.

But the play went on, after an explanation by Defendant Raphael as to how Inspector Pine got to hog a \$0.50 seat. "Because he's got a gun." The deponent sat through his seventeenth performance, after which he again rose and instigated charges against these actors: Larry Bercowitz, who played **Che**; Paul Georgiou, who played The President; and Mary Anne Shelly, the Sister of Mercy; charged them with "manipulating the Defendant Georgiou's penis and placing it in close proximity with the Defendant Bercowitz' mouth. A great tsooris arose.

Waxing wroth, Defendant Lennox complained that this pig had a personal grudge against Defendants Bercowitz and Shelly, and asked why he didn't arrest everybody around, including the spectators. The deponent was mum. Shrugging irritably, Lennox walked to the dressing room to break the news.

No sooner was he inside than Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine of the New York City Morals Squad was on his back, beating the liivng shit out of him. Soon thereafter, the deponent was creaming the ass of Defendant Bercowitz, who had tried to pull him off of Lennox. Flashbulbs popped. Cameras ground. In the presence of witnessess, Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine of the New York City Morals Squad straightened his plain clothes and busted the two aforementioned Defendants for resisting arrest and obstructing the administration of justice.

Inspector Pine's story has it that Lennox leant on the door, in an effort to keep him out until

Defendant Shelly had put her clothes on and then, "with intent to resist said arrest, did grab the deponent, strike him, requiring the use of reasonable force to effectuate said arrest." Leave it to a Morals Squad Pig to be reasonable at all times, even when Mary Anne's getting dressed.

At the Ninth Precinct Station, Defendant Bercowitz used his one phone call to order a couple pizzas, as usual. The pizzas were delivered to the cell of the accused, and were laid upon the floor a good distance from the bars, out in the bullpen. Then, while the Defendants were craning through the bars to reach said pizzas, the lights were turned off in the cell bloc.

It was raining outside last Wednesday night, the wind was blowing and it was cold. Around three o'clock some pigs woke the Defendants with loud beating on the cell bars, and then opened wide a window across from the cell, which window remained open all night long.

The next day, after arraignment on charges of attempting to waste the person of Deputy Inspector Pine, the Defendants were released on \$500 bail apiece. There are those who would happily give \$500 for a chance at Inspector Pine's good health.

No Ed Wode, however, "I tried to reason with Pine," wrote Wode in **Rat** last Sunday. "He is really a fatherly man and I love him." Ed was once the producer of **Che**, understand. He should meet Deputy Inspector Fink if he thinks Deputy Inspector Pine's fatherly. Fink you want to go fishing with, he's that fatherly. Cops are great at beng fatherly and all, it's their thing. They got all that authority, vested in them by the state, no less, and you think they'd be like Jack Webb in **Dragnet**—but no, they just sit around and drink coffee and talk in human voices, just like you and me.

It really bends your head around, how fatherly cops can be. They're just men doing a job, that's all, and if their job happens to be hanging your ass in a sling, still—**Joseph Wiseman shrug**—they're just nice fatherly men. So Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine beat shit out of Larry and Lennox? That wasn't him, it was just his job. He's really a very nice, fatherly man.

In New York City, the DA gets to pick the judge before whom he prosecutes his cases. Presumably the one Kenneth Conboy selects for **Che** will be fatherly as all get out.

DECOMPOSITION

This was always a gossip colum. The latest dirt going about Third Avenue and the Bowery, the dirt that has everyone so confused—I mean everyone, dah-ling—concerns the break in affections between Lennox Raphael, author of **Che**, and Ed Wode, the producer thereof. All was well betwixt them, or fairly well, until their second bust, which occured last Wednesday. Lennox, Paul Georgiou, Mary Anne Shelly and Larry Bercowitz all went to jail. Ed was not arrested, but stayed home with the bail money.

The next morning, Lennox's wife, Marian, went with their baby to 100 Centre Street, where Lennox, Mary Anne, Paul and Larry had just been arraigned on \$500 bail apiece. There she met Ann Garfinkel, the counsel, but Ed Wode was not in sight. Calling Wode shortly after the arraignment, about 11, Marian was told that he'd be on his way shortly. Then a curious thing happened: phones started ringing in other people's homes, Ed Wode calling to request their participation in a demonstration in front of the Centre Street Courthouse. Thursday morning is a poor time to arrange a demonstration from scratch, and few were interested.

At 11:30 Ed was still nowhere to be seen. Marian called: "Be right there," he said. Noon came and passed, no Ed, she called again. "I'm on my way." One o'clock hove to, no Ed, and the lady handling bail arrangements began to agitate: "If he doesn't get here soon, we'll have to send the men to Riker's Island and Mary Anne to the Women's House of Detention." Marian called, Ed said he was getting ready; counsel Garfinkel got on the line, Ed said he was getting into the cab.

Shortly before two o'clock, the bail lady announced that the trucks to Riker's Island were loading. Marian put the baby up for security. The defendants were released in the custody of the bail lady, who didn't apparently want the paper work it would take to get them back from Riker's Island and the Women's House of De. Finally, around three that afternoon, Ed Wode showed up with a pile of placards he had painted and two demonstrators.

That night, when Lennox showed up for the 8 o'clock show, he was surprised to find the cast in regular costumes, rather than the customary skin. Under Wode's direction, the play was now being performed in mufti. "What is this shit?" asked Lennox. "This makes it into a dirty play. I won't be associated with it."

Lennox was not the only one who felt that way. Mary Anne Shelly, who plays the Sister of Mercy, burst into tears the next day telling Lennox how demeaning it felt to do the play with clothes on. (This is interesting in itself, since the main apprehensions Nat Hentoff and Russ Wezteson had about **Che** was its deleterious effects on the poor exploited actors.) At the theatre, when she told Wode she was not going on if she did not go on nude, Wode threatened to beat shit out of her. When Lennox intervened, Wode threatened to wipe up the place with him. Lennox wanted to refund the money to the customers, but Wode refused this too. Finally, Lennox and the cast walked out.

So this is where it stands now. Claiming copywrite posession, Wode is said to be altering the play with an eye toward putting it on with a new cast, clothed. Lennox, who wrote it and has the copywrite in his desk drawer, goes to court on June 2. And the Decency Rally has been scheduled for Father's Day, 16 June, in Shea Stadium. See you there.



photo: CHARMIAN READING

In this column, questions will be answered relevant to magic, occultism, witchcraft, spiritualism, comparative religion, and related subjects. Questions which for reasons of length or general interest cannot be answered in this column will receive a personal answer if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. A book on occultism will be given every month to the sender of the most interesting question which is used in the column.

To answer the most frequent question which reaches me by mail and telephone; no, I am not a member of a Satanist group of a witch coven — would I admit it if I were. No, I cannot tell you where to find a Black Mass which you can attend; no, I cannot put curses on anyone by mail, or rather I WILL not; curses, like blessings, come home to roost. And for those who want information about the true witch-cult I recommend reading Sybil Leek's *DIARY OF A WITCH*, published by Prentice-Hall. And occult books can be purchased, in the New York area, from Sam Weiser's bookshop at Broadway and Waverly Place. He also has Tarot cards, astrology textbooks and similar materials. For other sources of occult books consult the yellow pages. This is an unpaid advertisement; I don't even get a discount on my own purchases, it's just that I buy my own books there.

Q. — I would like to have my horoscope read, but I don't know how to choose a good astrologer. Also, I would like to know how much it costs.—B.G.

