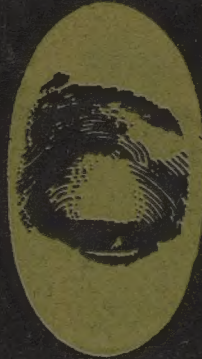


INFORMATION

THE

east
village



OTHER

VOL.6 NO.15 MARCH 9 NYC 25¢ OUTSIDE 35¢

POOR PEOPLE

Hilary

OPEN LETTER TO ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Unlike Huey P. Newton I do not think that you are a maniac, a coward nor a punk. But then neither do I think that the criticism levelled at you after your "revolutionary" bust of Tim and Rosemary was "punkassed snivelling" I do consider you a brother - bearing in mind that this calls for mutual love and respect - not high-handed moralizing. The fact that we are HERE -not THERE- does not render us imbecillic nor does it deprive us of the conviction that a struggle such as ours calls for. We all relate to the same revolution -no matter how one shades it.

The physical distance is great -the distance in mind needn't be. "My gun is bigger than your gun" is a shopworn phrase. Bear in mind that we are all outlaws and any unnecessary indulgence in mudslinging is playing right into the man's hands. You should have seen Walter Cronkite lately. When to you- up there in that embassy of yours- the tempo here seems slow - remember that Babylon has a rhythm of it's own. When you warn us to hurry because otherwise "these hands will get there first" - all I can say is "welcome brother.

If you can only relate to the gun, let me quote you:" The object is for everyone to do their own thing, but the thing is to make one's thing the Revolution." Our thing is the revolution too but that does not limit us to the gun. The problem on hand is multifaceted and so is our application. We do not have the time to indulge in family squabbles, we are not inclined to waste our energy defending ourselves from our brothers.

As our suggestion that you arabize yourself would be preposterous , so is yours that we cut our hair and put that noose around our necks. Those of us who will choose to become computer saboteurs will do so without anybody's prodding.

At this time we have to focus upon New Haven, 100 Center Street, Washington and Laos. If indeed some of our activities come in pretty colors, they needn't necessarily be irrelevant. Aesthetic masochism should n't be a revolutionary prerequisite.

Yes, we punkassed sniveling motherfuckers know you better than that. We love you.

[Handwritten signature]

- Jaakov Kohn
- Allen Katzman
- Fred Mogubgub
- Ray Schultz
- D.A. Latimer
- Jackie Friedrich
- Stephen Kohn
- Charlie Frick
- Coca Crystal
- Yossarian
- Roger Tomlinson
- Honest Bob Singer
- Roy Weiner
- Vincent Titus
- Rudi Stern
- John Reilly
- Renfreu Neff
- Gianfranco Mange
- Vaughn Bode
- Lil Picard
- Alex Gross
- Jackie Acon
- Spain Rodriguez
- Kim Deitch
- Perfecto La Gogo
- Nellie Fernauld
- Irving Shushnick
- S.R.K.
- Timothy Learv
- Tuli Kupferberg

Little Arthur Chaitkin
Harvey Matusow
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PURGE

FLASH

-NEWS RELEASE-

FLASH

YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY
ANNOUNCES PURGE!
BLOOD -BATH PROMISED

March 5 (YIP) - - Butte, Montana -- The Central Committee of the Youth International Party, following the lead set by other vanguard parties, today announced a power shake-up in its internal structure. Brothers and sisters should be hereby notified that the following persons are non gratis, puppet lackey- jack-anape, pus-licking-fascist-dogs-revisionist tools of the avaricious business hogs and their storm troopers allies in the record industry of philistine shit -----
HAIL MARY!

SHIT LIST

The following are now purged forever from our beloved party:

Jaakov Kohn - Zionist agent for Katz' Delicatessen.
 Judy Gumbo - for driving a red Volkswagon and failing to kill the 50 Washington pigs who arrived with shotguns and surrounded her.
 Stu Albert - for being overweight.
 Jerry Rubin - for going to see "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" twice during working hours.
 Shirley Temple - for revisionism.
 Kim Il Sung - for transvestism.
 Abbie Hoffman - for sleeping during Political Education Class.
 The Capitol Bombers - for working within the system.
 Anita Hoffman - for getting pregnant.
 Albert Einstein - for divisionsim.
 Everyone over six feet tall.
 Jennifer Dohrn and her lazy sister for not coming to meetings anymore.
 Supreme Commander Stephen Kohn - for eletism.
 Allan Katzman - for prurient interests.
 Sharon Krebs - for jerking off in jail.
 Sam Melville - for being a government agent.
 Fannie Brice - for chauvinism.
 Spiro Agnew - for shooting up during recess.
 Julius Hoffman - for excessive permissiveness by acquitting Fromes and Weiner.
 Jackie Friedrich - for slurring her Hail Mary's , failure to memorize the phone book, and writing too little.
 Kathy Boudin - for missing lunch.
 Miram Sanders - for doing the dishes in front of James Taylor (bad form).
 The entire cast of the National Liberation Front - for obvious reasons.
 The entire Chicago chapter - for not turning in their bingo receipts.
 George C. Scott - for not winning the Nobel Peace Prize.
 Mary Kuhlens - for putting Kate Millet's name next to Norman Mailer's in a recent N.Y. Times Peace Ad.
 Keith Lampe - for optimism.
 A.J. Weverman - for littering.
 Nancy Kurshan - for giggling during the sermon.
 Tim Leary - for escapsim.
 Craig Peges - for calling collect.
 Charles Manson - for being paranoid.
 The Law Commune - for excessive legalism.
 Carol Raymer - for dealing catnip.

It is only through such exemplary actions can we hope to win the masses.

HAIL MARY!

Ann Fettaman - second dishwasher
from the left

MESSAGE TO THE 3RD WORLD FROM THE NEW YORK '21'

We take this time to write to our homeys — our bloods, our brothers and sisters, our people, the Black and Third World community — because much, much misinformation has been spread throughout the enemy mass media about us lately; and we, from our prison cells, would like to clear up some of these rumors and misinformation which our enemy would like to sow to cause misconceptions about us and what we stand for!

We, the New York "21" are totally dedicated to the liberation of our people — totally dedicated to the total liberation of all oppressed people! Our only commitment is to that goal. We don't begin with ideals and work down; we begin with what *is* and work up — up toward the total liberation of our people! And what *is*, is genocide — physical murder, and legal murder — genocide! What *is* — is that one can speak elegantly and eloquently about this condition of genocide, racism, exploitation and oppression. But whenever Black people come together to try and unify our people to deal with these racist, negative, vulturistic, unjust conditions — the movement toward revolution — we are considered "criminal" by our enemy! All attempts to keep us exploited and oppressed is considered "the preservation of law and order" by our enemy! When our enemy can find no real evidence of any "criminal" activity, he fabricates a "conspiracy" charge. Things have *not* in reality changed for Black people in this racist country since 1619 when we were first brought here in chains as slaves, let alone since 1663, when the first "conspiracy" charge was brought against us.

We of the New York "21" are not in jail for *any* acts, but because of our potential danger to AmeriKKKa. We are *potentially* dangerous because we have decided to align our behavior with our beliefs, and that *does* in actuality make us *potentially* dangerous to racist and oppressive AmeriKKKa. Therefore they had to attempt to stop us before we could really get together to begin to "conspire" — they feel that they must attempt to keep us contained at all costs — like no bail, 3 to 4 pending

"indictments," prison officials promising us that we will be beaten to death, even though their star witnesses have sworn that they heard *no one* agree to do anything! We have decided to align our behavior with our beliefs — and that *does* in actuality makes us *potentially* dangerous to racist and oppressive AmeriKKKa! Therefore they *must* attempt to stop us. But they will not, in the final analysis succeed, for we are but a small group of an ever-enlarging force developing in the Third World and even in the confines of AmeriKKKa that is saying NO MORE! to oppression. And history shows that wars against oppression are *always* in the final analysis, successful! And there will be a war, a true revolutionary war, a true Third World global revolutionary war! And no one — not AmeriKKKa nor us, nor anyone can stop it. But AmeriKKKa will try — that is why we are in jail. We will not compromise! We will not bend! We will not break! That is why we are in jail! We have sworn that this is the last generation of our people that will live in bondage and the first that will live in freedom! The enemy's proclamation of death is beneath our scorn! That is why we are in jail!

While sitting in prison, the "university of a revolutionary," we saw with increasing clarity the complete truth in Malcolm's statement: "It's impossible for a chicken to produce a duck egg, even though they both belong to the same family of fowl. This system cannot liberate us — this economic system, this political system, this social system — impossible!" Therefore, we realized what had to be done, and how it must be done!

Now, Malcolm also stated: "You have all types of people who are fed up with what's going on. You have whites who are fed up, you have blacks who are fed up . . . So when the day comes when the whites who are really fed up . . . learn how to really establish the proper type of communication with those uptown who are fed up, and they get some coordinated action going, you'll get some changes."

We, the New York "21" don't claim to be the vanguard or the leadership of the revolution. We find our truths from experience, and we are still learning! But we feel that the Weather underground fit truly in a revolutionary manner with Malcolm's "whites who are really fed up," "like old John Brown," and are showing it in a progressive and revolutionary manner — and that we of the New York "21" — Black men and women "who are really fed up" — that we could establish the really proper type of communication with our revolutionary comrades — the Weather underground!

The Weather underground came out lately with a change in tactics, an announced change in tactics, a change in tactics with which we did not totally agree; therefore, we wrote to them our criticism. It was sent to a white "underground" newspaper, a media that we thought would reach them in the fastest, most expedient manner, since it serves the white radical community. We are now sending, along with this note, a copy of this *open letter*. In it we mention no party or group by name; nor did we intend any specific or single group. So to all the noise and fuss about it, all that we can say is, if the shoe fits, wear it! Here is the *Open Letter to the Weather Underground*. Read it *yourself*. Listen to it *yourself*. Judge it *yourself*! (See EVO vol. 6, no. 13 — Feb. 23, 1971)

We invite all of you to our trial to watch how Blacks who align their behavior with their beliefs are railroaded in legal murder as part of the enemy's genocide plan. The engine begins at 10:30 a.m. and runs until 4:30 p.m. every Monday through Thursday at 100 Centre Street, 13th floor.

We will in the near future communicate with you again to more fully explain our total political position on the current situation. Until then, dare to struggle, dare to win! And don't put off another day what you can do today!

The New York "21"

"THE PROBABILITY OF VICTORY IS GOOD," TAPE WILL TELL MIAMI AS H-BOMB FALLS

MIAMI, Fla. [LNS] — In case of nuclear attack, Dade County Civil Defense officials have a prepackaged series of messages for broadcast to calm the people who live in the Miami area.

"Although the enemy has struck the first blow," says one of the tapes, "our Strategic Air Command and Naval units have devastated many of his major cities and industrial centers. Our defense forces have retaliated with tremendous effectiveness and the probability of victory is good."

Asked about the tapes, Dade County deputy director of Civil Defense, Albert C. Fisher, explained: "The only answer I can give is that it is worded this way for psychological effect."

The Miami News uncovered the tapes with the calming messages when it checked out the recent false alarm the government sent out over news agency wires, in which many TV and radio stations went off the air thinking a nuclear attack had already begun.

OIL AND INDOCHINA: WHY THE U.S. HOLDS ON

LIBERATION News Service

A major reason for the recent invasion of Laos by South Vietnamese and American military personnel is the destruction of a petroleum products pipeline running out of North Vietnam just north of the DMZ into Southern Laos, according to recently de-classified Air Force testimony before the Electronic Battlefield Subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

The existence of the pipeline was disclosed in Senate testimony before the Committee on November 18, 1970 by Brig. Gen. William John Evans, though the details of the diameter and length were not revealed. This pipeline would appear to have played an important part in the North Vietnamese troop movements along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, supplying an estimated 3,000 six-wheel heavy Russian trucks with fuel. The Air Force disclosed that within the last two and one-half years the portion of the trail open to trucks in the dry season has been extended from 350 to 1,550 miles.

The terminal point for the pipeline lies somewhere in the vicinity of Tchepone, a key depot along the diverse network of roads and supply routes running from North Vietnam into South Vietnam and Cambodia. Repeated bombing over the past four years has failed to halt the flow of material through these Laotian "sanctuaries."

While oil may be important for understanding the motivation for the

invasion of Laos, it also appears to be assuming greater importance in the formation of overall war policy for Southeast Asia. . . .

"One of the world's richest areas is open to the winner in Indochina," wrote U.S. News and World Report just before Dienbienphu, on April 16, 1954. "Tin, rubber, rice, key strategic raw materials are what the war is really about. The U.S. sees it as a place to hold — at any cost."

Speaking in Boston in 1965, LBJ's ambassador to Vietnam, Henry Cabot Lodge, went a step further: "He who holds or has influence in Vietnam can affect the future of the Philippines and Formosa to the east, Thailand and Burma with their huge rice surpluses to the west, and Malaysia and Indonesia with their rubber, oil, and tin to the south. Vietnam thus does not exist in a geographical vacuum — from its large storehouses of wealth and population can be influenced and undermined."

The American oil giants' stampede to Southeast Asia began after the 1965 coup in Indonesia by pro-American generals which left a half million communists dead but opened the door wide to foreign investment. Southeast Asian oil's importance was heightened by the Six Day War in 1967 which cut off the Suez Canal to important Middle Eastern oil shipments. "Major companies are eager to diversify their sources of petroleum because of political uncertainty in the Middle

BEAVER

"TORTURES DO EXIST": BRAZILIAN BISHOPS TESTIFY

LIBERATION News Service

BELO HORIZONTE, Brazil [LNS] — "Tortures, unfortunately, do exist in Brazil, and in many cases in the most shocking ways," said, in part, a letter drafted at a National Conference of Brazilian Bishops' meeting, Feb. 17. The letter was written in support of two fellow Roman Catholic leaders. One of the Bishops, The Rt. Rev. Waldyr Calheiros, has been under indictment for subversion for accusing a local army commander of permitting a union leader to be tortured.

FORMER ARMY INTELLIGENCE AGENT CHARGES U.S. HAS APPARATUS OF POLICE STATE

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON [LNS] — "The United States today possesses the intelligence apparatus of a police state. It is not something of the future; it exists today as a loose coalition of Federal, state, municipal, and military agencies," says Christopher H. Pyle who has spent 18 months investigating political surveillance in this country. Pyle came to that realization after serving in the military intelligence himself.

Pyle, 31 years old, recently presented to a Senate subcommittee a 76 page report on the Army's domestic intelligence project known as Conus Intel, or Continental United States Intelligence. He is one of five former military intelligence agents who testified before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights.

"Political archives are now kept by municipal police, state police, the National Guard, Internal Security

PlayBall

THE ARMY ADDS TO ITS ARSENAL

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — A rubber ball loaded with disabling CS gas is a new anti-riot weapon being developed by the Army, which is experimenting with methods of breaking up riots without coming right out and killing people. The ball, according to officials, is particularly useful because, unlike gas grenades, it is difficult to pick up and throw back. After the item is sufficiently tested, mass production will begin, probably at the beginning of next year — in time for the '72 elections.

committees, each of the armed services, the Civil Service Commission, the Secret Service, the F.B.I., the Passport Office and the Justice Department, he declared.

Pyle said that the Justice intelligence unit maintained a large computer into which was fed information from the F.B.I., the 93 United States Attorneys around the country, and other Government agencies. From this, he said, weekly descriptions of potential civil disorders and other political information are printed, bound into books, analyzed, and forwarded to other departments. In addition, the computer stores "information on the membership, ideology, and plans" of any organization that intends to hold a demonstration or rally.

Another witness, Ralph Stein, a former intelligence analyst, called for an inquiry into the Central Intelligence Agency's involvement in domestic intelligence. Although the agency has no statutory authority to operate within the United States, Stein described a briefing he gave agency officials who he said showed "a deep interest in the beliefs of the students" publishing underground newspapers.

ANTI-WAR TROUPE FORMED TO TOUR BASES

LIBERATION News Service

Radical entertainers have banded together to form a comedy troupe aimed at touring the country's military bases with an anti-war stage show.

Among them are Jane Fonda, Mike Nichols, Dick Gregory, Elliott Gould, Donald Southerland, Peter Boyle, Barbara Dane, and writers Jules Feiffer and Herb Gardner.

According to Jane Fonda, the members of the troupe want to counteract performers like Bob Hope and Martha Raye, and present a different view of the war and events in this country to "the forgotten soldiers."

She said the majority of soldiers want peace and freedom, but are isolated in the military world. Their script has been presented to Lt. Gen. John J. Tolson 3d, the commander of Ft. Bragg in Fayetteville, N.C. Tolson is one of the key architects of the Army's "liberalization" policy, and its "new, mod look."

Dr. Howard Levy, who was dismissed as an army captain and sentenced to 26 months in prison in June, 1967, for refusing to train soldiers headed for Vietnam, said at a news conference that if the army is serious about this policy, they will let the show on the base, and if not, "it's the same, old-fashioned repressive army." The troupe, working under the auspices of the United States Servicemen's Fund, which was established in 1967 to encourage the antiwar movement within the military, already has plans to perform their skits in the Haymarket Square Coffeehouse in Fayetteville on March 13 and 14.

East, the world's major source of crude [oil] today," wrote Fortune magazine in March, 1970.

