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village



THE MAGAZINE

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TOM HAYDEN
ED SANDERS

Daffy Duck

INTERSTELAR INFORMATION SYSTEMS

HIRAP

I have always had difficulties with the word "Pig", when used in reference to the skull-cracking arm of The Law. Over the years, it has become evident to me that whenever it was so employed, an overwhelming sensation of painful self-consciousness inevitably blunted my intentions. Quite often it led to shadows of doubt to be cast over my otherwise, hopefully, impeccable credentials. Many a paranoid head's suspicions bloomed due to my lack of conviction in uttering the word "Pig". It was a pain in the ass, pregnant with dire consequences. Just imagine my relief, then, when the following item from Moskovsky Komsomolets came to my attention:

"In the light of the latest research data, being called a pig is a compliment rather than an insult. The pig is among the ten most intelligent animals, along with the chimpanzee, orang-outang, the gorilla, the dog, the cat, etc. Most pigs are slaughtered before they are one year old, so they have little chance to demonstrate their abilities. In appropriate laboratory conditions, however, pigs have proved to be the only animals that can be trusted to take care of their feeding. Scientists maintain that if pigs are allowed to take care of themselves, they will be the cleanest of all animals. They are known to have climbed into trees during a flood and waited for the water to subside. A pig was the only creature to survive the atomic explosion Bikini Atoll in 1946. No one knows how it managed to stay alive. The fact is that after the blast it was observed splashing in the lagoon."

It was reassuring to know that some credence has been leant to my conviction that pigs are better than Pigs. Perhaps a redefinition of our terminology might be helpful. Why not liberate the pigs from the Cop-onus with which we have burdened them?

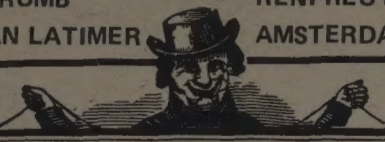
Oink Oink for truth!

Jack Kohn

JAAKOV KOHN
ALLEN KATZMAN
IRVING SHUSHNIK
STEPHEN KOHN
JACKIE DIAMOND
RAY SHULTZ
JOSEPH STEVENS
JACKIE FRIEDRICK
KARIN BERG
DON KATZMAN
HETTY MACLISE
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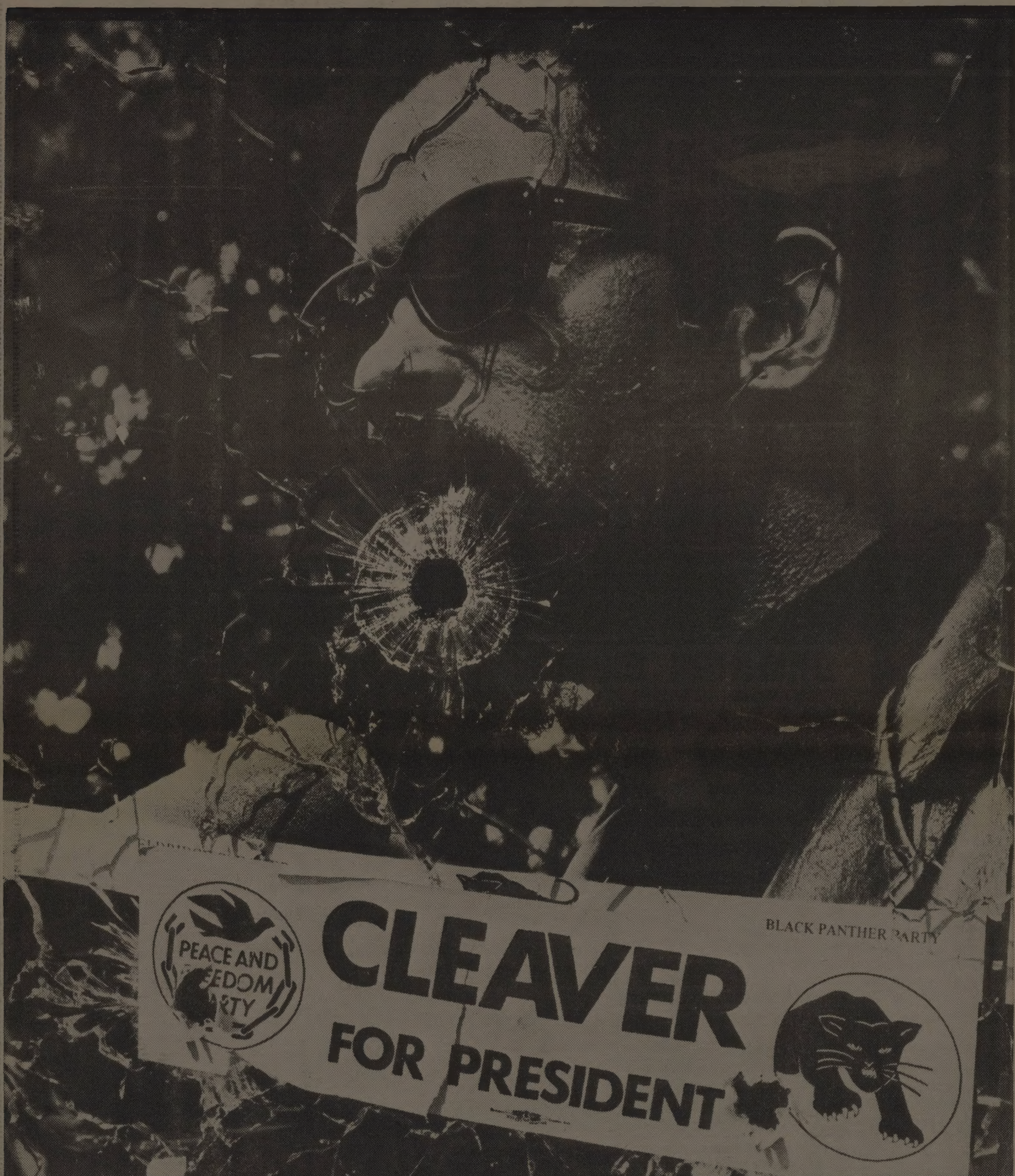


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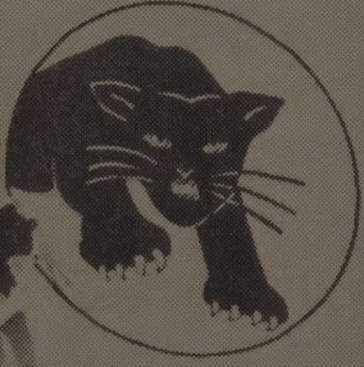
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CLEAVER
FOR PRESIDENT

BLACK PANTHER PARTY



ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

A FILM BY WILLIAM KLEIN

Today at Cinema II

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CHATTANOOGA HERE WE COME

Brothers:
 Chattanooga, Tennessee, is a medium size conservative southern city located off I-75 on the Tennessee-Georgia state line. (approx. 129 miles north of Atlanta). It has a fairly average population, a state-owned university (with possibilities of becoming a good radical school); a crooked police force (with a "moonshining" police commissioner), one radical conservative and one quasi-liberal newspaper; and a maximum head population of between 500-800. Obviously we need help.

Chattanooga has great possibilities of becoming the first city in the United States to be completely run by heads. But in order for this to happen we need both a large number of heads, and ones that are willing to work towards this goal. Chattanooga is the kind of city that heads would be attracted to. Despite the air and water pollution, Chattanooga is surrounded by beautiful mountains and wooded valleys. The kind of places that would be (or rather are) just perfect for smoking dope, growing dope, or even a massive pop festival. Apartments and housing are not overly expensive as they are in many cities, and the city is just ripe for head shops, leather working shops, clothing stores, a good radical underground newspaper, and good (but inexpensive) quantity dope.

So what we would like to happen is for any head who cares enough to work towards making Chattanooga a city for OUR people, to make it over to Chatt. and move in. Start setting up shops, selling dope, booking concerts, and working on the numerous other activities that will eventually lead to the overthrow of this city's government by the heads. This we feel can be largely accomplished by way of the 18 year old voting bill once it comes into effect in January of 1971. If all goes well during the next four year period (city elections are to be held this fall, giving a full four years before

the next elections), there will be a large enough head population in Chattanooga so that by the time of the next elections it will be easy enough to place our own people in the controlling offices of the city government, and therefore place the majority of the power in the hands of the freaks. But in order to achieve this, freaks must move into and establish residency in Chattanooga and therefore be eligible to vote and run for offices by the time of the next elections.

But please, remember what has happened in many other communities and don't let it happen here. Don't come to Chattanooga unless you are willing to work for a meaningful goal and support yourself. Penniless runaways, bums, and smack and speed freaks have for too long been the downfall of too many potentially good head communities. Only you can make it happen, brother, so let's get it on and see what we can do.

Keep on token',
 The Chattanooga Community



**U.S. GOVERNMENT SECRET:
 SOUTH VIETNAMESE SAY
 "YANKEE GO HOME"**

SAIGON (LNS) - A poll conducted secretly by the U.S. embassy in Saigon, the results of which were withheld from the American press on the orders of Ambassador Bunker, has revealed the depth of the anti-American feeling even in the "unliberated" area of Vietnam. The poll was taken in Saigon itself, and the results, which were made public by Senator Stephen Young, showed that 5% of the Vietnamese want the Americans to stay, 30% expressed no opinion, and the remaining - 65% want the Americans out now or sooner.



**'Wife' Brings \$6,600 Suit
 For 29 Years' Housework**

Sues Daughter of Dead Man Whom She Erroneously Believed She Had Legally Married.

An action to recover \$6,600 for 29 years of housework for a man to whom she erroneously believed she was legally married was started before Justice Smith in Supreme Court today by Mrs. Frieda Eisman, of 8699 Bay pkwy.

The action was brought against Florence Eisman, daughter by the "first" marriage of Carl Eisman, whom the complainant regarded as her lawful husband until his death in Brooklyn on Sept. 19, 1932. Frieda Eisman first learned of her husband's alleged duplicity when she was appointed administratrix following Eisman's death. This power was set aside soon after on the petition of the daughter.

Florence, who revealed the existence of the first Mrs. Eisman, living in Poland. The complainant told the court she and Eisman were married in Austria on Nov. 8, 1903, and moved to Paris. Eisman's daughter, Florence, came to live with them. The three came to New York in 1907 where Florence continued to live with the couple until shortly before Eisman's death. When she was removed as administratrix by a surrogate's court order, Frieda Eisman brought suit to collect \$6,600 she says is legally due her for 29 years of housework. Justice Smith reserved decision.



**CHINA LARGEST
 CONTRIBUTOR TO
 PERUVIANS; JAPAN
 NEXT**

GENEVA (LNS) - The International Red Cross announced recently that the People's Republic of China was the second largest contributor in the world to the victims of the recent earthquake in Peru. The largest contributor, by a small margin was Japan, whose contributions consisted primarily of rice. The Chinese contribution was a direct cash grant of \$620,000. The United States came in a poor third, but it did contribute Pat Nixon for a day or two.

**ASBURY BLACKS BOYCOTT
 WHITE BUSINESS:
 PROTEST CITY'S REFUSAL
 TO MEET DEMANDS**

ASBURY PARK, New Jersey (LNS) - The black community of Asbury Park, N.J., in the wake of the rebellion of July 4, has announced an economic boycott of the city's white business district. The boycott comes as a result of the refusal of the city administration to accede to the list of 22 demands drawn up by the black community, which constitutes 47% of the population. The demands include the naming of a black member to the local school board, amnesty for all those arrested during the rebellion in July, renaming a junior high school after Malcolm X, and a program of increased black employment.

What do you

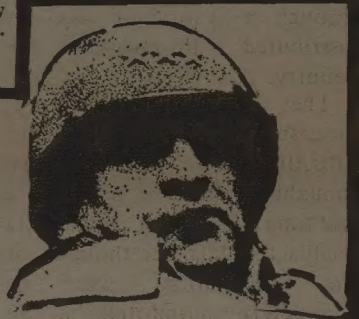
**think
 ???**

**EDITOR OF THE
 CHEROKEE EXAMINER
 SEIZED FOR
 UNDEFINED "FRAUD"**

JOHN DAY, Oregon (LNS) - N. Magowan, Native American editor of the Cherokee Examiner was arrested and charged with committing an undefined fraud in Kansas City in 1967. He left Kansas City in 1966 to come out west to work with other Indians and was one of the major planners of the third occupation of Fort Lawton.

Though the "crime" was supposedly committed in June, 1967, it took until July, 1970, to press charges. Though bail was raised and posted by friends, they would not release him until five days after he was jailed. He asked for the court to appoint a lawyer since he did not have any money and he was in a strange town but they would not do that until he signed a paper saying he was an escaped fugitive from Kansas.

The charge was supposedly formulated from information from the FBI's subversives' computer.



**BLAST RIPS THROUGH
 WISCONSIN ARMY BASE:
 HITS TELEPHONE EXCHANGE
 POWER SUBSTATION**

CAMP MCCOY, Wisc. (LNS) - At 3:25 a.m. on July 26, the Army received a telephone call warning it to evacuate the telephone exchange, which five minutes later, was ripped apart. Two more blasts hit an electric power substation and the water reservoir.

The Army did not say what type of explosives were used but it is known that during June about 3 pounds of TNT, some blasting caps and a number of smoke grenades were stolen from a firing range at the camp. In the nearby town of Medary, 50 electric blasting caps and 25 pounds of dynamite were stolen from two buildings at the Overguard Quarry. 9,000 National Guardsmen and Army Reservists from Colorado, Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri were on the base at the time of the explosions, but there were no injuries. Col. Richard A. Crecelius, Commanding Officer, declined comment, saying that the FBI and Army CID were investigating.



Even your Congressman doesn't know..

MATTACHINE FORMS ACTION CORPS

In response to burgeoning pride and militancy within the gay community, New York Mattachine is forming an activist unit to be known as the Action Corps.

The Action Corps will be responsible for MSNY's participation on picket lines and in demonstrations; staffing literature tables; distributing flyers and pamphlets; manning the office staff; suggesting areas of action, organizational philosophy, and policy.

Michael Kotis, President of MSNY, described the concept as follows: "Mattachine has always tried to be a full service organization for the homosexual community, and activism is a part of that service. One major problem in our earlier attempts to form such a group within MSNY has been the unwillingness or inability of substantial numbers of people to devote the necessary time and effort to such a group. Another problem, which developed after the Christopher Street riot when enough people seemed willing and able to form an action committee, was the dedication of some individuals to philosophies or personal goals inconsistent with Mattachine viewpoints.

"This is an attempt to keep Mattachine relevant," Mike Kotis said, "and also to make us more effective in dealing with society's prejudice and oppression on an individual basis and in conjunction with other gay organizations in the New York Homosexual Community Council. I hope that members, both old and new, will join the Action Corps, especially since there are many Mattachine and NYHCC plans being developed which will require their services."

Mike Kotis became President of MSNY in May upon a platform dedicated to the concepts of full service and relevance. Accordingly, there have been many internal changes - the extensive distribution of information on arrest, VD, the draft, and general Mattachine services to the gay community; the establishment of ties to political leaders favorable to the homosexual cause; participation in the Gay Liberation Day march; and - most importantly - the establishment of and participation in the cooperative effort of the NYHCC with the GAA, GLF, and the GAC.

For further information on the Action Corps and Mattachine in general, call 799-0916 on weekday evenings or Saturday afternoons (2-5 PM) or write to MSNY, 243 West End Avenue, New York City.

An extraordinary threat

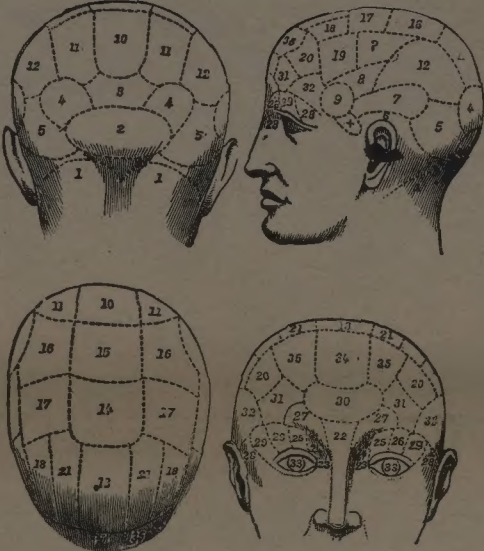
The following is an excerpt from a top secret memorandum about an internal security program project currently under development. My conscience will not permit me to remain silent, despite the possible consequences to me and my immediate family.

"A fine network of silver wires is implanted into the subject's cerebral cortex, channelling the electrical thought impulses to a transmitter in the subject's skull, which will send the thought patterns to the central computer through a system of receivers distributed throughout the country.

The central computer is programmed to accept up to 300,000,000 individuals' thought transmissions on a real-time basis for immediate feedback. Thus, the thoughts of the population will be completely monitored at all times by the central computer.

In addition to the transmitter, a receiver will also be planted, with electronic probes that extend into the pain and pleasure centers of the brain, insuring that the central computer will have the ability immediately to reinforce or discourage certain thought patterns by "feeding back" appropriate sensations of pain or pleasure when certain thoughts are encountered.

threat



It will therefore be possible to remove antisocial tendencies from any given individual simply by instructing the computer to cause agonizing pain whenever non-approved thought patterns are detected.

