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VIDEO COMMUNITY DOESNT YET = COMMUNITY VIDEO

The New York video community includes the following:

Jackie Cassen
Frank Cavestani
Frank Gillette
Global Village
Lee Kaminski
Les Levine
People's Video Theater
Nam June Paik
Raindance
Eric Siegel
David Silver
Videofreex
Joe Weintraub
AND OTHERS . . .

The existence of free, uncensored, independent, underground video is on the line. The hardware needed by this community is quite the same. Approaches, aesthetics (for what they currently might mean), and emphasis vary as they should and should continue to. Each group and individual struggles for hardware, fresh tape, overhead, survival. Recognition is important individually and collectively as a movement. The continued existence of each is important for the whole.

The last months have been destructive on all sides. The movement as a whole suffers because of it. The people who stand to gain from this dissension have motives that can sap its energy, vitality, and resources as a viable alternate means of communication.

Outside funding has become a necessity for everyone concerned. The pressures have been strong. A lot of negative energy has been expended all around.

Outside of this limited community lies a larger one. The talents, energies, and strengths of the craft community must serve collectively the larger one. The need for video is already widespread and can only become greater. It is so needed that all the above plus all those about to begin could not possibly fulfill the demand. It will take more energy and more resources than are now available or can be contemplated.

The realities seem to include the following:

1. Dissension and power politics among video artists and groups must stop.
2. Discussion and interchange must now begin with the present and work forward.
3. Each working video artist and group must be supported so that all can survive and continue their work.
4. Funding must aim towards collective support with respect for individual contributions.
5. Working, functioning, responsible committees should have meaningful input from the craft community and the community they are serving.
6. Video artists and groups should begin to talk about threats to the movement which have become more ominous by feeding on the discussion.
7. The power of "conduits" should be controlled by the video community.
8. That each group and individual recognizes fairly the input of the others for the good of the movement.

Let's all begin to put it together.

IF WE DON'T OTHERS WILL AND WE WON'T
RECOGNIZE ITS SHAPE.
VIDEO FESTIVALS NEED HIGH, POSITIVE
ENERGY.
AFFIRMATIONS AND SONGS OF LIFE.

by RUDI STERN

[Remarks by Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, Federal Communications Commission, prepared for delivery to a retraining program symposium for Foreign Service Officers of the United States Information Agency; Panel Discussion on "Rock Music: Underground Radio and Television," Thursday, September 17, 1970, United States Information Agency, Washington, D.C.]

This is an appropriate time for you and I to be giving a listen to America's newest musical idiom, "rock." Earlier this week Vice President Agnew revealed that even he has been listening to rock music. I don't think this should be cause for panic — even though he does. I think it holds out some promise. The Administration may just find out what's happening in the country.

Now it's true that the Vice President has kind of missed the point in his Las Vegas speech of September 14. But then perhaps he hasn't listened to much of the music yet, or taken enough time to think about it. I'm sure he'll come around.

Mr. Agnew now seems to think that music is the cause of (rather than the relief from) the pressures that lead people to use hard drugs. Perhaps we can understand and excuse this rather fundamental error as he came down from his first trip, but I think we can fairly hold him to a higher standard in the future.

The Vice President has asked us to "Consider... the influence of the drug culture in the field of music... [I]n too many of the lyrics the message of the drug culture is purveyed." That's where he makes his mistake. No song writer I know of is urging as a utopia a society in which the junkie's life is a rational option. Most would agree with his suggestion that dependence on hard drugs is "a depressing lifestyle of conformity that has neither life nor style."

Listen to the music:

"Your mind might think it's flying
On those little pills
But you ought to know it's dying
Because... Speed kills!"

That's Canned Heat in "Amphetamine Annie." Here's Steppenwolf, singing about "The Pusher":

"You know I've seen a lot of people walkin' around
With tombstones in their eyes
But the pusher don't care
If you live or if you die
* * *

If I were the President of this Land
I'd declare total war on the Pusher Man
God Damn the Pusher."

Or listen to the Rolling Stones' "Mother's Little Helper," because they're really trying to help you understand what your

generation's problem is, as well as giving the kids some good advice.

"Mother needs something today to calm her down
And though she's not really ill
There's a little yellow pill
She goes running for the shelter
Of her 'Mother's Little Helper'
And it helps her on her way
Gets her through her busy day
* * *

And if you take more of those
You will get an overdose
No more running for the shelter
Of a 'Mother's Little Helper'
They just help you on your way
Through your busy *dying* day."
There is comparable advice in Love's "Signed, D.C.," "Crystal Blues" by Country Joe and the Fish, and The Who's "Tommy."

No, the real issue, Mr. Vice President, is not the desirability of hard drugs. The issue is whether you, and the rest of the Administration, are — to borrow Eldridge Cleaver's (and VISTA's) phrase — part of the solution, or part of the problem. The question is whether you have done anything to alter the repressive, absurd and unjust forces in our society that drive people to drugs. Since you've suggested that "we should listen more carefully to popular music," and quoted from "With a Little Help from My Friends," I'd like to lay a few more lyrics on you.

Listen to Steppenwolf's "Monster," written by Jerry Edmonton, John Day, and Nick St. Nicholas (no relation):
"Once the religious, the haunted and weary
Chasing the promise of freedom and hope
Came to this country to build a new vision
Far from the reaches of kingdom and Pope

Mr Agnew, The Bird

UPI-1)

(AGNEW)

LOUISVILLE, KY. -- VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO T. AGNEW SAID TODAY THE "PUDDLE-MINDED PHILOSOPHY" OF "SUPER-PERMISSIVE" GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS HAS ENCOURAGED AMERICAN YOUTH TO USE MARIJUANA AND OTHER DRUGS. AGNEW, WHO ARRIVED HERE TO CAMPAIGN ON BEHALF OF AN "OLD AND VALUED FRIEND," REP. WILLIAM O. COWGER, R-KY., SINGLED OUT NICHOLAS JOHNSON, A MEMBER OF THE FCC AS ONE OF "THE SUPER-PERMISSIVE OFFICIALS THAT HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO TAKE SO MUCH CONTROL OF OUR GOVERNMENT."

"THIS HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL SERIOUSLY ARGUES THAT CIGARET SMOKING IS A FAR GREATER DANGER TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC THAN THE DRUG CULTURE," AGNEW SAID AT A \$100 A PLATE LUNCHEON FOR COWGER.

"I SUPPOSE THE WAY TO CONVINCE HIM THAT SMOKING POT IS HARMFUL IS TO SHOW THAT IT LEADS TO SMOKING TOBACCO."

AGNEW RECALLED A SPEECH HE MADE IN LAS VEGAS LAST WEEK IN WHICH HE SAID SOME "PROponents OF THE DRUG CULTURE ARE MISUSING POPULAR MUSIC TO GET ACROSS THEIR MESSAGE."

"AS I SAID, THE REACTION OF THE ROCK MUSIC MANAGER WAS PREDICTABLE BUT WHAT SURPRISED AND SHOCKED ME WAS THE REACTION OF A MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION."

"THIS APPOINTEE OF A PREVIOUS ADMINISTRATION PROMPTLY TOOK THE SIDE OF THE ROCK MUSICIANS AND ECHOED THEIR PRONOUNCEMENTS ABOUT HOW MANY SONGS WERE PRODUCED WITH ANTI-DRUG LYRICS."

"HE WENT ON, HOWEVER, TO ESPOUSE THE KIND OF RADICAL, LIBERAL PHILOSOPHY OF PERMISSIVENESS AND SELF-FLAGELLATION THAT HAS ENCOURAGED SO MANY OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE TO TURN TO POT AND WORSE."

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AGNEW (TOPS 42)

BY CARL P. LEUBSDORF

LOUISVILLE, KY. (AP)—VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO T. AGNEW ASSAILED TODAY "THE PUDDLE-HEADED PHILOSOPHY" OF FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSIONER NICHOLAS JOHNSON.

AGNEW LAUNCHED THE SECOND SWING OF HIS CAMPAIGN TO AID REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATES WITH A SPEECH IN BEHALF OF REP. WILLIAM O. COWGER OF LOUISVILLE. HE SAID HE BELIEVED THE POLITICAL PENDULUM IS SWINGING AGAINST THE "POLITICAL HAMLETS" WHO DOMINATE THE SENATE.

BUT MOST OF AGNEW'S TEXT WAS DEVOTED TO AN ATTACK ON JOHNSON, THE FCC MEMBER WHO HAD CHALLENGED AGNEW'S LAS VEGAS, NEV., SPEECH ON THE IMPACT OF THE "DRUG CULTURE" ON AMERICAN POPULAR MUSIC.

JOHNSON'S CONTENTION THAT INCREASING DRUG USE IS RELATED TO UNJUST FORCES IN AMERICAN SOCIETY, AGNEW CHARGED, "IS THE SORT OF FATUOUS NONSENSE BEING PERPETRATED ON THE AMERICAN PUBLIC BY THE SUPERPERMISSIVE OFFICIALS THAT HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO TAKE SO MUCH CONTROL OF OUR GOVERNMENT."

AND, HE LINKED THAT VIEWPOINT WITH THE "POLITICAL HAMLETS"—PRESUMABLY DEMOCRATS—CONTROLLING THE SENATE.

AT NO POINT IN HIS TEXT DID THE VICE PRESIDENT NAME THE FCC OFFICIAL, AN APPOINTEE OF FORMER PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON, AND THE COMMISSION'S MOST OUTSPOKEN CRITIC OF THE BROADCASTING INDUSTRY.

PRO--AND ANTI-AGNEW DEMONSTRATORS MARCHED OUTSIDE THE HOTEL WHERE AGNEW SPOKE, BUT MOST HAD LEFT BY THE TIME THE VICE PRESIDENT DEPARTED.

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LOUISVILLE--ADD AGNEW (127)

FROM LOUISVILLE, AGNEW WAS TO HEAD FOR TENNESSEE WHERE THE REPUBLICANS HAVE HIGH HOPES OF OUSTING DEMOCRATIC SEN. ALBERT GORE. WEDNESDAY HE WILL TRAVEL TO INDIANA WHERE THE REPUBLICANS ARE TRYING TO DEFEAT DEMOCRAT SEN. VANCE HARTKE.

AGNEW'S SPEECH WAS INTERRUPTED ONLY A COUPLE OF TIMES BY APPLAUSE. BUT THE VICE PRESIDENT DREW LAUGHTER WITH SEVERAL OF HIS VERBAL JABS SUCH AS A CRACK THAT JOHNSON'S CRITICISM WAS "AN EXERCISE IN SPOCKHANSHIP," A REFERENCE TO BABY DOCTOR BENJAMIN SPOCK WHO HAS BEEN ACTIVE IN ANTIWAR PROTEST.

SEVERAL ANTIWAR GROUPS CHANTED AND WAVED PLACARDS, DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE HOTEL IN WHICH THE VICE PRESIDENT SPOKE.

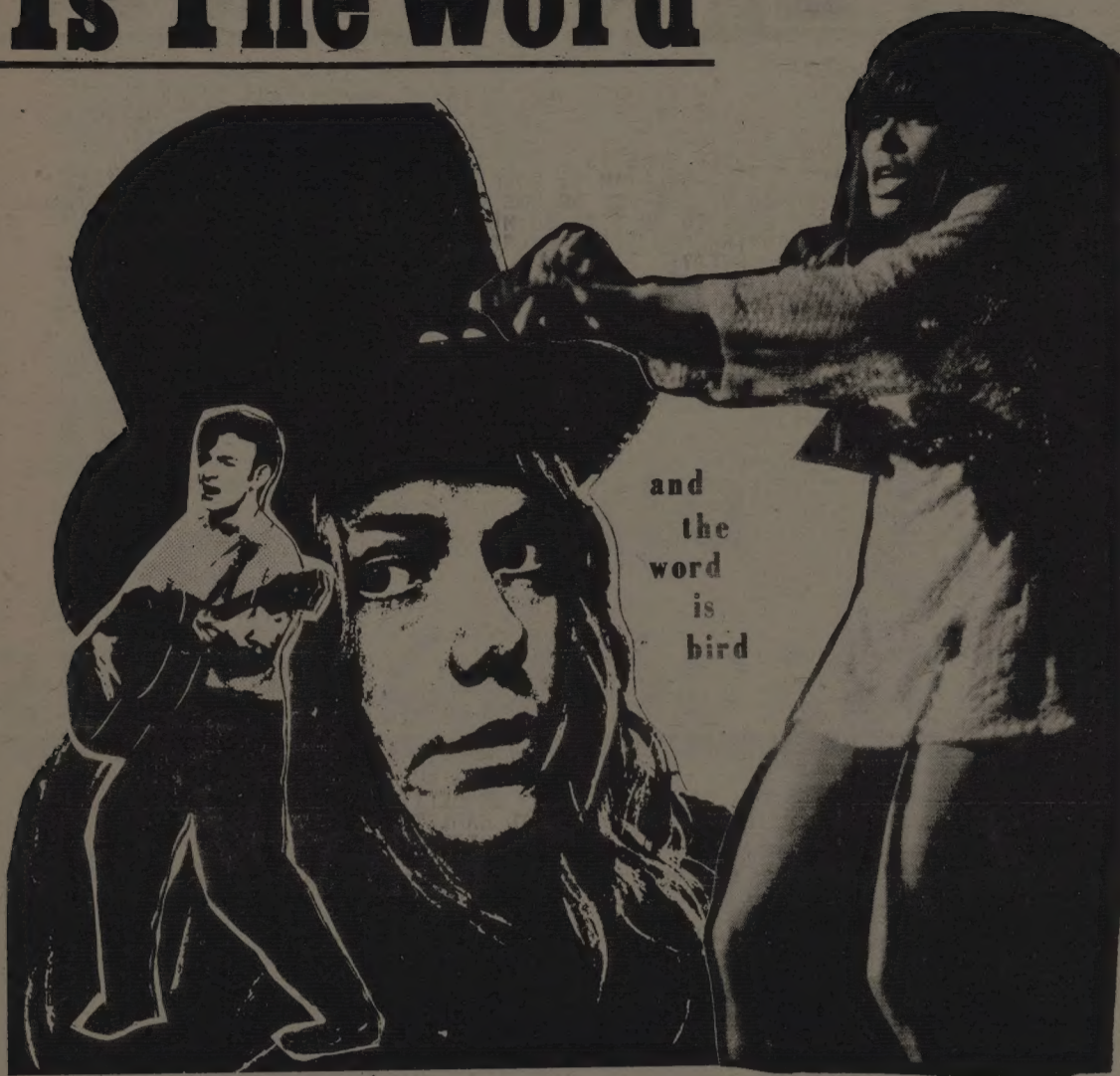
CLOSER TO THE HOTEL, HOWEVER, LOCAL REPUBLICANS HAD LINED UP SOME PRO-AGNEW DEMONSTRATORS. WITH MANY WAVING AMERICAN FLAGS, THEIR CHEERS DROWNED OUT THE ANTIWAR CHANTS. THE VICE PRESIDENT, BEAMING BROADLY, SHOOK HANDS WITH HIS SUPPORTERS, WHO CROWDED A POLICE BARRICADE.

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Is The Word



The spirit it was freedom and justice
Its keepers seemed generous and kind
Its leaders were supposed to serve the country
But now they don't pay it no mind

'Cause the people grew fat and got lazy
And now their vote is a meaningless joke
They babble about law and order
But it's just an echo they've been told
The cities have turned into jungles
And corruption is strangling the land

The police force is watching the people
And the people just can't understand." [c Copyright 1969 by Trousdale Music Publishers, Inc.]

Or how about Edwin Starr's recording of "War," by Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong?

"Peace, love and understanding
Tell me, is there no place for them today?
They saw we must fight to keep our freedom
But Lord knows it's got to be a better way
I say, war . . .
What is it good for?
Absolutely nothing
Say it again
War . . .

What is it good for?
Absolutely nothing
Say it again
War is nothing but a heartbreaker

What is it good for?
Only to the undertaker." [c Copyright 1970 by Jobete Music Co., Inc.]

Or Hal David and Burt Bacharach's "Pater Mache" for Dionne Warwick:

"Twenty houses in a row
Eighty people watch a TV show
Paper people, cardboard dreams
How unreal the whole thing seems.
Can we be living in a world made of paper mache?
Ev'rything is clean and so neat
Anything that's wrong can be just swept away

There's a sale on happiness
You buy two and it costs less." [c Copyright 1969, 1970 by Blue Seas Music, Inc. and Jac Music, Inc.]

Here's some musical commentary about what the major campaign contributors (Democrats and Republicans alike) have done to America: Joni Mitchell's "Big Yellow Taxi."

"They tool all the trees
And put them in a tree museum
And they charged all the people
A dollar and a half just to see 'em

Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got
Until it's gone

They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot." [c Copyright 1969, 1970 by Siquomb Publishing Corp.]

I can understand why some wouldn't like lyrics like those.

You see, Mr. Vice President, somebody's trying to tell you something — "And you don't know what it is . . . do you, Mr.

Jones?" These music people aren't really urging death through drugs; they are urging life through democracy. They believe that governments are instituted among men to promote "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." And many don't think yours is doing it.

As the Chairman of the Bank of America, Louis Lundborg, said recently:

What [young people] . . . say they want doesn't sound so different, you know, from what our Founding Fathers said they wanted — the men who wrote our Declaration of Independence, our Mayflower Compact, the Bill of Rights, the other early documents that laid the foundation for the American Dream. They said they wanted the freedom to be their own man, the freedom for self-realization. We have lost sight of that a bit in this century — but the young people are prodding us and saying, "Look, Dad — this is what it's all about."

But this is not all. It's not just that corporate, governmental and other institutions have turned away from our original goals, and that they have created conditions that stimulate the desire to escape. They are actually encouraging the drug life and promoting it.

Senator Frank Moss has observed that,

The drug culture finds its fullest flowering in the portrait of American society which can be pieced together out of the hundreds of thousands of advertisements and commercials. It is advertising which mounts so graphically the message that pills turn rain to sunshine, gloom to joy, depression to euphoria, solve problems and dispel doubt.

And the former Chairman of this Administration's Federal Trade Commission, Caspar W. Weinberger, has noted that, "Advertisements for over-the-counter medicines may be a contributing factor in drug abuse problems in the United States." (TV ran almost \$20 million worth of ads for sleeping aids alone in 1969.)

