

See...Hear...Feel...Taste...Smell

Go ahead, raise a few eyebrows.

THE OTHER

SPECIAL 5th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

1965

1970

♫ JUST CAN'T GET
LOOSE WITHOUT THAT
JUICE ♫

PHYSICAL HYGIENE
MENTAL HEALTH
AND
MORAL RESPONSIBILITY

BE AS SELFISH
AS THE NEIGHBORHOOD
YOU LIVE IN!



VOL 6 NO1. DEC. 1, 1970 25¢ NYC 35¢ OUTSIDE

HIRAP

In the first issue of EVO its aims and purposes were best summed up in the following paragraph:

The East Village Other, while technically not a newspaper, will serve in that capacity on a monthly schedule until such time as it is possible to gain footing on a bi-weekly or weekly schedule. Our format is that of a broadside, an abandoned tradition in news-sheet that appeared during times of crisis; i.e., to speak against the King during the American revolution, and in the North before the Civil War to shout for the abolition of slavery. Aiming at the world in general, we hope to become the mirror of opinion of the East Village.

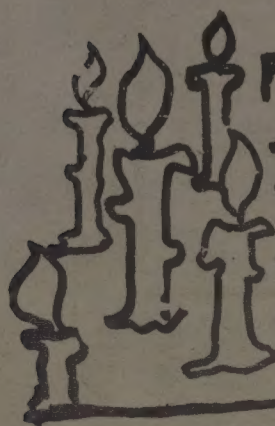
Whereas the "new" citizens of the East Village ceased being so new, our own interests have long ago evolved beyond the narrow confines of the East Village. We still aim at the world in general, and hopefully live up to our original intention of becoming the mirror of opinion of the new citizenry.

Just by coincidence, on the very same day this Fifth Anniversary Issue was being prepared, who but J. Edgar Hoover should freak out behind a tall tale of horror about an East Coast conspiracy to Save Lives, led by the imprisoned Berrigan brothers? Supposedly, their grand plot was to blow up Washington's electrical works and kidnap someone from the White House. Not a bad idea, really, but as far-fetched as anything EVO ever came up with. We print them almost as fast as the nearest cynic can put them down. At times we've been way off, but more often than not we're right on target. We rave, we rant, but nevertheless succeed in blowing the whistle long before the rest of the world gets hip to such things as, Concentration Camps, Chemical-Bacteriological Warfare, Sufies, De Sapio's guilt and Harry Anslinger's nepotistical chicaneries. We put 'FUCK HATE' on the cover, and with one fell swoop liberated the English language. We had the audacity to claim, way back in '66, that a West Virginia mountain was being inhaled by eight million New Yorkers, and as yet haven't been proven wrong. When Aaron Koota busted us for depicting an unnatural act--a Spain cartoon involving cunnilingus--we ran the following week a 'follow the dots' copy of the same cartoon. And they have yet to prove us wrong on that one, either.

All too often we goofed and fucked up, but just consider this--for the past five years we've never missed a deadline, no matter what catastrophe we might have encountered in the process. In spite of regrettable lapses in our communal consciousness, we have tried not to lose sight of reality. No matter what fluctuations the public's predilections underwent, we succeeded in maintaining our independence, and thus sustained a truly free forum, one unencumbered by narrow doctrinaire cobwebs of the past. We call the shots as we see them, and have every intention of pursuing the same course in the future. The gap created by media's yellow-bellied hypocrisy makes our survival essential. It is a fact we try to bear in mind, and we hope that you the Reader will aid us in accomplishing it.

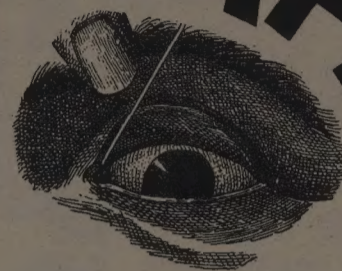
Jaakov Kohr
Allen Katzman
Fred Mogubgub
Jackie Diamond
Ray Schultz
Dean Latimer
Charlie Frick
Jackie Friedrich
Rudi Stern
Stephen Kohn
Vincent Francis
Patrick Craig Titus
Little Arthur Chaitkin
Gianfranco Mantegna
Livingston Hinckley III
David Walley
Claudia Dreifus
Jackie Acon
Alex Gross
Kim Deitch
Spain Rodriguez
Yossarian
Lil Picard
John Reilly
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 TO EVO AT 5-
Bedmates
Forever - Woody



GLORIOUS NEWSPAPER PATAREALISM



TO COMMEMORATE THE "OTHER" EXPANDS ITS FORE UNDERGROUND

STRIKE THE HERETO

PEACE RALLY BREEDS STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

strange bedfellows



LOWER EAST SIDE, Sept 25: A group of approximately 1500 eminently peaceful persons assembled on the corner of Avenue B and 9th Street to hear Mitchell Kaufman, from the top of a sound truck, introduce various speakers from the left protesting the war in Vietnam. The opportunity was seized by a variety of groups ranging from Black Muslims, who were selling their newspaper further south on Ave. B, to Progressive Labor, who provided speakers and passed out various handbills, leaflets, and newspapers. Fifteen policemen were on hand, one on a rooftop, to keep at bay a group of "fraternity" boys sporting butns and signs that read "William Buckley for Mayor," "American Patriots for Freedom," and down "Down with the Red Traitors," who shouted, "You're a creep," at Jose Fuentes and, "Intellectuals!" at speaker Glenn Henderson.

"Little old ladies," members of the Tompkins Square Neighbors for Peace Action, sponsors of the rally, filtered through the crowd soliciting signatures to send to Representative Farstein. Five men in sport coats, and ties, hob-nobbing with uniformed policemen, were identified as

FBI agents by an informed leftist.

Conrad Lynn, the civil liberties lawyer who for a time defended 23 year old David H. Mitchell, sentenced to five years for draft dodging, spoke saying, "The government would be very happy if the youth of this country objecting to the draft pleaded conscientious objection on religious grounds." He stated that those of C.O. status, "get assigned to noncombatant jobs," such as working in "state mental institutions at starvation wages." Lynn continued by saying that "the U.S. is becoming known the world over as the new citadel of Fascism," arguing to "fight the war in Vietnam, not on religious grounds, but on political and moral grounds." A man in the group of hecklers held up a small Chinese flag saying, "We got your flag over here."

A light note entered the rally when Mr. Kaufman introduced editor of The Realist, Paul Krassner, who, after mounting the sound truck, faced the group of hecklers and gave the Nazi salute. Krassner then said, referring

to the hecklers, "They're shouting 'Give us Pot,'" then assured police that he was only speaking "theoretically". He said, "More people are interested in Dorothy Malone, of T.V.'s Peyton Place, than the war in Vietnam. A leftist in the crowd said, "He's always joking. He never says anything serious."

Krasner went on to say, "Lady Bird wears falsies. These falsies are not made of ordinary foam rubber, but 5-Day Deodorant Pads." He then quipped about Johnson getting a roll-on ball imbedded in his armpit. "Drop dead Communist Pig," yelled a heckler from the YAF contingent. "I wonder how they feel about rading in the conservative newspapers, such as the Cleveland Plain Dealer, that they do not really know whether the villages they are bombing are empty or not... and B-52's are bombing 'suspected' Viet Cong targets," Krasner replied.

Conrad Lynn had sited that there was a law making it a felony to persuade of convince anyone to fight against the draft, and said the government was "too cowardly" to enforce such a law, stating that they knew the worst thing that could happen to this country was for the world to know that there are thousands of its citizens against the "dirty war in Vietnam."

Though the police and FBI watched none were arrested.



Walter Bredel Photo

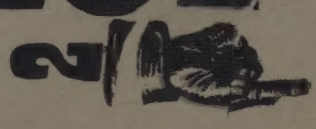
Generation of Draft Dodgers

Draft dodging is worse now than at any time since the Civil war Selective Service officials suspect, though no precise figures are available. Congressmen have been bombarding local boards with requests for deferments. Prominent people have brought pressure on the boards to exempt their sons. Employers have claimed that most unlikely young workers are essential to the home front. Men who became eligible for the draft on their eighteenth birthday have refused to register, thereby facillitating an unprecedented breakdown in the machinery of the Selective Service Board which an official noted, "WE have neither the time nor the money to track down these offenders."

Facing a \$10,000 fine and/or five years in jail men between the ages of 18 and 26 are using techniques ranging from not registering for the draft to the old standby homosexuality to make themselves invisible or ineligible for the draft. This month, 33,600 new draftees will be pressed into service with the call increasing in November and December. The first married men without children will be ordered to duty after Christmas.

Brig. General S.L.A. Marshall said in a column in the Philadelphia Inquirer, "The statistics said there was no choice in the matter. Either the induction quotas would have to be approximately doubled, or Navy as well as Army would fall short of the strength levels essential to expanding the war in Vietnam."

PATAREALIST REFLECTION: Washington has initiated a program of patriotism to offset the rise in draft dodging. It is an old custom in society, when the roof of its moral laws and values begin to cave in, that the bulwark be supported for the meantime by the empty beams of patriotism!



Whilst we were working on the Archie gotterdamering that comprised the centerfold here last week, I was mildly startled to hear Ray Schultz musing, 'The big battles, they were in '67-'68.' We were trying to place Moose's earning of the Congressional Medal of Honour, and Schultz approximated the 'big battles' of the Vietnam war - or the Indo-Chinese conflict, if you prefer - as having taken place in a definite period in the past; as if, that is, the war had formed of itself already some pattern, evident to Schultz but not to me. In other words, to go by Schultz his intimations, there'll never be another Ke Sanh: that happened in 1968, and comprised the high point of the war. It'll likely never happen again - the big battles of the Vietnam war are over - and to me this comes as a trace of a start.

It set me to thinking, though, and to setting the last five years into patterns. This here is supposed to be the Fifth Anniversary Issue of the East Village Other, and if you are setting things into patterns, it seems clear that the high point of EVO was also attained around '67-'68, when we had all those cartoonists here: Spain, Kim, Crumb, those dudes. Before '67, EVO was mainly an avante-garde arty agitprop rag, establishing new standards of raciness and political novelty, and selling mainly on account of its outrageous iconoclasm; after '67, when a host of other more outrageous publications appeared in pursuit, EVO still held a prominence, and in fact achieved an historical apex of artistic excellence, thanks to the brilliance of the cartoonists working here; but since 1969 we have been manifestly floundering, outshone on every consideration by such as Screw and Rat, because the cartoonists split for San Francisco.

EVO, that is, passed the zenith of her orbit some time in 1968. First the Rat appeared, and although its frenzied political belligerence sounded absurd at first, events subsequently showed the Rat to be very relevant indeed. Then Screw came out, pungent with pussy, bristling with dick, and before you knew it there were tons of spread shots on the stands every week. EVO, splitting the difference between politics and pussy, had little by which to recommend itself but

the brilliance of its artists: then in 1969 all those fuckers split for the Coast, and we've been broke ever since.

BROKE

Broke, motherfucker, do you dig? The night before Thanksgiving last week I had a dream in which Ray Schultz came back to the apartment which between us we share, and told me that he had given eight dollars to a wino. 'He really deserved it,' said Schultz in my dream: 'You should talk to the poor bastard sometime, he's really a groovy son of a bitch.

Lotsa stories.' In my dream I groaned, since I knew that between us for Thanksgiving we had only the sum of ten dollars, which we had extorted the evening before from Little Stevie Heller: and ten minus eight to a worthy wino, well...already in my dream I was plotting how to hit up Claudia Dreifus for a five, with which to procure a nickle bag of smack for a Thanksgiving coma.

'Hey Latimer,' announced Schultz first thing Thanksgiving morning. 'Get the hell up. It's one o'clock.'

'So what?' I groaned, still visualizing eight dollars, a five and three one's with little angel-wings, fluttering off like butterflies into the nevermore. 'C'mon, get up,' he persisted, out of my view thanks to the seven-foot elevation of my loft bed. 'I got some bread.'

'So fucking what?' It is hard to forgive a man eight dollars out of ten. 'Raisin bread?' Leave it to Schultz to spend the entire remaining deuce on some fancy-ass kind of bread neglecting to save even enough so much for peanut butter with which to garnish it. 'Pumper-fucking-nickle bread?' Wd'd both pissed away enough penniless days out of our lives on nothing but cigarettes and air, rummaging through stray

Thanksgiving On \$10 A Day

DE COMPOSITION

by dean latimer

paper bags for packets of coffee-suger to dump on our tongues, lining up for the diseased cocktail-hour chili at Max's Kansas City, anything to appease the tummy-grumble, we ought to be used to it. 'Ryebread, maybe?' But on Thanksgiving?

'C'mon Latimer, get up,' he insisted Quixotically. 'I got some tenners.'

'Tenners?'

'One for you, one for me. From the Arab.'

'Son of a bitch,' I marvelled, provisionally setting aside the nickle of doogie in favour of at least grits and eggs. 'A tenner? For me? From the Arab?'

'Yeah. Now get the fuck up. Heller'll be here any minute, he's watching the Macy Parade.'

ARAB

The Arab. That is our euphemism for Jaakov Kohn, the editor of EVO, who, while he actually hails from some Czechoslovakian ghetto, carries with him the ineradicable aroma of Middle Eastern dromedary. When we are feeling well-disposed toward him, that is what we call him, the Arab. At other times we merely refer to him as That Fucking Jew. Schultz and I are capital good anti-Semites, in theory at least. We are also fine racists, excellent Italian defamators, Puerto Rican baiters, and anti-Communists. We even profess a vast distaste

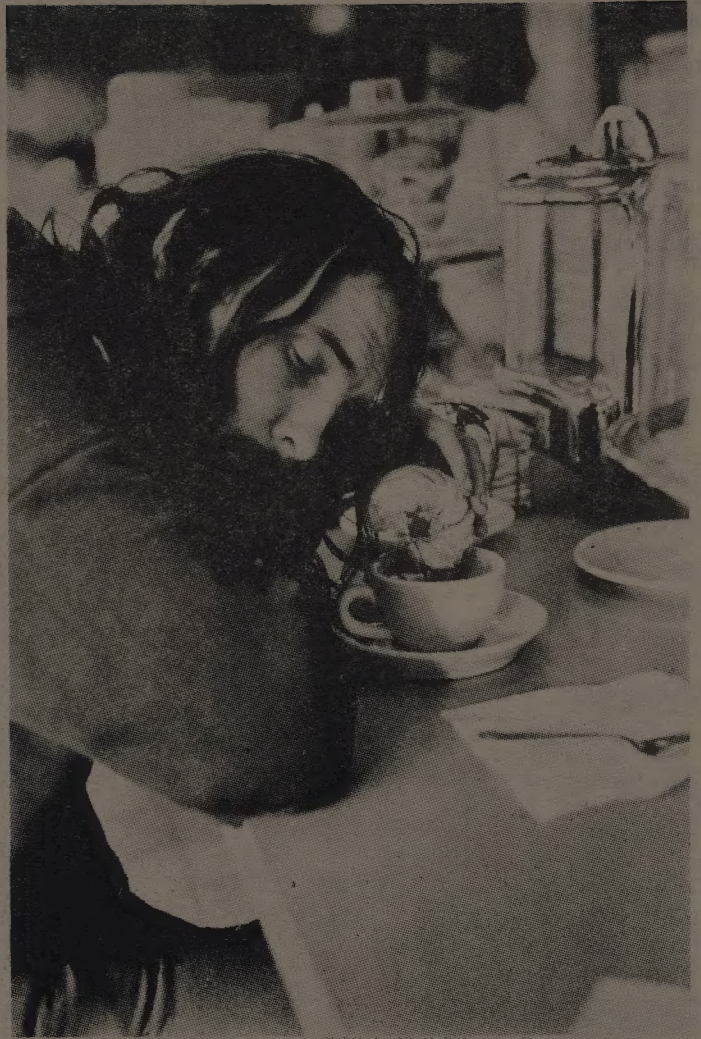
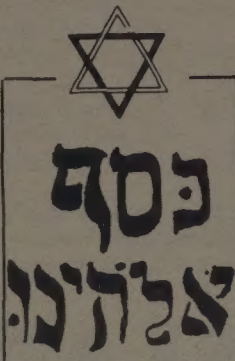


PHOTO RITE Depicts Latimer Preparing To Face Fifth Farshimmelt Winter At Gazette

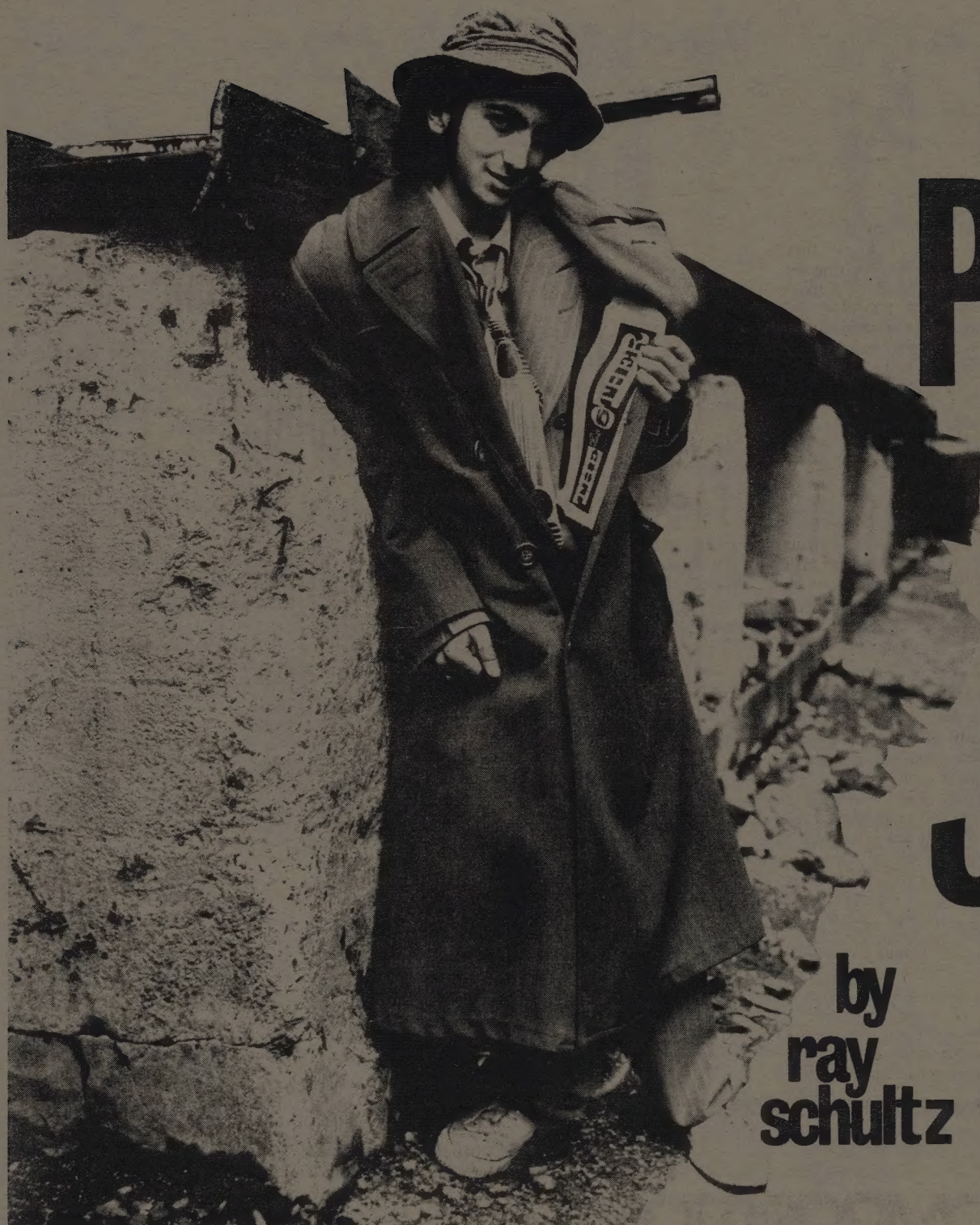
PHOTO: JIM BUCKLEY/SCREW

for Filipinos, Australians, MEXicans, Canuks, rich people, midgets, paraplegics, sex deviates, and the blind-deaf-and-dumb. Not to mention cripples, whom we abhor, or hippies, who enrage us, or Germans, those rat bastards. Catholics? Why, it's Freemasonry that's at fault for half the world's ills. Protestants? Those idiots and their good works, they should all be gassed. Schultz and I have devised defamatory raps on everybody under the sun, but our best one, equalled only in length and behemence by our rap against WASPS, is our anti-Semetic rap. What do you expect? Every publisher with whom we have to deal is Jewish, and we are starving Starving, motherfucker! Oh, but for those horrible Jews, Schultz and I would have had a Thanksgiving in the grand old Protestant fashion. We aimed to go upstate to visit my mother, and eat turkey and mince pie and venison with thirty-odd other inlaws and outlaws, around the huge kitchen table, and burp and fart with the menfolk afterward watching the bowl games while the women wash the dishes, in the kitchen. We had everything planned: one Wednesday morning, Schultz would collect a bundle of pelf from Larry Marshak of Rock, I'd get my bushel from Brill * Walstein of X, and straight to the Port Authority we would go, cop the \$30 round-trip ticket, and be off to a good Christian Thanksgiving. But lo! Come Wednesday, Marshak does not show up to sign for Schultz his check until a half hour after the banks close; and at X, Brill & Walstein gravely inform me that, gee, what with the holiday and all, the payroll won't be ready

'till Friday. 'We haven't got any money,' goes the refrain at both publishing concerns. 'If we had any, you'd be the first to get it!' Oh, that detested alibi! 'We haven't got any money,' they always say, 'If I did you'd be the first to get it.' Schultz says he has heard tell of a book called the Talmud, in which, rumour has it, all the lore of the Jews is contained. Some say this book is nothing more than a religious document much like the Old Testament, and in fact, when asked for it by a gentile, a Jew invariably produces something of that description. But the real Talmud, we are beginning to suspect, is quite something else. I personally have heard from a reliable source - The Arab himself - that the first words thereof are not 'And the world was void and without form,' but something else. I wonder, could those opening words be these: I haven't got any money. If I did...?

So you can see where the Arab's giving to us of tenners threw me into a state of confused exaltation, or of exalted confusion, causing me to lie transfixed on my loft bed, sucking on a cigarette, until Heller came along fresh from the Macy's Parade. He's another one of them, Stevie Heller: born of rich Jewish parents, a former child model, presently layer-out of Rock and Broadside, and the possessor, at barely twenty years of age, of a swanky West Village apartment. Yet he hangs out by preference with such as Schultz and me, lowly Protestant scum without a penny to be euchered out of us for all conceivable Talmudic wiles. Oh, it's hard to

(Continued on Page 18)



PUNKS OF JUDEA

by
ray
schultz

Do you remember the old days when someone like Krushchev would arrive in town and immediately every single Hungarian, Bulgarian, Yugoslavian, Rumanian, Lithuanian, Latvian, Pole, Cubano and Jew in New York would gang up outside the UN to demand the death of the commie rat murderer? They were tough, those exiles, they made the Weathermen look like a bunch of Sunday school teachers, and they never really lost their touch, for in the wee hours of last Tuesday morning, while New Yorkers were busy at one thing and another, the Soviet Embassy on 67th Street was blated inside-out by a pipe bomb that was most likely the gift of the Jewish Defense League, a Zionist organization that was even then marching to protest the plight of Soviet Jewry.

"We didn't do it," said their leader, Rabbi Meir Kuhane, "but we wish we did."

Yes, it was the Jewish Defense League, reputed to be 5,700 strong, with training camps upstate, and armed to the teeth, with grudges against the Soviets, the American left, the Black Panthers and even most Jews - that received popular acclaim for the bombing. Coincidentally, a mere couple of days before the incident, I had visited the headquarters of the JDL on West 42nd St. between Ninth and Tenth - a seedy neighborhood filled with burlesque houses and

retail outlets. I had a ten o'clock appointment with a Mr. Larry Fein, and I arrived on time, but when I pushed the elevator button for the third floor of the building - the JDL loft - I got no response. I left and returned several times and finally was climbing into the elevator at one point when I ran into a serious-looking young man, about six feet all, wearing a yarmulka, and I asked him, "Are you with the JDL?"

"Yes," he sniffed in a downright hostile fashion.

"Are you Mr. Fein?"

"No," he growled in a mean way.

We rode to the third floor together, then went into the loft - a long collection of offices with plasterboard walls, and signs: "TEN WAYS NOT TO BUILD A MOVEMENT," which included such signs as "Not participating in demonstrations," and "not obeying regulations." Another sign read "President Nixon, get the Russians out of Egypt."

The young man I entered with all but ran through the hallway, slamming open office doors, then pacing frantically.

"Is Mr. Fein here now?" I asked, though it was obvious no one was present. "No," he said immediately, pacing quickly for a backroom, almost in a panic. "I don't know what's going on here. Sheldon!" he shouted. "Sheldon!"

Not wishing to freak the young fellow out, I split and returned later, at which time the office seemed to be in full production.