Currently, experiments are proceeding with convicted drug users in an attempt to suppress the abuse of marijuana and other harmful drugs. Results of these experiments indicate that the undesirable behavior patterns are erased within a few days, and all desire for drugs is gone after one week of treatment. Quite simply, each time any thoughts

about drugs are sensed in the subjects' minds, the computer is programmed to cause agonizing convulsions, nausea, and severe headache for several hours.

The extreme efficacy of the program to date has led government leaders to plan to extend the program to the entire population, to enable complete monitoring of all thoughts in America at all times. Any antisocial thoughts would be instantly discouraged by the central computer according to government approved standards incorporated into the programming of the machine.

The entire operation to install the device requires under one-half hour to perform and the subject is ambulatory within one week thereafter.

For large groups of subjects, however, a method is currently being developed in which the device is installed externally, the thought impulses being sensed through magnetic induction in much the same way a telephone wire is tapped. The head is first shaved in this process, and electrodes are attached to the scalp. Removal of the device is prevented by causing a high level of stimulation to the pain center if the transmitted impulses begin to fade. Thus, subjects can be quickly incorporated into the network once mass production of these external devices is in process."

FILM REVIEW: BLACK ROOTS

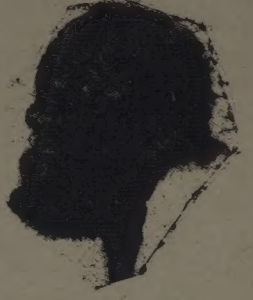
Flo Kennedy, the dynamic Black gadfly lawyer who spends most of her time defending women's and black people's causes, is one of the stars of a new movie "Black Roots." The Film, directed by Lionel Rogosin, was screened at the Museum of Modern Art this week and turned out to be a gas. In the film, Flo, Rev. Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick, Jimmy Collier, Blind Rev. Gary Davis, Larry Johnson and Wendy Smity sing and recount tales of their own black experiences. As they sing, Lionel Rogosin's camera scans the ghetto to record the beauty of black faces. Says Rogosin, a white man, who has directed such films as "Come Back Africa," and "Good Times,

Wonderful Times," "I wish to portray black culture with a new form of cinema ... Although the film will not have a story it will also not be a conventional documentary since there will be several main characters and many minor ones that will run through the film creating continuity. It will be an exploration of the personalities of individuals, black Americans of all types."

Several of "Black Roots'" leading characters stand out. The singing of a young woman named Wendy Smith is something extraordinary. The deep, warm and angry reminiscences of Rev. Kirkpatrick as he tells of life in his rural Louisiana are sensitive and beautiful. And Flo, well Flo Kennedy comes off as she always is: though, no-shit, mean

GRAND OPENING! Titus

SEX CLINIC FOR MARRIED COUPLES



A FABLE

once a monkey adopted a little girl. She grew up nice and demure and sweet. MORAL: family tradition is stronger than blood.

Dear EVO,
You and a guest are cordially invited to attend a special screening of QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY, a lusty and refreshing comedy based on the novel of the same name by Henry Miller.
Filmed in Paris and Copenhagen under the direction of Jens Jørgen Thorsen, the Grove Press release of an Evergreen Film features original music and lyrics specially composed for it by Vanguard recording star Country Joe McDonald.
QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY recently was ordered released from U.S.

Customs by Federal Judge William P. Gray, who ruled that "the film appeals to the normal interests in sex and nudity which the average person has in such matters." U.S. Customs had seized the film on the grounds that it was obscene. In the trial that followed, the film was defended by such witnesses as Arthur Knight, Arthur Levitt, Charles Champlin, Robert Aldrich and Henry Miller.

P.S. QUIET DAYS IN CLICHY runs 90 minutes.

I WENT - I SAW - IT SUCKED.



forward action in the active world)
 imagine that any real satisfaction could be achieved by
 IT: in other words, from what you're saying, it would be false to
 worse, whichever way it's going - it's still not Absolute.
 way from it mentally - just see that even if it's getting better or
 man's meat is another man's... whatever the saying is. But
 there's this thing which is a fantastic example of diversity. There
 it is - okay, so - the problem of diversity - they've got 18
 objects in 2 vertical columns, so there's 18 points there and 18
 (Continued on Page 18)

GEORGE HARRISON INTERVIEW



IT: George, in 1967 you did an interview with International Times — and you talked about meditation — was that in fact before the meeting with the Maharishi?

GEORGE: The interview with IT was in May '66 — no, May '67 and the Maharishi came in about September or October '67, so it was before that. I had been in India in '66, in September and October — in India, to learn sitar.

IT: So in fact when you were there you —

G: I went there to learn music and also to find out a few things. And I found out a few things... Around that time I just really wanted a mantra. Somebody had given me a picture of Maharishi a year before that and then somebody sent me in the mail a thing saying he was going to be there — that Million Dollar Bash — and so I got some tickets — and went, and then we went with him to get a mantra and we got a mantra, and we meditated. It was very nice and, in fact, we still meditate now, at least I do. I can't speak for any of the others.

IT: There was a feeling created by the way it was told that — like it had all come to an end. Is that a true picture of what happened?

G: Personally I wanted all that scene as a personal thing. It goes back to the Beatle days, you know, we were always in the public eye, always being photographed and written about, and even if you went to the bog it was in the papers. And I thought, well, at least when I find me yogi it's going to be quiet and in a cave — and it's going to be a personal thing. Because the press always misinterpret things anyway, and they have done right down the line. They never really know what we are or what we think, they give their own image of how they see us. People can only see each other from their own state of consciousness, and the press's state of consciousness is virtually nil. So, they never really get the true essence of anything they write about. The Maharishi was right, because the whole thing is — the physical world is relative, that means right is half of wrong, and yes is half of no, so you can't say what is right and what is wrong. The only thing which Maharishi said which determined what was right and what was wrong was that right or good is something that's life-creating — and something bad is something that's life-destroying. And so you can't say that going on the television and speaking to the press and doing things like that is a bad way to tell people about meditation. On the other hand, after being through all that, it was part of our everyday life. I wanted it to be quieter, much quieter. Anyway, the main thing was you asked whether it had ended or not — it's just that we physically left Maharishi's camp — but spiritually never moved an inch. In fact, probably I've got even closer now.

IT: Also, in your own development, there's been a very intimate relationship between your inner development and your music, hasn't there?

G: Yeah, but again, I'm at the point with music where I don't really — you know, I LIKE to play music. The first thing in my life is music, but now I just want to sing songs that give me some benefit, which is like — your cosmic chants! I've come to understand that music should be employed really for the benefit of God-perception, like chanting, that sort of thing. And it's not just an entertainment. I mean, I don't want to put it down like that, but I've got to the point where I personally would like to stop singing all those things about — you know. In the 1967 interview with IT, it started by saying — if you could get a few words that just say everything and get them together in one sentence, and just say that all the time — it's like the Hare Krishna mantra, that's setting up — just saying words of God, and just repeating them over and over and over — the repetition in itself has great effect, and by saying the words of God then you build up those vibrations to try and identify with that — and with him. But, you know, just to be singing, 'It's a lovely day today,' and all that — it's like, it's a waste of energy.

IT: And so you have continued practising meditation?

G: Yes, and on top of that now I've more understanding of things and it doesn't matter where you are, or what you're doing, you know, the point of it is to be able to conjure up that peace in the middle of Vietnam. You should be able to get in tune, or tune into that flow of peace. Because it's all inside your head anyway.

IT: The situation today — I mean if you think of someone who might become drawn to that now, as opposed to then, because of what's happening politically, there's a very tense situation where people feel, talk about things being relevant. How would you express the importance of spiritual development to someone who feels that their real duty is to change the society — change the structure?

G: Well, again I'll quote Maharishi, which is as good as quoting anybody else, and he says, 'For a forest to be green, each tree must be green,' and so if people want revolutions, and you want to change the world and you want to make it better, it's the same. They can only make it good if they themselves have made it — and if each individual makes it himself then automatically everything's alright. There is no problem if each individual doesn't have any problems. 'Cause we create the problems,' Christ said, 'Put your own house in order,' and Elvis said, 'Clean up your own backyard,' so that's the thing. If everybody just fixes themselves up first, instead of everybody going around trying to fix everybody else up like the Lone Ranger, then there isn't any problem. The problems are created more, sometimes, by people going around trying to fix up the government, or trying to do something — I mean most of the revolutionaries who try to change the outward physical structure when really that automatically changes if the internal structure is straight. Time is relative. Everything to do with this life, from birth to death, this physical world or physical universe — the moon and everything is bound by the laws of nature, which are relativity. What goes up must come down. It's the whole yin-yang thing, left-right, up-down, black-white, wrong-right — all these things are just equal and opposite. It's like you can't have the north pole if you don't have the south pole. You only measure goodness by badness, so in actual fact you can only have good if you have bad. So bad and good are equal and opposite — it's the law of duality, so really it's silly to say that's bad — let's make it good, because then you know good becomes bad as well. The whole thing is to try and appreciate that it's changing all the time — that the physical universe is good and bad — and that, surely, is one of the reasons why people turn to religion or philosophy or something — to try and find some underlying Absolute to all this relativity. Personally, I'd like the world to be Utopia right at this minute, or even last week, but it doesn't do that. The Utopia you find is an inner thing. And the Revolution, well, it can only be important if it is unimportant. The cycle's so big, each cycle upon another cycle. If you think of all those Iron Ages and Golden Ages and Stone Ages — they all eventually get back to where they started and go into another cycle, and we just happen to be in one of those cycles! So if you can just step away from it mentally — just see that even if it's getting better or worse, whichever way it's going — it's still not Absolute.

IT: In other words, from what you're saying, it would be false to imagine that any real inner satisfaction could be achieved by outward action in the relative world?

G: Yeah, a lot of different scenes, but I don't know, you see, because for me, now, at this point of my life, just that understanding of inner and outer, and the inner being the cause, and the outer being the effect, it seems so obvious, it's so simple, but I know that if somebody said that to me six years ago — seven years ago, then I probably wouldn't have got it at all. I don't know, there's a lot of different scenes, and I don't think any one scene is The Way, The Great Karmic Design is — again what Christ said — 'What you sow, so shall you reap,' which is Karma, the law of action-reaction, what you sow you reap, so it means — what we are NOW is what we did in the past, for we did it, — look out, kid, something you did, God knows when but you're doing it again!... Karmal The thing is everybody's got their own Karma, what they did, and what they've got to fulfil and they have the Karma... look, there's a grasshopper!

IT: Where?

G: Yeah — you change it by the internal thing. And I don't believe the physical world is able to be perfect — because... it's relative! Perfect must have imperfect to measure it.

IT: In the light of what you've been saying, how is it possible for someone in, say, in England, I mean it's very difficult for someone unless he's turned on to this, to know where to find it, it's not really available, this kind of knowledge in the set-up in which we live, is it?

G: I know it's very difficult, because — to me it's so obvious, it's like — I don't know if you heard Lord Buckley when he said on his 'God's Own Drunk,' about the bear, and it's doing a dance, and he tried to do it and he says, 'It was just like a jitterbug dance — it was so simple it evaded me.' — And it's like that, the whole thing of God, and the relative world being the effect of the absolute, which is the cause. It's like Maharishi said — The flower is — you know, you look at a flower, and it's petals, leaves and stem — and, the petal's made out of sap, the leaf's made out of sap, and the stem's made out of sap — so — it's sap sap sap! So, the sap is the Cause, which is the Subtle, and the petals and leaves and all that are the Effect, which are the gross, outer manifestations of that. But people chase around the physical world thinking that's the cause. They don't realize that all this is going around and round, but it's only based on that sap, that is within every fibre of the physical world.

IT: But wouldn't it be easier for people if there were some kind of shared experience out of which they could discover things, because at the minute everybody's on their own, trying different things, and some people are getting into Black Magic and all kinds of things...

G: Yeah, a lot of different scenes, but I don't know, you see, because for me, now, at this point of my life, just that understanding of inner and outer, and the inner being the cause, and the outer being the effect, it seems so obvious, it's so simple, but I know that if somebody said that to me six years ago — seven years ago, then I probably wouldn't have got it at all. I don't know, there's a lot of different scenes, and I don't think any one scene is The Way, The Great Karmic Design is — again what Christ said — 'What you sow, so shall you reap,' which is Karma, the law of action-reaction, what you sow you reap, so it means — what we are NOW is what we did in the past, for we did it, — look out, kid, something you did, God knows when but you're doing it again!... Karmal The thing is everybody's got their own Karma, what they did, and what they've got to fulfil and they have the Karma... look, there's a grasshopper!

IT: Where?

G: Jumping in the speaker — it's just gone in the Leslie (speaker).

IT: Oh wow!

G: It's like Lenny Bruce said about morals. He said, 'There isn't one set of morals. There's each one has his own morals,' and, what did he call them — morae; so — (laughter) — so that's where you get back round the cycle to — you know, so you can't say, 'This is it, this is the Way, and I want you all to do this,' and you all do it. You know, because it depends on the situation each person's got himself into, and it's up to him to find his own Way. All you can do is try and assist people without being heavy on them, which is one reason now why I don't like to do interviews, because it gets to that one — 'He who knows doesn't speak, he who speaks doesn't know,' do you go round in a circle, and then you think you know so much. The more you know, the more difficult it becomes to try and say something because you know there's such diversity it's ridiculous — in fact, have we got that big book? There's an AMAZING thing. This is the diversity of Creation, which is like — we're all one, we're all part of one big thing, but we all retain our individuality — and, you know, one man's meat is another man's... whatever the saying is. But there's this thing which is a fantastic example of diversity. There it is — okay, so — the problem of diversity — they've got 18 objects in 2 vertical columns, so there's 18 points there and 18

points there, and they connect — all these 18 points to all those 18 points, and the number of arrangements which — to determine the number of arrangements in which they can be combined — that 36 objects may be arranged in — this is the number — 1,273, 726, 838, 815, 420, 339, 851, 343, 083, 767, 005, 515, 293, 749, 454, 795, 473, 408, 000, 000, 000, 000, combinations! So how can you hope to say — but you wanna print that number, just 'cause it's so — I mean you can't even say what it is. So you've got to end up being a little humbled, by a little understanding of the world, or the set-up, because it is — it's so phenomenal, and the more you're able to understand it the more phenomenal it is. Because this is one thing that happened with acid — for me, I mean all those years ago — the main thing I remembered — the thing that I enjoyed most of all, after acid, was trees and grass, and I thought, 'I've seen trees and grass, like, for say, 20 years, and yet I've only just seen trees and grass! Because on acid it becomes — YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS — you can see it from a different point of view — but that stayed on after. Now I can still appreciate nature and flowers and things like that. I can just see it so much better than I could, but if I get cosmic-conscious, I'm going to see that same bit of grass — but I'm really going to see it, aren't I! And then there's all the states of consciousness above that, so you know it's silly to try and say, 'This is this, this is that,' you know — because — create and preserve the image of your choice... da da da da.

IT: So, in fact, this activity that you do — this work on yourself, changes your outward living?

G: Yes — but again you don't suddenly one day wake up and have cosmic consciousness. The change — over years and years is very slow but it's changing all the time.

IT: Would you say something about the spiritual work that you do?

G: Well, at the moment I'm doing — it's like the thing of identification — whatever you identify with you're one with that, so most people identify with just this gross level of existence — people who identify, at certain parts of the day with transcendental things are trying to become one with that. Like, if you were to go around saying, 'Christ, Christ, Christ, Christ,' all day long, eventually you build up such an identification with Christ that you become one with him. It's the same with the type of meditation I do. To try and become one with that absolute thing. In Maharishi's teaching — I mean, it's the same really in everything, but I use his because it's easier to say — it's like — to dye a piece of cloth yellow — you dip it in the dye, bring it out, let it fade, dip it in the dye, bring it out, let it fade — until finally, that process of going in and out, in and out, makes — you've got the cloth out in the sun, but it's fast — the color's fast. So it's the same with your consciousness, you take your consciousness from this level, and dip it in that Absolute — dive in there — transcend — and you come out, and it wears off, and you go in again, and you come out, and by that process, over years and years of daily meditation, dipping in, coming out, you're out in the sunlight — but the color's fast, you know, that consciousness is instilled there, and it's fast. That's what is known as cosmic-consciousness, when the Absolute — transcendental consciousness is brought together with the relative states of consciousness. I mean, it's like the ocean — the top of the ocean, with the waves always chopping and changing, and the bottom of the ocean's always still and calm and if you're not anchored to the bottom you're at the mercy of whatever change occurs on the top of the ocean, so it's like that — if you picture your consciousness like the ocean top — where we're at now, and that the transcendental thing being like the still at the bottom of the ocean, then the process is just to dive in — is to get an anchor to it. But gradually the two come together so that you have that state of consciousness permanently, while you're acting out the parts — whatever part you have in this life.

