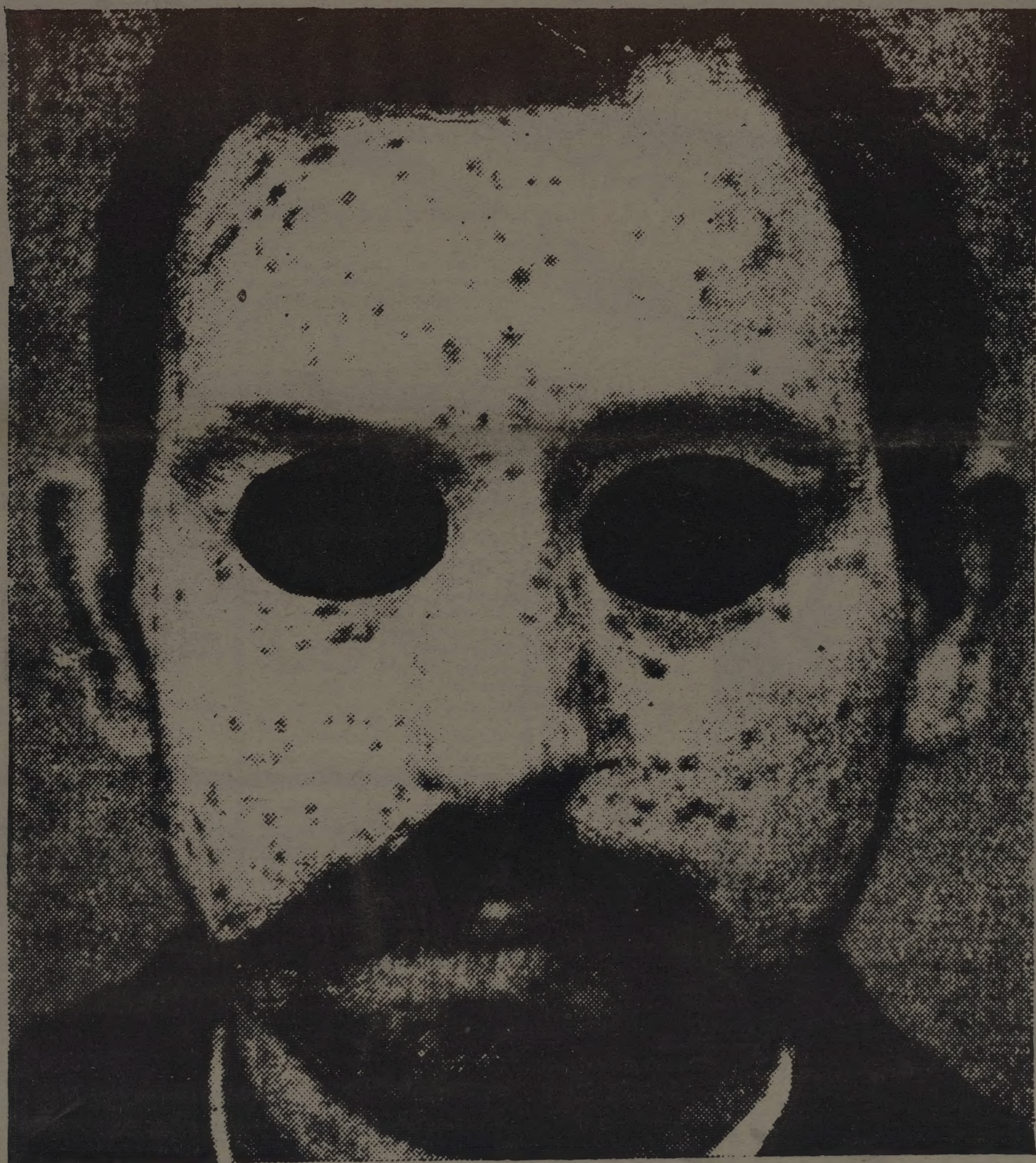


leary panthers mogubgub

THE east **OTHER**
village



vol.5 no.51 nov.17,1970 25¢nyc 35¢outside

HIRAP

To watch THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS in Murtagh's dismal courtroom cannot be classified as entertainment.

The macabre notion that a beautifully, yet glorified version of an algerian reality that dates back to the late fifties could in any way be applied to Amerika of the seventies is at best an insult to one's intelligence - a depraved fantasy at worst.

The government's tale of the Panther's alleged conspiracy - i.e. sabotage at Macy's and Abercrombie & Fitch - not to mention prime objectives like the Bronx Zoo are as absurd as the concept of "off the pig" in terms relating to the ultimate objectives of the revolution. Unless it is our desire to wallow in the glorified fantasy of the past, we may as well face up to the fact that neither THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS nor THE GUNS OF NAVARONE relate in any way to the situation on hand. At a time when the Justice Department's newly revived INTERNAL SECURITY DIVISION is being put in the able hands of one Robert Charles MARDIAN ("Aggressive, conservative and Republican"), the grizzly plot of **Z** seems to relate more than any other flick seen in court or out. It is the reality of future shock and past bad habits as exercised by the likes of Robert Charles Mardian that we have to relate to. Rather than falling into the trap of a romanticized fantasy - let's face up to the stark reality on hand.

UNLESS WE DO IT NOW, MR. ROBERT CHARLES MARDIAN AND HIS GUMSHOEING APPARATUS MAY BEAT US TO IT.

IT MUSTN'T HAPPEN.



Associated Press

*Aggressive, conservative
and Republican.*

ANYONE WISHING TO COMMUNICATE WITH TIM LEARY SHOULD ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS AS FOLLOWS:

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY
% BPP - BOITE POSTAL 118
GRANDE POSTE, ALGIERS, ALGERIA

Jaakov Kohr
Allen Krzman
Fred Moghtegub
Jackie Diamand
Ray Schultz
Dean Latimer
Charlie Frick
Jackie Friedrich
Rudi Stern
Stephen Kohn
Vincent Francis
Patrick Craig Titus
Little Arthur Chaitkin
Gianfranco Mantegna
Livingston Hinckley III
European Operations: Jeno
Algeria: Timothy Leary
London: Harvey Matusow
Subscriptions: Heidi
S.R.K.
Roger Tomlinson
Renfrew Neff
Coca Crystal
Perfeto LaGogo
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Lil Picard
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Telephone: 255-2130-31-32

SMOKE IT SMOKE IT

BLOW IT UP

This is Timothy Leary, speaking to you from La Madrogue — a beautiful fishing port outside of Algiers, Algeria. My first message is to Allen Ginsburg. I want Allen to know that I am alive and well with Rosemary and that rumors to the contrary that I have been offed by the CIA are grossly exaggerated.

To continue running down some of the many rumors that have spiraled around our recent activities — yes, I did carry over the wall from the POW camp the message which has been widely reprinted in the underground press. My escape from prison and Rosemary's and my escape from the country was engineered, executed, designed and aesthetically carried off by the noble and beautiful Weatherman Underground. And since we have been in Algeria we have been under the wise, benign and loving protection of the Black Panthers, led by the genial genius Eldridge Cleaver.

It is true that in the company of Field Marshall DC of the Black Panther Party, Jennifer Dohrn and Marty Kenner, I embarked on an adventurous trip throughout the Middle East to visit the Palestinian guerrillas. ALL statements that we were ejected from Arab countries or received hostilely are distortions and lies by the wicked, pig, capitalist, bourgeois press. We were received everywhere with open fraternal arms.

Many people have asked me since our escape what brought about the change in my attitude which now appears to be more militant than before. Rosemary and I can see no change in our behavior or in our attitude. The United States government has changed in the last ten years. We have always followed a philosophy of live and let live, love and let love, feel good; but never did we suggest or imply that it was our duty or our trip to become masochistic pigeons or to sit by quietly like good Germans and let a genocidal, robot police establishment wipe us out one by one. As long as there was any pretense at Constitutional law and order in the United States we went along with it, but it became apparent to everyone about a year ago that such pretenses had worn thin, and that there is not protection for the individual citizen who cares about freedom in the United States today. We urge no one to continue this farce; there is no excuse to collaborate with the course of justice in the United States, or to cooperate with the judicial system which is clearly not concerned with justice or freedom.

There is much talk these days about violence back in Babylon. You know that's all a vamp and a fraud. When a few beautiful Weathermen blow up a statue of a pig in Chicago that's considered to be violence; but the government everyday accelerates its deliberate program of arming policemen, arming fascist governments throughout the world. One hundred percent of all violent weapons are owned and operated by governments; and to fight against a machine, to disconnect a mechanical robot, is not a violent act. It is a righteous gesture of sacred Buddha, of self-defense, of manly art, of womanly duty to off a pig who threatens your life or your freedom.

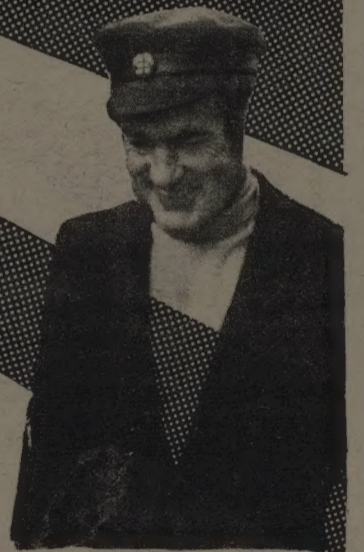
It hardly seems necessary to repeat what is obvious to any clear-seeing person that the vanguard leadership of the freedom movement in the United States is provided by the Black Panthers who for three years now have stood up to protect their homes and their offices against genocidal attack. You can talk and protest as loud as you want to but when it comes right down to it, it has been the Panthers who have showed us in Zen, existential fashion that if you don't stand up and defend yourself you will lose your freedom, if not your life.

In the past few years we have seen two great movements emerge in the United States sweeping towards peace and freedom. One is a cultural revolution of people who have turned on and dropped out of the pig establishment, looking for personal balance and internal freedom at the same time that many of their brothers and sisters have enlisted in the external struggle, the political revolution. There can not be one without the other. The political revolutionary who is not turned on is a political robot and the power system he espouses will be no improvement on the robot system he seeks to destroy. The political revolutionary must be turned on to seek and tap his internal energy; by the same token, the hippie movement, a process of internal discovery and personal religion, if it is not tied to a social movement becomes self-indulgent, self-preoccupied and the energies cannot be channelled and kept moving. Much to our joy we have seen emerging in the last few months in the very mid-Western heart of Babylon,

a movement of acid revolutionaries, turned-on freedom fighters, the Weatherman Underground, beautiful and holy young people in certain touch with their internal energies and in precise control of the machinery for destroying the external, genocidal system. You read the Tibetan Book of the Dead and you learn how acid produces the spiritual White Light, then you read Marighella and learn how dynamite produces the illuminating blast that blows up the external system. Blow your mind and blow up the prisons and controlling systems of the genocidal culture. The number one target of our activity and center for our prayers are the prisons, the POW camps, of Babylon. There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of the genocidal system. Out strongest and most beautiful leaders are now imprisoned. We must free them. Free Bobby! Free John Sinclair! Free Ericka! Free Angela Davis!!

Rosemary and I are now living in the Third World. It's been a revelation and an education to be here. You can sense that the air is fresher and the atmosphere lighter. It is a relief to be away from the heavy-metal, pig-repressive atmosphere that is pervading Amerika today.

We have been very impressed at learning at close hand and face to face about the global international nature of the liberation movement. All through the Middle East, as a matter of fact in every country of the world, there are people like ourselves dedicated to fight and win freedom. A global conversation is taking place. What happens at Kent State is listened to by liberation fighters in Brazil; what happens in Uruguay stimulates and encourages liberation movements in Ireland and in Athens. It really does exist — a tremendous global brotherhood and sisterhood of people who want to live and let live and who are determined they will not compromise or bow down to a



police state, militaristic government. One thing that you must know is that throughout the world freedom-loving people look to Amerika; they recognize that the Amerikan government is the great oppressor of freedom throughout the world and they also recognize that the Amerikan government can only be toppled and replaced by American youth and American Blacks.

There's just not much time to hang around. Keep it moving! Everytime the government acts, we must react. Everytime the Weathermen act, there've got to be mass celebrations and public demonstrations of support for these beautiful young white people. And everytime the Panthers struggle for their freedom and ours there must be public and private demonstrations of support for these vanguard heroes of our movement.

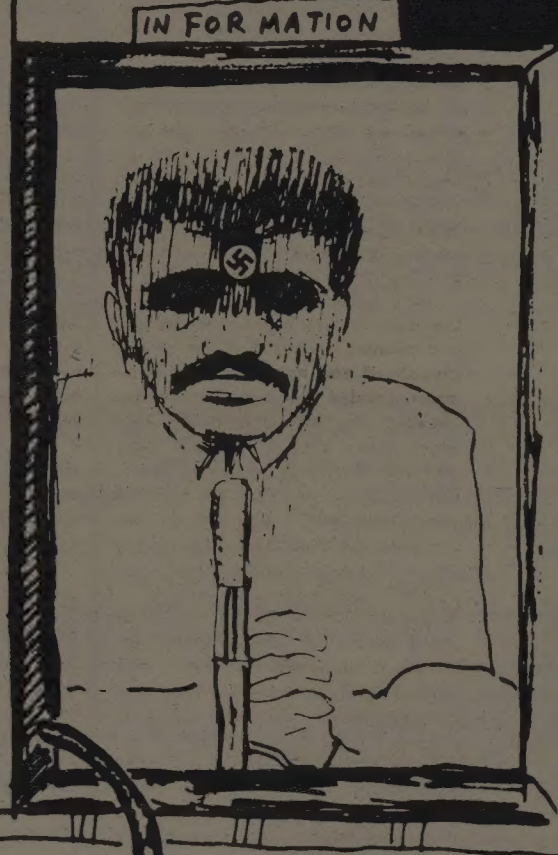
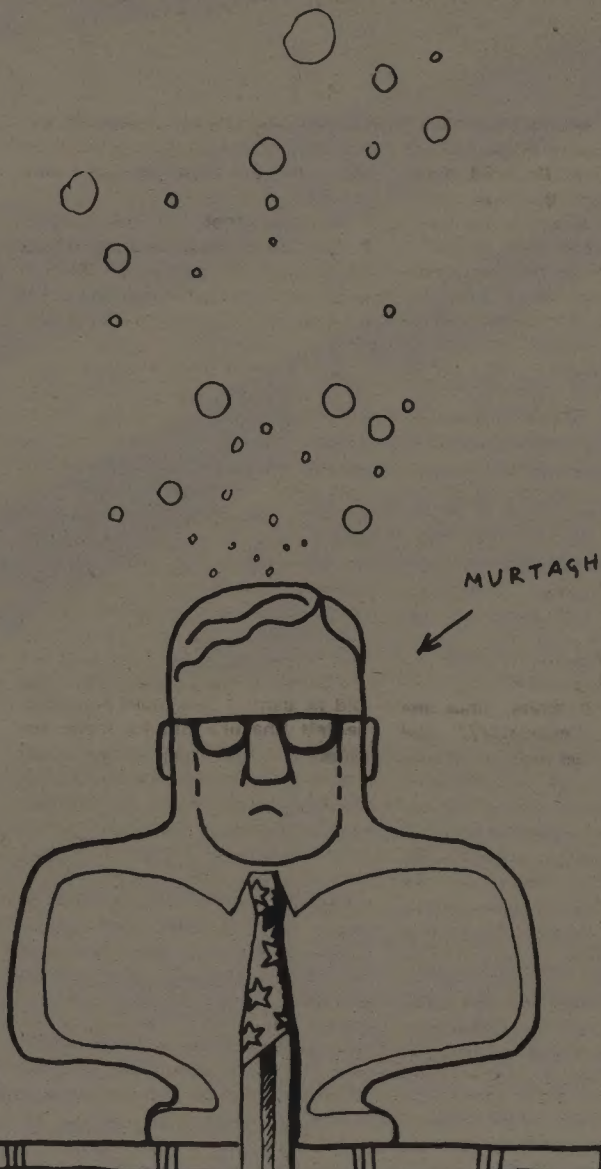
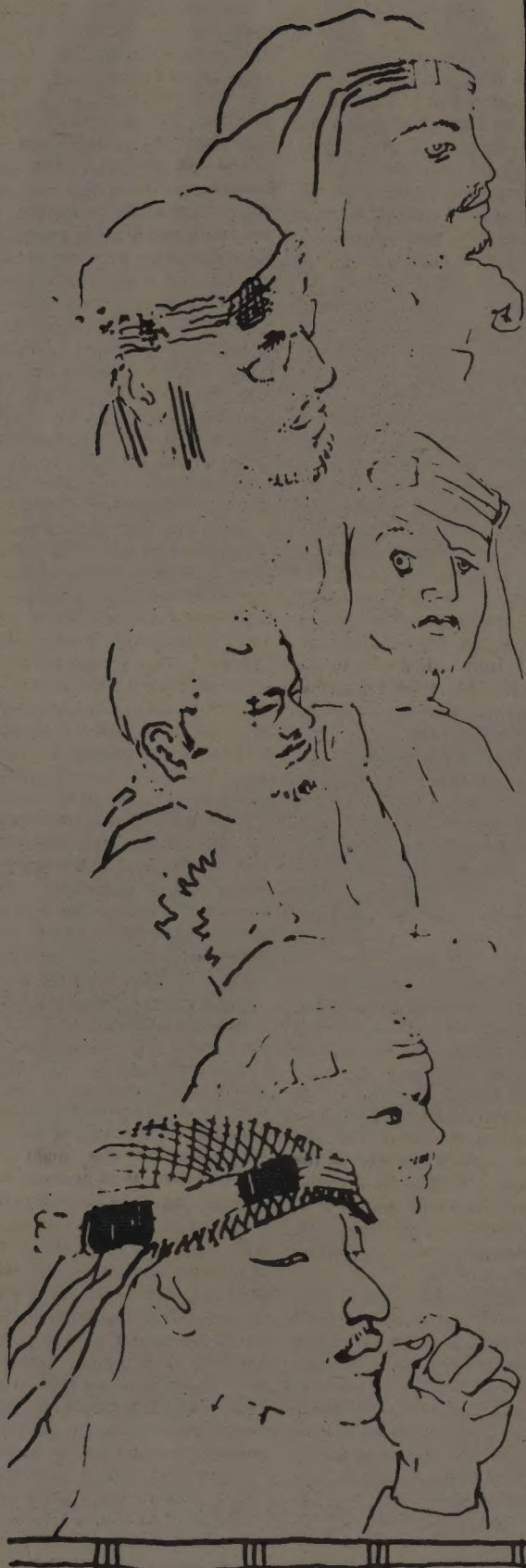
Today is November 1, 1970, the anniversary date of the beginning of the Algerian revolution. Sixteen or seventeen years ago the Algerians picked up guns and started their battle for liberation against the powerful French Empire. Brothers and Sisters — they won. Their deeds and their struggle for freedom have inspired similar movements in countries throughout the world. We are all together; it is one world of brotherhood and sisterhood. And freedom will come, even to J. Edgar Hoover's Babylon.

In closing, Rosemary has a message for our friends in Babylon: Smoke it! SMOKE IT! AND BLOW IT UP!

