

metropolitan 25¢ out 35¢ vol6 no.39 sept 22, 71

THE ^{east} OTHER _{village}

ATTICA USA



Hi Ray.

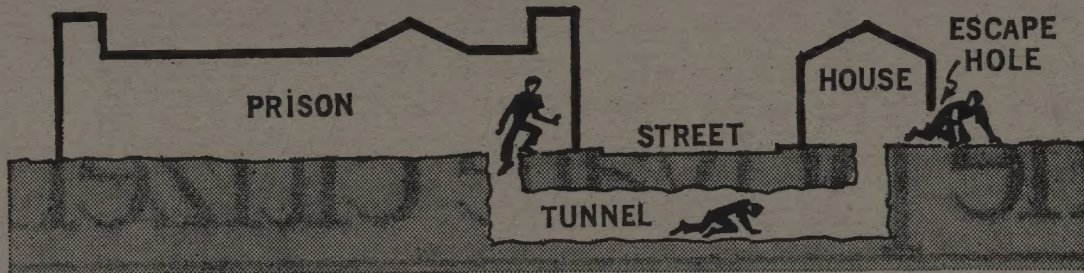
I am sick and tired thinking about the Atticas of America.
I am bored stiff listening to post mortems.
I am sickened at the thought of absolution by hand wringing, marching and effigy burning.
I am ashamed of the lie we live.
I shiver at the thought of the trust and belief they had in us.
Take Sam Mellville's last letter:

"Power People!
We are strong, we are together, we are growing. We love you all. We missed your continuing love and support. Brother Huey is on his way and Counselor Kunstler too. YAWF is storming the walls. What shall we do? Cha Cha Cha.

Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh
Please inform our next of kin.

Agincourt, Sept. 10th, '71 Sam Melville"

Poor Sam. YAWF storming the walls? Could he have been that naive as to assume that any one of us really gave a damn while there was still time? How many more Atticas do we need in order to come to terms with the fact that big talk and stumping haven't as yet brought freedom to a single prisoner? How many more hysterical freakouts shall we have to endure before the harsh realities of life will dawn upon us?
No, I don't have the solution but on the other hand, on the very same Sunday when negotiations were still going on, the following item appeared in the New York Times:



sculpture on the cover by Anita Steckel, currently showing at Westbeth Artists Galleries, 463 West St. Cover photo & design by Roger Tomlinson.



Tupamaros:

A Strategy Of Long, Dangerous Political Warfare

MONTEVIDEO—It began last Sunday evening when two groups of young, well-mannered and heavily armed men took over two little homes that stand back

to back on a block next to Punta Carretas prison here.

At 3:30 the next morning, after a wild demonstration on the other side of the city had drawn off police patrols, the floor of one of the darkened houses heaved up. A silent file of men began coming out of a 120-foot-long tunnel that had been dug between the house and the prison.

It was over before dawn: 106 Tupamaros, members of the most successful urban guerrilla organization in Latin America, had made their escape from the prison. They had broken through several cell walls and two cell floors, made contact with the tunnel 15 feet under the prison wall and the street, clambered up into one of the houses occupied by their comrades, left the

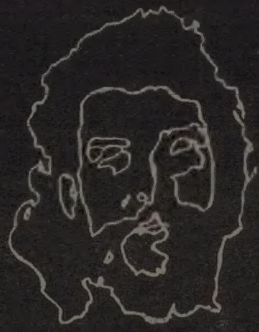
house through a hole in the wall to avoid detection and were driven away.

[Handwritten signature]

Solutions necessitate thought .Thought brings about solutions.

T H I N K and act accordingly!!!!!!Time is running out!!!!!!

- | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------------------------|
| jaakov kohn | stephen kohn | linda crawford | a.j.weberman | steve kraus | OVERSEAS:50¢ |
| allen katzman | fred caruso | nellie frenauld | harvey matusow | roger tomlinson | |
| charlie frick | fred mogubub | heidi | john reilly | | |
| yossarian | ray schultz | coca crystal | rudi stern | | |
| honest bob singer | d.a.latimer | jackie friedrich | ralph hall | | second class postage paid at |
| rex wiener | tuli kupferberg | paulinea kouwenhovn | spain | | New York,N.Y.EAST VILLAGE OTHER |
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| advertising:ionathan postel | distribution:werewolf distributors | | | | New York, N.Y. 10003 |
| | | | | | telephone:255-2130-1-2 /1971/ |



: Elegy Che Guevara :

European Trib. boy's face photo'd eyes opened,
 young feminine beardless radiant kid
 lain back smiling looking upward
 Calm as if ladies' lips were kissing invisible parts of the body
 Aged reposeful angelic boy corpse,
 perceptive Argentine Doctor, petulant Cuba Major
 pipe mouth'd & faithfully keeping Diary
 in Mosquitos Amazonas

SE 4 Y]

Sleep on a hill, dull Havana Throne renounced
 More ~~sex~~ your neck than sad aging necks of Johnson
 DeGaulle, Kosygin,
 or the bullet pierced neck of John Kennedy
 Eyes more intelligent glanced up to death newspapers
 Than worried living Congress Cameras passing
 dot screens into T.V. shade, glass-eyed MacNamara
 Dulles in old life...

Women in bowler hats sitting in mud outskirts 11,000 feet up in Heaven
 with a headache in LaPaz
 selling black potatoes brought down from earth roof'd huts
 on mountain-lipped Puno
 would've adored your desire and kissed your Visage
 new Christ

They'll raise up a red-bulb-eyed war mask's
 white tusks to scare soldier-ghosts
 who shot thru your lungs

Incredible! one boy turned aside from operating room
 or healing Pampas yellow eye

To face the stock rooms of ALCOA, Myriad Murderous Board Directors
 Smog-Manufacturing Trustees of Chicago U ^{OF UNITED FRUIT}

Lawyer Phantoms ~~of the~~ ranged back to dead
 John Foster Dulles' Dillon & Reed Lawfirm

[Close space

Acheson's mustache, Truman's bony hat
 to go mad and hide in jungle on mule & point rifle at OAS
 at Rusk's egoic Courtesies, the metal deployments of Pentagon
 derring-do Admen and dumbed intellectuals
 from Time to the CIA

One boy against the Stock Market all Wall Street ascream
 since Norris wrote the *Pit*
 afraid of free dollars showering from the Observer's Balcony
 scattered by laughing younger brothers,
 Against the Tin Company, against Wire Services,
 against infra-red sensor Telepath ~~and~~ Capitalism's
 money-crazed scientists
 against College boy millions watching Wichita Family
 Den T.V.

One radiant face driven mad with a rifle
 Confronting the electric networks.

Berkeley Tribe
 Vol 5 # 25 Issue 105
 July 30 - Aug 6, 1971

Nov. 1967 - VENICE, ITALY
 Allen Ginsberg

Allen Ginsberg
 J-E

Dana Beal: Prison Letter

Dear People: I'm really sorry this letter is so late. I've been pretty sick with pneumonia and jail doesn't exactly provide the best environment for a speedy recovery. But now it's down to headaches and depression, so there's no excuse not to get to work.

While I can't go into the complete details of my case, suffice it to say that the charges against me are incredibly leaky - so weak that they wouldn't even be pressing them if they didn't want to get me for perfectly legal political activities - I've been raising hell throughout Wisconsin for the last few years.

The federal charge was the result of one JOHN HENRY, a street dealer in the summer '67, given to hangin around the Provo office on Ave. A. Already on probation from an earlier conviction, John Henry was a speed-freak who was all too happy to act as an 'undercover' agent when they caught him selling acid. He charged that I was the supplier, a fraud undoubtedly cooked-up by the pigs. I was into heavy organizing at the time and they were uptight about the Smoke-ins and the fact that we'd started demonstrating outside of Centre Street everytime someone was busted for a psychedelic, or any other political crime.

The thing that sealed my fate was the fact that as far as they were concerned I was fomenting riots on the Lower East Side. You have to remember that this was only a month after the Newark riot, and they were UPTIGHT. When, after a skirmish in the park, we put out a leaflet advising people to avoid violent confrontations unless they could mobilize a lot more people, the cops freaked. I was busted three days later; there were mass demonstrations for my release, and I was out on the street on bail the next day.

The Federal charge is the only one from NYC that they're gonna press. They dropped the latter ones, the ones which finally convinced me to split. Like I didn't know what was happening at the time, and the lawyer to whom I'd given mucho bread, didn't even bother to show-up in court to defend me. So I panicked.

The Milwaukee charges basically all stem from my using a false ID during the famous bust of Oakland House, the YIPPIE HEADQUARTERS, I helped organize. The pisser is that they expected to find bomb central & all they found was a little weed & everyone got like \$25 fines while I had to split because I was hot from the earlier Federal Warrant. Aside from a little boo, all the activities of Milwaukee YIP were along the lines of community organizing, which is really what I'm into.

The Madison charges are even more confused, the original sale charges coming from a John Doe investigation which lead to an equal number of drug warrants and warrants for plain old riot. Several Madison undercover agents

infiltrated the Madison White Panthers - a Weatherman oriented group which single-handedly started the wave of heavy trashing actions which are still dogging the Madison establishment.

Those who they couldn't bust for assaulting an officer and such they nailed for drugs. I was in Milwaukee at the time (Feb. 70) I was supposed to have made the alleged sales, working to set up a communal house and get the DAY AFTER demo there ready for that fateful day when Julius Hoffman handed down the convictions in Chicago.

What happened was that the Madison police kept some warrants that they were never able to serve handy for any trouble-makers that might vaguely fit the description therein. A year later, after the Madison New Nation Conference last April, which led to one day of rioting which cost the city about a hundred grand they tried to hang one of those warrants on me. But I'd already left town.

I am convinced that the reason I'm sitting in jail now, is not because of any drug sales and not even because I organized demonstrations to legalize. The reason they assigned a four-man team to track me down was that at the JULY 4th SMOKE IN we also had an anti-heroin march, which came very close to exposing the conspiracy within the present government to flood the black and youth communities with smack.

The government is running scared. Even The New York Times is on the verge of breaking the story, with reports of our Laotian, Thai and Nationalist Chinese allies dealing dope! The Times even notes in passing that the CIA is curiously reticent to talk about the trade-leaving it to those of us who know to read between the lines that the CIA is in fact the centre of a heroin mainline stretching from Burma to Harlem. And that they work with the most reactionary police and criminals in the country to keep potentially revolutionary youth smacked-out.

Many people know this, many have written of it, but I am behind bars for organizing a demonstration to break the story wide open in the mass media. They followed me for months but after July 4th they had to get me.

