

THE

east
village



ONION

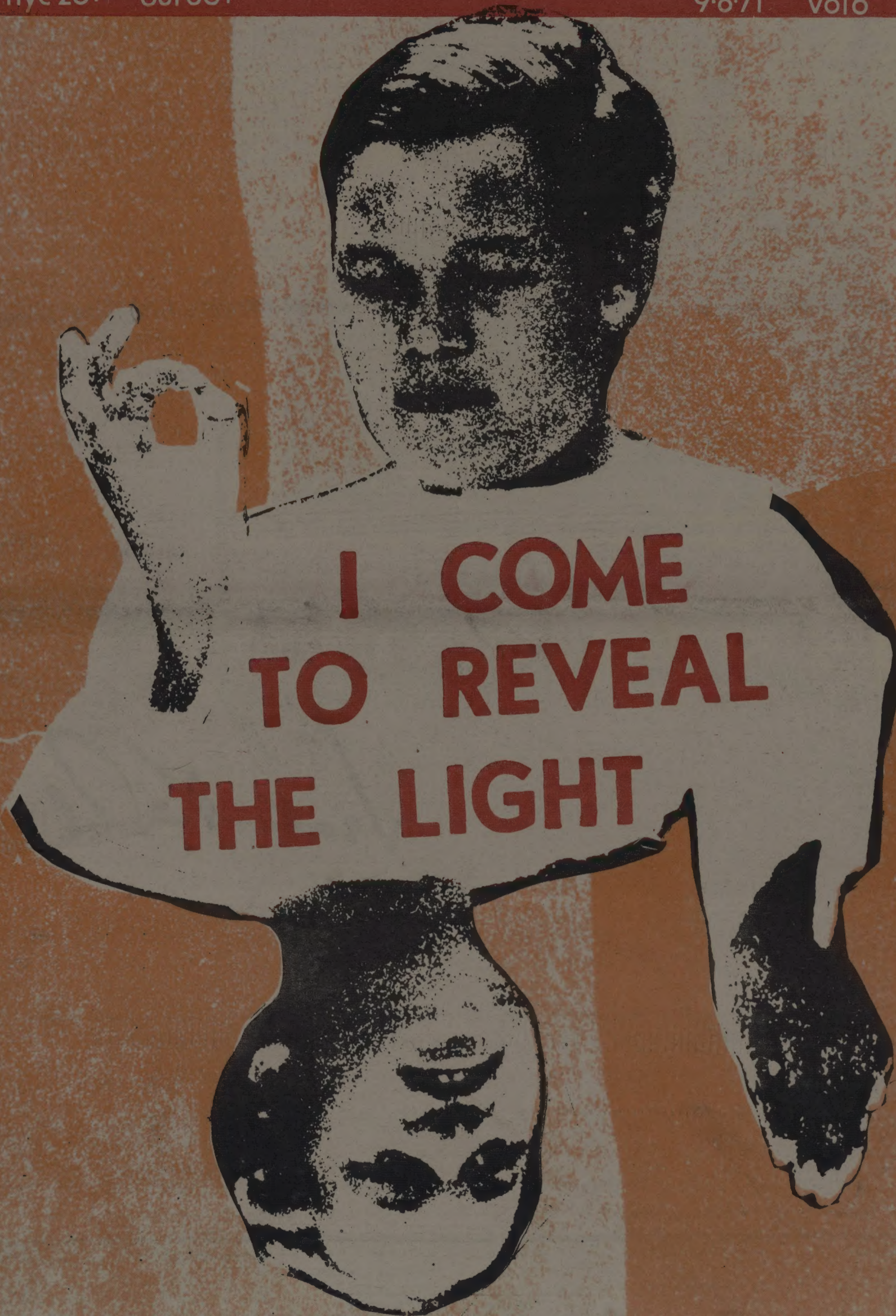
nyc 25¢

out 35¢

9-8-71

vol 6

#38



I COME
TO REVEAL
THE LIGHT

Hikap.

I was going to comment on Dr. Kenneth Clark's suggestion that "Leaders holding great power be given drugs to subdue their hostility and aggression and thereby allow more humane and intelligent behaviour to emerge" In itself a pretty good, if dated idea especially, coming from the president of the American Psychological Association. In the course of a long discourse about "precise, direct intervention geared toward strengthening man's moral and positive human characteristics", Dr. Clark can't help but warn us that before such miracle drugs be applied on a wide scale (I guess he means US), they be tested on habitual criminals to see whether the drugs inhibit the "compulsion to commit crimes" - which brings to mind Cairo Ill. The following is an item that reached us just before presstime. Since it is pretty safe to assume that the good citizens of Cairo were never given the kind of drugs that Dr. Clark had in mind, the following story is not untypical of the goings on in the heart of America.

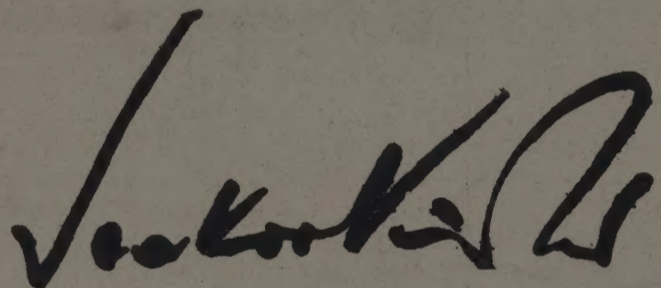
"A young black driving his car through Cairo, Ill. A dozen policemen, brandishing their weapons, surround the car and spread eagle the driver. "Illegal muffler" shouted one officer. A young black photographer begins to take pictures. A policeman carrying a carbine approaches him. Pressing his face close to that of the photographer, the officer said: "There is a whole lot of us after you, boy. We are going to kill you. You know that."

The twenty man Cairo Police Force has deputized quite a number of white vigilantes known as the White Hats. They are in evidence all over. A thin kid, barely out of his teens, wears a police jacket with the Flaf on his sleeve and a Thompson submachine gun cradled in his arm. A few doors away, a gaunt older man with a patch reading POLICE on his baseball cap, with a grease gun in his hand.

A housing development, primarily occupied by blacks has been declared a "free fire zone". CS gas rockets, armored cars and automatic weapons are a daily occurrence at Pyramid Courts. Evidence indicates that most attacks originate from the roof of the local Police Headquarters.

The Black population- the United Front - has responded with a very effective boycott of all white businesses.. In return 47% of the local workforce is recruited from out of state since local businessmen would rather import more expensive white labor than hire local blacks. They even closed the public pool, opened private (all white) schools and limited medical facilities for the black community to a bare minimum."

It would seem, therefore, much more logical to start with Dr. Clark's cure in the Cairos of Amerika. The leaders are too far gone. They are a hopeless case.

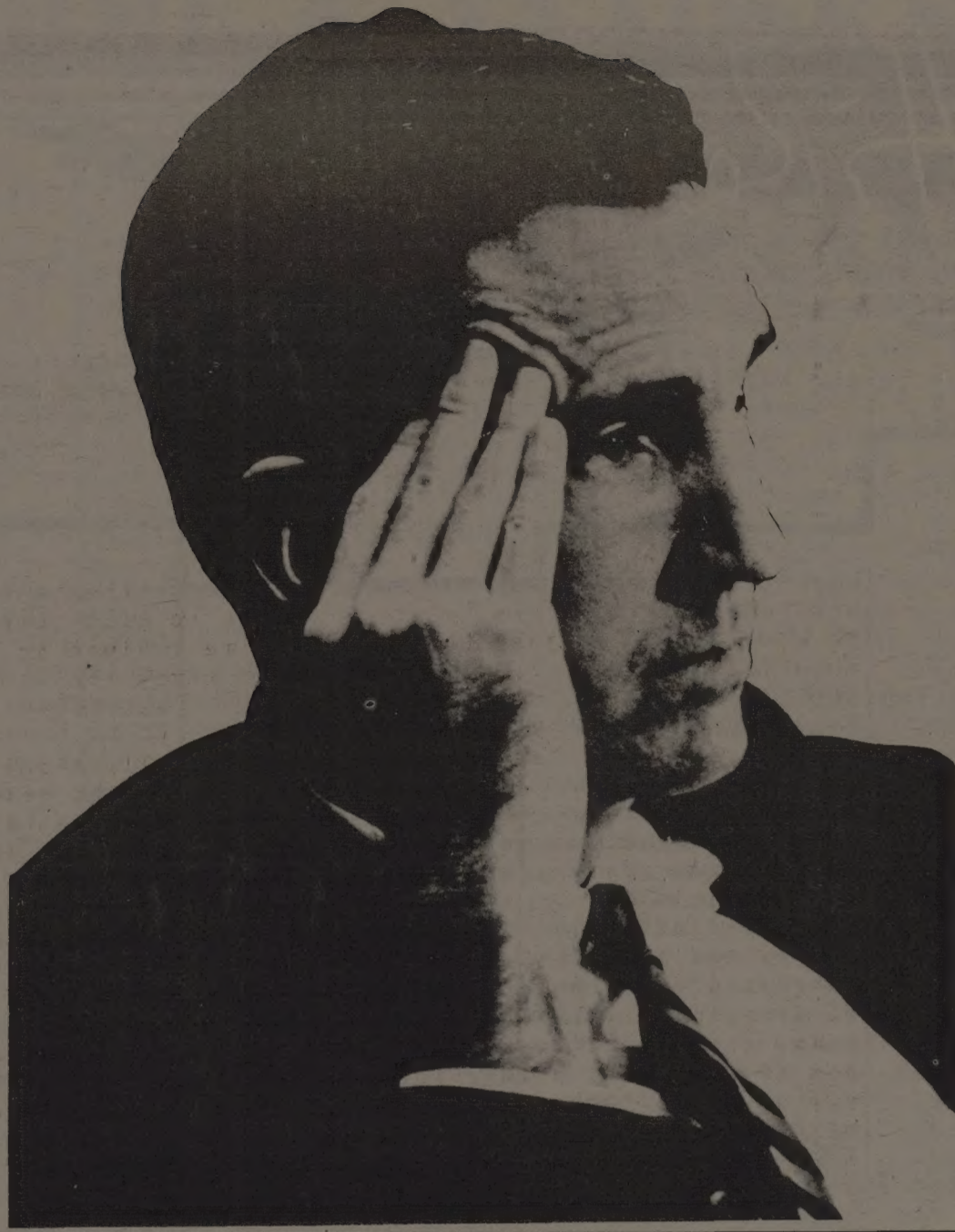


THE KUNDALINI EXPRESS, HOLDING TOGETHER WITH "HOW YOU'RE GONNA STAY OPEN IN THE SEVENTIES COOKBOOK" presents a series of monthly benefits throughout the decade for brothers and sisters in jail now and later.

THINK ABOUT IT and write to:

KUNDALINI EXPRESS % BECK, 800 WEST END AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10025

jaakov kohn	stephen kohn	linda crawford	a.j.weberman	steve kraus	OVERSEAS:50¢
allen katzman	fred caruso	nellie frenauld	harvey matusow		
charlie frick	fred mogubgub	heidi	john reilly		
yossarian	ray schultz	coca crystal	rudi stern	second class postage paid at	
honest bob singer	d.a.latimer	jackie friedrich	ralph hall	New York, N.Y. EAST VILLAGE OTHER	
rex wiener	tuli kupferberg	paulinea kouwenhovn	spain	published bi-weekly at 20e12th st	
vincent titus	larry s. todd	hetty	Rim deitch	New York, N.Y. 10003	
advertising: jonathan postel	/ distribution: werewolf distributors			telephone: 255-2130-1-2 / 1971/	



interview RAMSEY CLARK

In October 1968, these three distinguished Americans had this to say about Ramsey Clark:

George Wallace: "He's too busy busing school children and checking bathrooms to crack down on commies and crooks."

J. Edgar Hoover: "He's a cream puff."

Spiro Agnew: "We need to get rid of Ramsey Clark."

HUMAN DIGNITY IS THE CENTRAL ISSUE OF OUR TIME

An interview with Ramsey Clark by Laura Nadworny

LN: Beginning at an obvious place: the Berrigans. I don't know how much you can discuss....

RC: Not very Much...

LN: I do want to know if Philip Berrigan is really ill (referring to authorities moving him out of Danbury State Prison 8-11-71)

RC: No, Philip Berrigan is not ill-He's just a very strong man. Dan Berrigan has been ill. He's been quite ill this summer, alarming friends. He's had a number of physical problems. I just think his continued incarceration is injurious to his health. He should be paroled for all reasons, but for health reasons particularly. Justice has to be concerned about human health too.

LM: Right..I do know Philip Berrigan was moved because of the hunger strike but was that just because of the strike?

RC: Yes, well he, was moved last night-you know- a secret way- the Federal Bureau of Prisons would not tell even his lawyers yesterday that he was being moved. They denied any rumors about it--then they just arbitrarily moved him.

LN: Can they do that?

RC: They did it. They have an almost plenary power over prisoners. It's rather an unhealthy situation from many standpoints. But the notion that their moving

him had anything to do with health is absurd. It had nothing to do with health. Some game plan the government has to divide, to deny people opportunities to dissent, to express views

LN: The Berrigan case, what is its importance to the American public?

RC: For reasons that perhaps I don't understand entirely, I just don't discuss the particulars of cases outside the courtroom. And I am deeply outraged by the continuous practice of the U.S. government in doing so. If its interested in justice it ought to say what it has to say in the courtroom.

as to the Berrigan case generally though, I think the American public needs to ask itself 3 questions:

- firstly: What gives men such profound concern for peace and such courage to pursue it??
- second: Is our government repressive.. Does it by its conduct, endeavor

to deny us rights of free speech and expressions of dissent?

and third: Is the government case against the Berrigans a fabrication?

LN: Isn't there also a part of every man's loving joyful side on trial here?

RC: (Nodding) Well, you know its just an incredible case. We'll have to see what it means.. and what this country believes/

LN: Isn't there an important question of freedom of speech involved in all conspiracy charges as well as this trial, the Daniel Ellsberg-Pentagon Papers, the Chicago 8--Where does thinking problems through creatively end and criminal conspiracy begin?

RC: I think we know the answer--A people afraid of the force of an idea can only know turbulence. Because the force of ideas is irresistible. We have to have the courage to test them--to want to test them--

to seek new ideas constantly to be unafraid of them. We need them to solve our problems and without them, its going to be a wild time.

I have felt for a number of years and said very long before I wrote it in my book on Crime in America...

Conspiracy laws have degenerated to a set of inherently unfair rules that are misused by prosecution and.. I doubt that conspiracy prosecutions are supportable until we purify the rules that apply to them. That beyond that, individuals should never be subject to any prosecution for what they say or what they think, but only for what they do....

LN: Have the Pentagon papers caused the focusing of the public away from the essence of the Berrigan trial? Does the public have a limited attention span?

RC: Well, I'm afraid the public--that's you and

ELECTRONIC DEATH[®]

Orville Schell

THE NEW WAR IN
SOUTHEAST ASIA

Washington:

Electronic sensors and related automatic weapons do not bleed, die, frag their officers, become addicts protest, or write revealing letters home. Throughout Indochina, they have come to comprise a new kind of military might which is at once awesome and indiscriminate. "All that we know," said one U.S. Special Forces member, "is that something is out there. It could be wind, an elephant or an enemy soldier. We really have almost no idea what we are shooting at." Senator William Proxmire put it even more succinctly: "The sensors can not tell the difference between soldiers, women or children... Whole villages may be wiped out by seeding wide areas with air dropped explosive devices designed to kill anyone who ventures into their neighborhood."

Yet tens of thousands of these mini-bugging devices have been dropped throughout Southeast Asia as part of the Air Force's operation Igloo White over the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The operation was described by Brigadier General Wm. John Evans (Special Assistant for Sensor Exploitation, Air Force) as "...entirely air supported; it involves no ground forces." Senator Proxmire has called the effort a "seismic and acoustic Christmas tree."

