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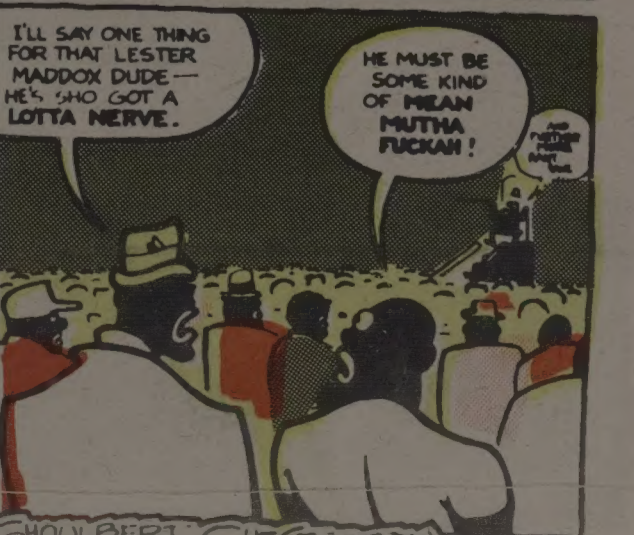
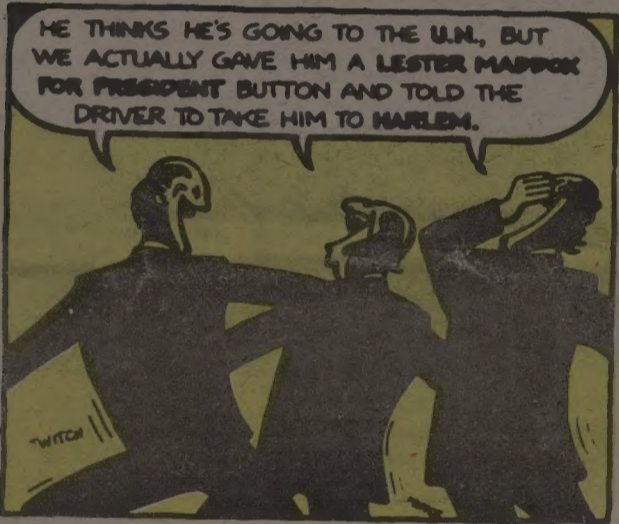
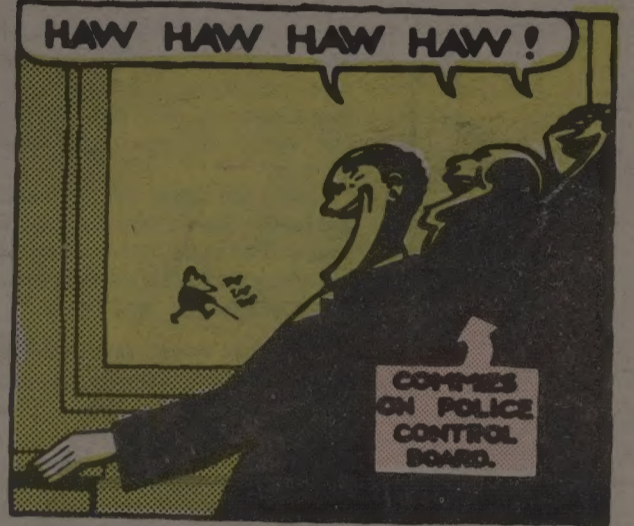
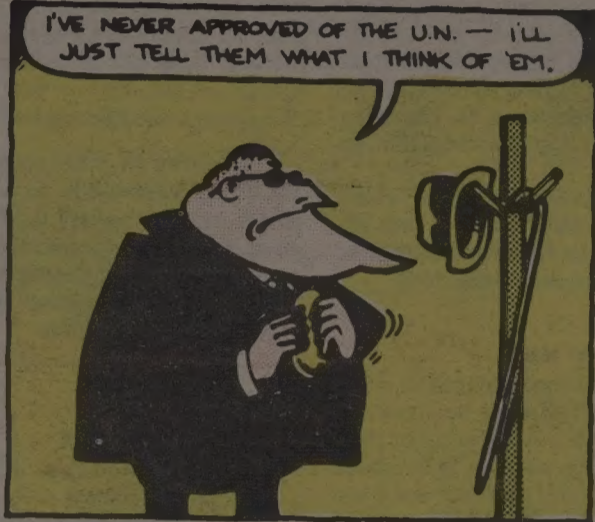
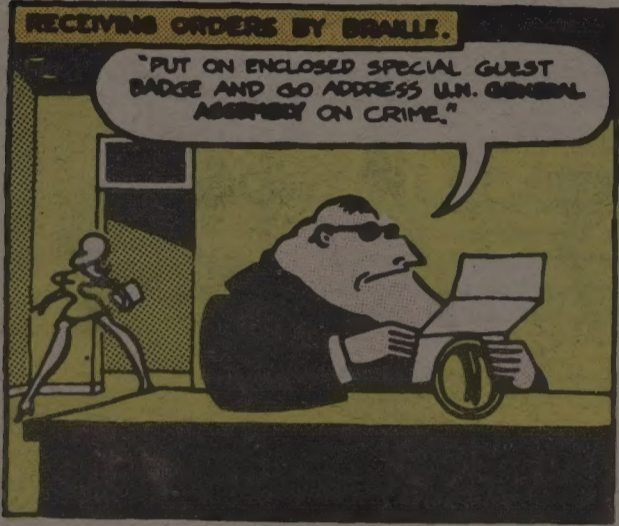
TRICKY PRICKEARS

THE BLIND, DEAF COP.

CRIMESTOMPERS MENKAPF

ROOGIES: WHEN DEALING WITH HIPPIES, RADICALS, AND NIGGERS, SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER. ABOVE ALL, DON'T LET THEM GET TO THEIR JEWISH LAWYERS.

Tricky Friedman



SHOULBERT CHESTERTON

THERE ARE A MILLION REASONS FOR THE WAR TAX RESISTANCE. NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS THE GOVERNMENT'S SHAMELESS SQUANDERING OF THE TAXPAYERS' MILLIONS ON PETTY, VICIOUS AND ALWAYS EXPENSIVE PERSECUTIONS OF THOSE IT FEARS. CONSIDER THE MILLIONS BLOWN IN CHICAGO, AND THE HEAVY BREAD WASTED ON THE MANY AND VARIED LYNCHINGS OF TIM LEARY. RATHER THAN INVEST IN THE FAILING OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED YOU BY PRESIDENT AGNEW AND GENERAL MITCHELL, WHY NOT SEND YOUR TAX DOLLARS TO HOLDING TOGETHER--A FREEDOM FUND, 1230 QUEENS ROAD, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA?

LIKE ALL REDWHITEANDBLUE AMERICANS, WE OUGHT TO MAKE OUR TAX DOLLARS WORK FOR US.

HIRAP

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COVER: LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS.

METHODS OF WAR TAX RESISTANCE

The act of war tax resistance creates a confrontation between the government and the conscience of citizens--of the people, who are supposedly sovereign. We believe that the right of conscientious objection to war belongs to all people, not just to those of draft age. War Tax Resistance has not taken the position of opposing all taxes. It opposes those that go for war.

There are many ways to resist war taxes, some of which are listed below. There may be others which apply to your situation. For more information, write to War Tax Resistance. Do whatever makes sense to your conscience. But do it.

METHODS OF REFUSAL

Refuse to pay at least \$5 of your tax

The first goal of War Tax Resistance is to convince as many people as possible to refuse at least \$5 of some tax owed the government. Nearly everyone can do this by refusing their federal telephone tax or part of their income tax. If hundreds of thousands refuse to pay \$5, they will establish mass tax refusal. Besides having the burden of collecting the unpaid amounts, the government will be faced with the political fact of massive noncooperation with its warmaking policies.

Better yet, refuse to pay all the taxes you can

Even if some of your taxes are withheld, you can refuse to pay the balance and other taxes. These might include: taxes on additional income, the 10% surtax, and the telephone tax.

You can refuse to pay that percentage of your tax that goes for war

Two thirds or more of the federal budget pays for wars past, present and future. To protest against war, a person can refuse that percentage of his tax. He can base his refusal on the percentage of the total national budget used for war, on the cost of the war in Vietnam, or on other calculations. Some people pay part of their tax and contribute the rest as a peace tax. Some give to the U.N., or a relief agency, or some other organization engaged in peaceful, constructive work.

You can refuse to pay the 10% surtax

This surtax was imposed in 1968 to help pay for the war in Vietnam. Refusing to pay it is a direct protest against the war.

You can refuse to pay the federal telephone tax

The federal telephone tax was revived in 1966 to help pay for the war. Thousands are already not paying it. In all cases known to us but one, the telephone companies have continued service and referred the tax collection to IRS.

TO REDUCE OR ELIMINATE THE WITHHOLDING OF YOUR TAXES YOU CAN

Claim additional dependents

If you claim a sufficient number of dependents on your W-4 form you can reduce the amount of taxes withheld from your salary to zero. The law reads that a dependent has to live in your household and be supported by you. The fact is that many people, particularly draft age young men and the Vietnamese, depend on you. So long as you declare at the end of the year that by the government's standards you owe so much and are refusing to pay it, the moral point is made.

The law reads that it is illegal--fraudulent--to state on a tax form that someone claimed as a dependent falls within that category, as defined by IRS, when he does not. But no fraud appears to be involved if the people claimed as dependents are identified as being outside the IRS categories. The issue has not been tested in the courts.

Make your employer an ally

Although the law reads that it is illegal not to withhold taxes from an employee's wages, your employer may be sympathetic to your protest and be willing to assist--and make a protest of his own--by not withholding from your salary. It is always valuable to raise the question.

Organize an employment agency

Have your agency hire you and then have your present employer hire the agency to supply him with you. Naturally, an agency that you control will not withhold taxes from its employees. Getting organized is complicated, but if you and a few friends get together you can work out the problem. Write us for information.

ALSO YOU CAN

Demand a refund

There are four ways to do this:

1. You may request a refund right on the 1040 form and stand a good chance of receiving it. Ask for a tax credit on Part V of the form.
2. You may file form 843 for a refund.
3. If the above demands are refused, go to the Income Tax Board of Appeals. If the Board turns you down, sue.
4. You can also sue the government to refund all your taxes on the grounds that the taxes have been used for illegal and immoral purposes.

Until now, the government has not imprisoned anyone for conscientious tax refusal. A few have been given short sentences for refusing to reveal information about their incomes. In general, the IRS has been content to take money from tax refusers' bank accounts, garnishee part of their wages, or, on rare occasions, seize and auction property.

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WAR TAX RESISTANCE

339 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012
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STRIKE CITY BLUES

by RAY SCHULTZ

If the newspapers of this city go on strike today, you are going to be one sorry motherfucker. You are going to be sorry because the papers represent the only real source of world, national and city news, as well as sports information, comic strips, astrology hints, Dear Abby, handy consumer guides, girdle advertisements and the major opinion-making columnists in the country, and you only pay a dime for the whole shebang. One week without them and you would quickly forget everything you know, you'd forget how to read, you'd be sitting there watching the years, '54, '55, '56, quickly slipping out of your head, and there wouldn't be nothing you could do about it, you'd be craving the facts about the latest invasion, assassination, procrastination and laceration, and even considering the dishonesty of most papers today, in time you would be so hard up for news, any news, that you would accept lies. You will beg for lies. What's worse is, you will call on the phone for them, write letters to the editor, picket the Mayor's office to influence a settlement, and all the while the economic stability of the papers is dropping and all you can do is pray they survive the strike somehow . . . then there is one more awesome possibility, you could be out at the airport when the strike hits. You could be out there waiting for a flight that was held up five hours ago because of the Air Traffic Controller's Slowdown, and you can be pacing up and down, going out of your mind for something to read, some hard facts as it were, and you're hoping to get to Cleveland or Sacramento or someplace, because there might be a newspaper for you when you get there, but you ain't goin', brother, you're stuck like a rat, you're reduced to McCall's and Life Magazine and some bullshit Harold Robbins classic, and you have plenty of time to sit around think about the school strike, the garbage strike, the mail strike, the subway strike, and now this air traffic slowdown and a freaking newspaper strike . . . well, it's not funny anymore, it's just not funny.

It is no secret that the People of New York would be richer by four great newspapers if the unions of those newspapers had not chosen to go out on strike. Turn, for instance, to the winter of 1963 when every daily in the city was closed-up, shut-down, off the stands and out of business. That strike lasted 114 days, and you couldn't find a paper anywhere, no *Times*, no *Post*, no *Mirror*, no *News*, no *Journal-American*, no *Herald Tribune*, no *World-Telegram-Sun*, no nothing. The city went hungry for news for three months and more. The precedent had been set in 1951 when the Newspaper Guild with nine other unions walked out against the *New York Telegram* for 73 days and won major settlements and caused major losses. The unions planned in advance for the '63 strike, but so did the owners of the papers who formed a Publishers Association for their mutual protection and benefit. The strike wore on to staggering losses, and in March of the year, one month before a citywide settlement was reached, Dorothy Schiff of the *New York Post* withdrew her paper from the Association and signed a private

contract with the printers, then abruptly resumed publishing to her own great profit.

The rest of the papers assumed losses of more than \$190,000,00. In October, six months after the return to work, the *New York Daily Mirror* management announced that the paper would cease publication and that Lil' Abner and the "name, goodwill and other intangible aspects," would be sold to the *New York Daily News*. This was a staggering blow to the newspaper industry of the city, and the strike was pretty much responsible for it. Two years later, of course, the unions pulled another major strike, and this one, though shorter, was to take an even greater toll. In March of 1966, after the strike was ended, the publishers of the *Journal American*, the *World Telegram and Sun*, and the *Herald Tribune* announced that they were merging and would put out a single, combined product called the *World-Journal Tribune*. Another slew of people were immediately put out of work. What's more, the respective styles of the three papers did not make for a cogent product, and in August, the new corporation announced that the

Herald Tribune aspect of the paper would cease altogether, and John Lindsay publicly moaned the passing of the newspaper John Kennedy had publicly cancelled his subscription to. Shortly after that, the entire operation was kaput, and thus did the number of daily newspapers in New York drop from 16 at the turn of the century to 12 in 1930 to only 3 by 1970.

Of course, the strikes cannot be held entirely to blame. Daily journalism has been faltering in New York City for years, which is weird because the newspapers throughout the rest of the country have never been more prosperous, or more creative. Profits are up, and the results can be seen in such streamlined dailies as the *Providence Journal* in Rhode Island; *Newsday* on Long Island; the *Post Intelligencier* in Seattle; the *Washington Post*, the *Chicago Trib* . . . in New York though, we have a steady progression of defeats and near-misses. In roughly chronological order, the *New York World* was sold in 1930, the *New York Evening Graphic* closed its doors in 1932;

(Continued on Page 17)

It is no secret that even during ordinary circumstances, LaGuardia airport is not the most pleasant place on this globe. Last Wednesday night, however, with all flights from Chicago cancelled and just about 50% of everything else held up because of the work stoppage, LaGuardia was great, rewarding, peaceful, a natural vacationland. You get to LaGuardia by way of Carey Limousine Service, which is a fleet of busses that runs between the East and West Sides Airlines terminals to the major airports. To LaGuardia, this bus costs \$1.50, and it leaves every ten minutes and speeds out through the Queens-Midtown tunnel, then over a few weird skyways through the Queens night, then through the smog and swampgas of north Queens, then you're there with the blue lights shining off the field and the Jets raising hell. The entire trip takes about twenty minutes.

LaGuardia is a second-string airport. The traffic is less heavy than that of Kennedy, but the ratio of over-loading is the same. The air-traffic controllers have been complaining about work fatigue, and with the lives of thousands of flight passengers in the balance of how these men do

their job, it is not a simple matter. Flight traffic at all airports has been slowed down greatly in the last two weeks, and despite a plea by union attorney F. Lee Bailey to return to work, the men aren't having it. The airlines, in the meantime, have rejected the theory that Air Force flight controllers could be trucked in, ala the National Guard during the mail strike, on the grounds that running a single runway jet field is quite different from running a large, metropolitan field with flights coming in from all directions, and thus, LaGuardia was empty.

At American Airlines, just about every arrival was cancelled and 9 out of 17 departures were cancelled. One gentleman tried to argue the point with a ticket girl, but she informed him rather politely that the cancellations were *not* the fault of American Airlines, were not the fault of any airline, but were the dirty work of the Traffic Controllers and sir, there's not too much we can do about that . . . the gentleman didn't agree, but there wasn't much he could do either.

The girl at the desk informed me that the Chicago flights were
(Continued on Page 22)

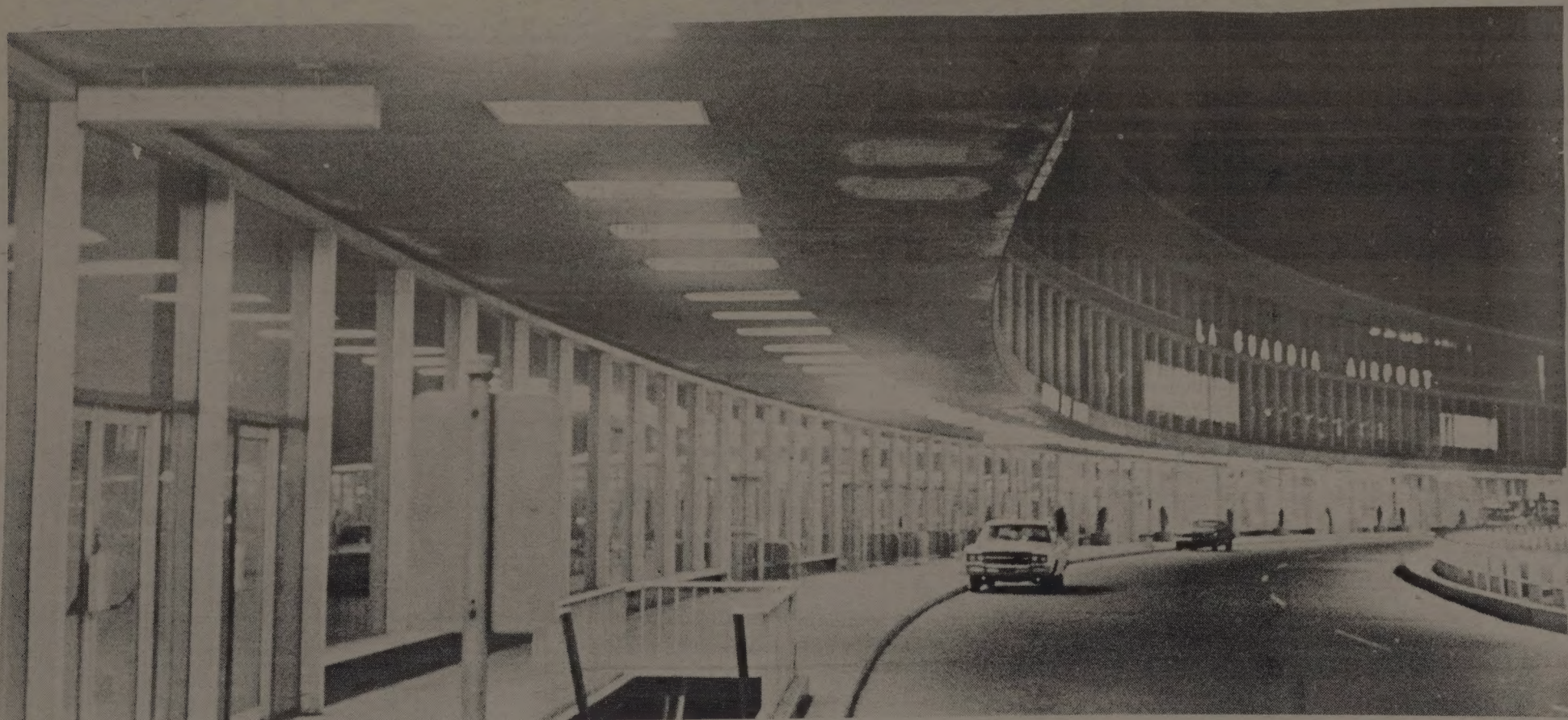


photo by joseph stevens-asylum press

ACETATE TRIPS BY VANDERBEEK, MOGUBGUB, EAMES, BELSON, KURI, LUGOSSY.

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Re-Entry, Jordan Belson, San Francisco
Unknown Reasons, Fred Mogubgub, New York
Leap, Tom Dewitt, Berkeley.
Vaucherin, Pascal Aubier, Paris.
Birthday, Frank Roddam, London School
of Film Technique.
See Saw Seems, Stan Vanderbeek, New York.
Historia Natura, Jan Svankmajer, Prague.
Au Fou, Yoji Kuri, Tokyo.
Cirkusz, Laslo Lugossy, Budapest.

PROGRAM THREE, FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 8:30 P.M.

Poem Field No. 1, Stan Vanderbeek, New York.
Powers of Ten, Charles Eames, Pacific Palisades.
Momentum, Jordan Belson, San Francisco.
Arthur, Arthur, Pascal Aubier, Paris.
Marie pour Memoire, Philippe Garrel, Paris.

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HOFFMAN INVESTIGATED!

Federal Judge Julius Hoffman of the Seventh Circuit Federal Court was levied last week with a petition signed by 134 youthful Wall Street lawyers calling for his possible removal from the bench. The Hon. Judge Hoffman, who recently presided in the case of the Chicago 7 Riot Defendants, has not commented on this action to date.

Tell All To Yippies

1. Do you know of any hustles, ways to cheat or fuck the telephone companies, General Motors, government, Jackie Onassis, etc.?
2. Write and tell us about any Free stores, Free museums, Free schools, Free food, free anything, FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS, in the communities you live in.
3. Tell us about your shoplifting, hitch-hiking, freighting, scrounging, panhandling, bumming methods you have used in this life and your past lives.
4. Write and tell us about your community's draft counseling services, breakfast for children programs, cheap stores, free money, free sex, or anything you feel will help to make a better YIPPIE survival manual.

Also, if you send \$150 today, you will receive back \$300 after the fall of *decadent capitalism*.

Send all detailed information to: Izak Haber, 3784 Tenth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10004. Yippie!