This time I was met at the door of the elevator by a young lady in a fatigue jacket. She looked to be about 17, and was friendly and polite. Several people were walking around in fatigue jackets and berets, though several others were dressed in sports clothes - with yarmulkas resting on their heads. One man wore a sheath around his waist that had a knife in it. I noticed another sign on the wall: "Reminder, Albert Einstein Takeover, 3:30 p.m. Be in Dean's office." A stout, pimply young man wearing a YAF button led me into the office of Mr. Larry Fein who said "What can I do for you?" with an edge to his voice. He was sitting behind his desk, and he was dressed in extremely flashy sports clothes. He appeared to be in his mid-thirties.

"I had an appointment to talk with you," I told him.

"Oh yes," he said. "This is an interview," he told the young man with the YAF button.

"Can I stay and listen?" the young man asked.

"Sure. Stay. What do you want to know?" he asked me.

We went through some of the basic particulars.

"The Jewish Defense League was organized in 1968 to defend Jews, physically and by any means necessary. We are not racists, we have black members and Christian members. We have Christian Zionists who believe in upholding the State of Israel."

"Who are you defending the Jews from?" I asked.

"We are opposed to any group of any individual that is against Jews."

"You mean like the Nazi's?"

"Anyone... who is against... Jews."

"What about the Black Panthers?"

"Like I said. The Black Panthers are anti-Semitic."

"Didn't you just file a suit against them to keep them from holding a rally?"

"Of course. We think the taxpayer's money should not be used by racist organizations. The Black Panthers have been guilty of absolute libel against Jewish people. And they demand the destruction of the state of Israel."

"Where do you stand on political issues in this country?"

"We are a pro-American organization. We are American citizens, and we are for the American government. We are against those groups which would overthrow the government with violence."

"But aren't you a violent organization yourself?"

"We believe in using the court system. We are not against any people on an ethnic or religious basis. Of course, when the Muslims support the destruction of the state of Israel... we are vehemently against any organization that supports the destruction of the state of Israel."

"Are you armed?"

"No comment."

"I read that you were heavily armed."

"Of course, some of our individual members may be armed. That's inherent in any militant organization. But we never bring arms to demonstrations, we don't bring anything. We're not there to be on the offensive...we consider our purpose to be defensive. But we want to erase this image of the Jew as a weakling. Six million. Never again."

"What kind of people are in your organization?" I asked.

"All kinds of people," he said.

"Rich people, poor people - not all Jews have money, you know. That's a laugh. My mother still lives in a Ghetto in the Bronx next to Black people, next to

alls, kinds of people. We work with black people in the communities. We work with Christians. We're a minority group, too, we have a common cause. Of course, we're whites. We're in the white bag. But we're for self-determination, we don't want to assimilate, we want to maintain our heritage.

"What kind of community work do you do?" I asked.

"Well, in Boston, we have joint car patrols with a Black group - they said we were the only ones they trusted to go on patrol with. Maybe that's because we're militant, I don't know."

"You say you're for the government. Well some people

(Continued on Page 23)

PANTHER THING

by JACKIE FRIEDRICH

It just goes on and on and on and on and on, and unless something is done to stop the train, it will keep on going on and on and on and on and on until we're all finally bars of soap or lampshades decorating the homes of those who winter in San Clemente. I wish I was exaggerating, but I'm afraid I'm not. Someone once said, "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows," but I think there's a lot of people around who are in grave need of an alarm clock.

RRRRRIIIIIHHNNNNNGGGGGG!!!!

So punk ass, teachers pet, Phillips opened court on Monday, Nov. 23, with the presentation of his tapes and scripts to the court. Having draped expensive head sets on the judges bench and on the jurors chairs, he said that he would play the tapes first for Murt, the counsel and the defendants, so that they would "learn" how to listen to the tapes. Bob Bloom again objected, saying that since the tapes were inaudible, the transcripts were prepared with "something in mind" and not by a neutral party. Murtagh, of course, overruled this objection, and said that he would not tolerate outbreaks in the court.

Bill Crain then made a motion, that since new equipment had been brought in, there should be no interruptions and guidance on which page of the transcript the tape had reached. This was denied by Murt, who went on to tell Bill to "refrain from persistent motions." Phillips then informed the court that of the three reels of tape used on the night of March 13, 1969, he had only brought in one. The others, he said, were "irrelevant." (Meaning they probably have something on them that would prejudice the jury IN FAVOR of the defendants.) So Phillips insisted on only entering that one tape into evidence. Jerry Lefcourt asked to hear the rest of the tape before a decision could be made, but Murt again came to the defense of his pet, and said that there was no need to hear the other two reels, and went on to say that he was disturbed about the amount of time being wasted. (The remark was slanted at the defense, of course, but it was Phillips who was granted an adjournment in order to prepare his brief and to gather his expensive equipment.)

Jerry then brought out the fact that the defense had not had the opportunity to cross examine Cavanagh (the Phillips lackey who made the transcripts with Roberts) and that Cavanagh's testimony was necessary to their arguments, but Phillips called that a waste of time, and Murt supported him, calling the motion irrelevant. After the March 13 tape was played, the court granted Phillips request to listen again to the tape of March 11. Cavanagh tried to find the place where the court had left off, when Murt had ruled the tape inaudible, on the first hearing, but Cavanagh could not locate the spot. Bob Bloom suggested that that might be because he couldn't hear what was being said without the help of his own script — even after two solid weeks of listening to it. Murt told Bob to be quiet.

After the tapes had been played, Murt did not officially make his decision but strongly intimated that he had finally realized how much Phillips needed these tapes and transcripts and would rule that they were admissible. Bill Crain again suggested that the court stenographer take down what he could hear, as a test of audibility, but Murt denied the motion, saying that the court

would decide, and said the defense could have 45 minutes to argue against the admission of the tapes on Tuesday.

So on Tuesday, Nov. 24, Phillips continued speaking out of the side of his mouth, saying that the law of this country, this state, supports the admission of his precious tapes. He said that by bringing in his modern equipment, his tapes had been made "more clearly audible," in fact, "startlingly clear," and that he, Weinstein, Cavanagh, and the under cover agents, didn't need the head sets — they could hear every word on the transcript loud and clear — the only reason the court couldn't was because of lack of experience. But the headsets, he said, eliminated all distractions, making the tapes 100% clearer and he was sure the court had noticed that.

Jerry Lefcourt then said that since the court had received both briefs, he would only add that the headphones did not really improve the audibility of either tape — the same difficulties remained as the defense and the defendants could still not make out most of the words or sounds, and to look at the heart of the matter, Phillips was not really concerned with the tapes, but obviously wanted the transcripts to be read and accepted by the jury. The transcript was prepared by the prosecution; by an undercover agent who is the main witness and a law investigator working in Phillips' office. The skeleton transcripts, written by the undercover team, had disappeared. Also, since the pre-trial hearings, the defense made numerous motions to get the tapes, possibly to make their own transcripts, but Phillips had always refused. Both tapes, he said, were inaudible and should be excluded. McKinney then said that he was disturbed by the preparation and effect of the transcripts which were made in the form of corroboration of Roberts' testimony. Cavanagh himself testified that he would not have been able to distinguish the voices on the tape without the "assistance" of Roberts. Murt then argued that McKinney assumed that Roberts' testimony would need corroboration — again putting his bias on the record. Murt then said that the D.A. — (of all people) — should question Roberts as to the voices. McKinney told him that although he was well acquainted with the voices of the defendants, HE had difficulty trying to distinguish them, but Murt said that even HE could identify the voices. Bob Bloom said that the transcript was the clearest form hearsay, but Murt interrupted him, telling him the court had already experienced Bloom's lack of knowledge about hearsay, again implying that the defense counsel should go back to law school and stop making things uncomfortable for him. Bloom went on, however, saying that it was Roberts who said whose voice was whose — OUT OF COURT, but Murt and Phillips both chimed in, saying that Roberts had testified in court about the voices. Bloom went on, saying that, since the name of a particular person would appear before each "quote" in the script, Roberts should testify about that IN COURT where it is subject to cross examination. Murt again, overruled, saying that the court was not taking the transcript as evidence, simply as something produced by two people (which is evidence in Murt's court — if it's produced by the "right" side.) Murt continued vamping on Bloom, throwing one of his snide smiles to Phillips, and saying that he appreciated Bloom's advice to the D.A. Murt then made some assinine metaphor, which he obviously fell in love with cause he repeated it all week, about how the

transcripts were just like the earphones; simply to assist the jurors in hearing the tapes. (a non sequitur if there ever was one). Bill Crain then said that there were two separate rulings before the court:

1) were the tapes admissible? and
2) were the transcripts admissible? — two separate things. Since the words on the tape were inaudible and indistinguishable, the transcripts would lead people to believe that that is what was on the tapes, while the defense had heard differently.

Other courts have taken notice as to what goes on in the human mind and what kind of effect a transcript would have on the juror, when the tape itself was inaudible. Crain then cited the very cases Murt had used against the defense, saying that the transcripts in those cases obviously repeated only what was clearly audible on the tapes, adding nothing. That is not the case here, where the transcripts obviously add a lot that would never be heard by anyone. In those other cases cited, all previous transcripts and drafts had been made available to the defense, that is blatantly not the case here, where there was a mysterious disappearance of the first skeleton transcript. Crain again asked that the court stenographers be allowed to take down what they could hear, if only for the record. The counsel and defendants did not think the transcript represented what they heard on the tapes, and where the jury must speculate, the transcripts should be eliminated. Allowing these transcripts before the jury is to allow the worst kind of speculation, as it had been written after weeks of police work to create damaging evidence, and even thought the court might "instruct" the jury on how to use the transcripts, the court could not erase something from the jury's mind.

Murt then said that he would wait to make his ruling until Cavanagh had testified. (Cavanagh had been present during all of these arguments and by that time, after having been well coached by Phillips, he knew exactly what to say.) Murt now said that the court was satisfied with the inaudibility of all of the tapes. Though he had first thought and ruled that they were insufficient (see last week's article), he now decided that he had abundant reason for changing his mind and stated that the audibility was beyond question and warranted being heard by the jury. He said that the tapes were clearly audible in the legal and scientific sense, and that the tapes and the transcripts could be used. (Quite a switch on last week's ruling — but now he is aware of just how much Phillips needs his scripts.)

Jerry Lefcourt then said that on the first hearing there was a speaker placed not a foot and a half from Murt's ear, and Murt had ruled that the tape was inaudible and that he didn't want or need to hear anymore. The latest ruling was a travesty.

Murt then had the audacity to say that the lack of audibility on the first hearing was due to the misconduct of the defense and their clients. He said that he had no problem with audibility on Monday and again compared the transcripts to the earphones.

Jerry then reminded the conveniently forgetful judge, that the defense had only made objections when the tape was OFF, so THAT could not have been the cause of the inaudibility of the tapes. Murt was just picking up Phillips' cue — as Phillips had been blaming the DEFENSE for the inaudibility of his tapes for the past week and Murt had finally caught on to the fact that

Phillips' whole case rested on the admission of these tapes and transcripts.

McKinney then suggested that the names designating certain statements to certain people be stricken from the transcripts, but Murt declared that he did not follow McKinney's reasoning.

Sandy Katz reminded Murt that in Cavanagh's testimony, the fact had clearly come out that the tapes were impossible to comprehend and therefore, the behavior of defense and defendants had nothing to do with the inaudibility of the tapes. Murt told Sandy that he had no sense of propriety, but Sandy went on to say that any conduct by the defense and their clients was brought on by disbelief in the ridiculous tapes and transcripts being entered into evidence. Murt answered that he found the tapes completely audible.

Bob Bloom then suggested that the defense be allowed to prepare their own transcript, but Murt denied the motion loudly. After some more logical motions and objections from the defense along the same lines were all categorically overruled or denied by Murt, Cavanagh again took the stand.

Cavanagh said that he had prepared the transcript of March 13, 1969, with the assistance of Roberts and new "sophisticated" equipment provided by Phillips. Was the transcript a word for word document of what was on the tape? And Cavanagh said yes, just before the defense raised an objection to this leading question, which was, for a change, sustained. So Phillips smiled coyly, and Cavanagh, who had been well coached, returned the smile, what was the transcript? "Word for word . . ."

Sandy Katz asked Cavanagh if his instructions had been primarily the same on the March 13 tape as they had on the March 11 tape. Yes, they were. Phillips gave him his instructions and Roberts gave him guidance. Did he tell Phillips of the difficulties he had had with the first tape? Yes. And he still got the same instructions? Yes. How many people made the skeleton transcript? Six or seven. People from the D.A.'s office? Cavanagh was not sure, although he, himself, worked for the D.A. Detectives? Yes. From the S.S. division? Yes, Ralph White, Lester Eggleston and some others. (all the infiltrators) Did he ever play the tape in its entirety? No, that would have been a waste of time. A waste of time because it was inaudible? Cavanagh wouldn't say. Were there any discussions about particular words? Yes. Differences as to meaning? Yes. Did Cavanagh keep the skeleton transcript? Part of it, he just didn't know what his "secretaries" did with the rest of it. Who helped him with the final drafts? Roberts. Did anyone else come in the room while they were working? Phillips and Weinstein. Did they have any suggestions as to the words on the tape? Yes. Did Cavanagh ever adopt any of the suggestions they made? Yes, sir. Did he change his own ideas to do so? Yes. Did he have disagreements with Roberts? Yes. Did Roberts decide on the identification of the voices? Yes. Did they differ as to voice identification? Yes. Did Cavanagh ever listen to the tape in its entirety without the transcript? No. Was that because he knew it was inaudible? Cavanagh wouldn't say. Was it because he knew that listening to the tapes without a transcript would be an exercise in futility? Cavanagh said that the transcript just made things easier. Did Phillips tell him that only a portion of the tape was to be used? Cavanagh was not sure. Did Cavanagh transcribe the entire tape? No. How did he know what to omit? Well, the

skeleton started after the omission. So he never heard what preceded that omission? Not at that time. Did there come a time when he heard the omission? Yes. How did he know where to begin and end the transcript? By speaking to Phillips. So there are still portions of the tape that have not been "transcribed"? Yes. So the assignment had a pre-selection built in it? In effect. Was he told that there were two other reels? No, he wasn't working with the original tape, but a re-recording. Was he told about the two other reels? No. Did he compare the two recordings? No. Did he work closely with Roberts? Yes. Did they get to know one another on a first name basis? Yes. Did Roberts tell him that he was present when the tapes were made? Yes. So did he allow Roberts special deference when a difference arose? Sort of. Was it his testimony that the transcript was word for word what was on the tape? Yes. Would it be possible for him to play the tape and write down, word for word, without the transcript? No.

Jerry Lefcourt then questioned Cavanagh, emphasizing the fact that only a select portion of the March 13 tape had been transcribed and brought into court. Jerry then asked for the rest of the tape, saying that the defense had been asking for the tapes since pre-trial hearings, but Phillips had waited till that moment to say they were available. But Murt and Phillips again evaded the issue, and Jerry asked Cavanagh if the jury were to hear the two tapes, without the transcripts, would they be able to understand? Phillips objected and Murt sustained.

Phillips got up and started pulling his old college chum routine, grinning and asking Cavanagh if he realized he would be questioned by six attorneys. Cavanagh grinned in his Jerry Grote manner, and said no. Did he note in the transcripts when someone stuttered? Yes. Did he have many differences of opinion with Roberts? Very few.

Sandy Katz asked Cavanagh, if, when Ralph White saw the transcript and thought he found errors, would Cavanagh make the necessary corrections. Yes.

Gene Roberts took the stand, primarily to say that he had been wearing the transmitter on March 13, 1969, to identify the transcript as the one he had written, and to assign the statements to the defendants. The defense objected, saying that Roberts was not an expert on identifying voices, but, in this instance, Murt ruled that a layman could testify. Bob Bloom objected, saying that taped voices sound different from live voices, particularly in such bad recordings, but Murt vamped on Bloom, ignoring his objection, and berating him for his lack of intelligence. (Anyone who disagrees with Murt has a lack of intelligence and should go back to law school, rules the court.)

Sandy Katz objected to the introduction of the evidence, saying that the court had previously held that the tapes were inaudible, and changed its ruling only after repeated pleas by the D.A. The transcript was clearly a subjective interpretation of a partially inaudible tape, done by a witness for the prosecution. The tendency towards bias and subjectivity in this transcript is so great, that it should not go before the jury. The transcripts and tapes were in violation of the 4th, 5th, and 6th Amendments.

Bob Bloom then objected to the introduction of the tapes, saying that the transcripts contained hearsay for the most part. He urged the court, rather than using a transcript made by those who had such motivation to guide it in one direction, to also let

An Open Letter to High School Students

the defense prepare a transcript — something that Phillips had made impossible up until now.

Jerry Lefcourt suggested, that if the tapes were admitted, that the jury be allowed to listen twice: once without the transcripts and once with.

Bill Crain repeated his motion that the court stenographers try to make their own transcript, seeing what they could get down.

Every one of these motions and objections was denied or overruled by Murtagh, who went on to rule that both the tape and transcript of March 13, 1969 were admissible. He then repeated that assinine metaphor of the transcript being the same kind of aid to the jury as the earphones.

Bill Crain then said, that in view of the instructions, the jury need not use the transcript if they didn't want to; that there was no requirement that they look at the transcript. Murt repeated his metaphor, and Bob Bloom said that the transcripts in no way were the same kind of assistance as the earphones, which is so obvious as to be laughable. An earphone just transmits sounds more clearly, a transcript written by the main infiltrator and one of Phillips' lackeys is an actively subjective and prejudicial document — a script. After Bob tried to clear up the non sequitur/metaphor, Murt interrupted, saying that BLOOM was making speeches to confuse the jury.

Bill Crain then objected to the fact that the court had commented on the evidence, saying that by using the transcripts, the jury would find the truth. And Murt said yes, the jury would be able to find the facts more effectively by using the transcripts prepared by Phillips' lackey careerist, and the BOSS agents who are witnesses for the prosecution.

McKinney then requested that there be no running commentary, telling the jury exactly what page they are on and when to go on to the next page.

Bill Crain suggested, that since the jury might ask for pages to be played more than once, that from time to time, they put down the transcripts and judge audibility for themselves. Murt interrupted — telling Bill to stop interrupting and continued vamping on him, saying that the court had been "indulging him and you have the brashness to interrupt me, now I've lost my train of thought." Bill apologized, and stuffy, spoiled Aunt Murtagh, said, "Your apology is long overdue — it is something you have owed me all through this trial." Incredible shit. But Bill Crain WAS STILL STANDING — what an affront to the court! So Murt stood up, in his supreme attempt at protraying judicial dignity and directed that Bill be seated, saying that he could not understand how Crain could be a member of the bar. After a few more assinine comments, the tapes were played and transcripts were again given to the press, with the hopes that the prejudicial information would be in the evening editions. Some of the members of the jury, however, took the advice of the defense, and spent some time just listening to the tapes and not reading the transcript. **POWER TO THE PEOPLE.**

As court was about to adjourn Murt decided to throw in some prejudicial public relations, and warned the jurors not to shop in any of the stores mentioned in this case, especially now that the holiday season was approaching. (How about the subways, pig precincts and the Bronx Botanical Gardens — might as well get it all in.)

So if you have any illusions left at all about that picket fenced Amerikkkan justice, come to the courtrooms of Babylon and have your dreams shat on, pissed on, spat on, insulted and otherwise degraded. If you can't make some miracles happen at least don't sit around waiting for one.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE POWER TO THOSE WHO DESERVE IT!

November 11, 1970

At noon of October 1, 1970, the men of the Long Island City jail, Branch Queens, stood up and demanded the animalistic treatment being meted out to them cease, and that they be treated as men by being given treatment afforded to men, according to their human rights as human beings. To punctuate these demands, prisoners of war were made of nine of their former jailers, for the system for which these men work is at a constant state of war with these men by denying them their civil and human rights.

It is to be pointed out that none of these P.O.W.'s were harmed or abused in any way, as they themselves have stated. For acting in this manner of giving humane treatment to P.O.W.'s, these brothers were brutally beaten and victimized by the fascist pigs upon the release of their prisoners. Out of this group of 300 men, 39 decided it was better to die fighting than to peacefully submit to these beatings and certain death for some. On October 6, 1970, these 39 brothers, leaving only after being assured of being treated as men, were transferred to another concentration camp and isolated from all other prisoners of war. On Friday, October 29,

1970, pig D.A. Mackel read four indictments on brothers that had been in Branch Queens, charging them with kidnapping, riot, etc.

If any of you have come to the Panther 21 trial or any of the numerous political trials going on around the country, you know of the blatant fascism that is going down in the courts, which has now been exposed in all its gore in the prison system. We, the inmates, have always known of its existence and now it has been exposed to the public. Racism, exploitation and brutality were and still are a part of the prison system and now the pigs, with the rising level of political awareness among the prison population are taking their wanton brutality to a higher level.

To combat this situation the brothers are turning to you, the people, and asking for your support in our struggle to gain our human rights. We, the survivors of Branch Queens, come to you, the high school students, because we know of your high level of political awareness, as shown by your actions. The students of today are the leaders of tomorrow; therefore, there are but two ways that you can go: either you will become leaders of the reactionary pig forces of repression or leaders of the people's forces in their just fight for liberation. We must understand that all ameriKKKa is a

prison as far as people of color are concerned, the streets of the ghetto are patrolled nightly, the invisible wall that separates the ghetto is nonetheless there, the lock-ins come in the form of loitering charges and spot car checks that tend to keep you in your houses. All the features of the maximum security prison (jail) are shown in the minimum security one (the streets). Therefore, we must work together in order to free ourselves.

As of now, four brothers are facing life imprisonment for asking to be treated like men.

If you allow the pigs to railroad these brothers, the pigs will feel free to extend their reign of terror. Therefore, we ask you to help us by any means possible, by organizing your respective groups to raise bail money, educate the people to what's happening, contact different organizations, etc. For information on how you can help these brothers, contact:

William E. Crain
Attorney at law
640 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10012

No one is free until all are free. If we don't help each other, no one else will.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

POWER TO THOSE WHO DESERVE IT!

LETTERS

DEAR EVO;

Re: Your November 10th article Rip-off No. 5

I am an executive in the credit card servicing industry (deliberately a little vague). The above mentioned article is excellent as far as it goes, but doesn't go far enough. There is a way that this can be pulled off without any risk of arrest. Ready for this?

If the charge to be made on the BankAmericard or Master Charge is less than \$40.00 total, (recently lowered from fifty) there is no phone call made. The card is checked against a book issued every two weeks. If the card number is listed the sales person keeps the card and gets a twenty five dollar reward. The list does not indicate whether the card is stolen, lost, the customer is simply over their limit or just a slow pay etc. They definitely do not summon the police on the spot as they would be open to countersuits from the people who are just slow pays etc. By charging less than the present floor limit, presently \$40.00, you never run the risk of arrest. All that can happen is the sales person keeps the card.

The floor limit is presently forty dollars but could conceivably go as low as twenty five. I have never seen it go lower. If you want to play extra ultra safe just always charge less than twenty five.

Now, here is something else that is of great importance. IT TAKES AT LEAST THREE WEEKS SOMETIMES A MONTH FOR A CARD TO BE LISTED IN THE BAD CARD BOOK. Don't forget, the book comes out only every two weeks. If the loss is reported right after a book has been printed and is on the way to the merchants, you're safe for up to a month. Even if it is on the list the sales person only takes possession of the card. No cops and robbers. Of course, I wouldn't hang around too much after that if I were you.

Here is the only way you can get burned. If you purchase more than the present floor limit (\$40.00 presently, remember) the store has to call the card company authorization dept. and get an authorization number. The girls at the credit card company put the credit card number into the computer and has a read out (complete history and status of the account) in about 2 seconds. If the card is stolen and especially if a lot of chargers have been made on it since the theft, she signals for a supervisor and he tells the store to stall you while he has someone calling the police simultaneously. If that happens you of course will be

arrested if you are stupid enough to hang around long enough for the police to arrive.

Summation— If you keep the total purchase at that counter or dept. below the floor limit, you can't get arrested. The worst that can happen is you lose the card and that is only if they've had time to list it. If you insist on going after bigger game and making large purchases be wary of any delay. Most cards have a limit of \$300.00 to \$500.00 but some go higher. Never ever try for more than that. If there is a long delay in getting a number once the sales person has gotten through to the authorization dept. you probably have trouble on the way. This account lookups are done by computer and authorization and look up should take less than thirty seconds after the call reaches the credit card co. and the card number is given. You are usually within hearing distance of the phone call in even the larger store and always at the smaller stores. The above information is accurate in every detail. I know it from first hand knowledge.

I'm sorry that I can't sign this letter, but the contents would ruin me. Besides, I think you guys are a bunch of misled, ill informed, unreasoning fanatics. I never read your paper before the November 10th issue, but will probably read it again some time in the coming weeks to see if this is printed. The reason that I am giving you this information is because the banks are presently perpetrating injustices against this country that you and your

dim witted readers could not even understand if I were to spend a couple of days explaining them to you. I won't go into it here but the credit card angle is only a small part of it. I am in the process of preparing an article on same for the legitimate publications so that the people of America who are most affected will know what is happening and, hopefully, do something about it. If they suffer huge losses on their credit card business it might curtail some of their interest in this field which would greatly enhance the public interest.

