

# THE

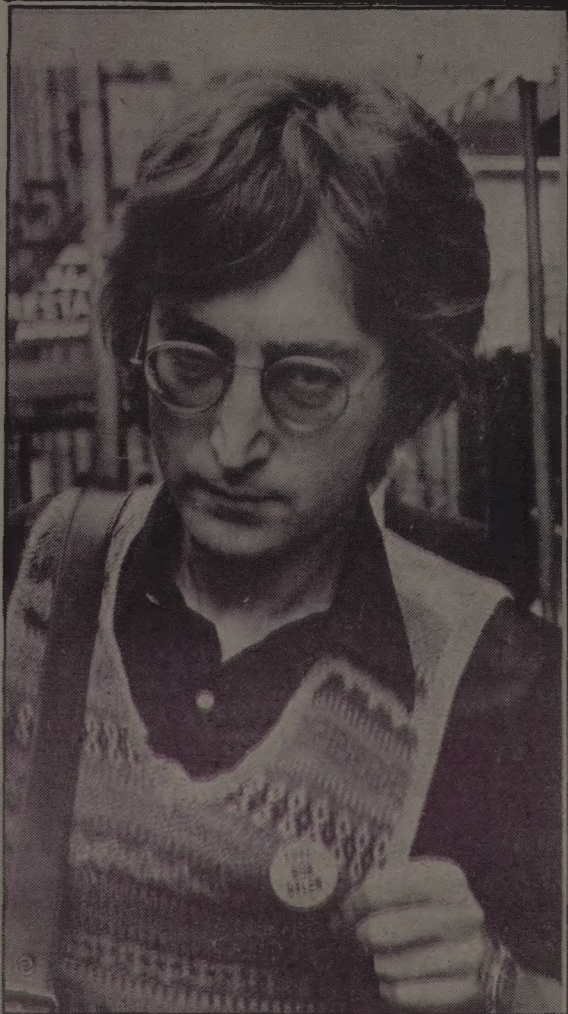
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# OTHER

VOL. 6, No. 29 / 15 June

25¢ In Town / 35¢ Outside

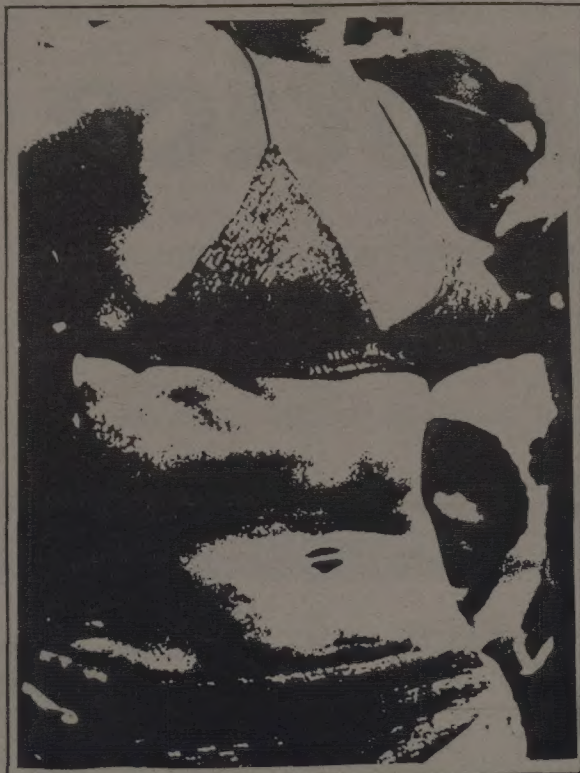
## Hoffman Agonistes



**LENNON  
IMPLICATED  
IN DYLANOLOGY**



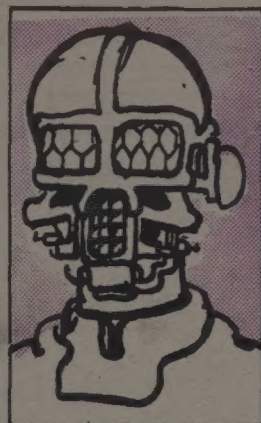
**HAIRY APES INVADE  
FOLEY SQUARE**



**MALE CHAUVINIST  
BACK LASH**

Dirty  
Rats  
Invade  
Little  
Italy

**TODD'S  
ARMORKINS**



**ST. ANTHONY  
PRAY FOR US**

*Hikap.*

These are putrid times. With 1.3 billion pounds of raw sewage spilling into the rivers, New York is brimming with shit. Already in the throes of the DEPRESSION, we are also on the receiving end of an endless shitload of trivia - irrelevancies that achieve nothing but drain the ever depleting reservoir of our energy.

At a time when the government's lawlessness is obviously on the offensive, a time when maximum energy and concentration are required to resist such an onslaught, A.J. Weberman's obsessions are as irrelevant as Tricia Nixon's wedding.

To make a fetish out of humorless character assassination seems to me to be nothing but an exercise in futility.

Even revolutionary rhetoric is a poor excuse for the reincarnation of a Walter Winchell. It saddens me to see A.J. so hellbent on such a distinction.

It is a fruitless, counter-productive game none of us can afford.

It is a parody of everything we pretend to reject.

IT IS A WASTE.

*✓*

## Notice

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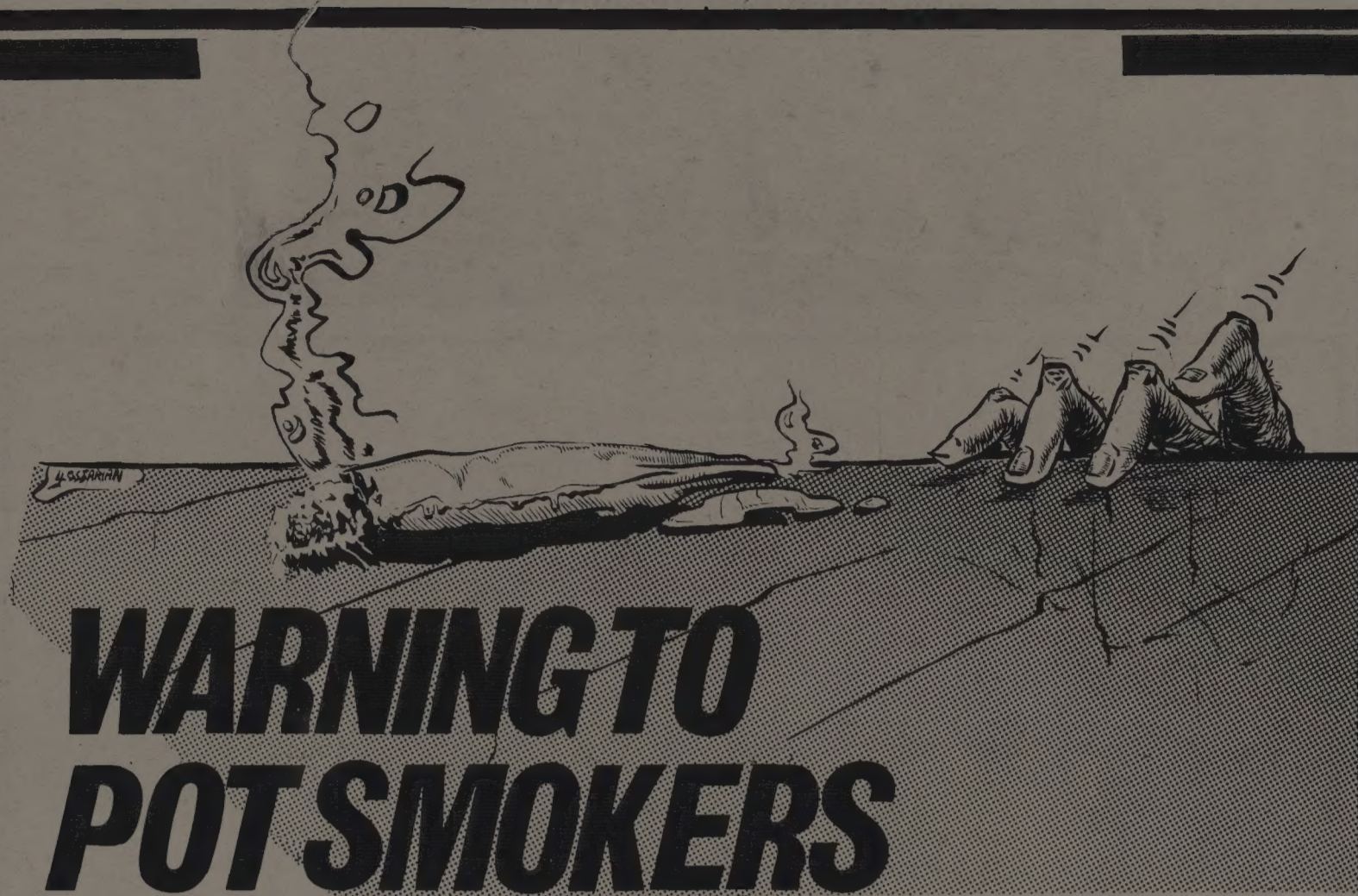
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# WARNING TO POT SMOKERS

Recent reports to AMORPHIA (selling "Acapulco Gold" papers non-profit for legalization of marijuana), LEMAR INTERNATIONAL, The Marijuana Review and the Marijuana Research Association indicate that the fall 1970 and early spring 1971 harvests of both Mexican and United States marijuana are being heavily adulterated with wierd shit.

A medical-chemical analyst wrote the Marijuana Research Association in January 1971 that the weed in New York was of low quality recently because it was cut with a variety of other plants — hay, leaves, alfalfa, oregano, etc. I thought it was a momentary phenomenon of his being burned until I started picking up on occasional sentences in dope clippings sent to me. For example, sheriff's deputies in Tucson, Arizona in March 1971 reported that some of the \$250,000 worth of pot they had seized was "nothing more than alfalfa, cow manure and chili peppers covered overwith some poor-grade marijuana," (and packed into bricks) — and that 150 packages of pot "were infested with bugs and worms" (though the latter *might* be explained by being stored for so long).

Evidently this type of adulteration has been going on since the Nixon Administration took office: in May 1969, police arrested several dealers in Inverness, California (north of San Francisco) and confiscated what they thought, and the dealers claimed, was \$100,000 worth of hashish. Tests later showed that the substance was marijuana mixed with "something like molasses." The dealers later pleaded guilty to selling this as hash. (San Rafael *Independent Journal*, 21 April 71.)

*Studies by the National Cancer Institute have shown that defoliant herbicides, 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T cause birth defects, malformations, and deaths in experimental animals. Marijuana itself does not cause birth defects or chromosome damage, but does cross the placenta in THC form; and pot sprayed with herbicides, particularly when smoked, could cause foetal or embryo damage in humans. Last summer an Interdepartmental Task Force began a pilot project of grass eradication by spraying pot crops in 22 counties of 11 Midwestern states — the counties where most pot was grown — with 2,4-D. Presumably, the program is being continued and expanded this spring and summer 1971: the Dept. of Agriculture puts out a nifty pamphlet telling exactly how it's done. Thousands of these pamphlets have gone out to police, county agriculture agents, and farmers: so examine your dope for signs of this poison, such as brown or shrivelled bits of leaf, slightly chemical taste, etc. Expectant mothers especially BEWARE!*

It is possible that the Federales, with U.S. equipment and money, are also spraying Mexican dope with 2,4-D: but it is almost sure that they are spraying Apapulco Gold, Michoacan, Sonora, and every other variety of pot in Mexico they can find with the herbicide benzyl diethylaminobenzoate. Although grass sprayed with this benzoate will probably not be killed by it, the compound causes nausea in the smoker after a couple of tokes. Several cases of this happening in California have already been reported to LEMAR. The nausea agent can be removed by grinding the contaminated pot as finely as possible and following these instructions:

Place the powdered grass in a jar and cover it with vinegar or a dilute solution of hydrochloric acid (made by diluting commercial hydrochloric acid to 5% of its original strength) to a depth of about an inch. Cover and shake vigorously for 15 minutes. Strain the contents and discard the liquid. Repeat this procedure once with acid and once with water. The resulting marijuana, after drying on a cookie sheet, should be free of the nausea agent and should retain its stoning properties.

If you notice an unpleasant acid flavor in the decontaminated grass, try putting orange juice or other flavoring agents in the final rinse.

Spraying Mexican pot crops with the nausea-producing drug was a scheme cooked up by Nixon's Interdepartmental Task Force of June 6, 1969, which set forth plans for Operation Intercept. It was first leaked into the national press by Barry Farrell, columnist for *Life*, during the week of Woodstock. Yet Operation Intercept is not over, though it has changed its name to "Co-operation." Instead, it has gone worldwide, through Narcotics Bureau offices and U.S. embassies in every dope capital of the planet.

Keep in mind that official U.S. policy, since the Nixon-Kleindienst-Mitchell kabal took control, is to stamp out marijuana traffic by any means necessary, including spraying dope in any country with these killer poisons. Getting busted at home or abroad is not the only danger of marijuana, as long as these totalitarian ignoramuses retain power. Under these governmental conditions, fakes and birth-defect-agents and vomit lurk in the leaves of the most innocent weed known to humanity.

Michael R. Aldrich, Phd.

*This public service announcement brought to you through courtesy of AMORPHIA, P.O. Box 744, Mill Valley, California, 94941, USA, Earth.*



Caveat Emptor. Let the buyer beware. We owe it to the Romans, we, according to some, the Romans of the Twentieth Century. So let the buyer beware, and DO look every gift ape in the mouth. You never know till you been there, right?

Look in the mouth of every philosophy, hero, hero sandwich, flic, place or person. You take heroes, for instance. Now Abbie Hoffman is, to me, some sort of hero. There, I've said and I'm glad. Gee, gang, maybe I'll be as famous as W.J. Weberman. Skulduggers and hot lava! Welcome aboard, A.J.! When I put Dylan down last year for meekly and gladly going to Princeton and accepting that Honorary PHD without one outcry of People are Dying what are we doing here patting each other on the back, let's stop the killing, I was put down by some people to whom Dylan was a Hero. Maybe then the lesson is that heroes change too. Guess it's up to us to keep them far up — on their toes and in our books, by goosing them so that they don't get too intoxicated with the smell of their own navels.

Which brings us back to Abbie. Luckless compulsive readers of this rag may have failed to avoid my recent interview with Abbie Hoffman. That one was followed by some very nice words from its subject, which just goes to show that the Editors of EVO aren't the only ones with bad taste, and two more encounters with Abbie.

But before we get into that, as the nurse said to the patient, here are some words straight from the man himself. Without any further ado here he is, the one and only, together again for the first time, Abbie writing the questions and giving his answers.

'What can kids do? You should aim for history — to change history is a very heavy trip — the heaviest — like in Chicago — the gangsters put Chicago in the movies, the yippies put it on T.V. — we made it an EVENT rather than a place — you know what it means now when people say Were you in Chicago? They mean the event not the place, that's

what it means to make history, like the Beatles took away a name from fuckin' insects — isn't that wild — when you hear the word BEATLES you think of people not bugs — you should try to make history, which is making news, whoever makes the most news builds the future.

'Will you harbor a fugitive? Will you give aid and comfort to the enemy? Will you refuse to testify before a grand jury? Will you register to vote? Young people should register by the hordes — they should vote against Nixon they should vote for themselves, they should vote for Bernadine Dohrn — will she run? Of course, she is running every day — you should register just to get a chance to sit on a jury. Wouldn't it be wild to sit on the jury osay, a trial where someone shot Nixon and hang the jury. FANTASTIC. Just anyone could do it — Franklin Spurdode from Far Rockaway just turned that fucking assassin loose — holy shit. What next — is there no law and order left? If you can't hack the assassin fantasy at least you should be able to dig hanging the jury that tries the cat —

Begin our plans now to go to the Convention next summer. R&D in some barrel — to accommodate the news media. Meanwhile, the straight lefties yell we shouldn't get too hung up with the media. The media tells the Rep. & Democrats to hold their convention in the same town & they listen — now who the fuck do you think runs the country. We should become very politically involved. The Youth International Party presents a perfect vehicle — we should run Bernadine Dohrn for President — perhaps all of the political fugitives for a government in exile — that's just one idea. In some places the local campaigns should be the usual yippie insanity — you know like running a cheetah. Why? 'Cause they're so fast or running a jack-ass, why, for kicks or a pig cause they always win anyway or a fish you know the last Fish on Earth for president — or a clam cause at last they'll shut up!

