

25¢ nyc

The TIME QUIZ asks

Big

35¢

elsewhere

Question

discovering

the secret

THE ONION

east
village



vol 5 no. 36 aug. 4 1970 big mystery stories of our atomic age.

But good intentions, across the finish line you say, are no real answer.

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*"Is mankind dying
of curiosity?"*

big mystery stories of our atomic age.

The 7-mile tower of atomic death has shadowed New Mexico, Japan, and Bikini. But a darker shadow—fear—still lies across the future. For with all the talk about "discovering the secret" of the atom, all that's been done so far is to chip it, not to crack its terrific core. There is no answer to the Big Question—unless it is the sum of everything we can learn about control of the atom (a) as scientists and (b) as responsible citizens.

INTERSTELAR INFORMATION SYSTEMS

HIRAP

Almost inadvertently, the "underground" recently became the topic of an otherwise mundane pow-wow among certain people who term themselves radicals. The posture of the underground was the question. It was asked of one who was intimately acquainted with the highs, the lows, the excitement and the monotony, the joy and the pain of an underground existence.

What is the posture of the underground, the real underground, not the effete snobs who get financial mileage out of the word, if not the concept? The interpretations, misconceptions, and other offered copouts are as diverse as the ideologies, the means, and compulsions that make up The Movement.

Where indeed is the American Underground heading to? Should it concentrate on isolated, selective actions that might not seem to make as much sense as other, more selective endeavours? Why bomb a police station when the same charge might have blown open the gates of the Tombs?

This is a potent question for us all, and one that might possibly have been answered by Dan Berrigan:

The ratio of despair and violence in the Movement is in direct proportion to the absence of growth in spirit. For you must realise we're in a profound adventure of the spirit. I relate the madness on our side to a want of wisdom. All violent rhythms must be dealt with. To live in jeopardy is the form of the future that is most practical now. The sign of the future lies in separating ourselves from public violence, consumerism, security, and all those dependencies which keep the present permanent. Part of the blindness of the present is to see the signs of the future.

Vertical handwritten signature or scribble on the right margin.

Dear EVO,

Harassment of Revolutionaries, heads, hippies, and various other street folk continues on the lower east side. It's the same old horseshit of the establishment twisting the knife they think they have stuck in the guts of the New Americans. Harassment must cease. The people have every right and duty to assert themselves and live their own lives. These are lives of change and

revolution, a living contradiction to what the war pigs say is the proper mode of life.

Revolution demands that the people liberate their own homes. Freedom starts right where people live and spreads outward.

This letter is an appeal for the righteous indignation of the people to manifest itself and strike back at the Pigs. All power to the People! Starting July 31, 1970 at 9:00

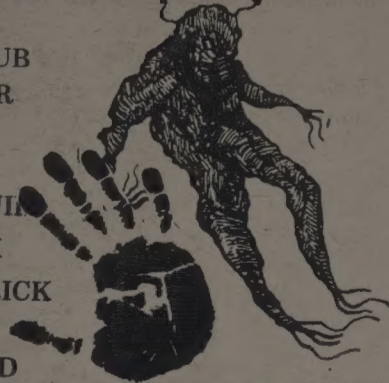
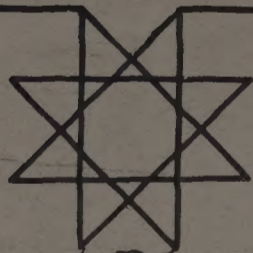
pm, St. Marks Place between 2nd and 3rd. Ave. is a street of the People. Bring your blankets and sleeping bags and all the friends you can muster. Stay all weekend and do your thing. All liberation groups, especially Weatherman, are cordially invited.

Laugh, Love and Live on the Peoples' Street.

Bring flowers and radios.

Michael Boone YIP

JAAKOV KOHN
ALLEN KATZMAN
JOSEPH STEVENS
JACKIE DIAMOND
KARIN BERG
FRED MOGURGUB
STEVEN HELLER
RAY SHULTZ
DON KATZMAN
IRVING SHUSHNIE
CHARLIE FRICK
JACKIE FRIEDRICK
KIM DEITCH
FLICKA DE MOID
LONDON : MILES R. CRUMB
AMSTERDAM : SIMON VINKENOOG
PARIS : J.J. LEBEL
GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA



DEAN LATIMER
JOHN DA SWEDE
RENFREU NEFF
HETTY MACLISE
STEPHEN KOHN
ALEX GROSS
NORTH : THE KID
JACKIE ACON
SPAIN RODIGUEZ
DAVID WALLEY
CLAUDIA DREIFUS
LIL PICARD
YOSSARIAN
EUROPEAN OPERATIONS : JENÖ
JOHN PETER ZENGER
ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
DURANCE VILE : TIMOTHY LEARY



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In *The Invisible Generation*, first published in *IT* and *The Los Angeles Free Press* in 1966 and reprinted in *The Job*, I point out the use of pre-recorded cut up tapes played back in the streets as a revolutionary weapon:

To spread rumours:

Put ten operators with carefully prepared recordings out at the rush hour and see how quick the word gets round. People don't know where they heard it but they heard it.

To discredit opponents:

Take a recorded Wallace speech, cut in stammering, coughs, sneezes, hiccups, snarls, pain screams, fear whimperings, apoplectic splutterings, slobbering drooling idiot noises, sex and animal sound effects and play it back in streets, subways, stations, parks, political rallies. . . .

As a front line weapon to produce and escalate riots:

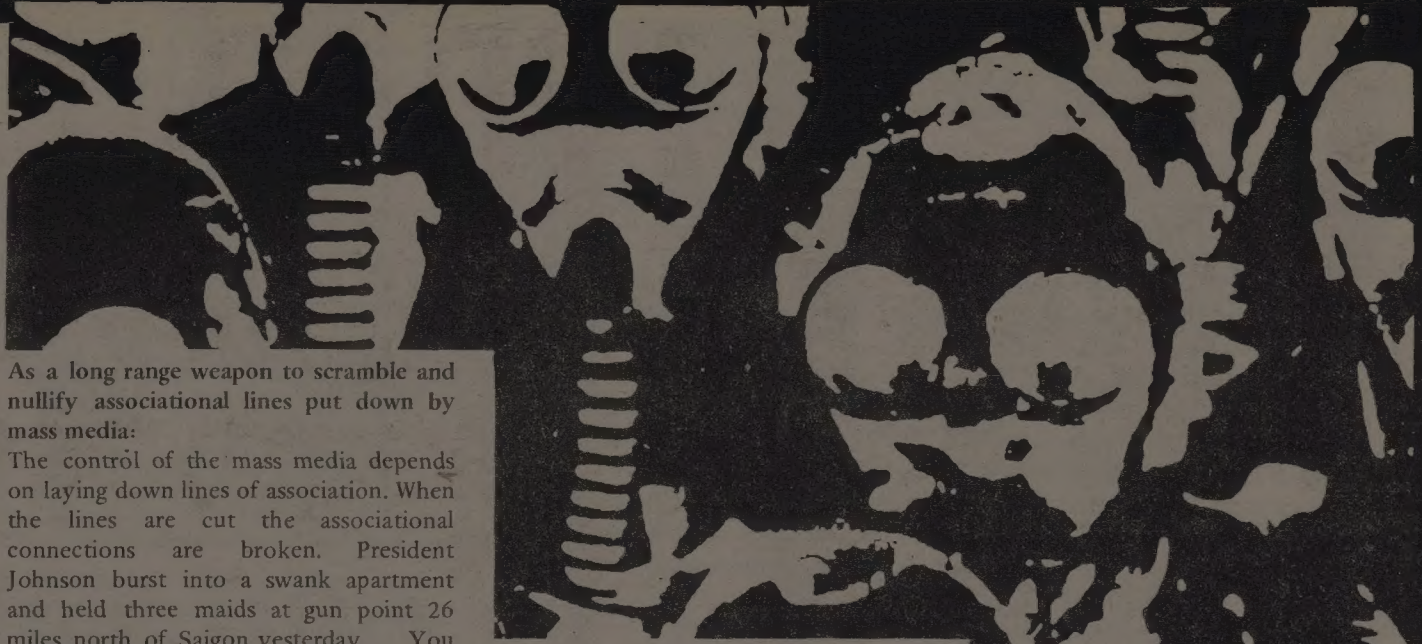
There is nothing mystical about this operation. Riot sound effects can produce an actual riot in a riot situation. . . . *Recorded police whistles will draw cops. Recorded gun shots and their guns are out.*

'My God they're killing us'

A guardsman said later: 'I heard the shots and saw my buddy go down his face covered in blood. (Turned out he'd been hit by a stone from a sling shot) . . . 'And I thought well this is it.' *Bloody Wednesday . . . A Dazed America counted 23 Dead and 32 Wounded Six Critically. . . .*

Here is a run of the mill pre-riot situation. Protestors have been urged to demonstrate peacefully, police and guardsmen to exercise restraint. Ten tape recorder operators on set hidden recorders strapped under their coats, play back and record controlled from lapel buttons. They have pre-recorded riot sound effects from Chicago, Paris, Mexico City, Kent Ohio. If they adjust sound level of recordings to surrounding sound levels they will not be detected. Police scuffle with a demonstrator. They converge like vultures. Turn on Chicago. Record. Play back. Move on to next scuffles. Record. Play back. Keep moving. Things are hotting up. A cop is down groaning. Shriill chorus of recorded pig squeals and parody groans.

Could you cool a riot by recording the calmest cops and the most reasonable demonstrators? Maybe. However it's a lot easier to start trouble than stop it. Just pointing out that cut ups on the tape recorder can be used as a weapon. You will observe that the operators are making a cut up as they go. They are cutting in Chicago, Paris, Mexico City, Kent Ohio with the present sound effects at random. And that is a cut up.



As a long range weapon to scramble and nullify associational lines put down by mass media:

The control of the mass media depends on laying down lines of association. When the lines are cut the associational connections are broken. President Johnson burst into a swank apartment and held three maids at gun point 26 miles north of Saigon yesterday . . . You can cut up the mutter lines of the mass media and put the altered mutter line out in the streets with a tape recorder. Consider the mutter line of the daily press. It goes up with the morning papers millions of people reading the same words belching, chewing, swearing, chuckling, reacting to the same words . . . a motion praising Mr Callaghan's action in banning the South African cricket tour has spoiled the Colonel's breakfast . . . all reacting one way or another to a paper world of unseen events. You will notice that this process is continually subject to random juxtapositions. Just what sign did you see in the Green Park station as you glanced up from *The People*? Just who called as you were reading your letter in the *Times*? What were you reading when your wife broke a dish in the kitchen? An unreal paper world and yet completely real because it is actually happening . . . mutter line of the evening news, TV . . . Fix yourself on millions of people all watching Jesse James or *The Virginian* at the same time . . . international mutter line of the weekly news magazines always dated a week ahead. Have you noticed it's the kiss of death to be on the front cover of *Time*. Madame Nhu was there when her husband was killed and her government fell. Verwoerd was on the front cover of *Time* when a demon tape worm gave the order for his death through a message of the same . . . read the bible to himself no bad habits you know the type old reliable read all about it.

So stir in news stories, TV plays, stock market quotations, adverts, and put the altered mutter line out on the street.

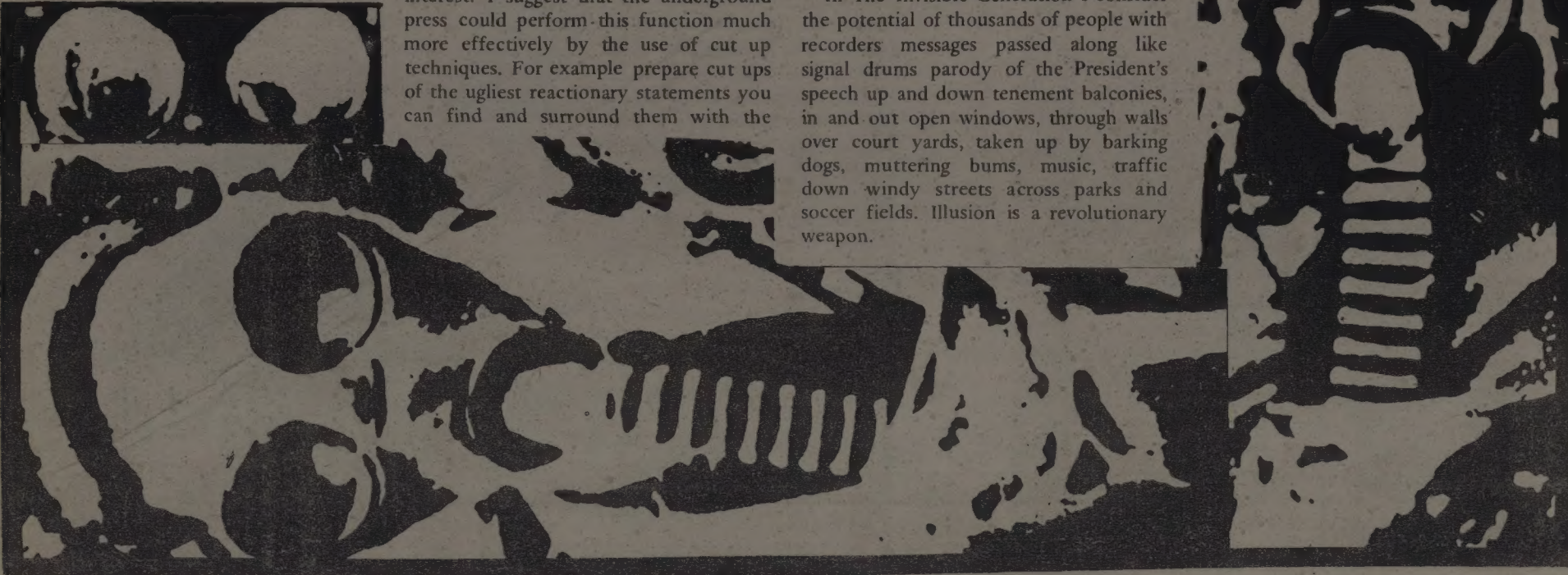
The underground press serves as the only effective counter to a growing power and more sophisticated techniques used by establishment mass media to falsify, misrepresent, misquote, rule out of consideration as a priori ridiculous, or simply ignore and block out of existence data, books, discoveries that they consider prejudicial to establishment interest. I suggest that the underground press could perform this function much more effectively by the use of cut up techniques. For example prepare cut ups of the ugliest reactionary statements you can find and surround them with the

ugliest pictures. Now give it the droll, slobber animal noise treatment and put it out on the mutter line with recorders. Run a scramble page in every issue of a transcribed tape recorder cut up of news radio and TV. Put the recordings out on the mutter line before the paper hits the stands. It gives you a funny feeling to see a headline that's been going round and round in your head.

The underground press could add a mutter line to their adverts and provide a unique advertising service. Cut the product in with pop tunes. Cut the product in with advertising slogans and jingles of other products and siphon off the sales. Anybody who doubts that these techniques work, has only to put them to the test.

Mr Poison Pen, who reviewed *The Job for Friends*, concludes: 'W.S. Burroughs may not be a great revolutionary but he may be the one novelist we won't hang from a lamp post.' Now this is comforting in a remote nostalgic sort of way like the prayers of a dead grandmother since I would not fare so well in the much more likely advent of a takeover by a streamlined Wallace or a junta of American colonels. Unless revolutionaries bring the revolution into the 20th century they may not be in a position to hang anybody from any lamp posts. The techniques I have described are in use by the CIA and agents of other countries. Ten years ago they were making systematic street recordings in every district of Paris. I recall the Voice of America man in Tangier had a room full of tape recorders and you could hear some strange sound through the wall. Kept to himself hello in the hall nobody was allowed in that room not even a fatima. Of course there are many technical elaborations like long range directional mikes. Then you cut the prayer call in with hog grunts it doesn't pay to be walking around the market with a portable recorder.