On July 14, 1971 Cathy and I were trying to hitch out of Madison, Wis. when an old blue station wagon containing 4 disreputable characters pulled up to give us a ride. (Cathy was a YIP woman traveling and working with me) As we were getting into the car we noticed that they were packing guns. Cathy held down tow of them while I tried to split, but one of them caught me and beat me up. He broke my rib.

Later, while questioning me, he said

he'd "heard that the CIA was supplying most of the heroin on the West Coast"

Now I'm sitting in jail, with no money and a set of combined bails with total more than \$9000. cash. I'm going in to my second month. I have a lot of promises, but all the publicity would just as soon stick me with a big jail sentence as help me, unless people follow thru with money. I think about the three Milwaukee Black Panthers charged with shooting a cop, and missing. Jesse, Booker and Earl got enough publicity to make them notorious, but not enough to bail them out or put pressure on the D.A. They got 30 years.

The combined charges against me could add up to 30 years or more too. Also, if I don't get out on bail soon, it will be very difficult to do any kind of job at all on my book, YIPPIE MANIFESTOS. It's hard to write or talk over the book with other YIPs, from behind bars. And each day in jail increases the pressure to come to a pre-mature settlement, a bad deal, in court. If I'm convicted, the State Attorney General will block publication, period.

A.J., you speculated in your letter that Nixon's China initiative might be the signal for liberalization of US international policy and a domestic amnesty. Nixon's new economic policy shows that the China move is more in the nature of a Hitler-Stalin pact I've studied the economic policy of Italian fascism and Nazism and the new policy seems to confirm that at long last the government is moving toward a fascist corp-

orate economy. This will provide the economic base for more rather than less domestic repression. Maybe labor will finally be shaken loose from its Cold War alliance with Big Business. But to defend ourselves from government repression we will have to depend on ourselves, at least in the near future. We will have to develop a strong mass youth movement.

In this vein, I think it ultimately more important that a strong party organization be built in the course of my defense, than that I get off completely. I could do a couple of years in jail if I knew that it would somehow help build a strong party to keep fighting on the outside.

Today is very nearly the 4th Anniversary of my first bust. I'd like to take this opportunity to put out a call for a Youth International Party Conference this Thanksgiving in Madison or somewhere in the Midwest, to discuss the following:

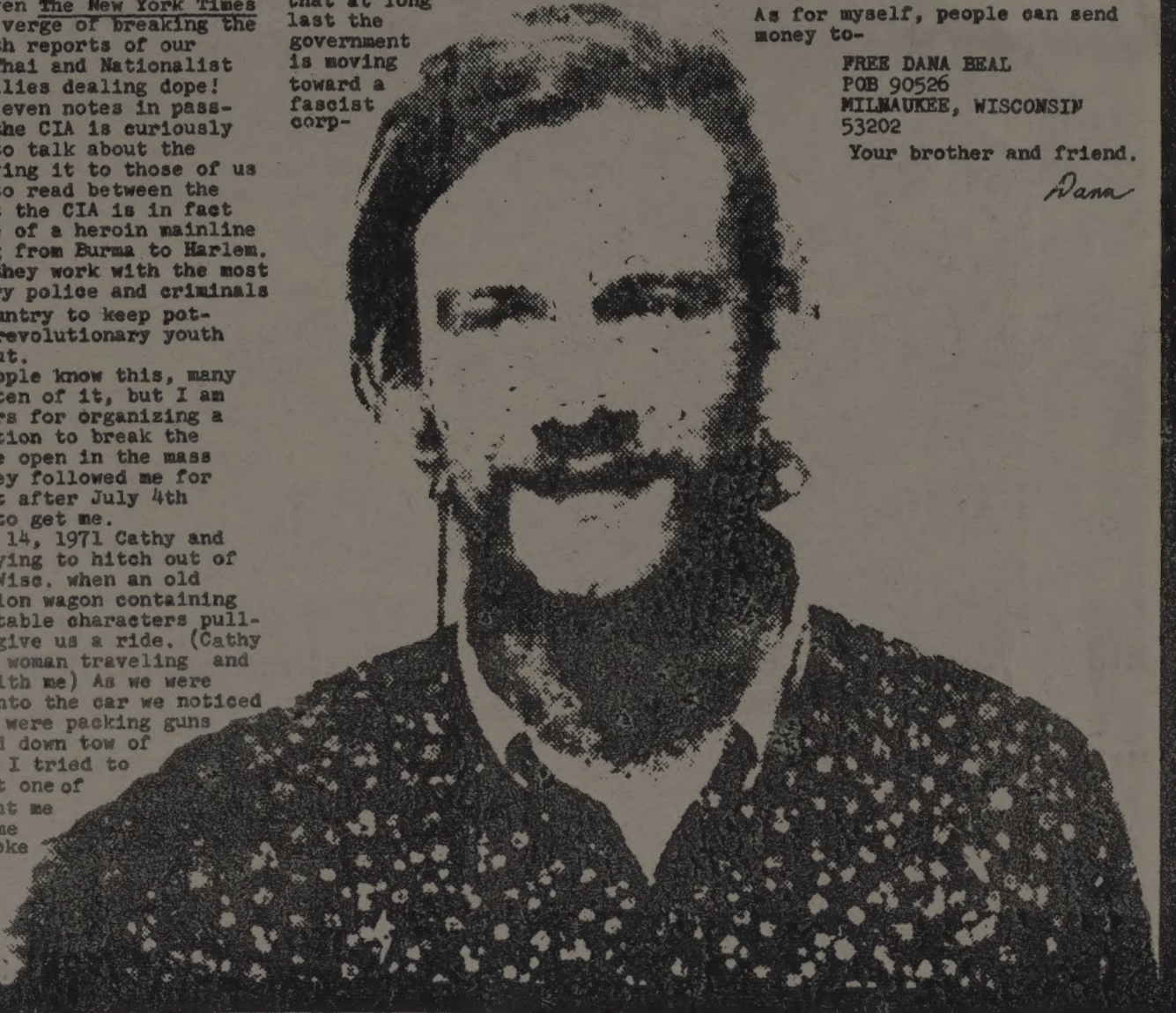
1. Our attitude toward the Democratic and Republican Conventions and the elections.
2. Our relations with the anti-war movement and the left.
3. Construction of State organizations, the formation of a National Party Council (as per Abbie's plan) to add new people to the present spokesmen / men & take some of the legal pressure off the Yippie 'Superstars'
4. Our stands on the Culture, Sexism and the drug issue.
5. Our policy regarding the present economic turmoil which is bound to get worse.

As for myself, people can send money to-

FREE DANA BEAL
POB 90526
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
53202

Your brother and friend.

Dana



Letters:

OPEN LETTER TO THE STAFF OF E.V.O.

This is a very serious warning.

The next time I read an anti-semitic remark or for that matter a racial or sexist slur in your free speech garbage paper I shall take action.

The action will be a punch in the mouth of the

proud author.

When A.J. Weberman summed up your paper in what was perhaps the only precise analysis he has ever written you refused to print it, however your gutsy wotsy style gives free reign to all the avant guard slander you can vomit.

Take HEED I mean business

One leaved TERRY

Dear EVO,

I am an inmate at the Federal penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

Some friends of mine and myself wish to subscribe to your paper, however, such "underground" newspapers (yours included) have in the past been considered contraband. The prison's policy was to destroy them in the mailroom

before they reached the inmates. Now, however, under the new administration of a relatively progressive warden named Alldridge, it is possible they will reconsider the issue and allow the papers to come in the prison.

It would be helpful if you would forward a sample copy of the newspaper to me, plus write the

warden here a personal letter in defense of your paper and your right to freedom of the press.

If you wish, I will let you know the final outcome of our campaign.

I await your reply.
Respectfully yours,
Robert F. Stewart
#18846-175
U.S. Penitentiary
Lewisburg, Pa.
17837



THE SPORTY FORTIES

by STEVE KRAUS

Once in a while, a very great while, once in a cerise moon while, someone does something that benefits all of humanity. I mean, one moment it isn't there, and the next everyone on the planet has benefitted by the new thing. Several examples of this rare but important phenomenon spring to mind like sick gazelles. There was the invention of the round pizza pie by Pietro Gumbafagioli. You remember his famous remark before a tribunal of the Holy Inquisition shocked by his innovatime heresy: "And yet it is round."

Then there was the eccentric English peer, Lord Roundbottom, and his invention of soda water. And Yamasaki's design for the World Trade Center towers. But Esquire Magazine has out-done them all. Yes, those cunning little wights up on Madison Avenue, the editors of Esquire have brought the vegetarian bacon home again, and in no uncertain way. Just cast your peepers on the cover of the current issue. Unglue your orbs from the Petty drawing of the nude girl in

a swing and read the title of the cover story: The Nineteen Forties—the Last Time America was Happy.

It just sort of takes your bad breath away. The simplicity of it all, the sheer intellectual daring and brilliance. I was lying on the beach when I saw the cover for the first time, and I sat down anyway, just to demonstrate to my friends the impact it had on me. It really shook me.

Here you went on your merry freaky way, bothering no one except the powers that be, sort of screwing along, happy go lucky, being happy some times, not that happy other times, all along really blundering in the darkness. Living in a fool's paradise, I call it. You thought you were happy, when all along it was just a sham and a pretense. Face it, sisters and brothers, you just thought you were happy. But you weren't and bless the little editors of Esquire for setting all of us luckless fools straight. We thought we were happy, but we weren't. How could we be happy? How could we every be happy? The last time America was happy was thirty one years ago. Any display of happiness since then, any place across the continent, has been an utter, complete mistake and has now been officially called off. Thank the

nevulae for Esquire, for leading all of us out of the darkenss.

So let us retrace our steps and relive again those happy days when America was happy. It was the last time America was happy. So, without any further ado, needing no introduction, the last happy decade, the Nineteen Forties. Come with us then, down the memory lane of those golden days, when everything was copasetic, and there was, for the last time, happiness throughout the land. Sisters and Brothers, the Nineteen Forties.

The decade began on a glorious note with 12 million happy Americans happily out of work, since the great depression, sort of a national freak out party, was still on. Twelve million unemployed out of a population of about 130 million. There are people who murmur about economic conditions not being so hot today with six million out of work out of a population of 200 million. So you can imagine what fun they had in those days

This went on until Dec. 7, 1941, when there was a very special event called Pearl Harbor, put on with the assistance of the Japanese. This was such mad, mad fun that for a long time after that people went around telling each other: "Remember Pearl Harbor" They really knew how to have fun in those days, yes siree bah.

Pearl Harbor was such a hit, coast to coast, that it was arranged for it to be expanded into a full scale national party which was called, for lack of a better name, World War Two. Now wasn't that a happy name? Great fun was had by all, so that in 1944 alone there were 500,000 American casualties. They sure knew how to play in the good old days, didn't they? But that was the forties for you, the last time America was happy.

