

THAT AQUARIAN EXPOSITION

THE ^{east} _{village} OTHER

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AUGUST 20, 1969

METROPOLITAN 15¢



“We Are One...”



COVER PHOTOS: SHELLY RUSTEN

HIRAP

This was the weekend when:

Catholics and protestants were killing each other off in Belfast.

The Army unloaded some old World War One poison gas and the folks back home trembled while the poison train wormed its way right through their backyards.

The white majority on the relief rolls in Westchester and Long Island became a fact.

One of the Moon heros said that he had no eyes to do it again.

Just another seemingly mundane weekend except for the massive flow of good energy from White Lake that came through clear and blooming. It was a weekend when the magic, cosmic vibrations of sounds, love and laughter, emanating from half a million grooving, loving, laughing people doing their thing in total freedom and care for all, hit uptight America right in the face and left it in wonder and disbelief. Right there on the tube—half a million dots covering the muddy slopes of the Catskills and each time the same line: no problems, no food, no water—yet still, everybody happy and peaceful.

For four consecutive days the same story. Mud, rain, no food, a few OD's thrown in for good measure, and always the same epitaph: everything is fine and beautiful—EVERYBODY, the cops, the local jews, not to mention the half a million.

It all brought to mind Tim Leary's prediction: "This summer is going to be the greatest upheaval of joy that this country has ever seen. The festivals are going to be larger than ever—enormous assemblages of turned-on people.

We should take the opportunity of using the rock festivals as a way of showing our righteous numbers and our righteous energies." If there were any doubts about this, White Lake set the record straight. Not hand grenades but the high Aquarian consciousness of the Borscht Belt will enable us to communicate our message to America.

A year after Chicago, it has become more evident than ever before that the high vibes of sounds, love, and laughter are our real tools and only weapons. It is with these that we can penetrate the dense barriers uptight America has surrounded itself with. Its our only chance. As John Sebastian put it: "Could it be that you're not living up to your dream?" NO! Because we're doing it!"

Jaakov Kohn



Letters

Dear EVO:

Sleazy P.R. men in almost every food industry, especially the canned variety, are ready with sickly-saccharine-sweet love letter to you.

But, friends, it is well worth it, because in the bargain you will eat! Yes, I mean FREE FOOD from the System.

Food companies are more than willing to humble themselves (tokenism) and give away free stuff (more tokenism).

Here's all you have to do: write a bunch of companies that you found their product in rotten decay, or smelling terribly, or greenish-tinted when you opened it.

I did this to twelve different companies all at once, and each one replied with a kiss-ass letter -- PLUS a bundle of free samples.

If a group of different people living in one house, or just anyone, did this, they would garner quite a stack of eats.

GOOD LUCK.
Survival

Dear EVO:

Hooray for Katzman. It's good to have "Poor Paranoid" back again.

Besides being a reasonable and just man the guy has such a wonderful way with words.

Seriously, though, EVO wasn't the same without *Poor Paranoid's Almanac*. When it was gone EVO had a defeated look, something was gone out of it. Now, with Katzman back, that certain something needed to puff it up is back, alive and kicking. Puts the kid in long pants, you might say. And, oh yes, that last issue of EVO was one of the best, was it just a coincidence? Peace

James Zeman
313 12th St., S.E.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa



LETTER FROM BILL SHARI OF THE LIVING THEATRE TO SAUL GOTTLIEB, RADICAL THEATRE REPERTORY

HOSPITAL MOHAMMED V, SAFI, MOROCCO

Dear Saul:

I'm in the hospital again, tuberculosis again, the other lung, and I think worse than last time. The doctors estimate that in time I probably caught it during the last NY engagement. It's a new infection, by the way, not a continuation of the old.

We are all broke. The threare is in another town 100 km from here, searching concepts, especially violence. Name of town Essaouira (Morocco). There is not one dime extra. We took extra money from London and France, figured how long till the next gig and made a budget. As usual not enough, trying to stretch till next gig--Yugoslavia in Sept.

Along comes me. Hospital costs \$300 per month approximately. I'm waiting for fever to drop. It was wailing around 102-104 (record 105.3 in Malaga, before hospital). But now, almost a month later, it's bouncing between 100.8 and 102. When the fever drops below 100 permanently, I've got to fly out of here. Even the doctors say you can't get cured of anything in Africa. I'm reasonably sure of getting free housing for a month or two (but not free food--forget not I have a family).

So, I need bread--desperately. Please, please, send me something. Send it American Express checks airmail. No more than \$100 each to the hospital address quick--it can get too late very fast.

How's that for your bring down letter of the month? Well, I've managed to save a few little silly smiles and giggles for Oda and Child. Here they are (drawing of silly smiles and giggles). Pleasant note: if you want a real wild high smoke only one cig a day. Lie down while doing it.

Please also show this letter to friends who might be able, willing, something to help. I feel very embarrassed. It's the first time I've ever begged money. But I really need it--we, the Living Theatre needs it. Another hospital bill is due SOON. If anyone can help--for all our sakes--please, please do.

Words now big burden.

Love & Peace in the Revolution

Bill Shari

US currency--\$1, \$5, \$10, \$20--can be sent direct in an envelope (airmail stamp 20c). If you want to make your gift tax deductible, write RTR, 245 E. 11th St., NYC 10003; if you want to make it a loan, RTR will be able to pay you back in several months. (Money due from taxes, etc.) PLEASE SEND SOMETHING IMMEDIATELY. Bill has four children and wife Dorothy with him. YOUR HELP MAY SAVE HIS LIFE.



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Allan Katzman
Sherry Needham
Melissa Stout
Flicka
D. A. Latimer
David Walley
Irving Shushnick
Claudia Dreifus
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That Aquarian Exposition

"We Are One..."

by John Hilgerdt

Jaakov... all I can say is that this has been the highest trip ever.

We're too high and in such a different place. There are many, many stories still in all of us, but you'll just have to wait for them. Too hard to sort out and describe right now. We all want all our families and friends to be here and secretly hoped every head in the world would join us. The regular music thing is nice, but straight. The Hog Farm is just too much. We are home and at peace with each other and ourselves. I think you will find we have changed and grown. I don't want to leave, but I guess we must. The only thing is, how can I come back and do the old things? This is how we should live. Can we?

Peace
John

It is nearly impossible to put into words what has happened here at White Lake. For the first time I feel free and we are really together. It so peaceful and loving here that I (and many, many others) don't want to leave.

All of the beautiful heads are here and the vibes are incredibly peaceful. By my second day here (the first day, Friday, we were mostly too tired to get into very much) I was on a trip and haven't stopped tripping... without acid! There is a lot of dope around (the only major shortage is tobacco—cigarettes are at a premium and are widely shared). But while dope is groovy, it isn't an absolute necessity—you always feel high.

While there are people camping all over—in the woods and meadows—there are basically two scenes here, the performance area and the Hog Farm/Movement City site. The performance area is usually crowded with people, maybe fifty to seventy thousand at a time, sitting and lying in a natural "bowl," digging the sounds of all the starred groups, which have been playing all night (Airplane was dug by many at 6:30 Sunday morning). Two roads run along the sides of this area and they are clogged with endless streams of people pouring into the site and moving from one place to another, mostly trudging with loads of blankets and tents and sleeping bags. All vehicles coming to and going from the area also use these roads. After a while, you want nothing ever to do again with cars and trucks, they're nothing but a drag. Up there are the underground paper peddlers, ice cream trucks, a hill of food and drink and cigarette concessions (first you stand in line to get a ticket and then in another line to buy your shit, for a while in a thin sea of mud). It doesn't take you long to find all of this a drag, even with the better musicians on stage. Not the music, but the scene. Many are calling that side of the hill "the glob."

On the other side of the hill, separated by a small wood where all the head shops are located and where dope is openly dealt along the paths, lies Movement City/Hog Farm. We'll call it Hog Farm, if only because Hog Farm was probably most responsible for the fantastic scene there. They established very good vibes, had plenty of food (the lines were sometimes long, but usually moved quickly), good food and were really together.

(Continued on Page 7)



foto by Raeanne Rubinstein



Poor Paranoid's Almanac

by Allan Katzman

*Fire in the lake; the image of Revolution.
Thus the Superior man
sets the calendar order
and makes the seasons clear.*

I CHING

In San Francisco, the season is clear and Summer hangs over the Bay like days of a calar. One can th it at the end of any day from Fisherman's Wharf as it slips softly into the Bay's waters: The sun explodes as it hits the sea's edge and causes it to fission and nuclearize the horizon. It appears, foremost, as if there was a *Fire in the lake*, then suddenly disappears, as softly, into darknes.

It is, as Rimbaud had seen it, "Eternity!", "the sea mingled with the Sun." Only a poet could see it that way; others, as an image of *Revoluton*; and yet still more others, as only the simple phenomenon of the sun going down there is a large majority of the latter in this world. As for the two formers, th equal each other in size; small but ecstastic.

Sometimes it is hard to distinguish between the two, except that too few rolutionaries spend their time watching the sun go down; and if they did would mistake it for something else like a timetable for takeover.

In San Francisco, it is hard to tell if anyone is keeping time, but the revolutionaries are easily distinguishable by the fact that they seem to b the only ones out of step.

Take for example the Wild West Festival which is being held in San Francisco, August 22 to the 24: The Festival has caused a furor among the so-called Third World Liberation Front, an organizan that grew out of the Berkeley confrontations and has a subsidiary storefront in San Francisco, and the Haight AHBURY COMMUNITY, AS REPRESENTED-BY SOME TWENTY COMMUNES. Their complaints have been published as follows:

1. The "Wild West" has been put forth as an event both for the community an as a formation of consciousness...But the people of the Hip, Black and Third World communities o San Francisco have been excluded from all aspects of the Festival, and the economics of the Thing perpetuate rather than transform the consciousness of the Culture-for-Sale.

2. The organizers of the Festival have come to complete agreement with the local power structure (police, City Hall, etc.) regarding the arrangements of the event, but they have been unable to relate to the people of the communities on even the most basic human levels.

3. Our culture is the culture of a people whose very life-style makes us a primary target for the ever increasing attacks and oppression of Amerikan society. Our culture is not for sale, and we have been ripped off for far too long! Now we join with the Black, Third World, and oppressed white people of the planet in demanding an end to the exploitation of the life and culture of the many by the privileged few.

