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THE

east
village



THE

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HEY YOU!
LET'S SEE
SOME I. D.
FELLA!

"BURNED OUT"



AND there came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, Come hither; I will show unto thee the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters;

2 With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication.

3 So he carried me away in the spirit into the wilderness: and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns.

4 And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication:

5 And upon her forehead *was* a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.

6 And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus: and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration.

7 And the angel said unto me, Wherefore didst thou marvel? I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the beast that carrieth her, which hath the seven heads and ten horns.

8 The beast that thou sawest was, and is not; and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and go into perdition: and they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, whose names were not written in

the book of life from the foundation of the world, when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is.

9 And here *is* the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth.

10 And there are seven kings: five are fallen, and one is, *and* the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space.

11 And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition.

12 And the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings, which have received no kingdom as yet; but receive power as kings one hour with the beast.

13 These have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast.

14 These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them: for he is Lord of lords, and King of kings: and they that are with him *are* called, and chosen, and faithful.

15 And he saith unto me, The waters which thou sawest, where the whore sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues.

16 And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire.

17 For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled.

18 And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth.

poor paranoid's almanac allan katzman

If I could turn you on,
If I could drive you
out of your wretched mind,
If I could tell you
I would let you know.

R.D. Laing

The Politics of Experience

There are 22 ways (?) to see a conspiracy, each one having a right to be born. Newspapers and related media are one way to see a conspiracy or to cover it up, and they are being born by the minute in this fast changing "alternate" culture of ours.

Print media can be a drag because (paraphrasing the Jefferson Airplane song) *all it can do is watch you die and recall your anguished cries*. At its worst, *Print* is a prophecy, and at its best, a mystery.

The mystery which keeps cropping up, where print media is concerned, is why another one? That is, *why* another culturally "alternate" one? God knows, the underground press has spawned hundreds of culturally alternate ones.

Looking through the Village Voice (a culturally unnecessary one) there is a full page ad for yet another "alternate culture bi-weekly newspaper." It is preciously called the "New Times," and one hopes it a lot of success; the more alternate, the better.

But one wonders what this bi-weekly can illuminate that hasn't already been illuminated. The "New Times" seems old hat as illustrated by the mediocre ad in the mediocre Voice. It comes off like *shlock* Rolling Stone with all the groupie passwords printed the length of the full page.

Another mystery, which is raised by the ad is the name of the editor — one Jim Fouratt. If anyone remembers, Jim is the man who has swung through more alternate cultures *pendulum-do* than a macrobiotic fanatic raping a piece of roast beef at an off duty hours party. In between purification rites, he has absorbed enough meat to make his ritual a necessary trip.

But the question, aside from personalities, is whether "New Times" is a necessary trip. It seems (from where everybody else in the underground press has been sitting for the last five years) like an *Old Time* revival.

An old underground creep like myself might complain like Simon and Garfunkle in their new hit song, "I'm so tired. Sooo tired of trying to keep the customer satisfied." How much roast beef do you have to swallow before you can throw up? I'm sure Jim Fouratt is going to let us know or, at least, tell us "Like it is." But I can't help feeling that too many cooks are beginning to spoil the conspiracy.

All this preliminary putdown brings me to the greatest mystery of all the *rip-off* of the underground press. This mystery has been brought about by the underground press itself because it has refused to protect itself in the clinches.

It has encouraged too much of the same product (though it should encourage *more*), too many "Max" types of feed-myself-first pap publishers (one is too many), and an underground press syndicate which allows itself to be ripped off for money by swine artists like Mel Howard when it should be making that money and using it to better their operations and serve the bigger community of underground newspapers.

No, instead, it allows cretins like Howard to join UPS (giving him the right to use all and any material available from underground press members free in his publication "COUNTDOWN") and then, *renting* his magazine out to the highest bidder in the establishment media, New American Library Inc., for five times a year at \$8000.

All of us, myself included, have been, knowingly and unknowingly at one time or another, suckered into such a greed trap. It's time to stop the bullshit and grow up. Money is not the root of all evil, the *use* of it is. And *folks*, I've got news for you, "We've been used."

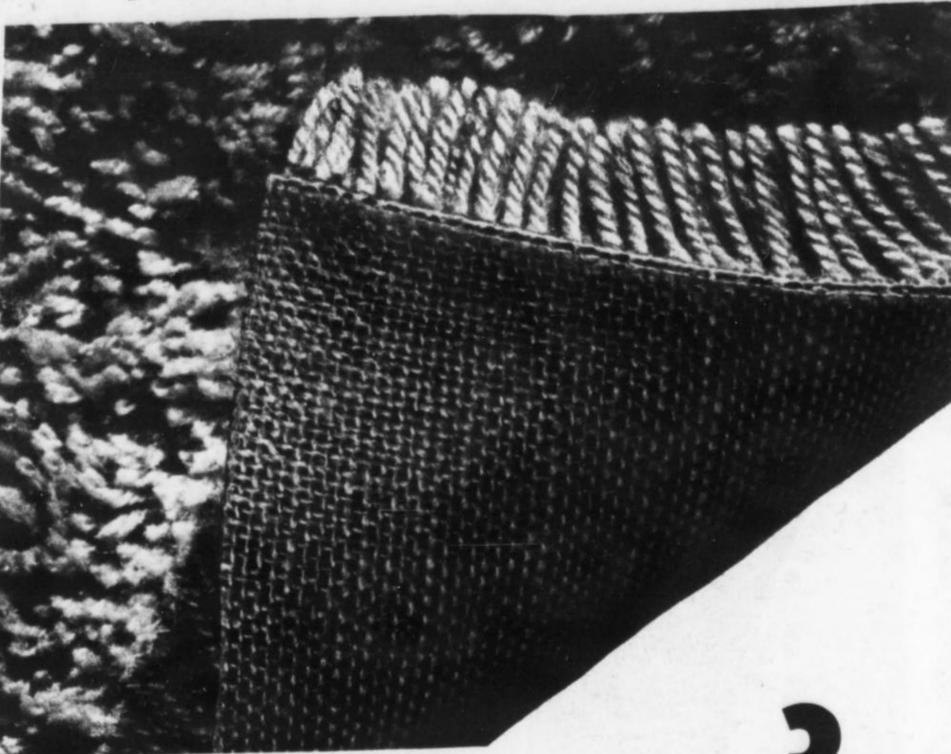
The time has come to get mad and tell these media marauders from the old culture to fuck off. To tell New American Library that if one more "COUNTDOWN" is published, we of the underground will *begin* the countdown. In other words "Cease and desist, Motherfuckers! Or we'll break your machines!"

The time has come to allow only ourselves to do it. (Tom Forcade, coordinator of UPS has already this type of plan in the works, to publish our own type of "countdowns." All it needs is underground editors to help him edit and collate materials.)

The time has come to use our own talents and monies to better and improve underground newspapers and its "alternate culture."

"Underground," as John Wilcock has written, "is a sloppy word. Underground is meaningless, ambiguous, irrelevant, widely imprecise, undefinitive, derivative, uncopyrighted, uncontrollable, and used up."

The time has come to copyright our own alternate culture and make it pay; not in money but in a revolution of human relationships. Bring back



morality and make it healthy. We can start by doing for everyone rather than just for ourselves. This is the only *Mystery* which should have any bearing in the underground press and its communities. Those who do not or refuse to do it can die the establishment death, and welcome to it.

All this moral outpouring only brings up yet another dilemma, the beginning of an "alternate culture" Daily Newspaper called, of all things, "The Daily Planet."

The question on everyone's mind now is whether "The Daily Planet", slated for July 4th this year, is an "establishment" or "alternate" culture. At first glance it comes off rather heavy in the establishment sector:

A 100,000 daily circulation, a 1.2 million dollar proposed budget, 100 *expected* contributing editors and staff of 35 "underground" and "professional" journalists; an editor-in-chief who has not only edited three "local" newspapers in and out of college but has been a PR man for all the good causes (press representative for the Biafran government) and is now "Assistant for the Director Public Information Office New School for Social Research; one businessman who is 25 "but feels 40;" an advertising manager and ex-publisher who once sold advertising for the Village Voice, and who says he is 34 "but feels 20;" and Charlie Mingus "the Third" (glad there are two others) who is an artist and graphic designer, and who along with Quentin Fiore, McLuhan's graphic partner, disciple and

missionary to the Wonderful World of the Print Media, will guide "The Daily Planet" into the Wonderful World of the Alternate Culture.

But on second glance, (or here on second hearing) it is heavy on the alternate side. It will be the 4th major metropolitan morning tabloid in New York with 32 pages color splash front page in the style of underground newspapers, and which unlike the other Big 3 (besides looking different) is dedicated and oriented "to social change," "ready to embrace the new cultural changes sweeping the world," "to tell America that it must reorder and reconstruct its major priorities or risk a 2nd American Revolution," "to serve the silenced minorities and improve the human condition."

And on a local level (beside the whole planet), "to reclaim city and country" which are suffocating from our old world culture and morality.

"The Daily Planet" proposes to have a *think tank* operation for research; a direct line to "The Movement;" alienated members of the Fourth Estate who will inform them of suppressed stories and comment and criticize on their own "establishment media;" neighborhood news coverage with direct organizing of those events; an overseas network of bureaus, reporters, telex system,

ham radio connected up directly with the Liberation News Service, the Underground Press Syndicate, Reuters and every other wire service excluding the largest ones, AP and UPI.

All this sounds like "The Impossible Dream" and even has Allen Ginsberg's backing, and maybe Norman Mailer's. It is more than relevant today to have such a dream. The Conspiracy, after all, is to breathe together. Let the underground press and its affiliate communities which make up the "Movement" as well as the "New Left," join in the cause, but only after dealing from their own position of strength.

One of the many things which bothered me when "The Daily Planet" held its press conference was the skirting of answers to the questions of source of money, ownership and future investment. Let "The Daily Planet" understand that we are all its entrepreneurs, and any profit made must go into the building of a better world; the alternate culture of a New Freedom and a New Morality. As Mae West would put it, "Use it, but don't abuse it." Invest and save the world.

More Dwork!

Dear EVO — Congratulations EVO on printing reactionary medieval false-romantic artideas (Dworkin's 'expose' of 'commie' Artworkers Coalition) — a great public service, considering the fact that so little genuinely backward reactionary thought is published these days in the press. (The press unfortunately being so damned bending-backwards-misleadingly 'liberal'.)

You must continue publishing as much hogwash-genuinely-reactionary-artestablishment apologia as physically possible. (I also recall reading in one of your past issues a self-congratulatory article by a great rebellious artist

we were popped for. We have a stereo & tape recorder, fine beds and chicks can visit any day & sleep over on Sundays & Holy Days. Got a stove & brown rice & everything but acid. No one checks the mail, so if your holding, send a few tabs in each letter. Zoe & Ramon & the other chicks that were-busted with us were deported to California. We, 3, are charged with possession of 12 keys, it could be a fine or 6 months ... whatever, many laughs here, all prisoners do grass, run J's around church on Holy Days. They raided this pad where we were staying for a few days in San Miguel De Allende. Did not search us, put 5 of us in small room incommunicado for 3 days (Mex. Law) We did acid,

I dope & things to read (EVO) or Oracle — meeting Mexican Cats here busted for Plantations, Any chicks passing through who want to party in the Penitencia — Welcome — Hey send our address to screw or? OM SHANTI —

Bill Rodriguez
Salgado No 31
Guanajuato, Guanajuato
Mexico

Polynesia, Here We Come
Dear EVO — We need 10 guys and 10 girls, 15-17, to start a new civilization in the South Pacific by the end of 1973. People selected will be chosen without discrimination of any kind. Our purpose is to save ourselves and our children from

On A Smoggy Day ...

Dear EVO — After years of study of psychic phenomena and those claiming psychic powers, I have come to the conclusion that Jeanne Dixon is no more a prophet than Spiro Agnew. Read her books, see her interviewed on TV and read her latest annual predictions. Books about her portray her as a saint, her interviews betray her as a fanatical redneck and her predictions for 1970 are exactly what Washington and the Pentagon want the Silent Majority to believe. She is being used as a tool for subtle psychological propaganda.



who literally and figuratively smashed the bourgeoisie by putting up a large beautifully finished stainless-steel arrow in the middle of imperialist Park Avenue.) Let us have more and more of genuine medieval-reactionary thinking! Let us have more as well of Alex Gross' reportage showing where today's artworkers are at!

