

ED SANDERS on JOHN SINCLAIR

REPORT from GREECE

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THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER



NEWSREAL

by Claudia Dreifus

A TAXPAYER'S REVOLT

BEGINS IN NEW YORK

Every year New York taxpayers send NINE BILLION hard earned tax dollars to the Pentagon for the Vietnam war, military hardware and moonshots. NINE BILLION DOLLARS! That's several billion more dollars than the entire New York City Municipal budget. Nine billion dollars is more than this city spends on housing, welfare, hospitals, parks, health care, public transportation, anti-poverty, sanitation and education.

And while that nine billion dollars is being spent on moonshots, Marshots, ABMs, and napalm, Gotham City is crumbling. Earlier this Spring, New York City's public hospitals were turned over to a non-profit private corporation—ostensibly because the City could no longer afford to maintain a municipal hospital system. Cuts in welfare payments are reducing the city's poor to starvation on a food budget of 66 cents per day. Libraries are being closed all over town for lack of funds. The City Council is talking about selling certain public bus lines to private developers. No money. Job training programs all over New York have been cut. Subway fares will probably have to be raised. There's no money to underwrite public transportation.

And while this deliberate impoverishment of New York City by the Pentagon had been a fact of life for years, until now, little has been done about it. But last Thursday an ad appears in the *New York Times* signed by some of the Empire City's most prominent figures: "NEW YORK SPENDS MORE ON WAR THAN ON NEW YORK!" Our town may be the home of the first urban taxpayers revolt.

The engineer of this fledgling rebellion is a peace-minded lady lawyer named Bella Abzug. Mrs. Abzug, who fought Pentagonism for years as the National Legislative Director of Women's Strike for Peace, is now working as the Co-ordinator of the Taxpayer's Campaign for Urban Priorities.

"The response to our ad has been just tremendous," said Mrs. Abzug, last week in her West Village apartment. "People on all levels of society are tired of being bled for the sake of the military-industrial complex. Everyone works too hard for their money—be they professors or taxi drivers—to want it thrown away." Mrs. Abzug explained how her group had traveled to Bay Ridge last week, where a public library is closing. Many of the Bay Ridge residents are the kind of people who feel antagonistic towards Blacks and Puerto Ricans because they feel that minorities are getting preferential treatment on public services. Mrs. Abzug explained that everyone is getting shafted by Federal taxation, an idea they really understood. "This is an issue," says Bella Abzug, "that all people in New York, regardless of race or class, can get together on."

Mrs. Abzug has been organizing her taxpayer's revolt for some time now. During the Democratic primary election she attempted to have each of the candidates make this a major campaign issue. Most of the would-be Mayors refused to even touch on the subject of federal priorities. Herman Badillo spoke out on the subject sporadically, but it was never made the focus of his campaign.

Her pleas fell on a friendlier ear, however, when she approached Mayor Lindsay and suggested that urban priorities be made a primary issue in his campaign.

"The Mayor has always been terribly concerned about this question," Mrs. Abzug reported. "Now this election gives him the opportunity to organize New Yorkers around the whole question of priorities. He knows that he can't get any of the City's needs, be it adequate housing, decent schools or an extensive job program, without ending this looting of our treasury by the Generals." Giving evidence to John Lindsay's commitment on this question is the fact that the Mayor recently asked the City Council to go on record in opposition to the ABM.

"I have a feeling that this will spread to other cities," Mrs. Abzug said hopefully. "People are just tired of being bled to death by the Pentagon and getting nothing back but a dirty war and a moonshot."



ROUND TWO: YOUNG MDS VS. THE ESTABLISHMENT

The radical young doctors who broke up the American Medical Association Convention returned for a second round with the medical establishment last Friday. This time their target was the "non-profit" public health insurance utility Blue Cross. Blue Cross is seeking a rate increase on premiums of 26-83 percent. The increase, which has to be approved by the New York State Department of Insurance, has yet to get the official green light. But Blue Cross has many powerful friends and a remarkable record of getting what it wants.

To protest the proposed increase, doctors, nurses, and hospital workers, members of the Medical Liberation Front, decided to storm the Blue Cross office building on Lexington Avenue last Friday. Their goal was to perform a public inspection of the corporation's books. "We want to find out if they really need that increase—or if they need more money for

public relations, television advertising, union-busting and high executive salaries," explained Dr. Richard Kunnes, a psychiatrist at Albert Einstein Medical College. The Corporation, however, was not particularly anxious to accommodate the MLF and so someone ordered the elevators and stairwells locked, blocking access to the executive offices. Hundreds of Blue Cross clerical workers, mostly women, found themselves trapped downstairs, sandwiched between the protesters, the police and their jobs. Meanwhile, the Medical Liberation Front people sat down in front of the elevators and began reading indictments against Blue Cross.

"What has Blue Cross done to keep hospital costs down? NOTHING!" began Dr. Kunnes.

"Who controls Blue Cross," one intern asked. "We know that almost half of Blue Cross' trustees are associated with hospitals. When Blue Cross sits down with the hospitals to figure out what it will pay for services, it is essentially negotiating with itself."

"Blue Cross discriminates against women," declared a very articulate representative from Women's Liberation. "They have almost no women in executive positions. If you have a baby, Blue Cross will only pay you \$80. It costs at least \$600 to have a baby in a New York hospital!"

"Blue Cross doesn't give a damn for the health of the poor," another young doctor explained. "And it doesn't give a damn for working people or for middle-class people. The new rate increases will hit everybody but the rich. By the time Blue Cross is through only the rich will be able to afford adequate health care."

GREECE ON FIVE

PRISONS A DAY

When a visitor leaves Fascist Greece these days, he is handed a lovely little propaganda leaflet asking him to "tell the truth" about Greece. We value the truth and that's why we thought we'd reprint the handout:

"The Struggle For Truth Is Always Blessed.."

In this country we have the possibility to read your Press and listen to your radio broadcasts. Unfortunately, however, we find out that the news transmitted with respect to the present situation in Greece is not always objective, frequently giving a picture absolutely different or even opposite to reality. Now, you that have already visited this country and have seen things by yourselves, have come into contact with the Greek people, what is your opinion about? If you are convinced that whatever is written and broadcast abroad about Greece is not objective, please, tell your relatives and friends the truth.

In this way you will contribute in rendering justice to Greece and you will neutralize a political campaign which threatens not only ourselves but yourselves as well. It is beyond any doubt that those who are making the most deafening fuss against the Greek Government are the communists and their fellow-travellers, in other words the worst enemies of Democracy.

The communists and their fellow-travellers have been disturbed by the fact that Parliamentary life has temporarily been suspended in Greece and this to avert is inevitable fall into the hands of Communism. On the other hand, they are by no means disturbed by the complete and definite abolition of Democracy in Soviet bloc and other countries.

At the very moment that they are attacking Greece, they visit as friends other countries not reputed as democratic ones.

Everyone who sincerely loves Democracy should not worry about its fate in Greece. In this country, it is not Democracy that has been abolished but a regime of corruption and dissolution that constituted the forerunner of Communism. Thus, it had to be abolished just to pave the way for a real Democracy, towards which steady steps have already been made.

Have a nice trip and good luck."

Jaakov Kohn
Peter Leggieri
Allan Katzman
Sherry Needham
Melissa Stout
Flicka
D. A. Latimer
David Walley
Irving Shushnick
Claudia Dreifus
Alex Gross
Lita Eliscu
Don Katzman
Lil Picard
Elfrida Rivers
Walter Breen
Manuel Rodriguez

Kim Deitch
Hetty Maclise
R. Crumb
John The Swede
Bob Parent
Gilbert Barnett Weingourt
Stephen Kohn
Arthur

LONDON: MILES
PARIS: J. J. LEBEL
AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
NORTH: THE KID
SOUTH JERSEY: THE BLADE
BEGODD

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THE CHRIST OF MARIJUANA

by Ed Sanders



Photo by Raeanne Rubinstein

It makes one weep that a man like John Sinclair is imprisoned when criminals like Kenneth Conboy, the board of directors of Minneapolis Honeywell (the fragmentation bomb company) and Melvin Laird are allowed to roam about destroying the noble spirit of humanity.

John Sinclair was sentenced to 10 years in the Southern Michigan Prison for passing out, free, two joints to a bearded undercover agent who with a policewoman posing as his wife, was running a psychedelic candle shop in the Detroit poetry-rock-publishing community. 10 years for 2 cigarettes of marijuana, the benevolent herb of Ra. 10 years! One ought to be given awards for turning on a cop. Instead he may be forced to tithe one-seventh of his allotted earthly time for dispensing 2 items of pleasure!

On Friday, August 1, a Michigan court of appeals refused to grant an appeal bond so that Sinclair might be free to join his expectant wife and baby while the case is considered in the various appeal courts. Perhaps Sinclair will find some justice in the U.S. Supreme Court but that might not occur until 1971. John Sinclair must be freed! On Monday August 4, John's lawyers, Charles Ravitz and Sheldon Otis, will have carried the hearing to the Michigan Supreme Court in a further attempt to get a bond set. Should bond not be granted on

the state level, then the lawyers will carry the hassle into the federal courts. In the meantime, one of the most benevolent leaders of our era will be locked up away from his beloved music and poetry, surrounded by beastish guards and godless walls of metal.

Is John Sinclair a Sauceroïd? Who is this ravaging beast of porn-smut that the police and courts are so anxious to remove from the civilization for 10 years? John Sinclair is a successful leader and that is what it's really all about. Since 1964 he has labored with brilliance and legendary energy to create an integrated community of artists, first in Detroit with the Artist-Writers Workshop and then in Ann Arbor where he set up the famous Trans-Love Energies community. His success has been amazing. John has that rarest quality among leaders, the ability to inspire love energy and self-confidence in fellow creators so that as the Trans-Love community grew, the energy was directed toward art and stability.

His printing presses have produced over the years books and magazines of brilliant quality in the fields of poetry and music criticism. Wherever he has lived, he has done much to establish communal housing for artists and musicians. Countless are the myriads of leaflets and broadsides spewed out by Sinclair in order to

instruct, foment thrill and win the favor of the young who were just learning the true nature of western civilization. So, Sinclair's open loving community of houses and storefronts became a magnetic mecca attracting hundreds of strong dedicated radical creators. This pissed off the authorities. Here was a long-haired maniac telling the truth to the young with well reasoned fervor and total devotion. This man had to be stamped off the set. John Sinclair was the Jesus Christ of Marijuana. Only this time there are many of us ready to die defending our self-created culture within the rotting fabric of America. Our religion is pure. Our hearts are fierce. The message is this: sharing porn-mammals will conquer the Aeon.

During the past months John has been most active in managing the MCS, a rock group that has rocketed forward with John into national prominence under the aegis of social change, rock-lust and Ra music. Also during this period he was co-founder of the White Panther Party and has been serving as Minister of Information. Now, let us blend in the fact that for three years he has been active in LEMAR, the organization to legalize marijuana.

People like "Judge" Robert Colombo, who sentenced Sinclair to the 10 year term, would probably like to murder him because they are angered at

what they consider to be John's real crime: standing up tall in the hail of paralyzed rat vomit and napalm that is the psyche of America and declaring himself to be a man freed from the repressive fascistic marijuana legislations.

What can we do A difficult question. First, there are four letters you can write immediately.

1) to Judge Robert Colombo, Detroit Records Court, Detroit, Michigan; 2) to a Mr. Callahan who is Wayne County prosecutor (Detroit) and has requested that John's sentence be upped to 20-40 years; 3) to Governor William Millikin, State Capitol Building, Lansing, Michigan, 48904; 4) to the Warden, Southern Michigan Prison, Jackson, Michigan. Remember to make your letters calm enough to be read and forceful but not threatening. We must exhaust certain legal avenues before we may have to Jesse James him out of the slams.

Money, as always is crucial at this point. The telephone company, in a suspiciously conspiratorial manner, cut off all the Trans-Love phones just as John was being sentenced so that coordination with the media at this important moment was halted. Money is needed immediately. People can help by organizing concerts, film showings, poetry readings, dinners, pot sales, etc. in their

own areas to raise the incredible sums needed to spew something into the Supreme Court venue. Send your livesaving contributions to:

John Sinclair Defense Fund
Trans-Love Energies
1510 Hill
Ann Arbor, Michigan

We may allow several months to pass attempting to free John Sinclair on bail and attempting to reason with the media, Senators, liberals, legislators, etc. to secure some trace of justice. If we fail, we shall be forced to mount a campaign to alter, if necessary, the nature of the government of the state of Michigan to free one of the most important men of our time. We will mount a campaign of 10's of 1000's of the pot smokers of America to spill thru creep vales of the heartland to tear down the walls of Jackson prison. We shall not be stopped!! Every set of lungs filled with the benevolent smoke of God is locked up with John Sinclair this very moment as he sits left of his godly lion mane of hair, his books of poetry and the sweet comfort of feminine conjoinment alone and forlorn in a castle of satan. In the name of Jesus, Buddha, Thoth, Jehovah, Aphrodite, Poesy, Justice, Peace and Communnality, we shall bring our brother forth into the light of freedom!!! Freedom!! Freedom Colombo! Freedom, Michigan! We have the God-Breath.

PREFACE TO REPORT FROM GREECE

by Sherry Needham

Thinking of going to Greece for a vacation? Great, it's a stunningly beautiful country, so beautiful that all description seems useless. But be warned, go just as a tourist, don't become friends with any Greeks or permanent residents of Greece -- it could be dangerous.

Greece today is run entirely by the military. There is complete and total censorship of all media, secret police infect Athens like fleas on a dog, and the greatest crime you can be accused of is "talking against the government." Yes, tourist, that goes for you, too. Cool it, watch who you talk to, and when you do talk, make sure no one's listening, or it's instant prison, and your embassy, even if it wanted to, is powerless to help you.

The Greek junta now in power is hysterically anti-communist; their justifications for the suspension of parliamentary government is that it dissolved a regime "that constituted the forerunner of Communism." A pamphlet given to people leaving Greece from the airport (new, and built through a joint effort of Greece and the government, yes, of the USA) rants on about how the junta is aware of the "Communists and their fellow travellers" trying to infiltrate and ask tourists to tell the "truth" about Greece. Straight John Birch spew.

Since there is very little separation of church and state in Greece, the powerful Greek Orthodox Church has operated business-as-usual. If you want to marry in Greece, you must be married in the Church, whether or not you are a Roman Catholic, Jew or Protestant. There is no civil marriage or divorce. Since the Ministry of Education AND Religion decides what should be taught in the schools, there is no escaping religious indoctrination. Papadopoulos himself (number one man in the government) has pledged to build a million dollar church to the greater glory of the revolution. Of course, the million comes from the donations of Greek school children. Papadopoulos doesn't mention that the schools in Greece are old, overcrowded, and that the method of teaching insists on letter-perfect memorization of dull, poorly printed texts. The antiquated university system is deserving of an article in itself.

ITEM: There is no law. There are laws on the books, lip service is paid to them, but what it boils down to is that the people of Greece are at the mercy and whim of the police and special security police. This summer, an American citizen living in Greece was taken to a police station, along with a friend, because of a business disagreement in America, such a dispute would be referred to a civil court, but since it happened in Greece, she was beaten and tortured—expert torture leaving no marks, like twisting ears, pulling out hair, twisting nipples. When she couldn't understand a Greek word, she was slugged. Her friend, another American, was kept in a separate room and could only hear screams. When the police official found out the girls were Jewish, he clubbed with renewed vigor. A report was finally made to the embassy, whose reply was that they could do nothing. Since one of the girls involved is a resident of Greece, naming names is impossible, because her life would literally be in danger.

