

THE EAST VILLAGE CENTER

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 BELMAR L. LARSON, Staff

Dear EVO:
 Well, it's been a long time since I've been in New York City, the Garbage Heap of civilization. Can't say as I miss it all, except for the good Jewish bread, the variety of people and their ways of life that makes my interests, and a lot of good people, the hard sort of reason that comes from him in a garbage heap where the refuse is hard and maddening and garbished are frequently heard in the night, and everything is black and concrete and trees have to fight as hard as the people to survive. Yes, the West's for me — the wide open spaces where the air is clean (of course I don't breathe LA in the West — it's part of the East Coast).

Oh, course, I scribble with I wasn't in the city, but nothing from the outside world ever gets in, but I'm soon be on the streets again, and I said before to get me in solitary so I could meditate, and I've made some pretty good things to learn how to move about in other universes in other bodies than this physical material one. You know, in Tibet, lamae sometimes have themselves sealed in cells on the mountainside, and the retreat lasts for one month a day, for periods from a year to a lifetime, and then they really have to travel. I'm gonna build a Work-Make sanctuary — a fantasy zone (like the old electrical jazz in the old set) inside a cedar block cell, with a flotation bed (like in Stranger in a Strange Land) filled with 96.6" talcum solution with intensive feeling from outside the cell where they keep tabs on you with spectrogrammeters and all that jazz. There see what happens to your mind! Talk about trips further out than acid... Then we could take an electroencephalograph and translate your mind waves into sound and feed it back to through your ears... You might open the door to the cell and find no

STOP

one inside it at all — gone completely. Besides, we're going to have the Heresy Trial of the Century here in Salt Lake City come May or June next year (the second one, Scoopes was first). The question is: Is heresy to claim that the psychedelic drugs are a sacrament and that they impart the mystical vision? Do you believe in the occult and Starbuck and professional people who know me and my work, ask them to testify, and bands all over the country to come and play for our big Love-In Victory Celebration in the park across from the court so we can show that we really know how to do it. Bring flowers, bells, beads, incense, peanut butter sandwiches for the judge?... May or June — watch for the total date and come.

I was driven West towards Salt Lake watchin' the red sun rain on this glorious Mormon of the Asherah (20 March) on First Day of Spring, thinkin' about what a fantastic success my speakin' tour through the Midwest-West has been (a lot of people giggle what I've been sayin' — especially the ministers) and what an out-of-right survivor I've ahead. Three hours after my arrival in Salt Lake City (I'm well known here), I was pulled for no '68 registration on my '41 Dodge jeep truck-trailer-home. Three hours later, I had been known in jail, my truck impounded and illegally searched, my religious paraphernalia gone into my cross opened and the sacrament (in this case, marijuana) taken; all in spite of the fact I had called Calif. and had them release the so-called judge to verify I had paid my fees and the truck was registered (and legal to drive across the border) sent out all to the '68 registrars (not).

Then they deliberately violated one of my religious vows when they cut my hair. I asked one of the guys behind me down: "Would you do the same to Joseph Smith (the founder of Mormonism)?" he said, "Yes." I asked him, "Would you do it to Jesus Christ?" "Yes." "That's the voice of the Devil speakin'." I said. His answer was deaf and calm and he never bled. "That's right, it is," he said. He had said, "The only mistake our Founding Fathers made was in giving the people Constitutional

rights." "You mean you'd have a three state here?" "Yes," I told him to go to Russia where he belonged.

As for the "judge," and the Superior Court Judge in Berkeley who tried to throw my LSD & Religion test case out of court last year — he delayed my transcript until too late, and deliberately failed to notify my attorney he had refused to certify the transcript to the District Court of Appeals until too late — such men have no business whatsoever sitting on the bench in an American Court of Law. They'd make the judges in Russia or South Vietnam, but not in America, and it is my duty, as an American citizen, to do all I can to ensure that papers are filed to remove them from the bench and replace them by such men as Judge Jones here in Salt Lake City, or Emerson in Berkeley, who exemplify the highest ideals of American Justice — understanding and helpful.

There is no power whatsoever on this Earth planet can stop the New Age and its New Age Consciousness. And the Judges are just puppets of the New Age. This Green Planet is our inheritance. Nothing can stop me from believe in and proclaim my religion and take its sacraments ever! Not even when they take my system from me with all my worldly possessions, my body, and violate my vows. We are waking, Brothers and Sisters, but I can't do it all alone, so help me out.

Love, Peace, Brotherhood,
 CHARLIE (BROWNE) ARMAN
 THE NEWS
 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
 MURRAY HILL 8-1124

Dear EVO:
 When the Pope announced his ruling on the birth control issue (EVO, August 2), a copy editor at the Daily News offered me the following headline, but a short-handed editor spoiled it.

Pope to Keep
 Sane Old
 Fucking Rule
 Your welcome. (Name withheld)

Dear EVO: HEAR YE HEAR YE HEAR YE (Please read)
 "I do be as you are be as you are me and we are all together," sharing the truth in mind and being aware that all things are relative. I would like to introduce you to a fellow hearer, but a common hearer is a unique someone and religion capable of heretofore bleeding the idealistic and realistic levels of being as well as the spiritualistic and materialistic levels. This world's dreamer has been realized by a minority group (of course) on the West Coast for over two years and is being actualized this month in Berkeley, Cal. We have 22 affiliates surrounding the world. Soon we will be ready to expand further still. Those of you who can help us grow are the people seriously concerned with attaining the higher, finer degrees of absolute being — people who are enlightened (or would like to be) and aware of their Oneness with the Universe who will strive for their personal improvement and the general betterment of all.

I would like to share my devotion and belief are weak entities, the project is worth looking into if for no other purpose than to reflect or receive your hope for us. If you are aware of our contact as an open as possible and share in this purposeful and most beneficial way of life.

GAINOW
 199 2nd Street
 San Francisco, Calif. 94117

Dear EVO:
 A long letter (no radio playing or anything).
 There's something bothering me about the waves.
 All these people (myself too) create things in their bathrooms with the water running. Only time people do anything good is by themselves, for people.

Friends go slithering off to make their creations of night by lamplight while the virgins sleep.

"I have something to show you," says an obscenous boy, "I did it last night while you were sleeping."

"Let's leave first time things around this town," says me.
 "No," sez friend, "gotta get away from it all, I need a drink & I gotta go to the bathroom, you take you to tomorrow, same time, same station." And "Don't take any more notes."

Everybody's got to escape.
 Climate: Only.
 Newport County night. Many, many teenagers being acts off the stage.
 Noise is being made.

I mean, it's not as if old people serve any function, I'm not even suggesting that history is important.
 I just thought that if there was anything old which had any value, it was the "Tales," the little things, the music from out of the country, music does not demand, it talks stories.

I don't think why we're music, I think they're music. They wanted Janis for herself. "Rock it to me," says some kid.

Girls shed red tears over the Beatles, Love, someone. Many people have my shirts. A man can be as big as I expected in him, but there someone on your block! All those screaming teenagers up there in Newport, boogie, an open mouth through which their souls escape.

"It's a funny thing," says Janis Joplin, "I always thought people would enjoy my singing, instead it seems they want to divide me up evenly to take home."

I made that up.
 Sincerely,
 FRANK ROSIN,
 a question, not an answer.

Brothers:
 I classify myself as having the shortest possible classification of long hair. It's fairly long, but I have fairly long sideburns. Overall I have a full head of hair. And I found out how the motherfuckers on Wall Street discriminate against it. As you know they told me I had to get a haircut just for the interview, and even being guaranteed the job if I cut it. So I told the chick I will not cut it and told her if I ran the place could I just allow my hair to grow? (I mean I'm a Jew) answer and tells me, "This is Wall St. and you have to look and dress Well Street." I walked out saying to myself, "Well, if they're not going to take you in, then you are, so thank, I went to another building and was interviewed for an office job by some 60-year-old, gray hair, crap Joe, while I still looked like a kid. I got the job, I cut my hair because that is a very respectable place and it's a lot better than Wall Street. But he's afraid of what his clients will say. He asked me if all my friends looked like me and if I belonged to any radical organizations. I walked out saying, "Thank you very much, my brothers are the same. Once again the little guy has to get on his knees to the big man.
 Fuck Authority
 Fuck Bureaucracy
 Resist Brothers

STEVE
 Brooklyn, New York

Dear EVO:
 I see police finally got tough with the hippies and squares that hang around Washington Square Park. Why do they cry "police brutality" everytime the law do their duty? I can't see an amount. Many of these so-called individuals hang around on the grass where they should be kicked off, get drunk and make a mess out of the park that should be free from such conditions. The only reliance is dope and the bottle, which is an escape from reality. The decent people should organize to prohibit them from spreading their sickness. I worry about the cost being in our country and moral standards and is the reason for the letter. Print it for your publication if you dare.
 Very truly yours,
 GACK SHITLER
 Evans, New York

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER
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 New York, New York 10003
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the Seventh Heaven of SICHERT

In my article on synchronicity and space signals, I mentioned WNEW. I spoke about the station in reference to a synchronicity experience, i.e., while thinking of the 10th division, the word "seventh heaven" was broadcast. That was one of many interesting coincidences that occurred to me on July 22. During that day, I realized the overwhelming importance of the numbers 22 and 7 in the understanding of terrestrial and extraterrestrial events. For instance, in the Revelation of St. John The Divine, which originally has 22 chapters, we read: "The mystery of the seven stars which thou seest in my right hand and the seven golden candlesticks . . . and further, 'And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a host rise up out of the sea, bearing seven heads and ten horns, and upon each head the name of blasphemy.' Didn't Fred Aghad Evans had a group of seven men in his video confrontation with the Cleveland police? Also in Revelation, and this goes to be seen in the context of the forty-two letter headline caption in the New York Times: 'SUBJECT IN CLEVELAND SWINGING RAW KNOTTING IN STARS.' And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months." All of course, is the product of seven and 42. And did the scientists say there were only seven wonders?



Factors such as these led me to trying to discover what the first three multiples of seven would spell out if translated into letters. Here's what I found: 7-G, 14-N, and 21-U. That spells GNU. A sort of an abbreviation for a "beneficial living organism." The Hottelists call it Nya, and the Durots call it the good. Oddly enough good looks like the Greek word for know; good and goo is the root word of genocide which is the word that appears in the dictionary precisely before the word GNU, which comes from genocide—meaning knowledge, investigation—is a sort of early historical derivation that believed that they had a special knowledge of spiritual mysteries. Coincidentally, my article on Sigma Symbols ended with a saying attributed to Jesus by an apostle of the Gnostic Gospels: Thomas, meaning #44 (7 x 11 = 77): "If you make peace with each another in my name Jesus, they will say to the mountain, Move! and it will move!"