The above objections are, when put to the test of truth, half lies. There seems to be no basis for them in reality. The Wild West Festival took pains to make sure that their efforts were not misrepresented. They incorporated as a non-profit corporation and they have refused repeatedly outside financing from businessmen and record companies.

P.S.

The Wild West Festival, which was supposed to open on August 26 and last for three days, was cancelled last Wednesday.

This column was written a week before that, but basically everything I have reported and said remains the same. Only, there is no festival because within the New Left community and its related elements there is no unity.

The festival, under the leadership of Tom Donahue, Bill Graham, Ron Polte, Barry Olivier, Jan Wener and others, was called off because, as the music committee of the Wild West stated, "It would lead to violence amongst the community itself." But Wild West is still a reality in all its primitive glory. Wild and wooly as ever, and it is growing.

A handful of radicals has made a community of over five thousand artists bite the dust and oddly enough it was the right show at the wrong time.

This country breeds hate and violence as a sideshow and now it is reeeping the whirlwind.

Everything is free in the Festival except for a \$3.00 charge for the Kezar stadium concerts. Any monies made from the concerts will pay for the use of the stadium and also the loans and expenses incurred by the 2000 and more artists who have contributed their time, monies and efforts free to make sure that the Festival was not an exploitative affair but a creative one. As far as representation by the whole community, there are more Hip, Black and Third World people in the Festival than there are represented by those who are protesting it. Even when the radicals were asked to join the Festival's council, they refused and called for a strike against it.

To make matters worse, the city has been uncooperative. They are charging \$12,000 for the use of Kezar stadium and the musicians union has refused to allow union musicians to play at the festival. As far as a deal being made with the police, the council has been unable to talk to Mayor Alioto about a simple plan to police themselves.

All those things would not be so ridiculous except for the fact that these half lies are again being compounded in the underground press by the new Berkeley Tribe newspaper and its San Francisco counterpart, Dock of the Bay.

At a meeting held at 330 Grove St., Thursday night, for artists and interested community groups, and called by the dissenting radical groups, Wild West council members were repeatedly shouted down by flunkie radicals who had been planted in the audience ahead of time for that specific purpose. All in all only 25 people showed up and the Black Panthers and Brown Berets never appeared.

What seems to be going down in San Francisco is now fairly obvious. There is a growing fascism on the New Left employing techniques of the Big Lie, Harrassment and even Violence against people who do not agree with them. And it is being used on the very people that the radicals claim to represent. The left is no longer different than the right. They are now out to consolidate their position because of what they feel is a growing repression by the society they want to bring down. Woe to anyone who thinks differently and woe to anyone who tries to create positive vibes to better the situation.

The white radical's bid to take over or destroy the Wild West Festival is not a matter of ideology but of simple power grab and takeover. They are hardpressed to consolidate their position and in order to do so they must

have the control and monies to foster their revolution into the forefront. They will do it even if it means using the blood and bodies of their own community to achieve those ends.

The case I am making becomes even clearer if one happened to attend "A United Front against Fascism" conference held in Oakland, and called by the Black Panthers for three days from July 19 to the 21st.

Over 2000 people registered for it from all over the country and another 1000 stumbled into Oakland at ttle last minute. The conference turned into a travesty of Democracy. The white left had discovered the black revolution, and was amazed that it hated what it saw.

In *Hard Times*, a broadsheet of the New Left, Lawrence M. Bensky gives a detailed report on what exactly happened at that conference:

"Propaganda sold outside the conference hall was censored by the Panthers, provoking dissenting leaflets the next day from local organizations, most of them from the University of California. These organizations, too might have been expected to take seriously the Panthers' commitment to their political education program--those few of them who had taken the trouble to find out what the Panthers were about instead of just endorsing the party's 'vanguard role.'

Also censored were the bodies of Progressive Labor Party's members who were forcibly ejected from the hall, some time after being pointed out by national SDS officers of Bay Area Revolutionary Union Members. On Sunday, some PL or Worker-Student Alliance members were badly beaten after refusing to leave the ghetto park where outdoor sessions of the conference were held. This, too, provoked agonies from white student delegates. PL, they said, was counter-revolutionary, not the enemy. Besides, younger ones might be educated. White students seemed obstinately naive--about the Panthers' concern with violence. An SDS caucus of 250 members couldn't believe that the scar Mark Rudd bore on his face was the result of an attack by PL people. Despite signs of the Panthers' real anxieties around them, the white delegates seemed to need an overt attack happen before their very eyes before they'd take the threat of violence seriously.

Right down the line, white delegates squirmed and hissed under their exposure to the truth of the Panthers. Inaccessible, dogmatic, inflexible, chauvinistic, undemocratic; is this what the golden tongues of Huey and Eldridge had been hiding for so long? While whites were debating whether fighting the class struggle was the way to end racism or fighting racism was the way to end the class struggle, what had the Panthers' been deciding."

Bensky ends his article with the simple lament that, "The confrontation with the Panthers in another age might be expected to produce an alliance with some defectors; now it threatens to lead to an avalanche of self-justification, while the blacks are again left to fight alone."

There seems to be no doubt that a great urgency exists among many radicals to enforce the party line no matter what happens. There is a desperation in their step but their step is out of joint. A President who employs an ABM system to insure peace is no different than the revolutionary who spreads hate vectors in order to consolidate a whole community. It is time that people of creative needs and positive plans pull together and resoundingly reject both.

There is a *Fire in the lake* and it is spreading across the whole land. It will take a poet to make it recognizable and to make it known: "It has been found again! What? -- Eternity! It is the Sea mingled with the Sun."

DECOMPOSITION

BY D A LATIMER

Stop the presses, Mac. Rip out this week's copy. Everybody's gone to Bethel this Friday leaving Latimer to hold the bag, and sure enough, *Kiss* gets busted. And *Screw* too, and as far as I know *Pleasure* and *The New York Review of Sex and Politics* into the bargain. I hate to keep harping on this point—it seems as though I'm doing a porn-bust story every week—but shit, they keep doing it. 'Kowabunga! You're under arrest.'

Let us look at the people who keep getting arrested in these obscenity forays (in the halfhour allotted me before absolute deadline), and at the products they publish. Perhaps this can give us an insight into why it's so dreadfully hard to push raunchy papers in this city.

Marv Grafton pushes *Pleasure*, the most financially successful of the five or six pornzines presently on the stands, and also a new publication called *Fun*, which goes under the aegis of a sexy satire magazine. Grafton I don't know too much about, he keeps to himself a lot and tries to avoid the demimondaine circles of the other hip smut publishers frequent. He's a hefty fellow with a moustache, rarely seen without his shades on. I have a suspicion he suffers from certain reservations about the propriety of peddling the shit he peddles, but then, he could be operating on the principle that the less prominence he gives himself the less he'll be hassled by the Administration of Public Morals. *Pleasure*, altogether, is pretty bad. Poor layout, rotten prose, no particular humour and a certain grim earnestness that grates on your foreskin. *Fun* is not much fun either—in a charitable moment, Al Goldstein called it 'a thirteen-year-old's idea of dirty jokes.' Actually, I wouldn't sell the thirteen-year-olds short.

Pleasure probably makes more money than any other pornzine. It gets good distribution because it doesn't fiddle with politics and social comment, nor does it go overboard on the more obscure aspects of sex. It's sort of the Weekly Reader of pornzines, the distributors can carry it around without getting weak in the knees from fear of the Red Squad.

Kiss, on the other hand, has been busted more often than any other pornzine, and the distributors and printers handle it as if it were *plastique*—very handy to keep around, but extremely volatile. It was in *Kiss* that pictures of people fucking were first offered to the population at large, a mistake *Kiss* has been careful not to make again. Joel Fabrikant takes the rap for this one. Jay Fab, as we call him, is a paunchy, muscular type, prematurely bald, who takes regular karate lessons—that sort of guy. 'Why don't you listen to me and do it my way?' he keeps asking the other guys. 'If I'd listened to you six months ago,' moans Al Goldstein, 'I'd be wearing a cement overcoat in the East River right now.' That's what Fabrikant's like.

Layout-wise, *Kiss* is lately climbing to the top of the soggy heap in esthetic appeal. I refer to the layout, which is being done by one of the craziest and best graphic artists on the publishing scene today. When *Kiss* comes out, the other publishers grind their teeth in envy and cut their production staffs' salaries. *Kiss* also enjoys the talents of the finest underground cartoonists, such as R. Crumb, Kim Deitch, and Spain Rodriguez. Your reporter here has been trying lately to scrawl off his own cartoon strip, a parody of *Archie*, to publish in *Kiss* alongside his irregular articles of erratic quality.

The most salient aspect of *Kiss*' content is its predilection for the weird and unusual in matters of sex. Bondage, Sadism, Necrophilia, Pedophilia, Leather Fetishes, Urolagnia, Corprophilia and plain old Scatology are *Kiss*' mainstay. Issues frequently read as if they were put together by the Vienna Masquerade Festival

Committee of 1892. No other pornzine does this, gets right into the roots of sexual tradition the way *Kiss* does. Her star intellectual columnist, Dr. Serge Von Yang-Yeovil, terms *Kiss*, 'The only general-audience magazine today that evinces a sense of history.'

The New York Review of Sex and Politics, on the other hand, is as modern as tomorrow's headlines. Aside from editor D. Melmoth (32), nobody on this one even approaches thirty years old. The publisher, Steve Heller, celebrated his nineteenth birthday not long before he was busted last month and written up in the *Times* as 35. It is Mark Heller and Edwards who pay the bail for the NYRS&P. Edwards is much like Grafton in the matter of anonymity, the caesthenics he goes through to keep his name and face out of the limelight defy the imagination. Out of respect for his magazine, I will only comment that he has a wife and a darling baby and a singular lack of satiric proficiency. Heller is a sarcastic little fuck of borderline literacy who has no business messing with the copy of Ray Shultz.

But for Shultz, the NYRS&P might be written off as a bum lay. They have plenty other contributors, mostly from the Maurice Girodias-Olympia Press school of artsy porn, but it is Shultz who lends the paper its peppy amphetamine journalistic flavour; his coverage of events like the Gay Power Riots and the Bethel rock festival are the needle in this haystack of erotic spoons and pornographic eyedroppers. Alright, Shultz, let's see you write good similies in a lousy half hour before deadline.

Steve Heller's one contribution to the NYRS&P is its layout, and it is this that makes the magazine. He manages to mix a lot of sex with a generous amount of heavy politics and make the combination seem somehow apt. Presently he's engaged in a seething struggle with *Kiss* to come out with the finest-looking goddamn fuck sheet on the stands. Power to ya, Steve.