When the sensors are activated by either seismic or acoustic distur-

bance, they transmit radio signals to a relay platform (usually an EC-211R) which flies overhead 24 hours a day. In case NLF or North Vietnamese soldiers walk too quietly in a bugged area, the Pentagon has purchased millions of "button bomblets" disguised as animal droppings, which snap, crackle and pop if they are walked on. In the relay aircraft the data is processed by computer. Although it is possible to analyze the data on board and call in an airstrike directly, the information is usually relayed to the Air Force's Infiltration Surveillance Center in Nakhon Phanom, Thailand.

There, in Thailand the Air Force's huge IBM 360-65 computer stores previously gathered intelligence in data banks. When new information comes into the Center, the activation patterns of the sensors in the field are immediately reproduced by high speed print-out. Up-dated target sketches of the area in which the sensors have been placed can also be called up on a TV screen and mixed with the new information. In a matter of seconds after sensor activation, analysts can watch the movement of men, bicycles or trucks on a screen as they move down the trail. Computers determine their numbers, speed and position regardless of weather, foliage or time

of day.

The Thai computer "nerve center" (which cost \$625 million to operate during 1969-70) relays strike orders to B-52's gunships, or fighter-bombers at the air bases in Thailand, Vietnam or on the carriers of the 7th Fleet. According to one Air Force officer "We wired the Ho Chi Minh Trail like a drop-store pinball machine and we plug it in every night."

The strike orders which are relayed to attack aircraft, are fed into their on-board computers. This programming enables them to fly directly to the target with no need for further navigation. In fact, the pilot need not ever see the target or the ground. If it is night-time or overcast, the computers make an automatic release of weapons at the proper moment. As General Evans explained, "Using area-type ordnance (anti-personnel and fragmentation bombs), excellent results have been attained with this blind-bombing method."

An Agence France Presse correspondent who recently journeyed down the Ho Chi Minh Trail described these "excellent results" "On each side of the road," he reported, "there are heaps of scrap metal, pieces of aircraft, the containers of anti-personnel bombs, empty munitions

casings, 37mm. cannon shells, detonated anti-personnel mines... At certain points, it is impossible to walk on the side of the roads. You sink up to your knees in an impalpable dust, the earth having become dust under the impact of the bombs and incendiary weapons..When the monsoon comes, that dust turns to mud and slides on to the roads..Nothing lives in this dust, not even crickets. Only man is resisting it."

The Army, not to be outdone by the Air Force, has developed its own electronic battlefield. The ADSAF (Automatic Data System to the Army in the Field) was described by Brigadier General Wilson R. Reed, in an article called Battlefield Data Automation, as "an integrated battlefield control system which will tie electronically the sensors to the reaction means--the 'beep' to the 'boom' as it were--and leave the soldiers free to do what they do best: think coordinate, control. The potential seems limitless."

The Army has developed myriad other sub-systems like STANO (Surveillance, Target, Acquisition and Night Observation) billed as the Army's "find the enemy" program, and TAC FIRE (Tactical Fire Direction System) to link computers with artillery. The list of abbreviations goes on. All of them appear to be part of the

Army's fantasy land projection called IBCS (Integrated Battlefield Control System).

The new sensors and sighting devices are only half of the electronic battlefield. Once hostile forces are thought to have been detected, it is necessary to kill them. Recognition of this fact led the military into a new weapons development program. From 1967-71, well over half a billion dollars was budgeted for those sensor-related munitions.

The roster of these weapons reads like a technological chamber of horrors. Many of the weapons which were developed with the electron= in battlefield come under the rubric of "area denial weapons". The vast majority are fragmentation weapons with delayed action fuses or fuses which are designed to detonate when something passes near them. Others are constructed to go off at preplanned intervals like time-bombs.

Hundreds of thousands of these weapons in all sizes and shapes have been "sown" across large areas in Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam. For instance, at a cost of \$86.3 million, the military developed WAAPM cluster-bomb unit. The WAAPM consists of a large "mother bomb" canister which contains hundreds of smaller pellet bombs. It is designed to puncture humans, often through the intestinal wall, making wounds which are very difficult to correct even with surgery.

The BLU-31 land mine is also dropped from aircraft. It weighs 750 lbs. and digs itself into the ground on impact so that it cannot be seen.

(Continued on Page 17)

YA WIN SOME & YA' LOSE SOME

By Lynda Crawford

The illegal practice of slavery on the part of the United States Government, in the form of the Draft, paying no heed to it's obvious violation of the constitutional provisions against slavery, provides the war machine with an abundance of manpower by forcing people into servitude. The illegal practice of gambling on the part of the United States government, in the form of the Draft Lottery, paying no heed to it's obvious violation of the Military Code against gambling, also is feeding the war machine with unwilling men to do it's dirty work.

Now, for the first time in quite a while, the Draft has not been in effect and up to it's usual practice of inducting young men to and kill for the government. This is not to say that the Draft is over... not by any means. But since July 1st, when the President's authority to induct new draftees expired, there has been a temporary suspension of inductions. Mind you, it is only temporary and the only process that has actually come to a halt is that of inducting; every other Selective Service function still goes on: Registration, testing, personal appearances and physicals. But for the first time in years no one has been drafted nor will be before the middle of September, at least.

This, while not eliminating the fear of the Draft completely, as the extension will most assuredly be passed by the Senate after their recess(it has already been passed by the House)it allows us to imagine what life could be like, be it not threatened by the ever-beckoning finger of Uncle Sam. It also offers the perfect opportunity for those interested in Draft resistance movement to mushroom when Congress failed to extend the Draft Law by the June 30th deadline, and counseling offices across the country prepared for the onslaught. But no one showed. As a matter of fact, there appears to be a lull in the usually high trafficked offices.

At the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors in Philadelphia, the amount of request for information and literature dropped off considerably. Arlo Tatum, the organizations director and editor of one of the best selling draft resistance handbooks, said he thought a lot of young people who would normally have sought draft advice probably "went off on camping trips". Mr. Tatum said his organization was regularly in touch with hundreds of draft information centers, and that the reports were all the same: a steep and unusual drop in the counseling business. "But

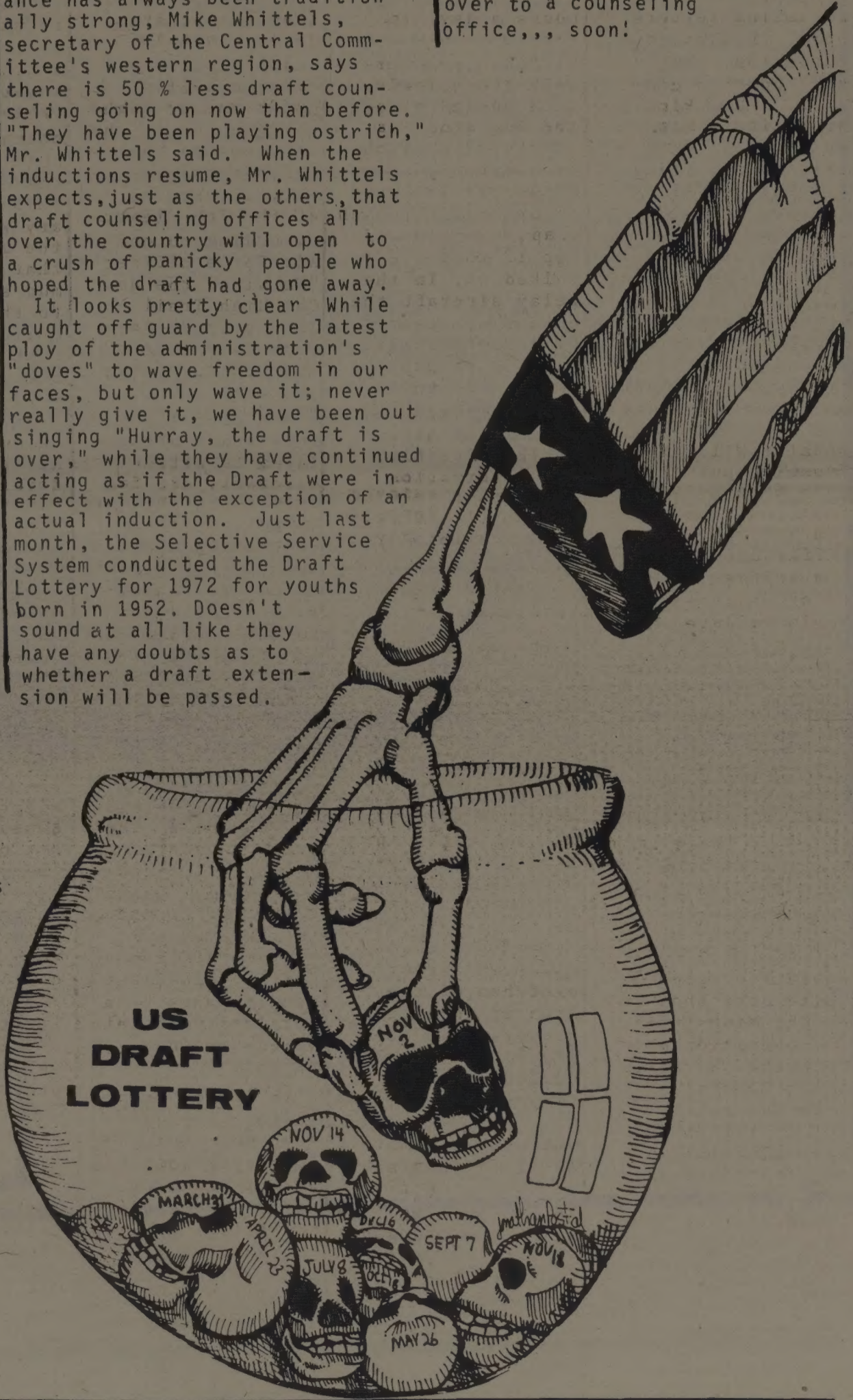
there is no slack at all in our military counseling," he added "The ones who are in want to get out, and a lot of them aren't draftees, but enlisted men".

In New York at the American Friends Service Committee, an organization well-known for it's pacifist sympathies, Jack Shattuck blames the slowdown on the erroneous assumption most people have that the Draft is over and thereis nothing to worry about any longer. "They are going to get pretty shook in September when they find out it isn't".

Also in the Bay area of California, where draft resistance has always been traditionally strong, Mike Whittels, secretary of the Central Committee's western region, says there is 50 % less draft counseling going on now than before. "They have been playing ostrich," Mr. Whittels said. When the inductions resume, Mr. Whittels expects, just as the others, that draft counseling offices all over the country will open to a crush of panicky people who hoped the draft had gone away.

It looks pretty clear while caught off guard by the latest ploy of the administration's "doves" to wave freedom in our faces, but only wave it; never really give it, we have been out singing "Hurray, the draft is over," while they have continued acting as if the Draft were in effect with the exception of an actual induction. Just last month, the Selective Service System conducted the Draft Lottery for 1972 for youths born in 1952. Doesn't sound at all like they have any doubts as to whether a draft extension will be passed.

An end to the Draft? Bullshit! They are not going to end the draft, this year, next year, or any year as long as it provides them with the men to keep the war going, any war going, and those war profits rolling in. If world peace is ever attained on a sound and lasting basis, the American price system and employment will fold as it's basic output is military and is totally dependent on the profits brought in by war. They are not going to stop the draft; WE MUST! Your lottery number coming up soon? I would suggest getting over to a counseling office,,, soon!



FEDERAL COURT CASES

SQUATTERS ALONG THE DELAWARE



by Jewel Templeton

On Wednesday, August 18, in Wildes-Barre, Pennsylvania, seventeen squatters of Shawnee-on-the-Delaware were granted a delay in the trespass case brought against them by the Army Corps of Engineers. Three remaining cases were taken under advisement by U.S. Magistrate Raymond Durkin because the individuals had no transportation and sent a representative. The Army Corps is trying to remove the people from the land where from fifty to seventy-five people now live along the Delaware in an area marked for the Tocks Island Dam and Recreation Project. The squatters appeared at the Federal court accompanied by variously aged children and colorfully contrasted with the olive and brown drabness of the courthouse creating a carnival atmosphere with babies being fed and older kids playing around the benches. As they were called before the Magistrate the people one by one claimed the right to counsel and showed that they are standing for the right to live on the land.

On the previous Wednesday, August 11, Federal Marshalls had swooped down and served trespass warrants and summonses to twenty people of different households for illegally trespassing on U.S. Government property. A road block was set up and cars were systematically checked so summonses could be served to those who were not reached at home. Some papers were left on the ground beside individuals who refused to acknowledge the peice of papte. The Feds were especially chosen strong arms with pistols at their sides to be sure papers were delivered. One person had his house bulldozed after being given one hour to evacuate. Many unoccupied houses were bulldozed.

The squatters, as the people living up and down the valley on both sides of the Delaware River have come to be called, have been livein on the land, osme for as many as three years where the

Corps of Engineers has been acquiring homes actively over the past twenty years for the purpose of building the Tocks Island Dam. At the drawing board they have plotted in addition to a mammoth dam a 12,425 acre reservoir bordered by an area for recreation (allotted campsites and designated facilities) a place to empty the population of New York specifically and other cities of the surrounding megalopolis and a boon to real estate investors in the area neighboring the project.

As the acquired the land for the project the Army corps of Engineers decided to lease some of the homes from which the people, many of whom had lived on the land for generations and who were too old, too afraid, or too indifferent to remain had moved. So they instituted a program by which the homes could be leased.

That program ended due, many believe, to local surprise at the appearance of longhaired new life people swimming unclothed in the river and occupying the previously manicured territory. Soon more people were turned onto the houses which were now just abandoned along the river. Pretty soon there was a whole new population living on this lush and fertile river valley carrying on the planting and living close to earth style that only the oldtimers seemed to be living.

Although many of the houses were without doors, working plumbing or other fixtures, with the aid of a few tools and knowledgeable minds, most of the houses were made quite livable. One person who had come to visit his borther, dropped out of shcook and became the local resident plumber. Electricians, mechanics and other necessary people arrived on the set. During the winter there was a workshop for the throuren. Many musicians were in the area and Craig's Meadows Green formed a group and played throughout the countryside.

The townspeople called it a hippie invasion; the newspapers began to call the peoplesquatters or river people. The houses were considered unfit to live in especially during the cold season. But the people knew better because by that time many had already made it through one or two winters carrying, water, cooking on coleman stoves and keeping warm by fire-places. Some used woodburning stoves; quite a few even had electricity and some were able to turn themselves by their own means.

The government boys all during this time made v various threats about trespassing on government property and even bulldozed one house on a very snowy day quite possibly as an example of what could happen. But nobody moved and the person whose house was bulldozed found another further up the road that was still functioning. When the engineer came to bulldoze that one, after doing in the barn, he was greeted by a woman and child on the front porch. He turned around and headed on back to Philadelphia declaring, "I'll knock down an empty house but I won't bulldoze a house where there are children," and for that image the house was saved.

By this time the group had been officially labelled squatters and the town looked on with curiosity while the government boys continued to threaten. The people who lived in the valley and those who came to camp had really begun to enjoy the pleasures of the woods and river banks. This is one of the only east-coast rivers that remains relatively unpolluted and although motor and speed boats and oil slicks have lowered the fish population there are many remaining in the waters. The shad, reports tell us, could not lay their eggs in the natural waterway was interrupted. The vegetation is lush and in addition to all the crops people have planted, edible herbs and flowers are all ar-

ound. In the spring over five hundred trees were tapped for maple syrup. This fall fields of corn will be ground to make cornmeal.

The grass crops, however, had not such an easy time. The wild fields were picked by probably tipped off park rangers who brought the prized plants out of the woods in giant baggies heading ostensibly for the laboratory and then, they said, the incinerator. Other gardens were raided by the Department of Interior boys quietly going through the gardens doing a little weeding of their own and taking the three or four foot plants into their own hands.

