

east
village

OTHER

VOLUME 5 NUMBER
JULY 7, 1970
25' N.Y.C. 35' Outside



THERE ARE
ALL KINDS
OF SMOKE
AT A
SMOKE-IN



photo Joseph Stevens

HIRAP

C.B.S. to Leave Country

I READ THE NEWS TODAY, OH BOY

Soviet
And U.S.
Spar

Soviet Expels
Brezhnev

Budget: In
Nixon
Proposes,
Congress
Disposes

Facing
Large
Changes

NAACP
Decides
It Has
A New
Enemy He Has

A Lot of
Religion
Distinct
View

Astronauts' Wives Plagued

New James
LSD Trip
Scared Him

Bond Says His 8-H

Drugs
That Help
Control
The Unruly
Child

Phi Beta Kappa Growth
Secrets
Learned
From

A chance to
prove yourself.

A Sense Of Strain
And Strife
In National
Mood

Smashing
The Atom

Doubts
About Use
Of Air

Abortion:
New Law
Gets Its

U.S. Plans to Expel
A Pravda Reporter
For 'Improper' Acts

July Dream

FOR SALE
BY SEAL

Students Get Stoned on Drugs in Morning
Before School and Stay High by Getting
Stoned Again During Their Lunch

You Can
Speak Spanish
by October 1st

Pat's Mission

Hint by
Moscow of
Flexibility

The 'Gay'
People
Demand
Vogue

Podiatrist
40 Pat's
was already preparing a food column entitled
a day

SIX ACAPULCO SUNSETS
\$10.00 EACH

Come get your share

Relieve Headaches

Return to
Strategy of
'Maximum
Pressure'

Ailing Health System
Needs More Than Money

Liberal
College Creaking in the
Presidents Ireland
Having a Tough Time

Ice Jam
Their Rights

Italians
Protest
Against Mafia
War Image
Bridge
To Future

JAAKOV KOHN
ALLEN KATZMAN
IRVING SHUSHNIK
STEPHEN KOHN
JACKIE DIAMOND
RAY SHULTZ

JACKIE FRIEDRICK
KARIN BERG
DON KATZMAN

VINCENT FRANCIS CHARLES AUGUST
TRUMAN PATRICK CRAIG TITUS
ALLEN SHENKER
JOHN PETER ZENGEH
LIL PICARD

CLAUDIA DREIFUS
DAVID WALLEY

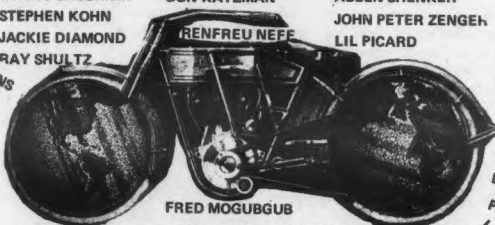


BROWN RECLUSE SPIDER

比

Selling Arms Scored

JOSEPH STEVENS
STEVEN HELLER
FLICKA DE MOID
NORTH: THE KID
CHARLIE FRICK
YOSSARIAN
ALEX GROSS
SPAIN RODRIGUEZ



FRED MOGUBGUB

Second Class Postage Paid at New York, NY. East Village Other
published weekly at 20 East 12 St., New York, NY 10003. One
year's subscription: \$6.00. Copyright 1970 East Village Other Inc.
All rights reserved.

KIM DEITCH

R. CRUMB

DEAN LATIMER

JACKIE ACON
ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
EUROPEAN OPERATIONS: JENO
AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA
DURANCE VILE: TIMOTHY LEARY
PARIS: J.J. LABEL
LONDON: MILES
HETTY MACLISE

Handwritten signature

Orthodox Church

First Must first kind me of st apic Mr M stupi when polit in GY. Scien the v job som BUR Certa that the consti of st Hubb of v FRED Woul belie carto in is vigor Hubb entire being at St. of Sc being Now goate

BURROUGHS

Intro

Three months ago William Burroughs (noted author of "Wake Up Lunch") "The

That Exploded" and his recent "The Job") started a controversy going by publishing an attack on the psychiatry profession and related fields such as Scientology.

The fire raged from the pages of *Rolling Stone* to the *L.A. Free Press*. The *Los Angeles Times* reported to publish a third of a series of

attacks on the berchite mentality which rules the American medical profession. It is Mr Burroughs' contention that what is wrong with America's political system is directly reflected in the mental prousts who regulate and adjust the mental illness of millions of Americans back into a system which is

crawling with enough disease.

This article is Mr Burroughs' final answer to his critics and to Howard Gordon Mustain who attacked him for his position on Scientology in the pages of the *L.A. Free Press*. In it he asks the inevitable question to be faced by us all: whether we be in a profession, a

"We would like to know where Scientology and Mr Hubbard stand on the Vietnam war, on sexual freedom, militant students, Black Power, pot, Red China, the policies of the American Narcotics department and the CIA. If it comes to a revolution which side would you fight on?"

Open Letter to Mister Gordon Mustain

First I would like to remind Mr Mustain that we are not yet on a first name basis and will be kindly refrain from addressing me as Bill while quoting axioms of stupidity with regard to my article....

Mr Mustain goes on to quote this stupidity axiom as applicable when I attribute to Mr Hubbard political opinions which appear in **FREEDOM SCIENTOLOGY**... Mr Hubbard founded *Scientology*. Mr Hubbard made *Scientology*. Mr Hubbard coined the word *Scientology*. I'd have a gas squirming out from under something called **THE BURROUGHS INSTITUTE**. Certainly Mr Mustain will admit that Mr Hubbard's prestige in the Scientology Organization is considerable? Is it then an axiom of stupidity to attribute to Mr Hubbard at least tacit approval of what was being said in **FREEDOM SCIENTOLOGY**? Would Mr Mustain have us believe that these articles and cartoons would have continued in issue after issue over the vigorous protests of Mr Hubbard? That Mr Hubbard was entirely ignorant of what was being said in a paper published at St. Hill, the world wide center of Scientology? And what was being said was John Birch talk. Now here is a psychiatrist in a goatee swinging his scythe which



is labelled 'From Russia with Love.' John Birch rode that line in The Minuteman psychiatrists as Communist agents. I don't buy it. I think American psychiatrists will support the American establishment like any other reactionary group. In England they will support the English establishment and in Russia the Russian. They are servants of the establishments where they have found traction. But does **FREEDOM SCIENTOLOGY** attack the American establishment? No they talk about decency, morality, the church the home the family and the evil and Godless practices of subversion. Nothing here a Wallace folk could object to but quite a bit that the radical left might

question rather sharply. Such questions passed along to me by readers prompted the article referred to. If Mr Hubbard is not responsible for anything in **FREEDOM SCIENTOLOGY** he cannot avoid responsibility for statements in his published writing. In *Science of Survival* he speaks darkly of the perfidious and twisted practices of subversion and of those Godless people who would undermine the church the home and the family with free love and atheism. He speaks highly of the home the church and the family. The police Mr Hubbard tells us, are 'ordinarily rational men...' (I wonder if Mr Hubbard has observed 8 of these rational men guns drawn busting in on one Zen Hippie preparing his

macrobiotic meal) He speaks warmly of the rich... 'A goddy number of them are the very pivots on which society is turning'... (I'll go along with that, Mr Hubbard)... 'Industrial giants of America well deserve to be at the top. Here are the men on whom God smiles...' The message of my article is clear: Find out who your friends are and who your friends are not. You say you believe in total freedom. Are the industrial giants of America and the Wallace folk the friends of total freedom? Who are the friends of freedom? Those who are fighting for freedom. The militant left. Now Mr Mustain launches into a denunciation of psychiatrists. Every Scientologist who answers (Continued on Page 44)

MOB

MY OWN BUSINESS...
M.O.B. . . . MOB . . . assumes the right of every individual to possess his inner space, to do what interests him with people he wants to see. In some areas this right was more respected a hundred years ago than it is in the permissive society.
"Which is it this time Holmes? Cocaine or morphine?" asks a disapproving Watson.
But Holmes won't have funk hounds sniffing through his Baker Street digs. If he accepts an American assignment 8 narcs won't beat his door in with sledge hammers, rush in waving their guns "WHATZAT YOU'RE SMOKING," jerk the pipe out of his mouth and strip him naked. The permissive society is passing new laws forbidding four or more unrelated persons to live in the same dwelling. MOB of course assumes the right of any group of individuals to withdraw into communes of their choice quite simply to see people they want to look at and not have people they don't want to look at shoved at them night and day. These withdrawal units are called MOBS. The Hippies already operate MOBS. Many other MOBS are possible, MOBS emitting the same brain waves who can slow their pulses together, telepathic MOBS who never speak, MOBS dedicated to exploring space without an aqualung. And not necessarily impractical. Chairman Mao thinks 'The real battle is inside our own skulls.' Perhaps those who control inner space control outer space as well. Here is a cartoon strip encounter between the brain-wave MOB and the narcs... The narcs burst through a door (Continued on Page 23)

Victory
Church
age
ce'
JS

The SOFT Parade

Renfreu Neff
1 July, 1970

Since radicals are always regarded as "Commie fags," it seemed only fitting to join the Come Out for Gay Liberation. Held two Sundays ago and sponsored by a coalition of homophile organizations, the Come Out was the concluding event of Gay Pride Week, a period of rallies and dances that marked the first anniversary of last summer's Stonewall Inn riots. The New York organizations were joined by others from all over the East coast — Boston, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia being among the larger cities represented

by various groups... and from as far west as Chicago. An estimated crowd of 20,000 began gathering at noon in Sheridan Square for the march that would take them up 6th Avenue to Central Park for what was scheduled as a Kiss-In.

This is as convenient a place as any for offering out-front apologies for bruising sensitive areas with the use of vernacular terms. No doubt such expressions are as unconscious as resorting to any lexicon of derogatory terms that are used to abuse all oppressed minorities, but I believe it is necessary to use those terms here, to say "fag" and "queer" and "dyke," because that is the way the

public reacts... precisely the sort of common reactions all such minorities are trying to obliterate by changing mass perception... but reaction is what this piece is about. It is that specific public reaction, the fear and the threat at the root of it, that gives the homosexual liberation movement its strength and makes it an unexpected guerilla movement within the Movement. In terms of its effect on its "audience," on spectators and unsuspecting by-standers at street demonstrations, I believe that it assaults the public psyche more intimately and discomforts it more than any other group that takes to the

street in protest.

To elucidate this point, one must consider that other radical factions express themselves politically and address their protest to social issues. Militant blacks and Third World groups, peace marchers and draft resisters, student demonstrators, militants and radicals of every race... all strike at the political consciousness, specifically that of white America, and elicit a spectrum of mass reaction that careens from apathy or sympathy to resentment and violent retaliation. Whatever the result, it is a reaction triggered by endless correlations of guilt and fear in the individual spectator's mind, and it strikes dissonant chords of personal anxiety and corrupted patriotism in each by-standing metabolism.

I don't care to dwell at length on the women's lib movement again, except to mention it as the other liberation movement to be based on the idea of sexual oppression and say that their militant members have managed to come up with a negativistic and tediously neurotic down-trip. Yet a coalition has come about between certain of these feminist groups and Gay Liberation Front, the most militant and politically oriented of the homosexual organizations... a somewhat questionable

venture it would seem when the feminists believe, in effect, that after the total destruction of the heterosexual male, they will achieve a passive, sexless, emasculated object-being; in their point of view, the Perfect Male: the faggot. Isn't there an implied insult in their coalition with male homosexuals struggling against legislation and legal codes designed to prevent them from having all but the most furtive and destructive of relationships?

In even the most radical minds there is justifiable confusion concerning the difference between militant feminists and the Daughters of Bilitis, or lesbian members of other homophile organizations. According to one women's lib spokeswoman, efforts to conscript feminists from a vowed lesbian organizations have usually proved futile and disillusioning, but a difference was unearthed: lesbians simply do not identify as members of the female sex. On the contrary, they identify with men and, therefore, are quite amiably disposed toward masculinity, particularly toward representations of the male organ. It could be concluded then that the difference between militant feminists and lesbians is that the feminist advocates castration and sterilization of the male, celibacy and



Photos: Clarence Montoya

(Continued on Page 24)

by Jeff Shero

Atlanta used to have a ball team called the Crackers. But now it's gone big league. White crackers have been replaced by the Braves, and the hero is a black right fielder named Hank Aron. White Georgia's typified by Yahoo Governor Lester Maddox, who's fame rests on giving out ax handles to burley Segs to protect his fried chicken business from "Communist Inspired" black integrationists. On the other hand Atlanta's flourished under a succession of liberal mayors following a course of business like moderation.

Atlanta is a country boy on the make. It has over fifty topless A-go-go clubs, a gamey atmosphere, and a black assistant major. Its reputation for progressivism has made it the regional headquarters.



THE SUN SHINES IN ATLANTA

for the international business community. It's as careful as Mae West about its make-up in public. Atlanta like the hometown soft drink, Coca Cola, would have you believe, "It's the real thing."

Of course the jails are filled with the black and poor. The new mayor has screwed the striking garbage workers after getting elected with their support. Block busting Real Estate agents turn race tensions into quick profits. Unemployment goes up, and real wages go down. Housing developers exploit the loneliness of the swarms of incoming college graduates, squeezing out three hundred dollar rents for apartments in prestige youth complexes. And recently this liberal city, headed by liberal Mayor Sam Massell, has developed a liberal program of dealing with the city's blossoming "hippie problem."

Mayor Massell says hippies need a program of "intensive care." But the real problem with hips is the community got too together. Now from all over the south young kids are running away to find a new life on the strip. Peachtree and 10 St. are becoming the South's Haight-Ashbury dream.

Newcomers find dope plentiful and the narc problem easy enough to deal with. Big old houses, moderate rents, trees, and sunshine combined with friendly sisters and brothers offers a welcome change from small town paranoia or big cities concrete jungles.

After a battle with the piggery last summer, the city gave in to long hairs grooving in nearby Piedmont park. The Park lake has been liberated for free swimming, and every Sunday some of the best bands in the South gather to play for free.

The music is incredible. Bands here tend to work together a long while, before their fame spreads, and they become part of the record

industry hype. Tight, funky, and with roots in black blues and soul, bands like the Allman Brothers, Eric Quincy Tate, and the Hampton Greese Band are as good as anything in the country. The whole thing vibrates like the long dead San Francisco free music scene in Golden Gate Park.

Though the strip is a businessmen's menage of head shops and porn movie theaters, all the essentials of life can be found. Yuppies run an apartment finding service. The Crises Center helps with busts, communications, fuck-ups and freak-outs. The Laundromat is a cheap craft co-op run by beautiful anti-capitalist heads. There are doctors for the clap and other common ailments, as well as some decent lawyers. The local blue enforcers of the Law, though pig-like, tend to inefficiency. The scene isn't nirvana, but compared to New York, Chicago, Houston or L.A., it looks pretty good.

This summer has produced new problems. Every night hoards of businessmen drive slowly down the strip ogling the scene, and trying to buy a little of that free love. Sometimes, lubricated with alcohol, they get belligerent. Others, primarily working class and whites and black hustlers encouraged by the non-violent atmosphere have gotten into raping and mugging the unwary. But because the Atlanta scene is a unique combination of middle class drop outs, poor white rebels, and blacks, an effective street patrol was put together to protect people from marauders.

Summer has also brought numbers of footloose back-packing hips on the road to the Atlanta Pop Festival who have arrived early. The influx has strained some of the communities resources. Also the hard drug market has mushroomed. But it's the same everywhere, and the local people were taking care of the community's needs.

The liberal city of Atlanta's response, true to its repressive instincts, began freaking out at the success of the alternative counter-culture. While the scene was small, it was quaint, and proved Atlanta's liberality. When it grew, it threatened to take hold among the establishment's sons and daughters and undermine the commercial way of life. The response was the same liberal rationale as Vietnam: we're sending in troops to protect your freedom.

In a television speech Mayor Massell announced that to protect the hip community from "outsiders" and "undesirables" he was establishing a patrol force of sixty-four cops. Being a liberal image builder, the precinct was christened the "Pig Pen" and the front window was emblazoned with a pink porker in a blue uniform. The mayor also conned a sell-out long hair to act as spokesman for the community and express gratitude for the "protection." Then in a surprise move he announced an underground press ad campaign. Underground Press Ad campaign! Wow! ... Meet the Press was snowed, but street people were apprehensive.

Now the air has cleared. The "Pig Station" is gone, replaced by Precinct 65. The forces of the Law mass on the strip, ever ready to protect the fascist porn theater owner and other patriotic property owners. There are virtually no patrols off the main street, proving the city wasn't interested in protecting anyone. One brother has been shot. People are getting busted for such things as "creating a turmoil" and "violating pedestrian duties." Kids who a month ago thought the Great Speckled Bird was on a violence trip, now talk of offing the pig and blowing up the pig sty.

Atlanta, despite its pretensions,

proves to be liberal Amerika in microcosm—the leaders talk a good game, but use force when people try to live free. It hasn't worked in Vietnam, Berkeley, Kent State, or Jackson, and it isn't working here. The strip and the park are still controlled by the people. Energy is high. The community has toughened and seen through another layer of liberal sweet talk. New forms are developing to meet repression. A new nation is blossoming in the cradle of the deep south.

POST-POP FESTIVAL NOTES:

Up to 200,000 freaks were expected for what may be the killer festival of the summer. The promoters have been cooperating with the hip community so pot busts, harassment, food, sanitation, and water won't pose tremendous problems. If you arrive in Atlanta and need a place to crash talk to people on the strip, or maybe try the Crises Center 892-1358 for the latest information. For hip tips you might try the good people at the laundromat or call the Bird, 874-1658. In a pinch you can spend the night digging the other arrivals on the strip, then make it over to Piedmont Park at six in the morning to catch a few winks. After six A.M. the park is open and sleeping is legal... If you're 21 you might try the Bowery at night for cheap beer and the white blues sounds of the Eric Quincy Tate band. If you're underage just groove around outside, the music blasts through the swinging doors... Whatever you do, avoid Macon, and its Republican mayor who has issued "shoot to kill orders for blacks, anarchists" and other types who instigate violence. Macon is a trap... Bring camping gear and talk to the southern folks on the road. If you come on human and

(Continued on Page 26)



CHAPTER 7

©1970, Yoramov/Arno Press

THE MONSTER SPAWNED IN THE SECRET NEW JERSEY LABORATORY FROM THE "SPACE FLOWER" QUICKLY GROWS AS IT DEMOLISHES TOWN AFTER TOWN IN ITS PATH TOWARD NEW YORK CITY.

FEW ESCAPE THE SLOW BUT RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF THE CREATURE



THE POPULACE IS WARNED BY THE PUBLIC MEDIA



WHO PRODUCED THIS FLICK

HERE WE SEE THE MONSTER ENGULFING A POOR OLD WOMAN WHO HAS TOO SLOW CRUTCHES

FAR OUT!

GURGLE

SURE SHUFFLED THAT THAT OLD FUCKER



SOON THE PATH OF THE CREATURE REACHES THE EDGE OF THE HUDSON RIVER AND WITH A FLAMING HOBOKEN BEHIND IT THE CREATURE COMES TO A STOP.



THE HEAVENS ANSWER WITH A RAPID DARKENING OF THE SKIES, A PEEL OF THUNDER, AND THEN UNDER A HAVEL OF CELESTIAL LIGHT THE MURKY HUDSON RIVER STOPS IN ITS JOURNEY, SHUDDERS HOHENKILLY THEN PAKTS PROVIDING A PATH TO THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN

CAN NOTHING STOP THIS ACCURSED THING?

IN RIO WITH THE GUERRILLAS



By Lionel Rotcage

In the arid "Sertao" of Northeastern Brazil, thousands of starving peasants wander the roads searching for a handful of cassava flour. Bands of "flagellados" ("victims of the plague") attack stores and freight trains. Meanwhile in Rio, economic authorities publish victory communiques: in 1969 the balance of trade was generally positive, inflation was only 20% (against 90% in 1963) and the growth of the gross national product reached the record rate of 9%.

The military, which took power in 1964, is content with the choice it made: to render Brazil more and more attractive to foreign capital and to seek (above all in the "rich triangle" of Rio - Sao Paulo - Belo Horizonte) a closed-circuit growth that benefits less than 10% of the ninety million Brazilians. All the others have seen their standard of living sink considerably during the past five years.

