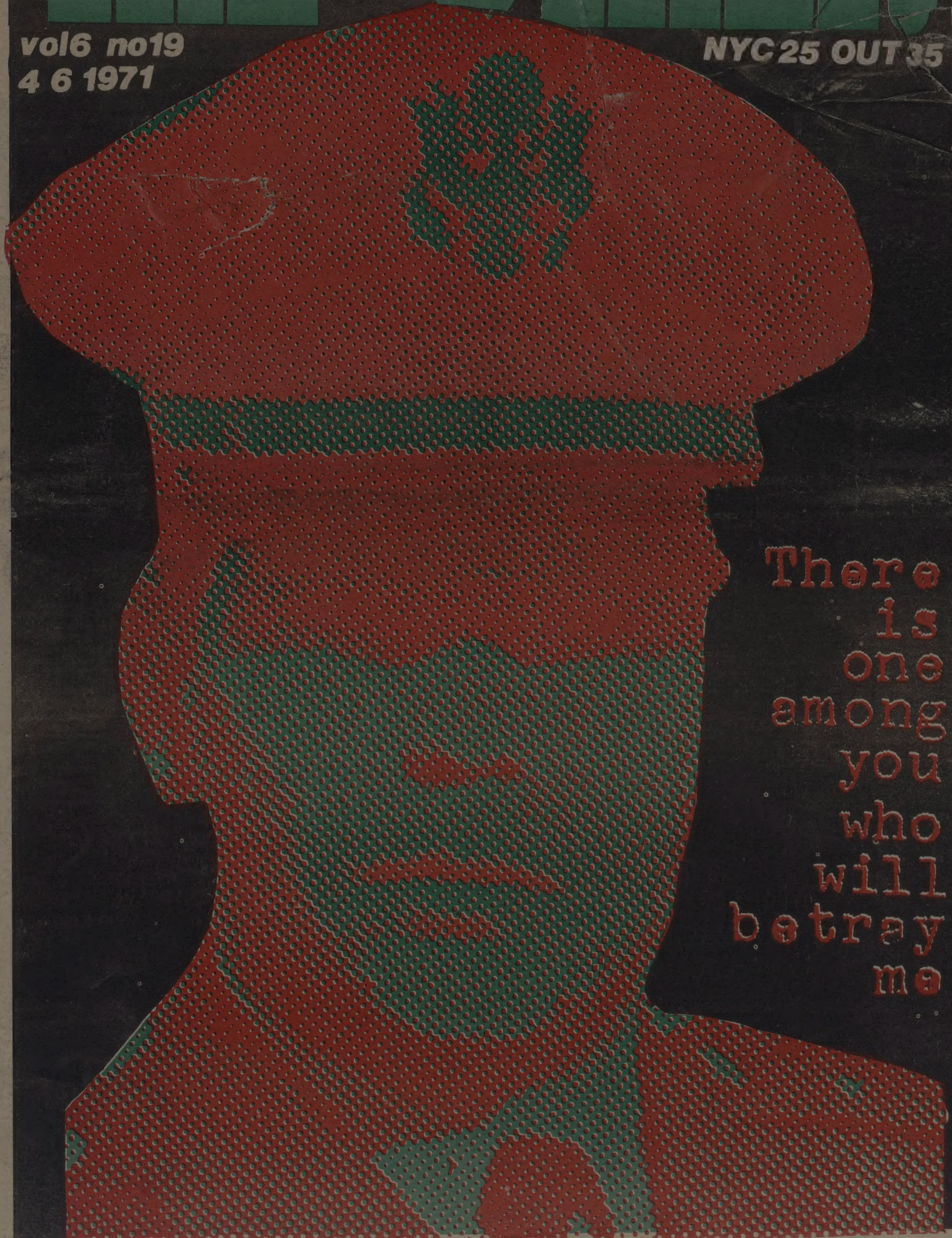


BELFAST FBI FUNNY NAZIS

THE east village **OTHER**

vol6 no19
4 6 1971

NYC 25 OUT 35



There
is
one
among
you
who
will
betray
me

Heidi

At a time when the shock of recognition put this nation into a state of comatose disbelief, the following quotes from THE SOLDIER'S GUIDE (FM21-13) seem highly appropriate.

You, an American Soldier

A great change has taken place in your life. You are away from your home and friends. Whether you find new friends and are comfortable in your new "home" depends entirely on you.

As you look around, you will not find a "typical American soldier" in height, weight, color of eyes and hair, family origin, education, wealth, intelligence, or similar characteristics. The soldiers you have met are from all walks of life and all parts of our country. But all of you have two things in common. First, you are all serving the United States of America and believe in the principles that make it a free country. This not only gives you a common bond with your fellow soldiers but also guarantees you the same chances as the next man, to get ahead. This American tradition is cherished in your Army, as it is in all phases of American life.

Second, the resourcefulness of all Americans is outstanding in the world today. The spirit of teamwork instilled in you at home, school, and church, at work and play, aids in the cooperation needed for you to meet any and all tasks.

Your freedom and resourcefulness give you the opportunity to fill the thousands of important leadership jobs in our Army.

To be a good leader and a good soldier, you must be loyal. Stand by your organization and the officers, noncommissioned officers, and fellow soldiers in it.

The habits of obedience you learned while growing into maturity are a necessary part of Army life. Obey promptly and cheerfully the orders given to you. Obedience and teamwork will make *your* performance better and your fellow soldier's tasks easier.

Service in the Army is a duty and a privilege. Each individual in this nation has the duty to contribute as much as he can to the well-being of the nation and its people. Military service is one form of such a contribution. From the oldest times, it has been considered a privilege to be permitted to bear arms in the defense of one's nation or people. This privilege is afforded only to those who are individuals of good standing and of good reputation.

But remember this, the man who gives you an order is in authority because he has shown by his past performance that he can make sound decisions. In other words, he will be telling you what to do because he has the experience and background on which to properly base such decisions.

- Jaakov Kohn
- Allen Katzman
- Ray Schultz
- Stephen Kohn
- Yossarian
- D. A. Latimer
- Jackie Friedrich
- Rex Weiner
- Honest Bob Singer
- Coco Crystal
- Lil Picard
- Nellie Fernauld
- Rudi Stern
- John Reilly
- Vincent Titus
- Dora Kearney
- Nina Paull
- Spain Rodriguez
- Kim Deitch
- Larry S. Todd
- Alex Gross
- Roger Tomilson
- Perfecto La Gogo
- charlie frick
- Tuli Kupferberg
- Nino Baraka
- P. J. O'Rourke
- The Blade
- Little Arthur Chaitkin
- Harvey Matusow
- Jill Freedman
- Hetty McLise
- A. J. Weberman

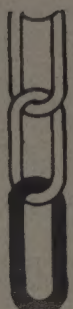
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- PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
- THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
- THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY
- THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE ARMY
- ARMY COMMANDER
- CORPS COMMANDER
- DIVISION COMMANDER
- BATTLE GROUP COMMANDER
- COMPANY COMMANDER
- PLATOON LEADER
- SQUAD LEADER
- YOU THE SOLDIER

GOD BLESS AMERIKA!

Handwritten signature



9/16/70
Edition # 1

This newsletter will be produced at irregular intervals as needed to keep those persons dealing with New Left problems up to date in an informal way. It is not a serial and is considered an informal routing slip. It should be given the security afforded a Bureau serial, classified confidential, but may be destroyed when original purpose is served.

The New Left conference at SOG 9/10-11/70 produced some comments:

In disseminating reports recommending for the SI it is preferable to designate and disseminate to Secret Service immediately and put the FD-376 (the buck slip to Secret Service) on the second Bureau copy.

There was a pretty general consensus that more interviews with these subjects and hangers-on are in order for plenty of reasons, chief of which are it will enhance the paranoia epidemic in these circles and will further serve to bet the point across there is an FBI Agent behind every mailbox. In addition, some will be overcome by the overwhelming personalities of the contacting agent and volunteer to tell all - perhaps on a continuing basis. The Director has okayed PSI's and SI's age 18 to 21. We have been blocked off from this critical age group in the past. Let us take advantage of this opportunity.

In payments to informants, if the total of services and expenses to an informant is less than \$300 in a lump sum payment or per month, our request for such payment or monthly authorization is \$300 or more, it must be approached on a much higher level. Note: If an informant is to travel outside our division and we initially go in and request expense payment of less than \$300, it can be handled simply while the services payment can be requested later based on what he has produced.

Embassy of the U.S.S.R.
Washington,
D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I am writing this letter as the advisor of a group of Explorer Scouts here in Moscow, Idaho. This is a group of boys (ages 15-17) who are interested in camping, conservation, and generally the out-of-doors.

Next Summer, we would like very much to go to the Soviet Union, to travel through your country and meet our counterparts in the U.S.S.R., if possible. What I would like to know is "How do we go about this?"

What we would like to do is to be put in touch with a Komsomol group of similar interest to ours, and to meet Soviet youths on a people to people basis, if we possibly could. We speak Russian fairly well, and are rather knowledgeable on your country.

I personally think that such contacts are by far the best way to promote peace and understanding between our peoples, for as has been said "It is hard to shoot a friend."

We do not, however, have a great deal of money. We have sufficient to get over there and travel around, and are going to have a new four-wheel drive vehicle at our disposal while we are in Europe. We do not have the kind of money required to travel like bourgeois tourists, and besides, that is no way for the boys to meet other boys like themselves.

We would really like, if possible, to arrange to visit a Pioneer camp, or one of the Komsomol facilities. Also, if possible, the boys and I are experienced motion picture photographers, having shot film before for the American Broadcasting Company. If it would be allowed, we would like to film such places to share our experiences with a broader segment of American youth.

That summarizes pretty much what we want to do. What I would like to know is - How do we do it? I assume it is possible, for it must be possible to travel in the Soviet Union on other than a guided tour for fat tourists.

We would like to drive in ourselves, camping if possible, visit as many of our counterparts as possible, entering at the Rumanian border, and exiting to Finland.

Any help you can give in telling me how we can arrange to do something like this would be greatly appreciated. I can write in Russian to the U.S.S.R. easily enough. I only write this letter in English because I don't have a Russian typewriter.

Thanks in advance for your help. I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

THE CITIZENS' COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Swathmore Police Department

March 18, 1971

Dear friend,

Enclosed you will find copies of certain files from the Media, Pennsylvania office of the FBI which were removed by our commission for public scrutiny. We are making these copies available to you and to several other persons in public life because we feel that you have shown concern and courage as regards the issues which are, in part, documented in the enclosed materials.

You will also find a statement which our commission prepared at the time of this action which may help interpret our decision to you and others. Please feel free to make copies of

any or all of this material and disseminate it (or not) according to your own judgement.

About a week after you receive this material, our commission will publicly announce this mailing together with the names of those to whom we have sent it. We will, of course, make perfectly clear in our announcement that our actions were entirely our own decision and responsibility. Your degree of public association or disassociation with our commission is entirely a matter of your choice.

Sincerely,
The Citizens' Committee
to Investigate the FBI

Mr. Crasley and Mr. Stanton inquired as to what would take if the College called for assistance due to student violence. Informed them that in this case I would ask for State Police assistance and they agreed this would be the best procedure. Their only request at this time was for the police not to be involved until asked to take

regarding investigations of organizations connected with institutions of learning.

Each office submit by airtel to reach Bureau by 12/4/70, a list of BSUs and similar groups by name and school which are or will be subjects or preliminary inquiries. This program will include junior colleges and two-year colleges as well as four-year colleges. In connection with this program, there is a need for increased source coverage and we must develop network of discreet quality sources in a position to furnish required information. Bear in mind that absence of information regarding these groups in any area might be the fault of inadequate source coverage and efforts should be

undertaken immediately to improve this coverage.

A prior inquiry or investigation of a group or individual is no bar to current inquiries and inquiries should not be postponed until submission of airtel due 12/4/70. Initiate inquiries immediately.

I cannot overemphasize the importance of expeditious, thorough, and discreet handling of these cases. The violence destruction, confrontations, and disruptions on campuses make it mandatory that we utilize to its capacity our intelligence gathering capabilities.

Above instructions supersede instructions in Bureau letter to all offices 1/31/69, same caption.

To: SAC, Albany
From: Director, FBI
BLACK STUDENT GROUPS ON
COLLEGE CAMPUSES
RACIAL MATTERS
BUDED: 12/4/70

Increased campus disorders involving black students pose a definite threat to the Nation's stability and security and indicate need for increase in both quality and quantity of intelligence information on Black Student Unions (BSU) and similar groups which are targets for influence and control by violence-prone Black Panther Party (BPP) and other extremists. The distribution of the BPP newspaper on college campuses and speakers of the BPP and other black extremist groups on campuses clearly indicate that campuses are targets of extremists. Advance information on disorders and violence is of prime importance. We must target informants and sources to develop information regarding these groups on a continuing basis to fulfill our responsibilities and to develop such coverage where none exists.

Effective immediately, all BSUs and similar organizations organized to project the demands of black students, which are not presently under investigation, are to be subjects of discreet, preliminary inquiries, limited to established sources and carefully conducted to avoid criticism, to determine the size, aims, purposes, activities, leadership, key activists, and extremist interest or influence in these groups. Open individual cases on officers and key activists in each group to determine background and if their activities warrant active investigation. Submit results of preliminary inquiries in form suitable for dissemination with recommendations regarding active investigations of organization, its leaders, and key activists. These investigations to be conducted in accordance with instructions in Section 87D of the Manual of Instructions

SOVIET INTELLIGENCE SERVICES
RECRUITMENT OF STUDENTS
IS - R
(OO:PH)
Re Bureau letter 6/13/69, and WFO letter, 7/22/69, both captioned "Soviet Intelligence Services Recruitment of Students; IS - R."

Enclosed for the Philadelphia Office are a negative and four copies of a photograph of the subject obtained from the Passport Office United States Department of State (USDS), Washington, D.C.

The subject registered with the American Embassy, Moscow, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR), as an American citizen visiting the USSR. The registration card was received from the USDS along with other registration cards, classified "Confidential."

For the information of the office of origin, the Bureau instructed that students, teachers, and scientists who were in the USSR at least one month who have not previously been investigated should be selected for investigation. Specifically, the Bureau instructed that United States passport records be checked regarding the individuals meeting the criteria and the information be forwarded to the office covering the residence for further investigation pursuant to current Bureau instructions as outlined in Section 105-G, Manual of Instructions. The office covering the subject's residence is being designated office of origin.

The purpose of conducting investigation concerning the individuals who meet the criteria of student, professor or scientist who visited the USSR for at least one month is to identify them and determine whether any of them have been approached for recruitment by the Soviet Intelligence Services. The office of origin should consider the Soviet objective of recruiting American citizens who either now or at some future date, will likely be employed by the United States Government or

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BLACK STUDENTS CONVENTION
WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, 6/26-7/5/70

The National Association of Black Students (NABS) is headquartered in Washington, D.C. It was formed in August, 1969, when Black Students split from the National Students Association. NABS has announced its first convention scheduled for June 26-July 5, 1970, at Wayne State University, Detroit, Michigan.

The Bureau has requested that each Field Division canvass logical informants to locate NABS chapters and representatives.

The Bureau is also desirous of having informants, in a logical position to do so, attend the convention.

Any information about NABS activity, the scheduled convention, or an informant in a position to attend the convention, should be brought to the attention of the #9 squad supervisor.

strategic industrial facility. Interviews of these individuals should only be done after Bureau authority to conduct the interview has been obtained.

Upon receipt of Bureau authority to interview a particular individual under this program, the interviewing Agents should delineate to the individual the Bureau's responsibilities in the field of internal security, espionage, and related matters. The interviewing Agents should discreetly ascertain if any attempts have been made by the Soviet Intelligence Services to recruit the individual for intelligence purposes either in the USSR or after his return to the United States. The individual should be alerted to the

importance of immediately notifying the Bureau of any Soviet attempt to contact him.

Utmost care must be exercised in conducting these investigations to prevent any embarrassment to the Bureau and possibly jeopardize the Bureau's program in countering Soviet Intelligence Services recruitment of students. The motives of the Bureau in investigating American students, professors, and scientists must not be construed as infringements of the American educational system and the pursuit of intellectual freedom.

Set forth on the following pages is background information obtained from the registration card and from the records of the Passport Office. USDS.

JACKIE FRIEDRICH 30th WEEK

Monday, March 29

Afeni Shakur, who is defending himself, cross examined patrolman Carlos Ashwood, the fourth Bureau of Special Services infiltrator to take the stand, who testified that he joined the BPP after attending a meeting at Brandeis High School which was led by Jourdan Ford. He quoted Ford as having spoken primarily about guns, which was in contradiction to the agent's direct testimony, where he said that Ford had spoken of problems with the principal at Brandeis High School.

Ashwood had previously testified that in a section meeting on Dec. 30 1968 Afeni had said that the section would work as a unit, would function together, meaning the blowing up a pig station. However, under cross examination, the patrolman admitted that Afeni had not said what she meant by the word 'function' on that date, but the witness, himself, had reported to BOSS that Afeni had used the word function at a later date to describe keeping the BPP office running smoothly.

The patrolman had previously testified that in a section meeting on Jan. 13, 1969, the section had been discussing a point in the BPP ten point program which dealt with white merchants stealing from the black community. According to Ashwood, Afeni Shakur said that they should approach the management at Blumstein's Department store and if they got no response, they would take action and recon the store looking for flammable items. Someone allegedly asked what would happen if black people were in the store at that time. Ashwood said that Afeni responded by saying that innocent people might be killed during the revolution; in fact, you someday might even have to kill your own mother if you felt she would inform on you. Afeni then asked Patrolman Ashwood to repeat that story for the jury and for Afeni's mother who was seated in the courtroom at that time, and after he had finished his recital. Afeni asked the agent why he hadn't reported that dialogue to BOSS or before the Grand Jury. Ashwood replied that no one has asked him about that conversation before the Grand Jury. However, when defense attorney, Bill Crain cross examined Ashwood later that day, he read back minutes from that agent's testimony before the Grand Jury. At that time, Ashwood had been asked by the D.A., what Afeni Shakur had said about Blumstein's Department Store on Jan. 13, 1969. Ashwood then testified that Afeni had said they would concentrate on two points in the ten point program; point three — stopping robbery by white merchants in the black community; and point seven — stopping the murdering of blacks by police. So, the witness said, when confronted with that previous testimony, that he did not give details before the Grand Jury, because he wasn't asked for details, but according to the Grand Jury transcripts, Ashwood manifestly was asked what Afeni Shakur had said about Blumstein's department store on Jan. 13, 1968, and he failed to mention anything about killing your own mother — or anyone else.

Afeni then asked the following questions, receiving the following answers from Patrolman Ashwood: Did our section ever blow anything up? Not that I know of. Did our section ever kill any one? Not to my knowledge.

Did our section ever kidnap anybody? Not to my knowledge. Did we ever plan to do any of these things? You said the next time a Panther was arrested, a pig would be kidnapped to bargain for the life of the Panther.

I asked you if our section planned to kidnap, kill or blow up anybody. Yes, you said we were going to kidnap a pig the next time a Panther was arrested.