We were so happy, because everybody was getting around and travelling and seeing foreign shores at first hand. Or face down, if you were lucky enough to be included in very special happenings called landings. The signal for that extra special event was someone shouting, "Let's hit the beach," and that's

(Continued on Page 17)

Doctor John Interview by Charlie Frick

Doctor John: the night Tripper, born and educated in New Orleans Louisiana. Started playing guitar and piano at an early age for Ace Records. A studio musician in his teens, people like Huey Smith and the Clowns, Frankie Floyd and Jimmy Clint had him on their records. They were the pop stars when he was a kid comin up in the music business. He got his roots in the studios and bar rooms on the back streets of the delta town.

Doctor John: "It was a whole different world, in those days cutting records was a whole other thing. You'd just get in there and have a good time and come out with a record. Now its gotten so technical and all you know."

Charlie Frick: "Does all of today's technology hinder the artist's creativity when he goes to make a record?"

DJ: "Well it can. It can do this like making it hard for a lot of artists to get heard. An artist may do a record personally great and if it isn't mastered good it can be a flop. It can still be a lousy record thru no fault of the artist. Like now days there's so much competition between Atlantic and Motown and all the rest of them companies to make good records that its hard for someone who is new or who doesn't know all the tricks to come in and make a record in competition or better than all the cats that's hustling to make great records."

CF: "Who are you in competition with as far as sales go?"

DJ: "Well I don't know. I intended to be in a class all by myself but it looks like somewhere along the line there's been a few groups that jumped into the stuff that I'm doing."

CF: "Where did rock and roll come from?"

DJ: "It's a combination of dixieland and country western and church music. It took the back beat kind of style used in strip joints and the free improvisational stuff from dixieland and the feeling of church music. I don't mean the catholic church. Sanctified pentacostal church music, you know-gospel. All these musics come together and now you have rock and roll. Everything is integrated into it from cowboy songs down to latin music. To me, well, I'm tryin to fight the terminology-tryin to make it all be just music. It's too complicated these days with everybody comin up with all these names like psychedelic ofay rock or spook rock or somethin like that. It just complicates the world more than what with all them fancy names. If we just call it music and enjoy it for what it is its groovy you know. That's the only way I can psyche it out anyhow."

It's pretty simple when he explains it in those terms. Doctor John is a man of few words. Last year when he was in England he called up Mick Jagger and Eric Clapton on the phone and said a few.

DJ: "Yeah well I was over there in England and I had my drummer and my background singers with me and decided to cut some songs. I called them (Mick and Eric) one day and said I needed some people to help me out. I didn't know anyone over there at all so between them and Ray Draper they helped me get a bunch of fine people together. We went into the studio and cut the whole thing in three days. We had a really great time. They were so good to work with."

CF: "What was it like to work with Jagger?"

DJ: "Cool, you know. He's nice people, a very helpfull cat."

CF: "Did you learn anything from each other?"

DJ: "Well anytime you work with different people from different backgrounds you pick up something."

CF: "Who else did you get to help you out?"

DJ: "Well I wanted a big sort of sound for the material that I had written so they helped me put together a pretty large band, lest see there was Eric on slide guitar, Tommy Feronne on the other guitar Victor Brock on pocket trumpet and organ, Ray Draper on tuba and percussion, Fred Baily on trap drums and a vocal section with Mick, Tammy Lynn, P.P. Arnold and Joni Jones.

That was the basic band we used on most of the tracks. For some of the songs we wanted more sound on a thing called Black John The Conquerer we added Kenneth Terroad on flute, Chris Mercer on tenor, Graham Bond on alto, Walter Davis on piano and Bobby Wittlock and Doris Troy in the vocal section. After we were thru we dubbed in some horn work that I wrote for a bunch of guys called the Memphis Horns, maybe you heard of them they been doin a lot of peoples albums lately. The next song we added Bobby Keys Jim Gordon and Carl Raddle, its called Where Ya At Mule? then the last song on the first side called Craney Crow, there was Jesse Boyce, on bass Freeman Brown percussion and a little girl named Amy Lee Steiner doing some improvisational background mingling. The second side on the album I did this thing with a song called One Familiar Reality. I had a recording of it done with my regular band back in L.A. That's John Bourdeaux on drums, Ron Johnson on bass and Ronie Barren on organ with my own horn section, Eddie Hoerner on trumpet and Jerry Jumonville on sax. I used it to open up the side and the last cut on the side is the same song done with the English Musicians. I figured the different way they sounded would give a strange perspective of the same song. It practically doesn't sound like one another at all cause of the different understanding of music everyone has over there. Then on a thing called Pots one Fiyo File gumbo Who I Got To Fall On If The Pot Gets Heavy, I had Steve York play bass. We has a different bass player on each of the cuts and added Fuzzy Samuels on the congas. On ZU ZU MZMOO Carl Raddle played Fender bass. On most of the cuts Memphis Horns were dubbed in afterwards.

CF: "Did you do all the horn arranging?"

DJ: "Well yeah. I think of the stuff the way I want it to sound and someone else writes it down so they can play it. I just dictate the music out of my head. I used them cause I didn't have all the horn sound that I wanted over there. I like horns bright and brassy."

CF: "What do you call the album?"

DJ: "The SUN MOON & HERBS" (Atlantic Records)

CF: "How did the European audiences like you and the stuff that you played for them?"

DJ: "It was real nice. I found places like France and England where there was a strong likeness. Louisiana is like France cause they both speak Franch and England the people speak English so I did real good in those palces. Holland too. In certain countries They didn't get down with us at all. In Germany the

people were like machines or something. They didn't groove with nothin that was happenin. I figure the kids don't come up over there listenin to the same kind of music as they do over here you know? The other places were really nice no kidding. If you're playing the right kind of set and the people are waitin for ti they'll enjoy it whatever it is. If they ain't ready for you they just ain't going to be ready no matter if you're in an Alaska or Georgia or where ever its at.

CF: "Why aren't more people ready to hear your music?"

DJ: "They get saturated with sounds that's comin out of the radios it hits them from the time they can reach the dial to change the station. Certain sounds come at people all their lives and they get to dig it not because they dig it or because its good or anything like that, cause they hear it so much. They believe that that's it man cause their lives are saturated with it. Even if the music ain't worth the time it takes to listen to it people like it cause its familiar. They can hum the tune and tap their feet to the beat you know what I mean. Music is power man, its pure power in the shapes of sounds and it can do almost anything provided its directed right."

CF: "Do you think that its a quality in the music or the energy of the audience that's responsible for Altimont and other things like that incident?"

DJ: "Well it has alot to do with it. I didn't check it all out. I knew about the deal that went down there. I don't know theres a lot of interrelation of the audience and the band that's playing at the time.. A lot of times people don't realize that they're energizing the band to go on to higher heights. Its like the song say "I want to take you higher" well the music not only pulls the people higher, the people pull the music higher and pretty soon everybody and everyone is high. All the vibes around a band influence them more than the people realize. It goes both ways. As far as altimont, I don't exactly know what went down there just that some guy was offed or something."

CF: "Well what about the violence and the bad vibes at some of the more recent festivals. Where does that stuff come from?"

DJ: "I was down there at that festival they had in Louisiana this year. I wan't there to play just to see what was going on. It was a total disaster area. For one thing they had it in the middle of nowhere. Too far from where people could get to anything. It was like 90 miles from New Orleans which was the nearest city. Out in the middle of the swamps it left a lot of the kids stranded. They came from miles around to something that was a scam, a shuck, a rip off like you say. It put a bad name on everyone."

Like we did one festival in Canada. The kids were promised Chuck Berry and Sly and the Family Stone. It was nothing, no one showed up ther was no superstars booked there at all. They just used the names to shuck the kids into buying tickets. You know I feel like we should play these things even though theres no bread but the fact is man it cost us to get there and like I carry a lot of people and instruments with me so it cost more. We came out of that thing practically getting carted off to jail cause the promotion people put us up in a hotel and didn't pay the bills and all of that stuff. You know its too jive, they messin over the people and the band."

CF: "Who is it they that's doing the messin?"

DJ: "The guys with the suits, the promoters, the fat cats that sit in their office takin the money from the kids. You never know who these guys really are unless they get busted or something. These guys that pull off these festivals and things are so jive they don't want anyone to know who they are. They'd be ashamed if you found out or most likely the people in the street would make a big thing out of it."

CF: "What can the public do?"

DJ: "Theres a lot of things. Theres so much stuff going on that its hard to get anything organized. If there's a group getting it together to do something and they have certain goals that they wanna accomplish they should bet it together and let other people know about it. You know what has to be done. remove those that are causing the bad conditions or take over the festivals and make them free. That's been done a couple of times but it hasn't been a group of people just small gangs and stuff that's moved in and taken things over. Its hard man unless well like if you could pull on peoples ears and the tell them that they do have a certain power they could freeze out people from pulling these rip off festivals. They just could refuse to go to these concerts and festivals till they know what they are promised then well its up to the kids with the money in their hands whats going to be done."

CF: "What about a boycott on buying records?"