Dear B.G. — By and large, any astrologer who advertises in *AMERICAN ASTROLOGY* magazine is trustworthy; I have heard that they police their advertisers with some care. Those who can claim truthfully to have graduated from some reliable course or school of training can also be trusted as a

general rule. Prices for horoscopes vary immensely; but, since the calculations and necessary work involved in drawing up a chart usually are half a day's work, it is not very realistic to expect to get a chart from a professional astrologer for less than fifteen or twenty dollars, and twenty-five is about the usual amount. You can expect to pay more than this if you want two charts compared, or if you do not know the time of your birth and the astrologer must do lengthy rectifications and corrections to determine the proper rising point. If you cannot pay this amount, it is best to buy a reliable book on the subject and learn to draw up your own chart, or to find a friend who is a competent amateur astrologer and ask him to make you up a chart as a favor; like student barbers, beauticians and cosmetologists, who give haircuts and permanents free or for a nominal sum in order to practice their art, astrologers who are learning their craft will usually draw up horoscopes for all their friends and be glad of the chance. Of course, you take your chances with a novice astrologer, just as with an amateur beautician you risk the possibility that your hair will be cut somewhat crooked.

Q. — Do you believe that there is anything Karmic about the current racial troubles? I have also heard that since each race as its own cosmic destiny, occultists do not believe in racial mixing or mixed marriages. Could you comment on this? — R.L.B.

Dear R.L.B. — In asking if there is anything Karmic about racial troubles, since Karma — stripping away all the occult mumbo-jumbo — means simply cause and effect over the long run, you are asking a question as unnecessary as whether I believe that an eclipse is due to Newton's three laws of mo-

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DR. SCHOENFELD



SCIENCE is a scholarly journal containing scientific news and original articles, many of which are highly technical. But each issue usually contains some kind of trip for the whole family of scientists. The April 18, 1969 issue, for example, lists in its Table of Contents, "Soap Bubbles: Two Years Old and Sixty Centimeters in Diameter."

Hovering between an article entitled "Solar Differential Rotation and Oblateness" ("Abstract. An investigation of the time development of differential rotation produced by the solar wind torque indicates that the sun has a rapidly rotating core.") and one called "Cycads: Evidence from the Upper Pennsylvanian" ("Abstract. The fossil record of true cycads is extended from the Upper Triassic to the upper Pennsylvanian."), nestled the article about soap bubbles. Its abstract announced that soap bubbles with a life of over 2 years and diameter of 60 centimeters (almost 2 feet) had been developed by juicing up bubble solutions with polyvinyl alcohol or polyoxyethylene. These synthetic organic polymers combine with water to produce highly viscous fluids.

A.V. Grosse, writing from his laboratories in the Research Institute of Philadelphia's Temple University, notes that for centuries "some of the most outstanding scientists" have investigated the mysteries of the soap bubble. I read on, recalling with pride my own observations of smoke-filled bubbles floating through the air or landing on the ground and bursting, small puffs of smoke marking the passage of the bubble to the great soap solution in the sky.

Little biographical information is given about researcher Grosse but we can infer from his article that he is a thorough and careful investigator.

Why? He hypothesizes that a sphere produces symmetrical air currents which do not put strain on the bubble. For those unfortunates without 20 liter round flasks, the author suggests as a substitute 5 to 10 gallon distilled-water jugs.

Carefully regulated compressed air was used to produce "beautifully-colored" bubbles, lamentably thick at the beginning of what sometimes was a 6 hour blow. Grosse also developed a technique for measuring the thickness of his bubbles. A paper describing his method will soon be published. Many mixtures were discarded before he hit upon exactly the right solution, one with a viscosity of 2.0 centistokes. Grosse actually succeeded in blowing large bubbles from 6 different brews, the first and best of which he appropriately named "double-bubble" solution because both its major ingredients can for bubbles independently of the other.

Unlike the Fleer's variety, Grosse's "double-bubble" solution contains 2 volumes of Kuehner solution (1 volume of 4.49% by weight sodium dibromostearate in water plus 1 volume of glycerol), one volume of 5.0% polyvinyl alcohol and 3 volumes of glycerol.

The bubbles were blown inside flasks to avoid contact with dust, which apparently is death on bubbles. If the bubbles survived their birth and immediate post-partum period, over 80% of large diameter bubbles were found to last more than 100 days. Bubble researchers define the natural life of a bubble as the time required for a blown bubble to reduce in size to a flat film covering the bubble-blowing tube.

As the research proceeded, Grosse found that bubbles lasted longest in standard spherical 1 to 20 liter flasks.

(Continued on Page 23)

Make sure there's
money to help pay off
the mortgage

KOKAINE KARMA

BOB RUDNICK - DENNIS FRAWLEY

THIS WEEK IN NEW YORK

FILLMORE: Who, Sweetwater, Its A Beautiful Day
VILLAGE GATE: Immy Smith, Richard Prior. Up — Mose Alison, Jack Byard
VILLAGE VANGUARD: Tony Williams, Novella Nelson
SLUGS: McCoy Tyner
AU GO GO: Tom Rush 13-18
UNGANOS: Wed. & Thurs., Sweetwater, Elephants Memory. Fri., Sun., Bunky Jake, Bird Song
APOLLO: Chuck Jackson, Sweet Inspirations, Dee Dee Warwick, Parliaments, Originals, Ray Scott, Rubin Phillips Band.
UNLIMITED: Ruby and the Romantics
THE SCENE: Man (formerly The Rich Kids); on Sunday, Its a Beautiful Day.

The pop world is crashing under the plastic bravado of its self-praise, musical solipsism and commercial orientation which lead toward a strict class separation and a degenerate, bullshit path of "mature sophistication"; alcohol, drugs, elitism, stardom, show business, artiness, campfire music, jive-ness, an asinine sense of historical importance, and a superficial future consigned to trends, megalomaniac celebrities, and industry-induced myths. A Neo-Roman decadence has internationally seized the music of Youth—fun, freedom, and change.

Temporarily stealing the music of our culture and confining the spirit of the people with bogus definitions of contemporary sounds and ignorance of its essence, importance, and power (except financial) are the Press Relations Perverts; trend sniffers; fringe freaks; juvenile, racial, and cultural-exploiters; and side-burned mustached opportunists all of whom display the proper symbols, subvert the language and exhibit a dubious creative drive that propagates control, establishes boundaries, diverts talent and heaves obstacles into the forceful rampaging, free flowing rivers of the emerging youth culture. Impeding the flux with archaic solutions, a proselytizing obedience to established economic and social patterns and an ego-centered, individualistic production of artificial reverse directional streams, rotting nonfertile plateaus constructed in the death society's image, and anti-explanations about the emergence of a new culture spearheaded by youth's music.

The only absolute in nature is change. And the spirit of the people will survive the establishment's manipulation and distillation of their music, the unnatural forging of its personality and the maliciously purposeful distortion (hypes) of its definitions. Once again, the people are being alienated from their modes of communication. **INSTEAD OF MUSIC COMING FROM THE PEOPLE, IT IS BEING GIVEN TO THEM.** Packaged for consumption with the inherent joyous spirit bleached out.

Rock n' Roll = youth. From its 1950's

Royalty and Pop Music synonymous. Bullshit! All Kings and Queens suck. The hierarchy of pop is as bogus, impotent and as obsolete as any aristocracy. Fuck elitism. Musicians are people. Musn't forget.

Areas invaded by rock vibes are liberated territories. Musical occurrences are cultural events. Festivals of Life bringing the community together to have a good time. Religious happenings. Musicians are holy men (John Coltrane, Sun Ra, Albert Ayler, Pharaoh Sanders).