In *The Invisible Generation* I consider the potential of thousands of people with recorders messages passed along like signal drums parody of the President's speech up and down tenement balconies, in and out open windows, through walls over court yards, taken up by barking dogs, muttering bums, music, traffic down windy streets across parks and soccer fields. Illusion is a revolutionary weapon.



► The world is full of significant happenings that never hit Page One of the newspapers.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT TODAY

BEFORE trying to clean your environment you should try to begin with cleansing yourselves, such as ridding the use of profanities lusty and evil thoughts. Until you can understand the importance of what I have just said you will continue to fool yourself. Cleaning your environment should begin from within. When you can rid yourself from impurities whether it be cigarettes, drugs, etc., then and only then will you be able to enjoy the natural beauties of nature or "god". For while man was still in his primitive stage so was he also still in "god's" natural image. For nature and god are two in one and to understand nature then you will begin to understand the meaning of "god's spirit." GOD is the spirit of all that is good and the reminder that evil can exist wherever "god" is not present.

Love and blessings to you my fellow man,

Princess St Joan
L.O.V.E.
League of valuable essences

Child Doesn't Need Electric Blanket



WORSHIP KNOWS NO CALENDAR

Some select Sunday as a day of worship. Others prefer Friday or Saturday. But the solace of worship knows no boundaries—temporal or spatial.

Some find their God in church. Others see him in a spring sunrise, or in a fresh-mown meadow at dusk. Children oft find peace in an evening prayer.

Each seeks peace in his own way. All place their trust in a Supreme Being and worship as conscience dictates.

Why not join them? You, too, can find solace and guidance in prayer.

It's still the SAME Catholic Church!

EARTH OPENS, SWALLOWS KORACH; 250 REBELS DIE WITH LEADER

Thousands Look On in Horror As Divine Retribution Claims Lives Of Levite and Reubenite Insurgents; Dathan, Aviram Among the Slain

BULLETIN

KORACH AND THE ISRAELITES WHO HAD JOINED THE REBELLION AGAINST MOSES AND AARON MET THEIR DEATHS THIS MORNING IN A MANNER THAT HAS NO PRECEDENT IN THE HISTORY OF THIS NATION:

WITH HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE LOOKING ON IN HORROR, THE INSURGENTS LITERALLY HAD THE GROUND REMOVED FROM UNDER THEIR FEET, AS A YAWNING GAP SUD-

DENLY OPENED IN THE EARTH. THE MEN, WHO EARLIER HAD BEEN SUMMONED TO THE SPOT BY MOSES, DISAPPEARED AMIDST A CLOUD OF DUST (OR SMOKE), AND THE GAP CLOSED AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD OPENED.

NO TRACE OF THE VICTIMS IS TO BE SEEN.

AMONG THOSE KILLED WERE DATHAN AND AVIRAM, THE CHIEF INSTIGATORS FROM THE TRIBE OF REUBEN. (Earlier Story below.)

'Then You Shall Understand'

Early this morning, Moses summoned the insurgents from the tribes of Levi and Reuben to the square near the Command Tent. He then assembled the people and spoke these words: "Hereby you shall know that the Lord has sent me to do all these works and that I have not done them of my own mind: "If these men die the death of all men; if they be visited after the visitations of all men — then the Lord has not sent me. "But if the Lord make a new thing, and the earth open her mouth and swallow them up with all their belongings, and they shall be hurled alive — then you shall understand that these men have provoked the Lord."

Executed for Doing Work on Sabbath

The charge was indecent exposure under Penal Code Section 245.01, which states that the aurora of a public performer must be covered while performing. It covers topless dancers ably enough, but leaves a gap for girls in the subway.

Debbie Paley and her older sister waited for a train. They were seated in the big, multi-level Christopher Street—West Fourth Street station, when a Transit Patrolman strolled past. His name is William Sorrentino; his badge, Number 3485. The day was June 8th.

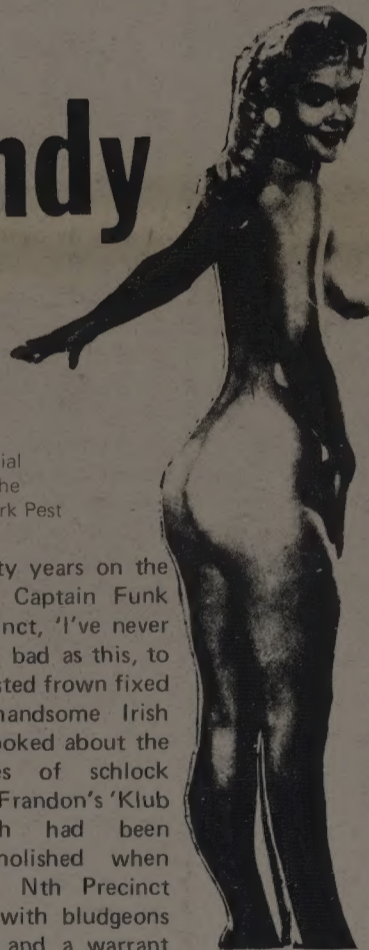
Sorrentino paused at a point directly ahead of the young women and commented that he could see through Debbie's dress. "You should watch that," he said. "You could get mugged for going around like that." When the sisters replied that they thought he was there to prevent just such an occurrence, he said that he was a "man first," and an officer only secondarily. Tit followed tat, and the next thing Debbie saw was a summons.

The dress that Debbie wore that cool Spring day may in the future be enshrined in the Feminist Museum, as an example of "provocation" in a power-mad male world. The dress is short and has puff sleeves. It is styled to gather below the bodice. It is red and of cotton and is not low-cut nor transparent. Debbie was wearing a slip as well as a blue velvet bathrobe at midi-length over the dress.

Bonnie Bower, a law student at the Women's Center, is going to be with Debbie as her trial draws close.

If you would like to witness it all with your own eyeballs go down to 52 Chamber Street, to Room 7A on the Second Floor, at 9:30 a.m. Tuesday August 4. See for yourself what justice will do to the girl who was arrested for not wearing a bra.

Candy



special to the New York Post

'In all my twenty years on the force,' grimaced Captain Funk of the Nth Precinct, 'I've never seen anything as bad as this, to be sure.' A disgusted frown fixed itself on his handsome Irish features as he looked about the former premises of schlock promoter Smell Frandon's 'Klub Whorgy,' which had been completely demolished when officers of the Nth Precinct entered, armed with bludgeons and truncheons and a warrant for obscenity and conducting a disorderly house, and guns. 'A disorderly house?' asked fat, seedy Frandon, as he was led away, head bleeding into his shirt handcuffed. 'I run a respectable joint it's another of Lindsay's tricks to get re-elected in November.' Besides Frandon, five naked young women were also arrested on warrants for indecent exposure and solicitation, and three naked young men for practicing homosexuality without a sense of shame. The thirty patrons of the club, all male, over 40, were

Juanita Dale Philips, 38-23-36

ATTENTION PARENTS

GAINESVILLE, FLA., (UPI) — The man who starts drinking martinis at lunchtime may be washing away his ability to learn — and to remember — even after he has sobered up, no matter how much he eats, Dr. Gernard Freund believes.

Dr. Freund, a medical researcher, found that white mice that had been fed alcohol for months experienced a general deterioration of the brain function. The mouse brain, Dr. Freund said yesterday, "is very similar to man's — the basic biochemistry is the same."

The studies also cast doubt on the common notion that the malnutrition often seen in "skid row" alcoholics is the cause of the damage to brain functions. Even well-fed mice indicated loss of memory after consuming alcohol over a period of time.

"I believe the damage was due to alcohol itself and not malnutrition as has been said for many years," Dr. Freund said.

Many "executive drinkers," he said, consume up to 40 per cent of their calories in the form of alcohol. That was the same percentage given to test mice that later showed a permanent impairment in learning.

How about it?

transported five blocks away in a paddy wagon, and released on the sidewalks with jovial apologies from the arresting officers. Assistant District Attorney Richard Pecker termed the operation 'only the first of many operations to clean up this burg.'

Power to the Spirit



Be Tested

INFECTIOUS HEPATITIS
(The following are 7 points
on Infectious Hepatitis)

1. Infectious Hepatitis is a common type of Hepatitis which occurs in epidemics and is caused by viruses introduced by fecally contaminated food or water.
2. Infectious agents that may cause hepatitis are viruses, spirochetes, protozoa and bacteria.
3. Young people are affected most frequently, and the peak incidence is in the late autumn. Epidemics become widespread in wartime. Crowding, poor sanitation and malnutrition are predisposing factors. The incubation period is 2 to 6 weeks.
4. Onset usually is sudden, with lack of appetite, fever and weakness. Tenderness and enlargement of the liver and pain in the right quadrant are usual early symptoms. About 5 days after onset, jaundice appears and fever tends to be less active.
5. The patient should remain in bed while jaundice, abdominal pain and liver tenderness are present and until liver function tests approach normal values. The diet should be rich in protein and carbohydrates. Fats should be chiefly from dairy foods such as cream, butter, milk and eggs. Activity should be resumed very gradually. For patients who relapse, more prolonged bed rest is indicated. Complete recovery eventually takes place in almost all the cases.
6. Since the virus is transmitted from the feces of an infected patient, strict isolation technic should be instituted and maintained at least during the active phase of the disease. Most patients are noninfectious about 1 month after clinical onset of the disease. At present, no adequate protection against the carried state is known.
7. Usually, patients recover uneventfully after 6 to 8 weeks. Relapses occur in 5 to 15% and generally are due to premature resumption of activity, while another disease is in progress, poor diet, or alcoholism; more than 90% of the patients recover. Mild left over symptoms and slight changes in liver function may persist for 1 year more after recovery. In about 0.2% of patients acute yellow atrophy supervenes. This usually occurs within 2 weeks, after jaundice but may take the form of a relapse after several months of illness. The outcome is fatal.

CONCERT CANCELLED BECAUSE OF POLLUTION

Rock promotor Dirty Mel Gumbo announced today that the famous Canadian rock group Johnny and the Baloney Barones have cancelled their Carnegie Hall appearance for this Thursday night because of "The pollution."

None of the group members could be reached for comment but their road manager, Sid "Mommy" Kief had this to say: "We arrived in New York yesterday and the boys were extremely distraught

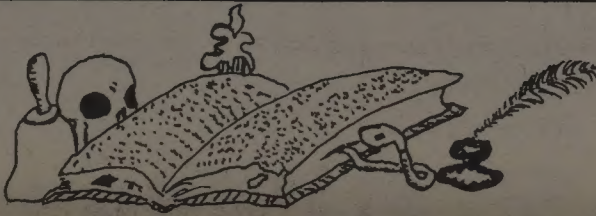
by their performance in New Bedford, Mass. where they were attacked by a bunch of those nasty Portugese persons. And we no sooner arrived when JoJo — that's Johnny — began hacking his lungs out, and Dale and Teddy were completely incapacitated by the heat. Why, we were sitting on the balcony of our hotel room drinking some iced tea and Teddy said in the most darling manner, 'Gosh, the shit is sure in the air.' And right after that, a big pile of birdshit

fell into his iced tea. It was downright uncanny, so we decided to cancel."

Promotor Gumbo refused to say how much money had been lost, but he did take issue with the professionalism of the performers.

"You offer the punks top billing," he said, "and they tell you they got pollution troubles. What the fuck do they want from me, an iron lung?"

The Carnegie Hall Box Office reported an advance sale of 37 tickets.



LIT KRIT KORNER

The noted Irish author Samuel Beckett spent, it is a matter of historical record, a good part of the Second World War hiding out from the Nazis, after his Paris Resistance cell was raided. Having made his way to a farm in an outlying district, he worked as a farmhand for two years, during which he composed his second novel, *Watt*, his last novel to be written in English — his famous trilogy and most of his plays being written in French thereafter.

Now, it is also a matter of historical record that at this period in history, neither Richard M. Nixon — now President of the United States — nor Spiro Agnew — his fast-talking sidekick — showed any indications of becoming the scourge of the earth.

NEVERTHELESS, if the reader will look on page 18 of the 1959 Grove Press edition of *WATT*, he will find there the line, *Nixon, my name is, said Goff, Nixon.* This utterance occurs midway along an extended dialogue between Mr and Mrs Nixon and a certain Mr Hackett, in the course of which the Nixons are shewn to represent everything base, callow, and horribly anti-life about bourgeois society.

AND MOREOVER, if the reader will look a little further on, on page 27 in the same edition, he will encounter these lines: *My name is Spiro, said the gentleman. . . . My friends call me Dum, said Mr Spiro, I am so bright and cheerful. D-U-M. Anagram of mud.*

Over the following couple of pages, Mr Spiro is represented by Beckett to be a curiously impassionate religious maniac, obsessively involved with the finest conceivable points of theology, given to composing tedious belligerent sermons, and issuing vaguely impressive pronunciations in abstruse terminology. The only thing to keep him from running amok, one gets the impression, is his own emptiness. *Watt*, who innocence provokes the suspicion and mistrust of all evil people, causes Mr Spiro to declare, after he has left his company: *Personally, I would pursue him . . . if I were sure it was he, with all the rigour of the canon laws.*

The Nixons and Mr Spiro all appear only in the first 30 pages of the text of *Watt*. After that, they drop into perfect oblivion and are never mentioned again, while the novel pursues an aimless and magnificent insanity.

Every revolutionary should read it.



Congratulations to EVO star columnist D.A. Latimer who announced his engagement this week to women's liberation spokesman Ben Ahmed Chunk, affectionately referred to by friends as Choo Choo. The lovely Welsh lass, from Latimer's rural home town of Canton, N.Y., is the daughter of Mrs. Jennie Latimer of Canton, N.Y. and the late gas station owner Ben Chunk Sr. Latimer says that he and his bride will use the rythem method. Latimer is a Presbyterian, while Miss Chunk is a Jewess.

Photo: Joseph Schleppe



TO VIRGINIA

Honest John Murtagh reconvened his court to hear motions on behalf of the Panther 13 briefly last week but he seemed to be less involved in the plight of the defendants than in the smog outside the window. Indeed, His Honor appeared to be nursing a headache or a case of the piles. Setting his arse gingerly into the chair at the beginning of the proceedings, he stayed in that one position throught the entire afternoon looking pallid and uncomfortable, dizzy and breathing hard. The courtroom was virtually packed with Panther sympathizers and the atmosphere was hot and muggy.

All spectators were searched upon entry and several people were turned away for lack of room. (Men were searched at the door of the courtroom, but women were taken to a separate interrogation roo.) Murtagh was virtually oblivious to arguments from the defense and pricked his ears up only when he thought he detected sly hints of contemptuous behaviour from the lawyers and the audience. The single outburst of laughing during the tense and solemn hearings occurred when district attorney Joseph Phillips described a cache of weapons allegedly seized from the Panthers as being a "veritable arsenal." Murtagh banged his gavel on the bench and said "The audience is admonished, the court will tolerate no expression. I hope you will be governed by that." At another point, Murtagh thought he heard some sarcasm in the voice of defense attorney Sanford Katz. "I believe you should have sympathy rather than scorn," he told Katz. "I don't have scorn," Katz said. "You do. It's implicit in the tone of your arguments." "I do not have scorn." "I say you do, and you should argue like a lawyer."

The arguments offered by the defense were culminations of motions made months ago and involved three major points:

- 1) All statements of "confessions" obtained illegally from the defendants should be suppressed.
- 2) All evidence seized illegally at the apartments of defendants should be suppressed.
- 3) All evidence seized illegally at the apartments of defendants should be suppressed.