Now the oil rush in Southeast Asia has reached the shores of South Vietnam, where exploration for long-suspected offshore oil reserves have been underway since 1969. Currently, sixteen American oil companies along with two Japanese firms and one Canadian company, expect to begin negotiations with the Thieu-Ky regime in late February or early March for seventeen major oil concessions. The oil companies clearly have a real interest in having Nixon hold on to Indochina at any cost.

To some observers, the oil companies' quick action for Vietnamese concessions indicates that they have received a clear message from the President. Jacques Decornoy, the Southeast Asia editor of the French daily, Le Monde, wondered in that paper's January 8 issue, "Have the oil companies perhaps received some solid assurances from Washington concerning the United States willingness to 'hold' Indochina, and South Vietnam in particular?"

"In view of such haste, one is tempted to think so," he concludes. "The companies have already begun to invest, even though President Nixon has begun using the slogan of 'Vietnamization.'"

The importance of Southeast Asian oil stems from predictions that within the next ten years the industrial world will consume as much petroleum as was produced in the entire previous history of oil. A U.S. oil expert with fifteen years experience in Southeast Asia has said that in five years "the off-shore oil fields of Thailand, Cambodia, Malaysia, South Vietnam and Indonesia will be ready to produce... more than is now

produced in the whole western world."

The Vietnamese oil discovery has been made the more significant by the attempt of OPEC, the international consortium of oil-producing countries, to force the oil companies to grant them a larger cut of Middle Eastern oil revenues. The OPEC action will cost American oil companies at least \$1.2 billion annually.

But with the "friendly" governments of Indochina, the possibility is much higher for American oil companies to negotiate contracts on much better terms. The Vietnamese leases will give American companies a 45/55 split with the government, much higher than the 32 1/2/67 1/2 split they get now from Indonesia.

But the ultimate reason for the American companies' passionate interest in the Vietnamese and other Southeast Asian oil fields is not simple profit, but control of vital oil reserves. As has been the case since WWII, American economic influence in Asia rests on the American ability to control Japan's supply of raw materials and its available markets. An independent, socialist Southeast Asia would pull Japan into expanded trade both with itself and China and end its reliance on the U.S.

Such a shift in the Pacific balance of power could deal a shattering blow to the American big business strategy to keep and extend its position in the world economy.

As the major source of the world's usable energy, oil has an importance in international politics far out of proportion to its dollar volume. Emphasizing the link between oil and international relations, a Department of State Bulletin in October stated: "Our investors are predominant in world petroleum and petroleum is by far the largest single commodity in

world commerce."

For many underdeveloped countries, American control of their energy sources is a major obstacle to industrialization. To develop these sources for themselves is made even more difficult by the oil giants' strangle-hold on exploration and drilling technology, shipping, refining, and distribution.

What frightens the major international oil companies is the prospect of an independent Southeast Asia, developing its own resources for the needs of its own people. As Southeast Asia's important natural resources include not only oil, but also tin, tungsten, iron, bauxite, copper, nickel, and rubber, Southeast Asia development is not only possible, but likely, if current independence movements achieve victory.

But America's great oil families, who stand to lose most if Southeast Asian oil comes under Southeast Asian control, have a strong ally in the White House. The Mellons (Gulf), the Rockefellers (who have large interests in all oil companies that grew out of the Standard Oil trust), and other oil families contributed some \$600,000 to Nixon's 1968 presidential campaign. They need only remind him that his political fortunes rest upon the continued expansion of American corporate capitalism — an expansion fuelled by Asian oil and Asian oil revenues.

The reasons for the U.S. presence in Indochina go much deeper than the control of raw materials in Southeast Asia. The extent of the petroleum reserves is really not yet known. The disproportionate influence that the oil industry has over U.S. foreign policy, however, should make it clear that "black gold" will be an important factor in the U.S. decision to escalate or accept defeat.

in news

IN VIETNAM, GIs CAN GET SMACK EASIER THAN A MORNING NEWSPAPER

"More white Americans buy heroin from us than the black ones do. If you see an American sniffing the white opium, you will certainly die laughing. His hands shake violently when he is handed it. Immediately he begins to sniff it. Then he closes his eyes as if he is going to faint." — a schoolgirl near Longbinh, South Vietnam

SAIGON [LNS] — The heroin peddled to American GIs in Vietnam is easier to get than the morning newspaper. Compared to prices in America, Vietnamese heroin is a bargain, and neither the Saigon government nor the U.S. Army gets in the way of the smack trade.

"It is so easy to buy heroin from peddlers in Vietnam wherever there are American troops or convoys that a tiny plastic vial can be purchased for \$3 outside the headquarters of the American general," reported Gloria Emerson of the New York Times from Saigon recently. "On the 15-mile Bienhoa highway, which runs from Saigon north to Longbinh, heroin can be purchased — and was, by this correspondent — in a dozen conspicuous places within a few minutes."

Many of the salesmen are small children who sit all day underneath a U.S. Army poncho pitched like a tarp, with perhaps only a monkey or a bird in a cage for company. They handle quite a bit of money — U.S. Army scrip and Vietnamese piastres — as well as trade in hard goods, sometimes a carton of cigarettes for a vial of heroin.

Persistent rumors hold that the CIA's Air America in Laos is the backbone of the present-day opium trade in Indochina.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH DEMANDS G.M. STOP MANUFACTURING IN SOUTH AFRICA

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK [LNS] — The Episcopal Church of America has called on the General Motors Corporation to "wind up its present manufacturing operations in the Republic of South Africa."

The Church is a strong opponent of the racist apartheid policies of the South African government; it is also a major stockholder in GM, owning

PENTAGON DRAFTS DOCTORS

WASHINGTON [LNS] — The Pentagon has sent the word down to its draft boards to conscript at least 2,100 more physicians, osteopaths and dentists.

The word is that an increasingly tiny number of medical school graduates have volunteered for military "service" in the last two years. 1969 was the last year in which medical professionals were called up in the draft.

FIGHTING THE WAR BY REMOTE CONTROL: JUNGLE SENSORS CALL IN THE AIR STRIKES

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON [LNS] — In an operation code-named "Igloo White" American jets have showered sensors along the Ho Chi Minh Trail for more than three years in a program which has cost more than \$1.2 billion, reports the Associated Press.

The sensors are made to look like jungle growth and, according to American experts, are very hard to find. Moving trucks automatically activate the sensors and the signal is sent to specially-equipped air craft and then relayed to ground stations where it feeds into a computer.

Military analysts then can determine the number of trucks, their direction and speed. This information is fed to commands and air attacks are mounted. The U.S. strike planes do not attempt to pinpoint attacks, but blanket an area with cluster bombs and other explosives.

\$1.4 million in GM share and shares in its affiliates.

[Many Protestant church groups have been vocal in their support of anti-racist and anti-colonialist activity, particularly in Africa. The World Council of Churches has officially expressed its solidarity with national liberation struggles in Africa; the Council has also begun to provide funds for the liberation movement in Southern Africa — Rhodesia, Namibia (also known as Southwest Africa) and South Africa itself.]

G.M. had no immediate comment about the Episcopalians' demand.

DESERTER'S HOSTEL open

MONTREAL [LNS] — A group of American exiles and Canadian friends in Montreal have opened a new hostel to aid American refugees. The previous deserters' hostel was closed during the War Measures Act in Quebec.

Upon arrival in Montreal, the war resister/refugee can obtain the address of the hostel from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, located at 3625 Aylmer St. (The Yellow Door cafe); telephone: [514] 843-3132. Food and lodging are without charge. There are three floors and lots of rooms. It is professionally staffed on a full-time basis.

There is one severe problem, however, and that is unemployment.

CHURCH PEOPLE OPPOSE ARMED FORCES BISHOP

LIBERATION News Service

NEW YORK [LNS] — The Air Force wants to make one of its colonels into the "Bishop for the Armed Forces." The Episcopal Peace Fellowship says it will publicly oppose the new bishop's consecration if the Episcopal Church decides to go through with it.

"If the Church proceeds with this consecration," said Rev. Edward L. Lee, "It will be serving notice that the enemy of so many oppressed peoples at home and abroad is a military-industrial-church complex."

The proposed warrior-priest is Col. Clarence E. Hobgood, USAF, a member of the Episcopacy of Episcopal Church; this position would, by the rules of the Church, make him eligible for elevation to Bishop.

But the anti-war Episcopalians are not interested in that technicality, one that has been used as an out by Church fathers who do not want to tangle with the military.

"To consecrate for the first time a Bishop of the Armed Forces," Rev. Lee emphasized, "To ordain a military officer in this position, to do all this with pomp and ceremony at our national cathedral is to make the Church of Christ more deeply complicit with a policy of war which only deserves our condemnation."

Quebec's is the highest in Canada, nearing 9 per cent. This makes job offers — often very necessary to become a legal immigrant — harder to get. At the same time, people who meet the necessary qualifications have little trouble immigrating.

Deserters and draft resisters are being accepted as readily as before the War Measures Act. (Immigration information can be obtained by writing the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters at P.O. Box 5, Montreal, 215, Quebec.)

They do stress, however, to everyone but wanted fugitives (deserters, indicted draft resisters, political "criminals") that Canada is becoming crowded with Americans, and that immigration counselling must be offered first to those who have no other alternative but Canada.

Man draft resisters, for instance, are able to delay their cases for up to three years in the courts, thereby making immediate emigration unnecessary. They are not encouraging draft resisters to come to Canada. Is they do, they first receive draft counselling and information about alternatives and options in the U.S. If they still choose Canada then of course they are assured that they will receive the necessary assistance.

So far, all counselling of this nature is being handled by the

Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters. The American Refugee Service runs the hostel, and hopes to provide additional immigration counselling in the near future.

But even the above figures for desertion do not reflect the actual condition of 6th Regiment morale. Many casualties are induced by "accidents." I was told of the following incidents: five men were wounded by a grenade detonated by one of them in 1/6 Battalion; one man shot himself through the hand with an M-16 so he would be sent back to a safe area; one man was killed and two wounded when a South Vietnamese gunship attacked 4/6 Battalion; and 2/6 Battalion reported three incidents of self-inflicted wounds and casualties from U.S. gunships.

Traveling with the South Vietnamese infantry in the jungle along the Laotian border, I got a clear picture of how this situation affects "combat readiness." The South Vietnamese troops didn't want to engage the enemy, and when they did, the results were ludicrous.

For example, the entire 2/6 Battalion was held up for a day by an estimated force of 20 North Vietnamese soldiers. The 6th Recon Company (about 70 men) was trapped by six Montagnards who never fired a shot. The 4/6 Battalion was being confronted and halted by enemy probes of two or three men.

The Battalion Commander of 3/6, located at LZ (Landing Zone) Dak Rose, two miles from the Laotian border, would never send his men more than several hundred meters off the mountain for fear of making contact with the enemy and losing more men. Any significant combat action taken is almost always under the initiative of U.S. advisors.

After three weeks of combat in the area, it was clear that even pressure from the advisors couldn't force the South Vietnamese to take any action: the total operations figures listed only 94 enemy killed, 23 individual and 6 crew-served weapons captured. Strangely, intelligence reports indicated large numbers of enemy troops in the area.

The entire brunt of the air-war in support of this operation was being borne by U.S. Air Force and U.S. Army pilots because commanders of South Vietnamese gunships and fighter bombers were unwilling to accept any responsibility for air cover. Most Vietnamese helicopter pilots will fly missions only when the weather is good, when there appears to be no danger from ground fire involved, or when they can find passengers who will pay to be flown to any one of several coastal cities to "get away from it all."

South Vietnamese gunships never arrive in the Kham Duc area before 9 a.m. and always depart by 4 p.m., in order to be home for dinner. The Vietnamese ground commanders don't condemn this behavior, for they feel that it is the responsibility of the U.S. to provide air support, despite the fact that the South Vietnamese Air Force has been given sufficient planes and pilots for the job.

Numerous military spokesmen talk of the "success of Vietnamization," but senior U.S. advisors to the 6th Regiment explained how pathetic and hapless it is on all levels. They speak in private about the complete incompetence of Lieutenant Col. Nghin, commander of the 6th, and how his position is a political appointment. It is widely understood that he is just serving his "combat time" so he can be promoted to colonel and then transferred to a desk job in Saigon.

All the advisors in the field express disgust with ARVN — the Saigon Army — and are now very apprehensive about the ability of the South Vietnamese to hold their own in Vietnam and the areas in Cambodia to which they are now committed, let alone new regions deep in heavily-jungled central Laos.

RECENT EYEWITNESS SAYS SOUTH VIET TROOPS HEAD FOR LAOS WITHOUT WILL TO FIGHT

by Ed Rasen

LIBERATION News Service

(Editor's note: Ed Rasen is a free-lance journalist and cameraman who has just shot a series on Laotian refugees for National Educational Television. His eyewitness observations of the South Vietnamese ARVN troops just before the invasion of Laos were first published by Pacific News Service of San Francisco.)

LANDING ZONE KALA, Vietnam [LNS] — Now, after two years of intensive training and aid, it is said that South Vietnamese forces, through steady gradual progress, have achieved military standards that will enable U.S. troops to be withdrawn and transfer the bulk of the fighting to the ready and waiting South Vietnamese Army.

U.S. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird recently spoke about the "success of Vietnamization," and in Vietnam, spokesmen for MACV (Military Assistance Command Vietnam) now speak about how last spring's Cambodian operations have dramatically instilled new morale in all South Vietnamese units.

However, during an eight-day excursion in the jungle with troops of the 6th Regiment, 2nd ARVN Infantry Division, operating near the Laotian border prior to the official announcement of the invasion of Laos, I saw a quite different situation around Kham Duc, in Northeastern South Vietnam.

According to Vietnamese commanders and U.S. advisors, each infantry battalion inserted into the area had only 300 to 330 men, which means that the units were initially starting at half-strength. After three weeks of operating, the Regiment had suffered just 9 KIA (killed in action) and 40 WIA (wounded in action), yet the total manpower strength of the four battalions had dropped to under 1000, representing a loss of over 250 men!

Talking with U.S. Army personnel working at the Kham Duc airstrip, where eight or ten USAF C-123's and C-130's land every day, I found out that groups of soldiers quietly appear, board the empty planes and head back to secure areas. Since there are no flight manifest used, and all the flights are unscheduled, it is a simple matter to leave the area without official orders.



Lay the Boss Off — It Makes More Sense

CAL. AEROSPACE WORKERS TAKE WAGE-CUTS TO SAVE JOBS OF HALF OF THEM

SACRAMENTO, Calif. [LNS] — Employees at Aerojet Nuclear Systems, which is building a nuclear engine for the American space program, have agreed to take a 20%

pay-cut and a work-week shortened from five days to four.

The workers thus decided to lose out collectively on one fourth of their weekly wage. This desperate

move came after budget cuts in the Atomic Energy Commission, sponsor of the nuclear engine project, raised the spectre of lay-offs for 450 of the Company's 900 employees.

N.Y. 21 TRIAL.

26th wk.

by JACKIE FRIEDRICH

Thurs. Feb. 25

Sandy Katz continued his cross-examination of undercover agent Ralph White by asking him further questions about the phone call he had gotten from Saida Shakur, Lumumba's first wife, on the night of Jan. 17. Saida had allegedly been angry because Lumumba was taking Afeni somewhere and not Saida because she didn't know how to use a gun. Did Saida say she wasn't being taken because she didn't know how to use dynamite? No.

White knew that Lumumba was going to Rockland Palace and that Ron Daranga and other members of his organization, US, were also to be there. The agent was also aware that there had been a confrontation between the BPP and US in California and that John Huggins and Bunchy Carter had been shot and killed as a result, supposedly by members of US.

So White called his BOSS superiors and said that he felt that the 44th precinct was in danger. He did not say that there was the possibility of a shoot out between the BPP and US at Rockland Palace. But then White wrote his report for Jan. 17 on Jan. 20 when he had already found out that the 44th precinct had been bombed.

On Jan. 18 White met with Curtis Powell at the Institute of Cancer Research. Obviously Powell was not in hiding, as that was his regular place of work.

On Jan. 19 White went to Lumumba's apartment where he saw Saida and Afeni. Neither of them were hiding or underground.

Court recessed for an early lunch so that the hearing on Joan and Afeni's bail might take place before Judge Rikibono. The two lawyers handling the writ of Habeas Corpus for Joan and Afeni are Evelyn Williams and Jethro Eisenstein. The writ had gone to Judge Bloom, who normally hears these cases, who then referred it back to Murtagh. Murtagh referred it to Rikibono. Evelyn Williams began by making a motion that the writ be sent back to Bloom's court, where these cases are normally heard.

D.A. Phillips said that Bloom did not want to try this case but Evelyn Williams replied that the only reason Bloom had referred it back to Murtagh was because he felt Murtagh should look it over again. Mrs. Williams said that she'd spoken to Judge Bloom that morning and that he had no objection to hearing the case.

Rikibono agreed and set a hearing up for Friday in Bloom's part but Phillips couldn't make it and started hurling accusations at Mrs. Williams. She interrupted with, "Mr. Phillips, you are absolutely obscene." And Rikibono arranged for a hearing that afternoon in Bloom's part.

