

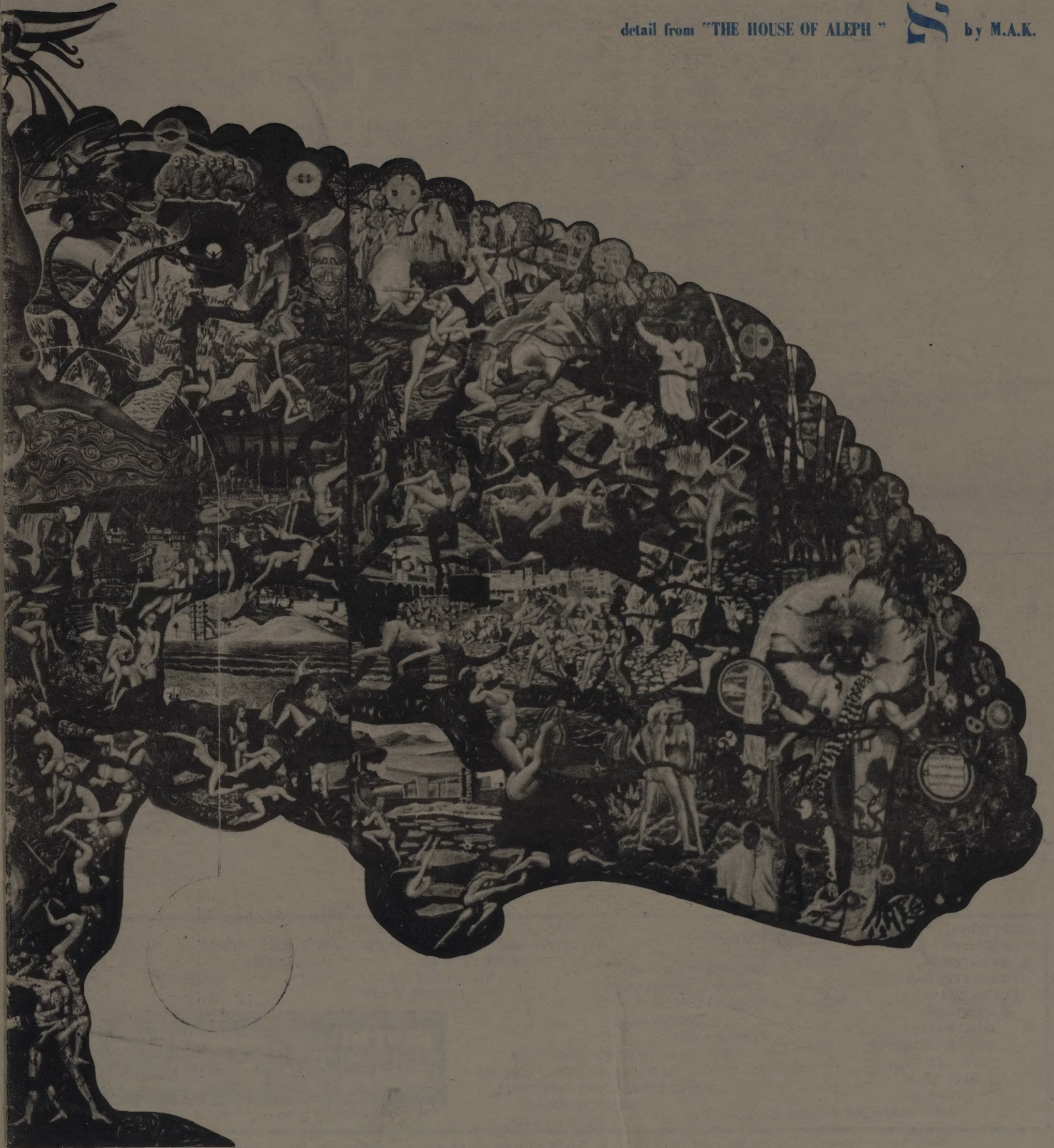
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detail from "THE HOUSE OF ALEPH" by M.A.K.



TEN YEARS NO BAIL

HIRAP

It's good to have our brother conspirators with us again. The fact that even his peers were unable to stomach Julius Hoffman in no way gives credence to the myth that put them in the slam to begin with.

When you hear Spiro Agnew lament, "The problem today lies not in an any fear of the kooks and demagogues themselves, but in their current respectability. Never in our history have we paid so much attention to so many odd characters. Twenty-five years ago, the tragi-comic antics of such social misfits would have brought the establishment running up to them with butterfly nets rather than television cameras, "we know that it wasn't merely an act of righteous judiciousness that prompted the five good judges of the U.S. Court of Appeals to free the Seven.

When Tom Foran freaks out about a "freaking fag revolution", to which the nation's young people are being lost, we know that his wishful imagery has gone haywire.

When Spiro howls, "Instead of a clear test of law, we saw a perverse display of arrogance, vilification, and childish braggadocio", there's nothing left to do but wonder where he learned all them big words.

When they move Tim Leary across state lines in chains and leg irons, we know that their paranoia has reached new peaks of absurdity.

Finally, when Abbie Hoffman says, "The modern-day Philistines, led by Agnew, Foran and Hoffman, will regret the cutting of the hair of the seven Samsons", you can bet the jawbone of your sweet ass that their Temple may just be reduced to a sarcophagus someday soon.



See you in the next issue

JAAKOV KOHN
JOEL FABRIKANT
ALLAN KATZMAN
ARTHUR FELDMAN
FLICKA DE MOID
D.A. LATIMER
DAVID WALLEY
IRVING SHUSHNICK
CLAUDIA DREIFUS
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AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG

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RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN
CANDY S. CORNFLOWER
DON LEWIS
TIMOTHY LEARY
RENFREU NEFF
BARONE GIANFRANCO MANTÉGNA
GLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
JACKIE DIAMOND
DON KATZMAN

RAY SCHULTZ
JOSEPH STEVENS
PARIS: J.J. LEVEL
NORTH: THE KID
LONDON: MILES

LIL PICARD
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Kenneth Patchen wrote to Henry Miller just a few years ago: "Always men have talked about THE END OF THE WORLD—it's nearly here. A few more straws in the wall . . . a loose brick or two replaced . . . then no stone left standing on another—and the long silence; really forever. What is there to struggle against? Nobody can put the stars back together again. There isn't much time at all. I can't say it doesn't matter; it matters more than anything—but we are helpless to stop it now."

. . . . Some were Rebels out of choice; I had none—I wish they'd give me just one speck of proof that this "world of theirs" couldn't have been set up and handled better by a half-dozen drugged idiots bound hand and foot at the bottom of a ten-mile well. It's always because we love that we are rebellious; it takes a great deal of love to give a damn one way or another what happens from now on: I still do. The situation for human beings is hopeless. For the while that's left, though, we can remember the Great and the gods."

Now that the world *has* ended
on this Great day of The Heart . . .

All books must begin:
NOW THAT THE WORLD HAS ENDED.

Once,
only poets knew of its ending.
When the masses became aware
there was vast panic.

For a long time there had been
sonic booms
from high flying atomic bombers,
which broke sound barriers daily,
sending back to earth,
little by little,
their warning—
BOOM!

NOW THAT THE WORLD HAS ENDED
it was only illusion.

NOW THAT THE WORLD'S ENDED
it can be said aloud . . .

NOW THAT THE WORLD IS FINISHED;
now that there's nothing at stake;
now that we're living on left-over dreams;
let's stop—re-orient—and remember
we've brought all our old habits back with us,
back thru the eye of a needle,
into this fresh clean universe.
For lack of imagination,
after we'd been given
an entirely new chance,
we've re-invented
the whole damned world;
the injustices of government,
the imperfection of ourselves . . .

PUT THE CITIES TO THE TORCH!
Wait a minute . . .
think . . .

PUT THE COUNTRIES TO THE TORCH,
burn the air fields,
stop the atomic bombers
while they're on the ground,
tear the halls of injustice
down . . .
yet wait . . .

Starting over from the rubble
haven't you just re-invented everything?

Have you no choice?
Were there ever choices?

A revolution
on the ground,
is better than a Military,
flown away into space . . .
Hand-made rubble,
is better than atomic rubble
and radioactive rains . . .
In order to dis-arm countries,
it has become necessary to destroy them
In order, in *cosmic* order
to prevent nuclear wars
it has become necessary to have civil ones.
Starting over in a crisp new world
we can do without electricity,
yet, there, I've mentioned it . . .
STARTING OVER IN A CRISP NEW WORLD:
In the beginning there was the word;
and the word was *with* God.

STARTING OVER ANEW
there can be no words.

Still I
(and He's all i can speak for)
was given a chance.

It said, "you may now be liberated
from the wheel of pre-birth and re-birth."
Yet I was sore afraid and said
(like *It* knew I would)
"No, thank you,
I'd like to finish
this one."
Then *It* said,
"Then you shall have vision,
and the power to see beyond this world,
and you will be a Beholder
and report to higher planes."
I felt a choking in my throat,
there were tears in my eyes,
and i heard my trembling voice,
"Please,
If i can just communicate to my fellow men . . ."

NOW THAT THE WORLD HAS ENDED,
Now that the world has ended,
Now,
the word *is* God

Stone Mountain
February 14, 1970
Tucson, Arizona

Cook County Jail isn't known for being one of America's more hospitable institutions. Not very remarkably, most of its inmates are black; most of them haven't been found guilty in a "court of law" yet. The jail helps to find issues: most of the inmates are awaiting trial, they are too poor, too young and too black to afford the high ball set by the judge.

Life in jail isn't like the T.V. suggests. The day after Abbie Hoffman was released from solitary confinement for calling a guard a pig, he risked being tossed back in the hole to smuggle the following message to his sisters and brothers:

I've just been moved out of isolation, just so the newsmen could see me in the cage so clean and neat. It's unbelievable. I was told our pictures are all in every paper today as I predicted. The warden made a special deal with them. It's so obscene, just like I said in my closing statement: "Delliah is waiting in the wings; our heads will be shaved, just like in Nazi Germany. Tomorrow we will sell the hair outside the prison walls."

I hear on the news now they are bragging they clipped twelve inches of hair off me. Jerry and I were dragged down four floors, but they don't tell that part.

It was the bloodiest haircut in penal history. The newsmen that come through here are taken on a whirlwind smear tour with no conversation allowed between them and us. Everything they write about our stay is untrue and just public relations bullshit carried on by the warden's staff.

Jerry and I have lost a lot of weight. The food is unfit for human consumption. A system of informers and guards is always present in an attempt to ferret out information. This letter is even written at great risk because if anything is known, I will get isolated and beaten again. Flash. But I must speak out. There are people in need of medical and psychiatric care who are not receiving it. If you're not in isolation like I was, there is a bad bed shortage. Last night my first night out, I was moved into Dave's ward, D1. I sleep on the bench in the waiting room for there aren't enough beds.

The warden had orders to cut off our hair now rather than wait until next week in the event we got bail and were let out on the street. The orders came from Sheriff Joe Woods personally we learned. Jerry and I had to be handcuffed to the chair. I began to understand for the first time why the barber shop poles are red, white and blue. Those colors have come to represent the sadism and brutality present in American thinking policy.

All America is a prison. The President is a warden and the people are all inmates. Love, Abbie

P.S. I just saw the haircut story on t.v. and it is a total obscene lie. I never said anything that they said I did - except that "It was an act of racism": They all want to make it sound cute but my longhaired brothers and sisters who understand the truth of this can see through their short-haired pig lies.

-The pictures of the clipped defendants first appeared at a Republican fund raising party where Cook County Sheriff Joe Woods was featured speaker. He showed the pictures to the audience and received a standing ovation. One wonders if Joe keeps his pictures of the six clipped defendants (Dave is balding and doesn't need one) next to six pictures of napalmed babies.

Fortunately, the agony of imprisonment didn't last long. A five man panel of judges decided that Julie the Runt's description of the defendants as dangerous men who should be kept out of society was, in the words of Dave Dellinger, bullshit.

Early Saturday morning, Susan Schultz, Sharon Avery, Ann Froines and Nancy Rubin, were allowed to visit Rennie Davis, Lee Weiner, John Froines and Jerry Rubin respectively. While meeting with their lovers, one of the other prisoners heard on his radio that appeal bond for the seven had been set to \$25,000 for each of the spies convicted of incitement and \$15,000 for both John and Lee, as well as the attorneys. Word spread quickly throughout the tier.

Within hours, the \$15,500 needed to meet bail (10% of bond) was borrowed. The defendants were restricted to Continental America, and were told that bond

CHICAGO

restrictions could be increased at any time, or the bond could be revoked if necessary. The implications were that if any bank bombings or the like went on at the defendants speeches, the seven could well be back on Tiers D1 and D2.

The Seven, somewhat less hairy and slightly less fat, left the Federal Courthouse mid-afternoon. Mobs of freaks, liberals, family and staff halted their progress.

At a press conference, held directly across from Federal property, the Seven expressed unity with their brothers in jail and said no one could be free until all humans caged like animals were free; until Bobby Seale was free to conspire again.

Jerry Rubin sans beard and about twenty pounds lighter, stood up and showed the press his identification wrist band, which all prisoners are forced to wear in Cook County Jail. Jerry then grabbed hold of the band and broke off his links with American Justice; thanking his brothers and sisters on the streets for the Sevens' freedom.

Support for the Conspiracy Ten keeps rolling in. We haven't declared filing and supporting briefs with the American Civil Liberties Union. Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal, William Fitzryan, and Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm - all from New York, together with Congressman William Clay of Maryland, Phillip Burton of California and Conyers of Michigan are all circulating a petition in the House of Representatives supporting the granting of bond.

Support of a more relevant nature is being found in the only place that it can exist in America today, on the streets. A complete list of militant demonstrations would read like an atlas; including Santa Barbara, California, where Reagan declared a state of emergency after three days of rioting in which the Bank of America was leveled; in San Francisco, where a pig pen was blown up in Evanston, Illinois, where windows of Northwestern University were smashed after a speech by Bill Kunstler, in Carbondale, Illinois, right in the heart of Wallace territory, where the National Guard were called out to keep "the peace." after a series of demonstrations in St. Louis, Seattle, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Lawrence, Kansas, Eugene, Oregon, and wherever else, who knows, since this story was written.

This is the lesson to be found in the Conspiracy trial. The myth of Justice For All in the courts has been destroyed, just as the myth of personal freedom guaranteed by the Bill of Rights was destroyed in the streets of Chicago in 1968.

If you're poor, if you're young, the courts aren't going to work for you. The Conspiracy Eight could have cut their hair, could have put on ties, could have kissed Julie's ass, and could have beat the bullshit [incitement] rap. Bill Kunstler and Lennie Weinglass could have played their roles as Perry Masons and taken complete charge of the case and shown the Anti-Riot Act up for what it was. Bobby Seale could have painted himself white and shut up when Julie the Runt denied him his right to an attorney of his own choice. Just as we can all close our eyes and pray that the world will get better. We can all play our role as silent Jews. While the government plays its role as fascist pigs.

Because of all the publicity that this case has received, there is the possibility that the Appeals Court and/or the "Supreme Court" will be forced to reverse and/or lessen some of the sentences, although if the government thought this rationale through the trial would have never taken place.

Even if this does indeed happen, one is forced to think about those on trial who do not receive such widespread publicity, people like white panther John Sinclair, people like most of the living members of the Black Panther Party who are in jail before going to trial under as much as one million dollars bond for trying to survive both the system which gives Edgar Hammerhand the right to murder Fred Hamptons in their sleep.

In 1866, Frederick Douglass said that the men who are whipped oftenest are the men who are whipped easiest. The Conspiracy Ten have shown that people accused of the political crime of survival in the dying system can't be whipped that easy.

by MIKE GOLD

***** HIGH SCHOOL HEEDATE *****

J. SCHEUKMANN © 1970

THIS FUKIN DUNCAN'LL FUKIN SLEEP ALL DAY AN HALF THE NITE WITHOUT FUKIN DYIN' OUT.

BUT JUS ONE LIL LOVE TAP AN BACK HOME T' DADDY SHE SNAPS!

YEA CRAZY AS SHIT ROCKY... HEY DIG THE CRAZY CHICK!

RETURN OF THE CHICKEN ROOSTER PLUS THE MONSTER RETURNS CHILDREN

VARIETY PHOTOGRAPH

NUTHIN LIKE UH COOL CHICK ON UH HOT DAY...

INNERMIND AL DUCK THEYES

SNIP

ARROW POINTS TO SECRET ENTRANCE

GOLLY! THIS'Z SPOOKY! AN THOSE BOTTLES SO WELL DRAWN!

WELL, TOMARRA'Z THE BIG DAY BETTY! STEP NUMBER TWO UH YER INITIATION... Y'ALL EXCITED?!

SHE LOOKS DEAD... GIVE'R UH DRINK!

SO THE NEXT DAY NOT A BAD HADL FER A BEGINNER NO SIR, THIS AIN'T BAD A'TALL... YER DOIN' REAL SWEET BETSO BABY

SHE HADDA GOOD TEACHER WUT IT WUZ AN DON'CHA FERGET IT DIPSIT

OH CHRIST ANGELA I WAS ONLY KIDDING! YA DON'T GOTTA GET SO TOUGHY ALLREADY

SUN-UVA BITCH!

