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JULY 9, 1969

# ASSASSINATIONS IN AMERICA





# STONEWALL INCIDENT

My name is Ronnie Di Brienza. I was born and raised in Brooklyn, twenty-six years ago. For the past seven years I have been breaking my balls from coast to coast as a musician. Most of this time I have spent eating peanut butter and pizza to survive. As a long-haired, newspaper-labeled hippy, I have had a lot of shit thrown my way, but until Friday night, June 27, I was basically a pacifist. However, pacifism is fast going out the window. How many times can one turn the other cheek. There is a limit, and Friday night was it.

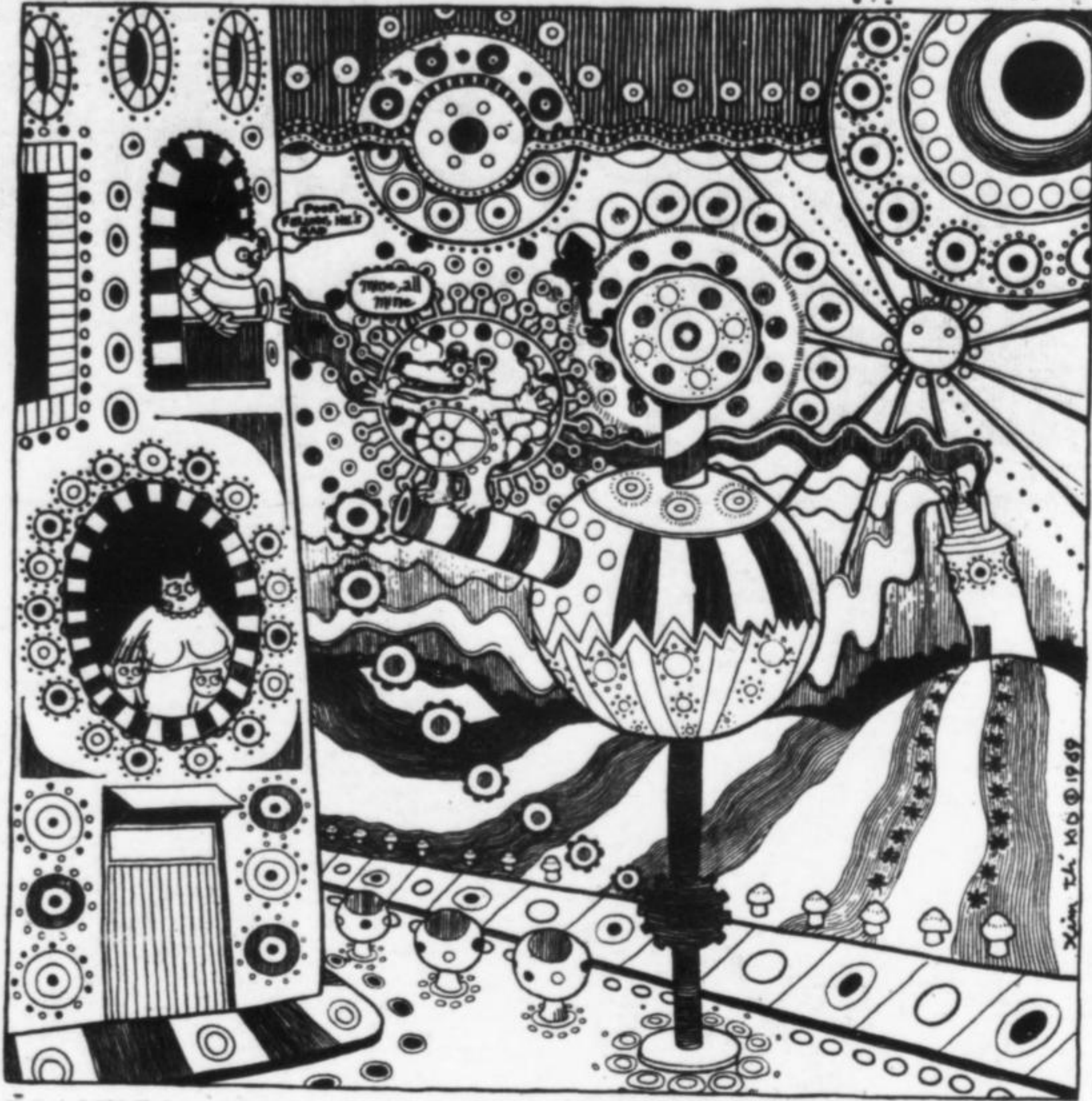
Basically, I am not gay, but I am not straight either. I must consider myself a freak. My close associations are with people who are among the minorities.

I am not an expert, but homosexuality has been around since Caine and Abel. Homosexuality, however, is a reality and not just a passing thing. The

used to be that a fag was happy to get slapped and chased home, as long as they didn't have to have their names splashed onto a court record. Now, times are a-changin'. Tuesday night was the last night for bullshit.

On Wednesday and Thursday nights grumbling could be heard among the limp wristed set. Predominantly, the theme as, "this shit has got to stop!" Come Friday night, early Saturday AM, the pigs decide they are going to do it again. So into the Stonewall goes Inspector Smyth, Inspector Pine, four fuzzi and two policewoman (God knows what the hell policewomen wanted to do there), and the bust was on. The pigs proceeded to bust all the employees of the establishment, and some fags, too, for good measure. Poof, it starts. The fags have gone revolutionary. A crowd was waiting outside—possibly five hundred in all. Every time someone was released from the bar, cheers would go out along with the cry "Gay Power!"

But suddenly the mood changed. Someone began to scream, "Let them go, let them go!" From the sky



establishment and their elite gestapo, the pigs, have been running things too long. First you had the Negro riots a few years back, which woke up white cats like myself to the fact that, though I am white, I am just as much considered a nigger as the black man is. From those early battles came the more intense militant organizations who, like myself are sick and tired of being niggers, and want to become real and human. We have reached the bottom of the oppressed minority barrel. The gay people are the last people anyone ever suspected would violently demonstrate for equal rights. Well, let me tell you baby, you just don't fuck with the gays anymore. They, too, have turned the other cheek once too often.

On Tuesday night, June 25, the Stonewall Inn on Christopher Street was raided by the brave, stick-swinging pigs. The Stonewall has more or less become a gay institution in the Village, and has survived as such for the past three years or so. All of a sudden, however, the pigs decided to start playing political games on the fags, because when did you ever see a fag fight back? It

came a bottle, then a stone, then a brick—all kinds of objects. The pigs then hurriedly took away the prisoners they had and barricaded themselves in the Stonewall. Not for long. A bunch of "queens", along with a few "butch" members, grabbed a parking meter, and began battering the entrance until the doors swung open. Then someone threw the meter through the plate glass windows, and it was on. Some small, scrawny, hoody-looking cat threw a can of lighter fluid through the broken window, and set it up. The DAILY NEWS conveniently called this a "Fire bombing." Well, I don't know where the NEWS' heads' are at, but if that is their impression of a fire bombing, I can just imagine when a molotov is hurled they will headline it as an atomic attack! Shortly after a fire hose was turned on from the inside, pig reinforcements arrived on the scene, and after some brief skirmishes, it was all over...for Friday, anyway.

Saturday night was very poor. Too many people showed up looking for a carnival rather than a sincere protest. Queens were posing for pictures, slogans were

being spouted out, but nothing really sincere happened in the way of protest. On Monday night, July 2, everything became more than serious. Around 10:30 P.M. some queens set fire to some trash on the corner of Waverly and Christopher. TPF and the Fire Department responded.

The fires were put out, but then the crowd began to get on the pigs. Shouts of Pig Motherfuckers, Fag Rapists and Gestapo could be heard all the way back to Hoboken. More police arrived. Then, one really fat Bircher-type pig grabbed a friend of mine, who was promptly beaten in front of two hundred people by three other pigs, and then carted off to a waiting patrol car. This was it. From no where the crowd swelled to an estimated thousand, and the battle was on. One head, standing on the corner of Waverly was unfortunate enough to yell out "pig" just when the man was behind him. Well, in front of 1,000 witnesses, he was pummeled, dragged, kicked and lifted down the length of Christopher Street to a waiting squad car on Seventh Avenue.

Some of us tried to get him away from the man. It was heartbreaking. If more people would have helped the cat would not have been dragged off. By the way, my buddy received seven stitches over his left eye for his participation in a freedom of assembly rally.

For a while, the crowd became very warlike. I have never seen anything worse than an infuriated queen with a bottle, or long nails. Believe me, get their ire up, and you face the wrath of all the Gods that ever lived.

This all ended within an hour, and peace was restored. But the word is out. Christopher Street shall be liberated. The fags have had it with oppression. Revolution is being heard on Christopher Street, only instead of guttural MC-5 voices, we hear it coming from sopranos, and altos.

The whole thing is this. That bar, among others in the Village, has been in existence for the past three years. The pigs, if you care to see it for yourself some night, stand outside of any gay bar. They walk into that establishment with mugs on and walk out with smiling faces, and their good hands in their money pockets. They usually proceed to drive off into the night to make violent love to each other, while they goof on the dumb fags. I'm sure that if liquor was being sold without a license over the past three years, something would have been done sooner. However, a second faction is present. The Mafia has controlled these bars for years, and they have exploited the homosexual constantly by charging outrageous minimums and covers to get into their bars, and charging a dollar for a can of beer, which can be bought in a deli for 25 cents.

The strange thing about all this is that during the height of the action, you could see the fear and disbelief on the faces of the pigs, and the straight people. Yet, while I was hanging out with some eastside revolutionaries on a stoop off Waverly Place, possibly being one of ten people on the streets the pigs suddenly had their bravado back, and threatened us with bodily harm if we were still on the street when they circled the block. Fuck them! We remained on the block. They continued to circle.

The Mafia owners of the club put up signs begging for the gay people to demonstrate peacefully tonight and whenever. Fuck them too! Why? To save their asses? To keep the public eye off them and the corrupt pigs? Horseshit, baby! WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT NOW!

There will be more shit happenings on Christopher Street. This past week is only the start. The fags, like the true revolutionaries, have become resigned to fighting for their cause, if necessary by force and with heavier weapons. On July 16 there will be another demonstration on Christopher Street.

The fags aren't just protesting the fuzzi, they are protesting the fact that they must pay for the privilege of being gay. And to all of the people, the Holy Mafia, the Pigs, Smyth, Pine, and all the rest of the closet faggots in uniform, FUCK YOU. WE, THE MINORITIES, SHALL OVERCOME!

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# assassination, u. s. a.

EVO INTERVIEWS MARK LANE

ON AMERICA AND THE ASSASSINATIONS

by Claudia Dreifus

Since John F. Kennedy was murdered in 1963, three major national figures, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, and Robert F. Kennedy have been downed by assassins' bullets. And then there have been all those Black Panthers who died, and all those civil rights activists. Political assassination is becoming more American than Andy Hardy.

As if from a recording, each assassination is followed by an official explanation that the act was committed by a lone, crazed individual, and that there was no conspiracy involved. A foreigner must think that the nation is filled with lonely lunatics who do nothing but gun down important public figures for joy, emotional release, and publicity. Few journalists have bothered with any serious investigation of the assassinations -- and even fewer have cared to link them up. We spoke last week to Mark Lane, the author of RUSH TO JUDGEMENT and an associate of New Orleans D.A. Jim Garrison. Lane spent the past five years writing about and investigating the murder of John F. Kennedy, and in the process has picked up a good deal of information about the three other assassinations. Though the conversation is lengthy, we thought the subject matter was so important that we would reprint the interview as fully as possible.

CD: Since you began investigating the assassination of John F. Kennedy, there have been several others.

ML: Oh, yes, there have been some others. In fact there have been enough assassinations in the U.S. that if they had taken place in some Latin American country, we would be able to say "that's how they do business down there," and feel quite self-righteous. Fortunately, we Anglo-Saxons North of the Mexican border would never become engaged in any kind of activity like that.

CD: Dr. Edgar Z. Friedenberg, the University of Buffalo sociologist, once said that any nation that can lose two Kennedy brothers is either sloppy or careless.

ML: There were in the US in the past few years four people who had the charisma and ability to develop effective leadership in the areas of ending the war in Vietnam and for justice for Black people in this country to the point where they had large followings and had become important political forces. WHERE ARE THEY NOW??? John F. Kennedy? Malcolm X? Martin Luther King? Robert F. Kennedy? All dead and all the victims of assassins. And all of these acts, of course, are "completely unrelated." And all we have to do is ask any Attorney General in power at the time and he will assure us that it is so.

CD: Well, nobody believes Attorney Generals. They're "notorious liars," if I may borrow a phrase from J. Edgar Hoover.

ML: I'm not so sure that people are doubtful. One of the things which indicates what has happened to our country in the past five years is a study of the way the alleged "lone" assassin has been treated by our society. Lee Harvey Oswald? The evidence shows conclusively that President Kennedy was killed as a result of a conspiracy. A conspiracy as defined by law is two or more persons acting in concert to effect an illegal end. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AT THE FILM TAKEN BY AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER, Abraham Zapruder, in Dealey Plaza that day and which shows the entire assassination in Dallas. The fatal shot clearly come from the right-front. As the bullet strikes the President in the head from the right front, you see that he is driven backward with shocking suddenness and then to the left. However, the Warren Commission said that Lee Harvey Oswald was directly BEHIND the President. If the fatal shot came from behind, the thrust of the bullet would have pushed him forward.

CD: Where can one see prints of the Zapruder film?

ML: You have to break into the TIME-LIFE building into their vaults -- to see it. Because that's where they are keeping it, at the request of the U.S. government. However, I have a copy of the film.

CD: Tell me, Mark, did you break into the vaults of the TIME-LIFE building?

ML: I have a copy of the Zapruder film. In any event, once you come to the conclusion that there was a conspiracy, then you have to say that only one of two things would come from a trial of Oswald: 1) If he was involved in a conspiracy with others, perhaps at his trial he might have given the names of his co-conspirators; 2) If he was not involved and was acquitted, then America might have asked "Who did it?" So, if Oswald was found guilty or not guilty, a trial was a thing to be avoided for the conspirators. That reasoning bore fruit because he was executed in the Dallas Police Station while surrounded by 70 police officers, by a dear friend of the Police, Jack Ruby. The point I make is that Oswald had to be killed

before he spoke to any human being. He had, of course, spoken to FBI agents, Dallas policemen, Secret Servicemen, and CIA agents in the 48 hours he was in custody. But no record of what he said seems to exist. The Dallas police said that no tape recorders or police stenographers were available at the time.

/CD: This sounds rather odd. They had on their hands the most important prisoner in the history of the United States. Why wouldn't they make a record?

/ML: Because what he said was not convenient to the government's purposes, and Oswald was eliminated before he could talk to anyone else.

/ Now we go to five years later and we have James Earl Ray. Ray was either involved in a conspiracy to kill Dr. Martin Luther King or he was innocent of the crime. There is no other alternative, since there clearly was a conspiracy, and a successful one at that.

/ There is a very important witness in the Ray case, Charles Q. Stevens, who lived in the apartment right next door to the bathroom from where Dr. King's assassin fired the fatal shot. Right after the murder, I flew to Memphis and talked with all the witnesses. What Stevens had to say was most interesting, as he had seen the assassin twice on the fatal day, once when he went into the bathroom to fire the shot and once when he was fleeing the building with a package under his arms. Stevens gave me a description of the assassin and it was completely contrary to the photographs of James Earl Ray. For one thing, the man whom he described was at the oldest maybe twenty-five years of age. Stevens said that he was likely in his early twenties. Ray, of course, is obviously forty.

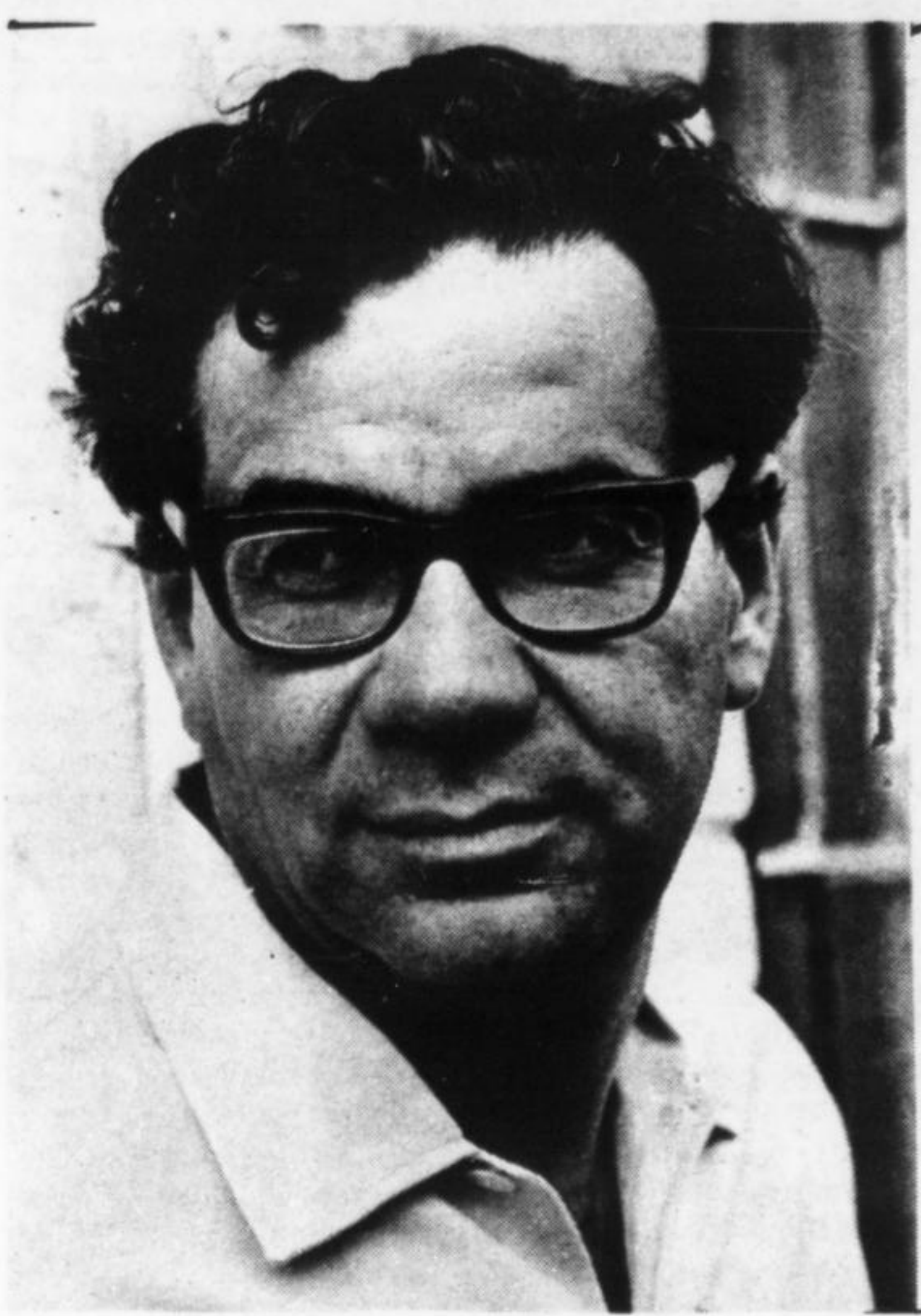
/ By the way, as soon as James Earl Ray was arrested in London, Stevens was also arrested, "detained" and kept in jail for a long time until after Ray pleaded guilty.