Letter From Front Explains My Lai

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. (LNS) — "I have participated in many My Lai-type operations, where a lot of innocent civilians were killed," Army Captain Miller wrote his parents from Vietnam recently. "I feel guilty, certainly, but I can tell you without reservation that My Lai will continue to occur as long as our government continues to pursue the course of action that it has over the past 25 years. It is not the Lt. Calleys that are at fault. It is the people . . . our people. They sent us out to fight . . ."

"Logically, it follows that you want us to kill, slaughter, brutalize, and mutilate the people. The citizens of the U.S. are paying about \$2 billion per month for that. Isn't it ridiculous?"

On Feb. 17, parts of the letter were published in the Bridgeport Post, Miller's hometown newspaper. On Feb. 19, Captain Miller retracted the letter. "It was a boo-boo," he said.

According to the petition, allegedly drawn up by a 26-year-old lawyer named Howard C. Bushman 3rd, it is "incumbent" upon the legal "community" to "make known its abhorrence and condemnation of Judge Hoffman's overt prejudice, intimidation of counsel and repeated abuse of the processes of justice." None of the co-signers of the petition identified himself as a recognized member of any Wall Street law firm, but merely as individuals.

It was the stated opinion of the cosigners that, "The wrongs committed at this trial cannot be rectified by appellate review. Even if the defendants had been acquitted, or if a new trial should be ordered, the wrongs of prejudice and intimidation suffered threaten the continuing trust in the judicial process itself." Then it added: "We may not condone entirely the conduct of all the defendants, we believe that we must register our shame at the court's conduct of the proceeding."

Finally, the petition requested the Judicial Conference to "investigate and consider the censure and condemnation of the misconduct (*sic*) of Judge Hoffman and his abuse of judicial discretion." It ended with a call for the Judicial Council to "exercise its supervisory authority and to initiate appropriate proceedings to consider the censure, suspension and removal of the judge. Nothing further has been heard by way of clarification from the 134 young lawyers.

In the meantime, Judge Julius told the Chicago Sun-Times in an interview that "he wouldn't be surprised if a higher court overturns the conviction of the Chicago Seven." He said that the decision would primarily involve "the broad social and antiwar issues raised by the demonstrators at the 1968 Democratic National Convention," but not for his conduct of the trial.

Hoffman told the reporters that if he had it to do over again, he would conduct the trial in the same manner.

LNS AUDITED

Liberation News Service has failed in an attempt to stop the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, headed by Senator James O. Eastland, "from obtaining the records of the two groups' accounts from the Chemical Bank." Federal District Judge Charles McLean dismissed the suit.

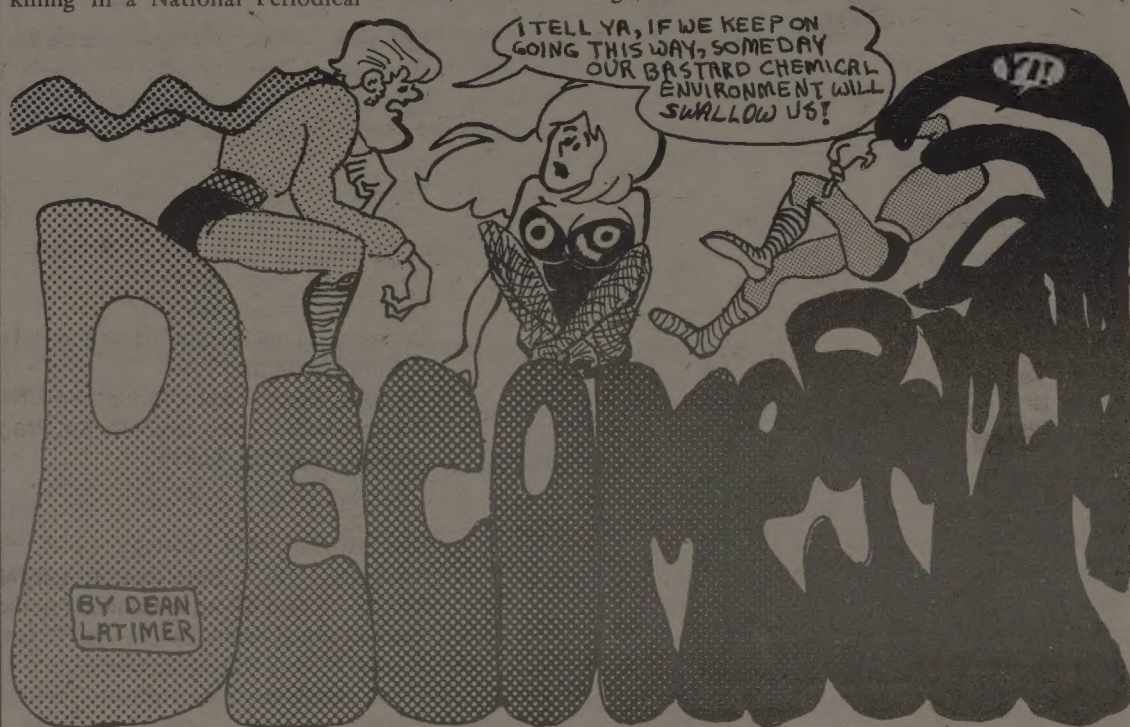
So Green Arrow, let's see, that'd be back around the December issue of *Justice League Of America (JLA)*, Green Arrow, he's patrolling the waterfront one night and he sees this night watchman in a gun duel with various obvious baddies. And although G.A. can't hear him, the night watchman type, whilst firing six-guns from both hips, is talking awfully funny, calling his antagonists "yannies," which I guess is short for "yanigans," and this is wierd, so straightaway you know something's up. So to help the poor guy, who is obviously outnumbered, and in the dark, Green Arrow lofts a flare up over the warves, and it bursts loose with enough light to allow the watchman to gun down all the obvious baddies. Not often you see outright killing in a National Periodical

DC ("Decent Comics") title. But this is all right in this particular instance, for as you shall see, these baddies turn out to be not human at all, nor even vegetable. Anyway, the flare overhead is dying out nicely as Green Arrow and the watchman shake hands, or at first it seems to be dying out. For suddenly the whole comic book is illuminated with a blinding red glow, and you see a long shot of the entire river going up in flames. The drawing here, by Dick Dillin and Joe Giella, is pretty good, and the colour separations are superb. But dig it, the river is burning up!! Obviously it's more a solution of oil than a river on the rocks, so Superman and Green Lantern, converging on the scene, have to go through some complicated maneuvers to smother the blaze.

A burning river, though . . . God, what an image, flames as

tall as the Chrysler Building from here to Jersey. Because of scum on the water. *Oil slick! Santa Barbara!* Could it be that some dude who is big with National DC Comics lives on the beach at Santa Barbara? Wait, it gets heavier. Next thing we see, Green Arrow is being introduced to the new *JLA* headquarters, which are inside one of those huge doughnut-shaped space stations orbiting the earth a thousand miles up. A baldface theft from Marvel Comics, this, if a re-working of the S.H.I.E.L.D. multi-purpose helicopter-satellite. But what matters this? The rest of the *JLA* people are introduced — Batman, Flash, Black Canary, Green Lantern — and they fool around with the technology for a bit, and flash back to earth by means of a matter transmitter beam (*Thanagrian Transporter*).

They, the *JLA*, are being



feted at some big banquet for their heroism and service to the community. Black Canary, a buxom blonde who wears tight black leotards, net stockings, high cuffed boots, and little black bolero jacket, manages to get off a few good cheesecake poses before the night watchman type bursts in on the assemblage with a pack of baddies in tow. Bang bang. The baddies look subdued, but suddenly Superman jumps on their bodies as they — wow — they *explode!* Turns out all these baddies are robots! Now, who would be using robots against the *JLA*? Why, someone who wasn't human, who else? Looks like we're in for another spell of interplanetary intrigue.

The watchman type is transmitted back up to the satellite, where he identifies himself as some long-forgotten National/DC western hero, a cowboy type who used to have a title of his own, before it was discontinued. I forget his name. You see, I very rarely read this National/DC superhero shit, because their heroes have all the complex psychology of the lesser mussels, and the whole scene with them has traditionally been a far piece to the right wing of even Marvel

Comics, who, heavens knows, are bad enough. But lately National's been doing some very unusual stuff, breaking out of their usual form, and I want to get this across.

The watchman doffs his watchman duds and dons his super-cowboy outfit, and takes to riding around on a vaguely horse-shaped vehicle powered apparently by antigrav devices. Meanwhile, he is rapping with the other *JLA* people about some horrifying things he's witnessed while working as a night watchman after his comic folded. The company for which he worked seemed to pump an unusual amount of smog-producing substances into the air from its many smokestacks, and from its sewer system flowed a seemingly endless deluge of combustible wastes into the rivers about Central City. You could nearly see the byline, "Consolidated Edison — Clean Energy" on some of Dillin's pictures of the plant. Then one day, according to the cowboy, the management laid off all its employees, but went right on pumping waste into the local ecology. "Then I saw that plant was there just to create pollution," remarks the cowboy, and explained that the

android-baddies were trying to off him before he spilled the beans.

Now dig it, this is the first time to my knowledge that any industrial concern has ever been knocked in a comic book; it is also the first reference I can ever recall to ecological disruption. The next day, having returned to the earth, Green Arrow goes to have words with the city manager of Central City, who turns out to be a disagreeable sort whose only interest in the matter is to pump as much industry into the city as possible, and hang the smog problem. He actually tries to have Green Arrow arrested.

Meanwhile, Superman and Green Lantern (don't ask me about all the preponderance of green in National/DC comics — maybe back when these superheroes were invented, greer was the cheapest process colour to handle) travel to the fourth planet of Sirius, called Monsan to check on some business there. But there is no business on Monsan, being that the whole planet has turned into a heap of slag with an atmosphere of pure Carbon Monoxide. Once it was a green Oxygen planet much like

(Continued on Page 20)

THE ABORTION MURDER GAME

CLAUDIA'S RAGE

It was March 31, not quite April Fool's Day, when the most pious gentlemen of the New York State Assembly decided to vote down a bill that would have repealed the state's barbaric abortion law. Under the present statute, a woman can only obtain an abortion in the Empire State if her continued pregnancy would definitely endanger her own life. The way the law works, a rich New York woman can easily bring her pregnancy to term by finding two psychiatrists willing to swear that she is suicidal. Once that is done, all she needs to do is fork over a thousand dollars so that a hospital board will agree to the necessity of a "therapeutic abortion."

But for the poor, the young, the inexperienced and the frightened, there is only the abortion underground. of questionable doctors, part-time mid-wives and painful home remedies. We don't know how many thousands of New York women submit their bodies to quacks each year, but we do know that 10,000 American women die annually of botched abortions. As for the sterility, the mutilation and the permanent physical damage that are caused by illegal abortions, there are no statistics available. And in Albany, some Assemblymen were no doubt having a magnificent April Fool's belly-laugh over the bodies of murdered women.

Originally, it had been thought that the Cook-Leichter Bill for abortion law repeal would sail through the State Legislature with ease. There had been a massive citizen's outcry for legalized abortion during the past year. Just last Saturday, 5,000 women, the largest feminist demonstration since the days of the Suffragettes, marched from Bellevue Hospital to Union Square to demand an end to abortion laws. Earlier this year, 300 women filed a suit in Federal Court to have the State's abortion statute declared unconstitutional. Scuttlebut around Foley Square has it that the ladies will be upheld by the bench. Frankly, things don't look so good for those people (and Churches) who held that bringing a pregnancy to term was the same thing as infanticide. In the midst of all this ferment, the State Senate voted yes for abortion law repeal. Then the bill was sent to the lower house, the State Assembly.

The New York State Assembly is a freaky place, filled with lawyers who pay money, patronage and favors to local political bosses so that they might hold the exalted title of

"lawmaker." Mark Lane, who served in the Assembly for a while, once said that "the whole place reeked of corruption and insensitivity." The insanity that prevails in the Assembly exhibited itself with a vengeance last year during the consideration of a very conservative bill for abortion law reform. The Blumenthal Bill, much more moderate than the Cook-Leichter legislation, would have permitted abortion in cases of rape, statutory rape, incest, insanity and possible fetal deformity. Not much of a concession, huh? Well, it was all set to pass... the dawning of a new day, sort of. But then a crippled Assemblyman from Long Island hobbled to the rostrum and told his colleagues that if they voted for this bill, they were doing the same as wishing him dead. This bill, he said, would abort potential cripples... and, after all, didn't he turn out to be okay? The legislators were moved to tears.

About fifteen of them who had pledged to vote for reform changed their mind. More women died that year.

Nearly a year later, the more radical Cook-Leichter Repeal Bill came to the State Assembly floor. Unlike the Blumenthal Bill, this measure did not spell out detailed criteria for legal abortion. All that was necessary was to be less than six months pregnant and to have medical permission for the operation. Word from Albany watchers had it that the fix was in: this time abortion law repeal would make it. Why, even the crippled Assemblyman had promised to vote for Cook-Leichter. What with all the public pressure for repeal, everyone was certain that this go-round, there would be no theatre, no surprises.

"I submit to you," cried Constance Cook, a short, stubby Assemblywoman from Ithaca who has been leading the abortion repeal crusade, "that we are not considering abortion

on demand - we have that already! Right now, if you have \$25 you can get abortion in the back alley under the most abominable conditions, but if you have \$2,500 you can go elsewhere and get a proper abortion."

Connie Cook's colleagues listened to her speech politely and then yawned. When she was done, the Honorable Neil W. Kelleher, a Republican from Troy, took the floor. "Today you make the most important decision of your lives," he gestured. Then flashing some photographs of unborn infants, Kelleher continued, "and THEIR lives! Your answer is to the future of literally hundreds and thousands of human lives, all of which are in your hands tonight!"

With the rhetoric concluded, Assemblyspeaker Perry Duryea, a Republican from Montauk, went on to butcher the repeal law. Invoking a parliamentary rule almost never used, Duryea

refused to allow Assemblymen who left the chambers during the debate to cast their ballots. The ruling cancelled out two pro-repeal votes. As a result, the tally read 73 votes for repeal, 70 against. 76 yeas were necessary for decency to triumph in New York State! The bill failed.

Now, it is said that attempts will be made to revive the Cook-Leichter Bill next week. But the Church, given an extra week's time, will be making a heavy effort to make sure that repeal never becomes law. At this moment it is uncertain whether or not New York will have civilized abortion statutes this year.

If repeal does fail, the females of New York will respond with the angry vengeance of women wronged. And even if a more modern law does pass, who can forgive those who made a joke about a life and death matter like abortion? Women have had

(Continued on Page 17)

BELLA ABZUG & LENARD FARBSTEIN

MOTHER PEACE VS. FATHER TIME

Plenty claudia

It was two years ago that I first encountered Bella Abzug. The labor union I was organizing for, Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Workers, was breaking with George Meany's paranoid policies on the war in Vietnam by sponsoring a "Fast for Peace." For a whole day, hospital workers crowded Manhattan's Community Church to see films on Vietnam and to hear war criticism by David Schoenbrun and Ossie Davis. Into the room stomped Bella, clad in her warrior costume: black knit dress, miles of pearls and an enormous mink coat with a matching mink cloche. Bella goes everywhere looking like that. It's her style: a fifty year old, mink-clad Ninotchka.

"Moe," she said, summoning 1199's Executive Director, Moe Foner, "I wanna talk to you."

Now, Moe Foner is a man to be reckoned with—I always found his manner quite intimidating. But Moe jumped when Bella called.

"Listen, Moe," she bellowed in a gravelly voice that echoed of Marine Corps drill sergeant and football team quarterback, "what's this crap I've been hearing about 1199 supporting Robert Kennedy in the Presidential primaries?"

Foner, one of the most articulate men in the labor movement, patiently answered that the union's executive committee was thinking of going with Bobby because they thought he would have the best chance of beating Johnson. McCarthy, he said, was nice, but he didn't think that the senior Senator from Minnesota had

much of a chance. "BULLSHIT," Bella retorted.

There's a lot at stake here - you know, we're fighting for than just the Presidency. In little communities throughout the country we've been able to mobilize grass-roots people into a political organization that's going to change the whole face of the Democratic Party. Kennedy is playing footsy with the bosses. You know that, Moe. What we've got here with the Dump Johnson movement is a chance to throw out all the bastards from LBJ on down to every party hack in every county in the nation."

"Moe Foner listened to Bella's harangue for several ear-ringing minutes. When the Fast for Peace finally ended, the union decided to go for Kennedy after all—but they didn't do it without reservations. After RFK's assassination, 1199 threw its support to McCarthy.

What struck me most about Bella that day was that she was one of the first women I had ever seen deal on a very, very equal level with the male staffers of 1199. Bella was a tough lady. Men respected her...listened to her. Yeah, her style may have been rough and "unfeminine," but men understood that she was someone they had to deal squarely with.

Bella has a lot of political browniepoints in her Movement background. She is a lawyer, for a start. In the early fifties, it was Bella who headed the legal defense of Willie McGee, the black Mississippian railroaded on a rape charge. For two years Bella fought to save McGee's

life. But even her legal work and even the outrage of thousands of Americans couldn't save McGee. He was murdered by the State of Mississippi with a more modern lynching rope, the electric chair.

Throughout the fifties, Bella worked as a labor and civil liberties lawyer. Her clients included the United Auto Workers, the Furriers and a group of rank and file Longshoremen who were desparately trying to get the Mafia out of their union. On the civil liberties front, it was Bella who devised the scheme of pleading First Amendment immunity before Congressional investigating committees. It was also Bella who helped draft civil rights legislation that years later was to be incorporated in the

In the sixties she founded Women's Strike for Peace, fought atomic testing, fought against the war in Vietnam and fought against the draft. "Not our sons, not your sons, not their sons." She was one of the primary engineers of the Dump Johnson movement and it was her advice to John Lindsay ("Make the link between the Vietnam war and urban priorities a major campaign issue, John") that helped him recapture City Hall. -An impressive lady, no?

I really don't care much about election campaigns anymore. Too often, the whole business of voting seems like a deliberate governmental exercise in deceit. But when one of Bella's aides, Doug Ireland, called me last week, I was intrigued.

"SHE's running" Ireland gasped into the phone.

"Who's running?" I asked, not knowing if he was referring to a woman or a race horse.

"Why, Mother Peace is running...you know...General Bella! She's running in the procedure in the 19th. It's gonna be a tough race, but this is it, Claudia, baby, THIS IS IT! Mama Peace is going to beat the pants off of Farbstein!"

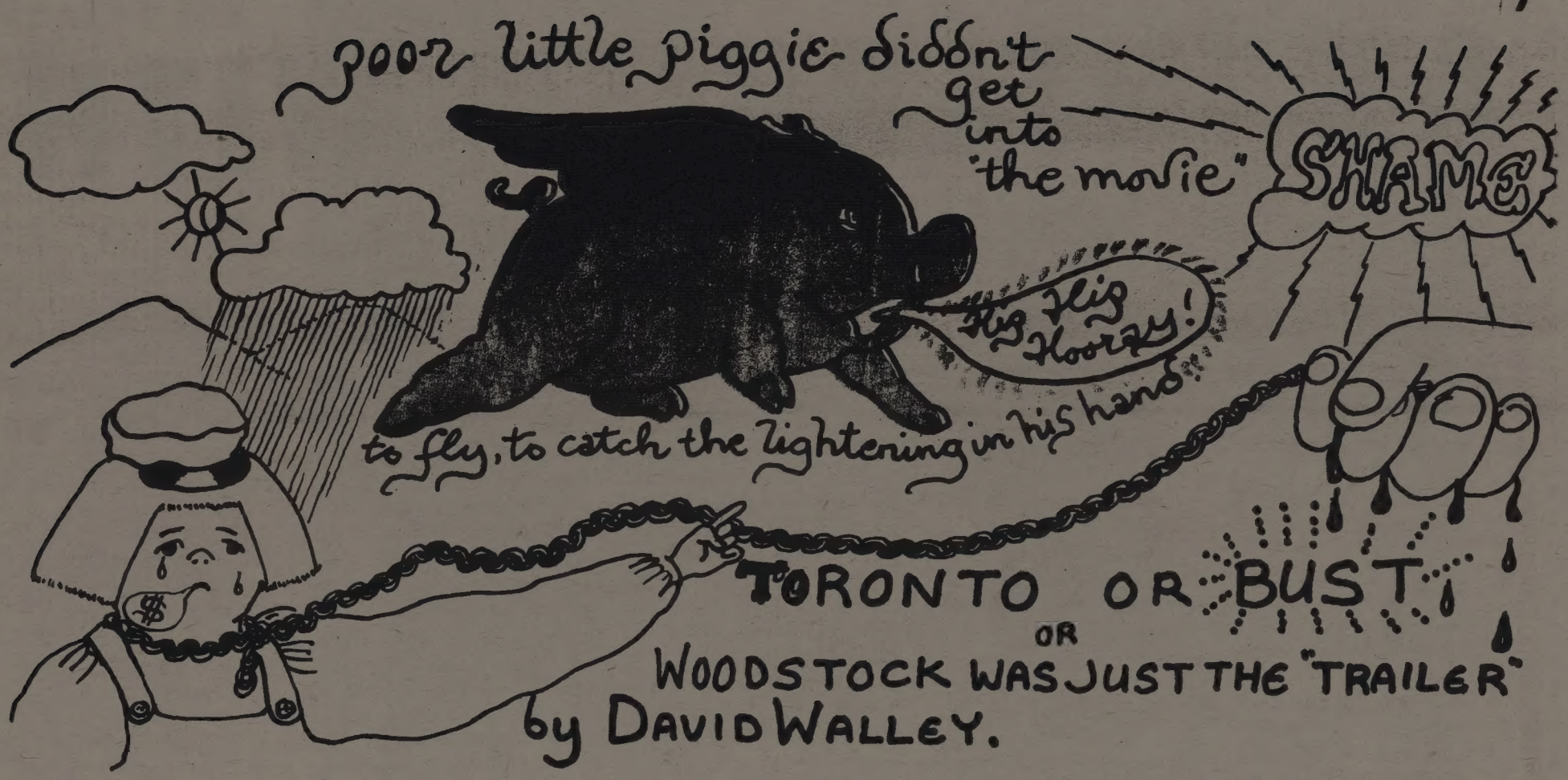
The language of the Reform Movement is difficult for normal people to fathom, so I can only offer an approximate translation of what Douglas told me on the phone. To wit: Bella Abzug has decided to enter an elaborate reform movement designating election as a first step in her effort to unseat Leonard Farbstein, the over-incumbent Congressman representing the East and West Villages and the Upper West Side.