The first case in point, involving the "statements," of Panthers Joan Bird, Richard Moore and Michael Tabor (just released on bail) were argued by Sandy Katz in the following manner:

John Bird was arraigned between the hours of 9 and 10 p.m. on January 18th, 1969, 25 hours after her arrest. During that questionable period of time, she was interrogated by officers and detectives at the 34th Precinct headquarters and gave "statements," under brutal, unfair and illegal pressures from police. One of these pressures evidently was violence. An examination by doctors on the 18th revealed that Miss Bird was suffering from a fully swollen eye, hemorrhage, a bruised ankle and a gash over her forehead — symptoms that were not present before her arrest and interrogation according to witnesses. These beatings are alleged to have been done by Detective McKenzie. Visited briefly by her mother during the questioning and before arraignment.

Miss Bird was described by her mother as looking "all busted up." When asked by her mother who was responsible for her condition, Joan Bird pointed to officer McKenzie, who is a black officer.

McKenzie and the other officers denied ever speaking to or questioning Joan Bird but told a Detective Watson upon his arrival that she was an "uncooperative witness." Watson, according to police techniques described in the briefs of the case of Miranda vs. Arizona (which rules that all defendants shall be fully advised of their rights) began playing the role of "good guy," as opposed to McKenzie's role of "the heavy."

"Do you know your rights?" he asked Joan Bird.

"I know all about my rights — I know Bill Kunstler. I know more than you do about my rights" she is alleged to have said.

All of a sudden, nice, friendly old Watson comes in and the previously "uncooperative" witness is so overwhelmed by his charm, she says, "I was lying." "These warnings did not comply with Miranda vs. Arizona," Sandy Katz argued. Even the court was taken aback during this testimony. The court asked Watson "Is that all you asked?" Watson knew very well that she was 19 years of age, had no experience with the police, and was frightened, crying and injured.

"She was interrogated by other detectives all through the night and the morning, in short, from 10 p.m. the evening of the 17th to 2 p.m. of the afternoon of the

18th, when she was taken from the 34th precinct — out the back way to avoid photographers and told to lie down in the back seat of the patrol car so she wouldn't be seen.

"With no sleep, injured, crying, in a hostile environment, arrested, threatened, coerced and beat — 26 hours straight. Miranda aside, it has long been the law in this country that you don't beat confessions out of someone. It's a ludicrous farce to suggest that a 19 year-old kid in a police station was at a scene where police were shot at, was then advised of rights. We maintain, then, that regardless of the beatings that 1) Miranda was not upheld and 2) given the age, condition, lack of any prior experience with police and the duration of questioning of the defendant, that any and all statements by Joan Bird must be suppressed."

The second part of Katz's argument dealt with Richard Moore, who had been arrested on April 2, 1969, and questioned for several hours, and never advised of rights. Any and all statements therefore, should be suppressed. The same, Katz said, is true of Michael Tabor who is alleged to have made certain statements to his parole officer.

"There can be no questioning without the consent and presence of a prosecuting attorney. Michael Tabor was not advised of his rights."

Following these arguments, Katz handed up a brief to Murtagh who accepted it without comment. District Attorney Joseph Phillips stood up, and with a throaty Brooklyn voice, made this rebuttal:

"Your honor Joan Bird has been fluent in making statements about these beatings in speeches and interview, and sending articles about it to the Black Panther Party newspaper, but Joan Bird was notoriously absent from the witness stand to tell her story to the court, so what we get here is a complete distortion. There is no evidence that she was beaten, or not advised of her rights. She was fully advised of her rights — as well as possible under the circumstances. She did not testify to any of the alleged atrocities. As for Richard Moore and Michael Tabor, they made perfectly voluntary and spontaneous statements. The parole officer was not there as a prosecutor — it doesn't fit any of the cases that Mr. Katz suggests."

"I am not even going to take issue with such arguments," Sandy Katz said.

"I will rule on evidence," Murtagh interjected. "The D.A. has said little ornothing except that he disagrees."

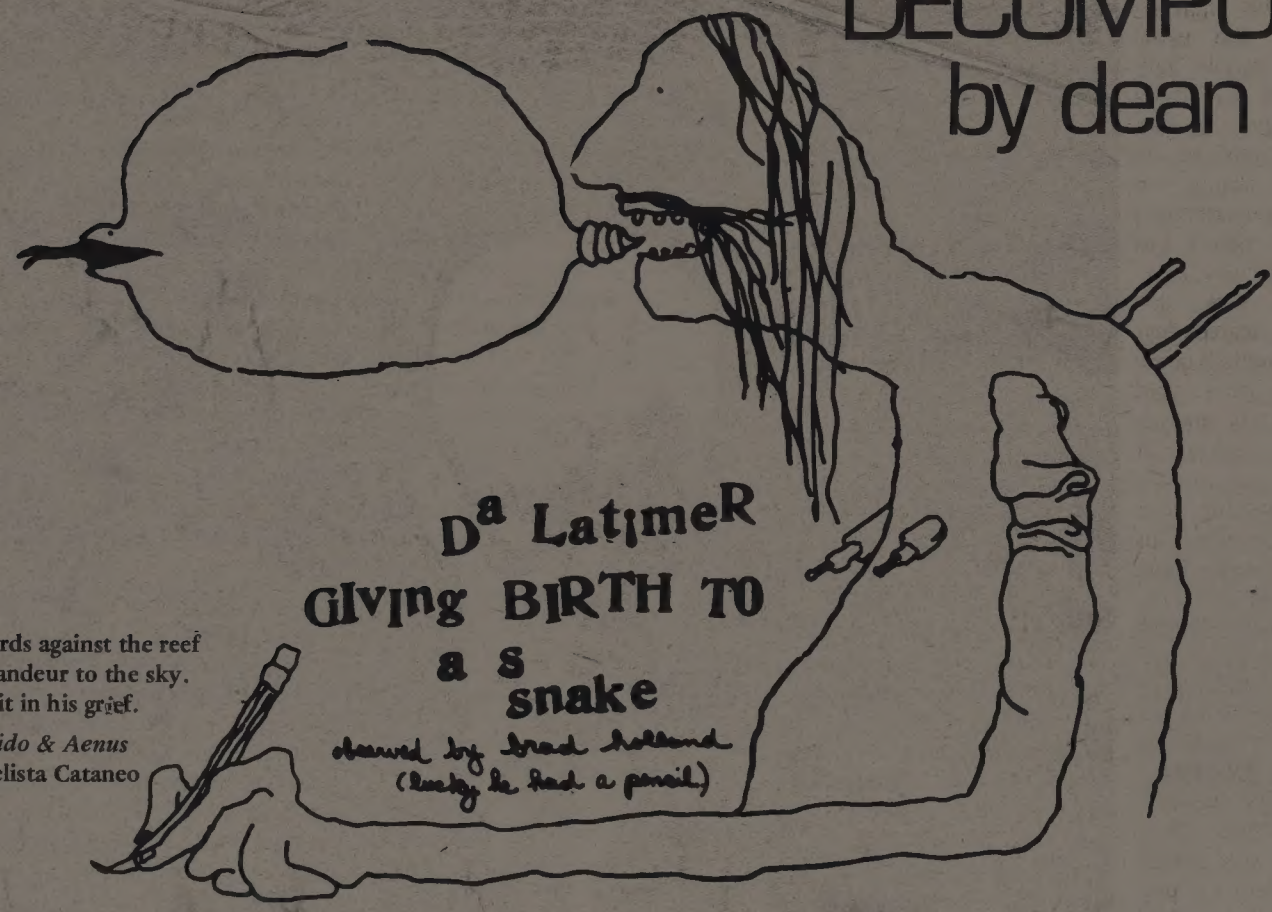
Attorney Bill Crain was next, and he argued for suppression of evidence siezed during pre-dawn raids without search warrants. Citing the case of Schmill vs. California during which the high court ruled that no illegal searches for evidence can be made by police, Crain argued that the Schmill decision was issued in June of 1969, two months after the Panther raids, but that it retroactively applied to the case.

**PANTHERS
in
COURT**

by Ray Schultz

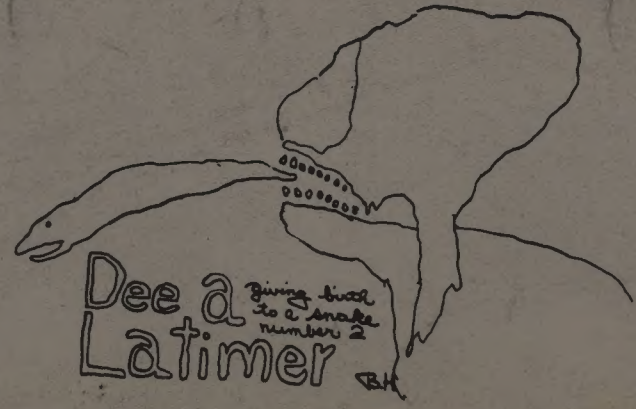


DECOMPOSITION by dean latimer



The sea in measured chords against the reef
 Acclaimed a hymn of grandeur to the sky.
 But deaf was he to hear it in his grief.
 — from *Dido & Aeneas*
 by Evangelista Cataneo

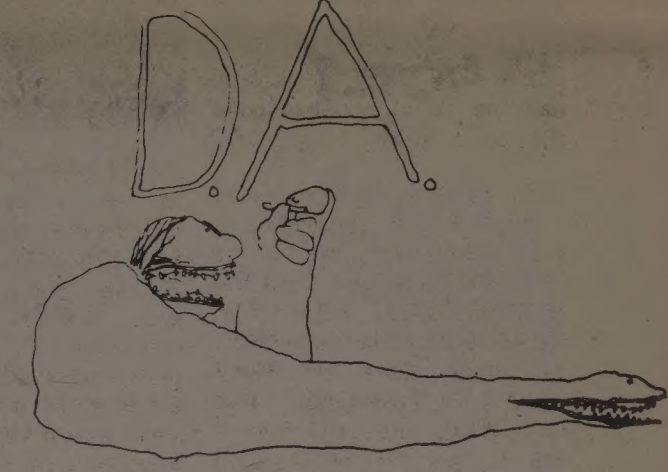
In the Atlantic Ocean, close off the coast of Rhode Island, there lies a grubby prod of kelp-strewn reef called Block Island, and on this rudiment of rock at the moment dwells David Walley, former rock-and-roll critic for *The East Village Other*. Surely you remember his prose, it was only last week we published a swatch of it: 'I thought I was going to vacate the problems of the city here,' he said. 'If one were a sociologist, it would be paradise.' said he. When he came to this paper eight months ago he said he was writing about rock and roll, which is why I call him our former rock-and-roll critic, rather than, say, our former war correspondent, or our former society editor, or our former weather bureau chief or some other form of former title which bore as much upon his writing as 'rock-and-roll' did.



this rag, during which countless scoundrels and wretches have come and gone before me — worse yet, stayed on with me — never have I had to breathe the same smog with such a one as Walley. But he was a nice boy. A nice boy! You should have seen the poor son of a bitch, coming in here in the morning, always the first one in the morning as far as I could see, for while I am hardly the morning sort myself, there were times when I'd spend the whole night through in the office, working on one thing or another for the edification of the public, and Phoebus his sizzling chariot would burn the night away like a junkyard before our windows, and before long, yup, in would dribble David Walley, first thing in the morning. What a nice boy, a credit to his



It is not a hasty decision. Four weeks have I brooded on this matter, oh not constantly, no obsessively, but brooded, I have brooded. I remember distinctly just Wednesday last, while riding the Sixth Avenue bus up to Times Square, I brooded on this for a while. And whilst eating at the Gallery Delicatessen on Christopher Street one Saturday not long ago — impossible to tell which Saturday; the excellence of the macaroni and cheese varies there not one whit from weekend to weekend — I remember talking of this briefly with Richard, who owns the place. But it wasn't until last Sunday night during pasteup that I confided my pique with Walley to Ray Schultz and the artist Vossarian, and it was not until then that I determined to sit me down and write this thing, therewith cutting David Walley off from the light of EVO for ever and ever.



But I do not give a fig for titles. Call him what you will, as the generosity or stinginess of your spirit moves you, making sure only that whatever title you lay on David Walley, that the qualification 'former' is not overlooked. He is not with *The East Village Other* any more, I have decided. Although Jaakov, with whom the responsibility of hiring and retiring generally resides, is as yet ignorant of this decision, and surely nothing of it has got as far as Block Island to intrude on David's contentment there, and ripple the profundity of bliss and ignorance of which his mood is doubtless composed — I here go on record saying David Walley is no longer associated with this organization.

Et insurgat adversus illum, coelum cum omnibus virtutibus quae in eo moventur ad DAMNANDUM eum!

— Scoundrel! Shame on you, poor David turns his back a moment and you sandbag him unawares, when he can't strike back.

— No such thing, man. Let me tell you, over the last four weeks I've anticipated seeing David Walley, relished the prospect of our encounter with gusto rare for such a mild-mannered spirit as mine. 'If ever he should walk into this office again,' I have said to myself, and to others, 'with his hair flapping about his ears and his moustaches hanging out of his nostrils, I will put him to a sorry end. First I aim to spank him, with the fire axe from the tenth floor landing. Official cause of death, however, will be listed as strangulation, followed shortly thereafter by defenestration from the eleventh floor window. They'll have to sandblast the street all the way from the Village Cinema to Fairchild Publications. The *National Enquirer* will give this one a cover story.' With these and suchlike lively sentiments of murder I entertained myself and my friends while I awaited that sorry bastard for nearly a month. He never showed.

Mark you, it was not out of fear of me that he never showed. In all the long months that Walley shared copy space with me and the lads here, and the ladies too, I never once betrayed a fingersbreadth of animosity toward David Walley. Animosity was present, of course: let me say that in all my many years' association with

brad H

mother and his race, and his congregation too, a real *boychick*, to grab the old broom and set into sweeping up, first thing he gets in the office: sweeping up my night's deposit of coffecups, cigarette butts, manuscript papers, comic books, ragged typewriter ribbons, Yogurt containers, Exacto blades, border tapes, eraser scrapings, pencil shavings, and who knows, my spits, my vomit, my comestains and my blood. (When pierced by the shaft of inspiration, I tend to lose a lot of weight.) There's the lad, David Walley, your friend and mine, sweeping up the God damned office like a fucking cub scout looking for a kiss from the den mother.

Such a nice boy! Nice! Boy! David Walley is 25, a year and then some older than I am, so why therefore do I feel toward him the same sort of affectionate condescension one mayhap feels toward a parochial school crossing guard, or a clean pony?

Why? Because he really *is* a nice boy, and when he reads this to the accompaniment of the surf thrashing the beach at Block Island, with the erns and terns and kingfishers squalling overhead, and why not a beautiful girl with her head in his lap — for David is not without certain charm for certain women, those unfortunate damaged wretches who like nice boys — when this bitter invective unfolds before his eyes still filmed over with the dew of innocence, he's gonna *shit*. What did I do, he will ask, to deserve this?

