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east  
village



THIS THEIR

NOT GUILTY!!

PANTHER 13 FREE!!

*Hi Ray*

**W**hen one is flat on one's ass, with the frustration of inactivity running a close race, with bugging pain, one tends at times to take a dim and cynical view of the goings on in the outside.

The vindication of the Panther 13 was good news but then, isn't it just another symptom of the contradictions within the BPP. That the very same people who so severely put down the legalistic technique of Huey's clique (from the safe haven of Algiers) should benefit from the genius of their able corps of defenders?

That Abbie Hoffman who's \$25,000 went down the drain when the chickens flew the coop to Algiers, should be indicted on the same day that hero Daruba Aka. Richard Moore made his debut from the very staid pages of the N.Y. Times.

That amidst all the hoo-la and hoop-la, all too little notice has been taken of the fact that Clark Squire, Lamumba Shakur, Bob Collier, Ali Bey Hassan and Kinchasa are still in the slammer. Let us also bear in mind that Abbie Hoffman may soon join them.

Therefore dear brothers and sisters why not forget our contradictions, in all their glorious hues and discolorations and see to it that the support that the Panther 13 received will also go to the Abbie Hoffmans the Rennie Davises and their likes. Isn't that what brotherhood is all about? Far better a way to spend one's revolutionary energies than name calling and backstabbing, figuratively and otherwise.

Jaakov Kohn  
 Allen Katzman  
 Stephen Kohn  
 Charlie Frick  
 D.A. Latimer  
 Ray Schultz  
 Yossarian  
 Jackie Friedrich  
 Coca Crystal  
 A.J. Weberman  
 Tuli Kupferberg  
 Honest Bob Singer  
 Rex Weiner  
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 Rudi Stern  
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 Vincent Titus  
 Little Arthur  
 Kim Deitch  
 Spain Rodriguez  
 Steve Kraus  
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 The D.C. Twelve Thousand  
 Subscriptions: Heidi  
 Pauline Kouwenhoven

**IF THE FOOSHITS, WEAR IT!  
 RIGHT FUCKING ON!!**

*Joe...*

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# RIGHT ON BE FREE!

by JACKIE FREIDRICH

NOT GUILTY NOT GUILTY NOT GUILTY NOT GUILTY NOT GUILTY NOT GUILTY NOT GUILTY NOT GUILTY NOT GUILTY

Repeated 156 times sounded like the most beautiful words in the English language at 4:40PM Thursday May 13. The case of the N.Y. Panther 21 had formally submitted to the jury at 1:21PM. Judge Murtagh advised the jury to have lunch before beginning their deliberation. Then at 4:30 we were informed that the jury was coming in - with a question or a request, most thought. People were betting 20 to 1 odds that it would not be a verdict. However, the courtroom was tense while the jury was being brought in and then Judge Murtagh asked James I. Fox, the foreman of the jury if they had reached a verdict. "We have" was the calm reply; a reply which sent most of us through our seats. Lumumba Shakur had been called "the chief architect of the conspiracy" by the prosecution and seemed the most likely one to be convicted. It was the common assumption that if Lumumba were to be acquitted, all would be acquitted. The jury must have realized that assumption because they started by letting us know that Lumumba had been acquitted first. Court Clerk Wallace asked Mr Fox for the verdict in regards to Lumumba Shakur for the first count, conspiracy to commit murder. The verdict came, "not Guilty". And as the 11 other "Not Guilty"s rolled in regards to the 11 other counts charged against Lumumba and the realization hit that it was to be Not Guilty all the way down the line, Afeni Shakur started sobbing, the lawyers, the rest of the defendants, the spectators all started sobbing/laughing - it was hard to define. The jurors were beaming. Murtagh stared impassively at his bench. Phillips and Weinstein rested their heads in their hands. When it was over - and who knew when it was over? Who would ever want to come down from that high? Murtagh thanked the jury

(Continued on Page 20)

# NEWS POEM

SOLDIERS ARRIVING FOR SERVICE IN VIETNAM  
FIND LITTLE CHEER IN NIXON'S PLAN  
TO STEP UP WITHDRAWALS

LINGBINH, South Vietnam, Oct. 13 —  
Pfc. John McIntell, a 23-year-old electrician  
from the Bronx, is not cheered by President  
Nixon's announcement of the accelerated with-  
drawal of troops from Vietnam.

A draftee, he arrived today, looking like a  
man bewildered by his bad luck. Private  
McIntell, who will be an Army cook, is married  
and has a 3-year-old daughter. The Army does  
not care, he said . . .

Soldiers coming for a second tour are neither  
wretched nor elated. Specialist 4 Larry Beedy  
of Laredo, Tex., figures that if a man is in  
the Army, he might as well be in "Nam."  
"I like it," he explained. "Money, onewise.  
And if you have to kill, you might as well  
do it here instead of in the United States."

NY TIMES Oct. 25, 1970

Comere you runt  
said Hans to Ike  
if I got to gas someone  
may as well be a kike

Comere you savage  
said Pizarro to the Inca  
if I got to chop something  
may as well be your finca

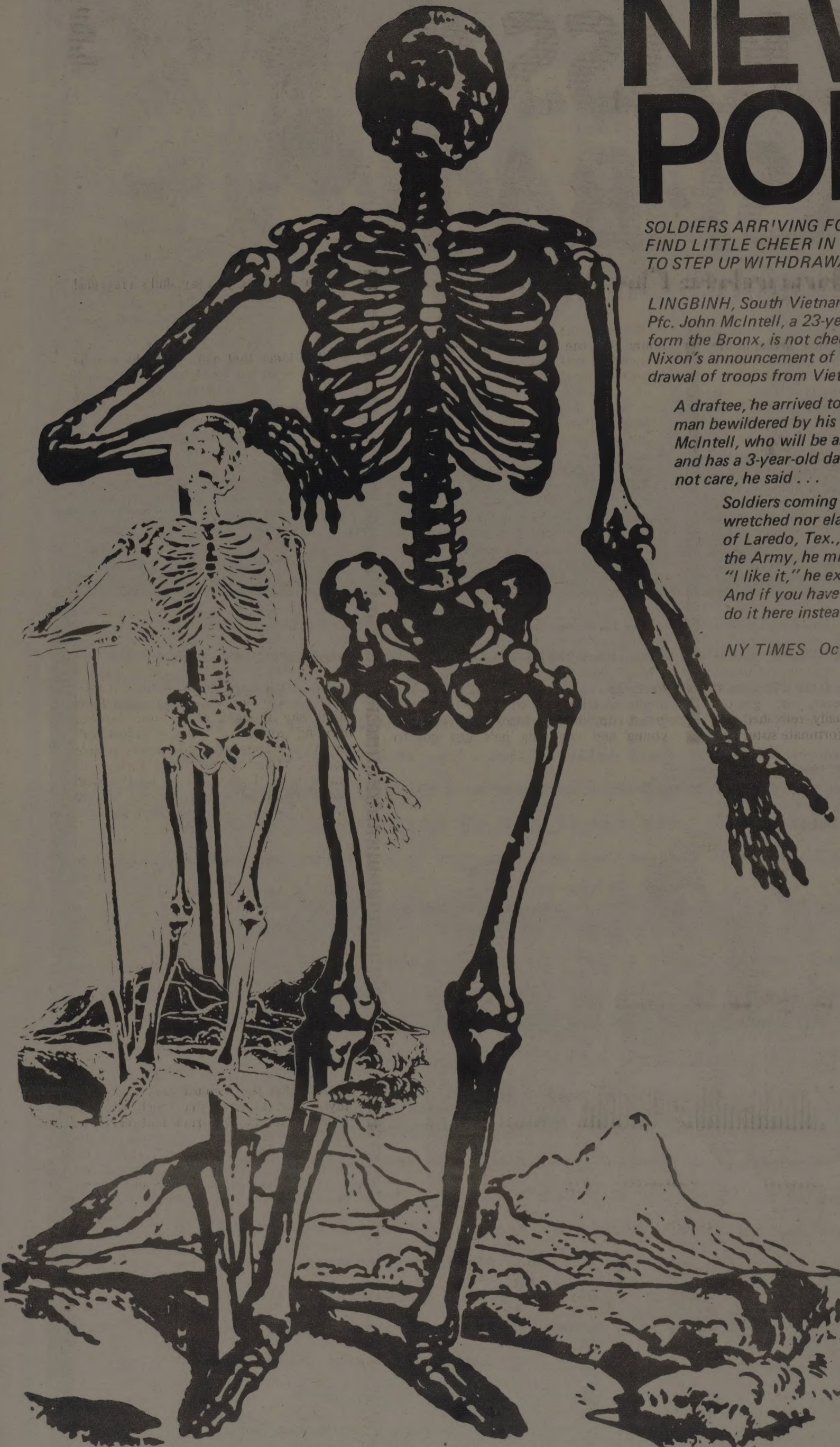
Comere you fuzzy cunt  
said Cooks sailors round the whirl  
if I got to rape someone  
may as well as be a girl

Comere Vercingetorix  
siad Caesar to the Gaul  
if I got to kill the king  
may as well kill em all

Comere you yellow bellies  
said Truman to the Japs  
if I got to slant my A-bomb  
may as well be in your laps

Comere you captious cretins  
said God: heres my plan  
if I got to kill a dumb species  
may as well be man

Tuli Kupferberg



# KICKASS FLASHBACK



by  
RAY  
SCHULTZ

## More Thoughts On Mayday

Long about 3:30 Tuesday afternoon two weeks ago, I got a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. What happened was a burly cop from the Washington D.C. police force grabbed me by the arm and said "You're under arrest," as I occupied a lawful position in front of the Justice Department of the United States. At the time, I had been struggling with my righteous revolutionary sister from New York City over the pro's and con's of staying in that miserable spot to get busted, and she was denouncing me as an elitist because I had the nerve to suggest that there were more important things to do. I was just about to win her over when the cop nabbed me and a small circle of revolutionary comrades began a rousing chorus of "Give Peace a Chance." And I got sick. My natural inclination in such a situation is to right or run, but I sacrificed my own desires for the greater needs of the people, and was dragged away. Luckily, I got out of jail 8 short hours later, \$10 poorer, but greatly radicalized and spiritually refreshed for the experience. My unfortunate sister was

taken moments after me and spent 25 hours in the slam, and contracted bronchitis, and got herself on several important lists, and went back to New York a wreck, and I for one, feel she got just what she deserved. To Mitchell, Captain Wilson and the rest of you, *a salud!* You should have taken 20,000! *IF WE STUCK OURSELVES IN THE CANNON, DO YOU THINK THEY'D FIRE???????*

Of course, jail was instructive. It usually is. You learn how bad the air can really get. You learn how bad oppression can really get. You learn about rats, mice, hunger, roaches junk and pigs, just like on the Lower East Side. Unless, of course, you're so young and arrogant you feel you can radicalize the black cops by telling them the V.C. have declared a moratorium on shooting at black G.I.'s on the delta, and the blacks are just breezing through their tours over there, never get scratched, come home to good jobs and public acclaim. But what the hell? He's just a cop, and he's black, and you're so young and charming he's just got to

believe anything you say. Jail's a real gas! Revolution behind bars!

\*\*\*

The judge that night didn't have to be convinced of too much, and he was black himself. He let us smoke cigarettes and eat food in the courtroom, and treated the charges like the bullshit they were. At one point, the smiling, greasy little D.A. ("You little worm!" one of the prisoners shouted) referred to some ruling another judge had made on the collateral, mainly, that it should cost \$25 instead of a mere 10 to get out of jail.

"I'll consider that recommendation on a running basis," the judge said, "and I intent to disregard it on a running basis."

Wednesday, while Bella Abzug, Ron Dellum and Charles Rangle were talking to the press down in front of the capitol, two young brothers climbed out on a ledge on the building. Chief Jerry Wilson was standing near the press and told Captian J.C. O'Brien of the metropolitan police, "Ask them to come down. If they don't, mace 'em!" Someone asked Bella what she thought of a nude brother running around and she said "It just ain't my thing." I wonder how many people besides Abbie Hoffman got their faces smashed in. I know of at least 3 who really didn't provoke it. Besides, 10,000 arrests? We sure did a job, didn't we?

\*\*\*

*The Mayday Collective people were nice folks, mostly from Boston, that cultured city to the north. One of them Richard, lost his big dog Flop, which is a shame. Flop was a great dog. Most of the collective members expected imminent arrest on heavy charges every minute of the day, and were under constant work pressure. Good people, a bit too well educated, but trying to keep in touch with the masses. Right on!*

\*\*\*

After the ballgame was over, I kind of wished that the revolutionary sister and myself had stayed on that freight truck to South Carolina. The truck had picked us up Friday night off a toll station of the Jersey turnpike just north of Newark, and the driver, a southern cat, told us we could have the whole back freight part all the way to D.C., but he'd have to lock us in. We gritted our teeth and accepted his offer, and found ourselves confined in a long dark van at the mercies of this lunatic driver. But like most revolutionaries, we adapted rather quickly and soon were stretched out on a mess of quilts the truck was packin', smoking joints and schmoozing the blues away in high style. The truck stopped once at a diner in the backwoods off the turnpike, and there wasn't a freak in sight, just truck drivers, tough and mean, and looking like they didn't like us very much. We panicked when we lost our own driver in the mass of them: you can't tell them apart. But they proved to be

(Continued on Page 21)





# WOOD

## BIG PEOPLE ON THE STREET: REACTION TO MAYDAY

LIBERATION News Service  
WASHINGTON, D.C. — "No," she said smiling, "I'm not going to work. Neither is anyone on this street. There's all this happening all around the city. Wasn't Key Bridge tied up? And you know we don't want this war."

N Street and 21st, N.W. — in the heart of the nation's capital, in the middle of Dupont Circle target area on Mayday. This 60 year old black woman, standing in front of her house, watching in amusement as a D.C. Transit bus came to a halt at the corner, its distributor cable ripped out. Further down the street, VWs and other cars jutted out from the curb at crazy angles, squatted defiantly on the center line, and kept the street closed.

Streets like 21st and N were kept closed temporarily all across D.C. on the morning of May 3, inconveniencing countless residents. "Violating their civil rights," cried the Justice Department.

On one street, demonstrators took to opening the hoods of passing cars, forcing their drivers to stop, get out and close them. A middle-aged driver, looking scared, was one such victim — but after having stopped, he finally smiled and offered to give a lift to the three demonstrators who opened his hood. They hopped in.

Other "incommoded" drivers were less hospitable. A number went so far as to accelerate when they saw demonstrators blocking their path; a few people were run over or struck by angry motorists. Other drivers — still a distinct minority — gave the finger to protestors, or fumed in silence.

Later on that morning traffic flowed more normally, thousands of arrests having stopped the stall-in tactics. We drove around the city, trying to look anonymous, in a small anonymous car. But this week in D.C., no one with long hair or denim clothing could be anonymous, and on almost every street, some passer-by would shout "Keep up the good work!" at us, or wave, give a V-sign or a fist.

"What do you think of the demonstrations?" we asked a

straight-looking young white guy in a People's Drugstore across from Dupont Circle. On the traffic circle, hundreds of Marines and GIs stood with their rifles ready.

"Well, I don't know if this is the best way of going about it, and you seem awfully disorganized. But," he said, motioning to the occupying force in the circle, "That kind of thing is certainly making people think."

The next morning we were in a bank in Georgetown, the city's center of hip culture and high rent. It was the scene of heavy gassing and many arrests, when protestors pulled back from the Key Bridge target area. As we cashed a large check for bail money, we mentioned to the young woman teller (with frosted, teased blond hair) that the money was for some arrested friends.

"Oh really?" she exclaimed suddenly, glad to have a chance to talk about what had become the major topic of concern for Washingtonians "Then let me tell you about something I saw yesterday. There were all these groups of young people, just walking in the street and stopping traffic. All of a sudden a group of policemen charged and arrested a lot. They grabbed one boy and beat him and beat him. I don't know if I'll ever be able to trust a policeman again."

Another teller came over to us, a grey haired woman dressed in a severe conservative suit. "Are the demonstrations over yet? I hear there's another one this coming Saturday?"

"No," said the younger woman, "That's a pro-war rally. I don't think there'll be many people, not so many as this week."

We mentioned the already-dated poll that says that 73% of the American people favor immediate withdrawal by the end of the year.

"Only 73%?" the older woman responded, "I'm sure it must be much more than that."

Around the corner in Georgetown, two recently bailed-out demonstrators sat eating their first good meal in a day in a coffee shop.

A jack-booted motorcycle cop walked in and tried to make friendly conversation with the waitress as he asked for his food. But the waitress stared at the floor and silently took his order. Other patrons in the restaurant stared at the cop, who stood nervously on his feet, and left as soon as possible.

The day before, after the Justice Department sit-in and bust, another waitress in a nearby restaurant willingly filled demonstrator's canteens with water.

One demonstrator in a cramped jail cell to another: "You know who put us up last night? Creighton Abrams' nephew [Abrams is commander in chief of U.S. forces in Vietnam]. He was freaked out by the way he had seen cops beating on people the day before."

