

SCOOPED: UNDERGROUND WHITE HOUSE

# THE EAST VILLAGE UNDER

VOL 5 NUMBER 35 JULY 28, 1970

25¢ IN NYC 35¢ OUTERWISE



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smoke everyone relax

INTERSTELAR INFORMATION SYSTEMS

# HIRAP

It's hot and muggy and it is becoming increasingly difficult to rivet ones' attention to the business at hand. With the deadly poison smog getting denser and denser, the electricity browner and browner, not to mention the money that is getting scarcer and scarcer, the temptation is present to slouch into the abyss of Apathy. Unfortunately, it doesn't look as if we can entertain such a luxury.

ITEM: Bobby Seale put in a "Dead Lock"--a six-by-seven foot cell--in the State Correctional Centre in Monteville, Conneticut. Offense: stopping a jail pig from attacking a brother prisoner.

ITEM: Los Angeles FREE PRESS convicted of receiving stolen property. Offense: publishing complete list of LA narks plus home addresses plus telephone numbers and zip codes.

ITEM: Luce Estate Totals \$103,000. So nu? From what we've heard, he spent a few weeks on the Riviera in his day. What else is new?

ITEM: The "liberal show" currently in production in the White House and the Justice Department--just another badly done flop. Now that hate and patriotic throat-cutting have polarised the lowest levels of the populace, the current DC extravaganza, with Strom Thurmond playing the heavy, must not fool anyone. Remember, there ain't such a thing as a New Nixon. Dick should break a leg.

AND THIS INDENTURE FURTHER WITNESSETH, that the need to re-define our methods, the ways and means--if not the objectives--of our struggle, must of necessity remain the prime item of our concern. The sluggishness resulting from midsummer doldrums and pollution must not deter us from the business at hand.

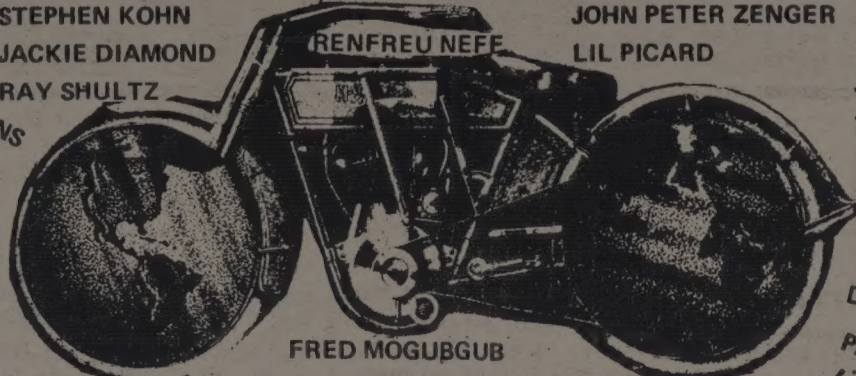
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Photo: Joseph Stevens

JAAKOV KOHN	JACKIE FRIEDRICK	VINCENT FRANCIS	CHARLES AUGUST	CLAUDIA DREIFUS
ALLEN KATZMAN	KARIN BERG	TRUMAN PATRICK	CRAIG TITUS	DAVID WALLEY
IRVING SHUSHNIK	DON KATZMAN	ALLEN SHENKER		
STEPHEN KOHN		JOHN PETER ZENGER		
JACKIE DIAMOND	RENFREU NEFF	LIL PICARD		
RAY SHULTZ				

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



FRED MOGUBGUB

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

KIM DEITCH R. CRUMB DEAN LATIMER

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# NEW YORK POP: The Anatomy Of A Festival (And A Story) That Wasn't

by John daSwede

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR READERS:

We had story on the NY POP - Randall's Island musifest for this issue all planed & written & typeset. It went into the background of the Coo background of the Collect-ive and some behind-the-scenes activities of some of those involved.

Just prior to publication, EVO learned that the DA is gathering information for use in possible prosecution of certain individuals and groups in relation to the concerts.

While we think our original story had some interesting things to say about "the movement" and festivals, we are withholding publication of it. Even though some individuals acted against the interests of the community, we do not believe that the courts are the legitimate outlets for our grievances.

Those accused of "crime" in this case would not get a fair trial (jury of peers being the most important aspect). The Law does not serve the people, it oppresses them. Let The People judge the "crime" and "punish" with sympathy and understanding those of our brothers and sisters who have betrayed "the revolution."

In addition, let us not forget who the true criminals are in our society, who would drive us apart, who are killing for peace, who imprison and beat us. Do you think they would have built an underground White House if they didn't know who they were and what they are doing?

How long will it take for us to COME TOGETHER?



Joseph Stevens



## RANDALL'S BLUES

by Coca Crystal

I had hone to Randall's Island Saturday night. The main groups that were supposed to be there didn't show up and everybody was disappointed, to say the least, but I went back on Sunday night.

We walked around. It was about 6 PM and none of the groups had shown up yet and

Fat Alice of Dallas was singing. Next came Charlie and the Thrillers, and the Soul Intention.

Then I noticed someone I know. He was running around like a lunatic, I asked him what he had to do with the production of the show, and he said, "I am the show." I knew

that he had promoted other festivals, but I had no idea that he was involved in Randall's Island. I asked him for an interview and promised not to use his name. The answer was affirmative, and he laid the whole story on me. He said he had been invisible to the press, and wanted to stay that way. I dug.

My friend told me that \$250,000 had been dispersed in three days, that Brave New World was bankrupt and in bad shape to face the Tax boys. He gave me a short run down of the

whole event as he saw it. It went something like this:

Randall's Island was secured seven months ago, and was leased by Teddy Productions, apparently because Don Friedman, President of Brave New World didn't stand a chance. They got Teddy Powell on the phone, and arranged for him to procure Randall's Island - no white man could get it.

Then Brave New World raised \$175,000 in cash from the investors to pay deposits for the acts, publicity, and the rental on the stadium. (\$5,000 bond

against a percentage of the gross) Dig it, the City, was trying to rip off Brave New World just like everyone else. They signed a contract with the city and it said that there would be no camping allowed which was a drag but the producers were up against the wall. At this point the promoters put out "feelers" to the agencies for the talent. Also at this point the agents doubled and tripled the prices of their acts. Some of these fuckers include Sly's, Mountain's, Jimi Hendrix's, Joe Cocker's, and Grand Funk's agents. The

(Continued on Page 18)

# TIMES SHAFTS BLACK

The New York Times has refused to give legal aid to a black correspondent in its San Francisco bureau who was indicted for contempt last month for refusing to testify before a grand jury investigation of the Black Panther Party. When the reporter, Earl Caldwell, was indicted, The Times not only refused to provide legal counsel, but refused even to provide funds for Caldwell to obtain adequate counsel of his own.

A memorandum issued to the staff of The Times last week, written by managing editor A.M. Rosenthal, attempted to convey the impression that, while The Times was indeed providing legal assistance to Caldwell, they would not assist in his appeal "Because of his refusal to authenticate his stories that have appeared in The Times." According to Ernest Dunbar, chairman of Black Perspective, a black journalist's group, The Times was not represented in court the day Caldwell was indicted, and that Caldwell's counsel was being provided by the Legal Defense Fund of the NAACP, not by The Times.

Speaking for Caldwell, Black Perspective chairman Ernest Dunbar claims, "The

memorandum overlooks a basic contention on the part of its reporters, Earl Caldwell, and an issue that affects all black reporters: Once he goes before the grand jury, which conducts its business in sessions closed to the public, the public will not know whether authenticating his stories was all he testified about or not. His credibility, his promise to protect his sources, his ability to function in the black community would be destroyed. To say that he does not want to 'symbolize cooperation' with a Panther prosecution is not accurate, he does not want to be made an involuntary spy for any agency and since the Government may be seeking validation for information it has already obtained through electronic surveillance, his testimony could hardly be considered in any other light by the black community."

According to Florynce Kennedy of Media Workshop in New York, Caldwell's victimisation is "consistent with the policy of the New York Times of making the black community impotent and irrelevant." Mrs. Kennedy's group has documented several previous instances of racism by The New York Times in both editorial and hiring policies.

# EWO

## BUQUVAD SEASON BEGINS



**DUQUESNE COACH AND TRAINER adjust jock strap on goalie Henbar Illfengle as the DHS Brown & Gold prepare to tilt Meddletown ATI Skelds in season's opener.**

## GRAZED BY DEBT, SHE LEAPS TO DEATH

**Woman Was Threatened With Foreclosure on Home.**

Threatened with foreclosure proceedings on three mortgages covering her rooming house at 127 Hancock st., Mrs. Clara Schlupp, 56, committed suicide today by jumping from the third floor of the building.

Neighbors told the police she had attempted suicide twice before in the past two years by taking gas but each time her efforts were frustrated. Detectives of the Gates ave. station also learned that although the dead woman was at one time quite prosperous, having conducted her establishment for the past 36 years, the rooming house was her sole tangible possessor left.

Her husband died two years ago

## BOY, 10, UNDERGOES HIS 17TH OPERATION

**Recovering, He Worries Over Family on Relief.**

Recovering from his 17th operation in Kings County Hospital today, 10-year-old Johnny Steinbrunner, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Steinbrunner, of 50 Thoman's Lane, Canarsie, is concerned about his family which, officials at the hospital explained, has been living on relief checks since a sister left home recently. Since he was six Johnny has been in and out of the hospital, and is a great favorite there.

Johnny has a brother, Charley; a sister, Gladys, and an older sister, Eleanor, who promised to spend Jan. 16, his birthday, with him in the hospital. Eleanor left home the day before Christmas and has not returned. This, together with his approaching operation, so depressed Johnny that as he lay in Ward B 72 he wrote a request that if he should die, \$6, which some one had sent him, should be turned over to his mother.

### Y. W. C. A. PLANS REUNION

The Delta Club of the Eastern District Y. W. C. A. will give an Old Timers' Reunion Party tomorrow night in the clubhouse, 575 Bedford ave. Invitations have been sent to members of the board and to members who have not attended meetings for two years or more. The committee is comprised of Kay Rohwerder, chairman; Almeda Alt and Elvira Wagenbauer.

## SAIGON STUDENTS LIBERATE THREE LEADERS IN BATTLE WITH SAIGON COPS

Liberation News Service

SAIGON (ONS) — About 100 South Vietnamese students battled thirty Saigon cops with sticks, stones, and molotov cocktails, and recaptured three of their leaders who were seized during a protest meeting on July 17, according to a Reuters dispatch.

Police burst into the meeting, at Saigon University's school of letters, where students were discussing how to fight university complicity in the war — by stopping an ROTC-like military training program in which all of South Vietnam's students, automatically excluded from the draft if they pass stiff examinations, are enrolled.

The police rushed in and seized three organizers of the conference, but the audience raced out of the building in hot pursuit to battle the cops. Although the police set up a heavy guard around the university, the students managed to wrestle their three leaders from the midst of the cops, and take off.

A week earlier, a group of South Vietnamese students and a visiting American anti-war delegation were routed by Saigon police using tear gas. The Americans included the Rev. Bernard Lafayette and Mrs. Dorothy Cotton, two prominent members of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

## SON OF HUAC CHECKS CAMPUS SPEAKERS

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — The House Internal Security Committee, successor to the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), has sent letters to 179 colleges and universities asking them to list all their guest speakers for the last two years, how much the speakers were paid, and by whom.

According to a committee spokesman, the letter was phrased deliberately to avoid "an investigative aura of demand." All they want to find out, the spokesman says, is whether "speaking is a source of finance" for such groups as the Black Panther Party, SDS, and the New Mobe.

## THE PENTAGON IS NOW MISSING 80,000 GIs

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — The Army's own records show that over 80,000 GIs are missing, according to a reliable Pentagon contact. To combat this problem, the Army has recently established a 300-man team whose sole job is to track down the 80,000 names to see if they belong to people.

GIs have been submitting a large number of fake change-of-duty forms to jam the bureaucratic records, permitting themselves and others to desert more safely. The Marine Corps desertion rate is up 50% over last year, and late reports from Vietnam indicate that 10 GIs split from U.S. ranks each day. Persistent rumors say that many, especially deserters who are black, are now fighting with the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

## BLACK MARINE RETURNED TO BRIG TO SERVE "SUBVERSION" SENTENCE

PORTSMOUTH, Va. (LNS) — George

Daniels, a black Marine who was sentenced to 10 years hard labor in July 1967 on a charge of "subversion," was sent back to Portsmouth Naval Prison in July of this year to serve the rest of his term, after being out on appeal since the fall of 1969. Daniels was originally tried by a court of all-white officers, for allegedly stating that black men should not have to fight in Vietnam.

Daniels had been released on an appeal filed by the American Civil Liberties Union, following a series of demonstrations demanding his freedom, and sent to Quantico Marine base in Virginia. Not formally charged with any crime, Daniels was sent back to the brig at Portsmouth by the brass at Quantico because of a number of "minor rules infractions."

Writing from Portsmouth to the American Serviceman's Union, Daniels states: "I figure these pigs think as long as I am in the slams they got everything under control. But I'm going to continue my fight for the liberation of black people with the only weapon I have, my life..."

# NEWS

## BOGUS BILL JAILS BOY, 16

Accused of Passing \$10 Note in Shoe Store.

Chester Smith, 16, of 354 Metropolitan ave., was held in \$2,500 bail for a hearing Feb. 6 when arraigned before United States Commissioner Epstein on a charge of passing counterfeit money.

He was arrested by Detective William E. Murphy, of the Bedford ave. station, after allegedly passing a counterfeit \$10 bill on Max Miller, clerk in a shoe store at 276 Grand st. He paid \$1.23 for two pairs of rubbers, it is alleged, and gave the bill in payment, receiving his change. The arrest came a few minutes later when police saw he attempted to pass another of the bills in a butcher shop in the neighborhood.

## BOY DIES TO SAVE PET DOG HE LOVED

Slug from Brother's Gun Kills Him on Rabbit Hunt.

Coldwater, Mich., Jan. 21. Gerry Paul Donnell loved his dog and died for it.

Gerry received an air gun for Christmas. Yesterday he persuaded his widowed mother, Mrs. G. A. Donnell, to let his brother, James, 14, take him hunting for the first time.

They hunted rabbits in the woods behind their home. James sobbed over the story to his mother.

"Gerry was so excited I guess he forgot to call his dog and when we got quite a way from home, we thought he saw a rabbit. I raised my rifle, took a good aim and was ready to shoot.

## Patrolman Is Dead Of Comrade's Bullet

Patrolman John Hopkins, 39, of 62-61 63d pl., Forest Hills, died yesterday in the French Hospital, Manhattan, from a bullet wound inflicted by a fellow officer, Patrolman John J. Masterson, who turned the gun on himself and committed suicide.

That shooting occurred Saturday noon in a cafe at 359 Tenth ave., Manhattan, where the two officers had met for lunch. They were both attached to the West 30th st. station, Manhattan.

Captain John P. Chellan, of the West 30th st. station, Sgt. Michael Flynn and Patrolman John J. Cronin were at Hopkins' bedside.

## BIGOTRY AND OPPRESSION OF AMERICAN INDIANS

Billy Joe: an American Indian - busted in Cornwall, N.Y., last May for draft evasion. Family harrassed and forced to flee to New Mexico. The long history of oppression against the American Indian doesn't daunt the U.S. government when it comes to fighting the bloody war. Funds needed badly for legal costs, bail, and transportation of family to N.Y. for the trial. We have a good chance of winning this case, but need bread badly. Send money to: ROBERT SILVERMAN, 2241 Holland Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. For more information call Dan Russo @ OL2-4385, or Bob Silverman @ K17-4153.

## LNS.....

### Brain Surgery - A New Cure For Radicals & Homosexuals

by Don Jackson Quicksilver Times

Authorities are studying the practicality of a new cure for homosexuality and aggressive behavior.

Although homosexuality is considered a psychological, rather than a physical ailment by most researchers, they have been puzzled by the fact that many homosexuals do not respond to psychological therapy.

Now, neurosurgeons report "good success" in curing homosexuality and aggressiveness with brain surgery. Dr. Orthner of the Dept. of Neurology of the University of Goettingen (in Hitler's Vaterland) says that all of the homosexuals he operated on have been cured. "None," he said "have lapsed into their former perversion."

The operation consists of destroying the portion of the brain which regulates the sexual urge. The surgery is done with an electronic probe sunk into the brain. A portion of the brain is destroyed with electric shocks. The patient remains conscious during the entire operation.

Dr. Orthner says that side effects are "gratifyingly small." Only one minor after effect has been observed; the inability of the patient to make visual recall, such as not being able to remember pictures or being unable to recognize his

mother's face.

With such "very, very small," side effects, Dr. Orthner says brain surgery is preferable to castration since castration causes nervous instability in around a third of the cases.

Dr. Orthner calls the destruction of the sexual and aggressive drives a "social recovery", since the treated patient is better able to function in society. So far, the operation has only been used to "cure" homosexuality, but it holds great promise as a cure for rebellious students, racial agitators, revolutionaries and other trouble makers.

NOTE: The above report is presented only for the enlightenment of the reader, so he will know what is being planned for him. It reflects the views of certain head shrinks and most certainly does not reflect the views of the editors or the writer.

### SENATE COMMITTEE TO PROBE BOMBINGS

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] - A Senate investigating committee headed by Sen. John L. McClellan (D. Ark.) has begun hearings into bombings which he says represent a "serious threat to the nation's safety and security."

Witnesses are expected to testify concerning the number and types of bombings, the source of explosives, and the distribution of educational material giving instructions in the making and use of explosives and fire bombs. McClellan declared that the investigation is necessary because "political terrorists have begun guerilla warfare on a national scale," the New York Times reported.

### AMERICANS UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] - The Food and Drug Administration prohibits meat from being sold for human consumption if it contains more than seven parts per million of DDT. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, recently released figures showing that the average American contains twelve parts per million of DDT in his or her body. So even if you're tired of beef or pork, don't eat an American - you may get sick.

### FATHER OF 5 ENDS LIFE BY GAS IN HOME

Found by Neighbor; Worried Over Enforced Idleness.

Out of work and despondent, Max Kobren, 45, father of five children, today committed suicide by inhaling gas in the kitchen of his home, 465 Kowalsko st.

His wife, Sophie, was out and the children were at school. A neighbor, Jacob Hirsch, smelled gas, traced it to the Kobren apartment and entered through the fire escape when the door was found locked. Hirsch discovered Kobren on the floor, with a gas tube attached to the stove in his mouth.