In the meantime, you keep printing your fanatical articles and warped bullshit about Bobby Seale and Angela Davis, etc. In your own twisted way you do a lot of good (as well as a lot of harm) and, once in a while, you come up with a real winner like the rip off no. 5 article.

Sorry that this article is not neat etc. but I just dashed it off on the spur of the moment and don't have the time to edit it for errors in spelling and punctuation etc. I'd better mail it off right away before I change my mind. I went to a lot of trouble to... shit, forget the last part.

Good luck to any of you hippies or yippies who undertake to make use of the contents. For once in your life you are doing someone some good.

Best regards,
Bob

FLAGOLATORY IN AGNEW-LAND



by MARLIN BALLARD

A booming voice rattled over the P.A. system of Loch Raven Junior High School as it so often does at opening bell. The voice of the disciplinarian, the vice principal, or in modern day parlance, the Administrative Assistant.

"All male students are expected to report to the cafeteria following the second period . . . Repeat . . . Following the second period all MALE students are required to go immediately to the cafeteria . . ."

As the "Now hear this" instructions droned on, mental notes were collected as boys nudged each other and girls smiled at their own liberated exclusion. When the Administrative Assistant said "to the cafeteria" it meant GO to the cafeteria, and don't you forget it!

An hour and fifty minutes later, as the September sun rose to warm the lawns surrounding this Agnew-land educational sprawl, the over crowded male student population pushed and shoved into the MR. CLEAN cafeteria and awaited further orders. Around them vied an aura of fame, if not notoriety, for the Republican Vice

President of the United States had raised his family of law and orderites in this very bedroom community outside the Baltimore northern limits. In fact, he had achieved there his only elected presidential office - President of the nearby, across the Boulevard, Loch Raven Elementary P.T.A.

In whitey's waspish Baltimore County, where a Presidential Commission recently held hearings inquiring into evident racial disparities, a ritual of orientation, a social initiation rite, was about to be impressed upon the local JUGEND. Eighth and ninth graders had been through this annual briefing before, and they talked casually and knowingly to one another in EFFETE snobbery of the newly arrived seventh graders, who stood in wonderment of it all. Altogether, some 800 scrubbed and ready lads shaped up in the eatery.

Then, appearing on an improvised platform in one corner, shaded in academic sublimity, an almost tall, silvery-crowned figure of a woman towered above the male fledglings. In black midi, befitting the most cherished

LONGETTE wishes of the establishment's own WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY, the social studies teacher who specializes in American History made her presence known with a shout which reverberated throughout the porcelained rimmed hall, into the corridors, and on, on into the vibration mind recesses somewhere in her own teen-age days when Bund leaders shouted on the parade greens of pre-World War II.

"AH-TEN-SHUN!" (The true connotation was "ACHTUNG!")

Although no discernible heel clicking was heard at this point, eyes did turn right and left to find the spectre manifest upon the platform - nerves tensed, ears braced for the next inevitable command.

"Attention!"

A state of silence settled over the room, except for background movements and restrained dish clatter of cafeteria personnel who kept steadily about their SERIOUS business of preparing spaghetti FRANCO AMERICAN style for the 1500 students and faculty who would file past the counter, starting with the 11:30 bell.

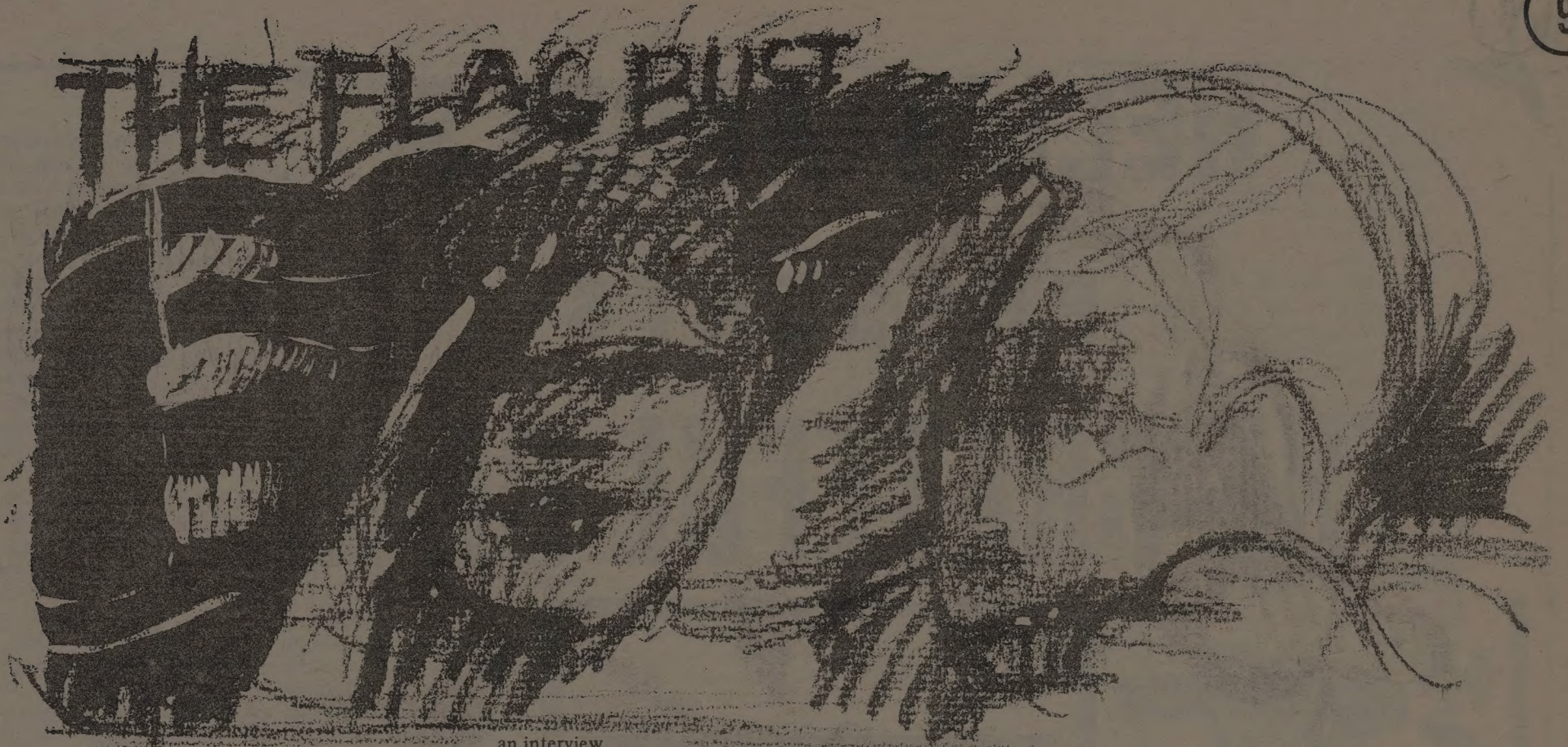
The voice MILITAIRE

continued, announcing the awesome purpose of the impending agenda. As her pronouncements wretched the microphone, a shuffling from rear to fore was felt as three monstrous flags with bearers, RED WHITE AND BLUE strapped phallically from crotch and protruding in unmistakable male-god imagery, split the way between tables and in sagway fashion slid sideways before the captive onlookers amid a canted "hup, hup, hup." Then, around and facing, this time with determined clicking of heels (Montgomery Ward's leather boy's uppers, \$16.95 Pr.), the STARS AND STRIPES in center at proper forty-five degree lift-out, flanked by the more impotent state and school colors, the irreverent and sometimes giggling neophytes were jarred into the proper respect of spit and polish-anity.

"You have been called here to volunteer your services to our school's proudest institution. Those of you who are picked for the honor of serving the color guard will receive a free trip to colonial Williamsburg, the center of American patriotism and freedom values. It will be the privilege of the fifteen chosen to

guard the flag of our country, our state and our school. No other school in all of Baltimore County has a flag of their own, and our flag was made by members of the school's own guard, they designed and presented it. You who are chosen will be drilled once each week to care for and preserve the colors. Special bus arrangements will be made to take you to your homes each Friday afternoon following your appearance on the school field. You will, after careful drill training, parade the colors in many special events, in school and out. Students holding this honor will, of course, be of the finest stripe, no student unable to maintain a "C" average may continue as a part of this most special corps.

"Application blanks are provided for you in front of the platform. Be sure to answer every question completely and honestly, particularly numbers



an interview
by John Reilly

three and five, whether you can take orders and the regularity of your hair cuts. If fifteen young, patriotic men cannot be found to meet our high standards and qualifications, we will then resort to conscription, that is, we will have to draft you to fill out our recruitment requirements.

"THAT IS ALL. We will now salute the flag and say the pledge of allegiance. This is your school's way of instilling in you patriotism of the highest order. We will have no draft card burners or hippies coming from the Loch Raven Junior High School. This is OUR answer to THEM."

With that, eight hundred squirming, restless males routinely recited the rote call to excellence. The ruddy face of the school marm filled with emotion and pride, and flutters palpitated the heart of a lone staff woman hurrying past in the corridor while on her return from some urgent call. Impatient blacks, brooms and buckets in hand, waited termination of the ceremonies to swash the tiles, assuring the sanitation necessary for the lurching of AGNEWIZED youth and their guiding mentors.

Before dismissal, thirty-one applicants were received under the scrutinizing eyes of the closely clipped recruiters. The other seven hundred and sixty-nine non-applicants passed the opportunity by and hurried to their classes. One we know of vowed to join the United Nations Club on campus, the one tribute and redeeming social value of the Loch Raven Junior High School training program of election year 1970.

(The event described is a true one and occurred in the cafeteria of the Loch Raven Junior High School shortly after the opening of the fall term. Although the quotations are not word for word, due to the lack of a tape recorder, the substance of the account is authentic. The scene was told to the writer, a Bishop of the Evangelical Catholic Communion, by a student of the school whose report can be relied upon.

A video interview with Rev. Howard Moody, Jean Toche, Faith Ringgold, and Jon Hendricks about the bust of the flag show at Judson Memorial Church on Friday the 13th. Jon, Faith and Jean were arrested and Rev. Moody was served with a summons. The charges were desecration of the American flag.

JR: Do you feel that you or the Rev. Carmine actually desecrated a flag?

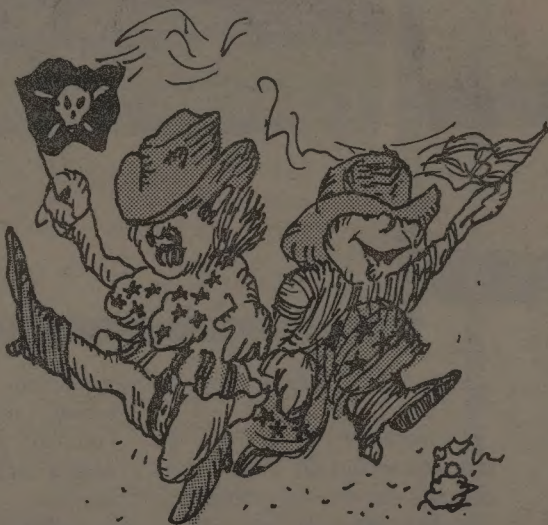
REV. MOODY: I don't know. I don't think I desecrated the flag. The closet I ever came was putting a decal on my car, which, in effect, is a desecration, according to the use of the flag in the United States. That is a wrong use of that flag and I understand that, and that's why I'm so upset about who's being prosecuted. People who are saying some particular thing about the flag, a particular thing on American Policy, people who are being persecuted. I think that's wrong. If all people were being persecuted that have used the flag wrong, then that's fine, but that's not what's happening. It's not fine, it's probably unconstitutional, but at least that would be equality before the law, which we do not have now. A representative came from the District Attorney's office here on Monday at the symposium.

HENDRICKS: Detectives came on Tuesday and documented the show with color photographs and presumably other plain clothes law officers — whatever you call them — some people call them pigs, came and documented the show, they knew who I was, they knew who Toche was, they probably knew who Faith was, and they wanted to get our ass and... It's all right, we're going to talk to them now. We've spoken out. You know, that's the trouble, artists all this time have been quiet. They don't want to stick their necks out. They won't make any statement in their work that might upset the market a little, that might upset people. They're so afraid of selling their image. Well, that's changing, because the whole country's changing and if artists don't begin to realize that now, they're dead. Not dead from —

TOCHE: (Interjection) They are the victims, in fact. There are the criminals that should be brought up to court. Those are the people who apply the oppressive laws, who make those laws, and they are the servants of capitalism. They are the servants of a system whose rule is to oppress people for profit-making. They are the criminals, not us. We are not guilty of committing any crimes, except maybe of having the right to say what we think has to be said.

HENDRICKS: A detective came up to me and said, "Are you Jon Hendricks of the Independent Artists' Committee?" And I said yes, and they said, "You're under arrest."

JR: Do you carry weapons?



HENDRICKS: I believe in self-defense, but I don't carry weapons, except maybe my mind.

JR: But they somehow believed you might be armed?

HENDRICKS: Yes, they checked us over a little bit.

JR: Did they search Rev. Moody at any point?

REV. MOODY: No, no. I wasn't there at the time the arrests were made. They didn't. I don't think they would do that.

HENDRICKS: The whole art community was arrested. I think the right of everyone to speak out was arrested. I think that you the viewer were arrested — you better realize that. We see this going on all around us — can we keep quiet? Bet your ass we can't.

FAITH RINGGOLD: The elitist white anti-art movement has nothing to do with black people. I don't think it has anything to do with white people either. I think that the black artist will have to realize that the reason they are concerning themselves with the mainstream of white art is because they're actually afraid to do anything else. If they haven't realized that, then let them see that we've been arrested and the point is, that whether they want to or not — the fact is they can't...

And I'm thinking of minimal art now as being a minimal commitment, and I think it's very interesting that this whole minimal movement comes at a point in the history of this country when people are uprising, and that artists aren't having the freedom to do what they want. They really can't do it. And I think as they begin to realize that they can't do what they want that they will join us and that possibly this lack of freedom is really the last thing to go in a democratic society, when they begin to arrest artists. This is the first time artists have been arrested in this country for protesting. I know that as a black person, as a black woman, the

whole idea of arresting me for desecrating a flag — which actually has nothing to do with me — the American flag was born in violence, and has continued to violence. Each one of those stars has added more violence, more people died. My people have been dying in this country for over 400 years. So therefore the American flag has nothing to do with me so therefore I can't conceive of how I can be arrested for desecrating it. Not really belonging to the people. They're not supposed to wear it. They're not supposed to stick it on their cars or anything like that. Any use of the flag that is not for purely patriotic ceremonial reasons to enhance a holiday, and so on, is desecration. I mean that's what I think. Don't hold me to it now — I'm going to get arrested again.

HENDRICKS: The point is, Abbie Hoffman gets arrested for wearing a flag shirt, but Roy Rogers and Dale Evans wear a flag uniform and nobody does anything to them, then you can't have, that's not equality before the law. If we were talking about desecration, you have to be talking about political attitudes, and not really attitudes about the flag or doing something with the flag. So that I think that's really the danger. (Could you discern any connection between the works. Was there any reason why they selected these works, or was it purely, again, an arbitrary decision.) — I think there was, John. Their understanding of obscenity was what put all those things together. In other words, why they picked the ones they picked. I think that they thought the most offensive things, and the thing which they would stand to have the best chance were things that they could label obscene. Whether a penis is obscene or not is really up for debate. But at least

JR: The effect of it was obscene

HENDRICKS: That's right. I mean to the people who made that law and who tried to enforce it, I think it was these particular works that were by their nature sexual. Put it that way.

JR: It's sort of interesting that not many television companies came down here. To take pictures of the show.

HENDRICKS: You had one from Japan, I saw. It's nice to see them, but, when those that did come, like CBS, and NBC, they kept having to avoid certain works. Or when a dancer performed a very beautiful work before the symposium in which the performers were clothed only with a flag apron, a flag over their front, but not tied, but hung loosely, but were naked otherwise than that, they couldn't shoot that. They couldn't show it on the air.

HELL'S ANGELS

PRESENTS

"THE GRATEFUL DEAD"

SEAT

111

WELL IT SOUNDS SO SWEET
I HAD TO TAKE ME A CHANCE
ROSE OUT OF MY SEAT.....
I JUST HAD TO DANCE!!!

by CHIP CROSSLAND

I remember the first day the sign blared out all over Second Avenue from the Anderson theatre marquee... "Hell's Angels Presents the Grateful Dead" to the positive dee-light of all us second hand Second Avenue freaks. This was the one we'd all been waiting for, and it was too freaking much to believe. Hell, the tickets were completely sold out the first few days of sale. God, what a trip... walking up to the glass window and buying a ticket from a hairy Angel... and the sign that warned... "Only two tickets per person"... nobody argued.

Christ, it was cold! The mind had to adjust to the cold, hard fact that it WAS November after all, in fact it was the 23rd... and as the Dead hit New Yawk's lowuh East Side... so did the cold wind. But it was an easy wind.

Living only two blocks from the Anderson, I had no trouble finding the place, especially with a huge searchlight outside the theatre beamed all over the night sky. "What balls," I thought... "The Angels having a bash, and having the fucking balls to put a

searchlight out!! I could see the crowd from the distance huddled around the light... what's happening... a fight maybe?... as I stumbled closer... god it's cold... wow, a couple of cops standing around but nobody cares. Man, those Angels are really herding 'em in there... "OKAY, EVERYBODY WITH TICKETS IN THIS LINE!" Again nobody argues.

With strains of Casey Jones humming in my brain and visions of jolly Jerry dancing through my head, I joined the happy herd. My first flash at the sight of all the Angels was... yikes... well, you know. Anyway I realized I wasn't in control any more (if I ever was), I never saw a party with more horrifying hosts... yeah, right, a party! Right in the Hell's Angels' living room. And we were their privileged guests. Some guy is going up and down the line selling acid and mescaline... no one in my region wants any... he seems surprised and rushes off. Hmm... business must be good. I wonder, should I? Oh well, I never see him again. And then from behind I hear "Anybody want some free water? It's

electric water!" Everyone turns to look and here's a guy sitting on the aisle with a bottle of water. AAH! and he's shaking it all around and it's sparkling. No one really grabs for it except for a couple of acid freaks who jump up: "Where? Where?"

Finding my seat was easy, with a little help from my friends. None of those (thank God) fucking Fillmore hot shot ushers with their flashlights. I didn't even see an usher... oh, wait a minute wasn't there a little guy with a flashlight standing at the head of the aisle telling people "Go over there... Center aisle... straight ahead"... and somehow you found the seat all right and what vibes!! But it's a Hell's Angels party and it's their living room and you know you damn well BETTER be stoned kiddo. The seat next to me is still empty... I'm expecting my friend Ron... suddenly the aisle moves in and two people come in and say they have tickets for here and all the seats are taken except Ron's, but somehow it gets straightened out with no hassle... some sweet little Mama comes up with a flashlight (not on). "Is everything okay?" she asks worriedly, the perfect hostess... no we're fine thanks.

A freak walks by and lays a tab of sunshine on the end man in my aisle... wow, free acid... but nobody wants any and it gets passed down to me. "Say, it looks pretty potent, don't it... Well, let's split it up and we'll all have a piece... and WHAM the bulking orange pearl gently breaks apart in my fingers... I start handing out pieces... and magically, it keeps breaking in even portions... enough to feed about six of us... why not? A pleasant stone for the evening. And the joints keep going around. The guy in front of me has a fucking ounce of

really dynamite smoke and he's rolling these fat things! The guy next to me blows a hit for me and the smoke goes all over the spasmic laughter of that beautiful FLOW that comes from godknowswhere... rippling up and down the aisles. Ron finally makes it and sits down in the empty seat. He's tired... starts rubbing his hair and begins some small-talk bitching about what a lousy day it was and yeah, how the cold weather seemed to piss everybody off... then someone hands him a joint and he hands me part of his "dinner"... a half-chewed apple. A chick in front of us comes in and hands her friend a tab of... what? Psyllocin? No, it's not psyllocibin, she assures us, but it lasts real long. This time it breaks in Ron's fingers and we each take half after giving a piece to her friend.

It's been about a half hour now, and Ron asks me how long I've been here and I say about twenty minutes. Everybody's starting to get off and we can see the Angels sitting around with their chicks and their wine, melting in against the walls, making the Anderson Theatre seem like... well... if there's a Sistine Chapel in hell, this is it.

The MC finally comes up to the mike. He's wearing a brown suit with a British accent to match. He bumbles something eloquent into the mike, but I'm so busy digging his British accent I don't even listen to what he's saying. The first act hits the stage and the announcer tells us this is going to be the "highest night New York ever had," or something like that. And the first act is... WhaaHaa! a Pantomime artist... whitefaced and all... a veritable freaked-out Marcel Marceau and forgive me friends, but I didn't catch his name... I think he was on one of the late night talk shows once... anyway he studied with Marceau and his movements are something to watch. The audience can't believe it! What class! A mime artist at a Hell's Angels party. That's class, baby! He gets into a thing about a guy who grows a marijuana plant, and he finally has us with him, after a few heckles. (Ever wonder how a mime artist handles a heckler? He puts a cupped hand to his ear... listens... doesn't hear anything... shrugs his shoulders and keeps on walking.) I think he came on twice but after a while no one could hack what he was into. He just kept making all these movements, to the tune of

ROW

AAA

ANDERSON THEATRE

66-2nd AVENUE (at 4th ST) NEW YORK, N. Y. TELEPHONE 2

Purple Sage on guitar, but we were all too stoned to appreciate it. Anyway, I remember he ended by rolling a huge imaginary joint which he could light only by placing the lighter on the floor while holding the joint up to his lips. He kept taking hits off that thing and really getting whacked out... his little white clown face going through contortions. Then he passes the joint (a real armful) to a guy in the front row, and with a sweeping gesture as if to say "Take it, smoke it and be happy." Everyone gets the message and another batch of joints begins making the rounds.

Someone throws a balloon down from the balcony and I'm starting to feel the "psilocin" and the freak in front of me says he wishes he had some hash... and like magic a hash pipe is passed to him, complete with matches... seems like everyone is getting their wish fulfilled tonight... I run out of cigarettes and say "Where's a cigarette!" and I get handed a cigarette... too far out... and baby, we are SOOO stoned.

The next act is on and it's the New Riders of the Purple Sage, and there's what's his name... Sage? Sorry about the names agin, friends, but this is another act I've never seen although they usually accompany the Dead, I know. A voice from somewhere behind me yells, "Hey Sage, how come your guitar's so big?" And it's about half his size and Sage looks down at it and says, "Because it's a big one!" leaving us to grok what he really meant by "IT." Then I look to stage left and there is the center of all those good vibes... it has to be... Jerry Garcia... the cherub hero with his big red smile glowing out from inside all that hair... the frizzy frizzed-out explosion of a beautiful soul. Where did he come from?? He's playing the pedal steel guitar now s c r e e e e u p e e d o o d l e e e o o b o o w m. Shucks Jerry, your maw must be proud! The Sage finishes their first number and lawd it's so fine. Some creep yells from the balcony, "The Grateful Dead are still the best!" I began my slow climb on the frenzied psilocin during the next few Sage ballads, so I didn't catch the titles much except I know they were about travelling on the road and girls and love and all that. The next thing I see is Weir from the Dead stepping up to the mike to do some duets with the Sage. He looks like a ghost, that boy. Tall lanky Weir with his sunken eyes and tied back hair and his face like stone, but those sparkling eyes keep flashing out from deep inside... what a face. He and the Sage begin singing "Mama Tried," one made famous by Cash. Weir looks like a freaked out Glen Campbell. He projects a real honest feeling when he sings... his eyes crossing as he sings to the microphone. My eyes begin to wander now and there's the bass player, neat with long black hair... sings too... The lead player sticks to mostly simple country riffs, perfect framework

for Garcia to move around in on the pedal steel.

Next they break into "Cathy's Clown" and is it terrific. You ain't heard Cathy's Clown until you've heard it with steel guitar and all. They sing it down a lot lower than the Everly Brothers, though. After it's over, someone shouts out a request for "Wake Up Little Susie." But instead, they wind it off with "The Weight" (The man standin' next to me, his head was exploding) "Oh, this is so fine," he moans. Then he starts rapping to me about how they did this number in Philadelphia or somewhere, and Garcia came on with an electric fiddle and someone suffered a coronary.

Trying to relate the evening at the Anderson is about as insane as the experience itself. But by the time the Dead finally APPEARED, I realized that I was probably more stoned now than I'd ever been before. But what I didn't realize was that I was going to be even more stoned before the night was over. Well, that's what the man said, didn't he? The highest night you'll ever have in New York, or something like that... really, the nerve of some people... to actually carry it off! People were standing in the aisles now... sitting on shoulders, passing bottles of water in beer bottles, spiked with God knows what... and I can't begin to tell you what a cosmic thing it was but if you like figures, I heard someone say there were two thousand people there. Ron took a trip to the john and said the urinals were flooded, there were so many people... glassy eyed, just waiting in line to piss... anywhere. There was a minor hassle, with someone freaking out and getting the flashlight treatment from an Angel, and Ron remarked that it seemed like an existential drug confrontation... to take the dope... as much as you want... but you better not start freaking out or you get disciplined by the Big Daddy... Oh well, what do you expect when you're cooking with the cosmos in Hell's kitchen?