'Other places we could run real people

# ABBIE

by STEVE KRAUS

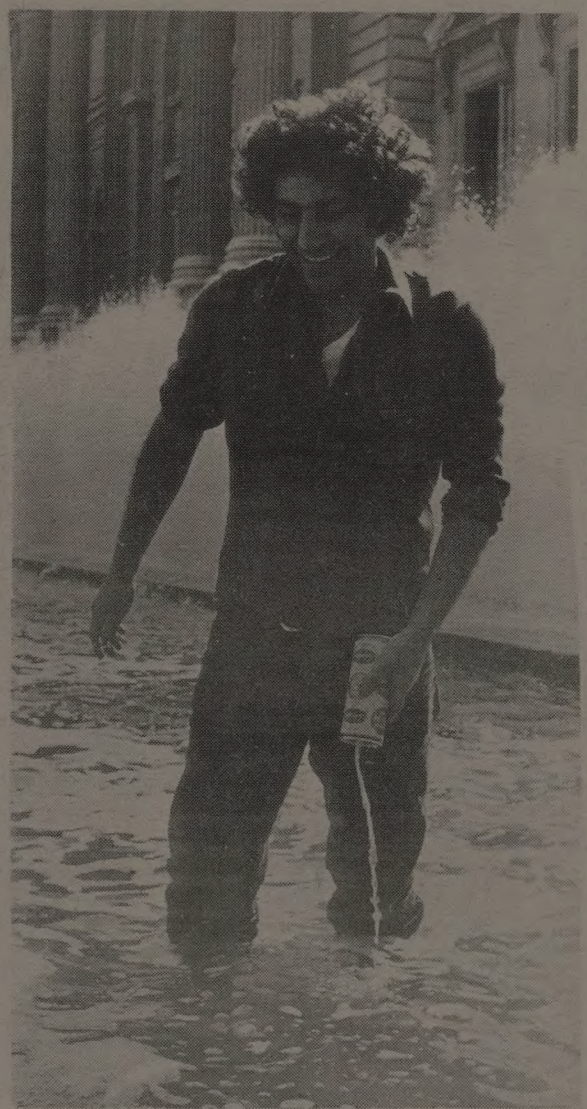
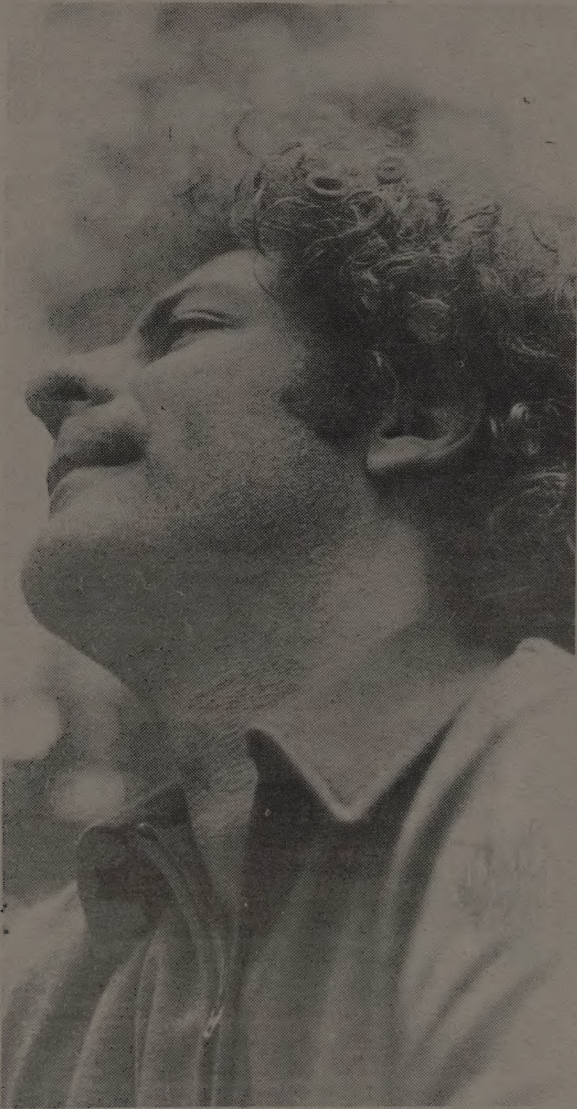
for real offices — all of the top yippies have at one time or another been involved in real live political campaigning. It's a spectacular way to learn about power or the lack of it —

By supporting B.D. for President all local candidates can get as honky liberal as they choose & never fuck up cause Presidential Sister Bernadine smile at the chap from the Post Office wall and so local candidates can never get too goody-goody. We should draft Bill Kunstler to run for District Attorney in Manhattan against Hogan. In California perhaps Angela Davis for governor.

By focusing on Bernadine we focus attention on the underground in America. Holy shit, there are perhaps 3,000 fugitives now running around underground & the FBI has failed miserably in catching them. For every Berrigan or Doors they catch, 100

are getting away with living the fugitive life everyday. The fact that there is an active underground is our great victory during the past year. Naturally having won all the important trials is important, but the underground is really spitting in the eye of J. Edgar Hoover. He must dream about them every nite. We must drive Hoover insane. We need songs about them. Paintings, plays, movies, books. Why sing about Jesse James when Rap Brown is on the loose? How can the Dalton Bros. compare with the Armstrong Bros. My God, Susie Saxe & Cathie Powers went to Brandeis University like you & me — they robbed a bank and killed a cop and are still doing it — the Bank of America has been bombed 40 times in the last 17 months in California. And don't forget Camron Bishop from Denver who blew up power lines — has anybody looked at the Post





# ABBIE

photos - paulina

Office wall lately — these outlaws are not known to the public — there is a conspiracy to keep the fact hidden that the F.B.I. can't catch little kids. Na! Na! It is not the stuff you see on Sunday night where the F.B.I. supermen have the power to see through brick walls & always catch the baddies within an hour (deducting 10 minutes for commercials and station breaks). By combining the extreme committment of this revolutionary vanguard, the Underground — with a mass participation event such as a political campaign — we can bring an important unity to the struggle. We are constructively creating the sea for the fish to swim in. The Wanted Posters become our Campaign Posters! Question — guess who's wanted by BOTH the FBI & the Yippies? Answer — Bernadine Dorhn. Get into Grand Juries, another victory. "This

summer there will be a number of battles in Nat. Parks. The Dept. of Int. has a real anti-hippy campaign going: it's just stupid because we are the only ones who respect the land in the national parks. Kids should watch out."

All cool, hip revolutionaries will now go back to whatever they were doing, having gotten the word. Register to vote, get on grand juries, watch out in national parks. Let's have songs about the fugitives, the underground is full of people running around and old J. Edgar can't catch them.

Now some of that stuff is right on and that's why Abbie is so high in my esteem. Especially cause he's funny. He's even better in person, believe you me. A laughing revolutionary totally committed to the moment and to the cause. I love the guy. But,...

What happens when we win the power? This question was the subject of two disputes I had with Abbie, once right after my first interview with him, A.J. Weberman yapping agreement at his side, and then again when I came by to interview him for the second time, and he has to go see a doctor uptown, so we agree we will go uptown together and rap in the subway and then in the doctor's office, his back is hurting him from when he got beaten in Washington by that sadistic cop Mayday time. O.K., I know I wander. Here's the thing, sisters and brothers. Both Abbie and A.J. feel that Mao and Fidel are right on, the good guys, right, they are in the vanguard of the revolution, Fidel has a beard and he bearded the greybeard Uncle Sam and he goes canecutting, and he's the brave alive brother of heroic Che and he's right on cause the parents and the teachers hate and fear him so he must be OK, right? And Mao, what a sweetheart he is when he smiles 800 million Chinese smile so he must be alright and he unified China and they have enough to eat, that's what counts, right? Fuck liberty, fuck the walls of the jails of Havana stained with the blood of old Sierra Maestra comrades shot cause they disagreed about the course of the Revolution with Fidel, fuck the lack of any free expression of dissent with Fidel, fuck that he talks for four hours, fuck that he said RIGHT ON to the Russians when they crushed Dubcek and the Dzechs and the Slovaks under the threads of their tanks in Pargue's bloody August that was 1968, who cares, what was the big group then, and now an oldie but goldie, pass the joint man, whas happenin' and Che smiles from the wall, Fuck that there is no underground paper in Havana or in Peking. You mean everybody agrees with Fidel and Mao all the time? DON'T you believe it. Dictatorships come in black and in red; Stroessner in Paraguay and Franco, and Kosygin and Mao and Fidel have a lot in common; they KNOW what's best for us, the old Platonian power trip; cities (states) should be ruled by philosophers,

who should lead their people to goodness. And if the people do not want to be good they have to be forced to be good. Plato said it almost two and a half thousand years ago, and his words have reverberated blood down the corridors of history. In the torture chambers of the Inquisition, in the slave camps of Siberia, in the snow-swept plains of Tibet and in Franco's hell holes, in the tiger cages of Saigon and in Havana's jails thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands have died FOR THE LEADERS KNOW WHAT IS GOOD FOR US. And if they feel that we are impeding the revolution we should be eliminated, right?

Long ago Action called the turn: All power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Who ran again Fidel or Mao last time?

The subway was full as we went uptown to Abbie's doctor and we goofed around and took pictures of each and the people are watching frozen in their grey middle class trips on the Lex. Ave. Line, look at the goofy freex, and then we walk over to the doctor's office and kids are waving to Abbie on the street, that's OK, why not, and the nurse says the doctor can't see you for an hour so we go outside and Abbie yells Hey Anite and I were married by the boohoo from the I Chinc right near here, let's go and see and we walk around the Metropolitan big grey pile full of mogul's guilt stained loot still reeking of the sweat of the miners and workers who gave their lives so that the Morgans and the Rockefellers and their ilk could give their collections of the old masters to the Museums and the flag is being hauled down cause it's dusk and we take a picture of Abbie turning the cank handle on the flagpole pulling down the Stars and Stripes facile symbolism and he goes splashing in the pool and then we walk into Central Park and there we are, he says, a secluded sloping, shady dglade and he gets down on his knees in the grass and starts scrabbling yelling, we buried a yippie button here and there is nobody

(Continued on Page 20)



# THE GRAND INQUISITION

BY COCA CRYSTAL



Tuesday, June 8, 1971, a day like most in the city. A day of strikes, disasters, rapes and a curious demonstration at Foley Square. The demonstration was called to protest the subpoenaing of ten brothers and sisters in front of the Grand Jury. They would be asked to testify against their brothers and sisters, such as Leslie Bacon, and they would refuse to answer, and probably be held in contempt of court and jailed. The demonstration was set for one o'clock as the witnesses were to go before the jury at two. It might have been our last chance to see them. It wasn't. The Grand Inquisition was postponed for a week. But the demonstration was on.

It was hot. Everyone sweated under painted faces and witches hats. Jim Retherford must have lost ten pounds in the Kil Cong gorilla costume that he was wearing. The focus was on the heat. EVO photographer Pauline had painted MAYDAY on my forehead in red water color and it ran like blood down into my eyes. Was it an omen of heavy kickass to come? Hardly. It was just too fucking hot. Violence was out of the question, nobody could even move. There were about two hundred people milling around in the slow-motion heat of the day. Some people with guitars were singing revolutionary songs.

The sound system was set up and lawyer Bill Shaap spoke. He explained that the Judge postponed the hearings to decide whether there should be a hearing about the allegation of illegal wiretapping. According to the Omnibus Crime Control Bill of 1970, where there is an allegation of illegal wiretapping, the government has to respond. The government's response so far has been that it is premature to allege illegal wiretapping. But we know that there is wiretapping. It is not premature at all.

In Boston, Judy Gumbo's next door neighbors were removed from their pad and taken to a hotel. The FBI then moved in and started pounding on the walls, putting in microphones, etc. The people next door moved back in again and were more than annoyed when they learned that they were duped by the FBI and have signed affidavits to that effect. So there is some good evidence of illegal surveillance. The prosecution says that they shouldn't have to reveal whether they are using illegal wiretapping until such time as the questions are asked in the Grand Jury. But this is absurd. In The Harrisburg case it was ruled that the government would have to reveal information that would be used as a basis for the questions the Grand Jury would ask. It is more than important that we all learn a little legalese these days. We're gonna need it.

Jim Retherford rapped it out to me. The Grand Jury is 23 people made up of the upper middle class that are into making a little money on the side. They are the kind of people that have office jobs that they don't really have to show up for. Then there's the prosecutor and he's not on your side at all. He is the only person that talks to the Grand Jury and they relate to him as an immediate superior. Then there's you or me, no lawyer, no judge, no press to cover what's going down. The prosecutor acts as judge, he is the only one gathering evidence and presenting it. He is not going to reveal any evidence that's going to help you or me, brothers and sisters, he's there to get an indictment. And you are not there to argue with him, you are there to answer his questions and tell all.

Then there's a fun trip called immunity. The fifth amendment protects you from incriminating yourself. So you're there and give the fifth. The next

step is to grant you immunity. They are saying that you have to talk now, but they promise they won't do anything to you about it. The constitution protects you from incriminating yourself but makes a distinction between you and your brothers and sisters. We will not rat on our brothers and sisters. You have to talk about yourself as if you were your brothers and sisters in order to include them in your protection.

There are two kinds of immunity. There is the total, or transactional immunity. If they grant this type of immunity on you you won't get an indictment. They bestow immunity on you but when it comes down to it that they can get you to incriminate yourself or friends and then invent other ways that they obtained this information. The pig out of the air trick.

Then there is use immunity. This is where they are not going to use your testimony in court, but if they can get anything else on you, they will. E.G. wiretapping, agent information. However we in the Southern District of New York are lucky in that this type of immunity is illegal. It was thrown out by NY District Court Judge, Constance Motley, a woman.

Enough legalese. For now. Our brothers and sisters facing the Grand Jury here in New York, will enter the Grand Jury one at a time and will be asked their name, they will answer. Then the prosecutor will ask another question, the witness will then get up and split the grand jury room and confer with the lawyer. Then the witness will come back alone with the answer. The witnesses will answer with the fifth and a prepared statement that will be read. The prosecution will then ask another question and the witness will go out and come back and read the statement. This procedure will go on until

the prosecution gets the idea that the witnesses will be taking the fifth on every question. Then the prosecution will start proceedings to grant immunity. The witnesses will go in front of a judge and immunity will be bestowed. Then after the immunity is granted the prosecution will ask the same questions. After conferring with the lawyers, a new statement will be read. A statement concerning immunity, about ratting on our brothers and sisters, wiretapping, and the fact that there are violations of no. 1,4,7, and 9 and every other amendment to the constitution.

At some point the prosecution will press for contempt charges. The prosecution meets with the judge and the lawyers make political arguments. This will lead nowhere and the witnesses will be found guilty of civil contempt. Meaning they are not being totally contemptuous, which is another charge, criminal contempt, which can get you maximum penalty three years. Then there is the slam, the cell. However you can purge yourself at any time by testifying.

They are trying to get enough evidence so they can bring Leslie to New York on a federal indictment. Leslie was given what can only be termed disastrous legal advice. There is a complaint against her in New York. There's an undercover pig on the case. Steven Weiner, see picture of him on page 217 of Jerry Rubin's book, *We Are Everywhere*. Based on his information it was decided originally that there was not enough to indict Leslie. That she was implicated but split before anything went down. That is a state decision. Now the federales are going to push it. It is anticipated that Guy Goodwin, the man who walks like he doesn't want to wrinkle his socks, will be the prosecutor either in conjunction with John Doyle or alone.