The voting in the designation procedure will take place some time soon, and members of the local reform clubs and residents of the 19th Congressional district who also hold membership in the National Organization for Women, SANE and Women's Strike for Peace will be eligible to vote.

"You ought to come down and see Command Headquarters," Douglas beckoned in closing.

(Continued on Page 19)

FOR VISUAL CALL JOE STEVENS 228-8640



The Woodstock Nation developed out of the morass in the early Sixties. It grew from the Beats, Civil Rights Movement, and the Vietnam police action. Flower power is nominally given credit for putting it all under one huge paisley umbrella while the Moratorium movements have given yet another arm to the many-armed goddess it has become. With the politicization through Chicago came the first Be-Ins of which Monterey, Woodstock and now the Toronto Peace Festival are the logical ends. What are the ends now?

You may have already caught the Woodstock movie, that was one form of commercialization while the plastic rock being turned out to the distaste of the artists and your ears, yet another. The terms by which festivals have been sold have been alluring, but three days of "peace and music" spell money for someone... maybe. Perhaps this time it will be possible to think past that, to think past all those lessons in radical ideology, lessons in formulas, language blocks like "hip capitalist," "rip off," or "scam." A festival can be no more than the sum of its parts, planning, vibrations, music, and understanding from the audience and from the promoters. Not clearly enough shown in the Woodstock movie was the fact that it was the audience who went, sometimes not even to hear the music, which was the show — one of the biggest scenes was the Hog Farm and their own show because it thrived without amplification. What was seen was only the commercial musical aspects of the event, but was that the message?

Festival consciousness, what does that mean? On one level it means that no amount of talent is going to produce an event when all the participants aren't on the same wavelength. It also

means that the promoters who stage these events should make the same commitment to the Movement which they are working within as their audience. All participants in a successful festival must make the "deal for real." Festivals bring people together, like a jamboree, but everyone must want to contribute equally, there can be no taking exclusively... only living.

John Brower, the organizer of the Toronto Peace Festival is a reasonably young (age 23) and intelligent man of some experience in rock. He was the first after the Beatlemania craze to revive the rock scene in Toronto. First it was the Doors, then Hendricks, then the Rock and Roll Revival, and now the Toronto Peace Festival — quite an accomplishment in two years. At one time, John Lennon and he wanted to work out a festival and they worked together to set it up. Lennon went off to Denmark and let Brower do the work. Lennon sent people to take care of his interests. Lennon's people were pretty spaced out, and coupled with Alan Klein's rather monolithic benevolent paternalism for his clients, the Beatles, Brower and Lennon dramatically parted company.

After Lennon bowed out, the Canadian government stepped in and said, "We'll not stop you, but we're sure not going to help," and they asked for fantastic insurance and damage bonds to be deposited with the Attorney General. They were. The Canadian government, as we all know, is quite indebted to the United States, perhaps 70% of Canadian industry is American owned. That's part of the blackmail going down, at least on Brower's end. It also shows graphically the power which this whole culture has, for if one government gets nervous, imagine the gnashing of teeth on Park Avenue. And then two

governments involved... that's real mixed up confusion.

Brower's got his neck in a noose and he must pull it out. His incentives for carrying on? Three to four million dollars gross, according to his own calculations. That's three to four million, eighty percent of which will come from American pockets, for Brower figures that most of the multitudes will be American. Chauvanism can't be the issue, Canadian freaks, into an earlier stage of the Movement, are into grooving too, but their politics are a bit different thought their ultimate goals are the same as our own. The issue is not who will perform or where the land will finally be, but how all that money will be used and for what ends. Is it to be pocketed away in some bank or will those participants be able to collect enough to really help others less fortunate or those fighting in courts... in both countries?

There's talk of a Peace Foundation which will administer the money. Originally Lennon would have had control of that, appointed his own board of directors, and chosen his own projects. That was before he bowed out. Now Brower has the charter and the means to run it. The issue here is how should the money be distributed. Originally the Foundation monies would have gone to worthy causes in Ontario (emphasizing the Canadian nature of the festival). Since the money is mostly coming from south of the border, it is perhaps better that a large proportion of it should be administered by those who know the causes, Leary, the Conspiracy, and the Black Panther Party. If the deal is for real, if Toronto is to have a new spirit, a spirit of Woodstock, it should be that everyone has a responsibility to the idea which this or any festival stands for or aspires, that of pulling together,

that of standing together affirming common truths.

Perhaps the ultimate festival is no festival at all, with no central meeting place. Perhaps festivals should be held as yearly seasonal gatherings like Tanglewood (and Brower wants to make whatever becomes the festival site a permanent arrangement for the benefit of all). It may be more to the point, instead of affirming one's own prejudices communally, to take all of this feeling into the world at large to contend with everyone, with life as it is lived. No one can stay stoned forever, nor would anyone want to stay stoned if it insulates instead of enlightens. Looking back at American history, the present-day festival consciousness can be seen as a return to the Chautaugua of the earlier part of the century — essentially a traveling circus which dispenses popular entertainment, lectures, films, and "amazing demonstrations."... basically a rural phenomenon, now a cultural phenomenon with important consequences.

Toronto has the possibility of being the ultimate of all cultural entertainments and celebrations. It could become a synonym for cooperation on all levels. Toronto could also be the ugliest scam going down for the next ten years and could serve to affirm the cynical views of this generation's enemies that indeed money, not love, is all you need. They could gleefully point to the squabbles ensuing over who gets what price, who makes what movie where (and who gets the rights). What Brower could and should do at this stage is to talk to the members of the Underground of both countries and chart a unified course of action. We are all in this together and we must work together if we are to succeed.

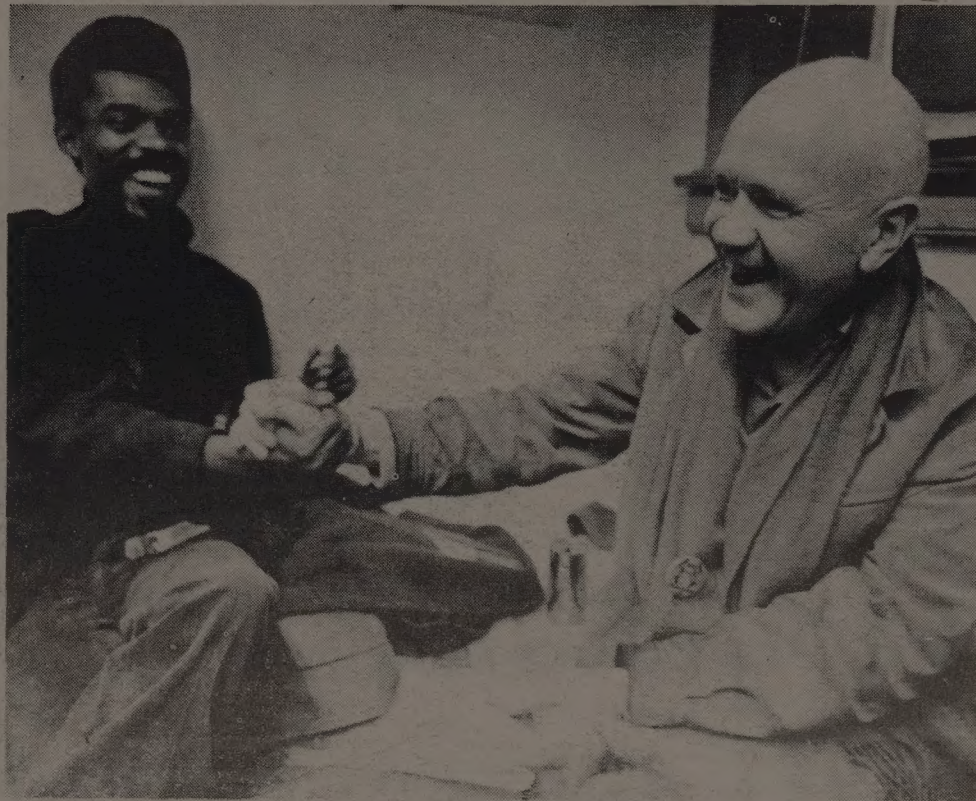
Everyone must make up their own minds about festivals, and about life. Either festival

consciousness is realized with many others, or with another person — the results are the same, communication is achieved. Once the joy of communication is established, maybe people will realize that a festival is what life can be every day, rain or shine, rock music or not. The major power festivals generate is their ability to unify, entertain, and educate people to their own personal kinetic possibilities. Hopefully people will return from these tribal gatherings with the knowledge that everywhere there are people, there are festivals in the making.

John Brower has a great responsibility on his shoulders or he must make his festival the definitive statement. He needs the help he can get, he should ask for it from those who have made it possible and from those who make it work spiritually and politically as well (& we will closely follow him, whatever he does).



AN INTERVIEW WITH



JEAN GENET

LNS: What is the purpose of your being in this country at this time?

GENET: To make people understand. To make them understand that Black people, and particularly the men and women of the Black Panther Party, are highly, highly evolved politically. The Panthers are not some fucked up, incomprehensible movement, but they're something very, very coherent.

And I want people to understand this, that when I see America I see an extremely *solid* America, with its big buildings and all that, with its presidents, its vice-presidents, its Banks of America. Bon! But I also know that the British Empire in 1940, even in 1945, considered itself pretty hot stuff; the Queen was called the Empress of India and owned Canada, Egypt, India, Australia. But today England has been reduced to a tiny island. And it's more than likely, after all, that this huge American fortress, seemingly so strong, will crumble too. America is tentacular, it is everywhere; myself, a Frenchman, I am colonised by America too. France has been bought by America, Europe has been bought; Europe is an American colony. But I can't help thinking that this great extravagant power is on the very point of coming apart.

LNS: You entered the U.S. illegally, without a visa, in danger of being arrested at any moment. Do you see something symbolic in your situation, since it sort of corresponds with the situation of the Panthers, of 'hunted revolutionaries' in this country?

GENET: This isn't a situation I wanted myself, that's sure. It was imposed on me by the American consul in Paris who refused my visa. So now I found myself in the situation of a "criminal." Which is interesting because America considers the Panthers criminal too; now the Panthers are being *defended* by a criminal. In fact in this society here, it's clear that anyone who sides with the Black Panther party is going to be considered a criminal no matter what he does.

LNS: Would you give us your personal impressions of the Panthers, as you've gotten to know them while on your speaking tour here — as people, as revolutionaries?

GENET: Yeah. Well, there's a myth, a mythology about the Panthers; it's being spread in Europe, in France and probably here in America too. And this myth just doesn't correspond to reality.

You can describe it in a few words. It's the kind of *terror* that white people feel when they talk about the Black Panthers. But when you live with them day and night as I have recently, you realize that they are above all revolutionaries. Militants who are perfectly organized and particularly intelligent, whose politics are *coherent*. They are simply not what their mythical image pictures them to be. You know, gangsters. I have nothing against gangsters myself, but the Panthers are not gangsters in the sense that the middle class understands it. They are really political militants, in a particularly dangerous and particularly *original* situation.

They are a colony inside their mother country. They're a people spread out inside that mother country, and so they have a completely new kind of revolutionary problem to solve. That's to say the problem of people who are obliged to struggle against their adversaries without having recourse to a territory where they could find refuge. So they've been obliged to invent a form of struggle which is totally new.

LNS: Can you give us an example of the originality of the Panthers' politics?

GENET: Well, let me give you an example of how they have to live, in what context they do their political work. I was with them in New Haven, where they are trying to electrocute Bobby Seale. There were beds for four or five people in a room I saw, and next to the window there were rifles. You understand? They're obliged to live under the protection of

arms, their own arms; not against the people, of course, against the police. On a wall in a house they live in someone had scrawled "Fuck you!" in chalk; the walls were painted black. You see, they have a kind of disdain for something like a house, something so transitory. But at the same time they are wary of men, of the police. So they're forced to *defend themselves* with rifles. That's something new for black people. I saw them, these rifles, you know? And the doors and windows are barricaded, really barred, with fancy locks and iron bars. And then, in the same room, there were women and little kids. That's the reality of the situation they're living in. That's what everyone has to know about.

LNS: You've spent a good part of your life in prison; that's been the case for a lot of Panthers, too, who have lived as criminals outside the system because they're forced out. Do you think that experience has given you a special understanding of what freedom means?

GENET: There is that, probably, but there is something else I'd like to underscore. It's an observation I've made, maybe it's wrong but I'll say it anyway. I knew the Panthers for the first time in Chicago in 1968 at the democratic convention, and my first experiences with them really struck me. They are a poetic people. Black people in America seem to have a natural poetic sense, and the discoveries they've made about how to struggle politically lean curiously on a poetic sentiment about the

world. Maybe I'm wrong, but I think those things are linked, politics and poetry. I think political reflection is integral to poetic comprehension and vice versa.

It's something about the world black people live in; their political perspicacity comes out of looking at their world poetically. That doesn't surprise me too much. I wonder if President Mao Tse-tung would successfully have completed his Long March, the revolution and then the cultural revolution if he hadn't been a great poet. I wonder if it isn't because the black people are a Poet that they have been able to work so well toward finding a road to liberation in the same way, almost the same way that President Mao found that road. As much in politics as in poetic reflection.

LNS: You've spent many, many hours and days with the Panthers in the past few weeks. Probably all of your time. How do you see your relationship with them?

GENET: Well, you can imagine how much I was shocked to learn about the determined repressive police campaign against the Panther movement. I first read about the attacks on the L.A. Panthers in the French press. Naturally my first feeling was solidarity. Yes, at that time I felt solidarity, and I guess I would have spoken of fraternity. But now that I know the Panthers personally, I can no longer speak of them as 'brothers.' I don't want to use that word anymore, it smacks of evangelic moralism. You know the kind. If I had to use a

specific term to talk about my relationship with the Black Panthers, what white people's relationship should be, I would say that we are 'camarades de combat,' comrades in struggle.

LNS: In your books the problems of sexuality, of homosexuality are important. One aspect of the American movement today, an important aspect, is the women's liberation movement, fighting for economic, psychological, social, sexual liberation. The homosexual liberation struggle is quickly gaining ground too. What are some of your ideas about these movements? Do you think that sexual, psychic liberation as well as socioeconomic liberation will come by political action?

GENET: Well, you know; I am a homosexual myself, which I prove in my books; I wasn't in prison for homosexuality *per se*, but I certainly try to demonstrate it whenever I can in my work. I even glorify it. But when you speak of liberation, you naturally have to observe an order of priorities. There are liberations which are immediately necessary. There is, for example, the black population in the country, dominated by whites, and inside that black population there is the Black Panther Party which is on the verge of being massacred by the police. And inside the Party there are Bobby Seale and his comrades. *There* are some priorities. We have to act for Bobby Seale, for the Panther party, and for all the black people here. I mean to say that when a people are oppressed bodily, physically, their liberation comes first. As for spiritual, mental liberation, I think that's the affair of each individual, not so much a problem of an organization as much as a question of every one of us liberating ourselves from taboos. But as for physical oppression, well, you have to act quickly. There is, well, to repeat it, an order of priorities.

LNS: Perhaps you can give us a little history. The last time you were in America was the time of the democratic convention in Chicago. Since then, the Conspiracy trial has happened, and a wave of important, militant violent demonstrations exploded all across the country...

GENET: Just a minute, I want to say a thing or two here, about the trial, the Chicago 7, the demonstrations. It's true that a lot of people, white people, demonstrated against the trial. But it's also true that they did *not*

(Continued on Page 20)

SYMPATHY FOR THE AUDIENCE

by James Lichtenberg

"John Birch's daughter spread her legs and Kosygin drove his hard prick deep inside," says a voice reading a pornographic political fantasy. "Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm a man ... aw shit!" says Jagger seated in a recording studio, headphones, red pants and shoes. A red Mini Morris roars into a car cemetery on the Thames river. Three white girls in white dresses are led from the car by a hulking black man carrying a sub-machine gun. One falls, another "brother" starts to stroke her body as a third loudly intones from a book describing a black man's obsessive passion for white women ... then the girl is led away and machine gunned.

Jean-Luc Godard's "Sympathy for the Devil" is a quiet movie, non-dramatic, visual, verbal. It indulges to the fullest Godard's passion for filming people reading at length from books, doing live interviews and spray painting verbal tricks like "Sovietcong" on parked cars.

And you thought this was a movie about the Rolling Stones? Well, about one third of it is. They're all there, including Brian Jones, doing the actual recording of "Sympathy for the Devil."

Inside of the recording studio, the Stones are partitioned off with low wooden moveable walls. Drummer Charlie Watts has a funny plastic roof over his head. Each one has several mikes and listens back only through headphones. Like spacemen. It's a gas to watch them work. Anyone interested in the pulling together of a record will dig "Sympathy," if only for this. While Jagger stars in live performances, the real heavy of the studio is the guitarist Keith Richards. He's constantly listening, suggesting, directing. Watts' drumming, Jagger's singing, Nicky Hopkins' piano playing, done as individual takes, all connect in his head.

Part of the groove of watching them work is being able to hear each individual contribution. At first it sounds strange, just to hear the bass guitar, the drums and Jagger singing. But as you grow accustomed it's wild to watch as each musical piece is formed, at the same time knowing what it's going to sound like all together.

Not long after the film was made, Brian Jones drowned in his swimming pool. Even if the film was put together before his death, he already wasn't really there. The longest shot of him is from behind his head. You see him in his wooden niche playing an acoustic guitar, but you never hear it on the sound track. And there are no shots of him lounging between takes or

relating to anyone. (According to Capitol Records, we've all been listening to Brian Jones without even knowing it. That freaky little bit at the end of the Beatles' "You know my name/Look up the number" is Brian's contribution. Unfortunately he hasn't transcended mortality; the cut was recorded quite some time before the single was released.)

But the movie itself? Well, it's really two movies, and neither of them come off. And the two elements forced together don't work at all. There is a potential movie about the Stones recording "Sympathy for the Devil," and if you are a Stones freak, like I am, you'll probably like seeing the fragments of the recording session. Godard in no way captures either the Stones or what must be the inherent architecture of recording a song as rich as "Sympathy." Then there is the second movie, a movie about revolution, blacks, drugs, movie making, and mostly Godard's head at the time he was making the movie. If you are a Godard freak, and I am, you'll probably not be offended at having to sit through long stretches of mindless stuff to get those one or two hits which you can't get anywhere else. The last sequence in a flash, but there are few flashes. Apparently Godard and the distributor are hassling. Godard's original version, called "One Plus One," excluding, among other things, a long sequence in the studio with the Stones sitting on the floor



THE GREAT CULTURAL CONSPIRACY

by Alex Gross

The "Modern" Museum is beginning to make noises like a dinosaur that has gone on a reducing diet just as it sinks into the quicksand. There is some evidence that its intentions may at last be good, but the amount of exercising and fasting it needs may be too much for the creature. Certainly not all of the "Modern's" departments seem to have got the message as yet, so there may be nothing to stop it from sinking beneath the primeval ooze.

The Met is behaving in an equally saurian fashion. At a time when this great behemoth ought to be searching for the innermost meaning of its soul, it is in fact indulging itself in self-congratulations at a mammoth one-hundredth birthday party. This is really just another way of saying that the idea of the Metropolitan Museum (and of all museums) is something left over from the last century, but the people at the Met don't see it that way. They seem to imagine that the Met in its current blockbuster form is good for at least another century, and they are preparing to add yet other vast wings at the expense of Central Park to make their culture collection more complete.

The notion that they should decentralize any of their wealth or that they should pay attention to the living folk cultures of this city as well as the pickled masterworks of time seems to be utterly beyond

them. What little innovative drive they possess has gone into the stealthy construction of a new two-million dollar facade and foundation on Fifth Avenue — supposedly the brainstorm of Thomas Hoving — if this turns out to be as ugly as predicted, it may be known for some time to come as Hoving's Horror.

Basically the only idea museums have today is to do more and bigger versions of what they have always done. There is little attempt to integrate new display techniques based on videotape or audio-visual devices into their thinking, and the basic goal of the museum remains unchanged: to spread a nineteenth century idea of culture, the culture of an elite few, in a thin layer over the general population. This culture is always seen as originating in the past, or among a distant exotic clique of living artists — it is never imagined that something may be gained by studying the living cultures on all sides of us or of using them as the living idiom they are.

At the "Modern" this failure of vision is all the more frenetic, for it has been the function of this institution in the past to promote whatever has been the reigning artistic fad of the moment as highest cultural truth and purest touchstone of the market place. Is there any reason to suppose that this sort of perilous escapism will now change and that our museums will begin to embrace a more

meaningful definition of culture? The odds are against it simply because such a change is against the interest of the people really running our museums, who turn out to be (even if you happen to be suspicious of Marxist ideas) exactly the same people who are really running our society.

To the extent that one man is now running the "Modern" Museum, that man is Bill Paley. This is the same Bill Paley who is running C.B.S., the man who smothered the Smothers Brothers, censored Abbie Hoffman's shirt, and even cut pieces of Arthur Godfrey talking about pollution. Yet this man is also the president of the "Modern's" Board of Trustees and has reportedly found more and more of his pleasure in manipulating our higher cultural values now that he has become slightly bored with dominating our communications system. Every artist working today must ask himself in his deepest conscience if he really imagines the "Modern" Museum can possibly be providing us with a fair evaluation of our cultural values as long as this man is the President of its Board of Trustees.