Our entire consumer-manipulating economy is based on a dishonest, destructive exploitation of human emotions and motivations. Television teaches — with continuous, air hammer effectiveness — the dangerous and debilitating lie that the solution to all life's problems and nagging anxieties can be found in a product, preferably one that is applied to the skin or taken into the body. It has so distorted and demeaned the role of women as to make it

almost impossible for either men or women to relate to each other in other than a sex-object, manipulative way. It has educated our children to go for the quick solution, to grow impatient and disinterested in developing the skills and solutions requiring discipline and training. And it has urged us all to seek "better living through chemistry."

The Vice President is going after the song writers. One cannot help but wonder how he overlooked Ford's urging, "blow your mind," TWA's taking us, "up, up and away," the honey company that suggests we "get high on honey," the motor bike company that advertises "a trip on this one is legal," or the Washington, D.C. television station that promotes its programming as great "turn-on's." Perhaps the critical point is that young song writers and performers don't make political campaign contributions, but that Ford, TWA, and other drug-image manufacturers do.

The Vice President might better turn his attention to the corporate campaign contributors (of both parties) who finance their fat campaign donations with the profits they make from worthless or harmful drugs, and from cigarettes and alcohol that first "addict" and then kill hundreds of thousands of Americans a year.

The Vice President has urged each of us to do our own part, to "set an example" within our own families. How about the "political families" of the major political parties? To what extent is the Vice President's own party prepared to refuse to accept contributions from (or do special favors for) those politically influential corporate interests that feed, and feed upon, the artificially-induced thirst for drugs, pep pills, tranquilizers, alcohol, cigarettes, and other contemporary commercial "panaceas"?

The Vice President has pointed with pride to what the Administration has done to crack down on "drugs." But what has it done to deal with our number one drug problem, alcoholism? It is, perhaps, symbolic of the basic hypocrisy in government today that he chose Las Vegas as the battlefield to attack drugs. For the only thing that flows faster than the gamblers' money in Las Vegas is alcohol. There are estimated to be at least five million alcoholics in this country. There are more alcoholics in San Francisco alone than there are narcotics addicts in the entire country. If you're interested in "law and order," one-third to one-half of all arrests by police in the United States are for chronic drunkenness. More Americans are killed by drunk drivers every year than are killed by

(Continued on Page 18)

September 22, 1970

Statement of FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson
in Response to Inquiries Regarding Vice President
Agnew's Personal Attack from Louisville, Kentucky

I have noted the wire service reports of Vice President Agnew's personal attack on me with interest. Certainly the broadcasting industry will be amused to hear that I am a "super permissive" government official. Perhaps it is obvious why Vice President Agnew defends big campaign contributors who are urging our grade school children to take up cigarette smoking. After all, he was speaking at a \$100-a-plate fund raising luncheon in the heart of the tobacco country. But I doubt that his rhetoric will provide much satisfaction to the dependents who are left behind by the 300,000 Americans who will die from cigarette-related diseases this year. And I think it raises some questions about his credibility as a critic of the drug culture to take money from those who are profiting from encouraging Americans to seek solutions to all life's problems in alcohol, nicotine, and the other harmful chemical panaceas offered by corporate America. I happen to believe that holding out an example of decency and hope from government does more to discourage a drug culture among our children than the brand of hypocrisy and repression Mr. Agnew preaches. I'm prepared to stand on the text of my September 17 speech.

DEPRESSION IN AMERICA: HARD TIMES FOR THE PHD

BY CLAUDIA DREIFUS

"Twenty years of schoolin' and they put you on the dayshift" — Bob Dylan.

The nineteen thirties were years of poverty and disillusionment, when men and women of skill and learning walked the streets begging for menial jobs. You know the stories: university professors who worked the docks, taxi-drivers who were once scientists, lawyers who sold apples from carts. Well brothers and sisters, for those too young to remember the Great Depression, there will soon be a re-run. It's beginning to happen all over again.

While most of America is suffering from the wounds of a devastating recession and Nixon's "acceptable" 5% unemployment rate, the academic world has been plunged into a full-scale depression. Experts estimate that something like 46% of the PhD's who graduate from our universities this year will not be able to find full-time employment in an academic setting. Next year, over 70% of the doctoral graduates are expected to go jobless. Everywhere one hears horror stories about young men and women who studied and worked for eight, ten and twenty years only to find themselves as unemployable and unwanted as a welfare mother. The signs of the depression are everywhere.

* There are so many PhD's and so few job openings that City College is receiving sixty applications per day per job opening available.

* PhD's from prestige schools such as Columbia and Harvard are tearing at each other for appointments to institutions they would never have previously considered. Ivy Leaguers are desperate to win appointments to schools like Pace College, Long Island University and Kingsborough Community College.

* New York University's School of Education recently sent a memo to graduating PhD's advising them of the possibility of high school teaching. Many PhD's, particularly in the sciences, have taken positions in the public school system.

* At the Modern Language Association's recent meeting in Denver, the job situation became so desperate that graduating PhD's chased university recruiters down the halls of the Denver Hilton. The recruiters fled the Hilton besieged by hundreds of frantic potential language teachers.

What is it like to go to school for nearly a decade, to study hard, to spend ng in Denver, the job situation became so desperate that s fled the Hilton besieged by hundreds of frantic potential language teachers.

What is it like to go to school for nearly a decade, to study hard, to spend half your youth poring over books, to live for years on scant \$2500 stipends, to slave over a thesis and then to find yourself the possessor of a useless scrap of paper — unemployable, excess baggage in a poorly planned economy? One would think that young doctorate holders would be angry, disillusioned with the economic system, perhaps out in the streets calling for revolution? *The system after all, is not working for them. Ironically, the reactions of most graduating PhD's seems to be just the opposite. Instead of lashing out against the system, they are still entertaining hopes of somehow getting in. The truth is that most of the unemployed PhD's I interviewed were docile, quiet, bound by academic tradition, and certain that the current depression is just a phase in the academic economy that will soon pass. Few of the victims of the depression will talk with a reporter. Most still harbor dreams that they will eventually find some kind of position and that their present unemployment is just a piece of bad luck.* "I won't consent to an interview," one unemployed PhD told me. "If my name got into any paper, I'd be dead for sure. I'd never get a job then. I'd be branded a 'loser' and might never be able to get back into the game. Sure I'd like to talk with you, but I spent too many years in school to lose everything on one article." This particular young man has been unable to find a full-time position since he received his English doctorate over two years ago!

Out of nearly two dozen PhD's I interviewed, none would let me use their real names for the story. All were terrified of being blacklisted if it became known that they had the bad fortune not to find employment. The one PhD who at first agreed to the use of her name called me several days after her interview to beg that the story be omitted—even if disguised with a pseudonym. "My case is so obvious," she implored, "that if you change my name, my department chairman will still know who I am. I can't let you use anything about my situation. Nothing!"

And it seems that PhD's aren't the only ones who do not want to see a story written on the academic depression. Mrs. Maxine Brode, who counsels PhD's wishing to find jobs in industry for New York University's Placement Service, tried to discourage me from writing this article. "Why destroy people's illusion?" she asked. "The well-adjusted job candidate has to believe that he has a chance — otherwise he will be lost. You're not helping anyone by writing your article. You'll be destroying the illusions that people need in order to try for a job."

Illusions? Some people now find themselves straight-jacketed by a fabric of illusions. Dr. Mark Cohen grew up in the kind of upwardly mobile Jewish working-class family that believes that education would be the lever by which he would push his way from garment worker insecurity to prestige, status and a permanent income. And Dr. Cohen played the academic grade game letter perfect: Bronx High School of Science, honor graduate, graduate and undergraduate fellowships for college, Phi Beta Kappa, Woodrow Wilson Fellow, nearly a dozen professional papers published before he had completed graduate school, prizes for his thesis. After completing a social science doctorate at Columbia, he took a research job with a New York City poverty project. Last spring the project was scrapped because of federal budget cuts, so Dr. Cohen found himself on the streets and unable to even collect unemployment insurance because he had worked for the government. He's been out of work for nearly seven months and, despite constant efforts, he can find no job. With the new school term already in progress, Cohen is finally convinced that his unemployment is a long term thing. He's tried everything: business, research jobs, universities. He's even looked for positions at the community colleges, which until this year were considered academic graveyards, refuges for losers, something no dignified PhD would go near. But of course, Cohen's found nothing.

"If things continue at this rate," sighs Dr. Cohen, "I'll just have to leave the field. The best offer I've had so far is as a consultant to the Yellow Cab Company — cab driver, to you. That's what I sweated in school for eight years for, that's what I deprived myself for, that's what I went through all that shit for, to be a lousy cabdriver!"

If the job situation is difficult for male PhD's, it is impossible for women with doctorates. Academia,

in its pre-depression days, was well known for its gentlemanly discrimination against feminine educators. Now, with so few jobs available, the situation has grown even worse. "Most department chairmen," one unemployed Columbia female PhD told me, "don't want to see women in the field to begin with. But now they think that the few job openings available should go to men. The common view is that men support families, white women work for a second income. Well, that's bullshit! I went to school for ten years and want to do something whether or not my income is supplementary for my family."

Dr. Jane Whitman is an honors PhD from NYU who has been looking for a full-time job for nearly two years now. Dr. Whitman has been attending universities in one form or another for the past twenty years, piling up a list of impressive academic credentials that in normal times would make her one of the leading women in her field. She's played the academic game perfectly: lots of publications, a fellowship to teach in Scandinavia, an A-average all through school, fellowships and scholarships all the way. But twenty years of schooling is an awfully long time. It's hard to even comprehend all the beautiful things she has given up in her life so that she might become a Doctor of Philosophy. She and her husband have lived in Greenwich Village for nine years, have rarely taken vacations, have held down two jobs, and skipped dental bills — all so that Jane might become Dr. Whitman.

Dr. Whitman showed me a folder filled with job applications she had sent out. "I must have written to a hundred schools. Most never even answered my letters. In the end I got answers from two schools, one of which offered me \$9,000 a year and a temporary appointment. But finally, they gave the job to a man — a Princeton graduate. For a while I thought about looking for a job at a community college, but I know that community college work would kill my career. Academia is so snobbish. It's a shame, but I just can't take that kind of risk."

MOST UNIVERSITY OFFICIALS place the blame for the academic depression on the economic policies of Richard Nixon. Since the Nixon administration has taken office, Federal support for higher education has shrunk to a fraction of what it was during Great Society days.

Programs that were helpful to working-class youth like the National Defense Education Act Loans, which lent money at low interest to future teachers, have been all but eliminated. The National Institute of Mental Health, which provided most funds for psychological research in the pre-Nixon days, has had its budget slashed, and slashed again. Funds for dormitories, research, scholarships and college expansion are down to bare minimum. The result is that universities, so heavily dependent on federal subsidies, are starving. To survive the economic depression, they've had to cut down on the hiring of new staff . . . and the new PhD's are out on the street.

"If the federal government would pick up its support for higher education, we will find ourselves with a PhD shortage again," insists Professor Robert W. Richardson, Associate Chairman of NYU's Physics Department. "But as long as the war continues, that's not likely to happen, so I am advising many of my students to look for jobs in fields other than physics. Some of our

"If the federal government would pick up its support for higher education, we will find ourselves with a PhD shortage again," insists Professor Robert W. Richardson, Associate Chairman of NYU's Physics Department. "But as long as the war continues, that's not likely to happen, so I am advising many of my students to look for jobs in fields other than physics. Some of our doctoral graduates have found excellent positions in the high schools. Others are working with computers. They can thank Nixon and the war, too. He's given us this unemployment. He's given academia this disaster. I think, though, it might all get better if the war were ended and money were pumped back into the schools."

But the war in Vietnam isn't going to end soon — nor is the war in Cambodia, Thailand or the Middle-East. The unemployed PhD, like the soldier and the autoworker, is just another victim of Amerika's bellicose international policies. But GIs are organizing against the war and autoworkers are out on strike . . . so where are the intellectuals who have been shafted and shit upon by this war? In 1844, Karl Marx wrote: "Production of too many useful things produces too large a useless population." In 1964, Bob Dylan put it down in more modern language: "Twenty years of schoolin' and they put you on the dayshift!" Brothers and Sisters in academia, it's time to wake up!

5. What have you done to bring about fair recognition for black, puertorican, and female artists?
6. Is an artist who has a gallery successful? Does he make a lot of money?
7. Is an artist who shows in big-name galleries and gets written up in the art magazines successful?
8. What percentage of "recognized" artists are really good artists? Is it possible for a "bad" artist to achieve recognition? Or is this belief only a form of sour grapes griping of the "unsuccessful"?
9. Are there any "unsuccessful" artists? If so, how can they be identified? What percentage do they comprise of the community of artists?
10. Do you believe that being politically active or working for an artists' federation would take away from your creative time, energy, or ability? Could you spare one day (eight hours) for this work a month?
11. Are artists insecure and therefore hard to unite because of financial difficulties?
12. Does an artist have to be completely egotistical in order to be genuine? Can he lose some of his egotism and still remain an artist?
13. Is egotism the same as individualism?
14. Is the artist's true individualism being encouraged by the present art world system? Or is it being distorted and put down?
15. Has the artist who talks loudly about how important these questions are necessarily understood them?
16. Has the artist who denounces these questions as nonsense and condemns artists' meetings as useless necessarily understood them?
17. Can you talk better to other artists at large or small meetings?
18. Have you ever noticed at meetings that there is often a first person who immediately rushes in to talk and also a second person who waits for the right moment to attack the first person and take over? Why does this happen? Does it take away from the genuineness of the conversation or the importance of the subject?
19. Do you believe that an artists' group must have one real leader, or is a collective leadership possible?
20. How much time do you spend each week at artists' bars like St. Adrian's or Remington's?
21. Do you believe that Art History is a great on-going pageant to which you, if you are lucky, may one day add your own section? Did the Ancient Greeks know they were part of Art History as we understand it? How long do you think Art History will last?
22. Is the act of creation more important to you than being "recognized"?
23. Is there any way for all artists to be "recognized"? Or must the great majority always go "unrecognized"?
24. If you show in a gallery, do you trust its proprietor?
25. What kind of housing do you live and work in? Is it sufficient for your purposes?
26. Do you believe that the present museum-gallery system is guilty of art pollution?
27. If an art critic were to describe you as a great artist, would you believe him? Has this ever happened, and have you believed him?
28. If an art critic were to write that you are a mediocre or bad artist, would you believe him?
29. Is all art criticism nonsense? Do you still read it?
30. Are members of the Art Workers Coalition nothing but fuzzy-headed radicals? Are members of So-Ho Artists Association nothing but tyrannical property owners?
31. Can artists be truly effective as a force in today's society and politics while they are subjected to the stresses of the art world system? Do these stresses tend to divide or unite them?
32. Must an artists' federation or union necessarily be conservative? Must it necessarily restrict creativity and imagination or can it help them to flourish?
33. Do you think these questions are meaningful, or would you rather go on thinking your own thoughts and doing your own things?



33 QUESTIONS FOR ARTISTS

by Alex Gross

On Monday, September 21, four independent artists' groups met and agreed that "a reasonable direction for their further development should be the banding together into a federation, guild, union or league, as soon as is practicable." The vote was virtually unanimous. The four groups concerned were the Art Workers Coalition, the So-Ho Artists Association, the New York Art Strike, and Citizens for Artists Housing. Also present were representatives from Women Artists in Revolution, International Revolutionary Cultural Forces, Artists United, and the International Coalition for the Liquidation of Art. This decision could mean the end of a great deal of nonsense in the art world and the beginning of something truly meaningful and relevant to society. It could also mean the beginning of a far greater nonsense with negative results for artists and society alike. Which one it becomes will depend on how far artists are willing to start questioning a number of the myths and conditions under which they work. If artists go on thinking and talking in the same old ruts, then nothing new or better can be accomplished. What must happen is that artists and everyone in the art world must begin to ask themselves a new set of questions, cutting into a new level of potential living. Here are some (though by no means all) of the questions they should start asking:

A JURY OF THEIR PEERS II

The death squad was just about to sharpen its fangs last Monday, when Sandy Katz informed the court that Joan Bird was recuperating from an operation and pneumonia in Harlem Hospital.

It was D.A. Phillips who suggested that Court adjourn until Wednesday, at which time the defense would have gotten medical opinion on how long Joan needed to be in the hospital, if she should be severed from the case, and if the questioning of the prospective jurors could proceed without her. The defense agreed to these terms, but honest John asked the defense to come in with a report on Tuesday. However, Wednesday was settled upon, due to the severity of Joan's illness.

Murtagh then called in the prospective jurors, informing them of the adjournment, and as usual, subtly blaming the defense for the delay, saying that "the court had no alternative but to grant the request."

Murtagh slips a lot into his vocal tone — a nasal twang that has been left out too long in the rain — you can catch it when Phillips raises an objection that Murtagh decides to overrule. It goes:

Phillips: Objection

Honest John: (it's cool Phillips, I've cased out this prospective juror, and they're not gonna get any kind of rise out of him with this question, at least not anything that I couldn't deny a challenge for cause on, but I'm glad you picked up the signal cause once in a while I gotta say 'overruled' — I gotta make the pretense of being fair, so act a little annoyed... and plucking his magic twanger, Honest John does not say 'overruled,' but...) "I will allow the question"

(thus letting all the prospective jurors in on how supremely fair and patient he is being with these upstart defense lawyers who are wasting the precious hours of his declining years)

However, when the defense raises an objection, which is overruled, the subtext is quite different.

Defense: Objection

Honest John: (You little schmucks with your loud ties and long hair, you honestly think you're gonna get justice in here? Well, this one's for the commie infiltrated press) "Overruled"

And in his supreme self-righteousness, Murtagh gets closer each day to remanding the four Panthers who are out on bail, while reminding the prospective jurors not to listen to news, read newspapers, or talk to anyone about the trial.

But the Murtagh subliminal threat/message is rampant outside too. You don't have to watch the news, just turn on "Room 222," or "Julia" or "The Bold Ones." The big thing this year is that each TV show has to be socially relevant. So we're gonna be seeing a lot of reformed junkies, a lot of acid freak-outs, liberal senators, and Pulitzer prize winning "good niggers." All of this shows the adaptability and compassion of the Amerikan way — or your local Congressman whips out the band-aids. And then the juror comes to 100 Centre St. and sees REAL demonstrations and REAL Panthers and wonders why these people just don't try to "better themselves" — the Amerikan way.