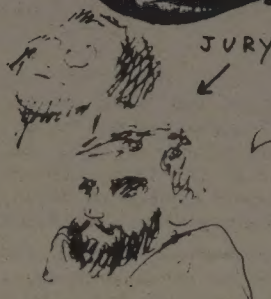
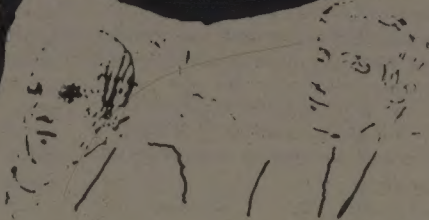
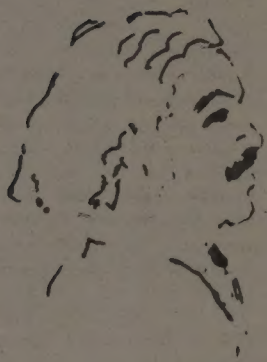
IN DOG WET RUST

Imagine meeting someone who has never heard of Nixon, and trying to describe how ugly he is, how when you see his picture you get filled with revulsion and nausea, and you'll know how it feels to try to describe Phillips. Looking at Phillips I can truly understand why pork is taboo in most religions. They say that marriages are made in heaven, well,

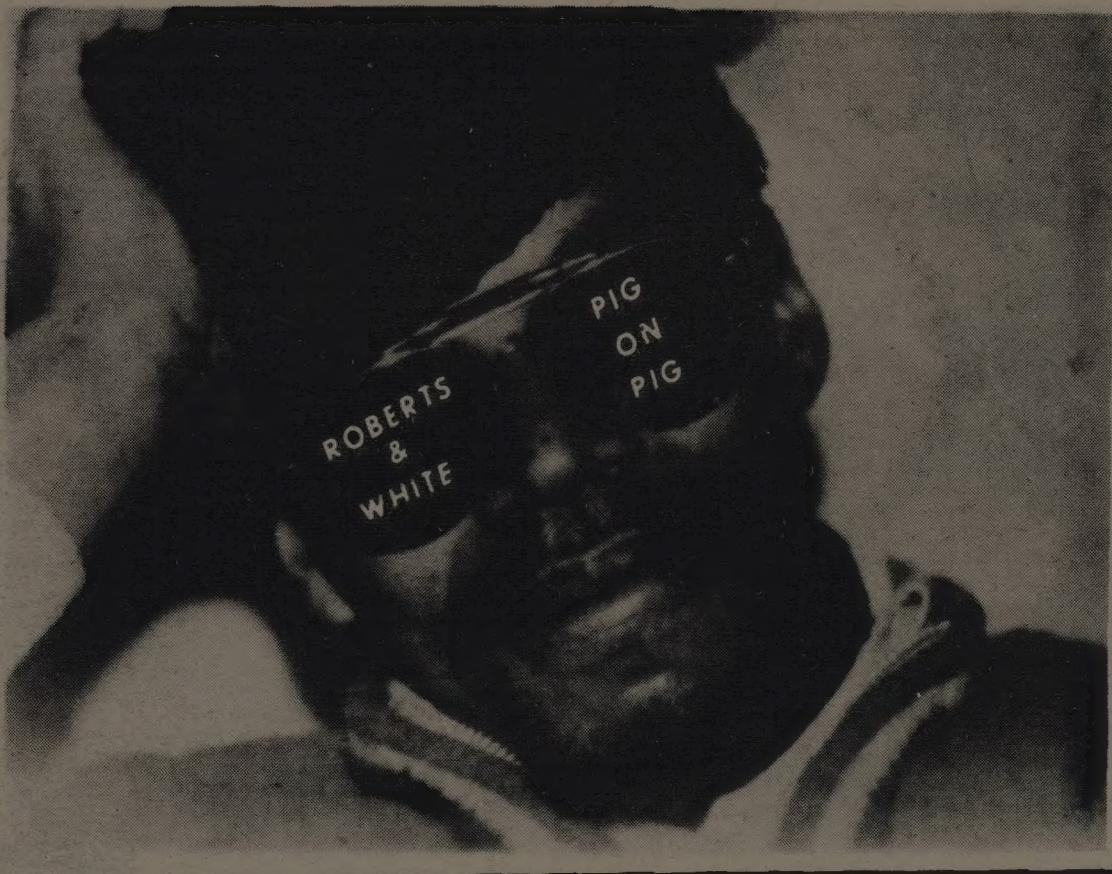
Phillips and Murtagh are perfect, not heavenly, but computer-dated couple. At the trial of the Panther 13 you witness a love affair far more pornographic than any on 42nd St. as they sustain each other through "better or worse," while using the pawn pig infiltrators as a means of vamping on and convicting the defendants and their lawyers.



BEWARE OF
ANGRY BLACK CAT



ABUL MATI



by Jackie Friedrich

D.A. Phillips plans to build his case out of the paranoia and hysteria of the times; preying on peoples' fear and ignorance. Looking at "The Battle of Algiers" through his red neck blinders, he saw the perfect vehicle for the dissemination of his own paranoia. To those not afflicted with his brand of limited vision, the film shows, not a conspiracy by the oppressed, but rather an out and out conspiracy by the ruling class to stifle all dissent; a blatant, ugly, vicious conspiracy. In fact, Phillips probably wrote up his indictment and his whole case after seeing the film, so on Monday, Nov. 9, he planned to bring pig agent White to the stand to lay the groundwork for the showing of "The Battle of Algiers."

Jerry Lefcourt made a motion that the hearing take place with the jury not present, as the film was highly prejudicial and irrelevant, and if the court decided that the film was not relevant, the jury should not have been aware that it was an issue. Murtagh disagreed, of course, saying that although he also felt the film was irrelevant, he could not understand Lefcourt's reasoning, and the jury should be brought in.

After the jury was brought in, Detective Ralph White took the stand. White basically came across a confused, spineless schmuck, who had so little sense or confidence in his own identity that he could be the perfect victim to act as a pawn in the Man's game. Like so many Amerikkans, White is incapable of thinking for himself, and thus is easy prey to the lies perpetrated by the ruling class. This is so obvious as to appear ridiculous and classic at the same time. For instance, White, who is obviously working as a pawn of the Establishment to aid them in wiping out the BPP, still considers himself a brother and a Panther. When the film was eventually shown, that clown sat with the defendants. The script is perfect; White, a black man, is working for Babylon in a plot that will eventually eliminate him, too, and yet, he still thinks of himself as a brother. The schizophrenia of Amerikka in bold print.

So White recited the testimony rehearsed for the past 18 months, which went like this. On Sept 19, 1968, White went to a BPP political education class where Lumumba Shakur said that he had just seen "The Battle of Algiers," and that all members of the BPP should see it; it was "mandatory." After seeing the film, White said that he went to Lumumba's apartment, and he quoted Lumumba as saying that the tactics used in the film would be used in New York against pigs. Phillips then tried to lead White into saying that the audience at the Elgin that night consisted of many people wearing "Panther uniforms," but he failed in that, and then asked that the film be shown.

Jerry Lefcourt was the first of the defense counsel to question White, who said that he had been a

patrolman assigned to BOSS, and not a detective, on Sept 19, 1968. When did he get his promotion (was it after stabbing his own people in the back, like the pigs told him to do)? Neither Murtagh or Phillips would allow that question to be answered, and they called the whole line of questioning "irrelevant." The report that White made for BOSS concerning Sept 19, was then marked "Peoples 32A." (Please remember, when I refer to "Peoples" exhibits, I am not referring to the PEOPLE, but to the enemies of the people, in this case, the prosecution - after all, the title of the indictment reads, "The People vs. Lumumba Abdul Shakur, etc" just another incongruity reminding one of "The Dodge Revolution" or Nixon saying something frighteningly close to "Power to the People.")

Lefcourt asked White, since the film had been "mandatory," and Sept 19 was the last night of its run, if other members of the BPP were there at the theatre. White was not sure, and he went alone. He said that he left the meeting at around 8:30, getting to the Elgin in time for the last showing of the last performance, got out of the feature at 11:30, and went to Lumumba's. Did he call Sgt. Durkin (his superior officer) before going to Lumumba's? No, he called in only once a day. Did Durkin tell him to go to Lumumba's? No. Did White have any particular reason for going there? He didn't remember. Did White tell Lumumba that he'd seen the film? Yes. Was it then that Lumumba talked about tactics? Yes... No... Yes. Would White like a moment to think about his answer? Yes, that was when Lumumba said it. Did White quote him directly? No. Did he write it down? No. So White was quoting from his memory of two years ago? Yes. In White's daily reports, did he write up the highlights? Either he did it or Sgt. Durkin did it. Was Durkin White's "control" or "handler"? White said that he did not know what those words meant. Lefcourt then gave White the report he had handed in (32A) and asked him to look and see if he had made any mention of that conversation with Lumumba in his daily report. He hadn't, even though he had reported everything else.

Since White had quoted Lumumba as saying that the film was "mandatory," did White see any other BPP members at the film? No. Was this "ruling" enforced? No. Would White have faced expulsion from the party if he had not seen the film? He didn't know. When White went to Lumumba's did they discuss a number of things, including a corporation that was cheating black people? Yes. Was that particular conversation in his report? Yes. So the conversation about the corporation was in the report, and not the alleged conversation about the film? Correct. (At this point it should be obvious that that alleged conversation was fabricated by the

prosecution so that they could show the film, but read on for more proof.)

McKinney took over, asking White if 32A was in his handwriting. It was. When did he write it? Murtagh interrupted to yell at McKinney for his tone of voice, declaring him out of order. What was the date of the report? Phillips interrupted to make some public relations speeches. Could White give the date of the report without looking at it? No. Did he recall where he was when he made his notations? Another speech by Phillips, with McKinney answering that he felt it necessary to establish the credibility of this witness, bringing on another speech by Phillips, who saw every bit of that "credibility" going down the drain. Did White recall how long after the incidents he made his report? No. Did he carry a notebook? No. When he left Shakur's did he make any notes? No. How many conversations did he have between the time he left the Shakurs' apartment and the time that he made up his report? White had no idea, but he said there were many. Did he recall them? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he make the decision to go to Lumumba's? Yes. Had he been directed to do so? No. Did he make the decision to see the film that night? Yes. He was under no direction to see the film that night? Yes, he was. From his superior officers? No. How many people were at Lumumba's that night? Five, including Lumumba and White.

Did White initiate the conversation about the film? He didn't remember, but he said that he discussed the film with at least a dozen people. Did he recall what each of them had to say? No. Did he make any notes? No. When did he first call Sgt Durkin in relation to Sept 19? The following morning, while making out his report. Was Durkin present during its preparation? Yes. Was it Durkin's paper? Yes. What did White do on the morning of Sept 19? He didn't remember. What did he do on the afternoon of Sept 19? He didn't remember. Would it be fair to say that White had no recollection except from the notes, which he prepared 12 hours after the incidents? No, he just remembered what some of his actions were, but still wants to read his report to "refresh his memory." McKinney tried to insist on precision, but Murtagh made a speech about making allowances for the human mind. In this case, Murtagh rules that all human foibles are legitimate as long as they tend to incriminate the Panthers.

Sandy Katz continued the questioning and asked White how many of the people at the political education class had been undercover pigs. White couldn't remember. Did Shakur say why the film was "mandatory"? No. Was there any discussion about the film at the meeting? No. Katz then asked White, who had been grinning nervously

throughout the entire cross examination, if he had a facial affliction. What? "You seem to be smiling a lot, is that a facial affliction?" OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Sandy then said that it should be brought out if the witness got some delight out of these proceedings. White said that he did not remember seeing any of the defendants at the film, but that he was positive that Lumumba had used the word "mandatory" and he had written it down. Katz asked him to look at his report, did he see the word "mandatory"? No. But it sticks in his mind right now? Yes.

Bob Bloom asked White if he was known as agent W6. Yes. (weasel 6 - and there are five more) Did White report to someone known as P.M.? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Had White completed the top portion of his report? No. Who did? Detective Pete (P.M.) Mayer of BOSS. White again said that Lumumba used the word "mandatory," and said that the film was required viewing, that night, but couldn't remember seeing anyone else from the meeting at the film. He then said that the report (32A) were the only notes he had made, other than mental notes. Mental notes from 26 months ago? Yes. So he went to see the movie under the impression that it was mandatory? Yes. At the time he was a pig? Yes. And he took directions from higher police officers? Yes. Did he think Lumumba was a higher police officer when he took his orders? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did White give any orders to members of the BPP? Yes. Did he regard himself as a Black Panther? Yes. Did he ask anyone at the class to go to the movie with him? No. Had he seen the movie before Sept 19? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he know why the movie was "mandatory"? No. Was it "mandatory" so that people could see what government oppression was like? White didn't remember. Did White select things that he thought were important to write down? Yes. Was he aware that he was on an assignment to infiltrate the BPP? Yes. Did he have any idea why? Yes. Was he trying to make a case against the BPP on Sept 19? No. He selected certain things to write down? Yes. Was there a basis for doing that? Yes. Was that basis to make a case against the BPP? No.

Bill Crain took over the questioning and White said that he had spoken to about three people while at Lumumba's. Did he consider himself a Black Panther? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Was White listening to the conversations to select things to use against Shakur? No. Was he a pig? Yes. So one of the reasons he went to Lumumba's was to get evidence? No. Was it a social visit? He went to meet somebody. Did he know that he could be writing up notes? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. White is now a detective? Yes. When was he promoted? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. White selected one small reference out of two hours of conversation? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did he drink that evening? White supposes so. Did he drink heavily? He supposed so. Did he "suppose" so because he usually drank heavily, so no one time would stick out in his mind? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Did White discuss his report with any other officers? No. Did he go to Lumumba's to get a political education or to get information for the pigs? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Was White trying to avoid testifying about other conversations? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Has his testimony consisted of bits and pieces of conversations that took place 26 months ago, with the intent to hurt the defendants? No. Did White usually forget to write things down? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED.

Lefcourt got up to question White again, asking him, if he, as a member of the BPP and BOSS, had been wired for sound? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Had he ever heard tapes from bugs? No. Has he ever smoked grass? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Might he have been under the influence of grass and liquor on the night in

question? Yes, grass, but not liquor. (Why did he testify before that he had been drinking?)

Jerry then said that, although he thought that "The Battle of Algiers" was a great and powerful film, the prosecution had shown no connection between the film and any of the defendants, other than Lumumba (and that, on obviously weak grounds), and that Phillips only wanted to show the film in order to bring blood and gore into this trial. The film would be very prejudicial, and there has been no charge in the indictment that anyone was injured during the period of the so-called conspiracy. (Unless you want to talk about that other conspiracy, where Joan Bird was brutally beaten by the pigs.) Lefcourt went on to say that the film has nothing to do with the events here, and that even if the defendants had written, directed, produced, and starred in the film, it would still be irrelevant to this case and that if the film is admitted as evidence, it would be the first time in legal history that defendants would be convicted for what happened to other people in another country. Murtagh supported Phillips, who insisted the film was relevant, and "The Battle of Algiers" was admitted into evidence, to be shown that afternoon.

Phillips then went on to say that the defendants used narcotics regularly, that Dharuba sold grass, and that White only turned on so that he would not be suspected. Katz said that those remarks were "clearly for the early afternoon edition," and Jerry demanded to know what was going on in the courtroom, with Phillips still slinging aspersions right and left, and Murtagh "admonishing" and "reflecting for the record" the unlawful behaviour of the defense. That afternoon the film was shown, with White sitting with the defendants and Phillips parading around like cock of the walk.

On Tues. Nov. 10, Detective Gean Roberts, a BOSS pig took the stand. The main pig, Phillips ace in the asshole, Roberts was a childhood friend of William King (Kinshasa) and was, I hear, a personal body guard of Malcolm X, and was the first one to his body on the night of his assassination. In a hearing on that murder, the court was cleared of all except the court stenographer for one "witness." I am told by reputable sources that that "witness" was none other than Gean Roberts. So with that background, and enough BOSS citations and awards to make any boy scout proud, Roberts was sent to infiltrate the BPP in July of '68. He said that he attended political education classes, military drills and physical training, all of which took place in BPP Headquarters or in the City's parks. When going into his "calendar" of events, Roberts kept wanting to check his reports (script?) which was not needed, as Phillips' questions always provided answers. Bill Crain objected, saying that Roberts should not be shown the reports (script) until he had made an effort to remember on his own. Murtagh told Crain that he was completely out order, that he should behave in a more lawyerlike fashion, and that his objection was overruled.

Roberts looked at his "report" and said that on Dec. 30 there was a section meeting. Michael Tabor told Roberts that he was in Afeni's section, so he went to her house. Among the defendants, he said that Shaba Om (Lee Roper) was also there, and when Phillips asked him if there weren't others there, Roberts looked at his report and added Clark Squires to the list. That wasn't enough, wasn't Joan Bird there? If you say so, Mr. Phillips. Roberts went on to testify that Afeni's section was a "functioning section" to deal with T.E. (weapons). Roberts then said that Afeni had told her section that she had met with one of the head Panthers who asked her if she knew how to operate a weapon. She said no, and he replied that she shouldn't be a section leader if she didn't know how. She agreed and said that she would not let it happen again. She then allegedly told her section that they must all know how to operate 10 weapons, and that each of them should get a hand gun. The

(Continued on Page 16)

CAMBODIA

THE GROWTH OF THE RESISTANCE



By Wilfred Burchett

Special for PRENSA LATINA

Two thirds of Cambodian territory are now solidly in the hands of the National United Front. Three million of the country's six million inhabitants are now living under the newly established administration of the Government of National Union, now solidly implanted in the country. Apart from the key ministers of National Defense, Internal Affairs and Information, who were leading the resistance inside the country at the time the government of national union was formed in Peking only four months ago, ten other ministries now have vice-ministers inside the country, so there is now an effective working government on Cambodian soil with an outstanding resistance leader, Khieu Samphan, combining the functions of deputy prime minister and minister of Defense. Facts about the new developments were given me on his arrival from Peking this week, by Thiounn Prasith, member of the government and secretary of the Political Bureau of the NUF's central committee. The development and extent of the armed resistance, the rapidity with which the rural population rallied to the NUF, took the leadership by surprise.

"We had foreseen the possibility of a coup," Thiounn Prasith said. "We had prepared for armed resistance and the organization of a national liberation movement and corresponding organization. But none of us had foreseen the rapidity and scope of the resistance movement and the development of mass organizations in its support." Integrated into the NUF are the Liberation Armed Forces—whose ranks are swelled every day apart from ordinary recruits, by deserters from Lon Nol's troops—the Peoples (Communist) party; the Peasants' Union; Trade Unions; Democratic Youth Association; Democratic Women's Association; the Association of Patriotic Teachers and Intellectuals; the Writers' League; representatives of the Thai and Cham nationalities and of the national minorities from the four northeastern provinces which are completely liberated, provincial capitals, district centers and all. Both orders of the Buddhist clergy and all Cambodian organizations abroad—mainly students—have rallied to the NUF.

"The Government of National Union is thus deeply rooted among the people and works in close cooperation with them in all fields: defense, education, public health, transport and communications, public works, religious and youth affairs," explained Thiounn Prasith—who until he joined the National Union government was an engineer, specializing in airfield construction in France. He is typical of the young progressive intellectuals who rallied to the NUF as soon as Sihanouk launched his appeal for nation-wide resistance.

The extraordinary rapidity with which the resistance was organized to seize and hold the major part of the country with total support from the people was at least partly due, according to Thiounn Prasith, to the ferocity of the intervention by the USA and its Saigon puppets. "The American aggressors, their allies in Saigon and Bangkok aided and abetted by the clique of traitors, Lon Nol, Sirik Matak and Son Ngoc Thanh (puppet prime minister under the Japanese, then taken over by the CIA the Khmer Serei traitor group, W.B.) destroyed, burned, massacred, looted, everything in their path. An oasis of peace in a maelstrom of war in Southeast Asia, has been reduced to ruins and rubble, towns and villages razed, whole families and hamlets massacred. How can one pretend that a regime which from the moment of coming to power, massacred thousands of Cambodian and Vietnamese men, women, old people and children—their hands tied behind their backs—has any basis of legality or legitimacy or is based on any shred of popular support? What sort of democracy base is there when a regime immediately proclaims martial law to protect itself from the people's wrath and which sentences to years of hard labour anyone daring to listen to Hanoi or Peking radio? What credit can one accord a regime who thanks the Americans and their puppets for having invaded and destroyed vast areas of the country and slaughtered its citizens by the thousands? Is it any wonder that the people flocked to the side of the NUF? The nation-wide reaction in backing the resistance movement certainly did not enter into the calculations of Lon Nol and his clique or the forging and strengthening of the militant solidarity between the Cambodian, Vietnamese and Laotian

peoples against US aggression, nor the fraternal and militant support we received from countries and movements and peoples devoted to peace, independence and justice—including the American people..." Twenty-three countries have thus far recognized the Government of National Union and Sihanouk as Head of State.