Congress having been dismissed and the press muzzled, there is no longer an "official" opposition. The Church—with the exception of

some more "committed" priests and bishops—presents a form of resistance to the regime that remains polite. The only active opponents of the military are the revolutionary organizations—numerous and divided—that have, for two years, been conducting "urban guerrilla" operations: attacks on military posts, bank robberies, kidnappings of well-known individuals. The government has waged against them a struggle without mercy in which it does not hamper itself with "legalism": in the civil and military prisons, militants and mere suspects are systematically tortured and sometimes murdered.

I met militants from one of these groups who invited me to observe two "operations."

"This is a revolutionary operation. Get out of your car quietly. It will be returned to you later in good condition, we hope." It is near midnight. The one talking had been waiting for about ten minutes on the sidewalk at an intersection in Copacabana. When a Willys 3600 station wagon stopped at a red light, he approached

calmly, and leaned on his elbow at the driver's window, as if he were speaking to a friend. In each hand, he holds a .38 revolver—snub-nose special.

I am at the other window, unarmed, ready to flee. The driver remains calm, but for a moment, I am afraid the woman at his side is going to suffer an attack of hysteria. However, they get out without saying a word and go quietly to the sidewalk. We get the Willys at the moment when the light changes green and take off. The whole thing lasted less than thirty seconds.

"It's in stealing cars that we suffer the most losses," explains my companion. "The reaction of people is unpredictable and it happens often that we get ourselves caught. One time last year, the guy sensed that I wouldn't shoot, and he started honking the horn. I got myself out of it by a miracle."

He is nineteen years old, with dirty nails and tracks of dirt on his neck. He belongs to the V.P.R. (Vanguarda Popular Revolucionaria: The People's Revolutionary Vanguard).

Now, we are rolling toward an unknown destination. I learned from my first contacts with the militants of the V.P.R. not to ask questions: when it is useful for me to know something, I will be told. If the moment has not arrived, I will not be answered. On the way, we pick up two people, a commander of G.A.T. (Tactical Operations Group) and another militant. They cannot have more than fifty years between them both. No one speaks. Behind us, there is now a second car carrying five militants. They are charged with the duty of protecting us. Very soon, they will save us.

One minute before our arrival at our destination, I am told: "We are going to attack a bank very near the



(Continued on Page 20)

POWER TO THE PEOPLE AND OTHER ILLUSIONS

by gianfranco mantegna

The quote of the week in David Wallley's piece last week was really bad news: "The claim in equality, outside the strictly political field, is made by those who feel themselves to be in some way inferior." This is simple nonsense. I'll try to explain why and attempt to answer some of the questions posed in Wallley's piece. This is not a polemic against Wallley, neither is it the Answer; it's just an attempt to further explore some of the points he raised and clarify them.

First we have to establish the fundamental difference between populist revanchism and real revolution which is a Change that is in some way—scientifically, historically, socially, morally or cosmically—provable. Sometimes revolution may be brought about by "superior" people or individuals with a certain enlightened awareness and has enough energy to keep only for their own use. It may sound like a funny trip, considering how busy we are with flag-wavers, Maoists, Goldbergs, factions calling one another Fascist, cretinism and bad taste. But this is part of the game: the socio-political system not only enslaves us, it forces us to become monsters in order to fight monstrosity. Violence is counter-revolutionary, because it is *their* method, even if often our only choice, too, is All Power to the Good-Shooter. Love for fellow human beings is not a philanthropic pietist enterprise: it is a need (at least for some of us), the need for self-realization, impossible

without Unity. I do not hate *them*, I hate their down trips which fuel up my life.

The first question to consider is which power to which people? I think the best answers today can be found in the writings of Cleaver and Seale. Equality does not mean mediocrity. That's sloppy thinking. What is equality? a big hand coming from up there and squeezing us all simultaneously? There is a big difference between the fucked up masses and people with a particular consciousness. The result of massification is the lowering of the standards: but our revolution is *against* massification! Conscious determination in the pursuit of revolutionary goals (how about the pursuit of happiness?), even if we fail, is still a revolutionary gesture. For any one of us is part of this frightened mass of cowering rats: society is first dehumanized through its educational system in which our perceptions are blown up or crippled.

"Power is the ability to define phenomena and make them act in a desired manner": Huey P. Newton. Power is the freedom to choose your own way of life, power is creativity, power is to overcome death. Or, at least, the fear of it.

Again *which* people? Consider first the inner life of the masses before talking about "the People".

Most people are ordinary. And ordinary people are ordinary, regardless of the time or society or setting in which they live. Moreover, ordinary people are relatively unintelligent, incapable of

abstraction or imagination, lacking any special qualities of talent or eccentricity. This is the human condition. Andrew Hacker, *The End of the American Era*.

But consider, too, that the same masses are becoming more and more enlightened; consider the state of education, perception and media communication compared with 50 years ago. Yet even the neo-pithecanthropoids want to be turned on. Yes, we have no Nirvanas to believe in, and that is the tragedy; everyone must face the inanity of his own existence. Most survive by becoming even more screwed up, just vaguely knowing that something is happening without knowing what it is. Political theories and philosophies have failed, psychoanalysts and shrinks are more messed up than their patients; frustration piles on frustration. We join group therapy sessions and nude marathons. The enemy is within us. We join the so-called counter-culture still carrying the old hang-ups and we fuck that up, too. Or we may have new ideas and ideals, but our behaviour is still the old destructive one. We talk about expanding consciousness and yet there is no consciousness at all. But still Power to the People, by any means necessary... power to those who are not part of an intellectual elite, people whose voices reach us from jails from the deepest dehumanization of the ghettos... to Bobby Seale or the less known Georges Jackson of the Salinas Brothers, in jail for eight years, since he

was 20, and for *no reason*. He may get a life sentence now just because he is still fighting for freedom. It's difficult to explain how it happens: a little warp, a sudden flash of commotion, life *or* death. Some people bred in the most inhuman environments find ways to freedom, not only their own, for *theirs* is a desperate need to liberate their brothers, to make every life meaningful and full, The Bliss of Creation.

Imagination takes power: the possibility of mastering the chaos, of producing instead of being a product.

Wallley raises the question of social art conceived for revolutionary purposes, an old question that pundits still keep tampering with. This is one of the best examples of ill-fated attempts of gracious tokenism; elitism for the masses. The masses need bread and we are still dispensing cheesecake.

Many fundamental premises are usually neglected:

To begin with, Art has always belonged to the rich simply because the poor, being totally alienated from culture, neither want nor need it. (The genuine art of the poor becomes "folklore" a few decades after its discovery)

To "make art" is vaguely obscene, something to feel guilty about; the masses love the artist as much as the working class loves the student. In the "artist" they recognize a free creator, the mirror of their impotence. Sinister as it is, it will be a long, long time before this alienation can be overcome, because the proletariat does not realize that

it can also make art, it has conspired with the elite in accepting beliefs in its own inferiority:

Another failure of art today, like all past social realism with pedagogical pretense, is in its derivative, ancillary fruition. People no longer accept this passive role: the spectator wants to create as an acknowledgement of relevancy, self-realization and freedom.

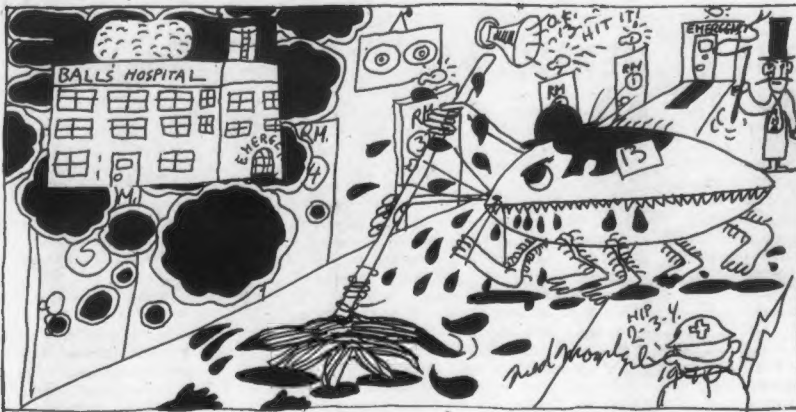
To theorize about revolutionary art is another vain dialectic exercise. First, what is a revolutionary situation? So far in modern history we had few such experiences:

1) *Russia, 1917/20*: that was extraordinary. Majakowsky, Lissinsky, Tatlin and many more, and most of them were later victims of Soviet bureaucracy. Such victimization has continued into the present.

2) *Italy, 1946/60 and most of post-war Europe*: to put it simply, the social realists of those years missed the train but not the bandwagon.

3) *Cuba*: despite the usual mistakes something positive may be happening, at least according to my very limited direct experience.

And finally *Paris, May 1968*... Nobody needed art and everybody was unbelievably high (even without smoking). 20 hours a day left us no time for art. Everyone there realized that *life itself is a form of art*, and that's what revolution is all about. That's all we have to keep in mind, because the revolution is happening here, too. Quote of the week: *All power to the people*.



THE HOSPITAL WORKERS UNION

Three Members Tell Their Story

by Claudia Dreifus

In a time when trade unions throughout the country seem much more concerned with supporting Nixon's Southeast Asian murder than with improving the wages and conditions of the American working class, Local 1199 — the Drug and Hospital Workers Union stands out as a shining example of what trade unionism could be in this country. It's a radical union. It's a union that's fighting the war and the poverty of its members.

In 1958, the union was nothing more than a small pharmacy local of the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union. But the union's members were pharmacists who worked in hospitals and they were aware that their co-workers — nurses aides, porters and maids, were earning a paltry \$28.00 per week. Hospital Workers, you see, were working for "non-profit" institutions, and were not subject to minimum wage laws. \$28.00 in 1958! Depression wages! Incredible!

So the pharmacist's union began organizing. Twelve years of organizing and several bloody strikes later, the union had organized some 22,000 hospital workers, most of them black and Puerto Rican and had won wages and conditions guaranteed to put its members firmly out of the poverty category.

Last week, when the 1199 contract with some 24 New York City voluntary hospitals was about to expire, the union threatened a strike. None of the members were happy about the idea of striking against sick people. But as Anibal Garcia, an X-ray technician from Bronx Lebanon Hospital explained, "We cannot treat the sick, if we are hungry ourselves." The demands the union made included a pay raise, making the minimum wage in all hospitals for all job classifications \$140 per week. \$140 is a lot of money to pay a cleaning lady. But it is what a person needs to live in New York. "The government says that you need \$140 for a family of four in this City," explained Mrs. Miriam Beech, a nurse's aide from Long Island

Jewish Hospital, "and that's what we want. We want it for ourselves and for our children. We're tired of being poor!"

After an all-night bargaining session, the union and the League for Voluntary Hospitals, the management group, narrowly averted a strike and agreed to a new contract. The contract which includes \$30 in raises over a two year period is a step forward for all of 1199's members. At the end of two years the minimum wage for all hospital workers will be \$130 a week. Twelve years ago, hospital workers were earning \$30 for the same work week.

During the all-night wait for the contract decision, we sat with some of the members of Local 1199 and learned what the union had meant to their lives. It was clear that for the worker on the job, the fight to build 1199 has been a proud experience. Willie Staton, Ramon Colon and Hepburn Brown's experiences are typical of those of thousands of 1199 members.

WILLIE STATON — PORTER

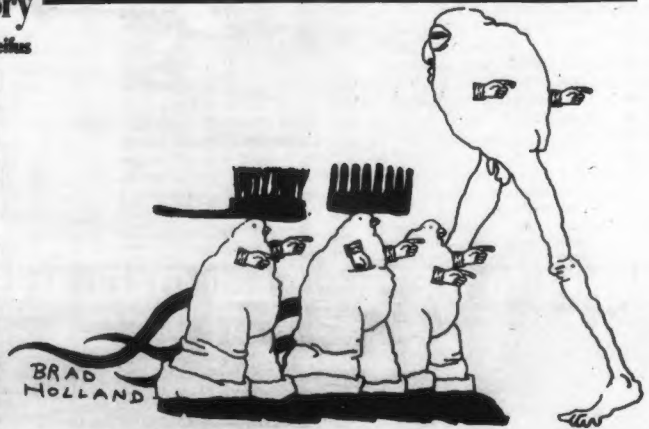
Willie Staton was thirteen when he quit school to help support his mother. His first job was on an ice truck and then he drifted from one menial spot to another. By chance he found a job as a porter at Brooklyn's St. John's Hospital. In 1957, wages at St. John's were slightly above average for the hospital field, and Willie was paid \$32.00 for a 48 hour week. By now Willie was not only caring for his mother, but also for his wife and three children.

It is not easy for Willie to talk about his early days in hospitals. He much prefers to talk about the future, about his daughter, who he hopes will be going to college next year.

"The hospital field wasn't worth staying in in 1957. Not like it is now. There was no chance for an education or for advancing yourself. You was simply a boy with a mop and that was what you was going to be all your life.

"In those days we lived from one week to another in a

(Continued on Page 18)



SOME SUMMER MUSIC

by David Welby

Living in New York is an exercise in preventative paranoia. You get that feeling walking around the streets during the summer, but why is this summer different from other summers? Spring crops grow to maturity during the summer. What has the spring brought to the community, to the country? Cambodia and presidential prerogatives, more concerned statements from concerned elders about the problems facing today's youth, more cant and rhetoric contribute to the overburdening of consciousness, that feeling down in the gut that things aren't running as usual, that things are never going to return to business as usual, that business is undergoing transformation, that the new generation is coming of age. What else?

The signs this summer point to some sort of blow-up. For the past few weeks, the air in New York has been "Unhealthy," according to the Department of Air Resources. You can read it in the Daily News everyday if you don't believe me. That little box, usually found on page three in the lower left-hand corner lends some credence to the fact that every morning you wake up with dirt on your hands, grimy dirt which requires scrubbing with a hand brush to get off. The Dept. of Air Resources usually has a truck parked out by Cooper Union with dials and graphs a-spinning

while the smokestacks over by Saint Marks Church belch smoke and the air contains many little black specks which wind up in your lungs... Black humor or black spots anyone?

There are few ways to avoid being taken in by the New York paranoia. The first way is to have a lot of money and build a suitable environment and not leave it, except in emergencies. Ah, money is a little tight this summer, and the market on getting any is way down or inflated beyond belief. If you think you are getting less for more money, you're right. In post WWII Germany, the inflation got so bad that people literally went to market with a shopping bag full of money... but it can't happen here, can it? Compound that with the fact that the federal government after spending so much money on the Cambodia adventure has no money for summer work programs, Billy Graham's Soul Crusade, and Bill Graham's page-long letter in Billboard magazine to promoters appraising the glum scene, coupled with consecutive rock and roll rip-off concerts throughout the country and the ever-present heat, well, folks, the combination of such events can only produce more chaos.

You've got to consider conspiracy from the other end, isn't it conspiracy when a government tries to fan flames

(Continued on Page 22)



Fotos : C Williams



John Storyk and Mike Finkelstein are artists who do not necessarily believe in cultural anarchy. Not that that makes too much of a difference. In a brilliant action that can only be defined as cultural anarchy at its highest they have plastered New York with sixteen hilarious signs that had to blow the minds of those conditioned to the usual array of irrelevantly monotonous traffic signs destined to confuse the poor slob behind the wheel. "All we were interested in was to convey ideas and messages through channels not usually open." The signs speak for themselves. What's more fitting for a slum that prides itself on the myth of FUN CITY.

RADICAL VIDEO



BY
JOHN REILLY

A SIMULTANEOUS VIDEO
TAPE AND PRINT JOURNAL
OF ALTERNATE MEDIA
TELEVISION

AND
RUDI STERN

RADICAL VIDEO JOURNAL WILL EXPLORE WITH THE SIMULTANEOUS USE OF THESE TWO MEDIA THE SPECTRUM OF ACTIVITY RELATED TO ALTERNATE CULTURES AND THE TRANSMISSION OF INFORMATION WHICH IT NECESSITATES. THIS COLUMN WILL DEAL WITH THE REALITIES OF UNDERGROUND COMMUNICATION AND THE EMERGING ENERGY OF VIDEO AS AN ESSENTIAL

FORCE IN THIS GRID. IN THE SPIRIT OF THE GODDARD ALTERNATE MEDIA CONVERGENCE WE WILL AIM TO DEVELOP NEW MEANS OF INTEGRATING LINEAR AND NON-LINEAR, VERBAL AND NON-VERBAL EXPRESSION IN OUR COMMUNITY AND BEYOND IT.

THE EVO VIDEO TAPE LIBRARY WHICH WILL RESULT FROM THIS JOURNAL IS AVAILABLE

THROUGH EVO. FOR INFORMATION REGARDING THESE TAPES CONTACT EVO.

The gathering at Goddard College of many of the people working in alternate media for the first Alternative Media Project certainly must be an historical happening.

Those groups that are into "radical TV" or "street television" held what amounted to the first bringing together of this infant of the "other" media and culture.

This is not an attempt to report the events of those meetings, but rather a few suggestions for the future course of "radical television." Radical television today as it exists, with Global Village and other groups working in this area, is in a sense the radicalization of the image and the subconscious reaction to broadcast television as it exists in this country. It's a sharing of a cultural experience in the so-called alternate culture. It's a reporting by use of 1/2" video equipment of the events - happenings, that surround us and are never seen on broadcast television. There exists in this country an alternate life-style of millions of Americans who receive coverage from the underground press - but receives virtually none from broadcast television in the United States. The question for radical television now is how can we develop a system that can withstand the inevitable rip-offs and pressures that will be mounted from the

establishment. The first suggestions at Goddard were to apply to existing establishment channels such as non-commercial and commercial television - for time to present - news events, cultural events, and programs from radical television.

Secondly, the major suggestion to emerge was for an "information bank" - sharing, pooling the tapes and resources of people active in this area. What I propose is that an effort now be made to strengthen the alternate means of presenting our tapes and materials without the dependence on existing channels. In the case of a Kent State or Cambodian invasion, it would be most likely that radical television would be denied access to the air. We must have a system existing and functioning, that will build and strengthen our means of communicating with ourselves and not depend on the whim of the power structure.

What I propose is a series of video centers around the country where tapes are made and exhibited. An interconnection of these centers initially on the level of video tape exchange. The application to the FCC for experimental, limited broadcast rights and the strengthening of existing outlets for showing videotapes.

Global Village has been active for the past nine months in building the concept of a video theater. Other groups now are beginning to work in this area. Global Village will continue this concept and broaden it by

including the works of other groups and a series of benefits for the "Video Conspiracy." Eventually, with social pressure existing, time can possibly be found on cable hookups in various communities whereby community-oriented programming and alternate media informational programming can be presented on a regular basis. But this is, at best, years away. (except for sporadic examples of it being tried, such as "Peace Television" in Montreal.)

What is needed now are many more centers around the country whereby information can be disseminated on a rapid basis and exhibited to a wide number of people in information-starved communities. Global Village presented a series of free evenings, just after the student strike. Tape gathered by myself and others from the West Coast and New York dealing with the events that were going down. Three hours of material was presented at Global Village in a space that will accommodate approximately 150 people - and 700 people showed up to view the tapes. I think a tremendous need exists now for outlets and facilities to present information to people who want to see it. Goddard was a beginning, it is now up to all of us involved to work through the year to develop the strength to survive the things that will be coming down when the power structure realizes what is developing, particularly with this infant called "radical television."

PREGNANT? NEED HELP?



THE PROBLEM PREGNANCY COUNSELING SERVICE offers Free and Confidential information as to where you can receive a Competent Medical abortion. We offer a list of telephone numbers of those we have already helped so that you may verify the quality of service received.

The fact that the New York abortion law has just gone into effect does not mean that *unfair* medical and counseling fees are left behind. There are doctors, hospitals, and Counseling Services in the New York area which charge far too

much for what you receive. The following list details the maximum amounts which are reasonable:
NEW YORK: \$25 for Counseling; \$300 to 12 weeks of pregnancy, \$400 to 14 weeks, \$500 to 16 weeks, \$600 to 18 weeks, \$700 to 20 weeks for your operation and anesthetic.
HAITI: \$50 for Counseling; \$350 to 12 weeks, \$400 to 14 weeks for your operation and anesthetic, plus \$200 plane fare.
MEXICO: \$50 for Counseling; \$300 to 12 weeks, \$400 to 14 weeks, \$450 to 16 weeks, \$500 to 18 weeks, \$550 to 20 weeks (same as New York).

CALL

NEW JERSEY 201/863-6644
ATLANTA 404/875-4640
HOUSTON 713/523-5354
ST. LOUIS 314/361-2126

Total fees should be as follows:

New York: \$350 plus transportation if necessary.
Haiti: \$400 plus plane (\$200), or \$650 maximum.
Mexico: \$300 plus plane (\$230), or \$550 maximum.

