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THE east village THEER

THE WILD WEST



A SAN FRANCISCO FESTIVAL

AUGUST 22-24 GOLDEN GATE PARK

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NEW YORK FREE'S

by Donald Basch SDS

Free Vegetables -- Hunts Point Market, Hunts Point Avenue and 138th St. You have to go by car or truck between 6 and 9 AM. All the daily unsold vegetables you can carry.

Free Fish -- The fish market is at Fulton and South Sts. Get there between 6 and 9 AM. All the fish you can cart.\$s

Free Tea and Cookies -- Tea Center, 16 E. 56th St. Monday - Friday. 10 to 11 A.M., 2 to 4 P.M.

Free Lawyers -- Legal Aid Society, 100 Centre St., BE 3-0250; NYU Law Center Office, 249 Sullivan St., GR 3-1296; N.Y. Civil Liberties Union, 156 Fifth Avenue, WA 9-6076; Mobilization for Youth, 320 E. 3rd St., OR 7-0400.

Ambulance -- 440-1234/Doctor -- TR 9-1000 (costs at least \$25)/Dentist -- YU 8-6110/Birth Control Information -- 477-0034 or 516-538-2626/Dial-A-Prayer -- CI 6-4200/Time -- NERVOUS/Weather -- WE 6-1212/LNS -- 865-1360/EVO -- 228-8640

Free Lessons in Manual Skills -- 20 W. 44th St., MU-7-4279./Free Theatre -- Dramatic Workshop, JU 6-4800./Nature -- Bronx Zoo, Botanical Gardens, Cloisters, and the Inwood Hill Park./Free Pets -- ASPCA, TR 6-7700./Draft Information/Draft Information -- 732-4272./Free Books on NYC Events -- Cultural Information Center, 148 W. 57th St. For \$1.00 you can get a book listing scores of free places to go in New York. You can get it from the Board of Education. It's called **Trips for Classes in New York**./You can get a free subway map in any subway station./For 50c you can buy the best book in any hip bookstore. It tells how to handle pigs./Also a good book that is free is **Fuck the System**.



Letters

RE MARK KRAMER'S "THE ROCK IMPERIALISTS":

The would-be censors of EVO and the pornzines say such material will influence readers (not themselves) to commit vile deeds. Kramer believes "SEVENTEEN" and Advertising will bring about even viler deeds. Like running thru meadows glamorously ala Clairol. Same bag, new contents.

I trust that few readers are naive enough to believe Mr. Kramer's article is political. He is not primarily concerned with a Marxist (Socialist? Fascist?) America. Nor with heads bowed over slain Vietnamese. Only...heads bowed. A package-deal fantasy (wish?) world in which oppressed is what you are when you buy record albums and trip on the covers. In which you eat food (processed by "Big" business)...and fart napalm. Where even so modest a pleasure as new bell-bottoms has evil consequences. For some knish-chewing-change-begging babe on St. Mark's Place. You "crowd" her. she gets all fucked up psychologically.Matter of fact,

anything which makes anyone happy or serves one's self-interest represents Man's Inhumanity to Man. Except for "Romantic" Revolution, that is, blood and guns, which make Mr. Kramer very happy indeed. (In Vietnam, he calls them "War").....Existence is Guilt. Guilt is Existence. Give up, give up, love thy neighbor, out on the streets with you, beg change, don sackcloth, you'll be "real" people. Then on to Woodstock for Rice n Riot.The world of Mark Kramer.

Misery loves company.

RICHARD LESCSAK

Dear EVO:

I read with great interest Eldridge Cleaver's "Letter from the Third World" in your July 16th issue (Vol. 4, No. 32). His strict Marxist-Leninist approach to America's problems seems to me to be a bit naive. How ANY leader can in good conscience approach today's problems with simplistic slogans is beyond me. Let's face it, there is no country in the world which permits its people to be free. They are all coercive by nature. When Cleaver can generate compassion for all men who are viciously oppressed and critically approach modern problems he will become a true leader of the people. Until that time, he remains in my eyes just another old leftist spouting the same tired bullshit.

Best,

JOHN McCARTHY
New York, N.Y.

Dear EVO:

Yesterday I got a glimpse of my first copy of The East Village Other. Man, I've been grooving ever since. Your paper is the greatest rag I've ever seen, and I love it. Keep up the good work.

Fuck the Establishment,
JIM KOENIG
U.S. Army, Vietnam

Dear EVO:

When I first heard that Leary was planning to run for governor of California, I flipped out -- until I read what he wants to do if elected: That is, to place a thousand dollar a year tax on people who smoke. If you can't pay, then you don't have the legal right to turn on and therefore are eligible for a bust. Will you please tell me how many heads can afford to pay \$1,000 for that?

It seems to me that THE HIGH PRIEST turns out to be nothing but a HYPOCRITICAL FUCK. Plus, I just read the article by Michael R. Aldrich in your June 25 issue which completely blew my mind. Aldrich's last line is "and vote for Timothy Leary in 1970!" He should have added "if you can afford it."

Sincerely,

A poverty stricken head

Dear EVO:

I was very unhappy when I read poor D.A. Latimer's butchered story in the July 16 issue. Latimer sustains me from week to week. Please, for all his fans and admirers, be more careful in the future.

Sincerely,

Janie Miller
Redbank, N.J.

Dear EVO:

Lately, like many other people, I've become a close observer of the press photos of Richard Nixon. The one

which struck me as being most poignant and revealing -- mostly revealing -- was the shot of the ceremony where Adm. Nimitz received the distinguished service medal from all three branches of the military service. In his role as President, Nixon was there, naturally, to admire the bejeweled hero.

The camera caught him in a pose which in polite circles is usually known as "affected." He is slightly hunched over in a humble (?) attitude; his hands seem clasped in gratitude and on his face there is a smile of unabashed admiration.

In short, Richard Nixon is a camp follower, as Strom Thurmond well knows. One could even call him a whore, and it's often been observed that soldiers and whores have a common bond: one destroys life, while the other destroys love. What's unnecessary to mention, except in these times of fluffy logic, is that between the two of them, they always subvert every other virtue and sacred emotion as well.

Therefore, it should not surprise anyone that Richard Nixon, who consorts with soldiers -- an admiral no less -- should also consort privately with religious leaders in the White House, Billy Graham, no less. Obviously, the only thing accomplished at the last election was that the nation traded a monstrous egotist for a monstrous narcissist.

To borrow from the style of Mayor Daley, this state of affairs should raise everybody to the heights of depression.

DAVE KNAPP

Dear EVO:

Just who the fuck does this David Walley think he is? I have been reading his columns for three weeks now; I have learned nothing about rock music, only about David Walley's Head. This cat is on the biggest ego trip I have ever seen; which is a drag under any circumstances but ten times worse if you do it in print. Do me a favor, EVO; find somebody who knows something about rock and roll. Obviously, the only thing Walley knows about is Walley (and judging from what I've read I'm not even sure about that.) He can't write, either.

Love,

Evi Quinn
NYC

Dear People:

I saw your letter on the campaign to put STOP THE WAR, etc. on currency.

Well, over here in Vietnam, we GI's don't have the chance to get good old green U.S. currency. They pay us for our efforts with play money. It's really reasonable. Play money for a play war.

I am enclosing a sample of my effort for the campaign right in the heart of RVN.

A Friend

You Good People: Have been virtually eating up the June 11 copy of the East Village Other and it aroused me no end. You tell it like it is. Best of all was your cartoon page "Off the Wall", bringing into the light our secret "sins" letting off steam like that when there are such better ways to enjoyment. I know I have to do it like that occasionally -- and you too, I bet. I'd surely love to see more picture pages like that -- and on the same theme (The Loneliness of the Long Distance Gunner?). Let's have some, eh? One thing I know, that page sure took a lot outta me! I got some more to let out! Your paper is a delightful nose-thumbing at convention. More! Paul Cunard Chicago, Ill.

PETER LEEGIERI
ALLAN KATZMAN
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SHERRY NEEDHAM
MELISSA STOUT
FLICKA
DEAN A. LATIMER
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LITA ELISCU
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NORTH: THE KID
SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE
BEGODD

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The Minutemen

by Paul Eberle

PE: (Last week, Dean Morris, ex-Minuteman, and a former organizer for the Ku Klux Klan, came to our office, wanting to tell his story. Why? Because, he said, he believes the paramilitary right is far more dangerous than the communists ever dreamed of being. It was his first interview in Los Angeles. Since then, he has been scheduled to appear on several television and radio programs.)

PE: First of all, how long were you in the Minutemen?

MORRIS: Three years. 1966, 1967, and 1968. I was also involved in the United Klans of America, in Pennsylvania. And I was public relations officer for the Grand Dragon of Pennsylvania. I was a propaganda officer in the propaganda section, also involved in recruiting, and I was chairman of the Wallace headquarters in Pennsylvania. I was an intelligence officer with the rank of Major in the Minuteman organization.

PE: Does everyone have a military rank in the Minutemen?

MORRIS: Right.

PE: And is it virtually a military organization...

MORRIS: It is a military organization.

PE: What kind of structure does the Minutemen organization have -- by that I mean that surely there are different levels, or echelons, some more elite and more secret than others...

MORRIS: Layer, one, or "phase one" as they call it, is the typical paranoid who believes that the world is going down the road to Communism and ruin.

PE: This is the level that the FBI and the other federal agencies have penetrated, but they have not penetrated beyond this phase one of the security of the organization. Phase Two if your Middle Class, white anglo-saxon protestant American. They help keep the thing together by paying their dues and furnishing material, and training the guerilla war session in the summer and the fall...and they also keep surveillance on known liberals and communists in various geographic areas, across the country. Phase Three is the national leadership, and this is composed of ex-military officers, many of whom are

retired now and feel that our country is becoming saturated with communists every day...and feel that the only thing we can do to save our country is to have the Minuteman organization

infiltrate the different movements and also prepare for physical confrontation with the point of a gun. And the tactics they are studying are guerilla warfare.

PE: And were you an instructor in guerilla warfare?

MORRIS: Right.

PE: Here in California?

MORRIS: Right. I trained several groups of people right here in the high Sierras, 135 miles out from San Francisco, and I trained people in the Rocky Mountains, 65 miles north-by-northwest of Denver, Colorado, and I also trained men in the Appalachian Mountains of Pennsylvania--for the Klan, the American Nazi Party AND the Minutemen. All three groups.

PE: At one time, there was a great deal of internecine feuding between the ultra-rightist organizations. Are they burying their differences and getting together now?

MORRIS: Since 1968--in the past year--these three groups

have merged together in a coalition. The militant right has come together and is seeing eye to eye since Robert De Pugh went underground, and if the time ever arises, I'm sure that the national leadership under Mr. De Pugh and his associates will strike out--and the other groups will follow.

PE: What happened to stop the feuding among the ultra-right?

MORRIS: These differences have been ironed out since the Wallace campaign. Governor Wallace has acted as a mediator and has brought them together.

PE: And he actively set out to do that? To put together a rightist coalition?

MORRIS: Right. A hidden coalition.

PE: And you are an expert in guerilla warfare, explosives, assassinations, etc?

MORRIS: Yes. I'm familiar with all these techniques. As I've said, I trained people for three years, and I know these people are deadly people and they're not kidding when they say that if they feel you are a threat to the country, and you are on their list, or liberals and known communists, and the time arises when they do strike, I'm

afraid that you are marked for liquidation.

PE: The foreword to Robert De Pugh's book, "Blueprint for Victory," says that the traditional means of political action no longer work, and that new and more directly effective means must be used. I think he makes no bones about the fact that at some point in history they intend to resort to actual physical, violent force. Violent overthrow of the government. Military takeover.

MORRIS: Right, sir. They have key people who are secret members of the Minutemen organization, right in the government, preparing for that day. Higher levels of our government.

PE: What about moderately conservative officials, like Reagan, Yorty, or Nixon? Would they be zapped, too?

MORRIS: Surely, if they were in a position to get in the way of the organization, or if they were not a part of the organization. Yes.

PE: What kind of timetable do they have?

MORRIS: Before 1972.

PE: They fully intend to take control of the government, state

(Continued on Page 17)

NEWSREAL

Notes from the Underground

The Alameda County Sheriff, in answer to charges that arrested Berkeley demonstrators were beaten, intimidated, and deprived of council, said: "Some of my deputies are back from Vietnam where they've laid their lives on the line, and they think these prisoners should be treated like Viet Cong." -- Old Mole

"The New Sensibility emerges in the struggle against violence and exploitation where this struggle is waged for essentially new ways and forms of life: negation of the entire Establishment, its morality, culture; affirmation of the right to build a society in which the abolition of poverty and toil terminates in a universe where the sensuous, the playful, the calm, and the beautiful become forms of existence and thereby the form of the society itself." -- from AN ESSAY ON LIBERATION

"Because Adam walked out of the Garden of Eden we've been catching hell for 2,000 years. But what we needed was a motherfucker like Huey P. Newton who would have said look St. Michael you've got your sword and I've got mine and if you swing at me, I'm swinging back." -- Eldridge Cleaver

A majority of the people arrested in the mass bust during the People's Park demonstrations have had their charges dropped, because the people stood together and pleaded not guilty and refused to waive time or jury trials. This tactic will probably work until there are no more jury trials or other "rights."

Stokely Carmichael, who always addressed himself primarily to whites, has denounced the Panthers for their alliances with white radicals.

Weight kilos \$200 up. 1 1/2 lb. keys \$150 up. Prices up approximately 200 per cent for keys, 150 per cent for lids as of this time last year. Grass scarcity rising. Dealers who are sitting on large quantities waiting for even higher prices qualify as avaricious businessmen in the fullest sense of the term. Keys of hash \$700 - \$800. Ounces \$70. Magic pumpkin seeds are in the area. Also much acid and reds.

Fat women have been maligned, castigated and shat on by American style leaders and Hollywood taste makers for too long a time. With a billion dollar business behind the prejudice against obesity, the injustice perpetrated upon fat American women will be hard to combat. To start with, such cliches as "Men don't make passes at girls with fat asses" could be replaced by the slogan "Fat is finger fuckin' good." -- San Diego Door

"During the People's Park affair, the Berkeley Board of Education opened its doors to high school students who got tired of dodging buckshot and tear gas in the occupied area of the city where their school is located. Later a Board of Education spokesman said, "It's been quite an experience for our people (the administrators), too. Some of them have never been that close to children before." -- San Diego Free Press

Physician Heal Thyself

NEW YORK (LNS) -- "I know most doctors are interested in the practice of medicine and not in the playing of politics. I believe your record stands for itself. Your patients know your work."

Spiro Agnew, 7-15-69, address to the AMA.

The AMA record certainly does speak for itself. \$1.1 million spent for lobbying in Washington, ten times as much as the labor union lobby of the AFL-CIO. \$680,000 in political contributions to conservative candidates; consistent opposition to programs of free inoculation against diphtheria, polio, and smallpox; opposition to the establishment of red cross blood banks; opposition to

federal grants for medical school construction and medical school loans; opposition to national health insurance, Medicare and Medicaid.

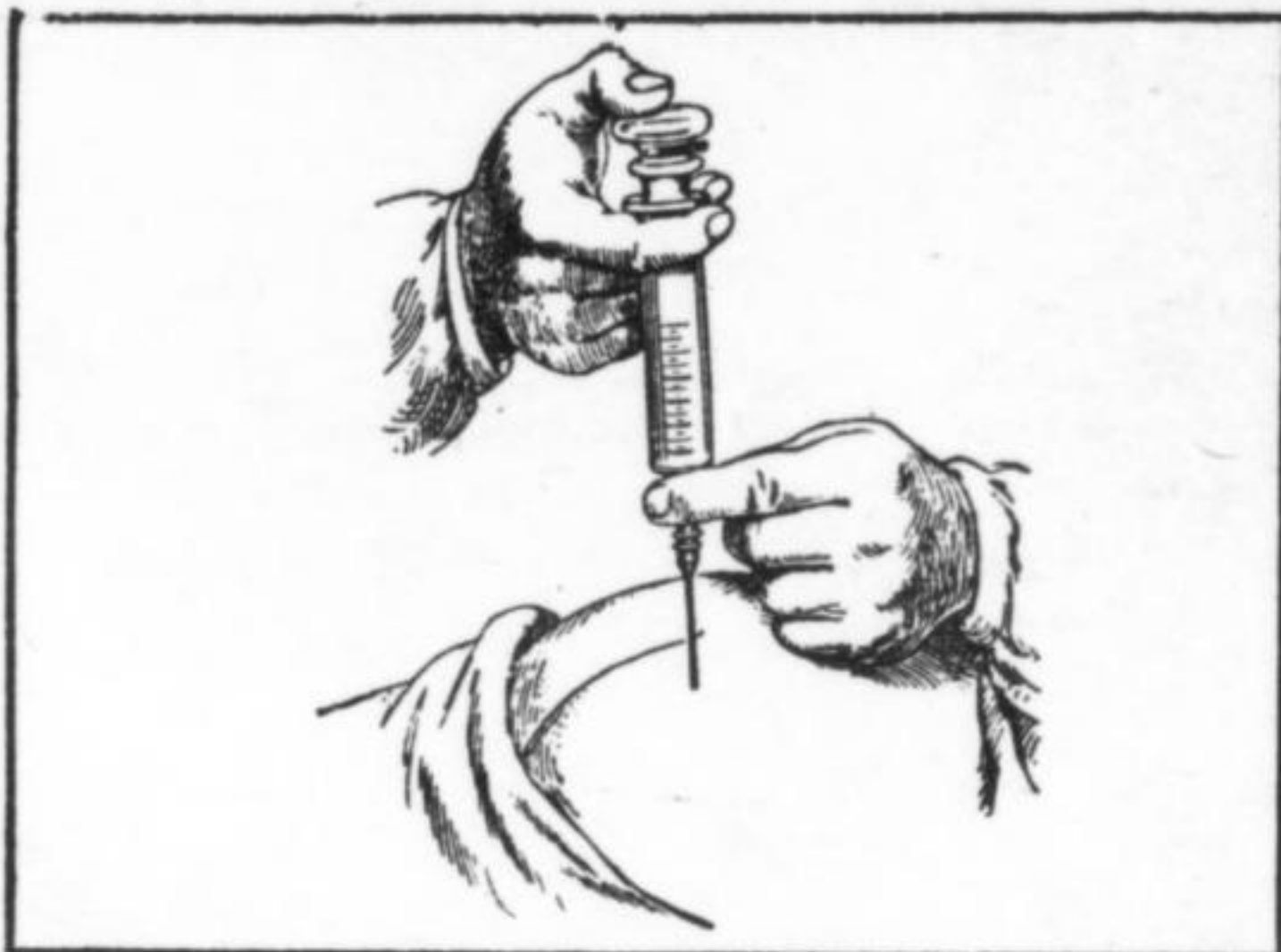
When the American Medical Association came to New York City to hold its "House of Delegates" and to sample various pills and tubes and wonder drugs displayed by huge pharmaceutical concerns, the good doctors expected to sit stolidly and smugly through a week of dull small talk, shop talk, and a reaffirmation of the American Doctor's dedication to his own interests. Physicians at the convention said things like "Medical attention is not a right, it is a service which must be paid for."

