

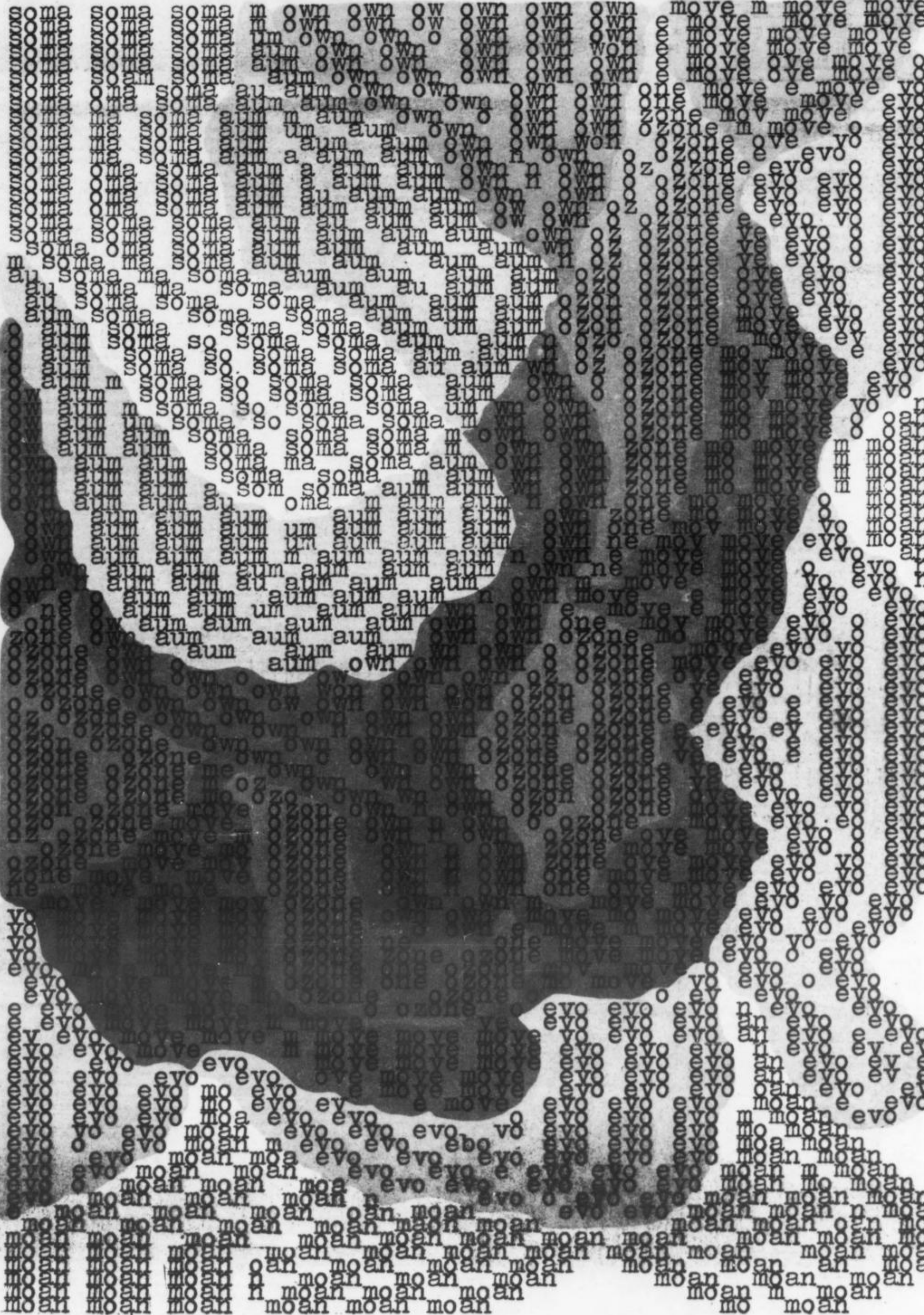
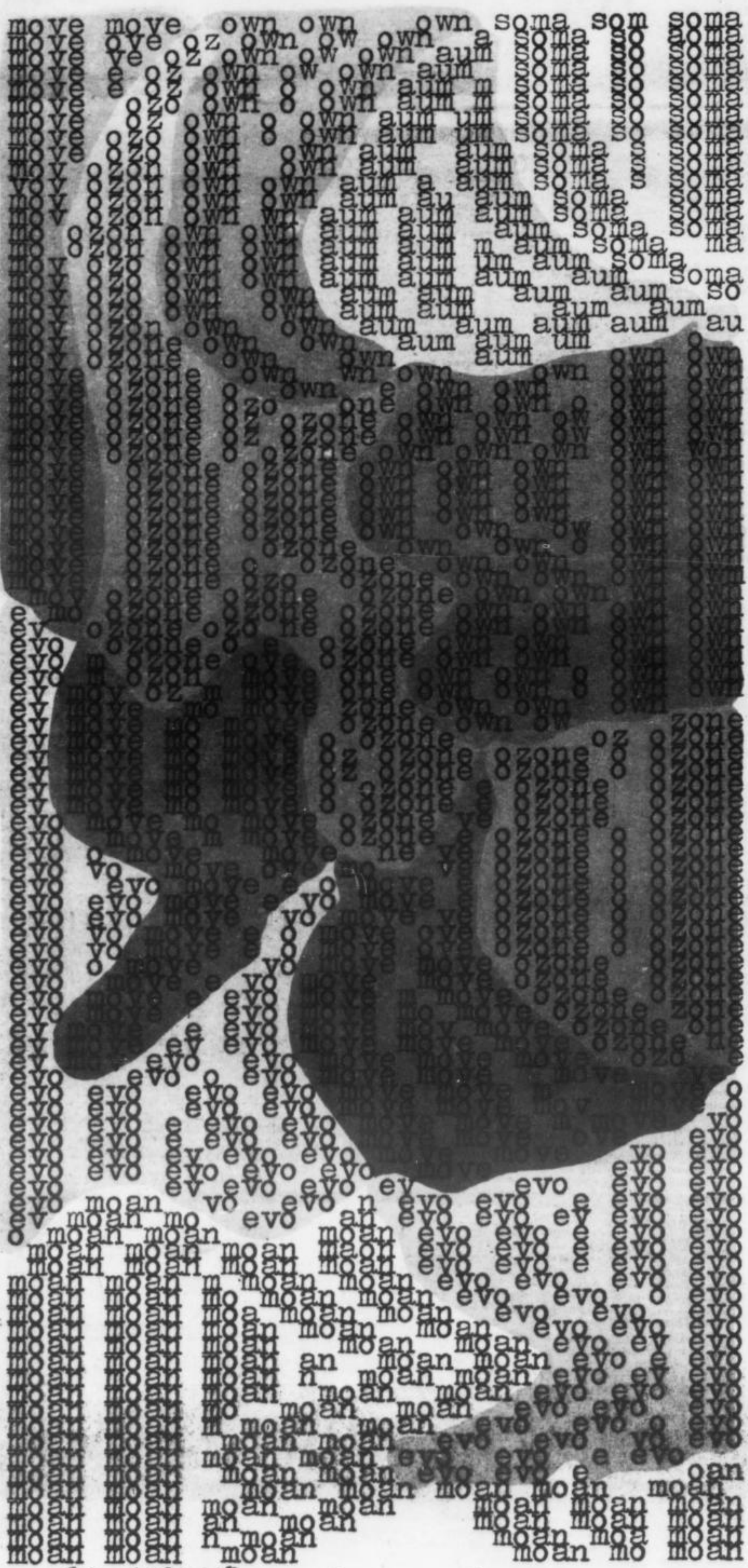
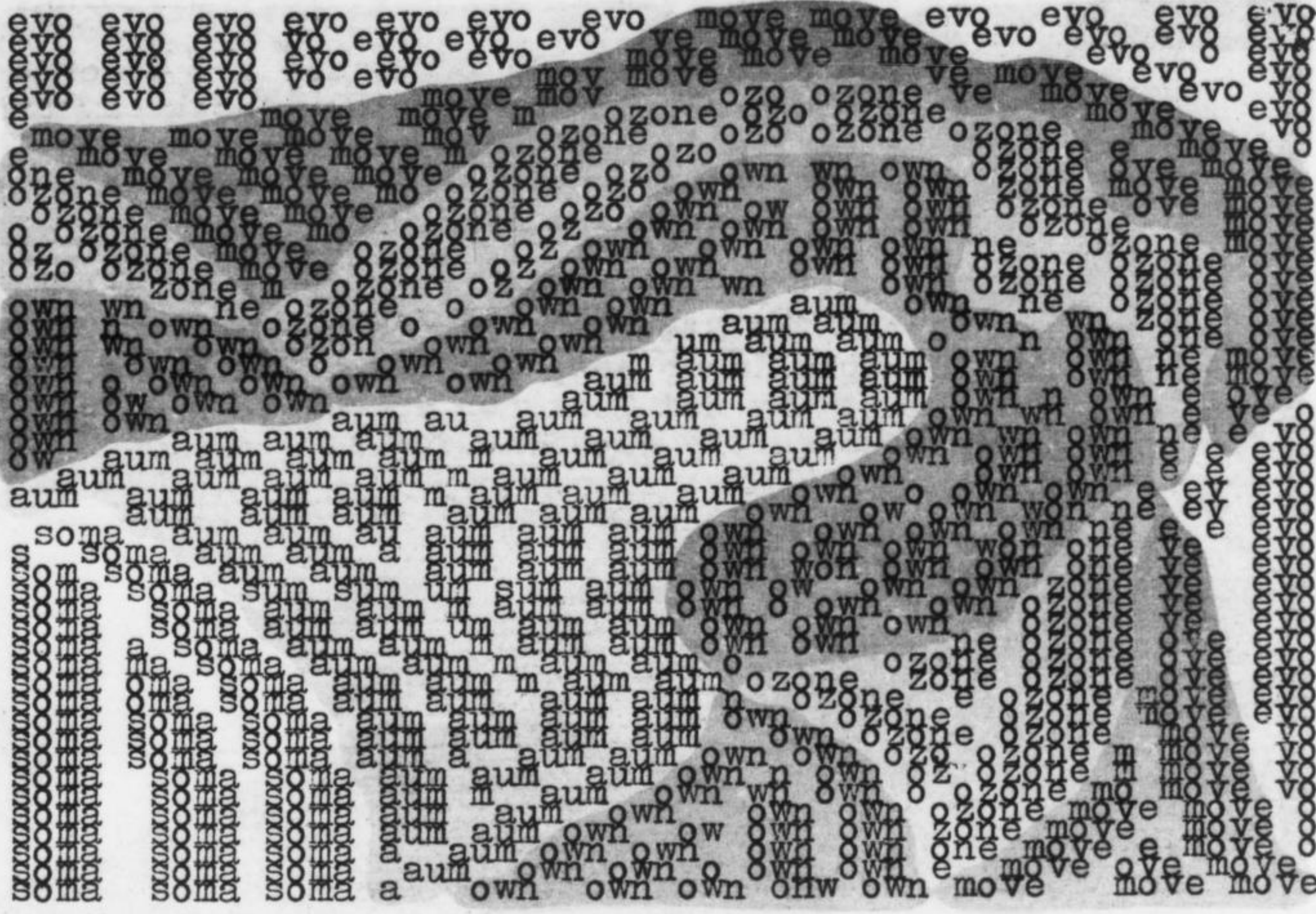
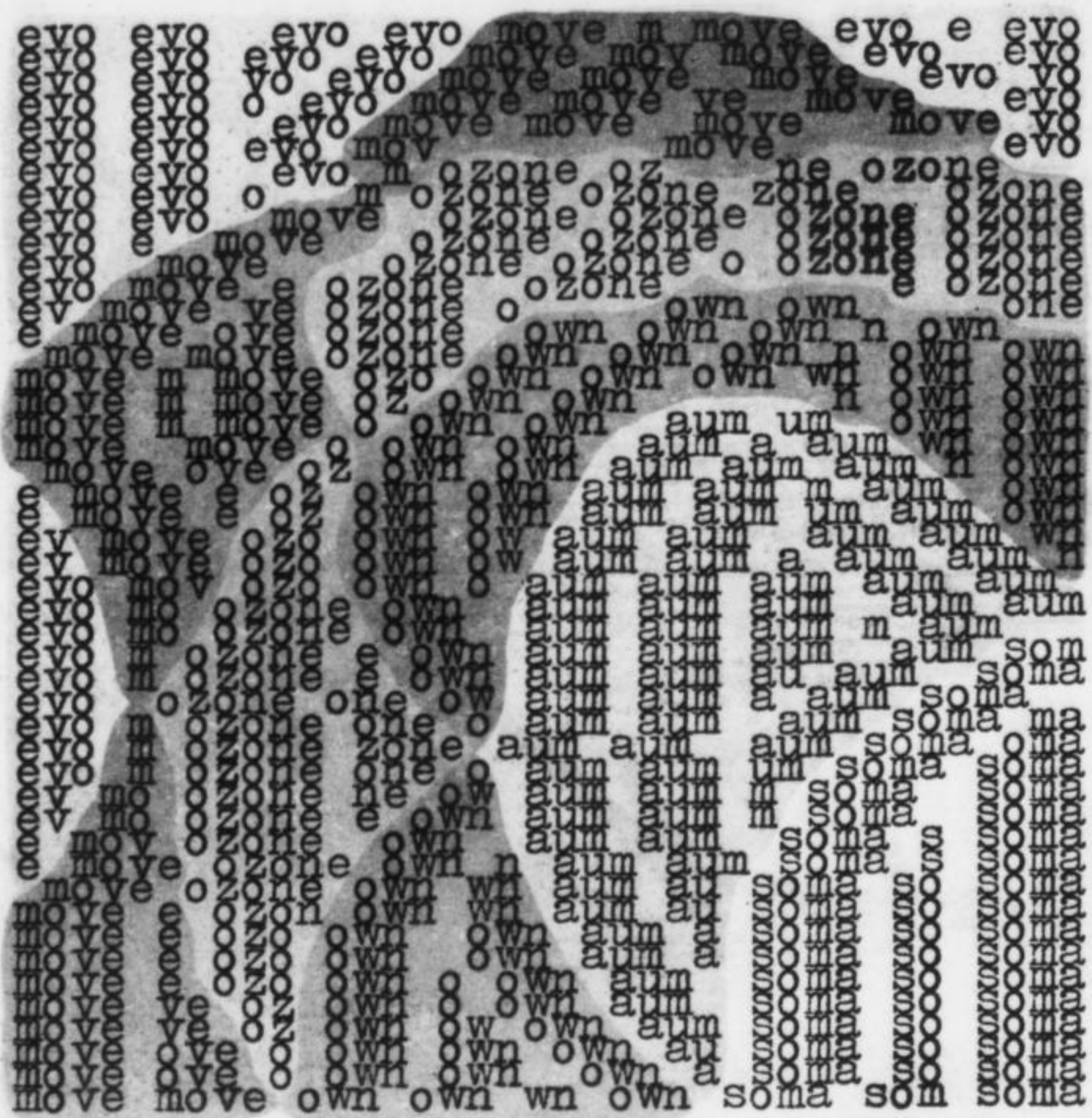
THE