There are yet other questions that could be asked, cutting even deeper into the realm of cultural conspiracy and cowardice. Some of these questions might concern the presence of three Rockefellers on the same board of trustees, another might have

(Continued on Page 18)

(Continued on Page 18)

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THE UNDERGROUND, CARE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

HI, BROTHERS AND SISTERS ! IT'S LATER THAN WE THIN K . THE BATTLES OF THE 70'S ARE ON. THE 1970'S HI , BROTHERS AND SISTERS ! IT'S LATER THAN WE THINK . THE BATTLES OF THE 70'S IS ON . REMEMBER THE END OF THE SIXTIES ? THE FIRST VICTORY OF THE REVOLUTION , WOODSTOCK . THE FIRST FANFARE OF THE SEVENTIES = DR. TIMOTHY LEARY'S INTERVIEW , DEAL FOR REAL = FIND OUT WHERE YOU ARE AT . " THERE ARE THREE GROUPS WHICH ARE BRINGING ABOUT THE GREAT EVOLUTION OF A NEW AGE THAT WE ARE GOING THROUGH NOW . THEY ARE THE DOPE DEALERS ... I THINK THE DEALERS ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT ."... DEAL FOR REAL . CLEAR YOUR HEAD , FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS. AGNEW ATTACKED THE T.V. AND NEWSPAPERS; NIXON MOBILIZES THE SILENT MAJORITY - THE MEDIA HIT BACK AND PRODUCED THE MASSACRES AT SONG MY AND MY LAI WHICH HAD SAT FOR SIX MONTHS IN THEIR FILES. AGNEW TRIPPED TO THE FAR EAST TO THREATEN THE HASH GROWING COUNTRIES WITH ECONOMIC OPPRESSION . THE CHICAGO TRIAL , JUDGE HOFFMAN GAGS SEALE, MITCHELL SUPOENAS PRESS , HAMPTON MURDERED BY POLICE , PANTHER 21 TRIAL IN N.Y. . BOMB THREATS AND TERRORISM IN THE CITIES , THE TRIALS AND IMPRISONMENT OF TIMOTHY LEARY , GOVERNMENT VICIOUSLY LINKS MARIJUANA IN MY LAI MASSACRE AND WITHDRAWS ACCUSATION THE NEXT DAY AFTER HAVING PLANTED THE IDEA. FIRST CENSORSHIP ON AMERICAN T.V. , ABBIE HOFFMAN ON MERV GRIFFIN SHOW , UNDERGROUND ARTISTS PICKETTING CBS . U.S. ATTRONEY GIVES HOFFMAN HIS NEXT ASSIGNMENT , THE WEATHERMEN TRIAL . LINDSAY IN BERKELEV

JARNS OF PEOPLE IN POWER IN THIS COUNTRY . SEE N.Y.TIMES APRIL 3, 1970.

WHAT IS THE DOPE DEALER DOING ?WHERE IS HIS HEAD AT ?

DR. TIM THINKS THE DEALERS ARE MOST ESSENTIAL AND IMPORTANT . HE'S THE ALCHEMIST , THE SMILING WISE MAN WHO HAS THE KEY TO TURN YOU ON . YOU EXPECT YOUR RIGHTEOUS DOPE DEALER TO RADIATE EXACTLY THAT JOY AND FREEDOM THAT YOU SEEK IN HIS PRODUCT . SO THEREFORE , THE CHALLENGE TO THE DEALER IS NOT ONLY MUST HIS PRODUCT BE PURE AND SPIRITUAL BUT THAT HE HIMSELF MUST REFLECT THE HUMAN LIGHT HE REPRESENTS . NEVER BUY DOPE , NEVER PURCHASE SACRAMENT FROM A PERSON WHO HAS NOT GOT THE QUALITIES YOU ASPIRE . A DEALER HAS GOT KNOW HIS PRODUCT . HE HAS TO KNOW WHAT THESE DIFFERENT DOPES DO TO HIS HEAD OTHERWISE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SELLING. THIS MEANS THAT YOUR RIGHTEOUS DOPE DEALER HAS

TO KNOW ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF ACID , Mescaline , PSYLOCYBINE, GRASS AND HASHISH. HE HAS TO BE ABLE TO BREAK OFF A LUMP OF NEPALESE HASH , SMELL IT , CHEW IT UP AND THEN DECIDE WHETHER IT'S GRADE A B OR C. HE HAS GOT TO TAKE AN ACID TAB , SWALLOW IT AND OBSERVE ON HIS OWN DETECTING INSTRUMENTS, WHETHER IT IS ACID, WHETHER IT IS GOOD ACID AND ROUGHLY WHAT THE MICROGRAM QUANTITY IS . THE DEALER HAS TO BE A COMPLETELY ACCURATE STRAIGHT SPIRITUAL DETECTIVE. HE HAS GOT TO BE FREE OF HIS OWN HANG UPS. HE CAN'T BE RIDDLED WITH PARANOIA OR HE'S GOING TO TAKE A PUFF AND SCREAM FOR THE PSYCHIATRIST. THIS MEANS THAT YOUR RIGHTEOUS DEALER MUST HAVE A PURE HEAD AND A HOLY HEART . OM. DOPE NEWS .GRASS SHORTAGE EXPECTED . OPERATION INTERCEPT TO BE STARTED AGAIN. PLENTY OF GRASS NOW. ALL GRADES AND PRICES . \$110.- \$225 PER POUND. NEW IN TOWN, VERACRUZ . HASH- MORROCAN GREEN-\$600 A POUND . PAKISTAN BLACK \$700. RED LEBANESE \$750. THC -\$1. per TAB. STP 42 (FISRT TIME IN TOWN IN A YEAR) SUNSHINE .

G.I.A.

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photo/VAN RAAJ

ARTLIFESTYLE

by lil picard

The Bar-fountain bubbles uptownstyle and red and white champagne flows like water. Saki in white porcelaine cups. Thousands are pouring into the white door at 93 Prince Street below Houston Street, the wandering rocks of the Art Establishment have a new cool thing! Long haired old timers with locks around slightly worn out faces are here to look. The new scene! Word of telephone spread: You got to be there, at it, with it, it's the newest thing, you got to rub skin with your neighbors, your artistic neighbors, your turned on red-dicals, your liberation females, males, kids, dogs, babies, cats, whatever, be with it, it's Art man, it's Art, just to be is Art, to be or not to be is Art, the owner of the new Gallery of Art. His name: REESE PALLEY a newly born star on the firmament of ARTLIFESTYLE. He looks terrific. Tall, slender, old enough to have made the millions (with birds, I was told, at board-walk galleries in Atlantic City and in San Francisco, and with objects D'ART) and now he drives around in a Rolls-Royce, just like big guy Taxi-Scull, who is selling his collection for 3½ million dollars to a Munich

Museum (that's the gossip) and now we are all in it. Very soon we'll all be millionaires, and we'll stay young forever. Anyway, reese palley, he signs his name with small initials, is out on a young trip of I Ching advertising and made the ART-word-Biz and all the artchicksandguys very curious: What's the guy doing? He does a monster-enterprise. Big space, big-time art, big everything, big paintings, multi-mixmedia, projections, sculptures for the yard, paintings for airplane hangers, lemonade-colored striped-horizontally and shaded with the most minimal sweet sensibility, really very much like the uptown stuff at the Sonnabend Gallery (work by David Prentice — closed February 21), but who cares? Nobody even wastes a minute, not a second of looking at ART displayed. They all rush downstairs to the bar, where the see-through bloused girls with long blond locks handing KISS-STYLE over the tits and the T.V. cameras are pointed towards the points behind the see through, and the Saki is gulped down and the champagne is served in plastic-mini-sculptures (pardon me, glasses) but I think the plastic glasses are

sculptures and should be collected after using, with a little bit of champagne in it, as souvenir of the big times of the early seventies, when everything gets more plastic, more liquid, more watered down to a stream of art, that nobody has time to look at anymore, because too much of it happens every day, so what you do is read the press releases and the invitations and you get it somehow, because it's not so difficult to understand . . . plastics and Scientific American as mixed media, a computer, and working electricity. But I just heard that Con Edison has to give us "Brown Outs" during the summer . . . *Overload-reasons, Overload-Art, Overload-Life.*

The artist who nobody cared about in the least, who did all the elegantly striped horizontally conceived very immacutely painted wall-murals at the reese palley gallery, in the effeminate shadings of powder from the ritz powder counter at Bloomingdales, (I just throw in a bit of advertising, because Bloomingdale's could have (maybe) a turned on Advertising manager, who would like to care to put an ART-AD into EVO) — this nice good looking artist Mr. ZAKANYCH, is giving away a

poster, free of charge. Hundreds of posters printed by the gallery had been distributed. They, Them, all the many ARTLIFESTYLE diggers-swingers came to look at each other, dig each other, feel each other, smell each other and to reassure each other that they are still here, alive and kicking, not yet bombed, destroyed, polluted, insane, or DEAD. ARTLIFESTYLE is the only real insurance against DEATH, and that's why Downtown will be the great success of the SEVENTIES, because here we can live again in miles and miles of thousands of square feet of factory-style hangars of ART GALLERIES, where at the openings the chicks can wear nothingness or skunk-coats, *singing Jewelry* and crushed Velvet minis, maxi-nudeness and plastic-penis-amulets, and in the corner of the gallery of reese palley are standing two "Negative Object" female nude figures, painted in poisonous Kitsch-colors, directly taken from Roy Adzak, an English sculptor living in Paris, who had done those figures in the year 1965 and had exhibited them in 1966 in the A. M. Sachs Gallery in New York and in Chicago. (The artists who copied Adzak is Richard Pepitone. The sculpture in the basement is fiberglass, priced at \$700.00.) Anyhow, there had been hordes and hordes of people not looking at the negative plastic nudes or the crushed plastic stuff or the graphics with chevrons sprayed on or the lemonade paintings. I can't help but ask myself how will reese palley make more millions in the inflationary seventies, in the turned on new decade? That's a big 70,000 Dollars question — and I don't know the answer.

In March an exhibition of projects for the 1970's will open at the University Art Museum, Berkeley. The *Eighties* are already here, before the seventies have started. That's progress.

The "Eighties" is a multi-media presentation by twenty Bay Area artist/designers. Judging from the press release, which reads like a script for a film in the manner of 2001, there will be a maser beam directed towards the star Signus, a transmission which requires 800 light years to reach its destination, a computer center designed as a computer game, whereby visitors can actually express their desires about specific possibilities for living in Berkeley in the eighties and get computer feedback on the consequences of their decisions. Another designer/artist is convinced that the eighties will be a continuous atomic holocaust, and the artist will execute a defoliation piece in which a section of the landscape in front of the gallery will be burned off. Systems of photo-electric cells will trigger alarms, a sensorium for the eighties will be created, a piece which will provide an impression of sky for people who will eventually be deprived of sky . . . and that's the future art. Maser and Laser beams will be the newest environmental stunts, as has been done already in the private loft-gallery of Billy Apple on West 23 Street. The Finch Museum is also going into Laser-Fashion, and everybody is talking about Holograms (Laser-Photos) and Laser-Music. Images and sounds of laser beams will invade the galleries and museums and you better watch out before you look twice.

DEATH-AMERRICKAN STYLE by Jackie Friedrich



It's about time artists stopped considering themselves as being outside of society. We were born in it, formed in it, and screwed by it. For better or worse it put us where we are today.

Most of the actors I know have put themselves in the General Silent Majority. In the school I went to it took the assassination of Martin Luther

King to remind them that there was a world beyond their doors. It's too depressing to watch the news or read the newspapers, and not many seem to have opinions — they call themselves apolitical; just a fancy name for a realization within them that their "art" is not concerned a shit about what's going down outside. This business calling

itself theatre that they are involved in necessitates an absence of opinion, for how else could they face the daily exploitation and oppression of their beings and willingly prime themselves for the market?

There exists a genre of films called exploitation films that are made for the Forty-Second Street or mid-west stag party

market. But isn't it just as exploitative, or more, to propagandize picket-fenced, self-righteous, Amerika on prime time "Adam-12" or "Mayberry RFD"? Or how about the woman in the Ajax commercial who looks at her husband with obvious distaste and says "Put your clothes on"? Sure, the money's great, but what is that

doing to you lady, and millions of people watching?

Actors all know that in terms of agents and producers that they are just pieces of meat, so they try to be sirloin — preferably well done — it doesn't pay to have too much blood in you. And the phenomena known as open calls are always referred to as cattle calls. And to top all of this, the latest thing I've seen in the trade papers is a computerized casting machine. Great. Unfortunately, theatre downtown mirrors theatre uptown. Most of the small groups that have formed off off Broadway (even thier classification attests to the fact that the umbilical cord has not yet been broken) revive old traditional plays, for the most part traditionally or do "New" plays that fit the format of the "well made play." Some groups do more experimental work but they are so cliqueish that you feel like you've applied to Harvard, or something equally audacious.

Casting procedures downtown are almost identical to those uptown. In some cases you even have to be union. The only real difference is that you get no
(Continued on Page 15)

DHARUBA THIS IS A STATE OF WAR

The pre-trial hearings of the Panther 13 resume on Tuesday. Since Judge Murtagh recessed these hearings on 25 February the Supreme Court of the U. S. has refused to hear the appeal for a reduction of bail on eleven of the thirteen Panther defendants who have been held in jail since their arrests last 2 April (1969), because bails ranging from \$10,000 to \$100,000 have not been raised yet; and last week, in ruling on Allen vs. the State of Illinois, the Supreme Court laid down three methods for curtailing courtroom disruptions be defendants... shackling and gagging, citing the unruly defendant with contempt, and removing him from the courtroom until he promises to behave. Meanwhile, Attorney General Mitchell presses on for the legalization of preventive detention, a measure that would eliminate the "formality" of setting high bails that now serve the same end.

Despite this increasing legalized strangulation of the radical and black movements \$100,000 was raised to meet bail, and Dharuba (Richard Moore) became the second Panther defendant in this case to be released from prison. (Afeni Shakur was the first one released and she has been free on bail since the pre-trial hearings began.) Dharuba is currently under investigation by the Secret Service for allegedly threatening the life of the President in a speech here in New York, a similar charge is currently being challenged by David Hilliard in San Francisco. Hilliard's stand is that what he said was "political rhetoric"; Dharuba's statement: Let them bust me, I'll say the same thing." This interview with Dharuba took place on Saturday morning before the march to Queens and the massive rally outside of the Long Island City Jail, where the remaining eleven defendants are being held. Dharuba:

"The Supreme Court decision is part and parcel of the collusion on the part of the judiciary. It's a political method of implementing Nixon's policy of oppression under a legal guise. Check it out, the majority of people who tend to be off into protesting in court are those whose constitutional rights will be violated because of the position they hold in opposition to the government and the status quo. The height of the fascist state is when one can be tried in absentia, when one can be thrown into a cell and the court proceeds as if it didn't exist. Before you know it, situations will exist in which they'll be sending defendants their time in envelopes. They'll come in the night and steal you away...like when they've been doing all along in the black community...so we view the Allen decision as part and parcel of the pervading racist repression of the courts. The judiciary could not stand for the courts to be exposed for what they are, unconstitutional, illegal and racist institutions. Therefore, rather than have these contradictions high lighted in the courts exemplified by the pre-trial hearings in our case, by the Chicago 7 Conspiracy case, they would prefer to put these people off where they can't be heard at all, and in this way the facade is maintained.

The Allen decision in itself is not what because people also... it. As far as the... we don't... the... Last April when we first decided to push

ousands of black... being held in... figured that if the... would show black people that the... is racist and does not respect... of black and poor people. Also, we felt that if... by some quirk of fate, rule for us, it would show that the lower courts we've been through were not dealing with the constitutional issues involved, they were dealing with political prisoners, and therefore, we'd have won, not only in getting our bail reduced, but also in highlighting that aspect. We knew that the Supreme

Court would realize this, too. It was before them for three-and-a-half months, and they were deadlocked as to whether or not they should hear it. But they couldn't possibly rule on this when Mitchell is throwing people in jail, when Agnew is screaming like a madman, like a buffoon. To rule on something as basic as fundamental as bail when Mitchell is talking about preventive detention would be absurd, therefore they just refused to hear it. This was a slap in the face of black people, because they constitute an overwhelming majority of those in jail on excessively high bails.

There is a popular illusion that the Supreme Court is immune from outside pressures, and this is absurd, too. To pacify its conscience, the Supreme Court, on the same day, passed down a welfare decision, saying that welfare is not a privilege, it's a right. They gave you constitutional rights on welfare, you have the right to have a review before your welfare is reduced, but at the same time they have denied your constitutional rights in the courts. This decision was geared specifically to placate black people because the majority of welfare recipients are black.

Welfare is domestic foreign aid, that's what it amounts to. It functions the same as foreign aid abroad; the pigs can come in and dictate to you, because it's a basic assumption of this society that because you're poor, somehow you're worth less. You are stigmatized, you are dependant upon the state, and the state is allowed to function from this dependance. It's a very tricky, because welfare keeps black people in the position to be exploited, otherwise they would lose all hope and possible become revolutionaries. Welfare keeps them at a certain level, it keeps money circulating through the black community and right back into the mother country, because prices are so high in the black community that the average blood has to get on the train and go down to 14th street to buy whatever he wants. Not only does the government get taxes out of the

same bread, but the avaricious pig businessman makes his profit, so all the brother gets is the fucked-up goods and he goes back uptown, you see.

Before we were busted, some of the brothers were organizing welfare recipients, and we had a very good community rapport with them. Were trying to establish that again. One of the reasons the pigs ripped us off was because we had brothers who were actually on the welfare community boards. Welfare people are really potential revolutionaries in that oppression is so blatant, they will readily relate to a revolutionary program when they see it's correct. In the black community this is a very volatile and mobilizing force.

Every program the black Panther party institutes in the community we have to defend with the gun. Even people selling our papers get ripped off in the streets. This is because the party principles behind these programs are so revolutionary in terms of organizing the mass of black people who disagree with these principles and relate to them. The pig can't stand it. New York is a W's town. In a way, the... these principles and relate to them. The pig can't stand it. New York is a W's town. In a way, the... these principles and relate to them. The pig can't stand it. New York is a W's town. In a way, the...

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Now as long as we've been in jail we've not been allowed any contact with other prisoners, that means that somehow we're different from them, where does this difference lie? I think it lies in the fact that we can decimate ideas to other prisoners, and that shows

what the case is all about, we're political prisoners. If we were just criminals, they'd put us with criminals. They've got rapists, murderers, all kinds of people allegedly convicted and being held for apolitical crimes, who are allowed to walk around and rap with whoever they want to.

Fred Hampton's murder was a political assassination, and I think the pigs have realized since then that those cowboy tactics don't get it, that they get us more support than they scare away. Yet they can't dispense with those tactics because it wouldn't be politically expedient. In the black community the only way the pigs can try to keep people from joining the Black Panthers is by making it a liability to be a Panther, or by saying loor, you're going to be like Fred Hampton, Bobby Seale, the Panther 21 or the LA 18 off in jail, or you can be a good nigger and get on this anti-poverty program and make \$18,000 a year, drive around in long shoes and so on, now what's your choice? So the cat say Like Wow, and he thinks maybe the Panthers haven't won any concrete victories, so he can't see how we're winning while we're being shot, when we have to defend every program we put down, when we've got to sand'bag ourselves in our houses. We're living in a state of war, and this is the point we're trying to get across to the people in the black community: this is a state of war.

The boot-lickers, the Toms and handerchief-heads realize their natural destiny, they realize that we're not being offed and fucked over because we're Panthers, but we're being offed and wasted because we're black, and this is what they have to address themselves to, that issue of survival. This is what we address ourselves to, and this is why we can't afford to vacillate when people can't afford to vacillate when people in the mother-country do not want to relate to our survival. If you can't relate to our survival, you can't relate to our being human, and if you can't relate to that, you can just stop babbling and fuck off. As far as these bloods are concerned, these bootlickers, they understand exactly why we're doing what we're doing. In their hearts they know what's happening, basically they want change, but they're afraid to accept the consequences in taking the position we take in bring on that change.

The "black bourgeoisie" is an illusion. A black bourgeoisie in Babylon really doesn't exist. If we use the Marxist analysis of the bourgeoisie, we'll find that the bourgeoisie not only holds a class position in society, it also holds certain material accomplishments. Black people, because they hold the economic myths that a capitalist society functions upon, have the same basic assumptions as the average capitalist in the white mother country. It's just that they don't enjoy the same relationship to these myths. The contradiction lies in the fact that in the black community, what can be called the "black bourgeoisie" is on welfare. The bourgeoisie we're talking about is not bourgeois in the material sense but in the mental sense, our relationship in this society and the nature of this society, its social... black people... bourgeoisie. Therefore it remains in their... concepts and outlook on things, people who pick up their

Marx goes very hip dialectically in analyzing the economic shell, the economic voke of a "democracy." It doesn't necessarily mean that democracy, in itself, will collapse because of the economic system, it doesn't mean that capitalism will fail in a republic, or in the type of society we have here. In other words, the economic system

by the cats that can do this, the sociologists and biologists, all of these cats tend to be the lowest paid judges in our society, in our colleges, and a punk like Rockefeller makes more money in a week than one of these cats makes all year. That's absurd, but you find that people admire those who work with their minds, but they want to be a Rockefeller. This is that bourgeois mentality.

So when the Black Panther Party says that social institutions can not be reformed, we mean simply that the institutions themselves are necessarily run by men, and in order to change them, we must first change the social-cultural myths they're built on. We say the social-cultural myths of America are racist. They are racist in historical development in that they are dependant upon a strata of people who are exploited. This permeates all of our society, and its institutions, whether it's the courts or other social and economic institutions. We're trying to get the people to move on that, to see that they have to take a stand. They can't say that this problem is too big for me to solve as an individual, what can I do as an individual? because it's the collective individual self-activity that deals with these institutions. Justice is abstract. Money in reality is abstract. It is the people who determine the quality and what justice is.