But all of that mass media programming will have little effect on

Samuel Mandel, the third selected juror.

Mandel took the stand after Sandy Katz had informed Murtagh that Joan Bird would be in the hospital until this weekend, and will spend about two weeks convalescing. She agreed to waive her right to be present during the selection of the jury.

Then Bill Crain stood up to make a motion. "I'm not entertaining any motion," was the response from the bench.

So the prospective jurors were brought in and the ninth day of the trial formally began with the aforementioned Mandel taking the stand.

Mandel, a 49 year old white man, has lived on the Lower East Side all of his life, unaffected by the change and turmoil around him.

A retired elevator operator, he has been receiving government aid since 1964, when his diabetes made it impossible for him to engage in manual labor.

A high school drop-out, Mandel not lives alone in a furnished room on St. Marks Pl.

Among the things he's heard of but doesn't know anything about are the BPP and Malcolm X. He has never heard of Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale, or Huey Newton, and the only thing he knew about Martin Luther King was that he had been assassinated.

Mandel had worked with the Christadora House in 1939-40. That building is now the Thompkins Square Community Center, but Mandel knows nothing about that.

McKinney asked Mandel what he had been feeling during the proceedings. "The only thing is, is that I feel like I'm on trial."

Murtagh snapped that one up, raising and sustaining his own

objection, saying that the voir dire was too long. Of course it was, Mandel should have been excused for incompetency long ago.

McKinney asked Mandel if he was offended. "I was just jokin' around."

How did he feel about people calling cops "pigs"? "Why should that offend me?"

He didn't know what the terms 'black power' or 'black militant' meant. He had always thought militant had something to do with the army.

When asked how he felt about law and order, solidarity between blacks, and the view of pigs as an occupying army in black neighborhoods, Phillips objected/Murtagh sustained, usually adding something derisive, like, "Please ask the question and not give us a dissertation on what the evidence is going to be."

Shortly thereafter, Mandel was accepted as one of the jurors.

Apparently Phillips was going to give Mandel a preemptory challenge, because he really did appear to be a congenital idiot, but he was counting on the defense to do that. But the defense felt that Mandel could do no real harm, as he probably won't influence anyone, he being that unbelievable percentage on the polls that never heard of Lyndon Johnson, and that he might just turn out to be sympathetic, having been on the other end of the Establishment stick his whole life.

But those are too many ifs for thirteen lives. Indeed, too many ifs for one life, as it is written in that mythical "jury of their peers" book.

So Benjamin Fishman took the stand and was excused. He was followed by Matthew McGucking, a retired white man with personal friends on the police department. He said he thought they worked in a precinct that had been mentioned in

the indictment against the Panthers, and did not feel he could be fair.

Phillips said that since shooting policemen is against the law, that bias did not disqualify McGucking, who then said that he had read about the Panthers in the paper and had formed a bias.

Katz challenged for cause, but it was denied until Murtagh tried his strong arm, hypocritical "innocent until proven guilty" tactics, but McGucking still maintained that he could not be fair, so he was excused.

Tobias Goodman, a 26 year old opera aspirant, next took the stand, stating that his opinions towards the BPP might affect his judgment.

Goodman, who has a brother in the Air Force, is opposed to the war in Viet Nam.

His first reaction when called to be a juror for the Panther trial was confusion, as he did not know whether or not he could be fair. He does not agree with what he has read about the BPP and associates them with violence.

Gerry Lefcourt challenged for cause, but it was denied again until Murtagh's song proved fruitless, then the challenge was sustained.

Leonard Regalis, George Pyle, and Thomas Corrao were all excused, and Samuel Goldschein took the stand.

A 68 year old retired hardware store owner who lives on West 110 St. he claims he has never come into any contact with white racism. He knows nothing about the BPP, but did seem to know the whole history of Murtagh's career, with the noticeable exception of Murtagh's graft charges.

When Goldschein was asked if he was a religious man, Phillips objected/Murtagh sustained, adding a few prejudicial remarks that ended with, "All right, proceed, I'm sure Mr Goldschein will bear with us."

POOR PARANOIDS

by Allan Katzman

America is running off at the mouth. So there was no reason for me not to run off to the other side of America. To the West Coast where the dribble foams up onto the shores of California. CALIFORNIA—where everything is so pregnant with meaning that talk becomes babble.

And what better place to babble from than San Francisco, where speech is pre-empted by the landscape and the next voice you hear may be your own; where bad actors don't die but go into politics and the bad breath of rhetoric is mouthed not only in the media but in every person's private fantasy of CALIFORNIA LUSH LIVING.

America babbles on. And when California has nothing to say or print, it PRINTS the babble. In San Francisco, where publishing is less of an art and more of a lifestyle, it is SCANLANS MAGAZINE which holds sway over the Tower of Babel.

The king of the heap is one Warren Hinckle, ex-progenitor of Hearstian Hi-Jinks, master-manipulator of muckraking magic who ran Ramparts magazine into the ground with his extravagant disregard for money and his brilliant gestures of the put-on, put-off and put-down.

Hinckle holds court in a bar called Cookie's, off the edge of San Francisco's Chinatown. He enthrones himself at the endmost part of the bar, buying drinks and bestowing and begging bullshit. Cookie, an ex-policeman, tends his patrons' alcoholic wishes. Most of his clientele are policemen, judges and hardhats. The place reeks of lower-middle-class morals punctured with pictures of George Wallace, Jimmy Hoffa and the San Francisco Chinatown police squad from 1900 on.

In the midst of it stands Warren Hinckle, black eyepatch, a pudgy paralysis of the body and the afternoon's first

Irish flush of 80 proof whiskey barking through his ego. Harvey Cohen, Scanlans' editor (Cookie calls him Indian because of his long ponytail), guides me through the Hincklian labyrinth and begs me to dismiss my paranoia. He assures me Cookie's is neutral territory, that Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale have drank here with Hinckle with immunity: that "If you mind your own business, they'll mind theirs."

I take Harvey at his word even though I know the immunity is less from any written or unwritten code than from the immunity caused by strong whiskey and the need to forget a job which has no justice in it any more.

And in the midst of this haze of neutrality leans Warren Hinckle, now, like Mario Savio, 100% as safe as milk. Harvey introduces us. There is a slight recognition of my reputation by Hinckle's sud-

den raise of eyebrows. He buys drinks all around, his money spread across the bar as if he were editing the next scenario.

Hinckle's two children and wife are with him. He has just finished buying them some large rubber toys from an itinerant salesman who has spread himself across the bar to drink away the profits.

There is a lull in the palsy palaver of distilled speech. I scour the walled pictures, half expecting a portrait of Eugene O'Neill to make the scene complete. But the Iceman is nowhere to be seen. There is an uneasiness in our silence, as if Cookie's unwritten code of neutrality is about to be broken by the business of myth-making.

Before it begins, Hinckle's wife and children excuse themselves and leave. The machismo in the room goes up at least by 50%. Harvey begins the talk and I supply the answers.

by JACKIE FREIDRICH

So if you don't call for mistrial or trash the courtroom after one like that, what do you do? Sandy Katz sat down and Michael Tabor took over. But Murtagh was in rare form that day, having finally gotten up enough composure, when faced with Tabor, to sustain the continuous outpouring of objections emanating from Phillips, so not many questions received answers.

When asked if the standard of living was different for whites than it was for blacks, Goldschein admitted that it was, but felt it had to do with how much blacks wanted to do for themselves. He did not feel that the standard of living was due to discrimination and feels that opportunities for blacks are getting better every day and that they will soon be getting a "fair shake," if they're willing to work for it.

He thought that "black power" signified the "desire of negroes to advance."

Did he endorse that? Yes.

After 350 years of being in this country and not seeing that happen, did blacks have a right to be enraged? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh.

Is change coming fast enough? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh.

Has Goldschein ever been robbed or mugged? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh.

Do young people tend to be more violent than older people? Yes, and he is opposed to violence outside of the law.

Did he endorse the violence of Amerika in Viet Nam, and not the violence of people defending themselves? Obj-Phillips/ sust-Murtagh.

Did Goldschein feel that young people were more prone to break the law than older people? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh, who added, "Counselor, you're injecting racism into this case."

Murtagh went on with this subliminal inflammatory rhetoric, and Crain moved for a mistrial. The motion, of course, was denied with Murtagh stating that he "... suggest that we try to refrain from creating an atmosphere of racism."

It could all be very funny, if it wasn't so serious.

Did he feel he would qualify as a jury of their peers? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh.

Afeni asked him if he felt black people had a right to 40 acres and a

cow, and if a judge can misinterpret a law. The objections were sustained on both of these. The defense, with their hands tied by pig justice, then issued a preemptory challenge.

In the course of the preceding cross-examinations there were 36 objections Phillips/ sustained Murtagh refrains, and 21 Murtagh verses of subliminal programming and strong arming, where, cloaked in the vocabulary of justice, Murtagh lets the prospective jurors know how they should feel and how they should convict.

Andrew Lech next took the stand and was excused. He was followed by Edwin Kennebeck, a white man who works for Viking Press in the copy editing department, and who thought it would be very interesting to serve on this particular jury.

Phillips then asked a question that should be written down and saved for posterity, and possibly indicated the first time he had any understanding of the trial. He asked Kennebeck if Robin Hood were to be indicted for robbery, would he hesitate in convicting him. Kennebeck said that he would not.

Kennebeck hadn't formed any opinion about the case, but did feel that there was a great deal of racism in Amerika.

McKinney asked him if he felt that his judgment would be affected by having had more education and opportunities than the defendants. Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh.

At this point Kennebeck was accepted as the fourth juror.

William Forrest took the stand next, and proved to be another indication of how both Murtagh and Phillips are more interested in a conviction than they are in justice, or in seeing that the defendants get a jury of their peers.

Forrest holds two jobs, and felt he might run into financial difficulties by serving on the jury.

Gerry Lefcourt renewed a motion that prospective jurors should not be disqualified because of financial difficulty, but that steps should be taken to see that they receive pay from their jobs. The motion was denied.

Forrest lost a brother in a racial incident in South Carolina. At three o'clock one morning a white man was following him. He turned around to find out why, and the man shot him, and was never charged for the murder, getting off free.

Forrest does not think too highly

that they (the Panthers) are innocent. He feels that the press has twisted things around to the extent that when someone hears the name 'Panther,' they automatically think it is a bad thing. Phillips challenged for cause, but Gerry Lefcourt asked if he might question the prospective juror.

He informed Forrest that by assuming the defendants innocent, he was just following the law, but Murtagh sustained Phillips' challenge, saying that the prospective juror had proved himself unable to serve.

Richard Gardner and Alice Levy took the stand but were excused. They were followed by Samuel Morowitz, a 69 year old man who hardly speaks English, and reads only Jewish papers. He does not, however, read "The Morning Freiheit" because it is "a communist paper."

Sandy Katz asked for a challenge on the grounds that Mr Morowitz would not be able to comprehend feel that anyone would lie under oath.

At this point Murtagh interrupted (he interrupted many times, just put a Murtagh song after each paragraph and you won't be far off), saying, "Counselor, your question is so hypothetical... I suggest you ask an intelligent question..."

Bloom then asked how McKelden would react to contradictory testimony, where obviously one of the people under oath would be lying, but Murtagh again interrupted, saying, "... ask lawyerlike questions in fairness to the prospective juror and the court." (With such obvious disrespect coming from the bench, how is the jury supposed to react to the defense?)

Bloom then asked how McKelden would react to an infiltrator who had obviously been living a lie. Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh, who then added that Bloom was "out of order."

Asked how he felt about revolution, McKelden said he had no views at all. About the first American revolution? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh. Revolution by young people or black people? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh.

How did he react to people calling cops "pigs"? He hasn't thought about it. Neither has he noticed any drug traffic in his neighborhood, which is Harlem.

Sandy Katz took over the questioning and McKelden again said that he firmly believed that people under oath did not lie. Murtagh went into an incredible bout of strongarming at the point where it looked like the defense would be able to challenge for cause, and armed McKelden with the proper phrases to

keep him in the running.

The tension has been rising to an incredible degree. Violence should have taken over in the face of the growing hostility from Murtagh towards the defense, and the impossible Tommery coming from McKelden with his Pollyanna attitudes, but the questioning continued. The complicity between Murtagh and Phillips became more and more obvious, as did the fact that the defense was going to be forced to use yet another of its preemptory challenges. McKelden just kept saying that he felt no one would lie while under oath, and certainly never lie to hurt someone. According to him, no one under oath would lie, with the awareness that they were lying. "I have faith in mankind," he said.

Sandy Katz again tried to challenge for cause, saying that the bound belief of the witness that no one would lie under oath, or deliberately lie to hurt someone, contradicted common everyday experience and would make it impossible for McKelden to judge testimony. The challenge was denied, and a preemptory challenge issued. Someone spoke to McKelden outside and he said that he was petrified to serve on the jury, because he lives in Harlem. I have a feeling that he did a little bit of unconscious lying while of the police, and when asked if he could listen impartially to police testimony, he said, "I would respect him, but I don't care for him at all."

He said that he has discussed the case among his friends and believes most of the testimony, but Murtagh felt more questioning was needed.

Katz then asked Morowitz if he felt qualified, and Morowitz said "no," so the prospective juror was excused by consent.

Darrell LaDra took the stand, and was excused. He was followed by Arthur McKelden, a black man who has been working in the Post Office since 1948.

Born in Kentucky, McKelden went to a segregated school in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He said that the fact that his school was segregated did not affect him at the time, and he has no opinion on it now.

Did he accept it as normal? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh.

McKelden was also a steward in the navy and worked in officers quarters. The navy was segregated at the time and all of the stewards were black. Did he feel he had an inferior job? Objection-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh.

How did he feel about the navy being segregated? Well, he had spoken to an officer who thought

things would change, and he accepted that.

McKelden has a friend who is a court attendant, and another close friend who is a security guard for people(?) like Nixon and Johnson.

McKelden said he didn't have time to read the Panther paper and had no opinion as to their guilt or innocence. He never discusses the BPP, and said that he does not discuss controversial subjects with co-workers.

McKinney asked him if J. Edgar Hoover's recent statement that the BPP was the number one threat to U.S. security would have any effect on him. He said that it would not and that he did not agree with Hoover.

When asked if he had ever had any contact with BPP activities, he said no.

Afeni asked him if he felt that legalities and indictments should be used for political repression, and if he was her brother but, once again, Phillips objected/ Murtagh sustained.

Bob Bloom asked him if he felt that police officers could lie, but McKelden answered that he didn't under oath, and it hurt at least thirteen people.

Rocco Ben Venuto and Alfred Block next took the stand and were excused. Frederic Hills was next. A white man who works for McGraw Hill, in charge of publishing, editorial, and promotional work on college texts, he was found acceptable after very little questioning, and is now on the jury.

Charles Brown, a black man who works for the N.Y. Transit Authority, and who has read the Panther paper with some understanding of what it contains, was given a preemptory challenge by the prosecution.

I had to leave the court as Nils Rasmussen was taking the stand. Rasmussen was born in Denmark and educated there. He works for ABC doing film editing for documentaries. A "mild liberal," Rasmussen was accepted as a juror.

Before I left the proceedings on the 10th day of the trial, I counted 48 objections-Phillips/ sustained-Murtagh, and 26 occurrences of the Murtagh song to discredit the defense in view of the prospective jurors. I just hope that, although the jurors already chosen could be no stretch of the imagination be called 'peers' of the defendants, that they have enough perception to see Murtagh for what he is, one of those genocidal robots that Timothy Leary said it was a sacred act to shoot.

I am here to interest Hinckle in a possible story about the Tate murders and the Manson case. He listens attentively and instantly plans out strategy for the story to be done for the September issue. Hinckle is making myth even before it is in print. The talks are going well, but before I even realize it, I make my first mistake. I claim that Nixon knew what he was doing when he publicly condemned Manson in the media.

Hinckle jumps down my throat, hangs his ego on my absolute statement. He claims political wisdom for Nixon, almost infallibility, and derides the Manson mouthing as a blunder: "How else do you explain his circling of Washington D.C. for three hours before issuing a correction on his Denver statement?"

I argue with him: "But don't you think, it was politically consistent with his values and history of witch-hunting

during the McCarthy era?" Hinckle is stunned for a second, but continues his ego-battering. He derides my attitude as typically liberal, and then suddenly turns around and derides Nixon as a POLITICAL SCHMUCK. The conversation has been a Hinckle exercise in dialectic gymnastics, a demonstration of his superiority as a publisher and interpreter of events.

Cookie interrupts Hinckle's well-balanced babble to inform us to watch our language, as a LADY had just entered the premises. We depart for Scanlans.

Scanlans' office is a reconvered firehouse on the ground floor. The front office is filled with desks and people. There is a busyness of deadline in everyone's eyes. The back office is more spacious, with a long desk made for a Last Supper reproduction. It opens up to a garden, a Gethsemane where even Jesus

might have doubted the spreading of the Word: its only occupant a rabbit, Scanlans' mascot, who hops across the uneven concrete tasting its delights and depositing his final sacrament.

We spread ourselves at the table and Hinckle writes down what I know, what I ought to know, and how the story should be written. There is no mistake in Hinckle's manner, a professional to the hilt, a publisher with a genius to dig up the facts long after they have become stale, to raise the ordinary buried deep in the unconscious and make it relevant.