After pointing out that the NUF controlled two-thirds of the territory, including five provinces completely, Thiounn Prasith continued: "Despite the US aggression on April 30; despite the support of tens of thousands of puppet troops from Saigon, Bangkok and elsewhere, despite the CIA-controlled commando groups; despite US air raids, including B52s which bomb and destroy everything in sight and slaughter the civilian population, the Lon Nol traitor regime has difficulty in holding even Phnom Penh. This is why the Nixon government is now trying to save its life by all sorts of diplomatic intrigues to get the Cambodian people to accept a so-called 'peaceful solution' to the Cambodian problem..." (Thiounn Prasith was referring to little-publicized schemes, presumed to be of CIA inspiration, one of which was to accept partition along the Mekong river, another was aimed at wooing Sihanouk away from the resistance movement to accept a compromise under which he could return as Head of State while Lon Nol would be replaced by some more "acceptable" prime minister. Such schemes are born out of the dismay in Washington, London, Paris and elsewhere at the outcome of Nixon's Cambodian operation.) But Sihanouk and the NUF categorically reject any solutions short of the defeat of the Lon Nol regime. Thiounn quoted Sihanouk as having recently declared, in relation to such intrigues:

"The Cambodian people, represented by the National United Front, just as the heroic, fraternal Vietnamese people, do not accept and will never accept any "pax maericana." They reject and categorically reject any negotiations or conferences aimed at legitimizing the Lon Nol traitor regime or at partitioning Cambodia. Our people, its NUF and government of national union and its Liberation Armed Forces fight and will continue to fight unflinchingly and uncompromisingly

until the Cambodian motherland is completely liberated of its local, American, Saigon and Bangkok oppressors and together with the fraternal Vietnamese and Laotian peoples until the American imperialists, their lackeys and satellites, have been totally swept out of Indochina." To which clear and categorical statement, Thiounn Prasith added: "Our present struggle is for the liberty and dignity of our future generations, essential for the independence, freedom and progress of our Cambodian people, and the other peoples of Indochina."

It is this spirit of the long-term implications of the struggle that I have found among all young progressive intellectuals who have allied to the resistance.

In Paris, the military attache of the Lon Nol Embassy placed himself and the house he occupies at the disposal of the NUF. Some of Lon Nol's strongarm bullies tried to evict the military attache, Lieutenant-Colonel Pythouret, from the building, but pro-NUF students rallied to the defense. In an action worthy of the Lon Nol regime, the brother of Sirik Matak, Lon Nol's deputy premier, then led a gang with iron bars and chains to attack pro-NUF students at their university hostel. Three were taken to hospital with serious head wounds and the Cambodian Students Association is demanding legal action to punish the aggressors. Cambodia's delegate to UNESCO also rallied to the NUF in Paris this week.

Illustrating the desperate measures used by the CIA and Lon Nol to improve the propaganda image of the regime were reports reaching Paris from Phnom Penh that (a) the CIA has started up a radio station in Cambodia on the same wavelength as the newly installed NUF radio, putting out phoney NUF communiques and even fake declarations by Sihanouk and that the Lon Nol army is arranging fake battle scenes, filmed by South Vietnamese cameramen in CIA pay, for western TV audiences. A notable case was the filming of the Lon Nol troops "capturing" the town of Srang, two days after the NUF had evacuated the area. Eye-witness accounts confirm that the town was entered without a shot being fired, after US, South Vietnam and Thai air strikes had reduced it to rubble.





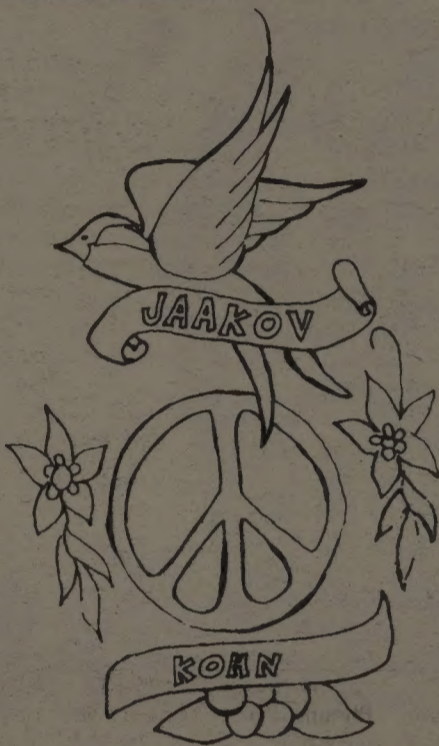
'The scab falls off in a few days,' remarked Lou as we inspected the butterfly. 'It doesn't hurt much. A bee sting, a little burn - the scab forms, it falls off, you got a tattoo.' The butterfly on his old lady's upper thigh was still smooth and tender, less than a week old, shiny on the shaven flesh, the colors still stippled in a garish ben-day pattern, not yet resolved into that subtle glow and blend of carnival colors that is tattoo.



That is an ancient art form. The Egyptians wore tattoos, sphinxes and Ankh symbols and patterns less palatable, and it was a matter of pride among their embalmers to preserve a stiff so well that the colors came through unfaded from 70 days in the natum vat. On the faces of the Maoris of New Zealand are patterns of exquisite madness. Sailors of all nations have traditionally worn panthers, crosses, swords, tridents, and mermaids swimming through oceans of flame. And wherever men are penned in cages for long boring

covering over those grim little jailhouse tattoos.

He has quite a selection of designs, as you can see on this page. Lou carries around a portfolio of them, embellished in bright feltpen: eagles, dragons, black cats, crosses, flowers, roses, butterflies, naked bathing beauties, Indian chiefs, popular cartoon characters, and all the traditional insignia that people wear on their flesh. The gooney bird, for example, looking out uncertainly at the world through enormous dewdrop-shaped eyes, flinging large drops of sweat and asking, "Who, me?" - that one dates from Okinawa and Midway Island, and it dances comically on the muscles of thousands of American sailors. 'Death Before Dishonor' writ in red under a glaring eagle with its wings spread about the bicep, that's another popular design for servicemen. The nubile Indian maid with high round apple-tits and smooth brown belly is another fine American decoration.



'Lately a lot of chicks have been getting into tattoos,' says Lou. 'Butterflies and roses mostly. And a lot revolutionary type cats, too.' Here he pulls out a set of patterns about the size of sergeant chevrons, powder-blue doves flying over loud vermilion peace signs, the whole flanked by bright green olive boughs. 'It's the first time in years,' Lou goes on,

DECOMPOSITION by D.A. Latimer



Not surprisingly, junkies also make up a good part of Lou's patronage. Needle people. 'I use a needle that makes a dot about an eighth, quarter-inch wide with each jab. I take a rubbing from my original design and lay it on the arm and get a pattern, then I fill in the outline, and finally do in the colors. It takes usually about 45 minutes to do a

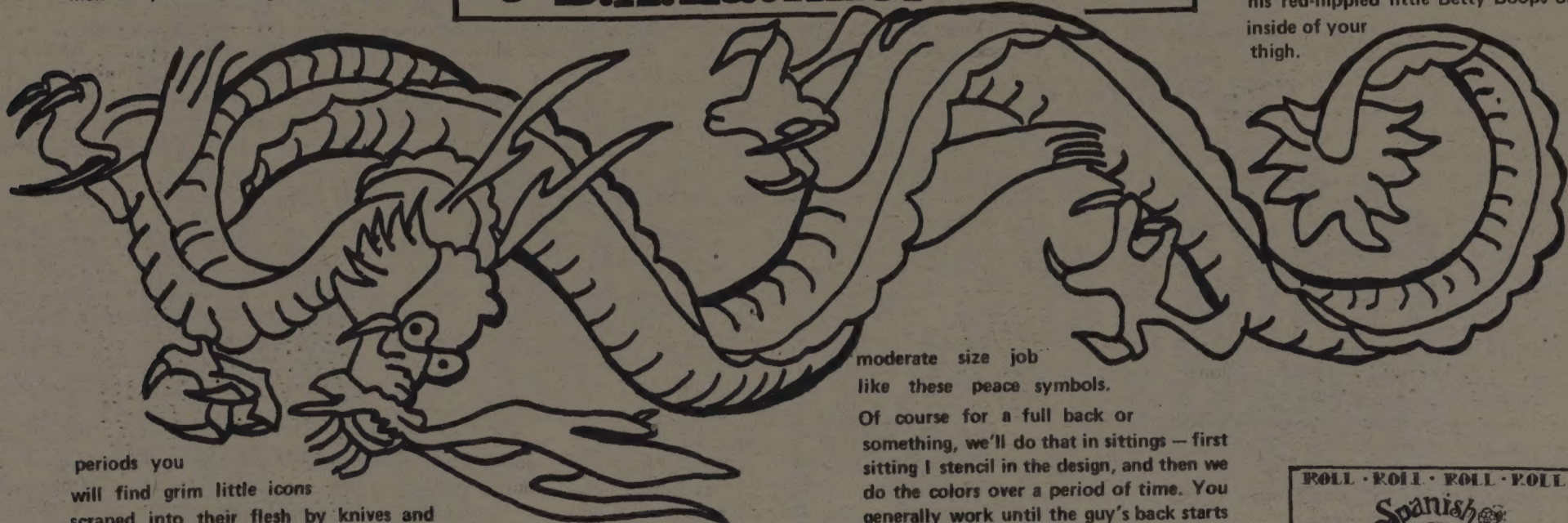


sometimes. In winter, though, when nobody goes to the beach, it falls off like a motherfucker.' Lou has a low opinion of the guys who work around the Navy bases: 'Those sons of bitches can't do shit unless they got it in their books to start with. They been doing the same stuff for so many years they can't do anything else. Now, I'm always coming up with new designs, so when I came up with this one I really liked I took it to one of those cats, and...' He unbuttons his shirt, rolls up his sleeve, and there on his right



bicep is a tragically fucked up bit of work: a pointed cross with Lou embellished on it, but with the top thicker than the bottom and the shading so unimaginative and rudimentary the whole thing looks flat as a letter-opener.

As you can easily understand, flawed tattoo work is tragic. As a tattoo artist, though, Lou is pretty dependable: he's been doing it since he was a kid in Astoria, pecking little designs into the skin of his friends. He knows his medium well: his work has that incredibly subtle, almost fluorescent blending of colors that you can't hardly achieve unless you're working in skin. It will be hard to get hold of him, though, being that tattooing is illegal in most states of the union. 'I'm an underground artist,' affirms Lou proudly. If you can get him, try one of his red-nippled little Betty Boops on the inside of your thigh.



periods you will find grim little icons scraped into their flesh by knives and colored by cigarette ashes mixed with water.

'Jailhouse tattoos,' reveals Lou, 'are usually pretty dumb - crosses and crescents and shit, usually on the back of the hand, around the knuckles and like that. I've seen a lot of heavy timers with their hands just covered with that stuff. It's something you do, you gotta do something.' Lou spends a lot of time with his steady needle and glowing dyes

'there's been any big demand for American Flag patterns, not since Korea. Only now they like to have the flags drawn upside-down. Also I get a lot of requests these days for the Zig-Zag man.' Prospective draftees who show up at the induction center with peace symbols or Zig-Zag men tattooed on their bodies often find, to their dismay no doubt, that the Army does not want them hanging about barracks and shower rooms.

moderate size job like these peace symbols. Of course for a full back or something, we'll do that in sittings - first sitting I stencil in the design, and then we do the colors over a period of time. You generally work until the guy's back starts to swell, or the color runs out, or you get too stoned to see. As for money, that depends on the size of the design, the time it'd take, the mood I'm in...

Summertime is the best time for tattoo artists. Especially around military bases: 'A guy in Newport News can make a lot of bread on Navy payday in the summertime - the checks come out and he'll be working 16 hours straight

ROLL · ROLL · ROLL · ROLL

Spanish

ZIG ZAG

FINE SIZE

Wholesale

SUNDANCE

866 CASTRO STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL 94114



BRAD HOLLAND

Arts Disaster Kills Thousands

The last two years have seen a growing unrest among artists and a growing dissatisfaction with the present art world system. But this is nothing compared with what is about to happen. Informed people on all levels of the art world are convinced that we are on the brink of a genuine state and national emergency situation in the arts and that such an emergency will have to be declared in Washington and Albany within the next six months if the art world is to survive in any form at all and if thousands of artists are to escape eviction, starvation, or the total annihilation of their profession. This is no exaggeration—the arts today are about to become yet another of this nation's disaster areas due to the cumulative errors of commission and omission made by various art agencies and the American public at large over the past twenty years.

As we all know, this country is sinking deeper and deeper into a financial recession. Artists are not unlike blacks and Puerto Ricans in that they are the first to be hit. And even in the best of times, at the height of the boom, artists were never much above subsistence level. According to a national survey of artists' earnings conducted by the MacDowell Colony during the boom year of 1968, "The financial earnings of professional artists from the works they create were revealed to be far below the hourly minimum wage standards for unskilled labor."

Ten per cent of those artists who answered the questionnaire stated that their earnings were zero or very near zero, forty percent gave their earnings as less than one thousand dollars a year, 26% reported they earned between \$1,000 and \$2,500 yearly, only seventeen percent claimed between \$2,500 and \$5,000, and a mere 3% reported their bracket as between \$5,000 and \$10,000 yearly. Four percent claimed that they made more than \$10,000 a year. The most frightening part is that only artists who had been awarded MacDowell fellowships, that is to say relatively established artists, were included in the poll (and of these less than half were willing to answer), which means that a more complete polling would have probably revealed even more depressed conditions.

None of this should be any secret to New York's artists, who are continually fighting battles to keep a roof over their heads as rents go up and uptowners buy their lofts out from under them. Probably the great majority of artists have by now given up on the idea of ever having a loft—they spend most of their time trading their time for money to pay the rent on apartments which may also soon be ripped out from under them. The Soho Artists Association has fought nobly and long to legalize artists' living within a forty block stretch of Manhattan, but this will have no effect on rent increases either inside or outside Soho. An

uptown group of "distinguished New Yorkers," called Citizens for Artists Housing, also claims that it is interested in doing something for the artists, but their efforts are likely to prove too little and too late.

by
**ALEX
GROSS**

In the midst of this destructive morass, the average New York artist still somehow manages to go about his uninvolved carefree life, imagining that at any moment he will make the big kill in the art world, find the big critic, show in the big gallery, find the big patron, and leave all these frightfully boring financial problems behind. The odds of him ever doing this are so great as to be hopeless. If fifty artists will be getting grants all around the state, and these fifty will

be divided among six different categories of artists. He is also informed that his proposed work of art must perform a "public service" in order to be funded, as though all art did not perform a public service. In addition, the Council has put together a positively snotty application form which invites the artist to call on all his establishment buddies to help him and actually demands that he itemize all his sources of income. I have been assured that artists who refuse to supply this information, out of shame or anger, will still have their applications processed, but on the whole the State Council is off to a very bad start on a program to which they devoted so much well-meant optimistic publicity.

The Council, of course, insists that they have been sat on by the State Legislature, and are lucky to have gotten through anything at all; and this must be at least partially true. But all the tut-tutting and polite pleading of motives in the world will

not change the actual situation of the American artist today and the need for real changes in his way of life and in the image of him which has been foisted upon the public. To accomplish this, there is no substitute for the Council standing up on its own two legs and taking a direct stand against Albany, Washington, and anyone else who stands in their way. A real state of emergency exists

among artists. The Council must relay this to the rest of the nation. If they fail to do so, then no one should be surprised if the present tension and confrontation in the art world continues to grow.

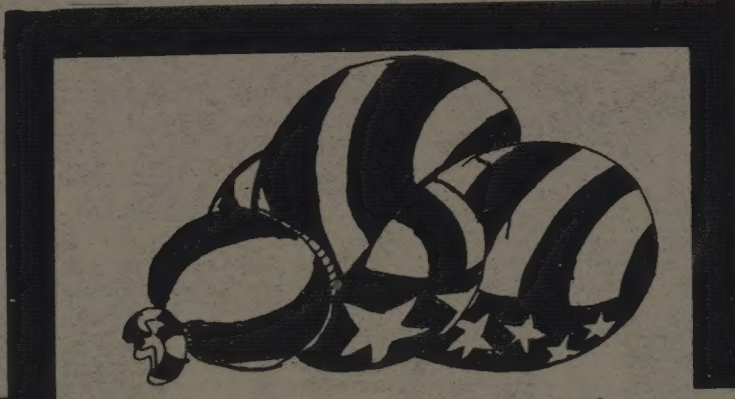
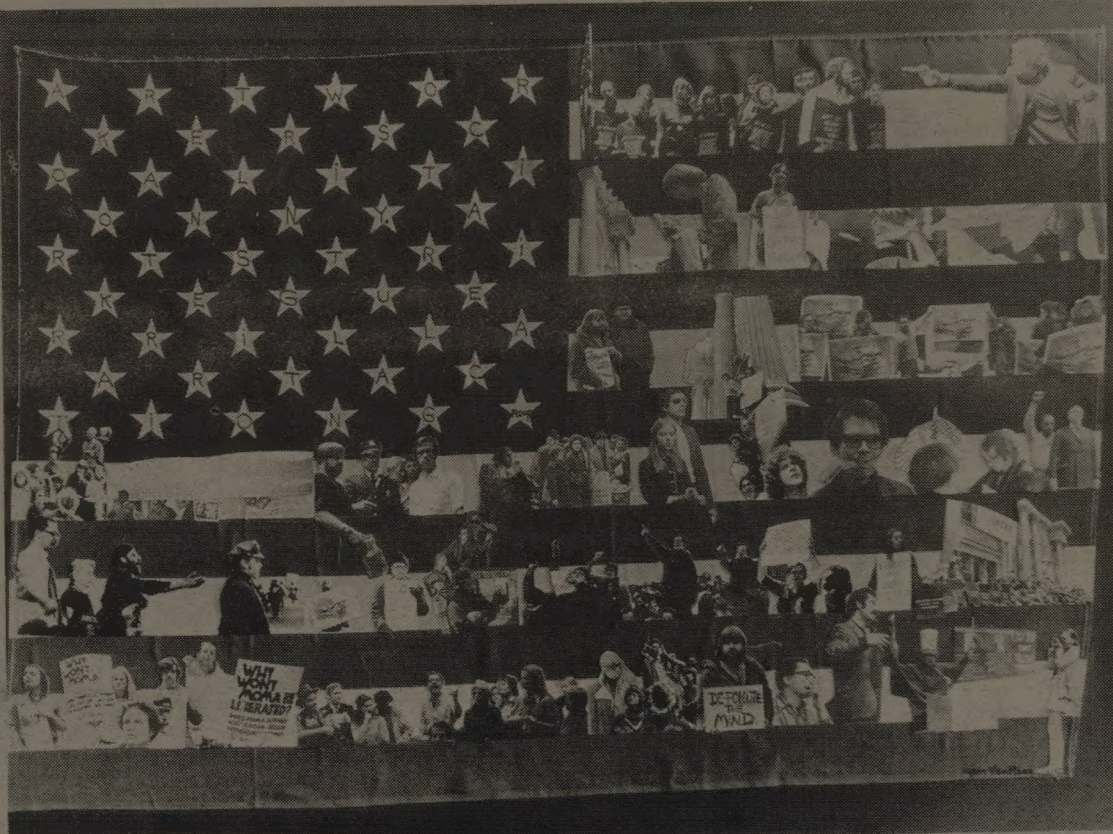
the artist happens to be black, Puerto Rican, or female, then just forget it. It is not surprising, therefore, that a number of artists have begun to join together in so-called revolutionary groups, and it is even less surprising that most of these groups have not the slightest idea what they are doing. Some of the artists (and critics) who use the most

revolutionary language and shout the loudest for every anti-war cause are in fact among the best-heeled artists in the city. They are purely on a guilt-and-indignation trip and are immediately horrified when other less monied artists actually suggest making changes closer to home in the present museum-gallery set-up. But none of this should be surprising either.

The fault is and always has been in the economics of being an artist. It is assumed that art is an unimportant peripheral field and that artists are impractical, irresponsible people because they have never got their economics together. It is possible that artists are now in the same position economically that writers were in a hundred years ago, before the passage of fair copyright laws. As I sit here typing, I can look around and see that every object in this room (and in every room in this nation) has been designed, that is to say that someone with artistic and design expertise was at some point in its manufacture called in and consulted. For every object on this planet, with the exception of the sea, the sky, and the fields. Yet artists are poor. The only way to explain this is that they have obviously been underpaid for their work. The only solution is to pass new legislation setting up a new form of financial protection for artists, to be funded from the earnings of those many firms who use design materials but contribute nothing to artists as a profession, such as advertising agencies, packaging companies, manufacturers in all fields, etc. This new form of protection can be called Artists Domain and should be administered through a genuine artists' organization modelled after the Dutch artists' union. Simultaneously with the passing of these laws and the growth of a cooperative artists' organization must (and will) come a new awareness among people of the work that artists actually perform in society.