ITEM: Attempts to find the official number of American troops in Greece from the Department of the Army Public Information in Washington were fruitless—we were told it is "classified information." The common word in Athens is that there are 80,000 Americans living in Greece, most of them connected with the military. The USA and the Papadopoulos regime to a lot of mutually cozy toe-sucking, and no matter what you read about official US foreign policy, our government supports the junta and their fascist government with what really counts—men and hardware. But don't worry, it's all in our "national interest."

An interesting aside concerns the ESSO franchise in Greece; ESSO grants franchises to many countries but only in Greece is the word ESSO followed by a man's name -- Pappas. And it just happens that Mr. Tom Pappas was the largest single distributor to the Spiro Agnew's gubernatorial campaign in Maryland. The hanky-panky doesn't end there -- as reported in an earlier edition of EVO, the Pappas Foundation was the main CIA conduit to Greece for funds which financed the Papadopoulos coup d'etat in 1967.

ITEM: Persecution of intellectuals. Everyone is aware that many Greek intellectuals and artists have fled the country. Some were either too brave to leave, or found it impossible to get out. Theodorakis, the poet-composer-musician mentioned in the following REPORT FROM GREECE was one of those who did not leave. He is much loved by the Greek people and his music touched a level of pride and freedom in the Greek consciousness. He was imprisoned by the junta and given no treatment for his diabetes. A confession of being a communist was forced from him in a way which shows the depravity and evil of the regime: he was placed in one room, his eight year old son was placed in an adjoining room in front of a firing squad. The firing squad shot blanks. As a consequence the child is in a mental institution and Theodorakis is imprisoned as an enemy of the state.

A resistance has been formed, but to date it has not been able to do much. There were two plastic bombings recently at American Express and the National Bank of Greece, more to gain the world's attention than to strike a material blow at those in power. Some resistance newspapers are being sporadically printed, and there are rumors of guns being smuggled in from Italy.

The following REPORT FROM GREECE written by a young Athenian is necessarily anonymous. If the writer were to print his name, he would go to prison.

REPORT FROM GREECE

by Jason

"Time will tell..." that is what most Greeks used to say two years ago, in answer to questions about the political situation. Also, the situation was then called "military." Today it is called "political." And the change of term has come about because Greeks have realized that the colonels are out for themselves first, and the nation is secondary. A friend remarked once, "They like it here; they ride in big limousines new, are fed with imported bananas and pineapple. In the movies I noticed that Papadopoulos's stomach has grown a lot, so I don't think he will give up these added comforts easily."



21 ΑΠΡΙΛΙΟΥ

The terms SURVIVAL, STOMACH, MILITARY and POLITICIAN have always been related brothers in Greek political history and have always played musical chairs. A politician is a liar, a cheat, an impostor to the Greek mind. Ninety percent of the Greeks have by now formed a clear opinion about the colonels; they know they will try to stay on in power for as long as possible, and they also know that they must be thrown out soon. The how is a detail at which the public has not yet arrived. Many of us feel a vibration in our veins which dictates that the time has come for a change; our tolerance is running out with the tide, and we know blood may have to be spilled.

Rumors come and go all the time. The constant factor is that we are bored with their preaching, we are fed up with their slogan-hunting, flag-raising, and foundation-laying, and we are worried (some of us) about our safety. My ears have heard a lot of talk in all kinds of places from all kinds of people. I get the impression that all the intelligentsia hate the regime, and all of the art world. Businessmen whose livelihood depends on the tourist trade definitely dislike the colonels, and so do new recruits of the police force who hate to stand for hours at attention in front of the hotels in Constitution Square in case someone bombs a bank or ministry. Taxi drivers hate the traffic jams that Papadopoulos causes every time he passes with his escort of motorcycles through Athens. American tourist girls occasionally meet a Greek they like and go out, and are sometimes dragged to a police station because the government thinks a Greek is dangerous for them, and they are dangerous for a Greek.

It is such small episodes, such "details" that really tip the scales for the colonels, every day, all over Greece. The bigger things are secret because censorship of the press is well done, and there is never anything between the lines. So, we have developed a sensitive ear and eye for situations where an innocent person is dragged off to jail for "misbehaving," or for being un-Christian and

anti-Nationalist, as the regime chooses to call Greeks who can think with a free mind.

A communist student I know teases me for suffering under this government. To most communists the government is a blessing because they know that they reap fruit when a war breaks out in Greece. The government is working for them—the more stupid things it does, the faster the people will rise. If one was to do a survey as to which people were content with the government, I am sure the bulk of the number would be communists. They know that this government is pushing minds over to the left. Right wingers, center union people, conservatives, fascists, nazis, are all either thinking about joining the left or are already there. Greek politics are always paradoxical, but one should not complain because the word "paradox" is itself a Greek invention.

Strangely enough, or perhaps logically enough, many people here think that the United States has been responsible for it all; many say that the colonels would have disappeared if America had not been supporting them all this while. I ask Americans about this and find many of them are just as hazy as to who governs in their country as Greeks are as to how this thing will end.

An ex-Naval officer was kicked out of the service and given a pension of \$50.00 a month (not even enough to pay for his apartment) for having liberal attitudes. I asked him if he thought he would rejoin the Navy eventually. He said yes, and when I asked how he said, "I will take my gun, or a stick, or some rocks and go fight them when the fire breaks out." He added that all the action the regime has taken to oust people from posts is unconstitutional and that he and many others are still legally in the service. He turned to me later and said, "You also will be out in the streets fighting them when it happens." What impressed me was his calm, mathematical certainty.

Visually, life has not changed much in Athens. People still go out, dance, and sit in the cafes. Sometimes we miss the music of Theodorakis; we play it behind tightly shut windows, at low volume, within a circle of close friends. The telephones are tapped, so we are careful on the phone. New acquaintances are dealt with carefully, since one never knows who they will turn out to be.

A middle-aged man one day in the bus screamed at a young girl for indecently exposing her knees as she sat in a dress an inch above her knees. He ranted about today's youth, etc., but all the passengers stared coldly, and a couple of emotional Greeks told him to shut up. It was another case of an idiot who was pushing things too far in the "Christian" direction. He had obviously summoned up the guts to make such a show from the barrage of regime propaganda about respectability and their call for a "Greece of Greek Christians."

In another case, a petty bureaucrat refused to let an Athens University student register for exams because he didn't like the tone of the student's reply to a question. The student could do nothing but wait until the next exam period—months later.

Such misuse of authority turns us off. The old saying is, "You give the Greek one turn, he takes a hundred and revolves himself out of existence." To get a teaching job last year I had to take my fingers and myself to the police to have a file opened on me and my fingertips. I had to sign declarations stating that I deplored the communist party, that I had no communist friends, that I would turn in every red I met, that I believed in the National Ethic, that I recognized the horrors which the communists inflicted upon the country during the Civil War of 1944-46, that I would teach my students to hate the red, etc. I also had to write many papers stating my views on social life and the Revolution. Note that all this bureaucracy did not exist before the 21st of April coup d'etat.

The regime keeps insulting us by saying that Greeks have to be educated first and then they will be allowed to have free parliamentary rule once more. The tragedy here is not the fact that we are underdeveloped people and uneducated. That may be so, we don't mind; we mind having peasants over our head to decide when we finally are educated enough. It is common knowledge here that the Greek Army draws in its ranks the stupid Greeks who cannot make it elsewhere and would starve otherwise. And this includes the colonels. To have them tell us if we are educated or not is a ridiculous and humiliating proposition.

Meanwhile the country is bubbling with young artistic talent, as well as older talent. Poets, painters, sculptors, writers, everywhere and every day more and more and more. High tension that needs expression and blood that needs freedom, but because of censorship the artistic people cannot do their work. They can't publish, can't exhibit, can't even have correspondence with a foreigner without risk. And, because of uptight ideas on the part of publishers abroad, only old writers like Kazantzakis the Seferis are read abroad. The avant-garde literary talent have been left out, and are really suffering. Knowledgeable Greeks read them, but ache to see some people recognized abroad. Occasionally a poet comes up with a poem which is bannable here under the present circumstances and sends it to some little magazine in the

(Continued on Page 12)

NEAR LESVOS

Three seagulls
over the shore of Lesvos
sunset fishing
fish which Sappho
never considered beautiful.

IT'S ALL

speculation
a woman is leaving
the same curve for the body
for years mixed into
midnight, withdrawn
brought back again
some September
when the light is accurate
in the Mediterranean. Makes it
definitely sad
distant, like speculation
coming from her who
is leaving
the same life for my body
for years, mixed into
daylight, when she is accurate
in the Mediterranean. Wants it...

POEM

Ridiculous
the ethic of Greeks
Maria who loves
a sadist
fifteen years older
who will
with other women
the fat cancerous children
whose hair is cut according
to Nazi principles
the doll
in the house
growing pregnant
inanimate, and animal
bleeding women
whose sex is stolen
in the street
at night
by revolutionary colonels
and the useless conversation
about sailboats, bread,
more honey, etc.

ON RETURNING TO ATHENS

Scene: a schizophrenic
beating the life out of
Geraldine: or call it

the in-people occupied
with isolation - your eyes
the sudden shift of water
over the harbor stone

onto anything the mind adores

Aderation

is where the mind lives
insomnia that's gone dead
in which I keep
a perfect diary of the crude
or fine curves of every day: smell
of early winter in July
the painter who signs in blue
and brings sad virgins
out in pink. Euripides
feeling Cretan vases
or thighs like yours
say do and don't
to me - the cat
I love is insignificant

though I have visions
about anything the mind adores.

ON SUMMER

Summer is the role of Woman
in a country, at home
or in the desert: the human situation
discussed by Greeks
from a southern Acropolis
or myth sung by pedestrians
in the rush hour
of flowers for a wedding
Tendency to imagine love as love
for Maria next door: Or beach
in Rhodes where being happy
for us means getting
from one day to the next.
The time it takes
a fast blonde to drive home
after doing it is Christian
sadness at sunset
a woman called Hope
naked, using always
archaic systems of survival.

poems by n. tselepides

Hellas



Poughkeepsie is a small industrial city upstate between Syracuse and Albany, one of the pestholes of Forgotten America that line the state thruway ('Guaranteed Most Monotonous Drive In The Whole World') across the Great Plains from Hudson to Lake Erie. The cardinal rule for all who inhabit such places as Poughkeepsie is this: 'You must Maintain Your Identity At All Times! At All Times! AT ALL TIMES!' You must understand that the people there, the vast majority of the people there, have been so thoroughly exploited and oppressed by their Capitalist enslavers that they are now very stupid and superstitious. When they perceive something which is not easily accommodated by the framework of Normality which the national media has inculcated into them, they become confused and in such a state are easily panicked. This is a Bad Bag. Thus he who looks or behaves in an uncouth fashion is liable to get lynched, or at least railroaded into jail. In spite of this, Fred Buck of Poughkeepsie not only wears a full red beard, but operates a head store right on Main Street called The Magical Mystery Store. Although this might be construed as complicity with capitalist enslavement, Buck and his associate, _____, have both spent time inside the Dutchess County jail for various insignificant violations of the County Code since opening their emporium. It was during a brief stretch in the can a few weeks ago that Buck devised the plan of selling prison shirts to the rebellious youth of the area: simply stenciled 'D.C. Jail' onto a commodity of blue raglin shirts and peddle them for a modest profit in the store. This Buck did after his release, and in so doing panicked the oppressed populace.

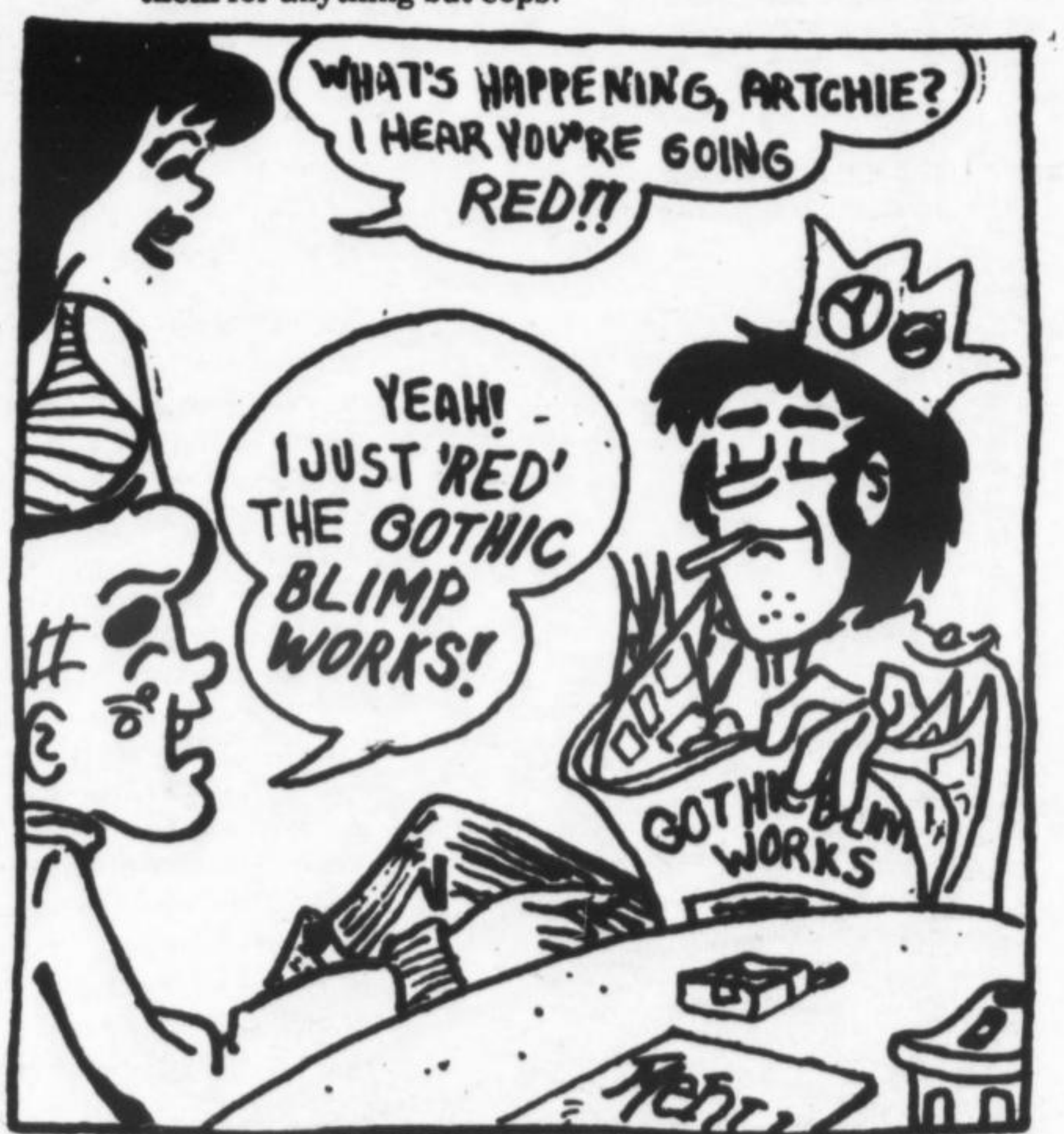
Mark Weisberg, a local youth, was one of the first to buy of Dutchess County Jail shirt. He bought one from Buck a week ago, stepped out to take the air for a spell, and returned to look into the licorice selection after a half hour or so. During the time he was gone, word had gotten around: **some long-haired young unbathed convict was walking the streets of Poughkeepsie!**

Young people don't fit easily into the Readers' Digest Normality Framework, no, but long-haired young people in convict shirts?! Oh, the agony this apparition must have occasioned the placid townfold cannot be estimated. Somebody called the police asking in a tone of great panic when the jail had been busted. The county sherrif did a quick head count of the prisoners, found no one missing, and sent three deputies downtown to investigate.

