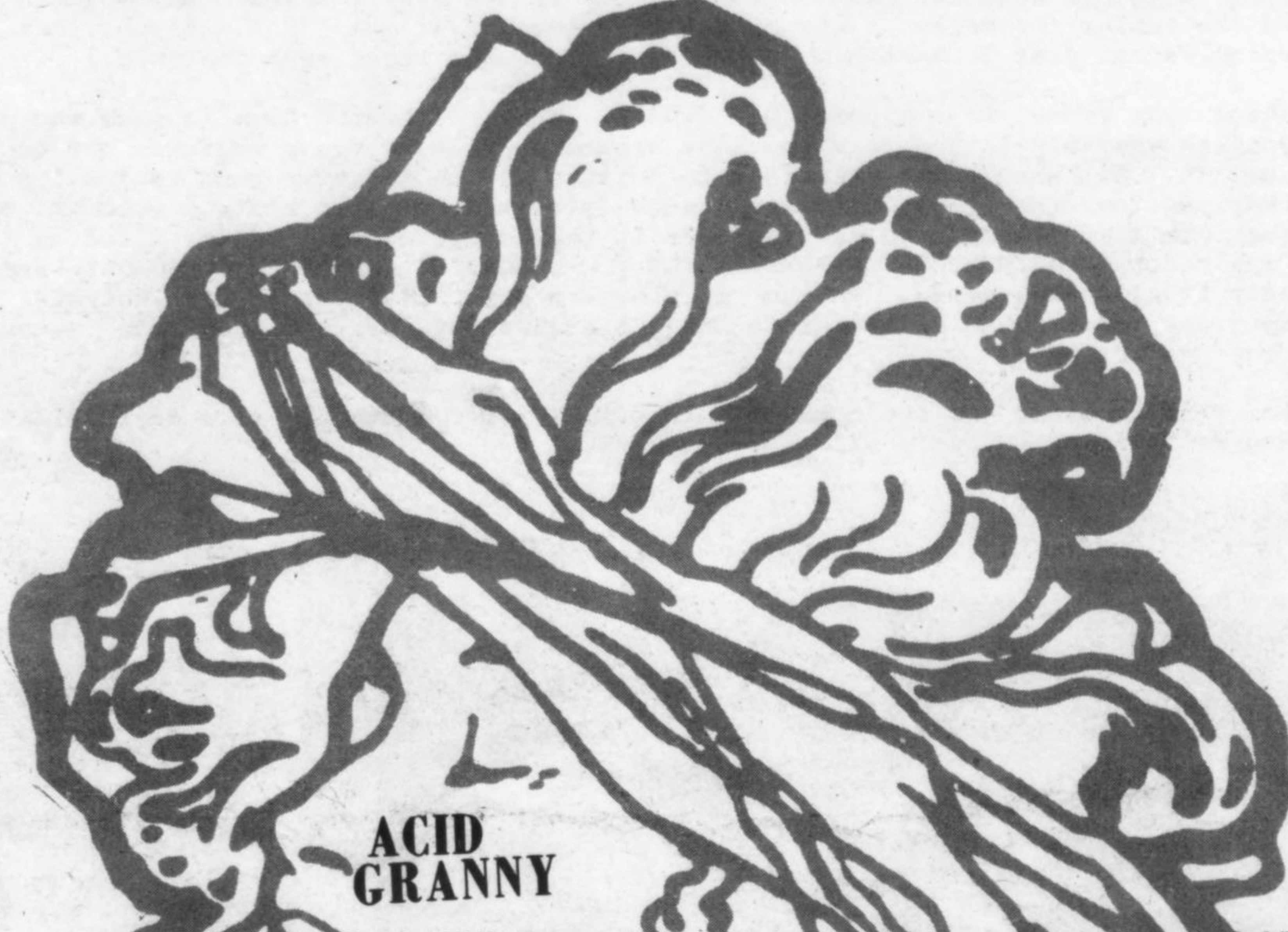


64 YEAR OLD GRANMA

GETS FIVE YEARS FOR FINDING GOD



Volume 5 No. 30 June 23, 1970 New York 25¢ Outside 35¢



ACID GRANNY

by Jeff Cox

Until April 7, 1966, Mrs. Alice Missmer, who's now 64, considered herself an agnostic.