Boris Lurie
Ed. — Yes, it's great to have a man with balls on the EVO staff.

Dear EVO — WOW it finally happened, got busted, but a bust in Mexico is far out, we have our own room, painted it outrageously & I'm doing murals on the wall. The grass here in the penitencia is better than what

smoke & coke & when they let us out, we were very fucked up & they took our photos for the paper — I had a full beard at the time & I looked like the cat who killed Sharon Tate — FAR OUT — They really were afraid — Ha Ha Ha Ha — Then they charged us and drove us to Guanajuato Pen in my truck. So the back of the truck was full of grass — we filled a pipe & smoked on the way. Get to the Pen. & I ask the Commandante could he go out to my truck & bring me my medicine — Sure 5 minutes later he hands me my orange medicine & I did not know how to act.

Well anyway — can't win them all. What's happening in City now? Please write & send

war and the dangers of "modern society". All decisions on location, government, morality, etc. — will be arrived by mutual agreement. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR MISERY! To get information, call after 6 p.m. 212-835-0600. Ask for Lou. Or write:

Louis Littman
111-47 118 Street
South Ozone Park
New York, N.Y. 11420

Ed. — You'll have to wait in line. Al Hansen wants 10 guys and 10 chicks, 15-17, to pose for KISS. You have nothing to lose but your clothes.

She is often in agreement with more credible psychics such as Edgar Cayce in areas other than the political, but she usually dwells on politics. She refuses to give "readings" to common people, keeping herself within a narrow social circle of politicians. It seems to me that her "premonition" of JFK's assassination came through very worldly channels.

1 + 1 = 2

and it always will

Ed. — That's funny, it took no study of anything at all to convince most of us that Jeanne Dixon is full of shit.

DECOMPOSITION—d.a.latimer

On the night of December 30 last year, even while overpaid transit engineers were tinkering with the token bins to fit them for the big new tokens, a train jumped the rails on Dyer Avenue in the Bronx and fell over onto its side in a great heap. Fifty-one people were injured badly enough to warrant immediate hospital treatment; three are still in the hospital. Six days later, the ones who could stand up straight enough joined the thousands of people who stood, the morning the 20¢ fare was murdered, in long lines before the subway change booths, freezing in the wind and slush, for hours, in order to be fucked over again.

Later that same day, 5 January, Neil Hubbard of the Bronx was proceeding crosstown on forty-second street—walking, God bless 'im—when he encountered a collection of young people who were handing out buttons reading 'Silent Majority'. They were recognisably Filipino, that is, the sort of kids the Committee For Responsible Patriotism hires to broadcast the evils of Communist Imperialism from first hand, and they were talking earnestly with a tall young long-haired fellow wearing a Moratorium button. 'It's all bullshit,' that kind of rap, 'you don't know what you're talking about. You're hurting the country. Stop what you're doing.' They were *both* saying that, the peace button and the Silent Majority buttons. So Neil stepped in and started rapping himself, about the subway situation. Now, Hubbard doesn't have long hair, he wears as a matter of fact a toothbrush moustache and a tweed suit with a vest . . . When he first came up to the EVO office, the crazy bastards out front tried to freak him into showing his police I.D. . . . But he *does* wear several buttons of his own design, saying variously, '30¢ is A Bum Trip' (the radical one), and 'Fare Rollback Or Fight' (the straight one). And he was rapping about the 50% fare hike, a damn shame and a crime, and he started inspecting the 'Silent Majority' buttons, with the little American flag designs. 'How many of these can I get for *my* buttons?' As a child, Hubbard was fond of trading war cards, see, and he drives a hard bargain—he loaded a whole *pile* of his buttons on the Silent Majority kids for a mere handful of American Flag pins.

It's nice to have somebody like Hubbard on your side, *whichever* side you happen to be on. Dig it, it doesn't matter whether you're plotting to bomb the Pan-Am building or the War Resistor's League, you still have to pay an exorbitant transit fare to get there. You have to go down into the subway station under the street where the industrial gasses are so thick



they make your eyes water and your hair falls out, and you have to squeeze onto the train with a million other ill-tempered people, and sit there through seizures of acute vertigo while the damn train careens shrieking through the tunnels, and the lights blink off and on, and once in a while the train will shudder to a stop and sit there quivering and wheezing in the tunnel on you . . . Or you have to take a bus and start and stop and creep through the traffic and give the lady a seat to keep her from glaring at you . . . And you lay out a quarter and a nickle to go through all these changes, exact change, be you black or white, radical or conservative, Protestant or Jewish, quick or dead. You are getting screwed, brother.

Let Neil Hubbard tell you about the people who are screwing you: 'Does the mayor ride the subways? Lindsay took a ride on the BMT at the beginning of the month, and it freaked him so he's probably repressed it by now. Dig the MTA, you think they know anything about what it's like on

the subways? Ronan hasn't ridden a train in twenty years. He doesn't have to. He's rich. Bruce Gimbel, of the retail firm of the same name? Gimbel's got his own *plane*! The thing to do is

can avoid all domestic cigarettes and airlines, that's cool too.

You see, somebody is working at this fare rollback business with a method and a plan and high hopes. All you

stop buying anything from Gimbel's. And look at Eben Pyne, senior vice president of the First National City Bank—he probably doesn't know what a train *smells* like! You got any money in the First National City Bank? he asks antagonistically.

You better *not* have any money in the First National City Bank. You best stop eating at Horn & Hardart's, too, nor betake thyself of any pretzles from street vendors, and shun Levi's Rye Bread, avoid the beverages of both Schenly's and Canadian Club, spit out your Juicy Fruit gum, and boycott the living shit out of the movies *The Damned* and *M.A.S.H.* All these firms and products advertise heavily on the subways and buses, understand, and Neil Hubbard is going to be extremely unhappy if they don't lose a lot of profits in the next few months, until such time as the subway fare is rolled back, dammit. Remember, that's Gimbel's, Horn & Hardart's, the First National City Bank, Levi's Rye Bread, Schenly's, Canadian Club, Juicy Fruit Gum, *The Damned* and *M.A.S.H.* If you

commuters from Brooklyn into Manhattan, at last there's something you can do besides chanting 'OM' the next time the train stops under the East River with all those tons of gallons of water right overhead. Coming in from the Bronx and Queens shouldn't be such an almighty down, with the knees buckling and the throat corroding, once you've hooked up with F.R.F. to get your plight *known*.

F.R.F. That's 'Fare Rollback Or Fight'. Did you seriously think Gimbel's was going to founder and burn because a few irate commuters tried to blackball the shop? Shit no, you need an *organization* behind you, and that organisation is Neil Hubbard and his F.R.F. Hubbard is *not* trying to crowd the court dockets with test cases on subway violations, which is what some people would do. A few weeks ago, some other journalist for this turkey encouraged all commuters to jump the turnstiles, hold open the exit doors, jam the turnstiles, kidnap the conductors, hijack the trains to Cuba, and otherwise illegally

fuck over the system. It must be noted that that boy is new here and is perhaps not yet aware of the supreme cynicism of the average EVO reader. Why *should* you stick your neck out to get the fare rolled back all by yourself? Other people have done it already, there's a case in court right now of a kid from Far Rockaway—where it now costs \$1.20 round trip to Manhattan every day—a turnstyle-jumping case dating from 1968, which will probably *still* be tied up in court ten years from now. The prosecutor has a habit of not showing up, it's that simple. *They* don't think any more of test cases than *you* do.

And besides, hell, *everybody* breaks the rules on the subway. The TA puts out a yearly booklet of laws which keep changing according to the metabolism of Dr Ronan, apparently. In the present one, Section 701.9b insists that 'No person except members of the working press who hold working press identification cards issued by the New York City Police Department shall take moving pictures or photographs within the limits of the New York City Transit System.' Better burn those negatives, Joe. Then section 701.12d specifically notes, 'No person shall bring or carry on the transit system a soiled or dirty article of clothing or bedding'. If you fucked up with the candle cream at Ferrara's, you better take a cab home. Or is that illegal too? But the really great one, the one Neil Hubbard really loves, is section 701.14, named 'Waste Receptacles': 'No person shall disturb or remove any newspaper, refuse, or other rubbish from any receptacle provided by the Authority for the deposit of such matter on any station of the New York City Transit System.' Test cases? Is there really that much difference between jumping a turnstyle and lifting a *News* jumble page out of a dustbin?

Naw, the most outrageously anarchistic slogan Neil Hubbard will allow himself is the muttering of, 'Right On And Over The Top.' He has other things in mind for F.R.F. Right off, right now, he wants everybody to register their sad complaint with the people who count. Try Mayor Lindsay at Gracie Mansion. Write to the Governor—you know the one, he owns most of South America—at 32 West 55 Street, JU 2-7030. Even the Metropolitan Transit Authority has a place to live, at 1700 Broadway, and a phone, 757-4040. Here is what you should tell them, as vehemently as possible:

1. You want better service;
2. These delays have got to stop;
3. Safety devices must be installed and maintained;
4. You want a ROLLBACK to 20¢, and

(Continued on Page 14)

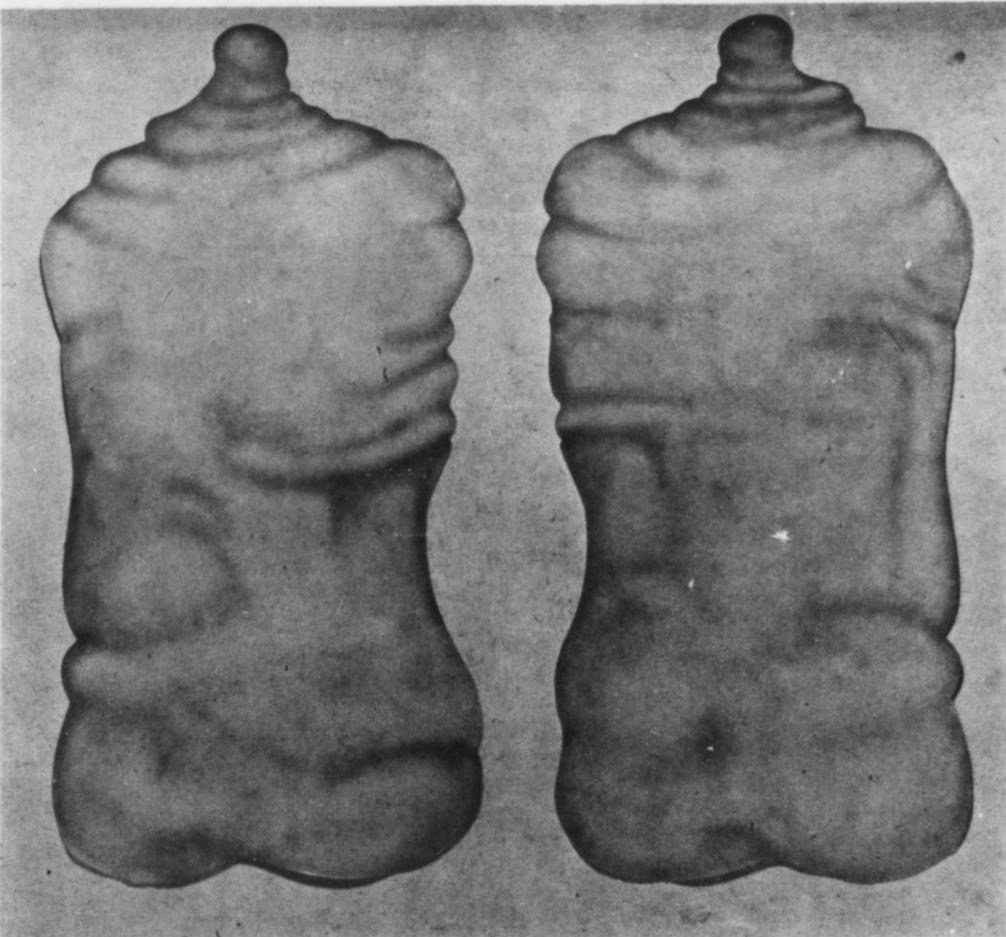
The Handwriting on the Wall
by LIL PICARD

I did my loving a long time and it kept me alive and above water. Revolutions and wars come and go. Art stays and changes in constant mind-waves. And it does it despite Art World manipulations and Art world corruptions. It's for the permanent and eternal quality of Art I look for when I look. And thinking about the year 1969 and what it did to artists I think it brought forth a *New Romanticism*. It hides under the most unusual forms and disguises itself under "labels". Names like Earth Art, Land Art, Conceptual Art, Language Art, Photographed Landscapes Art are blown up to unusual proportions. We have Ocean-Art Underwater-Art, and Word Art! But in reality its all just Romantic Art, done by artists who look again into Nature. And there the satyrs try to better the world by showing its weaknesses. I think about the perfect parody of EPAND X, the Trax Productions Film I saw in the Elgin theater, a comedy directed by Wynn Chamberlain.

