

THE EAST VILLAGE **ONION**

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There are
the times

Which test
the depths

PROUD EAGLE FLIES FREE

Wild creatures of God cannot live in cages. Open the gates of metal!

Freedom.
Freedom.
Freedom.

Fly high. Freedom. Let us fly as is our nature. Freedom. Fly laughing in the image of God. Freedom. The time has come. We cannot wait.



Freedom.

our faith
and love and
patience

Love
cannot be
imprisoned

1951

tim leary scaled a twelve

HIRAP

foot wall to freedom

復

24. Fu / Return (The Turning Point)

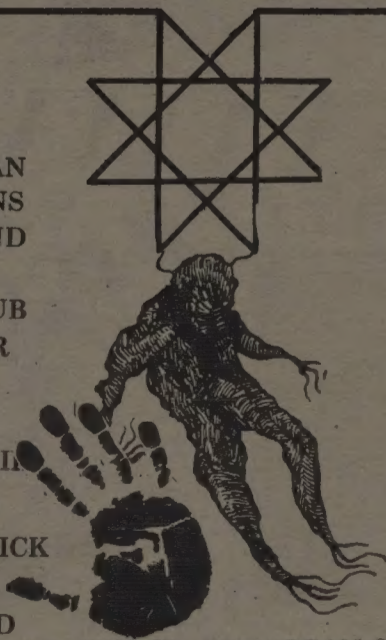
☰	☷	above	K'UN	THE RECEPTIVE, EARTH
☳	☰	below	CHÊN	THE AROUSING, THUNDER

THE JUDGMENT

RETURN. Success.
 Going out and coming in without error.
 Friends come without blame.
 To and fro goes the way.
 On the seventh day comes return.
 It furthers one to have somewhere to go.

After a time of decay comes the turning point. The powerful light that has been banished returns. There is movement, but it is not brought about by force. The upper trigram K'un is characterized by devotion; thus the movement is natural, arising spontaneously. For this reason the transformation of the old becomes easy. The old is discarded and the new is introduced. Both measures accord with the time; therefore no harm results. Societies of people sharing the same views are formed. But since these groups come together in full public knowledge and are in harmony with the time, all selfish separatist tendencies are excluded, and no mistake is made.

JAAKOV KOHN
 ALLEN KATZMAN
 JOSEPH STEVENS
 JACKIE DIAMOND
 KARIN BERG
 FRED MOGUBGUB
 STEVEN HELLER
 RAY SHULTZ
 DON KATZMAN
 IRVING SHUSHNIN
 CHARLIE FRICK
 JACKIE FRIEDRICK
 KIM DEITCH
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 PARIS : J.J. LEBEL
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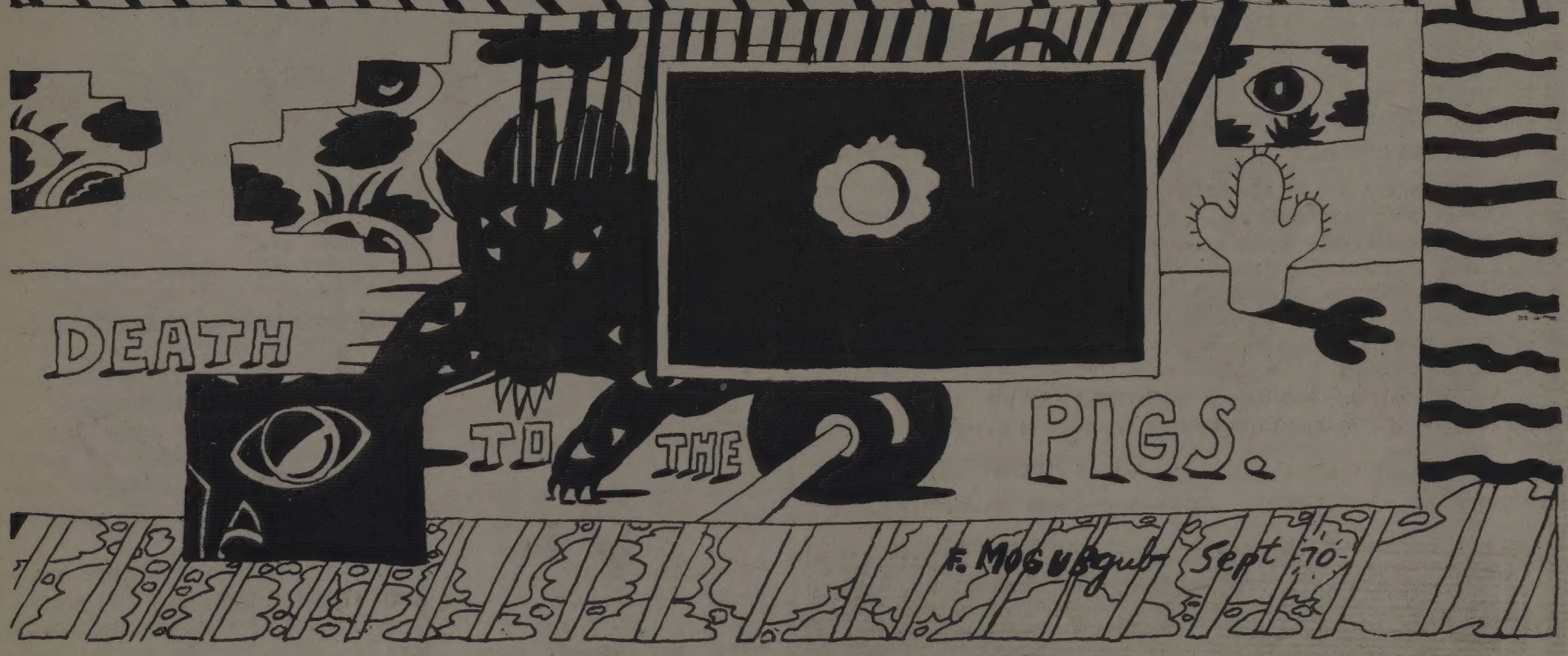
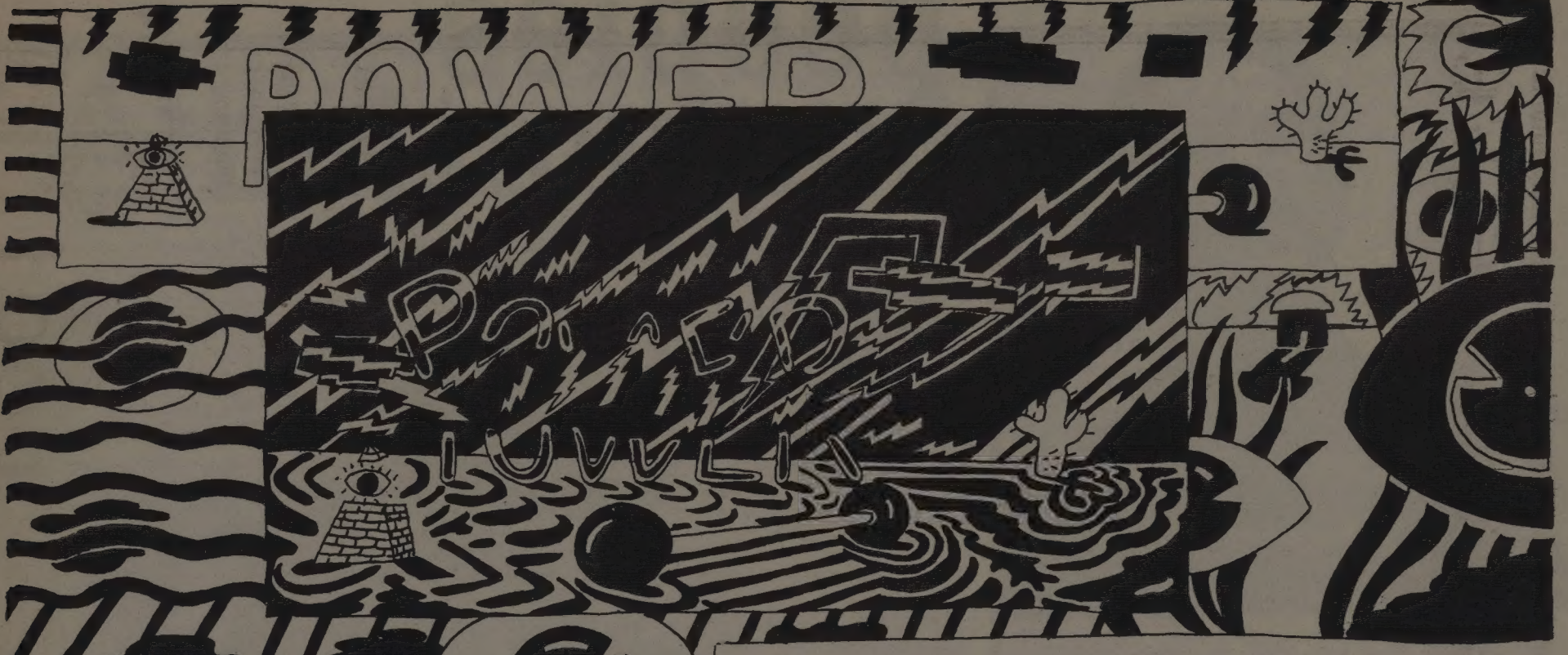
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 SPAIN RODRIGUEZ
 DAVID WALLEY
 CLAUDIA DREIFUS
 LIL PICARD
 YOSSARIAN

ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
~~DURANCE WILD~~ : TIMOTHY LEARY

FOOT
 WALL
 TO
 FREEDOM

APOLOGIES TO SUBSCRIBERS WHO DID NOT RECEIVE THEIR EVO SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT IN PROCESS OF REORGANIZATION. THANKS FOR BEARING WITH US.

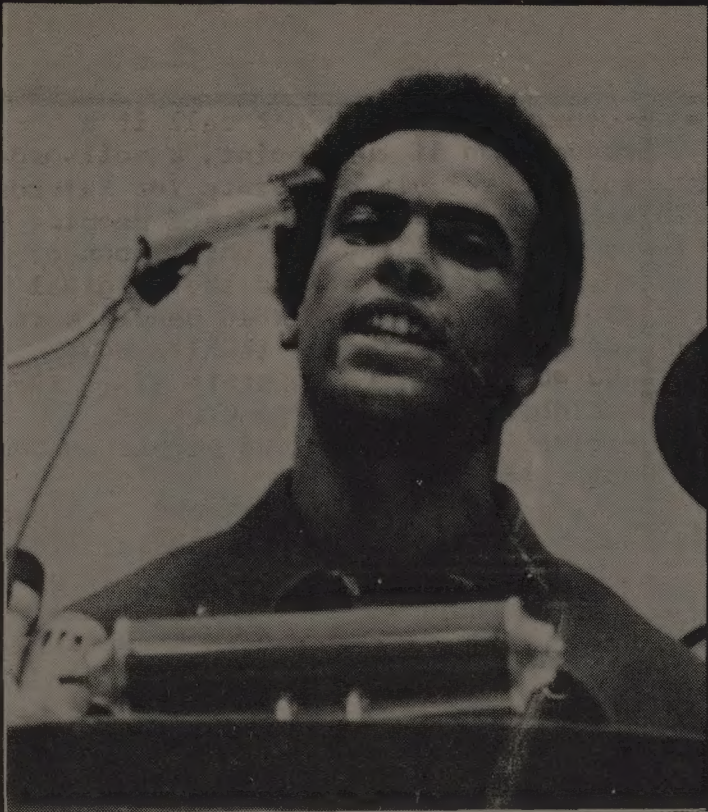
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peoples convention

by RAY SCHULTZ

photographs - JOSEPH STEVEN



No matter how you cut it, the odds were dead against the Black Panthers in their attempt to organize a people's constitutional convention in Philadelphia last weekend. Three days before the event, Police Commissioner James Rizzo made statements in the press calling the Panthers "yellow dogs," and vowing that his 7,000 man crack police force would be "armed for bear." Indeed, two of Rizzo's henchman had been gunned down in a raid on Panther headquarters during the week, and another was slain in his office. Fifteen Panthers were arrested in those raids and held in \$100,000 bail apiece. The photographs of them stripping in the streets to be searched are chilling and horrible to behold. The overground press predicted a bloodbath and carefully underplayed the purpose of the convention itself: to formulate a humanist document that would protect the rights of all portions of society, black, white, yellow, freak, straight, homosexual, lesbian, male, female and children. And police efforts to the contrary, the people began formulating exactly that.

Philadelphia was hot and humid when the hordes of people began pouring in from all parts of the country to register at the Church of the Advocate Friday night. Many of these people were young and black, many more were white. As several GLF members congregated in the courtyard to welcome each other and get their bearings, the film "Battle of Algiers" was shown in an upstairs room. Posters and newspapers were sold at counters, and a special issue of the Philadelphia Plain Dealer, with maps of the city and a schedule of events, was given away free.

Most everyone in Philadelphia knew about the conference. A carnival several blocks south on Broad Street was offering special discounts to "the liberation people." Men and women came up to you on the street and asked "Is Huey in town yet?" A Black woman sitting on the steps of her apartment on Diamond Street stopped us and offered us some chicken, and asked us what was going on.

"The people's constitutional convention," we told her.

"The Black Panther affair?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You're not Black Panthers, are you?"

"No."



We gave her a Yippie button and she asked if it would get her killed.

"Not yet," we told her.

"Well come back," she said. "We're glad to have you."

Coming out of a diner on South Street the next evening, a black youth confronted us with a demand for "spare change." When refused, he grew quite belligerent.

"Come on," we told him, "We're from New York and we need our money to get back."

"Well, you're in Philadelphia now, man."

"We dig that."

"What are you here for anyway, that Black Panther convention?"

"Yes."

"What are you, whiteradicals or something?"

"Sort of."

"Right on. Look over there, there's some pigs."

He pointed to a State Liquor Store, the only outlet authorized to sell liquor in the city of Philadelphia. The store had been broken into, and two or three cops were arriving. A sign on the window of the store provided instructions on how to get an I.D. card when you reach the age

21, at which point your are eligible to drink liquor in the state of Pennsylvania. At other points in the city, some blacks were angry over the invasion of their community by white youth.

"They better not walk through here again," a man said about a group of white students who had just passed. "God damn," another said, "the honkies are taking over."

A city-wide coalition called Black Philadelphians United circulated a statement that questioned the sincerity of white radical youth. "What white people are doing to overcome oppression besides "pig calling," anti-American statements, pill taking and dope smoking, tough talking and constantly meeting, feeling guilty, screaming "mobilize and organize

OR EXISTING GROUP MODELS OPERATING IN WHITE AMERICA BY SO-CALLED PROGRESSIVES, RADICALS, EXTREMISTS, ETC. BETTER YET, WHITE FOLKS ARE IN SEARCH OF THEIR HUMANITY AND ARE WILLING TO FIGHT FOR HUMAN LIBERATION BY HELPING TO CREATE A HUMAN SOCIETY REGARDLESS OF THE CONSEQUENCES, THIS IS WHAT WE MUST SEE NOW..."

Regardless of this, thousands of Blacks and Whites gathered in front of Temple University's McGonigle Hall the next morning for the opening session of the convention

Actually, you couldn't call it a convention at this point, a well-organized schedule of events for Saturday was virtually discarded and people stood outside the gym until noon or so, three hours behind the original spot of nine a.m.. When people were let in, security was tight: men and women went on separate lines for searching, and a large crew of Panther marshals shoed people on and got them seated.

After some opening remarks by Bigman and a couple of other Panthers, Michael Tabor of the New York Panther 21 gave a two-and-one-half-hour speech during which he denounced the government of the United States as a government "of the pigs, by the pigs, and for the pigs, and gave a step by step account of how the very drafting of the original constitution of the U.S. was a sham created by men with "one thing in their minds: creating a society that would legalize the enslavement of black people."

"There were 600,000 blacks at this time," he said, "300,000 Indians and 240,000 servants. None of them were invoked in these documents. We weren't considered people. The only ones who had a voice in this society were white, land-owning males!"

Going through the history of America, Tabor discussed several instances in which history has distorted America's true past, a dark and bloody one. Declaring Civil War reconstruction as a total fraud, he went on to explain how Black people in this country were conned out of every advance they tried for.

"This is the most hateful, most bloodthirsty, most exploitive, most repressive, most imperialistic, most murderous nation in history! It is the number one threat to the central existence of the human race! It is a military power more powerful than all of them put together. We have already made Adolf Hitler look a peace demonstrator!"

"We got to realize," he continued, "that this country has got one foot in the grave and another foot on the banana peel! We've had enough of this stuff, we've had enough, and we've come to the end of this rope! We're gonna dump the jet-plane of fascism because it ain't no good, never was no good, and never gonna be no good! All power to the people! Death to the fascist pigs!"

People leaped from their seats and waved their fists in the air. The gym floor, which in the beginning was completely devoid of people except for a couple of photographers, giving it a Kafkaesque air, became crowded with young people moving closer. At different points in the speech, they leapt up screaming "Power to the people!"

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the masses," rallying, demonstrating, picketing? Or just being facilitators for the material needs of Blacks, or trying to hook in to the Black movement, out-radicalize each other, etc. etc. etc.?"

Calling for a ten year commitment on the "neighborhood community level and a willingness to research the character and nature of human oppression," the statement went on to say: "BLACK PEOPLE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR SUCH WHITE ALLIES IN AMERICA FOR 300 YEARS, AND BLACK AMERICANS WILL BE LOOKING ONCE MORE AT THE SO-CALLED "PROGRESSIVE WHITES" WHO COME TO PHILADELPHIA FOR 3 DAYS. LATER FOR THE RHETORIC AND THE RALLYING AND SCREAMING, WE WANT TO SEE THE INDIVIDUAL EXAMPLES



IN COURT WITH THE PANTHERS

by jackie friedrich

Well, Lenny Bruce didn't go quite far enough — in the halls of Amerikan justice, you can't even find justice in the halls. A case in point — while my pocket book was being searched before going into the Panther courtroom, the black lady pig took my contact lens cleaning fluid and put it on a shelf. In their paranoia they give you ideas you'd never think of by yourself.

I came in during the questioning of a middle-aged man named Mr. Gross. I missed the prosecution's cross examination, but it seems that they had challenged him. The reason for challenging him appeared to be because he said he could understand the need for revolution under certain circumstances. The objection, needless to say, was sustained, and Mr Gross will not be a member of the jury.

The next prospective juror to be questioned, a Mr DeConstanza, who has been a bus operator for the past sixteen years, came up with one of the day's classics, when he said, about his bus schedule, "They tell me where to go and that's where I go." The D.A.'s 'can you be brainwashed' question to the white middle-aged upstanding amerikan came in the form of, "The punishment is no concern of the jury. Does that strike you as being all right?" The answer was yes. Then it was defense attorney McKinney's turn. After some routine questions, he asked De Costanzo if, after having read accounts of the Panthers in the paper, he felt they were innocent or guilt. De Costanza candidly, and to his credit, replied, "Guilty!" Mc Kinney then challenged the prospective juror, but the challenge was overruled by Murtagh, accompanied by groans from the spectators.

Mc Kinney then asked if De Costanzo felt he could be a fair

juror, to which De Costanzo said no, and the challenge was sustained.

The next man to take the stand was a Mr Fox, a fifty seven year old uncle Tom. But I must commend Mr Fox for his incredible ability to bullshit and never to give a straight answer. Mr Fox is a lecturer, arranger and composer and talked a lot about honesty and truth in noncommittal and abstract terms.

Mc Kinney asked Fox if he felt his color would influence him, either by giving blacks the benefit of the doubt, or by bending over backwards to give whites the benefit of the doubt. Fox replied that it would be dishonest to let his color interfere in anyway.

When asked if he had ever read a Black Panther paper, he said, "I'm looking for truth — The New York Times, I read."

Sandy Katz then questioned him, but the bull shit flew too thick and fast, so Michael Tabor took over.

Tabor is brilliant and far outshone any of the lawyers on either side. His questions probed deep into the heart of Racism and Amerikan indoctrination and propaganda, and black power and black leaders and white racism — but Fox kept his front. Tabor did succeed in getting two straight answers from him. He asked him what he thought of Martin Luther King, and Fox said he liked him. Tabor later asked if Fox felt that whites in Amerika were generally prejudiced against blacks, and Fox said yes.