Before we get to *Screw*, I ought to squeeze in a few words about *Metropolitan Swinger* and *Sophisticated Swapper*, Mel Brandon's little advertising broadsides. It was Mel who placed all those creepy *Envoy* ads with EVO early last spring, the four pages of French and Greek Cultural Items in the ass end of every issue. It was the acid test for EVO's advertising people, and they flunked it soundly—the stupid bastards really sincerely couldn't tell the difference between these crawly little closet-queen notices and the grand raunch that appears in our classified section. Finally it dawned on them that EVO was losing a lot of readers because of these miserable things, and they tossed Mel out on his ass.

By that time, *Screw* and *Pleasure* were going strong, nobody'd been busted yet, so Mel took his considerable profits from the *Envoy* endeavor and started shoveling out these two items, *Swinger* and *Swapper*. He won't call them pornzines, but he will very noisily proclaim that they are all of a part with the *Screw* publishing tradition. Every chick's snatch in these two papers is tastefully covered over with a little black square reading *Metropolitan Swapper* or *Sophisticated Swinger*; many of these chicks, who promise unearthly delights to the respondents of these ads, suspiciously resemble professional models who pose for such fortysecondstreet efforts as *Flaming Flicks* and *Lesbians In Action*. Old Mel swears up and down that every offer in his two magazines is for real, but EVO is still getting enraged phone calls from people who wasted their money on those goddamn *Envoy* ads.

Neither of Brandon's brainstorms has ever been busted. When Goldstein was leaving the courtroom at 100 Centre Street after posting bail the last time, he passed the courthouse periodical stand and spied towering stacks of

Swinger and *Swapper*: 'Nice to know what the civil service set is reading these days,' he remarked sagely.

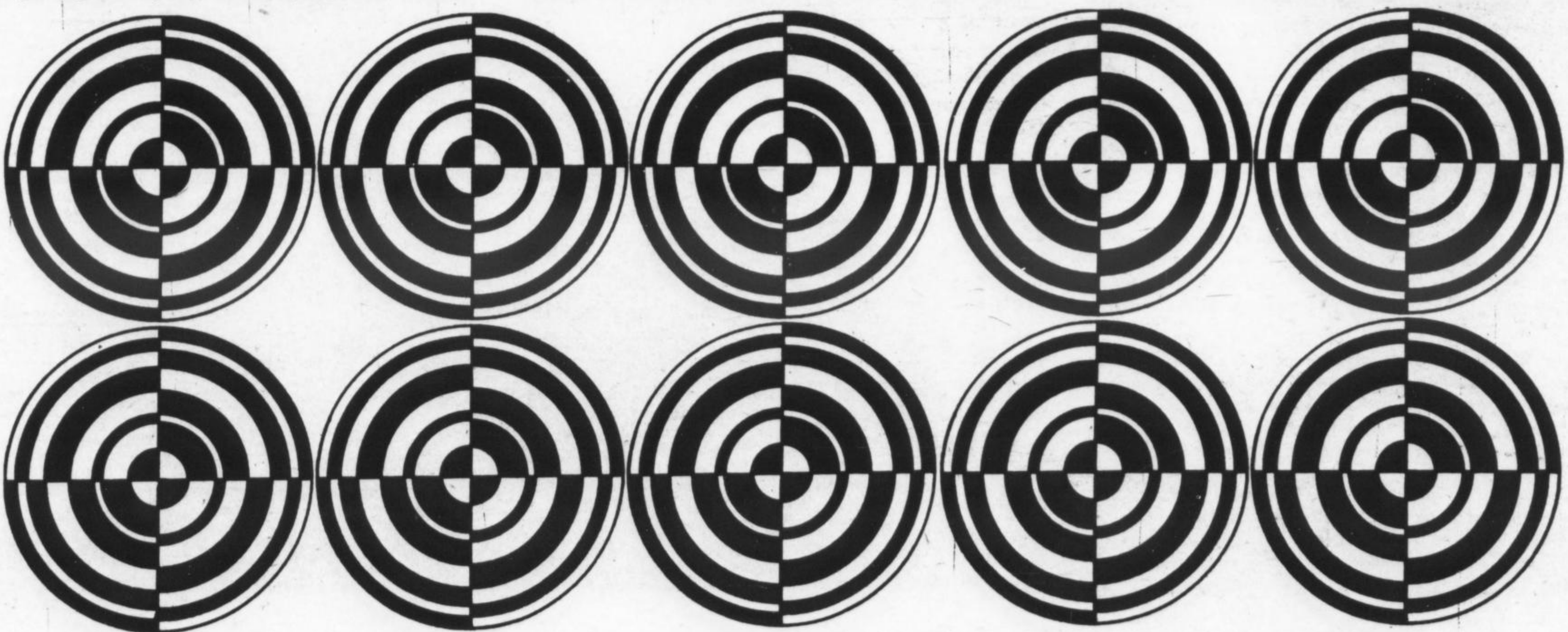
Mel Brandon's popularity with the Administration of Public Morals might possibly be accounted for by the fact that his corporation lawyer is said to be a powerful Tammany official. All Goldstein has going for him is the ACLU, and you know how popular they are with the civil service set. It was Goldstein who, by his own admission, invented the concept of the weekly pornzine. With a little help from his friend Jim Buckley, Al put *Screw* together and made it a synonym for fucking. Never before had the exposed female form been used in such a context. A strange phenomenon called masturbation followed the advent of *Screw*. The word 'sex' was written into the dictionary after the lexicographers saw what marvellous innovations Goldstein and Buckley were bringing to the human condition.

Every week, *Screw* brings us another chapter in the thrilling careers of Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein. Can a good Jewish boy from the Bronx, after flunking a police physical, fighting for God and Mother in Korea, turning out reams of lies for *The National Mirror*, spying on the UAW for the Bendix Corporation and then testifying against Bendix before the NLRB, can this boy, overweight and exhausted at the age of 32, can he make a million dollars out of publishing *Screw*? Can his compatriot, a good Catholic boy from Queens, after losing his shirt on *The New York Free Press*, losing his friends and personal prestige by associating with a crumb like Goldstein, losing his health and delicate sensibilities in the Elisabeth Street booking tank time after time, can he, still comely and soft-spoken at the age of 24, somehow get back on the Right Track? Follow the editorials in *Screw* to learn the answer to this paralyzing dilemma!

All these guys go before the judge next month to answer charges of interfering with the moral development of America's citizenry. The prosecution will cite the number of schoolchildren in New York City—there must be millions—who would read these awful pornzines if they only had the chance. The defense will hit back that schoolchildren have enough troubles of their own, why should a little pussyhair bother them? The DA will retort that all these smut peddlers are in it for the money and nothing else. The defense will put it to the court that Madison Avenue's only in it for the money, why should pornzines be any better? Waxing wroth, the people of the state of New York will throw out every gruesome sex-murder case in the last twenty years and blame it on the proliferation of papers like *Screw*, *Kiss*, *Pleasure*, *Fun*, and the NYRS&P. Respectfully, most respectfully, the pornzines will offer statistics from Copenhagen graphing a 37 percent drop in the sex crime rate since pornography was legalised in Denmark. Finally the judge will complain about court costs and proclaim everyone guilty as charged. It may take a few years, but this is roughly what will happen. Then it'll go to an appeals court, who should laugh it off the docket.

In the meantime, the distributors and newsstand dealers will be freaked for good and all. Watch for a sudden decline in the proliferation of smut on the newsstands, folks. I won't even wax moralistic about it, my disgust with the pigs for doing this is balanced with my disgust for you stooges out there who let it happen without a whimper. You're all a buncha Marv Graftons! Have fun with the *National Mirror*.

Corrections to last week's copy: Johnny Sample is offensive cornerback for the New York Jets, not fullback as stated. Bobby Tolan's name is not Randy, but mud. All power to the people, and ban the fucking bomb.



the

THE HIPPIE AND THE COMPUTER (Thanks for the title to Nam June Paik.)



hippie and the computer

by Jud Yalkut



"...society can only be understood through a study of the messages and the communications facilities which belong to it; and that in the future development of these messages and communications facilities, messages between man and machines, between machines and men, and between machine and machine, are destined to play an ever increasing part." - Norbert Wiener, in *THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS*.

SERENDIPITY AND INTERMINANCY. "(Art's a way we have for throwing out ideas--ones we've picked up in or out of our heads. What's marvelous is that as we throw them out--these ideas--they generate others, ones that weren't even in our heads to begin with.)" -John Cage, in an extract from *A YEAR FROM MONDAY*, included in the *CYBERNETIC SERENDIPITY* catalogue.

Only several blocks from Dupont Circle, the Washington Tompkins Square equivalent, the Dupont Center (formerly the Washington Gallery of Modern Art before acquisition by the mammoth Corcoran) now houses three floors of alternately involving and alienating cybernetic games and probings; the brilliant pebbles of Isaac
(Continued on Page 12)

The moon landing was perhaps, and we know the hardcore US administration hopes, the most boosting hit into the technological education mainline. Outside the plethora of **ENGINEERS AND TECHNICIANS WANTED** ads and posters, the attractions of a hidebound technical or engineering education has proven less and less enticing to the revived younger generation. Perhaps no greater dichotomy can be drawn than an attempt to relate an IBM complex with a hippy commune. Certainly artists, increasingly more active, as sociological motivating beacons, have transmuted their endeavors into the zealous mating of Art and Technology, awkward bedfellows uncertain of their initial approaches. Undoubtedly the true American Revolution will be forged with the tools of communication, the free exchange of ideas, the trading and help of information, spiritual and pragmatic information not dualistically divorced.

Wiener defined **CYBERNETICS** in his first book by that title as "Control and communication in the animal and machine." Certainly the questions of control in information communication are not unapparent to any devotee of the free media channels. As electronic technology proves more and more to be the gross externalization of our collective nervous system, the sources of stricture and obstruction become as painfully obvious as any bundle of frayed nerve endings. As hopeless and self-destructive as it would be to amputate any infected appendage, the greater hope lies in the generalization of newer and more numerous channels through which the information "bits" can flow.