They didn't expect a young radical doctor, Richard Kunnes, backed by 150 protestors, to seize the podium at the Americana Hotel to lambast the reactionary policies of the AMA.

The insurgent doctors ran down the ugly story of medical callousness; they attacked the AMA as "just a reflection of a corrupt society."

"I don't think we'll have a good health care system in the country until we have a thorough-going revolution," said the chairman of the New York Medical Committee on Human Rights.

And they didn't expect the large groups of women pickets protesting the present inhumane system of abortion laws. The most progressive of those laws does not even allow for such socioeconomic factors as a woman's financial and emotional state. Through the expensive requirement of psychiatric recommendations and the prevailing moral climate, these laws have come



to discriminate heavily against the poor and the unwed mother, thus, the rich get abortions and the poor use coathangers.

At least 10,000 women die yearly at the hands of quack abortionists, while the number of illegal abortions performed in the U.S. during the same period reaches well over 1 million. The demonstrators, from various women's liberation groups, demanded that women have control over their own bodies and lives.

Dr. William Baird, currently appealing a conviction for dissemination of birth control information in Massachusetts, also showed up on the picket line. Baird cited several factors in the AMA's refusal to respond to the problem. One economic factor is that obstetricians receive more money from the birth of babies than from their abortion. Secondly, the issue is too controversial for the AMA to handle "comfortably."

But general apathy and privilege are the principal impediments. A doctor knows he can always get an abortion for his wife or a friend.

Within the Americana, Vice President Agnew called for the good doctors to fight "the plague of a polluted environment," thereby directing their social consciences far from home.

"Hip, hip, Hippocrates! Up with service, down with fees!"

The Awful Truth

The American Friends Service Committee, the oldest and most respected group working for an end to war, has just published a White Paper, Vietnam, 1969, which is causing a sensation in Washington. (Send a legal-sized, self-addressed, stamped envelope for your copy today). Its figures, documented from Pentagon news desks, reveal the shocking truth: while the Nixon Administration talks peace in Paris, it is continuing the Johnson policy of escalation in Vietnam.

The White Paper reveals that since the bombing of North Vietnam was halted Nov. 1:

1. There are more U.S. troops in Vietnam today than there have ever been since the war began. On March 15 this figure was 540,000 in addition to 45,000 in Thailand and 35,000 in the Navy.

2. The number of battalion-sized operations initiated by the Allies and in progress during each month has grown steadily since the bombing halt. In Nov. the figure was 800; in Dec., 956; in Jan., 1077. Enemy-initiated actions are substantially lower than allied actions during these months, which indicates that it is the allies who have been pressing the fighting.

3. Despite the cessation of missions over the North on Nov. 1, the total tonnage of bombs dropped on Vietnam has increased every month since then, except for a slight decrease in the shorter month of Feb. In Nov., 115,000 tons were dropped; in Dec., 127,700; in Feb., 115,800. The Jan. figure - 129,700 - represents the highest monthly tonnage dropped since the war began.

4. Since October the war has been carried into ostensibly neutral Laos with greatly increased intensity. Before Nov. 1 there was an average of 150 bombing strikes over Laos in 1968. By the end of January the U.S. had 300 to 400 planes a day over Laos, or more than double the number being used before the Nov. 1 bombing halt.

5. U.S. battle deaths offer final confirmation of the validity of the preceding statistics. These show a rise every month since the bombing halt: 600 American men lost their lives in Oct.; 730 in Nov.; 749 in Dec.; 795 in Jan.; 1073 in Feb.; 1265 in March. Renewed military initiatives by the NLF and DRV forces did not begin until the last week of February.

The pamphlet concludes with a call for a cease-fire and withdrawal of troops from Vietnam, "unilaterally and immediately."

We must each make our voices heard. Two of the 100 Senators represent you. Write them today.

from The San Diego Door

You Are What You Eat

CHICAGO (FRED-LNS)--In a recent Chicago radio interview, consumer crusader Ralph Nader charged the processed foods industry with "billion-dollar looting." Nader pointed out that fat content of processed meats has risen from 18 percent to 33 percent in the past 10 years, that the average frankfurter is made of 33 percent fat, 10 to 15 percent cereal or other binders, 10 to 15 percent water, and the rest substandard meat, and that a quarter of Illinois hot dogs are now polluted with rodent remains.

Lunar Footnotes

When black leaders asked President Nixon to declare April 6th -- the anniversary of the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King -- a national holiday, the President curtly refused. It was his view that the economy would suffer from the impact of an extra national holiday. But in an attempt to show that he is a compassionate man, the Chief Executive begrudgingly permitted black employees of the Federal government to take time off from their vacations in order to mourn Dr. King. You see, the quality of mercy is not strained.

It was last Thursday that the President announced that Monday, July 21st, would be proclaimed a "National Day of Participation" with the Apollo 11 moon journey. Federal employees would be given the day off so that they could participate in this great moment of national glory. Private businesses and banks were urged to do likewise. So it was clear: national priorities are such that we honor lunacy rather than a peace prize winner.

And while Spiro Agnew was announcing plans for a manned landing on Mars, a project that would no doubt bankrupt our cities, there appeared to be a tiny shred of sanity among the people. On page 22 of Thursday's TIMES, there was a small headline: METS TAKEOVER ON MANY TV SETS -- HEAT OF THE DAY AND OTHER THINGS PRE-EMPT INTEREST IN VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

Leonard Boudin: Dr. Spock's Attorney Speaks

When last week a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the convictions of pediatrician Dr. Benjamin Spock and Harvard graduate student Michael Ferber on charges of conspiring to counsel young men to evade the draft, the anti-war movement won a tremendous victory in its attempt to fight governmental repression. Spock and Ferber were two of five original defendants who had been made victims of an official show-trial, the goal of which was to frighten anti-war opposition into silence. Thus far, the conspiracy indictments have proved a terrible failure for their framers at the Department of Justice. Not only has the anti-war movement refused to be intimidated into silence, but it has grown.

And as for the government's intended victims, Spock, Ferber, Rev. William Sloan Coffin, Mitchell Goodman and Marcus Raskin, they are all free. Raskin was acquitted of conspiracy charges at a Boston trial held earlier this year. This week, Judges Bailey Aldrich, Edward M. McEntee and Frank M. Coffin (no relationship to William Sloan Coffin) ordered the earlier convictions of Spock and Ferber reversed. In addition, the Judges ordered the cases of Mitchell Goodman and Rev. Coffin returned to the lower court for retrial. As it stands now, it is highly unlikely that the government will press its case against Coffin and Goodman.

We spoke with attorney Leonard Boudin shortly after the news of the circuit Court's decision came in. Boudin, a veteran civil liberties and labor lawyer, had represented Dr. Spock at both the Boston Criminal trial and the subsequent appeal.

CD: Why do you think Dr. Spock and the other Boston Five Defendants were put on trial for conspiracy to counsel young men to evade the draft?

LB: The indictment occurred, I believe, because Gen. Lewis Hershey, the Director of Selective Service had decided that the people who had turned in their draft cards ought to be punished. He had two techniques basically: one was to reclassify those who had turned their cards in; and secondly, to persuade the Department of Justice to reclassify them. As a practical matter, the reclassifications were strictly illegal. And the indictment technique was hardly ever used on anybody who turned their cards in. So there was Hershey engaged in a fight with the Justice Department who were telling him what he was trying to do was strictly illegal.

But Hershey is a very powerful man and has very powerful friends in Congress like L. Mendal Rivers. So what I think happened was that the administration said "Okay Lewis, we'll give you five people and we'll consider them the leaders of this anti-draft movement or conspiracy."

CD: Do you think Hershey chose the five who were to be prosecuted?

LB: No, I don't even think he knew who was to be picked. He himself said that when he found out that Spock, Ferber, Raskin, Coffin and Goodman had been indicted that it surprised him. Now it may also be that the administration thought there really was a national anti-draft conspiracy which was being led by these five people.

CD: Do you think the trial of the Boston Five was deliberately set up as a show-trial to break the anti-war movement, and indeed all dissent?

LB: Well, there were a number of motives involved in the government's decision to frame the indictments -- one of which was to mollify the Director of the Selective Service System. But I do think it was an attempt to have a show-trial and to scare people. And indeed there were some who were very scared by the indictments. Just after the indictments were handed down this year, I got many calls from people who had signed "The Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority" -- the document on which much of the charges are based. ("The Call" was a statement signed by hundreds of individuals indicating their support, financial and moral, for those who resist the draft. - C.D.) Some of the people wanted to know if they were liable for indictment as a result of their having signed the statement. But the indictments didn't frighten Dr. Spock and it didn't frighten his university audiences at all.

CD: What exactly were Spock and the other four defendants charged with?

LB: All of the defendants were charged with having engaged in a single conspiracy to counsel, aid and abet registrants to violate all the provisions under the selective service act. Second, to counsel, aid and abet registrants to turn in their notices of classification. Third, to counsel, aid and abet registrants to turn in their original registration certificates. Fourth, NOT to counsel, aid or abet anybody, but for the defendants to conspire to interfere with the administration of the Selective Service Law. The indictments charged also that the defendants had co-conspirators, some known, some unknown to the Grand Jury. But none of these alleged "co-conspirators" were specified in the indictments.

CD: Do you ever find out who these co-conspirators were?



Dr. Benjamin Spock

Photo by Bob Parent

LB: It did turn out however, that upon the appeal, the government decided for tactical reasons it would be a good idea to release the names of the people the Grand Jury might have believed to be co-conspirators.

CD: Who were they? Hundreds of people signed that statement.

LB: Well, the named individuals turned out to be people who were present at a press conference held on October 2nd of 1967, where the "Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority" was announced. Those people turned out to be Ashley Montague, Paul Goodman, Noam Chomsky, Robert Lowell and Dwight McDonald.

CD: When I first heard that Dr. Spock had been indicted, it was terribly depressing news. It seemed clear that if the government was going to hound the nation's leading baby doctor, that it was planning a highly organized political repression. The Spock case, it seemed, was to be the kick-off point for a new McCarthyism. What was your reaction?

LB: From the afternoon the indictments were handed down, I was certain that Dr. Spock would ultimately be vindicated. I may say, I never thought the indictment would stand up even before a District Judge, because it seemed to me a pretty bad indictment. But I was wrong about that.

CD: The District Court Judge, Judge Francis J. W. Ford, who tried the Boston Five, seemed extremely hostile to the defense's case.

LB: Well, let's just say that Judge Ford, while a perfectly affable and pleasant man, who held no personal bias against the defendants or their counsel, was from the first moment convinced that the defendants were guilty. And his feelings permeated the case and were quite obvious to the jury.

The Appeals Court, you know, ordered new trials for Coffin and Goodman because Judge Ford had given the jury ten questions and he gave those ten questions for a very important reason. He was quite frank and told us so. In case the jury convicted the defendants on some point which was wrong -- and was proved wrong in a higher court, some of the questions would prove correct anyway and the convictions would have stood. In other words the judge was issuing those ten questions in order to hurt us. What the Court of Appeals said was that a jury can only be given one question: guilty or not guilty. The judge cannot give specific questions in a criminal case BECAUSE THAT REPRESENTS A FORM OF PRESSURE ON THE JURY.

CD: It seems as if the victims for this show-trial were

picked very much at random. Evidently this was such a super-secret conspiracy that some of the defendants scarcely knew each other and I believe one defendant, Michael Ferber, originally never even signed "The Call...". Why was Spock indicted and not Dwight McDonald or Robert Lowell who were just as responsible for the "Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority" as the pediatrician was? And why was Ferber indicted when he didn't even sign the original document?

LB: I think the government based the indictments on the amount of video-tape coverage and press coverage it had on certain people. There was this press conference on October 2nd and many people were there to present "The Call...". But Ben Spock was on camera for a good deal of time, although McDonald and Lowell were present. On October 20th of that year, there was a huge draft card Turn In in Washington, D.C. and the main speakers were Spock, Coffin and Goodman. And as for Michael Ferber, he had given a long well-covered speech at the Arlington Street Church. So this was strictly a selection of defendants, I think, on the basis of what they call "media coverage."

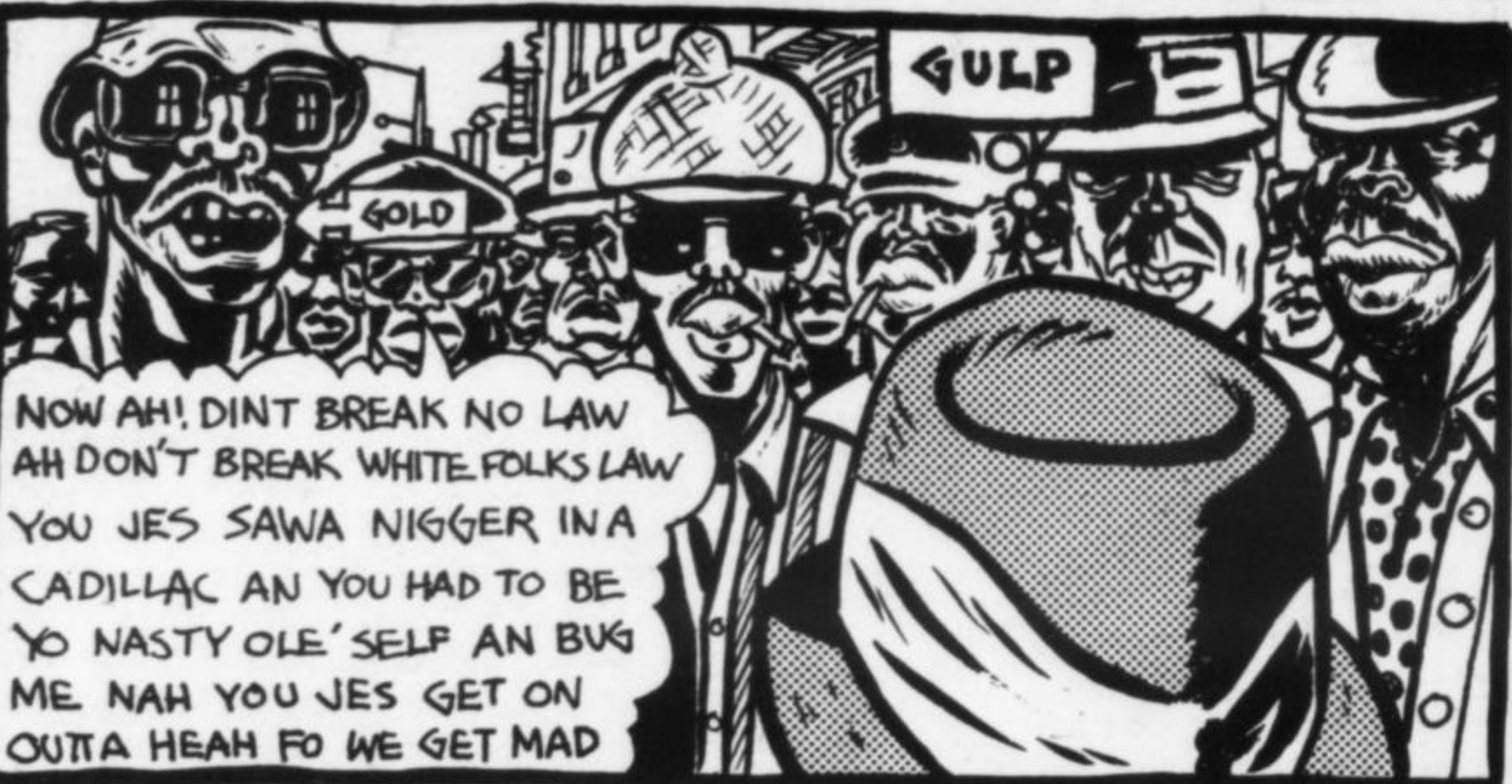
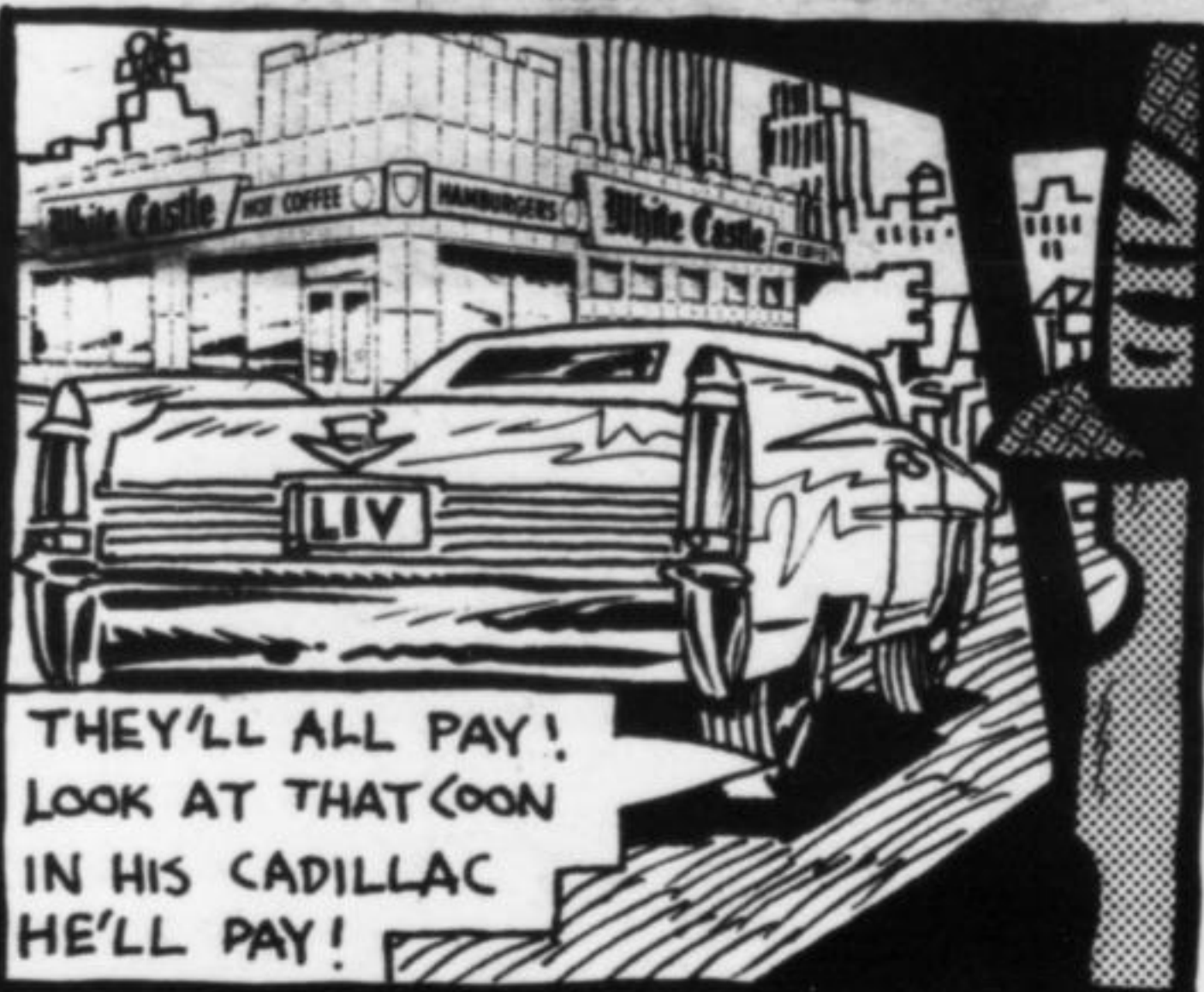
CD: There's a lesson here for movement activists: It's a good idea to stay off camera. I have many friends who signed the "Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority." And like the people who called you, I would like to know what would have happened to them if Dr. Spock had lost his case.