GET IT? THE STRAIGHT IS COMING OUTA BUZ'S MOUTH!

CLEVER DORIS... CLEVER

HOW'S ABOUT THE BEACH PEACH?? YOU AN ME, TIME: 5:00. HOW'Z'AT' BOUETT?

AFTER THIS RUCKUS DORIS COOLED OFF ENOUGH TO INFORM BETTY THAT BUZ THE SODA JERK WAS A SQUARE AN' NOT TO HANG AROUND WITH HIM NO MORE.

JES FERGET IT OKAY!

I DON'T GET IT 'NAW 'SHE SAY OK OK OK

C'MON DORIS, LES CUT OUTA THIS JOINT... CHRIST YA LOOK LAK YA SONE KINPA CRUM FROM BROAD WAY NASSAU

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

WELL NATURALLY BUZ AN' BETTY MADE UP AS SOON AS ANGELA & DORIS LEFT POP'S AND THEY HAD ANOTHER SWELL DAY AT THE BEACH.

GOLLY BUZ I NEVER IMAGINED IT' BE LIKE THIS! YEAH!

TITCH RUMP RUMP RUMP

NEXT DAY, FRIDAY MORNING ON THE LAWN... ANGELA EXPLAINS THE 3RD AND FINAL INITIATION TASK TO BETTY.

SEE THAT GUY OVAH THERE MAKIN' IT WIT THAT CHICK?? YEAH... SO ON OVAH AN ASK THAT GUY IF HE'D LIKE T'UH GO WIT YOU TO OUR BIG WANG BANG BASH TOMARRA NITE. TELL UM WEEL-PICK HIM UP AT 7

S'QUZE ME WOULDJA GO TO THE HELLGATS DANCE WIT ME?? IT'S TOMARRA...

YEAH SCRAM

SURE THING TOOTS

GOOD WORK BETSO! YER IN TH' GANG!

FUK

HIT THIR'D IN HIS POKER AN YOU CRUISE A CLEAN BLOCK!

GOOD HUMP VITUM R

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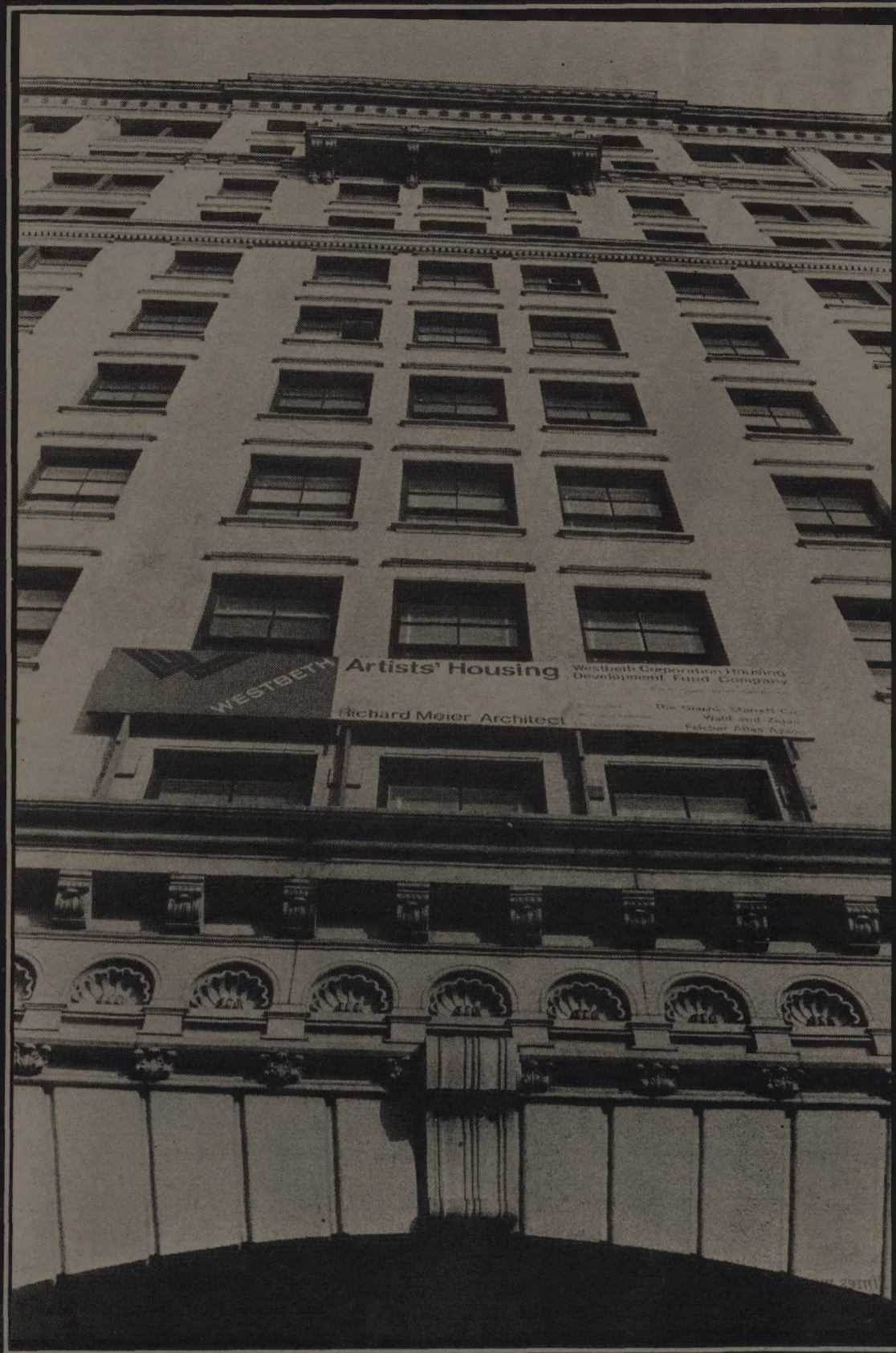


photo by JOSEPH STEVENS

The JOYS and Sorrows of Managing an Art Cinema

by Steve Kraus

There are very few movie freaks who do not, in their secret hearts, dream of running their own movie house. Just broach the subject and their eyes light up with unholy gleam, like the ports of some unearthly projection booth. "First we will have a --- retrospective, then we will run a complete --- festival... then..."; fill in the blanks with favorite film stars and directors and you're off and running.

The reality, is, while not exactly sadder, definitely different. In May of 1968 Ben Barenholtz took over as manager of the Elgin Cinema on Eighth Avenue at Nineteenth Street. At that time the Elgin was running Spanish films and its location, a

somewhat rundown area known as Chelsea, was such that many "in the industry", that professional cabal of film distributors, bookers and movie house managers, felt that people would not go to such an unfashionable and out of the way part of town "just to see movies."

Several factors have gone into Ben's success in proving them wrong and putting an unwanted cinema on the map. One of these has been Barenholtz's attitude towards films themselves. He speaks with some disdain of the "professional cabal" who view film as "product": "They know what it grossed in Madison, Wisconsin three years ago, but don't even know who directed it." A movie freak of many years standing himself, Ben has established a certain course

for the Elgin, a course which has found its rationale in the Elgin's audience.

"In any discussion of the art movie house trend you've got to remember the pioneers in the field," says Ben. "There was the Thalia, with their policy of showing good foreign film, there was Dan Talbot at the New Yorker, with a conscious policy of show-casing classics of the American cinema, there was the Bleeker Street and the Cinemateque, showing experimental and avant-garde films. What we've tried at the Elgin has been a synthesis of all of these. Maybe you could call our programming a popular cinema for cinema lovers, a certain balance between artsy crafty and pure entertainment.

POOR PARANOID'S

ALMANAC

BY ALLEN
KATZMAN

Had a nightmare about winning the Nobel Prize!

It came just after I moved into Westbeth, the new Federal Housing project over on the West Side.

My life for the last two years had been spent in no-man's land in a loft between the Bowery and Lafayette over on Bond Street; pre-Civil War buildings sheltering poets, painters, potheads, patriarchs and an occasional purveyor of the scene from uptown; bombed out of their minds with trucks and troop movements of bums dying slowly on the only battlefield New York city would allow them.

The bums had been dwindling away for the last couple of years (from 20,000 to 5000 in less than ten years), but their bones and the insulted ghosts of their one brain still smelled up the side streets; (the first rank of an assault troop which now presaged the growing mania of yet another culture cackling and choking right out of plain view in America's streets.)

And now here I was at Westbeth, a giant of a building, 383 families and units with as much additional space for culture and commerce, renovated from the first Bell Labs building; (which in its time heralded the enterprise of a new communications energy) rebuilt again this time to fortress another, different and new communication energy—artists, away from other lifestyles and living.

It was a better home for better living which somehow betrayed a better 'Cask of Amontillado' with its mystery written on both sides of the wall. A choice of prison to lock in or to lock out the changes going down in the new decade. Something to bring artists back to the middle class fold. All brought to them by Westbeth Corp., American Film Institute, (Continued on Page 16)

We sat in the manager's office of the Elgin, a large room which gives the feeling of being the lounge of some large, untidy submarine, deep in the entrails of the movie house, a book case behind Ben full of books about the film, "Classics of the Silent Screen" next to the "Films of Greta Garbo", on the wall a poster advertising a Rudolph Valentino film at some probably long torn down Bijou Theater... How do you decide what to show? Barenholtz: "We try to show two good films, to get away from the 'one good film, a second, weaker film thrown in' thing. Personal taste, but you can't indulge yourself—you've got to keep in mind the high operating costs of a cinema. Two strong films at a reasonable (Continued on Page 16)

I DON'T WANT NO MORE OF

NAVY LIFE

BY RAY
SCHULTZ

On June 6th, 1969, Congressman L. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the House Committee on the Armed Services, wrote a letter to Rear Admiral Means Johnston Jr., Chief of Legislative Liason for the Navy asking that something be done about "Roger Priest," the publisher of "OM," an underground newsletter that had made some unkind remarks about Rivers and the Committee. The letter, made public by Columnist Jack Anderson, held the following statements:

"The Publication which is enclosed herewith for your information, reflects a gross abuse of the constitutional right of free speech.

"I would appreciate being advised as to whether or not the alleged author is a member of the U.S. Navy.

"In the event it is established that R. Priest is a member of the U.S. Navy, it is requested that the Judge Advocate General of the Navy provide me with an opinion as to whether or not this activity by the individual identified as "R. Priest" constitutes a violation of Navy regulations and or a violation of Title 18, United States Code.

"Finally, I would appreciate being informed as to what action you contemplate taking in this instance."

Six days later, one of Johnston's aides, a Captain J.M. Hingson wrote back that "the matter is being investigated and I will provide you with a complete report shortly." In fact, Priest had been under close surveillance by 25 agents of the Office of Naval Intelligence for some time and no action was planned against him until River's letter arrived, then Priest was transferred from his desk job at the Pentagon to a post in the Navy Yards on the other side of town, pending a decision on him which didn't take long to make. Always ready to help out a big Congressman, Rear Admiral Johnston himself sent a letter to Rivers on June 20th, laying down the following procedure:

"It has been determined that Seaman Priest will be processed for a pretrail investigation on appropriate charges resulting from a preliminary inquiry. Although not final, such charges include about twenty or more specifications under several articles of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. Included are the following:

Article 82: Soliciting others to desert in violation of Article 85; Soliciting others to commit sedition in violation of Article 94; Article 92, violation of U.S. (Continued on Page 15)

The pre-trial hearings of the Panther 13/21 are moving at a very slow pace, each 4-day week further shortened by the number of holidays and recesses since hearings began 2 February. This week, already cut down by George Washington's Birthday and the Friday recess, saw only two half-day sessions.

Tuesday morning, speaking on behalf of the 13 defendants and their five other counsels, attorney Charles McKinney expressed regrets over the attempted fire bombing of Judge Murtagh's home over the past weekend. Condemning such acts of violence and aggressive terror as being contrary to the policies of the Black Panther Party, McKinney added that members of that party, victimized by a lifetime of terror in the ghettos of this city, know what violence is all about and believe that oppressed people have the right to arm themselves only for purposes of self-defense.

The defense then renewed its motion for the disqualification of Judge Murtagh on the ground that the attempted fire bombing made him incapable of being totally objective and impartial in his conduct of the trial. Once again promising fair and impartial judgement, the judge once again denied the motion to disqualify himself.

Murtagh then asked the lawyers to ask the defendants to behave respectfully toward the court, informing them that he had arrived at a method for restoring the dignity of his court without sacrificing the constitutional rights of those on trial. He did not elaborate, saying only that his formula would go into effect in about a week. After a brief recess, the defendants filed into the courtroom in an orderly manner and the spectators remained quiet. There were outbursts during the testimony of Detective Eugene Collins, a policeman who had taken part in the raid on defendant Ali Bey Hassan's apartment last 2 April, with the defendants ordering the witness to speak louder and the DA to sit down when he rose to make objections. When a drawing confiscated in the raid was identified by Collins as a blueprint for an incendiary device, Hassan called out, "That's a drawing by one of my children, you baboon!"

The afternoon session was cancelled because of an illness in DA Joseph Phillip's family.

On Wednesday morning the defendants entered quietly and when all were gathered around the defense table, they turned to the spectators and shouted in unison, "Power to the people!". There was a mild flurry of excitement but no disruptive response, prompting the judge to disclose his formula for maintaining order in the court: he declared the hearings in recess until such a time as the defense

counsels obtained a written agreement from the thirteen defendants that no further disturbances would be caused. This move is believed to set a precedent in judicial manoeuvres for courtroom decorum.

"We will continue to speak out whenever we see injustice done and our lawyers can't admonish us," stated Bob Collier as he and the other defendants were led from the chamber, suggesting that the tactic may have failed before it was even considered. Whatever the result of this gentleman's agreement sort of alternative, it is certainly less repugnant than what could have been anticipated under a judiciary process that creates "cases" out of political unrest and assigns these dubious creations to its criminal courts.

Given but two mornings of courtroom activities this week, I would like to take this opportunity to add a few words to the verbal chaos that's been volleyed back and forth these past couple of weeks. My riff concerns the press... The Press, as we call ourselves familiarly, self-effacingly, while hexing vampires with the deadly press pass rays... and it goes like this:

Aboveground, limbo, underground, whatever "ground" you're squatting on, the time has come to wake up and stake a heavy claim on what's happening in America. Reading from left to right, there is no more time for "objective", "liberal" journalism, and mothers who bake their babies don't belong in the headlines: the *Village Voice* is a graveyard for malingering shales from the Death of Hep; and finally, the members of the Underground Press Syndicate must start to work closer together and strive to come into its own as an important, strong and initiative news source. Back to that later.

The public is fed enough objectivity and transparent liberalism from regular tube news coverage, which is policed by the FCC when it steps too far left of Nixon's right-wing Yuppies. There is so much insanity in high places these days that freaked-out mothers and dismantled children are almost "human interest" events. If newspapers are to survive, they've got to get down with the sinister times, journalistic neutrality and caution is no longer viable when tyranny moves into the courtroom and moral consciousness dies in the jury box. It is an apology for mediocrity, for the intellect is rarely noncommittal. Particularly when its independence is at stake.

action very fast and exercise their Constitutionally guaranteed rights before another freedom is subpoenaed away.

A situation is approaching total disaster when the *N.Y. Times* drops an adjective into its encyclopediacally bland and

GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER

PIGS, PANTHERS, PARANOIA & the PRESS



by RENFREU NEFF

photo by JOSEPH STEVENS

myopic reportage; when total disaster has set in "a spokesman close to the source" reports that a possible disaster may have set in. In school we were told that the *Times* was this country's most reliable source of news, but we have grown up and the *Times* has grown old. Its carefully blue-penciled reports reduce vital information to Yesterday's Appointment Book For the World, and its thoughtlessly blundering editorials are so lacking in historical perspective on this decade that its news library, once regarded as an excellent source for material on past events, will provide little more than an outline for future researchers. One recent example of this is Ray Schultz's article (*EVO*; Vol. 5, No. 12, 25 Feb.) on Judge Murtagh. Much of this information was obtained from the *Times* files of 1950-52. The *Times* itself ran a profile on Murtagh (6 Feb. 1970) which circumvented all of this background material. It's either an excellent example of their reporter's negligence or another example of how their news is censored to mislead the public. We had already seen their Pulitzer Prize winning writer Tony Lukas infuriated, discouraged and apologizing to the defense for the *Times*' editing and censoring his reports on the trial.

AP and UPI also censored reports out of Chicago, a blackout was said to be in effect on European dissemination of

that news; the *N.Y. Post* had no one assigned to full-time coverage of that trial. Believing it sufficient to assume an anti-Nixon position, the quaint liberals of the straight press fail to realize that they are responsible for Nixon, that they are responsible for the Chicago trial and that of the Panther 21, because they have opted for disinvolvement when the country is falling apart. Practicable, acceptable in less

Somewhere between the sterile cuckoo of the *Times* and the news-oriented limbo of the *Village Voice* there is an urgent need, not just in New York, but all across the country, for more news than paper.

