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TO TIM
FROM Fred.

Fred Wray 1970 Nov.

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH

For those of you who have been reading Edith Evans Ansbury's fashion reports - let me make one thing perfectly clear - this trial has nothing to do with Christian Dior's fall fashions. It's just that the facts of this trial are so incriminating to the prosecution and to Amerika that maybe all the "Times" sees "fit to print" for its coddled readership is the attire of the defendants. No, it won't shock the commuters to find out whether Miss Shakur prefers the mini to the midi - that's what's "fit to print" - but never be deceived that it's "all the news."

As for the facts - honored by Murtagh are only those reported by fellow pigs, who have selected the facts to suit their purpose. For example, back to the pre trial hearings the permission for wire tap was granted after an informer had given the certain necessary information. The pigs did not report the name of the informer, who turn out to be Sean Dubonnet, and the only way the defense knew that this informer was Dubonnet was because Jerry Lefcourt defended Dubonnet, who had been arrested on a car theft charge. The pigs record reflected that the informer who gave the information for the wire taps had been arrested for car theft. Only luck enabled the defense to find out the truth. Truth secreted away by the pig. So that's just an example - a FACT - a further indictment of the Amerikan version of truth. So you must realize that, as Phillips goes through his fatally boring brick laying of evidence ceremony, he is using only carefully selected distortions and outright lies, and is protected from the truth by Murtagh who will only allow the defense to speak enough of the truth to declare them in contempt.

Monday, Oct 26 was a bleak, cold, grey day. I was passing Foley Square, on my way to 100 Centre Street, which also promises to be grey and bleak for the next week or so, as the Phillips contingent is bringing in a lot of bullshit witnesses with well-rehearsed lies, and passing out guns and shells like those old show and tell days in grammar school. So I was passing Foley Square, in a dream world of one day being able to dose Murtagh, when I saw a little bit of Woodstock through the smog. I didn't think there were any flower children left in N.Y. - not in these times. But there was a group of about twenty far out beautiful people with flowers and home-made bread and wine and guitars. One of them was about to go to trial for three charges: burning his draft card and two other charges that had something to do with destroying certain papers in the Selective Service offices. So when I left there, feeling a little better about the possibilities of Mondays, I got up to the 13th floor only to find that FLOWERS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN THE COURTROOM! Imagine how uptight the pigs are getting if they think you're going to detonate a dandelion.

So Monday morning thozazine time continued as Patrolman Collins resumed the stand. Collins testified against Hassan and Delores Patterson before the grand jury, but the defense was not allowed to ask about Patterson, as she was not a defendant here. (She was, however, named in the search warrant that enabled the pigs to bring in some "incriminating" evidence - or to plant it). At this point, Crain asked for certain documents that were in the Bronx, and felt it might be easier if they discharged Collins until the documents arrived. So Murtagh said, "Proceed counsellor, we will accommodate you in any way you wish." Murtagh better get a new comedy writer.

Yes, Delores Patterson was arrested, but Collins just can't seem to find his memo book from that time. What was the charge on Miss Patterson? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Was she arrested for possessing the revolver entered against Hassan? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Collins ever testify before the grand jury that Patterson was in possession of that revolver on Apr. 2 1969? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Hassan read the

warrant for his arrest or was it just shown to him? It was held in front of his face. Was the search warrant shown to Hassan? Yes, at the same time as the arrest warrant. Did Hassan have an opportunity to look at them both? Collins said that he did. After many OBJECTION/SUSTAINED's Collins said that he had been told to search for guns, bombs, etc. Were all of these things on the search warrant, or was he told that he could go in there and do anything he wanted to do? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Here the defense entered the search warrant as exhibit D. Both Weinstein and Murtagh seemed to think it was irrelevant. Collins then testified that he seized anything he felt would further prove a conspiracy. Did a time come when he stopped searching for weapons and started just searching for conspiracy material? No, he did them both at the same time. After finding the revolver and the cane sword, he said he stuck the revolver in his belt, and held the cane sword in his hand throughout the rest of the search - even while opening a six foot map where he allegedly found a circle around a pig precinct. He intimated that he knew what that circle meant without opening the map all the way, and that he was satisfied that it would support conspiracy charges. He said that he found no explosives, and nothing to do with bombs, other than literature. Did he recall seizing a paper with a drawing made by one of the children in the apartment? To Collins that appeared to be a rough sketch of a bomb. Who made the decision to arrest Delores Patterson? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Collins ever tell her why she was being arrested? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Collins admitted that he could not be sure who put the circle on the map, and said that he had seen neither Hassan nor Patterson touch the evidence brought in by the prosecution. They could have belonged to anyone.

Det. Overt took the stand again, primarily as more public relations, to show how carefully Joe Phillips is laying his bricks, and secondarily to show that the last revolver entered was operable. Detective Carl Helena, a white pit who assisted in the arrest of Alex McKiever, took the stand.

Helena testified that his squad also arrived at 5 AM, and getting no answer by knocking and ringing, finally went to the intercom, and were let into the apartment by Sharon Williams. McKiever was allegedly in bed, nude. A revolver was supposedly on a headboard behind the bed. This was introduced as Peoples exhibit 9A and 9B. (The shells form the B part) After Murtagh again overruled the objections by the defense against admitting this evidence, Helena said that he never saw McKiever touch the gun, that he didn't know whose gun it was, but that he had been told that McKiever was very dangerous. He was also told to seize "contraband" evidence, such as the BPP paper, which he brought to the D.A.'s Office in a large Campbell soup can taken from the apartment. Did the can belong to Helena? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he know who it belonged to? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Helena, who also seized a 1969 diary and a beebie pistol, had been told that McKiever was a Panther. He testified that Sharon Williams was also arrested. Why? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Was McKiever arrested for acting in concert with her? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Whose name was on the door of the apartment? Helena didn't recall. Bloom then asked him if it wasn't true that when the "team" entered the apartment, both Williams and McKiever were in the living room and the revolver in a closet. Helena, of course, said no. Also seized were a tin of "marijuana," a dagger, a 45 air pistol, and two cartridges. When Helena was a teenager did he ever own a beebie gun? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED.

Overt again took the stand to say that the ballistics squad found the gun operable, and Weinstein busied himself with bringing out a collection of weapons to be used in evidence against Michael Tabor. The defense objected, saying that the prosecution

should keep these out of sight until the witness testified that he'd seen them. But of course, Murtagh overruled, and Detective Joseph Coffey took the stand. His squad arrived at Tabor's apartment also at 5 AM, saying that they had come to investigate a noise. When that didn't gain them entry, one of them said he was the pig and had a warrant for the arrest of Tabor. Coffey said that when they ran in, Tabor and a woman were standing in a hallway and Tabor started to run to the bedroom. Coffey followed him and arrested him, in the bedroom where he spotted a pistol, 10A, B; a shotgun, 11; a sawed off shotgun, 12; shells, 13; an M14 rifle, 14A; a clip, 14B; handcuffs, 15; and cartridges, 16. Weinstein asked where Tabor was running and Coffey said 'away from me.' Weinstein then indicated that Coffey was supposed to say that Tabor was running for the gun. Coffey then did so.

Sandy Katz then objected, saying that if the prosecution could not prove that the defendants planned to handcuff the petunias in the Bronx Botanical Gardens, the handcuffs would not be valid as evidence.

All this evidence was supposed to strike dread fear into the jury, but when it was given to them to examine, some of them cocked and aimed the rifles, and one alternate juror managed to get a handcuff on his wrist. Six court officers couldn't get it off, for all their keys. Some of the jurors were laughing so hard they were crying - Murtagh could not bring the court to order, and so it was adjourned for the day, and Rainato, the handcuffed alternate, was, I suppose, brought to a locksmith.

On Tuesday, Oct 27, Michael Tabor breathed some life back into the courtroom when he took over the questioning of Detective Coffey. Coffey testified that, as far as he was concerned, he was sure that these were the same handcuffs he had allegedly taken from Tabor's apartment, even though there were no initials on them. The handcuffs had the word "stop" on them. (I think you can buy them in novelty stores). Wasn't his testimony on Monday a deliberate lie? Coffey said that Tabor should know better than that. Wasn't his pre-trial testimony a lie? No. Wasn't his testimony before the grand jury a lie? No. Wasn't it a lie that Tabor was from three to four feet of the weapons when they were allegedly seized? No. Didn't he testify that way because, without a search warrant, the victim must be within that distance? No. Wasn't it true that Coffey had hostile feelings towards the defendants? No. Did Coffey recall pig Knapp saying that Tabor would never be taken alive that he was armed and extremely dangerous? Yes.

Coffey then said that he did not wear the bullet proof vest given to him because it was too cumbersome, even though he thought there might be some shooting and that he might be killed. When the patrolman first knocked, saying that there had been a noise complaint, that was a lie, wasn't it? Yes. Is it customary for police to lie? "... the end justifies the means." Was there a reason why the patrolman, who was the only black man on the team, was the one to knock? Coffey didn't know. The patrolman then said, to the woman who answered the door, that he wanted her to sign his memo book. She then told him to slip it under the door, and he said it was too big. That was another lie, wasn't it? Coffey responded with some bullshit about 'policy.' Had Coffey ever lied? Only as 'subterfuge.' The team then kicked the door open. Does Coffey carry out orders? "Most definitely." How long did the door kicking last? A couple of seconds, it was a weak door.

Coffey then said that he saw Tabor just standing in the foyer, parallel to a woman (Rosalyn Bennet). Did Coffey and his team have their guns drawn? Yes. Coffey then said that Tabor ran to the bed/livingroom. How many guns were drawn? Four. Was Tabor facing them when they kicked the door in and drew the guns? Yes. Did he see them? Yes. And Tabor added, "You bet I did." So Coffey's testimony was that, despite four guns pointed at Tabor,

Tabor turned and ran? Yes. Did a chase ensue? Yes. (and Murtagh interrupted here, calling Jerry Lefcourt in contempt of court for laughing throughout the questioning.) Did Coffey catch up with Tabor? Yes. Did Coffey ever run track? Yes. What was his time? 49, for a quarter mile. Tabor said, "That's pretty fast, I did 48.7." Coffey then said that he grabbed Tabor by the arm and put a gun to his head, saying, "If you move, I'll blow your head off." Would he have done it? He sure would. Would he have liked to have done it anyway? If he wanted to, he would have shot through the door, but then he was afraid of hitting the woman. Was he always such a humanitarian? That's his job. Is telling lies part of his humanitarian acts? He calls it 'subterfuge.' It wasn't truth? No. Why did he threaten Tabor BEFORE putting him under arrest?

Well, there was a gun on the bed. He then showed Tabor the warrant. Where he got the third arm from is anybody's guess, as one arm held the gun one arm held Tabor, so where did the warrant go? Wasn't it true that Coffey never showed Tabor the warrant? No. Wasn't it true that Coffey never saw Tabor in the foyer? No. Wasn't it absurd that Coffey would swear under oath that Tabor ran when four guns were pointed straight at him, especially since Tabor was well aware of the nature of police? Coffey complained that Tabor was hiding behind a pregnant woman. As he never mentioned that before in any of his testimonies, wasn't it true that he had just made that up to protect himself? No.

Coffey, who testified that he did not like the BPP and wanted to see it eliminated, said that he had no particular feeling about Tabor, even though he knew he was a Panther. Was it a fact that Coffey said the BPP should be eliminated? Yes, he despised their tactics. Was it his patriotic duty to assist in the elimination of the BPP? It was his duty in common decency. Were the pre-dawn raids and the lies part of common decency? "Yes, sir." Isn't that a unique code of ethics? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Coffey then said that while the search was going on, Tabor was handcuffed in the kitchen for security. Was he (Tabor) subdued at the time? Yes. Would he snap the handcuffs? No, but he still had legs. Was Coffey ready for anything? "Oh yes, I was."

Where was Rosalyn Bennet during the search? In the bedroom, wandering around. Had pig Knapp informed him that there would be another occupant in the apartment? No, but he KNEW there would be guns. So Rosalyn Bennet was roaming around while there were guns, wasn't that unusual? She was pregnant and "scared half out of her wits." Would someone in that state pick up a gun and shoot an invading pig? She was crying. Did they feel safe because she was scared and pregnant? "She was not the criminal, you were."

Shortly thereafter, Rosalyn Bennet was arrested. Wasn't it a fact that Tabor was seized in the kitchen, and never went into the bedroom, where all the weapons were allegedly found? No. Would it refresh his memory to know that Patrolman Reagan, during the pretrial hearing WEINSTEIN LOUDLY SUSTAINS. Murtagh went on to tell Tabor to refer to the "People's" exhibits properly. Tabor answered that he and Murtagh did not agree about the meaning of the word 'people.' Did Coffey take a poster of Seale and Newton? Yes. Did that picture of two men form part of a conspiracy? Yes. Why? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED.

Did Coffey seize a poster of two black men in the Olympics, who were making the black power salute? Yes. Did Coffey take any food from the refrigerator? No. Food can't be a conspiracy? If there was a rock in it, it could. Were these posters part of a conspiracy to commit murder and arson? Yes. In previous arrests had Coffey ever taken any posters? Yes, one of Che. Did he seize Tabor's poster of Malcolm X? Yes. Was that poster part of a conspiracy? Yes. Did he seize any literature? Yes. The

program for the BPP from breakfast program? No. The curriculum for the Children's Liberation School? No - unless they were gonna do it with guns. Wasn't it a fact that Coffey had been sitting there lying? No.

Bill Crain asked Coffey if he had been lying at all that day. No. Did he consider himself an experienced detective? Yes. Intelligent? Yes. Then why did he have no idea why Reagan, the only black man on the team that night, was the one to knock on the door? Was it because he was black? Murtagh stepped in to give Coffey the answer he needed, that he had already testified that he didn't know. How long did it take to kick open the door? A few seconds. During the pretrial hearing Coffey testified that it took a minute. Coffey then said that "thank God" he didn't have to use violence, and Murtagh again told Jerry Lefcourt that he was in contempt for laughing. Lefcourt answered that he would not be a puppet to the court.

Crain said that the court's interruptions were making the examination difficult. (Murtagh was obviously interrupting to get Coffey off the hook) Did Coffey still testify that Tabor left the weapons lying around, and waited until the door was kicked open to start running? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Tabor came to the foyer. WAITED to see the guns pointed at him and THEN ran for his gun? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Unless the police placed Tabor within three or four feet of the weapons, they couldn't seize them, right? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. As the end justifies the means, and the BPP should be eliminated, you would get up here and lie ... and Murtagh interrupts, calling the questioning improper.

Isn't it a fact that if Coffey knows that if he were to tell us that he lied it would help Tabor? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Would Coffey like to see Tabor in jail? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Crain took exception, saying that Coffey's motive to lie is at the heart of the examination, but Murtagh overruled. Did Coffey have a motive to see Tabor in jail? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he feel any hostility towards the BPP? No. But he wanted to see them in jail? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Coffey execute the statement that Rosalyn Bennet did a criminal act? Yes. What did she do? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. The guns were in her apartment, both she and Tabor are charged with the possession of them. In the criminal complaint against Bennet, did it state that a gun was not loaded? That was an oversight on the part of the typist. Did Coffey ever lie under oath? No. Did he swear to that statement about the gun? Yes. Yet the statement left out that the gun was loaded, and a second complaint also left this out.

Weinstein got up to question and rehabilitate Coffey. Was the lie a ruse to get into the apartment? Yes. Was that to protect lives? The defense objection was overruled, and Coffey said, of course.

Overt, the ballistics man, got up again, to prove that the guns were operable. He said that the sawed off shotgun, exhibit 12 was an easily concealable weapon. It is only two inches shorter than a regular shotgun and neither are easily concealable. Bloom asked him if the M14, another exhibit, could be used to fire twenty rounds into a ditch full of people, like in Vietnam. Yes, it could.

Before the jury was brought back in after the lunch recess, Murtagh took the opportunity to scream at Bill Crain, chastising him for having a "basic lack of decency" and calling him in contempt. It seems that one of the jurors had seen through one of the lies while examining the D.A.'s exhibit. Juror Chaberski, who had been in the infantry, noticed that the shells supposedly in a weapon seized from Tabor's apartment, were all blanks. Was this gun loaded or was it not? Pig Coffey would have to take the stand again. Katz asked him if he didn't know that a gun loaded with blanks was not considered loaded. Not in his opinion. (Murtagh had not regained his cool, so his interruptions were coming so fast and furious that I couldn't hear a lot of the examination.)

Katz then asked Coffey if his testimony that morning had not all been part of his 'end justifies the means' theory. OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did Coffey wish to change his testimony in any other way? Weinstein lost his cool and jumped up, piping, "He hasn't changed his testimony ONE IOTA!"

Did Coffey sign an affidavit charging Rosalyn Bennet with a fully loaded rifle? Yes. Did 'fully loaded' seem more dangerous than 'loaded'? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. The rifle had five blanks in it.

Detective Etilio Carlobio, who assisted in the arrest of Walter Johnson, was the next pig to take the stand. He said that when the patrolman knocked on the door, he heard someone say, "Get back in there." Walter Johnson opened the door. Carlobio said that he found a box of shells, an M1 rifle, a switchblade, and military type clothing. He testified that Johnson went into the bedroom got dressed. (If Johnson hadn't gone into the bedroom, the pigs wouldn't have been able to seize the weapons, as they didn't have search warrants) Again, the knocking patrolman was black. There were two other people in the apartment, a man and a woman. The man, Kenzie Soames, was later arrested. Carlobio never saw Johnson, Soames, or the woman, touch any of the weapons. He then testified that the address on the warrant had been for apartment 7. The team of pigs wandered around for awhile before locating Johnson in apartment 9.

Detective John Judge, of B.O.S.S., who also assisted in the arrest of Walter Johnson next took the stand. He had been assigned to cover the back window. He said that he heard banging, and then saw a leg go out the window. He shouted for the person to get back in or he'd shoot. He then went into the apartment.

Judge, who knows how the pig infiltrators in this case, said that his assignments for B.O.S.S. are handling labor disputes and covering visiting dignitaries. Lefcourt asked him if he was covering any 'visiting dignitaries' on the morning of April 2, 1969. Murtagh told Lefcourt to stop the sarcasm, and Phillips joined in, claiming Lefcourt's questions were irrelevant. Jerry replied that all of this was "subject to connection."

Katz asked Judge if it was true that there was, in fact, no fire escape outside of the window in question. Judge said that there was a fire escape.

The oppression machine started its wheels rolling again on Wed. Oct. 28, with ballistics expert, Olert, taking the stand again. Phillips tried to push him into saying that militant organizations were the ones who would use rifles and blanks. The defense objected to this line of questioning, but Murtagh, of course, overruled. Sandy Katz asked Olert how he would categorize a gun loaded with blanks; qualifying the 'loaded' part. He also testified that blanks were not dangerous.

Arthur Keffif, an assistant station supervisor for the NYC Transit Authority, took the stand primarily to testify that William King (Kinshasa) had worked for the transit authority prior to his arrest, but had not come to work after April 2, 1969. I'll quote from the BPP news bulletin about another subliminal public relations ploy Phillips may have been trying to get across to the jury and the public, "The pigs are trying to prove that Kinshasa, by virtue of his former employment with the Transit Authority, was involved in a long standing conspiracy to blow up the subways. It becomes absurd when one thinks his former employer, if included in an indictment by a D.A., will become a partner in his persecution. Especially when one was employed with no prior or pre-planned notion of inflicting any form of injury upon his employer. Kinshasa worked for the Transit Authority before he was even a Panther or related to the party. But everything one might have done before becomes an overt act in some murky conspiracy - when fascism is legal."

McKinney objected that the personnel folder that Kenniff was reading from was irrelevant. Murtagh

overruled this, as expected. Although the witness was not established as an expert, the evidence was received. Kenniff then testified that King did not turn up for work on April 3, nor did he come in for his pay check. McKinney then said, as King's medical record was being marked for evidence, that the report was confidential and irrelevant. Murtagh overruled. The jury was excused, so Phillips could discuss with Murtagh the parts of the record that he wanted to have eliminated, such as King's having been a Viet Nam war veteran. McKinney wanted the whole file to be admitted. As expected, Murtagh ruled that the parts McKinney wanted in were inadmissible while the parts that Phillips wanted were valid evidence. He then said that that part of the file that the prosecution did not object to would be admitted.

After lunch Estelle Wilkins, who lived in the same building as Kinshasa, came to the stand. She testified that she did not see him after April 2, 1969, and that he had left a lot of clothes in his apartment.

Alfred Heffernan, a special agent for the FBI took the stand. He had been working in Columbus, Ohio, and had been assigned to look for William King and Lee Roper (Shaba Dm). On Nov. 14, 1969, he went to an address where Roper and King were supposed to be living, and set up a surveillance on their car. After following the car, he arrested King, searching him on the spot, "to insure his safety and our safety" (do they realize how funny they are) King was strip searched at the FBI headquarters, and a social security card bearing the name of Ernesto Ray was allegedly taken from him. The security card was entered as evidence.