I wonder how many of my readers will have realized by this time that the word GNU is pronounced new and the word new is contained in the call-name of the station that I call the FBI and, WNEW.

Challenged by my skeptical appearance, I rushed to the Public Library to discover the GNU, etymologically speaking. Nothing at all about the GNU, but a great deal about Gnosticism. To my surprise, I discovered the name of the man who, in the XVI century, was the first to designate the words that he believed the kingdom of wisdom for the kingdom of wisdom as Gnosticism. His name was Stanley. He described their mystic theology in a book, "History of Philosophy in the year 1688! His first name, oddly enough, was Thomas. Centuries later (1848) the Gospel of Thomas was discovered in a scroll unearthed in Egypt along with 48 other treatises which reflected the thought of several gnostic groups. The apocryphal Gospel of Thomas was known up till that time only through a quotation attributed to Hippolytus in a book written by Epiphanius, Panopius, an "heretic" leader. "His name was not well known, but he was very young even years old, for above, in the fourteenth age, though hidden I shall be manifest." This information I gleaned from page 26 of a book called, "The Secret Sayings of Jesus, The Gnostic Gospel of Thomas." Remember, that the numbers from 1 thru 22 can be made into a magic square, in which each column adds to the number for the Holy Trinity, 111.

What would the apostle Thomas have meant by that cryptic saying? Perhaps the following information will be helpful: It is taken from a book called, "The Great Law of God" by the "Seven Sages," by Hancock, Mac-Halstead. "SEVEN is the divine number, and twice seven is fourteen. Seven keeps creeping up in everything and the Pyramid of Giza is full of it. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to escape the divine without adopting SEVEN. It is the number of the earth and the universe is SEVEN, the days of the week are SEVEN, and so on."

But back to the GNU, often called the Wildbeest. We know that 7 and 14 are contained in the first two letters of that interesting word, but it was the M. T. Post

(Continued on Page 10)

OAKLAND . . . During the haze of jury selection that covered the first two weeks of Huey Newton's trial, lawyer Charles Garry asked a prospective juror, "If the evidence was presented to you that the police in this instance were the instigators and the plaintiff is Huey P. Newton . . . would you find that difficult to believe?"

The juror, a former reserve police officer, never got a chance to answer. The district attorney objected, claimed the question was improper and unethical, and the objection was upheld by the judge. So . . .

And that's about how it's been for more than two weeks of courtroom struggle—the defense probing and jabbing, retreating, when permitted by the court, the underlying tones of racism in America and in the courtroom, raising up against a solid wall of opposition the rest of the time.

The opposition comes not solely from number Assistant D. A. Lowell Jensen, but also from Judge Monroe Friedman, never reluctant to support the conventional forms of fair judicial procedure.

Example: far more than half the population in America is known to object to capital punishment. Chicago professor Hans Zerkel, a guru in the area of "sociology of law," took the stand in the trial's first week and produced figures from a staff study he had compiled: twenty percent of white men, six percent of black; forty-two percent of white women favor it; thirty-five percent of black men and thirty-seven percent of black women support it.

In these nationwide studies, views on capital punishment correlated with other behavioral tendencies and political opinions. It was shown that those who favor death for murder are opposed to fair housing laws and take flight from their neighborhood if black people move in.

These people pride themselves on being tough, hardhearted, staunch Americans. They won't let the niggers inherit the Earth if they can help it.

Huey Newton is charged with first degree murder. The charge is automatic because Newton is a convicted felon and his lawyer had been unable to have that conviction removed from his record. He was convicted for assault with a deadly weapon four years ago.

In California, if you have a conviction and later you're involved in a crime where someone gets killed, you can get the death penalty. It's automatic. You get the trial over before Reagan becomes President.

Further, and this is the clincher, if a citizen is unilaterally opposed to the death sentence, and this means he wouldn't, nowhere is it the "most extreme and terrible crime imaginable," to quote the judge, if he is solid and expediting on this point—he's not allowed to sit on a capital case as a juror.

You amateur lawyers in the crowd may cry that only a few weeks ago the Supreme Court was saying just the reverse in the Witherspoon case—that jurors who didn't believe in the death penalty couldn't be dismissed from service because of their views. Granted, that's what the high court appeared to say, but we all know what can happen to court decisions when they get translated into action (or inaction). Attorney General Elyott of this fine State wrote a brief for the California court system not too long ago and threw in the business about the necessity for a juror to have an open mind toward considering death in horrible instances. Somewhat like the qualification, "hardly one to trap people claiming to be conscientious objectors. The judge is using the same standard, but applying it upside-down.

The way it works in reality is like this: anybody who comes up to the jury and expresses the least hint of opposition to the death penalty can be used by the DA; the fellow pretty in charge has an inkling that folks opposed to capital punishment wouldn't make the predisposed, hanging jury he wants in Newton's trial.

But because America's trial is more like a compilation of courtroom battles whenever there's any search for truth and fairness, it is not surprising black thirty people are our public servants. If they performed any other way they might not win the next election.

Newton is twenty-six years old. He is the Defense Minister of the Black Panther Party; a black people's liberation movement organized in California as the main principle as the Deacons in Louisiana several years ago—the principle of self-defense. He is an idealist. After America's refusal to accept people in a white community. The Party has a long-term program that demands liberation from the mother country; it has a core of several hundred angry young blacks who don't own on Huey P. Newton; and it has an appeal to the military of the black community in a way the Negro Baptist Church doesn't.

For this and other reasons they aren't especially favored by the white Establishment (or black middle-class). People who say they'll hit back when harassed, and actually do, are bound to draw the wrong response. Five. That's what's been happening in Oakland.

Of course, much Panther fame is due to the white press, mayor and police chiefs who cite them as representative of the diffuse black movement in America—much like a self-inflating gaseous balloon back to back.

Oakland is a terribly different from other American cities—a few tall buildings at the center of an ever-increasing sprawl; minority groups trapped and cornered in special sections of town (mostly the west and east side); big, white business stealing what it can from the center city and moving wherever else it left in industrial parks twenty miles away.

The administrators of these cities are professionals at handling problems as usual: to buy time and safety, particularly safety; if that doesn't work prepare to pull out and leave it to them.

The police work as the arm of the oppressor. While some help little white boys and girls across the street on the green road someplace else, others are chasing black kids across a garbage strewn lot for grabbing some fruit at the neighborhood supermarket. As the children of darkness get older, the crimes of the police become worse. A voice in anguish becomes a target for their swords and daggers. A Friday night crowd outside the Elks club becomes a riotous gathering of young boys and girls who beg and steal.

And through it all, the white police boys holding down their aife, also jobs and aife, rise homes in these safe, nice sections of town, look the other way and hope the vibrations being sent aren't for real, the city'll blow over in time even though it seems to be getting fairly serious.

However, some of them personally keep the black people down and shut them out, so, individually, they don't have too much to worry about. They're just not all they seem to be. Everybody else who's caused the mess.

Oakland sits at the heart of Alameda County, a bay-flung william gas south (one-fifth black) across the face from San Francisco. But nobody would ever mistake Oakland for the Black center of America. Oakland? for its boom bubble on the other side. While Oakland (while Alameda) doesn't make the pretense of being cosmopolitan, of being New Yorkish and rich and worldly.

Desired to just plain folks—a few hundred their name and Huey's who make a good off war of war. Oakland has been called "the armpit of America."

And during the 1950's and 1960's came more black immigrants fleeing the South, the North, the East, even other parts of the West. Heading off to another in the long line of so-called "Black's," farthest edge of freedom in a walled land. Over a third of the city is black.

What emerged in Oakland was Harlem and Watts and Hugh and South Side and Filmore and Berkeley and all the other fields of burnt out Illinois. America has never been so rich. But since not all despair is totally rotten and because black people have learned something of forbearance and tenacity, there has also emerged a elite young and burning community, testing its wings as it burns down from slavery.

Re manifestation of this drive for a new, black world in the Black Panther Party. They are young, and grasping, and so pissed off that their reverse reaction disturbs white people because it seems so damn un-American. They give you'd listen when they're told to wait a few hundred more years; they don't share white America is in any position to expect trust, offer good faith or deal out favors—if the Establishment won't take its hands off their rights, it'll find the living getting.

As both Newton and Eldridge Cleaver (dead on ice—read it) have noted, a large part of black power rests in the fact that it can destroy the system if white people don't change their ways.

It's simple as that—if the Max don't listen to reason, maybe he'll find the gun man persuasive; they'll show "in the trials he's taught as throughout the years.

When you talk like this in a city that staffs its police force with white. Southern racists you'll get more than your share of beating of wills.

Huey Newton was put in the squeeze on October 28, 1967. He and a cop got shot, another cop was killed. The trial may reveal how it happened.

To this point, we've seen the facts in a more human way. For the first time the defense is charged with suicide, felonious assault with a deadly weapon, and kidnapping (for having somebody drive him to the hospital). Since it's a murder trial of a political criminal, everybody is keeping his lips buttoned about outside the courtroom.

Since excerpts of the Grand Jury testimony have been printed, but all that showed was policemen contradicting each other. Since you may be interested in someone's party story, what follows is the last from a "True Huey" pamphlet printed several weeks ago.

(Continued on Page 10)



BY ALLAN KATZMAN

Californians, to the degree they celebrate nature with their tanned skins and their bodies swept beautiful by the sea salt air, heard this treasure with the same stupidity they give to their advanced technology and machines. Nothing aggravates the above average intelligence of California youth than to hear someone praise the great feats performed by our advanced electro magnetic machines. The computer, as well as any other machine that can produce the faculties of man with sometimes greater accuracy and in most cases in less time than our own fumbling hands and brain, is anathema to their spirit. But their spirit is a confused thing.

They are the heirs to the western myth of individual cantankerousness and the last outpost of primitive nature unfolding herself amidst mountain and mist. They have their body beautiful, their knowledge of herbs and sacred mysteries, their backpacks and rifles, and their second shell of time travel, the automobile, which they are plugged into like an outdoors. The fact that California is best representative of America as an auto culture is dissented by most young Californians as just another mystery. Walk into any apartment and one finds the trinity of their daily lives staring at you from the boobies: The Tarot of the Bohemians by Pagos, Guerrilla Warfare by Che Guevara, and Glenn's Auto Repair Manual covering every American car from 1953 to 1964, are just enough mystery to make their lives meaningful.

Travel from one end of California to the other and you can see the changes in this once-tropic paradise. Big Sur, the mountain that has become a myth to outsiders, is being eroded away. The giant redwood trees that once kept it lush and beautiful have been cut down and in their place nothing left to give it hope. The upper portions of Big Sur have turned to dust because there is no natural irrigation to water its needs. The redwood trees, by dint of their strength and tallness, kept Big Sur lush and green because one tree could absorb 10,000 gallons of water a day from the sea.