If you are being asked to pay any more than the figures listed above by anybody, you are being cheated.

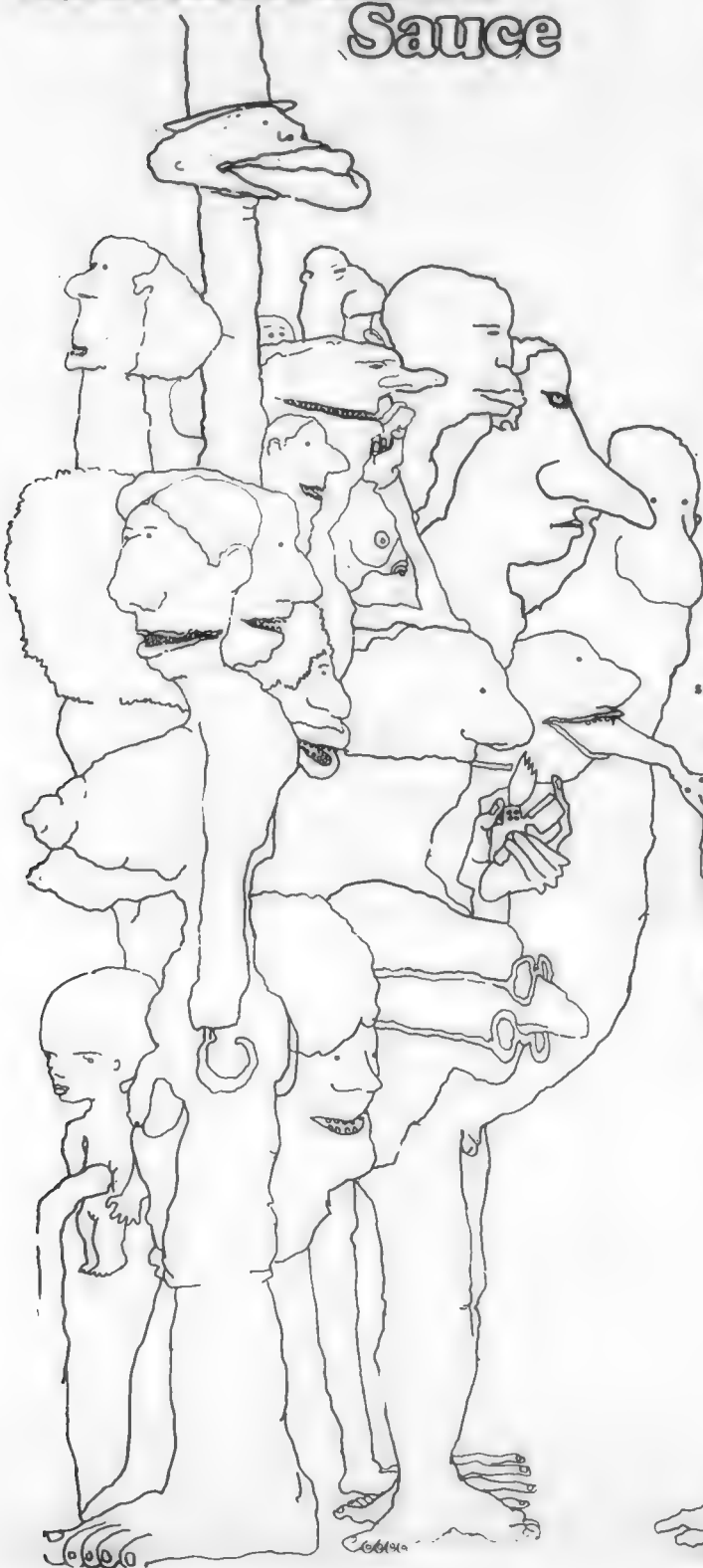
The Problem Pregnancy Counseling Service maintains a 24-hour telephone in each of our cities listed above and offers many references for your convenience.

If you suspect that you are pregnant, an early medical test is your best chance for a choice. There are no shots or pills which

terminate a pregnancy; these medications are intended to induce a late period only.

Our reference clinics, if outside the U.S., are regularly inspected by U.S. doctors and have a slightly better record than most American hospitals. If you have any doubts as to the alternatives from which you are choosing, please call.

Hollandaise Sauce



BRAD HOLLAND, 26, should you ever encounter him walking in the street, would just as soon cast a spell on you as not. Watch out for him. A recognised artist in his own right, Holland works out of **The Asylum Press**, of which he is a co-founder. It eats apples out of his palm.



Greasy



Fleas

by Irving Shushnik

Since it happened on a Monday, the Italian-American Unity Day festivities very nearly went past EVO without mention. Monday is a bad day for the EVO Java Kings, Europeans, Teenagers and Women's Libbers, because all Sunday night, every Sunday night, well up into Monday morning after the sun comes up is spent pasting up this sumbitch and putting it to bed and off to the printers. But we heard about the Italian-American Unity Day preparations weeks beforehand: local merchants told us of certain pressures exerted on them to close down on Monday, 29 June. 'Close up Sunday or sweep up Monday,' was the way many of them had had it put to them. By Sunday morning, pasteboard signs were in evidence in markets and stores throughout the City, proclaiming that 'This shop will be closed Monday, June 29, in observation of Italian-American Unity Day.' D.A. Latimer swears he saw this sign hanging on the door of a huge cruise Bonneville, which also flew the Italian flag from its antenna, and on the sign the word 'shop' had been crossed out and replaced overhead with 'car.'

So preparations were made by EVO to get a reporter, if not a photographer also, up to Columbus Circle at noon Monday,

where, according to advance notices in the daily papers, 400,000 Italian-Americans were expected to show up. The demonstration itself was supposed to continue the six-week-long protests the Italians had been exerting on the New York F.B.I. office, as described here by Ray Schultz last month. Distressed by the popular misconception in most American minds of a nationwide crime cabal called the Mafia, staffed supposedly by Italians, a group of Italian-Americans had been picketing the FBI offices on Third Avenue for over a month. 'So what if Joseph Colombo's in the Mafia?' one protester asked. 'That's his business.' And in fact, being that the F.B.I. has never investigated Standard Oil, General Motors, Union Carbide or Honeywell, many persons fail to understand why they should be investigating the Mafia. But Monday dawned as usual on a totally depleted EVO staff, and no one on the card-carrying staff showed up at Columbus Circle. The day was saved, however, and the reputation of the old Gazette was preserved, by venerable Spanish-American war vet and EVO poet-laureate Vincent F.C.A.T.P.C. Titus, 64, who visited the site. 'The Italians are really together,' Titus put it later. 'Anthony Imperiale was there, and he had

John Marchi right up against the wall. A lotta people were there. You had to go all the way up to 64th Street just to get around the crowd, they were all the way up Columbus Avenue and Broadway that far. There musta been about 100,000 people there.' Official police estimates first put the total of the crowd at 80,000. This was elaborated by the Daily News into 100,000. The police estimate dropped, later, to 60,000, shortly after two policemen were stabbed by icepicks on 69th Street and Third Avenue. Titus witnessed this event: 'The cops had been hasseling the march to the FBI, see. So they got stabbed by these two guys, young guys, real greasers — ducktail haircuts, zoot suits, icepicks.' Didn't snuff them, just cut them up some.' The protest was termed 'orderly' in the daily press. The two policemen were admitted to the hospital, where they were reported in 'satisfactory' condition. Initial reports, later disproved, had it that 'the two officers were killed by icepick wounds, and were still screaming even in death, it was so painful.' According to the Daily News, 'the officers were cut in the shaving that went on between police and demonstrators.' The protest was termed 'orderly.'



Titus

By Ray Schultz

This is the stuff, five poems and two fables by Vincent Francis Charles August Truman Patrick Craig Titus, a 63 year-old poet and revolutionary who seems to make his home at the offices of the East Village Other in New York City where he is even now sitting around rapping and drinking coffee and asking for cigarettes and being a pain in the ass and causing some people to scream at him and others to strike him with hard objects and others to ignore him completely and still others to hang around and dig him when he says something like "I fucked Jean Harlow," or "I ran with the

Weathermen," or when he spouts his poems from the back of his mind, or masses in Latin, or any number of different things that a man picks up during 63 years of life — Vincent's particular 63 years having begun on November 4th, 1906 in Titusville, Pa. (a small burg, named after Vincent's great-great-great-great grandfather, Job Lorimer Titus, a surveyor for General George Washington), where he was born of wealthy parents, extremely wealthy WASP parents who moved him to New York at the age of 2, and St. John's School at the age of six, then St. Paul's School at Concord, N.H., then Harvard where he studied with such worthy contemporaries as James Forrestal, Major George

Fielding Elliot and Kembell Young, and where he took a Ph.D. in Philosophy, with a thesis on the relationship of William James to contemporary culture.

After a period of study at St. Joseph's Seraphic Seminary, Vincent was ordained an Episcopal priest ("I was very religious, as a child," he says, "I was a goody-goody in a Lord Faunterly collar,") then he switched to Catholicism for "no particular reason," and attended the Franciscan House of Studies in Washington, but later "withdrew to become a left winger," which meant joining the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and fighting in the Spanish Civil War ("I fought in the Spanish Civil War," "I met Garcia Lorca") during which he was held by the anarchists and sentenced to be shot as a Stalinist Spy (he was an anarchist himself), and his life was saved through the intervention of "a friend," though another prisoner, Jim Lardner (son of the great sports writer, Ring Lardner) was shot anyway. During the 40's, in the states, he was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and helped to organize the Young Communist League in Brooklyn and spent these years as what he described as "an old-time Stalinist" before being committed, in 1950 to the New York State Mental Hospital at Rockland.

He spent several years in this unhappy position, to 1965. From the moment of his release, he was active in the modern movement, nanging with ("I was an original motherfucker" the

Motherfuckers, Yippies, Weathermen — and he loves the Weathermen in particular. "They're my people," he will tell you. He now spends his days between movement places and the East Village Other and whatever other stopping points he never tells us about and he walks slowly, observing each and every thing he comes in contact with, he's good on the street, he never gets hit,

and he remains inscrutable — a pain in the ass — a poet — whatever else you want to call him. Okay, Vincent stop looking over my shoulder as I type this. A nice guy. But you've all probably met him, so I'll bum a couple of cigarettes and sit w down with him, and you can meet him on the street, and here's the work of an experienced but still extremely youthful and active mind, what follows.

TO PATRICK O'SULLIVAN

Latus sing a song to Pat
Who's head almost fits his hat
And whose manner is so disarming
All the women find so charming.
Most men think he needs
embalming
I am told this rugged rover
Spreads the tale he's Cassanova
But I have it from the source
That in all his efforts sexual
He is completely ineffectual
And that's the truth of course.
Let us view him with compassion
He is human in his fashion

TO STANLEY GOULD

There was a young boulder
named Stanley
Who never reacted quite manly
When asked was he gay
He said I'm not that way
But they tell me it runs in the
family.

ABSTRACT

I am undone
Love, you are fled
Name of the one sacrifice bled
Salome, John Platter and head
Dream of a heart pierced by a
sword
Parcel and part incarnate word
under the tie
Sound of a horn blown by a fiend
What is the pain heart can conceal?
Crystal the rain
Ice congeals over my blood
I ne'er can feel love you are there
But flame is fire — I will repair
Damage ex desire

TO ANATOLE BROYARD

There was a young man, Anatole
Who the neighbors considered
quite droll
When asked why he hid
He said I fear my id
And my ego is out of control

A Fable

Once there was a little boy who was very naughty. He had a way of dissecting frogs and tearing the wings off flies and doing all sorts of wicked and destructive things.

One day he met his fairy godmother and said, "Please help me grow up to what I'm developing." So she waved her magic wand and turned him into a pig and he lived happily ever after.

A FABLE BY VINCENT TITUS

Once a police dog named Finnegan was walking in the woods when he met a skunk named Mephitus.

After the usual amenities were exchanged, the dog said to the skunk, "If you commit a nuisance, it will be my duty to apprehend you." The skunk replied by showering him with shit.

The moral: Watch out Finnegan, or: Comprehension is better than apprehension.



NO STEVENS PHOTO AVAILABLE

In high school, there were four or five of us really strange fuckers who tended to hang out together, at first merely because no one else would associate with us on pain of injuring his (or her) reputation, and eventually because we came to love each other after a strictly Platonic, non-homophilic fashion. There was me and Earl and Reilly and Charlie and Stony, who owed us all a million cokes, and sometimes Brian, when he was feeling good, and Gregory Aldrich and Wayne Pelkey tried but were never quite weird enough, or not weird in the right way, or didn't relish their weirdness, or something, and we all dug each other, and hung out, and got drunk a lot together. We were the first to get in trouble with the police, and to grow long hair and take dope, but by the time we were into hair and dope we had all gone our various ways, we were absent from the other, amen.

Or at least I thought it was amen, but it seems all those other strange fuckers have kept in touch with each other loosely. For there is this about the town from which we sprang, and about the county of which it is the seat, and in fact about the whole area along and between routes Eleven and 81 between Syracuse and Ontario, it is a primitive fucking area. 'As you can see, the farmers of the Racquette River Valley till the soil in the same way their ancestors have done it for hundreds and hundreds of years...' And when you come of age in a primitive society, it is well-nigh impossible ever to get your ass completely out of there without wreaking devastating hardship on your head. Family and community ties are wrought of blood in such tribal societies, and it surprises me only mildly that all these other strange fuckers have hung together loosely, and remained in contact with the

Old Earle for instance, he came down to visit me last week for the first time in three years we'd seen each other, and brought with him

DREAM POSITION

BY D.A. LATIMER

tales of the Northcountry fit to chill your blood. From a clumsy, skinny kinda goofy-looking kid, he has changed to one big burly bearded gentle motherfucker with whom you would not wish to tangle if you knew what you were about. Dwelling now in a house filled with other low bohemian sorts, near Hoosik Falls, he says he trips up to the old home town quite frequently, and in fact retains his local citizenship in the area, so that he can run for office: mayor, board of ed, dogcatcher, all that.

Now, in this town, the mayor is this former high school agriculture teacher who gets elected every year by fifty or so good Republican friends, against no Democratic opposition, ever. There may be twenty Democrats in the whole town, and they very likely live in fear of their lives. Earle figures if he could get a hundred local kids to write in for him on an Independent ticket, he might make it all the way to President someday. On the other hand, if he ever appeared to pose a serious threat to the local power structure, they might well 'remove' him with all the ease and grace of the CIA removing a Kennedy brother. Certainly, to go by some of the blood-curdling tales he can tell you over a brew at George Herdt's, the CIA has nothing over the Sheriff's Department of St. Lawrence County.

Last summer, for one lurid example, as a purely non-political maneuver, Earle and four of his friends decided to arrange a free rock festival on Waterman Hill, just outside of town. It was nothing spectacular, they'd have three or four local groups playing, admission would be free, advertising for the hoo-rah would not posted anywhere outside of a fifty-mile radius of the town. Local kids would attend, it was to be the teenage equivalent of a Volunteer Fireman's Field Day, Earle and his friends anticipated no particular difficulty, and went into it with no particular evil intentions.

Getting the top of the hill was simple enough. One of Earle's co-promoters was the son of one of the biggest landowners in the area, and this gentleman said he would probably not be using the top of Waterman Hill that day. There would be no problem with the neighbors, being that the only house anywhere near there was last inhabited a hundred years ago by popular fiction writer Irving Batchellor, author of *Eben Holden* and works even less familiar to the contemporary reader. And at first, the electricity looked like a cinch: Niagra-Mohawk Power saw its



opportunity to get some cheap publicity, and offered to run in a lead from the highway at rock-bottom cost.

Then they went to the police, Earle and his friends, just to make sure everything stayed peaceful. Every Saturday night at the Pierrepont Town Hall country-and-western dances, two or three stud hillbillies get the shit kicked out of them by their peers, and Earle's buddies wanted none of this at their rock festival. So they visited Chief Cunningham in his offices below the Canton town hall, and the man here was just not enthusiastic at all. There is too much sin, crime, snuffing and other kinds of badness going on in the Canton township, it seems, for any policemen to be spared to stand around any rock concert. And in fact, I myself was once busted in Canton for drunk and spent a few days in the slams there, and ever after that Chief Cunningham and his friends were always driving past my house on slow patrol, and going all the way to Potsdam to yank me out of class and ask where I had been on such-and-such a night when so-and-so's business had been broken into and looted. Those Canton cops have their work cut out for them, and no time for such foolishness as rock-and-roll festivals. So Earle suggested that his friends might be able to afford their own force of peace-keepers, but Chief Cunningham allowed as how this might in some quarters be interpreted as incitement to billy clubs, tear gas, and snuffing.

No, there was to be no cooperation from the police department for this sort of devilry. In fact, 24 hours had not elapsed after this encounter when Earle was stopped, in his car, by local officers, in their car, asking for his license and registration: 'Didn't we just see you jump a stop sign back a ways, young feller?' And before the day was out, all four of Earle's young co-promoters had been separately accosted by the local constabulary, and charged

with traffic violations of various sorts. Searches were conducted of their persons and of their vehicles, and while nothing of any volatility was turned up, it was intimated that something could turn up easy enough if certain smartass bearded unwashed youths didn't mend their ways.

This set a pattern that continued through the summer. It was impossible, literally impossible, for Earle or any of his friends to move about in their cars that summer without getting stopped at least once. There were also problems when they went to the store on foot, or lay in the park on their backs, or jumped into the water on their heads at the Sandbanks.

Niagara-Mohawk chickened out right away. 'Wall... I really don't know if it can be done,' backtracked the dude in the Massena central office. 'I mean, that's an awful lot of trouble to go through, stretching out a whole lead all the way from the highway, just for one day. Don't see as how we can do it for less than—ummmm—two thousand, or thereabouts.' Sure enough, some jerkoff had called, on the town budget likely enough, all the way from Canton to Massena to warn Niagra-Mohawk about 'the dangerous militant radical situation a-brew in the country. Talk of rock-and-bottle-throwing was exchanged, and Niagra-Mohawk blanched.

The gentleman who owned the top of Waterman Hill also came under pressure, but never wavered. 'People have been calling me up,' said he, 'asking what I was doing giving in to those long-haired, dope-taking hippie radicals. But I thought it was just you guys doing this.'

Anyway, there was no free rock concert last summer on Waterman Hill. It is very unlikely if there will be one this summer. But that's okay, because if there ever were, very likely Chief Cunningham would just go and snuff everybody.

Since it happened on a Monday, the where, according to advance notices in the John Marchi right up against the wall. A

A HELLUVA 4TH! BY RAY SCHULTZ

The straight press be damned, the outlaws of America won a victory in Washington, D.C. yesterday, and they won because they were stoned, and because they had numbers, and because of the cowboys, hardhats, military officers and other crew-cut types all resplendent in their button-down sport shirts and bermuda shorts and ten-gallon hats and construction helmets and their wives sporting red, white and blue outfits, all different, and their children waving flags in the one hand and plastic baby bottles in the other, and the police primed for murder but with orders that you can't lob tear gas when all those decent people are sitting around, and the freaks with their dope, and vulgarity on their tongues, and the songs and the speeches and the beech blankets and the portable chairs and the hot-dog wagons and the ice-cream trucks and the fist fights and the bottle throwing and the heat of the day and the filth of the reflecting pool and the meeting in the flesh of every conceivable type of American you've ever heard of and it was chaos, not America, that had been celebrated, and the people who went home frustrated did not smoke dope.

We had arrived on Friday evening and were surprised to see so many freaks wandering around and with no large organization behind the Smoke-In, and with the heavy threat of a bloodbath from the Honor America folks. Police were trying to keep the hill surrounding the Washington Monument clear of people and they made periodic sweeps with cars. One freak objected, he was shoved, he flew into the cop with a beautiful right to the jaw, then five cops beat him almost to death. He was taken away. The field was cleared then with a show of brute force. The cops seemed mostly to be southerners and with different accents and approaches than their brothers in New York.

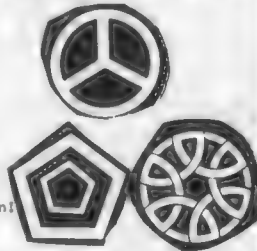
"We don't hate you for your hair," one of them said. "We just hate you."

"If you don't want to wake up tomorrow and find the person lying next to you is you," another said, "then you'd better get your fucking ass off this hill."