It was hoped that the New York State Council on the Arts would be taking the first step towards such a change in the arts scene. More specifically, various officials at the Council have been making noises to the effect that they understand the growing crisis and will do everything they can to alleviate it, particularly with the nine hundred thousand dollars which they last spring announced they would be distributing to individual artists on an enlightened non-establishment basis. This nine hundred thousand dollars has now shrunk to three hundred and twenty-five thousand, of which seventy-five thousand will go to administrative costs, leaving a not-so-grand total of \$250,000 for real people.

As the average grant will be around \$5,000, this means that only about



As EVO goes to press, we have learned that the genitals of author Gross were impounded by the police department on the evening of Friday the Thirteenth of November. It seems Alex designed a set of manly organs, cock and balls together, out of the American Flag, stuffed them bean-ball fashion, and put them on display at the Judson Me-

morial Church. On Friday evening, consequently, two plainclothes officers entered the church, seized the Revolutionary art sculpture, and busted artists Jean Roche, Faith Ringgold, and Jack Hendrix on charges of Desecration Of The Flag. The artists and the private parts were taken to the Charles Street Police station; the artists were released, but the membrum virile stayed.

poussant sur le tronc de certains arbres. Une espèce, *Fistulina hepatica*, (foie de bœuf, langue de bœuf) est comestible (fig. 869).

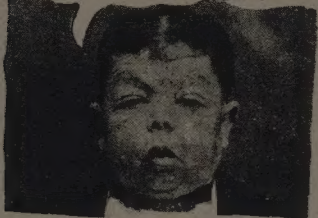
Fixation (Réaction de) — V. COMPLÈMENT.

Flagellés— Protozoaires dépourvus de cils vibratiles, mais possédant un ou plusieurs flagelles et

lant et à l'absorption des poussières. On a observé une paralysie saturnine (V. PLOMB) chez une fleuriste

LETTERS DEAR-E.V.O

LITTLE TONY SAYS: FUCK-A-YOU AG-A-NEW AND YOU; LITTLE PETER NIXON TOO!



LETTERS
Dear EVO:

Today I attended the trial of the Panther 21. I would like to relate to you my experience of being searched before entering the courtroom. There were two court guards present. There was an NLF Flag Button on my coat. One guard wanted to know "What's this shit?" I replied it was the flag of the Vietnamese people. He replied "the Vietnamese people." I stated, "Yes, of South Viet Nam." He then said, "Oh, you mean the scum bags." At this point I was up against the wall being searched and with my arms stretched out. I turned my head and he said, "That's right, you heard me." He turned to the other guard and said, "Kim Il Sun used to be their leader." As the search proceeded, such neutral things as my pencil and candy bar were insulted. I carry a large amount of papers in my back pocket, which was referred to as the "shit in his pocket."

Finally, when I was asked to spread my legs for the second time, the guard inspected by crotch by tapping it and exclaiming, "yeah, he has balls."

It appears the guards are following the model of the courtroom. I am writing this because I feel I am not unique and this has probably happened to many others. It should be known by people. Please spread the word.

Thanks,
R. Kenney

Dear EVO

There exists right now the most powerful information network ever created by man on the planet. I am talking about television. It is controlled by establishment creeps, who are using it to keep the masses in a state of moronic amnesia.

But their grotesque Disneyland of the mind is being threatened by underground video, and the creeps are getting nervous. Information about a new way to live is being withheld from the masses. Information already on video tape, ready to be shown in millions of homes. Information that is useless unless it gets into people's heads.

The pressure is building. Information pressure. The quantity of vital, relevant video tape waiting to blast open the atrophied frontal lobes of the sleepwalkers is turning network programming into a cosmic joke. This is a warning, ABC, CBS, NBC: THERE IS A CRITICAL LIMIT TO HOW MUCH BULLSHIT THE UNIVERSE CAN ABSORB. YOU HAVE PASSED IT. THE

UNIVERSE WILL RETALIATE.

Where is our underground video network? The tapes are ready to be shown. The viewers are waiting, dying of boredom. The technology to do it at a feasible price, with cable TV or even UHF, already exists. EVEN the money is there, in the form of \$250,000 in the vault at the New York State Council on the arts, and more floating around Warner Brothers. WE don't need more hardware. We don't need more video-packs and cameras. God knows we don't need more TVs. We're ready and waiting. We demand viewer sponsored underground video. We demand the right to speak, to be seen and be heard. We've got the information that can save this planet from destruction. WE DEMAND A NETWORK OF OUR OWN.

Joe Weintraub

Dear EVO:

"Queens Volunteers," a collective now organizing in Jamaica, Queens, is in the process of getting together a storefront and Switchboard operation to serve members of the New York community in need of legal, medical, draft, drug, child care, crashing, etc. aid. Anyone from any borough who can help, needs help, or could assist the collective itself in our rough beginnings, please come to one of our regular raps, Fridays about 8 pm, at Hollis Unitarian Church, 196th Street and Hillside Avenue (E or F train to last stop, 179th St. and Hillside, then walk a bit or take the bus) or call Steve at 261-2236. Donations, financial and otherwise (we need odds and ends of all kinds) are appreciated. Seize the Time, Serve the People, Thanx.

We're a young group and need all the media assistance we can get. In view of the sad fates of previous N.Y. attempts at a switchboard, it's damn well about time we got one together that works.

Right on,
Queens Volunteers

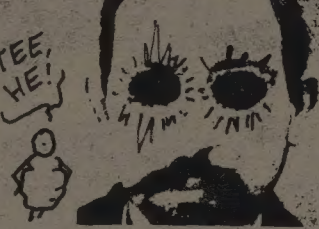
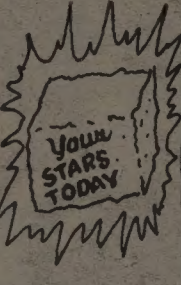
LETTERS

Dear EVO:

I am legalizing pot (and THC!), mescaline, and (clean!) acid, and I need all your help. I am Ken M., or Ken McLaren, or KENNETH LOYALL MCLAREN (ruling class name.) I am the first dropout, or damn near it. U.C., class of 1940. I lived in Nazi Germany in '37, and I saw America there. Bull! Let us together free our prisoners, political and all others. Over 400,000 suffer this instant in worse than Nazi justice across this mother-country.

I went to meetings in France in the Fascist vein back in '36 and '7, and it was Agnew before Nixon's procurers invented Agnew. Shit!!! My father, who is (among other notable things), an accountant for such as the owner of Las Vegas, has illegally tied up my money because of the TEST case. I must win. To hell with the money, or with them, or both. I will win. I do need bread and kind words from my brothers and sisters, and no bull give. I have told a hint of this on WBAL, more on that great new hip station, WABC-FM. I will continue to talk.

My case (or cases) are clean, complete, and I can win. But I need a minimum of \$38,000 to get it to the US Supreme Court. Simple, and I am without food, rent, etc. until I win



for us all.

I tested it all out. Thirty-six trips and all the dynamite grass I could take in one day. Wow. I bounced off Uranus, but I did not commit suicide. And I am about to free Timothy and John and the rest of us.

I am not a total nincompoop. NO SPEED. NO COCAINE. No smack. Let us live life with expanded consciousness. Let us love one another. Let us get it together.

I am an original yippie, supporting the Panthers (black and white), Chicanos, Young Lords; and I am Order of LaFayette (queen of England) and Society of Cincinnatus (the top US society), supposedly dedicated to the honest public good, and all the pioneer, social register, etc., etc., honor, prestige, inherited setups, to be an establishment winner. (But I need to be fed by you, the "real people.")

Dammit, but it is up to you now. Help.

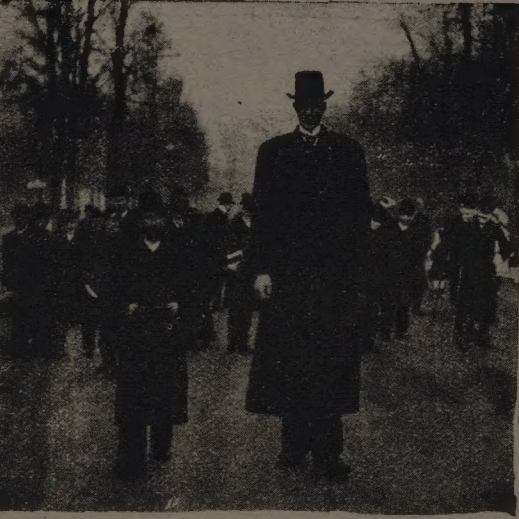
Ken McLaren
244 W. 12th St.
N.Y. 10014
212-OR 5-2781

Dear EVO:

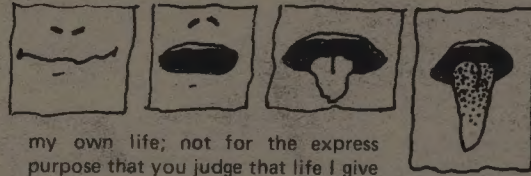
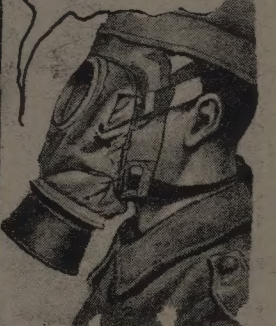
Last April I made the final decision that I couldn't cooperate with the Selective Service System and that I had to sever all connections I had with that system. On April 1st I destroyed my draft card in front of the clerks at my local draft board, and then on July 1st I refused to take my preinduction physical and walked out with an armful of Selective Service files. I was arrested and sent to the Federal House of Detention for five days, maximum security, 10,000 dollars bail. When I appeared in court I was handed an indictment for two extra felonies: for tearing up my draft card and for refusing my physical. Last Oct. 26 my trial began and went on for two days. In the end I was found guilty on all three charges. Sentencing is scheduled for Dec. 9th at the Federal Court House on Foley Square, New York City.

I've been asked to make a statement concerning my guilt, my actions, and my reasons. My guilt as far as committing those actions I am charged with is obvious. I do not deny that. I did destroy my draft card at Local Board #13; I did refuse to be processed by the Selective Service System on July 1st by refusing to take my preinduction physical; and I did walk out of the war department on Whitehall Street with Selective Service files.

My reasons have been prompted by conscience and an accepted nonviolent life style which I urge all of you to consider. I ask you to consider this, not in the light of my own sentencing, but in the light of your own lives. I have spoken to you and am speaking to you now, with



EIGAU PUIS MALED VENTA BUCKLEY GA-GA, PU-PU!



my own life; not for the express purpose that you judge that life I give you, but that you judge your own. This is the spirit in which my life is being given to you.

We are all concerned with the immediate violence that goes on around us from day to day. Yet that violence which is hidden and disguised and is a far greater threat is ignored by most of us. The immediate violence that is around us is a personal threat and can be recognized as such because its presence is a direct threat to our survival. Examples of such violence are: riots, the rapist, the thief, and the hoodlum. Examples of the violence that is hidden or disguised as necessary are: the atom bomb, the conventional war, involuntary servitude, prejudice; and the false assumption that men will tear at each other's throats, lie and steal from each other, unless laws are enforced that take into consideration only the crime and not the religious, personal, and conscientious elements. This assumption is based upon the logic that fear is the most effective tool in dealing with each other. We must all decide that fear is not the answer; and that fear must be put into proper perspective before it destroys you and me. The fact that religion and conscience are secondary in our own lives and institutions shows that there is something wrong with our own life styles. The violence and threat contained here may not appear as great as that of the riots and the bombings, but it is far greater.

There is no immediate solution or a quick way out. The solution process is a slow and gradual one that requires you and me to dedicate our lives, to sacrifice not the lives of others but our own, and to accept those basic principles which will take the greatest commitment and sacrifice to obtain results from. Those basic principles cannot be written down and memorized. They are principles for a life style that cannot be forced but only encouraged. Knowledge of those principles comes only through continual self-searching and love. Like all knowledge, it is attained through the search for truth.

I am using my life to speak to you and kindly encourage all of you to use your lives in the same manner.

peace,
Robert J. Olley

Dear EVO:

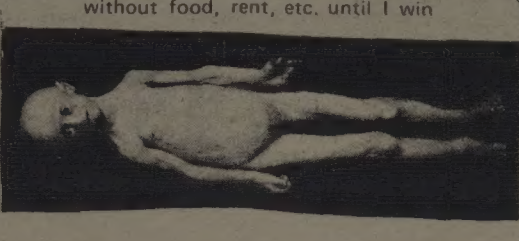
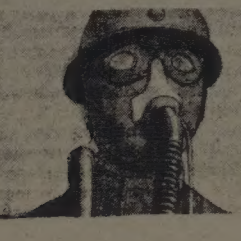
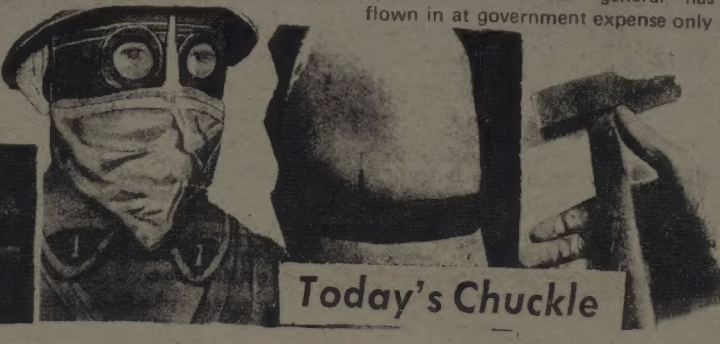
I could write of the TB in Yongsan Military compound, in Seoul, Korea, or the drug conditions, or the terribly inadequate housing, the food that never quite makes it to the mess halls, the 60-million-dollar-a-month black market, the tons of Thailand furniture a four-star general has flown in at government expense only

to be absorbed into his own specialized market, whole companies getting the shaft of article fifteens about three times a month, with nine court-martials on the board and over thirty in the works, with over half of one company making up bad time back in the States, over and above the two years of indentured service in the quaint style of double jeopardy that is the Army, the civilians cleaning up by selling \$400 rust heaps for the Korean grab bag demand, the rapes of mind and body, and the riots, racial and otherwise, that never manage to leak out to news sources—but the final straw that characterizes all the queer pukers and lifers that glory the system happened this month.

I've been in the RoK about a year. The last time I had a blood test was over three years ago. I went to the dispensary to get that blood test that I thought I was due for. Every time, I was told the same story—never even getting to glance at a doctor. In Korea, if a GI has no symptoms of VD, etc., and has never had a case history of VD, he's not eligible for a blood test, etc. Therefore, if the guy isn't enterprising enough to get out there in the ville and catch a dose of clap, etc., he can hang it up.

I called the surgeon general of the Eighth Imperial Legion of the New Rome, and he concurred with the policy, or at least his mouthpiece, one of the greying shits hanging around for retirement, confirmed the red light on that route to reassurance. I'm probably used to better medical care, coming from Boston, and having the university hospitals in the same neighborhood. So I called the hospital here, specifically the lab, and they told me the hassle was par for the course. But there was a way around it—if a GI waits long enough—the bloodmobile comes around. And in the process of donating a pint for the war effort, they check out the preliminary sample of his blood. Yippee! Saved by a loophole. Sometimes I think the distance between the guys who get stuck playing beggaring games in the army swindle, and the lines of aluminum caskets headed back, is thousands of little loopholes, placed there for convenience and recreation of the weird freaks who collaborate with the fucked-up system. Right on EVO!!

Specialist "the Irish indian"
SHORT!!!



ART+DESIGN ROGER TOMLINSON

The up, UP and away rip off is particularly suited to someone who flies a lot, although the rip off works nicely on a one shot basis. Two people, or one person with a lot of balls, are required for this rip off.

The airlines are engaged in a rather weird business. Because their schedules are set up, their planes have to go as scheduled, whether full or empty. The airlines set up a priority schedule of passengers from first class to military and youth fares to complementary. It's odd that two seats on the same plane, going between two places, arriving at the same time, can vary as much as 300% in price.

There is an easy way to reduce the cost of your plane ticket from 50% to 100%. The method is simple and involves almost no risk.

A friend purchases an airline ticket to the city that you want to travel to. He makes a reservation for several days ahead of time. He then gives you the ticket.

You take his ticket to the airport and take the first available flight to your destination. You sign in using your friend's name. The tickets usually don't specify any given day, and are good for a period of one year. Also, you needn't fly on the airline for which the ticket was purchased, as airlines honor each other's tickets.

After your friend is sure that you've arrived safely, he calls the airline and reports the ticket stolen or lost. They will send him numerous forms to fill out, but will not immediately replace the ticket.

It isn't necessary to fill out the forms terribly carefully. They ask such questions as what the number of the ticket was. Nobody ever writes down the number of their plane tickets, and it would look odd if you did know it. Just tell them that you never write down the ticket numbers, and act annoyed. Tell them that because of their delay, you were unable to purchase another ticket.

In about four to five months, you will receive a check from the airline company. You can then cash it and split the money with the person who used the ticket. Fly Rip Off Airways...

RIP

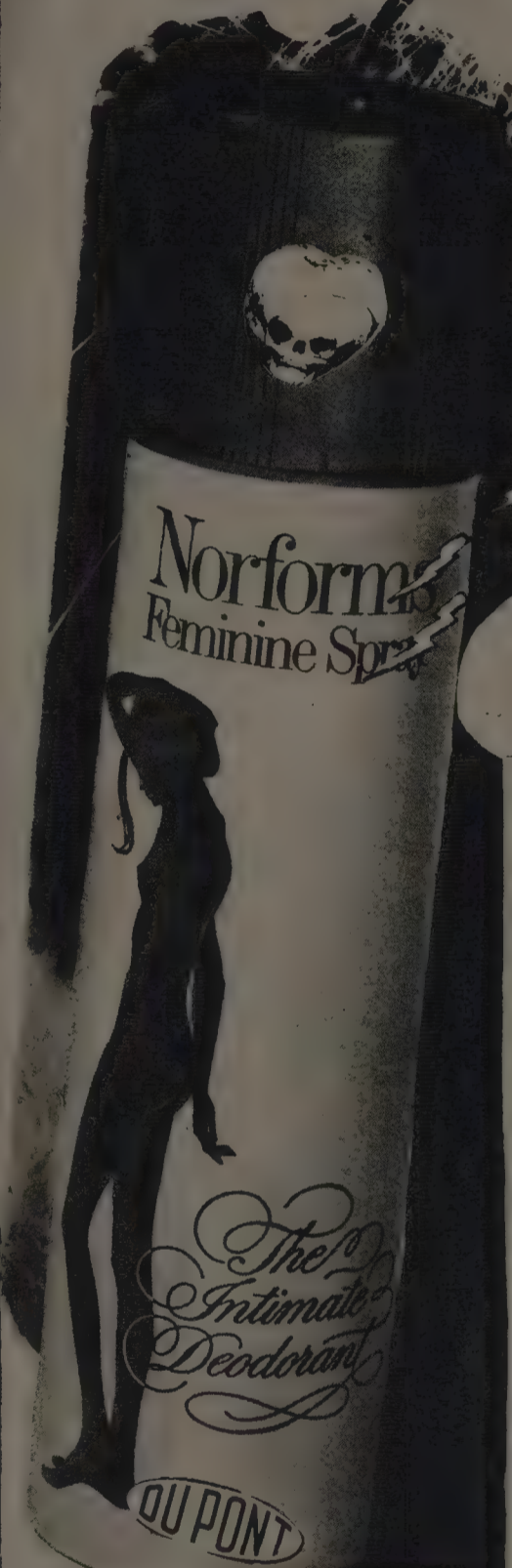
#'s

6

AND

7

BY FRANK FERRIS



reading off certain information from your credit card.

The information that Western Union requires is the kind of card (Mastercharge or B. of A.), the name on the card, the number, the bank that issued it, the bank code and the expiration date. If you can make all that up, you have unlimited telegram power.