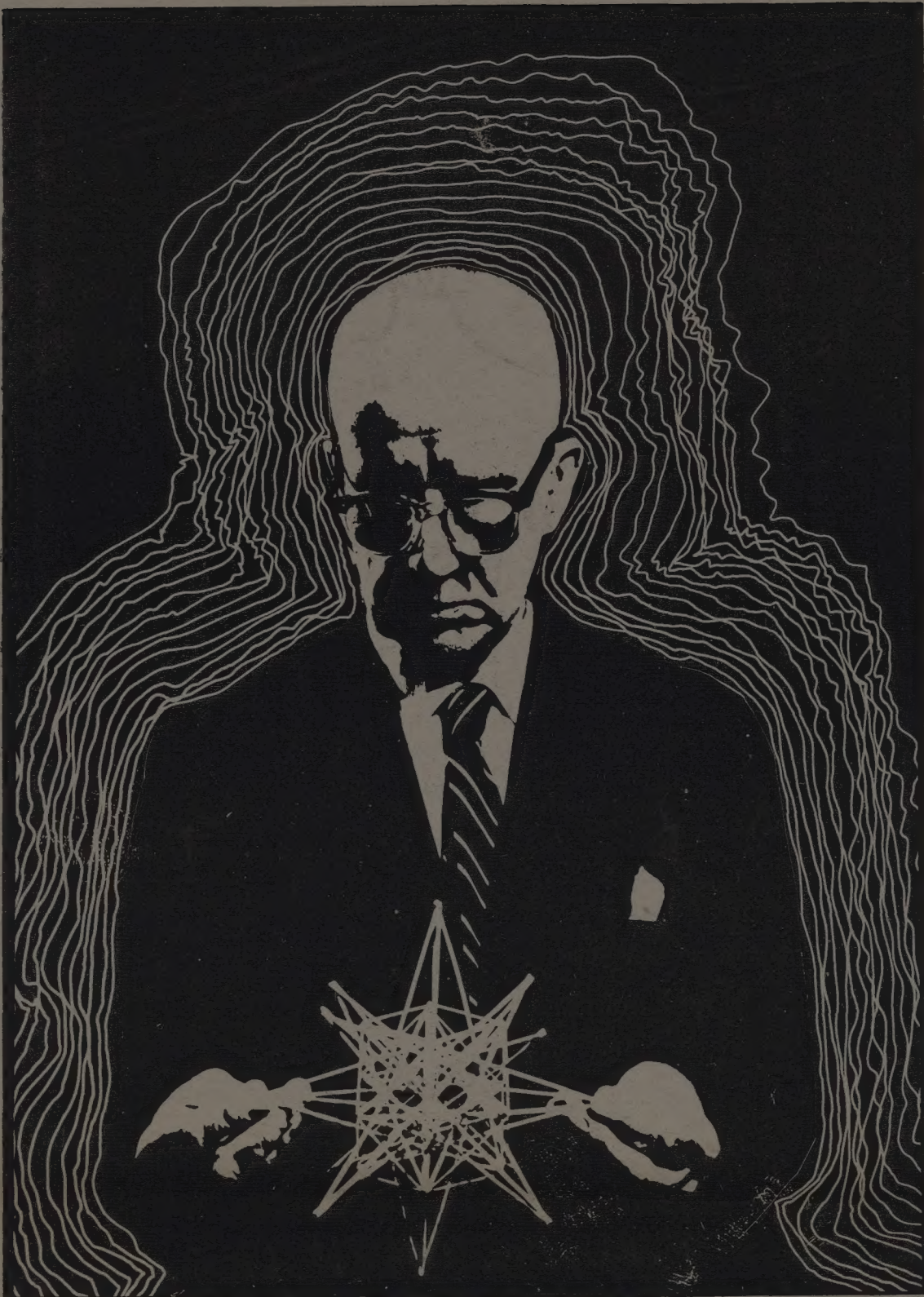
... and so we find what man's real function is, is sorting out his experience, developing what we call the normale, and being useful... we hear people talk about technology as something very threatening, but we are technology, the universe is technology... it's simply a matter of our understanding these things... that nature has these beautiful exchanges... and what's happened was this shortsighted—really scared—fear of man about whether he's going to survive... he's been told there's nowhere nearly enough to go around... therefore you've got to go out and look out for your side, look out for your family—he's got to hold this thing and make the short move...

...so when your young world, like that young girl talking so superbly on earth day, eight year old kid, pure wisdom pouring out, her eyes could see as clear, when she said we ought not to throw away, we ought to reuse, and things like that... that little girl was seeing that... and so the net from all of our extraordinary earth day is that we have all of humanity catching on to things that need to be attended to when they were assuming yesterday someone else was attending to... the fact that they were in such poverty... they had so little

time... they had to work 12 hours or 14 hours a day... my first job i really was working 18 hours a day... you can't get anything done, you go home, i really didn't even have time to think, nor did he have the vocabulary... he didn't have the literacy... the literacy did not come as much out of school as out of radio... the people who had the radio jobs had good diction, good vocabulary

necessary for it, so the kid could listen to a good vocabulary that papa didn't have... and so we really proliferated the capability to communicate... and now that we know how to communicate, we know there are many nuances of information... that little child, impressive beyond her wisdom was the beautiful resource of words that she had which came so spontaneously to her... when i was a little kid all that kids would say was "i don't like it" or "wow"... just make a noise because they didn't have the resources to express it... the same wisdom...

... i think the great beautiful thing that's happening in evolution here is that quite clearly we have gone through a great historical sequence of events... from man as so ignorant and his hunger so great, his needs so great, he doesn't know how to satisfy them so he goes through starvation and he goes through pain and disease... go back to the earliest pharaoh time... life was so bad that nobody thought of life as worthwhile in its own right... therefore the only way you could explain your having such experience was getting yourself ready for afterlife... so everybody thought about afterlife but the fact is part of the experience with so little to go around is that you could only think of the pharaoh...



then in getting ready for the afterlife of the pharaoh you incidentally discover the levers... (in order to take care of the pharaohs what are you going to do?... you know there are thieves everywhere and he's going to need tools after his life so you've got to get all of these fine things under a great stone mountain so it couldn't be stolen and that's why you've got your pyramids...) so the Leonardo type, good-thinker, realizes the lever... he gets an army of prisoners and they use their levers to move those stones around and build that mountain... however, after the pharaoh dies, the leonardo type dies, the people still remember about the lever... they still remember that the leonardo type saw these people falling at the road... they needed food, quite clearly, connected food, so there's the Nile that would bring water into those side layers... and we have fertilization... when the pharaoh dies and that thinker dies, the ditches are still there and the levers are still there, and the people remember there's an accumulation of technical capability so when another man comes along he adds to the inventory of tools... what we may call the scaffolding to make ready for afterlife... finally there's such accumulation of tools and capability and a little more know-how everywhere—

advancement... well, we may be able to take care of the afterlife of the nobles as well as the pharaohs... then the tools increase some more, as they did then, and we say, well, we can take care of the afterlife of the middleclass... and that is exactly where you come into roman and greek history—the individual family mausoleums... finally there's got to be so much tooling around that we've a buddha and a christ and a muhammad coming around saying, you know, i think we can take care of the afterlife of everybody... and so really the christian era of 1500 is getting ready for the afterlife of everybody... the great cathedrals, fantastic things, and you should see the real pathos of that little human being going in there... the great joy that they're going to have afterlife... suddenly there's so much tools accumulated here and the know-how keeps accumulating, and man knows a little bit more about nature and what it can do, and so he says, you know, we can take care of the afterlife of the king, as well as his living life, and still take care of everybody's afterlife... that is what we call the beginning of the *divine right of kings*... then the tools accumulate some more, and so now we can take care of the nobles in their present life, as well as the afterlife for

everybody—the *magna carta days*... then we have so much more proliferation of tools that we know we can take care of the afterlife of everybody, and the king, and the nobles, and the middle class... that's the beginning of the new era, but at this point the leonardo artist-type says, up to now we were using our own hands to make end-products for the patron... so in the victorian era you'll find the beautiful cabinet maker, and you'll find the beautiful shoemaker and tailor... fantastic craftsmen everywhere... but now he says, i can't make end-products for everybody... there aren't enough artists to make end-products for everybody... therefore, we'll have to have an entirely new kind of thing which is our industrial tools, our mass production... and that's what is really come to all of humanity...

...so what we've got to really come to now is developing awareness in that little child... we've got to proliferate the right kind of information... industrialization and technology is not something new... you and i are technology, so superior to any we've ever devised... that camera looks pretty crude along side of my eye, and my eye has always had its own light meter—it's got the whole works...

and so i simply say, if you sm,... then we have so much more proliferation of tools that we know we can take care of... so what we've got to really come to now is developing awareness in that little child... we've got to proliferate the right kind of information... industrialization and technology is not something new... you and i are technology, so superior to any we've ever devised... that camera looks pretty crude along side of my eye, and my eye has always had its own light meter—it's got the whole works... and so i simply say, if you had that camera so it could also rebuild itself and keep itself going and improving itself for the next 70 years then you have something approximating the technology you and i really consist of... technology's not new... we've just been a little too crude at it... our society's got to be sure not to let somebody mislead us... not let our own ignorance mislead us into making the wrong moves...

... in your picture of earth day, if the young people go out with a broom and start collecting, and if they went further than picking out the paper from it and the metal and said we're going to find out how to get those recirculated, then we're really getting somewhere... each one of us is process... we're not things... and so it's fantastic—there's no scientist been asked to look at the plumbing... the best flushing toilet you have is so inefficient that we use 65 volumes of water to get rid of one volume of human waste—but it is waste, and it's very, very valuable chemistry... at the university of illinois way back in 1929 we found that the human excrement in one farm family has in it enough energy to run all the farm machinery... so these are the things—i hope your young world first is getting aware, and then getting to be critical and picking out

things... and now we're really beginning to understand this need of a greater understanding of nature...

... it's very important for me to tell you that the word failure is invented by man just like the word pollution... it's a word of ignorance because nature can't fail... nature knows exactly what she's doing... but when man doesn't understand nature and thinks that this is the way nature behaves, and he tries to make it do this and that's not in her program then it frustrates him and he calls it a failure... but nature doesn't intend to have anything go on for very long... she's always transforming so she has a way of terminating, and when man wants her to go on beyond that termination point then he calls it

(Continued on Page 18)

MANY ECHO

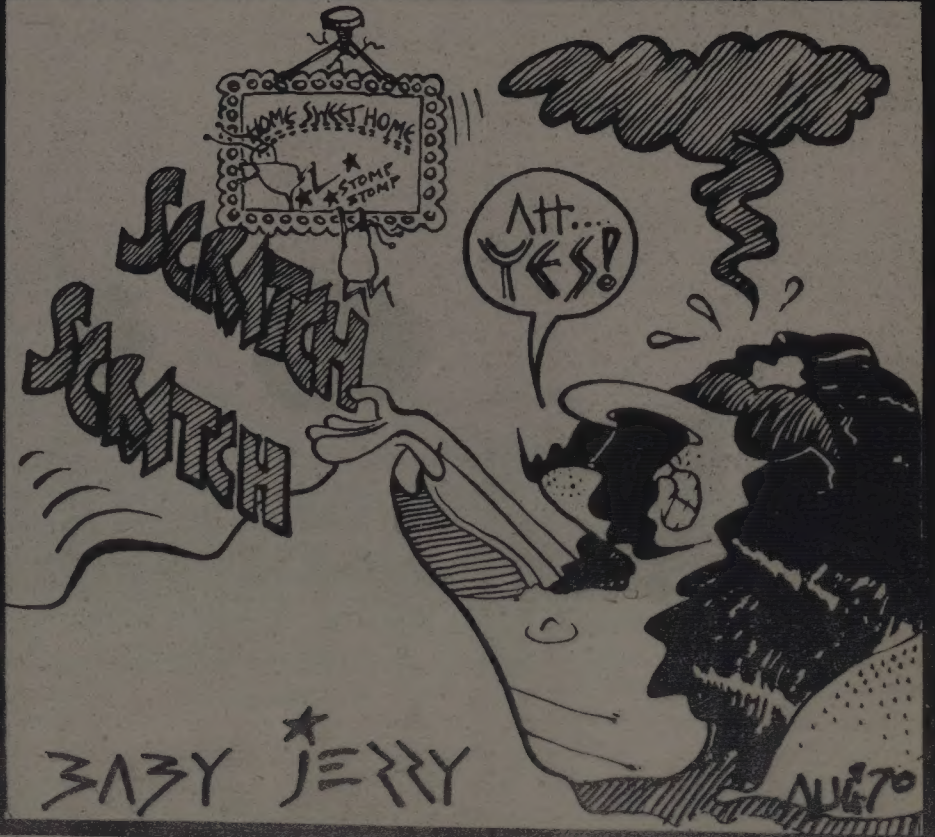
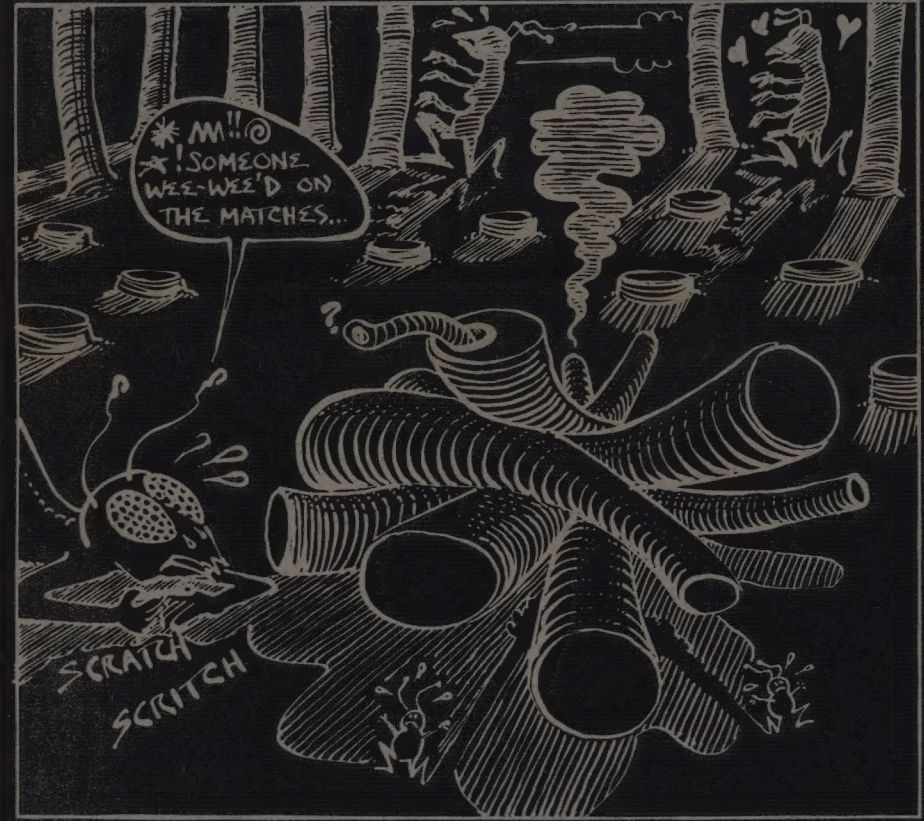
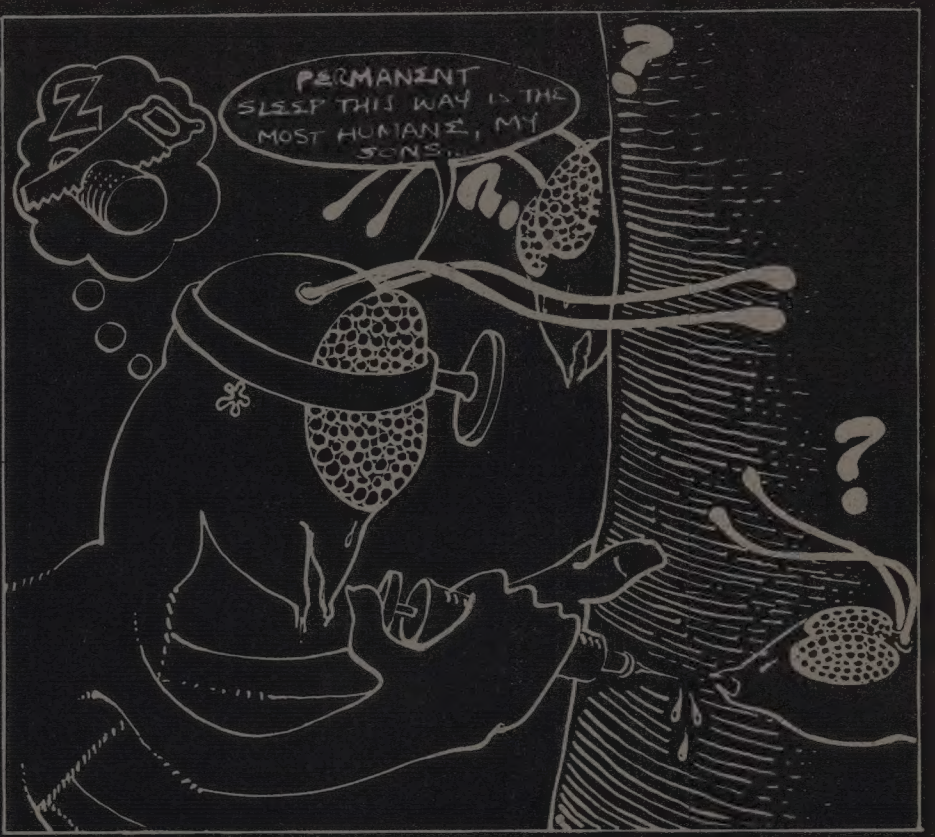
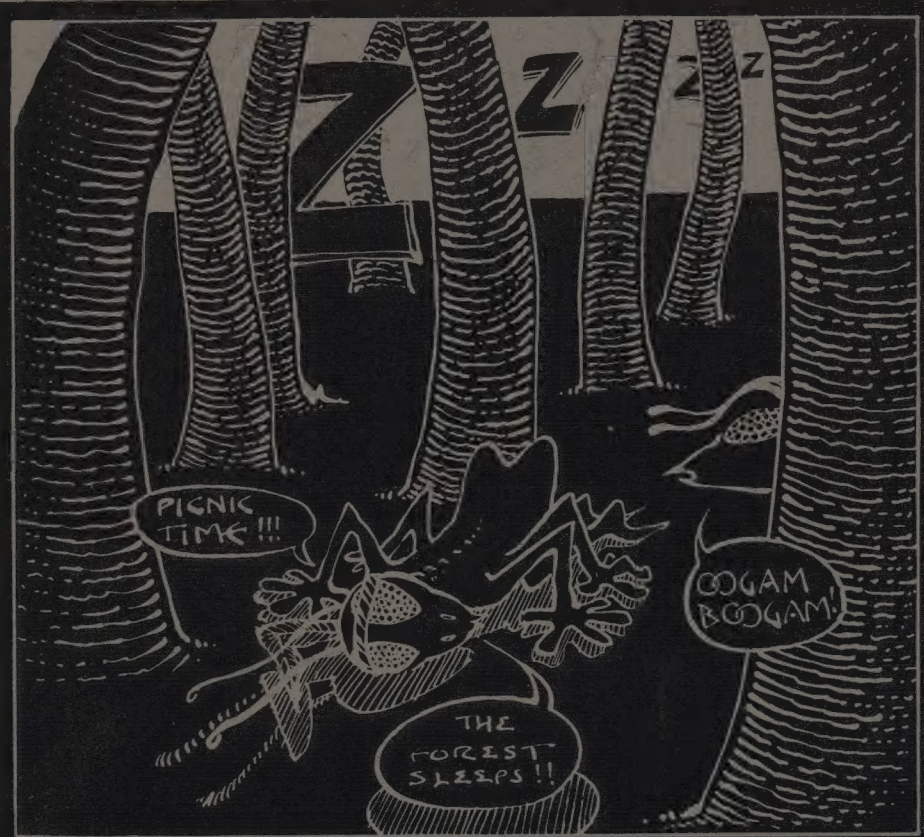
Pirated transcription of
R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER
interview