/CD: I remember right after Dr. King was shot the police were looking for an Eric Starvo Galt, who looked nothing like James Earl Ray. Whatever happened to him?

/ML: The FBI had originally charged Eric Starvo Galt with "conspiracy to kill Dr. Martin Luther King." It was probably the first time in the history of the FBI that they've used that phrase when they weren't talking about young people or communists. They said there was a conspiracy and that Eric Starvo Galt entered into a conspiracy with a person allegedly his brother, and with other persons whose identities are unknown at the present time. That was the original charge made by the FBI. The Bureau sent out a description of Galt, the name, his pictures and fingerprints, and sent them all to the southern Bureaus of Investigation -- the local state outfits. The Georgia Bureau of Investigation said later, when the FBI sent out James Earl Ray's picture, description and fingerprints, that these were the fingerprints of a different man than Eric Starvo Galt. And, of course, if you look at the pictures you can judge for yourself -- they are completely different. A any rate, the fingerprints were completely different, according to the GBI.

CD: What has always struck me as odd is how James Earl Ray managed to escape the U.S., travel to Europe, and live so well for the two months after Dr. King's murder.

/ML: Somehow James Earl Ray--if he was the murderer--eluded the competent authority, the FBI, got all the way from the Deep South into Canada, where three identities were prepared for him--travel documents in the names of three persons, all of whom looked alike and all of whom looked like James Earl Ray. The identification papers were given to him. He then flew to Europe and travelled around a bit. According to Scotland Yard, who apprehended him, Ray was drawing funds from a numbered Swiss bank account. All of this would indicate that something much greater than James Earl Ray was involved. If indeed James Earl Ray was involved at all. In addition to his, of course, just after the shot was fired that killed Dr. King and when whoever fired that shot was escaping Memphis, someone else remained in town and for three hours infiltrated the



Memphis police radio. The infiltrator spent three hours giving out a description of a chase all around Memphis -- lurid details of a chase that never took place. This is similar to the modus operandi of those who infiltrated the Dallas police radio on November 22, 1963 and who gave a description of Lee Harvey Oswald long before any evidence at all pointed to Oswald. And the Warren Commission was to say in its report that it didn't know how that description of Oswald got onto the Dallas police radio. But it was a similar technique to the one used in Memphis.

/CD: Well, do you think there is a standard technique--and perhaps a pattern to these assassinations?

/ML: Well, we know that the CIA has an assassination program. It's called an "Executive Disposal Program." It has been used in Vietnam, Africa, and Asia since that organization came into power. A man who held a rather responsible position with the CIA left that organization to work with Jim Garrison in New Orleans for a while, and he described in some detail how the program works. He felt that a number of assassinations outside the U.S. as well as some inside, fell closely within the classic pattern outlined by the CIA.

/ In any event, someone stayed behind in Memphis. The evidence showed clearly that there was a stationary radio, not a moving radio, which was infiltrating the Memphis police radio, while someone else was escaping from the scene. So, you have at least two people involved--and that's a conspiracy!! And if someone was setting up identities for James Earl Ray--whose greatest claim to fame at the time was that of a small-town Southern hood--then one has to consider how these identities were made available, how they were secured, and how this small local Southern hood could set up a numbered Swiss bank account - something I wouldn't know how to do myself.

/CD: A while ago, Rev. James Bevel, one of Dr. King's associates in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, said that he could prove that James Earl Ray was innocent. I've seen Bevel speak on a number of occasions and thought that he was an incredibly together person, which leads me to believe that he wouldn't bullshit about a thing like this. Do you have a clue about what he was into?

/ML: Yes, he offered his assistance to Ray's defense. But I think he has pretty much the same information that I have. None of the Black leadership believes that this wasn't a conspiracy. JET ran a very interesting issue



around the time of Ray's mini-trial where they interviewed many important black leaders. Simply no one believed that this whole thing was the singular act of James Earl Ray. And the one who believed it least of all was Ray himself. You may recall at the end of the mini-trial, Ray got up and asked the judge, "I would like to point this out to you, Your Honor. I don't believe Ramsey Clark and I don't believe my lawyer, Percy Foreman, when they say that there was no conspiracy to kill Dr. Martin Luther King. There was a conspiracy." And the judge, Judge Battle, said, "Well, that's an incidental matter. Are you still pleading guilty? Yes? Okay, 99 years in seclusion."

**/CD:** Assassination law has grown a lot more humane with time and experience. We no longer have to kill fall-guys. We've come a long way, huh?

**/ML:** Yeah. They sent him away. That's how America has changed since 1963. In 1963, Lee Harvey Oswald had to be killed in the police station for fear if he told a somewhat curious American people what he knew, we would be outraged. By 1968, there was no fear of that. The man charged with being the lone assassin of Dr. King could get up and say that there was a conspiracy and America would be completely silent, docile and not react at all.

**/CD:** Do you intend to do something about waking up the country? **RUSH TO JUDGEMENT**, your first book on the JFK assassination, had quite an impact. It is said that the book prompted Jim Garrison into reopening his assassination investigation. Perhaps you can do something like this again. Certainly the book that William Bradford Huie will write will be nothing but a mint-julep coated whitewash.

**/ML:** I don't really know if anything can be done. I think the statistic which is the saddest one is this whole area, if the polls can be trusted, is the poll that said that 75 per cent of the American people said that they did not believe the Warren Report. The poll went on to say that 68 per cent of the same people did not think there should be a new investigation of President Kennedy's assassination. If these polls can be credited, it appears that the posture of the American people is to say to the government, "I know you lied to me about the death of the President and that's okay. The only thing I ask you now is please don't tell me the truth." And if that is the posture of the American people, I don't really know what can be done about the assassinations which have followed, let alone the JFK murder. The country has changed.

**/CD:** I can see how the average person would not want to know the truth. The terror of knowing that everything you believed in is corrupt and a lie can make a person very insecure. For the average American, it is better to sweep the whole thing under the table and forget it.

**/ML:** You know, there are people today who say that "he wasn't such a good president anyway--so who cares about who killed him."

**/CD:** Believe me, we miss him more and more. Even with his faults.

**/ML:** Cause and effect have become alien doctrines in our country. Kennedy was killed because he was becoming a better President. He was killed because in September of 1963 he said he was withdrawing 1,000 of the 17,000 American "advisors" from Vietnam and that by the end of the following year every American would be out of that country. About a week before he was killed he said the same thing again and he withdrew another, 1,000 advisors.

**/CD:** Don't you think that the Black leaders are interested in finding out who really killed Dr. King? I would think that they'd want to know the truth--if only for their own self-protection. After all, a rifle pointed at Martin Luther King or Malcolm X can be pointed at any Black man who starts proving himself an effective leader of his people.

**/ML:** Yeah, sure. But how's anyone going to find out? James Earl Ray is incommunicado. His lawyer, Percy Foreman, came out after doing such a brilliant job of defending his client that day, he only secured him 99 years of solitary confinement...

**/CD:** But Foreman did quite well financially for himself.

**/ML:** Oh, yes. He did quite well. His fee was in the hundred thousand dollar range and he got lots of blows on television...This is what I mean about how the country has changed in five years. A network reporter said to him, "Well, Mr. Foreman, do you think there was a conspiracy?" And he said, "No, there wasn't. I first came to this case a few months ago and thought there might have been. But I have investigated every single aspect of the case and now I'm absolutely convinced that there was no conspiracy." So the reporter said, "Did you ask your client about that?" And there was this long silence. It was a very tough question, you see -- one of the few intelligent questions ever asked on television. So after a long silence Foreman answered, "No, I didn't."

**/CD:** Foreman sounds as if he's either not very bright or is terribly anxious to wrap the case up.

**/ML:** Well, you're a lawyer, right. You're one of the only people in the country who can get into to see James Earl Ray. And he tell you, as he's told everybody, that there WAS a conspiracy--as he told William Bradford Huie in letters. Huie wrote two major articles on the subject for LOOK.

**/CD:** Didn't Huie coincidentally change his mind about the possibility of a conspiracy. At first he said he was convinced that there was one. And later, he decided that Ray was just another megalomaniac who was seeking a lot of publicity.

**/ML:** Well, everybody changed their mind when the new line came from Washington. The federal government moved into Memphis and the Federal government worked out the deal for 99 years.

**/CD:** Do you think there was a change in line when the Nixon administration took over?

**/ML:** I don't know. But all the Attorneys General from the John Kennedy assassination on down to the time of the Robert Kennedy assassination have been saying that there were no conspiracies. It is true that before the Nixon administration took over the FBI had charged Eric Starvo Galt with CONSPIRACY to assassinate Dr. King, and after the administration was in, Ray was tried for murder, not conspiracy. Now it is true that the Memphis authorities officially prosecuted Ray. But even the NEW YORK TIMES conceded that there was a federal presence in Memphis during the mini-trial.

**/CD:** Why don't we get back to Percy Foreman. Why didn't he respond to Ray's assertion that there was a conspiracy?

**/ML:** If you're Percy Forman and you can get in to see your client and he tells you what he told William Bradford Huie: that he was given \$12,000, a white Mustang, told to travel around the country, never knew why he was doing anything, met a guy named Raoul when he was in Canada--in essence, he was telling a story of what really happened to Lee Harvey Oswald.

**/CD:** What do you think really happened to Oswald?

**/ML:** I think that Oswald was moved around. I think that he believed that he was an employee of the FBI. And maybe he was an employee of the Bureau. He certainly believed he was. He was present at meetings when the assassination of the President was discussed. And he sent a message on November 18, 1963 to the Washington office of the FBI which said that there was a plan to assassinate the President of the United States on November 22, 1963 in Dallas, Texas. The FBI sent a telex message to every other southern regional office informing them of Oswald's information.

**/CD:** How do you know this?

**/ML:** Well, one of the messages went to a William Steven Walters, a night security clerk in the New Orleans office of the FBI. As soon as it was received, he called a man named Maynard, the Special Agent in charge of the New Orleans office, and Maynard said, "Call our eleven agents who work with the underworld and let them know. Get back to me in the morning." Walters put down on the back of the message the hour he called Maynard and the names of the eleven men. After Kennedy was assassinated, Walters realized the importance of this document, so he went back to the office and took it home with him. He's no longer working for the FBI and he still must have the message. I met Walters while I was lecturing at Tulane University, where he was studying law. He came forward and gave me the information. When Garrison raised this with the federal government and asked for the original copy of the message, Mr. Walters was contacted by the FBI and told that if he ever discussed this matter again, he would be charged with revealing government secrets. And then he disappeared. And we haven't heard from him since. Garrison tried to call him as a witness for the Clay Shaw trial, but no one

Motion pictures taken on November 22, 1963 and until now suppressed by the government and the media reveal that President Kennedy was killed by a shot which came from his front. The Warren Commission in its official whitewash contended that Oswald, the "lone assassin," was BEHIND the President when the shots were fired.

Both President Kennedy and Governor Connally had been wounded by shots fired from the rear. But EVO is printing suppressed frames which show yet another shot clearly originating from the front of the President.

The Majority of the witnesses in Dealey plaza in Dallas said that the fatal shot came from behind a wooden fence high up on a grassy knoll in front of and to the right of the President's limosine. A number of witnesses saw smoke emanate from behind the fence at the time the shot was fired. These pictures prove that the witnesses were correct. The President is seen going backward and to the left as a result of a short from the right-front. Though our copies of the film are blurred, we think you can judge the truth for yourself.

## PHOTO CAPTIONS

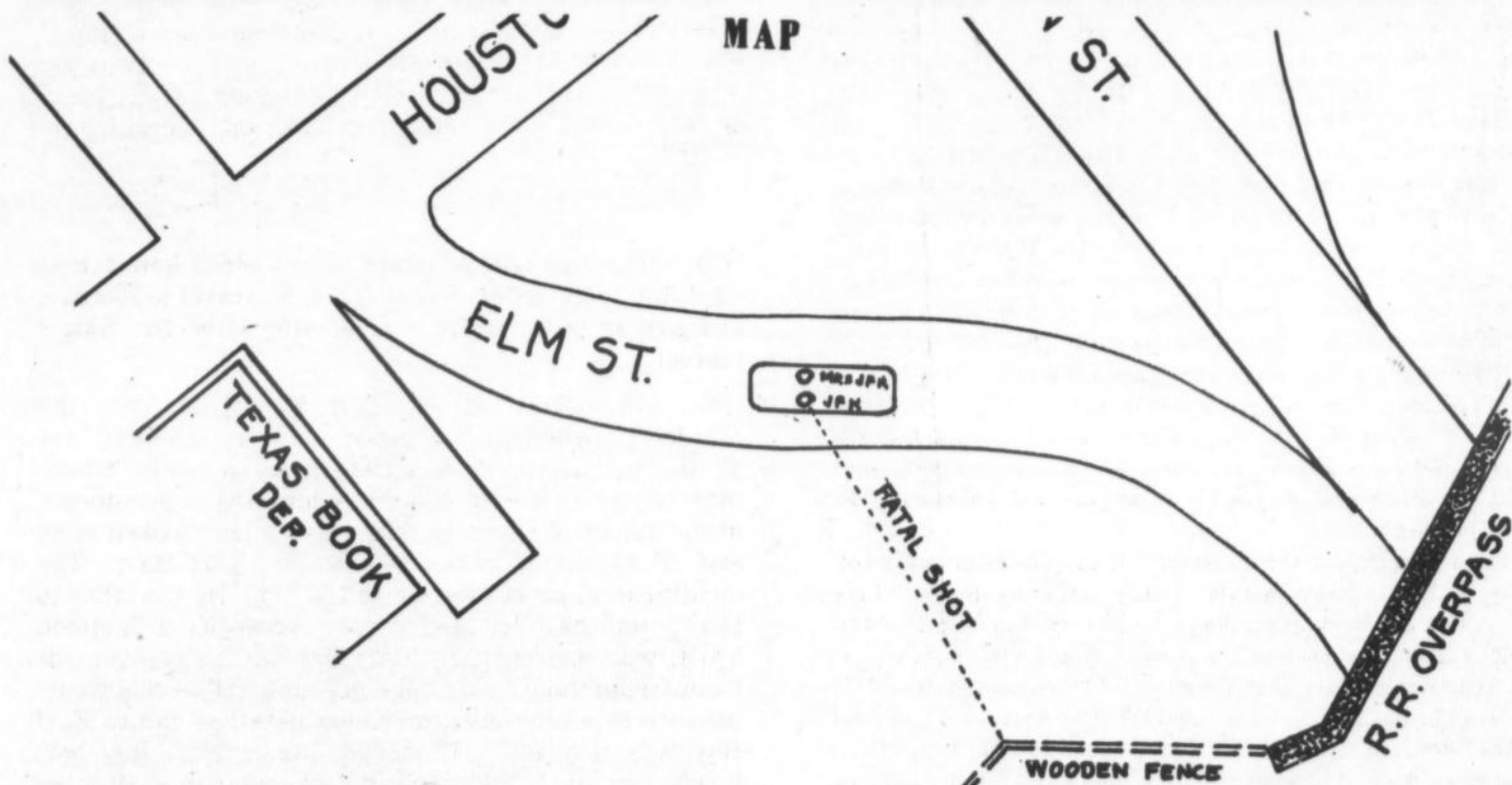
- 1—Arrow No. 1 shows JFK. Arrow No. 2 shows Jacqueline Kennedy
- 2—JFK has already been hit in the back by the first bullet and in the throat by another. Here he is seen clutching his throat with both hands.
- 3—Kennedy falls forward. His wife reaches for him.
- 4—Kennedy has been wounded but not fatally.
- 5—Charles Brehm (arrow) watches. He later said he saw a portion of the President's skull fly backward and to the left.
- 6—Mary morrman a Dallas housewife, (arrow) takes pictures. The Warren Commission suppressed her photographs. Her camera was pointed at the window where the Commission said Oswald was stationed.
- 7JFK falls forward.
- 8—He falls further forward.
- 9—The fatal shot blows the President's head apart. A sizeable portion of his skull flies backward toward Brehm's feet.
- 10—The bullet drives the President back.
- 11—...and further back...
- 12—and further back...
- 13—until his left shoulder is driven into the back seat.
- 14—Mrs. Kennedy apparently tries to recover the skull portion. She reaches back.
- 15—She climbs onto the limousine's trunk.

could find him anymore. He certainly wasn't in New Orleans.