We were walking on R Street when we met an old, shabby, somewhat drunk black man carrying a puppy under his jacket to keep it warm. We commented on what a beautiful puppy he had. Then he asked us if we were broke.

"Well, kind of . . ."

"Don't think I want to ask you for money," he exclaimed, "I want to give you money." He started digging for coins in his tattered pants. "You know why I want to give you this money? You know, I was wounded three times fighting for this country [in World War II] and they still treat me like a dog. Not so good as I treat my dog." He gave the puppy a fond pat on the head.

"Now I have my own house and a job in construction [he held out the roughened palms of his hands] so I've got enough. I'm too old to do what you people are doing, but I think it's really great, what you're doing. So I want to give you this money."

He tried to press ten dollars into the hand of one of us. We refused it. "Well, if you change your minds, remember I'll be glad to give you as much as you need."

### ARMED FORCES DAY: MAY 15

ARMED FORCES BASES EVERYWHERE [LNS] — Last year GIs and supporters forced the Navy to call off its Armed Forces Day activities at a Great Lakes base near Chicago. This year at bases, both at home and abroad, GIs plan to disrupt planned Armed Forces activities and hold counter-Armed Forces festivities on May 15. Soldiers will circulate the People's Peace Treaty, hold guerrilla theaters, etc. If bases are kept open to the public, anti-war GIs are planning to conduct special tours.

### MORE ANTI-WAR NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

ALL OVER AMERICA [LNS] — Three thousand University of Maryland students set up a blockade on U.S. Highway 1, an interstate that goes from Maine to Florida on May 5. Governor Mandel immediately called in National Guardsmen and set a 9:00 p.m. curfew, but very few people were arrested and protestors won victories over the police. Young people were seen running down streets, many barefoot, throwing teargas canisters back at the police. Many of the canisters misfired and the cops even gassed themselves and their dog patrol. People ripped up concrete from the sidewalks and used the chunks to defend themselves from police attacks.

†††One-hundred and thirty people were busted on May 6 (the largest number in a day in Boston's history) as demonstrators were brutally attacked when police tried to clear away 3500 sitting in at the John F. Kennedy Federal Building. A people's medical station reported that dozens of demonstrators were treated for scalp wounds. At the end of the day the federal plaza was covered with splashes of blood.

The sit-in culminated two days of anti-war protest that were kicked off with a rally of over 30,000 people in the Boston Common on May 5. At first the sit-in, which started early in the morning following the rally, was peaceful. But things turned ugly when police, without warning, began sweeping into the large groups of people sitting on the sidewalks. They dragged people away by the hair, beating them with nightsticks as they pushed their bodies out of the plaza entrances. But many demonstrators continued to hold their position and it took two more giant police sweeps to finally break-up the demonstration in the late afternoon.

## free Abbie Hoffman

Abbie Hoffman needs photos and eyewitness accounts of police beating him, 10:00 am, Monday, May 3, at Wisconsin Avenue and R Street. He also needs photos of him at the prison compound.

Besides crossing state lines to incite a riot, he's now being charged with assault and is currently out on \$20,000 bail.

Send evidence to: Abbie Hoffman, Box 213, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10003.

## O.K. But I Don't Do Windows

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — J. Edgar Hoover has been racking up charges against him for several months now and Senator McGovern recently added two more to the list.

\*Hoover keeps a record of agents "who fail to remember his birthday and at Christmas time with appropriate gratitude."

\*Agents have been called upon to do domestic chores at Hoover's home.

### OFFICIAL STUDY REVEALS SERIOUS MALNUTRITION IN U.S.

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — After a delay of more than a year, the Nixon Administration is getting ready to release the preliminary findings of a major hunger and nutrition survey. Some of these findings have already leaked out:

\* Between 10 and 30 per cent of all poor children surveyed bear evidence of retarded physical development;

\* 30 percent of those surveyed were found to be eating less than one-half the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin A and Iron;

\* Nutritional deficiencies are directly related to income.

Senator Hollings of South Carolina has charged that the Administration has suppressed the results "perhaps because the findings are so alarming that they would undermine present confidence in existing programs aimed at feeding our needy citizens." White House officials deny this, but others point to the fact that the raw data from the field work was submitted to Washington in June, 1970 — almost one year ago.

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — Government officials are getting ready to carry out a sweeping purge of food stamp rolls and early victims will be college students and commune dwellers.

One of the new rules is aimed directly at communes. The rule denies food stamps to any household in which there are persons under 60 years old who don't have some kind "legal relationship" sanctioned by state law to one another. The same rule will also be applied to two unrelated youths — in or out of college — who share an apartment to hold down expenses.

If the Agriculture Department has its say, these proposals will go into effect this summer.

### ARMY LOSES BROWNIE POINTS

NEW YORK [LNS] — A surprising 49% of the American public expressed a "negative impression" of the Army reports a recent Louis Harris Poll. The cross-section agreed with statements that "the Army's discipline has broken down," "the Army's clubs for soldiers in Vietnam are shot through with corruption"; "the Army has overstepped its boundaries by spying at home," and that the "draft has produced a lot of soldiers that don't want to fight."



### NLF OFFERS CEASE-FIRE TO ANTI-WAR GIs LIBERATION News Service

[Editor's note: The following statement was released on April 26, 1971 by Nguyen Thi Bing, head of the delegation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) of South Vietnam at the Paris peace talks. The establishment press has dismissed it as a "communique aimed at enticing American soldiers to defect," but has never printed the full text. When the statement was released, a spokesman for the PRG added that a number of Americans were fighting with the National Liberation Front.]

## Food Stamps Gone With The Wind!

# NEWS

## MOTHER'S DAY MESSAGE from viet nam



LIBERATION News Service  
[Editor's note: The following are excerpts from an open letter from Vietnamese mothers to American mothers on "Mother's Day."]

Dear Friends,

On the occasion of "Mother's Day," we, Vietnamese mothers, wish to send you, American mothers, our best greeting.

Every year, Spring brings to the heart of every mother on earth a new joy, and new hopes in the happy future of their children.

However, we American and Vietnamese mothers, are being faced with the frustrating fact that the war conducted by president Nixon is being stepped up and expanded in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Along with other mass-killing weapons, U.S. napalm bombs are burning our villages, U.S. noxious chemicals are destroying our forests, paddy-fields, gardens and our life . . .

The burden of the war keeps weighing down on your shoulders too. The most bitter fact is that thousands of American young have either failed to return home or come home physically crippled.

We have for years been opposed to all that. For all the similarity of our positions, of our activities, our aim is but one: an end to the costly, immoral, unpopular war conducted by the U.S. administration in Vietnam . . .

We, Vietnamese mothers, have made all-out efforts in the just struggle to defend our nation's independence . . . You, American mothers, have put up an indomitable struggle for an end to this war . . .

We warmly hail your 1971 Spring Mobilization movement and firmly believe that this year "Mother's Day" will be marked by splendid victories of that great struggle for peace and justice.

We earnestly hope that your loved ones will soon be reunited with their families, just as we earnestly wish to live in peace, independence, and freedom without foreign interference in whatever form. We shall contribute to developing the friendly relations between our two peoples on the basis of equality, mutual respect and understanding.

For Vietnamese mothers,  
Mrs. Nguyen thi Thuc Vien  
Mrs. Le thi Tai

### ORDER OF THE COMMAND OF THE SOUTH VIET NAM PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY

Since he took office, President Nixon has made every effort to carry out his "Vietnamization" plan with a view to prolonging the war of aggression in Vietnam. He has intensified and expanded it to the whole of the Indochinese peninsula, piling up new crimes against the peoples of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, and causing the United States further useless losses in terms of lives and property.

For the true interest and honor of the United States, and loyal to justice and freedom-loving traditions, many political figures and the broad masses of the American people, including U.S. servicemen still in South Vietnam, have also urged the Nixon administration to stop the war. They have opposed orders of the U.S. commanders, and demanded the immediate withdrawals of the U.S. troops.

In keeping with the Vietnamese people's longstanding tradition of humanitarianism, the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Vietnam have stated on repeated occasions that their policy is to welcome the anti-war U.S. servicemen and to give humane treatment to the U.S. servicemen captured or wounded on the battlefield.

In the present situation and pursuant to this policy, the Command of the South Vietnam People's Liberation Armed Forces orders:

1. Not to attack those anti-war U.S. servicemen — individuals or groups — who demand repatriation, oppose orders of the U.S. commanders, and abstain from hostile actions against the People's Liberation Armed Forces, from supporting or coming to the rescue of the Saigon army, encroaching on the freedom, property and lives of the South Vietnamese people, interfering with their internal affairs, hindering their struggles against the Thieu-Ky-Kiem clique.

2. To give proper treatment to those U.S. servicemen — individuals or groups — who in action refrain from opposing the People's Liberation Armed Forces, and those who carry with them anti-war literature.

3. To stand ready to extend aid and protection to those anti-war U.S. servicemen who have run away for their opposition to orders of operations, to harsh discipline and to the discriminatory policy of the army.

4. To welcome and give good treatment to those U.S. servicemen who cross over to the South Vietnam people and the People's Liberation Armed Forces; to stand ready to help them go home or seek asylum in another country if requested by them.

5. To welcome and to grant appropriate rewards to those U.S. servicemen — individuals or groups — who support the National Front for Liberation and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Vietnam.

The Command of the South Vietnam People's Liberation Armed Forces calls on the officers and men in all services of the U.S. Army in South Vietnam to make their best efforts to demand their repatriation, to refuse to go submissively to a useless death in the unjust war in Vietnam and Indochina, to try by every means to enter into contact with and to inform the South Vietnam people and the People's Liberation Armed Forces of their anti-war actions in order to receive assistance.

The People's Liberation Armed Forces must seriously carry out this order while constantly enhancing their vigilance and meting out exemplary punishment to those who continue stubbornly to follow the U.S. imperialists in opposing the Vietnamese people.

### fable

VINCENT TITUS

Once a bird got tired of walking and tried flying. He turned all his friends on to it. Moral: It's nice to be an innovator.

### FLORIDA STUDENTS OCCUPY PRESIDENT'S OFFICE: SUPPORT CHEERLEADER'S "BAD ATTITUDE"

TALLAHASSEE, Florida [LNS] — About 200 black Florida State University students boycotted classes and occupied University President Stanley Marshall's office for an hour during the last week in April. They were supporting a black cheerleader who was not reelected to next year's squad (because of a "bad attitude") and two black students arrested for an alleged assault on an FSU football player who had made racist remarks to them.

The students also complained about the proposed FSU-Florida A & M merger, insufficient financial aid for black students, racist hiring practices in the State University system, and unjustified arrests of black students by the county Sheriff's Department.

A meeting was held at 9:30 on Friday morning at the Black Students Union house. From there students marched to a nearby Auditorium where they heard speakers from FSU, Florida A & M, and the Malcolm X Liberation Front. At about 2:30 the students marched to Marshall's office and asked to meet with him. Marshall refused, saying it was too crowded and uncomfortable, and asked them to leave or face disciplinary actions. Realizing his stubbornness, the students left. The group plans to align itself with other black students in the city and community.

Although Marshall has been credited for not calling police, forty of them were stationed outside with paddy wagons and the whole works, ready to move if the order was given.

## SEGREGATED

# TV

## JULIE Hoffman makes a comeback

WIELDING SWORD OF  
JUSTICE:  
TAPS OK

WASHINGTON, D.C. [LNS] — A federal judge has ruled that the government has a right to tap telephone conversations and use information so obtained in a trial. The judge? None other than Julius J. Hoffman.

Hoffman is back in the news again, presiding over the trial of 12 alleged Weatherpeople who are under indictment on charges of "conspiracy to cross state lines to incite riot, charges from the October '69 "days of Rage" demonstrations in Chicago. A trial date has not been set. Ten of the defendants are still fugitives, having gone underground shortly after the indictments came out in April, 1970.

## 18 YEAR OLDS FLAUNT IT!

18-YEAR OLDS TAKE  
ADVANTAGE OF VOTE

BALTIMORE, Md. [LNS] — Many establishment figures have scoffed at the effect of the 18-year old vote, implying that young people would either refuse to vote, or just not be interested in elections. However, statistics from the first Maryland elections that permitted voting by 18-year olds showed that their turnout percentage was more than twice that of older voters. Eighty-three per cent of the voters over 21-years old stayed home.

# NOW

NOW

New York, May 3 — The New York City Chapter of the National Organization for Women (Now-NYC) in cooperation with the Public Theater, will present the Women's Dance Project on May 21 and 22 at 8:00 p.m. in Martinson Hall. Tickets are available at the Public Theater Box Office, 425 Lafayette Street, New York City (Phone: 674-8937) Donation for non-members is \$3.50, for members and students, \$2.00. The program is a NOW-NYC Fund Raising Committee Special Event.

The Women's Dance Project is a group of eight young dancer-choreographers: Deborah Gerson, Elaine McHugh, Lyn Pyle, Diane Ray, Madeleine Swift, Fran Tabor, Kai Takei, and Susan Warshall-Perlstein. They are unified by the need to come to terms, in dance, with the issues which confront and challenge women each day. Although they are not members of NOW, as feminists they have come forward to donate their talents towards the achievement of full equality for all women.

Highlights of the program include: "Personal Space," — an exploration of one woman's personal search for security; "The Bride," — a satirical look at the fact and fantasy of marriage and "I Abort, You Abort, She Aborts" — a strong visual statement on the emotional problems of abortion.

In addition, the dancers have performed these works for a Joan Bird Benefit at the Methodist Church and for a Third World Caucus Rap at City College.

# DEAR EVO!

People: We are all citizens of Woodstock Nation. Some invaders from pig nation have taken our words and symbols (like power to the people and the fist) and are trying to make profits from them. The hip capitalists get all their things from them. If we are to defeat the amerikan way we must think about this too. An easy solution to this problem is to open up more free stores, make free music (not like the rip-off Fillmore) etc. WE HAVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING FREE!!! THE WHOLE WORLD IS A LIBERATED ZONE - DEFEND IT BROTHERS AND SISTERS!!! CAPITALISM VS. BOURGEOISE SHIT!! YIPPIE! LETS STOP THE PIG AND SERVE THE PEOPLE NOW! WE ARE OUR OWN LEADERS!! LETS CELEBRATE THE FESTIVAL OF LIFE!!

ANARCHA PIGHATER

Dear EVO,

In an effort to bring about an immediate end to the Vietnam war and all warrings upon lands and against all peoples this world over by the Amerikan military and its institutional government, we, gays against war, make this statement of desertion and declaration of antiwar.

We urge all gay soldiers of land, sea and air, who are presently serving in the Amerikan military and government and engaged in fighting the Amerikan war in Vietnam, to immediately take individual and group action to desert the Amerikan armed forces. (As the gay lovestyle means antiwarring and peace, we urge all gays to search their consciences and to free their minds, spirits and bodies from any further individual and mass genocide against peoples of North and South Vietnam).

Gay soldiers who recognize the insanity of war and who oppose Amerika's war atrocities must deny and disobey all further orders to maim or kill children, women and men.

We urge all gays to seek either temporary or permanent asylum with the national front for liberation in North Vietnam, or, with the provisional revolutionary government of South Vietnam, and to seek safe passage to another country and/or passage back to the United States. We also urge gays to convince all other soldiers to desert as individuals or groups enmasse, NO WAR MEANS AN END TO WAR! GAY POWER! GAY LOVE FOR ALL!

Gays Against War

ADVOCATING BUILDING SEIZURE  
A FELONY IN FLORIDA

TALLAHASSEE, Fla. [LNS] - The Florida State House's Committee on Universities and Junior Colleges has unanimously passed a bill making it a felony for anyone to publicly advocate the violent overthrow of the United States Government or the seizure or occupation of university buildings.

Dear EVO,

many years ago, before he had grown into the hero we now all know him to have been, Lenny Bruce used to indulge in what was called 'sick humor', things like making light of airplane crashes and murder with snappy one-liners. These were tolerable because it was the fifties and during the fifties the collective level of consciousness in this country was at a place where a line like "bobby franks was a snotty kid" (the Leopold-Loeb murder) got laughs and repetition. I repeated it myself, once or twice. Now I have grown up just a little my experience has taught me that in human misery there just AIN'T NO FUCKIN' HUMOR. . . but I guess there are still lots of people who stopped growing at about where Lenny began. Specifically, the crippled motherfucker who thinks Helen Keller is a good subject for cheap stroke cartooning, and the other/or same slime encrusted reporter who thanks Alice Crimmins for "a good show" as she is in the process of dying. With these kinds of people things on your staff, I see no reason why you can't become one of America's most successful publications, along the lines of human events, the policemen's gazette and the readers digest. The political awareness is at about the same level. . . just substitute cripple for hippy and you'll see that the object of their wrath is treated with about as much consideration for humanity as whatever it is that motivates whatever it is that those people/things at evo do. Angela Davis being locked up is a million laughs, right? If Bobby Seale gets murdered, that's good for a special humor issue of evo, right? However many million jews getting fried in WW2, there has to be something funny about it, right? Things like seeing a loved one getting raped, watching a basketcase trying to eat, creaming over photos of pakistani's being slaughtered. . . all revolutionary, right? Thanks for proselytizing about peace, love, freedom and, the coming whatever. No thanks for wasting time, space and humanity on pus and cum stained spirits unable to differentiate between life and jerking off. To those two, or one, intense pain and numerous scabs for the rest of their/it's hopefully short life. To the rest of you, for your successes or failures, thanks and god bless you. . . but grow up, FAST, there isn't really that much time left, love and hate.

