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THE DEATH OF ROBERT CRUMB by RAY SCHULTZ

This amazing tragedy almost occurred two weeks ago at a joint staff meeting of the *East Village Other*, *Kiss*, and *Gay Power*. The three publications that make up the corporate design for Amalgamated Fabricant enterprises. As usual, Mr. Fabricant, a hearty fellow, was doing all the talking, telling us why he did not appreciate the remarks written about him on the john wall, why he was firing several people for general impudence and incompetence, why he was lowering everyone else's salary.

R. Crumb, famous cartoonist, had just busted into town. He was sitting with a devilish grin throughout the meeting, chatting with his old buddy D.A. Latimer, and trying to make time with the new crop of runaway chicks at the office. Suddenly, though, a pain came across his face at something exceedingly stupid that Mr. Fabricant had said. Crumb left the room and returned a few minutes later with a whipped cream pie. Fabricant was in the middle of a heavy speech.

"I'm telling you fuckers, one more remark and none of you will ever work on another paper in New York. I mean business. Latimer, wake up." Crumb stole up to Fabricant, and squashed the pie into his face. Bedlam!

"Fuck!" Fabricant shouted, as he bolted from his chair.

He chased Crumb into the back room. Crumb was never closer to death in his entire life. Fabricant was about to break the slender artist in two when he realized that

- 1) Two wrongs do not make a right
- 2) There were several people watching who might be sympathetic to Crumb
- 3) Crumb had just done a beautiful cover for the paper which always means bigger sales.

"I'm telling you Bob, one of these days I'm going to wipe you out," Fabricant said.

"We're still friends, Joel? I only did it because I love you, Joel," Crumb said.

Fabricant turned on his heel and went home, leaving the meeting in chaos. Crumb was extremely shaken by Fabricant's reaction and he immediately booked passage on a fast train to Philadelphia, and he was seen no more. As of this writing, the underground is still in an uproar.

photographs: JOSEPH STEVENS



photo: GIANFRANCO MANTESNA

HIRAP

These are peculiar times. Out of nowhere, everyone is reaching into his historic memory bank, grappling for the proper historic disaster comparable to these icky days. Germany 1933.... Palmer raids of the '20's.... McCarthy.... The Albigensian Heresy.... Despite the many similarities with any of these, it's difficult to find a proper comparison for Mitchell's slippery witch-hunt of the Seventies.

It's a unique situation, one that reeks of petulant nastiness. Barely a week has passed since Julius The Just botched things up for Justice in Chicago when the long arm of the law groped out and again came up with a prize catch: Doctor Timothy Leary. Waving Volume 4 No. 43 of *The EAST VILLAGE OTHER* ("Deal For Real") as his prime exhibit, the Hon. Byron MacMillan, Justice of the Supreme Court of the County of Orange, State of California, gravely adjudicated: "It's time to get him. Here he's got all these kids impressed with being a doctor. He's not a doctor! He can't even write a prescription!"

Bang bang you're dead, Tim Leary. Or that's what they thought they were doing when they denied him bail and locked him up in the Orange county jail in Santa Ana, just a stone's throw away from the Western White House. Borrowing a page from Julius the Just, the judge proceeded to designate Tim a public menace and accused him of advocating the indiscriminate use of LSD. WHICH HE NEVER DID!!!

"Your honor, this has been taken out of context. There has been media distortion, because I never advocated indiscriminate use of LSD. I have never made such a statement, and perhaps naively, have always relied on the sanctity of the court and the possibility of Justice."

A remarkable response from a man fighting three simultaneous judicial assaults. An even more remarkable symptom of the malaise besetting Amerika. At a time when 40% of all males and 70% of all females occupying space in the jails of Amerika are junkies, what befits it more than the ambush of Tim Leary?

Allen Ginsberg spoke for us all when he wrote to the judge:

"Pray release the pioneer psychologist Dr. Timothy Leary on normal bond till sentencing. He is considered by many good people to hold honorable, if controversial, opinions, and it is not useful to deny bond and abruptly jail so conspicuously famous a theorist for his unpopular views. Such an imprisonment is proper neither to science nor jurisprudence. Signed, Allen Ginsberg, Guggenheim Fellow Poet, National Institute Of The Arts And Letters Grantee.

For the judge, our compassion, for Tim our love.

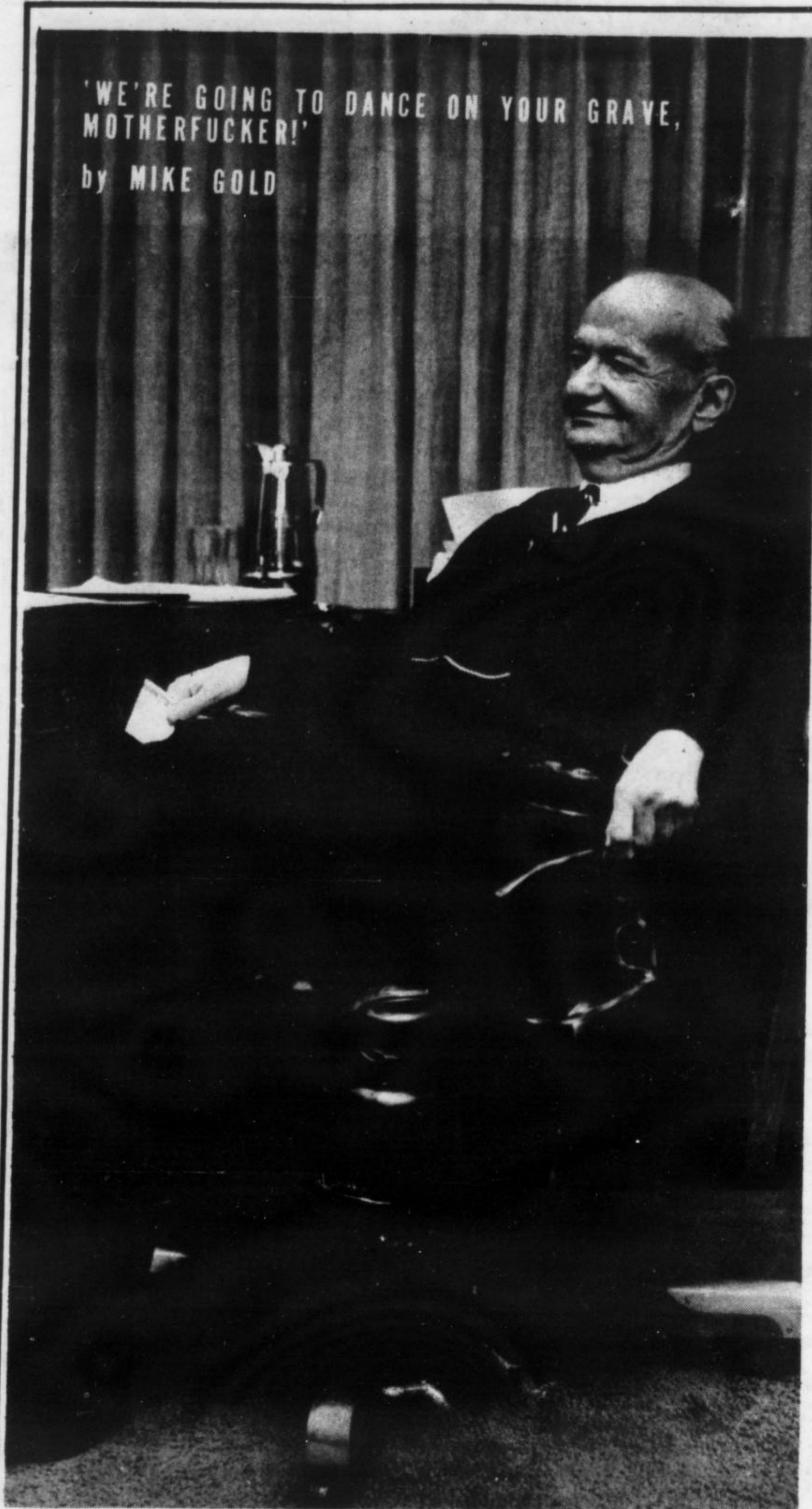
WRITE TO TIM LEARY AT ORANGE COUNTY JAIL,
550 NORTH FLOWER STREET, SANTA ANA, CALIF

Cartoon On Page Three By The Deceased R. Crumb



PUD





'WE'RE GOING TO DANCE ON YOUR GRAVE,
MOTHERFUCKER!'

by MIKE GOLD

"We're going to dance on your grave, motherfucker!"

Anita Hoffman offered this cry as the wives, lovers and families of the defendants were removed from the courtroom prior to sentencing last week. Leaving attorneys, defendants, "authorized" press in the courtroom to watch the hanging.

Before the sentences were imposed, Judge Julius "Runt" Hoffman allowed the five defendants convicted of crossing state lines with nasty intent to make a final statement. Abbie Hoffman, after drawing parallel between the American court structure and that of the Nazis in the late 1930's, spoke about the nine pictures on the wall behind the bench.

"I know more about these men than you do, Julie. I was there when Paul Revere said 'the pigs are coming.' George Washington grew hemp, today would be called a pothead. Ben Franklin - you talk about obscenity. You should have heard Franklin in Paris. He had 17 illegitimate children. Abe Lincoln would be arrested in Lincoln Park for what he said about the people's right to dismember the government."

Jerry Rubin addressed the runt directly.

"Julius Hoffman, you have done more to destroy the court system than any of us. I wonder how Tom Foran tells his kids his father put kids in jail. What does Julius Hoffman say at night? Respect me or else. Our fathers say

I am not going to respect you.

"Ninety percent of the people in jail are black, although only ten percent of the people in the country are black. It's a very sick system.

"As for obscenity, we have screamed, yelled and stood on our heads to try to wake up America."

On it went. Tom Hayden blamed the trial on old people how "do not know how to fight." Dave Dellenger called the judge the chief prosecutor in the trial, comparing the runt to George III. Rennie Davis vowed to organize Foran's children.

Before sentencing, Jerry gave Julius the Runt a present -- an advance copy of his first book "Do It - Scenario for The Revolution."

Jerry personally inscribed the copy. The Runt smiled ruefully.

Then the sentence came down. The Runt also ordered the conspiracy to pay \$50,000 and the government's court costs.

One should remember that three staff people, Frank Joyce, Bob Lamb and Sue Schultz, are being tried for assaulting federal marshals in court. They too will serve time in jail.

A whole new game has started: the appeals game. Appeals, handled by Milton Stavis, Arthur Kinoy, and others for the case by the Center for Constitutional Rights in New York, will be filing the following letters.

Appeal Bonds - get the seven out of jail while the appeal process is under way.

This must be done for both the contempt sentences and the conviction. Try to get Lee and John out before they serve their sentences. Try to keep Bill and Lenny from going to jail May 4th.

To appeal the contempt sentences for the entire Conspiracy 10. This might go all the way up, or down, to the "supreme court."

Appeal the conviction; again, "this might have to go to the highest court in the land."

Appeals could be based on a number of ed by the jury: "Juries are supposed to deliberate until they all agree on one verdict." A few jurors admitted to the press they reached a compromise verdict.

The government's refusal to admit defense witnesses such as Ramsey Clark to testify, as well as the runt's behavior toward the defendants.

Not only did the government's jury come in with its verdict, the people's jury came in as well. Hoffman started days before the sentences came in. Massive demonstrations across the country represented every shade of militancy.

Not only were massive demonstrations taking place in New York, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Washington and San Francisco, but in such places as Seattle, St. Louis, Boston and Camondale, Ill. When the appeals for funds went out, the public responded. Thousands of one dollar bills have been coming into the conspiracy office each day and seven thousand protesters contributed over 3 thousand dollars at the Chicago rally held in front of the Cook County Courthouse.

Unfortunately, the money raised thus far has not yet met the fines let alone the appeal, or the court costs which are expected to go into the millions of dollars!"

Contributions should be sent to the Conspiracy, 28 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. 60604. Presents and letters to the defendants could be sent to the same address.

The circus has left town, but the Conspiracy battle has just begun. There is one consolation, however, we are through with the runt. Our fate is no longer in his hands.



HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATS



CONTINUED!

COURTING INSANITY

by RENFREU NEFF

Things were relatively quiet this week at the Panther trial, but then it was only a two-and-a-half day week...in commemoration of Huey Newton's birthday, court was in recess on Tuesday, 17 February, due to illness in the D.A.'s family, court was adjourned after Thursday's morning session and will be in recess until Tuesday morning, since Monday is George Birthington's washday. (There are no sessions on Fridays; three defendants are members of the Islam faith). The hearings on a motion to suppress evidence in the charges against Michael Tabor were completed...Judge Murtagh withholding his rulings on the individual motions until all sixteen of them have been heard... and testimony began into the charges against defendant Ali Bey Hassan, also known as John J. Casson and Iverson Burnett.