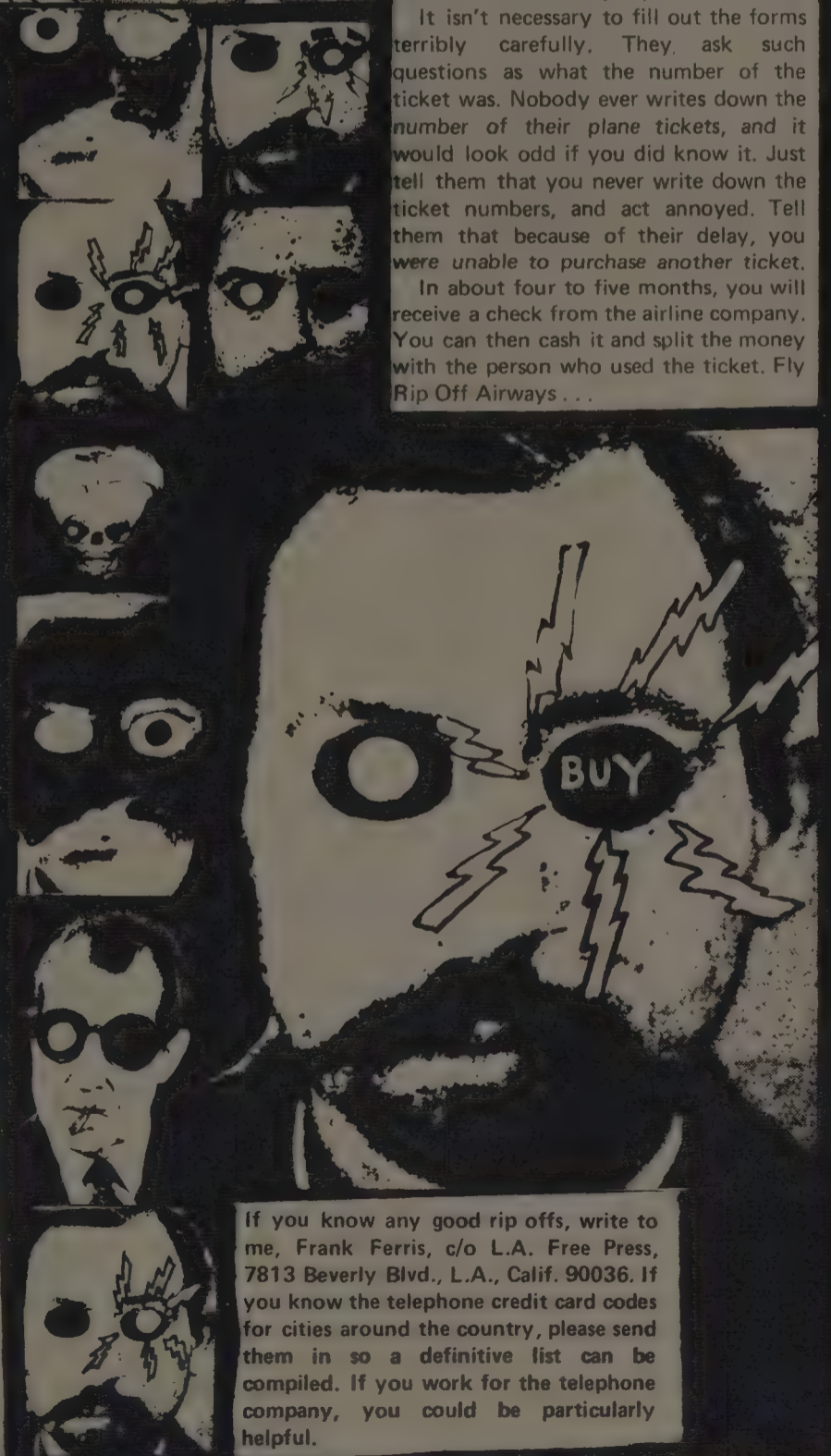
Here's some help. BankAmericard, any name, the number XXX XXX XXX XXX (any numbers), code-BAC, expires 6/71. The best way to find out a good number is to consult the BankAmericard hot book. Pick any number and change one or two digits, and you'll have a fine number to use with Western Union. The name won't agree with the number, so the real card holder won't be hassled.

Now, Mom might just freak out when the pigs come and ask who sent the telegram. And she might just tell, which wouldn't really be too gracious. So you should only send candygrams etc. to people who are cool and know it's a rip off. Sending them to addresses that can't be traced, like pool halls, bars, is also cool. As long as someone is there to meet the telegram, everything's fine and someone gets the free candy or flowers or whatever. Make sure to have the telegram signed with the name you give for the card. It's also nice to tip the Western Union boy. No wooden nickels.

Now to really have fun on this rip off, send telegrams to "important" people. Find out the names of local officers of the Bank of America and send them long, friendly telegrams. Send telegrams and candygrams and flowergrams to everyone on your draft board. Send President Nixon a hot telegram. Send singing birthdaygrams to your head friends. Really blow their minds.

You can make it harder to get caught by calling a Western Union office in another state on a phony telephone credit card. The variations of this rip off are just astounding and are limited only by your imagination.

One last tip—Don't get caught.



FERRIS
Part VI
The Sweet Tooth and Flowers Rip Off
Frank Ferris

This delightful little rip off centers around those "wild cards"—BankAmericard and Mastercharge. It's more mischief and fuckup than rip off, but even a rip off artist has to have a little fun.

Now wouldn't you love to send your Mom a Candygram for Christmas or for her birthday? Sure you would. Well, send it. Be a good guy. But don't pay for it. Charge it to a fictitious credit card.

Western Union now accepts credit card purchases over the phone. This means that you can buy telegrams or candygrams or flowers or any other Western Union service (except money orders, damn it) by phoning in and

If you know any good rip offs, write to me, Frank Ferris, c/o L.A. Free Press, 7813 Beverly Blvd., L.A., Calif. 90036. If you know the telephone credit card codes for cities around the country, please send them in so a definitive list can be compiled. If you work for the telephone company, you could be particularly helpful.

STOCKADE

by Larry Kramer

*daniel boone built
his stockade
to keep the bad guys
from getting in
at the good guys*

1.
once the confinement papers
are signed
handcuffs taken off
they lead you inside
through the double
set of gates

you strip naked
their pants are bloused into
the tops of their
spit-shined boots
pockets bulging with buckshot shells
for their sawed-off shotguns
resting across the crook of their arms
like on a sunday turkey shoot

counting out your possessions
into a paper bag
"this one's got a harmonica"

they laugh
and do a thorough job
of inspecting your ass
looking for revolvers
and hand grenades

2.
on the first day
they sew a white identification
patch on your fatigue uniform
given three sets of underwear
tooth brush
soap
razor and four blades
small pad for letters
and a large green book of

RULES
3.
the compound stands formation
eight times a day
to be counted

in a group with our
assigned barracks
we do an about face
and wait
staring at the wall
the count doesn't turn up right
they do it again

and again
a role call takes an hour
to find out
who has found a way out
and there are ways,
always

why did you go AWOL counselor asks
i was choking on the foulness of the army
don't worry, boy
we'll do everything
in our power
to rehabilitate

YOU
5.
the stockade commander
is a young captain
everything behind these wires is mine
later asks me
isn't nonviolence a bit naive

perhaps, but it's lucky for you
oh?
otherwise i'd machinegun your ass
from here to tomorrow

6.
on my first labor detail
outside the stockade
i work too fast
bob says
take it easy man
they can work you long
but they can't work you hard

7.
our shotgun guard is a soldier
picked from the garrison
it's good duty
we rap about
lifers the draft
vietnam kp
boredom saluting
riot duty
i ask him what he would do if i ran
shoot yal
man, it's a three-day pass

8.
lucky detail
we spend the day planting
and seeding a burned-out
timber stand
building artificial lakes
repairing trout dams
removing scrub growth

on the way back
to the compound
we pass some
regular soldiers
raking and mowing
a general's lawn
painting his verandah

we all wonder
how they get them
to do all that shit
without a single shotgun
generals like
to come home to a
well groomed house
after a hard day's
fishing

9.
we get a new guard
boredom lulls him to sleep
escape can cost you six more months
so we just take the shotgun
from beside him
and march him back
to the stockade

10.
we are all given punishment duties
laughing
except for the guard
just can't see the humor
they bring a sergeant
into the compound
to give us military training
on the M-17 protective mask
in the event of chemical attack
white hips and blacks
pay close attention

11.
sundays we see a rehab movie
foreword by bob hope

the AWOL soldier goes to the stockade
and gets an undesirable discharge
loses his wife
can't get a job at the aircraft plant
turns to drink
gets busted for vagrancy

has to be bailed out
by the good soldier
(from the same high school)
who has gone the whole
vietnam/medal/sergeant route
even though he didn't want to or like it
in the last scene is riding
on lovely white horses
with his absolutely
lovely blond fiancee

looking out over the
rolling hills of virginia
dressed in tweed riding habits
NO SHIT!
we watch it every sunday
because they show pictures of our
stockade
and the blond
is dynamite
AWOL
A
Way
Of
Losing

12.
a meeting is held in the latrine
to discuss a sit-down strike
to protest lousy conditions
we get enthused
and start spreading the word
a new prisoner tells us
the presidio story
which puts a quick damper
on our energies

13.
"PO-LICE"
dice are pushed under a vent
shooters scatter
jack comes back to his bunk
shirt stuffed with cigarettes
says with a smug twinkle
they were so sure
no white boy
could shoot dice

14.
**PRISONERS WILL NOT REMOVE
THEIR UNDERWEAR UPON GOING
TO BED**
guard stands all night
under the dull orange bulb
at the end of the dormitory
some push the covers up
with a free hand
forming a small tent
over their bodies
while they think about
their women
guard says
what the hell are you doing there
making love, chief

15.
bob invites me out
to washington state
when we get out of here
out of the army
walk in the beautiful mountains
swim naked in a deep pool
cut by a waterfall
at the end of a granite gorge
we are friends/ who come from places
sirens!
loud-speaker screams
for fire drill
in the middle of the night
this bullshit! there ain't no fire
mac says
turning over to
go back to sleep
if there was one
i would have set it

Oh, beautiful for specious lies
For somber yeilds of grain
For poison-tainted travesty
Above the blighted plain.
Amerika, Amerika, God's turned His face from thee
And crowned thy greed with stunted seed
From tree to dying tree.
joel oppenheimer--9 november 1970

17.
one night
we hear the sounds
of someone crying
nobody says anything
or tries to find out
who it was
cry, man
18.
a known informer is
sent into the stockade
nobody likes a dime dropper
cons imbed razor blades in his soap
guards harass him
everyone plays by the same rules

19.
every morning
we display our
few possessions
on our bunks
much of it gets stolen
it doesn't surprise anyone
that some guys
are always dressed
in fresh clothing
20.
escapes are called rabbits
every morning
wandering around the yard
we try to guess who
will run today
someone always does
21.
between the double row
of barbed wire cyclone fence
are thick coils of accordian
barbed wire
guards sit
looking down
from their towers
at the corners of the compound
bored
with rifles across their knees
some try the fences

those who MUST be
elsewhere
jay-jay gets up
jackson writes his senator
about this foul stockade
the next day is mysteriously
taken to the punishment cell
26.
the mail censor
didn't finish high school
plans to become a barber
back home
in junction city kansas
he'll be just twenty by then
bans my copy
of the village voice
because the
movie ads are filthy
27.
the chaplain hands out solace
and large plastic crucifixes
comes to talk
with those who think
thou shalt not kill
no
thou shalt not kill
UNLESS SPECIFICALLY AUTHORIZED
which for him
ends the argument
28.
guard shouts across the compound
at mac
walking towards the latrine
during unauthorized hours
with a towel over his arm

puts on two sets of fatigues
slipping newspaper
next to his skin
at morning count
doesn't look at the fences
feels the rumblings of planes
through thick boot soles
someone says
it's a nice day for rabbits
we laugh
later
they carry jay-jay
back to the compound
with buckshot holes
in his ears
22.
why doesn't everybody
in the army
just go
HOME
23.
the ration of
four packs of cigarettes
doesn't last very long
a friend in the
health/comfort station
can get you extras
they're better than money
you can buy someone's ass for a carton
some guys just take what they want
24.
jerry drops a tab of acid
in the compound
tells me
he was so high
that he could actually
walk through the wire
once he was out
he came back in to see
if it was true
couldn't do it again
25.
all mail is censored
by law
correspondence to
the president
congressmen
is exempt
jackson writes his senator
about this foul stockade
the next day is mysteriously
taken to the punishment cell

where the hell
do you think you're goin'
you greasy black bastard
turns
i may be black
may even be greasy
but i'm sweet!
gets two days in the cell block
29.
jack gets two weeks in
the cell block
on a reduced ration of
dry cereal
lettuce peas
bread water
for telling a guard
to fuck off
at night
tears his mattress
into little pieces
flushing them
down the commode
putting long strands of ticking
between his teeth
where's your mattress, boy
i was hungry he says
SMILING
30.
eisenhower finally dies
which is fortuitous
we are given
the day off
which doesn't really
amount to much
since we can't go anywhere
we are called out
to formation
to hear the commander
officiate a moment
of prayer
the man dedicated
most of his life
to the army
motherfuck the army
the men who invented it
the men who run it
the men who will
continue the eisenhower tradition
31.
chuck is released
after his court-martial
he knocked up his chick
got drunk
and couldn't make it back
for sixty-three days
you know how it is
given a fine
and an
ASS CHEWNG
because it was at least a
MERICAN
32.
yellow eagle was one
of the few prisoners
not confined for AWOL
a drinking buddy said
damn cheyenne can't
fight worth a fuck
yellow eagle stuck a pencil
into his head
33.
a congressman wearing a stetson
and a two-star general
come to inspect
conditions
got to have a chapel
enough bibles
bob hope movies
they both look like
such silly pricks
drinking their coffee
out of soup bowls
like the rest
of the cons

EARTH NEWS POETS VISION



Realizations of electronic sounds in the air have that strange kind of ring to them. It comes from out of the sky now and then, sometimes I let it fly, sometimes I let it go by. Meanwhile the Woodstock Nation sits quietly in a corner of the room smoking their brains out, plugged into the electronic monsters of our modern world. The dance grinds on and on. People all over the land, plugged in to what???

Motown??? Top 40 sounds?? speed kings that come out of their radios late at night?? Yeah, it's quite a sight, that stuff that it puts you through, there so many things that it can do to your brain it'll drive you insane if you let it.

WISE UP TEENAGED AMERICA!!!
COME INTO YOUR OWN.
Why wait?????

King Krimson, for those of you that care to pick up on it, is a little more than your everyday lp. It's more than they let get out on the radio these days. To play this album out over the airwaves is a violation of the Communications Restrictions Act of 1970, passed by default and without any knowledge of most people. It simply states:

"No person or organization shall use public communications networks for the purposes of thought stimulation. Thinking is frowned upon in today's American scene. It's just one of those conditions of the war that's going on on the psychic battleground involving the good guys and the bad guys. If you got to ask who is who, you're lost. Stronger measures will be enacted in the near future to keep you from using your brain. Just take a look at your everyday cross-section of life at the intersection of any street in today's electric mecca; one thing becomes immediately apparent: PSYCHIC CONFUSION, MENTAL TURMOIL.

All those war casualties that happen in the struggle for men's minds. It comes as no surprise that communications restrictions are being strengthened these days to keep those that are in the dark in the dark; and those that are happily tranquilized with electronic downers that come out of today's media. They want to keep everyone quiet and happy-sappy so they won't care that everything is going in the wrong direction. Doctors want to give them more injections: shots for a thousand rare infections, imagined diseases of the mind, so the medical profession can feed the population tons and tons of tranks, downers, and psychic depressants, they want everyone in a state of sleep so they can make their moves deep within the minds of Mister and Missus America. Yeah, the war is going on even today, but not in a battle field in some rice paddy millions of miles away but inside your skull. Even today they're planning to take over your brain. Sounds insane, huh??? Well, think a little while and get that shit-eating smile off your face. Wake up to the plight of the human race as it heads onward toward destruction.

It's no surprise that some of the music of today never gets on the radio; there are things hidden inside the silly little words of rhyme and if you got the time you can see the story unfold before your eyes. It'll make you think.

In other cultures in other times, both past and present, there is hidden and camouflaged meanings in the songs and stories and pictures that dreamers see, and seers dream. It's their duty to try and communicate what they see to others so they'll know too, words meaning more than they seem to be, lines of poetry that conceal pictures and movies from another kind of television show; if you don't know there's no way that I can tell you. Sure, they used to hide all the big magic from those who would turn its power for the wrong uses, means to a violent end is what happens when the wrong people use the magic for the wrong things.)

There are teachings hidden in the lines of 20th century pop music that's going on, on the air waves. It's all these songs about the island these days on the radio that give me hope for tomorrow's world. After all, anything's possible, isn't it???

While down headed knockdown drag out revolutionaries murmur death wish slogans like "Smash the state before it's too late," and "We're gonna get our asses kicked but we're gonna win," I hear those close by say things like "give peace one more try," and "they can take everything away from us but our music." It looks pretty clear from here.

The second phase of the psychedelic revolution has now reached the top 40 pop top masses, the pot smokers of suburbia, those clowns that patronize media organized government supported rock and roll shows. There's another bunch of kids strung out on top 40 Joe Cocker fans all primed up and ready for you know what. ZAPI!!!!

It might be a little dangerous out there on the streets when all of America's remaining wallflowers and mama's boys get that double dose at the high school dance or in a thermos bottle at the football game. There are kids tripping in the high schools and the colleges going to classes all freaked out to see what it's like. I mean sike a delic is one thing but this borders on mass freakout. It's true that it only takes 1/2 of the people dreaming the same dream at the same time to put the other 1/2 automatically into a dream state as proved by the dream research institutes experiments of late 1966 and 67. So what you got these days is a whole lot of middle middle class kids tripping around the country side driving their daddies' fast shiny new sports cars and their cute little motorcycles that they hear advertised on the FM stations. It's the in thing to have wheels to cruise in around, that's true but you don't have the right to endanger the rest of the population by driving around while you're whacked out on drugs. It's even more stupid than driving when you're drunk; that's a notorious greaser sport and they've applied the rules of parkway driving when they're fucked up to psychedelics, you know what I mean.

"Hey, man, come on over. We'll smoke some stuff and go for a drive." Ever wonder what it's like to be tooling down route 46 and all of a sudden you enter the white light? Well, these kids are coming pretty close; they play games on the nation's highways that endanger all those who are on the road.

Many of these kids don't seem to realize that they're part of a much bigger game than going down to the soda shop for a malt. There's now in the country between one and 2 1/2 million kids between the ages of 15 and 25 that are in the phases of either **CLEARING** or **REORIENTATION**. Webster defines these terms as:

CLEARING: 1. making clear in the process of being cleared. 2. perceptive, orderly as in a clear mind. 3. the process of freeing from impurities or imperfections or obstructions. 4. to unload or empty.

REORIENTATION: 1. an orienting or being oriented. 2. recognition of and adaptation to a situation or environment.

Yeah, so many of these kids are going through so many mysteries and questions in their minds when they're up that no one has time to watch the road, especially with the added distraction of car FM stereo radios which pour out distorted wave patterns and mind boggling melodies.

Yeah, folks, this is the year that MISTER LSD was invited to the Saturday night dance after the football game. What can I say except stay out of the way and keep your head down. Recent communications from Control Central place

PRIME INFORMATION
MOVEMENT HOURS concurrent with school vacation schedules (weekends, national holidays, religious holidays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter recesses and those weekends following midterm examinations when everyone is free to trip out to their hearts' delight.)

It only makes sense that the majority of kids now undergoing cyclic changes are also doing or at least trying to do the American education route, that's when they'll be out loose on the streets, and what are they doing there in middle middle this weekend out on the streets???. **TRIPPING THEIR ASSES OFF.** Pretty soon, folks, gonna be quite a show, the most incredible disappearing ink caper you ever did see.

All the time people been talking about those poor kids out in the suburbs that all the time get messed up on speed and coke and downers and Romilar freaks and pimply faced 15-year-old kids shooting shit like it's some kind of hula hoop craze. There's been quite a few people in the psychedelic community that play rear guard around this tired old electrical outlet we know as NEW YORK CITY. Were talking the other day and, as usual, the presence of recording devices was noted. Meetings are freaky sometimes; they go much smoother if everyone is plugged in. Today, with almost every action word and song being recorded by who knows who... Tape recorders are cheap enough so that everyone, not only the fuzz and the FBI and the Central Shadow Agency can have an accurate recording of what goes on. I wonder if J. EDGAR HOOVER worries about the tapes that the underground have being used against him in a court of law or, even better, a **HUMANITY CRIMES TRIBUNAL**. But that's all in the next chapter.