Did you ever see my do that? No. Do you know of any pig having been kidnapped? Well, Alex Rackley was suspected of being a pig —

Afeni interrupted, saying that Rackley is not part of this case, and asked, Did you ever see me kidnap any one? No.

Did you ever see any of these

defendants kidnap anyone? I didn't see it.

Did you ever see my kill anyone? Not you.

Did you ever see any of these defendants kill anyone? I didn't see it.

Did you ever see me blow up anything? No.

Did you ever see any of these defendants blow up anything? If they did, I didn't see it.

Did I ever tell you that any of these defendants did those things? No.

Did I ever tell anyone that any of these defendants did those things? I have no knowledge of it.

When Afeni asked the patrolman whether or not he had heard her plan to bomb the 25th, 24th, 44th or 42nd precincts, he replied that he had heard her talk about blowing up precincts, but did not know which precinct she was referring to.

Did you ever hear me plan to bomb the New Haven Railroad? What do you call plan, the patrolman asked. Afeni suggested Ashwood ask the district attorney, "He has me on trail," she said.

Afeni attempted to question the patrolman further, but each question met with an objection by the prosecution, which was sustained by the court. One of the defendants then said, "Why don't we all go home." and Afeni said that she had no further questions.

Tues. March 30

Defense Attorney Bill Crain cross examined Ashwood, who said that he was not a gun expert, but reported to having seen four 38 calibre pistols in the possession of different defendants. Later, in court, the agent identified those guns, assigning them to particular defendants. When asked how he knew the difference between the guns in order to positively identify one from the other, Ashwood replied, "I didn't say there was a difference."

Defense attorney Charles McKinney, who is defending Clark Squire and Kwando Kinshasa, a/k/a William King, asked the patrolman to name the first time he had seen defendant Squire with a gun. Ashwood replied that the first and only time he saw Squire with a gun was in Squire's apartment during a section meeting on Jan. 6, 1969.

That Patrolman Ashwood did not know whether or not the guns allegedly possessed by these defendants were operable became evident during the following series of questions:

Did you ever fire a live round of ammunition with a gun possessed by these defendants? No.

Did you ever see those defendants fire a live round of ammunition? No.

The prosecution alleges that these defendants conspired to bomb department stores, subway lines and sites along the New Haven Railroad. Charles McKinney posed the following questions and received the following answers from Patrolman Ashwood.

Did you ever have a conversation with defendant Clark Squire about department stores? No.

Did you ever have a conversation with defendant Kinshasa about department stores? No.

Did you ever have a conversation with defendant Clark Squire in respect to railroad yards? No.

Did you ever have any conversation with defendant Clark Squire in respect to subway systems? No.

Did you ever see any dynamite in the possession of defendant Clark Squire? No.

Did you ever see any dynamite in the possession of defendant Kinshasa? Not that I can recall.

Did you see any dynamite in the possession of defendant Michael Tabor? No.

Did you have any conversation with defendant Tabor in reference to department stores? No.

Did you ever receive any specific assignment to do any harm to any public building or conveyance in New York City by a member of the BPP? The patrolman said that he had received an assignment to open up school building, "by any means necessary", during a school strike —

in the course of which, a school door was marred.

Other than that and the cutting of wires on police call boxes, you never received an assignment to do physical damage or harm to any person or public conveyance in NYC by a member of the BPP? Correct.

The patrolman later admitted that he had never participated in any community work prior to joining the BPP.

During his time on the witness stand, Patrolman Ashwood revealed a more blatant feeling of hostility and a greater attempt to present only incriminating evidence than any of the other infiltrators. Often, like someone who has studied only one subject for an exam and is then asked to speak about another subject, then twists the question to fit in what he wants to talk about, Ashwood would twist defense questions so that he could say something damaging. There was obvious method to the madness of his feigned cloddishness, and that was to do his job as a cop and bring in convictions.

District Attorney Phillips called Helen Hardie, an overseas operator, to the stand. Over defense objections, Miss Hardie was permitted to testify about having placed a call, on March 16, 1971, to Michael Tabor in Algiers. The phone call was placed by the district attorney who hopes to enter a tape of that call into evidence.

The defense objected, saying that since they had stipulated that Tabor was in Algiers, the admission of this evidence was for prejudicial purposes.

Wed. March 31

DA Phillips deemed the tape of the phone call to Algiers relevant to this trial because Tabor allegedly insisted that he was still acting as his own lawyer and because both Tabor and Eldridge Cleaver allegedly threatened to kill the DA.

Charles McKinney, who has been assigned by the court to represent Tabor in his absence, said that if Tabor felt he was representing himself, that constituted a conflict and McKinney then renewed his motion to sever Tabor from this trial. He went on to say that the district attorney obviously wants to prejudice the jury against the remaining defendants and that even if the tape is not played before the jury they are bound to hear about its contents from the news media.

Judge Murtagh replied that there has never been a case more "judiciously" or "properly" written up and that the trial has been covered with "sobriety".

The tape of the phone conversation between Michael Tabor and DA Phillips was then played. Phillips, speaking to Eldridge Cleaver, asked to speak to Tabor to advise him of his rights' and the problems that have arisen since Tabor left. Cleaver asked if the DA was taping the conversation, Phillips said yes, and Cleaver replied, "So are we."

Tabor got on the phone, and although most of the tape was difficult to hear, certain phrases were understandable —

such as "cold blooded farce," "you know it's a frame up job and I know it."

Phillips interrupted, saying that he had called to inform Tabor of his legal rights to which Tabor responded, "What are my own legal rights . . . you're still the same pig."

Eldridge Cleaver got on the line again — his only audible words, to my ears, were "from now on it's war" and "you're a fascist pig." "I don't want this to degenerate into an argument," replied Phillips, saying something about "logic in a civilized society" and then, "Mr. Cleaver, our office in non-political and we don't get involved . . ."

Connie Matthews Tabor got on the hot line and said, "We're wasting your time and you're wasting our time." Michael Tabor again spoke but one could only hear the word "lies" and "I got out, I'll get back, and knock on your door one night."

After the tape had been played, Charles McKinney said that he had serious reservations about the introduction of the tape and requested a 24 hour recess to consider his position as he did not know whether or not there was a legal precedent to this situation.

His request was denied by the court who said that the issue was a "simple matter". McKinney replied that he could not afford the luxury of viewing it as a simple matter and again requested a recess.

DA Phillips said that the reason for the phone call was because McKinney would not stipulate that Tabor was in Algiers. (McKinney, yesterday, did stipulate that) and Phillips went on to say that this was the longest case in the history of New York state.

McKinney said that he was not impressed by the fact that this was the longest case in the history of New York State, but that "justice must prevail." He again requested a 24 hour recess and Judge Murtagh compromised by allowing defense counsel a half hour break.

After the recess McKinney renewed his motion to have Michael Tabor severed from the indictment now on trial. Murtagh denied the motion so McKinney moved to deny the offer of the tape into evidence as it was basically prejudicial and permeated with 'irrelevant,' 'gratuitous' statements.

Murtagh denied that motion, and observed that evidence of flight can be introduced as consciousness of guilt. He added that the DA should have full opportunity to present evidence of consciousness of guilt and chided defense counsel for having made no efforts to bring Tabor back into the jurisdiction of the court.

After lunch McKinney said that defense counsel and defendants would agree to stipulate that Michael Tabor was in Algeria and to have that portion of the tape played in which Tabor said that he left because the indictment was a "frame up." He added that the tape had been played for the press, thus satisfying the DA.

Judge Murtagh said that the tape basically contained statements by defendant Tabor as to his voluntary flight to "escape justice."

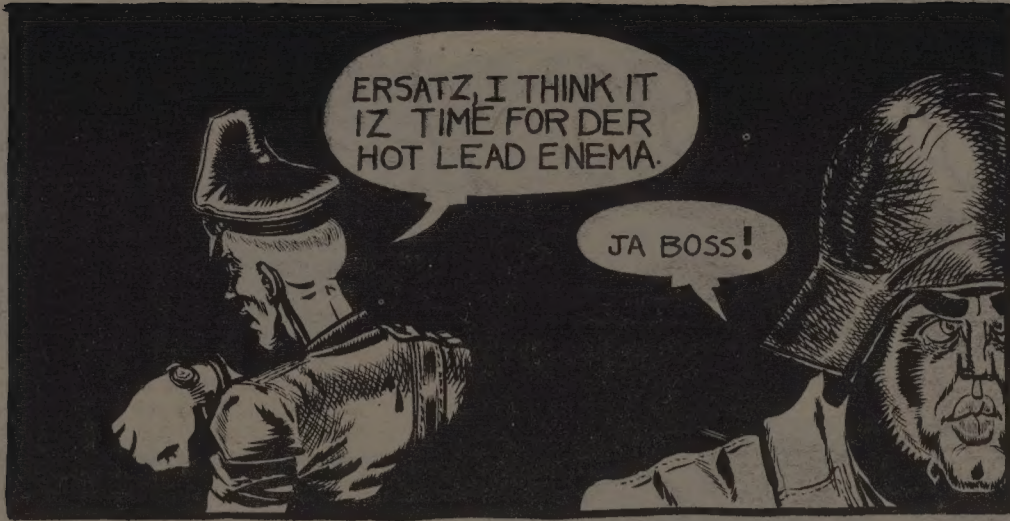
Defense attorney Sandy Katz moved to stipulate that the motive which prompted Tabor to leave is something that the Court of Appeals has upheld in the past. The Court of Appeals has consistently pointed out the weakness of evidence of flight in the proving of consciousness of guilt. Katz added that the DA is intent to get anything damaging before the jury and he suggested that it would be blinking at reality to think that a group of highly intelligent jurors would not read newspapers, listen to the radio or watch tv, and thus hear about the contents of the tape.

Defense attorney Jerry Lefcourt said that McKinney had offered the stipulation that Tabor was in Algiers yesterday, and now that the DA has played the tape before the press, he (the DA) offers the same stipulation.

Phillips then said that he also planned to introduce the video tape of Tabor in Algiers into evidence, and brought Det. Saranaro recorded the phone conversation Phillips had placed to Algiers. Phillips was then prepared to offer the tapes into evidence, suggesting they play the tapes with the use of transcripts and make appropriate redactions.

Defense attorney Bob Bloom objected to the offer of the video tape into evidence, saying that, if the phone conversation is to be believed, the video tape adds nothing more to the issue of the flight.

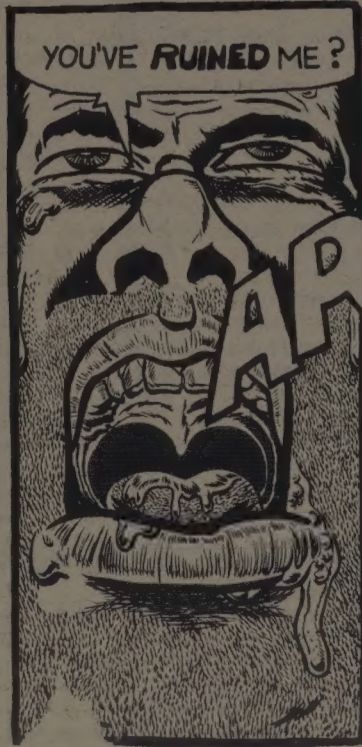
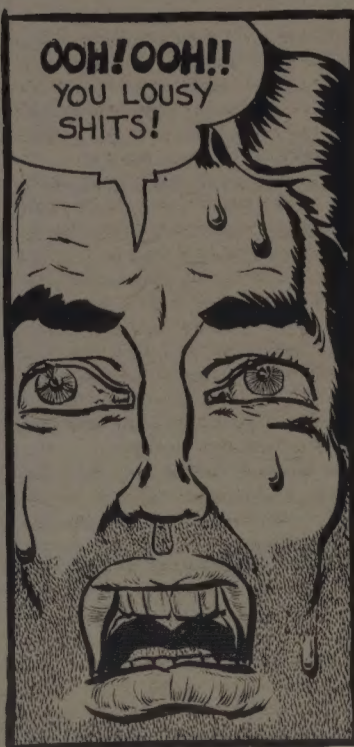
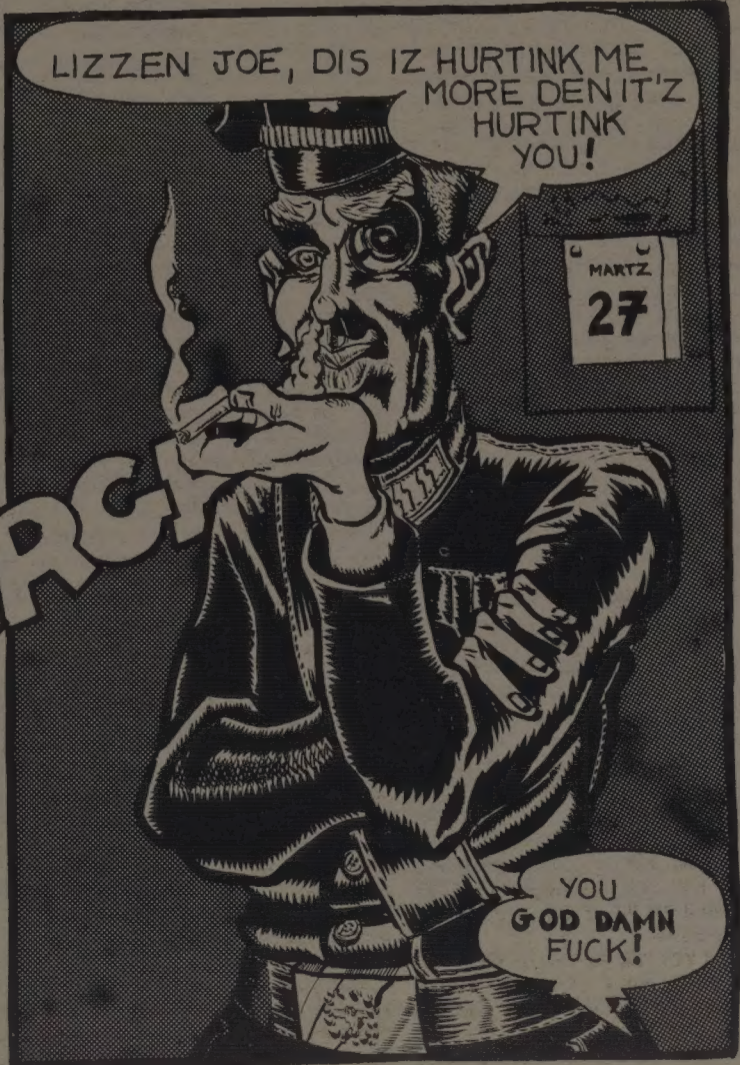
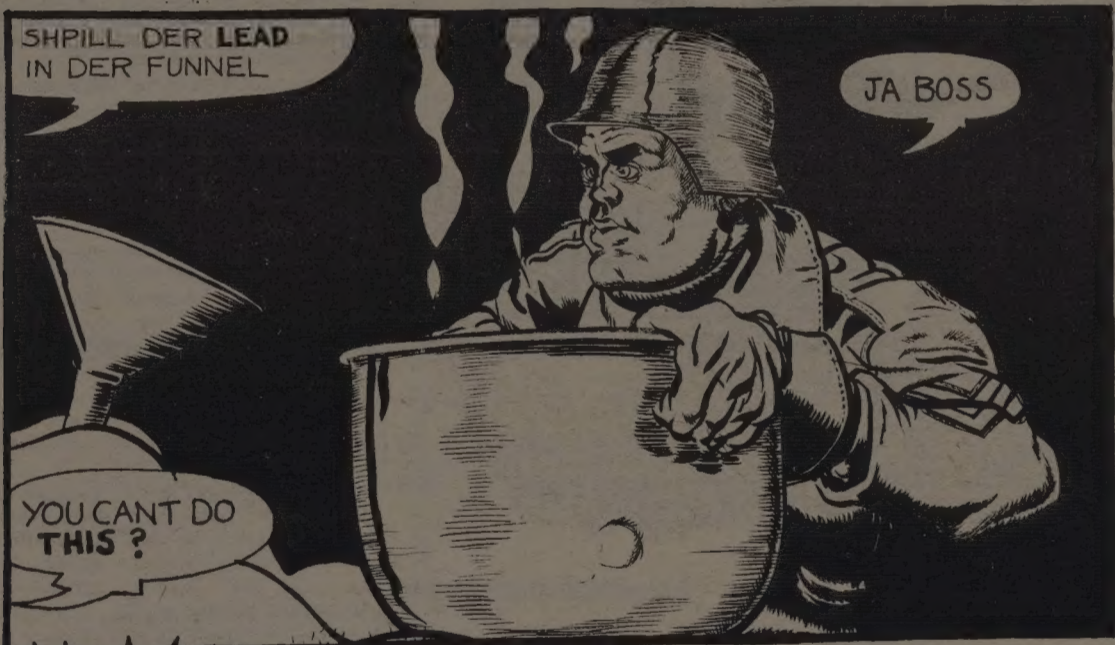
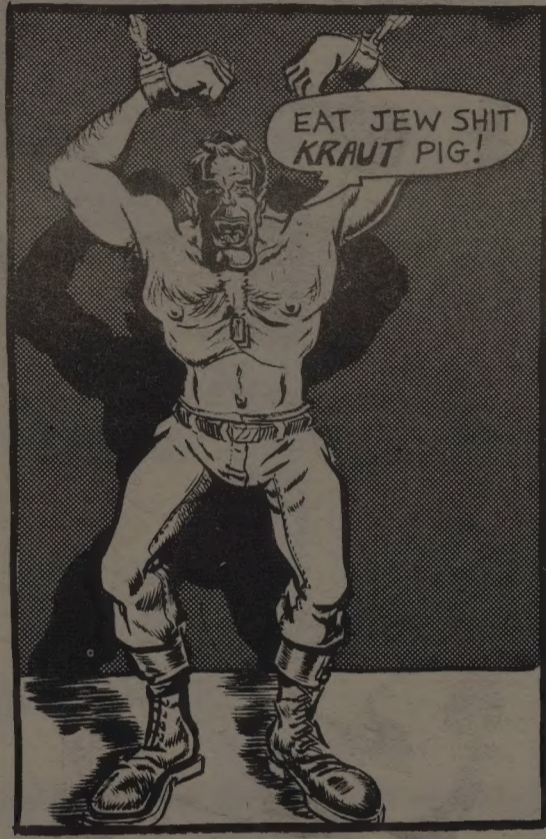
Murtagh replied that the reason for offering both tapes was "crystal clear" and needed no explanation. Several defendants replied, saying, "Explain it to us" and "Show us some of your worldly wisdom."



FUNNY NAZIS

BY LLOYD LARSON

WITH "MAD MAN MOLTKE" and ERSATZ (THE BEAST OF BREMERHAVEN) in "HOT PANTS"



DIRT STRUGGLE

NOTES

edited by Rex Weiner

Earth Day, for better or worse, was celebrated two Sundays ago but of course the struggle to save the planet from piggish destruction continues on many levels. Here are some items culled from CONSERVATION NEWS, an excellent newsletter issued by the National Wildlife Federation (free, write 1412 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036).