Also, there came to be the problem of rip off because among this fairly close knit group some who had settled into the were stealing it instead of growing it. One of the original squatters who lived back in the hills outside the valley had some six footers taken out of the hothouse which caused the forming of a posse and a descent into one particular area known as Avenue B (although there is no sign of actual streets or such anywhere around) where the suspect lived. The suspects when confronted with guns and a couple of shots quickly evacuated the area, one swimming all the way across the river to New Jersey, and this particular crowd has not shown up since. Shortly after this incident, the houses were bulldozed probably to discourage anyone else from moving into the houses.

MARSHALS ROUT 30 AND DESTROY HOMES

SHAWNEE-ON-DELAWARE, Pa., Sept. 4 (UPI)—United States marshals routed about 30 alleged squatters from Government land yesterday, ordering them from their houses and bulldozing the buildings to the ground. Six old houses and two barns were leveled on the land, about three miles north of this Monroe County town. The land the people were living on has been set aside as part of the Tocks Island dam and recreational park project. Last month the Government served warrants on the alleged

Meanwhile, now that the cases have been postponed until September 17, there is time for the harvesting and getting back to daily life. Last Sunday there was a giant Squatter's Fair and Exhibition where there were displays of organically grown vegetables, displays of baking, beadwork, leatherwork, knitting, woodwork, alot of good food and music. Many of the townspeople came from throught thee Poconos and enjoyed the foot-stomping music, dancing, and free food and saw the first sign of productive spontaneous life the valley has probably seen in many years. Many were turned on by the fair and realized that the river people/squatters are living in the manner many feel close to in their heritage but can no longer find in their suburban supermarket mode of life.

Although the trespass case is pending, the government has not decided what is to be actually done with the area. The environmental study must be completed. There is much opposition to the project on the basis that the dam is not necessary due to the changed conditions of the river itself and the recent strengthening of dams further up the river. Tampering with this area also shows a tremendous threat to the wildlife and the earth itself. Congress has still not appropriated more money for land acquisition and construction so there soesn't seem to be anything pressing even the higher ups other than their own myth that the land should be vacant, unoccupied and strictly under government control.

The charge against the squatters is trespassing but the question remains as to whether the charge will hold. Right now the concern is in raising funds for the legal defense. Miss Emily Jane Goodman, the lawyer for the New York City Squatters is going to represent the people because of her belief that "even if they are trespassing they have certain rights with which the government must comply and possibly will have to relocate them." In the meantime having truly made this area a people's park the squatters are planning to remain.

squatters, notifying them that they were trespassing on Government land.

One of those whose dwelling was leveled identified himself as Glenn Fisher, formerly associated with a local government group.

"I'm in the sack and there's cobwebs in my brain when these guys come in and tell me to get out. The bulldozer buried half of my belongings. They didn't give me time to get out," he charged.

Another, Ewe Dram, fought a short holding action, when he moved his family to the roof of his house and told marshals he was going to stay there.

But the Dram family eventually moved off the land and their house was destroyed.

look homeward, pj

by P.J. O'Rourke

The head may think at Harvard and the wallet is surely on the ass of New York but the heart of America beats in Ohio.

To find the center of a man you have to go to a place in his soul so much a part of him, so much taken for granted that he never speaks of it. And thus with societies and nation states: Ohio is so much the essence of America that mentioning it is redundancy. Therefore Easy Rider did not ride through Ohio. Nor did Antinioni film Ohio. Kruschew did not visit Ohio. Oscar and Hammerston do not sing of Ohio. And on his endless traversings, Kerouac mentioned Ohio only twice: (going west) "I passed through..", and (going east) "We drove across.."

In the guilty frenzy of our self-documentation Ohio figures only as the site of Kent (which by its provinciality should have been in Mousourri) and Hough (which by its urban terror should have been in Newark). Why search for America in a place you're as likely to find it? I mean, when we do find America, who the hell's going to want it?

Yet if we really have to know ourselves, and not just inspect our interesting extremities and infections, then we have to enter the nexus, go to meet the man, unveil the true face of America, visit the sanctum santerium of our national consciousness--where neither facism nor revolution holds sway, nor vice nor virtue but where everything meets and kisses in vague hostility like chocolate swirl cake gone bad. Oh-High-Oh, the name itself is a phonetic banality. This is it. The nivanic vision, the nation epiphany, social satori-- the be-all and end-all of our motor-carmic quest for sovereign identity. Chant the Americana Mantra:

Dayton Youngstown
Dayton Youngstown
Youngstown Youngstown
Dayton Dayton
Dayton Cleveland
Dayton Cleveland
Cleveland Cleveland
Dayton Dayton

(if it should be the case that a soul is to enlightenment as a person is to his nation then it's no wonder at our lousy spiritual condition.)

And I (driven by master truth and mistress need) headed home for Toledo-- to see how my humble subculture fared in the real USA, to get some perspective on my corner of Man and the State.

Two AM on the turnpike plaza, this was home ground and where I first fucked, where I first

dropped acid and smoked grass. Ohio isn't Mississippi, just Ohio. But away from that east coast anonymity a certain tense hipness grows. There are a variety of dead people in Ohio and I knew some of them. And I still have friends in jail there. There were fights with the fraternity boys in '66 and red necks who jumped me in Dayton, some busts and some running like hell every now and then. And there was one Promethian spring when we meant to bring, or at least set, fire to the masses. And some people don't walk too good now, due to that-- and others not at all. For Ohio, while it isn't evil, isn't much good either. And

their hands to. It seemed like the culture war was over in Ohio.

It wasn't that they believed what I said or even didn't mind my saying it. It was that the urgency had gone out of their confrontation. They had remade me in their own image. Niggers and commies should be as dead as ever but everybody knows there aren't any more hippies. They're all Jesus Freaks and Weatherman is like a Labor Day car accident. The perverse Tao of the bourgeoisie should never be underrated. In their perpetual comfort search they wear like the tide.

Bourgeoisie isn't the right word. Ohio is no 19th century class war time warp. What's there

had sworn to stay young forever, more or less.

Worst-- Fred who'd ragged out of control in Boston, eighty miles an hour by the Charles River smoking tea in a borrowed Mercedes Benz with Mick Jagger on the radio. Now Fred is the area coordinator of the Mahareshi Mahesh Yogi's Transcendental Meditation shell game. I thought the Maharishi was dead or something. I thought that it was all over when Beatles, Beach Boys and Mia Farrow petered out. But in Ohio Transcendental Meditation is a fucking plague. And Fred, who went to school with Angela Davis, is hawking \$50 sutras to the theosophical lonely hearts in Cincinnati, Ohio.

thing on a St. Marks afternoon. Defeated Siamese fighting fish is a Bauhaus aquarium and from an upper concourse I could see them group and regroup in those same fatal patterns that the Burger King Drive-in saw in 1963.

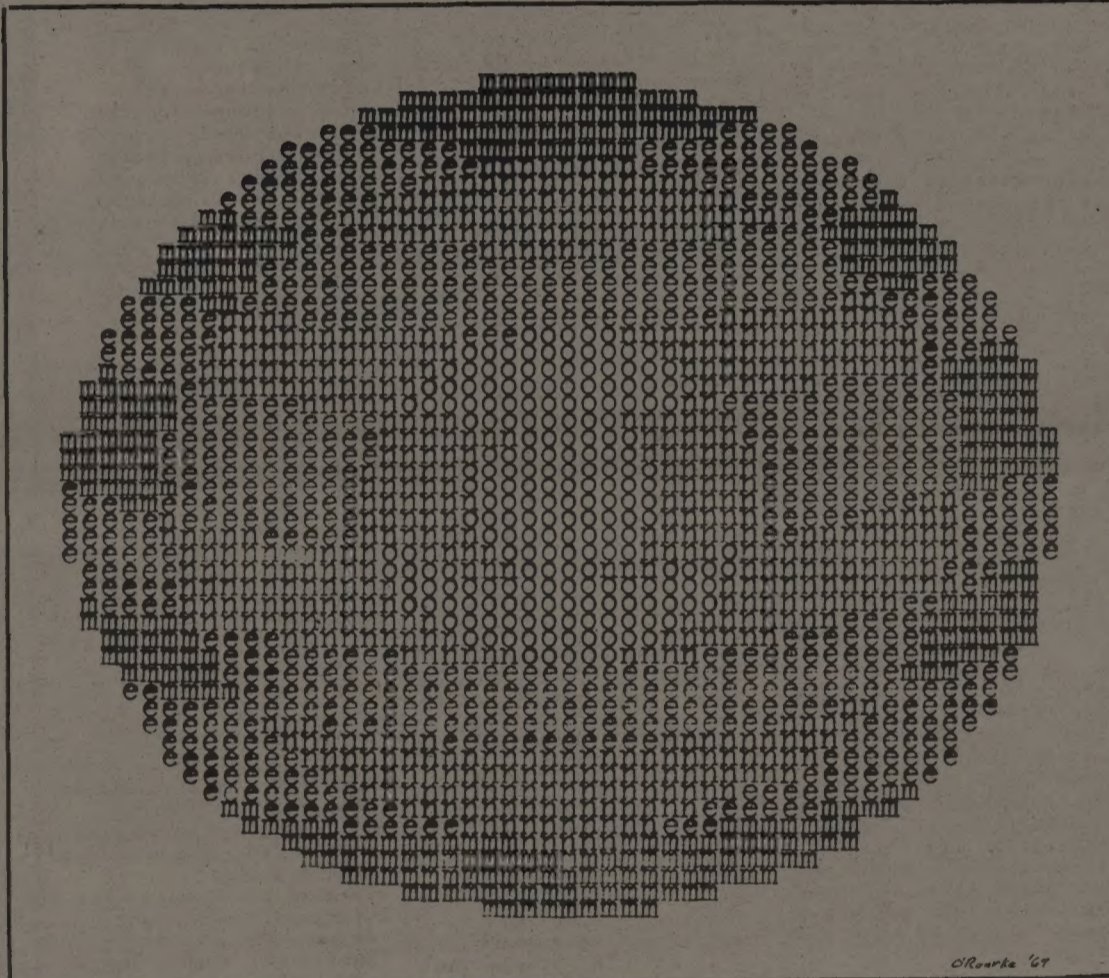
The same kid-clique moves. But kids who fuck. Kids to whom (whether they know her name or not). Bernadine Dorhn is more than Joan Baez was to us in madras days of yore. Kids who smoke dope and fight the schools and parents. Maybe my first impression was wrong and we have not exactly lost our culture war. I don't doubt the kids are more than I was then. I can't pronounce any liberal epitaphs for Haight-Ashbury over them. But they frighten me, these little hippies. What are they doing in this fucking shopping center? They aren't trashing. They don't even seem to be stealing much. They're too cool. They don't bother anyone. I can't put my finger on the problem but it's the same problem as those married friends whose hair is still long, who still smoke dope, but something is gone. Some will to grit up the machinery. And in the kids I see a little punk defiance but no real enthusiasm of will, no crazed splendor of youthful (if incomplete) enlightenment. They are too blasé. Ohio is too blasé. No one bothers to hate them. Banality has won out over magic.

Dope has replaced heavy petting. Opiated (too often literally opiated) comfort sets in-- the addiction to the social machine, the addiction to slavery's certainties.

Maybe what I feel in Ohio isn't the success of the established order or the failure of our alternatives but a sort of subtle knowledge among the members of the old culture that although we may not step into their existing machine, we will create one to serve the same purpose. Politics is not religion, or if it is, then it is nothing but the Inquisition.

--Albert Camus, The Rebel

I don't know. I went to see some old friends in Columbus and they were holded-up there like they'd been for five years or so, drinking too hard, cut off from the college completely now, like the lingering North Beach scene in Frisco's early sixties. Getting older, time on their hands. And I picked up again headed for the mountains of West Virginia on the I70 strip of flat-out ZeitGeist bisecting Ohio from Eaton to Bridgeport. Failed again to make poetry on the lapping dreck of Lake Erie.



O'Rourke '69

I was feeling all a-freak only to discover that I'd disappeared.

Truckers picking me up in their semi cabs, my New York Shag like any country boy's home on leave from Nam. And then they congratulated me that I hadn't had to go. Mostly, they hadn't either. Not a nasty look or a foul word. Served in bars, fed in restaurants, I watched the sideburns creep down my father's cheeks and bellbottoms flop at the heels of all night gas station attendants.

Ohio hadn't cooled or greened. Form was victorious, I thought content defeated. I couldn't even honestly feel co-opted. They hadn't stolen my style but created a Grand Funk all their own. It was nothing my friends had ever put

is mass man in one of many forms. Mass man who works submissively for his comfort in the machine of civilization. For material comfort in Ohio or for the comfort of his crowded and frightened psyche in China. But for no goal beyond that comfort but the perpetuation and agrandisement of that civilization--an odious and law-filled contraption more worthy of insects than mammals. The pre-vertebrate intelligence at work in Ohio-- not bright but very crafty. Cannibal crustacean altruism offending any warm blooded sensibilities.

And my friends, turning out so strange. Mostly married and jobs and that sprint for the half acre lawn when just back on Christmas of '68 we

My own sisters meditate. And over-eat compulsively; forcing themselves to vomit and retain their girlish figures.

Jesus Freaks run rampage in the public parks handing out little comic book which explain that Dark Shadows is produced and directed by the Lord of the Flies and broadcast from his left cloven hoof. They move in for the kill like St. Theresa going down on the flaming sword of spirit.

In the suburbs there was a new shopping center defying recession in a sea of asphalt. They tell me this is where the hippies are--thousands of them the same age I was when I left town in my Gnossos Popadopaloplis levis, searching for boo. They are as elaborately ragged in that Nieman Marcus splendor as any-

Honest Bob's 42 St.
by Honest Bob

The spaces inhabited by the spacey, sexy denizens of the Deep End are baroque and surreal like a Raymond Chandler novel or a Little Nemo comic strip. The decaying bathhouse, whose cracked tiles recall the cracks of doom in the walls of Catherine Deneuve's apartment in Repulsion, is the most utterly malignant pile of architecture that has ever been used as a setting for psychological disintegration in a color film, except maybe the "Bramford" in Rosemary's Baby and Mick Jagger's interiors in Performance. But while Polanski's paranoia feasts on a world of experience that spreads like the plague, Skolimowski's latest masterpiece seems more a chronicle of Polack perversion than of the supposed London lonely-hearts today. Even granting Jane Asher's mercantile motivation in preferring paying swains and an up-and-coming boyfriend to the far more alluring John Moulder Brown, surely he has more choice than the porky old hags and school girls who afflict him in the line of his duty, which is to bring soap and shampoo to the biddies in thier bawths, but htis is, after all a line one expects to be more than sorely afflicted in, and that is why one takes the job, and that's why Jane Asher took it, so why is he so unsuspecting? Equally odd and alien are his beefy beery parents, because John Moulder Brown is no prole. Withal there is conspicuous hinting at something abstracted and withdrawn beneath the recklessly blooming tension of his erotic desperation. Is autism implied? Or anomie? Like his Barrier, a catalog of expressionist emblems of alienation and frustration--grey-suited businessmen jogging to oblivion, handcuffed figures trying to pick up a piggy bank from an anatomical model and falling on their heads, a boozy veterans' reunion, a failed middle-aged magazin-hawker converting his concession into a paper hat empire (was that where old Rat got the idea?), orchestras playing for no one--Deep End is an inventory of defeats reified in surreal imagery--a bicycle crushed by a unrequiting beloved's car, John Moulder Brown making love to her nude cardboard poster as it dissolves in the bathhouse pool, searching for a lost diamond by melting dirty snow in an electric teakettle plugged into a klieg light, the final necrophiliac consummation as the pool floods with waters floating John and Jane and bags of snow and teakettle and diamond and all into an Edward Lear wet dream. It's all rather weird, dizzy and beautiful.