Cybernetic art is one aspect of the humanizing of electromechanical processes, the reminder that all energy flow systems depend upon the same cosmic electromagnetic forces. Kinetic sculpture has transmuted smoothly into cybernetic sculpture, "the cathode ray tube has supplanted the canvas" (PAID), films and graphic images are computer generated, and more art "pieces" and "events" (the definitions grow cloudy as the common urges reveal themselves simultaneous and synchronous) concern themselves increasingly with concept exchanges and the revealing of invisible energies as prime movers through their omnipresence.

In the autumn of 1965 the seeds of a comprehensive cybernetic art exhibition were nurtured by Jasia Reichart of the Institute of Contemporary Art in London, and was finally held there from August through October of 1968, eliciting great interest with science fiction abstractions and turn-on-yourself mind blowers. Called **CYBERNETIC SERENDIPITY** (Serendipity being "the faculty of making happy chance discoveries"), this show is now resident at the Dupont Center of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. through the remainder of the month of August.

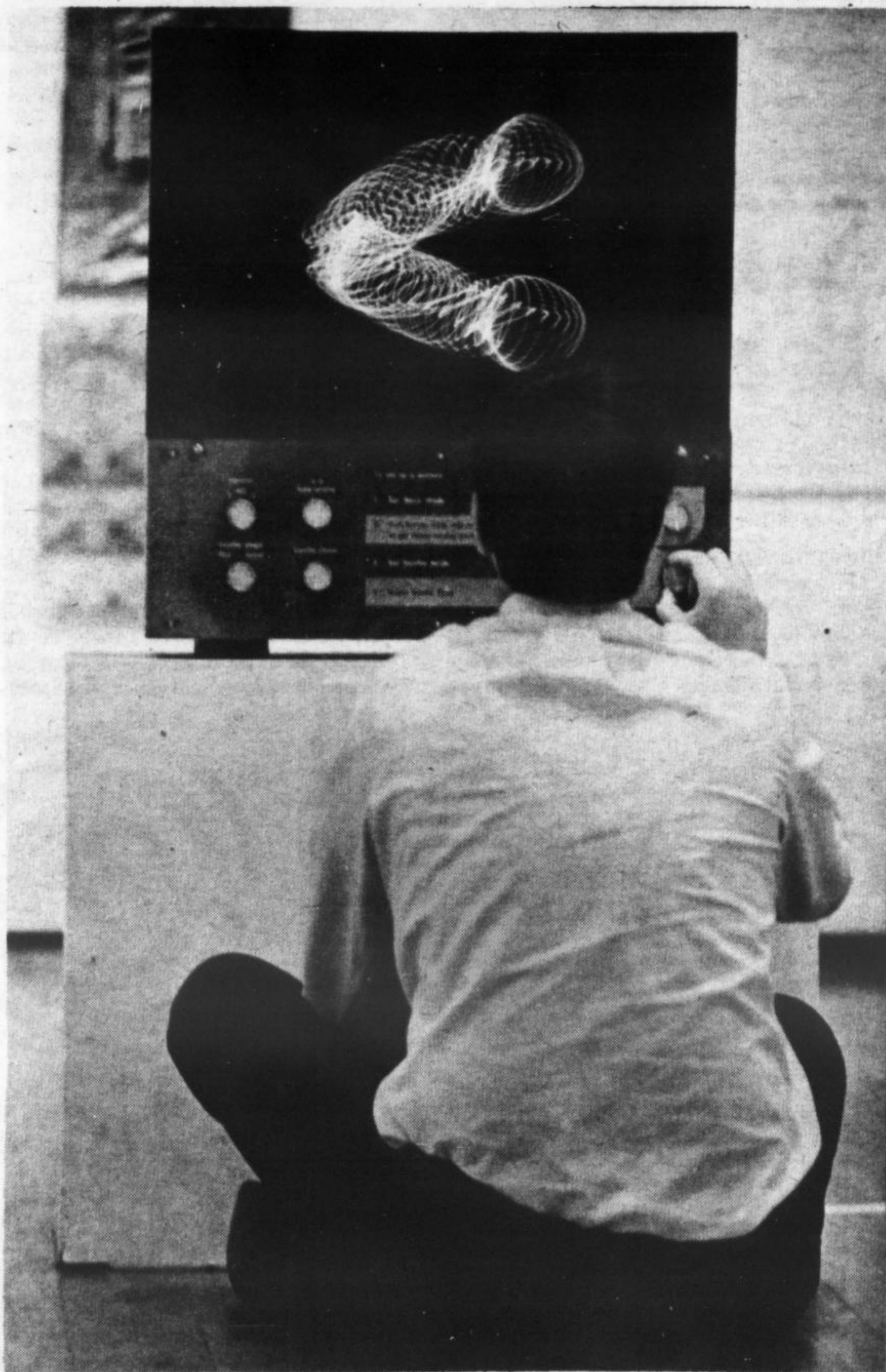


foto by Alfonso Barrios at "Cybernetics Serendipity"

The Aquarian Scene

photo reportage by Raeanna Rubinstein & Shelly Rusten



Janis Joplin

(Continued from Page 3)

Just walking around Hog Farm is an incredible trip. A few thousand of the absolutely most together and peaceful and loving and beautiful heads in the world are gathered in a grand tribal new beginning. This meadow, which drops off to a steep slope (at the bottom is our stage), has become a gypsy camp of heads. All the petty bullshit things that before kept us apart vanished and for the first time we were free.

The high point for me, thus far, was an unbelievable performance by The Quarry, an outsite group of very heavy musicians, Saturday night. I've never before felt such electricity as on this hillside when they played that night.

They laid down not only some of the heaviest music, but a message that was so then and there that it was incredible and uncanny. I can't remember the words; it was such a far up trip that I was riding the waves and was very very stoned. The cat on drums, he is so far out (far in, he said last night). A fine and very heavy musician, he also laid down the most together rap as he beat his drums in a orgy of pleasure and love. He said it so fine, too. Doing a gross injustice to his thing, it was basically telling all of us that we had been reborn into a world of love and that the most fantastic possibility lay before us. Here we were, all (well, many are sadly missing) the beautiful heads in a giant gypsy camp—that just seems the most appropriate description—groovin' so fine together. No paranoia, no hassles, no busts, virtually no selfishness (and even when it appeared the person learned from it and let themselves be guided by love), the cleanest grounds on the farm, everyone strolling around, visiting campfires, turning each other on, just stopping and rapping freely with anyone that happened

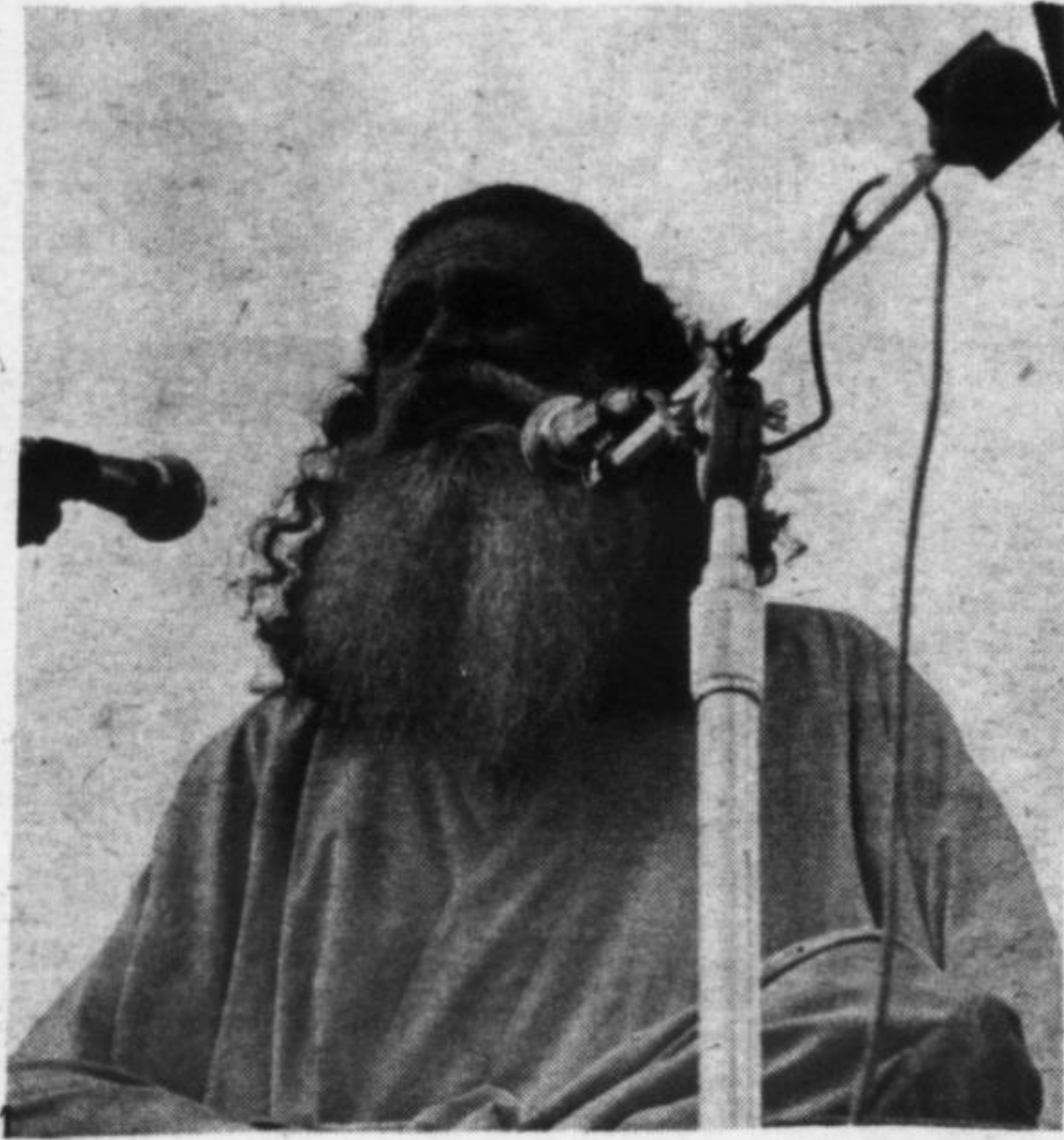
to be around with all the bullshit and barriers gone, sharing food and smoke and water and love. Everyone was grooving.