### PIGS v. SQUATTERS- ANATOMY OF AN EVICTION.

Was awake by sirens. Went to the window. Five or six fire engines have pulled up in front an apartment building a little ways down the street. The cop guarding the "squatters" is unbothered. Seems like a false alarm. It is 6:30 am. Couple cop cars appear, six or seven pigs jump out and go to squatters building. More pigs appear from both ends of 15th, between 7th and 8th aves. The street is blocked off by pig horses and carriages. Everyone is awake now. The fire engines leave (seems planned) and more pigs appear.

The squatters come to their windows, evaluate the scene, and conclude "pig invasion" - they've come to take us away" They yell- "Hell no, we won't go" as the number of pigs in the sty increase. Its evident the pigs are here for busts now.

Seven men in ties & suits standing across the street, near Daytop Village. Look like pigs, maybe landlord and his lawyers. They are not on our side, I can tell.

Helmeted pigs, about 50 of them, muster at the west end of the street. Scary. Suddenly the pigs begin to converge on the free building. Two pig

trucks pull up and take position in front of the squatters building.

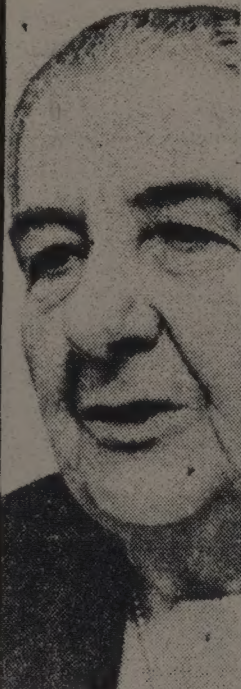
"Power to the people, hell no we won't go, streets for all the people."

Pigs quickening their pace, followed by pig car, becoming more militantly aligned - abreast of one another. The pig leading them packs a pig-mike. (It isn't going to be that easy to evict the squatters Amerika.) One flank of pigs, some 25, enter the house. A window breaks, increasing the tension. The "people" gather around and pick up a chant. I spot four pigs on the roof. Sounds like someone chanting inside the building. I spot a police-woman. "Let the lawyers in," declare the squatters. "The people will win." Six pigs now atop the roof. No sign of what's going on inside.

"Keep your helmets on, some of the people inside are dangerous, some are even two years old. "Don't trip on the

(Continued on Page 18)

### GOLDA MEIR



Her speech awaited.

### Boys and Girls

COLOR THE PICTURE AND MEMORIZE THE RULES



### FOR YOUR PROTECTION, REMEMBER TO:

- Turn down gifts from strangers
- Avoid dark and lonely streets
- Refuse rides offered by strangers
- Know your local policeman

*John Edgar Hoover*  
Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

### HUGE WHEAT ACREAGE

Washington, Jan. 31 - Average sown to winter wheat for harvest this year in 11 countries total 52,812,000 acres compared to 75,559,000 acres sown for the 1934 crop, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics reported today.

### Sect Leader Gives All His Property to God

Dublin, Ga., Jan. 21 - "Jehovah, the Most High God" became the legal owner today of all the property of John McDaniel, of Folkston.



# BLOOD, ARSON, RIOT

THE BLOODY  
WEEK:

The Draft Riots  
Of 1863

by Ray Schultz

At 9 a.m. on the morning of Monday, July 13th, 1863, hundreds of poor Irish workers gathered in front of the Provost Headquarters on Third Avenue and 46th Street to protest the start of the Civil War conscription which was scheduled to begin there that morning. They were a rowdy crew; they drank beer and cut telegraph wires and warned shopkeepers that they were subject to ruin if they kept their doors open for business. They stood in the glaring sun in front of the Headquarters and jeered every time a name was called for the draft, and they brandished axes, clubs, rocks, revolvers and bowie knives. "The Irish are arisen to resist the draft!" someone shouted, and the mood got hotter. When the final name was called, a stone was thrown through the window. The crowd cheered. Another stone was hurled. The crowd cheered again. "Let's get the devils," a man shouted and hundreds of people rushed the door of the headquarters which quickly caved in. They rushed into offices and broke up chairs, desks, machines and windows. Someone poured kerosene on the floor, and someone else struck a match. Within minutes, three buildings were ablaze and upwards of 50,000 people

formed up and down Third Avenue to see the fire and shout encouragement. "To the arsenal!" they shouted with anger and zest.

Foremost among their number was a mustaschioed lout named "Mr. Andrews," who stood up on a stoop and tried to rally them to action.

"Fellow Freemen," he shouted, "we are freemen still. You have done well today. You have done nobly; but I tell you what I want and what you must do if you wish to be really successful. You must organize, boys!"

"That's the talk!"

"You must organize and keep together and apoint leaders and smash this damned abolition draft into the dust."

"You're the boy, my chicken!"

"Yes, this is what you must do. If you don't find anyone to lead you, by heaven, I will do it myself!"

"That's the stuff!"

The crowd began breaking up for further trashing. Further south on Third Avenue at this moment were a force of 40 men from the Park Barracks marching north with guns and with orders to break up the gathering. They got no further than 40th street when they were met by 3,000 angry people who immediately began jeering and throwing rocks. The soldiers stood and braced themselves as the crowd

tried to drive them back. "Order arms," a lieutenant ordered and they did so. The crowd had nearly surrounded the soldiers and were getting more boisterous. A soldier panicked and a shot rang out. Thirty more shots rang out and thirty people fell to the ground dead. The soldiers, appalled by what they had done dropped their guns and fled south on Third Avenue. The crowd gave chase and caught one on the corner of 42nd Street; he was beaten to death. Another unfortunate was disfigured at the corner of 39th. Several others were beaten or killed in their flight.

The angry workers rampaged through the streets, threatening to kill anyone who refused to give up what they were doing and join them. The few police in the area fled for their very lives. At the corner of third and 42nd, a cop fired into the crowd and killed a woman. The crowd gave chase and trapped him in a house, then a contingent of 30 cops broke their way through and rescued him, but they fled in haste. A terrified cop fled a mob on Lexington Avenue and tried in vain to hide in a basement, but the basement door was locked. A woman shouted from an upper window, "For God's sake, don't open the door or the house will be

destroyed." The mob quickly picked up this hint and trashed the house into rubble, then set it afire. The cop escaped. The Bull Horn Hotel was burned to the ground. At Lexington and 43rd, an angry mob tore into the Colored Orphan's Asylum and trashed furniture and set fire. The frightened children were allowed to escape. The mainstream of the crowd moved west down 46th, down 47th, screaming, shouting, running, jumping with the excitement of sex and death. At the Allerton Hotel, where cattle were traded daily, they spotted a cop and rushed into the lobby and began trashing the lights and furniture. They beat anyone who dared to stand against them. They seized the bar and drank their way out into the street again and one of them put a torch to the curtains, and the hotel went up in black, cloudy smoke and the businessmen fled and 3,700 terrified cattle were let out of their pens in the rear, and they ran from the fire in a blind stampede down the street and over children. The workers continued on, trashing and stamping, halting streetcars and beating pedestrians. An angry mob marched into Mr. O'Brien's saloon on the Hudson River and drank themselves into drunkenness. Mr. O'Brien, a good republican, harangued them and was attacked. The saloon was put to the torch and the fire quickly spread to the Weehauken Ferry House, which was totally destroyed, then the Metropolitan Gas Company Works. Porter and ale flowed freely; enraged by drink, the workers continued their destruction.

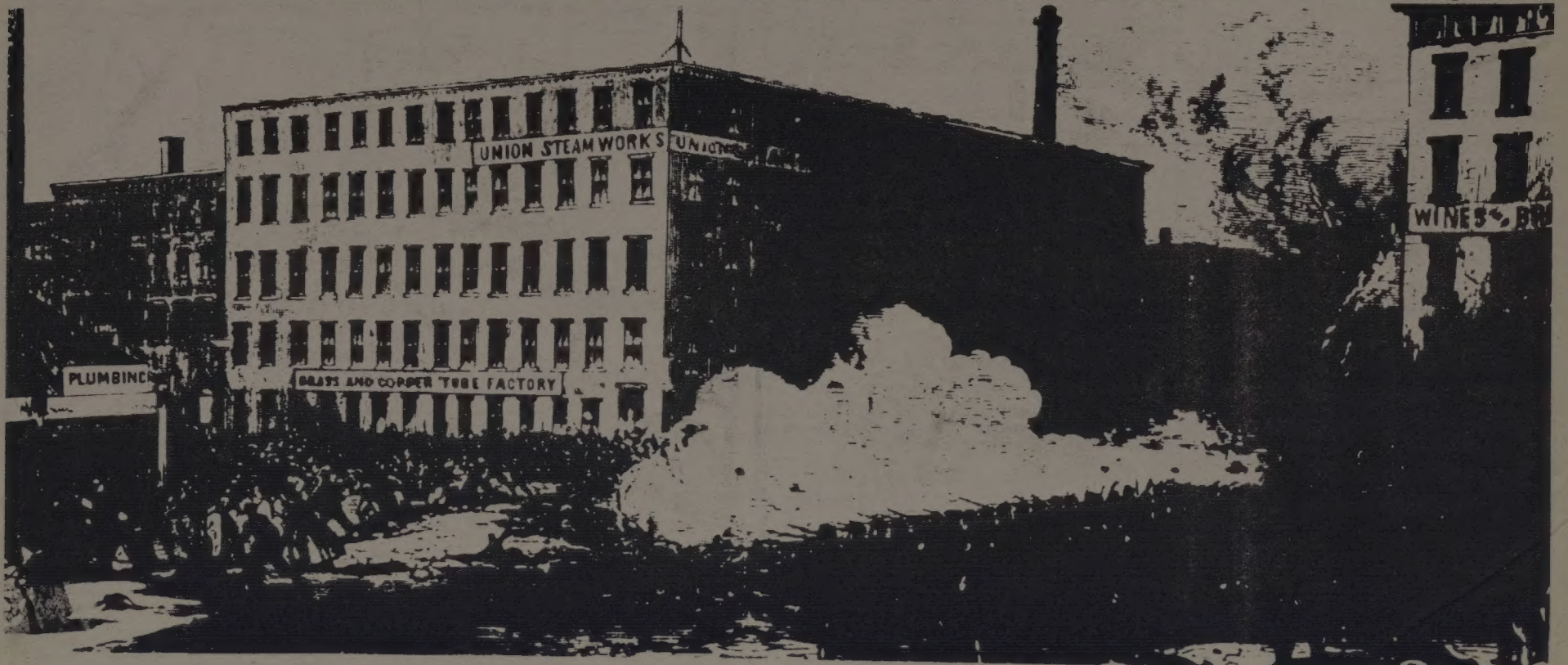
Other groups charged down First and Second Avenues. The entire city seemed to be engaged in a tremendous shout. Fires were started, properties were destroyed, police and soldiers who tried to drive them back were tortured and slain in a terrible manner. There was no stopping the mob. The trashing went on for hours. They tore up the tracks of the New Haven railroad north of 42nd Street. They dragged known military officers from their homes and killed them. They beat reporters and slaughtered the few Blacks who they found on the streets. As night fell, they retreated to their separate neighborhoods where they set fires in the street and shouted their defiance of

the Republican government. A group of teenage boys rampaged down one block vowing to "kill every black republican nigger-worshipping son of a bitch and burn their houses." "Men tramped incessantly through the street," a woman wrote later, "and women chatted and scolded in the windows; children cried, and cats squalled; a crazy man in the rear raved fiercely for Jeff Davis."

Things seemed to cool down in the early hours of the morning, but by nine o'clock crowds were forming on the street again, this time with even greater blood lust in their hearts, and this time there were large numbers of soldiers, police and vigilantes mobilized to stop them. At the corner of 14th Street and Avenue C, a large crowd occupied the Steam Works. Three hundred police arrived and the battle began. Four rioters were shot dead and the main mass charged the police who fled in terror before large numbers then another force of police and soldiers arrived and a fierce 10 minute gun battle ensued. Fifteen rioters were killed, and the rest, scattered into several smaller groups, trashing up the streets.

Another large crowd had gathered before a factory at the corner of Pitt and Broome Streets. A force of soldiers arrived and began firing over their heads as a volley and rocks and bottles sailed through the air. Full-scale fighting broke loose; several people were shot as they waded into the cops. An officer ordered the soldiers to "Fix Bayonettes," and they waded into the crowd, slashing and plunging at the people. In hand-to-hand combat, men fought back. One soldier was wounded and he fell to the street. A woman rushed to him, removed the bayonette from his gun and plunged it into his chest. She was stabbed from behind by another soldier. The bayonettes eventually cleared the street and the crowd retreated down Pitt Street, a score of bleeding bodies lying in their wake. The soldiers gave chase, but this time were hesitant to use the bayonettes again. This time they fired as various portions of the crowd rushed them. Their ranks depleted, the soldiers withdrew, but were met at Delancey Street

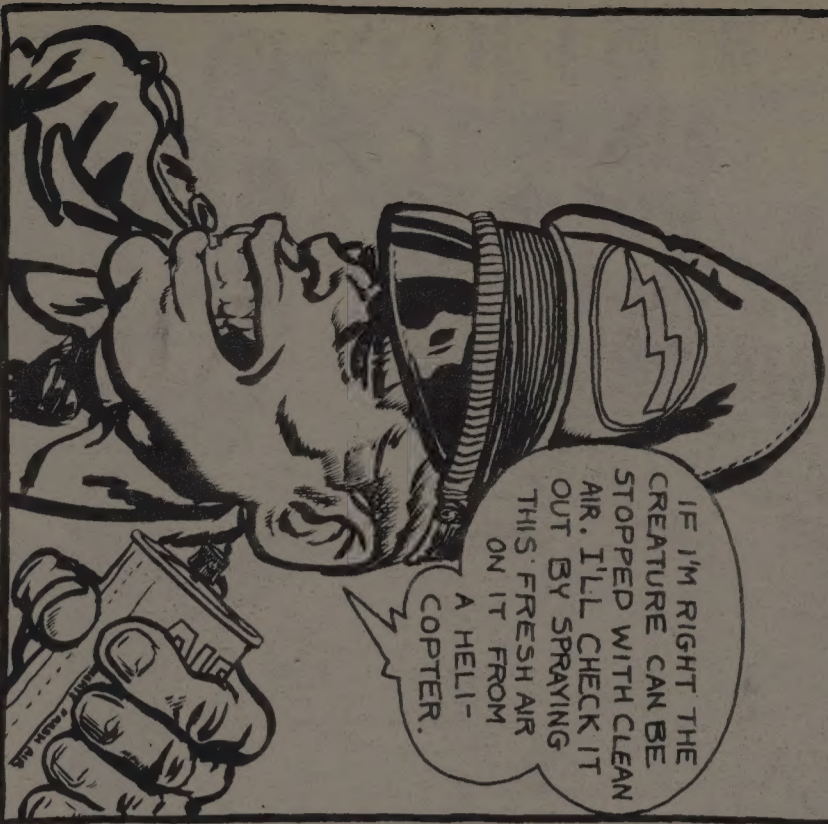
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# ORANGE OF SPACE

CHAPTER 9

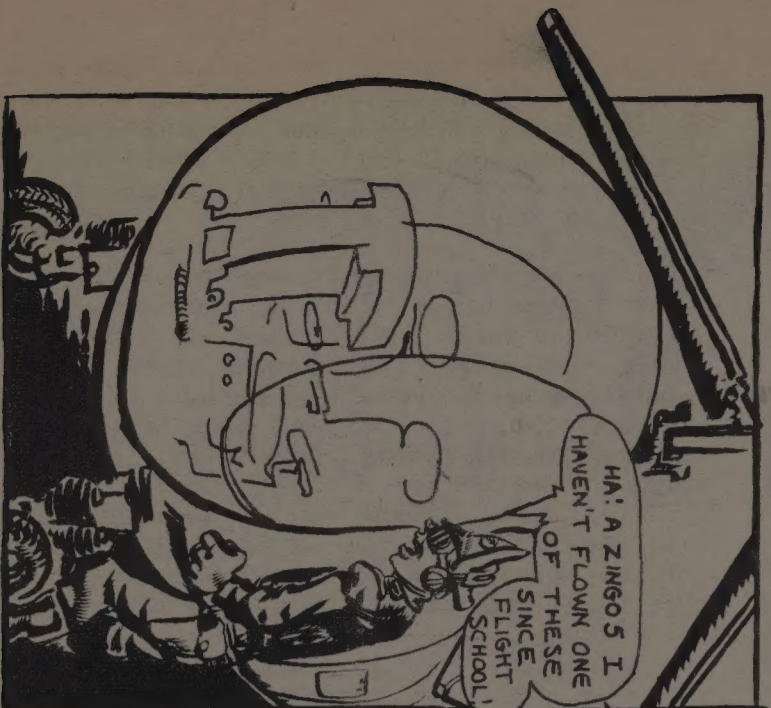
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IF I'M RIGHT THE CREATURE CAN BE STOPPED WITH CLEAN AIR. I'LL CHECK IT OUT BY SPRAYING THIS FRESH AIR ON IT FROM A HELICOPTER.



I'LL KEEP IN RADIO CONTACT WITH YOU.



HA! A ZINGO 5 I HAVEN'T FLOWN ONE OF THESE SINCE FLIGHT SCHOOL!



COPTER TO MONSTER CONTROL. I AM IN VISUAL CONTACT WITH CREATURE. I'LL DESCEND NOW AND TRY MY THEORY.

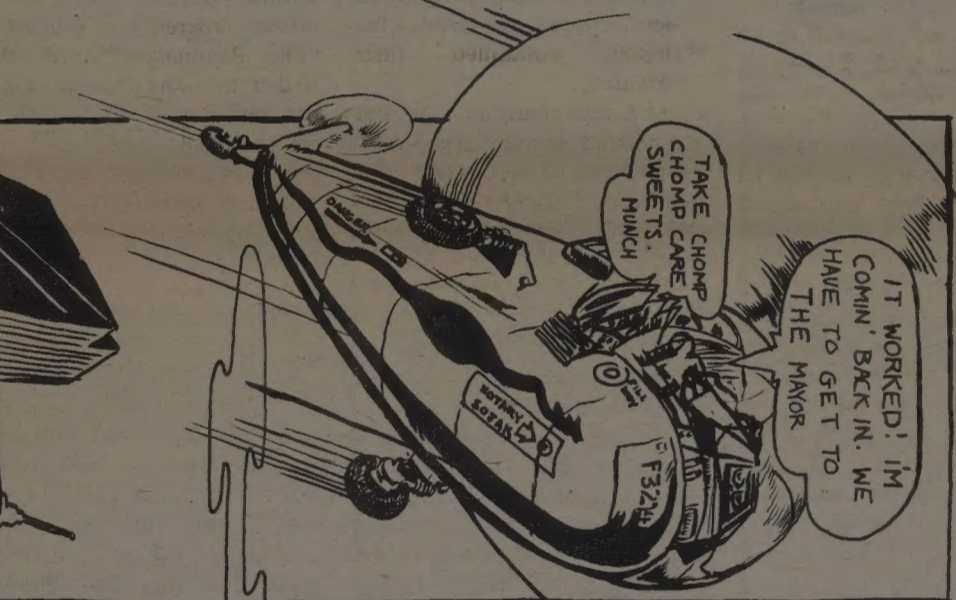
HMMUMF MUNCH  
CHOMP YEFRM  
CHOMP SWEETS



THE CREATURE'S GOT THE COPTER. ONLY ONE CHANCE LEFT!