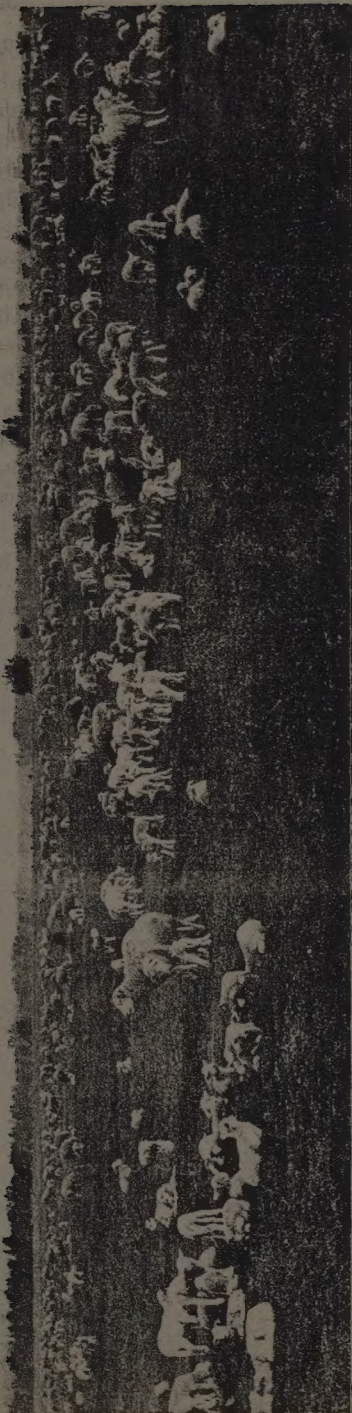
Since Scanlans' inception, Hinckle has managed to raise about \$700,000 by floating a public stock, spend most of it already on less than seven issues, garner a 50,000 circulation, all on CHUTZPAH, publicity, and a refusal to take any ads. It is not the making of money that is upmost in his mind but the making of a magazine and his role as publisher/

wonder.

We finish the discussion after an hour of storyline examination. With a long cigar swaggering from his mouth, he pronounces my "house arrest" for five days to see if the story can be done for this issue, and promises to pay my expenses. I am to do nothing but wait. Hinckle will do it all. He gets up abruptly from his seat, turns his back, and mumbles into his cigar. There is almost a paranoid swelling to the air as I catch half his words as if he thought I was out to con him.

In the next few days, Hinckle checks out my story and discovers it has a degree of honesty, if nothing else. He lifts his order of "house arrest" and tells me to contact his New York office when I return home.

I fly back with a Scanlans' \$100 check made from honest babble—back to New York City, where everything is meaningless, including the babble.



The ALMIGHTY STONEWALL NATION of all tribes

PRESS RELEASE from the GAY REVOS BRIGADE ('s Stonewall News Press) of the All Mighty Stonewall Nation via Sigma News Service

Sept. 1

(SNS) - Top of the world, nu yorc - Senators and representatives of the Gay Revos Brigade of the All Mighty Stonewall Nation headquartered in nu yorc city have issued their statement in response to the Black Panther's announcement of position on gay liberation:

"FIRST, we would like to commend Chairman Huey Newton for his forthright, truth-filled and honest exposition of the position of the Black Panther Party on Gay Liberation groups and individuals. We further state that we are encouraged by his fraternal concern for our struggle and his open-minded attitudes. There should be no second thoughts, rejections, resentment and further conjecturing that we gay people are not the most oppressed people minority in the nation, in the world. Cease the indecision and pondering! Let it be known to all that the gay people are the revolution within the revolution and established orders and we are a nation of peoples who have been forced to exile hiding and disguise of our being and feelings for over thousands of years; ever since man first saw and felt woman presence and ever since woman first saw and felt man presence. But, our nation is no longer silent and invisible, nor can be, and we are emerging from barriers of time and dogma to speak to the issues of our oppression and oppressors, alike.

AS a completely integrated gay group of people in harmony, love, peace and freedom with one another and of various radical persuasions, we are frequently at variance and difference with the reactionary non-movers who have pretended to represent gay people in the past. We are happy to see Brother Huey's analysis of the BPP's political hang-ups.

MEMBERS and senators of the All Mighty Stonewall Nation's Gay Revos Brigade community all agree with his conclusions and remedies and are certain that all aspects of the Gay Community, even the most conservative, the most scared, will wake up in time. We hope that no one, especially our people, will forget that the Fascists have always singled out and divided gay people, not only from "straight" society, but, even among themselves. It is the Fascists, both within and without the Gay Community, who are responsible for the Gay Ghetto conditions which we are finally breaking out of. It is those same Fascists, who with their dogma-surreal relig-a-social misinterpretations, have misused nature's freedoms and rights, and oppress all for the sake of power and ego and go on suppressing alter-realities, evolution and revolution. It is also their continued false capitalism on the (imagined) need to buy and live by, for and with synthetics, as second-rate replacement of natural, for life's organic human responses and survival of ALL. Up till now, they have succeeded in suppressing our anger, our questions, our feelings and expressions of, our real being and the exercise of the freedom and rights of our natural state of being from human life and human life; plus countless wild-cat murders and the dividing of the us in us in our true minds, bodies and souls. But, no longer . . . no longer!! It was the Fascists, we remember well, who condemned gay people to the concentration camps during the years of Hitler, and it is not just our paranoia (which we have less of than any other group) which tells us to be suspicious of the Fascist "establishment" and to continue to align our selves with other groups who are also oppressed.

The days of dividing radicals against themselves are over!

The days of dividing men and women and playing games with them and setting them

against each other are over!

The days of dividing the personality (schizophrenia) into male and female, thereby dividing the individual against the true radical self are over!

WE are one, together, free, gay and proud!! We are proud to ally ourselves with the Black Panthers and other groups in the nation, the world, which share common goals as the All Mighty Stonewall Nation and all tribes and those which are ready to take as forthright a stand on gay liberation as the BPP has done. Once again we find the BPP in the vanguard for which we salute all members of the Black Panther Party. We hope all radical groups will follow suit and openly declare themselves allies of the truly progressive and radical gay liberation groups. We shall be happy to join with the BPP and other groups too, in true and complete solidarity to achieve the goals of the oppressed peoples of the world, keeping in mind that constant revolution is evolution which begins at birth and never ends. Gay Power is everything of all in all; the revolution of history of the past, present and future. Gay Power comes from and is all that is between and including the beginning of the end and the end of the beginning ad infinitum. It is whole.

Gay Power is total!!!

THE completeness and totalness of Gay Power depends on the self-realization that it does and has always existed, and will continue to, and that everyone is part of that whole power, which is the true meaning of gay power and the force(s) of it.

Gay is now and forever the element of power in all people of the All Mighty Stonewall Nation and all its tribes.

Signed,
The GAY REVOS BRIGADE

end of statement Sigma News Service requests that you print immediately or we shall have to interpret your refraining to do so as evidence that you are an enemy and we shall take steps to destroy you by all and any means necessary and accessible to us. We have armed our military and if we have to we shall arm our citizen gay people everywhere in proper defense. - SNS

Ed. - No need to freak out behind your collective paranoia. We love you anyway.



This is Boffalongo's second album

"BEYOND YOUR HEAD"

If you heard their first - or their single "Dancing In The Moonlight", or have seen them "live" - you're probably on your way to the store to pick up this new one this very minute. But if, by some peculiar circumstance, you haven't had the opportunity to hear Boffalongo as nature intended, perhaps you'd better head on down to the store for this one anyway. Then you can tell your friends that you were in on the very beginning.

Boffalongo is produced by Eric & Steve Nathanson
A Music Asylum Concept.

The songs are all original. Very original.



A heat wave in September? Among the many acts of God perpetrated on a beknighted mankind this qualified as the highest sort of practical joke, that on Wednesday, 23 September, this year of His pleasure, it should feel more like July as Lennox Raphael's new play *Blue Soap* finally opened at the Free Store Theatre on Cooper Square: Deep in the Lower East Side, the armpit of the city. Although the theatre was air-conditioned, the multitude of notables selected for the viewing of Lennox his opener stood for the most part on the sidewalk without, perspiration sliding down their bodies oily under their clothes, smoking cigarettes and scratching and spitting and looking at the snake, Charlie.

skeptical: 'Yeah,' he admitted, 'but what's it supposed to represent?' There was a question whose answer is shared between Lennox and his only collaborator, God. Through the miracle of modern communications technology with a notable assist from Paul Silbey and the Media Freaks, who arranged the apparatus, the image of Brandy and Charlie in the hammock glowed onto the empty stage or the Free Store theatre where the notables, once assembled within, waited hopefully for some elucidation of this mystery. None forthcame.

Nothing in the production was any more palpable to the intellectual understanding than the music of Artie Shepp's group,

the play is written: if it's a dream, it seems to be a chauvinist's wet dream. Poor Winnie/Prin seems to throw herself out of joint setting up sympathy for the sexually frustrated woman she appears to represent, and then Cotton will whale up through the audience onto the stage, and before his massive presence all things that were there suddenly become diminutive and two-dimensional. On this evening of the opening, he was the only performer to be applauded each time he went onstage and offstage. Enacting at different times a jive-ass uptown hitter dude, a maniacally evil drooling black militant, and a tee-shirted Silva Thins slob—dragging onto the stage behind him a glistening blue plastic hose of a penis twenty feet long—Cotton/Wang provokes much thigh-slapping amusement among the men in the audience, and considerable resentment from the women.

He winds up with both the broads, Winnie and her counterpart Bettina Boobs, played with much thigh and bosom by Marilyn Blanchard. It is difficult to tell if Winnie and Bettina are supposed to be antagonists or not: they begin the play by giving each other head,

comedian, is convulsively funny as he effects a conflict between the desire to understand what's going on around him, and the desire to wrap himself in the cocoon of his internal violin music. The intention of Lennox in this is as opaque as his intention anywhere else in the play, but he just *may* be saying something about the distance between the contemporary honkey hipster's head and his genitals. When at the close of the production Vatsovich leaps on stage wearing a Chaldean infantryman's toga and tries unsuccessfully to rape Winie, Lennox may be saying something about the disastrous effects of being dissociated from one's balls.

Oh, this Lennox is a shrewd son of a bitch. At the end of the production, he guarantees a prolonged applause through many encores by arranging for Shepp's group to keep playing the theme song for ten minutes after final curtain. This song, arranged around the lyrics *Love Is Free, But Sex Is C.O.D.*, solicits applause like a junkie with a gun solicits spare change. Clap your hands once and you're rushing on it, and there's nothing for it but to keep applauding in tune until Keith Loving runs out of steam on the old guitar.



ARCHIE SHEPP

Charlie was right at home in the heat. From twining through the rain forests about the Amazon not many years ago, devouring whole pigs and slow natives with a single gulp, it is quite a comedown for Charlie to wind up as a shill in a store window on the Lower East Side. For the most part now he lies in a long sodden gold-and-verdigris limp lump in a cage in the Free Store, but on this particular evening of the tropical heat wave he was in fine fettle. The flexing and twisting of his long burnished suppleness provoked much comment from the multitude without, most notably from a crew of garbage men who paused long from their labours with the offal of the sidewalk to gaze with queasy fascination at Charlie in his window. 'That fucker,' they observed repeatedly, 'he could munch your whole arm right off.'

This is flattery. Imposing as he looks, Charlie would have a tough time of it with your arm, he has to settle for fingers.

'Son of a bitch,' one of the garbage men was marvelling outside, 'I sure am glad that mother is in there and I'm out here. Believe you me,' he hoo-rahed, slapping his thigh, 'if it wasn't for that bastard I'd be in there in a *minute!*' For inside the window, Charlie was twining about the limbs of Brandy. And it was those very limbs of Brandy, pale and supple, as she hung with Charlie coiling around them in Ophidian ecstasy, that contributed much toward the fascination of the garbage men with the Free Store window.

'What's that supposed to represent?' one of them, dimly aware that a production of some theatrical significance was being perpetrated before him, asked one of the notables assembled. He was informed that Brandy was supposed to be sleeping, with Charlie, and dreaming an unspeakably nasty dream which was being enacted in the theatre within. The television camera over her hammock was pointed out to him: 'Her image is being broadcast,' he was told, 'to a closed-circuit television on the stage, so that while the audience watches the play they're also aware that Brandy's dreaming it.' At this he waxed

LENNOX RAPHAEL

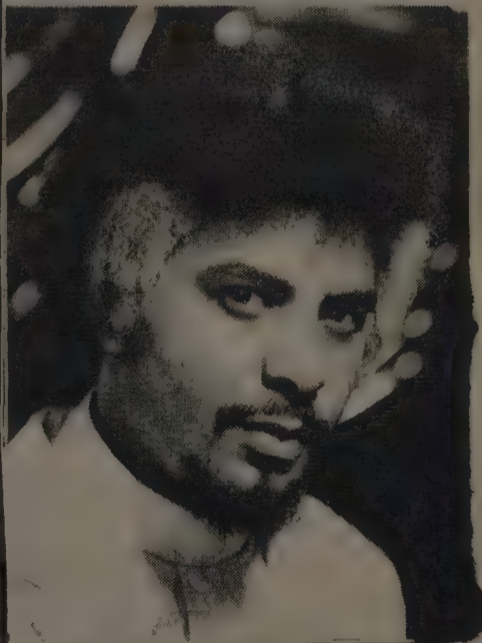
who provided an uninterrupted background score through the entire play. Think of it! An hour and a half of Archie Shepp, without pause, and over and through and behind it an hour and a half of Lennox Raphael's poetry being sung by four actors. Only a garbage man would ask for all this and significance too.

Blue Soap in fact may be the very first jazz opera, unless one has been done before it. From the very moment Prindeville Wells, playing Winnie Wang, opens her mouth and music flows out of it, the play becomes something like an opera, a ballet, and a Cecil B. DeMille spectacular. Hell, it must be a *musical*, Lennox always wanted to write a musical. Certainly miss Wells is considerably more shall we say *mobile* than Renata Tebaldi: through a perfectly Vaudevillian profusion of quick costume changes, ranging through diaphanous red gown, Persian belly-dancer outfit, and gold lame slacks, she dances, she kicks, she twirls, and she sings like the veriest nightengale. It has to be admitted, though, that she gets upstaged continually by Walter Cotton who plays, among other aliases, her husband, Norman Wang. That's how

that is, massages of the head, and wind up in the next-to-closing tableau astride Norman's 20-foot organ, Winnie at the base of it by Norman and Bettina at the head of it on the far end of the stage. Limitations of time and space prevent any exploration of the significance of these presentations.

Swept also away by the formidable assault of Norman Wang is one Vatsovich, played in short shorts and puffy tunic by Frank Dudley. Now, this is a pretty cheesecakey presentation of such a husky Ijad as Dudley, and while some will find him perfectly slurpy in this outfit, suspicion exists whether this costume is supposed to enhance or actually sabotage Vatsovich's masculinity. Certainly the portraiture of Vatsovich doesn't seem to indicate a healthy *stud*-ness. Rather, this character seems absorbed to the point of catalepsy with the music inside of his head, which he expresses by the playing of an imaginary Stradivarius which he holds under his ear throughout the play, perfectly oblivious to Shepp's orchestra. When first he comes on stage, the two women there appear to take an erotic interest in him—purely something to do in the absence of Norman—to which he reacts with a defensive astonishment and ignorance. Dudley, a natural-born

BLUE SOAP: A WITNESSING OF IT by d. latimer



Walter Cotton

But *what*, the garbage man will be asking, is the significance of *that*? Sex Is Free But Love Is C.O.D. Never heard such airy bullshit in my life. Well, obviously that means that straight fucking is relatively painless, but for emotional attachment you pay through the nose. Lovely line. Any other good lines? Well, 'You can make it with J.C. in a W.C.', there's another lovely deliquescent sentence. 'I want him to mug my clitoris!' when shrieked by Bettina/Marylin, that gets a great laugh. 'I will make desire a wilderness for the week,' bellows Cotton at one point, 'and a Chemical Bank for the strong!' My, what great lines. 'Confess before the commission, baby, don't wait for the emission.' God *damn!* These great lines spurt out of Lennox his actors as pollen springs from a Touch-Me-Not. The mind cannot contain it, with the result that feedback overload quickly builds up and the audience becomes brained with it, and only the background music and the choreography keep *Blue Soap* from falling out as a bore. *Che*, Lennox' earlier play, suffered from feedback overload also, and with no music actually became tedious: such incredibly dynamite lines can become an *embarras de riches* unless they're turned into song.

This time around it's all music.



Frank Dudley Marylin Blanchard Prindeville Wells



IN THE HILL
AND GONE

My friend Arthur is different than the rest of us now. He died Saturday night on the lower east side of New York. The fates surely must have a great task in store to call for him at such a time as this. The demand to take one at the age of... well, teenaged if that means anything to any of you. Being aware that one is a teenager is one of the great unheralded treasures that eludes modern man.

My friend made the supreme sacrifice in the service of his personal Tao when, in the haze of the early evening, confronted with a gun toting junky looking for an angry fix trying to rip off some white teenagers in the worst part of town, he valiantly attempted the courageous move of trying to disarm their assailants and setting the wheels of the time clock moving once again. He tried to take the gun away from the junky. It went off into my friend Arthur.

When someone shows up one day and you know that they are gone, moved away, to another part of the fleshly heavens it can take time to adjust to the fact that they aren't any more. There's no door thru which they can enter this world, they are just gone. Rejoining one's ancestral heritage can be a shattering experience.

Some of the first people that lived here on the continent known as America had a different way of treating the death experience. They were the American Indians and their rites and customs are unlike those of any people in the world. The death experience to them

represented only a journey from one place to another in which the traveler left his earthly shell behind, the Arapaho Indians spoke of it as Going over the hill. When some one passes out of this world its like they are climbing a long hill up one side to the top and then down again, maybe. The other side of the hill is never viewed by those on the side of the living. ALL OF MY

FRIENDS ARE DIFFERENT ENDS.

The long course that one takes is the journey to rejoin ones separated and departed ancestors.

They say in the case of fatal illness or a long drawn sickness the journey up the hill is long and hard and he is usually on his way before death reaches his earthly body. If the friends and relatives and loved ones have enough compassion and enough love for the one that has departed they can call to him with prayers and wishes of well being and good thoughts. If they're true in their devotion for the traveler, they can convince him to return to the land of the living.

Arthur had no chance for anything like that. Bullets are very quick in the task they perform. There was no chance for his friends to know. There was nothing they could do. He didn't have a chance for us to call to him to remain in this world. No amount of dreaming or love or wishing can bring him back now. Shot by a robber's gun he was on his way before anyone knew. It all happened so fast and death is such a lasting

RIDE TODAY

thing on this mundane level of existence

He was dead before the police sirens had a chance to reach his apartment. I'm glad of that. They have such an ugly sound and everyone's pavlovian response to the cops these days is instant freak out.