Justice must emanate from the people brought before its tribunals, because what is just to the people of white America is inherently unjust to the people in the black colony. Justice must be dictated by the

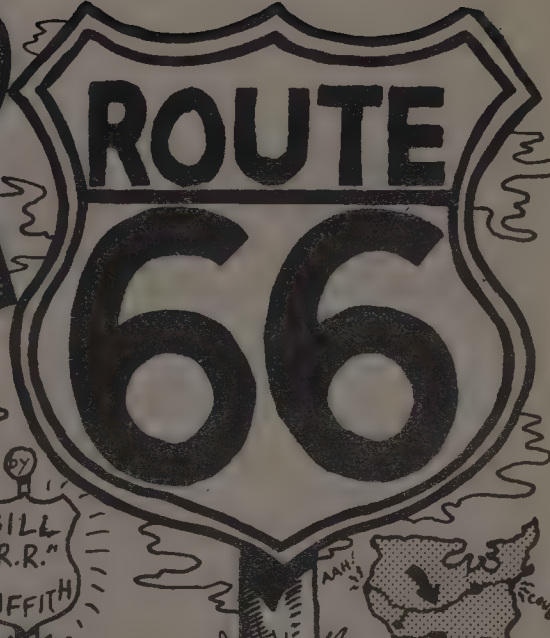
social reality. This is not say that murder is not murder, that rape is not rape, that crimes of this nature are not this or that. We recognize these as criminal acts

of man against man. What we are saying is that the social conditions that spawned them must be dealt with and not the effect. Unless our social reality as black people is taken into account in the courts, unless it is taken

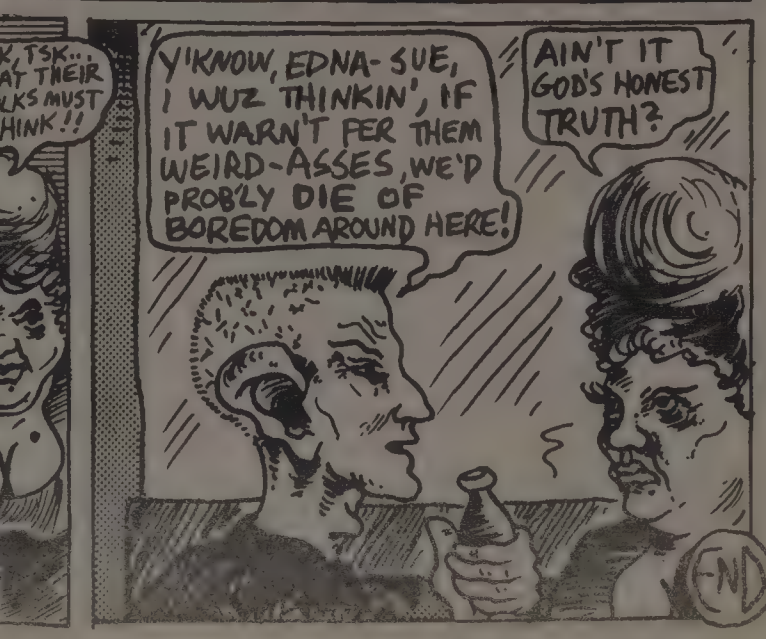
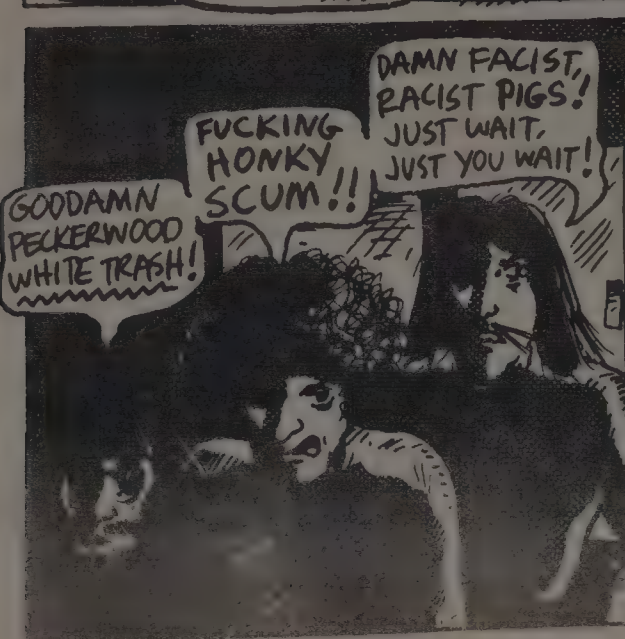
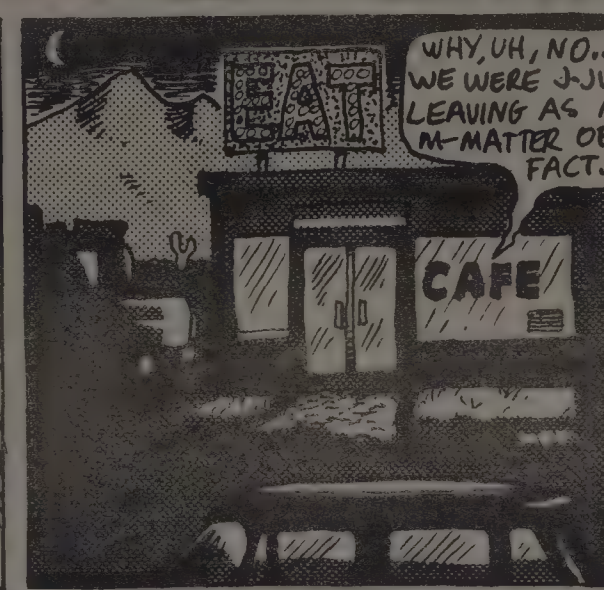
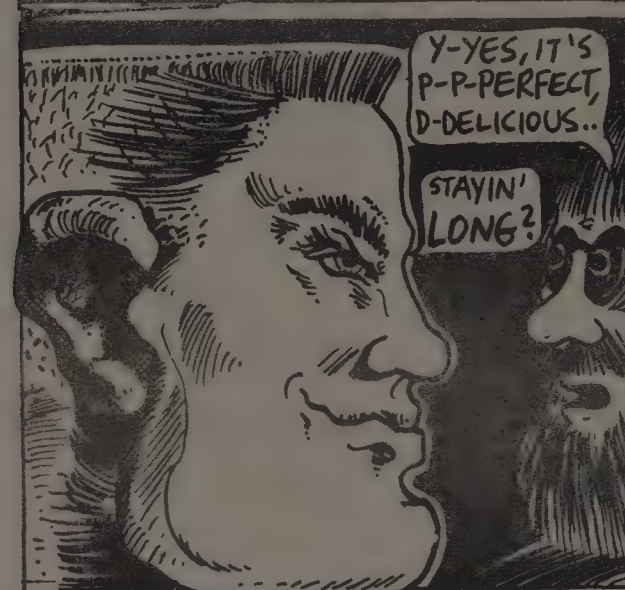
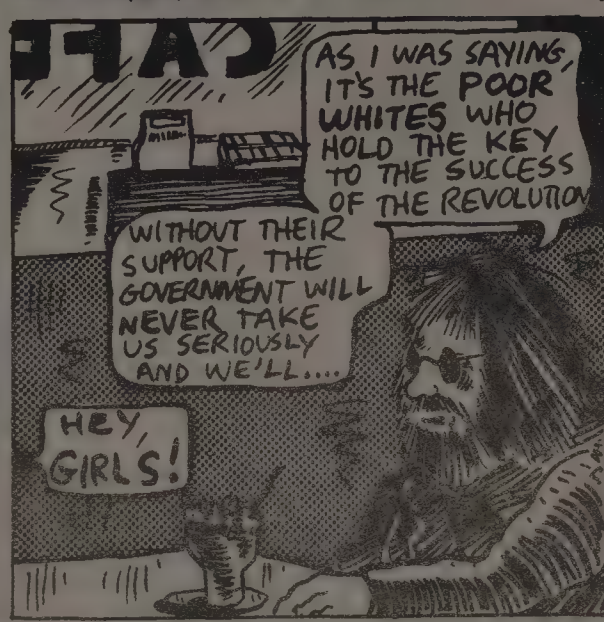
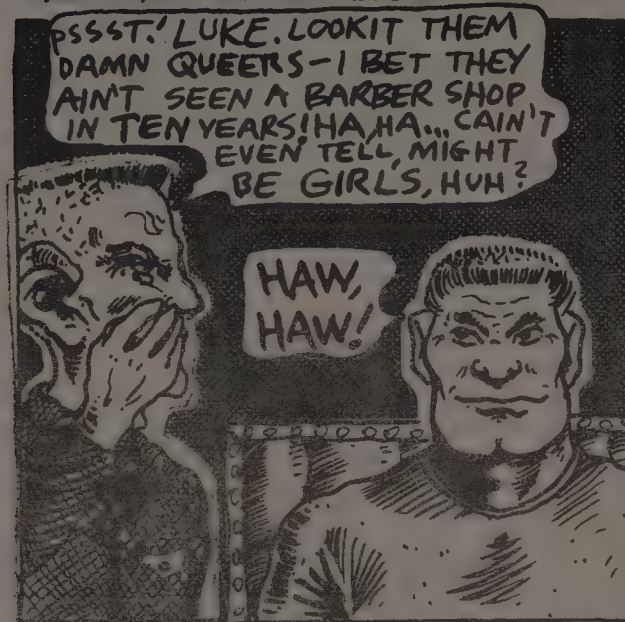
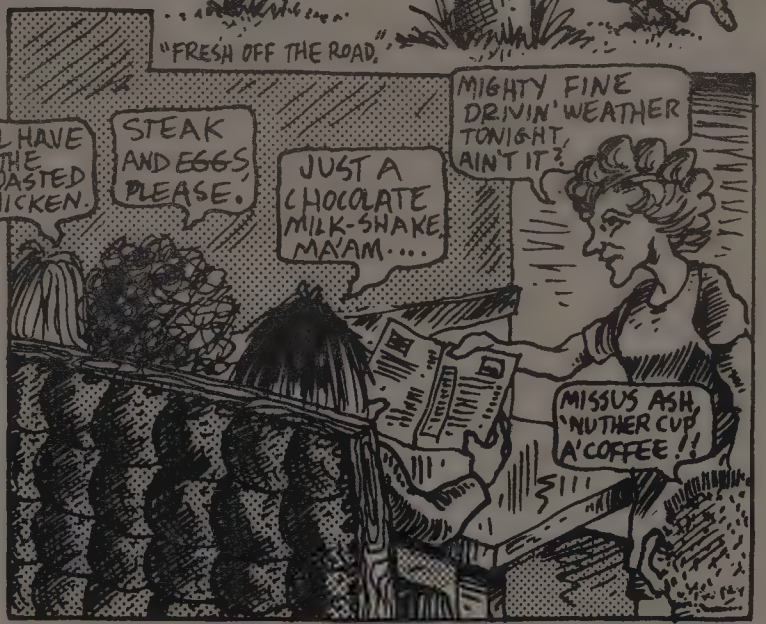
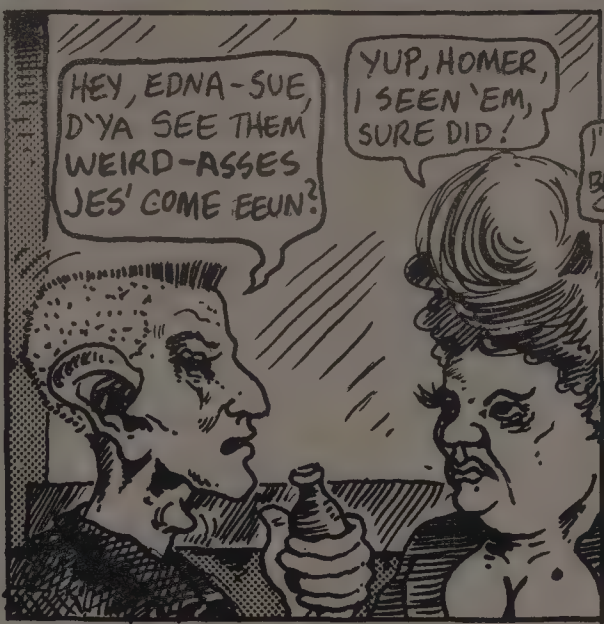
into account in the building of institutions, these institutions to us are invalid. And this is where we are at odds with Murtagh.



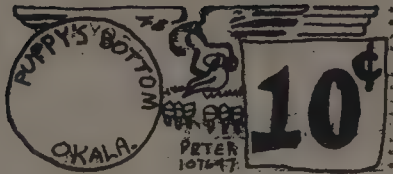
GET YOUR ON



A ROADSIDE CAFÉ IN DOWNTOWN PITCHFORK, ARIZONA, AS A TRAVEL-WEARY TRIO MAKE THEIR TIRED ENTRANCE.



FEED KACB



Gentlemen — I genuinely could use some assistance. I am one of the people who started the first intentional community along Utopian lines back in the East Village when the whole movement was first starting. At one point we had a Kibbutz in Central America for a year. I am the co-founder of the religion Kerista and the founder of the newer religion Kerista Dauism. Now I have written this book on world peace and how it is accomplishable and almost no one will read it . . . no one is interested in world peace although they claim to be. I have the solution to the cold war and the Viet Nam war. It is a new governmental system called Democratic Communal Capitalism, which uses the philosophy of East and West blended into a workable system for peace. I have in the book also the solution to college discontent and slum troubles. It's called the *Keristabill Mobile Home Farm Kibbutz College*. It contains the solutions to just about all social problems.

It was about a year that I had a vision disclosing to me that I am the reincarnation of Jesus. I am Jewish and almost twenty nine . . . But because I tell this to people they either resent me or just don't listen. It seems that God is out of style and Messiahs are strictly fiction.

So here I sit in the country in California with all the methods devised for man's liberation from the tragic zone and ironically no one believes me.

My wife, who is named Kerista, is going to have our baby sometime in May or June. Kerista is 2/3 American Indian.

Many of the flower people are acting just like other violent people, rebelling against God and tradition to an overdone degree.

I was on the scene long before many of the Johnny-Come-Latelys arrived in the flower culture . . . I was reading my poetry with the other poets back before our culture was so large.

Perhaps you could print this letter and ask for assistance from those capable of giving it . . . then send me all those mail who want to help me help man to be free.

This isn't a put-on, I am very troubled as I am ready, willing and able to cause world peace if just someone will take me seriously.

Thank you, Shalom
Dau Freitag & Kerista Freitag
10970 Ogburn Lane
Forestville, Calif.

Violence In Films, Anyone?
Dear EVO—Please inform your readers that they can get

government newsreel and war footage (bombs, tanks, planes, etc.) for use in anti-war films! They should write to National Audio-Visual Centre, Washington, D.C. 20409, and ask for a copy of their catalog of O.S. Government Films.

Cecil B. De Pille
Ed.: Join the army and wind up on the Big Street, eh?

Laugh Fuckin Head Off

Dear EVO — Hot rats, gang, you've scored again. Your reportage of the late R. Crumb's Creme Pie bash was heartwarming to read, because you didn't hold it back. No SIR. No way no how. Glad you fuckers realize that these times demand the real nitty, gritty heavy shit. Even when something affects you personally. Steven's photo, no doubt. Shows the Pop King Fab in a typical mood, mean, nasty and evil lookin. Casual hangerson and luckless wayfarers to the EVO office are no doubt eaten alive by him. We're quite sure of that.

Bashing Fab with a creme pie was the perfect squelch for the Pop King. He's got a lot of style that Crumb, a lot of class. What a cool Motherfucker!

Now, a creme pie is too good a weapon to be saved for special occasions. So, at the next demonstration or whenever the local vigilantes sic the pigs on ya, do not overlook it as an addition to your arsenal. There's something awfully funny about seeing some porker scum's face all littered with icky goo. It's a gas, and you'll laugh your fuckin head off. Now, if things should get rough (and they do, you know) what you use for the pie "fillings" is, of course, up to you. I'm *not advocating* that you stuff it with anything not nice, but what the hell, maybe you've got ideas of your own.

Here, in darkest America, us Midwestern rubes have seen the light. We're gonna let it shine.

James Zeman

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Ed. — Pop King Jay Fab is more partial to being eaten than eating.

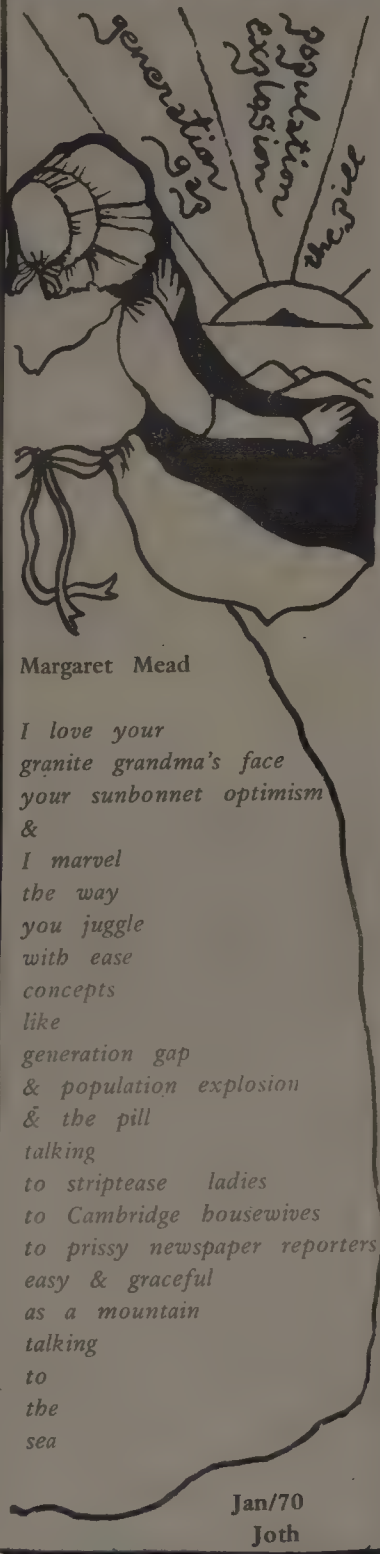
Different Positions?

Dear EVO — Everyone is forgetting one thing. We're all held by gravity. So no matter how high we jump — we have to come back down eventually. And your fuckin legs ain't gonna hold out too long. So — while we're up there why not think of different positions to land in. Maybe we'll be able to sustain them longer so let's get off the BIG FAT BULLSHITIN ASSES

and TRY TO CREATE SOME KIND OF HARMONY. What a funny word — HARM plus MON(e)Y.

Love Ya,
Carol Orito
Ozone Park

Ed — We here at The Gazette know some GREAT positons, honey.



Margaret Mead

I love your
granite grandma's face
your sunbonnet optimism
&
I marvel
the way
you juggle
with ease
concepts
like
generation gap
& population explosion
& the pill
talking
to striptease ladies
to Cambridge housewives
to prissy newspaper reporters
easy & graceful
as a mountain
talking
to
the
sea

Jan/70
Joth

DEATH

(Continued from Page 11)

money. Art for art's sake? Not quite. The purpose of acting in these plays is generally to get agents to see you. Then you can go and visit them in their beehive cubicles between phone calls, and possibly audition for something on the big street.

The position of an agent is probably the most parasitical phenomena I have ever encountered. He being the go-between — supplying the meat for the market. And not only is an actor who signs with one of these agents becoming part of his livestock, he is generally signing away his freedom. Certain agents "corner the market" (their phrase) on one type. Say they sign fifteen ingenues. They push one and let the other fourteen sit for a couple of years. And there's at least one actress who was immediately signed by one of the top agencies because she looked like one of their money makers and they wanted to make sure she (the signee) remained off the market.

I like to believe that all people are human until proven otherwise, but most of the people I've met in show business find it necessary to prove themselves otherwise. I guess we all start as victims but most rise to be the perpetrators of this process of dehumanization, even if it just consists of shitting all over some poor schmucky apprentice (if you never rise above doing summer stock in Iowa, and that you only do to be listed with Unemployment as an actor) — you're still giving someone a bad time — and I thought theatre was supposed to be about humanity.

All right — now the actor gets a job in a PLAY and if by chance he has any sensitivity left in him — this is his chance for creativity — Right? Wrong. We may have lots of ideas and impulses while reading the script (if by some quirk of fate it's any good) but we have been well conditioned to work for others and so by the time we get to the first rehearsal we've eliminated every impulse except the most conventional, for that's generally what we've been hired for, and what most directors will ask for. Most working directors have the producers and the lines and blocking and remember "Tits and teeth." And then there's always the backer's wife, who doesn't like the third act; which must constantly be rewritten, and so forth.

And so my questioning begins — general because of the complexities of the games and means of oppression that cannot be fully explored at once — but questioning why there is no joy in theatre, why even the establishment critics admit that theatre is dead, and why the

most creative and sensitive actors I know are leaving the theatre and wondering what could have attracted them to it in the first place.

And the beginning of my answer to actors is —

When you demand the time and space for your own entity and realize that your life is too short and too important to wait three hours for a five minute interview only to be told you don't have the right quality — there will be no more cattle calls.

When you have enough faith in yourself to accept only the parts you want to play with people you want to work with, instead of rationalizing yourself into mediocrity — there will be conviction and joy on stage.

When you start realizing the terms of your oppression as the same oppression that molds a civilization of compulsive, unquestioning, plodding citizenry, you will no longer be a victim and theatre may begin to have some relevance.

I know that certain groups are forming out of the awareness of what life is all about in Amerika. Some are theatre people who are breaking away from traditional forms to find something more meaningful, and some groups consist of people who probably never thought about being in theatre before, but now feel that some form of theatre might help express their ideas. I would like to get together with these groups because I'd like to write some positive things and bring back some hope. So, if anyone's interested, please contact me through EVO.

**WE WOULD LIKE
TO COMMEND
TIM E. KOHN
FOR HIS
BRAVERY
AND EXTREME
COOL IN A VERY
TIGHT SCENE.....**

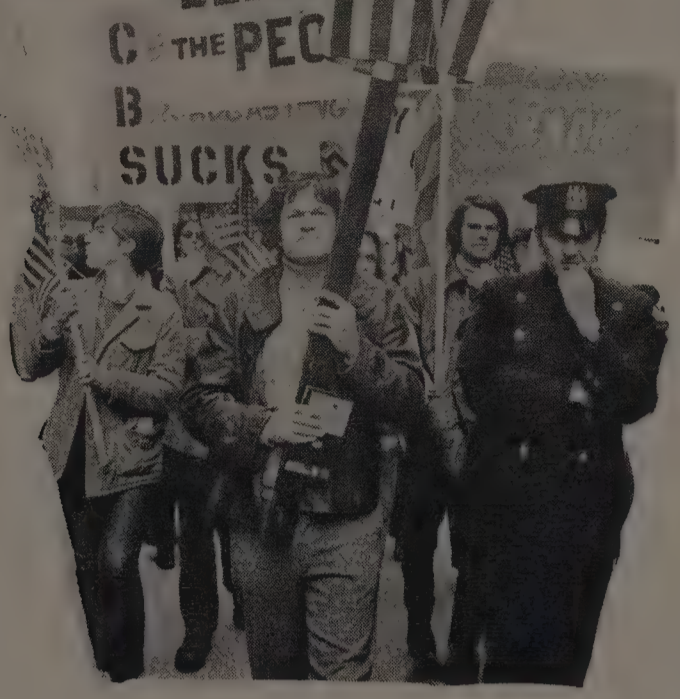
**RIGHT
ON**

TIMMY!!!!!!!!!!