After lunch Sandy asked Det. White if he had tried to find out what Lumumba had done the night of Jan. 17, 1969. White did not recall having done so, preferring to live with his assumptions. He did know that Lumumba had been arrested on Jan. 18 when he and a lawyer had gone to the 34th precinct to see Joan Bird.

After Jan. 17 did White receive any instructions from BOSS to learn the whereabouts and identities of the perpetrators of the crimes that took place on that night? White took a long pause. Murtagh — "Is there an objection?" Phillips — "Yes,

objection." Murtagh — "sustained."

On Jan. 20, 1969 White went to a meeting at Richard Harris' apartment. White had said that this was an underground hideout, yet it was Harris' usual apartment. When asked if anyone was wearing a disguise, White said that Efai Balagoon was wearing a wig. Did lots of women wear wigs? Yes. Was Efai a defendant? No. Did they play cards that night? Yes. Socialize? Yes.

White reported that Dharuba said that he was hiding out. Did White see Dharuba all over town? Yes. Did White suggest to Dharuba that the Harlem office of the BPP was not the safest hideout? No.

Sandy then listed all of the defendants, one by one, and none of them were "hiding" or wearing disguises. All appeared at public meetings and in their normal jobs. All except two were arrested on April 2, 1969 in their own apartments and not in underground hideouts.

Court recessed early and the hearing in Bloom's court was held. Evelyn Williams began by saying that the Constitution guarantees the assumption of innocence — and the same goes for the intent to flee. She cited a case where the ruling was made that even in a conspiracy there was to be an individual assumption of innocence. Murtagh's ruling indicated his bent to be guilty by association. Also, no one knew why Tabor and Dharuba did not show up and Murtagh violated the law by revoking bail and by not stating, at that time, his grounds for revoking bail.

Murtagh revoked Afeni's and Joan's bail on Feb. 8. After Bloom had referred the motion back to Murtagh, Murtagh upheld his decision on Feb. 22, having received more slander from Phillips.

Mrs. Williams wanted Bloom to decide on the ruling of Feb. 8. Bloom felt that that would not be practical as the Feb. 22 hearing had already taken place. Mrs. Williams replied that the Constitution had been violated and that she was interested in rights and not in practicality. Even though Phillips had tried to rehabilitate his case on Feb. 22, she was equally prepared to argue that ruling too.

On Feb. 22 Phillips had reported that his FBI agents had found out that Zayd Shakur had gone to Detroit and had gotten some false I.D., presumably for members of the N.Y. 21. Judge Bloom felt that he would have to look at the entire record.

Evelyn Williams said that she agreed with Bloom, but that the rehabilitating devices used by the D.A. were capricious, arbitrary hearsay and she felt that the Feb. 22 ruling was no more substantial than the one of Feb. 8.

She went on to say that Afeni is five months pregnant and receiving no medical treatment in jail. Both women have urinary tract diseases and are receiving no medical treatment for that either.

In his affidavit Phillips attempts to impugn Afeni's morality by saying, "...her instant pregnancy is unexplained..." Mrs. Williams said that she would assume biological factors were the cause of that "unexplained, instant pregnancy." Also, if bail were to be predicated on morality, then, perhaps none of us would receive it.

Phillips then read from one of his own self-serving documents which

said that the things seized from the defendants were "contraband" and could only have been used in "terrorist activities."

Judge Bloom reminded him that that document was used in the Court of Appeals when the question of exorbitant bail was being argued. He said that the Court of Appeals ruled that the bail was not exorbitant, and indirectly ruled that neither was it inadequate. And then these two women managed to meet their bail.

Phillips disagreed, saying that the two women had "no roots in the community" and they should have been denied bail entirely.

Bloom argued that they have appeared in court. Phillips argued that Afeni was absent once and was remanded. Judge Bloom returned with the fact that her bail had been reinstated. Phillips countered with, "After false representation..." Bloom tried to put an end to Phillips' idiocy by saying that it was what happened between Feb. 8 and toady which warranted his attention. But Phillips said that Feb. 8 was only the culmination of events involving these defendants. First there were fist fights in the courtroom, and demonstrations outside, and the nine who have been in jail the whole time have warrants pending for other cases and some have been indicted for kidnapping in jail (result of the prison rebellions), two are in Algiers, and three disappeared in Feb. Afeni is Lumumba's common law wife and he had been in jail since April 69 — now she's pregnant by "some other source." What are her roots? That's the type of people we're dealing with in this case, Phillips squealed. And they have no personal collateral in the bail, so if they skip their families won't lose anything.

Bloom said that he realized this was a conspiracy trial but he felt that there was one human axiom that needed no proof — that man is responsible only for what he, himself, does. While one may be part of a group, one is not responsible for group actions. Society is not cleansed by punishing someone whether or not he is guilty.

But Phillips replied that he things he has proof that these two particular defendants are guilty. He has only one more key witness and would be through by now, he said, if it weren't for the "unwarranted, protracted" defense cross examination. He said that Joan was in New Haven, advocating the killing of judges as was done in California.

Phillips was bemused, his slander tactics which receive accolades from Murtagh, are received contemptuously by Bloom who said that he was ready to accept that Joan Bird is a revolutionary, but that the government must prove more than that the defendant is a member of a revolutionary group. A person is answerable only for an overt act and Language has not yet become an overt act.

Phillips continued with his routine slander, repeating his whine that these defendants have no roots in the community, that you never know where they'll be bouncing around next, and that they show no indication of becoming law abiding citizens. He said they were, "to say the least, fly by night."

Evelyn Williams answered these "no roots" charges by saying that Joan lives with her parents who have been in court every single day and

that Afeni lives with her mother and sister who have also been regular visitors to the courtroom.

Judge Bloom said that the disruptions in court have no bearing on whether or not these defendants have a right to bail. And Jethro Eisenstein invited Bloom to read the records of the trial, where the names of the two women never appear on the record in terms of disruption.

Bill Crain then spoke, saying that the court was exercising judicial concern which was greatly appreciated. Murtagh had threatened that the two women would be remanded because of the behavior of the lawyers and the other defendants. Knowing on any day that they might be remanded, the two women still appeared. Afeni came knowing that she might have to have her baby in jail. In fact they have also shown an unusual degree of faith in the legal system to come every day. Also, Zayd Shakur has not been arrested for the "crimes" alleged by the D.A.

Phillips complained that Afeni sang in court and that the defendants called him and Murtagh "pigs."

Bloom recessed so that he could read the transcripts over the weekend.

Mon. March 1

Although the police were looking for Sekou and Kuwesi because of the alleged shoot out on the Harlem River Drive on Jan. 17, 1969, and agent White both knew where to find Sekou and Kuwesi and saw them periodically prior to the April 2 pre-dawn raids, — reporting to BOSS each time he heard of or saw the two, neither Sekou nor Kuwesi were apprehended by the NYC police department until April 2, 1969 and at that time Sekou escaped and Kuwesi was in jail in Newark. Agent White did not know whether or not BOSS informed the other branches of the police department as to the whereabouts of Sekou and Kuwesi, even though BOSS is part of the NYC police department.

White had testified that Dharuba and Tabor were underground and was convinced by his own assumptions that Lumumba and Afeni had taken part in the bombing of the 44th precinct on Jan. 17, 1969, yet he saw these people in the community, in the Harlem BP office and/or in their own apartments. White was never told why the arrests of these defendants were delayed until April 2 but admitted to having been curious. When asked why he made no inquiries, White said that he figured that there were other undercover agents and that BOSS knew what they were doing.

White made his last report for this case on March 24, 1969 — a week prior to the arrest and about a week and a half prior to the alleged Easter plot. BOSS told him to take it easy, so he knew he would be coming 'up from under' soon and tried to avoid having contact with any of the defendants.

Between March 27 and April 2 White did not recall seeing any of the defendants but he was reminded by Sandy Katz of having driven Lumumba and Afeni to Phila. on March 30.

About two weeks prior to the arrests, BOSS told White to stop hanging around so much with Curtis Powell and to hang around at the BP office.

From Apr. 2, 1969 until now

White's only assignment has been to prepare for this case, yet he said he does not care how it turns out.

When Afeni got up to cross-examine White, the agent could not look at her. She — brought over from the Women's House of Detention, five months pregnant, facing 150 years, low keyed and possessing total control over the situation; he — fresh from the D.A.'s bull pen, pushing for a promotion, bridled hysteria covered by a butter-wouldn't-melt-in-his-mouth exterior that was rapidly melting — in the mouth and on the stand — it was quite a picture.

Had Lumumba ever called White crazy? Yes.

After White did things like shoot at table tops? Yes.

Did Lumumba ever say that infiltrators provoke incidents? Yes.

Did Lumumba ever say that agents cause people to get arrested on trumped-up charges? Yes.

By Nov. 16, 1968 had White expressed his opinion of the BPP? He had various opinions; sometimes he thought it was o.k. and sometimes he thought it wasn't moving progressively forward.

Before the Grand Jury White testified that in his Nov. 16, 1969 report he had said that the BPP was doing "zero" in the community, was he changing that testimony now? No, his opinion of the BPP varied. From what to what? Some things the BPP was involved in he thought were beautiful — like their work during the school decentralization issue — but the people who advocated community work were pushed aside by the rest of the party.

Was Lumumba involved in the struggle for school decentralization? Yes.

Was Bob Collier? Yes.

Who else? Ali Bey Hassan, Curtis Powell, Alez Mckiever, Clark Equires — everyone in one way or another.

So who were the people who pushed the ones interested in community work aside? Well, there were times when people talked about relation to the community but the BPP kept reading Mao.

Did White ever try to put a community program into effect? Well, he thought the Elsmere Tenant's Council could have worked.

Did White recall telling the jury that HE didn't want the Elsmere Tenant's Council to continue? Yes.

How many people asked White if he was a cop? White recalling Zayd having thought he was a cop because his teeth were too good.

Because your teeth were too good? Yes.

Who said that Afeni thought you were a cop? White thought it had been Saida.

Did White ever ask Afeni? No.

Is that why White shot at table tops? He was trying to offset the image — to protect his cover.

Why did he think that would protect his cover? Well, Kuwesi was doing crazy things and no one thought he was a cop. And no one thought Sekou was a cop and he talked about offing pigs.

Did Kuwesi ever discharge a firearm in a building? No. Did Sekou? No.

Did White recall Afeni having told him she thought he was a pig because he shot firearms in a building for no reason, endangering peoples' lives? White could not recall.

Did White think he was doing his job as a BP? The political work.

Did he carry out the ten point program? Whenever feasible.

What did he carry out? The things assigned.

Who assigned them? Police and Panthers.

The police assigned him to do BP work? No answer.

As director of the Elsmere Tenant's Council, White was assigned to develop that organization, did he? With the limitations 'they' had, he thought they did a good job.

Who were "they"? The staff.

Lumumba? Yes.

Did White remember anything in BPP rules about not stealing from people? A party member should not steal from the people — even a needle or a piece of thread.

Did White think he was stealing from the community at the Elsmere Tenant's Council? No.

Did White believe there was a Poor Peoples' Clique in the BPP? He never heard of it.

Before the April Grand Jury White



FORT McCOY 3

testified that he went to Baltimore with Lumumba to help organize the BPP there and said, "In order to be in with the poor people you have to be in with what they do... they have a clique... have to go smoking and drinking." White said, however, that he had a set pattern of how to be with them and fake getting high.

Did White believe there was a Poor Peoples Clique in the BPP? That was a bad choice of words.

What did he mean by it? Well, it was a bad choice of words, but there were two sides in the party — the political and the military. The political worked with the community, read Mao and did not talk about icing pigs. The military talked about dynamite and icing pigs.

About these defendants, what side was Lumumba on? Both.

Baba Odinga (Walter Johnson)? White didn't know him very well.

Ali Bey Hassan? Political.

Joan? White didn't know her that well.

Shaba Om? White didn't know him that well.

Bob Collier? Very political.

Curtis Powell? Political.

Kinshasa? Military.

Alex Mckiever (Katarra)? White didn't know him that well.

Clark Squires? Political.

Afeni? Some political, but by involvement, more military.

What was that based on? Things he saw Afeni doing.

What did he see Afeni doing? Talk about offing pigs.

What did he SEE Afeni doing? Just ONE thing? Well, at one meeting in the Panther office she got very emotional and talked about icing pigs.

Did White ever see her with a gun? No. With a bomb? No. Did White ever see Afeni kill anyone? No. Nit anyone? No. Bomb anyplace? No. Rob anyplace? No.

Did he see Afeni working at Lincoln Hospital? Yes. In schools? Yes. On the street? Yes.

Did those things lead White to think Afeni was military? "No, you keep reminding me of the good things you did... if you could just remind me of the (bad) things you said..."

General laughter and the end of Afeni's cross examination.

Carol Lefcourt now cross examined White. As section leader of the Bronx chapter he called his members to meetings, some of which were held in his apartment and at the Elsmere Tenant's Council. Those 'under' him — some of them defendants here — confided in him and asked him questions about the functions of the BPP. He admitted having gone to a meeting where someone said that the BPP was not at war with the police but with the system.

White also led some of the military drills and at one such drill, on Dec. 17 he put the word out for Shaunn Dubonnet (informer) saying that he (White) would "deal with" Dubonnet. Was White going to kill him? No, that was just a figure of speech.

Did White know that Dubonnet was an agent? Dubonnet said he would get guns and dynamite, so White didn't think he was from the police.

White saw Walter Johnson (Baba Odinga) only once with a hand gun and never heard Baba say that he would bomb anyplace or kill anyone.

Tues. March 2
Charles Mckinney was the last of the defense lawyers to cross examine White. It turns out that the only time in White's life that he did any community work (which he so highly touts) was when he was pretending to be a Panther.

Was it the BPP that introduced him to meaningful community work? Yes.

On the other hand, it was the army that introduced and taught White to use explosives and dynamite. They also trained him in fire arms.

He never observed any of the defendants being trained in the use of explosives by experts in that field.

Prior to infiltrating the BPP, White had been sent to report on certain activities and people in the East Bronx and in Harlem — as he admits, predominantly black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods. The people (?) who sent him to those places had never had the experience of living in them.

When White joined the BPP none of these defendants were members.

Although White owned a typewriter and a tape recorder, out of 265 reports on the BPP, only about 15 were prepared by the agent himself. He sometimes didn't see his reports until two weeks after he called them in and kept no notes — just relied on his memory.

Although he called his superiors often during Jan. 17, 18, 19, they wrote up no reports on those days until Jan. 20. He recalled having read newspapers at that time — reading about the bombings of various precincts and a Board of Education building. So he made up the reports for Jan. 17-19 on Jan. 20, after having read newspapers and having had conferences with his superiors in the offices of BOSS.

It was in that set of reports that White first alluded to Lumumba having passed dynamite to Kinshasa in the back rooms of the Elsmere Tenant's Council. White didn't see them passing it — just heard phrases like "be careful." It wasn't until the Grand Jury that he said he ASSUMED they were passing dynamite, and then, in this court, he said he actually SAW the dynamite.

White never saw Clark Squires with dynamite or with a gun and never heard him agree to bomb anything or to shoot anybody. And other than his assumptions, White never saw Kinshasa with dynamite. In fact, White never saw any of these defendants fire a gun.

When White said that he would 'deal with' Shaunn Dubonnet, did he mean physical violence? No — it was a cliché which you could use in many ways.

A figure of speech? Yes.
Like 'off the pig'? Yes.
Like 'icing a pig'? Yes.
Just a figure of speech? Yes.

White then admitted that he never saw any of these defendants attempt to dynamite anything.

White was finished and Phillips spent the remainder of the day with meaningless witnesses. The only possible explanation for them was that Phillips was not yet ready with his next infiltrator, so he was stalling. Those witnesses were too trivial even to report on.

With all the powers of his office, Attorney General John Mitchell announced last week that three soldiers, privates Tom Chase, Steve Geden, and Dannie Kreps would be tried by civilian authorities in Madison, Wis., for the alleged bombing last July of two buildings on the Fort McCoy, Wis., Army base.

Indicted by a special grand jury, the three are charged with conspiracy to use a destructive device, failure to register a destructive device, damage to government property, using a destructive device to commit a federal felony, and using an unregistered destructive device.

Turning the case over to civilian authorities marks a new precedent in military justice.

"They're afraid the G.I.'s will mobilize around this case," said Chairman of the American Serviceman's Union, Andy Stapp, "so they turned it over to the civilians. They're trying to break the A.S.U. It's a frame-up. Our position is that 1) any government that conducts 200,000 bombing raids and murders a million Vietnamese just can't talk about bombing. It's the height of hypocrisy. And 2) they're innocent. That's all."

The buildings, containing the Central Telephone Exchange, a Western Electric transformer and the base waterworks, were rocked by an explosion last July 26th, the 17th anniversary of Fidel Castro's attack on the Moncada Army barracks. The following day, Chase, Geden and Kreps, prominent A.S.U. organizers, were restricted to their barracks on the summer training base and

interrogated by several F.B.I. and C.I.D. men. National A.S.U. headquarters was notified and attorney David Heitzman filed a writ of habeas corpus in federal court in Milwaukee, demanding that the Army put up or shut up with its charges. Before a hearing could be held, however, the men were transferred to Fort Carson, Colorado, where Chase was later ordered to face special court martial for distributing the *Bond*, the paper of the A.S.U.