Frank Scott

ED: Neither of the "people/things" was available for comment, but thank you for your lesson in humanitarianism! If you'd like to do a complete story on the "basketcase trying to eat," there might be a couple of tenners in it for you if you act quick.

Dear EVO,

I didn't go to Washington, and I feel shit about it, so I'll rationalize away some of my pain. War is dead. Not yet, but it's on its knees, and it'll never get up again. It's got a big open chest wound, and its bleeding to death. After so many thousands of years, and a few of full maturity, its time has come. No need any longer to struggle, lets just dance it into its grave. *I look into myself and see that war is dead.* The soldiers return from Vietnam and cry, and soon they'll cry while in Vietnam. And soon the universal soldier himself will cry out before Vietnam, and not go to Vietnam. What I know, that war is dead will not take long to reach everyone in the world. They'll all know before I die. I'm 19.

Tonight I smashed a friend in the chest, over a girl. I didn't plan to, it just happened. I was sorry I did, but I did it. I'll do it again now and then, probably (that is, hit people). And so will many people. Such violence will always exist. I don't care if it does or it doesn't. This isn't what must die, this anger and violence. It's not over girls that fighting sucks that's life. It's over nations that it sucks. And such fighting, called war, is dead. We must dance over its grave.

Everywhere is a grave for something. There is death everywhere. All the world is a grave. And all the world is a birthplace too. So if we dance, it's over some grave. That's okay. Lets dance now on the grave of war. Soon we'll dance on the grave of nations. Maybe before the dogs dance on the grave of man, if we're lucky. The quicker we start dancing on war's grave, the better.

No need to struggle, war's already out of breath, on its knees, and ready to fall. Pass the word, war is dead. Cease the struggle, and let it die in peace. Dance and sing to the unbelievers, "war is dead" I don't know why we despair. When the landslides begun, you know it'll end eventually. The rumble will fade into silence, peaceful. Let's not play ugly.

Victor Raboy

Dear EVO,

FRESH FOUNDATIONS is a cooperative dedicated to the peoples struggle for freedom of expression. We are putting together some fresh books of fiction, poetry and photographs. We need manuscripts and pictures. If any of your staff or readers would like to submit their work for our evaluation we would be happy to consider it for publication in FRESH FOUNDATIONS. Our new Press for the People! Send your work to

FRESH FOUNDATIONS  
P.O. BOX 8503  
FOUNTAIN VALLEY, CALIF.

92708

BSU DEMONSTRATES TO  
"FREE AFRICA"  
AFRICAN GUERRILLAS  
NEED SHOES

NEW YORK [LNS] - "Civilize Portugal," "Africa for Africans," "Free Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, Zambia, Angola - Free Africa" were some of the slogans chanted in front of the Portuguese government tourist information Bureau by the Hunter College Black Student Union. They were protesting Portugal's colonial control of Africa which is supplied by U.S. arms.

The BSU is collecting medical supplies, clothing, money and especially footwear (boots and sneakers) for the guerrillas in Angola, Guinea-Bissau, and Mozambique. Any contributions should be sent to Black Student Union, Hunter College, 695 Park Ave., New York, NY.

BLACK AND WHITE T.V.  
IN SOUTH AFRICA  
APARTHEID ON THE TUBE

New York [LNS] - Premier John Vorster's government has finally approved in principle a new plan that will bring television to South Africa in about four years. But, according to the New York Times, apartheid will apply to the tube too.



## In Laos

paper is made from banana leaves and used to wrap opium to sell down the river, and is also burned to keep off evil spirits.

**BLOOD, SWEAT, TEARS  
(& A LITTLE LAUGHTER)**

- COLLECTING EVIDENCE by Hugh Seidman, Yale Univ. Press, \$1.75  
 THE MORTGAGED WIFE by Barbara Harr, Swallow Press, \$5.00  
 DEATH & FRIENDS by Jon Anderson, University of Pittsburgh Press, \$2.50  
 BUFFALO POEM by Nathan Whiting, Pym-Randall Press, \$2.00  
 TREASURY HOLIDAY by William Harmon, Wesleyan Univ. Press, \$2.00  
 BABY BREAKDOWN by Anne Waldman, Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.00  
 GIANT NIGHT by Anne Waldman, Corinth, \$3.00  
 AIR by Tom Clark, Harper & Row, \$2.45  
 NORTH by Tony Towle, Columbia Univ. Press, \$1.95

Hugh Seidman's COLLECTING EVIDENCE is one of the most skillfully executed books I've read in a long time. Whether he's talking about love, about poetry, or simply giving his impressions after reading 'Tale of Genji' he's doing it with an honesty and emotion that comes at the reader head-on. As he says in his poem "Marriage":

Forty-five hundred miles  
 and your voice on the phone  
 I'm not worth it. Don't cry.  
 You weren't my cunt anymore...

He has a total feeling of what the poem should be and how he will have to present it on thypage. His style ranges from linear metrical verse to the typographical and experimental, as in "Constellation" or "Minneapolis/ St. Paul." His long poem "The Modes of Vallejo Street" takes up almost 1/4 of the book. It's very uneven, with weak parts such as this from section No.6:

You made a film of me that I have never seen  
 we went on the subway to shoot scenes  
 we went into the park in the afternoon

I lay on the ground and saw the autumn sun  
 the children ran around us  
 and the leaves whirled  
 and all of this was recorded

into the heart of the city  
 where we believed in the real  
 where you swore it was simple  
 and why did this occur...

But the poem also contains some of the best moments in the book. Section 22 reads

Those photographs of fucking in all its forms  
 the young women as if ageless in the eternity of their bodies

he was weakened in an abject insatiable desire  
 as the dwarf  
 came swinging on his crutches

the useless legs arcing in half circles  
 but someone  
 would want him, the miracle

and the birds there  
 pecking after seeds, greedy, gobbling

It all holds together. What emerges is a book with a tone and voice completely its own.

THE poetry of Barbara Harr resembles Seidman's in many ways. She has the same persistent honesty, the same striving toward capturing emotion, many times forsaking the image because of this. Her book has a unified construction; the poems were written over a fairly long period of time.

Some parts impress me more than others. She is at her best in longer poems, where she develops the theme more fully; she takes more chances. In "Un Bel Di," for example, she writes about her school friend who committed suicide. Her feelings are presented with strength and simplicity as in the first section my mother telephones

she tells of the cord in your closet

Home from the hospital  
 in that suburb of Milwaukee  
 with your parents not with your husband  
 You leave two little children

She knows no more to tell me

Poems such as this one make the book worthwhile for me.

WITH the publication of his second book, Jon Anderson is well on his way to making a name for himself as one of the more predictably good young poets. Though the book has only 48 pages, it was obviously well edited; all that it contains is of top quality. The poems are extremely well conceived and carried thru with a sense of regulation rare in most poets: In "The Parachutist" he says, after describing the jump

A few may have seen him them. In evidence:

the stopped dots  
 of children & dogs, sudden wave

of a car -  
 acquaintances, circling up  
 into the adventure they imagined...

Long poems mix with shorter ones. He sees fit to end the book with "SUMMER NIGHTS"

Because of death, they are valuable  
 A man waters his lawn.

It works. That's all that can be asked of any poet, and it can certainly be found here.

IT'S interesting to be able to look at Nathan Whiting's BUFFALO POEM along with William Harmon's TREASURY HOLIDAY. Both are book-length poems (although Harmon states that this is only the first section of a longer work) and both deal with life in America today. I feel Mr. Whiting is the better of the two poets, and very exciting. Without making any obvious attempt, he captures American speech in a way that sticks with his readers. His sense of line and his conception of the poem is almost flawless, and parts of it will be haunting poets for a long time to come. I quote from two sections:

Am I a cave or a hearth or man?  
 No. Part of a word, brown.

There is light above me.  
 The paper.

The word is separated from the paper.  
 They are far apart,  
 I shiver.

I am a cave.

When I think of her  
 I kill those brain cells  
 as carefully as a man would girdle a tree.  
 with whatever it takes  
 to become alone.

Harmon works from a much more comic and experimental sense of what he sees, often with echoes of the French surrealists. The book varies in quality, but most of it is enjoyable and fresh. It's something that hasn't been done before, or at least it hasn't been done well. The poem has political overtones, yet still manages to handle them in a poetical way. Here is the second section

Now he is the Declaration of Independence a poem beginning with the rhyme When in

Now he is the Constitution a poem beginning with the rhyme We the

Now the Gettysburg Address a poem beginning with the rhyme Four score

IN Anne Waldman's two books (which amount to over 200 pages) I've read about her day to day life in a way sometimes boring, sometimes clownish. One questions whether to call it 'poetry.' You search for the art, for example, in poems such as "Things Which Make Me Nervous" which reads, in its entirety Poetry readings.  
 People.

Dope.  
 Things I really like.

I come away with a strange twinge of amusement. It might be useful to connect her view of the world with the view of Barbara Harr. Here are two women writing about their lives as if from opposite poles of a compass.

TOM Clark appears to take the same attitude toward poetry that Miss Waldman does. He's managed to retain a little more imagination, though, along with a better sense of line. Even so, his poems in this second book don't meet the quality of those in his first book. I get a good feeling from reading "Air" or "Up In Here" and would be likely to re-read "Crows" in which he demonstrates a transreal sense of words and images. It begins

Like the shore's alternation of door wave

Shoe wave, the displaced and disturbed

Air replaces itself with more air as casually

As attention grants itself...

But this is mixed in with tiresome poems such as "Things About You," "Girls," or "Fucked Mind." I was expecting better things, and more of them.

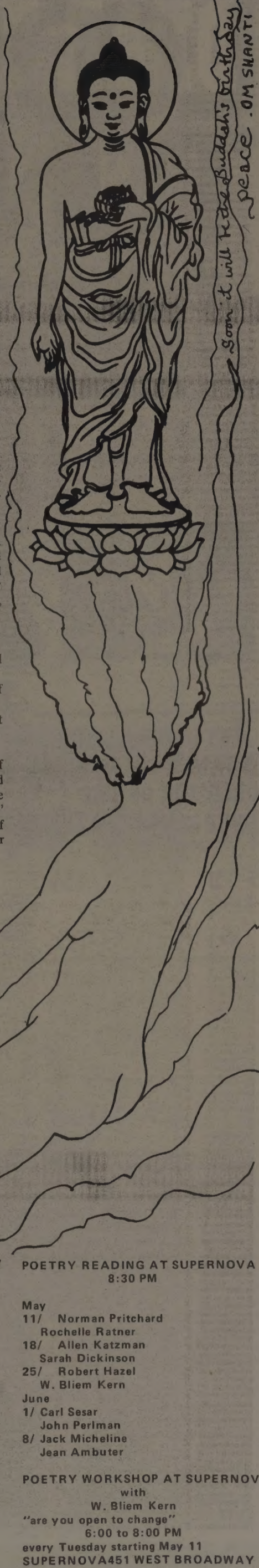
TONY Towle won the Frank O'Hara award for his book NORTH - an award supposedly given for 'experimental poetry.' I fail to see anything very experimental in lines like the following, from "Sleep and Poetry"

I arrive with the years of my sleep  
 past the age of Keat's conclusion,  
 radiant with nervousness and Hyperion's weight

"refusing forever the wishfulness of the visual"

and suddenly consumed by a great sadness...

What I do see is an intellectual sort of provincialism which I find interesting and well managed. In poems like "Enchantment" or "The Country Life" he exhibits a dreamlike quality of imagination such as is found in the better poems being written today.



**POETRY READING AT SUPERNOVA  
8:30 PM**

- May  
 11/ Norman Pritchard  
 Rochelle Ratner  
 18/ Allen Katzman  
 Sarah Dickinson  
 25/ Robert Hazel  
 W. Bliem Kern  
 June  
 1/ Carl Sesar  
 John Perlman  
 8/ Jack Micheline  
 Jean Ambuter

**POETRY WORKSHOP AT SUPERNOVA  
with**

W. Bliem Kern  
 "are you open to change"  
 6:00 to 8:00 PM  
 every Tuesday starting May 11  
 SUPERNOVA451 WEST BROADWAY  
 473-9779

*Matt*

# LOONEY TUNES

the story from 'Inside'

by KANDI

Well, I took another trip to C.I. last week and wow. The employees are uptight, the patients are uptight and the place is in a state of war. It all started three weeks ago. The patients went on strike for more cigarettes for working. The employees picked up on it. But its a bitch a lot of good people are going to blow their jobs. Let's take Cookie, two junkie husbands an attendant for years

and years, and they want her out. Why, because the patients love her, because she's gay because she dances her ass off and makes the patients laugh. And because she's honest. Which is a cardinal sin in C.I. you can't laugh, mental illness is a serious thing. Then along comes Cookie with her records shaking her backside and getting supposedly catatonic patients up off their ass to dance. She's

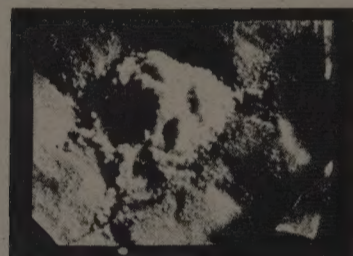
beautiful. But she won't be long. The old timers want her out and with the strike coming up she will be.

On the other side there's a bitch named Bunch. She used to be in the Army and still thinks she is. She knocks the old ladies on the ass for peeing on the floor. But if you're tough she doesn't fuck with you. She thinks she's a drill sergeant and acts it Christmas morning. Get your lazy asses out of bed, and she throws cold water in your face if you don't get up. I've seen her toss seventy year old women across a wet floor. She should be fired. But her supervisor is a butch from the old school. You know the type. If they fight throw a pillow on their face and choke their ass off. Betty Paul will be the next supervisor, she shakes her tail feather with the rest of them. And she really can move. Paul is an O.B. nurse and with the cut off she'll lose her job. This shouldn't happen.

Most of these bitches belong in the dining room where they started. But the good ones, Cookie Selma Bryant, a fine black woman who's proud off it and loves the patients. They're going to be fired and the bitches that have been there

thirty years will stay in to beat the shit out of the patients and take out their own frustrations. Everyone is laughing about the strike but they're going to be out on their ass. Let's investigate C.I. Rockefeller where are you? We don't need sixty-year-old attendants. We need the young ones who can relate to the patients. How many dead bodies do they want on their hands. C.I. is way out in the woods. I took a walk with my old lady out there. And wound up with her hands around my neck. And baby, she wasn't making love. She's being investigated on a homicide now. But half the Goddamn patients and half the nurses belong in Mattewan. If they have to strike, fire everyone over thirty. The good ones are beautiful. The bad ones are homicidal bitches who take out their agressions on the patients. Fire everyone over thirty, let the patients run the place. Do your thing, C.I.: get rid of the morons. The average I.Q. of the staff is 80. The patients run about 120. Let them take care of business. Right on C.I. Let's take over this motherfucker. If I have to go back there to do it we're going to make it.

Right on sisters, do your thing.



# JUNKIES



turned off by the government

**INTERVIEW WITH  
STANLEY SLAWINSKI,  
DIREKTOR OF THE  
SHERIDAN REHABILITATION  
CENTRE,  
SOON TO BE CLOSED  
BECAUSE OF  
BUDGET CUTS**

by LYNDA CRAWFORD

What exactly was the program existing at Sheridan?

Sheridan, an all-male facility with 378 residents, average age of 23, was the first in a two-phase program for treatment of the addict, which is called Intramural Treatment. During this phase the resident is confined to the facility. Everyone always asks how long they stay and I can only say it depends on the individual's rate of progress. It ranges from two months to a year. Nearing the end of their stay, the residents go home for weekends and day trips in order to gradually prepare for their re-entering society. The next phase, which we call Community Base Service, takes place with the resident at home. He partakes in various programs offered at a center near him. The total period an addict is committed to go through both phases of the program is 36 months, so depending on how long he was in the facility, the remainder of time he spends while being a member of society rather than in confinement.

How will the commission now be able to facilitate the addicts presently in treatment here and in the four other centers being closed?

Well, first of all, I can only speak for Sheridan, but pretty much the same procedures are being exercised by the other centers involved. Through our normal attrition rate, since we received notice of the shut-down on April 19th, a number of residents have already been sent home. The rest, a total of about 350

people, have been broken up into three groups. In the first group we have 97 residents who will go home this Sunday, May 9th. This was simply a speed-up of the process as they all have already passed the aftercare review conference and would under normal conditions have been released in four to five weeks. We see no reason for concern with their sped-up release. The second group of between 120 and 150 residents have all been here a relatively long length of time and have been home for weekends and day outings. They will be released prematurely but their outcome should be fairly successful. Under normal conditions they would have had another seven to eight weeks at the facility. The remainder of residents will have each of their cases reviewed to see which are in *dire need* of continued care and those that are will be transferred to other facilities. Unfortunately there will be those who needed more care and will suffer because of their premature release. We will try to do the best we can but it is going to be difficult with the commission being so constrained by the budget. We are helpless!