**THE
STAFF**

POOR PARANOID & ALMANAC

by Allen Katzman



April Fools in New York City was no different than any other day. It was a day like all other days except you were there. And although Walter Cronkite was not there, a group of us were: at the corner of 6th Avenue & W. 52nd at 12 noon in front of the C.B.S. building to protest its censorship of, of all things, Abbie Hoffman's now infamous American Flag shirt (which by the way was *made-in-Paris*) on Friday night's Merv Griffin show.

In fact, there were a lot of particular people on that busy corner who had no business being there except that they were going to and fro from work, and had stopped to see what the protest was all about. Moondog, the blind composer, who rhapsodises the sounds of New York City on that particular corner of 53rd and 6th, was about the only person doing anything constructive besides ourselves.

The police were there, harassing us with their questions, not sure if we were dangerous, making us disassemble our signs from their tacked-on wooden crosses and supports because, as they said, "they considered it a dangerous weapon." *Never can be too sure about some of these people. Might go beserk and*

splinter to death C.B.S.'s Big Brother, William Paley."

Workmen were there, right on 6th Avenue, digging it up, stalling traffic, offending the ears with useless noise, filling up our protest with burps, farts and even more useless noise by way of their comments.

We handed out American flags and protest literature about the incident, and our demands to rectify C.B.S.'s dangerous policy of ignorance:

We therefore demand the following:

1. That censorship like that against brother Abbie stop now, and that Robert Wood of C.B.S., as a sign of good faith, come on T.V., during prime time, and debate the issue with representatives of our people before millions of viewers whose intelligence has been insulted by this act. We suggest Marshal MacLuhan as moderator.
2. We demand that the uncensored version of the Good Friday Merv Griffin show be aired forthwith.
3. We demand that the advertising proceeds from the censored and uncensored showings be turned over to the combined Defense Funds of the Chicago Conspiracy and Panther 21 trials.
4. We demand that C.B.S. meet with us to plan for

immediate use by our people of their facilities across the country during hours of non-viewing — 2 AM thru 6 AM. We want an open, FREE, camera in New York, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco, like in a split screen hook-up, available for us all, to meet each other and talk. We see this as a first step toward an entire channel devoted to this purpose. We offer to finance this project.

5. The airways are supposed to belong to the PEOPLE. The PEOPLE are supposed to be the government. *We are lots of people now.* We will, therefore, petition the F.C.C., and we are deadly serious, that in the upcoming review of the licenses of MAJOR NETWORK OWNED AND OPERATED STATIONS, at least one of the major networks be denied renewal and that their license be given to a group representing our nation for a new non-profit system. We have the advertisers because we are the majority of buyers. We have the know-how. We have the financing to act now.

6. That C.B.S. produce a number of programs debating the laws which now prohibit T.V. in the courts and in the public assemblies of government. We are tired of sadistic judges, and irresponsible senators and congressmen. *We pay for them with our lives and taxes. We want to see them.* When the whole world is watching, they will be more responsible and *get more done.* LET THE T.V. SHINE IN and then perhaps we would feel like voting. This program is working in Europe, let's make it work here too.

The people, although they own the airways, have little recourse these days to meaningful action which can make media giants change, just as they have no effective voice in changing the WAR policy of their so-called govt. THIS PICKET LINE IS THE FIRST in a series of actions which will begin to plague T.V. land unless we are heard. *We won't use violence unless we are provoked by the use of violence against us.* * DON'T TREAD ON ME. Other actions will be:

1. Truth squads who will attend T.V. programs to correct the lies being broadcast by ham actors using valuable public air time to put us down.
2. Boycotts by workers and performers of stations who practice censorship and the formation of our own distribution companies.
3. Boycotts of products of C.B.S., Columbia records, Creative Playthings and Holt-Rinehart. *An immediate boycott of all Columbia Records for one month.*
4. Investigation and Boycotting of all advertizers on T.V. Stations who use censorship.

Signed: SYSTEMS_KID
Address: WOODSTOCK NATION

The people who were there took the flags readily enough, without realizing what it all meant; a habit fit for TV and TV viewing. The literature did not fare as well as, some people reacted with cold indifference or anger.

There were some arguments and catcalls from those who had just happened to be there, but nothing that wasn't handled by a little superior intelligence or tongue lashing on our part. These were obvious watchers and viewers, not used to communicating or participating.

There were a lot of different people there all the same; with us on one side, and the dumb ones on the other. We were all there except Walter Cronkite, who because he had his job at stake, was either making another televised apology to Mayor Daley. or probably just shooting

a new *You Are There* series for C.B.S. . . .

The people spilling out of the C.B.S. building, radio and tv executives, freaks who went straight and wanted to be normal rather than right, looked on with a pleasurable indifference.

Two of them stopped to speak to Renfreu Neuff and myself, and invited us to lunch. We accepted to see if they wanted to talk business. But it was only a way of assauging their guilt. Take a protestor to lunch bit, and tell him your problems on how you are just a cog in the wheels.

"You know," one of them told us with glee, "when the bombing and bomb scares were raging a few weeks ago, we were sure C.B.S. would get a few threats, if not the real thing. But nothing happened."

I looked at him and let him have it. "Well, we're doing it in alphabetical order and we just got through with *Banks*. Broadcasting is next."

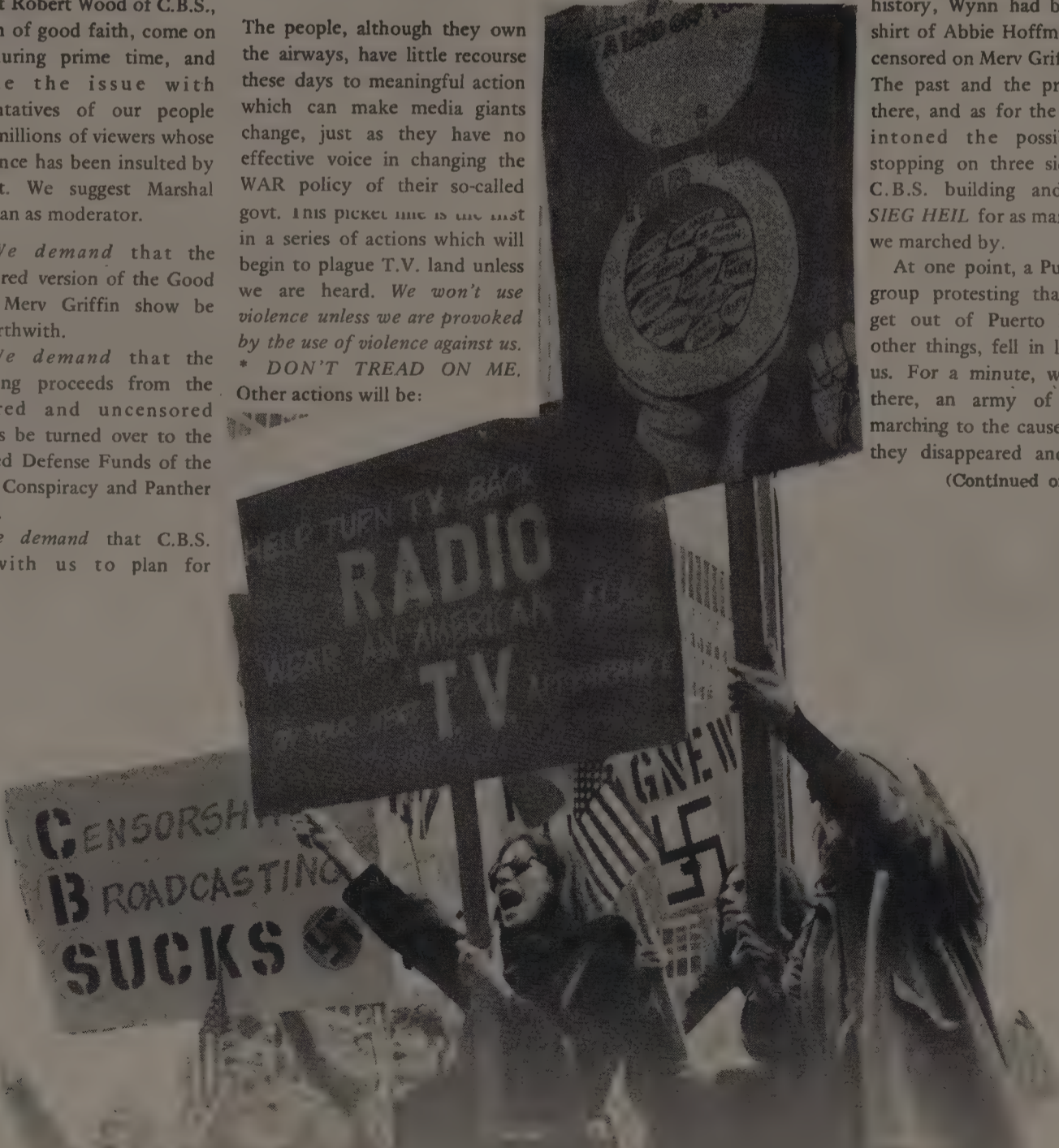
His smile flinched. It went that way for about five minutes. And then Renfreu and I left gracefully, leaving them in an expensive Chinese restaurant.

We rejoined our comrades-in-arms, Wynn Chamberlain had brought his great grandmother's American flag designed and made by her in 1816, 39 stars crisscrossed in an X fashion with a heart defacing the center star. It was her gesture of defiance way back when slavery was rampant and she had been head of a northern underground railroad.

It was now his, and along with history, Wynn had brought the shirt of Abbie Hoffman; the one censored on Merv Griffin's show. The past and the present were there, and as for the future, we intoned the possibilities by stopping on three sides of the C.B.S. building and chanting *SIEG HEIL* for as many times as we marched by.

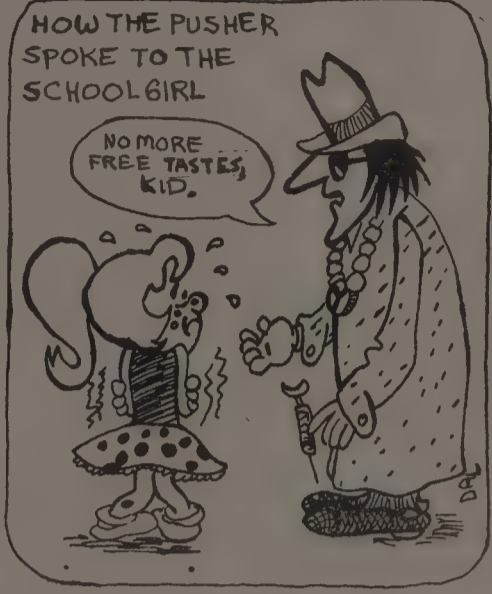
At one point, a Puerto Rican group protesting that "Yankee get out of Puerto Rico" and other things, fell in line behind us. For a minute, we were all there, an army of protestors marching to the cause. But soon they disappeared and marched

(Continued on Page 17)



COCA-CRYSTAL'S COOKIE

- SCAMK
□ □ □ □
- ROKENO
□ □ □ □ □
- KIPES
□ □ □ □ □
- CHARO
□ □ □ □ □
- DWAKECH
□ □ □ □ □



Unscramble the words, rearrange the letters, In a ----- and check the answers in the classifieds.

ABORTION

(Continued from Page 6)

too many years of bloody coathangers, dirty kitchen tables and death in quiet alleys to be passive and forgiving. Flo Kennedy, a lady lawyer who knows the double rage of being both black and a woman, once said that it might not be a bad

idea to murder an Assemblyman for every female who dies of a botched abortion. Flo says many things in anger, but she mirrors what many women feel. And a happy April Fool's Day to you too, Mr. Assemblyman.

STRIKE

(Continued from Page 3)

the American died in 1937, and the Sun in 1950, and sold to the amalgam, the World-Telegram. The New York Star (PM) succumbed in 1949; the Daily Compass in 1952; the Brooklyn Daily Standard, to leave the borough of Manhattan, was sold in 1932 to the Brooklyn Daily Times which was sold to the Brooklyn Eagle in 1936 and closed in 1937, and the Eagle itself went down in 1955, not to mention the Brooklyn Daily Citizen which went to its reward in 1948. One more paper, the Bronx Home News, was bought in 1948 by the New York Post. Then we have the death of the Mirror, the Journal-American, the World-Telegram-Sun, and the Herald Tribune in recent times.

Circulations had been going down all these years, with only the Times picking up readers between 1955 and 1965. The News itself, the highest circulation newspaper in the country, lost almost 100,000 readers in that ten year period, but in one of those weird reversals, advertising revenues went higher than ever netting the News, with the highest circulation, 24.9% of the total advertising to newspapers in the city, whereas the Times with the second highest circulation, actually outdid the News with

(Continued on Page 21)

POOR P.

(Continued from Page 4)

by us to their appointed destination. We greeted each other goodbye with a "Power to the People."

For a minute, people who had been watching understood. We would be back, and next time we would all be marching together.

All in all, it had taken two hours to protest. And when we had left, April Fools was still there. In the inhuman eye which C.B.S. used as their network symbol, and which hung above the doors of its building.

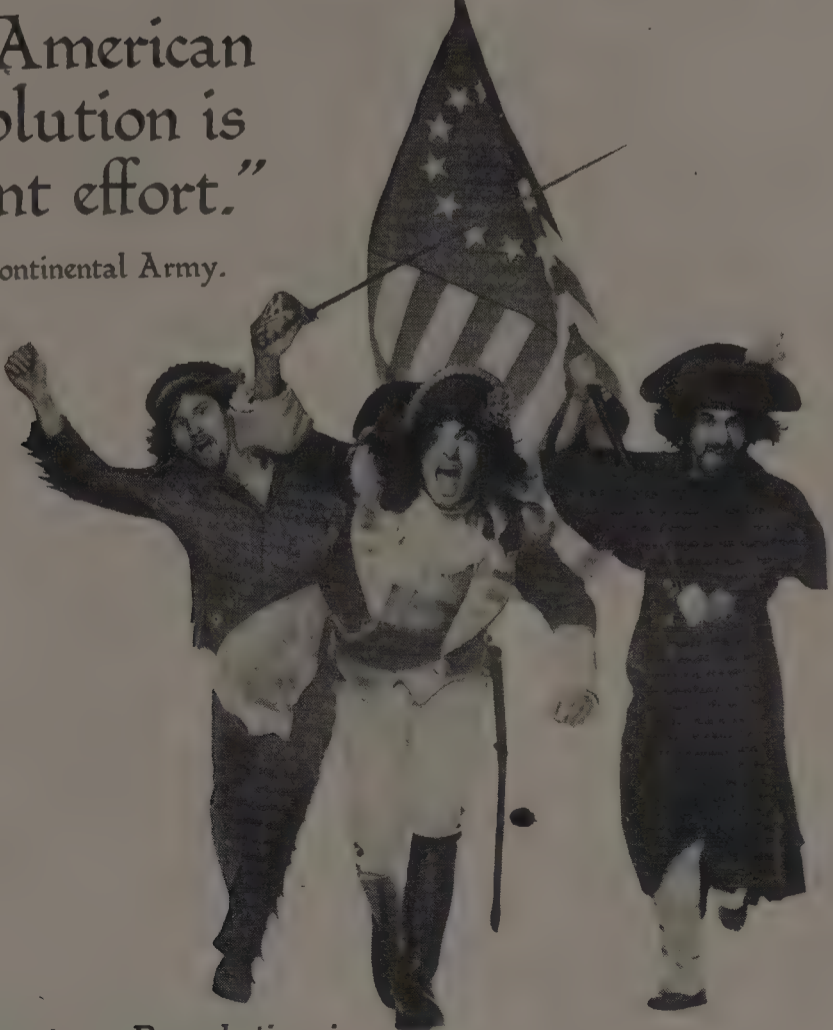
It never once blinked. It just stared. It saw nothing. Heard nothing. Told nothing. Felt nothing. It was a great dumb eye which like its own medium lacked a vision.

It was like the great dumb system it perpetrated. Like the democracy it sold to those few who were already free, and at the same time enchained millions who were not.

C.B.S.! We're coming! April Fools!

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- 2) Comic Book: Conspiracy Capers
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- 5) Screw Magoo Button
- 10) Ten years in the Bull Pen for attempting to JOIN THE CONSPIRACY!

All profits go toward legal expenses for the Chicago Conspiracy trial. Make checks payable to The Conspiracy, 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60604

sympathy

(Continued from Page 9)

listening to the finished track, has been shown on the West Coast and may be shown here.

The idea underneath is great. Make a film about drugs, revolution, film-making, incorporating a recording session of the Stones doing "Sympathy for the Devil." It's not original.

A film by Peter Whitehead a couple of years ago "Tonight Let's All Make Love In London" was this sort of free-flowing reality collage, including an interview with Jagger, interesting and spaced. But the potential material is fantastic; it could have been an odyssey through the present scene. Instead, it's dry, pedantic, infinitely talky, and only occasionally glittering: Keith Richard's bare feet in the studio, a black man sitting in a wheel barrow under a bridge reading out loud about the blues, one fantastic minute of Jagger singing...

Godard must have had a ball shooting it. But there's no evidence of sympathy for the audience.

Of course, there's the Mayses movie about the Stones tour to look forward to. But if the movie stands (or falls) with (or without) the murder sequence, once again the Stones will have gathered moss. The best thing about the Stones of recent date is Michael Lydon's incandescent article in *Ramparts*. Like the Mayses, he traveled with the tour in America. His piece, at least, is a total stoned groove from first to last.

"Woodstock" on the other hand has lots of sympathy for the audience. If you weren't at Woodstock. If you've never been to a rock and roll concert. If you've never seen a light show. It's a crash that they didn't spend more time with "their friends," and less time on stage. Except for the thunderstorm frantically punctuated by "Look out for the towers," "Move away from the towers" shot with a wide-angle lens from the back of the stage which was very fine, there is almost no excitement in the film at all. The same goes for "Sympathy for

the Devil," and it's a shame that the Godard film isn't better, since it's being distributed outside the normal industry way with New Line Cinema trying to hustle theatres and dates around the country. "Woodstock" at least is going to appeal to the teenies, and the great korn flake eating television audience, and its heart is mostly in the right place. One of the nicest bits, apart from a freak coming out of a port-o-san toilet holding a lit

hash pipe, was a super pro-freak rap by a policeman. Off screen interviewer: "That's quite surprising coming from a policeman." Cop: "I'm not a policeman, I'm a Chief of Police."

Both films bear witness to the unrealized potential of cinema, even when it comes in contact with new culture, rock, etc. "Woodstock," as has been noted, is simply a promotional film for record companies. "Sympathy for the Devil" was never thought through. Somewhere or other new culture cinema slouches toward morning waiting to be seen.

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conspiracy

(Continued from Page 9)

to do with the fact that Bill Paley's son-in-law has recently bought out the stock of the Village Voice, supposedly a bastion of free independent journalism. None of the answers to these questions is likely to add to the traditional complacency of most artists—in the long run the process of asking these questions is certain to bring more and more artists into the Art Workers Coalition and other protesting groups.

In the meantime it will not be surprising if many artists are unimpressed with the liberal attitudes now issuing from the

"Modern," the Met, and the city's cultural offices. The cultural values of this nation have for too long been the sole possession and responsibility of a single class of people, and it is time that a real change of power took place, something that means far more than token gestures and attitudinizing. If Bill Paley is all that interested in culture and the arts, then let him state what his qualifications are to judge and administer them. If he cannot answer this question, then let him turn his power and money over to qualified artists who will for the first time give this nation something resembling culture. Until then the question must remain as to how a man who is known to be opposed to everything new and moving in his own medium of television can possibly be expected to speak for the art and culture beyond it.

The art world has seen an exciting year, full of tensions and gradual changes. But unless art world aristocrats are willing to yield some real power soon, they had better believe that the past year has been only a beginning. Many of the families who serve on museum trustee boards are not accustomed to seeing their names in print—they are far too genteel and refined for that. It is however a sensation they had better get used to, because they are involved in one of the greatest scandals of our history, a scandal that will soon break out of the pages of the underground press and appear where they and their friends can read it, in the pages of the Times and our fashionable magazines and, whether Bill Paley likes it or not, on our television screens as well.

Man, there aint words for some of the heavy things you feel. Like the fresh air that cools your mind when you leave the straight world for a while. Or the yellow smell of a house you remember as a child. Or the honest hang of good clothes when they get used to your body.

That last part there...we make that kind of clothes, and we do have a name for them...Landlubber.

Bells, midis, and like that. Wherever they sell hip clothes.

Sure, we'll tell you where.