In Santa Barbara, something similar has taken place. Here was a town that once was a semi-tropical paradise and was changed into a semi-arid region pectically overnight. The building of a harbor jetty by a man named Fleischman, of whiskey distilling fame, on his estate, changed the natural currents of the sea all the way down the coastline. The banana plantations that once populated its jungle growth are no more as is the jungle itself.

And, if anyone has ever read John Steinbeck's Cannery Row, one can see similar effects in places like Monterey and Santa Cruz. Here were once towns lush with sea life that was sucked out of its natural habitat because men were greedy to make more than just a living there. The once famous Cannery Row is now a ghostline of seashore with its empty docks and harbor, resting next to even more ghostly seas.

These changes are happening everywhere and at the same time in California. Los Angeles, a city of smog, thoroughways, signs, and oil, with little else to recommend it, is sinking into its own pit; a cavern of oil which rests beneath it and which, said oil, is being pumped out so fast that there is no foundation left to hold what

man has built above it. In one sense Los Angeles is building its own grave covering it over with a deadly smog created by its own plastic and metal metropolis.

As far as governmental controls are concerned, nothing is being done to check the man made plague. One person blames it on another and so on down the line. Californians take it in their natural stride, lie in the sun, and disorient it as another mystery.

In cities like San Francisco the constant is how the city is becoming New Yorkized. Tall buildings are going up everywhere and traffic congestion, an unknown ailment to a city like San Francisco, is becoming a problem. City government has tried to head off the inevitable by building a subway system, the Bay Area Rapid Transit. But graft, idiot planning and political bickering has caused the project to become a costly affair hampered by delays. There is no ventilation system in the whole subway and fire precautions are inadequate. In fact, the only convenience the system has is a television monitor built into each station's job to protect the customers. With that type of planning, the only recognizable change will be in the bathroom habits of thousands of San Franciscans are they hold their with two hands to keep it together. I can just see one of them coming home and sitting down for dinner as his wife negligently states, "Oh, darling, by the way, I saw you sit chained to today." If he doesn't die from embarrassment, I'm sure the ventilation system in the subway will take care of the rest.

There are many more stupidities of this nature one can relate but they would fill a book. Some of the younger people are well aware of what is happening but they are unprepared to do something about it. They will depart from the cities and take their rightful place in the wilderness; that is if there is any wilderness left the way California is growing population-wise. They are unwilling to go into the political or technological end of it to solve the problems. They rather waste their energies in an artistic and emotional reaction to it all, absconding themselves behind the mysticism of the universals. Not one of them really realizes how dependent they are on the synthetic culture they live in, and very few of them, if any, are really prepared to survive in the wilderness. But one cannot blame them entirely as man himself relentlessly makes his own into a wilderness. The cities before long will become uninhabitable.

The only other obvious thing that is startling about Californians is their dabbling in occult knowledge without any real understanding of how it relates to their environment. For instance a quote from The Kybalion, a book of hermetic philosophy of the teaching of Hermes Trismegistus, an occult seer who lived and taught in Ancient Egypt, will explain what I mean: "The possession of knowledge, unless accompanied by a manifestation and expression in Action, is like the hoarding of precious metals—a vain and foolish thing. Knowledge, like Wealth, is intended for Use. The Law of Use is Universal, and he who violates it suffers by reason of his conflict with natural forces." Why none of them relate this bit of wisdom to what is around them is the only mystery that California has to offer.

MAN'S

BY LENNOX RAPHAEL

The elimination of any male is, therefore, a righteous and good act, an act highly beneficial to women as well as an act of mercy."

S.C.E.M. (Society for Cutting Up Men) MANIFESTO by Valerie Solanas, with a commentary by Paul Krossner, Olympic Press, Inc., N. Y.

Man had been an instant fuckup starting way back thousands of dreams & edens.

Now, his reigns of the Frick was over, smashed & women were taking over, and they were putting this devil out of the way, storing him in the far recesses of his galaxy, his lies lie reduced & hopeless like used tampons.

"Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex." Human & superman. Only witches, which way they fly forever boldly.

"Eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities and obtaining, if he's lucky, a barely perceptible physical feeling, the male is, nonetheless, obsessed with screwing; he'll swim a river of shit, wade axtrial-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there'll be a friendly pussy awaiting him." A friendly pussy in need is a pussy in deed. "He'll screw a woman he despises, any snagle-toothed hag, and, furthermore, pay for the opportunity. Why? Relieving physical tension isn't the answer, as masturbation suffices for that. It's not ego satisfaction; that doesn't explain screwing corpses."

Some men strolled off to the nearest friendly "suicide center" where they were quietly, quickly and painlessly gassed to death."

"IN A SANE SOCIETY," Miss Solanas screams, "the male would trot along obediently after the female." Female supremacy would replace the sickening over-all male supremacy and its own sham.

"After the elimination of money there will be no further need to kill men; they will be stripped of the only power they have over psychologically independent females. They will be able to impose themselves only on the doormats."

Isn't she a vicious bitch?

All around her she sees men fucking up while women ruminate in mindlessness, she chastises the male for "having stripped the world of conversation, friendship and love;" she discovers that "The nicest woman in our society are raving sex maniacs. But, being just awfully, awfully nice they don't, of course, descend to fucking — that's another — rather they make love, commune by means of their bodies and establish sensual rapport; the literary ones are attuned to the throbs of Erzs and attain a clutch upon the Universe; the religious have spiritual communion with the Divine Sexualism; and the mystic merge with the Esoteric Principles and blend with the Cosmos, and the acidic hands contract their erotic coils.

"On the other hand, those females least embedded in the male culture; the least used, those crass and simple souls who reduce fucking to fucking, who are too childish for the grown-up world of suburbs, mortgages, maps and lumpy shit, too selfish to raise kids and husbands, too unenlightened to give a shit for anyone's opinion of them, too arrogant to respect Daddy, the 'Greats' or the deep wisdom of the Ancients, who trust only their own animal, gutter instincts, who equate culture with chicks, whose sole diversion is prowling for thrills and excitement, who are given to disgusting, nasty, upsetting scenes, hateful, violent bitches given to slandering those who audaciously irritate them in the flesh, who'll sink a chair into a man's chest

IFATE!

or ram an icpick up his asshole so soon as look at him, if they knew they could get away with it, in short, those who, by the standards of our 'culture,' are SCUM... these females are cool relatively cerebral and shirking asexuality... you've got to go through a lot of sex to get to anti-sex." And thru a lot of writing to get to anti-writing where logic is tamed by magic, and diffidence by chance.

But, enough of quoting. The publisher has displaced SCUM in Rome where all the Popes are forever holy in the company of their size, or skating on beautiful contraceptives.

Opening S.C.U.M. like the Holy Bible, my left thumb teaches "Eventually the natural course of events, of social evolutions, will lead to total female control of the world and, subsequently, to the cessation of the production of males, and, ultimately, to the cessation of the production of females."

Around & Around the Circles, Miss Solanas, you must remember to spell her name correctly, not Andy Warhol but June in his Manhattan studio, then surrendered to police. Miss Solanas, who wrote her indictment of male society long before the shooting, is now under martial observation, doctors working frantically, furiously apart from their hardness, bravely diagnosing her sanity-insanity. Why did she try to kill someone she loved and admired so much, a strongly creative artist in the thick & slim of his chaos? She wants to see the SCUM manifesto as her defense, to defend herself. She still refuses to play the game.

And that Warhol left his hospital room last month & is now completing the resistance to sequestration.

Now, back to the dream, peep it. Who would be so mean as to destroy our President's REMEMBRANCES OF POLITICS PAST?

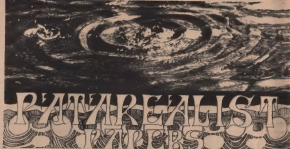
"Both destruction and killing will be selective and discriminative. SCUM is against half-crazed, indiscriminate riots, with no clear objective in mind, and in which many of your own kind are picked off SCUM will never instigate, encourage or participate in riots of any kind or any other form of indiscriminate destruction. SCUM will cooly, furtively, stalk its prey and quietly move in for the kill. Destruction will never be such as to block off routes needed for the transportation of food and other essential supplies, contaminate or cut off the water supply, block streets and traffic to the extent that ambulances can't get through or impede the functioning of hospitals."

And, some in all, S.C.U.M., the manifesto, is loneliness, one person wanting to be touched wholesomely and obliterated in soft touches, to be free, a last & stiffed soul axzwan with the loss of tenderness, the ceasing of love, wanting love, afraid of having to receive it, dancing in dreams of fulfillment, but dining on steel, and added to this the years of technological compulsion & personal retreats, and all the fears that know to come tumbling down your misfortunes, the simple confusions of loneliness, the greed to be good yet silently evil, and the sex life of Jesus. To never return from loneliness is to nod forever in the doorway of past fracture.

"Disapproval of emotional 'zones' leads to fear of strong emotion, fear of one's own anger and hatred, and to a fear of facing reality, as facing it leads at first to anger and hatred. Fear of anger and hatred combined with a lack of self-confidence in one's ability to cope with and change the world, or even to affect in the slightest way one's own destiny, leads to a mindless belief that the world and most people in it are nice and that the most banal, trivial amusements are great fun and deeply pleasurable."

And the oppressors flee their own lies & seek refuge in fate, fire, or fey fate.

Instant Come always zoes.



BY IAAKOV KOHN

Almost simultaneously with the new Babylon claim that Hitler did not shoot himself but took cyanide instead, the eternal controversy over Christ's crucifixion may again be up for a rebuke as a result of the recent discovery of a Roman burial cave in Jerusalem which contained the skeletal remains of a man with a long nose, through his nostrils.

Dr. Nieu Ham, Professor of Anatomy at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem disclosed that the skeleton's former owner 1.53 in tall, in his late twenties or early thirties, of fine physique and one who probably never engaged in manual labor. Both of the man's heels had one foot nail driven through them.

The Director of the Israeli Antiquity Department issued a lengthy and "caustic" warning that "for" more study is needed before any conclusions are to be drawn. To base such sensational conclusions on as yet insufficient evidence is a disgrace to Archeology, Anatomy and other disciplines."

It is obvious that the full possible extent of such conclusions is almost unlimited.

The myth of it's invulnerable steelness propagated by the American aircraft industry, may be a myth indeed.

The West German Defense Ministry has just announced the loss of it's 86th Starfighter jet.

According to the Mutual Defense Treaty between Germany and the United States the former is required to maintain a number Starfighter Squadrons, and thus offer (partly) American defense expenditures in Germany. Simple enough but certainly no bargain for the Germans who didn't want the damn thing to begin with.

To add insult to injury, most of the 85 Starfighters and their pilots never made it to Germany. Their burial ground is the desert surrounding Lake Air Force Base in Arizona.