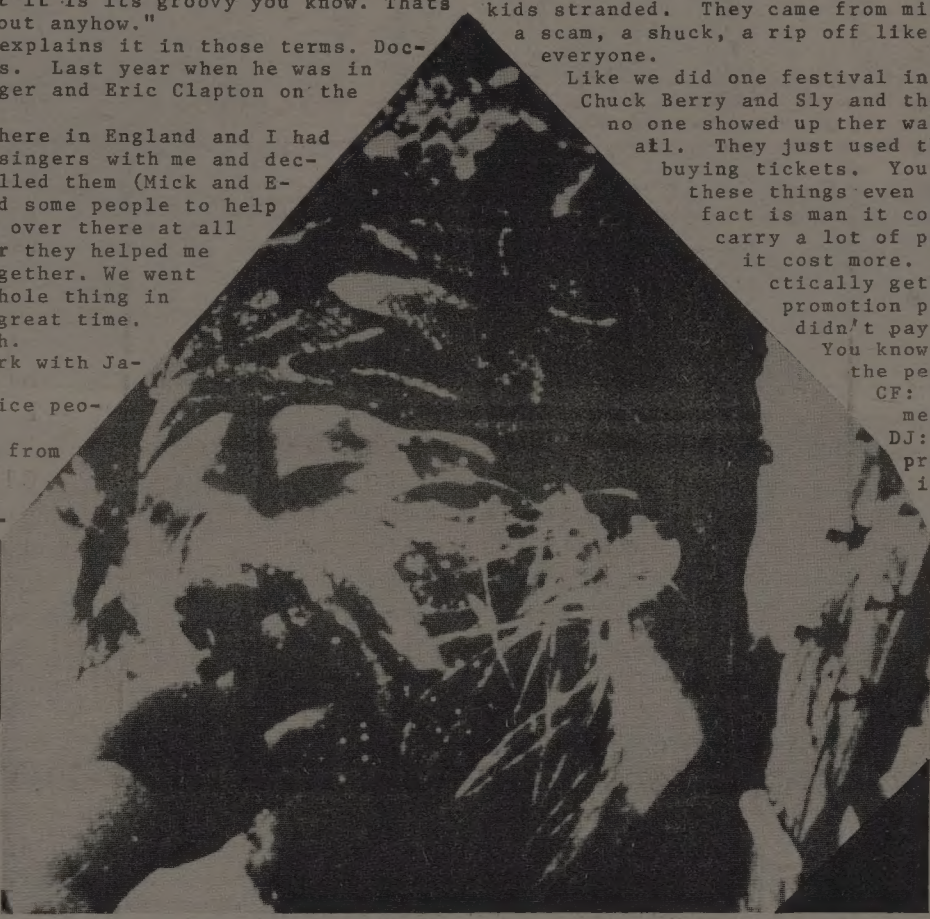
DJ: "Wellif that would help I don't see why not but the thing is man a lot of times the artists gets the jackets. Sometimes they wear it rightfully sometimes they don't. I don't want to mention names but certain name acts don't make a lot of the things they're supposed to make. You probably know groups that don't show up at a lot of places where they're supposed to show up. Even if the group doesn't show you can never be sure if it was them or their managers of the promoters putting the shuck on the people."

CF: "What do you think a fair price for a concert ticket should be?"

DJ: "Well you know its hard to say but I know that seven dollars is more than what most kids can afford. Lets face it man kids just don't have that kind of money. Most of them anyways don't. Look man things are turned around so far, I can remember when it was two and a half bucks for a couple, now its seven a person. That's some rank shit man no getting a around it. Look a promoter is going to clean off an couple of shows like that but hes bound to turn the kids off from what he is doing."

Well part of the hype is to make a group so scarce of something that it puts it all out of perspective from where its really at I don't dig it when you make things on that level like a kid would pay anything to hear a group sing some crappy songs that are on the radio all the time anyways. Superstar images are to be expected where you're dealing with a bunch of impressionable teenagers but to be willing to be shucked to see so and so is foolish. The sad thing is that theres a lot of kids that would really dig to go see something but they can't get in cause of the bread."

I'll tell you, the last time I was in NY we tried to have this free thing up on 135th street in Harlem for the kids.



The Money Tree

(By Jared Seth November)

Mayor Lindsay has been this summer planting for the parks department, however, not in the green pastures but in the surrounding asphalt meadows. I refer to those gambling devices whereby the city bets fifteen dollars against your dime that you will not be back in time to 'play' again. The odds are hundred per-cent or to make it more understandable, heads the city wins, gotya by the tail, you lose.

Parking meters, those weeds which strangle the middle and lower classes of society by taxing our cars an infinite number of times yearly. It can dime you to welfare in no time at all if you happen to live in a neighborhood where the mayor has a crop of them operating year round, like evergreens.

Imagine being blessed with one of the municipal stalks nestled in front of your house on your parking metered lined street. You'll find yourself filling the cookey jar not with money for your vacation or for something interesting to buy, but full of doomed dimes to fertilize the meters. If the meter is in front of your store you will discover a new and more loathsome breed created in the Frankensteinian laboratory under city hall. This new horror no-longer feeds on dimes but quarters and needs to be watered every half hour. Failing to respond to the money hungry device results in you receiving a twenty-five dollar gift certificate for the city coffers. This is typical of weeds in the logic of the mayor, that they will grow wilder in a frantic area, so, on the advice of his money minded ghouls, the new quater traps are planted in paydirt.

It is not so far fetched to anticipate the advent of the 'House Meter' in the near future. This brainchild would charge five cents a day to have ones home parked on the roadside. Those who fail to submit will come home from work only to find that their house, along with the wife and kiddies, have been towed to the fifty-six street pier



where they will be forced to remain until the three thousand dollar fine has been payed. At least they will have a wonderful view of the 'clean' riverfront.

I should like to know how is it that when I go to the Village or uptown to Harlem or to Fordham Road in the Bronx, I will find these meters flourishing all over the sidewalk like morning-glories but when I am on down-town Fifth Avenue or Park Avenue or Sutton Place, they magically disappear? The answer my dear fellow is elementary. The wealthy use social status pressure to keep the malignant growths away, or at least across the street as in the case of Fifth Avenue, by doctoring the city planning board with a bit of green goddess dressing.

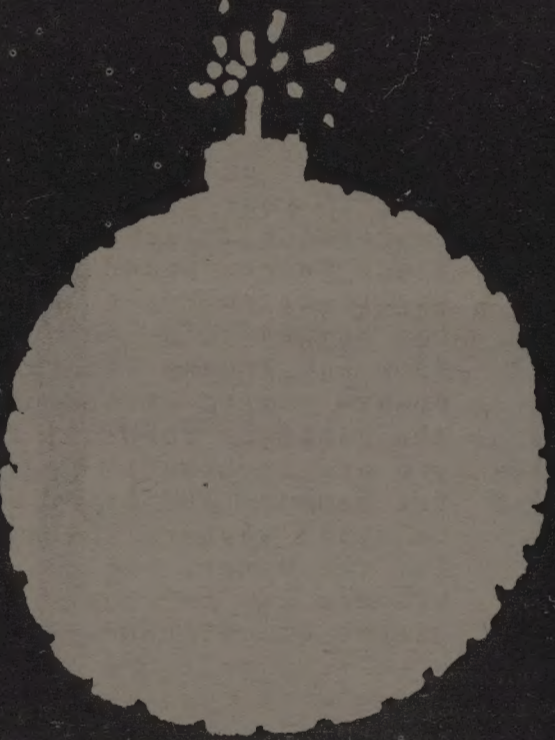
The question still remains for us peasants who have only oil and vinegar. Well, first we have to exert a little social DDT. The ingredients of said DDT is to buy a good, sturdy, five pound hammer which works remarkably like a tree axe. Take careful aim in the dark of night and zap the infernal dime thief. After doing so, retreat to your house and repeat this procedure until all the parking meters on your block have been dealt with accourdinly. Another successful method of dealing with meters, though less violent in nature, is to purchase a cheap brand

of spray paint and give them a paint job ie, tint the glass. By the way, the color used should be more to your political expression. Black, for Black Power, brown for Puerto-Rican Power, red for Communist's, and Day-Glow for Freaks. Another proven way to exterminate the ruthless robbers, if you are lacking in funds for hammars and paint, is to stuff washers which will jam the meter. If no washers can be found, pi pieces of matchbook paper work very well and if no matchbooks, use your own good judgement to achieve the desired result, like chewing gum. Lastly, if you are the type who enjoys playing Dick Tracy, buy a water fun and go about town squirting the damn things in the mouth. I might add that salt water is best as the effects are terminal. I suggest that the water gun method as it appears to be a very harmless act. Doing the salt water trick on your metered street will make you extremely happy in no less than two weeks time.

For those of us who are disgusted with these faceless roadway bandits, which have the courts on their side by pre-ordained fate, which cause our children bumps on the head while running home from school, and lastly, we who are robed incessantly, I wish to say, happy hunting.

IRISH UNITY RALLY

by Pat Morris



The National Association for Irish Freedom is a U.S.-based organization supporting the demands of the Northern Irish Civil Rights Association. Two of those demands are an end to gerrymandering in Ulster, which prevents the Catholic minority from being represented, and the repeal of the Special Powers Act, which allows search without warrant or cause, internment without charge, trial, or bail, and denies the right to an inquest should an internee die in jail.

Although the NAIF is not officially connected with the I.R.A., it has asked both the official I.R.A. and its provisional

wing to express support for the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association. On Saturday, Sept. 11, the NAIF held a demonstration on 45th St. and 5th Ave. to protest the recent murders of Irish civilians by the British army, and the internment of more than 300 people, all Catholics, without trial. Both factions of the I.R.A. were invited to participate, as well as members of other Irish organizations, and all citizens concerned with human rights. The demonstration was to present to the United States, England, and the rest of the world a strong front of United Irishmen.

At first glance, the Ir-

ishmen were not as united as the NAIF may have hoped. I interviewed Sean Kenny, the Joint Secretary of Sinn Fein, the political arm of the I.R.A. and spokesman for the official I.R.A. in America. While Mr. Kenny was reasonably and intelligently explaining the problems in Ireland, we were interrupted by two noisy persons who differed with him.

One, a sort of classic old Irishwoman, stood behind us yelling at Mr. Kenny that she does not consider Bernadette Devlin a good Catholic. "If she takes over the Reds will take over and the Catholics won't have any rights anyway," she kept repeating. In the process she overpowered him on the microphone, causing the loss of my interview.

Another man castigated Mr. Kenny for having made a public statement that the I.R.A. was divided. While he was explaining his feelings on the matter, I lost Sean Kenny for good, and turned to the rest of the program.

The speakers certainly did not present a united front. Onlookers heard Representative Bingham call for U.S. intervention in Ireland, while radical Irish criticizes American support of British policies, and Mr. Kenny called for "revolution being built in Ireland by the Irish people, and by the Irish people only."

"We are not out for other people controlling the lives of Ireland, be they from the east or be they from the west," he insisted. "We want the Irish people, and only the Irish people, in Ireland, and running the affairs of the Irish nation."

They heard Ann Hope, the treasurer of the N.I.C.R.A., condemn the violence of I.R.A. men as well as that of the British, and extol non-violent non-cooperation now taking place in Ulster. They heard I.R.A. men sadly conclude that violence is unfortunately, the only hope for the Irish people. Ann Hope called on the government at Westminster to resolve the problems of the North. Other people called on the government at Westminster to go fuck itself. The crowd heard people denounce the London government, the Stormont government, and the Dublin government, as well as those who expressed hope in one or the other. And they cheered every single speaker, no matter what his or her

solution to misery of Ireland was.

A casual observer of the rally, or a network newsman, (all the major networks were there; all interviewed on or two people and split) might indeed be confused about what's happening in Ireland, and be justified in believing the Irish are a hopelessly fucked up lot. Yet they were all there that rainy Saturday. They were all angry. They were all singing Kevin Barry. And they were all emptying their pockets into NAIF cardboard buckets.

They were united by the presence of Brian Heron, a living memorial to his grandfather, James Connally, who with Padraig Pearse led the rebellion of 1916 and was shot for it. They were united by the bagpipes and songs in Gaelic, which reminded them that yes, they did indeed have a language and a music and a history that belongs to them and not the English. And most of all they were united by the stories.