But even so, the "possibility" on Sunday lies as remote, almost, as before. Everyone dug the Quarry's rap, but it was never carried to it's ultimate level. What was (is!) the "possibility?" To many, it was that we could just stay put and live like this, altogether with our friends, our brothers and sisters, forever. The idea just griped your

(Continued on Page 8)



Roger Daltrey - Who



Swami Satchidananda

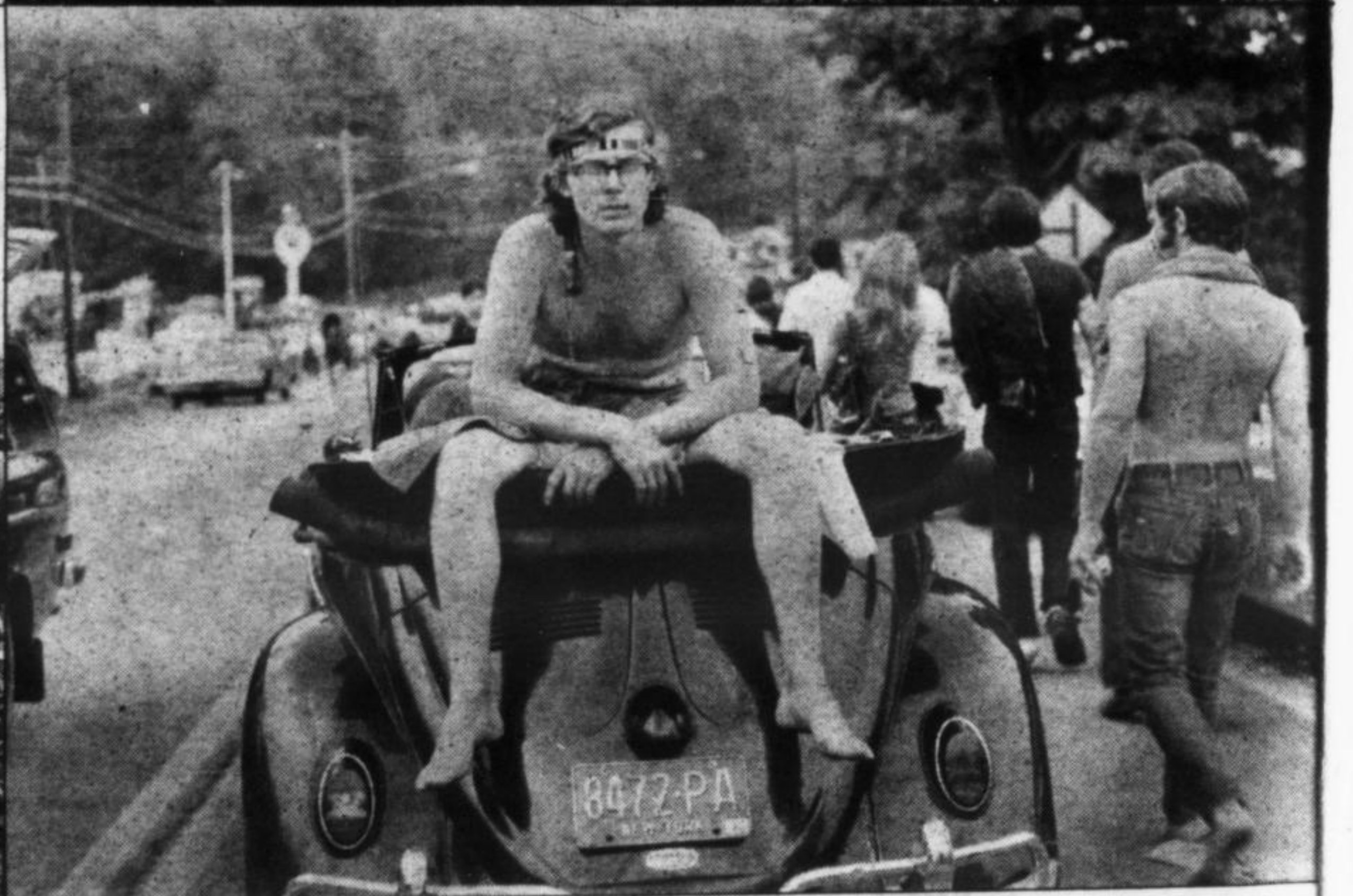
Cat Mother



Peter Townsend - Who

Ravi Shankar





Aquarian Scene

mind and didn't let go. Stay. Why not. Get the word out to our families and friends to come, with food and dope and cigarettes. Why not? All the facilities—housing, electricity, kitchens, water supply—are already here. So many groovy heads are here that we could certainly figure out a way to survive. A head concentration camp. "They" wouldn't have to worry about "us" anymore and "we" wouldn't have to worry about "them" anymore. Total absence of government and authority and business and cars and all that other shit.

But, as of tonight, Sunday, the message was not believed or understood by enough people, and it's all coming apart. Bonfires have been lit to burn left-over underground papers and various structures. The stage is being torn down. People are trying to figure out how to get home, and it's much quieter than Saturday night.

The Quarry was interrupted Saturday before they actually came out and said what shouldn't have had to have been said; that is, for us to stay. A spade cat from Port Washington joined the Quarry and tried to tell us what was on his mind. He was a fairly good singer, with just a little too much of the performer in him, and he really wanted to tell us about the "real love" that was with us and with him. But, he somehow never quite got his thing above a certain level and it wasn't too long before the Quarry, and particularly the drummer, got into a thing with him, which in its own way was beautiful to see and hear too, ending with the drummer splitting and everything going downhill and eventually falling apart. The Hare Krisna boys got up and chanted, bringing most everyone down from the super-high place we had been. It was a drag, the Quarry had laid out some beautiful music and beautiful rap.

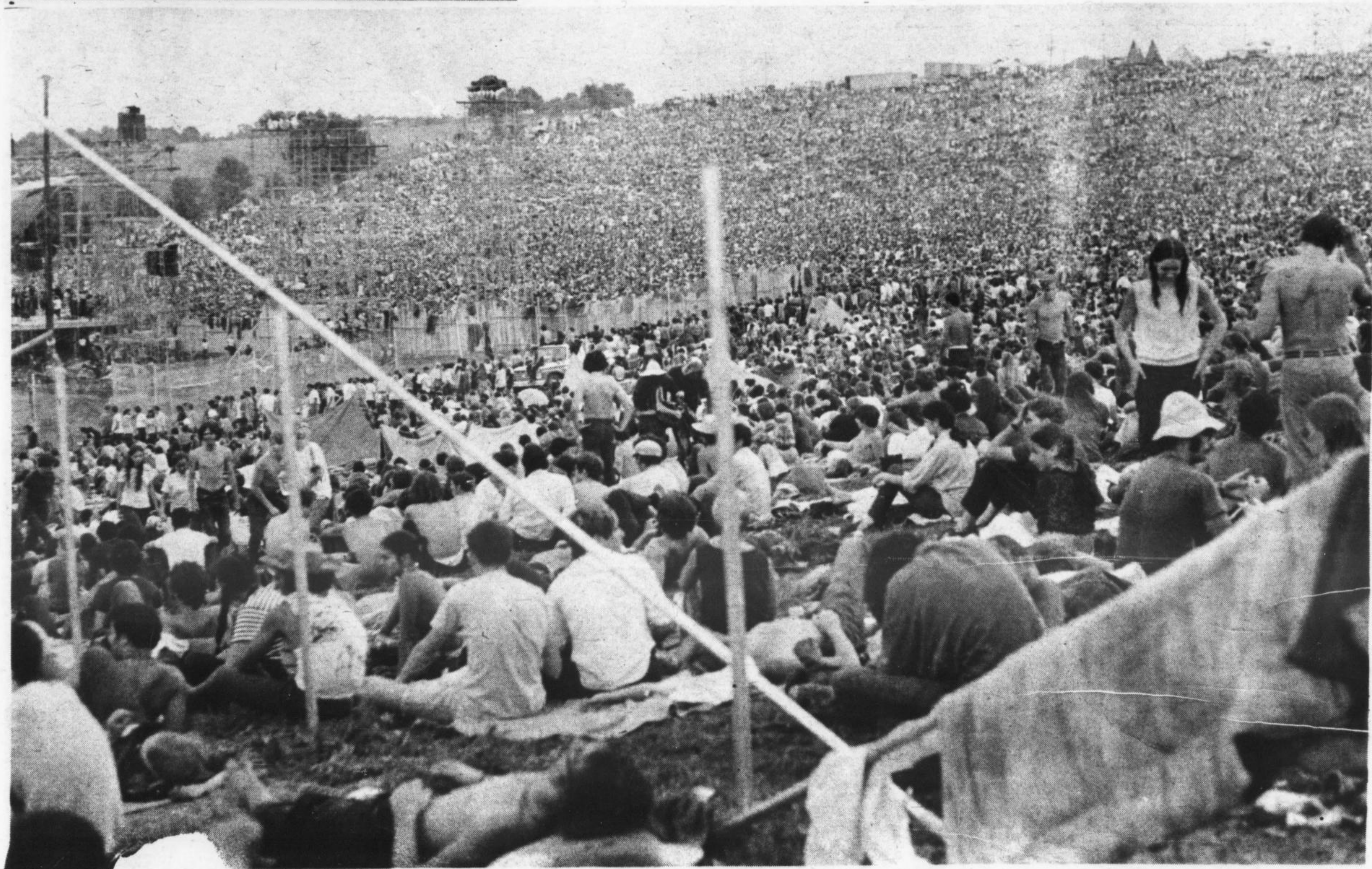
The camp was always beautifully together, though. At night, it looked like a huge band of medieval gypsies strolling and visiting and finally doing their thing. Drums almost constantly throbbing and flutists piping amongst the camps sites. Like a super be-in, a live-in, real freedom. Wow!

There were crowds at times, but it was never crowded. We were all in the same family.

This is not to say that the blob, as it was also known, on the other side of the hill was bad, because it wasn't. It too was peaceful and groovy, but it was a different place. (I assume others will report the action there).

In the woods, dealers gathered under the trees, a bunch under one tree like the history books tell you the stock market got started in NY, selling whatever you wanted: grass (fairly good stuff available at \$15/oz.), acid and mescaline (usually at \$4 a cap), and other goodies for the head. Lots of dope was brought and spread around from people all over the country. Tents had signs in front advertising acid and such for sale. Too much. Sure, there was some bad shit around and some bum trips were had, but mostly it was ok. But, with dope everywhere, everybody got stoned.