John may be meant as a critique of the myth of facile conquest



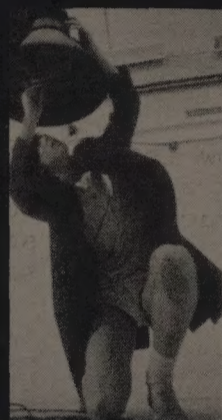
and gratification; at any rate DEEP END emerges not so much as a chronicle of twisted innocence as of the growth beyond good and evil of a psychotic personality. Bunuel, who employs a fetish similar to John's posterfuck in The Criminal Life of Archibaldo dela Cruz, presents the manninkin of the woman as an image Archibaldo must destroy before he can overcome his need to kill the woman he loves. Conversely, the delay of action about the corpse in Blow-Up precipitates the disintegration of the image.

One of the most uneven aspects of the film is its rather cut-and-dried humour, like a scene with a whore as lacklustre as McCabe and Mrs. Miller or a pat piece with a Chinese hotdog vender ("You want flankie Yankee?"). On the other hand there is a very funny skin-flick-within-the-flick that parodies Alfred Hitchcock's introductions to his TV shows. Also, the rumpy secretary in the bathhouse who seeks to engage Johnny with the immortal come-on, "Nice weather for ducks, isn't it?" Is it? Who knows? It only goes to show the eternal allure of our durable friend the duck.

The point of it all seems to be that you can't always get what you want--about as adequate an insight as money can't but you happiness. But if Skelimowski tried some time he just might find he's get what he needs. And you don't buy ducks with rootabagas either.

Short Review: The Red Tent: Remember the Italian expedition to the North Pole? The one that got lost? That's it...

Revival house Scam: repertory film houses are springing up like mushrooms. The Elgin Empire now includes the Garrick, erstwhile home of the Mothers of Invention, Flesh, Barbara,



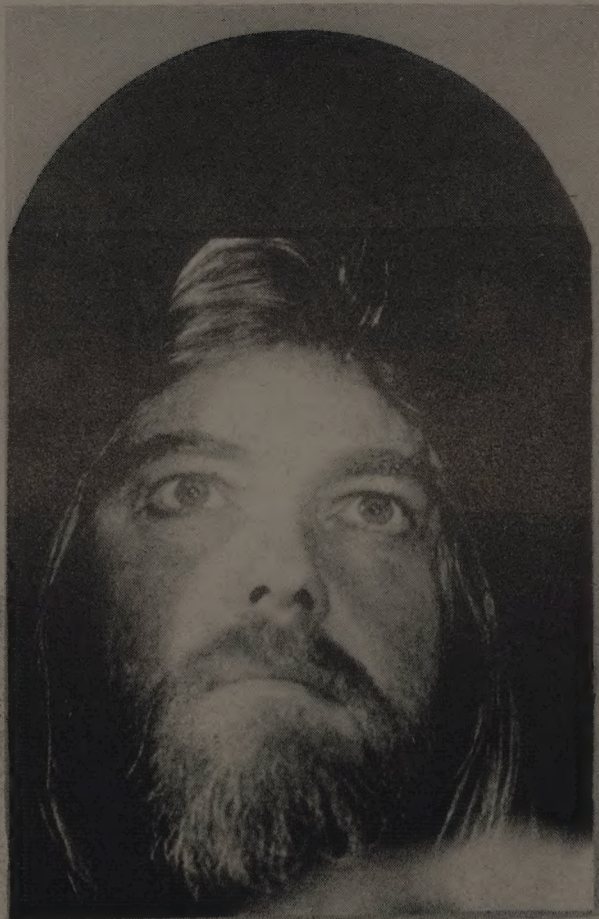
The Battle for Peoples China, et cetera, and what are they showing? W.C.Fields! Pax Elginica? Lord, I love the man, but isn't it about time for an Olsen and Johnson revival? Or am I ten years ahead of my time again? Meanwhile I'd been told that the lushest new flicker palace was the Movie Musical Theatre at 80 St.Marks Place, so I went and got lushed. They give away candy to the partons and anybody who's into olson and Johnson can't be all bad. The Lower East Side Film Renaissance amkes it clearer than clear that Graham could at any time have gone into a week-night film sideline and lowered the weekend piracy. In the words of Kip Cohen, "We're not into it"--but fifty million Frenchmen, as Olson and Johnson say, cannot, cannot be wrong.

GREAT LINES from GREAT MOVIES: Walter Brennan in MY DARLING CLEMENTINE: "When you pull a gun, Kill a man."

SWEET

Troy Donahue told me he taught Rona Barrett to write. I Believe it. What's more I believe that Rona wrote the script of "Sweet Saviour" (the press releases claim it's by an anonymous Pulitzer Prize winner) More than that, I believe she may have directed the movie and and given speech and acting lessons to the cast. When Renay Granville, the Sharon Tate (type) character says about her husband who's off in Europe, "I miss Mark terribly," it has the cadance and accent of Rona at her classiest.

By now most of you know that "Sweet Saviour" is about a Charlie Manson-like character and the Sharon Tate etc. murders. In this version, which takes palce in N.Y. the movie star and her friends are exploiters who pick up freads to amuse and instruct them at their sex-soirees. Unfortunately they show poor judgement and pick up a bunch of cultists who wind up killing them.



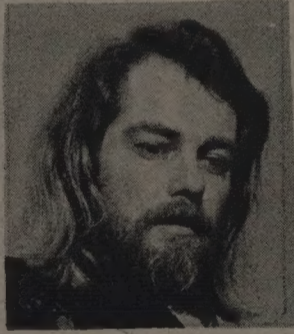
But before the mass murders take place, the audience is treated to an eleven-year-olds version of an orgy i.e. before Moon (Charlie Manson-Troy Donohue) leads them in their sex games, he makes everybody say fuck, cunt, cick. If you can take all that excitement, later one of the girls (Talie Cochrane) does a little nude dance. The climactic moment is when she does a headstand that would make Kounovsky students proud, and spreads her legs apart. Moon goes over to her and for a while I thought he was going to go down-or come up- on her whatever it is one does under the circumstances. But no-he doesn't. And I guess he was right not to, after all, her balance is pretty precarious. Besides, the Moon character is really out of it sexually-at least as Troy D. plays him. (When someone comes into the bedroom, Troy modestly pulls the sheet up to his chin.)

SAVIOUR

There's also a guy named Bull in the group. He looks like a younger, meaner, skinnier, Abbie Hoffman. But he's not as funny. The only other one worth mentioning is the girl who plays the new recruit-Francine Middleton, who may or may not be a decent actress-no way of knowing. But she has a nice face.

This picture is so amateurish and inane that when the director decides to give it a little local color, one of the cult girls says to another, "Gee, I feel good, let's go shopping." (or words to that effect.) And we're off to a little travelogue of the East Village and its shops. Anyone who'd like to see the E.Village on film would do better, much better, to see "Trash". And anyone looking for entertainment would do better watching "The Dating Game" or any of its equivalents. Or going to sleep. Or fantasizing his/her own orgy. Or holding it.

Louise Tallmer



BEFORE AFTER



THE BEGINNING OF THE PATH

BY CHARLIE FRICK

THERES STUFF THAT HAPPENS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD THAT MAY SOUND STRANGE TO THE EAR OR INCONSISTANT WITH TRADITIONALLY ACCEPTED WESTERN WAYS OF THOUGHT AND BEHAVIOR

LABOR DAY 1971 AND ALL OVER THE COUNTRY PEOPLE ARE GETTING READY TO GET INTO THE HOLIDAY THING, GOING OUT TO THE BALL GAMES, TO THE BEACH, TO THE PARK FOR A PICNIC OR JUST HANGING AROUND DRINKING BEER AND HAVING A GOOD TIME. THERE ARE THOSE HOWEVER WHO ARE GETTING READY FOR THE PRESENT INCARNATION OF GOD TO ARRIVE IN N.Y.C. WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT KENNEDY AIRPORT. THE DEDICATED FOLLOWERS OF GURU MAHARAJI HAVE BEEN FLOATING AROUND TOWN PASTEING UP AND HANDING OUT POSTERS TO THE HOLIDAY CROWDS THAT HAVE JAMMED INTO THE BIG CITY SINCE EARLY IN THE WEEKEND.

THE POSTERS READ LIKE THIS

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A TIME WHEN THERE HAS NOT BEEN LIGHT.

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A TIME WHEN THERE HAS NOT BEEN DARKNESS.

IN THIS THE KALI YUGA, THE AGE OF DARKNESS I HAVE COME TO REVEAL THE LIGHT

HUNTER COLLEGE AUDITORIUM THURSDAY SEPT 9 8 PM ADMISSION FREE.

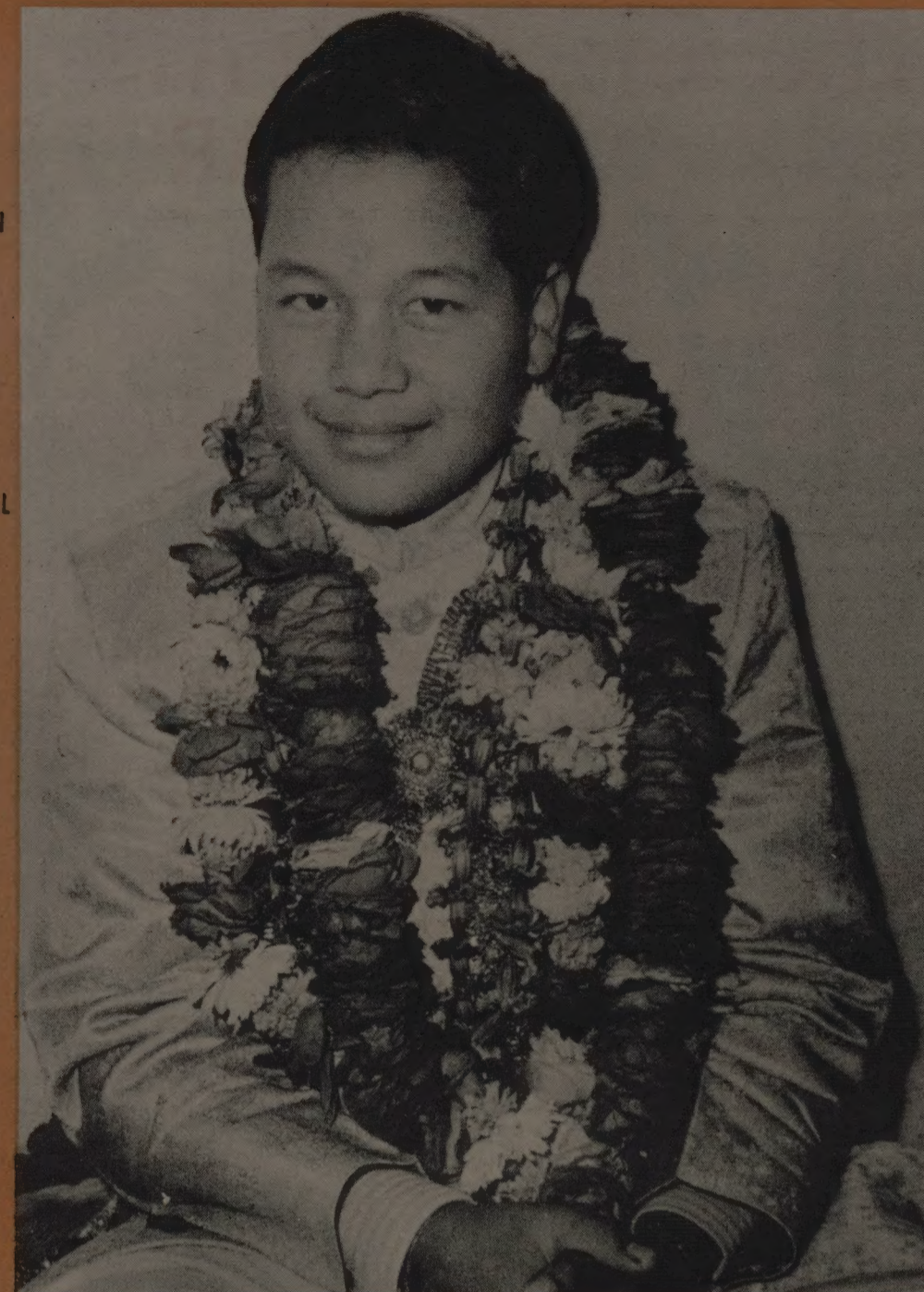
LET ME BACK UP A FEW YEARS AND GIVE YOU A RUNNING JUMP ON WHATS GOING ON. THERE WAS A GREAT SPIRITUAL MASTER IN INDIA BY THE NAME OF SHRI HANS JI MAHARAJ HIS TITLE WAS THAT OF SAT GURU OR THE TRUE DISPELLER OF DARKNESS AND THE OF DARKNESS AND REVEALER OF LIGHT. HE HAD MILLIONS OF FOLLOWERS AND DICIPLES. HE ALSO HAD 4 SONS THEYOUNG BEING BORN IN 1958 WITH THE NAME Balyogeshwar OR CHILD BORN LORD OF YOGIS. THIS IS WHERE OUR STORY REALLY BEGINS.

AT THE TENDER AGE OF 2 HE BEGAN TO SIT IN MEDITATION WITH HIS FATHER FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME. AT THE AGE OF 2½ HE BEGAN TO GIVE DISCOURSES AND LECTURES ON THE IMPORTANCE OF MEDITATION AND THE HUMAN BODY TO LARGE AUDIENCES OF HIS FATHERS FOLOWERS. AT THE AGE OF 4 HE WAS GIVING THESE LECTURES IN ENGLISH. Balyogeshwar WAS DOING HIS FATHERS WORK. FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS OF SAT GURU HE CONTINUED FOR SOME YEARS HELPING TO EDUCATE SOME OF THE MULTITUDE OF BELIEVERS.

5 YEARS AGO ON JULY 21 1966 HIS FATHER AND SPIRITUAL MASTER PASSED AWAY. 80,000 FOLOWERS GATHERED TO MOURN THE PASSING OF THEIR MASTER. THERE WAS MUCH SADNESS. AT THE FUNERAL RIVERS OF TEARS FLOWED FROM THE PEOPLES EYES, ALL EXCEPT YOUNG Balyogeshwar WHO WAS CALM AND SERENE WHILE EVERYONE WAS FREAKING OUT OVER THIS TRAGIC LOSS. WHEN THE DESPAIR REACHED AN OVERWHELMING POINT, HE TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ALL STEPPED TO THE FRONT OF THE PLATFORM AND TOOK THE MICROPHONE IN HIS HANDS.

" WHY DO YOU WEEP FOR THE BODY OF A MAN OH FOOLISH E PEOPLE. HOW LITTLE YOU UNDERSTAND OF THIS KNOWLEGE IF YOU THINK THE SOUL TO BE PERSHABLE LIKE THE BODY. THE MASTER IS ALWAYS WITH YOU I AM HERE THE SAME, ONLY MY FORM IS DIFFERENT. I HAVE COME IN THIS YOUNGER FORM TO SPREAD THE KNOWLEGE OF DIVINE LIGHT AND THE IMPRESHABLE WORD OF GOD OF DIVINE LIGHT AND THE IMPRESHABLE WORD OF GOD TO THE WHOLE WORLD."

AS HE SPOKE THOSE WORDS AT THE AGE OF EIGHT HE BEGAN HIS SPIRITUAL COMANDA AND ASUMED THE POSITION OF SAT GURU THAT HIS FATHER HAD LEFT FOR HIM. HIS WORK IS THAT OF SPREADING THE KNOWLEGE OF THE TRUE NATURE OF THE SOUL TO HUMANITY.



WHICH IS CONSTANT WHICH IS LIGHT SO WHEN THE SPIRITUAL EYE IS OPENED YOU'LL SEE LIGHT. THE FIRST EDGE OF LIGHT, YOU'LL SEE A LOT OF LIGHT IN ITS TRUE NATURE. WHEN YOUR MIND IS FREED FROM IMPRESSIONS AND DELUSIONS OF THAT MATERIAL WORLD... WELL ITS NOTHING TO DO WITH NOTHING YOU DO TO FREE YOURSELF YOU KNOW THE LIGHT FREES YOU THE LIGHT ENLIGHTENS YOU.