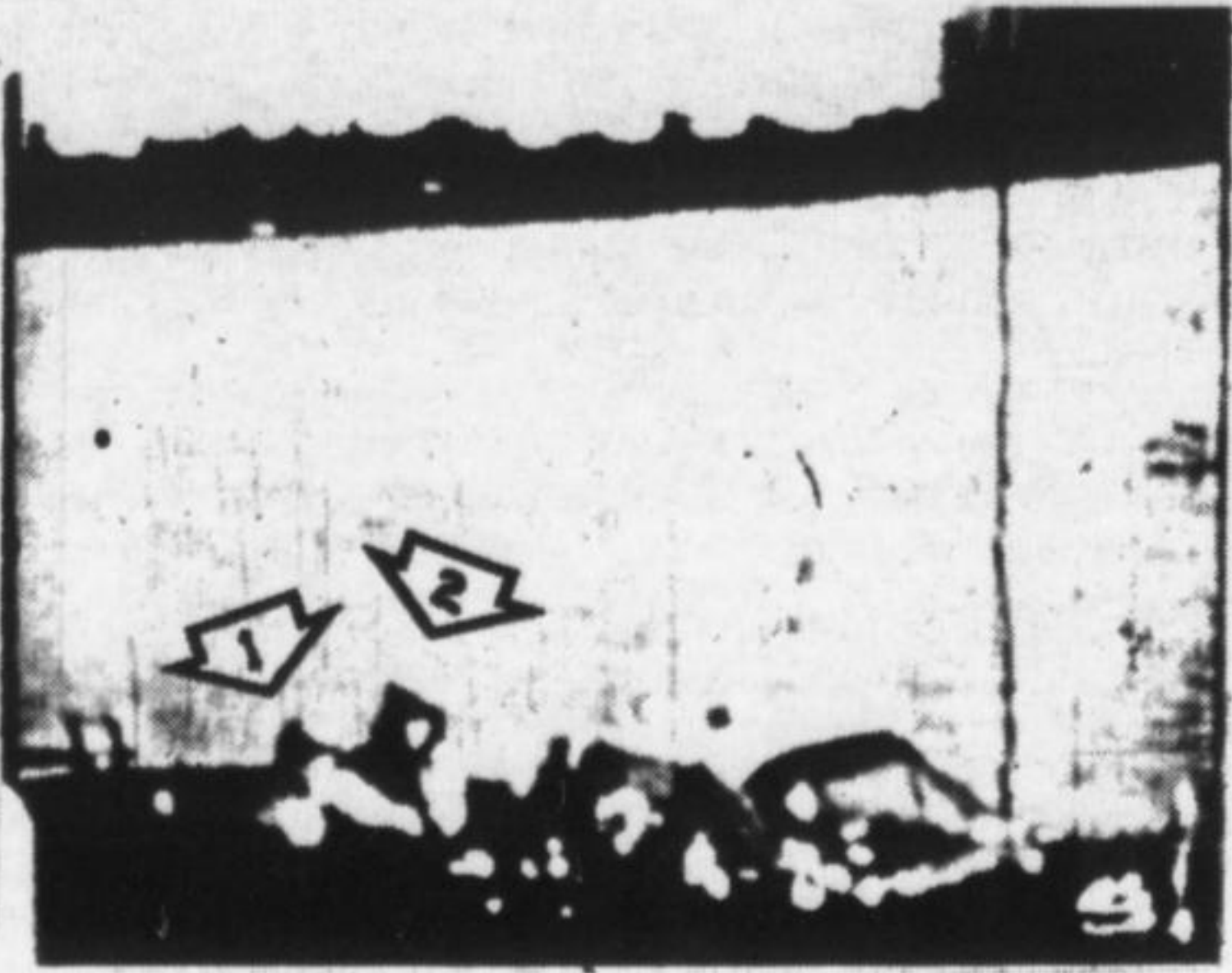
**/CD:** The more one talks with you, the more one gets the feeling that the society is doomed. What you are essentially saying is that every time a decent person comes along who is capable of leading a mass movement for human rights or anti-militarism, he is fated to be gunned down by certain rather sinister forces who hold power.

**/ML:** Who's left? Who's left to talk for the Black people of the country--for the disenfranchised? Who's left to speak eloquently in opposppvnm to the war in Vietnam and in opposition to the control of this country by the Pentagon, by the hardware manufacturers, and by the CIA? Nobody! The four people who could do it best, for whatever reason, are all dead and I don't think it's an accident. I think that they were chosen. And I think if Senator McCarthy had won the Democratic nomination in Chicago that he wouldn't be alive today. And I think maybe that he thinks that, too. And if it is true that he does think that, it would explain alot about what has happened to him since Chicago.

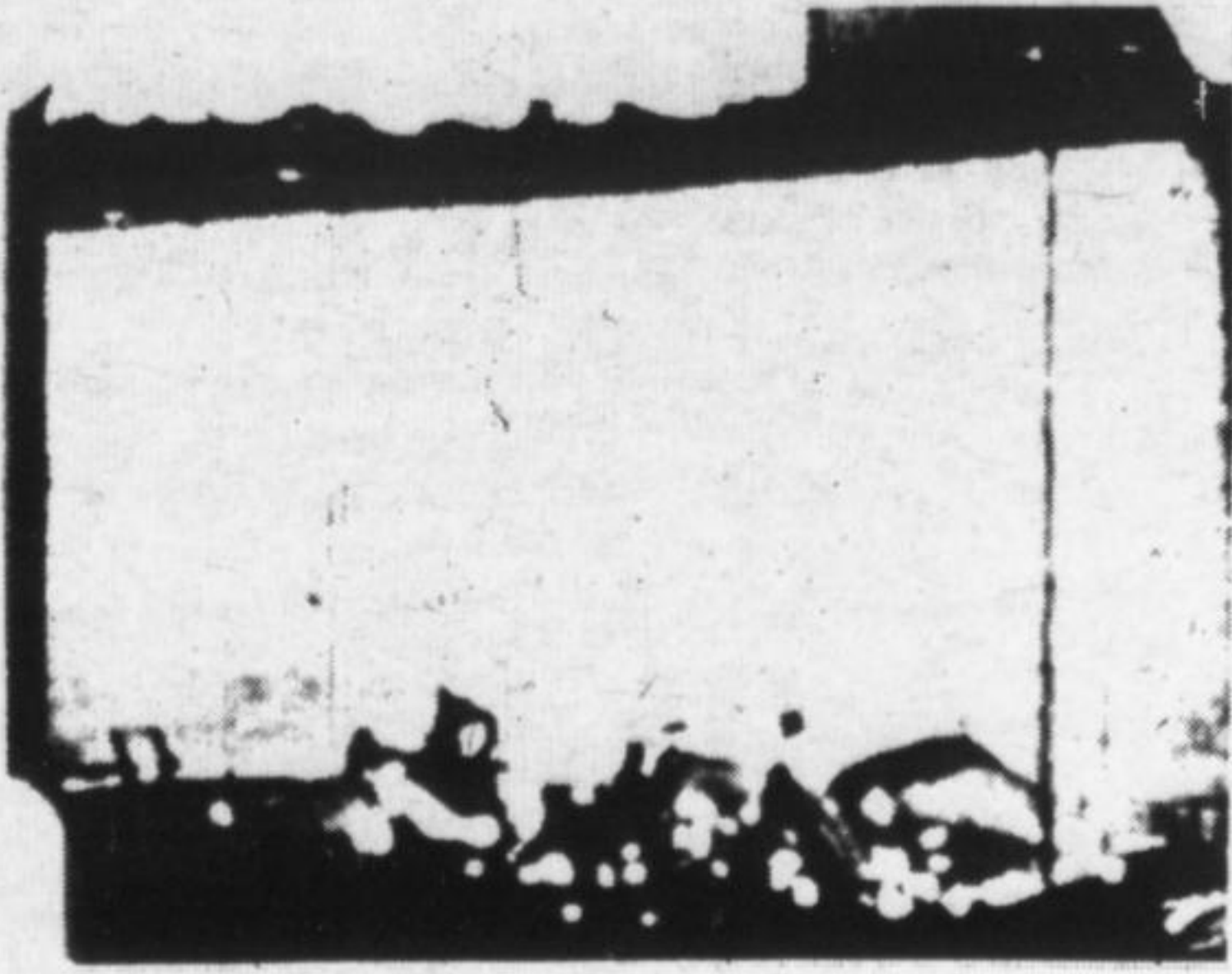
**/NEXT WEEK:** Mark Lane will discuss the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy and Malcolm X.