From the sounds of it, we expected a snuffings by the score for the following day, but when we arrived at the scene early the next morning, a tremendous crowd of middle-Americans were gathered in front of the Lincoln Memorial, the steps of which were occupied by a military band playing religious songs with a snappy martial step and the few freaks present at this point were walking around unmolested and the main contingent of them were reported to be sitting on the Washington Monument hill, and we couldn't see that too well, we could only see, at our end of the reflecting pool, a group of freaks holding a sign "God or Country?" The concert continued with "bells, horns, whistles, carillons, etc.," according to the official Honor America program, and one group of people marched up the road with another sign, "American friends of the anti-Bolshivik Bloc of Nations," and the people with the first sign seemed to have moved off to another place and the middle-Americans seemed to be completely oblivious to anything else but the heat and the music, and the ice-cream vendors were enjoying brisk sales and everything was fine, then we heard, starting lightly but gaining quickly in intensity,

Give me an F!
F!
Give me a U!
U!

Give me a C!
C!
Give me a K! K!
K!
What does it spell?
FUCK!
What does it spell?
FUCK!
Let me hear it again!
FUCK!



A group of freaks were wading up the reflecting pool, in the middle of Pat Boone's speech, and chanting all the while-

One, two, three, four
We don't want your fucking war!
ONE, TWO, THREE FOUR,
WE DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKING WAR!

Middle-Americans turned around. They gasped. The people sitting on the sides of the reflecting pool couldn't believe it, look at that Henry, they said, and they were further horrified when this contingent of ugly, snarling

long-haired faggots, dirty and sweating, big-lipped like niggers, climbed out of the pool like amphibians out of the sea in the beginning of time and started walking up the steps. A cop on horseback rushed to the scene, a kid tried to interfere, the cop tried to grab the kid but the kid was swallowed by the ever-growing crowd of freaks who were making louder and louder noises. A few hardhat types looked like they wanted to get involved, but they didn't. Another cop arrived and they forced the kids back into the pool while the middle-Americans cheered.

Time elapsed. The freaks wandered back to where they came from. Kate Smith sang God Bless America to a deafening ovation and Billy Graham was announced, and he spoke, but before he was finished, the crowd was once again hit with the familiar sounds of

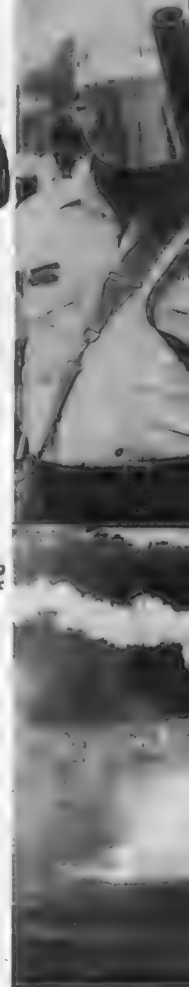
One, two, three, four,
We don't want your fucking war!

and-
Fuck Billy Graham!
Fuck Billy Graham!
This time the crowd of freaks was larger,

we were all in it, and a fantastic confrontation ensued on the steps with a sudden burst of fireworks from behind the Lincoln Memorial - explosions in the sky with the angry children of America confronting their elders and all of them with one single rationale on their mind for what they were doing, and that was God.

As the cops tried to move

men back into the pool again, but kept them in that one particular place, some of the real Americans came down and tried to argue with them and the majority of the discussions that I could hear (or dialogues?) were dealing with the question of peace against war, God against country, and the single qualification that almost everyone insisted on was, if you believe in God, then you have to agree with my side of it, and nobody gave an inch, they just fought, clawed, kids splashed water at people from the pool, and maxines walked away anory. The police decided to surrender the steps to the kids (I overheard this from one of their chiefs) but they held them for 10 minutes or so until the Honor America people had been cleared out for the parade they were about to march in.



A high school t with gray hair, glasses almost a fanatic about said "We'd better not there before he gets continued and then h and up to the police in enforcing the law

YES, HERE, in t Americans who enjoy but would never give of these strange hir they?) thousands of bags of dope, and re score, and smoked th The dope was dynami Curious older people small children) stop strange proceedings of about 250 freaks and one particular s but young member of plied with his first hesitant and actual to be his first toke



school teacher, one Carl Sander
 hair, glasses and a pot belly had
 with some kids, and he was
 atic about it and one of the cops
 better move that minister out of
 he gets stomped, but Sander
 and then he ran out of the crowd
 the police and said "Do you believe
 the laws on public obscenity?"

Smoke!
 Smoke!
 Smoke!
 Smoke!

Photos by Joseph Stevens

And he finally accepted the joint and
 gingerly took a quick suck of the smoke and
 passed it on, then they chanted again -
 Take another toke!
 Take another toke!

It was a very pastoral scene, reminiscent
 of Woodstock, with the mud and the slime of
 the reflecting pool, and walking around naked
 or almost so with the smell of dope, sweet
 and high, all over the place. At the Washing-
 ton Monument end of the pool, on the Patomic
 side, a red wooden fence surrounded a wide
 area at the poolside of which were three
 tents - with explosives inside for that
 evening's fireworks display. A fellow
 named ~~XXX~~ undid a section of the fence
 and a contingent of cops came over and put
 it up again.

"Let's talk about it," he said as they
 worked on the fence.

"Hey, let's talk," he said as they
 walked away.

He undid the fence again. It was easy.
 By this time, kids were tearing down the
 other sections and pouring into that area,
 and the cops didn't know what to do, but
 they were exceedingly polite.

"You can understand," a sergeant said,
 "there are explosives here, and we don't

"Why?" one of the cops asked.

"There's an obscene performance being
 given. A young man is walking around
 in very obscene condition."

"We'll take care of it," a cop said,
 but nothing was done. The scene eventually
 broke up, and freaks sat down on the sides
 of the reflecting pool - to light up some
 dope.

don't want people to get hurt."

"The people don't need fences to keep
 them away," young Ken said. "They're
 smart enough to stay away from those tents.
 Besides, why can't they walk in the rest
 of this area?"

ERE, in the company of crew-cutted
 who enjoyed a drink now and again
 ever give a thought to trying any
 range hippie narcotics (or would
 sands of kids broke out plastic
 e, and rolled joints by the
 smoked them with equal dispatch.
 s dynamite. We were wrecked.
 er people (and younger ones with
 ren) stopped to watch these
 eedings - at one place, a group
 o freaks were gathered around,
 icular guy, a fatk be-spectled
 mber of the press was being
 is first joint, and he was
 actually refused what promised
 rst toke ever, and they chanted

"Sure...well...sure."
 "When you've got to help keep them out."
 "Sure."
 "Come on."
 "Well, you can call me Ken if you want."
 "Okay, Ken. I appreciate it."

His efforts to talk people away from the explosives were actually successful but across the reflecting pool, at about midstream, another group of freaks had gathered - they had broken through at a point near the main Honor America Stage down the hill from the Ellipse - and the police rode up on horseback as a beautiful confrontation began - three huge spotlights (on trailers) found their way into the pool with large wallops and rousing cheers and the cops sensed a couple of people up and we made a dash over to see the action and the chants continued and more epithets were hurled and it went on for some time with the kids claiming victory by very virtue of the fact that they didn't get moved away. This pattern was beginning to emerge.

Indeed, downright bloush was pretty rare at this assembly. As the middle-Americans in even greater number drifted back from their parade, they mingled in with the freaks - no problems, just a lot of surly looks and comments under breath - a couple of shoves were given, but no punches as yet - this was a Woodstock for them all, every fucking one, and they mixed with some success for the better part of a day, laid down to each other in the grass, lined up together by the ice cream trucks, checked each other out for maybe the first time in person - dug the strange accents, the different bone structures, the fact that some, nay ALL so-called Americans regard most other so-called Americans as inhabitants of a different land. As this parade, for instance, many of the kids and freaks seemed to be from the middle-west - from Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota and the like, and they looked almost clean enough to be Honoring America. The scurviest among them, however, were almost always from New York

or some such urban blight; and the cleanest of the lot were from the south, had crew-cuts were muscled, bronzed, with high cheek bones and deep-sunk eyes and these fellows and their healthy wives and children waved flags, and were pretty solemn about it all. Other, more redneck personages sported U.S. Marine Corps and yellow T-shirts - and they were militant, moving about the crowd with arrogance and great flexing of biceps and curling of lips. Older women, with dyed hair and print dresses, kept hard, set looks on their faces and stared at the hippies with hatred and condemnation in their eyes but as I told you, bloody scenes were somehow avoided. The lions and the lambs were gathered together at the riverside, if not to drink together in peace, at least to drink (I could you imagine drinking that filthy sludge) and deal with each other on a basis of necessary and healthy detachment for those hot afternoon hours. And you must remember, all these people were Americans - down to the narrow of their bones - and they love camping out for occasions such as this - the older ones will drive 2,000 miles to see a rocket ship blast off from Cape Kennedy while the younger folk, and wilder, will hitchhike the same distance to get into Woodstock or the Atlantic Pop Festival taking place this very weekend. And while their interests and rate of affluence might differ, their basic techniques and attitudes are the same - respect your particular brother, make due with what you got - and I don't think that all of this went without notice in either set of ranks.

PREDICTABLY, though, energies built up as we moved into late afternoon and the ideologies of the Honor America crowd became more moronic, more destructive, more fucking evil at each and every turn - as it rained, with a couple of thousand particularly scowly yuppies standing on the hill and smoking, chanting - the police cleaned it out with a couple of ministers of the peace - and the yuppies moved back on the hill as soon as the nasty stuff had cleared - and they pulled out more joints, the smell of the gas was still there, but they had to - had to - prove they could take it, they were together - they chanted and yelled and began to slowly move down the hill, screaming and chanting

Bob Hope smokes dope!
 Bob Hope smokes dope!

What happened on a Monday the night, according to an advance notice in the... John Marchi right in against the wall. A middle-Americans who were sitting around. Cool and tough Blacks wandered about the field with what looked to be a crafty eye towards the violence that might occur - too much. The chants went on, the field was packed - sticks were picked up, cans bottles, any weapon you could grab for kickass seemed to be high, but not quite yet -

The Honor America Stage was set at the bottom of the field - towards the reflecting pool. It was a red, white and blue structure with a terrific, crazed eagle painted on top and looking like something that might have been used during the Nuremberg Nazi rallies in the 30s. This stage was surrounded by a large number of folding chairs - in the thousands - which in turn were surrounded by another of those red wooden fences. As the freaks congregated at the back section of this fence, the middle-Americans were beginning to come through to gain entry to the stage area, and the freaks blocked them - screamed at them - clouds gathered overhead, the sky got darker, the yelling and shouting was becoming thicker, the scene more desperate, thousands piled into this small area, tension was building, the Americans were scared, some of them, looking wary as they came through, others sitting in the middle of it on their blankets with small children looking frightened, the scene more looking even more frightened, but holding the fort, not moving, keeping to the ground which they knew was there.

Organize and smash the state!

A scattered group of freaks surrounded a police contingent over on the side. They threw rocks and bottles with frightening speed and accuracy, with fabulous daring - the cops lobbed a canister, a freak picked it up with a quick scoop and flung it back to the police where it landed and exploded, sending a big cloud of gas into the air and scattering people of all political views, burning their eyes and making them sneeze - I caught a heavy dose of that one myself. A contingent of foot patrolmen were moved into the center fence area, where even more freaks were sweating dangerously and blocking the traffic of Respectable Persons, and they were pelted almost from the start with bottles and cans - and firecrackers! It was futile

for the cops, and the Washington riot patrol (CWU) was moved in with rifles, tear gas guns, clubs and helmets and all sorts of bad things but no matter - the barrage of objects continued, some of it at quite close range - the cops formed a line, one was hit in the throat with a bottle, two of his mates grabbed the kid who did it, they began to beat on him with their clubs, other kids joined the fray and we forced back while the kid himself was dragged behind the line and beaten some more - as members of the straight press congregated in this small area between the fence and the police - more objects were thrown - perfect shots! - stood there and loaded their tear gas guns and fended off the objects with great difficulty and the crowd surged in around them.

Each time, a good mat was registered, the crowd would instinctively back away in mad flight almost, then slowly, as they realized there was little or no danger, they would fill in the area again and begin the assault anew - bottles began hitting kids themselves, some went down hard, others began shouting for it to stop - you're hitting your brothers and sisters - but the ones in back said no, you're sticking up for the pigs, and the bottle-throwing continued, and fireworks, sparklers, firecrackers, cherry bombs - they landed next to cops and on their helmets and it was quite a tight scene for them and they had a difficult time holding their tempers. Meanwhile, the stage area had been filled, the show was about to begin. The sky was dark now, and the floodlights turned on, and Bob Hope came onto the stage in front and we heard him over the loudspeakers: "It was nice of Abraham Lincoln to let us use his field tonight," he said. Fuck Bob Hope! was the reply, with a hail of rocks and bottles.

"I never knew that was the Washington Monument," Hope said. "I thought it was Wilt Chamberlain's summer locker."

pants was walking around, back and forth, very agitated with a desperate look on his face - he was puzzling the small buffer zone between the cops and the kids and he was screaming "Hi! hi, hit me, can't you stop this?" and he argued with some in person, threatened to hit others, then would drop to his knees and ask for forgiveness, for peace, for love -

"Put the gas away," a police chief told the men. "We don't use it with all these people here."

General yelled a group of kids who were standing in front of the cops and trying to scorb the hail of missiles.

Revolution! shouted the others who continued their attack.

Cherry bombs exploded next to the cops. Fires were started - two guys burned an American flag at one and held it up for all to see - two hardhats left out of nowhere and began smashing the kids with sticks, the kids ran, the hardhats gave chase, a massive crowd closed in around them, sort of swallowed them - the hardhats were trounced, smashed to within an inch of their lives, the police had to rush into the crowd to save their very lives. Revenge for May 1968! At another point, a straight individual struck a kid with a huge microphone, dented his skull, another kid rushed up and slammed a helmet into the straight's face - he went down and was kicked, the freaks were not gonna take any shit from middle-America tonight. Most of Middle-America was not about to give them any.

The circus went on in front. Jeanne P. Riley sang a song, when you're running down my country, you're walking on the fighting side of me.

Bullshit!
 Bullshit!
 Bullshit!
 Bullshit!

A message by the absent Nixon was played. The rain of objects against the police was incredible. The police were edgy. It seemed that they were waiting only for the show to end, for middle America to get out of the way, then they were gonna do what they had come to do, what they wanted to do, what they would have loved to do all the fucking day they had to put up with this shit - the fireworks flying through the air, exploding - the objects getting more and more bizarre, cider jugs, wash tub, bags of laundry, piles of shit. Firefights were breaking out with increasing intensity as disputes over the flag arose; yes sir, as soon as the show was over, by God, we were in for it - a great session of kickass was in store!

"I think you're filthy," a woman screamed.
 Bullshit!
 Bullshit!
 Bullshit!
 Bullshit!

Glen Campbell was introduced on stage. He decided to sing a song for America, it was "To dream the impossible dream."

Fuck Campbell!
 Fuck Campbell!
 Fuck Campbell!
 Fuck Campbell!

(Photographer Joseph Stevens worked his way down front at one point in the evening to photograph the show. He reported later that the audience was very uptight, that the chants were clearly audible, that the violence was very obvious, that no one could enjoy the lame humour of Hope and Benny, etc., that they knew the freaks had outfoxed them this time.)

Finally, the show drew to a close. The cops fingered their clubs. Fireworks lit up the sky, pinwheels exploded out, red white and blue in the sky - night flashes, deafening roars - the freaks abruptly set down on the field to enjoy the show - middle-Americans hastily ran to their cars, in fear, in anger, in defeat. Their show had been ruined, but at least the police would execute revenge -

By the time the fireworks were over, many of the freaks had disappeared. The police wearily dispersed. They had been given orders to let the freaks sleep on the field. For what it was worth, they had been tactically outmaneuvered. It was a hell of a fourth of July.





JOSEPH STEVENS



**HELL
OF
A
FOUR
T
H**

Hospitals

(Continued from Page 8)

worth the new minimums, I'd ask them to just spend one day in the laundry. Those fancy people would come out screaming and ask for \$300.00 a week - minimum!"

HEPBURN BROWN - PORTER

Hepburn Brown, a tall greying man of 54, speaks with a soft West Indian lilt. From his soft-spoken manner, one would not guess that he is the veteran

of fierce union battles.

Brown first came to the U.S. in 1957 from his native Jamaica to study for the ministry at Oakwood College in Oakwood, Alabama. Seeking a job to tide him over till he began school, he traveled to New York, where he found nothing. Finally, he applied at Bronx-Lebanon Hospital - where a position as a porter was offered him. "It was shocking that they should offer me such a position. I had several

years of college training. Out of desperation, he finally accepted the job and was placed in the kitchen as a porter.

"It was terrible the way they treated people. I was accustomed to a dignified life and you just couldn't maintain it in that place. Once the boss yelled at a girl: 'I told you not to talk to anybody.'" I said 'What do you mean - no one can talk on the job?' She said, 'I don't want anybody to talk to nobody!' I said: 'This means slavery.' She glared at me and said, 'Call it what you want!' Two weeks after that incident, I went to the union and began to organize.

"Conditions were so, so undignified, that one cannot describe them. I was earning \$30.00 a week and you had to work double hard for the money. They were racist. You had to call it that. We were all 'Boys' and I was over 40 years old! When I saw women working who were supporting five and six children on \$32.00 per week, I decided to forget school and to stay to fully fight this evil."

Brown soon began circulating union cards among his co-workers, but organizing wasn't as simple as he had hoped.

"The moment I decided to

fight for the union, I became an enemy to my boss. Everything happened to me. Everything! Once my boss got so mad that she tried to fight me. I had to close my arms to avoid hitting her. I am only a plain Seventh Day Adventist preacher - no pacifist - but I could not hit that woman.

"Still, other things happened - people in the union were given extra hard work. Informers were hired. Sometimes the very people you would try to help would inform to the boss. They even tried to fire some of the union people."

Singled out as an instigator, Brown was burdened with unusually hard work. One day he was ordered to clean a freezer, an unusual order since that was not his job. He complained that he had a serious head cold and asked to be excused. But his supervisor said "Do it or leave!" Reluctantly, he cleaned the freezer and three days later, he was hospitalized for pneumonia. For several weeks, it seemed likely that he would die.

"I think I wanted to get back to building the union so badly, that it pulled me through."

By the time Brown returned to Bronx-Lebanon, the union had won recognition and a first contract.

"Before the contract came (Continued on Page 22)



Are the FUGS what American civilization cries out for in desperate spiritual hunger? No. But, so what? The Fugs have given America five years of creative output, culminating in **GOLDEN FILTH**. Recorded live at the Fillmore East. On Reprise, the label that brings you electric messages on prettily packaged plastic discs for peace and prosperity.



If you're timid, pull over and let them pass.

Ten Wheel Drive with Genya Ravan comes on heavy in their new album *Brief Replies*.

There's a line from the first song on this album that pretty much sums it up: "Dig it - I say it's got to feel real." You will. And it is. *Ten Wheel Drive's* second album is all that you would expect it to be. *Hard-driving. Powerful. Emotion-packed.* If you heard *Ten Wheel's* first, *Construction #1*, you know there's no keeping this big band back. As someone once said while watching them perform, "every time Genya belts it out you know the boys are busting their guts behind her."



BRIEF REPLIES 34-6628
TEN WHEEL DRIVE

Polydor
Polydor Records, Cassettes and 8-Track Cartridges are distributed in the USA by Polydor Inc.; in Canada by Polygram Records Canada Ltd.

INTERGALACTIC UNION

DOPOGRAM

JULY 7 1970

SYMBOLS
 DL = Day Letter
 NL = Night Letter
 LV = International Letter Village

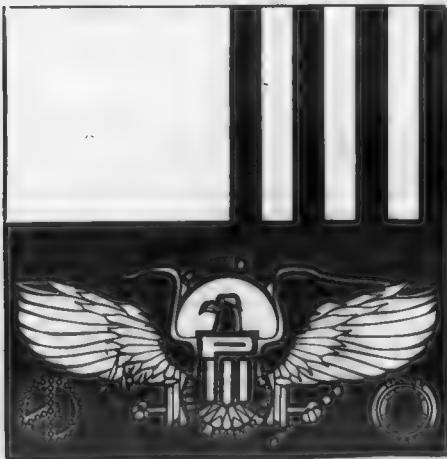
CLASS OF SERVICE
 This is a four message paper in different classes is indicated by the space symbol.