But Fox's evasions were classic, and the defense, not finding any way to challenge him, and realizing that no jurors acceptable to the prosecution would be any better, accepted Fox, as did the prosecution. Fox, as the first chosen juror, is now the foreman.

The last man to take the stand, was one William Sullivan, 67, single and white. Retired in 1968, Sullivan was what they call a "civil servant."

Sullivan reads the Daily News every day and that's all. Other than the headlines, he reads the sports page, the racing returns and the obituaries. (Even Murtagh laughed at that.)

Sullivan didn't know anything about the Panthers, since he only read the headlines and was never interested to read any further. So he said that he couldn't say whether they were innocent or guilty, but since they had received an indictment, he felt there was probably some foundation for it. After all, where there's smoke there's fire.

Mc Kinney raised a challenge but it was denied. He then asked Sullivan if he had ever felt any racial prejudice. "No." "Then you feel yourself to be above and beyond prejudice?" "Yes." "Do you have any social relationships with blacks?" "Yes." "Who?" "Well, the handymen."

Sullivan now lives on Claremont Ave. near Columbia. His mother used to own a building on Convent Ave., but sold it when "those people" started moving in.

There is a possibility that Sullivan knows one of the witnesses for the prosecution — an oink named Brady. So he may be disqualified because of that. But until that time... on to the second defense challenge.

Sullivan spends his days of retirement walking along Riverside Drive, but doesn't go out at night for fear of being mugged. He also had no idea what the term "Black Power" meant — he only reads the headlines. Neither does he remember reading about the recent cop killings. Then it got to be 4:30 and the court was adjourned.

However, Murtagh, along with giving the defense some token allowances and castigating Sandy Katz for nodding his head while cross-examining, thus influencing the prospective jurors, came out with two profound Freudian slips, a la Nixon in re Manson. The first time was when Murtagh was telling Sullivan that "the defense is assumed innocent at the outset, and it is the job of the lawyers to prove them INNOCENT... er ummm guilty," and then again, while talking to Sullivan, "the defense is assumed innocent at the outset, and it is the burden of the DEFENSE... Ummmmm people."

Back in court on Thursady, I was innocently on my way to the best press seat, when Chris Borgen, of CBS news, said, "No, my dear, no no." It was obviously his reserved seat. So I turned and said "This too can be reported." Chris later fell asleep in that seat and did not return for the afternoon session. I hear he used to be a cop and went up to District Attorney Phillips and introduced himself. Phillips purportedly jumped up and down in glee at meeting his culture hero.

Sullivan took the stand again and Sandy Katz continued to question him, his connection with a pig named Brady having been cleared up.

He had no idea what the Panther Party was, repeating that he only read the headlines. Similarly, he connected the names of Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale only to names he had read in headlines.

Having worked for the city for forty six years, Sullivan admitted that he might be more in sympathy with city employees (i.e., pigs), and would be upset if city buildings, particularly police precincts, were defaced or bombed. But he still felt he would be a fair juror. Gerry Lefcourt took over the questioning, asking Sullivan about his health. Sullivan has glaucoma and would need some time off to take care of it.

When asked how he would feel about defendants who didn't like Nixon or Agnew, he said, "Well, that's their opinion." But he admitted that he could not be fair with defendants who said they wanted to overthrow the government. There followed a number of objections which were continually sustained.

Sullivan still maintained that he is without prejudice, but admits that many whites are prejudiced. He had never heard of the term 'Black Militant.'

Lefcourt asked if the case extended over a long period of time and Sullivan wanted to get it over with, might that interfere with his making a just decision. Sullivan said yes, it might.

Lefcourt then issued a challenge. Murtagh asked Sullivan if he felt he could serve, to which Sullivan replied, "I don't think so." and he was excused.

The next prospective juror was a man named Viera. His cross-examination did not get past the D.A. He said he did not agree with the Panthers, believes they might be guilty and did not feel he could be fair. He was excused.

Ulysses Dane, a 52 year old black man, next took the stand. He has been an employee of the U.S. Post Office garage for the past 19 years. He was arrested once and fined ten dollars for playing the numbers.

He hasn't read anything about the Panthers, and although he lives on St Nicholas between 127 and 128 sts., which is five blocks from Panther Headquarters, knows absolutely nothing about them. He didn't even know the headquarters were there.

Although he passed many people hawking the Panther paper, and some who even offered it to him, he never bought or accepted it. He just wasn't interested, he said.

Dane was not at all familiar with Malcolm X, except the report of his death, and had heard of Garvey, but had read nothing by or about him.

Although he has lived in Harlem most of his life, he has never witnessed police brutality and thinks they're doing as good a job as possible.

Dane belonged to the American Legion, but had no idea that it was a racist organization.

Before working for the post office, he was a private chauffeur for a white man, but the inherent racism in that did not occur to or bother him.

Dane went to a segregated high school in Virginia, and now thinks segregation is wrong, but it didn't bother him then.

When asked if he would allow his sixteen year old daughter to join the Panther Party, he said he "would have to check it out first."

He accepts his segregated life, although a lot of changes could be made, but since he lives it every day, he guesses he accepts it. He said, "Every black man feels racial prejudice, but nothing that leaves a scar." He feels his daughter has the

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HUEY'S MESSAGE TO THE PLENARY SESSION

Friends and comrades throughout the United States and throughout the world, we gather here in peace and friendship to claim our inalienable rights, to claim the rights bestowed upon us by an unbroken train of abuses and usurpations, and to perform the duty which is thus required of us. Our sufferance has been long and patient, our prudence has stayed this final hour, but our human dignity and strength requires that we still the voice of prudence with the cries of our sufferance. Thus we gather in the spirit of revolutionary love and friendship for all oppressed people of the world regardless of their race or the race and doctrine of their oppressors. We gather to proclaim to the world that for 200 years we have suffered this long train of abuses and usurpations while holding to the hope that this would pass. We recognize however, that it has now passed and we are a people who enjoy no equal protection of the law, and our future action must be guided by our sufferance, and not by our prudence.

Two centuries ago when the United States was a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the conditions which prevailed in the nation, and the assumptions upon which its foundations were built, were such that they ensured the United States would come to its maturity under circumstances which mean that for a substantial proportion of its citizens life is nothing more than a prison of poverty, and the only happiness we enjoy is the laughing to keep from crying.

The United States of America was born at a time when the nation covered relatively little land, a narrow strip of political divisions on the Eastern seaboard. The United States of America was born at a time when the population was small and fairly homogeneous both racially and culturally. Thus the people called Americans were a different people in a different place. Furthermore, they had a different economic system. The small population and the fertile land available meant that with the agricultural emphasis of the economy, people were able to advance according to their motivation and ability. It was an agricultural economy and with the circumstances surrounding it, Democratic Capitalism flourished in the new nation.

The following years were to see this new nation rapidly develop into a multilimbed giant. The new nation acquired land and spread from a narrow strip on the eastern seaboard to cover the entire continent with but few exceptions. The new nation acquired a population to fill this newly acquired land. This population was drawn from the continents of Africa, Asia, Europe and South America. Thus a nation conceived by homogeneous people of a small number and in a small area grew into a nation of a heterogeneous people, comprising a large number, and spread across an entire continent. This change in the fundamental characteristics of the nation and its people substantially changed the nature of American society. Furthermore, the social changes were marked by economic changes. A rural and agricultural economy became an urban and industrialized economy, as farming was replaced by manufacturing. The Democratic Capitalism of our early days became caught up in a relentless drive to obtain profits until the selfish motivation for profit eclipsed the unselfish principles of democracy. Thus 200 years later we have an overdeveloped economy which is so infused with the need for profit that we have replaced

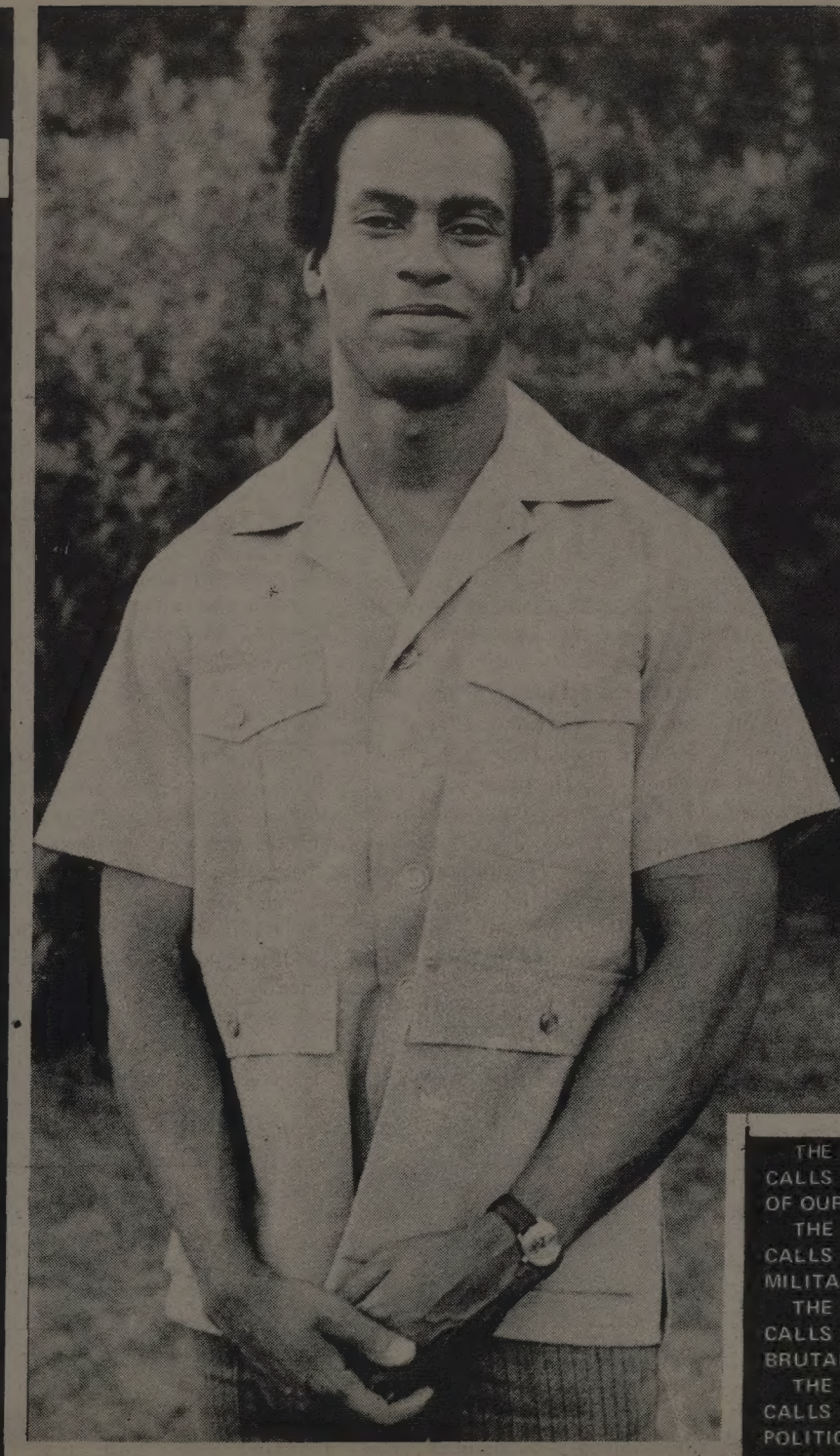
Democratic Capitalism with Bureaucratic Capitalism. The free opportunity of all men to pursue their economic ends has been replaced by constraints placed upon Americans by the large corporations which control and direct our economy. They have sought to increase their profits at the expense of the people, and particularly at the expense of the racial and ethnic minorities.

The history of the United States, as distinguished from the promise of the idea of the United States leads us to the conclusion that our sufferance is basic to the functioning of the government of the United States. We see this when we note the basic contradictions found in the history of this nation. The government, the social conditions, and the legal documents which brought freedom from oppression, which brought human dignity and human rights to one portion of the people of this nation had entirely opposite consequences from another portion of the people. While the majority group achieved their basic human rights, the minorities achieved alienation from the lands of their fathers and slavery. The evidence for this is clear and incontrovertible.

We find evidence for majority freedom and minority oppression in the fact that the expansion of the United States government and the acquisition of lands was at the unjust expense of the American Indians, the original possessors of the land and still its legitimate heirs. The long march of the Cherokees on the "Trail of Tears" and the actual disappearance of many other Indian nations testifies to the unwillingness and inability of this government and this government's constitution to incorporate racial minorities.

We find evidence for majority freedom and minority oppression in the fact that even while the early settlers were proclaiming their freedom they were deliberately and systematically depriving Africans of their freedom. These basic contradictions were further exacerbated by acts which implicitly admitted that the majority was wrong, but unwilling to do right. Thus when the Declaration of Independence was drafted the Founding Fathers struck all mention of the slave trade. Thus when the United States Constitution was drafted the Founding Fathers considered the slave as equivalent to 3/5 of a man. Thus when the slaves were emancipated the descendants of the Founding Fathers compromised that freedom to gain further territory. These compromises were so basic to the thinking of our forebears that legal attempts to correct the contradictions through constitutional amendments and Civil Rights laws have produced no change in our condition and we are still a people without equal protection and due process of law. We recognize then that the oppressive acts of the United States government when contrasted with the testaments of freedom, carries forward a basic contradiction found in all the legal documents upon which this government is based.

Generation after generation of the majority group have been born, they have worked, and they have seen the fruits of their labors in the life, liberty and happiness of their children and grandchildren. Generation after generation of Black people in America have been born, they have worked, and they have seen the fruits of their labors in the life, liberty and happiness of the children and grandchildren of their oppressors, while their own descendants wallow in the mire of poverty and deprivation, holding only to the hope of change in the future. This hope has sustained us for



FENTON / LNS

many years and has led us to suffer the administrations of a corrupt government. At the dawn of the 20th Century this hope led us to formulate a Civil Rights movement in the belief that this government would eventually fulfill its promise to Black people. We did not recognize, however, that any attempt to complete the promise of an 18th Century Revolution in the framework of a 20th Century government, economy and society was doomed to failure. The descendants of that small company of original settlers of this land are not among the common people of today, they have become the small ruling class in control of a worldwide economic system. The constitution set up by their ancestors to serve the people no longer serves the people, for the people have changed. The people of the 18th Century have become the ruling class of the 20th Century, and the people of the 20th Century are the descendants of the slaves and dispossessed of the 18th Century. The constitution set up to serve the people of the 18th Century now serves the ruling class of the 20th Century, and the people of today stand wanting for a foundation of their own life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. The Civil Rights Movement has not produced this foundation, and it cannot produce this foundation because of the nature of the United States society and economy. The vision of the Civil Rights Movement is to achieve goals which have been altered by 200 years of change. Thus the Civil Rights Movement and similar movements have produced no foundation for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They have produced humiliating programs of welfare and unemployment compensation, programs with sufficient form to deceive the people, but with insufficient substance to change the fundamental distribution of power and resources in this country.

Moreover, while these movements attempt to get minorities into the

system, we note that the government continues its pattern of practices which contradict its democratic rhetoric. We recognize now that we see history repeating itself, but on an international as well as a national scale. The relentless drive for profit led this nation to colonize, oppress and exploit its minorities. This profit drive took this nation from democratic capitalism and underdevelopment, to bureaucratic capitalism and overdeveloped industry. Now we see that this small ruling class continues its profit drive by oppressing and exploiting the peoples of the world. Throughout the world the lumpenproletariat is crushed so that the profits of American industry can continue to flow. Throughout the world the freedom struggles of oppressed people are opposed by this government because they are a threat to bureaucratic capitalism in the United States of America.

We gather here to let it be known at home and abroad that a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness has in its maturity become an imperialist power dedicated to death, oppression and the pursuit of profits. We will not be deceived by so many of our fellow men, we will not be blinded by small changes in form which lack any change in the substance of imperialist expansion. Our suffering has been too long, our sacrifices have been too great, and our human dignity is too strong for us to be prudent any longer.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR FREEDOM AND THE POWER TO DETERMINE OUR DESTINY.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR FULL EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL OUR PEOPLE.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR AN END TO THE CAPITALIST EXPLOITATION OF OUR COMMUNITY.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR DECENT HOUSING FOR ALL OUR PEOPLE.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR A TRUE EDUCATION OF OUR PEOPLE.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR EXEMPTION FROM MILITARY SERVICE.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR AN END TO POLICE BRUTALITY.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR FREEDOM FOR ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR FAIR TRIALS FOR ALL MEN BY A JURY OF THEIR PEERS.

THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY CALLS FOR A UNITED NATIONS PLEBISCITE TO DETERMINE THE WILL OF BLACK PEOPLE AS TO THEIR NATIONAL DESTINY.

Black people and oppressed people in general have lost faith in the leaders of America, in the government of America, and in the very structure of American government — that is the Constitution, its legal foundation. This loss of faith is based upon the overwhelming evidence that this government will not live according to that constitution because the constitution is not designed for its people. For this reason we assemble a constitutional convention to consider rational and positive alternatives. Alternatives which will place their emphasis on the common man. Alternatives which will bring about a new economic system in which the rewards as well as the work will be equally shared by all people — a Socialist framework. Alternatives which will guarantee that within the Socialist framework all groups will be adequately represented in the decision-making and administration which affects their lives. Alternatives which will guarantee that all men will attain their full manhood rights, that they will be able to live, be free, and seek out those goals which give them respect and dignity while permitting the same privileges for every other man regardless of his condition or status.

The sacredness of man and of the human spirit requires that human dignity and integrity ought to be always respected by every other man. We will settle for nothing else, for at this point in history anything less is but a living death. WE WILL BE FREE and we are here to ordain a new constitution which will ensure our freedom by enshrining the dignity of the human spirit.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

AN INTERVIEW

GERRY LEFCOURT

Gerald Lefcourt, the hard-fighting young attorney for the Black Panther Party of New York, recently made headlines when he suggested in court that John Murtagh, Justice of the State Supreme Court, Magistrate in charge of the prosecution of the New York Panther 21, and former City Investigations Commissioner, was, eh... shall we say a crook? Lefcourt approached the bench during the opening day of the Panther trial and suggested that Murtagh ought to be removed from the case because of his prejudice against the defendants and because it seems that the Justice had been arrested in 1950 for "willful and unlawful neglect of duty." Upon hearing the charge, Murtagh warned the attorney, "You are a member of the bar. You are bordering on extreme contempt of court!" The Judge was laying the groundwork for an action to banish Lefcourt and his brand of radical advocacy forever from the American court system. But Murtagh won't succeed. Throughout the country, there are dozens of young lawyers who, instead of devoting their lives to wills and torts, are now dedicating themselves to social change. For this new generation of lawyers, Gerry Lefcourt, complete with his wild, bushy hair, his revolutionary politics, his radical life-style, is very much the symbol of The New Lawyer. I met Lefcourt last week in the helter-skelter Broadway loft-offices of the Law Commune. Gerry sat at a solitary desk perched in the middle of the huge room the Commune had been using as a makeshift office ever since their regular quarters had been burnt to the ground by an "unknown arsonist." Lefcourt, in the midst of hectic preparations for the Panther trial, gave an interview that was punctuated with urgent telephone calls.

CD: From what I've read about you, I understand you weren't always a political radical. Can you tell me something about your personal and political background?

GL: Well, I come from a very middle-class and apolitical background. When I went to New York University as an undergraduate student, I must confess that I was studying with a former general, General Beichline, who was General Walker's room-mate at West Point and who thought a lot like him. I was very much under Beichline's influence. This conservative bent stayed with me until I entered Brooklyn Law School, where things like the civil rights movement really started opening up my eyes.

CD: Why did you decide to go to law school and to enter the legal profession?

GL: I went to law school for really the silliest and most serious of reasons: I wanted to avoid the draft and that was the way to do it in those days. But law school really changed my head. When I entered I was kind of an every-day, average American kid. By the time I got out I was well on the road to radicalism. I can't say I went into law with any real desire to serve the poor... but at the end of three years I had the feeling that something should be done in that direction.

The experience that really set about to radicalize me was working for the Legal Aid Society after I graduated law school. Legal Aid blew my mind. It was the most horrible situation you can imagine. The Legal Aid Society had somewhere in the vicinity of 130,000 criminal cases a year! Under circumstances like that, there was nothing that even the most dedicated of lawyers could do for his clients. Legal Aid lawyers, instead of being lawyers, are really left to being clerks that shuffle people through the legal system. They never have the time to discuss facts with their clients or to prepare adequate defenses.