THERE ARE ALSO PURE SOUNDS INSIDE OF US. THE DIVINE HARMONYS THIS IS AN EXPRESSION OF THE GODHEAD OR PURE CONCIOSNESS. THIS IS WHAT GOD IS LIKE WHEN HE IS BY HIMSELF. HE IS LIGHT HE IS PURE HARMONY AND HE IS A VIBRATION WHICH IS WHAT OUR SENSES OF TOUCH BEGINS TO PRECEIVE WHICH IS CALLED THE WORD OF GOD?. THE TRUE NAME OF GOD. IT CANNOT BE SPOKEN IT IS NOT A WORD IT IS LIKE GOD SPEAKING HIS OWN NAME WITHIN US. ITS NOT US SPEAKING HIS NAME, ITS HIMSELF SPEAKING HIS NAME IN A VOICE OF VIBRATION AND IT IS THE ONE WHICH IS SUSTAINING THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE.

ALL OF THE SENSES CAN NOW ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE PURE CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE MIND AS A RESULT OF THIS FIRST EXPERIENCE EXPERIENCEING THE EDGE OF PURE CONCIOSNESS, BEGINS TO BECOME PURE.

THE TRUTH THAT GURU MAHARAJI REVEALS CAN BE PRACTISED CONSTANTLY UNCEASINGLY. THE LIGHT CAN BE WITH US MANAFESTING COMPLETELY. WE CAN KNOW IT 24 HOURS A DAY AND STILL BE PERFORMING THE SAME DAY TO DAY ACTIONS. THE MISTAKE IS MADE WHEN PEOPLE DONT LET THEIR HEART AWAKEN WHEN THEY HEAR THE CALL. WHEN THEY HAVE AN OPPURTUNITY TO RECEIVE KNOWLEGE THEN THEYVE REALLY MADE A MISTAKE. IF KNOWLGE IS FACING THEM AND GURU MAHARAJI SAYS I CAN GIVE IT TO YOU AND THEY DONT TAKE IT, I CANT THINK OF A BIGGER MISTAKE CAUSE ITS EGO THATS PREVENTING THEM FROM RECEIVING THE KNOWLEGE

THIS KIND OF COMMUNICATION THAT HAPPENS IS BEYOND INDIVIDUAL INTERPERTATION. ITS A MAGNETIC ATTRACTION TOWARD THE TRUTH. TOWARDS THE LIGHT TOWARDS RELEASE LIBERATION THATS WHATS GOING TO BE AND SO THIS IS KIND OF WHERE GURU MAHARAJI CAMES IN. ITS LIKE PEOPLE HAVE ALL DIFFERENT KINDS OF EXPERIENCES. THEYVE BEEN LOOKING FOR IT IN SO MANY WAYS. THEYVE BEEN SATISFYING THEIR MIND THAT THEYRE FINDING IT. IT DOESNT MATTER GURU MAHARAJI HAS COME FOR EVERYONE. HES COME TO SHOW EVERYONE SOMETHING THEY CANNOT GET FROM BOOKS, THAT THEY CANNOT GET FROM PAST TRADITION THAT THEY CANNOT GET FROM PRATICING ANY MEDITATION OR ANY YOGA BECAUSE THESE THINGS ARE ALL A PART OF THE RELATIVE STRATA OF CREATION. THESE ARE PALCES WHERE CAHNGES STILL GO ON. GURU MAHARAJI COMES TO DIRECTLY TO US THAT ESSENCE WHICH IS GOD. IT IS THAT THUTH. THAT LIGHT WEVE BEEN YEARNING FOR. IT ISNT THE END OF LIFE. ITS THE BEGINING OF LIFE. ITS OUR LIFE ITS LIKE OUR LIFE DOESNT END WHEN WERE EXPERIENCEING IT

MOST PEOPLE THINK ITS THE END OF THE PATH. ITS THE BEGINNING OF THE PATH.

I HAVE COME TO REVEAL THE LIGHT



HE HAS COME AT THE RIGHT TIME FOR WE AS A CIVILIZATION HAVE REACHED THE APEX OF MATERIAL PROSPERITY WHILE LETTING THE TASK OF SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION SLIP BY

AT THE AGE OF EIGHT HE TOOK UP THE REINS LEFT BY HIS FATHER AND BEGUN HIS TASK T OF GUIDING HIS MORE THEN 5 MILLION FOLLOWERS AND TURNING ON THE REST OF THE WORLD TO THE UNSPEAKABLE NAME OF GOD.

QUOTING FROM A PAMPHLET HANDED OUT AT ONE OF THE CITIES WHERE HE HAS SPOKEN IT SAYS:

"...TO ADVANCE SPIRITUALLY IS THE ONLY WAY EVERY HUMAN BEING CAN LIVE CHEERFULLY AND SPOTLESSLY IN THIS WORLD OF VIOLENT OPPRESSION

TO BALANCE THE MATERIAL AND SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENT OF MANKIND Balyogeshwar WANTS TO FURTHER THE SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION. THUS DEDICATING HIS LIFE TO THE ENLIGHTENMENT AND DEVELOPMENT OF ALL. HE REVEALS PRATICAL KNOWLEGE OF GOD AS HE IS TO BE FOUND WITHIN EVERY SOUL. HE DOES NOT WANT TO CONVERT PEOPLE FROM ONE RELIGON TO ANOTHER BUT WANTS TO ENABLE ALL PERSONS TO KNOW THE ONE TRUTH WHICH IS THE SEED AND SOURCE OF ALL RELIGON."

ANOTHER ONE THAT WAS HANDED OUT IN BOULDER COLO AT ONE OF HIS LECTURES IN AUGUST SAID:

"WHEN THE WORLD STAGGERS IN THE DARKNESS OF SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS AND EVEN LEADERS OF NATIONS KNOW NOT THE PATH WHICH LEADS TO PEACE. WHEN ALL WORK IS DONE IN IGNORANCE OF SELFISH THOUGHTS,

AND MEN FORGET THAT THEY ARE EACH OTHERS BROTHERS, THE PATH OF RIGHT-EOUSNESS DISSAPEARS IN THE UNDER-GROWTH OF MATERIALISM, THEN THE LORD HIMSELF OUT OF HIS BOUNDLESS COMPASSION INCARNATES IN HUMAN GUISE UPON THE EARTH TO LEAD MANKIND ONCE MORE ON THE PATH OF SHINING TRUTH.

GURU MAHARAJ JI (Balyogeshwar) HAS COME. GURU MAHARAJ HAS

COME AT THE AGE OF 13 TO AWAKEN US FROM OUR DREAM. HE HAS COME TO SHOW US THE WAY OF PEACE. HE HAS COME TO PLANT WITHIN OUR HEARTS THE SEED OF SELF KNOWLEGE HE WILL REVEAL THE SAME KNOWLEGE THAT HAS BEEN REVEALED TO US BY JESUS, BUDDAH, KRISHNA, RAM MOHAMMED AND NANAK IF WE GO TO HIM AND ASK HIM FOR THIS KNOWLEGE WITH A GUILNESS HEART. HE HAS COME TO DELIVER THIS MESSAGE BUT MOST IMPORTANT HE HAS COME TO GRACE US WITH KNOWLEGE OF OUR TRUE NATURE AND INNER PEACE."

ON HIS TRIP THRU AMERICA, EVERY TIME HE HAS SPOKEN OR GIVEN A DISCORSE THERE HAVE BEEN TAPE RECORDERS GOING. THIS IS THE ONLY RECORD OF HIS TEACHINGS. THERE ARE NO BOOKS NO PAMPHLETS EXCEPTING THOSE THAT ARE PREPARED TO INFORM PROPLR OF WHERE AND WHENN HE WILL BE SPEAKING. THERE IS NO CULT THERE IS NO CULT OR ORGANIZATION ASSOCIATED WITH WHAT IS GOING ON AROUND HIM. NO ORGANIZED RELIGON NO STRUCTURE NO COMPLICATIONS. JUST GOD IN THE PERSON OF A 13 YEAR OLD KIDD TRIPPING AROUND THE WORLD GIVING TO THOSE PEOPLE THAT ASK FOR IT, THE KNOWLEGE. HIS DISCIPLES DONT SPEAK OF THIS KNOWLEGE IN ANY CONCRETE TERMS ITS RATHER A NEBUOLUS SUBJECT

WITH VERY LITTLE CONNECTION TO THE WORLD OF EVERYDAY THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS. THIS KNOWLEGE THAT HE IMPARTS ON THOSE WHO ASKED FOR IT HAS THE POWER TO SET THEM FREE FROM THE CHAINS AND BONDS OF THE ILLUSORY LIFE THAT WE ALL ARE IN THE WEST.

WHEN I ASKED SUZY, ONE OF THE HAND FULL OF DISCIPLES NOW ON THE EAST COAST WHAT WAS CONTAINED IN THIS EXPERIENCE, SHE SMILED. I KNEW THERE WERE NO WORDS THAT COULD ACCURATLY DESCRIBE THE CHANGES THAT TAKE PLACE IN YOUR MIND AFTER RECIEVINGTHE THE AFTER RECEIVING THE KNOWLEGE BUT SHE DID HER BEST TO TAKE ME AS FAR AS I COULD GO WITHOUT ACTUALLY EXOERIENCING IT.

" ITS AN INFINITE EXPERIENCE SHE SAID WITH HER EYES SPARKLING WHAT GURU MAHARAJ SHOWS US IS THE BORDER IF INFINITY AND WE STEP INTO IT. IT GOES OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS INFINITLY. HE SHOWS US THE FIRST EDGE OF INFINITY OUR FIRST DIRECT EXPERIENCE EXPERIENCE OF THE INFINITE R REALITY WHICH IS WITHIN US. " SHE WENT ON LIKE THAT FOR A LONG TIME SAYING NOTHING REALLY DOWN TO EARTH IT WAS ALL KIND OF UP IN THE AIR. A KIND OF POETRY IT IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN DESCRIBE IT SHE SPOKE ABOUT THE EFFECT ON THE SENSES

" THE SENSES AFTER RECEIVING THIS KNOWLEGE WHEN TURNED INWARD ARE GOING TO RECEIVE THE PURE PERFECT OBJECT FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL SENSE TO EXPERIENCE. AN EXPERIENCE WHICH IS INFINITE AN EXPERIENCE WHICH IS ETERNAL AN EXPERIENCE WHICH NEVER CHANGES

CONFABS

by Coca Crystal

Aug. 10, 1971 - Atlanta

I went to Atlanta to attend the "MayDay Womens conference". However by the time that I got there it turned out to be a general womens conference. Also scheduled at the same time was a Gay conference.

At the first session, all the gay women were caucusing as to whether they should attend the womens conference or the gay conference. This set the tone for the entire conference. The gay women finally decided to join the women. There was a proposed agenda that was thrown away, for one reason or another. The majority decided that agendas were a drag and that we should decide on what we wanted to do at the time when we wanted to do it. The main reason for some of the sisters to be there was hard to determine. Whenever MayDay was brought up, it was glossed over and ignored. A sister would say, "I can't relate to an organization that is sexist", and therefore, the problem could not be discussed.

It was really a shame to see so many intelligent sisters being put down by their own "sisters" for trying to get a political discussion together. It seemed that some of the women only wanted to kiss and hug. "Kiss imperialism away".

It was only a beginning, and before long we had to move to another church. It was only the beginning, but the next time that we tried to talk about politics, we were again interrupted. It was really an agonizing experience. We had small workshops on lesbianism and gayness. Needless to say, neither were fully defined. One line of argument was that since we are living revolutionary lives, let's just talk about our lives. I didn't buy it.

I was getting pretty fed up. Many were trashed for being 'male identifiers'. That was never fully defined either. There was trashing on all sides but the 'straight women' got the worst of it.

It was depressing. Some women fell into their passive roles, and although they didn't dig what was going down, they said nothing for fear of being trashed.

Friday was upon us and the women's and gay's conferences were supposed to be finally over. The first plenary of the general MayDay conference was to be held in Ralph Abernathy's church. Inevitably, the question of a chair came up. Carole Kitchens was nominated but she said that she would rather have a collective of chairwomen. Four women jumped up to volunteer their services. Chaos was the order, insanity the rule.

Finally, Abernathy spoke, and in his short rap mentioned that he had just gotten back from the SCLC conference in New Orleans. He spoke of Gene McCarthy and Ellsberg and inevitably was hissed for his liberal politics. It certainly was rude, but not necessarily racist. Eventually he was given a standing ovation by the crowd. When he was through, a black gay, got up and said the entire affair was racist, and stormed out, to be followed by just about the entire gay mens contingency. A vote was proposed, but the objection as to whether we should vote without the gays, then the question of whether we should vote on whether we should be able to vote without the gays. It was incredible.

The only thing that was decided was that the womens and gays conference should be extended into the next day, so that they could get their shit together. The straight men were encouraged to have their separate caucus. The straight men were delegated to be in charge of the day care center.

Churches changed daily, and most of our time was spent in travelling from

one church to another. People got stranded all over Atlanta. Saturday night was the second plenary session, funnier than the night before. Sensitivity and politeness were discussed. Sexism, of course, had the priority. Not the sexism that occurs between men and women, but the sexism that takes place between men and men and women and women. Sexism itself was never defined.

The most important talks happened in small groups. People wanted to talk about the fall action but of course, there was no place for it in the plenary. It had to be done in a rather clandestine fashion. One proposal from New York, called 'Give the Man a Heart Attack' said that we have to move beyond symbolic action to materially affect the economy. The proposal included a multi-issue approach with demonstrations at primarily sexist and racist targets, i.e. Madison Avenue, the Tombs and the Stock Exchange.

There was a fall action caucus. But, the fall action idea got lost in the maze. We talked about everything that was supposed to have been discussed for the first two days.

Sunday's plenary was filled with some more interesting dialogue. A grand announcement of Nixon's new economy plan brought cheers and roars from the crowd. They began to sing and dance and rejoice. I felt more confused than ever.

I would like to point out some of the sillier aspects of the Atlanta conference. First of all, people from New York were really given a hard time. Automatically, anyone from New York, was put down for having a hard line politics, and for being macho and heavy. It was next to impossible to get called on during the plenary. There was an incredible anti-New York sentiment among the crowd. Also, "straight" people were made uptight. It was more than a shame for we missed out on many good ideas. People of the opposite sex were alienated from each other and were actually afraid to be seen talking to each other.

I don't want to belabour the point that things were fucked up. However some mighty good stuff came out of the Atlanta conference. One was that we got Corey out of jail. Corey is a fifteen year old woman who got busted for shoplifting in the middle of the conference. Her bail was \$200. Only one bail bondsman would take on the case and demanded that there be a signature of someone of good repute. I personally took on the responsibility of getting her out. I called up the slam and asked to speak to Corey, they said that it was impossible. I told them that she would probably be calling me if she knew the number, and if I couldn't talk to her, would they leave the number for her to call me?

"O.K., what's the name?"

"Oh, tell her to call Madame Binh, at such and such a number."

About two hours later Corey called up the house and asked for Madame Binh. I told her it was me, and asked her if they asked her about Madame Binh. "Oh, yes they asked me who she was, and I told them."

"Well, what did they do?"

"Oh, one of the matrons said, 'Did she really call you?' Corey answered, 'Well, either her or someone using that name.'"

I talked to the bail bondsman, who said that Corey was not actually in jail, but that she was in his custody and he wanted his payoff. I told him to bring her to the church, but he said that he didn't know how to get there, and my directions were a little fuzzy. At just that moment some Mayday people walked into

the precinct and handed the bail bondsman the \$20 and took Corey away with them before anyone was the wiser. She got off without \$200 or any reputable signature. All power to the people. Madame Binh, live like her.

The Monday meetings provided a good way to get ourselves together. Another conference was set up to take place in New York in four weeks' time, (Sept. 17-14), and an interim coordinating committee was formed to get the conference together. A very important proposal called "Snapdragon" called for a decentralized structure based on tight collectives, that are anti-monogamous and bisexual.