Thomas Decker, another special agent for the FBI, who also happened to be in Columbus in November of '69, worked with Heffernan in the arrest of Roper and King. He arrested and handcuffed Roper and immediately frisked him, finding nothing. He frisked Roper again in the car, and suddenly found a revolver, which was entered into evidence. Katz objected, saying that Roper had not been charged with possession of a weapon in the indictment. This was overruled. Katz continued, saying that this piece of evidence could not be introduced as part of the conspiracy, because that allegedly ended on April 2, 1969. The revolver was allegedly found in Nov of '69. This, too, was overruled. In a strip search Roper was allegedly found with an I.D. that bore the name of Martin Stonewald and a book of quotes by Mao (pronounced MAYO). These were introduced as evidence, and the jury took its time reading the Red Book - hopefully understanding more of it than Phillips did.

Katz then questioned Decker, who testified that Roper had been wearing a tight denim jacket and tight jeans, when Decker put him up against the wall, handcuffed and frisked him. In the car, Roper sat between two pigs, and it was then that the revolver was found, on the second search. Decker had been told that Roper was armed and dangerous, but he only gave him a perfunctory initial patdown because they were tying up traffic, and because they were in a high crime area and Decker was anxious to get away. Was this "high crime area" a black neighborhood? "Predominantly black, sir." Decker then said that the revolver was in the pocket of those tight jeans, near the crotch, and that he did not feel it on the street. Did he see a bulge? He didn't look in front of Roper. With that crock of lies, court ended for the day.

On Thursday, Oct. 29, court began with Phillips oinking that Clark Squires had said "We'll get you next time." to pig Decker as he was leaving court on Wednesday. Among other things, Phillips said that that 'threat' proved there was a FIRST time when the defendants had tried to get Decker. McKinney said that, assuming such a statement is true, it was subject to millions of interpretations. It is not evidence, as Phillips suggests, and McKinney got up to question Decker. Had Decker

been walking briskly? He didn't recall. Did he stop at anytime? No. Did he turn? When he heard the remark. At that time there were four or five court officers sitting right there, but Decker didn't recall seeing them. Did they hear the remark? Decker didn't ask them. Did he ask McKinney, who had been sitting right in front of Squires, if he had heard the remark? No. Although he was inbetween Squires and McKinney at the time, Decker did not recall seeing McKinney. Did he ask the court officer directly behind Squires if he had heard the remark? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Decker then said that he heard the word 'pig' and some 'oink oinks' coming from the same vicinity. Was anything else going on at the time or was the courtroom quiet? Decker didn't recall. Had Decker ever heard Squires speak before? No. Since? No. Did Decker respond to the comment? No. Decker, who stopped at the door to get a second look at Squires, said that he still did not see McKinney. Had he testified on prior occasions? Yes. During the pretrial hearings? Yes. Did he attach any interpretation to the comment other than a threat? No. He didn't consider any other interpretation? No. McKinney then renewed his objection, saying that the testimony would be entirely prejudicial and would not add any substance. If the D.A. considered it so important, then he should issue a subsequent charge.

Murtagh said that he would grant the request of the defense, although he felt the remark was relevant, shocking, and in violation of the court. He said that it constituted very serious contempt and that he felt it was admissible evidence.

The jury was brought in and Olert took the stand again, to testify that the gun that allegedly belonged to Lee Roper was operable. Mrs. Norries, a railroad clerk took the stand to testify that King did not show for work after April 2, 1969. Detective Francis Dalton, 18 years a pig, took the stand. He had been assigned to assist in the arrest of Lumumba and Afeni Shakur. The team arrived at the apartment at 5 AM on April 2, 1969, and knocked on the door, screaming fire (they had lit up a handkerchief). Lumumba answered the door, and Dalton stuck a shotgun at his stomach, pushed him into the bathroom, and told him he was under arrest and had a warrant. Dalton then walked down a hallway, went into an empty bedroom and turned on a light. He said he found a milk container, two shot gun shells, and gun powder.

These were introduced as evidence. When he came out into the living room he said he saw Afeni, who was wearing a night gown. (Lumumba was supposedly wearing pajama bottoms) Dalton then said he found and seized a length of orange cord, identified as fuse cord (it was a vinyl cord that could be used for anything). He found it behind a stereo speaker and recognized it from his navy experience. Lefcourt asked him if it wasn't true that he found bows and arrows? Yes, he had. Did he take a pillow case and suitcase filled with papers? Yes. BPP literature? Yes. A black green, and red flag? Yes. A gas mask? Yes. An aerosol can? Yes. Some tape recorder tape? Yes. A spear? Yes. (None of this material has been introduced as evidence) Did Dalton read any of the literature? No. Why did he take it? Because it was material dealing with the BPP. Had he played a ruse by yelling fire? Yes. Did they do that to gain entry? Yes. There was really no fire, except for the one on the lit rag? Yes. (During these questions, Murtagh saw fit to have his back to the court again) Did Dalton begin his search after he saw Afeni and Lumumba handcuffed in the kitchen? Yes. Since he had testified that it was his assignment to secure the apartment, did he consider seizing those certain items as part of his job of securing the apartment? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Why did he seize the bow and arrow? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Was it evidence of conspiracy? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Had he been told to expect weapons? Yes. Did he find any? No. Had he been told to expect resistance with

weapons? Yes. Did this happen? No. Did he see anyone touch the cord behind the stereo speaker? No. Did someone give that to him? No. The uniformed patrolman didn't give that cord to him? No. Was it his job to search the apartment? No, it was his job to secure the apartment so that none of the officers would be injured. After he had 'secured' the apartment, did he stay around to search? Yes. He testified that he had taken an excess of a thousand papers, though he read none of them in their entirety, and none of them have been introduced as evidence.

Afeni then got up to question Dalton, who testified that he first saw Afeni in a nightgown, and when she left, she was wearing street clothes. Would he classify that nightgown as 'street clothes'? With the fashions these days, it could be. Could that be what Afeni left in? Could be. Who opened the door to the apartment? Lumumba. What did Dalton do? Thrust a weapon at him and pushed him (Lumumba) into the bedroom. Did Dalton tell him that he was under arrest? No, someone else did. What did Dalton say? "Don't move." Didn't Dalton say, "If you move, I'll blow your fucking brains out." Dalton did not recall. Would it refresh his memory to know that Afeni would never forget the hatred in his voice? Dalton said that Afeni was supposed to have been in the back bedroom, where she could not have heard that threat. Was Lumumba armed? No. Why did Dalton shove a shotgun in his stomach? "To get him to do what I wanted him to do." Was it Dalton's testimony that he got the cord behind the stereo speaker without moving the speaker? Yes. What did it look like? An orange cord. Did it look dangerous? No. Did he take it because it was an orange cord? No, to inspect it. Did he inspect everything? No, just some things. Had he been instructed on who the occupants of the apartment were? Yes, Afeni and Lumumba. No one else? No. Did he find anything that would lead him to believe that others lived there? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he know that Afeni lived there? It was apparent because it was 5AM and she was wearing bed clothes. But didn't Dalton say that they were street clothes? Well, with today's fashions it could have been both. Would Dalton who said that he had never shot anyone, have shot Lumumba if he had so much as moved a toe? No. Had Dalton been bluffing, then? If the lives of the other officers were in danger, he would have shot. And Afeni said, "I'm sure you would."

After lunch Olert of the ballistics squad took the stand again, to testify about shot gun shells. Bloom asked him if a shot gun was fired in someone's stomach, would that do a lot of damage? Yes, it would.

Detective Borcino took the stand to say that he had been assigned to and had booked Curtis Powell. The only thing of note during this testimony was that Honest John said to Bob Bloom, "Please do not impose on my good nature."

Detective Robert Schneider was the next to take the stand. He had been assigned to arrest Doctor Curtis Powell at 11:30 AM on April 2, 1969. He and a fellow pig waited in Powell's apartment until Powell arrived. They showed him the warrant and then arrested him. Schneider, who arrested Powell, said that he was not the arresting officer. Murtagh interrupted, telling Bloom to get down to the "real issue in the case." Bloom answered that there was a difference in what the court felt was the real issue and what the defense felt the real issue was. Schneider, who just hung around the apartment making notes until Powell arrived, said that he had discussed the arrest with fellow cops and D.A.s. Schneider also failed to make note of the fact that he had arrested Powell. Isn't it a fact that police must write down the time of an arrest? Yes. Why didn't he? It was an oversight. Schneider, who had been told that Powell was a Panther and dangerous, said that he did not search the apartment.

Detective Jacobsen was the next to take the stand. His assignment on April 2, '69, had been to arrest Powell. He arrived, with his team at

about 5 AM, and waited several minutes while the roof and backyard men took their places. He said that he saw a light and heard voices coming from the apartment. He knocked on the door several times, and after getting no response, tried to kick the door in. He couldn't do it, so he sent someone to call the emergency division. They came and broke down the door, and the team entered with guns drawn. The light and voices were coming from a TV set - no one was in the apartment except the pigs. They took that time to search and seize, and allegedly found a revolver and holster, which were introduced as evidence. Bloom objected, citing the 4th Amendment, and saying that no connection had been proven linking the revolver to Powell. This, of course, was overruled by Murtagh, and the revolver and holster were received into evidence.

Jacobsen then said that he found two books; one on explosives, and one on homemade bombs. These were also introduced and received as evidence, even though Bloom objected on the same grounds as his previous objection. Weinstein then read from selected parts of one of the books. Sandy Katz objected, saying that the reading of the book only in parts was highly prejudicial. The whole book should be read. But Murtagh, of course, overruled. The defense then asked that the author and publisher be told. The book had been written by a Major. Weinstein started to read about black powder, but slipped up saying, "... the ingredients of black POWER... er, ummmm, black powder..."

After his reading, Weinstein wanted to put paper clips in his selected pages of the book so that the jury would be sure to look there while examining the evidence. He then had the chutzpah to say that he was in no way doing this to influence the jury to ignore the rest of the books. Lefcourt objected, saying that the books had been brought in to prejudice the jury. But Murtagh "categorically" overruled this. Then some chemicals that were found in Doctor Powell's apartment were brought in and introduced as evidence. Bloom objected, but Murtagh again overruled, and the chemicals were received by the court. Katz objected, saying that the D.A. is trying to put everything in but the kitchen sink, trying to prove some mystical thing called 'connection.' This too, was overruled.

The jury spent the rest of the day reading the books on explosives.

Michael Tabor asked for the court to honor Black Solidarity Day, which falls on Nov 2, but Murtagh would not hear of it.

Now, here's a piece of the fan mail that is typical of the letters received by the defense. This one, addressed to Jerry Lefcourt, was from Massapequa. I am leaving the spelling as it appeared in the letter.

'Shyster halfbreed Lefcourt, "You stinking halfbreed lice of Hanoi, you bastards whom are defending nigger murderous scum. You better pray if you know the meaning of the word that these Nigger black apes are put to death by law, for we, the White Panthers will, we know where you live and that other halfbreed shyster bastard Katz Katz Sanford Cats, he looks more like a rat, we are observing everything that goes on Cats in courtroom, and the acid is burning a whole, waiting to be thrown in your ugly kike mugs. We like playing cat and mouse. We like being the cat. Did you ever see a mug eaten away by acid just two holes in the eyes, no nose HA HA If you think those gurillas are being abused the ugly black apes will pay. You better believe this. As will you shyster Jew scum, enjoy your short life. If you halfbreed lice of shysters, and those jungle nigger lice black Panther HA HA BLACK MICE WHEN WE MEET UP. WE ARE THE MAJORITY OF WHITE AMERICA. Even though black apes like to include us as ethnic minority. WE ARE NOT BLACK EVEN THOUGH WE HAD TO LIVE WITH BLACK PIGS

BE SEEING YOU SCUM" So all that can be said, at this point, is that those who are still carrying flowers, as beautiful as they are, have not yet heard the bad news.

ART BY ROGER TOMLINSON

YOU, straight man, oppress me! And it's nothing new that you do and continue to oppress women too! Yeah... all your lousy businesses, religions, military, your monetary system and mass media forms, your governments, educational and family structures, your so-called "cures," right down to the very letter of all your paper laws oppress me, and I'm sick and tired of it, of you, straight man! I don't want, accept or respect anything you stand for. You're typical of hell's devils, but your protective plastic is melting... I've had my fill of you and your white games, of your male supremeist ego and cheap vanity, YOUR privileges, tokenism, sexism, aggression, racism, classism, capitalism, imperialism, agisms, fears, chauvinism, etc., and whatever more that makes up your loveless "anti-people" society, lowlife and decadence. I don't listen to you middle-class muck-racking power mongers any more. Never did, actually.

I'm rising up GAY against you to revolution, to off you and you'd better listen to me NOW, or else! I'll not wait in line or be your *subject* slave, nor hide in your guise(s) or be passive or inferior or compromise or negotiate or be dished out what you feel my freedoms are, nor be co-opted or tolerant any longer. I demand of you my complete freedom and if that displeases you, I'll take what is mine, by any and all means necessary, caring less whether you have yours or not. I've taken your foul life bullshit for thousands of years and no longer will I. I didn't come to America to be oppressed and ruled by you. You don't need protection from me, I need protection from

you. I'm heavily armed with anger, rage and fury. So watch out! Do what you want with your meek life, but don't drag me down and under with you, to exploit and benefit your filthy greedamania. I'm not going to work so that you don't have to. Beside, you've murdered millions of my gay sisters and brothers and I seek revenge. I've paid the price for your sinning too long. You've taxed my patience and mere existence, willingly blinding and preventing my survival and open living.

You light-minded perverts, like hard-core dehumanizers nixon, agnew, foran, j. hoover, daley, reasen, mitchell, rockefeller, lindsay, goldberg, god... you're all His pimps... so foolish... so dumb! The rest of your straight public following are just pawns, puppets, empty-headed dupes running around prostituting your inhuman society. Do you expect to suppress me without a fight? I know you're the Adversary and I know how to play the game. And stop feeding

me that silent majority "rising up angry" bit, — isn't that cute — and your phony, hyp-hippocratic-power to the people rhetoric. You look so funny runnin' around the country trying to find people who will listen to your insanity, who'll feel sorry for you 'cause the revolution is pickin' on you... runnin' around parading your ignorance and confirming your wrongs, using our rhetoric even, how unoriginal. The "people" will watch you die and I hope it's soon I can't even wait that long. You're all sick and perverted and your ways demented and silly.

I want to tell you that I'm proud of me, what I am, my culture, my openness, my gayness and what I do, feel and say, so damn it, leave me alone, stop interfering or else!! I understand perfectly what the lusty incestations of your established order mean and I've got my gun loaded. You shall burn amid the ill-life you created, while I build over you a future for my well-being. I'll no longer be the image and ugliness in your shadow.

And off you oppressor politics too! I can understand why the establishment is why it is, what it is, but not why and when my own so-called brother revolutionaries betray me and my trust and my struggle. Who do you straight radical leftists think you are deciding my self-determination and stand and position in your (?) revolution? Yeah... the front is nice, your mighty fists raised high in a right salute to women's liberation, the third world and gay liberation struggles, but wow, you too are blind, false, phony, inhuman and unnatural in your dealings with us. What kind of revolution is this that both sides are the enemy? When will you men begin to apply practice to your principles and convictions instead of being weak-minded, cowardly sissies that you've been coming across as? Why do you make right on statements and not carry them out? What kind of trip you really on? I thought we were getting beyond that infantile stage.

Get rid of your own shadows yourself. And what does sisterhood actually mean to you? You don't know because you've never experienced brotherhood. You still want to exploit and use women as sexual objects for your pleasures and bondage just to keep on provin' your masculinity, to cover over your errors and frailties, to sustain your ego and dominance in times of stress, sensitivity, weakness, loneliness and fear. You're still trying to fuck over women and everyone else. You don't know who you are because you don't try to understand you or anyone and you've hardly begun to identify your self as a man. I can tell you right now straight man, I'm not going to feed your feeble-minded ego any longer and neither will my sisters.

You bear a striking resemblance to your own enemy. I'm burdened enough with the same enemy that now I am forced by you to regard you

as such too? Come on children, wake up! to practical realities. Stop oppressing me.

You turn me off! I'm not attracted to you just because you're a male, but because you're a person, a human being, a brother. At this time, as a brother to me your worth is nil. I don't need you to love, so don't think you're depriving me of something I've never had from you. I am not like you nor want to do as you do, ever. I don't want to suck your cock or fuck you, so you needn't worry. I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot erection. You aren't worthy of my love because you can't accept me as your brother and love me. *I'm rising up gay to smash your cock-power*, understand? What I do need, what I do want and wish is to communicate with you and love you as my brother as I do my sisters.

Blast it!!! Tell me this: why did it take you so-called male revolutionaries so long to come around to us and even state in your own words of mind that gay liberation was reality and a must revelation and part of the whole revolution? It's because you're chauvinist, vain, selfish, sexist, racist, and STRAIGHT. And you're black and white.

Look what you did at the Constitutional convention to gay people, at your other planning sessions for the "people," meetings, etc., whatever. I don't need any straight man to tell me and others that I'm oppressed and why, or your affirmation that you oppress me — I'll tell you! I'm saying my priority is me, too, and I'm a male gay and we together, men and women, as individuals are the priority. So don't exclude me! Stop fucking over me!

We gay people told you urgently, earnestly, clearly and emphatically two years ago what gay liberation is, what it meant to us and you, and you turned around and ignored us, stepped all over us, tried to deny us our being next to you or siding with you, supporting you, and tried to deny that you may be gay or could be and you beat on us and spit on us. How manly, how brotherly, how vanguard, how strong your up-front rhetoric was and we weakened you by challenge rather than by competition and you were offended and backed away from us, and more often than not you kicked us in the balls and laughed (oink!) like the pigs you supposedly hate and disassociate from being.

You can't get rid of us or buy us off as easy as your establishment counterparts think they can or could. I'm tired of working for and with you and you not with me, my interests and liberation needs.

I'm fed up with your stale, refined delusions of power. I'm sick of your oppressive stares and giggles and filthy dialogue. I don't trust what affection and sympathy you offer me now, either! It's reckless and irrational and tokenism. You've got to offer me you and your real identity. Prove yourself worthy of my brotherhood. I'm sick of the abuse and the ways you

SODOMY LAW TEST

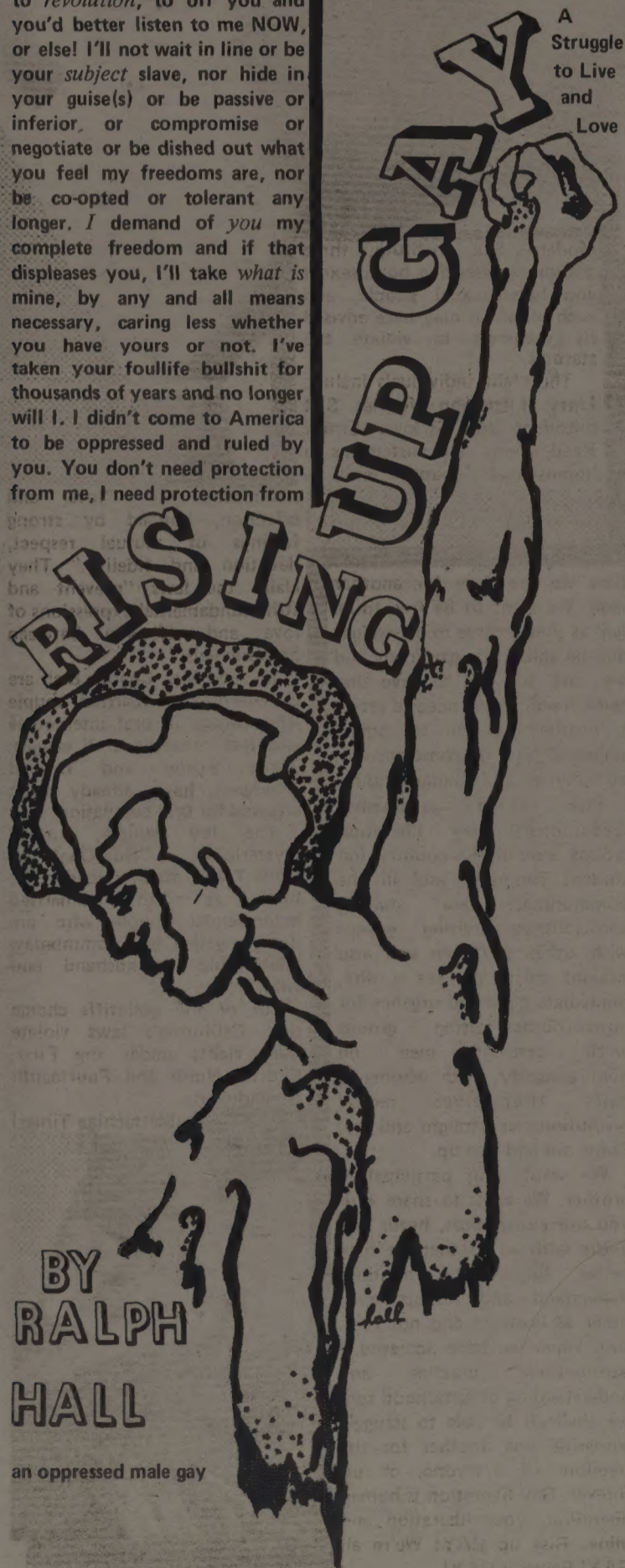
molest me and my sisters and brothers. I'm sick of all your labels. I'm sick of the ways you attempt to divert me, elude me and exclude me. You transgress all that is natural and human and stand in the way of everybody's liberation. I don't need your straight ideals and political philosophys to guide me or support me. They don't work for you why should they work for me? My liberation will be accomplished my way on my terms liken to that which my brothers and sisters agree will best free us, totally and complete. Stop your squawking and off your liberalism. Gay liberation will be met by our demands, or get ready for another revolution!