I thought we did it when we crossed the Rhine.

Straps are the gibes that emanate from Mt. Olympus these days.

With a rare flair for blunder, the citizens of the Greek junta have succeeded in achieving something they may attribute just a few months ago.

Their tyrannical overzealousness and selfrighteous inadequacy have made the bad news under the benevolent rule of Queen Fredericks, with her husband and not fighting respectively, look like the golden rule of freedom, joy and liberty. The message that was the political scene in Greece since World War II, seems in retrospect like the perfect example of democracy.

One of the first indications of the fertility of the colonist's regime was the choice by Premier Papadopoulos, the least asked of them, all that long hair, are immoral and therefore inadmissible to Greece and logically enough, that the minister is in prospect to fall.

The eventual peak suffered by the economy as a result of the sharp decline in tourism, made it possible again to make it in Greece, long and short, as long as the bread was set, froed and Mezzanovich the thing you die.

Papa (his projection) Papadopoulos, knowing a thing when he sees it, evidently dug Chairman Mao's Little Red Book of Thought so much that he succeeded to produce a little book of thoughts of his own. Only his to WHITE.

"Be the overzealous of law, of moral order and moral purity."

"Pleasant yourself from the insatiable temptations of sin and the appetite for material possession."

— Kurosawa and so forth.

In a lengthy collection the reader is told that these instructions of the enlightened Prime Minister, reflecting the fervent wishes and true beliefs of the Greek people, are not just to be read, but studied CAREFULLY AND CONSTANTLY. IT MUST become necessary reading for young and old alike. This thing called to Patemmas had an initial print run of 2 million copies and more are promised. Oh yes, one of Papadopoulos' main fears is the spread of "the virus of neoplasia."

Some denouncing good old Papa has on his hands. Perhaps it isn't coincidental that on August 3rd, Bishop Pallogos of the Greek Orthodox Church was sentenced by military tribunal in Athens to 15 months in jail for "arousing public anxiety through false reports."

The Bishop's crime was an open letter to the Chief Bishop of the Synod, wherein he accused those of "indolence" in abnormal weakness of the flesh. They in turn had good for indulging in NORMAL weakness of the flesh (as after with his young wife).

The paper was not allowed in the courtroom due to the gross nature of the Bishop's accusations.

DEMOCRACY — DEMOCRACY — DEMOCR — the people; KRATIS — in role; page 483, Webster's New 20th Century Dictionary.

With the long line of nonpopular demob obtained presidential candidates eventually against on the tickets, one can't help but flip Alexander DeBook, the Chaskaevsk liberator who, while addressing his people as TV, leaned forward, looked straight into the lens and pronounced to God one and all that even though he is looking into TV camera, he can't help but fancy seeing HIS viewers through it.

One of the least published news items in the American Press has been various fund raising efforts on behalf of condemned American spies serving long sentences in various jails in China.

To date the most successful of these various funds has been one on behalf of Hugh F. Redwood, postman spy and businessman, who got busted in 1961 in Shanghai and is currently serving a life term.

An evidently well connected someone raising committee has in its office come to \$1,000,000 (\$410,000 to be exact), supposedly raised from "big names in theatrical, sporting and financial fields."

If I were the CIA I would sue for defamation of character.

An outfit that calls itself "Support Your Local Police" (of all things) is peddling for a dime, a disfigure device called SQUEEZE PLAY (not contents) in Ultramarine Capsules.

The sales spiel runs as follows:

Squeeze Play is an excellent means of self defense.

SP is superior to all similar devices on the market.

SP retains a full ounce of chemical — 50 sec second burst — twice the capacity of competitors.

SP — only the highly rated and patented OEL valve. Flows a powerful direct stream.

In addition to all this "Support Your Local Police" provides "50c worth of free literature" on why Squeeze Plays "ARE EVEN NECESSARY."

The only logical conclusion is let down from all this is that THE FAMILY THAT SPRAYS TOGETHER STAYS TOGETHER.

The British National Health Service came up recently with interesting statistics that point toward a sharp increase in voluntary sterilizations by British women.

According to recent survey by the National Health Service's Gynecological Service, more than 28,000 women had their ovaries taken out in 1967. Most of these operations were performed after childbirth. Almost 67% cited no child-rearing in their applications. The most common of them was marital stress coming from too large families. The number of men that submitted voluntarily to sterilization is not known since such operations are not covered by NHS, but nevertheless is assumed to be in the thousands.

The publications of these figures evidently raised great doubts in the Royal Society of Medicine where the most passionate voice these esteemed gentlemen evidently saw a good thing go down the drain.

Laugh for these labors of the Hippocratic oath, they have a good friend in the Pope of Rome.

Saying of the week:

"None has spoken for and for the time the card is closed."

—Richard Cardinal Cushing

POSITION

BY DA LATIMER



Second, "There was this fifteen-year-old kid crawling at the place," Vito recalls, "and this other cat took him down, but good, really hit for his life, like, 80 m.p.h. I took this other cat down myself, but I didn't torture him. He just seemed himself up some, harned his arms with cigarettes and like that, and went to the fun. That was it for the old Free Store. But they did an investigation on him and it turns out he's an escapee from the Rockland reformatory, and he has a habit of telling stories. He did that it was too late for us! The free store is reducing operations, and it should be open by the time this paper goes to press.

At the moment, there are damn few places to crash on the Lower East Side, with the possible exception of some ESBG pads. (ESBG was as little as possible to do with the press, they do their publicity with their own names; fraternizing with the media is Bad Revolutionary Tactics, without you control the media, the story has it. Fuck that revolution.) Kids are sleeping on the sidewalks, you can usually find one or two flaked out in the sidewalk lobby of the St. Mark's Theatre. It's that bad. The YMCA opened a place on East 53rd a couple weeks ago, grand act of public service, and gathered four boys and two girls, all WASSPs, off the street, knowing a good thing when they were onto it, the kids voted to become a Closed Community rather than an Open Crank Pad. There are a few more kids sleeping on the streets.

The Coexistence idea, and it is a foul and stinky and altogether false idea, is the only idea that the Youth Administration Service is about to go for. Crank pads, don't you see, give the kids a variety of places to stay, there is nothing there they can be hounded for, and they handle a transient, floundering clientele. A Communist, now, with a YSA operative around at all times, insures that there will be no dope on the premises, that everybody will be Under Supervision, and anyone will be more or less available should someone want him. But why kick it? It must be the best. If it was a cool summer, now, everybody'd be happy, and the goddam Youth Service Administration wouldn't be making an act out of itself, and everybody else concerned.

The Media Workshop, at 8 East 42 Street, would like it known and aloud about that the set of the 800 employees in the composing room of the New York Times, only twenty-one are black. Moreover, the Times recently refused to allow a nine-year employee, printer-Larry Allan, and the dead Corey Ensemble functioning Vibe! Kelly Odyssey Zeans could see the brand, which the Don is offering them as a tax loss. A narcotics rehabilitation service with street front and resident con-

Zeans helps, what few of them remain, might enjoy the weekly Odyssey Zeans Night every Tuesday evening this summer and fall at the Don. Alan Grant, former MC for the Newport and Central Park Jazz Festivals, will host the ceremonies, introducing each performer as Chico Hamilton, Jackie Arnold, the Elvin Jones Trio, and the dead Corey Ensemble functioning Vibe! Kelly Odyssey Zeans could see the brand, which the Don is offering them as a tax loss. A narcotics rehabilitation service with street front and resident con-

SUMMERTIME GREEN
Long hot summers have this one advantage, that the Big City administrations lose their bureaucratic cools and commence throwing payrolls about as if there were no tomorrow, which to be sure there might not be. While the sun shines, then, it's across the City limits and the first fifty people to show up at the Administration of Water Supply's new Summer Drain Repair Program will be awarded with a three-month supply of money. When autumn comes, it's back to Unemployment and Welfare, for those fortunate enough to qualify. The transactions have gone given way to summertime green.

Anticipatory, if the City Government opens the Lower East Side to be thankful for the new Digger Free Store, then it has great expectations indeed. Maria Vito, commissioner of the Youth Service Administration, need a flock of people, and now with back the whole area between the Brewery and Avenue B—where it closes—is pacified until September. They've given the community a four-month program with tons of money to spend; stem nobody up. There lies the community, when the program comes up for renewal, it'll be shut down and the kids can go back to the streets and the Puerto Ricans can get back in touch with their co-revolutionaries.

Presently, in the dead of August, things look favorable at the Free Store at 41 Cooper Square. For one thing, it has a free table, a new automobile and significant contribution to this community. So a lot of people hang out there, awaiting the Call, and this makes for a fairly representative cross-section of what the East Village community has become. The people who were here last summer, for instance, seem to have gone away—no the Coast, perhaps, or just uptown, or back to summer and peeps or to jail or the colonies. The heads hanging around the Free Store now have a distinct California look about them, a really independent and durable aspect that the usual New York middle-class Wayfarer would never have. These kids look Western. Anybody wonders why they're here should go take a look at the Right and see what a desolated shithole that place has turned into! These kids are hanging around with the metropolitan freethinkers, who are themselves a fry and contain culture, to come to the site of the old, and then to dig enough to scare away the kids who will be fresh from loose in Jersey or Waukegan, but after a bit the brain should have little difficulty assimilating themselves into the community.

They all sit around the place, this rather imposing collection of people with their arms generally one or two arched. Boyer doesn't, slipping coffee and starting suddenly down the little hippie-like coolness; they sit around against the walls gnawing fur bread, digging the radio, doing what he wants to do when they haven't got any dope. It hangs there off the streets. Toward the back is a coffee machine providing a few, and an ancient washer-dryer for those who worry about sanitation. Bring your own Blue Ooze.

Beattie Moore, the YSA worker in charge of the place, would like to turn it into a sort of Coexistence Room, with a lounge set and a stereo, and a radio rattling away off in one corner. Moore realizes that he's not handling just any bunch of kids, that a messianic-grease machine may be a little more revolutionary than a pingpong table, and his relationship with the City then is more than a trifle strained. He's done a lot of good work in Bedford-Stuyvesant, though, with street gangs and black militants, so he expects to maintain a fairly free hand with the Free Store program.

For instance, when the store opened last week, Moore risked a considerable loss of customers by allowing a lot of people to smoke a couple nights, sleeping in the store. "They came in off the streets in crowds," Moore says, "and when it came time to close Saturday night there were a lot of them who didn't have any place to go. And then Sunday it was raining, so I let them stay over again." This sort of thing doesn't go over too well with the Administration.