In the face of a bill now being dealt with in both the Senate and the House, a bill which would require a 90% reduction in all the crap emitted by automobiles, the president of General Motors, Edward N. Cole, has maintained that "The technology does not exist at this time, inside or outside the automobile industry, to meet these stringent emission levels in the specified time frame." (API Annual Meeting, Nov. 9, 1970. The president of General Motors will have to eat those words now. Oil and Gas Journal points out that several technological developments have been made toward reducing the amount of poisons in car exhaust. Du Pont has used exhaust manifold reactors and exhaust gas recirculation systems to cut down considerably on emission levels. The Ethyl Corp. has found that by using cyclone traps, emission levels for leaded gasoline can be lowered without sacrificing engine performance. The Inter-Industry Emission Control program (comprising Ford, Mobil, Amoco, Marathon, Fiat, Mitsubishi, and others) has developed three emission control systems and is continuing to refine them. For cars burning lead-free gasoline, another research project (UOP) has come up with a converter or muffler that can reduce exhaust pollution by 90% and lasts efficiently for the life of the car once installed. Progress has also been reported on milder forms of internal combustion spark-ignited engines, one of which has been under active development for over 20 years.

So with all this stuff going on, Edward N. Cole's words are nothing but hot exhaust.

Fred J. Russell has resigned from his post as Under Secretary of the Interior. Russell, a California millionaire real estate man and Republican Party contributor, was apparently too obvious in his piggishness, even for the Administration. One of the more offensive things he did was to personally engineer the transfer of a Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife enforcement officer after that agent put the finger on a prestigious, influential duck hunting club for illegal hunting activities. Another incident was the firing of Assistant Interior Secretary Leslie L. Glasgow, a very pro-environment person who came into frequent conflict with Russell's pro-business stand. The final outrageous number pulled by Russell concerned his nominees to an advisory committee on coal mine safety. Although required by law to appoint experts in the field, Russell named mainly Republican Party members, including a former airline hostess.

The pig will be assigned to a new job in the Nixon Administration.

Just to prove how jelly-assed liberal the whole ecology business can be, a new book has been published by Rodale Press, Inc. called "How to Manage Your Company Ecologically." In other words, capitalist enterprises will go on, the System can survive, they just won't make a mess that's all. In fact, they'll probably find a way to make more profits off their industrial wastes, and when that happens to an efficient extent, this country will be so CLEAN. Not one tin can will you see along the roadside. Not one river will be tainted with any substance industry can make a profit off of. Perhaps, with slick packaging and a good promo job, America will find a way to sell industrial "by-products" to our South American friends, or our Indonesian allies. Wouldn't that be nice?

A resolution has been introduced to Congress to designate the third week in April as "Earth Week." The National Governor's Conference has already adopted a resolution that each governor proclaim the third week in April as "Earth Week" in his state. Will April 19-25 become a time of yearly bullshit speeches and ineffective demonstrations of love for planet Earth?

Geologists have announced that initial data from explorations throughout Siberia, Alaska, and Canada indicate wastelands there hold unbelievably huge oil and gas deposits which far dwarf the oil reserves in Alaska's North Slope. Yet, the pipeline, which government officials admit will damage the Alaskan ecology, continues to be planned.

The first federal report on wastes being dumped into the oceans was pretty grim but new findings are worse. Total tonnage of foul refuse poured into the oceans has risen from the 48 million tons first reported to 62 million tons. Sixty-three per cent of this shit goes into the Atlantic, the rest settles into the Pacific and the Gulf. Almost all of the dumping goes on within the twelve mile off-shore limit.

The Soviet Press Agency, Tass, reports that Russian scientists have developed a process that turns 80 per cent of the ash from coal and oil fueled power plants into a form of cement. If we don't get on the stick, the Russians won't have to bother trying to bury us, as fatty Kruschev once promised: we'll bury ourselves in our own shit.

The Australian Information Service reports that the Melbourne Board of Works is building roofs over metropolitan area reservoirs to protect water supplies from air pollution fallout. Seems the crap in the air settles on the water and the people have to drink it. What about the New York reservoirs?

Fable by Vincent Titus . . .

Once a bird had serpent scales on his wings instead of feathers
Moral: It was confusing to be an Archepteryx

BEA

YES!

NATIONWIDE TAX RESISTANCE CALLED FOR

NEW YORK (LNS) — The People's Coalition for Peace and Justice is distributing a pamphlet calling for a Nationwide Tax Resistance.

The pamphlet states "We ask all those who owe tax money on April 15, to withhold anything from \$10 to \$50 from their check and instead pool these "withheld funds" within their own cities and contribute the pooled funds to one or more projects in the community. Such projects could range from a daycare center to an addiction service, from a community health clinic to a breakfast program. . . ."

People are urged to tell IRS why they are withholding their money.

Technically the government can prosecute tax resisters, but in practice they levy against one's bank account or salary for the amount due."

"The tax you withhold will ultimately be collected" the pamphlet admits. However, it goes on to state that "In staff time, forms, etc. it will cost the government far more to collect \$10-\$50 than the \$10-\$50 it collects" and that this action will create "a massive resistance which it will be hard for the government to deal with."

Also, because the IRS is bureaucratic and inefficient it will take them a while to collect. So, whatever you withhold from your April tax cannot be used by the government to kill people in Indochina for at least six months.

"We are organizing local centers — "Peoples Life Funds" — that will receive your checks and arrange for one or more groups in the community to receive the funds collected. . . ."

If there is no functioning group in your area, you can make your check out to People's Life Fund and mail it c/o Brad Lyttle, People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, 1029 Vermont Ave., NW, Suite 900, Washington, DC, 20005.

The pamphlet was signed by over 50 people. Among them were Dave Dellinger, Norm Chomsky, Grace Paley, Allen Ginsberg, Julius Lester, and Robert Bly.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW? The Scottsboro Lawyer

...And as he looks back on his rich career, Leibowitz maintains that, above all, he always tried to serve justice. "Once I have a defendant with a long history of crime twenty years," he reminisces. "Judge," the man said, "I'm a man of 70, I can't do twenty years. Do the best you can," I told him."
NEWSWEEK March 8, 1971

UN /12 m, WISE WISDOM

whom the Gods wd destroy
they first make

powerlessness corrodes
absolute powerlessness corrodes absolutely

do no do in others

a stich in nine
hurts

judge not
that ye be not

we have a little brother
but he hath no head.

Petersfield, England (UPI) —
Traffic Warden Bill Charman quit
his job yesterday because he said he
didn't have the heart to book anyone
for illegal parking.

what is the kingdom coming to
when dustmen won't stoop to swill
when coppers refuse to cop
and soldiers refuse to kill

hail perishing republic
hail changelings, hail joy
the yanks are not coming
(except as tender girl & boy)

a bureaucracy divided against itself
certainly cannot stand (or sit)
clef of ages rock me:
beat the Marine Band, to wit:

all things are full of wariness
& hate is hard & punishment mean
men find it easier to love betimes
than brake the hart where peace has been

Tuli Kupferberg

Doi Dien News

SAIGON REGIME JAILS TWO CATHOLIC PRIESTS: "THEY WOULD LIKE TO GAG THE PRESS"

SAIGON (LNS) — Two Vietnamese Catholic priests, Father Truong Ba Can, historian and essayist, and Father Chan Tin, editor of the now closed down monthly magazine, Doi Dien, have been sentenced to nine months in prison on charges of "dissemination of ideas considered favorable to the Communists." The two were convicted after the magazine published a three-part series by Father Can on the history of the North Vietnamese revolution.

The convictions put President Thieu, a Catholic, into a confrontation with his most stable power base, the Catholics. In the past, Catholic intellectuals have generally had greater latitude for criticism and analysis than other South Vietnamese writers. Significant segments of the Catholic church have come to the defense of the two priests, including those considered staunch anti-communists.

While Father Tin is appealing the decision and calling on peace forces and journalists to oppose the government move, Father Can has decided to spurn his chance for appeal and go to prison.

In a recent interview, Father Tin said the government is "now very embarrassed" by the case. "It is now trying to find some means of keeping Father Can out of jail." Tin feels that the opposition in Catholic circles to the sentences has Thieu worried.

The editor of a Catholic newspaper which is published in the south by North Vietnamese deserters, Xay Dung, has come out with an editorial stating the church "needs a generation of men like Can," and praising his "dissent and idealism." Father Hoang Ouyinh, a leading figure among these deserters has stated that this government move is connected with the coming September presidential election.

As Tin says, "They would like to gag the press, by throwing two journalist-priests in jail. Other journalists will think if they can do that to two Catholic priests, what will they do to me?" The decision to sentence the two priests came on the heels of a government decision to withdraw Thieu's most recent press censorship decree.

The major theme of Doi Dien's articles in the past year, during which time it has been confiscated off the newsstand for eight straight months, have been not only an end to the war, but also opposition to American dominance of South Vietnam. It has appealed for reconciliation between Communist and non-Communist Vietnamese.

The article which sparked the government move against Doi Dien is a three-part series entitled "25 Years of the August Revolution: Building Socialism in North Vietnam." Father Can noted in an interview that the first part, "Ho Chi Minh's government's war to win independence from the French," was not condemned by Thieu. "The French are no longer here," he said. "It is more dangerous to discuss the Americans."

The essay represents the first effort by a South Vietnamese historian to publish an account of the north which does not hide the author's respect for the accomplishments of North Vietnam.

A victory for condors has been achieved. The condor is the nation's largest bird (wingspan up to nine feet) and is very sensitive to any amount of noise. Interior Secretary Rogers Morton has refused to extend an oil drilling permit in the Los Padres National Forest, a principle nesting area of the California Condor. Though there are only about sixty to eighty of the birds left, at least they'll be assured of some peace and quiet.

"SHOOT-IN IN BIRMINGHAM: ALABAMA BLACK LIBERATION FRONT ON TRIAL"

BIRMINGHAM (LNS) — After waiting for six months in a Birmingham jail, two members of the Alabama Black Liberation Front, (ABLF) will stand trial on March 29, charged with assault on police officers with a deadly weapon. If convicted, Wayland Bryant, 42, and Ronald Williams, 23, each face a possible 20 year sentence.

On Sept. 14, twenty sheriff's deputies in full riot gear showed up at a small house in Tarrant City, a suburb of Birmingham. Without warning, they began lobbing tear gas and shooting into the house. Ronald Williams was wounded in the neck when the police — still shooting — kicked the door in. All five people inside were arrested and forced to crawl on their hands and knees out to the sidewalk. Charges against the other three — also ABLF members — were later dropped.

Sheriff Mel Bailey announced to the press that the raid was a successful effort by his department to avert an ambush by the ABLF.

The deputies testified that the occupants of the house had fired on them first. However, only two guns were found in the house — a shotgun and a rifle — and neither had been fired. After a preliminary hearing failed to produce any evidence that shots were fired from the house, the charge was changed from assault with intent to murder to assault on a police officer with a deadly weapon, also a felony.

"It was a shoot-in. It wasn't a shoot-out," one defense attorney noted in disgust after the hearing.

The ABLF was organized here about a year ago. For several months prior to the raid, Sheriff Bailey and other public officials had publically attacked ABLF as a "terrorist" organization and a Black Panther affiliate. Three weeks before the bust, one of Bailey's top deputies made a trip to Philadelphia to confer with police there about Panther groups.

(The Philly police have attacked the local Panther office on several occasions. The last raid conducted just prior to the People's Constitutional Convention Plenary Session was a notable failure: massive public protest forced an apology — under orders from Chief of Police Rizzo — from the deputy who had axed down the Panthers door and made them strip naked on the street.)

The Birmingham police evidently decided their chance had come to crack down on the ABLF when they heard that Williams, Bryant and three other members of ABLF were going to talk with Mrs. Bernice Turner in Tarrant City.

Mrs. Turner is a domestic worker and mother of 15 children, 5 of them still living. In 1960, she bought a three-room house and signed mortgages for \$4100. By 1970, according to her receipts, she had paid a total of \$7983 on the loans. The mortgage company told her she still owed \$1400. After several months of fighting eviction threats, she heard that the ABLF was interested in problems of this kind and asked them to help her.

The police attack came when the five ABLF representatives were discussing Mrs. Turner's situation and the support they could organizer for her. It was her home that the police raided. Fortunately, Mrs. Turner had just stepped out before the police arrived.

Williams and Bryant were thrown into a tiny 6x12 foot cell. For two weeks they were denied a lawyer and were given half rations of food.

For the last six months, other members of ABLF have been harassed by police. Whenever they distribute literature they now expect to be illegally searched or arrested on phony charges. And Mrs. Turner has been evicted from the house she has been paying for for the last ten years.

Send messages of support and contributions for the defense to: ABLF Defense Fund, PO Box 6144, University, Alabama 35486.

FLETCHER SCHOOL OF LAW AND

DIPLOMACY AT TUFTS BOMBED

MEDFORD, Mass. (LNS) — Early Sunday morning, March 21, the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University was firebombed. The offices of two deans were completely destroyed. Damage was estimated at \$75,000. No one was injured.

A handwritten note was found Sunday afternoon claiming responsibility for the bombing. Signed by "The Arson Squad," the note said: "We, an independent group of men, women, and children, bombed Fletcher last night. We did so to express our solidarity with the people of Laos who are fighting against American imperialism led by agents trained in large part at Fletcher." It is not known if the note really was written by those who did the bombing.

The Fletcher School has been the target for attack by Tufts movement groups for the past few years. Recently, the Fletcher School received a \$700,000 contract from the Agency for International Development (AID) to train specialists for work in Southeast Asia. Movement groups circulated petitions demanding that this contract be rejected. Nearly 1,000 Tufts students signed the petition but the contract was still accepted.

Likewise, students earlier had strongly protested a Fletcher program to train top military officers in economics and politics. But the program continued.

Significantly, one of the Deans whose office was destroyed, Edmund Guillion, had vigorously defended the School and its programs against growing student criticism. Arguing for "academic freedom" he claimed the right for Fletcher to train anyone.

Guillion himself is a good example of what the Fletcher School produces through its training. During the final years of French rule in Indochina, Guillion was the U.S. Ambassador to Saigon. Through his office, major American military support was given to the French to fight the Vietnamese revolutionaries. Later, he was appointed Ambassador to the Congo by Kennedy. There he helped to engineer the decline and murder of Patrice Lumumba, a leader of the Congolese revolution.

Like its Dean, the Fletcher School has a long history of serving American interests abroad. Founded in 1933 as a joint effort between Tufts and Harvard, the School has trained a very large number of career diplomats for the U.S. government. Over the years it has done much work for the State Department, the Agency for International Development and the U.S. Information Agency. Currently, over 20% of its 225 students are actually government employees, including many military officers.

DEFEAT

KHESANH, S. Vietnam (LNS) — With Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese guns pounding at their backs, the surviving members of the U.S.-Saigon force that invaded Laos stumbled back across the border into South Vietnam on March 24.

More than half of the 22,000 men — many of them considered "crack troops" by the Saigon government — were wounded, killed or missing in what is now regarded by the U.S. military command as the heaviest battle of the Indochina War.

The much-touted invasion (that President Nixon has promised will shorten the war in Southeast Asia) turned into a complete rout of the U.S.-Saigon troops. After three weeks of fighting to gain twenty-four miles of territory around the Tchepone supply center on the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the South Vietnamese troops were forced to abandon every base they set up on their "triumphant" march into Laos. Soldier after returning South Vietnamese soldier spoke bitterly of the uselessness of their campaign; many said they would rather surrender than continue the fighting.

American soldiers who accompanied the South Vietnamese invading force were no more enthusiastic. "We got chased out of there," said one GI, describing the rout from a South Vietnamese firebase inside Laos.

"Chased" is hardly the word. One American correspondent described the trip of a single convoy along the road out of Laos. "When the column had advanced two miles from Base Style (a firebase inside Laos), the lead tank hit a mine, which tore the feet off two soldiers riding above the track. Their crewmates carried them to the next troop carrier and the column rushed by the crippled tank as enemy spotters on the surrounding hills directed in mortar fire.

"The Americans passed more wrecked trucks and tanks. Then, at a small rise within sight of the Laotian border, they saw the first vehicle of a returning tank column that had been trying to fight its way out of Laos since last Saturday (a week before.)"

American casualties during the campaign — mostly helicopter pilots and ground support troops around the border area — were higher than they had been in a year.

Nevertheless, Pentagon sources have been quoted as feeling "deeply disappointed" that the Saigon force pulled out so soon.

No one knows exactly why the U.S. command was so eager to embark on an obviously doomed campaign in Laos. Clearly they regard the South Vietnamese troops as

eminently expendable (hundreds, perhaps thousands of those troops were killed or injured by U.S. artillery and bombs); and perhaps they really expected to squat on the Ho Chi Minh Trail with impunity.

Even now, with the invasion a bad memory, American officials still claim that they "disrupted" the operation of the Trail. But the "Ho Chi Minh Trail" is actually a complicated network of many supply routes, and whatever supplies were held up during the fighting around Tchepone will doubtless make it through to the guerrillas in South Vietnam via another branch of the Trail.

While U.S. generals and the puppet leaders back in Saigon toyed with other ideas — invading North Vietnam, resuming all-out bombing of the North, perhaps the massive use of American troops inside Laos — the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese launched their deadly counter-offensive.

With each day, the invasion force was rolled back a few more miles. Hundreds of American helicopters were forced to fly through heavy flak to rescue stranded troops; as many as fifteen a day never made it back. Of the 200 tanks and support vehicles the South Vietnamese brought with them into Laos, only 85 came back.