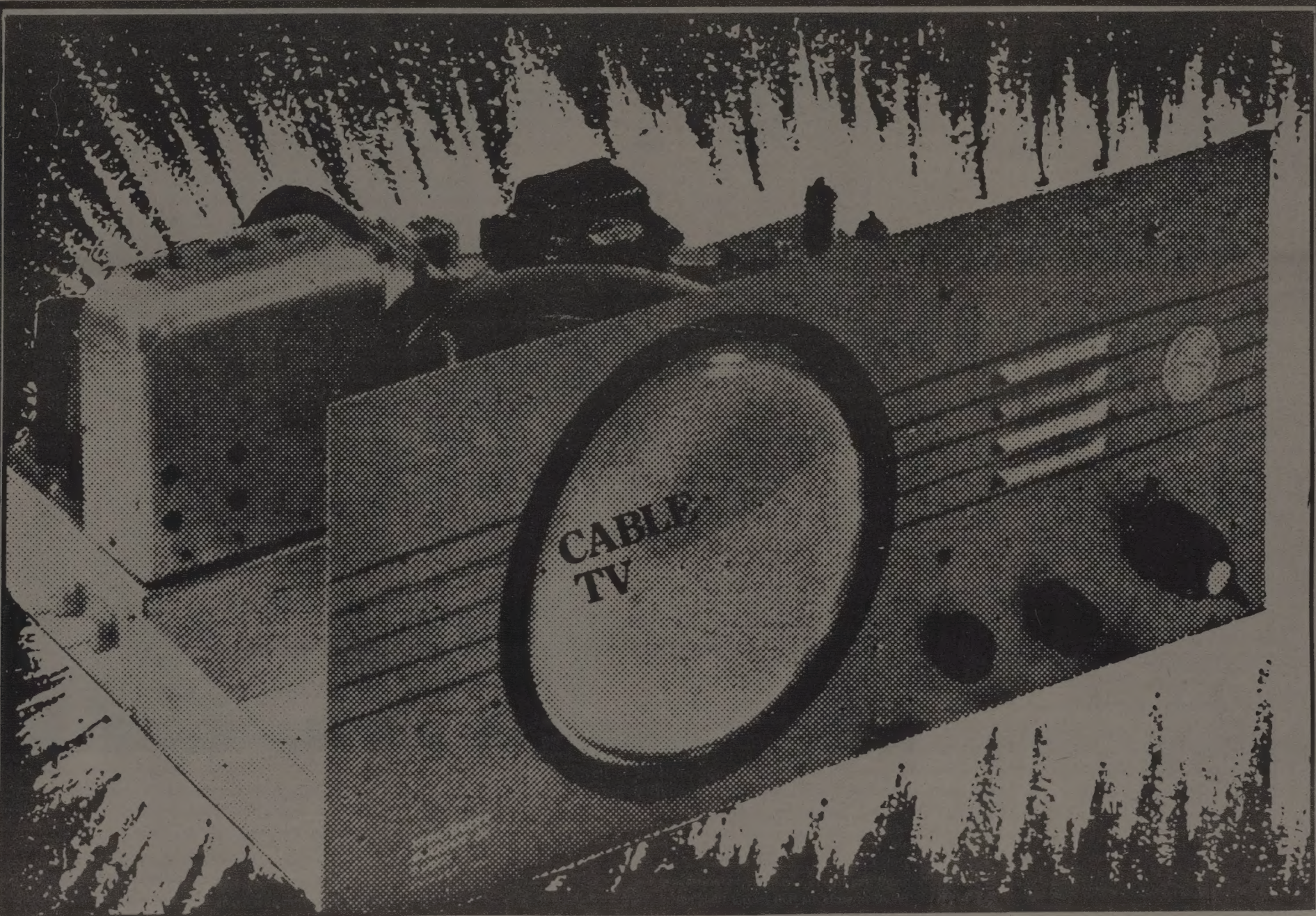
(Continued on Page 19)

# Weberman Scomps Lennon - Without Salt!!



NEW YORK, NEW YORK June 1971- JOHN LENNON WAS OFFICIALLY MADE A MEMBER OF THE DYLAN LIBERATION FRONT TODAY AFTER HE WAS SEEN WEARING A D.L.F. IN A PHOTO ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE N.Y. POST. DURING CEREMONIES HELD AT THE DYLAN ARCHIVES, A.J. WEBERMAN, MINISTER OF DEFENSE, WAS QUOTED AS SAYING: "LENNON HAS BEEN A DYLANOLOGIST FOR YEARS & KNOWS I AINT BULLSHITTIN WHEN I SAY THAT BOB'S POETRY IS ABOUT HEROIN & LIKE LENNON IS THE ONLY ROCK STAR TO PUBLICALLY LINK DYLAN AND SMACK (ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW WITH LENNON) HE DID THIS CAUSE, ALTHO HE'S A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, JOHN HAS A RELETIVELY STRONG COMMITTEMENT TO HIS FELLOW MAN AND PROBABLY FEELS THE WAY I DO ABOUT TELLING BOB'S FANS WHY HE'S BECOME SO CONSERVATIVE." WEBERMAN NEGLECTED TO MENTION THAT LENNON HAD PUT DOWN HIS GARRAGE COLLECTING SCAM IN THE COURSE OF AN F.M. RADIO HAPPENING BY SAYING THAT WEBERMAN PROBABLY TRADES THE STUFF HE FINDS IN DYLAN'S GARRAGE WITH OTHER DYLAN COLLECTORS AND IS LIKE A GROUPIE IN THIS RESPECT. BUT JOHN'S CRITICISM MUST BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT SINCE, AS A FORMER BEATLE, HE COULD VERY WELL PICTURE THE SAME KIND OF SHIT HAPPENING TO HIM AND BECAUSE, IN RETROSPECT, A.J. WAS TRYING TO RIP-OFF PUELCITY, NOT GARRAGE.

WEBERMAN WENT ON TO CLAIM THAT LENNON HAD MENTIONED HIS NAME IN THE 45 OF GIVE PEACE A CHANCE IN THE LINE - "EVERYBODY'S TALKIN BOUT WEBERMAN EVOLUTION MASTER-EATION ETC." ACCORDING TO AJ "LENNON HAS BEEN AWARE OF ME FROM THE TIME I WROTE THAT HEY JUDE-A MESSAGE TO DYLAN ARTICLE FOR THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER. SO WHEN I SAW JOHNNY WEARIN THAT D.L.F. BUTTON I IMMEDIATLY MADE HIM A LIFETIME DEPUTY MINISTER OF CULTURE OF THE DYLAN LIB. FRONT."



FREE ACCESS  
OPEN LETTER  
TO THE PEOPLE

by  
**John Reilly**

WBAI-FM.

We knew, of course, that cable *could* have far-reaching impact on the future of the mass media, particularly by breaking up the concentration of control and the almost total exclusion of local issues vital to great segments of the population. We were not prepared for the realization that the day such a revolutionary step could be taken was indeed at hand.

As of July 1, 1971...two (2) Public Channels will officially exist as part of the service provided by each of the two cable companies franchised for

Manhattan and serving the present 70,000 subscribers in the city. These four channels (two per system) will be available to the public on a first come first served basis (as stated in the franchise agreements with the city).

What all of this means is that it is theoretically possible for people to communicate with each other about the issues that determine their lives on the Public Channels, a use of TV that has been impossible under the present concentration of power.

Video has the power to

communicate in a direct manner, and with this opening up of (in effect) small TV stations for exclusive use by the people and the community, that consensus of power is accessible to the people: That is...media power is in the hands of the people *providing* a few road blocks are eliminated:

- 1) that your particular constituency is wired to receive cable (most of the poor are not)
- 2) that you have video equipment and knowledge of how to use it, and money for the cable company fees for time, and/or

3) more money to rent their studio and technicians...plus the fees for cablecasting time.

Why we formed FREE ACCESS.

A number of us have helped form an ad hoc group called Citizens Committee for Cable TV to help dramatize the July 1 deadline by presenting 1/2 inch video work for the first week over the PublicChannels.

But after the first week, what?????

The basic economic, political and human questions really involved here must be asked and

(Continued on Page 20)

ATHENIANS ASK, ARE THOSE  
FIREWORKS?"  
NO, THEY'RE BOMBS

ATHENS [Free Voice of Greece/LNS] — Bombs have been going off like fireworks here recently. The Greek Militant Resistance (EMA) has taken credit for downtown Athens bombings on the fourth anniversary of the reactionary military junta's seizure of power.

A few days later, on April 26, two more bombs exploded. Their targets were the US Air Force Commissary and the offices of the General Confederation of Labor. The commissary provides duty-free goods to US military personnel in Greece and has been bombed by the resistance in the past.

The Confederation of Labor, Greece's national labor organization, is an arm of the dictatorship. The junta has purged the unions and workers organizations of all elected officials and now appoints all officials, sets wages and prohibits strikes.

June 16, 1961 — Twenty New York Mothers arrested for blocking traffic and disorderly conduct for demanding a traffic light on a busy street corner.

\* \* \*

#### NEW GI COFFEE HOUSE IN HONOLULU

HONOLULU [LNS] — A new coffee house called The Liberated Barracks will be set up here for GIs stationed throughout the islands. According to its organizers, "The Liberated Barracks" will be a place "where GI's come together in brotherhood and sisterhood to organize themselves, to help and support one another, and to discuss plans and effect appropriate action."

The coffee house will also provide a legal counseling and referral service, recreation, and educational material.

Contributions to support the project can be sent to The Liberated Barracks, c/o Youth Actions, Unity House Bldg., 1956 Ala Moana Boulevard, Rm. 417, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815.

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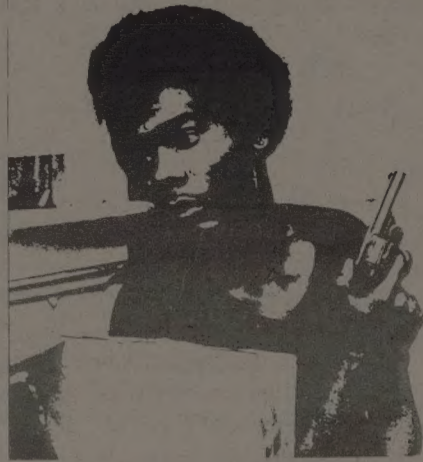
#### FIGHTING FOR AN INDEPENDENT BANGLA DESH: AN INTERVIEW WITH FOUR EAST PAKISTANIS

*The following is an interview with four East Pakistani students who were studying at McGill University in Canada when the recent fighting broke out. Three have dropped out and are waiting for an opportunity to go home to join resistance forces.*

#### COULD YOU DESCRIBE THE PRESENT SITUATION IN EAST PAKISTAN?

About 300,000 East Pakistanis have been killed so far by the West Pakistani army. Three million have fled to West Bengal (an eastern province of India) where they are living in refugee camps. The West Pakistani army controls our major cities — Dacca, Chittagong, Khulna, Jessore — but armed resistance in the rural areas is strong. In fact, the army rarely ventures into the countryside and then only on "hit and run" missions.

A provisional "rebel" government has been set up in Calcutta, India, by the moderate Awami League. They are seeking diplomatic recognition, supplies, and guns to start a "war of liberation."



#### GRANOLA OUTLAWED IN MINNEAPOLIS HIGH SCHOOL

MINNEAPOLIS [LNS] — An administrator of Hutchinson High recently spotted a student eating granola in the hall. He dragged him into his office and explained: "Granola relates to drugs, drugs relate to hippies, hippies relate to (he holds his fingers in the peace sign) and the (peace sign) relates to an unjust peace." Granola was then banned from the school.

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#### 100's CONFRONT ROGERS AT COLGATE GRADUATION

HAMILTON, NY [LNS] — More than a third of Colgate University's graduating class stood up at graduation ceremonies this week to confront the keynote speaker, Secretary of State William Rogers, with a pledge: "If drafted, we will not accept a combat role in Indochina." Hundreds of faculty members, parents and friends joined them.

The president of Colgate told the audience after the demonstration that the action had been a "Misuse of me . . . the occasion . . . and the Secretary of State."

\* \* \*



But real leadership of the East Pakistani separatist movement has passed from the Awami League to more radical forces who are already engaged in armed struggle. The radicals will settle for nothing less than an independent Bangla Desh (Bengali Nation).

We are counting on guerrilla warfare and the monsoon rains to defeat the West Pakistani army. Bengali home territory is the Ganges-Brahmaputra delta — a vast network of rivers and streams. Such terrain is completely alien to the West Pakistani soldiers, accustomed to the dry plains and mountains of the West.

#### WHAT FORCES ARE PREPARING TO LIBERATE THE EAST FROM THE ARMED OCCUPATION?

The moderate Awami League is organizing the East Pakistani police and the East Pakistani Rifles (the only Bengali Regiment in the Pakistani army.) The

Maoist East Pakistani Communist Party (Marxist-Leninist) went underground before the army occupation and is now very busy organizing and training the peasantry.

There are also several liberation armies getting organized, with Marxist and socialist leaders. We think that leadership of an organized guerrilla movement will most likely come from a coalition of well-organized forces developed at the local rather than the national level. But the diverse groups, all committed to independence in some form, are not yet coordinated as a united front.

#### WHAT EVENTS LED TO THE OCCUPATION OF EAST PAKISTAN BY THE WEST PAKISTANI ARMY AND THE RESULTING CIVIL WAR?

The immediate cause was a constitutional crisis. Pakistan has been under military rule since a coup lead by

General Yahya Khan toppled the government of Ayub Khan in 1968. Last December, a new National Assembly was elected to meet in March to write a constitution returning Pakistan to civilian rule. But General Yahya Khan postponed the assembly when the West Pakistani People's Party, an established party in West Pakistan, threatened to boycott the assembly. The party had lost in the December elections and Awami League candidates from the East took a majority of the seats in the National Assembly.

Negotiations began between Gen. Yahya Khan, the Awami League, and the West Pakistani People's Party. The Awami League demanded some measure of regional autonomy for East Pakistan, but the talks foundered since Bhutto and Yahya Khan opposed East Pakistani desire for control over its own foreign aid and trade.

Strikes and demonstrations of

# innews

## NEWSPOEM

Whatever anyone may think of his opinions, actor John Wayne, 53, is not reluctant to air them. "I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility," he says in a May Playboy interview. "I don't believe in giving authority and positions of leadership and judgment to irresponsible people." Indians? "I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them," maintains the Duke. "There were great numbers of people who needed new land and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves."

NEWSWEEK April 19, 1971

Pity the selfish Indian  
The heathen horde unkempt  
They didnt like white men to plunder or kite them  
& smoked tobacco like hemp

Refrain: In vain in vain to compete with Wayne  
He gives it all away  
This macho Methusaleh, & shooter & boozerer  
He gives it all away

The Indian *always* was selfish  
(Unlike the Duke of Wayne)  
& compared to Paul Muni why the Zuni were puny  
& wouldnt even share their pain

Refrain: In vain in vain to one-up Wayne  
He gives it all away  
From Beverly Hills to the Ashau overkills  
He responsibly gives it away

The Injun will always be selfish  
Until he learns from the whites  
& gives to the Duke his labor, guts, & puke  
Just like all the other poor whites

Refrain: In vain in vain to win over Wayne  
Give up all Hope ye who leave here  
He gave it away he gave it away  
Dont cry over spilt blood or beer

Tuli Kupferberg

## NATIONAL PEOPLE'S COALITION CONFERENCE: JUNE 25-27 IN MILWAUKEE

WASHINGTON [LNS] — The People's Coalition for Peace and Justice is calling a National Conference for June 25-27 at St. Michael's Church and School, Milwaukee, Wis. The agenda includes discussions about local organizing, a lobbying program for Washington, the People's Peace Treaty, the anti-draft filibuster and opposition to the Family Assistance Plan (FAP). For housing and transportation information call or write: 1029 Vermont Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20005.

\* \* \*

## CHRISTOPHER ST. LIBERATION MARCH: JUNE 27

NEW YORK [LNS] — Gay Pride Week will end on June 27 with the 1971 Christopher Street Liberation Day March. Women and men will assemble at 12-2 P.M. on New York's Christopher Street to march up Sixth Avenue to Central Park's Sheep Meadow for a celebration of Gay Pride and solidarity. East Coast Gay Liberation groups will participate, as well as individual members of the Gay community. A similar march will be held in Los Angeles. Contact the Christopher Street Liberation Day Comm. at 247 W. 10th St., NYC, CH2-5273.

\* \* \*

## POLICE CAR GEARED FOR RIOTS AND OBSTETRICS

COLUMBUS, Ohio [LNS] — The police car of the future may have bullet-proof dome in the roof, a baby-delivering kit in the trunk and look like a psychedelic light show.

A gear-acked model of such a car was displayed here recently for some 2000 conventioning cops.

"This is a practical car of the future," explained an executive from the company that produces the cars. "Everything on the car is ready for use today. Probably the most unique item is the twin signal system on the roof. The package is both visual and audible."

Replacing the usual round "bubble-gum machine" was an assembly of loud speakers and revolving, flashing red lights.

"Polished aluminum mirrors surrounded the lights," he pointed out. "They reflect each flash of the light, and the effect produces 650 flashes per minute instead of the regular 125."

The loud speakers hooked up to a microphone inside the car could be a "rela life-saver" for a policeman, according to the executive.

"When arriving at an unknown and potentially dangerous situation, the officer could give orders and direct the

actions of a suspect without leaving his car. Of course the device has obvious advantages for riot control. Several cities use this concept already."

Inside the car the driver and front-seat passenger can look up through a section of bullet-proof domed roof. The four-door car only has two handles inside — both up front.

"We've got to consider hauling a potentially dangerous suspect in the back. He's not going to open the door and get out if there's no door handles."

A thick piece of glass raised in a split second to partition front from rear at the flick of a switch. Within reach of the driver's right hand is a console loaded with buttons controlling all the gadgets, including a switch for opening the electrically-locked shotgun holder, placed, appropriately, in front of the man "riding shotgun."

The car with all its equipment, including a radio linked with the Weather Bureau, would cost around \$8500.

"But let me show you what else the price includes," said the executive, leading onlookers to the trunk of the car.

There, next to the tear gas grenades, was an obstretcis kit, complete with instructions and a box of diapers.

"A policeman has to be prepared for anything," he concluded.

students, peasants, and workers broke out in East Pakistan, protesting the postponement of the Assembly. Officials from West Pakistan suddenly lost all authority in the face of rebellion.

On the 25th of March, 70,000 West Pakistani troops moved into East Pakistan to reassert the control of the "central" government. Awami League leaders, East Bengali professionals, and students faced wholesale liquidation. And hundreds of thousands of unarmed people were killed with tanks, mortar, bombs, and napalm.

Nevertheless, on March 27 clandestine Bengali transmitters proclaimed the existence of an independent nation of Bangla Desh.

## IS THE WAR THEN PURELY A CIVIL WAR BETWEEN EAST AND WEST PAKISTAN?

No. The events of 1970-71 are a continuation of the class struggle that

stems from the British colonial period. The period prior to independence was marked by bitter struggle between the Moslem peasantry on the one hand and the British colonial rulers and predominantly Hindu landlords on the other. This class division along religious lines played right into the British "divide and rule" policy which favored the Hindu minority over the Muslim majority.