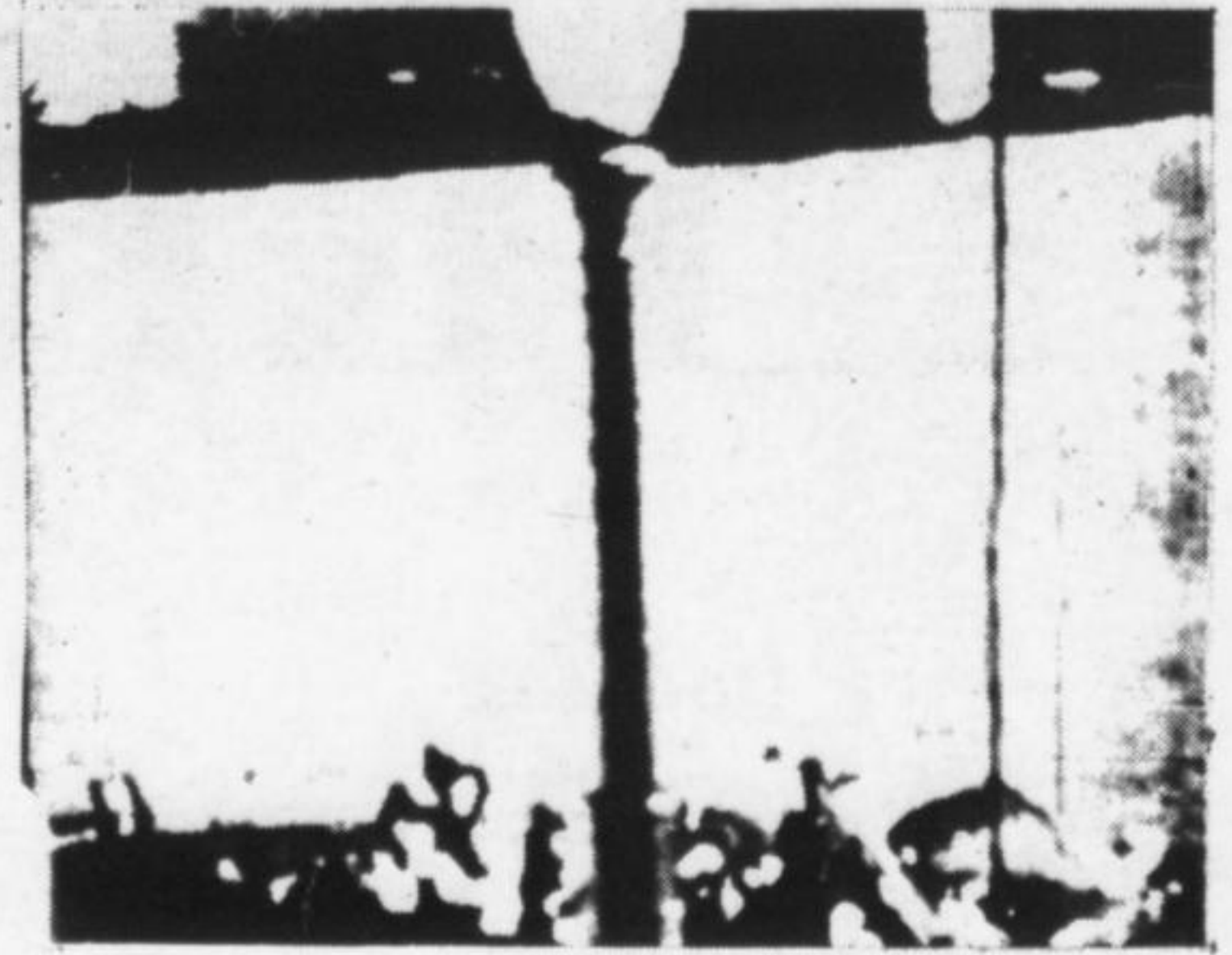




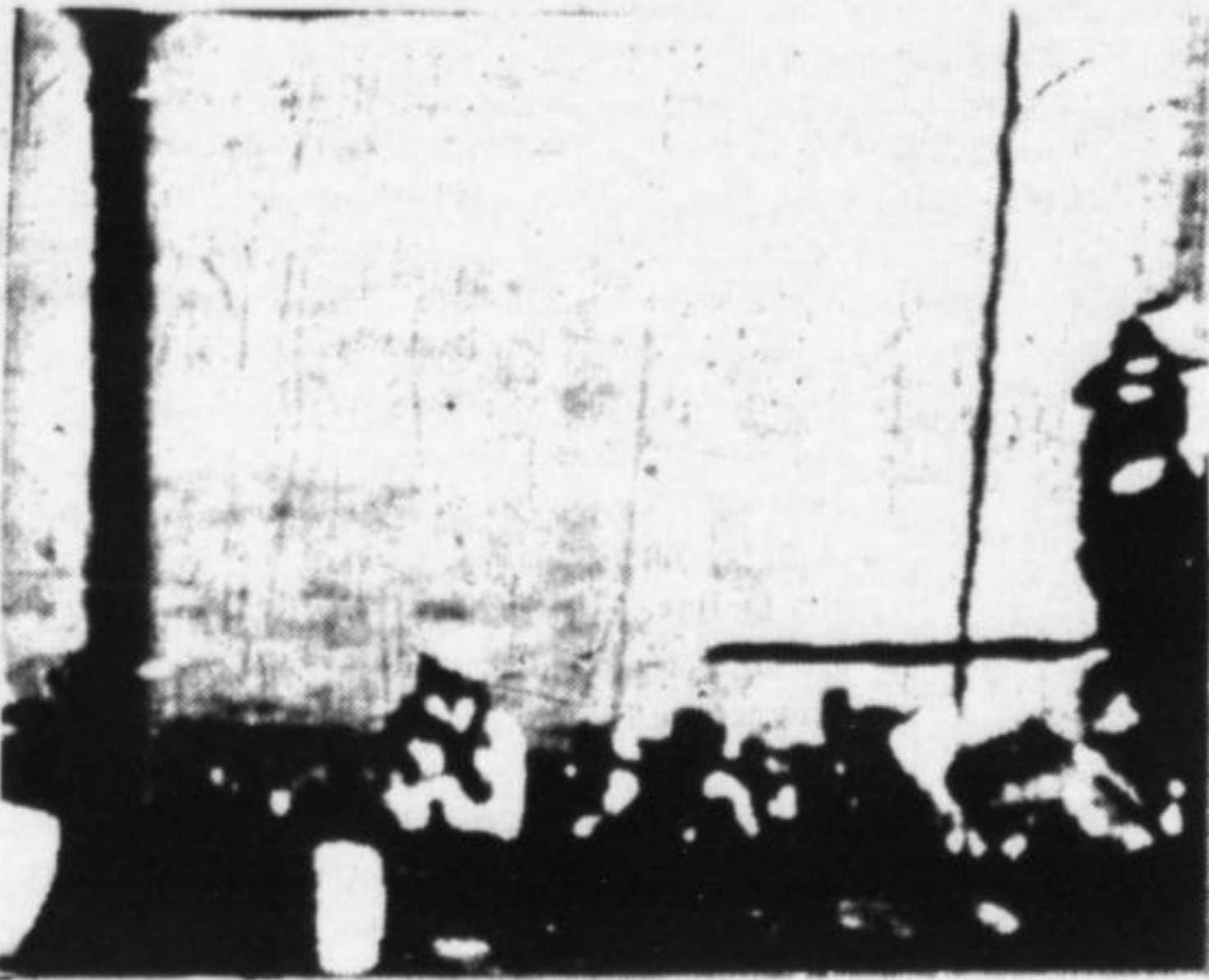
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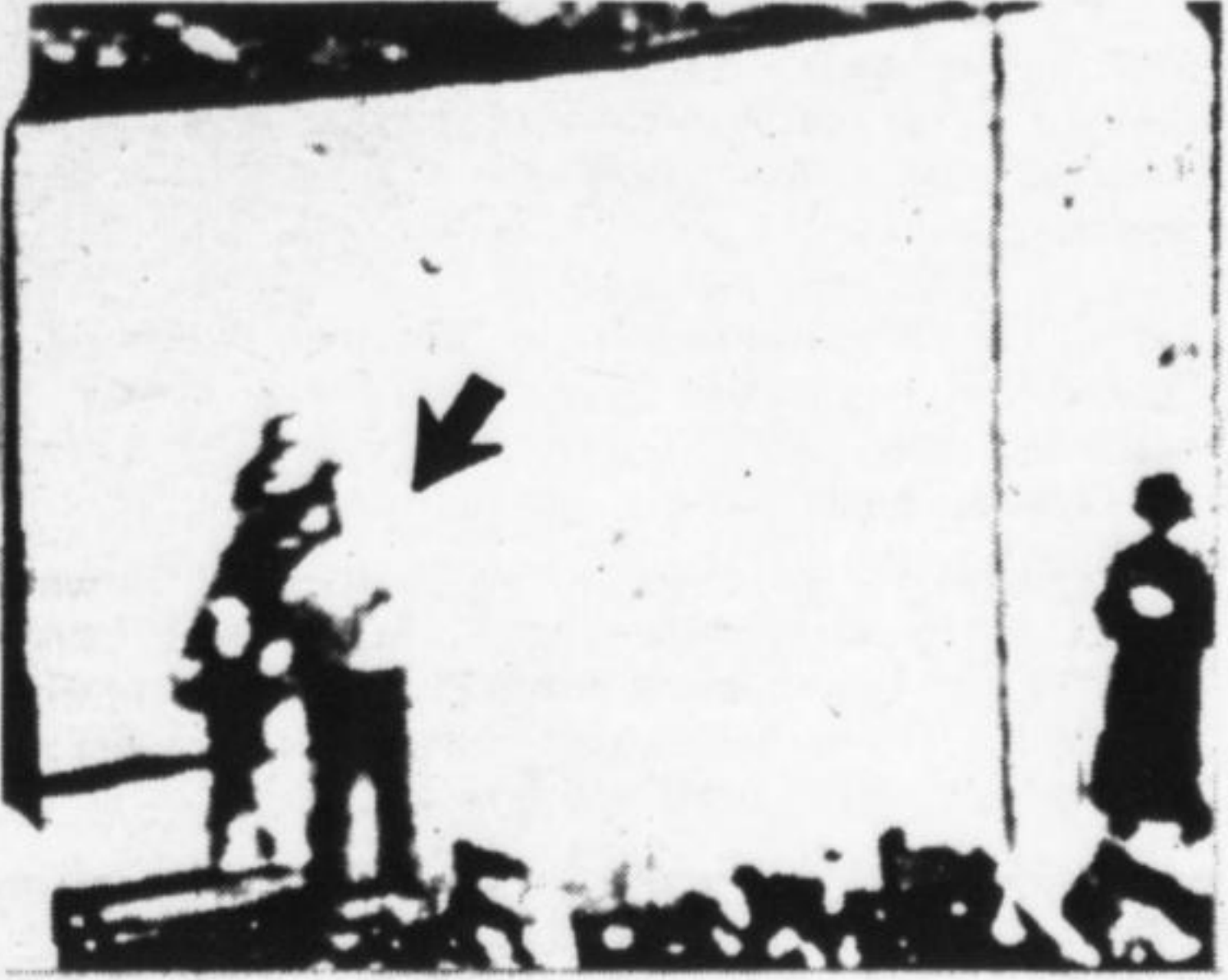
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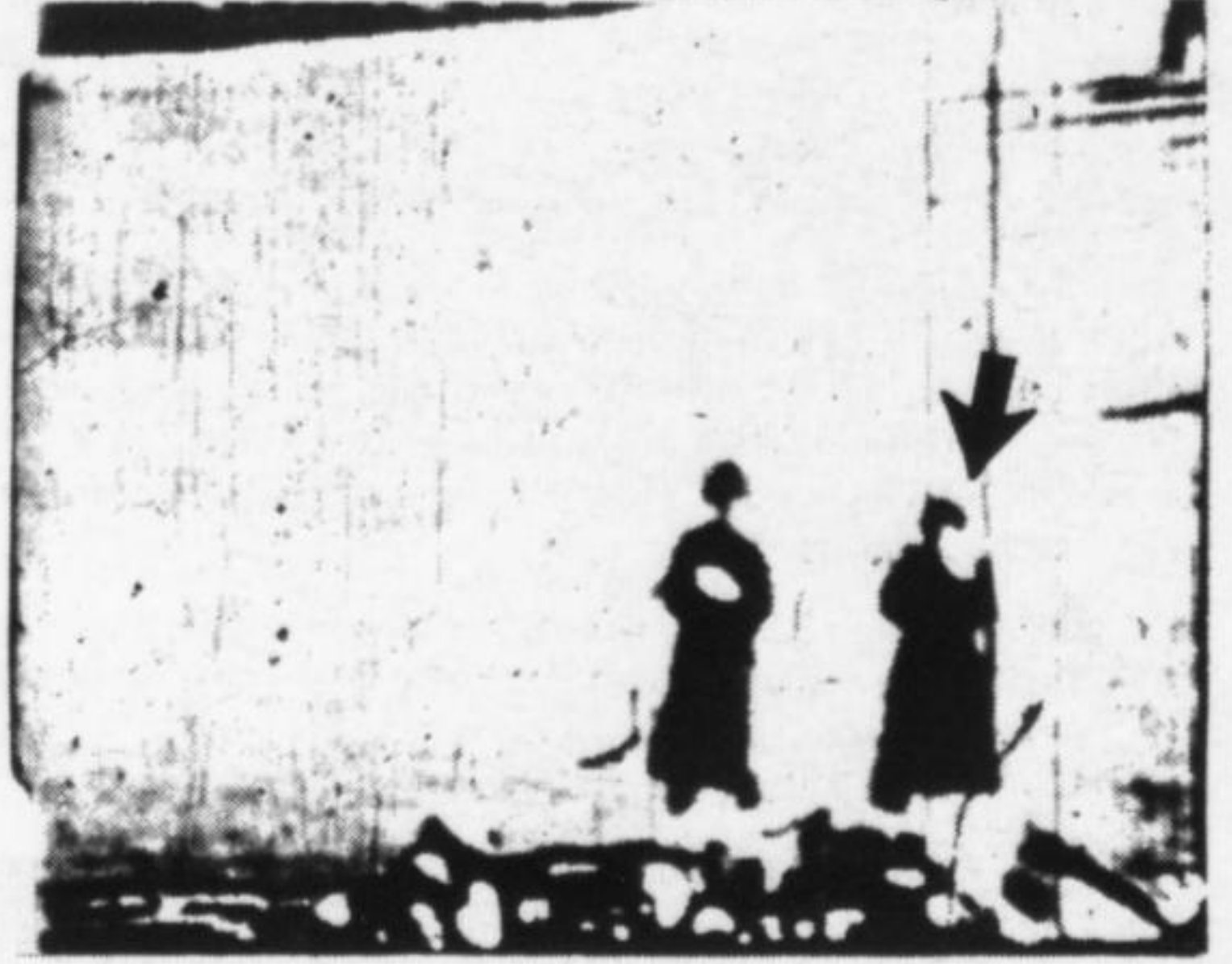
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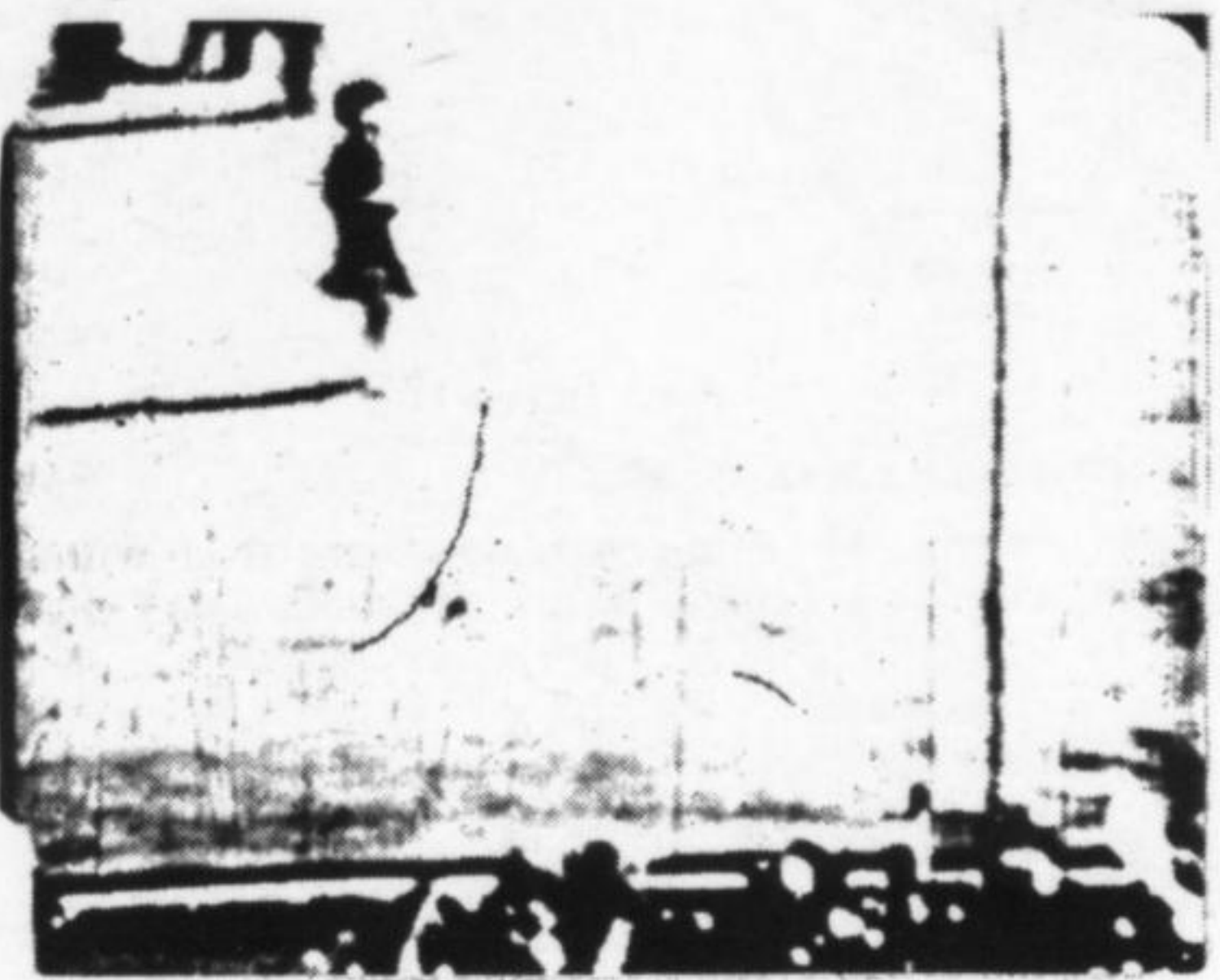
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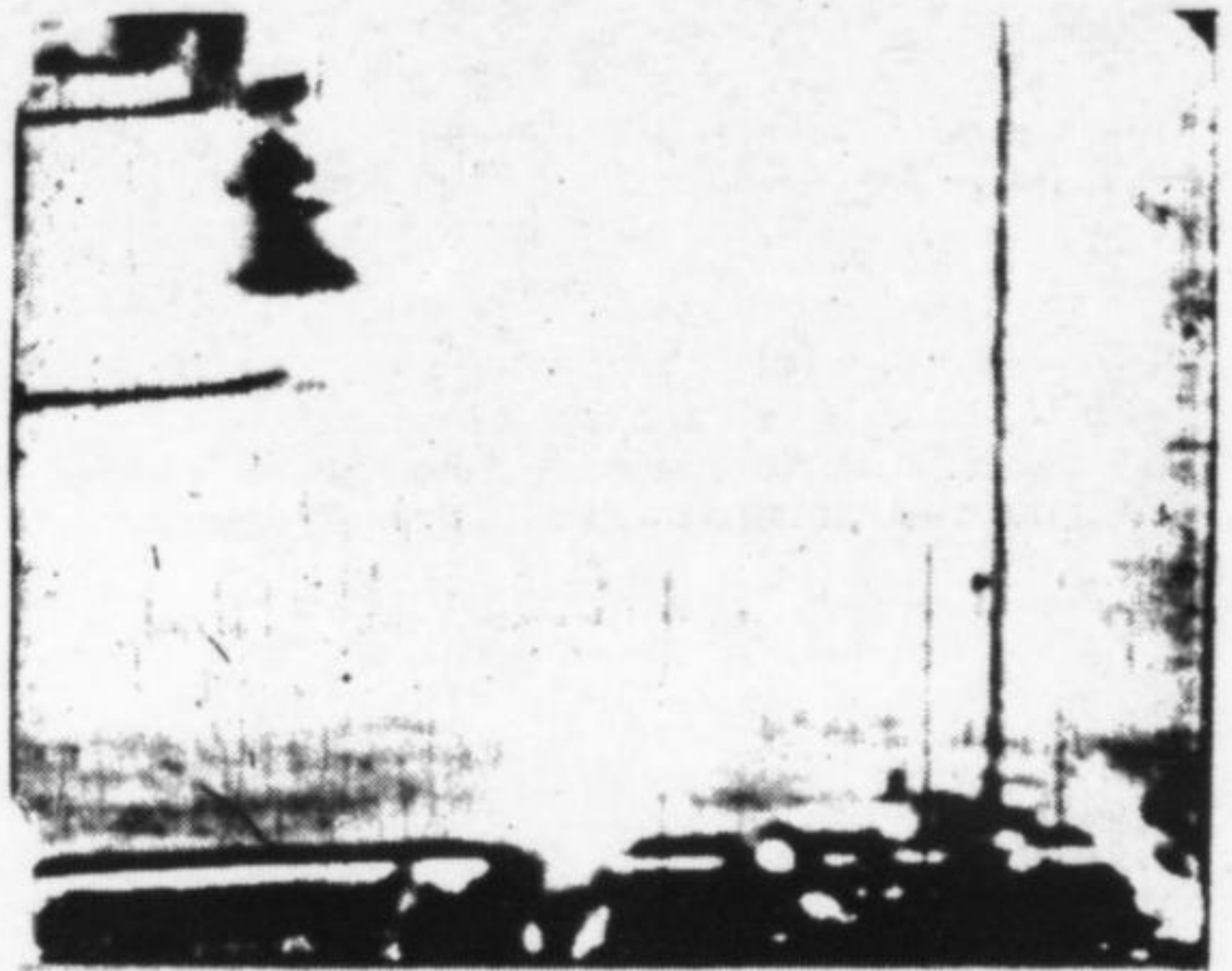
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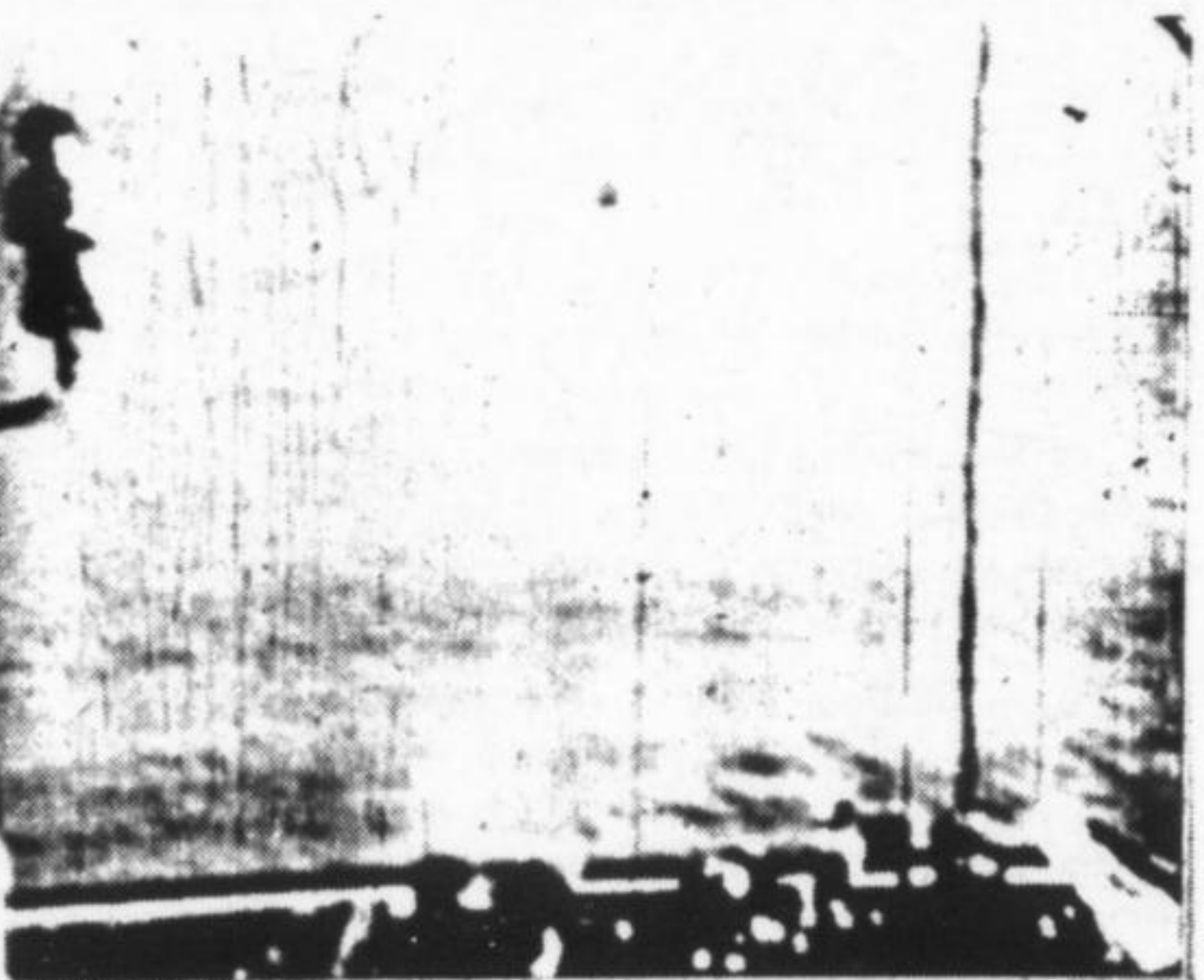
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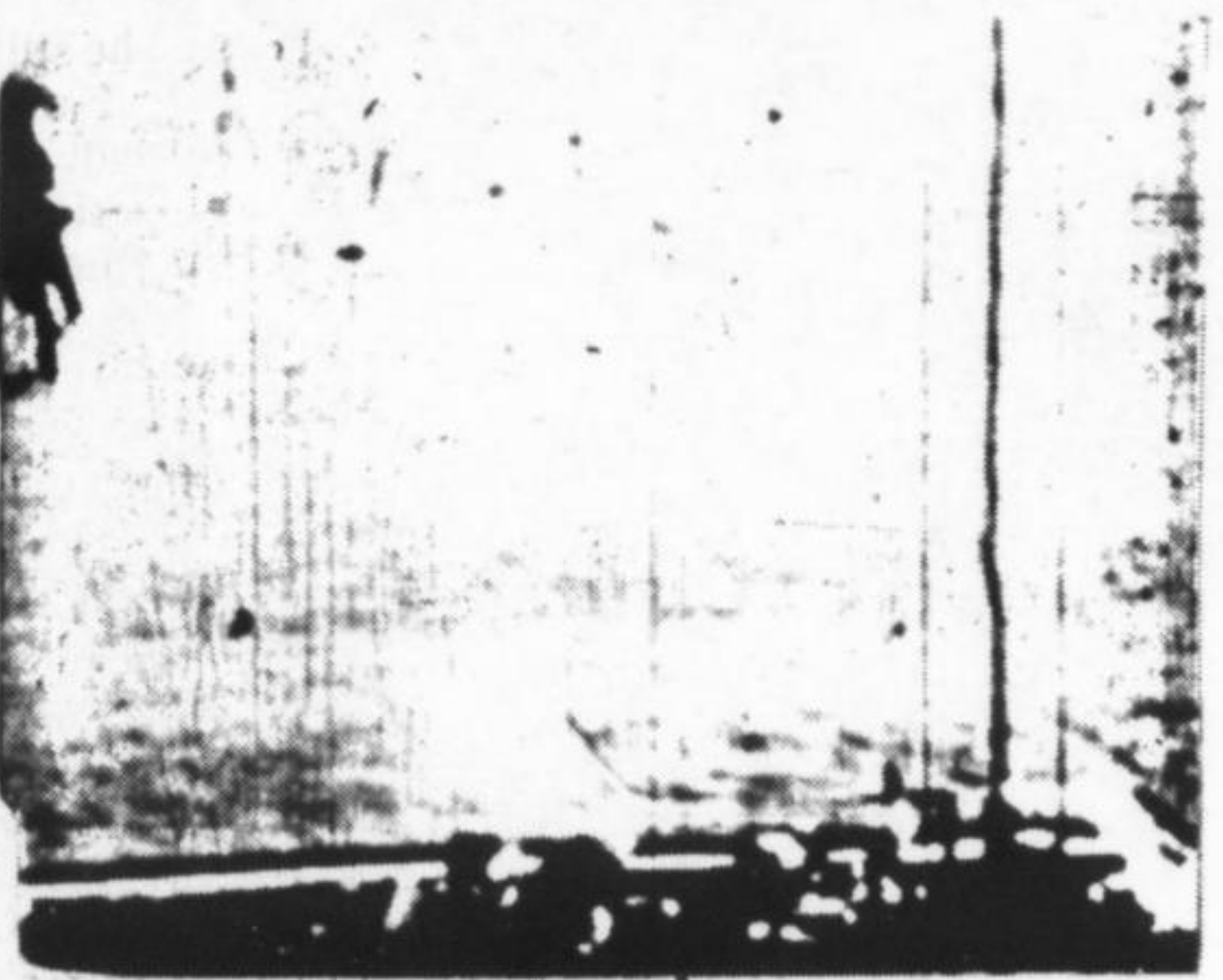
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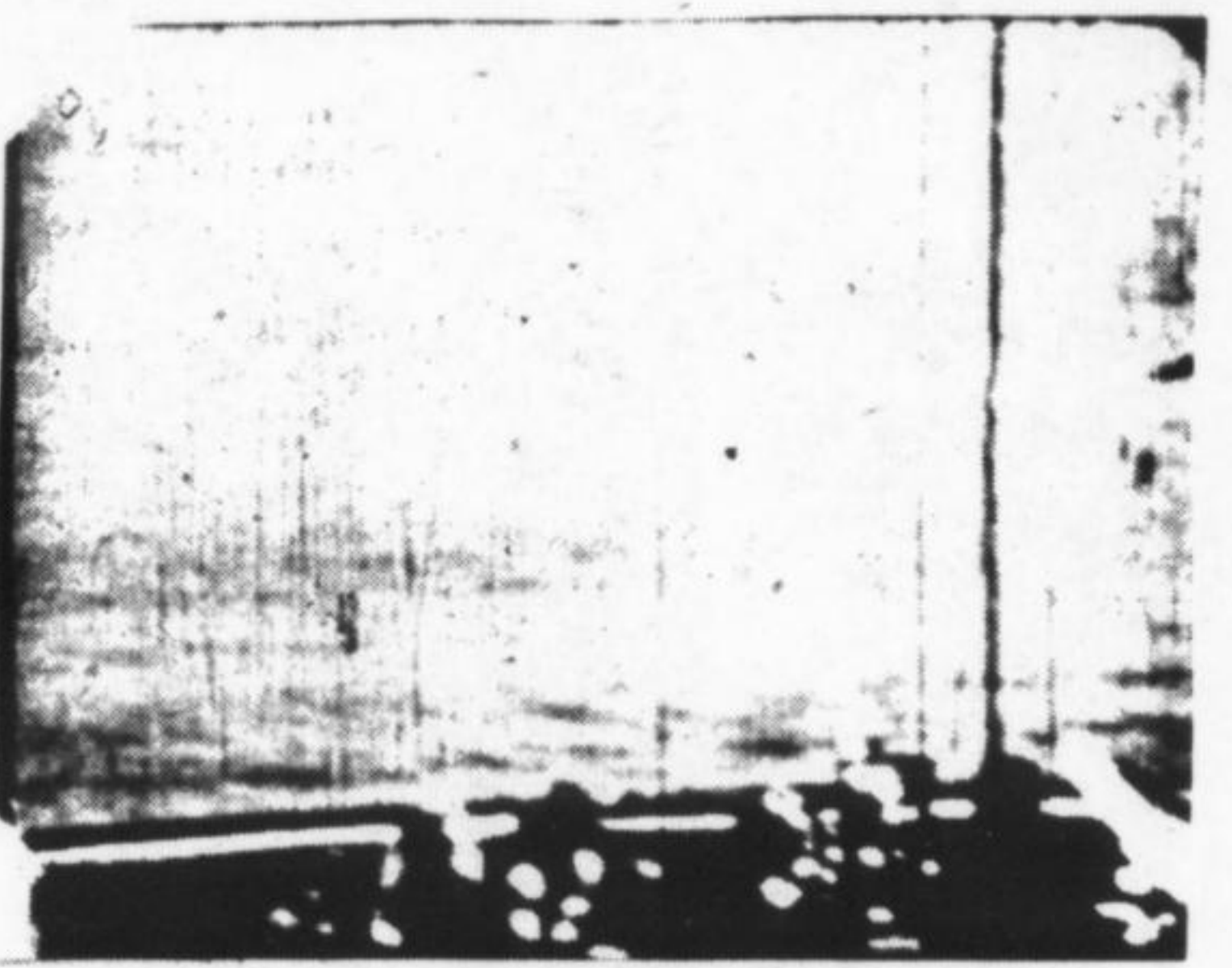
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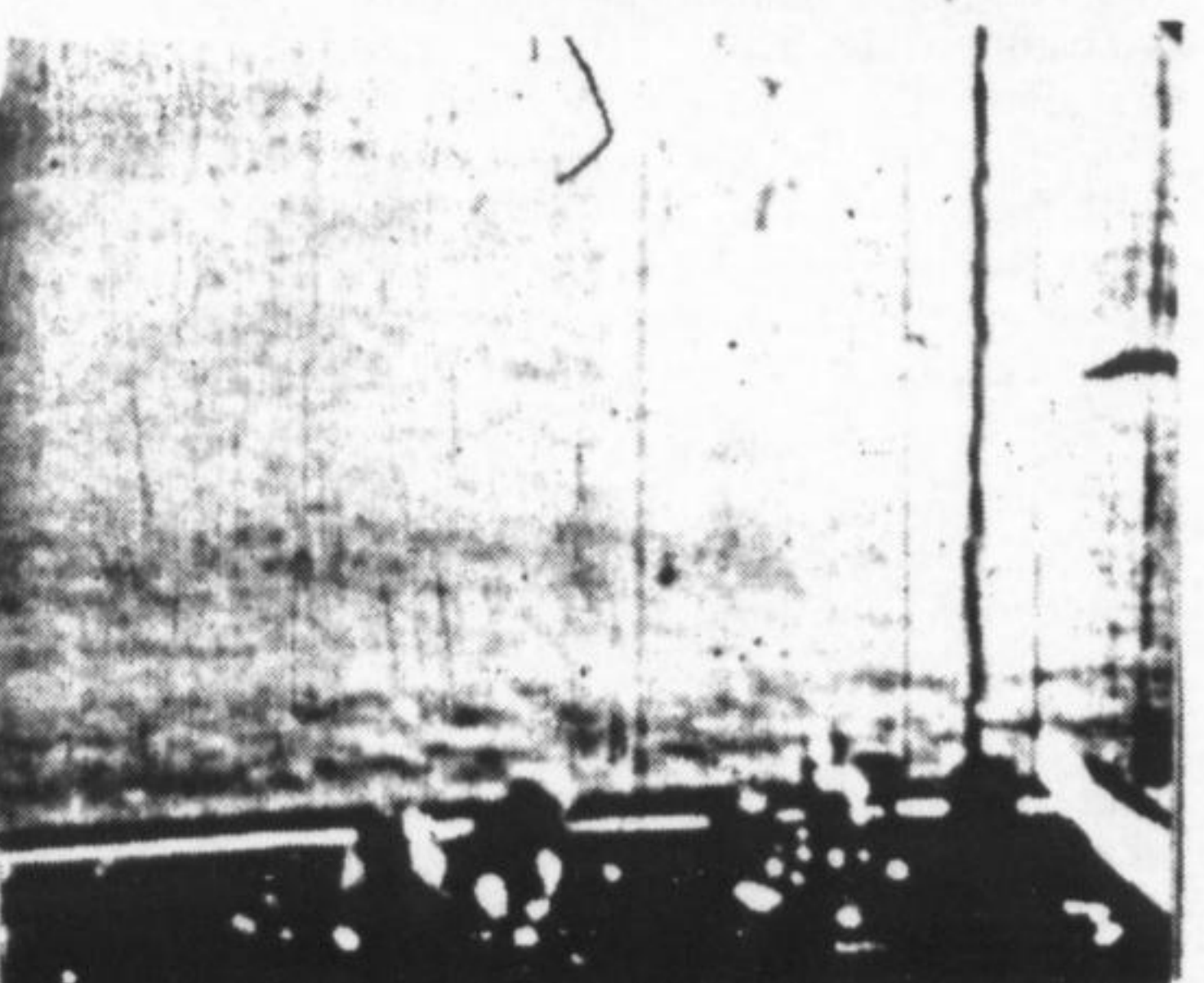
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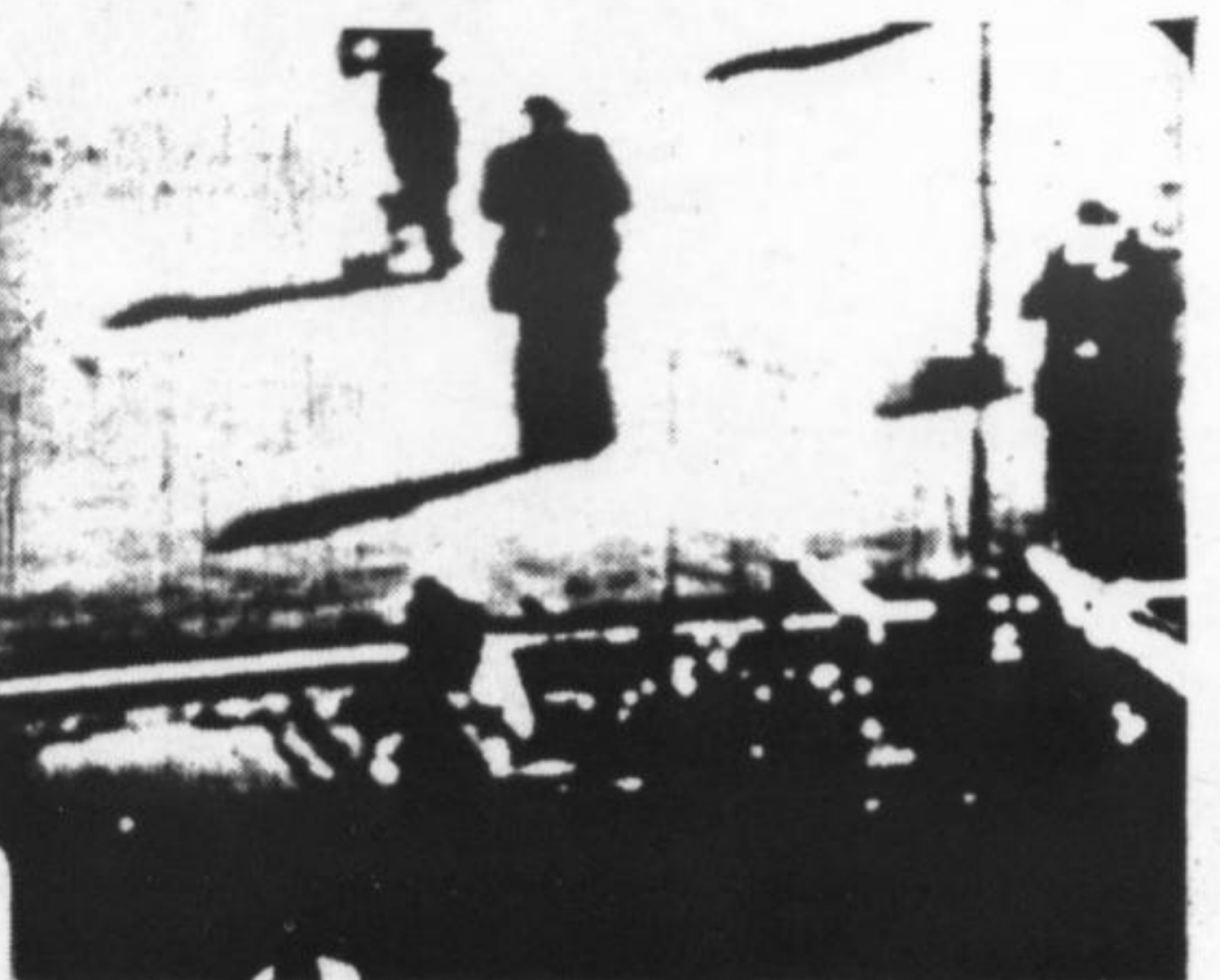
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# FIRE