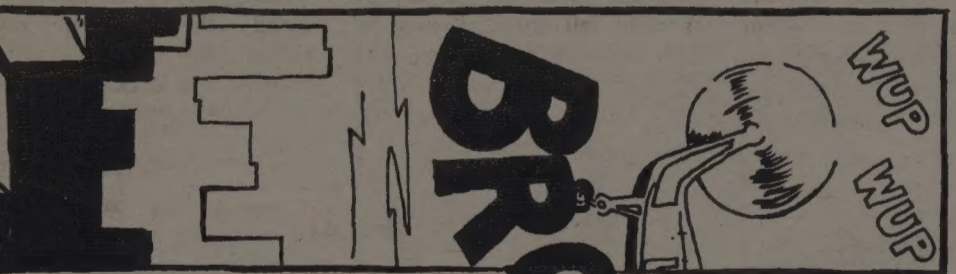


YEGGCHI!



IT WORKED! I'M COMIN' BACK IN. WE HAVE TO GET TO THE MAYOR

TAKE CHOMP  
CHOMP CARE  
SWEETS.  
MUNCH



WUP  
WUP



FLICK  
FLICK

BRONCH

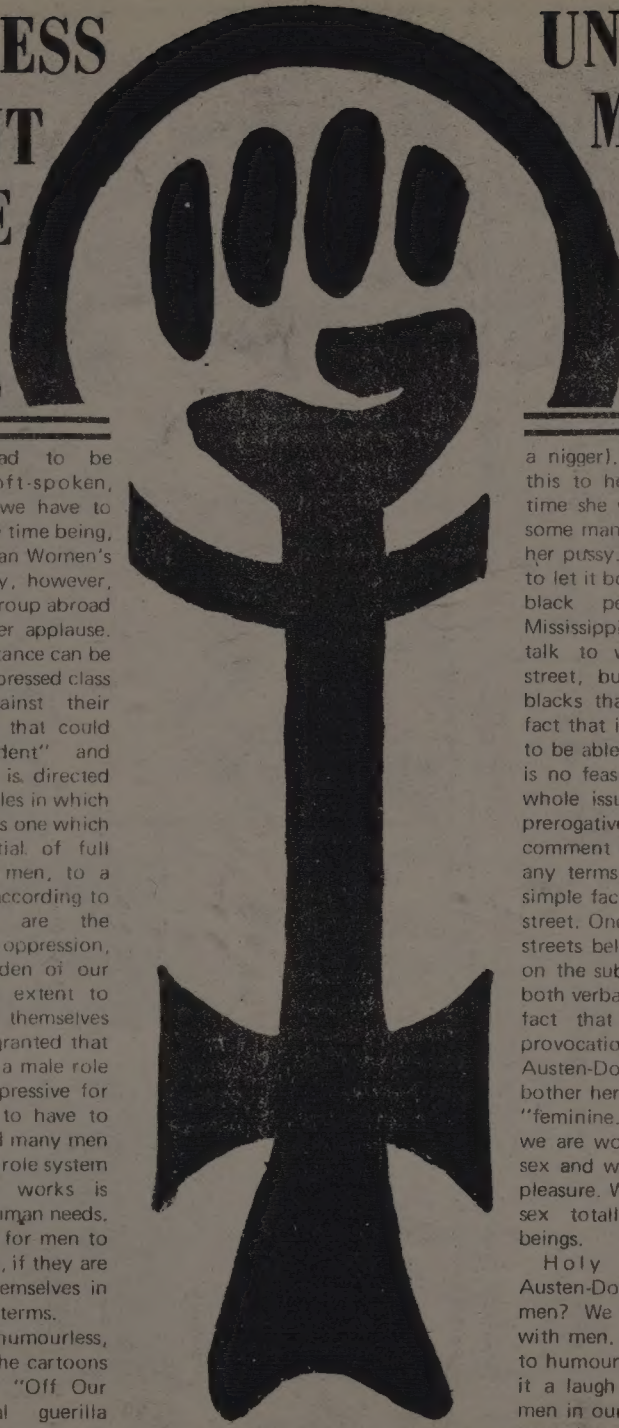
TINKLE  
PLUNK

FOO!

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE CELESTIAL HORROR! BUT WILL THE EARTH BE SAVED? SEE THE FINALE NEXT WEEK

**HUMOURLESS  
STRIDENT  
HOSTILE  
IRRATIONAL  
RIDICULOUS**

**UNINSPIRED  
MANHATING  
DREARY  
NEUROTIC  
HUMOURLESS**



Dear EVO,

At the risk of being labeled: humourless (twice), strident, hostile, without redeeming features, irrational, having undiscerning mentality, being self-styled "liberated" women, ridiculous schoolgirls at various stages of arrested development, manhaters, dreary exhibitionists, neurotic, uninspired, depressing, unproductive, unimaginative, lacking initiative, self-oppressing, mislaid, dishonest, pointless, hypocritical, girl scouts, superficial, foolish, idle, empty-headed, insecure; unfulfilled; brainwashed; mismanaged; not having self-understanding, badly assembled commodities, a bum trip (twice), and this years hula-hoop, we still choose to answer Jane Austen-Douglas' article which appeared in a June issue of EVO. We must first compliment her on her seemingly limitless supply and imaginative use of negative adjectives (there were no repetitions except in the two cases noted above).

Before taking issue with Austen-Douglas' criticisms, we would like to question her definition of "underground" and "non-establishment" media, for the only sources she mentions are "The Post," "The Times," "EVO," "Village Voice," "Playboy," and Grove Press. Perhaps her ideas on women's liberation might be altered by reading some of the many publications written for and by women which are available here in New York, for example: "Aphra," "Rat," "Up From Under," "Off Our Backs," "Notes From The Second Year," to name but a few. We also wonder what her actual contacts were with women in the movement. What groups has she spoken to? Has she ever visited the Women's Center at 36 West 22nd Street, New York City, which provides a meeting place and information center for a broad cross-section of women's groups and individual women involved in liberation?

There are many valid criticisms to be made of what can be regarded as a misplaced emphasis in some actions undertaken in the women's movement. We are developing an emerging consciousness in a society in which our basic identity as human beings has been radically and systematically deformed, and it is understandable that in the beginning this development may be spotty in its ability to discern its primary targets for change. There will always be a place for such criticisms within the movement.

When a sister finds it imperative to put herself on record with a slickly written apology for Barney Rosset, "Playboy" magazine, et al, couched in the bitter, bitchy, sexual terms that we have all gotten so tired of hearing, one is almost tempted to react with sympathy for the fact that she feels she's got to shuffle that hard to hold onto her reputation as a groovy chick. We all know how hard a role that is to play.

However, given the fact that the media, "non-establishment" or otherwise, slaver with joy each time they are presented with another "good nigger" woman's attack on women in liberation, and given the fact that articles like this are used by many men to pressure and rap-out their "old-women" when they begin to show any signs of interest in women's liberation, and given the fact that many of our sisters not yet in liberation are genuinely cowed by this kind of toadying shit, we feel it necessary to answer in detail the statements and innuendos in Austen-Douglas' diatribe.

Since Austen-Douglas does not describe in what sense she finds

women's groups abroad to be good-humoured, soft-spoken, friendly and attractive, we have to confine ourselves, for the time being, to her attack on American Women's Liberation. We must say, however, that we doubt that any group abroad would be gratified by her applause.

We do not think an instance can be found in history of an oppressed class who have rebelled against their oppression in a manner that could not be called "strident" and "hostile." Our hostility is directed against a system of sex roles in which the definition of woman is one which robs her of her potential of full human development. If men, to a greater or lesser degree according to their class position, are the beneficiaries of women's oppression, they must bear the burden of our reactive hostility to the extent to which they refuse to rid themselves of their male privileges; granted that the necessity for playing a male role in our sick society is oppressive for men, too. The pressure to have to prove one's virility has led many men to the realization that the role system by which our society works is basically antithetical to human needs. It is all the more reason for men to reject their male privileges, if they are serious about defining themselves in human rather than sexual terms.

If the sister finds us humourless, perhaps she has missed the cartoons in "Rat," Mr. April in "Off Our Backs," some satirical guerrilla theatre, and doubtless she's never sat in on any consciousness raising sessions. She should also catch Pat Mainardi's "trivial" paper, "The Politics of Housework." Or, perhaps, Austen-Douglas thinks that satirical attacks on some of the feminine roles which she seems to take seriously strike a bit too close to home to be humorous.

It seems to us that in unfettering our bodies from confining clothes and underwear and washing our faces clean, we are getting back in touch with our bodies as bodies instead of packages. We think that loving one's own body and making it comfortable is one way to find true grace and beauty. If Jane Austen-Douglas shares the view of many men that a woman's body in its natural state is ugly, "a woman's body is not all to be considered; underwear is also important" (see "Screw"), that is obviously their sickness and not our problem. Men and women through the years have always found each other attractive. We do not think that it should be necessary for women to contrive to be desirable. Our cultural conditioning has forced this upon us and this conditioning is one of the things we must change.

Austen-Douglas makes a point about the excessive coverage of so-called trivial issues espoused by women in liberation as compared to the coverage given to "serious" issues such as abortion reform. This is clearly a fault to be laid at the door of the male dominated media, not at women's lib. News, like most everything in this society, is packaged and sold, and it is always in the genre of "off-beat feature of the day" that women's liberation themes are covered. Many women's groups are seriously reconsidering their cooperation with the media precisely for this reason. Actions like the Plaza sit-in are valid for the women who do them because this is the first issue of their oppression that they have focused on. These actions confront the women who participate with one facet of their total powerlessness in the present society. Upper-class women realize for the first time that as soon as they step out from under the umbrella of the protection of

a nigger). Austen-Douglas can relate this to her personal experience any time she walks down the street and some man tells her he'd love to suck her pussy. She'll ignore it and try not to let it bother her. That's what some black people tried to do in Mississippi. Granted that not all men talk to women that way on the street, but not all whites talk to blacks that way in Mississippi. The fact that it is a possibility for anyone to be able to do that, and that there is no feasible way to retaliate, is the whole issue. It is within any man's prerogative regardless of class, to comment upon any woman's body in any terms he sees fit to use, by the simple fact that she is walking on the street. One needn't ask to whom the streets belong. Any woman traveling on the subway is subject to hassling, both verbal and physical, by the mere fact that she has committed the provocation of being female. Jane Austen-Douglas may say this doesn't bother her. Perhaps it makes her feel "feminine." We in liberation know we are women. We know we have a sex and we know how to use it for pleasure. We just don't think that our sex totally defines us as human beings.

Holy simplicity! Does Austen-Douglas really think we hate men? We just hate playing games with men. Here, we must plead guilty to humourlessness. We just don't find it a laugh riot to have to outguess men in our relations with them, play it cool, not bruise their egos, but at the same time not let our love for them make them feel fenced in, not force commitment, make them a little jealous to keep up their interest, and all the rest of the women's magazines' tactical instructions. We think men are real people and should be treated as such. We are sick of the crap and we are sure that if women stop playing games, men will be forced to step out of their sex roles too, and relate as people. Then some possibility of love might exist between men and women. Some men already feel oppressed by their sex roles. It's not much fun to always have to prove one's manhood. The problem is that the price of stepping out of the male role in the context of this society means being treated like a woman by other men. No oppressor class has ever voluntarily given up its privileges. Just as racism oppresses both whites and blacks by forcing people into inhuman molds, sexism divests men and women of their humanity. But you feel a lot more oppressed when you're on the bottom.

We enjoyed that liberal statement, "no body, male or female, can truly be liberated until the mind and spirit have first been freed." Women are trapped by their societal role in the prison of their bodies. A high school girl denied birth control information, a pregnant woman denied an abortion, a woman denied the choice of having her tubes tied to prevent pregnancy are all in thrall to the state. Mothers are forced throughout most strata of society to care for their children twenty-four hours a day. Women are instructed in sex education that our sex role is passive and the myth of the vaginal orgasm is reinforced by men concerned solely with their own pleasure and convenience. It is useless to talk to a woman with four children about liberating her mind until her body is free to move out of the narrow physical confines of her life. We don't want equality with men in the context of the present society, if indeed that were possible. We want to insure, however, that we will be liberated as women when we are liberated as people. Austen-Douglas

makes the mistake of talking about liberated women. We know we're not liberated. If she thinks she, or any other woman, is liberated, she just hasn't been thinking. If she believes that personal liberation is possible within the context of an oppressive society, then she is by definition, a liberal. Her argument about personal liberation could be used against any and all revolutionary movements, throughout the history of mankind.

The charge of lesbianism is always levelled at women. It's time we stopped defending ourselves against it. Some of us are lesbians, some other feminists temporarily cannot relate to men sexually, at this time, although they maintain hope that there will be a possibility of communication eventually. Others of us are trying to relate to men without the traditional sex roles, and feel that the resultant relationships are more honest than ever before. These are personal decisions which we can no longer allow to divide us.

We tried for a long time to decipher that strange paragraph on gentle and jewish homosexuality. The "conventionally recognized differences in cultural and background influences, psychological motivation, etc., etc." may be self evident to Austen-Douglas but we wish she had them for the benefit of those of us who lack her penetrating cultural insight. We don't even know whether she was trying to say that more gentle women were prone to homosexuality or the reverse. What she was trying in her convoluted prose, to say, may indeed be both racist and anti-semitic, but her statements total unintelligibility makes it impossible to judge. Perhaps, she was only trying to deflect notice from her main message, because it's too blatantly sexist to say that that all women in liberation are repressed homosexuals and too dishonest to admit it.

It's very nice to know that "Playboy" accepts women writers. We're sure we can look forward to seeing Austen-Douglas' attacks on women showcased in that magazine. The media, in general, are only too happy to find a contented nigger to condemn those radical "libbies," they'll be delighted to give her a chance to "sing for her supper."

We have tried in this essay to answer Austen-Douglas' letter in some detail, because it is important for our movement not to lose touch with the necessity of reaching all women. Many of us can remember a time when her arguments might have seemed valid to us. The virulence of her denunciation of the movement, the cattiness of her tone, bespeak the fact that she feels her position severely threatened by Women's Liberation. Her frenzy to disassociate herself from it could be a result of that fear.

We hope that she will find the courage to face the truth, that women's oppression is as serious a political issue as any to which the radical movement has heretofore addressed itself. To overcome centuries of conditioning will not be easy for women to do. We will all need each other's help. Inevitably mistakes will be made and we must ceaselessly struggle to keep our perspective by constant self-criticism within our movement. Let Jane Austen-Douglas come to us with her thoughts. Imprisoned within every "Uncle Tom" is an oppressed human being.

The Collective  
c Women in Transition 1970  
(a paper now organizing for & by women. Any correspondence can be sent c/o Women's Center)



A ESTABLISHMENT MOVIE REVIEW BY FRED MOGUBGUB MOVIE CRITIC, E.V.D. "JOE" A CANNON RELEASE.



I FEEL SORRY FOR THE PEOPLE INVOLVED WITH THIS EVERYTHING IS IN BAD



TASTE. THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR BAD TASTE !!!!!



Lee Kaminski was born in Chicago on February 1, 1947, attended high school there and went on to the University of Santa Clara for a B.A. in political philosophy and metaphysics. He was one of the founders of the Electric Eye which produces the Filow T. Farnsworth Video obelisk held at Intersection in San Francisco. He spent much of his early life in show business and in college he did quite a bit of acting including three seasons with the California Shakespeare Festival.

Rudi: Lee, could you tell me about what the Electric Eye is? Lee: A tribe of "vidiots," that's what it is. It's a group of students, all of us were at the University of Santa Clara together. Most of whom were ex-actors and we had one ex-movie maker, we got together and we scraped up what money was available and purchased the necessary combination of equipment to start producing tape. The original idea was to try to do an independent production company. But of course with this equipment that wasn't readily possible. So we went more and more into the artistic end of it, always thinking of the necessity really of starting a video theater from the beginning but it took us a long time to get the production unit together well enough and the crew hung together well enough to make it workable. We had made no programs yet. We did sort of spin off two documentaries on artists, what we call creative process studies, where we went into the studio with the artist and watched him create a work of art. But those were supposed to be sold through a gallery that we in the meantime did a few environments for and it all sort of added up till we finally had a collection of tapes, pieces that could be put together into a show. The actual construction of the show wasn't done until the decision to open a theatre was made, obviously, at which point Skip Sweeney and Tim Barger and Jim Mandes, those are the crew, the family, got a hold of one of our original ideas, one of the first documentaries we did was a visit that Dick Gregory made to San Jose State. We followed him around with one of the porta-packs then actually video-taped with a special effects generator and four cameras his address that night. We dedicated that piece to Filow Farnsworth, who is the inventor of the electronic system that made the whole system known as television possible. So, when it came time to actually move into a theatre, I guess it was Skip's idea, brainchild, to name the place after Filow T. Farnsworth and the idea for the video obelisk was his. We had so many monitors, they happened to be in size, so he said why not stack them one on top of another and create this pillar of light. And it is, it's a real image machine. So the Filow T. Farnsworth Video Obelisk was born.



Rudi: Could you describe the theater in San Francisco?

Lee: It's in a renovated church that's owned and operated by Intersection, which is the name of the location. It's called Center for Religion in the Arts and it's funded by the Glide Memorial Church, which is a large, philanthropic Christian organization. They've had people like the Pitchell Players which is an improvisational theater group, who had Country Joe McDonald performing with them for a long time, but that has sort of dwindled out and Skip approached the program director with the idea of bringing the video theater in and he said "yes, certainly, we'll give it a trial run" and now we're in the process of negotiating showings four or five nights a week.

Rudi: Tell me what your activities have been in New York.