The underground press came into being as the communications medium for a life style that offered an alternative to the old and dying order. Flamboyant in its use of previously unprintable language and spaced-out cartoons, it was also emotional, a bit hysterical in its hasty canonization of grass "saints" busted for possession and paranoid in its news content. The paranoia has since proven itself to have been a vanguard position as things turned out, as that culture became a focal point of political repression. It had its maturity forced upon it. It is no longer a question of life style when people are radicalized by protesting the war, when students are tear gassed for demanding a better education, when black people are shot for

wanting a better life. When political prisoners outnumber the "saints". It is a question of survival; the answer is revolution.

The underground media have no meaningful alternative now but to assume a more responsible role. It can no longer afford to be a "reaction" press that defends itself against what the straight press has feebly reported. We have met the straight press in the courtrooms of Chicago and New York and have learned that its representatives survive by believing their own outlines of events. A helpful majority in filling us in on who's who at the prosecution table and how the judge manoeuvred himself to the bench while the hippies were seizing the Hashbury, they have nonetheless copped out on why we are there.

The political apparatus that brings us into the courtroom with the aboveground press is part of the same system that gives us the majority at the defense table. We will hold that edge for some time to come, and when the jails are full, the concentration camps will be waiting. A memo on the bulletin board here lists the names of political prisoners divided into three categories; *Dead In Jail* and *Going*. The third category lists You and Me, with the conclusive suggestion So Get Your Shit Together!

We're all outlaws in the eyes of America. Get your shit together.

With a gasp of surprise architects woke up last week and found themselves on the front line of the cultural revolution. There had been strange reports even before then about a group of young radicals delivering a live chicken in an air-tight plastic box to the offices of the American Institute of

Architects. It obviously had something to do with the Institute's plans to cooperate with judges and lawyers in building a plastic isolation booth to limit the free speech of defendants in court.

On February 22 the Institute sponsored a panel discussion in

the great hall at Cooper Union on the topic "The Architect and the Community as His Client." Unknown to the architects, several other groups were also preparing events to fill out the evening, among them the Art Workers Coalition, the Guerilla Art Action Group, the Cooper Square Development

Committee, and a group of black students. The panel had no sooner entered when the black students began to distribute a leaflet which had obviously been prepared as a direct parody of the program in wording and design.

The moderator began to make introductions when something rather bizarre happened—someone rose and called out "HEY MISTER, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CHICKEN?" and behind him someone shouted "DID YOU SMASH THE ISOLATION BOOTH?" Another voice rang out "HEY MISTER, THE CHICKEN WANTED TO SAY SOMETHING" and others echoed the various messages. This was booed down by the audience, and the moderator was going on with his introductory remarks when a pretty girl walked down the aisle distributing leaflets about the chicken incident and calling in a sing-song voice "Read about the Chicken, Read about the Chicken." She was soon ushered out.

The first speaker began to talk about his view of architecture, but it was becoming apparent that the real action that evening was coming from the audience not from the stage. There were several other interruptions—when the litany of questions about the chicken was repeated it was greeted with almost unanimous applause. Then, as Mr. Rose was introduced, a boisterous interruption was instituted by the Cooper Square Development workers. They challenged not only Rose's right to speak but the right of the entire panel to discuss the topic and demanded that a seventy-year old man with them whose home was threatened be allowed to join the panel. The demonstrators came down the aisle to the stage, pressed their demands, and were eventually sent back to their seats with the promise of a later hearing.

And then it happened. It began when a young man arose and demanded the right to ask a question. The moderator refused this, but others shouted out "Let him ask the question." "ARCHITECTS ARE GUILTY OF AIDING THE REPRESSIVE APPARATUS OF SOCIETY, BY STUDYING THE POSSIBILITY OF DESIGNING COURTROOMS WHICH WOULD INCLUDE A PLASTIC ISOLATION BOOTH, TO VERBALLY CONTROL THE DEFENDANT'S RIGHT OF SPEECH.

ARCHITECTS HAVE BEEN GUILTY OF SIMILAR CRIMES IN THE PAST BY DESIGNING PROJECTS SUCH AS THE GAS CHAMBERS OF DACHAU, PRISONS, CHAMBERS OF EXECUTION, MENTAL ASYLUMS, AND INHUMAN HOUSING PROJECTS. WHAT IS THE ROLE OF THE ARCHITECT? SHOULD THE

ARCHITECT BE CONCERNED WITH ONLY MAKING MONEY, OR WITH HIS OWN PRESTIGE, REGARDLESS OF THE COST OF HUMAN FREEDOM AND HUMAN CONDITIONS, OR SHOULD THE ARCHITECT BE CONCERNED PRIMARILY WITH BETTERING THE CONDITION OF HUMAN LIFE?

SHOULD NOT THE ARCHITECT RENOUNCE ANY ROLE IN THE REPRESSION OF FREEDOM?

The speech as a whole was received with overwhelming applause. After that the evening entered another dimension altogether. The statement was no sooner finished when the speaker and people all around him placed cloth gags in their mouths.

At least thirty gagged speakers went on waving their arms and groaning for about a minute, after which they all got up and left the auditorium. The point had been made, and although the evening dragged on, it had really ended.

Whether other architects will give up their power and authority so easily is not known, but certainly the forces behind them are unlikely to give up without a fight. Part of the problem has always been that architects, whatever their inclinations may be, are forced into a conservative political stance by the very nature of the work they do and the contacts they must seek to carry it out. Any number of bright, idealistic architects fresh out of school have been finally forced to the wall by a system that channels them into routine jobs with large firms.

With few exceptions richer architects have no better luck but are forced into a life-and-death dependency on the contractors who employ them. Architects enjoy more prestige in the community than most other artists, but just as a few artists are bought out by the ruling classes to prove how cultured and discerning they are, so architects are used by society to glorify poor housing with the name of art. This explains a great deal of the nonsense that passes for architectural criticism—thus one will find paeons of praise to cement for its honesty and purity as a material, when what is really meant is that it is the cheapest way of housing millions of people at minimum standards of wear and appearance. Elaborate theorizing has gone into praising a so-called Architecture of Brutality, when what was really happening was that architects have found no way of getting around the politics and economics of their profession. This may be because they have never thought of protesting against the repressive role they have been assigned.

CAN ARCHITECTS SPEAK OUT?



by ALEX CROSS

PHOTO: JAN VAN RAAY

ART WORKERS COALITION—GUERRILLA ART ACTION GROUP PROTEST AT AMER. INSTITUTE of ARCHITECTS SPONSORED FORUM, COOPER UNION'S GREAT HALL

THILM

Everybody these days has to have a view of the apocalypse, nothing less; beyond, through and maybe under crawling like so much night's fog and somehow managing to breathe in New York City a place not yet démodé but on its way. Night fog is a result of condensation: all the hot air exhaled in the ciddy all day suddenly gets a blast of the sobering dark night (absence of color or otherwise black) and the result is the fog which covers sharp corners in drunk faces, tattered newspaper edges in the subway floor, words over the telephone (hes fullshit) and the angles to everything. The list is too long: true.

Iggy Stooze put on a show at Ungano's this weekend.

Do you know Iggy? He appeared in blue jeans cut from faded liquid latex, his body, and a pair of silver gauntlets running from muscular wrist to muscular elbow, and his eyes weren't there for most of the performance. His group, however, were present as was Iggy's body and even voice. The

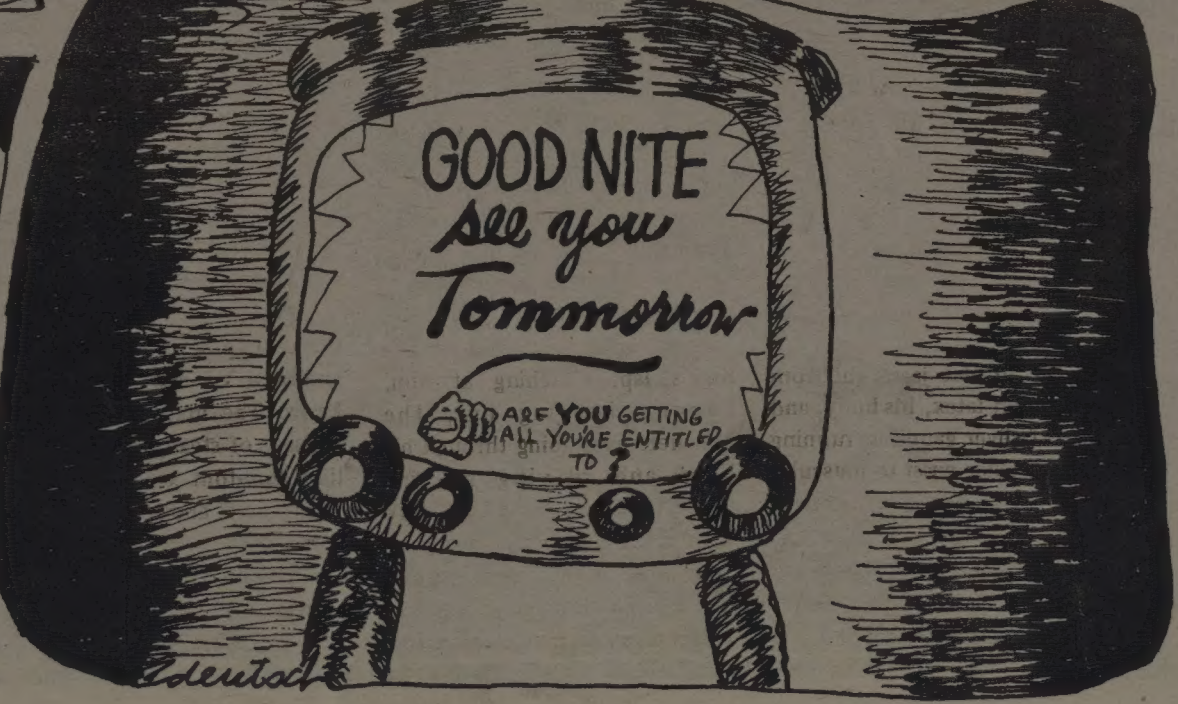
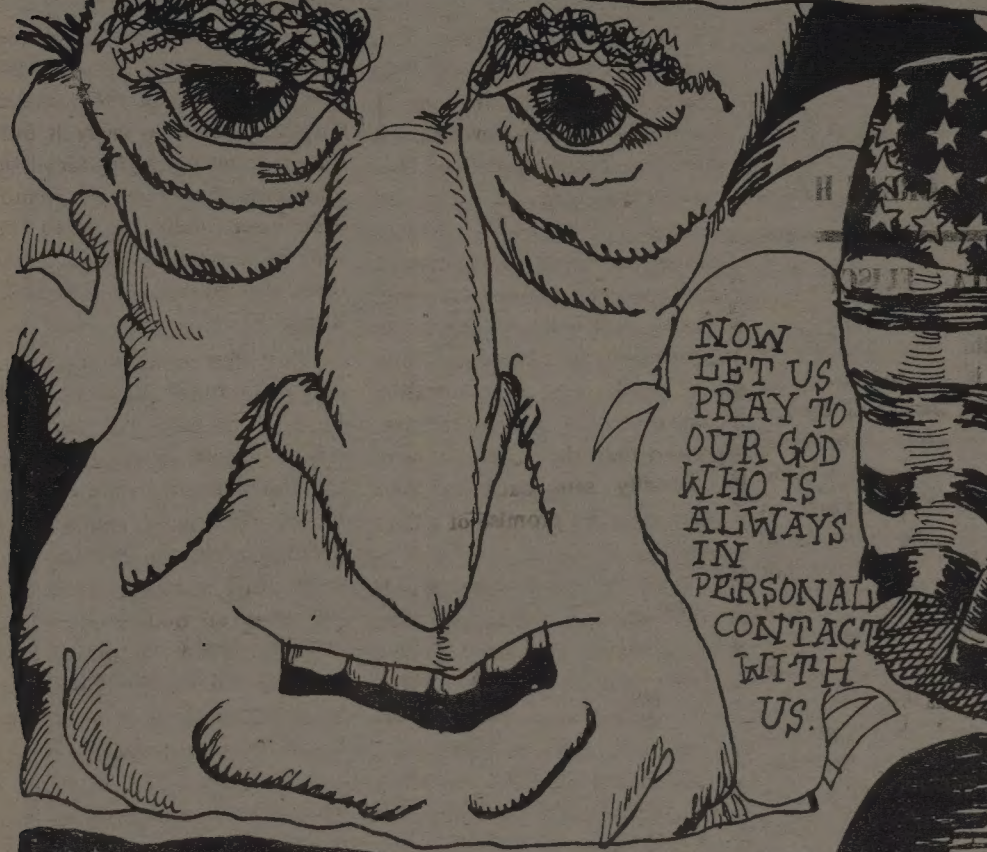
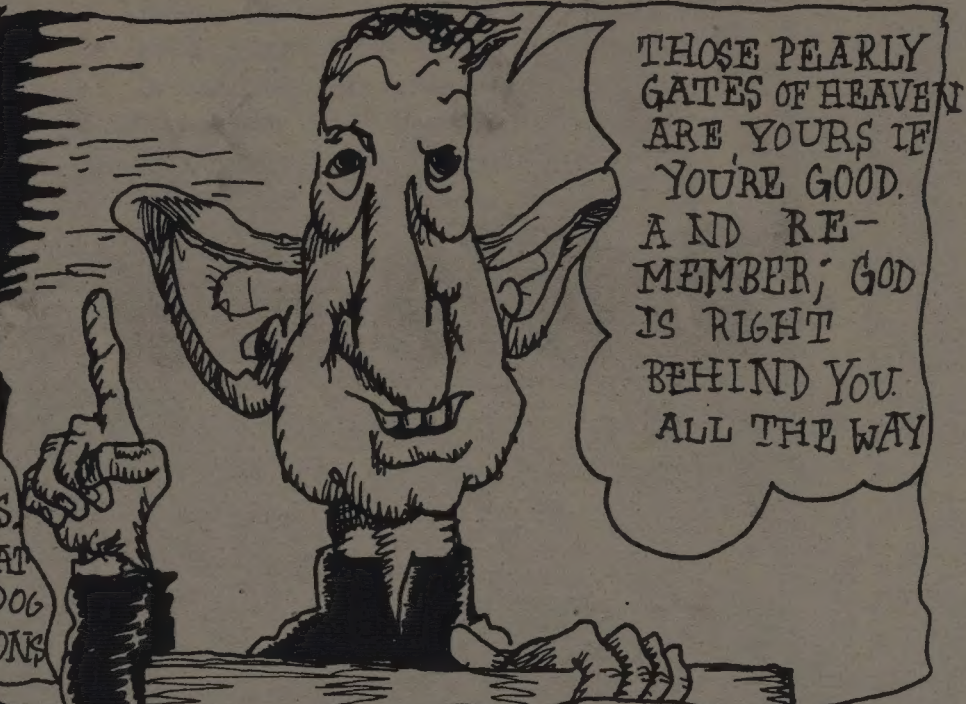
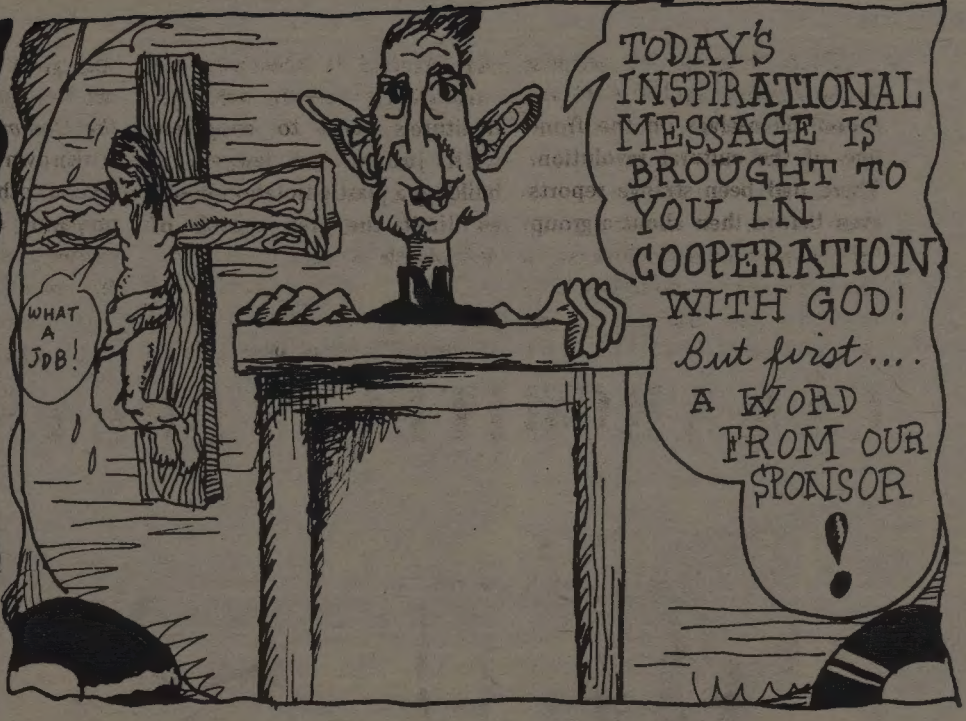
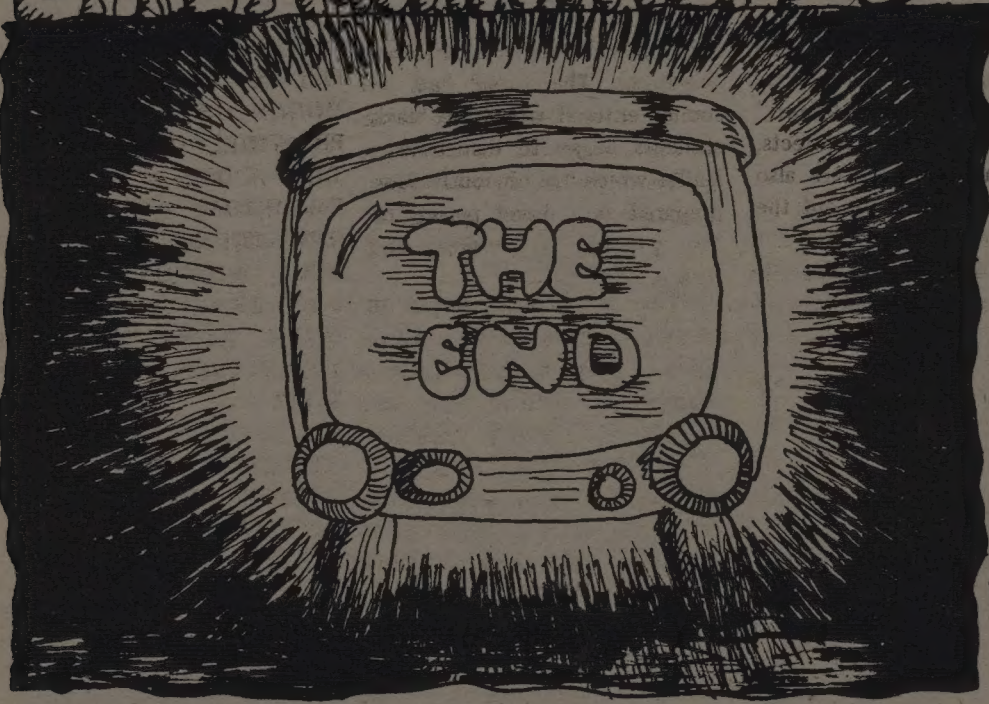
Stooges are a rock group. The Stooges is a theatre experience. A view of the apocalypse from underneath, and somehow full of effrontery. Yes, the effrontery of rock; an old category, perhaps, but this time amply filled. Iggy's body, his major musical talent, is an evil guitar whose electricity threatens to smoke out any moment, drawn taut and tuned down to mere 16ths, wah-wah pedal hanging to one side, torn out. The music presented is a showcase for this bluejean silver guitar which sings about himself, his needs and desires: a typical teenage werewolf rock star: ah wanna be yoaw dawggg. Iggy sings, clutches his balls, screams, outstares his audience, snarls shaddap! throws the mike, shakes his body in response to some primeval rhythm barely heard, maybe felt, sits down in a boy's lap, clutching at him, tongue hanging out, the not-there eyes going through his head and playing mocking tiddlywinks with the discomforts of fame. There have not been many performances like this on a rock stage but little really rivals Genet... Ah mean,