"I have been an I.R.A. member the better part of my life," said Sean Mackin, the man who interrupted my talk with Mr. Kenny. "Practically everybody that belongs to me has spent years and years in prison. My brother Don was sent to 20 years in the Isle of Wight; he's done 11. My other brother got 6 years in Derry. I was president of the Green Cross, here in New York, from 1930 to 1940, for the raising of money for the wives and children of the prisoners. Where I differ with this gentleman (Kenny) is that I don't want Lynch (the premier of the Republic of Ireland) brought into this. I don't want Bernadette brought into this. I don't want McCloskey, McCann, whoever. I want the people of Ireland to decide whatever they wish.

"I have three old sisters in Belfast who are suffering. What you are doing (to Mr. Kenny) is giving the American people the impression that they are disagreeing terribly. Now even you and I will not disagree as much as the American public will think we are. We're all opposed to British rule; we're all against the Northern government; none of us are sectarian; we all know that it's not a religious quarrel; it's purely economic and political."

So this man, who aggressively "differed" with Mr. Kenny, was in effect repeating almost the very words of Mr. Kenny, who said that his organization didn't like to criticize the provisionals because they were working toward unity, that in Ireland they've had tremendous success uniting the rank and file official and provisional men. And that the rift between the Irish is more apparent in American media than in the I.R.A. itself.

The people, went on, almost mirroring each others' thoughts.

"No matter how much I would disagree with Bernadette, I will back any group up that opposed British imperialism, or the Northern puppet government. I would absolutely support the I.R.A. As of now, I would support Kruschev if he was still alive.

"The American government has hurt the Irish people. The money they sent is used to hurt the Irish people, not help. We saw last week, with Mr. Cahill, how American customs obeyed the English government. It's as if this were the colony, not Ireland."

"An Orange king, a Dutch king, fighting an English king on Irish soil? What has that to do with us?"

"The orangeman has certain reservations. He just can't hand it over to the Catholics. What chance would he have? He had been so greedy and selfish that the animosities he has created will not go away. They say forget 300 years ago, forget 50 years ago. That's very easily said. I don't think it's that simple or easy to do."

"The American press has given a completely different slant on the whole Irish situation. The media, the press..... there's very little truth in any of it. And all the correspondents are all Englishmen, or those who believe in English rule."

"I feel the British propaganda in the press has been so successful that we're a minor item on page 54= you know? I think they've built up a very strong public relations structure, probably using American dollars to do it."

"I think we have to tell the American people what is happening, because otherwise, you know, the people are going to be wiped out

and the efforts toward self-determination for the people and social progress for all of the poor people in Ireland will be destroyed, and we'll be back to being exploited by the rich, by the capitalists, by anybody.... it's just going to be a field day for anyone who wants to be in Ireland.

"Officially my organization supports the N.I.C.R.A. but personally I support the I.R.A. I think it's our only hope."

Over and over again the same refrain. "I may disagree with the I.R.A. but it's our only hope." "I don't like violence, but it's our only hope." "I'll support anyone who will help."

Perhaps the real spokesman for the Irish on Saturday was Seamus Brady, a lad who couldn't have been more than twenty. He approached me quietly almost shyly, but eager to tell his story.

"My father was shot in Ulster about six months ago."

"What was he doing? Was he a member of the I.R.A.?"

"No, he was doing nothing. He had a fruit shop on Falls Road in Belfast. He was walking on the street to his shop. He was just doing nothing. He was shot."

"Was your father a Catholic?"

"Yeah, he was a Catholic. He was shot by the British, by the British army. It was a murder; he was doing nothing, you see. He was minding his own business, just walking down the street. And he was shot."

"What did the British say about your father's death?"

"They didn't say nothing about it. They didn't know nothing about it."

"They tried to blame it on the I.R.A. but it was the British. He's still dead."

"Are you going to live in America now?"

"No, my aunt, who raised some money to send me here, so I could earn some money here. She raised money from some friends. Most of my family is staying with friends and relations. They ruined my family's whole life. There are young children; I was the eldest. They're trying to struggle in Ireland at the moment."

"And the British government has attributed your

father's death to the I.R.A.?"

"Yeah, they blame it on them. The British are afraid to face the truth, you see. There were six desertions from the British army last week. It's a known fact I read it all in the Irish papers over here. But the British deny it; they said it never happened. The British, they've got nothing but kids. They're all seventeen and eighteen year olds, the British Army in the North."

"The British Army says they're there to keep peace among the Irish."

"The British army is no more keeping peace than I am here at the moment....

I was in London for a while before I came out here. I picked up the paper, it had three main headlines. First, a British trooper who was shot last night died this morning in the hospital.. Second, a Belfast woman shot this morning is critically ill. And the third one was "Edward Heath sails over the Finish Line at the Races."

That just shows you, you know, the British don't care. Heath, he doesn't care. He's no good."

"What do you think Americans can do to help?"

"America is the biggest power in the world. It's got to contribute a lot more, because, Ireland, I don't think it can stand on its own two feet."

"In 1969 you had trouble in the North, but it was nothing compared to what it is now. Here, at the moment, the truth is really coming out. It's all happening. And it's got to be finished pretty soon."

It used to be in Derry, in Northern Ireland, at six o'clock there was a bell tolled to get the Catholics out of town. The Catholic was hated, and still is. When you went for a job, I know for a fact, 'cause I grew up in Belfast, the man, he says to you, What's your religion.

And you say Catholic, and they say, sorry, we have no vacancies, or something. It's really pretty awful.

"Recently the 100th person was killed in Derry. A sixteen year old girl was shot. A small baby was whot in her pram. A priest administering the last rights was shot. What can you do? You can't

BADILLO

Lynda Crawford

It was Friday and Herman was back in the city after spending Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in Washington. This was his normal work-week; Tuesday through Thursday in Washington, Friday through Monday in New York, unless of course something came up to break the routine... as it did on this particular Friday. At one o'clock in the afternoon he received a phone call from Douglas, Rockefeller's secretary, requesting him to leave the city, abandon his scheduled committee meetings, kiss his wife good-bye and board a plane to Attica, N.Y. "There's been some trouble up there" he was informed, "at the prison". Again?

This could never come as a surprise to someone concerned with Prison Reform, someone making an effort to heed the basic requests from the inmates. Requests to stop the over-crowding, requests for better food, requests for a better medical staff, requests for an end to guard-brutality, requests for someone to pay attention to their requests. Anyone aware of how necessary that these requests be met and yet also conscious of how they are constantly ignored couldn't possibly be surprised that there was "trouble". How come Commissioner Oswald was?

He certainly couldn't plead ignorance, at least not on those grounds, as he'd had in his possession for some time before that Friday a list of the demands of the prisoners. For two months the inmates at Attica were awaiting an answer from him. Two months of time that could have been spent in earnest consultation with the prisoners, discussing their valid gripes, yet he chose not to act... now there was "trouble" and Oswald was surprised.

Badillo wasn't surprised. It immediately brought his thoughts back to the riot in Long Island City last year when he was called in to be one of the mediators. Conditions in the prisons haven't improved since then and with the recent cut in the state Correction bud-

get of \$4 million, it almost seemed like no one cared.

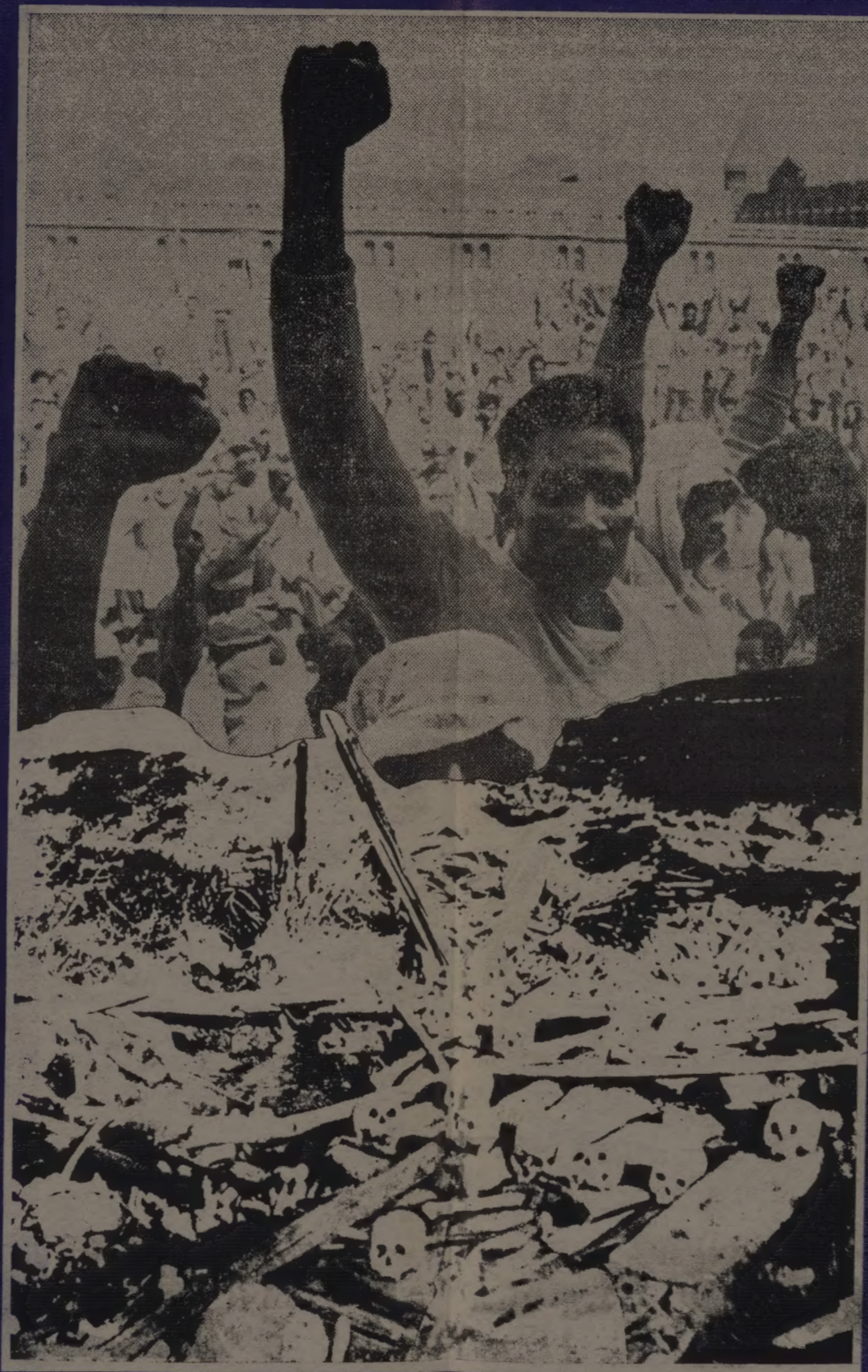
Sure there was "trouble". So, because of his experience at being a mediator at past prison riots and because he was Puerto Rican which they believed would be helpful in dealing with the Puerto Rican population of the prison, Herman was going to Attica. What happened from that Friday on that led up to the worst massacre in prison history? In an interview with myself and Herald reporter-Ray Schultz, Badillo told his side of the story:

I was called in by Gov. Rockefeller because I had experience in these problems. I went through them in the Long Island City Prison in 1970 and you will remember at that time that we warned that there had to be steps taken to improve conditions in the prisons and I said on one of the programs that what happened in N.Y.C. could also happen in the state prisons and now a year later I find myself in the same circumstances in a state prison.