What about new admissions into the program?

This is the worst part of it all. Because of no other choice available to them, the commission has requested and received permission from the courts for temporary suspension of new certification, *until further notice*. This was done in order to allow time to regroup and reorganize the thrust of Sheridan and the other shut-down facilities. What this means is that throughout New York State there will be no new admissions to any facilities, until further notice (expected to be at least two months).

Was there any reaction from the residents at Sheridan to the closing?

There was a large reaction from ex-addicts who have gone through the facilities being closed down. As a matter of fact, many of them have taken part in

the picketing going on in Albany against the budget cut. They wish to bring to light to the population of New York the problem that exists and show their *sincere* concern for people not able to receive the treatment which helped each of them overcome drug addiction. I hate to sound over-pessimistic but I wonder if it will have any impact. Let me say if it did, I would be most surprised.

You mentioned a staff of 350 people. What will happen to them now?

Well, to answer that you have to understand the two groups of Civil Service employees. The first group and lowest in pecking order are what we call Provisionals. They, for one reason or another, were not able to fully qualify as permanent employees. Any of our staff provisionals will be the first to be let go. As a matter of fact, many of them have already received their final notice. The second group of permanent employees have been informed that they will have an opportunity to work in other facilities, "according to their seniority," and those unplaced will be put on a Preferred List where again, according to their seniority, they will get jobs as they open up. This process may take quite a while and will not only affect those working in the closing centers but also many who work in facilities that will be kept open, for there will be a lot of bumping of provisional or low-seniority permanent employees in order to make room for the laid-off staff. The commission will certainly do its best to place all the people they can, but with the total outlook being such as it is, with many Civil Service employees getting laid-off throughout all the divisions, what this really means is a hell of a lot of people will be out of jobs.

Why Sheridan?

I have no idea. We had an extremely viable center here without any false atmosphere. The residents were made to realize that there were other alternatives

besides drugs and we were careful not to impose but rather expose them to these alternatives that many of them never knew existed throughout their lives. Classrooms, for one thing, normally tend to be anxiety-producing to the addict. We overcome this by letting them go at their own pace toward getting their H.S. diploma or getting involved in any of the other programs offered. Ours was not a myopic aim. Our ultimate goal was to turn them into contributing rather than, as they were, consuming members of society. We had a damn good cohesive staff and... What can I say? I'm sorry to see it all end. Perhaps we've been a thrown in some people's side. I mean, people view the addict with fear and this fear is misplaced. It's when they're out on the streets and unable to get treatment that there is cause for worry, not while they are receiving help in a facility.

What are you going to do now?

I really don't know. I would like to stay with the commission, but who knows? Whatever I do, whether with the commission or not, it will be related. I mean, I hate to leave a job unfinished and until there is a cure for drug addiction, I would feel like a rat deserting a sinking ship if I didn't keep up the fight. Meanwhile there are three weeks left here at the center, where I and the rest of the staff will continue to put in 101% effort in helping those we can. With the oncoming shut-down though, it's rather like waiting for a burial.

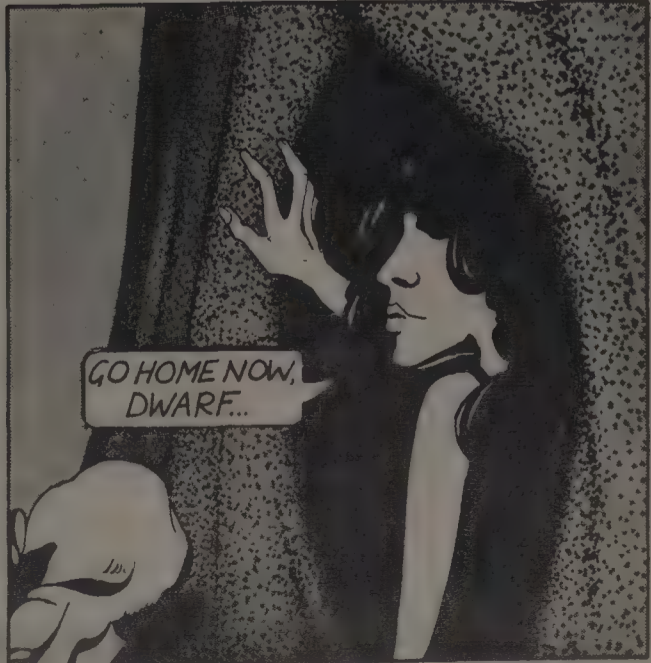
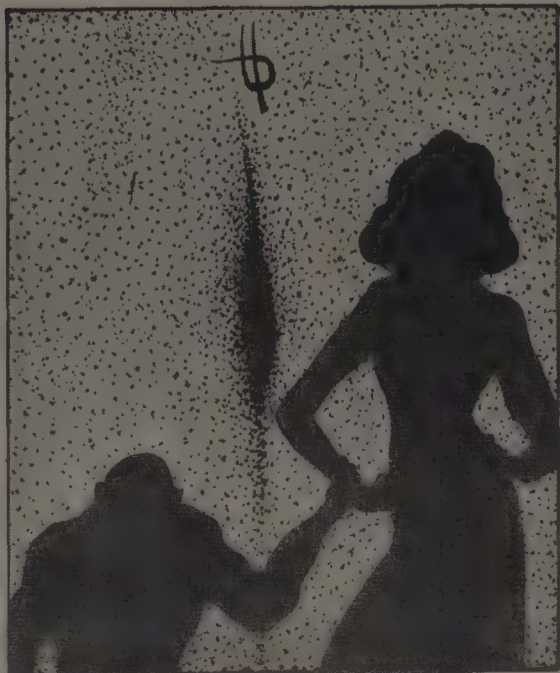
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This sudden lack of interest by the government to the drug problem brings to mind an interesting thought. In many of the past civilizations when the ruling class was having trouble with the masses they allowed and most often contributed to the distribution of addictive drugs throughout the society. "Get-them-all-stoned-and-what-do-they-care-what-we-do" sort of philosophy. As I said... an interesting thought.

# JOURNEY to the INTERIOR

Richard Jones/Mike Harrison

CYCLOPS - October 1970



# frick

The full moon was up high in the sky and *The Incredible String Band* was in town. What else could you ask for? The string band as some of you might now know is from England. They play with different instruments than most bands and play different music from any other band I've ever heard. Yes, sometimes I even say that they're my favorite. They've been around for a bunch of years now but their popularity is not on a large scale. They don't appeal to swains of greasers or clods that drive fast cars and listen to fm radios...they have a dedicated following of innocent looking flower children who anxiously await them to come to town...

They were on the east coast playing small universities and Philharmonic hall in Lincoln center on mothers day. The place was packed with colorful people of every description waiting for the string band to come on stage. That select audience that always seems to be there when ever they play, you

see the same people at all the string band concerts. They draw them out of the woods for 100s of miles around, every one of them came down to see them. Why??? Well maybe it's because of the way they play the music that they do. It's totally foreign to american ears. Its from that land over there across the salty sea where jesters and bards used to be. An old tradition of singing stories in songs, yeah it was a long time since they were here...

Some say that they came from the folk scene, might be so, they took their name way back in '65 from CLIVES INCREDIBLE FOLK CLUB in Glasgow a place where they used to play. Way way back in those party days they just played for the sake of playing. It was 2 years later before they had a record out. Now a half a dozen records later and a bunch of years off the calendar they have imbedded themselves in many people's hearts and minds. They play that kind of music, with meaningful stories and

sometimes stories that have no meaning at all. Folk songs from European countries, dance music trance music, music of the

In a recent interview Robin Williamson spoke about how he developed his particular style: "I had a great love for traditional music, but its very hard to do creative things and still move in that circle. It tends to be symble because the people are not into creation so much as presentation. I prefer to float because I consider what I'm doing now to be valid folk music. I'm personally happier more satisfied with the stuff that we're doing now than I have been for a long time. I'm very happy with the new material and the sound that we're getting."

The new material is a surprise to most string band fans, also the fact that Robin isn't toting with them this time. It's been said that she's on the west coast learning how to be a sound engineer and that she was expecting a baby.

Her presence was sadly missed. Her spot was filled as best as possible with the newest member of the string band's group, a fellow by the name of Malcolm le Maisere who was with them last year when they were performing their incredible pop pantomime called *U*. He was with the performing troupe called *Stone Monkey* and before that was a member of *Exploding Galaxy*. He plays all of the string band instruments very well. During the concert he went from guitar to harmonica to mandolin glockenspiel, piano, organ, hand drums and more. An excellent actor as proved by the little skits that the band has incorporated into the show. In one he played both Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson.

He speaks of himself: "At the moment I suppose you could call me a multi-instrumentalist. I'd like to do some of my own things but at the moment I'm more interested in becoming a musician."

As a multi-talented performer he can't take the place of but he sure provides something new that wasn't there before. I hear he's also written a book of children's stories called *Tales of Wook Land*. I'd sure like to read it some day. Well, anyways, here they were on the stage of one of the most respected concert halls in America playing songs from other times,

other spheres, other places. Listening with your other ears is the trick in catching what they have to say. It's not a kind of band that makes you wanna go tight out and pick up on their latest top 40 hit single cause they don't have hit singles.

At this show with the exception of one or two old songs, the music was all new material written over the last year or so. Nice stuff, it's mellow and calm and sometimes takes you far away without letting you know...people in the audience were calling out names of their favorites for them to play and Robin Williamson stepped up to the mike and said "Thanks for all those lovely requests but we're not going to play any of those songs tonight. We have some new songs that we hope you'll like...so they played on and on and on. Outside in the sky the full moon was on the rise and they played on.

The new stuff is unmistakably string band stuff, again in an interview Mike said:

"On the last couple of tours we got into playing a lot more as a band but on this tour we've got more of a poetry act with all kinds of different moods and moves and music in it. It's not like any of the music that we've recorded. The roots of this new stuff come from the days we were playing in all those folk clubs. It's not like the stuff on any of our other albums. Just some new things that were worked out on the by and by."

The new stuff is unmistakably string band. It couldn't be anything else but. It ain't on any albums as yet but the Tuesday

night radio concert over wplj just might be...that was the other time that we caught them, me and Ronnie bopped around town following them where they went to play a couple of times in a couple of days we saw them play their songs and by the way you can sit and listen to them all day long and not get tired of their music. I guess there are 2 kinds of people in the world, those that like the String band and those that have not heard them yet. Here is a list of their records up to date:

I Looked Up, EKS-74061, Changing Horses, EKS-74057, The Big Huge, EKS-74037, Wee Tam, EKS-74036, The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter, EKS-74021, The 5000 Spirits or The Layers of The Onion, EKS-74010, The Incredible String Band (Robin Williamson, Clive Palmer and Mike Heron), EKS-732

There's also the recording of their pop pantomime that was such a flash last year. It's on electra too, and it's called "U" Pop Pantomime. Mike Heron has a new album coming out soon called *Men With Bad Reputations*. It's also on electra.

If you've got them all there's something else you can do, another band that's got it's first album out on electra. If you like the string band that's got it's first album out on electra. If you like these people too. They call themselves THE RAINBOW BAND a very strange story they have. I don't have the album either, but when I do I'll let you all know. In the meantime watch your lines and dig non-electric music. It's better than you think...

Surprises, surprises, all over again, another name I haven't heard since I don't know when. Remember *Jamie Brackett*???? Bob Fass used to play his monumental recording of the real story of the *USS Titanic*. Well the album was called *Remember the Wind And The Rain* and it was on some small time label Columbia has picked up on. They got him to do a second record called *Jamie Brackett Two* which was released a few months ago. It went noplac after all who was this guy, anyways...so the record came out and has been sitting in the stores because it don't have a good beat to dance to. They went ahead and re-released the first album, the one with the titanic song on it a couple of days ago. I wonder where this one will go...

There's not too much known about this artist cause he don't hang around town but the music he plays sure goes round and round. He picks a fine guitar, too. What else is there to do??? I hope you hear him on your top pop fm station pretty soon. One night last week there was talk of him performing in the village somewhere...

Out of the air the question comes, is folk music returning to this old gray land? Is there some more new stars out there in that land beyond new jersey? Are they yet to come to N.Y.C. to let us see what's happening where there's no electricity? There are no pop fm stations in the ozarks or in appalachia or

the okeefenokee swamp, the dust bowl or of the oklahoma badlands...I mean out there somewhere are some people that pick and play and have just as much to say as bob dylan or John Jartford or even Jeff Elks Worth. Chris Kristofferson is in town kicking a few songs around making that old cash register sing and others that are coming in at the end of the spring. One thing that you shouldn't miss is a show that's put together at the end of this month... June 2 to 7 to be exact at the *Bitter End* on 147 Bleeker Street. Two of the names that aren't too well known by the east coast semi-hip semi-filip teenaged audience... *Herble Hancock*, a piano-player that was with Miles Davis for a good long time is going to be there with his band. They play jazz with cosmic overtones...space music if you will. Nothing Pretentious but space music all the same...you remember a song called *Watermelon Man*, he wrote that one way back awhile...now he's got another style of flipping notes, back and forth from the stage to the audience. Come and be prepared to be spaced. Also on the bill is another one that's not too well known although the name might ring a bell...Jackie Lomax come and find out for yourself.

Another surprise this week. The release of an album from that long gone vibe player *Cal Tjader*. No one remembers him a lot cause he hasn't been around or turned out any music for the public's consumption in longer than I can remember. With about a dozen or so of the finest men in the business he has assembled an album that's jazz with pop overtones. New sounding arrangements of old rock favorites. Donovan's wear your love like heaven and first there is a mountain. Santana's evil ways. The Beatles she's leaving home, and a couple of others. It sounds like it was recorded out west cause east coast musicians dont think in those kind of phrases.

In many people's eyes he is one of the most sensitive vibe players around. Having played around in the 50's and 60's with all sorts of other artists, he represents a force in contemporary American jazz that some people thought was dead.

An album out many years ago on fantasy teamed him with Dave Brubeck another giant in American jazz tradition. The album was called *Dave Brubeck/Cal Tjader*. Years ago it got on the grooves worn down on my record player. Then they both faded away. Dave Brubeck broke up the most phenomenal jazz quartet of the decade and went his own way. He's back now too with an album out on Columbia and Cal's new on on Fantasy records simply called *TJADER Fantasy No. 8406*.

Another favorite from the decades long gone by was a trumpet player called *Manyard Ferguson*, a name and a legend that is worldwide. He's back in the swing after too long an absence with a new album too. It's called *M.F. HORN* on Columbia records.

He dissapered from the confines of the American jazz scene a few years back and went over the ocean to live in India.

Hang out and play his horn all day long...he visited England a couple of times and put together a new band of sorts. Started playing around here and there in Europe and all of a sudden here he is in n.y.c. a few weeks back playing his ass off. He's still got that screech register that many horn players admire and respect. There's something about a man that can play notes higher than anyone else.

On his new album he does some stock american tunes like

MacArthur Park but there on the second side is some of the stuff that must have happened to him over there in India. Amazing melodic structures inside of a jazz-oriented ensemble of sounds. Foreign to the ear of most jazz listeners but to those who listen to a lot of Ravi Shankars music, this album will seem vaguely familiar. Stuff in other harmonies, other melodies, other time signatures, it sure sounds like he was hanging out in India or someplace where they got no juke boxes...I don't know whether he's going to start performing anywhere in town or America for that matter but his album is out for everyone to hear if you got an ear for that kind of stuff.

Then in the afternoon mail two books I was waiting to look at and read. They've come from the other side. One was called *THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ZEN*. It's a comparative study of the eastern ways of thought as related in the Bible. The book shows that all those precepts and concepts that are inherent in

western and eastern teaching have an underlying root that is the same the world over. In the east they call the experience Satori, in the west its called salvation. Either way, either name it's the realization and the experience of the perfect knowledge of God. The book is a collection of essays and commentaries by some of the most famous of the new age consciousness leaders and teachers, Erich Fromm, D.T. Suzuki, Alan Watts, J. Krishnamurti, Hubert Benoit, and that old time old timer Minister Eckhart all rolled into one little paper back book for a dollar. Published by the New American Library.