by LITA ELISCU

ah mean, the ways and means committee is got to have soul, and blue and black ball sex has got to, too, otherwise it becomes a mechanical construct, and that, in rock parlance, is effrontery to the very basic notion of rock. Iggy does not make it as apocalypse, musical or otherwise but as visual theatre: as a personal, singular reaction to having seen an apocalypse and deciding that fear is the only way to make others see it too, as he jumps on the table swinging the mike rather dangerously above heads, pulling on his flesh, screaming and wailing. But soul...? The fear becomes unreal after a while, despite the jump into the audience, the cold Jagger-like sneers. There does not seem to be experience behind those weighed-out looks, only a wish to know along with the audience... and leaders gotta know. The music of the group consists of steady drum rhythms like tom-tom exercises among the natives, and one maybe two hard chops played repetitiously on guitars (one lead, 1 bass) creating a manic effect which

(Continued on Page 21)

EARLY MORNING Blues



By SEAMUS O' SEAMUS

Somebody called the police last Wednesday night on the special Emergency number, 911, and notified them of a ruckus on East Third Street. Ever had occasion to call 911? And sit for fortyfive minutes with blood draining into the sink or something until finally two fat little fellows show up with a notepad? Well, last Wednesday

night the pigs responded to *that* call with fifty men and guns almost before the connection was broken. The caller, understand, had mentioned that some lonesome officer was getting the *shil* kicked out of him by the Hell's Angels in their apartment.

The call was spurious, of course; the caller didn't even give her name. In any case what would the New York City Chapter of the Hell's Angels,

formerly the Allen Nomads, want with a pig in their pad? No, they were just sitting around, passing the time of day, petting the resident German Shepherd, Duke, who was shot by the pigs when they broke in. Shot! There came a slam at the door suddenly, and the dog barked. There was another slam, plaster fell from the walls—anticipating the passage of the No-Knock bill, the pigs had dispensed with all talk of warrants, or even the

preliminary knocking, they were beating down the door pure and simple—and the dog growled. One of the girls put her arms around Duke as the third pig slam ripped off the latch and the pigs tumbled in. The foremost pig—who had been saved last summer, incidentally, from a gang of Puerto Rican hoods by Sandy, leader of the Angels—had his pistol drawn and cocked, and seeing Duke's hackles risen, shot him. Through the right shoulder,

deflecting off the sternum, and out through the left foreleg. Imagine the look on the face of the girl who was holding Duke.

Now, jumping Jack was in the next room hanging up a picture, jackhammer in hand on a stepladder, when all this went down. Hearing the shot, he decided to go out front and see what the fuck was going down, and as you will when you hear shots in the next apartment, he retained a steady grip on his jackhammer. 'What are you doing with that hammer?' a pig with a gun asked him as he appeared.

The pig was wearing a grey uniform; yes, there were rookies at the pad, and regular officers and TPF pigs and anybody else who was handy when the 911 call came in. But the one addressing Jumping Jack was a rookie, and Jumping Jack replied, 'Eat my dick, you motherfucking punk rookie.' Pretty soon Jumping Jack had a dozen or so pigs standing close around him, hitting him with nightsticks at places where his bones lay close to the surface of his body: below the neck, so that a judge might look at him and say, 'Shit, he's not hurt, he's just a motherfucking biker and he gets ten years.'

But the pigs just kept on coming into the place from the hall outside, and finally Munchkin was moved to ask what was up, while the dog was bleeding on the floor and Jumping Jack was getting fucked over in the corner. They took Munchkin by the shoulders and threw him up against the wall, saying, 'Don't ask questions; shut up.' After a few minutes of confusion, the officers noted that none of their profession was being killed anywhere on the premises, and they commenced to apologise. 'I never saw such a snivelling, embarrassed, cleanin' up bunch of pigs in my life,' Groover declared afterward. 'They kept saying it was a big mistake, deplorable, never should have happened... I asked them what about the dog, and the pig said it was unfortunate, but the officer did it in the line of duty, you know? Shit, what's a policeman's duty, anyway, killing dogs?'

At last notice, Duke was lying critically injured in a dog hospital. When the Angels' attorneys at the ACLU took the case to the Police Review Board, they were told that the .38 calibre bullet which had passed through Duke's body would be impossible to trace, and it was too bad, but... 'But shit,' says Groover, whose lifelong interest in ballistics technology has him hip to these things. 'That bullet is perfect, man. The only marks on it, besides grooves and lines from the barrel, is a little chip on the nose from hitting the floor. We're having it processed at a private lab, and when that news comes out, some pigs are going to have some very sorry faces.'

PIG SHOTS DOG

No longer is the movement as deeply concerned as it once was with white, suburban, middle-class boys who sport badge-bedecked uniforms, toss off the classic three-fingered salute at the sight of a broad-brimmed campaign hat and practice tying knots and memorizing oaths and promises extolling such virtues as trustworthiness, loyalty, obedience, cleanliness and reverence.

The Boy Scouts



BY CHARLIE FRICK

There are people in other parts of the world closer to the songs played in the juke box in the Heart of the mind. In America too, the songs play, its just harder to hear them here. What with the noise and colorful flash of the changing traffic lights.

"Hold on tightly let go lightly," says Tim Leary It's very hard when there's a lot happening all at once, especially America, to see the great cosmic story line. The only way to understand about the music of the 70s is to listen to it, but when you listen keep your mouth shut, and even after you listen keep your mouth shut.

"Rock and roll is far out stuff, please dont get me

wrong, but sometimes the singers got more than a song." Flash Lite Fade

Theres records and books and movies, some are for your head some for your heart some for your soul, some for your grand childrens saturday afternoon television show Theres some kind of music, you just dont know, Theres just some kind of music, youll know it when you hear it.

Through the wine of the great machiene weve made out of the earth, and inbetween snatches and patches of trying hastily and quite unsuccessfully to save our souls as a recee if intellegent and productive creatures, if you really think about it, not much of the real music gets through. but america is a colorfull place, costumes are quite natural. one

of the only places in the world where comics and comic books are a true and quite valid art form, a dip stick into the sesspool of conciousness, affected by endless hours of bad taste sensory input overload. thats why you should hear

Bernice No. BN26508 it says on the back of the album cover... "... thanks to Richard Widmark and S. Clay Wilson for inspiring us to song." The Kalediscope, theres a guy on the front cover of the albu, hes got an American dream on the front of his sweat shirt.

"Once i saw Bernice in modesto in fake alligator skin pants She hit me on the head with a chair picked me up and started to dance.

ill never forget that night we spent in a phonex motel room the coke machiene was throbbing wildly outside the wall."

(Copyright Hagg Music 1970.) Theres stuff happening deep down inside middle middle, hidden almost, but never the less there. Maybe its Mayberry town U.S.A. where Sherrif Andy and Gomer Pile came from maybe its the twilight zone. Maybe its your home town, maybe you should have a good look around. Theres some really fine things comming out of South West America. Unless youve been there its kind of hard to explain. Even when youre there its hard to see, cause the kids, the top pop 40 go-go snap snap chomp chomp high class acid head bubble gummers. Their music is heard most of where you go, its strange to the east coast people, Why???

Theres so much jimmi hendrix being played out in the dessert Traveling in America after being in N.Y.C. is like moveing thru different time warps. Most hip southwestern kids know nothing about the musical-cultural changes happening in their own back yard. Its very hard to be aware of hometown artists, when the kids dreams are of going to new york and visiting the fill more east. Nobody really thinks about Texas but Johnny Winter, Janice Joplin Steve Miller Doug sham put in a lot of Texas time. 2 other texans are Texas Sam Hopkins and Mance Lipscomb, you better go look up the last two if youve been brought up in the electric city. Anyways from south east texas

The Good The Bad And the Ugly. Thats their name and the name of their record. they are, Joe Pippis, Bubba Goode and Kenny Yetman. Yet man used to be with the Boogie Kings and Pippis drinks southern comfort and jams with Johnny winter. Most of the songs on this record are published by Crazy Cajun music.

The Good The Bad And The Ugly on Mercury records No. SR 61253

If you re wondering where Ian And Sylvia have dissapeared to get Great Speckled Bird Ampex records No. a10103 She sings Truckers Cafe, its worth the price of the album. the rest of great speckeled bird are(is?) (Continued on Page 21)

THE PATRIOT BUST: ABBIE HOFFMAN IS A PIG



Abbie Hoffman is A PIG?! !

by RAY SCHULTZ

Nine-thirty Thursday morning, five or six people standing on the steps of the Criminal Court Building in the freezing cold, waiting to pay tribute to the Young Patriots, a new band of revolutionaries who are now being arraigned upstairs. The people are white, they carry the red flag of the Rainbow Coalition, and nobody knows what is happening, it's early, it's cold, justice is taking its boring course, the Panther trial has been postponed indefinitely and the Patriots, 13 of them, have arrived on the scene, scored big, made the papers as Government-inspected Public Threats number one for they have now been busted, the ultimate test, and a rally will be held, and a bail-fund will be started, and a story will be written and a martyr will be made, and now it is all uphill or downhill, or whichever way it happens to go. This week.

They were busted last Sunday night, February 22, at nine o'clock, for possession of guns, a hyperdermic needle and narcotics. The guns were registered, the needle belonged to a member who was a diabetic, and the dope was planted by the cops, but it makes no difference

whether they are innocent or guilty for they will go to jail if the D.A. wishes to put them there, and it now appears that he does. Tied to the Black Panthers and the Young Lords by a mutual program of strict Marxist class revolution, the Patriots, though they are few in number in New York, are now under surveillance and there doesn't seem to be much they can do to stop it, if indeed, they want to.

The police acted in the usual manner. Captain Finnegan arrived with his Red squad, and people were shoved up against the wall with guns at their heads, and a tenuous search of the place was made, and the people were dragged in, Roger Phillips, Larry Moore, Leonard Phillips, Judy Ericson, Jimmy Grace of New York; Tom Dostou, Poncho Davis, Alan Weisser and Dorian Dostour (Black Panthers) of New Haven, and National Chairman Bill "Preacherman" Fesperman and Chief of Staff Arthur Turco, and Chuck Armsbury of Eugene, Oregon, and one child, a 1½ year-old baby, the daughter of Tom and Dorian Dostou, who was later released from the gun-carrying charge. Strange world. Most of

this took place in the "community," the Patriots are currently trying to organize, which is Yorkville, the German-Irish-Czech-Hungarian-Polish-Bulgarian neighborhood that stretches from 86th street between Lexington Avenue and the River up to 96th street, and which is slowly but surely falling apart before the onslaught of Urban Renewal and Gimbel's Shopping Centers. Some of the busts, however, took place at an apartment a few of the Patriots are living at, located at 161st Street in Manhattan. Six of the Patriots are still in jail, pending bail or parole.

Up to then, it appears that the Patriot program was not having quite the same effect in the poor white community, as the Panther and Lord programs had had in the Black and Puerto Rican communities. Though basically the same, mainly a steady diet of breakfast programs and political "education and protection" for the people, the Patriots could not claim an indigenous youthful membership among the people who actually were living in Yorkville. This might have been due to the fact that the Patriot leaders, who had done some very

effective organizing last year in Hillbilly Harlem in Chicago, were poor Appalachians who wouldn't have much in common culturally with poor Germans and Irish, but that's only a guess. What matters is that a number of young German people in Yorkville were joining the New Renaissance Party, a neo-nazi organization that organized small parades to counter various leftist events. Last week, for instance, they marched in protest of a Panther Rally that was being held at the same time at Hunter College, and kept dropping their flags and posters on the ground, clumsy bastards.

The Patriots have had to fight all this, and they have still managed to lure an approximate 10 to 15 children to the center on Second Avenue for breakfast each morning. Since the bust, the numbers have gone up, and more community people have been hanging around, asking questions, getting radicalized.

Like the Panthers, the Patriots have more than their share of arcane slogans, *Power to the People! Right On! We shall support everything the enemy opposes and oppose everything the enemy supports!* which sound okay in the street but

which do not say very much, and which they repeat incessantly, with quotations from the Red Book, in the most dull and parroting style. The Patriots feel that they are being prejudiced against because, incredibly, they are white.

"People accept Black and Puerto Rican revolutionaries," the leader, "Preacherman," told me in their headquarters.

"It's not fair, and they've got to realize there are poor white people too in this country. And we realize the burden of racism that we must try to lift off the poor white people. We have to reeducate them, unite them with the Blacks in our common struggle against facism."

This, they have tried in Chicago, in Boston, in New Haven, in Eugene, Oregon, and a few other points on the globe. The Chicago program has been successful, and New Haven has seen some good results, but the Patriots are not yet anywhere near the national scale of the Panthers. Still, they have the same slogans as the Panthers. Last night I was in on a discussion with two of them, one whose name was "Steve," and the other whose name I've

(Continued on page 22)

photo by JOSEPH STEVENS

Rehearse for the Apocalypse



YES FOLKS! NOW YOU CAN BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO EXPERIENCE THE ECOLOGICAL DISASTER.

WHY WAIT TILL 1980?

DON'T LET THE FUTURE TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE.

PREPARE NOW FOR THE END OF CIVILIZATION.

REHEARSE FOR THE APOCALYPSE. HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS:

Better start preparing your palette and stomach for the fare of the 80's:

* Mix detergent with everything you eat and drink. There's already quite a bit but there will be a lot more in the future.

* Learn how to digest grass and other common plants.

* Start fattening your dog, cat, parakeet and guppies for the main course of the future.

* Develop a taste for grubs and insects - your ancestors weren't too proud to lift a rock for their dinner.

* Practice starving.

* Every night before bedtime drink a glass of industrial and organic waste on the rocks (with mixer if you prefer).