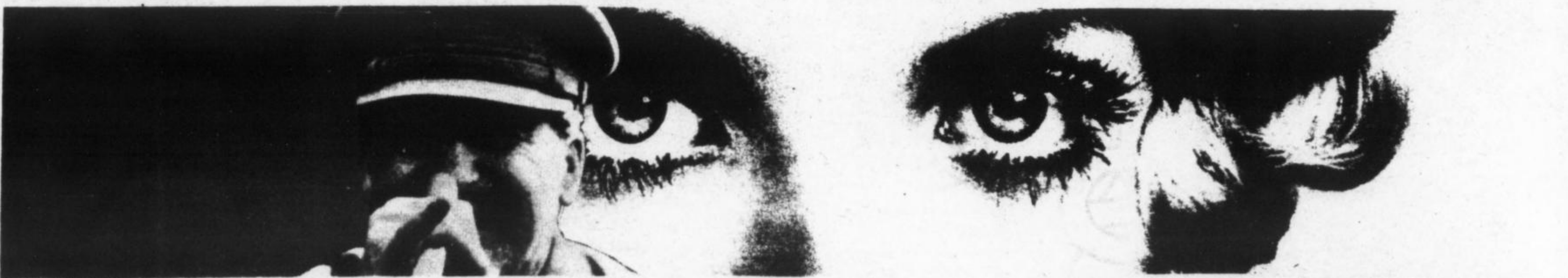
Fuck the Pop Mystic, Underground Music and Progressive Rock. It's all a ruse, the money — fame sickness, a germ spread by noncreative capitalism to strip our communities of inspirational leadership. I ain't kidding. They extracted THE GERM OF DEGRADE from Judy Garland, and then shot it into Janis Joplin's mainline. The ogre of materialism - cum - imperialism, with its efficient tactic of genocide, must destroy our emerging culture. Decadence is the last fling of a decaying, corrupt society, but our music can be a fortress against bourgeoisie perversion. It can free us from totalitarian chains of inhibition, paranoia, insecurity and depression. Working the way it should, our music is dangerous to the ingrained patterns and rigidity of the honky death culture. It is the best means of communication we have. Use it to express emotion, energy, love. The sound is a magnet for solidarity.

beginning it sereed to bring us together, break our bonds to move freely, still a natural, healthy, strong sexual drive. Rock n' Roll = Coming Together.

It doesn't seem possible that the current wave of popular music has evolved from it. Sitting, legs crossed, concert-like, no smoking uptight atmosphere, watching the supposed "super" human beings, nobility demonstrating technical proficiency. During some dimensional time warp, musicians stopped being entertainers and started being superstars.

Who is responsible for programming minds (musicians' and ours) to forget San Francisco's rebirth of people's music? Acid freaks played music for all their brothers. Everybody got stoned. Had fantastic time. Danced. Moved. Loved. and, audience = ONE. Be free. No differentiation. People. Get down!

What is this shit? Pay five bucks, sit down in some seat for hours, some bands just play their albums, some jack-off endlessly; some feed with their own music, hate each other and plan to split up after sucking more bread from fans. Don't even dig audience. Creative in studio, not on stage. Colorless performance; maybe they're good technicians, proficient. Visually nothing. No thing. **FUCK THAT SHIT,** I want a show. Are Niggers and the MC-5 the only ones who entertain? Great stage act. Inspiration James Brown, Mr. Dynamite. Lightshows have been carrying nonvisual and/or dull, bland bands.



1976

WHEN IN THE COURSE OF CORPORATE EVENTS...

ON JULY 4, 1976, AS ANY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS, 1300 GREAT CORPORATIONS DECLARED THEIR INDEPENDENCE FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

AND THE SMITH FAMILY, FORMERLY OF UPPER FROND, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A., FOUND THAT THEY HAD BECOME CITIZENS, INSTEAD OF GENERAL COFFEE POT INC.. ALTHOUGH NOTHING REALLY CHANGED FOR THEM AT ALL.

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE...

BECAUSE IT WAS GOOD FOR BUSINESS G.C.P. HAD LONG AGO BEGUN TO TEND TO THE HEALTH, EDUCATION, HOUSING AND OLD AGE CARE OF ITS EMPLOYEES AND THEIR FAMILIES — THINGS THAT THE GOVERNMENTS OF UPPER FROND, CALIFORNIA, AND THE U.S.A. HAD LONG AGO FOUND THEMSELVES UNABLE OR UNWILLING TO DO.

AND IN RETURN, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT WAS ALLOWED TO CONTINUE TO PERFORM ITS ONE REAL FUNCTION — THE CHARMING RITUAL OF THE QUADRENNIAL PASSION PLAY.

MY FELLOW AMERICANS...

SUCK IT TO ME!

ROBERT COBBIN

HENCEFORTH, SMITH WOULD PAY HIS TAXES DIRECTLY TO THE COMPANY, AND WOULD BE DRAFTED ONLY TO FIGHT FOR THE GENERAL COFFEE POT WAY OF LIFE.

KILL!

FORTUNATELY, THOUGH, THE WAR FOR CORPORATE INDEPENDENCE NEVER TOOK PLACE. FOR THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT QUICKLY CAPITULATED BEFORE THE VASTER WEALTH AND GREATER EFFICIENCY OF THE CORPORATIONS.

You can't win 'em all.

NON-ART-EVENT by LIL PICARD

NON-EVENTS

The oldtime Happenings are changing into something much more disturbing. They are becoming action-events, non-things, popping up at several sectors of the multi-Artworld in New York, up-&-downtown. On May 21 the JOHNSTON "DISINTEGRATION OF A CRITIC": an analysis of Jill Johnston will take place, a panel discussion in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium at NYU, entrance free. David Bourdon, moderator (a wealthy former Village Voice writer who is now with Life magazine); Dr. John Atchley, psychiatrist; Walter Gutman, securities analyst, writer artist, film-maker, "sugardaddy"; John de Menil, art patron; Carolee Schneemann, film-maker and director, founder of Kinetic Theater; Lil Picard, artist and writer; Andy Warhol, "A" author and Ultra Violet, superstar,

* * *

On the 16th floor of Hunter College, seven Poets achieved the ultimate of "invisible" theater. I came late and missed the first two pieces. Getting lost in the corridors of the Hunter College building, I was suddenly faced on the main floor by a group of demi-nude girls and boys performing on a stage. My first reaction was Ah . . . Poets in the Nude . . . now! But this was not at all what the new Theater Work-Group did. The Semi-Nude scene was provided by Hunter College students doing their own thing. After a lonk walk through the emptiness of Marienbad — corridors passing elevators and stairways, I finally landed before a tightly-closed metal door, behind which Theater Works could be heard going on. I was not admitted for a few minutes, and could only detect laughter and sounds. I suddenly was grabbed by a hand and pushed to the floor inside the room; faced by pitchblack darkness and exposed to

laughter, sentences, words, sounds and laughter, laughter, giggling and laughter again, hysterical, disturbing laughter . . . I thought about "Faces" (Cassavetes) but this time the Faces were invisible and the laughter became a visual thing. Mysterious, and disturbing laughter in the enclosure of a dark, square room. The blackness surrounding me was only made more black by gleaming burning cigarettes. My first reaction was negative. Two days later, something happened in myself. The laughter and the sounds of an invisible event lingered on in my mind and a change in my reacting to it took place.

The reason for my change towards the "Invisible Theater" (Title of event by John Perrault with the assistance of Vito Hannibal Acconci, Eduardo Costa, Bernardette Mayer, & Hannah Weiner) was caused by a second "invisible" action, taking place at 66 Grand Street Sunday evening May 4th as the last event of 10 Downtown at Gilles Larrain's Studio-Loft.

The non-Art-Event-new-Art form reached a climax of aggressiveness incomprehensible to most of the people who came downtown to 66 Grand Street in cars, trucks, VW and taxis to see "something." Maybe a Happening, maybe some Nude People or Sex-actions, or a fight! lightworks, or humans in some kind of acting, — but what they were faced with was a complete "Nothingness". Nothings not in the form of a white or black canvas, or an empty room filled with odors and yellow light or some other "minimal" Art-work, but a political statement, so concrete and disturbing, that some of the people who came downtown to "see something," got very angry.