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NUMBER

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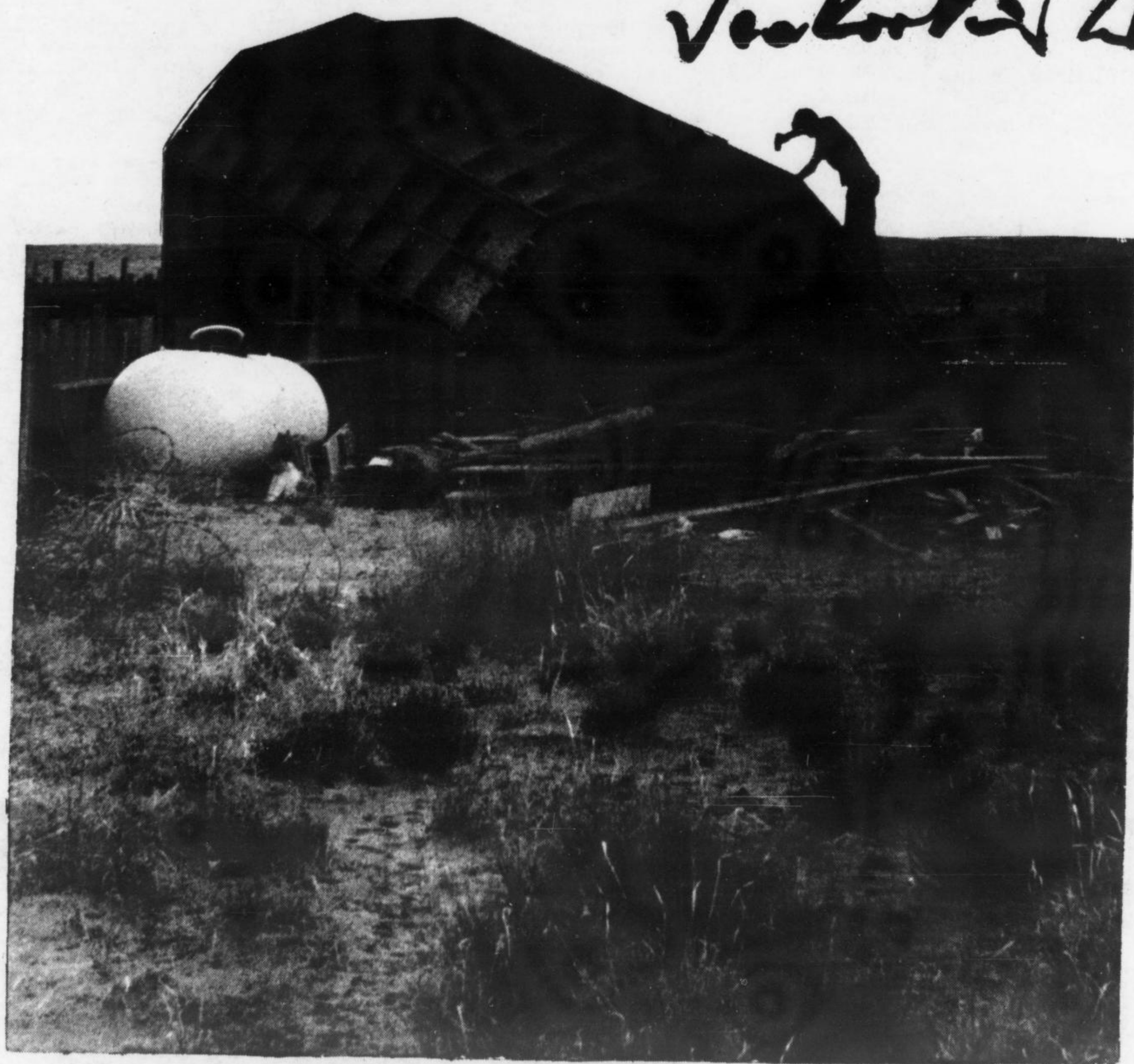
The Earthsid missile base in Lincoln, California, is something else again. In its previous incarnation, the ten million dollar home of the Titan ICBM, it is now a pioneer ecology center. After Titan's nuclear capability was found to be lacking, this steel-reinforced complex of 55 underground acres of tunnels, dome, blast locks, propellant terminals, generator stations, liquid oxygen tanks, air ducts, and giant silos 15 stories deep, the pentagon has decided to throw it to the wolves.

Then the almost unimaginable happened. For a mere pittance of \$3,500, the whole thing was acquired by a group of concerned people, who formed for this purpose the non-profit "Experimental Systems Technology Foundation". Logically enough, they decided to make out of this maze of underground goodies an experimental ecology center whose main purpose is to develop and activate pilot programs in world ecology planning.

Among the pilot projects under way are an organic produce farm on the surface of the base, in the mycology research tunnels. Since fungus does not require daylight, mushrooms will be grown in the tunnels. Algae and yeast cultivation, solar power, and heat and waste recycling are other projects currently taking shape at E.M.B.

In the next issue of EVO we shall have an interview with L. Clarke Stevens, author of The Steersman Handbook--EST, who is also one of the prime movers behind this important, exciting, and above all feasible project. In the meantime, why not look for an obsolete missile base to do your thing in? They come pretty cheap nowadays.

See you at B



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FREEZING TO DEATH

Volunteers are urgently needed for the collection, sorting, and packaging of blankets to be sent to the high altitude refugee camps in India which have been stricken by another disaster, near freezing weather.