There is a feeling, though, that somehow it couldn't happen again. The Hog Farm scene was a result of big bread being dumped into an immense venture, but next time nobody will buy tickets (tickets were completely unnecessary once you got here). The ticket sales made it all possible and next time everybody would come much better prepared and wouldn't need the concessions for food and drink (didn't need them anyway over at the Hog Farm). That realization, too, was part of the message. Stay and do it now or forever (well, we hope not) be banned to that world on the outside, the world of power and pigs, of money and foul air, separate and apart again from each other. But maybe, just maybe, it will be a new beginning for us despite our walking away from the most beautiful experience many ever had. A lot of friends were made and positive proof that our numbers are legion was everywhere evident. We now know we can live together as we had only done previously in our fantasies. No one will leave here the same person that existed before. For a few days we were all in a beautiful place. Can we do it again? All I know is I don't want to leave here. I feel like I've come home.



ALLEN ASHEN

In the two years that I have known Hugh Romney, oftimes official spokesman for the Hog Farm (man, I dug those free food Hog Farm chicks, they're Fantastic), I have never seen him even come close to blowing his cool. But when Walter Teague (the capitalist, fascist revolutionary) and his Support the NLF group started a rampage towards poor, defenseless RAT's newsstand, we found Hugh running after them, almost foaming at the mouth, shouting, "Take everything I own, man, you can have it all, just don't fuck this place up!" (not quite verbatim.)

And that was exactly what they were trying to do. They wanted to "liberate" everything from the cruddy bologna sandwiches to the Hog Farm's free food. As Walter Teague put it: "We want to liberate the people from the exploitation of the merchants of Hip Culture."

LIST A There was—

- Free Admission
- Free music
- Free medical care
- Free dope
- Free food
- Free Theater
- Free movies
- Free water
- Free education
- Free leather
- Free camping
- Free noise
- Free air
- Free swimming
- Free love
- Free cigarettes
- Free laughs

What was left to liberate?

But they insisted even when Hugh asked them to be cool because the National Guard was around. It was at this point that they did gain some semblance of cool.

"The National Guard won't come, man," they warmly insisted as they walked off to liberate the bologna.

"Listen, man, speak to Abbie Hoffman," Hugh screeched.

"Abbie is full of shit," the black bearded, black beanie, lookalike, skinny, revolutionary speed freaks shouted back in unison.

Sorry, Abbie.

And they did have a point or two. Not about Abbie, but the liberation deal. They were overcharging a little bit at all of the concessions (except for Carlos' Tacos Stand). They weren't letting people climb up the monkey bar stage. Uh... that's about it. No there's something else.

The rain was liberated. And there was mud. Mud. MUD. Ankles deep in mud. The people who landed here around Tuesday and secured themselves the first ten acres in front of the stage at the bottom of the hill were breathing mud. (Actually, one *can* learn to breath mud, but that's another side of the revolution.)

Eventually though, the mud became rather fun. It did its own little magic tricks, liberating people's hearts and souls.

"FUCKIN' MUD."

Yes, seriously, when one finds oneself trampling through the mud, one often desires the removal of ones shoes. And when one takes off one's shoes, apparently, one's mind becomes liberated. And this was how the Woodstock festival turned into the longest, most exciting, barrel-o'-fun Be-In.

No San Francisco, No Sheep's Meadow could compare with the outstanding magnanimity of this crowd. When it rained—and it did pour at times—they sat through it all, even when the bands couldn't play. Those 500,000 people tranquil in front of the main stage were digging themselves and the people around them and really couldn't give half a yelp about good ol' Mother Nature. As we all trampled along the crowded and muddy thoroughfair, with half a million spiffy helicopters hacking overhead, we all smiled and laughed. When they ran out of water, we yawned. We were the hippest city in the world, and for almost a whole day, we were close to being the third largest city in New York State.

And that the revolution really took place. We were, most of us, so full of good vibes, and all these good vibes put together, none of the straight folk could live through it. So everyone leaves the grounds having realized the ever omnipotent self. Even this cat that I was watching while we both stood on line at the grocery in White Lake. He was really a freak. He was all faggy and his hair



was just long enough to stick a feather in securely. He had these short side sideburns that were about four or five inches wide, and on top of that curly black hair stood a cute little sky blue rainy hat with the word "Walnetto" stiched in in burgundy on the front. And he was acting so cool. And then... and then I noticed this big old, so-skinny-he's-almost-camouflaged daddy long-legs perched just to the right of the "W". This was Saturday morning and neither of us had as yet been "There". Had we been there the night before, I would not have noticed that spider, because it wouldn't have been there.

That's Zen, man, Zen.



BARCEL

SPAIN

film

you're compulsive that way, to read all the material. If not, there's enough visually reinforcing graphics whose images you can go away with, plus the fun that the machines might give you."

Embodying the intangible apperception of hidden meanings and forces, Juan Downey, a 29 year old Chilean technological artist, resident in Washington and one of the local supplementations to the international show, presents a purely phenomenological experience in his ENERGY FROM BEYOND THESE WALLS. "Sculpture No. 1 is sensitive to 4 kinds of outer energy: atomic disintegration or cosmic rays, radio waves in the neighborhood, aircraft radio waves, and radar waves. It is also sensitive to one inner form of energy, it's own heat. Anyone of these forms of energy when present will activate a distant tone in an

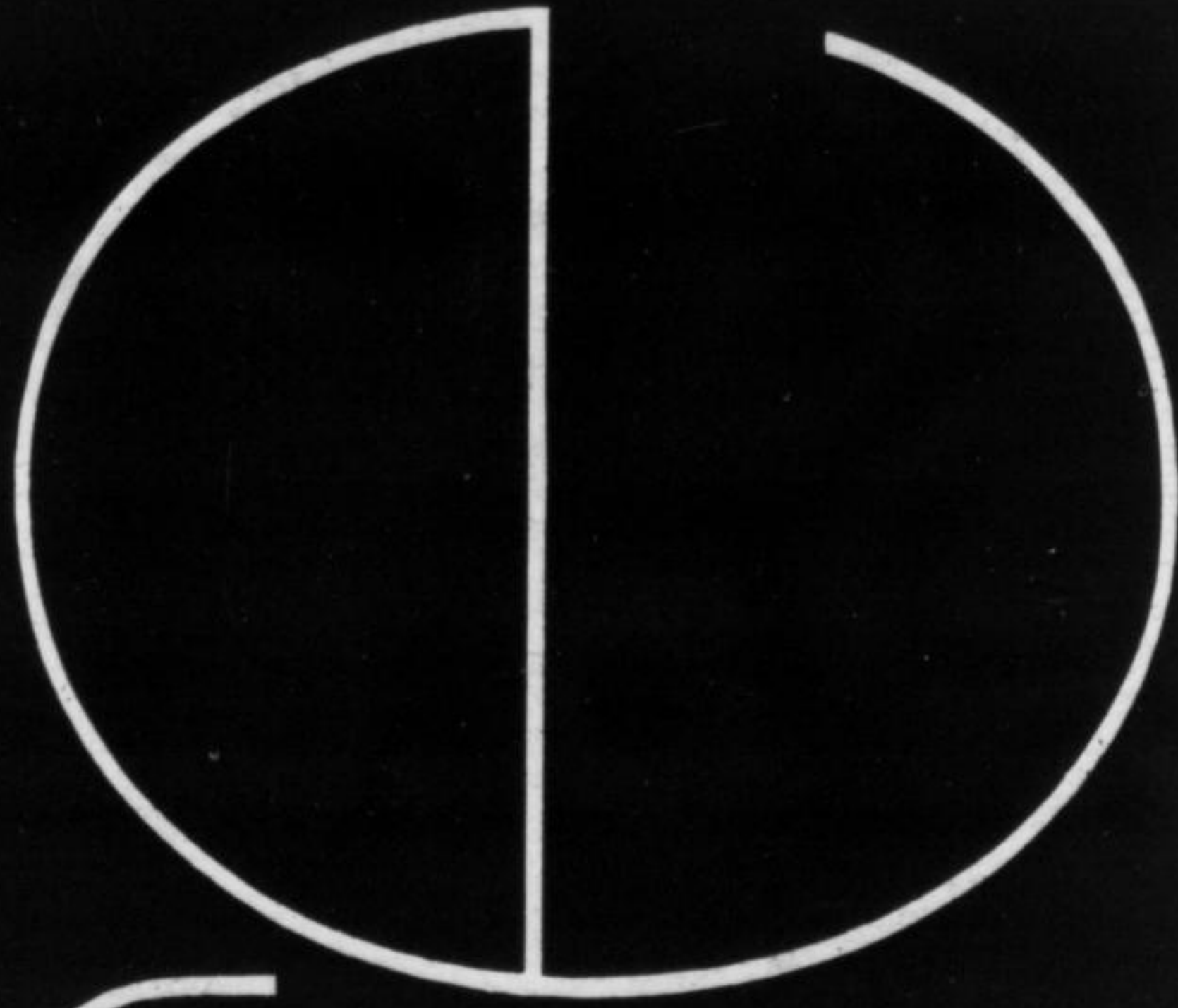
electronic organ." "All this," adds Downey, "is an input that the sculpture possesses to produce an output that we never hear--it's a little system in itself--it doesn't allow the public to participate in it at all. The sculpture transmits the impulse of each signal to another Sculpture No. 2 upstairs, which complains when it doesn't receive a signal, and transmits a radio signal to No. 1 which plays the electronic organ. It's actually a game between two little electronic brains--very primary ones--but it's a game between the two of them activated by outer energies. An earlier piece of mine had formica shapes that would rock back and forth (AT DOWNEY'S EXTENSIVE ONE MAN SHOW AT THE CORCORAN LAST JANUARY) because of repulsion in electromagnets when certain frequency radio waves were received by it--Citizen's band, Channels 23 and 10, which are used by the police and fire departments. So those types of people were activating the sculpture without knowing

it, and that was part of the fun--making people work for you. I guess at some point people will become sensitive enough so we'll again be able to start playing with them, but at a new level--They will start producing waves or something that activate machines and make other people play. These are simple games--perhaps we can get into a higher game with energy in the future. I guess eventually the main direction will be imitating mental processes with systems of machines--like the way people think or feel."