I understand incantations that are uttered this time of the year. It's like Halloween never stopped for some people. It's just like one big party. This time around there's kids in the towns that have no idea of what's going on and want to get into the act, maybe sing a song or two, have a few laughs, and go back to Westchester. Incantations to the dreams forever present, preserved on acetate video tape.

And deep in our dreams. Brothers and sisters, I call on you as responsible citizens of the world community, of the community of the stars. I call on all children of light to conjure up whatever dreams of superheroes you have within your own reality tapes, to direct this spaceship Earth safely through the gates at the entrance to the Twentieth Century.

Pilot your boat into the waters of the Aquarian Age...

But you got to take care of 1970 first; analyze your own situation in your own mind. Take a good long look at the world as it stands today. Come into contact with your here and now. Add up all the information that you receive and affect whatever changes that your personal magic requires. Do anything that you feel needs to be done. Right this old lopsided world and set it spinning faster again. **GOING TOO FAST FOR YOU, KIDDIES???**

I wonder if the Woodstock Nation is ready to put down its barriers and drop its outmoded mechanical contrivances of the 20th century life forms. Become the dance of the ages.

Yeah, it was certain that something had to be done, but where to start???. All of the guys hanging out at the meeding decoded that it was time to call the acid commandos with their recently learned tricks fresh out of the magic bag. They came upon to try and undo some of the damage of the psychedelic revolution actions of the past few years. There are those out there just getting off, hung up, strung out on poison dope,

fed to them by a conspiring government agency set up to keep the kids of the country in mental chains just like the whites kept the African slaves brought to this country in the late 1700s. There are kids that do have all kinds of dependencies on chemicals and they are slaves to this dependency; not on smack but most of the other drugs in the so-called youth culture, increase the desire to repeat the experience. Is that not addiction?

The acid commandos have acquired a new trick, a new method of subversion against the forces of drug evil in this country. When they get to a new town or a new place where they haven't been before, they're able to put a stop to the poison dealing network within a matter of days. It's a trick that's done with mirrors. For weeks at a time they'll take hold of a town's entire dope dealing mechanism and completely cut it off so that they are the only dope show in town. Then they start to fill up the liberated channels through which drugs pass with their own brand of stuff. For weeks at a time people buying anything from diet pills to a bag of skag are getting acid...

good old LSD. It happens so fast that things are swinging in a little less than 24 hours.

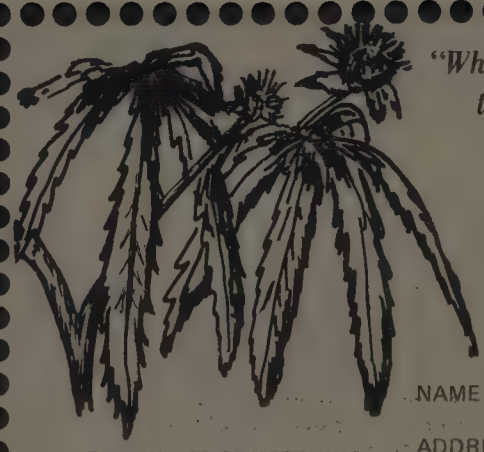
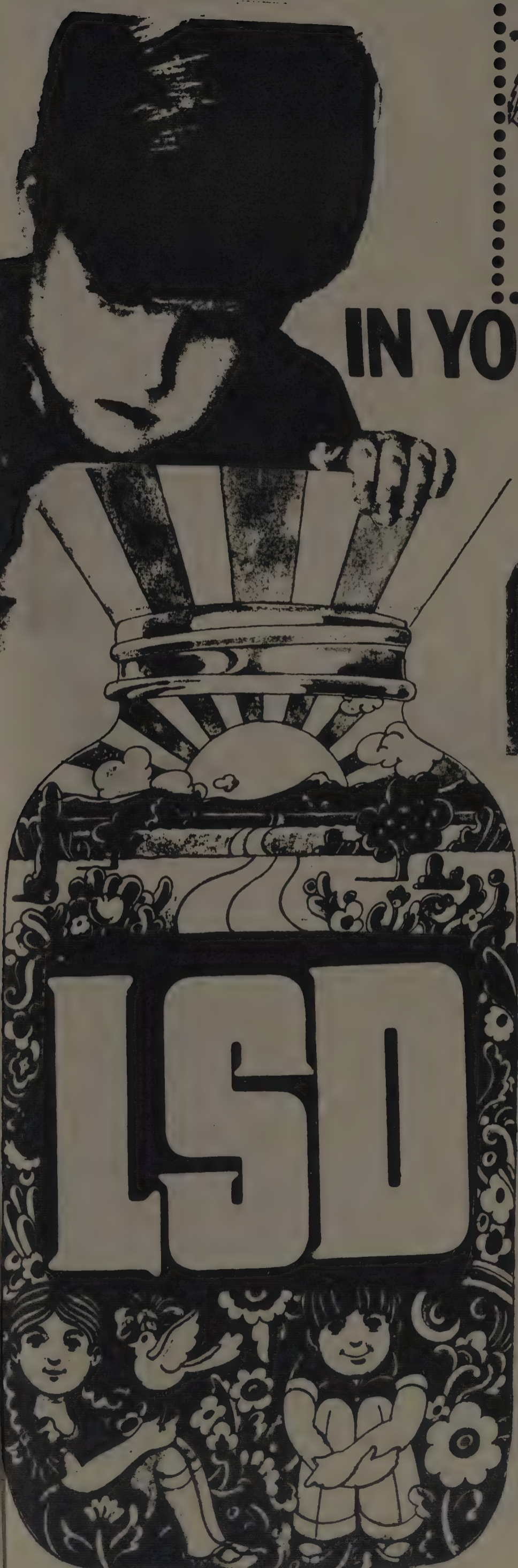
Peace A Beginning

I am the ocean
Lit by the flame
I am the mountain
Peace is my name
I am the river
touched by the wind
I am the story
I never end.

They rationalize the karma of this action as somewhere in between the philosophy of the late but great flower power movement and the zany antics of that great bunch of guys that everyone around Hessville, Indiana knows so well, the **SIKEADELIC STORM TROOPERS**, a modified motorcycle gang that is rumored to have Harleys that run on LSD... There is a lot of folks in town this time of year from the STP TRIBE, too; it's getting to look like old home week all around the electric mecca. Anyway, the commandos figure that you can't really convince anyone to run away from home, but when you find them out loose on the streets, you can give them a safe place to hide. They figure that if people are fucked up and lost enough to try and change their reality situation with stuff like smack and speed and all that other brain rotting stuff that the government keeps feeding to young impressionable youth, they might as well substitute the stuff with acid; sort of a Russian roulette with your street corner dealer. By the time anyone notices anything, it's too late: the towns are left swimming in a sike a delic sea, and they are long gone down the road.

THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF KIDS TRIPPING OUT AT THE HIGH SCHOOLS THIS YEAR.

CHARLIE FRICK.



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INTERVIEW WITH JOHN REILLY —CO-DIRECTOR OF GLOBAL VILLAGE



Q: WHAT ROLE WILL CABLE TV PLAY IN THIS EMERGING, ALTERNATE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM?

A: Cable TV will enable communities to program their own community-oriented material, people-oriented material. Harlem will have the ability to produce news, information, entertainment, and community action material on the Harlem community. Then, community programming will be presented to the community with the speed TV is capable of. This will solidify and encourage community growth, action, and support. Small towns will probably be the first to have this ability as the cable systems exist there in greater quantities. As the cable system exists now, they are capable of having over 40 channels available. Out of all these, certainly community channels can exist and together form local channels where local information exchange can take place. This is one of the great possibilities of the future of TV—the expansion of those cables that are in existence in the average home.

Before community cables, the community TV centers will have to be established—which is the Global Village concept. We want to set this up in many communities, starting with the college areas. This would mean presenting material on the alternate culture in a space that will allow the viewers to view, and participate, in events that they may otherwise not be able to see or to be a part of. There's a tremendous excitement, a tremendous potential for TV in our era.

Q: WHAT ROLE DO YOU SEE COMMERCIAL TV PLAYING IN THE CONCEPTS OF GLOBAL VILLAGE?

A: At the moment, we must be separate from commercial TV, and by-and-large, non-commercial TV. We must develop a strength and an ability to function and present material outside the existing establishment channels. We must depend upon our own abilities, our own equipment, and our own resources to enormously strengthen the possibility of the alternate network. Just as the underground press has grown and strengthened itself, so must alternate TV. Global Village is growing as quickly as we can possibly encourage it to grow. Both in our new theater in New York and in our projected theater in Boston, as well as around the country, the Global Village concept will be expanded into a network.

Q: WHAT DO WE MEAN BY MULTIPLE CHANNEL EXPERIENCE?

A: The multi-channel presentation at Global Village is what McLuhan termed "pattern recognition matrix." This is a multiple input of information, a non-linear input of information. In effect, we gather information on a non-linear basis and in a print-oriented society the linear pattern—thought following thought progressively—is a dominant information grid. But in reality, we actually gather information on a non-linear, non-sequential basis. Global Village is an electronic presentation of this non-linear system. The viewer gathers the material from the various channels and reorganizes it into a meaningful statement. We feel that since the world around us is so dynamic and exists on so many levels, so must entertainment and information.

Q: WHAT HAVE BEEN THE TECHNICAL BREAKTHROUGHS TO ALLOW ALTERNATE TV TO HAPPEN NOW?

A: Alternate TV, the Global Village concept, is possible now because of the ½-inch portable tape equipment. This means that the videotape production is free from the studio, free from the control of the major stations and networks, free to be taken into the streets. "Street" TV has emerged from this. People can go out and shoot on videotape the life and times that they experience.

Q: WHAT IS MEANT BY "PEOPLE" TV?

A: "People" TV is a free TV—free from the establishment controls that are put on the mass media. Free from the governmental feeling of responsibility and restriction that goes with the concept of publicly owned and licensed air to see this presentation. There's a definite, new, tremendous need for people to be given the information, to be given the facts of the alternate life-style.

Q: WHAT IS THE GLOBAL VILLAGE CONCEPT?

A: Global Village is the radicalization of the concept and reality of television. Television as it exists in the United States is a kinetic comic book; a fantasy occasionally punctuated with the images of the real world. A fantasy that is the biggest escape, the biggest trip the American public has been on. Global Village is a multi-channel video experience—experience in the sense that is composed of fragments of information presented on a multiple channel basis with the viewer reconstructing a pattern. This pattern comes from the recognition of the sensory input of the multiple channels.

Global Village is a radicalization of the images and subconscious reactions to television in this country. It's a cultural experience as much as it exists on the level of information. It's part of what has been termed recently the "alternate media." Much of what we present does not, and cannot, exist on commercial and non-commercial TV. Much of the content would never be broadcast for reasons of censorship or sponsor pressure or station management pressure. There exists in this country at the moment an alternate life-style; millions of American youth are into this life-style. The new media—the underground press, express this alternate life-style. And what Global Village primarily seeks out is the level of the alternate culture. We do it in a way that breaks down the present barriers and notions of viewing TV by presenting it simultaneously on a multiple-image, multiple-channel basis with the fragments being rearranged and reorganized in the viewer's head.

Q: WHAT IS AN UNDERGROUND TELEVISION NETWORK?

A: At the moment, such a network really doesn't exist. However, with our Global Village concept, we hope to lay the foundation for an underground TV network by establishing an exchange of tape material from various centers around the country. This method of tape exchange will generate original material in a specific community. This material will be fed into a network presenting new and different material in other cities, at other times. This network is truly an exchange of ideas and concepts.

We will first do this on a community basis—on a local basis. We've had various showings at Global Village related to the reaction of students and others to Nixon's Cambodian invasion. These tapes were presented in long, continuous sessions at our Global Village loft on Broome Street here in New York. One evening over 700 people came to see this presentation. There's a tremendous need for people to be given the information, to be given the facts of the alternate life-style.

PANTHERS

(Continued from Page 5)

\$2.00 a week dues would be used to get "heavy artillery." (B-52's?)

On December 31, 1968, Roberts said that he went to a political education class at Party Headquarters, where Michael Tabor told him that he needed 12 men for a mission. After the class the twelve men were given slips of paper with locations of police call boxes, and they were supposed to cut the wires between 11:00 and 11:20. They were divided into teams of two, and each team was assigned four call boxes. Hassan allegedly handed out the slips, and Kinshasa gave the orders, which came from "the top." (During this time, Phillips was feeding answers to Roberts, and Murtagh overruling each and every objection made by the defense.) Roberts then said, with help from his "report," that among those involved, were McKiever, Hassan, Johnson, Squires, and Roper (Shaba Om).

Phillips led into Jan. 2, 1969, with another leading question — did Michael Tabor discuss the wire cutting? Three objections were overruled, and Roberts said that Tabor had said that the mission was a success, that the pigs were uptight because of it, and that a brother had been arrested. Phillips then asked Roberts if Tabor said anything about what he had heard over the radio. The objections from the defense in regard to that leading question were overruled, and Roberts said that Tabor told them he had heard over the radio that the pigs had been frightened by the wire cuts, and were now doubled up in patrol cars. Roberts then said that he had seen Hassan, Kinshasa, and Tabor at BPP

HQ that day, and that Tabor had asked him for his drivers license. Roberts said he was told to go to the Brooklyn Bridge Subway Station and meet someone who would show him around, for the purpose of reconning the station. He said he was told to look inside and outside of the tower room, at the police cables, and to examine the doors. Kinshasa allegedly gave these instructions, in the presence of Tabor. Roberts met his "contact" and was then introduced around as someone who wanted to be a maintenance man. Phillips then brought out pictures of the station to be entered into evidence. Phillips instructed Roberts on how to describe the pictures, and they were marked 35A, B, C. The defense objected, as they had throughout most of this testimony, that Roberts had not been part of the "conspiracy," but of course, the motion was denied, and the "evidence" accepted by the court. Again, every objection made by the defense was overruled as Roberts went on, according to the script, to say that, after "reconning" the subway station, he returned to BPP HQ and told Tabor what he had done.

On Jan. 3, according to Roberts, there was a party to raise bail money for the arrested brother. The party was held in an apartment on Hamilton Place, which is between 141 St and 142 St. Roberts said that Kinshasa, Lumumba and Afeni Shakur were among those present. He said that Kinshasa spoke to him about a charge being put in a certain area of the station where it wouldn't do any damage, but would tie up traffic. After a cue from Phillips, Roberts went on to say that Kinshasa was working for the Transit Authority at that time. As each objection by the defense was

overruled, Phillips waddled around, hugging his fat, and gloating at the teacher's pet treatment he has become used to getting. So Roberts went on to say that Kinshasa asked him for his drivers license, so that he (Kinshasa) and another brother could check out a pig station while the party was going on, because the station was "ripe." Phillips cue, "Did he say anything about a highway?" — three defense objections, all overruled — reply, "Not that I recall." Kinshasa, Hassan, and another brother then allegedly left the party, to return later. Where is the 44th precinct in relation to Hamilton Place? prompts Phillips. Half an hour away. Roberts then said that the three in question left the party at 2:30 and returned at 3:30. Now, if the precinct is a half hour away and a half hour back, that doesn't leave any time for "reconning," but Phillips didn't think of that.

Roberts' testimony continued with Jan. 6, with Afeni's section meeting in Clark Squires' apartment. Cue — did Roberts observe Squires with anything? OBJECTION/SUSTAINED. Yes, a rifle and a 38, which were passed around. Afeni allegedly said that she had an uncle in Virginia who had a construction company and that she would visit him and bring back dynamite. She then said, according to Roberts, that they should avenge the arrest of Kwesi (the brother in jail, who is also in the indictment of the 21), and that a pig should be kidnapped and held as ransom. When Kwesi was released, they would "ice" the pig to keep him from testifying against them. Phillips then asked Roberts to define the terms "Pig" and "ice" and "ransom." Phillips again laughed as Murtagh overruled each objection made by the defense. Roberts then said that Squires had

some chemicals, that when left on a radiator made a popping sound.

Roberts needed his notes to refresh his memory of Jan 13, when he went to another section meeting at Afeni's, where Tabor, Dharuba, and Shaba Om were among those present. Cue — did he recall if Lumumba was there? If you say so. Murtagh then directed that the defendants be quiet. Roberts continued, saying that Shaba Om and another brother had to read Mao as part of their discipling. Other forms of discipling, he said, were pushups, cleaning, etc. Afeni then allegedly said that there would be no more physical drills in the park, that the group would go out into the community to bring out the issues of police brutality and the selling of inferior merchandise by whites to the black community, and that Kinshasa would teach guerilla tactics. On Feb. 3, Roberts said that he was at the Panther HQ, where Kinshasa told him that they were forming a security group of a tight nucleus of brothers, and that he and Tabor wanted Roberts to be in that group, in order to teach first aid and combat. This was to be the group that would take care of business. They would learn guerilla warfare and other tactics. Roberts then testified, after being cued, that Kinshasa wrote *Urban Guerilla Warfare*. On Feb 4 there was a political education class where chapters from the Red Book were read and discussed. Then Roberts, along with Kinshasa, Afeni, Lumumba, Hassan, Johnson, Tabor, Dharuba, and McKiever (let's get them all in there) went to Shaba Om's for a security meeting.

The meeting was to deal with the feeling that there were informers in the party. One of the people suspected was Roland Hayes, said Roberts, testifying that Dharuba said that they had paid Hayes a visit to

get him to admit that he had gotten some dynamite from the FBI, and if he admitted it, they would kill him and blame it on the FBI. The defense objected, saying that the prosecution was confusing the issues, but it was overruled. Roberts then said something about a plan for a fake attack on a precinct to uncover some of the informers. He then related some conversation where Hassan asked McKiever for a match, and McKiever said that that reminded him of the time they were walking past a precinct and Hassan asked for a match, and McKiever replied that he had only one match and that was for the "stuff," so Hassan said, "I'll light off the fuse." What was the "stuff"? Just "stuff." Where was it? In Kinshasa's vest pocket. Who had guns that night? Dharuba had a 45, Hassan a 38, Shaba Om a 32, Kinshasa an automatic 38, McKiever a 38, and there was a carbine in the apartment.

Roberts needed his notes to "refresh his memory" about Feb 18. Then he said that he went to pick up Dharuba at his apartment and that Tabor and Sekou were there. (Sekou is in the original 21 indictment, but is now in Algiers.) There followed a conversation about finding a truck to move Sekou's furniture from one apartment to another. They then went to Party HQ where Kinshasa and Hassa were also inquiring about truck rentals. (Conspiracy to move furniture?) After a cue from Phillips, Roberts said that Dharuba told them that a Captain Hart was coming from Baltimore with a supply of weapons. Three of the defense lawyers rose to object as Phillips continued to coach Roberts, but Murtagh yelled at THEM, charging them with disorderly conduct, and disrupting the trial. Sandy Katz demanded an apology, instead Murtagh told him he

(Continued on Page 20)

Love it or leave it.



Good old spaceship earth. Home sweet home. Where we turn trees into trash, water into slime, air into not-so-pretty poison and people into raving neurotics. Some home. John Mayall's new album is all about our planet and us. "Nature's Disappearing," a statement on the ecological supercrisis. "Deep Blue Sea," a song about escaping the pressures of the times. "Where Did My Legs Go," where the winos of the world become the symbols of broken human spirits. "My Pretty Girl," about love that succeeds. "Crying," about love that doesn't. John Mayall and his new band stare into the sickness and beauty of our orbiting home and something is revealed. Namely that loving it is a hell of a lot easier than leaving it.