/Thus it happened that while young Weisberg was investigating the licorice, three policemen came in to investigate his shirt. "You can't dress like that," one of them decided. "It's against the law!"

"What law?" asked _____
The deputy scratched his head. "Gee, I dunno," he admitted.

"But I'm sure enough going to find out!" Two deputies split for a phone booth while one kept an eye on Weisberg. After a bit of haggling, they returned to the Magical Mystery Store and busted the lad on charges of "loitering" and "criminal impersonation." _____here urged Weisberg to remove his shirt, but it was too late. Off he went to the booking parlour. This might be a funny story, except that when Mark Weisberg showed up at the court the next day to answer his charges, he found he was also busted for "resisting arrest." Now, who's Mark got for witnesses? He's got himself, but Upstate Judges are very often suspicious of the word of those with names like "Weisberg." He's got the owners of the Magical Myster Store, but who the hell are they??? And who.s the Dutchess County prosecution got for itself? Why three intrepid police officers, any one of whom could have bruised a shin some time in the last week. There's identity for you! Badges, guns, uniforms--no mistaking them for anything but cops.



THE STREETS BELONG TO WHICH PEOPLE ?

by Nat Goldhaber

In a community the streets belong to all the people.

Cooper Square and St. Marks Place are a sort of funnel into the Lower East Side. It's the one area where the entire community meets. If we are in fact a community.

TAKE ONE: Down West 8th Street, a carnival behind glass; and suddenly in the path four husky kids and, "Got any change to spare?" No. And the two chicks on the wall next to Bookmasters: "Got any change to..." and the wino at the BMT, "jes carfare..." and one of the kids at the cube at Cooper Square rising from his seat long before you can dodge, and then St. Marks Place, the street of dreams, and some scary, sneering speed freak walks you down the street mumbling, "Aw c'mon..." And that night you dream of India: The cripples, the starving, the lepers and even the blind chasing you down the street howling for alms.

TAKE TWO: Hanging around the gramophone for three hours, making occasional hits at friends and hip-looking cats and you're about an hour hungrier than you want to be, so you maybe stand up and here comes the straights, tripping out in clothes, with packages so big the tax could pay for a meal and a half a tab, and you try to catch someone's eye because that is an almost sure touch, but the straights are too hip that way, march by like battalions, forget the ones hugging the curb, here comes a dude with two rings and an ascot, "Do you have any spare change?", and the dude turns in mid-stride and holds his arms out and says, "Sorry, man, all tapped out," and you can see fillings in every tooth of his smile, and you step out in front of the next one, it's a chick and she swerves like you attacked her, and later you have enough so that you and Brother and Ginger can get some shit to eat.

In a community the streets belong to the people. But the vibes aren't always good between people and this last year they've been a little worse.

The neighborhood has always had panhandlers, and some colorful ones. Three years ago there was a short chick in her mid twenties who had a knack for showing up in the middle of your trips dressed in middy blouse and knickers, and saying in a small Oliver Twist voice, "Oh sir, have you any money for a poor girl in distress," and looking like a nine year old Dickensian spectre. The next day you could see her walking her poodle and wearing a mini-skirt on Avenue B. But we always gave. She was like a priestess, changing form, appearing in and out of our trips in different guises, implying our own disguises. She was fun.

The scene was different then, smaller and more open. The media was just discovering the neighborhood and the runaways were just starting to trickle in. The outdoor center of the neighborhood was Tompkins Square. St. Mark's place was where the tourists and the teeny boppers hung out.

There were twice as many panhandlers at the Psychedelicatessen on Avenue A, as there are now at the

Gem Spa. They roamed Tompkins Aquare Park, getting change off the tourists who came to see the newly budded flower children. The runaways lived with the hippies and the hippies lived with their working friends, or everyone took turns. Not 100 percent. Never 100 percent. But enough. The vibes were better. It was the winter and spring of love and everyone was trying to help. Everyone was trying to be nice and since everyone was trying the return was high.

But then there was a sense of community to hold it all together. Even after the natural evolution of the hippies and the other cultures (black, Puerto Rican, Ukranian) was impeded by the media and the police (but that is a whole other story), the relationship of the longhairs to the runaway kids coming in remained good for some time.

The panhandlers were a cross between wandering monks and highway robbers. After a while there were too many to know them all. Some dressed well, but the clothing might have been the ones they ran away in weeks before. It didn't matter much. The trip was not in the change, in the coin. The change was a manifestation of the trip. The trip was that we needed each other in a great many ways, some of them financial, and as a community of drop-outs we had nothing to protect.

The kids continued to come and the scene switched from Tompkins Park with its circular walks and grass and trees and music to the linear straightline glass and cement thoroughfare of St. Marks Place. The first tourist buses came down the street and we emulated our brothers in the Haight by holding up mirrors to them as they passed. The time had changed and the vibes with it. The cops congregated at the corner of 2nd and 3rd avenues like bookends. And still the influ continued - the kids poorer and poorer, treated worse, speed freaked or bikered and having to be tougher, I suspect, than most of them want to be or thought they would have to be, trapped surprizingly enough in a class structure, suddenly not acceptable to the rest of the neighborhood -- a rabble.

The kids were not the only influx during those years. The other large group was the working liberal-radical types (can you work and still be radical? Meet some hip teachers, lawyers, doctors, carpenters and movers, rock groups, film makers, artists, poets, yes newspaperman) and the usual group of trend followers, wanting to get the cheaper rents, and to be part of the hip life style, and to get the good vibrations, really a similar deal to that of the runaways but not identical.

The two life styles never had a chance to meet. Most of the people who get panhandled never meet any of the panhandlers socially. The worlds have come close and perhaps brushed each other and bounced off. Within the arena of people who are reading this now, and who consider themselves to be part of a revolution of consciousness and life style, are people, whole bunches, who have not and probably will not meet in an intimate

way if they lived side by side for years, as some already have.

"The feeling was different when I was a panhandler," says a Cooper Union employee. "We were friendlier. Just a month ago I was coming up out of the subway, dressed up for work, and these two cats, one black, one white ask me for change and I say no, cause I'm asked a million times a day, and sometimes I'm just as stubborn and want to say no. Well, they come up behind me and I feel a hand on my shoulder, and someone says, 'Gimmee your money,' but I pull away and say 'No,' and they follow me all the way to the door, laughing."

Patita, a member of the Krishna Consciousness group, says that he could be considered a panhandler but in a different way. "They are out to satisfy their senses. We are out to satisfy god's senses." When he is panhandled off he gives out the group's card with the Hare Krishna mantra and the meeting place written on it. "You want change," he says. "Here this will change your life."

Margie, who works and is a friend, says that she's tired of the pseudo-hippies in the neighborhood. Does she mean the uptown types, I wonder out loud. No, she means the panhandlers. Why? "Because they don't let you look them in the eye like a human being without asking for money."

Artie, who panhandles and is a friend, says that the working liberals in the neighborhood have forgotten what the trip is, that they might even be jealous of the kids who don't work, and resentful over their own guilt. Apparently many of the ones who say no are guilty and are upset about being guilty, because they know they can afford a dime.

Steven, a carpenter who lives on the street, says that if everyone gave a nickle each time they were asked it might not add up to a quarter a day.

Raymond, of the Underground Uplift Unlimited, doesn't mind panhandlers. "Most of them are trying to score acid," he says. "They can always get food and speed." He's panhandled, too. "Even though I have a job. Sometimes for a movie, one time for a piano. We didn't get the piano but we made \$20 in four hours spread over three day. Two of us working together. It's better on the West Side."

Patita agrees. "More money on the West Side," he says. "More people."

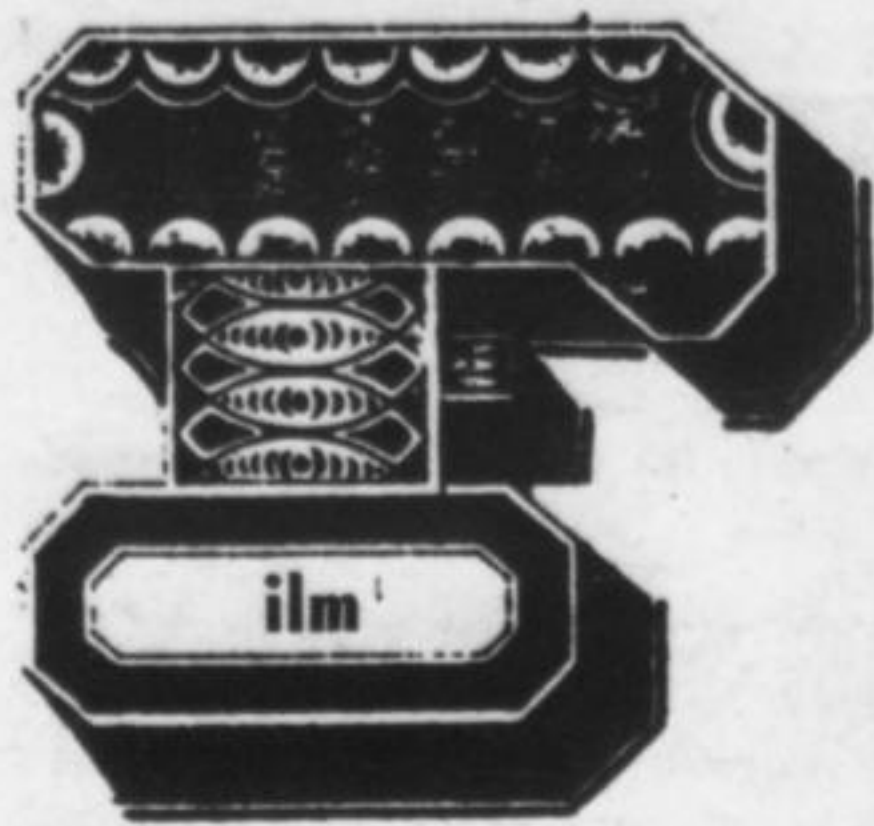
Carol, who owns a small head shop further east used to earn \$30 a day years ago panhandling uptown and teamed up with a fellow who played her husband. "If you want the money, she says, "it's better out of the East Side."

"Shit, I'm no panhandler," Linus says. "If I wanted to really panhandle I'd go west and work at it for a few hours. I only do that for fun, like to get out of the

(Continued on Page 12)



photo by Raeanne Rubinstein



**SECOND RAP:
FRANK GILLETTE
AND
IRA SCHNEIDER**

by Jud Yalkut

Frank Gillette, a former painter, and Ira Schneider, a former filmmaker, are now both actively engaged in creative television. Their television mural WIPE CYCLE was the entrance piece to the TV AS A CREATIVE MEDIUM show at the Howard Wise Gallery which finished the middle of June. They have been continuing their TV and videotape work with the use of delay and feedback systems and are presently working on an exhaustive book, surveying the possibilities and applications of television for creative communication. Here is the second rap with them on the future of Television Art.

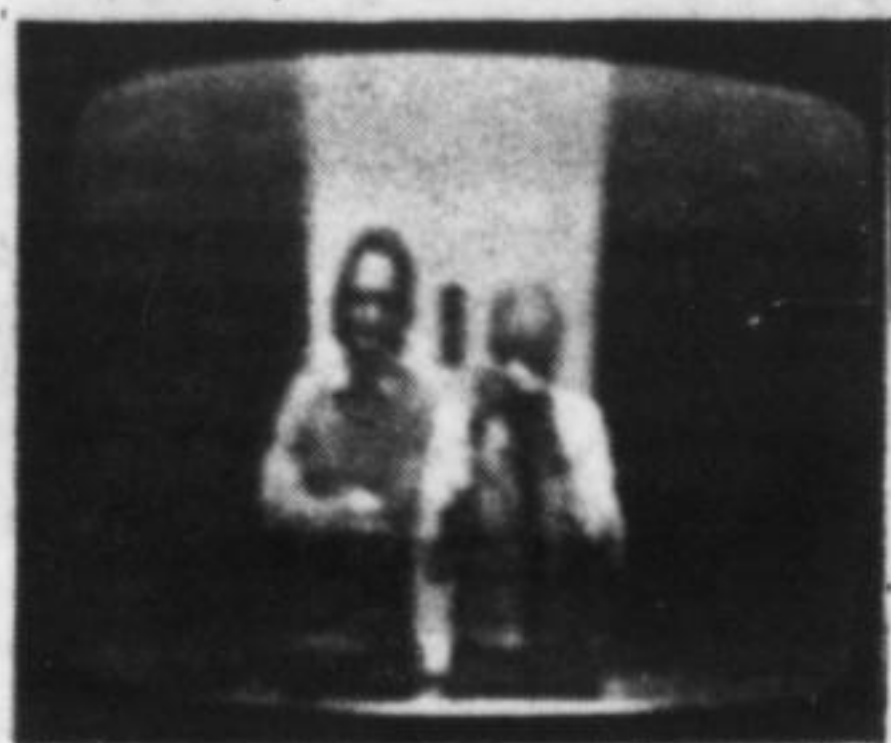
JUD: What possibilities do you see for the integration of abstract television effects and electronic distorting devices, such as Nam June Paik uses, in your TV work?

FRANK: I'm not as much interested in my work in pure abstraction as with the potential of TV for collage abstraction, that is to say, the taking of real elements which read as real—or live on videotape—and juxtaposing them in abstract formulas to create a "living" abstraction. People see videotape and what they read in their skulls is "real"—it seems live, and has an unstored quality—like the live immediacy of even Walter Cronkite on the 7 o'clock news. I see television as a potential for using that "live" effect via abstraction, as a vehicle for an abstract statement from another angle, but I see it as no less than that.

IRA: I would add that the notion of abstraction also includes the notion of the abstraction of information, and the juxtaposition of information, which can be further spaced out by the integration of distortion circuitry effects. But basically, I think we look for a point, from which to take off, for abstraction at a level of content, or of information, and then into something like notions of successive auras, which, by the way, come up on videotape once in a while. I won't say it's an aura, but there's electromagnetic interference of different kinds that enters into videotaping. Somehow it's picking up vibes.