The only disruption occurred on Thursday morning when Alvin Katz, a former student at CCNY, jumped to his feet and, giving a fist salute, repeated the "Power to the people" greeting given by the defendants at the beginning of each session. When summoned before the bench, the young man stated that this court did not represent the people and he had no respect for it. Katz was sentenced to thirty days in the country jail for contempt of court. Sanford Katz, one of the six attorneys for the Panthers and no relation to the young disrupter, asked that the defendant be permitted the opportunity to obtain legal counsel, but his request was denied and a recess was called so that DA Joseph Phillips, prosecutor on the Panther case, could draw up the forms necessary to remand the defendant to prison. When court reconvened ACLU lawyer Paul G. Chevigny, called in to represent Katz, asked for a postponement until Tuesday in order to prepare a defense, but was offered instead a ten-minute recess. When Chevigny insisted that more time would be necessary, Judge Murtagh refused and upheld the 30-day sentence. Alvin Katz was the second spectator to receive a 30-day contempt sentence since pre-trial hearings began on 2 February.

But the generally subdued mood in the courtroom this week reflected the shock and dismay in the outcome of the Chicago trial, and perhaps Murtagh's milder manner could be attributed to judicial embarrassment over the conduct of Julius the Just. On Monday Murtagh saw fit to warn the thirteen defendants, all members of the Black Panther Party, that their conduct in the courtroom could prejudice their right to a fair trial. He has so admonished them numerous times in the past, but today no disruption had provoked the warning, the stop-picking-on-me petulance wasn't evident in his tone. It was a stern plea that illicit no rebuttal from the defendants as each side appeared to be taking inventory of its own depleted survival kit.

Following Thursday's early adjournment, representatives of three organizations of lawyers held a press conference at the Criminal Court Building. The National Conference of Black Lawyers (112 W. 120th St., N.Y., 10027; 663-3700) issued a statement deploring the excessive, injudicious and unconstitutional contempt sentences imposed upon the lawyers and defendants in the Chicago conspiracy trial. Posing the question "Who will judge the judge?", its spokesmen condemned this harsh, repressive action as a "Threat to effective advocacy and a blot upon our judicial system," and full support was voiced for all who would assemble in Washington on Saturday (21 February) in protest of Judge Hoffman's actions.

Speaking on behalf of the Poverty Lawyers for Effective Advocacy (PLEA), Attorney Gabe

Kaimowitz issued a statement condemning the loss of justice "in Chicago, in New York, in Washington, D.C., in this nation." He concluded with the hope that the six hundred members of PLEA would be counted among those seeking to resurrect justice for the future.

Jack Greenberg, representing the Legal Defense Fund (10 Columbus Circle, N.Y. 10010; JU--6-8397), announced that his organization will represent Black Panther leader Bobby Seale in the appeal of the four-year contempt sentence meted out by Judge Hoffman. LDF is entering the case at the request of Black Panther attorney Charles Garry and will work in collaboration with Garry's office: "It is important that the Panthers and their leaders be accorded the fullest protection of the Constitution at a time when too many public officials are striving for shortcuts in law enforcement and the suppression of militant dissent. Because of the particular regard in which Panthers are held by many members of the black community, their treatment by law teaches more than a volume of preaching on constitutional protection." Greenberg added that some of the points raised in Seale's behalf are also applicable to the cases of the lawyers and defendants who have subsequently received excessive contempt penalties from Judge Hoffman.

A momentary pause to wait for the newly awakened outrage to catch up and unite with the rage of those who tried to alert it sooner. Those who chalked us up as troublemakers, accusing us of bringing them down with our cosmic paranoia, are coming to understand that what they refer to as "disturbances" we had already connected as the shit hitting the fan. The only surprises out of Chicago were that the jury was capable of separating the charges and bringing in a verdict that carried a lesser maximum penalty and that the judge mellowed to the point of ruling that the contempt sentences could run concurrently with those attached to the jurors' verdict.

But there is no cause for rejoicing in any of it, and the moral shoddiness of the jury is exposed on learning that three who held out for acquittal were finally swayed into a compromise verdict when the majority convinced them that a hung jury, a mistrial no less, would be a waste of all that money spent on the trial. Compromise, Economize, Penalize: the silent majority rides again. It is completely in character that Hoffman concluded the farrago by holding the defendants liable for the expenses of the trial and subjects them to possible further imprisonment until the bill is paid. When finally toted up the cost will be astronomical, has already been labeled America's Most Expensive Trial, the government hosted it lavishly if not tastefully, jurors and marshals lament its end, but we are curiously unimpressed by this final vindictive laceration. It is anti-climactic, merely one more tiresome lapse of sanity.

For Hoffman has wearied us, the unconcealed malice and unrelenting rancor are now tedious to contemplate: even madmen become boring. It is interesting to note that under West German law, carried over from the constitution that once unified both Germanies, a defendant has the right to request that the psychiatric examination of a judge if he feels that the mental condition of the latter is an obstruction in the former's right to a fair trial. The ironies are clear enough.

Horrified, frustrated by waiting, the winds of rage are gathering force as each repressive move polarizes America and solidifies its radical movement.

"You radicalized more young people than we did. You're America's top Yippie..."

Jerry Rubin to Julius Hoffman

A national committee of architects, judges, and lawyers is studying the possibility of redesigning courtrooms so that defendants who might disrupt trials could be kept behind soundproof plastic shields except when testifying . . .

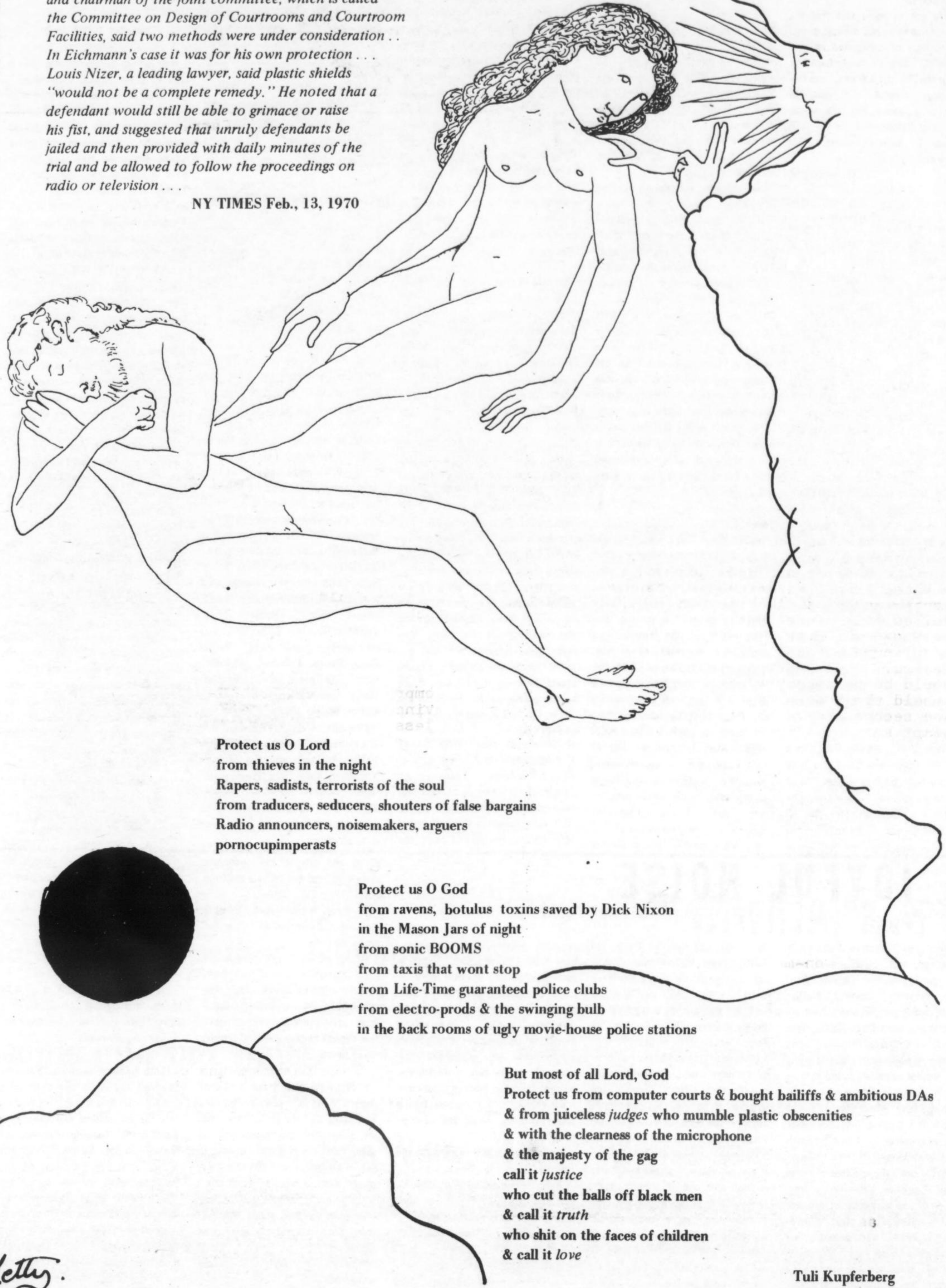
Judge William S. Fort of the Oregon Court of Appeals and chairman of the joint committee, which is called the Committee on Design of Courtrooms and Courtroom Facilities, said two methods were under consideration . . .

In Eichmann's case it was for his own protection . . .

Louis Nizer, a leading lawyer, said plastic shields "would not be a complete remedy." He noted that a defendant would still be able to grimace or raise his fist, and suggested that unruly defendants be jailed and then provided with daily minutes of the trial and be allowed to follow the proceedings on radio or television . . .

NY TIMES Feb., 13, 1970

**PLASTIC BOOTHS STUDIED TO END OUTBURSTS IN COURT
would Be Used for Isolation of Disruptive Defendants—
Design Group at Work**



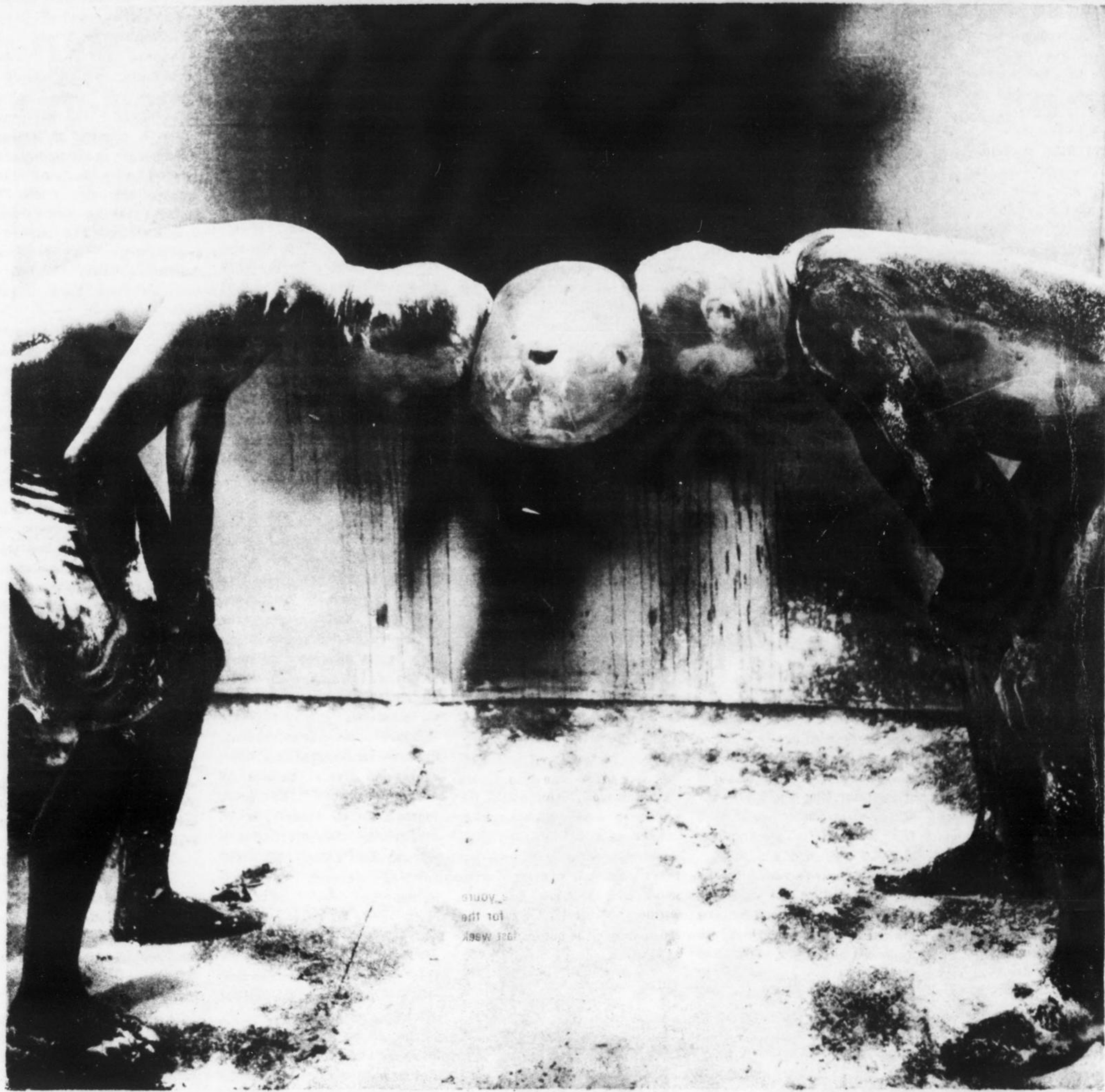
Protect us O Lord
from thieves in the night
Rapers, sadists, terrorists of the soul
from traducers, seducers, shouters of false bargains
Radio announcers, noisemakers, arguers
pornocupimperasts