A special grand jury was convened in Madison, meanwhile, to investigate the bombings further. When the indictments were announced the three men were turned over to civilian police and placed in the Denver County Jail where they were held until removed to Wisconsin — in leg irons. Their arrival in Madison sparked a demonstration of 200 sympathizers. In jail, the men retained "high spirits."

"Dannie and Steve and I are all strong about this," wrote Chase to Andy Stapp. There can be no deals with these pigs. Mitchell said we are "bombers," at the same time, Nixon orders a wider and wider war. There is no question in my mind that we are innocent of their so-called "crimes."

"I have not even signed my fingerprint cards. I refused to cooperate with this shit. I have not eaten since the 11th — I'm just not eating this slop."

The three face 35 years in prison, and fines of \$30,000 apiece.

— Ray Schultz

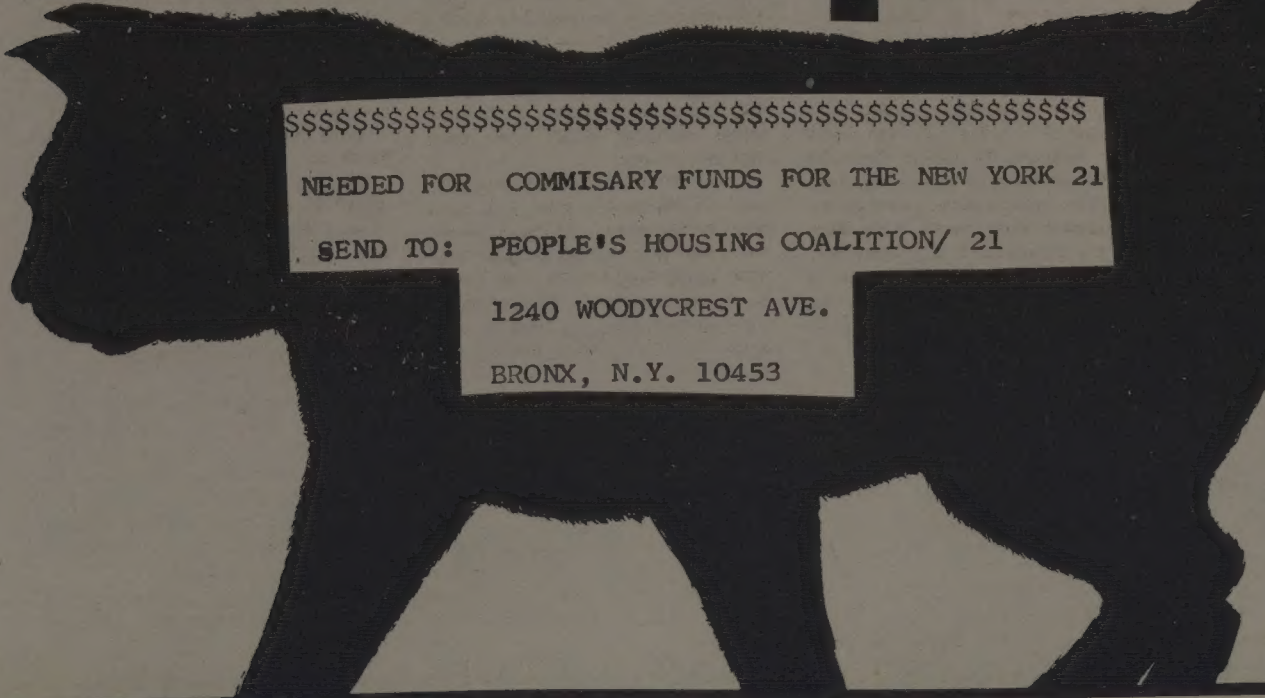
STUDENTS JOIN WORKERS AT NYU

A strike of maintenance workers at NYU set the scene for some heavy political action on the campus last week. The workers, about 150 members of the Teamsters Local 810, began their strike for higher wages February 16th, and were quickly joined by NYU student activists.

Students stood beside workers on twenty-four picket lines, blocking the delivery of food and fuel oil to the university. Heat in the dormitories and classrooms was cut down and cafeterias closed. While university officials bargained with strike representatives, the NYU chapter of SDS was busy promoting support among the students for the strike.

Several oil deliveries were attempted, but each time the trucks, faced with angry crowds of students and workers, were turned away. The drivers were unaware that it was a Teamsters strike, having been informed by the university that it was just a student thing. Many drivers carried pistols. One delivery got through when cops beat away the students, arresting certain individuals pointed out by plainclothesmen. One girl ran up to the truck and drove her fist through the windshield. In all, sixteen students and workers were arrested in the incident. "Bonuses" in the amount of \$300 had reportedly been offered to drivers who succeeded in getting the oil through.

As this is being written, strike talks are stalemated, with the university pleading poverty (despite its ownership of a good part of both East and West Villages) and the workers holding fast. A State Supreme Court injunction now allows the oil deliveries to get through. But the main thing to come out of the situation has been the close cooperation between the student activists and the workers, a relationship that has allowed the cloistered students to be turned on to the working person's lot, and the workers to see that student radicals are concerned enough about the bread and butter issues to put themselves on the line.



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PRETZELS

WHOLE SOME



Man rides 8 hours underground
and lives to tell the tale —

At a quarter to four in the morning, nearly everyone in the city sleeps, including the lady in the token booth of the 53rd Street IRT station. Only a cruel fool would have roused the dear woman from her slumbers. I slipped right in thru the exit door and descended quickly to the platform. The E train came within minutes, whisking me away into the dark depths of one of the strangest areas of New York — the subway underground, surely the wormiest holes in the Big Apple.

I ride the subways often enough, though I do my revolutionary best to avoid paying the absurd fares. Like most people who live in the city, I have rattled through the tiled tunnels at all hours, experiencing at different times brief glimpses of the subway world in its various phases of activity: the rush hours, the Saturday glamor nites, the Sunday morning raggedness, the late, late, desolation. But except for the bizarre few who actually inhabit the subways (pitiful sightless creatures like crawling cavern crayfish carrying their belongings in busted shopping bags), not many people ever observe the subway world thru its continuous twenty-four hour cycle. Who in his right mind would want to? Me.

(Continued on Page 17)

JUST A
SUBWAY
VISION

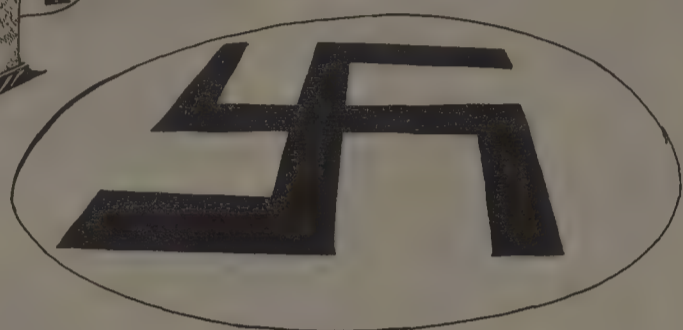
by Rex Weiner

FUNNY ANAZIS

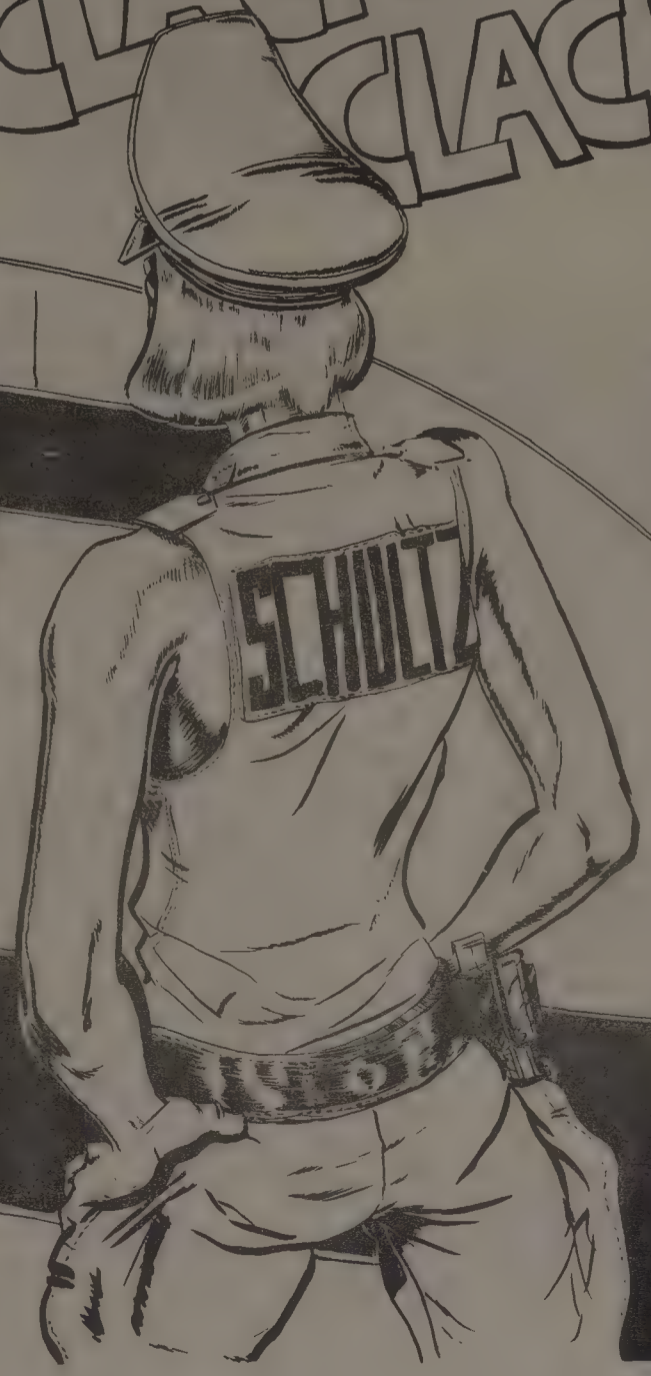
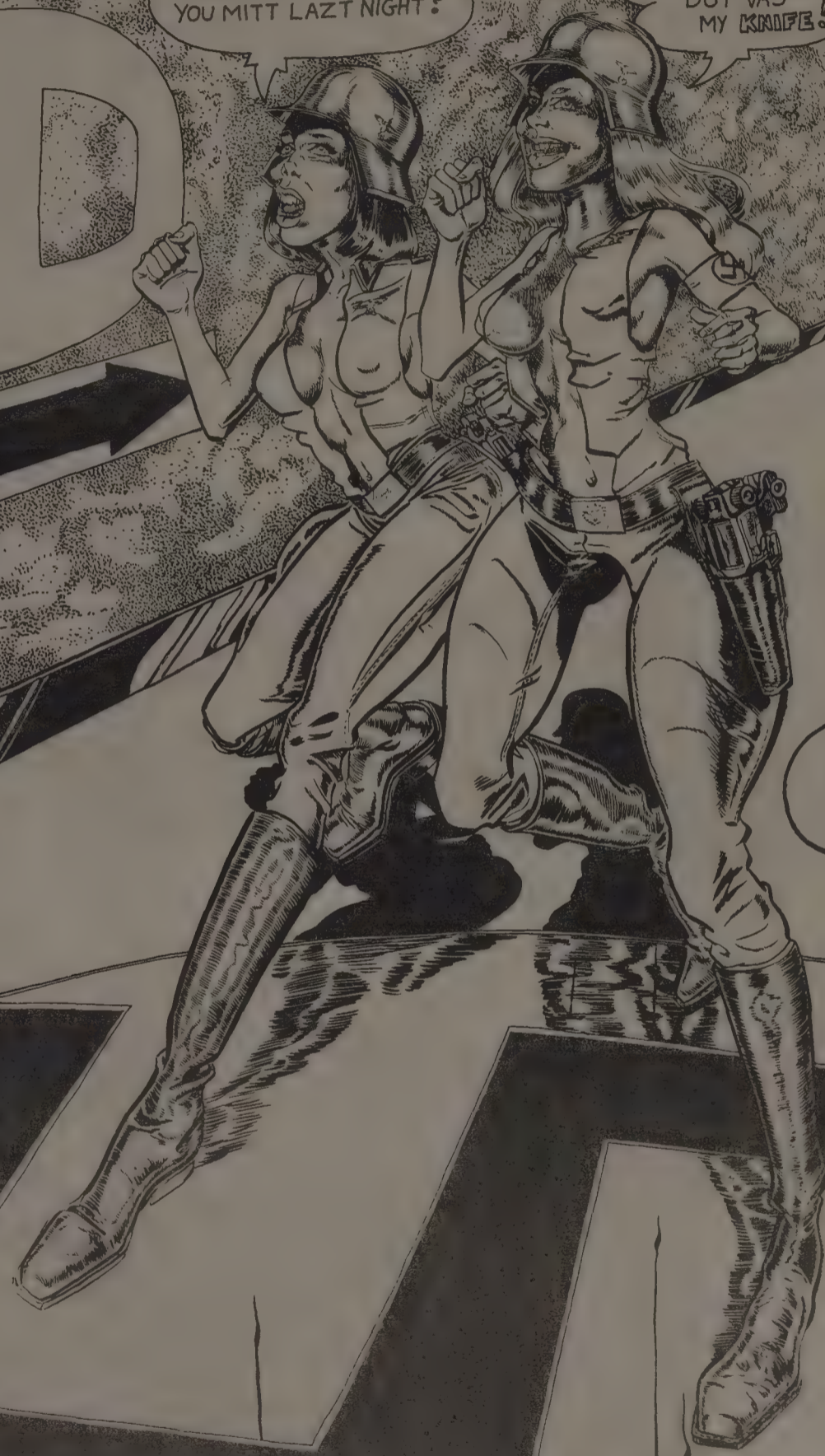


WHO'S VAS DOT HORSEVHIP I SAW YOU MITT LAZT NIGHT?

DOT VAS NO HORSEVHIP. DOT VAS MY KNIFE!



CLACKITY CLACK



FRICK

The recent wave of spring like atmosphere gave everyone a taste of what its going to be like, once the spring offensive of creative capitalistic merchandising gets under way. Millions of new records and movies and other pastimes of the drug culture that is rapidly becoming the real silent majority. Rock and roll dreams capture americas young, air planes make the world smaller and electronics combined with music made everyone stoned in their homes while watching the tube. Electron freaks, the kids are growing up into wattage wizards alchemists of amplitude, true servants of the great computer. God bless edison.

I was hanging just dangling around uptown 57th street, that home of culture and upstanding musical tradition carnegie hall. Me and Schultz were there to pick up on a dream from another time anothe:place. *The Beach Boys*, making their carnegie hall appearance on a world wide tour that'll get them millions. I mean these boys have been all over the place but without the servics of *Brian Wilson*. He can't travel or play with the group anymore cause he's got this condition with his ears, he's deaf in one of them and the othe; one he can't hear out of or something like that, anyways the group travels without him and anyone that saw the old beach boys (pre maharishi) couldnt help but be disappointed. Sure they played all the tunes the same way as they always have and the extra people that they hired to back them up played ok and all the pieces seemed to be in place with the exception of Brian. Nevertheless they were unpolished and un inspired. They played one after another off this album or that. The first half of the show they did stuff from Their later works. The amplification system was for shit too. All you could hear at times was bass and drums. Loose very loose. There was a great deal of animosity from certain sections of the audience cause after all this was NEW YORK CITY, THE BIG TIME. They weren't cutting it. It's not that the audience was roudy or anything but rather that they were not being entertained in the style to which they were accustomed to. New York is the place you got to do if you wanna make it they say but the beach boys just came here to play and take the money and run. They couldn't care less about the paying audience, if they do you sure couldnt tell by their performance. Intermission and they went off stage leaving a hostile audience itching for something. Th organ player came out to do the first number of the second act alone. He played piano with a spotlight on him The second number he copped elton john's stuff and turned it around witha doc wah doo wah doo. It was the last

straw, some one in the audience hollered in the darkened silence "KNIFE!!! WHERE'S MY KNIFE!!". It was really loud the whole audiency heard it and a shudder went through the hall.

The rest of the band came back out on stage. They had been back in the dressing room drinking beer or something cause when they came out on stage they were all fucked up, stumbling bumbling around trying to get it together infornt of an angry house. The organ player tripped over the microphone cord and it came crashing to the floor. The audience watched every move. The guitar player almost dropped his guitar on the floor, the vocalist went on space rapping about something or other. They were not cutting it at all. They knew it too. One of them said something derogatory about the nature and character of the audience and was immediatly crossed off my list of 1972 presidential nominations. They stumbled and got into some oldies. The only thing that could have saved them was to bring back the old memories of cruzin for burgers in fast cars and listening to them on am radio. They didnt do any car songs at all which really pissed me. All of the other ones though; HELP ME RHONDA SLOOP JOHN B. CALIFORNIA GIRLS and a whole string of others, a couple of encores when the kids were standing up applauding I don't think they were applauding the group but rather the dream that they brought alive for everyone there. In this respect it was a good concert. But the clowns blew it all together by walking off stage flashing peace signs at the audiencie. I looked at schultz he said: "They got a lot of damn nerve to come here and try to put that shit over on us and 650 a ticket. I tell you fruck, heads will roll." But the teenagers went away happy sappy with smiles on their faces. Yeah the beach boys been a lot of places in the last 10 years. But their live performances arent what they used to be since brian isnt with the group any more though their studio work on their last coupla of albums is pretty nice. It may be a little too flowery for most people but *SUNFLOWER* is a really nice album, delicate and sensitive, but it sure aint rock and roll.