In the narrow entrance to the loft-building Jean Toche, a Belgian artist living in New York, faced his audience, holding the mike of a taperecorder, inviting the audience to go "upstairs," three flights up a steep narrow staircase, and asking 50 cents admission.

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'Nothing is dangerous DIE NIGGER DIE

by ABBIE

Review of Rap Brown's
Dial Press, hardcover \$3.95

Die Nigger Die came as an unexpected surprise. I have heard Rap speak on a number of occasions and although he struck home loud and clear I always found we had differences. Like about two years ago when he was putting down flower power right and left and I frankly thought it was none of his business since the ground rules had been set forth: black radicals talk to blacks and white radicals talk to whites. Those were awkward years, '66 and '67 when the whites, forced out of the civil rights movement, had to confront the reality of their own rotten world. Experimentation was needed. A new cultural identity had to be formulated and defended. But first formulated; any white organizers floating amid the hippies at the time recognized that as soon as the flowers gave bloom they would out of necessity have to grow thorns. America just ain't about to let its kids run away and build a new culture, not one so highly visible as the hippy culture. Well, again, Rap spoke at the Fillmore last December and related to the young white radicals mistakenly as liberals, many fresh from battle at Columbia, Chicago and from the day before's fight on the streets of the Lower East Side. Again he missed the boat, accusing the audience of supporting Humphrey and people shouted back "you ain't got a corner on the revolution," and he walked off the stage. Also, Brown has a persistence in speaking ideologically rather than personally, and I expected a dull book such as the Carmichael-Hamilton *Black Power* dud which is totally unreadable.

Rap's book is great. It's involving, funny, angry, and most of all, alive.

Here's Rap clowning his way through school turning on people, struggling with SNCC in the South, blasting out in Cambridge, Maryland and jivin with King-Pig Lyndon himself.

Its words burst out like the title, loud and clear. Sure the ideology, the "Program," if you will, is there, but it is blended into the poetry of the life Rap leads. Another important thing: it is not a racist book. As soon as one sets up a dichotomy in the black world, say a distinction between Negroes and blacks, as Rap persistently does, the book is not racist. Perhaps therein lies a clue for us whites: to talk in terms of Hippies as the Negroes, Yippies as the Blacks. There is a lot to that sort of distinction being made so people understand clearly the distinction between a Jerry Rubin and a Peter Max. In fact there was a good deal I learned from the book that relates to the white radical scene. For example, Rap talks at length about playing "the Dozens," a sort of psychic judo that you use to fuck up the Man's mind. It's the same as our put-ons and funny pranks. They are part and parcel of our survival kit. There is other stuff for whites too but, and this is very important, *Die Nigger Die* is written with black people in mind, it is for the street guys to carry around in their back pockets. I hope the paperback edition is not far off in the distant future.

There is one weakness, and perhaps this is a touchy subject, but the Black Panther Party is never mentioned and they are a walking, breathing manifestation of everything Rap talks about. It is no secret in the movement that SNCC and the Black Panther Party have had their differences just as white radical groups have had their family feuds, but given a taste of the "new nixon"

(Continued on Page 19)



When a boo-bird whistles, the team turns on

Bring home all the kicks

RENAISSANCE MUSIC by JOEL MELZ...

Sunday night's concert of the Incredible String Band at the Fillmore East was capped by a surging ecstasy of applause equalled seldom. They are Robin Williamson, Mike Heron and two nameless and unnameable girl/children. Their sound defies description, being a conglomerate of influences ranging from the Highland Fling through Debussy to the Ming Dynasty. Though widely contrasting styles and timbres of sound are often juxtaposed, there is never a feeling of unnecessary addition. The element of surprise is a constant factor in the ISB sound, but it never degenerates into novelty. There is a zen-ish awareness of the freshness and constancy of change here; three hours of the ISB seemed hardly enough to fill anyone's appetite. An all-day concert would be more like it! The real trip the Incredible String Band is on is the deliberate evocation of memories of former lives as lived in cultures and geographies spread up and down the span of human existences.

The several instruments used Sunday night included electric organ, piano, acoustic guitar, electric bass, violin, bamboo fiddle played with a viola da gamba bow, two gongs, a washboard played with finger picks, tambourines and drums of all sizes. All four of them usually sing while playing on these.

Heron and Williamson are each strong musical craftsmen, though there is never the implied higher-and-lower position games that most rock groups thrive on. As lyric writers

they are up there with the very best: God made a song when the world was new/water's laughter sings it true/ O Wizard of Changes, teach me the lesson of flowing.

The ISB has been together in their present form since 1966, when Heron joined the group, replacing Clive Palmer, the original proprietor of The Incredible Folk Club in Glasgow. Williamson is Scots, Heron apparently from London, and these two folkloric streams have a prominent role in the ISB's rhythm of idiomatic flow, perhaps because they sing mostly in English. Not always, though; the Hindu word "Tatvamasi," meaning "you are nothing," or "you are that (thatness)," "is used as a sort of polyphonic overlay in a song about "who you are that (thatness)," is used as a sort of past: a monk asked a wise man to tell him who he was. The man commanded the monk to bring him some figs, and when he did, had the monk open first the figs and then the seeds to find only emptiness inside, "and you," Williamson said, indicating the Fillmore audience, "are the loveliest nothings we've ever met" — a double-edged remark only if you see it that way! Well, the Fillmore always is an impatient mob, and because it takes five minutes or so to set up the different instruments between selections, what could have turned into some very ugly hand-clapping and whistling developed, but Williamson let them know where it was at just by telling them in

effect to clam up. This was done so gently that suddenly there was a strange quiet. American audiences are not used to such stage-cool. When a brawl got under way in the first row over someone with a camera during a song called "Creation" Williamson vaporized it in an instant by stopping the music in mid-stream; that was more of a shock to the combatants than any blow with a fist could have been, to judge by the instant stillness.

What seemed to bother Williamson was not that his music was being interrupted; it wasn't really. It was more of the unfairness of the one photographer versus the several ushers that popped his cork. "Put him down!" he said, "how can I sing about creation while you're..." This was all said so naturally that no person could have failed to respond. In a way that incident says more about the Incredible String Band and their music than anything else does; they are organic musicians above everything else, and when they sing of the clear light within leading you home, there is no sermonizing, no teaching, no exemplifying, only truth. Though the Fillmore was filled, it seemed, three-quarters by obnoxious eleven-year olds from Scarsdale, there is no doubt that this message got through.

The ISB is more than a musical group; it is a vision of music that can be made and shared in the Aquarian Age. The ISB be loved wherever they go.



If you're searching for a machine that practices what it promises...

AN INTERVIEW WITH ABBIE HOFFMAN BY JAAKOV KOHN

Abbie Hoffman has brought laughter to the otherwise grim business of revolution.

Unlike other supersalesmen, Abbie's prime tool is laughter rather than the empty toothy smile — that traditional uptight front of aggressive allamerican supersalesmanship. And SUPERSALESMAN Abbie is — probably unmatched in effectiveness by many a giant in the field.

Endowed with the irresistible combination of total dedication, limitless imagination and an abundance of nerve, he has, with the aid of everpresent media coverage, become a household name in America. Strippers are named after him, cops all over oink for him and just about everyone who knows him can't help but dig him for what he really is — all thousand of them.

CONVERSATION WITH ABBIE HOFFMAN

EVO — The last time I spoke to you, the cops just beat the shit out of you down at the courthouse. Was that your 38th or 39th arrest?