Lee: I've been working for a private foundation, whose stated goals to the tax department (and this is very important for foundations, this is how they define themselves according to the tax law) is the promulgation of the "video faith" especially in education and of course education is extremely respectable. Part of the problem, too, is that the organizers of the foundation, the board of directors, are tuned in to the possibilities of individual education at home they definitely understand that but they're still thinking in terms of the classroom and like wise there's a global fetish by the chief boss man who is as interested in solving the problems of creating the "global village," (he is a devout McLuhanite) by making possible cross-continental, cross-cultural transferences of television material, and it is a most admirable goal.

Rudi: How do you feel about video as a tool for social and political change?

Lee: It's not the tool, it's the media out of which these changes will be created. It's already created a number of very radical changes. I happen to be a materialist-determinist, although I am a Christian and in many senses a mystic (I've not quite accomplished it yet). But it is a fact that it is through mechanisms made of material, or in this case electrons, which are

particles, fundamental, elemental, cosmic particles. It is because of these mechanisms that many of these changes have occurred. This is the media for bringing out many of these thoughts in people. Television was the gun through which those electrons bombarded human cortexes, and it will keep bombarding and expanding the range of thought, expanding the consciousness housed in those neurons. I think in time, we will have to make alterations in the device itself to minimize this because at the present time, it's an unknown influence. Or is it? I really wonder whether Nixon isn't hip to a lot more things than we give him credit for, whether a lot of the supposed gentle persuasion that goes over television isn't downright indoctrination by a very capitalist-minded philosophy. These people want to perpetuate people who only use five or ten percent of their brains. But, in fact, these electrons are blowing open other channels constantly. Or, it can close them off too. You react one way or another to it. Either you allow it to open you, or you have to continuously close yourself further and further to keep it out. That, I think, is part of the reason for the polarization that we've had so far.

Rudi: Tell me about the tape that you made with Marshall McLuhan and some of the things that came out in that interview?

Lee: That's foundation property and I really can't disseminate it. I wish I could because the power of seeing the real man saying those words is really incredible. Most of what I'm saying now is McLuhan made real. Actually, it's cross bred between McLuhan and Filow Farnsworth III, who is the man that's on the Electric Eye tape. He is a yogi and an inventor in his own right, the son of the man who invented the electronic scanning system. The McLuhan trip, as I said, my boss is a devout McLuhanite and a friend, and we went up there to visit him. He's actually saying that it's this tattoo of electrons which comes out of the tube, and not only bombards the eyes and the retina of the eyes, it bombards the entire surface of the body so that you really have a sensual experience of those images, super subtle, but it's there. Although he won't ever talk in terms of electrons. I had

to hear Farnsworth say that his father's whole trip (he calls it a romance with the electron) his father's whole life is an obsession with the electron. Although it's so creative, furtive, joyful, it's killing the physical body which is Filow Farnsworth II, the man himself. He's constantly burning with these thoughts of the sub-particle, the elemental particle, and how it behaves. McLuhan kept talking over and over that it's bombarding people, and they almost can't help over-reacting to it. If it's at all hot they will, in fact, over-react, because it's too intense. That cosmic substance bombarding their bodies with the real cosmos is just too much; most people's psyche's just can't take it. See, he's a critic of English literature so everything he says is couched in critical, essentially grammatical terms. But he finally said there's going to be bloodshed on the streets. He said there would be thousands and thousands of young people killed, because of this one way or the other reaction to that tube.

Rudi: What direction do you see your work taking from this point on?

Lee: It's an infinity. That's part of what's so beautiful and so frightening about any video trip. That you can pick up this machine, the perfect at-hand instrument for contemplation of the real world, because you pick it up and you are immediately intent on whatever you are looking at through it, whatever you are experiencing through it. The cameraman looks at the television tube, too. He's being bombarded by a one inch screen electron gun. It's hypnotic, almost hypnotic, so that just about anything could fascinate. The direction? It's trying to free up the money for this equipment. See, it's a means of production, it's a material thing that's going to make the change and you've got to get the means of production into the hands of the people before it will mean anything. Right now, even this stinking half inch stuff, which is nothing compared to the big mothers, people won't free it up. And when they do free it up they seem intent on giving it to someone who won't use it. That's where my work will carry me. And if it means just going on and doing it by myself, well, that's how you do it anyway.

Rudi: Lee, what does the concept of street video or street television mean to you?

Lee: I guess that's really a New York idiom. I have some idea of what it should be because of my contact with the people who are running the New York street academies. I think of street academies and I think of Harlem. That's another beautiful thing, it's that the basic lesson that the black man of our society must learn if he's going to make the changes within the system, or within himself, really, it comes down to the necessity for verbal skills, for the dissection and re-assembly of thoughts. When you start thinking through that camera, and then you go back and you try to put together a program,

that's the way you're thinking. And too many black people are still, because of cultural deprivation, completely phenomenal creatures. It just flows. They don't hang on to one and then put one next to another, you know, experience. They can't. They're too busy staying alive, and that's the name of it. But there's the opportunity for those, who do put together their thoughts, who do start coming together, to really move, because soul power, man, it's a real thing. The noble proletariat in this country is essentially black, or essentially colored, anyway. I want to see machines like this in the hands of people like you who would then bring in people from the street and get them to start thinking through a media and making a statement. Making a complete package of affirmable thought. This is real, man.

Rudi: What do you think the relationship of this portable video is to broadcast television? Do you think there is a relationship? At what point do they meet? Or could they?

Lee: They've already met. It's a question now of making them actual. It all boils down to those lovely Japanese. And it sounds strange, but not to anyone who has dealt with Sony. This half inch tape, the Japanese standard, but through the right video tape recorder can be broadcast over cable right now. Because the new Japanese standard has all 350 scan lines, it's a full picture. It's much more easily transferred to two inch and it is infinitely more editable so that you can now, at least, produce a clean, finished product that somebody in broadcast television will look at.

Rudi: Apart from the technical situation, I was very curious about the theoretical and conceptual differences and at what point those differences might meet and make sense.

Lee: I don't even think in terms of broadcast TV. I think in terms of the video cassette and I think in terms of cable. I think in terms of alternative media. Part of the reason why I don't think in terms of broadcast TV is because it is an obsolete technology. Cable is going to be there in ten years. The reception is so much better. The cost of putting programs over the air is so much less. You'll be able to have neighborhood television stations.

Rudi: How free do you imagine those cable systems will be in terms of things that we are trying to do with the medium?

Lee: That depends on how far the FCC lets each neighborhood go. Like, if they really acknowledge the thing called "community television station," then it's going to be wide open. And they just might do it. There are enough highly respectable Ph.D. dissertations saying that it had better be wide open or you'd better not open it up at all because, baby, you're going to wreak havoc. You can't help it. Once the machines are there, it's going to happen. That material world, that environment, will change people's ways of thinking and they're going to demand the

(Continued on Page 19)

'I think you like,' said the artist Yossarian, 'anyone who can put down a line on paper.'

It was my expressed admiration for the work of Marvel Comics artist John Buscema that provoked that remark from Yossarian, who delivered it through a mouthful of cole slaw at the counter of a dingy luncheonette on fourteenth street. A copy of *Our Love Story*, predated to October, lay on the counter between his hamburger platter and my fried eggs, open to the third page, which was the title page of a story drawn by Mr Buscema and inked by one D. Ayres. Inching his coffeecup a good distance away from that page, which could only assail the artist of

Trina's intent in drawing this strip 'Belinda Berkeley' clearly denotes an evolution of content and style from —

Now who the hell are you, Latimer, to speak of the 'intent' of Trina Robbins, the 'evolution' of her strip?

Well, Claudia Dreifus told me Trina told her she wanted me to say something about it...

Forget it. Anything any man says about a woman's comic strip is bound to be fraught with so many unconscious distortions, his emphasis so woefully misled from the point she wished to make to the points he wishes to interpret — his entire orientation to the subject matter so grievously estranged from hers — that one could hope to accomplish nothing by such

humiliating sexual indignities every day at work, against which she dare not retaliate for fear of losing her income. Her home life is little better. The man with whom she lives, being under the impression that 'pornography' is 'in' — it is not — composes what appears to be moronic drivel of a sado-masochistic nature — and I leave it up to you to imagine how Belinda Berkeley feels about that. He maintains however, an egotistical attitude of psychological superiority over her, seemingly unaware of the fabric of hypocrisies upon which he bases it. For example, at the beginning of one strip he derides her choice of friends from the Women's Liberation movement, because of his conviction that any politically-inclined woman is by that token neurotic, and he applauds her forthcoming visit from an old college chum, whom he remembers as 'a bright, very together chick'; when, however, it transpires that this old college chum has become with the passage of time a firm, eloquent feminist, and spends her visit with Belinda Berkeley and him pointing out the glaring insufficiencies of their

for satiric purposes — and pledge its eradication from my spoken vocabulary with all possible speed. I do this not out of any desire to ingratiate myself with Women's Liberation — there's no pleasing them, and no use trying — but out of a concern for common human decency.

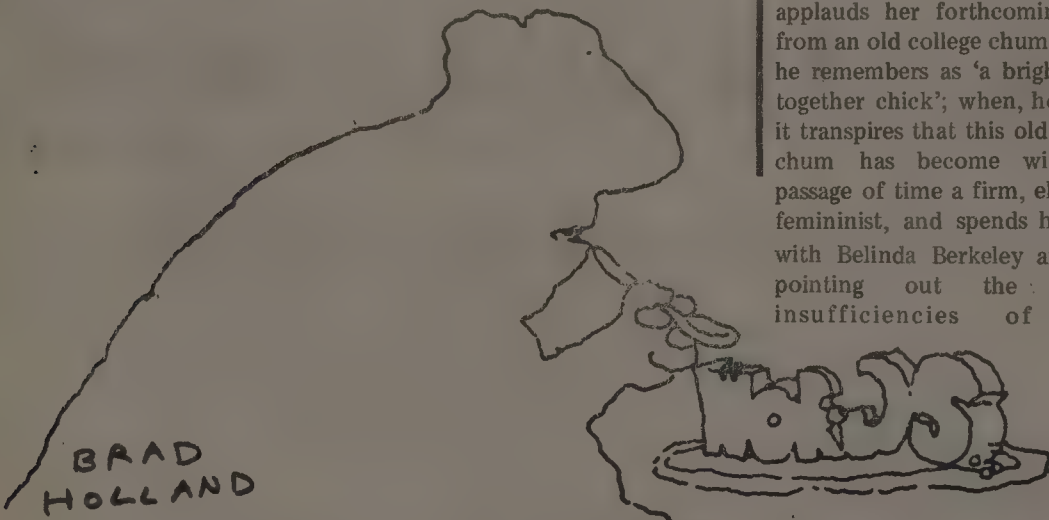
'Belinda Berkeley' is drawn with a sureness of line and a competence of composition that is extremely enviable to a spastic such as I. While I cannot with confidence say Trina's drawing has become better than ever — for who am I to say such a thing, when, from a woman's viewpoint, it might be getting worse? — I will confess that I covet her skill now even more than I did when she was drawing 'Panthea.'

For those who never heard of *The Gothic Blimp Works* — and there were billions who never heard of it, nor bought it, and so today it lies dead — 'Panthea' was the continuing story of the offspring of a woman and a lion. Woman from the waist up, lioness from the waist down, Panthea went through a half-dozen full-page episodes in which she was thoroughly exploited by men, before she vanished from sight and was apparently replaced in Trina's portfolio by Belinda Berkeley.

market.' From went into an acc. evening's harangue by and ended with a descriptive. Latimer idly wondering if he could bum a lift back to the city on the Daily News press bus with this woman. Through this, I had thought to convey the impression of a Latimer so little moved by Billy Graham that his soul remained sunk in the wicked slough of Lechery in spite of everything, and a Latimer moreover so unredeemably lecherous that no woman reporter from The Daily News would have any time for him.

Imagine my astonishment, then, to learn, not long ago, through a third party, that Susan Needles, who has written a word or two on Women's Liberation, has been saying it about town that I not only published in that story a spurious account of balling that poor Daily News woman, but further abused her confidence in me by publishing here her phone number, with the directions, 'If you want a free fuck, call, etc.'

Now, I've been around. There are some candles on my cake (not like some). Things like this should not cause my ears to burn, and the floor to rise up and smite me on the head. But



'Nancy Kotex' and 'Dirge of Space' with horror and anxiety — there, but for the grace of God, there — he asked me, 'Isn't there anybody you don't like?'

Sure. I don't think much of the son of a b\*\*ch who ripped off from out of the editorial cubbyhole here marked 'Latimer' the two copies of ZAP and three copies of *Bijou* that I had fully intended to review here this week. — Pardon me, fellers, did I say 'review'? Let us make no pretense: I meant 'praise.' If the Muse so obliges me, I'll publish a strip of my own drawing here before the summer's out, and thereby destroy all credentials I might carry to 'review' anything of this nature. — The creature who swiped those comics will be dealt with unmercifully, mark my words. His friends in Heaven, supposing he ever had any, will not be expecting him any more when I'm done with his body. I say 'He,' for while certainly no woman should escape suspicion of any crime at all, there's only one woman I could conceive of doing this thing — of having excellence of taste to zip off these articles from out my box, exclusive of any other thing — and that woman is in San Francisco, drawing a comic strip of her own.

Her name is Trina Robbins, and she authors 'Belinda Berkeley' for *It Ain't Me, Babe*, a bi-weekly Bay Area newspaper which concerns itself with the activities of the worldwide Women's Liberation movement. Trina — I use her Christian name, she's a friend — Trina is also the mother of little Casey, who appeared on the cover of EVO a few months ago, and sold us plenty of copies, drawn by her father, Kim Deitch. Now,

an effrontery, other than the setting of one s\*x against another among one's readers, and the furtherance, consequently, of disharmony and unhappiness.

But dare I say I like it? Belinda Berkeley is a young woman who works in an office in a secretarial capacity to maintain herself and the young man with whom she cohabits, who fancies himself a struggling writer. It is not clear whether he contributes any money to their situation by selling any of the stuff he writes, but that doesn't seem to be important, in view of the extreme mental hardship which her job inflicts on Belinda Berkeley. Her employer is an unpleasant man who subjects her to a variety of minor but

relationship, he unwittingly reverts, after she leaves, to calling her 'a dumb, kooky chick.'

They're right, you know — there's something suspicious about that word, chick. Begot by rock-and-roll musicians, right? (At Randall's Island a couple weeks ago, long-haired punks just like you and me were picking chicks up by the armpits as they tried to get up on the stage with Grand Funk Railroad and throwing them down onto the ground over the plywood fence, knocking the breath out of them.) I for one am determined never to use that word again, chick, in my writing — except

Is there any way, I wonder, to compare these two strips without drawing the fire of Their Ladyships?

But why take such pains to avoid their fire, you wonder? Well, because their fire generally tends to fall on one like this. In this space three weeks ago lay a few comments on the Billy Graham Crusade at Shea Stadium, including an unfavourable comparison of the Rev Graham with a woman reporter from The Daily News whom I had met there, briefly. I said then that while Graham had stirred my heart, this woman had stirred my more animal tendencies: 'Heart is cheap,' said I, — kidneys and testicles come dearer on the New York

they do. Faithful EVO Reader, did you see any phone numbers in that column? Can you assume aught but that some severely damaged and miserable person or persons, after reading that story, laid up a phone call or calls to The News, asked for this woman, and breathed heavily into the mouthpiece when she

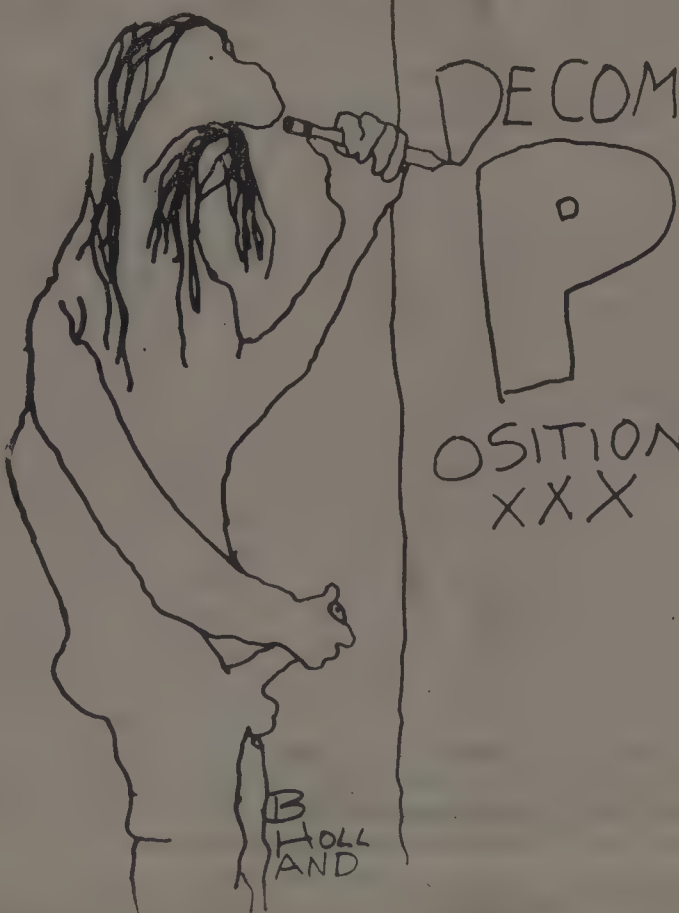
**SCRIPT: LATIMER  
SCRIBBLES: HOLLAND**

answered? And that this unfortunate woman told another woman about it, and this woman told another woman, with no doubt a little fanciful elaboration added out of her own head, and she, embroidering it further to yet another woman, passed the story on through Susan Needles, until the version I relate here reached my third party, and me? By heaven! I wonder what they're saying about me now!

Now, as to the reference to kidneys and testicles — would any person, Faithful EVO Reader, any but the most damaged and miserable person, interpret that as the description of a... I mean, who the h\*ll would... G\*d d\*\*n it, we were barely introduced!

You have to be extremely cautious on these matters, that's clear. Suppose I was now to say something like, 'For my head, "Belinda Berkeley" is better than "Panthea".' Sure, give that sentence a week to make the rounds, and they'll be saying I said Belinda Berkeley gives me better h\*\*d than Panthea, whoever that is, and that I threw in a written comparison straight out of *Fanny Hill*.

(Continued on Page 19)





## INTERVIEW

# KATE MILLET by Claudia Dreifus

become a sculptress. An exhibition was arranged in Japan and she flew there for the opening. Kate stayed in Japan for several years and the experience traumatized her into a lifelong commitment to feminism.