She was an educated nurse — a good one judging by the steady salary increments she got while working in the nursery at St. Luke's Hospital in Bethlehem, Pa.

Her children were grown and she'd been a widow for six years at that time. One of her children had told her he was an atheist.

So, when her atheist son visited her with stories of how he found God, and because she "always wanted to know what the essence of life is all about," she was intrigued.

Her son told her that LSD had unlocked his mind. He described new vistas of experience — a whole world where God was no longer a shadowy, half-understood concept, but a blazing reality. He urged her to try the drug.

Mrs. Missmer had developed a faith in drugs during her years as a nurse. She thought about trying it. Her son's total enthusiasm finally convinced her. She decided to try it.

"When do you come down?" a young man in his early 20s asked a

companion on his first LSD trip. "You never really come down. You're never the same," the companion said.

Mrs. Missmer went to the Lehigh Parkway to take her first acid trip because she wanted to be in beautiful surroundings. To a passerby, she looked like any woman in her late 50s — except for long flowing brown hair.

She took the drug, and as it took effect, she entered the acid world. A Canadian goose wandered by the place where she sat.

"I watched the goose, and then I saw a spiral of light reaching from the animal upwards. It spiralled up and when I looked, I realized that the spiral connected it to the spiritual world.

"I saw that this world is truly the footstool of heaven. This world is a physical manifestation of light — which is love — from God. I saw that I was composed of light . . . that everything is light. I too was connected with that spiritual world and I have a higher nature.

"I became enlightened . . . in tune with my higher nature. I saw that we are all potential Christs.

"For the first time, I understood many Biblical phrases: 'All that came to be had life in him and that life was the light of men, a light that shines in the dark, a light that darkness could not overpower.' I understood how God could say to

Jesus, 'This is my beloved son . . . My first trip — a very religious one — showed me that we are all sons of God.

"She could be sentenced to 20 years — but she says she's 64. I'm not going to impose any but a just sentence under the circumstances. Alice Missmer, you are ordered to pay the costs of prosecution and you are sentenced to the State Industrial Home for Women in Muncy for a period not more than five years from Aug. 21, 1968 (when she first entered jail)," said Lehigh County Presiding Judge Kenneth H. Koch at Mrs. Missmer's sentencing on March 31, 1970.

"Alice is a model prisoner. She helps out a lot with the other prisoners. Her attitude is like a ray of light," says Lehigh County Prison Warden George Albright.

"I've learned a lot in jail," Mrs. Missmer says. "I've learned that prostitutes and murderers are just like anyone else. Only they're more likely to tell you the truth since they have nothing to lose. So maybe Muncy won't be such a bad experience. I have a feeling, though, that I won't be at Muncy very long. I believe that many things will be shortly overturned and that the Lehigh County Prison may pioneer

in the rehabilitative use of psychedelic drugs on prisoners."

Mrs. Missmer's present status as prisoner is her own doing — she knows that. She knew that the Pennsylvania legislature had put LSD and marijuana "off limits" to the public . . . and that the consequence for being caught with them is jail.

After her first acid trip, she found that many young people had had similar experiences with the drug. Accordingly, she opened her home — a 16-room boarding house at 821 W. Broad St. in Bethlehem — to young people. She kept a supply of marijuana, hashish and LSD available for them.

Evenings were spent stoned, talking about this higher consciousness and how individuals could realize their spiritual potentials.

Her home was not the scene for sexual exploration or "parties." A prosecution attempt to label her home "a disorderly house" was thrown out of court for lack of evidence.

She says she was interested in rehabilitating young people who were lost. "We're all asleep until we realize our higher nature. Then we wake up." Two youngsters, Bruce White and John Palanky, frequented her house and ended up living there. She admits giving them

(Continued on Page 21)

HIRAP

"We hope that Mrs. Abzug will be considered for editorial endorsement by The East Village Other. Should you wish an opportunity to meet with her and discuss her campaign and her view of current issues, we will be most happy to arrange it."