AB — The thirty ninth, I think. I was at the courthouse because I was on trial for the Columbia disturbance of last year. During the recess, while in the phone booth I all of a sudden saw the cops fly into the lobby in one of their Grand Central Station sweeps. After I hung up and got about five feet from the booth, some pig decked me on the back of my head. When I came to I asked him, "What seems to be on your mind, officer?" He said "Get the fuck out of the building." I told him that I was not in the demonstration that was going on (The Panther demonstration), but upstairs on trial. He belted me again, and so I had a Karate exhibit, and sent three of them to the hospital. After that they put handcuffs and leg-irons on me and took me for a workout on the table in the pressroom. They beat the shit out of me for about 15 minutes. I was

charged with felonious assault and five other charges. I was finally let out. The next day, which was my last arrest, they got me for not showing up upstairs for trial.

EVO — Have you taken any steps against the government for harrassing you?

AB — I think a number of lawyers are preparing a suit against the Federal Government. I think it will be the first suit of it's kind. I have had ten arrests since Chicago, but remember that during that period I was out of action for three months. During one of those arrests, in the Washington, D.C. jail, they took a blood sample with an unsterilized needle and as a result of that I got hepatitis. For that, I have a million dollar suit against them. If I win this one, it will be a new ball game.

EVO — How long has this — you against the United States and vice versa — been going on?

AB — I blush. I think the first demonstration I went to was Caryl Chessman's execution in 1960. After having been on Death Row for twelve years, he was finally executed. That was my first demonstration, outside San Quentin. I remember it very clearly. Marlon Brando and Shirley MacLaine were there. Very nice picket signs and everybody was very nicely dressed. It was a very sensible demonstration. When it started to rain the warden came out and offered us coffee and doughnuts. You couldn't be pissed off at him. He was a very nice guy. And you really couldn't be pissed at Governor Pat Brown, the leading liberal in California at the time. He came out on the boob tube saying "I am against capital punishment but in this case my hands are tied".

On the way back to Berkeley everybody felt so glum. Nothing could be done. Well, things sure have happened since then and they sure are happening today. Just pick up the paper and you see hundreds of colleges blazing. The Spring Offensive in full swing.

EVO — How does the tally sheet add up for these nine years?

AB — It has been a constant change. It has been a development in terms of tactics and in terms of positions and views. Consider the first five or six years that I have been in the movement, whatever that means. During that period I believed that the system could be reformed. I was essentially involved in a position of dissent which is a reformist liberal position. That is when you say "The war in Vietnam is bad. It is an accident. It isn't what this government and this country are supposedly about." That is a reformist liberal position; when you say, "There is something wrong with the State of Mississippi, a bunch of racists, just go down and change it with the children's crusade."

I remember going in 1964, to the Democratic convention in Atlantic City. We were involved with the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party challenge. Again, it was like the incident with Pat Brown. All the liberals came out singing. "We shall overcome" was number one on the Hit Parade on the Boardwalk. They put on all the buttons and gave us money. We were the heroes of the convention.

Then Johnson called up from the ranch and said "Hubie, you get them niggers in the back of the bus and get them to shut up. The kids from the boardwalk you send home to take baths or ELSE you don't get to be Vice President."

Then they started to twist arms and when you got inside the convention hall all the buttons disappeared and they stopped singing the songs. When you asked what's going on they said, "Well, we are with you, but in this case our hands are tied". The same went on in the South. There would be scores of Justice Department officials and FBI agents that would come down and while you were being beaten by the local cops and mobs they would wring their hands and say, "This is terrible. They are awful down here, aren't they. This is

(Continued on Page 18)



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 ter-SYMPHONY MUSIC SHOP, 28 Palisades Ave., Getty Square,
 Yonkers; Bronx-COUSINS RECORD SHOP, 383 E. Fordham Rd.;
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Eisenhower (Continued from Page 4)

your Communists. Certainly there is a system of which many have undoubtedly found themselves victims. However, all is not as bad as it sometimes appears here. Oh, I mean, well," scratches head, perplexed. "Well, it's like this. You have two countries. One's this way and the other is that. Shit, let's go get something to eat."

They chewed some crystals. They turned down a purple hallway and entered a room with ATOMIC BOMB written on the door. Forty insect-looking men in white coats and with electric penises were piling bombs against a wall. One of them approached Ike.

"We have more than anyone now," he said. "We got, shit, we must have a couple thousand of those babies."

"Good," said Ike. "I brought the guard down to see the operation we got going."

"It's a cold war going on out there," said the scientist. "We got A bombs for you. We got H bombs. Whatya need?"

"Well," said the gard, "I'd love to see an H bomb. I mean I'd appreciate it. You know the kids and all. What they'd think . . ."

"Set one off for the man," said the President joking, and then the men went into sterile room for instant coffee and hard buns.

The men ate their buns in the sterile room. Each bun had a center of GL 70 in it. They ate the GL 70 and then Ike and the guard left the rooms through the mouseholoe and sat on the attic floor. They drank red syrup and got back

to regular size. They went to a show and after this to a Pitch 'n Putt golf course where Ike scored a hole in one.

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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. Screenings, 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

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 Cooper Union)
N.Y.C., 212 677-9790

CINEMATHEQUE/GALLERY OR C/G

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

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

CALENDAR

MAY 14 — WEDNESDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — The films of HERBERT JEAN de GRASSE: Killman; The New Improved Inner Argh; Firelady; Venus — CINEMATHEQUE/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
8:00 PM — NYC — GEORGE KUCHAR: Unstrap Me; WALTER GUTMAN: Out the Window — AM-EX
10:00 PM — NYC — JOHN DULANEY: Yipout; LAC Film; Skinny Fat Park Carpet; Mentat; Fly Family Spectrum; The Outing; new film in progress — 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. — 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
8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — films by MAURICE AMAR. New film added as completed. AMAR
8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — AM-EX
10:00 PM — 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
8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of previous Friday program — AMAR
8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — AM-EX
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 — Underground film program — MILLENIUM
10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of 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

8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — AM-EX

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

MAY 20 — TUESDAY

5:30 & 7:00 PM — NYC — ANDREW MEYER: Match Girl; An Early Clue to the New Direction — CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM

5:30 PM — NYC — Cineprobe: LARRY KARDISH: Slow Run, w/discussion — MOMA

MAY 21 — WEDNESDAY

12:00 noon — NYC — selection from American Film Festival Winners — MOMA

2:00 PM — NYC — repeat of May 18th 6:00 PM program — C/G

8:00 PM — NYC — The NEWSREEL — JUDSON

8:30 PM — NYC — ED SEEMAN: a graphic artist who is "painting with the camera." He will show and discuss excerpts from his new film on "The Mothers of Invention," "Space Oddity" and other examples of "the flying camera" and "Psychedelic cinema verite." — CUBICULO

MAY 22 — THURSDAY

2:00 PM — NYC — "Early Abstractionists" program II: JOSEPH VOGEL: House of Cards; MY HIRSH: Autumn Spectrum; Scratch Pad; Divertissement Rocco; Defense A'Afficher. LARRY JORDAN: Man is in Pain; The Season's Changes; Undertow — C/G

6:00 PM — NYC — The films of ROBERT GIORGIO: Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; Hare Krishna #3. The Rock Opera Trilogy: Love Happens #3 — America's Wonderful — Everybody Needs Somebody. Part 2 of the program: "Madness": Fugue #1; This is Jennifer — C/G