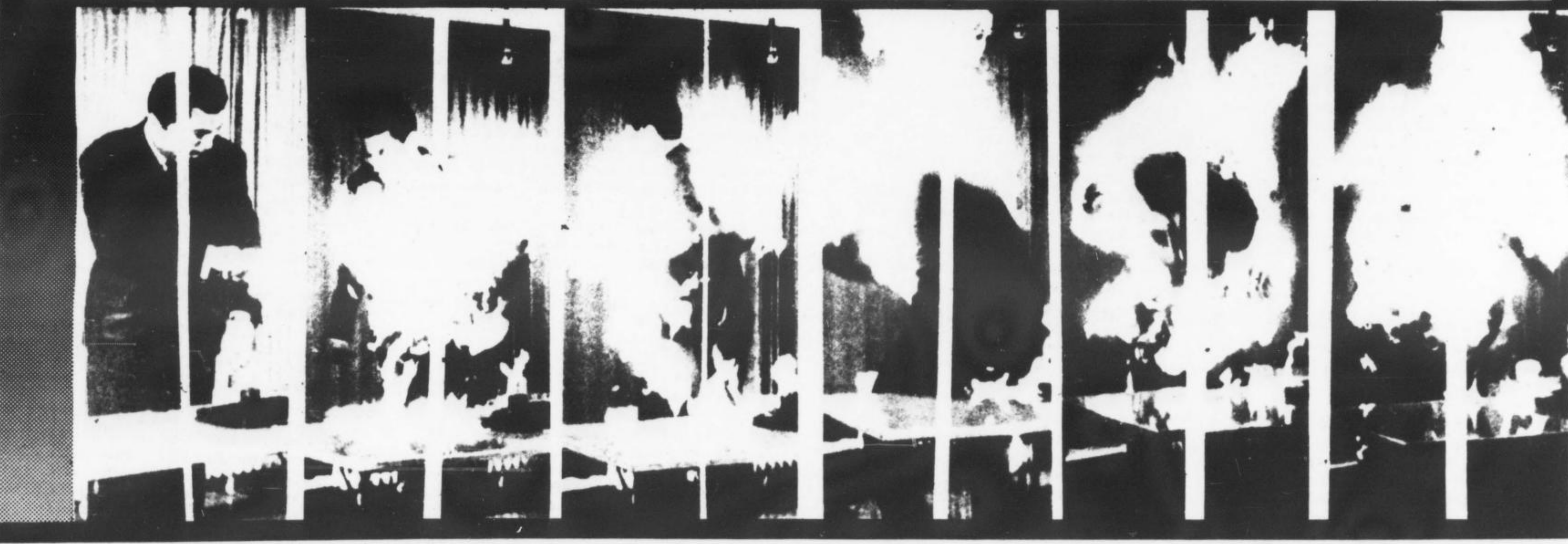
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THEN I SAW a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had vanished, and there was no longer any sea. I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready like a bride adorned for her husband. I heard a loud voice proclaiming from the throne: 'Now at last God has his dwelling among men! He will dwell among

them and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them.⁴ He will wipe every tear from their eyes; there shall be an end to death, and to mourning and crying and pain; for the old order has passed away!' Then he who sat on the throne said, 'Behold! I am making all things new!' (And he said to me, 'Write this down; for these words are trustworthy



Today, in an age of miracles, astronomical advances have been made in every field of technology. The most apparent motive behind these advances is to benefit man and help make his world more liveable. But not all products of man's genius wind up as beneficial as they were intended. Such is the case in the realm of electronics. One of the most ingenious and despicable electronic innovations became known to the world as "the bug" or more specifically an electronic surveillance device. They are used primarily to ferret information out of unknowing and often innocent victims. Almost anyone can find themselves in this position and they need not be revolutionaries, members of the Cosa Nostra, or card carrying communists. In fact, little provocation is required to warrant a tap to be placed on your telephone. The people who are most often victimized by professional eavesdroppers are usually ordinary citizens. Then the question arises; who are the culprits behind the bug? In most cases, the perpetrators are the "respectable" and "law-abiding" members of society who readily discard all their ethics for a weekly paycheck.

Besides government agencies being involved in this conspiracy against the individual's personal freedom, there are many para-pigs in American business that

or T.V. man can easily plant a bug in the client's house, without the least possibility of being detected. From that point on, every intimate detail of his home life will be recorded for use as evidence when they lay the pressure on to pay up. Housewives are not held above suspicion either. Strategically placed cameras in supermarkets and dime stores maintain strict surveillance over shoppers.

The moment that an unwary patron puts his hands in his pockets or "appears to be browsing too much" (and buying too little), a camera zooms in on him like the Valkyries of Nordic mythology. Except this time around, he is not a fallen Viking and the blue-uniformed character coming towards him is not Woden running to his aid. After a cursory search is made for the stolen goods and none are found, a brief apology is given... And the camera is ready for its next suspect... I don't think the manager of the store would enjoy it very much if he were subjected to the same sort of humiliating treatment that he deals out to innocent people every day. Let's take the matter of closed-circuit television surveillance a step further. If a store manager can keep such an effective watch on his customers, why couldn't municipal governments do the same in respect to the general population? This is not conjecture, for almost

It sort of reminds me of an old tune of the 1930's: "I Have Eyes Only For You"...

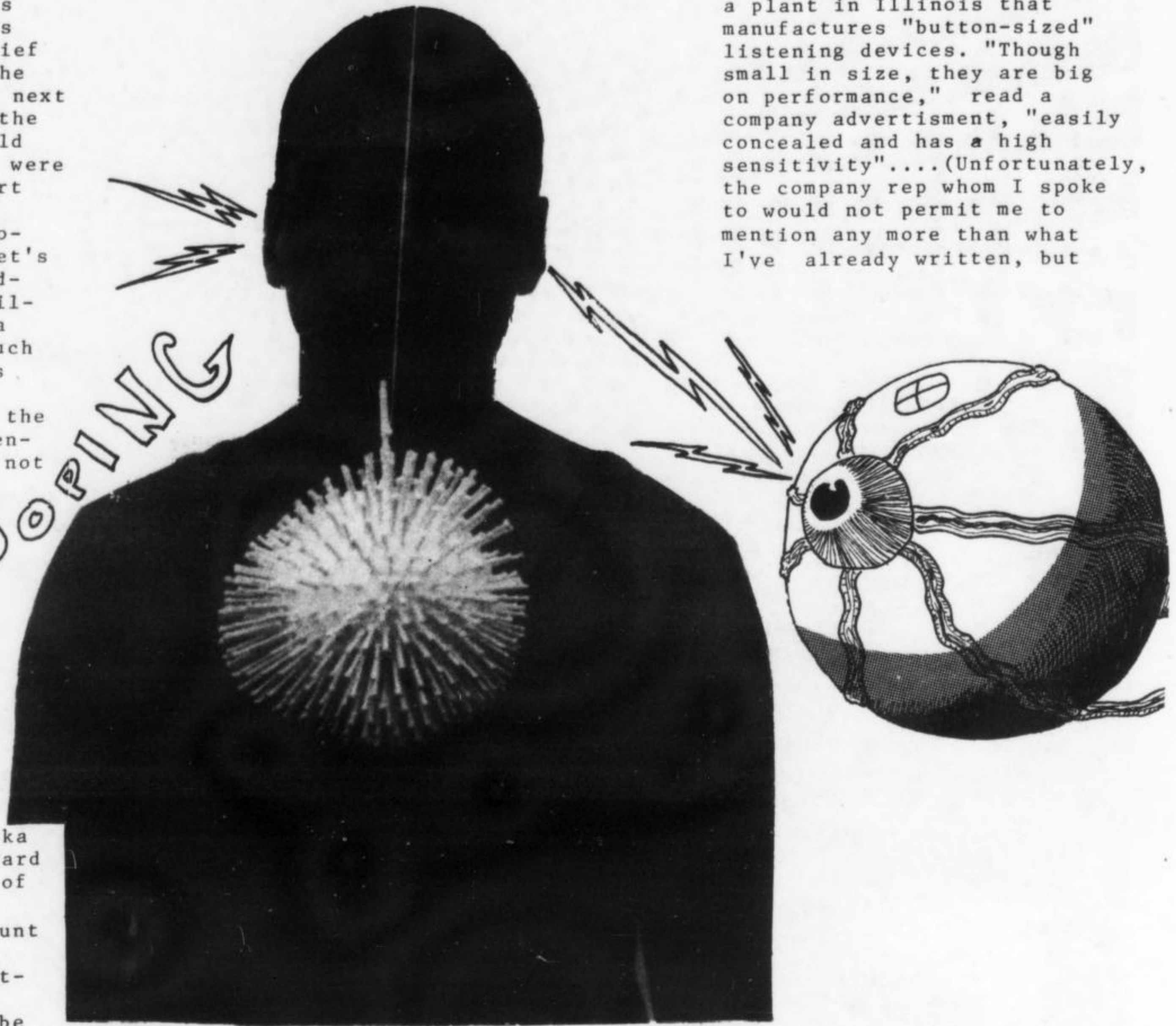
Recently, after rummaging through a closet full of magazines, I unearthed an issue of Transactions on Aerospace and Electronic Systems. (originally liberated from a doctor's waiting room) Soon I was reading it and a singularly intriguing article caught my fancy. It went to great length to describe a new type of miniature tracking device called "transponders." Their function is to keep tabs on ex-convicts and arrestees in order that they are discouraged to get into further trouble. These contrivances are worn by the person at all times and cannot be tampered with lest an alarm be set off in a centrally located

gagetry, whether they are a corporation or a private individual. In fact, even, a fifteen year old can have his very own bug through the auspices of electronic mail-order houses that sell "wireless microphones" to hobbyists. Lafayette Electronics, for instance, sells wireless mikes made by "Modukits" and "Eicocraft" that cost about ten dollars. For the grownup snooper, there are a variety of more complicated toys that he can play with. Insurance investigators and corporate sleuths have a myriad of sources from which they can obtain the most up to date in solid state surveillance equipment. There are companies that do nothing else besides designing and producing miniaturized bugs to fit every conceivable need. Once case in point is a plant in Illinois that manufactures "button-sized" listening devices. "Though small in size, they are big on performance," read a company advertisement, "easily concealed and has a high sensitivity"... (Unfortunately, the company rep whom I spoke to would not permit me to mention any more than what I've already written, but

ELECTRONIC SNOOPING

FOR FUN AND BLACKMAIL

By JAMES McALEER



make a handsome profit by spying. Credit firms, personnel departments of corporations and insurance companies employ every means at their disposal to obtain the information that they need.

When Mr. Citizen files an insurance claim, he is then henceforth doomed to run the gauntlet of investigators, and endless array of forms, and above all, having his phone tapped. In cases where the legitimacy of the claimant's file is in doubt, even after he has been subjected to the standard investigation procedure, the company will go all the way to disprove his claim. One day while rapping on the phone, he hears an intermittent "bleep..." The final stage has begun. The hapless soul has earned the exalted privilege of having his line tapped by the insurance people.

Corporate personnel departments also play a big role in the bugging game. This course of action is taken when the management wants to know more about an individual employee or employees. Miniature electronic ears are placed in the plant washrooms, locker rooms, and even the company cafeteria becomes a listening post. Many firms also utilize lie detector tests when hiring new people... There's really nothing like corporate paranoia and the insane heights that it can reach.

On occasion, a credit firm may desire some info on a client who is tardy in his payments and of course will resort to any method to meet this end. A hireling sent by the company posing as a phone repairman, plumber,

every major city in America has engineers working toward making it not a reality of nightmarish proportions.

The city council of Mount Vernon, N.Y. has already promised its police department that closed-circuit surveillance system would be set in crime prone areas of the city within a year or two. New York City intends to follow Mount Vernon's example by implementing one of their own before 1975. They will be primarily used in the Black and Puerto Rican communities to put a damper on street crime and the narcotics traffic in those areas. However, the long range effect that the new electronic eyes would have on the community, will be far more damaging than helpful. It will simply be a new way by which the authorities can keep the poor "in their place." What amazes me, is how easily the public can be led to believe that such measures are for their benefit. There are many types of devices that are under consideration for use in the cities. The one that is most widely accepted by law enforcement officials, consists of a small closed-circuit T.V. camera mounted on street lamp poles. These Orwellian monsters are placed at one block intervals and are capable of scanning over an area of 350 degrees. The brain behind the eye is a cop who sits in front of a console of television screens.