We had a group that had the broadest representation of any group in modern American history. It included Minister Kenyatta of the Black Muslims, Jose Torres and Juan Ortiz of the Young Lords, Bobby Seale from the Black Panthers, Republican Conservatives, Assemblymen and State Senators from upstate, a Republican from Nassau like John Dunne, a liberal Democrat like me and an associate editor of the New York Times like Tom Wicker. They also had Clarence Jones, the editor of the Amsterdam News and William Kunstler.

When we got there we found there were about 1200 prisoners that had escaped and were in the yard. They weren't going anywhere though because the yard was surrounded with high walls and they were locked in.

They had thirty-eight hostages. The prisoners



IN ATTICA

were overwhelmingly black; about 65% black, 10 to 15% Puerto Rican. The hostages were being held in the center of where the prisoners were. The prisoners had prepared several demands that were set up in a very professional way. You have to remember we are dealing with people who are convicts and because they were convicts they were very experienced with the law; some of them are better lawyers than I am. They have read all the law books, they used very sophisticated language and some of which was taken directly from the decisions of the United States Supreme Court. While they might not have a formal education they were, in many cases, so-called prison-lawyers.

They prepared a document in very formal language which had on the first page a list of the proposals and also the people that they were requesting to meet with. On the first page they said these are our proposals:

- 1) full and complete amnesty.
- 2) safe passage to a non-imperialistic country.
- 3) intervention of the Federal Government.

And then they headed the second page a list of fifteen demands which was headed *Practical Proposals*. Now as a lawyer looking at it, I could see that they realized the first list to be impractical and the second practical and they were smart enough to divide it into two categories so that we would get the message.

So we could see that the thing to do was not to start talking about going to a non-imperialistic country but begin to talk about the fifteen practical proposals.

When we went into the yard we were guaranteed safe-passage always and we received it at all times. There was never any indication that we weren't going to be released by the prisoners although at first, we were all scared because we were in there with 1200 people, 200 of whom had been sentenced to life imprisonment, they

had nothing to lose and we would be very valuable hostages if they should decide to pick us up, especially those of us who were public officials and Mr. Wicker and some of the others. So we weren't sure what was going to happen but just accepted their word that we would not be held hostage or harmed.

In addition, we were dealing with the whole 1200 prisoners at one time and this is the point to remember because now some people say, Rockefeller for one, that it was a highly organized operation. It wasn't organized at all, because they couldn't even agree on a committee to negotiate. When I was in Long Island City there were about four hundred prisoners and when we came to negotiate they voted on six to represent them and the six were negotiating with us in a separate room, then reporting back to the others. Here, these fellows didn't trust themselves and they didn't have any leaders so they refused to have a negotiating committee and we had to negotiate with everybody.

So we took their demands; they were repeated and presented and voted upon by the prisoners and at that time they took a vote on all the demands. The demand that got practically no votes at all was the one of transport to a non-imperialistic country. Less than 15 or 20 people voted for it. The demand that got the most support was the one for a doctor; it was almost unanimous that everyone wanted that one.

Like this we went through all the demands and reached an agreement on the things that could be done and those were the 28 demands. You see, it was not a riot of people who were trying to escape; less than twenty of them were even talking of getting out and that is amazing considering that over 200 of them were in for life-imprisonment. You'd think a guy sentenced to life-imprisonment would certainly be for leaving the country. The

(Continued on Page 16)

For years, I've been reading all those mouth-watering billboards on the subways, for all the different banks. "The Greenbergs Will Not Be Seen at Jones Beach this Summer" because THEIR bank sent them off to the Bahamas, rented car and everything. What really fascinated me were all those fancy checks flowers, sports, peace signs.. anything! I decided to open my first bank account when I saw an ad for Chemical claiming "We do more for your money" and showing off their latest design in checks called the American Scene. Being that I am one of those people who can't hold on to things, I decided to invest my \$43 unemployment check in a Special Checking Account and see what more they could do with it.

For the next three months, I loyally deposited my weekly forty-three dollars and wrote checks for EVERYTHING. I didn't keep any record-I figured the bank must do that. Nor did I get a statement then, but TWA has been bombarding me with little warning notices ever since. From there on in, I kept a neat little record of all my expenses.

Last Thursday, I went into the bank to see if their figures matched mine (according to my figures, the balance should have been \$2.13). The teller checked his computerized Book of Balances and returned to the counter, handing me a pink slip of paper. I turned it over slowly, and went into shock when I saw he had written: Sixteen thousand six-hundred and five dollars and forty-seven cents..."are you sure?" He went back and checked again and assured me that that's what the records showed. "Why, do you think there is some mistake?" he asked slyly. Realizing what might be happening, I explained that I thought I had twenty-thousand but it must've been an error on my part, and flew out of the bank.

I called everyone I knew.. "We're rich!" I asked a couple of lawyers what to do and they advised me to play the Stock Market. From the rest of the greedy New Yorkers I asked for suggestions, I got what I should've expected: "Can I have a thousand dollars for my divorce?"..."Oh, wow, I really need \$50 for my phone bill..it's the LEAST you can do. No, I know I could do less; this wasn't going to be any waste of money.

I didn't really understand what was happening..there are a lot of changes to go through when you go from the poorest person to the richest. For example, I had applied for Food Stamps and was denied them when the Welfare Dept. checked into my bank account. Money is supposed to have such power. There must be something powerful I can do with it. What

about charity, I thought humbly. I could donate a few thousand to the Fresh Air fund and send ghetto kids to the country for the summer; no bank could take that money away without risking all their Moral American Business. Millions of fantasies came into my head. I would go to San Francisco for the weekend. ..dinner in Mexico City....I was even picturing myself on the

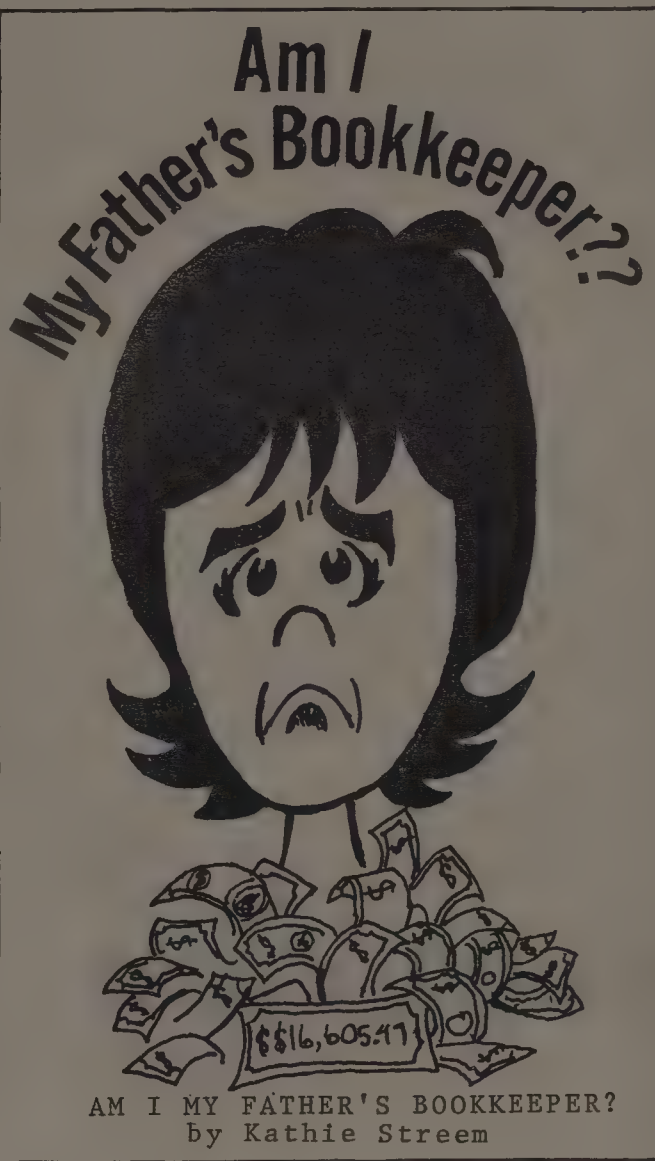
when you've got money. I heard all kinds of scary stories about a guy "in a similar situation" who was chased by the FBI for a year before he ended up suing the bank for causing him so much inconvenience. I'm afraid to go into the bank, fearing that a million Security Guards will grab me. A sympathetic friend gave me a disguise-one of those rugber noses with glasses and a moustache, like Woody Allen's parents wore in "Take the Money and Run."

For a whole week, I prayed that the money would still be there by the time I figured out what to do with it. I knew I wouldn't withdraw it all right away, but where do you put \$16,000? You can't walk around New York City with it in your pocket-or lock it in an apartment-without risking those pretty high chances of getting robbed. Convinced that the only safe place for that much money is in a bank, I decided to leave it there for a while and see what happened.

I'm kind of embarrassed to tell the ending of this story. I was very tempted to let the climax stay at its peak and just leave off in the middle, but my conscience wouldn't let me do that. Besides, I look at the outcome of this incident as sort of a confession and feel it is my duty to expose myself.

When I got home last night, I got lost of messages. My father called four times, my mother twice, and my brother-in-law (who was my lawyer and turned out to be the Squaler) left a message for me to call him before my parents. I got a little sad and went to sleep....only to be awoken at half past seven by my delirious parents who were both screaming into the phone at once. It seems that, by accident, my father had deposited his money in my account and was going to the bank to clear it up. They hung up on me. At 9:45, my father woke me up once more. He had just left the bank and was furious to find that I had spent \$500 of his money and, as soon as he can reach his lawyer, is going to sue me for "intentional fraud."