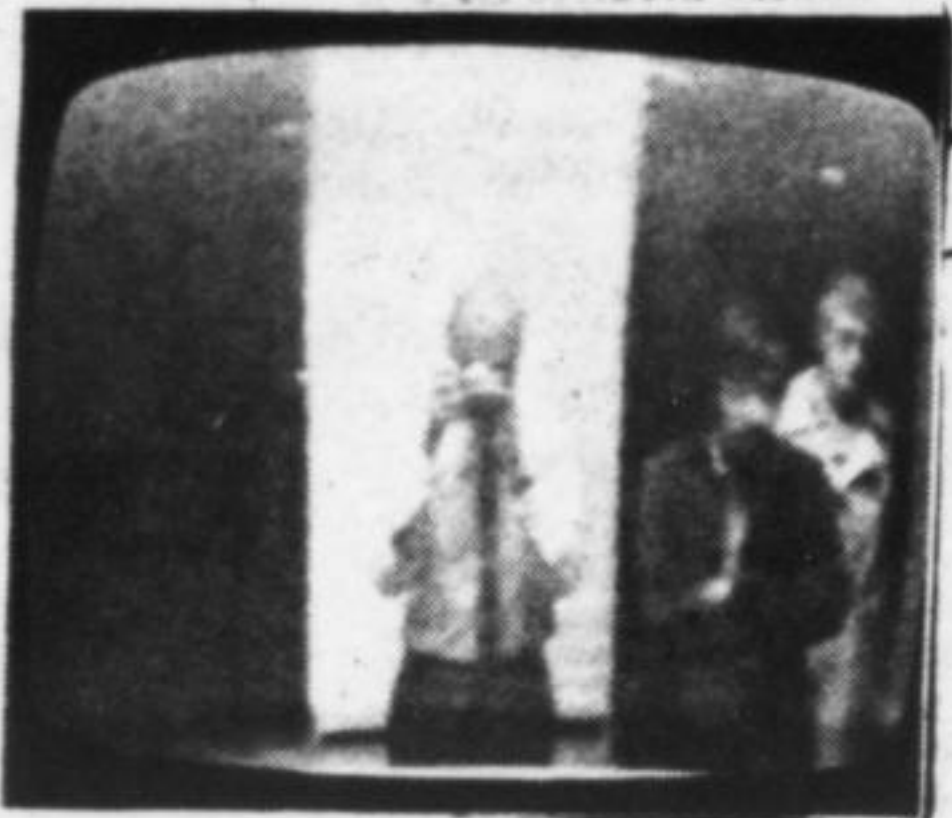
FRANK: A videotape freak argued that the image on his viewfinder in a portable camera had been bettered by him feeding the camera good vibes.

IRA: In fact, we looked through it and it seemed that he was right. It was better.



FRANK: It was certainly the best viewfinder image I've ever seen in a videotape camera, and his claim was that he broke the camera in by sending it good vibes, by loving it, by psyching out the media and changing the image. An ideology can be built for better electronics through metaphysics.

To demonstrate the poignancy of tape, people have seen themselves feedback on film and feedback on tape, and invariably they say that tape is a much more eerie experience, particularly the initial witnessing; the first time you see yourself back on tape, it's the first genuine view from the outside of what the inside is like. A mirror is like an extension of the inside because you have to keep your eyes focused on it, and you're always looking at your eyes focused into a mirror. But with tape, you see yourself in every gesture, your kinetics are revealed; it's all suddenly outside; and it's the first time you've ever met that outside. Videotape sends a quality of the whole, and it's that poignant sense of the real whole that gives it strength. It sends a volume and tactility—a sense of touch, the texture of the volume.

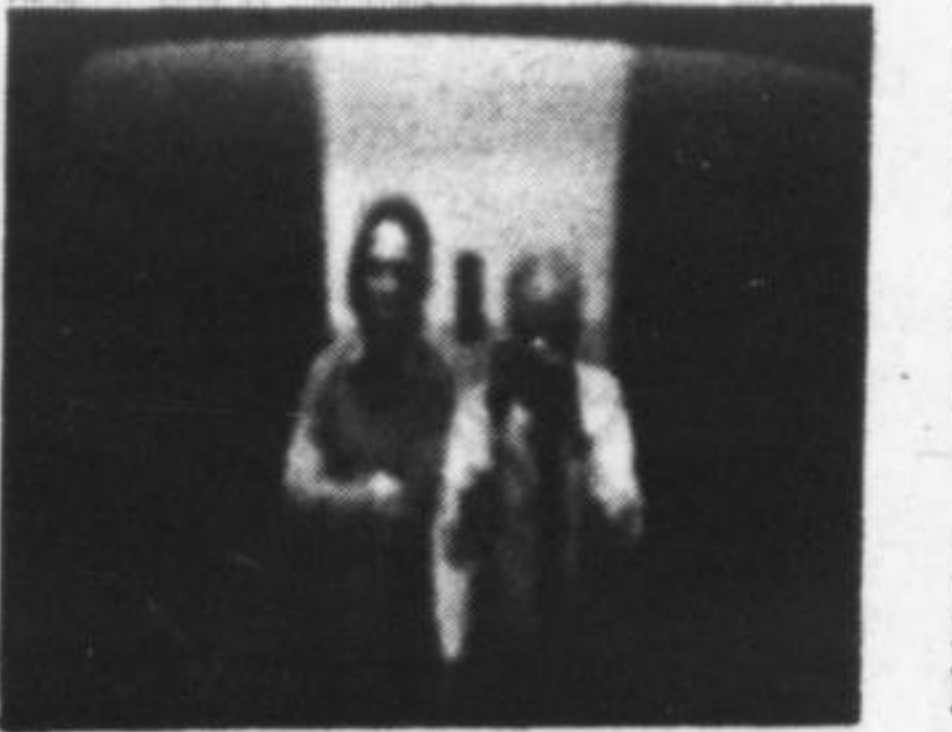


IRA: In film I always get the feeling that my image is in a two-dimensional space; somehow I don't relate it to myself immediately. Whereas, in videotape, I tend to see my movements and my behaviors, the way I carry myself, much more vividly. I haven't felt any satisfactory definition of the differences in systems; I think it will continue to evolve.

FRANK: Film imitated theater, videotape imitates film; it's just beginning to develop. It's like the first automobile with the engine in the front, because that's where the horse was.

IRA: Or like the television media's news presentation coming off of a concept of "sound" news—as per radio.

FRANK: Or attempting to distribute TV's as they once



distributed radios. Well, that's ignoring the potential of the system. The mentality that went into the distribution of the TV system is remarkably low—it was surrendered over to marketing. Television from its inception, with the slightest adaptations, had the potential of doing what it's doing now in terms of its flexibility and availability of access. Some CATV (Cable) stations are delivering nothing but commercials—they're total marketing experiments. How to market your product more efficiently; show them pictures of it with singsong, and send a program along with that to which they get narcotically addicted and sell soap; it's a potpourri of ailments being solved. That's what TV is about now.

JUD: Korzybski talked about plants being chemically binding, animals adding space-binding, and man time-binding; the fact that we can look at and interpret artifacts by an Egyptian.



FRANK: Yes, we are complex modes of all sorts of messages and signals, and one of these defines endurance. What videotape does is to dip into that; you can demonstrate an individual's sense of his own past with tape much clearer than anything I can think of, unless you add the even further dimensionality of holography where you can further articulate the three-dimensionality of the image. You can qualify it by getting a better space understanding of it but you can't anymore qualify it in terms of your temporal understanding of the tape. The delay system that we had in WIPE CYCLE is only an embryonic form of this. You can establish an entire environment where you're constantly tracking yourself every two seconds—at two second intervals every point going back ad infinitum is somewhere being fed back to you.

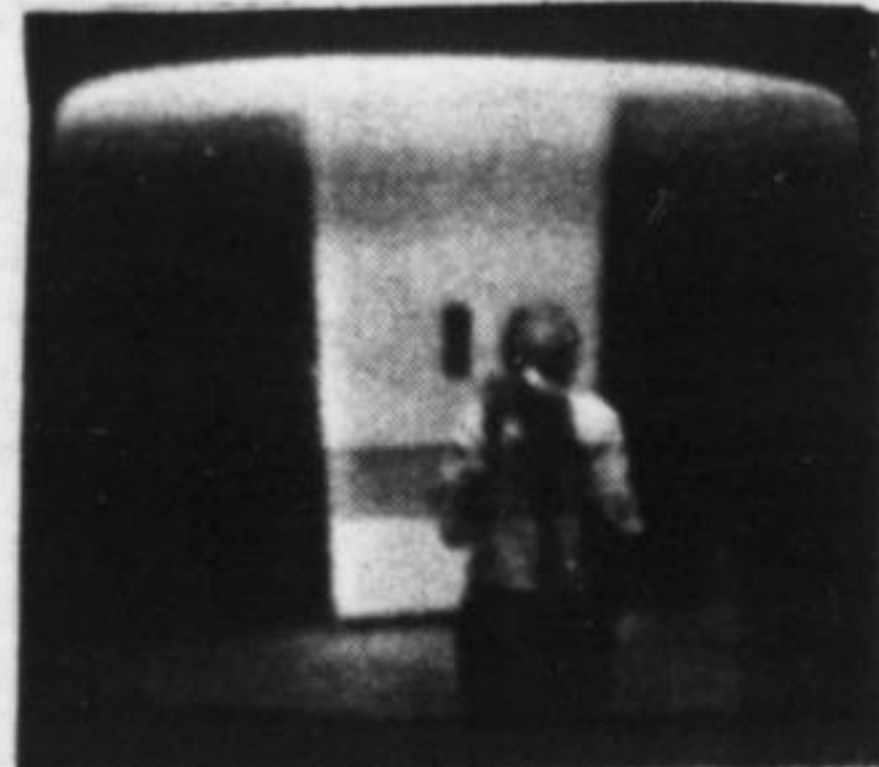
IRA: A delayed strobe.



FRANK: Only it's an informational strobe, not merely a light strobe. Which is one of the ideas that freaks me out and which I'd like to do. In other words, how many generations of self-feedback can you keep track of without totally losing the sense of yourself; literally, through electronic techniques, setting yourself up outside of your body. You don't have to sell the Hindu trip anymore, you sell the television set.

I foresee in the future that it'll be largely a matter of how much information you hold—information replaces capital in

the economy. That cultural switchoff is not that far away. The revolution in America is not going to result from the clash of political ideologies; it's going to result from the saturation of information and the modes of information dissemination being entirely different, and at that point you'll have the American Revolution; and the only violence will be done to its own history, or its own sense of history.



IRA: Media violence, that's all.

FRANK: Paik is the George Washington of the movement, which has yet to encounter its Warren G. Harding.

The name of the game in this number—the entire videotape media number—is being in the position of out-thinking yourself, constantly expanding parameters, dropping previous boundaries, instituting new boundaries; it's constant reorientation because the volume of the information is so incredibly high, and the exhaustion and obsolescence with which the media information is used is a very high rate. So you're constantly faced with the situation that if you're holding an idea for longer than "x" period amount of time, two weeks perhaps, the idea is incorporated into the space and is obsolete. So the ideas have to be constantly generated in terms of always out-thinking the ideas that were previously generated—it's a spiraling process, leading to who knows where, and it's a direct result of the electronic



process. It's like electronic foreplay—you can record and know what the cat on the other side of the world is thinking about as fast as you can know what you're thinking about; practically speaking it's about the same speed. And that changes the nature of the way information interacts and the way people take advantage of information.

IRA: Frank, I think, is in charge of generating vocabulary.

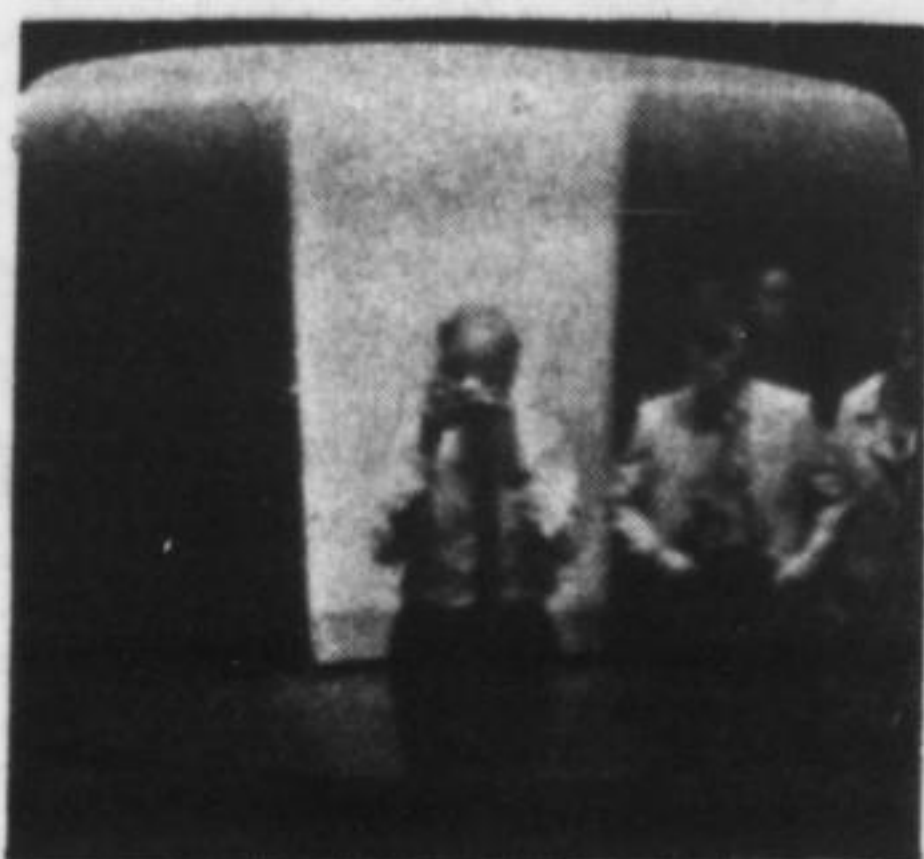
JUD: Is there a formal structure to your corporation—INFORMATION STRUCTURES?

IRA: We're not sure whether there is—the four of us are directors.

FRANK: Ira is the treasurer, John Reilly is chairman of the board, Paul Ryan is the secretary and I'm the president.

IRA: And these rotate every three months.

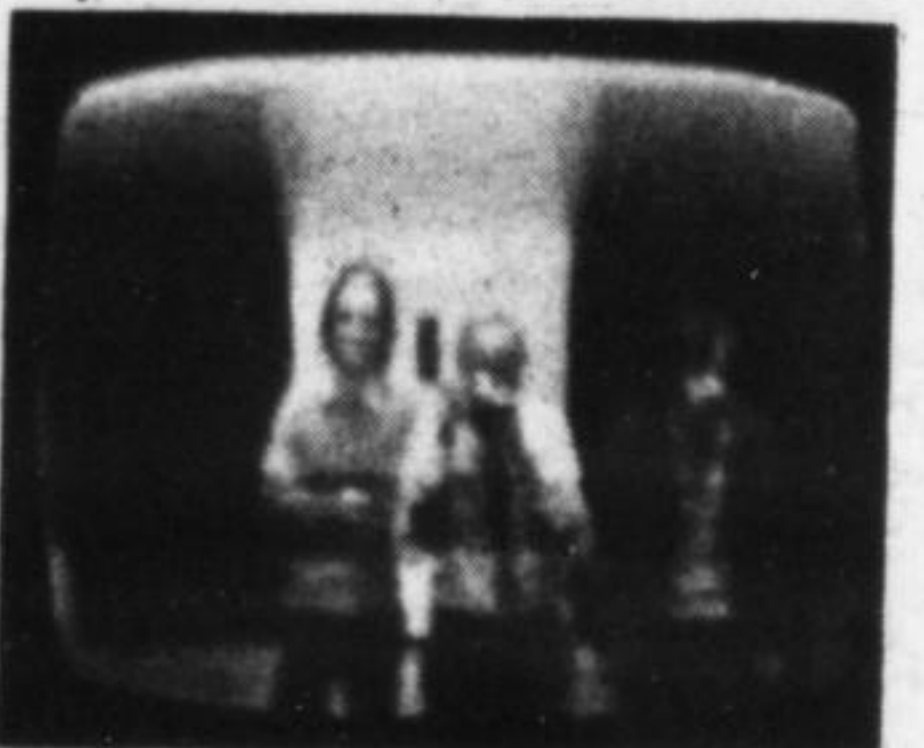
FRANK: They were chosen arbitrarily by lot, and the lots



were drawn on videotape boxes—in keeping with the ritual.