Wealthy Moslems took advantage of the religious divisions when it came time for the British to leave. The Moslem upper class, represented the independence movement in negotiations with the British, and the two far-flung halves of Pakistan were joined together in an Islamic state.

Pakistan became independent in 1947. The lot of the peasantry was as bad as ever, but new patterns of power emerged among the Pakistani elite.

In East Pakistan, the feudal class

virtually disappeared as Hindu landlords fled to India. Power passed to the petty bourgeoisie — bureaucrats, professionals, large shopkeepers, and merchants. From this class emerged the Awami League which has dominated the political life of East Pakistan ever since.

In the West, Moslem fuedal lords remained, and with them a trained military and civil service inherited from British rule. Moslem merchants flocked from India to Karachi, bringing their money along, setting up the base for future industrial development. The alliance that today controls West Pakistan — the military, civil service, merchant, and feudal class — began at that time.

It is this alliance, the ruling class of West Pakistan, that has attempted to rule all of Pakistan.

## SO IS THE CIVIL WAR THE RESULT OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE

## RULING CLASS OF WEST PAKISTAN AND THE MIDDLE CLASS ELITE OF EAST PAKISTAN?

Up to a point, yes.

The constitutional crisis which triggered the civil war was a conflict — both political and economic — between the elites of East and West Pakistan.

The Swami League, representing the interests of the East Pakistani elite, had won majority control of the National Assembly that never met. What the League demanded and the West Pakistani ruling class refused to give up, was not only political power but *economic* power. The East Pakistani elite had never been able to exploit its fair share of the wealth produced by the East Pakistani peasantry.

Since the independence of 1947, East Pakistan has been for all practical purposes a colony of West Pakistan in which workers, peasants and the middle class, too, are severely exploited.

# ARMORKY'S

THE ARMORKINS, NOW DEEP UNDER CRABCRAP CRATER PRISON, HAVE FOUND THE ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE. CARRIES THEM RIGHT THROUGH THE WARDENS OFFICE!

HO! PRISONER 19714C! WHATCHA GOT IN THERE?

I BEEN ATOP, BABY, PICKIN' AN SMOKIN' DOPE. AN HALLUCINATIN' MY OREKARTS FULL A ORE!

STOP

ROEEA ROLLATS KREEK!!

YOU BETTER WATCH DAT SHIT JACK! WE DON' SMOKE MERRY-WANA IN MUSKOGEE!

AH, FUCK YA!

YOU DONT CUSS AT ME, SCILLY! IM A TRUSTY! I GOT A GUN!

THATS YER TUFF LUCK! BETCHA GOT CRABS, TOO!

HIYA, SCILLY! WHATS UP?

THE JIG IS UP, BABY! COZ DIG, I GOT ME A LOAD A' ARMAKINS IN MY ORE CARTS!

AH, YA SHITIN' ME, MAN! THEY UP IN CELL BLOCK...

NOT ANY MORE, MAN! THEY GOT SPRUNG, BUT THEY GOT TA GET UP T' OLE MAN QUILLS OFFICE FER TH' KEYS T' THEY SPACESHIP!

WHATSAT LOUDMOUTH ASSHOLE DOING?

HE'S BLOWIN' EVERYTHING, MAN!

SO I WANT YOUSE DUDES T' START A RIOT, DIG? COZ WE NEED A DIS-TRACTIVE-PLAY, IF YA CATCH M' MEANIN'!

THASSAL REET, MAN, HE GONNA HAFTA SWALLOW IT WHEN IT COMES!

IF YA GET MA DRIFT!

RITE ON!

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT ALLA BOUT, COCKSUCKER?

OH, GETTIN A LITTLE ACTION GOIN' SO'S YOU GUYS HAVE IT EASIER. NOW BOUT THAT JOINT...

OH...YEH! HAVE A TOKE!

FAR OUT!

HEY! WOT IS DAT?

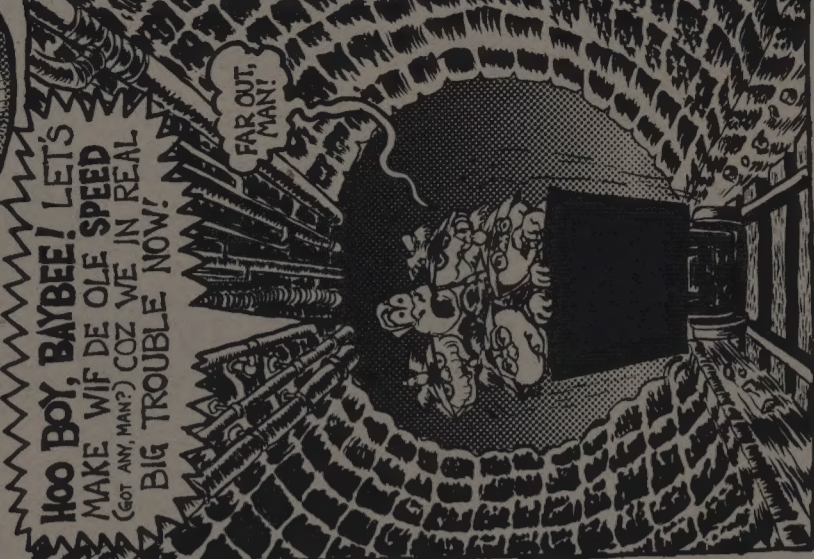
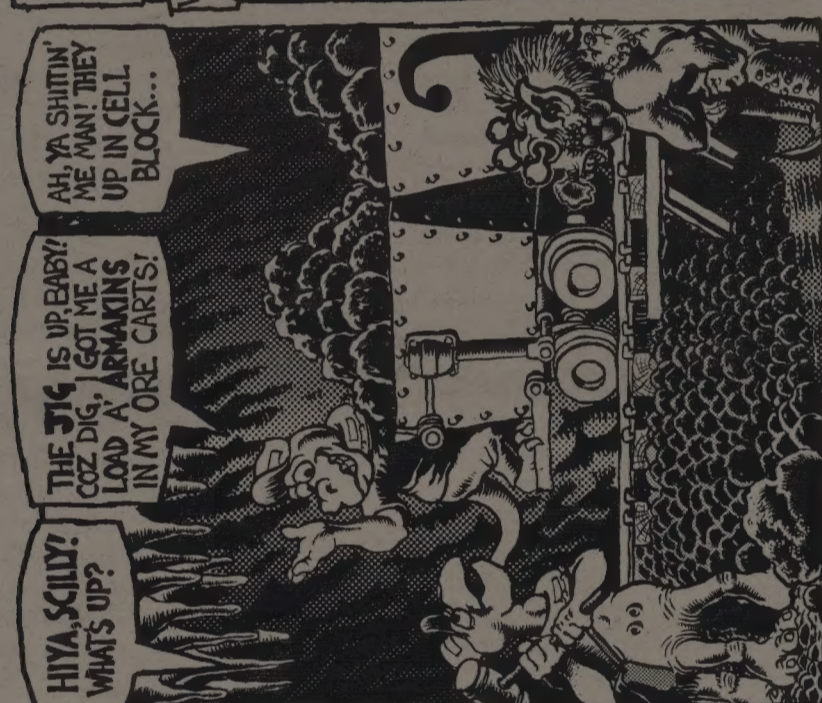
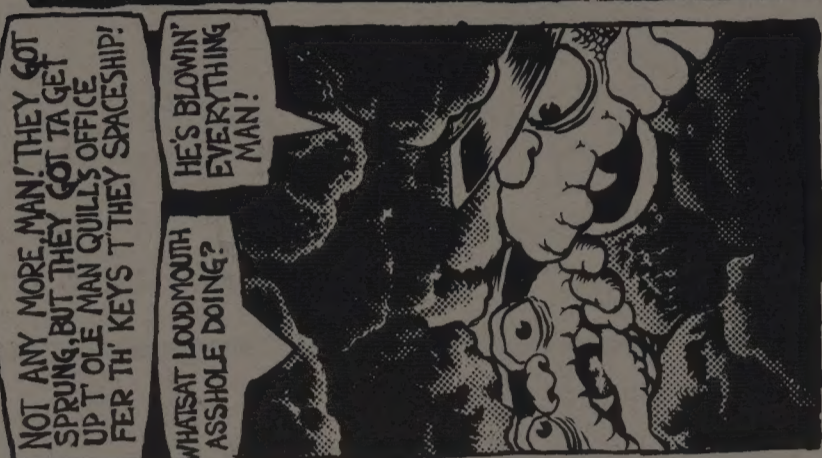
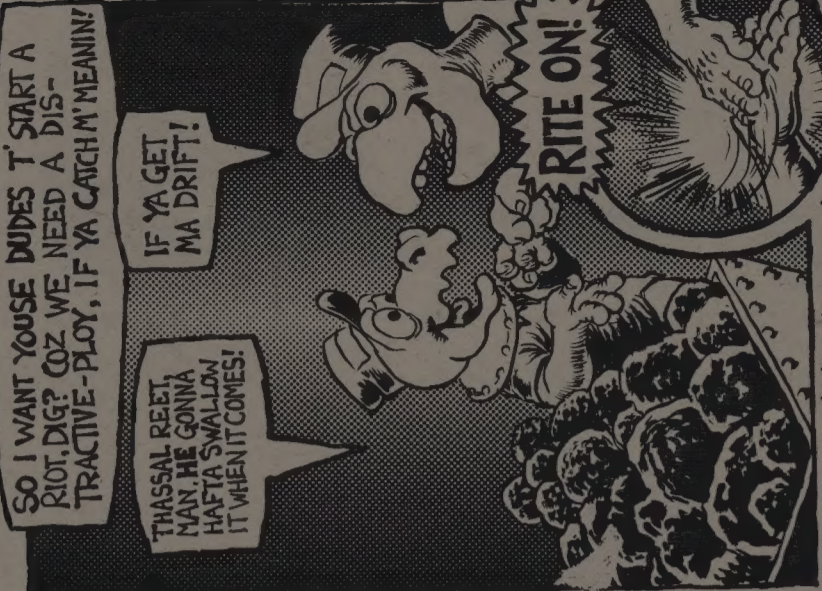
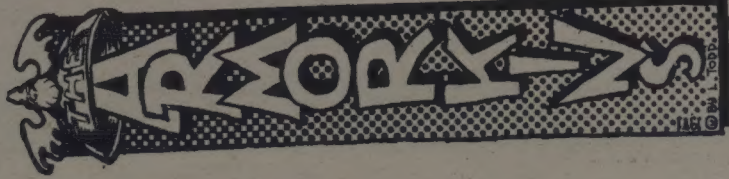
OH SHIT! A GUARD SEEN YOU GUYS!

STOP OR I'LL

THROW!

HOO BOY, BAYBEE! LETS MAKE WIF DE OLE SPEED (GOT ANY, MAN?) COZ WE IN REAL BIG TROUBLE NOW!

FAR OUT, MAN!



There really isn't any competition in the porno newspaper racket, at least not on the creative level. Oh, on the production end there's a lively continuous round of knifings, shootings, drownings, leg-breakings, and other permutations of *lassiez faire* capitalism, but among the penniless wretches who merely create the copy and paste up the pages of the smut papers there exists nothing but warm affection, easy camaraderie and mutual misery. When you go by the newsstand at Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street and see it piled high with CUM, JUGS, SPEND, WINDBREAKER, PROD, CROTCH, FLESH, and other publications of that nature, you may be sure that the better part of the volume of that smut is created by a dozen or so honest hardworking people; and these people all congregate quite regularly — right around payday — in a tavern they call Pornographer's Roost, and get blind drunk together.

This has been going on for a few months now, and a tiny literary community not unlike Paris in the Thirties has consequently sprung up. Joe Kane, who edits X magazine, was the first of this gestalt to hint publicly that something was afoot among the porno undergrowth, when he wrote an editorial about this in the current X, the one with the inflammatory Larry Todd cover of a raven-haired dominatrix in leather corset, suede panties, high-heeled boots, net-supported stockings, replete with whip and incredible highlights in the zip-a-tone on her tits. On page 2, Joe wrote this:

#### OUR MAN ABOUT TOWN

The other evening X editor Joe Kane was hanging around his favorite overpriced West Village bar, Pornographer's Rest, or Roost, reclining at a table with several other practitioners of the Oldest Profession (after all, it was the first appearance of primitive pornography that gave rise to the invention of sex), trading shop talk and attempting feeble passes at the comely waitress. They weren't doing nothing, they were just hanging around. Pretty soon, as usual, the talk turned to feminine anatomy.

'Do you think that the female clitoris is a vestigial appendage?' one of the pornographers gathered there posed.

A long round of silence, followed by a pregnant pause, greeted this query. Finally one of the others broke the beer-soaked silence with a question of his own: 'What's a vestigial appendage?'

Not to be outdone, our man about town had yet another inquiry in mind: 'What's a clitoris?' he wanted to know. Of course, what he does off the field is of no interest to us, or presumably, to him.

\*\*\*

hot acts

on the docks

photograph by mario jorin



layout per h. stefan smeller

## A MOVEABLE DRUNK

### BY D.A. LATIMER

Anyway, conversations at the Porno Table at the Roost are devoted nearly exclusively to shop talk, which as you can readily understand, can be pretty bewildering to the ears of outsiders. Last week for instance, on the night of the full moon, D.A. Latimer showed up at the Roost with two little girls from Queens. Exceptionally pretty they were, and clean, and young, and surely there must be laws prohibiting the likes of Latimer from associating with the likes of these two young ladies.

It was so painful in fact to behold such a wicked shite as D.A. within *groping* distance of these lovely children that Bruce David, former layout whiz behind *Pussycat*, wielded his authority as the original occupant of the drinking-table to discuss some of the sleazier *lassiez-faire* maneuvers currently going on between *Screw* and X. Falling for it like a brick, Latimer horrified the two sweetlings with a long account of the last armbreaking he's heard about, before regaining his senses and trying to relate to them again.

'What's the nightlife like,' he essayed, 'in Queens?'

'It's a lot like this,' explained the bolder of the two. 'We have our favorite places, and we sit around with our friends and talk like this...'

Anxious to get them away from this degenerating influence, Davis asked, 'You talk like this? What do secretaries talk about, anyway? Who botched up what invoice for which shipment?'

Before long, naturally, they were gone; and before long after this, Latimer was lying back in his chair, balancing a sudsy beer-glass on his beautifully developing belly, glaring out at the swollen full moon settling down through the orange-tinted smog over Seventh Avenue, railing, 'Where's my goddamn fangs? Where the hell are my fucking claws? It's late this month!'

-30-

The waitresses at the Roost dearly love the Porno Table. Not what you think, swains: the passes the pornographers keep making at them are so extraordinarily feeble that they never even *notice* them, but the checks at the end of the evening are something else again. A good \$20 check, on the evenings when secretary-treasurer Lynda Crawford isn't around, can gross

the serving-wenchens upwards of \$7 in tips, being that no reasonably destroyed porno writer can tell the difference between a five and a one. Maintaining a good solid money-head even in the thick of terminal intoxication, Lynda tends to cut the tipping down to merely overpriced, not outrageous.

It was Lynda who suggested, at the bung-end of an exceptionally soggy evening at the Roost, that everyone recuperate the following morning on the Beach. 'We'll get up real early,' she suggested, 'and take the train out to Far Rockaway and ride the bumper cars and watch the roller coaster and eat cotton candy, and one of you guys can win me a Kewpie Doll...' In the transports of drunkennes it all sounded wonderful and *Screw* paparizi Peter Brennan even went so far as to offer his automobile as transportation to the event. Latimer wistfully suggested inviting Francesca to attend the outing, but this was vetoed on the grounds of Francesca's notorious antipathy toward pushy phenomena like sunshine, wind, water, and people.

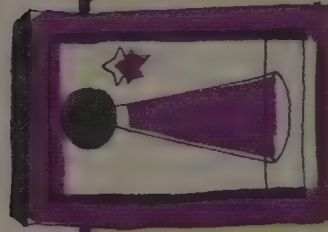
Of course nobody ever got to the beach. Several of the proposed excursion did however get as far as the Morton Street Pier, to suck up whatever ultraviolet might penetrate through the smog over Jersey, and meet the deadlines for the following day's copy. At the further end of the dock they congregated, under the mooring painters of the Trade School ship, and after a brief discussion of the extraordinarily beautiful weather they set into writing their pornography. As the afternoon wore on, onlookers, spurred by fatal curiosity, would approach this little shtetl of furiously intent writers, and ask things like, 'Are you the poets?' and 'What are you working on?'

'What are you working on?' received the snazziest reponses. 'Holding her burning nipple lightly between his teeth,' the reply would come, 'Bernard gently coaxed her pussylips apart with a slickened forefinger. The sheets tangled themselves about her thrashing limbs... One rarely encounters true blushes in New York City, but the end of the Morton Street Pier that weekend was aglow with them.'

Just before dark the rats began slinking out to play on the dock. The pornographers threw crumbs to them, whistling softly and making 'squit-squit-squee' noises between their teeth. Ray Schultz, who had shown up late, seemed particularly favoured by the pretty grey creatures, who sat in his lap and purred like kittens. Latimer, with his typical aptitude for the practical joke, coaxed the leanest-looking rat to climb up his arm onto his shoulder: then, reaching down and seizing a smaller rat, he fed it to the larger, who looked quite grateful.