(Continued on Page 19)

THE GREAT WALL STREET PROLETARIAN REVOLUTION

by Terence Winch



Joseph Stevens

I was watching television in a friend's kitchen when the first news of the Construction Workers' tour of lower Manhattan reached me. It seemed then that Yeat's rough beast had finally arrived. The whole event was made more terrifying to me because these were the people of my roots: working class, Catholic, heavily Irish. I had even spent four summers as a laborer at various construction sites in the city. One thing I was sure of right off: these people were not perpetrators of evil, but victims of it. But that was about all I was certain of, and it seemed important to me to spell out first, what they were upset about and second, why they resorted to organized violence for the first time.

Religion furnished the initial clue. Specifically, Roman Catholicism. If you are raised an Irish Catholic or Italian Catholic or any other breed of Catholic, certain habits of mind come easy to you. You absorb a narrow, coherent view of the structure of life and society that is nearly impossible to shake off (if you should want to shake it off). It gets inside you and colors everything you see. This outlook is founded, first of all, on authority. There is One True Church, hierarchically structured, with the Pope at the top. All of this is accepted unquestioningly, *a la* blind faith and reinforced by a kind of primitive fear. Disobey, disbelieve, and you go to Hell. And great loyalty is demanded: you absolutely never deny your faith, even if it means death. Horrible Chinese Communists might stick chopsticks into your eardrums or pull your innocent fingernails out (as the nuns would warn), but that was no excuse. You never renounced the Faith. You were a Catholic and, by God, you were proud of it.

What has happened, I think, is that a curious transfer, or perhaps interchange, has taken place between Religion and Nation in the minds of the Construction Workers and their sympathizers. And this symbiosis has been made possible by the habits of mind just outlined. It is an easy step from the One True Church to the

One True Country. Richard Nixon becomes the secular Pope, speaking *ex cathedra* from Pennsylvania Avenue, claiming he knows secrets we don't, and demanding deference to his infallible judgment. The Pill vs. The Vietnam Disaster. The latest encyclical vs. the Dick Nixon television hour. Absolute loyalty to Holy Mother Church becomes misguided patriotism: My Country, right or wrong. Vietnam is metamorphosed into the New Crusade. God wills it.

But there is obviously more to it than religion. There are cultural and economic reasons behind the Construction Workers' action against the students. America, with a sweeping, perverse egalitarianism, has convinced most of its people to court blandness and fear eccentricity. I remember five or six years ago a man from my old Bronx Irish neighborhood told my brother he shouldn't have a beard. When my brother asked him why, he said "because none of your friends have one." Deviation, inside or out, is a threat. Think and act like "your own kind," and you're okay. A long-haired student is a Creature from the Unknown: he violates the spirit of every John Wayne WW II hero movie, every bit of wisdom in the bars and barber shops of the Bronx and Brooklyn, every Ivory Soap commercial. All that is good about America.

Violence is the keynote of the workers' culture. And Sports can help us a little to see our way into this adventure. Almost any lower-middle class bar in New York is filled on weekends with rows of men urging on their favorite team. Football, baseball, boxing, you name it. And the dirtier it gets, the more excited they get. Many of them are aroused to a passion almost sexual in its intensity. There's a special sadism at work here, and if you don't believe me, take a look at the victory verbs of the back page of the *Daily News*: batter, bomb, blast, scalp, etc. And this kind of feeling about Sports carries right over into politics: the object is to win, whether in Madison Square Garden or Southeast Asia, wherever that is.

If you think that the Wall Street outbreak was the first time in a while that

the workers and police have had a chance to kick ass, you're wrong — because they do it to each other all the time. There's an institution in New York commonly known as the "cop bar," a bar patronized almost exclusively by policemen. Several years ago the father of a friend of mine was a bartender in one of them and I decided to visit this establishment and see what it was like. The men all seemed fidgety and a few minor fights broke out from time to time. The climax of the evening, which just preceded my hasty exit, came when a slight Puerto Rican man happened to pass by the bar. A dark intruder in a *good*, decent neighborhood! He was set upon by three or four of the off-duty Finest, who beat him till he was nearly unconscious. A patrol car came and took him away. The climate of the bar was characterized by a furious frustration, matched only in bars frequented by construction workers. Wall Street represented the first time the workers really got out there and fought the Enemy, instead of each other.

The hostility of the workers and police to the students is the hostility of the lower-middle class to the children of the rich (or upper class). They respect education, the traditional escape route of the poor, and fail to understand why these students "misuse" it. They should be grateful for opportunity God has given them. They should study, not demonstrate. Again, the authority and blind faith axis comes into play: you sit submissively in the classroom and learn from those who know more than you, you respect the Administration, you do not waste the Money it's costing for "A Good Education." And if you don't like it, leave. (A sentiment which has its political variant.)

But if there is respect for education, there is also envy and mistrust of it. Many people were taken aback when the results of a recent poll showed that the majority of Americans would be willing to suspend several of the basic rights of the Constitution, including freedom of speech. But the majority of Americans are generally inarticulate and have no practical use for freedom of speech: either they have nothing to say or they

don't know how to use it. What they do have is a growing dislike for those who, again, "misuse" freedom of speech by uttering four-letter words and by preaching evil Communist ideas. (About a year and a half ago I was at a talk by Daniel Berrigan during which he was asked a question familiar to left-wing activists: "Do you get your checks from Hanoi?") When the University was weary and stolid, it was a fine place. But to those who live with visions of the Chinese invading Inwood or with the constant reminder of the *Daily News* that the Russians are going to bury us, the University has become a hotbed of Communism, and education is now subversive. So you beat up weirdo students.

And the reason you beat people physically, instead of verbally, is because sissies talk and Real Men fight. The Construction Worker's ethos emphasizes a sham aggressive masculinity whose test is in one's fist, not in the breadth of his humanity. But, as I proposed earlier, they are victims — of a job that is empty, difficult, and physical (if well-paying), of an America that has violence in its marrow, of a culture wily enough to confuse anyone about the real enemies, and of a government which has proffered violence as the solution to one's problems.


The Stars and Stripes bring me to one final point: there seems to be an inability on the part of Construction Workers and so many others to see real human issues. Instead, they seem to be caught in an attachment to a kind of superficial, symbolic thinking. Perhaps again it all goes back to religion and abstract ritual. Whatever the reasons, the Construction Workers have developed a whole set of responses at the sight of the flag. Unquestioned responses, based on abstract nostalgia for what the U.S.A. was, or what they think it was. They are capable of reacting with unthinking emotion to a bit of cloth; but the mention of life and death, of war, leaves them cold. And if I am right, this coldness, this refusal to face blood and guts issues, is the saddest and most frightening fact of all.

FRED J. WERTHAM MEMORIAL FUNNIES PRESENTS:

BY D.A. LATIMER & JACKIE ACON (JEWEL)

decomposition

DONALD DUCK meets the PLAYBOY RABBIT



BAD NEWS, BOSS! HERE IT'S AUGUST ALREADY, AND THE PLAYBOY AFTER DARK NIELSON'S STILL DOWN!

OUR STORY OPENS IN A SKYSCRAPER IN THE CITY OF MUCKBURG!

SO WHAT'S ALL THE TSURRIS? PLAYBOY AFTER DARK NEVER PULLS A GOOD RATING IN THE SUMMER!

YEAH—IT'S STILL LIGHT OUT AT TEN P.M.

BUT THIS YEAR IT'S WORSE, BOSS! SEEMS LIKE NOBODY WANTS TO WATCH ALL THOSE OLD FAT FUCKERS SCHMOOZING AROUND ACTING DRUNK ANY MORE!

BOSS, THEY GOT BETTER BROADS ON THE NOW EXPLOSION! ON SESAME STREET! WE GOTTA FIND A BETTER SCHTICK, OR WE LOSE THIS SHOW—TWICE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SHICKSAS?

WELL...

WELL, HEFF—THAT MEANS WE HAVE TO GO SHOOT THE OLD WORKST WE GOTTA SCARE THOSE CAFS! I WANT YOU TO GET ME A NEW CHARLES MANSON, AND HYPE HIM TO THE TOP! FLUNK THIS, AND YOU GO BACK TO ESQUIRE!

THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY—BUT AREN'T WE EXPLOITING WOMEN?

SHIT NO, MAN—WE'RE EXPLOITING HIPPIES!

AND NOW WE TRAVEL DOWN TO SOUTHSIDE, WHERE DONALD DUCK IS CRASHING IN A TENEMENT WITH SOME FRIENDS!

HEY, WHERE'S THAT NEW DYLAN ALBUM?

I JUST COPPED SOME SMACK, AND I WANT SOME APPROPRIATE MOOD MUSIC!

HOLD IT, DAN! SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR!

EXCUSE ME... I'M LOOKING FOR SOME HIPPIES!

DUMP IT!

FLUSH!

I DUNNO, MAN—THERE'S JUST THE FIVE OF US, AND WE NEVER SNUFFED NOBODY!

BUT HAVE YOU EVER AT LEAST GONE TO A VIOLENT DEMONSTRATION?

WELL SURE! WHO HASN'T!

GREAT! HERE'S \$500!

THAT BENNIES-HEAD SEHMEGEGE WILL NEVER GET ME ANYWHERE! HIGH TIME I STARTED HANDLING THIS OPERATION MYSELF!

WELL FOLKS, TONIGHT WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU ON PLAYBOY AFTER DARK! WE HAVE THE FIRST PRACTITIONERS OF THE NEW UNITED MANSONITE HERESY!

YUP—FIVE SELF-STYLED SATANISTS AND DEVIL WORSHIPPERS—THE CHICAGO CHARLIE COMMUNE-ISTS! AND JUST LOOK AT THOSE FUNNY CIGARETTES THEY'RE SMOKING, FOLKS!

DON, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS COOL?

COOL? IT'S FREE!

AND NOW TO OUR MORE REGULAR GUESTS! TONIGHT—MARTY BALLIN, JOEL FABRIKANT, AL GOLDSTEIN, ARCHIE GORDON...

BY-SO-LANE

STUDIO

YEAH, I DOOD DAT SHIT YOU DOON DERE ONCE! I TOT IT WUZ A MAR'BORO, BUT IT PUT ME INTA A PLACE DAT SHUR WASN'T MAR'BORO COUNTRY, HA HA HA HA HA HA! SERIOUSLY, DOUGH, OFFISADRA ONY POT/GOT IS UNDA MY BELT!

EXCUSE ME...

COULD I TRY A TOKE?

SURE MAN

THIS SHIT MUST HAVEDINT IN IT!

WHO'S THE GUY WITH THE EARS, HEFF?

SSSSSSSS

MY BOSS! I'VE JUST BEEN CANNED!

CLANG! HONK! TWEET!

GANDY I SEE THE LIGHT! I REALLY SEE IT! WHERE CAN I GET MORE OF THIS STUFF? I'LL PACKAGE IT! SELL IT! IT'LL SAVE ME! I'LL MAKE BILLIONS! BILLIONS!

I'LL CHUCK THIS TIT RAG OUT ON ITS ASS! NO MORE SKULKING IN MY 11TH FLOOR HUTCH FOR ME! AT LAST I'LL BE FREE! I'LL DRIVE FAST CARS! FUCK WOMEN! I'LL DRINK CHAMPAGNE! I'LL... I'LL... I'LL BUY A BOX OF TRIX!!!

STUPID RABBIT!

TRIX ARE FOR KIDS!

BOMPF!

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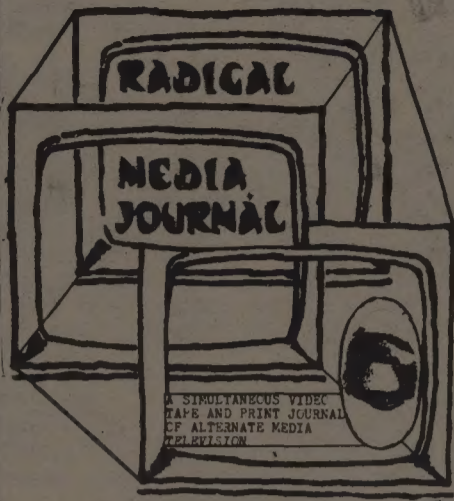
BOMPF!

The possibility exists now that those of us in the video community may very soon be confronted with the reality of an underground video center. If, this happens it must be accomplished in a manner that will not destroy the independence of individuals and groups now in existence or those that will emerge in the future. *It is important to insure in its formation the input of the community* — I think all of us have had enough of the announcement from the power structure that this or that is done in our name but we were never given a chance to help shape it or run it, or even feel it really belonged to the community.

INFANT ARTS NEED PROTECTION

The experimental video community is in its infancy — the three principal groups active at present in New York are all 15 months old or less. The use of video, particularly 1/2-inch equipment, is a recent development in the spectrum of T.V. broadcasting and educational TV. It is neither of these but a new art form. No major broadcaster or educational institution has embraced or truly supported this infant. It has existed as small, poorly financed groups receiving virtually no funding or support from public or private sources.

Any support must be widely based in order to insure the survival of these artists now working in video and maintaining a balance and open opportunity for this creative form to develop and flourish.



Underground NBC?

john reilly

Other funds available are through such places as WGBH in Boston to work largely with 2" broadcast equipment in an experimental manner. In this case, the funds are not controlled by any single artist working in the field but by WGBH-TV and others on an impartial and completely open basis.

A Video Center must be decentralized. —

To centralize the enormous effective power of such a center with a single group is contrary to the tone and direction of radical video thus far and even contrary to one of the rare moves towards democracy of the FCC in the fight against centralization. It is also contrary to any "democratic" and open approach to the Video as art. The F.C.C.

has repeatedly ruled and recommended that power be decentralized; the most recent example being the proposed rules that require a cable (CATV) owner to originate local programs. The F.C.C. limits the number of TV and radio stations one owner may operate; it separated AM and FM stations. The F.C.C. has also tentatively recommended that cable owners "lease" channels to the community to further democratize and decentralize communications.

There can be no argument that centralization produces efficiency, but it has never produced creativity, democracy or a chance for many conflicting ideas, viewpoints and styles of living or even people to flourish.

VIDEO IS NOT FILM

Film today is a strong, established art form with many diversified sources of income and support — literally a multi-billion dollar enterprise (that doesn't mean the best film makers are supported). This is not the case with experimental video — it is an infant, where film was in 1895, where many creative men were developing separately this new art form. What if major support had been used to further a single group among the many, to the exclusion of all of the others? It would have been destructive of growth and free creative talent then, as it is now.

The possibility of a central direction of the video movement must be kept as open as possible — with full and fair participation by the artists and groups who want to work with portable video on every level. Many mistakes have been made in the past when major support was given to other art forms — there is no reason to repeat those mistakes now — we all have a chance to make a Video Center free and open and a real force as alternate T.V.

We welcome input by all concerned with the future of Video — A general open meeting of video artists and all others interested, will be held at GLOBAL VILLAGE as soon as possible. Please send any ideas you have on the structure of a video center, to Global Village, 454 Broome St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012.

DON'T FLUSH FOR EVERYTHIN'

It had been a usual Saturday on the Lower East Side. I had been trying to catch up on my housework that I had neglected all week. I brought down the garbage. On the way down with the garbage I noticed a cat going up the stairs, I didn't know the cat, but didn't pay any attention to him. I deposited my garbage on top of someone else's garbage, knowing full well that it would be poked, looked through, felt, squeezed, touched, smelled, and otherwise appraised by the local garbage inspectors. Don't you know about them? I swear, I would just once like to put a movie camera on my garbage after I leave it outside to see exactly how many people are into it. There is no privacy anymore, and this garbage business is just part of it. Anyhow, I left my garbage wondering who would appreciate the token gifts I'd laid on them, and climbed the stairs. I went in the house, the door was open, I usually leave it open when getting rid of the garbage, and to my surprise I found that same fellow that I met on the stairway earlier, he was standing in the bathroom with a long knife in his hand. He told me to be quiet, and not to scream, and that he wanted to hide out for maybe ten minutes because the MAN was after him. Of course, stay, sit down, would you like a drink. I was cool. I didn't panic. His appeal to my criminal nature by asking to hideout, cooled me out a little, and I felt "in" on whatever conspiracy he was into. However, the adrenalin was pumping away in my every organ. He sat down and said that the police were following him because he had just beaten someone up. He said "some nigger" had burned him, and he proceeded to beat the shit out of the guy when an old lady called the cops. We agreed, the man was a drag. He was a Puerto Rican, about 27 or so. We talked about various atrocities by the man against the people. He then said that he was a "dope fiend" and proceeded to show me his tracks. He said that he needed a fix and would do anything for money, do you have any? I said no and rapped to him about the hard times I had

been experiencing, including a recent rip-off perpetrated on my home to the tune of two T.V.'s and a radio. He asked me again, do you have any money? While, waving the knife in front of my face. I asked him how long he had been on junk, he said on and off for seven years, not including the time that he's spent in jail. I asked him how big his habit was and he told me, \$36 a day. One day, and my weekly salary would be more than spent. He started to look around the place and asked about room-mates, boy-friends, etc. Anybody expected soon? I told him about my room-mates, my girl-friend and her three year old child and showed him pictures of both. He agreed they were extremely beautiful, and I said that I didn't know when they would be in, I volunteered that my boy-friend was also

Puerto Rican and that I didn't know when he'd be back.