For me the situation was horrible. I mean, I couldn't sleep at night while I was representing Legal Aid clients. There was simply nothing I could do for them. I would walk into a courtroom and have a hundred and fifty cases to answer in one day. I mean, it is absurd for anyone to expect a lawyer to know anything about half of these cases. Sometimes, I used to walk into court and see Legal Aid clients screaming for help - not knowing what they were being charged with, not knowing why they were behind bars. As a lawyer, I knew that I really couldn't help them.

The worst part of the Legal Aid job was that Legal Aid lawyers were responsible for the legal rights of the city's poorest and most helpless people. Yet, no matter how sympathetic we may have been to their needs, we were working for an organization that was fucking over the poor.

CD: Did you begin to do anything at Legal Aid to change that situation?

GL: Yeah... and that was the beginning of a lot of things. What I began to do was to talk to some of the other Legal Aid lawyers about starting some kind of union to help provide more proper representation of our clients. In the process, I began to publicly criticize Legal Aid. And guess what? They fired me. So, I filed a lawsuit, which we handled in a

political way, for the right of Legal Aid lawyers to speak out on issues. It was a grand suit. In a short time, there were about fifteen organizations supporting me... everything from the ACLU to the Black Lawyers Association.

CD: Are there any Black lawyers working for Legal Aid?

GL: Are you kidding? Black lawyers know better than to work for Legal Aid. In the ghettos, Legal Aid is the most despicable thing there is. Wait, there was one black lawyer at Legal Aid at the time I was fired. He went on a one-man strike for two weeks, then quit. That was their black lawyer.

CD: What was the final outcome of your case?

GL: Legal Aid hired one of the biggest Wall Street law firms to represent it. After seven months, the judge decided that my speech was such that it did indeed create a moral problem. Therefore, Legal Aid had a right to fire me. But the union was formed and the Legal Aid attorneys did go out on strike this past year - over the very issues we were talking about then.

CD: Did your unscheduled departure from the Legal Aid Society lead to your becoming counsel to the Panthers?

GL: It took a long time of traveling before I got there. Just at the time I was getting fired, the events at Columbia University were happening. Something like eleven hundred criminal cases came out of the student strike there. I volunteered to help, and since I had more criminal experience than most of the lawyers, they hit me with the heaviest charges that came out of Columbia. I was given the most important cases - particularly those of Martin Kenner and Mark Rudd, who were charged with attempted murder.

CD: Who were they supposed to have tried to murder?

GL: A guy named Finnegan of the Police Department's Bureau of Special Services, known in this town as the Red Squad. At the time, everyone thought Finnegan was the head of the Red Squad. Subsequently, I have determined that he is nothing more than a clerk, that he is not the head of the Red Squad, and that he has no managerial functions. His job is to attend demonstrations to see who is there. He takes pictures and he takes down names. When there are mass arrests, he goes down to the courtroom and gathers more names and information from the court. Finnegan's sort of an intelligence gatherer.

At any rate, back to Columbia. During the course of the summer, I became very close to Mark Rudd. At 6 A.M. on August 21, 1968, I got a call from him saying that three Black Panthers had been arrested in Brooklyn. The Black Panther Party in New York had only been in existence for about a month at the time. It was New York's first major Black Panther bust. I was really woozy when I got that call from Rudd. At 6 in the morning, I didn't even know what the Black Panther Party was. But I got dressed and dragged myself down to the courthouse in Brooklyn. When I got to court, I discovered that the three Panthers were charged with assaulting police officers - although the Panthers had no weapons. Now, three unarmed black people are not likely to assault five armed and uniformed policemen at two in the morning - as had been alleged. When the defendants were brought into the courtroom, I really flipped. All three Panthers were in bandages. One had his arm in a sling. Another had a wound on his head. Of course, the police officers were in court smiling. What really had happened was that the Black Panthers had been assaulted by five armed policemen, who then had the gall to charge the Panthers with assault!

The Panthers, before going to the judge, asked what I thought bail would be. Having had a lot of experience in the bailsetting process in New York, I suggested that the bail might be \$1,000 or so. None of them had any records, after all. None of them was carrying weapons. Well, I was completely surprised when the judge set the bail at \$50,000 each. At that point I found out that there exists something special in the law called "Panther Bail." "Panther Bail" is just another word for "preventive detention."

The colossally high bail sent me through endless bail hearings. During one of these hearings, in a very large Brooklyn courtroom, Bill Kunstler and I ask for a reduction of bail. The judge instructed us to move to another courtroom, and as we were doing this, we suddenly discovered that everyone from the first courtroom was going to the second courtroom. They were all white males. And they were all wearing Hawaiian aporthirts with bulging sides. Inside, there must have been another 250 - occupying all the seats in the courtroom. As Bill and I tried to enter the courtroom, we suddenly found these off-duty police officers physically attacking us! We were getting kicked in the legs, punched at, shoved and called things like "nigger lover." A lot of these guys were wearing badges. They were screaming things like: "White tigers eat Black Panthers." It was incredible to see such a scene in a courtroom.

CD: Would you say it was this incident that finally radicalized you?

GL: I would say that this was the real kick-off. What happened that day was that the Police ended up massacring twelve Black Panthers in the hallway. About a hundred and fifty of them ganged up on these Panthers and slugged the shit out of them. Right in the court hallway. That incident really opened my eyes. It was also the beginning of my relationship with the Black Panther Party.

CD: In addition to representing the Black Panthers, you have another rather famous client in Abbie Hoffman. What is it like representing Abbie?

GL: Fantastic. About the same time I started working for the Panthers, I got a call from Abbie. He was sort of well known in the East Village, but that was about it at the time. He said that he had a doctor and a dentist, but what he really needed most in the world was a lawyer. That phone call started a very involved relationship - workwise and friendshipwise. I began working as Abbie's lawyer - a job that could take as much time as my assignment as Counsel to the Black Panther Party of New York. It's impossible, though, for one person to handle Abbie. What we've finally done is to farm out his legal work to four or five lawyers around the country.

CD: Whenever Abbie is getting busted, it seems that you're the one who bails him out. Abbie's been party to some bizarre busts, but what is the most unusual one you can recall?

GL: It's thanks to Abbie that I spent one of the most unusual and hilarious days of my life. We had to go to Chicago because Abbie had missed a court appearance in Chicago on September 6, 1968. So, we made arrangements for him to go back to Chicago and to give himself up because a warrant had been issued for his arrest. Abbie had told the Chicago people that we would take the 8:00 A.M. plane out of New York. We got to Kennedy Airport and all of a sudden Abbie realized that our plane was leaving from La Guardia! PANIC! So we raced to La Guardia, missed the 8:00 A.M. flight, but caught an 8:30 plane to Chicago. The plane landed in O'Hare. As Abbie and I stepped off the plane, some of the

biggest Chicago policemen I had ever seen grabbed us. And not only were the police there, we were surrounded by about thirty or forty reporters. The cops immediately accused us of taking another plane to avoid them - which was ridiculous. We had come to Chicago to make that court appearance! Well, Abbie was arrested for missing the court date we had come all the way to Chicago to appear at. Now, our appointment in court was for 11:00 A.M. We had not missed it yet. What was happening was that the Chicago police had decided to harass Abbie.

Well, when they arrested Abbie, they took him to the airport police precinct. I went with him, cause Abbie was just petrified of the Chicago police. I mean, there had been some twenty-five threats on his life in that town. So, I stayed near him. When we got to the airport precinct, they made Abbie empty his pockets - where they found this little penknife. "Ah, ha," said the cops, "now we have you!" And Abbie was arrested on a new charge: possession of an illegal weapon. We told the police that we had to be in court for this original motion, so they whisked us off in a paddy wagon. In court, the Judge thought it was absurd that he had been arrested at the airport. He set a trial date and released Abbie. But for us the day was just beginning. The minute we got out of court, we suddenly found that Hoffman was charged with illegal possession. Now we had to go to a new court to get bail on the new charge. We did that and just as we're leaving the second court, two men come up to us and say: "Abbie Hoffman, I presume?" Abbie nods. The guys explained that they were from the FBI and that Abbie was under arrest. I jumped in: "What the hell for?" "Crossing state lines with an illegal weapon." It's that God damned pen-knife again. So, we were under a Federal charge. We were taken to the Federal Commissioner's office to get bail on the new charge, but the Federal Commissioner couldn't be found and Abbie had to spend the night in jail. The next day, we finally bailed him out.

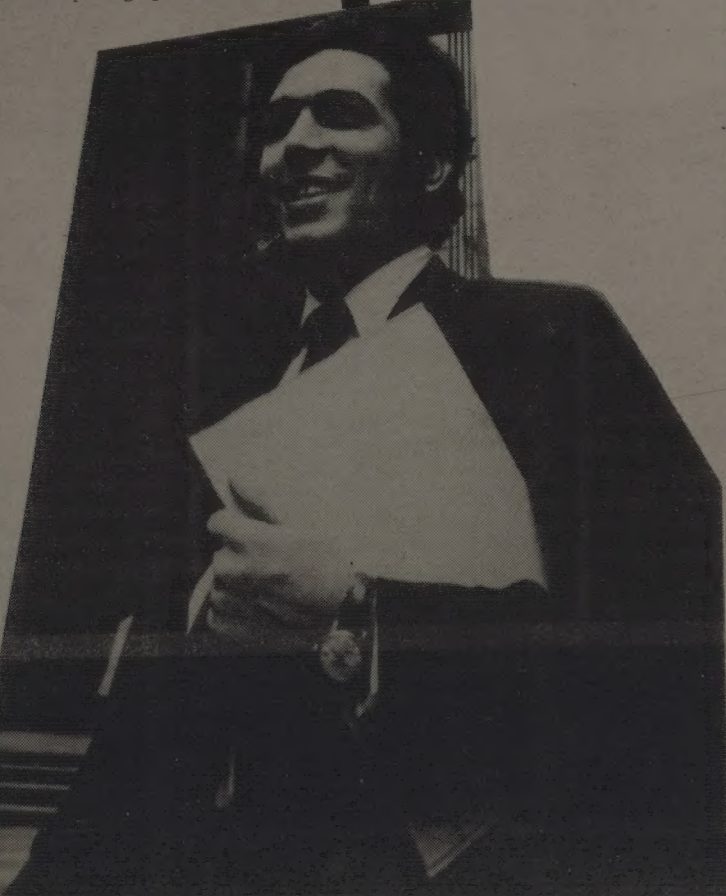
That morning, we boarded a New York bound plane at O'Hare. The plane taxied on the runway and suddenly stopped. The doors opened and in walked these three gentlemen in business suits: "You're Abbie Hoffman? We're from the House Committee on Un-American Activities and we have a subpoena for you to appear in Washington." That was the end of quite an experience with Chicago's law enforcement authorities.

CD: What did that day and a half in the Windy City do to your head?

GL: Freaked it. But it was fun... in a way. You know, there's nobody like Abbie. He could laugh through one arrest after another. With Abbie, his laughter makes that kind of repressive activity a little easier to take. When the FBI arrested him, they asked him if he ever used any alias. "Oh sure," answered Abbie as the cop just typed away, "Joe DiMaggio, George Metesky, Marilyn Monroe." And the guy was just writing it all down!

CD: I understand you were jailed by Julius "The Just" Hoffman during one of your trips to Chicago. How did that come about?

GL: Well, I was one of the original attorneys in the Chicago Eight case. I was representing Abbie. Abbie and I had a discussion and came to the conclusion that it was more important for me to represent the Panther 21 than to remain on the Chicago case. The Panthers, at the time, had no other counsel. The people in Chicago were facing ten years maximum. For the New York Panthers, the sentences could be much graver. So Abbie released me



from Chicago and I went back to New York.

When the Chicago case opened, Charles Garry, Bobby Seale's lawyer, couldn't be there because of a gall bladder operation. Bobby Seale, as you remember, stood up and proudly stated that he wanted to represent himself. That left Judge Hoffman in a very peculiar position as he did not want Bobby to represent himself. So Hoffman looked at the Notices of Appearance that had been entered for all the defendants — and noticed that at one time there were four other lawyers who had filed Notices of Appearance on behalf of some of the clients. I was one of the four. Hoffman immediately ordered all of our arrests. There was me, there was Michael Tiger, a Professor of Law at UCLA, and there was Mike Kennedy and Dennis Roberts, who both practice law in San Francisco.

CD: How did you learn of your arrest?

GL: The Associated Press called me and asked me what I was going to do about it. The Law Commune immediately went into Federal Court in New York and got an order nullifying the arrest order from Chicago. The New York court said that I could not be arrested if I went to Chicago on my own, so I went to Chicago. I hadn't planned on going into Judge Hoffman's courtroom. Instead, I went directly over Hoffman, to the Court of Appeals, and asked them to reverse the order

that would have brought me over to Hoffman. But when I got to the courthouse, I heard that my comrade Michael Tiger had been arrested on the coast and dragged across country under guard. So, rather than desert him, I went down to Hoffman's courtroom and was immediately arrested myself. The four lawyers originally had planned to fight Hoffman in our local jurisdictions, but Tiger didn't have a chance. They just arrested him and dragged him cross country under guard, which eliminated any possibility of separate defenses. I was brought before the Judge and ordered to try the case under arrest. Mike and I sat at the defense table, unable to contribute anything useful to the defense. We were only there because we were under arrest. During lunch, Judge Hoffman sent us all to jail. Nice of him, though — he sent us to jail with Jerry Rubin and Bobby Seale. The four of us had lunch together in a cell.

CD: As a lawyer who has handled hundreds of criminal cases, how did you like finally ending up behind bars yourself?

GL: Well, I didn't like it at all. But I learned some very important things that day in jail. It was a Friday and they were serving us these really disgusting fish sandwiches for lunch. Since I didn't like fish, I left mine standing. Bobby looked at me as if I was crazy. "Lefcourt," he said, "you don't understand yet. You're in jail! You don't have a choice. You're not going to eat again until maybe seven or eight at night... and you might not get to eat that meal, which means that you won't eat till six tomorrow morning." So I ate my fish sandwich. Aside from learning something very basic about surviving behind bars, Bobby and I had a very important conversation that day during lunch. Bobby wanted to know what Mike and I thought about his being without a lawyer. Out of that conversation, he made a decision that he was going to represent himself. We had discussed the idea during lunch and thought it was feasible.

CD: What happened when you returned to Julius Hoffman's courtroom that afternoon?

GL: That afternoon Kunstler and Weinglass finished their opening statements to the jury. The judge then asked if there were any other attorneys in the room who wished to

say anything. At that moment Bobby Seale stood up and told the jury that his name was Bobby Seale and that he was the Chairman of the Black Panther Party. Hoffman hit the ceiling. He immediately had the jury removed and began the process which finally ended up with Bobby Seale getting gagged and tied to a chair. The gagging was one of the most important things that ever happened in American courts.

By the end of the day, it still wasn't resolved what Mike Tiger and I were doing in Chicago. The whole issue really centered around Judge Hoffman's attempt to get Bobby Seale represented by some kind of lawyer. He simply did not want Seale to represent himself. Hoffman had said quite openly and publicly that if Seale would say that William Kunstler was his lawyer, he would

gladly release Mike Tiger and myself from jail. We were being held hostage, Hoffman was blackmailing Bobby to waive his sixth amendment rights, and of course, none of us would go for that. We stood firm and we wouldn't give the judge that kind of commitment. So, at the end of the day, Hoffman found us in contempt of court, had us sent to jail for the weekend, and promised that he would sentence us the following Monday. "What about bail?" one of our lawyers asked. "I don't give bail to contemptuous lawyers," Hoffman answered. That night at 10:00 P.M. the Court of Appeals released us on bail.

CD: Did your arrest spark any outcry from the legal profession? It was, after all, one of the first of Hoffman's really horrendous illegal acts.

GL: It certainly did. That Monday hundreds of lawyers came in planes from all over the country to protest our sentencing. The lawyer demonstration hit the Justice Department in Washington right in the face. They didn't want to do anything that would really arouse the legal profession — lawyers are too key to the functioning of the power structure. Someone in the Attorney General's office evidently reached Hoffman, because when we came to court on Monday, he vacated his order of contempt and released us. The lawyers' demonstration really was what freed us.

CD: What was the message for you in that?

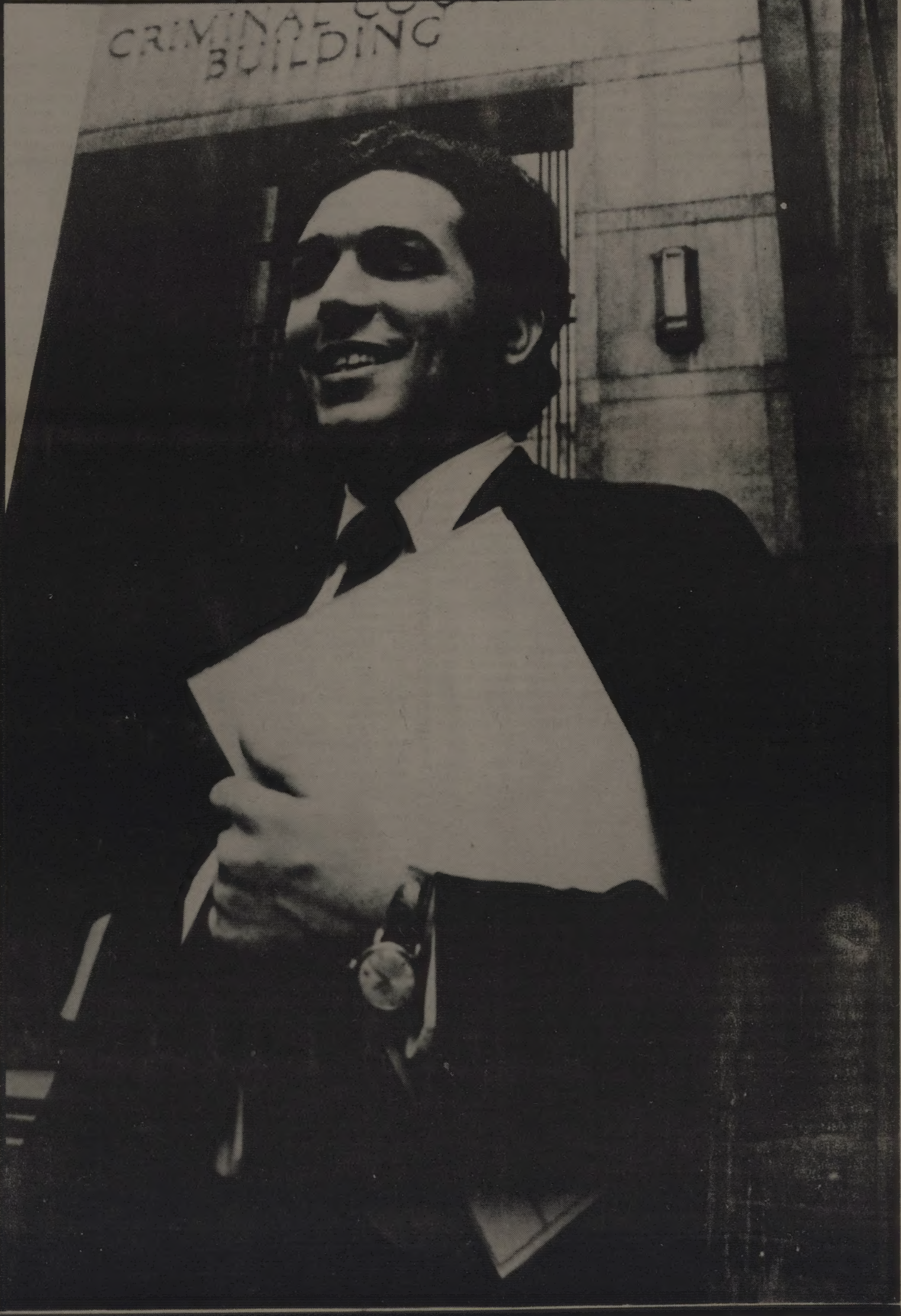
GL: It was quite clear. Lawyers banding together can do something. The message of that demonstration

was that the spectrum was beginning to be filled.

CD: As a lawyer, did you find that you were shocked by Julius Hoffman's gross violations of the civil liberties of everyone concerned with the Conspiracy trial?