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There will be a free public reading of creative smut next Sunday 27 June at the Morton Street Pier in the Hudson River. Tentatively scheduled for 4:30 p.m., the selections are expected to include portions of the eminent "Allen Downe," series from X, read by Joe Kane; the thrill-packed 'Scorpion' feature from *Pussycat*, by Bruce David; D.A. Latimer's charming 'cow-fucking story,' from X; selections from Rex Weiner's published novel, 'Lollypop'; a soon-to-be-published discussion of *ejaculato praecox* by Peter Brennan of *Screw*; Lynda Crawford on wife-beating; and other degenerates. If possible, celebrated gay columnist Sorel David (no relation to Bruce) will be persuaded to read some of her porno. Women's Lib pickets will be supplied by the Morton Street Pier Pornography Workshop itself, and refreshments will include ice cream bars and Italian ices, sold at the entrance to the dock. The whole production is contingent on the weather, and the presence of police and impressionable youngsters.



Dear Evo,

Cartoons, Comix, dear Jaakov Kohn, are divergencies of the revolution. Even if they contained some wit or satire, any one who reads them is a dolt.

You are the last of the first people who started EVO. From the first I have watched and read it, and seen it always on the periphery of a living, revolutionary publication. It has been a continuous backer of losers and also a dupe of the establishment.

The establishment knew from the first what to do about the hippies. They publicized them to death. If you can't see that, by this time, you need new glasses.

EVO was right in there with the establishment. Space was given to rock bands (which the establishment exploited), the briefly (if ever) Yippies and the promoters of that idea who have feathered their nests via Grove Press and other publishers. The militant black man was promoted. Tim Leary and the other gurus of the new life style got a tremendous amount of space.

In the 1960s a social revolution had substantially begun, and a sexual revolution was said to be under way. By 1970 you, and hundreds of thousands of other misled liberals, were wondering what went wrong.

What went wrong was that the social revolution went up in Tim Leary's pot smoke... Whatever else can be said about this dope, it is obvious that it makes contented cows of the users and robs them of the consciousness of revolution and the need of it.

Love... Tim Leary... The flower children of the sixties... The sexual revolution went down on sexual brutality to female children - black cock and white pussy the smallest aspect of it.

All these angles were publicized in EVO. The establishment invented the hip mystique and promoted and exploited it. EVO played tenor sax in the cacophony.

All these years, since 1960, what this country needed is a howling satirical anarchistic newspaper. What has it got in the underground? Sexual licentiousness, praise of the dope life style and patronage of the establishment.

Where is the article on the Black Panther trial, exposing it for what it was, a government conspiracy to off an unwanted political force... How much did it cost the government to make this conspiracy over a period of time? How much for spies and collusionists to build up the proof? How much for the trials? How much to get the jurors' verdict: No proof... That article should have been building while it happened and it should have appeared in EVO whether the Panthers were convicted or not... All the EVO did was to go into an emotional hysteria at the triumph of "justice."

EVO has no conception of what would be required to make a successful revolution in a "democracy". Nor have any other liberal papers (sex and pot).

No revolution in history has ever succeeded with a minority. So it can't happen here... The masses of Americans are not the downtrodden poor but the middle class slaves of the establishment are on payrolls from five to thirty thous. dolls. a year... This majority could bring about a bankruptcy of the (non-existent) democracy by refusing to pay federal or other income taxes... Whatliberal paper has ever hinted that the income tax laws are a violation of Article 13 of the C'STIN?

The writing of these words has been put off for several weeks. They could have been a response to your editorial which said, if anyone knows what happened to the revolution (or words to that effect) please contact me. The writer was deterred also by the thought of the futility of it. No one really wants a revolution. The provocateurs are out for their own ego's sake and the profit there is in writing such crap as *Steal This Book*.

To say that the EVO has, sometimes, been the best of the underground press doesn't mean much (dope and sex). It is a homely sheet, like Latimer's stuff is homely writing. That's good... But it has never been addressed to the homely middle classes, when there is no other that can effectively revolt. The underground papers treat the middle classes with contempt.

It might be considered that the world could have been saved from Hitler's years if he had been strongly ridiculed and put down by satirists at the right time. But no group of publishers would attack Hitler as Thomas Nast attacked Tweed in the last century (or early 20th?). Tweed's power with Tamany is duplicated now by the corruption of all government, in the U.S.

What has EVO to say in response to Nixon's approval of the Washington arrests?

What has EVO said about the outlaws in government; every person who was connected with the trials in Chicago and New York was a conspirator and a criminal. The crimes committed by elected and appointed officials far exceeds any other crime in this country.

And EVO has done (almost) nothing, effectively, to remind the middle classes that their government is made up of criminals, that they pay the cost of the criminal gathering of false evidence, the employment of criminals like district attorneys, prosecutors, judges.

The middle class masses of the U.S. (5 to 30 thousand a year) are the ones who are supporting the war in Viet Nam (or where else, is not?), the salaries of corrupt politicians, right up to the president himself.

Nothing can stop this but a revolt against the payment of income taxes, and income taxes are levied illegally, and against a provision of the Constitution: There shall be no involuntary servitude in the U.S.... Let the criminals find out what they can do without: enslaving the middle classes.

Ed: Recently they dumped 1.3 billion pounds of raw shit into the Hudson. Some of it was undoubtedly yours. Retrieve it and get it together. Then summon enough courage to sign your letter. If and when you'll accomplish this, let me know and I'll gladly answer you.

Jaakov Kohn

DEAR EVO:

ON THE TRIAL OF THE PANTHER 13, I THINK MOST COMRADES SEEM TO MISS THE KEY POINT, WHICH IS, THAT THE ENEMY KEPT THEM OUT OF PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH THE PEOPLE FOR 2 YEARS. TWO YEARS! SURE THE ENEMY WOULD HAVE LOVED A GUILTY VERDICT FOR THE 13. BUT THEY KNEW THAT THEY HAD NO CASE BEFORE IT ALL STARTED. THE SAME HOLDS TRUE FOR BOBBY AND ERICKA IN NEW HAVEN.

OF THE 17 HERE IN *BABYLON* (2 of the 13 escaped the U.S. to Algeria), ONLY 6 WERE RELEASED FROM MAXIMUM SECURITY. AND YOU CAN'T SAY THAT THEY'RE FREE. *NOBODY* IN AMERIKKKA IS FREE, AND SURE AS HELL, THE FBI IS TAPPING THEIR PHONES AND WATCHING, WAITING TO INDICT THEM ON MORE TRUMPED-UP CHARGES. IN FACT, I JUST READ THAT *ALI BEY HASSAN*, ONE OF THE / "FREED" WAS JUST PICKED UP IN NEWARK ON CHARGES OF SHOOTING AN ENEMY AGENT.

THE OTHER 5 ARE IN MAXIMUM SECURITY CONCENTRATION CAMPS BECAUSE OF TRUMPED-UP CHARGES IN CONNECTION WITH THE REVOLUTIONARIES' PRISON UPRISINGS OF LAST YEAR.

HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO VAGILATE AND HESITATE WHILE RIGHTEOUS COMRADES ARE INCARCERATED FOR YEARS AT A TIME WHEN WE KNOW THAT THEY MUST BE FREED TO HELP IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST CAPITALISM HIP AND HYPOCRITICAL? AND THERE ARE SO MANY COMRADES THAT WE DON'T HEAR ABOUT. *READ A LITTLE... AND THEN ARM YOURSELVES!*

UNITE AND FIGHT! R S

## Telegram

Western Union

SQB079 SYC250

SY ZLC293 LNL204 OMZ09 NLA368 MS 107/13 INTL ZL NEWDELHI

VIA WUI 23 13 1315

STOVEN KOHN  
CARE EAST VILLAGE OTHER  
20 E 12TH ST  
NEW YORK NY

TAKE A LOCAL

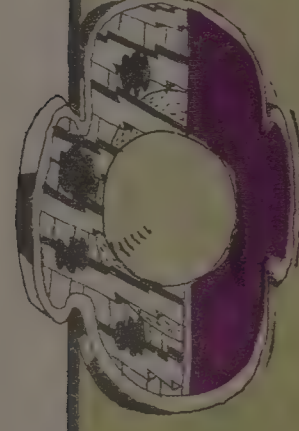
TAKE A EXPRESS

TAKE AN A TRAIN

TO HAPPINESS

JOHN

SK: JOHN WHO?



## LETTERS

Dear EVO:

I wanted to tell you about something not too well known. I constructed the instrument on page 78 of *Abbie Hoffmans Steal This Book* and inserted it in my phone. Everyone has called me since and verified the calls are free and do not appear on their phone bills at the end of the month (all calls are made direct). Also pay phones get their money returned. Abbie, perhaps to avoid a lawsuit or something doesn't say what the diagram is but the word should definitely be spread.

It's too amazing to be believed. A friend of mine who works for the phone company told me the phone company has a special division hunting down gadgets like this. He said after looking at the diagram that the phone company couldn't stop the use of these gadgets unless they replace everyone of their receivers in the country which would cost 100's of millions of \$\$\$'s. He said this gadget would be hard to detect although there were others ("the blue box" so-called) that makes free calls (as opposed to receiving free calls) and the phone company could at times detect them. In any event it was our feeling that wide-spread usage of Abbie's Box would really fuck the phone company.

You should reprint the diagram for isn't this truly the Youth International Party Line?

Alexander Graham Bell

Editor,

About that cartoon on Helen Keller in the April 25th issue.

WHY? I recently read about Helen Keller and like she was a good person and really had a lot of shit to live thru and that cartoon really made me feel bad.

As a revolutionary, I find it hard to draw a gross picture of good people, put down anti-life people, ok, but, like, there is something about that cartoon that tells me about Yossarian, or whatever the fuck his name is, I can forgive his being a bad craftsman, but like, his lack of feeling for a good human being!!!

How about one about Che, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X? Censorship, no. Knowing what side you're on, yes. I'd really appreciate you'r reaction to my feelings about that cartoon.

Penzo

Ed: Right on — Personally I always did like Helen Keller.

Yossarian:

Well what's there to be said...?

Dear EVO,

When I was 4 years old (A.D. 1949), I had a very strange dream. I dreamed I'd written a story for the East Village Other. Now right away, you can see what a crazy dream this was, because in 1949, I didn't know the alphabet past "q", so how could I ever write a story which would surely draw on my knowledge of alphabet letters I never heard of. Like "r". So when they asked me about my dream, I fixed it up and told them I'd drawn a picture in the East Village Other. And they just smiled, knowing Freudianically that my dream covered up my latent desires to fuck Imogene Coca.

Then one day, I learned the whole alphabet and wrote a story about shit. And I immediately shipped it off to the "other," reminding them about my dream. And you know what happens? They print my "Shit" story but they don't say I wrote it. Why? Because I told everyone I did a drawing. Y see, they didn't wanna make a liar out of a 4-year old.

Well, thanks folks. But I think I'm man enough now to admit I fibbed. So listen. Why don't you send me about 10 copies of my story, which you printed last week and send along a letter saying I wrote it. I wouldn't have sent it if I weren't pleased as punch at the prospect of it appearing attached to my name in your reputed periodical. I'm truly sorry this pleasure was deprived me. It would also please me powerful if somebody paid me for my writings. I realize this is a highly reactionary concept, but so is rent. And being victimized by the latter, I'm forced most reluctantly to submit to the former. Please understand I'm grateful for your wanting to relieve me of the humiliation of payment, but I simply can't accept your offer.

Please consider me available for a regular column of humorous pieces about subjects other than shit. Thanks again for printing my story and I hope it will not burden you overly to comply with my requests.

Earl Pomerantz  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear EVO:

ARE YOU AWARE THAT JULY 21st IS GOD'S BIRTHDAY!

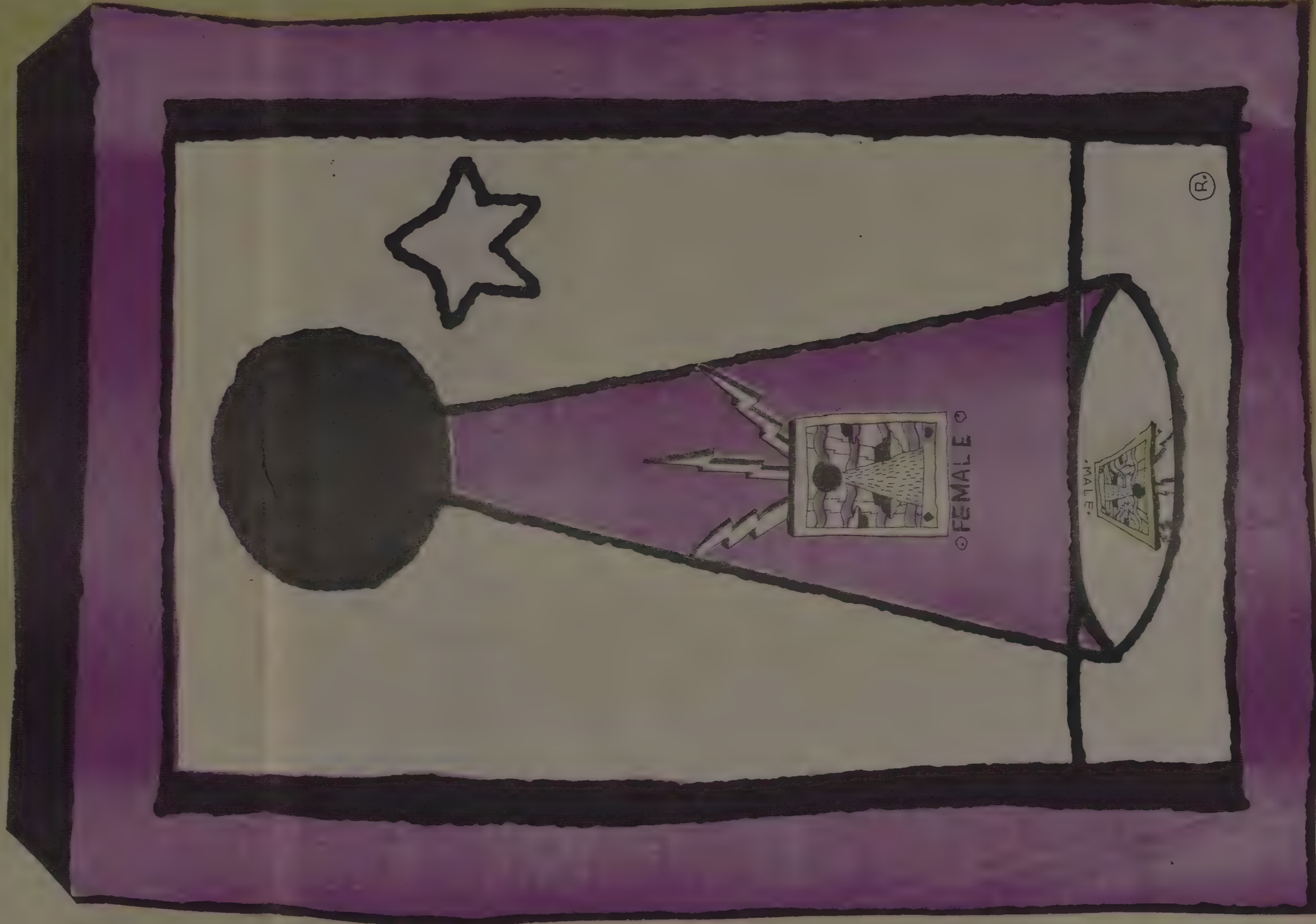
IT WAS DECIDED IN TIME PAST TO HAVE A SURPRISE PARTY FOR HIM.

AS WE ALL KNOW, HE WOULD ONLY COME IF HE FELT TOTALLY WELCOME BY US ALL.

NOW YOU TOO KNOW, SO GET YOURSELF READY FOR THE PARTY.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JULY 21st!

Ed: HALLEJALUJA





The end of May Bank Holiday weekend marks the opening of the yearly 'war games' by Customs and Immigration departments throughout Europe, against student and youthful travellers.

This year, 1971, should see an intensification of the 'war,' in part due to the economic recession in the United States which is expected to result in a sharp decline of American tourism in Europe.

The writing is on the wall and the tourist department in every Western European country is worried. They have cause to be, for they have just witnessed the collapse of big time tourism in the Bahamas, Jamaica, Puerto Rico and South America.

Britain, France, Italy are among the many countries dependant on the American tourist dollars to solve their balance of payment problems — and as the big spending tourist becomes harder to find, the police in many European countries will have orders to clean up their areas of "dirty, non-spending visitors."

Their job will be made easier this year as they do their work under the pretext of international cooperation in stamping out the flow of drugs.

The Nixon administration in Washington is the major moving force behind this drive — it's part of the general "Law & Order" programme which the Republican party hopes to use to gain victory in next year's election.