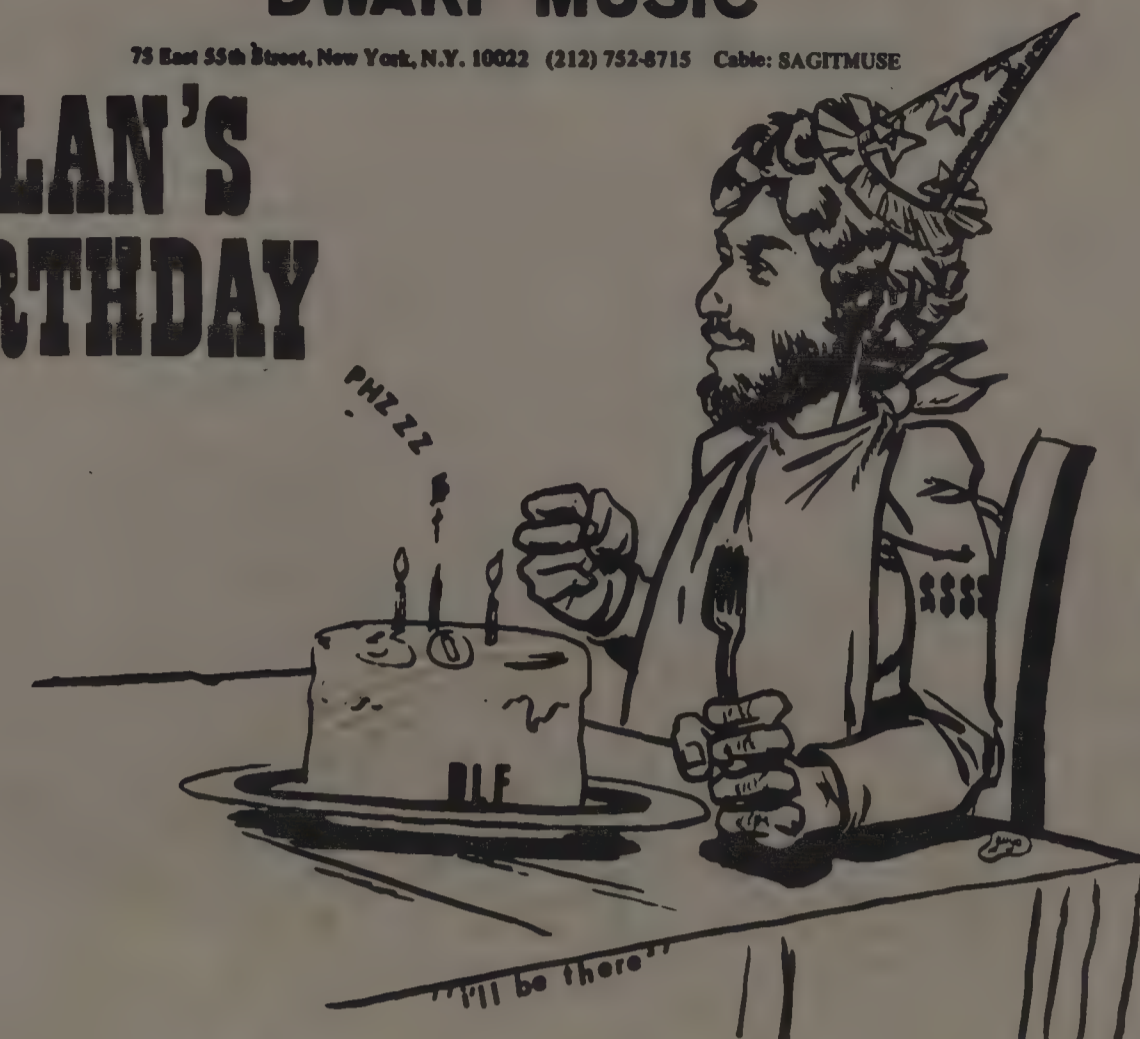
The other book was *THE NEW INDIANS* by Stan Steiner, a profile or rather a report on the state of the original residents of this great land. No bullshit this book is but an accurate accounting of where the indians stand Maybe if there's more books like this around people will get wise with what the government is still doing to our red brothers. Hippies and freaks and other deviates that have already rejected the American way will recognize some of the changes the Indians have gone through. It's their home land and the white race are the conquering invaders. Maybe this book will shame some people into some sort of action in reversing the 300-year trend of Indian mistreatment and persecution. There's always a way.

SEE YOU AT BOB DYLAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. Love, Charlie Frick 5/13/71.

## DWARF MUSIC

75 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 752-8715 Cable: SAGITMUSE

# DYLAN'S BIRTHDAY



sun. may 23, 1971 2p.m.  
madougal st  
(bet. bleeker & houston)

## REX

All the city slicker press & music people applauded that lonesome cowboy dude KRIS KRISTOFFERSON at his opening night at the Bitter End, his songs of being drunk and lost buddies of the road (do they still search for a Kesauac reborn?), identifying like made with the sad humor but then there is some lonesome cowboy/cowgirl in all of us, it's part of being bullshit American. I guess and Kristofferson's bullshit is so honest and he does it so well, he's great.

A play and then some is XIRCUS, THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST, playing Wednesdays thru Saturdays for the next three weeks at St. Peter's Church, 346 West 20th Street. By Donald L. Brooks and presented by the Dove Theater Company, the experience is described by the author as a "religious sex horror play in the form of a circus," and concerns the idea of Christ as a living person who sucks and fucks, and whose sordid crucifixion/redemption is a recurring thing in the neon world. Despite a somewhat weak, awkward script (the religio-sex theme has been done to death) there are some really good moments here: a fantastically jabbering Speed Queen; a raunchy strip scene; a speech by Our Lady of 42nd Street who delivers a powerful indictment of Amerika with all the incoherent venom of those sidewalk crazies who rave to themselves in their wino rags, speaking the true truths of everybody's despair (she was great, played by Alice Worth). Richard Harper as Christ puts in a martyr's performance. There's a log of good, erotic sex in this production, sweaty and flesh-slapping, the objection I have is that with all the waving cocks and male ass there was not one bit of cunt or tit and felt cheated by the deception of one actress' body-stocking (a bit of hair pasted on the right spots), come on, now! But there's a lot of multi-media tricks used well and the over-all production and direction by Donald Signore far surpasses the usual expectations of Off-Off B'way, turning a specious idea into a successful theater experience.

But: Because Mingus wrote his book with a pencil Because Janie's turtle died Because a Greenwich Village comic years for a girl in Tennessee Because Spirit in Flesh has plastered a poster on my favorite view of a downtown street

(continued on page 19)

# We Are Everywhere

by JERRY RUBIN

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When I began the trial I had a vision, a dream. This intense experience would transform seven individuals into One, a family. To participate in a war, a long battle, is exciting if it is a *shared* experience. To do that each of us would have to throw ourselves into the collective. Few better opportunities have been given to create a revolutionary group than our trial. But that would demand that we all live together.

Separate living in Amerika through apartments—with separate bank accounts—perpetuates the loneliness and separation that drives most Americans batty.

We couldn't get our shit together. Previous antagonisms from organizing the crime in the first place could not be overcome, between Abbie and me on one side, and Rennie and Tom on the other. Hayden was the only one of the five of us really pissed off at the indictment. It took him away from organizing in Berkeley.

From the moment of the indictments Tom's position was consistent, however reprehensible I found it: Most important thing is to win the case with the jury. Sitting in the courtroom we are on their turf, and we should do nothing which might get us contempt 'cause that would mean jail (too extreme) for no reason at all. Our survival is the most important thing. And most of all, let's get the trial over with as soon as possible and get back to real revolutionary work. You can't do anything in their courtroom. If all fails, we must be sure not to alienate, through courtroom antics, the liberals of the Appellate Court because the appeal bond is the most important issue.

We should organize the good liberals against repression.

*What a drag.*

Hayden's position was that we should not work as a collective. Instead, if one defendant opposed something, we shouldn't do it. Hayden's facial expressions killed many an idea and turned our meetings from turn-on sessions which they should have been to bickering, useless personality conflicts, wrangling.

Tom felt the Conspiracy Trial was not that important an event, and that we should not try to build it into either a national myth or organization. This was all weird, because Tom made these arguments from a left-wing point of view. He said armed self-defense was the main task for revolutionaries today. Since armed struggle was suicidal in the courtroom, Tom argued, we should concentrate on winning over the jury through rational arguments and good behavior.

Tom's position brought him into direct conflict with Dave Dellinger, whose moral politics lead him to fight tyranny wherever he is, and Abbie and me, who saw the trial as an opportunity to inspire a children's crusade.

The yuppies felt the most important goal of The Conspiracy should be the destruction of the myth of the Amerikan judicial process. We tried to balance that with winning over the jury too—if it was possible. But we were on trial to have a good time, and to use the media and guerrilla theater, humor, fun and rage to expose Amerikan injustice to young people.

Tom's attitude during the trial is important because it is a symptom of a general movement hang-up—using revolutionary rhetoric as an excuse to sit on your ass.

## Beware the revolutionary who gives left-wing reasons for doing nothing.

Too many revolutionaries these days say they can't bother themselves any more with rallies, demonstrations or guerrilla theater because, "I've got a piece and I'm going to kill a pig."

Revolution becomes (talking about) offing pigs and nothing else.

Instead of the armchair academic revolutionary, we have the armchair pig-killer.

Yuppies believe in using *real* guns or *toy* guns depending on the vibes of the situation.

Tom's position was strengthened because John Froines, indicted by surprise, also felt avoiding contempt or a guilty verdict were the most important things: Hayden and Froines formed the conservative do-nothing wing of the Conspiracy Trial.

Such political differences made it impossible for us to live together. In fact we relished our time apart; we got sick of being with each other every day. Fuck, all of us never even got stoned together once!

And one of the reasons we didn't try harder to work it out by living communally was because we all had loving, monogamous relationships with wives or girlfriends that we thought satisfied our emotional needs.

The *male supremacy* of the Amerikan government prevented it from indicting any women who were active in destroying the Democratic convention. Therefore the defendants were all male, and women were forced into the role of emotional supporters and staff workers.

The men were on trial, and the women were behind them. Having huge competitive egos, and being at the center of the media storm, we defendants did not try to overcome this hypocrisy in our lifestyle.

Women were the unsung heroes of the trial. We got all the glory and electronic back-massaging but women did most of the nitty-gritty work. Women carried out the research, behind-the-scenes arrangements and office work that never rated a press conference.

And a lot of the hullabaloo caused in the courtroom was created by the women who were on their feet cussing out the judge every chance they got. I don't know how many times a punching and kicking Nancy, Gumbo, Ann, Anita, Susan, Donna, Sharon, Tasha, Michelle, etc., was carried out of the courtroom by the marshals.

The domination of the women by the men, plus the monogamy that bred exclusiveness and made each defendant a world unto himself, caring about ourselves first, made life outside the trial around The Conspiracy a whirlwind. *Right out of Hollywood.*

The Conspiracy broke into political and social factions: pacifist Dave and the violent yuppies on one side; Tom and John Froines on the other; Rennie Davis in the middle, closer to us politically but closer to Tom personally, and trying to tone down tempers and hold everything together as a mediator; Lee off on his own in his own world.

Tom lived with one of our lawyers, Lennie Weinglass, in an apartment that became the staff and Mob center; Dave lived with his family thirty miles outside the city and drove to the trial every day; Rennie lived with Susan Gregory; Lee with Sharon Avery; John with Ann Froines; Abbie and Anita Hoffman stayed in their own room with a Chicago family; Nancy Kurshan and I rented an apartment in Hyde Park.

Nancy and I even brought with us from New York to Chicago our one possession in the world, a color TV.

You could tell the political faction by where they ate. We were the live-it-up faction. Abbie, Anita, Dave, Bill, Nancy and I went to a restaurant every day at the lunch break and ate big meals. Kunstler and I shared a piece of cheesecake after meals.

We believed in enjoying ourselves while we could. Revolution does not mean puritanism. Revolution does not mean asceticism. Revolution does not mean deprivation or self-sacrifice and self-punishment.

We Commies should out-promise all the bourgeois politicians because we have more to offer—socialism will mean *more*, not less, for the people of the world.

Communism and revolution have for too long been identified with the propaganda of economic deprivation, soup lines and rice diets.

Once Stew Albert cut through a lot of left-wing white guilt by saying, "Socialism does not mean crowded living conditions."

*Food for all!*

*Everything for everybody!*

*Pot in every home!*

Technology makes it possible for every human being in the world to enjoy a fantastic surplus standard of living if we could rescue the machines away from the capitalist greedy.

*Every woman, every man an artist!*

And we'll enjoy ourselves, not suffer, while living and making the revolution.

We have to destroy a selfish capitalist system of rich and poor—but our Communism will be hedonistic!

The restaurant reserved a big table for us every day and we ate well while planning the afternoon's court strategy, rehearsing witnesses, laughing, giggling and breaking up over the day's hijinks.

*The trial became a way of life.*

Restaurants oppress waitresses and waiters by forcing them to serve other people. They humiliate waitresses by forcing them to beg for tips. Restaurants also divide the people into classes with varying privileges.

After the revolution bourgeois restaurants will not exist, and all the people will share and eat more organic and tasty foods. There will be no tipping, and we'll all take turns serving each other.

*Jail must be the saddest place on earth.*

Politics aside, I feel sympathy with everyone behind bars, airmen in North Vietnam, capitalist agents in Cuba, hash smugglers languishing in dungeons in Turkey, intellectuals and hippies in Russia.

We just finished visiting day in jail. It's the high point of the week—but also the low point 'cause when it's over you return to your cell and your visitor leaves.

In jail to hope is to expose yourself, to make yourself vulnerable, to open yourself to sadness. I just rapped with Herman. He's been in jail three weeks now. Police stopped him on the South Side and found him with a gun. "I carry it for my own protection," he said, "'cause everyone over fourteen has a gun, you got to protect yourself against all the gangs who are shooting each other."

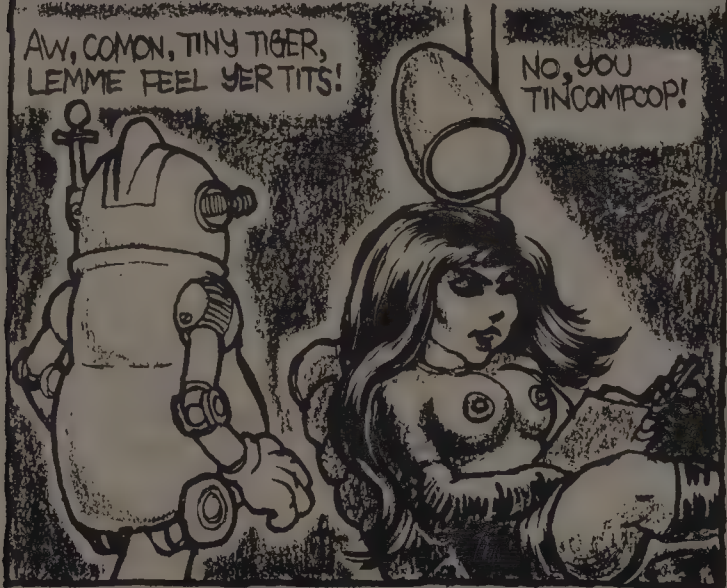
He was booked and charged with possession of firearms, a misdemeanor, but when he got to court he was charged with armed robbery, accused of robbing a taxi driver two months earlier for \$125! The cab driver didn't show up at court. Bail set up at \$10,000, or \$1,000 to walk, way beyond Herman's means. "I got a wife and two kids. I didn't do no armed robbery." The charge carried one to ten years in the penitentiary.

*Herman has no lawyer.*

The public defender, who works with the prosecutor and judges to "clear the calendar" and avoid costly trials, asked Herman to plead guilty and take a year. So he languishes in Cook County Jail, awaiting a trial. Sadness etched into his face. Lawyers, especially public defenders, do not care about these defendants. They are "case" numbers, statistics.

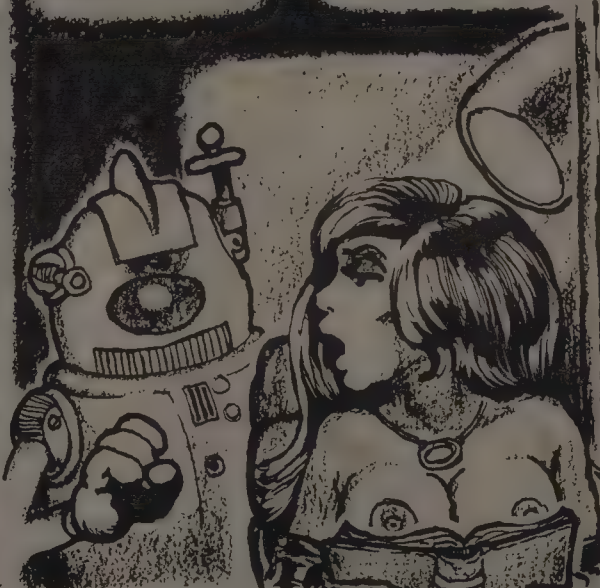


**ATOMIC HOTBREAD** ©1970 BY L. LIZARD TRAD. **THE RAPE OF TINY TIGER**



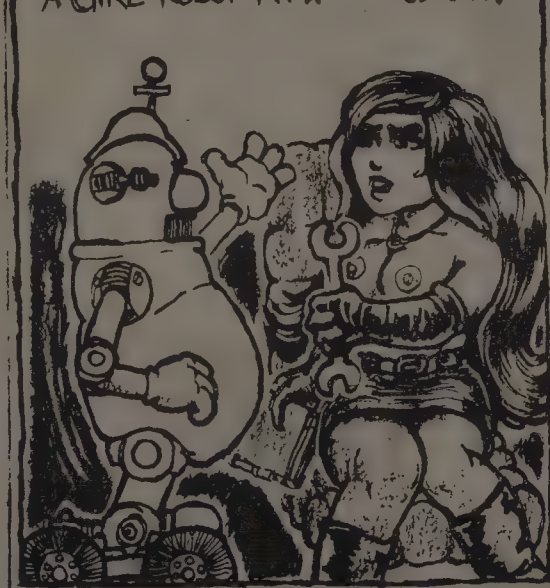
WHY NOT..? I NEVER FELT A TIT BEFORE... A REAL TIT....