LB: Well, the government was prepared to say that anyone who had signed "The Call..." was involved in the conspiracy which Dr. Spock was charged with engaging in. The Court of Appeals, however, was not. The Court read "The Call..." as an agreement of people contemplating possibly legal or illegal acts. And it was willing to say that there was an agreement. But it was not willing to say that anyone who signed this agreement would be guilty of conspiracy -- even if "The Call..." included illegal objectives.

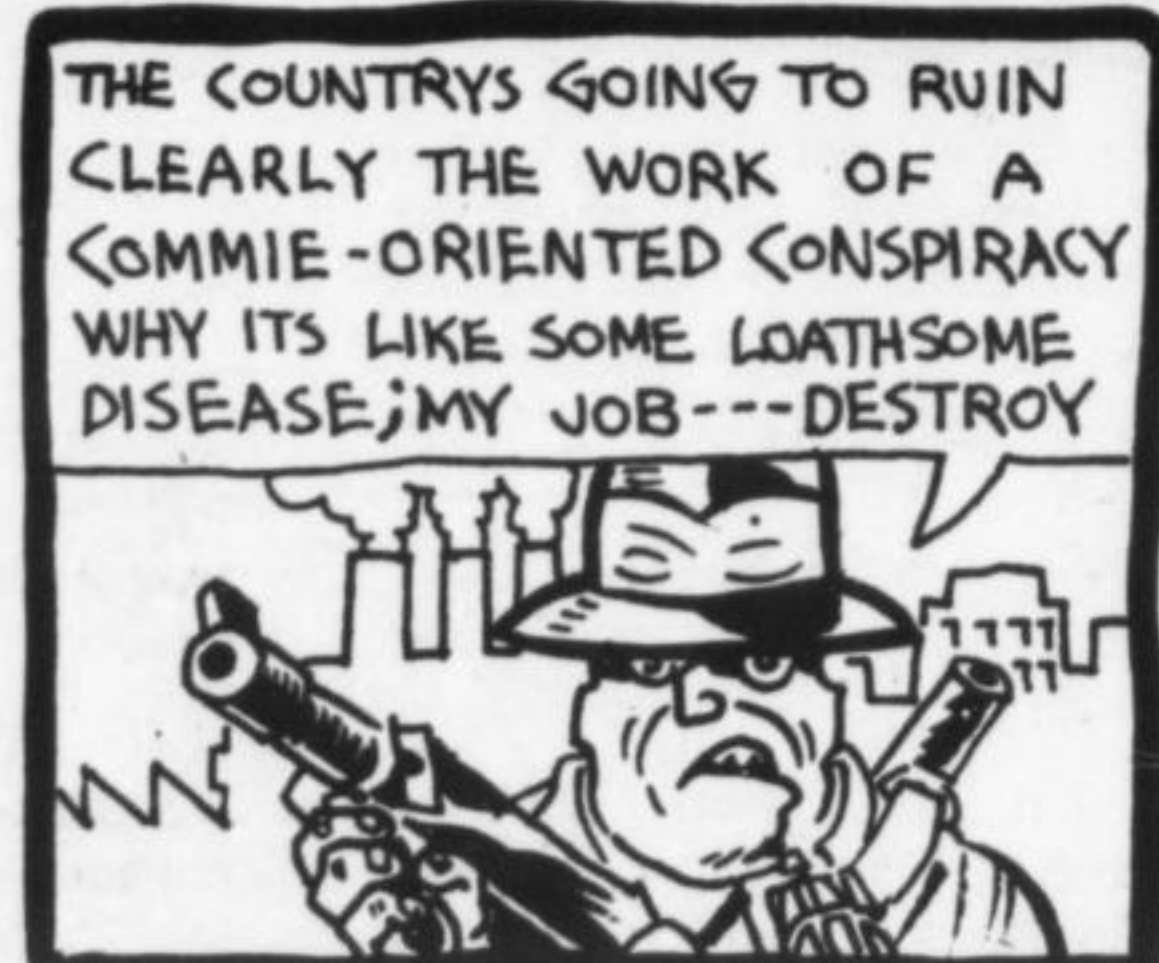
CD: Did Dr. Spock want to make a test-case? Did he seek the indictment?

LB: Nobody wanted to make a test-case, except maybe Rev. Coffin. Dr. Spock was doing nothing on the particular occasions he was cited for that was different from what he had done at 50 other meetings he had spoken at that year. All he was interested in was telling people why the War was bad, why it was illegal and what the Nuremberg Judgments meant to him. He didn't distinguish what he did at the October 2nd press conference and the October 20th Turn In from what he

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REAL KILL
COMIX
featuring **McLAW**



Well, I'm back, broken legs and all. For those of you who don't know, or don't care (there are those I know who are even overjoyed about it), I broke my legs three months ago by jumping off a seven foot high fence. There was no special feat of heroism connected to it. I wasn't running away from anybody or anything. I wasn't even going anywhere. I was just climbing a fence.

The whole thing wouldn't have been so dramatically stupid if I hadn't been forewarned about it. Two days before I broke my legs, my Yogi had come to my office to read my chart for the next three months. He told me to beware of three things: my temper, sharp objects, and a fever.

For those of you who don't know

type of man who climbs fences. I usually wait for an opening to appear, then I walk through.

I now have had three months to think about that moment and what is even more amazing is, it looks like the whole world jumped with me.

Looking at my special part of the universe, the underground, I find it constantly losing its temper, running into sharp objects, like lemmings running towards their own demise, and constantly running a high fever. No doubt from a very credible paranoia that has been issuing from the White House since the time that Nixon took office. (Republican paranoia, unlike Democratic paranoia, is like no other paranoia I know. It is conservative,

awfully quiet, and thought

over a thousand artists plus the city council and big industry in the guise of the PG & E and telephone company contributing to its success.

There will be all kinds of events including poetry readings and free theater. There will be a parade of 1500 musicians marching and playing up and down through all the streets of San Francisco. There will be a 6-hour Indian Love - In run by Ali Akbur Kahn: an Indian event and environment performed by Ravi Shankar. There will be four trucks with amplified stages going all around Golden Gate Park playing all kinds of music from Rock to Classical. There will be groups who will bring the sun as well as bring it down. There will be air drops in the San Francisco Bay, along with sky divers, balloons, and black light

And if that isn't enough, radio stations will play back everything that will be happening out in the streets at the very moment it is happening.

It will also be heard simultaneously in Los Angeles through a power line supplied free of charge by the Telephone Company. It will be a sort of message from the City of Love to the City of Illusion.

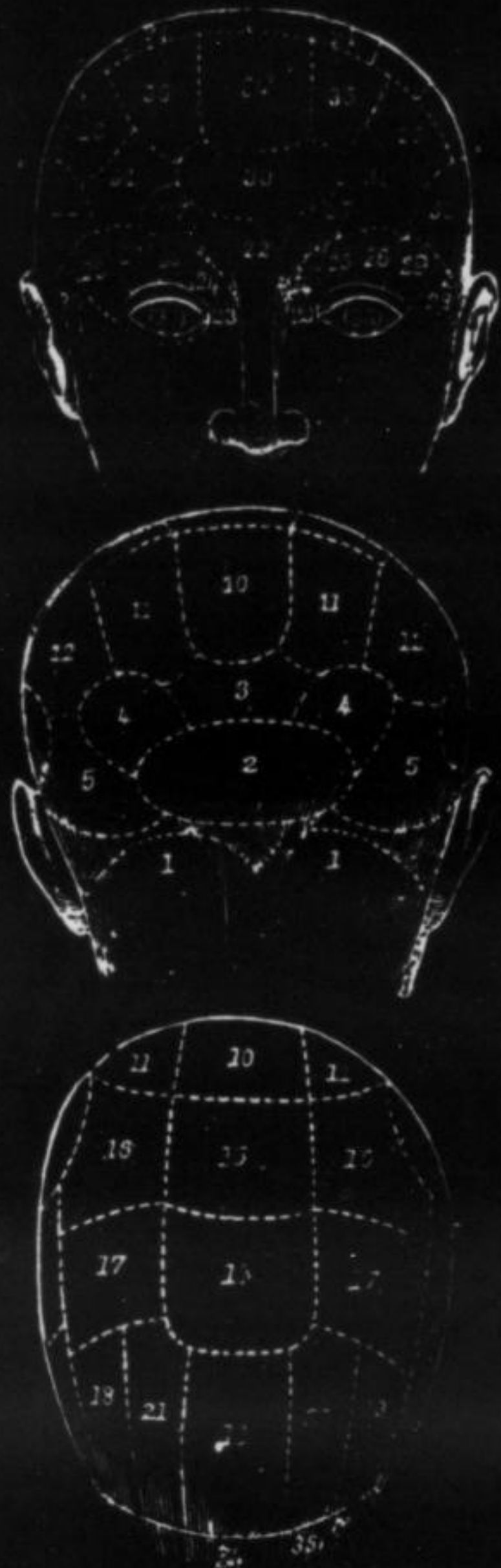
San Francisco will be taking all its energy and rolling it up into one human ball. It will be a celebration for, as the people who are responsible for it happening tell me, "six year old children and their parents to promote togetherness and love."

The people who have been responsible for it deserve a mention. They are Ralph

even after some people went ahead and died for it. And Berkeley's official newspaper, The Berkeley Barb, has broken and fractured into two groups, Max Scheer - "the Capitalist Pig", and a group known as the Red Mountain Tribe.

What it all boils down to is an old fashioned labor-management dispute. The workers at the Barb are on strike because they feel that the Barb should belong to the people. Max feels that it already does.

At this stage of the game it doesn't really matter who is at fault, a good paper is being ruined because of a lack of unity and trust. And this goes to the very crux of the matter. The underground has been tearing itself apart in the last three months for lack of these things.



Poor Paranooids Almanac

by

Allan

Katzman

who my Yogi is, he is a fifty old or so silver long-haired magician who walked into my office one day several months back and told me I was his Yogi. Well you can imagine my profound happiness. It was like finding a long lost cousin. Ever since that moment, he has been the man who has guided my destiny among the stars. Which brings me to the most important point of all.

You see, the only reason I climbed that fence was because I had to. I was possessed. I lost my temper and when I got to the top of the fence there were these sharp objects, so instead of climbing over the fence I jumped and ended up in the hospital for a week with a fever.

What is so dramatic about my stupidity, is that I am not the

provoking, as if someone almost knew what they were doing.)

It has been a bad three months all around but thank God I am recovering nicely except for a bit of pain here and there. As for the rest of the world (notably where the underground exists), it's nice to see it is the west coast people who are to be the first ones back on their feet, but, of course, not without a little pain.

This August, from the 22nd to the 24th, the City of San Francisco will become an armed camp of art and love. After almost a year of doldrums suffered at the hands of the Haight-Ashbury crash, the citizens of San Francisco will throw a celebration entitled the WILD WEST.

It will, for the most part, take place in Golden Gate Park with

environments. Two artists, Satty and Bob Fried will be doing twenty billboards to be displayed throughout the city announcing the celebration.

The Jefferson Airplane, along with a lot of other noted performers and rock groups will perform with the San Francisco Symphony in Kezar stadium. This will be the only event which will have a charge of \$3 a head and which money is to be used to celebrate even further.

The Pacific Gas & Electric Company are donating the use of their power free to light up various buildings in downtown San Francisco and to program it through the use of the Telephone company's computer and to perform an environmental light show. The city will literally turn itself on.

Gleason of the San Francisco Chronicle; Bill Graham of Fillmore East & West; Tom Donohue of underground radio; Barry Olivier, who is coordinating the whole affair; Ron Poltee, manager of the Quicksilver Messenger Service; Bill Thompson, manager of the Jefferson Airplane; and Jan Wenner, editor of Rolling Stone.

It will be an event of mass proportions not unlike America's moon landing except that it will be more assuredly a step in the right direction.

But if San Francisco seems to be recovering nicely, just over the bay in Berkeley, the underground seems unable to rise to its feet after its recent run in over, of all things, a fence.

People's Park still does not seem to belong to the people.

But things are not as gloomy as they appear. The San Francisco celebration will usher in a new feeling and the new Barb on strike will usher in a new unity among Berkeley revolutionaries.

Recent court decisions have helped the movement tremendously. Leary has won his case in the highest court in the land. Dr. Spock has been vindicated. In the next six months, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Dave Dellinger and their alleged co-conspirators will be tried in Chicago. There is no reason why they should not win their case. Others have trusted in the basic law of the land and have been vindicated.

There is a great lesson to be learned here by the underground. Jerry and Abbie and the rest will

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Women's



liberation

'Do you know what's happening, Mister Jones?'

that empathy for other's suffering is basically a liberal emotion at least. It never makes for revolutionary thinking or motivates the desire for real change. Only when each of us realizes how this system oppresses her-him specifically, on a gut level, does one become truly committed to radical change.

/Women have begun to wake up to the fact that they are, indeed, the oldest oppressed people on earth (since the first patriarchies overthrew cooperatives), and that the "Capitalist, Imperialist, Phallic Society" is especially adept at the subtle oppression of all: mock emancipation, token equality, glamour-selling, "feminine" conditioning, and co-optation.

/Last September, Women's Liberation was ready for its first major action, zapping the Miss America Pageant at Atlantic City. About 200 women descended on this Wallace-County Tacky Town, and staged an all-day demonstration on the Boardwalk in front of Convention Hall (where the Pageant was taking place) singing, chanting, and performing guerilla theater (they crowned a live sheep as Miss America; hung bras, girdles, steno pads, and dishcloths into a Freedom Trash Can; and mock-auditioned off a dummy of Miss America.)

/Picket signs proclaimed solidarity with the Pageant contestants ("sister-victims") while condemning the Pageant itself as racist (there has never been a black finalist), militaristic (Miss America tours the troops in Vietnam each year), commercial (the million-dollar Pageant Corporation is one Big Sell for the sponsoring products), and degrading to women (for propagating the Mindless Sex Object Image). At night, an "inside squad" of 20 women disrupted the live telecast of the Pageant, yodeling the eerie Berber Yell (from BATTLE OF ALGIERS), shouting "Freedom for Women," and hanging a huge banner reading "WOMEN'S LIBERATION" from the balcony rail.

One woman was arrested for "emitting a noxious odor"--spraying Toni Hair Conditioner (a sponsor of the Pageant) near the Mayor's box, and rumor has it that the shuffling of Bert Park's cue cards was engineered by a sister-traveler among the contestants. The upshot: the show may be taped next year, possibly without an audience, and the action, widely covered in the press, brought excited new members pouring in. (Atlantic City hasn't heard the last of us yet: Peggy Dobbins faces a possible two-to-three year sentence on the "noxious odor" bit. We'll be out in force for the trial. And who knows? There just might be two thousand of our of us liberating women from the Miss America image next year.)

/Meanwhile, Women's Liberation has set up a Legal Defense Fund for those busted in Atlantic City - bread and supportive letters can be sent to P.O. Box 531, Peter Stuyversant Sta., New York, New York 10009. One groovy by-product from the action is a film by Beverly Grant and Karen Mitnik, titled, "Up Against the Wall, Miss America!" which Newsreel will be distributing, and which the women plan to use for organizing purposes.