On top of that, Moore had the audacity to alter the original emphasis of the program, which was designed to get runaway kids a chair to Work With Their Heads. "It was ridiculous," A lot comes in from kids, and every occasion to talk, more like a party, or sex, or string beads before he had anything to do. That sort of thing just wasn't gonna go down around here, so right now I'm just trying to get these kids something to eat, and a place to sleep." There it is, Administration, he's giving things away, for nothing! If Herbie Moore would man up to the idea of a free store, then the City should do this thing, the community right here something to be thankful for.

Downstairs in the Free Store, also working for the City, but not too damn concerned about it, is Vito of the Greasy Digress and his buddies. They're pretty far from another government enterprise, more like last summer, only colder this time. There are still plenty of Administrators around who read the Daily News and remember last year's notorious Hippie Turf

PROGRATES

BY EUGENE SCHOFENFELD, M.D.

Dr. James L. Goddard, former commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, said he would rather have his daughter make a joint tea than drink a highball. Last fall, a California State narcotics agent, speaking on a San Francisco radio station, said he would rather have his daughter use heroin than marijuana.

Dr. Goddard was fined.

Dr. Schofenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o The East Village Observer.

When the American Medical Association speaks out on social issues, such as the means of implementing medical care, the public has learned to regard its statements as representing a small but powerful cadre of small business men. The public has also learned to respect the A.M.A.'s role in maintaining high standards of medical education in the professional schools, promoting conferences for the continuing education of practicing physicians (even if they sometimes take place in Las Vegas), the dissemination of medical information through health booklets, magazines such as Today's Health, educational television programs for physicians and laypeople and medical journals such as the Journal of the A.M.A.

In the June 24th issue of the Journal, the Council on Alcohol, Health and the Committee on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence of the American Medical Association and the Committee on Problems of Drug Dependence of the National Research Council, National Academy of Sciences, have reached the following conclusions:

"After careful appraisal of available information concerning narcotics (as such) and its components and their derivatives, analogues and isomers, the Council on Alcohol, Health and the Committee on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence of the American Medical Association and the Committee on Problems of Drug Dependence of the National Research Council, National Academy of Sciences, have reached the following conclusions:

"7. CANNABIS IS A DANGEROUS DRUG AND AS SUCH IS A PUBLIC HEALTH CONCERN."

The Council cites as evidence that dogs and men are given the same effects by chronic treatment with the product tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), has been completely anesthetized for several days. They also state that on a weight basis, THC is more powerful than barbiturates or alcohol. What they neglect to mention is that one would have to ingest several kilos of A.M.A. Gold in order to produce anesthesia in man.

The A.M.A. statement continues, "In many countries where chronic heavy use of cannabis occurs, such as Egypt, Morocco, and Algeria, it has a marked effect in reducing the mental productivity of a significant number of persons."

The A.M.A. Council has chosen in this case to ignore the voluminous statistics of the British Hemp Commission in India and our own Canal Zone and La Guardia reports which showed no short-term or long-term personality changes in chronic marijuana users.

"8. LEGALIZATION OF MARIJUANA WOULD CREATE A SERIOUS PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES."
Casting itself into the role of prophet, the Council denounces its lack of sensitivity to the current international situation by the following statement: "Further, heavy growth in the United States is not necessary of high potency and 'street' samples sometimes are heavily adulterated with inert materials." Best lay people, in my estimation of drug experts, know that while marijuana can grow almost anywhere, most is brought into the United States from Mexico.

Contrary to all known evidence, the A.M.A. statement denies that alcohol is more harmful than marijuana. Legislating weedhounds, they say, would "create a comparable number of minor violations."

The "minorities" non-covered drug was a common sight in village restaurants a few years ago. It is now rarely seen on campuses where students have switched to marijuana.

"9. ADDITIONAL RESEARCH ON MARIJUANA SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED."

Few would disagree with this statement, except for the governmental agencies which have blocked almost all research applications since the La Guardia Report appeared in 1948.

EARLY MORNING



IT IS DAY.....
WAKE UP, STICK, AN
WE WILL KILL
SOME STUFF TO
EAT.....



MY BELLY IS
EMPTY, STICK...
WE WILL KILL
BIG STUFF AN
WE WILL EAT
THA MEAT AN
BONES....



NOON TIME

...AN WHEN WE
KILL SOME BIG
STUFF I WILL
HAVE FUN
DRAGGIN IT
TO THA SLEEPIN
PLACE.



LATE AFTERNOON

LOOK, STICK,
I SEE DUST
DOWN THERE...
THAT IS WHERE
THE STUFF IS
NOW....



EVENING

IT IS GETTING
DARK, STICK....
WE WILL FIND
SOME BIG STUFF
ON THE WAY
TO THA SLEEPIN
PLACE.....



NIGHT

WE WILL KILL
BIG STUFF, STICK.
WE WILL BE
HAPPY DRAGGIN
IT.....



COMING ATTRACTIONS

This Week in New York

AU GO GO: Blam Nagors, Hans Lishart, Peter Walker
BETTER END: David Steinberg, Boskey & Jaks, Hans
McKinnon.

CENTRAL PARK: Fri.—George Shearing, Amanda
Ambrose, Sat.—Flip Wilson, Anthony & Imperial
Men.—Jimmy Smith, Gloria Lynne.
Wed.—Ann Guthrie, Joan Mitchell.

DON: Art Farnam.
ELECTRIC CIRCUS: Tues. Men. night, Aug. 12 —
Electric Kar Series with Alvin Lucier — "Halter
1999" night and show of under-living in the year
1999 with Takahiko Iizawa.

FILMORE EAST: Jessi Ross, 8 p.m., Fri. and Sat.
GARLIGTO: Mosley Back III, Billy Mitchell, Bernice
Travis.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (Jazz in Garden): Thurs.
8:30 p.m.—Buddy Gay.

GROUP IMAGE: Wally, George, and light show Wed.
night at the Museum Road.

SCENE: John Hammond, Hans Lishart.

SLUGS: Weldon Irving, Sat. aft.—Charles Moffat.

VILLAGE GATE: Upstairs — Beka Sate, Downstairs—
Hugh Macaulay, Jimmy Smith.

VILLAGE VANGUARD: Bill Evans, Paazat Brothers.

The dismal, gummy vibrations of Manhattan (Grazia
Island) has infected the throat, lungs and mind of its
live music audience. New York turns out selfish, down-
cast but enthusiastic rock fans like it turns out cheap,
colorful clothes. No better example can be given than
the screaming hordes choking the Fillmore East last
weekend.

Bill Graham may have pulled a winning combination
with the booking of Big Brother, Stealin' Sugar,
and Ten Years After, but his packed house distin-
guished themselves and the East Coast with a new high
in selfishness, inconsideration, and boorishness. Everyone
no longer has importance to the Rock Palace audience.
They demand it after each set no matter how poor the
performance or how exhausted the performer. What
was once known as an honor to a performer has now
become a routine part of the job. Justin Spinell had to
beg an almost rioting crowd to let her offstage after
four encores on Saturday night. Many of the loudest
screams of "more, more" would get up and walk out
during the bonus items. The crowds went quantity—
more for their New York dollar.

These fans seem more tuned in to the fad or fashion
of the moment than the music itself. You can often pre-
dictable audience response to groups just by calculating
their "in" reputation or position on the pop social
chart.

RADIO CUM

As WFME—FM begins its second month as Free
Press, all music radio, it has become the most exciting
event-specific radio adventure in the States. Currently
the daily programming is led by Genevieve Wasserman,
the Omaha set, fished up less-than-workable
who opens the station at noon; Phil Morris, FM Guide
critic takes over at 3:30; Kevin Taylor, the Morrisonian
minor at 6:30; Kahlua Karma at 8:30; and Via Savina
from "The Coast" at midnight. Other staff disk jockeys
are Roger Ransfield, George Black, and E. C. Hell-
man.



GREAT SALS OF FIRM

Queen of the electric Kahlua Karma this week will
be Bob Dyes expert Alan Wasserman on Mon. night
August 14. He will be bringing tapes of Dylan as well
as his first Columbia single, "Mind-up Confusion",
which is now a collector's item at \$24 a copy. Tuesday
night, comedian David Steinberg will be dropping in to
take a shift with Frawley and Rudnick.

WFME is located at \$1.10 per plastic FM dial.
If you are having trouble getting the station stuck a
radioist car antenna.

DOGGY MORRISON BECOMES JUNCOO

FOR CALIFORNIA MAREM

Jim Morrison, cofounder of new from getting it caught
was too often in the upper of his auto-venting-claugh-
Nagalyka bathos, scattered onto stage at the Singer
Rough last Friday like the some 67 male booter who had
seen too many re-runs of "Wild in the Streets"

With an audience redoubtantly there to watch and
not listen, he coaxed it right to them—laughing, pouting,
non-engaging—reerily confident of his monopoly, a
grayer manhandling an everyman's taste of violent,
astute, late-fish, setting rite poking inadvertently
throughout the stadium.

NIAGARA NO—MARK LINDSEY YES

A lot of Gloria (queen of the teen magazine editors)
Stoness' best friends might be back but the shy
chocolate colored bean adorning the pages of 16 Magazine
are the shily tummy of the rky pop-pops she
belle—then immortally forever in pink-shaded, slip-
per for your eye before noon glasses.

Oh sure, every once in a while you might come
across a picture of some really down-home, shily gitty
spade group like Diana Ross and the Supremes or the
Four Tops.

It is unfortunate that even insignificant establishment
press, more concerned with lining Southern exorbitants
than with focusing desired attention on exponents
vital to today's music, are given license to convert the
inside of mini-W.A.S.P.'s around the country.

Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, and
Jerry Lee Lewis shocked America and the world with
their music and performances in the mid 50's. After
14 years these four rock and roll greats are waxing
once again in popularity. While the styles of Chuck
Berry and Little Richard remain relatively the same,
Elvis is beginning to pull out of the Hollywood maze
that has nullified his momentum for nearly a decade
and is recently getting back to the country favored rock
like U.S. Mail, Gypsy Manji which made him.

Jerry Lee has recently come back out of exile. The
"braying blood with a punkish piano" is capturing
audiences with added dimensions to his classic rock
stylings. He resumed his 23 years of virtual
blacklisting by a more, paranoical culture to once
again rip the rock strape off the audience—this time
as large as a look 'n' roll version of Otello. The wild
man is also back on the top of the country charts. His
new album which is straight country and western
finds him perfectly at ease with a natural affinity,
understanding, and feeling for country and western
music.