Appreciating that most services and products will disappear over the next ten to twenty years, we suggest this little dry run:

* Turn off your gas

* Turn off your water

* Turn off your telephone

* Turn off your heat

* Turn off your electricity

* Sit naked on the floor and repeat this chant:

**PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT,
PROGRESS IS OUR...**

And as the final crisis approaches there's no better

time to start hoarding. Start buying things you'll need after the Fall on credit - after the collapse no one will bother with collecting debts.

* While on the subject: start thinking about creative new uses for money since its present function will soon end. Remember, paper - particularly tissue - will be in short supply.

* Think about creative new uses for other potentially obsolete things like electric can openers, televisions, brassieres, toilets, alarm clocks, automobiles, etc.

* Accustom yourself to human body odor.

* Now is the time to learn a trade for the future - practice making arrowheads and other implements out of stone. Advanced students should start experimenting with bronze.

* For those of you who are investment minded, buy land, but you'd better leave enough bread to also buy a small arsenal to defend your property with.

* Remember Victory Gardens? Plant your Survival Garden now!

* Better quit smoking - or rip off a tobacco warehouse.

* Stockpile useful items like matches, safety pins, thread and needles, condoms, etc.

* Learn how to shoot a bow and arrow.

* Start preparing for the fashions of the future. You girls might take a hint from the heroines of monster films and start tearing your clothing in tasteful but strategically located tatters in order to create the Fay Wray look of tomorrow. Those less frivolous minded among you should start cultivating your body hair. (Remember a naked ape is a cold ape)

* You housewives had better learn how to maim and kill with a vegemetic.

* Finally everyone should buy a boy scout manual - or in lieu of that, buy a boy scout.

**SO IN FACING THE WORLD OF TOMORROW
REMEMBER: BUILD FOR THE FUTURE AND CON-
TEMPLATE SUICIDE.**

Che Rides the Lightning

& De com po sition



A new word has been discovered by the Daily NEWS: 'Bullshit'. One evening last week, as the horny ole paste-up gang was getting it together for yet another issue of KISS—still shaken, it must be admitted, and seriously bewildered by the latest porn bust—one of the usually unreliable sources newspapers have to deal with rang us up and told us to latch onto a copy of that evening's Daily NEWS, New York's favourite picture newspaper. 'Page sixteen. Bottom left colum. Bullshit.' So the kid was dispatched to Gem's Spa, and sure enough, he came back with the bullshit.

The word lay flush up to a photograph of Sam Melville, the poor bugger who got framed in the RAT bombing myth, and it was part of what he said to the judge when that worthy asked him why he was in jail. Can you imagine that scene? Here's Melville, he's been in jail since November because the DA pulled down a \$500,000 bail bond for him, and who do you know has a half-million in collateral? So he's been in the fucking slams for months now, eating that prison food, peering out through the chickenwire at the front yards for months, and he didn't do anything, he was framed, and finally they take him to a courtroom and the first thing happens is the judge asks him why he's in jail. All the rest of the people got out—Jane's at RAT, God knows where Demmerle's got to on his own cognizance—and this silly-ass judge whose name is Pollack has the fucking nerve and the abysmal ignorance to ask why Melville hasn't posted bail! Can you scope that? Given the incredible impropriety of his situation, is it any wonder that Melville would open his mouth and say, 'Bullshit! Don't give me platitudes on how to get out of jail, you jackass! Where the hell am I supposed to get a half million dollars?' A lesser man would have burst into tears. It really had to go into the Daily NEWS, even if that whole new word—'Bullshit'—had to be invented special for that column.

But did you hear about the NEWS getting busted? Hell, no, Mario Proccacino couldn't even get them in court. And this is one of the distressing little inconsistencies of America, because better people than Reuben Maury have been busted for using the word 'bullshit'. Not I, mind you, I use the word 'bullshit' without fear—bullshit on you, Daily NEWS!—because there is already One who has died for my sins, and that is Lenny Bruce. This week Douglas Records released a new album of Lenny Bruce tapes, monologues that have not been heard since their original delivery in some sleazy nightclub; and as part of their massive publicity campaign, Douglas invited me up to their plush offices last month and laid some sweet rap on me. Mainly they allowed me to cup a lazy moment in my hands the posterior of the resident receptionist, a tall brunette lovely right out of some of my better cocaine visions. You want some bally-hoo, you just send your office chickie around by Latimer; women's lib will be down on me for this, but there it is, a piece for a piece, that's my professional credo.

At no time in the last few years have I heard any Lenny Bruce tapes, but I have been doing some research, and you know, there's a story in all that for our times. He was a fucking genius, this Bruce, when the scroll is written up on the Twentieth Century this guy has got to

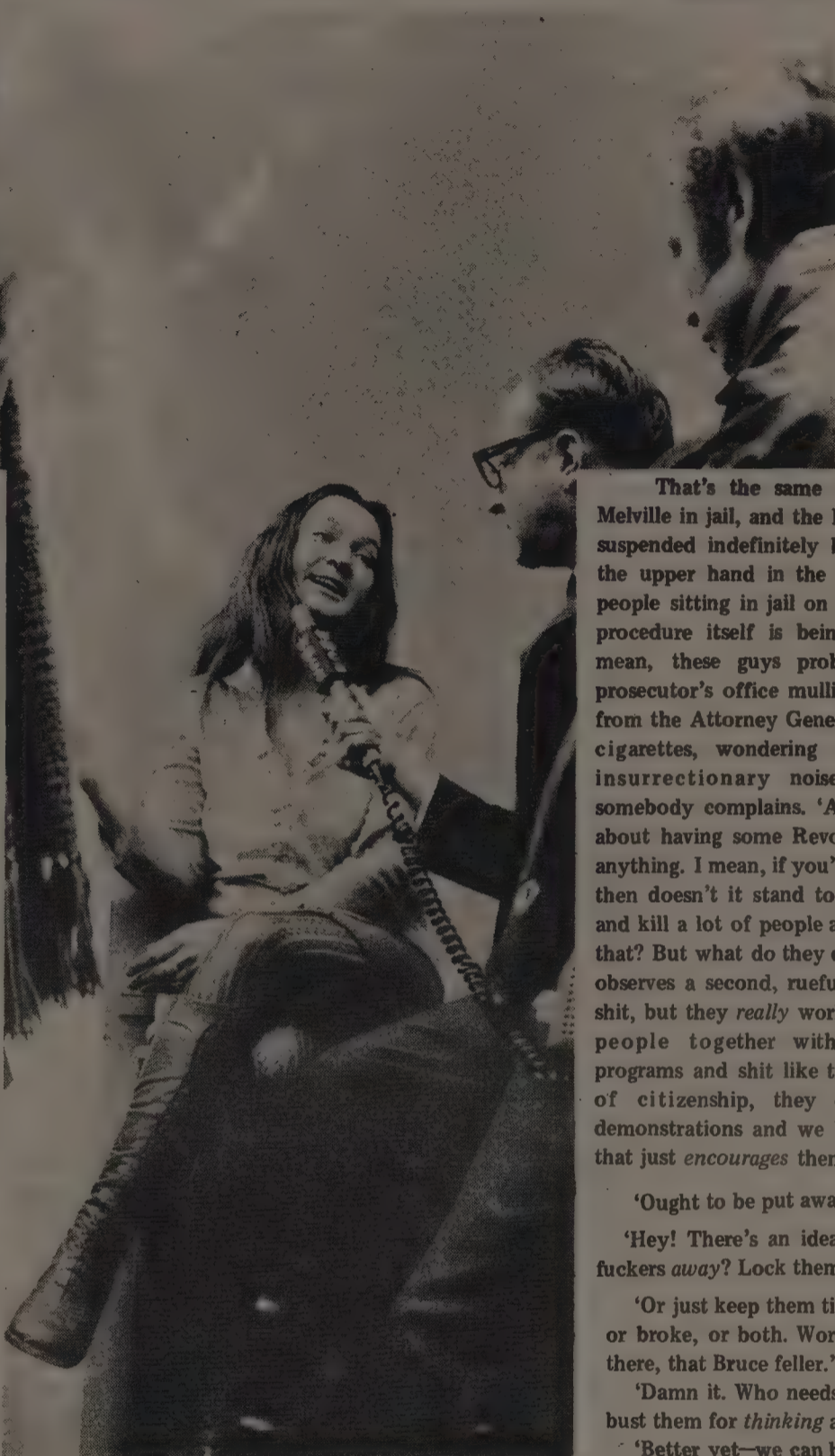
As in many courtrooms the country over, there has been quite a bit of *tsurris* lately at 100 Centre Street. This is quite

obviously the big story of the season, if not of the year and who knows the decade. First of all, there's this monster repression going down, and thus being dragged before the bench; but the thing that distinguishes

it this time around—from, say, the McCarthy period, or the Stalin purges of the Forties—is the unprecedented amount of hassle the defendants are giving the courts. As I shall have noted elsewhere in this turkey, the Government is making a travesty (Continued on Page 15)

PHOTO:
JOSEPH
STEVENS

d.a. lat im er



◊ MARY ANN SHELLEY ◊

be the presiding Great Mind. And of course they blew him away, caught him in a lavatory trying to pump a French cruller up his arm, burned him off in August, 1966, you know all that. But the way they did it was so very similar to the way they're burning everybody off today, it could be quite instructive to inspect his history.

They kept busting him, see, and they ruined his head with all that courtroom shit. That's really bad news, when you're just trying to get your point across to some people, and the heat comes out and hits you for using dirty words. 'Pray the Court's indulgence, the defendant in a public place used the word 'bullshit' at approximately 7:10 in the evening and repeated it at 7:27, 7:40, and 8:12. Also on the same occasion, he was heard by myself and Officer Phlud as saying, "the sisters, the sisters do it this way", in an obscene context.' Now, how do you defend yourself against something like that? Sure enough, Lenny Bruce said 'bullshit' several times in his life, and he made innumerable references to God and the Church and the sisters—but he knew there wasn't anything illegal about it, how can something you say be illegal? But they kept putting him in the exceedingly clumsy position before the courts of having to prove that he hadn't broken any laws, to persuade a judge to that effect. And the judge hasn't seen the show, but he has seen the District Attorney, day in and day out, so he's very likely to send you down the river just to keep this confusing shit at arm's length.

That's the same kind of thing that keeps Sam Melville in jail, and the Panther 21, whose trial was just suspended indefinitely because Murtagh couldn't keep the upper hand in the courtroom. You have all these people sitting in jail on Conspiracy charges because the procedure itself is being mishandled by the State. I mean, these guys probably sit around the Federal prosecutor's office mulling over the week's instructions from the Attorney General, scarfing coffee and smoking cigarettes, wondering how to shut down all this insurrectionary noise in the country. 'Dammit,' somebody complains. 'All these people do is they talk about having some Revolution, but then they don't do anything. I mean, if you're gonna talk about Revolution, then doesn't it stand to reason you're going to go out and kill a lot of people and burn and bomb and shit like that? But what do they do? Nothing!' 'Worse than that,' observes a second, ruefully. 'They talk about guns and shit, but they really work at getting the neighbourhood people together with rent strikes and education programs and shit like that. Exercising the prerogatives of citizenship, they call it. They call these big demonstrations and we beat the shit out of them but that just encourages them. These fuckers are dangerous.'

'Ought to be put away, I say.'

'Hey! There's an idea! Why don't we just put these fuckers away? Lock them fucking up?'

'Or just keep them tied up in court until they go bats, or broke, or both. Worked fine on that dirty comedian there, that Bruce feller.'

'Damn it. Who needs bombs and guns and shit? We'll bust them for thinking about it.'

'Better yet—we can bust them for things we think up. Anybody got a good idea?'

'Let's have the Panthers blow up some places—General Motors, Pan-American Airlines, Ford Motor Company...'

'Naw, that's too uptown for a buncha niggers. Better we should have them do up Macy's and Alexander's.'

'You idiot. That's where their people shop. Shit, you might as well have them blowing up the Botanical Gardens.'

'That too, that too. Man, they will be the most unpopular fuckers in New York by the time we get through with them. We can get somebody else to blow up the big ones.'

'How about that fellow we have working at RAT? He's a crazy bastard, we could get him some dynamite...'

'Hot damn, we're cookin'!'

'Nobody'll ever believe this. Not in a million years.'

So put yourself in the shoes of Sam Melville—Gawd, wouldn't you hate to be in his shoes, though?—and you're going to ride the lightning because Martha Mitchell's all uptight, framed, fucked up, months in jail, and your Pollack judge asks you why you haven't availed yourself of the democratic right to post bond. Or try the Panthers—they have the gall to take you to court after eight months of imprisonment, and put you up in front of some honkie dude who is obviously picking up payola from the prosecutor. How are you going to act? Bullshit, as Lenny Bruce would put it. Bullshit!!!

NAVY

(Continued from Page 6)

Navy Regulations 1948; Article 1252. Disclosure and Publication of information; Article 134, conduct to the prejudice of good order and discipline (disloyal statements); Violation of Title 18, Section 2387 (activities affecting armed forces generally).

I trust that the foregoing information will be of assistance to you.

Johnston was happy to be of assistance to the Congressman. Though some of the charges were dropped, Roger Priest now faces a dishonorable discharge and up to 39 years in prison and all because a United States Congressman couldn't take the flak and because the Rear Admiral he was dealing with is so career hungry, so craven, so greedy, that he will do anything for a good word in the right place even blatantly violate the constitutional rights of one of his men, which is where I come in, for in studying the event, I was reminded that not too long ago I was in the Navy myself, and serving under the same Rear Admiral Johnston, whose present high position might not have been reached without my unwilling help.

My first contact with Johnston came in February of 1966 when he assumed duties as Commander of the Newport, Rhode Island Naval Base. I was a mere adolescent then, a young seaman working in the base photo lab. I was sent out to shoot pictures of the changing of command ceremonies and I recall very clearly that one of Johnston's aides chewed my ass out royally for coming to such a gala event in my usual uniform, dungarees with a Navy working jacket. I was thrown out of the hall, and had quite a time explaining to my immediate superiors why I only came up with one or two shots, not to mention the time they had explaining it to the Admiral. Four months later, through natural processes of attrition and intrigue, I was assigned to the Public Information Staff of the base as a "journalist." My duties included the following:

- 1) Writing, photographing and helping to lay out the weekly base newspaper, *The Newport Navallog*, the Navy's oldest and boldest.
- 2) Coordinating various public relations events such as boy scout tours and ship commissionings.
- 3) Disseminating information and Navy news to the local media, the *Newport Daily News*, the *Providence Journal*, and various TV and radio stations.

The office was located in a small, historic wooden-frame building on Coasters Harbor Island, overlooking the Naval War College and Naragansett Bay. Decorated with pictures of

various warships, gunboats, Naval officers and dead stupid sailors, it also had a record player, a tape recorder, carpeting on the floor, an air conditioner, stacks and stacks of old newspapers and magazines, and several volumes of books and other materials, and eventually, on the walls, posters of Bob Dylan, Allen Ginsberg, the Fugs and ourselves. The room had been used as President Kennedy's Newport press headquarters years before and Johnston's lavish office was located in the opposite wing, and he heard every vagrant shout that we made, and the records we played, and the songs we sang. He didn't like it, but we were pretty popular with the rest of his staff, and he never said too much.

Coincidentally, right after I arrived, Johnston assumed collateral duties as Commandant of the First Naval District, New England, and I was assigned to write the press release on it. I was scared. Intrigued. I laboured over it for hours, and the Admiral's Aide was shouting, and the public relations officer was shouting, and they were about to give up on me when I brought the finished product into the office.

"Nice work Schultz," the Lieutenant said. "Run off 50 copies of this and attach photographs of the Admiral, and send it out."

I worked another hour on it, finished it off, and the next morning I picked up copies of the *Daily News* and the *Journal* to see if they used my release. Dynamite! Both papers had it on their front page with pictures of the Admiral! And what's more, they didn't rewrite the press release as was the usual custom, they both used it word for word, along with the *Navalog*, which didn't have any choice in the matter. It was pretty heavy stuff having a story on the front page of the *Providence Journal* (unsigned, of course) and I soon decided that the Admiral and I had to stick together. I mean, he got his fucking name in the paper, and I got my adolescent ego fed. I immediately began thinking of publicity stunts.

From that day on, no matter what event was occurring in the greater New England area, Means Johnston Jr. was a public part of it. If someone was buried in East Warwick, Johnston was there bowing his head and the papers would have a photo of it the next morning. If a cultural event was taking place downtown, Johnston would give an address and we'd see the remarks on page three of tonight's edition. The biggest thing of course was to get Johnston in with the politicians, Governor John Chaffee and Senators Claiborne Pell and John Pastore, and to this end we spent quite a bit of energy offering Johnston's services, his advice, his publicity

(Continued on Page 17)

CHE

(Continued from Page 14)

information about as useful to you as Astrology, and about as frightening when you consider the ignorance in which you stand of it all. Wierd dudes, but who knows which one of them is going to save your life some day, or send you down the river.