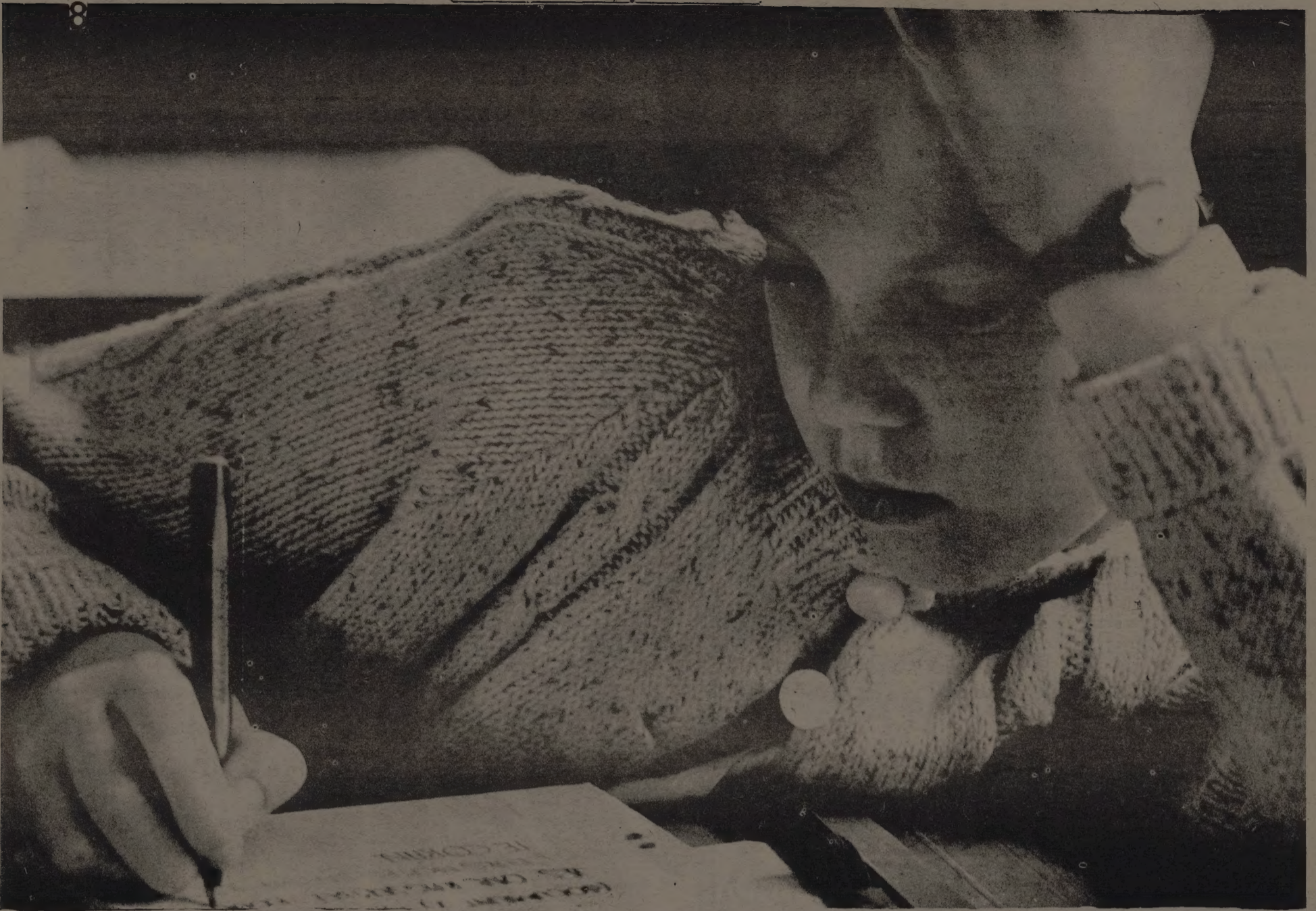
The U.S. also sent in tanks to cover the retreat. But the resistance was so heavy that one tank commander remarked angrily, "This is the last time I'm going down this bad son of a bitch!" (referring to the road along which the troops escaped).

At least two U.S. companies also refused to carry out orders that would have placed them squarely in the line of Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese fire. But morale is so low among the GIs around Khesanh that their commander has yet to reprimand them for the refusal.

North Vietnamese guns continue to pummel the grey-green, scrubby base at Khesanh, which (as of March 17) American military sources said would remain a "permanent" installation. But on March 24, the day that the last of the invading force quit Laos, preparations were underway to dismantle the Khesanh base.

In a Washington conference, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, with a perfectly straight face, attributed the major defeat to the "tremendously violent and vicious reaction on the part of the North Vietnamese."

His assistant, Jerry Friedheim remarked that "Obviously the enemy's reaction have some influence on the course of a battle," and said he knew of "no imminent plans" for any new invasions of Pathet-Lao controlled territory in the near future.



Manson Innocent

Dear EVO - I have been locked up now for some two months with the promise of help coming from a few people, voluntarily. Until that point my mind had blocked out the hope that was instilled in it by said promise. Yet in spite of said promise, I have persisted in trying to obtain my release. I have pleaded for help through my pen. What is the accomplishment in my behalf, by those who volunteered their help? Is it correct that I am left uninformed?

I have no political, religious or organizational ties, and am only a member of the human race. All of my roots are right here in New York city, I have been so unfortunate as not to have ventured outside the state, but once (a trip to Wash. D.C. with a church group, at age 11, in 1957.) All of my family reside right in the ghetto of this supposedly illustrious, but depraved city. I have never violated a bail or parole, and have never been a wanted man.

When am I, who am detained on a \$30,000 bail by my accusers for my alleged participation in a move for revolution (October 2-5, 1970 uprising in the Tombs Concentration Camp), and potential revolutionaries supposed to think of those who plead in the name of revolution, freedom, justice and equality and the revolution itself? Now I will rest my pen But never my heart Never my mind Never my hope And never my effort Down to the last ounce To achieve another inch Of progress, termed revolution For myself and the depressed people of the world.

Yours truly, Franklin Myers

Dear EVO

Please Help Us!

As teachers in the public schools in Kansas City, my wife and I observed the tremendous lack of creativity, spontaneity, and imagination in ourselves and others. We have come to the conclusion that there are many teachers aware of the faults and shortcomings of their schools and classrooms, but are often isolated from others bent on the need for change, experimentation, and innovation.

A group of us see a partial solution. We would like to compile your ideas, methods, techniques, simulation games, and innovations into a non-profit book designed to liberate learners in and out of the public school systems.

We play to write as many newsletters, magazines, and people that we can think of. We hope to gather a virtual flood of ideas from learning communities in the U.S., Canada, and Mexico by fall.

We also plan to load our slow but sure VW bus with files and visit as many people and schools that will open their doors to us during the summer months. If you plan to be home this summer, or if you know of individuals that wouldn't mind us dropping in to learn from them, send us some names, addresses, and phone numbers.

Anyone who contributes to the book will receive a free copy. We only want to put together a book jammed full of your creativity that is making a education a real life giving force.

Send any ideas, photographs, or sketches to:
Robin and Fran Fate
616 E. 36th Street
Kansas City, Missouri
64109
Much Peace,
Robin & Fran Fate

Dear EVO - Charlie Manson speaks the truth, and I only wish I could read more articles by him. I attended the trial during the days of testimony by the three women defendants. There is no question in my mind that Manson had no part in the murders, or even instigated them. Each woman as she testified was lucid, forthright claiming the murders would not have occurred had not Robert Beausoleil been arrested and falsely accused of murder which he had no part in. The motive for the Tate-La Bianca murders, the women claimed, was solely love of brother, and that they would do anything to get a brother out of jail. In other words, they committed a copycat killing so that the authorities would see they had the wrong man (Beausoleil) in custody and that the killers were still at large.

Never has one shred of evidence been provided that Charles Manson had any part in the murders, yet the media has continued to peddle him for a public-seeking vicarious thrill. He has provided society a scapegoat on which to heap all its evils. I can see where the women would strike out at members of such a system which can at will incarcerate and send to penitentiaries and gas chambers hundreds of innocent men a day. When does it stop? Who will have the strength to stop it before the system murders us all? Has there ever been a revolution without bloodshed? What about the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution.

I see that now is the time to stand up for our brothers and sisters and do whatever needs to be done to free them from these concrete tombs.

I see Charles Manson not only as Man-son, but my brother Robert Morse Ed: What ABOUT the Reign of Terror?

Dear EVO - In December, in response to an advertisement in EVO, I wrote to the Johnson Publishing Company for a Booklet on Freemasonry. I have not heard from them. I am not sure how much responsibility you feel for the reputation of your advertisers. In any case, I will let you know of this and hope that, at least, you will forward this note to the company (whose address I do not now have.) Thank you for doing this. Sincerely Max Dixon
Boone, N.C.

Ed: Funny you should mention that Freemasonry business... The advertisement for that book, "Freemasonry Exposed", was ripped by us out of the Johnson Smith Catalog for 1922, under the impression that the Johnson Smith Company itself was defunct. Now we hear differently, being that a fellow brought up to our office the other day a gun, saying that he had also responded to that ad, and been screwed. He'd sent for the book, he explained as we covered under the desk, and had received a notice asking for more money, because the price of the volume had gone up somewhat in the last 49 years; and he had dutifully sent in the extra bread, and they had sent him back the gun he was waving, which was made of plastic and shot little plastic pellets at a velocity just short of skin-breaking intensity. He left us the gun. So do not despair, Mr Dixon - you may eventually receive a .38 Colt Automatic. Or a Little Demon Loud Cigar. Or a Miniature Cow-Bell Noisemaker. Or the Famous Bathing Girl Art Knife Outfit. Or the Magician's Box of Tricks. Or even The Awful Disclosures Of Maria Monk.

Dear EVO. This is a tale of a radio-controlled rat and a conspiracy to blow the ass of J. Edgar Hoover. Every element is tested, real, and state of the art. It will work, and thus there will be several highly efficient and well trained F.B.I. agents consigned to the sewers of Washington to protect the ass of their old Chief.

Rats are smart. Rats are tough. Rats can go everywhere. Nowhere can entrance be denied to a determined rat. Rats can eat through walls. Rats can pull nails with their teeth and enlarge a nail hole to crawl through. Rats can crawl up the soil stack of an apartment house sewage system and sneak into your toilet and bite you on the balls, baby. And, most important, for this caper, rats can be trained.

To train a rat you need a harness with a battery, capacitor shock device to punish error, and (connected to electrodes implanted in the pleasure center of the rat brain) to reward desired behavior. Any good college Psych Lab can provide the wired rat. Any good Ham radioman can provide the harness and BC shock unit. A hearing aid battery provides the power. This rat will do just what is desired, no more, no less.

To train this special rat to crawl into J. Edgar's Executive toilet, you will want a mock-up of the soilstacks leading to his crapper on which you will train the rat, first to find the right potty, and then for speed. The rat will get an amp or two of pure rat ecstasy every time he gets to the right john on time. It will take less than a week to get the rat to work out like the Wonder Horse Trigger.

For the last trip, the super rat will carry an electric dynamite cap wired to go off when a radio signal is received. The iron pipe of the soil stack will shield the cap from the kilowatt firing signal and the cap will go off in

the bowl of the crapper just as J.E. Himself is straining to get a turd out of his bowels. He is a man of regular habits and shits on schedule every day. In the artillery it was called T-O-T, time on target.

Never again will that old faggot be able to take a shit in peace without wondering if a dynamite rat is streaking for his asshole to shower his flabby buns with shards of porcelain. The cap will go off under water and the water will carry the full shock and shatter the toilet. Broken toilet china is about twice as sharp as broken milk bottle glass. It will slash the old mother fucker to bits.

He had the temerity to put a nun in jail. He will be wise to keep his asshole puckered for the rest of his life. The people have spoken.

Anonymous

Ed: But what would the A.S.P.C.A. say about snuffing that poor rat?

FBI and Commies Unite

To Wreck Movement

Dear EVO - There is a rumor that Women's Lib was started to disrupt the Peace Movement by agents from the intelligence section of the Women's Army Corps. It seems the Government Caucus of the Communist Party (the most powerful and active group in the CP with 1500 members), got the Word from J. Edgar Hoover, and Women's Lib was formed with a gang of bad-ass bull dykes personally loyal to General Heusington. The scheme worked. Lack-o-nooky and Bad Mouth spread throughout the Movement. The Feds used Lysistrata against the Anti-War Movement and won. Remember when there were a million Americans in the street over the war in Vietnam? Women's Lib has sapped the energy of the movement and reduced the Peace Forces to a bedroom fight.

I've had a little Women's Lib Cooking and a little Women's Lib Fucking and, like the Harvard School of Business, they are highly overrated.

Lovable Ol' Doc Stanley
San Francisco

Ed: You're a braver man than anybody HERE. You'll never get US on top of one of THOSE things!

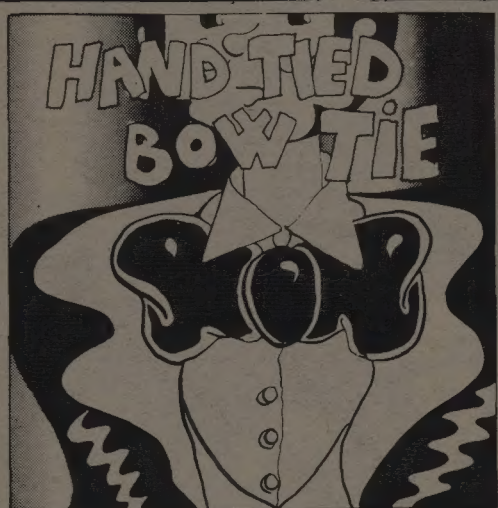
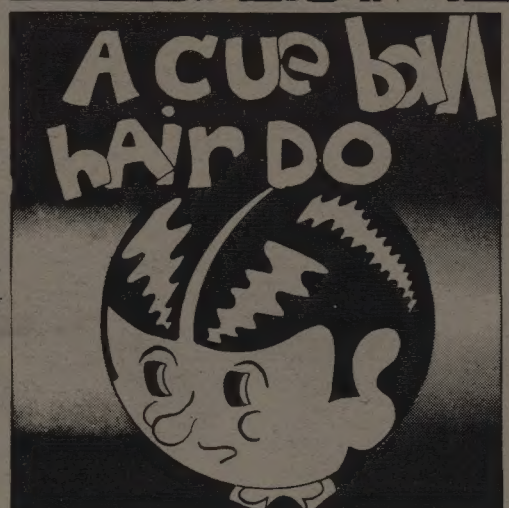
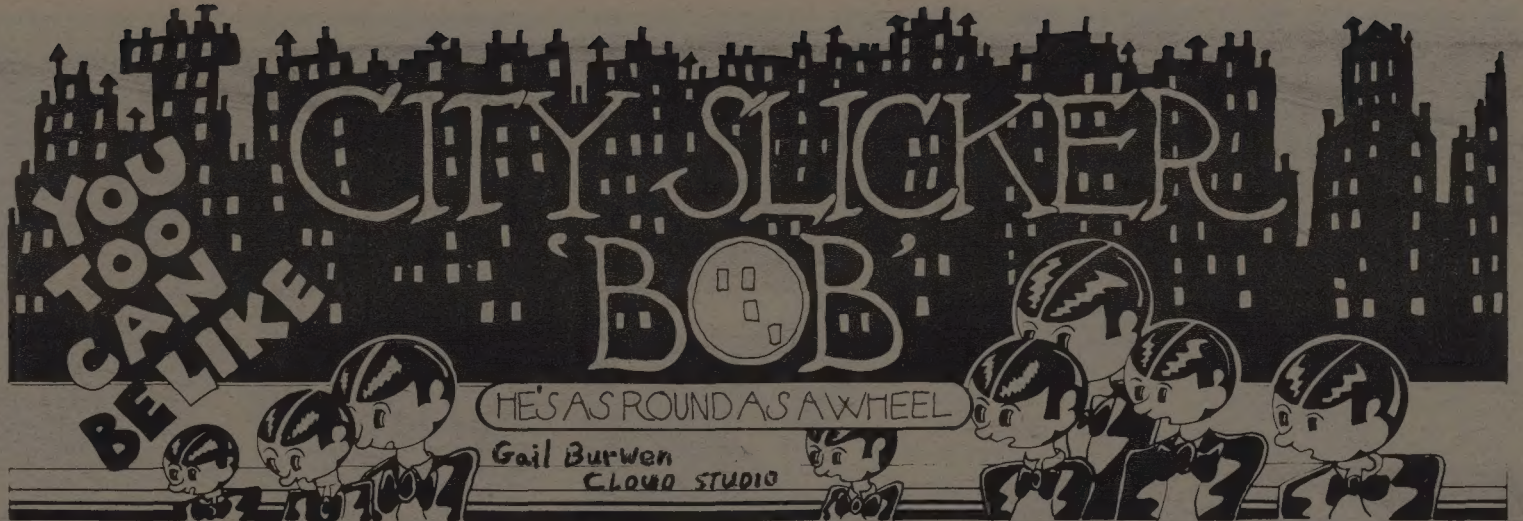
Dear EVO - EVO IS AS MUCH A BOMB AS ANY DROPPED! You've finally blown the gut that leaks the gall that fucks us all - oh, editorial of love & brotherhood! Ah, sweet dreams of earths flowering.

Next, pages of hideous scrotom scratchings - cartoons to bring us down from our delightful contemplations of SST breaking up the atmosphere, stratosphere, inner ear! Thousands dying in Indochina (you show that sewn vagina - what can be worse than truth?)

Sadists shooting women, women eaten alive by cockroaches (where were you, dear furry freaks & Freddy's good cat??)

Water of filth and air of poison - just another contemplation yet, but more like outrageous food in supermarkets 25 untested chemicals added to each item, injected, waxed, sprayed eggs from imprisoned, de-beaked, amphetamined hens - you are what you eat - shit.

Shall this list of realities go on?