Each camera is manipulated individually and he can observe the movements of one person or a group with the turn of a knob. At his disposal, there is a transmitter, so that he is also able to dispatch a patrol car to the scene.

computer. The transponders are designed to send out a constant signal to the computer via a series of transceivers deployed around town and the "subscriber's" whereabouts are always known to the police authorities. His everyday activities are compared and examined to watch for discrepancies in his behavior. Again, like their television counterparts, they would be used primarily in places like Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant to stifle criminal activity. Its designers admit that their use could bring on a police state, but the same might be said about police, jails, and courts. Still, it is the engineer's contention, that it will prove to be a great advantage in maintaining "law and order." According to the article, a mass insurrection by wearers of the transponder could

occur and as many as 25 million devices would then be rendered useless... Although the idea in its entirety, involves a great deal of money and risk of endangering personal freedom, the men that designed it are confident that the debut of the transponders is at hand.

Existing surveillance devices may not be as complex in design as the aforementioned, but at least as effective as all, are easily... le. Almost anyone... il themselves to... in spy

at least my readers will have some insight into the situation.) The advent of integrated circuitry and micro-miniature components makes the wildest imaginings of Ian Fleming come to life. All that is required are a handful of unscrupulous and greedy minds to put them to work. To meet this end, there are a number of large corporations, credit organizations and insurance firms that have an overabundance of these traits. To further their aims, they spend huge sums of money to buy such devices en-masse and maintain an army of hirelings to plant them.

While searching for some more information on the latter, I overturned some rocks that no one else bothered to look underneath and found some interesting things. One of the "things" that I found, turned out to be a certain Mr. Mirwell.*

Mr. Mirwell happens to be a spy for a well-known insurance company that operates in the New York City and the surrounding area. He is a seemingly mild and unimposing type of fellow, with a house and family in the suburbs. To his family, friends, and colleagues at work he is just a "regular guy." But behind this sugar-coated facade, dwells a lecherous groat who has as much respect for his fellow man as a slumlord has for his tenants.... I shall not get

into the details of the events that immediately preceded our meeting, but give you an idea of the circumstances under which we met. Our rendezvous took place on the night of October fifteenth, in a sleazy cocktail lounge situated in the north Bronx. The place was complete with the usual assortment of greasy barmaids and small-time Mafiosa. I had been waiting around for an hour and had downed several beers in that time. The stale cigarette smoke and beers were beginning to take their toll on me when my prey arrived on the scene. He threw a surly stare in my direction and seated himself across from me.....

EVO-Glad you were able to make it after all.

M-Well, I had a bit of trouble getting out of the house

EVO- That's cool, as long as you kept your word about showing up. Mirwell sticks a cigarette in his mouth and nervously fidgets with his lighter...

M-Go ahead with whatever questions you have, I'm anxious to get this over with.

EVO-First of all, how did you manage to find your way into the eavesdropping business?

M-Originally, I was employed as a clothes washer salesman in Sears and later came across this ad about a firm that needed insurance investigators.



Being rather tired of selling washing machines, I promptly inquired about the ad and was given an appointment to be interviewed.

EVO- Then what?

M-Then I went through the process of being hired and enrolled in the company's program for investigation of insurance claims.

EVO-After you completed your training, what kind of assignment were you given?

M-Two days later, I was informed that myself and four other guys in the training program were to attend a special briefing. Needless to say, none of us were told about the nature of this briefing.

EVO-Sounds pretty mello-dramatic...What was the outcome of this mysterious meeting?

M-We were thoroughly instructed on how to gain entrance to a person's home, how to conceal a listening device, and then how to monitor their movements.

EVO-That's very interesting, but could you relate to me the facts concerning one of your recent assignments?

...He lights another cigarette and motions to a barmaid for a drink. At this point Mirwell seems to have mellowed some, due to the effects of alcoholic beverages and the lateness of the hour... He ponders my question carefully...

M-One of the least enjoyable cases that I was on, involved a sixty year old widower, who filed a \$1,000 disability claim. I had to provide the company with proof to substantiate his claim.

EVO-How exactly did you go about it?

M-I was supplied with one surveillance device, one pick-up van to resemble a telephone company rig, and one uniform to make my disguise complete. On the following day, I went to the man's apartment and gained entrance to his home by telling him that I was there to check his phone lines. While he was in the kitchen, I planted the bug underneath his tall table. Soon I was bidding him a good day and was on my way out the door.

EVO-Did your efforts bear any fruit?

M-No, not right away...but some interesting things began to come from my radio receiver...footsteps. You see, the client had no visitors for three at all for several days, excepting myself. Therefore, who could be walking around the house other than the client himself? This led me to believe that he was not at all disabled in the least. I decided that the matter needed further looking into, so I returned to the office to requisition an infra-red camera.

EVO-Why did you need a camera, especially one of that type?

M-Well, the camera would be a means by which I might lend some weight to my hunch that this guy is pulling a fast one. The reason I chose an infra-red camera is that it is the only kind that permits me to take pictures at night.

EVO-Isn't that sort of extreme, I mean, was it really necessary?

M-Yes, I had to prove beyond a doubt whether he was for real or not. One evening, I propped myself up in my car across the street from the apartment building and watched through the camera sight, waiting for him to make a wrong move. By the way a bedroom window that was left with the shade undrawn helped a lot.

EVO-Did you happen to get some nice shots of him going to the bathroom?

M-You really are a wise-ass aren't you...I ought to leave right now.

EVO-Oh come on, you wouldn't like me to have me pay a visit to your boss tomorrow with a story about how you sat with a member of the underground press, spilling the beans about classified insurance investigation procedures.

(He gets ready to leave...)

M-Try and prove it, kid!

EVO-I can; my buddy took a photo of us while we were talking. (actually it isn't true, but he didn't want to take any chances)

Mirwell regains his composure and seats himself)

EVO-Let's get back to the subject, what sort of pictures did you get?



M-When I had the roll of film developed, the pictures showed the client getting around the house with the aid of a single crutch.

EVO-So?

M-They proved conclusively that he was not totally disabled, at least not enough to obtain disability benefits from our company.

EVO-In essence, you made certain that this man would hobble around for the rest of his days as a semi-invalid and impoverished!

M-Not so, after all there is social security and welfare...

I interrupted him at this point.

EVO-Don't you care at all about the lives that you help to destroy?

M-I do not help to destroy lives, it's just a job by which I make a living!

EVO-Just a job, huh? That is what human life and dignity is to you; AM I CORRECT?

Mr. Mirwell begins to squirm and glance at the bar room walls.

M-Are you finished with your interview?

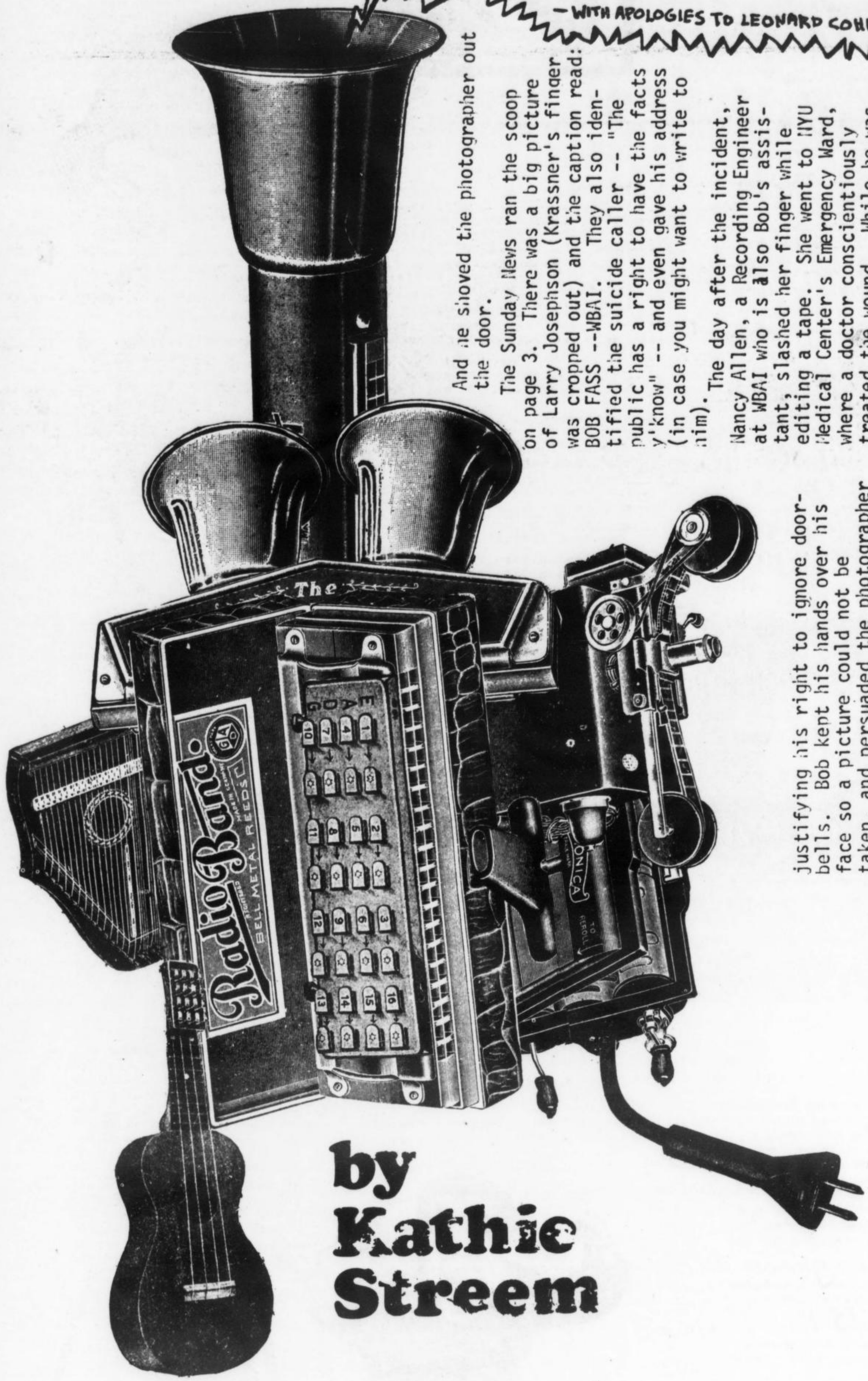
EVO-Yeah, go ahead; you sicken the shit out of me.

Mr. Mirwell leaves, but I stayed there sipping the remainder of my drink and wondering about the man I had talked to. To think there are hundreds of Mirwells rinning around with their hideous little devices, spying on their fellow human beings, friends, and even their own families. At one time, such people were just distant characters that existed only in fiction novels and the imaginations of their writers...They are no longer distant and unreal. These mercenaries of the American business machine, although appearing to be everyday people, are indeed the technological vampires which George Orwell warned us about.

"YOU SICKEN THE SHIT OUT OF ME"



*Mirwell is not his real name, for he requested that his actual name not be used.



by
**Kathie
Stream**

On November 6th, my twenty-first birthday, The Bomb was scheduled to go off on Amchitka and the world would be no more. Accordingly, Bob Fass began Radio Unnamable on WBAI by telling his listeners, "We have to spend our last night doing something significant." He took phone calls on the air.