JUD: What's your feeling about the televising of the moon landing?

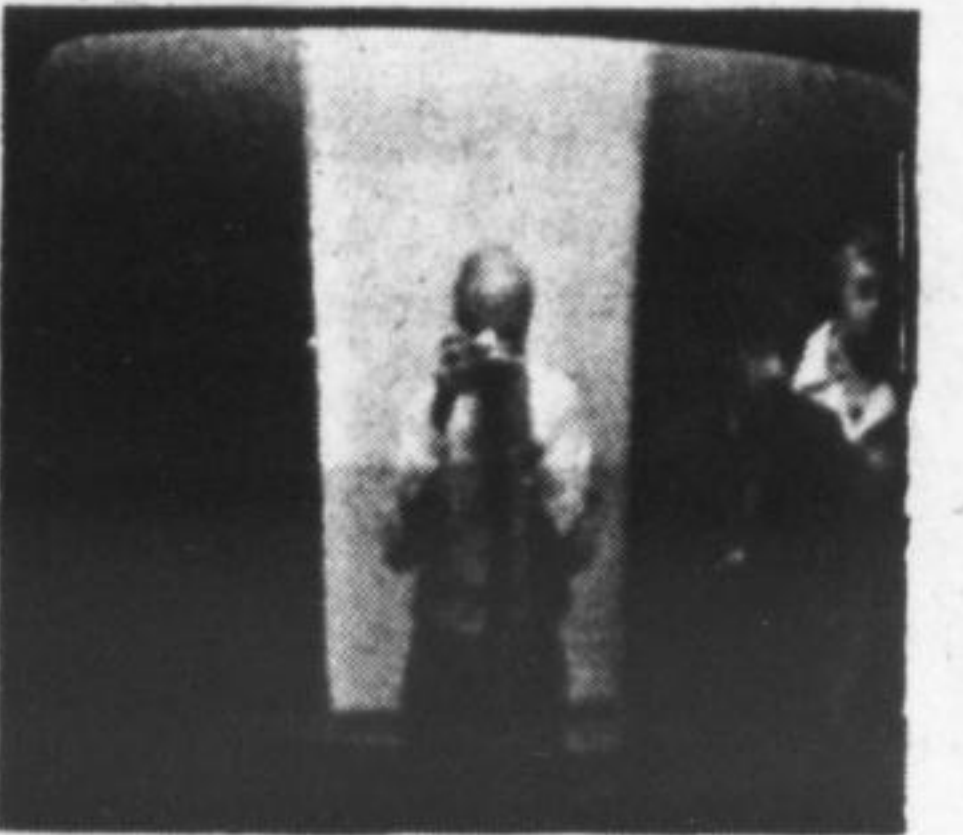
FRANK: The idea that everyone who has a television receiver will be capable of seeing the first step on the moon is a gigantic, universal confirmation of experience. Columbus didn't have that luxury. The entire world is with him literally, he's having his experience confirmed like nobody else has had their experience confirmed before—he's going to be stoned, just by mere vibration feedback his experience will be confirmed. Like the first motherfucker who hit the North Pole, or Mount Everest, he says oh shit, this is his thing that he's doing, he's all alone by himself, he's got to come back and rap about it.



IRA: These guys don't have to hold it in. They can rap while it's happening. But I wish it didn't sound like a football game.

FRANK: One of the environmental TV projects we're in the process of designing for "X", is a complete system in which the room would be the experienced core of the television environment, with one wall which would entail color. A third of the system would be direct color tape, and two thirds of the system would be black and white adapted to color through the use of filters and so on, and the elements would be around 18 monitors and a videotape projection system, using retrieval, delay units, projection mechanisms for mating one image over another image (where you get 3 or 4 overlays).

IRA: Let's say, integration of the live audience onto pretaped material.



FRANK: It would probably use six cameras, some rotating, some stationary, and all serving the different functions of throwing the witness to the experience into the feedback of the experience. What INFORMATION STRUCTURES is doing is trying to deal with more than merely putting

(Continued on Page 13)



by Lita Eliseu

MORE is an extraordinarily beautiful film, intelligent and possessing even rarer grace. That word, "beautiful" is used to cover so many situations, art works and descriptions that the word has lost its original specialness, luster. Superlatives and other compliments should be handed out with more care, with the taste and accuracy of the film, in fact.

The story is quite simple: a boy finds a girl, falls in love, and is taken on a trip, a predetermined roller coaster ride on heroin, in which his world slowly drops away from him, leaving him falsely high when he is really descended into the Ninth Circle and past it. Not really a roller coaster; there is none of the insane, stomach-costing plunges or sharp rebounds. He just keeps falling more in love and becomes addicted to both heroin and, pardon the light pun, heroine. His name is Stefan (Klaus Grunberg) and he follows Estelle (Mimsy Parker) to Ibiza, that lovely island composed of white light and dark shadows, and the film uses this physical motif as analogy to the inherent structure. The whole rhythm is carefully balanced, orchestrated as any harmonic whole, a careful counterpoint of moments in the merciless omnivorous sun and the lazy, crazy moonbeam shadows where nothing truly is as it seems. The motif follows in the characterizations as well, Stefan being a quite dominant young male and Estelle the lunatic moon, unable to live without the sun, yet causing tides to rise and destroy, men to become werewolves.

The edges of passion are barely hinted at: Stefan rips off her panties or bites down on her neck when making love, requiring violence to replace the completeness of death, but this kind of intensity is replaced by a much more vicious apathy as all attention is spent on getting some heroin and the two lovers only talk to each other in order to get a fix. There is almost no interior monolog, just a couple of sentences all told. Opening shot: Stefan standing in the rain, hitching to Paris, and his voice comes over, "I wanted to find new experiences."

...I have made the film seem more lyrical and romantic than it is; it occasions this and effects it in the viewer but is itself as spare and unconditional as a Matisse pen sketch, each line standing for hundreds of tiny flesh folds and time-age wrinkles, simply blocking out the drama itself and allowing the individual to respond as he feels the desire or need. Which is the subject of the film, Stefan discovering that there are certain things to be desired, such as Estelle, and certain others which are needed, and frighteningly so.

It is an intelligent film as noted before, but is saved from negative intellectualism it does

not try to gain an 'objective' and abstracted perspective—because at every moment the filmmaker's eye has taken into account the incredible interplay of surface and depth, using the irony of the setting and the situation with rare compassion, and it is obvious that he has been there, too, before. Too many of the lines the two speak have been overheard, somewhere, like O'Hara dialogue. Estelle and Stefan become more and more honest with each other, Estelle revealing her increasingly complex nature, Stefan becoming more obsessed with the preoccupations he had at the very beginning of the film: gaining new experiences and falling more deeply in love; the early sequences include one of the few other spoken statements, that the moment he saw Estelle whose name he did not know, he fell completely in love, for that is the way he is. She just goes on as she is, has been and will be, only we learn about her at the same pace as Stefan, little mysteries solved slowly, unsurely, until the cover is pulled back to reveal a total enigma, this girl who lives for death-in-life, the non-existence and floating irresponsibility of heroin.



The physical movement of the film itself is also a joy; the love of objects for their own shape is held in control, like Losey. The camera bounds after the two lovers as they skip over the large gray rocks down to the sparkling sea, but freezes and simply watches as they kick at each other like wet cats when they are both in need of a fix. Pans and holds again as Stefan, unknown to the two on the bed, watches Estelle and her girlfriend Cathy play with each other under the mosquito netting, fondling and teasing, brushing nipples, necks and hair curls with light fingers while Cathy asks for some "horse." Stefan and we both play voyeur, unable not to watch and listen, uncomprehending but sure we understand anyway. When he first visits Estelle in her room, he comes to bring her money his friend stole out of her purse. She answers the door, half-asleep, whispers slowly, "I wish you had called before coming," opens the door. Mimicking the lack of reflection on either of their parts, the camera next finds them on her bed, Stefan lying tense and eager, Estelle enjoying her sparkling passivity.

And so on, an inexorable course, seen in hindsight, but never particularly obvious—like life—in the myopia of forward action. The characterizations are quite accurate. Stefan is German and acts the part of young Aryan; ripping off panties during lovemaking; using one night of sex as justification for calling her a whore for sleeping with anyone else when she obviously like him; feeling free to slap her, secure in some awareness that she likes it, likes him to be the uncompromising bull calf. The dialogue in crowd scenes, at parties and in hangouts, is extremely accurate, reflecting the fact that Europe gets American slang one year late, as French and German kids run around saying "Ghrouvy, mahn, come ovair later to my pahd." Naturally, everyone drinks cokes rather than local good wine, and smokes hash instead of pot.

Barbet Shroder has made a film which has a sparse simpleness about it, a beautifully visual story line, all comment made on-the-run, with no overbearing morality or heavyhanded insistence on obvious deductions and analogies. This is a film quite European in its acceptance of life as something to be lived

and the rest of the definition is up to the individual.

More will open at The Plaza, 58th off Fifth, August 4th, Monday.

Procol Harum is such a pleasure to listen to that rich sound of strings coming from everywhere, the piano, electric organ and guitars, with only the insistent, repetitive drumming as anchor. Gary Brooker's voice live is even better than recorded, and the Wednesday night concert at the Shaeffer series in the Park was a joy, in spite of some really strange amplification which altered everything for the first half of their performance. The first number was a matter of getting together, strong piano and nice vocal, the guitars sort of picking around and taking their time working out any lines at all, the organ filling in with some strangely romantic medieval sounds, single notes held long and sweetly, given electronic amplification and sounding rather like a zither in high gear.

Brooker's voice is always the high point for me, and the live "Salty Dog" held all the sweetness and light that the LP

version so nicely conveys, but the intensity was even more strongly apparent, a slightly rusty voice which seems to be straining and holds each of those strained notes forever, so you know it wasn't an accident. Barrie Wilson's drumming is all right but without sparkle, a competent, steady beat, no fireworks, nothing unexpected.

The best number of the evening was "The Devil Came From Kansas," the lyrics mature Procol Harum and the arrangement meshing so easily that there was not even the inclination to pick out individual instruments, only pleasure at the full sound, all parts blending together to make music.

Unlike many groups, PH do not concentrate on straight sex, lead guitarist Robin Trower accomplishing a fairly exciting one-step in straight rhythm, one leg going up-down while his body rocked a little, the muscles showing under his pants. The songs are quite articulate however, requiring attention to the lyrics—which precludes simple screams in time to the screams on stage—and deal with various complexities, all stated abstractly and on a grand scale.

straight bubble gum only capable of "Expressway to My Heart" and other hummable items. This is straight funk-rock out of the 50's but with much better guitar work, noticeably on the tracks produced in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, "We Got A Job To Do" for example, on the second side which for some reason is much superior to the Muzak-kin of side 1. I am told by a reliable source that the group is even better live, really good dance rock—and how long has it been, oh concert audiences—and as of writing this am hoping to catch them at Action House this weekend.

The Anthology of British Blues (Imperial LP 1234) is great and should be bought for the experience of Jo-Ann Kelly who soon enough will be everywhere, just been signed by Imperial to cut some albums of her own. But here, within the company of Tony McPhee, Dave Kelly, Andy Fernbach and others, she just shines, a really fine blues singer (singers are either good or fine, the latter generally reserved for blues singers) who may remind you of Ellen Macklewaite of Fear Itself, that low belting rumble, all woman, in a growl. "Me and the Devil" as arranged by Tony McPhee, Dave Kelly doing "Arkansas Woman," and other cuts all prove white blues do exist and have a right to hold up under all this ethnic stuff everyone always hands out, the argument beginning to have the relevancy of circumcision. If it pleases you, say it's a religious hang-up, otherwise accept the half-inch less depth and move around more.

A few words about Tommy. Thank you to The Who, Sonny Boy Williamson and Meher Baba for making us what we are today—a little wiser at best, a little happier at least, and certainly musically richer anyway you look at it. The libretto is amazing. One could discuss Tommy, or Tommy, but it's such a giggle remembering the different sensations the 1st, 2nd, 6th time played, it's hard to decide which time is worth writing about. And let us not destroy happiness by dissection in print, Tommy is on Decca, DXSW 7205.

Farewell Aldebaran, that lovely star, has lots of slicky numbers on it, maybe even a few bubble gum nominations, but all beautifully produced and starring Judy Henske, Jerry Yester. I like "Snow Blind" because Henske's voice is just so great every time she swoops down on that refrain, "Love is nasty, love is so blind. Love will make us all go Snooooohw Bliiind." On Straight STS 1052. The album specializes in sophisticated lyrics, lots of double-entendre musically as well. I find I played it for a while until I learned the songs, then stopped, am now starting in again. Hmmm.