We were walking away from the scene of the time, and someone came up to me, it was my contact from the rock machine she smiled and flashed her eyes green at me, I melted away with nothing to say, she said, "Whats the matter frick aint jazz good enough any more??" stuffing my hands full of albums she turned and walked away there was nothing i could say, just take the albums home to the other side and give them a play, yeah whats the matter with jazz anyway????? The new jazz listening audience made up of kids from the ages of 10 to 18 are getting turned to it thru rock and roll when the catagory of rock was opened up to include

The list is as long as my arm. The blues project, blood sweat and tears, and the electric flag were all part of the plot to spring it on everyone around the back way. They combined so many different styles in such a manner that if one wanted to one could just about calll it anything soul, blues, rock, beebop, one thing it wasnt was acid rock, Thereys no connection between acid rock and jazz.

the free flowing stuff that didnt always have an a-b-a section to it it opened up the door in another direction namely jazz, the pure unadulaterated stuff of what free men are made of was able to be played once again at the local bar, in the jukebox only they called it jazz rock.

"YOU GET WHAT YOU NEED..." Electricity made these lyrics possible I was lookin thru a pile of records endless combinations endless variation. I found an album near the bottom of the pile that combines a top notch high powered electric energy group with a symphony orchestra. Its been done before.

Tchaikovsky combined a military marching band with an orchestra and dave brubeck combined a top jazz ensemble with an orchestra but rock and roll is another story.

Three years afte; he made that announcement he was found to be all over the worlds leading jazz monthly DOWNBEAT. It seems that the readrs had alected him jazz artist of the year. He appeared on the cover of the magaziene and the marrige of jazz and rock was finally consumated.

Out there where no one seems to care behind the trees theres a bunch of musicians that are blowing the breeze around. Yeah im talking about the great gas station homeland on the other side of the river. New Jersey long time famous for turning out air pollution las come up with another innovation of mutated minds. Theres millions of rock and roll groups that are wailing out in the woods getting it all together

Its nice the way that they blend the two diverse elements of musical melody makers into such a fine piece of sound... Lay it on the turn table and spin around.

Now that thats all out of the way and the kids that are shelling out hard earned bread for discs, are able to listen to jazz as long as they call it rock. Slowly but surely theyre crossing over into the realms of deep deep jazz. Theres so much left to be discovered.

At one time there were all kinds of kids plugged into rock real heavy, then the Frank Zappa, after 4 sucessful albums and many fulfilled nights playing for peanuts, said fuck it and came out with some stuff some call jazz only he didnt call it anything. In an intervied he was saying stuff about how it dosent really matter what a record sounds like cause madison avenew and the great sleeping masses make it possible for the grocery store to sell you shit if its wrapped properly. Packaging is whats controlling the music buisness these days. There were all kind of hassels with the mothers starving and stuff they went off the deep end. Right into the jazz mainline He announced to his pimply face listening audience that he was shucking the nonsense and playing only music for himself and his musicians.

There's an honesty that comes out of the way that they play, the things they say nothin complicated nothin about the war nothin about i aint a marchin any more no songs about no hope left, no songs about no dope left nothing hip or commercial about the thing that they do, Its a different kind of music that comes thru the words.

That's the stuff the way they see the world from behind a windshield cruzing down any highway in america. theyre simple people with one thing in their hearts. Its where it begins all over again, its where the magic starts.

Its as relevant as grand funk or any of that other stuff but the guys in the band dont think so. They have a very flip attitude about the music that they play. Like theyre afraid of getting serious about it. They want no record contracts no slick greasy promotion men nosing around in their lives, no schedules no appointments no pictures for the record magazines, no they dont even want to play the sullavan show.

They produced an album called *FIVE BRIDGES*. The nice you may remember were here for a while but got covered over in the wave of insanity that swept the people cause *10 Years After* was here at the same time and they got more groupie power than any 5 groups that i know.

Keith Emmerson is a star on the keyboard he plays things that you wouldnt dream a longhair would come up with. Completely amazing. The entire work is a journey thru a land that exists in a dream and along the way 5 bridges are seen and crossed.

The guys in the group called *VANISHING* will tell you to your face that they dont really care about making it big. They play how and then for the riff getting it on an out. 2 of them are substitute musical teachers in the school system, the others in the group are a gas station owner, a bricklayer and a hanger on who just hangs. They play for kids looking to boogie deep in the trees. Theres been many places on the shore that were looking to hire them for an extended stay but all they could say was no dice. Thats a scene were not going to get into. Were all able to support our familys on what we make, theres no sense in shakeing up things as long as we have fun doing what were doing.

Theyre jazz people from a long time ago who got into gas station jukebox music cause that was all that was playing. Now the things people are saying about them sound like theyve hit a winning combination, sometimes they sound like merle haggard, sometimes like the dusty river boys sometimes like a bluegrass brass band, Its the newest kind of sounds that ive come across and the lyrics sound like theyre taken out of popular mechanics or some such. Love songs about a guy and his girl and his chevy, and all sorts of other pastimes that happen out there behind the trees.

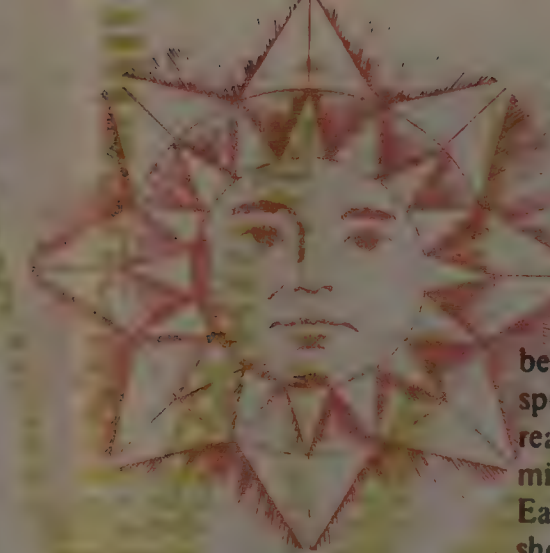
CHEVROLET MAN

c. Vanishing Music 1970
I give you my love in the day time / In the night and other times too /
Ill be the one to raise up the sun / Ill even light up the moon /
If you sit right here beside me / We can go for a chevrolet ride
If you keep your love beside me babe / Ill keep you satisfied /
Just give me your love sweet darlin / and give me your chevrolet ride
I said sure as the sky above sweet darlin / Ill be your Chevy Man

Theres an honesty that comes out of the way that they play, the things they say nothin complicated nothin about the war nothin about i aint a marchin any more no songs about no hope left, no songs about no dope left nothing hip or commercial about the thing that they do, Its a different kind of music that comes thru the words.

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EARTH DAY

Back by popular demand this year will be the Vernal Equinox, the first day of spring, March 21. And you'd better get ready for it because the festivities will be mind-blowing. A group called "People for Earth Day" have been organizing it and it should be a grand party for all. It will be held in Central Park, all day long.



One of the main goals of the day is to raise the mass-consciousness of the people attending the event. This will be implemented by a one-hour period of silence and meditation to begin at 1900 GMT (Greenwich Mean Time) which is 2 PM here in New York. At this time, across the globe, other groups of people will be meditating and hoping for a better world. A kind of group astral projection towards a goal of harmony and peace.

According to the group sponsoring the event, all the church bells in the city will be ringing at exactly two o'clock.

Earth Day in on a Sunday and there should be a fantastic turnout. It should be the biggest thing to happen in New York this year. It is not an exclusive event and people wishing to participate with "park theatre" groups who wish to play, or people who would like to set up an exhibit should get in touch with the Earth Day people. They are located at 441 West 26th Street, and the phone number is 222-3514 or TR 5-2525. Talk to John McConnell or Richard.

One celebrity worth mentioning is Clive Baxter, the man who talks to plants. He will be participating in the grass-planting ceremonies. Also there is some talk about Tom Rush being there and various other celebrities.

In the electric mecca where rumors travel faster than bell telephone can handle them, I have heard some talk about a proposed smoke-in. It is only in the rumor stages right now, but it is a great idea that would fit in well with the events already scheduled for the day.



The celebration in Central Park will be a "people event," where the individual is the event. So get something together with your friends or groups, whatever that may be, and project that into Earth Day. If it means something as simple as planting grass seeds or painting your face or handing out flowers or blowing bubbles, DO IT. But do something. The reason that it is not being called a be-in is because it shouldn't be limited to only freaks. Everyone should come. Straights and hippies and Yippies and Doctors and Lawyers and professional men, and housewives, and Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation, and the Young Lords and the Black Panthers, and Dylanologists. Everybody should be there, projecting their best vibes and enjoying themselves. There will be no speakers rapping down from platforms, things that we already know. There will be music from the bandshell in the morning, playing soft, quiet chamber music, starting at about 11 in the morning. The quiet music is to set the vibes for the hour of meditation at two. At about three o'clock some louder music will prevail, some good ole rock and role.



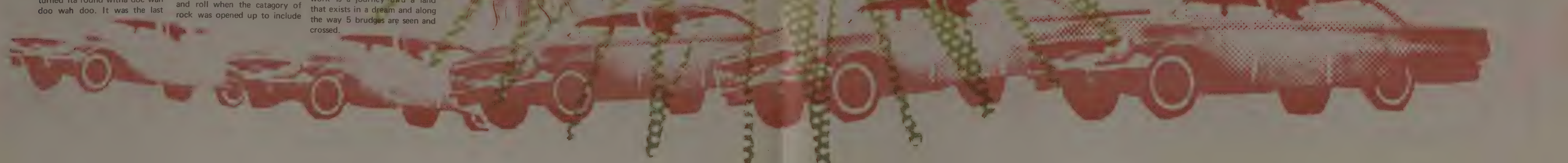
I BEEN

c. Vanishing Music 1970
I been to new calidonia, arizona too/ been to new york city and kalamazoo I been to doo wah diddy and timbucktoo but beybe i never been inside of you./ I been to the mountains i been to the plains i been to the desert you know its rackin my brain/ I been to the ocean floor and walked around awhile but there aint no place like my babies smile.

Leslies my darlin my sweet honey babe she gave me more love than the love that i made/ She touched my weak heart and it started to sing/ the winter returned and i forgot about the spring. I got taken away, way way way down the road, you know you didnt have to try you didnt have to try you didnt have to be so cool.

I been sittin sometimes late late at night/ i been wonder if the answers that you give me are always quite right/ i been wonderin where youre goin and wonderin what youll do i been wonderin if ill ever stick it inside of you.

You know you make the room start to spin/ I stand up to leave my towel to throw in when you touch my hand i got to begin, i been all over and over and over and over again.



TO PEE OR NOT TO PEE

A Lady's
Dilemma

by D.A.
Latimer

by
Lynda
Crawford

9 A.M. — An ungodly hour to begin with, unless you happen to be just rolling over again in your bed. But if you're awake and on the go — ungodly. People all rushing about to make their office deadline; tired, cranky faces walking with their noses to the sidewalk and their elbows extended just enough to poke you as they pass. Oh, tis a blessing I am rarely up at 9 a.m. But on this particular morn it was my misfortune to be among the sleepwalkers.

Now, a cup of coffee at any hour is in order before I begin to rub the sandmen from my eyes, or dare utter a sound. Being my sleepy body had unconsciously taken me to 6th Avenue and 8th Street without stop, I had decided the first coffeehouse I spotted was to be my destination. I must once more make mention of my unconscious body, for it was that and not my conscious mind that led me through the doorway of *Howard Johnson's*. Anyone in even an unconscious mind would steer clear of the "House of 28 Flavors," but an unconscious body, craving caffeine (and at this point a john also) knows no discretion. Signaling for my coffee (still unable to speak) I set about my business of relieving my kidneys. Before I flower you with those details, I must describe, for those of you who have never in unconscious body rambled into this Howard Johnson's, the decor: sterile, plastic and terribly hostile. Whew, is it hostile! The employees strongly resemble laborers in a chain gang. But everything is very much in order, perfect order. Clean shirts. Clean counters. Clean menus. Clean muzak. Clean frowns; all too, too clean. With this little background maybe you can understand my shock as, after descending the stairs to the lower level of rest rooms, I entered the "Ladies Room." To be as brief as possible (out of necessity? lingering on the subject brings back my urge to vomit), I would join my cat in her litter box any day rather than re-enter that — I think you understand. Filth was not the question. Stench was not the question. Overflooded toilets, junkies shoot up, broken faucets and even shit-stained mirrors wery not the question. All of this I accepted. No, it was that sign: That super-clean

absurd sign in the midst of this outhouse that got to me: "Employees must wash their hands before leaving." No need to return you to my cup of coffee nor 9 a.m., for that's not what I'm here to write about. No, my yarn for today picks up exactly where we are at this writing — a village john. I must say, before I go on, no matter what condition I found any of the following johns in, none equalled the squalored state of Howard Johnson.

The Gallery (77 Christopher Street). Being that the place whose johns I frequent the most are some of my favorite eating or drinking establishments, we'll start with my 5-day-a-week food stop, the Gallery Deli. Mmmm — great food! Cheap, too. From deli selections to Hot Dinners, you could well eat here five days a week without tiring. And the service — far out. The "only two girls in the West Village," Francesca and Suzette, do their best to make you feel at home. But if you've ever had too many cream sodas and decide to make your way to the little black door in the kitchen — *take off your clothes!* No, it's not the kind of back room you're thinking of. Passing itself off as a toilet, it's more of a steam room or even a broom closet, but a toilet — never. Oh, there's a sink that doesn't run water, a paper dispenser that's seldom filled, and a toilet that hardly ever flushes. Boy is it hot in there! I think it's just their strategy for seducing more business, for upon leaving there you have to order yet another cream soda to drink just to cool off. I think my brilliant mind, though, has thought up a way to enjoy my pastramis and empty my bladder at the same time without too much discomfort. After finishing

my meal, I quickly lay my cash on Francesca and make my way around the corner to Grove Street, which also brings us very nicely to the next place I'm going to talk about.

Marie's Crisis (59 Grove Street). You are entering a whole different world from the Gallery, the Village, from in fact the '70's when you step inside Marie's Crisis. I don't know exactly where to place it. A very dimly lit bar, seemingly perfect for clandestine meetings, hard drunks or frustrated singers. The latter is due mainly to the willingness of pianist Marie Blake to accompany anyone who wants to sing. But the attraction for me and as I understand it for many is the charming host Merv. Mr. Personality. To try to affirm the extreme enjoyment derived from his company, I must mention the sacrifice which I, a devout wine drinker, undergo while tasting in the Crisis: *No White Wine!* But enough of this nonsense, I'm here to talk about the bathrooms. Yes. Well, this one's great, Oh, no prize-winning graffiti, but everything else. Workable toilet, sink, towels, door etc. And the mirrors — out of sight (or in sight?). Wall to wall mirrors, and in my usual dishevelled state I can really appreciate this. But here's the topper — a sitting room, fully equipped with table, lounge chairs and yet another mirror (This room is great for those resting moments, after more has come up than tinkled out). The Crisis really makes it, as a john, and if perchance you are looking for any of the other things offered, check it out. But I can take only so much of Merv's brilliant cynicism, so after my appetite for wine has thirsted too long, I make my way across the street to the Roadhouse.

Profound Reflections
On Refractory Privies

The Buffalo Roadhouse (87 Seventh Avenue South). Now, after relieving my cream soda problem at the Crisis it will take a few wines before I explore this john. So while indulging I shall fill you in on the newest great drinking spot. Formerly known as the Short Stop, the Roadhouse is now the only place to go in the Village. They have captured the crowds from the Riviera, now being renovated (once it reopens, have no fear, I'll check out their brand new johns), the White Horse and the recently closed Ninth Circle. The attraction? Well, the food is great and the atmosphere very comfortable, but I think for the most part the attraction is the people. Lots and lots of beautiful-looking people. And the beauty carries from their looks into their hearts as well. Great people! I think I'll change that to great customers; the waitresses, with one exception, a girl named Jenny are uptight chicks. Not only do I rarely see a smile cross their faces, but in their service I rarely see a drink pass my lips. I hate to get down on my favorite place, but it's really a bad scene in that department. The atmosphere is so great otherwise that most people overlook their sour dispositions.

Oh, I feel the urge — o.k. Now for their john. A john is a john. That's about all that can be said for the Buffalo's. It's adequate. Nothing very wrong, nothing very right. This is sort of typical for any local "in" spot: don't give them too much, don't give them too little. That type of indifference. I love it! But as I forementioned, so do a lot of

(Continued on Page 20)

Well, it was Saturday night. March was coming in like a lamb, and I was coming out of Marie's Crisis, zipping my fly, fresh from the john and a three-hour argument about Vietnam, and a blonde was coming out of Riker's, and I was following all four of her pretty legs through my ripped vision prettily prettily prettily prettily stepping toward the Square, when she passed Lynda Crawford who came right up to me saying, HI, I'm writing about toilets this week. So we're collaborating again. Two weeks in a row! I begin to have my reservations about all this: God forbid we should be remembered as the Vernon and Irene Castle of Underground Journalism. But privies, it's privies this week, eh? An article on male privies about town, to complement one on female privies, that sounds like a fine non-sexist endeavour. But that's fallacious. *Nothing is more sexist than public toilets!* or private toilets either, when you get right down on to it. The whole biological arrangement is sexist *out front*, it poses an *a priori* discrimination against women, and a pathetically humiliating one it is too: sitting down merely to piss. God just may be a male after all.