AND YER NOT ABOUT TO, EITHER, YOU RUSTY DUMMY! BESIDES, THEY'RE PLASTIC, ANYHOW.



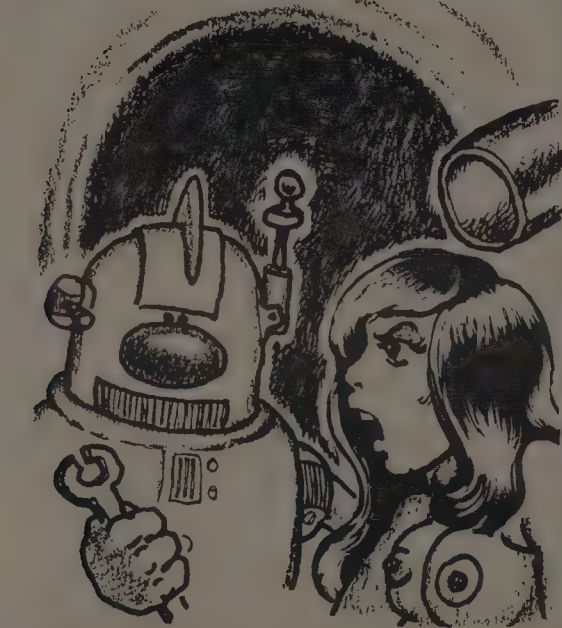
I KNOW THEY ARE... LOOK! I'M A GUY ROBOT AN' YOU ARE A GIRL ROBOT AN'..

HERE'S A WRENCH, GO PLAY WITH YERSELF!

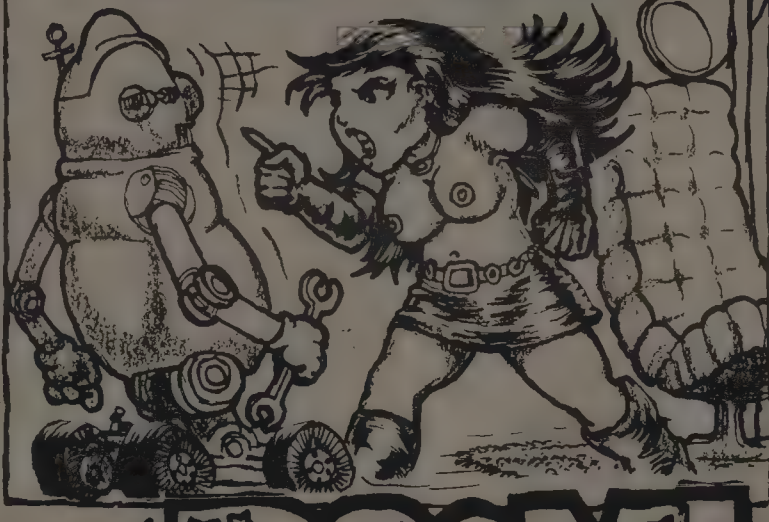


AWW.... I WANNA BALL... OR SOMETHING.

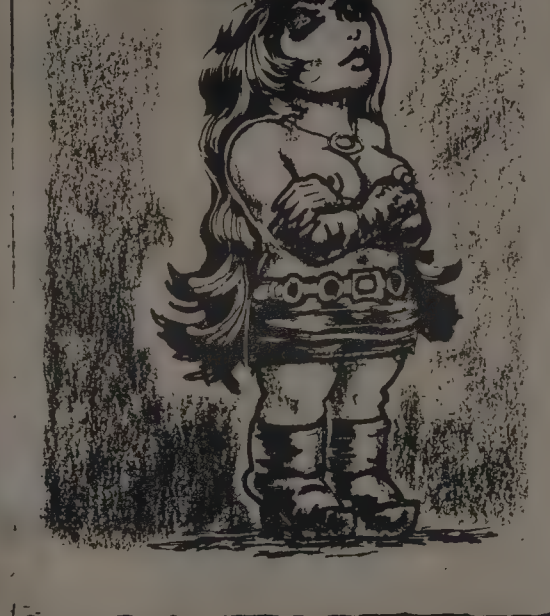
GO UNSCREW YERSELF!



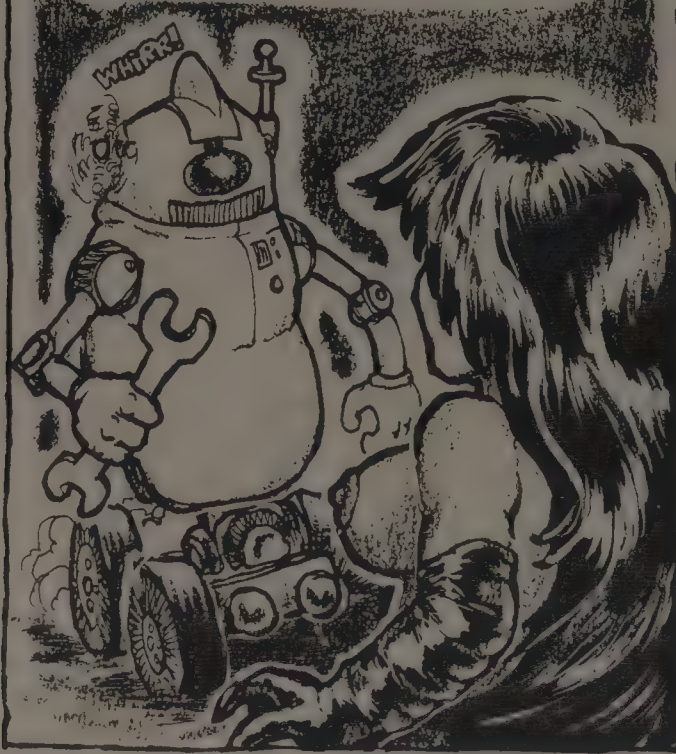
YOU OUGHTA KNOW DAMN WELL THAT JUS' CAUSE I'M A ROBOT TOO DOESNT MEAN YOU ARE FIT TO BALL ME (WERE SUCH A TRAVESTY POSSIBLE) BECAUSE I AM A HIGHLY ADVANCED MODEL & YOU ARE A WINDUP-TOY!



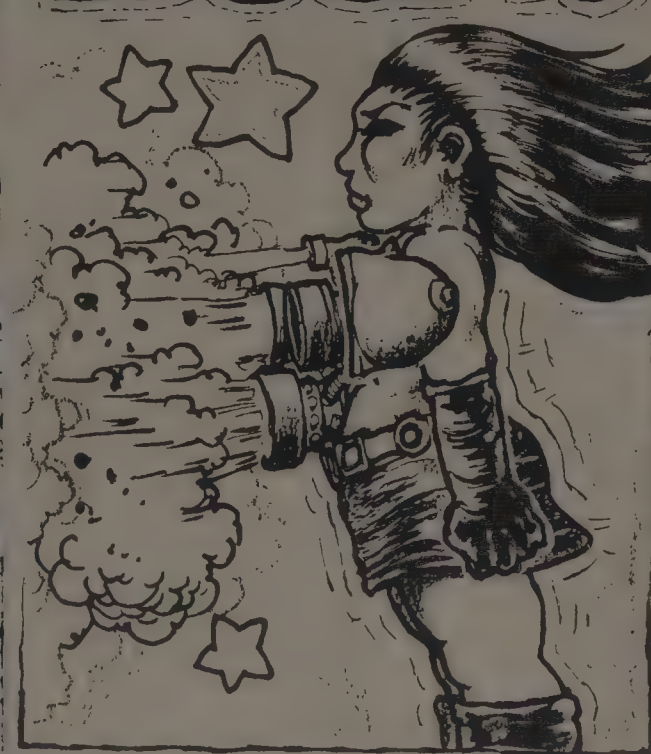
SO GO TWIST YER KEY AN' DON'T BUG ME... I DON'T TRIFLE WITH MY FEELINGS...



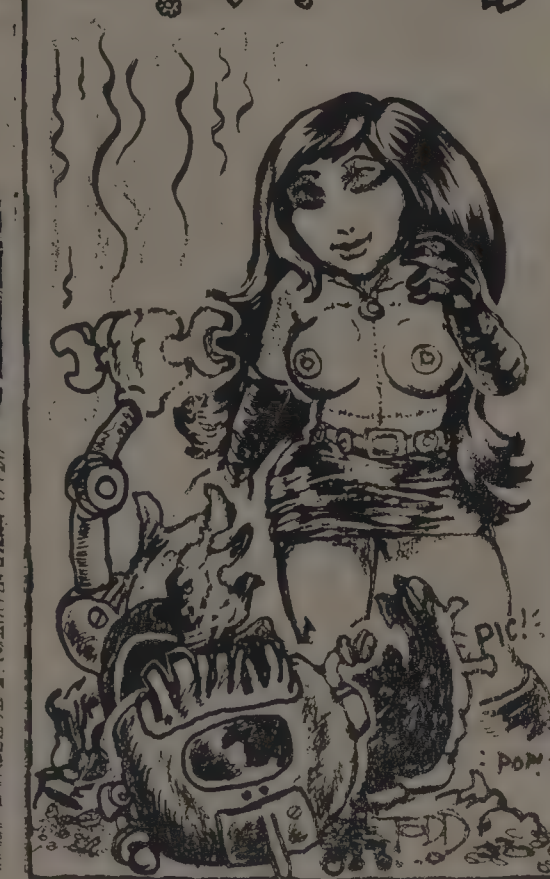
YER FEELIN'S, YA LIPPY BITCH?! I'M GONNA TEACH YOU FEELINGS.. I'M GONNA RAPE YOU WITH THIS WRENCH!



**BOOM!**

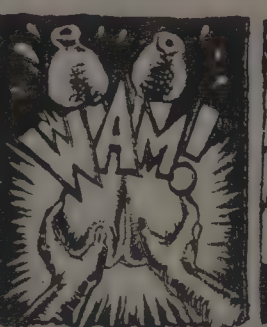
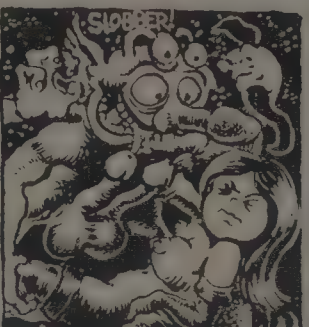


HOW'S THAT FEEL, BABY?



**COSMIC CAPERS**  
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FEATURING MARVERELLA



SORRY, KIDS... ARMORKINS CONTINUED NEXT WEEK (TRUNG OUT)



by R. MELTZER

As of Sunday, May 9 (Mother's Day), Richie Allen of the L.A. Dodgers was batting 14th in the National League — 14th from the bottom. What a despicable, heinous, horrible, worthless, scummy, shitty, crummy, worthless, bad, terrible, no good, disgusting, miserable display from a guy who was supposed to flower under Walter Alston: .216 batting average and ONLY 3 HOME RUNS. Also, only 13 RBI's and only 19 hits and only 10 runs. The 13 wasn't the bad part, Garr of Atlanta had only 8 to go with his .398 average. But the 3! Just 3 goddam lousy home runs from the guy who was supposed to take off after having been traded twice in two years. Like Cleon Jones has 2 and he doesn't know the fence from his ass. And 48-year-old Willie Mays has 5 and he's even got arthritis. So what good is Richie Allen?

No good. Like he was supposed to show all the cretins this year. Show them a thing or two because they really deserved

it for pushing him around all these years. They pushed him around in Philadelphia, they pushed him around in St. Louis. They kicked him off the Phillies, they kicked him off the Cards. Lots of kicking and it wasn't even football, it was just baseball. The story was he was a troublemaker; that he caused team dissent and loss of morale by owning a string of race horses and drinking to his heart's content. One manager even bit the dust instead of him along the way, Gene Mauch — who now exposes himself with the Expos. It was Gene or Richie and at the time it was Gene. A year or two later it was Richie.

And that was the famous Curt Flood trade, the one that led to Arthur Goldberg handling his case against the reserve clause (that's the thing that binds a player to a team or whoever they trade him to for all the rest of his livelong days in cleats). Anybody who goes to Arthur Goldberg for help has to have rocks in his head and so he lost his case and got stuck having to play baseball again, this time for the Senators. All sorts of issues were involved, including the one

about the fact he was BLACK and so was Richie and there was even a separate wing of the Hall of Fame for non-whites prior to Jackie Robinson so everybody knew it was racial. Etc.

Okay, well now they're both in uniform, both Richie and Curt, and it ain't racial no more. It's just baseball. And they both stink. And Richie even has two sisters living in Los Angeles so the move there was supposed to be easy for him with all those relatives to visit and get home cooking off of. That's the way it was on paper but fields aren't made of paper anymore. Maybe he's been busy porking those two sisters of his but that's not really so likely considering the fact that baseball players don't behave like that or they'd be in basketball or something. This is baseball and the fact is Richie should have been doing better than .216. A .216 means he ain't even getting one for four. And even one for four stinks. So .216 stinks double. And he's not hitting a lot of doubles either. Or triples.

And Richie used to look so classy on those baseball cards. He was even on one his rookie year as a rookie star with the Phillies. He shared that card with one other guy (rookies don't get

their own cards yet — that way they save on paper so a lot of trees don't have to get axed) and the other guy is now forgotten. I don't remember him. Nobody does. But anyway all the announcers were ready to get on the Richie Allen bandwagon because he was even in his first year already on the verge of being one of the all-time great home run machines. There ain't even that many around today, who is there except for Willie Stargell and Johnny Bench and a couple more? Not that many. There just ain't home run machines like there used to be. Reggie Jackson took care of that. He was supposed to break Maris' record in '69 but he blew it so big that he blew his whole career so guys just don't try as hard no more. So it would've been nice to see some natural home run power from guys who just happen to usually do it. Well it seems like Richie ain't on that list no more.

That's fine and everything, like why should anybody have to play well? No reason at all. Nobody should have to play well. And why should he have to play at all except for the entertainment of himself and everybody else? No reason at all. And why entertain anybody anyway? Yeah, why? No reason at all, he might as well just stay home bored and watch some TV and occasionally go to the races. Yeah, that's what he oughta do, baseball's no place for a guy with any imagination anyway. Maybe he's even using his imagination this year and maybe that's why he stinks. Maybe he's looking at curve balls like they were cinamon donuts and maybe he's rather be drinking some coffee in the clubhouse. His mind's got a right to wander, right?

So meanwhile he might be losing Walter Alston a job. That would sure be okay, the only guy worse than Walt is Ralph Houk. They oughta get rid of both of them. But the dodgers are playing too good all around — they're in third in the Western Division — to be bad enough to lose Walter his job. They've gotta play a fuckin hell of a lot worse before he can start worrying about what soda pop company he can do promotion for next year. Richie could even hit .008 and if the rest of the lads on the team hit over .165 the Dodgers could still avoid finishing last. And even if they finished last Walter might still get his contract renewed. So what Richie's gotta do is foment some bad scenes and really destroy a thing or two for the world to see. The Dodgers are after all the team of Jackie Robinson and so they couldn't possible have the nerve to trade Richie after only a year in two. It's true that they once got rid of Maury Wills and all that, but then they went and got him back. So Richie's got at least another year or two to go and probably so does Alston. Too bad cause he sucks. Walter does.

But then again there are reasons for Richie's odd season. First there's the guy he's been rooming with when the Dodgers are on the road, Jim Mason. All Jim wants to do is stay up all night and read baseball books. He also keeps the lights on. His favorite book is "Baseball's Knotty Problems," that's the one that answers burning questions like who's safe at first in the event of a feilding error. Questions that Richie knew the answers to when he was seven years old. Baseball players shouldn't have to ask questions like a buncha kids after they've made the big leagues. That's

right so this Jim Mason character oughta get sent back down to the minors and they oughta get Richie a new and better roommate for the road. They oughta let him take his wife and kids too — if he wants that is — at their expense. The club's expense, not his.

Also, maybe he needs glasses. No, he already has glasses. Well then maybe he needs a new prescription, did they ever think of that? Maybe they did and maybe they didn't. If they did then forget about that excuse for a poor season and if they didn't then they should. Also they oughta check his diet. Is he getting enough Product 19 for breakfast? Is he eating Wheaties instead? If he's eating Wheaties that could explain it, since Wheaties came in 26th in the nutrition race among leading shit American cereals. Product 19 came in first so that's what he should be dumping down his gullet with milk and sugar. Milk isn't that good for you either so he oughta skip the milk. But then that would be dry so he oughta skip the cereal altogether, somebody oughta tell him that. And tell him quick, or he'll never salvage a decent season n time to make a pennant possible. And if they don't win the pennant a lot of hungry faces that bet their life savings on the Dodgers are gonna be even hungrier.