HOW TO TURN A RENT CONTROLLED BUILDING INTO AN OFFICE BLOCK IN TEN EASY MINUTES

by Moira Hodgson

On the night of May 26, a fire broke out at 178 Fifth Avenue. Someone entered the building at 1 a.m., carefully placed newspapers up the stairs, starting at the second floor, made sure that the skylight was open, and set the fire. Within seconds the flames, pulled up by the air from the skylight, had swept up the staircase.

Jerome Aronson opened his front door. He could see nothing but a bright yellow glare as the flames licked their way up. He panicked and smashed his apartment window with his fists and leapt down the fire escape. He was two weeks in St. Vincent's Hospital with cuts and second degree burns.

Midi Grath, a dancer living in a front apartment on the third floor, smelled smoke. She heard noise out on the street and looked down. Other tenants were standing on the street and she realized the fire was in the building.

Luckily when she went to her door the firemen were already there.

Her next door neighbor, Mrs. H.K. Shalian, a widow working on a Ph.D., was rescued by a ladder. Another tenant jumped from the building onto a roof and injured himself. He received fourteen stitches.

The fire was quickly put out and damage to actual apartments was small. The top floor which belonged to Chilean painter Esteban Perez was the worst hit. The curious thing was that the sprinklers had failed to work. Normally, they should turn on as soon as the heat become too strong. According to the superintendent of the building, Mr. Weinberger, the building agent had the key to turn the sprinklers on. But of course the agent wasn't there.

The firemen who came to put out the fire reported at least three other suspicious fires in rent controlled buildings in the immediate area.

I visited the building on July 5, nearly six weeks after the fire had taken place. Not a single repair had been made to the building since the fire had taken place. From the outside it looks perfectly normal. But inside it looks as though a bomb has hit it. It is impossible to describe the shock. The second floor to the fifth floor skylight is an eerie horror of blackened wood and blistered paint. What was once a beautiful sweeping wooden staircase 110 years old is now nothing more than sagging burnt steps supported by a dubious looking balustrade of charcoal sticks. The high ceilings and large heavy doors have been covered with brown and black burns and there's a terrible injured silence as you walk up, wondering whether the stairs will hold.

Farther up it gets worse. The halls are filled with bricks and plaster, rubble, boxes, trash cans, broken dolls, shirts, shoes, and discarded furniture. The top of the building is a pathetic sight. Belongings are scattered all over the floor, beds are left with the sheets still

rumpled, clothes are hanging in the closet, obviously in a hurry.

The other apartments, except for minor damage, are perfectly livable. But days after the fire the skylight had still not been repaired. The heavy rains of early June completed the damage. Water flooded the basement. The gas went off. Tenants had to walk through garbage and water to get up wet stairs. Many people were too scared and they went to stay elsewhere, to wait for the repairs.

The only evidence of any concern at all on the part of the management is a small handwritten sign at the foot of the stairs:

"Nothing will be done in this house until all insurance inspections have been completed. No use complaining at present."

The building, which was inhabited by a painter, photographer, two dancers, a playwright, violinist, conductor and filmmaker, is one of the oldest in New York. It was once the house of J.P. Morgan. The vast rooms with their marble fireplaces, high ceilings and intricate woodwork, had been converted into lofts and apartments and were renting for around \$65 a month. In other words, rent was very reasonable instead of absurd.

The agency for this and several other rent controlled buildings, who call themselves, with unconscious irony, Walter Scott, surprised some of the tenants a few months ago by announcing that they had not received rent checks. They accused some tenants of not paying their rent. People started sending registered letters and money orders, but harrassment continued. It soon became clear that the agency was determined to get everyone out of the building. They were particularly anxious to get hold of the first floor apartments right away. These were, strangely enough, spared by the flames.

The reason for all the harrassment: to get the tenants out so that they could de-control the building and turn it into offices. What else in New York City where any interesting building is immediately taken in the greedy grasp of the Big Developers? Their goal is clearly to turn the city into one big money making office block and the only areas guaranteed safety from their Midas touch are the slums—they make too much money from those already. To achieve their ends they'll use any means.

The tenants in the building are helpless. Except for the first floor, which is inhabited by photographer Kenneth Van Sickle and the superintendent, the only tenants still living there are Midi Grath and Mrs. Shalian. Apparently people have been in to take photographs but there hasn't been a word from the agency about the repairs.

Esteban Perez consulted a lawyer, Stanley Cohen, who wrote to the agency on June 17, asking whether they intended to renovate. He has still received no reply. Esteban went to the rent commission and was told by an automaton that all he could do was to file an application for a decrease of rent. Another tenant apparently asked for \$2000 compensation to find a comparable loft. As everyone knows, rent controlled lofts are becoming harder and harder to find, and in any case the price for fixtures comes to at least \$2000. His request was refused.

A sculptress, Mary Lincoln Bonnell, was apparently offered two impossible rooms on 70th Street as compensation. Midi Grath was offered a place in the Bronx.

As Ogden Nash said, "The Bronx, no thonx." Apart from that no other offers seem oohave been made to the tenants.

Non-controlled buildings are systematically doubling and tripling their rents. When the Broome Street Expressway finally comes into existence (heaven forbid) there'll be no place for people who need space to go.

Juan Gomwz-Quiroz, a painter and victim of a suspicious fire set in a commercial loft building earlier this year said: "The building is always insured and the estate people collect. We have to move out. Everybody gets away with it and the agents don't even talk to the tenants."

Stanley Cohen spoke to me about the bad situation of rent-controlled apartments and lofts. "It's a familiar problem," he said. "these systematic means of harrassment. Turn off the heat, don't make repairs, don't cash checks and then people get tired. They do it with brownstones all the time. They buy a package of three with the intention of ripping them down and putting up an apartment or office block. So they've got to get these people out."

"Since most people can't afford a lawyer's fee they should simply refuse to yield. Build up pressure. Form a tenant's committee. In every building there's one person who'll be spokesman and do the running around. Do anything, but don't be put over."

Unfortunately, it's not so easy when the building is half burnt down. And another little nicety that came was that if fire damages the premises so much that they are declared unoccupiable, then the tenants' case is completely lost. He'll have to move. Where?



A View of the Interior of the Building at 178 Fifth Avenue

Photo by David R. Koff



# DECOMPOSITION

by DA Latimer

Comics may be fun, they keep asking, but is it ART? It is difficult admittedly to warp the popular concept of ART around something everyone can comprehend and enjoy, the concept might not survive the warping. Artists, by and large, are malcontents who create ART mainly to broadcast their malcontentedness to the very people they can't stand: and so it happens that ART as we know it is understood by few and enjoyed by even fewer. Comics, conversely, are done mainly by guys who LIKE people and want to REACH people: and so it happens that millions of people read or have read comics with PERFECT understanding and GREAT enjoyment. So you have to ask them this: ART may be all right, but is it COMIC?

With that out of the way, it may be reported that the 1969 Comics Convention last weekend at the Statler Hilton Hotel was an event of great interest and significance to comics. Especially to the comics fans who attended was it of great interest and significance: Larry Simmus of Westport, for instance, parlayed three ragged copies of CAPTAIN MARVEL into a genuine Ditko SUB-MARINER in mint condition.

To most of the people who attended, the '69 Comic Convention was of that sort of significance. Other things happened at the Statler Hilton, but the high point of interest there AS THE TRADING TABLES. It was incredible. The room was filled with trading tables, falling over with florid displays of ancient comics from the Golden Age, 1935-50. Now, as any fool can plainly see, in the last ten years comics have been better in every respect than anything done during the Golden Age, but it was these old Golden Age comics that provided the greatest attraction for these comics fans, and who is to gainsay them? "I got an Alex Raymond! I got an Alex Raymond!" "Fuck you, I got a whole 52-page TARZAN by Burne Hogarth."

That was the sort of talk you heard all weekend. Every now and then someone BIG would walk through the trading room, Jim Steranko for instance, or Archie Goodwin - and all he'd hear was, "Hey, I'll trade you a whole year's worth of Nick Fury for that ragged, mouldy old TESSIE THE TOILER with one page of Kurtzman in it!" Yes, it was like that, as far as the fans were concerned.

Aside from the trading room, panel discussions and lectures were featured -- it provided an opportunity to rest one's voice between haggling sessions. The comics fans - mostly healthy, milk-fed teenagers from the small cities of Darkest America - would sit and listen attentively while some awesome figures from Marvel and DC discussed the economics of comics, and afterward would ask about the latest gossip from the Inside: "Pardon me, Mr. Kane, but what's behind the change of Green Arrow's belt buckle?"