Brand X gives commercial American T.V. what it deserves: A DEATHLY BLOW. It will be shown at the Cannes Film Festival and also during the first two weeks of Television - Caroline the world's first hip T.V. station. Taylor Mead as intellectual - poetic - slapstic comedian with a Chaplinesque touch. He is the star of the film surrounded by beautiful funny people: Sally Kirkland, Tally Brown, Frank Cevestani, Sam Shepard, Candy Darling, Joy Bang, Sam Ridge and Ultra Violet, Abbie Hoffman, plays a cop.

The Whitney Annual does not shock with too much new talents. Although 147 painters got selected and 33 are shown for the first time in the Whitney, one feels one has seen all that before somewhere. The only really daring gesture was done by 2 artists: Bob Huot (born 1935) and Joseph Kosuth (no date of birth given in Catalogue) Both artists are exhibiting labels. Nice small white labels with words printed on it.

Bob Huot's 2 labels say: 53 locations of anonymous paintings one to be posted each day Northwest corner Franklin Street & Broadway sidewalk. It's seems to be a revolutionary act for the Hell of it. Huot has a keen sense of humour. Kosuth shows many more white labels with printed words. He asks funny questions - and turns the museum into a reading room. His questions are titled Fifth Investigation (Art as Idea as Idea). For less literary viewers they are "things" romantically trying to leave the wall and go into other spaces: up against the ceiling f.i. with a 900 inches measuring hanging canvas, width 120 inches, acting like a



**IN THIS GENERAL MORASS COULD DRUGS
CONSTITUTE A BREATH OF FRESH AIR,
AN OUTSTRETCHED HAND WHICH WOULD
ALLOW THEM TO GRASP (BITE) LIFE
AT LAST?**



return of the muse by PAUL GEORGES

chandelier, called by artist Sam Gilliam (whom I have seen in the Harlem Studio Gallery this year) Carousel Form IV.

Lynda Benglis put her "thing" on the floor. It's made from poly urethane and looks like spilled orange and apple juice. I really like it for cold sad gray mornings to cheer me up awakening for the Rat-Art-Race, New York.

Art can be consoling ... on ceilings and on floors. There is nothing new under the sun. And the most delightful ironic painting in the Annual which looks like an early primitive is William Allan's "Self improvement", a fairytale ship in a fantastic ocean. And there are many Nudes. Classical: Philip Pearlstein, kitsch-art nouveaux-romantic: John Clem Clark. One white Nude in the middle of the combined group of painterly painters depicted by Paul George, a real machine of an oil painting, a kind of corny parody called: Return of the Muse ... and so on and so on ... paint paint paint from oil to liquitex to paper cut-outs ... a salon. Isn't the time over for Salon-painting? Or are we starting again with Group shows even going on downtown in the MUSEUM.

Here you don't have to pay \$1.00 entrance as in the Whitney. You are welcome free of charge. It's a project for the living artist - 729 Broadway, second floor. The last show was a really good one. I liked the floorpiece with lamps and electrical cords, I liked also the "people sitting around with sunglasses and wool sweaters, imitation people of today," just as they are. Of course they come directly from Marisol-Segal and Katz, but nevertheless they are very well made and humanly funny and have presence. The artists name is Ann Heiman. The lightwork-artists name is Allen Bermowits. The Museum is open from 10 to 6. The show was called as a group-enterprise and got quite interesting comments: Arthur Schlesinger Jr. said: "extremely intelligent". Time Magazine "Big Plus". Horizon Magazine "love it". Peter Frank "OUTASIGHT stuff and Ivan Karp who knows it's pop when he sees it: "Best group show I've seen in years" Downtown shows are getting better. They seem to get Adrenaline shote from unknown resources. O.K. Harris, Works of Art shows Gary Bower, Du Duane Hanson. If Ivan Karp loves it success follows ... we are at, romantic post-pop ... and romantic conceptual ... look at the Finch Museum's Process IV and indulge in measuring the results with this believe in a neo-romanticism for new spirit of hopefully enlightening ideas.

The Erotic Seventies are well underway and there is a chance that people will come closer to being people than they ever have before. Lack of identity crisis may well be the gift of the Seventies. As the big wheel turned and the sixties became the seventies clues were in evidence that a new way of life was coming about. In the thirties movie dawn Fatty Arbuckle's scandal was his ruination. An instant ouster from fans and an industry that loved who they thought he was. More recently Sheila Delaney the playwright's out of wedlock baby was a scandal that couldn't even be printed. Now we are in an era that comes strongly from film conditioning. It is environmental Marianne Faithful's out of marriage pregnancy by Mick Jagger was Pop Scene news and anything but a scandal. Next comes Andre Previn's child out of Mia Farrow.

In the Media Environment of jetset fused popculture lifestyles celebrated through overexposure publishing the old rules that could kill a career or ruin a person socially no longer apply. More and more the reverse is true. For there is a big reversal going on, a giant shedding. The medium is the message might be the clue. Population shifts and explosions definitely play a part: Fashion is the leading edge of change and vogue fads and popular fancies cause overreactions in anticipation of where the money is going to be. And bread is a big part of what we are about. So fame through Peyton Place erects little Mia Farrow to fame and changes: Sinatra courtship, yachtdeaths, the Roz Russell Lady Mousepack... Rosemary's Baby by the Devil and finally outside the old laws her own illegitimate child via Previn. Did Mick Jagger really cook Cissie Shrimpton's puppy in her oven when she refused to come out of the locked W.C. and finish the argument? It doesn't matter. Ray Johnson had another way of saying hot dog when he flew over nude cellist Charlotte Moorman's festival and dropped franks from a helicopter. The real life becomes as pulsing as a joke parody of one by Terry Southern or Gore Vidal. The Valley of the Dolls has its ups and downs. No morality as we used to know it. You get arrested (forward motion stopped) for getting caught, not because you did something bad.

Throughout our Spaceship Earth environment there is an over reaching all pervading anarchy within which the individual has complete freedom to be good or bad. The energy in the system organizes the system in terms of the energy. Take your chances. A media powerful person can often do no wrong, his courtiers know the old waiter's rule: the customer is always rite. A jungle limbo of lifestyles within which feeling



INDEX CARD FOR A DECADE

by AL HANSEN

good is automatically chemical. Like turning a dial on the telly. Dial a little happiness. Players on margin who get stoned to make the toothache or the appendicitis go away have to go back to Go without picking up the two hundred dollars.

It is an area of identity crisis within which personality, dress and behavior have no bearing on the old reality and vice versa. Truly contingent... on everything. Culture gap and shock versus era interface and individual ability to tune up. The young are raised by television dress in relation to a collage of clothing images from the surrogate parent Boob Tube. TV sex taboos breed Unisex. Rudi Gernreich's hairless Harry & Harriet. Baggies make great condoms. Dig your babysitter. St Mark's Place, People's Park and the Portobello Road are movie lots full of extras on their lunch break. Continental soldiers, Dickensian London, Indians (one me from column A, one me from column B), Arabs, Ahabs, Wild West Trail Boss cowboys, West Point cadets, Chelsea Pensioners jackets, caftans, Army Navy Store loggers and timbermen... dress from every era of history except

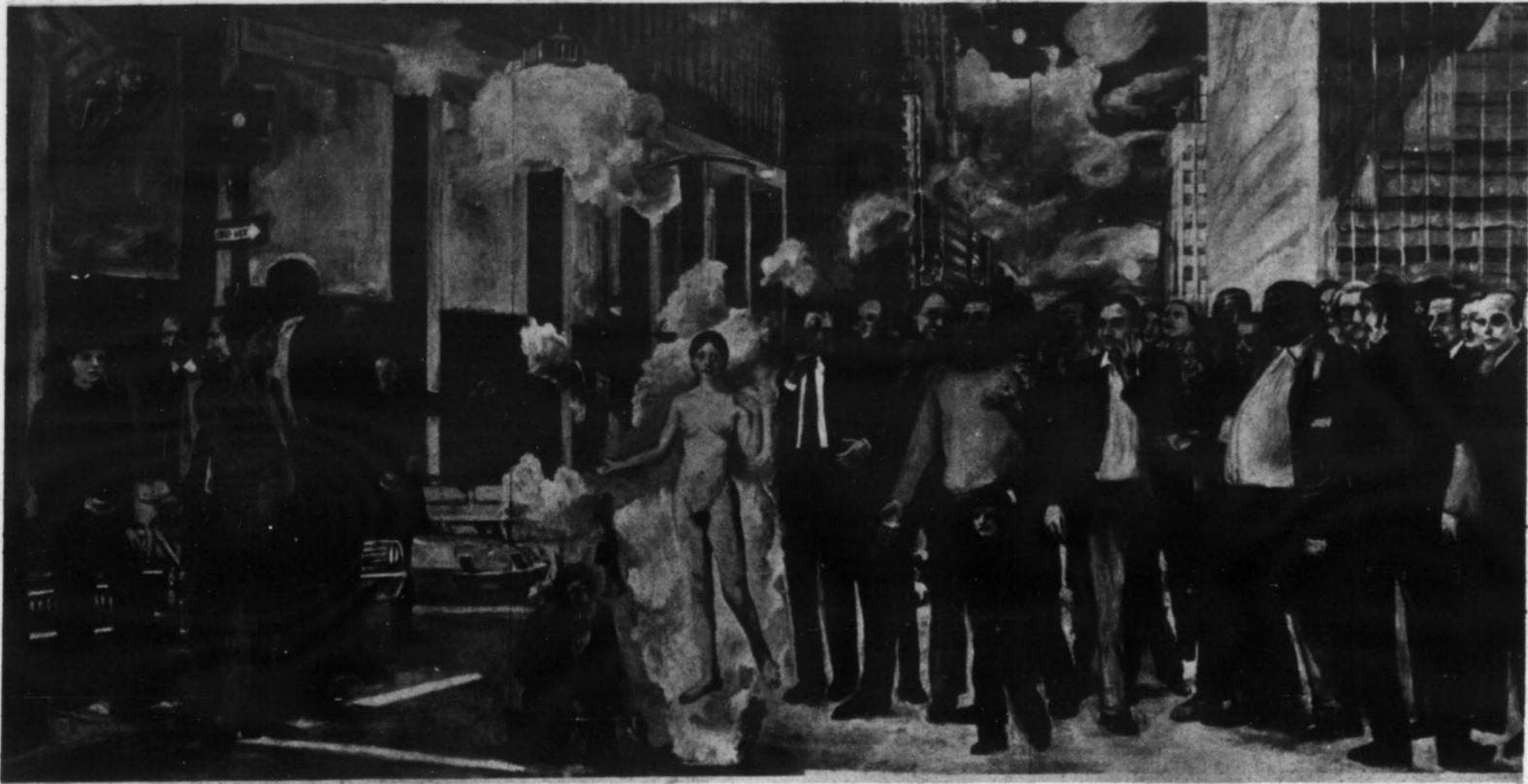
for one major taboo everything goes. The major crucial taboo is HAIR. Frank Lloyd Wright said: "Ye shall grow your hair long!"