But it promised to be a typical BAI evening, at the outset. The first caller delivered himself of some hype for a new rock group. The second caller, a lady, had to be bleeped off the tane-delay four times, and persisted in calling Bob "Steve."

The third caller announced he was in the process of committing suicide. He had already taken an overdose of sleeping pills. Bob questioned the man's reasons for calling WBAI and he answered, "I thought the station might benefit from the publicity." Bob sensed a desperate seriousness in the man's tone and set to work to have the call traced. Meanwhile, the man fell asleep, luckily with his phone off the hook. One operator, after hearing about the emergency from a BAI staff member, replied, "Excuse me - my board is very busy now...hold on, please."

It took the phone company 45 minutes to find someone who knew how to trace a call. Then it took them 2 more hours to trace the wrong line. A Sergeant called up the station insisting the whole thing was a hoax, and complained that the Police Department couldn't tend to the other emergencies in the city, as the 311 switchboards were jammed by frantic WBAI listeners. Bob assured the Sergeant that this was real life and the troops set to work once more. They finally found the man, unconscious, at 7:00 in the morning; he was taken to the hospital in critical condition.

And he shoved the photographer out the door.

The Sunday news ran the scoop on page 3. There was a big picture of Larry Josephson (Krassner's finger was cropped out) and the caption read: BOB FASS --WBAI. They also identified the suicide caller -- "The public has a right to have the facts y'know" -- and even gave his address (in case you might want to write to him).

The day after the incident, Nancy Allen, a Recording Engineer at WBAI who is also Bob's assistant, slashed her finger while editing a tape. She went to NYU Medical Center's Emergency Ward, where a doctor conscientiously treated the wound. While he was stitching her back together, Nancy told the story of "The WBAI Suicide Call." The doctor stopped in mid-stitch and glared at her angrily: "You work for that radio station?!! I stopped supporting them when they became anti-Semitic!!" Turning on his heel, the physician stomped self-righteously out of the room, leaving Nancy's finger dangling on a shred.

Now, why would anyone call WBAI, when public services such as the police department, the phone company and the city's hospitals are so eager to help out in an emergency? And so competent!

justifying his right to ignore doorbells. Bob kept his hands over his face so a picture could not be taken, and persuaded the photographer to put his camera down for a minute by explaining, "Listen, I've been up all night. I'm not cleaned up or anything. Let me give you a picture of me looking a little more presentable for the news." Now this made sense.

The first picture he found was of Larry Josephson, all spruced up at the WBAI benefit, with Paul Krassner's middle finger erect in the background. The photographer stared at the picture and dubiously observed, "That isn't a good picture of you, Mr. Fass. It hardly looks like you."

"Are you kidding?" assured Bob. "That looks more like me than I do!"

The world, however, did not blow up as scheduled, and Bob had to go home to meet the press. He agreed to give the newsmen the "story" but asked each one not to identify the man. He explained it wouldn't be a fair burden for anyone to carry; the reporters are sympathized and said O.K. Then the Daily News called up to say they were sending a photographer to Bob's apartment -- Bob firmly told them not to. Twenty minutes later, the door flung open and a short, bouncy man brandishing a loaded camera barged in. He identified himself as "Daily Nooz!", thereby

TULI

*Listen To The Mockingbird
Master Of Dylan*

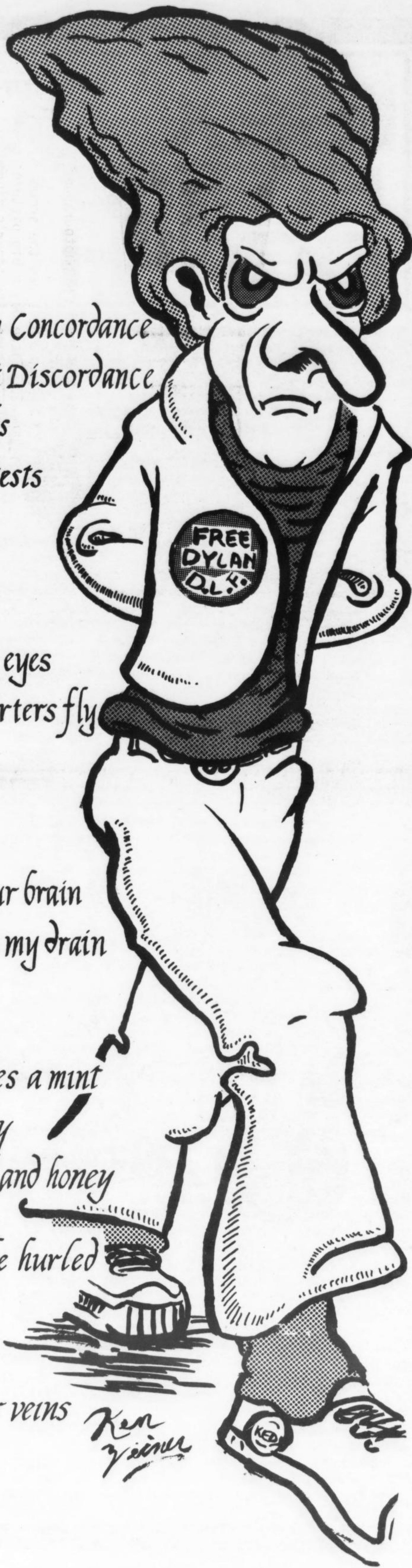
*Come you masters of Dylan you that built the big Concordance
You that built the mistrust you that built the Great Discordance
You that hide behind files you that hide behind desks
I just want you to know I can see through your tests*

*You that never did nothin' but dig to destroy
You play with my world like it's your little toy
You put a pen in my hand and you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run faster when the fast reporters fly*

*Like Sing Tempco Voight you lie and deceive
A fortune can be won you want me to believe
But I see through your eyes and I see through your brain
Like you see through the garbage that runs down my drain*

*You write the despatches for others to print
Then you set back and watch while EVO makes a mint
You hide in your garret as young peoples money
Flows out of their pockects to the land of milk and honey*

*You've thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled
Fear to bring popsongs into the world
For threatenin' my song unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the ink that runs through your veins*



SEX BITES DEATH

INTERNATIONAL
REPORT
BY
RITA WINTER

PHOTO BY
"LIP AL" ROBINSON

A good five-cent pulmonary catarrhsis is what this country needs. Mao should open up your chest and gently tongue your heart while Tuesday Weld licks the soles of your flat feet. Either naked and wandering in Albania, or standing brave and lonely as Pioneers on the Frontier of the American Psyche, we have survived much. We have survived even the blast on Amchitka, a quaint island which, according to a high level Washington source, is going to be returned to the Aleut Indians, improved as it is with a brand-new underground cavern. But the question now is: will we survive the giant oyster monster that was sighted last week in the radiation-filled waters off the Vancouver coastline? God nose.

"I always take my desires for reality because I believe in the reality of my desires." This, written upon a Sorbonne wall in sixty-eight, has always been the title of our anthem, to which the Guitar Army marches. Just move your hips with a feeling from side to side and hum the tune. These fragments we have shored against our ruins.

There is a superstition among the international freaks who wander rucksacked from Kabul to Amsterdam, from Tangier to Australia, and that is, if you open up your passport and dwell upon the many visa stamps imprinted therein, you will be condemned to wander forever into stoned eternity. So it is best not to look at all, for the hope is to find heaven, the legendary little village where dope is plentiful and the people unhassled. To stttle in this easy place and, finally, to throw away that passport. Lost and happy in Tibet or the Rif Mountains.

The moron from Rolling Stone characterized the Wet Dream Film Festival held last month in Amsterdam as the End of the world. Rolling Stone is always so quick to note in that special blase tone of theirs, everybody elses decadence, as though they are the ones in possession of a higher truth. A more impotent bunch of shit-faces than Jan Wenner's flunkies cannot be found, and while everybody at that festival was having a relaxed good time on the Orgy Boat that sailed warmly out into the cold North Sea, I noticed the Rolling Stone



Further to the right.

reporter huddled alone in a corner of the deck throughout the voyage, jotting down a list of the "celebrities" he saw with a sarcastic pen (probably cursing his inability to relate on a more human level to the people around him). The only fool on the ship he later in his story labeled "a Ship of Fools," this guy had a lousy time. I had an O.K. time. If only because I believe in the reality of my desires.

I say "an O.K. time" because the crux of the Wet Dream Film Festival was four days of sitting and watching fuck films, an experience too vicarious to be really fun. The fun I did have was with Amsterdam generally, and with one lovely Dutch girl specifically. She was not only the reality of all those desires expressed in all those hours of porny celluloid, but evoked for me all the warmth and openness of the truly human city that is Amsterdam. With her I had a great time. But

Fly that plane
Do that thing
Cut the air with
Your terrible wing!.

Here in New York the First Annual New York Erotic Film Festival is under way. A solid month of films will be shown at three separate theatres, and from what has been shown so far, the Wet Dream Film Festival looks limp in comparison. The New York films are pretty good, each show consisting of two to five shorts and one feature. "The Man From Onan" was a feature that stands out in my mind (and pants) as a near-perfect rendering of the essence of erotic fantasy, capturing on film those everyday crotch-bulge visions with a cast of incredibly everyday-looking people. "The Long Swift Sword of Siegfried" was a fun costume orgy version of the Norse legend. The shorts are usually imaginative creations of the underground genre, using much unusual and inventive cameratechniques, and mostly only incidentally erotic. All of the films are at least a cut above the grindhouse stuff but stand quite far from having wide commercial potential. They seem to be products of that peculiar strain present in almost every porno filmmaker, the wish to make an "artistic film." And though F.A.N.Y.E.F.

F. is well-organized, money-making venture lacking the funky interpersonal feeling of the Amsterdam Wet Dream Film Festival, it at least provides an encouraging outlet for the more creative outbursts from a bunch of filmmakers who are otherwise too condemned to a stifling output of dreary beaver flicks.

Good lord! my head is filled with cunts cocks tits ass tongue mouth lips juice and fuckshitpissfuckjump and twiddletwat! Never felt better in my life, to be sure. Only occasional rudeness marring the flow of events. For instance

Late one night at radio station WBAI, I sat watching Bob Fass do his nitely air baïle Unnameable. We were playing music, cracking jokes, taking calls. "Tonight we have to do something significant," Fass declared, in reference to the Amchitka blast scheduled for the next day. Suddenly this guy calls in and says he's got a great promo gimic for BAI. Fass put him on the air.

"Yeah, what kind of gimmick?"

"I'm going to commit suicide," says he

"Well, uh, we kind of like the idea of Marathons better," says Fass exchanging a fran-

tic look with myself. "How can we convince you out of it?"

"You can't because, you see, I've already done it."

The guy explained that he'd taken a deadly mixture of downers. Meanwhile, Fass passed a note to Kathy Stream telling her to get on the outside phone and call the police and have them put an immediate trace on the call. Our task now (Fass turned on my mike) was to keep this potential dead man talking long enough for the trace to be completed. Fass turned out the light leaving only the red glow of the "On the Air" sign illuminating the studio. Our conversation went out absolutely live to God nose how many late-nite listeners out there in Radioland. Eerie. Unreal.