I think the first three songs were new ones, because I hadn't heard them before. Everyone was yelling for Casey Jones and telling Garcia to turn up his amp, and someone yelled "Play whatever the fuck you want!" And OOH the vibrations... (grok the groovy, hippies and Hell's Angels, whose angels?) The stage is crowded with groupies, Angels, people in coats who look like they just dropped in. I'd never been this close to the Dead... about twelfth row or so... and I decided to get into Garcia. Hmm. Interesting way of picking... it looks like he holds the flat pick between index finger and thumb, but he also uses his middle finger to pick with too. Garcia's an Aquarius, right? I know another Aquarius who picks like that. Garcia lets his fingers slide all over his guitar in mellow twangy passages, and Weir plays those metallic country licks on

"Bobby MacGee," a Gordon Lightfoot number. "Feelin' good was good enough for me... good enough for me and Bobby MacGee," sings Weir, occasionally giving the finger to the stoned out sound men in the balcony. They didn't have the monitor loud enough or something, and there was a feedback problem. And Garcia just kept on smiling.

Everybody really got their rocks off on "Midnight Hour," done by Phil Lesh. The perfect part for a Hell's Angel. He stands up there in his cowboy hat, dungaree jacket and boots, and tells us about love like he's the granddaddy of them all. "Sometimes I like a little somepin' to eat... and sometimes I like a little somepin' to drink... (smack - he wipes his mouth with his sleeve) "And sometimes I gonna creeem on you!" And oohh baby you know what I like and you should have seen those Angels lapping it up as Lesh continued with his lesson: "And what d'you do when a sweet little chick comes up behind you, and she's smilin'... What you DON'T do is yuh don't try to stand there and look cool, but yuh move in on her and yuh say, 'C'mon baby let's fuck!'" Too much.

I didn't realize how long I'd been dancing until the Dead launched into "Not Fade Away." I remember thinking how I've got to dance on THIS one and realizing that my body had been going for some time now.

When the Dead first came on, all these balloons appeared. Balloons and beach balls, and one long balloon that looked like the Zeppelin trade mark. Everyone kept them bouncing around for the longest time. Occasionally one would bounce up on the stage, and POW... get kicked right back by Hunter or Weir. The insanity of seeing those balloons and beach balls bouncing around is beyond description. But now they were passing around bags of confetti and it was like New Year's Eve. This was the ultimate bash of the year, friends, and boy, did it make Bill Graham look sick. It just goes to show how when all us freaks get together to do something, it comes out RIGHT! None of this phony bullshit plasticity of the hip capitalist regime that rules rock and roll. This was OUR party with OUR

people and OUR music and thank you, Hell's Angels, for doin' it right!

By the time the Dead lumbered into Casey Jones I was beginning to feel emptied out... like, when I first got there I was soaking up everything and taking everything and getting up... up... and now I felt emptied out again. I felt cleansed. God, it was beautiful. And now it was about three in the morning and it was like we were all sitting around a fire. Jerry sang a soft slow ballad... soft and sweet. You could just picture him on a freight car somewhere, with that high jubilant voice sifting through the darkness, taking us all with him on his trip.

Then finally it came. Their last song, "Uncle John's Band." And I hope none of you decided to leave early, because after all the preceding spiritual ejaculation, this was the song that made a lot of souls whole again. Just to see Garcia as he sang the most beautiful line the Dead have ever written - "How does the sun go?"

Then it was over. Over? Whuzzat... there's the British bloke again telling everybody that's all for tonight. "After all, we want the neighbors to have a good idea of what we're about, don't we." Get serious! Rocking and doping with the Hell's Angels until three in the morning and somebody's worried about making an impression? Anyway, it was the nicest announcement we were to get, because after he went off, all the Angels began cleaning up and doing their numbêr walking around on the stage. Ron says that now's the time to go up on stage, but the Angels are starting to shout "Go home! Get the hell out of here!" And we decide NOT to go on stage after all, but to make our way up the aisle past all the TOTALLY spaced out faces frozen in their chairs... and the trip outside is like emerging from hell into the Arctic... the walls are icy blue in the Anderson lobby, enough to give you a chill withOUT locusts. There's an Angel with something dangling from his nose... some kind of fishhook affair with a gold and green design hanging down above his lower lip, and even the Angels were touched by the gentleness of it all, and you know where they're at, but they're insane

just like the rest of us. And after hearing the Dead sing about feeling good and about good, gentle things, you know, we could save the world... with our love... if they only knew...

And so we bade farewell to the Anderson Theatre and walked off feeling grateful for the Dead... feeling grateful for having been able to experience the "highest night ever in New York"... and feeling that the Hell's Angels are really a bunch of all right guys, after all.

ORCHESTRA \$2.00

MON. EVE.

NOV.

23

1970

8:30 P.M.



Anti-Semitism, Anti-Bolshevism, Arab machismo are some of the themes that have served David Lean well in the past. In turn he has served the box office and the golden cliches well enough to be rewarded with a place at the helm of a project like *Ryan's Daughter*. The theme this time is woman as the temptress, Adam's rib, and it serves the box office as well as usual. Here are the cliches.

Rosie Ryan (Sarah Miles) falls in love with the schoolteacher Mr. O'Shaughnessey (Robert Mitchum) in her small Irish town in 1916 or thereabouts, just before the Irish revolution (against the British). So they are married (by local priest Trevor Howard whose entire performance is an imitation of Spencer Tracy) and live apprehensively ever after until she meets this handsome British major, see, and starts carrying on with him.

Anyway, these revolutionaries led by Tim O'Leary (sic) land and contact Rosie's father, Ryan himself (Leo McKern), an ex-patriot pub-keeper who is now a police informer. He tips off the British, who nab O'Leary, and this naturally upsets the townspeople, who blame it on Rosie whose liaison is common gossip and generally regarded as tantamount to collaboration, that is, she's already not too popular when they decide

to cut her up a little, *malgre* Robert Mitchum. Leo McKern feels just awful but is never caught. But when Sarah Miles and Robert Mitchum are leaving for good, Spencer Tracy (Trevor Howard) tells them that maybe they needed a little crisis to bring them together. And so, off into the sunset.

Now despite the efforts of Freud, Reich, Women's Liberation and the East Village Other, sex in America remains as much as ever shrouded in mystery, fantasy, guilt, hysteria and frustration. *Puis alors* the vast appeal of a film like *Ryan's Daughter* is based on the comfort afforded matrons and secretaries and plaid-pleated schoolgirls by these vehicles of solipsistic sexuality, movie romance, the mainstay of Hollywood since long before Garbo had to choose between lover and country (or son or husband or whatever the movie specified). On the one hand they participate vicariously in Rosie's passions for the dignified schoolteacher and for the romantic soldier, finding in her ecstasy the great loves never found or fulfilled in their own lives. On the other hand, there is a whole system of restraints that lets them get away with it but lets them know they never could in real life. Bittersweet guilt, romantic rebellion finally reinforce the myth of the "young hussy" who brings disaster on herself by "loose living" and

"wanting too much." The priest warns her, the townspeople scorn her, her husband is nothing if not patient, but she must have her way. So she winds up a scarred, branded traitor. She asked for it. So meanders the masochistic mendacity of the American matron.

His photography eyewash, his dialogue mouthwash, his story hogwash, it is a little surprising Lean did not produce another well-turned, schmaltzy *Doctor Zhivago*. I guess it's because the Irish revolution is not so conveniently familiar for *kitsch*: grizzled Paddies are not quite so hilarious as bullet-headed Bolsheviks. Otherwise every character-puppet is expertly manipulated. Perhaps this quality is the essence of Lean's epic disregard for man's relationship to history, being in it and changing through it. Everyone here acts out his role perfectly, every deed provides the viewer the vicarious thrills and punishments of movie sex/love life. When one needs an act of faith (will Rosie choose the schoolteacher or the soldier?), the whole town joins in helping Tim O'Leary; when she confesses her infidelity to her husband, the crowd intervenes to punish her (the Middle American consciousness punishing its vicarious self). The whole passion play is over by the time the priest speaks to them, with the assurance of a Nixon, of the tragedy that will bring them together. Everything will be all right in the morning. America drinks and goes home.

The same dilemma obtains in *Bombay Talkie*, an attempt at an Indian *Day of the Locust*. This lady novelist (Jennifer Kendal), comes to India to find happiness ("That's what people come to India for, isn't it?" she blithely asks). She falls in love with a big star in the Bombay movie industry (an assembly line like American films before the first World War); and a writer falls in love with her. But the actor is married, so his wife leaves him, so he leaves the novelist, who sends the writer to bring him back but kills him instead, thereby fulfilling everybody's predictions of gloom and doom precipitated by "that woman." Meanwhile, she's everybody's glamorously naughty-like-I-daren't-be idol, strictly from *Ladies Home Journal*.

As far as the expose of Bombay's corrupt, commercial film colony goes, I'm convinced but not concerned. Let 'em go to hell their own way. I'll take *Gunga Din* any day.

From the title, you'd suppose *Homer* was about a handsome, fairhaired rustic but hardly bumptious lad growing up in

or around the outskirts of Anytown, U.S.A. From endless nights of *Love Finds Andy Hardy* and scoffing at TV lawyer shows, you'd know he has at least one love affair of Lawrentian dimension and, most important, a conflict with his elders (his girl, the draft, the war, defending the local ducky in a rape case) in which he braves the stigmata and isolation of society in order to live the values it hypocritically affirms. You'd think that, and you'd be right. If you're so smart, how come you're not rich?

No, no melodramas about blind Greek poets or young athletes (Jimmy Cagney or John Garfield) for the tell-it-like-it-is, truth-loving film fans of today. Show us small-town America, the parents and kids who can't communicate (critics who alliterate...), the beer, the bikes, the pick-up trucks, the shy girls, the wild girls, the pasty-faced Legionnaires, the son who comes home from the Nam in a box. Oh, it's all there. And it's going to be so accurate, so true to life that there isn't a single flash of transcendent imagination, that it's going to bore you to tears. So much can be gleaned from the title. After seeing the film I'd like to add two moments that are somewhat memorable: a son being serenaded with "Down By the Riverside" before going to Vietnam: his green shirt matches his sister's green dress matches the green wall matches his green face; and the tyrannous father who tears across a field on a motorcycle, suddenly ecstatic with speed and freedom.

Otherwise, you can check out your titular gleanings when they show it on TV.

It may be too late to salvage *Burn!*, Gillo Pontecorvo's attempt to repeat his *Battle of Algiers* as a historical fiction with Marlon Brando in Technicolor, but I'd like to suggest you see it as a drama that has some intelligence. It gives a dangerously clear model of the workings of imperialism, but the newsreel urgency of *Battle of Algiers* is sacrificed to the exotic photography and a completely unsuccessful attempt to work in background material on the character played by Brando, who is good, although John Wayne would have done as well. Hopefully the personality-oriented direction taken by Pontecorvo away from the purely political narrative style will lead him to new ways of showing the revolutionary acting in history. Meanwhile, for a story line you might even want to bother to follow, *Burn!* is the only show in town.

RUMMAGE SALE IN SAIGON TURNS CHAOTIC

Saigon, South Vietnam, Oct. 31—

... Mr. Counsel and the wives of American and British diplomats had organized the rummage sale by collecting piles of unwanted clothing and household goods, including two snow tires, left behind by the large and constantly shifting American official community here. The goods, along with cakes and cookies baked by the wives, were to be put on sale at low prices following a brief opening speech by the wife of Nguyen Van Thieu, the South Vietnamese president.

Before Mrs. Thieu arrived, however, a crowd of about 800 Vietnamese had gathered outside the church's iron spiked gate and when the gates were opened for Mrs. Thieu and her bodyguard, the people surged through behind her and began picking at the clothing piled under bright orange parachute canopies.

Minister Is Brushed Aside

Mr. Counsel, dressed in a white cassock, threw himself against the gates to stop the surging throng but failed to close them despite the help of several policemen and two perspiring British diplomats who had agreed to accompany their wives to the sale...

South Vietnamese Stole About Half the Auction Items

NY TIMES Nov. 1, 1970

NEWS POEM

Why arent they grateful?

Its the least they can do

"Above all these is GRATEFULNESS"

(But they're the precious few)

Now there was Mme Nu

& Ho Chi Minh too

& soon (I'm afraid)

Mme Thieu too

They dont appreciate

Why cant they understand

Why do they eat

The bleeding hand?

Or as Tolstoy said

(or one a them hacks)

"People'll do anything for the poor ...

'CEPT GET OFF THEIR BACKS"

A FABLE

Once a turkey was walking in the woods when he saw a wolf. He ran away from the wolf and ran up to a man and said, "Save me from this wolf."

"Certainly, Mr. Turkey, you're just in time for Thanksgiving dinner."

MORAL: It's no fun being invited to dinner if you're on the menu.

—Tuli Kupferberg

by RALPH HALL

This is an essay, or to say the least, a lesson in revolutionary humor on NYU President Hester's assailing of a stork dissection conducted before the University's "IMPRESSIONABLE FRESHMEN," and fresh women included:

Will the MASSES please come in order. Tsk tsk, as it were.

A new and utterly archaic-type non-negotiable set of traditional administrative guidelines for New York

animal of the lower species: a storkus dilectii." I, undaunted by his remark, was instead undeniably awed at the level of Hester's intellectualisms; especially coming from a man, "A HAS BEEN" as he made note, who is effectly compared, by pentagon morons, to the haggard and homely William F. Buckley Jr., whose daring wit and quik monetta bought off some 3.5 million "silent majority" type liberals in the recent November elections; just to prove he could get anyone, even his brother "chas," a choice, hot-loin seat in (what I hear say is the) old and cold-as-death Senate, an aging high oder,

he-called deviants. "That way," he said, "we prevent and protect any on-campus scandal."

I took this opportunity to ask "chum chum" where he got the name chum chum and chum chum said, "my fifth grade teacher, god curse her living soul, used to call me that and you know, the guys picked right up on it, and it has stuck ever since, even in my past capacity as Vice Chancellor of the Alternative College of Dichotomy in Poughkeepsie, New York."

Hester said he willingly promised outraged parents of the "dissecting victims" that the teachers, most of whom voted for liberals in the past city-wide elections, would be fired immediately and run out of town or vice versa. He said, "and that's no Renegaid's lie!" I questioned his use of Renegade and asked who he was and he answered, "No comment!"

Meanwhile, the ever balding and ready New York City Police Commissioner Patrik "Greeny" Murphy, pledged that each university under anybody's control, which had such instruction in dissection would be assigned one member each of the New York City "pighide" Tactical Patrol Force (TPF) per classroom and that students subjected to the obscene cruelty would be given shock treatment and frontal lobotomies right there on the spot in order to destroy their memories, of what happened. "If I could only find enough of my men, ANYWHERE! Geez, it looks like when this women's lib amendment goes through, we'll be gettin' some pretty nice, tough women as recruits. I feel so frustrated that I can't keep tabs on my men, because of Heir, I mean, Mr. Lindsay. I don't know what to do about this problem. If my men could just stay out of trouble we could have a cop for every kid, YOU know?" I asked Murph about his feelings on animal dissections in the city's public school system and he replied, "Well, they're doin' it now and we already have cops stationed in every classroom. And I see nothin' wrong in what they're doin' or what they're into now, dissecting yearling pigs. Just as long as the pigs aren't alive when they're doin' dissectin and they promised they wouldn't eat them afterwards. All I'm concerned about at this time is what's happenin in the university classrooms."

In related developments, Prez Hester said he will personally recommend that materials relating to human reproduction be banned from all college classrooms and maybe libraries, immediately, as he HAS SO INDICATED in an urgent appeal for

help and aid in a "special delivery air mail" letter to one President Nixon, chairman of the UFO sub-committee, engaged presently in investigation of charges of unruly management by J. "whirlybird" Edgar Hoover's F. and B.I., or as Nixon likes to jokingly refer to them as "F.I.B." Hester said about Nixon, "This Dick is one of the most human things I've ever had occassion to run into since my formative childhood years." What a brilliant man I fought to think, so I asked Hester (off the cuff) whether he had really met Nixon and he said, "really NO!"

Getting back to the ban on material rolling around on sex, Hester exclaimed, "The ban will start with such advanced textbooks as "What Daddy Does to Mommy," and the six million best seller, "What You Should Know About Doctor Games and Women's Gams." He said he has called upon the New York State Wellfair Dept., which the University is purported to be supporting anonymously, and the Bellyvue Hospital (which volunteered to supply enough storks to fill a ward) to cut down on their distribution of "On Sex" phamplets to minors under 21 years of age. He said the University has always denied owning St. Vincent's Hospital, but I never asked him about that. I would like to note here that the "On Sex" phamplets Hester is talking about, are now into their 69th bi-weekly printing and that the phamplets seem to be exhausted and defaced as soon as they get them in. Park Miller Cinema and the Garrick Theaters both give the phamplets out free to every 11th customer, whatever that's worth.

President (R.N.) Hester has also recruited, somehow, the aid of F.B.I. personnel, whom he likes to refer to now also as "F.I.B.s". As everyone knows, NYU HOUSES the infamous band of FBI men IN its VANDERBILT HALL LAW BUILDING. The FBI have been ordered to track down outside gay radicals who may try to "sexually" subvert his university's freshmen. He said, "We don't have to worry about our women frosh. We're taking care of them ourselves!"

Hester has directed the FBI's attention to the GAY LIBERATION FRONT (a non-union collective of oppressed gay women and men), which he says is predominantly homosexual and added that he, "want(s) those overts out of town too."

Meanwhile, the status heads of several area colleges, like Hunter, Columbia and Berkeley, have disclosed via a private press conference for adults only, that they have instituted a sex education program of their own and have spent alot of money on wall charts of the male and female bodies.

"We feel fortunate, however, that these figures are fully dressed with the female figures covered to a high point on the throat and well below the ankle and the male figure in a 1931 Brooks Brothers suit," said Hester, speaking for them all, of course.

He added, however, that additional precautions may be necessary if the Brooks Bros. suit turns out to be double breasted, but "we haven't checked that out yet, as we haven't gotten over the 'stork incident.'" "In addition," reported Hester, "the classes will now be taught by the instructors who wear bags over their heads to avoid any unnecessary embarrassment and shame or even guilt, as it were."

Asked his position on sex education, Hester replied, "I always stay on top of the matter."

(for reprints on this article, kindly con you loco SPCA agent. They make 100 copies a minute, that's why you never see any caged storks there, because their busy serving you. This is not a fable by Vincent Titus. Moral: Don't berth control.)

TITLING

(Sorry for the insistant typographical errors, at least I think there are errors! - ea.)

PROCEDURE

First Installment:

SATIRASEXTIKS:
HESTERNIXON or NIX ON HESTER

or

What IS Goose to the Gander
Is Pork to the Stork!

or

Unite Fakes of Amerika the Ugly

University's sexual education program is expected soon, since it was only discovered, by purest accident recently, by NYU President "CHUM CHUM" Hester, that several of his more untrustworthy, decadent, "naughty" biology dept. faculty have been teaching the school's "impressionable freshmen and women" the elite and lively artistry of complete and total STORK DISSECTION. This reporter asked 40-year-old GODSFREE SUNABATH, a ten-year freshman at THIS particular U., whether he was in any way offended by witnessing, what was rumored, a wild cat "gory vidal-type stork dissectomy," and he declared charply, "Why no, mercy! I felt it was the birth of a new phase in defensive pre-post revolutionary biologics, whatever that means!" Yeah well, I added, "Yeah, for whatever that's worth."

Meanwhile, just as I was wooshing out of the mensa room, there he was, that little ole "chum chum," Man Of The Minute, sipping and sulking over a ragged bitten plastic straw inside a crushed Coke can, in the sub-cellar cafeteria at Weinstein Hall (no relation to me). I told him what the freshman has already said earlier, but Hester seemed undaunted by the remark and my gester of goodness and himself remarked coyly on his own (however, without first getting permission to do so) that the entire first term had

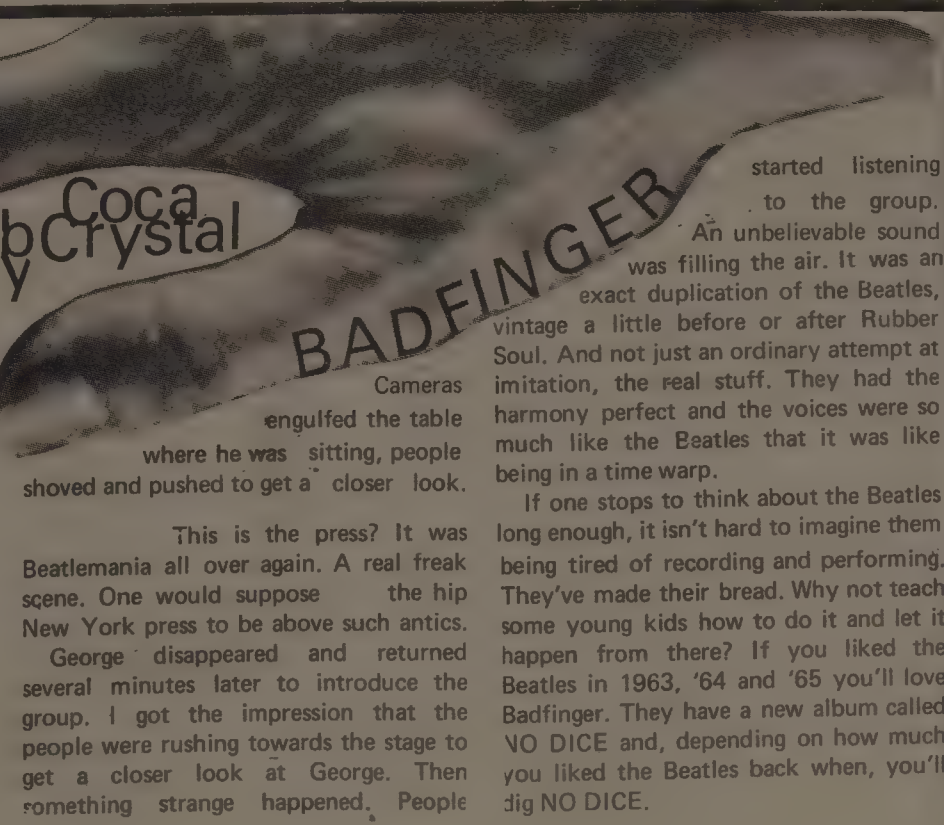
been devoted to what he termed, "ghastly immoral dissection of a myth riddled decision making body of the UNITED FAKES OF ESTABLISHMENT! But, seriously, I never realized how putrid a dirty-old-man Mr. Hester unmistakably is and can be, and if it hadn't been for the fact that he wears an overly-spaded toupee, I would've guessed he was only 31.

Expressing horror and shock (what else?), Hester acknowledged that the advanced biology classes ACTUALLY HAD BEEN ALLOWED to view the sex organizations of the "bird" while in the same presence of "some 21 panting (what he referred to as) homosexual deviants ... trash ... immoral, perverted little chickens." Hester said he felt, "a hot tingle, tingle when I heard the fact that the stork was a male and not a femme. And you know as much as I do, what those male queers (evidently here he is referring to gay males) do when they see another male, whatever it may be." I really didn't know, so I asked him and he answered somewhat embarrassingly, "Dum dum, you know (I felt like calling him "chum chum" here but didn't want to get impersonal), they get (SHUDDER) HORNY." "E gads," I said, but I still didn't get the point, but whatever! Hester did make at least, what may be, one coherent statement which was, that he would not divulge the names of the

Another press party at Unganos.

One of the few places left not scrimping on the press. None of this wine and cheese shit. Real Sandwiches, shrimp, and drinks. Apple was throwing the party for their up and coming group, Badfinger, and it was rumored that George Harrison would be there.

After a few drinks, sandwiches and the traditional merry making the crowd was ready to hear the group. We were given press kits that gave the history of the group and a picture. I was surprised to see that one of the boys in the group, Joey, looked exactly like Paul McCartney. An accident, a coincidence? I doubt it. There was some action up front and it was George, looking ghostly pale and washed out, his pony tail and beard however intact. Pandemonium broke loose.



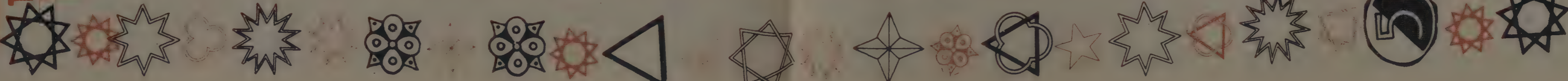
Cameras engulfed the table where he was sitting, people shoved and pushed to get a closer look.

This is the press? It was Beatlemania all over again. A real freak scene. One would suppose the hip New York press to be above such antics.

George disappeared and returned several minutes later to introduce the group. I got the impression that the people were rushing towards the stage to get a closer look at George. Then something strange happened. People

started listening to the group. An unbelievable sound was filling the air. It was an exact duplication of the Beatles, vintage a little before or after Rubber Soul. And not just an ordinary attempt at imitation, the real stuff. They had the harmony perfect and the voices were so much like the Beatles that it was like being in a time warp.