/All along, Women's Liberation has demanded the use of women reporters, camerawomen, women from WBAI (New York), Liberation News Service, and the New York Times--much to the annoyance of the male-dominated media under-and-overground, which likes to keep "new chicks" covering flower and fashion shows.

/Not resting on any laurels after Atlantic City, Women's Liberation gave birth to W.I.T.C.H. (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell) which first manifested itself appropriately enough, at the HUAC witch-hunt hearings about Chicago. Aware that witches were the original guerilla fighters against oppression, and that any woman who was intelligent, articulate, non-conformist, aggressive or sexually liberated was usually

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Reprinted from WIN via LNS

"Something is happening and you don't know what it is, do you Mister Jones?"

/Madame Nguyen Thi Binh leads the NLF delegation to the Paris peace negotiations; Indonesian women demonstrate to demand a legal voice in their husband's taking of second wives; Sweden passes a law creating enforced shorter work hours for men, thus making it all but mandatory that men share in child-raising and household duties; Chiang Ch'ing seems to be more in evidence than Mao; the Episcopal Church considers admitting women to the priesthood; Roman Catholic women openly defying the no-Pill adict of a celibate septagenarian; and in the United States, the Women's Liberation Movement is becoming more vocal, visible, and active every day.

/Women's Liberation groups have been in existence for about three or four years, but as separate, almost, "therapy" groups for women who knew they were being enslaved and degraded by our culture and who were tired of being told this discontent was their own personal neurotic problem. The movement as such, however, began during the Jeannette Rankin Brigade March against the Vietnam War in November of

1967. A group of radical women split from the more dignified "Establishment" aura of the march and created a radical women's caucus. Over the next few months, brought into clearer focus by Women's Liberation meetings at the Columbia Liberation School during the summer of 1968, a movement was formed.

/At present, there are "cells" in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Berkeley, Chicago, Detroit, Boston (which has an all-women commune, and publishes a beautiful, anarchical, uncopyrighted magazine), Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Texas, Florida, New Jersey, North Carolina, and, in New York, five or six groups spread out over the boroughs, Canada, England, and France have Women's Liberation groups, and there are new ones being formed in Mexico and Japan.

/Women's Liberation in the U.S. is composed mostly of women in the larger Movement, veterans of civil-rights summers, peace demonstrations, and college sit-ins, who became fed up with being handed the same old second-class status in the Movement as out of it. Women's Liberation has sometimes been accused of attacking male

chauvinism among the Movement men more often than among Establishment males. But surely even a "male reactionary" on this issue can realize that it is really mind-blowing to hear some young male "revolutionary" - supposedly dedicated to building a new, free, social order to replace the vicious one order his "chick" to make supper or wash his socks or to shut up - he's talking now.

We're used to this from the average American clod, but from this brave new radical? No, this infiltration of old sick sexual stereotypes that demean more than half of the human race has to go now, before any new alternative society we can conceive of let alone accomplish, gets hopelessly contaminated by it. Polarization of the sexes into roles can doom a society. Anthropology has taught us that those cultures which allow for a wide overlap of the concepts "male" and "female" in functions other than strict biological ones are peaceful, cooperative cultures. Contrarily, where rigid sexual status exists, one finds a war-like and aggressive culture -- seem familiar?

/Radical women learned from the Black Liberation Movement



by D A Latimer

(Note: Last week this column was rendered unreadable by the production department, who mixed the following article in with random paragraphs from three other wildly dissimilar items. Now, there are those who will say it lifted my prose out of the squalid realm of mere journalism into that of visionary, prophetic Art; most people who tried to read it never finished the fucking thing because it was impossible to follow. Pete Cawley of Movers 'N Things told me to write another article before I ever watched another ballgame on HIS set. So, what with the Mets just about to cop the pennant, here's the whole legible scoop on Movers 'N Things. Take it from the top, Bob, and please leave in the BOTTOM this time!)

LIFE magazine ran an article on communes last week, and to find their communes they went 'way the hell off in the woods somewhere. It was a beautiful collection of people they found, healthy peaceful hairy pioneer people living in the old communal lodge in the forest, growing the usual chick peas out of the ground and raising the usual beautiful straw-haired nut-brown happy kids. You can't trust LIFE magazine any more--can't trust her to be stupid and reactionary, or bright and progressive either--and the way they wrote it up, gee, what could be better than living off in the wilderness with a family of gentle pioneer people?

The trouble is, many of us are such unpleasant bastards that few people indeed would care to live with us in such intimate surroundings on any long-term basis. The communal lodge is out, then. Also, it has to be noted that we unpleasant bastards are the ones who will be sticking our necks out to keep Nixon from resuming atmospheric H-Bomb tests, in the hopes that these lovely healthy nut-brown children in the woods don't all come down with leukemia. Perhaps the communal concept has a stake in OUR survival, too.

With that in mind, some of us have set about warping the communal system around our own requirements. Thus, adding to the basic communal theory a generous dose of fat capitalism radical politics, urban community organization, McLuhan communications theory, and hard ball-busing work, Peter Cawley and the boys at Movers 'N Things have come up with The Alternate Seed and B.E.A.S.T.

Cawley is being singled out from Kirk and Gregg and VBen and the rest of the fellows in the operation mainly because he talks alot, and he has an interesting story behind him. Communications is Peter's bag. In his twenty-five years, Pete's been a copy boy at the New York Post, the Daily News, and Liberation Press Service, all of which he tells fine stories about. "The NEWS was the kinkiest gig," he relates. "It's an Irish-Catholic family outfit, dig it. It doesn't matter what you do, or how good you write--you get promotions by having babies, man, when your wife gets pregnant they raise you another notch in the echelon. The way I got fired, I was talking to this chick there, and I just happened to tell her I didn't go to church to pray. She was pretty shocked at that, especially when I told her I thought I could pray just as well in the bathroom! I think I was fired for praying in the bathroom..."

So that's a whole 'nother sort of commune, the DAILY NEWS. Actually, the communal scheme Cawley and his friends have devised isn't all that dissimilar in purpose from the Irish-Catholic Family Workshop: "We're getting older, all of us," Peter explains to the press, looking all solemn and thoughtful. "We've been in the youth thing right along for years now, we've done a lot of dope when it was hip to do a lot of dope, and we've got our heads bashed in at the Pentagon, Oakland, Chicago...And now we want to fix up some security, dammit! With Movers 'N Things, we've managed to make a home for

some people, and a kind of communal living thing without too much enforced intimacy. We're doing about what we want to now, and if we can get The Alternate Seed underway we can expand our community to include a lot of other people. We're getting a farm up in the mountains now, and pretty soon I think we can help anybody find living conditions he likes and the work he enjoys with plenty of time off for lying around out in the woods. And then, once the B.E.A.S.T. comes around, we can work with the outer society in an equal basis."

But whoa, a bit of explanation: Movers 'N Things is the initial outfit from which all these things are growing. Cawley and his friends began the operation about a year ago with one Ford pickup truck and a storefront near Fourth Street. They set about moving people's furniture from apartment to apartment (but only when the people asked) using local help - hippies and Puerto Rican kids mostly. Frequently they'd be asked to do a bit of renovation, which became very lucrative once a few carpenters and woodworkers joined up with M&T and commenced training with the others.

As time went on, M&T picked up a VW microbus and panel truck to help with the operation, and a lot of solid friendly people who didn't mind the hard work. Thus The Family was born: "There are a couple dozen people in the Family," Peter estimates, "and a lot of us live in our places around town. But we pool our money and belongings together--that's how I get to drive a TR-4 around--and maybe we don't eat much, but we get to do a lot of things."

One of these things has been the renovation of the present M&T headquarters from a dank, vermin-infested, cluttered cellar into a perfectly presentable communal home for Peter and his friends. Believe me, if that's the way they can renovate a pad, they'll make a bundle once M&T let's the word get out. It's one of the cleanest, coziest, jiviest-looking tenement pads in town, a demonstration of what can be done with a tenement pad.

You can call Movers 'N Things at 254-7782 and get them to do up your own pad so grand, or move your junk to another pad and fix that place up. Bob Alou of WNEW-FM can tell you about the gig they did for him. M&T rates are \$6 an hour for one man and a truck; \$9 an hour for two men and a truck; \$14 an hour for three men - with a minimum of \$10 per job. Larger trucks can be rented for big jobs.

Another thing the M&T people have been making with their operation is contacts, and this has given birth to the idea of the Alternate Seed. This is the way Cawley puts it across: "There are a lot of run-down buildings around the Lower East Side that the landlords don't really want, since the repair costs are so high. Some of these places have tenants, most don't. Movers 'N Things has been looking into these places, and we've already arranged to buy one of these places with no down payment--it's more expensive that way, but less hassle--and then send our guys in to renovate it into decent living quarters. For this

operation we're filing for non-profit corporation status under the title Alternate Seed."

At this point, things start growing. Once the First Avenue building is fit for tenancy, M&T plans to let it out to the community people at low rents. Beyond repair costs and utilities, the building will show a modest profit which will go toward a second building somewhere on the Lower East Side. This building will go into a third, and the combined profits of the three will be parlayed into the creation of a crafts co-op, with studios and living areas for artists and craftsmen who work in the community.

Grandiose scheme here! Now, while all this is underway, the tenants of the first building will be taught crafts of their own, such as woodworking, art, plumbing, and electronics, by professionals affiliated with The Alternate Seed. Thus the LOCAL people will be coaxed into the culture The Alternate Seed is offering.

"Dig it, here we are in this ghetto," observes Cawley, "and we're hippies--we're the underdog here, lowest of the low, everybody spits on us. Except when we're doing something, dig it, and then we can get in with the people. Like, when I need some help from the local people, I go up to whomever it is and say, "Hey man, I need your know-how. You mind helping me out? There's bread in it for both of us." So I'm not like the big white industrialist who comes in with his "self-help" programs--I really need these guys, and I tell 'em so."

And by God, I live on Cawley's block, and would you believe--the people here have started talking to me since Cawley moved in! I mean like talking, not just nods and waves and such autisms--we rap about the Mets now, and the weather and shit, like neighbors. So M&T has already started helping the heads into the community, and if they can swing it, it might get the whole community together, hippies and PR's and spades and Ukrainians--shopkeepers, artists, office workers, militants, union-men--all together.

Of course, as a matter of policy, such things are not much favoured by the local authorities.

The government establishment of this city is largely Irish Catholic, and they like solid community feeling no more than they like praying in bathrooms. This community was just getting together two years ago when the heads first moved here, when all of a sudden, out of the precipitate blue, the pigs descended on Tompkins Square Park and commenced busting heads open. "It was a mistake," apologized Deputy Inspector Fink. "A bloody shambles," moaned Commissioner Garelick. Whatever it was, it's taken two years before the PR's have started talking to the heads again.

Accordingly, Cawley is moving toward a new sophisticated communications system called "B.E.A.S.T."--"Better Enlightenment Against Social Treachery". Disguised at the beginning as a mere telephone answering service, the Beast will soon begin offering information on travel and community services. Eventually a free broadside pamphlet will

begin issuing from the Beast, covering items of interest to everyone in the community, printed in several languages. Finally--and I have Cawley's word on this--the Beast will through perfectly legitimate channels set up its own goddam radio network with an initial base in New York, spreading eventually all the way through Darkest America to California

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FILM

by Jud Yalkut

"My films are songs in praise of that light and of its creatures." -- Andrew Noren.

J.Y.: How did you start making films?

ANDY NOREN: In 1965 I was working as a film editor for the American Broadcasting Company, and I met Louis Brigante, who was also working there, on the night shift--and it somehow came about. I wanted to start films before but I didn't have the means--so it was largely through Louis that I started. My first camera was an old Kodak magazine camera with one lens. I didn't get a Bolex until a year later, I guess.

J.Y.: What was the first film you completed then?

ANDY: I made this thing called CHANGE OF HEART ("A Further Adventure of the Cunnilingus Kid"), which was a sort of narrative film, with actors. I don't like it now -- my head just wasn't into a very good place at the time, but some people, like Ken Jacobs, liked it. After that I got into a sort of cinema verite with SAY NOTHING ("Conversation with a young actress. She sings, dances, reads a dirty book, talks about her soul.") which was a screen test arrangement--an interview with a disembodied voice behind the camera asking strange questions. That was shot in sound-on-film with a rented Auricon. That's my favorite film out of that period--the one that seems to work the best. I did more of these kind of things and eventually drifted away from sound altogether.

J.Y.: What was the last sound film that you made?

ANDY: I did a whole series of people bathing, called THE UNCLEAN (1967).
/"Various people take baths. Mostly women. George and Mike Kuchar bathe together. Everybody comes out clean and sweet. Live sound. Flesh-color. Cunt-scope. Documentaries." -- A.N.

J.Y.: How would you recall your approach in that "cinema verite" period?

ANDY: Well, it was something similar to Warhol--with long uninterrupted takes. I was doing things like this film about Harry Smith. I just sat him down at this table and he talked with his friends--and I'd go out of the room altogether and just leave the camera running--That's sort of where I was then.

"Harry Smith refuses to be filmed, covers inside his body, makes nasty remarks, calls me a fag, suffers temporary amnesia, long periods of embarrassed silence as he tries to think of something to say. Tries to turn off the camera, etc. The NYC Culture Gestapo arrive and bust his ass for being tedious." -- A.N.

Warhol was just beginning to rise at that time and wasn't so much of an influence--I guess I stopped after seeing that we

were doing things along the same line--that it wasn't necessary any longer to continue.

J.Y.: What happened then?

ANDY: I got into color--started doing superimpositions and things, and KODAK GHOST POEMS was the first product of that new period, and was filmed in Kodachrome II, using lights only for one or two rolls, and all the rest sunlight.

J.Y.: Yes, the color quality is extremely beautiful.

ANDY: Yes, that's my favorite film stock--it was also printed in Kodachrome.

J.Y.: Who would say were the greatest influences on your recent work?

ANDY: I guess the painter Vermeer, also Courbet. It's hard to say about filmmakers--possibly Ken Jacobs more than anybody else, and Mike Snow.

filmed over a period of six months or so, in the spring and summer.

J.Y.: There was an earlier version before this year?

ANDY: Yes, at the Cinematheque last summer, that had other footage beside that in the recent version--so it was about the same length, but different arrangement. I'm making up a second reel now that includes the original footage. It's just limited by how much film you can get on 2000 foot reel.

J.Y.: Who filmed the POEMS besides you?

ANDY: My girlfriend filmed some, and sometimes just odd people who were standing around were handed the camera--but I shot most of it.

/I'm trying to get into other things now like that film about the curtains in the wind, WIND VARIATIONS, which is part of a

ANDY: Very much. I've been talking with Ernie Gehr about doing a series of things--like people coming indoors or getting up out of chairs--filmed at 2000 frames a second--so it would take a very long time to happen, like a half-hour to enter a room.

J.Y.: What other film dreams do you have?

ANDY: I just really go from day to day. Before long I would imagine that other forms will supersede film, but probably not in the time that I have to produce things. It's sort of difficult for me to look on film as a lasting--or monumental thing--It's very temporary. Basically what I want to do is record my life.

J.Y.: In the honesty of recording your life, I know you've run into censorship problems.

ANDY: Yes, I was in that Pornography Festival at Notre

the oscillation of temperments.

ANDY: Exactly. It's hard to say how much it really reflects the total spirit of the country because it's influenced by just a few people--and I can see some sort of repression coming, with political connections, but I'm not going to worry about it. I guess things are better right now than they've ever been--but I just don't imagine they're going to stay that way.

J.Y.: With your interest at looking at things more closely, have you considered macro-photography?

ANDY: Sure, I'd like extension tubes for the Bolex, or the Bolex Super-8 Macro-Zoom that gets as close as one inch away. I'd like to do a series of portraits like that--of people, long films examining every inch of their bodies, the pores in the skin, the individual hairs, teeth, etc. Someone was telling me that Virgos are very interested in details and the small arrangement of things. It seems to be working that way.

Something I read has been on my mind--about genetics--where they can take a single cell from any living thing--like frogs or carrots--and cut out the nucleus with tiny surgical tools, add chemicals, and produce an exact copy of whatever was the original. That means in the future you can start making copies of yourself.

J.Y.: That's better than making prints.

ANDY: Yes, you can stagger them--have some copies made when you're fifty, so when you're seventy, they'll be young and ready to go. You could use them as representatives to do the stuff that you didn't have time to do--one for every occasion--and the original might be somewhere lying in a hammock.

J.Y.: Do you see the film frame as a window which to observe, to record?

ANDY: I've considered at times changing the shape of the screen--using a liquid arrangement or an indefinite outline. But there's a spare classical quality to the square and rectangle--which attracts me most--like it's highest manifestation in Dreyer's work-- JOAN OF ARC, or GERTRUD. It's just a question of what will endure longest. I'm sure Mike Snow's WAVELENGTH will still be valid 500 years from now--or as long as people are acquainted with square spaces. Whereas topical things lose their relevance almost immediately. If it were technically easier to make films it wouldn't matter so much--but the world is getting awfully cluttered with objets d'art.

J.Y.: What does the concept of light mean to you?

ANDY: For me, every star seems to be connected with every other star--by light. From the furthest star you can see from earth--from that point--you could see other stars invisible from earth, and so on. So perhaps they're connected like nerve connections--possibly an organizational system of messages going from one to the other. The earth probably passes through these connections going around the sun. No one knows what to make of those

(Continued on Page 22)



A still from Andy Noren's KODAK GHOST POEMS

J.Y.: What common quality of these influences motivated the vision of KODAK GHOST POEMS?

"In the steps of William Blake. Dream logic. Light studies. Changes of meat and hair. Sweet bodies. The sun through my window, glowing on flesh and leaves and colors." -- A.N.