Protect us O God
from ravens, botulus toxins saved by Dick Nixon
in the Mason Jars of night
from sonic BOOMS
from taxis that wont stop
from Life-Time guaranteed police clubs
from electro-prods & the swinging bulb
in the back rooms of ugly movie-house police stations

But most of all Lord, God
Protect us from computer courts & bought bailiffs & ambitious DAs
& from juiceless judges who mumble plastic obscenities
& with the clearness of the microphone
& the majesty of the gag
call it justice
who cut the balls off black men
& call it truth
who shit on the faces of children
& call it love

Hetty.

Tuli Kupferberg



by DA LATIMER

No one suggested, as the horny ole pasteup gang got themselves together enough to paste down Volume 2, No. 7 of *Kiss*, that we were about to get ourselves and a lot of other people into hot water. It had been months, veritable eons, a vast stretch of time indeed since any of the other pornzines had been busted—not since Election Week, in fact, when a summary sweep of the stands had been made, Hizzonor's little way of saying he hadn't forgotten us in the heady flush of victory. How then was coverman Peter the Prince to know, as he cut the orange gelatin

(Continued on Page 19)



BY DAVID CRAMEL

Searching through *Psychological Abstracts*, *Psychopharmacology Abstracts*, *Chemical Abstracts* and *Index Medicus* reveals the deplorable state of U.S. cocaine research. Studies on the effect of this drug on human performance lack adequate control data; the last such was in 1952.¹

The coca leaf, from which comes cocaine, grows in the Andes; approximately 10,000,000 South American people chew it each day.² Inca tombs reveal the fact that the Indians often inserted cocaine into their body by means of an enema.³ Dental surgeons have recently studied the effects of coca chewing; they report that many Indians suffer from sallow complexion, muscular

weakness, apathy, introversion, incoherent speech and dullness.⁴ No doubt at least some of the symptoms are to be attributed to the Indians' poor diet.⁵

Cocaine has been tested (between 1912 and the present) on rats, guinea pigs, rabbits, cats, dogs and monkeys. The monkeys showed no desire for the drug while the dogs became extremely addicted; the other species developed a less addictive liking for it.⁶ Since there is no tolerance level all the animals eventually die from overdoses.⁷ The drug often is reported to be able to vastly increase one's physical powers; dogs had their swimming endurance greatly enhanced.⁸ Upon withdrawal from the drug only the dogs had acquired a habit.⁹

If one does drugs one should

teach oneself the workings of the human central nervous system—it's nice to know what to do to un-bad trip, to un-O.D. After rummaging around in medical and social science libraries for the last five years I have developed a simplified explanation of the way in which drugs act upon the nervous system. At the top of the spine is a bundle of nerves called the Reticular Formation (RF).¹⁰ It receives impulses from the various sensory nerves and passes them on to the brain in two electrical charges—one going to the brain neocortex (Upper Brain), the other to the brain hypothalamus (Lower Brain).¹¹ The electrical charge in the Upper Brain becomes a thought-in-process as it races along the brain neurons (nerves).¹² When it gets to a space (synapse) between

nerves it needs additional electricity to overcome the resistance offered by the space; if it doesn't get enough it makes an incorrect (anti-organic) synapse jump—the wrong neuron pathway is used, perception is altered in an anti-organic outlook.¹³ The second electrical charge to the Lower Brain stimulates that organ to activate the pituitary gland which should then secrete the hormone ACTH.¹⁴ If the body has been functioning properly (as Nature intended) the cortex of the adrenal gland should have been secreting nor-adrenaline which is stored in stomach tissue.¹⁵ The ACTH stimulates the stomach tissues to release the nor-adrenaline most of which flows to the Lower Brain stimulating it to produce the additional electrical charge needed for an organically proper synapse-jump; some nor-adrenaline flows directly to the neurons of the Upper Brain to assist in local ionization.¹⁶ Unfortunately this process can malfunction in several ways; when it does the victim is said to be neurotic or psychotic. When additional electricity fails to get the thought-in-process across the synapse in adequate fashion the sufferer endures what the psychiatrist identifies as "stress." All drugs effect the above described process at some point in its circular functioning. All Speed and Ups are built around "amines"—amphet-amine, dex-amphet-amine, bi-amphet-amine. Amines stimulate stomach tissue to release nor-adrenaline.¹⁷ The active ingredient in cocaine, as in hallucinogens, heroin and Downs, is an alkaloid.¹⁸ More than nine hundred alkaloids have been isolated, but our Government's restrictive policy upon hallucinogenic research has prevented U.S. scientists from studying hallucinogen alkaloid effects in relation to the effects of other drugs such as cocaine.

The actual action of cocaine inside the brain is of a dual nature. On the one hand it inhibits the uptake of nor-adrenaline by receptor tissue.¹⁹ On the other it tends to delay the inactivation of sympathomimetic amines.²⁰ Inside the body there is a biosynthesis process which breaks down the inactive amino acid L-dopa, to the amine dopamine, to the hormone nor-adrenaline. It is the nor-adrenaline which enables carnivorous mammal (including man) to deal with "stress"—as described in the previous paragraph. Cocaine, therefore, causes the user to undergo stress, but he grooves on it, tending to enjoy it. This is why cocaine is noted for its aphrodisiac powers—the coke-head literally goes into rut. Coke is also the original "killer drug" confused a la Anslinger with heroin, marijuana, and lately—LSD. Because the cocaineist has such a low stress point he'll definitely hit you if you get him angry.

Often the biosynthesis process goes wrong. The liver produces over 1,000 fatty acids called lipids; one of them—not yet isolated—controls the amount of serotonin in the body. Serotonin is a hallucinogen

chemically related to LSD.²¹ Dopamine can also break down to serotonin rather than nor-adrenaline.²² If too much serotonin and not enough nor-adrenaline is manufactured by the body the victim becomes schizophrenic.²³ If not enough L-dopa is converted to dopamine the victim gets Parkinson disease the penultimate case of "up-tightness."²⁴ Roche and Norwich Labs are now producing L-Dopa for treatment of Parkinsonism; it is synthetically manufactured from fish flour or from the broad beans or velvet beans fed to horses.²⁵

For those interested in super-sex I offer the following self-tested recipe: Drop an Up Spansule—the duration tends to be six hours of speeding. The amines in the Spansule will release huge amounts of nor-adrenaline into the brain. Towards the end of the Up's duration (the last hour to hour and one half depending upon one's personal metabolism) snort coke. The coke will trap the Up's amines in their receptor tissue which, in turn, will continue the release of the nor-adrenaline long past the normal duration of the Spansule. In addition the cocaine will slow the nor-adrenaline uptake in the post-synaptic neurons; so you'll be able to ball for hours before reaching a climax. If Roche or Norwich market L-dopa one could keep shooting it to replenish the body's nor-adrenaline supply—the result might be a balling that would last half a day, or more. Happy Trying!!!

FOOTNOTES

¹M. Kasman and K. Unna, "Effects of Chronic Administration of the Amphetamines and Other Stimulants on Behavior," *Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics*, 9 (Mar.-Apr., 1968), pp. 242-3.

²J. Hamner, et al., "The Effect of Coca Leaf Chewing on the Buccal Mucosa of Aymara and Quechua Indians in Bolivia," *Oral Surgery*, 28 (Aug., 1969), p. 288.

³R. Heizer, "The Use of the Enema Among the Aboriginal American Indians," *Ciba Symposium*, 5 (1944), *passim*.

⁴Hamner, *op. cit.*, p. 288.

⁵*Ibid.*

⁶Kasman, *op. cit.*

⁷*Ibid.*

⁸*Ibid.*, pp. 246-7.

⁹*Ibid.*, p. 244.

¹⁰J. French, "The Reticular Formation," *Psychobiology; The Biological Bases of Behavior, Readings from "Scientific American"* (San Francisco: W.H. Freeman and Company, 1967), p. 233.

¹¹R. McCleary and R. Moore, *Subcortical Mechanisms of Behavior; the Psychological Functions of Primitive Parts of the Brain* (New York: Basic Books, Inc. 1965), pp. 25-8.

¹²S. Arieti, *Interpretation of Schizophrenia* (New York: Robert Brunner, 1955), pp. 428-30.

¹³C. Stevens, *Neurophysiology: A Primer* (New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1966), p. 3; see also: Arieti *op. cit.*, p. 194.

(Continued on Page 18)

THILM

by LITA ELISCU



Media interference interactions of the past couple of days probably a week, 6 days; around there: *The Grateful Dead, Love, The Allman Brothers, Zabriskie Point, The Milky Way, The Magic Christian, The Dead* again, plus *Love* and *The Allman Bros* a business party for Sly and Family Stone which was very crowded because food was being served and tables were grabbed, saved, nibsies etc.,—all the trappings of civilization—so we ate on the floor, picnic style, joined by passersby in their hearts and waiters in the flesh (doesn't it sound like fun? Sure.) and with some luck, *Pharaoh Sanders*. This is Sunday afternoon, and P. Sanders is for tonight, so anticipation has already set in. Plus records: new *Kaleidoscope, New Lulu, The Velvet Underground*, now and forever, *Hamza El Din, Notorious Bryd Brothers, T-Bone Walker*, bootleg *Stones*, the first Dylan album in which he plays!! guitar!! remember?... *Ken Lauber, Jake Holmes*, part of the good things in life, part of a really wonderful world called the World of Music near Area Code 615, tune in channel 13, right after *Sesame Street*. (Next week, a report, if I remember, on *Sesame Street*). And books: *The New Indians* by Stan Steiner, *Autobiography of a Yogi*, futzing through Lillian Roxon's *Encyclopedia of Rock* to check background information, *Stand on Zanzibar*, by John Brunner.

And the rest of a day's media. People on the street; the little boy waving from a high window." HIII! I see your dog! Is he nice?"; the typical peasant (babushka, missing teeth and skin which never went through American public school lunches of variations-on-dough diets) lady who trusts your friendly face (small; smiling; looks too stupid and weak to be a hoodlum) and asks directions to a place around the corner. Feel very knowing, allow yourself 3 points because it is a nice day; the Italian Pizza Place on the corner, asking for some milk, late one night, and trying not to feel schlocky and immoral when you are given the last quart of milk because the Owner refuses to understand it is not for a baby and you can't find words to explain.

So fit all this together and you get maybe 1/10 of the time passed in the space limitation given of, say, 6 days...

... and out of this, pick someone point of reference worth discussing, in weekly allotment of print, more than another. Or maybe just make up a fantasy out of this or other stuff, a couple of them: There was an old spade named Tee-Tot who taught Hank Williams how to play the guitar, and Tee-Tot was pickin his nose one day, used the snot for a pick and invented the soft boogie. OK, Nick Perls, where are the Tee-Tot tapes ..?