If one stops to think about the Beatles long enough, it isn't hard to imagine them being tired of recording and performing. They've made their bread. Why not teach some young kids how to do it and let it happen from there? If you liked the Beatles in 1963, '64 and '65 you'll love Badfinger. They have a new album called NO DICE and, depending on how much you liked the Beatles back when, you'll dig NO DICE.



This is America

IN AMERICA, CAR IS KING
LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

In America, car is King. More people have jobs related to the auto industry than any other industry in the American economy.

Thirty per cent of the nation's consumption of sheet, bar and strip steel goes for the manufacture of automobiles; the auto industry consumes 70% of the rubber, 50% of the lead, 45% of the malleable iron, 35% of the zinc, 12% of the nickel, 11% of the aluminum, and 9% of the copper used in this country. The major share of oil and gas consumption also goes to automobiles.

The car is designed for profit. Expensive to buy, expensive to maintain, expensive to park, and expensive to repair, the auto is America's biggest profit-maker. New cars cost the public over \$30 billion each year. Repairs on America's 100 million autos totals more than \$20 billion.

Auto production is woven into the entire fabric of this country. Many of the resources for production and use of autos must be obtained from Third World countries; 80% of the rubber used in the U.S. comes straight from Southeast Asia where the U.S. is fighting largely to defend and maintain its control over such resources as rubber oil. There is an interlocking directorship of corporations in the various sections of the auto industry and in nearly all other important industries in the country. The structure of GM, for example, sit on the boards of three major oil companies and four major steel companies.

The auto giants also have enormous defense contracts. GM alone has a yearly business of more than \$680 million in military contracts.

make everything from fighter planes to diesel parts. GM turns out 230,000 M-16 rifles a year, rifles that are used to kill Vietnamese and to fight other enemies.

GM and other giant corporations need the U.S. government, bureaucracy and military to secure the expansion and control over Third World countries to insure them a continual supply of crucial resources, as well as to provide markets for their products and cheaper labor than what they can get at home.

General Motors, the largest of the big three auto makers (the other two are Ford and Chrysler) produces one out of every three vehicles made in the non-socialist world. GM is an international giant who need pay no attention to national or continental boundaries. GM has assembly plants in South Africa, Africa and Asia.

In South Africa, where GM has been since 1926, wage slavery is developed to a high degree. In a country with 11 million blacks and 3 million whites, cheap non-white labor makes up the foundation of the South African economy. Blacks of the South African economy. Blacks have no political or trade-union rights. They are forbidden by law to strike for better wages or working conditions, even though their pay averages less than \$100 a year.

Not only do auto giants exploit labor abroad, they rob you at home. In 1966, GM took materials worth an average of \$1400 and used factory labor to turn it into a vehicle that it could see to a dealer for \$2500. Of this \$1100

When the dealer sells the car to you for about \$3,000, that's a lot of money to pay out at once. So, you borrow the money and pay it back in installments. Right now there is more than \$35 billion out on loan to American consumers for car purchases, a full 40% of all consumer credit.

And the cost of auto repairs has soared. Between 1955 and 1965 prices increased a good 60%. Insurance claims have nearly tripled, and the cost of parts have increased as much as 400%.

"Does GM Care about City or Air? You Bet We Do." The auto giants say in their P.R. that they care about pollution. But GM has put more smog, dirt and poison into the air.

ALL through history there have been reports of mysterious strangers who suddenly appear and are in some indefinable way 'different'. Ever since UFO research began in the early 1950's, these appearances have taken a more sinister turn. Perfectly sane & respected people, often in groups, started reporting that they had been visited by someone who both looked odd & behaved strangely. In every case these people had reported having seen a UFO or some other unexplained phenomenon. Most of them had reported seeing occupants of UFOs & stated so on the air (as opposed to newspaper reports only). They had also reported seeing these things near military or other restricted zones.

This type of visitor is almost always dressed in black & often there are three of them. These Men in Black ask penetrating questions, refusing to answer any questions themselves. They pose as FBI or CIA agents, as military personnel, insurance brokers, etc. All branches of authority deny any knowledge of them.

A Journalist, John A. Keel stated that in his opinion the 'Men in Black' were the intelligence arm of a large & possibly hostile group.

The first man to allude to the strange trio was Albert Bender, one of the early UFO researchers. In 1953, Bender, who had organized one of the 1st & largest of the saucer-study groups, announced in his "INTERNATIONAL FLYING SAUCER BUREAU SPACE REVIEW" that he was disbanding the organization. The mystery, he announced, had been solved but because of orders from a higher source he could not divulge any specific information.

He concluded by advising all those engaged in saucer research to be very cautious.

Gray Barker learnt from Bender that he had been visited by three men in black who had been very rough with him & warned him to discontinue all UFO research. In his book, "THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS," Barker writes: "I have a feeling that someday there will come a slow knocking at my door, too, unless we all get wise & New Jersey men dressed in black really are. At Namague, New Jersey, military officers & other members of UFO groups are there. They told the assembled people not to discuss the sightings with anyone. Colonel George Freeman, Pentagon spokesman for the now defunct Project Blue Book, insists that 'no one connected with the Air Force had visited Namague on that occasion.'" He added: "We have also had a number of these cases & these men are not connected with the air force in any way."

CONSPIRACY

A man bearing impressive credentials from the North American Air Defence called upon Rex Heflin & demanded the originals of a series of photographs Heflin had taken in California in 1965. NORDAD denied having anything to do with the incident. NORDAD's Chief of Staff, Major General M. Magee, said that his department did not have "the responsibility for the evaluation of UFOs & therefore would not knowingly be in the business of collecting UFO pictures." He said that the Department of the Air Force's "Heflin's photographs have never been returned. The Air Force has been unable to discover exactly who took them, nor have they been able to determine the identity of similar, 'Men in Black' who have confronted witnesses in Texas, Washington, Connecticut & New York.

Another even more puzzling case in which 2 or 3 men in black appear to have been involved concerns Astrophysicist, Dr. Morris K. Jessup. In '55 he wrote a book called "THE CASE FOR THE UFO." Shortly after its publication in a paperback edition, a copy was sent anonymously to the Chief of Staff of the Office of Naval Research. It was filled with handwritten annotations that implied intimate knowledge of UFOs, their means of motion, shape of the ship's hull in the water.

The notes appeared to have been written by 2 or 3 men. At about the same time Dr. Jessup received several strange letters from a man who was probably one of those who had made the comments in the book. He signed himself Carlos Allende. The letters alleged that in October 1943 the US Navy conducted a strange experiment, this experiment being no less than the teleportation of a destroyer from Philadelphia to its dock in Norfolk. Allende said the experiment was based on Einstein's Unified Field Theory. The result was the disappearance of the destroyer & all its crew. The field was observed 100 miles away from the ship. The field was about 100 yards out from each person within that sphere became vapor in fact. A person outside the sphere could see nothing but the blurry defined shape of the ship's hull in the water.

The letter went on to say that the effect of the experiment on the crew had been tragic at least half of the crew subsequently going mad due to the effects of the force field. Allende called it 'going blank' (ie, fading into invisibility). There were other effects spoken of in the letter as 'getting stuck' & 'freezing'.

The letters were considered important enough for the Office of Naval Research to investigate. They found nothing, Dr. Jessup continued his independent research, but on April 21st, 1959, he was found dead in his car from monoxide poisoning. The reader is asked to consider the possibility of a person who had suffered mysterious deaths. Again & again these 'incidents' have in some way concerned the 'Men in Black'.

WHO ARE THEY? Are they agents from another world spreading confusion & fear among Earth's serious UFO researchers? Or, despite fearful demands, are they agents from a secret United States Government agency which knows the facts about flying saucers & is keeping the truth of the matter from the public?

ARGENTINA MOUNTAIN PEELERS... FOUND 8,000,000 'WORKERS'... EVO SCIENCE

AND AWAY WE GO

people do not is the danger is that they are constantly exposing themselves, their pets, their kids, and their insect friends - as well as their vapor pouring out of the evil strip. One may not see or smell the chemical but it is in the same. Alerting to the pollutants which we all eat and breathe and it is practically the last straw. In the U.S., health and agriculture officials finally demanded a new warning label on this stuff out of public restaurant kitchens, out of cow barns and dairies, out of factories.

little no-no on a label of this stuff out of public restaurant kitchens, out of cow barns and dairies, out of factories. suggest all those sucking these sweet poisons and when will we stop using them. Conservancy, farmers, standarity whatever you call it, the price is just too much to pay.

The men in black



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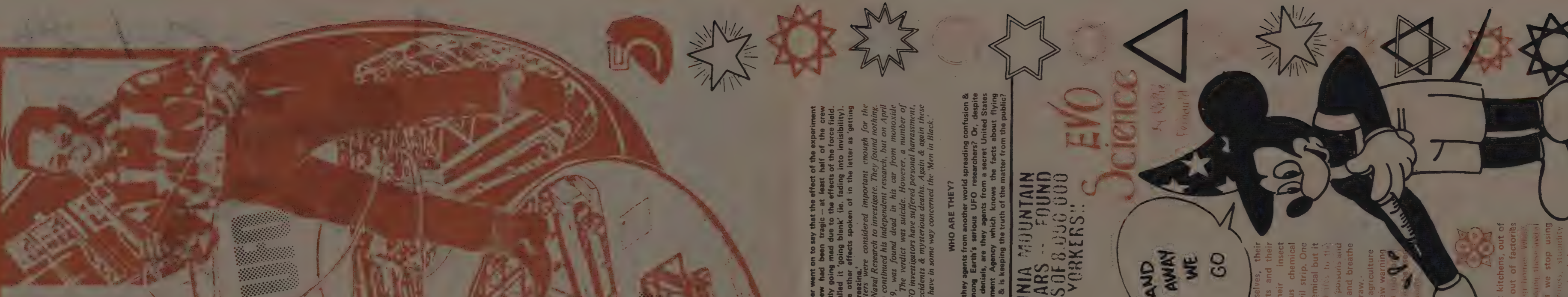
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Chemical biological warfare weapons have been in the news recently because the United States Army tossed an enormous amount of deadly nerve gas into the sea off the coast of Florida. As if this was not enough, we've got it at home, too. A small insect-killing device for consumer use is enjoying wide sale - it may be in perhaps fifty million North American homes and yet it is not known precisely what effects the material can have on pets, children and adults.

When it comes to pesticides, consumers can be a knowledgeable help. DDT can cut down as well as insect pests, for a long time was touted as the best pesticide known to man because of its convenience. DDT is a long-lasting killer and need not be applied often or frequently. But long-lasting also means persistence and accumulation in the fatty tissues of many animals at the top end of the food chain, including man. We'll be talking more about DDT and some of the pesticides which have replaced it in future columns.

Now we can be concerned about another conventional labor-saving device. The yellow business strip used in North America (originally developed by the Japanese) is a chemical called "No Pest Strip" and "Vapona." Each plastic strip has a chemical-containing wax material embedded in it. As the wax melts, the pesticide chemical is slowly released into the air. Under normal conditions, the strip emits an offensive odor of the pest to repel the animal responsible for about these animals.

The active ingredient is a compound called Dichlorvos for short - it is one of the organophosphate pesticides which are rapidly replacing DDT. In one sense, Dichlorvos is a nerve gas. It acts on the nervous system and interferes with the well produce carbons and eventually die in all animals from insects to man. Only the concentrations needed to produce the damage vary.



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DYLAN'S GARBAGE'S GREATEST HITS

by (of course) A.J. WEBERMAN, DYLANOLOGIST



When the garbage bags were stained with greese and dog shit and that awful smell made it difficult to see all I could think about were the lyrics to SELF PORTRAIT as I stepped to Bobby's trash-can to do some DYLANOLOGY

and Dylan's garbage smelled not far in the distance Dylan's garbage smelled and wasn't a sweet sight to see Dylan's garbage smelled not far in the distance Dylan's garbage smelled out there was somethin' in it for me (chorus)

reached into the can where some good shit was lying Diapers were everywhere... it smelled like a tomb was ready to leave, I was already walking When the next thing I knew a letter addressed to BOB DYLAN did loom

tside of Dylan's MacDougal Street pac some people were gatherin' so I began to mutter something about "improving the ecology" but an off-duty garbage man standing next to me, his head was exploding was prayin' Dylan's rent-a-pigs wouldn't come out and vamp on me

so I put the grease-stained letter into my pocket took a hold of the garbage bag and away I did ride straight for the Bowery and THE DYLAN ARCHIVES sure was glad to get out of there alive

By the time I reached the Archives I was flippin'. Would I find bits and pieces of D's poetry? Would I find evidence of D's 'current bag?' I opened the street door of the small loft building which houses the Archives and deposited the bag in the hallway. Then I brought in an empty trash can and started to transfer the contents of the plastic bag to the can, sorting out the good shit. I had to leave the street door open since, as I have said, D's garbage was not exactly mellow-smelling. The first thing I pulled out was a shit filled diaper...right, right...Dylan has a lot of kids. In a letter written by ANGIE, one of Sara Dylan's (Bob's wife) ex-college chums and member of THE DYLAN CLAN to some friends in England regarding 'What the Dylans are really like' she states that Bob keeps Sara "constantly pregnant". But D is a good father. He really loves his children. He may not care about black children anymore, but he loves His children. They may not dig him too much when they get older and look back on how he refused to use his infulence or \$\$ to save lives, but Dylan loves his children. He may sit and let the world they're gonna have to grow up in get more and more fucked up so that he can remain in his c.b. but...

I made my way thru the empty cans of vegetables, Blimpie wrappers and coffee grounds till I came to a whole shitload of rock newspapers. There was ROCK, STONE, MELODY MAKER, CIRCUS etc. and even an issue of CRAWDADDY with one of my articles in it. I was very hurt that D Threw It Away instead of treasuring it, sleeping with it under his

pillow etc. but this confirmed my theory that D followed the rock creiticism scene very closely and was extremely interested in what was being said about him. Soon I found a letter to the D's which was sent out to parents whose children attended a certain progressive private school in the Village thanking them for contributing to the school's "country trip fund". (One of D's metaphors for his c.b. is 'being in the country, see evo 11/4/70, so I guess he could relate to it). Now I was really getting into it. In a bag of carpet sweepings I found a torn-up pix of (presumably) one of D's kids. Then I found a fan letter from a cat in Calif. which read "... Marie will turn to the wind or someone like Cochese and ask where heroin is available." He's WAY OFF. D is very down on hard drugs.

I was going thru some dogshit wrapped in newspaper when a fellow freak walked by and saw me doing the thing. "Did you lose something?" "No." "Think you'll find something of value in there?" "No." "Then why...?" "It's Dylan's garbage man, I just snatched it from in front of his pad." "Come on man, you went all the way up to Woodstock?" "No man he lives in the city." "Farout" and the cat walked away. A few minutes later he was back. "Is your name A.J. Weberman, did I hear you on Fass's show the other night?" "Right on," I answered.

I continued to do the thing and found 2drafts of a letter to John and June Cash (see reprint). When I showed them to David Peel he remarked: "Dylan must have been fucked-up when he wrote this... like he can't even write a simple sentence." All the tired horses in the sun how's he gonna get any writtin done?

I began to make regular pick-ups of D's garbage each night (beginning 9/17/70)...like I never thought I'd stoop so low... LITERALLY. The picture of D that began to emerge from his garbage reinforced the father theme since it was stoned middle class... there was a medical report from an expensive animal hospital regarding the D's dog, Sasha, who had an upset stomach; invitations to attend special sales at exclusive Department Stores, along with all kinds of mail-order cosmetic offers and copies of fashion magazines all addressed to Sara (Sara seems to be into the plastic "manakin" trip - dig the pixs of her from a famous fashion magazine I have reprinted). Then there were some polaroid negatives of D's youngest child, one alone, one with the D's third world maid (who I recognized from the time I put D's pad under surveillance) and one with D giving the kid a bottle (see reprint).

When I started to find packages addressed to a Saltzman on LaGuardia Place I jumped to the erroneous conclusion that this was the other pad referred to in the aforementioned letter - "One day Sara took me to the apartment she has downtown. It was when she went into one of the bedrooms and found an expensive fur coat that the trouble started. She tackled him the

minute he came thru the door..." Later I found out this was the address of D's middle-aged secretary, Naomi Saltzman.

Generally, when I found fan mail it was ripped up. Some typical quotes: "Thank you for helping me to learn to think", "You abonimation, you're responsible for my kid growing his hair down his back." When Hendrix died I found a picture of him done in magic marker really good, ripped to shreds. Then there was the stuff D's kids had discarded, Anna's notebook, Maria's envelope, Naomi's 'Camp Diary', some of Jesse's scribbling. I also found a card from D's mother: "Ft. Lauderdale is great. Enjoy the candy", a birthday card from Grandma Joe and one from Aunt Sylvia and Uncle Morris. Good to know D's still a Zimmerman.

Things grooved along for about two weeks - I found a list of the outs from the SELF PORTRAIT session dated 3/3/70 which included PRETTY SARO, BALL & STRIPES RAG, DOCK OF THE BAY, THE GYPSY (the one on NEW MORNING), UNIVERSAL SOLDIER, OUT OF A JOB, THESE HANDS, SPANISH EYES & PIANO BOOGIE

along with a letter to D from his attorneys, Pyron, Cashman & Braun concerning a pix of D's father with John Sebastian taken in Duluth, Minn. '66 by EVO photographer Joe Stevens. (Stevens had laid a copy of the pix on D) Bob is pretty involved with these cats, Angie writes "Lately (9/30...) he's taken it into his head to find out who does what with his money. The Isle of Wight fiasco has made him want to see heads roll. He called it the biggest fuck-up of all time and if he continues to be associated with Grossman & Braun I'd be very surprised." Dylan siced these Braun & Co. on WBAI-FM, foking them to cancel MY MUSIC FROM THE DYLAN ARCHIVES radio program and also had them threaten to sue THE GEORGIA STRAIGHT AND MY PFREE PRESS if they continued to print excerpts from his unpublished novel TARANTULA.

I also found that although D had a lot of bread his family really didn't gorge themselves that much. Their garbage was definitely on the modest side. A typical shopping list contained items like cookie mix, liverwurst and granola.

After two weeks the good garbage, D's papers, ceased to come even tho I knew he was still in town from eyewitness reports of friends etc. D had sensed that something was happening with his garbage and he didn't know what it was. This was probably because, at the time, I felt a little guilty about invading D's privacy ("Could there be someone who's names been misused and privacy abused?" D ghosting for Band) like the pigs go thru people's garbage, and so I made off with the bags without replacing them, didn't tie the ones with nothing of interest in them exactly the way i found them, and so D, paranoid that he is, got wise.

Despite my suspicion that D was hip to my scam I continued to do the thing and managed to turn up a prescription made out To D for some very strong muscle relaxant. This fit in with my recent theory that D's MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT was actually a suicide attempt and that he was seriously injured. Dig, Bob was allegedly taking his bike in for repairs and his wife was following behind him in one of his cars wh en it happened. This sounds cool but I believe the accident took place late at night. Why couldn't Bob wait until daylight if the bike was dangerous and fucked up? And judging from some of the lyrics on BLONDE ON BLONDE (which was released just before the accident) like "She knows where I want to be but it doesn't matter" & "They sent for an ambulance/One got sent/Somebody got lucky" D was like infatuated with death. But Dylan failed to off himself (most suicides turn out to be abortive attempts) and so he settled for 'a living death' - his After I found nothing for two weeks striaght I began to rap about my garbage scam on Alex Bennett's

*Dear John and June,
We are not sure if we'll
be traveling to Memphis this
month so Toy will give this on for
us. Everything is fine to you -
The night you did "It just ain't right"
I was had just some's sleep in bed
bein' her (...name mentioned on Cash's TV-Show?)*



liberated A.M. Radio Show and since D's management often requests tapes of my appearances from Alex I figured the scam was BURNED DOWN. But one night I went over D's garbage just for old time's sake and in an envelope separate from the rest of the trash, there were five toothbrushes of various sizes and an unused tube of toothpaste wrapped in a plastic bag. "Tooth" means "electric

guitar in D's symbology (eg in OUTLAW BLUES Bob tells the folkies he got "his darksunglasses" superstar image and his "blacktooth" electric guitar). Maybe D was saying that his next album (NEW MORNING) would be rock and roll? After all, D is the ultimate symbologist.

DYLAN HAS CHANGED COMPLETELY since the time he wrote songs like BLOWING IN THE WIND and

going through his garbage was just like going thru his recent poetry. There was nothing of any real value to be found. Bob is now part of the power structure and is a reactionary force in rock. This is the result of his having many millions of \$ "Relationships of ownership" (who owns what) "They whisper in the wings etc." (they prompt the politic of the rich). Another factor is D's c.b. which

makes him susceptible to arrest and also generally kills political response. DYLAN MUST BE DEALT WITH. He has decided to return and live close to the culture he ripped off and betrayed. BUT FOR HOW LONG?

ALL POWER
TO THE GOOD DYLANOLOGISTS
FREE BOB DYLAN FROM HIMSELF

KEROUAC

2 The awakened Buddha to show the way, the chosen Messiah to die in the degradation of sentience, is the golden eternity. One that is what is, the golden eternity, or, God, or, Tathagata—the name. The Named One. The human God. Sentient Godhood. Animate Divine. The Deified One. The Verified One. The Free One. The Liberator. The Still One. The Settled One. The Established One. Golden Eternity. All is Well. The Empty One. The Ready One. The Quitter. The Sitter. The Justified One. The Happy One.

roy
wiener



American hip culture has many literary ancestors—Burroughs, Ginsberg, Henry Miller, among others. Writers who've written not just popular books, but books that contained ideas and styles that either influenced changes or reflected changes that were already going on in American society.

One such writer-ancestor was, and still is largely overlooked and mostly misunderstood—Jack Kerouac. A year now, after his death, a press release from Grove, announcing the reissue of three of Kerouac's books, (*Mexico City Blues*, *Dr. Sax*, *Lonesome Traveler*) labels him "Father of the Beat Generation." Which is absolute hype bullshit.

Kerouac actually was one of the first to write about the postwar rejection of the American value system, and one of the first to put forth the idea of searching for new ways to live and be happy, alternatives to alienation. His heroes were always outlaws, bums, dopers, and holy madmen, fleeing frantically from what Kerouac once called "The Great Slaughtering Meat Wheel," otherwise known as The American Way. He was also one of the first white authors to see the true soul of America in its black people, and to appreciate it.

In over fifteen books written mostly in the fifties, Kerouac set down ways of living and thinking which any freak today commonly accepts as a matter of course. In *On The Road*, we watch Kerouac's characters travelling across the country, back and forth from New York to San Francisco, to Denver and L.A., having adventures, doing funky things, visiting friends, smoking dope and drinking wine, not worrying about the next day, hitching rides and being open to all sorts of American types. At this moment, nomadic tribes in painted buses and lonely hitchhiking heads carrying guitars and a few joints are busy crisscrossing the nation in numbers large enough to be called a Movement. In *The Dharma Bums*, Kerouac introduced a new sort of spirituality to the American scene, that of mysticism and oriental speculation on modern existence. His characters retreated from the cities to meditate on the tops of mountains and eat natural

foods in little meadow cabins, the beginning, it seems now, of the present communal push. Getting back to the land, seeking communion with the gods that exist in Nature. Even closer to the religious aspect of modern hip culture was Kerouac's most overlooked book, *Visions of Gerard*, in which he recalls the saintly character of his younger brother who "spoke to the birds," and died when he was very young. Kerouac was always hyped as some sort of wild hipster, out for kicks and excitement, but his deep concern with spiritual experience was the central theme in all his writings, something which most people ignored.

What most people saw in Kerouac was his way of writing about having fun, wild times, and outrageous things to do. Straight 1950's society was both shocked and attracted to Kerouac's rebellious laughter. "Hey! I just walked three blocks on car roofs and hit only one convertible!" announces one madman upon arriving at a party in one of Kerouac's pieces. *Week-long wine and pot parties* in California where poets ran naked and no one cared what time it was. Making love anywhere and everywhere, but always living simply and naturally. "My friends and I in New York city have our own special way of having fun without having to spend much money and most important of all without having to be importuned by formalistic bores, such as, say, a swell evening at the mayor's ball. —We don't have to shake hands and we don't have to make appointments and we feel alright. —We sorta wander around like children. —We walk into parties and tell everybody what we've been doing and people think we're showing off — They say: "Oh look at the beatniks!" That's Kerouac speaking, an original yippie! saying things which were quite radical in Eisenhower's America, but which are now common attitudes. Except that now people say, "Oh look at the hippies!"

Another thing that Kerouac layed on us was a new consciousness of language. In all of his books, dialect is recorded not merely in a documentary style, but in a lyrical style. Kerouac looked for the music in people's language and his

"spontaneous bop prosody," (as Allen Ginsberg called it) is taken right from the black jazz, hoodlum jive, cowboy drawl, weary waitress mixed-up American rhythms that make up the way we all talk, and even sing. I have an ancient recording of Jack Kerouac reading his funky poems ("The Slouch Hat" "Cooper Union Blues" etc.) while Steve Allen (remember him?) plays the piano. You can hear the clink of Kerouac's bottle of Thunderbird against the piano top as he reels off incredible word mixtures that come so close to being songs that it makes you wonder why it took so long for the hip culture to express itself in actual poem-singing (big experiments in the late fifties were attempts by Ferlinghetti, Rexroth, Corso and others to blend poetry with jazz, but always reading...not until Dylan did the experiment succeed in full voice).