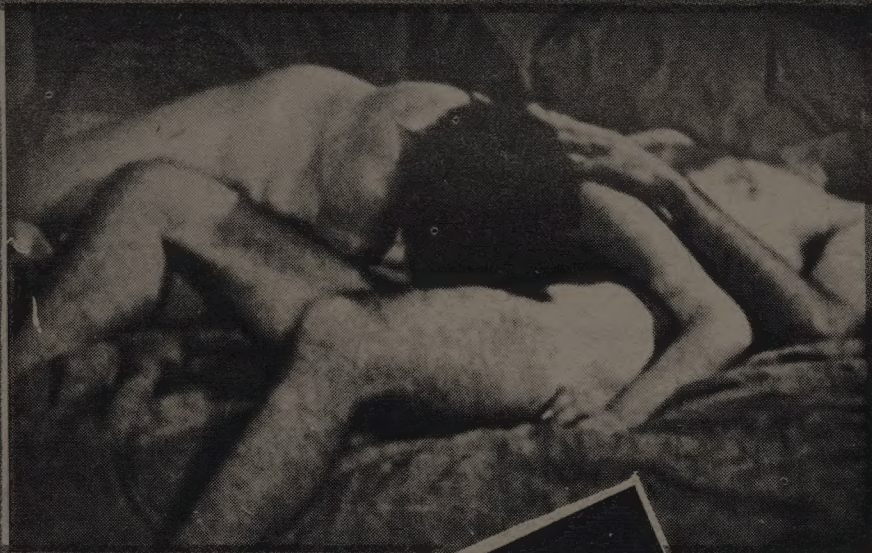
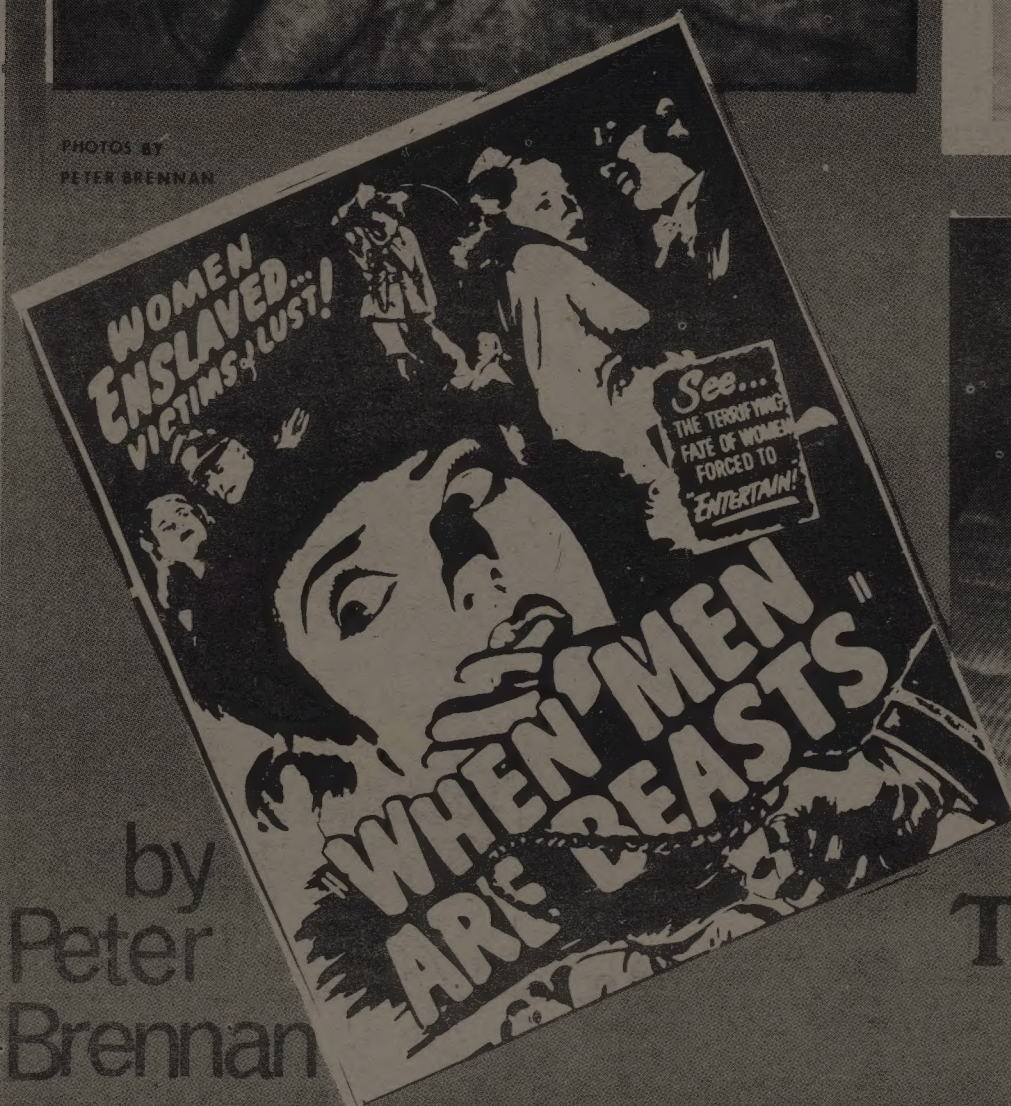
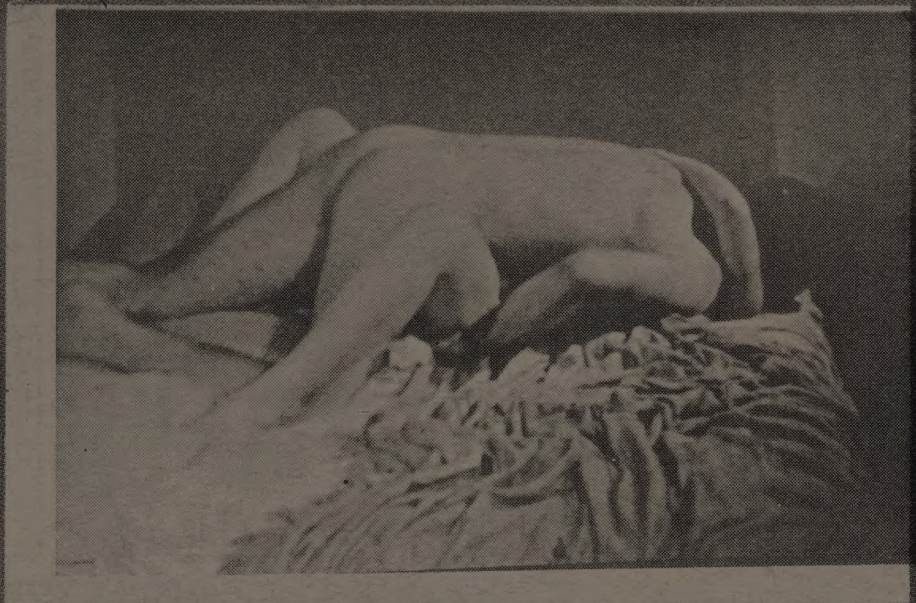


Must you add your slimy cartoonist crew? No, think of *The People*, right on & live the Revolution - print the ways, clear the air, open the doors, illumination, inspiration, hope, brotherhood, fun, trips, straight news, love for the people. We need it, EVO, don't bring us down needlessly - we got to be strong now! Don't pull the rug out as we slowly rise - get brave and step on out of your own particular shit.

Love
Barbara Pina (wiped out)

Ed: Gee, we're sorry, but the thing is, the *Furry Freak Brothers* and *Fat Freddy's Cat* is published every week in the *L.A. FREE PRESS*, and sometimes the *FREEP* doesn't get here, thanks probably to the *Post Office*, and on that particular week we didn't have any but old *Freak* strips around, so we had to leave *Shelton* out of that issue. This week maybe we'll have one, because the *FREEP* came in on time.

IRISH BENEFIT CONCERT
PETE SEEGER/MARY TRAVERS
REV. F. D. KIRKPATRICK/CLANCY BROS.
SIOBHAN McKENNA/JOE HEANEY
DOMINIC BEHAN/JESSE OWENS with
ARNOLD ELDER & JAMES KEANE
& BRIAN HERON - National Coordinator
National Assoc. for Irish Freedom
Benefit for Irish Political Prisoners Dependents
CARNEGIE HALL
EASTER MONDAY APRIL 12, 7:30
Tickets now at box office 247-7459
Prices: \$6.00, 5.50, 4.50, 3.50
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR
IRISH FREEDOM 254-1757

PHOTOS BY
PETER BRENNAN

by
Peter
Brennan

The Return Of OLGA'S GIRLS

sex is a big, and rather lucrative business in New York. Especially around Times Square. The hookers are just one segment of an industry which includes bookstores, model studios, movie theatres, burlesque houses, and live sex shows. Early last fall hard-core movies, low-budget unedited films of suntanned hippie couples fucking and sucking, arrived here from the Coast and the porno theatres started doing a booming business. About the same time, "models" began dispensing hand and head to their clients for an appropriate tip, and these model studios became so popular dozens of them sprouted up all over town. Strippers threw off their g-strings and spread their rosy lips. Live (but simulated) sex shows began catering to fetishists to meet the competition. In short hard-core pornography — the kind your granddaddy could never get to see — was readily available all over New York, and granddaddies by the thousands were laying down their social security checks to watch the stuff. Business was good everywhere, and the host of new bookstores, theatres, and clubs testified to the industry's prosperity.

But on March 8, the Supreme Court, by a split decision, upheld the Maryland State ruling that the film I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW) was obscene, and rumors of a crackdown spread through Times Square. (CURIOUS, by the way, is so innocent compared to its successors, that if it played in New York today, police would probably be the only persons in the theatre.) Since the hard-core movies were the most obvious target, theatre owners held an urgent late night meeting on March 9 (in much the same way that the Chamber of Commerce meets in other

towns), and decided to keep showing their "hot" films despite the police. But when the raids started coming down two days later (spearheaded by the televised bust of the Avon 42nd Street), panic broke out, and most theatres pulled their hard-core and threw anything they could find on the projector. Films we haven't seen for years, like OLGAS GIRLS, came to life again on the screen. And in the burlesque houses, strippers suddenly became modest. As they say in the trade, everything went "cool". But the patrons, accustomed to more stimulating fare, grumbled angrily and demanded their money back. So, following the law of supply and demand, the "hot" stuff was put back on, and sure enough, the theatres got busted. There have been more than a dozen raids, and as of this writing, the busts are still continuing.

When the men from the morals squad pull a raid they don't take the theatre owner; they take the manager, the projectionist, and the cashier. Court rulings prevent them from confiscating the film without a prior adversary hearing so they try to close theatres down by harrasing the employees. To make it more difficult, most busts come at eight or nine in the evening, when it's too late for the theatre employees to be arraigned in night court, so they have to be held overnight. The men get shipped off to the Tombs, the women to the Women's House of Detention.

One porno movie chain tried to counter these tactics by having a standby projectionist waiting in the wings to take over as soon as the first string got hauled off. Another theatre owner saw the police coming cleared the audience out, and greeted the cops with an empty theatre

and a blank screen. The cops proved a little too persistent, though, and he was busted the next week.

When it comes to petty harassment, the police are far more inventive than the porno traffickers. The fact that tv cameras were on hand for the initial bust is no accident. (The DA's office has even accused the police of leaking the information). Nor is it accidental that the evening news ran a long sequence showing patrons filing out of the porno theatre, trying to hide their faces from the cameras. And if you don't think the prospect of having his wife and kids see him on the six o'clock news will discourage the average salesman from idling away a few afternoon hours in the porno house — well, you just don't know the average salesman. The police have brought heavy pressure on the projectionists' union as well to keep the men from working in porno theatres. If this weren't enough, in the process of one late night bust, the cops even arrested the projectionist's wife who had come to pick him up after work, and she was shipped off to the Women's House of Detention.

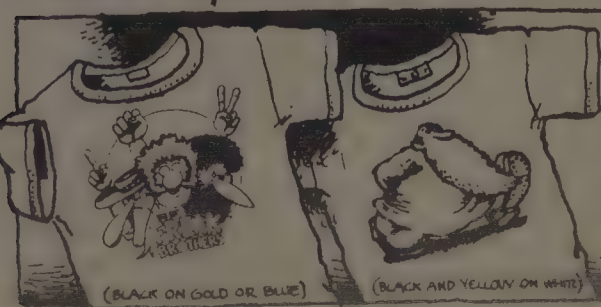
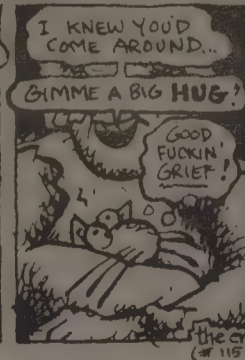
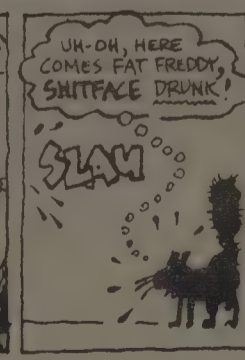
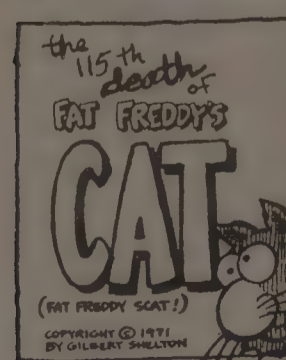
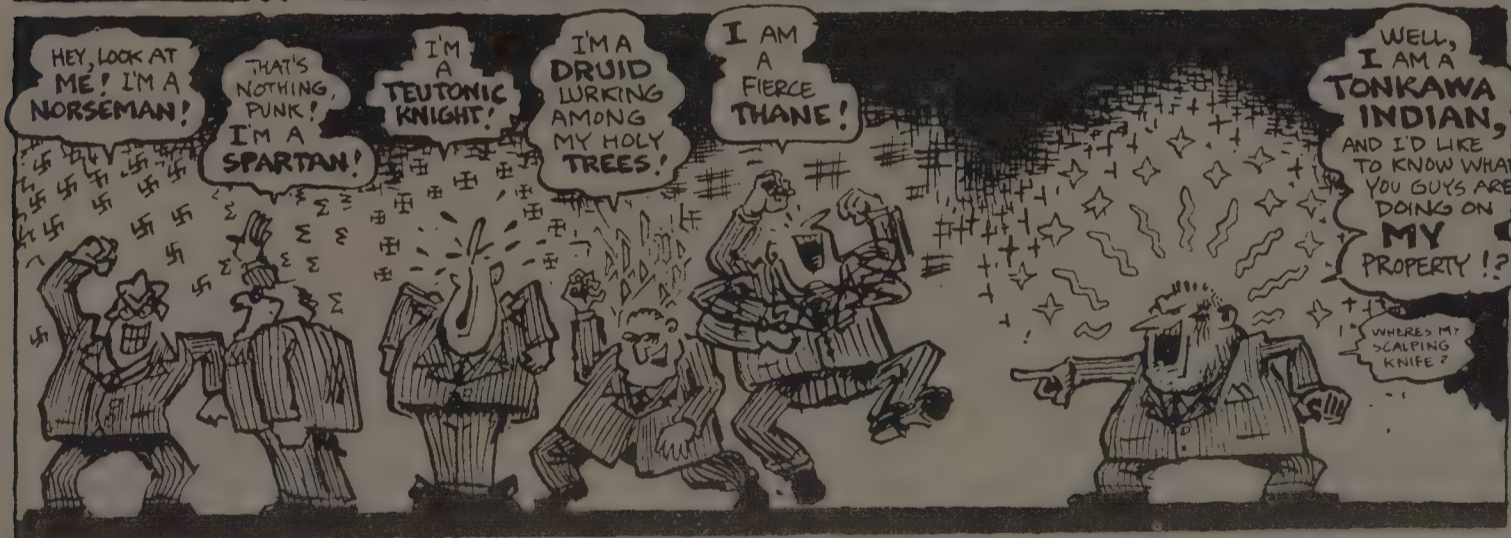
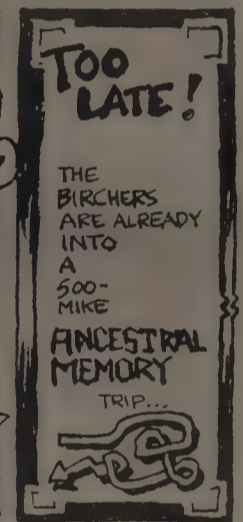
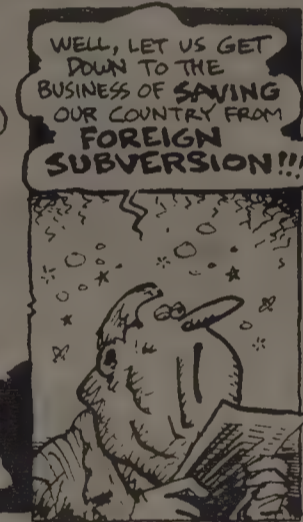
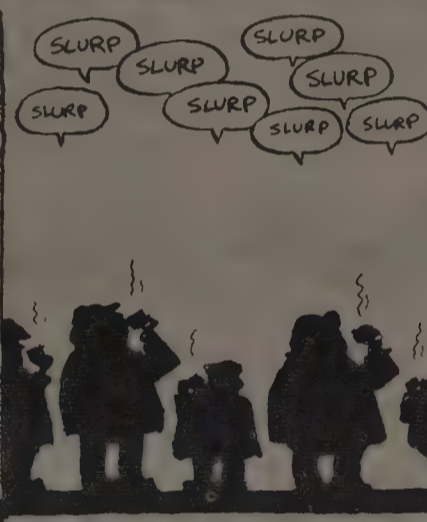
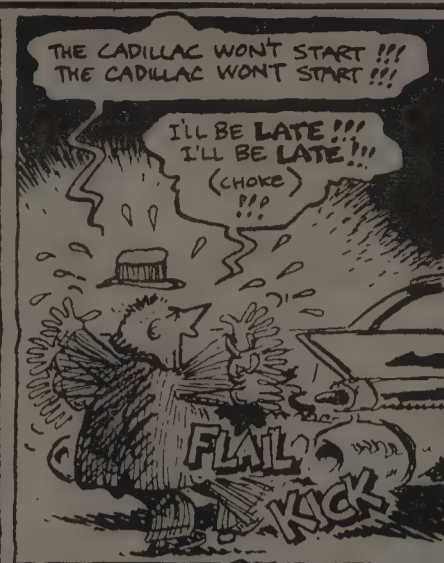
While the theatres have been having their troubles, bookstores, model studios, and live sex shows have been getting their share of the hassle. Dozens of these small businesses have been busted, and the constant presence of detectives keeps the others intimidated.

All this has thrown the porno industry in New York into more than a little confusion — and scared away a good deal of its business. And that, I suspect, more than any claim to protect the public's morals, is the essential motive for the crackdown. Reports have come from many sources, including the respectable

pages of VARIETY, that the major film distributors and the non-sex theatre owners — who have been suffering badly from the Recession, while the porno trade boomed — brought the pressure on City Hall to put the porno industry out of business. That, after all, is no great innovation for capitalism. If you can beat the competition, that's good. But if you can make the competition disappear, that's even better.

The current crusade to save the public from the overwhelming horrors of smut is not just local — it's nationwide. Following the CURIOUS decision, busts came down in San Francisco and a host of smaller cities like Tucson and Atlanta. The worst crackdown of all, however, is taking place in Los Angeles (where unemployment among some Hollywood studio unions is as high as 85%). Local police have moved against actors, producers, distributors, and even processing labs — making wholesale busts on the charge of "soliciting women to perform oral copulation and sodomy." Filmmaker Bill Osco, who produced MONA, HOLLYWOOD BLUE, and HARLOT, was busted on a shoot with his entire crew. And as if the message weren't clear enough, federal agents have been roaming through porno theatres requiring patrons to prove their U.S. citizenship.

None of this, of course, is going to help the young filmmakers who suddenly became self-supporting through porn, nor the hippie couples who pick up extra bread as models, nor the working members of the projectionists union. The porno industry is not just the object of local police repression, it seems to be the latest victim of Nixon's policy of planned unemployment.



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... Post-war generations of young Germans. Nazi Germany isn't too far away. It still informs their current fight against other sorts of facism. Ireland was this country's first and most brutal imperial conquest - thousands slaughtered by Cromwell at Wexford and Drogheda, over 40,000 killed by William at the Battle of the Boyne (still 'celebrated' by the Orange Order), over 90% of the land taken from the people (except the hereditary lords), the wholesale destruction of Irish culture, millions starved to death during the Potato Famine, aptly described by AJP Taylor as 'England's Reben'.

By the time of the Famine, increasing population and agitation had turned this permanent and profitable conquest into - 'The Irish Question' - the subject for successive Home Rule Bills, and the fall of almost every British Government in the second half of the 19th Century. 1914 saved England from a second civil war and a probable army coup aimed at preventing any form of real Irish independence. And when it came, independence excluded the most heavily populated Protestant and Royalist areas.

The Irish Question has always been the thorn in the side of British politics and has brought to the surface the essential violence of the British Political System, and it is this violence that represses and controls the majority of people in the British Isles.

For so long Britain has projected the fantastical myth and illusion of its being some kind of democratic haven from the rest of the world. At this very moment this country is involved in an act of aggression against the Irish people. And it involves all of us. There is a war situation in Ireland, very similar to the early stages of American involvement in Vietnam and other struggles. The pattern is the same, in fact it's classic. If a full scale war of liberation broke out in Ireland, the question of conscription may well be re-introduced into British Politics. There has already been talk of it. Would you be prepared to fight against the Irish people in their struggle against foreign domination?

The interview that we print here is with a member of a small, non-sectarian organisation that is a constituent part of the Belfast Liberation Front in Free Belfast, the liberated.