Under the Nixon administration, the U.S. State Department has enlarged its computerized files within the Passport Office, to 243,135 names. The people in these files are listed under the following categories:

a. Individual's whose actions do not reflect credit on the United States.

b. Expatriates and repatriates whose backgrounds demand further inquiry before issuance of passport.

c. Delinquents or suspected delinquents from military service.

d. Known or suspected Communists or radicals.

Senator Sam J. Ervin who is leading a US Senate investigation into the misuse of these files has charged that the State Department has given the CIA access to the files. Senator Ervin also claims that the largest category of names in the files are of people suspected of being Communists or part of the Alternative society.

It has also been charged in Washington that names in these files are made known to police and immigration

officials throughout the world as part of an international control operation under the guise of fighting drug abuse.

One specific example of how this works can be seen in the case of Dr. Timothy Leary, who was barred from entering the U.K. a few years ago. Information about Leary's travel plans were sent to all Western European countries by American officials. It was left up to the country receiving the information to act on it in any way they saw fit.

More recently similar information was transmitted to all Western European countries advising them of the travel plans of Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman. The U.S. State Department and the CIA wanted Hoffman and Rubin admitted to the countries so that local police officials could observe their activities and find out who their contacts were. Much of that information has since been forwarded to the FBI, the U.S. Immigration Service and the State Department Visa Section.

The Justice Department at first opposed allowing Hoffman and Rubin to travel abroad, but after intercession was made by the CIA, they agreed to allow them to go. (For those who doubt this, you might keep in mind that no person convicted of a federal crime in the United States (of a political nature) since the end of World War II, has been allowed to travel outside the country. People on appeal from conviction are usually limited to the small area of the Federal Court District).

United States security agencies have Video tape copies of the Jerry Rubin, David Frost programme in their files in Washington — the tape was made by an electronic monitoring unit here in London. (American embassies throughout Europe have instructions to monitor all radio and TV programmes dealing with the United States, with specific emphasis on persons whose actions they consider do not reflect credit on the United States). Still photographs of all the people who appeared on stage with Jerry Rubin during the programme have been made, and the people identified, all in the FBI and State Department files.

Much of this work was carried out by the FBI in London. Although, under American law, the FBI is not permitted to have any permanent operation or office outside the boundaries of the United States, they circumvent the law in London, Paris and Rome by having full time

FBI agents assigned to the American Embassy as legal officers. In London there are two such legal officers. This was discovered by accident over two years ago by Karl Meyer, who was then Bureau chief of the Washington Post.

The problems brought on young long hair travellers due in part to this international police conspiracy affects young Britains when they leave the UK, for many countries treat all English speaking youth as Americans — in France for example, the official attitude is to blame all the 'ills' of French youth on imports from Britain and the U.S.

Today, or on any given day over the past three years, one would find over 150 English speaking young people being held mostly without bail, without being charged in the Paris Prison De Sante — a prison where one can be held for upwards of five years without charges being brought.

English speaking prisoners in France are not allowed to write or receive letters unless written in French. The situation in Italy is not much different — there, the young foreign prison population has increased ten fold in the past two years. Italy also has no provision for bail.

The situation in Sweden, a country noted for its tolerance, is not much better. In fact, the Alternative society members are receiving some of the roughest treatment in Europe at the hands of the police and immigration officials.

The Swedish government official policy toward the war in Vietnam has been to allow American deserters and draft resisters into the country, and of the 578 allowed in, over 115 are in prison, almost all from drug charges involving pot.

In addition to the 115 American deserters, there is a much larger number of European young people in their prisons on similar charges.

One reason for the high arrest rate is the unofficial cooperation between the Swedish police and the United States Army Counter Intelligent Corp (CIC) agents who are operating in the country.

The U.S. Army CIC operates throughout Western Europe with branches located in London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen and Spain.

I interviewed a number of American Army deserters in Stockholm, and they were able to cite and document cases of CIC agents working hand in

glove with Swedish police units. In one specific case, the CIC agent was involved in selling pot to a man who was arrested by the Swedish police after the CIC man informed on him.

CIC operatives in Sweden have also contacted deserters to let them know that their families in the States would be denied passports so long as the men remained in Sweden. CIC, US State Department unofficial cooperation also extends to work with UK Immigration officers.

Only last week, two young American exchange students told me of how they were asked to produce proof of their draft status before they were allowed into Britain.

This procedure is not new, for as long ago as 1968 and 1969, Harry Pincus, an American active in the Draft Resister Peace Movement here in London, documented a number of cases of Americans being questioned about their draft status.

The Swedish hostility toward young people with long hair can perhaps be shown by what happened to a young long hair son of a Japanese banker. He was barred from boarding a Tokyo bound plane two weeks ago, because the plane was also carrying a passenger Sweden's Princess Christina.

The Stockholm airport manager was quoted as saying, "He smells too much and is badly dressed. He cannot travel on this plane. We must think of the Princess Christina."

The young man was later accepted as a passenger on another flight to Tokyo, but only after he had been given a shower and a new pair of jeans.

In Germany, the Customs and Immigration men get a monthly tout or tip sheet on "cultural activities" which are happening in the country which might attract large numbers of hippies. One such case was last year when they were alerted to the Aachen Pop Festival.

Pop groups on their way to perform at the festival were searched and frisked. People going to the festival from different ports of entry as far apart as Holland and Switzerland were subjected to the search.

In the past two weeks I have interviewed 72 young people at both Heathrow and Harwich. Twenty-one of them claimed that they were given a thorough search.

Of the 58 non-long haired people I interviewed, only three were searched by customs.

Twenty-seven of the 78 long-haired people were not British, and only four had been allowed tourist visas for more than 30 days — the average tourist visa of the straight looking people was 90 days.

Boarding the ferry at Harwich, a Dutch boy said he had just come from a six month holiday in the United States, and when he landed at Heathrow the night before, he had asked to be allowed to stay for only seven days to visit some friends, but was told that he must leave the UK within 24 hours.

Also at Harwich, a young couple from Brazil claimed that they were held up at Immigration at Gatwick Airport for over six hours. "We had plenty of money," the young man said as he showed me a wad of travelers cheques, "but that didn't make any difference to them."

The girl with him said, "We had planned to stay here for about a month — we've heard so much about England. But after such treatment — more like Brazil than England, we felt we must leave, so we are going to Amsterdam..."

If Britain enters the Common Market, the situation regarding young tourists is not expected to get any better, for there is a proposal that the common market countries do away with the normal passport entry requirements, and replace the passport with a magnetic coded card, not much different from a normal credit card.

All the information would be computerized regarding the holders of such cards, and if a person has a mark against them in one of the member countries, all ports of entry in all countries would automatically have the information — and the person would be barred from entering.

The effect of this system would make people prisoners in their own country.

The computer terminals to which this system would be tied into, would do away with the "Black Book," which immigration men now use."

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MATTER**  
**Harvey  
Matusow**

Think

Ecologically

THE CELEBRATED STORY OF A MAN OBSESSED BY IDEAL BEAUTY.



# Death in Venice

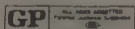
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## UP-T:TE



20x



### ST. ANTHONY'S: A Feast for Rats

By Linda Crawford

Once again the air on Sullivan Street is thick with the scent of sausage. For ten days, the Feast of St. Anthony will be celebrated by scores of families who make their annual trek through the South Village gorging themselves on Sausage Sandwiches, Clams, Canoles and other offerings of the heart-burn producing nature. If you enjoy roaming from stand to stand amidst shoving crowds, paying 75 cents for a greasy sausage or taking a ride on their very un-stable looking excuse for a Ferris-Wheel, all in the name of contributing to the church, the feast will be there for your enjoyment til June 13th. If however, you are not one to be taken in by this sort of thing, I suggest you just steer clear of Sullivan and Houston Streets for the next week.

There are those unfortunately who *live* in the midst of this orgy who have been subject to even another invasion of their blocks, after the daily crowd of Feast goers have finished stuffing their stomachs with junk and the concessions owners have finished stuffing their pockets with cash and everyone has stuffed the street with garbage. The late arrivers at the Feast don't pay any 75 cents for a sausage, do not have to deal with crowded streets and couldn't give a God-damn about taking a ride on the Ferris Wheel. They are the true victors, helping themselves to the daily

remainders left for them graciously in un-lidded, over-flowing trash cans — RATS!

The residents of the South Village have always had their problems with rats, of one variety or another, but yearly during the Feast this problem increases in startling proportions. Without fear of being disappointed, on any given night after the Feast has closed, you can take a walk down the garbage ridden streets and witness the party-crashers (would suggest at a distance; due to their well-supplied diet those fuckers are pretty damn big) in action.

In speaking with the Pastor of St. Anthony's, he blamed the problem on the shortages of baskets given to them by the Sanitation Department. "They have given us 60 and that just isn't enough. They have promised to round us up some more as soon as possible." Being that the Feast is already half-way through its stay, it doesn't seem as if "as soon as possible" means any time this year. The church has made special arrangements with the Sanitation Department to have the garbage, that is able to be contained, picked up daily rather than the normal weekly pick-up but that is at 6 a.m. in the morning, after the Rats have been allowed to delight to their continental cuisine since Midnite the night before.

The residents of the area blame it on the individual concessioners. At twelve o'clock when the Feast is over, they just pick up and go, leaving garbage all over the place. "They don't have to sleep here at night when the Rats are on the prowl or worry that their children might mistake one for a cat, so what do they care?"

But while in the midst of the dilemma, the only action being taken by all the parties involved seems to be shifting of the blame with no efforts being made towards reversing the situation. If something isn't done soon the South Village could find themselves quite plagued by the predicament.

Perhaps a few prayers to St. Anthony will help them *find* a means to curb the Rat traffic (speaking strictly of the four-legged variety) on Sullivan Street. Or maybe they should switch Patron Saints for a week and get into some earnest raps with St. Francis of Assisi. He was always the one to speak to in situations such as these. But I for one feel confident that if the Rats eat enough of the sausages from the Feast, they won't be around too much longer.

## Charlie Frick



It was Monday night, 5 p.m., almost time for the last minute air checks backstage at the most famous night-time television show in the business. Johnny Carson had taken the day off, as it is his occasion to do most of the time lately. Sitting in for him was David Steinberg, a guy who used to be a funny stand-up nightclub comic until he sold out and got into the big money, but that's another story.

All the members of the NBC crew were gathered around one of the guests, a man who once wore the heavyweight boxing crown, Muhammad Ali, waiting to be a guest on tonight's show. Cameramen and sound men and secretaries asked him to sign autographs for their kids at home. A few of the men in the band were standing around talking to him too. Meanwhile, Steinberg was up in his dressing room putting on his fancy suit and his television smile and in general just getting wound up tighter than a three dollar watch. The traffic out in the N.Y. streets was snarled for miles. Mayor Lindsay had called up the national guard, there was a volcano in Italy spewing hot lava on the surrounding country side and up in the evening sky the June moon was almost full.

There, in the middle of it all and somehow not a part of anything except his own world, was one of my favorite poet/guitar players. He was sitting with a full face beard and moustache and a guitar in his hand in airconditioned tranquility watching very intently all that was going on around him.

I was watching too, from my vantage point (which I gained by an unidentified mysterious telephone call to one of the station bigwigs. I told him that John and Yoko were going to be stopping by to make a surprise appearance on nationwide television. The 100,000 a year man in the big office fell for it hook, line and sinker and I was on the inside). I saw many people begin to drift into the ready room where people that are going to be on the show sit and wait and chew their nails and drink hard liquor trying to get up the courage to face 20 million people. It was a sad sight. I mean all of the American television-watching public has so much faith in the endless parade of charlatans and phonies that appear on their screen every night. If they only knew...

It was show time. The band played their number and the comic came out, faced the camera and started his bit. It bombed, he kept on dancing around telling one funny joke after another, no one laughed. He finished his act and began to sell some toothpaste then cut to a commercial.

I don't have to tell you how a late night television show works. Lord knows we've all seen enough of them never to forget. This one was no exception. The ex-champ was introduced and came out and spoke for awhile, then left. A bunch of commercials, then back to the show.

David, the not so hot comic, announced one of America's most creative sensitive artists as "the other half of Simon and Garfunkle, ladies and gentlemen, my friend, Paul Simon." Doc Severinsen and the boys in the band struck up a few strains of Bridge Over Troubled Waters and he walked on camera. Carrying his guitar he saw down easily in the chair and waited for the host to start asking dumb questions. He wasn't disappointed. Steinberg came up with such gems as "Well Paul, how do you feel when you get into an elevator and hear your songs coming out of the muzak system? How do you write hit songs? Do you have a new album out?"

Paul didn't have a new album to plug so he didn't but he did have a new song to play and he mentioned that he was in the studio working on some new stuff. I

was real glad when he played the song, I'll be even happier when I can hear the new album. The song was called PAPA HOBBO. It was nice, new, not like anything that he's done before, a new side of his talents. Maybe. But it's the same as it's always been, his guitar, his voice and his incredibly imaginative mind spinning pictures realer to me than the teevue screen that kept blinking

pictures out across America. It was just a song about a place where he had been, Detroit I think it was, all about being on the road. The words spilling from his mouth, his fingers dancing on the strings, his dark eyes looking straight out at all of television land. He spoke few but well chosen words and was gone. They didn't have enough time for him to do his other number and I was disappointed, but one song is better than none.

The commercials came back on the screen selling fritos and bean dip to the swains out there, the magic was gone, he was on his way home and the show had to go on. It was really a tremendous thrill for me to hear him close up and a new song, well, that was just icing on the cake. It made my day worth getting out of bed for...

I was thinking on the way home about all of the other really fine singer-composers that are around these days, Leonard Cohen, Paul McCartney, Graham Nash, Neil Young, and decided to withhold saying anything about the music of 1971 until I hear Paul Simon's new album. Some people say it'll be out in time for the kids to go back to school in September, some say that it'll come out by the first of the year. Maybe you'll be able to get it in time for Xmas this year. There is however a bootleg Paul Simon album for sale. I saw it in some of the headshops out in New Jersey. It's stuff that hasn't been heard before, a new recording of a concert in England not so long ago. It's really nice. If I would have had 5 dollars I would have bought it. Gee, I sure wish I could get a hold of some bootleg albums.

Back to the show. There was another guest that came out and talked nonsense for awhile then another performer making her television debut. She's got some fame already because she'd good and she's new and she is a good-looking chick with a guitar and a good voice. What else do you need? Her name is CARLY SIMON. Her album on Electra is one of the great undiscovered hits of this season. She was in the city down in the village a week or so ago to play for awhile. I wanted an interview with her, but someone fucked up somewhere and I couldn't get to see her. Anyways, she sang one song backed up by a band of sorts, I would have rather heard her alone without the pounding drums and the thumping electric bass but you take what you can get. She's going to be a number one hit cause she's got all the right ingredients. Her music is sensitive and easy to understand. She writes lovesongs. Everyone likes love songs these days. They only let her sing one song too. I guess too much hip isn't a good thing on a national television show.

Jackie Lomax writes love songs too. He's been down in the Village playing on the same bill with Herbie Hancock and the people have been lined up outside to get to see him. I couldn't get in there cause I didn't have the right credentials or something but I did get to hear his album, HOME IS IN MY HEAD Warner Brothers WS1914. His name has been here and there in several people's newspaper columns for the past few months, even the Daily News had a piece on him a while ago. He's good, you know, young and not too many people know about him out there in FM land. Maybe he'll be the next to wear the golden star on his dressing room door. Maybe this and nothing more.

Al Kooper has a golden star on his dressing room door and a new album too. It's about love cause that's what's selling this season. Called *New York City You're a Woman*, on Columbia C30506. His latest is what you would expect from the guy that put together the original BS&T. All of the music is his except on the other side he does an Elton John song and one by Eugene McDaniels. Having reached the ultimate in hip for a studio musician by being hired to play back up for Bob Dylan not too long ago, he fell pray to sitting around collecting royalties and not producing anything new. This album should put him back in the public's eyes not as a competent session man but as a performer worthy of the title superstar. He's got some interesting people on this record to help him do his thing, Rita Coolidge, Clydie King, Vanetta Fields supplying some of the backup vocals and one of the best steel guitar players in the business, Sneaky Pete. I wish he would come out with an album, Sneaky Pete, I mean.

Moving right along on the star train, Leon Russell has a new album. It's his second recorded here and there and over the sea in jolly old England. You'll probably hear most of the stuff on the FM. Especially ALCATRAZ. It's all about the American Indian occupation of Alcatraz Island. There's a song on the second side called *Beward of Darkness*. It was written by George Harrison, another superstar, and 2 songs by Bob Dylan in there too. I like the way Leon does it's a Hard Rain Gonna Fall. He did it live at the Fillmore the last time he was there and I liked it even better. Coming on stage to jam a few tunes with him is a man who is almost unknown. I say almost because he's about to become a superstar himself. His name is Jesse Davis, and he plays guitar. His album is on Atlantic records but I'll deal with that some other time.

On the new album, *Leon Russell and the Shelter People*, he has assembled quite an impressive collection of talent to help him along. Don Preston, Chris Stainton, Claudia Lennarm, Kathi McDonnell and about a dozen other people. You should play this one loud or turn on the radio cause most of the music will be coming out of there before too long.