To make a long story short, the meeting wasn't in the works, and the elusive Bella was unattainable to the East Village Other. Not that it really mattered too much, since it is rather doubtful that an endorsement by the East Village Other would have tipped the scales for Bella or any other pol. (Last fall, we toyed with the idea of endorsing Marchi just to make him look worse, if such a thing were possible.)

How absolutely funny, if not outright idiotic. What difference does it make who gets in (you ask yourself). And then you look around and see everyone freaking out of his mind get it. Get what? The privilege to partake of the insanity that is spelled Amerika, and that inevitably contaminates everyone who comes in contact with it. Where the fuck are they all at, you ask yourself in near despair, when all of a sudden your eye catches--ABZUG FOR CONGRESS! ABZUG FOR CONGRESS! ABZUG FOR CONGRESS!--and suddenly it all makes sense. "Abzug" is a German word for retreat. Dig--Retreat for Congress! What could be closer to one's disillusioned heart than a total retreat from the reeking mess?

Bearing this in mind, how could we withhold our solicitive support from dear Bella? As long as it is ABZUG, it's all right with us.



RETREAT

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GIANFRANCO

JAAKOV KOHN
JOSEPH STEVENS
ALLEN KATZMAN
IRVING SHUSHNIK
STEPHEN KOHN
JACKIE DIAMOND
RAY SHULTZ
JACKIE FRIEDRICK
KARIN BERG
DON KATZMAN
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STEVEN HELLER
FLICKA DE MOID
NORTH: THE KID
CHARLIE FRICK
YOSSARIAN
JOHN DA SWEDE
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LIL PICARD
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GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA
DURANCE VILE: TIMOTHY LEARY
VINCENT FRANCIS CHARLES AUGUST
TRUMAN PATRICK CRAIG TITUS
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WHEN
 THE REVOLUTION
 COMES THERE'LL BE
 NO MORE RHETORIC,
 NO MORE EXCUSES,
 NO MORE BULLSHIT....
 THESE ARE...



THE LAST POETS

by RENFREU NEFF

Douglas has just released *The Last Poets*, an incredible record featuring Alafia Pudim, Abiodun Oyewole and Omar Ben Hassen, three black poets who recite with percussive accompaniment by Nilaja. "Recite" is a sterile word here, this is not the usual Spoken Word sort of thing. This is the poetry of Revolution, a brilliant tapestry-in-black where images are hurled out, chanted and shouted, creating a rhythmic texture that transforms the act of recitation into a dynamic interaction of voice and music. It is a powerful poetic interaction in that it reflects the musical influences of gospel, rhythm-and-blues and the vocal style of the revival preacher and soul-singer.

Junk, pimps, whores, welfare and poverty, ghetto imprisonment, Whitey... the Last Poets run it down and put it all in a bold perspective, exposing the scaffolding from which their call to revolution must be sounded, a harsh awakening to jolt the black consciousness into action. It is Black-on-Black, that is the difference, and with relentless provocation and insightfully brutal commentary a scathing indictment is drawn of "niggers" and "knee-grows" who have deluded themselves into believing the white myth....

*New York, New York
 The Big Apple
 Where Queen Liberty tin sbis
 standing in the middle of pee-green water
 telling a brotber be's liberated. . . .*

*New York is a brogan boot shaped state
 Of Madison Avenue Negro button downs
 hungry lost nigger souls*

*Screaming downtown for death
 Semi-black obscured blackness
 Plastic trees and phony grass
 New York is a state of mind
 That doesn't mind fucking up a brotber.*

who failed to heed its own voices . . .
*Niggers loved to bear Malcolm rap
 But they didn't love Malcolm*
 and . . .