EXCLUSIVE 'THE LAST WET FART OF BRITISH IMPERIALISM' INTERVIEW WITH A BELFAST STREET FIGHTING MAN

The person interviewed here was arrested the other night in Belfast and charged with conspiracy to commit arson and arson. Arrested along with him were several others, mostly underground press people from The Friends newspaper in London, and people from Germany and France. Scotland Yard has linked Abbie Hoffman to the group. Now called the 'Belfast' it has been charged that the international group met over the past weekend and carried out of firebombings. Abbie was ordered out of Belfast at the insistence of the U.S. government, under penalty of bail forfeiture (Chicago Conspiracy trial) and indeed has been ordered to show cause why his bail should not be revoked. Under the circumstances, Abbie is a bit reluctant to say much about what happened but the N.Y. Post March 29 (Monday) ran a story by a Belfast correspondent, headlined 'Abbie has Secret Meeting in Belfast'.

four days with leaders of the illegal I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army) and was hustled from place to place under a variety of disguises. On the last day he appeared in the battle zone known as Falls Road in an I.R.A. beret and combat jacket (an automatic 6 months sentence) and had to be restrained by a group of people when he tried to punch a British soldier who had hit a small child with his rifle. Before boarding the airplane for New York Hoffman told reporters that, "It was clear that Vietnam wasn't the only atrocity in the world." He added, "The press has really exaggerated the religious differences and it's clear to anyone who goes to Belfast that everybody wants the British out of Ireland. There will be no peace until the soldiers get the fuck out. If they aren't out by Easter, they're all gonna be crucified."

SAOR EIRE!!!! (the unifying slogan means FREE IRELAND! in Gaelic)

FROM FRIENDS
March 8 1971

We're involved in a situation where everybody knows everybody else. It's fucking tribal telepathic. Everybody plugs into anybody's hurt. You don't have to be articulate man. Words are only shit. Words are only mystification. All you got to do is to get out with a fucking bomb. There's nothing else you can do man but fucking clear the joint. You know, slum clearance.

In '68, right, this is before the B specials come in in their armoured cars to 'protect' us, ok? There's one mill in the Lower Falls Road right. Labour-intensive industry-flax. Now the the B specials got up on the top there and started just sniping straight down in. What would the people do. They weren't armed. No barricades. The nearest thing they had was a petrol bomb ok. So what they did was say, "That building's got to go." That's 10,000 people employed in that fucking building. All Catholics. The building had to go because the people's lives were threatened. So they burned the building down with the six courts right on top of it. Still haven't dug them out. They're still lying there in the rubble as a fucking monument to the fascist bastards that control the place. The first compensation was made to the people who owned the factory. A special government decree and they got three and a half million quid right away.

Keepers of the Grail
What about the structure of the movement, the street movement? What movement are you a member of?
Well, nobody's a member. You don't go and you don't sign here. Every Irishman considers himself a keeper of the Holy Grail. And so they all see this revolution through a romantic haze. They go out there and they live it, but some where somebody along the line has to figure out where it's at. What's those words? Hate all that bourgeois trash they use in the pop culture over here. I fucking detest it.

The point is the structure. We had to build up ties with people who weren't even half aware of what was going on outside the our double-track malady of the Republican movement and outside the normal political structures. They cannot exist without the fascist regime that is us at the moment. They need each other and anything outside that - you're not playing the game man. Anything! So we decided to call our own shots and set our own stage. This comes out of a group of us who were totally and utterly disenchanting with fucking politicians with political structures, including Eamon McCann and Bernadette Devlin's People's Democracy, and the various groups of provisionals in the I.R.A. are sure divided in themselves with big fucking personality hang-ups like, "I don't like the way you cut your toe-nails and blah blah." So therefore we said the only people who can come and work with us are those that are totally committed. Now committed in what way? In terms of ideological background? No! But committed in terms of our own personal life-style. We'd all arrived at a terminal and it would've been a crime against ourselves and against our people if we didn't take the opportunity to make a radical change and so we got together. The whole group was originally associated with New Ireland Society and Radio Free Belfast.

The New Ireland Society was a group of existential philosophers following the philosophy of Sartre, who believed that the only life-style was revolution. Words, language, and anything else was fucking

stential society in terms of the Situationists.

They realised when they took over the Strasbourg University - to speak in a frame of reference with you - that they took it over. They created a situation that was totally and utterly open-handed. We originally called ourselves the Belfast Liberation Front but now we call ourselves Free Belfast. This is the whole area of Belfast totally free.

Free Belfast is about 6-7 sq miles - the densely populated Lower Falls Road area and surrounding districts of Ballymurphy, Andersonstown, New Lodge Road and its isolated duchy of dockland, Seaforth Street. 85,000 people are contained in these districts - large families with 47% unemployment. Slums that are hangovers from the Dickensian nightmare; then right at the bottom is the whole of the shopping area. As you know there was a bomb campaign carried out on the stock exchange and all the major British stores all went up one weekend.

The Unholy Trinity

Pigs, Priests and Politicians, that unholy trinity, are totally barred. We refuse to negotiate on any terms at all with them.

We're only interested in interacting with the people. And we only interact with the people when the people are ready to be interacted with. In other words it's a sort of duality, a delicate balance between their needs and our needs and then we sort of fold into them when the trouble starts in the streets. Altogether now in our group there are 100 people to be called on. There's about nine in jail at the moment - some doing six months, some doing more. There are several people in jail in the South and about twenty of them are on the well-wanted list.

Andersonstown, which is a great focal point, will be a major struggle in terms of the event of civil war breaking out because they can cut around the back of the mountain and come in that way. And that would be Andersonstown - that's where all my family lives - and then there's Seaforth Street right in the New Lodge Road which is right on the main hip of the whole shipyard where the Protestant workers are. They didn't come into the struggle when it broke out. They managed to keep them out of it but if they were to come in that they would have annihilated us. You're really up against it. All delicate balances all over the place. The sort of tight-rope. We're not quite sure what's gonna happen, really.

A Liberated Zone

Free Belfast is a liberated zone, but with all the mad fucking manifestations of the Irish state of mind. There's about four groups in it. It's like skeletons dragged out of the bog and we're all watching it go through this mad dance down the Belfast streets.

We've been gearing up so much we can't only go out. It's reached a level now which is going to degenerate into civil war. We are not allowed to carry arms. If we're caught with a gun we get five years in jail. If a Protestant gets caught with a gun he gets six months.

We tried to form a Lower Falls Road Mail Bore and Pistol Club, made application to do it. Wouldn't let us do it, so we had this minority totally and utterly surrounded by a fucking fascist sort of mob who've got everything going for them in terms of bread and jobs. So you've got this little group opposing them. They detest them but the British Army are supposedly between the two. Neo-fascist government's come in here, went the other way, and they're slowly encroaching on the situation.

The people are reacting. The fifth of a person. They're going like that. Finished. And they know it's a rage. They know their back's up against the wall mother-fucker. Their backs is the thing in reverse and they have to fight. They don't know how to do it. They can't rationalise, intellectualise, they're in a rage. Sometimes this is good. Sometimes it works, but it's got to point out directions and ways to organise them. Going around to see them, medical things, bringing the trucks in, having discussions, open-ended discussions.

The equivalent to Street Aid over here - we've got. We've got our own community in Donegal. All the people injured or clubbed go in the Royal Victoria Hospital. They're immediately arrested and slung into prison if they're from this area. But we go down and take them out and up to Donegal or Derry or anywhere else where we've got these sort of free hospital situations, medical students from Dublin and

so they can work the whole way down the line.

Friends: Rather than starting at the

Of course, man. It's not organised. Believe me it's not. So what happens just happens. A sort of tribal situation. We try to figure out complicated communication systems that plug into the radio but this is all shit because what happened was we used custom lids which are used as a warning system by banging them when troops are coming into the area. See, men got to go down and sign in on the dole or are at a meeting somewhere and the army knows when to come in. They've got helicopters, snipers, and the whole fucking business with infra-red lights and telescopic lenses.

The rubber bullets, that's really fucking bad man. They're about six inches long and you're supposed to bounce them off the ground because if they fucking hit you directly they'll emasculate you, or hit you in the face and take out an eye. Supp-

er - a bruise.

They're not supposed to be used on

waiting to see it, but those rubber bullets are definitely bad news. You see what happens in the situation is that there's women, kids, everybody. It's not just a load of hoods in the street, young kids, muscular, out getting their tribal imitations. You see, everybody comes out. The whole street. All the high places are covered by the army. The only thing we have going for us is completely intimate knowledge of the environment that we live in. Everywhere. Every street, every house. The whole area. So you've got about a hundred thousand people all with you.

You develop this thing about in the face of tragedy. Sometimes you smile and say "Yes, I know," and sometimes... Belfast is like a stunted pigmy wandering in the mist, searching for an awakening.

Slums

How does this area that you talk about traditionally form socially and economically with the surrounding area?

The worst slums in the East End of London and the North don't compare with Belfast. There hasn't been a major building programme in Belfast for about 20 years ago.

You know what violence means to me? When I come along to you and take a gun out and put it to a cunt's head, and I say, "Listen man, if you're threatening me we're doing you fucking dead. To me it would mean nothing just to pull the trigger and get rid of him, and that, no-

thing. Sentencing, beat the party
and pulling the piss for pro-
ponents by the press and establish-
ment. And the ones for violence must
be very, be very, on the part of the people
use they have the means
of violence available to them.

Jesus Joyce

You know, we're the only race on this earth that never persecuted the Jews. And you know who my god is? James Joyce. We call him Jesus Joyce. Do you know who he used in his Bloomsday? Leopold Bloom, so he understood the modern. Ulysses was used in the terms of struggle. You know how you're paranoid about things, and people coming in on you and you fucking examine the pie and you're fucking right, they are coming in on you.

British Imperialism is trying to shut over the Irish and the Irish are striking the big dick of their historical neuroses right up their asshole and they're screaming. Every parade one million pounds, every parade half a million pounds. It's going to cost £184,000,000 for the great British economy just to keep peace. When civil war breaks out there's only 6,500 troops. Just to contain the Lower Falls Road is going to take 20,000 troops. They haven't got them. We'll fucking bleed the bastards, we'll bring them to their knees and they're going to have to reach some fucking form of settlement and give people their basic rights. This all sounds like political rhetoric, but it's a fact. Political thought is fantasy masturbation.

Defending the Streets

Friends: What's the streets
combustion in Free Belfast?

They police it and they defend it. Their main influences come from the people around them who speak to them, get them together, rap with them, show them examples, not just talk to them and try to win them over. That's the way I should be done. You can't say this comes from Che, and this is the way to dig a man, and this was the way it was done in Chicago. That guy Rubin, who's that? You don't go that way about it. You say maybe it could work this way...

A Belfast Street Story

This guy has two donkeys, one donkey would conform, nice, and the other donkey wouldn't do fuck all. Rebelled against everything. The guy got worried,

in Ireland, right, and the guy says, "Listen man, I've spent a lot of bread, can you cure it and educate it." He says "Of course I can." So he picks up a big hammer and he hit it right between the eyes and the guy said "I asked you to fucking cure it, not kill it. So the trainer says, "Before I can fucking cure it, I've got to get its attention first." There you go.

You see this is the point. Fundamentally, by nature, I'm a pacifist. But violence as a political weapon must be used

it's a reality. People can't negotiate. They're so oppressed in themselves and by the cultural structures. I only got through the University through the Jesuit mind-fuck. They paid, you know, you paid these intellectual storm troopers at the Vatican. That's all, and because I got in there they didn't like me. I had all kinds of hassles with them and they put me down in the beginning. This is a problem. This is Kadi Boushenke, Paul Hoch, a fucking heads who've been involved in the system have come up against it. I've been subtle, but they've come on themselves, said "fuck you, you

But there's no point in an in coming along. You must come along in a group and every cunt in the group go together. And any cunt comes and gets his hair chopped and get in the pants that's insubstantial. Bernard Qevin went through all the mistakes. Ulysses bit and into international. All the way down the line. There's only about five people of any calibre in Northern Ireland who can actually understand what's going on and can do something creative about it. You know, willing to apply it.

CONT.
NEXT
WEEK



I wanted to find out about this thing I had heard in passing a couple of months ago. I went to see this fellow I didn't know His name was Don McClean. Just a dude not much different from you or me; he's got ears to hear and eyes to see and a voice that he uses to tell people of what he feels. Some call him a folksinger cause he uses an un-amplified guitar but that's just another label. . .

Way, way back, there were a bunch of people concerned about the pollution of place, the Hudson River. So they decided to get together and try to make people aware of what was going on, a communications happening of a sort. They figured to build a boat and put it in the water and sail up and down the Hudson to try and draw people's attention to the fact that the planet, not only America, is fading away rapidly. This was at a time when people's attention was not on the planet and the word ecology hadn't become a political ping-pong ball.

The project wasn't on a large scale just a sort of local thing for the folks who lived along the river. They needed something to reach the people, something personal that the teevee or the newspapers, so in 1968 plans were made to start fund-raising to build a sloop - a sail boat that would touch on most of the ports on the Hudson. The boat was built in Bristol, Maine, where they got some people who know how to make boats out of trees, a very nifty, little trick, then they launched it. The boat's name was CLEARWATER. Into the Hudson it floated carrying such notables as Pete Seegar, Don McClean, Rev. Douglas Kirkpatric, John Eberhard, Andy Wallace, Len Chandler, Lou Killen and Ramblin' Jack Elliot, musicians one and all. This was a very special crew and the boat had a very special mission to perform: to baze a trail thru the sloppy crud infested waters of the Hudson in an attempt to call some attention to the tragic fate of the river and all those who live on or around its shores. The story is an old one that's been heard a lot lately, factorys dumping non bio-degradable wastes into the nations water ways.

Off they went sailing up and down the river, stopping at almost every town along the way with words to say to the people about the state of the river. They didn't tell them it was getting better but told them it was getting worse, which was the truth. They played songs, did media things and called attention to themselves but soon the importance of the mission became the driving force behind their crusade. Yeah, songs to play and words to say and a general call to all to WAKE UP.

People came and so did fame. The Hudson River Sloop became widely known and people began to pay attention to what they were saying. Sometimes they would put on a concert to raise some money but mostly they played for free. In Boston they did a free show in front of 20,000 people, slightly more than the Fillmore can seat, 57 concerts in 6 weeks and the people dug it. They called it THE HUDSON VALLEY WONDER.

The people on the boat were playing newspapers in song, carrying news from one town to another all the while hitting on the underlying motive for their trip to return this one section of America to its natural state of God-given wonder. People liked them even more as time went on. Some of the electric mecca's top teevee stations picked them up on at least one or two news broadcasts when pollution became newsworthy. Channel 13 did a special, televising one of their concerts. The dream was working, people were getting turned on to the fact that the river is in trouble and that if things continued at the rate that they were going there would be no more river in a little while. Pete Seeger was sort of the spokesman of the group, telling everyone in calm tones what it was all about. People listened to him and believed maybe because they believed in the man.

There's not too much known about the lands just north of the electric mecca and hardly anyone in the big time cares. They call 'em hicks and rubes and hillbillys, only because they don't know, much less care, about the music that the people play.

They call it folk music for want of a better name the stuff that sounds like hillbilly tunes from the Ozarks or somewhere. When I asked Don about the people and what they were like he said,

"Well you know up north there's still some pretty old-fashioned things going on, loggers, lumberjacks, people that sail on the river. They've been doing the same thing for hundreds of years.

They don't know too much about big city ways. They don't want to hear no Grand Funk Railroad, it don't mean nothin to them. They're simple folks who are plugged into the land and the river instead of a jukebox or a television tube.

I guess I know a little bit about it, he went on, I was born and raised up there and learned singing and playing too. It was just something that I got into. I sing folk songs to the folks, (he knows over 4000 tunes) its very simple. I sing what I feel and sometimes it feels like I'm some sort of puppet and someone else is putting the words in my mouth. I'm just a singer of songs, but sometimes when I'm singing them something happens." (He thought for awhile). "I guess I really love music, it gets me off."

I asked him who influenced him and who he liked. Mostly names you'd never know he said: "Django Rinehart, Frank Hamilton, Josh White, Lee Hayes, The Weavers. . ."

They taught me a lot. Inspired me to say and play what I feel. No overnight success story is Don's. He's been singing for years without a break. Good material too, but no place for it in the big time. A couple of years ago he tried to get some record companies to listen to his stuff and maybe put it on a record so he made the rounds: 39 record companies turned him down. "Yeah they kept telling me that my songs had no commercial potential. They wanted stuff to put in the jukebox, you know James Taylor or some good electric rock. There was no place for my music, they told me. There wasn't anything I could do except keep knocking on doors. This was way, way back and all the manufacturers were hypnotized by the dollar. They wanted stuff that kids would come running to shell out money for. I didn't fit into their bag.

"Then I was working on a film with Pete, a documentary on his life and this guy who was doing the film said he liked my stuff and wanted to do a film around 20 of my songs. I was really enthused. After being turned down 39 times, who wouldn't be? So he did this thing and brought it to these people at Media Arts and said here's a film. Media Arts turned down the film but picked up on the music. They wanted to make a record out of my songs. I was an overnight success in the short space of ten years or so. They gave me a contract that says they'll release 2 albums a year for a while."

His first album of an electric folk music is out on Media Arts records. It's just called DON McCLEAN. One of the songs has become a hit of sorts. They play it every now and then on the FM. It's nice music if you like stuff without drums and electric guitars.

You'll never see him at the Foolmore or any of those other ready-made music stores that are all over the city. The songs he sings are sensitive thought-provoking and totally new to my ears.

While we were sitting there, he sang me one that's going on his next album. It was all about HOP A LONG CASSIDY, a real American hero. I sat there with pictures going thru my space while he sung without his guitar about a place way out west in the land of cowboys and Indians. It was really nice, no wasted words, most of the lines didn't rhyme but it was still poetry. After that he said he was thinking about driving across the country with his wife because he wanted to write some more songs.

"Yeah you can't write songs sitting around, you got to go out and look, check it out, see what's going on." I guess he'll be going soon to round up some more tunes to play for you and me. If he's ever around where you are you maybe should go see him. Maybe he'll sing you a song all about the Hudson River or about another place that he's yet to be. Looking ahead he said his next album would be called AMERICAN PIE. Maybe you should give it a try when it comes around, and maybe if you're real lucky the Sloop CLEARWATER will come a sailing to your town this summer. If you want to know more, write a letter and ask some questions to:

THE HUDSON RIVER SLOOP, INC.
Cold Springs, New York 10516

There are always people around to answer questions if you look far enough. If you don't care about what's going on maybe you should just listen to the song the next time it comes on your radio maybe then you'll know. . .

Sleep tight maybe it'll be alright
Charlie Frick



WAR IS MUSIC!

For some reason there are few bands who enjoy playing together enough, or stay together long enough to develop a refreshing new sound. WAR is one that has. The group's seven members reached deep into their blues, jazz, gospel and rock roots to record an exciting new album on United Artists Records.