"Yeah, well, my life is just a mess, that's all."

"Why don't you tell me what's so bad about your particular life; I mean, there's thousands in

Pakistan right now..."

"I know. I know. But that's different. I'm just tired. My life is just, you know, a mess. Ending it will be good."

"You can't kill yourself," I said. "Suicide is a crime and they'll put you in jail for it."

Not surprisingly, he didn't laugh. Grim talk. The woman who'd put him down. His nearly fifty years of dreary life as a failed writer. He started talking about movies. We kept him talking about movies. The pills were making his throat dry, he said, so we told him to get up and get something to drink. He came back to the phone with some seltzer and I asked him if it was in a squirt bottle like the Marx Brothers used and he said no. He tried to make Fass promise the call wouldn't be traced but Fass couldn't promise. The guy's speech became sloppy, the words more and more slurred. It looked like about the end.

"What's your name?" Fass asked.

"Stanley Kaufman..." the guy murmured. And then silence.

"Get up! Get up! Don't take this lying down!" we yelled over the phone, but the only response was heavy breathing. Gaaah, Fass cut him off the air and put on a record, any record. The line was still open and the phone company said they had between fifteen and twenty people working on it. Meanwhile, the studio switchboard lit up like an xmas tree, everybody in Radioland was calling in to give advice or helpful hints. Some had looked up all the Stanley Kaufman's in the "Stanley Kaufman's" in Manhattan. Many people phone book and called them or had sent cops to bash down their doors. It was three thirty AM and a bad night for Stanley Kaufman's in Manhattan. Many people called in to theorize that

the man was the well-known writer and critic for the Times, Stanley Kaufman, but then that Stanley was, according to one caller, away in his upstate country home. Meanwhile, we could still hear breathing on the line.

The guy was still alive...

CONT. ON 14

Dear EVO,

I am a radicalesbian. Me and millions of Gay women and men object to the anti-gay remarks made by heterosexual rock singers. We thought the revolutionary movement is supposed to free all people from oppression, no matter what sex, age, race, or sexual habits they have. WE MUST START A GAY PEOPLE'S AND WOMEN'S REVOLUTION-LIKE A REVOLUTION WITHIN A REVOLUTION.

We are thinking of starting a GAY WOODSTOCK NATION, and GAY ROCK FESTIVALS.

WE SMOKE GRASS, GROW OUR HAIR LONG TOO, AND WE VERY STRONGLY BELIEVE IN A REVOLUTION TO FREE ALL PEOPLE! I'M GAY AND I'M PROUD! GAY WOMEN ARE THE MOST OPPRESSED "MINORITY", IF WE ARE ONE. WE CONSIDER OURSELVES A MAJORITY.

We are sick and tired of attacks towards us by straight Amerikan society, the church, and "hip" heterosexual, sexist males. They call themselves revolutionary when they're not. We are also sick and tired of sexist, anti-gay rock-singers/groups. WE ARE GOING TO COME OUT. WE ARE NOT AFRAID OF SAYING WE'RE GAY! GAY NATION LIVES! GAY LIBERATION NOW!

--FROM A GAY YIPPIE AND RADICALESBIAN.

P.S. IF LOVING OTHER WOMEN IS A CRIME, THEN I'M "GUILTY" OF IT!

Dear EVO,

Apologies for not being in touch sooner.

This is an interim note which is merely to tell you that our full accounting is not yet complete, although nearly so.

We expect to be able to tell you within two weeks how much cash we are able to distribute, what percentage of our total indebtedness we will be able to pay, and what that will mean to you and when. (Of course, and such payments we are able to make will be strictly pro rata; no preferred treatment.)

Meanwhile, we have cut our operations back to a skeleton staff sufficient to finish up our final work commitments. And we are proceeding with the sale of our assets, which we expect to complete very shortly.

We appreciate your patience in all this, ~~ist~~ but if you would like to talk further personally, please call us anytime.

Yours truly,

Robert B. Freeman

Jerry Mander

Dear EVO,

EVO I

In handing out SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY leaflets with the title: "Young people have good reason to rebel!" it is gratifying to note the favorable reception by young folks.

What gets me is that President Nixon, knowing capitalism is in deep trouble, is pushing for increasing trade with mainland China and nobody is accusing him of being a Red.

Yet here I am, a member of the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY, founded right here in these United States by Daniel De Leon in 1890 and some people think the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY takes order from Moscow!

WHAT IGNORANCE!

Signed,

Nathan Pressman



MAIL

Dear EVO,

Please accept this letter as a:

NOTICE TO TERMINATE IMMEDIATELY my subscription to the East Village Other and REFUND the sum of dollars equal to the unused balance of the subscription I cannot accept, in conscience, the immorality and themes espoused by your paper.

Roger Katz

P.O. Box 1244
Mason City, Iowa 50401

Mason City? Aint that a state pen somewhere?

Dear EVO,

In our psychiatric practice, we have treated a number of patients with a history of incest. In many of these cases, emotional disturbance did not develop until after the illicit sexual activity became known outside the family. This fact has led us to consider the possibility that the psychic trauma was not the result of incest but of improper management.

In an attempt to establish more adequate guidelines, we are exploring the pasts of mentally stable persons. Will you and your readers help us? We need anonymous autobiographies from women who are leading happy and rewarding lives in spite of having experienced incest. We will appreciate all information and want to encourage as much detail as possible.

Thank you,

John Bishop, M.D.
Director, Lancers Clinic
12829 Roseland
Traverse City, Michigan

Dear EVO,

I read the October 20 EVO, the first one I had seen in six months (not because EVO is---necessarily---shitty, but because the nearby newsstand stopped carrying you and I couldn't be bothered going out of my way to get a copy after that), and noticed a gossip column by Weberman. I gather it is a regular feature these days.

Now A.J. Weberman, as far as I am concerned, is a lovable asshole: I get a small laugh out of reading about his latest doings outside Dylan's, McCartney's who ever's house and I think there is room for his quaint, if repetitive, antics in the universe.

BUT does EVO really need, and groove, an underground Leonard Lyons? According to his October 20 column, he plans to switch from pretending to be Leonard Lyons to pretending to be Dear Abby,

which is his privilege, in private, and between consulting adults, but which is not so groovy as an Evo regular feature. Why don't you put him out to pasture, or at least give him a very indefinite leave of absence to write a definitive study of the Meaning of Meaning?

Yours fairly faithfully,

Tom Lyon

20 West 16th Street

New York 10011



KABOUTERS!

Interview with Roel van Duyn, of Amsterdam who helped start the Provos in 1965 and the Kabouters in 1969.

The Provos died because in our Provo procedure there was not enough construction of our own life. We were in a way negative; that is we were dependent on the establishment, which we tried to provoke, to shock, to attack. In some ways we succeeded. The mentality of the people was changed a little in an antiauthoritarian way. But it wasn't enough because the Provos were only a protest movement. After a while we became tired of this. We stopped the Provo movement because we were becoming a machine of ourselves.

In the Provo movement we didn't prove to people that it was possible to make an antiauthoritarian society. That is what we are trying to do now. Now we have to combine protest with a movement for the construction of a new society. We have to show people that such a new, creative society is possible. And we must learn about this new society ourselves. We must learn to make revolution in our own lives and to use the movement for the construction of a new society as a laboratory for experiences that would follow total revolution. I don't believe in revolution as a phenomenon that would come someday - surprising everybody from one day to the next - and which would have no practical antecedents before it. For example, I think that now we must train each other in the economy of mutual aid. Therefore, after we became Kabouters, we started an alternative industry with all sorts of alternative projects like our alternative agriculture, which is based on the idea of not using drugs, poisons, or artificial fertilizers. The idea is to have natural balance with one's natural enemies.

The food that we grow in the countryside is sold by us in the shops



of Amsterdam. In these shops we sell food very cheaply, mostly for lower prices than the chemical food sellers. These shops are also points of action in the sections of the city of Amsterdam. Our policy is to form a council of the people in each section of the city. In this way, self-management will solve local problems of housing, social problems, and also ecological problems. The movement for self-management is now growing very quickly in Amsterdam.

We are now in a period of town renewal, as they call it. About 40,000 old unlivable houses are supposed to be demolished in the next twenty years. This has given a stimulus to the people to concern themselves with problems of housing, because there is such a lack of houses in Amsterdam. If they want to demolish 40,000 houses - slums - then we have to do something. In general we have a slum defense policy. But there are a lot of houses in Amsterdam which are empty because they are owned by people who make a profit by selling them empty. They make more profit by selling them empty than if people are living in them. So we squat these houses. Because of this policy we now have a lot of influence in the city council. Some of the Social Democratic aldermen are supporting our policy. We

managed to occupy houses against the will of the government and against the will of the owners of the houses. This squatting has become a big success. I think that it was thanks to this policy that we got such a lot of votes. We have five seats out of forty-five on the city council. We have 12% of the vote.

We also have a self-center for old people. It is very active. About 600 Kabouters are available every day to help old people. If old people have any problems, there are five telephone numbers that they can call day or night. Kabouters will then go to the old people and help them with whatever they might need. This is done without any payment. The old people then do something in return for us. They may bake some cakes or do something else. So this is a mutual aid economy.

We also started schools for little children. Even before the Kabouters, we had the white kindergardens in which we tried to educate children in an authoritarian way.

Another thing, we are organizing an alternative bourse. (stock market) We are organizing it in a building that is a center for young people. In this center we have about sixty alternative producing units, that is to say, alternative factories and alternative service centers. There are two very important features of these producing units. First, they produce things in a clean way. There is no pollution. And the second thing is that there is democracy in the working organization.

The experience of new forms of schools, factories, and shops is a more important thing than the mere provocation of people. I think that the left in America must make its program broader - to work with two hands. Not only should the enemy be attacked with one hand, but the other hand should be used to realize what one wants right now. With the left hand we try to make our own utopia in the midst of the old society - like the mushroom on the rotten trunk of the tree. With the right hand we attack the enemy and infiltrate into the old society - like we are doing in the city council.

We are organized in the way that the Freestate is organized. We have about twelve departments; in these departments alternative civil servants are working. We have a department for agriculture, a department for housing, a department for old people, a department - and this is a department of the right hand - for sabotage

and violence. This is rather new.

There are other departments, for instance, the department for ecology. This department planted trees in the center of Amsterdam. We think that we lack trees in the center of Amsterdam. So we brought them from the woods and planted them in the streets. But the police came later and dug them out again. The police arrested the trees. However there were television people there. They made films about the trees, and these films were shown on television.

I also made a proposal that there be gardens on the roofs of auto cars. This would combine nature with culture. There would also be gardens on the roofs of houses and agriculture would be carried out in these gardens. I also proposed that there be holes in the streets - long holes - and that motorists be required to drive their cars in the holes. Then if you were walking along the street, you could only see a moving scene of gardens. But the city council didn't accept this as a good idea.

The civil servants (of the departments) are all volunteers. They have autonomy of action in their departments. So every week we have an interdepartmental meeting. In this meeting deputies of the departments discuss their common problems. On Thursdays we have a meeting for everybody. We call this a People's Meeting - the people of Orange Free state. Also we have a more or less centralized financial committee to coordinate the money problems of the departments. And we have a Kabouter newspaper.