He said that he was into stealing things and started walking around the apartment looking and poking into everything. He made reference to several items, that I own, like my guitar and my radio. He was looking through the secretary and came upon a ten dollar bill which he put in his pocket. I had no idea that it was even there and explained that to him, saying that it was my room-mate's and that she really needed it and that she was on welfare and they aren't exactly the best of providers. He started looking for more stashes and ran into my dope. He asked if I did stuff, and I said, no, only pot. He left my stash alone. He said that he was sick and started clutching at his stomach. I said that the ten would help out, didn't

he feel like splitting?. I asked him about the rehabilitation programs and he said that they didn't work. He said that I seemed pretty hip, and started poking around some more. He found my mother's wedding ring on the top of the refrigerator — he freaked, wow, that's real gold. That's my mother's fucking wedding ring, I grabbed it out of his hand and put it away. I told him that my mother had died and left me the ring, do you know what it's like to lose a mother? He didn't say anything more about the ring. He then asked me if I've ever heard of Sharon Tate and would I like to end up like her. I said no and you wouldn't want to end up like Manson, would you? Then he started asking me if I was a virgin, what does that have to do with anything? I said. Wow, this guy is a freak. He then started asking me things like would I scream if he raped me, I didn't tell him that I knew junkies couldn't get it up. I was getting worried about the cat.

He heard something out the window and asked me to look out the window for him to see if it was the man. I said I'd do it if he let me hold the knife, which he did, saying that he had another one in his pocket. Did I think he was stupid? He was in the apartment too long for my likings. He sort of fell over a little and said he was sick. He said I didn't realize what a nice guy he was but I'd never believe it until he left. I was getting worried, the cat was really weird.

He picked up my guitar and was appraising it when I asked him if he wanted me to sing him a song. I started playing and singing a song called Rosalie, written by Steve Elliot. He listened and sat close to me, studying me as I sang. It was perhaps the best rendition of the song that I have ever done. It was clear and beautiful, and he was obviously enjoying it. After I was done singing I got up, so did he, I walked towards the door, he followed, I extended my hand, saying, what's your name? Bobby, mine's coca, I hope the next time that we meet it's under different circumstances. I shook his hand, it was over, Far Out.

Music Nath Charms

To SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST



By Coca-Crystal

3333 FABLES
PRESENTS FOR YOUR EDIFICATION

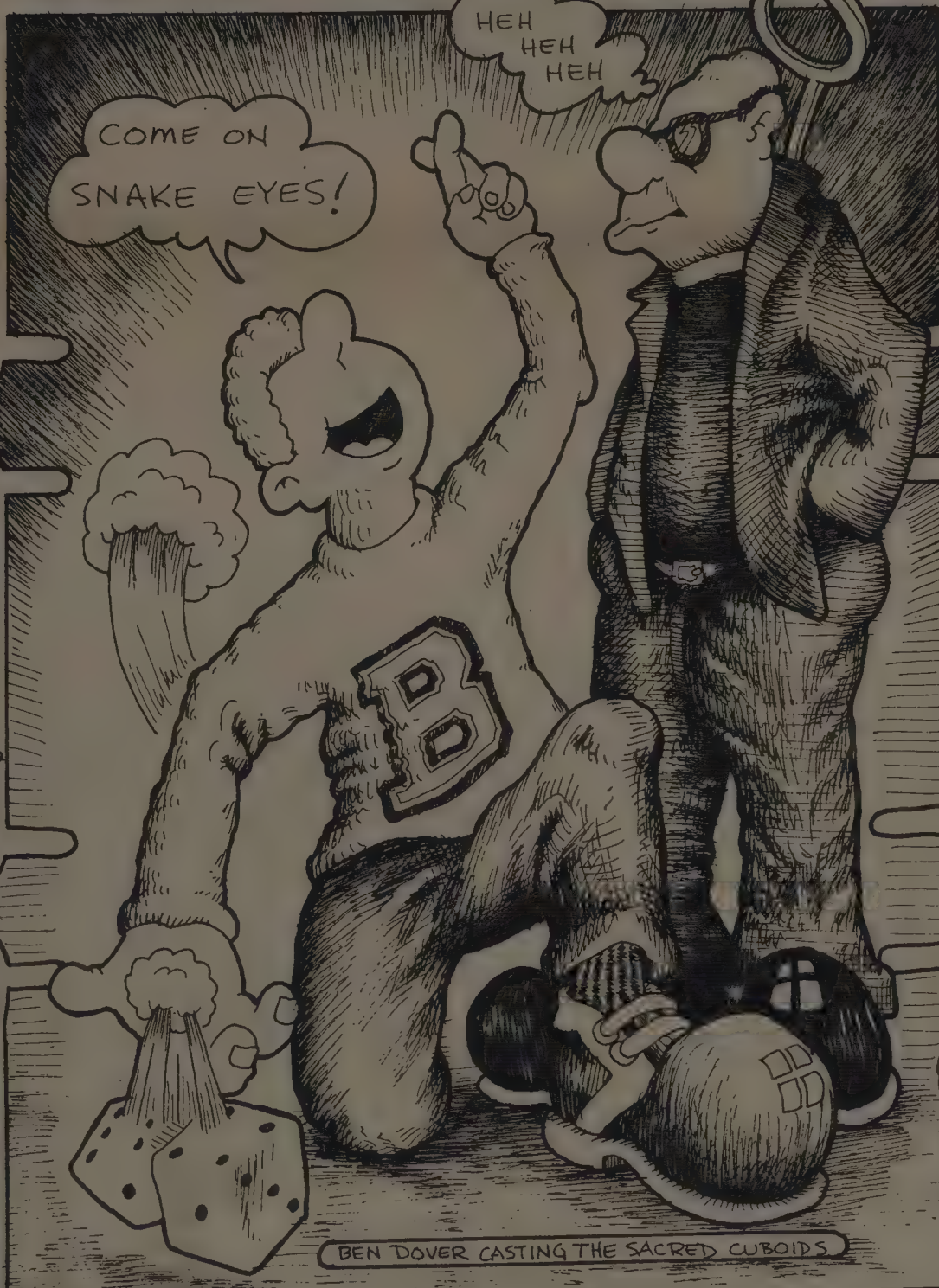
WAR OF DICE

OR

HOW BEN DOVER ESCAPED FROM THE JOWLS OF IMFAMY BY
THE SKIN OF HIS BALLS



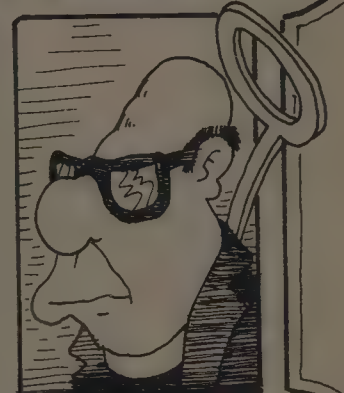
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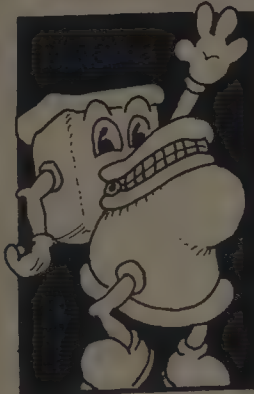
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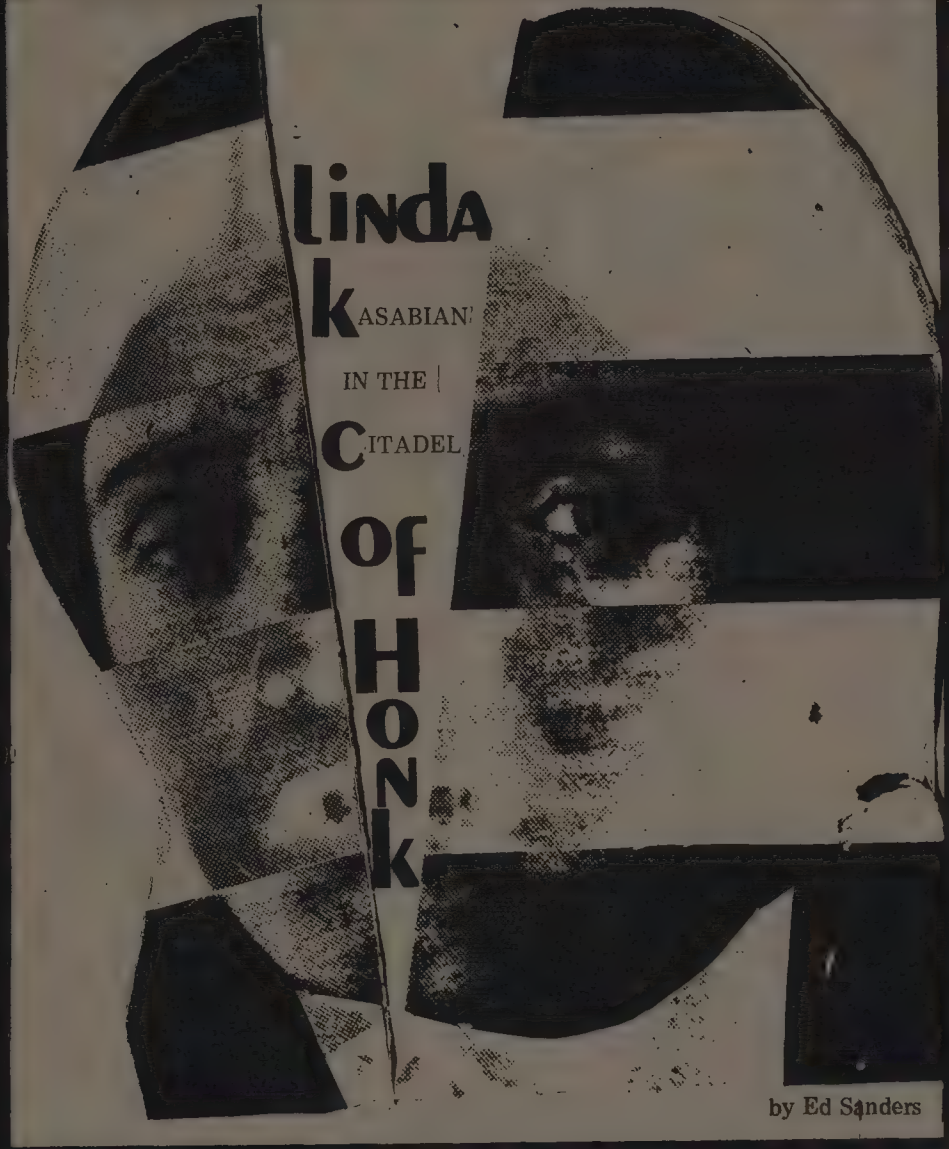


PERRY
COMMODOE



JOHNNY
PUMP

AN EPIC TALE OF ANAL PROPORTIONS TO TEMPT
AND TEASE YOUR TOILET TRAINING.



by Ed Sanders

Linda
KASABIAN
 IN THE
CITADEL
of
HONK

This article will consist of what William Burroughs calls a "newspeak precis" description of a couple of days in court at the Krenwinkle trial in smog-pocketed downtown Los Angeles. The days, already past and fading in one's chromosome-damaged mind, are Thursday August 6 and Tuesday August 11, days during which Irving Kanarek, chemical engineer and member of the bar, queried Linda Kasabian regarding dope, God, hallucinations, sex, time, witchcraft, piggies, and murder. This is the happiness hour, brought to you by two centuries of American karma.

August 6. Hiroshima Day. 9:50 AM. Irving Kanarek is asking ten thousand questions. One would not have been surprised if Mr. Kanarek had asked of her some medieval University of Paris type question such as how many angels can fit on the edge of a tab of strawberry dope, Mrs. Kasabian? He asked her the difference between a pig and a piggie. "Pig is a cop and piggies are those who have a lot of bread." Freaks, she testified are "far out people on far out trips, dope or sex or whatever, just far out people."

On the front row, left side of spectator section, the media artists are looking and sketching, peeping up and peeping down, peeping and peering and drawing, as sketchers do. The jury, knowing the whole world is watching, looks Howard Johnson neat at all times. They don't look out much at the spectator section (except on the second day of Linda's direct examination when juror No. 7, Mr Sisto, spotted Rona Barrett sitting in the back of the courtroom. Immediately the juror pointed her out to his fellow jurors and all craned and twisted around to see the lady TV star as she sat being briefed by another reporter about the various people in the courtroom, the defense attorneys, the prosecutors, etc. When Mr. Bugliosi, the prosecutor was pointed out to her, she seemed to know who he was, describing him for all near to hear, as being "One of those pushy passionate Italians." If he wasn't attempting to gas the defendants one could agree with Miss Barrett in her seeming praise of Mr. Bugliosi, who seems to be a hard-working ethical prosecutor although a servant of the citadel of Honk. One's revulsion at capital punishment prevents it. Miss Barrett was attired in dark blue panty

hose, black shoes with bows, a striped short sleeve vanilla-cream dress with knotted belt; gold hair, 3 or 4 rings on fingers, golden sun tan, taking notes with a small gold ball point pen. Miss Barrett made a slight groaning sound when Linda Kasabian testified that someone had told her of difficulty in stabbing because the person kept running into bones.

Mr. Kanarek seemed to be moving into a new phase of his cross examination, a dangerous phase particularly for the girl defendants. The defense is supposed to be an umbrella defense. So by attempting to prove that Mrs. Kasabian was a willing and eager accomplice in massacres, Kanarek was "accepting the scenario" offered by the prosecution that the defense could have committed the crimes.

So, she testified that she feels responsible for the deaths. That she knew that the second night even as she felt remorse about the victims of the first night, allegedly was a chop mission.

At 11:06 AM, Kanarek elicited from Mrs. Kasabian that she had made certain notes and had given them to Mr. Stovitz and Mr. Bugliosi. Kanarek asked to approach the bench for a conference upon receipt of this information, whereupon he probably asked for copies of the notes as the right to examine such notes must have been included in the discovery motions granted by the court. Linda testified then that she had eaten some candy, in remorse, after the alleged LaBianca caper. She did not, however remember on what TV channel she had watched, in remorse, the accounts of the Ciel Drive homicides before she allegedly went out for a second time.

She claimed to have been under some sort of force field from Mr. Manson, not, however, a state of hypnosis. She was able to break away, and, abandoning her child, she offed David Hannon's 61 white Volvo and drove to New Mexico. Just before lunch, her attorneys asked her what she wanted to eat, indicating that she was getting special eating privileges prior to her formal immunity. Lunch.

Lunch hour at the Hall of Justice is rumor time. You hear rumors and rumors as people interested in the case swap information. During this particular lunch time I learned very little. I was told that Jay Sebring's appointment book has Susan Struther's name on it. I was told

that a lady who appeared in the corridors outside the courtroom the day before was not, as she claimed, Charlie Manson's mother because she was much taller than Charlie remembered her to be and because she claimed not to have seen him from birth, a falsehood. I learned also that Randy Starr, the prosecution witness who was to testify about the alleged murder weapon, was dead of a brain tumor. A young Black man approached me with a friendly letter he wanted given to Mr. Manson. I said I would try. I was told that a famous New York sports writer had a copy of the Peter Sellers film, Rumors rumors and babble. Happiness.

The afternoon questioning found Mr. Kanarek concerned by possible lapses of memory brought about by Mrs. Kasabian's use of LSD. He asked her if she attempted to administer first aid to Wojciech Frykowski. No. Did you speak to him? No. How do you know? I just know that I didn't speak to him. He shows her photo of Frykowski. Ohhh. Tears. (Tears stopped, and it was difficult to realize this, when she was granted immunity several days later. Since immunity has been granted, not only has she stopped crying but she can gaze quite readily at the photos.) She couldn't go on. Court was recessed.

Two ladies behind me are chatting during the break, looking at Mr. Manson. "I don't know what that man has... I'm looking him over, though. He must have something."

Kanarek had been holding a folio of photos of the victims. After court recessed, reporters were heard to ask questions of the officials as they left the court room, as: "Was her arm over her face?" Yes. "Were her eyes open or closed?" Closed. "Yes, it was a horrible picture." Newsmen trailing along behind him firing questions about a group of color photos of death.

August 11, morning. Kanarek showed Kasabian a picture of the window thru which she peeped when Tex allegedly was cutting the screen to get in. She recognized a table and a bouquet of flowers. What phase of his questioning is he in? Evidently he is trying to prove that a) she was an eager violent-minded creepy crawler and b) that, since she has already admitted that she sees fantasies on dope trips, perhaps her memory of events at the Tate residence and the LaBianca residence are beset with eidola and hallucination; and c) that she considered herself to be a witch on August 8 and 9, 1969. Kanarek walked toward her with photo of Mr. LaBianca. It was upside down. She gasped. Kanarek evidently

wants to believe that Mrs. Kasabian herself was the one who tied Mr. LaBianca's hands with the 42 inch leather thong. No dice.

"Were you a witch on the night that you went to the Tate house?" (Prosecution objected, court sustained the objection. No answer.) One's mind flashes back to catalogues of the trials of Scottish witches in the 16th century wherein ladies were accused of being "guiltie of murder by witchwork." Showing her a picture of Leno LaBianca, Kanarek asked her if she felt she was a witch on the second night. She felt, indeed, that she had such powers then but now she feels she had no powers in reality.

"What do you believe you could do as a witch?" (prosecution objection sustained. No answer.) "Did you see the scene depicted in this photograph?" - Kanarek holding prosecution exhibit Nr.91, an 8"x10" surreally-filtered color photo of a victim, directly in front of her gaze. "No."