I felt really let down. I had finally adjusted to the easy life of an eccentric millionaire and now, I'm not only broke, but my own father is suing me for \$500! Daddy's finally gonna get back at me. However, Daddy's knowledge of the law is a bit limited, because he completely over looked the fact that, miserable as I am, I'm still under 21. By pleading infancy, he would be legally responsible for anything I sign. What's this country coming to anyway.. the big businessmen are depositing their money in other people's accounts by mistake and then suing themselves for it.



11 o'clock news, after "they" caught me. I want to be interviewed by the friendly Eyewitness News Team:

- Q: Where did you get the money?
 A: The teller in the bank gave it to me.
 Q: Have you spent all of it?
 A: No, I was too embarrassed to cash a check for the \$16,000 all at once. I just took out \$500 for pocket money so far.
 Q: But don't you know that it must be a mistake and you'll have to pay it all back eventually?
 A: No, after all, if it was a mistake, it was THEIR mistake, not mine. I shouldn't have to pay it back. But if they do pin it on me, I'll just go on the Dick Cavett Show and do lots of publicity and pay it back that way. I don't think it was really a mistake, though.
 Q: You mean you think someone gave it to you?
 A: Well, yeah, indirectly. Maybe God gave it to me.
 Q: Do you believe that?
 A: Sure, I'm Jewish.

Word sure gets around fast; everyone I see asks about the money. Naturally, I've become very paranoid. Rich people are always paranoid. You never know who your real friends are

Dr John/C. Frick

from Page 6

Free, you know, no tickets no nothin. Just some free music for the kids. All of the people from the block committee and everybody was ready to go ahead but I couldn't no cooperation from anybody. All I wanted to do was to play for free and it was like me and certain neighborhood people that was interested in the idea. All the rest of them were just interested in making a fast buck. People wanting to sell Dr. Pepper and set up concessions. You know what I mean the good all american way. Everyone was tryin to move in and hustle their thing off of what we was tryin to do for free.

CF: "What are your plans for the near future?"

DJ: "Well you know I've wowed a whole lot of places around the country but right now I don't even have a group of my own. Like my regular group. I got 2 regular groups that I work with. My regular cats and the guys that I use when I can't find them anywhere. Most of the guys that I bring from New Orleans to LA. start working in the studios of then I can't afford to have them play with my group anymore. They make that long session bread and they got no more time for me. I figure you know its eveybody us es everybody else to get to certain places and things in bands and stuff, a Cats that worked first with me then they wind up with someone else.

In reforming and putting together anew type of group. A whole new show taht I'm getting ready to project. I'm going to go out for a month to do certain things. Just looking around for guys and things like that. I been working on a different type of group for about the last year or so and haven't been able to really get the right cats behind me with the right qualifications. I got a couple of drummers and conga players and all of that stuff but I haven't been able to find a bass player that can do what we're trying to do. Its a kind of experimental sound part avant garde part rock part jazz but its basically some stuff that I haven't been able to find a bass player for. I got to go out and find me a man soon. Thats all I'm really missing now.

CF: "What direction are you hoping to go with this new sound?"

DJ: "Well it ani't so new. It has its roots in New Orleans like I told you befor We're tryin to get more ethnic in the way we play the music. Like for a while we

had gotten away from 'our roots and into the manistream of what was happenin. But its the real New Orleans stuff that I'm interested in playing for the public. The stuff from all the second line groups and the mardigras music and the afro cuban stuff that found its way there. It's part of that scene and the kids are un aware of it even though its their own heritage their own culture. Its hard findin any kids commin up thats aware of what we is doin. Like we'er havin a rough time keepin something alive thats a part of americas musical heritage. Kids commin up are playin sly and the family stone and all that other stuff they is hearin on the radio rather than their own music. Its got a lot to do with the communications breakdown.

You find the cajun people speak French which is their language and they can't relate to whats going on. All kinds of communications problems. Television and radio spr eading that nickel dime jukebox crap fillin the kids heads up with all kinds of manufactured so sounds. I want to get back to the original stuff from where all of this modern day music revolves. I use a lot of the local colloquialisms and all of that to make it more real. I been keepin a kind of jazz rock kind of sound on the past 3 albums now I wanna still keep a jazz rock kind of thing but with more ethnic roots to it you know. I hope I make myself clear.

CF: "Are you the only one thats playin this kind of music?"

DJ: "No theres certain cats that you never heard of thats doing the same thing, or maybe I should say we is working from the same roots, Fats Domino was a part of the New Orleans music and dixieland music is pretty much dead and the latin music, you don't hear too much of that around either. Its pretty much, well you know when Louie (Armstrong) died and all of these peoples that is the blues giants are gone there ain't going to be anyone playing that stuff nomore. That place has been the home of the blues for a long time. Everyone talks about the motown sound and all of these sounds but before they ever had that there was New Orleans. Cause of the politics and what have you musicians from down there had to get away to ever do anything. Its like if you go somewhere and make it real big you can come back and be accepted to a point but the fact is that you got to get out of that

funny situation but the thing is that its harder to find cats thats keepin the culture alive. Theres a lot of different kinds of music that have a New Orleans flavor that you know started down ther and moved into Chicago and other places but the thing is where it started it ain't stayin no more. Its dyin out.

Things used to be the kids of the cats that was playin that kind of music would follow in their daddies footsteps. It ain't like that no more. Kids are commin up these days playin the rolling sotnes and bloodsweat and tears which is groovy for what it is but it aint no ethnic culture. When they hear that stuff commin out of the radio and they dont get to hear pure sounds anymore without it bein electronic or something. You know they have to use a lot of electronics to get a large audience but when your cutting a record it aint needed at all. You dont have to use all of them electronical sounds to get you effect. Its overdone on almost every record you heart its electric guitar and electric piano and electric bass. It all takes away form the natural pure sounds of the instruments themselves. All of the different instruments have a pure sound when theyre un amplified but most of the time lately they're hidden by all this gimickry you never know what the real sounds sounds like anymore. I like to try and stay with the natural sounds more and more. They're more important to me. They're more of the ethnic culture.

CF: "Looking around you at the headlines and all of the worlds troubles and all of the insanity thats been going on do you get anything to say to american teenagers?"

DJ: "Yeah. I predict that its going to get better. Things is going better. I make that prediction. I predict that things are going to get better. You know that the politicians stand out ther on their street corners and say to the people "I predict I'll give you ladies silk and babies milk." and all of that shit. All I'm goin to say to them is that it is goin to get better and I can see it commin man. Theres a lot of people that see a lot of lame stuff cause things have to go thru some bad changes to ever get to a good point. We goin thru them bad changes right now. I tell you I can see the good commin out of all of this.

Theres a lot of people tell you its easy to see

the bad side its easier to stay negative than to get positive about what you thinkin and what you say, but theres people doin certain thaing. I can't say nothin more about that but there is certain people doin things to make things happen better. It always look the worst before the sun come out.

It look the darkest before the sunshine and it look that way right now.

You know when you see people lose faith in the system and the politicians cause politicians are just a whole lot of politics. You figure man, a lot of people gave up their lives you figure all them cats from Malcon X to Martin Luther King, they all been like martyrs. Some people try to make out like its something else but the fact is these people are martyrs and they should be saints for me. Just like wahts happenin with Angelia Davis and a lot of people for a black cause and it should make people more aware of the rankness and the seperation that the people is using to keep the majority divided. To keep us messed up in our heads, to keep us this way but this is commin to an end. Thats the only way I can say its gettin better man cause the people is becomin more and more unified each day from no matter how much lies and stuff thats thrown out htere to keep us divided, its only make us stronger when we become united.

CF: "Thank you, Doctor John."

DJ: "Thank you"



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IRISH UNITY (Continued from Page 9)

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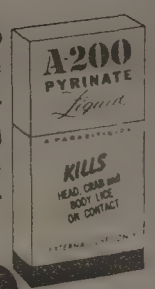
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Badillo

(Continued from Page 11)

demands that they were talking about were the demands that had to do with wimpoving the conditions of the prison.

Such as, allow true religious freedom. The reason behind this is that many of the inmates were Black Muslims. Now whether you agree or disagree with the Black Muslim religion, the Supreme Court has said that it is a religion. The prison officials, however, have said that they are not allowed to practise Black Muslim so they meant that, as far as they are concerned that is their religion and as Muhammad Ali established in his case with the Draft Board that it was a legitimate religion, so they wished to do also. That is what they meant by religious freedom. Then they said end all censorship of newspapers, magazines and other publications. They were talking about getting the Black Panther newspaper and the Young Lords newspaper. But they were not talking about getting information that may be harmful to the prison. I just want to read you this paragraph to give you an idea of how sophisticated they were. It says: *8) and end all censorship of newspapers, magazines and all publications from publishers unless it is determined by a qualified authority, which includes the ombudsman (someone who would be watching over things), that the literature requested presents a clear and definite danger to the safety of the security of the institution. In other words, they recognized that you couldn't give them a piece of information that showed them how to make a molotov cocktail or how to build a homemade zip-gun. They weren't talking about material that could be helpful to break out of prison but material in which they could find out about the political feelings of the Black Panthers or the Black Muslims or the Young Lords or whatever it may be.*

The rest were the things that had to do with prison conditions, some of which are not intelligible unless you know what is going on. For example, no. 15 had to do with: *provide a healthy diet.* The prison authorities told me that the present diet at Attica Prison and at all the prisons in New York State is based not upon it being a healthy diet but upon the maximum amount allowed by the budget of the state of New York, which for this year is 72¢ a day per prisoner. Now how much can you do with 72¢ a day? So they had a very legitimate beef about the

They talked about the showers. One of the things I found out is that in Attica there are 2,000 prisoners and because of having been built a long time ago there weren't enough showers and even if they had people taking showers constantly, it worked out that the prisoners were only allowed one shower a week. They have been trying to get the money into the budget to build additional showers but they couldn't do it; the budget director always turned down their request and this is the kind of thing they were talking about.

Anyhow, after going through all the demands we got down to the question of amnesty and at that point they wanted total amnesty because they said "Look, after all went through this whole thing because we wanted conditions improved and now if you improve conditions but give us additional penalties we are going to suffer unjustly", so they insisted on total amnesty. Now that was the one area they couldn't agree upon. We had broken down the negotiation to administrative hands which had to do with the fact that they would not be beaten up after they released the hostages. They got that from the pictures the Daily News had last year in the riots in Queens, after the Mayor left they jumped the prisoners and they beat them up. So we got them administrative hands, we got them amnesty from prosecution for property damage, we got together with the District Attorney and we got some agreement that the District Attorney would not unduly prosecute. But there still hadn't been an agreement on total amnesty.