ANDY: Well, the journal form of KODAK GHOST POEMS is a very limited form, which I suppose I'll always maintain nevertheless. But I'm getting into other things now because it's not satisfying enough alone. I'd like to continue the journal all my life--just keep adding to it, and building it up, but I'd like to do other things also.

J.Y.: So the POEMS are still growing--a work in progress?

ANDY: Oh, yes--like I'll arrange to have someone film me when I die--and that'll be the end.

J.Y.: How did you come across that beautiful title?

ANDY: I can't remember exactly how it started--but I saw written on a wall someplace: "Everybody in This Room is a Ghost", and that flashed back to me. It just happened.

J.Y.: How did the film first come about?

ANDY: I just had a little money so I bought all the film I could. I just wanted to film what was happening in my life--so I

longer film I'm into now--a lot of flags waving, and flag shadows--flag shadows on the wall--like a rectangular shape that keeps changing--and water reflections. It's strange--it's completely abstract and at the same time a photographic representation without any kind of technical manipulation.

J.Y.: Except the attempt to capture as much of what is happening as possible--the changes in light and position?

ANDY: Right. I seem to be getting more and more interested in the details of things--if you have the means to move in closely enough, it leaves the ordinary realm of things and becomes something else. Barry Gerson is also working along these lines--using objects and working with small shapes and colors--in his VISIONS.

I've also been doing landscapes--up in Canada--taking a stationary camera on a long expanse of open land with trees and a river in the foreground, and clouds--and taking single frames, about a frame every 30 seconds or every minute, by hand--so that the light on the water is shimmering, and the motion of trees blowing in the wind is speeded up so that they're vibrating, and the clouds race.

J.Y.: Besides time lapse, are you also interested in ultra high speed photography?

Dame University last February. The students had set up an Erotica Festival and had to change it around to a Pornography and Censorship conference through administrative insistence, and they had a lot of paintings, The Fugs, and the Playhouse of the Ridiculous, and I had some films, including Carolee Schneemann's FUSES, FLAMING CREATURES, and KODAK GHOST POEMS, and the whole thing got blown. The first day it opened, they closed it down--they turned off the electricity in the auditorium for the film showing, etc. Apparently the administration didn't know what they had let themselves in for, because they backed out as soon as they saw what was going on. The students commandeered a library auditorium and showed the films anyway--and the cops came and took all the films. There was a big fight between the detectives and the students, and the cops were running off with the films across the campus, the films unreeling and scattering all over--and they used Mace on the students.

I imagine that what is going to happen with censorship is now a swing back to conservatism in the next few years--it'll probably never go as far back as it was--it's like a pendulum--some advances and then a retardation.

J.Y.: Like the raising and lowering of women's hemlines--

THILM

by Lita Eliscu

What kind of week has it been..... walking down St. Mark's, 5 a.m., and a really attractive spade saunters by, sprawls by, "Lita!" so I stop, turn around, he walks over....I've never seen him before in my life. "Who're you?" "Well, uh, can I walk with you?" Next day, bopping (slowly 'cause of the heat) up another street, a truck honks past my ear and a strange face leans out of the window, smiles, says "Hi, Lita" and vvroooms off.... Fast asleep, the phone rings and it is the press agent from OH! CALCUTTA!: "How dare you not write a review... what kind of unprofessional conduct does your paper approve... Just wait until you want tickets to something, we'll know how to handle you." Click. I call him back: "Hey, are you OK....? It's 3 weeks since I saw the play, not 7; I'm sure you don't need the review (thought: Hm, what do you mean by hanging up on me?)" Answer: "Click".

Well folks, it isn't often a press agent tries to coerce a review and nasty it out of a reviewer, but the next time HE wants tickets to anything I'm showing, he's gonna have to wait in an awfully long line. For the record, then, and a changing record it may be, because the same skits are not always presented each night:

Dick and Jane -Jules Feiffer (see this month's RAMPARTS) -- (B+)

The Rock Garden -Sam Shepard -- (A-)

The Sex Experiment -Dan Greenberg -- (C+) -- cause it's burlesque MANQUE -- badly

Who: Whom -K. Tynan -- (D)

A Letter to the Editor -K. Tynan -- (F)

Four in Hand -John Lennon -- (B+)

Jack and Jill -Leonard Melfi -- (A-)

.....there are more, but who wants to spoil all the fun. Just goes to show professionals do it better most of the time everywhere, honey.

Still feeling about PUTNEY SWOPE that it is so good a movie; only wish Jack Nicholson from EASY RIDER could-would do a film with Bob Downey who made "Swope".....Downey's next movie is about Groupies, but not quite the league you're into these days. It will be about Jesus Christ coming back and having this whole bunch of groupies who adore him to bits, he's falling all over them too, can't get enough of them, that high falutin tits and ass action. (John Sinclair typecast role...?) Judas (in what may be the most acute perceptive role interpretation ever) is a fag who loves Jesus, can't stand losing out to the groupies, and betrays him. How about a scene with a dog pound, only live human actors, 12 of them, having 1 hour to be adopted or be put to sleep...and a penguin who got in by mistake... How about Tuli Kupferberg on Alex Bennett's show, saying "Disarm the police" and when asked what would the cops then do, taking his time to answer "...They could help rescue people... and help with the garbage."

Bob Downey: Someone once said "He just does what other people sit around saying they'd like to do." Yeah.

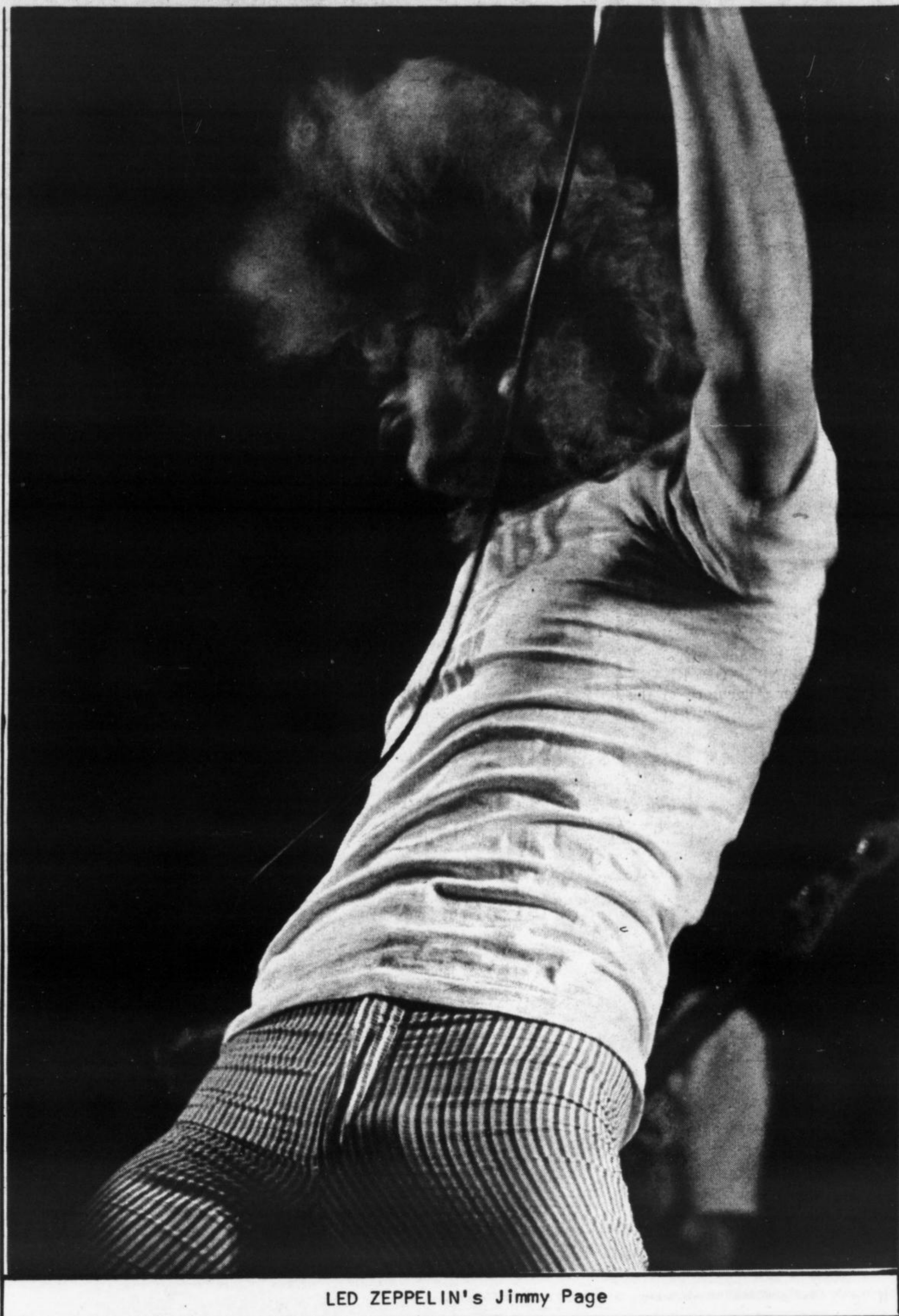
Me, Natalie: A very skinny Patty Duke spends her time explaining, crying, shouting, whimpering, "I've got to be...ME, NATALIE. You see, I've got to learn to be...ME, NATALIE.... I Have to Be ME, NATALIE." So she moves to the Village ("where people go to find themselves" as in line "Well, you're still in the Village, so you're still trying to find yourself, too.") And she finds a \$100 apartment in the West Village: very dingy, dark, small. But a smile and mother's chicken soup, and soon it is bright, big, and Mademoiselle Young Decorator Modern. She manages to cart 2 tubs up a walk-up 4 flights. Sure.

And James Farrentino lives on the floor below her -- he's a struggling architect-would-be-painter looking for himself in the Village. Together, he and Natalie find Rod McKuen who sings to them, unseen, along the twilight (sexy, as in COSMOPOLITAN) harbor of New York. And suddenly she is Me Natalie.

It's playing uptown somewhere, hopefully near the high-rise where all the Jewishmother of the world moved in order to be closer to their daughter (and Status) when she moved from Brooklyn to The City so she could get herself a date.

Rex Reed liked the movie. It confirmed his feelings that all girls want to look like fags anyway, and all mothers stifle their daughters, or children period. Not to mention that you can go home again, and visit for a nice Friday chicken dinner, and Mother doesn't care who your friends are. Wow, that's almost as bitchy as one of Rex Reed's own lines.

What kind of week has it been... Thought it would be fun to see what it is like to be Howard Smith-Fred McDarrah and go to Everything.



LED ZEPPELIN's Jimmy Page

Photo by Racame Rubinstein

Monday: Larry Rivers had a party and it was fun, especially the swings in the back which are very sexy vehicles because you can see right up anyone's crotch. Which gave me a great idea on a new position: requiring a very hard steady cock facing girl on swing as she whirls toward boy facing her and they Contact! Requires some sense of humor.

Tuesday: Went to the Gallery of Erotic Art to watch film being made about the groupies (don't want to talk anymore about the film yet because much too early notice and everyone will think it is hype -- fast becoming my least favorite word --). Stories passed around; have no idea if they are true: that Jimmy Page and rest of Led Zeppelins ate out a girl on stage and Page, always the tactful boy, grabbed a champagne bottle for a chic Texas cocktail as a chaser... which girl actually had the pickle up her cunt on the Groupies LP put out by Alan Lorber... same girl who took off her clothes during Tuesday's filming. Tuesday afterwards, determined to hear Eric Clapton jam, went to Ugano's. Found Dr. John on stage with new 3-girls-plus-more-jive act, better theatre same music. Girls manage to look as though they enjoy rolling their hips in a simulation of fucking a tadpole. Jam session. Dr. John (never really relinquishing stage center) Bonnie and Delaney and Friends, Clapton, and friends. Oldtime rock numbers, the head shakin' finger popping kind. Clapton did very little. Bonnie shook her ass and belted out numbers, Delaney picked on his guitar and shook his ass which is also very cute. (I am in a fantasy, I am writing a gossip column and my name is Suzy Bebob Knickerbocker.)

Clapton. Winwood. Baker. Grech. Blind Faith. Which

interestingly enough brings us to Blind Faith. Who should have gotten up there on Ugano's stage all together and jammed; maybe it would have done them some good. Madison Square Garden...another paragraph.

Saturday Night: Madison Square Garden, thousands of kids everyplace screaming stomping noise. Free did a set, looked like the epitomization of what Madison Avenue Square Garden thinks a commercial rock group should look like. Very skinny, girlish head singer tried to move sexy, looked as though he was also fucking a tadpole, or maybe a suntanned bottle of Vaseline. (The reason for the high quantity of sexual images is because all these acts are based on sex, goop on sex, and mainly are not selling musical talent.) Anyway, the group snarled at the mikes, threw a couple off stage and the drummer made fists at his drums in a farewell gesture. All he needed was a Halloween costume of a lion.

.25 minute wait while sound equipment is semi-fixed. Someone comes out after 15 minutes to announce he has nothing to say, is not a smart DJ, just selling posters of Blind Faith. This, not surprisingly, does not appease anyone, and the 1000's start screaming, stomping, make noise noise NOISE noisenoise noise noise noise NOISE.

Delaney, Bonnie & Friends come out, sing with no amplification, get enough to keep going, perform a beautiful, clean, professional happy set. New C & W, which manages to incorporate techniques and attitudes of rock, which is why it is having comeback. More flash, more complex rhythm and counterpoint chord changes, harmonizing: D.B&F brass section gives the total sound such a nice full feeling. (Continued on Page 15)

EARTH READ OUT



FIG. 2143. - Cycle évolutif de la maladie hydatique.



by Keith Lampe

Almost certainly within six or eight months there will occur among most young activists a shift of consciousness emphatically away from campus-and-Vietnam issues and energetically into issues pertaining to the ecological emergency.

As this shift occurs, we activists will have to deal with such complex forms of information that we'll probably grow nostalgic for the relative simplicities of the earlier issues. Psychedelic (i.e., mind-expanding, mind-opening) experience during the transition will result much less often from chemically induced pansensual delights, much more often from old-fashioned cerebral homework. Having learned that the mind in fact is merely one of several senses, we must now return to a sober husbandry of the sense-of-think.

The transition already is well under way. For example, White Panther Headquarters in Ann Arbor presently is preparing for circulation to its membership a bibliography which will include several eco-texts.

Here in the Bay Area people are putting together an ecologically oriented "think-tank" which for the first time will bring scientists into close community with activists. If in other parts of the country activists also soon can sit down with young-hip scientists representing all or most of the ecologically relevant disciplines, the transition will occur more rapidly and more intelligently. There's not much time left: by year's end we must have learned how to act.

In an earlier ERO I quoted poet Sam Abrams as saying *Scientific American*, *Natural History*, and *Science* are "the most consistently important political and literary journals on our continent." To those three magazines should be added *Environment*, a good source of information.

Environment is a monthly published by the Committee for Environmental Information, 438 N. Skinner Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63130. Thus far it has restricted itself to the circulation of information and has stopped short of proposals for an active politics of ecology; nevertheless, the information it circulates is so heavy that within two or three years much of it will have massive political consequences inside the old political groupings.

Here are some of the topics *Environment* has dealt with so far this year:

1--"THE WIND FROM DUGWAY--Thousands of sheep were killed by an escaped chemical warfare agent in Utah last spring. Recent evidence shows that the damage might have been discovered earlier or averted by a simple field test. Foolproof safety measures may not be possible, however."

2--"A MILE FROM TIMES SQUARE--There is no certain way of protecting the public from the consequences of the worst accidents which can happen in nuclear power plants."

3--"POISONING THE WELLS--Growing nitrate contamination may make much of California's groundwater unsafe for infants to drink. Large areas of the state have already exceeded federal safety limits."

4--"COOLING IT IN MINNESOTA--What goes into the scales in balancing the risk of radioactive contamination vs. the benefit of nuclear reactors?..."

5--"A NEW POLLUTION PROBLEM--Mercury compounds in agriculture and industry are creating widespread pollution problems. There is evidence that much of the food sold in interstate commerce has unacceptable mercury residues."

6--"BIRDS GIVE WARNING--Sweden has banned many of the mercury pesticides used widely in this country. Dying birds gave the first warning of a national problem."

7--"PROBLEMS IN PPM--Small doses of DDT could be destroying the new salmon fishery in Lake Michigan."

8--"UNSNUG HARBOR--U.S. and Australia are looking for a new spot to blast a harbor with nuclear explosives"

The magazine also contains information relevant to those who can be turned on to the eco-emergency only by means of earlier concerns. For example, if American imperialism is your thing, read how America--along with West Germany, Holland, France and England-- has grabbed control of Peruvian anchovy fishing and is practicing a subtle, gradual genocide there:

"Though there is a protein deficiency in Peru, only five to six per cent of the high-protein fish remain in that country. The rest of the catch is exported to the advanced Western countries where it is ground up into fishmeal and used to feed cattle and poultry.

"The Instituto del Mar del Peru, has established 9.5-10 million tons as a yearly maximum take of anchovy in the Peruvian waters to sustain the present stock of fish and to avoid the risk of reduction. The catch in 1967 exceeded 11.5 million tons."

If genocide of the poor is your thing, read how it's estimated that "between five and ten per cent of all children who live in America's dilapidated pre-World War II housing are victims of lead poisoning. There are about ten million homes in this country like this. Sixty per cent of all lead poisoning occurs in children between two and three years old.

"The lead is taken in by children when they eat chips of paint fallen from peeling walls. It accumulates in the body and can build to a toxic level. Children suffering from severe lead poisoning can suffer brain damage, and five per cent die despite medical treatment."

Here are some addresses of the other three magazines: *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN*, 415 Madison Ave., NYC 10007; *NATURAL HISTORY*, Central Park West at 79th St., NYC 10024; *SCIENCE*, 1515 Massachusetts Ave NW, Washington, D.C. 20005.

Eco-activists will have to cope also with a whole new set of judgments concerning people and classes of people. One of the early recognitions during the transition is that many people whom we have called liberals have much more radically developed eco-consciences than many we have called revolutionaries.