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200 FLAGS--200 IDEAS

FROM FADS TO FLAGS

by LIL PICARD

The poster for the Peoples Flag Show is RED. The word-design on it is printed in BLACK. The shape and layout of words imitates the Star Spangled Banner. The poster is one of the new manifestos of Art, expressing an idea, revolutionary, humanistically politically, proclaiming a changed life and thinkstyle of young people. White, Black, male, female people. The message of the poster says: "The American people are the one people, who can interpret the American Flag. A Flag which does not belong to the people to do with as they see fit, should be burned or forgotten. Artists, workers, students, women, third world peoples. You are oppressed. What does the Flag mean to you? Join the peoples answer to the repressive U. S. Govt. & State laws restricting our use & display of the Flag. Sponsored by the independent artists Flag show committee. To be held at Washington Square South, N. Y. C." The red poster with black handwritten printing imitates in the arrangement and form the design of the Stars and Stripes, the mentioned words forming the Stripes.

For the Stars the words "Peoples Flag Show Nov. 9th 70 Judson Memorial Church N. Y. C. Spring 7 - 0033 are placed on a black rectangular field. The design of the poster is an excellent one. The artist or artists who did it, are anonymous as many of the 200 contributors of the Flags are, who gave ideas and paintings, sculptures, visual poems, cakes, boxes, wax-works, dresses, bras, peepboxes, dolls, coffins, penises, toiletbowls inside of a wooden jail plus flag, fiberglass- Statue of Liberty- flagclad a chicken crucified, cartoons, bullet proof vests, glassworks, kinetic- works, illusionistic designs showing in a glassbox 43, 928 flag- covered coffins, in an eternal repetition, reflected in infinity, symbolically telling the story of the dead Americans having given their lives for America in Vietnam.

I am on purpose not mentioning the names of all the artists represented in the show, because it is a show of contribution for an idea bigger than personal publicity. It's a peoples Flag Show and it's peoples Art. The show is absolutely in one piece and has the impact of an environment with a purpose and a message. It stands for something great and relevant, - namely the spiritualisation of Art and the coming out

and the breakthrough, a change in the Art of today, - away from aesthetics going beyond material gains commercialism towards a new Art- style, which is at the beginning of being formed by young people of the nation. The performance of a dance piece at the beginning of a symposium was the highlight of the evening. A group of dancers, nude, but enwrapped in loose hanging flags performed an undulating, waving ballet, a touchingly beautiful celebration of free bodies and minds, - a dance of religious quality. I consider the dance (I don't mention the names of the dancers on purpose) the best contribution of the show. I hope that the T. V. crew present (N. B. C. first Tuesday showing) will have taken the dance, so it can be seen by millions of people December 1. on N. B. C.

At the symposium - speak - out MC'ed by artist Paul von Ringelheim, who was wearing a star spangled bodyshirt, Stephan Radich who's Mark Morrel Flag-sculpture-show originally had made New Yorks Art world "Flag-conscious" in the year 1967, opened up the discussion on oppression, repression and the pressing issues of the days in Nixonite- Amerika.

Stephan Radich was convicted in 1967 of violating a state law against desecration of the flag. His case will be before the United States Supreme Court beginning next year. Radich liked the show and was pleased that so many artists today use the flag theme symbolically for their artistic expressions. Abbie Hoffman gave a notable entertaining sketch, also wearing a body- shirt flag- stylishly patterned, mentioning that it is "made in France", it was the same shirt he wore when arrested at a hearing at the House Un- American Activities Subcommittee. As a German refugee Joachim Neugroeschel expressed his point of view towards the Flag under which he gained freedom from Nazi- oppression in the forties, but which he now realized does not hold true anymore for many oppressed Americans today.

Kate Millet declared that the flag for her is remembered with a kind of forlorn love, Faith Ringold, who is one of the most outspoken fighters for black womens rights read from a manuscript, suggesting a black revolutionary Art for black people and black society. The German Poet Heinrich Heine wrote in the last century, when he lived as an expatriate in Paris, that the worst thing for a human being is, to be Jewish and German. As Faith Ringold sees the situation today for herself is very similar to that of Heine. To be Black and a Women as an artist and an American is the most oppressed situation to be endured. She has her point in this respect, and her fight to free herself and her fellow black sisters is that of a rebel with a just cause. Radicalized, political Art, Manifesto and Statement Art came since the end of the sixties more and more into the foreground, sustained by the activities of Art Workers Coalition, Guerilla Art Action- Group- Happenings, Art Strike- Demonstrations, Womens Liberation and Gay- Liberation revolutionary events. The awakening spiritualization and politicalization in Art is a natural phenomenon in times of polarisation and constant global revolution. The liberation of minority groups, the battle for freedom, liberty and justice fought by Blacks, Browns, Yellows, Women and all the poor and oppressed peoples of the world today influences the Art in every country, not only in the U. S. A.

But in America the Flag Show is really the first and historical relevant demonstration in Art by artists coming to their senses, breaking out of an aesthetic jail that has imprisoned them since many years. From Fads to Flags is not too bad a development.

NIXON DISCLOSURE ON CENSOR URGED

President Is Asked to Give Name of Emergency Aide

Washington, Oct. 8
President Nixon was asked today to disclose the name of the nation's chief censor, a private citizen now on standby duty who would assume office in a national emergency.
The censor's name has been a secret part of the Government's contingency plan for keeping military secrets out of the press in wartime...
"That is classified because there was an executive decision that it should be," he said. "There is a long classified history of why it should be classified."
NEW YORK TIMES Oct. 9, 1970

I do not tell you Doctor Fell
The reason why I cannot tell
But this I know and know full well
I do not tell you Doctor Fell

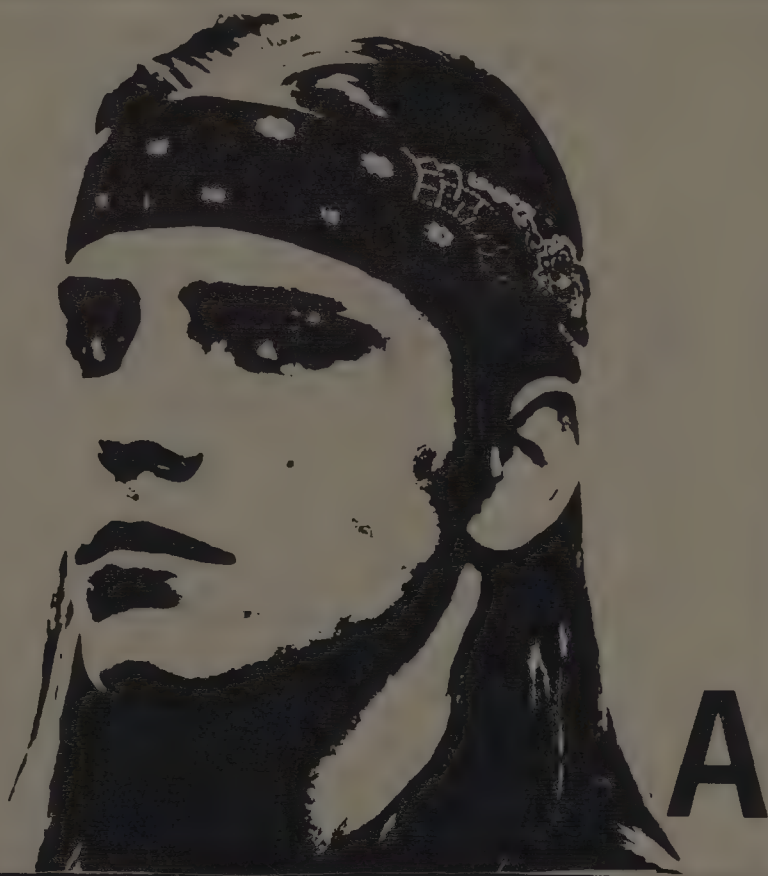
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TRASH CLASS CASH

SM



So it is with Joe and Holly. He stays high but it destroys him. He is made, as they say, for love, but he can't make it. Holly has sex with beerbottles and boys from Yonkers, but no love. They can go "respectable," but society doesn't need or want them. The only solution is revolution.

S H

Less emphatically, *Trash* is not unlike Bunuel's *Nazarin*, which asserts the impossibility of living like Christ in a Christian society.

Joe and Holly are not, as many people assume, simply dead-end characters like those of Beckett, waiting for a Godot who doesn't come. Such viewers, in reality, have found this quality in their own lives and project it onto Joe and Holly, to whom it is easy to feel superior. Holly, no matter how defeated, is never deadened; the film throbs with her sexy, campy *joie de vivre*. Even in her superstar moments, she never becomes, like Viva, a ghostly caricature of the Hollywood American dream-cum-nightmare; rather, she exudes the sensual fighting spirit that the stars of the 30's and 40's shtupped their Depression and wartime audiences with (Joan Crawford as *Mildred Pierce* is a pretty good comparison). Joe, too, is sincere if strung-out, scrounging the garbage, like Holly, to make her a gift of a dirty cognac bottle. The film ends in an excited burst of music and a stylized "trash" that are surely more than ironic. Ruskin once wrote that "wherever there is a ruthless pursuit of sensational pleasure, it always ends in an insane and wolf-like gloating over the garbage of death," but this is truer of the 3rd Avenue art-film crowd than of Joe and Holly.

Trash. trash. It's almost "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains."

Morrissey's film is open, though, to the point where it is doubtful he is entirely aware of the implications of what he's done, of the revolutionary nature of the situation he shows. The quintessence of Warhol's cinema (in which Morrissey is a dynamic but not an independent factor) is *Chelsea Girls*, which showed a condition from which there was no escape—waiting in another land and time for Godot—and perhaps it is still up to the revolutionary (and the revolutionary critic) to show them the way out. Whatever it takes to see the political lessons in *Trash*, the crowd at Cinema II haven't got it. They remind me of the Welfare inspector, symbol

of social degradation and general creep, and in a way, by exhibiting at this haunt of swinging singles and after-hours thrill-seekers (consider the spectators in *They Shoot Horses, etc.*), Warhol and Morrissey have given up their silver shoes, cynical Cinderellas. However, for those ready for it—and Warhol and Morrissey probably are—*Trash* is a profoundly and poignantly political film, a call to revolutionary action. Dig it.

Groupies is supposed to scandalize rock by showing how disgusting and degraded groupies are. But I doubt it. By concentrating on what creeps the girls are, the film solidifies the god-image of most rock stars (save one, Luther of Spooky Tooth, whose merry antics are now showing at the Fifth Avenue Cinema). Anyway, Hollywood has been shook with scandal since Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle did in Virginia Rappe with a Coke bottle in 1923, and it hasn't hurt overall profits much. At x million dollars per annum, rock and roll is here to stay; and if you enjoyed gloating at *Trash*, you'll have a real ball despising the *Groupies*. (By the way, it's boring as hell.)

Devoted Readers: Apologies for the arcane references to my former employer in my debut article last issue, as well as for the loss by the *Wunderkinder* of the art department of the climactic continuation of my *5 Easy Pieces* review. To relieve the suspense, a brief summary: the reflection of reality in commercial art has been brought to its Apocalyptic boundaries by *Easy Rider* and *Joe*, which meant for *5 Easy Pieces* a return to the 1950's image of aimless alienation, the rebel without a cause; although the logic of the earlier films called for a militant *Son of Easy Rider* who would be ready to fight back (the perfect motif for a Paul Muni-type life of Timothy Leary, *I Was a Fugitive from a Brain Gang*), or, even more right on, *Daughter of Easy Rider* (Dracula did it)—anything, but hardly the neuter meatball Jack Nicholson portrays in this latest "artistic" recidivistic goulash. But Hollywood can't make (good) films about revolution, and revolution is where it's at. Thank you.

BY HONEST BOB SINGER

"It is time to sweep that kind of garbage out of our society."

—Spiro T. Agnew

"This hippie nonsense about the virtues of poverty has had it as a trend," Paul Morrissey, director of *Flesh* and *Trash*, told VARIETY a few weeks ago. "Money will be the next big youth kick with cash, clothes and jewelry replacing peace, love and poverty."

Delivered of this insight, Morrissey split for Paris with Jane Forth, a *Trash* star, there, in VARIETY's phrase, "to lens an underground epic about the adventures of an American girl on the make, a contemporary golddigger," and left that raft of hippie nonsense and youth kicks known to some as the cultural revolution to founder further on the shoals of satiety, Variety, and the astounding politics of *Trash*, whose boffo boxoffice in the Big Apple (Warhol's first run at a first-run, Cinema II, excluding *Lonesome Cowboys* at the 55th St. Playhouse which has since gone the way of all flesh pix) and throughout the cinematic Sodoms of our land indicates a surprising taste (need?) for the depravity-at-a-distance that assures Middle America it's still all right. Even the Daily News reviewed it (no stars).

Joe Dallesandro, an actor the nomenclature of whose roles is limited by a tattooed Joe on his arm, plays a junkie named Joe. A man of unequalled endowments, he plies a trade of seduction and informal handouts to feed his habit, but, as it must come to all junkies, drugged detumescence has taken its toll of his otherwise terrific tool. Reduced to mental, sexual, etc., narcosis, Joe is the helplessly acquiescing prey to various depraved Warhol women like Andrea Feldman (she of the nerve-shattering superstar whine), and Jane Forth, whose mindless chatter as she watches him bathe, shoot up, and get the old bum's rush from her husband is the stock-in-trade of some kind of textbook-case

psychotic—though, to be sure, all share in the gleeful "innocence" that makes most Warhol characters such humorous and charming grotesques. Joe himself is like an enervated Keaton or a secularized Christ: thrown up against the insanity of modern life, witness to all its sins, powerless to bounce back or to redeem.

Joe lives with Holly (Holly Woodlawn), a frizzly hippie who is dedicated to the recycling, or in Joe's case, redemption, of trash. She prowls the streets for debris to sell or to redecorate with. This scavenging also extends to a young innocent from Yonkers (Joe's detumescence heretofore noted) who comes up to score (the better to go to the Fillmore, dear) and winds up with Holly putting "the needle" ("Not the Needle!") to his ass ("Sure I know how to do this") and the rest is history.

But, as expected, what thrives between Joe and Holly is true love; and when Holly's sister gets pregnant, they resolve to take the baby, give up smack, and go on Welfare—as Holly says, "go respectable." To this end they are visited by a priggish, perverted Welfare inspector who won't give them Welfare, although Holly is "pregnant" (Joe, he says, isn't yet on methadone), unless Holly gives him her shoes. Now these silver lame slippers were salvaged, like Joe himself, by Holly, and she has no intention of trading her only shoes for the welfare she "deserves." In the ensuing argument she drops the pillow of pregnancy and Joe, in his one virile moment, ungently ejects the outraged municipal motherfucker. This leaves them hopeless but together as a burst of raucous music signifies the end of the film but not, as we shall see, of the world.

Holly and Joe, hippie and junkie, are society's trash, representatives of the "youth class" wholly displaced by modern industrial society. Society, in turn, is Holly's trash, the source of her income, home furnishings, lovers and husband. She attempts to pull their lives together, much as she transforms

the junk she finds. But only by further perverting themselves (symbolically, by giving the inspector the salvaged shoes), can they live. But there is a point to which some people won't go, even for those terrible Andy Warhol hippies who stay up all night and don't wear underwear. Joe and Holly cannot be accepted into society; their lives are at a tragicomic end. Thus we come to the film's many meanings.

(One of which has to do with ecology, but figure it out for yourself.)

"Trash" is, of course, the imperative of the verb "to trash," which in the argot of the underworld refers to the destruction—for fun and non-profit—of edifices housing repressive institutions. Thus, the Bank of America has been trashed; the banks of America will be trashed; I, we, you, they trash, etc. The concept was popularized by, among others, Trashman, a comic hero whose exploits have appeared in this paper.

Without further ado, then, this is the advice Morrissey implies for Joe, Holly, and the sophisticated spectator: revolution is the only solution. Moreover, demonstrating a maturity that is reminiscent of Bunuel, Morrissey does not preaching but only shows what is necessary for his characters, and allows the spectators to jump to his own conclusion.

Consider Bunuel's *Las Hurdes* (1932), a documentary about Spanish peasants, of which Raymond Durnat has written: "... the film's dramatic architecture is based on the phrase 'yes, but...' That is to say, Bunuel begins by presenting a glimmering of hope, then reduces that hope to something derisory... Literacy may improve their condition, and they learn about the habits of the mosquito, but they also learn to read through such sentiments as 'Respect the property of others,' so being instilled with a masochistic dependence on charity, when a revolutionary spirit is the only virile response to their sufferings."

PANTHERS

(Continued from Page 16)

was in contempt of court. Katz said that he was defending his clients to the best of his ability, and that he resented the language used by Murtagh. Roberts went on to tell about a security meeting at Shaba Om's, where Kinshasa, Eddie Josephs (in the original 21 indictment, but too young to be in this trial), Hassan, and Dharuba were allegedly present. They were field stripping and putting together a carbine. On Feb 20 Kinshasa, Hassan and Roberts went to Columbia University for a meeting or rally and to set up security for members of the National Party who were coming in. Kinshasa allegedly told Roberts that he was to be put on a team with Walter Johnson in order to recon department stores. He quoted Kinshasa as saying that the Man was not going to have a very happy Easter, and that if everything went off, he and Hassan could do their thing in the subways. After a cue from Phillips, Roberts said that precincts and subway stations were also being reconned, and that his report on the department stores had to be in by Feb 25.

Phillips then asked him if he had been in an automobile on Feb 21. Roberts said that he had, and that he was with Dharuba, Tabor and two members from the National HQ, and that they were on the Major Deegen highway. Dharuba supposedly asked him if he knew where they were, and he said, 167th Street. Since he did not know that they were near a precinct (the 44th) that had been bombed, Roberts said that he was told he had to do 25 pushups. Did he go anywhere on Feb 22? Yes, to a memorial for Malcolm at Cooper Jr. H.S. Dharuba's apartment had been broken into, and someone had taken his 45, but not his shotgun, Roberts said. They then allegedly put the shotgun in a guitar case and brought it to Shaba Om's.

On Feb 25, Roberts said that he and Walter Johnson went downtown to Kaufmans and talked to the boss, who told them that guns were sold on the 7th floor of Abercrombie and Fitch. They then went to Macy's, from the basement to the 6th floor, checking out spots. Roberts said that it was Johnson who said the best spots would be near the stockrooms, clothing, jewelry and purses. They

then went to Korvettes, from the basement to the 7th floor. And again, Roberts said that it was Johnson who said that the basement would be a good spot because of the oil there, and that the 3, 4, 5 floors were also good because of the clothing. They then went back to BPP HQ, where classes on karate and frisking were allegedly going on, and then to a security meeting, where Roberts said that he found out that Dharuba had a 50 caliber machine gun and a grenade launcher. The defense objected, saying that this was not in the 30 count indictment, but Murtagh found it all relevant. The farce began again on Thursday, with Wednesday off so that Murtagh, Phillips, the pig informers, and the rest of that crew could celebrate Veterans Day. Gen Roberts took the stand again, saying that on Feb. 27, 1969, he went to BPP HQ, where he saw Dharuba, Lumumba and "others." He went out to Kennedy Airport to pick up the BPP papers, and then brought them to BPP HQ in Brooklyn where he saw Larry Mack (mentioned in the original 21 indictment, but now in Algiers). Roberts then went to the Queens chapter with Dharuba and Mack. Roberts then said that Dharuba said that he was going to Baltimore to pick up weapons. He would supply the security section first, and then give weapons to the rest of the party. The defense raised several objections to this 'hearsay' evidence, and they also objected to the fact that Phillips was using this 'testimony' as evidence to incriminate the defendants and prove his trumped up conspiracy charges. This should have been evident to everyone, but Murtagh felt that everything the D.A. did was absolutely proper, and overruled every objection and denied every motion made by the defense.

Roberts needed his "notes" to recall the events of March 4, 1969. After "refreshing his memory," he said that he went to BPP HQ and that people from the community were coming in to inquire about the party. At 7:00 there was a political education class. The phone rang, and King allegedly answered it, saying that the guy who called said that someone was hanging out in the St Marks Place area, posing as a Panther. King then allegedly asked Roberts and Racklee to go down there and check it out. Roberts would miss a security meeting, but was told he would be filled in on it later. The

next day, King allegedly told Roberts that the meeting had dealt with a physical drill to be held on March 11, and that he should keep in "close touch with Walter Johnson, who had just reconned two more department stores. During this testimony the defense made many objections on the grounds of hearsay evidence and immaterial evidence. Murtagh overruled all objections, taking time out to give speeches supporting hearsay evidence, and thus obviously throwing his support to Phillips, letting him know that anything he wanted to do was O.K., and then going into discrediting descriptions of the defense, telling them to learn law, to behave more mannerly, and calling them in contempt of court.