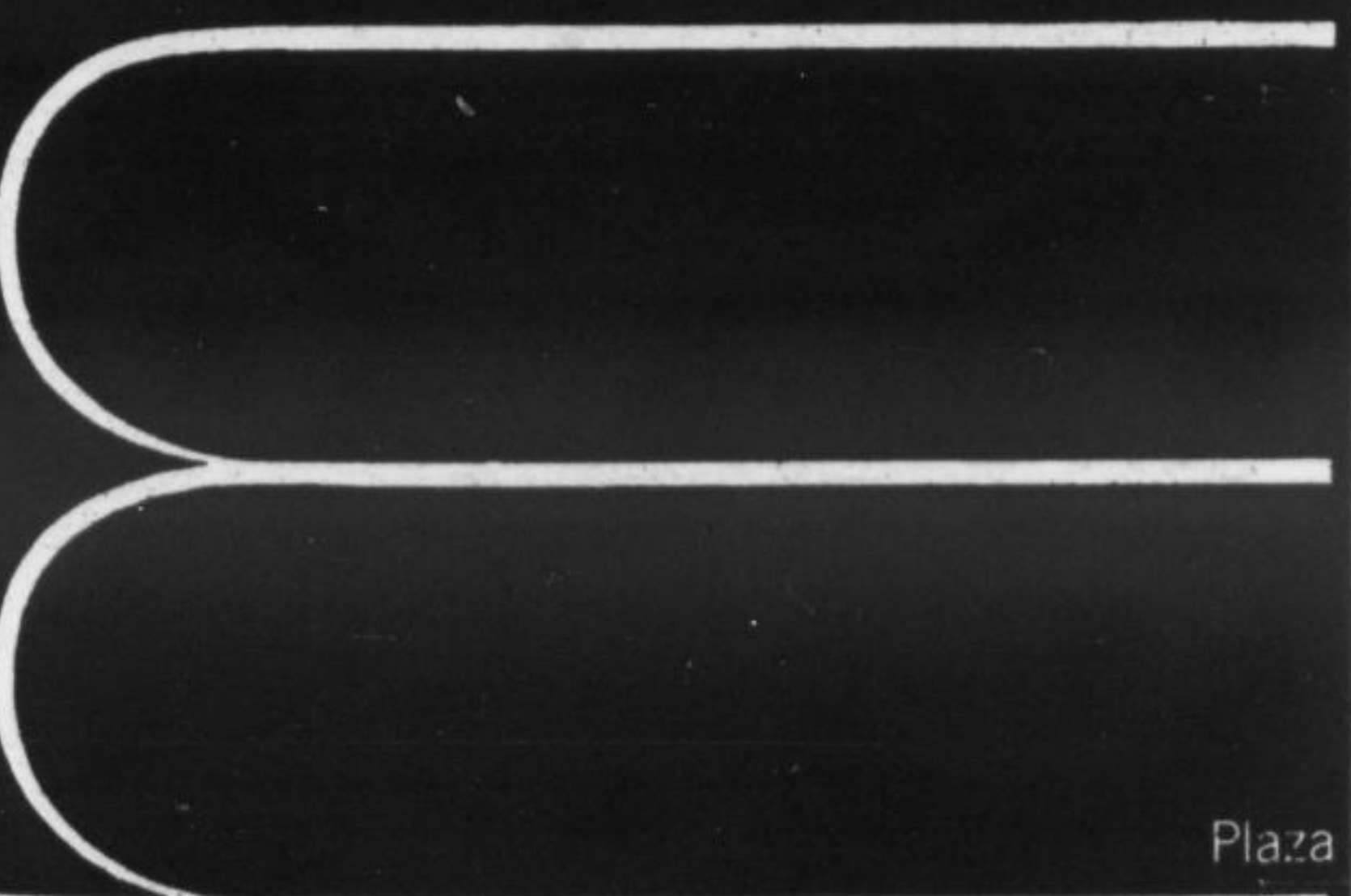
Making people aware of the invisible and the intangible is a new aspect of contemporary art, casting a lingering eye and ear on durational phenomena.

"One can observe the duration of a phenomenon by uninterrupted observation or by trials. The observation of duration may be continuous or intermittent." - WITTGENSTEIN.

(Continued on Page 14)



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film

(Continued from Page 13)

"The name I put on my piece for the show is KINETIC PRESSURE PAINTING," says Mexican artist Arturo Cuatrecasas, last seen in the Brooklyn Museum's EAT Show. "Pressure creates the actual color in the plexiglass piece by affecting the molecular structure of the material with 6000 lbs. of pressure at four points from an automotive hydraulic jack, the stress patterns made visible by polarization and modulated by the spectator's own foot. I realized that this piece is a self-portrait of when I was an expressionistic painter, painting my head off to the point where it was about to crack; one paints to survive and most of the time one doesn't succeed. Who says VanGogh is dead? I think plexiglass pieces can be seen as a building for light in a scale for the eye to enter and the mind to move within. You cannot exhaust it, and spend a lifetime trying to look and look, and you can always find new experiences. It's like my encyclopedia."

"An elaboration of the Lissajous figure oscillographic technique" is utilized in Hugh Riddle's and Anthony Pritchett's *SIDEBANDS* 1968, where "surfaces have been substituted for the lines of the classic Lissajous figure," using a complex of high frequency sideband signals (above and below the unmodulated carrier put out by a transmitter.) The system was "originally designed to generate a Mobius strip" for a BBCTV science fiction title sequence. One can once again program one's own head electronically, lotus-positioned before a 10 x 12 inch CRT.

On the third floor, tripping past Wen Yang Tsai's organically undulating *CYBERNETIC SCULPTURE*, whose vibrating steel rods are "in constant harmonic motion in an electronically activated environment" altered by a

(Continued on Page 16)

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ART PORT JEFFERSON HR 3-3435	UA'S CINEMA BAYSHORE MO 5-1722	UA'S PLAZA PATCHOQUE GR 5-5275	UA'S SOUTHAMPTON AT 3-1300

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. 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 name of the theater. Full description of the code is listed alphabetically and precedes the calendar.

CALENDAR LOCATIONS

AM-EX
American Experimental Cinema
8 Stuyvesant St., (Near Cooper Union)
NYC 212-677- 9790

C-M
The Jewish Museum
1109 Fifth Avenue (91st St.)
NYC 10028 212-749-3770

ELGIN THEATER
8th Ave. at 19th St.
NYC 212-675-0935

MILLENNIUM FILM WORKSHOP INC.
46 Great Jones St. (nr. E. 3rd St.)
NYC 212-475-9110

U-P FILM GROUP
814 Broadway,
NYC 475-9110

CALENDAR

AUGUST 20 - WEDNESDAY

3:00 PM - NYC - Film-talk: FRED MOGUBGUB
DONNELL Library, 20 W. 53rd St.

3:00 PM - NYC - "Chinese Shadow Play"; "A Night at the Peking Opera"; "Live Dolls of Bunraku"
METROPOLITAN Museum of Art, 5th Ave at 82nd St.

8:00 PM - NYC - NEWSREEL: Berkeley Rebellion; Nossa Terra; Time of the Locust - ST. MARKS CHURCH, 2nd Ave. & 10th St.

9:00 PM - NYC - Dance films by FRED ARNOW, JUDITH DUNN, GRETEL FLETCHER, GENE FRIEDMAN, DYLAN GREEN, KEN GREENLEAF, MARK SADAN, ED SEEMAN, ELAINE SUMMERS - DANCE THEATER WORKSHOP, 215 W. 20th St., WA 9-8772.

AUGUST 21 - THURSDAY

MIDNITE - NYC - NEWSREEL: Accusation; Wilmington; Mexico '68; Richmond Oil Strike - ELGIN

AUGUST 22 - FRIDAY

9:00 PM - NYC - LIONEL MARTINEZ: Attitudes; JERRY WAKEFEILD: Be-In 69; MAURICE AMAR: Instants; BEN HAYEEM: Xmas 67; ARNOLD WESTON: In Progress - U-P

10:00 PM - NYC - JOHN DULANEY: Outing, Fly Family Spectrum, Mentat, California Dream, K-16, BN-16, Film Called John Oken, others - AM-EX

AUGUST 23 - SATURDAY

9:00 and 11:00 PM - NYC - Films by JOHN DULANEY - AM-EX

10:00 PM - NYC - Repeat of Friday program - U-P

AUGUST 25 - MONDAY

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

AUGUST 26 - TUESDAY

6:00 PM - NYC - VICTOR GRAUER; JEROME HILL; MICHAEL MIDEKE - C-M

AUGUST 27 - WEDNESDAY

9:00 PM - NYC - Repeat of previous Wed. dance film program - DANCE THTR. WKSHP.

8:00 PM - NYC - NEWSREEL - ST MARKS

AUGUST 28 - THURSDAY

MIDNITE - NYC - NEWSREEL - ELGIN

AUGUST 29 - FRIDAY

9:00 PM - Repeat of previous Friday program - U-P

10:00PM - NYC - Repeat of previous Friday program - AM-EX

AUGUST 30 - SATURDAY

9:00 & 11:00 PM - NYC - Films by JOHN DULANEY - AM-EX

10:00 PM - NYC - Repeat of Friday program - U-P

HORSESHIT MAGAZINE

JESUS?

JESUS TALKED DIRTY

Jesus used to talk quite openly in public about shitting. So does Horseshit Magazine. Of course, that's the only way, Horseshit follows Jesus, since it's definitely anti-religious. But then again, come to think of it, so was Jesus . . . Anyway, the newspapers of our day consider it in acceptable taste to write about and show pictures of some guy who has chopped up his wife with an ax. But they would never show him making love to her. Our ideas of good and bad taste are just the opposite. We think that covering up the fact that there is real hunger in the U. S. is in horrible taste. We think that pictures that pretend that men and women don't have genitals are in lousy taste. In short, we think that lying is always in bad taste, and that trying to tell the truth never is. Write in for a subscription and see if you agree.

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film

(Continued from Page 14)

modulating high frequency strobe flash, one encounters a full room of Nam June Paik's multifarious video permutations: PARTICIPATION TVS, Kaleidoscopic ghost images of oneself, sound-modulated neon color tangles, and meditatively monotonous (in the most intense mantra manifestation sense) mandala. Downstairs, on Thursdays, Charlotte Moorman plays Paik's TV BRA NO. 2 activated by live cello performances and incidental articulations. Twice daily, the gallery is showing computer generated films by Vanderbeek, John Whitney, Bell Labs computer scientists, and English experiments in a workshop back of Paik's room.