videotaped by

Raindance Corporation

BOGER...N' PUSSS...

CHAPTER
ECOLOGY UNO!
BLUES





The Mothers of Invention, the infamous & repulsive rocking teen combo, is not doing concerts any more. Jimmy Carl Black (the Indian of the group) has formed another ensemble which he calls Geronimo Black (named after his youngest child). Don (Dom De Wild) Preston is collaborating with avant garde dancer Meredith Monk in performances of electronic music. Ian Robertson Underwood is preparing material for a solo album. Roy Estrada, Bunk Gardner, Buzz Gardner & Art Tripp are doing studio work in Hollywood. Motorhead (James Euclid) Sherwood is working on his bike & preparing for a featured role in a film with Captain Beefheart. Frank Zappa is producing various artists for his record companies, Bizarre and Straight (which he co-owns with Herb Cohen), working on film & television projects & is currently writing arrangements for a new album by French jazz violinist Jean Luc Ponty. This Ponty album, to be released on World Pacific, will mark the first attempt by any other artist to record a whole album's worth of Zappa's writing, exclusive of the Mothers of Invention interpretations.

It is possible that, at a later date, when audiences have properly assimilated the recorded work of the group, a re-formation might take place. The following is a brief summary of The Mothers' first five years of musical experimentation & development.

In 1965 a group was formed called The Mothers. In 1966 they made a record which began a musical revolution. The Mothers invented Underground Music. They also invented the double-fold rock album & the concept of making a rock album a total piece of music. The Mothers showed the way to dozens of other groups (including The Beatles & Stones) with their researches & experimentation in a wide range of musical styles & mediums.

The Mothers set new standards for performance. In terms of pure musicianship, theatrical presentation, formal concept & sheer absurdity, this one ugly band demonstrated to the music industry that it was indeed possible to make the performance of electric music a valid artistic expression.

In 1967 (April through August), The Garrick Theater on Bleecker

Street in New York was devastated by cherry bombs, mouldering vegetables, whipped cream, stuffed giraffes & depraved plastic frogs... the whole range of expressive Americana... all of it neatly organized into what people today would probably call a "Love-Rock Long-Hair Tribal Musical." The Mothers called it "Pigs & Repugnant: Absolutely Free" (an off off-Broadway musical)... it was in its third month when "Hair" first opened.

The Mothers was the first big electric band. They pioneered the use of amplified and/or electronically modified woodwind instruments... everything... from piccolo to bassoon. They were the first to use the wah wah pedal on guitar as well as horns and electric keyboard instruments. They laid some of the theoretical groundwork which influenced the design of many commercially manufactured electro-musical devices.

The Mothers managed to perform in alien time signatures & bizarre harmonic climates with a subtle ease that led many to believe it was all happening in 4/4 with a teen-age back beat. Through their use of procedures normally associated with contemporary "serious music" (unusual percussion techniques, electronic music, the use of sound in blocks, strands, sheets and vapors), The Mothers were able to direct the attention of a large number of young people to the work of many contemporary composers.

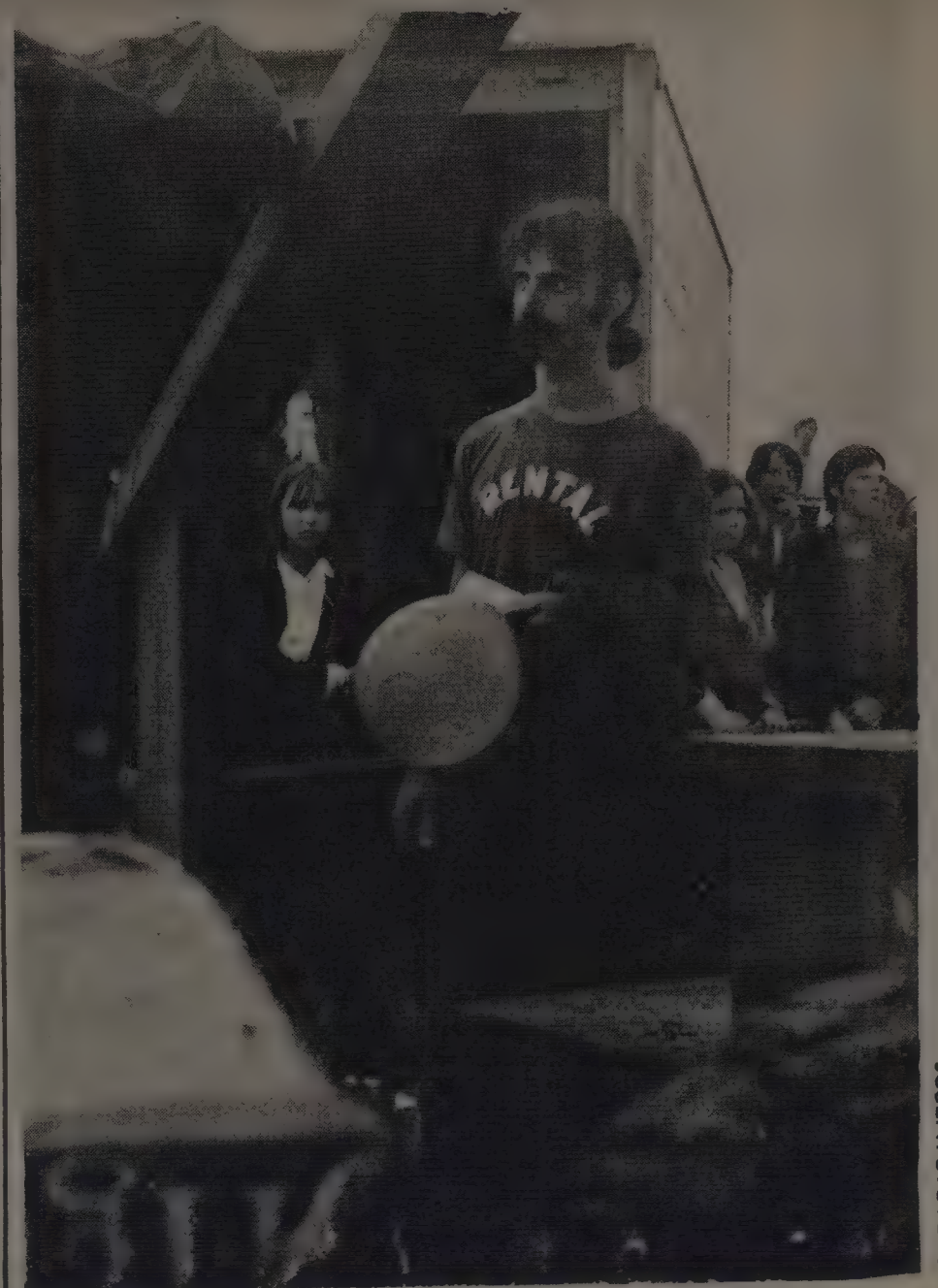
In 1968 Ruben Sano lifted his immense white-gloved hand, made his fingers go "snat!" and instantly Neo-Greaser Rock was born. A single was released from Ruben's boss album (remember "Cruisin' with Ruben & The Jets"?) called "Deseri." It was played on many AM stations (actually rising to No.39 on the Top Forty at KIOA in Des Moines, Iowa) until programmers discovered Ruben & the Jets was really The Mothers under a disguise.



Meanshile, the so-called Underground FM stations could boast (because they were so cool and far out) that they actually went so far as to play The Mothers of Invention on their stations. Yes. Boldly they'd whip a few cuts from "Freak Out" on their listeners between the steady stream of important blues numbers.

And then, of course, there was "Uncle Meat," recorded back to back with "Ruben & The Jets" (a somewhat unusual production procedure). In spite of the musical merit of the album, the only thing that drew any attention was the fact that several words, in common usage, were included in candid dialogue sections.

Awaiting release is a collection of 12 complete albums of Mothers' music, a retrospective exhibition of the group's most interesting work, covering a span from two years prior to the actual formation of the ensemble, through August 1969. Included in the collection is documentary material from first rehearsals, tracing the development of the group through to its most recent live performances in the U.S. and Europe, some of which have become almost legendary. To those people who cared at all about The Mothers' musical explorations (and also those who didn't care & who wish to be merely entertained), this collection will prove of great interest.



HEAD CRAFT

by renfrew neff

One of the most exciting side-effects of the drug-rock-liberation phenomenon... the alternate culture, if you will... is the way it dresses, its spontaneous, uninhibited mode that is not fashion but Style. Style is an individual thing which, at its best, does not relate to either 7th or Madison Avenue. At its worst it is self-conscious, contrived, as "plastic" as the hippy-cliche of Paraphernalia or the hippy-inspired expensive spin-offs of couture boutiques like Adolpho or St. Laurent's Rive Gauche. As plastic as fake snake and those truly weird creations that look like sadie-masie shower curtains. So much for its worst.

At its best it relates directly to the counter-culture that either created it or adopted it from earlier cultures. This is an interesting thing to note, for despite its easy experimentation with new art forms, new life styles and new ways of communication, despite the way technology is taken for granted and used toward those ends, in the fundamental areas of food and clothing, this new culture takes its influences and inspirations from earlier, more primitive societies; as it prefers organically grown, "natural" foods, macrobiotics and vegetarianism, so its decorative arts reflect a revival of interest in and appreciation of ancient crafts and folk arts. Technology and handcrafting are equal parts of the new consciousness, the new sense of beauty that, while separating the two, gives each its rightful, respected place in the culture.

The handcrafts movement, specifically here in terms of clothing, has been spearheaded by a number of young talents at work across the country, its centers being New York, New Mexico, Colorado and California. Some of these

people are craftsmen, some are designers, others are unusually gifted entrepreneurs whose talent is discernment and taste and the ability to bring this new sensibility to the public. What sets them apart is their approach to their work as an art form rather than fashion, an approach that has given a remarkable dimension to both art and fashion. These talents have carved out a very special area for themselves, one not easily defined or labeled, but one whose influences are clearly visible within their own culture. But to an even greater extent their influence has shaken mainstream retailing by completely reversing the once-accepted top-to-bottom, couture to street, flow of fashion.

In New York the most original outlets are located in the East Village, shops like Knobkerry and Dakota Transit, to name a couple, but the most extraordinary of these coalitions of artistry and ideas is the no-name shop at 321 East 9th St. sometimes known as Stella and Collette's. Stella Douglas and Colette Mimram are two very attractive, very together personalities who also happen to be extremely capable and energetic entrepreneurs. Both were born in Franch Morocco, both were stylists for fashion photographers before opening their shop about a year-and-a-half ago, and together they possess an uncanny instinct for design and people... and for sometimes putting the two together at their own financial disadvantage, a "fault" which Stella attributes to her unerring faculty for discernment while Colette dismisses it with a philosophic shrug, explaining, "We ourselves make very little money, because we are mainly concerned with the artists whose work we handle. We are more or less agents for them, and in this

(Continued on Page 17)

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES



PHOTO: GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA

Two Festivals are still trying to buck the tide of recent events and going ahead with plans to bring 'em off. One of them is already running into problems, but the promoters say it's still on.

Strawberry Fields lost its original site on the ocean in New Brunswick (damn shame, too, since it sounded great) and is now scheduled for Mosport Park, outside of Toronto, on August 7 through the 9th. Only one difference: an auto race is scheduled for the same three days and it is now billed as the First Strawberry Cup Trophy Race, with the music and other "attractions" (a carnival...?) sharing the bill. So now you have either two reasons for dropping \$15 to go or one (or two) for *not* going, depending on your attitude towards auto races & festivals. Anyway, just having a ticket will get you across the border, in case you have such inclinations, without any hassles from the immigration folks. Dig it?