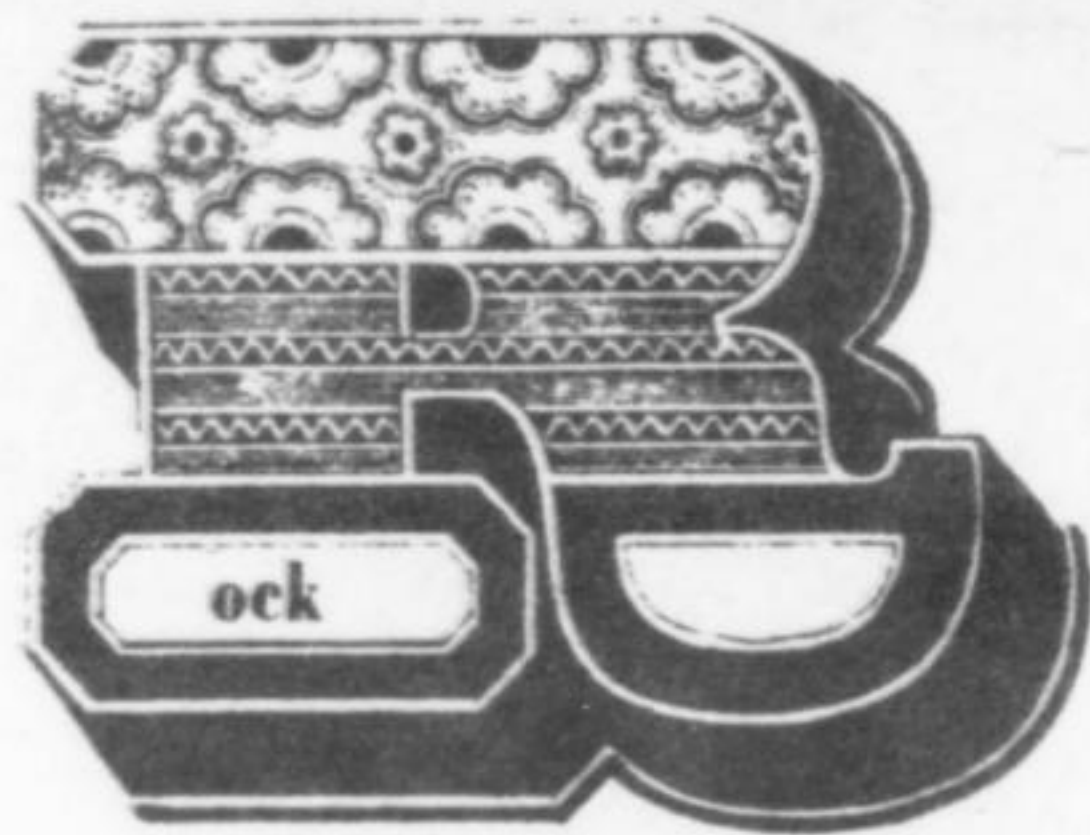
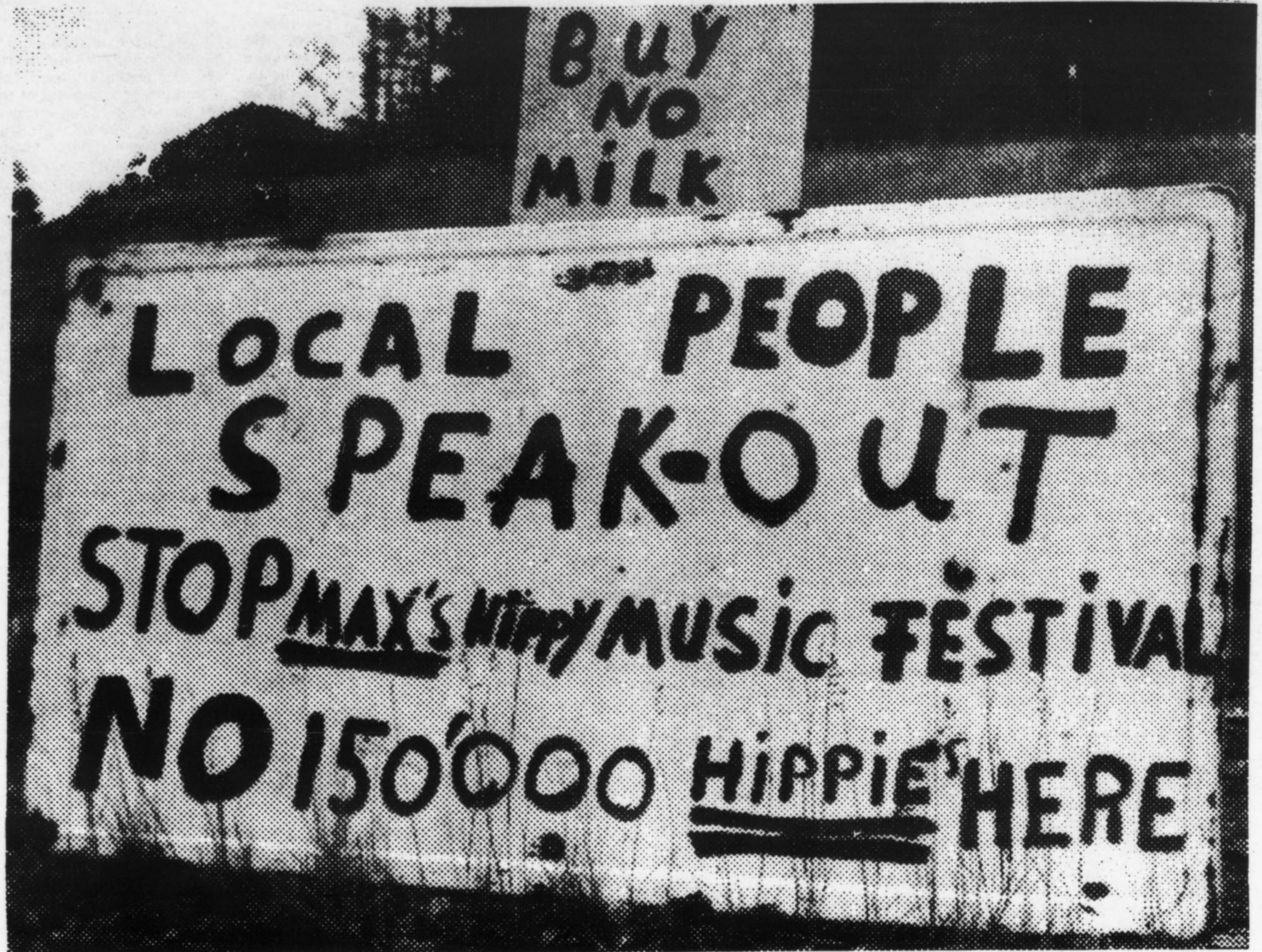
SERVICES, NOTICES AND SUCH:

Singer Bowl: Folk Festival, Saturday, Aug., 16, 8:30 PM, including Tim Hardin, Ian & Sylvia, Tom Paxton, Pentangle, Incredible String Band, Odetta. Tickets are \$1.50, 2.50, 3.50.

It is hard to find a better buy for your money.

(Continued on Page 18)

Dick Cavett Show , Ch 7: JEFFERSON AIRPLANE !! 'ONI MITCHELL !! JIMI HENDRIX !! Aug 19 Tues, 10 pm

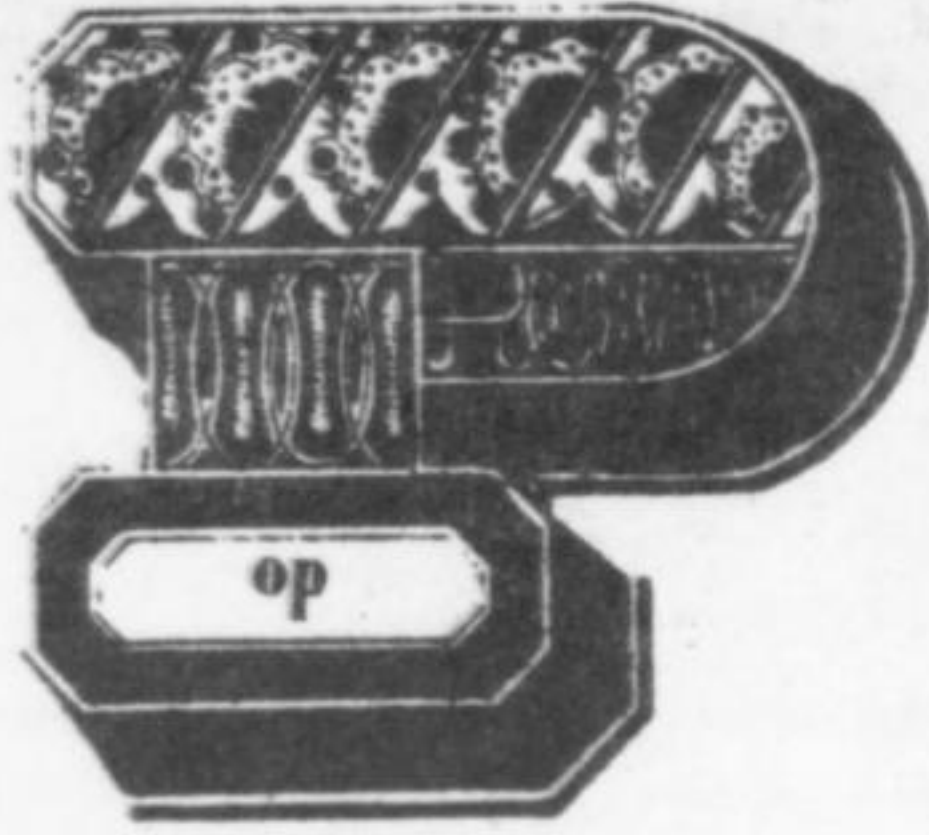


How A Small Town Stymied A Revolution

by J.P. Tepper

One example of the many premeditated attempts made to thwart rock music would have to be the plight of the Woodstock Music and Arts Fair. This festival, scheduled for August 15th - 17th was labeled a beautiful event, maybe the loveliest happening to come along in years. The festival was to offer not only the best and probably the hardest in rock entertainment but in addition, free camping grounds, sanitation facilities and food and art concessions and expositions. Yet, the people of the Wallkill area, some forty miles from Woodstock itself, objected violently to this festival and to all of the offerings of land and facilities.

From the small businessman's and landowner's point of view, their plight may be justified. Their desire to protect their almost sacred woods from the herds of alleged derelict youths from the grimy city is a classic example of a down on the farm community control. It seems almost silly, why a county such as that of Orange County, should refuse a festival of fifty thousand people when each year the Orange County Fair entertains almost double that figure. The justification for this fact was noted in a statement from a local inhabitant when he stated, "The people who go to the Fair are all from around this vicinity.-- Their fear of the city and the culture it represents, is evident in the sheltered thought harbored by many of these people who believed that the hippies would invade the countryside, drink and take dope and molest their children. I guess these thoughts are true of any rural society and the people of Orange County are no more at fault than any of your other "hick" type people. Their fear, was so great that one citizen of the area predicted a 100 percent increase in crime over this three day weekend. In such a rural area where crime is at a premium (it being non-existent) such an increase would be quite tragic. (Continued on Page 12)



by David Walley

"And now we bring you a word..."

Remember radio? You know, that thing you used to turn on when you wanted to ball your old lady and needed some noise to shut out the more obvious noises in the park, or at the drive-in? Remember waking up to Herb Oscar Anderson on WABC with "Hello again..." saccharine sweet tones, or remember John Gambling (Sr. or Jr.) to see if your school closed on snowy days? All right, does anyone remember the Ernie Kovacs show and his EEFMS (Early Eyeballs Fridays Marching Society)...now that was like getting socked in the nose, exactly the ticket in radio, something to make you listen. So that's about where AM radio was at--news, information, the normal nonsense...And then everyone went FM and that's when it all happened.

A long time ago, before many of us had reached our majority, FM was synonymous with imagination, or if not that, at least exclusivity. The people who had FM radios demanded more from a radio station than time

checks, emasculated AP news spats, and advertisements on everything from pimple cream to pills for piles...and they got it. FM was a quiet haven for classical music buffs. Something more was required and that thing was money.

In the mid 60's rock and roll made the scene on FM radio (that's where the money is, said those crafty motivational research people). First WOR-FM, then WNEW-FM after the former decided to revert to selling detergents to sink-chained housewives, and finally WABDC-FM. Here was a real chance to listen, free radio with no 3 min. 30 second time limit, no censorship of words like "Christ" or "Jesus," no vigilante mentality. There was even a hope of a little musical experimentation coupled with a genuine desire to play some unconventional music, even outrageous music...that was too much to expect...The only thing which seems to have happened is that AM mentality invaded FM sensibility.

What did happen on FM was not one hell of a lot, sterile-city New York style. In New York, AM or FM rock radio is the same crap, no one gets to hear anything fresh and new, not before 3/4 of the rest of the country had heard it first. Even original New York groups are farmed out to Miami or Boston or Connecticut before they are even played here. Nothing but the tried and true formula, New York is consumption (consumptive?) city where no one hears artists, one hears the charts (top 40 albums or singles). One hears

the magic formula and not much else. Listen to the D.J. patter, they just read the charts (after graduating from the Bruce Morrow shouting school).

There are some exceptions in the D.J. world, there is one rather sardonic individual who somehow manages to get away with breaking the iron-clad rule of mediocrity...John Zackerley is that sinister force in ugly radio. (Remember his horror show spectacular when he used rotten old mummy movies as a medium for his own wit on Channel 9 a few years ago?) WNEW is fortunate to have him around for just the same reasons that television was...he saved it from mindless oblivion. Old Zack uses the system of ugly FM rock against itself, hell he even makes fun of the commercials. (I suspect that if he had his own show and the freedom to play what he wanted, you might hear the Mothers or the Dead more often, and that would be a treat.) Zackerley is the exception to the rule, but what about the rest, ugly Top 40 radio?

Station managers and program directors will most probably say, "Well, we listen to the public and the top 40 represents the public..." But who manipulates the public? Who decides what gets played if not the station managers and program directors and the money people. Who were the people who a few years ago decided that the Byrds "8 Miles High" could no longer be heard because it was about tripping and then just let it die? Who were the people who saw to it that, for the most part, the "Ballad of John and Yoko" (for

(Continued on Page 18)



THE VATICAN EMPIRE by Nino LoBello. New York: Trident Press, 1968. 186 pp. \$4.95

Children during a thunder storm sometimes jump into bed and pull the covers over their head, trying to create a semblance of protection. Similar impulses sometimes hit adults though for different reasons. Watching the television recently, I experienced such an impulse. Before my eyes stood Irving R. Levine of NBC News, neatly positioned by the producer to stand with St. Peter's to his rear. He delivered the news that the Vatican, faced with the prospect of taxes on its Italian investments, was undertaking to transfer the money to other nations, and particularly the good old U.S.A., land of the free and home of the original separation of church and state.

Though Catholics might like to deny the reality of huge Vatican financial holdings, it simply cannot be done. This slim volume by a veteran newsman sketches in general outline the extent of these holdings.

The book does not represent any breakthrough of the holy veil of secrecy that surrounded Vatican finances. It does not even represent any great journalistic feat. Nevertheless, LoBello has performed a genuine service by gathering together in one volume a general picture of Vatican investments. He does not pretend that it is a complete picture. Some sources insist that the Vatican finances are more extensive than portrayed by LoBello, while others hold that he has exaggerated them. No matter. The title of the book is accurate. The Vatican does control a financial empire.

LoBello gives a brief and accurate account of how this empire grew. It is a very modern empire for an ancient church, dating from the year 1929. It was then that Mussolini bought peace with the Vatican by signing the Lateran Treaty. This treaty was a final settlement with the Vatican for the seizure of the Papal States in 1870. Under its terms, the Vatican City emerged as an independent state. The Italian Government also agreed to pay the Vatican an indemnity of some \$90 million (part in cash, part in government bonds). This generous payment bailed the Vatican out of near bankruptcy - and its financial fortunes have been on the ascendancy ever since.

The most interesting chapters of the book tell how these \$90 million were handled by an obscure financial genius named Bernardino Nogara. The Pope, who until recent years has been reluctant to delegate authority even to bishops, gave complete authority to Nogara. Nogara died in 1956, but by then Vatican money had been invested in many Italian companies. Vatican men had been inserted into key positions on the respective boards of directors.

For the most part, these men were laity, some drawn from the circles of nobles surrounding the Vatican (e.g. Baran Francesco Maria Oddasso, who was put in charge of textile investments).

Vatican investments today extend through every segment of the Italian economy - and are reaching overseas, a tendency which, if Irving Levine is correct, will increase. Companies in which the Vatican has substantial investments produce automobiles (Alfa-Romeo) paper products, silk, toilets, chemicals, and spaghetti.

The Christmastime scene of Pope Paul celebrating Mass inside the great Finsider steel mill at Taranto was an inspiring one. Here was the Pope with the workers, among the poor, and in southern Italy at that, the poorest section of the country. A little of the sacred glow disappears from this touching scene when one realizes that the Vatican owns a fair chunk of Finsider, Italy's largest steel producer. The Pope may have spent Christmas with the workers, but the main Vatican interest in Finsider remains financial.

SOME CAUTIONS

While I would recommend the book for those who want to learn more about Vatican financial holdings, I would do so with several cautions.

The first is this - the Vatican is not the Church. The Vatican represents the central government of the Church, but in a way it is self-contained and semi-autonomous.