But noticing the way people talk was only one aspect of Kerouac's big obsession—the people themselves. Big radicals today talk about "The People," but few have any idea of who they're talking about, the result being that they often have a condescending attitude toward The People. What's even worse is, not knowing The People, they cannot develop a love for The People, which, as everybody knows, is the guiding force of the true revolutionary. Kerouac, though not a revolutionary in the active sense, had that kind of love. He is at his best when describing ordinary people in ordinary scenes, for his interest in other human beings as human beings makes them important, without romanticizing them. In *Lonesome Traveler* Kerouac works with the Southern Pacific Railroad as a brakeman, and he tells stories of these railroad guys in all their toughness, basic wisdom from years with the railroad, eccentricities, and drunken hilarity, but most of all their skill at doing their jobs well which he admires and tries to learn from. Of course, Kerouac brings to the railroad a bit of poetic vision ("...where the grass grows from soot beds like green hair of old tokay heroes longslanted into the ground like the railroadmen of the 19th century whom I saw in the Colorado Plains...")

but sweat is always sweat, and the people are neither larger nor smaller than life-size. Kerouac writes the same way, in another part of *Lonesome Traveler*, where he describes how he likes to just stand around places like Times Square just watching "that weird eccentric from Second Avenue looking like Napoleon by feeling cookie crumbs in his pocket, ...or suddenly somebody swishing by in a baseball hat (because that's what you see)..." Just watching people as people (because that's what you see), and developing love and openness to them, is something a lot of us don't take enough time for, but which Kerouac spent most of his life doing.

But when reading Kerouac today, it's important to keep certain things in perspective. For instance, though his characterizations of women are done in the same spirit of look-for-the-person-within which gives all of his characters full dimension as people Kerouac was hardly aware of women's liberation, and so comes off as a chauvinist, in many respects. There is also the problem of Kerouac's staunch a-politicism in which he would rather go off to the mountains and meditate rather than stick around to try and change things. Understand, however, that in his time, the "Silent Fifties," nearly everyone either liked Ike or just didn't give a shit, and powerlessness was the general feeling. The civil rights movement in the sixties changed all that, and now we know who we are and what we can do. The people who have followed the trend that Kerouac was in favor of, that is, doing the Nature thing, communes, etc., are, sooner or later, going to have to face up to the fight that Korporate Amerika has in store for them. The situation now, different from Kerouac's, is "if you're not part of the solution..."

But pick up one of Kerouac's books. Let him tell you about the America that waits for a new inheritance. Better still, go see for yourself. But take along something he wrote, something like (in *Lonesome Traveler*) his essay on "The Vanishing American Hobo," in which Kerouac's last words of lament are "The woods are full of wardens."

JDL

(Continued from Page 23)

promptly to put the whole thing down, to say nothing of the various groups that - well, had sort of an aversion to Jews in general, and didn't like them getting too uppity. It was sort of like the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee and the Crazies, particularly in June of that year when the Jews, several thousands strong, were marching up Fifth Avenue to celebrate the 21st anniversary of the founding of the state of Israel. Well, long about 72nd Street, they ran into a group of hecklers screaming "Long Live Al Fatah," and without waiting for instructions, some members of the JDL broke loose and began trashing, and were finally restrained. Then, a fist-swinging melee broke out with a bunch of Nazi's from Yorkville's New Renaissance Party, who were beaten unmercifully. The cops were called in, and five JDL members arrested.

Of course, dig it, the New Renaissance Party is a small group of little or no weight. Joseph Stevens and I had a run-in with them last winter outside of Hunter College while they were protesting a Panther rally that was taking place inside. The entire 10 or twelve of them - blond-haired, blue-eyed adolescent punks, mostly - were marching around outside with all

kinds of anti-Semitic, anti-Black signs - which they kept dropping as they clumsily slammed into overhanging awnings. They jibed Stevens and I about the length of our hair, and offered to pay for haircuts for the both of us, but when we asked for cash up front, they retracted their generous offer. There were several insulting remarks passed back and forth, regarding one thing and another, and eventually there were various insinuations about family backgrounds, and outright threats. They certainly displayed more of a sense of humor than their Marxist counterparts in Yorkville, the Young Patriots. We asked one the Nazi leaders, an older, more distinguished-looking gentleman, what their beliefs were.

"We are for removing the unproductive elements from our society," he said.

"Who are the unproductive elements?"

"The Jews and the niggers. Anyone on welfare. Anyone who is defacing the memory of the brave American boys who have died in combat."

"Does it matter to you that several million American boys died getting rid of Hitler?" we asked self-righteously.

"Yes," he said, "now it's going to cost double that amount of American boys to get rid of the people who got rid of Hitler. It was the work of Franklin Delano Rosenfeld."

"Oh really?" we asked. "What was so great about Hitler?"

He got rid of the unproductive elements of his society."

This repartee was broken up by the arrival of several angry Cuban exiles, who had come to join the Nazi's in protest against the Panthers. The Cubans took a dimmer view of Stevens and I than the Nazi's did, and immediately began spitting on us and hitting us with their signs, while two or three cops watched in glee. We fled the area, but watched the subsequent goings-on from a distance, and there were several scuffles going on all night. The Nazi's, admiring of the Cubans (big 250-pounders), tried to keep up with them, but finally left in abject misery - while the Cubans picked several more fights and looked like they might even go over the Nazi's once, just to keep in shape...and everybody is getting into the act these days.

Everybody wants a piece of the action. You've got Italians marching for Italians, the Mexicans marching for the Mexicans, the Blacks marching for the Blacks, the freaks doing battle for the freaks, you've got midgets scrambling for the midgets, the elderly crawling for the elderly, you've got hardhats, Hells Angels, Gay Power, women, men, everyone struggling for some peace of mind, and right in the middle of it all sits the Rabbi Meir Kuhana of the Jewish Defense League ready and willing and waiting to

do battle with any son of a bitch in the house. Right after the Israel day fracas in 1969, I went to see this Rabbi Kuhana, and he was a likeable, intelligent fellow, and we had a long, engrossing chat about fascism that was certainly right on. We discussed marching to the gas chambers as opposed to smashing the state, and we differed on who we wanted to see get what, and he was certainly very Zionist, very militant, but I detected a wry gleam in his eye...yessir, this fascist, reactionary Zionist murderer of third-world children was one of the outcasts of his own people, and yet he was in the vanguard...he was one of the laughed-at, ridiculed, down-and-out punks of American Jewry, not quite ready to assimilate...yes, this crazed lunatic had one finger on the gun...he would fight for his, just like the rest of us.

(Continued from

Page 4)

\$10 Thanksgiving

(Continued from Page 4)

be anti-Semitic in the presence of Stevie Heller, who from all outward indications would seem to be one of us. But we manage, Schultz and I, we manage: and for all his third-generation acculturated agnostic savoir-faire in these matters, Heller visibly smarts sometimes under our railery, and yea, invokes the wrath of Javeh the Storm God

upon us, muttering dire Hebrew anathemas that resound with 'Adonai,' 'Elohim,' and 'Kabala.' (Schultz, have you ever heard of a book called the Kabala?) On Thanksgiving Day we gave Heller a magnificent dose of anti-Semitism.

'He'd steal the pennies from a dead man's eyes,' I reminded Schultz of Heller over breakfast coffee at the University CoffeeShop on University Place. Heller hit me in the bicep.

'The gold from his fillings,' Schultz nodded, over desert coffee in Howard Johnson's across from the Women's House of D. Heller hit Schultz on the bicep.

GYP-SIES

'They'd sell children's eyes to the Gypsies!' I exclaimed in tones of outrage as we rode the Sixth Avenue bus uptown, therewith earning myself another feeble clout from Heller. Schultz and I agreed that you got to look out for them god damn Gypsies, too. Is it true that they call their children 'starlings?' Where do they come from, anyway?

'But at least,' I reminded Schultz as we passed the line of oderiferous horse-buggies at the St. Moritz entrance to Central Park, 'at least they attend houses of worship every Saturday.'

'Dean,' Schultz lamented, spitting on a horse, 'I'm afraid

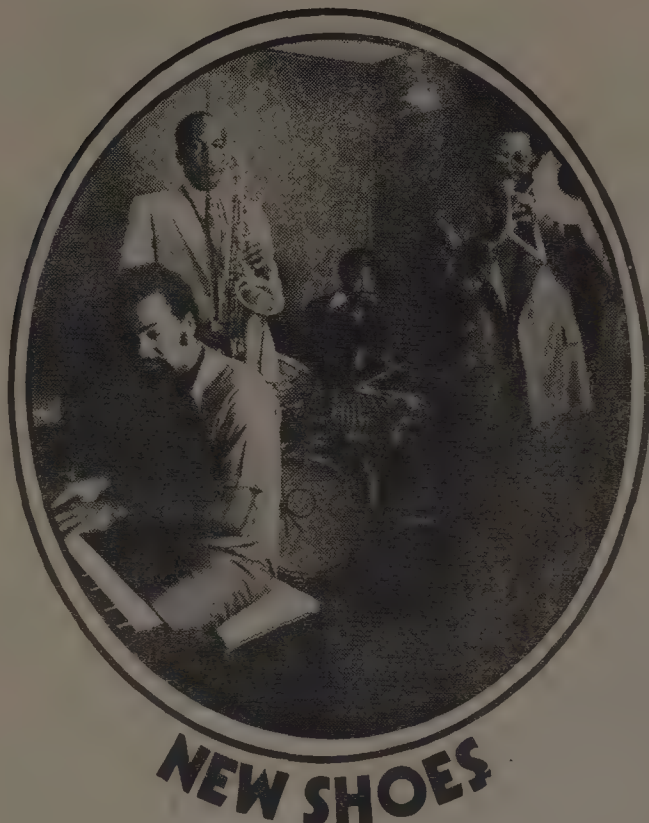
(Continued on Page 19)

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(Continued from Page 18)

KNEE

I've got some bad news for you. As my mother told me, at her knee - at her knee, Latimer - she said, they don't attend houses of worship son, they attend - "Houses of whoreship!!" shrieked Heller, who has heard this riff a thousand times from the two of us. "God damn it!" Brandishing both bony fists, he chased me up over the rocks through the larkspur down the yellow dead grass all the way to Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, where the three of us paused for a bit, gasping, to watch for pretty girls in brief skating skirts doing figure eights.

There weren't many. They all wore dark tights anyway. We found it depressing, and soon made off toward the Sheep Meadow to see who was in the ascendancy this Thanksgiving, the kite flyers or the soccer players. On the way Schultz tumbled Heller a few times, and Heller consequently brutalized me. We settle into that pattern, the three of us: Schultz, being meanest, thrashes Heller, and Heller, rather than retaliating against Schultz, thrashes me, who is least mean. As a result, when I fail to retaliate, Schultz pounds on Heller to complete the circuit of aggression, and thus starts it all over again.

The soccer players owned the Sheep Meadow that day: what few kites were there arose overhead from off by the Tavern on the Green. Soccer people being by and large pushy, laconic and belligerent, we soon cut over to Bethesda Fountain, where you can always find some

amiable stupid hippies and their dogs tossing around plastic frisbees. At Bethesda beyond the viridigris sculptures we also found as usual the boating pond, clotted like a backed-up toilet bowl by the year's worth of non-bio-degradable offal. "And God," we intoned pretentiously over the scum and muck, "gave to Man dominion over the Earth, and all the things that moveth thereon." The pond just lay there in a lump; it does not move much.

TREE

Ducking brightly-coloured frisbees, we soon made our way away from there! "Don't climb the tree," I warned Schultz, who was inspecting a low-clung alder bow near to the Zoo. "These trees are filthy."

"So am I," grunted Schultz roguishly, oofing himself up the hard way to the first fork, a handsbreadth above his head. Deciding I'd have to show him the only true way to climb trees, I approached the far end of the bough, leapt up, caught it, and with a difficulty that astonished me, managed after three tries to loop my arse up over around the limb. There I hung, gasping, red-faced, until I gained enough strength to boost up flat alongside the limb, one leg dangling down toward the ground.

"Looks like we're not as young as we used to be," Schultz dubiously panted above me. "I'm feeling," choked I, "my years."

Heller only laughed in his engaging machine-gun fashion, seized my down-dangling boot, and began to haul. "Heller! You scum! Turd! Vomit of a camel! Leggo my fucking boot, brigand!" But off it sent and Heller capered off with it. "Your boot!" Schultz exclaimed "A Jew stole your boot."

"He'll pawn it!" In a flash I was back on the ground, stumbling, gaining back up, and chasing after Heller, who was attempting to toss my boot up in the hole of a more inaccessible tree. "Cursed Levite!" With uncustomary vigour and aggressiveness I hurled him down onto his back on the ground and pounced. Somehow I wound up on the bottom, in a full nelson. Any child could have broken it - for what is Heller but a child? - but the abrupt realization that I was engaging in a contest of physical strength suddenly overwhelmed me, leaving me limp and disoriented. "Leggo!" I begged. "King's X. Fingers, fingers."

"Say pussy," cackled Heller "Pussy!" I was loose. But then Schultz was all over Heller, trouncing the little fuck within an inch of his life. "My glasses!" Heller shrieked, signalling an end to the frivolities. Just before we got to the zoo, in a state of residual giddiness I roughly thrust Heller in the shoulder right over against Schultz, knocking them both galley-west. In a trice they were both on me, rolling me about among the deep leeaves as I yelled, "Mugging! Thieves! Help! Constable!" Of course nobody passing by even looked twice. Sometimes on the street Schultz and I leap on Heller and appear to be giving him the beating of a lifetime, kicking him around the sidewalk, slamming him up against the sides of automobiles, punching his teeth out. The

passers-by gape, but no one has yet ever gotten involved. This is the Big Apple. At length they let me get back up, holding my back and groaning, "Whiplash! Whiplash!"

(Continued on Page 24)

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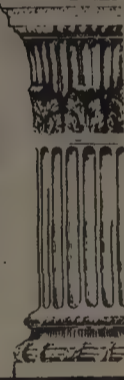


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THE AGE OF ROCK

2

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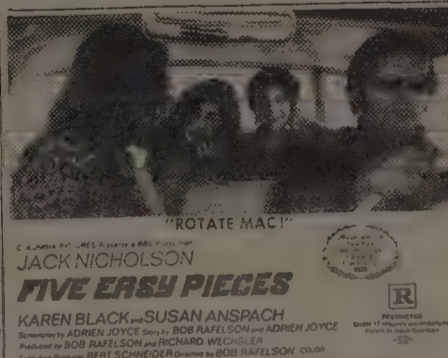
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Charlie Frick

Hanging round going down to the show one more time one more line. In the N.J. night air once more, I found where the kids go when they want to get it on and don't want anyone to know. No rock and roll palace with flashing lights burning brightly and hip looking people coming to dig on the sights of the other hip looking people coming to dig on themselves. It was just a little old college dance in the middle of the campus in the middle of middle middle. The kids got together and decided to have themselves a concert so they got some tickets printed and got a place to hold it and booked some music and it came off real clean. No where was the smell of big time money and the bad babes that it brews, no bummers like you get at all the big rock places, the fillmore east or the capitol theatre or madison square garden.

Most everyone came to this show for the music, they got it!! I hope the trend of the big show will swing more toward the production of small intimate concerts all over the place I mean everywhere there should be something for people to see if they want to and they shouldn't be treated as sheep or numbers on tickets as so many places now days do. **WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE THE MUSIC BUSINESS AIN'T WORTH A SHIT.**

Yeah this was a small time happening in the woods on the other side of the river. The student union took over this room that was a small cafeteria or an auditorium, moved away all the stuff, set up a few lights and a small stage and a sound system, there were no seats and everyone sat on the floor nobody cared. The simplicity of the whole thing worked quite nicely.

They threw two shows for the kids with three acts, two small time and one headliner.

Me and Gene and Jack walked in unsuspecting of what was going on. The middle of the first show we finished handing out evos and were let in to the place, it was filled with kids a group called JAM FACTORY was on and they were waiting. I saw them at the museum of modern art when they played this summer but here they were different, I think

There was a lot of open communication between the kids on the floor and those on the stage, something you don't get to see very much in this day and age. They're a good group that sounds like sly and the family stone sometimes and sometimes they play jazz you probably don't know about them cause they haven't broken into the TOPPOP market yet, they're good at what they do its casper milktoast rock and roll for some that can't handle the heavy stuff Musical Pablum some of my friends call it, nice melodic things that will keep you asleep as long as you listen to it. It's background music for the 1970s. The stuff that you hear in your favorite poster store coming out over the muzak system. They were entertaining the kids, about 250 sitting or standing or walking around checking out what was going down. It was sort of a party for themselves these kids from the college, everyone seemed to know everyone else. Nice kids, not radicals or revolutionaries or rip offers but dedicated college kids who are hanging out going to school on a basket ball scholarship or getting the liberal arts degree that they want before they get married and settle down to have a family. Nice kids, clean living americans from middle middle. Not a culture hero in the lot.

There were jewish girls with mod clothes from sax 5th ave and phys ed majors and some hold outs from the great flower power movement of 1967.

Liberal arts majors and english lit majors and the future leader of america. They call came to boogie on down. We came to hear the Procol Harum. The headline group that they booked for the occasion. There was necking going on in the corners and pot smoking going on in the parking lot but there were no storm trooper like ushers telling you what to do and shining flashlights in your face. No there was nothing out of place at this show. It was all so simple this suburban scene, then I spotted the Rock and Roll Queen and her every present bag or organic mescaline. The show was on.

Jam Factory finished their set and left, the lights went on and people began to talk to each other. Space talk, trippy dippy words of rhyme from another place another time, they were all getting off from something, maybe it was the atmosphere, everyone was waiting, the equipment men were setting up for Procol getting everything just so adjusting the sound and fooling around with the lights and making ready. Procol Harum isn't one of the more famous rock and roll bands cause you can't dance to too much of their music. Remember A WHITER SHADE OF PALE? That's them but they've come a long way since then, haven't had a hit on the charts in a long time, they just don't do that kid of music all the time, other songs other tales of ships and boats and fishing for whales in the sea. Their last two albums, SALTY DOG AND HOME on Atm records are more than just music for your ears, most of the stuff that they played was from the records

They opened up with WISKEY TRAIN and that was it everyone clicked, all systems were go, except the sound systems which gave them trouble all thru their set. Never the less they managed to get it on in a big way, people dig Procol cause they got a lot more to their music than catchy tunes and love songs. It wasn't long before the whole place was flying around. It was great even with the messed up sound system and the funky lights and sitting on the floor and all.

They placed one of their songs that not too many people have heard HOMBURG, it was on a 45rpm but I don't know if it was ever released. They finished and left the stage to a lot of applause and when it didn't die down after a while they came back to do some more. It flipped me. They played a Beatles early hit MATCHBOX. It was amazing. They broke loose and everyone was on their feet jumpin up and down and the sounds filled the room and there was just the muzic. It was amazing. Really nice, something new, rock and roll is only when you dance it and when you're dancing it's never old. Then it was all over. The ushers ploitley cleaned everyone out of the side doors to make room for more kids to come and see the second show, we stood around talking to some of the people that were hanging out up front by the stage watching the drums sparkle in the light catching vibes that were still in the air, I find myself in that place many times many places where the energy just hangs and drips off of things, its the stuff that makes your bells ring, then they started letting the second audience in. The second set was about to begin.

The kids for the second show had been standing outside in the cold for about an hour now smoking pot and socking wine, that and the combination of the warm air hitting them placed their space race far far ahead of schedule. It was trip city all right it went on all night but they were still coming in talking to each other. It was like the cam before the storm. They all sat down on the floor and waited for the show to begin, things that are hidden in sin come out at a rock and roll show. The excitement was higher than most of the people that were there. Then the dude came to the microphone and said that the second show was about to begin.

We didn't get a chance to see the first act in the first show but here they were in their second set of the evening. I never saw them before. They're from new jersey, been gigging around for about 7 years together, yeah, 7 years, under all sorts of names they been here and there doing the club scenes and all the other dreams that go with being a rock performer.

Their name is SOME OTHER ANIMAL. Not your usual kind of warm up group but a bevy of polished accomplished musicians that seem to be fucked around by the rock bureaucracy more than any other group that I know of. With the possible exception of GLADYS BAILY AND THE VAGINAL DISCHARGE WASH BOARD BAND, this group has been up and down so many times that they should be called ELEVATOR or YOYO. I mean bad times are bad times but for a group with tricks and sounds like they do have it's no understandable how come they haven't made it yet. Their story is a long one of hardships but so is most every group's, their is especially freaky cause they're better than your average run of the mill rock group. They do stuff that I've never heard. The two lead guitar players have been together for so long that they have a style that sounds like one person playing on two guitars. It's like the stuff that was in dixie. I mean the way they play, it's not like there was a melody line and an accompaniment but rather two separate lead lines on the same chord structure. It sounded really tight, in seven years you can get together a lot of practice time and in this group it shows. The stuff was vaguely reminiscent of late 50s rocks but with some other stuff thrown in. Maybe you heard of the guy from england Aynsley Dunbar. He did some of the same kind of material but these guys do it much better.

The group is made up of E Newkirk, Phill Bellow, Dinnis Mullin and Pete Hopper. After they were finished playing I went downstairs to their dressing room to talk to them. They were pissed off cause they got their set cut short.

"How can you expect to get it off in twenty minutes, we hardly got warmed up and they cut us off. They had ever right to be upset cause one more time they were fucked around. The audience was a little to immature in their musical sensibility to understand what was going on. They were too young to understand where this music was evolved from. Besides they were all waiting for procol harum to get it on and didn't want to know about warm up groups. It's the same old story they play around for clown and kids and no one understands their music. The same old story but these guys are really they were signed with mercury records and have cut two albums this year one in January called SOME OTHER ANIMAL and one in march called MOOSE. For some mysterious reason the record company hasn't released them they're still sitting around in the shop. They don't know why the album hasn't come out but say the stuff is even better than the live stuff that they did that night. They're no small time thing either they did the music for animated film that won an award at the cannes film festival. They also did a whole lot of studio work for commercials and station breaks and all the other place that they need some hot sounding music to put across a message or two. They did news weather and sport jingles for a local radio station in Long Island, WBAB plays their music all the time, they got screwed by them when the station didn't come thru with the bread they owed them. Yeah, just another hard luck story or a missed chance at the glory of the spotlights. These guys can get to it in a big way if they get their chance some day. Look for them in your town. Maybe soon they'll be gigging around the metropolitan area. They'll turn you around all right. Sometime they said people start fights when we play. It moves them in such a way that they freak. Hard rock is a thing of high energy no matter how you cut it. They get flipped out when they play and consequently they get away with a lot on stage, they sound like they're from another time another another age. Like some place far off in space another day another race in the rock world. They talked for a while in the dressing room and their story wound on and on. Seem that they've been thru everything that could possibly happen and still haven't gotten it on. In the middle of all this Joya came by looking for some guy that owned the office that we were in. There I sat with a grin on my face and suddenly the whole race seemed to fall into place. The rock machine was just a dream away and I was pictures of another time another day on the stage the JAM FACTORY was doing their thing for the second time that evening. The kids that had dropped like a delics earlier in the evening were on their way, it was a good day to get spaced and many of them did. Still we waited for Procol Harum to return. They had fixed the sound system in the interim and it was working perfectly. Gary Brooker has this thing that he does with his piano. He tapes four contact microphones to the bottom of the piano and runs them thru a series of electric and electronic devices that shatter your mind. An echo chamber tops it off the sound that comes out isn't to be believed. They got it off coming on to lots of applause. You could see that between the first and the second show they were somewhere probably out to the parking lot to get their heads into shape. From the first number of the second set you could tell that they had gotten it a little bit more together. They did a long succession of their songs hitting all the high points of their repertory. They did THE DEVIL CAME FROM KANSAS, and they did WHALIN STORIES and WISKEY TRAIN and HOMBERG and then some that I didn't recognize.

We were sitting on a bunch of piled up drum cases off to the left of the stage. Looking out over the audience at this small new jersey town I got to see why the woodstock

Morocco

coca crystal

The magic moment arrives when you step off the boat from Algeciras, Spain to Tangiers, Morocco. It was a pleasant boat ride taking approximately two and a half hours and aside from the fact that seats are as hard to come by as Kif in Kiev, it was enjoyable. The excitement builds while passing Gibraltar and waiting for the North African coastline and finally the people are walking down the gangplank. The first Moroccan object to be seen is a bright red sign advertising Coca Cola, which should make the American feel right at home, and all too vulnerable for the imminent culture shock after customs.

And then ZAP— everything is totally different. Everyone wears a funny costume. The women wear veils, and the men in strange long hooded robes called djellabas. On the side of the road into the main part of town people are peddling their wares. Beautiful Moroccan leather; luggage, wallets, handbags. Jewelry, necklaces, bracelets. Everything is beautiful, everywhere, and in any direction there is something new to see, something new to learn. The shops displayed caftans, long robes embroidered with psychedelic colors, shirts and strange shoes that have the backs bashed in. The eye takes it all in, almost in disbelief. Can any place really be this groovy? After a few hours walking around Tangiers it becomes apparent that the city is not that big and it is possible to circumvent it several times during an afternoon.