Simultaneously freneticizing the high energy discharge of SERENDIPITY's total display, was the resignation of the Corcoran Gallery's Director James Harithas two weeks before the show's opening on July 16th, incurred by his indignation at the stultifying conservatism of bureaucratic administration. "With 50 or 60 people including a Board of Trustees dictating over the director, how can a museum program be free and open-minded," Harithas pointed out. Washington artists have united in sympathy, and Barnett Newman had removed his OBELISK, by now an established landmark before the Corcoran main building, refusing as offer by the institution to buy the painted sculpture for a sum of \$150,000. "AN ERA ENDS," moaned the WASHINGTON POST, "The resignation...of the man who put Washington on the national map artistically...left the art community here stunned and discouraged."

"It's the same everywhere," remarked Harithas, "There's a whole conservative ethic that makes it very difficult to move freely, people interfering with the program and what I consider my own creative academic freedom to show things that I like. In the large Corcoran building, we had Black Power militants sponsoring events, concerts by Sun Ra and Pharoah Sanders; we showed anti-war films three years ago to shocked audiences, now have 30 ghetto projects going on, and brought the first set of rock-and-roll groups into a museum context; also stressing the interaction between museums and artists, known and

(Continued on Page 18)

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for you if you are short, light built, single, affectionate and pretty. 21 to 30 years. Child accepted. I am bachelor from North. Let me cuddle you. Your sincere letter and latest photo will do it. Mike T. Winet, 1014 North 33rd Street, Fort Smith, Ark. 72901.

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film

(Continued from Page 16)

unknown. With Black Theater, commune events, and inexpensive community interchanges, the best compliment that was ever paid me was from one of the most militant guys I've ever met who told me, 'You changed things for me; I'm still militant, but I don't feel that bad anymore, baby.' We've had big scale exhibitions where when the artist ran out of studio space or had ambitious ideas, and I would turn a gallery in the building complex over to him for a studio. One worked for four months, produced a whole show, and then put it directly up on the walls surrounding him and there it was--very simple. The museum becomes a kind of open forum, so you don't have this incredible one year gap between the actual germination of the idea and its presentation. But I found checks and balances at every point here."

"Harritas was instrumental in getting SERENDIPITY into the Dupont Center," reflected Renato Danese. "The Smithsonian had been interested in importing the show from London, and it arrived in lousy shape, crates broken, and transistors scattered. They estimated a repair and conversion to 110 electrical system to be \$50,000, shopped around for another taker, and there we were. With the help of two paid, and two honoraria technicians, we patched it up and opened it, working day and night for a month at the Smithsonian, a week assembling here, artists working with technicians to get it together, for about \$5,000. Now it's in shape for any museum to take it over inexpensively, to have an operable show with minimum budget, instead of a hassle.

"We're trying to get backing for a Media Center proposal, hoping for grants from the Justice Department, and Health, Welfare and Education. That started with a lot of thinking that went into a workshop program, with five artists given \$5,000 each, working space and materials, and five has generated into twenty. We're thinking more and more about the museum's responsibility beyond its walls. Its extension into the community, and the responsibility that's implicit, being responsive to various community groups ranging from black to white. We believe that a brick through a window is somehow akin to a paintbrush in somebody's hand. We want to initiate a Media Center where people can work it out through media, from the traditional ways to more sophisticated devices, and provide a constructive alternative to socially unacceptable behaviour. Film, TV and videotape are all to be involved in the Center, to direct that kind of self-awareness and learning about your environment by seeing it in front of you graphically. The 12TH & OXFORD "gang" in Philadelphia, which has a high juvenile delinquency rate, were given filming equipment by YOU (Youth Organizations United) and produced a film called JUNGLE. During and after the production, the crime rate in Philadelphia went down considerably; they're evaluating the percentage now. That's a constructive alternative to what those kids were doing before; they've learned a hell of a lot. That's akin to one aspect of what we want to do here. Hanging paintings on the wall is fine, but maybe we can accomplish something else."

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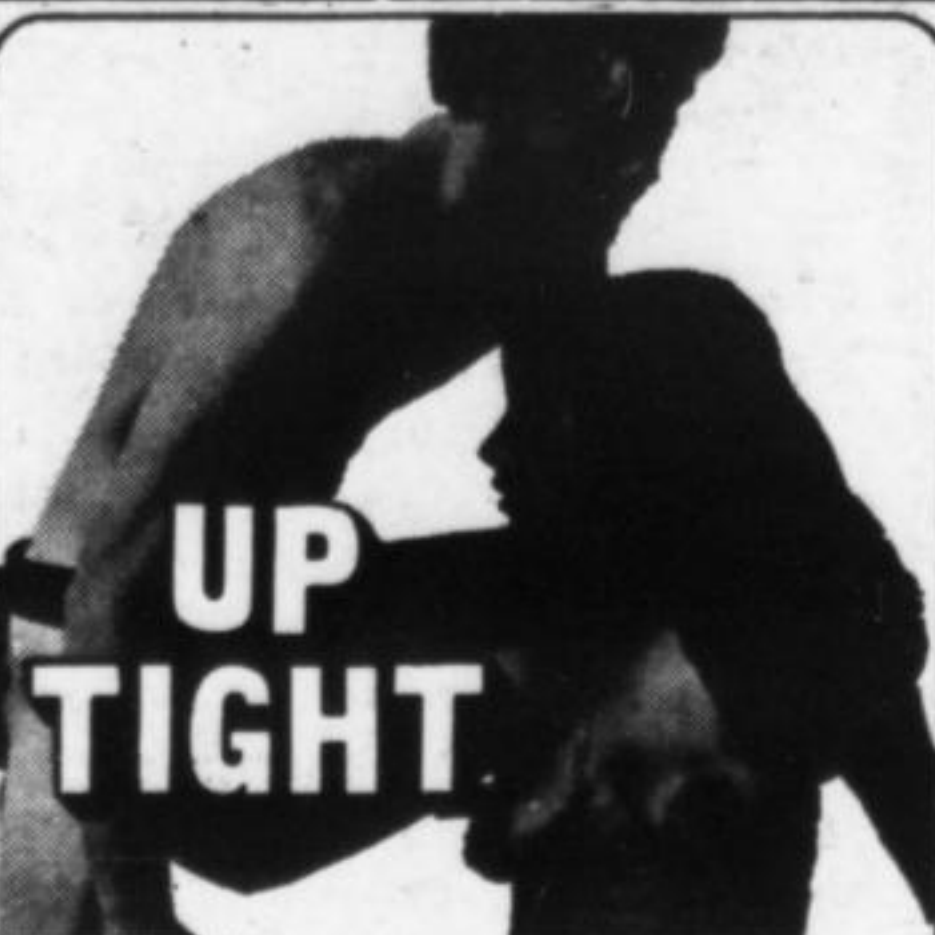
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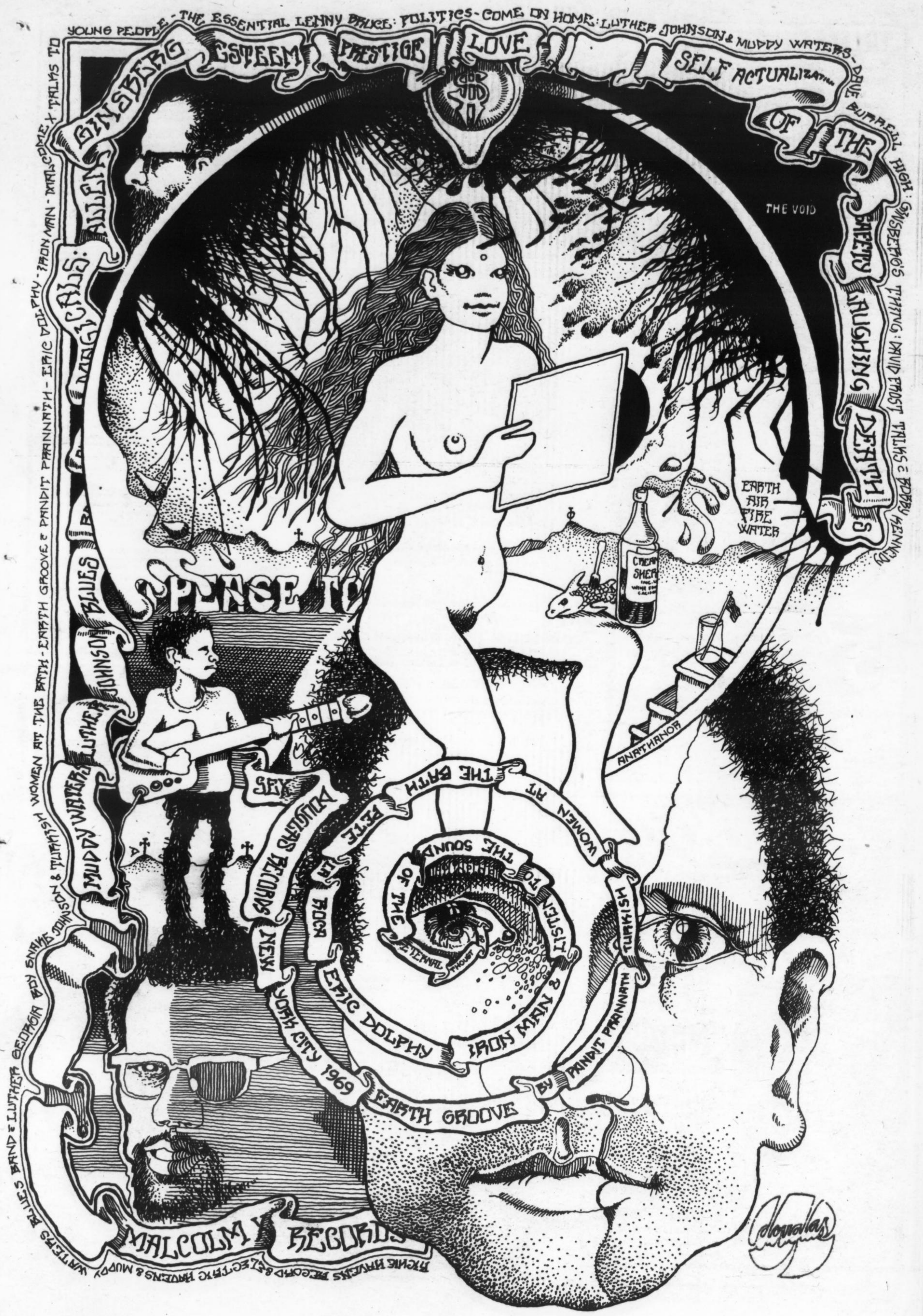
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