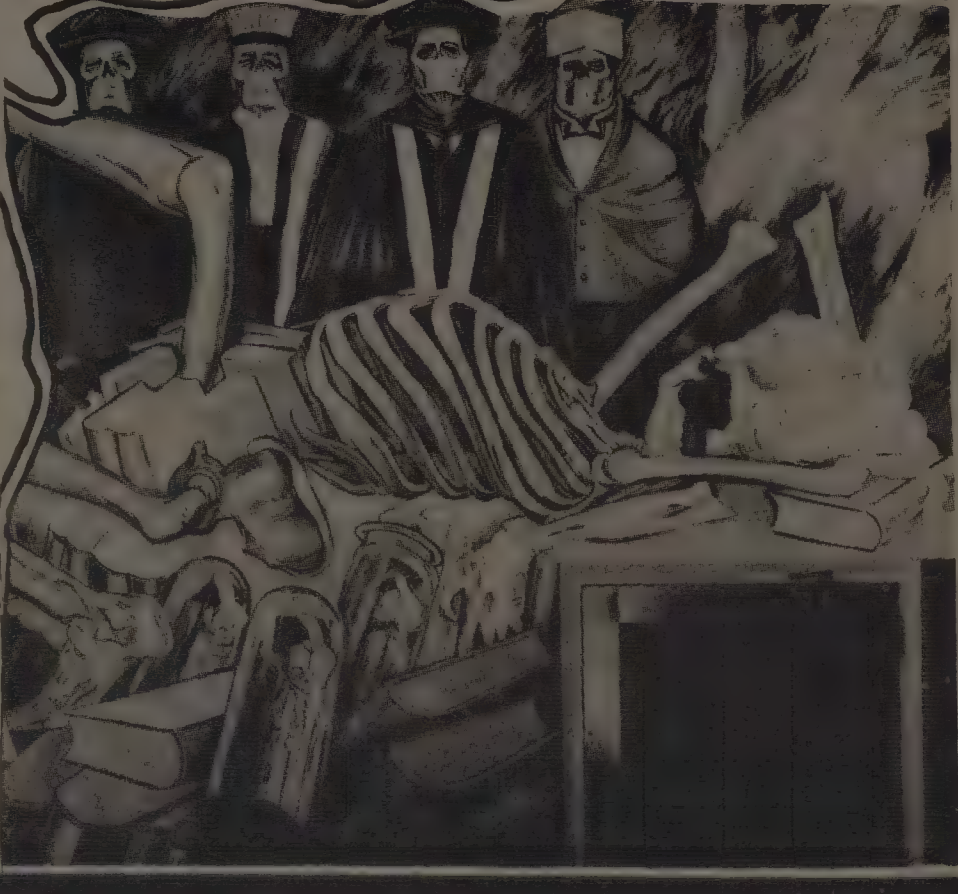
"Did you see it as a witch?" "No." He asked her if she had any previous knowledge of witchery prior to living at the Spahn Ranch. She replied that she knew of a group of people with a cauldron who were undertaking double double toil and trouble routines in a large cave near the Hot Springs in Taos.

Kanarek's queries then roamed to God-consciousness. She said she had forgotten God at the Spahn Ranch. She said she took LSD because "I liked it." He asked her if the God realized on LSD was the same God that she is thanking for showing her mercy by granting her immunity. No, the new God is higher, "sort of," than the dope-thought God. (Earlier she had testified that she thought the mercy of God had granted her immunity from prosecution.)

Mrs. Kasabian testified that for a whole month last summer she thought Mr. Manson to be Jesus Christ. Kanarek asked her when she stopped believing so. "The day I left." Then she corrected herself and said that she learned "who Charlie really is" while she was standing on the sidewalk at the Polansky residence. (At this point a rumor flows among the reporters that Mr. Oiler is going to yank Mr. Kanarek off of cross-examination in a few hours. After all, he has had ten days to challenge her testimony.)

During the luncheon break people were telling what one calls Kanarek jokes. You hear people putting down and laughing at him everywhere in the hall of justice. In the elevators. By the coffee machines. By the phones. "Please God, make it stop,"

(Continued on Page 20)



PLAN TO LIBERATE PRISONERS ENDS AS COPS KILL REVOLUTIONARIES IN MARIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE SHOOT-OUT

by Tom Hayden

SAN RAFAEL, Calif. (LNS) — It has taken a seventeen-year-old warrior with guns to bring justice into an American courtroom at last. Jonathan Jackson, warrior for his people, put repression on trial with his opening remarks to the court: "This is it, gentlemen. I've got an automatic weapon. Everybody freeze." And before this frozen scene, as frozen as any historic tableau, James McClain placed his hand on his gun and offered his testimony: "Take these handcuffs off me, I've been in San Quentin for years and I want to be a free man, so help me God." And then: "We are the revolution, free the Soledad Brothers by 12:30 tomorrow."

And so began a new stage of combat, against repression. These were the first prisoners of war to attempt liberating themselves and others with guns in hand, consciously deciding that death in struggle is better than life in solitary. That they fell minutes later killed by maniacs who would rather unleash a slaughter than allow their system to be defied makes little difference. They strode beyond the world as we knew it, Huey says, beyond the experience of Watts, Detroit, beyond even the most romantic fantasies of young whites. In death they redefined life. Where they fell we begin.

The reactionaries are covering the truth in this event quicker than they covered the corpses. The warden calls these men hoodlums and criminals. In the words of the yellow press, their lives were "a sisyphus of human violence, seemingly ordained to conclude in an incident of fatal violence." McClain, after all, had a prior record of assaulting a policeman. Jonathan Jackson, the "good student" with no criminal record, is passed off as a case of extreme family loyalty. Even opinions in "enlightened" radical circles have been slow to grasp the positive significance of this event. Many people unconsciously echo the theory, put forward by a University of California researcher just this week, that young blacks are psychologically bent on suicide confrontation. Writers like Julius Lester mourn that Panther-style

rhetoric fires the fuel of anger to self-destructive extremes. Some ask, why should they be so desperate and irrational when the release of Huey Newton has just proven that the system can be budged. Even if the desperation is understandable, why do they adopt such an insane plan.

First, what about their escape plot — was it so irrational? Suppose they had driven to the San Francisco airport, demanded a flight to Cuba or Algeria and taken their hostages with them promising their safe return when the plane landed and the Soledad Brothers were freed.

Impossible? — not in the context of recent skyjackings and kidnappings.

In fact the only apparent reason they were killed was because individual guards did not follow their superior's orders to avoid a shoot-out. If the police could control themselves a bit more, if they had followed the desires of the now-dead judge, we might have witnessed the successful jailbreak-kidnap-prisoner exchange.

Second, whatever the exact plans were, in fact any such escape plot is quite rational when compared to the possibilities of an unknown prisoner "escaping" through the legal system. The prisoners live under the arbitrary and sadistic rule of the Adult Authorities — a body which is virtually beyond pressure. The case of the Soledad Brothers only shows the surface of oppression to the public. Quite frankly, it has gathered a margin of interest because George Jackson just happens to be a brilliant writer, not because the people know there is a real movement to shatter the prison system. Even this notorious trial has little to do with the three brothers' possible liberation. They



are in prison for as long as the Adult Authority plans to keep them. The trial is only about sentencing them to death in addition to everything else.

As for Huey's release, few people should be fooled into a new confidence in the legal system. Huey was released because of enormous public pressure and because the authorities feared an outbreak of Latin-American type of kidnappings here.

Third, it is insulting to consider these men as "cons" with "nothing to lose." This cannot explain the role of Jonathan Jackson, the young man with the open future, the good grades. Certainly he was not cornered and driven to violence in the ordinary fashion. Jonathan Jackson thought the entire plan was through while he was enjoying his life. Nor can the "desperate men" theory explain the words and deeds of the other two. Both must have known that the risk of death was more an immediate escape than prison. Common self-interest cannot explain their willingness to die. Nor does it explain their testimony in court, "We are the revolutionaries."

Why did they want photos taken if not to communicate their message in example to others? Why did they swear to God their desire for freedom? Their act was not taken because they had nothing to lose but because they had everything to win. They believed in justice, they had a vision, they felt solidarity with other people. They were willing to sacrifice their lives

as a contribution to a better world rather than waste their lives in acceptance of the status quo.

So we have seen the arrival of people who somehow live beyond death, who know, as Huey said upon release, "You never get out of life alive." Eldridge calls us "Kamikaze madmen who step on the stage of history when the good and responsible people have failed." When people are prisoners of war they will act like warriors."

Why do we think it normal for men to die senselessly in Vietnam but abnormal to die for real values here in America? Why do we accept slave revolts when they appear in history books but reject them when they happen before our eyes.

In whatever way we act we should be grateful to these men for being pioneers who set a standard for what is possible. Let them be called "adventurer" if necessary. It is the adventurer after all who charts and masters the unknown. Their confrontation with the state is only suicidal for the state. If the rulers do not free our prisoners of war and cease their universal aggression, if they do not make peaceful changes possible, then it is tragically clear that all of America will be taken hostage in the vast jailbreak ahead.

— Berkeley Tribe

NANCY KOTEX

AS A HIGHSCHOOL NURSE AND HYGIENE TEACHER I HAVE LEARNED MANY THINGS ABOUT TEENAGERS.

ARNOLD YOUR TEMPERATURE'S STILL NORMAL

Y'AWANNA TRY IT AGAIN?

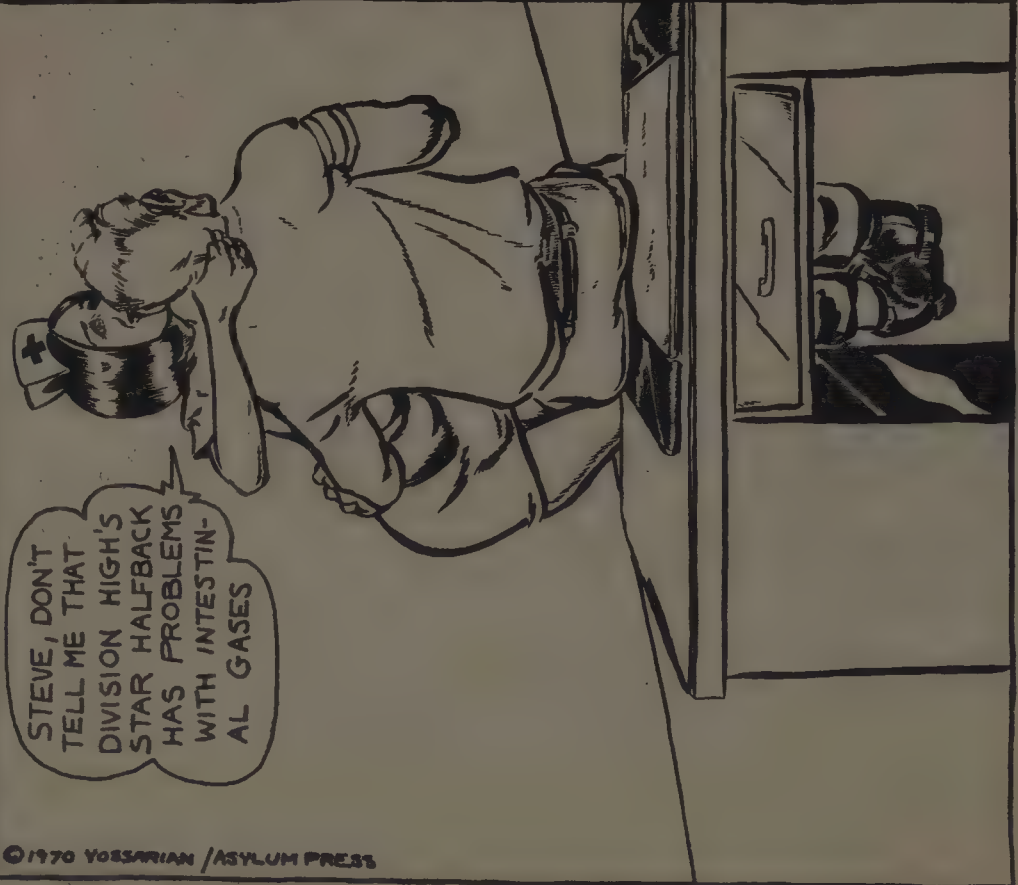
CAN'T BE TOO CAUTIOUS



MOST PEOPLE THINK THAT TEENAGERS ARE ONLY WORRIED ABOUT FOOLISH THINGS LIKE ACNE, AND NOSES. THIS ISN'T TRUE MANY ARE WORRIED ABOUT IMPORTANT THINGS LIKE:

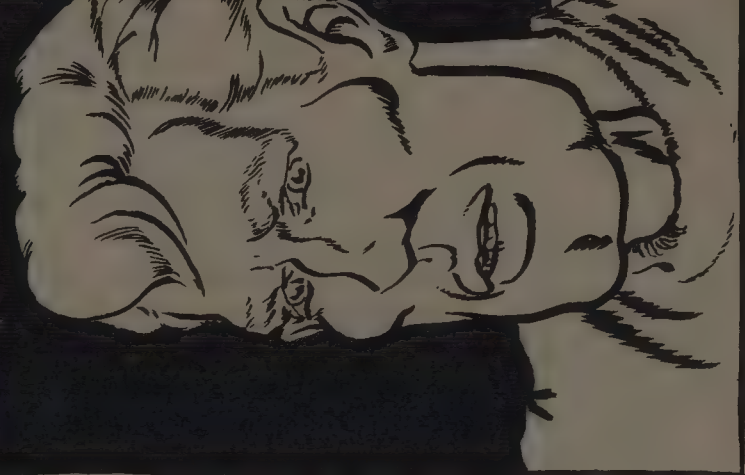
PASSING WIND.

WHAT? OH, STEVE.



STEVE, DON'T TELL ME THAT DIVISION HIGH'S STAR HALFBACK HAS PROBLEMS WITH INTESTINAL GASES

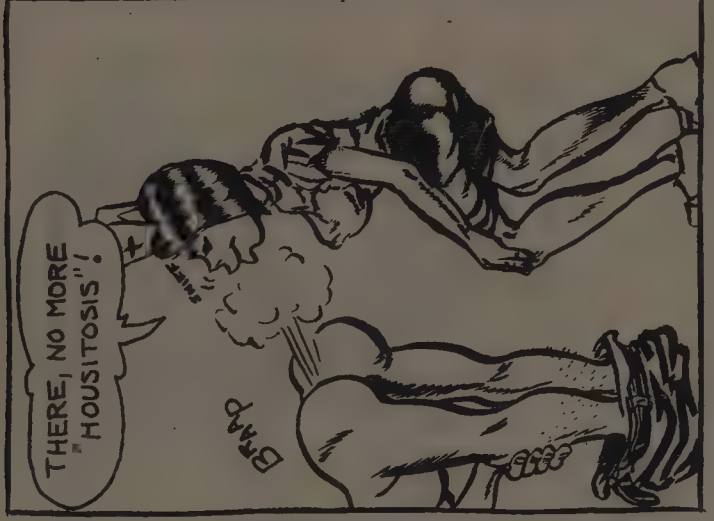
I DO; AND LET ME TELL YOU FLATULENCE IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.



OF COURSE YOU'RE RIGHT STEVE. I THINK WE CAN SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM.



TRY THIS NEW PRODUCT FLATU-ESSENCE, IT'S DESIGNED TO FRESHEN THE AIR AT HOME WHILE BINDING ANAL ODORS



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LAY A FART, AND SUDDENLY IT'S SPRINGTIME

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AVAILABLE IN 3 NEW SCENTS

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- LEMON FRESH a pleasant citrus scent
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AVAILABLE IN EITHER, LIQUID OR, SUPPOSITORY

WARNING: CONTENTS MAY CAUSE DIZZINESS, NAUSEA, SEVERE RECURRING ANXIETY REACTIONS, LYMPHOGRANULOMA, BALDNESS, ACNE, RELIGIOUS VISIONS, DELTA WAVE DISTURBANCES, SOMNIBULISM, AND/OR STERILITY. KEEP IN A DRY PLACE!

FLATU-ESSENCE

ALSO FROM Lady-Oddoc: FEMFART for the delicate female intestinal passages

PURIFYING THE AIR IS A SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A TIP OF THE HAT TO JACKIE FRIEDRICH A LOVELY LASS WITH A SENSITIVE BRAIN

TEARS For The tar baby

by Ray Schultz



Jack Johnson, new hero of Broadway, had one of the hardest heads ever pounded on by the leather boxing glove. He was the Ali of his time: stylish, arrogant, successful, and persecuted. To whites, he was an amalgam of Altgeld, Debs, the Kaiser and Satan. To blacks, he was the Holy Ghost Incarnate, a black man who stood up to white America and got what he wanted by doing it.

But if Johnson was a symbol of black aspiration, he was never quite typical of actual black gain. He was fat and sleek when killed in an auto crash in 1948, unlike Sam Langford who died blind and broke in a Boston cellar, forgotten by all mankind. He may have been chased a bit by the White Establishment, but he never sank to the misery and futility experienced by his black contemporaries who fought each other for peanuts, who were denied every chance to raise themselves above the level of domestic animals, who destroy, in large part, today's myth of the poor black boy fighting his way out of the ghetto, and bringing his mama with him.