The Atlanta conference was hard on a lot of people. A lot of good people were trashed. Some of us came away stronger, a little more able to bear up under heavy pressure.

From the Atlanta conference, the move was North to the PCPJ conference. (Peoples Coalition for Peace and Justice) MayDay is a part of the coalition and four MayDay people trucked north to Ann Arbor, Michigan. When we got there we found out that the PCPJ conference wasn't to start for two days, but, that there would be a rock and roll party that night where Dave Dellinger would speak. We met some Rainbow people there and found our way to Dellinger, who explained that we should go to a Concerned Clergy and Laymen conference (CalCav) until PCPJ started. Dave spoke about grass, "Grass is great, I groove on it". Dave took us over to the CalCav place where we met up with Rennie Davis. We asked him how come he didn't come to Atlanta. He said that he was trying to get his head together all summer and that he really needed to be away from things. He talked about health food and the art of candle making.

Faith Evans was there from NWRO. (National Welfare Rights Organization) and he showed us a room where we could stay. We held a workshop on our fall offensive and some thirty or forty clergy or laymen showed up. We talked about the growing smack problem and about how so many young people, of all class backgrounds, were drifting down the smack road of death.

One of the highlights of the CalCav conference was a telephone call to Madame Binh. There was P.A. hook up to the phone so that all 500 people there could hear the call. It was asked, before the call, whether we should pay the tax on the call. There was to be a statement from Madame Binh and then a period of questions and answers. Madame Binh read a short statement in English that said that she was glad to have the opportunity to talk to the conference. She pointed out the fact that Nixon is pro-

longing the war by ignoring the 7Pt. Peace Plan, which has been welcomed throughout South Vietnam as the most flexible end to the war. She said that Nixon should stop backing Thieu, and spoke beautifully.

Bill Coffin asked how she interpreted the upcoming elections. The answer was simple. There can be no fair elections in South Vietnam as long as U.S. forces are there, and as long as the war continues. As long as Thieu is in power, the war will continue.

That night was the final meeting of the CalCav conference. It was also the day that George Jackson was offed. The CalCavers felt the need for a statement. More guilt tripping. Their main thrust in the statement was that George Jackson was killed because he was black, NOT because he was a revolutionary. MayDay was allowed a speaker, but for only 3 minutes. Carole Kitchens got up and tried to get through as much of our proposal as three minutes would allow. She was interrupted at the four minute mark, and she left the platform offended. Then a

far out thing happened. Allan Fisher, in a somewhat authoritarian position, asked if we could then print up 400 more copies of our proposal. During the day we were only allowed to print up 100. (on his say so, we hear)

That night we moved to the PCPJ camp. It is the U. Of Michigan's fresh air camp. A big building for eating and meeting, and small little cabins scattered around. They wanted fifteen dollars a piece from us. We had no money and Faith Evans said that he would take care of our share. When we woke up the next morning the meeting was in full swing.

Paul Mayer spoke of the Berrigans and announced that there would be a demonstration on Oct. 2 in Danbury, Connecticut. He said that the demonstration should not be an attempt to canonize the Berrigans, but to expose the plight of all political prisoners/.

Then the Moratorium was discussed. Oct. 13/14. It called for work stoppages and strikes, with coordinated effort between PCPJ and NPAC. (National Peace Action Committee) There was a proposal to have Oct. 12 nighttime town hall meetings in every congressional district across the country.

We figured that our proposal wouldn't come up until the next day, but that night it happened. Dave Dellinger brought it up, putting it down. Arguments for and against took up most of the night. The Washington proposal was brought up. First there was the daily body count idea brought up by Ron Young, where between Oct. 4-25 some three hundred people a day would sit in at the White House, to dramatize the daily body count. Then there was the combined Rennie Davis/Dave Dellinger idea, where on one day masses of people go to the White House, to evict Nixon. To us, it was all menu and no meal. There was no excitement to it, no magic.

Mike Drobenaire (from MayDay) made up a sign that said, NY's good points. 1. Multi-issue, 2. Regional Input, 3. New Ideas. We demanded that the Washington proposal at least meet up with those 3 good points. Dave made some comment about how CalCav had something to do with regional input. Mike got up and wrote on the sign, next to regional input, "Dave Dellinger is full of shit". Then came the 'new' idea, "evict Nixon". I got up with the magic marker, and wrote next to 'new ideas', "Rennie Davis is full of shit". Faith Evans had been working the night before, on a multi-issue, so next to multi-issue we wrote, "Faith is right on".

Incidentally, the night before, after the meeting, we talked to Dave and Rennie, and told them how bad we thought the Washington idea was. That it had nothing to it that would attract any kind of radical person in this country. They suggested working with us on the plan. We agreed, but then Dave went off to play poker and Rennie to commune with Nature.

We weren't going to get much support. It was like banging our heads against the wall. However, we did get in some good talks in with Dave Dellinger, who said that we were doing a good job, and that he like us for our spirit.

We left the conference the next day after the last meeting. The Washington idea was adopted. A mandate was reached that Dave Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Faith Evans, and (get this) volunteers from MayDay, were supposed to crystalize the Washington scenario. Also, it was agreed, that there would be a rock concert for the mutual benefit of PCPJ and MayDay.

We left, rather downhearted. We had not been able to get any support for an action in New York. We drove to Washington.

We began an adventure in collective living. The Interim Coordinating Committee, that came out of the Atlanta Conference was there. We gave reports of what happened in Ann Arbor. There

(Continued on Page 16)

steal this

FUNERAL

PAUL IS DEAD-DONT MISS HIM DONT MISS HIM-chanted about 50 hard-core ROCK LIBERATIONISTS outside of the plush, grand-a-month Park Avenue apartment (895 Park) where former Beatle Paul McCartney crashes when he's in NYC. This pad just happens to be the urban residence of Lee & Laura Eastman- Paul's wife's parents-and Paul just happened to be staying there that week. Of course he had split the place early that morning in order to avoid the demonstrators - he spent the day at Electric Ladyland Recording studios. (the report in the Village Voice that he was out of town was fabricated in order to discourage any future 'violations of privacy')

These cultural revolutionaries were 'lead' by A.J. Weberman, Minister of Defense of The Rock Liberation Front. The RLF believes that hip culture has become co-opted - "Thru various 'hip' media, corporate society takes up our culture and feeds it back to us, accenting and suggesting certain elements, supressing others. Superstars dominate our cultural feedback, perpetuating a whole series of myths which are popular mainly among middle-class freeks, like the cult of pacifism, which renders them impotent in the face of history. Like, this group image produced by the media is so powerful that people are more likely to accomadate themselves to it than to develop their own analysis. Thusly the pigs of the capitalist death-culture define our people's life-culture. Aside from fucking us over the artist also gets shit on-in return for \$, groupies and mass adulation the greedy bald-headed vultures slowly sever any connection our people had with the life-force that's trying to exert itself on this planet and they often become cynical, suicidal dopers-like Janis, Jimi and Jim."

AJ was gettin ready to attack Paul since he believed he was a good example of the artist that was easily co-opted-"I guess I could attack the short-haired businessmen who actually control that corpse, but the kids know these cats are pigs. Some of them actually still trust Paul"

It was gonna be a funeral since the PAUL IS DEAD thing would attract the attention of the media, AJ's friend Ronnie Sunshine had a '50 Cadillac hearse and a lot of people would show-up since "a man only dies once"

The RLF began to picket Paul's pad with signs like AJ's GONNA GET PAUL, McCARTNEY GROUPIES ARE NECROPHELIACS and PAUL IS A PIG. Soon a crowd gathered and AJ began to denounce McCartney after which a coffin was taken-out of the hearse and placed in front of

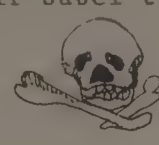
AJ. Some-one asked if it was true that Paul was gonna be buried on the bottom of the Brill Building. (a landmark of Tin Pan Alley) "No, that ain't true, cause if it was maybe the smell of his rotting corpse would seep thru the coffin and up into the Brill Building and those music pigs would know where it's really at" Then AJ, tears in his eyes, began to read his funeral oration over McCartney's body- "The establishment media hath laid a story on you that it's cool to be Frank Sinatra / If this is so then art is a sad drag and sadly shall these motherfuckers answer for it / And that is the story of Paul and all the music pigs / But Paul is a worthy stud / Yea they are all worthy studs / Tho they dont do shit for nobody but themselves" Suddenly AJ remembered he had a hundred RLF membership cards with him- "Come and get them, free passes to EVERY rock concert-just show yer RLF card at the door, pull a gun, and they'll let you in for free" Then he launched into a pro-garbage rap, never forgetting his humble origins... "GARBAGE IS POWERFULL-especially after it sits around for a couple of weeks. You know people attack me for going thru garbage cans - but garbage really isnt dirty - IT'S SHIT AND PISS THAT ARE DIRTY- not garbage. If someone shit or pissed in their garbage I wouldnt go thru it" Then AJ started to tear into Rolling Stone- "They're distributed by KINNEY, they borrow money from their distributors, hundreds of thousands, when they need bread. Most of their advertisers are record companies owned by KINNEY like Elektra, Atlantic and Warner Bros. And their book company, Straight Arrow, often have KINNEY print their books. KINNEY is a holding company which made most of it's \$ from subcontracting the labor of blackpeople out to clean office buildings- fuckin slavery. Cause dig it, you dont really have to own someone for them to be your wage slave...all you have to do is have a racist-capitalist society like this one where one person can make \$10 an hour and another, cause of different racial characteristics, can only make \$2. It's true the wage slave can quit, but unemployment in the black community is double that of the white (which is 6%) and everybody's got to eat, right? So the wage slave is either forced to find another master or go on welfare. And KINNEY'S links with organized crime were explored in Forbes Magazine, a superstraight journal of business, in an June 7, 1970 edition. So the way the RLF figures it, KINNEY INDIRECTLY CONTROLS ROLLING STONE AND THIS IS WHY THEY'RE SO FUCKIN RE-

ACTIONARY. " Then leaflets, titled PAUL'S GARBAGE (reprints of Paul's poetry - "Lovely Linda Ohhh Ohhh Ohhh") & THERE ARE ALWAYS THOSE WHOM THE OPPRESSOR CAN BUY subtitled ROLLING STONE IS A CULTURE VULTURE were passed out. The latter contained reprints of R.S.'s masthead - (no woman was listed above the position of secretary)& documented evidence of how R.S. distorted news of free cultural events like the Smoke-In along with an article reprinted from an English underground rag concerning how RS changed around a conversation between AJ & Dylan in order to make Dylan look better. All of a sudden AJ picked up a bullhorn, pointed toward the Eastman's window and began to speak-"Okay Paul, we know yer in there, give up and we'll meet any reasonable demands you make, except John and Yoko, forget it Paul, you cant have them. Come out Paul we got you surrounded. This is A.J. GIVE UP MAN. Paul come out man. Please. Come out baby bube" Then AJ began to get harassed. Five Paul groupies started singing "We love you Paul" and a longhair began screaming-"Imperialism, very serious. Very serious. George Jackson, very serious." He went on for 10 minutes when AJ couldnt take it anymore. "Hey man, I dont mind you puttin me down but that George Jackson shit is too much. I'm gonna waste you, motherfucker" Then Robert Christgau, rock critic for the Voice and NY Times, poked AJ in the ribs and said-"What are you gonna do about that guy disrupting your demonstration when the TV cameras come, beat him up? Cause if you touch him I'll kill you" AJ answered-"Who is this guy, some kind of college professor, or something?" "Yeah, he happens to be an assistant prof. of sociology at Rutgers" A few minutes later a couple of RLFers moved in front of the dude and everything was cool when the TV cats got there. The first thing Hidalgo Rivera asked was-"Arent you the guy who became famous from going thru Dylan's garbage?" "Arent you one of the people who follows me around for doin it?" This response was so right-on that when EYEWITNESS NEWS edited the footage they cut this part out. (All in all their coverage was very fair) After a brief rap with Hidalgo, AJ began to lead the RLF on a march to the offices of R.S. We spoke along the way-"It went okay, but I'm sorry I had it on woman's day. I got all fucked up with conflicting engagements. That guy Christgau & his friends are politically liberal but culturally facistic. He hates me so much he wont even talk with me and hear what I have to say. He has ample access to the establishment media to get his ideas accross. I dont. I have to put on a whole show to get their attention and then a lot of times they just report on the show and not the ideas behind it. (eg Blair Sabel thing in The Voice)

(Continued on Page 17)



No more Faste UP FOR YOU A.J. - The Boys



JOHN BALDRY : It Ain't Easy (Warner Brothers WS 1921)

When superstars come together to pay tribute to old mentors, the result is usually hideous. Who can forget the unutterable shittiness of that Lord Sutch album, despite Beck, Page, Hopkins, et al? Bearing that in mind, you might feel inclined to mistrust the album that Rod Stewart and Elton John have produced for their former boss, (Long) John Baldry. Be not suspicious, brothers and sisters. Contrary to all reasonable expectations, this is neither shuck nor bummer. If you ignore John Baldry, you're a loser.

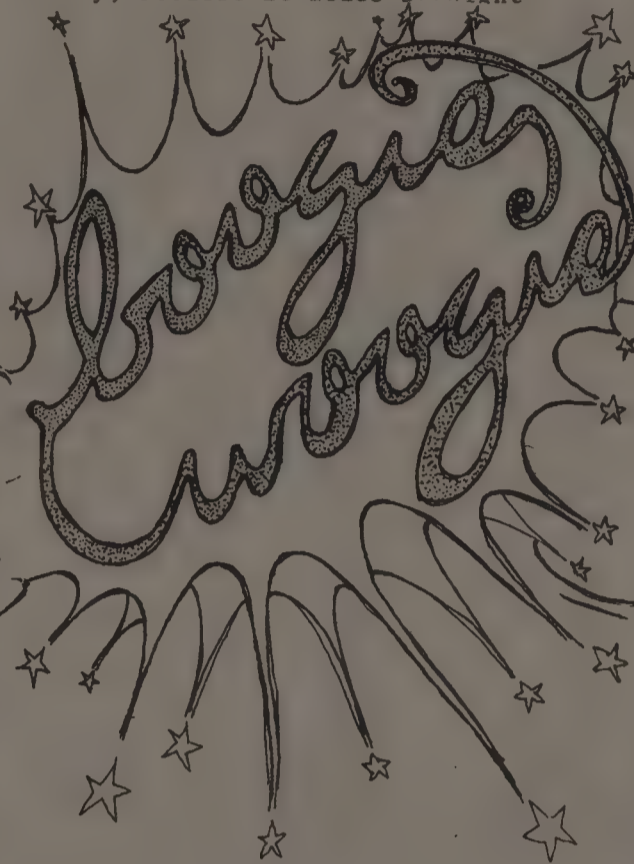
Briefly. Long John Baldry has been a part of the British music scene

Beck or somebody, so start your own rumour and amaze your friends.

The Rod side opens up with John doing some folksy reminiscing about getting busted whilst singing in the streets. Unless you're into recorded raps, this will probably bore the ass off you, but don't worry, because it leads straight

have sounded like if Rod had sung it, because, truth be told, Stewart is a greater artist and a better singer than Baldry will ever be.