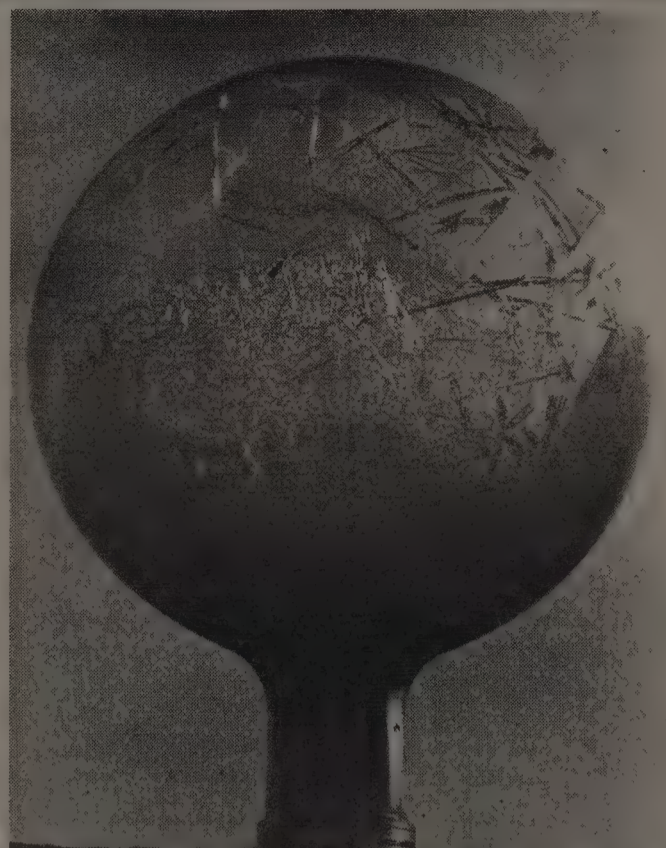
As things stand the Dodgers are seven games off the pace in the National League West. The Giants are in first. The San Francisco Giants, not the New York Giants. The New York baseball Giants don't exist anymore, they moved to San Francisco. And the New York football Giants aren't gonna exist either pretty soon, they're gonna move to New Jersey which is sure a good place for them. It's where they belong and if Allie Sherman was still around it would be the perfect place for him too. But this is the baseball season so no more talk about football. Baseball may be dull but at least it's current.

What else is new in baseball? Um, uh, well the All Star Game will be played again this year. And the World Series. But that's snow new. It's not even news. The only thing new is Baltimore's not in first, Minnesota's not in first, Pittsburgh's not in first. The Mets are in first. Are they in first because of the incomprable Donn Clendenon? No. Are they in first because of Tommie Agee? No. Are they in first because of Hahn the guy they replaced Tommie with? No. They're in first because of Bud Harrelson partially. And partially Jerry Grote. And partially Gary Gentry. And partially Aspromonte who wasn't supposed to do shit but instead is doing better than shit. Also Kranepool who is hitting .327. What? Yup, Kranepool is hitting .327. No shit? That's right. And even Nolan Ryan: undefeated in 3 decisions.

The Mets coulda had Richie Allen. They woulda had to have given up Tom Seaver or somebody for him or maybe even two guys but they didn't bother and it serves them right being in first place like they are. Richie's never been in first for more than about a minute and this season it looks like he's gonna be in first for less than a second. Poor Richie, the poor guy!

But while he's in L.A. he might as well avail himself of Hollywood. It's a great place to hit when the going gets bad.

(Continued on Page 21)



## Honest Bob's 42nd street

I went to see *Vladimir and Rosa*, Godard's new film about the Chicago Conspiracy Trial. I walked out when Kunstler was being put down for being bourgeois for quoting the Bill of Rights. I met Mike and we walked back in when Bobby Seale was being made a hero for demanding his right to self-counsel, as provided in the Bill of Rights. We walked out soon again and played a little stud upstairs and I won all Mike's bread, not much. We walked back in and watched and I listened to Mike discussing the film with himself, "Godard's an asshole," "What's all this shit," and "Dumb as a motherfucker." Then somebody in the film said to bar all contradictions that stop progress, and I said I stopped at a lot of bars. We walked out and a bum asked us for a dime. Sorry.

"What kind of word is sorry?" says he. O.K., we're proud. So he put the no-no on us, a malediction that will probably fulfill itself some misty night when the street lamps are dim... Another bum offered us a couple of dollars for a cigarette. I gave him one and told him to keep the bread. He gave it back and took the money and hollered that he was independent. He was independent. He took the cigarette and set my hair on fire. Cursed with the no-no on me and hair ablaze, what more could happen to me? But at least he was independent, and that's one thing about him and Jean-Luc Godard you can't say about a lot of other guys. But I've got Mike's marker for a small amount lost upon the gaming tables, and we'll see what happens.

## ART MARKET CRASH

by Alex Gross

The art world is on the verge of a serious nervous collapse. Its values have always been to some extent on the delicate side, but thus far the economy has always helped the visual arts, and they have never had to face a serious threat to their existence before. Now suddenly the art world must face such a threat concerning not only its intricate inner economics but its exceedingly tenuous values as well.

On the surface of it, everything would seem to be running smoothly, but then of course the art world has always been extremely (some would say mainly) good at putting on a surface. The great new style of Conceptual Art has been proclaimed from the heights of Fifty-Seventh Street as the new reigning monarch among styles. It is this year's in-thing, and throughout So-Ho artists are diligently at work preparing unfinished sketchlike projections of work they might do if they felt like doing work. At the School of Visual Arts and other with-it institutions students are busily engaged in ripping off what they have seen in the galleries two days before their weekly or monthly assignments are due and happily presenting them for high marks to their professors, who in

some cases then adapt their students' work, put their own name on it, and take it to an uptown or So-Ho gallery to have it shown.

None of this is to deny that some very sprightly and genuinely humorous conceptual work has been done, and that some of it, like Hans Haacke's censored work created for the Guggenheim, goes very deep in probing the social and economic problems of today. But the problem of Conceptual Art, and the growing crisis of the art world, arises from the necessity of proclaiming Conceptualism (or whatever "ism" it may be) as the ruling fashionable school, and this in turn springs from the much misunderstood problem of financing artists and the arts.

For artists and critics have not been content with merely being conceptualists, they have attributed to their school all manner of revolutionary attainments. Some have even gone so far as to claim that artists have turned to conceptual art in order to stop the capitalist art world from creating a commodity of their work and exploiting it on the art market. But the fact of the matter is that many of these same artists and critics have also been desperately trying to convert conceptual art into precisely such an exploitable commodity. Even the arch-conservative Hilton Kramer of the Times has caught on to this little maneuver.

But the final irony seems to be that these artists and critics have not

succeeded in exploiting their work, that it is in fact not selling very well at all. Thus we have a three-part contradiction: 1) artists create conceptual work because they allegedly hate capitalism; 2) artists try to sell conceptual art in capitalist art market and try to promote it into capitalist fad; and 3) artists fail in selling conceptual work and so scream out that it is all the fault of capitalism. It is obvious that the days of the capitalist system are numbered, but activities and attitudes such as these are guaranteed to extend them. Some museum people claim that another reason for pushing conceptual art has been that it is easy for museums to ship and inexpensive to insure. This would make it once again, far from being an example of revolutionary anti-capitalist art, a pure reflection of the capitalist economy in its present stage, a form of Depression Art. In any case, it may well be that Conceptual Art will turn out to be the last stand of the old art scene, the final failed promotion, the ultimate hype, the art world's equivalent of the midi-skirt.

Something else making the art world jittery is the new realm of multiples (new for America, that is — it has been defended and understood in Europe for several years now), running all the way from a limited edition of fifty to projected mass produced art works by the millions. Basically these are to modern art (and particularly mixed media and tech art pieces)

what the Brentano series of reproductions were to classical sculpture two decades ago.. But there is an important difference here — while the reproductions of sculptures can be shown to be demonstrably inferior in most cases to the impossibly expensive originals, the replicas of tech art and mixed media pieces may actually turn out to be technically and esthetically superior to the originals as well as being much cheaper. This is because many artists lack the specialized skills to do a perfect job of construction on the optical, mechanical, or electronic elements of their work, and this will be improved upon during the tooling up for a mass production run.

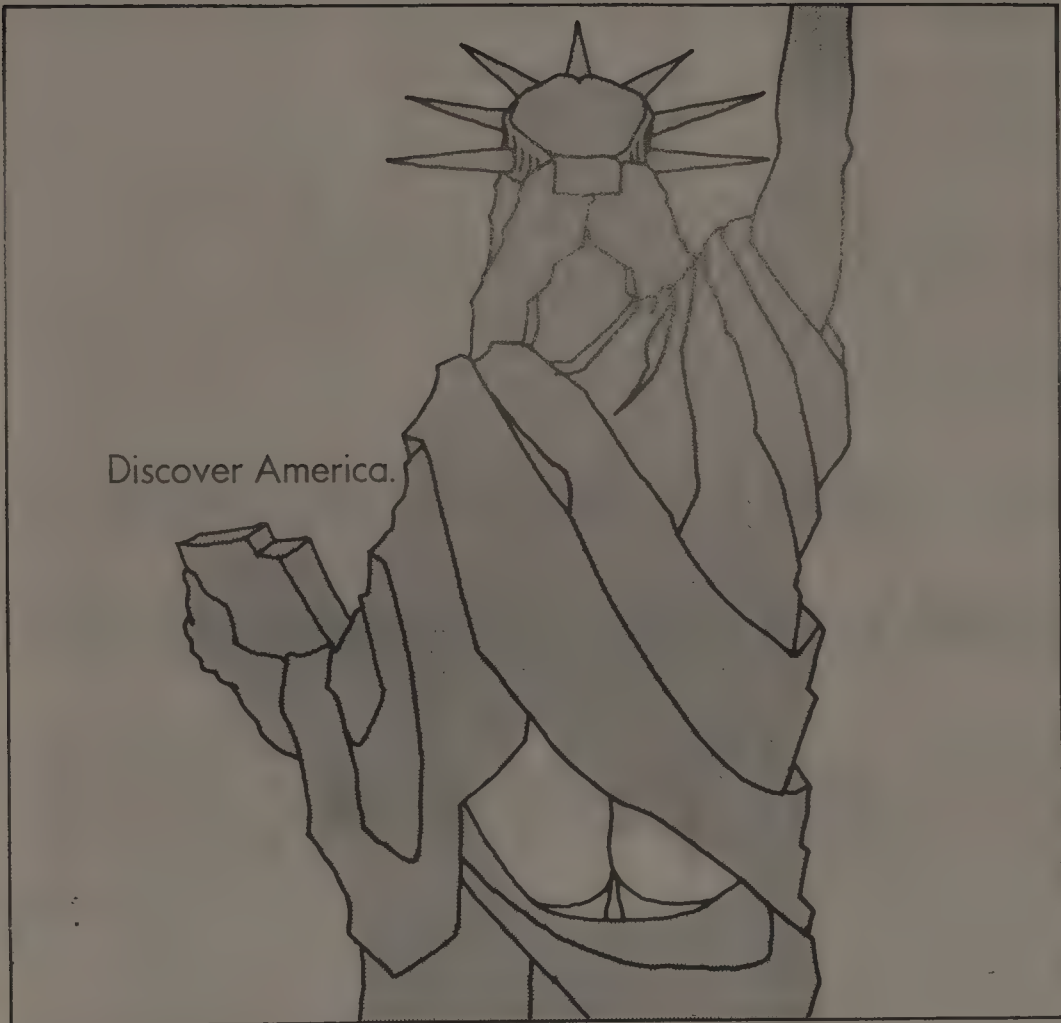
Thus, the whole mystique of the original vs. the reproduction is up for questioning on this point alone, and it is not surprising that many artists are nervous. The rumors of impending heavy production by many major companies are undoubtedly exaggerated, as most of the companies involved are rather small and not really off the ground yet, but the art world runs on rumors, having little tangible reality on which to run.

The mystique of the original is being questioned for other reasons as well — before nineteen hundred and the advent of the great art boom, it was indeed true that artists produced only one of each original work, and this was therefore unique (although even then copies and variants were common)

But the artist did not produce this unique original because of his belief in the mystique surrounding it — there was simply no way of reproducing it available. As soon as techniques for reproduction became available, artists jumped in and used them. Durer for instance used the woodcut as a form of living newspaper of the times, as did Brueghel and many artists after him. Even with pirating and an unstable copyright law, many artists made large sums from this "multiple" work, larger sums than from their paintings which often served as the basis for these wood and (later) steel engravings. Nineteenth century artists in England became wealthy from the royalties on these reproductions.

The mystique of the original has arisen not from the preference of artists through the ages but the discovery of rich collectors in this century that the rarity value of the original drives its price up. The whole boom in "Modern" art can be argued to have arisen because the supply of classical art works ran out and these collectors needed someone else to manufacture this peculiar combination of currency and art market stock for them. (This argument is in fact brilliantly sustained in a book by two English critics, *The Art Dealers*, by John Russell Taylor and Brian Brooke, London 1969). And these same collectors are in fact the very men whom many of our self-proclaimed revolutionary artists purport to be revolting against at the same time they try to sell them their works.

(Continued on Page 21)



# Lenny Bruce

is

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## underwater

(Continued from Page 22)

sounds they were still different and in a very happy mood. I was there and I can see it. It was very nice and I look forward to the next one. I just hope I get the water out of my ears by then. Watcha say?

To end on a serious note (people tell me I am not serious enough, Harpo Schultz, that's me, I eat all the wrong things, but maybe Adele Davis works for Smersh to tranquilize America into who cares Nirvana, what a boring trip man, can you see Bogey ordering his weekly ration of Familia from his favorite health food shop, run by Sidney Greenstreet naturally, and Peter Lorre is in the back shelling the soya beans, right? Ech, in the immortal and immoral words of Alfred Neuman) here's some poop on Max the Neuhaus, creator of WATER WHISTLE. M.M. degree from Manhattan School of music. Performed with Boulez and Stockhausen as percussion

solist on concert tours throughout the U.S. Artist in residence (read captive freak temporarily in the crisps, eh?) at the U of Chicago. 65-66 toured major European cities presenting fifteen solo recitals. 66 met Susan, his lady and put on (chuckle) his event, also began producing compositions in the form of mass-produced electronic circuits that year, the first of which was called Max-Feed, sold directly to the public. Don't ask me what the preceding sentence means. A recent major work is called "three Hours of Sound Construction." Recently cruised through the Florida Keys or Everglades or something and the boat turned ove or something. I can see it's time to end this. See you at the next Max Neuhaus event, O.K.? But this time let's take our bathing suits off. That way our pores can really drink in those crazy underwater sounds. Be nice to your pores for they may be somebody's mother. Read "Life on Man." Say hello to Max at his next event. He's nice to talk with. In any case, hope to see you there. We'll have a good time.

## rex

(Continued from Page 13)

Because Nixon makes the Checkers Speech every night at the New Yorker Theater  
Because two bickering plays on the life of Lenny Bruce are opening  
Because Abbie's nose was as busted as he was  
Because the Arab is out of the hospital  
Because my old friend Chris is back in the clink while his old lady is having a kid  
Because I think of dead people while walking into warm walls  
Because I am Le Roi de Coeur among knaves and varlets  
Because The Dean of Latimer has long since drunk away my forty bucks (alas!)  
Because I got de blooz fo' mah bay-bee down by the Sheepshead Bay  
Because I dreamed about hashish and woke up stoned  
Because my vision is fragmented  
Because of all these things  
I have little else to say  
this week.

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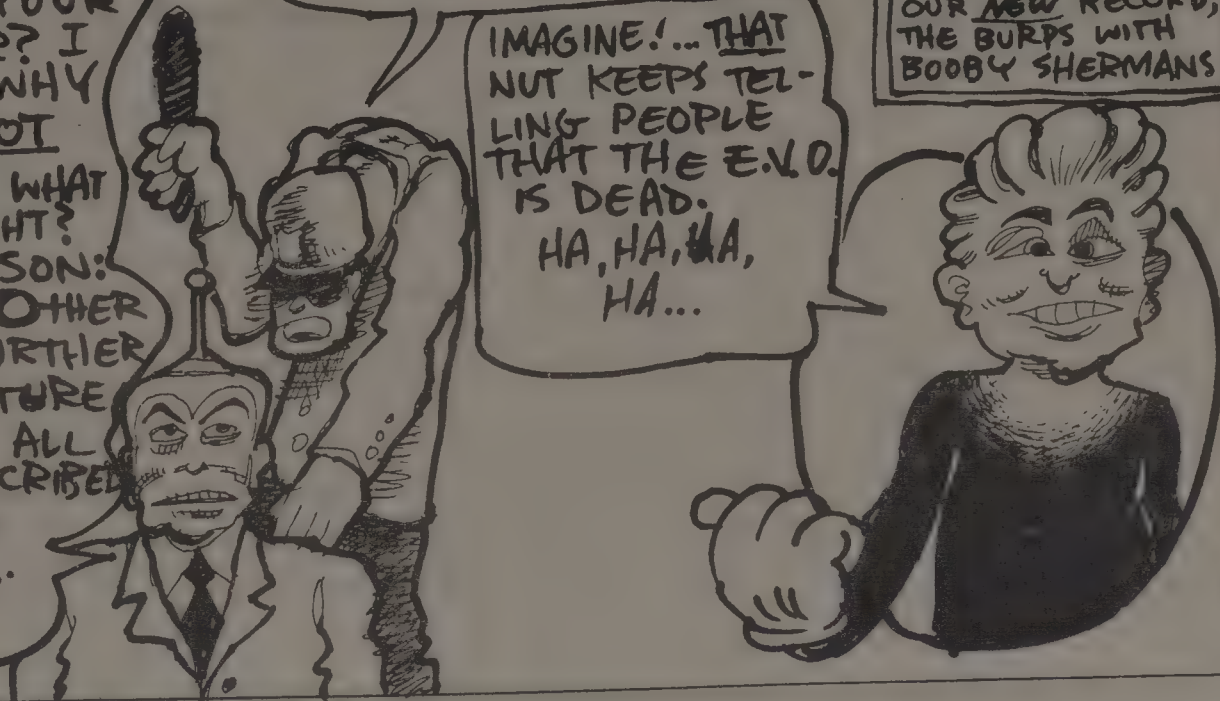
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# B E T T E R T H A N H E L L C O U N T E R P A R T S

and excused them. As they walked from the courtroom, it seemed as if everyone rose together, fists in the air, and yelled, "POWER TO THE PEOPLE! POWER TO THE JURY!" Six of the defendants were allowed to walk out; Afeni Shakur, Shaba Om; Katarra, Baba Odinga, Curtis Powell and Joan Bird. The others, hopefully, will be out shortly.