Nat Fleischer's ring Record Book, the most comprehensive and exhausting collection of data on boxing, provides us with some interesting facts on black fighters of the old days.

The first men ever to fight for sport and profit in America were black freemen — Tom Molineaux and Bill Richmond, "The Black Terror." They practiced their brutal art in the early years of the 19th century, and were very close friends, according to the historians. Molineaux became the first American ever to fight for a championship — the heavyweight title — when he met Jim Cribb in London in 1810 and lost by a very tight margin — so close, in fact, that a rematch was held a year later at Thistleton Gap in the County of Rutland, and Londoner Pierce Egan, inspired by what he had seen, started the first publication ever devoted exclusively to boxing, "Boxiana."

Boxing was illegal in those days, and matches were conducted on the sly, at hidden rendezvous, much the same as cockfighting today. In his book, "The Sweet Science," A.J. Liebling described a picture of the second Molineaux-Cribb bout that had appeared in "Boxiana." The scene was typical of boxing matches up into the twentieth century.

"In the foreground of the picture there is a whore sitting on her gentleman's shoulders the better to see the fight, while a pickpocket lifts the gentleman's reader (watch). Cribb has just hit Molineaux the floorer and Molineaux is falling, as he has continued to do for a hundred and forty-five years since.

"But the detail I recall first when I think of the picture is the face of Bill Richmond, also an American Negro, as he sees his man go. He is following Molineaux down with his eyes, bending as the challenger falls, and his face is desolate."

The great Egan himself paid heed to Molineaux by writing: "The hardiest frame could not resist the blows of the *Champion*; and it is astonishing the Moor stood them for so long."

It is equally astonishing that boxing stood its illegality for so long — right up to the time of Jack Johnson. If it was difficult for a white man to get along in the sport under such conditions, it was ten times as difficult for a black man. There was no easy fortune to be made, no quick rise from the ghetto to the Les Crane show. The talented young black who disdained performing in minstrel shows could only hope to scrape out a living in the ring — nothing more.

The great John L. Sullivan automatically barred black fighters while champion, saying, "I will never fight a black man." Sullivan's leading contender was just such a black man, Peter Jackson, who was finally laid low by Gentleman Jim Corbett after several years of futile waiting. After losing to Corbett himself for the title, Sullivan is said to have remarked, "Thank God I lost to an American."

Black fighters of the lower weight classes were never quite that unfortunate, although they came close. The most untalented heavyweight king is always a shade above the middle and welterweight champs in charisma and respect. He is a figure apart from the rest of boxing, a representative of his time; a man, who like the President of the United States, must somehow tie together all or most segments of the population. Thus, several lighter black men — Joe Gans, Tiger Flowers, Battling Siki — were able to become champion of their respective divisions during times when a black heavyweight king would have been unthinkable to the public of America.

Conditions were at their worst, if anything, for black heavyweights during Johnson's unlikely reign. The leading black contenders — Sam McVey, Joe Jeanette and Sam Langford — were forced to fight each other sometimes as many as 20 or 25 times in every little tank town along the pike. The white contenders avoided them if they could, and even Johnson, as champ, refused to meet them. He had fought Jim Johnson (no relation) in a title fight during his early days as king, and had lost money at the gate. It was the first time two black men ever met in a heavyweight title fight, and the last for many a long day.

Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, was typical of the times, a brilliant artist forced by circumstance to become a journeyman. He was a slippery boxer with a good punch, and murderous infighting skills. Born in Nova Scotia in 1880, he began boxing in 1902 as a featherweight. Going up the weight scale, he fought almost every leading boxer of his time: Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Jack Blackburn (who later trained Joe Louis), Stanley Ketchel, defeating many of them. He beat most of the white hopes of the time, Jim Barry, Jim Flynn, Tony Ross and Sandy Ferguson, and lost a close fight to Johnson who refused to meet him again, for the title or otherwise.

As a result, Langford with his deadly skills was forced to go on tour of the sticks, fighting his fellow blacks. He fought Joe Jeanette 14 times, McVey 14 times, and Harry Wills 23 times. He took many a beating, and dished many out. He became a spoiler in the ring, ending the hopes of many young fighters, black and white both. Towards the end of his career he went blind from cataracts, and managed to stay alive in the ring by holding on to his opponents and punching in their direction in the clinch. He retired in 1924, with a record of 251 pro fights: 36 decision wins, 99 knockouts, 31 draws, 19 decision losses, 4 knockout losses, 59 no-decisions, and 1 win on a foul. When elected to the Boxing Hall of fame in 1955, he was living like a derelict in a cellar in Boston, blind and unknown. They took up a benefit for him, but he died a year later, a defeated man.

Langford, like Johnson, was hated and feared by a generation of whites. After he fought Gunboat Smith in Boston, the Boston Globe cartoonist wrote some very pithy captions for some very pithy drawings of the fight:

(Continued on Page 22)

Charlie Frick, his friend Buddy and I took to the roads last weekend to check out the middle class alternative media conference at Rutgers, where, upon arrival at Central Control, we were immediately given authority badges and 22 dollars. So we roamed around for awhile - finding the expected work shirts in serious conversation and the heads in the parking lots. We cased the town and bought some cheap wine and those light wood 15 cent airplanes - only now they have riders in them - ate some dinner and flew our airplanes for awhile.

We walked back to the arena and sat in the student lounge trying to score - but everyone looked at us like we were nuts.

PARTY FOUNDED

So Central Control gave us keys to this dormitory room and there it was that a new political party was founded - THE NEW YEARS EVE PARTY.

All you need to be a member is the correct frame of mind. You'll know if you've got that frame of mind by how you reacted to the party's name. I don't know - it just FEELS right to me. If it feels right to you - buy yourself a party hat and a whizzer and keep them with you until further instructions.

After a meeting in room 526 with the artillery contingent, the three of us hit the roads again and found ourselves lost on the highways of Amerika. It was Frick that saw it first. That silver gleam in the woods. So we stopped the car and found some trees to hide behind. Well, the silver thing landed, just like in Twilight Zone, and two creatures got out. The one who came first bowed and mumbled something. Then the second one came out with a lot of equipment on his back. The first thing they did was plant a flag

on the earth and then they started picking up rocks and leaves, candy wrappers and beer cans, decomposed condoms, and putting them in airtight containers. Then they stood still

Planet Founded

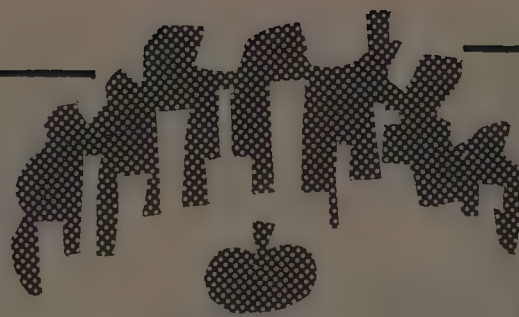
for several moments, in a position that looked like they were standing at attention. After that they stuck some sticks in the ground - all the while being followed by an ultraviolet eye from the space craft. As they were ready to go they placed a little plaque by the flag and then took off, as quietly as they had come. All that was left was the flag, the plaque, and the sticks, but they were rapidly becoming invisible. So we went over to touch and otherwise examine them but we could barely make out any inscription or lettering, and it was becoming more and more difficult to feel them. The only thing you could feel was a slight breeze from where they left the flag followed by a heady aroma that I've smelled in certain East Village apartments which pervaded the whole area.

So we left figuring we'd better let our dreams help us with that one - but we had no idea how to get where we were going. But something made us feel that those visitors knew and would help us get there. Well, we weren't in the car more than two minutes in an apparent wilderness when we saw this fully lit building - ALL SOUL'S HOSPITAL. That was the name. And there some freaky insomniac old lady gave us the necessary directions.

VISIBLE

But THE NEW YEARS EVE PARTY hasn't become invisible yet - although some party chemists are busily at work on the project.

THE BIG APPLE



Jackie Friedrich

So join the NEW YEARS EVE PARTY now and don't be caught when you're 50 and someone says, "Remember THE NEW YEARS EVE PARTY?" and it finally hits you and you say, "Yeah, that's what it was all about. Yeah, yeah, yeah, now I see, yeah," and you spend the rest of your life nodding and saying "Yeah, THE NEW YEARS EVE PARTY, yeah."

THE NEW YEARS EVE PARTY has found out a couple of other things too. Various party scouts report that in some army bases the G.I.'s are getting high by eating plastic explosives. The officers don't know what to

do and have considered stopping production of said explosives. The only thing they've done so far is to put up signs saying, "Don't eat the explosives."

But that ain't all. A group of party members are harrassed nightly for congregating around

snort con ed

factory chimneys (especially those of Con Edison) and inhaling the air. The rush of concentrated pollution is incredible. So far we can't be indicted because there are no

laws against inhaling pollution - we're home free. Party scientists say it may become addictive, so a group survival kit is in preparation.

I sampled some of the kit's contents on weekend in Vermont. There was a little tube with a mask and nozzle that you breathe into for five minutes and get a liberal dose of pollution - enough to keep you flying for eight hours.

I was staying at a commune that made only organic food, so I took the Plastic Pill with 300% Daily Adult Minimum Requirement for grease and preservatives and a delicious lull and relaxation came over my whole being.

In fact, the pollution level is so strong and New Yorkers are so high, that it is rumored that the International Werewolf Conspiracy blowout actually did happen only New Yorkers were too stoned to notice.

Unfortunately, the pollution is still light enough to give us only that speedy effect. To really soar, you need more concentrated doses - the chimneys are one way, copping the exhaust pipe off a bus is another - well, you know, there are 8 million stories in the Naked City.

IGGY!

But Iggy Stooze is a story of the Naked City and he was at Ungano's this week. It was the first time I'd seen him, but the things I'd heard about him were greater than what I saw. I guess that's only because the things I heard were so stupendous. It's his show, and it becomes more and more obvious that it's gotta be everyone's show. Maybe that's what he was hoping for - that everyone would let go and freak out and not just leave it up to him - because it was clear that that's what should have happened. But everyone just seemed to be waiting for Iggy to hurt himself - draw his own blood. I thought they didn't have zoos anymore. At least in the "Alternate Culture."

FLICKS & SHIT

found this invitation on ART (GR3-7014), 8 St. & Univ. Pl. wall in China Town after "Z" the Stooze Concert. It's ELGIN (OR5-0935), 8th Ave. & 19 St. free fun and open to everyone.

FIELD DAY
IN COLUMBUS PARK
FOR EVERYONE

DATE: AUG. 30
TIME: 10:30 am til 7:00 pm

EVENTS:

BABY CONTEST
HALF COURT
BASKETBALL
CHESS TOURNAMENTS
WATER BALLOON
THROWING CONTEST
AND OTHERS

So P.L., community organizers and other heavy thinkers - ON YER MARK, GET SET, GO LAST ONE THERE'S A ROTTEN REVOLUTIONARY!

25 and 26: "The Caretaker" and "Odd Man Out"
27-31: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Seventh Seal"
THALIA (AC2-3370), Bway & 95 St.
25: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Le Depart"
26: "Nothing But a Man" and "Point of Order"
27: "Don Quixote" and "And Quiet Flows the Don"
28: "The Naked Night" and "Three Strange Loves"
29: "She Done Him Wrong" and "Night After Night"
30: "Lola Montes" and "Carnival in Flanders"
31: "Aparajito" and "The Music Room"

NIXON TO WALK AMONG THE PEOPLE

PORTLAND, Ore. (LNS) - A "People's Army Jamboree" is scheduled for August 28 through September 3 in Portland, Oregon. The Jamboree will be a mass mobilization of Americans who disagree with President Nixon's policies of imperialism abroad and racism at home. It is seen as an alternative to the American Legion National Convention which will be held in Portland at the same time.

Nixon, who is a Legionaire, is billed as the major speaker. George Meany, President of the AFL-CIO, Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington, Luis Ferre, the Governor of Puerto Rico, and H. Ross Perot, Dallas multi-millionaire, will also address the Legionaires.

Active duty anti-war GI's who have fought in Vietnam, and Army veterans who have fought in World War II, Korea, Vietnam and other Cold War conflicts are spearheading the Jamboree - organizing a mass march to counter the Legion's "March for Victory in Vietnam."

This march will follow the Legion's march and will be in support of the struggle of the Vietnamese people

combatting U.S. imperialism. A second march on Tuesday September 1 will be in support of imprisoned Black Panthers, whose cases particularly represent racial repression in this country.

The Jamboree will not initiate physical confrontation and condemns indiscriminate and random violence. However, if attacked, demonstrators are urged to defend themselves.

Jamboree organizers feel that Nixon and the American Legion stand for all that is wrong in America and will counter their pollyanna rhetoric with actions and workshops around six major problems in American society:

- * U.S. imperialism - especially U.S. involvement in Vietnam and U.S. moves to control Puerto Rico.
- * Racism - especially the institutionalized racism that allows the government to flagrantly ignore principles of justice to frame Black Liberation leaders and to murder others.
- * Inflation and lack of governmental assistance in the interests of working people.

* The institutionalized oppression of women through job discrimination, unequal pay and lack of adequate child-care facilities.

* Repression of GI's who oppose the war.

* Repression of political dissidents who try to build a society based on cooperation rather than competition.

Jamboree organizers feel that it is time to reassert dissenting ideas. Nixon and the American Legion should be confronted with the fact that America is crumbling under its own weight because of the inhuman policies endorsed and perpetrated by the Administration and national chauvinist groups such as the Legion.

The Jamboree will provide food, emergency and day-care facilities and sleeping areas in centrally located parks.

For more information contact the People's Army Jamboree, 522 W. Burnside, Portland, Ore., 97201, or call (503) 224-2636.

YIPPIE QUIZ

OK, Gang, let's see where you stand . . .

1. Which is a better movie, "Z" or Patton?
2. Which is the better party drink, Scotch or LSD?
3. Are humans basically rational or irrational?
4. Was Robert Kennedy a Hero misguided, or a pig?
5. Are short-haired adults potential converts or the enemy?
6. Should a movement entertain or educate?
7. Should students seek a voice in their university decision-making, or burn it down?
8. Is it more revolutionary to kill your parents or to organize a defense committee?
9. Do you watch Walter Cronkite or NBC TV?
10. Do you get all the news you need on the weather report?
11. Who is better, Dick Cavett or Johnny Carson?
12. Is Johnny Cash a right winger or a people's balladeer?
13. Which is better, rock or folk music?
14. Which has more news, The Daily News or the New York Times; The Guardian or The Rolling Stone; EVO or The New World Times and Watchdog Weekly?
15. Do you prefer Pop art or Impressionist? TV commercials, or a stimulating debate?
16. When was the last time you had an ice cream cone?
17. Is color TV evidence of a new consciousness or a sign of bourgeois decadence, guardian infiltration or personalized dream machine?
18. Would you rather read a book or go to a movie?
19. Which phrase is better to use, NLF or VIET CONG?
20. Who has more to say, John Galbraith or Harold Robbins?
21. Which is the higher form of communication, a teach-in or a smoke-in?
22. Is a picture really worth a thousand words?
23. Should you burn your draft card or your draft board?
24. Who has more to say, Norman Thomas or Walt Disney?
25. Which is more damaging to the system, belief in communism or practicing vandalism?
26. Is Spiro Agnew a brilliant fascist or a bumbling oaf?
27. Was the Chicago Conspiracy Trial great theatre or a legal landmark?
28. Who is the better lawyer, William Kunstler or Charles Garry?
29. Is Tim Leary a misguided fool or a political prisoner?
30. Does the biggest dream always win? (Continued on Page 21)

STONED FOR LIFE

by John da Swede

A couple months ago, a fella dropped in the office with a full page ad for his new book, *Stoned for Life*, all about how you could turn yourself on without drugs. He sent us a copy of the book, which was promptly ripped off by someone. Wanting to know more about it, I wrote and asked for another review copy. Before I could put my grimy paws on it, it too disappeared, so this could be THE book of the year if that's any indication.

Anyway, the book is supposed to be a course on Mentally Induced Highs (MIH), or how to turn yourself on through self-hypnosis. At ten bucks a copy, it ain't cheap, unless, of course, it actually works, which would make it less than buying half an ounce of grass and the last time you spent any bread on dope. We don't have a review copy but even more important is that it apparently takes a couple months before you can induce your own highs, a big handicap for a reviewer. I think the book may be important and as an alternative to a regular review, we are running below a letter written by the publisher that says more about it than I can or than he said in his original ad. As soon as I find a copy, I'm gonna try it out. Most bookstores won't (or don't) carry it and the Voice refuses to run his ad (a copy of the Voice's rejection follows this article.) If the following letter has the same effect on you as it did on me, send your \$10 to: M.I.H., Post Office Box 1565, FDR Post Office Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Mr. Daniel Laverne
M.I.H.
Post Office Box 1565
FDR Post Office Station
New York, New York 10022
Dear Mr. Laverne:

This is in answer to your letter of July 27.

There is no question in my mind but that the advertisement which you tried to place in The Voice would violate the ethical standards established in both psychology and psychiatry.

If you wish to contact the ethics committees of either profession and get a ruling contrary to my opinion, I would be happy to reverse my decision.