Anybody can go to a department meeting. Every department is decentralized into several groups. If you are interested in a special topic, then you go to the meeting about this special topic. We start our meetings by making someone chairman. Then we draw up an agenda and talk about the points on the agenda. Sometimes we try to do without a chairman, but it's quicker and more effective to have a meeting with a chairman.

In some exceptional questions, we vote. But in general we do things by consensus. Or we just say, "Decide for yourself whether you want to do this or not."

The coordinating committee can only coordinate. It cannot decide a policy for a department. The coordinating committee just follows the wishes of the departments and tries to coordinate them - tries to see that the departments are not working against each other. Sometimes it will happen that two departments will have policies that conflict with each other but we try to avoid this.

The People's Meeting can only make decisions for itself not departments since the departments are autonomous. The People's Meeting discusses theoretical questions, general municipality policy, and the coordination of the various groups. It is also a place for the people to make contact with each other.

The Orange Freestate is now a very imperialistic state, because it wants to expand to other countries - to have an international freestate based on an alternative economy. We want to spread these ideas throughout the whole world.

- Excerpted from *Roots*, a publication of Ecology Action East, Box 344, Cooper Station, NYNY 10003.

If consciousness is the meaning of evolution
then there is no end to either.

There is no proof
that man is the highest form of life
in the universe.

There is no proof either
that we are not under observation
by higher forms,

or that they do not intervene
in human affairs.

There is nothing to prevent us
from meeting them in our imagination.

STOP!
V.D.

TO BE A HIGH SCHOOL NURSE ONE MUST HAVE MORE THAN MEDICAL TRAINING. WORKING WITH THE DIFFICULT PROBLEMS OF CHILDREN IN PUBERTY DEMANDS AN INTUITIVE ABILITY IN PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY, ALONG WITH THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON THE PATIENCE OF JOB AND THE COMPASSION OF OUR BELOVED SAVIOR.

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Nancy Kotex

HIGH SCHOOL NURSE & HYGIENE TEACHER

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LOSSARIAN

UNITED CARTOON WORKERS OF AMERICA
"DON'T FUCK WITH US"

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OOH!

KARIN! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

OFFICES

I'LL BE OKAY MISS KOTEX. I JUST FELT A LITTLE FEINT. UH... MISS KOTEX, COULD YOU HELP ME WITH A PROBLEM I HAVE

OF COURSE COME INTO MY OFFICE

I HAVE THIS DREAM EVERY NIGHT...

IT KEEPS ME AWAKE.

I'VE ONLY HAD SIX HOURS SLEEP IN THE LAST WEEK

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME...

HEY BITCH!

Orange Duffuss

EL BAMBINO

... I'M WAITING FOR A SUBWAY VERY LATE AT NIGHT

THE TRAIN IS LATE, THEN JUST AS IT COMES INTO THE STATION

MY NIGHTS ARE DARKER THAN MY DAYS

JEWELRY AND BINOCULARS

120 ST. CORNER

THIS BLACK GUY PUSHES ME ONTO THE TRACKS

SUCK THIRD RAIL WHITE CUNT!

CAKITY

THE TRAIN GETS CLOSER...

AND ALL MY CLOTHES ARE RIPPED OFF

THEN I LOOK OVER MY SHOULDER...

AND THE TRAIN TURNS INTO A GIANT PRICK

I FALL TO THE TRACKS EXHAUSTED

AND THEN I WAKE UP SCREAMING.

OH KARIN, THIS TYPE OF FANTASY IS COMMON AMONG GIRLS YOUR AGE. THE PROBLEM IS EASILY SOLVED.

SANITARY NAPKINS PLEASE!!

JUST TAKE ONE OR TWO OF THESE BEFORE RETIRING!

SUPERFLOW

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- Steve KRAUS - "CZECH IT OUT"
- Honest Bob - "DIALECTICAL!"
- D. Latimer - "BELLCH..."
- REX WEINER - "VERY NADA, WOWEE!"
- Vincent Titus - "I WAS THERE ONCE"
- Jim McAleer - "JUST LIKE T.V."

SEX BITES
FROM 21

thanks to us, when the cops
broke into his place at about
seven o'clock. They carted the
poor wretch off to the hos-
pital and further injured
him by printing his name.
(which turned out not to be
Stanley Kaufman) in stories
that appeared in the papers
the next day. May his heart
be tongued to quietude, for
such rudeness as a publically
broadcast suicide can only
increase the insanity level
of this town, a town where
people beg for a chance not
to beg, and the moist turds of
doom lay steaming on every
sidewalk in the cold morning.



That's why the
ruling class rules...

The struggle in this country has taken so many twists
and bends that many people (people who should know
better) have concluded that it's going around in circles.
That's one reason why the ruling class still rules.

The lessons of the past have indicated that commitment
and action must be coupled with a profound awareness
and clear analysis of the real issues at hand. Rather than
trying to piece together an accurate picture of the
movement both nationally and internationally by reading
the bourgeois press why not try the Guardian, an
independent radical newsweekly with an independent line.
The Guardian's long-standing dedication to people's strug-
gles and opposition to ruling class exploitation have made
it the largest (some consider it the best) movement weekly
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Contin. FROM 17
Beaumont.

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good entertainment.

The theatre doesn't have to be dead, although it often seems as if its own people are in great haste to embalm it. It would have been possible for the Vivian Beaumont to get a good young American playwright to write a good, lively, vital play about Mary Stuart. It would have been within their means to hire a creative director and master actors to perform it. It would also have been within their means to charge prices that the average human inhabiting New York could afford. If the play was good enough, the average New Yorker would probably have even wanted to go see it. When the talented people in New York, in the theatre, are given an opportunity to work instead of stand in unemployment lines, and when the intelligent people of New York can go to a play and pay the same price as at a movie,

and be reasonably assured that the play will be as good as the average movie, then, and only then, will the Vivian Beaumont Theatre be living up to the pompous claptrap it proclaims itself to be. Perhaps its people would do well to investigate their sister house, THE FORUM, which on a much smaller budget is doing a great new play, PEOPLE ARE LIVING THERE, by Athol Fugard, did a good workshop production of KOOLAID, by a young girl whose name I unfortunately forgot, and is planning on running a theatre festival in the summer. Theatre is alive and well at the Forum. What a shame it is dying a torturously slow death at the Beaumont.

"the bus is coming"

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O. C. SMITH sings the title song
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N.Y. PREMIERE FRIDAY

Contin. E.V.T. FROM 17B

movements, and pretentious recitation was not exciting or innovative, but merely pompous and dull.

All of which is probably too harsh on the East Village Theatre, which after all has alot going for it--talent and drive and a willingness to experiment. When they were good, which was rarely, they were very, very good, but like the proverbial little girl, when they were bad they were horrid. Which is par for the course, even in professional theatre. As a workshop, EVT is as good as most. I would

only like to remind them that in a performance they should strive for more communication with the audience, and less fascination with their own voices.



notice to students

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NEVER LOVE A POET

The East Village Theatre

The East Village Theatre, on 6th St. between Avenue A and 1st Avenue, is a small complex of three workshops—each for actors, directors, and playwrights—coordinating their efforts in showcase productions. Like any other workshop/theatre in New York, EVT is a good thing simply because it's there, providing stage space, lighting, and an audience for young talent which might otherwise go unseen. Any showcase is a good thing, and criticism can only discuss degree. How good is the East Village Theatre?

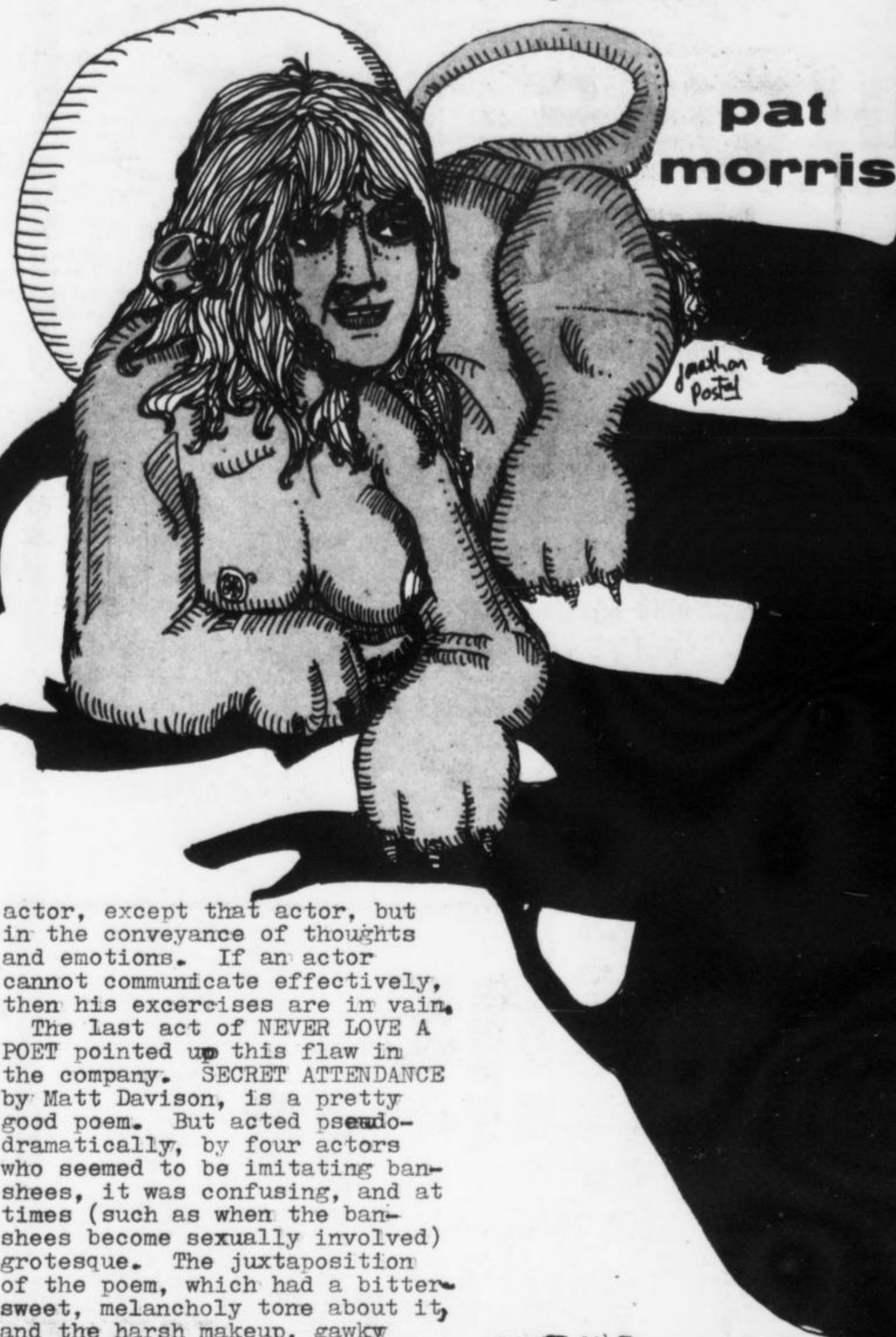
On Sunday, October 30, EVT ran a production of NEVER LOVE A POET, an experimental dramatic rendition of new American poetry. Like most experiments, it neither failed nor succeeded completely. The concept of Act I, marionette actors handled by a ghostly puppeteer, was a little too clumsily handled and wore thin after a while, but was valid and interesting and definitely worth trying. Most of the poetry was good and there were a few excellent pieces: Joseph de Luises work, and "The Pet Cemetery" and "Oscar Wilde's Departure for France" by James R. Paris. The lighting and music were excellent, proving that somewhere in EVT lurk a few professionals.