We met the jurors in the lobby of the courthouse.

(The TV cameras had just arrived, of course) It is impossible to describe how moving it was to be hugging these jurors, laughing and crying out of joy with these people, who in 90 minutes had made this historical decision. The reason it took 90 minutes of them told me, was because some of the jurors did not think they should come to a verdict on Michael Tabor and Dharuba, who were being tried in absentia. But some of the other jurors then pointed out that since all the other defendants were innocent, Tabor and Dharuba must be innocent too. That settled it.

The jurors seemed as excited as we were, as they sought out the faces they had seen every day for eight months, but could not speak to; defendants, family, lawyers, spectators, telling us the most incredible things - they had been thinking the same things we had been thinking all along. One of the alternate jurors, Claudette Sullivan, told me she had been so worried, and had been praying the entire time, saying to herself, "If my prayers ever meant anything, let them mean something now."

Other jurors said that they, too, had realized that Murtagh was just another part of the prosecution. One of the jurors, early in the trial, wanted to go up to the Judge's bench and scream, "You're biased, biased!" But he was cooled out by others, who told him to wait until deliberations, when he would be able to speak more effectively. Surprisingly enough, the jurors did not know how each other felt. They had all prepared themselves for long arguments. But once they began deliberating, they soon realized they all felt the same.

Although most of the jurors spoke about the complicity they saw between Murtagh and Phillips, the hostility aimed at the defense, and their dislike of the undercover agent/police state syndrome, they had based their verdicts on the fact that there had been NO PROOF.

Later, at a party at the Law Commune, the jury drank champagne and celebrated with defendants, lawyers, family and friends. An uncommon solidarity that I, for one, had only previously experienced in fantasies. It was so fantastic that none of us could really believe it, and kept showing each headlines to prove that it was true. I would look at Katarra talking to the twelfth juror, Joseph Garry, and still not believe it.

In the midst of all the jubilation, most felt a re-affirmation of faith in the jury system, except we realized that this would probably be the last jury of its kind, as the judge now asks the questions of the prospective jurors. As someone said to one of the jurors, "This gives me faith in the system." The juror replied, "Don't go too Far."

# KICKASS FLASH

(Cont. from Page 5)

genial fellows as soon as we told them our destination, and could probably have been enlisted to truck thousands of freaks down the pike in their empty wagons. A couple even hinted that we might lay some dope on them, but the road was calling. The sister scored a flashlight, and we hopped in the truck, equipped to read all the way down the pike, but instead we fell asleep. WE coulda' gone all the way to South Carolina. Maybe next time, eh?

\* \* \*

Saturday night at "the Land," around 4 in the morning, I thought I had a problem. The sister and the people we were staying with disappeared and I thought I was doomed to the old sod for the night, without benefit of a sleeping bag, another body, or alcohol or dope, or nothing. I was about to try prayer when I ran into an old tire lying over in the weeds. I curled up on it and around it and under it and three paces down the road from it but nothing worked. I froze my balls off. At length, though, the sister and the folks showed up and within the hour we were all sitting in a comfortable pad, stoned and warm, and playing with the dog "Flop," who was smarter than some, but no smarter than most. It reminded me of the time last year, before this sister got so down on elitism, that four of us took in the Fourth of July Smoke-In from the comfort of a 9th story hotel room equipped with showers, clean sheets, tooth-paste and a good stash. Captain Snaps, Joseph Stevens, was along on that one, and as usual, he knew how to live it up. During Mayday last year in New Haven, while thousands of our brothers and sisters slept on the floors of basements and under trucks, etc., Stevens and I and a few other characters conned our way into a hospital ward that had several empty beds. As the few legitimate patients coughed and wheezed away, Stevens rolled over and said "This is what I call treating a lad with a little respect." Now, alas, Stevens rots in a jail cell in Belfast, facing 20 years for arson he didn't commit. Stevens a political prisoner! He needs character witnesses, money and just about any kind of support anyone can give. Contact Schultz in care of EVO, 20 East 12th St., New York, 255-2130. While we're on the subject, though, I would like to commend my fellow members of the media Toby B. Maimis, Alfred G. Aranowitz and Alex Bennet for their revolutionary fervor in showing up to hear the music last week. I wonder, did Alex Bennet get overtime or extra pay for traveling on a weekend?

# R.ALLEN

(Continued from Page 17)

Nobody'll recognize him because people are always looking for stars and he only dresses like a star. He could go to the Larry Edmunds Cinema Bookshop on Hollywood Boulevard and buy some stills from famous baseball movies like "the Kid from Left Field," starring Dan Dailey, Lloyd Bridges and Anne

Bancroft and also a little famous kid actor. Or he could buy some stills from "It Happens Every Spring," or "Angels in My Bullpen," starring Fats Navarro. And then he can take his stills home with him and hang them on the wall in his brand new den or living room. Maybe somewhere up over the phone as

an inspiration for the rest of his life. Is bareball his life? Only time will tell. So far time hasn't said a word but give it time.

In the meantime he can get a full eight hours sleep every night and make sure he's wearing the proper shoes. When he's not eating with the team he can catch a bite to eat at The Pit, 3732 W.3rd at Alexandria off Wilshire. They have ribs there, they have steaks, they have chicken, they have beef, they have ham. And they have a great book of matches. Maybe they can help him set the world on fire or at least the base paths. Good luck, Chump!

## ART MARKET CRASH

(Continued from Page 18)

Thus, artists today, or at least the majority of artists unable to design for the slowly emerging multiple companies, undoubtedly do face a new danger to their livelihood, just as those artists who do not care to turn out conceptual work are unlikely to make much of the little money around in the art world right now. This is because the art world has until now chosen to live by fads and enthusiasms rather than face up to the problems of financing the arts. The whole of the last century has been little more than a continued retreat of the artist before the inroads and incursions of photography, color photography, film-making, color films, television, color television, and videotape into his image-making world. In each case the arts have had to become a bit more abstract, a bit more precious, and the ways and means of financing the artist have become ever more devious and dubious.

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# THE UNDERWATER MUSIC OVER WATER HOME KID

by STEVE KRAUSE

Max Neuhaus makes music under water and lives on the water. This is not only the truth but a lousy way to start the story, but that's all the fault of a couple of other people. Max first showed me all his recent clippings on WATER WHISTLE, his recent underwater concert in a swimming pool: correct dress — a bathing suit (sidelight — New Yorkers are squarer than I thought; nobody took bathing suits off!), then he takes back the xeroxes that held all the articles and kinda intimates that a great writer like me, since I swam at his concert, that's right, you could only hear the music under the water of the pool of the N.Y.U. Hayden Hall Residence at 33 Washington Square West, and since I visited him and his lady on the boat they live on (and had another fight with my lady who came along to take pictures and underappreciate me some more) I should be able to write the article myself without any help from fellow scribblers on NEW YORK Magazine or the Daily News. So if you don't think much of the lead, or the rest of the piece, blame Max and my lady. When you took that Principles of Journalism course or East Armpits Agri & Mech. College, they never taught writing like this, right? So what are you doing reading so far, sister or brother?

WATER WHISTLE, 25 hours of underwater ear experience, presented by the New York University School of Continuing Education, with the aid of the New York State Council on the Arts and the cooperation of the Composer in Performance, Inc. 9 p.m. Friday May 7th thru noon Saturday May 8th. No one will be admitted without a bathing suit. Dostoyevsky or Dockens or one of dem guys once said, you should only create for moolah, so how come I'm padding this piece with stuff from the flier announcement (start with WATER WHISTLE, end with that bathing suit notice) since EVO is so broke I'm writing this piece for love anyway.

So me and my lady went to the thing. You know, you gotta keep playing the role of the big underground journalist and keep thinking up fun type unusual things to do with them outside of bed and you always get in for free coz you say I'm from EVO or you phony it up and say, didn't they call up from the office (notice you don't say what or whose office) and put my name on the press list? The poor schnook or schnookette being guardian of the gate is so impressed with the fact that you think they are holding a press list they numbly flag you in. One of the secrets of a truly bohemian existence is not to incur any unnecessary expense in your endless search for fun and pleasure.

Into Hayden Hall and down some staircases and into this sippy hallway. Water was overflowing from the locker

rooms and then we changed, I did anyway, my lady just wore her underwear, and here we are at the pool, it's one in the ayem, I would say about 15 or so people there, warmish air, warm water, nice vibes, Max Neuhaus in his early thirties I would say, slow, sweet smile, Mongol eyes, draped over the edge of the pool, feet dangling in the water he has filled with sounds, people splashing in the pool, swimming, sitting on the edge, some representatives of the avant garde digging the scene, Bramley of Cloud Studio (Hey, I'm developing into a regular underground Walter Winchell, huh?) his Cloud Studio cohort Denny with a dynamitous quarter or half Indian dancer woman petite and just too much named Lily you gossip freax, so we get into the pool after a while, while I go an' interview the mad genius.

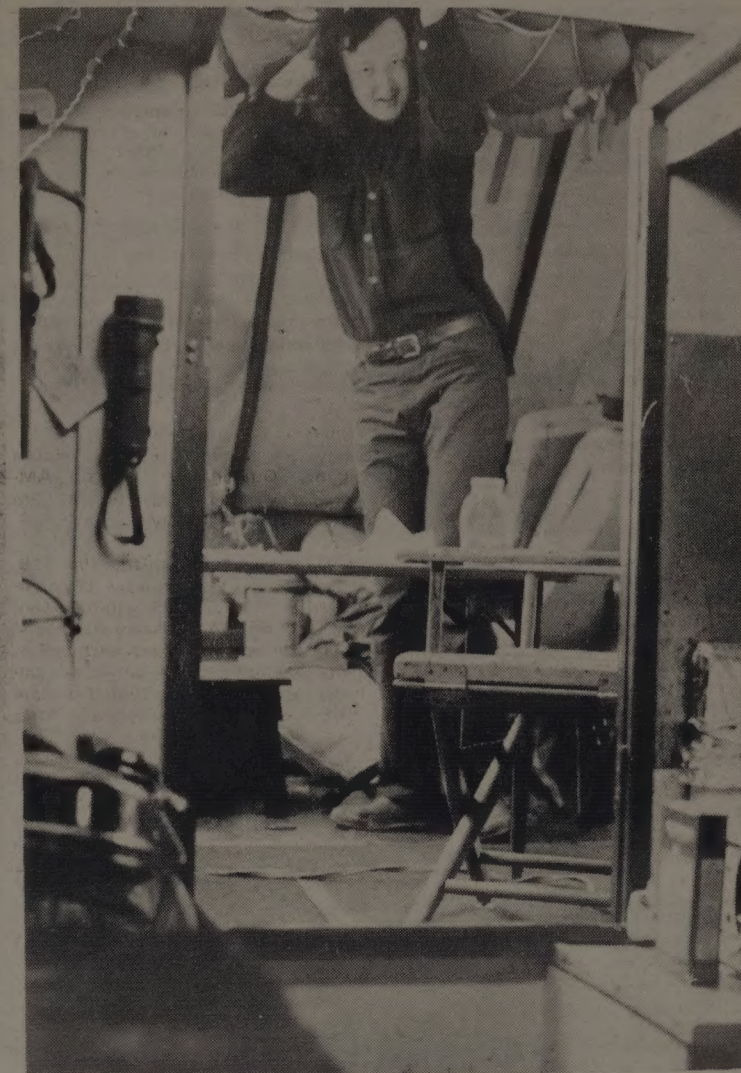
I mean, who ever heard of music underwater? Who ever heard music underwater? Well, according to Max, who strikes me as a remarkably straight forward and honest and modest, compared to most of the artists of our little Parnassus, this was the first event of its kind ever. Hot ziggety! Artists have used pools before, but more like a stage, according to Signor Neuhaus, with the performers (cast) freaking out in the pool and the audience — notice the distinction — sitting around the pool, watching and, presumably, waiting for the fuckin' thing to end so they could go home and ball or sleep or watch that old Preston Sturges flick on the box. First time it is, says Max, that the people in and around the pool are both audience and cast. Also a first is the music under the water.

Yeah, that music under the water. Well, you know, to each his own ear, I always say. I mean maybe that's why I'm having a few hastles with my lady, because I'm always saying that. De Custibus Ne Disputandum. (Latin. Thrown in to make you sure that you were right to buy this copy of East Village Other since your mind has been getting soft and you needed some intellectual exercise. It's really wierd listening to a coherent sound underwater. By that I mean it's not like a slashing sound or anything. It sort of makes sense. And you think of Lilly and the dolphins and the lineup of the clams and all the submarines watching and sniffing at each other under the Polar ice caps, the sailors watching the screens, dreamin', dreamin' dreamin' oh what do sailors dream of, there in the ever cold depths, as they watch the screens, do they ever wonder about the apocalypse that may first show up their own screens as we press the right switch to make the solid state drummer boys beat to quarters all around the sub, in the silos buried under the praries, in that lonely room on Pennsylvania Ave., or will he be in his cozy retreat built just

for this under thMaryland or Virginia hills?

Max did lay the whole trip on me how he makes the sounds under the water, but he himself wasn't that grabbed by the idea of putting technical details in the article. Aside number X to budding journalists — when writing about someone or interviewing them make it easy on yourself: you can almost have them write the piece for you). Neuhaus had this flash not too long ago and he went out, or rather off this great boat he lives on with Susan, his lady, and all his solid state electronic gear, I mean this guy's really into transistors you know, the type that has Allied Radio and Lafayette Radio catalogs on the floor, turned to the custom circuit sections yet, so he gets off the boat, I guess, and goes to a five and dime and picks up a regular kid's whistle and comes back and attaches it to a hose and attaches the hose to a faucet and lets it rip and the water going through the whistle makes a sound. It seems that water is a great sound generator, also a very good sound carrier, better than air, cause it's more viscous or something like that. So, anyway, all that weird music under the water of the pool was being made by the City of New York pushing water through a regular large faucet and then a long hose and then ten valves and then from each a tube and then a flexible pipe and then something the virtuouse of the deep called a focusing mechanism which would fool with the flexible pipe so the pressure would change as the water would go into the whistle thus shooting the sound into different strokes for different folks, huh? Pass the Boone's Farm. In any case, the vibes were so good we came back about 11 in the morning. It was really nice and I hope that Max does another one soon as he is threatening to do. Actually he's scouting locations right now. Back in the locker room both times we came (what a way to begin a sentence, what'st his Lige & Jack's page or am I Dotson Rader) both times people in the locker room were saying what a nice experience it was, and it was, you know, somehow, although I didn't groove on the music so much, there was something magical about the whole number if music be the food of love, play on Max. He even told me in his quiet and really modest but like firm and I care about this way, that about three in the morning these three cats came in from some village strip joint and like many others were prepared to really dislike the thing or maybe would be turned off that it wasn't Bach under the H2O but in ten minutes they were different people and when they left after about a happy hour of splashing around and dipping ears under the water to catch the

(Continued on Page 19)



# an'wheel a'wheel

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING (PERSONAL AND BUSINESS) DEADLINE IS WEDNESDAY AT 5 PM FOR THE NEXT TUESDAY'S PUBLICATION. PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL ADS. PHONE NUMBERS NOW ACCEPTED FOR PERSONAL CATEGORIES. ALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING MUST BE PREPAID. NO ADS WILL BE TAKEN OVER THE PHONE. NO TEAR SHEETS SUPPLIED FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

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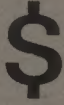
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hear my heart when a viper betrays the peak & an arrow meets the shriek  
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hear my heart when the claw burns into reward & starlight softens the sword  
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