Sincerely,
Edwin Fancher,
Publisher,
The Village Voice

EF:ar

Dear John,
I reciprocate your peace greetings, enclose another copy of *Stoned for Life* and a check for \$30.80. I buy your classified idea in principle, but am too strapped for money now to do anything. Your direct and between-the-lines comments about this book were of great interest and value. The subject of this book is a difficult and unusual one, and so is the style. So let me toss some background thoughts onto paper to help you, as an individual and a reviewer, to understand what it's all about.

The book, which I translated from the Hebrew, was written for a very specific type of person: someone who has been very stoned a great deal (the Israeli head, unlike your American weekend tripper, is stoned on strong hash from morning to night, seven days a week, for years); someone who has played around with yoga and self-hypnosis, having realized that there is something similar about the chemically induced psychedelic trip and the non-chemically induced yoga trip; someone who through considerable experience has developed a rather clear understanding of what happens to him when he's stoned.

A group of such people living in Israel in a commune relationship were quite impressed by a professional hypnotist show we saw, where the hypnotist induced a deep hypnotic trance in subjects and made them feel as if they were drunk. If a deeply hypnotised person can be made to enjoy all the pleasures of being drunk, why shouldn't it be possible to induce psychedelic highs by a similar method, we wondered. Furthermore, if it is possible for a hypnotist to induce psychedelic highs on others, wouldn't it be possible for him to induce hypnotic psychedelic trips on himself through self-hypnosis, which I assume you know is nothing more than a hypnotic trance which the hypnotist

Finally, if it's possible for a hypnotist to induce hypnotic drunks on others (as it is); if it's possible for him to induce psychedelic highs on others (as we found it is); if it's possible for a professional hypnotist to induce psychedelic highs on himself (it is), wouldn't it be possible to create a very specific hypnotic course which would allow your typical head, with no previous hypnotic experience, to turn himself on through this same method of self-hypnotically induced highs? It is.

This strangely written, apparently unorganized book is the hypnotic patter we developed, with the help of our professional hypnotist friend, who joined our group. Reading it once or twice will do nothing for you. Reading it daily, exactly as directed, for a period of two months, will enable a typically intelligent and experienced Head to turn on total psychedelic trips, at will.

The system is unique for a number of reasons. Here are some: It's particularly easy because it utilizes the natural pseudo-hypnotic state we all experience during sleep. That is — it's difficult to learn to induce a self-hypnotic trance; such a skill takes years to develop, by ordinary methods. What one does in MIH is latch on to the natural trance-like state of pre- and post-sleep. Another feature that makes the system so effective, (when it's used, not just scanned through) is that the instructions regarding inducement of psychedelic effects are made more powerful by thorough analysis of what comprises these effects. The breakdown of the three general categories of phenomenon — physical, intellectual and emotional — and the further

sub-breakdowns — as, analysis of the process which enables one to see hallucinations — strengthens the effect of the generalized instruction given while dropping off to sleep at night to be stoned.

Well anyway, fuck all these explanations. The result is that those who follow the course — again, not just look at it — develop a post-hypnotic keyphrase which they can use at will, and turn themselves on to total psychedelic trips without limitation.

I should just emphasize — to pass the course requires thinking, intelligence and stick-to-itiveness. But once passed, ALL we do is think the post-hypnotic keyphrase, and within minutes we are as stoned as one could wise or dare to be. The trip is from then on, over the next few hours, totally indistinguishable from a chemically induced trip. You experience whatever you ordinarily experience; there is no need to strain, or think, or anything else but enjoy.

I now suspect that in fact your comment is right. Despite the big hullabaloo about drugs, there are very few, apparently, heads who really dig the drug experience itself, aside from the picturesque, machismo-titillating aspect of being a user, buying, etc. Most heads are not willing, so it would seem, to endure two months of mental exercise, even though the result is that from then on they can turn themselves on with nothing more than a self-spoken post-hypnotic keyphrase. And frankly, I and the other members of the group back in Israel feel there is something more important to do than convince heads to turn on through self-hypnosis, terrific as it is for us.

The other thing which is more important to do at this time relates to the historical, anti-nationalistic, anti-racist, anti-hate, pro-love in the truest sense movement which is now under way. While the seeds for this happening have sprouted from within the hippy drug culture, they will only take effect if they can act on the huge majority of mankind. Talk about apocalyptic ages, this is one coming up. The big one. It will no good just talking to those who are convinced, in their own language. We must talk to the Wallace supporters, everywhere, in language they can understand. We must turn on the good in those we consider bad, rather than get the short-sighted satisfaction of putting them down, thus strengthening their anti-life position.

Have a good weekend baby.

Dan

INTERGALACTIC UNION

AUGUST 25 1970

SYMBOLS	
DL	Day Letter
NL	Night Letter
LT	International Letter Telegram

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a four message code to different character is indicated by the proper symbol.

Pot-smoking

Flow of Marijuana Says G.I. Threw a Grenade at Him

There were 109.3 per cent more narcotics arrests in the city last June than in June, 1969, Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary announced yesterday.

Increased enforcement by all segments of the department, including the narcotics division, resulted in 3,911 arrests for the month compared with 1,869 arrested in June, 1969, the Commissioner said.

"Since Jan. 1 through June 30, we have recorded a total of 26,157 narcotics arrests, a 30 per cent increase over the same six-month period," he added.

The largest increase in narcotics arrests were in the precinct patrol force which showed a 206.4 per cent increase in June, with 1,342 arrests, compared with 438 arrests last year in the same month.

A highly authoritative article of his in last December's Scientific American, which surveyed scientific literature on the subject of marijuana and tobacco, found it less than either liquor or has been mentioned at least two people dare try the drug.

Mr. Sant'Amant, 36 years old, said he was arrested when he and his wife returned to their apartment holding guns on a former tenant holding a two-hour search warrant. After a two-hour search, the apartment was found to be empty. The police officer, who had been in the apartment for a few hours before, had a gun in his hand. The woman who he had been with in the apartment was arrested. The police officer, who had been in the apartment for a few hours before, had a gun in his hand. The woman who he had been with in the apartment was arrested.

The smoking of marijuana, in other words, can no longer be interpreted as a sign of alienation. Great numbers of pot smokers are very nicely adjusted to our society. They make love, they make money, and for that matter, reports from Vietnam indicate, they make war. (A study in February showed that one out of five front-line soldiers smoked marijuana every day.)

The pot-smoking art student of 1965 is the pot-smoking art director of 1970. The pot-smoking art director of today is today's pot-smoking "assistant buyer of better dresses." And Seventh Avenue is adjusting to her.

Mr. Parkinson said that he had been denied a job with the California Highway Patrol because psychiatric interviewers "feel what happened to me could affect my judgment in narcotics cases."

The United States, according to John T. Cusack, regional director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, is adding new offices this month in Madrid, Barcelona, Milan, Frankfurt and London, and is reinforcing its offices in Paris and Marseilles.

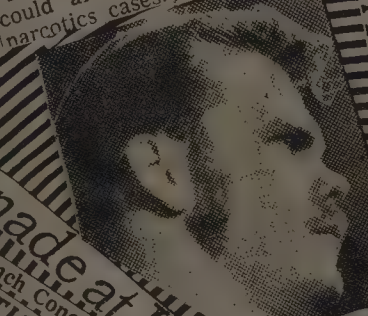
France and U.S. Reinforce Staff in Mediterranean

Narcotics Staff sometimes furnish money for informants.

Marijuana clouds the generation gap

portions that marijuana smoking reached epidemic proportions among United States troops in Vietnam.

American narcotics agents abroad cooperate with the local police by exchanging information and past attempts to stop the flow of marijuana into this country either have proved actually harmful. Last year's "Operation Intercept," along with causing the most massive traffic jam Mexico has ever experienced, did create a nationwide marijuana "famine," but it also led gentlemen farmers throughout the nation to lay in crops of their own. American marijuana is of poor quality, but says one horticulturist, "We've only begun to research the matter. Consider how long it took to produce a drinkable New York State champagne. Last summer's marijuana families had more serious consequences as well: with the relatively mild marijuana denied them, many young people pushed on to much stronger and more dangerous stuff.



French Concern Growing Over RISE 109.3% IN CITY NARCOTICS ARRESTS

French Concern Growing Over RISE 109.3% IN CITY NARCOTICS ARRESTS

Is Seized in Raid After Mail Check

Mr. Sant'Amant, 36 years old, said he was arrested when he and his wife returned to their apartment holding guns on a former tenant holding a two-hour search warrant. After a two-hour search, the apartment was found to be empty. The police officer, who had been in the apartment for a few hours before, had a gun in his hand. The woman who he had been with in the apartment was arrested. The police officer, who had been in the apartment for a few hours before, had a gun in his hand. The woman who he had been with in the apartment was arrested.

What led him to pot? His 14-year-old daughter gave him three miserably rolled joints for a Father's Day present.

Discussion was expected to center on "Operation Cooperation," the joint Mexican-American effort to cut the flow of marijuana and other narcotics across the border.

PARIS, Aug. 18—France has nearly quadrupled her force of narcotics agents.

Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, then director of N.I.M.H., used the figure 20 million. A standard projection curve suggests that by now one could easily find someone at N.I.M.H. willing to go for 25 million.

"N.I.M.H. reported to Congress that the number of conservatively was between 8 million and 12 million." In June, Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, then director of N.I.M.H., used the figure 20 million. A standard projection curve suggests that by now one could easily find someone at N.I.M.H. willing to go for 25 million.

DOPOGRAM

QUICKSILVER

PEYOTE

SUNSHINE

MAGIC MUSHROOM

DOPOGRAM

DOPOGRAM

QUICKSILVER

PEYOTE

SUNSHINE

MAGIC MUSHROOM

DOPOGRAM

Italians Pressing Drive Against Drugs

Now, I don't want to put down the Christians, but it was only through India and through Hinduism and through yogis and through meditation that I learned about Christ and what Christ really meant and stood for, and what he still stands for, and what he still is, because the Christ-consciousness is like the Krishna-consciousness, which is absolute, and it is in every speck of creation. But this is why I never became a practising Christian, because like most people they go to church, and it's all that thing about, you know, Tommy Jones has got a brown suit on, and here comes Mrs. Smith with her new hat. So in church there's no good vibes to pick up. It's a bore. It's like watching a political party broadcast on television, it's just some guy up there — and it's the sort of attitude that I felt in church — maybe others get different feelings, but for me personally it was 'Now this is what it is, and just believe in what we're telling you or you'll get your arse kicked,' sort of attitude; and the thing that turned me really into the Hindu — well, it's not HINDU, but it's just happened to be Hindus who said it, but they teach that it's all the same, anyway — but the thing was, Vivikananda, who was one of the first swamis who came to the West, said, 'Don't believe in anything, if there's a God we must see him, if there's a soul we must perceive it — it's better to be an outspoken atheist than a hypocrite.' So the church told me, 'Just shut up and believe what we're telling you. Don't look for any experience.' Whereas they say, 'Don't believe in anything unless you experience it yourself.' If there's a God we must see him — and I wanna see him, and I'm not going to see him by queueing up at Saint Matthew's on a Sunday. And it's like the Negro church, the Gospel thing, now they've been doing that for years and years, and they're still doing it now, and the whole community feeling, the get-together and all rock-it-up and SING, and again it's like singing Hare Krishna, or singing hymns in church, but with more soul and more understanding and feeling and more RELATION to what it's all about. And the Gospel thing's fantastic, like was proved by the success of 'Oh Happy Day' by the Edwin Hawkins Singers, and the thing that struck me in the music papers which I read, because you know it's the game that I'm involved in, kids wrote in, ordinary kids who buy records and read the pop papers and listen to Radio One, and they wrote in saying — 'Oh Happy Day, if that was going on in church, I'd be there every day.' And surely that's what church is all about, to get people to go there every day, and when they're there, then to lay some good vibes on 'em! But, if people go to church, I mean, if I was to go next week I'm sure it would be exactly the same as when I went when I was twelve. The best time for me to go to church is when nobody's there, when I can really feel some sort of spiritual thing going on there. But also, Christ said, 'Don't build your houses of worship in my image.' And that, you know, 'the temple of God is in your own body.' And Donovan said a great thing a while back, he said, 'I never went to church much, but since I found the temple in my own mind I visit it very often.' Which is great. That's what all the meditation thing is about. A friend of mine, Ian Dallas told me a nice one which I've been quoting lately about the Muslim saint, Rabea, and she was always meditating and they knocked and said, 'Come on, why don't you come outside and see the wonders of creation?' and she said, 'Why don't you come inside and see the Creator?' So that's where it's really at. Christ said, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is Within,' and he said, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is AT HAND,' which to my understanding means it's just 'ere, lads, you know, it's — at hand means like this, like this — ashtray, it's right in front of you. And the Kingdom of Heaven is within, so, why don't the Christians like, go within?

IT: It's said that the Great Masters continue their spiritual work on certain disciples after their death, and I've heard you talk about Yogananda, who seems to have had a very deep influence on you.

G: Yeah — Yogananda — well, for many reasons — You know, like some people you meet you like more than some other people you meet. It's the vibration you get from them. Yogananda — his book*, for me, was — it really explained so much to me. It brought me right back round to understand Christ. It filled me in on all sorts of things to do with the physical world and the other existences, the other frequencies — the astral worlds and the understanding of Karma and things like that. Physical death is like astral birth, and astral death can be like physical birth. We've all been here many times — I really believe that. I can't prove it to anybody, but I don't have to prove it. So — when you die, your physical body falls off. Christ said something about the three cages for the bird of Paradise, the bird of Paradise being the soul, and the three cages being the bodies that surround it. And the third body is the physical body. Now that falls off and you've got two left — but it's really like having the radio on, and you have one station on the radio — and without moving the thing, without changing the station, all you can do is change the frequency, and there's some other station there — but it's still in exactly the same place. But it's just on a higher frequency. So, it's like the physical world is on one frequency, and you press the button and go onto another frequency, and it's still in the same place, but it's a whole different thing altogether. [Long Silence] The point is, there's a lot of things, like, now, I just don't want to talk about, like astral bodies and things like that, because I can't see any direct way anybody can benefit from that. Now I know so much more than I used to know. I used to be able to speak much more about it when I didn't know anything about it. And I know a bit more about it, but the more I know about it, the more pointless it is to say anything, because I realise how ignorant I am about the whole thing. There's so much there to know that it's ridiculous. Ravi Shankar's guru, Tat Baba, is the only one I've seen who's like you imagine. They tell you about those yogis, or those people who just don't speak, and you ask them what it's all about, they give you a flower, that sort of thing. Well, he's the only one I've seen like that. But the point is that those people, you know, they don't say anything. There's nothing to say, really — 'But it's okay — Good morning, Good morning.' Autobiography of a Yogi

So he just sits there, and he'll maybe sit there for about three or four hours, or five hours. When we saw him he sat for about two and a half hours, and then he just said something, which was later translated, but then he just said, like, about four or five minutes, but so it was. Lifts a copy of Yogananda prayers). up, anywhere just to say — away from me, by my self-created destiny, my own, to God, the slender taper of my love for thee.

Get it all together at the Downbeat Festival

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—Rolling Stone

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plus

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Special Deal for this Engagement Only

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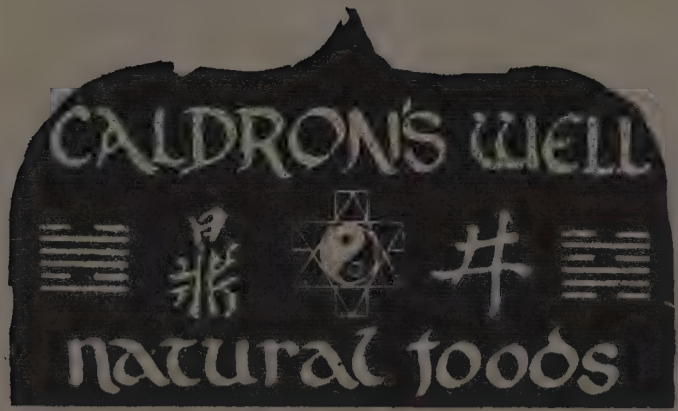
WHAT DO YOU WEAR? ANYTHING!

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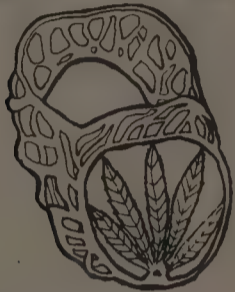
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KASABIAN

cont from pg12

using a memorable line of Mrs. Kasabian (her alleged prayer at the Polansky residence during the murth-work) was commonly heard in the Hall of Justice from many mouths in reference to desires for Mr. Kanarek to get on the stick and get off the stand.

This business of Kanarek jokes is out of hand, however. Usually when you make jokes about someone you wait for him to be out of ear shot. Not so regarding Irving Kanarek, the Bernard Marx of the legal profession. One remembers riding down in a crowded elevator with a network camera crew, the members of which were regaling each other with humorous abuse of Mr. Kanarek and, by the eyebrow of Ra, I swear that Irving Kanarek was right there in the elevator.