The porn papers and magazines mean something as culturally significant as the development of the photo camera, the Symbolist poets, the Russian Revolution, electricity, atomic power acid and the Beatles. The so called leaders of the world up until the sixties began, were able to style and control information. Dig the Pueblo incident, in the old days a war would have backed up that lie, but we are into really strong instant communication all over the globe. Reversal: things have gotten out of their hands. Nixon-Agnew alarmed the media world with the charge that people are fed up with media's editorializing in favor of humanism and the left. Polls were taken west of Hoboken and the returns came in in favor of Nixon-Agnew's stand which amazed the Media Chieftains and many got on the air forthwith to apologize in all those living rooms and cheater's motels. It seemed like the broad middle masses were against the new era. Of course there is humor in this because the broad

middle middle was well narcotized and made dumb by media and its social parallel-education for the masses. Recently Agnew was to appear on a TV guest show. The weather fouled him up and he couldn't get to it but the next day thousands of post cards began to come in praising his stand on various issues. For a member of the media winning high slot political team it was an interesting 'ooooops!' indeed.

Just before the sixties became the seventies some interesting things began to happen. The Baggies Studio a duplex rock rehearsal place opened at Grand St. and Wooster Streets. Just a block north of central Canal St. Its sort of an environmental freak out cool bin designed to hold comfortably just about any size entourage the rehearsers might have in tow. It works like the old Stillman's Gym where fans and real buffs could watch boxers train. The way some dealers and collectors like to see an artist's work in his studio where it was created. Free love Karista and experimental Cerebrum came out of the commune, rock palace, happening era. First statements by Harvey Kramer and Pablo.

The latest is the Global Village of Rudi Stern and SuperNova on West Broadway continuing the tradition. New era entertainment. Its all happening. The Be-ins become the Moratoriums and they predict an instant electronic vote... yes, no, maybe interface. Are you a lemming, a leaper or your brothers keeper? Another interesting reversal through the medium becoming the message meld weld is that the Rock Stars no longer pursue the Groupies. Now, because of media celebration, the Rock Star must be able to say he balled particular top Groupies. Unless he makes it with the top Groupies in the section of the world he tours, he's nobody. The wrong people are coming into power. The Art Labs group began as a way for students and teachers to meet more on their own and dig ideas outside a syllabus. Now they are going to replace the museums and universities as an exciting alternative. Soon to run for high political office one will have to get his kid arrested for possession as proof you plan to do something about it. The tail is wagging the dog and its happening in the niche of time.



two shapes by THOMAS STEIGERWALD

LONDON LOOKS AT CHICAGO

The general establishment press here, the Fleet Street rags haven't given too much coverage of the Chicago Eight trial — although some has leaked through — enough to wet the appetites of the underground here — But most of the news of the happenings in Chicago come from the underground press, OZ and IT (IT AT THE MOMENT IS BEING TRIED UNDER SOME UNWRITTEN COMMON LAW WITH SOME OBSCURE OBSCENITY CHARGE) (MORE TO YOU ON THE IT CASE NEXT WEEK), and Private Eye.

The current issue of Private Eye carries a back page ad and story on the trial — the ad announces YIPPIE HAPPENING FESTIVAL OF LIFE 2 — for SUPPORT THE CHICAGO EIGHT BENEFIT at the Roundhouse.

The event sprung up from the ground with the announcement in Private Eye, and now, it looks like, mostly by word of mouth, the scene will be the biggest indoor underground event this town has seen in ever.

The Festival will include pop groups like MIGHTY BABY, THE QUINTESENCE, GROVEL, and others. Theatre groups include The LIVING THEATRE CELL 3, AGIT PROP, THE CAMBRIDGE STREET THEATRE, and events including magic, circus, movies, picnic — all taking place in the old railroad roundhouse, which has become London's only alive, hip event staging area.

At the time the Chicago Eight Benefit was being planned, the London Police picked up Gary Mark, and 18 year old American Army deserter, who'd been in London about three months. Then, without trial, or any sort of hearing, turned him over to the Military Police, who in turn shipped him back to his unit in Germany, where he faces a five year prison sentence.

Although Sweden and France allow American deserters to stay, the British government claims to be bound by the NATO treaty which says that any member of the Armed Forces of a member nation,

must be turned over to the military service from where he came.

There was some attempt to save Gary Mark from being sent out of the country, but all efforts failed. However, the NATO treaty comes up for renewal soon, and there seems to be some move by certain anti-Vietnam members of Parliament to have this clause taken out of the renewed treaty. But until such time, it's best to warn any deserter to avoid England.

This does not apply to draft resisters, who once they get into the country, have a even chance of finding some way to stay — provided they keep their cool.

The two local issues which seem to be hogging the establishment headlines regarding the underground are POT and CENSORSHIP.

Pot busts seem to be going on at the same pace and level that they've had for the past three years. It's even affected the non-underground. A few weeks

ago the London Times carried a story headed, "POT PARTIES AT RAF STATION"

It went on to say that Airmen and airwomen at an RAF station held "pot" parties in a playing field shelter, making a large cigarette and handing it round." The airman was sentenced to 84 days in military detention.

On the censorship scene, the police this week raided the art gallery showing prints of John Lennon and Yoko Ono. It all happened a day after the exhibition opened, and on the same day that the trial of IT, London's underground newspaper started.

IT is being charged with some unwritten, common law that dates back more than a few hundred years. The paper, and its three directors have been brought into court for accepting what the government claims were smutty advertisements.

The IT trial in Magistrates Court, more like a Grand Jury Proceeding here, will take about five days, and then it is expected

to be sent to the OLD BAILEY for trial sometime later this year.

Under English law, the trial cannot be discussed in the press or in public within the country — thus allowing the government a free hand in its actions, it is only after the trial that the issue can be raised. And by then, who knows what can happen.

All in all, it is a quiet winter on the London Underground scene, but from the tone of it, it looks as though the summer will blast off in a way that no English summer has in a number of years.

The heat is on all over the continent, and free movement with long hair is becoming more and more difficult.

One might say that this year, 1970, the political establishments all over the continent and throughout the middle east have made up their minds to unify their open war on the underground. If you're travelling this year — be ultra cool, or the fuzz will make it ultra hot for you.

THE LEGAL MIRE MONDAYING AT FOLEY SQUARE

by CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Word had it that the forces of justice would be arraigning EVO's ace reporter Ray Schultz promptly at nine aeh-emm on Monday, January 26th. Seems that Schultz had again violated all kinds of journalistic canon by permitting himself to be arrested with the Young Lords up in East Harlem. "Get there," Schultz begged/ordered me. "I'll need all the friends I can in that courtroom." 9:15

I arrived at the Criminal Courthouse, one hundred Center Street, very promptly at nine. After an hour's worth of searching, I discovered that

justice works its secret ways. So secret, in fact, that despite endless inquiries to faceless lawyers, guards, and legal clerks, I was unable to locate the precise room in which my friend, Ray Schultz was being processed for his trespassing crime.

The day was not lost, however, because right down the block, at the United States Federal Courthouse, I was due to testify at a rather interesting lawsuit. 300 New York women, including Grace Paley, Lindsey Van Gelder, Robin Morgan, Ti-Grace Atkinson and Nanette Ranione, are suing District

Attorneys Frank Hogan and Barton Robers, and Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz in an attempt to have the state's abortion laws declared unconstitutional. The plaintiffs insist that the State's abortion statute is, among other things, a violation of a woman's right to privacy and her right to practice her own religion under the first amendment. In a carefully worded brief the New York Three Hundred suggest that the abortion law invades their "right to privacy or liberty in matters related to marriage, family and sex; the sacred right of every individual

to the possession and control of her own person; and the right to be left alone as guaranteed by the First, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution." Fighting words!

Legal maneuvers in The Great Abortion Suit have been going on for nearly eight weeks now. On November 3rd, a grey-haired Judge named Edward Weinfeld presented the plaintiffs with a small victory by permitting a three judge panel of the federal court to hear their case. Ever since then a team of women lawyers has been assembling sheaths of evidence to prove that

abortion laws discriminate against women, are unhealthy, unfair, and unquestionably illegal. All seemed to be going well in this attempt to overthrow the abortion statute until a group of Catholic physicians, "The Friends of the Fetus," were accepted by the Court as "intervenor" in the case. An intervenor is someone who feels that he has special interest in a legal matter and who feels that his rights will not be protected by the positions of both the plaintiffs and the defendants. In this case, the Friends of the Fetus claimed

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he sees strawberry sunsets and snakes he sees life's illusion slipping by.

why (sniff) don't he cut the cable (sniff) and let me be sure (sniff)

he is only 16. why why why?

oh lady Dujee do not show me the secret of your maya.

Conversation with a sixteen year old Junkie. David Walley.

up is up but how do we know how down is down.

"All this bullshit about love and peace, and nobody's shown me no love and peace yet."

(an apprentice junkie)

Reality is sometimes four-sided, length, width, depth, and yes, also the perception of those ideas. Perception is the key to understanding reality, the key to putting oneself onto other planes of reality. Reality today comes in many forms: packaged and saranwrapped, it is sold in the local supermarket or drugstore, mastered, mixed, and cut, it appears on a record; it can also be shaped, edited, and recorded for television, color or black and white... it can also be lived. Reality has a habit of walking down the street, asking you for change or even holding you up. Funny, reality has a habit of becoming real.

All that drug imagery, "habit", "cut", "hold up" pathology of a drug culture, more the pathology of my own experience last Tuesday. The last thing I would have expected would have been to be ripped off, or if that term is unfamiliar, robbed at broken glass point by a sixteen year old scared black junkie. Not that I had planned anything you understand, I had planned nothing. I had planned to go back to my house after an afternoon of rapping with friends and looking at the streets which I walk in search of reality. No, this time reality came to me in a narrow double doored hallway, the type where the outside door opens streetwards, and the inside door opens to the inside. Between the two doors there is little space, but just enough space for two people to converse while attempts to take the other off for thirty dollars.

It started rather innocently. I was opening my door when this cat came up, slipping past the outer door and asked where he could cop some grass. Such an innocent question in these parts, and I didn't know. Then he pulled out a piece of broken glass from his pocket and said the magic words, "How much money do you have?" Just been paid and thirty dollars to the good. I gave him five dollars and said I had no more. We got talking and I wanted to see just why, and because/why/where junkies are something we all read about, even know a few, but the people we know never are in such extreme conditions, so extreme that their reality permits them to impinge themselves on others' consciousness... like mine for instance. I had to know more about this, and being me, I asked if he would come up and talk to me. (A definite mistake under any circumstances except that

these were my own personal circumstances, and reality was becoming absurd - his and mine.)

Inside cluttered apartment: records, books, tape decks all over the house, two cats, Samantha and Ezra rise and greet us yowling. Inside, my reality, my home, and here was a scared black kid, and a scared me. So now the ultimate absurdity ("... and now, right from the house of David Walley, we hear the latest crime, now in progress."). We talked about his life: reformatory school drop-out, sent up for grass, perhaps an ounce. On three-day pass, split and been living on the streets for six months (been on junk as well for six months). How did he get on? "I just took it. I couldn't face society the way it was." Why skag at all, because by his own admission, skag was a down. Well, he had to forget. Forget that a year ago he killed two people in Harlem, killed them in their own apartment, killed them while he was robbing them, because they were talking and he wasn't in the mood to listen

get - the blood will be real - his or mine, and my cats are prowling around his legs. He has a distant gleam in his eyes though he responds to my questions and answers with a boyish politeness.

The reality and the myth, casualty of this generation, lead off to sap his own manliness with a hypodermic needle, lead off because there was nothing for him to do. Any other drugs I ask? Like acid? "... all kinds of acid," he answers, "I kept seeing faces (and just then he confessed to those killings "over nothing") those guys' faces and then snakes. I knew they weren't real but the more I kept staring at them the more real they became." How long ago, how old when the first trip to reality/unreality was taken? "I was twelve years old," he said.

A casualty, circa 1966, and no place to go, no place to go except inside where there was no one to guide a twelve-year old. (What happened to the mystique of acid? There was a time when an acidhead was the holy guru of the psychedelic world, the most together one who experienced and learned from the trip into and away from the Self, the ego/id/it.) And here was this kid in Harlem, and acid was just something else to do, another escape from boredom, a way to

(While we were talking, we were drinking coffee, nice as pie.) Why rip off's in the first place? "As soon as I didn't go back upstate, I'm out on the street, right? Can't go back home 'cause I'd get turned in, so in order to get enough money to survive, the only thing I could do was boost." Familiar, right from the books, but there in my living room, there being himself, being scared, afraid, being a 16 year-old kid.