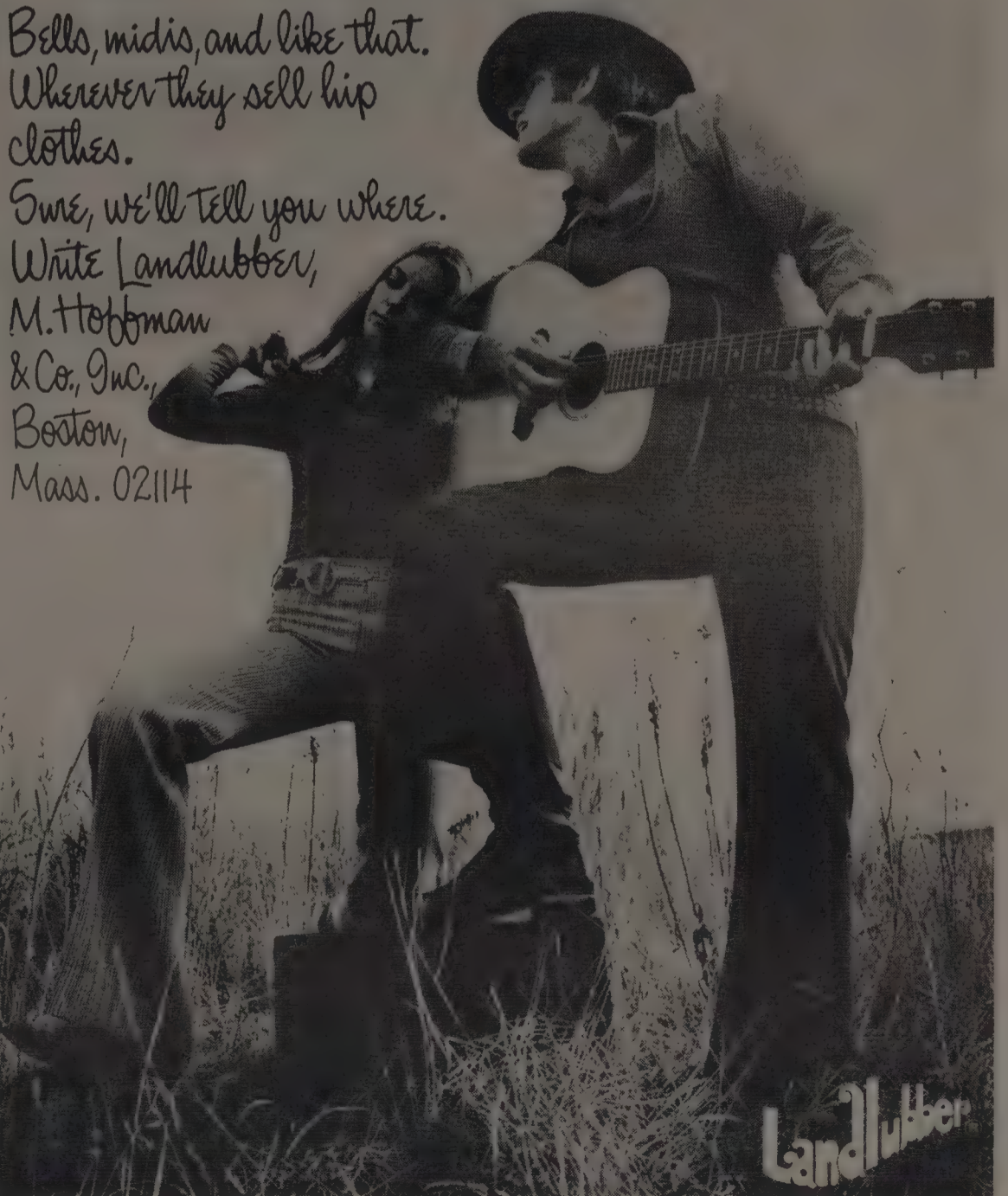
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the
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BELLA

(Continued from Page 6)

"Command Headquarters?"
 "Yeah, Mama Peace...General Bella...she'll be so tough in this campaign that she could make General Patton cringe in his grave. When it comes to fighting for peace, the woman is made of steel!"

Several days later, Bella priorities and women. It's really time that women got out of the backroom in politics—I mean the back rooms where the typewriters, telephones and file cards have condemned them to the drudge work of political life. It's time that we get out front and share in political power."

With a shamefully small number (eleven) of women members of the House of Representatives (out of 535), what was it about Bella that would distinguish her from the other female legislators?

"The pitiful few women in Congress, with the exception of Shirley Chisholm and perhaps a couple of others, are for the most part conservative and have no connection with the feminist movement. It's not just time that we got one more woman in Congress, it's time that we got one who will fight against the discrimination that condemns most working women to low-paying jobs, gives women welfare instead of income, keeps them out of the professions, denies them day care facilities, miseducates their children, gives third rate health care to Black and Puerto Rican and poor women, and forces them to risk their lives by submitting to illegal abortion."

In addition, Bella intends to vote "not one penny for the Vietnam War and any other military expenditure. That money should be going to the cities. Look at our district, there's no decent housing, heroin is slaughtering our children, the schools are too overcrowded for children to learn, the streets are littered with garbage. Money that goes for ABM should be going to solve the problems of the Lower East Side and all the other areas of all the other American cities that are in the same boat."

Bella favors the removal of

criminal penalties for marijuana use. However she'd like the government to *really* move in on hard drugs.

Another thing: she has no intention of playing congressional parliamentary games. "I'm not exactly going to be a silent freshman. I want to be a spokesman for peace and for women and I don't intend to shut up because of some antiquated rules."

Should Bella win the reform movement designation, she will be facing one of New York's most establishmentarian Congressmen. Leonard Farbstein was representing the 19th C.D. in the days when "student activism" meant a beerblast at the Young Democrats convention. His record has always bordered on hesitant liberalism. In the early sixties, he voted for Medicare, but also for HUAC. When local civil libertarians made an issue of his support for the witch-hunt committee, he eventually changed his vote. As for Vietnam, Farbstein went all the way with LBJ. I remember calling his office in 1966 right after Martin Luther King addressed the first Mobilization. The legislative aid who handled my call suggested that my request for information about the draft was tantamount to treason. Farbstein's man went on to say that anyone who marched on April 15th was an agent (unconscious, of course)

of Hanoi. Nice people! But Congressman Lennie came around on the war last year. "I learned," he says. The only thing Farbstein really "learned" was that continued support of Vietnam murder would cost him his seat.

For at least six years the Reform Movement has been running candidates against Farbstein. Each time, the Reformers took it on the chin. Leonard Farbstein is such a formidable candidate because he has the backing of the last remnants of DeSapio's Manhattan political machine. He has that plus a bag of rather nasty tricks, which he usually brings out around primary time. When Reformer Bill Haddad ran against him, Farbstein's lieutenants ran through the Jewish sections of the Lower East Side spreading the word that Haddad was an Ay-Rab!

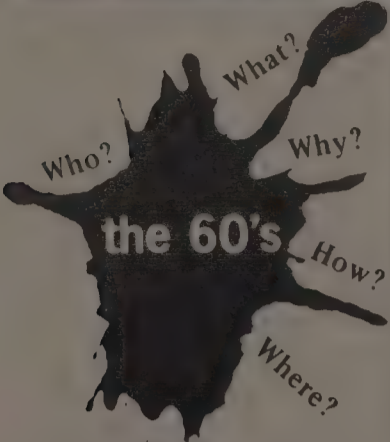
That news alone brought hundreds of terrified elderly Jewish voters to the polls. "I came here to defend Israel," one man told me that day. The truth is that Haddad is half Jewish.

When Ted Weiss ran against Farbstein two years later, the rumormongers spread the word that Teddy was a mad Bolshevik because he wanted to do something as outlandish as stopping the bombing in Vietnam! Ted was, incidently, defeated by less than fifty votes. In districts where Farbstein's machine controlled the scene, there were many irregularities.

I'm convinced that if anyone has a chance of defeating Farbstein, it's Bella. A former Hebrew school teacher, she is quite obviously Jewish. As for being a "dangerous subversive," just let Farbstein try that one. Bella can outshout him any old time. With her in the race, Leonard Farbstein may soon retire to Miami Beach or a comfortable Civil Court Judgeship. She's that much of a scrapper.

What's more, I think it would be good for the country to have Bella in Congress. I say that as a person somewhat cynical of our highly manipulated legislative system. Frankly, Bella would be more of a spokeswoman than a legislator. She would use her office to raise unpopular issues and to educate and organize the public. For the Women's Liberation Movement, Congresswoman Bella would mean twelve golden stars in our victory book.

A feminist in Congress? the Gentlemen's Cloakroom will never be the same!



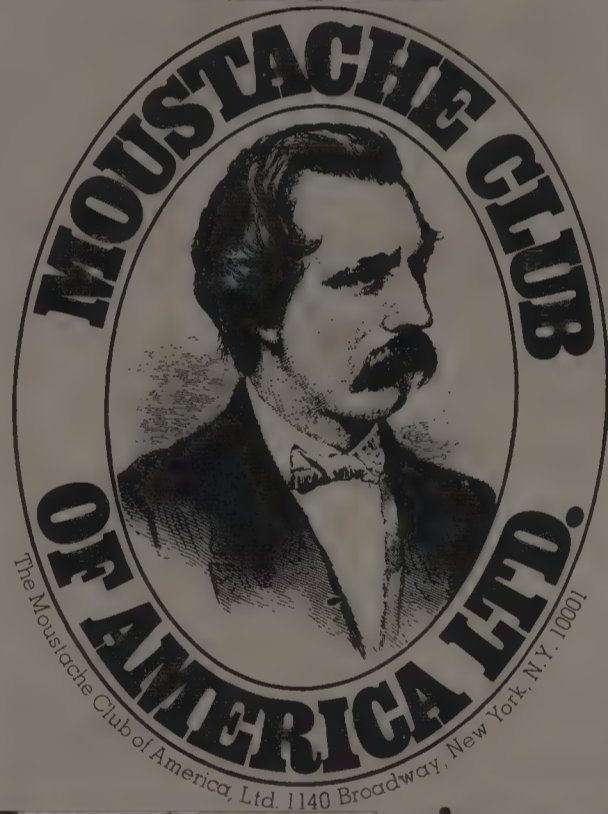
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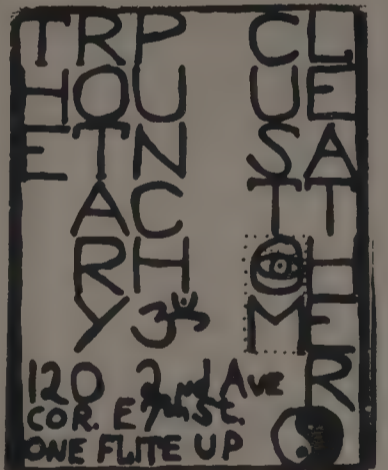
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NEXT

SUNDAY

BE-IN

SHEEP

MEADOW

CENTRAL

PARK

GENET

(Continued from Page 8)

demonstrate for Bobby Seale when he was treated so outrageously; I know just about exactly what was going on in people's heads, you know... they would demonstrate for other white people but not for Bobby Seale.

LNS: Well, Chicago was a kind of turning point. Black people have been subjected to massive violence against their communities for centuries now, so their political responses are of course very different. But starting with Chicago, do you see the beginnings of massive, brutal violence directed against not only blacks but whites too...? [Genet waves his arms in protest.]

GENET: No! No! No! When I was in Chicago I crossed the border clandestinely, and then I found myself confronted by whole armies, cops, enormous numbers of cops; at the time people said there were thirty-five or forty thousand cops. But I was very sure of myself, very much at ease, because I knew that the cops, would never, never shoot. Because this was one of those white, young, hippie, student

protests; in sum, white. And I knew that in such a situation they would never open fire. I was protected by the color of my skin, by my white hair. I could do whatever I liked and be sure that the cops would never fire. If it had been thousands of black people there, as big a mass as we were, and if a similar situation had happened, I'm sure that the cops would have fired. LNS: Since then, however, they have shot at white people. Scores of people were wounded at People's Park. James Rector was killed. Just a few weeks ago, the cops opened fire on a car during a demonstration at San Francisco State. Would you agree that Chicago was the start of a new level of intensity, of violence by the state against white dissidents?

GENET: But it simply is not the intensity of violence that there was in Watts, in Detroit.

LNS: Well, sure, the level of intensity is different.

GENET: Different! The difference is enormous. It's dizzying!

LNS: Given that difference, though, between the black movement and the white movement in the U.S., what road do you see for white people in America?

GENET: Yesterday I was in Boston speaking at MIT. In the hall there were a thousand, maybe fifteen hundred people, students, black and white, and teachers. All the time we were speaking, Douglas (Doug Miranda of the Boston Panthers) and I had the impression that everyone understood everything we were saying, even all the whites who were there. But once they had all left the hall, what was going on in their minds? I haven't the vaguest idea.

I don't know what they were going to do. It's not simply enough to ask 'What should we do?' The thing to do is to do something. Maybe the first thing is to understand this: it is an idea that white people find very, very difficult to accept... that black people are more highly developed politically than they are. I'm not speaking about all black people, naturally. Some black people are in the police. I'm talking about the realization that it is black people, especially the Panthers, who are leading the fight against that president of yours called Nixon, that vice president called Agnew. The Black Panthers are ranged together against those powerful men, but the Panthers are infinitely more powerful, infinitely more politically intelligent. And it's very difficult for white people to begin to accept this idea.

DEOMP.

(Continued from Page 5)

yours and mine, but now it's dead and grey and barren of life.

What a bummer!

It should come as no surprise to learn, as we eventually do, that Monsan got that way thanks to runaway technology, which completely destroyed the ecological balance of the entire orb, not to mention the animals and plants and people thereon. And it turns out that this was done more or less purposely by the local big cheese politician, who with the aid of genetic-warping devices, has turned himself and his cronies into creatures who thrive on industrial waste; taken off in a space ship, and is even now threatening the planet Earth. It is he who builds those plants which produce nothing but pollution, and who sends his robots to rub out anybody who seems to be catching on. Through adroit counter-maneuvers, the JLA in the next issue completely wreck the Monsan conspiracy, and the earth is saved from ecological disruption. Or is it? The last thing we see is Green Arrow and Black Canary wandering off romantically into a cloud of smog on the Jersey shore.

God damn it: what's happening at ole National/DC comics? Dig this, they just hired Joe Shenkman to draw for them

Shenkman just last week finished *High School Hellcats* here in EVO, if you'll remember, and I certainly hope he's back because he's fucking *fabulous* — and according to Joe, they've promised not to mess with his style one bit! Good Lord, what's going on here? Could it be that Carmine Infantino or someone of his calibre actually *does* live near Santa Barbara?

Surely nothing less than the Santa Barbara catastrophe could have wreaked such a change on National/DC. Imagine, you've got yourself a nice villa by the seashore, and one morning you open the plate glass window for a breath of fresh air, and you look out, and — *gaabbbh!!!* — as far as you can fucking see, there is this *ocean* covered with *black shit!!!* What a monstrous bummer that must be, with the

birds flopping around the beach with sticky black tar on their feathers and the seals croaking to death, everything smothering stickily... Enough to force a radical editorial decision from a branch of Kinney Nation, no less.

Now you may protest, as so many do these days — and until I saw *this*, I was one of them — that this ecology business is a big shuck-off, a diversion from the more immediate, tangible corruptions of the American present. But you're wrong, see, because while ecology is only part of the picture, it is the dandiest rallying point we have for gaining support from the Great American Middle. Dig it, you go to any halfway urban area of the country today and you'll find smog. *Seattle, Tuscon, Marin County, Minneapolis, Miami, Dallas.* People hate smog — black or white, right or left, dumb slob or effete intellectual, it gives you a twinge of justly-deserved paranoia when you look up and see that shitty haze over the horizon at high noon. Also, all the big lakes and rivers, and a lot of the best beaches are going all skuzzy from industrial waste, which means that the fish are dying and there's no place to swim any more; and this too can make you feel awfully upset when you think about it. This country has a heritage of unsullied wilderness which is damn deep in anybody who grew up here, and when this heritage is threatened it can bring the old patriot in each of us to take up arms. And we ought to take advantage of this. We ought to promote the *shit* out of this ecology business, because it'll tend to get the people pissed at big industry, and thus *on our side*.

No shit. See, most of the hostility which the Big Middle focuses on us radical types is actually just redirected paranoia. They feel trapped in the System and indeed they are, so when the System tells them to vent their hate and fear on us, they do. But once they get to feeling hostility for the System — which gives them emphysema and food

poisoning and destroys their pretty scenery — I bet a lot of them will just go *apeshit!*

See, National/DC has another superhero title devoted to those two green superheroes, Arrow and Latern together. And in the last issue of this twin bill — it was the April one, I believe — we saw the Latern getting bombed with refuse by the inhabitants of a tenement block, and we saw them get *away* with it! And not *all* of them were *white*, either! See, whilst patrolling the tenement district, Green Lantern spied a hefty, obviously well-to-do gentleman in a black suit getting hassled by a gang of obvious minority kids. Springing to the rescue, G.L. seized the ringleader of the gang and sent him off on a bolt of green power to the local constabulary, and strove to assist the black-suited gentleman out of danger. Then the whole block of residents began throwing heavy things down on the two of them from the windows, and the Latern was just about to kick shit out of the whole community when the Green Arrow stepped in and told him to hold his magic ring lest a great injustice transpire.

As it turned out, the portly gentleman was the local *slumlord*, and the Arrow took the Latern on a tour of the premises to show him *why* the people there were fit to chew up that fat capitalist. It was all pretty melodramatic, but it demonstrated pretty well to the Latern — and to the millions of kids who *read* that particular comic — that a deed of property does not necessarily make one *right*. And this is as radical as comics have *ever* gotten, and I don't want to discuss it any more for fear of bringing bad shit down on Denny O'Neill's head for writing it.

Just note this one thing: National Periodical Publications is a branch of Kinney National Service, and if you know anything from Kinney, you know that it is one of the most purely *American* conglomerates around. And if ecology can make this much of a dent in Kinney, think what it can do to your *father*.

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STRIKE CITY

(Continued from Page 17)

39.4% of the total advertising.

Another strange reversal of this type occurred with the old *Mirror*, which at the time of its death was in front of the *Times*, and was second only to the *Daily News* in circulation — in the world. The paper had more than 800,000 readers during the week, and a million on Sunday. Started in 1924 by the Hearst Corporation as a competitor to the *Daily News*, the *Mirror* was dedicated to providing 90% entertainment and 10% news, and was a direct and successful imitation of the sensational *News*, which had pioneered the whole tabloid field. The *Mirror* was given to publicity stunts such as the announcement in the '30's that a group of gangsters in Canada had admitted taking the Lindberg baby and were prepared to publicly return the child to Mayor Jimmy Walker on

the steps of City Hall. The *Mirror* had its share of successes, too; it claimed Al Capp and Walter Winchell as two of its home-sprung features, and it was

evidently well-loved by Mother and Father America. There was only one hitch. The paper had the misfortune to be published in the same city as the front-running *News*, which had virtual first dibs on the big advertising. This with the strike losses killed the paper, as with the *Herald Tribune* which was a journalistic pioneer, but not very successful in competing with the *Times* on an economic basis.

Which brings us to the current three, the *Times*, *News* and *Post*. Economically, all three papers are in good shape. The *News* expands its interests daily and has taken to running four-color covers for really big news events, another first. The *News* is eight cents a copy during the week, and twenty cents on Sunday. The paper is snappily written,

heavily illustrated, and sensationally conceived. The editorial stance is hard-right conservative. For lively human interest stuff, there is no better publication in the country, and the paper has a genuine sense of community purpose: it hammers a way incessantly at non-productive officials of state. It also prints special editions for various outlying regions, Nassau, Suffolk, etc., and has a good, thick Sunday section with color

comics and a rotogravure supplement. The *News* could withstand a strike. The *New York Times*, of course, has one of the heaviest reputations of any newspaper in the world, and indeed, is a heavy paper. It goes for 10 cents on weekdays, 50 cents on Sunday. A respected institution, the *Times* is probably the closest daily barometer of human affairs ever produced. Its reporters are so adept they sometimes become politicians. Everything is in this paper, every sort of news you can imagine, and the Sunday edition, which has special sports, entertainment, literature and news roundup sections — as well

as a large magazine — is said to contain more words each week than the entire Bible, old and new testaments. Stylistically, the *Times* is a dud; the writing is dry and dull, and the layout is the same used 100 years ago, few pictures, standard, uncreative headline type. The paper takes a liberal stance, and is often guilty of complicity with the government. In 1961, the *Times*,

according to Gay Talese's recent book on the subject, had advance information about the Bay of Pigs Invasion, but failed to print it in the "national interest." Many observers see the paper becoming so stiff and institutionalized they fear for its reliability and accuracy. Nevertheless, the paper is well situated economically, and could withstand a strike.

The *New York Post* is the most likely to fold during a strike, but it would have to be quite a strike. During both strikes, '63 and '65, the *Post* published part of the time the other papers were inoperative, and when the *World Journal Tribune* folded in 1966, picked up a hefty chunk of new

afternoon readers, and profits were such that Dolly Schiff recently moved the entire operation from their old offices on West Street to the refurbished *Journal-American* plant on South Street. Still, the paper is last in a field of three, and on far shakier ground than the other two. A dull tabloid with no artistic or journalistic pretensions, the *Post* is best recommended for its excellent slate of columnists which include everyone from William F. Buckley, Jr. to Pete Hamill. The paper is liberal, but has taken a very tolerant view of various radical activities recently, and because of the youth of its reporting staff, is capable in the near future of moving into some very interesting directions editorially. It goes for 10 cents on weekdays and 15 cents on Saturday. There is no Sunday edition.

In the meantime, two new dailies are slated for publication in the next six months, the *Daily Planet* which will be an "alternate culture" paper, and *Weekday*, which will be straighter. The economic roadblocks for such papers are staggering, however, and you should not expect anything from them too soon in the game. In the event of a strike, you will probably see Carter Burden's *Journal*, already established as a weekly, move into the daily arena — not to mention the *East Village Other* which will then publish three times weekly — but we'll spare you any appraisal of that one until the time comes.

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STRIKE CITY

(Continued from Page 3)

all cancelled because of weather, and that the rest of the flights were gone because of the work stoppage. Still, a few people drifted back and forth in the terminal — a few lovely high school girls with short skirts and knee socks, parents, a couple of businessmen, a young man with a daschund. We ran into three young men, looked about 17, with three young girls, looked about 15. The men were Navy enlistees who had been scheduled to leave for Great Lakes Naval Training Center in Chicago that afternoon, but their flight had been cancelled and the Navy put them up in the Traveler's Motel down the road pending another flight the next day.

"It's great," one of them said. "There's 20 of us, or so, and all we got to do is sit around the Motel until they come for us, and we got chicks and everything."

"Good luck, you'll enjoy basic training," we told them.

At the friendly skies of United terminal, there were but 2 departures cancelled, but most of the arrivals were out, and one gentleman was having a difficult time planning his itinerary to Virginia.

"I want to get to Richmond," he said, "I don't care how. I had an Allegheny flight to Baltimore, but that's been cancelled. How else could I do it? Fly to Norfolk?"

"No, get the American Airlines jet shuttle to Washington. I think they're still leaving regularly."