Another Festival, which we wholeheartedly endorse as being one of the few legitimate musical events anywhere, is the Philadelphia Folk Festival sponsored by the Philadelphia Folksong Society (a non-profit thing). I went last year and had a fine, peaceful weekend on the farm where it is held just outside of Schwenksville (north of Philly). Tickets cost \$15 for the weekend, plus \$2 for camping on the grounds. There are, besides the music, craft & work shops and swimming in a stream that runs alongside the site.

The list of artists appearing is so long I can't possibly include them all here. Some are well-known, others known only

to folk music buffs, but it is literally a "something for everyone" affair. There isn't the usual "star power" bullshit of other festivals, which not only keeps the numbers down to those who seriously dig good music but makes it all pretty easy going as well. From New York, it's about a two-hour drive (more in such wheels as VW busses). Anyway, it's all gettin' together August 28, 29 & 30. In NYC, you can get information/tickets at the Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Ave. in the Village. Don't miss it if you dig any kind of folk music and are getting a little bored with listening to your old Elektra sides.

FUCK FESTIVALS?

If you think festivals are a fucking teeny-bopper bore but want to go to the country and dig some sounds, you might go up to the (new) Berkshire Music Barn (also known as the Musin Inn) in Western Massachusetts, between Lenox & Stockbridge in the Berkshires. While star-power is used as a Saturday night draw (James Taylor last weekend, Mountain on August 15th), local groups (rock, jazz, folk) play regularly Wednesdays thru Sundays. Some of the locals include Quarry (a knock-out group at the Woodstock Festival Free Stage last year, although I hear their drummer is no longer with them, and he was at that time the most inspiring member of Quarry), From North, Clean Living and Steve Eliot.

The Music Barn was, in days of olde, noted primarily for what was then called "long hair" music and jazz presentations. (Even now a group called Bach's Uncle

MUSIC- FEST news

by John da Swede



PHOTO: WARREN FOWLER

plays Baroque there). It looks like "our generation" has taken over.

The main event costs \$3.50, but music can be heard in the Courtyard for a quarter to a half a buck and movies can be seen for the same prices. There's no camping on the grounds but there are regular camping grounds in the area. Also, if you don't dig hot dogs and hamburgers

(ugh!) bring your own food. From NYC, it's a three-hour drive up the Taconic Parkway, not too bad for an inexpensive, easy-going weekend trip. I may not make it up there for a couple weeks, so we would dig it if one of our readers would bring back a first-hand report of the action there. Otherwise, you're on your own.

ORGE OF SHANE

CONCLUSION

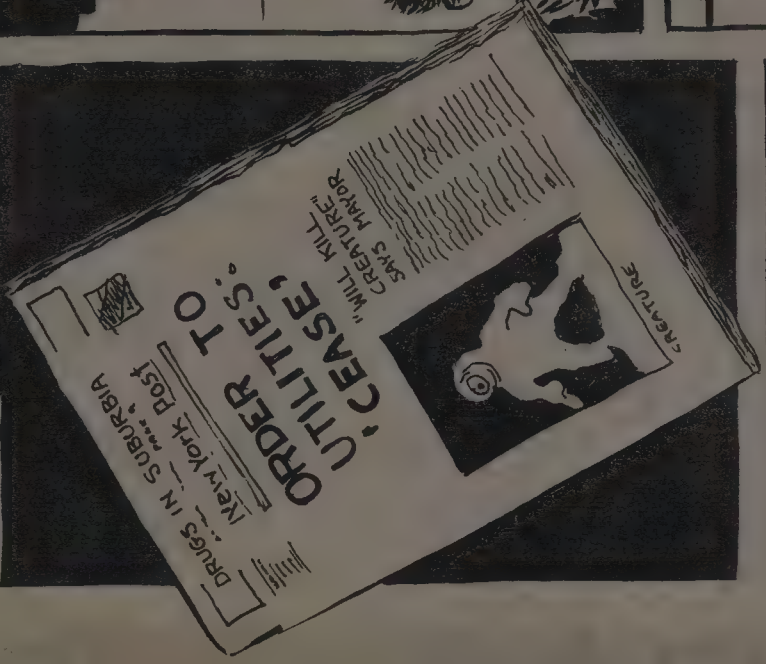
©1970 VOSSARIAN/LESHNER P&G CO.



NICK SPUNK HAS GIVEN HIS LIFE TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE CREATURE; BUT THIS WAS NOT A VAIN GESTURE AS BEFORE HIS END HE DISCOVERED THE MONSTERS ONE VULNERABILITY

THEY SAID HE WAS FAMOUS.

AND THAT EVENING THE PAPERS ANNOUNCE



WHEN THE PEOPLE HEAR THE NEWS OF THEIR REPRIEVE THERE RE- JOICING THROUGH THE NIGHT



AND SO THE WORLD ENDS NOT WITH A BANG BUT A FRELMCH?



DR. TITSANASSKY QUICKLY INFORMS MAYOR FIORELLO FAROUK OF THE SOLUTION

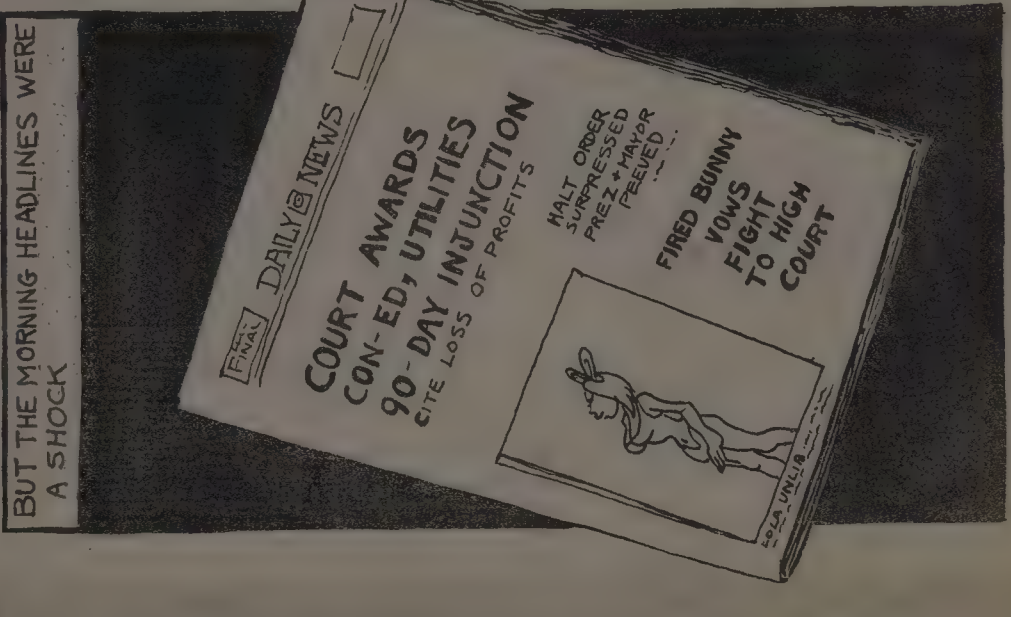
THAT'S ALL YA' GOTTA DO POOPSIE.

YA MEAN IF WE CLEAN DE AIR DE TING WILL GO AWAY?

AND A HURRIED CALL IS PLACED TO THE PRESIDENT

ZZZZZ
GONNA BLOW THOSE FUCKIN' CHINKS TA SHIT...
ZZZZZ DONT TOUCH ME!
WAZZAT WAZZAT

WHICH BEGINS A FULL DAY OF HURRIED DISCUSSION.



BUT THE MORNING HEADLINES WERE A SHOCK



FRELMCH!

THE BIG APPLE BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH

O.K. It's a drag having to report this, but, from the medical front, namely Dr. Jef Arlen of the St Marks Free Clinic, it appears that the village disease is out again in epidemic proportions. Both Arlen and the Earth Peoples Park Commune have recommended the wearing of condoms when balling (unless you're sticking to one person) as that is the only way to escape the dreaded threat of GONORRHEA.

If you're interested in ecology, avoid using colored toilet paper, facial tissues, and paper towels, as the paper dissolves in water, but the dye lingers on. Also, if you smoke filter tipped cigarettes, don't flush them down the toilet as they ruin sewage.

Enough of this anal orientation.

ANNOUNCING (fanfare of trumpets) the EVO awards for outstanding advertising decadence and commercial irresponsibility on TV from September 1969 to August 1970, as a way to pick up the drag of summer replacements. Here is a list of categories for TV commercial awards. EVO readers are all members of the Academy and can all vote. Just have your votes in by Labor Day, so we can tally the results before the new fiscal year begins.

1. Most annoying commercial (dramatic)
2. Most annoying commercial (musical)
3. Most insulting commercial (dramatic)
4. Most insulting commercial (musical)
5. Most frustrating commercial (dramatic)
6. Most frustrating commercial (musical)
7. Most boring commercial (dramatic)
8. Most boring commercial (musical)
9. Most repressive commercial (dramatic)
10. Most repressive commercial (musical)
11. Most poorly made commercial (dramatic)
12. Most poorly made commercial (musical)
13. Commercial most artistically consistent in being poorly made (dramatic)
14. Commercial most artistically consistent in being poorly made (musical)
15. Most hated actor in a dramatic commercial
16. Most hated actress in a dramatic commercial
17. Most hated actor in musical commercial
18. Most hated actress in musical commercial
19. Most hated product
20. The commercial that most exposes where Amerika is at (inadvertently of course)
21. Commercial most irrelevant of its product
22. Most irrelevant commercial
23. The commercial you'd most like to have TV time to rebut
24. Worst commercial by a politician
25. Commercial bad enough to make you turn off your TV

I realize that in many of these categories there could be a doubt as how to vote. For example, in the most insulting category, one commercial might win hands down as most insulting to women, while another might be equally as insulting to blacks, and so forth. In such cases, split the categories up and send in as many sub-category selections as you like. But please, no popularity contests. In case of a tie, the winner will be selected by the proportion of their affiliation with the government — although that's one place where their all sure to be tied.

THIS IS NOT A FREE FESTIVAL THIS IS NOT A FREE FESTIVAL THIS IS NOT FREE THIS IS NOT A THIS IS NOT NOT

This is barbed wire at every entrance and pigs at every exit. This is your prison — enjoy yourself.

Sooner or later it's gonna stop being a confusion in the pit of our stomachs. It's gonna be part of our consciousness that we are tired of rock festival spectatorship — that we really go to dig each other. When that consciousness reaches enough of us, promoters and permits will be dead terms. Maybe someday high school consciousness will have permeated the world and you'll have to have a yellow pass to leave your apartment, but, until that day, 100,000 people could decide to drop in on Central Park of an afternoon and . . .

If it ain't advertised except by the Intergalactic Brain Wave, then no permit will be needed and no promoter could try to rip it off, and they'dnt never know where or when it would happen next. Most of all, they wouldn't know WHY. We really don't need a context or a rock star to bring us together. Or do we?

The equation is very simple:

ROCK = MONEY
MONEY = BARBED WIRE,
PERMITS, PIGS
PROMOTERS

O.K. Festivals look like they're failing, but rock stars are still sitting in their limousines until the bread comes through.

And so, at Forest Hills this group of kids were talkin to some lady on the OTHER side of the fence, sayin that they wanted to be rock stars because of the money.

But Jesus and Shakespeare and other rock stars of past times all said "Know thyself," and maybe we can extend that to "Know thy message" and the rock message looks an awful lot like the stock market to me.

So somehow this is all leading up to Leonard Cohen at Forest Hills. Beyond my depression and his depression and his 'army's' depression about being in the concentration camp, there was a point where they really got it on.

The words were something Leonard Cohen saw written on this placard that a blind man was wearing. They were:

Please don't pass me by
For I am blind
But you can see
I've been blinded totally
Please don't pass me by

I'm glad I was around for that one. But how is it that some people act like they don't know what those words mean, and moreover, don't think those words have anything to do with them?

So Leonard Cohen sings about oppression, and in one center of oppression he stalked his limelit cage like a perfunctorily civilized animal on the verge of becoming a crying saint. And he couldn't see the people. AND HE COULDN'T AND WE COULDN'T

AND HE COULDN'T
AND WE COULDN'T
AND HWE COULDN'T

And he'll never be at Forest Hills again — under those circumstances. Neither will I.

On July 21, an art show, loosely called the Liberated Biennale, opened at Museum, at 729 Broadway.

The aftermath of the slayings of the Kent State Four brought with it a mass art meeting at Loeb Student Center. It was decided there that artists would not allow the government to use their works to represent Amerikan Kultchah. And so, twenty six artists removed their works from the Venice Biennale in protest of Amerikan policies.

The show at Museum, which will be running until September 15, has had its share of problems. It was originally

scheduled to open at the School of Visual Arts. Arguments arose that the show should not be limited to the twenty six who were chosen for the Venice bonanza, as those works were selected by an agent of the establishment, namely, Henry Popkin. So the show was declared open. Then some artists argued that minority groups were not fairly represented. Somewhere around here the show was stolen by one faction. Last Sunday night another faction 're-appropriated' the show — or Bonnie and Clyde hit SoHo.

Efforts were made to contact all 'minority' groups. But some artists then felt that having any show would take away from the political thrust of entirely removing their works from the art scene. The majority, however, were in favor of a show that would represent the entire art community. An Alternate Show. (You can still bring works up there if you choose)

The show contains very little of the original twenty six, and of those, there is only a half hearted representation. One would think that if these particular artists

felt this show to be a viable form of protest, they would donate, not merely prints, but their best works for their alleged brothers and sisters. But God only knows that there are some brothers and sisters only too eager to rip off a Rauschenberg — and so the game goes on.

Well, the collection of posters is nice, although we've seen all of them before: student strike posters, Womens Lib, Panthers, YAWF, Vietnam, Gay Lib, Young Lords, and one by the Last of the Last Poets, Felipe Luciano.

To me, the most telling thing about the show was a space of wall next to the aforementioned Rauschenberg, with two sheets of paper taped on, stating that a particular artist (the name escapes me) had staked his claim there. That piece of wall was HIS.

Yes, it's all part of life's rich pageant — or once more around the meat section of THE BIG APPLE.

Movie Calendar

VILLAGE AREA

ART (GR3-7014), 8st St. & Univ. Pl.

"Z"

BLEECKER ST. (OR4-3210), Blkr. St. & La Guardia
"Brand X"

CHARLES (GR5-4210), Ave. B

Emphatically refused to give schedule

8th STREET (GR7-7874), 8th St. Btw 5 & 6 Aves.

AUG. 4 "Passion of Anna"

AUG. 5-6 "Breathless"

AUG. 7-8 "Pierre le Fou"

AUG. 9 "My Life to Live"

AUG. 10 "Married Woman"

ELGIN (Or5-0935), 8th Ave. & 19th St.

AUG. 4-5 "Potemkin" and

"Alexander Nevsky"

AUG. 6-10 "Shoot the Piano Player"

and "The 400 Blows"

FIFTH AVE. (WA4-8339), 5th Ave.

"La Guerre est Finie"

OTHER THEATRES

SUTTON (PL9-1411), 57th and 3rd

"Catch 22"

TRANS LUX EAST (PL9-2262), 3rd & 58th

"M*A*S*H"

THALIA (AC2-3370), B'way & 95th St.

AUG. 4 "Darling" and "Girl

with the Green Eyes"

AUG. 5 "Psychology in Films"

AUG. 6 "World of Henry Orient"

and "After the Fox"

AUG. 7 "The Stranger"

and "Persona"

AUG. 8 "Million Dollar Legs"

and "Tillie and Gus"

AUG. 9 "The Barefoot Contessa"

and "The Night of the Hunter"

AUG. 10 "La Prisonniere" and

"Wages of Fear"

PEOPLES VIDEO THEATRE (691-3254), 544 Ave. of Amer.