You gape so when I kiss another man. You point your finger at "that queer" and "faggot over there" and joke about us and use us to prove your maleness. You use GAY to put your enemies down. Gay is beautiful straight man. And there is nothing wrong with

cocksucking or screwing in the ass, so why put it down when you do it, too? Your ego thrives on putting your gay brothers and sisters down, and your latent expression of gay off longer and longer. Is it envy when I touch another man? I think yes in a way and no in a way. It affects you as being unmanly and feminine. (How simple your mind.) It should because it shows you up for what you are and aren't, being less than a man (by 'less than a man,' doesn't mean effeminate or female.), because you can't do it. You're ineffectual as a lover of man. You're afraid to show the slightest weakness(?) of love for or be loved by a member of your own sex.

Your vanity is disgusting, valueless and empty and I'll be damned if I'll continue to buy that from you or be exploited by it. I'll not be your fall guy, scape goat, your cock sucker, your secret menstress, slave or servant boy any longer. I don't accept your token support as blind as it is jock!!

Your biggest fear of homosexuality is that it endangers your image of masculinity and "butchness and studness," of dominance and superiority. You don't like homosexuals and doing homosexuality. You don't like gay men and women around your "women" because we treat them as women, as equals, as sisters, as humans. You stigmatize us as all being feminine and nelly and detest our cultural camp. You fear you might like homosexuals and



BY
RALPH
HALL

an oppressed male gay

Three groups and eight individuals in the San Francisco Bay area have filed suit in the Federal District Court of Northern California in an effort to overturn two sections of the California Penal Law.

The two sections, 286 and 288a, forbid oral and anal intercourse. Sec. 288a carries a 1-15 year sentence for oral sex, and Sec. 286 provides a

maximum sentence of life imprisonment for anal intercourse. No distinction is made between homosexual and heterosexual couples.

Named as defendants in the suit are the police chiefs of San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland; the sheriffs of Alameda and Marin Counties; and the

District Attorneys of San Francisco, San Mateo, Marin and Alameda Counties.

The class action was filed on behalf of the Society for Individual Rights, the Sexual Freedom League and the

Modern Sex Institute, three groups representing homosexual and heterosexual people, and each of which may have advised its members to violate the statutes.

The eight individuals include Larry Littlejohn, former SIR president, and his lover, Ernest Reed, who are listed as a homosexual couple with a

relationship of "love and affection, bonded by strong feelings of mutual respect, devotion and fidelity." They claim the laws "prevent and stifle fundamental expressions of love and affection between homosexuals."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blair are a heterosexual married couple who engage in oral intercourse and fear prosecution if caught. James Foster and Donald Lundgren have already been arrested for oral copulation.

The last couple, known mysteriously as "Doe One" and "Doe Two", are described in the brief as "an unmarried heterosexual couple who are living together in a commonlaw relationship as husband and wife."

All of the plaintiffs charge that California's laws violate their rights under the First, Fourth, Ninth and Fourteenth Amendments.

(Mattachine Times)

doing gay. You fear us because you feel all we want is to get at your "meat" and that we'll stop at nothing, even rape. Yeeech! Who wants it? I'm sick of following you tired hard ons around. Pound your own meat! Why can't you admit to yourself that gay is good, gay is natural and that gay is for you too? If it's good for us brother, it's good enough for you. You may ask, "Well, why aren't you heterosexual?" Well, why aren't you homosexual? We don't deny that heterosexuality is good, just as homosexuality is, so why deny us that understanding?

Men (hah?) Men who cannot love themselves or members of the same sex are also incapable of loving women. So what are you doing to women, you moronic straight slobs... sexist, fascist pigs?? Deal with your hang ups. Your endless and obvious efforts to maintain your position as authoritarian ruler, the protector, the provider, the all mighty righteous one is just selfish vanity.

You even exploit your self as a sexual object through the use of "virile-prop" in your media forms, product advertising, language, dress and mannerisms. Vanity is addictive, and conditioned into you as part of your (a hem!) "normal" behavioral pattern as demanded by society and economics, thus it becomes known as your demand, desire, belief, necessity, religion and luxury. That's alot of crap you know. Vanity is really inhuman and unnatural. You are not a food, product or commodity that can be bought, sold or eaten.

UNVANITY is one of the largest threats to your male ego and it brings you down to a real level of beauty and humanism, of power, when you possess it. Is that so evil and crude? Beauty cannot be mirrored, or put on. Beauty comes from your inside and is reflected naturally on your outside, that is, if you possess any. By the looks of you now, you've never had any. I hope your vanity, if it continues to be, cracks you into a thousand pieces.

I feel the only solution to your revolution and male liberation is gay liberation... supporting and doing it! The

actual now you is quite ugly and offensive, deceitful and I can't stand you. But I'd like to change you.

New meaning and strength has been added to the women's liberation struggle by my gay sisters. Gay and straight women are getting it together, struggling to sisterhood, experiencing gay love, on the road to finding their true identities as women. Why do you think they barely relate to us as men at this time. They may be on hate-men trips, but I don't blame them, I hate you too! I feel what they are saying to we men, both gay and straight, is relate, "relate to your oppression, your own selves, your own identities - man... identify man. Seize the time all men and relate, communicate for brotherhood's sake." Yeah... I like that!!

Radical gay men, white and third world, have learned alot about sexism and racism from our sisters and brothers and you can bet your life you're not going through with this revolution without us, without dealing with your hang ups and chauvinism, etc., because we have the power to stop you. Without our numbers you won't accomplish anything.

As straight men are you capable of loving your brother, whether straight or gay? Actual love, real body love, physical and/or mental contact? Why can't you put your arm around your brother and really mean it, rather than some sort of (sic) social gesture? Why can't you kiss or even touch your brother? You don't have to be homosexual to love another man. It doesn't mean a come one or that you want to hump him in bed or that he feels the same. It's an expression of brotherly love, not necessarily sexual, unless and although it can be that too, depending on how you express your love, or come across. Why do you associate sex, especially gay sex,

with aggression and fear? hmmm.

You straight men will never achieve total 'person' liberation until you've experienced homosexual love. And that doesn't mean having a "faggot" suck you off or mean you fucking over him. Remember we gay people are not "faggots" or "queers" and you're liable to be punched in the nose rather than be reasoned with from now on when you use such terms. I feel the best way to experience gay love is for you to make love with another straight man (and really find out how gay you were and are.) But, if you're really anxious, gay men will gladly accomodate your desire to learn gay and their desire to educate you, if you want. The gay in you you were always aware of, possibly practiced at one time during your teen-formative years, may be brought out. You will overcome your fears of gay too... we hope.

Homosexuality is... the capability of two members of the same sex loving one another in a way which is determined consensual and mutual in feeling by both persons; and therefore expressed by love in sex that assures a metaphysical well-bing for both in their principles and practice. We gay people do have our role hang ups, but are overcoming them through confrontation known as consciousness-raising sessions in groups and/or on a one-to-one basis.

Your gay brothers don't expect you to turn exclusively gay or to even like it... it would be nice, but we do demand that you experience

how we feel love for another man. We want to be free to be gay as you are free to be straight and be able to do gay freely and we wish for you to have that same freedom. We need to attain a brotherhood on an equal, unbiased level of consciousness, acceptance and understanding.

The more progressive, revolutionary gay liberation groups around the country (on student campuses and in the communities) are starting consciousness raising groups with other gay men and also straight men. We see a dire, immediate need and urgency for consciousness-raising groups with straight men on homosexuality, with whomever calls themselves radical revolutionaries, straight and gay. Come out and join up.

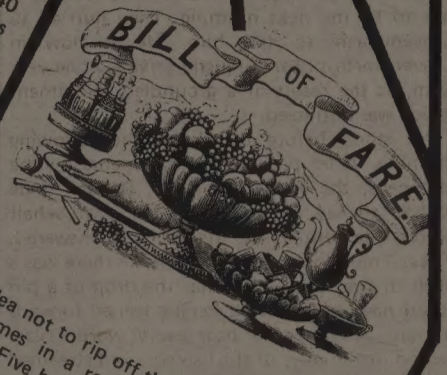
We want your participation brother. We want to share with you our experiences, heads and yours with us so that we may better know one another, understand and respect each other as brothers and not foes. And when we have achieved a brotherhood practice and understanding of sisterhood too, we shall all be able to struggle alongside one another for the freedom of everyone, of us, forever. Gay liberation is human liberation, your liberation and mine. Rise up GAY! We're all GAY! Power is GAY!



DOUBLE

RIP

OFF - 3



Part III

'Uh oh! You lose, American Express'

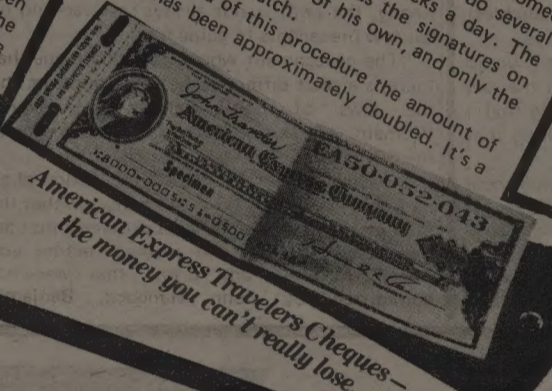
FRANK FERRIS

This week's ripoff is highly illegal, so I don't recommend anyone doing it. If you know of anyone that is earning his living at this particular ripoff, I suggest you don't go with him when he does it, unless you're fond of feloneis, courts, detention centers and jails. Those of you who watch television have no doubt seen ads that show a tired, drunk, beleaguered traveler entering his hotel room to find out that some fiend has stolen all his money. "Uh Oh!" the narration voice says. "You lose. In Milan, Italy, and all your cash has been stolen! Don't you wish you had American Express Traveler's Checks? You would get an instant replacment of your checks..." The scene switches to Paris and Tokyo and over some thief who was thoughtless enough to rob an individual instead of getting to the money himself — the Traveler's Check companies.

Traveler's Checks are nifty. No identification is required to cash them. The only thing necessary is that the signature on the check roughly match the signature on the top of the check. When you buy the check, you sign the check. The checks are insured, that is, if a store takes a stolen check, they get their bread from American Express. American Express doesn't send stores a list of stolen checks, simply because the checks can be cashed everywhere and so many are stolen.

What many people have done and are doing to liberate money from American Express (and any other company that issues traveler's checks) is to purchase the checks and then "lose" them. Two people are required for the accomplishment of this rip off. This makes the crime technically a conspiracy as well as grand theft.

At the end of this procedure the amount of money has been approximately doubled. It's a



American Express Travelers Cheques — the money you can't really lose.

The person who buys the checks has the least amount of risk and usually only practices 40 percent of the way his accomplice, signing his own name the way he can sign his name like the cashier's he enters a bank and buys, for example, \$1000 worth of Traveler's Checks. The initial cost is \$1000 for the checks and \$10 to buy them. Occasionally you can find a bank that gives free Traveler's Checks, so, then all the better.

The buyer signs all the checks at the top and leaves the bank. He cashes several of them and reports the bank. Missing is better than stolen. If reported stolen, then a police report be filed (a third crime — filing a false report). The buyer then returns to any Traveler's Check office and reports that he lost his checks at the beach or at a rock concert. He is told that if he should find the missing checks he should return them immediately to the office. He leaves and does whatever he wants with the second set of checks. If he cashes them all that day, he might arouse some suspicion.

In the meantime, the "missing checks" have been handed over to the cashier, who busies himself cashing them. If he looks reasonably straight, he can go into any large hotel and cash a hundred dollars worth at a time. Incidentally, unless you can think of a reason to buy some other denomination. If the cashier doesn't look straight, he can wander from bar to coffee shop to stores buying small items. This takes a lot of time, but is sometimes safer. When accustomed to the practice, a good cashier can do several thousand dollars worth of checks a day. The cashier doesn't need I.D., as the signatures on the checks are a copy of his own, and only the signatures need match.

Each disappearance of checks is investigated by the company that issued the checks. As there are more and more thefts, it becomes impossible to catch or even investigate them all. Usually, the buyer of the checks receives photostated copies of the "lost" checks that have been cashed. He is asked to comment on the signatures on the checks. "Very interesting" is a good remark. "Astounding forgery!" is OK if you're a drama major.

Again, let me stress that this is a very bad rip off to get caught at. The system is frankly have been pulled in its corporate face. People many merchants are aware of this type of rip off. It's not a bad idea to wear sneakers when you cash the checks. Of course, if you're on the brush side, you might send an anonymous note to American Express stating simply, "Uh oh! You lose..."

good idea not to rip off the same company too many times in a row or for extremely large amounts. Five hundred to a thousand is a good first hit.

LIBERATION DAY FOR WEST SIDE WOMEN

Women who live on Manhattan's West Side now have a center where they can gather to rap, exchange information on various women's issues, exchange clothing, enjoy free dinners, and meet their sisters to organize. The West Side Women's Center, located 627 Amsterdam Avenue, came into being on October 10 when a women's collective liberated a storefront in a building slated for demolition by the City to make way for "urban renewal."

The collective reached the decision to open a women's center several weeks before, and located the storefront with the help of Operation Move-In, a neighborhood group which has been assisting community groups and families victimized by relocation to establish their squatters' rights.

At noon on October 10, some twenty women carrying brooms, pails and other cleaning equipment met in front of OMI's store-front, held a brief meeting, and marched to 627 Amsterdam Ave. With crowbars, hammers and broomhandles, they began removing the sheet metal covering the door and windows. As light poured into the liberated center, the women were pleasantly surprised to see that it was fairly clean, and in good repair.

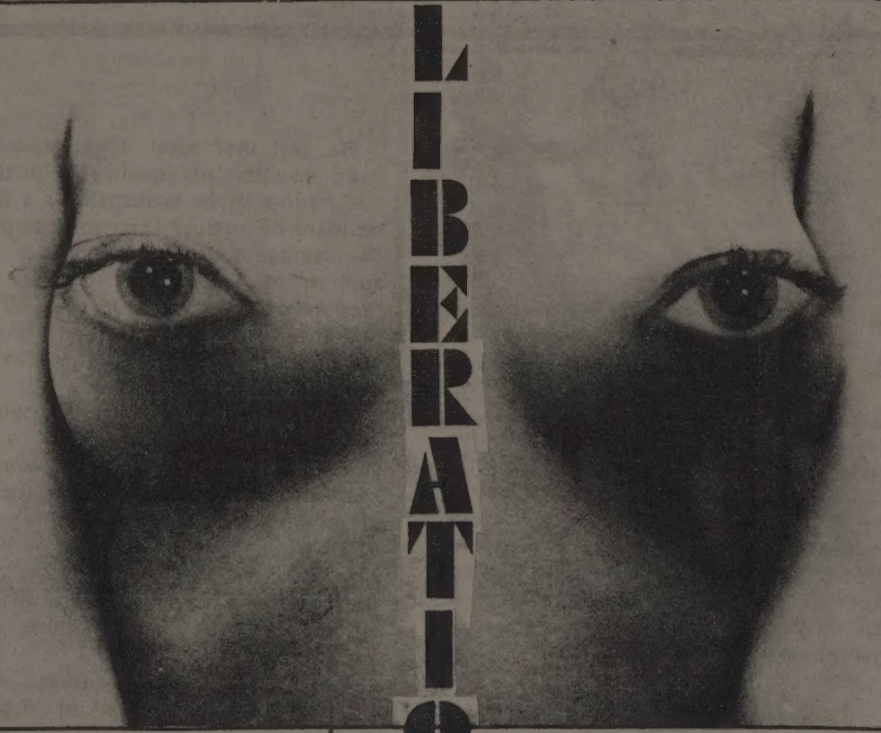
Shortly after we moved in and had begun sweeping and washing floors and windows, a police car pulled up in front. One of the cops came in to ask what we were doing. When we told him we were setting up a women's center for the community, he said, "It looks more like a beauty parlor." He left, warning us not to leave garbage in front of the building.

By that time, many of the community people had gathered in front to see what was happening. They read leaflets we had prepared in English and Spanish, explaining what we were planning to do. Then the cop came back, and asked if we were part of "that" women's liberation movement. Yes, we told him. "Then I'd better get out of here," he replied. We didn't contradict him.

More owmen came, bringing food, coffee pots, etc. Some carried sleeping bags, prepared to spend the night in the storefront to establish our claim to it. When we had finished cleaning up, we held our first meeting, while some of the men who had helped us stood outside, handing out leaflets.

- child care cooperatives, especially for working mothers with sick children
- places for women in transition to stay
- divorce counseling
- file of good and bad gynecologists and doctors in general

- We decided on some of the projects we wanted to start:
- abortion, birth control & sex information and counseling
 - free clothing exchange
 - free weekly dinners for working mothers and their families
 - literature, books and films on women's lib
 - consciousness-raising groups for men and women of all ages
 - information and resource people for groups setting up day care facilities



LIBERATION!

Alfred Gescheidt

&&&&&

LIBERATION DAY

The meeting broke up, but many women stayed to rap. At one point, the superintendent hired by the City to watch the building came in to assure us that it was not he who had called the police. While he was talking, a woman, apparently his wife, kept trying to pull him away. Finally, she led him down the street, and gave us a big "V" sign behind his back. "Right on, sister," we yelled.

We unfolded cots and bedrolls, but everyone felt so exhilarated that we stayed up, rapping, until late in the night. We were awakened by the cop from the day before, inquiring, in his most patriarchal manner, if we were okay. We assured him we were, and he went back to his car, shaking his head.

The storefront is now open daily from 11 a.m. until evening programs are over. Scheduled as of now are: rap groups, Mondays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m.; business meeting, Tuesdays at 8; films and discussions of women's lib books and pamphlets, Thursdays at 8 p.m. All women are welcome to come to their center. SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL!

For further information, contact Sonya Weil at 280-3578 or 280-5098.

Friday, February 20, 1970, Robert De Pugh, founder of the Minutemen and the Patriotic Party, stood before Judge Collinson in Federal Court, Kansas City, Missouri, and was sentenced to four years in Prison. The charge was "bond jumping". Mr. DePugh had failed to appear for trial on a firearms charge. He did not receive the notice of the trial. He did not know the date it was to be held.

He had not been notified of the time of sentencing. By inquiry, his parents learned it was to be the next morning. They hurried to Leavenworth to tell him. He is now in Leavenworth prison, unjustly serving a one-year term, as the result of a groundless indictment which was dismissed.

He stood before the Judge the following morning. After preliminary statements by the attorneys, the Judge asked Mr. DePugh if he wished to say something in his own behalf before the sentencing. Mr. DePugh answered, "Yes, Your Honor." While he spoke there was a hush in the room, such that the drop of a pin could have been heard. People leaned forward in rapt attention to hear every word. Tears welled in the eyes of the listeners and streamed down the cheeks of strong mature men. Even those of the opposition were motionless with downcast eyes.

The following is what Bob said to the Court: "Yes, Your Honor, I would like just a few minutes to mention some things of which the court may not be aware but which may weigh in my favor. At the same time and with equal candor I will mention some things that may weigh against me.

"I am forty-six years old. For the first forty-one years of my life I was a completely law abiding citizen.

"When I worked for others, I gave an honest day's work for each day's pay. When other men worked for me, I gave an honest day's pay for each day's work. I tried to be a good husband, a good father and a good neighbor. I have been given honorary membership in several scientific societies. More than 100 new medical products have resulted from my own work as a research chemist. Many of these products are in use today to help save lives and relieve pain. In this small way at least, I have the personal satisfaction of knowing that the world is a little better place for my having been here.

"Even today, those who know me best will confirm that few people set for themselves as rigid a code of personal conduct as the prisoner

who stands before you. My personal code of conduct does not permit me to use profanity, or to drink or even smoke. My personal code of conduct does not permit me to gossip about other people's affairs or to hurt another person's feelings by sarcasm or innuendo. My personal code of conduct does not permit me to make myself look good at another person's expense.

"During the past five years, I have been repeatedly accused of crimes I did not commit. As a private citizen I have been forced to marshal my limited resources, financial and psychological, over and over again to defend myself against the awesome power of State and Federal Governments, and the cost has been high-higher than you can ever know.

"Now, Your Honor, for the other side of the coin, I stand before the Court tried and found guilty. At this point it is no doubt traditional

seems reasonable enough. It's usually not too difficult to obey the law. In fact, it's very easy—easy that is for those who have no great convictions.