Arthur told me one day that while he was playing drums in the back room of his apartment thinking about a new 26 inch bass drum that he was gonna get someday there came a night stick knock on the front door. It was mister Man, the boys in blue. He asked them what they wanted, they said that there had been a murder in the area and they were looking for the guy that did it. Could they come in and look around. Now it's about as cool as walking in a den full of lions when you let the heat into your apartment on the lower east side but that's what he did. The cops had a good look around poking here, looking there, asking those stupid police questions that they always ask. Then the younger of the two cops saw Arthur's drums in the back room and asked:

"Hey, kid, you play the drums?"

Yeah he played the drums.

Then the first cop says

"Hey can i try?" and arthur says did you ever play drums before? the cop says np so arthur hands him the sticks and shows him how to hold them and how to sit down "and this is where you put your feet."

The cop sits down and puts his shiny cop shoes on arthurs ludwig speed king bass drum pedal and the other one on the high hat with the matched 17" zyljans and thumps once or twice.

The sound of sirens is a constant minute to minute occurrence on the lower east side not like anything I've ever heard before. but there in the middle of it all was the cop playing arthur's drums.

"Gonna lay down my weapons, down by the river side aint gonna study war no more Gonna lay down my burdens down by the river side Aint gonna study war no more Down by the river side."

They were sitting there hypnotizing the cops. They couldn't take their eyes off of the drum set. It was impressive. With the black finish sparkling and the cymbals shining away. Yeah arthur played the drums pretty dam good too. Not professionally for money but just in the back room of his apartment to pass the time of day. Arthur played some drums for them and they had forgotten all about the murder that they were running down.

The down slope on the other side of the hill is easy and green and all sorts of beautiful flowers not of this world grow on there. A gentle breeze glows up from the river at the bottom of the hill. On the other side of the river there is a big indian camp. There are children playing in the water. When they see someone descending down their side of the hill they call to him beckoning to join them in the world on the other side of the hill.

ENJOY A MYSTERY BUS RIDE TODAY
DO IT UP BIG IN YOUR SPECIAL WAY
CHANGE THE WORLD IF
YOU KNOW THE WAY

ENJOY A MYSTERY BUS RIDE TODAY

There is a line which divides the world of the living and the other place. Its the crest of the hill to where one must climb to see out over and into the promised land. They say a long time ago the crest of the hill was unobstructed by the things that now clutter the skyline, no more

trees and bushes but fences and barbed wire and factory smokestacks appear on the American Horizon like a trade mark of the sickness that is you, America. Its that disease that took my friend Arthur away and over the hill...

There is no difference in the after world for good or evil. Its the place where everyone eventually ends up, cause there I just ain't no life eternal on this planet. Maybe I'll see my friend sometime around one of these bright and sunny days.

Charlie Frick 9/24/70

IT
SEEMS
ALL
OF
MY
FRIENDS
ARE
HEADED
FOR
DIFFERENT
ENDS.

I'll miss you

ARTHUR

Little Arthur never did any smack. He was one of those "soft drug" statistics that older people are so concerned about: some acid, a lot of grass and hash, but not any of this horrible downer shit that killed him. That horrible shit should be got rid of before it kills more of us, but of course it won't be. But that's moralizing. The

important thing is that Little Arthur is snuffed, he's dead, he belongs to dirt and all of us now. In a little while this will become clear again to me and the other people here, and we can live with it, live on it, live it. I hope we do not forget too soon this time.

D.A.L.



Dear EVO,

As a comparative new-comer to the EVO family, I did not know little Arthur as much as I would have liked to. I exchanged greetings with him not more than three times. However I sensed in Arthur a gentleness of manner, a sense of humor and kindness. I put very high value on these beautiful qualities that not many of us possess. I'm sure that if he had not been so maliciously MURDERED I too would have come to value his friendship as dearly as the rest of the EVO family.

I feel the Shock and Numbness and loss of energy that I know death to be. I hope I can understand how EVO feels with my sincerest comparison and sympathy.

To his murderer — I hope the fix you took little Arthur's life for was worth it. I hope you feel real good inside. As desperate as you may be, I for one would not want to be in your shoes, and have **COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF A BROTHER ON MY CONSCIENCE.**

Lots of Love
& Understanding,
Heidi

IN MEMORIAM

by David Walley

Arthur Chaikin was a friend of mine, at least sometimes he was a friend of mine. Like the times we used to talk about the Mothers of Invention. Like the time I had a pass backstage to see the Mothers and talk about what New York was and wasn't, and I had all this trouble getting a pass while Arthur was running in and out of the backstage area with a knowing smile on his face — you see he had friends on the inside and the Fillmore was just as much his domain as the streets.

I used to get exasperated at Arthur for ripping off my records, but I could never get

further than his glasses and wide smile. A large shock of unkempt hair and inquisitive brown eyes, that was Arthur too. He had a habit of not listening to what you were saying either because he was preoccupied with his own head or you were speaking nonsense. Arthur was also one of the only people outside of Alex Benett who had heard of the Thirteenth Floor Elevators, a Dallas-based acid rock group... but that was a long time ago.

I don't know why violent death takes away people we love, maybe it's just a lesson for the rest of us to follow, to see, feel, and know pain, to know death. Arthur perhaps knew more than I about those things, he lived on 12th between B and

C, in the heart of East Village junkie turf. He paid for it and I will miss Arthur and his bushy hair and his laughter and his stoned glee at being alive in a world which wasn't so pleasant.

I enjoyed getting stoned with Arthur because he was so unlike me, had different perceptions and a different lifestyle. But man, could we rap and look stonedly downtown to the World Trade Center and watch the pollution rise around Wall Street. Words mean so little after death, they make the living feel better anyway to make up for what they couldn't say before.

Frank Zappa has lost a loyal crazy, Evo has lost a member of the company, and I have lost a good friend. See you around, Arthur.

One More Statistic
Not One More
But Our Little Arthur,
Good Guy.
Rock Drummer,

At Evo, general handyman
friend,
WATCH OUT PUSHERS, JUNK
CARTEL.
HE WILL BE AVENGED.

Vincent

ARTHUR CHAIKIN,
BROTHER, DRUMMER,
STONED HEAD, BEAUTIFUL
WACKED OUT ARTHUR WHO
WOULD EVER THINK,
TALKING TO ARTHUR
FRIDAY NITE, THAT 24
HOURS LATER HE WOULD
BE DEAD. CUT DOWN BY
SOME MOTHERFUCKING
JUNKIE, SOME FUCKING
JUNKIE!! I'M NOT A
PARTICULARLY VIOLENT
PERSON BUT I CAN'T HELP
BUT FEEL THAT THIS
PARTICULAR PERSON HAS
NO RIGHT TO LIVE.

Arthur is how I knew him
He was one of the freaks working at EVO
What I remember is
Once his eyes lit up at the mention
of a Rock and Roll band
and we saw in each other that we were part of the same
struggle to be free
That instant recognition was the only connection
between a brother of love and me
An Evolution, a Revolution, a waving psychedelic flag
These are merely signs each passing with the blood-staining
of martyrs
Our Generation,
cynically, I said Death is its own reward
We've all known too much of it in life.

— Jackie Acon

CHICKEN SOUP AND GRITS.....

by ray

Arthur Chaitkin, an 18 year-old employee of this newspaper, was cut down in his apartment last week by the bullets of a junkie. As far as we know, he was killed instantly and the junkie escaped. El Tiempo ran a shot on their front page of Arthur lying dead on the floor of his pad, his left foot resting on a blood-soaked piece of East Village Other stationary. They buried Arthur out in New Jersey on Tuesday after a good funeral in the Bronx, and several friends and relatives saw him off. Coincidentally, some of these friends are now conducting a private investigation into the matter and report the following: "We just hope the police catch the killer."

So with all this skag and murder going down these days, electoral politics seems like a bit of a joke. Take Bellz Abzug, for instance, the finest human being you'll ever meet in your life. She's a matronly old gal who huffs and puffs her way around the 19th Congressional District smoking stogies and bragging about her daughters and saying things like "Toity-Tree and Toid," and "I'll moider da bum," and other New York classics which any cab driver would understand, and she's an honest politician, she appeals to the common man, she's for all the right things, end the war, clean up the pollution, get rid of the bosses, bomb the living shit out of Damascus, and she's tough, they keep telling you that. She fights like a heavyweight, which she is.

She's also a mensch. She's like a rainbow. And her husband has a mind of his own. She appeals to good old-fashioned horse sense, and she's got an education, she's signed a few checks in her day, and she even lives in the district. So what more could you ask for? It's all show business.

So while we're talking about show business, we'd better not forget Bella's opponent in the upcoming election, a stupid, coniving, phony, incompetent schmuck named Barry Farber. Really, this man is a loser. He's a Jew from North Carolina and he didn't come up here to attend Shul, no Barry came to the Big Apple to make it on Broadway, that was his dream. He saw his name in lights. But the closest heever got to it was to sit in an air-conditioned radio studio two hours a night six nights a week and listen to really stupid phone calls from people out in Brooklyn who sound like Bella Abzug, and after awhile it got under his skin. He knew the boat had passed him by. He was no Allen Freed, and certainly no Arthur Godfrey. But he looked a little like Fess Parker and he longed to make good in the big town so he figured, why not become a politician, be sincere, groovy, hip, immaculate, eat a couple of meals at Grits and Eggs, chew the fat with the greats, talk about things like the old Fifth Avenue bus and Soviet Jewry and what to do about the Arabs - you know, like razing Cairo? The only trouble with Barry is he thinks that

s m a c k i s a chocolate-covered breakfast cereal, so he really doesn't know much about the marginal people who live in the marginal 19th Congressional District which runs up the Lower East Side of Manhattan, across 14th street just like the subway, the north up the West Side to Harlem, and it's a real shame, but that's the way it is. Last Friday night he and Bella showed up at the New Era Club on East Broadway to debate the matter before a crowd of hardworking, ethnic as all hell, Arab-hating, union-organizing, yarmulka-wearing, no-nonsense Jews, and Abzug ran second best. The audience was made up of admirers of both candidates, but Farber had the numbers on his side, and they were very vocal. Two Girls-For-Farber stood on the side harrassing everyone who voiced any love for Bella. They were dressed in black silk dresses with Farber banners and red, white and blue straw hats. At one point they got into an argument with an elderly black woman who didn't think much of Barry Farber, and wasn't ashamed to say so, either.

"Why don't you shut up?" they told her, quite bluntly.

"No, I won't," she said. "I live here. What neighborhood do you come from?"

"The East Bronx," one of them ventured.

In all fairness, Abzug didn't have to rely on such trickery. She just waddled in, snorting and acting arrogant and saying things like "Get the photographers off the

stage, will ya? Come on, boys, it's just a little debate, ya know?" In the front row, on the right, Farber's parents sat with some friends and they were too tired to even look proud, but they tried their damndest.

The rules of the New Era club were strict. They were laid down by an old doffer named George who was bald as an eagle, crooked and probably half-senile, and he came out and said "Welcome to the New Era Club. We must have 100 percent cooperation from everyone present. From the speakers, from the photographers, from the reporters, even from the citizens. There is no smoking allowed. Gentlemen may wear their hats for religious purposes. If you came here looking for action, well, you've found the right place. This will be like a boxing match. We will have those kinds of rules. We have a time-clock here and each opponent will be given ten minutes, then another five minutes to rebut, then we'll have a question and answer period. There will be no punching after the bell. These are the rules of our club. The public is certainly invited to attend this meeting if you behave yourselves. If you don't, you know what? Well, you know what is required."

"Start the meeting," they yelled.

"We tossed a coin backstage," George said. "Barry Farber is first."

"You know, for years I've had a job on the radio of eliciting the opinion of others. Well tonight, I'm here to give

some facts and to point out the really flimsy half-truths of my opponent.

"My opponent calls me a hawk," Farber continued. "She hasn't presented any solid evidence of that, has she? She hasn't clearly defined what exactly a hawk is, has she, or where my so-called hawkishness lies. Well, neither has anyone else.

"In a way, you know," he said, "I am a homefront hawk. I'm for ending the war in Vietnam but I'm for declaring war against crime, narcotics, slums, violence..."

"I'm for rebuilding our entire foreign policy to make sure that wars won't happen again!"

Farber spoke pretty much like Billy Graham, but was more unsure of himself, a bit more tentative, definitely more frantic. At one point he said that the difference between Vietnam and previous American military efforts was the fact that in the old days we were "dying for genuine heroes," for the men of the French, Greek and Chinese undergrounds, etc., unlike today when we are dying for scoundrals. Then Farber pulled the stops out. Waving his finger in the air and acting so sensationalistic he almost came on like old Billy Sunday, he began attacking Bella Abzug on virtually everything. So she's a lawyer; what does she want from us? So she's Jewish; well, what about Soviet Jewry? With minimal efforts to relate these topics to the people of the 19th Congressional District as a whole, he

AN EVENING WITH BELLA AND BARRY schultz

shouted and shrieked and screamed and called for "total, unbridled support for the state of Israel."

"Israel is a strange country," he said. "Israel is a democracy we don't know what to do with, an ally that's a winner and can take care of itself."

"Governments who need our help must copy Israel. Do it like Japan. You may say that feudalism is your way of life, that's fine, but don't do it with our money and our lives!"

"We must force countries who want our help to measure up to rigid requirements of democracy."

"We can keep the East Side safe for 3 weeks with the money it takes to kill one Viet Cong."

And finally,

"I have offered my opponent the opportunity to come on my show on WOR. That's a station with 50,000 watts, and everyone listens to it, you know what she says? She says she's not going to be trapped into debating on the air with a professional broadcaster. Well, that's right, I'm a professional broadcaster, but she's an attorney posing as a champion of the oppressed. She will show you herself how phony that pose is. I urge you to listen to her."

"That's right, listen!" someone shouted.

"Listen as she tells you..."

BONG!

"Oh no," someone said.

"That's not fair," one of the Farber girls said.

Farber went back to his seat. Old George took the microphone again.

"I understand you're a warm audience," he said. "It's hot in the room, and

we don't want to make it any hotter. So please be still, and keep your seats."

"George!" a man cried from the back room. "George, they're calling names back here!"

"What?" George said.

"George, make them stop calling names!"

But George didn't have much to say, and Bellz Abzug was called to the microphone. She started right off, very hot, very emphatic, a tech overdone, but what the hell?

"I'm from the Bronx," she said.

"I've been married for 25 years."

"I'm the mother of two teenage daughters."

"I'm a Jew."

"My name is Abzug."

"Bella Abzug."

"My mother put me through Law School. This is what America means to me."

This last remark caused some jeers, and her thing about the Bronx caused someone to yell, "You should have stayed there," and it was pretty rough going for the next few minutes, but she was strong, powerful, full of zest and blarney and jive, quick with the platitudes, quick with the feigned look of shock on her face, quick with the homegrown advice given somewhat in the style of a Molly Goldberg - and she was mostly trying to tell these people Hey look, I'm one of you, I'm a damned Jewish grandmother like the rest of ya, I'm talking to you straight - your sons are being killed, your tax dollars are being wasted, we have the right of self-determination, we are stardust, we are golden, basically she was using what is known as

the "Mario Procaccino approach," which seems to work for some people.

Then she answered Farber's charges about her stand on Israel.

"I'm gonna say it once and for the final time," she said.

"I'm a humanitarian. I believe Israel should be free and sovereign. I worked for the Jewish National Defense Fund when I was 11 years old."

"Boo!"

"I've been to Israel! Israel should not be made a political pawn by anybody, by Goldberg, Nixon, Rockefeller, Agnew - I'm sick and tired of people who become professional Jews as soon as they get into a political campaign."

"I believe in peace for America! I fought for peace, I worked for the hospitals..."

"Farber's supporters work on draft boards," someone shouted.

"What about women?" demanded two young feminists who were standing in front of the state.

Alas, there was a mighty **BONG!** which signified the end of Bella's rightful time, but she kept on going like a locomotive, waving her fist, shouting like hell, and old George almost had a stroke. He rushed and grabbed the microphone from her and almost forced her physically off the stage. The audience went into chaos. Farber tried to look gentlemanly and understanding, but he did a poor job of it. Once, he actually bent over to pick up an eyeglass case that Abzug had dropped. It looked ridiculous. She smiled as if

she had planned that kind of tactic all along, and it was a good performance.

"I'm sorry I had to get rough," George said, "but rules are rules."

"That's not fair," said one of the Farber-Girls. "Barry didn't do that."

"Let's hear from Mr. Farber again," George said. "You have five minutes."

Farber rose to the microphone. The feminists shouted "What about women?"

"I've always insisted that women can discuss issues," Farber said. "I wish my opponent would help me prove it."

"My opponent says that Israel should not be a political football. I THINK IT'S A MATTER OF URGENCY FOR EVERY PERSON IN THIS COUNTRY!"

"What about the Jews in the Soviet Union?" Farber said. "What about them? My opponent only talks about tenants and workers. Well, any candidate who limits her vision only to the tenants and workers is a fiddler on the roof of the greatest injustice in the world!"

Abzug wasted no time. She jumped to the microphone when Farber was through and said "I am shocked to hear Mr. Farber suggest that the workers and tenants are not the most important people in the whole world. THEY ARE THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE IN AMERICA!"

"That's right," they shouted.

"Israel is not an issue between us," she continued. "I think it is an outrage that Nixon didn't boycott countries

from which airplane hijackers have worked. I support the giving of jet planes to Israel. I support giving Israel anything she needs to remain free and sovereign. **BONG!**

Once again Abzug continued past the bell and once again Farber supporters howled their righteous indignation. Old George took command again and announced that they would begin a question and answer period. The first question came from a woman somewhere in the back, and it was not really a question.

"I vote for the individual, not the ticket," she said. "Bella, she speaks out of both sides of her mouth. She addressed an audience in Greenwich Village not too long ago..."

"What's the question?" people demanded.

"Bella said she would not give airplanes to Israel!"

"Your time is up," George said. "Next question."

The man in back who had jumped up before to accuse someone of "calling names," stood up again and held the floor.

"Mr. Farber," he said, "Why is it that trade union people... wait... No!... Hey, George, they're calling names again, they're calling people fascist pigs and communist pigs..."

"What's the Goddamned question?" someone shouted.

"Make them stop calling names," he shouted. "Stop calling names!"