Some of them last Wednesday were giving away copies of *Corpus* magazine to such as Stevens and I. Stevens took one, the fool. Now, *Corpus* is the tall slick tabloid on heavy white bond which the former director and writer of CHE, Ed Wode and Lennox Raphael respectively, are putting out. It sure is a good-looking publication, and it was being distributed that day to just about anybody who looked as though he belonged in a flat with a box-tank toilet and bathtub in the kitchen. As I say, Stevens took one; it did not occur to him until some while later that these *Corpi* served the pigs as identification tags: when they see you with a copy of *Corpus*, they know exactly why you're at 100 Centre Street, where you belong, and where you're probably going. In other words, you're not a dope addict or a mad bomber or a Young Patriot, no, you're with that dirty play business. This is the kind of thing the pigs like to keep track of. They play all the angles.

Another angle they kept nailed down as the disposition of depositions. After the preliminary findings, while the court was recessed while Their Honours deliberated the sentences in their chambers, some tumor-like little fellow announced to the press that copies of the presiding judge's decision would be available in the recorder's room. Now, I had just

spend an hour and fifteen minutes sandwiched between Stevens and a lady from the *New York Times*, just listening to that longwinded decision, and shit, I took notes... But the lady from the *New York Times* was wearing a chic black miniskirt and she had legs just like a Barbie doll, never saw anything quite like it before, and so I followed her to the recorder's office, which is across a corridor to the rear of section 2B1. Damn she had great legs! But it turned out a great disappointment for us all to find that *only* the presiding justice's decision was being distributed at this time. See, there had been a rather suprisingly virulent *dissenting* opinion on the case, delivered by Judge Morris Schwalb, the bald fellow with glasses to the far left of the three-man bench. In a lovely New York City sort of voice, all dropped 'r's' and nasalities—Ray Schultz from Queens wanted to take him out for a brew afterwards—Judge Schwalb had presented an extremely persuasive case for forgetting the whole megillah. Whereas Judge Goldberg, who presided, droned on interminably, citing case after case to back up his contention—and Judge Yeargin's contention as well, obviously—that CHE was a dirty play, Judge Schwalb had pretty much destroyed the whole rap with seven minutes or so of his own case-citing. The guidelines for obscenity are quite obviously so bogged now that you can find ample precedent for any old decision you want to make. Chalk another one up against the System.

But dig it—Judge Schwalb's decision was *not* being circulated to the press. 'Sorry,' said the tumor, 'but we haven't got that opinion printed up yet.' Now, Judge Goldberg's statement was

twenty-two pages of mimeographed copy, and they'd had it all stacked and sorted and ready to go by the time of the first recess. Judge Schwalb's would have been maybe ten pages long, but what matters it, it just wasn't there. So the lady from the *New York Times* took Judge Goldberg's rap and walked away on her pretty legs to the press room downstairs: you can imagine what the *Times* said about CHE Wednesday night.

Me, not having a chic miniskirt to my name, nor a press card either, I didn't fare even that well. 'We're only giving these to the press,' declared the tumor to my outstretched hand. 'Are you the press?' Tucking my ponytail into my burgundy suede jacket collar, I told him I was from TRUE magazine. It worked once for Schultz... 'Well, sorry,' blinked the tumor. 'We're all out.'

Everybody else was set to go down to the press room and hear Ed Wode's reaction to his attorney's disaster, but when Schultz heard about my troubles with the tumor he dragged me right back to the recorder's room. With a great show of press cards, he and Stevens pried a Goldberg loose of the tumor, and we buzzed down to the press room. Between seizures of vertigo in the elevator, Schultz and Stevens congratulated themselves on their arrogance: 'God damn, the power of the press card. Did you see that little fucker quail? You don't mess with the press. We'd roast his ass.' And so on.

Miss *New York Times* was breathing around the press room

too, trying to ignore Stevens as he shot her from every conceivable angle—'For my private collection,' I told him, slipping a dollar bill into his

(Continued on Page 16)

PEEL SIGHTED IN NEW YORK HARBOR (THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION is coming)



CHE rides lightning

(Continued from Page 15)

of American jurisprudential tradition with outside bail bonds, hand-picked hanging judges, censorship of sympathetic media coverage, midnight Bund raids on suspects' homes, and the murder of suspects in their sleep. This provokes the resentment of the accused, and many of them act violently obstreperous at their own trials.

Now, Renfru Neff has been doing an excellent job of covering the Panther 21 trials, she's had that one nailed down at this paper since before it began. Nettled at this, the EVO studs — me, Joseph Stevens and Ray Schultz — took the opportunity of the CHE sentencing last week to go down to 100 Centre Street and case out the joint. Rather, I went down with Stevens, and Schultz wandered in sleepily midway through the conviction. It was Stevens' first look at the local assizes, and although I myself had managed to avoid the place for nearly six months, I felt like a hardboiled old courtroom reporter as I led him into the halls of justice.

As usual, the halls of justice reminded one of nothing so much as the background architecture in *Little Orphan Annie* before Harold Grey passed on. Since Tex Blaisedell took over the drawing of it, *Annie* has been brightening up a little, but her memory lingers on unsullied by ornamentation in the halls of 100 Centre Street. Just a stone's throw from Chinatown, with its pretty pagodas and colourful storefronts, lies this mausoleum with long straight square corridors, all right angles and dull enamel, with the ladie's rooms at the south ends of the wings and the men's rooms at the north ends. 'What a hummer,' said Stevens.

'I hate it here,' said I. 100 Centre Street is about the only place in this City where you feel surrounded by axe-handle American rednecks fresh off the flatbed pickup trucks.

But no, this is a whole different brand of redneck you get at 100 Centre Street. They seem to be predominantly Irish Catholic, dressed in archaic grey flannel suit outfits, rushing about busily with salmon-coloured portfolios and dead eyes. You know every one of them is a veritable funhouse of information about intricate courtroom procedures and the histories of arcane legal cases.

(Continued on Page 18)

POOR P.

(Continued from Page 6)

Rockefeller and the Lindsay liberal homefront—the message from middle earth as told to us by a fair haired aristocratic angel.

It was going to be a wierd scene and begged the question: Could Art be nurtured in a hot house under controlled conditions? Or to put it another way, Could a Mary Worth society survive by ordering chaos in her own image?

This was the paranoia rampant at this time in my head when making the move from one strange reality to another. There were all kinds of reasons rampant for this type of paranoia: of how people qualified in; from the early birds who gained entrance on the ground floor by applying a year ahead, to the political latecomers who out of desperation and lateness played the *name game* and their *nobless oblige* contacts to squeeze in at the finish line, to the accidents who took what others had turned down when faced with realities of space. (Westbeth had been built along family needs rather than artistic ones as dictated by the Federal Housing Act of 1959; the more for the most.)

There was a lot of paranoia, not my own, already escaped and let loose in the middle-art structure before I had even arrived, due to an article in the *Village Voice* (that bastion of Middle Class Art) done by a writer whose friends, its requirements did not satisfy, or who could not fall into its possible categories in order to gain entrance to it. Losers and sore losers by dint of lack of speed, knowledge, know-how, space and too much money.

The smarter ones covered their dissatisfactions by upping the pregnancy rate with a false bottom, or belly in this case, to fit their own needs. After entrance, some other ones joined the smarts with legitimate complaints. They played to the managements' need to at least satisfy the people who had already arrived (especially after the *Voice* article made the Mortgagee vulnerable to a possible commotion within its already arrived ranks).

The Westbeth management bent over backwards to expedite each artists' needs as fast as possible if one made it known who one was and what one wanted. Some artists used the *kiss ass* method to get their needs met; some, the 'carry the

big stick'; others, the professional approach with always its built-in preferences over "amateurs."

Some next door neighbors even told me of an approach of 'niceness' with its excellent results. Westbeth was still wide open, a sort of aesthetic jungle built upon the plains of darkest Artica. In fact two days after we arrived (my wife and I), there was a fire in a duplex apartment on the second floor on the other side of the complex.

The duplex was fairly totally destroyed due to an overturned lamp badly wired which fell on a bed and set it afire. The smoke filled practically the whole building, driving some tenants to take to the ground floor. But the fire was well contained to the one duplex, except for a blackout and smoke soaking of neighboring duplexes. It was almost 'A Night to Remember' as dreams of Titanic danced in some tenants' heads, mostly those who were 'heads' already.

Before the accident and our arrival, tenants had already organized themselves into groups of artistic endeavours to deal with the management on an official level. Even Mothers had their own lobby going, using their entree into the Wonderful World of Creativity through the use of one of the world's first and oldest art forms.

Money and the necessities of Westbeth living were collected for the 'scorched earth' artist while his family and himself dwelled in new surroundings on another floor till the old one was raised from the ashes.

In the past week, the different artists' lobbies were starting to be rechannelled toward working to the official opening of Westbeth on April 17th. came off like America had been coming off in the past 200 years, mediocre and muddling, there was a distinct possibility then that radicals of art would be needed to purge out Westbeth's already profaned categories.

Even in this staunch structure of safety, the street creeps in past the 24 hour guard and its new invisible shield of artistic security. Art that is safe crumbles for lack of ideas and chances. The brain drains and the asshole begins to speak in its place. Already Westbeth begins to build its walls covering over the wrong openings.

But some real artists have somehow managed to sequester themselves into Westbeth's world despite all its categories and rules. They take into their homes the same lesson they have lived and are still learning in the outside world. It will take the same call to arms to gather them

to its conspiracy. They will do for themselves inside what they do now outside. To stretch the boundaries until we all breathe together. Art, like other revolutions, needs its breathing space. It's like the world, you got to bust it open.

In the past week, the different artists' lobbies were starting to be rechannelled toward working to the official opening of Westbeth on April 17th. A week of different artistic activities were being planned, (dance, theater, poetry readings, theatrics, display of artistic wares, a house party, open lofts) for officials of Westbeth, politicians like Lindsay, cultural multimillionaires who had nothing better to do but to finally plug into their dreams of an Art Ant Hill (ANT ARTICA), and the outside world of buyers, sellers and tasters.

Meetings started to take on motion. Beginnings of planned departmentalization dominated

by middle class art. People were starting to officially breakdown according to lifestyles. Those who attended the meetings had the smell of desperation about them; past the prime of taking youthful chances, and a lack of color and ideas. Those with a more sophisticated lifestyle, original ideas and a *higher* talent took their time in seeking out a cryptocracy of collaborators; armies gathering with a plane of duplicated clean, white and right angle hallways.

In the last few days, some of the more talented artists were beginning to bestir themselves in an effort to rechannel the already delevelled processes which were built-in to projects like Westbeth.

If April 17th came off like America had been coming off in the past 200 years, mediocre and muddling, there was a distinct possibility then that radicals of art would be needed to purge out Westbeth's already profaned categories.

CINEMA

(Continued from Page 6)

price; we charge \$1.50 until six o'clock six days a week then \$2 after six, Sundays and holidays all day. Students with ID pay \$1 until six every day except Sunday. I guess we've tried to zero in on the true film lover, the people who like to see flics more than once..." Also contributing to the ambiance of the Elgin is a certain lack of uptightness; none of the people who work there wear uniforms, no one bugs you if you put your feet up... 80 or 90% of our audience is under 30, we don't feel they need supervision" says Ben. He has also involved the theater in its neighborhood, hiring people from it and advertising in the neighborhood paper, and generally participating consciously in a revival of the area which has brought Chelsea to a position similar to that enjoyed by Greenwich Village in the Fifties.

The availability of films he would like to show is the cross worn like an unwanted amulet by any manager of a movie house which tries to show good old films. How many times have we movie freaks talked of wanting to see that or the other fondly remembered flic? Flak like that only brings a slightly bitter grin to Ben's face. He knows how many old films are not available, lost in the limbo of studio warehouses, how many are only to be gotten in bad condition, the prints scratched up and patched, the sound-tracks showing the strain of passing through the indifferent hands of less-than-devoted projectionists. Often, he says, he and his booker Abby Markson set off on a Sherlock Holmesian search through the labyrinth of bookers and distributors to track down a film they want to show.

Bringing back the unjustifiably forgotten film or providing a show case for newer, experimental or even frankly far-out films is another area in which the Elgin has been active. Way before his "The Damned" Ben brought back Luchino Visconti's early fifties "Senso", a gorgeously visual, almost operatic pageant of action and melodrama; audiences at the Elgin have enjoyed such treats as a screening of Wynn Chamberlain's 'underground epic to end all underground epics' BRAND X in its original rough cut version. (The finished version will open at the Elgin in April.) Then there has been the recent 7½ New York Film Festival, a feast of experimental films put together by Jonas Mekas and the Cinematheque. There have been benefits and stage shows; in December the Elgin even had a modern vaudeville show, "Cool Light at Midnight." Right now the Elgin is showing Russian film director Sergei Paradjanou's "Wild Horses of Fire" a nineteenth century voyage into the supernatural, photographed in incredibly voluptuous color, and "Haxan-witchcraft through the Ages" a Swedish film narrated by William Burroughs sounding incredibly like Pat Paulsen.

"My time of day is the dark time of day, and you're the only one I've ever wanted to share it with..." sang someone in *Guys and Dolls*. Barenholtz is the archtypal night person and he has fond memories of going up to 42nd Street at midnight or one o'clock in the morning to see a movie, he remembers when you could go down to the village at two or three in the morning and find all sorts of places open. "It was a whole thing and we're going to try to bring it back. Eventually I hope to keep the Elgin open till three or four in the morning every night." Movie freaks and insomniacs, take heart!

The YOUNG PATRIOT PARTY is starting a newspaper, and they need PAPER and PRINT SUPPLIES,
plus a TRUCK for distribution.

Call 534-8557, or visit Patriot headquarters at 1792 Second Avenue between 91st and 92nd Streets.

NAVY

(Continued from Page 15)

machine, and all the power and might of the United States Navy under God. Johnston became good friends with Chaffee and he was to have a long and happy association with him.

We kept a scrapbook of Johnston's clippings, and it soon grew quite thick. One day, a ceremony was being held by a tribe of local Indians at Fox Hollow Johnston showed up, donned an Indian headdress over his uniform, and looked like an asshole. He gave a speech saying that the Navy was proud of its long relationship with the Indian community. The Indian leaders said they were proud to have him there.

A few weeks later, on Navy Day, Johnston ordered two or three busloads of sailors down to Viking Park to stand at attention in the hot sun and listen to speeches about the good relations the Navy has always enjoyed with the civilian community of Newport. Chaffee was there, Pell was there, they were all there. They never resist the opportunity to speak in public and kiss each other's asses. I was covering the event as a reporter so I was allowed to sit in the shade of a tree and smoke a cigarette. I had bittersweet feelings seeing 200 of my miserable peers standing there like that when most of them weren't old enough to drink in the shitty bars and bistros of downtown Newport, and when all of them at one time or another, had fallen for the easy

credit lures (SPECIAL VIETNAM PACKAGE DEAL) that were perpetrated by the very shysters who Johnston was now praising from the stump. It seemed somehow strange.

Johnston was an aristocratic sort from Greenwood, Mississippi, who'd had all the right positions, all the right commands, all the right friends, all at the right times. He was a winner. A top-ranking graduate of the Naval Academy, he studied law in his spare time and took a degree, and won many friends, and carefully selected his enemies. From the beginning, we knew he was using Newport as a way-station to bigger things, and we continually pushed his name in every way we could, though sometimes we fucked up. One day, the *Journal* called to check out a rumor that a Seabee crew was assigned to work on a civilian project as a favor. The other man, Reg gave the answer he'd been told, and before he knew it, the story was on page three, and Reg was on the carpet before the Admiral who didn't seem to realize he was talking to a 19 year-old kid from the wheatfields of Illinois, not another Admiral vying for power.

"Let's get one thing straight around here. I'm the Admiral. I make the decisions. Do you understand?"

Reg of course, had it bad in other ways. He had a government driver's license and he often had to chauffeur the admiral around. Also, he was much better than I at putting out press releases and coming up with PR ideas. In quick time, the officer in charge relegated me to doing nothing more than turning out feature stores for the *Navalog*, stories that didn't

require very much of a public relations sense and I found it more to my liking. With a chick who worked there, I drew into it, got lost in it, loved every minute of it, made it my own thing for a short while, and we insulted the admiral ever so subtly on many an historic occasion, and we lost all contact with his aide, a big, smiling twenty-megaton Hollywood idiot named David McClosky, and his orderly, Marine Lance Corporal K.W. Stevenson, who had just returned from Vietnam with a chest full of medals.

Stevenson had an impressive record, and he was hand-picked for the job. Johnston ordered the full publicity turnout on him, meaning that Schultz had to trot out there and work up some good Sunday supplement stuff, which wasn't easy because McClosky the aide had his own ideas of what should be done.

"The old orderly, Roberts, is going to Vietnam, right?"

"Right," I said.

"Then it stands to reason he'd have asked Stevenson what it was like. Right?"

"Right, sir," I said.

"Then do a feature about Stevenson telling Roberts what Vietnam was like."

"Roberts has already left for Vietnam," I told him.

"That's not an excuse. Don't give me any lip, boy."

He called me boy, and I complied. Stevenson was one of the most thick-skinned animals I have ever met in my life, but I talked to him for a good 20 minutes, which was difficult because he spoke in monosyllables, and he told me such things as "In hand to hand combat, we have the advantage. I've shot them as close as 15 feet." which I typed down on paper, straight, enthusiastically, with merciful ignorance.