The confusion caused by this apparent paradox is exemplified in a letter I recently received from a friend in New York who suspected that "population control was a liberal hoax, the real problem being not that millions of poor people exploit the resources but that the Rockefellers do the exploiting and are now afraid that billions of starving poor will become desperate and upset the grape wagon so they want to cut down the population through birth-control.

Though the Rockefellers may indeed try to misuse the population issue, concern about the issue itself is nobody's hoax. In fact, any "liberal hoax" in this area

would have to be defined as a complacent attitude toward the emergency created by the exploding populations--that is, the liberal's mushy optimism that rational man's rational technology is competent enough to overcome any of his mistakes without much fret.

Additional confusion occurs when we recognize that a few bedfellows in the emerging ecology transformation movement will come--for a while at least--from what we call the right wing. Something of this confusion can be seen in a recent piece in *HARD TIMES* by James Ridgeway, a good left-of-center journalist.

Through most of the piece Ridgeway deals sarcastically with those who see the population explosions as the central contemporary planetary problem. He's especially worried that support for population control comes from people associated with Standard Oil, Dupont, Chase Manhattan, TVA and Dixie Cup. He says that many of the industries "which have fouled the continent from one end to the other" are now digging birth control "as a means to dodge pollution control."

What Ridgeway says is mostly true. But because our options are so severely limited, I submit that we have to be grateful that these people are for any reason willing to spend money to build concern about the disastrously mounting numbers of humans.

At a certain point in the very near future it will be our job to point out to these industries--and to the public--that the enormously overcrowded planetary conditions make necessary a rapid evolution from competition to cooperation, that in the U.S. specifically this means shucking capitalism and evolving community for which there is yet no label, a community within which the notions of ownership and money no longer have meaning or appeal.

We then invite those industrialists to take these steps with us--and perhaps some of them will. If most American industrialists don't make major concessions in the next years, the domestic situation will rapidly deteriorate into very large numbers of scattered, small-scale, futile shoot-outs.

Charles Lindbergh provides probably the best example of the dangers of making judgments in eco-contexts on the basis of a person's past roles or reputation. Lindbergh in the Fifties was on a trip dominated by desire for money or power or fame--a trip which carried him into a lot of squawky rightwing politics. Some years back he went through a deeply conscious rebellion against the trash of middle-class affluence and he now lives more austere than most hippies and many street people.

Here are excerpts from a piece by Lindbergh recently published in *LIFE*:

"I served for seven years as a member of scientific ballistic missile committees, first under the Air Force and then under the Department of Defense. At the end of this time, with Atlases and Titans in position, with Minutemen coming and Polaris submarines

under way, I felt our United States had achieved the indestructible power to destroy any enemy who might attack. But I had become alarmed about the effect our civilization was having on continents and islands my military missions took me over--the slashed forests, the eroded mountains, the disappearing wilderness and wildlife. I believed some of the policies we were following to insure our near-future strength and survival were likely to lead to our distant-future weakness and destruction...

"I resigned from the ballistic-missile committee and declined a position in the new civil agency being set up for the development of space. I decided to study environments people, and ways of life in various areas of the world...

"Science and technology inform us that, after millions of years of successful evolution, human life is now deteriorating genetically and environmentally at an alarming and exponential rate. Basically, we seem to be retrograding rather than evolving. We have only to look about us to verify this fact: to see megalopolizing cities, the breakdown of nature, the pollution of air, water and earth; to see crime, vice and dissatisfaction webbing like cancer across the surface of our world. Does this mark an end or a beginning? The answer, of course, depends on our perception and the action we take...

"That is why I have turned my attention from technological progress to life, from the civilized to the wild. In wilderness there is a lens to the past, to the present, and to the future, offered to us for the looking--a direction, a successful selection, an awareness of values that confronts us with the need for and the means of our salvation. Let us never forget that wilderness has developed life, including the human species. By comparison, our own accomplishments are trivial."

Lindbergh's comment about the triviality of human accomplishments appeared in an issue of *LIFE* devoted almost exclusively to the moonfetus spaceshot.

In times as grave as these, we need every single ally we can get. We must make our judgments carefully one by one.

EMANATIONS by ELFRIDA RIVERS



Q. I have been very puzzled by seeing, in every occult bookshop I have visited, a number of books on chiropractic and naturopathic medicine, fasting and various kinds of diet books, especially vegetarian. What has this to do with occultism? W.B.

DEAR W.B.: Search me, I've often wondered. A cynic might feel that the booksellers have decided that consumers of occult literature will believe anything.

More seriously, I know this happens and I haven't a clue why. At a congress of people supposedly investigating flying saucers, I remember reading that the guest scientist was puzzled at seeing, in their newsletter, an article on vegetarianism and nutrition, and another on anti-fluoridation. He asked why, and the editor of the publication told him, in sober seriousness, that "So many of our people are interested in nutrition."

There is, of course, the old flippant saying that at a certain age, "Some women get religion and some get nutrition." It may simply be that enormous numbers of readers of occult books, especially those who haven't much education or much good sense to start with, are looking for something to change their life, without knowing quite what it is, or how to go about it. They take up occultism, if they happen to run across a convincing advisor; if not, they may become disciples of any "cause" which sounds good, promises to strike a blow against anything they dislike, or allows them to feel that they are rebelling against a life in which they have worked hard and gotten nowhere. Maybe they are looking for a world in which order and justice will be visible, where they can put things right by breathing through the right nostril at the right time, or by eating foods which are properly yang or yin. (I still remember being moved and vaguely disturbed by reading Michael Abehsera's macrobiotic cook book, in the preface of which he made some such statement as this: "Can it be true? Is the whole secret of life as simple as this, a simple matter of balancing one's food?")

I'm not saying that all diet books, all books on unconventional medicine, or even all flying-saucer books, are lunatic-fringe things. But a disturbing number of these books seem written to appeal to the person who is, simply, in revolt against the established order of things, and trying to find answers to the old questions, such as the reason why the wicked doth flourish like the green bay tree. I've nothing against the search for answers, but I get angry, embarrassed and wrathful when I see the plethora of oversimplified answers which can be found on every bookshelf. Each one of these writers insists that he, and ONLY he, has the one true brand of snake oil--excuse me, philosophy--by which

his readers can remodel their lives and fashion them "nearer to the heart's desire."

Maybe what I'm trying to say is that every writer, no matter how inept or crackpot, has a right to have his cherished opinions in print. This is, after all, a free marketplace /of ideas. But the buyer, by which I mean the reader, must learn to beware, to ask himself how much he should believe, and not to be swayed by every convincing con artist.

The first of the occult virtues is discrimination.

But don't believe I'm putting down diet books. I own ten thousand of them--and if even one of them had been effective, my health would have been substantially better and my figure substantially--or INsubstantially--more sylphlike! I learned to beware of crackpots by falling for dozens of them--and I guess the average reader is going to have to do the same thing.

Q. How can you tell if you have actually seen a ghost? In the books I have read, a ghost is supposed to look like anyone else and unless he vanished into the air or something, is there any way to tell whether he is real or not? K.V.

justified in supposing that he is (1) bound for a masquerade, (2) an escaped lunatic, (3) an actor making a film about the 18th Century, or (4) a ghost. The one thing he is NOT is an ordinary member of the crowd. If you find out, afterward, that (1) the people with you did not see him, that (2) a recent acquisition of Highland claymores was just hung in that or an adjoining gallery, and (3) the guards have recently been complaining about hearing footsteps at midnight, then you may conclude that whatever you saw, it was not any explainable human phenomenon.

Likewise, if your Uncle Charles, who died twelve years ago, or your cousin Phil, who was, to your certain knowledge, in Hong Kong yesterday afternoon, walks casually into your bedroom at three in the morning, you are justified in assuming--once you have ruled out such spirits as may have entered the room in bottles--that you have seen something, or someone, supernatural. Admittedly, this is not evidence; but, like the celebrated instance of the trout in the milk, it means there is something out of the ordinary.

The excellent book, MANY LIFETIMES, by Jean Grant and Denys Kelsey, has some excellent "ghost stories". There

TAXES FOR THE NLF:
Just about everyone pays.....

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

As the U.S. press reports battles won and lost in Vietnam, bombing raids and body counts, the National Liberation Front quietly maintains what the U.S. counter-insurgency experts like to all "the enemy's infrastructure." That so-called "infra-structure" is in fact the legitimate government of South Vietnam, and one of its main supports is a vast and elaborate system of taxation.

There are few specific estimates of the number of Vietnamese who pay taxes to the NLF., but one U.S. economist estimates that half of the 17 million people who live in the country pay something to the NLF tax collector. Among those who pay: Government bureaucrats, local merchants and businessmen, Catholic churches and even some U.S. businesses.

The primary aim of the NLF tax system is to raise revenue, of course, and that aim is easily met. Through 1966 the NLF

the government that follows Thieu into power. It is the efficiency of the NLF tax system that seems to bother the U.S. It is extremely well run, with teams of traveling auditors who drop in on village or district committees and check the books for signs of corruption.

Nearly every activity is taxed. Besides a transportation tax that is so effective that practically nothing moves over a major road in South Vietnam without the approval of the local NLF tax committee, there is a commerce and business tax, a plantation tax, a market entry and exit tax, an income and a property tax, among others. The most important, both in terms of the number of taxpayers and the amount of revenue produced, is the agricultural production tax.

This tax applies mainly to rice, Vietnam's largest crop, and is based on output per family member. The rates are graduated, like the U.S. income tax, ranging up to an official maximum of 40 per cent of total output. Sometimes the tax is collected in kind and distributed to local NLF units. Whether paid in cash or kind, the tax includes a detailed exemption system. ("Exemptions can be granted to lands affected by floods, water loggedness, brackish water, destruction by rodents or by the enemy," says one tax manual.)

This last factor is a good example of the political sensitivity of the tax program: when U.S. defoliants destroy a farmer's crop, his anger remains fixed on the U.S. aggressors and is not shifted to the NLF tax collector knocking on his door.

Even in Saigon, most businesses pay NLF taxes. The NLF 1968 budget showed anticipated revenues of more than \$800,000 from eight largest companies in Saigon. Subsidiaries of several U.S. companies also pay. More revenue could probably be collected from Vietnamese businesses, but the NLF sees itself based primarily on the support of the rural masses and does not wish to become dependent in any way on the urban bourgeoisie.

In addition to taxation, the NLF raises money by selling war bonds (officially redeemable in 3-5 years, but in fact, not until the NLF wins), dealing on the black market for hard currencies, and operating a few "commercial" ventures (some lumbering in the forests they control and fishing boats). None of this activity is a major revenue raiser, but all contribute something to the NLF treasury.

Collecting taxes in the midst of this bitter war is serious work, but the NLF haven't lost their sense of humor. A USAID official tells of the time several trucks carrying bags of USAID cement were stopped and taxed. The NLF mailed the printed tax receipts to USAID headquarters in Saigon, with "Thank You" scrawled on the bottom.



DEAR K.V.: This is a particularly interesting problem because of the possibilities it raises. If there is nothing to distinguish a "ghost" or astral entity from a solid human being, people might go through their entire lives seeing ghosts every day and never knowing it!

Which of course raises the question: if you can't tell whether a person is a ghost or real, does it matter?

Seriously, though, as a rule, the ghost one sees is someone (almost by definition) who seems not to belong in the particular time and space where one sees him. If you are walking through the Metropolitan Museum, amid crowds of children and tourists, and you suddenly see, in the midst of the Greek Statuary collection, a young man in a Highland kilt and plaid, wearing a sword and carrying a musket, you are

is also quite a flood of books on the newsstands now, with such titles as STRANGE PEOPLE, GHOSTS I HAVE KNOWN, THE SUPERNATURAL AND YOU, etc.; they tell a lot of old and sometimes dubious tales, but after reading them in quantity, it's easy to realize that where there is smoke, there must be fire somewhere. Nobody would bother to make up fake ghost stories if there had not been enough true ones to interest people. I personally think that everyone sees at least one ghost sometime in his life. I have, and so has everyone I know--but you can't always get them to admit it.

However, once they know they won't be scoffed at, literally EVERYONE has SOMETHING strange in his or her life. People are beginning to accept this as a law of nature, and ghosts may some day be as respectable as rocket ships.

operated on a balanced budget, except for arms and ammunition supplied by Russia and China. The NLF raises \$45 million of their total \$60 million budget from taxation and other income-producing activities within South Vietnam. The bulk of the deficit is probably covered by the Soviet Union and China. U.S. "experts" admit that for a government that is theoretically out of power, the NLF's fiscal record is remarkable.

This point becomes increasingly significant in the light of the negotiations in Paris. The extent of the NLF tax system is a clear indication of NLF control throughout the country. The U.S. realized that any agreement with the provisional government calling for the withdrawal of U.S. troops without first destroying the existing NLF "infra-structure" would leave the NLF in a very strong position to gain control of



NEIL YOUNG

ROCK

by Greil Marcus

Neil Young used to be number one or number two man with the Buffalo, Springfield, depending on your taste; after the group broke up for various reasons, one of which was lack of commercial success (they never really had a hit after "For What It's Worth" though the continuing validity of that song was demonstrated once again during the Peoples Park Memorial Day March -- everyone in Berkeley seemed to have it on their turntable). Neil Young signed up with Warner Brothers-Reprise and cut an album on his own. Then he made yet another, and a couple of weeks after that was released, it was announced that he's now to join Crosby Stills and Nash. The Best of the Buffalo Springfield in person as well as on record. Since a phase in the career of one of rock and roll's most talented performers is at an end, it might not be a bad time to take a look at what he's done so far.

Neil Young doesn't know where the limits are - he goes too far, blows it, overdoes it. He takes risks with his music, his lyrics, his voice, his guitar. Because he takes risks he gets a lot further, sometimes, than those with

more talent and better sense. Steve Stills for example, never makes a mistake important enough to mar anything he does, never goes so far that he can't scramble back real quick to where the ground's a bit firmer. The only word I have for Stills music is "perfect". Young isn't like that. He blows it quite often. And his failures are often more impressive and more capable of moving a listener than the successes of many another artist.

It's easy to notice an odd quality in the early music of Neil Young, the songs he wrote for that first Buffalo Springfield album. The quality is fear and paranoia. In one of the most touching, depressing songs ever written, "Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing" Young told the story of a kid he'd gone to school with up in Canada. The boy used to spend his time making up songs and singing them right out loud, not caring who heard them, or perhaps the other way around - wanting everyone to hear them. I wouldn't know. But the kids in town banded together and teased this boy, shamed him, scared him, made him afraid of himself and his own natural impulse to express himself with the melodies he gathered up throughout the day. Working with the marvelous abilities of the early Buffalo Springfield, Young's composition threaded its way over all sorts of changes of mood and instrumentation, each of the group's three guitars talking to each other in a soft sense of compassion and friendship. It was a rare song - a song about friendship. It shows

just how scary and cruel childhood can be.

It was another cut that I like to think of as truly representing what Neil Young is all about, though that's no doubt wrong. "Out of My Mind" is just one side of Neil Young, but it is the most gripping, compelling side, one that can't be ignored and cannot be minimized. It's not the idea as much as the music. Groups don't come up with this sort of performance every time out - and the Springfield's performance of "Out of My Mind" makes their other material seem trivial and childish by comparison. With guitars somehow tuned to a pitch that brings them to within an inch of hell and fire and torture, the musicians count out a matrix for lyrics that, thankfully, are not too common:

All I hear are screams / From outside the limousines / (shiny limousines) That are taking me Out of my mind

When I first heard this song it struck me as the tale of a mental hospital. Young's later "Mr. Soul," which used exactly the same images to tell the story of the rock and roll star besieged by girls, managers, and other fears, indicating that "Out of My Mind" was a matter of Young's new role as a star as well. The first impression of a mental hospital might not be too far off - just an asylum playing one night stands.

The Buffalo Springfield was managed by Charlie Breene and Brian Stone, two of the most insidious of all LA rock and roll entrepreneurs. They made Lou

Adler look like Francis of Assisi. I remember watching the two of them being interviewed on the David Susskind show some years ago, as they described how they liked to tool around in their chauffeur-driven limousine with two way glass or whatever it was that it was equipped with, watching the kids on the strip who couldn't look in at them, listening to Greene and Stone deny that this funny new rock and roll music (well, it was new to David Susskind) had anything to do with drugs, sex, politics, or anything bad. They talked about it as if it was a healthy outlet for dumb kids, like masturbation or Little League baseball. Remembering good ol' Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, it wasn't hard to see it from Young's point of view - except that his visions of cruelty and terror far transcended a shit manager, the fatigue of going on the road, or the day to day hassles of the celebrity. There was a lot more there.

Young's most notable contribution to the Springfield's second album was a long cut called "Broken Arrow," presumably inspired by the movie of the same name. It was an extremely complicated song, musically and lyrically, a song that cried out for interpretation and analysis, musically and lyrically, and it was this quality of over-structuring that weakened the composition. Yet one couldn't ignore the force of Young's voice, the obvious pain of the music and lyrics and the arrangement, even if one wasn't interested in figuring out their "deeper meanings." Along with "Mr. Soul," Young seemed deeply enmeshed in a web of fear and vague terror. It didn't exactly fit with the "Goot Time Boy" song on the same album. Only the fact that Steve Stills was fast becoming the best songwriter in the West kept Young's material from once again overshadowing the rest of the group.

Young seemed to move out of the colder landscapes on the Springfield's last album; not writing much, he wrote and sang a song that once again reached a kind of sentiment that no one else in rock and roll has ever approached, ever really bothered with in fact. What is it like to be a little boy? "I am a child - I last a while - You can't conceive of the pleasure in my mind smile."