Church finances reside in four different places. The first is at the Vatican, by far the largest and by far the most secretive. The second is at the level of the diocese. Financial pictures of dioceses vary greatly. Some receive subsidy. Most maintain themselves. A few are affluent. Almost none gives a public accounting of finances. Financial decisions are made by a few key people, among whom clergy predominate. The third level is that of the parish church.

Here the situation improves. Most parishes put out an annual financial statement. Most parishes have a church committee or council WHERE THE PEOPLE HAVE A VOICE IN THE SPENDING OF THEIR MONEY (though the Bishop or Pastor can exercise a veto and sometimes do). Finally, and most obscure of all, perhaps even more so than the Vatican itself, there are the financial holdings of religious orders. No longer do they own vast tracts of land, as in the middle ages, but apparently some do quite well by themselves. Thus a recent financial scandal gave a glimpse at the holdings of the Sisters of St. Francis (the saintly poor man) of Mishawaka, Indiana. It seems that these followers of St. Francis could put their hands on no less than six million in cash, not to mention real estate and buildings. Sad to relate, they WERE BILKED OF TWO MILLION BY A SLICK FINANCIER WHO WILL NOW PAY FOR HIS SINS IN A FEDERAL PRISON + BUT THE SISTERS STILL HOLD FOUR MILLION.

Examples of such religious orders in the Pittsburgh area would be the Holy Ghost Fathers, the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Charity.



Though the colleges and the hospitals which they conduct have full public financial disclosure, these orders, while continuing to take money from the pious faithful, have never yet issued a public financial statement. Perhaps they are doing as well as the Sisters of St. Francis of Mishawaka. Perhaps, like the Vatican before 1929, they are verging on bankruptcy. We really don't know - because while Catholics have trusted these orders with money, the orders have never reciprocated the trust with a financial statement.

Thus, Church finances reside at four different levels. In general, with the exception of parishes and a very few dioceses, the finances are secret.

A second caution would be to understand that the issue is not one of investments. Thus LoBello: The Vatican has every right to engage in activities from which revenue can accrue. (pg. 14). The issue is rather of the extent of investments, the secrecy with which they are conducted, and how they influence church policy.

The Vatican has considerable expenses. Estimates of the cost of the Second Vatican Council range in the neighborhood of \$25 million. While most American Bishops were able to pay for their travel and other expenses from the diocesan treasury, the Vatican paid the expenses for virtually all African and Asian bishops.

True, some Vatican expenses are questionable. Thus, the Apostolic Delegate in Washington, D.C., lives in a half-million dollar building on Massachusetts Avenue with an annual budget exceeding \$200,000. The Vatican pays for this - but a scant dozen blocks away are the offices of the American bishops (the U.S. Catholic Conference), paid for

by the American church. Redundant expenses like this (not to mention redundant authority) are doubly harmful to the Church since they provide justification for ever-expanding investments.

The theme that runs through LoBello's book is one of questioning not Vatican investments but their scope. The secrecy of church finances, whether at the level of the Vatican or closer to home, is a direct contradiction of the teachings of Jesus, who again and again insisted on openness and honesty. "I, the light, have come into the world, so that whoever believes in me need not stay in the dark anymore." (John 12). Just as it has been appalling for Christians to persecute Jews in the name of Jesus the Jewish Rabbi, it is shocking to see Christian leaders doing so much of their business in darkness in the name of Jesus, the light of the world.

A final caution: When one speaks of the Vatican, one does not involve all men in that sacred city. Men like the late Cardinal Bea and his successor Bishop Jan Willebrands, both charged with developing relations with Protestants, display a style and spirit completely of another type from the Vatican bankers. One can hope that Cardinal John Wright may be in this respect a wholesome influence in the Vatican. Certainly, during his years as Bishop of Pittsburgh he was not one of America's great bishop-bankers. On the contrary, he showed a certain disdain for the need to raise and handle funds. Hopefully, this spirit of his will not be cancelled out by his basic conservatism, and he will join the push for another style of Vatican financial holdings.

LoBello's book will perform a great service if it makes

Catholics aware of the extent and secrecy of Vatican financial investments. These investments as they are presently constituted and presently handled are a scandal and a stumbling block. If the Vatican is moving to increase its holdings in the U.S.A., that affords only another reason to pass legislation to tax such church investments (as distinct from the holdings of the local parish church).

It will also perform a great service if it makes Catholics pressure for full disclosure of all Church finances, at every level.

Pope John said that he was convening the Second Vatican Council to help restore to the Church "the clean lines of the face of Christ." As He trudged the roads of Palestine Christ had a sum of money, cared for by poor Judas. While one cannot deny with the worldwide growth of the Church that something more than a little bag full of coins is necessary, one can hardly square today's Vatican financial empire with the words and example of the Nazarene.


In a day when an increasing number of Christians have chosen to leave the organized church, those who have stayed with the church in the hope of accomplishing far-reaching reform can thank LoBello for his book. No masterpiece in any respect, whether for literary style or journalistic research, it has nevertheless made a genuine contribution toward increasing awareness of the scandal of much in church finance. Hopefully, this increasing awareness will be accomplished by the determination to make the long hard fight to accomplish genuine reform. Then the Vatican will show to the world not the face of Chase Manhattan but that of Christ.

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rock

(Continued from Page 10)

When local opposition to the festival became organized and received editorial support in the area's newspapers, the Wallkill Zoning Board of Appeals was forced to grant the Town Council's petition for an injunction prohibiting the festival. The ZBA, supported its action by citing the fact that the original festival permit had been granted on the mistaken assumption that only 2,000 people were expected to attend the rock festival and that crowds of more than 50,000 would create health and sanitation hazards. The Board also reiterated the locals' fear that such a vast number of young "outsiders" would constitute a menace to law and order.

When news of the revocation of the festival permit reached Stanley Goldstein, the Woodstock promoter, he immediately began a search for an alternate location. After an ulcer ridden week which saw his massive advertising campaign come to a grinding halt for want of a place to park the massive rock crowds, Goldstein's application for a permit was approved by the Bethel Township and Zoning Boards for the August 15-17 dates.

The new site is on a 600 acre farm, owned by dairyman Max Yasgur. The town of Bethel is located in the same area as Wallkill and is easily reached by the New York State Thruway or Route 17. The Yasgur farm location is quite beautiful, being right upon White Lake in heavily traveled Sullivan County. However, the ads for this location do not reflect the attitude of the Bethel townspeople whose opinion of the festival is similar to those of the people of Wallkill. On a recent Monday morning, about a quarter of a mile from Max's dairy farm a sign appeared which read: BUY NO MILK - LOCAL PEOPLE SPEAK-OUT - STOP MAX'S HIPPIY MUSIC FESTIVAL - NO 150,000 HIPPIES HERE.

The supervisor of Bethel Township, foreseeing the revenue 50,000 people will bring to the community, went on record as favoring the festival as long as it was "legal." It should be noted that this township hoped to make this festival or fair, whichever you choose to call it, an annual event designed to compete with Newport, and its heavily rock oriented Jazz Festival.

With all the hassle taking place in discovering a location for this event, one can only wonder what type of event this festival will actually turn out to be. A festival of beauty and workshop learning, or one of provocation on both sides. According to the Times-Herald Record, a local paper, in an article concerning the festival, the protestors claim: "It will be worse than the grasshoppers in the grain fields." As Pat Nardolilli a native of nearby Ringwood put in a letter to EVO, explaining the situation, "Imagine a bunch of hippies being worse than a bunch of hoppers."

streets

(Continued from Page 7)

neighborhood. Mostly man, we just sit around and rap. Then like in the afternoon, when all the straights are coming home from work, maybe I try making some bread. And they act like they're being attacked. Shit."

Part of the problem is that there is a difference in the time sense between those who work and those who don't. The one who works usually feels much more pressured. For many the trip to and from work is a rest period between two separate phases of life: office and home. Not devoting much time to yourself, the world is in your head all day, and now, at the very least, the panhandlers are as annoying as mosquitoes, at the most are real intruders into a moment of privacy.

On the other hand the time sense of the unemployed is more open-ended and his world is less divided. Hazards are sameness and boredom, and getting up to panhandle is a stimulant of sorts, contact of sorts.

Most panhandlers see the workers as being very straight but otherwise have nothing against them. "Once you see the worry on so many faces," Artie Says, "just be glad you are a member of the unemployed. Sometimes I get mad when they're offended that I ask, but otherwise they have a right to say No...and they sure do use it," he adds.

A great many folks are very confused, because occasionally there can be very heavy hostility. Eve, who's panhandled and shot speed and crash-padded, and then worked and gave the rest up, and now isn't working, has been through both scenes. Once, when she was working "this really filthy type comes up to me, and my head was all closed off. This old man was walking alongside of me, and when the kid asked me for change, I blew up and started cursing at him, telling him to get a job like I did. The old man was saying, "Go. Tell him. Tell him, lady, and I was caught in the middle. I mean like I probably would get along better with the kid than with the old man, but like, I was just mad. What would I do now? Maybe invite the panhandler home...but now I'm not working so I don't care."

The streets belong to all the people but sometimes that is the hardest trip of all because all the people have to see

each other as people. I'm not always willing or able to do that, but the way we treat each other is the way we exist as people and as a community.

Here we are, the vanguard, within the "revolution," and we're hassled by the same human problems that have hassled everybody from the beginning. It makes me suspect that whatever revolution we've had isn't so much social at all, not yet, as it is personal. And that we still have a long way to go on the path. The people belong to the people.

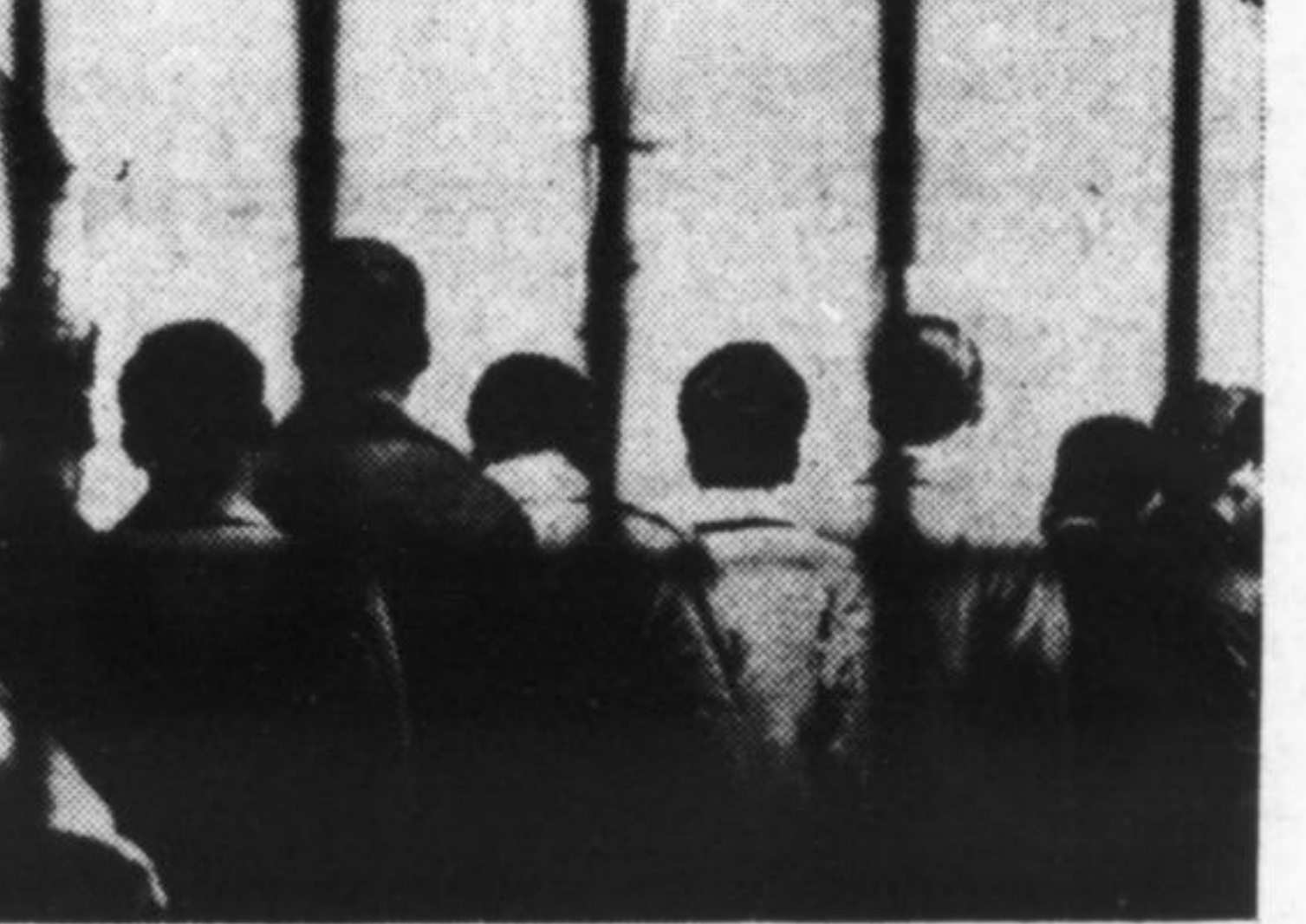
greece

(Continued from Page 4)

States, a quarterly, where it never makes any difference. There is a need for someone in the States to publish only new talent, which is also the talent that the colonels cannot afford to let be published here. The repression is, naturally enough, less for the painter and sculptor.

The Greeks, however, are waiting; envying occasionally the freedom of a foreigner, reading and not knowing whether to believe or not, listening to the BBC and not knowing whether to believe the stories about Nazi-like torture in the prisons for political offenders. They see that a change is necessary but they also see that there is too much distrust and lack of confidence in anyone to get together and organize resistance. They observe that even in the rank and file of the regime there is mistrust. Officials resign, but also some have a tendency to disappear. Whenever the face of the Boss, Papadopoulos, stays away from the papers for a few days, thousands speculate that he was murdered up near Salonika, or any place his good-will tour took him. Pattakos, the sub-Boss, has become the National Tourist, constantly leaping off helicopters to lay cornerstones. The next government might have to dig out some of those cornerstones to take away the 21st of April plaques; it will be a lot of work but at least it will be done joyously, and not in anxiety and fear of imprisonment. Till then we go home early, "from sheer respect of the tradition," we distrust mini-skirted nymphs, we believe in the supremacy of the "ideals of our ancient progenitors," we are educating ourselves politically, hoping for "mature elections," "developing a National Consciousness," signing declarations, and again waiting and waiting some more, and more....

/Athens, 22 July 1969



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film

(Continued from Page 8)
together TV environments--we'll be dealing with software concepts, too.

IRA: We'll be dealing with media-ecology.

FRANK: One of the ideas for which we haven't found backing yet, would be a video chamber with a plexiglass core, so one would actually enter the chamber physically--and 360 degrees around, the chamber structure would be a system of monitors feeding back your own image integrated with programmed material.

IRA: From many different angles.

FRANK: For example, if you were standing in this chamber, the camera may be shooting from underneath and feeding back the image of shooting you from underneath overhead, and this would be switching with other positions. And the manifestation of this would be that you would enter the chamber and experience the total TV environment, where you would have contact with a contiguous environment, and that would be the maximum TV experience given the current state of the technology. Besides using separate monitors, we're looking into the possibility of having a circular or chamber shaped video-receptive screen for projection.