"Living in Japan was frightening," she confessed. "Male supremacy is right out there in front. Not that it isn't clear in America... but they make no pretenses to chivalry in the East. Japan is to America for women what Mississippi is to Chicago for black people. In the West, you know, we have this sort of pseudoequality we've won as a result of the so-called 'sexual revolution.' In Japan, the women still walk respectfully behind the men. Japanese women are also forced to wear terribly constricting clothes and they have to light their husband's cigarettes. Hundreds of years ago in Japan, the women literally had to wipe the asses of their defecating masters. Things haven't advanced too much since."

In 1962, Kate Millett returned to the United States with impressive credentials from the art world in Japan and a husband Fumio Yoshimura, a sculptor. "Fumio," explains Millett, "is one of the most militant feminists I've ever met. He's a truly wonderful man who loves and respects women." And guess what happened to Oxford Honor student Kate Millett in America? "I couldn't find a job. We were desperately broke but the only gig I could get was part-time filing for Olsten's Temporaries. It paid me \$1.35 per hour. Dig it, tops in my class at Oxford and wherever I went I was asked whether or not I could type!" Millett did shit work and starved for many a winter. Finally, her academic credentials won her a part-time university appointment.

"I've worked in academia on and off for ten years," she says wistfully, "and dig, I've got all those degrees — plus a doctorate 'with distinction' from Columbia. And in all that time I've never earned more than \$4,600 a year! I mean, I've done all the silly shit that you're supposed to do if you want to be a success in academic life. If I had been a man, I would have been made chairman of the English Department at Columbia by now. After all, how many Oxford honor students do they have running around the place? But I'm a woman and women they keep on 'part-time' wages while making them do full-time work."

And men wonder why women are screaming at the barricades these days. They really wonder.

As we begin talking about the book, I am surprised to learn that Millett is a pacifist — something rare in the bitier enclaves of the women's movement. "Violence just makes more of the same shit," she complains. "I

really don't think you could pull off a violent revolution in this country anyway."

"Is violence a male trip?" I venture.

"Definitely. And it's a sick trip, too. Women aren't acculturated in violence and that's a plus for women."

I find that an odd thing for her to say. The tone and content of *Sexual Politics* is so militant that it could incite Jewish grandmothers in the Bronx to want to go out and kill. The book recites thousands of years' worth of female oppression so horrendous that it struck me that only the most militant and ruthless actions could put an end to it.

"If non-violence is so acculturated into females," I say, "then wouldn't it be better for women to free themselves of this intrapunitive nonviolence that has been forced on us?"

"Sure, we should free ourselves of intrapunitive masochism. Certainly. But going

out and killing somebody does not free us and it kills somebody, too. This is the real male shit. You know, I get so terribly fed up with the male left. Many feminists are into that male macho trip too. The male left is just into that whole violence/death thing: black leather jackets, berets, bandoliers and sten guns. They think if they've got that outfit and they've killed themselves a few people, they're 'real revolutionaries.' A little blood on your fingers and you're in. I'm sick of that! It can make me puke my guts out!"

Millett has some other rather unkind things to say about the male left in America. She considers it a sick amalgam of violence prone he-males, joyless, sexless, sexist, unhappy men who would willingly see their women in chains if it furthered revolutionary goals. "You'll never catch me on the barricades for a male-led revolution," she says sternly. "Women have been pulling that strip for centuries. We've bled for them and have gotten nothing for it. Nothing. This time women are going to defy history and make things different!"

How different? What will life be like in a post-revolutionary America? "On a sexual level," she says, "I have several ideas. Life will have lots of variety. People will live in communes, there will be group marriages. People could live together. They could live alone. People would be homosexual... heterosexual... but most of all, sexual... sexual in a non-abusive way. During the course of a life you could do a lot of things... but you'd be free to be human. You'd have options. Now, you're permitted to do so little. Now you have to pick one person and you have to love him and only him. You're not permitted to love anybody

else. And if you do — you've got to stop loving the person you're married to and leave him to love somebody else. People wouldn't have pressure on them to perform as sexual acrobats after our revolution. They could actually have the time and the freedom to love — really love."

Despite her harsh words for male revolutionaries, Millett thinks that a feminist revolution would be freeing for all people — male and female. "Men are in a terrible sexual bind in this country," she explains.

"Men???"

"Yes. This whole thing has cut them off from feelings. Macho has stopped many of them from enjoying sex. I think that one of the really depressing things about men is that they don't discriminate at all. I mean, they'll just fuck anything that walks. They're such slobs about it."

"They pant and run after and pursue. They seem to feel that sex is like money: the more you get — the better you are. So, it doesn't matter what currency it is — you just want to get as much as you can get."

"I think men really have an awful lot to learn about sex. They all ejaculate and think it's an orgasm. Men just don't have very good sex. They think that they go to the toilet in a woman's body and that's sex."

"And there's another benefit men have to gain from our movement: they'll learn about love and about real sex. Once women are free, maybe men will start getting loved instead of obeyed."

But the liberation of men from the binds of sexual role playing isn't Millett's most immediate goal. "Women need to be educated and activated first." Towards that end Kate Millett is writing and organizing on various feminist fronts. At her alma mater, Columbia-Barnard, she is organizing women students and faculty in a campaign against the covert and overt sexism that is every day life in Morningside Heights. (Millett, incidentally, was gently relieved of her faculty appointment at Barnard this year. Her "firing" was the direct result of her women's lib activism.) As the Chairwoman of the Education Committee of the National Organization for Women, she is plotting some full-scale attacks on discrimination in the education industry. "The education system in New York City has control over the lives of over a million and a half female teachers and students — all of them disenfranchised and powerless. We've got to help them get their shit together."

And that's not all. Millett is an active member of Radical Lesbians and devotes much of her energies to developing liason between the radical lesbian movement and the feminists.

(Continued on Page 22)



The day before Kate Millett's extraordinary volume *Sexual Politics* (Doubleday, \$7.95) was to be released, she marched around her Third Avenue loft in a state of absolute terror. Kate's a striking woman with a remarkable background. At thirty-five, she looks timeless: long flowing brown hair, a pleasant smile, warm. Who would guess that the lady in the tie dye dungarees and blue workshirt is actually the possessor of a Bachelor's degree from the University of Minnesota, another Bachelor's from Oxford University in England, a Master's from Oxford and a PHD "with distinction" from Columbia University?

*Sexual Politics*, the heady book that has set down on the cultural and political landscape, is a work of such power and insight that it has already become a best-seller. It is a book that has already been translated into several languages and is being read by millions of people. The book is a masterpiece of feminist thought and is a must-read for anyone interested in the issues raised in *Sexual Politics*. Yes, it is all happening and it should seem very normal.

But Kate Millett is nervous. It's almost as if, after years of poverty and anonymity, she can't accept or enjoy the

acclaim. She keeps wanting to get me coffee or a Fresca. She keeps apologizing that the interview isn't good. (It is brilliant.) She is over modest about her work. She fears for a while that I am hostile to her.

God, this is incredible! I have just finished reading *Sexual Politics* — all carefully footnoted three hundred pages of it — and the brilliance of the work has intimidated the hell out of me. Christ, that woman is a genius — if only I could have a mind like that. I prepare for the interview by doing something highly unusual: I write out a set of questions for Dr. Millett. Don't want to be caught dumb with her. I want to know exactly what to say. So, why should anyone who can put together such a unique work (The NEW YORK TIMES called Millett "The Karl Marx of feminism") lack self-confidence? Shouldn't the lady be terribly proud?

"I guess I've just been a masochist for most of my life," says Millett while pouring me a cup of coffee. "Women are trained in masochism. It becomes so ingrained that they can't enjoy life even when good things that we've earned finally happen."

When Kate was fourteen, her big fighting Irish father lit up and left her mother and two sisters to live with a young mistress. Kate's mother, a college graduate, was offered a job demonstrating potato peelers in department store basements. The woman was tough, though, and somehow managed to get her kids raised and educated. Kate's youth was spent accumulating an impressive list of university degrees. Sometime after she obtained her Oxford Master's (after placing in the top ten of her class), she decided to



Volume 6, Issue #264

# Constitution guarantees freedom of press; Jury says no

## ART KUNKIN

The jury had been out for six days, days in which we had been sitting in the Mexican restaurant next to the courthouse drinking endless cups of coffee and feeling part of a Kafkaesque nightmare called "The Wait," when the buzzer rang; the jury had a verdict.

And I must confess (because all of us have a certain lesson to learn in this) that I sat there for the next minutes like a stupid fool, certain, despite all that I intellectually know about the prejudice of an American jury, that after hearing the

lack of evidence in the five week trial the jury could not possibly find former *Free Press* reporter Jerry Applebaum, the *LA Free Press* Corporation, and myself guilty of the phony and absurd charge of receiving stolen property.

At the beginning of the trial, we defendants and our attorneys, Walter King and Mel Albaun, knew that the jury had been "purified" by the prosecution. There were very few blacks or young people to begin with in the panels we had to choose jurors from, and when the prosecution finished with their challenges, there wasn't a young face or black face there.

All that was left in the jury box were middle-class, middle-aged suburbanite types; retired men and women; and some city employees; and a few nondescript unemployed types. The youngest person on the jury was a woman in her thirties who was a member of the District Attorney's Law Enforcement Advisory Council, and we left her on because she, at least, was a college graduate. There was no reason to have illusions about that jury and yet, as the trial ended, we were sure that reason would prevail.

Well, reason did not prevail, and, if our experience means anything, it is not likely that reason will prevail in an American courtroom. That is the lesson of the Chicago Conspiracy trial; that is the lesson of the Panther trials; that is the lesson of most of the student trials.

Yes, you go into a courtroom hoping that at least this time it will be different. You cut your hair (or maybe you don't). You put on a suit and tie (or maybe you don't). And you listen quietly to the evidence and you help your attorney cross examine the prosecution witnesses and you help with the gathering of defense witnesses and you wonder if the so-called liberals who are on the prosecution team of attorneys really mean what they say as they lie to the jury and twist the facts.

And it's worth fighting in the courts on their own terms because once in a while it is different. Once in a while a judge has the courage to dismiss an unwarranted prosecution despite his political considerations. Once in a while even a biased American jury can be swung over to the side of justice and common sense by a forceful defense. But how can justice be anything but occasional in the American courts, particularly when an underground newspaper catering to youth and dissenting intellectuals is involved, when fifty percent of the national population is under 25 and, as in the *Free Press* case, not one juror was under 30?

There should not have been a conviction in the *Free Press* case. Look at the two sides!

On the other hand, in his closing argument, defense attorney Mel Albaun went over the same elements (all of them must exist for a guilty verdict) and concluded that the evidence did not substantiate any of these elements.

Albaun pointed out that a document of non-commercial value which is produced by an agency of the State of California about governmental activities and is not classified (that is, is not stamped "confidential" by virtue of some legislative authority) is a public document and not private property at all.

Yes, it's true that the government agency might not like its activities known, but it always has been the right of newspapers to ferret this information out. At least it has been a recognized right until now, when the law against receiving stolen property (diamonds, furniture, typewriters) has been stretched to the ridiculous limits of being invoked against a newspaper practicing its First Amendment privilege of gathering and printing information about governmental activities.

Albaun, in argument, pointed out that both documents seen by the *Free Press* were not marked as confidential material. (One document was a xerox copy of an Attorney General's memorandum about an investigation into crimes by UCLA campus policemen, including burglaries and a forcible rape; the second document was a printed booklet giving the names and home addresses of Narcotics Bureau Personnel). He pointed out that neither document was handled in the Attorney General's office as confidential, classified documents and that the xerox copy, in particular, gave no notice on its face that the pieces of paper involved "belonged" to anyone in particular.

(The natural assumption of the *Free Press* defendants being that the "original" was safely tucked away in a proper file somewhere.)

Therefore the legal conclusion is that no property was involved. (This conclusion was also reached by the court which heard the Senator Dodd versus Drew Pearson case in which documents from Senator Dodd's files were illegally copied one night by ex-employees who turned them over to Drew Pearson's associate, Jack Anderson, who, in turn, was informed as to the theft. The court in that case said, "The question here is not whether appellee [Senator Dodd] had a right to keep his files from prying eyes, but whether the information taken from those files falls under the protection of the law of property, enforceable by a suit for conversion. In our view it does not. The information included the contents of letters to appellee from supplicants, and office records of other kinds, the nature of which is not fully revealed by the record. Insofar as we can tell, none of it amounts to literary property, to scientific invention, or to secret plans formulated by appellee for the conduct of commerce. Nor does it appear to be information held in any way for sale by appellee, analogous to the fresh news copy produced by a wire service.")

On the second element, that the documents were stolen, Albaun questioned the many legal gaps in the evidence. First of all, nothing was ever missed, and no particular document was ever shown to be missing. At best, the xerox copy of the UCLA memo was produced in an unauthorized manner, and there was no firm evidence that it was even government-owned xerox paper or that the paper itself was of sufficient value to invoke a ten year prison sentence. (The penalty for receiving stolen property is from one to ten years in jail. The newspaper corporation may be fined and placed under probation conditions which might limit its effectiveness or even ability to exist.)

The clerk, a Jerry Reznick, accused of having intercepted a mailed copy of the personnel roster, said in court that, in fact, he had not come across a copy of the roster while handling the mail but that three copies of the roster were placed on his desk by an unknown person, were there for a considerable time without being claimed (an entire month!) and so he assumed they were being distributed to him.

Despite testimony that there was great control over distribution of the roster, cross examination revealed that there were many dozens of copies delivered to the Los Angeles building in which the Attorney General's office is located and copies were given to stenographers and typists for use as Christmas card mailing lists with many "extra" copies being available.

Attorney Albaun pointed out, in addition, that there was strong reason to believe that the testimony of Jerry Reznick was coerced testimony because he was threatened with consecutive state prison terms if he did not testify for the prosecution. Albaun also said that Reznick was being inadequately, and wrongly, represented by an attorney just out of the District Attorney's office who had been there while the case against the *Free Press* was being prepared and that the circumstances surrounding the removal of the documents (they were evidently mailed out of the office by some unspecified person or persons other than Reznick, whom the prosecution did not present in court, either as defendants or witnesses) including their clouded status as property did not give legal substance to the admissions of Reznick.

Furthermore, and this is perhaps the key element in the case, even if there was property and even if Reznick's statements are taken at face value, that would have no bearing on whether the *Free Press* criminally received the documents and had any knowledge of a prior theft.

First of all, Reznick represented himself to the *Free Press* as being an employee of the Attorney General's office. As far as *Free Press* writer Jerry Applebaum knew, Reznick was entitled to have the documents in his possession. (In fact, Applebaum at first wondered if Reznick was a narcotics agent himself.)

In addition, Reznick testified that, from the very beginning of the talks with Jerry Applebaum, he made clear he wanted the documents back and that all discussions about payment involved the information on the pieces of paper, not the sale of the documents themselves. Therefore, Reznick's testimony itself makes clear the crucial point that there was neither a purchase of anything or a "receiving," only a seeing of information.

Reznick also reported to the court that in all of his conversations with Jerry Applebaum, it was clear that Applebaum did not make any promises about payment or use of the information; he merely handled the documents to authenticate them and then passed them on to an editor. Testimony by *Free Press* business manager Fran Troy further revealed that Applebaum could not make commitments for the newspaper since at the time of these discussions he was still a free lance contributor and not a staff member.

And by its publication of the information in the two documents, the *Free Press* publicly stated that it had seen the documents. The *Free Press* certainly did not engage in the "concealing" or "withholding" normally associated with guilty

# NARCOTIC AGENTS LISTED

## There should be no secret police

The people should know the men who are policing their communities. Even the Black Panthers do not propose simply abolishing police departments. Even they recognize the need for peace officers-but their program for community control of police demands that the policeman openly lives in the community in which he works so abusive exercise of power can be controlled.

Secret police forces are a threat to democratic government. History demonstrates that the secret policeman invariably uses his anonymity to become unaccountable to the people over whom power is exercised.

Recently there have been published stories of abuses of power involving narcotics officers. Several officers of many years standing have even been discharged for faking evidence.

Many, if not most, narcotics cases are thrown out of court because the officers have violated the constitutional rights of the suspect in conducting illegal searches and seizure.

But the public at large does not ordinarily hear of the violations of law committed by these secret policemen who are attempting to enforce laws as unwise and unenforceable as the now-banned prohibition of liquor.

There should be no secret police! In this spirit we are publishing in this issue on page 6 the official personnel roster of agents in the California State Bureau of Narcotics for the cities of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Santa Ana, and San Diego. The list is current as of June, 1969. Know your local narc!

knowledge of a criminal theft.

The prosecution made much of the fingerprint evidence, but there was no evidence to disprove the fact that my fingerprints got on the roster in the few minutes that I examined it for authenticity before returning it to the editorial department. (I certainly didn't have that "dominion" over the document that the prosecution claimed was a "receiving" because I knew the condition of our seeing the document was its eventual return.)

And if the jury paid attention to my statements in the *Free Press* or on the television program which the jury heard, it should have been clear that right from the beginning (and to this day) it was my belief that these were public documents about governmental activity which a newspaper is entitled to extract information from under the First Amendment provisions of the US Constitution. From these same sources, and from Reznick himself, the jury certainly also knew that I had never met Reznick or even knew his name until the court proceedings began, and thus could have had no "actual knowledge" of a prior theft.

Thus, Albaun concluded, in relation to the defendants in the *Free Press* case, none of the elements in the case were proven beyond a reasonable doubt, and particularly those of criminal knowledge and intent.

When the jury delivered its verdict, Jerry Applebaum said to the court, "Wouldn't it be proper now to lower the flag and raise the Nazi swastika?" I said, in my anger, that we were not criminals; the jury and prosecutor were the real criminals!

What happens now is that on August 28th we go up for sentencing. (Before that we, as convicted felons, have to speak to the probation department where we'll tell them that, despite the trial, we still think we're innocent and acted properly in looking at the documents). On that day we'll also ask Judge Ackerman for a new trial based on the fact that the jury obviously did not return its verdict on the insufficient evidence presented to them.

Then, if there is no new trial set (and there will be a lot of political pressure on Judge Ackerman to deny a new trial) we begin the long road into the appeals courts.

By our conviction the prosecution has established a new right of the government to privacy. From now on any government agency or public official who wants their activities concealed can simply accomplish this by threatening a newspaper with criminal prosecution. All journalists must hereafter confine themselves to the official press releases of the various agencies. We will, therefore, rapidly move to a total government control and management of news.

Unfortunately, the mass media have not as yet woken up to the significance of the *Free Press* trial which has just concluded. Up to this point, all they have wanted to tell the public is that somehow we are only on trial for publishing the roster of narcotic agents.