We were two figures on different plains of reality, but there was communication... both ends of the underground, the junkie and the freak, two people talking calmly (while hundreds of others in New York were experiencing the same thing, but not so pleasant). There's a knife in the kid's pocket, about eight inches worth of steel, and at one point I have a lead pipe in my hands as he says to me, "You can hit me, but I'm not here, and either way I'm going to get what I want." I am dumbfounded, reality dramacopsandrobberscrime-fighters picture in my own apartment - how absurd can it

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PATRIOTS IN YORKVILLE

It began in Chicago a year ago when the street-gangs of Hillbilly Harlem stopped fighting and took a good long look at the situation. Here they were, thousands of poor Appalachian whites, living with hunger, rats, junkies, but no heat—just like the Blacks and Puerto Ricans. Here they were, getting ripped-off, put-down, shit-on and fucked-over—just like the Blacks and Puerto Ricans. Here they were, a rural people, losing touch with their land and culture—just like the Blacks and Puerto Ricans. They decided it wasn't cool. It wasn't kosher. Something had to be done. Why, they asked themselves, couldn't we organize—just like the Blacks and Puerto Ricans?

It worked in Chicago. With the help of the Black Panthers and the Young Lords (see American Revolution II), the Young Patriots Party was created, and admitted to the Rainbow Coalition. Basing their program and aims on those of the other two groups, they set up Breakfast programs, educational services, rent-strikes—and an official hero, John Brown. They won the support of the people and the malice of the police. It worked in Chicago, and the prospects looked good for other cities, for Boston where the poor whites had the same problems, for New Haven, where people owed their souls to Yale, for New York, where the subway fare had just gone up to thirty cents. Things looked good.

For their New York debut, they chose a quiet, unassuming, poor white community called Yorkville, where the construction of plush high-rise apartments was driving out the older tenants. *Some* of the older tenants. Yorkville, you see, is a community on the rise. Commercial interests see extravagant possibilities. They are, in a sense, seizing the time themselves.

"People are being moved out by the master plan," a Patriots spokesman called the "Preacherman," said in the headquarters last week. "They're losing their homes. The city planning commission is hoping to set up a new middle class up here at the expense of the poor whites. And this is the safest group of people to pick on. You don't mess with those crazy niggers. You don't fool around in East Harlem. The Blacks and Puerto Ricans have people standing up for them, but the poor whites have no one. Nobody's gonna speak for them."

The "Preacherman," is from Appalachia by way of Chicago. He sits there, in the second-ave. storefront, wearing shades, and carefully delivering his rap. Perfect control. He discusses the breakfast program, which up to now, has been feeding 10 or 12 children a day. The Patriots need food. He discusses some of the traditional problems to be faced when trying to organize a poor-white community. He hopes that the Patriots will set a

good example, help tear down the centuries of racism that exist—people will work together. They need each other. And he talks about the problems he has trying to organize Yorkville itself.

"Sometimes it's tough," he says.

Yorkville is a grungy sort of neighborhood, stretching from 86th street to 96th, between Lexington Avenue and the river. It is populated by Hungarians, Austrians, Czechoslovakians, but mostly Germans and Irish. You see the signs everywhere: row upon row of German pork stores, Irish delicatessens (Black pudding), German bakeries, Irish pubs. Once an ethnically colorful neighborhood with hundreds of Brownstones and local landmarks (the Ruppert Brewery Tower, etc.), today the area is being revamped by the incredible economic development of the neighboring Upper East Side, which is still moving north.

Eighty-sixth street is the major thoroughfare. The big street. Tourist row. You see the neon, the big marquees, the expensive restaurants and beerhalls, The Hofbrau, Berlin Bar, Austrian Village, the Lorelei, where well-dressed and elderly citizens pay extravagant prices for their grub. This street has been developing continuously. The Yorkville Casino, a German movie theatre that *poor* people brought their lunches to, was closed and reopened as a Loew's

air-conditioned, first-run three-D technicolor wonderama house. The old RKO theatre on the corner of 86th and Lexington was levelled in 1967, and is now being replaced by a major branch of Gimbel's Department Store.

"It fulfills what I've been looking for for a long time," Bruce Gimbel said when the plans were announced. "And that is to put a branch store in the richest suburb in the world."

"It would," the city planning commission agreed, "provide, if not a new retail hub, at least another shopping axis and focus in Manhattan."

Big plans. And with each renovation, each new construction, some poor old bastard is thrown out of his happy home. Moving up from 86th, up third Ave., you pass the Irish Pubs, Pems, Joey Archer's, etc. Shamrocks in every window. "Whisky on Sunday," by the Irish Rovers on the jukebox. You move up, the buildings look fairly neat, fairly well taken-care-of, the folks are fairly middle-class, you see American flags everywhere.

The further north you move, the worse it gets. The buildings get cruddier, the bars are smaller. You run into a couple of head shops, and a health food shop. As you get up near 96th, you begin to see a few Spanish faces here and there. In 1967, when East Harlem erupted, Yorkville merchants were petrified by the prospect of a mass rip-off. The two

communities border on each other, and have very little in common.

Renovation of the neighborhood is progressing with all deliberate speed. Luxury high rises, schools with office buildings astride them, new breweries, new head shops. The great gold rush, you can believe it. The older folks are getting sort of wiped out by it. Their neighborhood is being sieged. Public rape. Their culture is being disrupted. Mass evictions. The thing is, with local custom being what it is, can the Patriots do anything about it?

The major problem is the Nazis. There are several splinter-groups operating, the largest of which is the New Renaissance, a group of steely fuckers who blasted out the windows of the Patriots headquarters with rocks one evening. This is an important aspect of the local mentality. Before World War II, Bund rallies were more popular than Bingo. Today, folks don't talk about the Fatherland much but they have *great* plans for America. All sorts of good potential flapping about. Most of the young Germans who are politically radical at all, join one of these groups. The Irish kids hang out in Derek's Pub, with their chicks. The Patriots cannot claim an indigenous young membership; they have to work with the older folks, and that's difficult too. You can set up breakfast programs and housing rallies and rent strikes, but how

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—RAY SCHULTZ

THE HAND THAT ROCKS

—JAMES LICHTENBERG

THE NETWORK

How's it done? Say you're a superduper network and you own a record company as part of your dominion. And one of your all-time heavy lady singers is being made into an actress, straight dramatic role. The movie is based on a play, not the hippest play ever written, so in addition to the now almost usual grass-blowing scene you want to lay down a rock soundtrack to make sure you get a good shot at that more than 50% under-30-movie-goin' public. So, being creative people you naturally look around for the most relevant young group for the film and who do you come up with, why your number one selling rock group, same label as the lady singer who is becoming an actress. Wow, that certainly is exciting, unexpected good news, nice coincidence about the label, why not let people know about it? So, you commission a private film making group to do a t.v. film about the movie and about this famous rock group who will be writing the score. But, under other circumstances a tv film of that nature might be construed

as advertising and there might be a little difficulty in getting a network to show it. Not this time, because you *are* the network. Say, that tv film sure sounds like a good thing to broadcast during prime time.

Surely a paranoid re-telling of some normal situation. Nope. Just a quick glimpse at the slick technique of some entertainment business heavies, puttin' together their "packages" of entertainment. Cast and Credits:

Superduper network: CBS
Lady singer turned actress: Barbra Streisand

Record company in Network dominion: Columbia Records

Play turned movie: "The Owl and the Pussycat"

Relevant rock group turned soundtrack artists: Blood Sweat and Tears

Now don't get me wrong. Private enterprise is all right, and you've got to admit they sure roll it tight. The only hassle is that it's not public private enterprise, it's private private enterprise.

For example, how many superduper television networks are there, three . . . in a country of 200 million people, that's pretty few. It should be expected that, given their phenomenal control, the networks would be more than generous in fairly encouraging and promoting talent from the outside. Let's say you have an idea, a story, a script, something that a network could use. And let's say you succeed in finding out to whom you should submit your work. Before they will accept it you have to sign a waiver, disclaiming all rights. Which means that they can read it, return it to you with "I'm sorry, but I don't believe we're interested in this right now", then turn around and do it themselves with one of their own writers. And you have no protection.

The point of all this is that in light of the vast and hardly democratic power in the hands of the networks, associated record companies, etc., the present pursuit and suing of the midnight dealers who have

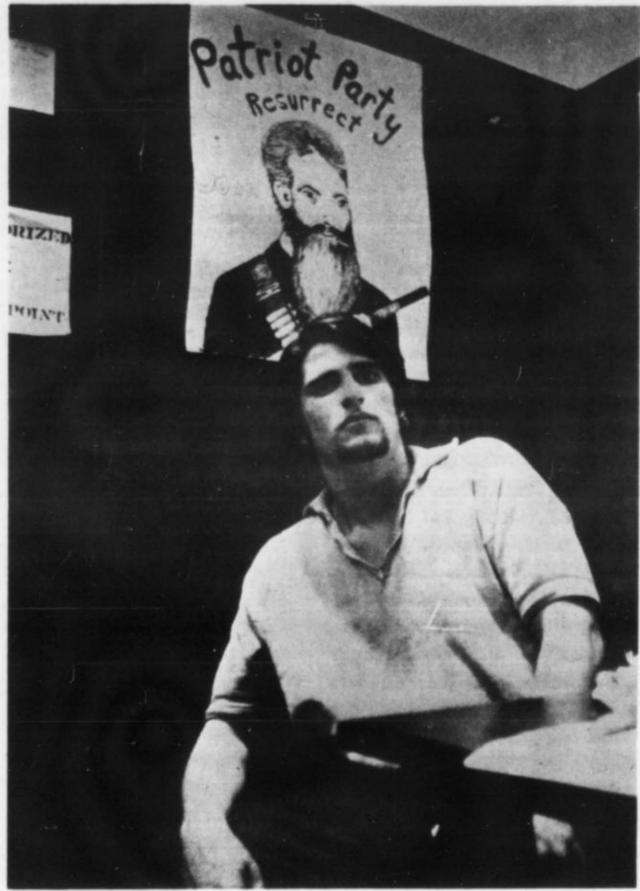
pirated editions of Dylan, Lennon at Toronto etc., is something like putting in jail a boy who has stolen apples from the rich man's orchard. No doubt in anyone's mind about the essential value of copyright laws and protections, but when even these become simply another well in the creation of huge, highly lucrative, monopolistic entertainment corporation castles, you can't help but question the entire set-up. Blood Sweat and Tears is a super successful group, the first in history to have 3 golden hit singles (million sellers) from one album. Perhaps they are right for the soundtrack of the movie "The Owl And The Pussycat" but I am certain that even within the Columbia-Epic-Ode records complex there are other groups with just as much talent, who deserve the kind of exposure that BS&T hardly need any more, who are just as right for the movie and who would enrich the totality of rock by their success. (How about the Flock?)

Like Jann Wenner, editor of Rolling Stone, says, there is just no end to rock and roll, as long as everyone is dealing for real. But when politics and corporate connections start replacing gut-level talent as the motive force, then it's trouble. If there is one lesson to be learned from the present near-tragic state of the motion picture industry, it's that.

On the subject of corporations. Trying to connect through Capitol with the Quicksilver Messenger Service, "They'll be in and out, Thursday night to Sunday morning . . . busy with Capitol executives . . . their second performance all year, the first with Nicky Hopkins . . . they're a little nervous."