"Papa" Dee Allen, who has played with such jazz giants as Dizzy Gillespie and the late Clifford Brown, puts it this way, "WAR is not only musical, we're graphic and linear... joining this group is the best thing that's

Drummer Harold Brown feels that all work has been worth it. "It just had to this way... WAR's gonna be something



ever happened to me." the hard come down else again



more." being

"Playing with this group," says bassist B. B. Dickerson, "is with a bunch of people who all know the gas." And keyboard man Lonnie Jordan "We all just keep gettin' better and better every day."



same thing... that's a says that

Rounding out the group are Lee Oskar, Charles Miller and Howard Scott. They blow



harmonica, woodwinds and trumpet Charles Miller, "Everything has been good so far has been honest

respectively. For because everyone main thing." And



Howard Scott feels that ... that's the that

"WAR is on a spiritual trip — it can really reach person's mind that



hadn't been well summed it up when he said, "All the live for the music, so the music lives for us."

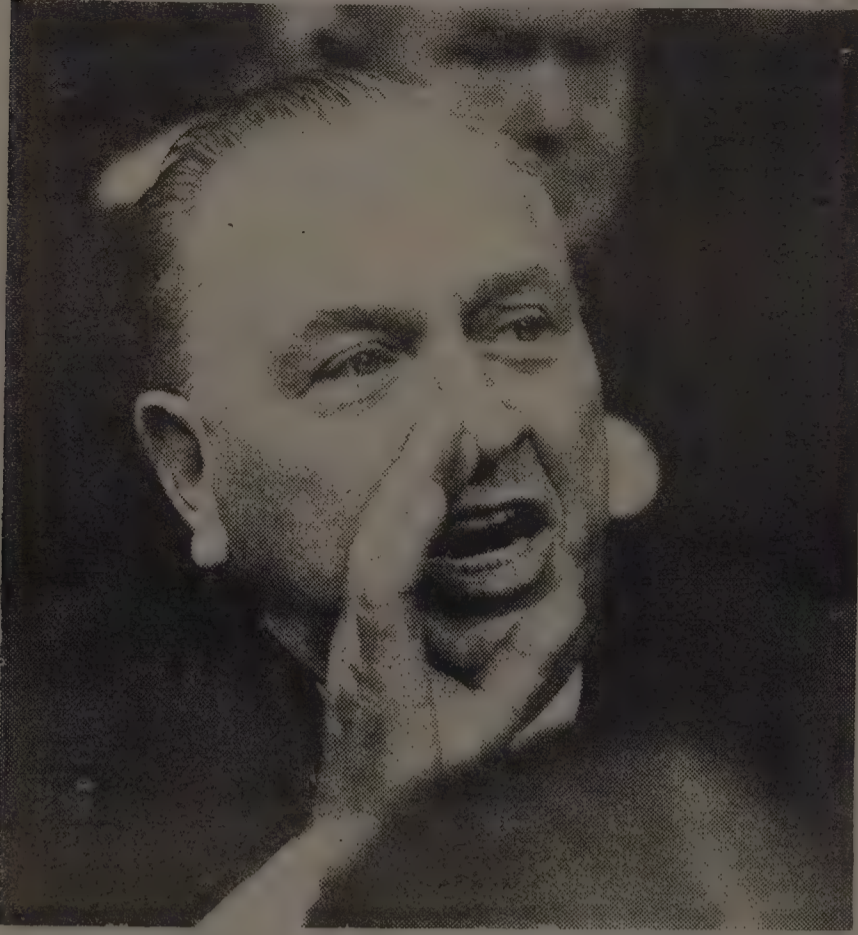
Lee Oskar pretty guys in the group

Find out for yourself what a band can sound like when they're really in it for the music.

WAR, a new album on United Artists Records and Tapes.



Boss — Richard J. Daley of Chicago,
Mike Royko E.P. Dutton.



In spite of the movement's warnings about the oncoming police state and the evils of fascist America, there has been little writing about what it would be like to live under such conditions.

The image that comes to mind is a sort of grade-B World War II spy thriller with lots of barbed wire and four guards armed with machine guns on every streetcorner. This image is thirty years old and lacks American sophistication. Barbed wire of the mind is far more omnipotent than the tangible thing.

The next image that may come to mind is the city of Chicago. When you stop to think about it, times never have been very good out there. In the late 1800's there was the Haymarket incident, there were the food processing scandals during the turn of the century, in 1919 there was a bloody race riot in which scores of black people were killed, hundreds more injured, the twenties and thirties were the Capone era which, popular history leads one to believe, was entirely bereft of any honest authority save Elliot Ness.

And then the modern era comes into mind. The late fifties and early sixties are so spotted with public scandals you

couldn't tell the difference between the mayor's record and a leopard skin pill box hat.

But to movement types, Chicago stands out because of the past three years — the "shoot-to-kill" riots following Martin Luther King's death Convention week and its April 27 dress rehearsal, the Conspiracy trial, the murder of Panthers Hampton and Clark, the Weatherman demonstrations which produced a wheelchair sheriff — surely, Chicago must be the closest thing to a police state in the country. And the man who made Chicago what it is today is so often confused with Hitler that some underground newspapers refer to him only as "Adolph Daley."

Daley is a remarkable man; he rules the nation's only surviving political machine (the Democrats have been in power continuously since 1931, Daley has been mayor since 1955). He takes shit from no one, does practically anything he wants to (all his friends and political cohorts are rich because of the housing laws and syndicate payoffs) and he never gets caught. Whenever a scandal breaks, there is always a lackey who can be

readily sacrificed to save Boss Daley's neck.

It's a neat trick, it took Daley thirty years to do it. Documenting it is also a neat trick and it took a Chicago writer who grew up in the city only about eleven or twelve years to do it.

Mike Royko is a Chicago newspaper columnist; in the past year, his column has probably hipped more people to how Chicago is actually run than all the liberal and radical muckrakers have done in the past ten years. A year or so ago he was approached to do a book on Daley based upon his experience and contacts writing the column. No one could be more suited for the task.

And, just three weeks before a mayoral election Daley will almost certainly win in spite of this book it reached the streets (oddly enough, it was available in New York before it was in Chicago). It outlines Daley's thirty year rise in power, who he stepped on and how he did it, and how Daley keeps tight control of the city. More importantly, it reveals a lot about Daley as a person.

When it comes to Christ figures, no one outshines Richard J. Daley. In a city where graft and corruption have been institutionalized for a century and a half Daley has probably never earned a dishonest dollar in his life. He goes to church every morning, he lives in a modest bungalow near the stock yards, and he wouldn't think of cheating on his wife — he would fire anyone in the Machine caught doing so.

On the other hand, Daley directly controls every public function of the city by appointing a lackey as its administrator (if Daley can not be open about the appointment, he will hand pick a board of lackeys who will, in turn, hand pick the candidate of Daley's choice), he controls the courts by seeing that his friends become judges (both federal and local), and he covers his bets by getting the vote out for his puppet state officials as often as he can. Once he even elected a president — Kennedy — and became the "king maker."

Most interestingly, Royko explains how Daley always comes off virginal in the face of scandal. For instance when Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were murdered by the private army of State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan — a Daley man all the way, and at the time a possible successor to Daley's throne — Daley quickly claimed no knowledge of or responsibility for the incident ("It isn't my department"). He then convinced Hanrahan he should absorb all the criticism from the press, then he convinced the local Nazi rag, The Chicago Tribune — owner of New York's fascist

rag, The News — they should print a story full of blatant lies including a picture of phony bullet holes supposedly made by Panther bullets to prove the incident wasn't so bad after all.

Hanrahan and Daley also learned something from Convention Week's media tactics. Following the official Pig version, they produced a re-enactment of the raid using the actual murderers and aired it on the local CBS station.

And when the official federal government report came out blasting Daley (remember, the federal government is Republican and has no great love for Daley's Democratic regime), Daley even arranged for the incriminating report to be released on his birthday, so he could stay home and not face reporter's questions.

Ultimately, Daley was forced to make several changes in the police hierarchy to give the *impression* of reform; he replaced old yes-man with new yes-men.

Royko's book, *Boss* isn't merely a book about Chicago, it is the most complete study of political power published in a generation. Daley's total control of Chicago is built upon methods usable — and used — in New York and every city in the country. The power held by Daley is the System we all claim to be fighting; it is the very establishment we are all up against. The System is very complex, but we must understand it in order to defeat it — and we must understand it if we are to survive until it falls.

And if by some act of god or luck, Daley should lost his fifth Mayoral election early next month, Royko would probably be found with his feet in cement at the bottom of the Chicago Sanitary Canal.

Mike Gold



1/2 Video Tape:

REVOLUTIONARY COMMUNICATIONS
MEDIUM

BY RUDI STERN

The International Section of the Black Panther Party in Algiers has in the past two months begun to produce and distribute video programs for internal and external communication. These tapes were shown publicly at press conferences at People's Video Theater and Global Village as well as on CBS-TV. Audio portions have been played on WBAI. In addition they have been copied and shown around the country and at various community meetings in New York City.

It appears as though this use of portable video began when Guy Pignolet, after shooting a tape documentary of Tim and Rosemary Leary during the time of their bust at the beginning of January,

left his AV 3400 Sony Rover with the Panthers in Algiers. In all, six tapes have been produced and sent to this country. Bypassing the delays and risks inherent in processing and editing 16mm film the possibilities for immediate, trans-continental communication. These tapes are video-grams, press releases, video and audio information sheets. They are created as instant messages for specific political purposes. This use of portable video for political information exchange represents a significant development for the medium as a whole. It is only a matter of time before other political groups and even establishment political structures use this medium on a wide scale.

Low production costs, relatively uncomplicated technology, and instant availability combine to make this form of

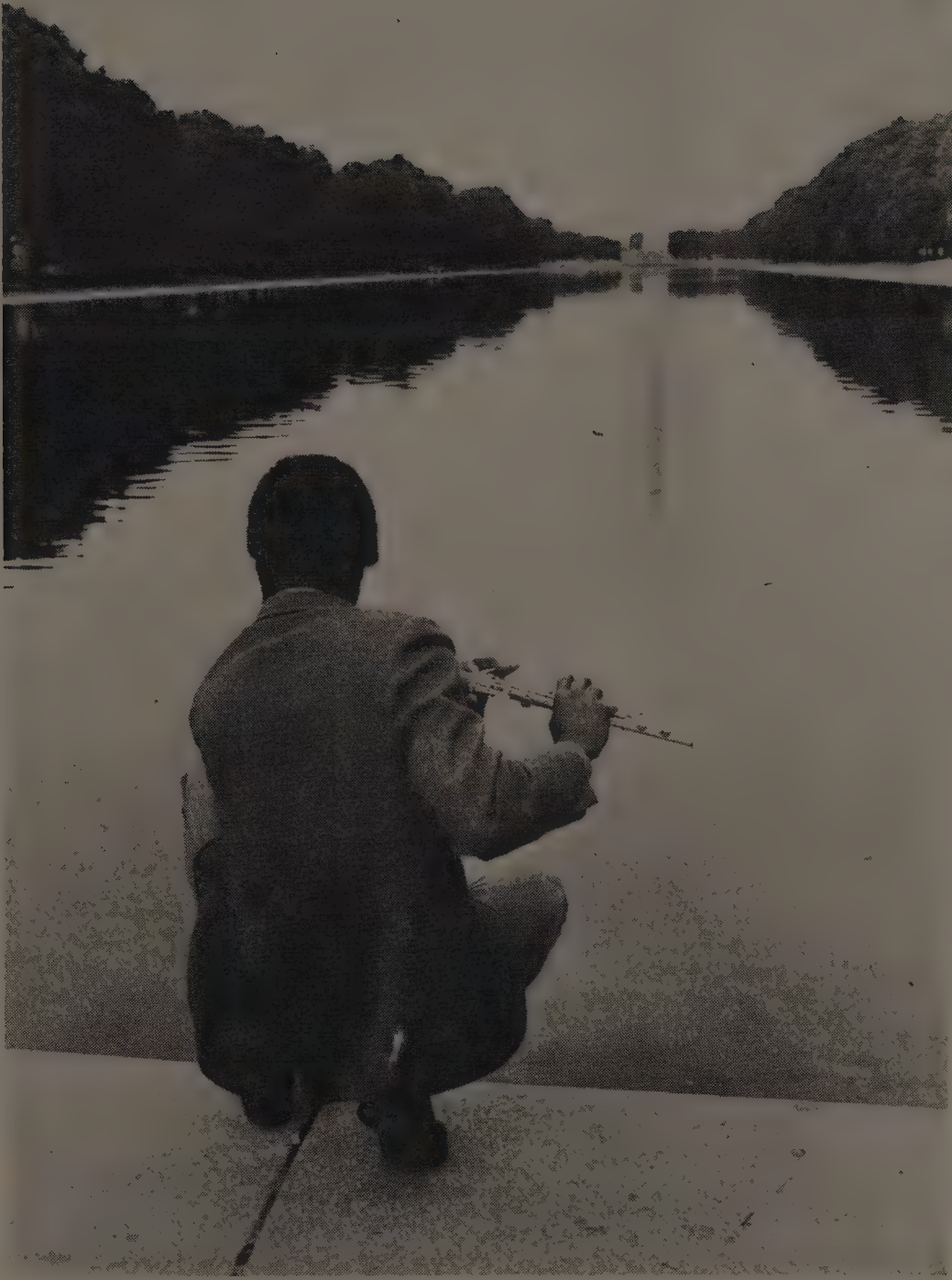
communication a serviceable social and political resource.

Interestingly enough, a political group in exile has begun this process through a pressing and immediate need which could be fulfilled in no other way. The future of video as a political resource, like any other medium will depend on the righteousness of its usage and the skill and professionalism of its craft.

What is the artistic and aesthetic factor in socially and politically oriented communications aimed at masses of people? Propaganda art, social art, popular art has been used in many places at many different junctures in political history. Goya, Daumier, Picasso, Kollwitz, Mexican and German Expressionists have all dealt with political statements, pressing and immediate social issues via art. The development of graphic arts and the use of woodcuts and

lithography in particular were geared to reaching masses of people denied access to a single painting. Film from Eisenstein on, has been used extensively for political purposes. Ironically this recent development with video occurs at a time when the play-back hardware necessary to complete the process is still far from widely available. While the production end is at the moment most feasible and practical, the exhibiting and consequently distributing end is still far from ideal, dependent as it is on relatively costly and scattered equipment.

As the play-back situation improves, the flow of political and social information via 1/2" video will increase in both quantity and quality. Aimed at masses of people, this electronic information promises wide-scale communication of a scope never before realized.



OLD NEWS: RESURRECTION CITY. By Jill Freedman. Grossman Publishers, New York. Cloth \$10.00 Paper \$4.95

What makes this book so important? Lots of things.

For its not just another picture book with a lot of blacks and their white friends.

The City - the last great dream of Martin Luther King, Jr. - is there. From the beautiful black lady sitting on the Capitol steps in her bare feet, to the end with the cops coming in and gassing the poor people in the middle of the night.

Freedman has captured the City in both forms: her pictures and her writing. The pictures are an honest look at one of the really important moments of modern American history that the forces that be would like to sweep under the rug. There's a feeling of Woodstock, mud and all, and one can only wonder, looking at the pictures, what army intelligence is going to do with all the film they shot.

For these people are dangerous. These people believed in a dream and were willing to put their lives on the line, not by bombing bathrooms, but by getting out and saying, "Hey, man, look at me." Thanks to Freedman, we will be able to look for a long time to come, and what we see is beautiful because it's all there - everyday life, but with mud and our country's capitol as a back drop.

Freedman's writing is as honest as her pictures. In the end when she tells of the gassing, one can almost smell it and feel the rage one gets when there is so little that can be done by honest people trying to live their lives with a little dignity.

Looking at and reading the book, the thought comes back time and time again; "Is this why Martin was killed at that time - so as not to let him live in the mud with his poor sisters and brothers from the four corners of the country. Is it because he woke up the real silent majority: the poor of every shape and color in this here land of opportunity?"

- Book review by Brigid Murnagham



Two Orgies and a Comix Show

by
REX WEINER



Minds Blown at
Fantuzzi Blow-out!

Who says New York City is dead, that this city lacks energy, lacks a community, lacks a "scene"? Whoever repeats this oft-heard remark ought to have been at the Hotel Diplomat the night of March 26. On that Friday night, the Grand Ballroom vibrated with the high-energy transmissions of over a thousand freaks who got together to participate in a true living theater event, ostensibly labeled "Fantuzzi's Blow-out!"

The admission price was two bucks but if you didn't have it, it was okay, you got in for whatever you could give. And no one was turned away for having zero bread. Inside the ornate ballroom, giant tie-eyes hung from the ceiling. Earth People's Park, those worthy insaniacs, brought a stack of painted tires that kept whizzing across the floor at odd moments. The Affinity Commune from SoHo donated a thousand plastic inflatable pillows for people to play with. There was a giant elastic-rope which people translated into a tripped-out game resembling Tug O'War. A couple of bands (whose names are lost) blasted out good rock from the stage. Some of the wildest dancing ever seen went down on the floor. Costume trips ranging from outright TVs to bareskin proliferated thru the crowd.

The Politics of Varnishkes

It was a Jewish Satyricon, somewhere between a *brith* and a *bar mitzvah* reception. I'm talking about the fund-raising party held at Katz' Delicatessen last Monday night in honor of Congresswoman Bella Abzug's recent campaign deficit.

At thirty bucks a head, the notables of the New York Liberal Establishment gathered at the bastion of kosher on Houston Street for dancing and all-they-could-eat and to pat themselves on the back once more for having elected everybody's mother, Fighting Bella, to office.

The place was jammed,

And people were HAPPY! They grabbed each other and danced, made love, laughed, tripped, smoked, threw balloons. It was just plain primal release and transfer of ENERGY, healthy, wondrous, and needed (lord knows). Women with men, men with men, women with women, in true alternatie culture style, dispensed with handshakes and introductions and treated each other as brothers and sisters.

"There was a lot of nice cooperation," says Captain Nemo, who coordinated the event for his friend Fantuzzi. Among the people who donated

corned beef, pastrami-on-rye, and hot dogs were flying everywhere. Jane Fonda in the company of Elliot Gould had left just before I arrived (tsk!). Howard Samuels waltzed in with his wife and did a bit of cha cha cha, evading my attempts to place an off-track bet. There was a gay black fashion designer striding thru the crown wearing Indian robes and a bird cage strapped on top of his bald head with a live white dove inside ("It symbolizes peace and love, baby!") along with his model who had red flourescent eye lashes. Jewish Princesses from Queens and the Upper East Side were in heavy evidence, slinking in hot pants amidst the eligible liberal lawyers and on-the-rise city government aides. Radical

things to the blow-out was Pablo, was set up a light show tent for tired trippers to relax in. The bands played absolutely for free, and lot of people lent the use of their trucks and vans for transporting the equipment. The people who lent the money to rent the ballroom were all paid back. There was no profit and no real loss, which is as it should be with people's events.