Young's first album on his own, Neil Young on Reprise, was a triumph. He seemed to be almost toying with the listener, grasping gracious, tantalizing riffs and then abandoning them, throwing them away for what most would be happy to use for a whole career. The songs, again, were scary and at times virtually maudlin, creepy, almost a horror show. The soul chorus that backed him on masterpieces like "The Laughing Old Lady" approached a feeling, a feeling something like that which one might expect from the Brides of Dracula. But it was never ludicrous - eminently melodic and creative, the album found its own place in the life of whoever listened to it. Young's fears, again, were focused on those things most other songwriters simply couldn't bother with: "Well I was driving down the freeway when my car ran out of gas - I pulled into the station - But I was

afraid to ask." If that sort of experience is foreign it would be pointless to listen to Neil Young; if it is even a bit familiar you'll find that Young takes the trivial and endows it with a significance that trivializes all around it. He has that much power.

Young has released a new album, called **Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere**. I can't "review" it; most of it somehow has no drawing power and just never gets to my rock shriveled hearing. This is not a record review, anyway; it's a piece of writing about music, a suggestion about things to listen to at someone's house, in a record store, on the radio, whatever. There is a song on his album called "Cowgirl in the Sand," and if you never hear it, you are missing something important. This will most likely be Young's last burst of musical freedom, at least until Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young break up, and it is one of the songs of the year, in a year when so far at least, the pickings have been thin. Along with Van Morrison's "Madame George" this composition will be part of whatever is meant to live through 1969.

"Cowgirl in the Sand" is hard rock, but it isn't "classic" hard rock - it owes nothing to Elvis, Little Richard, Carl Perkins. It is very hard to play hard rock without the boost of a quick tempo and a snappy four-four beat on the drum. Most attempts end up sounding something like Jerry Lee Lewis getting out of bed. Great hero he may be, but he still drags himself out and looks gritty just like the rest of us.

The key to it is tension and drama. Musicians have to appear to be fighting each other when in fact they are at their most sympathetic; notes have to come at points where no ear would expect them, destroying the old assumptions and getting the listener ready for something he's not quite prepared for. "Cowgirl in the Sand" begins with a quiet fingering of a guitar, almost subliminally accompanied by drops of rain from a rhythm instrument, setting a mood like that of the opening notes of "Paint It Black". Silence, a long silence, and then a crash of a band that suddenly rises up and takes that mood away, not destroying it but stealing it. Young takes over on guitar. He takes over, but only because he's so fucking good. The rhythm guitarist is a rhythm guitarist in name only, for his lines are as creative and as individual as anything Young plays. He plays rhythm like Ginger Baker played drums and Jack Bruce played Bass to Eric Clapton's guitar, except that he's more effective than Bruce or Baker, and Young is more gripping than Clapton. Young moves off on long entrancing voyages, accompanied by slashes of the second guitar, a loose winding beat, the bass and drums pounding with the steady, gritty energy of a man pulling a bucket out of a well hand over hand. Anyone who dug Young's guitar on "Mr. Soul" or Out of My Mind" will simply dive into this song. Like Robbie Robertson, Young used to be quite sparing in what he'd give to the listener but here he gives it all. On and on he goes, winding his way through passages and

(Continued on Page 22)

THILM

(Continued from Page 11)

So then Blind Faith comes on. Stevie Winwood stood and sat and sang at showboat left (playing mostly electric piano), Rick Grech skinny-kid hunched on his bass guitar in between Winwood's shadow and Ginger Baker's drums which have a psychedelic GINGER BAKER written on them. Eric Clapton looking quite nifty in tight white pants, stood stage right. The stage revolved at MSG which was just so much fun. Um.

Four musicians played, four top musicians up there on that stage played the same songs quite competently, professionally: They could have each been alone. Grech's bass line was even hearable some of the time thanks to the sound system. Winwood was visible even when the light was off him. He picked his nose or something. Then it was over... but no, the kids had charged past the cops, formed a live ring around the raised platform of the stage, formed a sea of choking noise and energy undirected. Baker raised his drumsticks and promised an encore. The encore was played. Strange brew warmed over. The kids remained, hollered for more. Half the audience, three-fourths of the audience; most of the audience was crowded around the platform. Stevie Winwood looked down into the sea of faces and turned a whiter shade of pale. Ginger Baker started punching his way out. The cops formed some kind of live mat over the kids and the group ran across their backs.

ROARING NOISE ROARING NOISE. A 15 minute wait while people milled and yelled, chanting come back. Making inappropriate V sings instead of raised fists (well, this crowd also carried copies of Rolling Stone and Fusion under their arms). Someone came out, sighed over the loudspeaker and spoke: THAT IS THE END OF THE CONCERT. That. Is. All. There. Is.

So a half-hour later, the kids were still around because no one had thought to tell them that the group had left. It took a while to get out of the Garden, so many kids... energy pent up and no place to spend it....

Let it be said that Madison Square Garden is producing the very worst rock shows ever and should be flunked out of business. Bill Graham gives his musicians a working space, a really fine sound system and a smooth, clean, professional organization. The Garden doesn't even know how to spend a couple of bucks on piped-in music in order to save itself thousands of dollars worth of bad publicity, all of which is totally deserved. The Garden stinks. If someone had only thought to cover the dead period with music, with an MC, with an instant firm apology. If someone had only thought to announce immediately that Blind Faith had left after their encore. If someone had only been a human being about the procedures....

.....I don't remember what I did the other days.

SPOCK

(Continued from Page 5)

did when he spoke with Martin Luther King or made an appearance on a college campus. So he wasn't trying to make a test-case -- here or anywhere!

/CD: Did Dr. Spock actually ever counsel anyone to resist or obstruct the draft?

/LB: No, Dr. Spock has never counseled anybody. That's just not his personality. His approach is basically that everybody has to make up his own mind on things like that and that it would be wrong for a man of his age and position to put pressure on anybody. That's the kind of man he is. The government just decided to throw the net on him and that's what happened.

/CD: So why was Spock finally acquitted along with Ferber and why did the Court order a retrial for Coffin and Goodman? Wasn't everybody equally guilty of this mythological conspiracy?

LB: The Circuit Court decided that though what Dr. Spock did was to hope that he would encourage young men to resist the draft, he had never actually "Counseled, aided and abeted" anybody in resisting the draft. There were other factors involved in the other cases.

/CD: Do you think that William Sloan Coffin and Mitchell Goodman will be retried?

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LB: I would be surprised that now in 1969, with only two alleged "co-conspirators" left, that the government would bother to go ahead with its case. Remembering that they were trying to pin a huge national conspiracy on the defendants, it would be quite a burden for them to prove that the whole thing was the result of the actions of just two people, Goodman and Coffin. Besides, I think the government has paid its debt to General Hershey.

/CD: The effect of the Court's decision is to give a great temporary psychological boost victory to the movement. Thus far, no one has been able to prove any of the (Continued on Page 19)

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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 avant-garde-experimental-underground cinema. It is being compiled in cooperation with the Filmmakers Newsletter and will cover the United States, Canada and Mexico. All interested operators and filmmakers should send their schedules to EVO as soon as possible.

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

REGIONAL CODE

CAL. -- California
CENT. -- Central States
NYC -- Metropolitan New York City Area
SOU -- South
SW - Southwest

CALENDAR LOCATIONS

AM-EX

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

CANYON CINEMA

756 Union Street
San Francisco, Cal. 781-4719

C-M

The Jewish Museum
1109 5th Ave. (91st St.)
NYC 10028 212-749-3770

FLY

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

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UNDERGROUND CINEMA 12 CIRCUIT

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San Diego, Cal. 284-1000

Art Cinema Theatre
1326 Pearl St.
Boulder, Col. 444-3641

Art Theatre
1924 Wayne Ave.
Dayton, Ohio 256-3132

Art Theatre
288 E. Cuyahoga Falls Ave.
Akron, Ohio 376-4063

Cinema Theatre
1122 N. Western Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal. 467-5787

Continental Theatre
13931 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio 451-8147

Fine Art Theatre
1225 S. Maple
Fresno, Cal. 251-8078

Fine Arts Theatre
1818 Garnett St.
San Diego, Cal. 274-4000

Foster Theatre
2504 Glenwood Ave.
Youngstown, Ohio 788-2013

Guild Theatre
1705 Poplar Avenue
Memphis, Tenn. 274-6406

Plaza Theatre
5936 Magazine St.
New Orleans, La. 891-0206

Towne Theatre
Auburn at Myrtle
Sacramento, Cal. 332-4730

Valley Art Theatre
509 Mill Ave.
Tempe, Ariz. 967-6664

Vogue Theatre
1465 S. Pearl St.
Denver, Col 777-2544

Westwood Theatre
1602 Sylvania Ave.
Toledo, Ohio 475-8976

World Theatre
2159 N. High St.
Columbus, Ohio 294-1133

U-P FILM GROUP

814 Broadway
NYC 475-9110

CALENDAR

ANN ARBOR Program No. 1:

DAVID LAURIE: Project I; ROBIN FARBMAN: Personal Statement; DON SYMANSKI: Lady Reddog Returns; MORGAN FISCHER: Documentary Footage; ED SEEMAN: Rehearsal; ROBERT J. BROWN AND FRANK OLVEY: The Tempest; STEVE GEBHARDT: A Numbers Racket; RALPH ARLYCK: Sean

ANN ARBOR No. 2:

JOHN RAPPAPORT: Future Tense; G.L. GARVEY: Fortune; KIRK SMALLMAN: All About; L. SINCLAIR: MC-5; KENNETH VALENTINE: In This Room; C. KENNETH HIGDON: Section 13; TOM HENNESEY AND ROGER JAHNKE: The Crux; STEVE GEBHARDT AND SUSAN QUEST: The Apple

ANN ARBOR No. 3:

R.G. BARNES: Another Movie; KENNETH VALENTINE: Haiku for Hamlet; ALONZO CRAWFORD: God Give Hime Strength; TOM McDONOUGH: The National Flower of Brooklyn; RON TAYLOR: Matte; LEE SIMONDET: Trips; BILL CLARK: Hollywood Here I Am.

ANN ARBOR No. 4:

UNIV. SOU. CAL.: Last Days on The Sand; KEEWATIN DEWDNEY: The Maltese Cross Movement; LES BLANK AND SKIP GERSON: God Respects Us When We Work; TOM PALAZZOLO: "O"; ED SEEMAN: Mothers of Invention; NOAH JAMES: The Man in the White Sanitized Burnoose; JOHN HEINZ: The Discovery of the Body.

ANN ARBOR No. 5:

ED SEEMAN: Sex, Paint and Sound; J. CHAN: Fun; R.C. DALE: Waterslide; RON FINNE: Demonstration Movie No. 1; CHARLES LYMAN: Liela; STANTON KAYE: Brandy in the Wildness

ANN ARBOR No. 6:

CHARLES LEVINE: Bessie Smith; H.J. WEINER: Chains of Love; STEVE CIFFMAN: Ecce Homo; ANDREW C. ATTALAI: The Beginning; UNIV. SOU. CAL.: Log 43; BRUNO NEHLING: What Forms Breathe Mankind; LES BLANK AND SKIP GERSON: The Blues According to Lightnin' Hopkins.

ANN ARBOR No. 7:

MICHAEL WIESE AND STEVE ARNOLD: Messages. Messages; BRUCE HEUSTELL AND ELLEN FRANK: Selected Quotations from Chairman Mao; DAVE McLAUGHLIN: When the Ship Comes In; FRED PADULA: Little Jesus; Derek LAMB: Housemoving; ED SEEMAN: Space Oddity; ROBERT EBERLEIN, LARRY KLINGMAN AND PAUL DEASON: Store.

ANN ARBOR No. 8:

KEN DeROUX: Riding Out; RICHARD STANTON: Elaine; RICHARD A. BARTLETT: Face Junk; DAVID CHURCHES: Family Album; KIRK SMALLMAN: Cycle Ride; LARRY JORDON: Our Lady of the Sphere; JOHN STEWART: The Sound of Flesh; LAWRENCE BOOTH: The Rose; JERRY ARONSON: TM

MILLENIUM - For the balance of the summer, Millenium 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.

SAGINAW FILM FESTIVAL - Entries are open for the 2nd Saginaw 8-Super 8 Film Festival. Write to Will Wegner, 4373 WAYSIDE S. Saginaw, Mich. 48603 for entry blank. Silent and sound (incl. tape) on any subject - or length. Deadline for entries Aug. 8. Festival to be held August 15 and 16 at the Ginger Blue Coffeehouse.

JULY 23, WEDNESDAY

8:00 P.M. - NYC Community Workshop Film Festival - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK

9:00 P.M. - CAL. Film-Rap. 8, S8 & 16 mm. open screenings with discussion and wine. TAMALPIAS.

9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC + Films by Jerry Chalem -FLY

JULY 24, THURSDAY

8:30 P.M. - CAL. -Program of Underground Films usually scheduled after the deadline for this calendar. Emphasis is on new works and visiting filmmakers.

Otherwise from the library of the Co-op. 8 and 16 mm. open screening after regular program -CANYON
9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC - Films by Jerry Chalem -FLY

JULY 25 - FRIDAY

8:00 P.M. - CAL. BARTLETT: Moon; Off-On; Metanomen -HOLY

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; MAURICE AMAR: Americana; RAY WISNIEWSKI: Doomshow, others -U-F
10:00 P.M. - NYC -JOHN DULANEY: Outing, Fly Family Spectrum, Mentat, California Dream, K-16, BN-16, Film Called John Oken, others -AM-EX

JULY 26 - SATURDAY

9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC -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 -Repeat of Friday Program -U-P

MIDNIGHT - VARIOUS -Underground film programs (some from the Ann Arbor Film Festival) tour this circuit of 17 theatres -CINEMA 12

MIDNIGHT - SW -Ann Arbor No. 5 -VALLEY

MIDNIGHT - SW -Ann Arbor No. 6 -VOGUE

MIDNIGHT - CENT -Ann Arbor No. 7 -WORLD

MIDNIGHT - CAL -Ann Arbor No. 8 -CINEMA

JULY 29 - TUESDAY

6:00 P.M. - NYC -Classics of the avant-garde film by CLAIR DUCHAMP, EGGELING, LEGER, RICHTER --- C-M

JULY 30 - WEDNESDAY

9:00 P.M. - CAL -Film-Rap: 8, S8 & 16 mm. open screenings with discussion and wine -TAMALPIAS

JULY 31 - THURSDAY

8:30 P.M. - CAL - Program of underground films usually scheduled after the deadline for this calendar. Emphasis is on new works and visiting filmmakers. Otherwise from the library of the Co-op. 8, 16 mm open screening after regular program. -CANYON

AUGUST 1 - FRIDAY

8:00 P.M. - CAL -Underground film program -HOLY

9:00 P.M. - NYC -New program of underground films -U-P

10:00 P.M. - NYC -Films by JOHN DULANEY -AM-EX

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AUGUST 2 - SATURDAY
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9:00 P.M. - NYC - Repeat of Friday program - U- P

MIDNIGHT - VARIOUS - Underground film programs - some made up from the Ann Arbor Film Festival - tour this circuit of 17 theatres - CINEMA 12

MIDNIGHT - SW - Ann Arbor No. 6 - VALLEY

MIDNIGHT - SW - Ann Arbor No. 7 - VOGUE

MIDNIGHT - CENT - Ann Arbor No. 8 - WORLD

AUGUST 5 - TUESDAY

6:00 P.M. - NYC - A program of selected new films - C-M

AUGUST 6 - WEDNESDAY

9:00 P.M. - CAL - Film-Rap. 8, S8 & 16 mm open screenings with discussion and wine - TAMALPIAS

AUGUST 7 - THURSDAY

8:30 P.M. - CAL - Program of Underground Films usually scheduled after the deadline for this calendar. Emphasis is on new works and visiting filmmakers. Otherwise from the library of the Co-op. 8 & 16 mm. open screening after regular program - CANYON

AUGUST 8 - FRIDAY

8:00 P.M. - CAL - Underground film program - HOLY

AUGUST 9 - SATURDAY

MIDNIGHT - VARIOUS - Underground film programs - some made up from the Ann Arbor Film Festival - tour this circuit of 17 theatres - CINEMA 12

MIDNIGHT - SW - Ann Arbor No. 7 - VALLEY

MIDNIGHT - SW - Ann Arbor No. 8 - VOGUE

MINUTEMEN

(Continued from Page 3)

power, by 1972?

/MORRIS: Yes. They tried to do it politically with the third party movement of George Wallace, and that failed. They did have 10 million people who voted for Governor Wallace, but they now are intent on using force.

/PE: How many members do the Minutemen have?

/MORRIS: The statement that J. Edgar Hoover made in 1968 was either stupid or knowingly erroneous. He said there were only 500 members of the organization in the entire United States, and that the FBI had penetrated the organization. This is false because with the state of California alone, there are MORE than 500 members. I would estimate it at close to 1500 or 2000. And in Missouri it is even higher. The membership for the entire United States, bringing together the other organizations that have joined with the Minutemen, I'm sure that you are close to 30,000 people there that would be hard core, strong, gung-ho fascist militants.

/PE: What about Canada?

/MORRIS: There are outposts at underground points in Canada.

In British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Quebec...where they have caches of arms and ammunition. Mexico. Prominent people in government in Mexico, I have heard through the grapevine, are responsible for keeping certain personnel in the United States under surveillance.

/PE: Then it's a highly coordinated organization that would be ready to move almost on a minute's notice, hence the name.

/MORRIS: Yes, sir. Sixty seconds.

/PE: Then if De Pugh gave the order...

/MORRIS: De Pugh AND his executive council. The executive council members are known to no one except De Pugh, and the national leadership. Even I don't know who the national executive council members are.

/PE: And if they gave the order, the organization would be capable of going into concerted action immediately...

/MORRIS: I have heard it stated that within a time period of an hour, if the word has gone out to the different sections of the country, that 100 of the top, prominent politicians in the country would be liquidated within one hour.

PE: That would be the first phase of the coup?

/MORRIS: Phase one would be assassination. And mass chaos. And they would take control. Communication centers have been under surveillance for a long time. They know where the high power lines are. In fact there have been some dress rehearsals of this recently in California. There were two high-power stations blown up by Minutemen. They would also put cyanide in the water supply. They know the key points of the water system. And when the order is given, I'm sure they would not hesitate to do so.