Another band of people that have come out with some more stuff, maybe you don't know nothing about it at all. It's called *The Aerial Pandemonium Ballet* on RCA LSP4543. It's by Nilsson. They played lots of Randy Newman stuff at one time. This album is a collection of stuff off other records that they have done. It's all be remixed and reworked and turned around into something that sounds very strange to the rock and roll ear. You've got to listen if you wanna hear... most of the songs have new vocal arrangements and new mixing added. Everybody's Talking, the big hit that sold millions last year is on here too.

Nilsson music has been ignored and placed in the miscellaneous shelf at record stores for a long time now. You'll recognize the stuff when you hear it because lots of famous people have taken the music and made hits out of them. It's just the way things work these days, it ain't right.

More poets, more song spinners? Well, why not. Lots of people are getting tired of all the noise on the radio these days, and turned out what may be his biggest maybe the music will change to the ways of the people, maybe not. There's so many artists that have more than just talent to give to their audiences, it bothers me when I see them just turning out records for the sake of turning out records. *Tim Hardin* has never let me record a b side yeah, as of press time down. He's honest with his music and the way that he presents it. His long awaited new album has just been released with all

of the other end of the season releases. It's called *Bird on a Wire*, Columbia C3055. This time with more than just his voice and guitar he plays songs that are real life pictures of places and faces and happenings that somehow found themselves made into songs.

He uses behind him an assortment of musical goodies. Besides bass and drums and keyboards he slips in some vibes, cello, pedal steel guitar, harp and some really nice background vocals. As long as I've been dropping names I might as well tell you that Jos Zawinul, Miroslav Vitous, Bill Keith and the Canby Singers make appearances on this album. Only one track has been on the radio so far. It's his version of *Georgia on my Mind*. They don't play any of his songs, though. I don't know why. He got away with words that's pretty good. Yeah, I guess you could call him a poet, too. He sings:

*I carry all I need  
In a basket of needless sorrow  
grown heavy from waiting on  
What seems always to comen Tomorrow*

That's from one of his songs called *If I Knew*. It's a whole new side of Tim Hardin, maybe he's been working alot in the studio, maybe he's been letting all things go, maybe he's just gettimellow. Whatever happened, I like it. It means he's trying. Keep on Flying.

Last but not least is the unknown of all poet songwriters. His name is Hoyt Axton. You'll recognize some of his songs on his new album as being done by other artists and made hits of them. Make no mistake he wrote them all. Steppenwolfe did a song called *The Pusher* that's on his album and 3 Dog Night has a current million seller called *Joy to the World*, he wrote that one too. It's the name of his new album incidentally, *Joy to the World* Capitol SMAS 788.

He IS the one. All these years hidden away behind a cloud of mystery a faceless name in the music business now comes forth. There's 10 new songs on this album and a new arrangement of *Give me that Old Time Religion*. It's really good. He also knows exactly what he is doing and does it well. It's just too bad that it's so much time in between album releases and he never does personal appearances on the east coast, just sits there out where the mailman brings him his royalty checks every now and then. Hopefully he'll be at it again soon and make some more music for the top 40 groups to pick up on and make million sellers out of.

The question is, can you livcomfortably sellers? You bet your ass you can... Speaking of million sellers, last Friday Bob Dylan released his latest reworked and turned around into million seller, a single that's been playing on the radio all week now. It has a lot of AM potential and probably will be on the pop charts before too long. It's got Leon Russell on piano and slide guitar and is played electric rock and roll. Remember

Leopard Skin Pillow Hat? or how about Rainy Day Women? or even Like a Rolling Stone. This one will outsell them all maybe cause of all the attention and publicity that my distinguished colleague A.J. WEBERMAN has been giving the once great superstar poet of a lost generation of beatniks. ...There are those in the right circles that are close to Dylan that say he got his ass back on the stick and turned out what may be his biggest seller yet because he wanted to get the Webberman off his back (that's pretty good, Dylan's got a Webberman on his back) never the less *Watch the River Flow* Columbia 4-45409 is a valid piece of rock and roll even if old Bob did forget to record a b side yeah, as of press time there's no second side to the single, just down. He's honest with his music and the way that he presents it. His long awaited new album has just been released with all



# FRICK

(Continued from Page 18)

I give it till the second week in July to make the top of the charts. Ace reporter Ray Schultz was quoted this week as saying "I don't care what Weberman says, this is a great fucking record." I think so too, after all,

it's got a good beat you can tap your feet to, what else do you need to make a hit these days???

This week's Charlie Frick award in improvisational theatre goes to Darren Holbrook of Bocca Raton, Florida. He is the local highschool's most outstanding musical talent. At the age of 17 he won the John Phillip Sousa award for musicianship. They were presenting the

awards at the graduation ceremony last week when he was called up to the stage to receive it. He took the parchment scroll and shook the principal's hand. He then turned around to the audience and pulled up his graduation gown and dropped his drawers and exposed his bare back side to the more than 2,000 people in the audience. He then pulled up his pants and without so much as a word

walked calmly off the stage. There was a cop in the audience who immediately swore out a warrant charging young Darren with disorderly conduct, indecent exposure, and disrupting a high school assembly. He was released on \$500 bail pending trial on June 22.

That boy has a future with the revolution. Right on Darren.

Love Charlie Frick-6/8/71

# INQUISITION?!

(Continued from Page 6)

This Grand Jury in New York is not the only one. There is Washington, Harrisburg, Detroit, Tuscon, and now New York. And we anticipate Boston, Chicago and Los Angeles.

If you think it's all hopeless, that the injustice department is just too much for you to relate to and you're thinking about joining a commune to get away from it all, ponder this: the



demonstration on Tuesday included a beautiful performance of a women's group identified only as weatherettes, who performed guerilla theatre, it was really a high energy trip and everyone dug it. After which we were still drying from the heat. Someone looked across the street and noticed the fountain in the Customs Building Mall. It wasn't long before NLF flags were flying from the middle of the fountain and lots of hairy type people splashing and having fun in the sun. The trip turned into people being chased and thrown into the fountain. Jerry Rubin was thrown in, Jim Rutherford, Walter Teague, and countless others. For some reason the pigs didn't hassle us and we swam contentedly for about twenty minutes. It was really far out and everyone got off on it, even A.J. Weberman was thrown in, David Peel ran away. Well, by the time you read this we'll be going it again, we'll probably be splashing in the fountain at about two, when the witnesses go in front of the

Grand Jury. Or maybe they'll be able to go swimming with us if they postpone it again. Tuesday at the fountain in Foley Square. Oh this summer won't be so hot if we make sure all our demonstrations have federal buildings with fountains nearby.

All I can say is that if you aren't into Mayday it must be because you're into a heavier trip, and if you are we'd like to hear about it. Support MAYDAY. Attend the meetings, join a committee, serve the people, sign the peace treaty, write your congressman, do everything you can to stop the fucking machine that is fucking us around. Do it and lay low. Nonviolent civil disobedience means not hurting your brothers and sisters and other humans. But decide for yourselves where it's at and get it on. There are plenty of ideas about small affinity group type actions in *Steal This Books*, and other places, get about five or six friends together and play out your fantasies of mission impossible. The time is now, the power is ours.



## The Rolling Stones GIMME SHELTER

Directed by David Maysles, Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwern  
A Maysles Films, Inc. Production

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### ROCKLAND

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### WESTCHESTER

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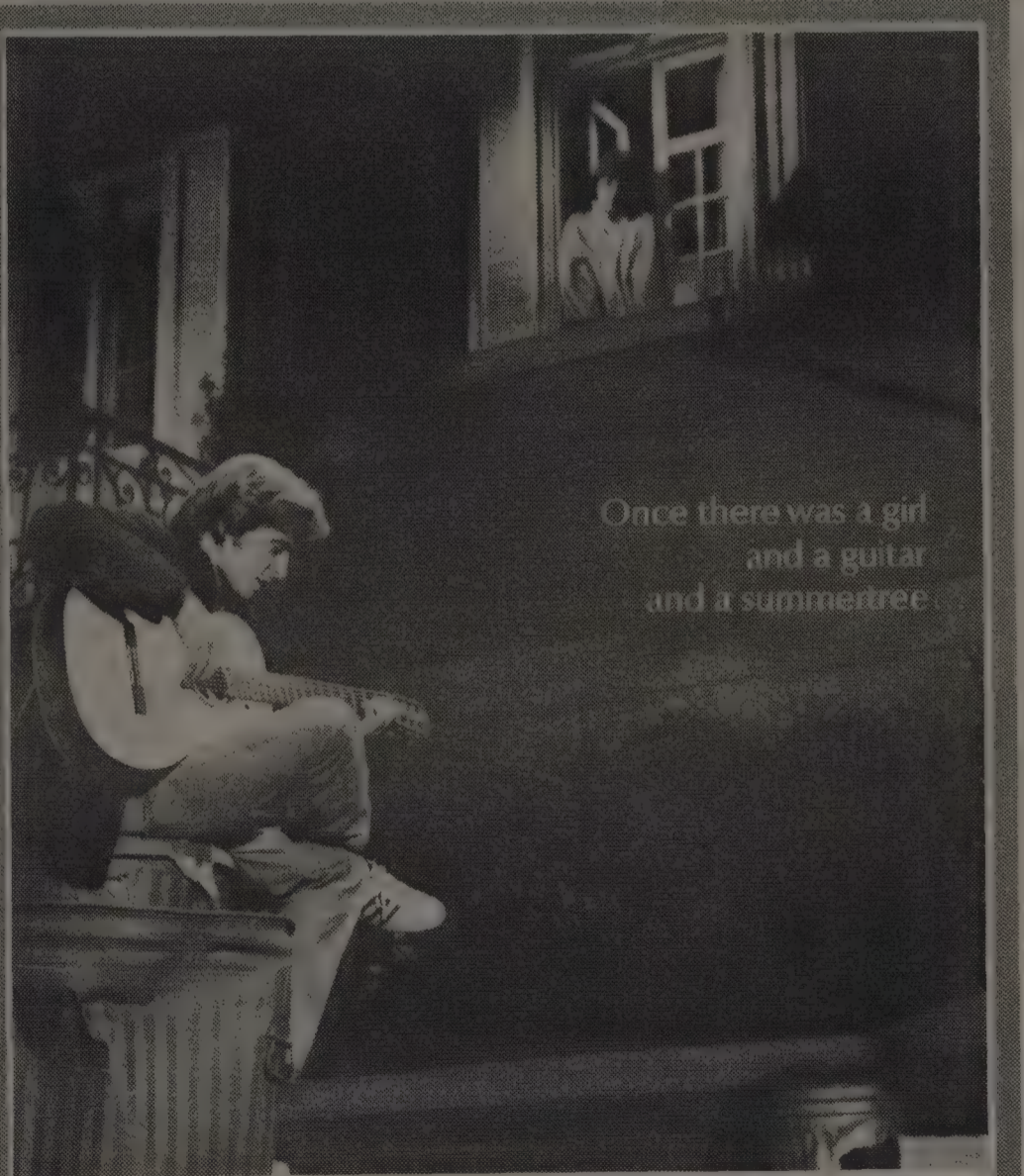
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Once there was a girl  
and a guitar  
and a summertree

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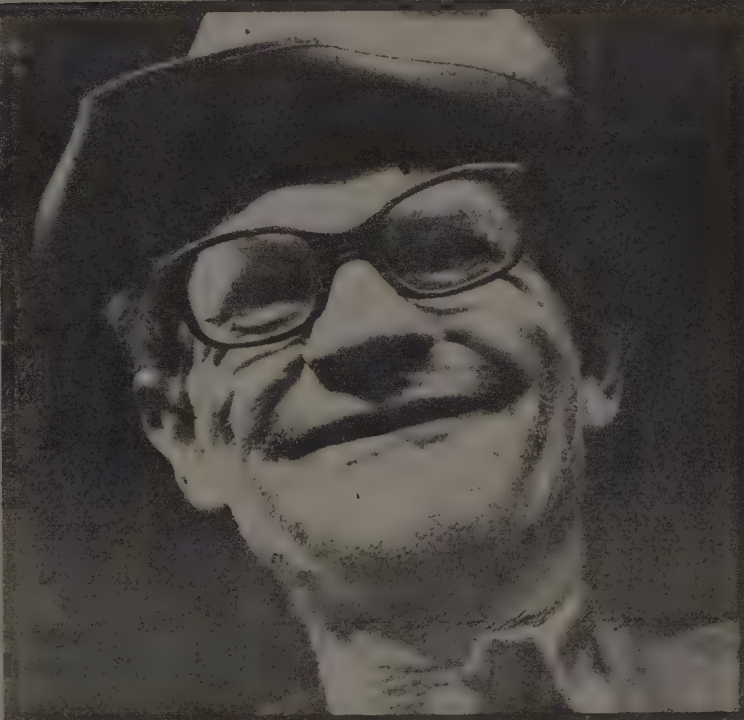
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# What Kind of Person Reads The E.V.O.?



Garrison Morphewitz of Smackville, Oklahoma says: I've been a faithful reader of The East Village Other since Dean Latimer came here to old Cocaine County in '66 to do a big story on "Birth Control down the Boondecks". It was a great honor to us folk, although my daughter Sally Mae did the research.

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# Cable TV

from Page 7)  
 policies must be formed to democratize the media and make it truly service the needs of the people.

For all these reasons (and many more) we formed FREE ACCESS — an action group with the specific aims of achieving free and open access to the cable TV Public Channels for all of the people in New York City.

FREE ACCESS was formed by a group of us who have been working with 1/2 inch video tape and have some understanding of using video as a means of community dialogue and interaction.

**Objectives:**

1) To establish a subsidy for cable subscribers who are in the lower economic bracket (particularly those on welfare) and who could not normally afford to be wired

2) to finance the production cost of cablecasting for groups and individuals who could not otherwise afford to reach their constituency via video

3) to finance public cable time via a viewer-supported subscription plan, similar to listener-sponsored subscription

radio (i.e. WBAI-FM, Pacifica Radio).

4) to insure the existence of an effective citizens lobby, as broad-based as possible, to work with the office of Telecommunications, city and state legislatures, and the FCC on all issues affecting free access

to cable, including the vexing question of who is liable for statements made over the Public Channels

5) to cooperate with other groups such as Open Channel and the Citizen's Committee for Cable TV in achieving mutual objectives.

**Immediate objectives:**

1) the formation of an effective citizens lobby to achieve the basic aims of FREE ACCESS, enlisting the active support of a wide base of community groups, organizations, churches, schools and others who believe in our aims .2) the creation of a cable information number (212) 966-2515, to get the word out that something revolutionary is in the wind.

Call us and join. We need your help.

The Media belongs to the people.

## THE RAISED FISTS AT CANNES WERE SAYING RIGHT ON!!

A recent N. Y. Times report from the Cannes Film Festival, describing the audience reaction to "DRIVE, HE SAID", stated: "Some got to their feet and waved indignant fists." Other observers felt this was a demonstration of support and approval.

Perhaps it would have been more to the point to report that "DRIVE, HE SAID", an official U.S. Entry at the international competition, elicited controversy at the Festival. Which it was expected to do.

"DRIVE, HE SAID" was a controversial motion picture from the word go. Even before it became a motion picture, the prize-winning novel by young author Jeremy Larner was criticized for its bold theme and outspoken language. Most important critics, however, regarded it as one of the few excellent novels of today that "told it like it is" (Washington Post).

It was controversial when shooting began, because of its realistic scenes.

It was controversial when it was first rated "X"—and controversial again when the rating was changed to "R".

It was controversial when it was shown at Cannes, and some booed and some applauded.

"DRIVE, HE SAID" is a controversial movie. And the kind of movie you'll want to see for yourself, to decide for yourself.

Caution: This picture has just been condemned by the NCOMP.

**DRIVE, HE SAID**  
JACK NICHOLSON

WILLIAM TEPPEL KAREN BLACK MICHAEL MARGOTTA BRUCE DERN  
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# ABBIE

(Continued from Page 5)

around except this one guy sleeping a bit to one side. And I ask abbie, Abbie, if you could sav humanity would you kill that guy, and he says sure, I would kill a thousand, and I disagree with him and he sneers and calls me flower child, a bourgeois liberal, O.K. , Abbie, so I guess I am, but I don't believe in killing and I don't believe in dictators. You're great and I really dig you a lot, but if you had the power would you put me against the wall for disagreeing with you? If Bernadine wins will she have me put against the wall for disagreeing with her? That time we were arguing on the roof, you and A.J. Weberman and me, you said thaChina and Cuba are in a specific stage in their development, industrialising and menaced and so on, no room for bourgeois democratic considerations. . .the Russian communists have been using that COPOUT for over half a century. And the heroic underground over there is still being hustled into Siberian concentration camps and sinister mind drug nut houses for disagreeing with those who KNOW what's best for humanity. BULLSHIT. Nobody knows what's best for me and my brothers and sisters. I know what's best for me. Or I'll find out. Sure love that search. Love you too Abbie, but don't force me to love anybody, ok? After all, what is this,, Pekin or Havana or Athens or Madrid,, or something? All power to the people, right now!