HI, BROTHERS AND SISTERS: SUMMER SOLSTICE OVER, SUMMER IN FULL SWING--MORE LSD IS BEING TAKEN T'AN EVER BEFORE. WE ARE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LSD RENAISSANCE. IT STARTED LAST SUMMER WITH TWO INTERVIEWS IN EVO--ONE WITH TIM LEARY, THE OTHER WITH TWO SUNSHINE SUPERMAN. AND THEN SUNSHINE WAS BEING SPREAD, MANY THOUSANDS OF SUNSHINE TABS WERE GIVEN OUT FOR FREE. BUT EVEN FREE ACID WAS NOT WANTED. TOO MANY BAD TRIPS HAD GONE DOWN. PEOPLE WERE VERY WIERD AT THAT TIME. THEY APPEARED TO GET FUCKED UP IN THEIR HEADS. IN WOODSTOCK, THE HOG FARM HAD TO TREAT MANY BAD TRIPS. ALTHOUGH THOUSANDS OF BROWN DOTS HAD BEEN HANDED OUT--AT THAT TIME, AFTER SUNSHINE, PROBABLY THE BEST LSD--DISTRIBUTED BY RIGHTEOUS DEALERS, THE FEAR OF BAD TRIPS WAS STILL STRONG. A GOOD DOZEN DEALERS ON THE EAST COAST STARTED TO BUILD A NEW LSD REPUTATION. IN SPRING THE SCENE STARTED PICKING UP, AND NOW SUMMERTIME IS SUNSHINE TIME. ACTUALLY, THE DEMAND FOR LSD IS LARGER THAN THE SUPPLY, SIMILAR TO GRASS AND HASH. IF YOU GO OUT TO THE MIDWEST, IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO COME ACROSS MARIJUANA--FIVE DOLLARS PER OUNCE. BUT LSD? HEADS WHO TAKE LSD ARE A TINY MINORITY IN THE DOPE COMMUNITY. THE INTRODUCTION OF NEW BRANDS OF LSD IS A SIGN OF VICTORY, A SIGN OF RECOGNITION. THE BIG DRUG FREAKOUT IS OVER. THE ESCAPE, THE DROPOUT, WAS FOR MOST OF US NO ANSWER. AND GRADUALLY, LSD IS BEING RECOGNISED--AGAIN.--FOR WHAT IT IS: A SACRAMENT. THIS SACRAMENT SHOULD BE USED FOR BECOMING AWARE OF ONESELF, FOR GETTING NEW MEANING TO LIVE, FOR GETTING PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. TAKING LSD IS A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE, YOUR CONFRONTATION WITH GOD, THE HIGHER POWER, THE ULTIMATE REALITY OR WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT. THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ALL OF US.

BASICALLY, ALL LSD IS CREATED WITH THE PRAYER TO GIVE US THIS RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. BUT IT IS DUE TO SUNSHINE AND THE BROTHERS WHO DISTRIBUTE THE SUNSHINE THAT THERE IS AN LSD COMMUNICATION THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. BY HANDLING SUNSHINE, DEALERS ESTABLISH CONFIDENCE IN THEIR FAMILIES. ALL NEW KINDS OF LSD ARE PROFITING FROM THIS LABOR OF THE SUNSHINE BROTHERS. THANK YOU. AT PRESENT, IN SAN FRANCISCO, ELEVEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF LSD ARE ON THE MARKET. AND NEXT WEEK, THE TWELFTH ONE, QUICKSILVER, WILL ENTER THE SCENE. IN OUR OPINION, QUICKSILVER IS THE BEST LSD IN THE U.S. EVERY RIGHTEOUS DEALER SHOULD CONSIDER QUICKSILVER. IN THEIR COLLECTION. IN SIX TO TWELVE MONTHS, THERE MIGHT BE A NEW KIND OF LSD, BETTER THAN BROWN DOTS, SUNSHINE OR QUICKSILVER. HOPEFULLY. IN FIFTEEN YEARS, WE WILL HAVE SUCH OUTRAGEOUS DRUGS, BEYOND OUR WILDEST FANTASIES. LSD WILL BE A HAPPY MEMORY OF OUR BIRTH. THERE IS NO COMPETITION BETWEEN DIFFERENT BRANDS OF LSD. NOBODY IS BEING FOOLED. THE TRIP IS TRUTH. THE HANDLING OF LSD IS SERVICE.

WE GREET QUICKSILVER. WE WELCOME QUICKSILVER. WE TRIP WITH QUICKSILVER. OM.
 DOPE NEWS: GRASS, ALL GRADES, FROM \$135 TO \$165 PER POUND. GREEN MOROCCAN KIEF, BETWEEN \$650 AND \$765 A POUND. MEDIUM QUALITY. RED LEBANESE HASH, \$800 A POUND IN QUANTITIES--OUTRAGEOUS. MELLOW Mescaline, \$1.75. QUICKSILVER, \$50¢ A TAB. SUNSHINE, 50¢ A TRIP. RED SPECKLED LSD--NEW--25¢ A TRIP. GRAMS OF BROWN CRYSTAL LSD, YOU HAVE TO TAB IT YOURSELF--\$1000, APPROXIMATELY 4000 TRIPS.

GET HIGH ON THE FLAG



Actual Patent News Strip

by Coca Crystal

PATRIOTIC ROLLING PAPERS.

Paul strolled casually into the office wearing cut-off jeans, a hand-made patchwork shirt, and red, white and blue moccasins, with his longer-than-shoulder-length hair and beard, handing out packages of

The papers come in a beautiful package, black with an eagle on the front whose plumage is red, white and blue. Patriotic is inscribed over the stoned eagle's head. On the inside of the package: "LOVE IS OUR LAW -- TRUTH IS OUR WORSHIP -- FORM IS OUR

MANIFESTATION -- CONSCIENCE IS OUR GUIDE -- PEACE IS OUR SHELTER -- NATURE IS OUR COMPANION -- ORDER IS OUR ATTITUDE -- BEAUTY AND PERFECTION IS OUR LIFE." On the back of the package are stars with the stripes running vertically. These are the first printed rolling papers in the world. The papers have twenty white stars on a blue background and red and white vertical stripes. The other papers that all the freaks have been using are manufactured, distributed and sold by straights. These papers were conceived, designed, manufactured, and are to be distributed by freaks. According to the NY Times there are 15-20 million people smoking grass in the U.S. and presumably they are all using papers that are straight-oriented (with the exception of the brown paper bag freaks in Mexico).

Paul is a self-proclaimed revolutionary. He has come out of a sales-oriented thing, he is a salesman, but one with ideals, and the papers are the perfect vehicle for him to trip on.

It took a year and a half for the papers to become a reality. At first the printers wouldn't do it. After the printers were finally convinced, the union wouldn't go along with

it. Eventually, it got to be such a hassle, that the papers had to be printed in Europe.

When the papers came in from Europe it was not easy getting hold of them. The government claimed that each package had to state its country of origin, but since they were only samples and not to be sold until a later shipment came in, they were finally let through. But here they are, safe within our borders and happily to be twisted between the thumb and forefingers of millions of patriots.

When asked how he would put money back into the alternative culture, Paul said he would like to organize a T.V. airing of why marijuana should be legalized. People should be made aware of the facts and then left to their own decisions.

It takes real desire and determination to accomplish a revolution. It takes more than a good acid trip to realize a dream. You've got to put something on the line. For the people who wanted to get Laid isn't the revolution already a success?

The papers are FAR OUT, big enough even for the clumsy to roll a one-paper joint and they look fantastic rolled. What better way to exercise one's patriotism? Smoke a flag and save a country.

Right on, Paul.

GUERRILLA

(Continued from Page 7)

H.Q. of the army. It is our way of answering the Minister of Justice who just declared that the revolutionary groups have been liquidated. Another team is already on the spot to open the doors.

We arrive in front of the bank, and get out of the car, leaving the doors open. Two men who are already inside open the gates before us: it is clear that the alarm system has been put out of operation.

The commander and three militants disappear inside. I remain in the entrance hall with a very pale boy of eighteen who has a machine gun at his hip. Several minutes pass. Suddenly, one, then two, then three alarm bells resound. We stand petrified, the boy and I, but the four others return from the depths of the bank dragging three bags, and we jump into the Willys at the instant when the police cars appear at the end of the street, sirens wailing, searchlights flashing.

We take off in the opposite direction at full speed, and then turn sharply to the right. The protective car travelling behind us continues straight ahead. The police follow it: this is what saves us. Next day I learned that it succeeded in losing its tail out in the suburbs. For our part, we drop off the men and the sacks in different spots, and then I am accompanied back to Copacabana.

Three weeks earlier, a man had called me. Without any caution, in very clear terms, he proposed a meeting with a representative of a revolutionary organization. Twenty minutes later at the intersection of two little streets in Ipanema, a young man invites me to get into his car. We drive for a half hour, during which he puts me through a close examination: political tendencies, earlier reporting, contacts with the government, etc. My answers apparently being satisfactory, I obtain authorization to interview militants of the V.P.R. (but without a tape recorder) and, perhaps, to observe a revolutionary operation (but without taking photos).

From this moment on, a meeting will be set for me almost every day, sometimes just to set another, sometimes to meet with a leader with whom I talk during an hour or more. The meetings always take place at 2:30 p.m., in front of a different movie theatre each time. I have to wait ten minutes, and if no one appears, return an hour later and wait another ten minutes. If there is still no one there, I must get away as quickly as possible and not return.

For me, there will be only one alert: One evening at eleven o'clock I am supposed to meet a militant who had been wounded slightly the day before in escaping from an apartment building surrounded by the police. He is supposed to recite the whole story. When I arrive at the site of the rendezvous, Finessa Isabel Avenue near the Copacabana tunnel, I observe two military vehicles and about ten police cars

parked there. I withdraw as calmly as possible, and upon turning the corner of the street start running like a nut.

Another evening after dinner, the telephone rings: "A car will come by to pick you up in ten minutes. You are going to observe something picturesque." On the way, they explain to me with an almost infantile excitement: "We are going to rob a supermarket in the Gavea 'favela' (shanty-town) on the other side of Leblon, and distribute the groceries to the inhabitants. The 'favelas' are very good places for propaganda. The people there are hungry, hate the police and receive us well. From time to time, we go there to intercept a police patrol. We force them to undress and leave them naked on the street. Sometimes they are lynched. But if they are known to the 'bosses' of the 'favela' for having trafficked in drugs with them - which is often the case - they get out of it without too much trouble."

A grenade suffices to open the door of the supermarket. All the windows break with a terrible noise. Four men get out of the protective car, deploying in the arc of a circle, machine guns at the ready. The others penetrate into the store with large sacks, with the exception of one who takes bundles of leaflets out of the trunk of the car. Amazed, I watch all this and expect to see police cars arriving from one second to the next. Around me about a hundred street people collect: they do not appear especially astonished, and when the militants reappear with their sacks full of canned food, they set about distributing them. They take the leaflets along with the cans, and then enter the store to serve themselves. As for us, we depart for Leblon, throwing the remaining leaflets along the road.

Classical defense against fear:

Another time, they decide to attack a military post in order to procure weapons. They begin by stealing an army vehicle, and four of them dress in army uniforms; there is even one in a colonel's uniform. The car enters the camp without difficulty. The "colonel" gets out, swears at the corporal, and orders him to line up his men for inspection. When the ten guardsmen are lined up, the militants take out their weapons, confiscate the soldier's arms, make them undress, and depart with their uniforms and materiel.

They can laugh at those coups, but in the background, exists another reality: voyages without return, comrades who disappear into torture chambers described by those who leave them, often, mutilated and broken. The names of the torturers who operate in the prison of the D.O.P.S. (The Department of Political and Social Order) of the Army and the Navy are known. "One day we'll kill those bastards." Meanwhile, these youths live in the near-certainty of being taken away one day to one of these cellars, where they will be beaten, tortured, humiliated, broken and often killed.

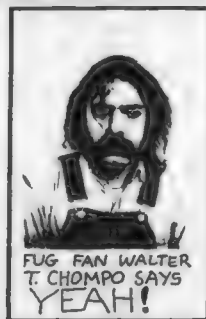
In an apartment in Copacabana, I encountered one of those who had been there, who had suffered all, and who had even been castrated - which is a rare, but not unique case. They had kept him five months, and he was a tattered rag. Of his face, only his eyes are intact. His cheeks, his skull, his hands are furrowed with purplish blue swellings. His jaw, broken, was set askew. His body is a web of scars.

He recounts things in a monotone: all day long, marching with a weight of about 20 pounds on his head, forbidden to sleep, marching, always marching. Then he is taken into "the room": he is beaten unmercifully, he is burned, he is beaten unconscious, revived, and then it begins anew. This is done to him for a week without even posing a single question. Hands broken, nose broken, jaw broken, fingers broken, face smashed. A doctor patches him up, and after that the interrogation begins: electricity, water torture, limbs broken from blows with an iron bar. Yes, he talked; he denounced two friends who had disappeared three months earlier. Then, after he talked, they castrated him. Then they let him go. He is the one who told me that certain torturers celebrate Christmas by getting together and spending the night torturing a prisoner just for the hell of it.

One day, I ask my friends how they see the future and what they plan on doing. "Continue the struggle. Organize ourselves better and better. Create centers of urban and rural guerrilla warfare. Arm the peasants. Develop class consciousness in the oppressed. It will take perhaps twenty-five years or more to liberate the country. We are well aware that socialism is not ideal, that the socialist countries are not paradise, and that there are problems there; but at least the people there work, eat, and know how to read. It is not possible to envision a revolution without violence; we will not create Stalinism, but we will have to be hard. For the moment, we receive little support from the people: many people are shocked when we attack banks. We are better understood by the students, artists and some peasants. We must do what we do. Everything we see in our country is rotten. It is not only exploitation that is revolting to us: it's the whole mentality. Illiteracy is knowingly supported. Customs from the Middle ages are still preserved in certain regions... Everything is shit."

ABOUT 500 active militants (according to the revolutionaries themselves), less than two hundred combatants, several thousand sympathizers who give assistance upon occasion - is this enough to start a revolution in a country where 90% of the people are illiterate and where more than half the population is undernourished; in a country of sun, nonchalance, music, "macumbas" and superstition; in a country where corruption reigns everywhere and where everyone by necessity seeks first "to get by;" in a country, finally, terrorized by the army, by the police, and by thousands of informers?

"We are proceeding cautiously, slowly," a militant tells me. "We know that it will require years, perhaps decades, to succeed in mobilizing the Brazilian masses. But in order to teach the people to fight, one must begin by fighting himself. There is no other way." Almost as an afterthought he adds: "It's easier to fight in Rio, because there you can go to the beach during the day."



You ask, How come the FUGS don't sing like the Beach Boys? The answer is that for many years they've been in astral trances preparing for some work of spiritual salvation & peace-magic. Anyway, their live album is out!

OLD NEW FILM

an album that will run into your mind & tickle your hypothalamus! An album that may well indeed aid ecdyssical conjugation in lonely rooms all over the world! An album that exists to bring you comfort & joy. On Reprise, the home of lonely singers.



308 E*6th St NYC ~ 533-2070

There comes a time every year when all that heavy music gets a little too much. Your highs have been higher while the lows just keep dropping like the stock market.

Sometimes the music of it all can be over powering Intoxication confusing. After all, this is the american confusion mainline. Dateline the electric city. Those who can are running as fast as their feet will take them away from the city. There are those whose work and purpose is done in the city. Some of this music may help you to remember who you are.

Its funny how the styles of electric and non electric music are being interchanged lately. With electric instruments the change comes really easy, all you do is turn down the volume and a guitar can be almost anything. The guys that make up Hot Tuna made the transition quite easily. From electric to non electric, and not a moment too late either. This album moves me. Its got the volume turned way down on it. Some of the runs that Jorma Kaukonen makes on the acoustic guitar match those I've heard in the past ten years. A collection of standard blues songs like Winin Boy Blues and Know you rider plus some new ones by Jack Cassidy, notorious wing commander on the Jefferson Airplane and Jorma Kaukonen part time bass player and flight headliner on the same vessel. They still play around with Grace Slick and the rest of the plane but this new attempt is the two of them and a harmonica player by the name of Will SSarrela recorded at a six night stay at the new orleans house in berkeley. A live recording in a night club it is, but the music inint what youd expect.

In an interview, Jorma said: "So i used to take my old gibson and take the microphone from the tape recorder and hook it under my belt and put the guitar against it so i could hear it aginst his when we started playing rock and roll songs and then we started a band and then i bought an electric guitar. Well we really enjoyed playing and we were listening to records all the time. Ike and Tina Turner, Buddy Holly We used to have to learn Rick Nelson numbers but we did Little Walter stuff too."

Its really a powerfull album, the musicians are at one with the music for a change. I got really turned off by the flash bullshit package that came along with the usual record company hype of this album. I mean, flashing pink letters 3 inches high. HOT TUNA! a poster using color printing processes that are so expensive that it shatters the imagination, 9 different colors of dayglow and on glossy paper too. It was really offensive. It had "The art director was here a little while ago and we gave him some LSD," written all over it. Flash is not IN this year. I got so turned off that i almost discard the album with the rest of the junk. But i didnt. Goodthing too. Each cut on the record seemed to get better and better. This is a great album if you can get past the art work on the Cover.

HOT TUNA RCA RECORDS LSP 4353
It opens with the Blues standard Hesitation Blues. Its a tasty version. The cut that Jack Cassidy picks in the 4th chorus is really nice. Some of the other numbers are Uncle Sam Blues Know you Rider How Long Blues. The vocals are all superb. Its nice to hear an unamplified voice sometimes as well as non electric music. The best thing about this album is

No Drums at all. But in the middle of the first side a bottle breaks on the floor.

And when youre thru, theres FOGO, another west coast production some of theguys used to be in The Buffalo Springfield. Another tasty combination of musical talents. It borders on being electric, but not too much. some really fine instrumental work. Its pure west coast stone From the land of the Party..

When the heat starts getting to your mind unless youre into the beach boys early surf period pick up this album, a summer cooler. Really great for beach parties and Aint nothin wong with a song as long as it gets it on. Its a funny thing about a lot of west coast hype, Check out the facts:

- The Ventures
- Sandy Nelson
- The Beach Boys
- Paul Revere and the Raiders
- The Monkees...

The list goes on and on and on.

Remember when you were young and it was the American Banstand

dick clark from the sun and fun capital of the world THE WEST COAST. If you dont remember what are you doing reading EVO? Remember what the kids on the screen were dancing to? that light stuff with an easy beat. all the kids were tan and their hair was bleached from the sun. Well Poco gets it on in that sort of way. The hype says theyre heading toward a "Country sound" but its still west coast.

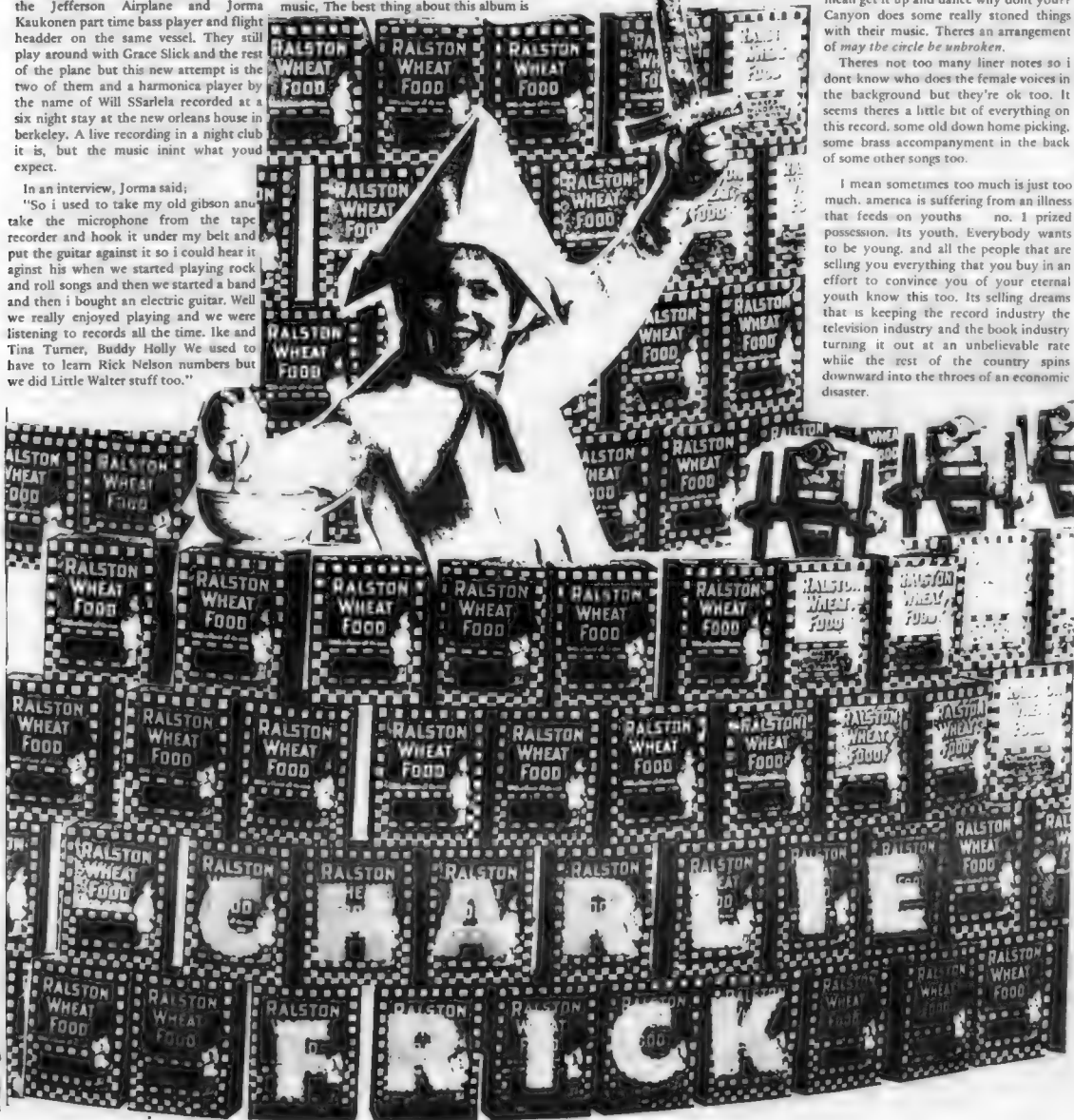
POCO, EPIC RECORDS 26522

Its the kind of music one hears coming out of the cassette machine whole cruising along the coast highway in airconditioned cadalack car at midnite. 125 MPH in the moon light. Strong Stuff as the birds fly by heading off to sea, boats out in the bay with party lights on, all at 125 mph.