8:00 Tour of El Barrio with Minister of Young Lords

Gay Lib tape

Video Poll

10:30 Documentary of 15th St. squatters

Randall's Island

Liberated Biennale

Video experiments

\$1.50 and free coffee

*Program subject to change

canada

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student status can generally work — during vacations and part-time in session — if, in the eyes of the Immigration Department, the job does not interfere with his studies. A student's wife, if she accompanies him, is issued a "Temporary Entry Certificate"; she might get permission to work too. After graduation, one is in a very favorable position to become a landed immigrant. Under the new Regulations, a student or his wife cannot work in Canada without the written permission of an Immigration officer. A Student Entry Certificate is given on a year to year basis.

B. Procedure. Regardless of the way in which he applies, the student will need (1) a letter of acceptance from the university or college, and (2) evidence of adequate funds — i.e. proof of any financial assets which he has and/or a letter from his parents stating that they will provide him with funds. (Students often have not needed to draw on these sources of money, since they — or their wives — have been able to work, but one is nevertheless supposed to show that he can meet his expenses without working.) It may prove helpful for him to have a letter from a "responsible member of his community testifying to his character and background."

There are three ways to apply for the Student Entry Certificate: (1) by mail: if one has sufficient time, he can submit his application to the Regional Director of Immigration nearest to his destination, (2) at the border: if one has the documents mentioned above when he first enters Canada, he can present them at that time and receive the Certificate, (3) from within Canada: one can enter Canada as a visitor and subsequently gain admission to a school and apply for the Student Entry Certificate.

C. Comments. The foreign student advisor at the school has often been able to simplify and facilitate dealings with the Immigration Department.

A person whose landed immigrant application has been rejected for reasons other than belonging to a "prohibited

class" could probably obtain a Student Entry Certificate if he were accepted by a Canadian college or university and intended to become a bona fide student.

IV. VISITOR

Americans can enter Canada quite easily as visitors, or tourists. The encounter with the border official is generally brief — he asks for identification, the purpose of the visit, and the expected length of stay. A visitor should have a round-trip ticket. Often, one must satisfy the official that he has enough cash to cover his expenses during his stay. One should be prepared for the possibility of further questions. One may receive a pink paper which states that he can only stay in Canada as a visitor until a certain date. The visitor also speaks to a customs official, who may want to look at his belongings. If he has a car, a permit for its use in Canada will be issued for a specific period — never more than six months.

A visitor is not supposed to work or attend school without adjusting his status with the Immigration Department.

V. MISCELLANEOUS AND GENERAL COMMENTS

Citizens or permanent residents of the U.S. do not need either passports or visas to enter Canada. They should have papers establishing their identity and citizenship (a birth certificate is best).

Appearance and attitude may be important factors in any encounter with immigration officials, regardless of whether one is attempting entry into Canada as a visitor, student, or landed immigrant. The individual who has been respectable in appearance and straightforward and co-operative in manner has had a much smoother crossing than the individual who presented another sort of face.

Unmarried couples may be asked embarrassing questions. If they travel by public conveyance, it is probably best they come in as individuals.

Persons who have acquainted themselves as thoroughly as possible with Canadian immigration policy and procedures, considered carefully how these relate to their individual situations,

and then made all advisable preparations, have found themselves well-equipped to handle the process of entering Canada and acquiring the desired status from the Immigration Department.

VI. RELATION TO THE DRAFT

It is the present policy of the Immigration Department that the fact that the granting of landed immigrant status will have the effect of permitting an individual to evade the U.S. draft is not relevant to the question of his suitability as a landed immigrant. Although Canada does not encourage draft evasion, it is no bar, in itself, to entry. However, due to the range of discretion allowed an immigration official, it is possible that his personal feelings on the question of the draft may influence his decision. Some officials may view with favor the fact that an American seriously intends to become a Canadian citizen and in light of that does not consider that he has an obligation to serve in the army of the country he was born in but has chosen to leave. Other officials, however, may consider that military obligation morally binding and may question such an American's character. Therefore, applicants subject to the draft have generally considered it advisable not to mention their status. There is no question relating to this on the form, so persons who apply by mail are not asked. Immigration officials have been instructed by the Minister not to ask draft status. They have generally obeyed this prohibition in Vancouver.

VII. DESERTERS

According to the announcement of the Minister of Immigration dated May 22, 1969, military status will no longer have any affect on a person's immigration to Canada. This was specifically aimed at clarifying the question of the status of U.S. army deserters in Canada. Border officials are instructed not to ask for separation papers, or ask whether or not the applicant is AWOL or a deserter. This means that the deserter can apply and expect to be judged under the same law as a draft dodger or any immigrant for that matter. We are in the process of checking to see exactly how this ruling is

in fact implemented. Until we are more sure of the demonstrated good will of officials at the border, it is recommended that all deserters come in as visitors and see a Committee to be counselled. Because of the possibility of appealing a deportation order issued from within the country (See section X), a greater number of well qualified deserters may wish to apply at an immigration office within Canada. This will depend on the individual case, however.

VIII. RENUNCIATION OF U.S. CITIZENSHIP

An individual who is not resident in the United States and is not an American citizen is not subject to U.S. draft law. It seems possible for an American to void his selective service obligations if he becomes a resident of another country and renounces his American citizenship before he has committed any offense against selective service law. The point of doing this is to be able to return to the United States without facing trial there.

However, if one does renounce citizenship then entry into the U.S. is no longer automatic and one can be barred from the country. Further, there are serious risks and some inconveniences associated with the period of statelessness which follows renunciation.

One should not consider renunciation until he is a permanent resident (in Canada, a landed immigrant) of another country.

This is a bare outline of the questions involved in renunciation. The Committee has printed separately detailed and current information on this matter which anyone considering renunciation should obtain.

IX. EXTRADITION

Extradition is the surrender by Canada at the request of the United States of a person presently within the jurisdiction of Canada who is accused of or had been convicted of a crime committed within the jurisdiction of the U.S. One can only be extradited for crimes listed in the extradition treaties between the two countries. The treaties do not include any

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head craft

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way we help them to produce, because they are terrible at organization and don't like the business end of it. We love our work, working with these people and helping to expose their talent. For us the most boring part of our work is collection money from our clients."

This seeming casualness is deceptive in view of their taste and awareness and the love that goes into the work they handle... the incredible leather trips of John Bowman and Tim DeWitt and the Cloud Farm Commune (formerly the Woodstock Leather Commune), the handpainted leatherwork of Pablo and Delia, Sylvia Jorin's beautiful tie-dyed silks and the exquisite hand-embroidered shifts and caftans brought back from their trips to Morocco... all of it displayed with an unstudied orderliness that lends the tiny shop a distinctively European character. Stella and Colette came in contact with John and Tim's commune through a shop called Wisdom & Folly, then located directly across the street from the present one, which was the birthplace of fringed and beaded leather outfits... designs so unique they are always immediately recognizable from

every pallid copy that comes down just about every street these days. The Wisdom & Folly group was tired of the business end of the work, so Stella and Colette decided to help them by setting up a retail outlet for workshops and artists whose creations were original, unique and tasteful. Shortly thereafter the two young entrepreneurs realized that they couldn't specialize in just leather art, mainly because there was so much time involved with the creation of a single piece. As Stella describes the gradual process of expansion, "We went to London and took the whole Ossie Clark trip, but that was over very soon for us. We finally decided that the most exciting 'new' crafts were the old ones from Morocco, and since we knew them so well, we decided to introduce them here."

Fashion was the main thing until a few months ago when they transformed the basement into a showroom of decorative crafts, an exotic environment of carpets and curtains, wall-hangings, ceramics, much of it antique, but all one-of-a-kind items brought back from their trips to Morocco. This jumble of colour and patterns was such a success that it's almost empty now, the few remaining fabrics and ceramic pieces moved into the shop upstairs until there is time for another Moroccan search. Ten years ago these things were very easy to find and reasonable in price, but as tourism attracted increasing waves of travellers to Morocco, its decorative arts suddenly

became popular and the finely crafted items, once so abundant, became scarce and very expensive. Another important factor was that the young generation lost interest in the native handicrafts. Embroidery, weaving, the craft tradition is dying, and machines have been introduced in even the most remote villages where magnificent carpets were once woven by hand. Where handwork is still being done, part of the operation today is often done by machine. The quality declines as the prices increase.

"The genius in business is the murderer of native arts," bemoans Stella. The North African crafts are the best because they are funky, yet simple and beautiful. Of these countries, Morocco had the most cultured upper class, these people loved the art, the music and poetry of their own country and they dug its crafts. But the young people now are more concerned with politics and are into a very European trip. What remains of the real handicrafts are now totally unique and irreplaceable... I don't know how many of our clients realize the value of the things they buy from us. We were the first to bring over this Moroccan stuff... now everyone is selling it uptown."

As for the new craftsmen, the craft-artists whose work she handles: "The most exciting part of all of this is the people we work with. All of their ideas deal with fashion, but it is really something else. For example, John Bowman deals with art in the leather

medium. He is concerned with environmental things like his fantastic leather wall-hangings, and he has also made some unbelievable outfits for rock musicians. Whatever he makes is quite its own thing, because John is the most organic, original and gifted artist. He is so full of creative energy, and the Cloud Farm commune where he and Tim DeWitt live is into a completely organic and very beautiful life style. They are a group of about fifteen extremely together who are really into starting from scratch and creating unusual things. One of them is starting to sculpt in bone, and now they want to make soaps and honey and all kinds of organic products."

The future plans of Stella and Colette are equally as interesting, though still tentative as of now: perhaps a shop in London, mainly because many of their artists are depressed by the political situation here; in the meantime, a trip this month to London to look into the possibilities for a fall exhibit of the best of the new American craft-artists; a similar show here in New York, this being foremost in their plans.

"We sell as much to our own people as to the establishment," Stella explains, "but I'm not interested in showing uptown cats what we're doing. I want to show our people what is being done. Only the best of these artists from all over the country will be shown. I think it is important to do this, to show this beautiful energy that comes from our new culture."

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offenses connected with the selective service laws or any strictly military offenses. Desertion is not itself extraditable.

It is specified in the treaties that "no person surrendered by or to either of the high contracting parties shall be triable or be tried for any crime or offense committed prior to his extradition, other than the offense for which he was surrendered . . ."

The treaties are American law as well as Canadian, and so should be available in any law library.

X. DEPORTATION

Deportation is an act of the Canadian government returning a person resident in Canada to the country from which he came.

Any non-citizen, except a landed immigrant who has been in Canada for five years, can be deported if he is found to have been a member of a prohibited class at time of entry into Canada or if he has become a member of a prohibited class since admission to Canada, or if he gained entry by fraudulent or improper means.

A visitor or student may also be deported for violations of the terms of his entry permit.

A warrant in the U.S. for an offense which is not extraditable will not subject

a person to deportation.

A landed immigrant who has been resident in Canada for five years but has not become a citizen is said to have acquired domicile. A person with domicile can be deported only if: he is found to be a member of a subversive organization or engages in subversive activities, he has been convicted of an offense involving disloyalty to the Queen, he has — outside of Canada — engaged in activities detrimental to the security of Canada, or he has been convicted of certain offenses under the Narcotic Control Act.

A Canadian citizen cannot be deported.

At a deportation hearing, one has the right of legal counsel. There is an Appeal Board and, finally, a review of the Board's decision by the Minister of Immigration.

A person about to be deported generally has the opportunity to leave voluntarily for another country. This could be Sweden.

The drug laws are if anything more repressive and the rights of citizens in regard to search and seizure by policemen much weaker than in the States; so: beware.

XI. CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AGENCIES

Further information and application forms can be obtained from any Canadian consulate. Five consulates have immigration personnel on their staffs: in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Denver. Other consulates are

in Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, New Orleans, Seattle and Philadelphia. In Washington, there is the Embassy.

If consulate officials give information which contradicts anything in this pamphlet, their information may or may not be reliable and one should investigate further.

XII. FURTHER INFORMATION

The Committee has printed supplementary material in the following areas:

- Renunciation of citizenship.
- The position of Americans who turn 18 while living outside the United States.
- Canadian colleges and universities.
- Deserters
- Teaching in B.C.

The following Canadian groups will be of some assistance:

TORONTO ANTI-DRAFT PROGRAMME, Box 764, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto 1, Ontario.
MONTREAL ADC, 102 Villeneuve East, Montreal 132, Quebec.

N.B. There are many other organizations across Canada we haven't the space to list. For the service closest to you write Alternate Society.

compiled by:
Committee to Aid American War Objectors
Box 4231
Vancouver 9, British Columbia
Canada

each life ... when you talk ecology that is a pattern of the science of the total process in life ... what's necessary to regenerate it ... each species is a relationship to the environment ... we're not really qualified to use the word ecology until we get into that ... but I'll tell you the way we'll find out is to send a man off into space ... get him outside where there's no air to be breathed; no water available; no foods ... what do we have to have on board to keep him out there for a year? ... we've literally found now that it is possible—there are two space program researches where we have teams of six men each, sealed up in cylinders (completely different operations, really quite remote from one another, the russians are doing one and the same thing too) ... those men are sealed for a year, and we give them preliminary equipment which you did learn by having scientists who are good ecologists and good chemists ... putting everything in there necessary, they hope to keep the men going ... they're connected by telephone (really very easy to talk in now—you have a window) ... but they are now operating six men for one year on 350 pounds of apparatus and the whole apparatus being able to put in an airplane suitcase ... that we could get everything you need to regenerate life ... there is entropy so the system in the end has to have something added but you're able to have it sufficiently so you only have to add but once a year ... this is really getting somewhere ... so we come back on earth—we have 350 pounds suitcase size; even at the most expensive mass production for \$2 a pound; that's \$700 and you do away with sewers, all the water supply lines; all you need is a milk bottle or so a year to add into the system ... on a rental basis per six men for \$700 you're down to \$200 a year capital cost; maybe \$1 a year you've got the equipment, and you go on any mountain top and really start living the highest standard ... and this equipment when it gets first used by those men off in space due to the television relay system around the world you'll have possibly a billion people watching those six men all year round and you'll have every kid really catching on to this ... here would be the great educational system about what the chemistry changes really are ...

... at any rate I simply say we must be very careful ... and we must not cut off things simply because the wrong people, with short and selfish and non-thinking motives have used tools ... a pencil is a beautiful thing but you could literally jab it into a man's heart and it would kill him ... so don't say that a pencil is lethal ... we must not blame the universe ... it would be like saying the universe is used in the wrong way, therefore it's better we not have any universe ... if we accept universe at all, if we accept life,

... he's got to learn that the space program is not something—(never mind that space stuff, let's get back on earth, let's be practical, let's be blaise about the moon shot ...) the fact is our earth is a little spaceship ... unless we catch on to the fact we are a space program ourselves and that we have just so much supply and we've got to learn how to run that big spaceship which we are onboard ... to send off little spaceships to find out exactly what we need to be able to keep human beings doing ... this is the only way we will ever find out about ecology ...