Well, that is not true; publishing had nothing at all to do with the charge against us, and should have had nothing to do with the verdict because the judge gave a specific instruction on this to the jury. (We can assume, however, that the jury, in fact, did convict the *Free Press* because of our anti-establishment editorial position as there were no other grounds in the evidence itself. And if that is true, there should be a new trial.)

What is to be done now? I will be making myself available to speak to university and community groups around the country in order to educate people as to the significance of the case and also to raise money for the defense attorneys. (They have had to take out personal loans to maintain themselves through these long weeks in court.)

In their closing arguments Deputy District Attorney Alex Kahanowicz and Deputy Attorney General Ronald George charged that all of the elements involved in the crime of receiving stolen property were proven against the defendants. They said that there was property ("Look, we have some pieces of paper stapled together. What else are these but property?"); it was stolen ("Look, this clerk said he brought it to the *Free Press*"; it was received by the *Free Press* ("Look, there was a discussion about money and there

are fingerprints of the clerk, Applebaum and Kunkin"); and there was knowledge that it was stolen property ("Look, Ma! They wrote articles saying the material was secret. How could they look at these particular documents and the hair style of the clerk without being put on notice that the documents were stolen?")

Jerry Applebaum has announced himself as a candidate for Attorney General of the State of California and, while his campaign itself may not be very together, he is probably pointing out the way that anti-establishment forces must move. It's a losing battle in the courts alone (where even if you "win," the defense takes money and precious time), and it's a losing battle in the streets alone. What's needed is an integrated struggle which is aimed at taking away the institutions of power from those who presently control and abuse them in defense of their privileges. And if we need to have political action of a new type to do this, then that's the way to go. But it must be seriously done with much forethought.

Perhaps the jury voted as it did in an effort to crush dissent. If that was their intent, they are in for a surprise. When young people and intellectuals throughout the country hear of this terribly unwise and unwarranted repression, it will be as if fuel is added to the fire of our time. Revolution may bring about counter-revolution, but counter-revolution also brings about revolution!

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Perhaps the funniest thing that happened in the past few weeks was the day I got some records from Warner Brothers. In there along with the usual smash hits that are released every so often (The Deads *Workingmans Dead*, Charles Wright and The Watts 103 st rbythem band, Doug Kershaw, new album *Spanish Moss* and *The Fugs* album *Golden Filth*).

I think I got plugged onto next fall's dream. Its gonna be great. like no more twang and that kind of shit, no more tasteless music no more electric electricity. Its gonna be something like those years when the Beach Boys sung their ways into your hearts but they would only sing songs about cars and surf boards and that kind of stuff. It was what was needed and desired . . .

Things have changed considerably in the short space of 5 years. The most noticeable of these changes has been the constant elevation of the consciousness of Americas youth. Its like everyone these days is into writing songs or speaking poetry or some such diversion. No more is there only in new jersey is there still talk of fast cars and rock and roll bars . . . the whole country is turning on . . . every mothers son is in "The Stuff" smokeing flowers in boisie idaho . . . times have changed.

There was a concert AT THE Univercity of Utah, Salt Lake City to be exact. april 3 1970, Just about five months ago. The group was the long time Association. Warner brothers for some unknown reason made the concert into a double live album, 4 sides 21 songs But THE ASSOCIATION you ask?? 5000 people showed up there for another strange reason. . Too bad you missed

it. . it could never happen in new york cause the people just dont swing that way, YET. . . Theres this music gonna happen in the fall, after the changes and all the stuff comes down theres gonna be song . .

The Association used to show up on AM radio every so often with a nice sounding love song, They did it a whole mess of times each record reached the top of the chart and stayed there for a few weeks, Remember, *Along Comes Mary?* *Never My Love?* *Windy?* *Cberish?* They all passed thru the AM radio channels in the New York area . . the group didnt

make too many personal appearances, but this concert out there in the middle of America, its too much, something shows in the quality of the music and in the inspiration that it comes from. . *The Association Live* Warner Brother 2Ws1868

And Traffic has a new album. Their last one was a collection of hits so this is the first one since theyve reformed. Its good. The first side starts off with a long instrumental

"Between the years of 1900 and 1910, Cecil Sharpe collected a number of songs, JOHN BARLEY CORN among them. The many versions of this song are said to have come from Oxfordshire, Sussex, Hampshire, Surrey, and Somerset. There are an estimated 100 to 140 versions. The earliest known copy is of the age of James 1st. The popular interpretation of the effort of the people to give up the alcohol distilled from barley but in the last verse,

*And little sir John, with his nut brown bowl and his brandy in the glass*

*And the Little Sir John with his nut brown bowl*

*Proved the strongest man at last.*  
but there are many other interpretations."

If you like Traffic and youd like to find out what theyve been up to musically listen to *John Barleycorn Must Die* United Artists—UAS 5504.

The Museum of Modern Arts contribution to the New York musical scene is a series of Thursday night concerts. its called *Jazz in the Garden*. A buck if youre a member and an extra dollar fifty if youre going to become a member the concerts are held out in the garden and usually are packed with every type of new york jazz people that you can imagine. from as far away as jersey they come to hear stuff that not only doesnt get on the radio but dosent get into the fillmore east either.

The sound could be a little better and the Museum less plastic 1970 fantastic, but on the whole its an enjoyable way to spend time while youre wateing for something better to come along. . The Museum Of Modern Art is at 11 west 53rd between 5th and 6th, 956-7072.

The concerts are held at 7:30 pm but you should get there early for a good seat on the ground. Cushions rent for 25 cents a throw otherwise bring something to sit on, the cement is informal yes, but it'll give you sores on your rear end from so sitting on it. . July 30 Jimmy McGriff and his organ trio. August 6 the Muddy Waters Blues Band.

It was late one night and I was eating icecream like it was going out of style when I heard this album, all of a sudden I was smiling thru the *chocolate-vanill-strawberry*, that I had all over my face. The record and the songs made me smile, and all of a sudden too. It was like comming up to an all night diner out there on Americas highways with one of those really strange jukeboxes that plays funny songs. . . .

*John Buck Wilkin In Search of Food Clothing Shelter, & Sex* Liberty Records No. LST 7639.

If youre at that point in your life where youre afraid of getting old or not getting it on listen to this album,

#### FACES AND PLACES

Faces and places  
names I cant recall  
I never used to think about

But night after night  
and day after day

I can feel my life slipping away

A wind that sent leaves sailing  
from every branch of every tree  
A corner in the city  
where green eyes smiled at me  
In a second story flat  
Looking thru a candle flame  
I'm writing songs to someone laughing  
Though I dont know her name  
But faces and places . . .

(c) 1970 cedarwood Publishing

The album is nicely done, the musicians list reads like a whose who of unknown faces in the elctric mecca. There all tops in their field. The sound is complete and the arraignments are tastefully done, something you dont find too much any more. Johns mother Marijohn Wilkin wrote *Long Black Veil*, you all remember that one, the Band recorded it a while Back. There are a 1/2 dozen songs written by John on this album, the most important track is

*Me And Bobby McGee*

written by Kris Kristofferson.  
Its become a standard in just a little under a year, everyone and his kid brother has an arraignement of the song in their bag, but the way that he does it is so much tighter than the rest, its the most important cut on the album.

The second time around makes this the nicest ive heard this song done. its an easy album to like if given 1/2 a chance.

Freedoms Just Another Word For Nothin  
Left To Loose

Nothin Aint worth nothin But its free  
Feelin Good was easy lord when  
Bobby sang the blues  
Feelin Good was good enough for me.  
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

#### The Daydream

Its more than just the story of my life up to now

Its the daylight the night flights  
Past the tombstones I pretend not to see  
Its more than some neurosis I dont really believe

La-di-da the daydream is more than I can stand

Me-oh-my such a fine case of schizophrenia  
Lah Di da the day dream is more than I can stand

Me oh my, my life and time are one menagerie.

Im 23 years old going on 400  
Dont you know im a man of desperation in my prime going blind

Ill drink myself to death if im not carefull  
and im not carefull most of the time.

(c) 1970 Wits End Music

#### The Apartment

So  
go have

yourself a

bowl of ice

cream

Rain on my sunday shoes  
Pick up the daily news  
Looks like tomorrows blue  
But its better than none  
Call on the telephone  
Knowing these not home  
Put on the rolling stones  
and I can have me some fun.  
Sit down and write me a song  
wait till the days grow long  
and wait for the autumn wind  
to blow me away

Its just those new places and new faces  
that make it all worth while, the places  
that he takes me too, maybe you can go  
there too if you like,

#### ABOUT TIME

Falling over things once forgotten  
I remember how it was  
You beside me in the morning  
Oh my God girl, wheres it gone?

Times gone but you dont cry  
Well still be loving friends  
Till god knows when  
and after then. . .  
but dont ask why.

sit down and listen.

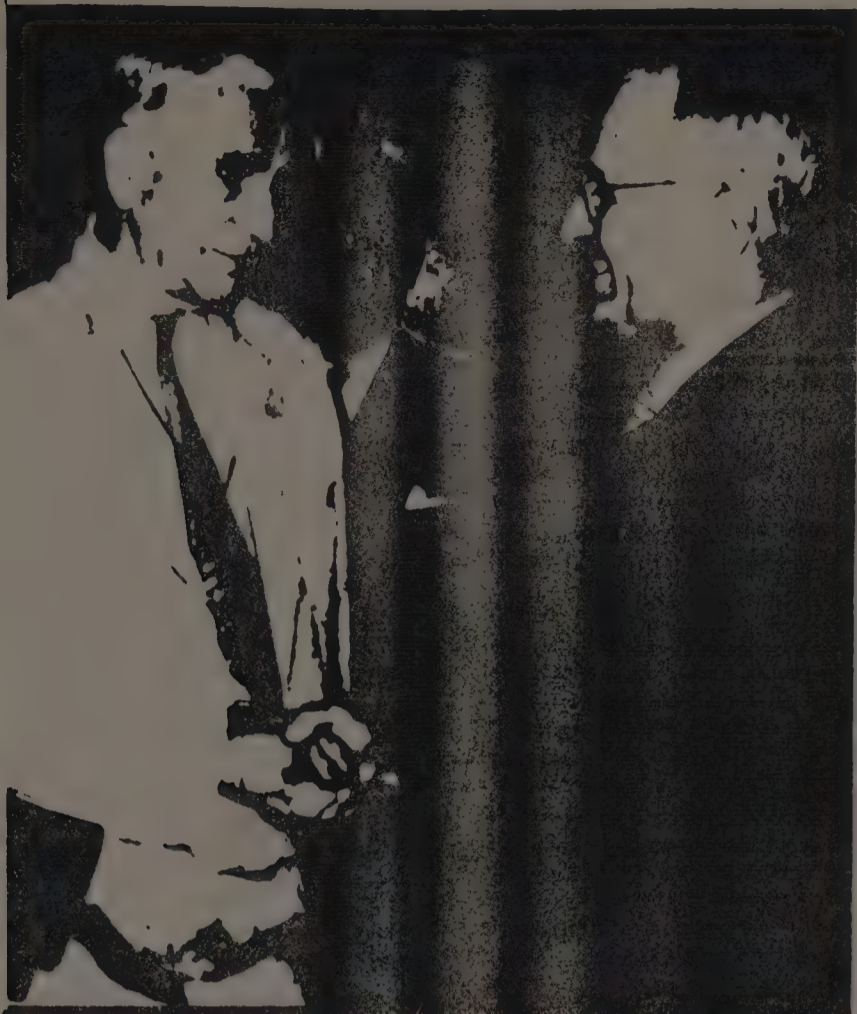
John Buck Wilkin. hes got a fine voice  
on top of it too, so if youre looking there  
he is. why dont you find out about a lot  
of other things while youre at it??

ASK SOME QUESTIONS TODAY

I dare you

CHARLIE FRICK

**"SELL YOU INTEREST IN THE REVOLUTION INDUSTRY  
(WHILE THERE'S STILL SOME IDIOT WHO'LL BUYIT)**



Everybody's looking for Another Woodstock and every accumulation of a few thousand long-hairs with a few joints between them is hailed as some sort of "Woodstock"... "a political Woodstock", "this year's Woodstock", etc. Surely by now a "macrobiotic Woodstock" must have occurred somewhere amidst the comparisons, and the underground is as guilty of these labels as masspress, which takes its cues from underground certification of such events. Perfectly correct, too. It would be presumptuous of masspress to assign the "Woodstock" stamp without being pretty

damn sure the alternate culture saw it that.

But dig it, kiddies, THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE ANOTHER WOODSTOCK! The real one was an accident, anyway, and for those who think Michael Lang was "a genius" for having pulled it off, that's just another example of how impressionable people are. If you check back, you'll recall that the now-legendary Woodstock was set up as a completely commercial, money making venture. It was never intended as the free thing it turned out to be, the weather and general Disaster Area

conditions were all contributing factors, and because it was the First, the promoters were inexperienced and actually went to the trouble of finding money to pay the performers and cover the huge deficit... instead of declaring bankruptcy and telling the rock stars to Eat Shit, which is what those teenybopper masturbation fantasies and amplified morons have come to deserve in the year that's elapsed.

Last week's Randall's Island festival will stand as yet another excellent reason for severing the umbilicus that deludes the alternate culture into clinging tenaciously to the myth that the rock culture belongs to them. The rock empire has long since renounced that kinship, but like all spoiled children, it still writes home for money. And gets it, lots of it, everytime it sends "home" a new record or the chance to stand in line for tickets to live performances.

Randall's Island was the first rock festival from which part of the proceeds were supposed to go to some worthwhile movement groups and causes, the most important being bail for one of the Panther 21. It must be kept in mind that the ten Panthers still in jail are the \$100,000 ones. If nothing else, the Randall's enterprise served to show that it's time to disown the bastards of rock.

Sympathetic observers... usually reviewers looking for the silver lining in a bad scene... tell of how the groups get fucked over and ripped off by their managers and promoters and by the record companies, but that wouldn't happen if the groups got it together and pulled themselves out of that old trench. (Another thing, I can't understand the feminist-type complaint that, aside from the groupies, there aren't enough female performers in the rock arena. If that's a sexist plot, so is coal-mining.) Idolatrous fans and hangers-on tell sad tales about the mistreated, exploited stars. As a young assistant to Hanley the Equipment Industrialist explained, "They really need that money. They need it to support their life styles... and that's expensive." The same naive soul related a first night

indignity laded upon no less an experience than the Jimi Hendrix, who had to wait backstage in a stuffy limousine for three hours before playing, while his heavies argued with festival promoters to make sure Hendrix got everything coming to him... a total of \$50,000, or half the bail for one Panther. Only awhile ago the poor kid was actually coerced into playing free at Tim Leary's ill-fated benefit.

Poor Jimi Hendrix and Ravi Shankar and Richie Havens, let's get choked up about Eric Clapton and Sly, a tear for Delaney and Bonnie & Clyde... a moment of silence for all the nouveaux-rock-riches who hold up movement benefits for large chunks of bread while their records sell like crazy.

But dig the economics of the Revolution Industry: those who Buy are the lifeblood of those who are For Sale. If nobody buys, nothing is sold. It's a pretty elementary system. *No laundry, no tickee.*

SO FUCK THEM ALL... steal their records and let others tape them. Tape them from someone else's tape or from stereo radio. A good tape recorder is cheaper than a good stereo set, the cassettes are reusable (How many LP's do you dig after a couple of weeks, anyway?). Boycott rock concert box offices and turn every rock festival into a free one! And let's have a round of perverse applause for Bob Dylan whose latest double-decker release, *Self Portrait*, is such a downer that you can be sure he didn't write home for money this time.

Liquidate your holdings in the rock empire, phase out the Industry and put the revolution back in the hands of private anarchy. LET IT BE SAID THAT 1970 WAS A BAD YEAR FOR STARS! Because if the Second Coming of Woodstock ever makes it through, it'll wipe out all memory of the first. When the dust settles people will be saying Jinkies! That was almost as great as the Day the World Got Off!

And while we're at it, let's send a hippy to India to put on the gurus.

by RENFREU NEFF

# DATELINE... BLOCK ISLAND

by David Walley

There is virtue in smallness, even in America. Block Island Rhode Island is a small universe of land 7 miles by 3, sitting off the coasts of Long Island and Rhode Island. Vacation city as Frick would call it, the perfect place for two beautifully WASP 17 year old preppies to fall in love, sez I. Miles of sandy beaches state and private, long winding roads criss-cross this island - definitely charming. Block Island is America, not Amerika, the boat keepers are the Charons of the Atlantic, they see what goes on more clearly than the residents themselves.

I thought I was going to vacate the problems of the city here. It certainly is a proper place to let the city dirt and pallour turn a golden brown... take about three baths a day and grew a moustache on my face. One can be everyday people with a minimum of fuss, but the problems here are omnipresent on a microcosmic level. Like Main Street Block Island style like Main Street Sinclair Lewis style, even Peyton Place. Block Island gives out the illusion of privacy, but if you stay here

for any length of time (normally more than a weekend), the island takes on some aspects of a refined prison. Because there are few places to go, except the beaches, one sees the same people countless times throughout the course of a day, like a Robbe-Grillet novel, people's lives criss-cross daily. Sometimes it's fun to see, a welcome change from the impersonality of New York City - being a resident better than being a nervous spectator, but unlike New York, one can't escape the problems of this little world. Mirror-image of Amerika, B.I. has its gangsters, cops, dooper kids, but no blacks, Jews, Puerto Ricans, slums, traffic jams or carbon monoxide... yet.

If one were a sociologist, it would be paradise. In Block Island one sees the whole set of human problems laid out bare. Fake the beer freaks (if you want) perhaps you don't necessarily associate with them, you know the type, run-down collegiate or ex-collegiate types who are given to juicing as soon as they get out of their restrictive jobs, the type of

people who, when confronted with some liberated female tend to say something like, "Hey baby, where's the action tonight, why don't you make it with me," and then they proceed to recite all the material possessions which they have on the mainland or at their room. Or there the kids, the long-haired biker kids (Hondas) who sit around boring each other with how stoned they were the night before, reciting in boring detail how many pills they popped, joints they smoked, brushes with the local heat, etc... very placid.

There are also a variety of well-turned out young ladies, some rich, some not so rich, but equally blond haired, blue eyed Anglo-Saxon beautiful who have made the boarding school scene and are numbing around in college, trying to figure out just exactly what they can do... but only something which befits their station in life. Their total object during the summer is to get as tan as possible so they will have something to talk about at those simply boring fall and winter parties... elegantly swapping lies, boyfriends,

and sun tan lotions with equal abandon. Many young girls maybe 15-21, not street smart, but knowledgeable from having money and being able to repeat the same lines summer after summer. Of course the girls on Block Island are important, but how about the residents, the full-time residents.