"Such a man will attend to his own affairs. He will 'keep his nose clean'. He will stay out of trouble. He will obey the law.

"They obeyed the law, Your Honor, and stood aside while Jesus was nailed to the cross.

"They obeyed the law, Your Honor, while their fellowmen were sold into slavery, and pocketed their share of the profit.

"They obeyed the law, Your Honor, and turned their Jewish neighbors in so they could be legally and lawfully transported to the gas chambers.

In Cuba today, it is the most law abiding wife who turns her husband in to the police for an insulting remark about Castro.

"In North Vietnam today it is the law abiding citizen who takes part in the public

Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Ceasar Rodney and all the other American patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence? Did they too not break the law? Did they too not become fugitives from justice?

"What would have happened to these men if the Colonies had lost the Revolutionary War? There would be no Constitution; there would be no Congress and the laws I am accused of breaking would not even exist.

"Naturally, the government will say, 'That's all well and good but now we have our Constitution and Congress and laws and they must all be obeyed. But must they really? Are we a people so vain as to think we have achieved perfection? Are we a nation so egotistical as to think the future cannot improve upon the past?

"The best of all we have today—of what we call Western Civilization was given us by men who broke the law. Think of Galileo sitting in prison for teaching that the earth revolves

around the sun. Lister, Harvey and many other physicians broke the laws of their day to conduct the medical research for which we are now so thankful. Every person who is ever bitten by a rabid animal can thank his lucky stars that Louis Pasteur broke the law flagrantly while doing the research that makes the Pasteur treatment possible.

"It is in the field of law itself that laws have most often been broken. The Magna Carta was not given to the people of England as the gratuity of a generous monarch. It was fought for by men who broke the law to create better laws. How many heads rolled from the guillotine to bring a new set of laws to France? The laws of this nation and every other nation are written in blood.

"Of all my family—grandparents, parents, wife, brother, children, aunts, uncles, cousins, nephews and nieces, I am the only one that has ever been convicted of a felony. Criminal behaviour does not run in our family. If I am a criminal I must be of a very special kind. My family knows me well, and of them all, I know of none that would not be proud to stand here in my place and accept the sentence of this court upon their shoulders.

"If I had been tried as a revolutionary, then I would have pled guilty for such behavior does run in our family. Many months before the Battle of Lexington and Concord one of my ancestors was executed by the British for

(Continued on Page 17)



for the prisoner to offer some expression of repentance, but in all sincerity, I cannot do so.

To make matters worse, I cannot, in good conscience, give the court the slightest assurance that I will ever change my ways.

"It may be of little importance but I would like to say this: I have never broken the law wantonly. I have never done anything that I thought was morally wrong or anything that actually hurt my fellowman.

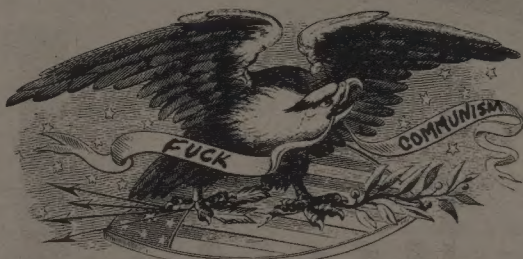
"Of course, the government's position must be that the individual citizen cannot decide for himself which laws he thinks are right and which laws he thinks are wrong. Every government that has ever existed has told its citizens the same thing. At first impression this

execution of American prisoners of war.

"But for the man who has strong beliefs regarding the basic principles of right and wrong, the path is not always so clear—and he has few precedents to guide him.

"The government would naturally argue that there is a great difference between our laws and the laws of Nazi Germany or North Vietnam...and every government prosecutor in the Soviet Union will say the same thing.

"It is ironic perhaps, that in this nation of all nations, in a nation born of revolution that the man of strong principle faces problems that are most complex. Has the prisoner before you now committed any crime that was not committed by John Hancock, Benjamin



"WE WILL NEVER SURRENDER"

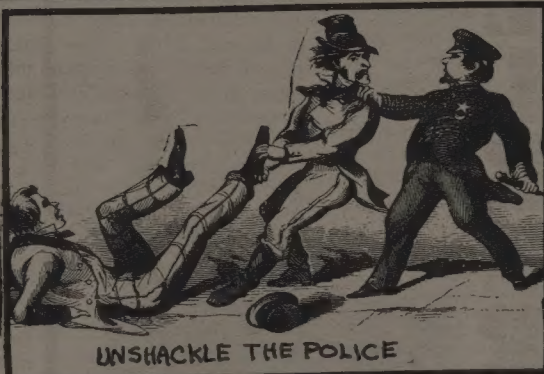
ON TARGET

It has been brought to the attention of the "Minutemen" organization that a series of raids were recently conducted by agents of the Internal Revenue Alcohol-Tobacco-Firearms Division (ATFD) upon the offices of four United States Senators, four United States Congressmen, the Governors of three states and two of President Nixon's top aides:

Confiscated in the raids were eleven fully operable, fully automatic Russian made AK-47 machine guns, the possession of which is a clear violation of the Gun Control Act Of 1968. Despite this violation none of these men have been arrested or charged with this federal offense.

The weapons were supposedly a gift of President Nixon, who gave them the machine guns as souvenirs after these men returned from a brief tour of South Vietnam. The weapons confiscated from them are said to have been given to a number of public museums for display purposes.

In shocking contrast is the recent conviction and subsequent sentencing of "Minutemen" founder and National Coordinator Robert Bolivar De Pugh to a total of 9 ten year sentences which he is to begin serving concurrently in a federal penitentiary for allegedly violating the same law which was violated by these eleven "public servants".



The "Minutemen" organization believes in complete equality in the administration of justice. We therefore demand that the federal agency responsible for bringing to justice and prosecuting violators of the Gun Control Act Of 1968 take the necessary steps in fulfilling their duties with the arrest of the following violators:

Presidential Aides:

- Herb Kline
- Bruce Harlow

Senators:

- Howard Cannon, Nevada
- Tom McIntire, New Hampshire
- George Murphy, California
- John Tower, Texas

Congressmen:

- Bill Bray, Indiana
- O' Fisher, Texas
- Mell Price, Illinois
- Bill Whitehorst, Virginia

Governors:

- John Love, Colorado
- Robert Munroe, South Carolina
- Raymond Shafer, Pennsylvania

We feel that what is at stake is the basic question of equality of justice. Is our nation to be governed by a double standard of justice? One which applies to the average citizen and another which applies to elected officials and Presidential favorites? Or shall all men, regardless of their economic station or political affiliations be subject to stand equal in the eyes of the law?

We have recently witnessed the conviction of a mayor of a large American city for federal income tax evasion, the Gun Control Act of 1968 is in effect simply a matter of registration and a subsequent payment of a prohibitive tax. We of the "Minutemen" organization fail to discern any qualitative difference in the actions of the above named violators.

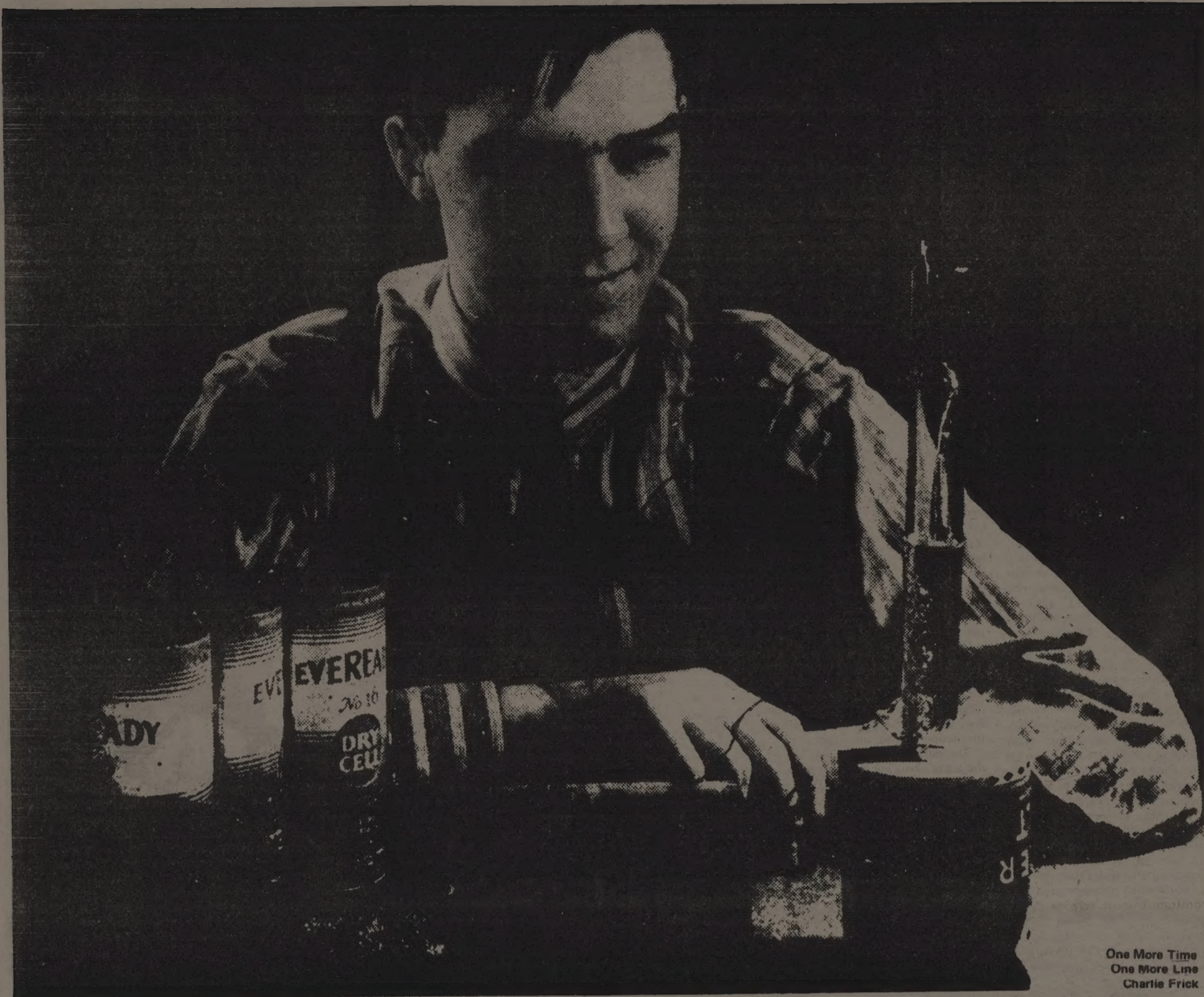
The present administration has cloaked itself in a deceptive veil of "Law and Order". Order cannot exist without law, but it has been the experience of members of the "Minutemen" that law can and has existed without justice.

Should the Federal agency responsible for upholding the law mentioned, fail in its duty, the "Minutemen" organization will seriously consider conducting a series of citizens arrests for the purpose of seeing that justice is done.

Robert Taylor, Member National Executive Council "MINUTEMEN"

ON TARGET
published jointly by
'Minutemen—Patriotic Party—
Committee of Correspondence'
Patriotic Action
Founded in 1963 by R. Bolivar DePugh
WORDS WON'T WIN — ACTION WILL
October 24, 1970





One More Time
One More Line
Charlie Frick

After all the nonsense that went down all summer long, all the many times that the American teenaged music loving public got burned, who would believe another rock festival? Certainly not me, but there it was, staring me right in the face.

I was somewhere flyin around the electric mecca when this buddy of mine says, "Hey come along, there's someone who has some hot news," so I went to see the people.

An indoor continuous performance rock concert he said, what do you mean??? It sounded like another out of touch acid head's dream, but no, not this time: there was some interesting lines to back up the claim. Seems that this poor little rich kid, an equipment manufacturer's son, inherited this place.

It's full of open spaces like a football field. They used to build all kinds of large equipment there to help America run. His dream is to take this place and turn it into the most incredible rock and roll scene of the 1970 season. It was supposed to be open for Halloween but there was some trouble with getting all the electricity fixed up.

It's out there many miles from the smog and the fog and the stuff that floats in the air everywhere in the electric mecca. For most folks it takes 1/2 a day to get there.

Something that's never been tried before, an all night all day all the time show going on. It won't be long now before it's open to the public. I got a feeling that it's gonna shake a lot of people in the world of musical money makers up a little, it's got a whole new system that will make paying for one time rock concerts a laugh. For the price of one ticket to any of the rock shows in NYC these days you can come to this retreat and boogie for a week!! There's no signs on the door like some places I've been before, "Once you leave you can't come back in." That's what happens these days, but at this place in the outskirts you purchase your ticket for the same price, \$5, and can stay all week, the place is open all the time.

And there's always something going on there. Can you imagine all week long just partyin it up and singing songs? Sounds incredible don't it? Well, some more of the details may clear up some questions in your mind. The size of the place is such that they can't accommodate more than 5000 people at a time, and it's all indoors, they will have top notch groups playing at all the regular times, Friday Saturday Sunday nights and one night in the middle of the week, the rest of the time the stage will be open to any group that cares to play for nothing, it's nice, not only will there be a home away from home for countless teenagers but there will be an open forum for new sounds that would never get a chance anywhere else, the music will go on all day and all night and there's no reason why this new venture in rock consciousness won't put a large dent in all the other rock palaces in the east coast area some more projects planned for this Disneyland of rock will be a radio station broadcasting what ever is on stage out to those who can't come. Sort of like a tape re run of yesterday's music, and later on they'll be making video tape cartridges of all the performances and all sorts of other goodies that you can't imagine. The light show is immense, I mean there's never been nothing like this ever before 'you go to dream big sometimes, dream big or check your dreams at the door, the security system will be unlike that of any that's ever been no storm trooper tactics with kids that are tripped out no fast alking fast walkin house managers that want to keep everything cool. No it's going to be like freak out city 24 hours a day and the best thing is that it's going to go on All the time.

A long time ago there was a trend for kids to run away and join the circus when it do comes to town, maybe this time around there will be something new for frustrated kids to do. It's the only indoor out door rock and roll palace I know of that's off the planning table and into the world of workable reality.

I know the opening day cause they're partyin to keep things under wraps but watch your hot line for some more bullitens next time. oct 29

when it gets down to the facts man just the facts it's like everything is going off according to plan only those with eyes to see the changes will be ahead of the game when all the pieces rearrange themselves. Is this confusion that comes from your television news reporter or is this some new kind of world wide order to cut loose the forces of intergalactic liberation??? so many people are going to be caught looking at their watches when the shit hits the fan. it's all in the plan to reshape this old lopsided world.

There's been a lot of squashing of the important news in the news, after the untimely passing of Jimi Hendrix there were many articles and television specials about what he was all about and what he was trying to tell you. No one, no not one of them mentioned anything to the effect of saucer songs and space traces in his lyrics, there were words that he spoke and some people took it for a joke of some sort, even when Jimi sang about the lost lands beyond the sea no one seemed to see what he was pointing to. It was a bunch of kids in the American southwest who turned me on to the real message behind those songs that no one liked too much. Kids on the east coast, west coast, they think that they're the most hip the most cool and the most tuned in. I got news for you they're no place and they don't have any idea where to begin, I started telling them about all the stuff that was being sung about in the songs and they said, no it's just good old rock and roll music nothing more nothing less, the best we have in screaming guitars is gone they said, it wasn't till after Jimi was dead that they started to realize that the words in his songs were meant for all those who have eyes to see.

You should read a book, it's called ATLANTIS THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SEARCH by Robert Ferro and Michael Grumley,

published by Doubleday. it's all about the land by the bottom of the sea, yeah read this book and look at the pictures inside and then go and listen to your scratched up played out Jimi Hendrix records and tell me that rock and roll is all there is. I mean it'll make your mind fizz and sparkle, make you think where were you when he was singing songs live and in person all about things that he could see, it's a shame that more people didn't get plugged into the Jimi Hendrix dream. more people should pick up on the scenes that he was tryin to tell you. His albums that contain the most information are AXIX BOLD AS LOVE AND ELECTRIC LADY LAND' There's a whole lot of information there if your main mind is ready to understand

Remember Barry Goldberg or Charlie Musselwhite?? well they've joined forces with some others in the same vein and come up with a group called IVAR AVENEW REUNION' RCA Records No.LSP4442 if you don't remember any of those names maybe you'll remember Charlie Musselwhite as the world's best white blues harmonica player. It was a colorful period in American pop music when these guys were messin around follin around from town to town. They joined with Neil Merryweather on bass and John Richardson on drums and a chick that's got a voice that matches some of the strongest female singers I've heard, her name is Lynn Carry. I don't know where she got her background or where she developed that voice but it is absolutely hypnotizing. The album was recorded in Hollywood at a place called RCA MUSIC CENTER OF THE WORLD' There is a perhaps larger amount of talent gathered in this album than is normal for your average record but these people are far from average they're established musicians who have been around for a while, they just happened to fall together into this combination, just one of those things that happens, good thing too cause the music they make is pretty good. It comes out sort of beat, bluesrock, midwest,

schmaltz soul music. Some screamin and hollerin from down Texas way and a whole bunch of other sounds that are foreign to these tired ears. The first cut on the album, RIDE MAMA RIDE, is where it started and it just got better from there. I mean the group gets it on in their own way, something new anyways and at least it isn't bubble gum, no kidding it's a good record...Each of the artists have really good voice control and range and topped off by LYNN they make a fine sound.

Buddah Records sent me one of the freakiest records I've heard in a long time, one could call it just sound effects but it's more than that. It's called HEAD, on the front cover it says "you will find something colorful to do with your hands while you listen to this album."

It's music for the smoke generation, environmental sounds from another place another time far far away. It's played by No.107-34-8933 on the moog. An album of sound effects? well it's a little more than that. Nic Raicevic composed the three pieces on the record. The first side is called Cannabass Sative, 17 minutes long, soothing sounds from outer/inner space places you know inside your head when the radio stops playing and you're still stoned. The record is a real trip if you got good separation on your stereo or even a pair of earphones. I think there's a middle channel that was recorded into it. The second side has the other 2 cuts called Methedrine and Lysergic Acid

Diethylamide, trippy dippy you know, stuff on a record album to turn your head around, the name implies pretty much what the record is all about. HEAD. Buddah Records No.5062. music coming from the record player inside your head. Electronic music from Art In Space. Good stuff to sharpen your ears and your MIND ON.

NEXT WEEK CHARLIE FRICK MEETS THE MOOG'

ARTISTS' EXPANSION PLAN

By Alex Gross

Last week's demonstration at the Metropolitan Museum marked the beginning of an entirely new era in the cultural world, a time when it became clear to demonstrators and museum administrators alike that nothing will ever be the same again. For one thing the protesting artists were no longer outside museums vainly brandishing their signs and slogans, they had moved to the attack and had actually forced the most important museum in America to permit them inside. They had also for the first time formed the beginnings of an alliance with other groups who feel the time of the centralized monster-museum is over, including the many groups who are opposing the expansion program the trustees are trying to foist on the Met and the city. Also present were representatives of ecology, student, and peace groups from around New York. Everywhere there was the feeling that this was but the first of many similar occasions and that the Met's great hall was enhanced by becoming for a few brief hours the center of so much real culture of today.

Naturally there were people at the museum who had other views. A consistent but unsuccessful effort was made by the Metropolitan's public relations office to brand the demonstrators as dangerous vandals and potential destroyers of art works, despite the abject failure of a similar attempt by the Museum of Modern Art two years ago. The Met even tried to force one of the artists' groups supporting the event to withdraw its sponsorship--this proved a complete failure and the museum succeeded only in further strengthening the growing bonds between all artists. The quiet character of the actual demonstration was sufficient to unmask the repression and paranoia of the museum administrators, which during the days before the demonstration knew almost no bounds. Suffice it to say that Thomas Hoving himself attempted to muzzle all press coverage of the event by claiming that both the museum and the demonstrators must provide "press observers" for the event. When questioned closely, both Hoving and his staff revealed that what they meant by "press observers" was in

fact people to "correct" whatever a journalist might be writing in his notebook or to "correct" the angle a television camera might happen to be filming. Needless to say, the press observer idea was abandoned by the museum under pressure from the artists. Curators also were under pressure -- Hoving forbade his entire staff from attending the event. Those curators who did attempt to attend were ordered away by museum guards.

But perhaps the greatest pressure was on the trustees of the museum. These men were forced by the artists' strategy to give over the museum for a purpose which many of them found morally repugnant. Basically it is the trustees who bear the greatest responsibility for what is happening in America today, not only in our museums but on all levels of our lives. These men, whose names read

like a U.S. cabinet out of office, control large segments of American industry, business, and communications. It is perhaps significant that they were forced to yield even a small bit over the allowing this demonstration to be held inside the Met. It may be mildly hoped that by this concession they have shown that they are not completely insensitive to what is really happening inside of America, among its young, within its cities, in its communes. Many of course feel that these trustees are already beyond hope, that their minds are no longer capable of being changed but have long since surrendered to a 'Let them eat cake' psychology. Certainly there are many signs that this is true, but it is equally certain that these very men must begin to change their minds soon, perhaps within the next few months, if either they or we or this nation is to survive intact.