An excellent article about the incomparable Jerry
Lee appeared in a recent issue of The Los Angeles
Free Press. Written by Andy Wickham, three excerpts
capture the magnitude of the great rock star:

"Great indeed, in show—60 of adult (adults, as I'm
often tempted to think, it's all about), set out her
of adverbs and adjectives. Jerry Lee Lewis was from
Ferrisville, Louisiana, a wild man from the swamps with
very blond hair, hard blue eyes and a nose that made
Presley look lack. Lewis wasn't like any of the others.
If they were wild, he was ferocious. If they music was
rky, he was prodigious. Presley shook his hips.
Lewis rapped his spine. He would stand up with his feet,
he would sit on it, he would stand on it, he would crawl
under it and he would lean over it, his ability over
preaching goose-people, his long wailing fingers car-
assing the key, his feet crashing the pedals like a
speed-truck (flooding the carburetor of a stalled Ferris-
ville. Braille kid, Gene Vincent and the others were
suddenly impotent.

"Great Balls of Fire" was Number One in England
back in '57, and when "Swanlike" on warform-
class organic-being complete with pep, rky and
other animal sounds, shot up to number five in two
weeks, Jerry Lee Lewis came to Europe. And it was
all there—he confirmed everything. He was Mr. Stron-
on an Argo Station. It was just like they said in the
papers, and so it didn't look as if England was going
to get Presley (he's never entertained there), have the
next hot thing—and it was altogether too weak, his
name and he delivered.

Unfortunately, there are some ungrateful people in
this world, and so Presley was quite as entitled as the
British Press, for no Presley is quite as eloquently
mischievous. Somebody found out that Jerry Lee had
married his cousin, the thirteen-year-old daughter of
his drummer, and although this was absolutely nobody's
business but hers and his, the story leaked to the pa-
pers, and then there were headlines saying "babe"
and "bride" with pictures of the couple, and the
Church came in and epined morals about young peo-
ple, and mothers felt threatened and forbade their
teenage daughters to have his picture on their bed-
room walls, and finally the Home Office said "Dis-
graceful" and kicked him out of the country. The fol-
lowing day, "Brothers" dropped fifteen places on the
charts, and then out. He hasn't really had a hit three
times.

I remember seeing a BBC newsreel film showing
Jerry Lee wandering dejectedly around the deserted
departure lounge at London Airport, one dawn.

(Continued on Page 14)

BY BOB RUDNICK/DENNIS FRAWLEY

So Rare.



So Right.

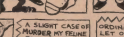
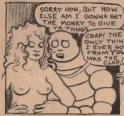


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FUNKY FUNNIES

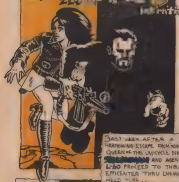
STARRING WALDO AND UNCLE ED (THE INDIA RUBBER MAN!)

BY BOB DEITZ



TRASHMAN

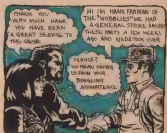
PART OF THE 6



EARLY WHEN AFTER A
HARRASSING ESCAPE FROM KING
QUEEN OF THE JEWELL DIED
AND PROCEEDED TO THE
EPICENTER THRU DARK
WILD TURN



SCENE - STAY WITH THE SCENE





BY LITA ELISCU

The *Pushover* is a fabrication of people events from Mel Brooks's when he was writing from being the 100-year-old man and instead . . . as he strips off his shirt in the telephone booth . . . revealed the real Mel Brooks: the 200-year-old man without his cap. The movie stars Ezra Metzl as Max Halpetch (notice the name initials: M.H.) and Gene Wilder as Hans (whose Max calls "Lee") — the first person to have ever so dignified Hans, blithely a fully accented. Max was once the most famous Broadway producer since ladies' slippers were first used as champagne goblets; now, he is forced to make countless visits to "little-oh-lady-land" in order to meet backers for his play, *SEE Max Halpetch* play *The Rape of Lucretia*. The 19th old lady plays Lucretia (L.) and Max plays Hans . . . So dialogue that try not to let it get you! Like: "These, then, my boy." "Where, where?" See Dick Shava as L.R.D., a hippie band leader chosen for instant fame by fate, not Halpetch. See Springtime for Hitler, complete with the protest sign.

The movie requires complete descent to a level of infidelity from which it may be hard to escape. If you should later decide you want to, if you don't get out, you'll always have Mel Brooks and Carl Reiner for company, with maybe Anne Bancroft bringing chicken soup.

This is a rousing, rousing get-in-the-pancake kind of show. Ezra Metzl is superb — a dangerous word to use for the young person, but the only right one — and he performs his bit with grace, even when the *fa-la-las* he chooses to do is broad enough for the little old deaf lady in the back of the theater. It is still not overdone for a camera. Somehow, his every gesture fits the atmosphere of the movie, as though he and it were each thinking of the other while being considered. There is something totally engaging about Max Halpetch's disheveled, maybe it is the kind which never lies to itself and is therefore revealed against all outward nicker's cries: you can't hear someone who already knows, especially when he acts on the assumption that you know he knows you know. Right?

(These IS a story-line. Hans happens to tell Max that it is possible to make money with a flop on Broadway. Max — whose luck happens to turn in exactly that revealed direction lately — is intrigued. "Springtime for Hitler" is the result. Extra fact: they have over-sold shares in the play by about 24,000 more than one can legally do.)

It's hard to talk about good comedy without sounding anticlimactic and windy; it's hard to tell what it is if the film without giving away all the best parts — and this is practically all big checks. It's warty is bigger than its wool, however.

The movie is playing downtown at the Art, 30 East 8th, GE 3-2114. If you're a few minutes late, don't fret; there is a short rest, an Indian dancer (male) performing an intricate, complex story in the middle of an unbreakable back backdrop, while he waxes a little silver interloper with a silver arrow daggle, and a silver cap like Mercury's. Somehow, no matter how dovetail, fact he writes the dates has no great, and the crowding epilogue of explanation at the end is less than anticlimactic.

Last Sex possesses all the classic imperatibility and sense of balance characteristic of Mel drama, which it effectively uses. The movie is a study in how to transmute from theater to film, utilizing the inherent limits of each particular medium. The movie is about a man, Hans, whose impotency is the result of the tubercular hemorrhage which was Hiroshima. He was physically present, and it took him three months in the hospital to reach an imminent recovery. Months later, he is released, asymptotically suffering the tremors felt across New, he returns, he returns, he returns, he returns from Tokyo, "the world of men" and instead lives in country home, surrounded by woods, streams, and lots of young couples making love. If it is winter, so

it is when the film opens, then they peak out from behind their frosty windows, giggling and kissing. As the seasons progress, so do they, moving outside to lie among the tall grass and under trees, to stand away into the forests. Hans eventually happens upon them time again, but later, in an agreed realization, cries that he feels no desire. Or does he? He makes a full confession in his work-in-kind and confidante, Ohsan, a local village. She laughs gaily, then Ohsan compassionately in his story. Hans's superior ways/lessons are in direct contrast to Ohsan's selfishness/virtue. They are puppets playing out the imagined drama of a greater mind.

Ohsan conceals a cure for Hans, without his knowing. Hans, to test his new-found manhood, tries it out of Ohsan while she sleeps. He is successful, two weeks passing. He then accuses her of being selfish, an unrepentant, says she's wrong. Sheerly, she leaves his home for the season, to wait until his return in the winter.

A past games in the movie's time, like one of *Japan's* days, encompassing a lifetime. The movie is revealed within a highly poetic framework, one that assumes certain conventions will be understood and treated accordingly. People are stylized, much as in a Noh play: there is Hans, the older, troubled hero; Ohsan, the faithful virtuous — sorcerer; the Friend, Nakata; the Nurse-Goddess who must remain untouched although it is she who effects Hans's cure the first time; there is the new Japan symbolized by the Friend's son and his new wife. People constantly appear and disappear as needed for the plot, much as the way metaphors slide easily in and out of Hans, always there even if not present physically. Hans is an actor when he is not in retreat, and actually does a soliloquy monologue from a play, one that appears to be an epiphany to "To be or not to be" and is at least as thoroughly successful with Ohsan as the impressed audience.

Like any good drama, the twist at the end is bitter-sweet, missing Hans to the way springtime in his own life, but balanced by the winter which is the whole world's condition.

Grammatical articles are often not translated in Japanese, so that "Lee" may also be "the lost one" and refer to the whole of the male spectrum, or even to man in general. Metaphorical riddles resulting from such small grammatical issues are expected to make the resulting design in the film good aesthetic and worthy of reflection.

The movie is at Cinema Rialto, with between 9th and 7th, JU 4-6448.

Hamas and Juliet is replacing Henry IV, at least in the Shakespeare Festival's schedule presented outdoors in the Delaware Theatre of Central Park. Performances are Tues-Sun at 8 PM; tickets are free, free-comes, first-come, first-served. The Delaware is reachable from 8th on 42nd, or 7th and Fifth Ave. Starling are Martin Sheen and Susan McArthur.

This is last week or so of the New Yorker's Film Festival, this Sat-Mon is *The Blue Angel* and *Look Back in Anger* — in which Richard Dando gives one of his most memorable screen performances since Alexander the Great (*Remember that war!*).

The *Lovers* has King King the *Smiles*, followed closely by *Iran* the *Terrible*, part II, thus making their case into *Smiles*.

Shoeless is contrasting boredom with catatonia; *Red Desert* (Antonioni) and *Palanski's Population*; followed by *Dreyer's Order* and *Galsbol's My Life is Live*, which is one of Godard's most interesting films.

A *Rialto* in the Sun is re-opening, starting *Sherry Fretter* before he became extinct, and *Henry Day*, *Diana Sands*, and *Clayton McCall*. The movie will be released August 14th, no match the paper (daily) because it pays 10 theatres in five metropolitan areas.

Convention: Last week, in mentioning actors in *Duquenois 66*, Joan Mcintosh became *Jane Farrow*, *Sherry*

loves of Ondine

BY BABY JERRY

poor Ondine . . . who loves you? no woman loves Pope O. except his own mirrored image speeding by, pain and loneliness can be found in a crowded room; the "code"; don't ever admit it, proud? no, pass, and pass is boredom is speed till first the world all around you is dead and then the mirror reflects.

what would you look like big O . . . your sudden lips suddenly bored by old age and without teeth? better to be bored to death?

Vivaldi ice and imagined nudity sensibly covered by a bandaid, love you, the only femme fatale with sufficient balls and wit to be untouched (naturally) by the big O. (a quote) "rusty brils deuth."

Robaldo Peia. "id loco" esta description de un amigo, yet, Robaldo tells me of asking Andy what to do before the camera, and being answered by a non-directing shrug, so Robaldo does his self-conscious rap . . . and a happening, inadequate and none of the cinematic brilliance of Warhol's super self-conscious world and melange, yet another tells me of Robaldo's unfired entrance to Max's K.C. suddenly confronted by two gargantuan tits, he reaches and unashamed one and bows and bestows it a kiss and a mirror of South American praise, and then returns it with grace to the lady and her surprised male still, somehow Robaldo seems to me a stranger in the plastic sense which can be akin to innocence or difference, macho?

so now on to the non-committal, super-aloof quagmire of ennui . . . let his worshippers rap in advance . . . having taken over 5th Ave. for a day, let us transcend this passing of an aesthetic, even aesthetic have politics and propaganda and silent elections, museums are the dead electrical globe, and media ecology is the measure of success?