GL: Yeah, I was shocked by Hoffman. Who wouldn't be? It was a strange experience — almost jovial at times. Not only did I know that my jailing wouldn't last forever, that this ridiculous contempt charge couldn't hold, but I knew that the jailing would have a fantastic nationwide effect on people in the legal profession. I mean, it gets even

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SIGKRAW AND THE INDIAN

At a time when most of the people of his generation were out saving the world, Richard Sigkraw was a sailor in the United States Navy, living way above the manner to which he had previously become accustomed.

"If it wasn't for the Navy, you'd be in a pile of shit," they used to tell him, and it was plain to see that Sigkraw never really had it so good as he did at the naval shore station. He had a warm dry place to sleep there, he had three solid meals a day, and best of all, he had access to several wise counselors who were always and willing and ready to advise him of his severe social deficiencies.

"Hey Sigkraw, is it true you're part Indian?" someone asked at supper one night.

"I'm part Apache," Sigkraw said.

"Sheeit," someone else said. "The Apaches were warriors. Sigkraw's no goddamned Apache."

"He's a Navajo."

"A Nava-Joe!"

"Yeah, his parents were hung along with 138 red savages on a hot day in Utah."

"And they were all hung with the same rope."

"And off the same bush."

"A bush!"

"Indians are trash," Martin said.

"Dirt under our feet, human filth, scum of the earth, racial residue. Nava-Joes are the worst. They live in the ground like moles, and they don't even fight. They sit in the sun all day long and make pottery out of their dried-out shit, and at night they hide their papooses in tree trunks with their little dogs, then they drink firewater, gallons and gallons of firewater, and the next morning the Indian Agent has to come to the reservation and hang them all like they did with Sigkraw's parents and 138 other red savages on a hot day in Utah."

"Shutup," Sigkraw said.

"Sigkraw, you should be honored we even let you sit with us. Look at you. Get your fingers out of your nose. Get your hand away from your crotch. Filthy habits. Put the mashed potatoes back on the plate. Try to act like a civilized human being for a change."

"White man, you die," Sigkraw said. "This calls for a severe beating," Martin said.

And so it was when we got back to the barracks, all six of us proceeded to fall upon Sigkraw with wire hangers and leather straps. The only resistance he offered was out-and-out retreat and we had to chase him all over the building.

Sigkraw was ugly enough. He was short and skinny and had glasses on his face and two huge buck teeth protruding from his mouth, and always he was hunched up like a cat. The sight of him must have appalled even his mother. He wasn't a redman, in fact he was whiter than most of us, but we knew he came from Utah or Arizona or some such place and that was sufficient evidence of his Indian heritage.

When he first arrived, shy and withdrawn, he associated only with Martin who bunked in the same cubicle. It began with the rest of us on a dreadful snowy Sunday afternoon when boredom weighed upon the barracks. Like everyone else, I was sitting on my bunk reading a comic book and trying to decide whether to eat my cigarettes or my fingernails, when the silence was broken with "LOOK AT THIS FILTH" coming from the obnoxious redhead Martin at the other end of the barracks wing. Some action, perhaps?

I heard a slam against a metal locker than an "ANNNNNHHH!!!" I hopped out of my bunk and rushed to see what I could see.

It was Sigkraw all right, standing in his skivvies, trapped in the corner against a locker. Martin was trying to rip his T-shirt off with a wire hanger.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Look at this filth," Martin said. "He hasn't changed his skivvies in a month. FILTH!!!" He slammed Sigkraw across the arm with the hanger. Sigkraw backed even further along the locker.

scummy thing," Martin said as he delivered Sigkraw another blow with the hanger.

Sigkraw suddenly bolted past Martin and was at the opening of the cubicle before Martin could react quickly enough to stop him. From his new safe vantage point, Sigkraw said, "You ain't so clean yourself."

"Oh," Martin said threateningly. He moved towards the opening, but Sigkraw backed out of reach. He had an open corridor to run away in now if he wanted to.

I looked at Sigkraw. His skivvies weren't really dirty, they just had holes where Martin had been ripping at them with the hanger.

"Sigkraw even wets the bed," Martin said. "He's got no culture, but that figures. He's a filthy Indian, and his parents were hung along with 138 other red savages on a hot day in Utah."

"Why don't you cut it out?" I said to the surprised Martin, and I went out the opening where Sigkraw backed off instinctively. I guess he figured me for a neutral though, and he didn't run away - which enabled me to grab him fast and slam a half-nelson on him. I delivered him to Martin who laughed with glee.

That afternoon we gave him his first real beating. We also threw him in the shower and dumped ice-cold water on him. After we stopped chasing him for being dirty, and started doing it just for fun, he didn't seem to mind so much anymore. Several other barracks personalities joined the squad, and hardly a night went by thereafter, when five or six guys at least weren't to be seen trying to head Sigkraw off on the barracks stairway to beat him to a pulp.

One night we locked him in a closet for three hours. Another night, he was standing at his locker when two of us grabbed and held him while two other guys dumped all the contents of the locker out of the window - clothes, shoes, books - everything the poor slob owned. For an hour, he climbed the three flights of stairs, retrieving his possessions from the ground below. But as quick as he retrieved them, we dropped them out again, until, of course, we got tired of the game.

One night, we emptied a jar of Bosco on his bedsheets. Still another night, we beat and jabbed him with the wire hangers. He had little welts all over his arms and legs, and he dared not open his locker in our presence. He never said much about it except "white man you die," or "YEEEOOWWWW!!!" so I didn't think he minded it all.

Sigkraw worked in the personnel office of the base. One afternoon he was carrying service records from one building to another when he fell in the snow. In a trice, pages from the records were strewn all over the base. If it had happened to anyone else, not a word would have been said, but with Sigkraw - well, news got around quickly and Martin and I planned an extravagant punishment. That night, we canvassed the barracks to get guys for a "Sigkraw Lynch." We came up with 12 men, including ourselves, of all colors, shapes and sizes. It was my job to ask Sigkraw to the Gedunk for a beer - we planned to do execution on a tennis court near the Gedunk. It was the first time anyone had asked Sigkraw to go anyplace, so he accepted without serious consideration of the issues. As we walked along, I found myself talking to the most compelling yes-man I had ever performed before.

"The navy sucks."

"It sure does."

"They're all fuckups."

"They sure are."

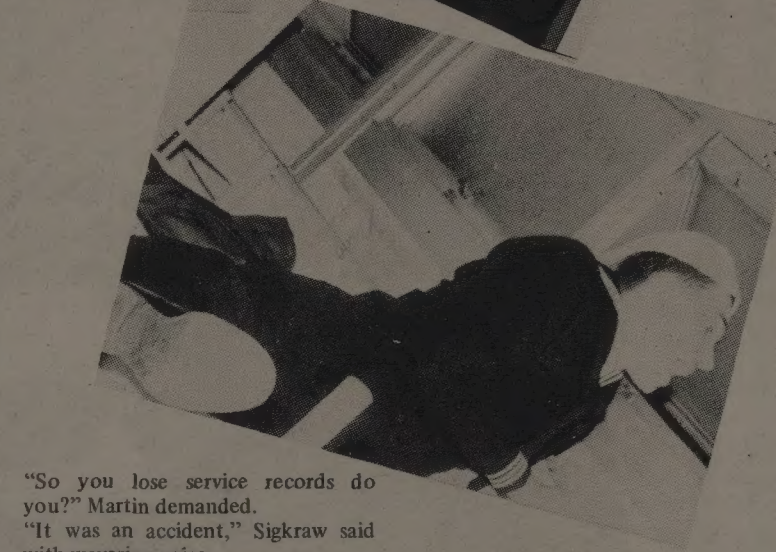
"But you know, all those benefits are really something. If I could get the job I wanted, I might re-enlist."

"I was thinking about that too. It really isn't bad."

"But fuck it. It still sucks."

"It sure does," Sigkraw said.

We were halfway across the tennis court when the mob appeared. The look on Sigkraw's face as they formed a circle around him, is forever imprinted on my memory.



"So you lose service records do you?" Martin demanded.

"It was an accident," Sigkraw said with wavering voice.

"AN ACCIDENT!" Martin yelled. Sigkraw was barely able to utter "I'm sorry," when Martin yelled "BEAT," and all 12 swooped in for mayhem. It was a near disaster. For one thing, many guys took it too seriously and they thrashed Sigkraw to within an inch of his life. For another, 12 men can't all beat up on one single little boy at once, so there was some natural confusion as to who would do what. Two guys, Preola and Gannen, got into it.

"You want to start?" Preola said. "Fucking-A," Gannen said, as he shoved Preola.

We left Sigkraw lying on the ground and we stood in a circle to watch the battle which soon turned into knifework as Gannen pulled out a dangerous blade. Then, to add to it all, the shore patrol pulled up and took Gannen and Preola in. Luckily, they didn't see Sigkraw. Martin and I decided, wisely enough, to let Sigkraw alone for a few days. Sigkraw didn't say a word.

When it was time enough to begin beating again, Martin and I formed a committee that would limit the administration of Indian justice to the original six or seven tormentors of Sigkraw. Martin was named Agent in Charge of Indian Affairs, and the rest of the group became the Indian Reservation Disciplinary Squad. One night after the evening meal, we captured Sigkraw and tied him to a bunk. Then we opened court, charging Sigkraw with the loss of the Service records.

"It was a despicable act," Martin said, "and don't think that you'll escape punishment just because of the civil disturbance last week." Sigkraw said nothing.

I notice you have a previous record. Your parents were hung along with 138 other red savages on a hot day in Utah."

"By the same rope," I said.

"You die, white man," Sigkraw said.

"Martin slapped him across the face.

The other vigilantes stood poised to beat.

"You're lucky," Martin said. "This time I'll be merciful. I won't impose the extreme penalty."

The penalty he imposed was good enough. We stripped Sigkraw down to his birthday suit, and threw him out the door into the cold snow. Four of us stood out there with him, and we knocked him down every time he tried to get back in the barracks. We also threw snowballs at

his naked frame until a shore patrol truck came along, and we had to hustle him inside. Justice was considered done.

The next night we began beating him regularly again, and life returned to normal.

Sigkraw's second trial was for a more serious offense. In the middle of a beating one night, he threw a paper cup of coca cola at Martin. After personally smashing his face, Martin ordered that Sigkraw be tried for the crime.

"This is the worst you've ever perpetrated," Martin said. "I'm going to demand the supreme penalty, and may God have mercy on your damned soul."

We all waited to hear what the extreme penalty might be.

"I'm going to buy you a drink," Martin told Sigkraw. "In fact, I'm going to buy you 84 of them."

We took Sigkraw out in a car and forced him to drink two fifths of rotgut sneaky pete which we chipped in to buy. Sigkraw protested some, but we held him down and forced the dreadful stuff into him, and all the while Martin kept yelling "Firewater, Sigkraw, drink you filthy fucking cannibal." Afterwards, we took the miserable Sigkraw back to the barracks and threw him in the shower with his clothes on. He collapsed in a heap on the floor and almost drowned. We carried him out of there and back to his cubicle, where we stripped him naked, dried him off and threw him likewise on his bed.

He was there two minutes when he puked all over himself. He laid in it all night long, and the next morning he was a very unhappy boy. Myself, I had my doubts too.

The next evening I was discussing the possibility with Martin that things were going a bit too far.

"We could get in trouble if he gets hurt," I said.

"Ah fuck, we'll just say he fell out of bed. Noone's gonna get hurt, or in trouble, fool."

At this point Sigkraw came in, and Martin could scarcely conceal his rancor.

"Hey, Sigkraw, who was that skirt that helped you out of the stockroom when you puked before?"

"None of your business," Sigkraw said.

"Hey fellows," Martin said, "Sigkraw's got himself a skirt! He's cutting himself a little pootang!"

"You'd better leave me alone,"

Sigkraw said.

"Is that a threat?" Martin said, standing up. He lifted up a hanger and jabbed Sigkraw in the arm with it.

"Leave him alone," I said.

"Come on, Sigkraw, what's the skirt's name? I know her name, you little puke! She dropped her rag in the chow hall one day!"

Sigkraw pushed Martin's hand away violently and shouted "LEAVE ME ALONE!" Martin brought a left into

his guts, nearly lifting him off the floor. Sigkraw gasped, and turned a little green, then collapsed on the deck. I rushed Martin and slammed his head into a locker and kicked him in the balls with all the force I could muster. The attack was so quick, he was ruined before he could retaliate. I helped Sigkraw up, and to the head. He was sobbing a little prayer. I helped clean Sigkraw off and asked him how he felt. Alright, he said. I then said I would take him to the Gedunk and buy him a beer, and he went without protest.

As we drank the beer, Sigkraw got more open, and he began laughing with a wild machine-gun laugh I'd never noticed he had. I got up to go to the men's room, and left Sigkraw eating a package of Good & Plenty candy. I was standing before the mirror combing my hair, when Sigkraw came around the corner, looking scared.

"I've got a terrible problem," he said.

"What is it?"

"I've got a piece of candy stuck in my ear."

"You what?"

"I've got a piece of candy stuck in my ear."

I looked, and sure enough there was a pink Good & Plenty drop stuck down in his left ear.

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know," Sigkraw looked the scarest I'd ever seen him.

I made him bend over, and I tried to pull the candy out with a paper clip but the more I worked it, the further it went in. I made him stand up.

"Listen man, you'd best go over to Sick Bay about this."

"No, I can't. They'd laugh at me."

He was right, they would, but I failed to see why he was worrying about a little laughter at that particular point in history.

"Well, maybe if I keep pushing, it'll go out the other ear."

He laughed wildly.

I tried again with the paper clip, but I had to stop for fear of puncturing his ear drum.

"Maybe if you let it alone, it'll just go away."

Sigkraw was sweating.

"What am I gonna do?"

It was now late at night, and the master-at-arms of the building came in and announced he had to close up the men's room. He went out, then.

I said to Sigkraw, "Stick your head under the faucet, quick." He did so, and I turned on the red hot water. He shouted in pain, and tried to bolt loose, but I held him.

"Hold it there," I said.

"I CAN'T!!!"

"HOLD IT!!!"

He broke loose, and the master-at-arms re-entered at the same moment I looked in Sigkraw's ear.

"The candy is gone," I said.

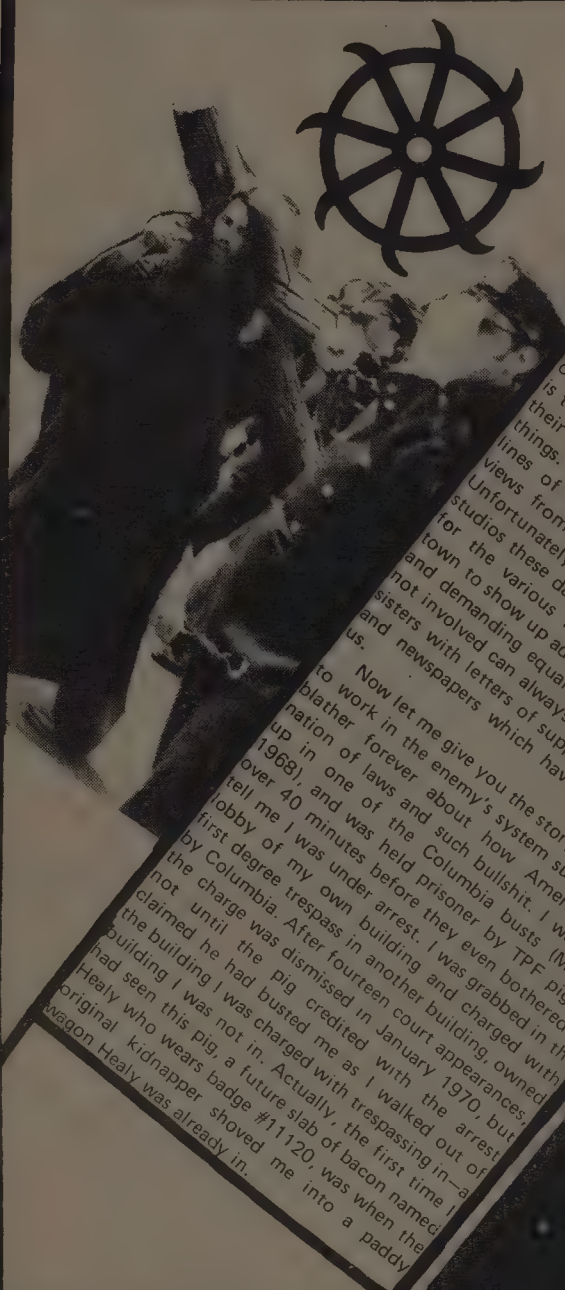
"It is?"

"Yes," I said, and Sigkraw laughed in relief as the master-at-arms said, "What the hell are you two guys doing in here?"

There was some unpleasantness with the master-at-arms and I began to think again of my own new weak position with the certainly angry Martin. None of it bothered Sigkraw who insisted on telling me about his older brother, an Air Force man, on the way back to the barracks.

I was finally forced to say, "You know Sigkraw, it isn't a very good thing for a man to get candy in his ear, whose parents were hung with 138 other red savages on a hot day in Utah with the same rope, and off the same bush. What would Martin say?" And Sigkraw laughed, but not very convincingly.

by Ray Schultz



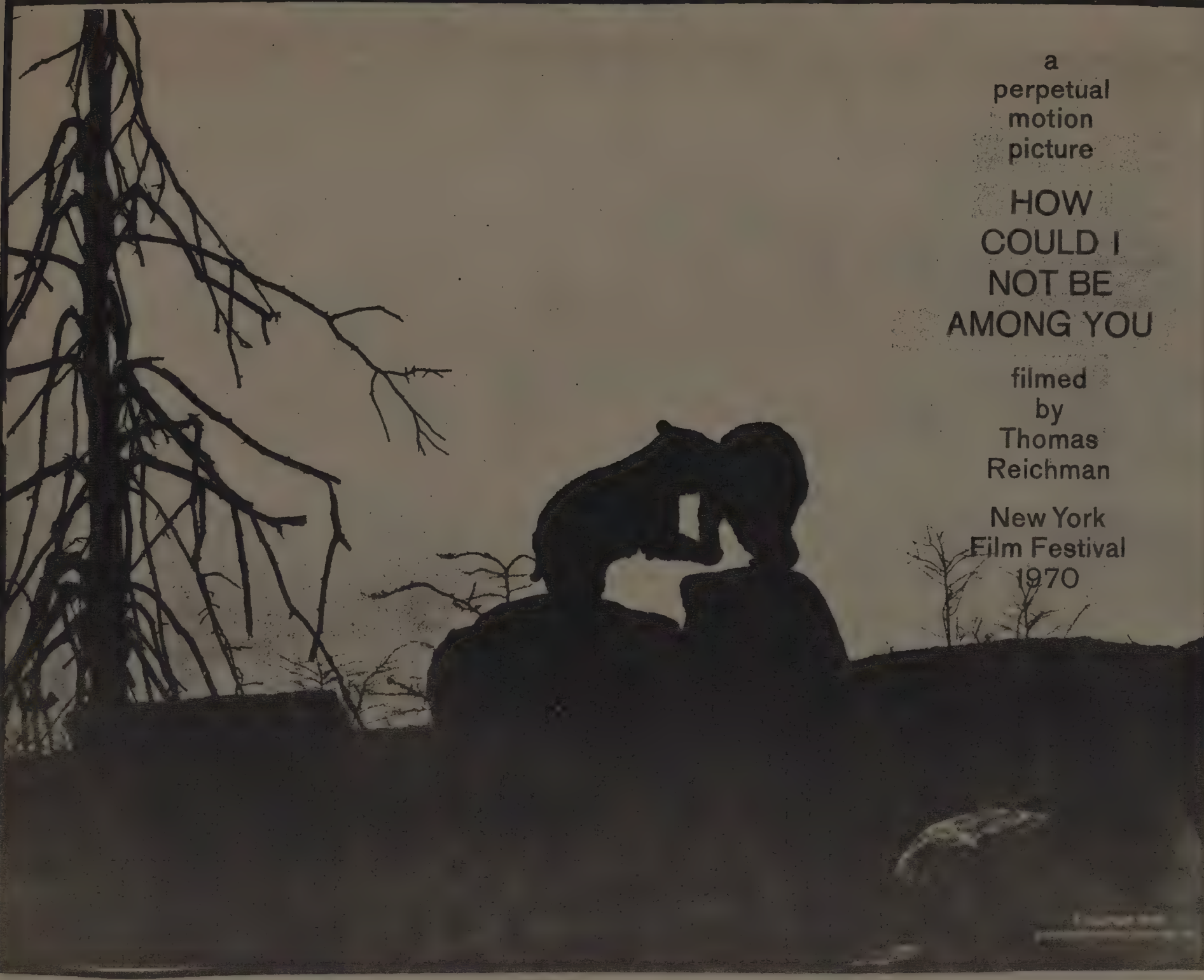
EVO

September 4, 1970

EVO people
 Here's the votes from two loyal readers on your obnoxious commercial contest.
 1-Punch; 2-Kent's got it all together; 3-Salvo with the snoopy mother; 4-Protein 21; 9-El Exigente (how could there be another choice for most repressive?); 12-Holiday on Ice; 13-Ajax white tornado; 15-Man in the Silva thins ad; 16-Susan Strong in Burst ads; 19-everything; 20-El Exigente; 21-Burst; 22-Winston; 23-all of them; 24-Buckley; 25-Winston ad where an English teacher seeks employment to correct their grammar. Added categories: Most stupid-Lestoil Mrs. America; most repressive to women-Listerine's carhop.
 There has been a recent spate of editorials on television telling all the bourgeois Americans how bad the stations which disagreeing with one good cure for this sort of editorial, and that is to send letters objecting and disagreeing with their stand to the stations which broadcast such things. Most stations willing to broadcast opposing views of being willing to something along the lines of "Unfortunately, Sam Melville can't get to the TV studios these days, and it might be a bit unwise for the various Revolutionary Forces around town to show up admitting they planted bombs and demanding equal time, but those who are not involved can always help their brothers and sisters with letters of support to those stations and newspapers which have editorials against us."
 Now let me give you the story of how trying to work in the enemy's system succeeds. They blather forever about how bullshit. I was picked up in one of the Columbia busts (May 18, 1968), and was held prisoner by TPF pigs for over 40 minutes before they even bothered to lobby of my own arrest. I was grabbed in the first degree trespass in another building, owned by Columbia. After fourteen court appearances, the charge was dismissed in January 1970, but not until the pig credited with the arrest claimed he had busted me as I walked out of the building I was charged with trespassing in—a building I was not in. Actually, the first time I had seen this pig, a future slab of bacon named Healy who wears badge #1120, was when the original kidnapper shoved me into a paddy wagon Healy was already in.