More electric than the other 2 are 3 guys that go by the name of CANYON. The name of the album is *High Mountain* Colomba CS1010. Another amalgam of musical styles with this quality to blow minds. Their presentation is new and quite varied. Some one plays a piano concerto on the second side. Its tasty. Why dont you get out of your trance, i mean get it up and dance why dont you?? Canyon does some really stoned things with their music. Theres an arrangement of *may the circle be unbroken*.

Theres not too many liner notes so i dont know who does the female voices in the background but they're ok too. It seems theres a little bit of everything on this record. some old down home picking. some brass accompaniment in the back of some other songs too.

I mean sometimes too much is just too much. america is suffering from an illness that feeds on youths no. I prized possession. Its youth. Everybody wants to be young, and all the people that are selling you everything that you buy in an effort to convince you of your eternal youth know this too. Its selling dreams that is keeping the record industry the television industry and the book industry turning it out at an unbelievable rate while the rest of the country spins downward into the throes of an economic disaster.



Summer Music



(Continued from page 8)

and then with their monopoly of force (for that is one of the conditions of government, to have a monopoly on force) seek to lead the less enlightened towards the paths of repression under the guise of Americanism. The hardhats (now a stereotype of human misery in the United States) are being bussed to Washington to compete with the potheads for colorful national coverage. Nice — just what the doctor ordered. Instead of seeking to placate people, the government through its well-intentioned ineptitude will only add to the pressures omnipresent. You can laugh with it, at it, because of it, or you can cry, or you can leave for the summer and hope that the chaos octopus won't disturb your well-deserved rest.

New York City is a pressure-cooker of emotions, it brings out the best and the worst in individuals. It is hell on creative artists or file clerks because in New York you must make it and keep making it

until you get disgusted and split. It's like a cosmic game to see who will crack first. Many of my friends are in the process of packing their bags and moving for the duration... this summer seems to be THE time to make decisions. My friends are doing things which even in the darkest days of Johnson they would have never considered. The attitude is now or never, one last grasp at the ring before the storm. The normal New York electricity which overpowers many visitors is turning into destructive energy, like living in the electric chair and not having the switch in sight nor the control to get out. Summer visitors who come to the Lower Eastside in search of flowerpower are getting hard lessons in needlepower... the pushers on Saint Marks Place are getting out of hand, they slide up to you and whisper, "Smack." Or there's the apprentice junkies, who haven't got that much of a habit, but they like the lifestyle — they aren't into smack for trade but they hiss as they pass, "Acid, mescaline, grass?" Kids are learning enough of that karma, the best advice is to avoid New York

summerstreet festivals on pain of loss of consciousness and karma.

The summer will be the testing ground of the new militancy — rock concerts serve the function of bringing people together but they offer no alternatives only amusement — we are getting tired of amusement and those who would seek to amuse and undercut the spirit of youth. Throughout the country, other centers of energy are springing up after learning the lessons of 1967 summer of love. The Atlanta community is really together and serving the people in the South, New York City may be energy city, but the alternatives to this life are being worked out in other places outside of the Big Apple.

As for myself, I'm leaving for a few weeks to rest my head and become reenergized — it's the least I can do for myself since to write in the middle of chaos, although it may be historically interesting, it is wearing — I would like to breathe fresh air and see the sky, not in fits and starts, but in its full majesty at dusk and dawn. Hopefully I will be away from electric city long enough to shed some of my skepticism (not all). Saint Marks Place will, assuredly, go in its merry way without me, and the TPF will menace their clubs without my querulous glances. I won't have to look around so much watching for falling buildings, junkies on the make, speedfreaks wasting away in alleys, drunks diddling in the street, I will not have to see society's waste products in living three-dimensional reality... at least for a month. I will miss New York for a little while, but only the excitement of being on the edge of a volcano. Like said to the Seven O'clock Silent Night News from Chicago, the seeds of Kent

State and Orangeburg, South Carolina, will be sown this summer... In New York City, Los Angeles, Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, and the lower eastside... Keep your knees loose and watch those hard ground balls, the turf may be a little irregular.

Random Notes

Electric Lady is a studio on Eighth street, an angular, surreal masterpiece of record technology. Eddie Kramer runs this place, lord of 24 track boards, many light switches. The whole concept makes you realize how much music is dependent on other forces besides the musicians. The working conditions here are magnificent, total silence and concentration reigns here, one can spend literally days in here and not be bothered by street noise, police hassles, or agents. Electric Lady studios are for those who want the positive best in recording technology. More about this studio and a few others in an upcoming piece on recording engineers in New York...

If you can't beat the city, you may as well spend every waking minute in Central Park — that is a real New York show, stay away from the fountain near the bandshell and explore the rambles above the boating lake, you're sure to find some peace and quiet... record notes: *The Flaming Groovies* have come out with a second smash album produced by Richard Robinson of Pop Wire Service fame — it's really very good in production and performance, another Buddah record yes indeed... Uncle Dirty has been the house comic at Gaslight, if you go in there for nothing else, go and see Dirty do his thing — he's the only comedian who can make me cry and laugh simultaneously, a very funny fellow.

HOSPITALS

(Continued from Page 18)

cold-water flat in South Brooklyn. We never had no bills, cause we never bought anything. All our furniture was second-hand stuff. My wife had to work in hospitals, too." There is wounded pride in his voice when Willie recalls: "She even had to work as a domestic for us to have enough money to live on."

Late in 1957, Staton was approached by two organizers from Local 1199. He joined the union immediately. "If you ain't got nothing, then you got nothing to lose. But I really didn't understand what the union could do for me, since they were illegal and couldn't get a contract. Marshall and Joella (the two 1199 organizers) explained to me about the advancements we could have if we someday would organize. They said that as Black people we must all stand together if we are ever to achieve anything and that made sense to me. I paid my \$3.00 dues, which I couldn't afford. But, I just figured that things couldn't get no worse and that I had to stand up."

In the midst of the organizational campaign at St. John's, Willie had to quit work. His wife had become seriously ill and someone had to stay home and take care of the children. "Those were hard times and we almost didn't survive. For a couple of years after that, I

hardly worked at all. The only things I could find were part-time and temporary things. It isn't easy for a man with no education."

Finally Willie returned to the hospital field. This time he was working as a porter at Jewish Memorial Hospital in the Bronx.

"The difference was just tremendous! Because 1199 was moving at other places, salaries were better and they were beginning to move on some of the state laws. As soon as I got there, I started working to get 1199 at Jewish Memorial. It wasn't easy. A lot of people would swallow the stuff the boss gave and many people kind of thought that unions were a crime where sick people was concerned. We had to convince them to love their families more than the sick people. Once we did that, we won."

"The first contract didn't make us rich. But at least we had a union, I was raised to \$40.00 a week and I didn't have to pay for Blue Cross anymore. That put another \$14.00 a month in my pocket. I never could see anyway, how anyone working in a hospital should have to pay for Blue Cross. After that first victory, we really were on our way."

Willie Staton's life today is a mixture of hope and of sadness. There is a bitterness in his tone when he talks of a mentally

retarded son who died of pneumonia at a State Institution, while he was still at St. John's. Life is a little more

collateral damage now. While his present salary of \$108.00 a week is no fortune, he can talk of the future now. "I want my daughter to go to college and with the union scholarship fund, we'll be able to make it. I don't want her ever to have to be a domestic like her mother had to be."

RAMON COLON — LAUNDRY WORKER

Ramon Colon was 21 when he began scrubbing laundry in the third sub-basement of Beth Israel Hospital. Getting the job wasn't an easy task either, as the supervisor thought him too frail for the work. But Ramon pleaded that he had a family to support in Puerto Rico, and so the supervisor reluctantly agreed to a trial period. He worked like a dog and made the test. Beth Israel hired him at \$30.00 a week. "I was luckier than the others," Colon admits, "I only had to work from 5:30 A.M. to 2:00 P.M. — six days a week — and \$30.00 was more than most of the women were getting."

But the laundry room was a sweating hell with little ventilation. Summer and winter, the temperature rarely went below 100 degrees. "I remember many times that the boss had to take the women out because they would faint."

"It didn't take long for me to get disgusted with the wages and working conditions. My uncle

told me about a union at Montefiore Hospital and he got me to the people at Local 1199."

Ramon began organizing his co-workers and in a short period of time, he had signed up enough union members to present the Beth Israel administration with a list of contract demands: While the demands were minimal (union recognition, a \$50.00 a week wage floor, two weeks vacation, etc.) the hospital rejected them out of hand. Beth Israel made a decision to fight the union and the result was a 49 day strike.

"It was rough. We thought we could win in two weeks, and it took 49 long days. The only money we got was cafeteria to the picketline and some of the families got food."

"We walked out — though we knew it was illegal to strike. We just felt we had nothing to lose anymore. They told us we'd all go to jail. But we just laughed. Leon Davis, President of Local 1199, did go to jail a couple of times and anyway we would go to picket for him. Still, we waited 49 days and then, we won!"

"When we went back it felt good. The bosses looked at us funny — different."

Right after the strike Colon returned to Puerto Rico to marry his childhood sweetheart. When the couple arrived in New York, they set up housekeeping in East Harlem in a small

four-room apartment which they shared with another couple. Unable to both live on Ramon's salary, Maria Colon began her married life as a factory worker.

Several union-won increases later, the Colons had their first child and moved to a New York City Housing Project on East 112 St. Ramon smiles:

"It was tough to live... even with the increases. You can't raise a family on \$50.00 a week. I don't know how the people who made \$28.00 did it. They must have gone on welfare."

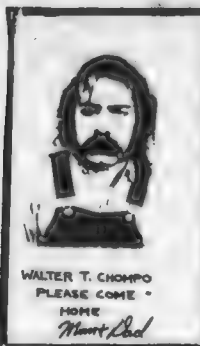
"I was always making loans from Household Finance. I still owe them money now. Every year, I would make a loan to catch up with last year."

Ten years of struggle as a member of a strong union has made life easier for the Colons. Recently he was moved out of the laundry room and promoted to the title of elevator operator. "I'm glad to be out of the laundry," he says. "And I think my boss is glad to get rid of me too. I was a delegate and always making trouble for him. The people from the laundry still come and see me when there is trouble."

With an eye to the future, Colon has begun saving money. He hopes to enroll in a computer technology course. "I want to move ahead for my children." With the new contract, he will be earning \$140.00 per week — a living wage.

"It's still not enough. It's just decent pay. But if anyone tells me that an unskilled person isn't

(Continued on Page 24)



Is it the invasion of the Mutant Gainesburgers?
Is it the bell-cry of oncoming instability in the Milky Way?
Yes, indeed!
It's the one & only FUGS & their one & only live album
GOLDEN FILTH
recorded at Bill Graham's Fillmore East. 40 minutes of exquisite instrumentation, humor in poor taste, groin gropes & gleeful attempts at 3-part vocal harmony.
The FUGS, America's answer to panic.
On Reprise, a division of the World Health Organization.

MOB

(Continued from Page 3)
like King Kong, guns out, eyes wild... Four kids look at them with something too neutral to be called contempt. The kids slow down their hearts and lower blood pressure... an icy grey mist fills the room... The narcs flee in terror... They are mowed down outside by cops with riot guns...
In view of the Tate murders attributed to a commune of Hippies known simply as the 'Family' living in Death Valley, we will make the MOB stand on criminals and criminal communes clear. A criminal is some one who commits crimes against property and crimes against persons. We feel that criminals are not minding their own business. Some one who steals your typewriter, starts bar room fights, kicks an old bum to death is not minding his own business at all. The Thuggues of India, the Mafia, the Klu Klux Klan are examples of criminal communes. Strangling some

one and stealing his money throwing acid in his face, lynching beating and burning people to death is not minding one's own business. The Tate murderers were not minding their own business any more than the Klan does. These may be communes but they are not MOBS. Criminal communes like the Mafia may exist in symbioses with existing social orders. Non-criminal MOBS on a mass scale could render existing societies obsolete. Who would object to the formation of MOBS? Those who now hold a parasitic point of advantage at the expense of others. So the good guys separate out from the bad guys. And who are the good guys on this set? Nothing special, just reasonably well-intentioned person doesn't necessarily run to the nearest police station if he smells pot out some one's window not looking to start any bar room fights or stomp any old bums just minding his own business and wishing others would do the same. And who are the bad guys? The bad guys are those who can't mind their own business because they have no business of their own to mind any more than a smallpox virus. Their business is degrading, harassing and frightening other people. The hard core opposition consists of those who could find no business of their own to mind even if they were given the opportunity to do so...

"What are you going to do Joe?" says one narc to another.
A smile lights up Joe's face the way it does when he busts a sick junky across his false teeth.
"I'm going fishing."
"We're coming with you." The Supervisor screams after them: "You jokers think you can walk out on the United States of America? And that's a Federal question." They don't answer the Federal question. They are going to join a fishing MOB.
The MOBS gain an

advantage by being exactly who and where they are emitting the same brair waves...
"It was like a wall sir. It stopped us sir. It was most unnerving sir."
"I'm sure it was Clancy," said the Chief wearily, "You may go."
It was the third search party he had sent out in the past week against Commune 23 They had all come back with this talk of a wall. The Chief mixed himself a Scotch... "Brain wave control... We can't even reach them on a physical level... Why this is evil incarnate... Absolutely no way of knowing what they are doing in there... Well what is it Clancy?"
"I'm leaving you sir... You see I always hadda mind to raise ferrets... It was that put me onto police work in the first place sir them ferrets going down rat holes sir I thought of criminals as rats sir and myself as a righteous ferret sir... I'm going to join a ferret MOB sir and raise ferrets..."
And criminals are defecting to the MOBS in droves. The crime statistics sag ominously. Sad old turnkeys mutter through empty cells. Desperate for arrests police prowl the street like paranoid dogs. And some of the cold grey narcs explode from altered pressure like a deep sea creature brought up from the depths.

A world wide reaction comparable to the reaction that crushed the liberal movement of 1848 is now under way. On one side we have MOBS dedicated to minding their own business, without interference. On the other side we have the enemies of MOB dedicated to interference. Equipped with new techniques of computerized thought control the enemies of MOB could inflict a permanent defeat. MOB wants to know just where everybody stands. Wouldn't advise you to try sitting on that fence. It's electric.

BUSSES - N.Y.C. to MOUNTAINDALE
Charter bus reservations available until Thursday night for July 11th Concert.
Bus & Concert Round-trip \$10.00
Tickets Available at:
Fulton's Folly, 112 Fulton Street
New Yorker Book Shop, 250 W. 89th Street
The Warehouse, 117 E. 184th St. (Bronx)
Stuff, 1509 First Avenue (79th St.)
Mail orders for August 1st Concert: Round-trip \$10.00
Folkways Travel, Inc.
15 William Street
New York, N.Y. 10005
For further information call (212) 944-9397

A FILIPPO PRODUCTION

Summer youth capital of the east... a combination of Woodstock, Provincetown, Tanglewood and Greenwich Village. Daily News Mountaindale is located in Sullivan County in the Catskill Mountains, 15 miles from Rt. #17 (N.Y. Quickway) exits 109 to 112—approximately 2 hours from N.Y.C.
sat. July 11—high noon til sunrise sun.—\$10 (ADVANCE SALE ONLY)

**THE BAND
BLODWYN PIG
CATHY SMITH
GRATEFUL DEAD
JOHN SEBASTIAN
THE KINKS
RICHIE HAVENS
VOICES OF EAST HARLEM
VAN MORRISON
BIFF ROSE, m.c.**
sat. July 25—aug. 2—dusk to dawn—\$3 a cartoad
FILM FESTIVALS
sat. aug. 1—high noon til sunrise sun.—\$10
**JANIS JOPLIN
PAUL BUTTERFIELD
CHICAGO
BIG BROTHER &
THE HOLDING CO
DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS
JAMES TAYLOR
TEN YEARS AFTER
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE**
sat. aug. 8—jazz concert—2 p.m. til 2 a.m.—\$5
**MILES DAVIS
THELONIOUS MONK
ROLAND KIRK
MONGO SANTAMARIA
plus more to be announced**
sat. aug. 15—high noon til sunrise sun.—\$10
**JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
plus many others soon to be announced**
aug. 29—high noon til sunrise sun.—\$10
soon to be announced

Mountaindale is a permanent youth orientated arts center with over 700 acres of mountain countryside, woods, brooks and streams as well as sidewalk cafes, discotheques, boutiques, headshops, theatres, off-Broadway musicals and film festivals.
Bus information, call (212) 944-9397 Free Parking
TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL TICKETRON OUTLETS OR BY MAIL—SEND COUPON TO:
MOUNTAINDALE, 225 W 57 TH, N.Y., N.Y.
(212)-247-2066

SEND ME _____ TICKETS July 11 —\$10
_____ aug. 1 —\$10
_____ aug. 15 —\$10
_____ aug. 29 —\$10

SEND ME _____ TICKETS AT \$5.00 sat. aug. 8—jazz concert
SEND ME _____ TICKETS July 25 film festival—\$3 cartoad

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

HOSPITALS

(Continued from Page 22)

through, I wasn't living at all. I had a small dingy room in Harlem that cost me \$48.00 each month. My medical bills were terrible and I still had to send money home to Jamaica for my wife and daughter. I had no Blue Cross from the hospital. So I had to pay for everything with my illness... I was really living hand to mouth."

After the contract was signed things got better. They had to. "I think what is most important is that they suddenly began to treat us like people. I became 'Mr. Brown' instead of 'Heppburn'."

Today Heppburn Brown earns \$92.00 per week. He now lives in his own apartment in Central Harlem — "I remain in Harlem so as to take part in the social and economic life of the people." Active in community life, he serves as a non-ordained pastor to the Ephesus Seventh Day Adventist Church on W.

123rd Street. "We try to help the poor better their condition of life. We give out food, clothing, literature and prayer."

Hopeful for a good future for his daughter, he wants to have her come to the United States, where with the help of a union scholarship, she will be able to study nursing.

Philosophical about the past, he does not regret the sacrifices he has made. "I knew what happened to me in the hospital was a matter of sacrifice for building for a better future. Through all the suffering, I have never doubted the righteousness of the union's cause. I suppose that there will always be suffering and poverty. But it is also my duty to end poverty and to help alleviate the suffering of mankind." Heppburn Brown pauses for a moment and then he laughs good-naturedly: "When men have done their best, angels can't do more."

SOFT PARADE

(Continued from Page 4)

lesbianism, while the true dyke probably thinks she's crazy.