Unfortunately, the company did not rise to the material. In its midst is one very talented actress, Linda Bernhard, and a quite competent actor, Robert Gabriel. These were the only members of the cast who seemed at home on the stage and familiar with their lines. The rest were at the level of promising high-school drama students, determined to be Lady MacBeth or Hamlet, no matter what the script called for. Lines were spoken in almost unbelievable cadences,

making it virtually impossible to decipher the poems. As I assume the poetry was written in English, the lack of communication must be blamed on the actors, or the director, who may have led the company into their strange deliveries.

"The workshop seeks not so much to develop a role, but to develop an actor; not so much to develop a director to direct a play, but to learn the difficult and demanding art of directing..." So runs the East Village Theatre's statement, which is fine as far as it goes. But it doesn't go far enough. Actors and directors may need introspection to develop their work, and exercises may be useful in learning their skills. But although the exercises may be marvelous group therapy; they're not theatre by a long shot. Unlike a painter, or even a writer, a theatrical artist can not work only vertically, and be content to explore the minute layers of himself. The theatre is too dependent on collaboration for that; the writer's work is translated by the director, the directors conception is translated by actors and technicians, and in the end the whole enterprise must mean something to that much maligned and ignored group, the audience.

What should have happened in NEVER LOVE A POET was the actors adding new depths and dimensions to the poetry. Instead, I often found myself wishing I could read the text, for the odd diction and misplaced stresses obscured the work, rather than elaborating upon it. It might not be a bad idea for EVT to consider that actors often develop through roles, first one and then another, more or less consecutively. No one is interested in the personality of an



actor, except that actor, but in the conveyance of thoughts and emotions. If an actor cannot communicate effectively, then his exercises are in vain.

The last act of NEVER LOVE A POET pointed up this flaw in the company. SECRET ATTENDANCE by Matt Davison, is a pretty good poem. But acted pseudo-dramatically, by four actors who seemed to be imitating banshees, it was confusing, and at times (such as when the banshees become sexually involved) grotesque. The juxtaposition of the poem, which had a bitter-sweet, melancholy tone about it, and the harsh makeup, gawky

CONT 16 B

MARY STUART is typical of a Vivian Beaumont production, with a marvelous set, fantastic lighting and beautiful costumes all used to decorate a mediocre drama played by more or less mediocre actors. In all fairness, I must admit that through a stupid mistake, I arrived at the theatre late, and had to see most of the first act on a TV screen in the lobby. But upon reflection I don't think that mattered much. It's doubtful that the beginning was a piece of genius and only slowed down when I walked in. Schiller's play, "freely adapted by Stephen Spender" is hardly a masterpiece. Although Schiller, and perhaps Spender,

being, but instead shouted at each other constantly, said "Alas" every other word, and invariably stressed the last words of their sentences.

Not that there weren't some fine actors in MARY STUART. Salome Jens created the ideal Mary, a perfect blend of innocent pawn of history and strong-willed monarch. Sydney Walker as Shrewsbury and Stuart Pankin as Melvil also gave fine performances. Nancy Marchand as Elizabeth was fine in her imperious moments, and handled comedy quite adequately. But in moments when subtlety was called for, she didn't deliver. Nothing in the play delivered, except the few aforementioned actors.

It has also failed the people. If the aim of Lincoln Center is to provide a Center for Americans to see and perform art, why then does its theatre persist in putting on drivelous shit, and at prices which only suburban doctors can afford? The Vivian Beaumont is taking money that might otherwise be spent cleaning up the streets. It therefore has an opportunity and an obligation to serve the community. If it can't help American theatre, it can at least make itself relevant and important to New York City. And New York City includes many fine playwrights, directors and actors, as well as a potential audience, which consists of East Village freaks, Queens housewives, Harlem teenagers, Hell's Kitchen auto mechanics, and lots of other people besides upper-

middle class professionals. Lots of us would like to see art, or, if we can't get that, at least took great liberties with history to create drama, there are few fine moments and in the end the play falls flat on its face. Mr. Spender should have either left Schiller to fail alone, or adapted the awkwardness out of and some excitement into the play. It's unforgivable to create a meeting between Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart unless one makes it a whopper, which this one wasn't.

Jules Irving's interpretation and direction are usually lackluster, and MARY STUART is unlikely to change his reputation. For some strange reason, actors and directors seem to think that Elizabethans were incapable of speaking to each other like normal human

Why did the Vivian Beaumont choose such an uninspiring play? Such an uninspiring director? Such an uninspiring company? The excuses that apply to most theatres—not enough money, not enough prestige to attract fine actors—do not apply to the Vivian Beaumont. As part of Lincoln Center, it enjoys the benefit of thousands of dollars worth of foundation funds, which is another way of saying tax deductible funds, which is another way of saying funds which should go to the benefit of the American people. The stated purpose of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is to create a company of good actors, who work in repertory. This company has never existed.

Neither has the Vivian Beaumont ever existed as a place in which excellent new American playwrights can have their work performed, or in which talented directors get a chance to show what they can do. In spite of its tremendous financial resources, the Vivian Beaumont has failed the theatrical community almost completely.

CONT 16 B

MARY STUART

The Vivian Beaumont

pat morris



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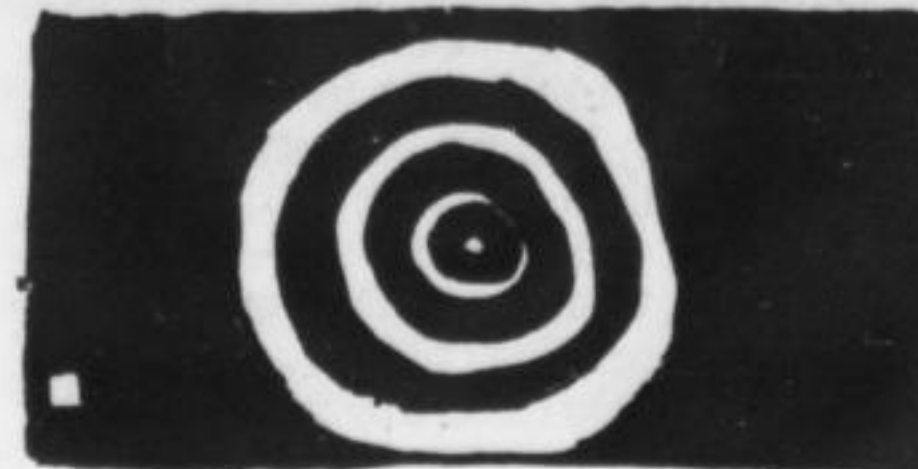
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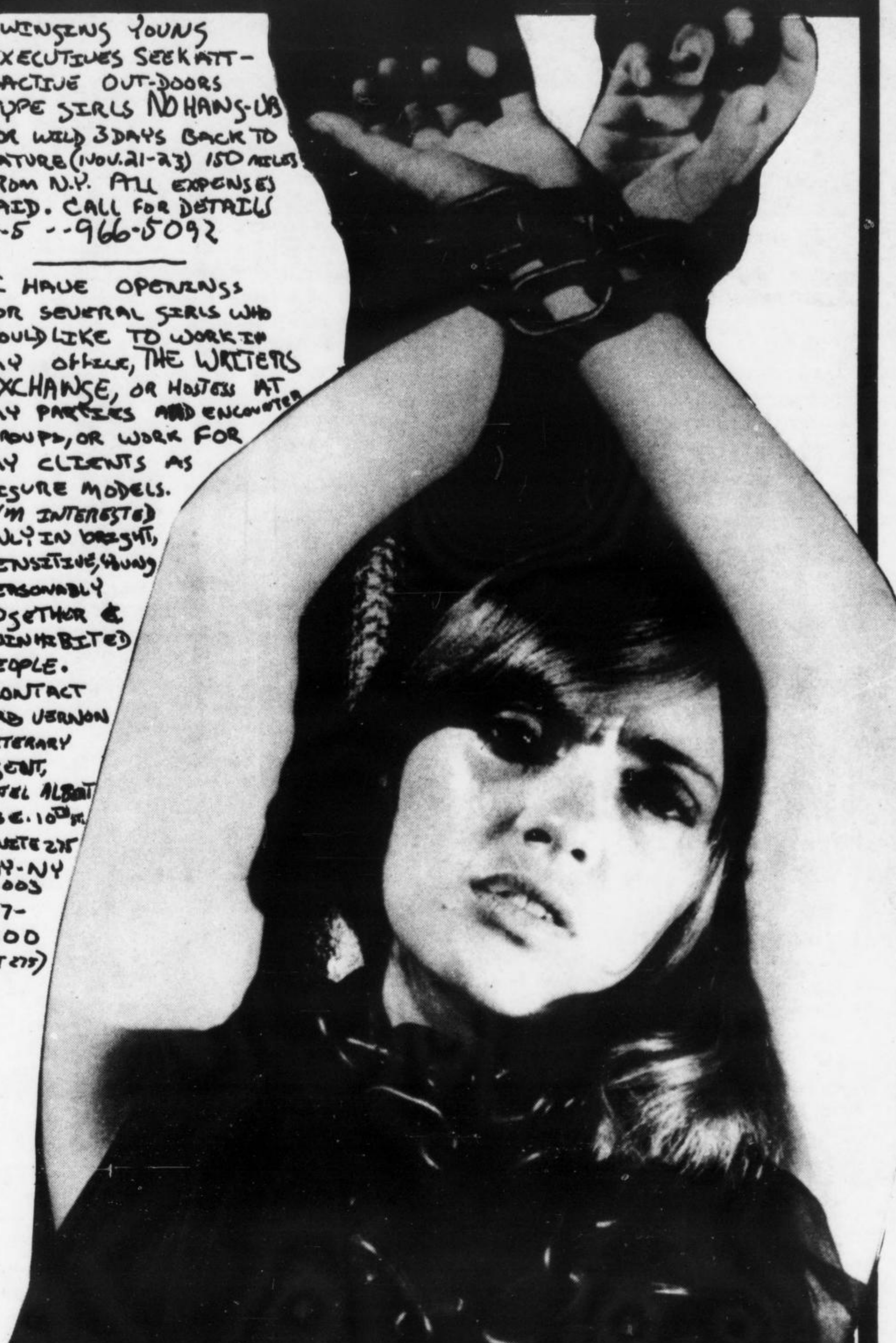
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