*Yes, I hope you get right soon
 so there won't be anytbing
 causing me to die because
 you don't believe in our cause
 Niggers and negroes listen to this:
 It's glorious to die for a cause
 but not Because. . . .*

and who fuck over their own black brothers because of that white myth:

*sitting in the corner
 with your minds
 tied to your behinds
 Bonified members of Niggers Anonymous
 never knowing
 which way you're going
 pimping off life
 turning tricks
 for slick dicks
 with candied asses.*
**ALL MASSES WILL BE HELD
 TOMORROW MORNING
 FOR THE LATE GREAT BLACK MAN
 AMEN!**

There is the brittle, mocking humour of Gash Man. . . .

*when you died to death Mr. Gash Man
 and find yourself in a web of cold flames
 and rotten watermelon rinds
 and cigarette ashes and ashes
 and byebyes and byebyes and byes*

Don't forget your alligator shoes
 and the provoking taunts from one of the best of the twelve pieces . . .

NIGGERS ARE SCARED OF REVOLUTION
*But niggers shouldn't be scared of revolution
 because revolution is nothing but change
 and all niggers do is change.....*

*niggers always going through bullsbit change
 but when it comes to real change*
NIGGERS ARE SCARED OF REVOLUTION

But beneath the sarcasm and derision, undercutting the goading mockery, there is love, and it is expressed freely, joyously, without concealment, as if to say You see, I wouldn't hate you if I couldn't love you. Expressed simply in the last line of *Black Thighs* . . . *black thighs I love you* . . . in *Black Wish* there is an invincible pride:

*I am the wish that makes Walt Disney wish
 upon a star . . . a star shining like a light
 of truth in the darkest night
 wish upon my star, Walt Disney, for I am truth*

*I am the wish that makes the Clairol lady wish
 she had the body of Cleopatra
 the voice of Billie Holiday
 the sexiness of Eartha Kitt
 and the afro of Abbie Lincoln
 for then she would be truly beautiful
 and her bairdresser would have to wish
 if she knew for sure*

*I am the wish all black people are wishing for
 I am the wish of freedom*
 In love there is an imploring companion and a cry for survival. . . .

*Whitey is dying and his fucking ghost
 is killing us*
*Oh beautiful black bands
 reach out and snatch the death out of*

*the youth of our nation
 Oh beautiful black minds
 Create, create the world for children
 to play with life
 and not with death*

but the warnings must be heeded carefully. . . .

*The Man watches amused
 cause black people are confused
 conquered and divided/tricked and undecided
 and the good guys are dead
 with slugs through their beads*

*But the night still falls
 and the sun still rises
 and The Man The Man The Man
 is still full of tricky
 SURPRISE! NIGGER!*

Because the revolution is coming in spite of you, the Last Poets are saying, and

WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES
*some of us'll probably catch it on tv
 with chicken hanging from our mouths
 You'll know it's the revolution
 because there won't be any commercials*

Too fucking much, this record. Because of objections in certain areas (namely among distributors, advertisers and radio stations) to the language and, in some instances, to the content itself, Douglas is having problems with the promotion and distribution of *The Last Poets*. It may not be available in record stores in many parts of the country, and it won't be played on too many radio stations. Even the purper of the FM stations have to worry about their FCC licenses. But get this record and tell your friends (and your enemies) to get it, too, because it's great.

WHAT IS THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

Old generals never die, but what is worse they don't fade away either! Where do old generals go? Into the Elysian Fields of "Defense" Contracting.

2,100 retired high ranking officers are holding executive positions in the top 100 war contracting firms. These 100 firms receive 68% of the Pentagon's business. The ten leading "defense" firms employ 1,065 retired officers. These ten firms ripped off 25% of the war trade.

Almost 90% of the Pentagon's contracts and 98% of NASA's are negotiated without competitive bidding. Cost increases above the original estimates on major weapon's systems usually run 100 to 200% higher than originally projected.

How does this happen? Take the example of the five former Air Force officers who blocked efforts to cut costs on the Minuteman missile system. Then they accepted executive jobs with the system's manufacturer, Autonetics Division, or with the parent company, North American Rockwell. Senator Proxmire wrote to the Attorney General urging him to take immediate action. Assistant Attorney General Wilson replied that the Justice Department had found no indication of a violation of the conflict of interest statutes.