For observe: after a wet night, on the way home, in the street, or in the field, or on a bike, or behind the wheel, or on a horse, or perched on the bed of a bouncing pickup truck, or crawling down the Eiger face with the aid hopefully of rope and pitons, a man, any man of reasonable agility and control of bladder, can, siezed with the urge to piss, just flop it out, given a reasonably secluded spot, and void his system of its accumulated nitrogen, pausing or not as the fancy strikes him, and zipping up carry on just as before, toward home, whistling like as not a medely of Broadway show tunes to aid in the keeping of his stride. But your average woman? Rare is the woman who can even piss standing up, thanks to the unfortunate composition of the female urogenital apparatus, or much less, I blush to say, manage the stream in such a way as to avoid befouling herself and all those about her. And if the poor little things have not so much as a swatch of toilet tissue at hand, or a page of last week's *East Village Other* for the love of God, why, then 'tis a disaster to them, and not the cleansing experience pissing out to be.

(Continued on Page 20)

CLUE CLUX CULTURE

a Great Leap Forward cultural self-improvement feature

by P.J. O'Rourke

GA-GA AT THE GRAND TAROT

The Grand Tarot
The Ridiculous Theatrical Company
The Gotham Art Theatre
455 W. 43rd St.

While Broadway is reduced to contemplating a black-face version of *Pride and Prejudice* as the only play to make page three of *Variety* (which has been running headline stories on how to make a living in Idaho summer stock) and John Simon waxes blue in the face over Dan Berrigan as the New Theatre's answer to the little match girl, the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, at the equally ridiculous Gotham Art Theatre, has gone to the trouble to put on a show that is a *show*. Why they've bothered I can't imagine since taste in New York this season runs to "Elephants Are Exceedingly Dear" and "To Be Middle-Age, White And Have No Particular Redeeming Qualities." Just the same, the Ridiculous Theatrical Company has gone out of its way to bring you jaded fuckers the most outrageous production since the Kaiser had Lenin shipped into Russia in a sealed boxcar. Imagine a play with the visual brouhaha of the "Gold Diggers of 1936" and the theatrical audacity that "The Wild Ones" would have if you were watching it for the fifth time when suddenly Brando lies down in the dirt, kicks his feet and screams, "Jocko won't give me the trophy and I want my mother!"

The Ridiculous Theatrical Company is a remarkably talented group of people. And Charles Ludlam, writes like a maniacal pervert English major Jesuit. They've been producing the most original and insane performances in New York for over four years now and "The Grand Tarot" is the best yet. It's incredible to me that while the curtain is going up on shit all over the city they are beginning their second fantastic production of the year and are contemplating a possible third in the spring. They have a tremendous amount of energy and discipline and they put it to good use. The stuff they do isn't easy and the way they do it is not casual.

"Grand Tarot" is a human interest drama about the tangled interpersonal relationships and traumatic spiritual quests of a work-a-day Tarot deck — centering around the complex and moving love of the Magician (John D. Brockmeyer with Larry the snake as His Belt) for the High Priestess (ravishing Black Eyed Susan) and their continuing brushes with death (Bill Vehr). Along the gnarled lined of plot are sidelights like the Empress' and Emperor's fuck scene (Lola Pashalinski and Bob Sargent) and the hermaphrodite marriage (Sebastian Swann and Sebastian Swann) — the heart-warming whole threaded together by Charles Ludlam's gripping portrayal of the Fool.

Dialogue bears the Ludlam trademarked Biblical Shakespearean rape of the cliché but this time it's interrupted for monologues written by the actors themselves, about themselves and how they relate to the characters, etc. These, besides being very funny, create real dramatic tension and intensify the ritual element to balance Ludlam's absurdities. The element of farce is sometimes too heavy in his scripts and this technique fixes that up.

But the thing which most clearly sets "The Grand Tarot" above other Ludlam productions is the costumes. The costumes are the best anywhere or in anything. Everyone in the play makes Salvatore Dali look like Bella Abzug and relegates Fellini's idea of weird to the Bonwit Teller league. When you've come out of this show you could mistake Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters for the Chase Manhattan Board of Directors and, believe me, Sly Stone dresses off the rack at Robert Hall. Most of these were designed by Edgardo Francheschi and



Mary Brecht but special mention should go to Janet Blue's "Death" outfit and Lohr Wilson who wears his own "Pope" and "Sun" suits.

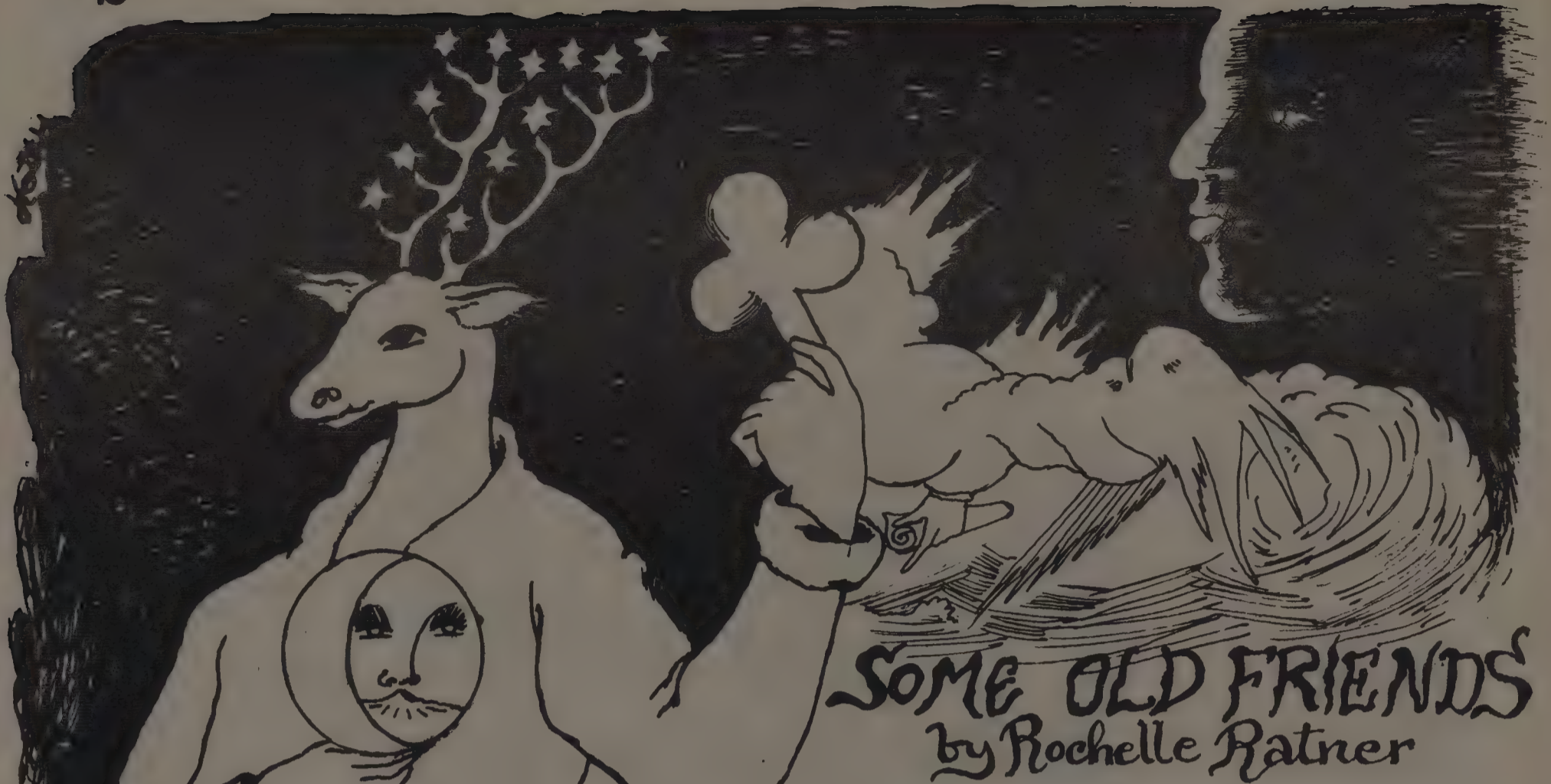
"Grand Tarot" is also a Ludlam play I can recommend to people who hate Ludlam (like John Simon). This isn't because The Ridiculous Theatrical Company has changed its ways but because the play is so good on every level — is so good, finally, as entertainment — that even an anal 19th century aesthetic is seduced.

THE RIDICULOUS THEATRICAL COMPANY AS ITSELF

After the show I went back stage and met Black Eyed Susan. I think this was the greatest thrill of my life since I was on "Ding Dong School" live in 1953. Black Eyed Susan and all the other players were kind and friendly — an unusual atmosphere — and obviously all good friends. This was a happy comparison to the schizoid sexuality and crunch of egos under foot that surround pop music entertainment (for one example). It was the first time I'd ever felt comfortable back stage after anything and I think that speaks well for the group and for its future. I arranged a phone interview with Ludlam, the next day; he gave me some background on the group though our interview quickly degenerated into conversation.

The company has been together since 1967 when it split from John Vecarro's Playhouse of the Ridiculous. There were five original people (Ludlam, Bill Vehr, John Brockmeyer, Black Eyed Susan and Lola Pashalinski) who've stuck together and pucked up a bunch more. Among these five there is a certain feeling — a cooperation of style which I'd noticed before. The group doesn't live communally but they have for short periods of time. Everyone's on welfare. We talked about theatre problems. Charles told how "Bluebeard" was first acted on some raised planks at a wretched gay bar on Christopher street where they wouldn't turn the juke box down. The Gotham Art Theatre is better than that and "Grand Tarot" is better suited to the Gotham than the version of "Bluebeard" they've had there. Still, costumes catch one thing, part of the audience can't see too well and some of the staging is necessarily cramped. This is hard to accept when a turd like "The Survival of St. John" is playing at the immense Anderson Theatre. Ludlam talked about movies and how the company would like to get into the sets and scenery that movies allow and what a gas it is to act in the sunshine (the frustrations of underground art somehow get wrapped up in that phrase). In terms of political statement they'd rather work at a more subtle and profound level than mouthing propaganda. Theatre should be filling some of the ritual and other functions left open by the demise of the church. Ludlam himself is macrobiotic and pretty depressed over the return of violence as *le denier mot*. Out in Altamont National seems like everyone is strapping on his gun and whistling the theme from "High Noon." And bullshit when to and fro in the earth.

With the fat cats jerking off to Harold Pinter and the freaks performing anilingus on sawed-off shot-guns, where's support for the likes of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company coming from? Maybe the final frustration of underground art is that it so often has to go underground from the underground. I hope the city assigns these people a cute social worker.



SOME OLD FRIENDS by Rochelle Ratner

ELEGIAC FEELINGS AMERICAN

by Gregory Corso
New Directions, \$2.25

REGARDING WAVE

by Gary Snyder
New Directions, \$1.75

A radio plays loudly from a nearby window. As the night wears on, the music gets louder and louder. Then suddenly it ceases. You find yourself listening in darkness, waiting for the music to begin again. The people reviewed here have been around a long time. Like the music, they fell silent. And it seemed that everyone was waiting anxiously for them to return. They have — louder and better than ever.

It took over eight years for Gregory Corso to bring out a new book, but it appears to have been well worth the wait. "Elegiac Feelings American" shows more versatility than his previous books, along with a deeper feeling and trust in humanity itself. As would perhaps seem necessary in today's events, Corso also has a deeper and broader view of politics. In the title poem, he mourns the death of Jack Kerouac, comparing his friend's short life with a tree trying to take root in the soil:

Alas, Jack, seems I cannot
requiem thee without
requieming America, and
that's one requiem I shall not
presume, for as long as I live
there'll be no requiems for
me

For though the tree dies the tree
is born anew, only until the
tree dies forever and never a
tree born anew . . . shall the
ground die too

In his long paragraph-type lines, he speaks hurriedly and frantically about those things he remembers most:

Did it look beautiful to you, did
it sound so too, in its cold
electric blue, that America
that spewed and stenchd
your home, your good brain,
that unreal fake America,
that caricature of America,
that plugged ia wall
America . . . a gallon of
desperate, whiskey a day it
took ye to look that America
in its disembodied eye . . .

Yet, as is typical with most of Corso's poems, he sees fit to end on a note of happiness. The lines here are shorter — he sees no need to rush things:

And you were flashed upon the
old and darkling day
a Beat Christ-boy . . . bearing the
gentle roundness of things
insisting the soul was round not
square

And soon . . . behind thee
there came a following
the children of flowers

"The Geometric Poem: is reproduced as it was written in Corso's notebook. The reader quickly spots the variations in his handwriting — at times playful, at times slow, uncertain, at times quick and sure. The drawings he did along the margins reflect his humor as well as his intense view of images around him. It might take a little longer to read this section, but it's well worth the effort. There is an incredible, and beautiful, sense of the poet, the *person* behind the poems.

I found his "Spontaneous Requiem For The American Indian" to be one of the most impressive poems in the book. With a mixture of paragraphs and straight prose, Corso floods the reader with adjectives and almost-made-up words that come together to produce a feeling of immediacy and closeness. In one section he says

The bowed head of an Indian is
enough to bow the horse's
head and both in unison die
and die and die and never
again die for once the night
eats up the dying it eats up
the pain and there is no
Indian pain no pregnant
squaw no wild-foot
great-eyed boy no jolly stern
fat white-furred chief of
tobacco damp and sweet, a
america, america —

He displays some of his best humor in "Mutation Of The Spirit," a long poem arranged nicely with its sections split on separate pages. He ends it:

O Lord of Ducks! O Fame of
Death!
When a captain dies
The ship doesn't sink
And though the crew weeps the
loss
The stars in the skies
Are still boss.

His shorter poems (and there aren't that many in this volume) display a sort of easy-goingness not as predominant in the longer poems. They seem to be more contrived, but his sense of language and

his method of associating different objects still carries a transreal magnitude. His titles here are enough to catch anyone as in "History is Ended," or "God Is A Masturbator." It feels good to have Corso back with us, and I'm hoping he'll be around a lot more.

* * *

The first recognizable feature of "Regarding Wave" is that it's printed in a readable fashion — not the jammed together small print of Snyder's last poetry book. The difference doesn't stop there. In the first three sections of this new book, Snyder is writing about something much closer to him than the landscapes he wrote about in the past — the landscape, the *same* landscape, takes on the presence of his wife and child. In the first poem he tells the reader exactly what to expect. Entitled simply "Wave," it begins

Grooving clam shell,
streak through marble,
sweeping down ponderosa pine
bark-scale
rip-cut tree grain
sand-dunes, lava
flow

Wave a wife
woman—wyfman—
"veiled; vibrating; vague"
sawtooth ranges pulsing;
veins on the back of the hand.

Forkt out: birdsfoot-alluvium
wash

great dunes rolling
Each inch rippled, every grain a wave . . .

If we keep this in mind, the force of the poems that follow is that much greater. In a poem called "Sand" he begins by describing the different kinds of sand, but ends

blowing sand
running water.
I slept up on your body;
walkt your valleys and your hills;

sandbox
sandpaper
sandy.

Not only have land and earth images begun to mix with water images, but all the elements appear to be changing places. "Kyoto Born in Spring Song" begins

Beautiful little children
found in melons,
in bamboo,
in a "strangely glowing warbler egg"
a perfect baby girl —

The book's third section, in particular, emphasizes the mating of earth and water. It contains the short poem

"Roots" which I feel is one of the best poems in the book:

Draw over and dig The loose ash
soil Hoe handles are short, The
sun's course long Fingers deep in
the earth search Roots, pull
them out; feel through; Roots
are strong.

In longer poems such as "It Was When" or "Kai, Today" we see Snyder at his best. He begins simply, then plays endless variations on the same theme. These poems could, and should, be understood at several different levels.

The poems in the fourth section return to the old poetry we are used to expecting from Snyder. The basic themes of water still occur in many of the poems, but they don't contain the emotional associations found in the first three sections. "In The Night, Friend," for example, ends

On the face of the waters
A wind moves
Making waves

In the dark
Is a face

Of waters.

A wind moves
Like a word

waves

The face
is a ground
Land
Looks round

We notice his lack of emotion, especially, in his poem "For Jack Spicer." Compared with Snyder's other poems, this reads almost as a complete cliché, as if someone had merely insisted he write a poem for his dead friend, so he went ahead and did so.

It isn't all that bad, though. "Long Hair," the final poem in the section, shows a humorous and playful aspect of the poet that's usually kept hidden. The first part, written in prose, reads:

Hunting season:

Once every year, the Deer catch human beings. They do various things which irresistably draw men near them; each one selects a certain man. The Deer shoots the man, who is then compelled to skin it and carry its meat home and eat it. Then the Deer is inside the man. He waits and hides in there, but the man doesn't know it. When enough Deer have occupied enough men, they will strike all at once.