... Ill be a rock and roll star too why not. i can wear tight tight leather, a see through top and moan. Ill be billed as Bertha the Cleaning Lady and they will positively flock to ge close, to touch the real-enuff nauyahyde bottle of comet which

sprays Blue Cheer, the little brush whose electric battery cunningly converts it into a hand vibrator; a sponge for.. whatever needs sponging. Ill be a rock and roll star—a bridge between latter-day advent rock image and the original r&b sound of sweat, tits, and outlined crotches under satin stretch capri pants.

Why not. Da doo ron ron. Why not.

++++++ ++++++

John Sebastian wears sunburst clothes, soft fur, the spectacles and his life really well, as though all were made for and by him because they were. John is . . . does Sebastian need an introduction? No. We talked about the upcoming album: "It's pretty much an album of—I've lost a good deal of perspectivyon it because it's been a year since doing it . . . but it's a collection of 11 songs and about that many moods and instrumental situations, y know? What I did was, each tune as it hit, got finished and looked like a completed piece: I looked around to see who among my friends would have a real good time in the studio with it. And I would accumulate those people because—by now I know them—and each tune I treated quite separately rather than the other approach, going in having 6 tracks laid down with the same people. So the record came out of a groovy mulch of feelings."

Great way to do it from the song's viewpoint.

"Exactly, exactly, that's what was important. It took a year to do it because of all the hassles; before the publishing hassles, there were record hassles, contracts—it was started two years ago."

What's on it?

"Cut part of it with a small group in New York; cut sessions in California with a big boogyin' band—18 pieces—another with a baroque ensemble: 3 viola de caccas(?) a viola

d'amore) cello, base..." We talk about more albums: "Yeah, well, I'll be goin' in the studio next couple of weeks . . . It won't take very long. It doesn't take me very long to make music. What takes a long time is . . . well, in the past I had 4-5 art eesters lookin' to consume everything I could produce, to the point where it really slowed me down. 'Cmon, we need a snack: uh, how about a hit; how about a full dinner: a hit album'—well, they've almost consumed themselves by now. Around the fat desks, the smoke is rising, they're almost gone."

== pause ==

"Back to traubadours, back to singers and songs. Yayy for the shabbiest show on earth—that's us."

The Farm: Or, the Milton Drucker Loves You Foundation, one of those farmers came with Sebastian when we did the interview, Oscar Knox by name, O.K. for short (or. K.O. if you make it backwards) and thereupon we discussed the price of shit in New York, new york being one of the few cities in the world which has reached the level of sophistication where the shit is bought and paid for like any other commodity (Winston Tastes Good clap clap and the inherent levels of the last couple of phrases, should you be wanting to make the connections, are there) The Farm: "is just a little plot of land; only thing we raise is ideas. It's where the tie-dye comes from, where Oscar comes from. And there's a lady on the farm who is Waterbaby Tie Dye Works and she taught almost everyone on the farm how to tie-dye."

(Aside: The farm has fresh air, careless thoughtful nice vibes, seems to be transient although everyone on it seems settled, is an amalgamation of talents and energies which work at 1/2 speeds. The good smells in the air and in the house are all lovely, uncommitted, and there rather than happening. I mean, I don't know No locks on the doors, but I guess a lot of people come to sightsee, so the people tend to keep locks on their

lives. Cool...? I mean, I dont know, really. The tie dye is incredible, everywhere; the paintings, creations, products of lives are all around; it isn't enough. The Farm did make me think of why/how communities and families can work, could I make one work, would I want to, what does the definition mean when I respond to it...)

"I live in a tent on the farm . . . yeah, you're able to be at peace, feel things feel the elements, get closer. I got the tent when it was left on the VW camper bus after the Indians held a meeting on the Farm. We're near a mountain which the Indians hold sacred . . ."

(Aside: Oscar did a great rap on the chickens left by the Indians and the eventual conclusion that eating them would be fine but the killing of them required special conditioning techniques none of the people possess(ed) so that the chickens were offed by other means and strangers.)

We talked about a lot of other things; about Canal Street and the wonders of New York, about the IQ machine at Nobody's, about M.C., Escher, about meditation, conscious/not, and I asked him what he thinks makes it all go around and he said, "I guess it goes around . . . because it feeds itself."

Well . . . saw P. Sanders, and while was not brought down was not taken any place new. Why. Because jazz, and where it is going, ultimately will end by being my *Environments* record: side 2, the psychologically ultimate Seashore. Womb music when I am getting out of the world entirely. Womb music when I want fucking hair on the balls rock music. This does not do Sanders and his group justice but then justice hardly figures in the world, and it is this world which is the basic criterion and is the nifty reason we have fave rave selections and ilk. So here is a list of music groups and what they are good for:

A Consumer Guide
1. Grateful Dead. music to make love with and to (what else, given their

- rhythms?)
- 2. The Byrds. music to make love with and to
- 3. The Doors. Fucking music oh yeah
- 4. Beach Boys. we all know about knee squeezes and rubbers.
- 5. Buffalo Springfield. music to talk about it by
- 6. Pink Floyd. One source says head music. Im not so sure. Agreed that "Interstellar Overdrive" is definitely for giving head, but in general, they are intimate touching music. Got it?
- 7. Country Joe: music to dig each other by . . . get high.
- 8. Crosby Stills and Nash and Young. (Sandler and Young?) not music to get it up by; if you do, give yourself an extra lick. Maybe for 15 year old chickies.
- 9. Led Zeppelin. oh the big bang
- 10. Janis Joplin. Music to calm down (or nerve up) 16 year old boys.
- 11. Dionne Warwick. For holding hands.
- 12. Johnny Mathis. First move in the make out kit. Should be only one needed.
- 13. Van Dyke Parks. White gloves and licorice smelling safes/
- 14. Deviants. Balling music, very wet noisy and not caring.
- 15. James Brown. For homosexual relationships.
- 16. Otis. If you want a hard deflowering to know it happened.
- 17. Sam Cooke. If you want it with silk and spats and honeybear tongues.
- 18. The Stones. Well, this is Fucking all right (Fuck king?—anyway.)
- 19. Quicksilver. Anyway you want it, how you want it, where, when. Theyll root you on.
- 20. The Beatles. Hard heavy kisses with your mouth closed, and that squirmy feeling between your legs and and . . . peter out.
- 21. McCoys, "Hang On Sloopy". Bang. In Out Ouch Infinite McCoys: Ummmm. Balling.
- 22. Jeff Beck. Ouch. Perversions anyone . . ? Torture first, to get this way to pleasure . . Very involuted and not exactly together . . . Maybe by yourself.
- 23. Animals. Creamy somewhere between big bang theory and fissure.
- 24. Robert Johnson. Fucking music. Mmmhmm.

(Continued on Page 20)

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

by ALLEN KATZMAN

Saturday was Valentines Day for the *Conspiracy, Love & Kisses from American Democracy*. Before they were even found guilty, they were punished. That's the way it works in the U.S.A. No matter how big a fool the Government makes of itself, it will never be tested or challenged in the Real *High Courts*. Like it is written, "When Justice is done, the World ends." It's a neat Nixon Follies. The man with the pie in his face will just have to serve his apprenticeship until he is stronger, wiser and has a better routine than the Top Banana.

Law is a trick, and the trick is not to respect it if it's going to do you in. If the Conspiracy had never showed up in Court, they would have had a better chance of turning a trick or few more. But the Conspiracy is more American than apple pie. It has its respect.

Trapped in that great American folly, they can only take the veritable pie in the face routine, and hope history repeats itself. The laughter we will be hearing then, will be the so called "Gods laughing" as the whole *shabang* comes toppling down on everybodys head. Nixon, Mitchell and Agnew, and their ilk are getting ready to laugh, all brought to them by *respect*.

Respect is a great virtue, if there is someone around to shower it upon. I'm sure *No One* in Washington D.C. ever got drenched in it. As it looks now, with Nixon serving as Ringmaster, they can expect not a single drop of it. They'll never need their umbrellas, just their shields from now on. And they can be sure, it won't be pie coming their way. The Comedy is Over. Time to shake the Clown to the rafters.

On Monday, the Clown was the Federal building off of City Hall park where the Panther 12 were being tried (America's other Conspiracy): black, maligned, murdered, starved and segregated.

The gathering of several thousand frustrated and angry people, all colors, shapes, ages and sizes began to mobilize and conspire before Federal building steps. The police, Murtagh, Lindsay, Hoffman and Nixons' blue bonnet margerines, were spread across the stone menagerie like the expensive kind. They were so spreadable, they were edible as white missiles of snow, hardened by cold and icy rain along with a bread of justice which had grown stale from lack of use, came raining down on their heads. This was pie in the sky. The Conspiracy was not laughing and neither were the police.

A few short blocks further back, behind the assault line off City Hall park, Dr. Spock stood smiling on two teen age

daughters of the Suburban Home Front as a parade of large puppets circled City Hall with its enourage of several hundred human mimes. The Revolution was a miracle play in 12 Acts but without an ending.

Spock stood smiling as if he had the only candy, and his two teen age seekers supplicated themselves in his peppermint cane presence as if they wanted more. The taste soon lost its flavor as people began slipping away toward a more bitter reality.

The Federal building began to be ringed by anger, the exorcism of a fragile revolution which had suddenly realized it had lost its leaders. The streets were crusted over with a slippery cold anarchy. It spread rows deep back into the municipal parking lot still crowded with city employee cars. The buildings snapped to attention as the first assault of real anger splattered a so called moving picture cameraman on top of a police van roof, and sent him splattering to the street below. The fallen man evoked cheers of victory. Laughter was a happy warrior grown determined to make the puppetmaster pay. The Revolution was no longer a straightman.

The police van retreated quickly, and the crowd turned its attention back toward Murtagh's Mecca guarded by the blue football follies of police. Two undercover hippies, beard, long hair and all, stood along with them facing their look alike. No more merging for them, they had been found out and took their rightful place along with the rest of the menagerie.

Not the expensive looking kind, they at least now knew where they belonged. They became a fierce target for the white icy pie which kept increasing in volume and intensity. Their frantic efforts to dodge the missiles and counterattack with curses of index finger fugues were interrupted by a cascade of toilet paper unrolled and flung down from the Federal building's fifteenth floor by some closet revolutionary gone berserk with clerkdom. His gesture amounted to six hundred more sheets, the kind of winner (we are told) which always finishes last.

Laughter was interrupted momentarily by a megaphone messenger from the Peace part of Amalgamated Revolution. It wore a slight moustache and side burns with suit as it came down the street with a police escort, and tried to convince the Revolution to come back to the fold. It was shouted down and shunned away with reams of more white icy pie.

The first charge struck unexpectedly as soon as Mr. megaphone and his strange bedfellows retired to safety. It was

a small charge but good enough for a couple of bleeding heads and two arrests.

The Revolution thickened and coagulated back to its original intensity. The parking lot and side streets began crowding over with back seat defiance. A young black panther, complete with beret and his movement's newspapers, kept exorting the white dominated militants to battle. He urged them on from behind and over their shoulders.

The streets began to fill up with drafted 9 to 5'ers who became ensconced into its army while on their way to parked car and home. One recruit frantically blew his horn to clear a path to safety. A bearded youth blocked his way and admonished him: "Take ya time. No need to hurry. The Revolution is slow." Walk, don't run to the nearest exit.

A whole barrage of police cars and busses began to arrive with reinforcements and the streets became overcrowded with more margerine and metal.

They ringed the four adjoining streets to the Federal building and sandwiched in the militants with their blue backs. Too cold to toast several hundred handful of organic revolutionaries, they were getting ready to butter them up for the kill. It looked like this time, the police were going to give them the whole pie.

Momentary militants with babes in their arms, and older types began to retreat behind police lines. Two older women stood on the corner, breathless from running, talking to their younger mentor, a peach faced high school militant who had been showing them the ropes.

"So this is what you're revolution is about—breathless!" They had tested a different candy, and they were not too sure they had not liked it.

The police charges became more frequent as the militants began to do battle with a superior force. The Revolution started to spread out and move back, at first slowly, then with a gallop as nightsticks flaked away at moving bodies; spectres sailing across the cold night air.

It all seemed to wind up in some goopy soup. A mess of people who never melted but covered the city streets with a white anarchy. I made my way back, limping slightly from a bad run on icy sheets. Vincent Titus, 65 year old revolutionary saw me and advised me to "go home." I took it as a sign.

City Hall park was now empty and only the silence remained. The rest was laughter. As I descended the subway steps, I glimpsed, the moon, slightly covered by shifting clouds. It grinned like a white pie.