8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — AM-EX

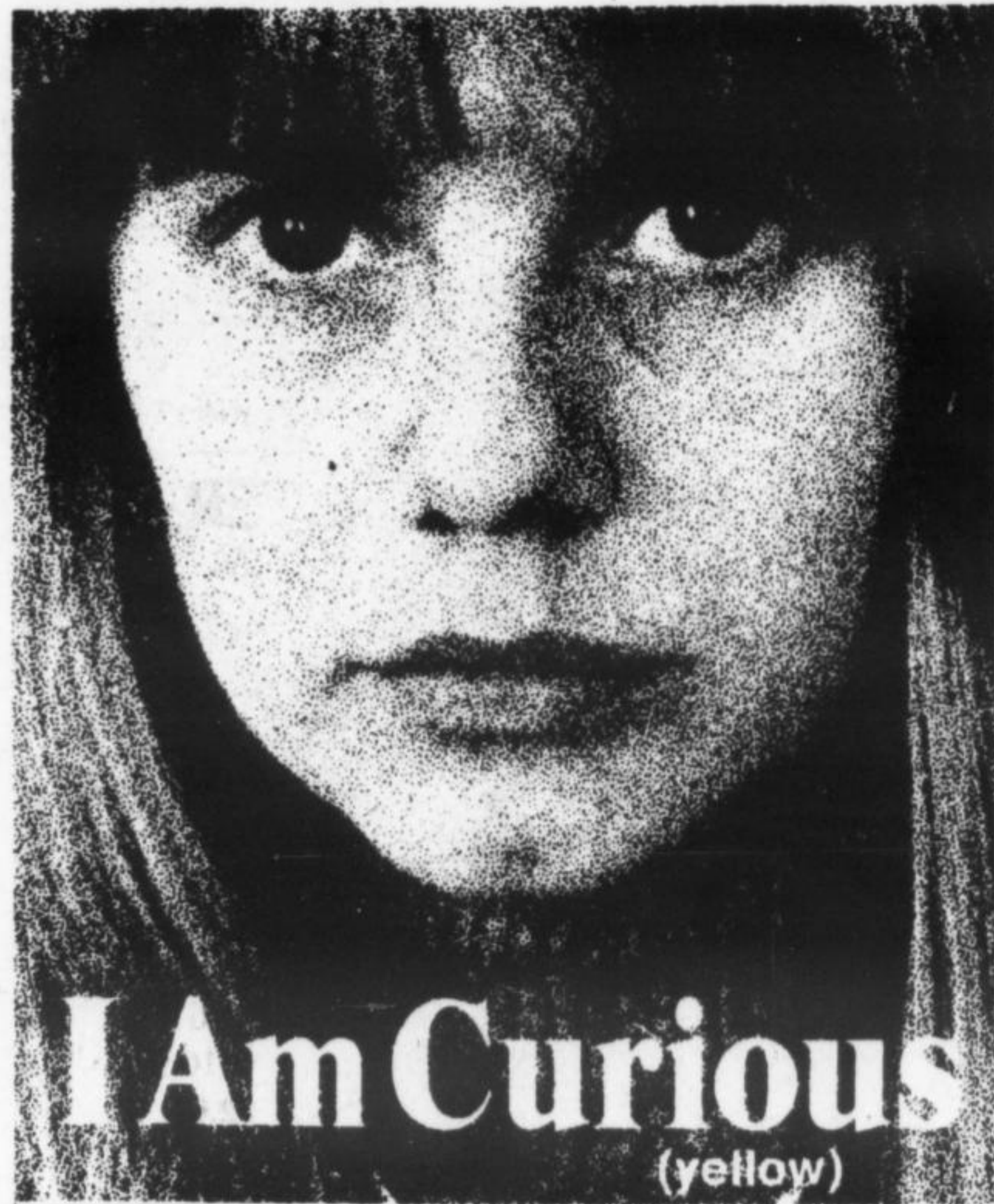
10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — AM-EX

MAY 23 — FRIDAY

2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — Second 8 mm program: The films of MICHAEL STEWART: Free Form; The Gray Unnamable; Consequences; Through the Mind's Eye; new work. Films by ROBERT GIORGIO: Meanwhile; Fantasy. MYRON ORT: And Love Must Love — C/G

8:00 PM — NYC — The films of BEN VAN METER: The Poon-Tang Trilogy; Color-film; Olds-Mo-Bile; Up Tight, L. A. is Burning . . . Shit; Steve Miller Blues Band; Garden of Proserpine; Vivid Color 3D Nude Models; Naked Zodiac Trailer — C/G

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



I Am Curious (yellow)

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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8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — AM-EX
 8:00 PM — NYC — Free outdoor film festival — CENTRAL PARK MALL
 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — AM-EX

MAY 24 — SATURDAY
 2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — BEN VAN METER: Acid Mantra/or/Rebirth of a Nation — C/G
 8:00 & 10:00 PM — NYC repeat of Friday program — AMAR
 8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of GUTMAN/KUCHAR program — AM-EX
 8:00 PM — NYC — Free outdoor film festival — CENTRAL PARK MALL
 8:00 PM — NYC — see previous Saturday — CLOSET
 8:00 PM — NYC — Underground film program — MILLENIUM
 10:00 PM — NYC — repeat of DULANEY program — AM-EX

MAY 25 — SUNDAY
 2:00 & 6:00 PM — NYC — SETH HILL: Shadows and Reflections. JOHN SCHOFILL: Filmpiece for Sunshine. TOM DeWITT: Atmosfera. SCOTT BARTLETT: Metanomen; A Trip to the Moon — C/G
 8:00 PM — NYC — repeat of KUCHAR/GUTMAN program — AM-EX
 8:00 PM — NYC — ERNIE GEHR: films & discussion — MILLENIUM

MC-5 (Continued from Page 5)
 if you don't read *Rolling Stone* it is assumed that the story, How the MC 5 and Elektra Came To Split (Elektra: "a bad marriage" . . . MC 5: "Yeah!") is known. Their view of the charge that they are a hype is demonstrated above. They play music, no matter if Elektra understands that or not, because they love music, and the songs they sing are about the truth we all live in: "Motor City Is Burning," "I Want You Right Now," "Call Me Animal" and the incredible wonderful all-to-itself high of Sun Ra's "Starship" which sobs and groans, makes you aware of the limitless beyond-time space of this starship called "people."

They are fully aware of the transitoriness of being, that living is a matter of change: "To only want one thing is a death trip, that's what they are on in the old system." So for now, it is important for them to scream of the necessity for action, not thought which gives time to reflect. Do it first, try it out, then judge on the basis of what happened. But thinking about it, coming up with reasons for not changing something, only leaves it the way it was. They only know how to go straight ahead and in this non-variational movement, there is a purity which might be called innocense. They don't understand compromise, don't want to; they like girls, period: not boys, not sheep, not whips. They like dope, and the homage paid to pre-breakfast, during-breakfast and after-breakfast tokes could be a whole book by itself, not to mention the

rest of any 24-hour period. What they believe in, they stand by, and the friendship that exists among the group is so strong that outside of it there is Outside, Only. What they know is not the revolutionis: stats, corruption, and a system which allows repression and fear of death. They now sing Songs of Innocence . . . when the revolution is a little older, and they are too, it will be interesting to hear their Songs of Experience.

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Non Art (Continued from Page 11)


On the wall of the entrance, Toche had pasted his new statement of Protest Art: **DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE**, Republic of the Federal Socialist States of Belgium (RFSSB), Government in Exile — Action Committee for the Liberation of the Flemish and Waloon Workers — Collective Committee for Direct Democracy — Vigilance Committee against Centralized Authoritarian Hierarchy — Acvtion Committee for Sexual Liberation. Movement of May 4, 1969.

Jean Toche is Belgian, and seems to be involved with his country's political destiny. In New York he gave his protest a tangible form of aggressiveness. The audience walking up the three flights met nothing but a blank white wall. Nobody got admitted to the studio. Nothing happened at all. The people went up . . . faced the wall, went down . . .

The inner relation of the Toche piece with Theater Works, and also with the conceptual works organized by Seth Siegelau, seem to me immensely relevant in times of protest and intellectual revolution. In times of war, fear, revolution, aggression and violence, the action-events of artists who "care," using "Understatements of Minimal" (which are revolutionary acts or with accusing, maximal aggressive force, interest me and turn me on. Every time has its specific expression in Art. Today I think Poet-Revolt, Theater-Art-Revolt, Artist Coalition-Revolt, the revolt with Words, with Sound, with bodies in action (DIONYSOS in 69) are the most relevant Art forms at the end of the sixties.