We then tried to think of how we might narrow the area. At that point some of us thought of the idea of asking Governor Rockefeller to come to the prison. Not to come to the prison to agree to total amnesty but to come to the prison to indicate his concern, to talk, not to the prisoners, but to talk to us because if he talked with us we felt we could gain additional time and in gaining the additional time we would be able to narrow the gap on the question of amnesty. We asked Governor Rockefeller I spoke with him personally and he said he couldn't come and announced plans to begin the assault on the prison Sunday afternoon. When we heard this, the mediating committee drafted a statement urging the Governor to come down. That statement was drafted by unanimous vote of every member of the negotiating committee, including the Republican Assemblyman and state Senator from upstate, including Senator Dunne, the Black Panthers and the Young Lords. Every one of us felt that there was value in additional negotiations. Sunday afternoon each one of us spoke to him on the telephone. He was adamant about not coming

down. He thought it would set a bad precedent for the Governor to come down to discuss amnesty. We told him we didn't want him to discuss amnesty with the prisoners... that we wanted to speak to him to get a commitment to settling it without killing. He said they were going to send the troops in. When I spoke to him, I said Nelson, wait. would it be wise to do that at two o'clock Sunday afternoon when everyone is home watching television? What would the killing of black inmates do to the ghettos in the cities, or other prisons? He thought about that, and I think that's why he delayed the attack. That kind of reasoning made sense to him. Tom Wicker got on the phone after me and he told him the same thing. We spoke to him and he seemed to be reconsidering. The others spoke to him. About three quarters of an hour later we got word that he issued a statement. We asked for another day, and they gave us until seven o'clock the next morning.

We were then pleading for time. We were told that one of the reasons we couldn't get more time was because there was fear that the hostages were being injured. So then, some of us went into the yard again with television cameras and we took tapes of every hostage to show, and we had it in his words, that he was not being abused, showed his body to show he wasn't being beaten. Then we came out and gave the tapes to the T.V. networks so that they could have them on, and they had them on Saturday night, you may have seen some of them with the hostages talking and saying they were unharmed and asking the governor to come down. He never did and because of that the rest is history.

As far as the prison situation in general, I'm not hopeful because I have gone through this before and nothing has happened. For example just as many people have committed suicide in prison this year as last year even though all of the investigations have taken place and I don't see the Governor saying that he is going to take any action at all to implement any of the Sheriff's convictions; he just doesn't talk about it. As a matter of fact in my office we haven't even been able to get the names of the prisoners that were wounded. Now people call up my office, they want to know all the relatives of all the families and we still don't have a complete list so we don't have their sympathy at all. The people in the town and the guards were very hostile towards us. They considered us to be the enemy of course, although our primary purpose was to get the hostages out without injury and it wasn't just me. Tom Wicker, who is a white southerner and speaks with a southern accent was denied food in the town and we were all denied, we were all pressured and we

were all head as prisoners. So that what happens in these things, in this country unfortunately, is when these incidents take place instead of being more understanding, things get tougher and more rigid, and I think because of this the cause of prison reform is going to be set back and that is perfectly clear from the statements that are being made by Rockefeller and particularly by the things that he does not say.

Regarding the throat-slashing story: we didn't know if it was true or not for we were not allowed to look at the hostages. The first thing they told me was that two of the hostages had been killed the night before. I didn't believe that at all because we had seen them the previous night, they had been on T.V.; I couldn't believe they would have been killed. I said "Look fellows, there is no point fooling around because it either was or it wasn't and the autopsy is going to show the time of death." So then they told me about the throats being slashed. I went in to see the prison but all you could see was blood, there was no way of telling how the blood got there and we were not allowed to go to the morgue to look at the dead bodies so there was no way of knowing. I assumed they were telling the truth. Of course, that is a very serious mistake to make and the only way I can explain it is that in the prison situation generally you can never get information about how a prisoner dies. Once he is in there, wounds or injuries are just never

revealed by anyone and for some incredible reason they just didn't realize that this was being carried on in the world's spotlight. There would have to be autopsies, it couldn't all just disappear. Oswald had to know that they had been lying, he told me that himself and his Deputy, Dunbar, told me that. Another example of the lying is the report of the first guard that died from "injuries received when falling out a window when the riot began to take place." That was impossible because every one of the windows have bars on them, it's a jail.

About the charge against Kunstler: That's not true. It was the kind of situation where the people were always much tougher when they walked in than they were a day later. When Kunstler came in he was very tough, when Kenyata the black Muslim came in he was very tough

when the Young Lords came in they were talking about being very tough too, but by the time we got down to Sunday they had dropped that stuff and were desperately trying to save the situation. The person who charged Kunstler was only there on Friday night and then he left so he has no idea what he is talking about. Nobody was tough on Sunday. ∞

FORTIES

(Continued from Page 5)

exactly what people did. Some of them got killed by others who were on the beach to greet them with artillery or machine guns or flame throwers. Just good clean party fun. Everyone was happy. It was the forties, the last time America was happy. Soon it was the middle of the decade and people in the seats of power realized something had to be done to celebrate this. "Let's have some heavy fire-works," some one said, and, to show the Japanese our gratitude for getting us into all this fun, we dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Wow! We really knew how to play and be happy in those days.

But all good things must come to an end. And, before you knew it, the good old war was over. So everybody went home and looked for work. Some people didn't find work right away, but did they care? Not them- it was the forties and everybody was happy all the time.

So time went on and things got a bit dull, so some bright mind thought up something new to stir things up in this, America's last 'happy decade.

Once again they were stuck for a name - can't have party games without calling them something, right? So they thought up the slogan "Red, Red, who's got the Red Tinge"

Boy oh boy, girl oh girl, did we have fun. America really knew how to have fun and be happy in those

happy, happy, forties. All sorts of people lost their jobs because they were losers at this new game. No matter how much they protested their innocence they were "out." But they didn't care, because it was the forties, the last time America was happy. People's reputations were ruined, their neighbors wouldn't talk to them, they had to change their names or where they lived, but they didn't care, because it was the forties, the last time America was happy.

And before you knew it, it was all over. All of a sudden, with the cruelty of that three a.m. when you realize you're out of rolling papers, it was the fifties. Oh cruel January 1, 1950. As some one said, "A day that will live in infamy." How true. How sad.

And since that time things have gone on, but it just hasn't been the same. We have gone through the motions, haven't we, bravely carrying on, but since then nobody has been happy in America. If you think that you were, you were just kidding yourself. That great feeling you

had that time when..... supply here your latest happy experience...it was all lies and wishful thinking.

In a way we can and should all be grateful to the editors of Esquire. They have done something extremely valuable for us all. They have led us from the light or our supposed happiness into the darkness of their misery. So let us dismiss unworthy thoughts which accuse the Esquire editors of projection, of a fake and misplaced nostalgia, of trying to spread their own intellectually fashionable misery, of trying to lay their own bum trip on to the gullible and those panting for the latest in thing, the latest culture fad. No, let us instead nestle at their webbed feet and await their next gloom laden revelation. That's all we can do. Let's just hang on and wait. Like two or three decades maybe. Then there will be another monumental revelation from Esquire. I can just see it now. The September 2001 issue of the mag hits the stands, and there's the cover story....The Nineteen Seventies, the Last Time America Was Happy.∞

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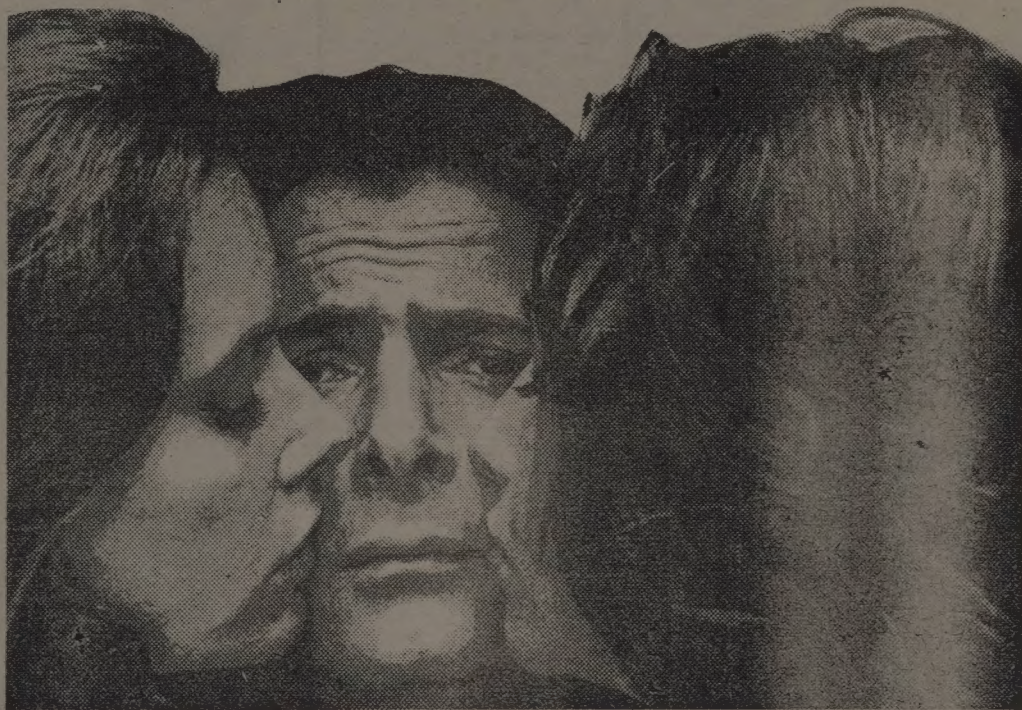
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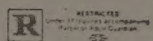


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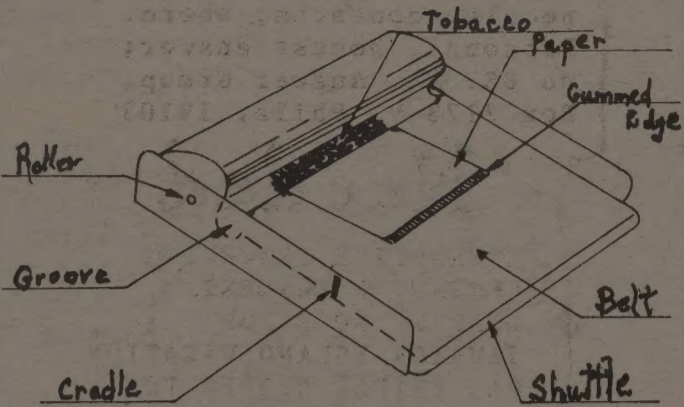
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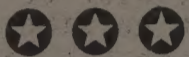
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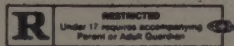
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