LETTER

I decided to be a good little boy and play their game, so I had a lawsuit started against the city for \$50,000 for false arrest, and complained to the Pig Civilian Complaint Review Board about Healy's perjury. The review board sent an oinker captain to my house. He tried to talk me out of pressing the complaint. I refused and suggested I might add a complaint of kidnapping. The pigs didn't seem to like this, so they began a campaign of harassment, which climaxed with kidnapping me while I was watching a tennis match and taking me to their hangout, where I was accused of a long list of crimes ranging from robbery to attempted rape. The pig who ran the ripoff, named Grello, flipped a quarter with his partner to see who should get the credit for grabbing me, because whoever did would get two days off as a reward, he said. A detective who refused to show me his badge or give me his name gave me the kindly information, "Listen, you dirty bastard, I'd take you out and beat the shit out of you." The same unkosher baboon turd was the one who made up the work of science fiction called through a looseleaf book and writing out all the fantasies his warped mind could comprehend, laughing at all the ones he picked.
 The judge I went before seemed to have some glimmering of sanity, and let me out without bail. Anyone who wants to see the usual spectacle of pigs oinking out their obscene fantasies and perjuries is invited to the Queens Criminal Court, near the Van Wyck station of the E or F lines, at ten AM on Friday, September 11.
 All power to the people
 Tom Hamilton
 PS: As for Yaakov Kohn's dislike for calling pigs pigs, the four-legged variety is widely regarded as unclean, disgusting, slob, and unfit to associate with humans. Same for the two-legged variety. What better word could you think of, except maybe dungbeetle, which is too long, or maggot, which sounds too much like a word GLF objects to?



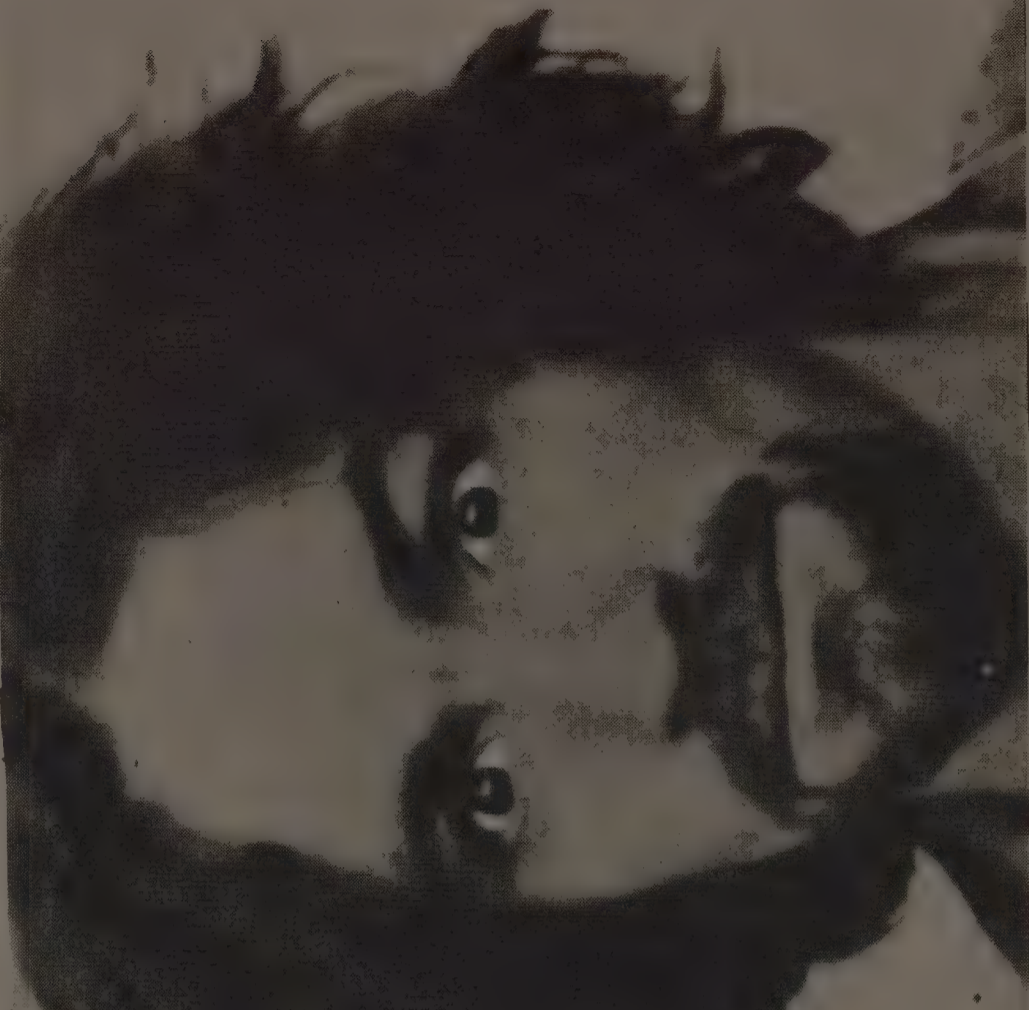
a
 perpetual
 motion
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 HOW
 COULD I
 NOT BE
 AMONG YOU
 filmed
 by
 Thomas
 Reichman
 New York
 Film Festival
 1970

MARIJUANA THE OTHER ENEMY IN VIETNAM

What happened to serious lovers?

NOW HEAR THIS

“Somebody out there has got to make some sense



“Whenever I try to masturbate, the guards courtroom, and the other day during Linda’s turn on flashlights and frighten me; they won’t dull testimony I actually came. A woman jurist allow me to have even a wet dream. It’s so bad saw me and has shipped me a note revealing that I’ve been fingering myself in the love for me and her plans to poison the jury.”

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“Buddy is a friend of a friend, and he was nice enough to let me stay here until I got my own place now, and I just stopped by here to use the bathroom because the plumbing in my new place isn’t hooked up yet.”

He said that he had stayed in Hash’s apartment “about a month,” that he had been separated from his brunette wife for “about a year.” Asked about the possibilities of reconciliation, he replied: “I’d rather not comment about that.”

UNDERGROUND EDITOR REFUSED TO TESTIFY ON BOMBING. GETS SIX MONTHS FOR CONTEMPT

LIBERATION News Service

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Judge Erwin Zastrow said the case was a clash between the law and the right of freedom of the press “and something has to give.”

“What has to give,” he went on, “is the First Amendment privilege — in the interest of justice.”

Knops told newsmen when he was subpoenaed that he would refuse to disclose the source of the New Year’s Gang statement which Kaleidoscope printed. The statement exposed AMRC as a “think-tank of American militarism . . . a fitting target for such revolutionary violence,” and demanded the immediate release of the Milwaukee 3 (black political prisoners), the abolition of ROTC, and the elimination of “male supremacist women’s hours on the Wisconsin campus.” “If the demands are not met by Oct. 30,” the statement continued, “revolutionary measures of an intensity never before seen in this country will be taken by our cadres.”

The judge found Knops guilty of contempt and sentenced him to a term of up to six months in jail, telling him that the sentence would be lifted if he would agree to testify. Mark has been refused appeal bond and is presently in jail, awaiting a confrontation with a federal grand jury.

FOUR MARINES ARRESTED FOR GIVING PEACE SIGN

OCEANSIDE, Calif.

(LNS) — Four white marines from Camp Pendleton were arrested Aug. 19 for flashing peace signs at an MP at the gates to the base. The four marines were returning from liberty and were sitting at the back of a bus. After the MP saw the sign he flagged down the bus and forced the marines to lie face down in the dirt for half an hour.

The next day the marines were charged with making “Obscene gestures.” Two of the four are Vietnam vets.

SPEED KILLS, RECORD TELLS WHY

HOLLYWOOD, Calif. (LNS) —

Frank Zappa once said, “I would like to suggest that you don’t use speed, and here’s why: it is going to mess up your heart, mess up your liver, your kidneys, rot out your mind. In general, this drug will make you just like your mother and father.”

A group called Do It Now has put out a record, “First Vibration,” whose message is “Speed Kills.” Do It Now is a drug education group that isn’t putting across any bullshit (like how marijuana smokers become murderers), but which is trying to prevent hard drugs from rotting the minds of our people. For a copy of the record (cost \$3), or for free information, contact Do It Now, Box 3573, Hollywood, Ca. 90028, phone (213) 463-6851 (24-hour drug hot line).

“HUMAN SCIENCES” MAY NOT BE SO HUMAN

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — A grant of \$111,401 given by the U.S. Department of Justice to Human Sciences Research, Inc. of Mc Lean, Va. is aimed at stopping the revolution of oppressed peoples in America.

That’s not quite the way a Justice Department press release puts it, of course. According to the official announcement, “Human Sciences Research incorporated will identify, collect and evaluate research and experiments relating to prevention and control of collective violence. The contractor will study group violence in schools, and in the community.”

MARKS AND BOMB PIGS GET U.S. AID

WASHINGTON, D.C.

(LNS) — California revolutionaries blew a lot of dope and blow up a lot of shit. Now the pigs are worried. The U.S. Department of Justice has awarded a special grant of \$41,711 to California for the San Francisco Police Department to “buy new lab equipment and improve its analyses of drugs, narcotics and bomb residues,” according to an official press release.

LOS ANGELES GLF SUES POLICE DEPARTMENT

LIBERATION News Service

LOS ANGELES (LNS) — The Gay Liberation Front has filed a suit in U.S. District Court charging the Los Angeles Police Department with violation of the group’s civil rights.

The suit, citing the Constitutional guarantees of free assembly and equal protection of the law, points out that an inordinately high number of pigs have shown up at gay-ins and that the police have discriminated against gays by selectively enforcing a city ordinance against distributing leaflets in Griffith Park.

DATELINE LOS ANGELES (EVO NEWS)

Turkey has refused to refuse to ban the importation of opium from the West, despite appeals during the last three years from the United States, Turkish officials said today.

The officials said that Turkey would inform the United Nations Narcotics Control Board, meeting in Geneva on Sept. 28, that she is determined to carry out the announced cutback in the number of provinces where opium can be grown legally. A Government decree issued at the end of June reduced the number of such provinces from nine to seven and the number is to be reduced to four next year.

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DOPE TAKES THE BLAME FOR EVERYTHING

NEW YORK (LNS) — The enemy has yet to straighten out its 4½ on dope in Indochina. The U.S. pigs usually blame all their embarrassing lost battles and massacres on the fact that American GIs go into battle “crazed” with marijuana.

Now dope is being used to account for Communist victories. The following report appeared recently in the New York Post:

“Sprawled unconscious on the dirt floor in the Mike Force command post was a half-banded enemy (sic) prisoner who’d been caught spying or demonstrations,” a Justice Department press release announced. The release stated that “the project will study protests or crowds involving schools, labor-management problems, civil rights, and governmental policies or actions.” The press release left out one salient fact — Hughes Aircraft Co. is one of the nation’s biggest manufacturers of helicopters.

RESEARCHER CHARGES MALE CONTROL BLOODS DEVELOPMENT OF MALE CONTRACEPTIVE

MANCHESTER, England (LNS) —

Research chemist Alan Jones of the University of Manchester has been awarded \$180,000 by the Ford Foundation to work on male anti-fertility chemicals. In a statement on accepting the award, Jones said that such work had to be done at universities because drug companies have a “repugnance” toward the idea of tampering with male fertility, but not with female.

Another reason may be that male anti-fertility chemicals are so very simple that profitable drug patents would be almost impossible to obtain. Jones is placing most of his effort on trimethyl phosphate (TMP), which keeps male rats sterile indefinitely on twice-a-week doses, but does not reduce their desire or ability to screw, and which leaves them completely fertile when the doses end.

SIRHAN TEAR-GASSED IN CELL AFTER HAVING A TEMPER TANTRUM

DATELINE: SHERIDAN SQUARE

Swine oppressors of gay people continue their free-swinging ways, breaking heads & filling jails.

Black Panther and Gay Lib-Front conventioners in Philly last week discussed brutality problems while creating a new constitution. Meanwhile, local executioners prow the streets, in search of new and fresh game, and the thud of a homosexual’s body getting bashed to the pavement is not an unfamiliar sound.

(STEVENSON PHOTO)

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tiittuuss

A FABLE BY VINCENT TITUS

Once a crocodile was swimming in the river. He met a fish. The fish got away and the crocodile cried. Moral: What was he so happy about?

FLASH

by JACK ANDERSON

WASHINGTON — Vice President Spiro Agnew is deeply troubled about his son Randy, who has broken up with his wife and has been living for the past month with a male hairdresser in Baltimore.

Randy, whose full name is James Rand Agnew, is a handsome, clean-cut 24-year-old Vietnam war veteran who works as a weightlifting instructor in a suburban health salon.

He left his wife, Ann, 22, about six months ago. Their daughter, three-year-old Michelle Ann, is the Vice President’s only grandchild. He named his 1968 campaign plane after her.

Randy has been staying with Buddy Hash, a pleasant, dark-haired man of 27 with a moustache and goatee. He and his mother operate La Triolet, a profitable East Baltimore beauty parlor.

Hash was arrested Jan. 25th, 1964, for allegedly maintaining a “disorderly house” and again Sept. 20, 1969, on a charge of marijuana possession. He was cleared on both charges.

For Spiro Agnew, a proudly sensitive man, his son’s difficulties are all the more painful because the Vice President has lectured the nation on handling young people and has boasted of his own family life.

“I don’t have any trouble with my children,” he recently told the Miami Herald. “We communicate very well, and there is an easy, relaxed attitude among the family.”

In his speeches, Agnew has been sharply critical of “affluent permissive, upper-middle-class parents who learned their Doctor Spock and threw disciplines out the window when they should have done the opposite.”

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“Buddy is a friend of a friend, and he was nice enough to let me stay here until I got my own place now, and I just stopped by here to use the bathroom because the plumbing in my new place isn’t hooked up yet.”

BOYCOTT

The United Farm Worker’s Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO, is calling for a nation-wide boycott of all Purex products. The Farm Worker’s union, led by Cesar Chavez, recently won contracts with California and Arizona table grape growers as a result of an extremely effective consumer boycott of grapes harvested under strike conditions.

Chavez’ Union has organized the workers in Purex-owned lettuce fields in several Western states, but the company refused to negotiate with the Union. Since farm workers are categorically excluded from the benefits of legislation protecting other working people, the farm workers have no alternative but to call upon the consumer public for help once more. It is the hope of the farm workers that conscientious consumers will refuse to buy from a corporation that continues to oppress the workers in its agricultural holdings.

Purex products include: Purex Bleach, Brillo soap pads, Brillo detergent, Cutch Cleanser, Beads-O-Bleach, Sweetheart soap, Trend, Brion Enzyme Pre-Soak, Fresh Pict produce, Cuticura, Doan’s Pills, Vano starch, 4-in-1 Fabric Finish, Ayds appetite depressant, Purettes, Ferry Morse Seeds, Sheer Magic make-up, and Magic Touch.



Earth People's Park

by
JACKIE FRIEDRICH

Now, if the descendants of that hardy group don't cotton to you, they won't force you out at gun point, but they will make things rather unpleasant for you. But from what I saw and from what I heard, the members of the present Northeast Kingdom have decided to "work with the hippies."

Let me describe my experiences up here, and may they offer you an insight.

When I arrived the sun was rising and so were most of the residents. After a group breakfast (which is often difficult because the spring is low and there is only water for about ten minutes a day — no telling when), some went to work on the land, clearing areas, and building teepees. Others stayed at the house, schmoozing, reading, and deciding what shopping needed to be done.

The land is in Norton, Vermont — if you get on 91 until White River Junction, where you switch to 5 until you hit Newport

— and then follow signs to Norton, and from there you keep going until you see, in the distance, the Check Point Charlie between Canada and the U.S., and make a left turn just before you have to stop your car for their inspection — you'll find your land. You can build anything you like there — a teepee, a dome, a cabin, a treehouse, etc. But it gets pretty cold — minus 40 — so be prepared.

Later some of us decided to drive into Canada. We stopped at the Canadian border and while being questioned, did have a friendly schmooz with the immigrations officer. It was he who told us about the plans for the new Checkpoint, specifically because of EPP and the freaks that would descend upon it.

People started arriving at the house. People from other communes, from N.Y., and a lot of teenagers from neighboring towns. I walked up to the land with a fourteen year old girl who had been at EPP the previous day, only to find her mother and some law enforcers hot on her trail. Her one desire was to move into EPP and she was trying to decide just how to go about it.

Someone suggested that she tell her parents she would go to high school in Norton if she could live at EPP. Through the entire trek up and back from the land she exploded, at two second intervals, with "Oh, wouldn't it be cool if I could do that!"

On the way back, the Amerikan customs gave us a semi-thorough search. The whole car was torn apart and the contents of my pocket book were examined with care. They found a roach, but didn't hold me on it.

After dinner, which consisted of applesauce made from hundreds of apples donated by a local farmer, and rice, the party began. (Parties begin every night after supper). More Vermont teenagers arrived and then some local farmers dropped in, followed by customs officials who bring with them wine and cigars. Bottles and joints passed liberally and music came from that same radio station, and from guitars, kazoos, chopsticks, harmonicas, and assorted voices.

The customs officials invited some of the people out for a drinking night on the town, and the party continued.

The next morning brought more arrivals, but the scattered rain from the previous day had become more continuous, so, although some did go to work with the land, most stayed in the house, playing music, schmoozing and cooking. Short trips into town for provisions were made, and the same local youths returned, bringing friends. Dinner time brought another party.

Then a car pulled up outside, bearing one of the local selectmen, who was writing an article for all Vermont papers.

He asked the usual questions — hinting about sex practises, politics, hippies etc. And when he asked who would be living up there, Squirrel said, "Look, this land is your land as much as it is mine. You could build a house here too," the selectman nodded his head, but it was obvious that that had only added to his state of utter confusion as to whether he should allow himself to have fun or not.

Somewhere along the line, a local mother came in with seven children, and sat earnestly rapping with all around her. Then someone came in with two seven foot stalks of Mullen plant — which is supposed to go high.