Roberts had to look at his script again to "refresh his memory" on the events of March 5, 1969, when King (Kinshasa) said that he and Eddie Josephs had checked out a railroad station in the Bronx. Kinshasa then said that the various teams should switch jobs. (i.e., the department store team go to the railroads, and vice versa.) He then said that the department store recon information had to be in two weeks, and that there was to be a dry firing class. Again there were valid and legal objections, all overruled by Murtagh.

Roberts took to his script again to "refresh his memory" on March 7, 1969. He then said that he met Walter Johnson at BPP HQ. Johnson said that he had reconned two more stores, but couldn't remember the names of them. They agreed to meet Monday to recon two more stores. There were more objections, all overruled, and when Roberts was

asked to be more specific as to who made what agreements, he, of course, assigned every statement to Johnson.

Roberts said that there was another Political education class on March 11. When Phillips asked him what a political education class consisted of, he said readings and discussions from the Red Book. Did any of the defendants ever lead these classes? Dharuba and Tabor. Didn't Lumumba ever lead any of the classes? OBJECTION - a leading question/OVERRULED. Yes, Lumumba led a class one. After the class Roberts went over to Johnson's apartment, where Johnson showed him a carbine. They then went to Carolyn Lewis' where they met Eddie Josephs, Shaba Om, and Lonnie Epps. Kinshasa arrived and they all went to Central Park for a drill. Phillips then asked Roberts why he had referred to Josephs as "Eddie Jamal Josephs" - what was his name? The defense objected, saying that this was irrelevant, Josephs was not on trial here, and that Roberts was not an expert on the subject. Murtagh overruled all of this and allowed Phillips free rein. After talking about names, Roberts then said that the drill consisted of pushups, hand to hand combat, and running. Did Kinshasa say anything? Well, they walked up to a rocky knoll around 110 St., and Kinshasa said that they would have to start learning sniper points, and where one can lay down five to ten rounds, and have an escape route.

If any insurrection went down in the spring, Central Park and Morris Park would be the ones the pigs

would try to get to first, and they should get there before the pigs. They should cause chaos in the area. Did he say anything about rooftops? OBJECTION - leading question/overruled. Kinshasa said that the rooftops around Harlem were wired and that the group should get to know the rooftops. OBJECTION - irrelevant/overruled. Did he say anything about wires? OBJECTION - leading question/overruled. Kinshasa said that the wires from the roof tops led to the lobbies of the buildings, and that if you tripped, it would set off an alarm in the precincts. They then left the park and went to Carolyn Lewis', where they met Tabor. Kinshasa then asked for a report on the department store recons. Johnson told him about Abercrombie and Fitch and Macy's. Roberts told about Korvettes, about the oil cans in the basement. Sandy Katz objected, saying that Roberts was at no time part of the conspiracy - Murtagh overruled, saying that Katz should read up on the new penal law concerning conspiracies (necessity is the mother of invention). Who else was present at this meeting? Josephs, Epps, Shaba Om, Johnson, Kinshasa and Tabor. After Roberts told what was on each floor of , Korvettes,

Phillips asked him if they discussed Abercrombie and Fitch.

Yes, Johnson spoke about that, saying that the weapons were on the 7th floor, and there wasn't much security there. They handed in a layout of the floors and talked about checking the floors above and below

(Continued on Page 21)

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PANTHERS

(Continued from Page 20)

Baltimore and Tabor was going back with him to get weapons to give to the security group. Again, all the objections made by the defense were overruled. When asked if anything had been said about Alexanders and Bloomingdales, Roberts had to refer to his script again.

He then said that he and Johnson were told to check out those stores on March 18. Those stores allegedly came up because Epps had worked in one of them. Roberts said that he went to Hassan's on March 13, and that Josephs, Epps, Shaba Om, and Kinshasa were also there. Roberts and Epps were assigned to be the medical personnel in the security group, as Roberts had been a hospital worker in the Navy. The defense objected to this irrelevant testimony, but Murtagh overruled (Murtagh would not allow testimony that Kinshasa was a Vietnam war veteran, calling that irrelevant). So Phillips picked up the ball, and grinning like the idiot that he is, asked Roberts, "Were you a medical corpsman?" The infiltrator of course said yes. Roberts then went on to testify about some discussion of a problem that was going on in the community of Harlem, involving P.S. 149, but Phillips said, "Skip over that, it's not relevant." The defense made a motion that it was relevant, but the motion was denied. It should now be obvious what the court considers "relevant" and it's about time Phillips either sat next to Murtagh on the bench, or Murtagh sat next to Phillips on the prosecution table. So Phillips had Roberts go on to the next "relevant" topic, which was molotov cocktails.

Kinshasa said that they would make them and bring them over to Bryant Park to test them. Monday they would recon the Bronx Botanical Gardens. They then had a dry firing class, conducted by Kinshasa, who had a 308. They pinned paper targets on their chests and practised shooting from behind door jambs. Roberts then hid behind the coat rack to demonstrate how this was done. Roberts then named what kind of pistol each one had: King had a 308; Hassan a 38; Shaba Om a 32; and pig Roberts a 38. McKiever came in, and Shaba Om allegedly told him what had been going on. Kinshasa asked Roberts to show McKiever the gun drills, but Roberts said that he had to leave and did so.

On March 15 Roberts said that he met with Epps, Josephs, Shaba Om, and Kinshasa and that they went to recon the Bronx Botanical Gardens. Kinshasa pointed out certain areas and they noted that the three greenhouses were enclosed by a wire

cyclone fence. They checked the greenhouse doors for alarm systems and then had a physical drill. On March 17 Roberts said that he returned to the Bronx Botanical Gardens with the same group. Kinshasa said that he'd spoken to Lumumba who had said not to do anything until around Easter. The objections by the defense to this hearsay, irrelevant testimony that Phillips is trying to pass off as evidence, not only were overruled, but brought on speeches by Murtagh and Phillips who each essentially said nothing more than to proclaim their love and support for each other. Roberts then followed the script by saying that Kinshasa has said that the recons would be put into priorities. There would be four more recons before Easter. Epps, Josephs, Kinshasa and pig Roberts looked around and went over to the greenhouses. Kinshasa then went to check out a security shack, but said that there were two guards there, and that they could probably put dynamite in the shed. They saw an administration building on the other side of Bronx River, Roberts said, and so they waded across the river to look around. There was a security truck there, however, so they left. Phillips then asked how old Epps and Josephs were. The defense objected, saying that this was irrelevant and the people in question were not on trial here, but Murtagh overruled. (This is just another example of how Murtagh rules one way for Phillips and the opposite for the defense. If you remember, Murtagh would not allow any questions about people arrested for being in the apartments of the defendants at the time of their arrests — Murtagh found that those people were not on trial here and so any information was irrelevant.) Anyway, Roberts said that he thought the two brothers were about 16 or 17. Roberts said that on March 18 he met Johnson at the BPP HQ, and that from there they went to Bloomingdales and Alexanders. He needed his script again to assign certain statements to Johnson, like the first floor being a good place for charges because of the purse section. (Remember Phillips planned his conspiracy around "The Battle of Algiers") After describing what articles were on what floors of the stores, and assigning more "incriminating" statements to Johnson, Roberts said that they went back to BPP HQ, where Roberts had a conversation with McKiever, who said that certain members of the security group were going to Baltimore. Roberts checked his script and then said that Kinshasa had called and told him to return to the office that night wearing dark clothes. When he returned that night, Kinshasa told him to leave the office and walk a certain way, where he was joined by Kinshasa and Shaba Om. They then went to a railroad yard.

At this point, Phillips, who had been asking for a recess for the past 45 minutes, got his wish granted.

After the recess, Roberts said that when they got to the railroad yard they saw a building that had fallen down. Phillips then entered a picture of this building into evidence as 36A, and then pulled out a stack of photos which were entered as 36B, C, D, and E. Murtagh then yelled at Bob Collier, who had been reading a magazine while the jury was looking at the pictures. (A couple of weeks ago, while the jury was looking at some other "evidence," Murtagh entertained a friend, who walked straight across the courtroom to the bench, and the two of them chatted for the rest of the afternoon.)

Murtagh then yelled at Bob Bloom for allowing his client to read the magazine, but Collier replied that he was responsible for his own actions. Phillips, the tattle tale, then "reflected for the record" that one of the defendants had spoken. Bob Collier repeated that HE would be responsible for his own actions. Roberts then went on to say that he, Kinshasa and Shaba Om went into a tunnel, a train passed through, and after it passed, Kinshasa showed them a switch under which they could put a charge that would blow up the whole track.

Phillips then entered a picture of the tunnel entrance into evidence as

36F. The charge under this switch would also stop all incoming or outgoing traffic, and a picture of the switch was entered as 36G. Did Kinshasa show them anything else? **Objection** — leading question/overruled, Murtagh thought that it was not leading, but appropriate. Yes, Kinshasa showed them the railroad station house and security house. Phillips then entered a picture of the "station house" into evidence. The defense objected saying that Phillips was testifying. Indeed he was, Roberts had previously said that that was not the building he saw. Murtagh overruled the objection, telling Crain to have a little manners, "The minimum a lawyer should bring to the court is good manners."

Murtagh then categorically overruled all objections and denied all motions that had been made by the defense, and claimed that Bill Crain had persistently interrupted the court and was out of order. Suddenly, Roberts changed his mind about the picture, and said it was the building that Phillips said it was. He then said that they went up the tracks until they came to the 42 precinct. There was a switch there, they would not only blow up the tracks, but the whole pig station as well. Phillips then entered a picture of the precinct, viewed from the tracks, as 36H.

McKinney asked for more evidence regarding the picture, but his request was denied.

Then they went further up the tracks to around 166 St., where the tracks hit the New Haven line. Kinshasa allegedly said that they could place explosives there. The group then went to Carolyn Lewis' apartment where they met Epps, Hassan, and Josephs and discussed the order to set up priorities, which had come from Lumumba. The priorities consisted of the sequence of importance: 1) precincts and railroad yards; 2) department stores; and 3) the Bronx Botanical Gardens. This would be so that if Dharuba said to move on 1 everybody would know what to do. Roberts asked to see his script again, and then said that there was to be another recon of the railroad yards on Wednesday. Roberts would take McKiever, Shaba Om would take Epps, Kinshasa would take Josephs, and they would all go to different locations. On March 19, Roberts and McKiever went to recon their spot in the railroad yard, but there were alot of pigs there, so they walked to another entrance, where there were alot of people working and there was a car that kept circling around.

There was a brief recess, and coming back in, there was a man who refused to stand up when Murtagh entered. (You have to stand each time the clown gets on his bench.) Murtagh directed that the man be removed from the courtroom. Several guards swooped down on him, and he left with a clenched fist, saying "Power."

Phillips then made sure that the jury knew that McKiever was living with a girl named Sharon Williams, and then decided to retrace some of the previous testimony. Bob Bloom said that it was obvious that Phillips had coached the witness during the recess, but Murtagh denied this, and Roberts went on in his recital, saying that he NOW remembers that McKiever said that the railroad yards reminded him of a pig station he had reconned, and that he had reconned Harlem River Drive, where Kwesi and Sekou were supposed to take shots at the pigs. Roberts said that on March 25 he went to a rally at Columbia University with Kinshasa, Johnson, McKiever and that Kinshasa told Roberts and Johnson that they were to be taken off the department stores, and should get gasoline and begin making molotov cocktails. Roberts checked his script again, and then said that Kinshasa said that everyone in the security group should have 10 molotov cocktails, and 10 aerosol can bombs.

Katz objected, saying that Phillips was offering this testimony as evidence. Murtagh overruled, saying that "the statements speak for themselves."

On March 26 Roberts said that he went to a security meeting at Shaba

Om's. He checked his script to report on who was there, and then said that Lumumba, Afeni, Hassan, Epps, Josephs and Johnson were there. But that wasn't all that Phillips wanted to hear, so he handed him the script again, and Roberts continued, saying that Kinshasa, Tabor and McKiever were also there. Kinshasa asked Shaba Om for a report on the railroad recons. Shaba Om said that he had shown Epps everything that Kinshasa had shown him. Kinshasa asked Roberts for his report, which was that they couldn't get in because there was too much activity. Kinshasa asked him if he tried going further north, and Roberts said that he didn't because that was behind the precinct and another team was reconning that location, and if he went too, it might look suspicious. Kinshasa then passed around a schedule that listed:

Thursday — demolition class;
Friday — dry firing class;
Saturday — physical drill,
and then said that the unofficial name of their group would be the Panther Guerilla Team. He then told Afeni to pick two reliable sisters for the Easter plan. Afeni said she didn't know of any such sisters, but Kinshasa said that he still needed two sisters because the brothers would look less suspicious if they were with women.

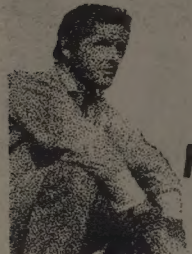
Kinshasa then said that Curtis Powell was going to New Jersey to get gun powder, and if he couldn't get any, he would get the chemicals to make it. Phillips then wanted to read from a jar (33C) that had been seized from Powell's apartment. Bloom objected, saying that it was the jury's responsibility to connect things, but Murtagh overruled. Phillips then brought in an Essex County phone book to check out the telephone number of the company against the one on the bottle. The defense objected and Murtagh decided to give them a token "sustained" on this minor point, saying that Phillips would have to bring in a telephone employee as an expert, as that was the law. (Why didn't Murtagh recognize that that was the law each time the defense asked for an expert on a point that was a little more relevant?)

Roberts again checked his script and said that some of the brothers were planning something for "little Bobby." Who is "little Bobby"? The defense objected, and Murtagh sustained unless Roberts could "refresh his memory" (fabricate) and bring forth a statement one of the defendants had made about who "little Bobby" was. Roberts then said that there was to be a security meeting on Thursday night, and that all the members would have to get gasoline. They would need six brothers with aerosol bombs and molotov cocktails for the New Haven line. Phillips then wanted to recess for the day because his poor piggie's voice was fading. His request was granted.

After the jury went out Jerry Lefcourt made a motion that copies of the reports that Roberts was using for testimony be given to the defense over the weekend to save time. Since there are eight lawyers it would waste a lot of time if they each had to go through them when they got up to cross examine Roberts. The motion was denied.

Even in the face of this attempt at mass lynching, I still see alot of people fooling around with their so called "revolutionary" or "alternate" media trips. (i.e., video tapes, and/or ripping off Warner Brothers or Hoving) Now video should be explored. Warner Brothers and Hoving should be ripped off, but at this point it's a little like asking Daddy for a bigger allowance. Those institutions exist in a larger plan, feed off it, and mirror it, and that is the plan that must be killed, because that act, in effect, would kill off the extensions of it. The time has come to stop futzing around with minor offshoots and to concern ourselves with the basic issues at the heart of a genocidal Amerikka. Media might be a tool in the struggle but most media circles now seem to be involved in something just a little bit to the left of voting for Ottinger. There is a lot of work that needs to be done and no more time to waste.

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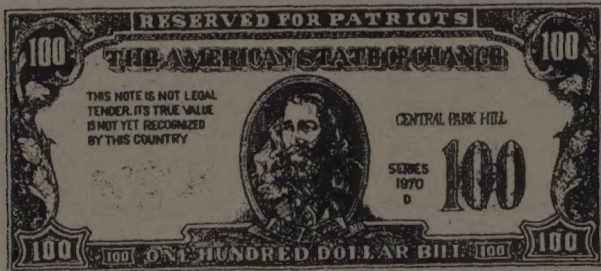
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THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING (PERSONAL AND BUSINESS) DEADLINE IS TUESDAY AT 12 NOON FOR THE NEXT TUESDAY'S PUBLICATION. PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL ADS. PHONE NUMBERS NOW ACCEPTED FOR PERSONAL CATEGORIES. ALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING MUST BE PREPAID. NO ADS WILL BE TAKEN OVER THE PHONE. NO TEAR SHEETS SUPPLIED FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

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Couples - Women Join Hypnotist Bob's couple following. FREE hypnotism lessons, therapeutic benefits, self hypnosis for anti-smoking tension, timidity, shyness. Reduce too and above all refined swinging contacts arranged in NYC write only giving phone no. first. Contact: P. Bob Poche, 85 Presidential Blvd., apt. 16L, Paterson, New Jersey.

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NUDE MODEL

Will travel - morning, noon, or night to your office, pad or studio. \$45/HR. Call 582-3460.

SOUTHERN MALE MODEL AVAILABLE TO DO YOUR THING CALL GUY 724-3880

Beautiful Negro Male Model Masculine brown body. \$35/session. Dave, 866-2237. Nude buttock photo \$3, 2 frontals \$5. David Alexander, PO BOX 1275, Manhattanville Sta., N.Y.C. 10027.

YOUNG NEGRO MALE MODEL, WELL DEVELOPED AND AVAILABLE FOR YOUR THING AND HIS. CALL MARTIN 982-0636

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CONSTRUCTION WORKER, good looking, solid developed physique. Available private posing, ETC. Need extra bread. Cooperative. Also have large collection films. TONY DANA: 982-0636.

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FEMALE figure models wanted for magazine and pinup ages 19-25 no experience necessary. Call WORLD WIDE PHOTO 924-8558.



Mystery of Personality Revealed through handwriting. Send samples, (unlined paper is best) with \$2.00 for each expert analysis by Professor Kudo, Box 133, East White Plains, New York 10604.

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seasonal quarterly in the whole earth spirit of information exchange and real good news for mobicentric survival: gourmet backpacking, organic dining, communal cooking, internal ecology, diet philosophies, growing, sources, herbal lore, environmental art, crafts, laughing abundance, sun kitchen, free ads for home industry - share your ideas, tips, experiences, recipes, etc. and we will send you 10 copies of the issue which includes your contribution. 50c (10 copies \$2.50) year \$1.50 THE REAL FOOD STORE 53 MAIN NEW PALTZ, NY 12561

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EARN UP TO \$50 PLUS a day as a model for a groovy body painting & photo studio. Call 477-6811.

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20% DISCOUNT on all Organic Vitamins and Health Foods - all brand names. This is a communal effort of individuals to get a collectively lower price for our stuff. NON-PROFIT. 989-4260.

SECRETARY, HEAVY TYPIST, Office Experience, Groovy Atmosphere, Record Company. Call [212] 581-2212.

SAINT MARK'S FREE CLINIC NEEDS SPACE FOR EXPANSION, PLENTY OF DOCTOR'S DENTISTS, NOT ENOUGH SPACE, 3 to 5 ROOM APT. OR SMALL LOFT. LOVE, 533-9500.

Hear my Heart when the magnet decays into creation & rebellion waltzes with aspiration Hear my Heart when revenge surrenders to ecstasy & folly blooms into decency yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

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FOR GAY MALES - a non-computer but personalized introductory service between sophisticated males for friendship and similarity of interests. Write, Just Mates, Dept. E., 509 Fifth Ave., NYC, 10017.

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Is there an attractive, trim shaped gal, 21-35 interested in a simple, uncomplicated, uninvolved sexual relationship perhaps once or twice a week for a few hours? You will be respected as a person and appreciated as a woman by attractive, intelligent, well-built, pleasant, executive type guy. Write and let's discuss the possibilities. Photo please. Same returned. Discretion assured. Box 3415, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, P.O. 10017.

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Young man with a very well trained tongue. Will go over every part of your body. Special emphasis given to the anus. Also can administer enema. (no men) Box 132, 5517 Broadway, NY 104663

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

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

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VOLUPTUOUS YOUNG BLONDE model will nude-pose for you privately in air-conditioned studio. Call 228-3017. Pat, 47 East 19 St., 5th floor.

Are You Game?

Ex-sailor, young, ac/dc, not s/m or b/d, will introduce young, masculine guy under thirty to one of many swinging chicks he knows, in exchange for fun and games with him. Send phone, address, recent photo gae, description, for date with him at his place in Newark, N.J. Just short ride from Manhattan. Well worth your while. G.P.O. Box 979, New York 10001.

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

Black Female Psyche student, working on masters (marriage-statehood cause and effect) seeks 'daring' Black Male, 27-35, some college, for experimental 1-2 years only in marriage. Reply to 'psyche-marriage' PO Box 1484, Newark, New Jersey 07101.

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