The upshot of the weekend's discussions was that certain changes are due to take place in the nature of comics. Comics are designed and sold in accordance with graph projections,

understand, and the graph projections are not good right now. After ten years during which the Superhero formula has been selling like mad, it appears that people are losing their fascination with the form.

And this is quite understandable. In Witzend last winter, Wallace Wood had one of his satiric characters sum up the basic attitude of the Superhero morality: "In the world there are good guys and there are bad guys, and the job of the good guys is to kill the bad guys." When you illustrate this thesis as well as Marvel and DC have been doing it, you can string it out for ten years, but people DO get bored after awhile. So now we're due for a change.

But a change to what? The big companies, says Gil Kane, "will probably revert to 'safe' forms, such as the love comics and teen-age Archie-type scripts they know will survive." And sure enough, Marvel last month came out with two love titles done by their best Spider-Man artist, John Romita, with the best inking and colouring he's ever had. DC has discontinued BAT LASH and the status of ANGEL AND THE APE is unclear - while SCOOTER, their most flagrant Archie imitation, now has a 25 cents quarterly issue. It looks so bad now, few dare to contemplate it.

And so it was that the Underground Comics panel was attended with great interest by fans and press alike. Roger Brand moderated the thing, and its prize exhibits were Spain Rodriguez and Kim and Simon Deitch. By the end of the discussion it was clear to everyone that the Underground contained the seeds of a great new comics renaissance, and only the artist could enjoy the assistance of proper distribution and promotion. Warren Publishing (they do things like CREEPY in 35 cents, black and white editions) was suggested as a possible vehicle for their scribbles.

# slumgoddess

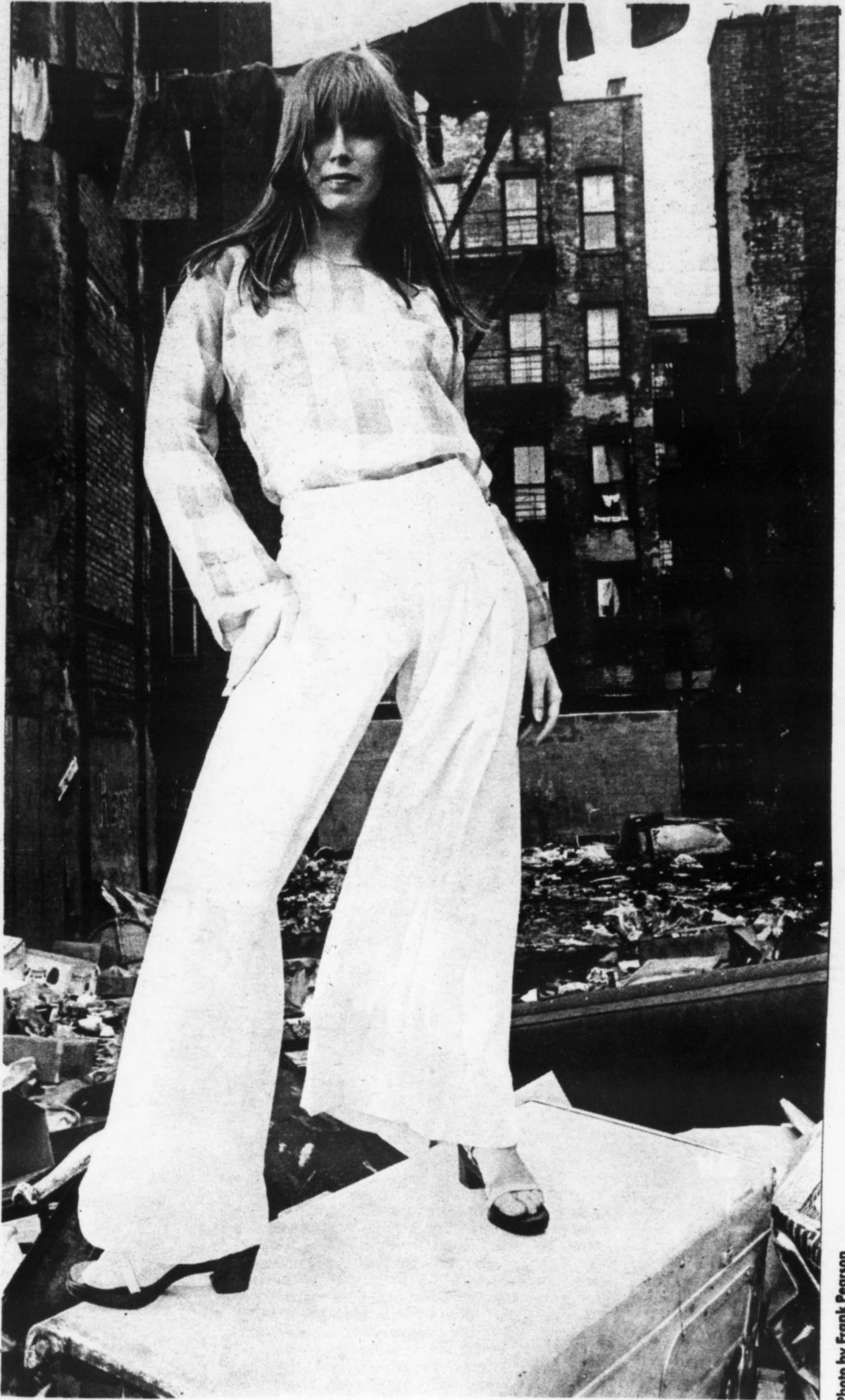


Photo by Frank Pearson

Carl Barks was nowhere around the conventin, unhappily. He probably still thinks of himself as a hack, after spending twenty years anonymously drawing Donald Duck comics, although it might turn out that he had more to do with shaping the central attitudes of what is called Our Generation than any other single individual in the Arts. It was Barks who drew and wrote the ten-page Donald Duck stories that opened nearly every issue of WALT DISNEY'S COMICS & STORIES between 1942 and 1967: during that period, if a Donald Duck story appeared that wasn't drawn by Barks, it wasn't really Donald Duck and the Disney offices would be swamped under with complaints from thousands of outraged children.

It was Barks who created Uncle Scrooge, Gladstone Gander, Gyro Gearloose and, much later, in the '60's, Magica De Spell, the duck sorceress. In doing this, he unwittingly instilled in many of us who were then - in the late forties and early fifties - impressionable youngsters,

a certain peculiar aptness for penetrating sham and dishonesty, and a profound awareness of the comic aspects of life. I mean to say Barks was as good as Dickens at satirising pretentious social conventions, and just as human in his celebration of life and his affirmation of the individual. He he did it with a gaggle of ducks.

The space is not available right now to discuss Barks' stuff at great length. I can only refer you to Mike Barrier's "Lord of Quackerly Hall" in Don Thompson's fanzine, COMIC ART NO. 7: in this fanzine there is also an enchanting interview with Barks - "I'm only a duck man" - who lives in retirement just outside of Burbank, Calif. But since COMIC ART NO. 7 is effectively impossible to get hold of (Will Barrier PLEASE reprint that article in something of larger circulation?) maybe I can squeeze in a paragraph on the latest Donald Duck reprint in Gold Key's current WALT DISNEY COMICS & STORIES, now on sale at your newsstand.

(Continue on Page 13)



# thilm

by Lita Eliscu

Oh there is so much to talk about see do to get into try...once, looking through the NY Times Entertainment Section, I realized there were 1, 2....5 things I wanted to go to the next day. All at the same time.

So I didn't got to any of them, something else came up--and that's the way it always goes:- Be careful which pencil you grab from the blind pencil man, one of them writes the truth.

PUTNEY SWOPE is so very truly funny that all there is to say is Ha Ha go see it! The kind of line that fits on an ad. Here are a couple:

**Funniest picture of the year!**

**Not to be missed; Bob Downey has created a caustic black humor movie which should offend everyone just a little.**

Ditto, except the last part reads "...everyone a lot". And so forth. Here is the synopsis, a copout way of describing the movie because it is part of the credit sheet given at the previews:

**We're all in trouble no matter who we are unless we stop getting involved with systems, people and projects that we really, deep inside, don't want to get involved with. Also, the most meaningful moment can be a moment of laughter.**

Thankfully,

**Robert Downey (a prince)**

More or less, P.S. is about the takeover of a large ad agency by a black man (Putney etc) who is working by a couple of systems: Truth and Soul (black is be-yooo-tee-fulll); Never give a sucker an even break -- or a break at all; Love; Money; Principles; America..... Mainly, the movie is very very good, so good that I don't want to write about it, try to recreate some of the intense pleasure and gentle laughter and belly harshars, I just want to sit here and think about it, hold its reality safe in my head where it is playing around. However, here is one scene:

Putney agrees, grudgingly, to accept certain manufacturers' products, ordering them to put their fee to him and the product in a sack and just pass it to his men. A rhythm sets it: the men grab the bags, "thwack" away from the manufacturers; they pass them fire-bucket style down the line, "hunh\$! hah! yeah! hotcha! ungh!"

At the end of the line, outside in a courtyard, stand two tall spades, dressed as the Cisco Kid and, oh, say Wyatt Earp. The sounds of a basketball court suddenly hit the air, that steamy, sweaty cheering smell of feet bounding on the court, the ball hard-chop dribble up and-down, cries of Yeah! Now! as the ball sails into the basket, a clean drop shot, bombed right through the net. The two spades act all this out, one being passer (of ball package), the other shooting.

Action returns to the men inside, tearfully thanking Putney for taking their business. He growls Yeahh. Turns on his heel. Exits. Followed by spades and girls.

That's already spoiled a little of it. Go see the rest of it. Remember, Trooooooth an' Souuulll, baybee.

At Cinema II, up there on the East Side, 3rd and 60th.



## "TRUE GRIT"

TRUE GRIT. Well, it was a put on book, now go see the not so put-on movie, a movie with tears, thrills, action, swearing burly men and a staunch, magnificent little girl. John Wayne is magnificent, although why everyone insists he is playing a part any different from his ninety-nine others is over mah haid; Kim Darby as True Grit, or Mattie Ross, is a combination of Judy Garland as Dorothy in Oz...Margaret O'Brien... and Tenzing Sherpa. Such fortitude, perseverance, righteousness and clear light has not its equal in many places.

Is is easy to put off this movie. It is not about the stern reality of grim today; it is not a searching thoughtful melodrama; it isn't even sure itself whether or not it is serious. It is warm, tender, true soap hoss opera, and what more could you want than a story with:

1) A girl, 14, and 2 men, one in his 20's and one in his ....50's. (John Wayne, like Kim Darby who plays Mattie Ross, can play a whole spectrum of ages.)

2) Murders, hangings, blood, swearing, cheating, outlaws, and

3) sweetness, goodness, and dadburn it, shucks, love -- sort of. Not your kind of movie...not if you cannot really enjoy relaxing and letting the flick do all the work; not if you really cannot

want to escape from the idiocy around us (like the sea around us, oh well).

4) Not if you can't stand Radio City Music Hall, with all its rigamarole, because that's where the movie opens. However, should you go, around the corner, on...49th?... 50th?...I think 49th, there is a candy store called POPCORN CANDY and the store is about the size of a doorway. In it is the best hot caramel popcorn anywhere, fresh jelly apples, and all the candies you remember once existed. That alone is worth going for. So is the movie, because sentiment, given the no-stops-all-out treatment and refreshing humor, can sometimes be a gas.

Oh yeah. Telling who plays what characters is a great intro to the movie: MATTIE ROSS played by Kim Darby; 14 year old girl whose father is murdered, she decides to go hunt him, engages: ROOSTER COGBURN, John Wayne, who shoots all the time, drinks all the time, and even sometimes, takes Le BOEUF, Glen Campbell, "Ah pronounce it Le Beef" along with him on the hunt. Campbell is, yes, 'San Francisco' etc. singer. Mattie, of course, 'hates' Le Beef who is attractive, Texan, and mid-20's. He hates her, that is a subplot, get it....?

MALE MAGAZINE, rat a tat tat, at the Fortune Theatre, is more of a turn-on

than OH CALCUTTA and any two French ticklers. Gerard Malanga has put together an incredible array (disarray) of bodies, the kind generally called 'bods' on display, continual performances, including Charles, famousest drag queen; a football jerkoff short... and some other incredible California footage. The theater is the darkest ever, so be careful how you step.

The Fortune is on 4th St. near 3rd Ave. Shows from 1 p.m. - 1 a.m. and admission is \$5, but you get as much for your money as anything short of feelies could allow. And yeah, it's all in natural colors.

For those who want a true picture of THE BRONX, 1928-1938, Izzie Young's Autobiography is It (also dating from that era). Need you any more to know than that the opening page has the picture of two kids on top of one of those Shetland ponies which photographers used to so cutely perch their subjects upon?... No, you don't need any more. Except to know that Israel Young writes very well about a lotta things, including folk music because he is the founder and keeper of the faith at The Folklore Center. For more info, read Howard Smith's column in this past week's Voice. I just wanted to add my hi there and yessir.

(Continued on Page 16)



# film

by Jud Yalkut

"I am not afraid of your misunderstanding these films. I might not understand American - even Japanese films. We have a terrible border on the world map; but visible images have no visible border. If you find the invisible border in our films, it is the border in your mind - as I may have a border between myself and you." - Takahiko Iimura

When Taka, or Takahiko, Iimura began making films in Tokyo in 1960, the concept of JAPANESE UNDERGROUND was practically unknown. One of his earliest, and best known, films LOVE (AI) used a soundtrack by Yoko Ono when they were both members of a lively Japanese avant garde consisting primarily of painters and composers. LOVE was "a mingling of the whole body - the whole human - depicting the embrace of man and woman microscopically...ears, mouth, nose, sexual organs..." Gradually he helped establish independent filmmaking in Japan and was one of the founders of the Tokyo Underground Film Festival at the Sogetsu Art Center. From 1966 through January 1969, he lived on East 12th Street in New York, absorbing the scene, making new films, and reporting on American independent film and intermedia for Japanese film periodicals. While in New York, he was one of the most active filmmakers, doing shows, multi-projection events with electronic composer Alvin Lucier, and an 8mm NEW YORK SCENES film which he called, "a juxtaposition of lots of artificial and actual scenes in New York - like Happenings, filming of other filmmakers and also actual scenes like Coney Island, the Be-In and Hippies." Before he returned to Tokyo, by way of a successful European tour this spring, the following interview was recorded with him.

J.Y.: In what way do you think New York has influenced your film career?

IIMURA: It's difficult to estimate that right now. There have certainly been different circumstances - many more things happening - more filmmakers - and more films. And many new and different things. One of the first things I saw that surprised and interested me in 1966 were the Intermedia environments on the New York Film Festival bus tour to Robert Breer, Stan Van Der Beek's movie-drome, and USCO. I wrote about that in the first Japanese introduction to Intermedia - before Expo '67.

J.Y.: How did the New York work contrast with your previous experiences?

IIMURA:

Since I hadn't seen anything like that before, I had just imagined these things philosophically. Ideas like this environmental cinema existed in Japan but were never so fully presented - just ideas like combining an action-happening performance with projections. In 1963 I projected a film of an actor drinking coffee onto the back of his jacket; also a piece of a dancer. A small screen was on the side of the stage and sometimes the dancer turned on and off the light to see or not to see the image on the screen. No real stage set - just 8mm film seen through the window of the set. The film image was an integral part of the whole stage. I have always been interested in film as a performance, not just a recorded thing. In FILM CONCERTS I used an 8mm projector that could change speeds and stop stills. This was performed with a graph that was provided by the composer - like a graph of electronic music - with lines, points and curves - a line meeting a point meant stop running, a line meeting a curve meant speed up, etc. It was a chance operation

with a film projector. I used an abstract film called (IRO) (COLOR). I think this kind of performance came from the happening idea and chance operation - not to repeat the same things, how to reproduce live actions again on the screen.

In New York I found more environmental things using multiple projection - more expanded - being surrounded by the image - so you feel the image itself will catch you and not you the image. Also your ego is more expanded to multiple ways, demolished by not being concentric to one point, but being expanded to all your surroundings.

J.Y.: What was your response to American independent films?

IIMURA: I saw almost every show at the Cinematheque in 1966 and '67. I still remember many different filmmakers - but it's difficult to remember which image came from which filmmaker. I didn't depend on pre-value judgment or pre-conception - just saw many films with a fresh eye, having to find out for myself. The one-man show system is a tremendous experience, to know the personality and methods of filmmakers through whole pieces of their work - not to depend upon one film.

For example, I had seen some Brakhage in Japan and couldn't appreciate it much then, but then in New York I saw his complete work from the beginning and could appreciate his whole development and evolution - it put the single films into perspective. The first time, Brakhage's films were too subjective for me, but now my own development can recognize his subjectivity in a different way.

J.Y.: How would you relate the meditative experience to Intermedia environment?