COMING EVENTS:
 Spring Gallery 69 presents works by choreographer Deborah Hay, poet Hannah Weiner, Sculptors Marjorie Strider and Tom Gormley, at Paula Cooper Gallery 96 — 100 Prince St. May 15, 16, 17 at 8:30 p.m.
 At the same Gallery, May 18th, a Benefit Party for Artists Coalition, at 4:00 p.m.
 Bill Barell shows Styrofoam Fruit and Vegetable Art in Essex St. Market between Livingston and Santon St. (Section B), until May 17th.

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ABBIE (Continued from Page 13)

neither legal nor moral. Call us collect in Washington if you need help." "Hey man, we need help right now, we are bleeding all over." Their inevitable response would be something like, "You know, there is something like states rights, but if you need us just call us in Washington." Shit like that.

I guess that right after Atlantic City, in 1964, came the turning point for many of us. We just dropped the facade of working in terms of appealing to the country's conscience. That, at least for me, was the turning point.

EVO — What was your involvement at the time? What form did the change take and do you remember any specific incidents relating to this?

AH — At that time I was involved with SNCC. I was organizing Friends of SNCC groups in the north. After Atlantic City it became evident that some changes in the civil rights movement were inevitable. As you know, what grew out of that was Black Power. At that point I became involved with the Poor People Corporation of Mississippi, which was an outgrowth of SNCC. Blacks own the business cooperatively and have the responsibility and decision making in their own hands.

All through this period, I was primarily cen-

tered in Massachusetts and had a straight job. I was a drug salesman; no, not narcotics, just plain shitty drugs.

EVO — Did you have a company car with samples all over the back seat?

AH — Yeah, that kind of thing. My job was to pay off doctors for "five years" studies that took five minutes. A "five year" study of why brand X was better than brand Y. I remember waiting in the waiting rooms for the "studies," which I would forward to the home office and the doctor would in turn receive his \$1000 check. After that, a ghostwritten article with the doctor's byline would appear in some fancy medical journal heralded as some brilliant, scientific study. The company would then reprint thousands of copies of that article and I, in turn would show it to other doctors in the area as a proof why brand X was superior to brand Y: "After all doctor, just read the "Five Year Study." I had it all down to a science, working 4 hours a week, stealing like crazy by selling the samples and forging motel receipts.

For that they paid me fifteen grand a year and I was mowing the lawn on weekends. BUT in between all that I devoted the major part of my time to organizing in the ghettos for SNCC. Sort of a schizophrenic, and after a while it got to me. I remember asking my boss, the regional sales manager, "Is this shit any good?" "It won't kill you," was his response. It sort of hit home.

During the same period I went with SNCC to the Newport Folk Festival. Stockley, Clev Sellers, George Ware and others from the Atlanta office came to talk to the folksingers and we were also selling our craft products. Then, one evening, about ten blue power pigs who had been drinking beat the shit out of us. I was pretty stoned at the time, and I guess that the combination of the acid and the intensity of the beating made a terrific imprint upon me. When they ripped up our booth, which represented such a positive program, we became aware that this was beyond protest. I realized that there had to be something beyond protest. Here was the very positive Poor People's Corporation, our vision of the future, where those who worked in the factory would own them, be involved in the decision making and share in the profit of their labors. Yet, we were beaten up and our booth destroyed.

EVO — When did you come to New York?

AH — Shortly after that. I chucked the job, the home in the suburbs, the wife and two kids, and came to live on the Lower East Side to start Liberty House. It became a success, but for me it became very difficult being white and working in a movement that was essentially oriented around Black Power. There were conflicts and disputes with SNCC.

In the meantime I saw the Hippie thing getting started. I looked around, and felt that what the movement was saying was something that was authentic. It went along with where my head was at.

Going beyond protest and building a positive vision of the future. It became a living revolution. People started to live it as well as yell about it.

EVO — The communes were actually the first manifestation of the change in bohemian trends in America. Until then this was basically a very lonely trip, with the exception of the junkies and speed freaks that always stuck together.

AH — It was the setting up of a new kind of family. I think it started with the Beatles, when it shifted from Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra, the idol - models of the alcoholic culture. When you think of the Beatles you don't think about their mommies and grannies.

EVO — The interesting thing about the

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Beatles was that our image of them made them what they are today. Essentially, they were Teddy boys.

AH — Even though I like them, our heads are not in the same places. They say all you need is love. I think they put a definition on love which is not my definition of love. I think killing a cop can be an act of love. I am not ready to limit it to anything. It is a personal kind of feeling, just another four letter word. I saw their movie *The Yellow Submarine*, and thought it to be pure cotton candy bullshit. I just couldn't relate to it at all.

EVO — This is very interesting in view of Jerry Rubin's praise of the film as the most potent manifestation of the revolution. But let us get back to the Lower East Side in 1966, when communes came into being.

AH — There were tribal councils. There were groups like the Family whose thing was food. The Provos. At the time, I met the Diggers from the West Coast and became very turned on to what they were doing. I started to read people like Theobald, Buckminster Fuller and MacLuhan. Especially MacLuhan. I was reading and experimenting with things that weren't in the traditional left, material. I started to think in terms of the future rather than labelling it. Postabundance society, where economic principles would be kind of different than the ones Marx had formulated. During that time I met a lot of theatre people. I got very interested in the theatre and theatrical techniques, especially Antonin Artaud. I guess all this led to my first non-traditional organizing venture — the Stock Exchange — throwing money at the money brokers.

EVO — That was an eye opener to which everybody was able to relate. It also brought Abbie Hoffman to the attention of the media. It was an experience not to be forgotten for a long time.

(To be continued)

Die Nigger Die

(Continued from Page 11)

isn't it time we all better bury the hatchet? If we don't, some Pig is gonna pick it up and bury it in our fuckin heads. He won't look to see what button we're wearing. He's just gonna come out swinging.

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THIS IS IT

May you read this three times and grok in fullness—
Share Water—Never thirst.

Emanations

(Continued from
Page 8)

tion. Virtually all happenings are due to the law of Karma, of cause and effect. The few exceptions, if there are any (some occultists believe there are) are due to the direct intervention of God in human destiny, and are known as miracles. They need not concern us here.

But there is racial Karma, and national Karma, as well as individual Karma, and I think this is what you mean. The clearest example of racial Karma has occurred in our own time, when Hitler's terrible purge of millions of Jews was the horrifying end product of thousands of years of the policy outlined in the Old Testament, where the racial God of the Jewish tribes admonished these fierce tribesmen to wipe out their enemies to the last man and male child. The few prophets who counselled mercy were shouted down in the overwhelming militaristic fury of these ancient ancestors. It was written: he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword. The fury of the Old Testament militarists came home to roost in the death camps of the Nazis, where millions of Jewish people atoned for the atrocities which they had perpetrated on other races in their past lives.

Does this mean Hitler was justified? My God, no! This is the meaning of the cryptic passage in the Bible; "Woe to him through whom offenses come. For it must needs be that the offense cometh; but woe to him through whom it comes . . ." Hitler was an instrument of Karma—but he was not obliged to be the evil instrument of fate. In his acts, he and his Nazis incurred punishment which will be exacted of them, in some future life, to the last drop of blood.

The Jewish peoples have atoned for their past militarist sins, under Hitler. Now the land of Palestine gives them a new start—if as a country they can put aside the heritage of militarism and live at peace. If not, they will simply begin the cycle again.