"Your time is almost up," George said.

(Continued on Page 20)

CONVERSATION WITH

DAN A. MITRIONE,

as of late with the CIA & FBI



Dan A. Mitrione

[This is a partial transcript of the questioning of CIA agent Dan Mitrione by members of the Tupamaros National Liberation Movement in Uruguay.]

Dan Mitrione was executed on August 9 after the regime refused to free all the Uruguayan political prisoners in exchange for him. Mitrione had been kidnapped by a National Liberation Movement commando group on July 31. The same day, Aloisio Dias Gomide, the Brazilian Consul, was also kidnapped. He is still being held by the Tupamaros.

Also held by the Tupamaros is Claude Fly — accused by several Argentine publications of being a CIA agent — who was kidnapped on August 7.]

"Dan, are you asleep?"
 "Well, I was..."
 "I'm sorry."
 "It's quite all right."
 "Would you like to chat for a while?"
 "Yes."
 "You don't mind?"
 "No, no, I'd like to."
 "How many children do you have?"
 "Nine. Four sons and five daughters."
 "Are any of them here [in Uruguay]?"
 "Yes, four of them."
 "I heard that you had an important job back in the United States."
 "I don't think it was important. It's a question of what you consider important. I was an adviser, and I used to teach the latest techniques to those who came to the United States. That's been done for the last 20 years, at least, with people from Iran and Tunisia; 20 years that's been going on."
 "Do they learn a great deal?"
 "They can't learn everything, because not all societies are alike. The most important thing is that they learn the most modern, best way to do things."
 "What things?"
 "[No answer]"
 "Were you a chief of police?"
 "Yes."
 "Where?"
 "In Indiana."
 "Is it a big place?"
 "A population of four million."
 "Is it difficult to be the chief of police?"
 "Well, I wasn't the chief of the whole State of Indiana, but of a city in that State; a city of only 50 000 inhabitants."
 "What city is that?"
 "Richmond."
 "What kind of a job was it? Was it an easy job?"

"No. It's a pleasant job. For me it was like any other job, whether you're a teacher or a garbage collector [in Spanish]. There are all sorts of jobs in a city. Some people work in factories, while others work in the open air. The policeman's job is a little different — quite different at times. However, in a city like that, it's not so bad."

"Was this a long time ago?"
 "I left the post in 1960."
 "But things have changed."
 "Oh, yes [laughs]."
 "Maybe now you have a job that's different from being a chief in the United States?"

"Yes, an entirely different job. Now I work for the police."

"What kind of work did you do in Brazil?"

"I was an adviser [in Spanish]. I worked in the interior of Brazil with... I was an adviser to the Military Police, in the matter of training. You know, in Brazil, like in Uruguay, policemen are only doing their duty. We search for the most peaceful way to do things so that their job will be better for them and for everybody. We try to have them do their job a little more in line with our views."

"Were you in the jungle?"
 "No, it wasn't that kind of a job. I also taught them about upkeep of equipment, better maintenance of equipment."

"As you know, they lose their equipment quite often. We stole 700 pieces ourselves."

"Yes, I know."
 "Do you know that some of them were in pretty bad condition?"

"In bad condition?"
 "We had a hard time getting them back in shape. The revolvers were all right, but the rifles..."

"You had to work hard, eh?"
 "Yes! We had to do the work instead of them, but everything is in top shape now. What about your work in Uruguay?"

"It's more or less the same thing. We have an office at headquarters, and we work with the Ministry of the Interior and the chief of police, there at headquarters. We work in communications in the interior, for the various states [departments] of the interior, principally in the main network: telecommunications. They also brought in prowler cars, but these are purchased by Uruguay, not us. We split the cost of the radios, fifty-fifty. That is, some of them. Others are paid for in full by Uruguay."

"Do you think the Uruguayan policemen learn very quickly?"

"No; I really don't know. I think the young Uruguayans are very intelligent. I believe Uruguay is the best place in Latin America, because it has the best system of education and schools. The only bad thing is, there isn't much ambition to work harder here, to get better jobs — but, after all, they're paid very little. Yes, they are underpaid. Yes, it would help if they were paid more."

"What can you tell us about Moran Charquero [of the special brigade of the Political Police]?"

"I never got to really know him. I didn't work with him. I met him

when he visited the United States, because I went to the airport to see him off. I saw him when he returned, but I didn't work with him or with that other man from Canelones who attended the school at the same time he did."

"You mean Legnani [Chief of Police of Canelones at that time]?"

"Who? No. Legnani's the chief. I mean the other one, the one who attended the training school at the same time Moran Charquero did."
 "Oh, him. I can't remember his name."

"Me neither. I didn't work with either of those two men, but I knew who they were. I saw them. I don't work with any policeman in particular; my job is in administration."

"In what department?"

"In my office, in the Embassy. I spend 99 percent of my time there."

"Yes, my comrades know that; they've been checking up on you for quite some time now."

"Who?"
 "My comrades."

"Then they must know that I spend most of my time at the Embassy. To be exact, I spent two and a half weeks at headquarters."

"You have a private parking place at headquarters?"

"At headquarters?"
 "Yes."

"No, it's not reserved for me; it's for the other advisers."

"Who are they?"
 "You know their names, don't you? I believe you do."

"Yes, we know them, but now we're reversing our roles: I'm the policeman now [Mitrione laughs]. You should tell me their names."

"I should tell you their names?"
 "Yes, please."

"What's the advantage of my telling them to you?"

"I only want to know if you really want to collaborate with us."

"Well, no use lying, since you have their names already. One of the names is Martinez, Richard Martinez; another is Richard Biava; and another is Leo Schols."

"One of them is a Cuban, isn't he?"

"No, Mexican."
 "Mexican?"

"Well, of Mexican descent. He's an American."

"How do you think the Uruguayan Government will act now?"

"With respect to me?"

"Yes; you and the others who are being held prisoner."

"I hope they'll enter into negotiations with you."

"We hope so, too. We don't like these ugly things. We're concerned about your wound."

"Yes; that was a mistake, I think."
 "Yes. We're investigating the matter."

"I don't know why he fired. I was lying on the floor of the truck."

"We're trying to find out. There are people working on it now."

"Do you know who your roommate is?"

"No, I don't, but I know they address him as 'consul'."

"Yes, he is one."
 "I don't know him."

"What will your Government do?"

"I can't answer that question, but I know it will speak with the Uruguayan Government and ask it to intercede for me. But I don't know what they can do."

"What is the arrangement?"
 "I have no idea."

"Do you think they'll exert pressure?"

"I hope so, and I believe they'll do as they've done in other countries."

"Yes, that's true."
 "How long will this take? Do you know?"

"What?"
 "How long will this take? Do you know?"

"It doesn't depend on us. We're prepared to keep you here for months, and in other places, too. However, let's hope it'll be for a short time."

"I hope so, too. It'll be the best thing for everybody."

"We also want our comrades freed."

"I understand."
 "I believe your Government will exert pressure. Moreover, we are holding some of them prisoner. That's very important. We believe that you are really important, too, so..."

"I'm glad somebody feels that way."

"Tell me something about your work. I enjoy James Bond. Something about the CIA. What can you tell me about it?"

"Well, you'd never believe me, and it really doesn't matter... but... I have nothing to do with the CIA, absolutely nothing to do with the CIA [the hesitation is evident in the recording]."

"And with the FBI?"

"Yes, I know plenty about the FBI. I graduated from its academy. I know everything — well, not exactly everything, but I know plenty about the FBI."

"What is the liaison between the FBI and the other departments?"

"Well, one of the reasons why I know so much about the FBI is because it's a very open organization. It has departments of investigation and information and agencies all over the United States working directly with the police departments. Anyway, the FBI can only work in certain cases. For example, if there's a two or three-thousand dollar theft in my city, the FBI has nothing to do with the case. It has to involve more than a certain amount or be a case of a man who runs away to another state. The FBI acts within the framework of federal laws and has nothing to do with the protection of agents or the Secret Service."

"How can you say you know nothing about the CIA? There must be something you know about it?"

"Well, I can tell you that the CIA is like any other organization in any country. As for its internal operation, I'm sorry, but I don't know anything about it. I say this sincerely."

"Even so, you must know something."

"Well, I'm talking about my division. I don't know anything else."
 "Suppose there is something else?"

"I'm sure I don't know anything about it."

"Oh, come on. You know. We have quite a 'CIA' of our own, you know."

"Yes, I believe you."

"But the two of us know; the two of us are intelligent enough to know each country has its own intelligence system."

"Yes, I know that. But I'm not part of our system. I don't know if you believe what I say."

"We have the last word. We have the means to find out what you think of us. Just as a subject for discussion, what do you think of us?"

"Of the Tupamaros?"

"Yes. You know quite a lot about us. You've been living here for quite some time now. How long?"

"A year."
 "That's enough time."

"You work very well. You're well organized. You must have good leaders."

"Well, I should tell you — and I hope you believe me — that we have no leaders. We have people who are more or less important, but nothing like chiefs. We discuss everything. We are of less importance — at least I am — but there are others who are important. We're all comrades."

"It's quite evident to me that you have a good organization. I'd say that you have good discipline and have been very successful."

"We are Uruguayans who don't put off until tomorrow what we can do today. That's for sure. What do you think of our views on politics and history?"

"Well, I don't know; it's hard to know. You have to live with people a long time before you get to understand the real problems. It could be said that there are problems here, and that, in certain cases, you are right, but I can't agree with the way you do things. I think it's a very difficult thing for people like me to understand."

"All right, just for information, let me tell you that today — more or less today — two newspapers were placed under censorship, which brings the number of newspapers that have been censored to I don't know how many."

"Two newspapers shut down by the censors today? Today? Two more?"

"Yes, two more. You know, they can't say certain things; they're forbidden to report on things. You know, there are political parties here that are outlawed."

"Well, I really don't know too much about that."
 "You met Zina?"

"Yes, yes. I met Zina Fernandez [a former police chief]."

"What do you think of him?"

"Well, I knew him as chief of police and as an Army Colonel. I never visited his home."

"Or attended any of his parties?"

"No [Mitrione laughs]. Zina was dismissed for throwing 'parties' in police stations, among other things."

"What was he? White or Red [Traditional political parties]?"

"I don't know."
 "Me neither."

Mitrione

"But I know he wasn't honest. According to what I've read, he wasn't honest."

"You see? And he was the chief of police."

"Sure. I firmly believe that, unless the city authorities are honest, the others can't be expected to be."

"That's what we're fighting for. We hate having to resort to violence. I hope you appreciate the way we've treated you ever since you were wounded, how we brought in a doctor right away."

"You were very kind, I must say that."

"What I mean to say is, you were taken care of by several doctors, and we are prepared against any surprise. We don't like to kill, but we'll do it if we have to. We killed Moran Charquero with a smile. We knew that we were doing something that some of our comrades would be grateful for. He tortured people. There are many like him, and we'll kill them all."

"Let me say that I hope all the problems will be solved before it's necessary to kill anybody on either side."

"I don't think the problem will be settled soon, but I hope it will be."

"I certainly hope so. There have been miracles before."

"The Tupamaros of the National Liberation Movement are not Martians but Uruguayans. They are not beings from another planet or enemies. They are Uruguayans who want their Government to do the things they consider best, and that is why I believe that people should come to an agreement [Mitrione speaking]. It's not like in the United

States, where we have a very marked separation between whites and blacks."

"That's a pretty tough problem, isn't it?"

"My God, yes! You can say that again. However, we don't have that problem here. Here, everybody is Uruguayan. The only difference lies in the ideology, in the philosophy [Mitrione speaking]."

"Yes, but it's quite difficult to do things without violence. I tried for a long time before I decided upon violence. I'm not so concerned about my life. I'm concerned about hunger and exploitation. I'm not afraid to die. That's why we were selected for this work. We are willing to lay down our lives for something we consider — and is — important. Therefore... All right, when you worked with the military police in Brazil, what was your liaison with the DOPS [Department of Political and Social Order; Political Police]?"

"The DOPS? Oh, well, I think that... the DOPS... I didn't know too much in those days. They're the Political Police, aren't they? I believe that one of their problems is that they're policemen who were hired through political patronage, while the military police are people with military training. I had very little to do with the DOPS."

"I believe the military police are trained in anti-guerrilla warfare. That's the main problem, right?"

"At that time we weren't doing that. The problem wasn't the guerrillas. We trained them to handle workers' strikes, labor problems and maybe demonstrations in general — how to use humane methods, without hurting anybody, if possible, but also to fight when necessary."

"They're changing their methods now, you know."

"Yes, I read the interrogation manuals all about special measures and all that. Very interesting!"

"When do you expect to retire, if everything turns out right and we can release you?"

"If I can get back to my family, I'll go back to my country as soon as possible."

"I hope so. Would you be going back to Indiana?"

"The universities also have their problems: demonstrations, hippies. Students for a Democratic Society."

"That's right, but they're not all mistaken. They also have good ideas. They're not all fools. There are plenty of intelligent people among them."

"Yes, you're right, but I believe they tried to negotiate before."

"Did you see *Zabriskie Point* [film on the present situation faced by the U.S. youth]?"

"No. The last film I saw was *Funny Girl*."

"Was it a good picture?"

"Yes. What's *Zabriskie Point* about?"

"It's about the United States and violence there."

"Oh, well... I don't go to the movies much. I stay home with my family. Once in a while I go to a cocktail party or some other kind of party, things like that."

"Diplomatic work?"

"No, not much of that."

"Have you met Pacheco?"

"No."

"You should."

"I haven't had the pleasure."

"Pleasure? I wish I could meet him the way I met you. I don't hate him, but I sure hate what he stands for. Well, it's been a nice chat. You seem to be an intelligent man and have chosen the best way of spending your time with us. There's nothing you can do, so..."

"I'm entirely at your mercy, and I'm fully aware of the fact."

"Well, 'mercy' isn't the right word. I don't know what the word may be in your language, but it certainly isn't 'mercy.' It depends more on the

pressures your Government exerts on our Government than on our 'mercy.' [Noises] You know, your neighbor is a little noisier than you are."

"The one thing I'm sorry about, the thing I dislike, is the suffering of many innocent people. There's no reason why my wife and children should suffer."

"I have a wife and children, too. You get paid for what you do, and I don't. You chose your own kind of work."

"That's so."

"And your country decided on a political line to reach its ends, and you are committed to your country; you're under its laws. I'm sorry for you and your family, but I'm also sorry for the families of my comrades who are in prison or have been killed. Many innocent people have to suffer. Did you know that millions of children under five years of age die of starvation every year in Latin America?"

"Yes. And that's not a birth control method."

"What do you think about the other guerrilla movements? We're not all alike."

"Each one of them operates according to its environment, some of them are better than the others. According to what I've read, the Tupamaros are more intelligent than other groups. You don't kill unless it's necessary. There are others that kill indiscriminately, that shoot first and ask questions later."

"What probably happens — although I agree with you in a way — is that their situation is different. We Uruguayans have a history different from that of other countries."

"Violence in Brazil is even greater than in Uruguay, Guatemala, etc."

"That's an accepted thing, right? Maybe human life is cheaper there than here. I'm sure Uruguay's different. But there's torturing here, too. In Brazil it's horrible. I'd like to kill M. Fleury."

"You know Fleury?"

"He's the chief of the Special Police Squadron."

"In Rio? What's his name?"

"He was here as an instructor four or five months ago. Did you know that? The Death Squadron."

"Really?"

"We couldn't locate him."

"But you found me, didn't you?"

"We did everything possible to find you. I didn't know who you were until you told me, and my comrades confirmed it the other day. We're not given information that we don't need; that way we can't talk out of turn. You should do the talking instead of me."

"Will you give me another glass of water?"

"Of course. Bring some water, please. What do you think will happen in Latin America?"

"Everything's going to be all right. I don't know how long it will take. People here are full of life; the government has problems. Someday, everything will be settled. Please believe me. Things will have to be settled. All these buildings and schools are no accident. They were built by intelligent people, and they are not going to be destroyed overnight [Mitrione speaking]."

"I hope so."

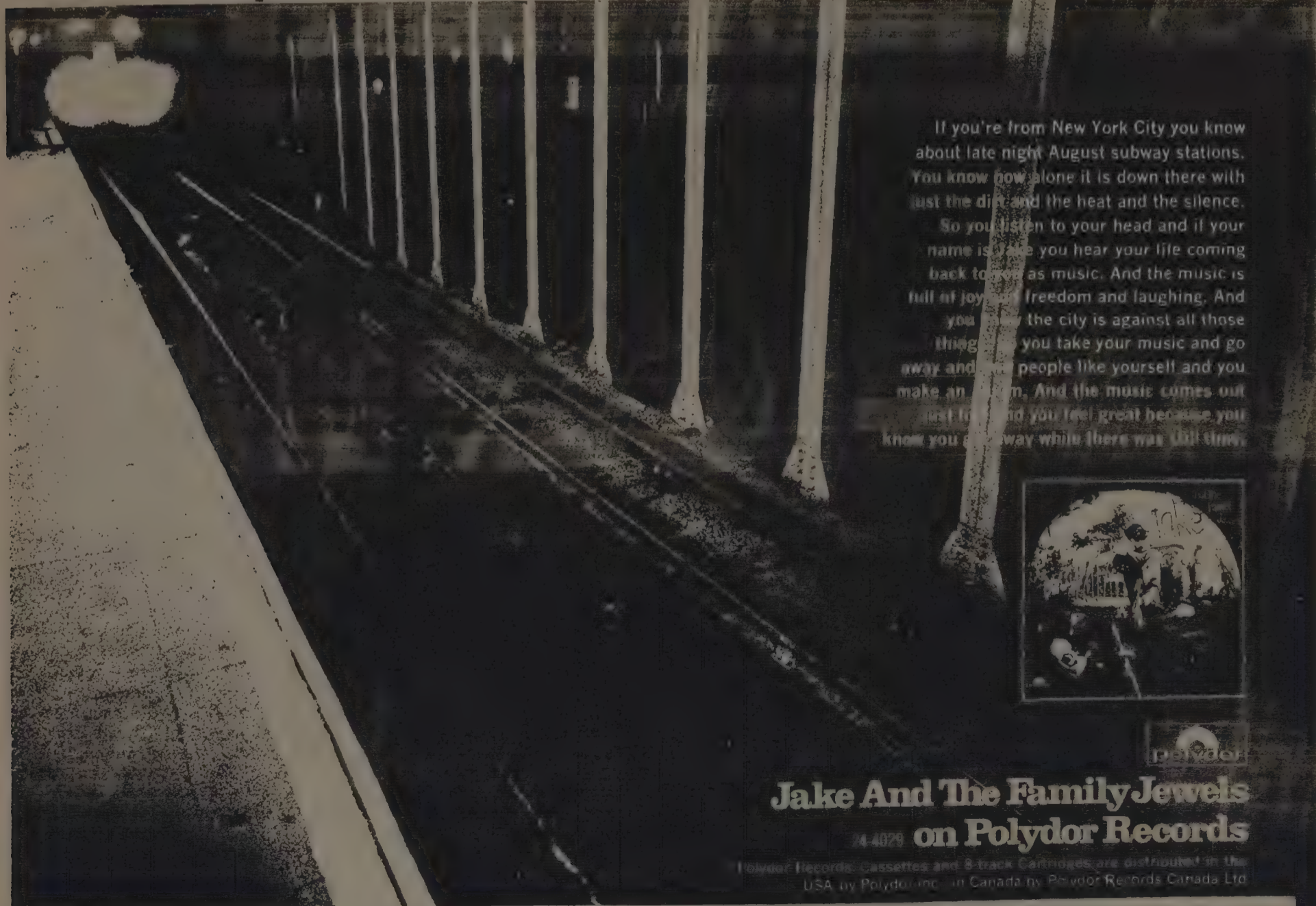
"I know so. I don't know how long it'll take. In some places it'll take longer than in others. There are many who have plenty, and there are too many who don't have anything, and it's difficult to get the rich to turn loose what they have. That's the truth; this is one of the problems in Latin America [Mitrione speaking]."