There hasn't been a bust yet, and it looks as though there might not ever be one — at least not one brought on by local citizens. It seems as if they want EPP to succeed.

Well, the land is there and it's free, and it could be anything you want it to be. If you want it.

THE PARTY IN VERMONT

For a long time De Carlo of De Carlo land lots has been telling late night viewers to enjoy life around the posed barbecue of your own personal private endorsed insured government inspected, property, and quoted famed statesmen of amerika's past on how real estate is the way to true and illustrious pig power. Get your piece of amerika now, because pretty soon it'll be too late. So Earth People's Park, looking at both the forest and the trees, in those subliminal insomniac massages, bought 592 square acres of land in Northern Vermont, and turned the land back to the people

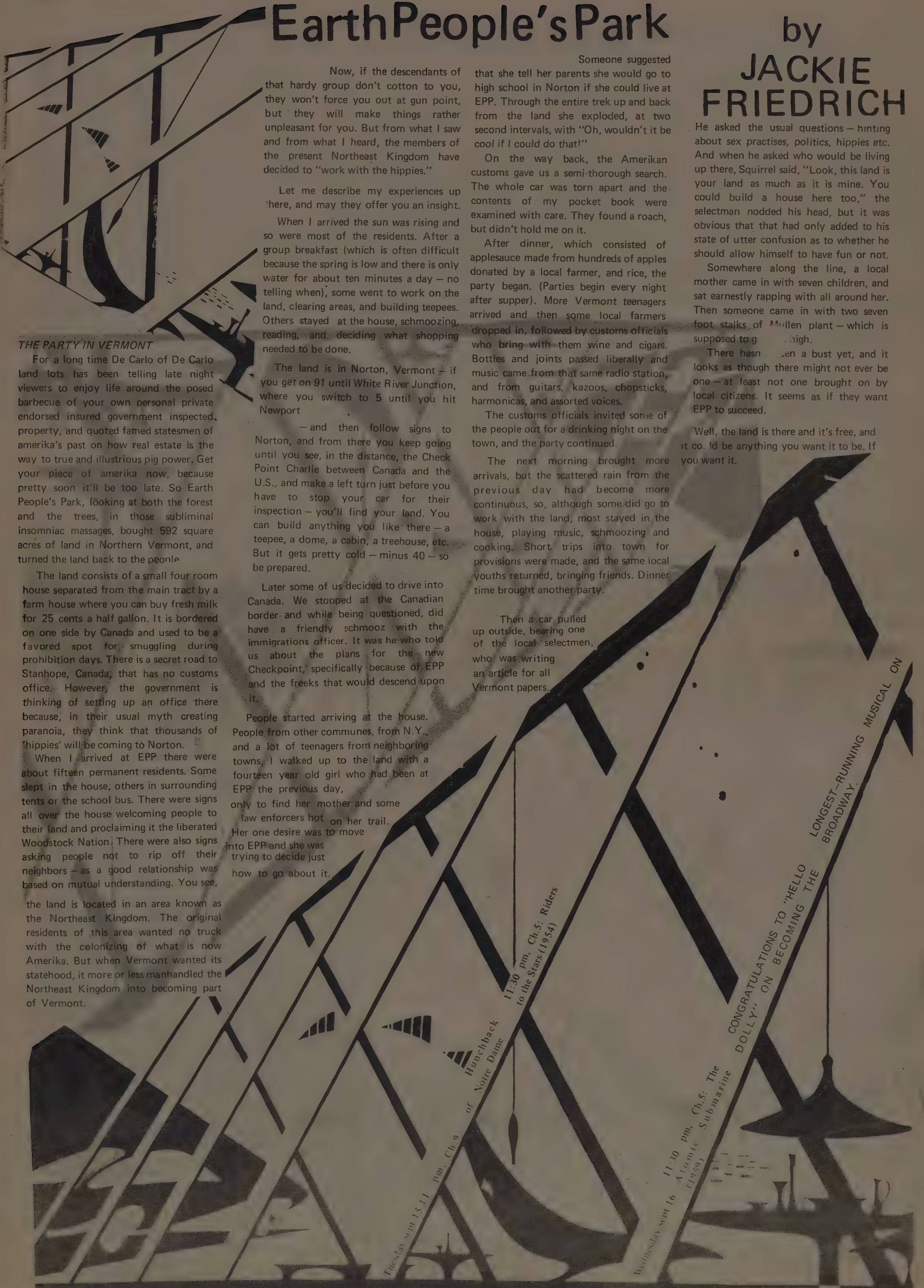
The land consists of a small four room house separated from the main tract by a farm house where you can buy fresh milk for 25 cents a half gallon. It is bordered on one side by Canada and used to be a favored spot for smuggling during prohibition days. There is a secret road to Stanhope, Canada, that has no customs office. However, the government is thinking of setting up an office there because, in their usual myth creating paranoia, they think that thousands of 'hippies' will be coming to Norton.

When I arrived at EPP there were about fifteen permanent residents. Some slept in the house, others in surrounding tents or the school bus. There were signs all over the house welcoming people to their land and proclaiming it the liberated Woodstock Nation. There were also signs asking people not to rip off their neighbors — as a good relationship was based on mutual understanding. You see,

the land is located in an area known as the Northeast Kingdom. The original residents of this area wanted no truck with the colonizing of what is now Amerika. But when Vermont wanted its statehood, it more or less manhandled the Northeast Kingdom into becoming part of Vermont.

Tuesday Sept 15 11 pm, Ch. 9: Hunchback of Notre Dame
11:30 pm, Ch. 5: Riders to the Stars (1954)

Wednesday Sept 16 11:30 pm, Ch. 5: The Atomic Submarine (1950)
CONGRATULATIONS TO "HELLO DOLLY" ON BECOMING THE LONGEST-RUNNING MUSICAL ON BROADWAY.



Maybe sometimes the music business ain't all its cracked up to be, just maybe there's something else there, that you ought to see. The sad state of jukebox affairs and radio transmission inspection these days.

It was a melodrama about the hidden rock and roll area out in the hills of sector 5. someplace in the american great lands there was another colony of sorts they were afraid of not finding any music when they got there but they got turned around quick enough when they finally arrived.

Crowfoot only has one record album out and in the mainflow of traffic, I turned it up so i could hear it. i mean the streets of the town were alive with the sounds of parties and boogie and loud music. [This record will sell well in New York City.] its got a beat you can dance to and a picture of the indian head on the nickel on the cover. It was recorded in San francisco. Crowfoot, Paramount records Nr. pas 5016. Maybe even get some on your mod squad radio station. but i doubt it.

Lately there's been all this woodstock 1969 music on the

stations and a lot of woodstock 1969 shoes on peoples feet and the hip clothes stores all over town are featuring the HIP Woodstock look. Several theories have been presented to the team of reporters which were present at the speech of the International Federation of International Advancement. Somewhere on the east coast there was a 3 or four day time step accomplished by certain powerfull forces during the labor day weekend 1970. Outlying districts are now in the process of synchron-breakdown, not being pre informed of the step. The local fm stations accidentally stumbled over the formula for Time Interpretation, it went on for days and nights. All over town there were these kids trying to get their thing together cause they had to go back to school on tuesday, i mean there are an awful lot of people that fall into that category in the metropolitan area, and in boston, and in new haven and in philly pa., and in boulder colorado and in denver where they were so worried about an influx of people when every one got out of schools last spring.

It was the rock and roll capitalist in a desperate battle for the control of certain vital earthly media i am happy to report that from the looks of things in the early stages, the saucer people have an early lead while the flower kong got the government on the run, anyways back to the time step. some one of the hot shot executives in one of the rock and roll companies bought it in a load of contraband chemicals They were from the california office of hollywood central where all american masterpieces come from.

Probability and planning division is working on re orienting the situation but it will take some time before the damage is compensated for, They're trying to mutate the new power form and render it harmless, In the meantime with everyone back in school and out of the way its just a hop, skip and a jump to HALLOWEEN.

Pruduction facilities are all on overtime work loads all across the country. All the rock and roll executives got these little 8 track tape machiens in their cars and in their boats and in their private airoplanes, its funny when the car wont start one night at 3 in the morning when he really needs get up and go. the rock and roll reveloution ran the battery down. Casette taperecorders these days are cheap enough for anyone to own and operate successfully.

Its the only revolution in the world run on transistor radio batteries. Watch what happens the world series is commin up, they always put them on the transistor frequencys. Maybe you should give a listen and see how its done. .

The thing most responsible this time may be the release of a double album set of Yardbirds records. they were the first group to use the now treasured fuzz tone, worshiped by many of the great ones. The early early yardbirds. 1960 1961 1962 1963.

They were foolin round knockin round over in england looking for a steady lead guitar player. they just kept changing guitar players, thats what the whole album set is about. its called THE YARDBIRDS F E A T U R I N G PERFORMANCES BY JEFF BECK ERIC CLAPTON AND JIMMY PAGE. all the best cuts of five years of hit records. Epic records Nr.EG-3015. Some of the stuff is "Drinking Muddy Water," "Jeffs Boogie," "Ever Since The World Began," "Little Games," "Train Kept a Rollin."

4 sides of good stuff, i mean this is like a gold mine. It has some of the cuts that eric clapton used to do once upon a time. before his accident with the bad guys in sector 4.

It even has the yard birds song from the movie they were in Antonionis BLOW UP. Yeah they played a rock and roll group in that one. The whole thing was produced by the mystery man Mickie Most England saw the last of a fading dream in the late summer of 1966 it was before the years of struggle, the world these days little remember or cares of the daring messengers from ROCK CENTRAL.



by the way what are you doing for Halloween,

The electric mecca is getting pumped up so when all the stuff comes down your ears are going to be ringing. watch out for telephones.

In a recent interview with Beatle producer George Martin i asked him why none of the hours and hours of unreleased tapes that the public has never heard were never released. He said "oh, but i thought they were released?"

The trouble is live music is a thing away and removed from n.y.c. where it needs it most. Its a funny feeling when you wake in the morning and you know that even if con edison does fuck up and commit the ultimate rip off by blowing everyones power all over the galaxy, the rock and roll mainline will still be in operation.

America, for being a pretty hip-place still is the last to find out what goes on.

And Johnny Winter out of nowhere again with another album, I played the others a whole lot, wore out the replay in some spots so this new one came in the nick of time.

Johnny Winter And Columbia Nr.C30221 assisting in production were Roy Segal and Johnnys Brother EDGAR.

3 of the cuts are new ones by him and a few other new ones by the other guitar player rick Derringer.

Randy Hobbs does the third voice and the bass, and Randy Z olays the drums. It comes off very relaxed, and very good. Pick it up if you can, maybe when he comes back to town.

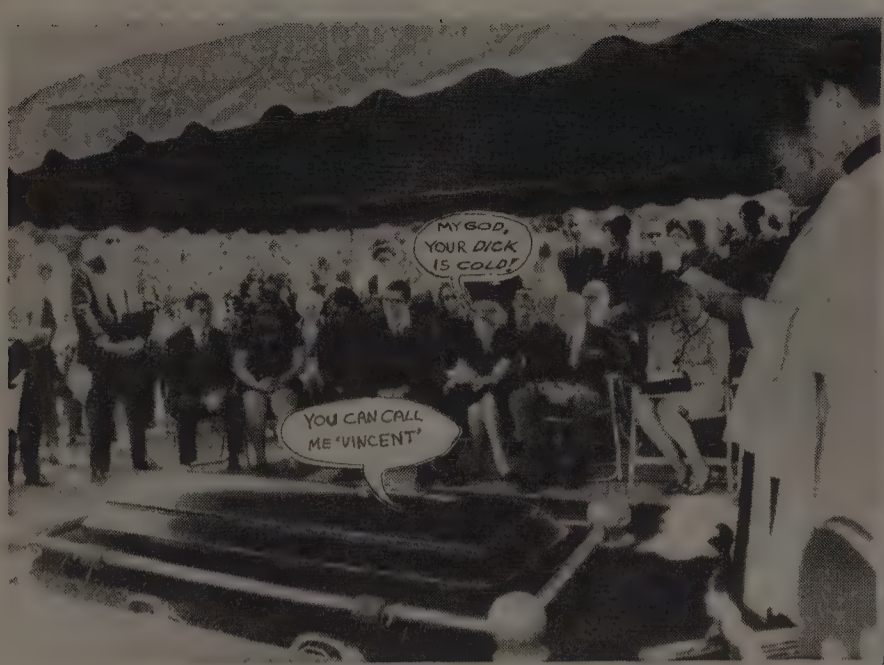
Charlie frick throws some more names.
Pretty Things Fairport Conventior
Zoot Money
Joy Grind
Mott The Hoople
Bronco
Tyrannosaurus Rex

a record made in england somehow found itself on Decca. for distribution in america. theyre called DANDO SHAFT 5 guys 8 songs some finger picking and some surprises.

"Till every day feels just the same
Greet the day thru the window
and smile though you dont know
who or what or where goes the blame"

Drops of Brandy," an instrumental on the other side, some one was using it as a theme song on Radio station usa . .

Concert
Sept 19, 8:30 pm, St. Clement's Church
423 west 46th
sept 30th at the village gate.
The Free Life Communications Company
presents a musical concert



DECOMPOSITION



SPECIAL TETRACYCLINE ESSAY

DEVOTED THIS WEEK TO
SUE CLEARY, WHO
TOILS IN THE BURGER KING
IN CLARK, N. J.

Sex And God

About the movie *Barbara* much has been said, and much written, which could very easily coax one into the impression that it is an offering of considerable cultural worth. It might be, in fact. It put me to sleep. In my sleep I was visited by an old man, and then a great black bird, who both told me that I better wake up or I might miss the Good Parts. But verily, if there was a Good Part in this picture it passed me during the two or three minutes I was unconscious. By the community standards of candor to which I am accustomed — to which anyone who's seen *Censorship in Denmark*, *Sexual Freedom In Denmark*, *Freedom To Love*, *The Postgraduate*, or any one or combination of these, surely *must* be accustomed — *Barbara* was extremely limp-dicked, both metaphorically and physically. If there is an erect cock in this motion picture, to paraphrase Samuel Clemens, I overlooked it.

But then, they will say, when this picture *Barbara* was filmed on Fire Island the summer before last, no one knew, nor could predict, that the community standards of candor in New York in 1970 would *allow* the presentation of erect cock. To which one can only respond, tough shit, this movie is still limp-dicked. Yards and yards of yawning pussy it shows, and plenty of tit, gallons of ass and an *awful* lot of huffing and puffing in close quarters, but what little dick you see in it, is tired and wrinkled and hanging downward like chicken heads in a Chinese grocery market on Mott Street.

But Latimer, is the temper of an actor's rod any barometer of the *cultural thrust* of a movie? Well . . . I did not count them, but in this movie there must have been at least a dozen separate depictions of sexual activities in which the presence of a hardon is indispensable but not visible. For example, the passage wherein Barbara, peering through the keyhole in the bathroom door, spies her brother masturbating, and, being horny herself at the moment, calls him out, whereupon he falls upon her, she being naked, and futters her to a fare-thee-well. In this we are supposed to witness. I think, the power of joyfulness and innocent exuberance which resides in adolescent enzymes and which, when given freedom, sweeps such antediluvian taboos as incest before it as so much gonococci before the antibiotic. My, but this tetracycline is heady *shit!* Anyway, this scene would be fine if the young fellow in it shewed any *evidence* of his lust, a lust so powerful that it drives him first to masturbating in the bathroom (standing up, too — no mean feat), and then, once released, sends him and his sister into transports. I mean, a *stiff dick* is sorta *mythic*, it's an *icon* really, and if you are showing in your movie the bracing effects of good

(Continued on Page 22)

Sex And Death

'It must have been in January of 1967,' remembers my friend the ex-hooker. 'You wouldn't believe it, but this whole charter busfull of football players came up to the house to celebrate. They were celebrating some kind of championship, I don't know what, but it was supposed to make them the top team of the year, I remember. And they just stood around, kind of blushing . . . The one I got, he was just big and clumsy and *awfully* gentle, as if he wasn't used to it or something. But the *coach*, you won't *believe* this — he was *so big*, none of the girls there could *take* him. Nobody would even try. I mean, he was *this big!!!* No shit, it took *two girls* eating him to get him off. I shit you not, he was that big.'

Okay, sports fans, what team won the NFL Championship and the Super Bowl in 1966, and thus became Top Team for 1967? And who was their coach? Vince Lombardi had eight football players bearing his pall to the graveside last week. He also had miles of obituaries in the daily press, and for five days you could not turn on the teevee set without you saw his coffin lying in St Patrick's. Lombardi was much beloved by America during the time he goosed the Green Bay Packers to three consecutive World Titles — 1965, '66, and '67 — and his passage from this gridiron of tears caused many a brew to dilute in many a bar across the land. In fact, the elaborate obsequies this country provided on his passing only confirmed the suspicions of many persons that Vince Lombardi in his life was really the Father every man-jack of us really wanted.

To get into what Lombardi represented in American Folklore while he was coaching the Packers, you have to read Jerry Kramer's two books, *Instant Replay* and *Farewell To Football*. Kramer was Offensive Guard for the Packers under Lombardi, and when he was not fucked up under one ailment or another he experienced the kind of sick, ego-destroying sado-masochistic kind of Fathering that America has not seen since before Benjamin Spock and Permissive Upbringing. Unless you were following the Packers in the mid-Sixties, you can have no conception of how really fucked-up American paternalism is until you read *Instant Replay*.

Understand, Lombardi took the Green Bay Packers, a somewhat less than mediocre football team, and literally whipped, kicked, and stomped them into World Champions by main force. This he did in a splendid mythic fashion by destroying their personalities and

(Continued on Page 21)

Sex And Hats

One of the many notable things that marked the resumption of the Panther 21 trial last Tuesday was the appearance, at the demonstration on the steps of Criminal Court, of one lone counter-demonstrator wearing a blue hard hat. Now, Criminal Court is located in what will be the evening shadow of the World Trade Centre, when it's finished, and many people went to Tuesday's demonstration prepared to grapple with whole construction crews, and were astonished, nay, disappointed, when not so much as a carpenter's apprentice showed up to kick some nigger-ass. In fact, the one hard-hat-wearing fellow who did show up, bearing flags, was obviously no construction worker; he was wretchedly skinny, wearing a suit and tie, and had quite clearly bought the hard hat in a hardware store and slapped the Buckley sticker on it out of some puling craven desire to impersonate a Real Man.

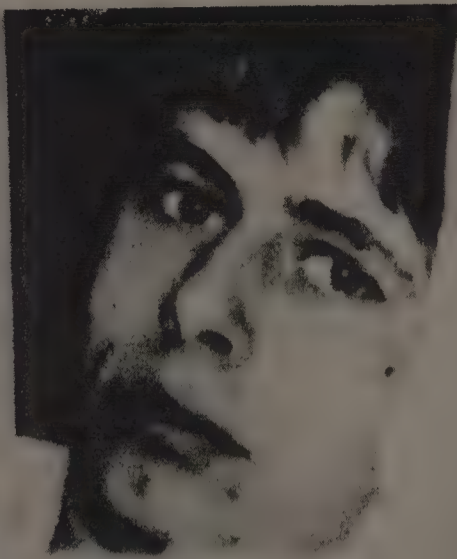
Of course, he got nowhere: the pigs were not about to allow him within gunshot range of the Panthers and their sympathisers and dragged him away, time and again, as he screamed of his rights like any nervous nelly civil libertarian. But is it not interesting, as an observation, how the *hard hat*, the *construction worker*, has become the symbol of militant masculinity for Forgotten America?

The very words themselves, *hard hat*, *construction worker*, have come to resound in the popular consciousness with a very special quality. Now, according to Dr Sidney Weinheimer, a shrink of my acquaintance, Freud places a special emphasis on the symbolism of *hats*. 'They may represent,' according to Dr Weinheimer, 'either the penis, as a protruding object, or the vagina, as a receptacle. In either case, there is more to a hat than most laymen suspect.' Now, conceded that Freud was a superstitious old sexist who thought homosexuals were sick and women really wanted to be men, even given that, do you not hear something special in the intonation of the words *hard hat*, when they are uttered by a member of the Silent Majority? And what about *construction worker*? Do they not cause hard objects to appear and stick up in a perpendicular fashion? And *construction* sounds so much like *erection*.