As the big demonstration was starting on the steps of City Hall last Monday afternoon, your brave contingent from the *East Village Other* was cramped in a Volkswagen Microbus, smoking dope, prognosticating about the Frazier-Ellis fight, delivering comedy raps on the virtues of Jackie Kennedy as opposed to Mamie Eisenhower, and cursing over the fact that now, while 10 men were on their way to jail for contempt of court in Chicago, while 13 Black Panthers were on their way to jail for trumped-up charges in New York, while the newly-liberated *Rat* editors were on their way to jail for obscenity on the Woman's Page, and while thousands of folks like us were even now gathering to protest the vein and bloody situation, here we were, the EVO studs, stuck on the corner of Third and Lafayette Streets with of all things—a flat tire.

Vitruve always wins though, and by handsomely tipping the driver of a bright yellow taxi-cab, we were soon able to join our mates as they were marching past the Criminal Court Building on Centre Street. This is where the action was. At first, it was a very orderly affair with a line of people, 15 abreast or so, carrying signs and flags and huge paper mache replicas of Judge Hoffman and company, and chanting the usual slogans *Free the Panther 13, Power to the People! Free the Chicago 10, Power to the People! U.S. out of Vietnam, Off the Fucking Pig!*—several of the latter of which, the pigs, were standing about keeping an eye on business.

The line moved very slowly up to the north corner, then across the

street, then down the block again on the other side. Police Barricades were set up along the curbs to keep people off the streets. The cops themselves provided minimal supervision. A number of Red Squad officers, and straight press reporters were bombing around shooting photos of the thing, and a movie-cameraman was perched on the top of a police truck on the other side of the street, which is where the trouble started. The crowd milled around the truck, held back only by two cops who were standing there, then some people in the rear ranks began throwing snowballs, one, two, three, splattering on the side of the truck and sprinkling the cops with icy particles. The cops grinned. One of them pointed his club like a school-teacher's pointer. Another volley of snowballs, then a volley at the poor guy on top, whom, and suddenly an incredible hail of snowballs was descending from—nowhere, it seemed, and the cops became perturbed.

They flew into the crowd at one point to capture and make an example of one skinny fellow they'd noticed. The people moved back then closed in around the cops, and the guy they were after fought the bust and they tapped him with the clubs a few times, and dragged him away.

"Get Back!" One of the cops yelled. "Come on, get the hell out of the way!"

A devastating round of snowballs followed, several of them hitting the cameraman on top of the truck. The cops went around to the other side of the truck. Another round of snowballs, twenty at a time, hard icy snowballs, and the truck was being

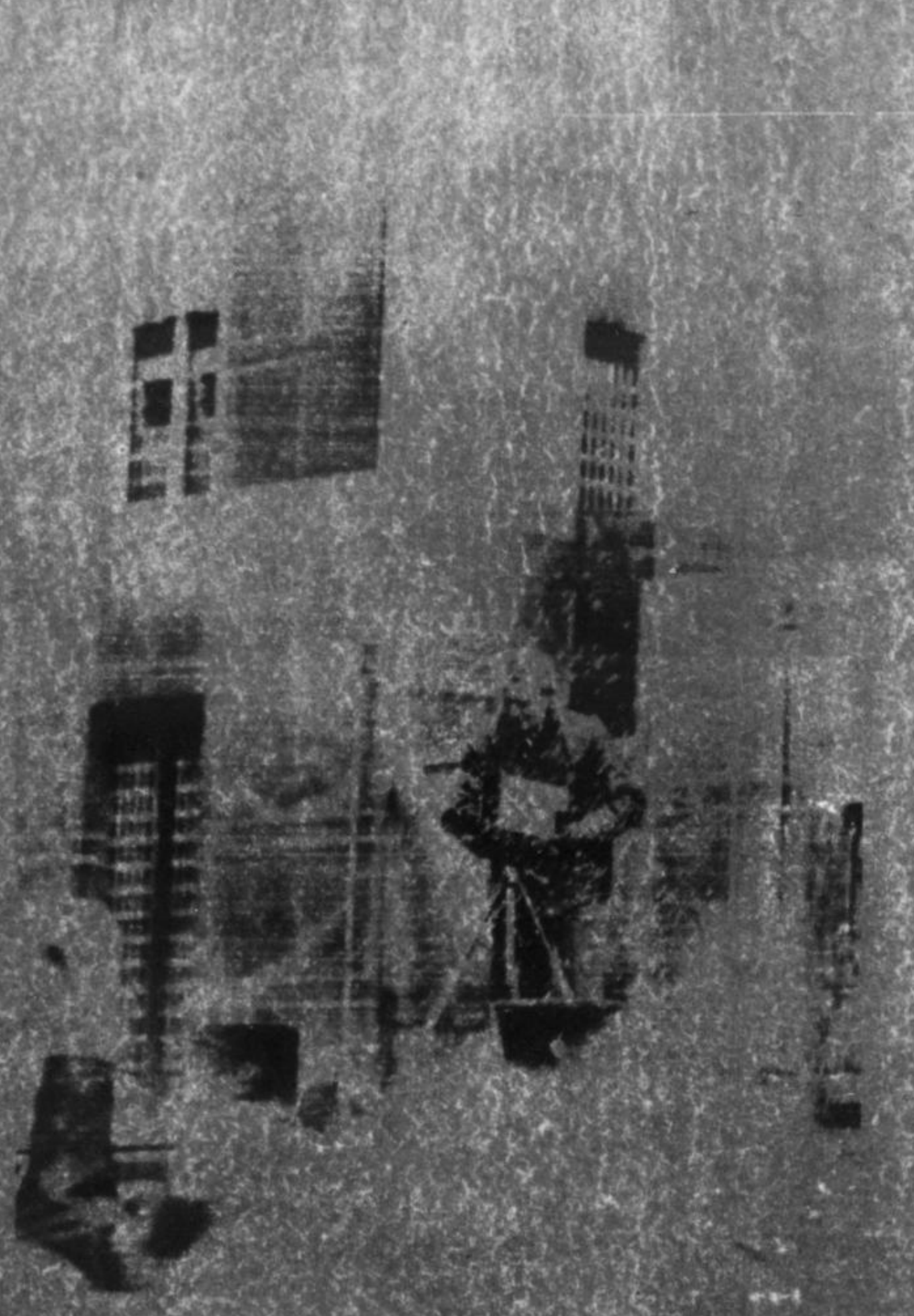
dented, and the guy on top was getting hit, and the roof was slippery, and one of the cops yelled up, "Better get down out of there." The guy began disassembling his camera equipment, and they sniped at him while he climbed down, and as soon as he was safe, they threw another volley of snowballs, slamming into the side of the truck, and the cops said "Let's get out of here," and the fuckers fled. They fled. The crowd cheered. One brazen kid went to the door of the truck and began harrasing the cameraman and a cop who were safely inside.

"You fucking pigs," he shouted. "Pigs!" "Does your wife and kids know what you do for a living? You think you make an intelligent living? You're a rat! You're a pig! Oink! Oink! Fuckers! Hey Pigs!"

The cameraman looked out the window at him. He was more confident than he had been five minutes before. He looked at the kid with a cold grimace.

"That's right pig, do you see me? That's right, look at me, take my picture. Your mother's a whore. Come on, bust me. Try to bust me, pig. I'm waiting for you."

The cops said nothing. They bore it with a grin, ever so tightly-clenched. Some of the crowd spilled onto the street, a few here and a few there, and a cop on a horse rode down the street, stopping by the police truck where a terrific hail of snowballs was thrown at him. He gave a defiant look at the crowd, then another round of snowballs, and the horse bolted up on its hind legs, and a moment of panic—*whoa,*



photos: JOSEPH STEVENS

THE NIGHT THE COPS GOT WHUPPED

by RAY SCHULTZ

Dobin, and the snowballs continued and the cop fought to keep the horse under control, and you knew he had it dicked, and as soon as he knew it too his chest swelled out, and he rode the beast ever so proudly, off in a gay prance. A cheer went up.

For obvious strategic reasons the police kept Centre Street open to traffic, and soon they were clearing the street to let a line of cars and trucks through, at which point another snowball attack was started, more ferocious than before, and the cops involved were 15 in number, and they spotted the face they wanted in the crowd, and one of them shouted, "Let's go," and they rushed into the crowd, the big crowd, the main crowd directly across the street from the entrance to the Criminal Court Building, clubs all aswing, tempers all a-flaring, and they shoved people back, and they threw people down, and they were hit with snowballs, but nothing really serious, and they got the bugger they wanted and dragged him out of the crowd, and delivered him to justice. The snowball attack grew more vicious as the cops retreated out of the crowd. They handed their man over, down the line, but they were still in the street, 15 or so of them, with a huge angry crowd on one side, and a huge angry crowd on the other side milling slowly into the street and the order was given again, *retreat*, and they moved 20 yards up the block to where the police truck stood.

There, they regrouped their energies. One man stood out front, facing down the street, then two behind him, positioned like a triangle, then a line of eight or so,

then the rest standing in various clumps behind them. They had their clubs out. They stood with their legs spread, the Wyatt Earp stance, ready to draw at high noon. The snowballs began immediately.

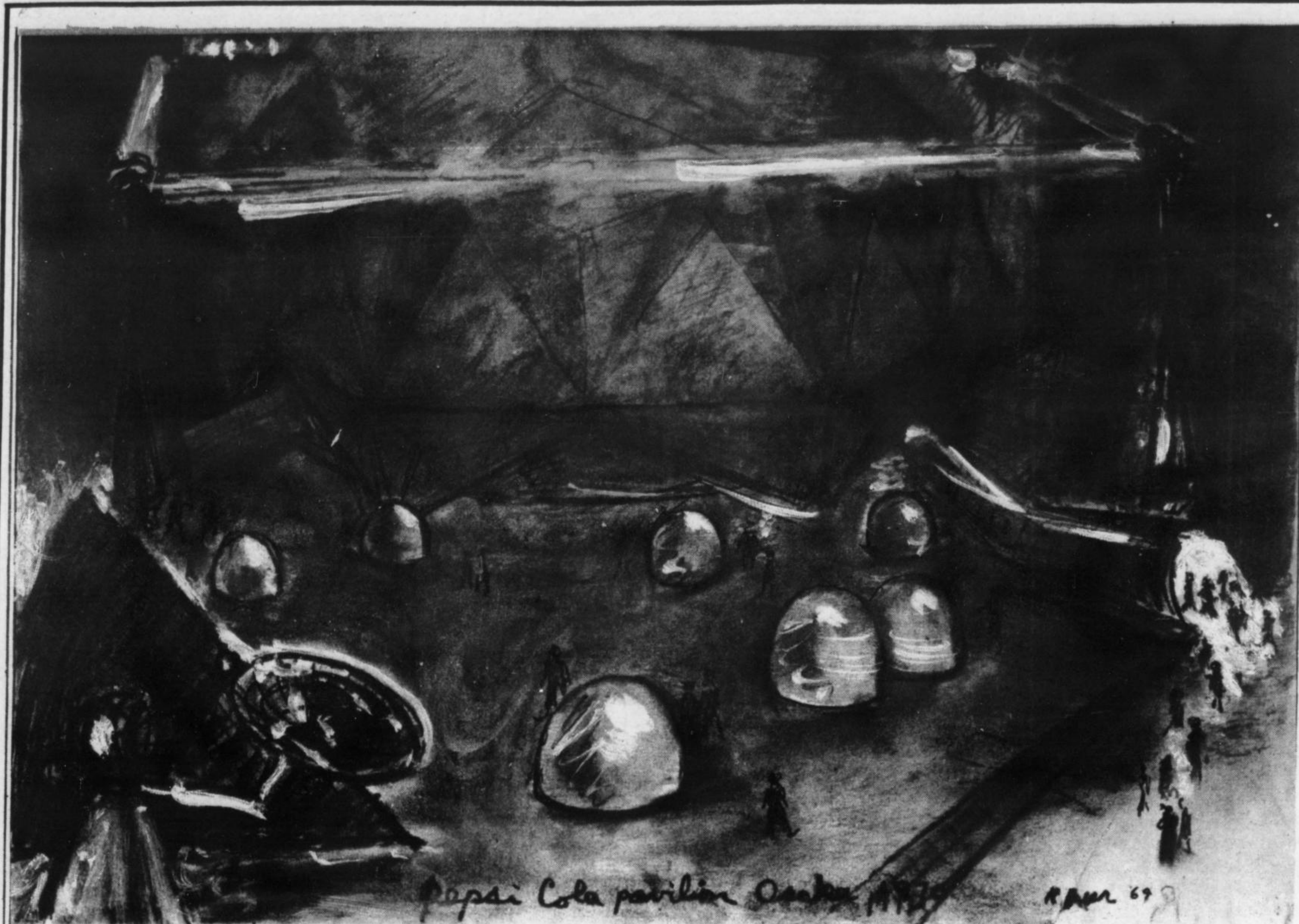
"Hey," one of them said, "I'm sure glad Reagon is out front. He's got the fattest ass."