General Dynamics employs 113 ex-officers and has \$2.2 billion in defense contracts; Boeing Aircraft Corp. with 169 ex-officers had \$762 million; McDonnell Douglas Corp., 144, \$1.1 billion; North American Rockwell Corp., 104, \$669 million; General Electric Corp., 89, \$1.4 billion; Ling-Temco-Vought Inc., 69, \$758 million; Westinghouse Electric Corp., 59, \$251 million; TRW Inc., 56, \$127 million; and Hughes Aircraft Co., 55, \$286 million.

The nine major firms producing components for the ABM system harbor 465 retired officers. These include besides the above mentioned (McDonnell Douglas, General Electric, and Hughes Aircraft) Martin Marietta, 40; Raytheon, 37; Sperry Rand 36; RCA 35; AVCO, 23; and American Telephone and Telegraph, 9.

Now lets trace the careers of some specific officers. Major General Nelson M. Lynde Jr. was Commanding General of the Army Weapons Command from 1962 to 1964. He was responsible for the development procurement, and field service

support of Army weapons and negotiated the initial contract for the M-16 rifle. Five months after retiring from the Army he went to work for Colt Industries, the sole supplier of the M-16. The M-16 developed so many mechanical and financial problems that it was investigated by Congress. It was

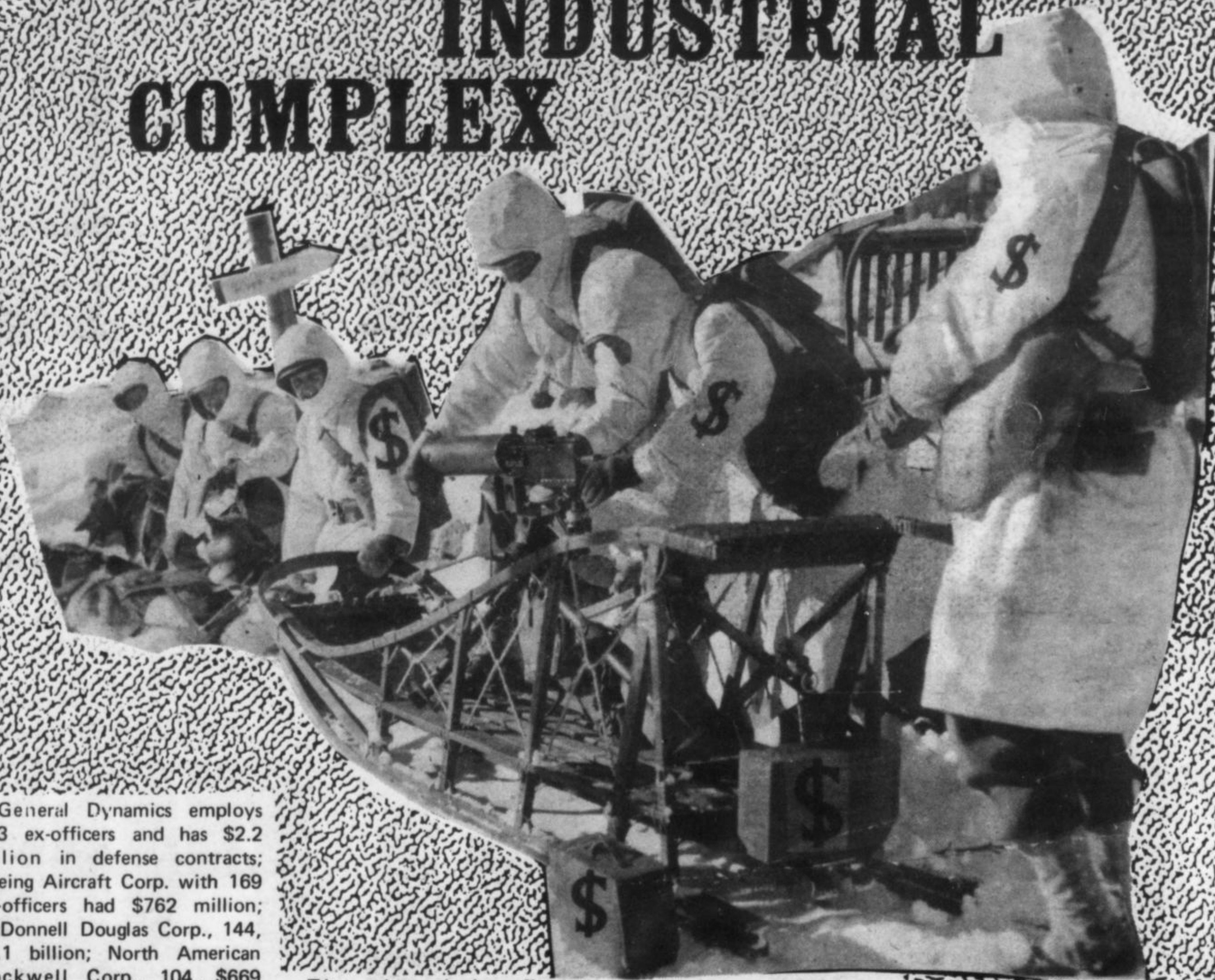
called a "worthless piece of junk" by the G.I.'s who first used in in Nam and the jam-ups and other malfunctions in combat endangered lives. But the congressional sub-committee investigating the M-16 somehow forgot to pass judgment on whether or not General Lynde's employment with Colt was a conflict of interest. In other words the congressional committee was too scared to get down to the real nitty gritty.