/PE: I'm sure you have heard underground publications like the Free Press and the Barb discussed in the Minuteman organization.

/MORRIS: Very unfavorably. I have heard conversations in the guerilla training centers, and training camps...I would not hesitate to say that you could find Minutemen involvement in the recent bombings in San Francisco and L.A. I have heard statements in the latter part of 1968 that there will be a concentrated effort to bring about action against these organizations, to make them cease to operate. Infiltration. A man posing as a liberal would go in for one to two years, to seek out information. Names, phone numbers, files...contacts... Two cyanide gas pellets could be used, and within two minutes, everybody in here would be dead. I'm amazed that you don't have any weapons or gas masks in here!

/PE: What is it about the rightist movement that attracted you to join?

/MORRIS: I was born in a racist community in Missouri. Small rural town. My parents were both racists. With a background like that, I was easily indoctrinated into the belief that the communists were taking the country over. And it took me four years to find out that I had to get away to a different environment and examine my past and my future and to see that this is not the way to go. That there should be a more flexible more reasonable view toward humanity--not directed towards violence, and hate.

/PE: At what moment did you become aware that you could no longer accept and be a part of what the Minutemen and the ultra right were doing?

/MORRIS: In Pennsylvania, when I learned that if Vice President Hubert Humphrey showed strong gains at the polls, a special team would be sent out to assassinate Hubert Humphrey, from the East Coast and these were trained professional men and they knew their job, and knew how to go about doing it. And I asked myself, "What am I getting into?" and it was at this time that I felt the cutting-off point had come for me.

PE: What has been the role of the FBI with reference to the Minutemen?

/MORRIS: A false one. To let the general public think that the FBI was trying to act in opposition to them, but if you take a closer look, they are very much on the same trip. They exchange information. In fact there are FBI agents who are Minutemen, here in the West Coast, as well as in other parts of the United States. I know one Minuteman who is a former FBI agent. There are some of those, too, who are ultra right activists.

On the whole, the FBI has SUPPORTED the Minuteman organization, while making the public think they were opposed to them, or controlling them.

/PE: What about the incident in the upper New York State a couple of years ago, when the Minutemen were about to attack the summer resort full of liberals and leftists?

/MORRIS: Camp Middlevale. This was just a charade for the public, to reassure the public. There was a raid on an apartment of 3 known Minutemen in Yonkers, New York last year and they found Nazi flags and various other paraphernalia, and buried on a farm outside New York, there

was \$50,000 worth of arms and ammunition, Thompson machine guns, C-1 and C-2 charges. And not too far away in New Jersey, the FBI arrested two reserve army men who had been supplying the Minutemen organization with arms and ammunition, ranging all the way from hand grenades, 30-caliber ammo, all the way up to land mines, and a couple of machine guns. And in Oklahoma City three men were arrested who had given \$125,000 worth of arms and ammunition. There are just minor incidents. For every one that the FBI or some federal agency apprehends, there are 15 or 20 others who are not. Most of this material is taken out immediately after it's bought and buried in caches throughout the country, out on farms or in the country. The leadership knows where it is and when the time comes it will be taken out and cleaned and activated, by the membership.

/PE: What is the relationship with the CIA?

/MORRIS: The CIA knows where De Pugh is, and there has been collusion since the Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961.

/PE: Since the Minutemen are obviously advocating and planning violent overthrow of the government of the United States, has the House or Senate UnAmerican Activities Committee ever taken any interest in them?

/MORRIS: Various people have gone to the committees, but they were not interested. They are very right-wing.

/PE: Most of the extreme rightists I have met don't have any clear understanding of what a communist or a socialist actually IS. Is that generally true of the Minutemen membership?

/MORRIS: There is no understanding or definition. They don't know what it is. The actual ideology.

/PE: What did you decide to do when you defected from the Minutemen?

/MORRIS: Well, I went back home, and I became a sort of hermit, and reflected and meditated and tried to project my future, and I decided that I would try to take a broader view of life, and also that I would try to expose the activities I had been involved in because I do feel they are a threat to humanity.

/PE: A man who says, "The world is changing in a way that I don't understand, and I don't know what it is and I don't want to know what it is, I just want to destroy it, with a gun or a hand grenade..." that IS a very dangerous man.

/MORRIS: Yes, in my estimation this is far more dangerous than a communist, who is more flexible and takes in a great many views, including some very conservative ones. Communism means a commune, or a community, which is a very flexible idea. The far right gets its support from ignorant, fanatical people who listen to the radio and somebody tells them that the communist bogeyman is going to get them, and they say, "Oh dear, I'll send five dollars to that dear man." Billy Hargis made a million and a half dollars last year. And the Rev. Carl MacIntyre is making, I think, on the average about a hundred-thousand dollars a month.

(Continued on Page 22)

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SPOCK

(Continued from Page 15)

"conspiracy" indictments against anti-war, anti-draft forces. In Oakland, where seven people were indicted on conspiracy charges relating to the Oakland Induction Center cases, there too the defendants were vindicated. But in the long run, what do you think the effect of this case will be on future movement actions?

LB: Everybody's asking me "Is this decision going to help other cases or is it not?" Well, nobody really knows these things and to hope for a major breakthrough in a decision which will suddenly free everybody to do and say what he wants, is not realistic.

/There were, however, some very good and helpful points made in the Spock decision, as well as some bad ones. But I do think the good points will have an effect on future cases. Up to this point we didn't have any court officially saying that in connection with this war at least, one could vigorously oppose the war, state one's admiration and support for people who violated the law, and still not commit a crime. The court has now said that it's a step forward.

/NOTE: When the news broke of the reversal of the conspiracy indictment, THE BOSTON GLOBE rushed a reporter out to Dr. Spock's vacation retreat in Martha's Vineyard. It's a big moment" the baby doctor told Richard A. Powers of the GLOBE. "I'm happy for myself, but I think about the hundreds of young people still in jail and the tragedy of a war in which thousands of Americans are being killed each week. I'm relieved to have the burden of conviction off me. But the tragedy of men dying in Vietnam remains and this is no time to rejoice."

/The photograph of Mark Lane ran two weeks ago EVO was by Carolyn Mugar. Our apologies for not crediting her.



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Arlo Guthrie at the Newport Folk Festival

Photo by Rebecca Rubinstein

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

(Continued from Page 8)

burned at the stake, W.I.T.H. then performed its second action-on, of course, on Halloween. Costumed as High Priestesses, Guerilla Witches hit Wall Street at noon, casting curses on the New York Stock Exchange (the market promptly went down five points) demanding to see Satan at various banks (since witches knew they "Had a friend at Chase Manhattan") leaving the dread letters W.I.T.C.H. stemciled in snow on the carpets of investment-brokerage houses, and generally freaking out the Daytime Ghetto of the Financial District.

Meanwhile back in the ghetto-harem of our society, women of all ages, "classes" and political shadings were digging the women's movement. College women are organizing to protest patronizing dorm rules. High School women are demanding the right to take "Shop" instead of "Home Ec" if they choose, and to wear slacks to school. Pacifist women are getting weary of the delicate-smiley-flower image (Grace Paley was the first woman to burn a draft card) and of functioning only as "Support groups" for men in the Movement.

/Women in The Resistance have formed a Women's Liberation group; they've had it with the typing and endless coffeemaking, and with being used as sex-object bait: "Girls say yes to boys who say no" - how insulting a good slogan can be!

/Women's Liberation which is beginning to act as an umbrella movement for all these groups, is planning to open its first store front on New York's Lower East Side. To be open on a 24-hour basis, this will be a place where community women can come for free rapping, free food, free birth control and abortion information, free Judo lessons, and free Spanish and English lessons. Plans include a day-care center as soon as possible, maybe even a commune for women freaked out by living alone, living with men, or living with those awful puritanical women's hotels with humiliating rules.

/Like any young movement, we have our problems, and not only the usual ones, like lack of bread and police harassment. We must also cope with the laughter of our oppressors as well as their anger, with those who think us "frivolous" or who spit "man-hater-- us- yet we know that men will not be free until women are free; the sexual mores of this culture dehumanize and destroy both men and women. And we have our Aunt Toms, our collaborators, our cop-outs- yet we know that this is because women have been conditioned for centuries not to speak out, to not act openly (or act at all, in fact, to secretly abhor themselves and to hate their more aggressive sisters.)

We have our ultra-feminists, yes, our embittered female chauvinists even (the oppressed are not happy on the plantation, you know), but we also have energy and ideas and dedication /and a double knowledge: that women alone cannot be free unless the system itself is destroyed, freeing all the people, and also that no revolution can succeed unless once and for all

(Continued on Page 22)

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FILM

(Continued from Page 10)

radio pulses like quasars and pulsars—they change all the time as the earth revolves and is subject to different messages. It's probably the same basis as astrology.

/I have a birthday coming up this September and I'm considering going back to the place where I was born in Santa Fe—trying to find almost the exact spot and to be there at the exact hour on that day—and see what transpires, bringing along my camera.

/I guess we're heading towards a kind of telepathy which all the machines will eventually be eliminated. Like heat photography—which the FBI is using to detect silhouettes hidden in forests and to photograph events shortly after they've happened—could be a major step, because it's dependent upon body energy, and with some practical means to pick up on that energy it would lead to a kind of telepathy of reading body vibrations.

/J.Y.: I've always considered filmmaking as the making visible of the invisible.

/ANDY: That's like a reference to the title of **KODAK GHOST POEMS-GHOSTS,** in exactly that sense.

/DISSOLVING (1969): Pictures of energy of different kinds. Small pieces of the world, moving, sending out their particular messages, codes. The light; taking over, towards silence." -- A.N.

ROCK

(Continued from Page 14)

alleyways, his guitar really talking in a way that the guitars of only the very best bluesmen (B.B. King and Robert Johnson) talk, in a way that only the guitar of Keith Richard of the Stones can talk. I say that the guitar talks because when this miracle happens there is simply no alienation between the artist and his instrument. Try to draw the line and it can't be done. The man seems to be speaking with his fingers, with the strings, like a deaf and dumb boy communicating with signals. This realization becomes overwhelming when Young sings the brief verses to this ten minute song. His singing is fine, effective, but it is just nothing compared to the guitar he plays at the same time. It is as if his voice is merely a melodic device meant to intensify his guitar. Young plays so hard one can almost feel the pain in his fingers, as he draws out notes with a sound that might remind one of a man taking over his own blood with a knife. With his guitar Young communicates as powerfully as Dylan did with words on Memphis Blues Again. With his guitar he achieves a musician's freedom in the same way that Mick Jagger achieved a singer's freedom with "Goin' Home." Danny Whiteen, on second guitar, literally destroys the old idea of the rhythm guitar for any rock and roll music that has any pretensions to freedom. If one wants to know how this panorama of truly revolutionary music was captured on record, one must ask the muse. She's the only one who'd know.

Reprinted from GOOD TIMES

DECOMP

(Continued from Page 9)

and beyond. "It was Alexander Hamilton who first called the populace the Beast," quoth Peter Crawley, "and now they're going to start hearing from us."

/There's not the space to go into any of this at great depth, right now. One of the Alternate Seed's more tantalizing offers, for those who throw in with them, is an 80-acre plot of woods they are buying up near Saranac Lake, for Rest & Recreation between maneuvers on the Lower East Side. "We'll work like this," Cawley concludes. "We want to offer anybody a good life—his age doesn't matter, or his income either—and to do this we're prepared to give him a good place to live and the work he wants to do. People can live thirty to a bunch if they want to, or live all alone, as long as they're with us. But we gotta work together as a community now—an alternate community—to prepare some security for ourselves and our children.

/Right now, Movers 'N Things needs money—not much, but money—and they need help. Especially they need a couple of girls who can help out with typing and bookkeeping for whatever little money and lots of attention and guys at Movers 'N Things can offer. Call 254-7782, and come over to work on the pleasantest block on the Lower East Side.

"Today East Tenth Street," Cawley has been heard to mutter. "Tomorrow the NEWS!!"

MINUTEMEN

(Continued from Page 17)

/PE: Do most of the Minutemen define themselves as believing Christians?

/MORRIS: Yes.

PE: How do they reconcile their program of violence and murder with the gentle, kindly philosophy of Christianity: Thou shalt not kill, forgive thine enemies, etc?

/MORRIS: They have a form of rationalization. They say that God is for the right wing. Which they say is right, of course. The country, the flag, mother. And beyond that, there is nothing, infinity.

/PE: What is the Minutemen's attitude toward the student movement and SDS?

/MORRIS: Minutemen are organizing on the campuses now. But mostly, it's a matter of father recruiting his son, and drawing him into the activities of the organization. Businessmen bring their sons along on guerilla warfare training programs, and teach them how to make explosives and silencers and things like that. In three weeks, I could take you and him out on training and teach you enough to bring the county of Los Angeles to a complete stop.

/PE: Then a small group of men can create total disruption and disaster...if they feel the time has come?

/MORRIS: They WILL do it.

/PE: What can be done to stop them?

/MORRIS: I'm afraid we may be past of the point of no return. The general public is very apathetic.

PARANOID'S

(Continued from Page 7)

win their case not because they were right but because they trusted in the basic precept, "We the people of the United States in order to form a more perfect union..."

/If the movement and the underground are going to get back on its feet, it must beware of climbing fences that are not there. It must learn to trust itself and its own two legs to get where it is going.

WOMEN'S LIB

(Continued from Page 20)

women can call their bodies their own, unless all our minds are liberated from sexual stereotypes, unless each life is precious and self-determining, truly, not tokenly free. Join us, sisters!

/And a word to the men. You few "male radicals": Civilize your own "communities" (other men), as blacks said to whites, rap with your brothers about the petty continual ways they make women suffer. You're beautiful and we need you, and you need us. The revolution begins at home. "Male liberals": Watch that you practice what you preach about "digging Women's Liberation." We see through that bullshit when your Hemingway mystique of supermaleness begins to burtalize us. And smug "male reactionary" chauvinists: Dig it—women are not inherently passive or peaceful. We're not inherently anything but human. And like every other oppressed people rising up today, we're out for our freedom.

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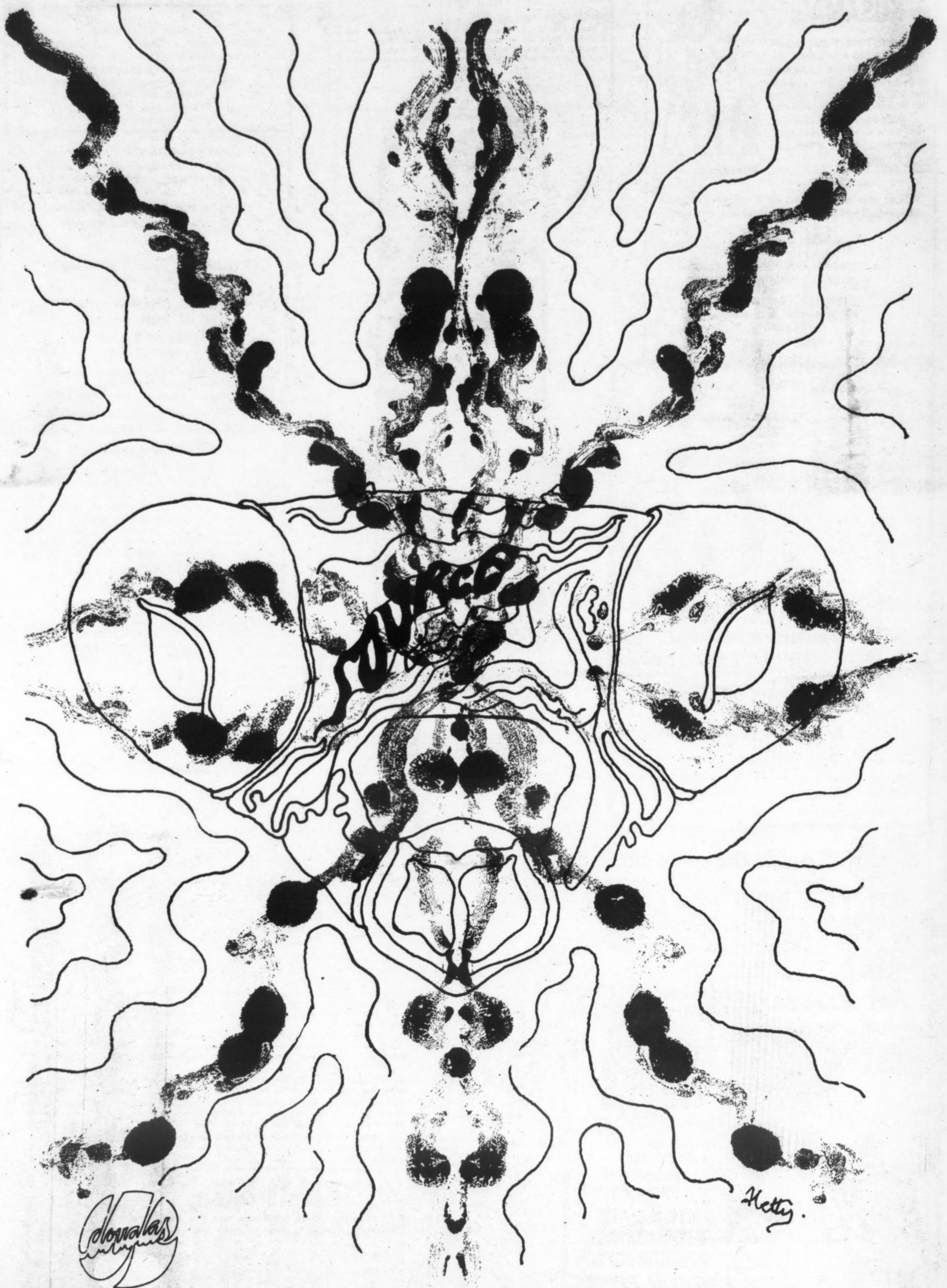
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