At Christmas time, the Admiral or somebody laid some bread on us and we threw a party at the headquarters. We all got liquored up, the enlisted men, the junior officers, the civil service workers and the Phillipino's, and I took to playing the piano or something and McClosky said to me, "Schultz, can you play 'Lady of Spain?'" The Admiral came in a few minutes later, took a few sips of a drink, then made the rounds of the room, shaking everyone's hand, and wishing them Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, indeed. We all instinctively lined up against the wall and Admiral walked down the line as if we were official dignitaries.

"Merry Christmas, good to see you," he said with all the sincerity of a priest after services, with his cold, grainy southern voice like that of Lester Maddox.

When he got to me, I looked into his eyes and he returned a blood-curdling look that actually frightened me.

"Merry Christmas Admiral," I said.

Johnston had a son, 12-year old "Meansie" who had poor eyesight, and a wonderful head on his shoulders. This kid was remarkable, so cool, so radical, so together in his head that I'll laugh like a fuck someday when Johnston is Chief of Naval Operations, and his kid gets busted for something, which in the Navy carries some weight against you. Johnston used to bring his son to work occasionally, and the kid would hang around various office, but it didn't take him long to find out that our office was the best. We gave him coffee and cigarettes and told him about dope and chicks, and he played our records and taught us a few

things ourselves. The kid was smarter than any of us and he hung around until Johnston wouldn't let him anymore.

The scrapbook grew thicker and thicker, and Johnston thought we were doing such a great job that he offered the Lieutenant in charge a full-time gig as his PR man, all the way up the ladder if he would only stay in the navy. Naturally, any enlisted men concerned would also follow Johnston up, though the talents of Journalist Schultz were not included in the package. As it was, the Lieutenant, whose brain had provided most of the solid ideas for PR, left the service, and the rest of us sat at our typewriters.

Johnston's rating with the community grew by leaps and bounds, though. He had the best press any Admiral in the area had ever gotten, and he often overshadowed the politicians themselves, though not enough to peeve them. By the following summer, my own stock had fallen so low I was not even allowed on the Admiral's side of the building anymore. I was getting tired of the navy anyway, I was a shorttimer and my uniforms were falling apart, and I didn't shave or comb my hair, and I looked like a slob. One Friday afternoon, in May of 1967, I got drunk on a British vessel that had just pulled into port, then I had to go to the Naval Hospital to photograph a visit there by Pepsi-singer Anita Bryant. Naturally, Johnston was presiding. I was drunk as a skunk.

"Well Anita, what do you think of our base?" Johnston asked.

"Oh admiral, it's so lovely. I do admire these boys, fighting for their country. What's your name, loverboy?"

(Continued on Page 20)

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(Continued from Page 16)

flash bag—and after a while it got a bit heavy for me. Panting, I trotted across the lobby with Schultz and Stevens to the cafeteria.

Now that's a weird place. The courtroom cafeteria. All we wanted was a cup of tea, a hot chocolate, and a glass of milk, respectively, but the lady behind the counter was having a dreadful time keeping it all straight. 'Look,' she told us, trying to keep her damp blonde coiffure from falling down around her fat speckled neck, 'Look, I gotta lotta business here, don't

give me no troubles. Now that's two cups of coffee and a cup tea, right?' Damn! I was losing patience with her until it occurred to me that this lady works in the *courthouse cafeteria*. By George, that's a tough number. All day, who's she got to serve? Why, criminals, and what's worse, cops; and judges and lawyers and court attendants and witnesses and friends and families—and reporters. And everybody has been brought together under the most outlandish circumstances, and they all come to this lady for their crullers and coffee and lentil soup. How does she do it?

Stevens left, and was replaced with Paul Georgiou, who a year ago played The President in CHE. Just a few moments before, Georgiou had sat up there in a grey suit with his ponytail flapping in the breeze from the court reporter, who had listed the counts under which he was being convicted: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 31, 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 43, 45. *Thirty counts!* And they were all for the most nit-picking little things... 'The defendant Paul Georgiou did place his mouth in proximity to the defendant Mary Anne Shelly's exposed breast'... 'The Defendant did simulate an act of defecation with his legs spread, and with a strip of cloth did afterwards wipe his anal crevice'... 'The Defendant did lie on his back with his legs in the air, and did attempt in that posture to commit an act of

self-sodomy'... And here is this dude who has just been convicted of all this high moperly, sitting right between Schultz and me, dunking his cruller in a lascivious fashion into his coffee. 'Well, I been living in Long Branch, New Jersey for the last year. Got a consession in a leather shop. Nothing much—hey, how come EVO isn't selling in Long Branch? I remember when Fat Harold across the road was busted for selling EVO last year...' You have to love him. If the DA and the lawyers and the court attendants had just shut up long enough to let ole Paul expose himself to the judges in all his sincerity, then they might have understood what CHE was all about.

While Paul was rapping, a slight disturbance at my left elbow caused me to swivel about and gape as a tall whitehaired gentleman appropriated the seat there. *Murray Kempton!* Damn, this was the big time, this was downright *official*—Schultz and I were sharing the same coffeshop cubicle with Murray Kempton, dammit. This was almost as good as the time Paul Goodman groped me in Central Park. Putting on my most respectful tone of voice, I said, 'Mr. Kempton?' three or four times until I got his attention.

'Yes,' he answered pleasantly, with a wry, sad humour about his eyes. Yes, this was Murray Kempton, the man who in March of 1966 had written that column in the *Post* about the resumption of bombing in North Vietnam and what a crime it was, damn slaughter, and you wanted to just cry... 'Yes,' said Murray Kempton.

'I read your column on CHE last year, just after it was busted, you remember? And I just wondered if you'd revised your position on the play at all.'

'No,' said the man, smiling slightly. 'I'm a strict Stalinist when it comes to matters of obscenity, you know. Of course, there's no question that these people should never have been prosecuted for obscenity, but there it is, I'm still a strict Stalinist on this matter.' And he went back to his cruller, while Schultz stewed in silence.

Stain? Whoozis Stalin, anyway? Freddy Stalin, who runs the gift shop on Euclid Street in Cleveland? What is this shit? Fuck you, anyway, Murray Kempton, you and all your liberal Jewish-Irish-Protestant friends. God damned liberals, they're going to be taken up sharp one of these days when the rednecks haul them all up in handcuffs: 'I didn't do it, I didn't mean it, I was young, I was confused, they lied to me, Jimmy Weschler, he did it, he's a symp, he gave me the money, I should have known better, I'll be good...' Where were you when my friend Ray Schultz was getting his head beat in by the Cuban Exiles last week? Eat turd, Murray Kempton.

Speaking of Stalin, though, it was a grim scene when court

reconvened. Some manner of justice was about to be inflicted, and a definite gallows ambience pervaded the courtroom. Bleak, drab, downer scene, just this long bench with three little bald heads and a carafe of water visible above it, and the defendants and attorneys and prosecutors and attendants and recorders and fuzz milling about down below. Mainly, the lady from the *New York Times* was nowhere to be seen. The row in which the EVO studs had previously been sitting was occupied now by a leather-jacketed plainsclothes fuzz and his tan junkie prisoner, so we repaired to the back of the courtroom. Here I found myself sandwiched between Schultz and a blonde lady from RAT (for the sake of parity, let me mention that Schultz is a brunette) whom I know only as Wendy Womenslib. She was wearing a rather pretty headband with a floral design, and I looked forward to a pleasant half-hour, or as pleasant as any half-hour can be when you're watching your friends ride the lighting.

Unhappily, even this pleasantness was not to be. RAT, remember? Women's Lib. The first gauche thing I did was to point out the policelady who had been standing by the rear door all through the trial, craning—unless my eyes mistake me—to catch a good glimpse down Maryanne Shelly's dramatic decolletage. 'Dig the dyke,' I suggested greasily, chopping her in the armpit with my elbow

'Don't use that word,' she snapped testily. Oops. Is that a faux pas now? 'Shit,' said I in astonishment. 'What the fuck? She's a fresser if I ever saw one.'

'So am I,' said Wendy Womens lib. Damn! You blew it again, Latimer. That was obviously almost as bad as putting that dollar on the notepad of Miss *New York Times* and whispering, 'More later.'

Things went on up in front, under the 'In God We Trust' sign. The attorneys for the defense, admitting that the law was indeed served by the convictions in this case, pleaded for leniency. Now, I would be the last to tell a lawyer how to conduct his case, but this is of the law *having been served* kind of disturbed me. I suppose that after they've convicted you and there's really nothing more to do for it, you might as well suck up to them as much as possible and tell them they're correct in their superstitions—but damn, to let on even in desperation that someone could seriously be busted for taking off his clothes and balling on stage, that goes hard with me. This attorney is the same cat who was hot to get me to testify in the case until he saw my ponytail. He went into each of the defendants' backgrounds, how this was the first conviction for each one of them, where they went to school, all that, and asked for extreme leniency.

Midway through this, Maryanne Raphael's kid Raphael began hollering again. Earlier, as Judge Goldberg was winding up his summation, little Raphael had so seriously bothered him that he said, 'I'll not compete with that child,' and had him removed from court. This time, with Maryanne not at all ready to leave until Lennox heard the worst, the bailiff decided to get somebody else to hold the kid.

'Listen,' he whispered unctiously, bending over Schultz' lap toward me and Wendy Womenslib and Stevens, 'would one of you ladies—er people, would you like to take care of the baby here?' Since he was addressing himself to Wendy, she answered him in this wise: 'Why are you asking a woman that? Why not ask a man?'

'It's—um—more appropriate, don't you think?'

'Here.' Schultz got up! Damned ole Schultz! *Sucker!* Later, Schultz said, 'That bailiff knew what he was doing, man, asking for a chick. That kid wanted no part of me. He just screamed and kicked and pissed on me until I was trying to choke him to shut him up. These Women's Lib chicks are fulla shit, man, a guy can't take care of a baby. They won't stand for it.'

Schultz therewith missed the heaviest part of the day, the *puendum* of this whole essay. In case you're wondering why I haven't said that much about the case, except in a clever peripheral fashion, it's because I find now that the stuff I write can be held up in court as gospel truth. There was this interview I did last year with Lennox just after he was busted, in which he and I said several things which were later held against him in court. Actually so far as I can ascertain, only one thing was really held up for the court, and that was an alleged statement of Lennox's to the effect that people should 'fuck in God's asshole'. What was actually printed in context was this: 'I think people should fuck everywhere, man. Fuck in planes, on beaches, fuck in God's eye—fuck in God's asshole, man.' Evidently the prosecution kept bringing this up as evidence of how exquisitely depraved Defendant Raphael was, that he would contemplate sodomy with He Who gave His only begotten Son that we might live. Now I am not about to conjecture here whether Lennox actually said that, or if it was a bump in the tape, or if I wrote it in to get him busted for good and all: but I will tell you that until this case is settled, I am not going to write a lot about the people in it.

The really important part of the day in court, which has ramifications above even what went down in the case of Lennox, Wode, Georgiou, et al, was the prosecutor's summation.

(Continued on Page 19)

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CHE

(Continued from Page 18)

They're a mean bunch, those prosecutors. Schultz' old navy buddy, Assistant District Attorney Richard Beckler, stood throughout on one side of the courtroom with his arm in a sling. According to Joseph Stevens, Beckler was attempting to show the court exactly what Defendant Bercowitz was doing in the closing portions of CHE, and he tripped over his belt and broke his arm. According to Schultz, however, 'Beckler's arm was always in a sling. And his head. And his ass. I ought to know,' Schultz continued. 'I was a white hat once myself.' Me, I

bow before the superior wisdom of these two studs—I had thought his embalmer botched the job, that's all. Probably lost his Forest Lawn franchise, poor bugger...

Asst. D.A. Kenneth Conboy delivered the summation, and a nasty bit of work it was indeed. First, he spoke of a \$50,000 profit the play supposedly made in the 11 months it was produced; then he mentioned a book which a person or persons have published about the play, complete with photographs which resemble those the judges viewed as evidence; then he mentioned a movie contract which Defendant Raphael has supposedly signed: as if there

was something obscene, lewd, immoral, lascivious, vile, and devoid of social content about making money. Then he nefarious activities listed on Larry's charge sheet were said to have occurred. It also might have been observed that this country has a Fourteenth Amendment, and that Defendant Bercowitz' utterances in the press can have absolutely no bearing on his case in court; that so long as he comported himself decorously in the courtroom, he should have been judged on those merits and none other. A word might have been said about the *ex post facto* nature of Assistant D.A. Conboy's maneuvers here, but it was neither the time nor the place for the defense attorneys to raise a hand.

Nevertheless, they did. For a few moments after Conboy finished, the place was in a bit of an uproar. Defense Counsel Ann Garfinkel, looking altogether lovely in a red dress with her dark hair unbound about her shoulders, rose to get her two cents in, along with most of the defendants. The EVO studs rushed to the front of the room to catch the action. There was quite a bit of milling about while the judges called for order, and for a minute it looked as if all was lost.

But we were not the Panther 21, nor the mad bombers. No one had been in jail for eight months for doing nothing. We sat back down and listened to the returns roll in. All the counts of public lewdness, sodomy and consensual sodomy, and conspiracy were dropped against all defendants except Larry Bercowitz. Defendants Paul Georgiou, Mary Anne Shelly, Jeanne Baretich, Donald McAdams and John (Chili Billy) Kornhauser were found guilty as charged, and dismissed without sentences. Defendant Bercowitz was found guilty of public lewdness and fined \$500 or 60

days in jail. Defendant Ed Wode was found guilty of obscenity mentioned that someone had once warned Deputy Inspector Pine of the Morals Squad to carry a gun or fact extinction. Finally he wound up with a salvo against the publication *Corpus*, conspicuously displayed in the courtroom by various unsightly persons.

According to Conboy, the periodical *Corpus* had repeatedly printed articles by the Defendant Bercowitz which demonstrated his great contempt for this court in which he was sitting. *Contempt!!!* Yessir, just the thing they nailed the Chicago people on, the thing the Panther 21 was so obviously going to get nailed for—*contempt!* And when you start fooling with *contempt*, why, the whole system shudders. This new contempt syndrome has got a lot of very intelligent judge-like persons very worried—if the accused refuse to respect the court, what can the court do? Senator Stennis wants to float a Constitutional Amendment to the effect that due process can be dispensed with in cases where the defendant fails to show proper respect for the court. Of course, all this could be cleared up if the pigs would stop rigging trials with judges like Hoffman and Murtagh—the CHE trial, from all appearances, was fairly above-board, and hence *worthy* of respect—but unless you can accept the fact that the Government is playing dirty pool, you're going to be very paranoid when some Assistant D.A. mentions the word *contempt*.

So if Larry Bercowitz was in contempt of this court, he stood to get slammed hard; and also Lennox and Ed, for they published the paper in which Larry was said to have printed his contemptuous utterances. Now, it ought to have been

pointed out that *Corpus* came into being long, long after the and fined \$1000 or 60 days on obscenity. The cause of free expression was set back from a 1958 level to a 1953 level.

This time, as court broke up, all three of the EVO studs followed the long Barbi-doll thighs of the New York Times lady to the recorder's cubbyhole for another try at Judge Schwalb's opinion. Latimer flashed a five-dollar bill conspicuously, with a loud grin, but to no avail. Maybe at the *Screw* trial next month... In the recorder's room we cornered Tumor again, and after being threatened by the press cards he waddled off to see what could be done about getting that ole opinion. He was never seen again, and we didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

With an extraordinary display of balls—clearly the top-dollar maneuver of the day—Latimer bummed a cigarette off a burly bailiff who was passing by. 'This cigarette was paid for by the blood of the people,' Schultz grouched as it was handed around. A mad gleam came into his gibbous eye as he dragged off it: 'Hey man, we gotta fuck up Beckler. When he comes around next, I'll yell, 'All hands on deck,' and we'll all give him a salute. Awright?'

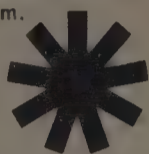
But when the cigarette was gone and neither the tumor nor Beckler had appeared, a reassessment of position was brought about: it was decided, among the EVO studs, that it would not be the Stalinist thing to do, and we went home. On the way past the concessions desk in the lobby, we picked up three copies of the *National Informer* and two copies of *Midnight* and jerked off in the taxicab on the way home.

'Ees that coome?' asked the driver.

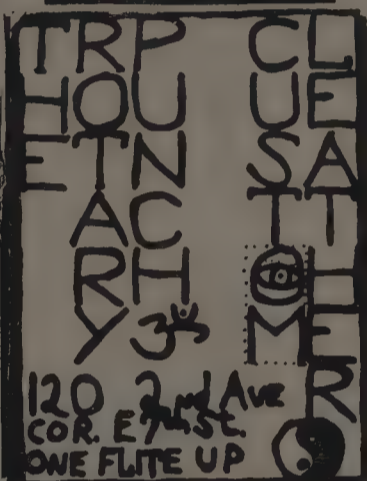
'Eyes on the road,' sneered Stevens. 'Eyes on the road.'