The cultural front remains one of the areas where most can be done-- it is also a clear testing ground of how close we are to total repression in this country. Up until now the various museums assailed by the Art Workers Coalition have realized the folly they would commit by attempt-to-arrest or discipline protesting artists. Should their attitude in any way harden in the near future, then we will at least know that things are about to get much worse for everyone.



In a sense our cultural institutions are the thermometer of America--at the moment there are reports of very high temperatures being run by both the Modern Museum and the Met. It is to be hoped that both institutions will be able to keep their fever under control, as they may end by destroying themselves if they fail to do so. This is particularly true of the Modern at the moment.

In the meantime New York's artists have embarked on two large projects, among others being planned, that will significantly test current attitudes in society. One of these has to do with the Kent State exhibition, the other with the formation of a new artists' organization that will on a long-range basis care both for protecting the artist in his life and work and also work towards creating a freer and more creative society.

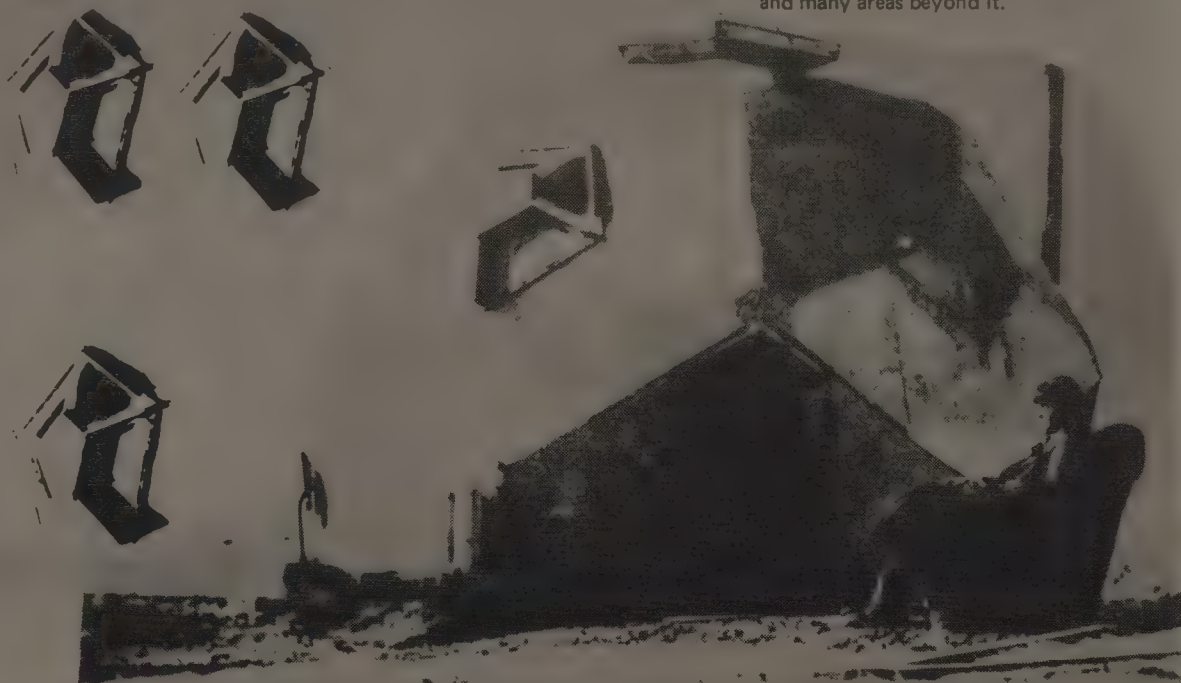
The Kent State exhibition is being brought to New York by the Art Workers Coalition. It will be on display both at Museum, 729 Broadway and in several university art galleries starting around November 20.

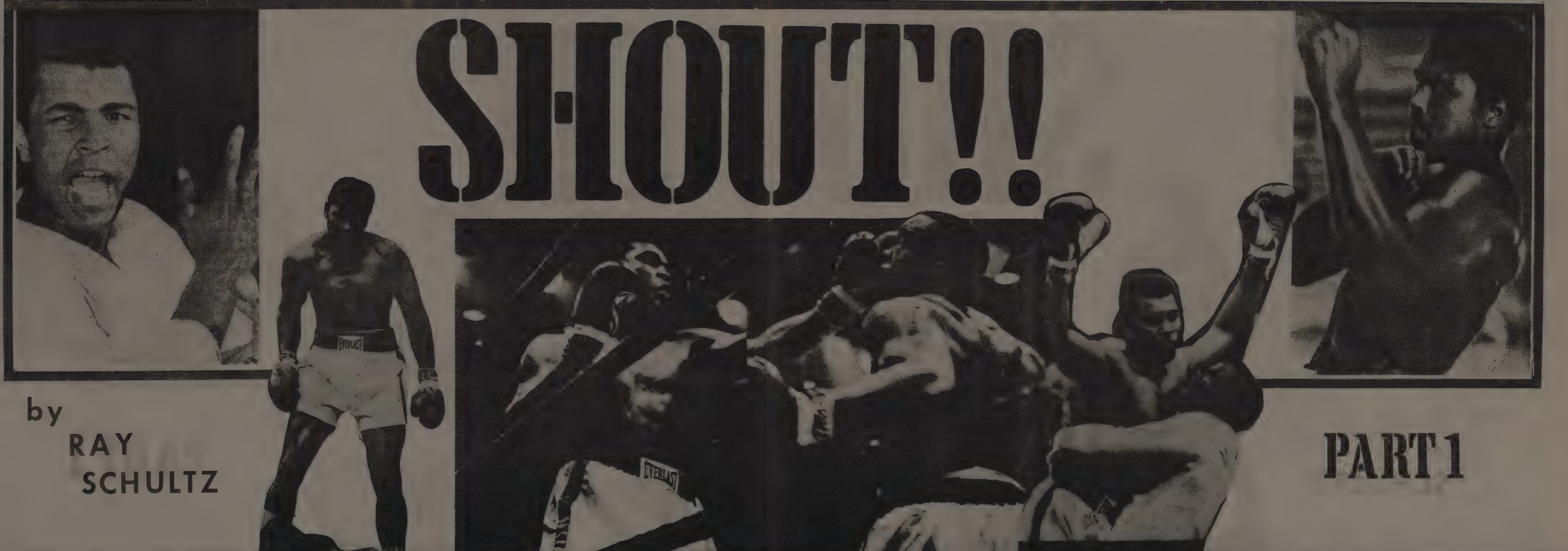
It is a huge show and was first exhibited on the Kent State campus a few weeks ago. Although it is not primarily a protest art show, many of the works by students and faculty members do in fact deal with their reactions to what happened there last May. The exhibit includes, in addition to paintings and sculptures, previously unseen photos and films of events at that time as well as audio tapes made during the disturbances and hate letters received from around the country, directed to students, faculty members, or simply to the university at large. At present Kent State students and faculty face charges against twenty of their number, which means that a fair amount of money must be raised for a defense fund. This will be one of the goals of bringing the Kent State show to New York--it is expected that contributions will be solicited at the entrance to the exhibit, though of course those unable to contribute will also be admitted.

The new artists' organization is a much bigger story. It was first referred to in terms of an "artists' union", though considerable resistance has been encountered among artists to both the connotations of the word "union" and some of the functions it implies, particularly those which might

impede or limit artists' rights and activities rather than broaden and enhance them. The group is now variously being referred to as the "umbrella," the "family," or the "Onion," and it meets every Thursday at 8:30 in Ron Bernt's studio at 399 West Broadway, corner of Spring Street.

What artists do agree on, and with them a growing number of art administrators and even museum workers as well, is that a complete overhaul of the whole art world is due to come about very soon. With this will come changes in the way society sees its artists, as part of the growing changes occurring in all areas of society. Part of this may prove to be a recasting of the ways in which artists live and are paid by society so that they can live. It will also certainly be accompanied by a corresponding change in the artist's own attitudes toward society, in which he ceases to see himself as an aloof and fragile plaything of the rich and begins to contribute more directly to everyday life, making creativity a normal part of existence for everyone all the time. This new group, which began as an offshoot of a mass meeting of artists last September, is already spreading out in several directions and is likely to be playing a more and more important role in the cultural world and many areas beyond it.





by
**RAY
SCHULTZ**

PART 1

It all started twenty years past
The greatest of them all was born at last . . .

Boxing is a sport in which two men wearing padded gloves climb into a rectangular plot of canvas called a ring and strike each other as much as they can until it is officially over or one of them is laid low for a count of ten, and there are defensive fighters and offensive fighters, and fighters with an excellent jab, and still others who throw a murderous left hook, and to keep it relatively humane, they divide it by several different weight classes, flyweight 112 pounds, bantamweight 118 pounds, featherweight 126 pounds, lightweight 135 pounds, welterweight 142 pounds, middleweight 160 pounds, light-heavyweight 175 pounds and heavyweight 175 and up, and while several great champions have come from all these classes, Barney Ross who was a welterweight, Willie Pep who was a featherweight, Pancho Villa who was a flyweight, Harry Greb who was a middleweight, Tommy Laughlin who was a light-heavyweight, Sugar Ray Robinson who was both welterweight and middleweight king, and Henry Armstrong who held the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight titles all at the same time, the only champion who really makes plenty of money and wins the adoration of most of the people most of the time is the heavyweight king who has included since 1908 Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, James J. Braddock, Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles, Jersey Joe Walcott, Rocky Marciano, Floyd Patterson, Ingemar Johansson, Sonny Liston and the greatest of them all by his own admission and the man to whom we dedicate our thoughts and wishes tonight, the author of these lines,

The very first words from the Louisville Lip
Were I'm as pretty as a picture and there's
no one I can't whip . . .

In those days he was known as Cassius Marcellus
Clay the 4th.

He was a spindly little middle-class black kid from Louisville, Kentucky, who started taking boxing lessons from the Police Boys Club when he was 12 after someone stole his bicycle. By 18, he was an outstanding amateur boxer who went to the 1960 Olympics in Rome as part of the U.S. olympic team and won the heavyweight championship by handily beating a Pole from behind the iron curtain. It was his first trip out of the country and his mind was suitably blown. He never stopped talking. "I am the greatest!" he would say. During the morning, when nothing would be cooking, he'd enter the press room and provide reporters with all sorts of quotes and story ideas - all concerning the future greatest heavyweight champ of them all, and he was always wearing his Olympic blazer and smiling in the most charming way. When a couple of Russian reporters questioned him about the status of Blacks in the United States, he said "Sure, we got problems, but we're working on them, and any time you think you can do it better you just crank up your old aeroplanes and come right over and see what happens," and his devotion to boxing was almost inspirational. His gods were the flashy champions of the past, Joe Louis, Archie Moore,

Sugar Ray Robinson and even Floyd Patterson who had just regained his heavyweight championship by knocking out Ingemar Johansson of Sweden, and to whom young Cassius dedicated a little piece of doggerel he called a poem:

You can talk about Sweden
You can talk about Rome
But Rockville Center
Is Floyd Patterson's home.

When he returned to the States, he wore his Olympic medal to bed with him every night, sleeping on his back so the heavy metal wouldn't hurt his chest. He also continued talking. He predicted that he would be the youngest heavyweight champion of all time, and he would put all the greats of the past to shame. He talked and talked and talked some more. With bright eyes and boundless optimism, he yearned in public. He was young, he was pretty, he was bright, he was bouancy, and you couldn't help but love him when he said "I am the next Archie Moore, I am the next Sugar Ray Robinson." To much fanfare, he turned pro and was put under contract to a syndicate of Louisville businessmen who saw to it that all training and living expenses were taken care of but the majority of his ring earnings would be placed into a trust fund that would not mature until he reached the age of 35, and they named as his manager Angelo Dundee, one of the best in the business, who was quick to tell him, "Liston, young man, you are not Sugar Ray Robinson OR Archie Moore, and it will be a long time before you start to resemble either of those great fighters." Dundee immediately put him on a rigorous training regimen, even harder than his pre-Olympic schedule, and began teaching him how to hone his various talents, speed, and stamina into a rough fighting edge, but Clay still had time to tell a reporter, "I got a bazooka right and a machine-gun left jab. There ain't never been anything like me." His early fights were, quite frankly, less impressive. He may have had a bazooka right and machine-gun left jab, but only in comparison with the untalented beginners and faltering veterans he was matched with. Naturally, he beat them all - he even predicted the rounds they would fall in, and he showed speed, agility and ingenuity, if not much solid punch, and he continued drawing attention to himself with his non-stop talking and poetry reciting, and he took to taunting his opponents at the weigh-ins and riling the fans, and he trained hard, he was fond of telling how he didn't smoke, drink or flirt with the girls, but he shadow-boxed underwater to develop his punch, and he got an astounding amount of press coverage for a beginner (sometimes even outdoing the champ) and as he beat more and better opponents, LeMar Clark, Willie Bestimer ("Someone should shut his mouth. I'll be my pleasure to do so..."), Alex Miteff, he became a remarkable box office attraction for a lad of 19, and he was remarkably shrewd about this, saying "You all just come to see me get whopped. Well, keep coming." And he would talk about anything to reporters. Once, on a trap ride from Miami to L.A., he told a veteran sportswriter "I'm afraid of planes. People say Cassius, it must be hard on you traveling by train all the time, but it'd be a lot harder on me if I was up there in one of those jets when the engines decided to quit."

As a fighter, he progressed quickly, and nothing daunted him. I remember his first T.V. appearance, the first time I ever saw him box, back in January of 1962 when he faced another young fighter, Sonny Banks, at the Garden. He was a most graceful animal, I swear - he bounced on his toes, was fast and agile, he outmaneuvered Banks time and time again until the second round when Banks swung in and clipped him with a short left hook to the jaw, and Clay fell to the floor, landing smack on the seat of his pants...he was up instantly, and he was really angry then, he hit Banks with a dazzling combination of blows, and they were so fast you couldn't see how they could possibly knock someone down, but they did - Banks was thoroughly beaten in only four rounds. In the dressing room after the bout, Clay asked Dundee if he had been marked. (He was always proud of his good looks.) "If you are Dundee said, "it's only on your backside." He moved quickly on to Billy Daniels, a hard-hitting, gangling heavyweight who was actually a rated fighter. Clay was the faster and more skilled of the two, and his fast combinations eventually caused a deep cut over Daniels' left eye causing the bout to be stopped, but Daniels tied him up a lot and gave him a very tough fight, and a very necessary lesson. The next fighter was George Logan, an old warhorse who went out in five, then in thr summer, in L.A., Clay had his first really important match against a towering Argentinian named Alajandro Lavorante had knocked out veteran Zora Folley in a brutal match, and though he was later stopped in 10 himself by the Old Mongoose Archie Moore, he was still considered to be an extremely tough customer, and one who might be able to knock out Cassius Clay. But Clay would hear none of that nonsense, he told the reporters he would destroy the awkward Lavorante in five, which is exactly what he did. He blitzed the South American from all angles with great speed and by the end of the fifth whad finished for the night. By this time, the press was frequently rebuking him for his loud mouth and flamboyant ways, and the public was clamoring for his defeat, but he didn't seem to care. Dressed in a sport jacket and bow tie, he recited a poem in the communion that was investigating boxing after the death of Benny Kid Paret: "If boxing goes, no more work for a lot of Joes." Boxing, meanwhile, was going through some changes. After years of ducking the top contenders, Zora Folley, Cleveland Williams and Eddie Machen, Floyd Patterson was finally giving a championship bout to the most dangerous and hated of all - the bad ornery nigger, more true than pug, Charles Sonny Liston. This Liston was a murderous hulk: he stared his opponents down at the weigh-ins, then knocked them down during the fights with similar ease. Patterson, always the shy gentleman, seemed to make a moral issue of the thing (who would be a better example for youth) and folks wondered who would win, the good nigger or the bad nigger? Patterson was the sentimental favorite, but Liston had the smart money riding on him. The bout was scheduled for September 1962 in Chicago, and it was making money at the gate. Clay arrived in Chicago and immediately began yakking it up, but this time the sportswriters were a little annoyed. After all, this was the most important fight of the century, so who was this Clay punk to be giving anyone any lip, being not much more than an amateur himself! But Clay said

he hoped Patterson would win because he could then be next in line for a shot at the title and he would fulfill his dream of becoming the youngest heavyweight king in history (Patterson presently held that distinction, 21 years, 3 months). Liston won, of course, he smashed Patterson to the decks in less than one round after mesmerizing him with his cold stare. He was immediately dubbed the greatest heavyweight since Joe Louis, and the most unpopular since Jack Johnson: a mountain of a man, and not to be mentioned in the same sentence with such as Cassius Marcellus Clay. But Clay was moving up, and he was facing his most important match in October - at 12-round bout in Los Angeles with Archie Moore. Moore at this time was anywhere between 40 and 50 years old, and he'd been fighting since before Clay was even born. The scorer of more knockouts than any man in history (over 100) he had won the light-heavyweight title in 1954 from Joey Maxim and defended it through fair weather and foul with a unique crab-shell style of blocking punches with his arms, then dishing out nasty punishment. Archie cut a rather eccentric figure in the ring. He was paunchy and slow and his self-designed boxing trunks were baggy like bloomers, and he made use of a weight-reducing method that consisted of prongs to avoid fat. Moore had fought heavyweights going back to Ezzard Charles, and had actually knocked Marciano off his feet, and he was a braggart who had been talking up his own abilities for years. He promptly announced that he would give young Cassius a good spanking and responded that he would sweep Archie out of the ring because "a new broom can sweep up most anything."

It was that night at the Colosseum
I annihilated him
I threw him a lot of sand
The one they call 'the old man.'

Clay looked bigger and heavier in this one, and it was hardly a fight. Using all his lightning combinations, he outboxed, outdanced and outpunched the aging Moore, who tottered to the floor in the fourth round, a thoroughly beaten old man. When declared the victor, Clay took the ring microphone and gave a long eloquent speech about how Archie Moore was one of his heroes and one of the all-time greats, but he, Cassius, was ultimately greater, and though he hated to do what he did, he still had to do it and he was extremely pleased with his performance. The audience was incensed and amused, but not as amused as a man who was sitting in the eighth row: the new champ, Sonny Liston. When Clay passed him on the way to the dressing room, he said "I want you next," and Sonny laughed. Clay was a feature attraction now, and his next opponent - almost for the money - was Charlie Powell, a veteran ham 'n'egger. The fight took place in Pittsburgh. It was an easy fight. Clay knocked Powell out in the third round with a dazzling collection of punches, and Powell vomited blood in the dressing room after the bout, almost as if to disprove the talk that Clay couldn't hit at all. Outside the ring, Clay seemed to be changing a tech and new parts of his personality were coming into the light. Boxing writer Bob Waters reported that during breakfast in a Pittsburgh hotel, AAngelo Dundee made some kind of remark like

"Look at him eat, he's never been in a downtown restaurant before." Waters wrote, "that Dundee can kid Clay about the color line, but this was not one of them." Clay went into an extremely long and surprisingly unfunny monologue on the subject of race relations, and what he had to say was that sure, black people prefer to associate with black people, white people like to slay with white people, and that's the way it is, and you can't change either, so why try? Nobody paid too much attention to it at the time, and Clay moved quickly on to his next bout, an important one in Madison Square Garden with Doug Jones, a high-ranking former light-heavyweight. Clay was getting into the big money, so he talked this one up to the hilt. He sold tickets in the street, he appeared on television, he cut a record, he went down to Bleeker Street in the Village to recite poetry in a coffeehouse ("Fighters may come and fighters may go, but Cassius Clay will tell Douglas Jones with a mighty measured blow"), and he loudly predicted that he would knock Jones out in the fourth, no sooner and no later. A crowd of thousands showed up at the Garden that night to see Clay get a boxing lesson from Jones, but most of them really seemed to sense that Jones couldn't win. As it was, seconds after the opening bell, with Clay prancing about blithely, Jones clipped him with a right hand that sent him back into the ropes, holding on. It looked like a crisis, and the crowd went crazy. But Clay maneuvered out of it, and began scoring regularly with his left jab, and with light, fast combinations. Jones kept moving in, Clay scored some more. Jones kept moving in, Clay had all the advantage in reach and height and skill and was clearly winning the bout, but Jones was giving him an extremely stubborn time of it, and when the fourth round opened up, applied special pressure, driving Clay back into the ropes again, thereby delaying all talk of fourth round knockouts. It was a hard fight, but Clay landed the most punches, and was awarded the decision at the end of 10 - to the merciless boos of the crowd. At first, he seemed subdued, explaining that not even he could call the rounds all the time, but he quickly regained his form and began predicting greater and greater victories for the future. It made no difference that he was just passing the mark that would end all hopes of his becoming the youngest heavyweight champion. It hardly seemed important. That summer of 1963, he went to England to fight British heavyweight champ Henry Cooper, a bleeder with mounds of scar tissue and nothing much going for him except general scrappiness and a sharp left hook. Clay alternately charmed/outraged the British with the usual pre-fight antics, and had the audacity to enter the ring wearing a crown that said "The King." It was a predictable fight for most of it, Clay quickly opened up cuts over both Cooper's eyes and was fighting well and keeping away from danger until the fourth round when Cooper scored with a good left hook and Clay bounced into the ropes then slumped to the floor quick as a wink. When he got up, he actually looked woozy for a couple of seconds, but he got his self-control back, he was Cassius Clay - the greatest - and with a shrug of resignation, he set to work hitting Cooper with a dazzling array of punches, lefts, rights, lefts, rights, and it looked like he opened every last centimeter of scar tissue on Cooper's ruddy British face. It was

an outright bloodbath, and the referee halted it in the fifth. In the dressing room after the bout, one of Liston's managers approached Clay, and said "We want you, and we'll pay your price." "If the price is right," Clay said. "We'll pay your price." Clay once again returned to the States, this time to Las Vegas where Liston was training for his return bout with Floyd Patterson, and immediately began staging the best dose of pre-fight ballyhoo ever seen in a business that had seen the best. Clay had changed somewhat. No longer a wild teenager, he was a serious contender now for the heavyweight championship of the world and he almost overshadowed the Liston-Patterson match. Nothing, but nothing could match his antics. Once, he stole up behind Liston after "the big ugly bear" had lost a bundle at a slot machine and said "Wow, Sonny, you can't win at nothing." Liston, it is reported, had to be held back. On another occasion, when Liston was being presented with a championship belt at his training camp, Clay burst in through the door and crowd "What you gonna use that belt for, Sonny, to hold up your pants?" "It's something you'll never get, boy," Liston snarled.