The Second side is less frantic, because Elton's brand of funk is, on record at least, smoother than rod's. The backing and arrangements are immaculate, and Elton and Hookfoot's monstro guitarist Caleb Quaye both play everything they own. "Burn Down The Cornfield" was written by Randy Newman, though it sounds like one of Reg's, nice and gentle. The second song is a ballad, called "Mr Ruben" and is dedicated to fun-loving Jerry. It's less reactionary than it sounds at first hearing, because the lyrics accept that society is fucked, even if they don't relate to Jerry's tactics. Besides,



don't try to lay no

on the king of rock n'roll

for about fifteen years. From a 6'7" country blues singer working folk clubs to a tuxedoed night-club balladeer, Baldry has sung with bands which have included, as well as Stewart and John, Julie Driscoll, Elton Dean, Brian Auger, British blues pioneers Alexis Korner and the late Cyril Davies, and most of the Stones. Even when he appeared on Bobbie Gentry's BBC show dressed for Las Vegas, he could sing T-Bone Walker's "stormy Monday Blues" and tear your heart out. The press didn't know what to say about him. "Long John, you sell out cocksucker," raged Felix Dennis in OZ, "Cyril Davies is turning in his grave." So here we all are in 1971, and John Baldry is back (without the "Long" but with a beard, long hair, integrity and a new contract.) So now the question is: can a 6'7" gay blues singer find love and acceptance in today's rock world?

The answer to that one is, god DAMN yes he can. Apart from anything else, "It Ain't Easy" brings together two of the finest studio bands recording anywhere. Stewart's side takes members of Baldry's regular group and adds Stewart's own drummer and guitarist, Mickey Waller and Ron Wood, plus the incredible voice of Maggie Bell. Elton's side features Mr Lollipop Superstar himself on piano, with three of the phenomenal Hookfoot group and guest guitarist Joshua M'Bopo. He's probably Jeff

into a very tough reading of "Don't Try To Lay No Boogie Woogie On The King Of Rock And Roll." It rocks. Then Maggie Bell joins John for a semi-acoustic "Black Girl." WHAT FUCKIN' VOICES!! Unless Ray Charles gets back with Aretha, or Nina recorded with Otis or unless there's a bootleg of Janis with Joe Crocker, you're unlikely to hear anything comparable (unless it's the track on Rod's latest album where HE sings with Maggie). Sam Mitchell does some gorgeous things with Dobro here. Then the title cut, which is nothing if not uninspired performance of Tuli Kupferberg's "Morning, Morning" and then it's time for the blues with Wood and Mitchell working their balls off on Muddy's "I'm Ready".

Luckily, Rod has resisted the temptation to give us half a Rod Stewart album with a John Baldry vocal tack. It's just that the sound and orchestration are so characteristic of Rod's own solo albums that one has a sneaking curiosity as to what it would

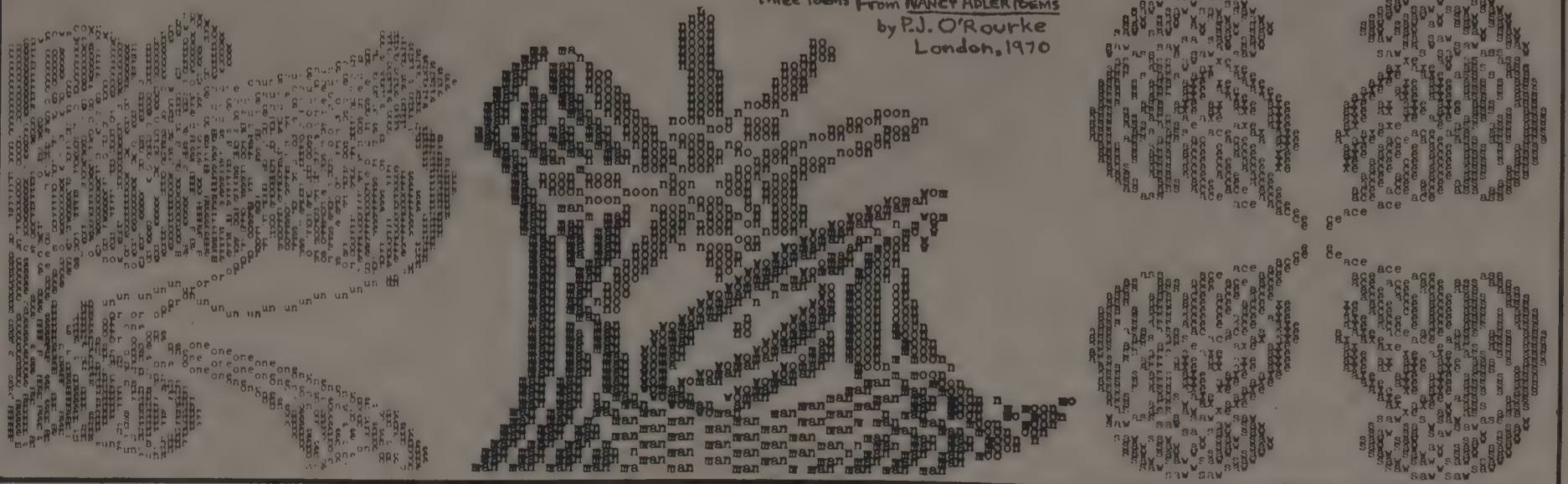
Jerry is not going to lose much sleep because John Baldry and Elton John don't dig him. For what it's worth, it's beautifully sung and played.

The second side really starts moving with the third cut, a BRAND NEW BERNIE AND ELTON SONG called "Rock Me When He's Gone". Elton could put his own voice over this and it would sound fresh out of "Tumbleweed Connection." That man certainly blows, as they say, a mean piano. Finally, John, Elton, Hookfoot and that choir you may remember from the "Elton John" album tackle Rod Stewart's "Flying" (from the Faces' "First Step"). It builds and swells with a beautiful tranquility far removed from the rasping urgency of Stewart's version. When Rod sang it, he sang from the top of his voice, while John starts low and easy, saving his power. Caleb, you're beautiful and I salute you, man, I really do.

So there you have it. Which side you prefer is entirely down to whether you prefer Rod Stewart to Elton John. It's a lovely piece of work and you ought to own it. Only two questions remain. One: what will Baldry's next album sound like without his Zooper Dooper Heavy Friends, and TWO: WHEN THE FUCK ARE THEY GONNA GIVE THIS GODFORSAKEN CO COUNTRY THE HOOKFOOT ALBUM? Meanwhile, don't try to lay no boogie woogie on the king of rock and roll.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Three Poems From NANCY ADLER BEIMS by P.J. O'Rourke London, 1970





Whew! What luck!
Just renewed my EVO sub!
That was a close shave!

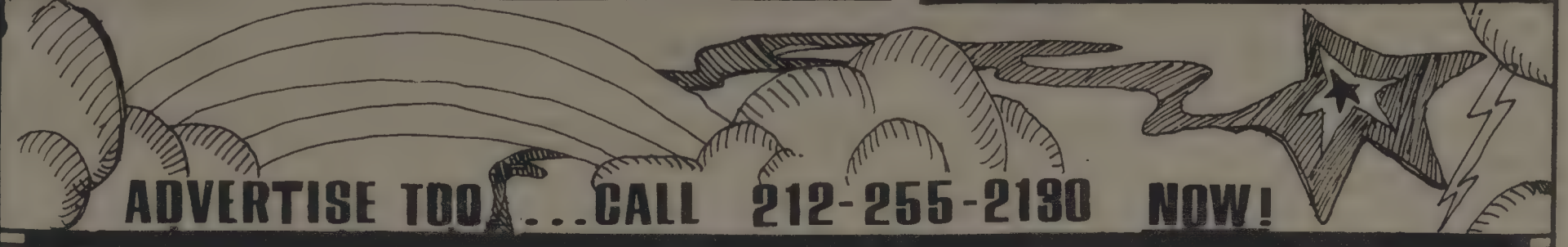
SUBSCRIBE TO THE NEW EAST VILLAGE OTHER

BEFORE WE KILL AGAIN!



Yeah, we've had about enough of this shit. We've been keeping an eye on the newsstands; we've seen you bastards come up and buy crap like TIME and Newsweek and The Daily News and SCREW and SUCK-ATASH and The Sensuous Woman, and just leave EVO lying there like a defiled virgin. Well, we're not gonna put up with this any more. We're gonna strike back. Massive retaliation, by God! From now on, any swain who passes a newsstand without purchasing The East Village Other, or allows his subscription to run out--and this goes for you swenches out there, too will get a "personal consultation" from the official EVO "enforcer". EVO knows all. EVO sees all. And if circulation doesn't pick up, EVO will fucking LEVEL THE VERY EARTH in her rage! No more fucking around. The New EVO is out to kick ass, man. Remember, we got feelings tod!!!

THE east village OTHER
20 east 12th STREET NEW YORK CITY 10003
NAME _____ ZIP _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY OR TOWN _____ STATE _____



ADVERTISE TOO ...CALL 212-255-2130 NOW!

R. Clark

(Continued from Page 3)

me too, has short memory of things that don't affect us directly as individuals; that we don't experience directly-- And a limited attention span for an going phenomenon, such as even so tragic an occurrence as the war in Indochina....
 INHUMANITY OF YOUNG MEN GOING OFF TO KILL AND BE KILLED IN A WAR THAT BOGGLES

THE MIND BECAUSE OBVIOUSLY VIOLENCE IS AN INTERNATIONAL PROBLEM SOLVER THAT IS NO LONGER ACCEPTABLE...WE MUST CONDITION VIOLENCE FROM THE HUMAN CHARACTER rc

We just.. its like we get morally exhausted very quickly.

LN: Is that typical american or typical people?

RC:NO, I think its human I think its what we're made of.. in addition its hard for us to be concerned about many things at one

time-We can be deeply concerned about one thing it can really torture us- we can be concerned deeply about one and have two or three others in the back of our minds. The mind bog- gling thing about our times is the range or our problems. We've so neglected ourselves, our cities. We have so many problems that it almost leads to incoherence and it causes people to doubt that we can solve them

Its difficult to even enumerate major problems that threaten life. International violence in how many places? How many different threats to the ecology? How many problems in the Urban crisis-race crime housing failure of education? Any one a mammoth problem in and of itself. We look at them and many begin to doubt man can cope I think we can, I think we can quite easily. But I think you really focus on the problem when you ask about our attention span--We're going to have to be pretty good!!!

LN:With all thats happened, is it too late to back down, to go the other way

with the wire-tap and no-knock policies?
 "CRUSH PRIVACY FOR A GENERATION AND IT MAY BE GONE FOREVER" rc

RC:No, we'll go the other way. Its a question of how harm we'll do before then. The statistics that are regularly developing now as to the use of wire-tap show that its official and authorized use has expanded greatly in the last several years. We're now intercepting hundreds of thousands of private conversations by authorized wire-tap. And we're extending millions of dollars from the public treasury to intercept those conversations. It gives us a new self image LN: Its devastating..... RC:It is devastating... its very pervasive, too. Its hard to know yourself and we have to know ourselves. And invasions of privacy erode your capacity to know yourself or even realize the importance of that.....

"...I THINK ONE'S CHARACTER DEVELOPS OVER A LONG PERIOD OF TIME THROUGH PRIVATE REFLECTION BY BEING BY ONESELF; SO THAT WHEN WE TAMPER WITH PRIVACY WE TAMPER

(Continued on Page 18)

CON-FABBS
 (Continued from Page 12)
 was a mixed reaction from the group. Those who favored Washington and those who favored New York. Nobody had any money and the problem of group survival. came to a head. In the week that we stayed in D.C. the group met just about everyday. Our first duty was to get out a mailing telling our people about the conference to be held in New York. We decided to work collectively on writing it and it took a lot of time. But we got it together and in

the mail. Incidentally if YOU want your name in the MayDay a mailing list, drop me a line care of this paper.
 Three weeks of travelling around the country for MayDay. The Fall Actions Gathering starts Sept. 17 - registration is at the Washington Square Methodist Church, 135 W. 4th Street. Twelve Noon. I'm weary and worn out. The Interim Coordinating Committee is now in NYC. If any of you out there can open up your homes, floor space is enough. It

would really help. We have no money and no real support. If you can do anything at all write Coca c/o this paper. The Fall offensive can only happen with the help of all brothers and sisters. If we let MayDay die now, we will lose the only chance of survival. I am sure that the brothers and sisters who are underground at this time are looking to us to keep things together. Let's not let them down. They certainly have put a lot more than their very lives on the line for us.

NOTICE

CERTIFICATE OF CONTINUED USE OF PARTNERSHIP NAME OF THE WHOLE EARTH)pursuant to Article 7 of the New York Partnership Law)
 WHEREAS, the business of the firm of THE WHOLE EARTH, a partnership which has transacted business in this State, continues to be conducted by one of the partners and

WHEREAS, the business heretofore conducted by said firm is to be conducted hereafter by the undersigned in the name of THE WHOLE EARTH.

NOW, therefore, the undersigned in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, does make, sign and acknowledge this certificate and declare that the person intending to deal under the name of THE WHOLE EARTH with her respective place of residence, is as follows:

Anne F. Kroll
 235 Eastern Parkway
 Brooklyn, New York
 IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 3rd day of June 1971.
 s Anne F. Kroll
 State of New York)
 ss.:
 County of New York).

On this -th day of June, 1971, before me personally appeared Anne F. Kroll, to me known and known to me to be the individual described in and who executed the foregoing certificate, and she thereupon duly acknowledged to me that she executed thasame.
 Eunice Burnett

"A BLOOD-GUSHING SHOCKER!"

-Look Magazine

THE "FAMILY" SHARED SEX, MASS MURDER, AND HEADLINES

TROY DONAHUE



SWEET SAVIOUR

Trans World Attractions presents a BOB ROBERTS production • COLOR by DeLuxe
WORLD PREMIERE NOW
 New FORUM 47th St. / 47th St. and Broadway PL 7-8320-1
TRANS-LUX EAST
 THIRD AVE AT 58TH STREET PL 9-2292

AJ

(Continued from Page 13)

So that bastard is afraid of masses of people hearing my ideas. As a liberal he probably believes in the artists right to complete freedom including freedom from social responsibility. But what about my freedom to get my ideas across? So he's really a god-damned hypocrite. Somebody should get that motherfucker!"

What did it all mean? Firstly, the RLF is the only group to currently get freaks into the streets for Yippie type spontaneous happenings, a tradition that some people believe is worthwhile preserving. Secondly, Rock Liberation works - Dylan was probably forced into doing the Bangladesh Benefit by all the bad PR he received as a result of the 'birthday party' the RLF held for him. Finally, the revolution happens on many fronts, Gay, Woman's etc. so if you really relate to a certain thing you can help liberate it. The age of specialization comes to revolution.

AJ's detractors claim he's only in it for the publicity- but if they'd investigate his past they'd find he was a founder of the New York Provos- an early Yippie Group back in 1967. And AJ has nothing on the market to promote- Dylan has successfully suppressed his book. "I've made about a grand in the last three years from my writing, mostly from the Esquire thing and I gave 25% of that to the movement and I have receipts to prove it cause I know Amerika is full of cynical bastards" Some say he's wasting revolutionary energy which could be channelled against war, racism etc. "Since I'm at most new-left demos I aint gonna hold RLF things on the same days. And what's wrong with mobilizing people for street actions? A lot of people who come to RLF things wouldnt go to a purely political demo - tho there is a lot of overlapping between RLF & YIPPIE & MAYDAY. But let me say this to my critics-EAT SHIT MOTHERFUCKERS!"
NEXT WEEK: What happened when the RLF reached R.S. or WHO IS REX ELLSBERG AND WHY IS HE SAYING ALL THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT WAITERS IN CHINESE RESTAURANTS?

ELEC-TRIC DEATH

(Continued from Page 4)

It will not explode until some "heavy target" passes within its range.

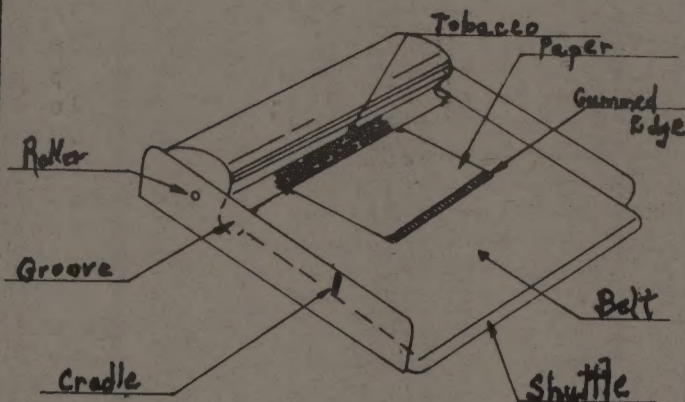
This list of weapons is almost endless: the Gravel, described as an anti-personnel mine that looks like an oversized tea bag;

the BLU-52 chemical bomb, described as a "standard firebomb case... filled with 270 lbs. of CS-2 riot control agent," used to flush people out of caves and bunkers where they can be strafed by gunships; the Grasshopper, and anti-personnel and anti-vehicular bomb under development.