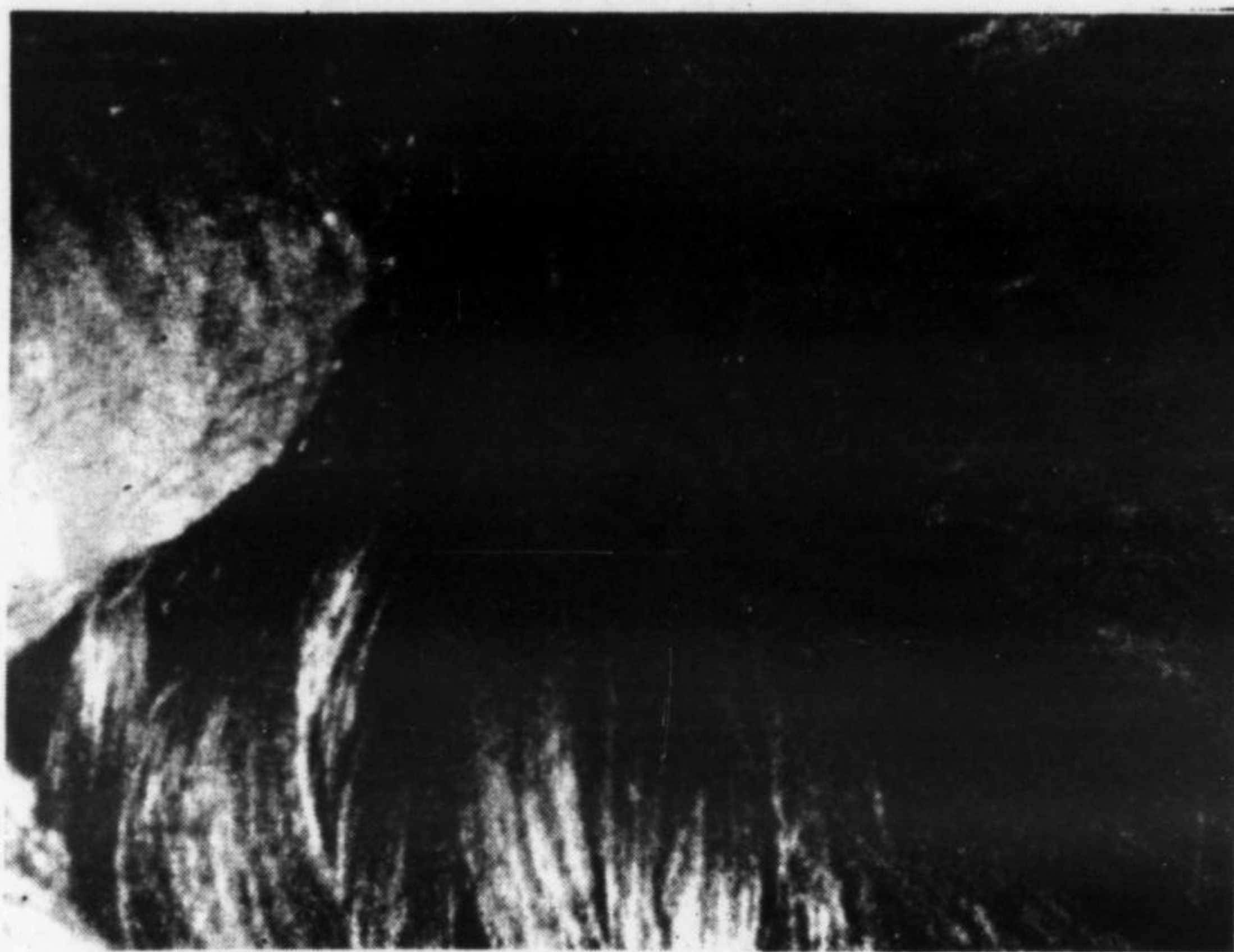
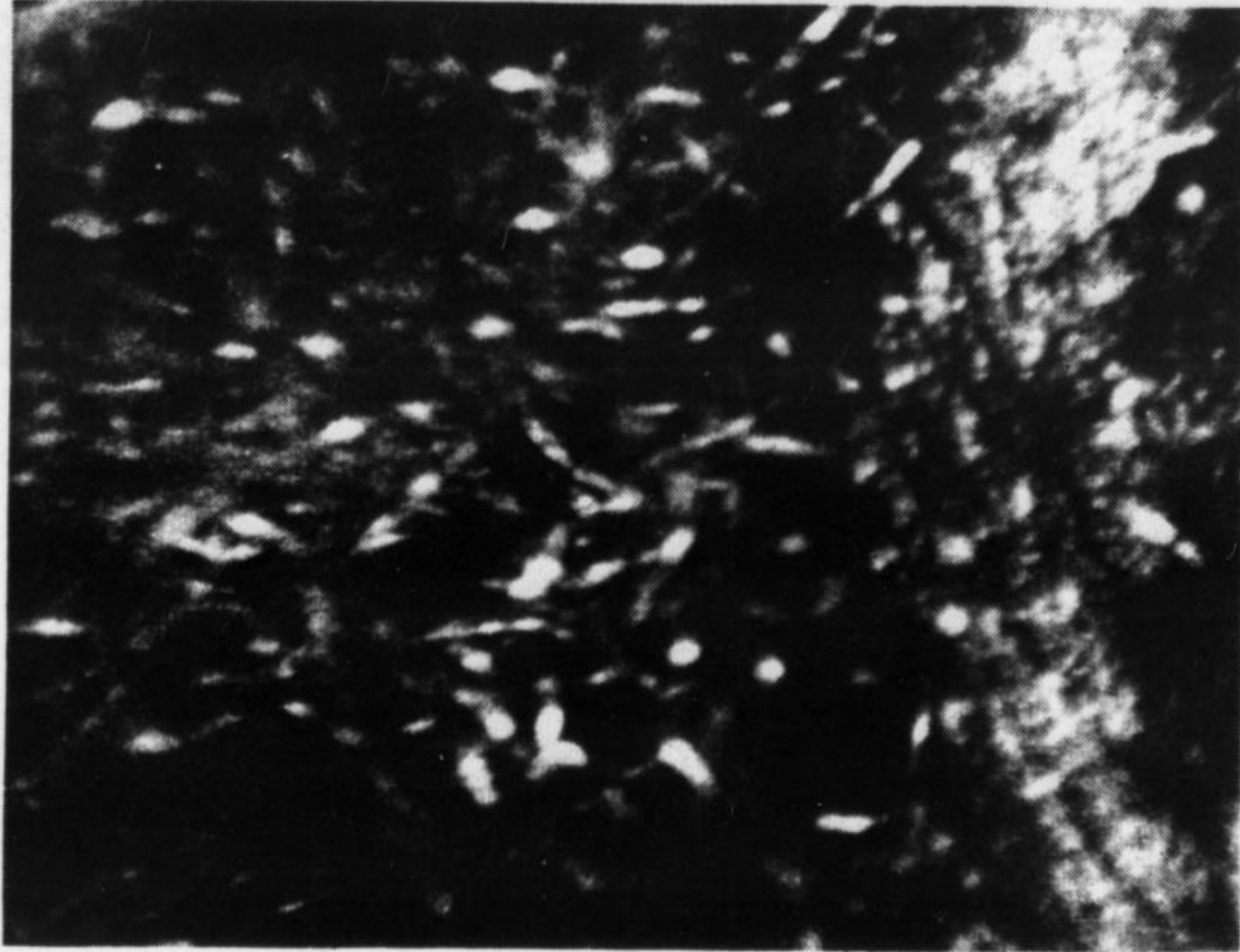
IIMURA: For instance, Japanese shrines are mostly surrounded by woods and various temples. When you enter this environmental place, you actually feel yourself surrounded by a sacred feeling. There is no one point - like the Christian myth concentrated into Christ and the cross. In Buddhism there is also a figure of Buddha, but it is part of the setting, combined in natural scenery - no dramatic effects like Jesus. The whole thing puts you into a holy place. This is very similar in a way to experimental arts and cinema. People are very much used to watching a single screen. When surrounded by many screens they cannot concentrate but still try to follow the image. Experimental art makes you much less egocentric - the image is not as important as the projection itself.

J.Y.: Do you think it's possible to change consciousness through audio-visual means?

IIMURA: I think so, but it takes time. I don't know in what sense Westerners think of meditation. Besides environmental work I am also interested in single screen films like my CAMERA MESSAGE (tribute to McLuhan's Media Message.)

In this case the camera is just turning around a certain environment without any fixed object - the camera itself is trying to meditate over the environment. ("Film is the meditation. Massage is done by the camera and lights. Meditation is recorded on the film.") One of my latest films CIRCLE was shot by 360 degrees panning in different places - projected as different loops - so you can see all of 360 degrees in different positions on an environmental screen. This is not an ordinary circle - film photography is always involved as the center of the

(Continued on Page 18)



Photos © by Takahiko Iimura





Photo by Raeanne Rubinstein

Art Blakey at Newport Jazz (?) Festival

— Story — next week

# rock

by David Walley

## A SHORT ESSAY ON CRITICISM

If anyone ever told me that the life of a critic is an easy one, I would probably have given him a shot in the mouth. And a rock critic (as opposed to a "music" critic) finds himself in a more-than-usually tight situation. He has the responsibility to listen to the music being put down, and to convey correctly what he hears to his readers; given the socio-political aspects of rock, as well as the musical, this is no light thing, and the rock writer has a duty to be true to his ears and open to new things at all times, as are his readers.

On the other hand, his (straight) professional colleagues have comparatively less to worry about, because THEIR readers don't rely on their own ears as much as they rely on the critic's. The official Representatives of the Culture, the pedants who write music reviews for the NEW YORK TIMES, N.Y. REVIEW OF BOOKS, and the tastemaker publications of similar stripe, PATRONIZE rock instead of listening to it. If they should, for some obscure reason, want to be "relevant" about rock, they will hire a writer (usually hip and always young—sometimes even a chick) who will listen to the music, but who actually merely pontificates (on the freak level) the same as his older mentors. (The N.Y. TIMES HAS A YOUNG ROCK CRITIC GUILTY OF THIS WHO SHALL GO UNNAMED FOR HIS SINS AGAINST THE MUSIC.)

New York City has always been noted for its cliques, anyway. If any artist-musician, writer, painter, poet—wants to get anything out, he first must go through the Establishment

(by means of galleries, conservatories, or literary lunches) and convince those who dole out official sanction that his creative vision is a valid one, long before the public has a chance to see or hear for itself; IF the public ever does. The rock musician's

job is to get those people out of their ivory towers to listen.

No matter what manages to happen in the music world, the professional still manages to have his own self-esteem to contend with. If something is new, he will usually tend to put it down, otherwise, he will be various degrees of enraptured and write reams of incomprehensible technical criticism about a piece or an artist. The review will tell everything about the piece except whether or not he liked it: this particular form of criticism ("technicism", if you will) is the "intellectual" as opposed to the "emotional" approach to music criticism. One labors under a great and needless delusion if one writes about music for the mind rather than for the emotions...because there has never been such a thing as "intellectual" as opposed to "emotional" music. Every note of music man has ever written has sprung from his emotions—music is emotion's ultimate expression and logical conclusion. Bach, Bartok, Stockhausen, Zappa, Dylan are all emotional men, their music was created because they wanted to express their hearts, not because they were fiddling around with a new system of counterpoint, polyrhythms, or sound device.

Then came the critic into the middle of it all...and critics have been the bane of the artist's existence since the 14th Century. Co-opting the artist's natural function, critics tried to make themselves artists (or if not artists, then artist-makers). Instead of the poet or painter being foremost, the critic assumed the dominance; as tastemakers, they became the custodians of art, and through art, of culture. So what can the modern critic do about all this? For starters, he can react

instead of analyze, because the artist, no matter what his medium, wants and works to elicit a gut response to his creation; he works with his emotions and he wants his audience to use their emotions to experience his art.

In the field of music (and now we'll get into good rock), the critic's responsibilities lie in the truth of his reaction to what he listens to; he must speak primarily for himself (i.e., "I like this because..." "I don't like that because..."). If a critic is really good, sensitive to the music and to his proper function, he can transcend and be transformed by the music...it sets him to writing (not necessarily about THAT music, but about what music makes him write). Listen to the MC-5 sometime and tell me what it makes YOU FEEL, regardless of your taste for the particular forms they use.

A rock critic cannot and should not be hung up with his own tastes as much as he should be concerned with his emotional sensitivity when experiencing the music. His more "professional" aboveground colleagues have no such responsibility because their audiences make no such demands, nor does their subject matter. The music critic is the all-wise and omniscient, he can make up a whole school of criticism, let's say Schoenberg school, and nobody's going to question it because very few people bother to really listen to classical music anymore. It has become the great passive art form; no one listens or reacts, they simply accept and digest. Any art form which thinks it can survive on criticism is sadly mistaken (attendance at classical concerts seems to be limited almost entirely to bored little ladies from the suburbs and their equally bored, prosperous husbands, all of whom CONSUME rather than listen).

The professional music critic, then, has relatively little to offer besides his prejudices; more's the pity that the serious artists in the "classical" and "conservatory" traditions have to rely on these men for their name. (They would do well, these musicians, to take a page from Lorin Hollander's book and take their music to the streets, or at least to the Fillmore.)

The great thing about rock music is that the professionals will never succeed in imposing any standards; because there are no professionals, in the compartmentalized sense of the term. Everyone is a critic, everyone listens and has definite and valid opinions. Therefore, rock and roll is a living tradition, and like a poem, rock IS: in all its manifestations—schlock rock, acid rock, candy rock, revolution rock and cock rock. It is all music, some being more commercial and some less commercial, but nevertheless super-valid. Tastes, of course, can be manufactured (Monkees, anyone?) but not for long.

Unlike the above ground media, then, there is no hard-and-fast distinction to be made between critic, reader, artist, audience. If a critic is to be a visionary (and sometimes he can be and ALL the time he ought to be), he must be able to spot something new in music and bring it forward to the reader's ears. In the end, it is the audience, not the critic, which pushes the musician. The critic uses his sensitivity and his pen to convey a verbal equivalency translation of the musical performance, but he is human and fallible. He must be as true to his emotions as the artist who made the experience was to his, and that is the mark of a good critic.

There is no head office for rock and roll...it's free to all.

(Continued on Page 13)



# LETTERS

LETTER TO THE WARDEN OF THE SAN BRUNO COUNTY JAIL. New York City, June 25, 1969

It is not the mental praying stool on which you are sitting that will change anything in this Snow White Universe.

Free Bob Kaufman, the padlocks are becoming red-hot.

We know that the San Bruno County Jail is worse than the Santa Rita Farm and that there is at least one suicide a day there.

The one who sings is imprisoned, his amphetamine-portrait will deprive you of sleep (but you are the cop, the screw, you are the rehabilitator, the one who waves his fist in front of the cells). Is that the way to treat a drug addict? Is that the way to treat Kaufman, to treat a man, a woman, anyone?

The cooled metal used by the fuzz to rehabilitate (sic) Kaufman (Bomkauf) are watched over by the evil cold

winds of Law & Order. Your Law is not our Law, so what? you say at the same time as the Cop in White.

The padlocks are becoming red-hot --- and Kaufman is as BLACK as the sun and the snow -- wrapped in shadows and sadness, sick and galvanized by ancient angers.

What are your parasite-police, your witch doctors going to do?

I know, you think that Kaufman isn't important after all. A nigger who has written two books of poems, so what? Well, with all the yesmen of California you stroke your safety locks.

California destroys the individual --- worse than Mississippi --- according to the testimony of men of color (colored men) as you call them. Racist and Fascist California is doomed but meanwhile legal assassination has free rein.

Kaufman and his eye in the basket of your certainty.

His tears flow too freely, Sir.

His tears stratify his screams, Sir.

His tears flood the white suburbs, Sir ---

Suburbs where pigs think that that is the fate of an addict -- police overdose (like the one that killed Lenny Bruce) -- police overdose increased by Mr. Everybody's imbecility, more stupid than ever, obedient, nailing his complexes and his "analities" on the armored doors of supermarkets.

You have imprisoned Kaufman, under some pretext or other but hadn't you made him "harmless", oh no, by allowing your cops to sell bad junk in North Beach and the Haight Ashbury?

The revolution is on the march, Sir. We do not wish for the death of others. But remember Kaufman is black and they are singing in a sea of jewels.

Free Bob Kaufman, the padlocks are becoming red hot.

Free Bob Kaufman..you have already dropped dead.

I do not salute you. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Claude Pelieu, Allen Ginsberg, Allan Katzman, Jaakov Kohn, Ed Sanders

## Joni Mitchell Finally Comes Across

After 14 months—it has happened.

On our part, it's taken blood, sweat, tears, and greed.

Coaxing and cajoling.

Even—yes—chicanery.

But the blonde lady who only recently was subject of a Reprise ad headlined "Joni Mitchell Takes Forever" has finally, at long last, come across. With ten new songs technically catalogued in our album inventory as *Clouds* (RS 6341). But referred to by Music Lovers Everywhere as



THE NEW JONI MITCHELL

To be foursquare, however, it's not as though Joni has been unfruitful, like just lolling about in Laurel Canyon (where she only sometimes lolls). She has been busy. Being the pleasant surprise of last January's Miami Pop Festival. Singing her story of "Nathan La Franer" from Los Angeles to Montreal. Smiling tearfully through a standing ovation at Carnegie Hall. Making a rare television ap-

pearance on the first Johnny Cash show. Giving the following quote to *Time* magazine for its April 4 issue:

**"If you are sad, then you should feel sad.**

**The French are good at that. They show what they feel and in that way purge themselves of it. My next album will be even sadder. It gets into the pain of the heart."**

Ahh, the perfect lead-in to the subject at hand: RS 6341. And its content.

Over the past 14 months, Joni has, between concerts and lolls, managed to make new songs. Many are included in RS 6341, viz "The Gallery," "That Song About the Midway," and "Roses Blue." Plus some of the Joni Mitchells Everyone Knows, like "Chelsea Morning" and "Both Sides, Now." In addition, each and every lyric is printed in its entirety on the inside of a glorious full-color jacket.

And now, they are public. If we had any sense, we'd leave it at that, and end this ad right here.

### BUT ONE MORE THING

Joni painted her own portrait for the cover of the album. It's pretty. If you'd like to have a copy to hang where you hang things, a copy without the words on it, just fill out the coupon and get it to us with a quarter. Joni will be with you shortly.

Joni Mitchell's Pretty Picture  
Room 208  
Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records  
Burbank, California 91503

E

Here's a quarter for that self-portrait, printed lovingly on expensive paper with no words on it.

(This offer expires sometime later this year.)

### CONCLUDING PITCH

Just in case you've been in total seclusion for the last year, *Clouds* is Joni's second album. Her first (known to accounting as RS 6293) is called *Joni Mitchell*. Pick up either of them. It might make Joni Mitchell come down from Laurel Canyon with her third album. But don't count on it.

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BOOK SHOP, Broadway at 89th; VILLAGE OLDIES, 149 Bleecker  
(Upstairs); Brooklyn-PRANA-132 Montague, Bklyn, Hts.; Westches-  
ter-SYMPHONY MUSIC SHOP, 28 Palisades Ave., Getty Square,  
Yonkers; Bronx-COUSINS RECORD SHOP, 383 E. Fordham Rd.;  
Queens-REVELATION, 71-20 Austin, Forest Hills; DISKINS, 135-26  
Roosevelt Ave., Flushing; New Jersey-RED BARN, Garden State  
Plaza, Paramus; THE LAST STRAW, 317 Glenwood Ave., Bloomfield.  
SPECIAL DISCOUNTS FOR GROUPS OF 30 OR MORE WHEN AVAILABLE.  
CALL CRAZY MANA: 777-3918.

**decomp**

(Continued from Page 7)

It's incredible how many people read this story in 1952, when it first came out. It's the very first Gyro Gearloose episode, the 'thinkbox' story wherein Gyro was introduced into the Duck world. He bursts into Donald's view on a huge green buggy contraption which operates on a jet-power principle - "It runs two blocks on a quart of firecrackers," he explains to an incredulous Donald, and explodes wildly down the street with the three nephews bouncing in the front seat.

It transpires that Gyro has invented "thinkboxes", twin contraptions the size of car batteries which he claims will enable lower animals to think and talk like people - like ducks, in this case. Concerned that the nephew's association with a "crackpot" like Gyro will wreck the duck family reputation, Donald sets about sabotaging the experiment. Gyro and the boys have set the think boxes so they broadcast to each other across a forest path, and when they come to check the experiment the next morning they are met by Donald in a sinister wolf suit: "Last night I was a mere stupid wolf on my way to steal a chicken," the creature explains. "I passed through your thought ray and - presto - suddenly I was thinking and acting like a human being! I am no longer having an appetite for RAW chicken - I want cooked food! ROAST DUCKLING! Yaaaaa-ah!" And off he runs after the terrified nephews, drooling and slavering.