Liston demolished Patterson again in an incredible one round and the boxing world was awed. To perform such a feat once was great, but twice? Boxing experts began publicly advising Clay to take up another trade or wait a couple of years before fighting the likes of Liston. By this time, though, the heavyweight ranks had been pretty well cleaned out, and except for old Ingemar Johansson who was talking vaguely of a comeback, Clay was the only fighter Liston could make any money with, so the match was set - for February in Miami Beach. At the contract signing, Clay once again used his sharp tongue to provoke Liston, then jumped for Liston screaming "DON'T HOLD ME BACK! DON'T HOLD ME BACK!" In the next few months, he escalated his attack beyond all imagination - he drove his private bus, filled with girlfriends and bodyguards, past Liston's home one night in the morning and began honking the horn and screaming and shouting and making all kinds of racket to wake up Liston and his wife. "SONNY BOY!" screamed Clay. "SONNY BOY- YOU GET OUT HERE RIGHT NOW! YOU SO UGLY I'M GONNA WHIP YOU NOW!" Later, it began to look more like a debate than a prizefight. "Sonny," Clay said, "You so ugly you have to sneak up on the mirror in the morning so it won't run away." "Keep talking," Liston said. "You're my million-dollar baby." "Sonny, you're too ugly to be champion. You're a big ugly bear. You so ugly your wife has to drive you to the camp in the morning 'fore the sun comes up, because if the sun sees you, it won't come up." "I don't want to fight you," Liston said, "I don't want to be arrested for murdering a child." Then there was the more serious aspect of the fight, the specifics: did Clay have a chance? Most people thought not, the press called it a mismatch from the beginning. Clay was pictured as a sacrificial lamb being led to the slaughter. He was a sucker for a left hook. He was a relative newcomer to boxing. He couldn't hit as hard. He

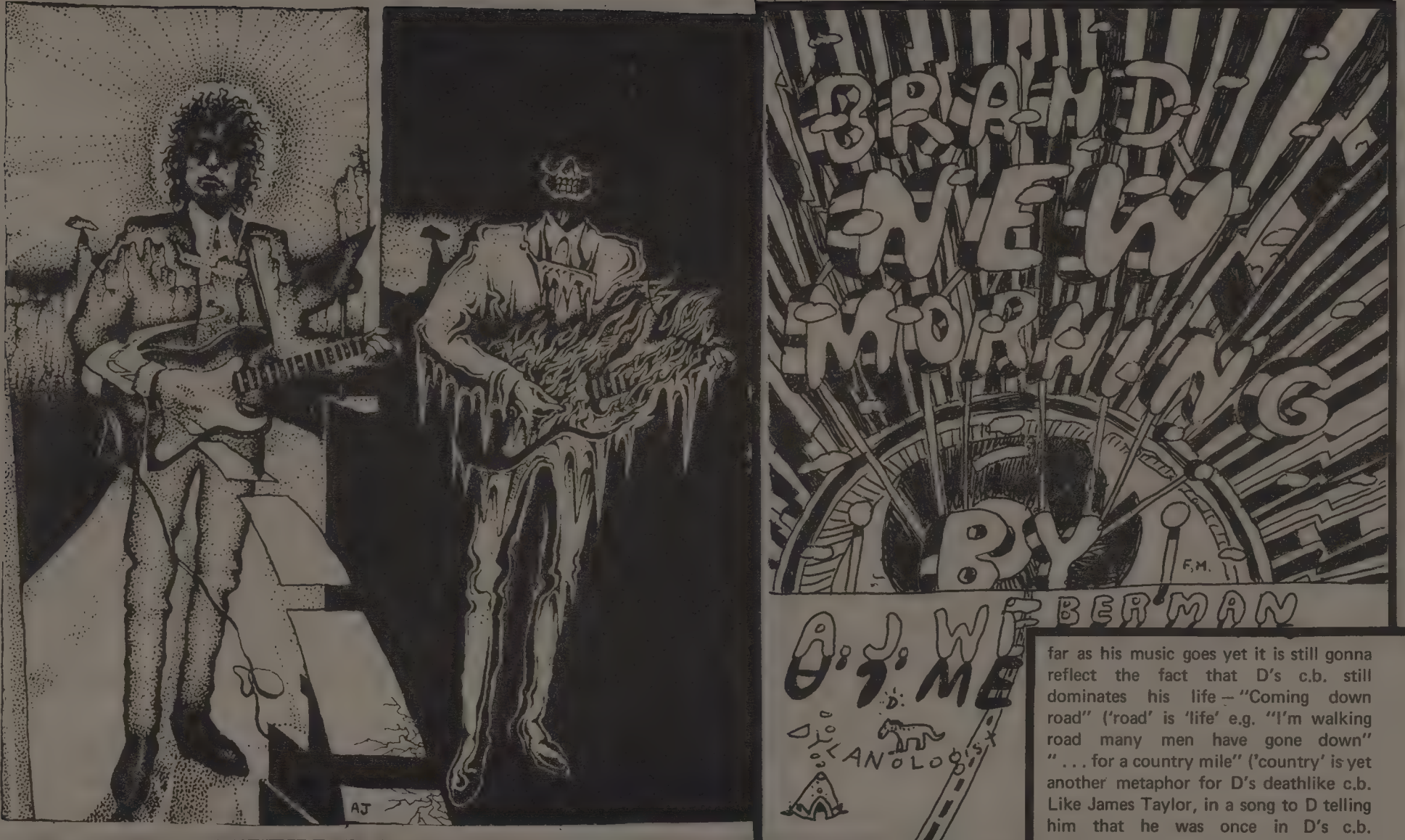
couldn't take a punch as well. He was weak in the opening rounds, Liston's best. He had flaws, he backed off from punches. In terms of size, skill, experience and intestinal fortitude, Liston was the easy winner. Clay went into heavy training. Dundee worked him night and day...had him doing 15 rounds of running away from left hooks, and he practiced his jab, his hook, his cross, his uppercut, but mostly his running...the word came out he was practicing running. And meanwhile, he kept up his relentless verbal abuse on Liston. They say the greatest was Sugar Ray But they have yet to see Cassius Gray And there's a tilted blighter Who calls himself a fighter His name is Sonny Liston I will hit him like a piston And:

The people there will think it funny
to see the total eclipse of the Sonny

When Liston arrived in Miami to begin his own training (which was most secretive), Clay trotted next to his luggage cart, jabbing and sparring and yelling at Liston, trying to provoke him. In Miami, he caused traffic jams by trying to sell tickets in the middle of the street. When the Beatles arrived on their first American tour, he posed with them, saying "Those four Beatles will fall in one." Afterward, John Lennon was asked who he thought would win the fight and he said "I think the other bloke, what's his name." The press whooped it up, but agreed with Lennon: "Metinks yon Cassius Hath a Lean and Hungry Look," was a popular headline. The odds were set 7-1 in favor of Liston. Of 53 working press correspondents, 51 chose Liston to win and at least one of the dissenters was acting that way just for the chance of a long-shot. Sugar Ray Robinson showed up at Clay's camp, and then - it was rumored - Malcolm X. Clay was a Muslim! The commissioners almost cancelled the bout and all that kind of talk was cooled in a hurry - at least for the time being. The day of the fight, Clay gave one of his great all-time performances. During the weigh-in, he literally freaked out. He screamed and ranted and rolled his eyes and looked like he was having a religious experience. When he caught sight of Liston entering, he began bleating hysterically, "Chump! Jaibird! I'm gonna drive you right out of the ring!" Liston remained calm. When asked how many rounds he thought he needed to finish Clay, he looked up grimly and raised two fingers. It sent shudders through several spines. During the examination, it was revealed that Clay was suffering from extremely high blood pressure, and the doctors seriously considered cancelling the bout to prevent a possible tragedy. "If anything happens to Clay tonight," someone said, "it could kill boxing." The hours passed and night fell, and Clay's younger brother Rudolph Valentino won his first professional bout with a unanimous decision during the preliminaries, which Clay calmly watched from the back of the house. Then Clay was in the ring first. With Dundee as Brown, he entered wearing a short white terrycloth robe, and

the usual white trunks and sneakers, and he bounced like a rubber ball and looked in beautiful shape, smooth and bronzed, but when man-mountain Liston entered the ring, people moaned for young Cassius, oh, he was going to be killed. The usual celebrities were introduced first, then the fighters (both were booed), then they were called to the center of the ring where Clay stood on his tiptoes and made funny faces at the scowling Liston, then they went back to their corners at the bell rang. They both walked out. You first thing you noticed was Liston - Liston, Liston, Liston, moving forward with that awesome left hook, then you saw Clay, skinny Clay, dancing backwards away from the hook, tightly on his feet, taller than Liston, his arms straight down at his sides, flicking now and then that left jab ever so quickly and lightly on the face of Liston, Liston, Liston, jab, jab, jab, Clay just dancing backwards...what audacity to fight like that...then Liston makes a lunge, he throws a wild left hook which misses by a mile and Clay is still moving lightly, then Liston lunges again and Clay goes with the left, then Liston barrels into him, Clay catches on or two punches and backs off quickly. Liston throws his left, left, left, lunging more now, and Clay moving like a deer through the snow, blip, blip, blip, flicking that jab and holding his fist on Liston's head at one point and holding him off like a schoolboy causing the crowd to explode with cheers and laughter...then suddenly the bell rings and Clay is still on his feet and he dances back to his corner where he looks at the cameras and gives a great yawn. Clay had won the first round. He came out for the second and Liston moved right into him and the strategy was the same, jab, jab, jab, running like a thief, scoring with sharp combinations now, Liston swinging wilder and landing a few more punches, then the third round and Liston is bleeding (he bleeds, someone shouted) and still lunging and Clay is still dancing backward, feinting, staggering, snorting, making faces, then the fifth round was starting and Clay was rubbing his eyes and complaining that he'd gotten some rubbing oil into them and he was temporarily blinded and in pain and he wanted to quit but Dundee yelled "Get the hell out there and began jumping around the ring way back and things were moving at a slower pace and Clay was just jabbing nicely and staying out of trouble and then they were sitting on their stools waiting for the seventh round when Clay suddenly left up and began jumping around the ring way back and Liston, still sitting on his stool, spit his mouthpiece out and people gasped - it was over - oh my God Clay had won - and Clay jumped around screaming, he jumped into the arms of his handlers, he jumped to the center of the ring, and people crowded into the ring, and Liston lumbered out of the ring, and the announced moved to the center of the ring, then Clay bounced over to the side of the ring, and screamed to the reporters sitting around the ring. "HYPOCRITES, EAT YOUR WORDS!"

to be continued
next week



Holy motherfucking shit! A new Dylan album 3 months after the 2 disc SELF PORTRAIT. The last time 2 D albums came out this close to one another was back in 65 when HIGHWAY 61 came out 4 months after BRINGING IT BACK HOME. And rock music with Kooper and Brooks and a drummer from the Mothers on some of the cuts. The D heads must be flipping; like anything would sound good after SELF PORTRAIT. Aint nobody who dug SELF PORTRAIT except for maybe a few hardcore Dylan freaks who would probably say D was right on even if he shit on top of some blank LP records and asked people to listen to the needle as it tracked the turd. But that's not to say that SELF PORTRAIT is useless; I heard that Bellvue Hospital was playing it to freaks who have been poisoned accidentally in order to induce vomiting.

When I first heard that the title of the new D record was NEW MORNING I told myself — "Farout, Dylan has finally gotten out of his 'current bag' (which has dominated his life and poetry since 67) and is starting all over ('morning' is 'beginning' in D's symbology)." Then I got the record and dug Dylan's pupils on the front cover and began to wonder. I looked at the back of the jacket and saw that NEW MORNING was in quotes. MOTHERFUCKER.

After digging the cover IF NOT FOR YOU came as no surprise. It's D singing about his c.b. (I'd like to interpret every line of every poem on NEW MORNING for you but who would publish a 25 page Dylan review? So let's do a little of each song...) In IF NOT FOR YOU D writes — "If not for you I'd lay awake all night" (the night is when D is in his c.b. for example — "Tonight I'll be staying with you"; "To be with you at close of day" & many more. So thanks to D's c.b. he can "Spend his whole life sleeping" as he says while ghosting for The Band on STAGE FRIGHT.) "If not for you I'd wait for the morning light to shine thru" (If not for that 'important component' of D's c.b. the truth — 'light' — that he rapped about in the early part of his career — 'the morning' — would appear in his poetry e.g. "shine like spoon" in BABY TONIGHT on J.W.H.)

The next cut, DAY OF THE LOCUSTS seems to be about the time D got that honorary degree at Princeton, but from previous experience I know that D's poems are never what they seem to be. (Like in the chorus of this one he sings "They give me a chill" This could be a variation on his 'cold' — 'c.b.' metaphor e.g. "I feel the freeze in knees"; "Than freeze here in South"; "One man's temper might freeze")

TIME PASSES SLOWLY contains the 'fish' — c.b. metaphor — "Catch wild fish" ("Get the loot... we're gonna catch a trout"; "We aint doin much fishin" and is autobiographical — "Once I had a sweetheart" (the teenagers) who would idolize and follow — "stare" (e.g. "Up the stares ran Frankie Lee.") rock stars — "The stars high above" like D. Bob also says that he aint gonna THROW IT ALL AWAY — get out of his c.b. since "there aint no reason to go anywhere." (D decided in 67 that HE AINT GOIN NOWHERE and was going to stay in that "easy chair" altho, as Barbra Keith would say on her MGM lp in a song to D in his own language — "Sitting in that chair you are free to go nowhere." We also get to hear some of D's rightist political philosophy ("everything is always right when I'm alone with you"; "The judge had the papers in his right hand"; some of my interpretations of D's earlier stuff hurt Dylan all over cause they "dont seem right") when he says he's "trying to stay right."

This may strike you as kind of weird, but I think WENT TO SEE THE GYPSY is possibly about a visit I paid to D on a Sunday (I went on Sunday cause I knew it was one of D's symbols for his c.b. For example there's a rare tape called MEDICINE SUNDAY or take the lines "Feed man chicken every Sunday" which D wrote while ghosting for Band or "Ape on Sunday" a chapter in TARANTULA his unpublished novel etc. Like I'll even interpret myself) in THE GYPSY Dylan says I'm dumb — "His room was dark." and full of spurious ideas like ending imperialism, racism, sexism etc. — "... and crowded" and I came on the scene with an attitude — "How are you he said..." (in Pos. 4th St. Dylan says the folkies had it in for him even tho they asked him, when they met him in

person, "How are you, good luck...") somewhat similar to D's — "Isaid it right back to him" Eventually D came down to the lobby to rap — "I came down to the lobby to make a small call out" (the 'telephone' is the media in D. — "It's you and me and the telephone"; "You should be made to wear the telephone" — line from rare version of MR JONES. Other artists are hip to this symbol and use it in songs putting down D for his c.b.

Ochs — "I've only called to say I'm sorry"; Rush — "Cant say much in phone call." To make a long story short D told me "not to come around THE house anymore" capitalist private property bullshit & also symbolic since 'house' is 'mind' in D's symbology. So what he said was "Take me as I am or Let Me Go" — STOP BEING A DYLANOLOGIST — "take a rest" as he said in the Rolling Stone "interview" Anyway Bob goes on to deride and scorn my efforts to get him to see "the gypsy" — the people of the 3rd World (who are often drafted to commit genocide in S.E.Asia — "Gypsy DAvey with his blowtorch he burns out their camps"; who live in ghettos — "Gypsy gal the hinds of Harlem" and who occasionally have "civil rights bills" passed to "help them" which are never enforced — "With your gypsy hymns." Despite D's cynicism I still say ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

In WINTERLUDE D says he's going to continue "squandering his resistance" — "Tonight There will be no quarreling everything's gonna be right" for that 'important component' of his c.b. — "Come back and we'll cook up a..." Yeah, I can see a bunch of Victorians waltzing to this tune...

DOGS RUN FREE — like dont ask me — while the title cut, NEW MORNING, is essentially a put-on. As I have said it really isnt a new beginning for D. like when he says "beneath a sky of blue" he's referring back to the same old thing since 'blue' is yet another metaphor for D's c.b. ... in MONTGOMERY he sings "I'm a sweet bourbon daddy and tonight I am blue." Bobby goes on to say his career — "automobile" from other contexts — is "coming back into style" as

far as his music goes yet it is still gonna reflect the fact that D's c.b. still dominates his life — "Coming down road" ('road' is 'life' e.g. "I'm walking road many men have gone down" "... for a country mile" ('country' is yet another metaphor for D's deathlike c.b. Like James Taylor, in a song to D telling him that he was once in D's c.b. writes — "I could feel it on a country road."

SIGN ON THE WINDOW contains some more of D's politics — "Looks like nothing but rain, sure gonna be wet tonight on mainstreet" ('rain' is 'violence or war' — HARD RAIN etc., so the shit is gonna hit the fan in Amerika) The way D will deal with this is not by fighting side by side with the oppressed in their just struggle for freedom — as I intend to do — but by indulging himself in escapism — "Catch a trout" ('fish' — c.b.) But D does have second thoughts about being a reactionary — in THE MAN IN ME he confesses — "Storm clouds raging round my door maybe I wont take it anymore."

ONE MORE WEEKEND is a variation on the Sunday-c.b. metaphor and is the same old shit, D telling us how boss his c.b. is. The only noteworthy thing about this poem is that D admits that a lot of people are beginning to suspect what his c.b. really is — "We'll fly over the ocean just as they suspect." Somebody must be spreading THE RUMOR all over town. Who the fuck could it be?

THREE ANGELS, sung a la Elvis reminds me of TINY MONTGOMERY because of it's list of bizzage images. (D even laughs a little when he sings the line about Montana) This riff and the last cut, FATHER OF THE NIGHT, lend a religious tinge to the disc. Bob often saves the last cut to lay a taste of what's next on his listeners... although this wasn't the case with NASHVILLE SKYLINE and SELF PORTRAIT. Who knows what's next?

In a word, the music on this lp is "very 50's, hip, cool West Coast synthesized" (Jim Brodey said that), the lyrics are the same c.b. Dylan, not really conservative but apolitical (A.J. Webberman said that) and if you're not part of the solution you're part of the problem (Eldridge Cleaver said that).

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
AJ WEBBERMAN WILL BE RAPPING ABOUT DYLANOLOGY AT THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSITY, 530 6th Ave Wed Nov 4 @ 6PM also rare-assed tapes & meeting Dylan Liberation Front.

INTERVIEW WITH LUI BY RUDI STERN

Lui is the proud proprietor of the video community's general store. In his barrels of \$1,000, candy video artists play vicarious games. He has done many favors for the various groups and individual artists around town. One of the few things the video community has been able to agree on is the growing presence of Lui and his video headshop.

Rudi: Where were you born?

Lui: I was born in Chun King China at the end of World War II.

Rudi: And when did you come to this country?

Lui: In 1961.

Rudi: Could you tell me how you came?