"A small number of people have too many holdings. Do you know the City Bank and the Chase Manhattan Bank? They're very powerful."

"But that's been going on hundreds of years."

"But we have to put an end to it. We'll talk some more later."

"All right."



If you're from New York City you know about late night August subway stations. You know how alone it is down there with just the dim light and the heat and the silence. So you listen to your head and if your name is called you hear your life coming back to you as music. And the music is full of joy, freedom and laughing. And you know the city is against all those things. So you take your music and go away and find people like yourself and you make an album. And the music comes out just like you and you feel great because you know you are away while there was still time.

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Re "Going Outside," by Sunny Murray as told to Robert Levin, which appeared in our last issue. The final paragraph was inadvertently transposed. The article should have ended with:

But then — it was weird — all these attempts on my life suddenly, strangely, just stopped. I remember that it was around the time that J.C. Moses came into town and tried to play like me in the new system — and right after him Paul Motian and Milford Graves. That made four New Jazz drummers. Right about then is when that shit broke up. Since then they have been trying to starve me to death, but there ain't been no more people trying to -kill me with violence. I guess they figured there was getting to be too many of us to deal with that kind of way. Anyway, since then I ain't had no more hassles like that. I've been cool.

nick johnson

(Continued from Page 5)
murderers and the war in Southeast Asia combined. And, of course, the economic loss through absenteeism, the physical damage to the body (cirrhosis is the sixth leading cause of death; psychosis due to alcoholic brain damage is irreversible), and the impact upon family and friends, are far more severe from alcoholism than from all the other hard drugs combined.

Or how about nicotine addiction? There are 300,000 deaths a year related to cigarette smoking. What is the Vice President doing to cut down on these pushers? One recent survey found that of seventh graders only 30 percent of the boys and 40 percent of the girls had never tried tobacco. There are a lot more kids who are being

exposed to drugs because of the deliberate efforts of greedy, immoral television and tobacco company executives to hook 'em on nicotine — executives who are revered as the pillars of our society, and whose activities are sanctioned by the federal government — than there are those who get pot "with a little help from their friends."

So who's kidding whom? If we're really serious about doing something to alter the drug culture in America, let's get on with the work and stop worrying about the music. Let's not indulge the hypocrisy of going after the drug users who are poor, black and young with a vengeance, as if they were criminals, without even providing them with adequate treatment centers, and ignore the far more serious problem of the hard drug pushers (of alcohol and cigarettes) who are respectable, rich and middle-aged. Let's stop accepting the campaign contributions of the "respectable" liquor manufacturers with one hand while we're imprisoning some of our finest young people with the other.

Above all, let us stop going for help to advertising executives who sit around, after their three-martini lunches, coming up with ad campaigns that preach the get-away-from-it-all qualities of caffeine, nicotine, aspirin and other pain killers, alcohol, stomach settlers, pep pills, tranquilizers and sleeping pills (plus the whole range of mouth wash, deodorant, cosmetics, etc.). How, in the midst of the chemical life they've glamorized, can they absolve their consciences by telling our kids that a 16th or 17th chemical will bring the downfall of their lives and the Republic? They can run it up your flag pole, Mr. Vice President, but nobody's going to salute it.

The forces of censorship are subtle. This Administration repeats and repeats that it is not censoring — just as the Russians did when they rolled their tanks into Czechoslovakia in August 1968. But when the Vice President starts criticizing television, pretty soon the "analysis" of the President's speeches is watered down or disappears, and President Nixon builds up a record of (free) prime time television usage that exceeds every other prior President. The President shows up on a Bob Hope special; the Vice President opens the Red Skelton show. Now they are moving in on radio. FCC Chairman Burch says he's interested in "obscenity" in lyrics; the Vice President is concerned about mentions of drugs. That's the way you do it. You don't come right out and say, "Cut the controversial stuff, guys. We don't like the people getting that social criticism set

to music." Of course not. You talk about obscenity and drugs. But the radio station owners get the message: the Administration's listening to them, just like it's watching their big, wealthy brothers, the TV stations.

If we really want to do something about drugs, let's do something about life. Because if we make an effort to strike at the real causes of addiction to alcohol and other less prevalent and dangerous drugs, we will find that we have also made a big dent in mental illness, divorce, suicide rates, and the other statistical indicia of social disintegration. Let's get on with the job of giving people the physical, mental and spiritual environment they need in order to grow closer to their full potential. That means more money (not vetoes of appropriations) for rebuilding our cities, education, food programs, urban transportation, welfare, job training, and health care. It means more meaningful job opportunities for all Americans — white and black; a meaningful attack on the problems of underemployment and meaningless employment as well as unemployment. It means appropriations for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, parks, libraries, and beautification programs.

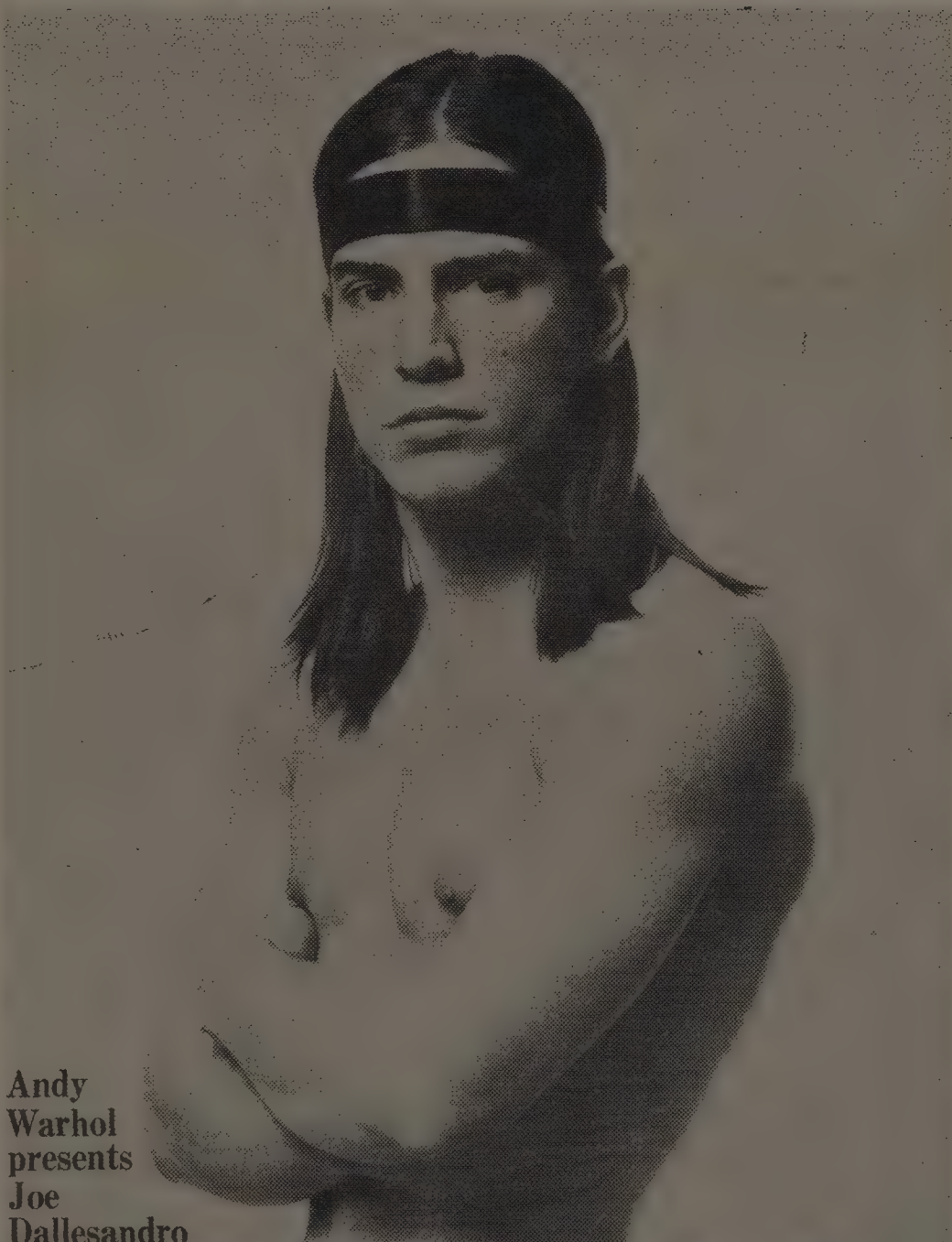
The song writers are trying to help us understand our plight and deal with it. It's about the only leadership we're getting. They're not really urging you adopt a heroin distribution program, Mr. Vice President. In fact they don't think that you can "spray it with cologne and the whole world smells sweet" either. It stinks. They want us to help them clean it up.

The song you quoted, "With a Little Help from My Friends," is not a joyful pitch for drugs. It contains the lines,
Do you need anybody
I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody
I want somebody to love.
How many Americans seek in drugs the solace from a vicious cruel world they did not create, but cannot escape? What are you doing to change that world?

Some song writers are hopeful. Mama Cass sings,
Yes a new world's coming
The one we've had visions of
And it's growing stronger with each day that passes by
Coming in peace, coming in joy,
coming in love.

[By Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil. © Copyright 1970 by Screen Gems-Columbia Music, Inc.] She's holding out optimism. She's giving you a little more time, Mr. Vice President. But we can't wait much longer if history is not to record your presiding over the decline and fall of the American empire — complete with words, music, and a drug culture sold to the American people by large contributors to Presidential campaigns.

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Lawrence Wolf has appeared in all the movies of Robert Downey and has completed his own short *Billy Butterfly*. He can currently be seen as the "Mexican hairless" in the new Downey film *Pound*... an incredible comic performance in a movie that may well stand as the American classic of the '70's.

FILM REVIEW: POUND

by Lawrence Wolf

On the one hand, since I am an actor in *Pound*, it seems absurd that I was asked to review the film. On the other hand, if I were not in *Pound*, it would be even more absurd since I have never reviewed a film before. On the third hand I am wearing a fourth hand, which is an outgrowth of my association with a madman like Bob Downey. It is for these reasons that I feel at least physically qualified to write, not one, but four reviews of *Pound*.

First Review

Pound is a movie about a bunch of dogs (and a siamese cat and a penguin) in a dog pound, hoping to be adopted, to avoid being gassed. The dogs and cat and penguin are played by people.

There are very funny things going on in *Pound*. It is a great comedy about a typical day in a dog pound.

Second Review

Pound is a movie about a bunch of dogs (and a cat and a penguin) in a dog pound, hopin to be adopted, to avoid being gassed. The dogs and cat and

penguin are played by people. (But why a cat and a penguin?)

Of course the film isn't literally about dogs, but about people. *Pound* is a great prison film.

And *Blow-Up* is a great murder mystery.

Third Review

Pound, ostensibly a comedy about dog people in a pound, hoping to be adopted, to avoid being gassed, is underneath a blistering condemnation by Robert Downey, of today's sexually permissive society.

For example, take the scene where a white female mutt is singing "That Old *BLACK* Magic" to a *BLACK* male mutt, in an obvious attempt to arouse him. He withdraws from her, an expression of helplessness on his face. Is Downey suggesting here that the notion of super-sexual powers in the black male is a myth — that it is white Godless whores, with no racial pride, who are oversexed? Just look around you.

Or the scene in which the dachhund is availing himself of the services of a coin-operated fellatio machine. Is Downey not utilizing a metaphorical device to express his view that sexual acts have become mechanized, joyless affairs? And isn't he also trying to warn us of the danger of allowing a machine to do a man's job? Perhaps, too, he is saying, you get what you pay for.

Thus, by contrast, it is certainly no coincidence to find the siamese cat courting his paramour by singing — not a contemporary pop song — but *Besa Me*

Mucho, a romantic love song from yesteryear. Downey is telling us to turn around. He drives his point home beautifully.

I see the film's plot as a vehicle, a means used by Downey to give *Pound* physical life on film. Maybe its characters are hoping to be adopted to avoid being gassed. Maybe they are hoping to be gassed to avoid being adopted. Maybe they are really dogs. Maybe they are really humans. Maybe they are really trees. It doesn't matter.

Sure, *Pound* relates to things. But not to some things more than other things. It relates as everything relates to everything. When you move, the shape of the rest of the Universe changes.

Pound is, on its deepest level, as on its surface level (see first "review"), a comedy. Not that laughing will be your only reaction. This is Downey at his wildest, his most together.

I can't tell how I come off in *Pound*, but the other actors are incredible. Irreplaceable. I refer to such as (alphabetically) Buddy Butler, Don Calfa, Carolyn Cardwell, Mari-Claire Charba, Eric Crawley, Charles Dierkop, Elsie Downey, Marshall Efron, Antonio Fargas, Stan Gottlieb, Chuck Green, James Green, Carolyn Groves, L. Errol Jaye, Eric Krupnik, Joe Madden, George Morgan, Harry Rigby, Lucille Rogers, Ching Yeh. They should all be working steadily.

Technically, *Pound* is, to put it mildly, imaginative: Working with Downey are Gerry Cotts (cinematography), Bud Smith (film editing), Charley Cuva (music), Salvatore Romano (set design), Fran Daniel (sound). They are real professionals.

Insofar as a film can be important, I think *Pound* is important. Some critics have misunderstood *Pound*, simply by trying to understand it in allegorical terms. Other critics have said *Pound* is ahead of its time. Maybe. I hope not. Because more than most films, *Pound* is for everyone who has ever experienced what can happen when the senses are set free.

I know you're out there. If you're free to travel, *Pound* might be your kind of trip.

Then there is the moment where one of the characters who is established as a rapist, attempts to masturbate but is unable to pull it off. I'll confess, this scene was so shocking, even to me, that I just sat there with my mouth wide open. But once I saw how Downey was handling it, it was easier to swallow.

Perhaps most revealing of all, the only successful sexual union in *Pound* takes place off-screen, between the dachhund and the peckinese. Downey is pleading with us to recognize that those who are truly healthy see sex as a private matter.

But even here, Downey has cudgel in hand. The dogs involved are unmarried — and they pay for their transgressions. Their ill-conceived act results in the birth of a stuffed penguin, a symbol of the coldness and bloodlessness which characterize moral decay.

Though I've enjoyed Downey's previous efforts, I always felt he was holding something back. But with *Pound*, he lays himself bare and displays a remarkable growth.

Fourth Review

(the one I really mean)

Making movies with Bob Downey has always been a blast. Outrageous, funny, changing. But last time was different. Permanent. I'm still experiencing the making of *Pound*.

I think we were about a week or so into rehearsal, when one afternoon found most of us rather well off, thanks to a little help from our friends. I don't remember exactly how this happened, but I suddenly became aware that we had all joined together, our arms around one another. Embracing, Downey and the rest of us. No up-tightness, no cynicism.

Swaying, flowing, oozing. Synthesizing. Trying to find words to express what had become of us. Metamorphosis. Reality. *Pound* existed. A living, conscious organism, composed of our melted remains.

What is the meaning of *Pound*? What is the meaning of birth?

From then on, I think we all knew we were into something deeper than plot. Something meant for the instincts, rather than the intellect. Downey, I thought, would not let the plot get in his way.

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

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

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B and B

(Continued from Page 15)

"Well, alright. Why is that, Mr. Farber does not have the trade unions endorsement? Why is that?"

The trade unions don't support you, Mr. Farber. We will never forget what Bella Abzug did for our union."

"Your time is up," George said. "Next question, you over there."

"CALL ON A WOMAN!" the feminists screamed.

"Mr. Farber, I was a delegate to the trade unions convention and Barry Farber was endorsed unanimously!"

"That's more like it!"

"CALL ON A WOMAN!" The feminists screamed.

"I'll call on that lady over there," George said.

"Mr. Farber, for 19 years I have worked in this neighborhood, I worked against radiation fallout, against nuclear testing, I am a fighter for peace. What have you done about peace before you're being a candidate?"

"CALL ON ANOTHER WOMAN!" the feminists screamed.

"I have a question," one of the Farber-Girls shouted. "What was Barry going to tell us to listen to before when he was cut off..."

"That's no fair," they began screaming. "They're paid employees."

"Oh, dry up," the Farber girl said.

"I'll tell you what," Barry Farber said when he took the microphone again. "I'll apologize for the rude behaviour of my supporters and I'll forgive my opponent's supporters for their rude behaviour. Why can't we bring America back together again and talk things over?"

"I oppose Spiro Agnew as an unnecessary polarizer, as are you, Mrs. Abzug!"