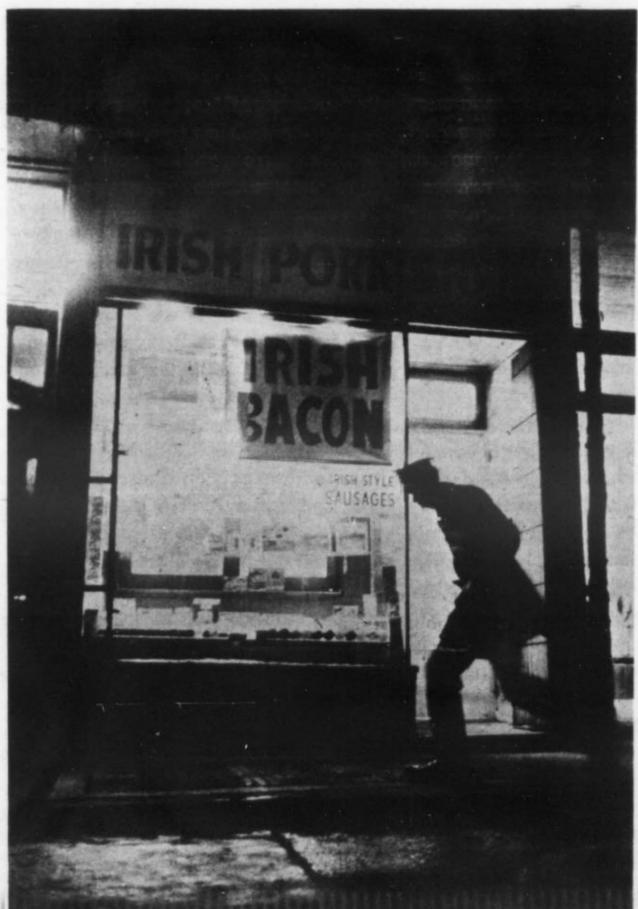
A little, yes, you could say that. Dino Valenti, who has been associated with the group since their first album at least, now officially their vocalist, dropped the microphone twice during the performance I saw. He wasn't doing any tricks, it just fell out of his hand. He wasn't doing any tricks with the singing either,

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JOSEPH STEVENS

YORKVILLE



BOEING 747 - TALE OF A BUM TRIP

ECO- NOTES

The Nixon regime's decision to tolerate domestic commercial uses of Boeing's 747 jumbo jet was not a smart one, after all.

The regime had gambled that the decision would not reveal its own enormous fears of impending economic collapse.

It lost that gamble not because it couldn't retain control of the media, but because it couldn't control the analytical faculties of its citizenry. (Herb Klein's error is to assume that control of mass media assures control of the populace; similarly, Marshall McLuhan's central error is to assume that an understanding of media assures an understanding of contemporary social processes; these errors are a form of hubris.)

The stakes were large: Boeing already had laid off 18,000 workers this year — and loss of the 747 commercial-jet contract would cause a quick collapse of the greater-Seattle-area economy and risk a spreading of that collapse to other parts of the nation.

So the regime did unusual things like these:

1 — Slapped a court injunction on 8000 solid citizens of Long Island to keep them from demonstrating against noise levels at airports. The citizens are straight and respectable and are members of five different noise-abatement groups. During Thanksgiving weekend police had to prevent some of them from driving cars onto airport runways and from using cars to block traffic on an expressway leading to an airport. One of them was arrested for shooting at planes.

2 — Risked losing support of police. Most of the police assigned to the demonstration against the inaugural passenger flight of the 747 January 21 at Kennedy Airport lived within ten miles of the airport and thus of course were sympathetic to the demonstrators. Because the media under pressure from the regime distorted or blacked out the behavior of the demonstrators (e.g., UPI: "the taunts of a small but noisy band

of protesters who fear the Boeing 747's noise and pollution..."), some of the police henceforth will be suspicious of media representations of other kinds of protesters and the regime's "credibility gap" will be widened further.

Though Boeing really had more at stake, the inaugural passenger flight was mostly a Pan Am show. It was a poor show. The cocktail party went well — but after the passengers got aboard, "an engine overheated when it taxied out to the runway." The passengers — many of them celebrities — were returned to the terminal to wait six hours before a second 747 took them to London.

In the week prior to the flight the New York Times picked up at least \$34,000 in Pan Am ads. Its page-one story January 22 via Richard Witkin was almost as preposterous as anything written by Pan Am's PR director.

Here are some elements of information about that demonstration which you can't obtain in overground media:

1 — The protestors — who

numbered about 100 at the height of the demonstration — were from a Manhattan-based group called Ecology Action East. The media evidently were instinctively nervous at having the word "ecology" associated with a radical demonstration at the very time the regime was trying to gain control of the word to manipulate its definitions and consequences.

2 — When the passengers returned to the air terminal after the attempted departure, some of them told demonstrators they were going to refuse to go back aboard the plane. A UPI dispatch written between the aborted departure and the actual departure said 352 passengers "were offered an evening meal," etc. A later UPI dispatch said the plane took off with 332 persons aboard — 20 persons evidently having become too frightened or too angry to continue.

3 — On each transatlantic flight the 747 (and most other large jets) routinely dumps large quantities of fuel onto coastal waters in order to make landing less difficult and less dangerous.

4 — Even though Pan Am's president is a former member of the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), Pan Am did not get the FAA safety clearance for passenger use of the 747 till less than 24 hours before the attempted take-off. The ostensible reason for this was a malfunction in an emergency evacuation chute. The FAA also exempted Pan Am and the 747 from the usual standards for noise emission.

If you read the UPI report carefully you begin to realize how shoddy a piece of technology the 747 is: "Capt. Robert M. Weeks, head of the 20-man crew... said he believed the engine overheated because of 'very strong northwest winds blowing on the back of the engine which caused the heat to go up.' Winds were blowing at 30 miles an hour." Since 30 mph is not unusual at large airports the ponderous machine evidently is not safe even during normative conditions. Evidently U.S. airplanes are now coming off assembly lines with as many gross defects as U.S. automobiles.

DECOMP. — (Continued from Page 7)

5. Tell them you want those rich fatass bankers OFF the MTA, and REPLACED with people who can tell a train from a stratojet.

And if one person does it, they'll think he's some kind of nut. But if two people do it, they may think it's a movement. And if three people do it, they'll bust Hubbard and me and Arlo there are other things you can and wear those buttons of which do, like get in touch with F.R.F. we spoke earlier. They're good-sized white buttons with black block letters, and they may be got for a quarter apiece—or for an old-style subway token, if you were hung with a few—from F.R.F., at 79C Concourse Village, West Bronx, New York. You can even call and rap with the incredible Hubbard—no relation to L. Ron of Dianetics fame—at CI 9-1503. Whatever trip you're on, he can show you how to get there cheaper. **THE HAND** —

(Continued from Page 12)

which went from ok to freaked out. The Matrix, where the Airplane and Steppenwolf took off, also witnessed the maiden flights of Quicksilver. A pillar of the San Francisco sound but unlike the Airplane or Steppenwolf Quicksilver never became great popular favorites. Their sound has always been delicate, modulated, textured, musical painting in a sense, enriched by David Freiberg's violin playing. "The Fool" from their first album is like a rock tone poem. More than concepts or metaphor, like the Airplane, or dense metaphysical states like

the Dead, Quicksilver has a quality of atmosphere, of place. Their second album "Happy Trails" is just that, you wander through it, like the sagebrush hills along the coast north of San Francisco. Their latest album, "Shady Grove", is another place, one definitely worth spending time in. In part, very considerable part, the richness of "Shady Grove" is due to the addition of pianist Nicky Hopkins, who plays with divinely inspired frenzy from beginning to end. His own song "Edward, (The Mad Shirt Grinder)" is a dazzling work, classical virtuosity that glides through the rock structure like a vision.

On stage he sat on one side, separated from the others by the bulk of his piano. His long hair covered his face. He looked up once, during drummer Gregory Elmore's superfine introduction to "Mona", and that was about it. He just sat and played. Given what their true sound is, the concert was incomprehensible. Amphetamine, pounding, too loud, and whatever gradual relaxation might have come about, Dino Valenti's endlessly nervous, mannered singing wrecked it. The Dead's serene and rising success is proof that New York audiences also appreciate the smooth, easy-San Francisco style. Quicksilver is a master of delicate power. What happened?

All the more disappointing was Quicksilver, having to follow a 4th of July explosion from Country Joe and the fantastic Fish. Among the fine original heads of San Francisco music, Joe and the Fish made the grade

with their irreverent, crowd-pleasing performances outdoors and at free concerts. "We never had a hit single," said Joe, tuning up before "Sweet Loraine", "But this is the closest we came." The original Fish swam down the river last year leaving Barry Melton and MacDonald casting their nets for a new catch. What they've come up with is a record-breaker, a hard rock sound that really rocks. The Fillmore audience, dazed and scattered from a not-too-electric Eric Mercury, didn't get into the off-the-wall velocity of the first song, and their disorientation reached its peak with Barry Melton's laconic joke: The scene is Mary Jo and "Jack Kennedy... what, oh yeah, Ted, Ted Kennedy" in the car just before "that fatal ride down the road". Mary Jo: "But Teddy, what happens if I'm pregnant?" Ted: "Mary Jo," (stop to adjust the Hyannis nasal twang) "Mary Jo, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it." Gasps. Is nothing sacred?

But once they started rocking, bam, together. It was like a big friendly jam at their home grounds in Berkeley. They have a new producer and a whole new momentum, with their rock energy tempered by Joe's sincere and pleasing trip into country and traditional music. They performed Woody Guthrie's "Roll On Columbia, Roll On", and Joe managed to get in one serious plug for Guthrie as "one of the greatest poets America has ever produced" before Barry informed everyone that "And he was Arlo's son, too." "Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-To-Die"

Rag was even better than on the original album, and after Songmy and Mylai, it sure has an unexpected depth.

The new energy of Country Joe and the Fish has been confirmed by someone near and dear to them. As a group they have just finished recording a double album's worth of music in Los Angeles (the masters are making their way slowly across country by car, the producers', but no one quite knows where he is). Joe has completed a second album of country songs (his first on Vanguard "Thinking of Woody") and Barry Melton has just wound up his first solo album of city blues recorded in Chicago under the direction of one of the most knowledgeable blues people in the country, Sam Charters. Joe is about to split for a solo European tour. Their film of Henry Miller's wonderfully erotic "Quiet Days in Clichy" (It takes about 2 hours to read, satisfaction guaranteed—for best results read out loud in a group) is in the dubbing stages, and they have just started work on their second movie, "Zachary" starring Ginger Baker, in which they have speaking roles. They play a band (ha, ha) of outlaws, The Crackers, bank robbers who carry amplifiers instead of saddle bags on their horses. "Lights, camera, roll 'em (tight)!" The Crackers gallop into town and pull up in front of The Saloon. A local staggers out of the swinging doors, looks up, face frozen in amazement. Local: "Holy shit, it's the Crackers!" he yells and tumbles back inside as the Fish got right into their first song. (One-upmanship on "Bonnie and Clyde", the

Crackers give free r'n'r concerts in front of the banks 'n order to drown out the noise of the vaults being dynamited.) Some wanted to attend the start of filming but Paramount is little uptight about the project.

Anyway, Fish, you're too fuckin' much. Why not run-for Congress?

FLASH... the mystery of give-away millionaire Michael James Brody, Jr. has finally been unmasked. Following the lead given by rock critic Robert Christgau (whose recent piece in The Village Voice revealed the secret of pop music: "concept"), Brody, in reality a struggling singer/guitarist, mounted the whole affair as a promotion prior to the announcement that he has signed with RCA as a new recording artist. His first single, released Thursday, January 28, contains his own composition "The War Is Over" a singing message to President Nixon who refused to see him in person, and on the flip side Bob Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" (first recorded by the Byrds on "Sweetheart of the Rodeo"), a singing message to all those people who think his philanthropic checks are good. In addition to his new status as pop singer, it was announced today, (Feb 2) that the oleomargarine company whose heir Brody claimed to be has appointed him Vice President in charge of Publicity. Brody was reached for comment and revealed that he was already at work on an album and on a publicity campaign, the latter entitled "Spread Peace". "Peace" is the brand name for a new butter substitute.

EARTH PEOPLES' PARK.

by JOHN de SWEDE

One of the biggest mistakes of my life was made when I went to the Woodstock Festival last year. By the second day of that fateful weekend, my mind was utterly and forever blown by what was happening and what could happen. I knew what freedom was—and I wanted to be free. We were doing what we only did in our pot dreams before, living peacefully, joyously, with all our beautiful brothers and sisters

We didn't stay even though we never wanted to leave, but vowed to spend the winter retrenchment gettin' our heads and other paraphernalia together for the coming summer. Well, I still haven't made the teepee, or the whole mess of bread I thought I'd need.

Lately, I'd been hearing more and more about an Earth Peoples Park being set-up by some, mainly, West Coast people in New Mexico or somewhere. If I was gonna hit the road anyway, I figured I'd best find out what was goin' on. A little nosing around got me in touch with Mel Lawrence, who is spreading the word on the Park here in the East. Mel has been a producer-builder of various pop festivals, including Woodstock, during the past few years, but this isn't the same. He isn't a "producer" or "head of operations" this time. Now, he's just a believer spreading the message.