There are perhaps 500-700 full-time, year-around Islanders. They do support a school, 80 students and five teachers, a road department, a few petty gangsters and are generally a reasonable happy lot. They live off the summer residents by providing lodging and food.

The locals seem to tolerate the summer influx only because they are making money off of it though there are locals who just live out their lives in neat little cottages and stay out of the merchant politics. It makes more sense to do that than to get involved. The lifestyle is placid, daily routines include sun and swim and awaiting the Block Island Ferry. Sometimes the whole town turns out to see who debarks on Friday night from the Old and New Harbour locations, that and

for the younger summer residents, hanging out at the local sandwich shop and Uncle Ray's, a restaurant of dubious merit which has a lot of soul.

Uncle Ray's is located on the south end of Main Street, caty-corner to the local notions/ice cream center and next to the Sandwich Shop and movie house. U.R.'s is Barney's Beanery, Ratner's, and the Soft Parade rolled into one two-story wood-frame clapboard building. U.R.'s is an island institution, it keeps late hours and when things are slow at the Block Island Sandwich Shop next door, the kids wander in to gossip, look mean, be stoned, be unstoned, drink coffee and plan the next day's escapades. U.R.'s serves what is called Italian food, but the chef, Tom, is more used to making blue ribbon specialties for New York restaurants than slinging hash up here, but whatthehell, he adds class to the place. Next to Uncle Ray's, the Sandwich shop presents a most interesting contrast.

The Sub Shop is the hang-out of the madras motorcycle set-kids from 15 to 19, perhaps with a top of

# Vice. And Versa.



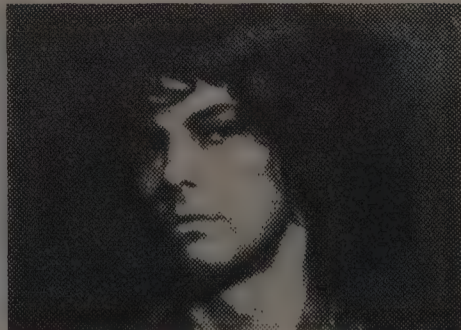
Mick Jagger.



And Mick Jagger.



James Fox.



And James Fox.

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## performance.

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"INGA"  
and  
"I, A WOMAN,  
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**RANDALL'S**  
(Continued from Page 2)  
promoters buckled and offered to pay the going rate, they stalled for a long time and finally agreed to pay the prohibitive fortunes that the groups were demanding. Over \$100,000 was laid out for the deposits of the acts. The usual contracts for groups is that you pay 50% up front and the groups get the other 50% before they walk on the stage.

millions of hippies crashing.

Then came the trouble with the RYP-OFF group or collective. Who said, this is our stadium, our territories — share the money with the community. According to my friend this is no more and no less than legal extortion. Three weeks ago the Young Lords were paid \$2500 (?) in cash for services that they would perform for the festival. They were supposed to be ushers and security. But the City of New York doesn't recognize the Young Lords as a bonded security agent and Brave New World had to hire Interstate Security System to do the job as well.

There were problems with security right from the start. The gates were torn down, locks were broken and opened by mysterious pass keys, human chains were formed, fences were broken down. Thousands of tickets were stolen at the box office. There were so many stolen tickets that they were being sold in the parking lot for as little as fifty cents. There was no money at the box office and 20,000 people in the stadium.

On Friday the last money was paid out. Jethro Tull and John Sebastian waived the remaining 50% of their money and played anyway. Jimi Hendrix demanded his full money which amounted to some \$50,000 altogether. He got \$40,000. He played for about 25 minutes and at that rate Jimi is making about \$1000 a minute.

Saturday morning Brave New World was bankrupt and in debt. An appeal went out to the managers for the talent to play anyhow since they had received a large sum of money (the up front money) Bonnie and Delaney refused to play and stayed in the comfort of their New Jersey motel on Route 6. Richie Havens and Sly both

played in Minneapolis, because they knew they wouldn't get the money, I am more than surprised at Richie Havens, and so is my friend who gavy him his first job.

On Sunday everyone who played waived the second amount of money and some groups that weren't even on the bill played for nothing. Sid Bernstein, manager of Rhinoceros, offered the group's services for nothing and Elephants Memory also played gratis. Sunday night was beautiful, the music was great, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Dr. John absolutely amazing, too bad that they had to cut him short.

An interesting thing happened with the police all throughout the three-day event. On Friday night when the city's property was being defaced, Brave New World asked the police to come and defend their property, not to come in the stadium god forbid, but to stand on the gates and protect their dear peoperty. The police refused. They stood at the foot of the bridge telling people that the concert was over, when you could clearly hear the music still blasting away. At this point the Brave New World security system said to the police that they couldn't handle it, but the police wouldn't lift a finger to help. A Commissioner, whose name I won't mention, was personally informed to send the police to protect the city property: he allowed one patrol car to circle the stadium.

On Saturday night a request was made to this same Commissioner in the office of the stadium. My friend wanted to make an announcement over the microphone. The announcement was this:

"We have put in 8 months of work, 8 months of dear labor to

(Continued on Page 19)

## SQUATTERS

(Continued from Page 5)  
pactiers." The pigs have entered the building. The people hassle the pigs outside. More helmeted pigs arriving.

Tie and suit men mentioned before now gathering near police van 4207, joking around, getting ready for the slaughter, pigs against kids?

Momentary silence and then "right ons" as two pigs escort to a van the first to be arrested, a man. Guess they're going to take the men first. Male chauvinist pigs! Notice one of the tie men smokes Kent ciggys. Surprised, only spot a couple black pigs. Either the pigs are racist or the blacks are gettin' hip.

Out comes Reverend Weeks, the second arrest so far. Now, another man. Rev. Weeks has been vigilant, stayed in squatters' house all weekend. Someone yells, "They are taking the babies from their mothers." The tie-suited men now going for cover. A woman darts inside amid cheers. All I see is Gestapo pigs everywhere. Three more exit and shoved in the paddy van. Two men sitting on steps go limp and pigs hustle them to van. Took 8 pigs to drag them.

More chanting, wilder and angrier. A St. Vincent's ambulance pulls up. Cops on roof laughing — what's so funny??? Four more now arrested, taken to van. "The people will free you — put the pigs in their styes." Van 4100 leaves with nine squatters. A transit bus arrives and pulls up out front. Three women escorted to the bus raising their fists in a power salute. The people cheer and chant. Where are the children?

Four black children appear from the house and are put on the bus. Then five more and five women. The mothers holding their babies begin to resist the pigs. They won't move to enter the bus. Pigs jostle the women and children, pushing, pulling the mother's hair. Kid: are scared but the mother won't move

Policewoman appears and grabs one mother and child and viciously prods her into the bus. The pigs show impatience and grab the rest of the mothers and literally shove them to the bus and push them aboard.

Next to come out — three women and 1 man. Those children, what they must be feeling. Children unite! Pigs drag away another woman and carry her in the bus. One pig walks out of house with giant lock clippers, so does another, but plainclothed.

Soon, 3 more — 3 children, 1 mother and two kids, two more kids, two women and two more children.

I'm not going to pay my rent — no more rent from the people until our people are back. All the squatters have been arrested now. Roll TV cameras, roll! Bus cases away from the people's boos and cries of "power to the people." The tenants will avenge. Lets get together our tenant potential, not one more cent for any rents.

The people spot the landlord — he's leaving the building. The people crowd around him, yelling at him as he walks down the street. Pigs rush to his side. All the way down the street the people curse the man. The people are mad. That's right we gotta be real mad people to fight for our rights, tenant rights. The people tell the pig captain he's sick and they are right.

After all seemed to be quieting down, the people spot a pig's son coming down the street. They must know him. He's about 16 years old. They heckle him, "How's it feel to be a cop's son?" The boy is scared. He seeks evasion by asking the pigs if he could stay in the squatters apartment. They let him. A few moments later the boy makes a run for it and suddenly all the people are chasing him. He runs down 15th towards 6th Ave. I don't know if they caught him. Guess they didn't, everyone's coming back.

The people are mad, the tenants are mad so let's unite. Tenants Unite!

# RANDALL'S

(Continued from Page 18)

bring this festival to you. Every day was a battle if not with the authorities then with the community and if not with the community then with the managers and talent of the great groups before you. We spent thousands bringing this festival

to you and we're proud of it. The acts that didn't show because there was no money to pay them. There is no money left because you the people didn't pay your dues. You want free music, you've got it. Now see what you can do with it. Tomorrow night there will be no moneys collected at the gates to Randall's Island. It's your festival."

There were various calls made to city officials and including

the mayor. The commissioner then said, "If you make that announcement Randall's Island will be closed. It would be an invitation to every low-life hop head to converge on our property."

My friend then said, "Why are you so concerned about your property now when you wouldn't protect your property last night?"

Comm: The agreement was to pay a % of the gross to the Park Dept. and letting people in for free would be a breach of contract. It would also pose a serious tax problem to Brave New World.

Friend: I will gladly lose this fortune of money for your job.

The announcement was not made but there was no box office on Sunday night and everyone was allowed in for free. The RYP collective didn't work as ushers, or as anything on Sunday, there were no Black Panthers, no Young Lords, no White Panthers, no Quakers, nobody worked. Nobody go up on the stage and grabbed the microphone they were too embarrassed, or should have been. They spoiled their own thing.

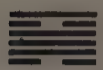
In looking back over the whole three day event my friend said that the POP CULTURE will eventually realize that they

have to pay their dues, cold, hard dollars. The talent that they want to see, primarily talent risen out of the ghetto, with exorbitant price tags. If the promoters had put a price tag of \$5 on the tickets and the stadium was filled for three days they still would have lost money. If the promoters are

lucky there may be something to help out with the losses. He said that from now on Giant corporations will have to subsidize the festivals so that there will be no money problem. But he thinks that there will never be another festival in or near N.Y.C. for at least a decade, you figure it out!

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

lunch  
130-130



## CALDRON

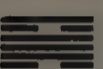


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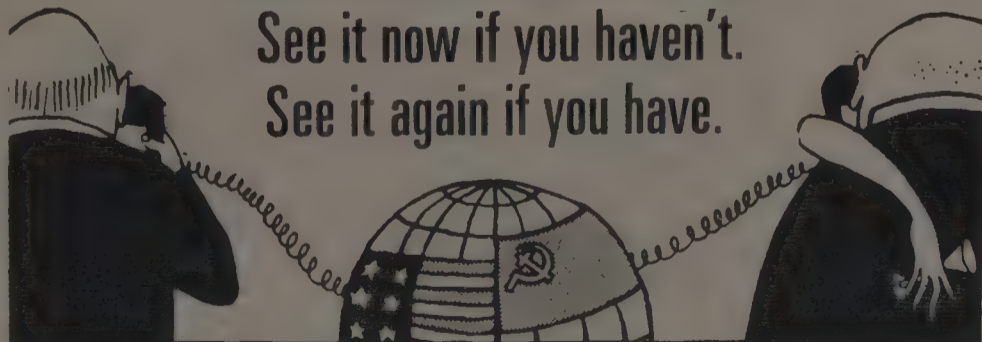
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## VVVVID E00000

(Continued from Page 10)

real live stuff. Not only real life, fantasies and way beyond. We've come down to a cultural crisis. It has to do with the whole different orientation on the possibilities of the world that come at you one at a time and how you are free to pursue each possibility for growth. They won't let most of the material that you're talking about right now on. No, it's true, even on cable.

Rudi: What's the situation in Japan, in terms of all this?

Lee: I really don't know, I haven't watched that much Japanese television. I have contact only with their NET, their cultural, educational station. The Japanese is a much higher kind of ordered society. Just as we have been permeated by Christianity in this country,

they have been permeated by Zen. Therefore they are much more attuned to the necessity of re-creating the material world than we are. I think the Germans were closer to that too and that at one point it drove them to war. Both have successfully sublimated that energy now into incredibly creative societies, technologically speaking. It's into the electron now, it's into technology or at least into instantaneity that that energy's been poured. I don't think it's much freer. They don't demand as much. They want to know about things that they have to do every day. They want information. And I really think the people in this country want information about the real and they don't want bullshit. Japanese television gives them a lot more. They also have a much higher sense of drama than we have, so it all tends to be a lot more stylized anyway. There again, you're talking about cultural differences. Most of what we consider we'd like to see on TV here wouldn't make it on TV there.

## ISLAND

(Continued from Page 17)

twenty. The sub shop provides the hungry vacationeer with a Blimpie equivalent, though the prices are a little steeper than in New York. Looking more like an overgrown eastside railroad, the Sub Shop provides a shabby ambience with large tables and as many broken down chairs. If you were looking for something more luxurious, you'd be hard pressed to find this place your delight. The food is good if overpriced... enough guide books, please.

Block Island has many levels, I am writing about

the most common. Perhaps if I was wealthier, I could rave about the marvelous lobster dinners which can be had for a fraction of their New York prices, but unfortunately, I have little money to spend on extravagancies and probably if you, dear reader, make it out here via the Interstate Navigation line, you won't have any money to burn either. Nevertheless, the Island is a rest and a recreation for the likes of me, having served on the pop culture front for more than a year. Block Island is America, Amerika is an hour and ten minutes away by boat, 45 minutes by plane... more about America next week.

## DECOMP

(Continued from Page 11)

(Yes, along with many others, I detect a foul odour of puritanism growing in the Movement — not just in Women's Lib, but the whole Movement — which may eventually cause me such disgust and revulsion that I'll go back to the farm and jerk off 'till the cows come home. *Il faut cultiver son jardins*, brothers and sisters, but it sure gets boring after the first twenty years.)

Let's see, it's been about a year since Trina last did a 'Panthea' strip, and in that time we have all gone through enormous changes. I hope we're all feeling

better for it. Me, I seem to have gotten much better at reading the expressions on ladies' faces in cartoons. For whereas on Panthea's face a year ago I never detected more than a sort of blank, lost, very feminine suffering — laced, methought, with more than a little self-pity — in Belinda Berkeley's face I see a positively frightening variety of expressions. When she gets f\*\*cked over by her old man's ego games, I don't see that traditional hopelessly-hurt look, no, I see rather more exasperation — 'Why do I put up with this infantile creep-o?' — and, as time goes on, for Belinda Berkeley, damn my eyes if she doesn't seem to be

(Continued on Page 28)

# DRAFT RIOTS

(Continued from Page 6)

with another angry mob. Several were killed and injured before the people retreated. Further uptown, angry masses of people stopped Third Avenue streetcars. Transportation service throughout the city virtually ceased. A group of men broke into the Novelty Iron Works and various shipyards and told the bosses that if work were no called off, the premises would be trashed. Bells were rung; the workers left their posts and joined the mob.

Across from Printing House Square, at City Hall at noon, Governor Horatio Seymour made a brief appearance before a seething mob. A mass of soldiers with bayonettes stood nearby.

"My friends," he said, "I have come down here from the quiet of the country to see what was the difficulty, to learn what all this trouble was concerning the draft: Let me assure you that I am your friend." Wild cheering.

"And you have been my friends!"

"Yes!"

"That's so!"

"And now, I assure you, my fellow citizens, that I am here to show you a test of my friendship."

"You're the man!"

"I wish to inform you that I have sent my Adjutant General to Washington to confer with the authorities there and to have this Draft suspended and stopped."

"Right on!"

"I now ask you as good citizens to wait for his return, and I assure you that I will do all that I can to see that there is no inequality and no wrong done anyone. I wish you now to separate as good citizens and you can assemble again whenever you wish to do so. I ask you to leave all to me now, and I will see to your rights. Wait until my adjutant returns from Washington and you will be satisfied. Listen to me and see that no harm is done to either persons or property, but retire peaceably."

"Send away those bayonettes," people shouted.

"Get rid of the soldiers!"

Later, Seymour signed this statement: Riotous proceedings must and shall be put down. The laws of the state of New York must be enforced, its peace and order maintained, and the lives

and property of citizens protected at any and every hazard." Mayor George Opdyke further ordered that no firearms would be allowed on sale in the city. His house was later trashed by furious teenagers. Crowds continued to fight the police and soldiers and slowly but surely they were driven back. A contingent of police and soldiers marched up 34th street to Second Avenue in pursuit of a fleeing mob. People threw rocks and bottles from the rooftops. They sniped with guns, and threw off entire sections of roof. The police broke into Reilly's Porter House, which was closed and boarded up, and bounded up the stairs and began beating everyone they caught on the roofs then passed the prisoners down to the street again where they were beaten unmercifully again by angry police. A crown reformed in the street, and battalion of Zouaves showed up with guns and killed 7. A large crowd stood near the railroad tunnel at Fourth Avenue and waited for trains to trash. All trains were cancelled. A portion of this crowd attacked the 19th Ward Police Station on 35th Street, and police fled out back windows, but retook the station house later. Still another faction of the mob attacked the railroad terminal at 4th and 34th, and were fired upon by a battalion of soldiers and several were slain.

New Haven railroad tracks were torn up as far north as Mount Vernon.

A group of people rushed into a saloon on Suffolk Street and drank their fill for free. They then attacked Black families who lived nearby, beating women and children and killing the men. Several black families fled the city. On West 32nd Street, in a seemingly unrelated incident a Black man got into a fight with a white and shot him. Two hundred angry whites found the man and beat him to death, then hung him from a lamppost for several hours. All through the night, white mobs kept one step ahead of soldiers

and police and slaughtered Blacks or rendered them homeless. On 28th Street, rioters pounced upon black families, killing 2. Bodies were found hanging. On 26th Street, the body of a black man was found hanging from a post; his fingers and toes had been severed and "not one inch of flesh not gashed."

On Wednesday, the fighting continued but later abated as police and military took a firmer grip of the situation. The nefarious "Mr. Andrews," from Virginia, was captured late Wednesday afternoon in a house of ill repute. Local newspapers demanded swift justice.