(Continued on Page 21)

SUBWAYS

(Continued from Page 10)

Despite warnings from the likes of Honest Bob Singer, ("Don't do it, Rex. Don't do it and say you did. You can make it up.") The imaginary experience is more the movie critic's bag than my own), I was determined to observe the scene for myself. I was curious about things like elusive bands of subway trashers I'd heard about. I wondered about and hoped to meet the mysterious individual who has inscribed "TAKE 183" in countless places underground. Tales of surreal scenes like the daily meeting of a group of black mutes at the

Nedicks stand in the Union Square Station intrigued me.

Also, in its quieter hours, the subway is a good place to think, to meditate on people, the city, and one's self, and to try and contemplate the connections between the individual and the fast-moving world. A subway yoga, as it were.

So there I was at four a.m. at West Fourth Street. The station was filled with acrid smoke. At Canal, the reason for the stench became apparent as a rail-sharpener or smoother moved slowly up the other track, shooting sparks and noise and fumes. Only a few people were scattered about on the platform and in

the train. I caught the A train to Brooklyn.

The car I was in contained a very lost looking couple, bedraggled and unhappy, with shopping bags full of clothes and junk. They might have been young, but they had no age. "I just want to sleep," she kept saying, and he saying "Here's forty-second street, darling," but she couldn't get up. At the next stop he coaxed her to stand up and they exited wearily, he with buckteeth, tiny eyes and no chin, she with sad eyes and sick.

I realized I was going in the wrong direction, so I hopped off and caught the Brooklyn bound train. For the next two hours I traveled aimlessly underneath

Brooklyn, bouncing from Greenpoint to Coney Island in the silent company of sleeping junkies and nodded-out junkies. Somewhere in Brooklyn the train emerged high above the borough and a beautiful sunrise was in evidence. I found a discarded New York Times (how come I never find discarded EVOs?) and read of the nearly fifty-per cent rise in cab rates. There was a front page picture showing "anti-war demonstrators share grounds in front of Iowa State Capital with construction workers and farmers" in Des Moines where Nixon was speaking. There was a lot of stuff about the Capitol having been bombed the day before. In the Daily News I saw later, an outraged editorial on the bombing carried an inset picture of J. Edgar Hoover with the caption "Good hunting!"

Coney Island looked cold and empty from the station. I boarded a B train back to Manhattan. The train collected more and more people from stop to stop, until very soon I was packed in tightly with the seven o'clock rush hour crowd. For such a long ride the squeeze was unbelievable. But they do it every morning.

At Grand Central, all hell broke loose. The schoolkids, the businessmen, secretaries, all rushing everywhere at once and into each other wam bam oof! It was like an explosion with bodies flying in all directions, no bomb needed. Totally insane. The Lexington Avenue line was pulling in every two minutes and rumbling away downtown stuffed to the breaking point. I wanted to see where this crowd was going, so I pushed my way on, suffering several elbow digs to the kidneys and a heavy crunch on my left big toe, with one open-palmed shove in my face. Nobody dared breathe, let alone apeak. Mashed in together like that, most of them havi just woken up from warm beds maybe a half hour before, the facial expressions varied slightly from pained to comatose. Some looked as though they were pretending not to be there, like they'd astrally projected themselves from the rush hour horror to some more pleasant place.

I should have known they would all get out at Wall Street. Every single fucker in the car strode out and up the stairs into the very heart of the impersonal monster that was icing their collective sould day by day. Fools and blindmen, I thought disgustedly, and caught the subway back to Grand Central for a bit of breakfast.

How much can a human being with any feelings at all take? How many outrages can a person's sensitivity suffer before madness ensues? The noise, the stench, the filth and frenzy that New Yorkers undergo so resignedly each day is completely insane. Why don't they all rise up and go berserk? Rum amok. Punch and stab each other? Scream in unison, "It's too fucking much!"

And they actually pay thirty cents for the privilege of this daily torture. Like sheep, New Yorkers descend to the subways to be sheared of their sheckels and have their raw nerve endings exposed to shock after shock. When the train comes to a sudden, unexplained halt between stations and the lights go out, nobody says, "Hey, what is this?" And nobody ever tells them why they are standing there in the dark, or whether they'll be stuck underground for seconds or years. The subways are insensitizers, gradually getting people used to leasing themselves to invisible powers of control without question or dissent.

I had a subway breakfast of fresh squeezed orange juice, coffee, and English muffins. I left the tubes and went upstairs to scope on the suburban commuters coming in from Connecticut and Westchester. I'm sure glad I don't work. I'm sure glad I didn't choose the nine to five style, like they did. Not to gloat or anything like that, (lord knows, I'll never have a Cadillac) but seeing the ulcerous twitches in their faces made me feel saved. Man, I never want to be like that. I'd do anything, stuck up banks, sell belts on 8th Street, sell my blood to the Red Cross, anything — to stay out of that nine-to-five casket. (Continued on Page 19)

"We give it 50 stars and 13 stripes and hope the movie is in Cinerama without Ali McGraw"

Ann Fettamen is a pseudonym and most readers will zero in on her identity after 30 pages or so. We'll play along and keep the secret. First the authoress starts out with a premise that people are soon turned off by movement rhetoric, that politics and art must be fused and that most so-called revolutionary novels and movies that penetrate the mass consciousness are half-baked cop-outs at their best. Then she sits down to write a sort of underground *Love Story*.

Trashing is in bad taste. It is Eric Segal burlesquing Jacqueline Susann. It claims in typical true confession style to be a story of sex and violence backstairs in the movement.

The characters are all modelled after real life people. Famous dope dealers, radical lawyers, movement characters and tribal gangs can be easily identified. The plot alternates between fact and fantasy. Ann meets Dan at the old peace offices at 5 Beekman Street. He flips her a cube of acid, tries to fight off the gang of hardhats that burst through the door, and it is love at first sight. An LSD wedding in Central Park, holding up tourist buses, guerilla theatre at the Natural History Museum and the giant Halloween marijuana mail-out are there.

A violent biker-gang rape and a hysterical orgy are among the best episodes. We follow Ann and Dan dealing grass, shoplifting, hustling rock groups (Fat Barry and the Muff Divers) and hip capitalists (Buck Silver), trashing in the streets, on a bombing run at our own beloved Ninth Precinct, and finally setting up a wild plan to take over the big board at the New York Stock Exchange.

The book is rampant with put-ons, pranks, and personal anecdotes. Like any soap opera the plot bobs and weaves on each page. Characters are added for effect. Like any pop excursion you keep telling yourself this isn't serious. But on you read, and when it ends (you read it in one sitting) you realize you have read something remarkable.

— *The East Village Other**

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'TRASHING

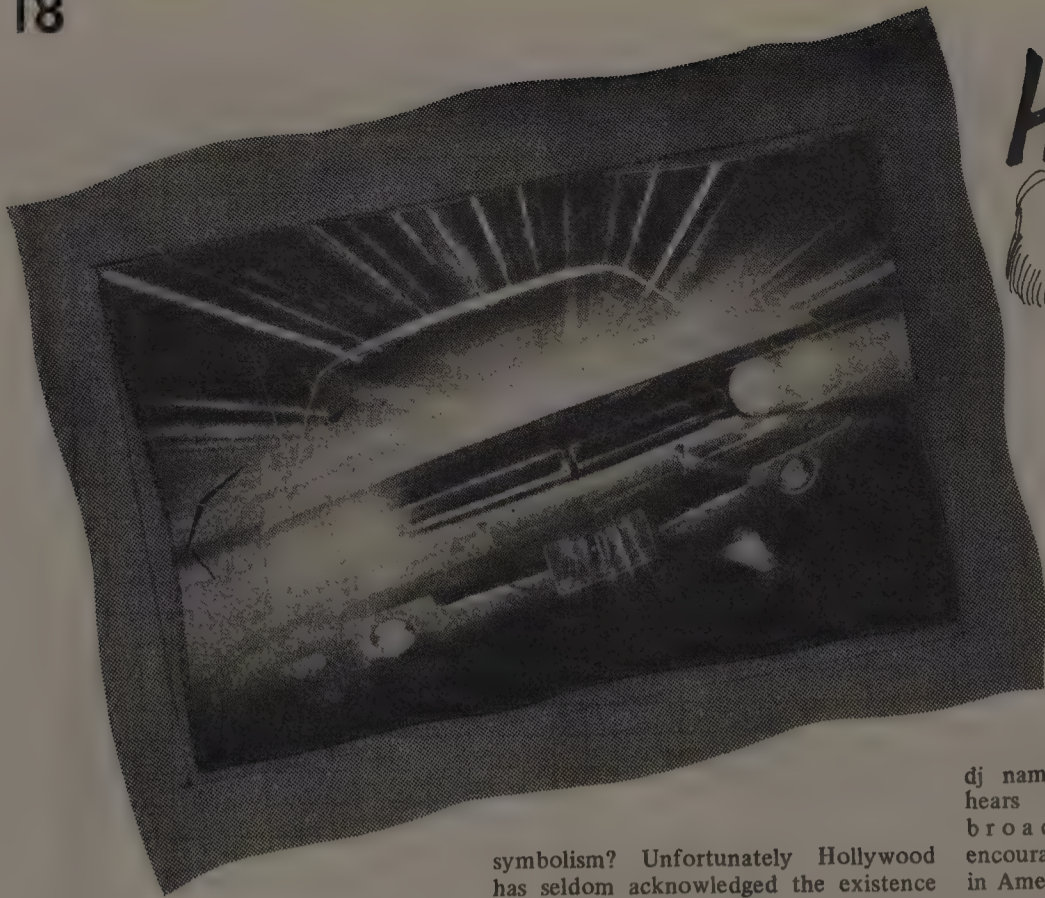
by Ann Fettamen

A Novel of Sex and Violence Backstairs in the Movement



"Ann Fettamen is the Nancy Drew of the revolution... TRASHING makes Harold Robbins read like Homer"—Abbie Hoffman.

Trashing is in bad taste... the purists are gonna — *



Honest Bob's 42nd St

PLUS

by Honest Bob Singer

Last fall someone concocted a genre called the American road picture which connected, conveniently for the boxoffice, and explained *Easy Rider* and *5 Easy Pieces*, as formally classic works whose central myth of the long, lonesome, scenic road to wherever expressed the protagonists' "existential" alienation from straight society and families and bitchy possessive women and other sitting ducks of corporate hip ideology. *Vanishing Point*, a cruder, but infinitely more resonant film about to be released by Twentieth Century-Fox, justifies the genre and gives it genuine artistic and subversive possibilities in the story of a man who is merely unpretentiously absurd. As a movie it is of the fiber of *Wild One* and *Rebel Without a Cause*, which despite flawed moralizing Hollywood endings expressed the revolt against the nothingness that pervades the neon *traife* world of high schools and drive-in hamburger stands, and beyond them the never mentioned Sisyphian fate of the army, the factory and childbearing without end. *Vanishing Point*, nominally a film about nothingness, evokes some of the psychological nuances of the American action response to the absurd, shows the possibilities and limits of that response and has the viewer on a tightrope for a well-spent two hours.

Vanishing Point is about this guy who gets a car and drives like crazy. Dig the

symbolism? Unfortunately Hollywood has seldom acknowledged the existence of the superficially inexplicable (Hitchcock's *The Birds* was a rare exception; in commercial terms, *Zabriskie Point* set existntial politocal fantasy back ten years); a great deal of useless bullshit "motivation" is dragged in by lugubrious flashbacks where we are told that Kowalski (the driver, played very well by Barry Newman) is a Vietnam hero, an ex-narc who freed a girl his partner tried to rape, an ex-racer of bikes and cars who has been smashed up in both. Another hippie girl secudes him, turns him on, then gets wiped out while surfing (a shot of her running into the ocean dissolves into a riderless surfboard. The picture is a textbook of the lousy flashback). O.K. so Kowalski has this drive-away (a car you get paid to deliver) and plans to take it from Denver to San Francisco in 15 hours. Scoring some speed at the all night pizza place, he bets his connection he'll make it by 3:00 the next afternoon. That covers motivation. This picture never gets dull. Stupid sometimes but not dull. Morning finds Kowalski lazing north at 130 mph and chased by many police. There are lots of good chases. The film is in fact basically a two hour chase, not funky Bonnie & Clyde type chasing or hysterical Mack Sennet chasing but surreal fantasy chases whose interest is not in the anxiety of capture but in the skill and courage of elusion; Kowalski's Ride begins to open up as a lyric of the traveling freak. Meanwhile, a jimpin and jivin blind black

dj named Super Soul (Leavon Little) hears about Kowalski and starts broadcasting messages and encouragement to "the last beautiful cat in America" and generally expatiating on the Kerouackian vibes of the thing. This irks the eluded local constabulary who trash Super Soul and the radio station. Kowalski has by this time left the highway and driven off into what I suppose (in my encyclopedic ignorance of the Southwest) to be Death Valley. Flat tire, rattlesnake, saved by old prospector (Dean Jagger) called "Pop." He turns out to be a religious maniac who helps Kowalski escape searching helicopters with a bit of earthy desert advice: "Root right in." They get gas from Pop's revivalist minister (Severn Darden), a suspicious con man who doesn't like strangers and sends Kowalski on his way. All of which underlines Kowalski's extrareligious nihilism. However Delaney and Bonnie and Friends do sing up a storm o' gospel. Later he's helped by a freak biker who gets him past a police dragnet in a way that is neatness itself. At his desert shack a nude chick whom he addresses as Hey You offers to ball and turn on Kowalski (he refrains). She and the honkie attack on Super Soul seem to be topical points in a film partially intended as a cautionary political allegory on adventurism. As an added dash of motivation, she shows him a newspaper clipping of himself that says "Hero Cop Busted on Campus" and seems portentous, if not meaningful. In the opening scene we see a pair of bulldozers lay their shovels down on the highway; it is into these Kowalski now

crashes. After the apocalypse, the camera looks over the blank faces of uncomprehending observers. *Vanishing Point* is not set in the golden sun-spot highways of *Easy Rider*, but amid dirty scrub that looks more like America. Kowalski can blame no one but himself for his demise. The compulsive freedom he seeks and finds is not revolutionary or in any way social but the freedom to be forced to fight, race, twist away from the law and transcend his own powers *ad infinitum*, for nothing, to be sure he transcends nevertheless. That's what existentialism is about. Remember the last shot of *Alice's Restaurant*, camera tracking back and panning across and zoomin slowly in at once to Alice between the trees, and a world lost and chinging and uncertain as she herself? Such a shot follows Kowalski at one point when he has brilliantly eluded all his pursuers by plunging fearlessly through fences, detours and off cliffs and over abysses, and come out neatly on the highway: car, highway, and mountains about engulf the viewer in the mutability of time and space and reality, to the bold. It's like cocaine in Vermont. *Memories of Underdevelopment* is a Cuban film that was given three midnight screenings last week at the New Yorker as a benifit for the Institute for Cuban Studies. Sergio, an expropriated landlord, cannot grasp the dialectical relationship between the individual and the group. He feels he is overripe, dead, nothing. Unhappy are the souls of the recidivistic bourgeoisie. (The characteristic weakness of *Memories of Underdevelopment* is that it satirizes a ruling class that aped the European bourgeoisie in style and had no grasp of even the decadent Christian humanist traditions behind them. At best these standards were imposed by social climbing arriviste dictators. Sergio's unimaginative malaise nowhere goes beyond the reactions of a stereotype of fashion; he is for fictive purposes quite as dead as he feels. Still, the film has a sophisticated style that shows the filmmakers of the new society, whose films are banned here and I don't know how this got in, are capable of anything being done in Hollywood as well as in most of Europe.)

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NEWS

P O E M

**TEST-TUBE BABIES:
A WARNING**

Washington (WP) — Within a year a baby will be conceived in a test tube and successfully placed inside a woman who will bear the child, Dr. James D. Watson, a noted biologist, has told the House Science subcommittee.

"Then all hell will break loose, politically and morally all over the world," he predicted . . . Then the next steps, as he sees it, could include: Hiring needy women as surrogate mothers to have a baby while the unharried biological parents merely look on.

Determining while an embryo is still in the test tube whether it is a boy or a girl. If the baby were then unwanted, an unscrupulous doctor might wash it down the sink.

Genetic engineering of various kinds, with many good purposes — like detecting and preventing hereditary defects — but also possibly, "all sorts of bad scenarios."

"Cloning" human beings, that is, test-tube production of a limitless number of duplicate embryos — perhaps by some dictator or experimenter who decided this was desirable.

NEW YORK POST Jan. 29, 1971

Our Father who art in Pyrex
Honeywell-Aerospace be thy name
Thy Condom come
Thy will be done in Glass as it is in Flesh
Give us this day our daily Sperm Count
And forgive us our Artificial Inseminations
As we forgive those who Inseminate Artificially upon us
And lead us not into Masturbation
But deliver us from Fucking
For thine is the Planning and the Cloning and the Sexing
For ever and ever

DNAmen

Tuli Kupferberg

FABLE by VINCENT TITUS

Once a paranoid puma was followed by a deer.
He was so scared he had diarrhea.
MORAL: That's role reversal
if ever there was role reversal.

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SUBWAYS

(Continued from Page 17)

Back down on the platform, (I walked in nonchalantly through the exit door again) I reflected that most of my friends felt the same way about it. Nobody really likes to be controlled by anyone but his or her own self. I watched all the tired faced blurring by, and I wondered how long it would be before they too said "Fuck it!" and decided to stay on the train all the way to Coney Island, passing defiantly by Wall Street with middle fingers outstretched. A subway rebellion, in which a whole trainload would end up on the roller coaster laughing their heads off while the empty offices wait.