So, just as I was beginning to feel that Woodstock was a freak accident designed to make me forever disillusioned with whatever happened after that, along comes Mel and his buddies dangling Earth Peoples Park before me, telling me I can eat of the forbidden fruits of peace and freedom if I want it. We can have a huge chunk of Amerika for our very own, free and open to anyone, if we want it.

The plan: get everyone who was at Woodstock (in person or spirit) to mail in a buck or whatever they could. If enough people believe in the possibilities, there's a few million bucks to buy the land in a good vibes place like New Mexico (say, a couple of giant 100,000 acre ranches). Anyone who wants is invited to live there with the understanding that we will live in balance with nature. No air pollution, no ripping off the land, no chemicals, no money, no government, no laws. Raise our own organic foods, keep the water pure, and so forth. Ecologists and "environmentalists" would be available to make it all work. No one would be allowed to make a nickel off it—all funds would be channeled to a non-profit corporation which would burn the deed once the land was acquired.

Well, I had spent much time during the fall and winter rapping and dreaming similar ideas (but mostly with the variation that instead of buying we would all just move into a national park and we'd be too many to evict or rule, although that didn't grab me too much as we'd be putting some people uptight). But, now here come some other dreamers and believers, including what you might call Important People, but more than that, people who at least appear to live the way we'd like to and who think the way we do and have good heads and vibes. Such as, the Hog Farmers, Joan Baez, Cass Elliot, Milan Melvin, Mel, Sky Steinbrecher, Tom Rounds, Tom Law, Mimi Farina, musicians, ecologists, and just plain folk like you and me.

All these people—about 250 got together at the Community Theatre in San Francisco in December to get it off the ground—are going out and laying down a rap to everyone they can about Earth Peoples Park. Telling everyone it can be done if they want it.

Of course, skeptics and cynics abound. Me, sometimes. I mean, sometimes I feel it's like Lennon's current advertising trip: "The war is over if you want it." Well, I want it but it ain't over. (As a matter of fact, the war is over for many people now with ecology and air pollution being the "in" topic these days, while the war drags on and on.) But, then, Earth Peoples Park, like peace, will come when enough people believe in it and want it and make it.

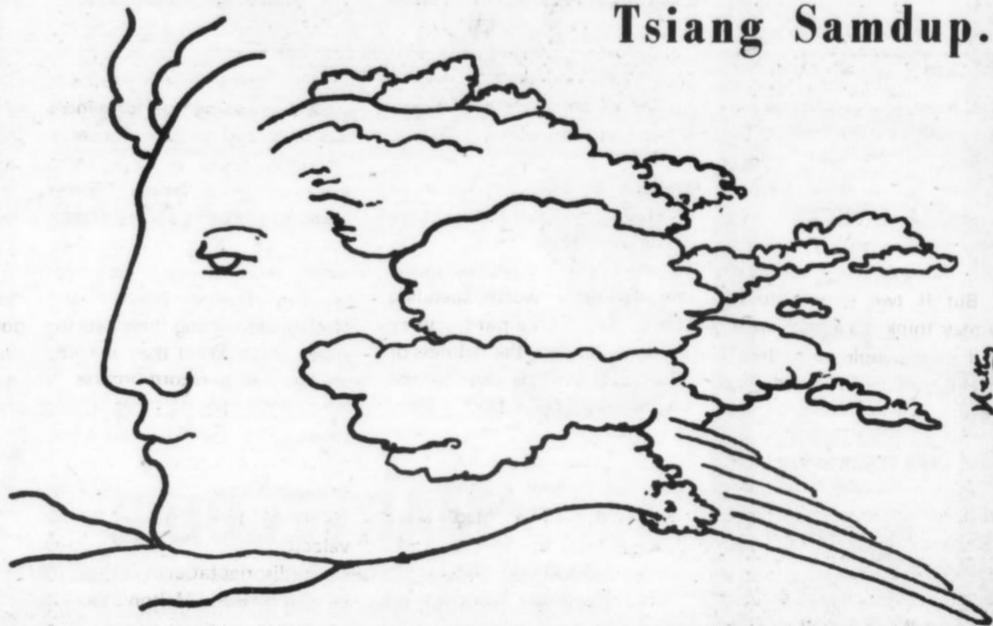
I, and these guys too, am aware that no matter how much land we have, there won't be enough. A certain amount of land will only support a limited number of people. But, they argue, and I can't help but agree, that two things will happen: through their own consciousness of what is happening, the saturation point will be recognized by all, and people will start other Earth Peoples Parks from the knowledge gained at the first one. Also, the number of people who can move out of this society, where the A&P is the main food source, to complete self-sufficiency is probably not large and will take time to develop. Some will be there for only short periods of time, either out of necessity or desire. Many will have to make radical, but welcome, changes in their life style and probably work hard to survive.

Often heard, too, is the comment that this will be a hippy ghetto/concentration camp. Relying heavily on higher states of consciousness and new levels of awareness—about

We remark upon the slowness of the snail and of the tortoise, but the processes of evolution are incomparably more slow, so that they escape our observation altogether.

Nonetheless, we are evolving although few of us as we suppose.

For supposition is the fume of decomposing vanity the instrument by which the Devil's guardbeclouds that road on which we are ascending, lest we see too much and so imagine ourselves gods before the Devil in us is evaporated.
Tsiang Samdup.



garbage, food, gasoline engines, work, and, yes, good times—is expected to keep us from ripping off the land and each other in this new tribal gathering. Why not? We did it at Woodstock.

I don't want to get hung-up on the scepticism, though. There are already enough people around ready to put-down good ideas instead of helping to make them work. OK, if I'm naive and John Lennon is naive and Hugh Romney is naive and Mel and Sky are naive, at least I'm in fucking good company.

In a way, John Lennon is right. I don't think "the revolution" or whatever you want to call it will be won by the Weathermen or with guns or any of that shit. Yeah, we dig what they're doing, but it's not our trip. It's very likely "the revolution" will be won by propaganda, which is all Lennon's ads are. And, living peacefully and maintaining a

balance with the earth is a form of propaganda—and more. The vibes from the Woodstock Festival were felt round the world. Earth Peoples Park will be felt, too.

Where it's at right now: offices have been set up in San Francisco and LA. In New York, call (212) 245-5587 (the Wartoke Concern) or 643-1031 in Brooklyn to find out more or to get speakers. Money is flowing in more rapidly now and you can send your buck to: Earth Peoples Park, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Whole Earth Catalogue is doing a five-page supplement on the Park while ecologists and others are looking over five sites now being considered. Plans call for purchase of the land this Spring with celebration of an Earthwarming Festival at the Summer Solstice. People with skills should leave early for whatever site is finally purchased to get water, crops, and such

going. As many musicians are involved, they will be there, too. Anyway, the regular mailing address is: Earth Peoples Park, Box 313, 1230 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California 94133. If you can help or want info, write them. A newsletter on progress is also being put out by Dr. Bill Alexander, same address, I presume. If you are a functioning group, tribe, commune, etc., get in touch with them. They'll need you.

Anyway, as I was saying Woodstock was my biggest mistake, right? I became a believer, something that's hard to live with. But, instead of pot dreaming about all the great things that could happen, it just may be time to make them happen. When I see so many other egos and trips being submerged or merged into this one, I know inside that we have reached a new level. Wouldn't it be a gas? Will you be there? Right on!

PEOPLES DAY AT THE MODERN

Everybody and his brother should make a bee line for the "Modern" Museum on February 9th between the hours of five and nine p.m. The "Modern" is located at 11 W. 53rd St. in Manhattan. This will be the first free admissions day in the history of the "Modern," and the place will be free every Monday from then on between two in the afternoon and nine in the evening. The point of getting there between five and nine on the ninth is to show the museum and everyone connected with culture in this city that there is an urgent need for cultural

institutions to present programs that are relevant to the needs of the people of this city. The Art Workers Coalition, which fought for this free day, is continuing its fight to make all museums free most of the time and to expand our definition of culture by setting up decentralization programs for museums, unstructured non-museums similar to Europe's Arts Labs,

and by fighting for fairer representation of black and puerto-rican artists. Come to the "Modern" on the ninth and to A.W.C. meetings every Monday at eight p.m. 729 Broadway, corner of Waverly Place, second floor.

by ALEX GROSS

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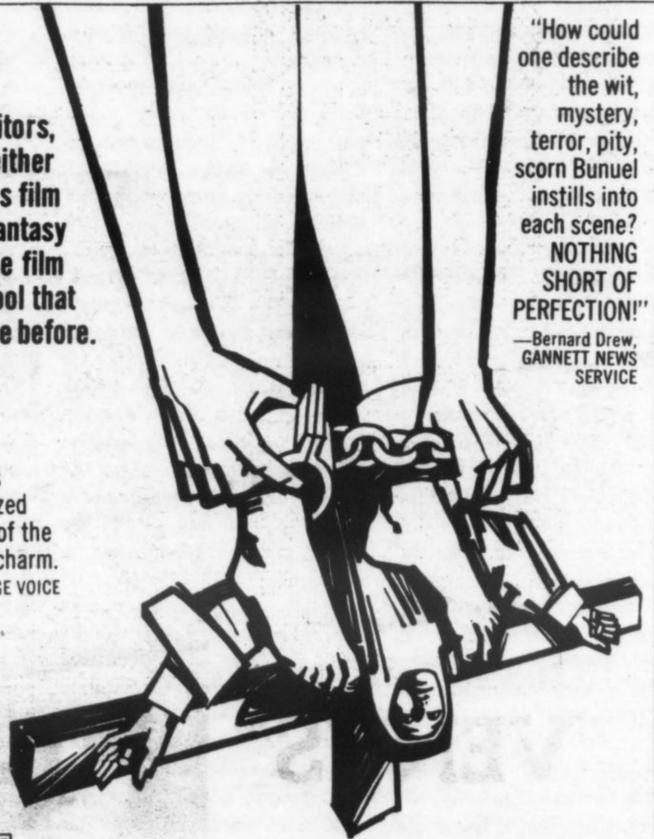
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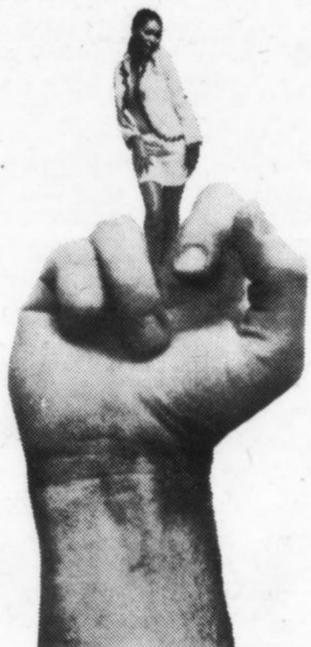
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PATRIOTS

(Continued from Page 12)

do you talk revolution to a cat who posts an American flag in his window? How do you reach a lady who's scared shitless by the Blacks to the near north?

Most of the young people I talked to at the Patriots Headquarters were transplants from other places

"Do you live in Yorkville?"

"Now I do."

"Do you come from here?"

"No, I'm from a poor white community in Brooklyn."

The Preacherman, of course, is from the south. Panther Bob Lee is from Chicago. What cultural solidarity can they be expected to have with the Germans and Irish?

"The community has asked us to lead the fight on the housing question," the Preacherman said. No one else is helping them. Our central committee has carefully investigated the area, and we think we can do some good. We looked at the enemies, the Landlords, the pigs, the Catholic Church and the Nazis. We know how Facism works. We're investigating the Bronx. There's alot of poor white workers up there. We'll be moving out to Brooklyn. This is just the beginning."

The Information Center has been distributing leaflets and a newsletter on the situation. Statements and case histories from members of the community are given:

"Here I am, a simple ignorant happy person in my home. All

of a sudden I am put in the predicament of moving. But my question is WHERE DO I GO?"

"So here I am at a meeting finding that I CAN DO SOMETHING, SO READ ON AND YOU WILL THAT YOU CAN DO SOMETHING TOO. Let's fight. They fight for prejudice. Why can't we fight to live like human beings. They gave us land a long time ago. Now they think we want to sell here and they want to buy us for \$23.00."