"I've taken a strong stand on the hijackings and I've innocated. I sent President Nixon a telegram suggesting that he put shotgun riders on the aircraft, and four days later he did so."

"WHAT ABOUT WOMEN???" the feminists shouted as they climbed on stage and were forced off by old George who was acting very, very fierce.

"I've got alot to say about women, sweethearts," Farber said. "Give me a few days of your time."

"I'm a radio broadcaster, my job is to elicit opinions, and I know more about what's happening in this country today than a gynecologist knows about his wife!"

"Johnny Carson for president!" someone shouted.

Abzug took the stand again. She made a couple of remarks about the economy; "They blamed Hoover for the depression, well, that's nothing compared to what Nixon will do for us."

"Will you talk about women?" the feminists

demanded. They were wearing Abzug buttons.

"I appreciate that question," Abzug said. "I'll tell you what the women's movement is about today. It's about equal pay for equal work, equal social security benefits on income, these are the things women want. I know. We want child care centers - there's no way of taking care of children when you're working."

"Mr. Farber has been a very good radio host," she concluded. "I think it would be of use if we all

(Continued on Page 22)

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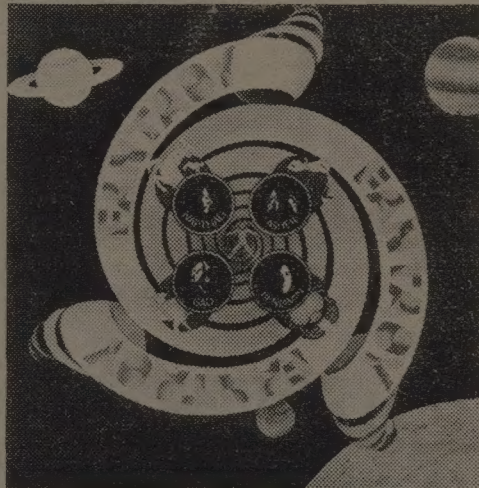
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NEWS

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If you find yourself freaking on dope, or having an O.D., or if you've just noticed that you're getting pretty *spacey* lately, or if you've been flashing on the street with no dope at all and you don't *groove* behind it, that's the number to call: 924-4265, the number of the LSD Rescue Service. Supposing you can walk around — and a few minutes on the phone with these people should get you at least that far back into touch — you should get yourself up to their office, which is located on the third floor of '9 Barrow Street, just off Sheridan Square.

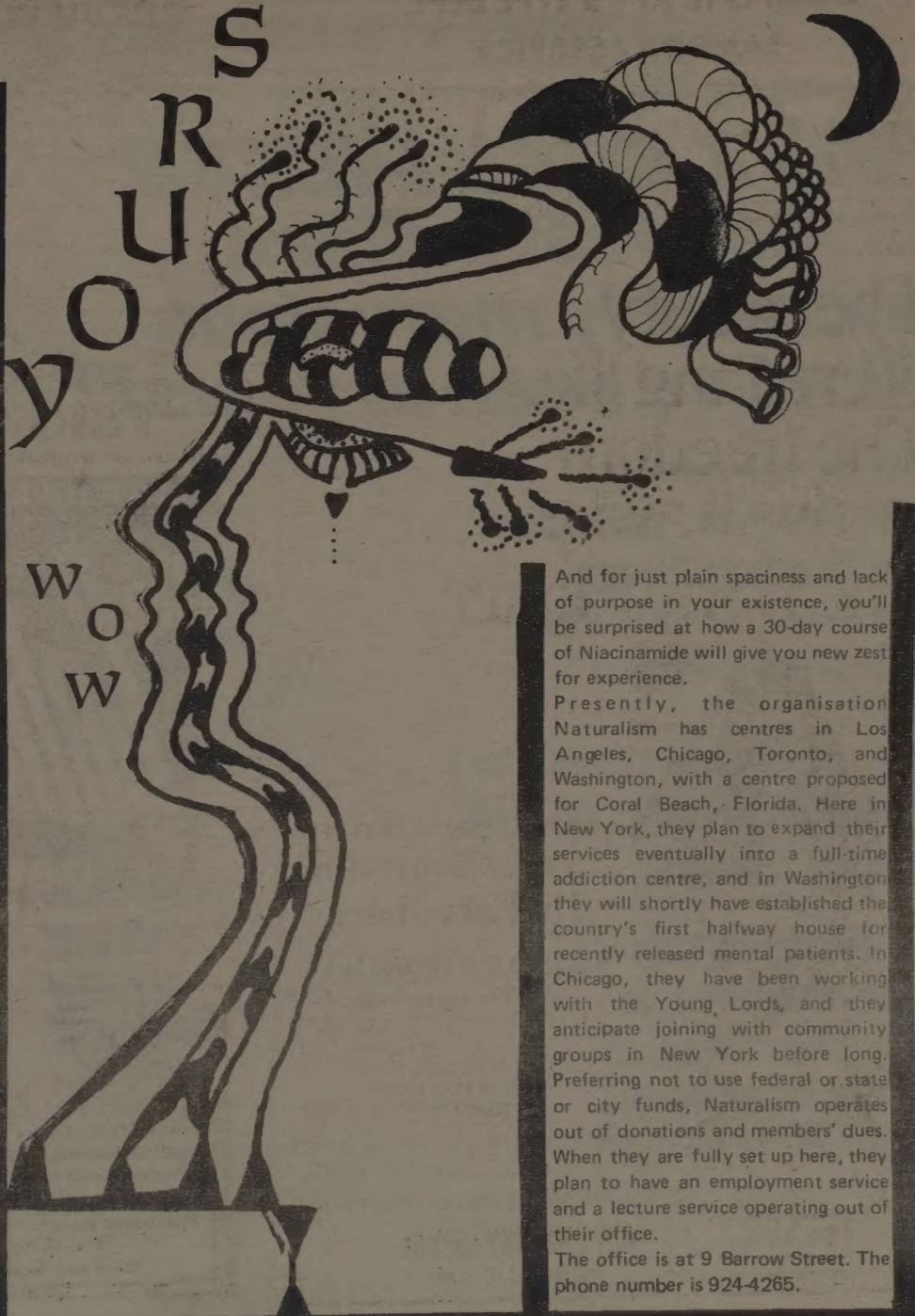
It takes some finding. Barrow Street is the first street that crosses West Fourth Street east of Sheridan Square. From Sixth Avenue, just walk along the downtown side of West Fourth toward Sheridan Square and you'll find it. Turn left, and Nine Barrow Street is just a few doors along, on your left. Presently, the front of the building has been ripped out on the first floor (a fine sight for a freaky head), and you have to go into the ripped-out part, where you will find an elevator. Take it to the third floor, and there you will find some help.

The people who operate the New York rescue service, which is just now opening, are members of Naturalism, Inc., a loose organisation of people around the country who are concerned with keeping people's heads together. As they explain it, the program developed by Naturalism is an attempt to get groovy people around the world in touch with each other, and working together for a better world. They take a special interest in dope-taking people, since the best studies admit that people

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who take dope generally have more brains and imagination than people who manage to get along in this sump-sink killer society without dope. Thus, the intention of the LSD Rescue Service, when you seek their assistance, will not be to get you *off* dope, but to help you manage it and to help you use what it teaches you. The LSD Rescue service, however, is not an addiction service; nor is it concerned exclusively, or primarily, with LSD freakouts. Rescue Service workers are familiar with acid, hash, speed, coke, smack, DMT, STP, barbituates and glue, they know the various problems that can arise with these substances, and they know the proper treatment for each. If you are coming apart, they'll do everything the latest textbooks suggest to put you back together again.

For an STP freakout, for example, they know better than to administer any barbituate tranquiliser, or thorazine. In fact, they steer clear, as much as possible from such concoctions, preferring to use organic vitamins, which are much gentler on the metabolism. For STP, they administer Glutamic acid mostly, with doses of Thiamin over a long period to re-establish proper metabolic pacing. Speed crashes call for Niacinamide and Vitamin C, and the animals go away within twenty minutes. For smack overdoses, a shot of saline solution pulls the sufferer right out of it. Barbituate cases will be walked, showered, and coffee-ed until they wake up for good and all,



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Presently, the organisation Naturalism has centres in Los Angeles, Chicago, Toronto, and Washington, with a centre proposed for Coral Beach, Florida. Here in New York, they plan to expand their services eventually into a full-time addiction centre, and in Washington they will shortly have established the country's first halfway house for recently released mental patients. In Chicago, they have been working with the Young Lords, and they anticipate joining with community groups in New York before long. Preferring not to use federal or state or city funds, Naturalism operates out of donations and members' dues. When they are fully set up here, they plan to have an employment service and a lecture service operating out of their office.

The office is at 9 Barrow Street. The phone number is 924-4265.

B and B

(Continued from Page 20)

helped to keep him there."

The meeting was over. The people piled into the streets. Mrs. Abzug was chased around by a photographer from the *Jewish News* who was trying to get her to square off with Farber for a publicity shot.

"I told you no, Izzy, no," she said. "Goddamnit, Goddamnit," the photographer said, "what am I gonna do? Y

You have the picture. One is much worse than the other, and Abzug is a real live human being with good concerns, but both are phonies. Both are walking into this club on East Broadway and heaping abuse on each other and talking about things that have little or nothing to do with actual reality, and pulling all kinds of overkill on solutions to the Mid-East problem. You know something? Fuck the both of them and their goddamned planes to Israel! They're a couple of capitalist imperialist running dog lackeys! Anyway, on the way out of the club a woman was arguing with her husband about Bella Abzug's position on Israel.


"I tell you," the

woman said, "she said we should not give the planes to Israel. And now she stands up there and lies. You saw it."

"Ah, don't get into that," her husband said. "That's what she wants, to start a little riot."

Farber came to the microphone. His hair was


in his face, his wrinkled and poorly-fitting suit hung loosely on his body. His suit jacket was open, and he held back the flaps with his hands around his waist. Mrs. Abzug sat in a chair on the stage, right next to where Farber had been sitting. They didn't look at each other much, but when they did, I thought I caught them winking and grinning. "Good shabbus," Farber said.



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Scientific Dating Service, Inc., 147 W. 42nd St., New York City. Room 1018. Guaranteed Dates. AM: TA8-7897; 12 PM to 8 PM, and Sundays, OX5-0158.

SPECIALIZED ASTROLOGICAL SERVICES. ACCURATE CHARTS. CONSULTATION. REALISTIC INTERPRETATIONS. REASONABLE FEES. WALTER BREEN YU4-2808 or write c/o EVO, 105 2nd Avenue, New York, New York

Flavored Douche, \$3. Lime, Cherry, Strawberry, Orange, Vibrator with battery, Small \$3, Large, \$4. Merit Photo Supply, Specialties Dept. EV, PO Box 6011, North Hollywood, Ca. 91603.

Young man, 28, alienated, nihilist, good looking, fed up with my superficial, arid existence. Wants to meet attractive intelligent female who cares enough to teach him to be more sociably outward, aware, and a more meaningful orientation of life. Call Chuck at 499-1711.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... Let's talk about it; you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number of possible. Discretion Assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

SPECIAL SERVICES

In TICK-Talk-Tao ("O" & "unkNOwN": THE Nr. IS 0, NOT 1.), I play X (THE Nr. IS 7 ("fAsT CHAnGE" (noT faST CHAnGE (" "Is nOT .).), nOT 6 (rEIIIGIOn (Dr. pEppEr BABA BIBIE pEOPIE popEAll)). Bon (/pon/ BOn-pO/ pOn-BO (pO's "THE STRAnGE CAS Of arTHUr GOrDOn ryM")), THE prE-BUDDHISM rEIIIGIOn Of TIBET, Has a word "STOnEpA". (IHAsA, TIBET: BETHEIoHIM (MIIA BACKwArDs.)) ("GospEl Of THOMAs Twin yEHUDI": "WHEN In BECOMES OUT & OUT BECOMES In, wHEN Up BECOMES Down & Down BECOMES Up, wHEN MAIE BECOMES fEMaIE & fEMaIE BECOMES MAIE, nEITHER MAIE nor fEMaIE (Ma(r)pA THE TranslaTOr6 pErrEAUIT (AUTHOr of "rIQUET DE l'HOUpPE" (rIght Off!)) "IE pETIT roUGE CHApEron," "SlYpInG BUDDHA DU BOIS (of GHE wOrDs"))'s "IE MarQUIs-MARQUIsE DU BOnnEvillE" (2 S-CAPe WHA.)), THEN yoU will sEE THE fATHer (pATros (pETros, "roCk")) "If GlAsS wErEn'T BrITtIE, IT'd BE MORE prECIOUS THAN GOID." (THEY MAKE pIATes FROM IT.): I was fAllInG from vERY HIGH Up SO I TuRnED InTO STOnE (pIErrE 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 rEIIIGIoUs koans/QUEstions IS ME.). THE "10TH & flnAI AvATAr of vIsHnU" (krlsHnA ("BLUE") wAs THE 9TH.) Is(aM) kalkI (CHalk/SHock ("AMonG fIsh, I AM THE sHArk.")). THE "nExT BUDDHA AfTEr GaUTaMa" Is(aM) MalTrEya; AGAMEMnon, DAVID & oThERs ArE CALLED "CHRIsT" (HEIIEnE, "AnoiNTEd, oIly, GrEASED"). HerMapHrodITE IS nOT HoMoSExUAL, SkanDA Is nOT skAnDHA, nOT HUMAN Is nOT HUMAN, nOTHInG IS nOT nOTHInG. OvEr THE (DoG-GrEEn) rAlnBow, (lIght) BIUE fIIEs; fAr low THE yEllow; or, off (THE WHEEL/vEII) 2 sEE). "GospEl" pOT-HEAD MANTrAM: "THE pUrposE of THE CrEATIon/UnlVErSE Is To rEfinE CRUDE splrIT (LaT., "BrEATH, wInD")." frEE BOOK: BEn, 752, STUyvEsanT sTA..

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earns \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Woofe, 255-2711.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio, 255-2711.

IMPERSONAL

Sincere young man seeks wife. You should be between 25 and 35. Large hips more important than pretty face. All who will answer will be asked to dinner. Write: Farber, Apt. C, 26 Bay 25 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214.

Beautiful Mexican girls needing american boy friends "money-back plan." Details, \$25. Mexico, Box 3876 (n-17), San Diego, California 92103.

Wanted: female to have discreet relationship with attractive 35 yr. divorced executive, 6', 170 lbs. Can travel. Can we exchange interests over lunch or drinks. Photo appreciated. Write, Bob: PO Box 3852, Grand Central Station, 10017, New York, N.Y.

Young man, mid-20's, easy to get along with, would like to meet young lady 18-26 for fun and relaxation. It doesn't matter if you are fat, skinny, inhibited, or shy. Call Dave, 966-1571. Discretion assured.

NYC SWITCHED-ON STUD, 28, 6', well endowed, responds to imaginative methods of insatiable DOMINANT FEMALE (23-36); enjoy every culture. Must be good looking, intelligent, sensitive and have teasing smile. Married OK. Absolute discretion assured. Roger Crane, Utility Products, P.O. Box 172, Gracie Station, NYC 10025.

ASPIRING DR. LEARY, 22, SEEKS INTELLIGENT ENERGETIC MINDMATE OF FEMALE SEX. COME FLY WITH ME. IF SERIOUS, CALL BOA-OFC-EEGB BETWEEN 6 PM and 9 PM.

COMMERCIAL SEX NOW - many persons prefer and desire commercial sex partners (erroneously called prostitutes) to the bondage of marriage. Who needs marriage? Why should commercial sex be a concern of the state as long as no harm is done? Why can't consenting adults have sex with pay if they so desire? Women desire it too. We are planning a test case on this issue. - Society For Commercial Sex.

AMPUTEE DATING SERVICE & REGISTRY. Here is a service for amputees by amputees. \$10 annual dues. Dates, dances, discussion groups, unlimited referrals for the mutual benefit of amputees only. Ephrati, 27 E. 13th Street, NYC 10003.

APARTMENT TO SHARE WANTED: easy-to-get-along with freak wants to share apartment of AC/DC chick. Willing to pay most of your rent. Roy, after 6:30 PM: 777-0579.

Serious female researcher interested in genuine cases of female masochism, home and school discipline, fullest discretion. Letters returned if desired. Box 30, Halfway, 2327 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94114.

Insane drummer bassist and organist. Accmd available in Montreal. Telephone (514) 933-1306.

Lead guitar musician seeks position in professional rock group. Original material available. Call John (201) 291-3015.



OLD HOTEL TURNS HIP. 40 rooms available, Woodstock country at prices you can afford. Natural untouched setting, clean air, sky & water. Communal live-in at New Empire on 10 mile Kauneonga Lake, spacious grounds, large rooms, informal lobby, private beach. Season \$200.00; week, \$30.00; night, \$5.00. (914) 583-9818. Near Mountandale concerts. EVO approved. NY thruway, to exit 16, Harriman, onto quickway rt. 17, exit 104, White Lake.

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

HYPNOSIS CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!!! Obesity, stage-fright, smoking, insomnia, memory, concentration. \$25.00 PRIVATE SESSION. PL5-4363. MAIL ORDER COSTS \$10.00. Box 31, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Young man, 29, gay, would like to make new friends male and female singles or couples straight or gay who are sincere intelligent & reliable for NON-SEXUAL relationship & friendship. Please write S.F., Box 1119, NYC 10005.

Clean cut male, 36, seeks clean cut blond young man 18-22 for occasional meetings in Manhattan. Write E.B., PO Box 2051, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

young clean cut soul brothers wish to share clean apt. in Brooklyn 20 minutes from village with petite clean caucasian female. Call Lee 783-1803, eves after 7.

HELP! someone stole my teeeveee! i will buy a teeeveee cheap, 533-9363.

drummer looking for other musicians (guitarists, bassist, keyboards, sax, flute) with equipment, and hopefully transportation & a place to practice (Anderson Theatre?) playing blues-orientated with jazz overtones (tull, butterfield, kingcrimson, steamhammer, savoy brown, TYA, PINKFLOYD etc) ART C., days at EVO (255-2130), elsetimes 533-0363.

Dwelling of dubious merit available to be shared, at \$40 a month, just east of the glorious avenue "A", near fourteenth street. If you are interested in living there call 533-0363, otherwise look for a different ad. Keep smiling.