Just a subway vision.

At twelve noon I couldn't take it anymore. Eight continuous hours in the New York subways is a heavy dose to take. I'm no masochist, so I left the subway at Astor Place. Let me say this: St. Marks Place never looked so good.

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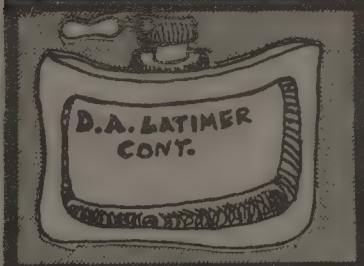


(Continued from Page 14)
 people — too many. So in the Roadhouse's overcrowded moments, I return home to my original watering place.

The White Horse Tavern (Hudson and West 11 Street). Whew! This has been some night. I just don't think I can pee any more. But there are a lot more entertaining things to do at the White Horse besides taking a leak. For example, if you are a fan of the little corner tables, such as I am, there is quite a show to be seen. The mixture of people that come into this place is unbelievable. You have your regular Dylan Thomas patriots, your "heavy" neighborhood tough guys, old lady boozers, 50's beatniks, collegiates, and what the bartenders Don & John call your "Full Mooners." Oh, do they get plenty of

full-mooners! Yes, the show cannot be beaten by any of the previously mentioned establishments. And the waitresses — cool, really cool. I said I come here when I feel like going home, and I really mean it. The madness of the whole place gets to a boozier like me (notice I didn't say pisser). Raunchy is the best word to describe it — but nice raunchy, like worn-out sneakers. Very, very comfortable. I think I've been talking too long about johns and am beginning to feel at home in them. So besides this being my end-of-the-evening drinking spot, it is also my end-of-the-story peeing spot. I must also remind you that with the exception of the Gallery, all of these john critiques were on strictly female ones, for what I hope are obvious reasons.

Well, I hope the past few passages will lead you through the Village with an unburdened kidney — so eat, drink & pee rarely!



(Continued from Page 14)

This is why the state of the ladie's room in any public place is of such crucial importance to women. Whereas for instance the Gallery toilet (if you haven't read the left hand segment of this collaboration, you should do so immediately, and only afterward return to the point where this parenthesis leaves off.) the toilet in the Gallery poses no real challenge to the male customer of that remarkable establishment — saving perhaps, on the days it doesn't work, those wretches who can't abide the idea of succeeding pissers looking into their urine — for a woman it must be really intimidating. There she squats in this sweatbox, assailed by the racket of kitchen and counter, pants down, or who knows skirts up, limited to the resources of her own Kleenex for the afterwipe — let's hope her Tampax fits! — offered up that is all bare and sweating to the mercy of a groaning, chugging, swilling, lidless, open-tanked toilet! A horrifying predicament.

Stink
 But note one thing: for all its eccentricities, the Gallery toilet doesn't stink. Stink, you ask? Who cares about stink? Shame, sir! Have a little thought to the matter. If you were a woman, now, God forbid, and had to go into a toilet that smelled like the men's room, say, at Max's Kansas City, and drop your trousers and settle your bare arse down onto that reeking, damp toilet seat, and sit there, every single time you pissed, with the evil humors from the bladders of the previous ten thousand drunken women eddying almost tangibly up between your naked hindquarters from that sump-tarn of a pisspot below you, now, wouldn't that colour somewhat your impression of Max's as a place to get ripped?

Hey! Could this be why it is that although women in New York outnumber men by a gross proportion, any bar you go into is always predominantly male in clientele? Son of a bitch! If Mickey Ruskin kept his ladie's room clean, I bet we'd all get laid a lot more often.

Yeah, right. The college upstate I attended some time ago was a state teacher's college, it enjoyed a 5:1 ratio of women over men (figuratively speaking, figuratively speaking), and yet to look at the bars downtown on any given weekend you'd think we were Army lads on furlough making do with the townies, there were so few ladies in those bars. Sure, and the johns in those bars were from shit! There was one place, Blanche's, of which the proprietor was a wonderfully simple-minded harlot of the same name, and you just could not get to the basement ladie's room there for the smell. Pfu! In the men's room, upstairs, you began to smell it: shit. Bad shit. Sick shit. Undernourished, malnourished, rickety shit, malarial shit, shit that needed insulin shots. (Once someone claimed to have spotted Blanche in the kitchen, simultaneously moulding hamburger patties and plucking clotted turd from the asshole of Smokey, her cat, but this is apocryphal at best.) In the men's room you began to smell it, and every step down the dim little flight of stairs to the ladie's room plunged you deeper and deeper into this abyss of shit. You could panic going down those stairs: what was it, did Blanche keep her shit neatly baled and stacked in some enormous cellar-loft on either side of the downstairs ladie's room? A catacombs of shit under State Street, stalagmite and stalagmites of it, dripping in the alluvial gloom... I confess I never got all the way to the ladie's room, but a friend of mine claimed to have once gained it, in a paroxysm of self-destruction: I had to barf anyway, Pyper explained modestly.

When they closed Blanche's, I hear they hung up a sign out front: *Out Of Ordure*. The college chicks never even noticed, being that they never hung out there, for obvious reasons.

We see then that for a woman the selection of a restaurant to eat in, or a bar to get ripped in, depends to a larger extent on the conditions of the W.C. there, than it does for men. Of course there may be men, weak men, lily-livered little wretched faggoty pansy-assed men just as finicky as any woman about the shape of the pot in which they piss — just as there are no doubt plenty of good robust glowing hearty dimpled women who would think nothing of dropping trou in the vilest three-holer in Appalachia — but as a general rule, women go through hell in a lot of places, and men have it easy. It was always thus, and I have not read in *Rat* where it's about to change.

But it's good to hear that Mervyn, bless his bagpipe, keeps a sweet ladie's room, because by God there's no light in the Men's Room at Marie's Crisis. The door perforce is always open, and unless you can hit the toilet in the dark (a sticky proposition three-quarters through a good night's lush) it has to stay open. It was I think my third acid trip that ravished from me my conditioned opinion that pissing was dirty and nobody should watch me doing it*, but I doubt if many Crisis habitués have tasted even so much as grass.

But who needs grass? On the wall of the men's room there, right over the john, there is scrawled this wonderful graffiti: *To my wife (who pray God will never read these lines) I apologize for this egregious failure of interpersonal sensitivity.... Baby! I ask you, who the hell needs grass?*

Thanks to that wicked weed, grass, I am going to have to draw on memory to reconstruct for you the Roadhouse men's john. It was a good toilet, a pretty little toilet with dark-coloured walls is how I remember it. The john, scrupulously clean, stood in the middle of the floor, no urinal, and as you pissed you could laugh at your full-length image nodding drunkenly back and forth in the huge wall-mirror behind you, grinning over your shoulder after you. It was a good john, and a fine place withal to get ripped, the Buffalo Roadhouse, and if I had not one night been spied there by the bartender in criminal proximity to a lit joint I'd probably be there now, swilling down the lush and gobbling up the

(Continued on Page 21)

*Luckily, the trip peaked just before it also ravished from me the ability to pronounce consonants. But who cares? Nobody cares. Nobody cares! Nobody CAAAA-RRES!!!

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GENTS

(LATIMER CONTINUED)

(Continued from Page 20)

delectable steamed clams. Oh, the Roadhouse clams, slipping around the inside of your mouth like some lady's clit . . .

Ahem! The White Horse. Have I ever been in the White Horse in a state of relative consciousness? No. Can I then remark authoritatively on the condition of the shithouse there, its plusses and minuses, its failings and its triumphs? Yes. How is this? Well, once I blew lunch there, I remember that pretty clearly. There was hardly enough room to bend over as I hooked up the shuddering bark, mouthful after mouthful; the unktion of a kneeling position was denied me, thanks to the radically enclosed space. But was there not at least a stack of paper towels, or of toilet tissue, sufficient to redd up the cooling rejaementa afterward? There was not. But they say Chic Young, the creator of the comic strip Blondie, hangs out in the White Horse, so it's got to have something going for it besides a Dylan-infested juke box and Phil Morgan playing occasionally in the back room.

There's a tought that has nothing much to do with this article, but I throw it out anyway, being too lushed right now to contracept it. What is it like for onw such as Dylan to have all his dead experiences pounded into him wheresoever he goes? What horrible sensations of disgust and remorse must overwhelm him, hearing for instance It's All Over Now, Baby Blue, blasting out of some juke box with all the adolescent intensity with which he recorded it? And Baby Blue was a *good* song! What happens to his head when he hears, Saints preserve us, Blue Moon, or anything on Nashville Skyline, or any of the other losers he's been recording lately? It must be insupportable. Someday Phil Morgan will be trapped in an elevator oozing some Thousand-And-One-Strings muzak defamation of Morning Is A Lady . . .

Two other johns I deem worthy of mention are the one in the Fifty-Five, at 55 Christopher Street, next down from the (Feh!) Lion's Head, for the excellence of the bartender there, one Sam, a former editor of mine, who despite the hundreds of evenings Schultz and I have spent there has yet to eighty-six us for good and all; and the john at Asher's across Christopher from the Theatre De Lys, for that there are on the wall of that john two cartoons drawn in felt-pen, one apparently by the hand of Guindon of the *Realist*, and the other if my eyes mistake me not the work of Spain Rodriguez of The East Village Other.

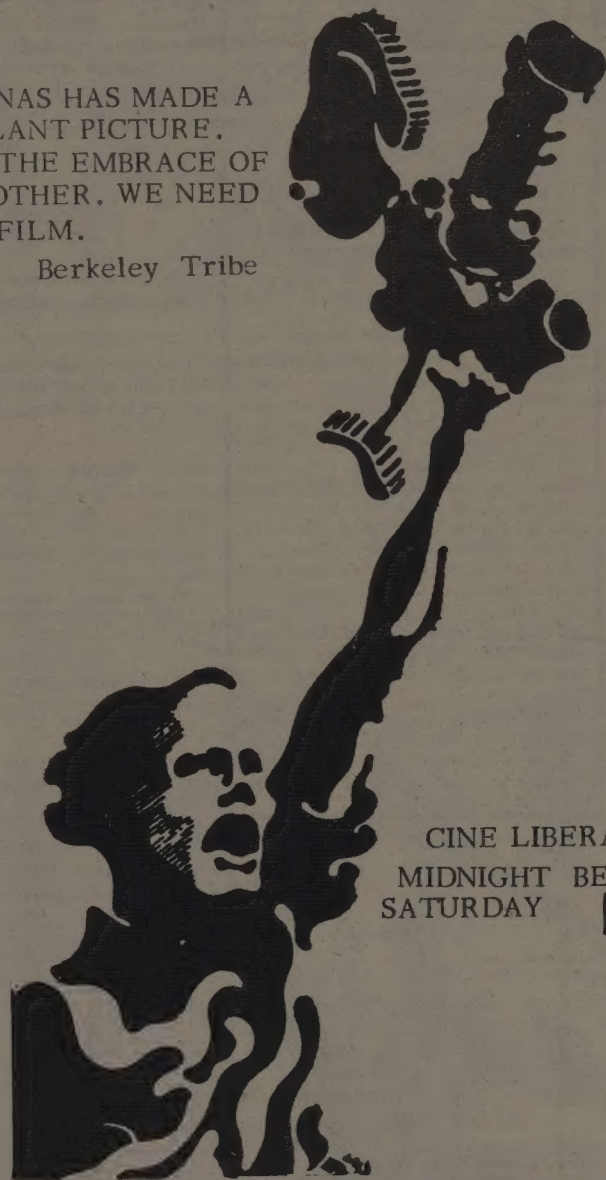
And then there's the john at home here, the john of Ray Schultz and D.A. Latimer, which lies open for the critical inspection of Lynda Crawford any time so ever she cares to look into it.

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RETRY

(Continued from Page 16)

The men who don't have Deer in them will also be taken by surprise, and everything will change some. This is called "takeover from inside."

The final section of the book is very appropriately entitled "Target Practice." It might have served a very worthwhile purpose to have originally written these poems in a notebook, but I feel they should have remained there. "Hiking In The Totsugawa Gorge" reads

pissing

watching

a waterfall

and "The Good Earth" reads

The empty shell of a snail
By a dry log. Warm grass
seeds in an old cookpot.
playing, we were starving,
Playing "The Good Earth."

These are notes — not poems. Many of them have some extremely good concepts, but don't take them as far as Snyder does in most of his other work. One exception to this is "Why I Laugh When Kai Cries." A poem in three sections, it contains the sort of emotion found in the beginning of the book. In spite of its faults, I feel the book is a big step forward for Snyder. It shows us a much stronger and more emotional part, and gives us a better view into the things that really matter.

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PHINEAS DROVE OFF TO TEXAS TO VISIT HIS PARENTS, BUT ALL MY SHIT'S IN HIS CAR!

YOU OUGHTA THANK HIM

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK

BROTHERS

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I'VE BEEN DRIVING ACROSS THE DESERT FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS! WHEW, IT'S HOT! I WISH I HAD A NICE JUICY BASKIN-ROBBINS ICE CREAM CONE!

SAY, WHAT ARE THOSE FUNNY-LOOKING LITTLE PLANTS GROWING BESIDE THE HIGHWAY?

WHY THESE ARE PEYOTE CACTI! I READ ALL ABOUT THEM IN THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN BY CARLOS CASTANEDA (BALLANTINE BOOKS, NEW YORK, 1968)!

THE YAGUI INDIANS BELIEVE THAT PEYOTE IS A POWER OF UNBENDING MORAL CHARACTER, WHICH TEACHES MEN THE PROPER WAY TO LIVE!

...YOU PICK ONLY THE ONES WHICH PRESENT THEMSELVES IN YOUR PATH...

...AND YOU GOBBLE A FEW OF THEM DOWN...

...AND IF "MESCALITO" LIKES YOU, HE MAY APPEAR IN PERSON TO DELIVER THE TRUTH TO YOU...

WHEW, THIS SHIT TASTES TERRIBLE!

GAG! RETCH! URP!

YOW! ...IT'S HIM! "MESCALITO"!!

SCREAM! WAIL! SHRIEK!

THIS PEYOTE COSTUME SURE HAS BEEN MAKING IT EASIER TO KEEP ALL THEM HIPPIES OUT OF MY PROPERTY! HEH HEH!

ON MY GOD! HE'S UGLY BEYOND DESCRIPTION! HE LOOKS LIKE A... A GIANT PEYOTE PLANT!

...AND HE HAS A SHOTGUN! HE'S GONNA KILL ME BECAUSE I SAID HE TASTED TERRIBLE!

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT FREDDY'S CAT

(FAT FREDDY SCAT!)

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YOU'RE ALL DIRTY AND GREASY! YOU NEED A BATH!

ARGH!

THIS CONCENTRATED DETERGENT OUGHT TO DO THE JOB!

OOOPS! HE'S TOO SLIPPERY TO HOLD ON TO!

FREE AT LAST! SOOOO

UH-OH... RAIN!

PLEASE! LET ME BACK IN!

AND NOW... A BRIEF EXPLANATION

Why all of you who sent your 65¢ for a copy of the Collected Freak Brothers to the Rip Off Press way back in December and were wondering why here it was February and you hadn't gotten your book yet...

...FIRST, OUR \$800,000 PRINTING PRESS GRABBED DAVE THE PRINTER BY HIS OUTRAGEOUSLY LONG HAIR AND PULLED HIM IN AND SQUASHED HIM INTO ORGANIC PEANUT BUTTER...

...AND THEN JACKSON THE ACCOUNTANT TOOK AN ENTIRE WEEK'S PROFITS, AMOUNTING TO \$3,764,100.15, AND SPLIT TO ALPHA CENTAURI IN THE RIP OFF PRESS COMPANY ASTIN MARTIN...

...MEANWHILE, FRED THE DISTRIBUTION MANAGER, ON HIS WAY TO THE POST OFFICE WITH A BUNDEL OF BOOKS, WAS CAUGHT IN AN ARMADILLO STAMPEDE AND BARRELY ESCAPED WITH HIS WALLET...

...AND ALL THE WHILE, GILBERT THE CARTOONIST SAT IN HIS IVORY TOWER IN THE GRUBBIES OF ACADEMIC GRINDING CIVICS QUIZZES, THE ANSWERS TO WHICH ARE PRESENTED FOR YOU NOW...

ANSWERS

1. MESSALITO IS GONNA STRIKE! HE'S GONNA STRIKE A WELL-DESERVED BLOW TO YOUR HEAD! HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

2. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

3. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

4. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

5. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

6. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

7. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

8. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

9. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

10. HE'S GONNA STRIKE YOU DEAD!

...AT ANY RATE, THE BOOKS ARE ALL FINISHED AND MAILED OUT NOW, SO IF YOU STILL HAVEN'T GOT YOURS THERE REALLY IS SOMETHING WRONG. OTHERWISE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO THE RIP OFF SCHEDULE AND RELAX, AND DON'T START WORRYING UNTIL THEY GET SIX MONTHS OR SO BEHIND. THEY'VE GOT A DIFFERENT DRUMMER IN SAN FRANCISCO.

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