At the Allegheny terminal itself, 10 out of 20 departures were cancelled and 9 out of 10 arrivals, and Delta and Northeast Airlines were not moving anything at all. An Allegheny clerk told me that the work slow-down has been toughest on departures.

A T.W.A. ticket girl told me that the general norm has been a 50% cancellation rate.

"There's been no problem," she said. "Everyone's been very nice. Of course, I guess most people have heard about it by now, and are cancelling their flights."

"When do you think it will return to normal?"

"I don't know. Maybe never. I thought they'd go back when F. Lee Bailey told them to, but they haven't, so I don't have any idea about what they'll do."

Most of the terminals were empty. The landing gates were deserted, almost ghostlike. The corridors were empty. The few people around were friendly, most of them hadn't been too hung up yet, or the novelty of it hadn't worn off yet, so they sat around and chatted, and waited and smoked and worried and

read, and the insurance desk was moving too many of those policies, and the coffee shop was filled with people reading the Long Island papers, and everyone was dressed great, real great, and the girls were amazing. Real amazing! I tried to book passage on a flight just to sit next to them, turn them on, look out the window with them, calm their fears about the extraordinary altitudes we would be reaching, but what the hell? The most crowded terminal was Eastern. The place was jammed with people, and a table with a huge coffee urn and various cakes had been set up in the middle for the convenience and enjoyment of all. A couple of soldiers stood around, a number of businessmen, a few students. A girl behind the information counter was about to faint.

"I have to get out of here,"

she said with an English accent. "If I don't, I'm going to faint, it's as simple as that."

"Have some tea."
"I can't. I'm nauseous."

One person after the other questioned her about flights, real and imagined, and she had to flip through various cards and check for seat numbers and whatnot, and she supported herself by leaning on the counter, but she was in bad shape.

Down by the baggage counter, a man told the clerk that the whole lot of traffic controllers should be fired. On the spot.

"If they don't want to work, get rid of the lot of them," he said. "Close the fucking place up."

"That's what's happened," the clerk said.

"No, I mean really close it up. If they don't want to work, they wouldn't have the right to work

You know what I mean. The only thing that disturbs me is it would ruin the country. Absolutely wreck the economy."

"There's no easy solution," the clerk said.

"That's what I'm saying. But there's got to be some way to take care of this. You should be able to fire them all, I mean it. They should be hanged for this."

REVOLUTION

REVOLUTION

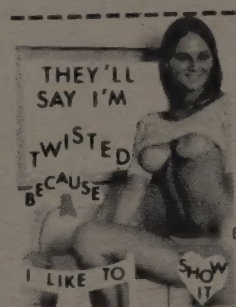
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and he stared hungrily at her legs. "You really do like Horseshit Magazine?" she asked him. "I love it," he said. "I've been looking for a man like you," she said, pulling her dress off. "What is your favorite section?" she asked excitedly. "The take-off on the Kama Sutra? You know, the one with all those unbelievable positions? I thought that was hilarious." "I did, too," he said. She started unhooking her bra. "Or what about the Doity Pictures? I tested all my friends with that, just like the inkblot test. Some of the answers I got were just incredible," she said as she slipped the bra off. "My God!" he said. "You're beautiful!" She kicked off her shoes. "Oh, everything in Horseshit is just so wonderful!" Now, she only had panties on, but he just sat there looking uncomfortable. "Well, aren't you going to do something?" she asked. "I... I don't know how to begin," he said. "I haven't had much experience..." "You phony!" she yelled at him, snatching up her dress to cover herself. "You haven't read Horseshit Magazine!"
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Shops: Beautifully designed earrings, silver and hammered brass, for information write E. Gardner, 1121 New Hampshire Ave. N.W., Apt. 508, Washington, D.C.
UNISEX

Scandinavian Male, 26 years, lonely in New York — seeking desperately other Scandinavian speaking guys for mutual friendship — write P.O. Box 1293, FDR Station, N.Y.C. 10022.

European Gay/ masculine/ married/ 28, 5'8", 140lbs., special good Look and experience in Life-Love seeks Friendship and Patron with possibility for start in Show-business as an actor, singer, entertainer, model, etc. Discretion and socielle mature evidence. You really should meet me. Write Roland, Box Nr. ... EVO 105 2nd Ave. New York

LOVER WANTED: Searching for warm, affectionate, sincere, sensitive guy, 20's, with radical mind, slim or medium build and desire for discreet, long-term relationship. I'm 26, 6'4", 250lbs., dig New Left, grass, rock music and underground (but not gay) scene. Write Occupant, P.O. Box 1417, F.D.R. Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Wanted: young black or white sincere male friend by professional but "hip" middle-aged, white slim male. Send details, phone and photo please. Confidential. Box 405, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Groovy French Model, 6', 150 lbs. Blue Eyes, Blond Hair, \$35.00 per session. Call Jean-Pierre 684 7814. Have own studio.

Male model very attractive. 6'2", 185 lbs. Dark Hair, Green Eyes, Great Body. European. Available for all kinds of posing. Call Peter 677 2005 anytime.

Male Model, 6'2" — 185 lbs. 22 years old, blue eyes, blond, Great Body available for all kinds of posing. Have own studio — Call Siegfried 677 2006 anytime.

Beautiful, Hip, Male and Female Models, Body Painting and Photos and ETC. Village Studios, 404 6th Avenue — 242 6262 (6263). Anytime, lowest prices in town — open 7 days a week.

FRIENDLY AND GROOVY MALE MODEL — 6', 170 lbs, athletic body, good looking — is available for posing. Easy to work with. Call 628 0508.

Attractive and Masculine Male, Young and well endowed, wants to pose for females only. Write G.R. P.O. Box 583 — General Post Office, NYC, 10001.

FIVE YOUNG MALES, attractive, masculine and well endowed, want to pose privately for you at your place anytime. We used to run personal ads, but now we have formed ourselves into a service. Why? Because we're better than the usual models who advertise here, and we wanted to make that distinction to you. Because we're clean and dress neat... that's important too. And most of all, because we're interested in you as a person, not just a fast buck. We're already getting pretty well known... ask a friend who's used us before. Or, why don't you find out for yourself... give us a ring right now at 929 5187 7-11 pm.

MICHAEL — 758 7357 — TREMENDOUSLY WELL-HUNG, YOUNG, VERSATILE, MALE MODEL. 22 yrs. old, 6'1", 160 lbs. available to do your thing. Have own studio. \$20.00 per session MICHAEL 758 7357.

Good-looking, athletic, 20, college student, 6'2", 190lbs. Call Jeff, 835 6925. \$35.00

Hear my Heart when impurity frightens the light/ & compassion plunders a blight/ Hear my Heart when secrecy captures a cell/ & a flame destroys the spell/ yu-1-4471- ORPHEUS JR.

So. California Male, 24, Handsome, Collegiate type. 6', 180 lbs. Athletic build. Available for all kinds of posing. Call Jess 988 4268. \$30.00

BLOND, TRIM MALE MODEL, MASSEUR, TYPIST, HOUSEBOY AVAILABLE FOR ARTISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS & FILMERS, NUDE OR LEATHER, LEVIS & BOOTS. CALL SPIKE 242 7362.

MASCULINE AND HIP A call to 873 9145 can get a male model that is masculine and versatile. This is a group of models under one phone number.

MASSAGES — WOMEN ONLY BY MUSCLEMAN — REASONABLE RATES — 7 DAYS A WEEK — Call 832 8563 between 8:00 and 10:00 P.M.

AT LAST — Inside — Outside bath and body rub by handsome young RANDY. PL 8 8408.

Young, Good looking, virile, 26 year old gentleman gives oriental massages to ladies. 744 7517.

Young, attractive student available for rub-downs or nude modelling at your place or mine. Call: BOBBY at 593 2441 (noon to midnight).

SENSATIONAL MASSAGE by a young masseur. Residential only. 9 a.m. — 10 p.m. Call Charles Adams 777 3131. Leave your number with my answering service.

UP TIGHT? COOL IT MAN. CLIMAX YOUR DAY WITH A MIND-BLOWING MASSAGE BY PIERO. BY APPOINTMENT 10 AM TO 10 PM. Call 734 5094. STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.

BOB & BOB'S RUBS. Young Black-White rubdown duo, working singly or jointly "TO RUB YOU THE WAY YOU LIKE" 10 A.M. — 12 Midnight. Call 724 8185 or 982 4851.

Massage for men and women Hours — 11AM — 11PM \$25 session. Call Stuart YU9 6090.

24 HOUR MASSAGE SERVICE, male-female operators. Area's most varied techniques. Gentle, firm, different. Swedish, athletic, fur, silk, feathers, magnetic, Spanish, Moroccan, others. Appointment: Jerri, 247 2178.

PAUL, for relaxing rub-down or nude modelling, men only 988 0845.

JIM'S RUBS FOR MEN are sensational and groovy. Day and night service at your home or my studio. Call 876 7662.

FOR THE ULTIMATE IN MASSAGE. Male and female clientele. Call Betty Neal. Lic. N.Y.S., MU 8 4681 and EL 5 3192, 210 East 53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned. JOHN THE MASSEUR — home & studio service. Men Only. \$20.00 889 5477. SPECIAL SERVICES

HYPNOSIS CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!!! Obesity, stage-fright, smoking, insomnia, memory concentration. \$25.00 PRIVATE SESSION. PL 5 4363. MAIL ORDER COSTS \$10.00. Box 31, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

I FUCK FIVE NEW CHICKS EVERY WEEK because I discovered unbelievable places and ways to find fuckable broads and clever ploys to overcome resistance. My course, "101 Certain Ways to Get Laid In NY Today" specifies meeting places, times, techniques, orgy contacts. Second Printing includes dynamite information even for non-New Yorkers! Send only \$3.00 to Box 337, Lenox Hill Station, N.Y. N.Y. 10021 and screw like gangbusters!

SPECIALIZED ASTROLOGICAL SERVICES. ACCURATE CHARTS. CONSULTATION. REALISTIC INTERPRETATIONS. REASONABLE FEES. WALTER BREEN YU 4 2808 or write c/o EVO, 105 2nd Avenue. New York,

PUBLICATIONS

NOW... a reliable service puts you DIRECTLY IN CONTACT with sophisticated singles and couples seeking modern friendships. Our expanded directory (including your area) \$1.00. DIAL RESEARCH, Box 1520, New York 10017.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices, to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21, send \$2 for a beautifully illustrated catalog to: BACCHUS & CO., P.O. Box 487, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941.

JUICY NUDES Computer-designed drawings. Unique, sensuous, voluptuous. Uninhibited poses. \$1.50 each ppd., 3/\$4.00. Midwest, 810 Sellery, Madison, Wisconsin 53706.

GET INTO PANDORA'S BOX!!!! Her collection of LOVE TOYS will make you giggle and wiggle with delight. Her profusely illustrated catalogue will fill you with wonder at the many imaginative uses of Ultramodern Materials. Adults send \$1.00 for Catalogue of 20th CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT to: Pandora's Box, P.O. Box 5760, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

HAPPINESS IS LOVE in its many forms of expression. LUVCO is offering these forms thru all available avenues on the adult mail order market at the lowest prevailing prices, bringing you the latest INVENTIONS, STIMULANTS, ENTERTAINMENT and INSTRUCTION obtainable. Adults send \$1 for catalog to L.U.V. CO.: P.O. Box 807, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941.

CLIMAX CONSULTANTS are offering a new concept in LOVE MAKING. To keep abreast of the SEXUAL REVOLUTION they have engineered dynamic, new INSTRUMENTS OF DELIGHT in the interest of medical science and are now making them available to Adults who want to broaden their Sexual Experiences. If over 21 mail \$1 for Brochure of Instruments of Delight to: Climax Consultants, P.O. Box 497, Corte Madera, Calif. 94925.

ELECTRONIC BUGGING AND LISTENING DEVICES. DEBUGGING EQUIPMENT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING. 27597-E BAHAMA AVE., HAYWARD, CALIF. 94545.

Hear my Heart when the nucleus discovers doom/ & inspiration inhibits a bloom/ Hear my Heart when consumption possesses yesterday/ & hunger preserves decay/ yu-2-4471- ORPHEUS JR.

Amateur and professional female models needed to participate in personality research project. Phone 897-9567 after 9 PM weekdays or weekend mornings.

Female Model wanted by amateur photographer for non-commercial studies. Experience not essential. 8X10's furnished. Call evenings 865-6634.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices, to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21 send \$2 for a beautifully illustrated catalog to: BACCHUS & CO., P.O. Box 487, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941.

LETTER WRITERS GET DOZENS OF HOT LETTERS ANSWERING AC/DC AND STRAIGHT ADS PLACED BY SINGLE GIRLS AND SWINGING COUPLES. JUST RELEASED. SENT IN PLAIN WRAPPER. RUSH \$2.00 FOR: THE LETTER FILE, BOX 36603-EVV, HOLLYWOOD 90036.

LEGAL TURN-ON GUARANTEED JUST LIKE GRASS. COOK OR SMOKE IT. LARGE CLEANED \$2.00 LID MAKES 20 JOINTS. 3 LIDS \$5, 7 LIDS \$10. DEALERS WANTED. WINNER, BOX 48475-EV, HOLLYWOOD 90048.

Female Models needed for creative new erotic Publication. Call 925-2835. Photographer available for portfolios.

Attractive young Mod Females wanted to model for Adults Only Magazines, strictly business, private shootings. Send Photo if possible to: Regeneration, Box 223, Madison Square Station, NYC 10010.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio. 255-2711.

IMPERSONAL

Young Business Executive from Boston, 25, planning frequent NY visits, wants to meet a sincere, warm, sensitive, affectionate, understanding, witty, short, attractive, Jewish Female for a truly rewarding mutual relationship. Write to Jay at P.O. Box 96, Newton, Mass. 02159.

MARRIAGE-MINDED GIRL WANTED by man, age 22, 5'9", long hair, searching for love. Wants girl who's free; not lost in ego games. P.O. Box 225, Roslyn, Long Island 11576.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... Let's talk about it, you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

BUSTY — MY DESIRE IS TO MEET A WOMAN OR GIRL WITH A VERY LARGE BOSOM. AGE AND RACE NOT IMPORTANT. I HAVE BEAUTIFUL EAST SIDE APARTMENT. PLEASE CALL ME AT ANY TIME 832-8563.

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INDIA TEMPLE INCENSE — each stick burns nearly two hours, packet of 12 sticks \$1. Fragrances include Patchouli, Cinnamon, Strawberry, Jasmine, etc. Write for more information. Dealers wanted. Indiacrafts, 1038 Polk, San Francisco. 94101.

1959 Chevy stepvan. Complete living set-up. Many extras. Engine block cracked. \$325. 226-8939 or 473-9826.

CHEAP FOREIGN COINS — including many hard-to-get in New York. 191 East Third Street between A & B. Open 1-9 PM 7 days. Call 475-9897.

8-TRACK TAPES, CASSETTES OPEN REEL TAPES \$5.25 Records \$3.65 For Info Write CAG TAPE AND RECORD SALES 3606 NANTON PLACE PHILA. PENNA. 19154

Photographer (work published by C.A.D. and others) wishes to sell 2 1/4 X 2 1/4 color transparencies of attractive young, male nudes (duos and singles) to interested editors. Erikson, Box 117, NY 10012.

Gay male books, magazines, movies, FREE CATALOGUES. Trojan, Box 2121-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

Daring female magazines, movies, paperbacks. FREE CATALOGUES. Beaver, Box 2373-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

FLESH MARKET

Scientific Dating Service, Inc. 147 W. 42nd St., New York City, Room 1018. Guaranteed Dates. AM: TA8-7897; 12 PM to 8 PM: OX5-0158, and Sunday.

GROUP GROPE

Swinging attractive soul couple seek versatile female, any race, for weekend of sun and fun in Caribbean Islands. All expenses paid. Depart NY mid-March. Photo. Please write: William Spry, School Hall Lane, Cambridge, Maryland.

Singles Couples Interested in Meeting New and exciting people no more clubs, calls, or correspondence. For information send to: SWINGERS SYMBOL, BOX 181, Yonkers, N.Y. 10702

Be warm, beautiful & affectionate with people you can dig. Meet a group of men & women who get to know each other thru touch & expressing feelings. Body contact & awareness & total honesty. Tues, Thurs & Fri at 8:30 PM. Call Brenda at 348-9494 or Shane at 799-9398.

TALL ATTRACTIVE WHITE MALE EXEC. SEEKS COUPLES FOR THREESOMES. ALL AGES. YOUR THING IS MY THING. WRITE AND/OR GIVE PHONE. Box 151, OZONE PARK, NEW YORK 11417.

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ELECTRONIC BUGGING AND LISTENING DEVICES. DEBUGGING EQUIPMENT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING. PROTECT YOURSELF. CATALOG. WRITE: SSC, 27597E, BAHAMA, HAYWARD, CALIF. 94545.

EASY RIDER SHIRTS LARGE AMERICAN FLAG Sweatshirts \$3.50, T-shirts \$2.50. Sizes Sm 34/36, Med 38/40, Lg 42/44, XLg/46. K-4, Box 6V, Glencoe, Ill. 60022.

FREE: NAME AND ADDRESS OF Company offering lowest prices and fastest service on men's personal products. Write Us, ValDisCo, Vault 382, Orem, Utah 84057.

Hear my Heart when darkness guides the chain & spring-time endures with pain. Hear my Heart when elation collides with immortality & the wind changes into senility yu-1-4471- ORPHEUS JR.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

TWO GUYS SEEK SYLVAN SPOT for occasional alfresco camping. Will pay in Labor, Lucre, or? Also interested guided tour Cherry Grove scene sometime Summer. Details, please — J. Tiernan, Suite 536, 152 West 42nd, NYC.

Avant-Garde Magazine shooting pictures of FACES of couples making love. Models wanted. \$25.00 per couple. Phone photographer: Bob D'Alessandro, 233-8989 (9-5 p.m.), or 857-6285 (after 6 p.m.).

High School, College Guys — Let's WRESTLE! Name your rules! I'm available daily after 3:30 — Send age, weight, height, date and time to: Ron Harrison, 906 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N.J. Rick — send place, time.

WHEN IN LOS ANGELES CALL EVELYN FOR A DATE: 213-876-0981.

Will the Artist with the Gray Volvo, whom I met 3/12/70 at 4:30 PM on 33rd and Park Avenue please contact me (after 9:30 PM or between 7-8 AM at BU3-3962.)

Guys and chicks interested in travelling to a few rock festivals this summer and then go west and start a community of love and peace. Please write: Dave Down, 15 Third Street, Hamden, Conn. 06514.

ATTENTION — ALL HEADS

Find out what your Local Narco knows about your drug hiding places and habits. This informative pamphlet is yours for the low underground price of \$1.00. This \$1.00 may prove to be the best investment you ever made to keep from being busted!!! Send only cash or money orders and allow 1 to 2 weeks delivery. Send to: N.A.R.C.O. P.O. Box 158 Richmond Hill, New York 11418

Will buy 16 or 35mm B/W or color footage of Yippie activities; Abbie Hoffman; demonstrations resulting from the Chicago Conspiracy Trial to be used in feature film based on Abbie Hoffman's "Revolution for the Hell of It." Contact Nicki Kaplan 838-3232 or PL7-6300.

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SMACK- HOOKER - SPIKE ROACH WHACKED

How the pusher spoke to the elementary schoolgirl:

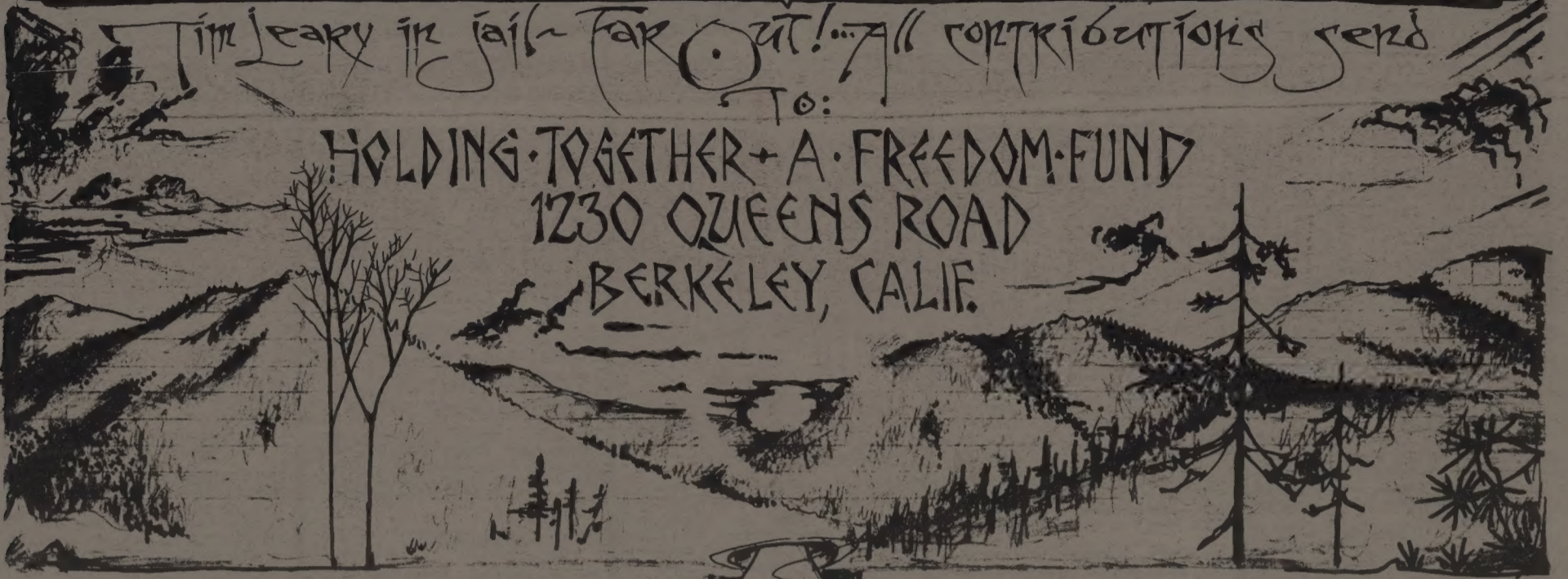
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