God damn it, in this world there are truck drivers, football players, toll booth keepers, gas station attendants, soldiers, cops, gym coaches, and God knows how many other kinds of mesomorphs just as ballsy as any bricklayer or steelworker, just as ready to kick nigger-fairy-commie-hippie ass, just as ignorant and just as bellicose — why should the building trades unions get all the myth-publicity? Just because they kicked ass one

(Continued on Page 22)

NEW YEARS GANG



The FBI identified four young men charged in Federal warrants in connection with the bombing last week of the Army Research Center at the University of Wisconsin. Sought on charges of sabotage, destruction of Government property and conspiracy are (left to right) Karleton Lewis Armstrong, 22, former student; his brother, Dwight Alan Armstrong, 19; and David Sylvan Fine, 18, night editor of the student newspaper at the university. The fourth man, Lee Frederick Bart, is not shown. And nobody knows where they went to. . .

"OUR ACTIONS WERE DEEMED NECESSARY" — A CLOSER LOOK AT THE MADISON BOMBING

by Jackie DiSalvo and Roger Keeran

LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: On Aug. 24, a massive pre-dawn explosion destroyed the Army Mathematics Research Center (AMRC) on the University of Wisconsin campus, doing an estimated \$6 million damage. Despite a telephone warning to police, one man was killed in the blast. The AMRC, entirely funded by the Army, does the "pure" and "neutral" research so important for the deadly work of imperialism. The following article counters AMRC's claim to the mass media that they are not engaged in any "defense" work. It also shows how the bombing was no isolated incident but grew out of a lengthy campus struggle. A statement released to Madison's underground paper, Kaleidoscope, by the New Year's Gang, who claimed responsibility for the bombing, points out the clear political nature of the sabotage.]

MADISON, Wisc. (LNS) — The day after the Aug. 24 explosion which demolished the Army Mathematics Research Center (AMRC), Dr. Ben Noble of AMRC told the press, "We don't work on projects for the Army as such, but merely on long-range mathematical problems that may be helpful to anyone." Noble further contended that the center was not involved in secret work since all projects were reported in public annual reports.

The AMRC was created in the late 1950s by the Defense Department and is the only such research center in the country. It is funded by the Army with \$1.4 million annually. In 1968, AMRC had 12 research fellows and 75 staff members proudly described by AMRC as "specialists in areas of value to the Army." In its reports to the Army, quite different from its public pronouncements, the AMRC boldly declared that these specialists "furnish instruction to Army personnel, advise and assist them with respect to the solution of math problems, make technical studies of the use of mathematics in Army activities and participate in Army sponsored mathematical meetings. . . ."

The director of the Center, J. Barkley Rosser, has clear ties with the military, including a stint with the Institute for Defense Analyses. Rosser, who has helped develop the Polaris missile, has openly stated that he "very definitely" thought "that the work we do is useful to the Army."

AMRC's protests notwithstanding, its research is, in fact, shrouded in secrecy. And this secrecy is protected by the University Board of Regents, which, in 1965, passed a resolution introduced by Regent Helen Laird (mother of the Secretary of Defense) which stated that even all Regents and officers of the university, except the university president and one specified Regent, "can be effectively denied access to top secret classified information in the conduct of business of the Army Math Research Center."

Due to this secrecy it is impossible to obtain accurate and complete information on the nature of ARMC research. Nevertheless, the information unearthed indicates that

the AMRC has played a crucial role in the maintenance and protection of the American empire.

In 1967, the AMRC advised and assisted the Army's Project Michigan. This program developed the high altitude infra-red surveillance equipment that was used to track down Che Guevara and the Bolivian guerrillas, and which is still employed against insurgents throughout Southeast Asia.

As the AMRC director has admitted, the Center's research was also indispensable in improving and reducing the cost of the Safeguard ABM system. The AMRC's contribution to the development of ABM was made possible by a graduate student, Frank Loscalzo, whose work on differential equations made possible, according to AMRC, an "accurate, fast, and stable" method of predicting missile trajectories. Loscalzo now works for Bell Telephone Labs, the prime contractor for ABM.

Loscalzo, while at Wisconsin, strongly opposed the war in Vietnam. This only shows the irrelevance of personal opinions within a system where "pure" research is encouraged, financed and channeled for ends of which the researcher is indifferent or ignorant. It also shows that though such research "may be helpful to anyone" its most important benefactor is U.S. imperialism.

* * *

Demonstrations demanding the abolition of the AMRC kept the campus in turmoil last year with repeated confrontations between students and police. The demand for

the abolition of AMRC, along with ROTC and the Land Tenure Center at Wisconsin, which does government research on Latin America, was

supported by the student government. There were public hearings on the functions of AMRC. In November, student anger was further fanned when David Siff, a young English professor who had researched the activities of AMRC, was summarily dismissed.

For months, debate raged in the Daily Cardinal, the campus newspaper, over the ties of the Math Center to the Army, beginning with a freshman orientation supplement on imperialism and the university, and followed by symposiums, pamphlets, and departmental meetings which brought the issue before virtually every member of the university community. Action began in November with a march declaring that "so long as there is a war in Vietnam, there will be a war at the University of Wisconsin."

A week of demonstrations planned for December brought down injunctions barring supposed leaders from activities ranging from entering classes in which they were not enrolled to "voluntarily singing in public buildings." Radicals continued their protests, however, taking over classes to discuss the issues and engaging in confrontations with police in marches against ROTC and AMRC.

Within a single week during the Christmas holidays, an unidentified group, now called the New Year's Gang, firebombed an armory housing ROTC offices, attempted to bomb ROTC classrooms, ransacked the

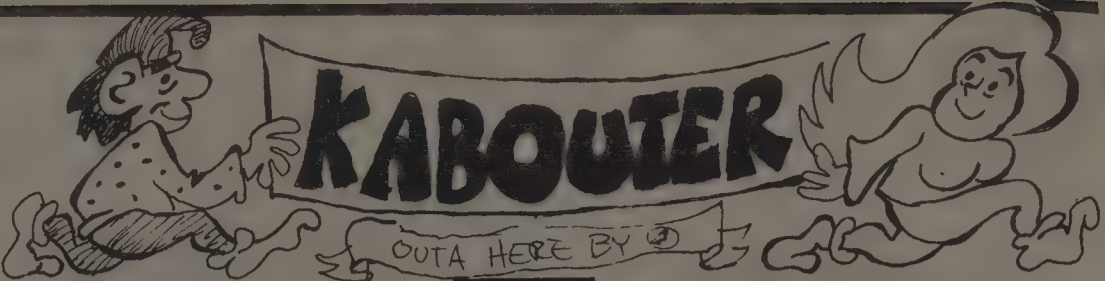
local draft board, bombed a monkey lab suspected of doing nerve gas research, and attempted an aerial bombing of the nearby Baraboo munitions plant with a stolen ROTC plane. The latter attempt failed when the bombs failed to explode.

The bombers gave ample warning and took credit for the acts in messages which declared their support for the campus anti-imperialist demands.

During the second semester, demonstrations against General Electric recruiters, the Conspiracy 7 convictions and in support of the Spring Moratorium were all linked to the attack on AMRC and were accompanied by window-smashing and attempts to set fire to the building. By then, newly installed plexiglass windows bounced small boulders back at the attackers.

The student strike in response to the Cambodian invasion, endorsed by a broad spectrum of student groups, made one of its central demands the end to university complicity with the military, particularly the end to ROTC and AMRC. The scenario played out in over a week of street actions involved thousands of rock-bearing students trying to get at these targets through a cordon of bayonet-wielding National Guardsmen and a haze of tear gas.

Several departments, including English, Zoology, and Genetics, voted for an end to AMRC, and a number of biological sciences voluntarily cancelled their defense contracts. At no point did the university respond to the demands with anything but brutal repression.



by Alex Gross

It may take a visit to Europe to realize how petty and pathetic the efforts of the Art Workers Coalition—or the New York Art Strike or any of the other so-called radical artists' groups in America—really are. At a time when New York artists are busy posing and posturing as revolutionary thinkers, artists in Holland and else-

where are at work actually changing the fabric of their society, not only in their work but in their lives as well.

The idea of an "artists' union" has been tossed around New York ever since the 'Thirties, but no reality has ever emerged from the phrase. It has always been assumed that an artists' union could never really work because a) artists don't like working together, or b) a union

would discourage the creation of really great art, or c) that artists are all basically conservative anyhow. All of these reasons are nothing more than superstition, based on the poverty of imagination among New York artists—as the existence and vitality of the BBK, the Dutch Artists' Union, clearly shows.

Not only are the Dutch artists not the least bit conservative, but they also have no trouble working together. As for the quality of the art they are producing, it is probably on about the same level as art anywhere in these days of international modernism. Perhaps their greatest contribution has been not to art but to the quality of Dutch life, for many of the BBK members formed the spearhead of the new Kabouter (or Dwarf) party in Holland, the first youth and new left

party to be elected to office in any country. In fact, three of the present members of the Amsterdam city council have come from the BBK. The union also contains a strong Communist faction, with many Eastern European contacts; and the Kabouters and Communists have so far worked well enough together, though they often disagree on specific points of policy.

From the point of view of the New York artist, who may at any time be thrust out of his studio because of new laws, the Dutch artist has everything. Not only does the state actively help him to find a studio at a reasonable rent and require that all new housing projects contain artists' studios, as well as furnish him with cheap accident and health insur-

ance—it actually pays him to live and work, and this in one of the most completely capitalistic countries in the world. There has been no program like this in America since the Depression, and even then it was bitterly attacked by the right-wing press. Yet the Dutch government provides all this and more; and the Dutch artists—far from becoming tamed

house-pets—have grown all the more rampant and radical in their demands.

The Art Workers' Coalition, by contrast, looks like nothing more than a few self-conscious semi-establishment artists out to get themselves deeper into the establishment by the supposed daring of their protests. With the exception of a few, most of its members are frightened



large—this is how the public is already financing the arts in America, in the most dishonorable way possible, benefitting the arts and artists only incidentally.

It should also be obvious that the rich are free to put these extra funds they do not pay in taxes into building new wings on their mansions, or producing new and varied types of weapons or other agents of death or pollution. In this way, every artist who sells his work through a gallery, or otherwise receives a high price for it, is as directly contributing to the evils of today as Dow, Rockefeller, or our government in Washington. Perhaps it is ART continued

not surprising that American artists are more interested in radical posturing than in real CHANGE.

It is in this light that the systems practiced in Holland and, to an extent, in Scandinavia and England as well, are preferable to our American scheme, for they recognize that it is important for the artist to survive and create, regardless of how much money he may make for himself or others. In a sense, the American way of financing art is a direct result and a perfect reflection of American imperialism. The European artist, unless he is one of the lucky ones chosen by our travelling talent scouts, is working at a serious financial disadvantage compared to most of the "successful" artists working in New York, though in human terms he is far ahead.

There is now in Europe a growing consciousness of the meaning of the international art market and how art has been converted from meaningful creation to saleable commodity. Following recent informal discussions in Amsterdam, London, Brussels and Paris, a common demonstration of all artists in all western countries has been decided on to protest against the present trends in the art world, and thus expand the role of the artist in society. The date set for this demonstration is Tuesday, October 20, when artists in the capital cities of several countries (thus far Holland, England, Belgium, France, Scandinavia, and West Germany) will picket or occupy or otherwise call attention to the museum or institution they feel is most guilty of oppressing the artist. Each country has been left free to decide on its own program of points or demands, depending on local conditions. No attempt is being made to impose any strict program or manifesto. What little coordination there is rests in the hands of a loosely-organized group called ICLA (International Coalition for the Liquidation of Art, with "Art" being understood ironically in the old elitist sense.)

It is clear that these demonstrations should have some meaning for America as well. The art schools are churning out more and more artists at a time when fewer galleries are showing a profit and the art market is, like everything else, declining. The time for a real change is clearly at hand, though it is far from certain that the people who pass for artistic revolutionaries here in New York will have either the guts or the intelligence to realize this.

In the meantime an open meeting to discuss these and other problems will be held at SUPER NOVA, 451 West Broadway between Houston and

Prince Street. It is sponsored by both the Art Workers Coalition and the New York Art Strike, and will begin at 8 p.m. on Monday September 21st.



HoneyHawk.....



to think about how art is really run in this country. While the Coalition members cry out against any form of government subsidies for artists (partly because of the growing lack of confidence in our government), what they do not realize is that art—and with it they themselves—is already being subsidized by the American government and the American taxpayer, using a far more insidious system going through the museum-gallery network.

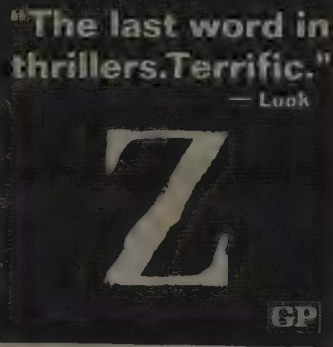
The fact of the matter is that almost every major sale of a work of art in this country involves a tax deduction for the purchaser. It can involve not only a single tax deduction when the work is first bought, but subsequent tax deductions when the work "rises in value." It is obviously to the interest of the purchaser that these values should continue to rise, and it also becomes obvious why many very rich persons in this country become art collectors, quite apart from their possible interest in the "higher" things of life. Any money not paid in taxes by these wealthy personages must, of course, be paid by you and me and the people at



Panthers in court

(Continued from Page 6) opportunity to succeed and doesn't see her as an object of discrimination.

He was an M.P. in the army



MANHATTAN Gramercy
Embassy 72nd St. Heights

and was in a segregated company, but that didn't bother him. Whenever he was asked a question about revolutionary activity, he said he would first have to hear the evidence, but that things shouldn't be done illegally.

When asked how he felt about the demonstrations that took place outside the courthouse on Tuesday, he said, "When you get a bunch of people out, you have to have law and order around." He himself, never demonstrates.

He has faith in the Constitution, and feels that criminal action is never justified. He has never heard the term "Pigs," but has read it, and says, "it isn't a nice thing to say." To him, the term means that the law is breaking down.

The defense challenged him, first because he was a military police officer. That was turned down. Then, because he had been a federal government employee for nineteen years. That was also turned down.

It was way past lunch time, but Murtagh insisted court stay in session until a decision had been reached, so Michael Tabor opted for a Preemptive Challenge and the prospective witness was excused.

After lunch, a 71 year old white lady, named Mansainger took the stand. She had a slight accent, which might have been German. She was a teacher of voice and musical comedy.

She didn't object to the time schedule, but her state of health excluded her from being a juror.

The next prospective witness came to the stand with a folded Wall Street Journal, wearing a red, white and blue dress, Mrs. Applebaum.

She was very perturbed about the demonstration outside the court on Tuesday. It scared her. "I imagine it was friends of theirs... I don't hold it against them, but it did leave me sort of frightened. I don't know if I

would be able to take that picture away from my mind for a long time."

She could not answer truthfully as to her ability to be fair, so she was excused.

The last man to take the stand was Roy Blough, a former professor at Columbia (for 15 years), principal director of Economic Affairs of the United Nations from 1953-55, a member of Truman's Task Force, assistant to the Secretary of Treasury 1944-46, and author of the books, "Federal Tax and Process" and "international Business Environment and Adaptation."

He was on a leave of absence from Columbia at the time of the riots and is a member of the Riverside Democrats and the Riverside Church.

A fellow faculty member, Prof. Barger, was on the grand jury that indicted the Panthers, and Barger vented his opinions on the Panthers in print. When asked if Barger's opinion would influence him, Blough said, "He feels strongly about a lot of things. There isn't always fire where there's smoke, there's sometimes a smoke machine."

He was in favor of the Panthers' social programs, but felt they had received a lot of bad press recently. About their politics, he said, "Rhetoric is cheap."

He did his graduate work at the University of Wisconsin, particularly in Sterling Hall, the building just recently blown up. The bombing of buildings fills him with repulsion.

Blough reads the Daily News every two or three months, "to see how the other half lives."

Blough reminds one of those too reasonable liberals, like the Rostows, who know how to talk, and could possibly, with their rhetoric, control a jury. However, when it comes down to the nitty-gritty, those liberals generally turn out to be the biggest pigs of all.

At a quarter to five, Tabor asked for an adjournment, and for the examination to be continued on Monday, as he was feeling nauseous. Murtagh said he would like to finish Blough's examination before leaving. Tabor replied that if he got up to cross-examine he would probably throw up on the floor, and court was dismissed.

So one juror has been selected so far. Mr Fox. And he's a black man and the foreman, so

that makes everything legitimate, doesn't it? Or does it make the farce even broader?

The defense is hoping that, since he's the kind of Tom that has been festering all his life, some kind of enlightenment might hit him in that courtroom. It should hit the black pigs, too, who line the courtroom walls right next to their white brothers, who hate their guts.

There's no way to delay the trouble comin' every day.

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

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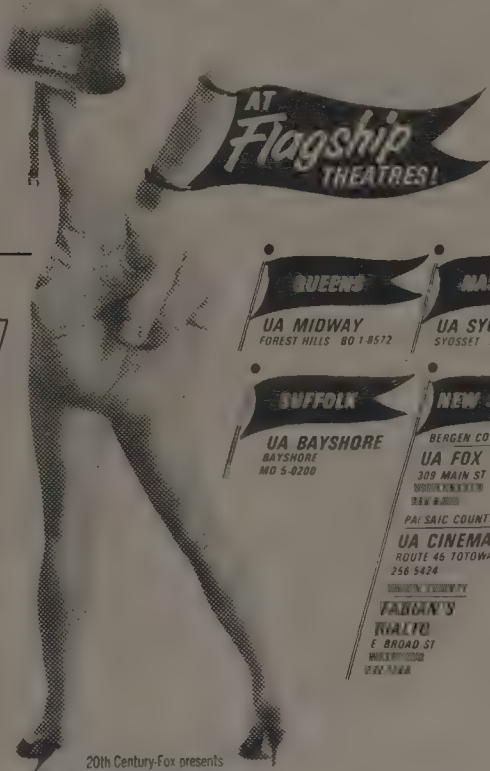
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"Power to the people!" and Tabor provoked a particularly terrific response when he called out for recognition of the Feminist and Gay movements as two of the most important aspects of the revolution. At the conclusion of the speech, people wandered out to the streets where lunch was served by members of the Plain Dealer staff at various points, and they talked excitedly about the main event of the evening, the appearance of the Supreme Commander of the Black Panther Party, just released from prison, Huey P. Newton.

THEY BEGAN LINING UP TWO HOURS IN advance of the scheduled time to hear the man. The crowd became so thick and packed that several women fainted and people angrily told the Panthers to "Open the fucking doors!" At length, this was done and the masses surged in - black and white people of almost all age-groups this time, pushing and swaying and fighting to catch a glimpse of the man they had been trying their best to free for the last three years - hundreds worked their way in, the place was filled - the gym floor started out empty, but slowly filled up with people until the only empty space in the building was just in front of the speaker's platform where the Young Lords had set up a no-man's land.

We waited for what seemed like hours, then some instructions were given not to stand up during Huey's speech for obvious security reasons, then he came out from the back, surrounded by a coterie of bodyguards, with a black raincoat over his shoulder looking very much like a prizefighter on his way to a bout - Huey P. Newton, the Supreme Commander of the Black Panther Party, and the cheering was incredible - great vibrations of love and solidarity came down from the bleachers, and people looked like they were fighting with themselves to keep from standing up. Huey stood at the platform surrounded by his guard. He looked into the crowd and said "ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE," The ovation was fantastic. The raincoat was removed from his back, exposing a bright red shirt.

"I applaud you beautiful people," he said. "Power is with you. You are the power collectively. You can also move me. Today's plenary session is part of the people's revolution. We will draft a new constitution. We not recognize the one written in 1777." "We will get change," he continued. "and it is up to the oppressor to decide whether this will be a peaceful thing or a violent one. We will use whatever means are effective regardless of their consequences.

"A great revolutionary axiom is that a slave who dies a natural death will not balance 2 dead flies on the scale of eternity! We will get change even if we have to level the face of the earth."

Speaking slowly, Newton began reading his prepared message, the preamble of the new constitution. It concluded: "This loss of faith is based upon the overwhelming evidence that this government will not live according to that constitution because the constitution is not designed for its people. For this reason we assemble a constitutional convention to consider rational and positive alternatives. Alternatives which will place their emphasis on the common man. Alternatives which will bring about a new economic system in which the

rewards as well as the work will be equally shared by all people - a Socialist framework.