"That's right," Reagon grinned. "Just stick behind me."

The snowballs came down quickly, hundreds of them, thousands of them, and the cops fended them off with their clubs, as in baseball, and one cop hit a fly ball with a big chunk of ice, and the crowd roared, and the police grinned, some of them getting a little mussed with snow and it was a joke, a bloody fucking joke, and the excitement was building on both sides, I saw both sides, the cops were grinning and smiling to each other and exchanging the small talk of men who are set to go to battle the first time the next morning, what do you think it's like, are you afraid to die, the enemy is just like us, and even more so like a football team about to play for the championship, men we got to do it, play a good game, a clean game, bring back the flag, do our cheerleaders right, and they were jovial, nervous, excited, scared, just like us who were talking of basically the same things. I thought I detected a note of frustrated love from one side to the other, each side needs the other, the cops were really cool, I dug them, the kids were really cool, I was one of them myself, it was too cool to wreck, Antonioni should have put them all out on the desert with \$50

(Continued on Page 21)





WHO IS BEING EATEN? by ALEX GROSS

An enormous scandal is brewing inside the art world, a scandal with implications reaching far beyond it into industry, finance, and the future of man. The scandal concerns an organization known as E.A.T. (or Experiments in Art and Technology) which was originally set up to play a middle-man role between artists and technicians (as well as between art and business). Leaving to one side the political implications of such a union, there are now people on all levels of knowledge who would agree that E.A.T. has badly misused the functions it has been given. Even those artists who most favor collaboration between art and technology (and feel it can produce meaningful results for the arts) have their reservations about E.A.T. No one believes that E.A.T. should be disbanded, as long as there is any chance of making meaningful changes from within, but the case against E.A.T. activities so far is strong enough as to be practically overwhelming.

During the last two years E.A.T. has prided itself on one major effort, its punchcard system for matching artists with technicians to solve problems in creating new tech art works. Yet only six hundred such matchings have been carried out during this period. As it is well-known that many artists have found the first technician they have been matched with (or even the first two or three technicians) unable to help them, it is obvious that many fewer than six hundred successful matchings have actually taken place.

And even when artists have been able to find compatible technicians, no finished work of art always came from the collaboration. As this matching program is the main E.A.T. activity open to any artist applying, it is worth noting that it has probably been much less successful than has been claimed.

But the full hypocrisy and scandal of this system became apparent on the occasion of last year's giant E.A.T. competition with exhibits at the Brooklyn and "Modern" Museums, though the story of this has taken a bit of time to leak out. Ostensibly the prizes awarded for this competition were to be given solely on the basis of E.A.T.'s strict system, that all works of art considered for the prizes were to be the product of collaboration between an artist and a technician. In the case of none of the three prizes awarded was this in fact done.

The first prize was given to a work created by two artists, one of whom had merely claimed to be a technician when applying. When E.A.T. discovered this, it asked this artist to continue his pretense of being a technician and appealed to the secrecy of both. The work that won the second prize was in fact created by a man who was both artist and technician, although in the course of his work he had applied briefly to another technician for some supplementary help. In neither of these cases did it prove helpful that E.A.T. contest rules required that the full prize money

should be paid to the technician not to the artist.

The third prize was awarded to an artist-technician married couple for a work which shot a ribbon high into the air and created many patterns—in this case the sole role of the artist seems to have been choosing the color of the ribbon. Thus E.A.T. succeeded in encouraging not collaboration between artists and technicians but hypocrisy among applicants and grave doubts as to the validity of the E.A.T. system.

An equally unfair competition (or no competition at all) took place when artists were chosen to go to Osaka and operate the computer-controlled sound-and-light apparatus for the Pepsi Cola Pavilion there. Given the nature of the project, this is particularly ironic, since rumors persist that the entire pavilion may be destroyed by Japanese student protestors.

Some artists have also approached E.A.T. about the possibility of erecting learning environments in this city's poorer areas but have been met with scant encouragement, although E.A.T. is now about to set up a large-scale learning program about water buffalo for the benefit of villagers in India.

Grave doubts have also been raised about the administration and the budget of E.A.T.—almost sixty percent of which went to administrative salaries and expenses. There is scant proof that E.A.T.'s directors have accomplished

anything to justify this. This is probably one reason why even the New York State Council on the Arts decided that the administrative status of E.A.T. was such that it could no longer provide it with a grant. Much of the criticism is directed at EAT director Billy Cluver who has been described, even by those closest to him, as "secretive," "pedantic," and "full of petty resentments." There is no doubt that there is plenty of room for improvement.

It was originally hoped that EAT would be a live, constantly growing thing as well as a place where people could regularly meet and talk about their common problems. What in fact resulted was a series of dull, impossibly formal so-called open houses, mercifully held quite infrequently and regretted by no one who ever attended one. EAT was also going to put out a newsletter for artists concerning free or cheap surplus materials available from large companies—this too never materialized. But most important was the role EAT might have played (and might still play) as clearing house for new devices, and ideas for new devices, which could immensely enrich our lives and change our environment. The intermediary role EAT could have played between artist and industry in this regard has not emerged—it has never even been attempted.

It must of course be admitted that some of the allegations against EAT are exaggerated or even funny. Thus, one artist maintains that the

main purpose of EAT's dismal open houses was simply to permit bored technicians to meet and get to know artists' wives and girlfriends. Others credit EAT with an attempt to brain-pick the artistic community for the benefit of industry or the C.I.A., but EAT has come nowhere near picking anyone's brains and it is doubtful that industry or the C.I.A. would know what to do with the pickings. Equally irrational, though understandable, has been the observation that all EAT seems to be devoted to is helping Robert Rauschenberg, in his career. Another rumor going the rounds has it that EAT keeps two reception rooms constantly ready, one for artists and the other for prominent technicians or providers of grants, and segregates its visitors into one or the other category. This is hotly denied by EAT, but the existence of the rumor shows how deeply alienated EAT has become from most artists.

But none of these speculations are needed to show the breadth and depth of E.A.T.'s failure. There is no doubting the necessity for an organization devoted to EAT's original aims. EAT is quite evidently not carrying out its original aims. It has instead been diverted from these into a narrowly construed purpose, aggravated by administrative inadequacies, and reached a dead end. It is important for E.A.T. to prove flexible enough and thus reform itself from within, as unpleasant as this may be. The alternative may be even more unacceptable.

Rip Off Voice

Dear EVO—Why not use some of your classified advertising space for getting ads about jobs in the Movement, for other kinds of jobs for Movement people who need bread and can't take working for corporations. And ads about apartments, communes, etc. Or is all this taken care of by the grapevine? I seem to see ads like this in the Village Voice, why aren't you ripping off some of their advertising? The Voice is good, but it's not exactly devoted to the non-profit collective principle. Movement people should try to stick together, help each other, live with each other, trade off with each other.

Also, EVO, what a stupid thing that piece was the other week about how to become a tennybopper idol. You could have used the space better to give some advice and information on survival to tennyboppers. Of course they're stupid, but this isn't going to make them any smarter. What the hell, their parents tell them they're stupid, they don't need this from somebody who purports to believe in or support the youth revolution. EVO needs a take-over too.

P. Laing

Ed.—Look, fuck, you want to hire a fleet of people for us to go out and get apartment and employment ads, you can have this fucking sheet.

35th Meal

Masochism:

I open the can. It turns and the lid separates from the can. The orange thick liquid oozes out. Campbell's caramel coloring again. I stir the beans and the caramel shit rolls off and reveals their white slug bodies. Color of people who're popular because of it. Not me. Uncover me or cover me in fat. Eat. Love.

The taste is unbearable. Sickly sweet. I add garlic powder, nutmeg, pepper. I'll smell. Truthfully—so I won't have to wonder if I do like always. Repulsive. Repelled by smell.



reprint, BERKELEY BARB

Some of the beans are hard but I eat them anyway—carefully avoiding the caramelshit. I eat quickly, unaware of the heat of the food or its taste. It has no smell—only me.

Great News and Sad Tragedies from Liberation News Service this week, folks.... First off, LNS itself has been notified by the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company that Senator Eastland's Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has asked for records pertaining to the LNS account. Eastland may just be afraid that the hard eye of LNS might look

into the conditions of his black tenant farmers.... In Finland, some scientist dude has invented a new anti-demonstration device which shoots a cone of swiftly hardening foam for distances of up to 50 feet. The foam hardens and has to be thawed out by heat.... LeRoy Aiken's organizing at the NY Times is bearing fruit: the New Afro-American Employees Association is already wrinkling the Sulzberger brow.... Great applause to Mayor Welsey C. Ullman of Seattle, who refused to throw his

police in with an FBI raid on the local Panther headquarters. "A great many people are having second thoughts about midnight Gestapo-type raids," according to Mayor Ullman....

Studies conducted ten years ago at the Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland, recently released in spite of all, persuasively indicate that marijuana could be extremely beneficial to numerous physical disorders. Grass lowers one's body temperature for over 36 hours,

which can be good for people with high blood pressure. Also, it lowers the body temperature as much as two degrees, indicating its use as a sunstroke treatment. THC can be great for preventing epileptic seizures, in small doses. Finally, indications are the experienced dope smokers actually improve in areas of psychomotor coordination when stoned.

priesthood enlistments in Peru are dropping like spit down an airshaft: only four enrollees so far this year, Paul.... Also in Peru, a kidney (human) was recently sold on the black market for \$600, no questions asked. Not for nothing are they called fealthy Peruvians....

In North Carolina, where 206 black people have been executed in the last 60 years as opposed to 68 white murderers, a movement is presently underway to get a 17-year-old black girl out of the slams, where she now awaits execution. Miss Marie Hill was found guilty last year of murdering a white store keeper by a white judge and jury, on the basis of a confession made to a white sheriff before Miss Hill obtained counsel. Although she later refuted the confession, and although the prosecution produced no scientific evidence to prove she was the murderer, and although witnesses claimed she was in South Carolina when the murder happened, she was convicted and sentenced to death. For the last year she has been kept in solitary confinement; in the meantime her mother has died. Some fuckers in South Carolina need ripped off.

The Jones' Family Grandchildren is the underground paper of Norman, Oklahoma. They have just now survived their first smut bust, although one staffer, Mike Skinner, still faces charges. Send money to Box 2237, Norman, Oklahoma.

(Continued on Page 16)

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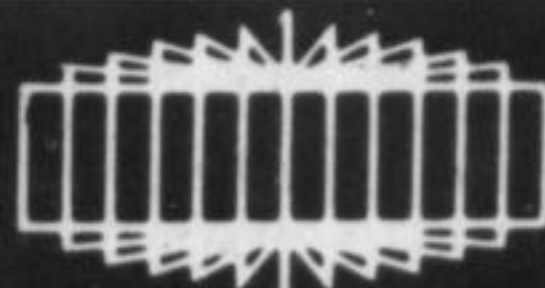
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(Continued from Page 576)

¹⁴McLeary, *op. cit.*, p. 35.
¹⁵A. Carlsson, M. Lindqvist and T. Magnusson, "On the Biochemistry and Possible Functions of Dopamine and Noradrenaline in the Brain," *Adrenergic Mechanisms*, eds. J. Vane, G. Wolstenholme and M. O'Connor ("Ciba Foundation Symposium," Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1960), p. 432; see also: H. Weil-Malherbe, "The Passage of Catechol Amines Through the Blood-Brain Barrier," *Adrenergic Mechanisms*, etc. . . . p. 423.

¹⁶Arieti, *op. cit.*, pp. 197-8; see also: S. Ross and A. Renyi, "Uptake of some Tritiated Sympathomimetic Amines by Mouse Brain Cortex Slices 'in Vitro'," *Acta Pharmacologica et Toxicologica* (Kobenhvn), 24 (No. 4; 1966), *passim*.

¹⁷J. Vane, "The Actions of Sympathomimetic Amines on Tryptamine Receptors," *Adrenergic Mechanisms*, etc. . . . p. 364.

¹⁸"Alkaloids," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, I, 1967, p. 637.