Kanarek then embarked in the afternoon, on a series of questions regarding the trance state. Kasabian claimed to have been in a trance with respect to Mr. Manson. When she was asked what created the trance, her reply was memorable: "Everything about him. The way he walked, the way he danced, the way he sang, the way he made love. Just everything about him." She said that she couldn't recall being put into a trance by anyone before. Kanarek's lack of knowledge about occult trance conditions harmed him considerably here, however,

because had he only gone into trances occurring on the astral plane, he could have had a few more days of cross examination granted to him. (As well as blazing a new legal trail — bringing modern concepts of law and order into the spirit realm.)

Mr. Kanarek then went right into the marsh. He began to ask her about visions she had seen on dope. The next Kanarek question one shall present to you is one of the the most wonderful questions one has ever heard in life or legend. A human being asked another human being: "Mrs. Kasabian, did you ever see your step-father in an LSD vision?" This historic question was asked at 3:57 PM. Kanarek then began to ask Mrs. Kasabian questions about her concepts of time. It was unbelievable. He wanted to compare her concept of time before she had taken LSD with her concept of time at the Spahn Ranch, or something. Evidently he wanted her to deliver herself of a few metaphysical statements about some sort of temporal dopewarp, or something. The Court day ended and It was time, o Toth, to stumble to the hookah for solace and substance.

Those who have accused me of making a hero out of Charles Manson can go make motions of unification with a weather balloon. This trial, this case, these defendants, these prosecutors, this system of capital punishment, this prison system, and the circumstances of the murders bring into sharp focus everything that ails this mammal society of humans called America. I could write a hundred pages about what it's like to die in the gas chamber, with the exact rituals of lung snuff, defecation of the person gassed, the whole barbaric dungeonistic spectacle of capital punishment. Or I could write a thousand pages detailing the dreadful massacres inflicted upon those suffering victims now overtaken to the earth, those seven souls. This trial is the time. You hear of it everywhere. You can hear them gossip in the Troubadour trying to one-up each other with secret information of stab patterns and gruesome terror and clandestine theory. You can hear of it in the beauty shop or the beaver store. It is everywhere.

This country which perfected the concept of the "free-fire zone" in wars against the Orient, this country which finds free fire zones and the spirit of the fragmentation bomb suffused upon the well-kept lawns of the home land, this country is in trouble. It is time to stop the fires of cruelty that Mr. Salter spoke up against in arguing against the death penalty for Bob Beausoleil. It is time to stop. Later for the code of Hammurabi. Later for cyanide. Later for barbarism.. Get out of Vietnam. Get out of encroachment, get out of the gas chamber, get out of the temple of human hamburger.

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(Continued from Page 17)

INFORMATION



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JOINED TOGETHER

1. Patton
2. LSD
3. Irrational
4. Pig
5. Enemy
6. Entertain, or no difference
7. Burn it down
8. Kill your parents
9. Walter Cronkite
10. Weather report
11. Johnny Carson
12. People's balladeer
13. Rock

PAST

14. Daily News, Rolling Stone; must get both to score; must get EVO and the New World Times to know.
15. Pop art TV commercials; must get both to score
16. Yesterday
17. New consciousness
18. Movie *The Old Way*
19. Viet Cong
20. Buckminster Fuller
21. Smoke-in
22. YES
23. Draft beer, not students
24. Walt Disney
25. Vandalism
26. Brilliant Fascist
27. Great Theatre
28. William Kunstler
29. Political prisoner
30. Always.

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FOR RETURN
and pick up

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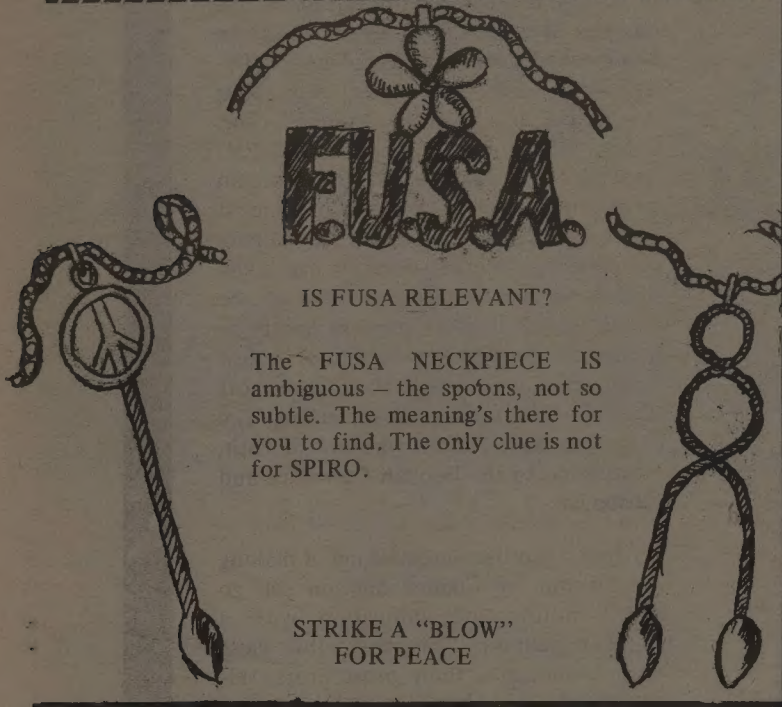
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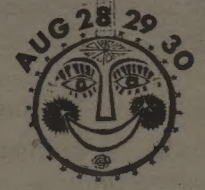
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T.B. TEARS

(Continued from Page 15)

"The Tar Baby's grin, which rapidly vanished," for Little Black Sambo flashing white teeth, and "The smoke at times made it difficult to see the Tar Baby," for a picture of dense smoke and the vague shadow of a human form.

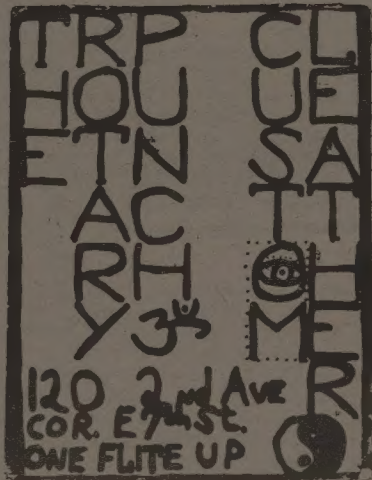
Johnson, of course, didn't fare any better in the press. One cartoon of the era showed a group of white hopes running away from a savage (looking very much like Johnson) with a spear, vowing never to fight "that coke," or "that smoke."

Jack Dempsey, in his autobiography, admitted that he was frightened of Langford and refused to fight him on the way up. Dempsey, however, is better known for his failure to meet another black fighter, Harry Wills, who was a leading contender during Dempsey's championship reign. Wills, who had fought Langford in a protracted series of exciting bouts, was entitled to the shot, and at one point had even signed a contract with Dempsey for the bout. Somewhere along the line, however, Dempsey's people pulled out, and in Dempsey's own words, Harry Wills died without ever knowing how he would do in a title fight.

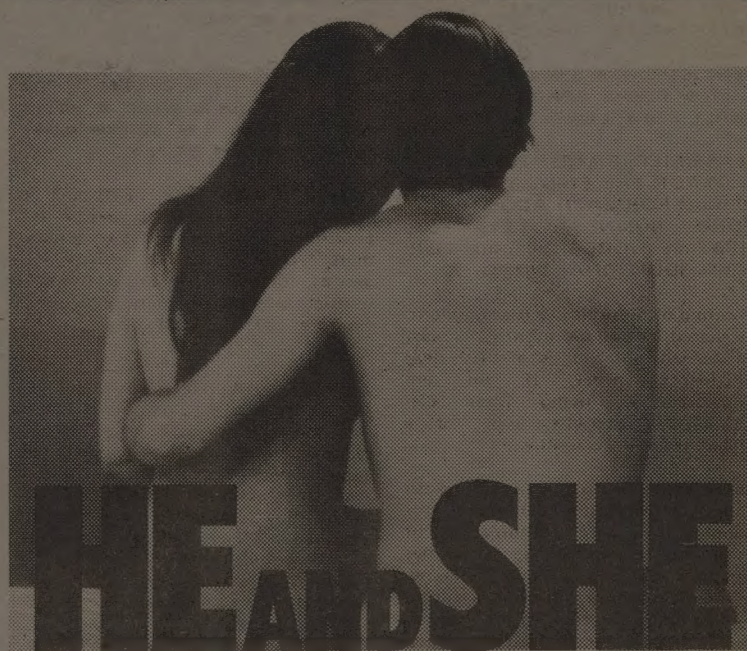
Dempsey cannot be held responsible for his failure to meet Wills, however. The New York State Athletic Commission was against the match from the start, and Dempsey's promoter, Tex Ricard, wasn't extremely enthusiastic about it either. Ricard, a Diamond Jim Brady-Bill Rose type, had promoted the Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries match in Nevada several years before, when Jeffries, who had been brought out of retirement to reestablish the "fistic supremacy of the white race," was beaten to a bloody pulp. The match caused repercussions that were still felt up to and after Dempsey's time. It wasn't until 1937 that another black fighter received a shot at the heavy title, and only after he had been carefully instructed about how to be a good boy and keep his mouth shut. He was Joe Louis.

Black heavyweight kings have been predominant since then, but most of them have been polite and gracious fellows like Ezzard Charles, Jersey Joe Walcott, and Floyd Patterson. Like Muhammad Ali himself, Sonny Liston was duly shafted by the boxing powers on several occasions, and Ali's own story is in the papers every day now.

But Liston and Ali, like Johnson before them, represent a very small minority of black fighters who made good because of or despite their arrogance and skin color. The majority of black heavyweights went down either mildly, like Sam McVey, or disastrously, like Sam Langford. And all of them went down unsung.



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Intelligent, congenial male, 38, needs female for light housekeeping in exchange for free lodging and food at comfortable pad. Discretion assured.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU EXPRESS WHAT YOU REALLY FEEL? Be warm & affectionate with people you

can dig. Meet a group of men and women who get to know each other thru thought & expressing feelings. Body awareness AND total honesty. 50 e. 86th St., Tues, Wed, Thurs. 8:30 - 12 PM, Fri 8:30 - all night. (Nude groups, Mon. 9 PM, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 6 PM). Sherry, 988-9180, Larry 988-9738, Shane 799-9398, also sailing weekends.

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Brilliantly! Peace Love Ecology symbols. Self-sticking \$1 each, 3 for \$2. State preference to Lume Inc., Box 179, N.Y. 10452

Generous professional man early 30's looking for young good looking well built passive male for part time afternoon fun, must have own pad send description, photo if possible. Phone. No hustlers or queens. PO Box 40, Parkville Station, Brooklyn, NY 11204

Guy 23, from South America, wants to share pad and bed with chick who presently has own pad in Village. Can pay up to \$60 monthly. Will also consider getting together with chick and renting pad in same area, since he has some junk furnishings to make place livable. Call Xavier, 898-9664, 9 am - 2 pm, or 539-1330, 7 pm - 12 pm. HURRY Max Factor, Avon, Maybelline and Revlon girls need not to call.

Hear my Heart
when mistiness digests a light
& numbness captures the height
Hear my Heart
when dreams yield to mystery
& hope changes into constancy
yu2-4471, ORPHEUS JR.

hear my heart
when the mountain yearns for god
& a bridge flourishes in the sod
hear my heart
when wrinkles direct a light
& the edge swallows a night
yu2-4471

hear my heart
when neptune smiles upon the reef
& clouds depart from belief
hear my heart
when compassion screams in hell
& awakening enchants the knell
yu2-4471, ORPHEUS JR.

Girls with good figures needed for stage shows at dynamic new club. Earn up to \$100.00 per day. Paid daily. Mr. Brandon, 242-2260.

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If you are a handsome, muscular male exhibitionist/narcissist, young voyeur will pay for your posing in sexy-exotic undergarments. Send photo, phone number only if you qualify to: Attention: J.G., c/o Suite 1F, 425 W. 23 St., N.Y.C.

Handsome Negro model masculine brown body \$35/session. Dave, 866-2237. Photos available.

MICHAEL, 758-7357, FANTASTICALLY WELL-HUNG, YOUNG BLONDE, VERSATILE, MALE MODEL, 22 yrs. old, 6'1", 160 lbs. Call MICHAEL 758-7357, anytime, have own studio. \$20.00 per session.

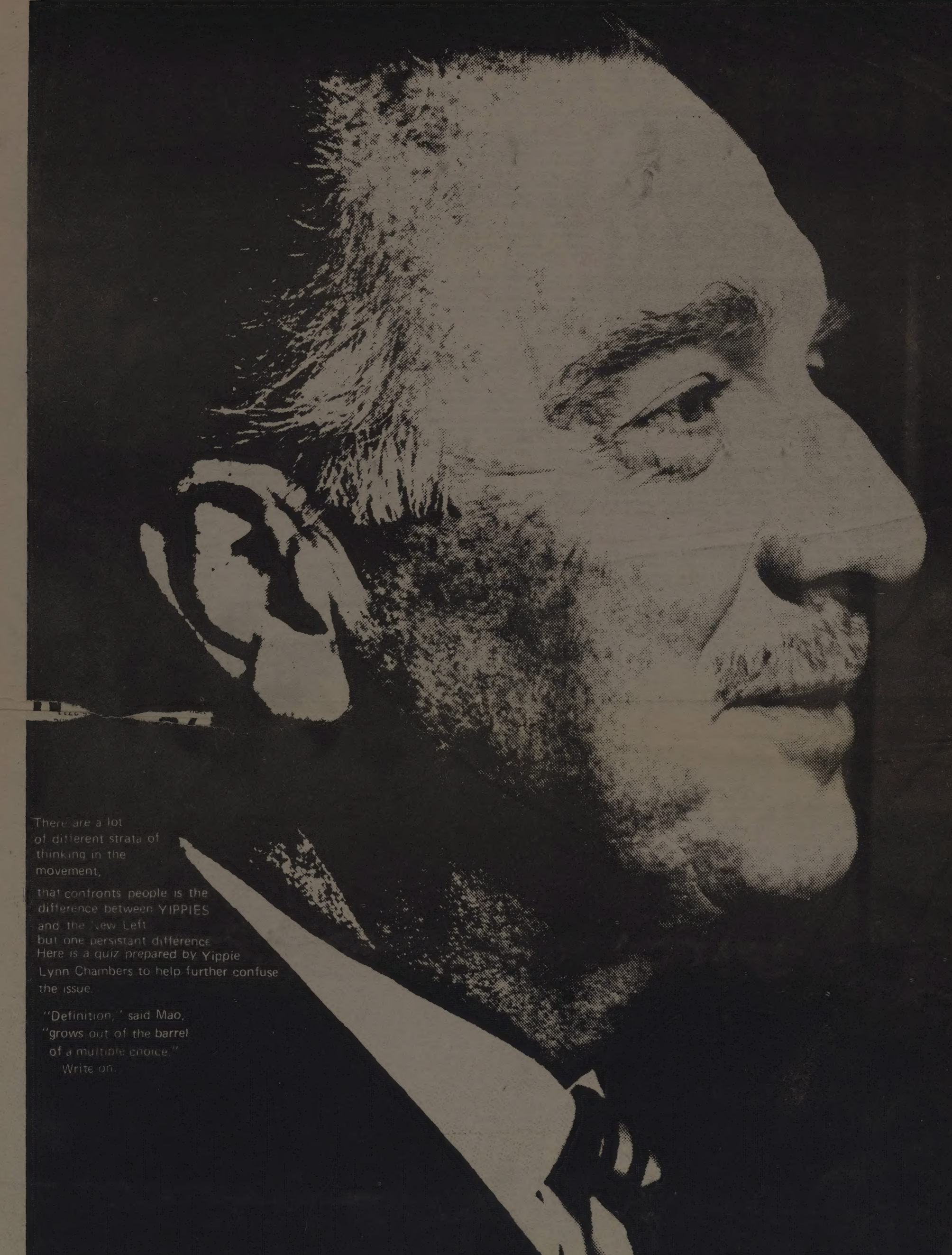
earn up to \$50 plus a day, as a model for a groovy body-painting & photography studio. Call 477-6811.

Help Wanted — Females Only — Nude models for 42 St. peep show — 11 am - 7 pm — (You work 11 minutes per hour) 6 day week. \$150 net weekly. 109 W. 42 St. 2nd Floor, apply in person. 947-4566 between 11 am and 7 pm.

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

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OUT HeAD s CALLED "StUPA") OUT
BUDDHIS(A)M (tHe SUPRA-TOUCH
(SUPA-MeNTAl) /SUPe-SeNSORY
CHAKRAS ("StUPA'D"))). CRPe
sHaCk: tHeRe's A SNAke N My
Room (REALLY!). T-El-A-Bathy.
Be-IIMPY: DRAGGING ONE FOOT s
SIGN OF INITIA te (Oh Susanna,
don't you cry for me: I come from
Alabama with a BanJo on my 17.).
Free BOOK: BeN, 752, StUyVeSANT
StA..



There are a lot
of different strata of
thinking in the
movement,

that confronts people is the
difference between YIPPIES
and the New Left
but one persistent difference.
Here is a quiz prepared by Yippie
Lynn Chambers to help further confuse
the issue.

"Definition," said Mao,
"grows out of the barrel
of a multiple choice."
Write on.

Walter Cronkite