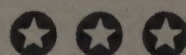
Then there is the whole new line on "Smart Bombs" which are conventional 750, 1000, 2000 lb. bombs with laser guidance systems or TV nose cameras fastened to them. These Smart Bombs have been developed by the U.S. in response to a situation in which almost all life in Laos and North Vietnam has moved deep into limestone caves in surrounding mountainsides to escape the ceaseless bombing.

With such an electronic battlefield, the war in Indochina will be able to continue long after the last U.S. soldier dies and the last American leaves Vietnam. Sensors will continue to feed data to the fighter-bombers and B-52s which will rain destruction down on the silent land below. Aircraft will take off without publicity or fanfare from U.S. bases in Thailand and the 7th fleet in the South China Sea to wage an ultimately depersonalized war of electronic machines against men. The strategy is simple, if unspoken in public either in Washington or Saigon. Withdrawal will mean the end of death for Americans, but not for the Indochinese. Nixon's withdrawal has turned out to be what Colonel David Hackworth, the most decorated U.S. officer on active duty, has called "a public relations man's dream."

DO YOUR THING WITH ROLUM



ROLUM CIGARETTE MAKER



WITH ROLUM YOU CHOOSE THE TOBACCO BLEND, THE PAPER, THE LENGTH AND THICKNESS YOU DESIRE.

ROLUM IS THE EASIEST AND FASTEST WAY TO ROLL.

NO HASSLE - NEVER ANY WASTE.

COMES IN THREE MODELS:

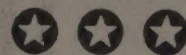
- ★ SUPER THIN
- ★ THIN
- ★ REGULAR

PRICE, \$2.00

THREE FOR \$5.00

ROLUM CIGARETTE MAKER

A PRODUCT OF ROLUM ASSOC.
P.O.Box 611
BRONX, N.Y. 10451



ROLUM ASSOC. P.O. BOX 611 BRONX, N.Y. 10451

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MODEL _____ \$ _____

--DISTRIBUTORS WANTED--

PATENT PENDING A LEHI PRODUCTION

R. Clark

(Continued from Page 16)

WITH THE FOUNDATIONS OF INDIVIDUAL INTEGRITY"

LN: Fight for individual freedom not a popular cause..this is particularly sad because there is no contest between liberty and security. You have both or neither."rc Does Middle America know its in the process of making these choices?
RC: Not consciously. Its hard to know where your are these days. The immediate problems are still food, shelter, and clothe safety. Its easy to assume freedom. Not so much really because of our ideology but because of the physical facts of our environment...the new continent... the history of our growth and expansion. Freedom was inevitably to be a major part of our experience. To me its the part that stimulated our vitality. I think freedom is the mother of fulfillment. Its your chance as an individual to do what you can and will

LN: With all that has to be done--all the dissent that is necessary to bring about these tremendous changes...Can our system of government, of living, absorb the jolt that it will need.. the quantity of dissent, let alone the quality of dissent that is necessary?

RC: It must--By that I mean.. Dissent is the finder of truth. I don't mean all dissent is right But its just the probing. It was your dissenting explorer that discovered and your dissenting scientist that invented.

And had they not questioned, exercised skepticism and doubt..brought forth new ideas--we wouldn't have found new truths.

LN: but now we need mass dissent. The individual dissent is good but for some reason the loss of self-identity its got to be done enmasse. People don't identify with those individual figures, they admire from afar but they don't

RC: Well its a littl of both I think. The major dynamics are population and technology. And the major question is whether we can cope with both those forces. They're botha product of human effort. And they're both uncontrolled. If we control population we can begin to solve problems. If we don't we'll not.

If we permit ourselves to add billions of people I doubt that human ingenuity can cope. If we don't realize quickly that technology does not make moral judgements, that man has to make moral judgements; and he has to apply them very effectively to technology. Or technology-which can be the liberator will be the destroyer. Its as simple as that.

But basically to change we have to make change our goal. We have to want change. Man has always resisted change, he's been afraid of it. However miserable his present existence, its better than the unknown, and he's feared change. Change is opportunity. We have to seek change. The two basic types of change are institutional and attitudinal. There is no change of institutions that you can make that will be adequate if we do not fundamentally change human conditions.

We have to believe in ourselves. We have to want Joy. We've forgotten about that. We cannot be ashamed to be Gentle. We will be gentle or we'll destroy each other. We've got to Roll Up our Sleeves and SING. We can be very creative and productive people if we can overcome the barriers to doing these things. And fear is a major one.. Fear paralyzes.

LN: Could you see yourself as president? I've always felt that the

presidency requires a certain dissipation of those feelings towards humanity..

RC: (chuckling) It has been a sacrifice.. but thats because of our attitudes, too. Our desperate need is for anew humanism. We've permitted mass population and technology--all you couldn't have urban society without those two-- to dehumanize us. We've got to stand for people. We've got to seek a new humanism. We've got to realize that greed has been a dominant factor in all history because we've experienced want, scarcity. The necessities of life have been few and tenuous, and inadequate. Technology has changed that. Therefore technology can help us realize that greed destroys an interdependent society. And we are a totally interdependent society. Finally when any people suffer whether it be in Pakistan or Biafra or Harlem or Watts, all will suffer....

LN: You've not answered the question of the presidency

RC: I realized that as you mentioned it. I don't know how to answer it--I can visualize myself as being almost anything

LN: Okay, then is 'almost something outside the realm of what you're doing now that you've always wanted to do...something..fanciful

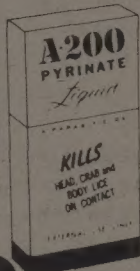
RC: Well (again chuckling) I enjoy doing many things that and I enjoy doing nothing--I could've been happiest perhaps as a drifter because I enjoy sitting and watching people and thinking

But I guess I cannot stand idleness because I think we are in a desperate situation. And I cannot live with myself as a bystander. Because I think I have a, I think we all have a duty to make our individual best effort to help solve the problems that humanity is confronted with. And frankly I don't think we're going to make it if most of us don't make our best effort, an unselfish effort to help mankind. Thats whats going to be needed and thats why a new humanism--almost a religious movement-- is whats essential...

LICE ?

No stain • No smell

One shampoo kills lice and nits. At drug stores without prescription.



A-200

Pyrinate Liquid

Ad. #A-1-71

PIPES CLIPS
ROLLING PAPERS

INCENSE

IMPORTERS and WHOLESALERS

COSMIC TRUTH

P.O. BOX 2236

SAN RAFAEL, CA. 94902

Personals

Wheel and Deal

Employment

Announcement

I'm searching for a warm sensitive, reasonably together girl who would like to share my Village apartment and assist me with my literary agency. Herb Vernon, 260-0896.

Good looking guy 26, seeking to meet girls for sexual enjoyment, friendship possibly marriage. Will satisfy your every desire. Discretion assured. Richie 738-2022. Anytime.

ATTENTION DOMINANT FEMALE (S) SINCERE DOCILE MALE (LATE TWENTIES) desires equally sincere female (s) only who would like to dominate, exhibit, S&M, B&D, servitude etc. Only request: sincerity. Call 212-824-0752 evenings after 10 p.m. keep trying or write P.O. Box 375, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211

hear my heart when memory returns to the ice & a frontier hides the vise
hear my heart when child-head frightens a flame & farewell satisfies the shame
yu-2-4471 Orpheus Jr.

Cynical women note: I am a very handsome, tall, educated, verbal, self-confidant, dominant yet sensitive, unique young male Manhattanite, who really understands women and thinks them adorable. I know in the past you you have been treated as an object and not as a person. Attractive women call David. 674-6931.

hear my heart when the sun yields to a chain & a skeleton encounters the sane
hear my heart when the dream conquers a fantasy & the bird weeps with ecstasy
yu-2-4471 Orpheus Jr.

I get an erection when I receive money. Send money and help me achieve erection. I.R. Box 176 1990 Broadway N.Y. N.Y. 10023.

S & M.
LUSCIOUS BRUNETTE, early thirties, brilliant mind, employed, references, seeks part time sponsor who is a wealthy businessman or tycoon between 50 & 75 years. Preferred a person of the esoteric class & emotionally mature. Monica Gomez, 152 W. 42nd St., Suite 504, NY, NY 10036.

BE MY SLAVE! MALE SEEKING STRONG MASCULINE APPEARING MALE SLAVE. YOU SHOULD BE STRONG AND MUSCULAR. CALL 423-2358."

CONGENIAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS NUDE FEMALE MODELS. \$30 PER 2 HOUR SESSION. EVENINGS ONLY. 889-1437 38-35-40-41

Girl for part time general office work. No typ.nec., beginner ok., 4 day, 3 hour week, morn. hrs. salary \$100 wk. Take homepay. For one who is liberal and uninhibited enough as to give of herself for just one hour a wk. Downtown man. call 233-2030.

NUDE MALE MODEL, Groovy looking masculine guy, tall, Athletic build. Versatile, cooperative, reliable. Phone week-day evenings only. BRAD 838-9054.

Masseurs

Young attractive male model. Masculine, well-hung, and beach-tanned. Available for all types of posing or massage. Call Michael 989-8067. anytime \$25.00

YOUNG MASSEUR Midtown-West Side location. Noon till 1 AM. For appointment: Call PHIL. 244--6159.

Masseurs available 50 amateurs & two licensed on call - all types (Negro's white etc.) Home office & studio 11 a.m. - 11. p.m.

Masseurs available amateur & professional on call Black-white - /P.R.'s. Home-office or studio Menonly - 11 a.m. 11 p.m. only 725-0498.

UPTIGHT? COOL IT, MAN, CLIMAX YOUR DAY WITH A MIND BLOWING MASSAGE BY PIERO. BY APPOINTMENT. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. CALL 734-5094. Air Cond. STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.

YOUNG BEACH-TANNED male model, Masculine, attractive & well-hung. Available for modeling & massage. Call Michael 989-8067.

Real Estate

EAST 49th ST. 3 RMS. MALE SWINGER 26 SHARE W/ COMPATIBLE SWINGER CHICK. RENT FREE. 355-4458.

young boy, radical pacifist, seeks other young people interested in sharing my apartment and beating the pig system. Purpose: semi-collective living and low rent! Call John, 741-1960 . If not in, leave message.

Answers

ANSWERS FOR ADULTS: straight bisexual gay; Couples, singles; Lists, clubs, people, contacts; where. Personal, honest answer; no BS. \$5. Answer Group, Box 2173 V, Phila. 19103

Vietnam Veterans Against the War is conducting a drive for food, clothing and medical supplies in support of a twenty-seven month old strike. Persons who wish to contribute are urged to call the vets at 725-6580 or bring the items to the forth floor, 25 Wx West 26th Street.

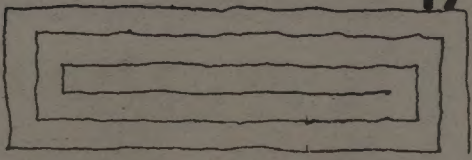
Publications

United World Press Cooperative, a free, sharing, syndicate of the peoples' media can use seriously written articles dealing with all phases of the counter-culture as well as the death-kulture which it is replacing. Cartoons, poetry, columns, photos (B&W) also needed. This type of material can be very useful to a small, new, or struggling media group. Sample packet sent on request. UWPC is a political (non-tax exempt) non-profit organization. People forming, or formed as media groups can plug into each other thru UWPC--contact us. UWPC, Rama Pipien packets, reference lists, etc., prepared for all our brothers/sisters struggling to servethepeople and stopthepig with any form of communications systems--including touching. Write UWPC, the Rama Pipien Collective, P.O. Box 641, Newcastle Calif. 95658. Reader and library subscriptions available for small annual fee. Packets sent free to prisoners and services people. Venceremos

Publications

PAPER TIGER is a new, independent publication written and produced by high-school students; the emphases are on politics, music, ecology, poetry and graphics. Our most serious problem - money - can be alleviated by sending \$2.00 or more to PAPER TIGER c/o Avram Barlowe, 2630 Kingsbridge Terrace, Bronx, New York 10463. You will receive all subsequent issues plus the joy of helping a starving paper survive.

Zen phrase: "the arrogance of agency"" (A.A.). Tibet: "If there is an obstacle, it is not space." Thoughts are sometimes pictured ("thoughtstorms") as bullets. Nose: Dry (Drydock Savings Bank), Simonson, Cohen and Rea ("rhei," Hellene, "It runs") (7th Ave. around 38th) I was on high-wire clown: Harlequin; pin-head: Elohim; fat lady: Maya; Tigerer: Sylvan Bien



("Scratch under eye" in zoo. (I can't talk to a tiger with a mouth.) various minor clowns. Dylan's "With his lady at his side he took a stand." Benedict's hotdog stand on 42 (Gurdjieff, "The stomach is the landlord"). Ibsen. Asia: A equals A (A does not equal not-A. Anything is either A or not-A.) (Aristotle). Oupensky, "English has 40000 words for 'lie'. (You are not me.) Dennis and the Witches": "I wrote a book, so my soul should have a body." Non-buddy Richy (They did you on account of your facial/racial (Sokrates' "I'd rather be than seem." type, all such "facial types" they could automatically as "retarded." (The race gods, race, and racial unconscious are not God.-I am God. I created the Creation as number in Algiers about "59.)) Kindly do not absent yourself from my Lila. (Same goes for all former acquaintances (Flo, Kamikazi, Tandy and others, please write!). Glasspearl Game: Castalia, Mad. about 64th. Free book: Ben Schwartzberg, 752 Stuyvesant Sta. "Master" "Lord" are dirty words, echoes/puns/misunderstandings of "maste!" (Hellene, "female breast" when spoken to) & "El awed". "The 2 concerns of the soul are dirty & reputation." Everybody has their own soul ("What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, to which the answer, despite all the jokes (and there are more than any of the jokers make) is NOTHING. Gurdjieff: "Blessed is he who has a soul, and blessed is he who has none, but cursed is he who is working at getting one." is the best joke I know on the subject.) The Borneo Typewriter:: B, covered by VGyHN, covered by CFT & UJM, covered by XDR & IK, covered by ZSE & OL, covered by AW&P, covered by Q.

JOIN THE CHURCH OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOODS
BECOME AN ORDAINED MINISTER
with Legal Degree of
DOCTOR OF DIVINITY
IF you want to raise your entire Standard of Life... you want to be referred to as Dr. and Reverend and EXPERIENCE what new powers these highly honored titles bring you. ACT NOW - to really fulfill your dreams.
Partial List of Powers and Benefits...
Set up your own TAX FREE CHURCH, under YOUR complete control * Perform all priestly functions - Marry, Counsel and exercise all other ecclesiastical powers for fees or donations * Information on Tax Free Donations and Fees. (With our Church, on your own, or in your own Church) * Discounts to Clergy from many Airlines, Merchants, Hotels and Motels * Many, many more Temporal, Material and Spiritual benefits described fully.
GET IT ALL NOW FOR \$10.00
Beautiful Blue & Gold lithographed Ordination Degree as Doctor of Divinity and Ordination Certificate - Legal everywhere. Impressive wonder-working I.D. card, booklet of New Benefits for you, full instructions on starting your own Church. Three Steps To A New YOU - Plus Much More. Print your name - as you want it on your Degree and make check payable to: Church of Universal Brotherhood over 42nd St. 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood / CA 90028
Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____
 \$10.00 Donation for Both Degree & Certificate
 \$20.00 Donation Both in Custom Made Frames