But what's this? Suddenly Donald is tripped up in pursuit by a man. But when Donald discloses himself as a duck, the man rips away his disguise and turns out to be a wolf. "You know, the funniest thing happened to me last night," the wolf smiles evilly, bearing down on

Donald. "I was going down the path to steal a chicken, and I passed between two funny boxes that were sitting beside the trail! And all of a sudden I didn't want chicken anymore! I wanted COOKED FOOD! ROAST DUCK! Yaaaaa-ah!" And carrying Donald off to roast him a la spit, the wolf asks, "What's in those boxes, anyway, bud? Some kind of APPETITE rays?"

And so we are privy to Barks' inimitable opinion of the human condition: the difference between PEOPLENESS and CRITTERNESS is an insignificant matter of degree which can be overcome by the simple process of cooking food, rather than eating it raw. That is, we're all as greedy as wolves, and the only difference between us is that we, man, "think" enough to start a fire. The "thinking" itself is immaterial, just a fillip added to the essential carnivorousness, to expedite the process of filling one's belly. But Barks isn't railing against the essential greediness of humanity here, no, he's just reminding us it's something we ought to keep in mind lest like Gyro Gearloose we expect our "Inventions" to make us perfect -- maybe Gyro can turn animals into people, but he can't turn either of them into saints.

Of course, at the end Donald is rescued by Gyro and the nephews. A mere reversal of the beam from one box to the other, thus "causing the polar negative to break up the cosmic positive" (What poetry! What genius!) This suffices, and when the beam is trained on the wolf he runs away, yelping. And as Donald trudges dejectedly back to town he meets a rabbit, who has been blessed with the divine gift of sentience by Gyro's device: extending a paw hesitantly toward Donald, the rabbit inquires, "Mister, can you spare a dime for a bunch of carrots?" And so it goes.

The new woman has her own ideas about sex. She doesn't wait to be asked. Never has her story been told so graphically. Only a woman could tell it. One did, and had the courage to sign her real name, Rosemary Santini. Read **The Big O** for an inside view of the cultural-sexual revolution as it is happening. You may be shocked, but never bored. It's only the beginning from Oracle Books. We're new, too.

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# rock

(Continued from Page 10)

## RANDOM NOTES

One of the New York City's oldest underground bands has released a second album. Lothar and the Hand People (with their friend the theremin) have just released SPACE HYMN. Lothar deserves credit for sticking out the long recording drought: their first album was released about a year and a half ago to minimal critical analysis. The title cut, "Space Hymn" is a real peace-joy-trip which first hypnotises you and then puts you out in space. Honest...

About a year or so ago, Mad River invaded the city with a large record hype campaign. The album and the group were an unqualified failure because both were pretentious (not really together or honest) But Mad River's new album, PARADISE BAR AND GRILL, is much nicer and very pleasant to listen to. They are now playing in an idiom which I would call "California jugband funk" reminiscent of the New Lost City Ramblers. A highlight not to be missed is a rendition by Richard Brautigan (author of TROUT FISING IN AMERICA and assorted scattered) of his poem, "Love's Not the Way to Treat a Friend"...

If you haven't heard or caught the good vibrations of THE STREET GIVETH AND THE STREET TAKETH AWAY by Cat Mother and The All-Night Newsboys, please feel free. They play the kind of music that makes you want to take off all your clothes and dance...

There will be a free rock concert in Brooklyn, July 12 from 7:30-11:30 at Mayor St. near Humbolt and Grham. Bands schuled to play include The People, The Blue Bull Benefit, and the Montrose Freight Yard (for more information, call EV-3-5783).

Beginning alternate Mondays, starting July 9, WBAI, New York's beloved underground radio station will present a program in cooperation with the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, a program entitled "Military Monitor". This program will inform the public of the more nefarious, but less publicised things which the military is doing to waste the public's money. "Military Monitor" will explore chemical warfare, the military's entrance into several OEO-sponsored projects, and other goodies. A splendid time is guaranteed for all.

# newsreal

**A CHEERY CLOSING NOTE:** As of press time, food expert Dr. Jean Mayer estimates that nearly a third of the population of Biafra will have died of starvation. The International Red Cross has been unable to get emergency relief shipments into that war-torn nation since early last week. The result is starvation and death for tens and hundreds of thousands. If food cannot be shipped to land-locked Biafra within the next two weeks, perhaps a total of two million will die. What is perhaps most frightening is the horror of sitting here and knowing this, knowing there is absolutely nothing one can do to stop this genocide.

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## underground cine-scene

compiled by Bob Parent

This regular weekly feature is a service intended to build support and 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

Bay - San Francisco Bay Area, Cal.

NYC - Metropolitan New York City Area

### CALENDAR LOCATIONS

#### Alternate U

69 W. 14th St.  
 N.Y.C. 10011

#### Am-Ex

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

#### C-M

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

#### FLY

a fly can't bird but a bird can fly inc.  
 542 LaGuardia Pl. (W. B'way)  
 N.Y.C. 10014, 677-9120

#### Millennium Film Workshop Inc.

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

#### Moma

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

#### Palace Theater

Columbus and Powell, North Beach  
 San Francisco, Cal.

#### TAMALPIAS Film Society

2219 Oregon  
 Berkeley, Cal., 415-848-3945

#### U-P Film Group

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

### CALENDAR

Millennium - For the balance of the summer, Millennium Film Workshop will not operate a regular schedule but will maintain some classes and schedule showings whenever a program becomes available. All events open to the public will be listed here as soon as scheduled.

#### /JULY 9th - WEDNESDAY

/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY  
 /9:00 P.M. - BAY - film+-RAP: 8, S8, & 16mm open screenings with discussion & wine -Tamalpias

#### /JULY 10 - THURSDAY

/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 p.m. - NYC ++ Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY

#### JULY 11 - FRIDAY

/11:00 P.M. - N.Y.C. -Films by JOHN DULANEY - AM-EX/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY/9:00 P.M. - NYC -JOE WEBER: Fool's Tale; BOB MILLS: Report to the Stockholders; MAURICA AMAR: Americana; RAY WISNIEWSKI: Doomshow; others - U-P/MIDNITE - BAY -AGNES VARDA: Le Creatures - PALACE

#### /JULY 12 - SATURDAY

/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY/9:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JOHN DULANEY - AM-EX/9:00 P.M. - NYC -Repeat of Friday Program - U-P/MIDNITE - BAY -Repeat of Friday Program - PALACE

#### /JULY 13 - SUNDAY

/3:00 & 8:30 P.M. - NYC -HERBERT BIBERMAN: Salt of the Earth. NEWSREEL: Up Against the Wall, Miss America - ALT-U/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY

#### /JULY 15th - TUESDAY

/5:30 P.M. - NYC Cineprobe: JOHN KLIEN: Juggernaut, film and discussion. - MOMA/6:00 P.M. - NYC -New films by STAN VANDERBEEK - C-M/9:00 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY

#### /JULY 16th - WEDNESDAY

/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -LFilms by JERRY CHALEM - FLY/9:00 P.M. - BAY FILM-RAP: 8, S8 & 16mm open screenings with discussion & wine - TAMALPIAS

#### /JULY 17th - THURSDAY

/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY

#### /JULY 18th - FRIDAY

/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY/9:00 P.M. - NYC -Repeat of previous Friday program - U-P/11:00 P.M. - NYC -Repeat of Friday Program - U-P/MIDNITE - BAY -Repeat of Friday Program - PALACE

#### /JULY 19th - SATURDAY

/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY/9:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JOHN DULANEY - AM-EX/9:00 P.M. - NYC -Repeat of Friday program U-P/MIDNITE - BAY -Repeat of Friday program - PALACE

#### /JULY 20th - SUNDAY

/3:00 & 8:30 P.M. - NYC -ORSON WELLES: The Trial; DAN McLAUGHLIN: Star Spangled Banner (a collage of the Chicago Police Riots) - ALT U/9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JERRY CHALEM - FLY

#### /JULY 22nd - TUESDAY

/6:00 P.M. - NYC -LAUREN SEARS: Experiments with Video - C-M

/JULY 23rd - WEDNESDAY/9:00 P.M. - BAY -FILM-RAP: 8, S8 & 16 mm open screenings with discussion & wine - TAMALPIAS

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"A SPOOF FOR  
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 - Richard Shepard, N.Y. Times

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 - Joe Franklin, WOR-TV



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## Up Madison Ave.

### JOEY SKAGGS CELEBRATES A DESTRUCTIVE 4TH OF JULY

Destruction in Art is a fine old school, and so is Audience Participation. Leave it to a fine synthetic genius like Joey Scaggs to combine the two. It seems to be an integral part of Joey's art, that the very display of it incites the audience to rise up and stamp it out. That may be because Joey's presentations frequently illustrate the true nature of certain Widely Shared Traditional American Values -- such as War, Jesus, Christmas, Motorcycles and The President - and the true nature of these W.S.T.A. Values inevitably so contradicts the pieties with which they are disguised that the audience is compelled to fall upon Joey and his art in righteous wrath.

Take last Friday for example, which was the Fourth of July and one of Joey's very favourite days out of the year. This year he created four American statues from store mannequins: he plastered breasts and genitals to them, draped them in regal Grecian gowns, stuck them in Statue of Liberty poses, and painted one white, one black, one red and one yellow. It was not a racist display. And these he took to Astor Place, where he wound them with barbed wire and stood them under the vast black block that adorns the square.

What happened then was passing strange: "First, people just looked at it," Joey explains, "and nothing much happened. But then some neighbourhood kids came along with firecrackers and started blasting them off against the statues. First they blew their eyes out, which Paul Krassner and I thought was pretty cool. Then they blew off their genitals and stuff, and this went on until a bunch of bums sort of took over. They made up a sign that said, "Contributions welcome -- help us keep our artists' loft". And there were a lot of tourists going past, and these guys must have made nearly fifty dollars.

People would go by and just GAPE...A cab full of rednecks went by, screaming obscenities. It was like that. And then all of a sudden, for no reason, people were attacking the statues, tearing them apart, kicking them. Young people, old people, hippies, spades, bums, tourists --everybody! It didn't take three minutes, and everybody was gone and the square was littered with these dismembered Statues of Liberty".

And as they sow, so shall they reap.



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Produced by PETER FONDA

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**thilm**

(Continued from Page 8)

There was a book called MAN AND DOLPHIN, by John C. Lilly, in 1961. In 1967, THE MIND OF THE DOLPHIN was published, is now in paperback, 95c. Dr. Lilly has been engaged in the work of communication with dolphins who, he explains, have an intelligence parallel to man's. Theirs is "A NONHUMAN INTELLIGENCE", the subtitle of the book.

To accept the theory that life exists which is more intelligent than man is not too difficult: see, God; see, Extraterrestrial etc. But to accept that Earth harbors yet another KIND of intelligence, that of the water world, is fascinating. To read of the sperm whale's computer brain, which is probably six times more qualitative (let alone quantitative) than ours -- to be able to 'tape' a Beethoven symphony and play it back at will... Not enough space to muse or ponder, but the book is marvelous, and more another time.

Note: Does anyone know what a "dits" is, or a "dit"? Please tell me.



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**film**

(Continued from Page 9)

circle. But I don't want to fix myself in the center but want to go into many different points at the same time - to involve myself in different environments and dimensions without any hierarchy to these positions. I am not only an observer but also involved in the actual thing in as many ways as possible.

Traditionally the Western way is to observe the object scientifically - in this way to find precisely its rationale. But Eastern thought is different. Man is not an observer but can be with the object and exist with the object without knowing it as object. Then you get the object as your inner part - involved with it and also into the whole thing. The objective and subjective become the same dimension - not to fix the object or to categorize things to be explained, but to be involved yourself in the object.

In the Western world environments are made, but in the East environments already exist. In the West it is an artificial thing, produced for certain purposes and objectives. For example, some say that Brakhag's films are very Oriental - particularly his scenery. Like when Americans drive a car from point to point, the poline between is practically nothing, does not exist. There is no life between the points in the U.S. but the Japanese always see life between, like wandering the countryside to experience life itself between the points. Yes, Brakhage did shoot the scenery between the points, but to make himself exist in the nothingness. In the East we are used to obliterating ourselves into nature, to make and be "nothingness", but what I found was not nothingness but the urge to be existing within the nothingness. So that actually is an opposite direction.

**J.Y.:** Perhaps arriving at the same place eventually?

**IIMURA:** Ah yes.

**J.Y.:** What are your thoughts on the metaphysics of the visionary experience - both of the mystic and the artist?

**IIMURA:** I have not tried any drugs, not being sure of my own physical condition and not wanting to put in any chemical substances. I prefer to be in that kind of

condition naturally - not through some chemical means. For instance, many times when I walk on a wet street, the sunshine is broken up fragmentarily, reflecting in the road and making a very shiny world in my eyes. This kind of experience is very Freudian for me - deeply rooted in my own vision - this shiny world - since I was perhaps five or six years old. I experience this again and again, the same as when remembered in the past.

**J.Y.:** How would you correlate your work with your way of working?

**IIMURA:** There is no real unity between works and myself - they are separate things. When something is accomplished it leaves me. Actually the experience of filmmaking is not during the shooting but in the projection - the only real image is on the screen. That means that during shooting you are just projecting yourself onto the being. Until it is projected there is no image. Projection is now not as important as a tool of the image but as projection itself - where you actually stand and exist. Other art forms - painting, sculpture actually produce a thing. In film you have two distinct experiences - the shooting and the projection. Even now people are making films without any shooting - not just painting and scratching films, but computer generated films - which have no experience at all with shooting. I think computer film takes filmmaking into another dimension - one is only interested in certain ideas and their programming. The computer does every operation to get the image. It all consists of points and certain patterns - so you make the image though numerous points and each point can have its own character. But the point exists only in the image - without making the image it does not exist - so that you can get even the universe through this tiny point. In a single frame you can get a whole universe just by programming it to do so.

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and then (Horseshit Magazine is great) she drew out my penis and looked at it. Her mouth opened (get Horseshit) and I let my eyes roam over the lush curves of her body. "Good God!" she said. "What have you been doing to your penis member? (send for Horseshit) Christ! Your procreative organ is all beat to hell!" "Well, Doctor," I said. "I... uh..." (you can't live without Horseshit) "Aw, I know," she said. "I've had cases like you before. You've got a copy of Horseshit Magazine at home, haven't you?" (Horseshit is good for you) "Well, yes," I said. Then she said, "And the girls all come over and read it and then they go wild. I know." (Horseshit forever) "I've got all the issues of Horseshit," I said. "Oh my God," she said as her hips began to move. "All the issues!" (Horseshit readers make it) "Horseshit #3 has got Dirty Pictures in it." I said. "Stop! Stop!" she said as she unzipped her skirt. (This has been a subliminal message. Thank you for your attention.)

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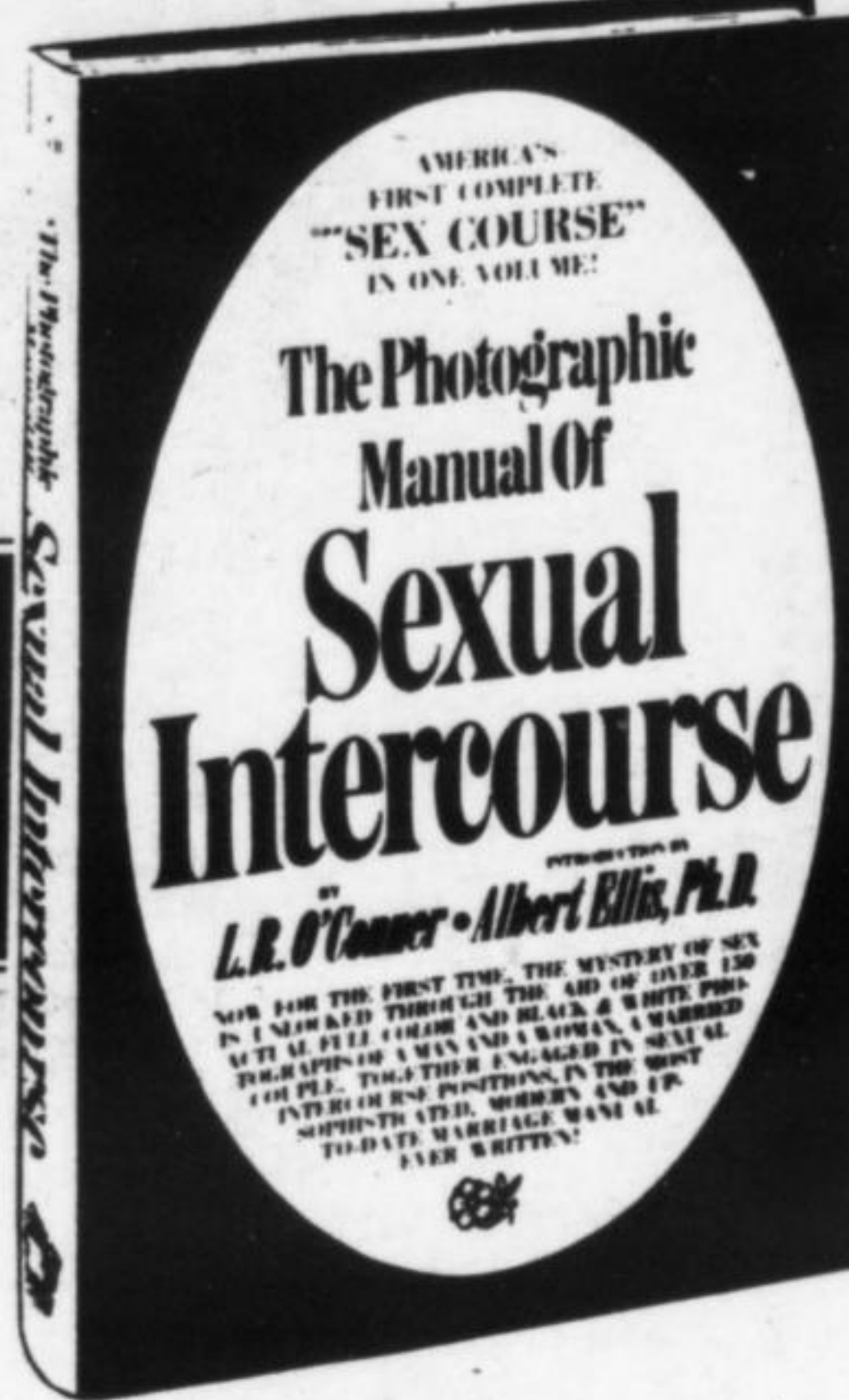
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smiling back he forgot all his mistakes, and  
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*Douglas*  
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Hottel