IRA: Which is not yet available commercially, but will be in the next few years. I think content is, by and large, the most important thing, and particularly its applications in

helping people to better realize the objectifying experience. In other words, seeing themselves from outside themselves, which potentially can lead to the realization that we are all actors--or that we are not realizing our potential. That much of our energy is relegated to our habit patterns, and the behavior that's carried us through to this point. When you can see yourself on TV, and the back of yourself simultaneously--something that we seldom if ever get a chance to do--if we extend this further into the notion of an environment, one can see oneself in a social, or spatial interaction. This offers a potential of, say, liberation.

FRANK: Another dimension possible to varieties of abstract programming is literally using videotape or the TV screen as a temporal canvas. It's like a canvas, only the other dimension of time is introduced; and the innumerable implications are opening us, as far as total environment constructions, or constructing environments which are in their totality that feedback which we want to explore.

IRA: In addition, there's a further idea of entertainment, and the individual becoming his own entertainment. More and more, I see people laying out, and boredom creeping in on the scene, or simply lack of initiative. Now seeing this over a period of time being mediaized or seeing yourself in front of a TV camera--seeing the feedback--breeds the notion that we're all potential actors--effectors of the environment--that we can do amazing things. It's a matter of reshaping ourselves perhaps.

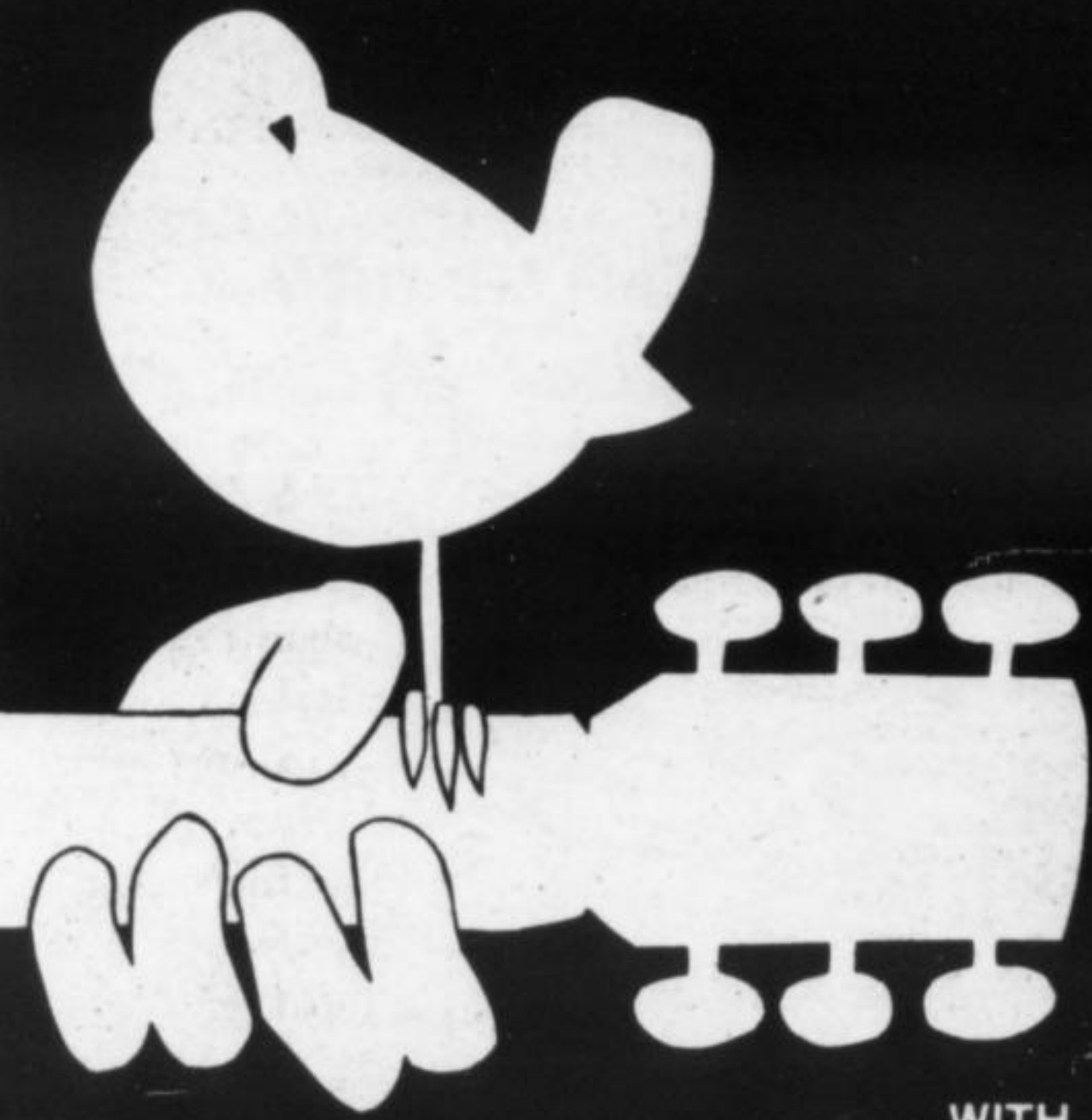


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underground cine-scene

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 theater. 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 Fifth Avenue (91st St.)
NYC 10028 212-749-3770
- ELGIN THEATER**
8th Ave. at 19th St.
N.Y.C. 675-0935
- HOLY MOUNTAIN CENEMATHEQUE**
LeConte School
Russell & Ellsworth Sts.
Berkeley, Calif. 848-3945
- MILLENNIUM FILM WORKSHOP INC.**
46 Great Jones St. (nr. E. 3rd St.)
NYC 10012 228-9998
- PALACE THEATER**
Columbus and Powell
North Beach
San Francisco, Calif.
- TAMALPIAS FILM SOC.**
2219 Oregon
Berkeley, Calif. 848-3945
- TELEGRAPH REPERTORY CINEMA**
2533 Telegraph Ave.
Berkeley, Calif. 848-8650
- UNDERGROUND CINEMA 12 CIRCUIT**
Academy Theater
3721 University Ave.
San Diego, Calif. 284-1000
- ART CINEMA THEATER**
1326 Pearl St.
Boulder, Col. 444-3641
- ART THEATER**
1924 Wayne Ave.
Dayton, Ohio 256-3132

ART THEATER
288 E. Cuyahoga Falls Ave.
Akron, Ohio 376-4063

CINEMA THEATER
1122 N. Western Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal. 467-5787

CONTINENTAL THEATER
13931 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio 451-8147

FINE ART THEATER
1225 S. Maple
Fresno, Cal. 251-8078

FINE ARTS THEATER
1818 Garnett St.
San Diego, Cal. 274-4000

FOSTER THEATER
2504 Glenwood Ave.
Youngstown, Ohio 788-2013

GUILD THEATER
1705 Poplar Avenue
Memphis, Tenn. 274-6406

PLAZA THEATER
5936 Magazine St.
New Orleans, La.

Towne Theater
Auborn at Myrtle
Sacramento, Cal. 332-4730

VALLEY ART THEATER
509 Mill Ave.
Tempe, Ariza. 967-6664

VOGUE THEATER
1465 S. Pearl St.
Denver, Col. 777-2544

WESTWOOD THEATER
1602 Sylvania Ave.
Toledo, Ohio 475-8976

WORLD THEATER
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 FARMAN: 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 GHBHARDT AND SUSAN QUEST: The Apple.

ANN ARBOR No. 3:
R.G. BARNES: Another Movie; KENNETH VALENTINE: Haiku for Hamlet; ALONZO CRAWFORD: God Give Him 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

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ANN ARBOR No. 5
ED SEEMAN: Sex Paint and Sound; J. CHAN: Fun; R.C. DALE: Waterslide; RON FINNE: Demonstration Move No. 1; CHARLES LYMAN: Liela; STANTON KAYE: Brandy in the Wilderness

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 HEHRLING: What Forms Breathe Mankind; LES BLANK AND SKIP GERSON: The Blues According to Lightnin' Hopkins.

ANN ARBOR no. 7
MICHALE 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 Ladey of the Sphere; JOHN STEWART: The Sound of Flesh; LAWRENCE BOOTH: The Rose; JERRY ARONSON: TM

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L.A. Advocate

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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.

AUGUST 6 - WEDNESDAY
8:00 P.M. - NYC - SANTIAGO ALVAREZ: Hanoi 13. Chicago Convention Challenge. For What It's Worth - St Mark's Church, 2nd Ave. and 10th St.

AUGUST 7 - THURSDAY
Midnight - NYC - La Guerra Olvidada, SANTIAGO ALVAREZ: Hanoi 13 - ELGIN

AUGUST 8 - FRIDAY
9:00 P.M. - NYC - LIONEL MARTINEZ: Attitudes; JERRY WAKEFEILD: Be+In 69; MAURICE AMAR: Instants; BEN HAYEEM: Xmas 67; ARNOLD WESTON: 'In Progress' - U-P
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

AUGUST 9 - SATURDAY
9:00 and 11:00 P.M. - NYC - Films by JOHN DULANEY AM-EX
10:00 P.M. - NYC - Repeat of Friday Program - U-P

AUGUST 12 - TUESDAY
6:00 P.M. - NYC - FLUXUS film program - C-M

AUGUST 13 - WEDNESDAY
9:00 P.M. - CAL - Film-Rap. 8, S8 & 16mm open screenings with discussion and wine - TAMALPIAS

(Continued on Page 16)

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cine-scene

AUGUST 14 - THURSDAY

8:30 P.M. - NYC - 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 - 16mm open screening after regular program. - CANYON
 8:00 P.M. - CENT - STANTON KAYE: Brandy in the Wilderness; WILL HINDLE: Billabong; ROBERT NELSON: Oh Dem Watermelons; BILL CLARK: Hollywood Here I Am; STEVE GEBHARDT: A Numbers Racket; ED MONTGOMERY: Supernova (laughter); HERBERT KOSOWER: The Face - BOWLING GREEN State Univ., Bowling Green, Ohio 43402

AUGUST 15 - FRIDAY

8:00 P.M. - CAL - Underground film program - HOLY MIDNIGHT - CAL - Nocturnal Dream Show - PALACE
 MIDNIGHT - CAL - New Films from Cuba; LBJ: Laos, The Forgotten War; Fifth of May; Madina Boe; For the First Time - TELEGRAPH (Benefit for Alan Blanchard)
 2:00 - 4:00 A.M. - NY - Tentative plans for films for the 3 nights of the Woodstock Music and Arts Fair - White Lake, Bethel, N.Y.

AUGUST 16 - SATURDAY

9:00 & 11:00 P.M. - NYC - Films by JOHN DULANEY - AM-EX
 10:00 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 theaters - CINEMA 12
 MIDNIGHT - CAL - Repeat of Friday program - PALACE
 MIDNIGHT - CAL - Repeat of Friday Program - TELEGRAPH (benefit)
 MIDNIGHT - SW - Ann Arbor No. 8 - VALLEY

AUGUST 19 - TUESDAY

6:00 P.M. - NYC - LES LEVINE + GARY LEE NOVA - C-M

AUGUST 20 - WEDNESDAY

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

AUGUST 21 - THURSDAY

8:30 P.M. - NYC - 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 - 16mm open screening after regular program. - CANYON



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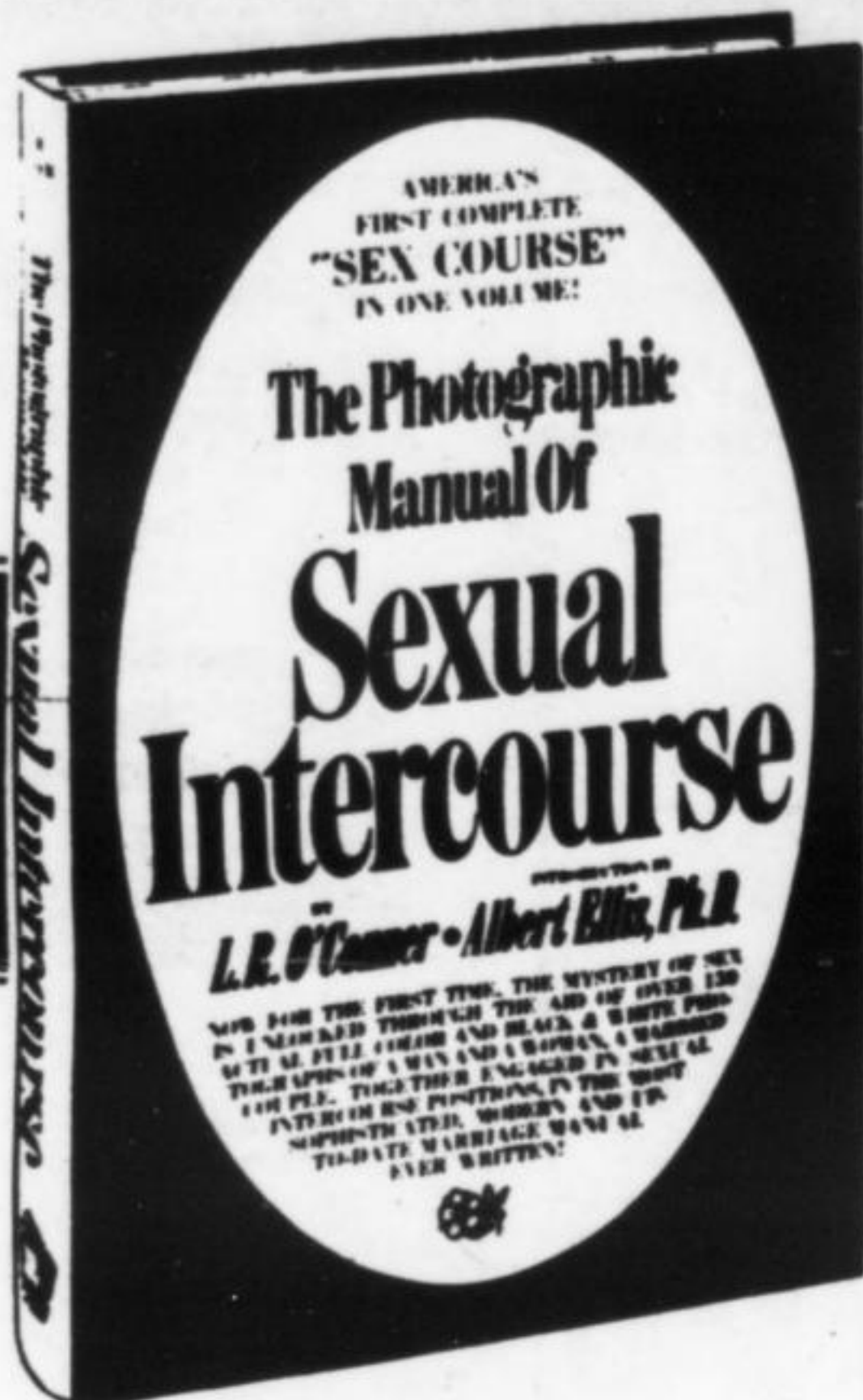
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ATTRACTIVE GIRLS & GUYS needed to model for legitimate figure and nudist publications. No experience nec. Age 18-28. Call Bill anytime. BE-3-6161

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Cute, slim 19 year old black boy, 5'6", 125 lbs. wants to pose for photography, etc. Tel Richie 691-9831 afternoons.

Young male model, 6'1", 165 lb. swimmer, attractive, and hung will pose for photography, etc. Your studio or mine. Tel. Tommy 691-9831 afternoons 1-7 p.m.\$s

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