Captain Nemo has ideas for making these festivals into semi-regular events, sponsored perhaps by righteous city dealers who might wish to put some of their profits back into the community

chic was the tone of the evening with at least one cartridge belt exhibited on slim dietetic hips. A.J. Weberman and his wife had managed to get in, A.J. busy stuffing sandwiches into his briefcase and trying to figure out a way to work Dylanology into the occasion. He explained he was going to distribute the sandwiches to the people who picketing capitalism outside.

When Hizzonor the Mayor arrived, an instant crush occurred. Lindsay smiling and debonair as ever caused some people's hearts to throb, and others to shout about the potholes in the streets. Weberman was muttering something about "Here's my chance..." Hands were shook and they stood on chairs to catch a glimpse. And then he left.

All throughout the evening, Bella circulated among her friends and contributors wearing a gold sequined dress that was just right, saying hello in her throaty voice. After the raffle drawing ("write your name on a dollar bill and drop it in the big bowl"), she made a short speech of thanks and announced with fervor that the main matter at hand was "ending this lousy Asian war NOW!" Everybody cheered.

Above Bella's head hung a Katz' sign from the ceiling that read "Send a Salami to Your Boy in the Army."

Cloud Cartoon Eggzibit

While treading the sidewalk one day in the lower Broadway warehouse district, hoping to stumble upon a cheap and empty loft to live in, I took a turn down Great Jones Street and my eye was caught by a large cartoon in a storefront window. It was Krazy Kat with a bunch of kat friends whooping it up on top of a garbage can; the caption was "... And she flung a party in Shinbone Alley."

Great Jones Street is Shinbone Alley. The cartoon was in the window of the Connection Gallery which exists at the number three address amidst the toppling warehouses and busy trucks. At night the street is deserted, the garbage can creaking, cats slinking about. And right now, thru April 21, the Connection Gallery is having a cartoon show.

The wonderfully mad and fanciful graphics are the work of six people who call themselves "Cloud Studio." For a while, Cloud Studio was responsible for the artwork of the *Harvard Lampoon*, a relationship which was terminated after 7 issues due to differing degress of insanity possessing both the Cloud people and the Lampoon staff. Many of the graphics in the show have appeared in the Lampoon.

(Continued on Page 21)

When Rex Weiner attempted to spend 24 hours in our subterranean cell blocks, and very bravely lasted eight of them, it's a good thing he didn't get a sweet tooth. In those sweating paranoid moments while waiting for the train to pull into the station so you can hopefully head toward your destination without being mugged, pushed on the tracks, trampled on or pinched (women no longer the only ones on the receiving end of this playful sport), thousands of people pour their loose change into vending machines for a 15¢ respite from their surroundings. Now, New Yorkers have been taught a few 8no-no's' while riding the subways. Never put a dime in a telephone booth, for instance, if you really want to make a phone call to someone. Not that the subway phones hold a monopoly on being out of order, though; every time you attempt to make a call in any pay phone, you proceed with very little assurance of getting through. So after paying your thirty cents to ride on these cattlecars, if you happen to try to call the office to say you'll be late (after a little experience in daily commuting it would clearly be more appropriate to call to say you'll be on time), the little black box has ripped you off for another dime, and you fare in now 40¢.

The next no-no is to ever submit to your kidneys and enter a subway latrine. Being that john critiques are right up my alley, it's very difficult not to soijt a few oararaphs reviling the ones in the subway. However, I'll just let it go with a warning to never enter without a clothespin over your nose and a chastity belt on, if you're not among those interested in being

DROP THE COIN RIGHT INTO THE SLOT

LYNDA
CRAWFORD



grabbed. But as to getting in in the first place, you are obliged to pay 10¢ for the privilege of peeing. Now, if you're one of the fortunate ones, you may have a dime on you, and the lock might just work. But I have never actually seen the inside of one of these 'toilets' without climbing underneath the door, scraping my knee, bumping my head and getting my coat drenched on the urine-soaked floor after

losing my nickle in the slot. This joyride has now cost you 55¢ (if you don't count the \$1.75 cleaning bill of the coat), and your nerves are turning tumblersaults. Now is the time for a rejuvenator an instant adrenalin, a candy bar from the nearest machine.

You hear the subway coming, quickly sort through the rest of your change for

the necessary 15¢, make your decision on which of these dental delights you will enjoy, and as the lights of the approaching train fill the track you drop your change into the slot. No sound! You pull the level apprehensively, knowing your change did not go down. You pull the lever again hurriedly, knowing the train has pulled to a stop. You pull the lever again angrily, knowing you have lost your 15¢. You kick the machine again just for the hell of it. You stop kicking the machine as a group of old ladies eye you up and down as a vandalist. You walk away despairingly and reach the subway door just after it closes.

There is no feeling equal to this: doomed for another ten minutes wait until the next train comes, late and unable to call your boss because of the phone, conspicuously scented because of the john, bruised about the knuckles and toes from the candy machine, and you have spent 65¢ without yet getting on the train. It's at moments like this you think fondly of taxi-cabs — fare-hike, surly drivers and all.

But the most enraging part of it all is that the whole vending machine business is operated and profited on solely by the Mafia, who in turn use this money to distribute drugs amongst the youth, who in turn become junkies and then in turn rob our wallets while squeezed in the subway cars. The only thing to make me smile in the whole ordeal is when, after climbing the subway stairs back into the street, I directly meet a panhandler asking for spare change: That method somehow seems so *honest*, compared to the machines that don't even bother to ask.

2 of the best

by Nina Paull

RICHARD DIEBENKORN
Drawings 1970-71 "Ocean Park"
Poindexter Gallery
March 6 — April 1

Richard Diebenkorn showed twenty-three gouche and charcoal drawings in this show, as well as two larger oils, which were there more as a reference to show the direction in which his work is now going — back to an abstracted image.

The paintings are architectural — large areas of modulated color, divided by diagonal, vertical, and horizontal lines. There is a richness of the painted surface. The color changes in each area are subtle, causing it to glow and shimmer, and one can see through these planes to vague structured images beyond. The use of thin lines against and between the large areas of color give a wonderful play of

large mass against delicate detail. These paintings have both a clarity of structure and an atmospheric quality, which work together to create the strength of architectural mass and the breath of human life.

Most of the drawings are about 25"x18", and most are done in monochrome using subtle shades of greys and blues. Each contains a different spacial break-up and composition, and is constructed of linier braces bordering and within the chosen areas. Some lines are hidden or erased, leaving only a hint of their existence upon an area rich in its feeling of substance and weight.

There is always much to look at in Diebenkorn's work, and the longer one spends, the more there is to be found, in structure, in force, in distance, and in the contrast of large to small.

The show has already ended, but the drawings remain at the gallery and can be viewed on request.

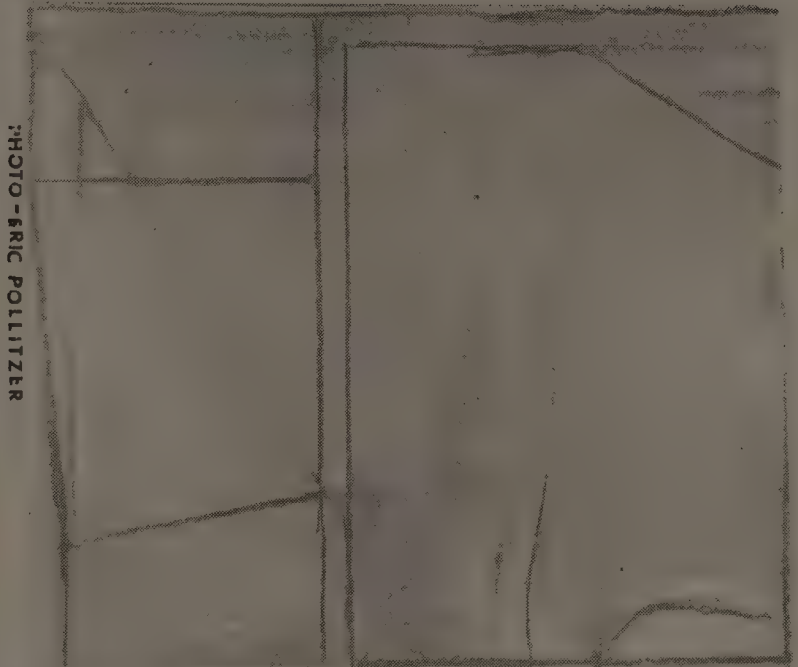


PHOTO - ERIC POLLITZER

SUSAN CRILE
Kornblee Gallery
March 13 — April 1

Susan Crile is a woman in her twenties and this show was her first one-man show in New York. Her paintings are of ornate rugs, seen at close range, so that none of their surroundings enter into the picture plane.

In the painting in the photograph, there are three overlapping rugs. Their is something floating in their quality, perhaps it is partially due to the angle from which they are viewed — from above. These three carpets are rich in contrast, from the delicate earth-colored upper right rug, to the middle rug of bright reds, and paler blues and greens, to the bottom rug, with its flowers dancing on an ultramarine blue sea.

The paint quality is sensitive in these works. The oil paint is not thin, yet there has not been much oil added, so that the scumbled paint often does not completely cover the canvas. The colors range from very strong to pale, in places

where the rugs seem to have been worn thin by years of foot steps.

Miss Crile is working primarily with patterns, yet in her more successful paintings, there is more of an organization than just that of the design of the rug. In one painting, a diagonal upward sweep is begun by an orange woven figure in the lower left corner. This movement is continued a little farther to the left by a large wrinkle in the multi-colored rug, which carries ones eye diagonally upwards into a more delicate rug of greens and beiges, whose intricate borders carry one horizontally to the right, ending in the opposite (upper right) corner.

Though Miss Crile seems to be portraying these rugs quite accurately, she is actually using their richness, beauty, and harmony as inspiration to create paintings which are beautiful and harmonious in their own right. These paintings contain a great deal in their simple format. The colors are carefully chosen and sensitivity applied, and the result is paintings which are simple and direct in their statements, and quite lovely to view.



PHOTO: JAY CANTOR

FANTUZZI

(Continued from Page 19)

An event once a month would serve to energize people, stimulate closer cooperation, and build the sense of community which people claim New York has lost. It would also provide an alternative to rip-off music places such as the Fillmore.

A lot of politically involved people put down the festival idea, saying it's "decadent" and a waste of energy. But having been heavily into the NY political scene myself, I must say that I've seen much more energy wasted at the endless succession of "meetings" these people seem to thrive on than could ever have been expended at the Diplomat. Also, there were more Third World people at the Diplomat Friday night than I have seen at twenty political benefits combined. So fuck off, politicians, and do some reading into John Sinclair on the revolutionary uses of culture!

By the way, Fantuzzi, in case you are wondering, is a freak of the highest order of the high. The stoned magnitude of this spawn of the Lower East Side must be witnessed to be believed. It is his party Friday night and a memorable one to be sure. Thanks n... and we're looking forward to more of the same!

(Continued from Page 19)

CLOUD

Peter Bramley is one of the better known Cloud cartoonists. In his work he has assimilated a variety of styles, sometimes for the purpose of satire, as in the Peter Max-style Lampoon cover on exhibit. From a cursory glance it looks like a real Peter Max piece, but look closer and you notice figures dashing thru the psychedelic cosmos chasing after a shower of gold coins with the caption "Peter Money." Bramley's cartoons also show a heavy influence of R. Crumb. But his characters have a zaniness all their own.

Gail Burwen is one of the few female cartoonists around. Her contribution to Cloud Studio is in the form of strange scenarios; individual panels which are deft mixtures of collage, watercolor, and pen-and-ink. Hallucinatory in their quality, these panels some of the best things in the show. Gail also does whimsical cartoons in a style that can only be called "stoned nineteen-twenties."

One of the more unique artists at Cloud is Mike Sullivan. From still photographs and films, Sullivan put together funny sequences in the style of the "fumetti" magazines. Each panel is hand tinted in old fashioned colors (Dr. Martin's Watercolors, I am told), with cartoons and collage effects added. Sullivan is a master of trivial drama; theater of the absurd captured in photo-sequence.

Denny Hermandson is weird. He has this wild flourishing pen that causes his images to twist and turn all over the page. He is the most artistic of the group in a "fine arts"



Skurski

sense, being particularly good with watercolors. Hermandson does a strip on what REALLY happened - to Amelia Earhart which I like far better for its cosmic comedy than any of the currently popular theories about whether the aviatrix lives or not. He's a strange cat, Hermandson.

Tom Hachtman has done several covers for *The Different Drummer*, Philadelphia's underground paper, and has a concern for political subjects. His cartoons are often grotesque depictions of American symbols juxtaposed with contradictory ones; for instance, a huge, fat Miss Liberty wearing a gangster's vest and clutching a pistol. Hachtman's humor is quietly satirical.

One of the more distinctive characters to come out of Cloud Studio is a pliable working-class fowl named Flexi Duck ("He's your plastic pal!"), created by Bill Skurski. Skurski makes a few bucks doing far out covers for sci fi paperbacks, but his head is mostly into doing cartoons. He does a series in the "True Romance Stories" style, called "Weird Romance" in which bestiality figures in the form of a woman's lust for Flexi Duck. Skurski has a nice, bold cartoon style and has great command of the comic strip form.

The Cloud show at the Connection Gallery consists mostly of things that have already appeared in the Lampoon and various other places. But the people at Cloud are at this moment preparing their very own comic book (called "Cloud Comix" of course) which they hope to put out very soon. In their loft studio on Great Jones Street, just next to the Connection Gallery, I have seen a good part of this book and am very impressed.

Who says there's no cartoon scene on the East Coast!

WEBERMAN

(Continued from Page 14)

(the political arm of the Viet Cong) I wonder how many of these kids owned Dylan records and had paid for the tear-gas that was used against them?

WHAT WE SHOULD DO - I hope I've given you some idea of where Dylan is at and I hope you'll act... how? For one thing don't buy anymore Dylan records & try to return the ones you don't dig like NASHVILLE SKYLINE, SELF PORTRAIT etc. Call Mr. Altshuler (he handles Public Relations for Columbia Records) at 212-7654321 extension 5047 and demand your bread back. They'll be Dylan Liberation Front actions in the future, for example a day before Dylan's 30th birthday (Sunday May 23, 1971) they'll be a block party in front of Dylan's pad on MacDougall St. (bet Houston and Bleeker) at 2 PM. David Peel and The Lower East Side will supply the

music and a splendid time is guaranteed for all. Dylan will be there along with Howard Hughes. If you want more information on the DLF and rock lyrics in general or if you want to tell me to go fuck myself and let Dylan 'do his thing' you can write me, A.J. Weberman, POB 340, Canal Street Station, NYC 10013.

END CULTURAL RIP-OFF
DOWN WITH DYLAN

Editor's note:

The above is Weberman's trip and does in no way pertain to any information in our hands. The opinions expressed and claims made by Weberman do not necessarily reflect those of The East Village Other. All inquiries and reactions should be addressed to Weberman, % EVO.

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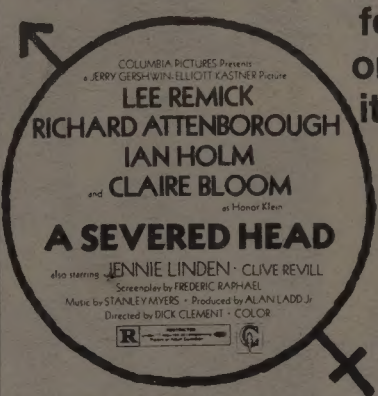
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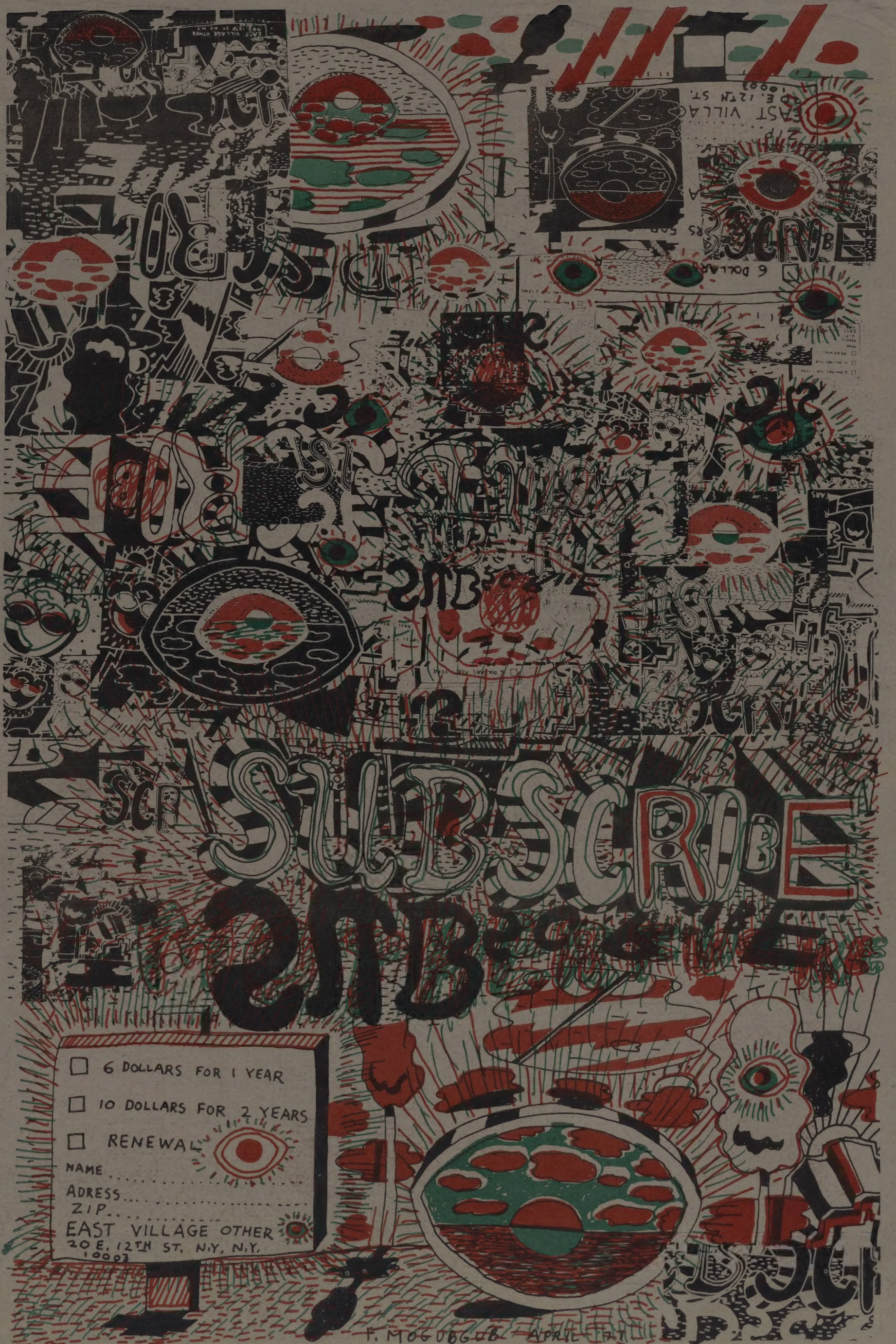
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