You must take a rest, you are too spaced out to be walking around in public and stop in at the Cafe Central, for a glass of mint tea with the whole fucking mint plant swimming around in your glass.

You wait for the tea to cool down a bit before drinking it and before it gets five degrees cooler some cat is coming on to you trying to sell you some kif. And if you say that you don't dig kif then he's bound to have some hash in his shoe.

The street is full of hustlers, each with a different rap and each speaking some strange, wild form of English that is impossible to understand and you really just want them to get their hands out of your pockets. Your attention is drawn to a man ringing a bell. He wears a large red almost sombrero type hat on his head and strapped all over his body are small cups made out of brass. Then you catch a glimpse of a woman in veils. Her dark robe revealing a beautiful silken caftan as she moves. A Royal blue silk with gold threads running through it, and only the smallest piece of it sticks out of the robe but you imagine how beautiful it is. A row of about ten or eleven beggars sit up against a wall chanting "ALLAH, Allah, Allah" as they hold out their outstretched hands for alms.

I was lucky enough to be travelling with 2 Morroccans, but this only put me a small step above the ordinary tourist. I still didn't know what was going on

but I kept going where the ordinary tourist surely would have stopped. We took the night bus from Tangiers to Casablanca, to avoid the daytime desert scene.

The bus ride was seven long hours with few stops. The bathroom facilities encountered on route were awful if not unbearable. One, I remember particularly because I had to wade into it. We were visiting the homes of our two Moroccan companions in different parts of Casablanca.

The first home we saw Alain's. He lives on the second floor of a new apartment building. In the hallway we met Alain's mother, who smothered him with hugs and kisses. We sat down and rapped, the traditional welcome home rap, but this time in Arabic. I had to go to the bathroom and found one, with a strange looking toilet that had two faucets for hot and cold. While upon said toilet I discovered that I had to take a shit (the first in several days). There wasn't anything that I could do about it, and after said shit was completed, I tried to think of a way to get it down. I turned the knobs, first one then the other. The little bowl filled up with water. Nothing happened, and I was faced with the dismal picture of a pile of shit sitting in the middle of a half filled bowl of lukewarm water. I freaked. I took stock of all available knobs, buttons, levers, and possible hidden flush mechanisms, but all to no avail. There was a hole for it to go down, so I moved the pile on top of the hole, but nothing happened. What to do? I tried pushing it down the hole with the plunger from my douche bag, but it didn't work. I pondered the problem for a while, and then discovered that the shithouse was in the next

room and whatever this thing was that contained my shit, certainly wasn't meant for it. I was really embarrassed, and I couldn't call Alain in to show him what I had done. I decided to bail out. I found a little bucket and bailed into the sink until the bowl returned to its original status. Wow, did I really do that?

Later that afternoon we went to the main market place. I was given careful instructions. I was to decide definitely on what I wanted, point it out to my Moroccan companions and not say a word. They would handle everything else in Arabic. I couldn't decide on anything. I only wanted bags and sandals, but there were so many to choose from it was hard. I had finally made a decision and told the Arabs to do their stuff. They had an incredible fight with the proprietor of the store, and Rachid (my friend) took us down a small, crowded, winding street. Filled with little stalls selling everything from plastic combs to toothpaste, djellabas and traditional clothing. The street was thick with people. People on foot, walking, running, grabbing, touching. People sitting and people standing. The street explodes with moving color. The brightly embroidered shirts hanging up above your head, handbags of varying colors and ages. There were some women from Ghana in fantastic costumes of bright blue, green and yellow batik printed bolts of cotton, wrapped simply around the body and head. They were sitting in the street selling beads that they had made. We bought our sandals and bags and left, almost O.D'ing on the scene.

Several days later, upon waking up, I discovered that I had to go to the bathroom again. I went to the door of my room and I couldn't open it.

it was locked, and although I had the key I still couldn't master it. I was panic stricken; I really had to go. All of a sudden I had diarrhea while struggling with the door, and I had to give up and shit on the floor like a dog. After that deed was done, I tried to think of something to do with the mess on the floor. I tried swabbing with my supply of EVOs but it wasn't working. I still couldn't open the door, and the smell was overwhelming me. I knocked on the glass door, calling the attention of one of the servants. In sign language, she instructed me on how to open the door. Once open, I took her into my confidence and showed her what I had done. She didn't seem very surprised, and helped me clean it up. I made her promise not to tell anyone.

I was snocked and bewildered at being around servants. They are treated very badly. Most of them work for only bed and board. And they do everything. It's unbelievable. One practice that blew my mind was one way of procuring a servant. It's really quite simple: you pick up a six year old beggar girl from the street and take her into your house, where she will gladly stay until she's about fifteen. Then you get another one. They really rationalize this by saying that they are better off than on the street.

However, Morroccans have what you might call a very realistic attitude towards animals. A little too real for my likings. One day after lunch, I was summoned into the vacant lot next door to see Rachid's father with his foot on what I thought was the Pet sheep's head. When I saw the long knife I turned away and when I saw the puddle of blood I ran. And in addition I couldn't eat for days. (Continued on Page 26)

nation is spinning around in the same old places watching the same old faces pass by in review. They all were smoking pot out in the open, they weren't afraid. The music got louder and louder and louder and the small converted cafeteria began to take off. The Procol Harum are really good on record but live they're fantastic. Sounds like that can't be put on record and dreams and scenes come from out of the amplifiers. It's a whole other thing in rock entertainment. It turned out to be quite a long evening but well worth the price we paid to get in.

I turned to Steve somewhere in the evening and said Well this is the 23rd time my mind has been blown. The dance went on and on into the night. They finished with SHALIMAR and walked away. The audience begged them to stay clapping louder and louder during the interm. They came back. The people went wild. Playing with the audiences heads a while longer they got down to some serious Boogie. Gary Brooker started to play the introduction to the song and said he sounds like Jerry Lee or maybe Little Richard and sure enough they wailed into this english blues version of LUCILLE. It flipped me out. I had never heard anyone do Little Richard's songs other than Pat Boone. Well, let me tell you, we've come a long way from 1955 but there's still a long way to go.

We left in the cold night somewhere over the lower east side there were strange lights and noises were heard out over streets. They thought it was some low flying planes or some escaping steam from coal edison plant or even the sound of men drilling in the streets. Late that night in the sky over the woods of north jersey they sighted the real thing.

Belief is Why Give It a Try...
Charlie Frick



DO TRUSTEES TRUST THEMSELVES?

by ALEX GROSS

The task of being a trustee is becoming harder and harder these days, and the appreciation shown for those who seek out this task seems to diminish in equal measure. There was a time when the mere title of Trustee evoked immediate respect from all sides, for it was recognized that anyone who bore this title was not merely a man of wealth but a person of great understanding and responsibility as well. This was true both of university trustees and of museum trustees as well. Yet it would now appear that museums, and with them a growing part of the art public, are going the same way as universities in their attitudes towards trustees. What is the individual trustee to make of all this — it is certainly not surprising that he is perplexed by these trends and often actively resentful. But it would be surprising if he were not interested in trying to understand what is happening and make the necessary adjustments. The survival of the institutions in question, not to mention of all society, may in fact depend on it.

Many trustees and patrons of the arts like to think of themselves as latter day reincarnations of Maecenas. The original Maecenas was, of course, the patron of the poet Virgil and of many other writers and artists whom he fed and allowed to roam his spacious estates outside Rome while waiting for inspiration to strike them. This is a beautiful idyllic image, and it is not surprising that many patrons ever since have coveted it. Maecenas made his money by grubbing away in the marketplace, and yet his soul was not tarnished by the process, for he still was able to appreciate the true and the beautiful and he was so good to all those poor artists. When something needed building around his estate or he needed a new design for his line of pottery, he might just call his artists in to help, but this was merely a slight favor they were all too willing to perform in return for his keeping and feeding them.

One might also point out that Virgil was not just any poet working on any poem — he was a Roman Imperial poet working on a Roman Imperial poem glorifying the name and fame of the great Roman Empire. If he had been concentrating on poverty in the streets of Rome in his epic or on the prevalence of food poisoning due to the meat sold by the Roman merchants, we may perhaps

imagine that Maecenas might have led him to the exit of his beautiful idyllic dountry estate. The same could be said of the painters and mosaicists of ancient Rome — they were allowed to put as much local color into their works as they wanted to, as long as they did not add political slogans or show scenes which might turn slave against master. And this is how things went straight through the middle ages and with few lapses directly down to modern times. Somehow, in the midst of this, a myth has grown up that the artist enjoys freedom of expression.

The problem today is really not very much different from Roman times, when artists lived as slightly upper-level slaves on Latian and Campanian estates and craftsmen were accepted as nothing more than slaves. Granted, there have been a few improvements in the form of the copyright law, but this was written to benefit writers, and affects artists only marginally and imperfectly. Granted again, certain chosen artists have been marked out for fame and fortune, but these, upon closer analysis, turn out to be not that different from Virgil and his companions. Whatever personal or sexual proclivities some of our superstar artists may possess, it is certain that none of them is about to become an active agent to destroy the system that has nourished them. Yet our politics are so hopelessly in turmoil today that even one or two of these "superstars," along with a few lesser stars on the make, have taken a few timid steps towards assuming a political stance. But none of this will help our poor confused trustees — rather it must add to their confusion.

What will help the trustee, and it is perhaps the only thing, is for him to realize that the best way he can really help artists is to put into practice the laissez-faire principles that he preaches and help the artist to help himself. He should lend all possible support to foundation, state and national council, and artist-founded efforts to make the arts and artists self-supporting in the next few years, beginning right now. He should recognize that there is nothing unusual or wrong or subversive about artists beginning to band together, as they have already done in Holland, Finland, and elsewhere, to protect themselves. He should give his support to artists and art agencies struggling to set up a new Artists Domain treasury to support artists so that

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ART ROGER TOMASO

POETRY FILMS BOOKS

by LIL PICARD

Since a few months, criticism, attacks and women power are concentrated on the Whitney Museum. In the center of the attack organized by a group of women artists is the Whitney's Sculpture Annual. The "women in the Whitney" group demand a 50 per cent participation in the forthcoming sculpture annual in December. Letters had been exchanged. Actions executed in form of very feminine events, for instance the placing of eggs and Tampax in the art galleries of the Museum on Madison Avenue corner 75th Street, in the center of the chic art establishment. Quelle Horreur, bad taste, exclaimed the defenders of taste, chic and order, how funny said the more witty turned on souls, watching the late art events. The latest caper of Lucy and her group, (Lucy Lippard, art critic and the intellectual activist of the female art scene) had signed together with Poppy Johnson, (blonde super-venus of the revolution), Faith Ringold (black painter and female power fighter) and Brenda Miller (sophisticated slender, energetic, erotic sculptress) a letter to the Whitney, demanding women's art rights. The Whitney answered back, signed Stephen Weil (administrator.) and up to now is not willing to do anything for the girls. The most funny thing, was a press release, typed on Whitney Museum's letter head, announcing that the Museum is willing to show from now on 50 per cent women in the annuals of the Whitney, divided evenly between blacks and whites. The press release had been a hoax. That's about the only funny thing that happened this year of the depression-repression in the art world. The fake release had been signed Stephen Weil, Leon Levine and Ronni Roland. All the letters are displayed in the lobby of the Whitney, but the fake release is missing.

The last feminine effort by the attacked but surely not anti-feminist Museum (it is founded by a woman, and has at this moment two women shows on display, Georgie O'Keefe and Louise Nevelson) was an evening by three women—poets, organized by a female patron of poetry and literature, Lita Hornick, publisher of "Kulture Books". The poets did their thing before a crowd of avant avant poetry fans, who at other times were at home at St. Marks on the Bowery, f.i. at John Giorno's birthday party for Anne Waldman affairs, and similar happenings. My favorite poet since years is Anne Waldman. She was again lovely, poetic, free, elegant, a real St. Mark's spirit, turned on and lively, all in black velvet, even her voice was velvet, but crystal-clear velvet. She did her one word lines, her staccato none rhymes, her flighty nervous statements on life. She speaks about her personal happiness, her disasters.

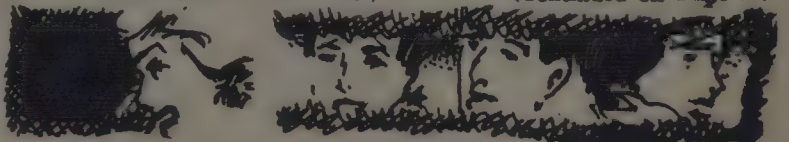
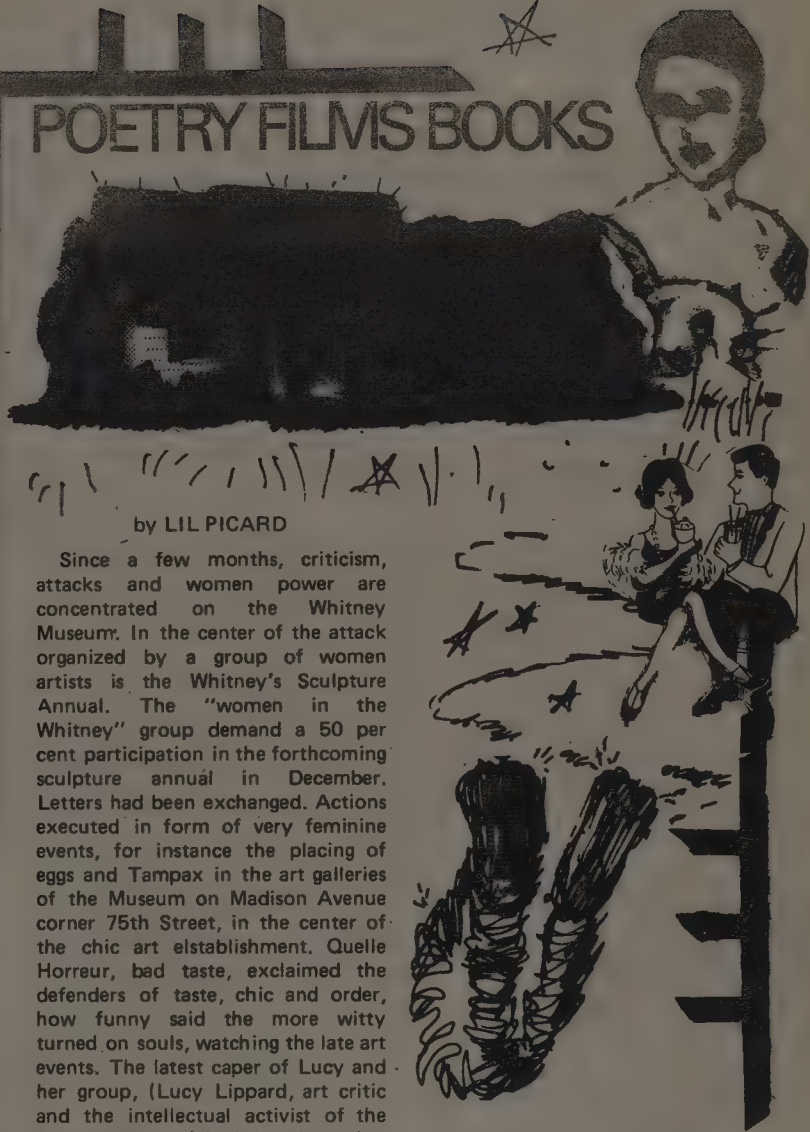
Jerome Rothenberg introduced each of the poets and called Anne a communal poet, a community artist-poet. Is she the soul of St. Marks place? The turned on angel of the east side life? I guess so. I wonder how her loft apartment looks like. She speaks about in her free form, one word exclamation point writing style. Does she see the sky, the moon over St. Marks or garbage cans, does she smell the pizza counter or the perfume of her inner fantasy? I just love Anne Waldman. Diane Wakoski turned me off. She is very serious, but her self-flagellation doesn't help

her poetry. But Rochelle Owens Futz-Fame shocked the wits out of the audience. Like a wild outcry she started her recital with the poem dedicated to her father Jessie Owens, "Hitler is dead, but Jessie Owens my father is alive..." in hot repetition, a wild revolutionary song. Rochelle Owens attacks the right, the left, male, female, everything, marxists, cubans, germans, americans, she waves her hands in passionate revolt, she is satirical, cynical, a dramatic comedian, a performer, extremely witty, sharp, aristophanesian, a red-haired, red-costumed derwish-witch of a girl. And all this in the Whitney. What else can this Museum do? They really go out of their way because from December 15th on, they will show for ten weeks a program of independent experimental movies, titled: NEW AMERICAN FILM MAKERS. The movies had not been shown anywhere in a theater. Entrance, just one dollar, which is the entrance fee for the museum. The first movie is "Skezag" a 73 minute documentary made in the lower east side in New York, director Joel Freedman and Philip Messina. About 300 Filmmakers are included in this new film museum series.

Wall art, in Germany called "Wall stocks and bonds", (they should know, because they bought everything that's good and inflated in price at the latest Art Furioso Auction at Parke Bernet, which brought about one million seven hundred fifty dollars for modern Pop Art.) Wall art really seems to need as a back ground "Film and Theater and Dance and Poetry. Everything goes together, altogether art is where it's at it at the Guggenheim Museum they performed the "Red Horse Animation", a treat for many, a non-understandable riddle for others, the Times didn't like it, I did. Irving Sandler, expert on American Abstract Expressionism finally got his "Triumph" published, an Art book he slaved on for about six years. It's published by Praeger, costs twenty-five dollars and gives the history of the great years of American Painting, "The Triumphant Years, the Glory. Title: "The Triumph of American Painting.

Book parties, poetry parties and film parties are distinctly different from art opening parties. At the party given for Viva at the Gotham Book Mart, the crowd was like a torrent at the rush hour in a subway. Frightening. But tall and Gabo-like

(Continued on Page 26)



jdl

(Continued from Page 5)
think the government is fascist..."

"We're not stupid," he said. "There's economic unrest, and racial uprest, and the right always moves towards the left in times like these. The right reacts and the right is rising. We cannot support the extreme right. As usual, we'll be in the middle, the Jew is always in the middle, and the Jew knows this. But we want

to be ready."

He took out a booklet, "The Jewish Defense League: Principles and Philosophies," and showed me their basic beliefs:

1. *Ahavat Yisrael* - love of Jewry.
2. *Hadar* - Dignity and pride.
3. *Barzel* - Iron.
4. *Mishmaat Visrael* - Jewish Discipline and unity.
5. *Bitachon* - Faith in the indestructability of the Jewish people.

Then he pointed to a couple of paragraphs that seemed to summarize what he had been talking about: "We look upon the scene today and, once again, we see clouds. The radical right with its threat to the physical survival of the Jews; militant black organizations who have succeeded in capturing the

minds of the vast majority of black youths. Their hostility to Jews is unconcealed, prepared to destroy the economic and political power of the Jew in this country. The Radical Left is committed to a Marxist-Leninist policy of hostility to religion and opposed to a separate Jewish identity - all of these things we see growing in power - we wee, too, a growing economic crisis of inflation and joblessness driving lower class and lower middle-class whites in increasing numbers towards the extremists. We see the frustrations growing out of a Vietnam War. We see the jealousy and the envy of peoples directed at the eternal scapegoat, the Jew. And the dark cloud becomes a familiar one."

"You don't seem so different from most radical groups," I told him.

"We are a militant organization," he said.

As I left his office, I noticed still

another sign on the wall 'ARABS: The new Biblical Law: Ten eyes for an eye.'

Admittedly, it is a lonely and sorrowful cause. The Hare Krishna people always tell me that if you keep repeating the word "God, God, God, God, God, God," over and over again you'll eventually begin to have visions of paradise. But if you get up every morning and repeat "six million, six million, six million, six million, six million, six million, six million, six million, how can your vision be much more than ashes and furnaces? It must give a man a headache. What's more, the JDL has enemies in virtually every walk of life. I remember when they were going through a relatively hot period in the early summer of 1969, they had put a full-page ad in the Times with a picture of some young Jewish kids holding rifles and other weapons with the caption: *IS THIS ANY WAY FOR NICE JEWISH BOYS TO BEHAVE?*

-nice Jewish boys - or any nice boys - should not be forced out of their jobs by hoodlums

-nice Jewish boys - or any nice boys - should not be victims of quota systems and reverse discrimination in schools

-nice Jewish boys - or any nice boys - should not become

victims of totalitarian revolutionaries of the radical left -nice Jewish boys - or any nice boys - shouldn't be forced to pay a penny to extortionists for crimes they never committed -nice Jewish boys - or any nice boys - should not have to endure the potential rise of Radical Right reaction that would destroy democracy

-nice Jewish boys or any nice boys - should not be the victims of a do-nothing city, state or federal government

NICE JEWISH, CHRISTIAN, WHITE AND BLACK BOYS SHOULD CREATE A SOCIETY OF JUSTICE AND EQUALITY IN WHICH PEOPLE CAN GET BACK TO BEING NICE!

WE ARE SPEAKING OF JEWISH SURVIVAL!

WE ARE SPEAKING OF THE AMERICAN DREAM

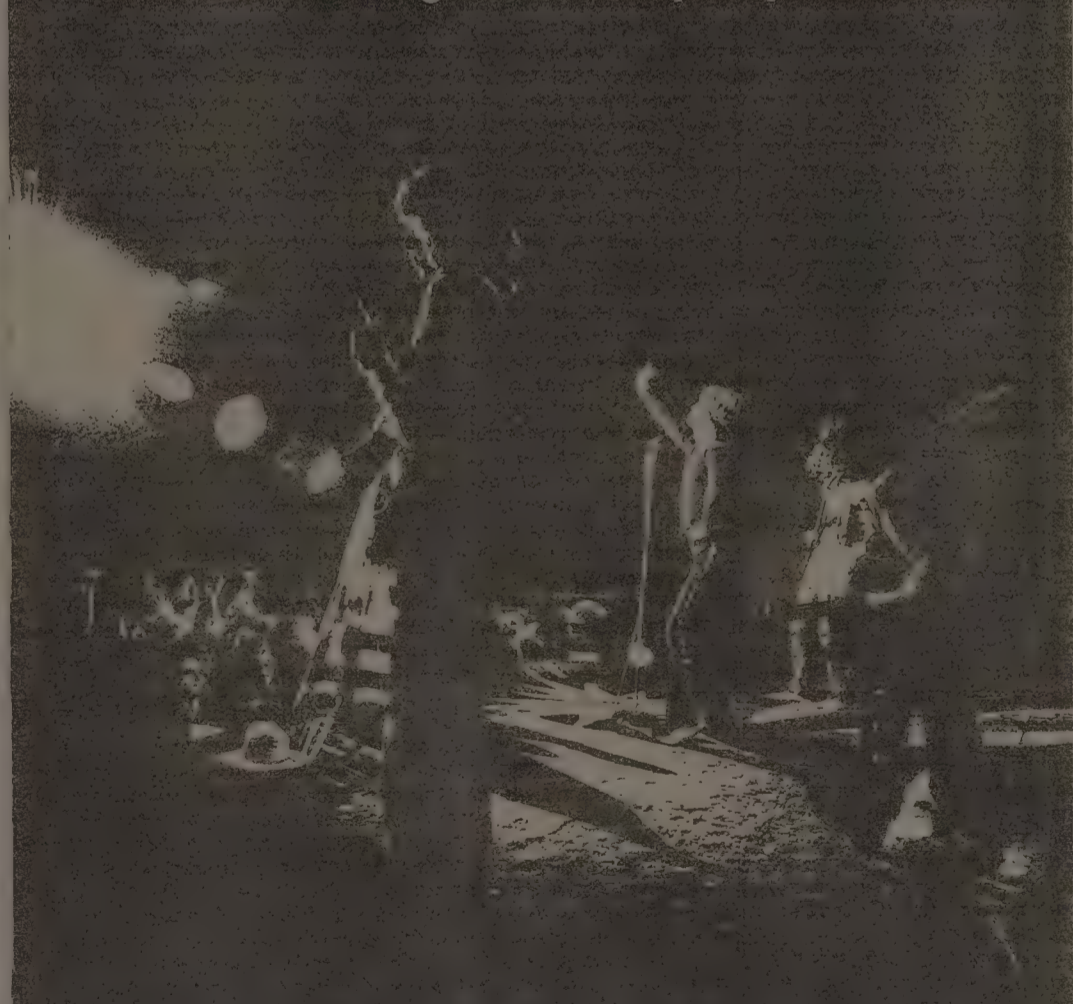
Well, sir, the Times quickly got out an editorial lambasting the JDL for its irresponsible appeal to the lowest common demoninator of human emotions: fear, then the B'Nai Brith put out its own statement saying that the Jewish community had absolutely no use for this cheap, skid-row hooliganism and other crap, and Jews and Christians from all walks of life proceeded

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Slum Goddess

Altamont changed a lot of people's heads



The Rolling Stones
Gimme Shelter

Directed by Arthur Penn. Music by The Rolling Stones. Lyrics by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards.