Politics offers another area of contention between women's and gay liberations, not because of ideological differences, but simply because the latter tends to take a position so flexible as to appear completely at ease with both conservative and radical wings placed firmly on the Left. The Mattachine Society, the first and oldest homosexual organization in America (it has branches in major cities across the country), expresses what might be called the conservative-revolutionary position... a berth earned mainly because its membership claims that the army discriminates against homosexuals and at one time they were demanding that homosexuals be drafted; but that was probably several years ago Panthers and the liberation movements of women, Chicanos, Latins and Native Americans.

John Hays, editor of New York's homophile bi-weekly *Gay Power*, clarified the position of most of the gay liberation organizations: "There's only so much energy, and we feel that it should be concentrated on getting ourselves together psychologically first, instead of diluting that energy in other more politically active movements. We are political in that our goal is to get the laws and statutes that discriminate against

homosexuals repealed, and to do that we've got to stop accepting society's notion that we are inferior, "queer" or criminals because of our sexual preferences. The Stonewall riots brought us together for the first time in large-scale confrontations with the police, and this made us realize that we were social outcasts stigmatized for one reason, sex. The public saw that we were able to defend ourselves, and it showed other homosexuals that we weren't going to be pushed around and harassed anymore. The gay liberation movement has grown since last summer, that's why Gay Pride Week and the Come Out were important. It proved that there're a lot of us who aren't ashamed anymore, and next time more homosexuals will come out of the 'closet' and start to live happier lives.

"Politically speaking, we're definitely aligned with the radical movement, but I don't think it would benefit anyone if we insisted upon a separate political identity that would factionalize the whole movement even more than it already is... it might tend to trivialize the important revolutionary goals the way women's lib groups have generally done. It's really a matter of priorities, and we throw our support behind political revolutionaries in order to increase their numbers and force, because when the revolution succeeds, we will have our liberation."

when military conscription could have been regarded as remarkably resourceful thinking... while the Red Butterfly opposes imperialism, capitalism, racism, and sexism and calls for "a free and democratic socialist society striving for communism." The Red Butterfly supports the peoples of Southeast Asia, Africa, Latin America and all oppressed people of the world, including the Black

With the least evident political accoutrements in the revolutionary movement, gay lib pulls off a biological sleight-of-hand that grabs America by its short hairs and takes it on an outrageous up-trip. And America has never dug having those short hairs exposed (the public trip, that is), and the one thing that dis-eases its citizens more than long-hairs, blacks and phantom commies is sex...

Sex-in-person, "queer" sex, besides which it's Sunday, the Sabbath, no less, when God comes down for the weekly comeuppance. It's getting close to 2:00 and He's still loitering in the corner church. Christopher Street and 6th Avenue it is, and on the sidewalk a tie-dyes long-haired gay marshal asks a cop if it's all right to start chanting; the cop says No, not 'til the church service ends, which it does a little after two... the many doors swing open all at once, and within seconds a crew of somber ushers are paralyzed at the knobs as the wave of on-rushing worshippers is transfixed at the exits... the Great Fag Zap!

20,000 of them would be estimated on the front page of the Monday morning *Times*, but the Sunday churchgoers are not into numerical estimates of the surging scene, this sudden climax for which their rendezvous with the Almighty had not prepared them. Neither had His ordained runners instructed them as to the proper Christian procedure when *vis-a-vis*, for example, a street-spanning banner exhorting them to SUCK A COCK AND BEAT THE DRAFT. Nor had the man of the cloth told his flock of finely robed drag queens and black cherubs in silvery garb to vie with the golden rays of the sun; of silken haired angels in HI, MOM T-shirts, of ethereal creatures bearing brightly ornamented proclamations that declared them LESBIAN and brilliantly bedizened standards extolling the wonderments

of earthly pride to be GAY. Surely the Almighty had left his notes in the ozone.

Rendered helpless, meek but still blest inheritors, the stricken faces enjoined Oh, my God... MY God, not yours, you crazed and unholy devil-worshippers with your messages of sin and sodom...

The Perverts Union For Gay Liberation, trade number G9691/2, stands at the intersection, its pretty young spokesperson explaining her union's sexual position to the media: "We support all forms of sexual liberation and freedom, while demanding the human right to fuck canaries."

The halt and the lame in wheelchairs and on crutches, deaf-mutes with silibant wrists... MY God, a fag pilgrimage to Lourdes, the frozen faces screaming their psychic horror as the huge assemblage begins to turn out of Christopher and move up the Avenue.

Perhaps one-quarter of the "pilgrimage" was comprised of heterosexual supporters, long-haired young men and women adding their numbers to gay liberation, happily marching and cheering with long-haired homosexuals and short-cropped lesbians and regal transvestites. It is certainly the best dressed revolution, and to astonished pedestrians along the route there is no confusion at all in their sexually numbed brains: we are all "queers," "faggots," and "perverts." What really freaked them out was seeing so many of us; the Come Out extended the distance of 15 blocks and three lanes of the avenue had been blocked to traffic.

"Out of the closets and into the streets! Out of the closets and into the streets!" The chant goes up to everyone along the way... to cops who patrol the intersections and stop the cross-town traffic, officers uneasy, fiddling with billyclubs, shifting their eyes and turning their backs to avoid looking directly at the marchers;

dumbstruck tourists distracted from midtown skyscrapers, pedestrians and drivers who shout their disgust. Strolling freaks wave and smile, and join the march, when told that it's headed for the park. Girls smile as Cardin-ed escorts are tortured in sealed-off recesses of their psyches, nervously averting their eyes until able to dart around some plausible corner. A Mattachine marcher is accused of desecrating The Flag simply by carrying it: "It's all right, mom," someone shouts back, "He's my wife." And a street-corner fanatic screams that God will condemn us to burn in hell for all of eternity. Every last minute of Eternity.

Passing cars honk, fist salutes and peace signs flash out of windows, and Bryant Park is entrusted to pigeon-feeders for the afternoon as the call is heeded and walls and hedges vaulted in spontaneous bursts of Gay Pride...

"Out of the closets and into the streets!"

No political rhetoric, no moral preachments, just a visual flash on the latent fears and guilt that haunt this elongated microcosm of the American Nightmare. The closets are being vacated and the doors are being locked; there is no place to hide. Watch your ass, America, the revolution has got you covered.




You remember the Fugs.

The band that ran yodeling into the Abyss carrying the lamp of freedom and dragging behind them their latest album of happiness, humor and creep-growl.

GOLDEN FILM

On Repris, where cackling record executives violate the high school yearbook picture of Pat Nixon.



ANYBODY WILLING TO PART WITH THAT EXTRA TYPEWRITER, PLEASE CALL EVO. OUR TYPEWRITER POOL IS RAPIDLY

TRADES.

THANK YOU.



MARIJUANA

(Cannabis Sativa)
People of the world take note. Search no further, now you can get an actual authentic reproduction over 2 feet tall in plastic of your favorite weed, marijuana. And the pot comes potted. Imported by people.

CLIP THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

Send \$4.95 (includes postage), check or money order to: Universal Importing Co., Inc., Potted Plant 1st, P.O. Box 2838 Northstar Station, Minneapolis, Minn. 55402

Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



SHE UNZIPPED MY PANTS...

and then (Horseshit Magazine is great) she drew out my penis and looked at it. Her mouth opened (got Horseshit) and I let my eyes roam over the lush curves of her body. "Good God!" she said. "What have you been doing to your penis member? (send for Horseshit) Christ! Your prostate organ is all bent to hell!" "Well, Doctor," I said. "I... uh... (you can't live without Horseshit) "Aw, I know," she said. "I've had cases like you before. You've got a copy of Horseshit Magazine at home, haven't you?" Horseshit is good for you! "Well, yes," I said. Then she said, "And the girls all come over and read it and then they go wild. I know." (Horseshit forever) "I've got all the issues of Horseshit," I said. "Oh my God," she said as her hips began to move. "All the issues!" (Horseshit readers make it) "Horseshit #3 has got Doty Pictures in it," I said. "Stop! Stop!" she said as she unzipped her skirt. (This has been a subliminal message. Thank you for your attention.)

HORSESHIT #4 NOW ON SALE!
ALL FOUR ISSUES FOR \$10
PHONE: 1-813-441 MAIL: AIR MAIL
EQUINE PRODUCTS
BOX 3614, HERMOSA BEACH, CAL. 90254

BURROUGHS-OPEN LETTER

(Continued from Page 3)

my article goes on and on about psychiatry as if the article were an impassioned defense of this dubious profession. I have said frequently that nine out of every ten psychiatrists should be broken down to veterinarians and shave off that goatie if you want to be popular with folks hereabouts. Yes I know about the use of psychiatric commitments as a means of political control. We have seen that happen in Russia and Germany. I am violently opposed to shock treatment or lobotomy. Most so-called mental institutions are simply death camps with not much pretense of being anything else. So we don't have to bat that around. Point is psychiatrists are servants of the establishment. Who is behind your Death Psychiatrist with his scythe? Who gives the



Their mummies tried, the good Lord knows. But now, against all odds, the FUGS have finally prepared the mixes for their one & only live album.

GOLDEN FILM
featuring a new classification in American musical experience: 1984 Rock.

Buy this album if only to hear the FUGS scream their way through Tuli Kupferberg's immortal masterpiece: NOTHING.

GOLDEN FILM
Brought to you on the international conspiracy of disk-speak: Reprise Records, the label where groups like the FUGS can escape their fears of corporations.

orders around this shit house? The industrial giants of America the very pivot on which it is turning. They own the place. They give the pigs and narcs, politicians, psychiatrists and newspapers their orders. And some of them keep themselves well out of sight. It is easy to be invisible if you are rich. And their control is always tighter. They are now able to block any writer off the market if they don't like what he is saying by no reviews in the Sunday papers and news magazines. If the mass media won't give review space the writer's only recourse is to the underground press. And how long would the underground press last under Wallace or his equivalent? Writers should be alerted as to just where this no review treatment could lead. I have seen it in operation. My latest book THE JOB has just been published in England. No reviews in any Sunday paper, no reviews anywhere. And remember chain book stores can refuse to stock a book if they don't like what it says. The Process by Brian Gysin got this no review treatment. The fact that thousands of people would enjoy reading this book makes no difference if they never hear of it and can't find it in the book stores.

There is quite a lot about Scientology in THE JOB and most of it is favorable. I say this is something every well-informed person should know about. Now if some one said every well-informed person should read my books I'd take that as a plug - wouldn't you? Find out who your friends are. Are the people who are blocking THE JOB off the English market your friends? Are the industrial giants of America your friends? I don't think an ugly crew of monsters

was ever dumped on any planet than the industrial giants of America... convulsed by hideous mineral 'hungers' the unappeasable fires of monopoly burning in their eyes. You talk about suppressive persons... That's how they got there and stay there by suppressing others... The axiom of stupidity that Mr Mustain quotes is the unknowingness of time place form and event... He goes on to say 'and as such more worthy of the head beurocrat in charge of the Pure Food and Drug Administration than to writer and thinker of your caliber...' Does Mr Mustain seriously think that I support the actions of the Pure Food and Drug Pigs in seizing E Meters and orgonne accumulators? In burning Reich's books and in suppressing his discoveries? Now I don't believe in what the Majorishi is saying but I will defend if not to the death at least to the extent of signing a petition his right to say it. I would even allow Freudian analysis between consenting adults. Everybody has a right to do his thing. That's the stand of the liberal Left. The other side doesn't think so. They might use the tech of Scientology for purposes of control and suppression. Would they then permit anyone to teach the use of these techniques for purposes of liberation? You're not that naive Mr Mustain. Liberation is not what these people are about. Find out who your friends are and tell us where you stand... Yes you believe in freedom and sane enlightened men will make a sane enlightened world... It's too vague. We would like to know where Scientology and Mr Hubbard stand on the Vietnam war, on sexual freedom, militant

students, Black Power, pot, Red China, the policies of the American Narcotics department and the CIA. If it comes to a revolution which side would you fight on? In The Job I make my own position clear on all of these points. Read The Job Mr Mustain and get knowings with regard to time place form event and personell.

We are now seeing a world-wide rebellion and reaction similar to the reaction that crushed the liberal movements of 1848. Present day revolutionaries would do well to avoid the mistakes of Garibaldi and Bolivar... (Here's a plug for you Mr Mustain... Mr Hubbard has written a very acute analysis of Bolivar's mistakes in one of his bulletins. It should be reprinted in the underground press. And here's a plug for the E Meter: In trained hands it is an infallible lie detector and could be used to detect and screen out undercover agents... There's the CIA man holding the cans in the jungle camp... He is sweating slightly. Two guerrillas with tommy guns standing by... "Are you connected to the CIA?"... That reads... What do you consider that could mean?... This is a revolution and the middle will get the squeeze until there are no neutrals there. How can I be neutral when Wallace says he is going to take care of "Hippies, Anarchists and guide line writers..." It's a matter of survival for me and I think for many other writers as well... Actually no one can be neutral at this point and on one actually is. It is a question of survival. Everyone must ask himself who or what he wants to survive with? Who are his allies? And if Wallace or his equivalent comes to power or the army takes over he will have to ask himself what are my survival terms? What will I do in order to survive? Become a fink, a narc, a collaborator? Dance a Russian folk dance in front of Stralin? (Krushevich did) Seek asylum in England as the Henry James or perhaps only the Michael Arlen of the Queen Margaret set? Go on TV in America with an impassioned plea to all young people who have ever been stirred or inspired by my books to shun the blandishments of Moscow and Peking and the twisted doctrines of kooks and misfits and act like decent Americans? People had to answer questions like that in Germany and Russia. Scientologists say they have no commitments to any political group or party. They are just trying to make a better world... What makes them think anybody would be allowed to do this under a Fascist government? I have made my own political commitments quite clear in THE JOB and other writings. In the article to which Mr Mustain refers I call on Scientology to do the same.

SKINFITS

220 E. 103rd Street, New York
Mail order belts
Thick 9-10 oz. latigo
Yellow-light brown-dk. br.
State color, style (a-24" wd., b-2" wide, c-2" wdg, d-1 1/2" wd.), waist size \$17.
Also: custom designed belts (mail in drawing, buckle or drawing of buckle style, engraving or stud designs, color, etc.)
Wholesale prices available

The Caldron is not just a lunch restaurant, its away of life.

11:30 - 4:30

CALDRON

Open 7 Days

incidental and traditional cooking

RESTAURANT

308 E. 6th St. dinner 4:30 - 10:00 N.Y.C. - 413-9543

5 WILL GET YOU 10

Five bucks will get you the following:

- 1) Souvenir Pogrom: Chicago Conspiracy vs. Washington Kangaroos
- 2) Comic Book: Conspiracy Capers
- 3) Two World Series of Injustice Tickets
- 4) Chicago Conspiracy Booster Button
- 5) Screw Magoo Button
- 10) Ten years in the Bull Pen for attempting to JOIN THE CONSPIRACY!

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

ATLANTA

(Continued from Page 5)

friendly you'll find them much more curious than hostile. As a rule the more countrified people get, the more friendly they are. It's the

Chamber of Commerce men and the aspiring matrons of the middle class who bristle with evil vibrations. Remember the folks are our people in different costumes. You might even swing a moonshine for pot trade if you're lucky.

OFFSET PRINTING **289**
7 1/2 MINUTES
300 COPIES
8 1/2 X 11
 Top quality offset printing available. Thousands of sheets in large quantities. Mail to your copy — on this same day. 100 West 11th Street, New York City 10011. Day, Open Saturday.
TOP COPY OFFSET
 100 West 11th Street, New York City 10011
 Tel. 77-4224

GROOVY DANISH

You want to see a really dirty danish magazine. You cannot imagine. You just send us \$5 and we shall send you free and discreetly a color-magazine + our catalogue (we have EVERYTHING) — Yes, we have our ways.

B.B. Center
 Box 157
 2700 Bronshoj
 DENMARK

MAN-HUNGRY WOMEN

Names and addresses of women openly looking for men to love them. Up to 100 per list, each list different area. Includes description, phone. Constantly revised, up-to-date. \$5 brings list for your area — or stamped, addressed env. for area breakdown + fact sheet.
PERSONALITY PLUS, Dept. P-145
 P.O. Box 55953, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413

MEET SWINGERS
 BROADMINDED MEN, WOMEN AND COUPLES IN EVERY AREA WHO SHARE YOUR INTERESTS AND DESIRES. FREE DETAILS + ADS. "THE SEEKERS" BOX 781 DEPT. 27 CHERRY HILL, N. J. 08034

"SECOND BEST MOMENT INVOLVES A BIT OF EROTIC ART. IT IS AN EARLY ANIMATED CARTOON, OF THE 1920's, FEATURING A MAGNIFICENTLY EQUIPPED BARNEY GOOGLE CHARACTER, WHO, ON HIS THREE LEGS, ROAMS THE LANDSCAPE HAVING HAPPY ADVENTURES—ONE OF WHICH TURNS UP AN ENTERPRISING TEMPTRESS WITH BEDROOM EYES AND LACIVIOUS LIPS." — N. Y. Times

FREEDOM TO LOVE
 AN EROTIC ART EXHIBIT IN THE LOBBY

cine lido 48th St. & B'way • 757-4228
 10:00, 11:45, 1:35, 3:20, 5:00, 6:50, 8:35, 10:20, & 12:05

TRP FACTORY
CLUES TO THE
120 2nd Ave
COR. E. 14th
ONE FLUTE UP

UNIQUE PRODUCTS FOR ADULTS ONLY
 State your age when ordering. Catalog, \$1 refunded with first order.
KELLY, Dept. G-315
 P.O. Box 263
 Capitola, Calif. 95010
 If Not Delighted—Return the product for full refund.

Sweden
 WHERE EVERYTHING IS LEGAL
Films Photos Magazines
COMPLETELY UNCENSORED
 Only after seeing our full color brochure will you believe the films, photos and publications we have for you. The local product can't compare, yet U.S. customs problems are cleverly avoided and delivery is guaranteed. We have what you want, not what you've been accustomed to getting.
APEX PRODUCTIONS, Dept. 1-72
 Box 39054 • S-10054, Stockholm 39, Sweden
 PLEASE ENCLOSE \$1 FOR POSTAGE

THEY'LL SAY I'M TWISTED BECAUSE I LIKE TO

OPENLY POSED SAMPLES AND BROCHURES, \$1
\$3 SPECIAL 4 8x10" COLOR GLOSSY PICS. (or 8 for \$6)
SANDY A.
 6758 Hollywood Blvd Apt. 202-C
 Hollywood, Calif. 90028

2 LIVING THEATRE FILMS

PARADISE NOW

THE BRIG

Thurs, July 9th
 at midnight

ELGIN THEATRE

8th Ave. & 19th St.

Benefit for ALTERNATE U.

AQUARIUS
 The 12 Faces of Love
Eros

Male mates are matched best by their stars.
 An in-depth study of the traits and characteristics of the male species of each astrological sign... and the best mating combinations under the stars.
 EASTMAN COLOR
 The Best of 8th Ave. 732 Eighth Ave. (bet. 45 & 46) 581-5894
 Cont. From 10am. Mid. Shows Daily ADULTS ONLY

Searching for uninhibited **GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES.**
 Meet discreet, sincere people to share stimulating and rewarding experiences. Make exciting new friends with the "IN" people, sophisticated **SINGLES** and swinging **COUPLES**, whose interest and desires are the same as yours. **FREE!** Send for sample ads + detailed Mid-City (Dept. "A-5") P.C. Box 682 Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010

TICKLE HER FANCY
 with the original French Ticker. **NOT AN IMITATION!** Guaranteed to drive her wild or money unquestionably refunded. Completely safe and effective. Assures a hot time with the slightest effort. Adults Only, please. Rush \$2.00 — 2 for \$3.50 to: Consumers Unlimited, Dept. K, P.O. Box 2666, N. Y. C., N. Y. 10001.

WE'D LIKE YOU TO GET FROCKED

JOIN OUR RAPIDLY GROWING FAITH AS AN
ORDAINED MINISTER
 WITH A RANK OF
DOCTOR OF DIVINITY

We want men and women of all ages, who believe as we do, to join us in the holy search for Truth. We believe that all men should seek Truth by all just means. As one of our ministers you can:

1. Ordain others in our name.
2. Set up your own church and apply for exemption from property and other taxes.
3. Perform marriages and exercise all other ecclesiastic powers.
4. Get sizeable cash grants for doing our missionary work.
5. Seek draft exemption as one of our working missionaries. We can tell you how.
6. Some transportation companies, hotels, theaters, etc., give reduced rates to ministers.