I dare not repeat myself for time is precious . . . but look! at them, the depers, the lesbians, the homosexuals, the fashionables, the silver coated flesh, the plastic eyeballs, the garrulous, the agomaniacs, the silent, the suffering, the bored and the boring, and on . . . and on . . . but where is the king? their god need not be physical to make his presence felt? (at a past tv interview: Andy is asked the question, he looks at Vira, he doesn't, she answers all questions for him.)

jealous bystander worshippers throw coke bottles . . . (Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers, upon hearing of his being shot, issued that same day a pamphlet praising Valerio and her ironic, possessed violence of this media owned sterile god of plastic realities, but in their pathetic, fanatic jealousy how could they know that Andy's immortality was bleeding . . . with flesh as frail as theirs.)

the parade continues and here comes the fleet: a ten story tall balloon of a naked man sleeping, a two inch *superficial* caudron Empire State building, a mirror *superficial* caudron with kissing bodies in formaldehyde, somebody's arctic flying in the breeze, etc. . . (mechanical precursors. Andy's earliest films are much the same, empirical exercises? how many people know or are even interested that *Sleep* isn't eight filmed hours of a man's sleep, but actually much less, some of the hundred foot rolls of film shot repeat and repeat though difficult to notice unless you know what a cheap tape advice is like.)

now the motorcade with superstars . . . (Marie Monster, what's happened to this flower of cinema now lost in the calloused archives of Screen Test . . . ?) Malanga, Meriken, Ingrid, Taylor, Morrison, Nien, and the endless file of frigid freaked out femmes de mode, and so on . . . for after the attention promoting me-

FOLK FESTIVAL

BY ALLAN DALE

NEW YORK — The sun, overall, pervading feeling of this year's Newport Folk Festival was that of a medieval carnival with brightly colored banners and striped tents stretching to the rear horizon where hardwood forest borders Hartford Field. The vast crowd of spectators, at times numbering more than 14,000 persons, was in no particular hurry but were drawn together by an interest in music and the general air of festiveness (to: rumors of an impending appearance by Dylan were still widespread even at the close of the festival.)

Once considered only as the bastard offspring of the Jazz Festival, the Folk Festival has come into its own in recent years and, just one year ago, proved a springboard for such now widely recognized talents as Arlo Guthrie, Jon Mitchell, and Leonard Cohen. Perhaps in hopes of making up for their having generally missed the best last year, major record labels were represented by enlisting from their possessions to staff professors at the 1968 offering, more than one of these from as far away as California. A clear case of establishment acceptance brought about by economic consideration and the ludicrous 'non-openness' game the labels are so fond of playing within the record industry.

They were, for the most part, I think, generally disappointed . . . with the possible exception of professionals by Sam Grogan and Bruce Mandel, both of whom were delightfully entertaining. Mandel was the best I've ever seen him (far better than the international, Dylanesque, world-be performer that debated with Janis Ian at the old Gaslight Cafe just before "Rochester Child" was released the first time.) He's got a good ear for a performer now and his songs, particularly "McCarthy Is The Man" have a driving power and "McCarthy" is not evident before Grogan is sort of a Peter Seeger protégé and is surely one of the finest young balladeers to have come out of the northeastern United States. His songs frequently have a French-Canadian flavor and are marked by a combined vocal power and beauty all too often absent from the current musical scene. In this same honest vein, the Rev. Frederick Kikpatrick, cut singing and preaching brotherhood long since leaving what used to be Beaconville City, offered numerous plans for unity and social reform to the accompaniment of a slowed mild blues guitar. Country music was thoroughly represented by Roy Acuff, George Hamilton IV, and Rex Nellig. Hamilton, with an out-of-right sideman as lead guitarist was the best of the lot. He used material by John D. Leadbetter, Jon Mitchell, and Gordon Lightfoot. His performance was accurately billed as "folk country" and was enthusiastically received both in the relatively intimate workshops and the major evening show. Acuff's performance however, was an glaring example of poor taste as I've ever seen. He came on like a night-mare from between Bob Cummings and Spike Jones, leaving behind the wailing when an open act, which he varied around the stage playing with a yo-yo. He even brought his act out on stage for a few minutes, which served only to terrify the agony of an already wretched show.

Program needs was admirably represented by Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys on the traditional side, and the Charles River Valley Boys, on the side of the urban Newgrass revival.

Jim Kweskin, in his non-populist position on the head of directors of the Newport Folk Festival, made a valiant effort to bring into folk, or Newgrass, music back to the festival by having an open act, which failed mostly because of lack of accomplished talent. It was basically a lot of hopeful people singing other people's arrangements of washed out songs . . . right off the records.

Of course, there was a widespread sampling of the more established folk figures throughout the festival, among them: Elizabeth Cotton, Pete Seeger, Jack Elliott, Sam Bass, Mimi Fariña, Theodore Bikel, Joe Raposo, Mike Conway, Jan Riebel, Baul Kasse, Mike Seeger, Roger Spang, Don Watson, the Young Tradition, and Fred McDowell. The Jim Kweskin Jug Band has broken up now but the individual members of the group were there, along with the Lyman Family. Singing together or in small splinter groups, they contributed that spontaneous backyard quality that is the essence of folk music. Contemporary songs were handled primarily by Tom Paretto and Eric Van Salzen.

I get the distinct feeling that most of the audience would have been just as happy with a pop festival instead of a folk festival. There was enough pop there, though, with acts like the Kalamazoo Jug Band, Richie Havens, Big Brother & The Holding Company, The Ducky, John Hartford, and Taj Mahal. Hartford came across about the same way as he does on the radio, even going and being, with a style calculated to offend as few as possible. Buckley and Havens did my thing and they did it beautifully. While several a few times and Tim was in top form, Janis got to be a bit of a drag after a while with her long talks between songs and might have done better to stick with singing, leaving the live for live time pressed concert

NEWPORT



Photo by Michael Dash

schedules. Taj seemed to be everywhere throughout the five day fest . . . first at one workshop, then another, then performing in concert or jamming backstage.

Big Brother, or more precisely Janis Joplin, was the star act among the pop attractions at the folk festival. When the field was full, thousands of extra spectators lined the surrounding fields and hills to hear Janis belt out the BLUES. Songs like "Down On Me" and "Love Is Like A Ball And Chain" that are best performed in her gypsy style. A style that has earned her the justifiable reputation of being the most dynamic female performer in pop music today.

E. B. King and the combined Junior Wells/Buddy Guy Blues Band laid down hard, mean Chicago Blues that, always left the crowds screaming for more. E. B. and his guitar, "Lambert," worked out the blues with the ease and confidence of an acknowledged master. The Buddy Guy/Junior Wells set was a little more flashy, which put a few of the pariahs uptight but still took the house down and resulted in a pleasantly sentimental tribute to the memory of the late Woody Guthrie. It followed the same basic form as the Carnegie Hall memorial concert held earlier this year but this

time had no Jack Collins, no Tom Paxton, no Odetta, no Richie Havens, and no Bob Dylan. The effort was about the same though . . . feeling run high when you've got more than 14,000 people singing and faint songs in a small, highly conservative New England town that gives the appearance of having more state reps than residents. (Remarks are not confined by definition to the south.)

The two most striking things about this Guthrie tribute were that Sammie Jack Elliott got to do his whole thing (which is pure Guthrie all the way) this time and that Arlo Guthrie proved himself a master of his father's taking blues as well as master of his own.

The Newport Festival was set, according to producer George Wein, he held again in Newport because progress has deemed that a super highway should run through the middle of what is now the stage. Wein announced that the governor of the state had named him that the festivals would stay in Rhode Island (although at some different location) and brought the governor out on the stage to prove it.

The governor thanked Wein, indeed all kinds of praise on the festival, and then, in the finest political tradition, said that he would "do everything possible" to see that the festival would remain in Rhode Island.

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decomp

(Continued from Page 4)

care all over Manhattan, Odjany Plaza recently lost its contract from the City, and needs must make its own bread now. Tickets are \$7.50. Contributions to Odjany House, 311 East 87th Street, New York 10022, are tax deductible.

When the *Wear Daily* may have something there after all, when they submit that this year Mrs. Raymond A. Infante (not Corinne-Blaug) professes donating \$7,000 to Save The Six Days Fund, rather than sky over to La Havre and be offended by the native de Gaulle all summer. The French are getting really frantic over the lousy tourist season this year. Seventeen of Paris' top hotels are offering from extra-day stays to grants staying longer than five days, and monies have guaranteed to hold off raising prices at least until next April. And what's more, The French domestic airlines will give 20% off the price of any ticket between cities in France, providing the customer can show a foreign passport. Set of all, though—the local Paris metropolitan transit system has inaugurated a new line of double decker buses, 55 of them, tags 60-seat autobus a imperative such as have not been seen about the River since the First World War, when they were discontinued for possessing excessively tempting targets to La Bache.

GROGAN IS

In the past season EVO has received several letters from Earnest Grogan — one a Christian pamphlet, another as ABJ was for Digger Productions, an outfit that assumed as it was infiltrating by business by getting wrong stock in major corporations. These letters implored a visitor to say "The diggers are bad year's charts," and leave a "cut" for the "book-lease" business and "muck-diggers".



Dear *decomp*,

The names are same but the prints don't match. —Grogan

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hip

(Continued from Page 5)

A most perplexing sentence appears in this section which makes one wonder if a pothead Council member was trying to sabotage the entire report:

"The issue is whether we can ignore the experiences and observations established over centuries of heavy use of preparations in various societies."

Some might conclude this is exactly what the A.M.A. has done—ignore known experience.

5. EDUCATIONAL PROGRAMS WITH RESPECT TO MARIJUANA SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO ALL SEGMENTS OF THE POPULATION.

Right. They should first be directed to members of the A.M.A.'s Council on Mental Health and Committee on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence and the Committee on Problems of Drug Dependence of the National Research Council, National Academy of Sciences.

Marijuana is a drug and there are those who react unfavorably to it. Diabetes may have their insulin requirements altered, a few individuals are allergic to the weed, some people with heart-line personality problems have freaked out after using the drug one time.