Lui: I was an electrician in the Chinese merchant marine. I was studying electronics in Formosa and after I graduated high school my father put me on a ship to work as an electrician. He is also a seaman himself. And so I got on the ship to work and I came to this country and I looked at this country and I said to myself this is a place I want to live and this is the place for me. So, I went back to Formosa with the ship and I told my mother what I wanted to do. So she gave me some money and then I left...I was kidding around because I wanted to jump ship... and then when I left home I saw my mother was crying and then I realized how serious this was going to be because it might be forever. Then I went with the ship and first came to New York. I looked at the place. I didn't want to jump ship then, because if I jumped ship then they would look for me in New York. So I went with the ship to Baltimore and it was a snowy, snowy day and very cold. The boat was docked, say, about forty miles away from the city. So I told the second mate "I'm going to go out and do some shopping before the boat sails". The boat was going to sail in about five hours from the time I left the ship. The first thing I did was look for a taxicab, and the taxicab refused to drive me to the city because there was too much snow. So I had to walk all the way until I somehow found a station. One of the crewmen went with me. He encouraged me to jump ship. He said don't worry about it, just leave and he would take care of all my belongings that I had on the ship. I left everything. I just had a little tiny case with some money. He told me,

don't worry, like the old Chinese saying, when a boat reaches the bridge, the boat will go past the bridge, it will not hit it. He said, "Just go and do it." And I think that that's been my philosophy all my life, just go and do it, and don't worry about the consequence. When I went to Washington, the first thing I did was throw my old clothes away so that nobody would recognize me. I went to a department store. That was eleven years ago, and all I saw in the department store were hundred dollar coats, none of them cheaper. And so, I thought maybe that's the right price, everybody's wearing a hundred dollar coat, so I bought one too. I only had seven hundred dollars all together when I jumped ship. And then I went to visit a friend; the friend invited me to have supper. And afterward, I told him what I was going to do, and he told me that this was not the right place for me. So, I left and I went directly to New York. And I was very nervous on the train. And I had to pretend I was reading the newspaper although I really couldn't read that well. And when I came to New York I met a homosexual man. I met him the first time I came to this country; he came to the boat to visit some friend. He told me if I did stop by New York, I should give him a call. I didn't know he was a homosexual. He fixed me up in his place to stay for a couple of days, and he took me to 110th Street and Riverside Drive, where a lot of foreign students lived. I mean, people would think I was a student, I was only 19 years old. Then I lived there for about two months. I got an old television set from the janitor. So, that's how I learned about television. All day long I was fooling around with the television set. Well, I had studied electronics before and I had gone to electronics school. All day long we looked at the circuit without a picture. You know the only televisions were all from American G.I.'s they didn't know that Formosa didn't have television so they brought their televisions along and they gave them to the tele vision school. So that's how I learned my circuitry. When I came to this country it was the first time that I really worked on television with a picture on it. I got that one fixed and the homosexual guy visited me very often. And whenever I went out with him people would always stare, especially

Chinese people. I said, what's going on? And he would also sometimes hug me, and my father didn't even do that. So, I was starting to wonder. See, I hadn't had any of those kinds of experiences. I started to wonder why people looked at me, I started to question the relationship, why he hugged me all the time. Then finally he got worse and worse and I really got worried. And at the same time I met some other Chinese students. They were from Hong Kong and they knew I could fix television and radio. When I lived there I used to fix televisions and radios for free, just to play around. And at the same time, I got a record player to study English, because I couldn't speak any English. I had to learn how to cook rice. I never cooked before. First of all, someone gave me a job to help one of the kids who repaired motion picture cameras near Times Square. I was making \$20 a week and I was very happy. Then I started to open a shop in the Bronx. So, I lived in the shop. My father said that the first thing I should do was to go to school and study. So I went to RCA to study. When I first came to this country I thought all American people were nice, they were so friendly. They're beautiful, they're wonderful. I took a taxicab, I didn't have any change he asked me to go and look for somebody who had some change. So I went to a kid who was standing there on Delancey Street. He looked at me like, you know, pretending all this shit. Then he stuck a knife on me. I didn't even speak English then. He ran away. I didn't even know what to say. So I asked the taxi driver what I should do. He took me to the police precinct. He waited downstairs while I talked to the cops. The cops were near Delancey Street someplace. They were talking to a couple of chicks so they didn't pay much attention to me. So, finally, my father told me I should give up and just go to school. So I went to school with a false name. I kept changing names. When I first came here, I thought Frank might be a good name so I used Frank. Then the homosexual guy told me that Frank didn't sound too good so he made me use William. Finally I registered at the RCA School. The teacher was a very friendly teacher. And I told him I needed a job. I went to RCA and the first term was the hardest term, I barely passed. The second term they

started to talk about circuits and I did very well, because I studied electronics when I was 14 or so. So I started to become a little more aggressive, even though I couldn't speak too well. I also dreamed about becoming an inventor. When I was a kid I always dreamed of being an inventor. So, when I went to RCA I also built some things at night. Later I got sick. I spit blood. So I got very scared, because spitting blood, that means I got TB, something like that. So I went to St. Vincent's hospital on 14th Street. They X-rayed, they determined I had TB. So they gave me a mask and they told me to walk to Bellvue. I had to walk on the street with a mask. I was so embarrassed, because TB in China is bad. It's very, very bad. That was 1962, July. You know how Bellvue hospital is, all the people. So I started to learn the language. That's how I learned my English. In fact, I still speak sometimes, like a Brooklyn bum. In fact, my wife constantly corrects my English.

Rudi: How long were you at Bellevue?

Lui: Five months.

Rudi: When did you start CTL?

Lui: Two and a half years ago.

Rudi: And what did you start CTL with?

Lui: Seven hundred dollars. I was working for GBC then. GBC was a temporary job for me because I was fooling around with inventions. I worked with GBC one year. And my salary jumped to \$200. I enjoyed working with GBC. And then I started to make contact with people. GBC's customers. A guy from Columbia's anthropology department, Professor Harris, was his name. And he appreciated what I was doing at night. At night I still experimented for no money, for myself. I started to build things. I decided to work on my own. So, I registered the name CTL. I put money in the bank, \$700. That's how I started. I called Sony. Sony knew I was the only one who could repair their equipment.

Rudi: Is CTL the largest closed circuit company in New York now? How does it rank in terms of the other companies?

Lui: I would say it's a small company. If it was started on \$700 you can't expect in two years to have it grow that fast. But I know my company will grow fast. I want to

become big.

Rudi: How old are you Lui?

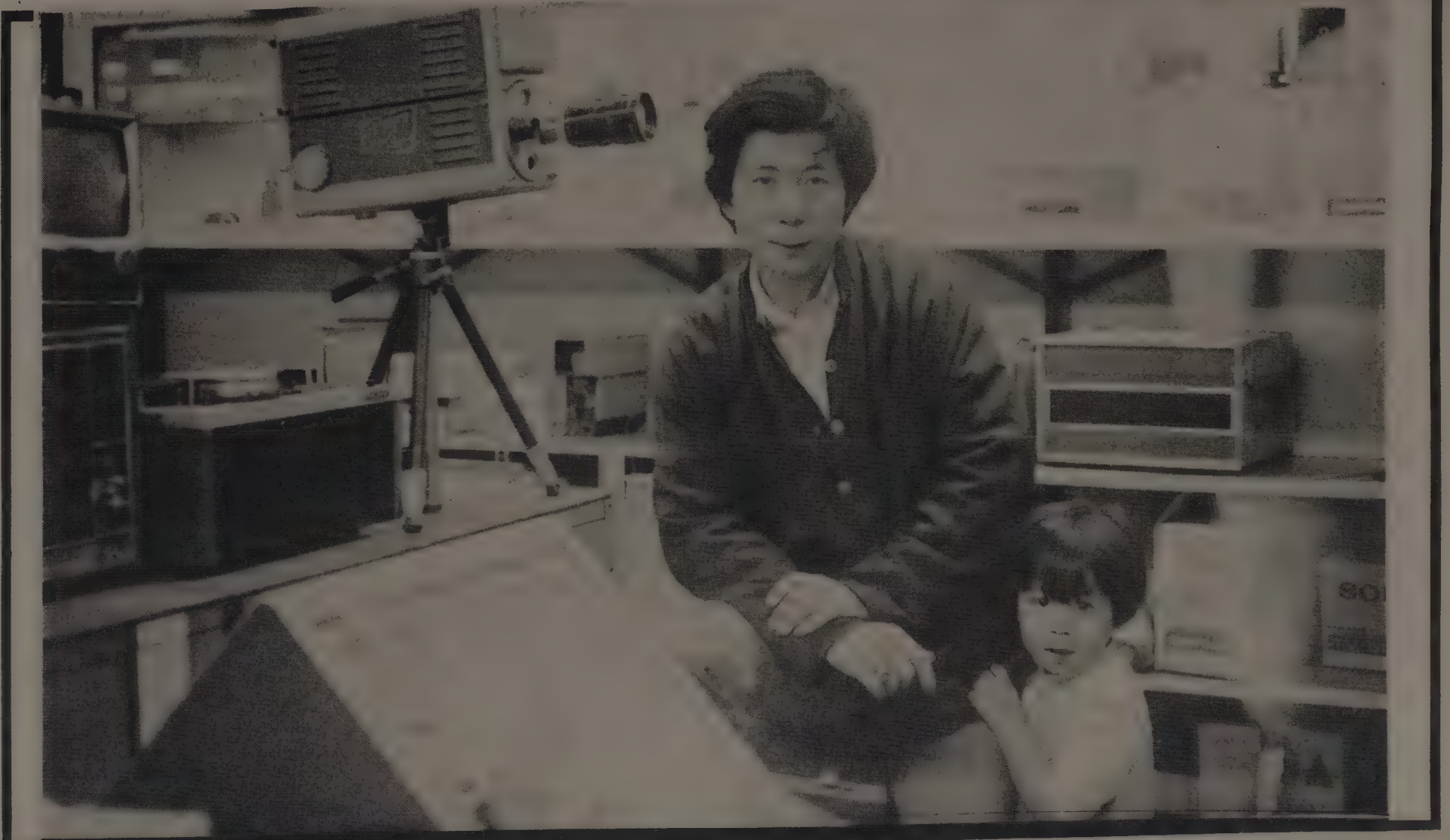
Lui: I'm 29. So I'm a little worried.

Rudi: What do you think of the video movement in New York? How does it seem to you?

Lui: The video movement in New York is very encouraging. However, I think it's like anything else. The starting point, the pioneers always have to suffer. It's not going to see a result very quickly. It's too far away from the average people. From the general public. Not that many people can appreciate it. What they're doing is more like a psychiatrist trying to get some social information. I don't think it's the psychiatrist's job; it's the university's job. Also, that sort of thing might be helpful to the society, however, it's not. It's not a profitable thing. Profitable in a sense they can't even support themselves. I think anything you do, you should earn some bread, to keep your stomach full, before you have the time to help the society in a broader sense, because if your stomach's full you have enough energy to do those things. But it seems to me that all they're doing is to disregard their own needs.

Rudi: What differences stylistically do you see between the different groups?

Lui: Pretty much the same. Global Village, Raindance, Videofreex, I saw all their tapes. They're all interested in information and sometimes I feel it's very boring for people to watch it. The video stuff I like is more into entertainment. Feedback, I dig feedback very much. I dig pornography. Information-wise, maybe because of my limitations of language I get very bored.



FILM BY HONEST BOB SINGER

FILM FESTIVAL FESTIVAL FIVE EASY PIECES

The two contradictory keynotes of this year's (the eighth) New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center were the event's creative coordinators' continued touting of the "political film," and the Festival's final incorporation as a permanent fixture in Lincoln Center's panopoly of highly hyped, highly priced annual cultural treks to Mecca. Previously dependent on contributions and ticket sales, the Film Society is now a full-fledged corporate producing member of the Lincoln Center complex, and is pushing \$25 memberships to stabilize itself. It looks like it is going to do so, and, whatever the fad in films may be,

the Festival is here to stay.

But, the "political film" is also "here to stay" announces Festival director Richard Roud in his usual portentous program notes. And, you would think, the makers of together political films might, at least in the long run, have a few reservations about their being embalmed by Lincoln Center, a rip-off institution from top to bottom: at its inception it ripped off the city for several million dollars that could not be used to replace the low-cost housing for the poor Upper West Side community which it wiped out (the housing, not the community). Since then it has continued as an often unprofitable drag on our economy, a lavish monument to the cultural veneer of "civilization" with which capitalism disguises the misery of its poor, and the madness of its wealthy.

No, you might think that radical filmmakers would get a little fed up with Lincoln Center, and one day they will. Until then, the Festival's poohbahs squirm with the memory of the (alleged) NEWSREEL/MOTHERFUCKER plot to blow up the Center a few years ago, and try to sweep the mess under the carpet with rationalizations like Roud's "Gone Are The Days" program notes, to which we now return.

Roud writes of the disillusionment of Jean Renoir and W.H. Auden at the failure of their films (*La Grande Illusion*) and poetry to influence events, particularly in avoiding the second World War. He also describes the necessity of the artist to express his political dimension. He finishes by affirming the creation of pointless "political" art:

"Surely the artist writes or films what he wants to (has to). If his work has no practical results, too bad."

In effect, what Roud desires is a state of affairs wherein the artist is sterilized and reduced to throwing elegant "artistic" tantrums. By his own implied admission, he is more interested in good films than a good world; and this interest is the interest of the reactionary businessmen who control Lincoln Center and their class who control our society. Worse than being oppressive (a real "underground" would surely benefit the present state of the arts), these interests are tolerant and patronizing to art and artists, discouraging genuine radical attempts to achieve social, cultural and political change while promoting an "aesthetic" profligacy that ultimately disembowels itself with triviality or incomprehensible ideologizing (the present fate of that most avowedly radical of film artists, Jean-Luc Godard). General result: a "cinema of pure crap"—not yet totally realized by the bourgeois film industries and their Festival-producing minions, but never far around the corner.

However, these pigs will not be offed by film criticism, but only by the social revolution detailed in other pages of this journal. On to the films, which in at least a few cases are relieved if not redeemed by an internal integrity that transcends the ultimately sordid framework of Lincoln Center.

Easy Pieces will get, I think, the most time and space of any of these reviews because 1) in a week-and-a-half of intensive screenings put on by the Festival press office and the various film companies, I had more time to think about it than any other film, as a matter of fact had written an entire column about it when Toby who is temporary Editor, publisher and dictator decided to postpone the issue a week, giving me a chance to prune my prose, wrinkling my writing but not pitting my prolixity, 2) its artistic and commercial opportunism indicate some significant trends in the film biz at present, and 3) it is, in parts, a beautiful movie.

5 Easy Pieces is, despite numerous

protests and apologia to the contrary, an attempt to cash in on *Easy Rider*, in fact it is the long-awaited, much-advertised, occasionally falsely tagged "this year's *Easy Rider*." Even granting its own basic artistic integrity, it is openly exploitive of artistic and financial resources created and opened up by *Easy Rider*, it is thematically developed from ideas brought into clear focus by *Easy Rider* (not that *Easy Rider*'s vision wasn't undergrown with confusion, and contradiction), and finally it has merely converted *Easy Rider*'s advertising campaign to its own internal particulars. Specifically: Jack Nicholson (superstar), Laslo Kovacs (supercinematographer who shot both *Easies*), Bob Rafelson (director of *5 Easy Pieces*) BBS Productions (the studio that made both pictures), and Columbia Pictures (which distributes both, to the tune of millions) are the creative and commercial forces; thematically, the search theme (the so-called "road" picture), the fascination with hardhat/redneck types, the need to "keep moving," to find "satisfaction," and an urgent feeling about the "reality" of contemporary America motivate both films; and down Mad. Ave. way *Pieces* has ripped off *Rider*'s advertising image of the searcher, the typestyle (check it in your newspaper) and the pretentious quotes ("A man went looking for America," "Some people can never be satisfied"), good old Jack Nicholson and of course that word, that word, E-Z, whose hard to justify use by Bob Rafelson will be explained later.

Jack Nicholson plays Robert Eroica Dupea, who has left his musical-intellectual family because he found them boring, and drifted until coming to rest, temporarily, as an oil-rig worker and for all intents and purposes a compleat redneck, at any rate a compleat Hollywood redneck (a shtick lifted wholesale from *Easy Rider*, fortunately

along with Nicholson who does it superbly). He goes along happily enough for awhile, until his wife (a brilliant creation of a gun-chewing, country & western-singing "Southern woman" by Karen Black) gets pregnant. Now he finds he cannot accept the banality, crudity and responsibility of this existence ("Just keep telling me about the good life, Elton, because it makes me puke."), and tries to leave it, winding up returning home to see his father, zapped by a stroke into a vegetable resembling Orson Welles or Ernest Hemingway and on the verge of death. Here he finds the same "boredom" as before but copes with it by seducing his brother's fiancée, (another beautiful role, by Susan Anspach). But his wife shows up, his lover still loves and wants his brother, and caught between his affection and rejection of his two worlds and two women, he goes away with his wife, only to abandon her as she waits for him at a gas station. He gets a ride from a logging truck and drives off again, looking for "auspicious beginnings" and "satisfaction." End.

It is not without significance that the truck drives off in the wrong direction (loaded with logs, why should it be going North). *5 Easy Pieces* is going in the wrong direction. Although it is the most exquisitely acted and photographed and written and directed American picture since *Bonnie and Clyde*, it goes so far in the wrong direction that it ultimately leaves anyone who knows what's going on completely cold. (Perhaps it is with further significance that Nicholson is chattering at the end, having left his coat behind with his old wife and old life, and refusing another one from the truckdriver.)

As I said, *Pieces* is thematically conditioned by *Rider*, which brought the cinema to several important points. One, as *Variety* pointed out, it was the last word in "meaningful" motorcycle pictures, a genre that began with *The Wild One*. This necessitated the stylistic change in creating a milieu for Nicholson (Dupea) to exist in; it was not possible merely to shift to another genre, say the Western; it had to be a "realistic" fiction. Two, *Easy Rider* clearly depicted, if nothing else, the antagonistic, schizoid way in which many "hip" and "straight" people have come to think of America. The "search for America" was brought for many, to the end of the line, and at the end was Armeggaddon—or, in the cinema, *Joe*. Being bound by bourgeois nature, our film artists could not explore the relationships involved (artificially created strains between the equally objectively oppressed hippies and rednecks; divide and conquer), but only fantasize nightmarish Apocalypses.

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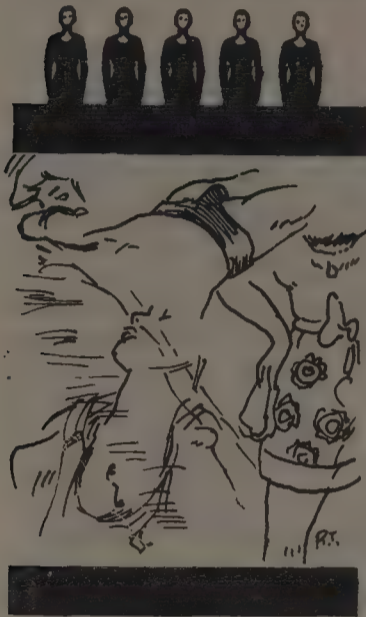
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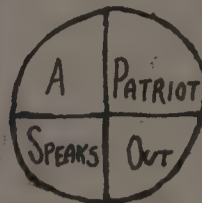
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(Continued from Page 9) "Yes, he broke the law—but if he had not broken the law, this Court would not sit today.

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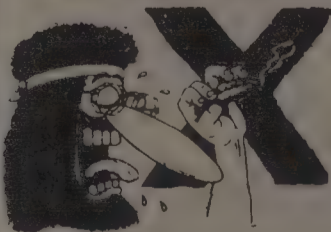
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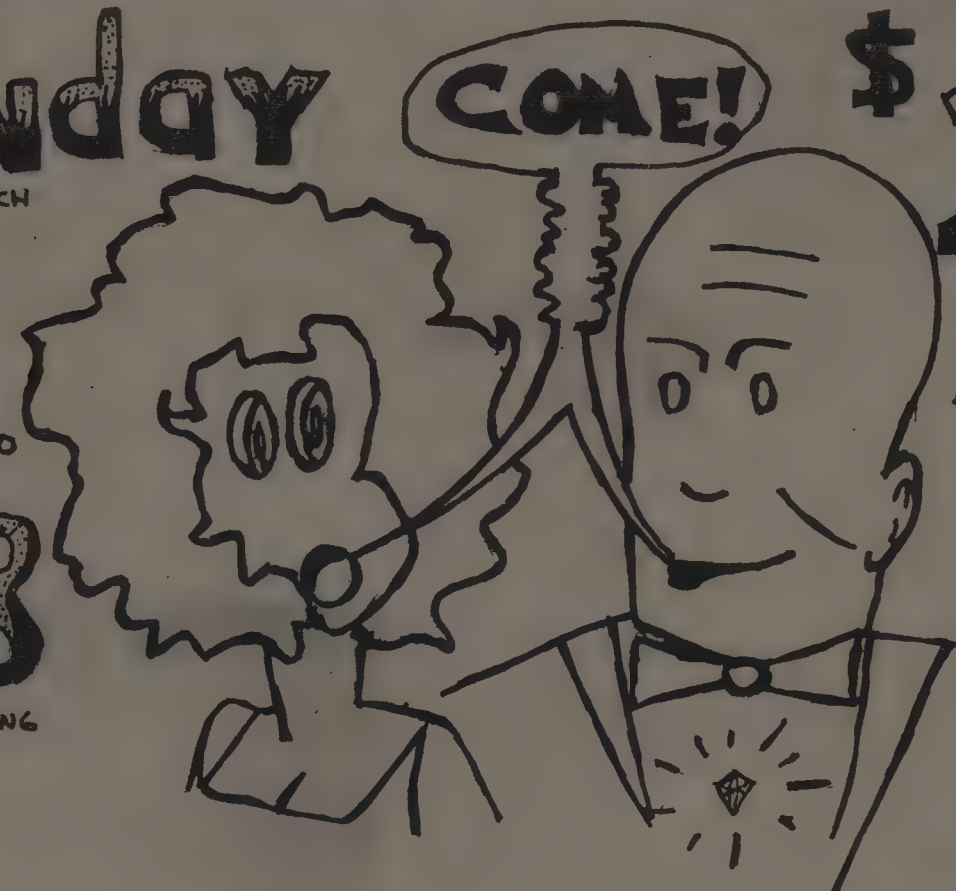
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ARE INDUSTRIES TO PLAY THE DOMINANT ROLE IN ADMINISTRATION POLICIES?