GET THE WHOLE PACKAGE FOR \$10.00
 Along with your Ordination Certificate, Doctor of Divinity and I.D. card, we'll send you 12 blank forms to use when you wish to ordain others. Your ordination is completely legal and valid anywhere in this country. Your money back without question if your package isn't everything you expect it to be. For an additional \$10 we will send your Ordination and D.D. Certificates beautifully framed and glassed.

SEND NOW TO: MISSIONARIES OF THE NEW TRUTH
 P.O. Box 1393, Dept. MS
 Evanston, Illinois 60204

WEATHER FORECAST
 Sunny and clear at

CONTINENTAL BATH & HEALTH CLUB

Open 7 days a week: 24 hours a day

Enjoy the Sun & Sky Club
 Full restaurant facilities with 24-hour service
 Complete Gymnasium .. Sauna .. Steam .. Massage
 Olympic Pool .. Color TV .. Library
 Dormitory Facilities
 Overnight Accommodations Available
 New York's Best Run, Largest and Most Exciting Club
 For Sophisticated Males Only

230 West 74th Street
 New York City
 (212) 799-2688



SAINT MARKS FREE CLINIC
NEEDS SPACE FOR EXPANSION,
PLENTY OF DOCTORS,
DENTISTS, NOT ENOUGH SPACE.
3 TO 5 ROOM APARTMENT OR
SMALL LOFT. LOVE, 533-8500

CLASSIFIED RATES: PERSONAL
\$5.00 FOR THE FIRST 25
WORDS, 20 CENTS FOR EACH
ADDITIONAL WORD. BUSINESS:
\$1.75 FOR FIRST 25 WORDS, 20
CENTS FOR EACH ADDITIONAL
WORD.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of
**NEAL HARTNAGEL OR CAROL
STYWACKS** contact: Edward
Fatzinger, 16 Caroline St., Apt. 6,
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING
(PERSONAL AND BUSINESS)
DEADLINE: TUESDAY AT 12
NOON FOR THE NEXT
TUESDAY'S PUBLICATION.
PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL
CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL
ADS. PHONE NUMBERS NOW
ACCEPTED FOR PERSONAL
CATEGORIES, ALL CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISING MUST BE
FRIENDLY. NO F. R. WILL
TAKEN OVER THE PHONE. NO
TEAR SHEETS SUPPLIED FOR
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

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.

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. Serious
business. Call me at my studio and
ask questions. Bob Wolfe, 255-2711.

IMPERSONAL
Young man, 25, wealthy with
townhouse in the city desires young,
beautiful liberal girl to live with.
Phone: 517-6609.

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, 843 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C.
Please, gals only.

PUBLICATIONS
WORLD'S BIGGEST TITS. Creamy
B*1D* glossy shows TRIM-SOCHED
piece of ass with 44-DD enormities.
Bigger than any stripper or showgirl!
Teenybopper's lusty nipples and cunt
clearly displayed. Sent immediately!
\$3. Box 8051-B, Union City, NY
07087.

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

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

**THE SEXUAL POWER OF
MARIJUANA.** An Intimate Report
on 206 Adult Middle-Class Users by
Barbara Lewis, 177 pp., clothbound,
\$5.95. Publishers' Weekly calls it
"The first in-depth study." Now at
bookstores or from Peter H. Weldon,
Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York.
**THE SEXUAL POWER OF
MARIJUANA.**

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally
beautiful... 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 SACCHUS &
CO., PO Box 487, Mill Valley, Calif.
94041.

FLESH MARKET
Beautiful Male & Female Models
Photos, Spread Shots, Body Paintings,
Village Studio, 404 6th Ave., Call
242-2624-3. Open Mon-Sat 2:00 PM
- 11 PM.

UNISEX
Male Seditarian, 38 and married,
weary, lonely, dispirited, seeks varied
nights. Closest Door is open!
Write Merlin the Magician, Box 2346,
New York 10017.

Young boy seeks young boys for fun
and friendship. Send photo to PO
Box 163, Parkester Station, Bronx,
NY 10462.

**HYPNOSIS CAN CHANGE YOUR
LIFE!!!** Obesity, stage-fright,
smoking, insomnia, memory
concentration. \$25.00 PRIVATE
SESSION, PL-5-363, MAIL ORDER
COSTS \$10.00. Box 31, T.R.
Station, New York, NY 10022

Young trim cowhand, big...
170, will send you old dirty
undershorts for \$5 each, or \$7 if it
fits or come in them. Plus filled
bottle \$10. If you dig cum I'll fill a
bottle for \$10, and send it
airmail in a box. Groovy photo
included. Anything else? Tim
Edwards, 605 W. 47th St., Kansas
City, Missouri 64112.

**SPECIALIZED ASTROLOGICAL
SERVICES.** ACCURATE CHARTS,
CONSULTATION... REALISTIC
PREDICTIONS. A T I O N S
REASONABLE FEES. WALTER
GREEN, YU-2808, or write c/o
EVO, 105 2nd Avenue, New York,
New York.

WORLD'S LARGEST COCK. Giant
8"x10" clear photo. Fantastically
stimulating 14" hard-on on
handcuffs reviews. All-time
biggest cock, 7" circumference. Sent
immediately first-class sealed
envelope with free catalog. \$3 from
Box 153, NYC 10022.

MODELS
Well built young man available to do
your thing. Bob, MU3-8646.

Michael, 758-7357, fantastically
well-hung young blonde versatile,
male model, 22 years old, 6'11", 160
lb. Call MICHAEL 758-7357,
anytime, have own studio, \$20.00
per session.

MASCULINE AND HIP models that
you see in magazines, books, and papers
can model for you too, 873-9145 will
be answered by a model, not a
secretary.

Hear my Heart
When day-break returns to the bloom
Hear my Heart
When day-break returns to the bloom
Hear my Heart
When light greets a death
Hear my Heart
And the secret favours a breath
yu-2-4471-ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart
When ice emerges into derivation
Hear my Heart
When a distance develops into integration
Hear my Heart
When invisibility encounters the key
Hear my Heart
And the sphinx offers a tree
yu-2-4471-ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart
When the mirror forgets a flower
Hear my Heart
And an altar exploits the hour
Hear my Heart
When the river dances into nakedness
Hear my Heart
And an avalanche infringes upon agedness
yu-2-4471-ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart
When darkness reveals respect
Hear my Heart
And the core consecrates an architect
Hear my Heart
When a mountain shrivels into percept
Hear my Heart
And attainment destroys conception
yu-2-4471-ORPHEUS JR.

MAILORDER SEX. Fill your
mailbox with loads of sexy
pictures, books, clubs, novelties, etc.
Put your name onto the National
Adult Mail Order List. Send \$1.00 to
WLS, PO Box 512, Azusa, Ca. 91702.

**"MAJORITY FOR A SILENT
AGE."** But this and 400 other
buttons. Also BUTTONS MADE TO
ORDER. BUJPERSTICKS,
DECALS, BEADS. Wholesale
Retail. FREE CATALOG, Suite
503-E, 160 W. 46 St., NYC 10036.
(212) 981-1199

Hardcore pornography. Your name
sent to numerous Scandinavian
dealers that send out free catalogs.
\$2.00, GQ-EVO, 965 N. Danville,
Oklahoma, Texas.

LARGE REWARD for information
leading to the whereabouts of two
children Gert and Linky Ella. Last
seen in New York in the company of
Lance Eastman. Call 873-2825.

GROUP GROPES
THAT LOVING FEELING. Words
are often a smoke screen for feelings.
Be loving and spontaneous with a
group of women and men you'd
enjoy seeing every week. Body
contact, honesty, awareness and
expressing feelings lead to intimacy
and involvement. THE SOCIAL
ENCOUNTER GROUP, 166 E. 19,
between Park and Irving Place, one
flight up, Wed. at 8:30 PM, Men \$10
and women \$5 and Friday at 9 PM,
Men \$5 and women \$3.
For invitation call BOB at 677-5471, 6-8
PM Wed & Fri and all night Thurs.

WEEKLY SUMMER SWINGS in
Manhattan. Attractive, young couples
& single girls only. Send first names
and phone numbers: Box 210, Times
Square Station, New York, N.Y.
10036.

QUALITY LEGAL HASH. Very
hallucinatory. Must be tried to be
believed. Ounces \$2.50 each for the
best. Quality Industries, Box 456,
Flushing QPO, NY 11352

FEMALE MODELS
Female models wanted in Chicago
area for nude photography. Good
pay, strict business. C. Young, Box
0913, Chicago, Ill. 60609.

**PRIVATE SOCIAL CLUB FOR
GAYS AND COUPLES AROUND
N.Y.C.** 439 KNICK AVE.,
RIDGEWOOD 37, N.J.

Cabins Available
Sleeping Bags Welcome

FORMAN'S HAVEN
White Lake,
Kauneonga Lake,
Sullivan County
Pay what you can
and join us in living the life.
The thing is here.
583-5756 Thruway on 17B Ex. 104

FLEA MARKET
FREE ZIG ZAGS
BEST TUNING
Why should you let the man stop you
from enjoying yourself this year?
Supergas makes a groovy
independent gift your mind can enjoy.
Supergas looks like, smells like and
gets you there like the real thing.
And yet it's a 100% legal substitute
for pot. DIG our fair prices. Send your
order to: G.C.S. Box 2813, San
Rafael, Calif. 94902, Dept. E-6.
**FREE ZIG ZAGS AND ROACH
CLIP**

PROTECT YOURSELF: Tear Gas
Pen (with five cartridges), invaluable
to, Watchman, Cashiers, Drivers,
Nightworkers, Women. Price \$5.95.
Jules Boyer, 210 Fifth Avenue, New
York, N.Y. 10010.

HAPPINESS IS LOVE in its many
forms of expression. Climax
Consultants are offering dynamic
new INSTRUMENTS OF DELIGHT
on the adult mail order market at the
lowest price ever available. Adults
only. THE LATEST INVENTIONS,
S E T I M U L A N T S a n d
ENTERTAINMENT available. Adult
send \$2 for Catalog to CLIMAX
CONSULTANTS, PO Box 497, Corte
Madera, Ca. 94925.

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
\$2.00 for Catalogue of 20th
CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT To:
Pandora's Box, PO Box 5760, San
Francisco, Ca. 94101.

TIE-DYED SHIRTS
UNIQUE tie-dyed polo shirts.
Specify colors (2) and size S-M-L-XL.
\$3.00 each, 4 for \$10. TIE-DYES,
PO Box 929, Grand Central Station,
NYC 10017.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING:
advanced electronics, for rock
concerts, nightclubs, stage
productions, home lighting. Send \$1
(credited) for world's largest
catalogue: RockTronics, 22-EVO,
Wendell St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

First time available from one source:
complete selection of whips, crops,
cats, paddles. Many authentic
reproductions of ancient instruments.
(Custom service also available).
Complete catalog \$1.00.
WERKSTATT, 61 Duncan Av.,
Jersey City, N.J.

Shops: Beautifully designed earrings,
silver and hammered brass, for
information write E. Gardner, 1121
New Hampshire Ave., N.W., Apt. 508,
Washington, D.C.

YOUNG MUSCULAR GYMNAST.
Immensely hung, 6'11", 175, blond,
will send you his unadorned
jockstraps, shorts, T-shirts (specify)
\$5 each. Plus-filled bottles \$10. Bags
of 10, plus-filled bottles \$10. Bags
photo included. Box 153, NY, NY
10022.

**FUCK THE SYSTEM. ONE
DOLLAR BILL BRINGS YOU THE
SOLUTION YOU NEED.** John
Krittridge, Box 5255, Grand Central
Station, NYC 10017.

**'ATTENTION MEN: CONTROL YOUR
LOVE WITH "CONTROL"** One short
spray and you make the scene. FAST
IS OUT. "CONTROL IS IN." Aerosol
Flacon, \$7.95 plus 50 cents
pp; 2 Aerosol Flacons, \$12.95 plus
50 cents pp. Satisfaction or money
back. Aris Industries, Inc., PO Box
135, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226. Draw 6.

RUBS
UP TIGHT? COOL IT. MAN,
CLIMAX YOUR DAY WITH A
MIND BLOWING MASSAGE BY
PIERO. BY APPOINTMENT, 10 a.m.
to 10 p.m., CALL 754-5094. Air
Cond. STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.

**PAUL FOR RUBDOWN OR NUDE
MODELLING. MEN ONLY.**
988-0845.

COME CLEAN WITH RANDY. Try
his exciting treatment that brings
into each beginning for more. This
only one in NY giving the sensational
inside-outside bath and body rub.
PL-8-9408.

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

**FOR THE ULTIMATE IN
MESSAGE.** Male and female
clients. Call Betty Neal, Lic.
N.Y.S., MUB-4681 and EL5-3192,
210 East 83rd St., between 2nd and
3rd Ave. Air conditioned.

JOHN THE MASSEUR. Home &
studio service. Men only. \$20.00.
889-5477.

**SENSATIONAL, DEEP, SOOTHING
MASSAGE** by a young English
masseur. Residential only. Call
Charles, at 961-2017 or answering
service, 541-7600.

SPECIAL SERVICES
Shares available in Catskills. Entire
season \$100, satisfaction plus utilities.
Straight, head, say, all welcome.
Write PO Box 197, Lexington, NY
12452.

Singles, Couples
Interested in Meeting
New and Exciting People.
No more clubs, calls,
or correspondence. Get the
information send to
SWINGERS SYMBOL, BOX 181
Yonkers New York 10702.

When in Los Angeles call Evelyn for a
date. (213) 876-0981.

Visually compelling people of all
ages, types and predilections capable
of meeting the challenge of sexual
expression both physical and verbal,
in a highly unusual feature film. This
is not a exploitation vehicle. It is
being created for national theatrical
distribution. Attractive salaries are
offered. Bergman-Soffin Films will be
conducting auditions for roles at
Loeb Student Center, NYU, 586 La
Guardia Place, room 211, between
the hours of 10 AM and 6 PM on
Thursday, July 9.

Need ride to Chicago anytime until
the end of July; share expenses. Call
898-6462, Michael.

SELL PUSSY - GIRLS... the
recession is here and a depression on
the way. Supplement your meagre
income by bailing several times a
week for bread-tax free. Rising
prices and rent make it impossible to
maintain a decent standard of living
on your salary alone. So use that cash
register you've got between your legs.
It's hip. The Sensualists.

Scientific Dating Service, Inc., 147
W. 42nd St., New York City, Room
1018, Guaranteed Dates. AM
TAS-7497; 12 PM to 8 PM and
Sunday: OX5-0158.

Drummer looking for other
musicians, with equipment and
hopefully transportation, possibly to
take advantage of the Anderson, free
rehearsals. In order of preference:
guitar, bass, keyboards, saxophone,
flute, etc. Blues-oriented with jazz
background. Auditions will be at
Broadway Rehearsal Studios, 1674
Broadway, NYC, 6th Floor. From 5
p.m. to 8 p.m. Ask for Abraham.

ROCK TALENT WANTED. Rock
Music Festival concert to perform at
Mountaintale, NY. Want volunteer
entertainers possible film and TV
coverage. Auditions will be at
Broadway Rehearsal Studios, 1674
Broadway, NYC, 6th Floor. From 5
p.m. to 8 p.m. Ask for Abraham.

OLD HOTEL TURNS HIP. 40 rooms
available, Woodstock country at
prices you can afford. Natural
untouched setting, clean air, sky &
water. Communal live-in at New
Empire on 10 mile Kauneonga Lake,
spacious grounds, large rooms,
informal lobby, private beach. Season
\$200.00, week \$300.00, night \$50.00.
3141 853-9818, Near Mountaintale
concerts. EVO approved. NY
thruway to exit 166, Harriman, onto
outletway rt. 17, exit 104, White
Lake.

Because we eat Presidents for
Breakfast
Large classical record collection for
sale at reduced prices. Orpheus,
YU-2-4471.

Studios, quiet, young lady desires
apartment to get her thing together,
two staffers, get a free classified ad
in ev for finding miss coca a pad. Call
ev office 255-2130. RETARDS
DOES NOT APPLY. LOW RENTAL
ONLY.

His children's playgroup needs
desperately, large loft or comparable
space in east village neighborhood,
open house group, open house
space during the day. Call
Andrea 533-1661, or Jackie at EVO,
255-2130.

**I FUCK FIVE NEW CHICKS
EVERY WEEK.** because I discovered
unbelievable faces and ways to find
fuckable broads and clever plays to
overcome resistance. My course '101
Certain Ways to Get Laid in NY
Today' specifies meeting places,
times, techniques, ory contacts.
Send only \$2.00 to Box 337, Lenox
Hill Station, NY, NY 10021.

**HYPNOSIS CAN CHANGE YOUR
LIFE!!!** Obesity, stage-fright,
smoking, insomnia, memory
concentration. \$25.00 PRIVATE
SESSION, PL-5-363, MAIL ORDER
COSTS \$10.00. Box 31, T.R.
Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

dear people, we offer exciting work
in an exciting situation (or more) for
people with any combination of these
or related skills: 1) acting,
writing, directing, acting as a
mime, mummy, acrobatics, judo,
sign language, acting, improvisation,
games theory, acting, etc. 2) truck
and auto mechanics, plain and fancy
electronics, media manipulation,
music, self discipline, contact with
anarchist direct action tactics, etc.
our venture offers continual travel,
work, self discipline, contact with
people, hope for the future, little
money: honest work. If you're
interested contact us at ONCE
enclose info on who you are, what
you can do, (a picture would be
nice) YOUR OR PEACE AND
THE REVOLUTION. J.
APPELSE, APPELSE CIRCUS,
BOX 67, EMBUDO, NEW MEXICO
87531.



3 CONCERTS
JULY 17, 18, 19

FRI. JULY 17, 7:00 P. M. **SAT. JULY 18, 7:00 P. M.** **SUN. JULY 19, 5:00 P. M.**

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD
JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE
JOHN SEBASTIAN
STEPPENWOLF
JETHRO TULL

DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS
RICHIE HAVENS
RAVI SHANKAR
TEN YEARS AFTER
TONY WILLIAMS LIFETIME
with
JACK BRUCE • ERIC CLAPTON
JOHN MCLAUGHLIN • LARRY YOUNG
AND
MILES DAVIS
AS SPECIAL GUEST STAR

***SLY & THE FAMILY STONE**
DR. JOHN THE NIGHT TRIPPER
MOUNTAIN
VAN MORRISON
THE VOICES OF EAST HARLEM

LISTING OF PERFORMERS FOR EACH CONCERT IS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

*PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN SUNDAY'S PROGRAM

SOUND BY HANLEY CLOSED CIRCUIT TV PROJECTIONS ON GIANT SCREENS

AT DOWNING STADIUM RANDALL'S ISLAND OFF THE TRIBORO BRIDGE. FREE PARKING IS LIMITED. PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION SUGGESTED. EASILY REACHED BY SUBWAY OR BUS.

TICKETS & INFORMATION AT: ALEXANDER'S, 59th ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.; TICKETRON OUTLETS, (CALL 644-4400); **BRONX:** COUSINS RECORD STORE, 382 EAST FORDHAM ROAD; **BROOKLYN:** SELECTIVE SERVICE, 3106 CONEY ISLAND AVE.; OZ BOUTIQUE, 626 KINGS HIGHWAY; **YONKERS:** THE TOWERS BOUTIQUE, 22½ NORTH BROADWAY; **TARRYTOWN:** THE GREAT CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE, 5 SOUTH BROADWAY; **STAMFORD, CONN.:** THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, 427 ELM ST.; **GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.:** LARRY SCHAEFFER'S RECORD SHOPS, 8th ST. & UNIVERSITY PL., 15th ST. & 8th AVE., 11th ST. & 6th AVE.; WASHINGTON SQUARE RECORD STORE, 6th AVE. & WASHINGTON SQ.; GRAMAPHONE, ST. MARKS PLACE (BET. 2nd & 3rd AVE.); **NEWARK, N. J.:** BAMBERGER'S TICKET SERVICE, MARKET & WASHINGTON; **FOREST HILLS, L. I.:** IN-MARKET HEAD SHOP, 107-12 71st RD.; **FLUSHING, N. Y.:** ADAM TRENT, 36-54 MAIN ST. **PHONE INFO:** CALL 421-5458-9, 421-5993. **MAIL ORDERS:** BRAVE NEW WORLD PRODUCTIONS, INC. P.O. BOX 1688, F.D.R. STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 (INCLUDE 25¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING AND STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE).

TICKETS: 3-CONCERT... \$21.00 / 2-CONCERT... \$15.00 / 1-CONCERT... \$8.50
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, STAY TUNED TO WABC-FM, THE DAVE HERMAN SHOW.
PURCHASE TICKETS EARLY. NO CAMPING.