Current black violence—here and in Africa—is probably descending upon the white races because of their historical position; the American settlers in particular incurred a frightful racial karma in committing what amounted to genocide upon the Indians. But a general black uprising against all whites, while it might be karmically justified, would also bring upon those who committed it, the fate of the Nazis. They had the satisfaction of killing off the Jews—but where are they now? I wonder how many of them think it was worth it?

As for occultists approving or disapproving of racial mixing, I have never heard this theory seriously put forth by any occultist worthy of the name. Many of them feel that racial types were an early state of the human race and that all races will eventually merge into a single human type; others do not hold this position. My own feeling is that no one has the right to "approve" or "disapprove" of what is basically a problem for the individual decision and conscience. I believe that with current social institutions, racially mixed marriages put a very great strain on human nature, but this is more an indictment of the social institutions in question than anything else. It demands two strong human beings, free of petty neurosis, to make a success of any marriage, even when there are relatively few strains put on it; if the added strains of religious, racial or financial differences are put on any relationship, the people involved must be that much stronger. Many occultists make mixed marriages successfully, because their training in the nature of man and the universe helps them to overcome superficial strains. But I believe that anyone who has very strong feelings of identity with his own national or racial strain should probably take this as an indication that his personal destiny lies within those boundaries.

And if I personally were to disapprove of racial mixing I would have to disapprove of my own ancestors a substantial part of my own ancestry is Amerind.

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Ecstasy or refund. Share water.

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How can it be rendered clean
and pure
If it be washed in water
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MANY young male figure
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Minimum \$50-75 per shooting.
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Beautiful Europeans type boy,
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Call Charles (mornings 10-12
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YOUNG BLOND, good looking,
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By means of over-talkativeness.

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tists. Call 288-4748, 10 am to
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7 — MISC.

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when silence punishes the wall
& flames tremble to crawl.
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when sleep bursts into a cloud
& tomorrow remembers a
shroud

Hear my Heart
when liberty burns a memory
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8 — IMPERSONAL

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. — Steve Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C. Please, gals only.

FOR TWO GIRLS who like nudism an inexpensive summer, light work on farm estate, room and board plus small wage. Swimming available. Sincere people only. Write fully with phone. Gemini, Box 1, Hackettstown, N.J.

NEEDED — Attractive, shapely, affectionate girl (18-30) to enjoy better things in life and have intimate relationship with tall young exec., sincere, considerate. SRI, Box 11, Prince Station, NYC 10012

MY 23-YR-OLD penis requires relief from protracted erection pains. Pussy will give my penis relief. Give pussy to my pussy-poverty-stricken penis. PO Box 222, Far Rockaway, NY 11691.

P.O.O.G.O. — Many uninhibited thrill seeking girls needed by five bachelors with boats for Hudson River romps. Also need nude models for profit. Transportation arranged. Photo and phone to POOGO, Box #451, Westwood, N.J. 17675.

HANDSOME intelligent businessman, early thirties, wishes to share apt. Brooklyn or N. Y. with young white pretty (only) girl. Rent and all other expenses free. I will use apartment once weekly. You're the boss. Ed Myer, Midwood Station, Box 102, Brooklyn, N.Y.

\$7,500 OFFERED female writer-trainee. Publishing Creative Director will train right girl. You must be: intelligent, 18-35, exciting, willing sexual partner. Married/single OK. For immediate interview send photo, letter to: Creative Director, Third Floor, 27 Thompson St., New York, N.Y. 10013.

Hurtful expressions should never be used,
Not even against an enemy;
For inevitably they will return to one,
Like an echo from a rock.

AMBITIOUS Latin born man, Jr. college, accountant, seeks white girl to share living, will marry if mutual understanding, sense of humor man, vacation travel, responsible. Must be 22 to 28. Give height, weight. PO Box 142, Lenox Hill Sta., New York, N.Y.

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HANDSOME bachelor, versatile, sterile, (40, Caucasian). Have air-conditioned cozy pad. Looking for trim, affectionate chick for an intimate relationship. P.O. Box 132 GPO, Bronx, New York 10451.

10 — STUD SERVICE

MALE, 23, wants to meet males 18-27 in leather scene. Will correspond with people out of town. Send photo to G. P. O. Box 2874, New York 10001.

GIRLS—Had any lately? Spring is her . . . let your emotions take over . . . enjoy a good balling. E. Barnes, 152 W. 42 St., Suite 504, NYC 10036.

11 — UNISEX

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MASSACHUSETTS — handsome white student, 22, masculine, sincere, inexperienced, orally inclined, seeks attractive, masculine guys to 30. Really dia young hip types, for possible meaningful friendship. Northeast Massachusetts only. This just forwarding address. No weirdos, hangups or fems. Photo guarantees reply. John D. Box 146, 651 2nd Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028

DRIVING to San Francisco in June. I'm 24 and would like young gay male passenger, 18-25, any race, share driving, expenses. No heavyweights, effeminates, or drug users please. Send letter with complete description, characteristics, address, phone, recent photo to Dave Reister, PO Box 1864, Binghamton, N.Y. 13902. No calls. All letters answered.

Much talking is a source of danger,
Silence is the means of avoiding misfortune:
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Other birds, which cannot talk fly about freely.

ATTRACTIVE gay guy, 20, seeks young teen boys to 18 for mutual fun and friendship. Send photo, phone to Box 223, New York City 10025.

YOUNG MAN, gay & understanding, athletic and muscular build, would like to hear from other young gay guys, 18 yrs and up for sex and friendship. Photo and phone please. Give details and write to: J. Riccioli, c/o 4017 Avenue U, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11234.

EUROPEAN MALE, blond, 27, seeks nordic gay to 30 to find and share apt. in NYC to 140 per mo. ea. Must be sincere, quiet and masculine looking. Send details to Box 1293, F.O.R. Station 10022.

12 — S & M

WHITE passive male, 26 years, would like to meet Spanish type or Puerto Rican aggressive male. David, PO Box 603, Times Sq. Sta., New York 10036

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HIP-Pocrates (Continued from Page 8)

published. In brief, the volume of the bubble is compared with its weight, an example being the "fresh golden-orange bubble" which was found to have a thickness of 1.68 microns.

Perhaps it's a bit much to guess that A.V. Grosse was bubbling with enthusiasm for his work but his own words speak for themselves, "After bubbles made from these solutions had lasted over 200 days, I became interested in blowing larger bubbles"

The reality of the square world was soon made evident to Grosse when he found that bubbles blown in a cube measuring 22 inches to a side, lasted but a week.

His hopes were, well, punctured, until Corning Glass works delivered "the largest spherical flasks produced in the country," four 72 liter (approximately 16 gallons) Pyrex flasks. Although Grosse says these flasks were exactly what he had sought, escalation soon occurred with the arrival of a 200 liter (45 gallon) glass sphere. Larger grew the bubbles, born in "double-bubble" solution and consistently growing to horizontal diameters exceeding 50 cms.

One burst at 52.3 cms. due to unexpected arrival of a visitor (shit!). The last bubble blown was 60.6 cms, "about the largest bubble that could be blown in the flask," Grosse writes with evident frustration.

Table 2 records the life and fate of 8 long-lived soap bubbles. One lasted 705 days before it "Gelled with heavy drop at bottom." A cruel fate befell Bubble No. 7 which after 374+ days "Burst due to hammering during carpentry work."

But after 528 days one bubble still maintained a vertical diameter of 37.73 cms. Concluding his article, A. V. Grosse understated prophetically, "In view of its large size, it is likely that it will be the longest-living soap bubble on record"

We're rooting for you and the bubble, Mr. Grosse. Now that you seem to have the indoor (in flask) record cinched, perhaps you'd consider blowing some bubbles out-of-doors, say at the Speedway Meadows of Golden Gate Park. A large rapt audience would be assured, especially if you'll consider filling your bubbles with colored smoke. Just wear a flower in your flask and bring the double-bubble solution.

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