"...The sacredness of man and of the human spirit requires that human dignity and integrity ought to be always respected by every other man. We will settle for nothing else, for at this point in history anything else is but a living death. WE WILL BE FREE and we are here to a new constitution which will ensure our freedom by enshrining the dignity of the human spirit. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!"

The guards put Newton's coat over his shoulders again as the crowd cheered. He was led out through the back. Two other speakers followed, but they were anti-climactic compared to Newton. When it was over, people spilled onto the streets again, exhilarated by what they had seen and heard. Crowds gathered up and down Broad Street (some people had been standing outside all night) and ~~was~~ group moved to march on City Hall - they were Black Nationalists, joined by some young white people. The pigs gathered and the Panthers had to rush onto the street and do some quick talking before a confrontation developed. They were successful and the crowd soon broke up - they walked to wherever they were or they sat on the steps of the gym, on the fenders of automobiles, or they stood in small groups at a gas station, at a theatre featuring the Last Poets, at the Church of the Advocate. Tired and grubby, they went to sleep to get some rest before the second day of the plenary session of the People's Constitutional Convention.

THE NEXT MORNING, they began meeting in workshops throughout the city to discuss a number of political factors and to draw up separate lists of demands for the new constitution. A happy tone was set by this recent message from the Panthers: "The Philadelphia 14 are back in the streets. The people and the people alone are the motive force in making world history. The 14 righteous revolutionary brothers and sisters who survived fascist mafioso Rizzo's search and destroy mission of August 31st, are out in the streets with the people. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE! DEATH TO THE FASCIST PIGS!"

Several of the workshops seemed to have trouble getting it together. The Street People's workshop in particular had great difficulty in deciding what exactly was a street person, and whether the same criterion could be used for white street people as for black street people. The arguments went on for several minutes, then everyone adjourned for lunch. When they came back, a woman suggested that women face greater dangers in the street (rape, etc.) than men, and thus should have their own workshop on the subject. She was talked down by several men and one or two women, then she left. In a tenant's rights office on Broad Street, the Yippies had a session with the White Panther Party during which it was decided that 1) the central committee of the White Panther Party would be disbanded, and 2) the two groups would merge into a new organization, the New Nation. Several different versions of these proposals circulated during the day, and many people claimed that the decisions were not "official," since the members who made them did not have the power to do so. Some

people hinted that the Panthers had already written the constitution and were just going through the notions of holding a "people's" convention.

By Sunday evening, however, they had somehow gotten it together and the representatives of the workshops gave a stunning series of political chauvinism containing not a few real surprises. The Gay Liberation Front demanded that all sexism cease, that the educational system be revamped so that children would not be taught particular and ordain sexual preference that all harassment, interpretation, exploitation and persecution of homosexuals and lesbians stop immediately; the Revolutionary Artists workshop demanded that every person have the opportunity to develop and express their creative potential and that art should be "related to the interests, needs and aspirations of the people;" the Woman's workshop that day care centers be established, abortion given on demand, that all forms of sexism, rotating exploitation and imperialism be halted against all women NOW; the Street People's Workshop gave a broad-based and together list of demands that included a state ment to the effect of "We recognize the value of hallucinogenic drugs in creating revolutionaries. There may come a time when these drugs are a hindrance to the revolution, but that day has not arrived and may never, and people should have the right to use them as they see fit;" the children's workshop began by recognizing the fact that no children were present at the meeting but went to say that "children are not possessions and are not to be treated as possessions by parents, collectives or the state, that "children must be loved in a true Revolutionary manner, that children children are people. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!"; the guidelines set down for future use of police and the military explained that defense shall be in the form of a people's militia with both men and women, and that no standing army would be maintained; the Education Workshop demanded that schools be controlled by members of the community, that education deal with the means of survival of the various portions of society; that education for students deal with the student as an individual; that the workings of the system or political education should be taught for constant political consciousness; that schools and institutes will make advanced study available and free to any person, and that all persons be encouraged to expand and realize their creative aspirations. There were too many demands and subtleties to list; hopefully, they will be enlarged upon at the writing of the constitution itself which will begin in Washington, D.C., on November 4th.

For all intents and purposes, the weekend was over. The next morning, people gathered at the Church of the advocate to get rides for home and copies of the demands made the night before. They pulled away in station wagons, school buses, subway, car and on foot. The constitution they had begun to draft may never become a political reality. It may, in fact, be impossible to implement. But after months of death, slaughter, harassment and isolation for the movement in this country, a positive note had been struck: the people were writing a new constitution, and they had freed Huey Newton!

SEX &

(Continued from Page 16)

DEATH

making them totally subservient to his every whim. It got so every week they went out on the field and busted their heads until the jelly ran out their ears for Vince, ole Vince, craving his pleasure, terrified of his displeasure, playing with brain concussions, broken ribs, and shin splints to the earlobes, all for Vince, for good old dad. It was the grand old myth of the father who devours his sons, of the sons offering themselves up, apples in their mouths and parsely in their bellybuttons, to the Father. This is one of the death-myths America cherishes, and we all ate it up, and bought the beer that was advertised with it.

You got to dig that Americans identify with football players. They're so Texas-big, so Tennessee-accurate, so Dodge-City swift on the draw. Best of all, though, in Green Bay's case, they were all completely dominated by that coach, and he was killing them. Reading *Instant Replay*, you get wonderful insights into this sort of head. Kramer exposes, with the assistance of as-told-to-sportswriter Dick Schaap, every sleazy little trick Lombardi used to impress his ego on the players under him. Kramer/Schaap tells about how Vince used to make the team feel like clumsy, lazy, father-betraying piss-a-beds through the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday practices — regardless of whether they'd won or lost over the weekend — and

then gradually ease up on them over Thursday and Friday until by the time of the next game they were ready to go out and get pulverised just so they'd win and gain the approbation of old Vince. But of course, the next week, win or lose, ole Vince would be all nasty and rejecting again, until Thursday practice...

The trick here is that Kramer, and probably each one of his teammates, was quite aware of these ego-games Lombardi was playing. To be a pro football player, you have to have considerably more brains than the average 280-pound mesomorph, and it doesn't take much to see through such ruses as Lombardi was pulling. But whereas you or I would never stand for such arrant mind-manipulation, these guys went right along with it! When Vince was mean they'd feel bad, oh gee, we let the old man down (even if we'd won by thirty points in the last game), what can we do to regain his affection, kick ass, we'll have to really kick ass next week... And when Vince was human, we'd feel like a million dollars.

Some people, simply enough, have to have Daddy around all their lives. Not only that, Daddy has to eat them, toes and fingers, before they're really happy. It was one of the miracles of modern communications technology that by doing this to the Packers, Lombardi could earn himself a five-day funeral over the media, a display of neurosis unparalleled since the passing on of good old Ike. We at EVO could hardly let him pass away without adding our own paragraph of Lombardi-lore to history, for the benefit of posterity, could we?

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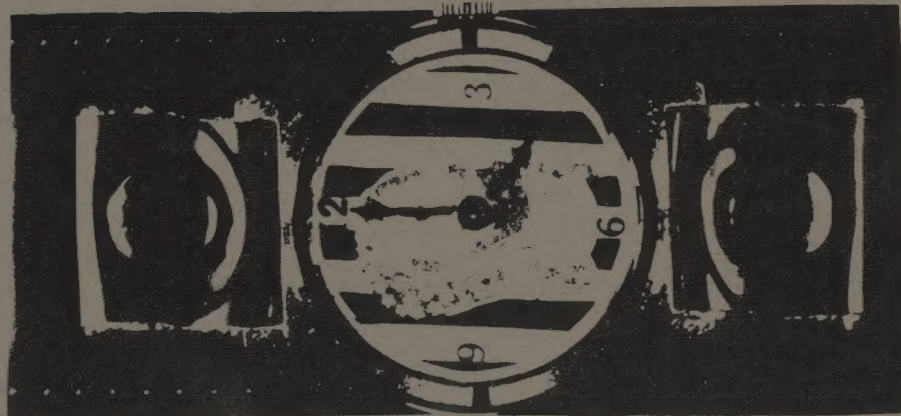
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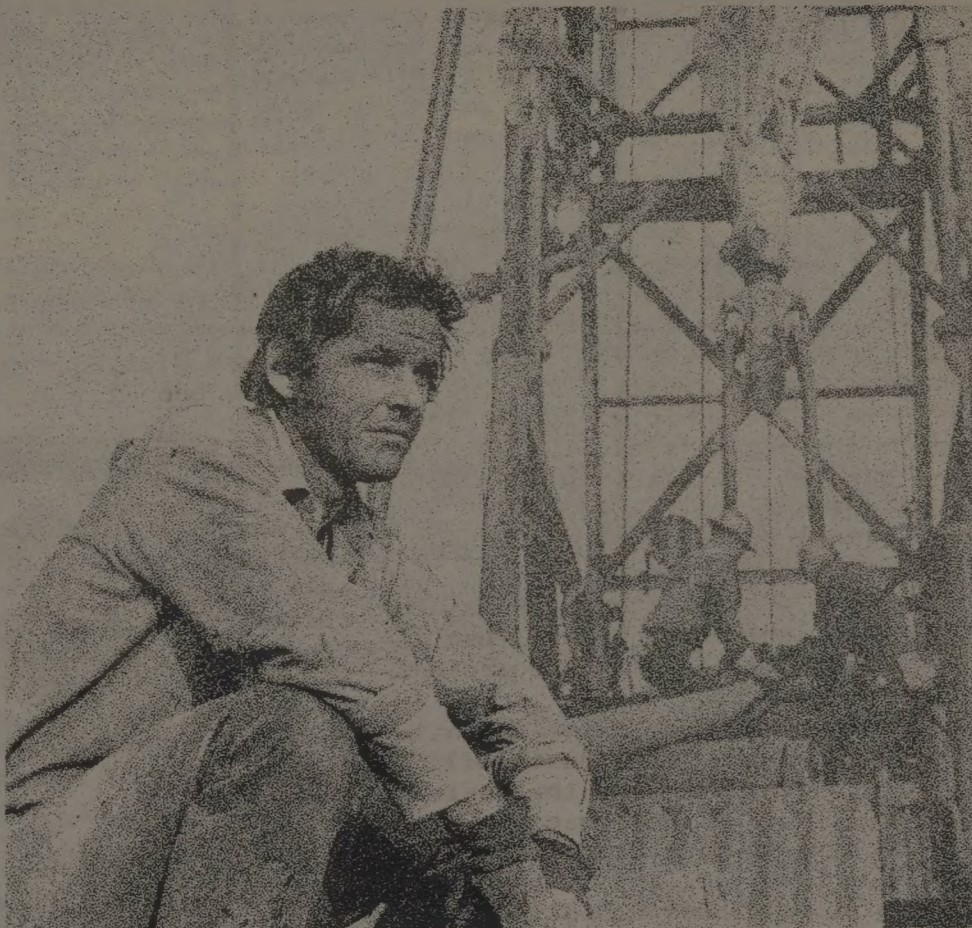
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GOD

(Continued from Page 16)

fucking, but fail to show any stiff dick, then your movie I'm afraid is just going to come off - limp-dicked.

And is it not interesting, parenthetically, that the last element of sexual iconology that the censors are still clinging to is the erect penis? In the publishing of weekly alternate-culture tabloids, the one thing they still will not let us publish is erect dicks. Pussyhair we can get away with, even into the vulva, past nymphae and clitora we can go, but no, there will be no showing of erect penises in New York State. As I understand it, this is because the erect penis is held, by the judges and other old buggers who hold such things, however gingerly, to be exciting to women. That is, it seems to be all right these days to excite men all you want, but to excite women, that's criminal. Women's Lib is probably not going to get into this particular symptom of arrant sexism, but I thought I'd just whip it out and see if anybody bites. . . .

As for the suggestion that women do get turned on by erect penises, well, I've seen it happen, but not by photographs of erect penises. I'd be the last to say they don't, but then, who's some impotent old black-robed statue-fondler to say they do?

Now don't misread me. The producers of *Barbara* should not be accused of the basest chauvinism and oppression of women because they fail to depict men in states of evident physical lust, while showing women in unmistakable states of physical lust. They had a patently non-sexist idea they wanted to get across, but they evidently felt they had to censor hard-ons lest the film be impounded; it's merely fortunate that the edition of this one element from the screen sabotaged the artistic communication of that message.

A non-sexist idea, eh? Yes, the idea behind *Barbara* seems to be this, that the Middle Class is just horribly disoriented in its life-and-death values, and that to really get into living again it has to learn how to fuck. That is, the men have to learn to fuck with women, the women with men, the men with men, the women with women, whole neighbourhoods have to fuck with each other in a clump, and it wouldn't hurt to get into a few well-beloved animals once in a while, either. Oh, and let's not forget incest, brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers all together huffing and puffing in close quarters.

A lot of this has a bizarre effect on a lot of people, I've noticed. Jaded old roues who would think nothing of destroying twenty thousand brain cells with

a coke O.D. will go all apeshit over the idea of fucking, for instance, a dog, or their mothers. When the porno novel *Barbara* was published by *Olympia* a couple years ago, you saw the

most sophisticated people carrying it around like Mao's red book, quoting chapters from it and hollering *Far Out! Far Fuckin' Out!!!* Me, I thought the book was a drag, and this movie that was made from it is also a deader, to my opinion. But then, I was never middle class, it was rags directly to riches for me. Thus I fail to see the incredible fascination that book, this movie, hold for so many people in this supposedly hip underground. Fucking your sister, or your dog, is like eschewing deodorant, or taking dope: it's not middle-class, but it ain't very big shit, either. Rules are like maidenheads, as the feller says, they were made to be broken.

But the most irritating thing about this movie, for me, was the godawful piety of it all. Barbara and her brother, of high-school age, join a middle-class couple in their late twenties to learn, under the tutelage of a Fire Island guru named Max, the liberating and enlightening effects of free sexual congress. First each learns to make love with three or more persons in a bunch; then the men learn to love other men, and women to love other women; then they learn to each make love to strangers of the opposite sex; finally they share their deepest fantasies with one another. Finally they go forth, at the end of the summer, to 'freak out the world,' as Max puts it. And in all this there is a doggedness (no pun), an insistence, a sincerity that kind of makes you lose your hardon. It's all so earnest somehow. . . .

For one thing, you get this huge dose of religion in this flick. . . . Right from the beginning, when you hear this cavernous AAAAAUUUUU-UMMMMMMM behind the credits, on and on, you can feel what's coming. Sure enough, next thing you see is some mother reading *The Bhagavad-Gita* around a campfire, how austere, and all the way through the movie the fuck scenes are interspersed with shots of dudes solemnly passing the hash pipe and talking deep Eastern philosophy. (Has no one ever pointed out that *The Bhagavad-Gita* has probably killed more people, as a document, than *Main Kampf*?) I dunno, man, you can talk Zen and Taoism and all that Gook shit to me until you're blue in the face, but on this end it always sounds like so much Sunday School.

But dig it! You might very well love this flick, if you took the trouble to go down to the Garrick and watch it. Claudia Dreyfus loves it: 'It's the happiest little non-sexist film about fucking and sucking I've ever seen,' she says, and she goes to a lot more movies than I do.

HATS

(Continued from Page 16) day last May, after the pigs told them they could get away with it and their bosses paid them for it? It's downright discriminatory, that's what it is. Because like all mesomorphs, construction workers are notorious for only getting it up on alternate Tuesdays, and then only for a few minutes, that is, to come quick, and turning over to snore, leaving the little lady quietly gnawing at the pillowcase for a half hour or so. And they are also notorious for not having that many brains, that they would actually get militant and kick ass when they have to get up on those pylons every day in full view of any sniperscope. And although the one day they kicked ass - the asses, that is, of lunch-breaking, very astonished Pace College part-time students - did provide them with a certain notoriety for kicking ass, you will notice that ever since a bomb blew apart one of their front-lot equipment trailers last June, they have not been doing much of that, either.

One more thing though. About this fucking of dogs. . . . Have you ever tried, sir, to fuck a dog? They tell me such things go on all the time, especially in the gay community, where the physical expression of affection is less constrained than among us tight-sphinctered heteros. But dig this, I once tried to fuck a dog, in my impetuous youth - and not just any dog, but one that I dug as a person - and there was just no way my dick was going to fit into her little brown bottom. I mean, no way!! Mind you, this doesn't make me feel very superior, but it does make me wonder about guys that do fuck dogs.

And besides, when all is said and done, the producers of *Barbara* still owe my friend Ruttenberg \$500 for editing their limp-dicked flick. Cough it up, Joe.

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LEFCOURT

(Continued from Page 9)

see a crazy maniac Federal juudge go jailing people on blackmail. I thought it was great because people were beginning to see what kind of beasts sit on benches, wear robes and are called "judges" in this country.

CD: Beasts???
GL: Oh, there are some sensible, rational people who are judges. But for the most part, magistrates come from the same kind of clubhouses that the Mario Procaccinos of this world come from. Judges are selected on the basis of political patronage. There are judges who are drunks, corrupt and bigoted. There are people who become judges because of the need for sadistic power.

The interview with Lefcourt came to an abrupt close. Suddenly, the attorney realized that he was due at a meeting with some of his clients. As for the "beasts" of the court, Lefcourt went before the Mighty Murtagh the following Tuesday to make his accusations. Lefcourt wanted to know why the man who would sit in judgment of the Panthers had been accused of failing to report evidence of police graft and

corruption while he was the City Commissioner of Investigations. To this question, Justice Murtagh replied with threats of contempt proceedings and disbarment. Will the Legal Monsters of Foley Square succeed in banishing Gerald B. Lefcourt - lawyer, revolutionary, and fighter? Considering Lefcourt's past battle record, they'll have a tough fight.

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In 1914 a war began
A million soldiers lent a hand
Weren't many planes to give support
Hand to hand was the way they fought.

Young men were called up for the Cause
For King and Country and The Cross
- In their naivety they thought:
It was for glory, so they'd been taught

In 1939 once again
There came the sound of Marching Men
Occupying European Lands
All the way to North French Sands

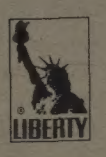
But in the final year of that war
Two big bangs settled the score
Against Japan who'd joined the fight
The Rising Sun didn't look so bright

Since that day it's been stalemate
Everyone's scared to obliterate
So it seems for Peace we can thank The Bomb
So I say Thank Christ for The Bomb



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nor fEMaIE Ma(r)pA THE TranslaTor/pErrEAUIT (AUTHOR of "rIQUET DE l'HOUppe (RIGHT Off!), "IE PETIT ROUGE CHApEron", "SlYpInG BUDDHA DU BOIS (of THE wOrDs)" "s"IE MarQUIS-MARQUIS DU BonneVILLE" (2 S-CAPE WHA.)), THEN you will sEE THE fATHER (pATros (pETros, "roCk")) "If GlAsS wErEnT BrITtIE, ITd BE MOre prECIOUS THAN GOId." (THEY MAKE pIATes from IT.): I was fAllInG from vERY HIGH UP SO I TURNEd INTO STPNe (pElrre fAlAfEI STORE). zEn, "who will any lonGer BE AtTrACTEd BY THE JInGIE of JADE pEndAnTs, WHEN HE Has ONCE HEARd sTOnE GrowInG?" (THE ansWEr To THIs & all REIoGIoUs koans/QUEStions Is ME..). THE"10TH & fInAl AVATAr of vIsHnU" (krisHnA ("BlUE Boy")) wAs THE 9TH. Is(aM) kAlDI (CHalk/SHock ("AMong fIsH, IAm THE sHArk.)); THE "nExT BUDDHA ATER GaUTaMa" (s(aM) MalTrEya; AGEMEMnon, DAVID & oThERs Are CALLED "CHRIST"

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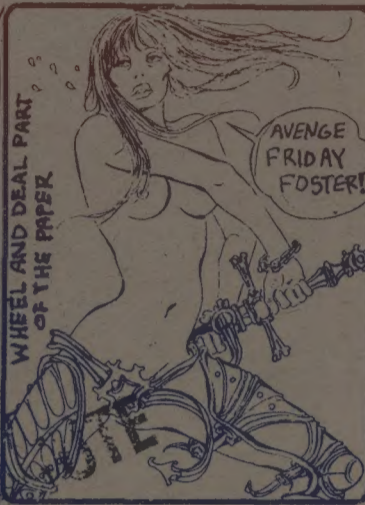
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