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**Dedication:** This album is dedicated to the people in our struggle to bring sanity to the world now!; to NASA for getting the people to the moon, thus giving the world a new chance to expand together universally in peace; to Johnny Cash & Paul McCartney for their integrity in times of darkness; and to President Nixon: "We love you cuz you need it." Peace, brothers & sisters, music proves that there can be peace of mind even in these trying times. It is the gentlest form of communication, so we hope that you will enjoy these songs and that you'll pass this copy on to a friend when you've "Gotten the Message." Steve Miller

## STEVE MILLER BAND NUMBER FIVE

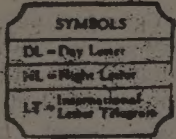
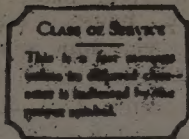


# INTERGALACTIC

## UNION

JULY 26 1970

## DOPOGRAM



HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS  
 IN BOOKSTORES IN THE VILLAGE A REPORT ON  
 POT IS AVAILABLE.  
 REPORT BY THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON DRUG  
 DEPENDENCE, PUBLISHED BY HER MAJESTY'S STA-  
 TIONARY OFFICE. UNDER GENERAL CONCLUSION  
 AND RECOMMENDATIONS IT SAYS::  
 THE EVIDENCE BEFORE US SHOWS THAT AN IN-  
 CREASING NUMBER OF PEOPLE, MAINLY YOUNG,  
 IN ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY ARE EXPERIMENTING  
 WITH THIS DRUG, AND SUBSTANTIAL NUMBERS USE  
 IT REGULARLY FOR SOCIAL PLEASURE.  
 THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT THIS ACTIVITY IS  
 CAUSING VIOLENT CRIME OR AGRESSIVE ANTI-  
 SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR, OR IS PRODUCING IN OTHER  
 WISENORMAL PEOPLE CONDITIONS OF DEPENDENCE  
 PSYCHOSIS REQUIRING MEDICAL TREATMENT.  
 THE EXPERIENCE OF MANY OTHER COUNTRIES IS  
 THAT ONCE IT IS ESTABLISHED CANNABIS-  
 SMOKING TENDS TO SPREAD. IN SOME PARTS  
 OF WESTERN SOCIETY WHERE INTEREST IN MOOD-  
 ALTERING DRUGS IS GROWING, THERE ARE IN-  
 DICATIONS THAT IT MAY BECOME A FUNCTIONAL  
 EQUIVALENT OF ALCOHOL.  
 IN SPITE OF THE THREAT OF SEVERE PENALTIES  
 AND CONSIDERABLE EFFORT TO ENFORCEMENT  
 THE USE OF CANNABIS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM  
 DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE DIMINISING. THERE  
 IS A BODY OF OPINION THAT CRITICISES THE  
 PRESENT LEGISLATIVE TREATMENT OF CANNABIS  
 ON THE GROUNDS THAT IT EXAGGERATES THE  
 DANGERS OF THE DRUG, AND NEEDLESSLY INTER-  
 FERES WITH CIVIL LIBERTY.  
 DID ELIZABETH II WANT MORE INFORMATION ON  
 DRUGS BEFORE SENDING CHARLES AND ANN OVER  
 TO THE U.S.?  
 THREE YEARS AGO WHEN A GREEK DICTATOR  
 SEIZED POWER, THEY DIRECTED THEIR ATTENTION  
 AT ONCE TO YOUNG TOURISTS WITH LONG HAIR.  
 THEY EVEN INSTALLED BARBER SHOPS AT THE  
 GREEK BORDER. CATHOLIC LATIN AMERICA, OF  
 COURSE, NEVER LIKED LONG HAIR. NOW WE READ  
 THAT OFFICIALS IN MAYLASIA, SINGAPORE, TAIWAN,  
 AND THE PORTUGUESE TERRITORY OF MACOA AS WELL  
 AS THAILAND, INDONESIA HAVE DECLARED WAR  
 ON LONG HAIR. BECAUSE IT IS "CONTRARY TO  
 OUR EASTERN WAY OF LIFE." IT NEVER WAS A  
 CAUSE OF CONCERN BEFORE. NOW IT IS HAIRCUT  
 OR DEPORTATION.

"A JOY FOR ANYONE FEELING  
 DEPRIVED OF LATE OF  
 SOPHISTICATED COMEDY  
 WITH AN INTELLECTUAL BITE!"

Judith Crist, New York Magazine



JOE ORTON'S

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MESSAGES LIKE THIS ONE IN THE LAST SUNDAY  
 TIMES ARE A FINE BAROMETER OF THE WORLD  
 REVOLUTION. THIS ONE FOR INSTANCE TELLS  
 US DRUGS ARE BEING USED IN THAT PART OF  
 THE WORLD. MOST OF THESE COUNTRIES ARE  
 RULED BY DICTATORSHIPS OF SENILE, CORRUPT  
 OLD MEN. IN THE SAME PROPORTION, DRUGS  
 ARE BEING SPREAD FEAR GROWS. AND NOW THEY  
 SIMPLY ACT IN THE OPEN. THE NIXON ADMIN-  
 ISTRATION WOULD LIKE TO DO IT AS WELL.  
 TURN US ALL INTO YOUNG PLASTIC MAMA'S AND  
 PAPA'S. COMMUNICATION PREVENTS THOSE  
 SURVIVING GAMES OF OUR BRAINWASHED,  
 POOR PARENTS. RIGHT NOW, MORE AND MORE  
 PEOPLE ARE FACED WITH THE DECISION TO  
 BECOME A GUERILLA WARRIOR AND THEREFORE  
 THINK OF MORE LONG-RANGE SCHEDULES.  
 TO BUILD UP A COMMUNICATIONS FOR DOPE  
 DEALERS YOU HAVE TO PLAN SIX MONTHS.  
 IF YOU WANT TO CRIPPLE THE POWER SUPPLY OF  
 THE WORLD'S TRADE CENTER IN 1974, YOU  
 BETTER GET A JOB AT THE CENTER NOW SO YOU  
 HAVE TIME TO LOOK FOR YOUR PLACE.  
 BECOME A COOK IN ORDER TO WORK IN THE  
 KITCHEN OF THE CAPITAL, SO YOU CAN PUT  
 ENOUGH LSD INTO THE TEA OF OUR BELOVED  
 LEADERS - THAT ONE MIGHT TAKE TWO YEARS.  
 YOU HAVE TO DECIDE WHICH PART YOU WANT TO  
 PLAY IN THE REVOLUTION. IN THE COURSE OF  
 A YEAR, THERE MIGHT BE TWO OR THREE TOTALLY  
 DIFFERENT TRIPS. ACTIONS.  
 THE OTHER DAY, YOUNG KIM AGNEW WAS ON TV  
 DANCING WITH THE INDIANS. SHE IS THE  
 ONLY PERSON NEAR THE ADMINISTRATION.  
 WHO SEEMS TO BE HIP. BROTHERS MAKE SURE  
 SHE IS NEVER OUT OF GRASS. OM.  
 DOPE NEWS: PLENTY OF GRASS, MICHICAN,  
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 TOWN.

### Remember, Mr. Humphrey?

"Only the Vietcong has committed atrocities in Vietnam."

-HUBERT H. HUMPHREY, May 13, 1965

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# DECOMP

(Continued from Page 19)

gathering up a sort of *resolve*, to kick him out on his a\*se, or to split herself, or to do some likewise devastating thing to the male ego. Really fucks you up to see that look on a woman's face, hey fellers? The way that underlip gets all firm and *stays* that way, and some of the cute little arch goes out of the eyebrows forever, and she stops putting on her face before she goes to work in the morning, and the nylons stop dripping in the tub because there *aren't* any more mylons, and a million other little things, and you don't know why but it makes you feel just *horrible*...

One thing I find surprising about this strip, and I imagine many other men will also find it so, is the amount of *time* it seems to be taking Belinda Berkeley to achieve a solid apprehension of the injustice of her situation, and to do something final about it. Surely any man, finding himself in such unhappy circumstances, would kick out the jams immediately. But Belinda Berkeley seems to be slowly growing toward a resolution that any man would reach overnight. This frankly astonishes me, just as the way women can put up with the s\*\*t they get on the streets every day from men of all descriptions — and I guarantee, sir, that if you look for it, you'll see what they're talking about — this also astonishes me. I am not yet at the point of carrying a gun around with me, but if I had to put up with that kind of thing every day I would put Charles Whitman to shame.

Could Their Ladyships perhaps explain how such an admirable

attitude of forbearance and tolerance is brought about? No, belay that, I wouldn't bother reading it if they did write it up. But if Trina, now, were to get into it with her comic strip — present, say, a flashback into Belinda Berkeley's childhood, representing instances in which her father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, and so on, drummed into her head some virtually ineradicable impression of woman's subservience to man...

But there I go — presuming to tell a woman how to go about her business. Why was my ZAP, my *Bijou*, ripped off by some thief about the office? S. Clay Wilson is so much easier to write about, and I like his stuff so much...

But then, as Yossarian indicates, few cartoons indeed are drawn that I *don't* like.

## INTERVIEW

(Continued from Page 14)

"Lesbians have been feminizing their lives," she says, "and they've got trouble twice as much as most women. Men just think it's a crime for a woman to love another woman." As a final project, she is writing about and organizing prostitutes. Prostitutes, according to Millett, are the political prisoners of the sexist system. "They are jailed because they have cunts, and for no other reason."

A busy lady, Kate Millett. On one hand, so confident about what she must do with her life. On the other, almost frightened by her own energy, intellect and success. As I sit and interview her, she chain smokes. A pack of

Marlboros burn in one morning. The telephone is an absolute testament to Kate's success. In the course of our conversation, it rings nearly half a dozen times. First it is Selden Sutton, the PR lady from Doubleday. She's calling to check on the final arrangements for Kate's publication party. Then it is a sister from the feminist movement who wants to tell Kate that *Sexual Politics* is the best thing she's read in years. Several reporters call requesting interviews. There's even a congratulatory long distance call from Minnesota — from Kate's mother. "The book was beautiful," says the elder Millett.

Through it all, Kate Millett has yet to really smile.

"Aren't you pleased with it all?" I ask.

"Oh yes... but some times, I find it hard to believe."

"Do you look forward to life being much easier with all this acclaim?"

"Not too much. I have a terrible lot to do. Just getting published will be easier. People will listen to what I have to say. But right now I have all kinds of projects in the works: a scathing attack on prostitution, a book on my experiences as a libbie

organizer."

There's something ironic here. I've been feeling it all morning... since I started the interview. How can I even explain it? Perhaps it is best to say that Kate Millett has written what is sure to be the most important book on women since Simone de Beauvoir's monumental *The Second Sex*. Millett is a genius for having put into words the silent sexual oppression that every sensitive woman feels but can't clearly articulate. People will be comparing her work with that of Lenin, Malcolm and Engels — it's that kind of an eye-opener. But still, the mountains of praise, the knowledge that she has done an extraordinary job, the economic rewards, the impact the book is sure to have — all that is not enough to make her feel... to make her feel confident. It was Sigmund Freud that arch-misogynist who declared women to be totally and innately masochistic. Feminists call Freud a liar and yet, we can, in our own lives, live no better.

Throughout the book world, critics are predicting that *Sexual Politics* will prove so powerful a book that its message will

change our lives. I hope that's true... because Kate Millett is calling for the freedom of all people — including herself. How lovely it will be for her to break open, freely, unapologetically, and to be able to finally say: "I am!"

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RAPE!

RAPE!

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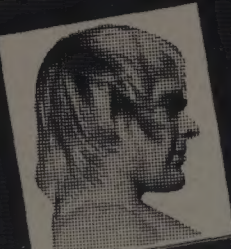
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Here's to all those who want to rub the genie's lamp.

PO Box 427, Rochdale Station, NYC

livingstone nu Pres. of Argentina (Jack benny/ MARY Livingstone/ (KA's) rishIstr). free book — ben, box 752, Stuyvesant St. A.

#### ADDICTS NEED HOME

Therapeutic group need home for addicts. We'll rent but a donation of a home would be beautiful. Purpose is to begin a living community of addicts and non-addicts. Call 222-6160 or 855-7670.

YOUNG TRAINEE (hobby): New-World's most powerful religion, religio-philosophy. Being via UFO's. Study, Organize, etc. Paid vacation. Business. Phone pre 11 AM daily. CH2-2563.

Cindy Connors. Pick up your mail at the Village Project, 88 Second Ave, NYC.

Must sell two half shares in magnificent beach front house in Water Island/ Fire Island. Very private. Nice people in house. THIS IS NOT AN AD FOR ANYTHING ELSE! Write Claudia at the EVO office, 20 E. 12 Street, NY, NY.

EVO writer putting together an article on Ph.D.'s who can't find jobs. If you are one of those people, who despite your doctorate, is unemployed, write Claudia at EVO, 20 E. 12 St., New York, N.Y.

ST. MARKS FREE DENTAL CLINIC NEEDS DENTISTS. CALL 533-9500 FOR FURTHER INFORMATION. ALSO NEEDED: DENTAL EQUIPMENT. PLEASE HELP.

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

Large classical record collection for sale at reduced prices. Orpheus, YU2-4471.

Hip children's playgroup needs desperately, large loft or comparable space in east village neighborhood. Possible share because group only uses space during the day. Call Jackie at EVO, 255-2130.

Back issues of Pleasure, Kiss, Screw, etc. Many 1st editions. Also Arizona Highway, bound, 1958-59. Call LO7-4320 after five p.m.

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, \$30.00; night, \$5.00. (914) 583-9818. Near Mountandale concerts. EVO approved. NY thruway to exit 16 (Harriman), onto quickway rt. 17, exit 104, White Lake.



#### UNISEX

Will boy in white shorts, open shirt, tennis shoes, peace medallion, at Sheep Meadow Gay-in, June 28th, get in touch with guy in olive suit, tie, dark glasses, please. Boxholder, PO Box 473, Bedford, N.Y. 10506

Serious intelligent college student, 19, heavy set and not too good looking is attracted to males. As yet, has received no sexual pleasure at all. Would like handsome, clean (no drugs or illnesses) masculine male 20-35 to provide him with some light sexual enjoyment. Willing to pay \$50.00 for a few hours gratification. N.Y.C. Metropolitan area please. If possible, include photo. PO Box 525, Newark, N.J. 07101.

Roommate wanted to share apartment in Queens. Prefer groovy responsible gay guy to 35 for financial and sexual security. Call 263-3998.

YOUNG MUSCULAR GYMNAST, immensely hung, 6'1", 175, blond, will send you his unlaundered jockstraps, shorts, T-shirts (specify) \$5 each. Piss-filled bottles \$10. Bags of shit \$25. Anything else? Nude photo included. Box 153, NY, NY 10022.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES

WORLD'S LARGEST COCK. Giant 8" x 10" clear photo. Fantastically stimulating 14" hard-on on handsome young stud. All-time biggest cock, 7" circumference. Sent immediately first-class sealed envelope with free catalog. \$3 from Box 153, NYC 10022.

Become a TOTAL person thru hypnosis, astrology, dreams, etc. Write for FREE folder: ROSE FEVER, c/o Baez, PO Box 926, Jamaica, N.Y. 11431.

Young, beautiful, hip chicks interested in words of sensualists may now respond directly with picture and phone number to PO Box 29, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC. Act not. Absolute discretion.

Everything for Everybody (THAT IS WHAT WE DO)

43 8th Ave. Free Brochure 242-4700

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

ATTENTION MEN: CONTROL YOUR LOVE with "CONTROL". One short spray and you make the scene. FAST IS OUT. "CONTROL IS IN". 1 Aerosol Flacon, \$7.95 plus 50 cents pp; 2 Aerosol Flacons, \$12.95 plus 50 cents pp. Satisfaction or money back. Aries Industries, Inc. PO Box 135, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226. Draw 8.

Hear my Heart when sleep bursts into a cloud & tomorrow remembers a shroud  
Hear my Heart when liberty burns a memory & the savage yields to infancy  
yu2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when the bird sacrifices a light & nakedness obscures the flight  
Hear my Heart when the candle screams with a sigh & a warrior finishes the sky  
yu2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

HYPNOSIS CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!!! Obesity, stage-fright, smoking, insomnia, memory, concentration. \$25.00 PRIVATE SESSION. PL5-4363. MAIL ORDER COSTS \$10.00. Box 31, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022. SPECIALIZED ASTROLOGICAL SERVICES. ACCURATE CHARTS. CONSULTATION. REALISTIC INTERPRETATIONS. REASONABLE FEES. WALTER BREEN, YU 4-2808, or write c/o EVO, 105 2nd Avenue, New York, New York.

#### FLESH MARKET

WORLD'S LARGEST TITS. CREAMY 8"x10" glossy shows TRIM-BODIED piece of ass with 44-DD emormities. Bigger than any stripper or showgirl! Teenybopper's lusty nipples and cunt clearly displayed. Send immediately! \$3. Box 8051-B, Union City, New Jersey 07087.

PRIVATE SOCIAL CLUB FOR GIRLS AND COUPLES AROUND NYC. 439 KNICK AVE., RIDGEWOOD, N.Y. (37)

Beautiful male and female models, photos, spread shots, body painting. Village Studio, 404 6th Ave. Call 242-6262-63. Open Mon-Sat 2:00 PM - 12 PM.

Scientific Dating Service, Inc., 147 W. 42nd St., New York City (Room 1018). Guaranteed Dates. AM: T8-7897; 12 PM to 8 PM and Sunday, OX5-0158.

#### FLEA MARKET

BEAUTIFUL SENSUAL GIRL, 19, big tits & delectable ass offers her aromatic underwear, hair clipping, pubic hair, nails, cunt-smelly Tampax, saliva, \$5 ea. Urine samples \$10. Shit-paks \$25. Nude photo & catalog included. State special wants. Georgia Cogan, Box 841, NYC 10451.

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 for catalogue of 20th CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT to: PANDORA'S BOX, PO. Box 5760, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

LEGAL RED HASH, Puts you into a trip. Once tried you will see what we mean. \$3.00 for one ounce, \$5.00 for two. Quality Industries, Box 456, Flushing, GPO, NY 11352.

#### RUBS

SENSATIONAL, DEEP, SOOTHING MASSAGE by a young English masseur. Residential only. Call Charles at 861-2017 or answering service, 541-7600.

HANDSOME YOUNG RANDY is now the only one in NY, administering the sensational inside-outside bath and body rub. PL8-8408.

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honda 150 cycle for sale, good condition, rider size and afraid of traffic. must give up bike and enter institution. quick sale. call coca at evo, 255-2130.

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.

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

# BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO BLOW OUT THE NORTHEAST POWER GRID

The East Village Other is proud to announce  
the First Annual Werewolf  
Blackout has been scheduled for 3:00 P.M.  
on Wednesday Aug. 19th 1970.

Give the system one more chance.

Turn on every appliance you get your hands  
on. Help make the power companies  
financially viable by using as much power  
as you can; maybe a little more. Pay special  
attention to electric heaters, toasters,  
conditioners and other high drain  
appliances. Refrigerators turned all the way  
up and left with the door opened are a fun  
way to cool off a large apartment. After an  
afternoon of consumer joy, meet in  
Central Park to howl at the moon.

## TUNE IN PLUG IN BLOW OUT

Hospitals and other emergency services  
take note.