In its first Annual Report, the new Council on Environmental Quality said that "historians may one day call 1970 the year of the environment." Few persons would quarrel with that evaluation because, with the "Earth Day" observance and the enactment of significant new legislation, 1970 has been memorable. The Congress has adopted landmark legislation such as the National Environmental Policy Act and the Water Quality Improvement Act, improved environmental considerations in the Airport and Airway Development Act, and soon may approve of strengthening changes to existing laws on air pollution control and solid waste disposal. A historic court decision, in the so-called Boca Ciega case, said the Army Corps of Engineers has the authority to deny permits to dredge and fill on grounds of environmental damage. And, the President this year himself exerted significant leadership in a special message on the environment to the Congress, recommending a 37-point program. He also ordered Federal agencies to clean up their pollution, took important steps to prevent oil pollution and clean up any which occurs, and proposed taxes on leaded gasoline to reduce air pollution. Truly, 1970 has been the "Year of the Environment."

Despite all of these developments, however, there is a growing suspicion among conservationists and environmentalists that industries may be gaining a dominance where they can play a leading role in the formulation and implementation of Administration policies. Here are the reasons why 1970 may also become known as the "Year of the Industrialists":

Item: On January 28, the Administration announced a delay in imposition of the grazing fee increase planned for 1970. While this "moratorium" was imposed for at least one year ostensibly to allow the Secretaries of Agriculture and the Interior to study recommendations of the Public Land Law Review Commission, pressures from western livestock interests were instrumental in the decision. Actually, the practice of grazing of privately-owned livestock on Federal ranges has been "studied to death" and, before the moratorium, the fees were found to be so low as to constitute a subsidy for a tiny segment of the livestock industry. The grazing fee increases were programmed to reach full market value in ten years. Now, the livestock interests are working either to get the moratorium extended or the fee increases reduced. Due to these pressures over many years, public lands have been badly damaged through overgrazing.

Item: On April 9, 1970, the President announced the establishment, by Executive Order, of a National Industrial Pollution Control Council composed of 63 officials of major industries, including several polluters. Bert S. Cross, of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, was named as chairman. The 3-M Company manufactures a product widely used by its subsidiary, National Advertising Company, which is generally credited with being the biggest opponent to the removal of billboards in the highway beautification plan supported by the Department of Transportation. Others included in the star-studded lineup are executives of many of the Nation's largest lumbering, mining, oil, and manufacturing companies, some of which have been under close Federal scrutiny for polluting water and air resources. Then, the Administration sought \$475,000 for operations of this well-heeled group, or nearly one-third of the amount it requested for activities of the Council on Environmental Quality which is responsible for riding herd on all Federal activities, including those which supervise industries. How well will the Administrator of the new Environmental Protection Agency be able to crack down on polluting industries when they are represented in the Cabinet by the Secretary of Commerce and he is not?

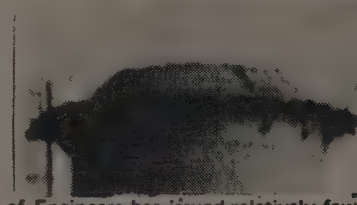
Item: On June 19, 1970, the President ordered Federal agencies to formulate plans to permit increased production of timber, probably to the detriment of other valid uses of Federal forests. Even a Republican leader in the Congress, such as Mr. John P. Saylor (Pa.), described this as a successful end run by the timber industry to gain by Executive fiat the special advantages they could not achieve by legislation. Mr. Saylor credited the White House and said: "... conservation, environment, ecology, that is, the public's concerns, are to be subservient to the pressures and profits of the logging and lumber industry."

Item: In July, 1970, full impact of the insidious poisoning of lakes and streams by mercury wastes was sweeping across America, with evidence of the dangerous element found in waterfowl and fish and other creatures. The Secretary of the Interior said he was moving against ten industrial plants and "we are developing hard evidence against a number of other companies." He said these discharges "represent an intolerable threat to the health and safety of Americans." Then, in August, Alabama officials reportedly were ready to move to shut down industries discharging mercury into public waters. Yet, the Federal Government baffled Alabamians by pulling the rug out from under the State officials by establishing something of a temporary accommodation tolerance up to a half-pound per day for mercury dischargers, giving them time to install clean-up equipment. Mercury can be kept out of public waters entirely through recycling.

Item: On September 9, a writer for the New York TIMES authored an article attributed to White House sources which alleged that Carl L. Klein, Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Water Quality and Research, was a principal obstacle to the enforcement of anti-pollution laws. The article hinted that Klein was too soft. In truth, Klein probably was too brash and tough. The condition of Puget Sound in Washington is an example. A conference, first step in complicated Federal law enforcement procedures, was held in 1962 to initiate a badly-needed cleanup process. The second session of this conference was held in 1967, when the polluting municipalities and industries agreed to a cleanup compliance schedule. However, some of the polluters are not progressing as rapidly as many people think they can and should. The largest plant involved, the Scott Paper Company, has been given until 1978 by the State as a deadline to clean up part of its wastes — 16 years after the initial conference had decided what should be done. Klein wanted to call a public hearing, second stage in the law enforcement process, for the purpose of bringing facts out on the table and to try for an earlier compliance deadline. However, orders "from upstairs" came to cancel the hearing and any pulloff had to originate either with the Secretary or at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Klein resigned September 17.

Item: An almost-forgotten section called the Refuse Act in the 1899 Rivers and Harbors Act prohibits the discharge of "refuse matter of any kind or description whatever" into any interstate or intrastate navigable water of the U.S. except under a permit from the Army Corps of Engineers. While municipal sewage is exempted, almost all other pollutants supposedly are covered, including discharges of oil, chemicals, garbage from ships, and even heat. The Corps

GOVERNMENT ASKS INDUSTRY TO CLEAN ITSELF UP



of Engineers has issued relatively few permits over the years and obvious violations of the Act are widespread. However, the Corps of Engineers and the Justice Department are bending over backward to not conflict with water pollution abatement efforts of the FWQA — or to prosecute violators. Curiously enough, Seattle attorney Marvin Durning in April asked the U.S. Attorney to prosecute and fine under provisions of the Refuse Act the industries which are dumping refuse into Puget Sound. When no action was forthcoming on July 9, he went to court against ITT Rayonier, Inc., charging the firm with dumping pulp wastes into the Sound. Thus far, there is little evidence that the Administration wants to develop a coordinated crackdown on industrial polluters, using either new or newly-rediscovered laws, or even to ask for additional funds to employ more people for increased surveillance.

Item: For years, industrial and business groups opposed a strong Federal water pollution control program, including grants to cities for the construction of waste treatment plants. This attitude stemmed from the realization that, once the cities cleaned up, the public finger would be pointed at industrial polluters. In 1969, the Administration proposed that only \$214 million be appropriated (as had the Johnson Administration) for fiscal 1970. The Congress, however, responding to widespread public demands, appropriated \$800 million. Then, the Administration obligated only \$360 million, leaving a \$440 million "carryover." Much of this slowdown was due to a shortage of manpower to process applications from the States and cities. Of 150 positions authorized, the FWQA was allowed only 90 and some of these were not filled.

Federal agencies now are busy drafting their proposed budget for fiscal 1972. After a thorough going over, this Budget will be sent to the Congress in January. Earlier this year, Thomas L. Kimball, Executive Director of the National Wildlife Federation, directed an open letter to the President. He asked: "Are you spending enough to repair the damage done to the environment — to safeguard our natural resources," pointing out that natural resources ranked 13th or dead last among the priorities in the 1971 budget request. How much money is allocated for wise management of natural resources, for water and air pollution control, and for effective protective law enforcement will be an index toward how much influence industrial interests have gained within the Administration in this "Year of the Environment."

— Louis S. Clapper



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Verbal Abuse of Police is Outlawed in Toledo

TOLEDO, Ohio, Sept. 19 (AP)— Anyone calling policemen "pig" will be arrested under provisions of a new city ordinance prohibiting verbal abuse of law-enforcement officials.

The city Safety Director, Clifford Quinn, in a special message to all members of the police division, ordered arrests made for violations, adding that persons making noises such as "oink oink," also were subject to arrest.

"Imitating noises made by such animals also can be construed as verbal abuse," Mr. Quinn said.

Conviction on abuse charges can bring a maximum sentence of 30 days in jail and a \$50 fine.

X

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CLAUDIA DREIFUS

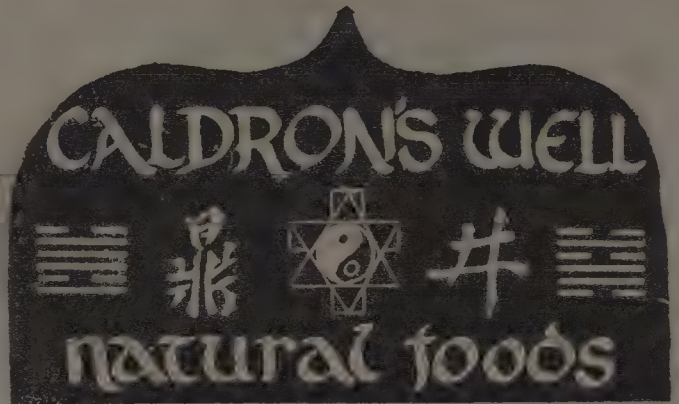
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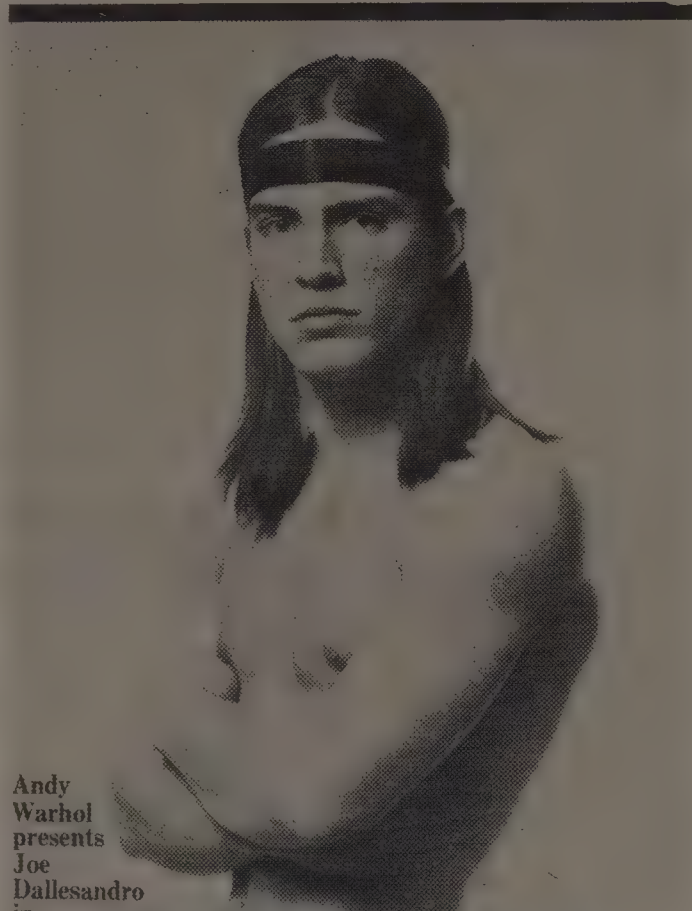
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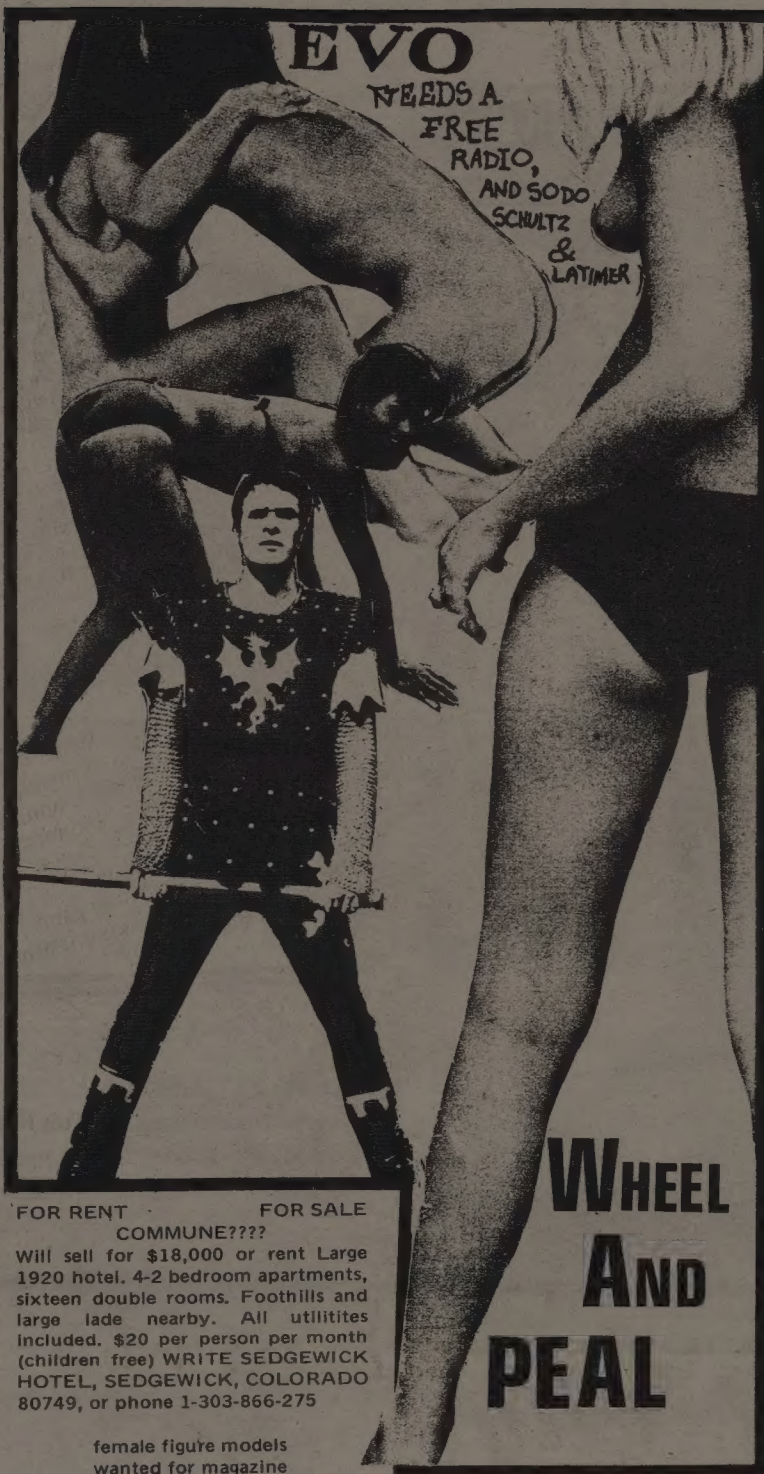
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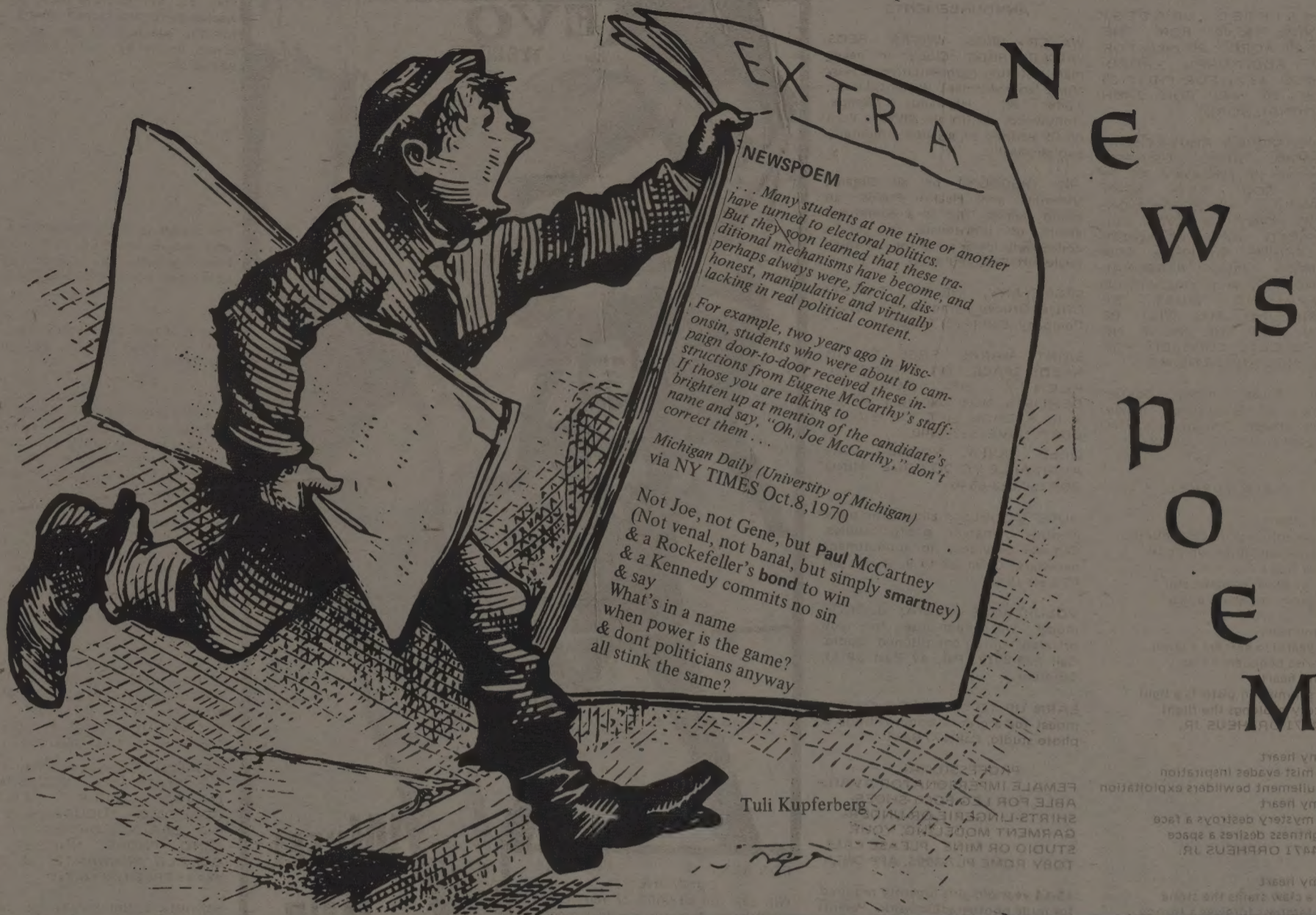
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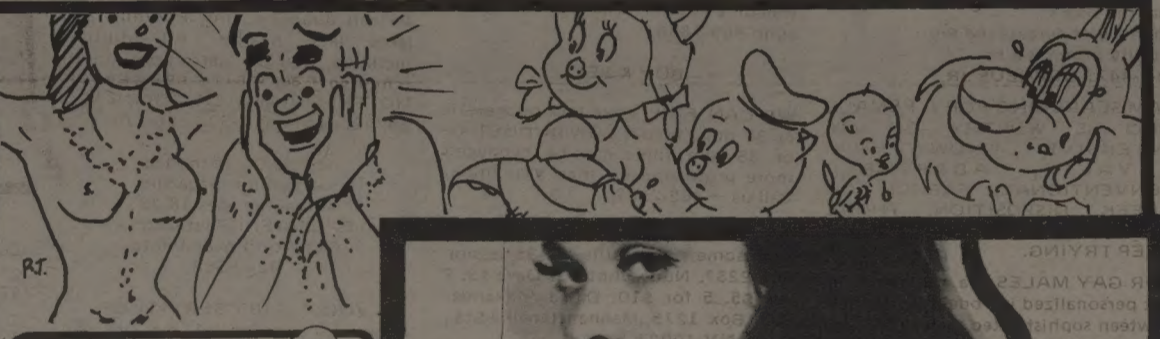
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