It's hot, o baby, cookin with the ol paprika fer shore! Go see GODSPELL at the Cherry Lane Theater if you can afford it, it's got rockin' music, Jesus Christ, and a cast of kids who get it on, like you can sit back and say, hey! That one and that one and that one, they're gonna be stars! For sheer optimism and good vibes, GODSPELL takes the proverbial cake; a solid antidote for incipient skepticism (and you even get a bit of wine to guzzle!).

Carole Piratè reports that Jackie Curtis' new extravaganza called VAIN VICTORY (finished last week at La Mama) was very strange indeed. "A trip. Very crazy. It was like a freaky vaudeville, everything was in it, sex and costumes, really far out costumes. I stopped listening after a while. I can't remember any of the lines, but it was all like takeoffs on gangster movies and Broadway shows, with songs and spoofs. I guess it was all connected. The ballet dance was really good. Parts of it just didn't make it. Some of it was really funny, but I dunno. It got a big applause at the end."

A new book is optimistically titled TALES FOR THE SON OF MY UNBORN CHILD (Dutton),

It's written by Thomas Farber, a Boston person, and it covers his sojourn on the West Coast, mostly in and around Berkeley, from 1966 to 1969. Those years saw an awakening in the country, from Free Speech Movement to Flowers and Guns, and Farber was present at the source point.

The tales he has to tell are so familiar and so beautifully told; tales of politics found and lost, of dope smoked and dealt, of streets battled for and spirituality sought after, and most of all, tales of people. The people are central in Farber's tales. He points to them in the crowd that gathers daily on corners from Saint Mark's Place to Telegraph Avenue, tells their histories as hip ghetto hustlers, street gurus, dope dealers, campus drop-out politicians. Not condescendingly, but with the sort of curious interest that might be sparked over a lit joing casually smoked with conversation on the floor of someone's living room. Farber brings these people's lives close to our own, and in so doing, reveals the impact they had on his life. One of the best chapters takes place in a ramshackle community on a hillside in Big Sur where Farber lived for a

time among an odd assortment of socially rejected freaks. They are funny and crazy, these casualties of Twentieth Century Amerika, like the one guy who wore nothing but denim overall and spent his time randomly pruning bushes on the hill, and Mad Marcus, a crafty con man, who rifled visitor's cars for money and dope. But the character of Billy emerges from the scene as the final statement of the book. Billy, wise and patient, is full of contradictions. He is a long-haired sage who knows full well his own failings, yet is helpless to do anything about them. He digs life yet shoots junk to kill the pain of it. Billy is a beautiful, peaceful person, but cannot escape the violence within and without him. Farber learns much from his friendship with Billy, and seems to say that the contradictions in Billy are really the contradictions of our age. And when Billy finally gets shot in a stupid accident and dies, Farber lets us know that half of today's truth is tragedy. The other half is joy. That's what Farber's TALES are all about. (There's also a poem of mine from my Motherfucker days on page 70.)

While it's usually Honest Bob's province, I must tlel you

that THE KING OF HEARTS by De Broca is one of the best films ever made. I saw it at the Billecker Street Cinema for the second time last week and once again felt beautifully inspired by De Broca's vision of sanity/lunacy. It takes place during the first world war in a french town that has been evacuated. A Scottish soldier (Alan Bates) is sent into the town to defuse a bomb left by the retreating German army. He inadvertently opens the gates of an insane asylum, the inmates of which acclaim him King of Hearts and proceed to take over the town. While Alan Bates' is hassling with the very real problem of finding the bomb, each of the crazies goes about finding his or her costume to suit his or her own particular trip. So one woman assumes the role of a brothel madame, a man breaks into a barber shop and becomes an elegantly nutty barber (who pays his customers, saying "business is better this way!"). Another man becomes a duke and a woman his duchess. The beautiful thing is watching them shed their drab asylum robes and don the clothes and make-up with child-like delight. The camera work is perfect, the color is magnificent, and the comment is artfully subtle.

While the war goes on outside, these people set up their own extraordinarily sane little society where everyone respects the other's trip and coexistence is the model of every yippie's dream of peaceful anarchy. Some of the moments in the film approach genius. Like when Alan Bates, frustrated by the "loonies" lack of concern about the possibility of the whole town being blown up, tries to shatter the illusion, crying "Who made you Duke?" The Duke very sanely replied, "Who made you King?" And when the Scottish general, having entered the town with his regiment after the bomb has been defused salutes "General Geranium," shouting "Vice La France!" the "crazy" general walks off confusedly muttering the phrase to himself, as the internationalism was the most natural thing in his mind. The ending, which I won't divulge, is wonderful. See KING OF HEARTS when it comes around again.

A guy stands on the corner of MacDougal and Bleeker on Saturday nights wearing this outrageously flashing electric sandwich-board sign advertising something called "The Photon Factory." I checked it out with a bunch of friends and here's the trip: they supply the music and the electronic equipment, and you supply the imagination. In other words, you play your own light show. It only cost a dollar, and if you're stoned, it's worth it. The Photon Factory is at 31 Bedford St. near the corner of Downing St. (I guess, on second thought, even if you're not stoned, it's worth it. But it's worth it to get stoned, certainly).

But the best little show in town is, well, hard to find. You see, there's this wierd skinny wino with a perpetual grin, and sometimes you see him on Fourth Ave., sometimes he's on St. Marks Place, or you might catch his act on the lower depths of Second Avenue. You'll be walking along and he's standing there a-grinnin with a pint bottle of cheap wine in his fist. He'll squint at you and suddenly, horribly, throw the bottle at you. But it's all an act. With a slick sleight-of-underhand movement, he catches the bottle before it ever leaves his begrimed fingers, flips it in the air, catches it and chuckles toothlessly as you recover from the feint. It's the neatest trick I've ever seen, and I'll punch the bastard next time he pulls it on me.



# IMPEACH NIXON

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petition for impeachment

WHEREAS, the thirty-seventh President of the United States, Richard Milhous Nixon, has breached his oath of office and sworn duty to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America by conducting wars and invasions without Congressional authority and having no rational significance to the independence and security of these United States; and,

WHEREAS, the said President has willfully, knowingly, feloniously and maliciously violated fundamental Constitutional rights by ordering citizen draftee soldiers to their deaths and grievous bodily harm and to the commission of horrendous acts of murder and destruction against the persons and property of foreign states; that these foreign states have never constituted a threat of any nature to the independence, dignity or security of these United States; that said acts are all to the deprivation of the good name of our Nation; and,

WHEREAS, the aforesaid conduct is contrary to the United Nations Charter, the SEATO Treaty, the Geneva Agreements of 1954, the Criminal Code of the United States, the Repeal of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, Senate Resolution dated June 25, 1969, the Paris Peace Pact of 1928, the Hague Conventions-1907, Geneva Conventions of 1929 and 1949, United States Field Manual 27-10, Charter of the Nuremberg Tribunal, the United States Supreme Court ruling in The Matter of Yamashita, 1945, and the following provisions of the United States Constitution: Article I, Section 8, Clauses 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 18; Article I, Section 10, Clause 3; Article II, Section 2, Clauses 1 and 2 and Amendments II, V, IX and X; and,

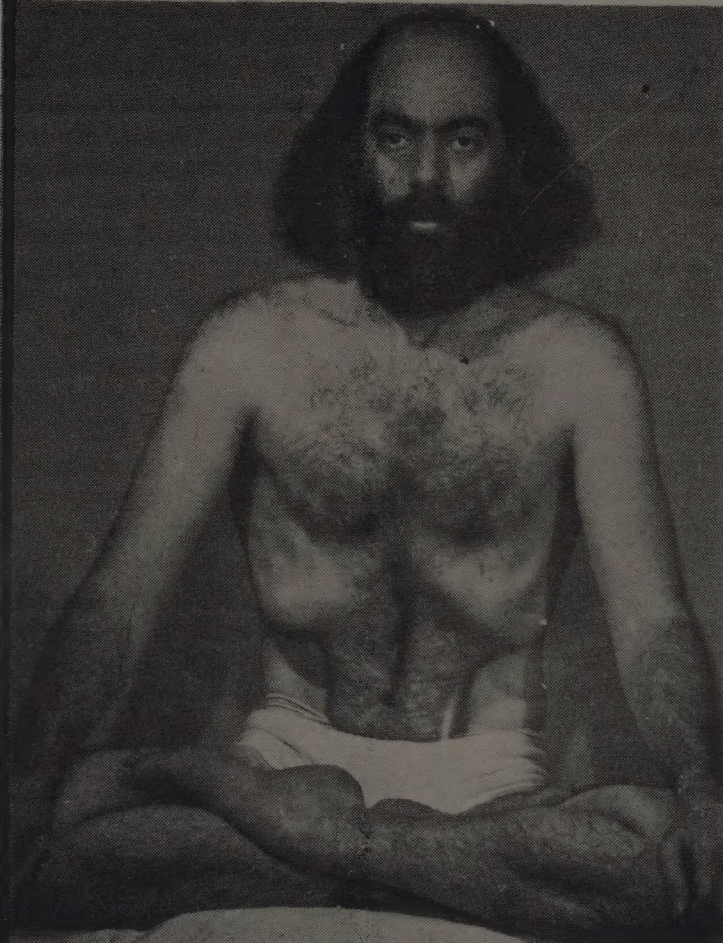
WHEREAS, the aforesaid intentionally murderous conduct of the said Richard Milhous Nixon is contrary to the most fundamental human rights of all people and is tantamount to a dictatorial usurpation of power designed ultimately to terminate our Republic and give aid and comfort to our enemies;

NOW THEREFORE, We, the undersigned Sovereign Citizens, petition the House of Representatives to impeach the said Richard Milhous Nixon, the thirty-seventh President of these United States, for high crimes and misdemeanors against the peace and dignity of this Nation and pray that the said impeachment and trial be carried out forthwith to the end that due process of law be reestablished in our Beloved Country and there be an immediate end to the human carnage in Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia, and that "executive war" be abolished for all time in our land.

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FEMALE, BI-SEXUAL, wants to meet other Bi-Sexual females only. Am 30, caucasian, blonde, five foot two, 140 lbs. Have congenial, understanding boy friend with air-conditioned pad, (convenient to mid-town) car. Extreme discretion and assurance of privacy. Will answer all promptly. PO Box 132, GPO, Bronx, NY 10451

### GAY GIRLS WHO ARE PRETTY NEEDN'T LANGUISH IN THE CITY

at least not on weekends. Maybe we can explore fun places together. I like womanly women who are on the ball - well informed, articulate, interesting company. I'm a recently uprooted New Yorker - presentable, bright - that you'd have no qualms in taking home to Mother. If gay bars and dances haven't produced any satisfying new friends for you - maybe answering this will. Write PO Box 3024, New Haven, Conn. 06515. Beautiful Mexican Girls needing American boy-freinds. "Money-back plan" Details: 25 cents. World, Box 3876, (m-17), San Diego, CA. 92103.

singles or doubles black or white whatever your scene day or night dial 765-2883 JOCK'S JUST RIGHT

Man late 20s wants woman slim built to very very heavy must be affectionate loving kind and nice clean type girl who enjoys a good sexual time. Definite marriage if mutually wanted to nice person. No men or phones please. If interested phone bill at 748-7899 after 9 pm only.

### SOCIAL ENCOUNTER GROUP

Meets Wed and Fri eves Join a great group of Women and men centering on strong emotions. Call 2601977 Wed 5-7, Thurs and Fri from 5-8 pm.

Unusual opportunity for 2 black or Puerto Rican males 18-25 politically hip, masculine and can swing both ways. Karate interest helpful. I am black, masculine, 28. Many fringe benefits. Sal. negotiable. Write include photo and phone to entertainment Box 979, NYC 10027 or CALL AL: 368-8151, 11 PM-Midnight only.

Songs Elise Sang: "Oh I know where I'm going, And I know who's going with me. I know who my love is But the Devil knows how I'll marry.

I've stockings of silk, Shoes of ine new leather, Combs to put in my hair, And a ring for every finger.

Oh some say he's black, But I say he's Bonny, The fairest of them all Is my handsome, winSome Johnny.

Feather beds aresoft, And painted rooms are Bonny, But I would leave them all For my handsome, winsome Johnny." "But that was in another country, and besides, the wench is dead." (Marlowe)... "In happier times we called it love, till the Freudians taught us to blame it on our glands."... The question was asked at a psychiatrists' convention, Could a man piss while he was in a woman, and the answer was, Who would want to? (Ben.)

Sincere sweet gal share beautiful 5 room A/C apt. this summer in NYC attractive executive in exchnage for togetherness & travel to Europe in August. Call me & we will meet at my 5th Ave office: 279-7369

Young executive wishes female travel companion for 4 week tour of Europe. Will pay all expenses please write PO Box 791, Wall St. Sta., NY 10005

### TO MY EXPERIMENTAL GARDEN

hear my heart when caution assails the fish & sensitivity rejects a wish hear my heart when the dwarf alters a mold & an octopus defies the cold yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

hear my heart when cupid discovers a penitence & memory murders a defence hear my heart when the witch teases a reformation & whiteness recognizes a derivation yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

hear my heart when the cradle opens a cloud & the monument delivers a shroud hear my heart when imagination opposes the sea & separated fingers return the debris yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

### FORMANS'S BUNGALOWS

funky & fun pets longhairs welcomed no uptights White Lake, New York camp out or sleep in nice vibes sometimes running water always heady come on up and see for yourself 2 hrs from city Rte. 17B leave pills & shit home for info in city call 925-7753 9-5 daily or [914] 583-7995

### IMPERSONAL

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon... Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Writem. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-a Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

### SPECIAL SERVICES

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

BLUES musicians & listeners Paul Oscher, of the Muddy Waters Blues Band is running a blue monday blues jam every monday night at the Nightcap Lounge, Flatbush and Midwood Streets in Bklyn. bring your axe.

### WITCHES warlocks, etc. WANTED

for documentary day: 565-6022-3-4 night: 622-1095 [203] 838-1477

### PEOPLES AD

Wo Ping Kuen, 424 Broome St. Karate Kollektive (betw. Lafayette & Crosby) Training in Self Defense in a collectively run dojo (school). The system taught is a Chinese form of Martial Art Mixed (women & men) classes, gay classes, womens classes taught by ranking women & men instructors. Dojo is run on a no belt, non commercial, non profit basis. Classes Mon.-Fri. at 6:30 & 8:30. Beginners can join Mons. after 6:00. Ron Rosen 966-6546.

SEX books, Magazines & Sex Aid Devices Catalog, 64 page color illustrated - only \$1.00. State age. Scott, Rand & Co. Box 26-V, Randallstown, Md. 21133.

EIGHT PAGE Comic Books, "They F-ck They S-ck." Reproductions of the originals. Sample \$1. Lone Wolf, Box 6273-V, Glendale, Calif. 91205

### BUY AND SELL

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

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

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

### PUBLICATIONS

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

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

Rama Pipien Collective, UWPC co-op, is a free syndicate of counter-media papers and radio. Writers and cartoonists are needed by all of us on a world scale, now. Let's get moving! Submit material ro RPC/PO Box 641, Newcastle, Calif. 95658. All regularly publishing media can contact us to receive our packets. Plug in with all and each. Free to struggling entities or \$10 a month. Donations are needed. Serve the people.

encounter group express strong feelings and intensities Social and sexual hangups related to plastic symbols and images in a decaying society. George after 6:00 pm. Call 278-6861. Friday or Saturday.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

Artistic photograph with sensitivity to your individuality. Portfolios hip-weddings. Freelance. Reas. rates or studio time. Studio or location. 834-9594.

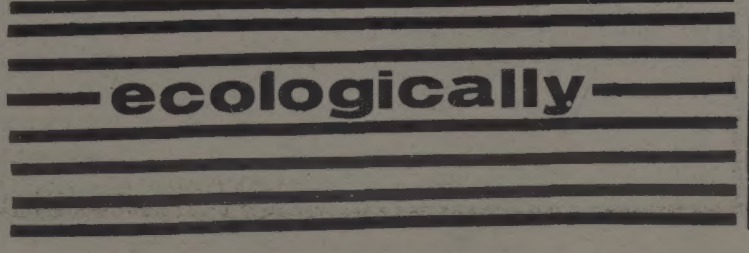
### MISC HELP WANTED

ALPHAPHONE[tm] headset - try the brain rhythm method and get higher. Wire up with a friend. Write: Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-I, Mendocino, CA 95460. Free info.

Advertising Salesman/girl for a Rock magazine. Must know music scene. Also need writers. Call Bob 6980230 eves. after 6:00.

P/T ATTRACTIVE GAL FRIDAY for swinging young 2-man art studio. Dynamite job if you dig lite hours, lite bread, laughter and want to learn advertising in a cozy, informal atmosphere. Must have desire and ability to 'use head.' CALL: 685-5810

WANTED: COMPANIONS FOR 2 WEEK BIKE TRIP IN MEXICO THIS SUMMER... WRITE: TRISTRAM, 106 MARLBOROUGH ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116.



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