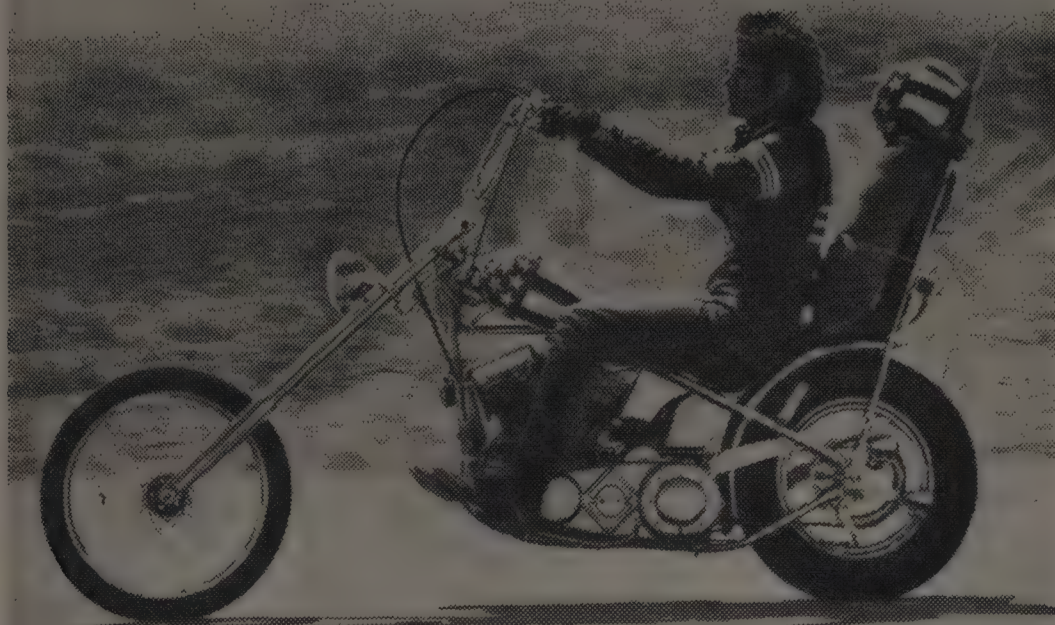
... on earth day I spoke at 4 universities ... I asked each one of the audiences of kids if they could tell me how much of the earth was necessary to support

This summer there are half-a-dozen films around carrying the label "This year's EASY RIDER."

Beware of such claims.

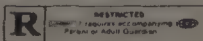
By the end of the summer, the imitators will have come and gone.

And **EASY RIDER** will still be around.



EASY RIDER

starring Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, Jack Nicholson
Presented by PANDO COMPANY in association with RAYBERT PRODUCTIONS
Released by COLUMBIA PICTURES



STARTS FRIDAY
KIPS BAY THEATRE 2nd Avenue & 31st Street

FULLER

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you have to prove your right leave; you have to earn a living ... was the old statement ... the young world really feels now that's wrong ... that the information we can get to the moon and do all this is very important because I think it tells man he can do failure, but it's not so ... nature's intent on trying to make man a success despite himself,, and despite his long, long history of his great ignorance where I'm trying to give you the way the breakthrough is occurring ... we're still assuming fallaciously there's not enough to go around ... anything he needs to do and he can make man work ...

... he's got to learn that the space program is not something—(never mind that space stuff, let's get back on earth, let's be practical, let's be blaise about the moon shot ...) the fact is our earth is a little spaceship ... unless we catch on to the fact we are a space program ourselves and that we have just so much supply and we've got to learn how to run that big spaceship which we are onboard ... to send off little spaceships to find out exactly what we need to be able to keep human beings doing ... this is the only way we will ever find out about ecology ...

... on earth day I spoke at 4 universities ... I asked each one of the audiences of kids if they could tell me how much of the earth was necessary to support

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● **Early music study is often the key to a child's future**

My friend CAVE called me the other night from San Francisco just a Friendly call to while away the miles between the two coasts. Sometimes it seems like the east coast is a million miles away from the west coast, and vice versa. as everyone always does. i asked him Whats Happening. he told me.

"Quadraplex stereo" he said.
What's that?

"Its really far out, 2 FM stations and a television station had this thing. The teevee station carried the video of this program. It was Channel 7 KGO and the 2 radio stations were carrying the audio, the sound track in 4 channel stereo if you had 2 FM receivers. Like you turn one of them KCBS and get 2 channels of FM quality sound and get the other radio tuned to KSAN to get the other 2 channels of sound in the other two speakers. it was too much. 4 track stereo with a picture to go along with the music."

"What was this all about?"

"Well about two weeks ago there was some kind of benefit for drugs on television. It had all these great acts commin on and playin. Thats what made everyone watch. it had these people, like the Youngbloods and some others that were new and there were a whole mess of people jammin on a stage with a television camera on them and two fm radiostations carrying the sound in stereo. No rehearsal and they let it go out over live, sort of a jerry lewis telethon for smack heads like thats why they had it cause of the smack problem, everycouple of minutes theyd flash on the screen this series of numbers to call, they said stuff like, strung out in marin county, call this number, Tryin to kick the habit, call this number, high in sanfrancisco? call this number. and all the while the stuff that was commin out of the picture tube and the FM radios was this incredible jam session with some of the most talented east coast unknowns youve ever heard. a rock show brought to you by your local anti drug patrol

"What kind of drugs were they down on?"

Back came word

"I don't know mostly there getting on an anti-smack thing here you know? Like next week theyre calling it "H WEEK."

And Creedence ClearWater is playing a benefit for them against smack, It was the best thing that ever happened to teevee? If you had everything tuned up right it sounded like the fuckers were right in the room.

The thing was MCed by DUSTY STREET, this piece of ass dj. It was great there were people fallin all over the wires and fallin off the stage and all the time there were these little 2 minute film cuts in between the numbers about how come its no good to be a junkie. it kind of says something about the culturally deprived east coast mentality. while here in new york addicts struggle with endless rehabilitations systems and half way houses for those that can be treated to go out on the street on the other side of the world, it seems, the countrys playground theyre using the magic of instantaneous communications to warn young kids in their homes about the dangers of being STRUNG OUT. I tell you communications was never like this before.

But the party. man it was incredible. There were all these new york top echelon musical mob from the uptown money central and all the people from the trades. The under ground press was so busy with keeping track of the various festivals and small time business that they missed it all together.

It seemed like everyone in the electric mecca was in a state of unending depression, the apathy squad had come to town on the same boat that the dope famine came in. Its been like a ghost town here. Anyways no one was expecting stuff to happen till at least September. Me most of all. But there it was right in the middle of new york's most culturally deprived areas, the upper east side. The museum district. This theatre of the ultimate rock and roll. It was like a teenaged dream of a rock show that went all day long. Noone knew about it. Hidden away where it was least expected. I mean theres rock and roll and then theres rock and roll. its good when its good.

All these new faces playing there. Never before had any of the performers played in nyc. but they were knocking everyone out of their seats..

The evening started off with the traditional drinks and potato salad that happens as a courtesy of the record company with the usual undertones of

the canned rock comming out of the stereo system. I never heard Pink Floyd music played in a bar before. Then the performance started. the first group was on stage before everyone had a chance to get a seat. They waited for the audience.

Then it was TEDDY AND THE TOTALIZERS. they were an electric jazz ensemble. I mean electric trumpets electric flutes electric saxophones. electric piano. 2 electric guitars and an electric bass. It was far out. i mean everyones getting into jazz these days but no one is useing the advanced transisorized technology that developed out of the past few years of rock experimentation. Electrical pickups on brass and woodwind instruments and increased use of the MOOG and other musical sensitizers. TEDDY AND THE TOTALIZER played for a half hour and it was the only thing that ive found that could ever follow The Pink Floyd, even recorded Pink Floyd. everybody was really knocked out by the music and like when they finished their last time around on a song called Jump on for a ride. a bluesy jazz instrumental featuring among other things: echoing melodys, intertwining harmonies and impossible rhythems that cant even be charted in 3 dimensional space, everyone in the audience was so wiped out by it that they sat silently and watched the musicians turn off their amps and walk off stage. THEY DIDNT KNOW THE BAND HAD STOPPED PLAYING!!!! The guy that ran the whole show is the Director of events at a thing called Move and the part time manager of a boyscout troop that goes by the name of DUCK BATTALION assigned to middle middle suburbia.

The second group to take the stand kind of spread all over the room. They were friends of mine and hence my reason and invitation to attend this gala premere. It was shapeing up into something out of a movie that no one has dared to shoot yet. They go by the name of SYRUP, yeah thats right, the stuff that you put on pancakes. 3 chicks 4 guys 7 voices that are all tops. i mean they really work well with seven voices. The last time i had heard them, they did mostly a lot of boogie woogie and much instrumental works. they opened up with an oldie that no one does. IT was the Kink's DAVID WATTS. I mean just no body does old kinks songs anymore, butSYRUP had everyone danceing and jumpin in the short space of a blink of an eye. They spread themselves out about 10 feet apart in the room and each one of the 6 microphones has its on pa system and a 6 foot colum speaker in back. its the closest that any group has come to bringing recording studio conditons to a live preformance. a solid wall of sound, then they did the boogie woogie and some old Bill Hailey jitterbug numbers and then it was time for ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC. everyone flipped out Syrup gets it on like sly stone wishes he still could Later i was taking to my friend the guitar player,

"Hows thing going?"

"Oh you know, the same old music business, its you never give me your money, but it sure good to see white folks dancin again, Think we might just stay around this city and boogie on down for a spell."

and when everyone was partying it up pretty good and that other nonsense that always goes down at these parties, everyones feelin real good and theres lots of masseginating going on and people are danceing with other peoples partners and on comes this group that just made everyones brains fall out all over the floor. the picture was increadable.

on walks three girls and two guys and its a drummer and 3 guitar players one who sings and one bass player and a female lead singer too and they go by the name of so help me Jose Gladys Bailey and The Vaginal Discharge Washboard Band.

All i can say is they do rolling stones songs and songs that the rolling stones wish they could do, cept they got no female lead singer, the rolling stones that is, but even though Gladys and her troop dont have a mick jagger the sound is frighteningly close. I mean i think the stones are just about the most unique band that ever came down the pike but if womens liberation catches up or on to some of the numbers that come off the stage when Gladys goes on. Its like something that was born out of many years of conway twitty records into the ed sanders memorial college for lowere east side slum morality and fucking in the streets cept the streets arent really that clean these days on the lower east side.

Flag brothers shoe store is newly open on st marks place where the bead store and the furniture store used to be. Man is it a stone down. i mean right out there on the streets where everyone can see it. Neon lights and florucent lights in the windows showing shoes for greasers to buy and take back to the suburbs and think theyre cool with cause they bought them in the village..

GLADYS BAILY AND THE VAGINAL DISCHARGE WASHBOARD BAND.

They made everyones brains fall out. If they ever get booked in new york city theyll get nailed faster than anything thats hit the psycho sexual battle between the hip intellectuals and the police and all the boys down there in morals division. one of the new york sex papers which shall go un-nameless offered me the sum total of 50\$ a page for any and all information leading to the where abouts or proable existence of Gladys and company. But news these days cant be bought and sold like it used to be. Its not real unless to you chaeck it out your self, so when she comes to town you better check it out quick cause it might not be around long.

Its probably the first thing that could fall into the catagory of psycho melodramaticshock thearapy. with overtones of rock. Yeah they play the rolling stones songs and a couple that the rolling stones wish they could cut.

Answers to TIME QUIZ questions:

press deadline caused the party to be cut short for charlie frick -

Further developments to follow, Charlie Frick 7/29/70

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OTHER INSTRUMENTS ARE

panthers

(Continued from Page 7)

"There is," he said, "an open question of retroactivity here." Further developing his presentation, Carin went on to cite other cases such as McDonald vs. the U.S., Trubiano

vs. U.S., and the most important one, Terry vs. Ohio.

"I am familiar with the line of decisions," Murtagh said. "You need not repeat them."

Crain continued.

"The warrantless searches of these apartments were illegal," he said, "and the evidence should be suppressed."

"The district attorney, by his own admission, had probably

cause for arrests well prior to April 2nd, 1969, on which date, at 4 a.m. in the morning, a network of hundreds of police officers began fanning out all over in the city, but mostly in Manhattan, to make these arrests and seizures. The district attorney of this county conceded he had sufficient information days before this arrest for alleged possession of weapons. Warrantless searches are illegal except on the street, and during extenuating circumstances. But in this case, months of investigation were going on and it appears that there was insufficient procedure for these seizures. Judge Morgan signed bench warrants for the arrests at 1:30 that morning, but did so, according to the court reporter, in the space of a few minutes, so he couldn't possibly have had time to read the

affidavits properly. In conclusion, no search warrants were issued and this was an attempt by the D.A. to prevent the defense from seeing probable cause."

Once again Joe Phillips jumped up to rebut and this time he gave a long-winded account of how one of the undercover men in the situation was conveniently "detained out of state," and the warrants could not be completed prior to the time of arrest. "Our expectations went awry," he said. Furthermore, he stated, the evidence included a "veritable

arsenal," ready to be used upon police officers, thus the absence of proper warrants is but a minor point. Besides, a new case in which Wechmill will be ruled retroactive or not, is presently being decided, so before ruling on the illegality of the searches, perhaps we should have the benefit of a new decision. (That decision is not expected until September or October, after the Panther 13 trial is scheduled to begin in full.)

"We are not relying on Schmill," Bill Crain replied.

"And we do not agree with Mr. Phillip's notion of trying to justify the illegal entry of people's homes. What is at stake is the legality of how enter, and not the legality of what they turn up."

Following this, more minor procedural arguments were given. Sandy Katz argued about the "racially imbalanced" composition of the Grand Jury. Weeks before he had requested a list of names of Grand Jury members (this data also includes the race of members) and was told that he would be charged 50 cents per name. After several arguments, Katz had finally gotten the court to order it done for free, but still had not received the lists, and was now being asked for a brief.

"I will submit a brief on this matter as soon as I am able," Katz told Murtagh.

"Seven weeks ago I asked for this brief," Murtagh said.

"Seven weeks ago I asked for the data," Katz responded.

"I hardly take you seriously in that regard," Murtagh said.

"I cannot make a brief without that data," Katz said.

"Come on."

"Well, your honor, I asked..."

"Yes, well, I will proceed to make my determination on this matter without the brief."

"Your honor!"

"You had sufficient time to prepare such a brief, and you may submit it whenever you wish in the following weeks, but I shall proceed with my determination and decision on this matter with or without your brief, sir."

"Now look — I didn't receive the proper data for my brief because of a totally bureaucratic slipup of —"

"Of the State of New York," said Murtagh.

"Of the State of New York, and you —"

"I am beginning with my determinations now, that's all." A few more minor points were discussed, then the prisoners were led out of the courtroom and Murtagh stepped off the bench to make his way, apparently, for the services of a doctor.

The selection of a Jury will begin on September 8th, with no chance of delay. But Sandy Katz says he and the other lawyers are looking forward to the trial. Sandy further says that the Panther Bail fund is hopeful of getting several if not all of the Panthers out of jail before then, even though he has no hope of a free trial under Murtagh.

"He has indicated over and over again that it is impossible for him to render an objective decision on us. Naturally, he'll rule us down on every point we made yesterday. He should have removed himself long ago, but he can't possibly. When we asked him about it today, he said we were out of order redundant unloyal and discourteous."

FULLER

(Continued from Page 18)

and really would like to have something best for it, then we've simply got to learn how to use our universe in the best way... and the universe is technology, and it's always evolving, it's always complex, it's not repeating, so we have to be catching on to our new technology and realize we really do have a machinery of mutual regeneration around the world which has been for the moment—it's so powerful, so confident—very highly exploitable by the ignorant man who happens to get to monopolize it... but in itself it's getting out from under him... because he has sovereign claims—well, look, you can't stop the radio waves from going out of the sovereign limits...

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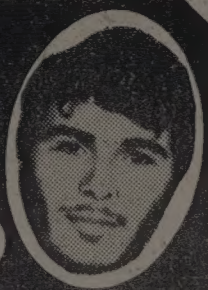
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