December 6

Plaza Theatre

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ZOO

The animals in the zoo were in uncustomary fine fettle. Even the rhinocerouces seemed alive for a change, frolicking about their urine emulsion with magnificent splashes of yellow spray and broadcasting happy foghorn noises through their enormous nostrils. One of the California Sea Lions appeared to be praying, or transfixed in a state of spiritual ecstasy, its nose pointed heavenward vertically from its flabby neck, eyes closed, squatting on its concrete altar. One of the two lionesses was in heat, rolling about on her tawny back in a kittenish fashion, exposing her enflamed pudendum, quivering yearningly to the lustful roars and bellows

of the lion in the adjoining cage. Only the Yak seemed disconsolate, morbidly nosing a pile of healthy yellow turd as if lost in the necrotic transports of Hatha Yoga.

Those Yogis are a sinister bunch, too...

But the monkeys! Usually in the Central Park Zoo it is a big day for you if you catch one of the idly masturbating. Mostly they lie curled in various states of coma and terminal larve infestation, but this Thanksgiving afternoon they were in rare form. They were really felling their Cheerios, zooming around their cages gracefully from perch to perch through the fetid air, and carrying on like the Four Stooges. The Moustached Monkeys were the best of all, and the prettiest to look at, with their incredibly intelligent rainbow-coloured faces. There were three of them, two small

ones and a big one. The big one would smite one of the small ones, who, once smitten, would screech and fling itself up to the topmost corner of the cage, and pretend to be sulking until the big one was occupied elsewhere.

Then it would stealthfully creep down the bars over the head of the other small one, reach out with a spidery arm that never seemed to stop extending, and cuff it across the ear. Then while it cavorted around in glee, the other one would cuss to high heaven and climb over on the back of the big one. Shaking it off, the big one would soar over to the other little one and sock it back on its heels. Whereupon that one would screech, ascend to the top of the cage, sulk a moment, and then begin creeping downward...

Needless to say, this cracked us all up.

'There,' observed Schultz grandly, 'is what distinguishes us

from the apes. 'Those stupid bastards!'

'Fucking idiot monkeys,' Heller agreed.

'Those stupid simians,' I chimed in.

We did not wait around to see if the two mean ones ever ganged up on the timid one. No, we split, and on the bus downtown began kicking the living shit out of each other, with such extraordinary enthusiasm and noise that three ladies got off the bus together in the darkest stretch of Union Square.

DINNER

Thanksgiving Dinner was had, thanks to the uncommon Christianity of the Arab, in a cozy little place on Eighth street. I will not tell the name of it here, because presently I aim to say some wonderful tings about the waitress and her body.

But first, the good. While the turkey was boiled rather than roasted, it was still unmistakably turkey, not chicken or some other ersatz poultry. Turkey.

'Ah, to think,' I reflected, holding aloft a slice of dark meat, 'not long ago this bird, Heller, was one among the living, just as you and I. That is, it trod the earth in fashion similar to you' and me, on two legs, nodding its pimply little head and going gobble gobble gobble.

'I do not gobble,' said Heller testily.

'And now?' I continued. 'Look at it, Poor Tom Turkey, skewered aloft on a fork, dead as a doornail.'

'I hear,' grinned Schultz, 'that turkies know when the end is near. Like cows.'

'Cows are dumb,' I protested. 'But man, think when they're lined up in the slaughterhouse, and they hear the sound of the impending devastation...'

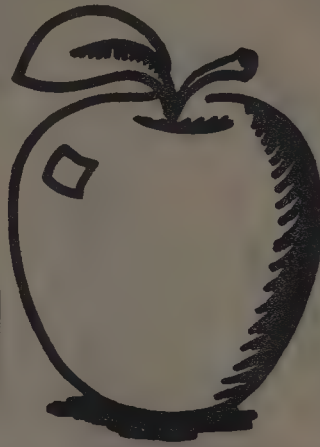
'Help! I'm being mugged with a sledgehammer!'

'Ah! Such treachery! Treachery! Prithee, flee, for I am slain!'

'Gobble gobble gobble,' grinned Heller, lacing into his turkey with renewed vigour. 'Gobble gobble gobble gobble.'

As the Thanksgiving feast progressed, the bandiage became ever more elevated, thanks to the mugs of draft, dark for Schultz, light for me, coke for Heller, that passed up and into us one after another. We soon took to praising the waitress in terms a Persian court poet would get top dollar for. 'Here's to thee, sweet wench.' Shit like that. The lady was attired in precisely the length and cut of skirt which made her thighs two of the most delightful things to look at in this whole wide world right that night. I forbear to mention her eyes here, twin opalescent glistening pools of pitch in which I floundered time and again as the beers kept going down. Earlier Schultz and I and Heller had discarded the suggestion of pooling our resources, renting a room in the Pierre, and spending Thanksgiving in boozy revelry with a few inexpensive midtown hookers. Now we were glad that we didn't, because the thighs of this waitress were free for the looking-at. We gave her a tip calculated to appease the goddesses of women's liberation.

The DDT-less apple. Yours for 9¢.



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Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read—let alone smell, taste and breathe—you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states (so far) have banned their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has killed entire families.

That doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.

That 51% of all fish sticks sold in America are bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a known cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth-hormone called stilbestrol, also a known cancer producer.

That even your drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, bottled water has become the fastest growing business in the United States!

"Organic foods"—what are they?
(And how can they help?)

"Organic" doesn't describe the food—but how it has been grown and prepared. Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was for you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by a distinguished group of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, our lives. Encouraging them in the only way practical—by making it worth their while. A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"—but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.

Similarly, bakers will stop emulsifying their bread; poultrymen will stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers—only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.

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What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, when you order through the nationwide resources of The EFS.

That is because EFS prices are based on yearly averages. From coast to coast, our manufacturers, livestock raisers and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output—every day, every month, every season. So that the price-level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these low prices can be lowered—as, month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

How the Society works for you

Many members order their entire weekly or monthly food supply from the Society. Others buy just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.

Free with your membership

You will receive the Society's COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. This is an illustrated market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, meats, fowl, fish, butter, milk, eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins—all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them direct to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

More than just foods

Your CATALOG offers virtually everything you need for a total organic environment. "Natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Bio-degradable paper-towels, containers, waxes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Youth-giving cosmetics—so nutritious you can even eat them. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-deprival light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products,

FREE if you act promptly

"BASIC-H" an organically grown cleaner for things and people too

No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, pots, grease—anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But it's not a detergent. Or even a soap. It's completely organic—made from what food is made from. So it has no harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on network TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and keep it free, even if you later decide to cancel membership.



appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

Also free

The EFS Newsletter (regularly \$3.50 a year) will keep you alert to what is happening in, and to, your environment. And what you can do about it now. Frank reports name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial products are (relatively) safe, which supermarket items to buy—and beware of. You will learn to read between the lines of pending legislation—and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in your neighborhood—for your family.

You will also benefit from the Society's continuing guide to organic living: How to choose healthful foods and a well-balanced diet (low in contaminants, high in survival). Which commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available—with a complete listing by brand names. What the so-called "popular" foods really contain (in plain, frightening English). And how to neutralize them, if possible.

Plus terse abstracts of vital government reports. Names of people and agencies to write to (or scream at) for information and action NOW. And counseling for every diet from kosher, vegetarian and macrobiotic to salt-free, weight-loss, high-protein and low-cholesterol.

Don't just hope things get better
—help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose interest is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS now. While there is still time. Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY

114 East 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016



Yes, please enroll me in The EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) a free copy of THE COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS, (2) a free subscription (regularly \$3.50 a year) to The EFS Newsletter, (3) the Society's continuing guide to organic living, and (4) the privilege of ordering as much or as little as I desire from the COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG at member prices. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only \$5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my \$5 in full.

Yes, also include my free supply of BASIC-H, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not.

VO-11240

Name _____

Address _____

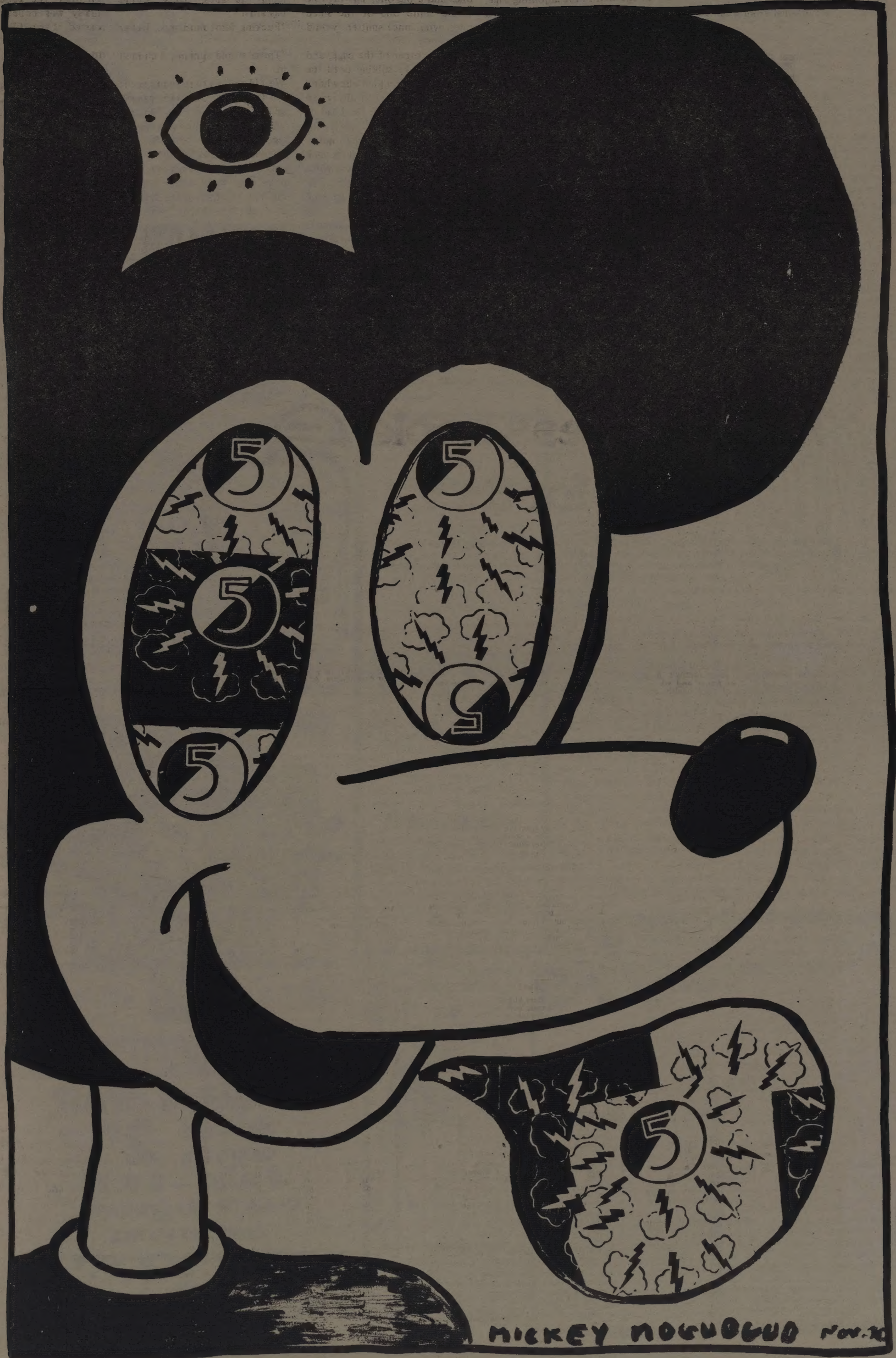
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\$5 membership fee enclosed

Charge my Master Charge # _____

WORSE

So that was Thanksgiving on this the Fifth Anniversary of the East Village Other. You can see what five years of this has done for me. Once I was handsome, and bright, too. And now? A toothless, pock-marked wretch. Penniless, too. But things could be worse. We could be in debt Schultz and I. As it is, merely being broke, all we have to do is hassle with these Talmudic tricks, such as the signing of checks an hour after the banks close on a holiday weekend, and the refrain, 'I haven't got any money...' But if we were in debt, now - when you're in debt, I hear the Jews send the Italians around to put you under the water. It could be worse.



do trustees trust themselves

(Continued from Page 22)

they do not have to take jobs irrelevant to their work. This will merely be a reimbursement for the fact that advertising agencies, manufacturers of all kinds, television, and other major companies are constantly eating up designs without providing adequate compensation for the community of artists as a whole, out of which these designs and design ideas originally came. If it were possible to place a moratorium on the sale of all items which have been designed, then almost nothing would be sold anywhere in the nation.

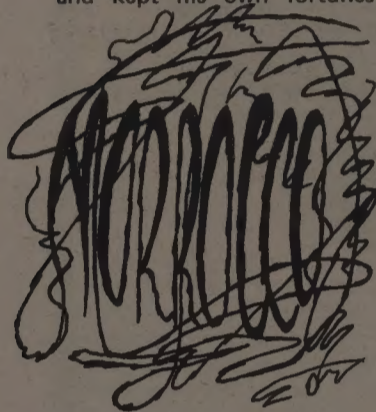
The trustee should also begin to accept, admittedly with a bit of hurt pride, but nonetheless manfully, that he has not always acted in the best interests of artists. He has, to be sure, often put needed money into the arts, but he has far more often, and in a variety of rarely discussed semi-moral or semi-legal ways, taken more money back out of the arts again. He has made money from the arts and kept his own fortunes afloat by

devices varying from tax deduction and tax loss laws to simple speculation on supposedly immortal and proceless masterworks to promoting modern artists of little artistic value into alleged masterworks to simply cheating unpaid or underpaid artists out of their fair share of the design work they have done for him without royalty agreements. He has encouraged artists to fight one another and to vie with one another, not on the artistic level where this might be meaningful (assuming this isn't also a myth) but on an everyday marketplace level, where artists have been forced to knife each other in the back for connections, commissions, or an occasional smidgeon of hard cash.

In short, the trustee should not really be surprised if he is regarded by a growing number of artists with suspicion and even hatred. It is unlikely that he will ever be able to recover the old good feeling he used to enjoy of being a great

connoisseur, patron, and friend of the arts. This may hurt his self-esteem, but there is no remedy other than gracefully withdrawing from the scene and allowing artists to manage things for themselves. In much the same way he—or his father—was rudely alerted during the course of this century that the working classes did not love him, and he was eventually subjected to the indignity of having to negotiate with their representatives at union bargaining sessions. This may prove to be the future of the arts and of artist-trustee relations as well. On the other hand, the arts may have no future at all.

TOUGH AS STEAK
WAS YOKON
TAKE
HARD BOILED
AS A
PICNIC EGG—
HE WASHED HIS
SHIRT IN THE
KLONDIKE DIRT
AND DRINK HIS
RUM—BY THE
KEG!
R. SHULTE



(Continued from Page 21)

My peer group in Casablanca still lives with their parents but things are happening. In Casablanca there is a cafe called the Gloria where a fascinating group of kids "older teenagers," hang out just about every day. They have their own rock group, a place to dance on Sunday afternoons and in general a good scene. They either work or shmooze, visit friends, keep stoned, sound familiar? They may be isolated from the "scene" as we know it but they're getting it on just the same. In general they seem to be a happier lot than their American counterparts, always laughing and kidding around. I guess if our dope prices were that low, we'd be happier too.

Americans are shocked by death of any kind, but Morroccans find it quite natural and are somewhat bewildered by an American's reaction to death. Morrocco is an entirely different culture. And living with a family as such gave me a perfect opportunity to really see how different it is. Male supremacy covers a large part of the issue. For example, a married woman does not leave the house without asking permission of her husband, nor does she buy anything for herself. She asks her husband and if so inclined he buys it for her. This is part of the old culture and the young girls are breaking out of it. They don't wear the traditional veils and robes in the streets, or the hooded robes. They can even be seen hauling off and giving their old men a little slap from time to time in the bars and cafes. And it's really not surprising, having been repressed for centuries. A little girl of four is now going to grow up into a whole new culture, much different than that of her mother, who still wears veils and robes in the streets.

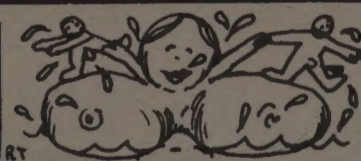
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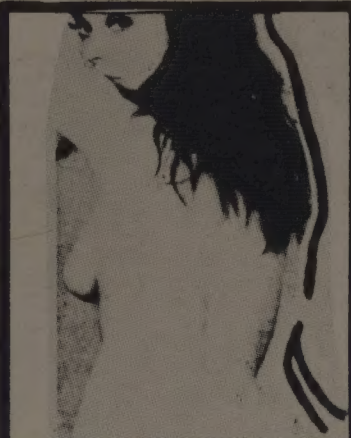


poetry films books

Viva took the whole thing with such smiling calmness, that she proved herself a literary Superstar, elegantly signing her newest baby, (the next one she is getting, I guess in six months or so), "Superstar, a novel by Viva." Everybody who is used and mentioned in this "Key book on New York's scene" was there and many others, all the Warhol super-girls and boys and boy-girls, all the filmmakers, the photographers, the costume freaks, the column babblers, the press agents, the groupies, hippies, yuppies, ditties, zippies, one got crushed in the crowd, fainted in the heat, and they all became superstars, looking at one, getting filmed by Michel Auder, Viva's husband, who also helped writing the book, which is, so I think, a really excellent story, written by an intelligent girl, who got herself an intelligent guy to help. More power to you, Viva and Company. On Viva's dress, decolletee down to the tommy, (pregnant with baby) was embroidered the word "Kitsch." The

story Viva tells us in her novel is the life of Gloria. A girl growing up in the catholic climate, tortured by her father, frightened in convent school, looking for freedom and real values, experiencing Paris, the Sorbonne, the artist world of New York, getting picked up by "A", (Andy Warhol) becoming the Superstar of the sixties in New York, experiencing Hollywood, Sex, the Chelsea Hotel Freak existence, marrying Angelos. It's an account of the world of stars, super and not at all super, a mixture of Andy Warhol's tape book "A" and Portnoy's Complaint, but also Viva Gloria's very own version and dialogue, a documentary of a strange world. I think it's a truly honest story written by an independent intelligent thinking woman. Viva viva.

Viva S.P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.95 Irving Sandler: The Triumph of American Painting. Praeger Publ. \$25.00.



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S & M

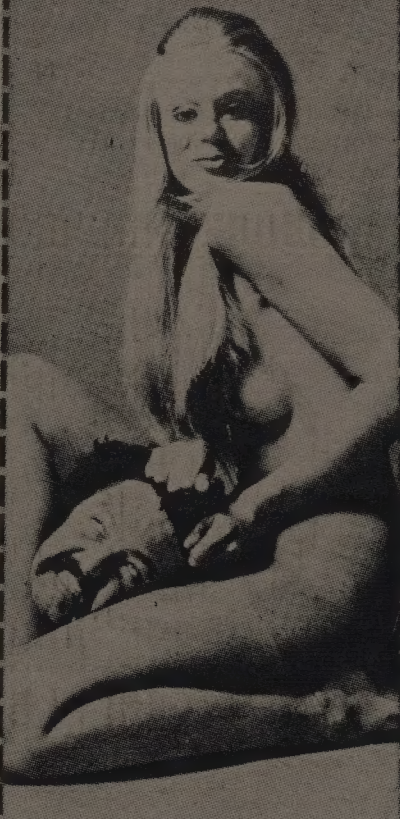
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Stop dreaming and join the party. An intimate group of swingers invites you to make the scene in total togetherness. Total discretion. (Men, do not phone) OR 7-8690 after 5 PM.

SPECIAL SERVICES

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

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

SELL PUSSY

Girls, the recession is here and a depression on the way. Supplement your meager income by balling several times a week for bread—tax free. Rising prices and rent make it impossible to maintain a decent standard of living on your salary alone. So use that cash register you've got between your legs. It's hip. The Sensualists.

ANIMAL LOVERS

Way out pictures of people with animals sold only by us. \$4.00 for set of 20.

Mystery Photo

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Modern Swinging Couples

Meet with other discreet couples who share your interest. Friday night 9 pm. Live band & buffet. Casual dress. Donation \$3 per couple. Free drinks before 10 pm. BLUE ROOM, 324 E. 44th St., NYC. Info 259-5015, 837-3768, 253-4933.

PUBLICATIONS

LARGEST most complete list of companies that offer nude photos, films, and catalogs. Send \$5.00 to STONE, 1650 Winona Blvd no. 4, LA, Calif. 90027.

Daring female magazines, movies, paperbacks. FREE CATALOGUES. Beaver, Box 2373EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

Gay male books, magazines, movies, FREE CATALOGUES. Trojan Box 2121EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

COPA JOKE OR

PLAY AN I.D.

OR A PROOF

Licenses: Birth, arrest, child support, marriage, subpoena, eviction and death certs. Health Insurance cards. You name it. Sent out same day. \$2.00 gets any one. Write D. Cougar, PO Box 538, Madison Sq. Sta., 149 E. 23 St., NYC. Guaranteed to rip off.

UNISEX

Wanted small black or hip young sincere male friend by middle-age, hip, white, slim professional man. Photo to PO Box 405, Springfield, Mass.

WORLD'S LARGEST COCK

Giant 8" x 10" clear photo. Fantastically stimulating 14" hard-on on handsome young stud. All-time biggest cock, 7" circumference. Sent immediately. first-class sealed envelope with free catalog. \$3 from Box 153 NYC 10022.

Male 32, crippled—not deformed; heavy theatrical background and ambition. Fed up with rat race; want to meet male 25-50 of similar background for real, decent relationship. Am somewhat dominant. Write: W. Bolton, c/o Howell, 14 Cooper Sq. (top floor), all mail will be forwarded, am not in NYC. I like Latins, orientals, and Eastern types.

HOUSEWIVES

NEED XMAS MONEY?

Tall, attractive, white male, 45 will help you solve your problem. Mature, understanding, compassionate. Your thing is my thing. Discretion assured. Box 151, Ozone Park, NY 11417.

WANTED: RARE FEMALE

in love with people, pleasure and dancing. Groovy. Gay or straight. Possibly share apartment with easy-going guy. Roy 249-0094 after 6:30.

BUY AND SELL

LEGAL GOLD

Turn-on guaranteed. Just like grass, cook or smoke it. Large, cleaned \$2.00 lid makes 20 joints. 3 lids \$5.00, 7 lids \$10.

Dealers Wanted

WINNER

Box 48475EV Hollywood 90048.

GET STONED

Trip out with "Acapulco Red." 100% legal turn-on. 20 number lid, \$2.00, 3/\$5; 7/\$10. Guaranteed. Rush order to:

THE SEED

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Turn on with the "FAMOUS TRIPOUT BOOK." Sure fire formulas to make hash from legal chemicals. Make peyote DMT, cannabis, LSD, etc. Do it NOW! Send \$2.00 to:

TRIPS UNLIMITED

Box 36347EV Hollywood 90036

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Get Dozens of hot letters answering AC/DC and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples, just released (sent in plain wrapper). RUSH \$2.00 for:

THE LETTER FILE

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Reach sexy, exciting single girls, adult couples, gays—share your most intimate desires with swinging groovy "friends." Hundreds listed. Rush \$2.00 today to:

CONTACTS

Box 36395EV Hollywood 90036

YOUR LOW BUDGET 16 or 35 mm films can be produced more professionally than you think. Call us: 362-2787.

The East Village Other needs old photography magazines for collages or if you have any pictures that you don't want anymore call Charlie Frick at EVO in the afternoons at 255-2130.

Shops: Beautifully designed earrings, silver and hammered brass, for information write E. Gardner, 1121 New Hampshire Ave. N.W., Apt. 508, Washington, D.C.

Selling three week old Electra 210 (Smith Corona) \$100.00. Includes case. Call after 6 pm. 926-5232.

WHOLESALE

Posters, blacklights, strobes, light shows, pipes, patches, and much more. Send for free catalog. "THE JOKER" psychedelic distributors, 15238 Crenshaw Blvd., Gardena, Calif. [213] 532-9813 or 676-5414. Have a nice day.

SELL

1964 PONTIAC FUNERAL CAR Casket carrier type. "Completely original" silver gray W/black vin. top. Built by "Custom Coach" not a scratch. Bought direct from Funeral Home owner. Curtains on all windows. Mech. perfect. Perfect for all trips! Selling cheap. Call evenings 743-1530.

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BIG BEAUTIFUL COCK CANDLE EXPERTLY SCULPTURED DETAILS BARGAIN \$3.50 + 50¢ hdg/ptg ANTHONY ENTERPRISES Dept. O PO Box 45031 Chicago, Illinois 60645 ORDER in light or dark colors

Hypnosis expert wants, just for the adventure of it, friends among the swinging set. Lives in N.J. but has use of NYC apartment. Will give hypnosis lessons on how to place your partner under your complete hypnotic control (world's quickest and most effective hypnosis inducing method). Also self-hypnosis for reducing, self confidence, anti-smoking, timidity, shyness, etc. Only those giving telephone number considered. Write only first contact. No visits honored. Psychological Recorders, Top Floor, 2011 Stecher Ave, Union, N.J. 07083, Att. Mgr.