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NAVY

(Continued from Page 17)

"Unh."

"Answer," Johnston said.

The kid answered, through his bandages, and Miss Bryant kissed him and Johnston smiled and it was all plenty of fun, kissing the mutations from the war, ward to ward, bed to bed.

"I want to say I'm really proud of you boys," Johnston said.

That's what we were: boys. The Admiral gave me some very nasty glances from time to time, and once in fact, during one of them, was telling McClosky out of the side of his mouth to take a note on something. McClosky took extensive notes. By the Admiral's direction, I was called to McClosky's office a week later where I was threatened with several actions both judicial and non-judicial if I did not shape up. I wasn't surprised; Johnston and McClosky used to get in the limousine and bomb around the base, putting sailors on report who failed to salute the car. I was pissed. I told the Lieutenant that I was soon to depart from the Navy and that I could not understand his concern. He told me he was not going to stand for such talk and that he was going to start on me right away. I was dismissed.

That afternoon, however, I received a very tentative proposal that I go to work, upon my discharge, as a reporter for the *Providence Journal* where naturally, I would probably be assigned at first to cover navy news. I spread the word about that, and almost put out a press release on it. It got back to McClosky and Johnston, and I was never harassed again, not a fucking word. A few weeks later, mere hours before my discharge, I was sitting there talking with one of the new kids, a hefty fellow who had his feet on the desk. McClosky happened to come by, and he grabbed the kid's feet and threw them off the desk.

"If I ever catch you with your feet on the desk again, you're in trouble," he said.

The kid stood up to his full height.

"If you ever lay another hand on me again, I'll kill you," he said.

McClosky sputtered. "Schultz, you're this man's petty officer, put him on report."

"I can't do that, sir," I said.

"You'll be hearing about this," McClosky said. "Both of you will be hearing about this."

He left in a huff, and we heard no more. Later, after getting discharged, I bopped around to say goodbye to everyone and McClosky congratulated me and asked me if I would be working for the *Journal*.

"No," I told him. "See you, Lieutenant."

He choked a bit, but I left without injury. I wasn't a boy anymore; I was a man, free as the wind and I was through with Means Johnston Jr. and his bullshit aides.

You can see how these things happen. John Chaffee was voted out of office and appointed by Richard Nixon as Secretary of the Navy little more than a year later, and Means Johnston went to Vietnam for a spell, getting in that battle time, then he was given his present lucrative position. Some months back, he posed for a whisky ad in *Time*

Magazine which is illegal by all the statutes, but Mendell Rivers will never investigate it. He will never investigate how Johnston used people, spit on them, treated them like animals, and supported that insane frustrating structure in which a man has no right to his life, his integrity, his religion, his work, his love, his thought, his booze. Johnston is not really to blame; he grew up in it, it sheltered him all his life, but he will go on. Mendel Rivers will go on. Chaffee will go on. I will go on. But Roger Priest will go to court martial. Then he will go to jail.

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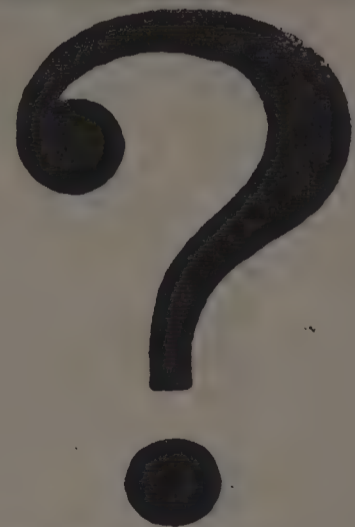
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FRICK

(Continued from Page 10)

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Theres not much to say about this one except its Big Mama Thorntons new album *The Way It Is* on Mercury Records No. SR 61249. If you dont know who she is she is probally the most respected female blues singer of all times, When Janis Joplin dreams and thinks of the greats, Big mamma Thornton is right there in front. She is perhaps to most moveing, stirring, get out and touch your soul preformers that this country has ever seen. She performs on this album; Little Red Rooster, One Black Rat, Rock Me Baby, Wade in The Water, Sweet Little Angel, Baby Please dont Go, Got My Mojo Working, Watermelon Man and Dont Need No Doctor. This kind of album never gets any full page

ads in any of the trade mags. Nor will you hear it on any of the FM stations. If you happen to be plugged into any of the N,Y, City Scam Rock, Super Slick, Hurry Hurry get the money Fm radio stations., You Know which ones i mean. You dont??? Well heres a partial list: WNEWFM... WCBSFM... WABCFM... WORFM...

If youre plugged into them for life support or what ever the excuse is, dont buy this album, in fact dont buy any of the albums mentioned in this colum, even more so dont even bother to read this colum again. Support WBAI listener supported radio in N.Y.C. you clowns,

This weeks social dream commentary brought to you by The Happy Birthday George Washing ton ad hock comitee for the return of Tribal Unity.

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Remember kids Spring is national Heighten your awareness month. Take Your Head To Lunch This Week.

THILM

(Continued from Page 8)

would not have suffered from a little variety. Even fear becomes monotonous and unthrilling if seen at too close range too long the same way.

The Milky Way, now, by Bunuel, is the ultimate (musical) view of the Apocalypse, full of Space and Time; *End of the Road*, directed by Aram Avakian, is a particular view of an apocalypse, full of spaces and times. Underneath that culture-laded parallel construction sentence, drips some heartfelt realities... Bunuel has seen fit to call this his "final movie" and like most of his other work, this one could serve as that, if he chooses. My disbelief is demonstrated in the comma-produced hesitations and conditional clauses. *Milky Way*. Well, there's the Via Veneto, Broadway, Conestoga Trail, Nile River and its waterway system.... the way to Capistrano, San Jose, Las Vegas and Burbank California. The Milky Way is only a step removed from all these and only by powers of imagination. If you want to believe we are in the Milky Way, then astronomers have served their purpose in giving a definite name to a human condition of place and space. *The Milky Way* has two men, one younger one older, traveling to Santiago—an ancient pilgrimage trip, very popular in the Middle Ages, a/k/a Santiago de Compostela home of the great cathedral. Along this particular way, the 2 men encounter time warp, miracles and other natural phenomena of a world too many of us refuse to believe still has the realer power. Jesus is there, the Virgin Mary, the Devil, and all their disguises, all the symbols they have ever been made to use as vehicles by a world which desires their

existence but is afraid of the original manifestations. As they travel on their way, the two men and their adventures become a tapestry for sure, and suddenly we are on the shuttle as well. The sense of humor, of adventure, of imagination and compassion, all are on grandest display.

End of the Road is a fine movie, piece-of-film, attempt which-is-a-cinematic-success... it is one of the most incredible... trials.. I have yet experienced. It was made for, among others, me and it took my breath away.

(HISTORY Papa Hegel he say that all we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history. I know people who can't even learn from what happened this morning/ Hegel must have been taking the long view.

*The Hipcrime Vocab
by Chad Mulligan

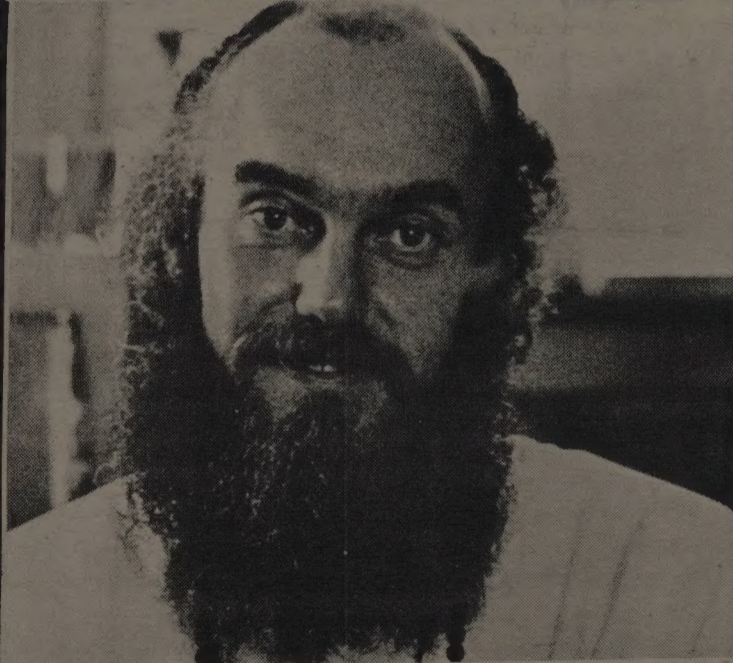
*From *Stand on Zanzibar* by John Brunner

John Barth used his literacy and keenness continuously to enmesh and make rondos; the novel is a deslocation number whose poignancy, spaces and full-blown 50's wonderment at silence at first made me want to cry. The film is not this way self-contained, however. Aram Avakian's style is somewhat closer to jazz improvisation than the Barthian closed-contained theorem. While the spaces and times shown are exact, definite and particular the notions making them go round and appear are essentially and beautifully timeless, infinite, made to move men to weep on a universal attraction level. The same characters: the Doctor, Jake Horner in his cosmopostic corner not wanting to risk pulling out a plum because it might be (all too human and) all too rotten, Rennie and Joe Morgan, whose marriage and life-together-lives are based on

strangness of morality, belief to the nth degree, to the hemlock and barrel and lit lantern.

Only the rhythms are changed to protest us, the innocent, from direct assault at our most vulnerable area, our childhood. The criticisms launched at this film are full of shortsightedness, pomposity, empty diddling culture-maven idiocy, none of which I understand unless this is some "in" New Yawk killing. The film is not built on 19th century aesthetics of linear plot construction, but on the blinding epiphanies of life, the way we really reveal ourselves to each other; there are no 19th century attempts to 'eplain' every pistol (sorry Chekhov) because we live in a world where the good boys climb towers and kill people on warm sunny days and one man, under order, is held responsible for one massacre out of the thousands and we sniff and hope the gods are satisfied with this excuse for a virgin. The film ends with the by now infamous abortion scene; life born into a world it didnt ask for, and dead upon arrival. Maybe the life-in-death people find this reminder of their own symbolic lives too uncomfortable. Very few experiences these days, short of total orgasm, allow anyone the privilege of a ritual, to sweat, say wow! marvel at being lucky enough to be alive to have the experience. *End of the Road*, just might do it for some people... I could say, hotcha, 'it did it for me,' but better construction, drama and more convincing would be to say that friends who saw this movie went so far as to call me afterwards and say wow and other such things. And one called the next day because she didnt want to speak after the move. So that's what the film can be like. You might even like it.

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1956-63; PSYCHOLOGIST ON FACULTIES OF U.C. (BERKELEY), STANFORD, HARVARD

1961-66; RESEARCHER/EXPLORER WITH LSD CO-AUTHOR/THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE WITH LEARY & METZNER///LSD WITH COHEN & SCHILLER.

1967-68; STUDENT OF ASHTANGA YOGA IN HINDU TEMPLE IN HIMALAYAS (TO WHICH HE WILL RETURN FOR FURTHER STUDY IN MID 1970).

WILL SHARE HIS EXPERIENCES

DATE	TIME	PLACE
Saturday	March 14, 1970	8 p.m. Universalist Church 76th Street and Central Park West
Sunday	March 22, 1970	8 p.m. Hunter College Auditorium
Saturday	March 28, 2970	8 p.m. Hunter College-69th Street & Lex.

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ABBIE

(Continued from Page 11)

forgotten, but whom I will call "Bill." Things went smoothly until a chick asked what the Patriots needed guns for in the first place.

"That's what we always hear," "Bill" said. "I get asked that question all the time. I don't even want to answer it."

"We need guns for protection," Steven said.

"What do you think of Abbie Hoffman?" someone asked.

"Abbie Hoffman's a pig," "Bill" said.

"Do you mean in the technical sense?"

"No, objectively he's a pig. I don't mean he's a cop, he's just a pig."

"Why?"

"Well, he sat thereon his ass when they bound and gagged Bobby. Why didn't he fight it?"

"I thought he did."

"He didn't."

"Yeah, but he's still going to jail."

"A lot of people are."

"Right, and maybe a lot of those people are followers of his."

"That's bullshit. Hoffman

ain't no revolutionary. He doesn't serve the people."

"Which people?"

"Poor blacks and whites."

"Well, I didn't know those were the only people around."

"Well..."

"What about the rest of us. How poor are you? I bet I'm poorer than you are. Abbie Hoffman serves me fine, what about that?"

"He doesn't do anything for the people."

"What does he have to do for the people? You cats are taking care of your community, the Panthers are taking care of theirs, the fucking John Birch Society is taking care of its community, and the Yippies are taking care of theirs. We just all have a different sense of what that community is, but that's where it's at."

"What about the money from Eldridge's books?"

"It goes to the people!"

"Where do you think Abbie's goes?"

"It doesn't go to the people."

"It goes to the trial! It goes wherever else it's needed, the fucking dude ain't buying yachts, for Christ's sake."

"Yeah, well..."

"Listen," Steve cut in. "It isn't right to call Hoffman a pig. He may have pulled some jive shit, but he's still opposing the system by any means necessary and that means he isn't part of the problem, so he must be part of the solution."

"He's part of the problem..."

"He's part of the solution! He's not hurting us! Sure, he didn't help Bobby in the courtroom, but that just means he hasn't been brought to the highest political level yet. All he needs is education. He's radicalizing a lot of people, and they'll follow his example. He's part of the solution, all he needs is education."

"I guess you're right."

"Sure."

The city Councilman for Yorkville is Carter Burden, a young millionaire with a beautiful wife, and a fat campaign budget. He won with 80% of the vote in the last election, his first. Burden is a good-looking liberal of the

Kennedy mold, and some folks predict a bright future for him considering that he's only 29. The Patriots have a curious relationship with Burden. They dog him for some things, and see his potential usefulness to their own cause, and he digs them in certain ways for what they're trying to do in the community, but neither side will give in too much to the other and there's some nice haggling going on concerning who will organize the housing rallies, who will speak at them, who is councilman, who is the people, who will get the gravy when it comes. Each side has certain nasty remarks to make about the other, and it might be more than interesting that 1) Burden refused to speak with me on the Patriots and Yorkville using the excuse that he was doing a feature piece for a major magazine and could not blow his information before then even though he is a City Councilman and responsible to the "people," and "the press" for what he knows, and 2) that Burden's chief aide, Frank McGlaughlin, was seen having a discussion with Finnegan of the Red Squad at Hunter's College last week *four nights before the bust!* I was there, I saw it, I stopped McGlaughlin afterwards and asked him if he knew who he was talking to, consorting with and/or both.

"I don't know who he is," McGlaughlin said. "I've just seen him around at a lot of things. I used to be a reporter for the Daily News, and I've seen him around."

This may have some relevance, then it might not. At this point, the Patriots are working their program, coining their slogans, putting out their paper, getting their heads together. They need a car or truck for distribution, and any sort of paper and print supplies that might be available. Anyone who can help out is invited to call number 534-8557, or write to or visit information center at 1742 Second Avenue between 91st and 92nd streets in Yorkville and you can make it go up hill or downhill, or whichever way it happens to go. This week.

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Young boy 18, seeks young boys for fun and friendship. Send photograph, P.O. Box 163, Parkchester Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

BUTCH male model. young, goodlooking and well hung. Athletic build, 6', 165 lbs. will pose anytime. Tel MIKE 929-5187 3-9 p.m

MASCULINE MALE, attractive muscular and well hung, 18 yrs. old. Will pose nude for your thing. Tel TONY at 929-5187 4-8 p.m.

Young model with attractive swimmer's build. 6'1" 160 lbs. Tel. THAD at 929-5187. 6-10 p.m

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711.

TWO YOUNG MASTERS avail. for single or double session. Attractive and well hung. Tel MARK and CHARLES at 929-5187. 5-10 P.M.

Young boy 18, seeks young boys for fun and friendship. Send photograph, P.O. Box 163, Parkchester Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

Ecology, summer experience assisting quest (that's him). Young male black or white or purple. Confidential candid letter and photo please. Box 405, Springfield, Mass. Meet at Frisco or NYC.

Male Models available for your thing—\$35.00 per session, at your or our pad. Call 684-5423. From 1 P.M. to 2 A.M.

NEEDED—Male Models who are young (18-30) groovy, hip, and versatile for nude modeling. Call MU 4-5468 for appointment.

YOUNG, BLONDE, VERSATILE, MALE MODEL 22 yrs. old, 6'1", 160 lbs. FANTASTICALLY well-hung. Must be masculine. Call MICHAEL anytime 758-7357. Have own studio. \$20.00 per session.

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MALE MODEL, Young and slim, will pose for photography or your thing. Your place, \$25.00 Call Mark 533-3237 evenings.

Young male model available for your thing. Blue eyes, auburn hair, 5'7". Tel. GREGG at 929-5187. 5-9 p.m.

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BUTCH male model. young, goodlooking and well hung. Athletic build, 6', 165 lbs. will pose anytime. Tel MIKE 929-5187 3-9 p.m

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Groovy 18 yr. blonde female available for your thing. She is 34-24-35 and very congenial. \$100.00 per session—Call 684-5468 from 1 PM to 11 PM for appointment.

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