Some residents have been complaining that the Landlords are trucking in junkies and drunks to scare people out of the neighborhood. The quicker they get out, the quicker the new construction can be started. There is also a great problem with evictions.

"The people in 154 East 91st Street have been in court for almost a year. They've been fighting evictions, and fighting for rent reductions. The court has done nothing in the past to help the people live in decent homes. The Court has usually upheld the rights of the Landlord, never the tenant.

"Now, the people are trying to get a City Administrator appointed to take care of the building. They will be going to Court on Thursday, January 22 with a new lawyer who was obtained through the Patriot Party.

"This building has 35 empty apartments, no locks on the outside doors, no mailboxes, elevators that don't run, garbage in the halls, irregular heat and hot water, falling plaster and walls, mice and roaches.

"If any of these complaints are YOURS TOO—it's important that we see what the courts REALLY do to help the people, and how we can and must help ourselves if the Courts don't."

Meanwhile, a Housing Meeting has been scheduled for January 31st. (After this goes to press.) The meeting is jointly sponsored by the Patriots, Stanley Isaacs, Tenants against Demolition, Lenox Hill Association, and councilman Carter Burden. There is some solidarity in this, but the possible gains look minimal. The development rushes on even as the culture of the neighborhood dies. The Patriots appear to be engaged in a heroic, but ineffective struggle. Yorkville will go, it seems.

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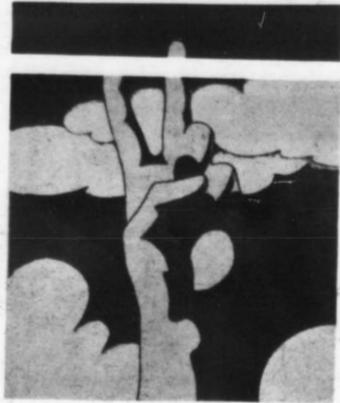
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JUNKIE

(Continued from Page 11) pass the afternoon. The drug culture has its ecstatic and satanic sides. The summer of 1967 may have been a revelation to thousands of middle-class kids, but drugs for others were an excuse, an escape, a kick, a non-confrontation. Skag or acid, darkness or light, a body or a mind trip... all distinctions shattered on this kid's brain for there were other things on his mind.

I am talking to him, separated by a few inches from this fellow head. He and I both know about drugs, but he had not come to the perceptual level to be able to use the drug instead of the drug using him. Samuel Beckett sits on my bookshelf, *Waiting for Godot* is on my coffeetable — Beckett would have understood that we were both waiting, passing the time until he either split or knifed me, or until I had finished my tape and my friend Jackson would fall by. Reality plays strange tricks in New York City at five in the afternoon on a bittersweet Tuesday.

Did he want to stop? Interesting question, feel like I'm filling in for Roger Grimsby or Eric Severeid on *Meat the Press*... "I really don't mean to get off it... If I ever wanted to get off it, by my own will I could do it, just like that" he answers, determined, a little sluggish but still clear. Why not get off it — that question unanswered. I wanted to reach him because I knew he was intelligent, and he could if only he could grasp his own humanity, his own frailness, and his adolescence. Again a strange reply from this apprentice, "I can do anything that's possible whether I'm on skag or not." I was helpless, his logic was impeccable.

The whole afternoon shattered a moment later when he said, "You know what I like

to do a whole lot is sing. I like to sing a lot about everything. I used to sing in choirs and talent shows..." Right in the middle of this realistic afternoon was music: soul, blues and gospel. A apprentice junkie and it's music he's into, and I sit around and listen to music, perhaps even his own music somewhere in my mind or somewhere on a Harlem street in summer. And I knew that I could never attempt to catch him for I would have let him sing to his heart's content, for that was what he was aching to do — to do before this adult business came up, before he decided that skag was a better way to pass the time — for everytime I hear about Odyssey House or Rikers Island or Lexington Kentucky, I breathe a curse to all who work in those institutions for the real work done in the larger institutions, in the institutions of the living, not in islands of the nearly dead and hopeless. You can dry a cat out, but if he's got nothing to come back to except decay, then skag is the only way to evade that emptiness by filling up his head

with another kind of emptiness...

Many things followed, just flashes of images. Cut to scene: me with pipe in hand while he says in an icily nonchalant voice, "You can kill me, but I'm not here" and then I froze in my guts, images crashed, scenes were replayed, confrontation in kitchen brought to you in living color, in living blood... or... giving of small radio with explanation that I needed the rest of my gear for my work, and he accepted that... "throw me my coat," he said after 40 minutes, and I gave it to him. "Service," he said. (When my old lady called mysteriously in the middle of the act, he handed me the phone saying, "Service". Bartering over five and twenty dollars while I said, "OK, I'll give you the twenty if you give me back the five"... just like Channel One. There was a real sense of giving here — the only things he took were the things I gave him. Funny, there was some sort of logic to it all, surreal logic which played on every conscious level... and he

was polite in a boyish way, polite through the whole thing.

We had come inexorably and painfully to the end of our confrontation. Nothing else could have been said or done — it was all played out. He took with him a shirt and a radio (the shirt was dropped on the stairs to be picked up by Bob when he

walked in five minutes later). We parted with a sally: "I don't know, it's a pretty crazy world we live in..." "It's crazy because the people that lives in it make it crazy."

and in my neighbor's apartment, the radio played "Helplessly Hoping".

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MIRE

(Continued from Page 10)

that any liberalization or change in the abortion law might jeopardize their medical careers. Morally, they explained, they could not bring themselves to perform abortions.

That's murder ... you know. And since they wouldn't perform an operation they didn't like, this would prevent them from becoming heads of Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the hospitals at which they worked. Life can really be tough.

So there it was, in the rich walnut Judicial Conference

Room—Room 3001 of the Federal Court House Building: The Great Abortion Suit, the Law Suit of the Year. The Plaintiffs: three hundred of New York's brightest, most articulate and involved women. Their lawyers: Diane Schuder, a dark-haired writer-attorney who teaches a course on women and the law at NYU. Flo Kennedy, the toughest, talkingest lady-lawyer at the bar, Nancy Stearns an associate of William Kunstler and Arthur Kinoy, and Carol Lefcourt of the Law Commune. For the Fetus, a Brooklyn attorney named Ford and his gaggle of Catholic doctors. And then

the p were the D.A.'s. Just to rub things in, Bronx District Attorney Burton Roberts, a man best known to New Yorkers for his highly publicized raid on an abortion doctor, sent the only female Assistant D.A. he could find in his office. The lady D.A., to say the least, was kind of unhappy about being the "show me woman" for the law. Though she refused to make statements to the press about her views on abortion, she kept mumbling that she'd "really like to make a statement because I have strong personal views about this case." The other two Assistant D.A.'s were somewhat more "normal." Louis

Lefkowitz sent a balding Yale to take his place and Frank Hogan's second disappeared some time after the first deposition was taken.

Some weeks earlier, Judge Weinfield decided to hear testimony in the form of "depositions." That meant that lawyers for the three sides, the Women, the District Attorneys, and the Doctors, would present their testimony to a court-reporter. The Judges and their law clerks would then the voluminous collection of evidence at their own leisure.

Back at the abortion trial, Susan Brownmiller, a writer for the VILLAGE VOICE, ESQUIRE, and NEW YORK, gives harrowing testimony about her three illegal operations. Then, it's my turn.

An abortion? It's a hard thing to talk about. Not because abortion is "murder" or "immoral" or any of the other Catholicisms that the Friends of the Fetus have been hurling at the Court for the past few weeks. It's just that to admit to being a woman who has had an illegal operation is to admit to being a criminal. There are penalties for what I did. I mean, under the law, I can go to jail for deciding that I wanted control over my own body!

(Continued on Page 22)



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MIRE

(Continued from Page 21)

Oh, I don't really mind being a felon. That's really the least of it. The whole experience is a little difficult to talk about because an unwanted pregnancy is the most painful part of a woman's life. It drives you into an underground existence: careless home remedies. Attempts to self-abort. Endless searches for just one humane or "cooperative" doctor. No doctor? Well, then a nurse... a midwife... anybody!

My three month pregnancy is a period of my life that I've worked hard to forget. It was a time of horrible self-mutilation and butchery—all of which I did willingly in order not to bring an unwanted child into the world.

Before me, a pudgy, red-haired Court Reporter asks me to swear to God that I will tell "the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Wait a moment," I say. "Can we something other than swear to God? I don't happen to believe in God." Friend of the Fetus Ford winces. It is quickly arranged that I can "affirm" the truth of my statements.

Nancy Stearns begins the questioning: "Was there ever a time in your life when you became pregnant?"

"Yes."
 "And when was that?"
 "When I was nineteen. Six years ago."

"And would you tell us more about that?"

So nervously, I recite to the Court the whole tale of how I became pregnant despite the careful use of birth control devices. Of how I thought my life was over because both the father and I were too young for marriage and because the responsibility for the child rested with me. Unwanted children are a curse, I explained. They live horrible lives. I know, I've seen it in my own family and in the families of friends. I could never raise a child under such conditions. Besides, I had a certain kind of future planned for myself—one that would be destroyed by early motherhood.

So ... I asked around for help. But no one knew of an abortionist. Friends told me of home remedies and I tried them all. You name it: everything from an overdose of gin and nutmeg to moving heavy furniture to scalding hot mustard baths. When all that failed, a friend brought me a carton of large blue pills usually used to cure migraine headaches. If I took them in enormous doses, he said, I would probably miscarry. No, I didn't abort. But I did go deaf for nearly twelve hours.

In the end, someone located that angel of mercy, Saint Robert Spencer of Ashland, and a fighting determination to Pennsylvania—the man who win.

saved my life. His clinic was beautiful. His treatment was clean and safe. Less painful than going to the dentist. He performed his abortion quickly and I was free, a sane, normal, productive human being again.

But the whole incident was so needlessly painful and what's worse, it's so horribly typical!

Flo Kennedy rose to ask a question: "Do you practice any religion?"

"No."

"Would you say that there's any particular religious group that is interfering with your own private beliefs and moral code?"

Lawyer Ford now pops to the floor and raises loud objections. I answer anyway.

"Yes, I believe there is an organized religion that employs lobbyists and pressure tactics to force me to go to illegal abortionists because its doctrine teaches that abortion is murder. As an atheist I have no such beliefs and wish that I would be allowed to live according to my own moral code."

Nancy has another question: "Do you use birth control pills?"

"Yes, despite the advice of a physician. Without legalized abortion, I would rather risk blood-clots, cancer and diabetes than an unwanted pregnancy."

Fetus Friend Ford has a question, too. For a moment I wonder if it will be highly personal. If it will be pointed? Sharp? Angry? I have, after all, offended the man's Church.

"Miss Dreifus..." he nasalizes in his Brooklynesque tone, "Miss Dreifus..."

"Yes, Mr. Ford."
 "Miss Dreifus ... are you now married?"

What the hell kind of question is that? Why is that relevant to this case? Does the man want to know if an abortion at nineteen marked me for life as a scarlet woman ... someone no respectable man will take to his bed. Is this redneck from Brooklyn curious to know whether or not, despite my sordid past, I have settled down to a more respectable life of home and family? Or perhaps ... perhaps he wants to propose? I am perplexed.

"Yes, Mr. Ford, I am married."

"No further questions."

The parade of witnesses went on all that afternoon. Women came forth to tell of conditions in homes for unwed mothers, to tell of the butchery they had suffered, at the hands of underground abortionists, of the bad marriages that unexpected pregnancies had forced them into. The women talked till the sun went down on the grey canyon of Foley Square. There was that much to say. They returned to the legal labyrinth of the United States Federal Courthouse the next morning, armed with still more testimony, and a fighting determination to win.

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MALE MODEL, very butch and well hung - 9", 6", 180 lbs. Brown hair, brown eyes, very attractive. Will pose anytime. Tel. FRANK 929-5187, 6-9 pm.

2 YOUNG GUYS, available for groovy rubs. Call PETER or BRIAN at 929-5187, for appointment. 3-9 pm.

BUTCH male model, young, goodlooking and well hung. Athletic build, 6', 165 lbs, will pose anytime. Tel MIKE 929-5187, 3-9 pm.

MASCULINE - MALE, attractive, muscular and well hung. 18 yrs. old. Will pose nude for your thing. Tel TONY at 929-5187 4-8 pm.

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