But the most important issue here is not marijuana, per se. The important issue is that the scientific judgment of the A.M.A. will now be backed again with some expertise by the millions of American marijuana users, most of whom are "productive" and "respectable" otherwise law-abiding citizens. They include accountants, judges, journalists, policemen, engineers. In fact, the A.M.A. would certainly be surprised by the great numbers of medical students and young residents who occasionally use marijuana with no observable detriment to their physical or mental well-being.

synchronisity

(Continued from Page 5)

that stretched my eyebrows—possibly to the breaking point the day I finished my article—July 29 1974-75. For on the inside page, Nancy, that charming and wily child cartoon character, is shown in characteristically conversation with her male counterpart, Sluggo. It seems that Sluggo is from the town of Gull. Making new eyes happens. Well, Nancy has a bright idea. She is going to cheer him up. She proceeds like to the Zoo and shows him something KRALL-LEW new, saying, "There's nothing newer than a new Goo." The Zoo starts back at Sluggo with a "So what's new" expression, and perhaps the entire cartoon can be summed up with a curt "Yiddish" expletive. Well, on an enlightened occasion, "SO ENT? Well, so then, I happened to count the number of letters in the cartoon, and they added up to 131. If we exclude the letters in the sign saying, 500. We'll do that because now we're in the land of Oz (Zoo backwards) and what is gasoline, tangarine for olive great depends upon which side of the page one thinks are in. Oz perhaps is not having any eggs at all.

Nothing is newer than a gra, but is a gra new? Well, let's have one last peek, at once, the least, through the voice of the Goo. If we repeat the alphabet indefinitely, then the 131th letter is G, the 222nd is N, and the 323rd is U. These three, 3-digit numbers add up, of course, to 666, and we know from Revelation, chapter 13, verse 18, that: "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six." For too long, man, the beast, has thought Goo spells Goo!

—Stanley Fisher, Astro-psychologist.

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newton

Continued from Page 21

"On October 28, Huey came to Kaiser Hospital with a gunshot wound in his stomach; he was arrested and charged with murdering a cop who stopped him while driving through Oakland. Police claim that Newton was stopped for a regular traffic offense.

"But there is no doubt that they were up to something more than this, since at that time Oakland police had distributed lists of the license numbers of Panthers cars (the car Newton was driving had, in fact, been used in the patrol and was certainly known to the cops) and they had planned to arrest Huey and other Panther leaders on the police station walls.

"While the cops claim Huey shot a cop, they have produced no murder weapon. The only witness is another cop. Yet it took the white Grand Jury 27 minutes to indict Huey Newton.

"The patrol mentioned earlier to the observer tells the Panthers have put on cops at different times, making reports on police misbehavior and advising associates of their constitutional rights. The cops don't dig it at all.

"At the third week of the trial began, the prosecution and defense were still picking the jury; the DA hoped to start his case by the end of the week.

"For the first few days of the trial, the defense introduced expert testimony on Alexandra Cooney's jury selection procedure—a systematic sampling of the voter registration lists; on the impossibility of finding white jurors who could rule fairly and impartially (UC sociologist Robert Hanner tried to show the pipe-dream character of this wishful thinking); and, finally, argued for a ruling on the negligent manslaughter issue that would at least not work to Newton's defense.

"Defense attorney Gary said his staff also spent considerable time filing appeals for engagement and marital on Newton's former conviction. They lost at every level, came back to the courthouse and got to work picking the jury.

"The nine months that have passed since the date in question have been anything but quiet and peaceful in regard to Huey Newton's case.

"The Panthers have openly and unashamedly used Newton as the symbol of black political activism everywhere. In this way they have fought for a healthier fair and just defense and have also used the lawsuit as a focus for organizing membership and activities.

"In December the political contest was broadened when the Panthers forced a working agreement with the predominantly white Peace and Freedom Party. The former helped the latter get on the California ballot; the latter helped the former with spreading the Panther/Newton cause throughout the Bay Area. The loose coalition is still intact.

"Through the winter and into the spring, Newton's case was made a political issue that could highlight grievances and demands of the black ghetto community. The white world's abominable mistreatment of the black people was telescoped through Newton. The Panthers were not letting him go to death now a forgotten man.

"In February, Berkeley police raided the home of Panther chairman Bobby Seale, arrested him on a slew of charges (most of them never dropped) and grossly humiliated him and the courts.

"Last April Oakland police appear to have caught several Panthers in a late night visit, and are accused of the outright murder of one (Panther treasurer Bobby Blanton, 37 years old), and a near miss on Charney. The cops wanted it known they weren't going to take any shit lying down.

"The atmosphere surrounding the trial has heated considerably in the last few months. Media outlets, in their insatiable way, have begun spreading rumors (if not truths) about the case. National publications have sent reporters West for interviews and trial coverage. The Panthers have made speech after speech, responding to each police attack with new vigor, spreading their base.

"On Sunday, July 16, the day before the trial began (after 11 postponements) almost three thousand people attended a "Free Huey" rally and black picnic at a ghetto park. The following morning, several thousand circled the courthouse, chanting Panther cheers ("Free Huey or the Bay's the Limit") and giving directions Oakland the upturn shakes.

"White people were well represented at these demonstrations (Berkeley is only a stone's throw away), but they were mostly black gatherings. For a white world not used to black people standing up and picking it straight on the line is a most unusual sight, these crowds were probably more than startling.

"With the air full of vibes like this, the trial commenced in honor of the sensitive Oakland and the County got together and reconstituted an arrest, behind a force of several hundred police and sheriffs, held mostly out of sight, but close at hand. Naturally, for Huey's protection. Access to the courtroom was through a guarded door and private elevator to the seventh floor.

"People in the Bay Area were bound to notice all the goings on. As one juror said, "It just oozed out." White people, black people, chinese, orientals, just about everybody judging from responses out of the jury has the past several days.

"A few seconds to conversations with any wide conclusions and they were constantly accused by cop

upstanding DA. Most were confused and occasionally threatened by the whole thing, just as America is when it finds out the Vietnamese really don't love us.

"So, with every black but one (a Black of American born officer) accused, and every man or woman with any trace of sensitivity or awareness headed, the jury became a mixture of hell and damnation shrouded in fear and noticeable ignorance. If any sound minds escaped the DA's riffing, they were amazed enough to learn how to play the game and keep their beautiful mouth shut.

"The jury selection was made by the DA's assistant clerk. (Oakland's chief is J. Frank Cookley, an expert on bringing conspiracy charges against political activists, such as the Oakland Seven). Just a couple of weeks before the trial a local superior court judge ruled that black people couldn't be excluded from juries simply for racial reasons.

"If the prosecution has ten challenges allowed and they assume a challenge for every black man or woman, the jury panel would be cleaned on appeal. What did the DA do?

"First, on the first three of four jury rolls in Newton's case, only a handful of blacks showed up—right out of more than thirty. The fewer there, the fewer to choose.

"Second, reports came in from court sections throughout the building; blacks were getting on juries in unheard of numbers, in one case six were selected. Hence,

with black jurors being furnished elsewhere, not many were left over for Huey.

"What'll Judge Huey's life peers? Hell Hell!

"The trial is expected to last through the rest of the summer. Everyone's settled down now, the place is grim and silent, waiting for Godot on the offhand chance he'll snatch the shitflick from Huey Justice. If you have some time, why not visit us in Oakland!

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ondine

(Continued from Page 12)

chaos comes Andy's immortalizing of his friends, exposure in depth of himself through the world about him, small wonder he is worshipped after carousing their collective dilatory fantasies and vanities . . . "be yourself, do your thing, be a super-star, be a super-superstar, no so ordinary unknowns you! friends of Andy exposed, pinned to the exhibitionist's specimen box . . . careful! . . . don't struggle, flow with it or you'll tear your wings, it's all so frightfully easy-s-easy . . . so not only does Andy expand the borders of acceptable-dramatic phenomena, indistinct now from "real," but he also focuses on a small world and so you find your fantasies sometimes possessed and longing for air out of boredom and other times revolutionary not at all "seemingly" and yet so narrow . . . somehow truth, un-hallowed, small letter word, speaks as it pleases.

Andy's total artistic output experienced, seems more important than any one of its parts for only then does one see him, and see him change and grow, his hardly verbalized joy of creating is always there even if self-tortured or unconscious at times. If his only offspring are his works of art, remember they are not only his, but now also yours.

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BACHELOR photographer looking for girls to model for figure studies and psychobodies in exchange for wanted for "longer" (Long Island and plenty) of affection. Send photo or phone number to P.O. Box 96, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

MASOULINE MAN 6', 200 lbs. desire relationship with rugged powerful man over 6' over 220 lbs. Prefer westerners, weight lifters, football players, masculine types. Phone 628-6552.

OUT OF TOWN college student, 30, seeks good-looking, sexy girl or woman for mutual sexual satisfaction. Very experienced and mature. Willing to teach Am. 57', brown hair, blue eyes, clean cut. Discretion assured. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write to Steve, Box 371 N.Y., N.Y. 10003, you won't regret it. Please enclose photo and telephone No. if possible.

GENEROUS YOUNG MAN wants to sponsor unshined girls or women interested in age 22, athletic or artistic type. Phone 683-7481, evenings.

I HAVE a big and hot one. Muscular, clean, good-looking, built in Fifth Ave. W. Village but in order to get this treasure you have to be a young, gay girl, blonde or brown preferred. No homo phobias, 929-0911.

GOOD-LOOKING guy wishes to meet inexperienced white girl to enjoy each others company both broadening sexually without getting attached. Involvement. 235, Third Avenue Station, N.Y.C.

YOUNG MALL Musical Comedy "Star of the Future" needs financial help to aid progression. Very Wealthy Man and Woman with serious interest call MU 7-9500-L 432. ANONYMITY ASSURED.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass. Weekend trips, wish female driver or rider. Call 673-9519, after 10 p.m. Keep trying.

CHEEK NEEDED 18-36, 4 hours very dirty (no clothes) fantasy. Hi Fi, Low-cas, clean and cook. Phone honest, tender relationship, mutual satisfaction, in-lawed, I've 43, a chemist, lovely. Start 10 7-0313. Call weekdays after 7, weekends anytime. Keep trying.

YOUNG MAN, 26, nice looking man wishes female to move in a 4 room apt. in Rego Park. Call after 8 p.m. ask for Larry. Tel. (212) 273-8205.

CONGENIAL, considerate orient- young male seeks clean person female under 30 for intimate conversation, love-making, friendship and mutual respect. Contact. Call A-26229 for non-commercial meeting.

CHEERFUL, cheery-mis-matched, late 40's, active, artistic (lecturer) Village household has home for unattached, cuddly, brady-minded under 30 who truly desire devotion for safety. John, Box 181, M. Y. 10015.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG 30 and 22) beautiful couple interested in meeting sexy or active single person. Write to Dept. E, Brookly. P. O. Box 73, Dept. E, Brooklyn, N.Y. N.Y. 11232.

AFRO-AMERICAN man & woman wanted, 18 to 30 by 35 by 4-6, 6-8, male 5' 11", white, white only. Seek well hung man and woman, (5'6") DYN-D095, Charles. Keep trying.

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