¹⁹Lagercrantz, "Potentiation of Tyramine Effect on the Isolated [Bovine] Muscle by Cocaine," *Acta Physiologica Scandinavica*, 73

(May-June, 1968), p. 58; see also: De La Laude et al, "Factors Influencing Supersensitivity to Noradrenaline in the Isolated Perfused Artery [of a rabbit ear]; Comparative Effects of Cocaine, Denervation, and Serotonin," *Circulation Research*, 21 (suppl. 3; Dec., 1967), p. 177. See also: Ross, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

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²¹D. Woolley, "Some Neurophysiological Aspects of Serotonin," *British Medical Journal*,

2 (1954), pp. 122-6; see also: Woolley, "Involvement of the Hormone Serotonin in Emotion and Mind," *Neurophysiology and Emotion*, ed. D. Glass ("Proceedings at a Conference Under the Auspices of Russell Sage Foundation and the Rockefeller University," New York: Rockefeller University Press, 1967), pp. 115-6.

²²*Ibid.*

²³Arieti, *op. cit.*, pp. 428-30.

²⁴A. Fangman and W. O'Malley, "L-Dopa and the Patient with Parkinson's Disease," *American Journal of Nursing*, 69 (No. 7, July, 1969), *passim*.

²⁵*Ibid.*, p. 1455.

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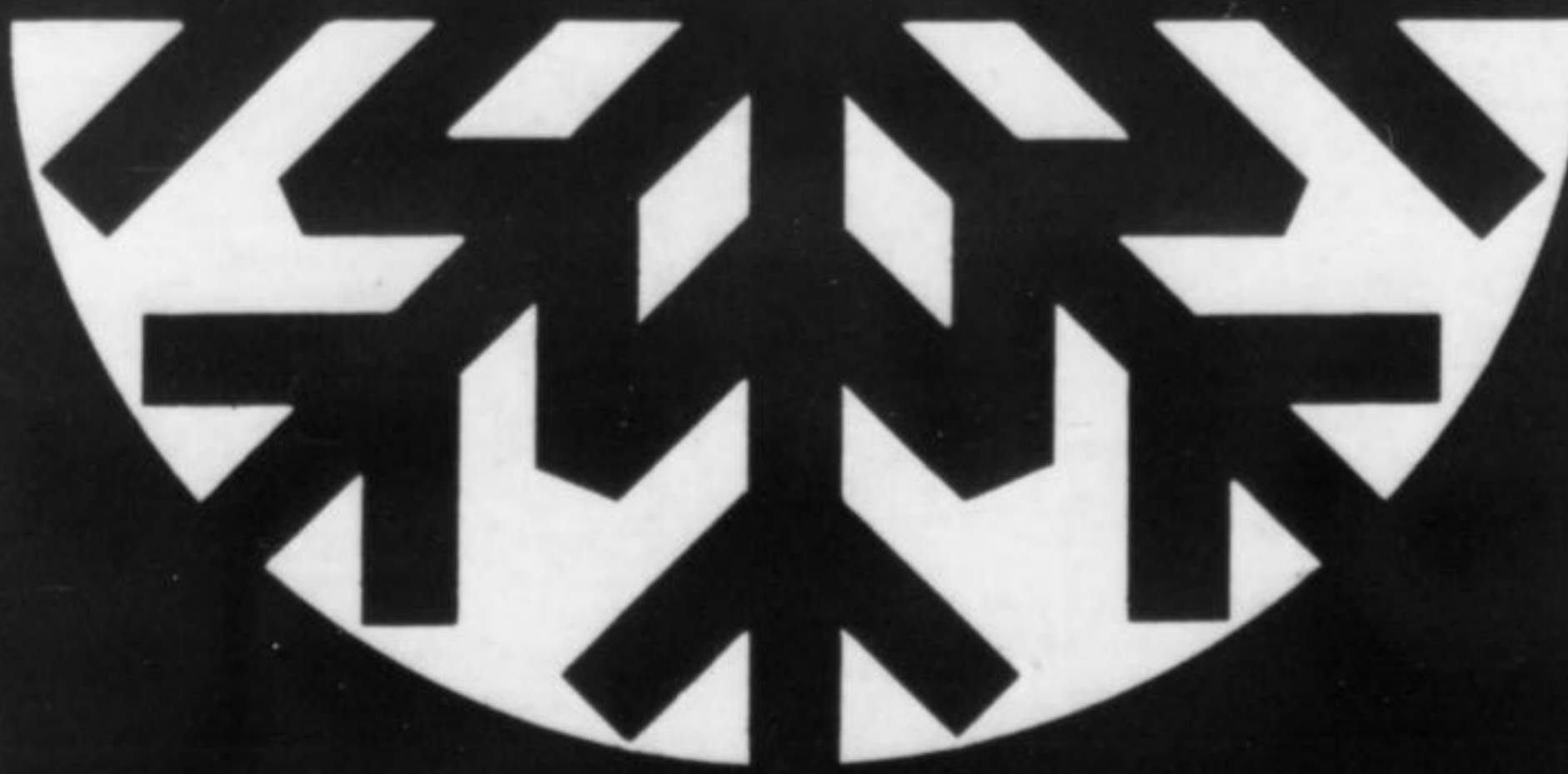


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FRICK

(Continued from Page 8)

who knows where the On button is can push it. Unfortunately with all this widespread media pollution, and various underhanded groups trying to take hold of the production of INFORMATION EXCHANGE for the masses in order to increase their personal or corporate power. Its getting to the point where people are pushing the On button. I tried to tell this to some of the younger technicians in the shop, you know graduates of some 4 year radio repair school out there in the Middle Middle, they looked at me like I was nuts or something. One of them even said I was reading too much science fiction. Dig it the people out in Middle Middle, they're all like one great lump of silly puddy cause none of them want to take any of the responsibility that goes with individuality, you know being responsible for their actions and creating their own plans and dreams. Theyre all relying on the strength and power of their greast mass to take care of everything. All the decisions, everything. When these clowns get into an election booth, they play it out like looking at a teevee guide. Whatever selection seems more colorful or more closely related to the life style that they happening to be following Clik there goes lever No. 11 and Richard Nixon is made president of the United States. Choosing elected officials in Middle Middle today is done in the same way their kids chose what cartoon show to watch on saturday morning. It usually winds up to be the one that has made the Deepest penetration on the brain, besides too much of that old radiation comming out of the color sets that everyone has today just might do for the eyes and the brain what the internal combustion engine has done for the lungs of America."

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BUSTS

(Continued from Page 9)

separations for the special Kiss Slurp Issue, that he was setting up our beloved weekly for a ripoff? To speak only of our beloved weekly . . .

No, there was no way he could have known, Peter, no way at all. It was a killer cover, sure—below the outsize KISS masthead lay a brawny young sideburned stud with a girl across his lap, her miniskirt hauled up above her butt, fringed panties halfway down her thighs, and the cat's tongue not more than a quarter-inch from the sweet swelling hemisphere of her left buttock. It was a threesome arrangement, yet another girl leaning over this stud's back, her mouth in easy proximity to his ear, tongue out. All those tongues, it was too much—a real killer cover.

It nearly killed the printer just to look at it. When the finished product came back from the plant the following Monday in bundles of fifty, the interior illustrations had been seriously abridged. To be specific, strips of white tape had been laid over a collage by Joseph Stevens, on page 7, to obfuscate a pair of breasts which were being strenuously fondled by a set of masculine hands. Presumably the printer, appalled, had called in his attorney to inspect the flats, and this worthy, having heard somewhere that the D.A. was down on 'body contact' this season (as distinguished from, say, exposed clits, or defecation, or S&M, or lipsticked cigarette butts, or some other taboo), had drawn the tape across all points where the fingers of one person touched the body of another.

But taping it was fruitless, for on Thursday, two days after she hit the stands, KISS was ripped off once again by the D.A.'s men, and the publisher, Jay Fab, went to the slams for eight hours. With him went a few newsdealers, plus Peter Leggerie of *The Gothic Blimp Works*, Stan Goldstein of *For Adults Only*, and Gary Thier of *Rat*.

Yo listen to people talk, you'd think all these people from their wildly disparate walks of life went to jail because Kiss printed one little killer cover. And it certainly does cause one to wonder why all of a sudden four papers are ripped off the stands at once, it causes one to think in terms of some great conspiracy. And when you add to this the knowledge that for several weeks now the big porn distributors have been getting severely fucked over by the Feds, well, then you know something's up. But why blame it all on Jay Fab of Kiss, as so many people do?

Let's look at it from another slant. Maybe a few months ago some prominent official in the executive branch of the Federal government happened across a copy of *Rat*. Imagine the colouring of his face, the swelling of his neck, as he sat there at his great maple desk looking over this shoddily produced insurrectionary pamphlet. 'Something ought to be done about this!' he probably exclaimed thundrously, hurling the copy into his out box. Whereupon, who knows, some fastass young crewcut returning from the cafeteria with crullers and coffee saw all this happen, and decided to pick up some brownie points for himself by wiping out *Rat*. 'Get *Rat*,' he could have told an old college buddy now working under the New York City D.A. That's the way these things work, you know.

So this kid in New York D.A.'s office, he would have picked up a copy of the last male edition of *Rat*, published a month ago as their special 'Pornography and Masturbation Issue'. In this one then, besides the usual accounts of faction fights between SDS and PLP, *Rat* published a few articles with titles like 'Female Masturbation', and 'The Myth Of The Vaginal Orgasm'. Nothing too exciting here, but it might just have shocked a middle-aged bureaucrat. 'Officer Malarkey,' one can almost hear some Assistant D.A. ordering, 'it's your bounden duty as a civil servant and a Catholic to find whoever's doing this stuff and make him stop. Pick up a few others while you're about it, and we'll hand a whole pile of it to the judge. He'll go crazy!'

That's how it could have happened. The thing is, nobody knows how it came to pass that four separate periodicals were simultaneously removed from the public view on the complaint of Obscenity. The most salient feature of *The Gothic Blimp Works* was a compendium of the works of EVO artist Spain Rodriguez, about four months' worth of vintage Trashman tales—maybe somebody big has it out for Spain, who knows? Or could it be that somebody doesn't want Stan Goldstein infecting American folklore with his insipid ideas about sexuality? The thing is three of these papers were clearly busted primarily to make a solid case-by-association against the fourth paper, whichever one that is. And this is dirty pool. Just like handing four-year contempt sentences to defense lawyers is dirty pool. And to fail to protest against this sort of thing, out of cold feet or disdain for the subject matter of these periodicals, is to lend those motherfuckers an arm up against everybody. As long as *Rat*'s still on the stands, things aren't yet too depressing in this country.

THILM

(Continued from Page 11)

- 25. Velvet Underground. 3rd Album. For 'resolution.' First album: for reaching plateau—any plateau you are capable of. 3rd album definitely for after you have seen the light, stars or otherwise.
- 26. Amboy Dukes. If you have a peculiar rhythm, 1-2, 1-3-4 . . .
- 27. Lovin Spoonful. For balling.
- 28. Steppenwolf: Interrupted coitus turn off radio.
- 29. The Band. For sitting around the fireplace wanting it.
- 30. Procol Harum. For balling even making love to.
- 31. Fleetwood Mac. Yeah, balling.
- 32. Steve Miller. For making love to. Or fucking.


- 33. Sly and Family. Time to turn off radio. Interrupted coitus.
- 34. Ricky Nelson. Nostalgia and maybe jerking each other off in a very nice friendly fashion.
- 35. Richie Havens. Auto eroticism if he is into a guitar thing, otherwise forget it.
- 36. Cream. If you are not high, ok for foreplay when you want your mind to get set. Otherwise you will be higher than this so forget it.
- 37. Muddy Waters. For partyin' and makin luv, baby.
- 38. Lulu. One of the great fucking right records of all times. Any critic or writer about music who has not yet come out and stated that *New Routes* on Atlantic is one of the alltime records is a suckoff, hasnt listened to the record and should not

- be talking about music. One of the few chick singers who counts.
- 39. T Bone Walker. Lazy fucking . . . round.
- 40. Jimi Hendrix. First album. For fucking. Lady.
- 41. Hank Williams. For cocaine and thereafter.
- 42. Love. Have you tried it. Arthur Lee does it. This is not a copout answer;

- 43. Lightning Hopkins. For making love to.
- 44. Santana. Maaam, if you want flesh next to you with this on, you steel.
- 45. Hamza El Din. For lovemaking.
- 46. Joan Baez. Separates herself from the girls (Joni and Judy) because you can ball while she is on.
- 47. Everly Brothers. howdy Ah lak to fuck, y know?

- 48. The Kinks. For playing with each other *in the car*
- 49. Fred Neil. For bittersweet nostalgic fucking.
- 50. Lastnot least, Environments because what is a better trip than making it with your twin in the same amniotic sac, and we are all related, from the sea, together if we want to be, and know the answer. All said in one breath. Come on.

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FOLEY

(Continued from Page 13)

a day salary, then set them at each other, the cops and the kids for a big technicolor scene all in fun, just like they did with Officer Obie, but that ain't usually the way it happens.

Meanwhile, there were several cops

stationed on the steps of the Criminal Court Building, and they were taking the punishment. One snowball after the other, hard ice at the cops. The crowd had completely spilled onto the streets now, and they were confronting the cops at the north end where the police truck was, and the east end, the criminal court building, and the south end, where

re-enforcements were arriving, and the rear was open to the west, a parking lot. The crowd was getting wild now, very restless, they were whooping like Indians, and chanting at the police:

*Up against the wall,
 motherfucker!*

*Up against the wall,
 motherfucker!*

*Up against the wall,
 motherfucker!*

*Free the Panther 13, Power to
 the People!*

Free Huey! Free Bobby!

*Free the Chicago 10! Power
 to the People!*

The snowballs continued flying and most of the cops withdrew from the steps of the court building, but the ones who stayed were pelted continuously, they were bobbing, weaving, jumping, ducking, doing everything in their power to avoid the snow and keep their tempers, and one of them on the left steps took a snowball, and iceball, to the eye *whomp!*, and he went over like a dead man. A scream went up, this could be it, the cops sure were waiting for *something*, and his buddies rushed to his aid, he was down for the count, God, and the snowballs didn't stop, it was a real offensive, and the cops were up against the wall, motherfucker.

Now we all naturally assumed that the cops would break it up eventually, I mean cops aren't known to just stand there and take that kind of punishment unnecessarily. I mean they had the power to reverse the trend, and they knew it, and we knew it, and the well-dressed lawyers and Wall Street clerks who were

bopping by on their way home knew it also. But the few cops who were left on the scene, the small group to the north, and those on the courthouse steps were in legitimate danger. They were in trouble, I tell you. One was down, the rest were getting bruised and pelted. They were scared, too. Ever so often the Indian whooping would begin, and it always sounded like the charge of a brigade, and the cops always stiffened when they heard it, it was wierd. It was tense. We knew it was coming.

Some cars were trying to get through, some cops were trying to get them through, the cars were being smashed, the cops were being smashed, and the Captain turned to his men at the north end of the street, the same who had retreated before, and told them, "Come on, men, let's get these people. Come on. Come on." And suddenly the cops broke the line, they began running for the crowd, a shout of terror went up as clubs were drawn, and the cops rushed into the screaming, jumping crowd. Some of them were now wearing shiny blue helmets.

They broke right in and began forcing people back, but not too roughly it must be said. Nothing in comparison with Chicago. They were trying to catch one or two people, evidently, and keep the rest of the people moving, that's all. They shoved their way in, west into the parking lot and the crowd sort of filled in around them. After a few minutes of scattered slugging and running, they withdrew into the street and the snowballs kept flying. Then, someone threw part of a barricade at one of them, and they rushed into another part of the crowd, a little to the south. This time it took longer.

The crowd in the street was broken-up now, one part on the sidewalk in front of the court building, one part retreating into the parking lot on the other side of the street. People were running like mad in every direction. A new contingent of cops with helmets began coming down the block from the north and forcing the people in front of the courthouse around the corner shoving and prodding them on. The crowd in the parking lot retreated a good bit, and the cops withdrew again. For all the motion, there was never any real battle at this point.

The front of the courthouse was clear. Small crowds of people stood on the southeast corner of the block, watching. Several cops stood in the street and kept their eyes on the parking lot. I moved over there, flashing my press card with all sorts of disdain, and was no sooner talking to a friend I met when a hail of snow, ice and broken glass went hurtling through the air towards the cops. Wow! The crowd was milling around the parking lot, very angry. It didn't look good. Suddenly a shout went up, and sure enough, a new force of cops were on their way in.

They drove the crowd up to the next block then split them into three parts with the most amazing tactical control I have ever seen. It was like herding cattle. Prodding and jebbing forward, they drove one group down the block left from the parking lot.

(Continued on Page 22)

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FOLEY

(Continued from Page 21) another group straight ahead from the parking lot, and another group just sort of disintegrated into several smaller groups around the parking lot itself, like water. Every time they tried to regroup, the cops would move in again, a new force from the courthouse end of it.

Of course, it was pretty rough. I saw a girl get hit in the ribs with a club for not moving fast enough, but she survived to move on. I myself was shoved by a cop, slammed into another cop, was desperately groping for my press card to bail myself out when the second cop grabbed me by the shoulders and threw me on the ground. I sort of had the feeling I was under arrest, cashed in for the day, and I stayed on the ground so the cop would have to pull me up, which he did, and I dropped the press card, but he only gave me another shove into the middle of next week, and I had to struggle my way back to retrieve the card. I was sort of embarrassed by it, falling down like that, but nobody was saying anything about it, that's for sure.

I snaked my way back to Centre Street, and then down to Federal Square where several smaller groups

had tried to get together. The cops were on top of all it. They cleared the narrow sidewalks quickly, and with photographer Joe Stevens who I just had joined, I was forced down a subway entrance by a moving herd of people.

As soon as we hit the steps, of course, we began screaming "Don't pay the fare!" And I assumed we would all rush through the gates, but the station was narrow, and one cop was letting them go one by one through the turnstyle, and another cop was standing in front of the one exit gate. There were at least 35 kids in this narrow hole, all screaming "Don't pay the fare" but nobody had the nerve to try it at that point. It was cold and slushy out, and the sun was down, and everyone was tired and disgusted with the whole thing. One by one, they paid the fare, and some others went back up the steps to the street.

The person-to-person repartee with the cops was beautiful. Outside the subway, a kid was trying to go north, towards the courthouse, and two cops stopped him.

"I'm trying to go that way," the kid said.

"Well go that way or go down in the subway," the cop said.

"Well I will if you cats'll leave me alone for a minute."

"Don't get smart."
"What do you mean, 'don't get smart?'"

"You heard me. We'll take you in."

"For what!" the kid said.
"For disobeying the lawful directions of a policeman."

"What lawful direction?"
"We told you to move on."

"You're out of your mind," the kid said. "I was coming out of the subway to go on my legal and lawful way, that's my right as a citizen of this city, I'm an American, and I'll move on my legal and lawful way, if you'll just stop harrassing me, for Christ's sake."

"WELL GET MOVING!" the cop shouted, and the kid got moving.

"What do you want?" the cop asked me.

"I'm press," I said. "This is official."

Face it, the thing was over. Except for assorted staggles, the thing was broken up now, and it was cold, and it was time to get something to eat. Joe Stevens and I walked back past the courthouse, then we saw a bus-load of uniformed cops waiting to go home. We couldn't resist.

"Hey," we shouted to them, "how's it going?"

They jeered at us, and gave us the finger through the window.

"That's not nice," we said.
"You're public servants, you should have some respect."

"Don't you guys have anything better to do than stand here?" a foot-cop asked us.

"Hey," Stevens said, "My brother is in that bus. He's my brother. He joined the cops and I became a photographer. We still drink together. HEY LARRY!!!"

"HEY LARRY!" I shouted, waving at the bus.

"LARRY, I'LL SEE YOU LATER," Stevens shouted.

"WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE BAR!" I shouted.

"YOU SURE SHOWED THEM HIPPIES!" Stevens shouted.

"YOU SURE DID!" I yelled.

"THEY'LL GET WHAT THEY DESERVE: JAIL!"

"THAT'S RIGHT, JOE, JAIL!"

"JAIL, RAY!"

"THAT'S WHAT THEY DESERVE!"

"FUCKING LONGHAIRS!"
"GODDAMNED KOOKS!"
"THEY DON'T HOLD A CANDLE TO OLD IKE, DO THEY RAY?"

"NOT ON YOUR LIFE, JOE!"

"MY DAD SERVED UNER IKE IN THE BIG ONE, RAY!"

"W-W II, JOE!"

"THE BIG ONE!"

"THAT'S RIGHT!"

"EVERY TIME I SEE ONE OF THESE CREEPS I WANT TO STOP THE CAB AND GIVE THEM A HAIRCUT EVEN IF I HAVE TO TURN OFF THE METER, RAY!"

"BELIEVE YOU ME, JOE, AS TRUE AS GOD IS MY JUDGE, MAY I BE STRUCK DEAD RIGHT HERE ON THE SPOT IF I'M NOT TELLING THE TRUTH..."

"HEAVY STUFF, RAY!"

"THAT'S IT, JOE. THESE COPS GET TOP DOLLAR."

"TOP DOLLAR, RAY!"

"TOP DOLLAR!"



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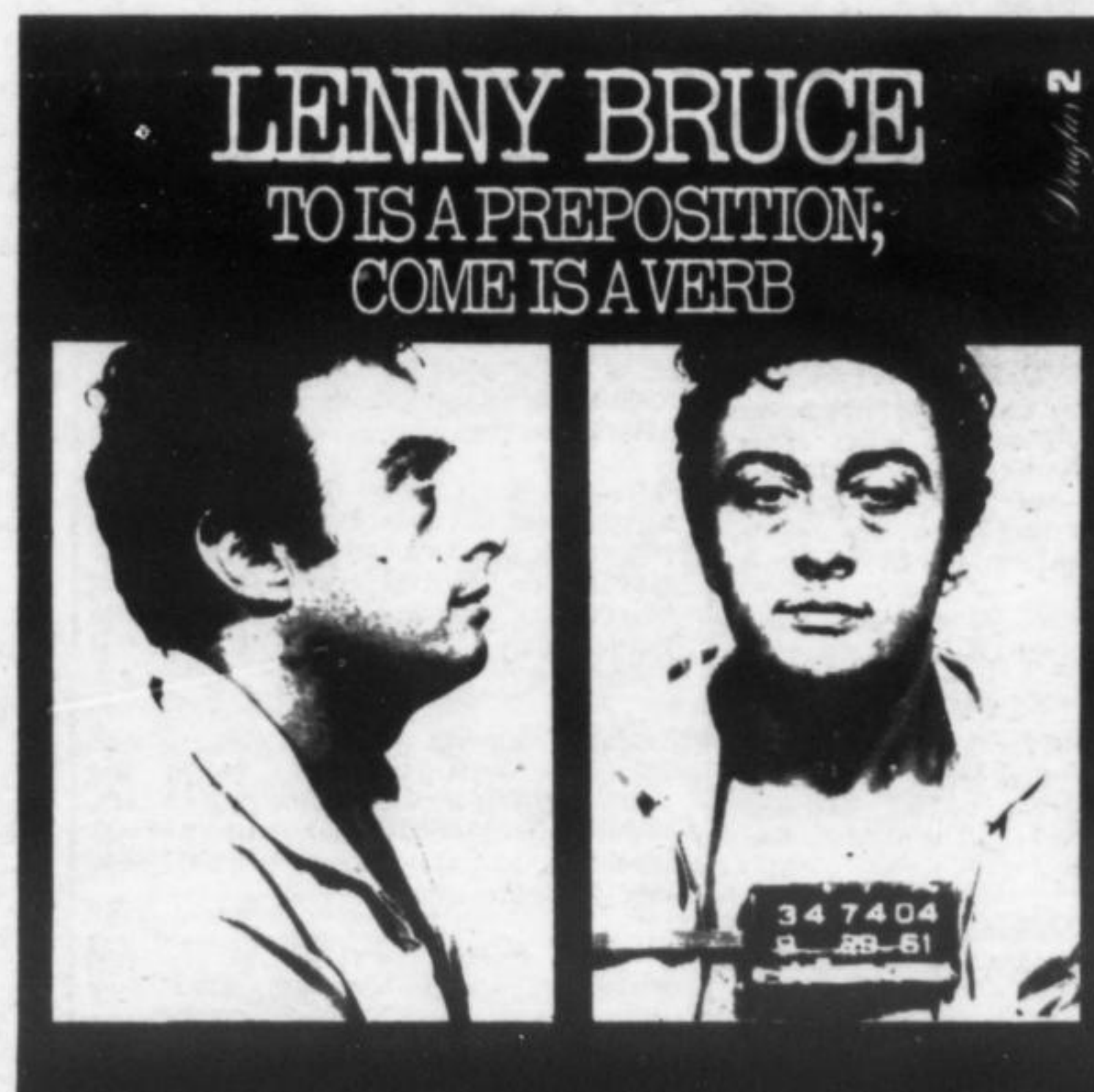
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