Lockheed harbors 210 retired officers — more brass than any of the other defense giants. These include five former Air Force Generals and (because it has a major contract to provide the Navy with Polaris and Poseidon missiles) twelve former Admirals and three former Marine Generals. 88% of Lockheed's business comes from the Pentagon.

Assistant Secretary of Defense for Procurement, Thomas D. Morris retired from the Pentagon in 1968 and went directly to the vice-presidency of Litton Industries. In the last year of Morris' power as procurement boss, Litton's Pentagon contracts jumped from \$180 million in 1967 to \$466 million in 1968 — a 250% increase. In 1967 Litton was 36 on the list of top 100 defense contractors; in 1968 it became fourteenth. Senator Proxmire said, "So Morris' vice presidency can be viewed both as a payoff for the huge Pentagon business shifted in 1968 and as assurance of

immense future influence for Litton." Again the Justice Department has not initiated any conflict of interest proceedings.

There are at least 2,000 more brass biographies that could be told, all with the same cynical plot — "From Military Academy to General to Defense Contracting In Three Easy Steps or, How I Learned to Take Orders and Make a Killing in Death."



Walk down a street... any New York City street. The sounds of civilization... of this great, majestic, mighty empire echo across the steel and glass canyons.

"Hey, baby, lemme lick your pussy!"

"Here, girly... you wanna get fucked?"

"Hi there, dollface, wanna come home with me?"

Truckdrivers stop and give you the finger. Cars drive by slowly, following you for blocks and blocks and blocks. "Ya got nice legs, baby!" At the Spanish grocery store across the street, a man pulls down his box of beans and sticks his tongue out against the shop's glass window. *Doesn't it make him sick to do that?* Walk past a police car, two pigs whistle. Walk past the butcher shop, and have the butcher appraise your meat. Pig... pig... baby... baby... gorgeous... beautiful... fuck... fuck... fuck... mmmmmmm... mmmmmmm... mmmmmmmmm... pussy... pussy.

In earlier, pre-women's liberation days I used to walk down the street at a quick clip carefully avoiding any encounter with my verbal assailants. It was a hurried, paranoid, frightened

hurt?" So, I'd smile back at them.

It took a lot of feminist activism for me to realize that street ogling has nothing to do with compliments, with male boredom or with perversion. It's something ALL men do and it has a highly political purpose. The purpose is not unlike that of seating black people at the back of the bus. Niggerization. You know your place in life. There's a constant daily reminder that if you dare walk on a street without the benefit of male protection you're open game. Unescorted woman learns her kinship to the prostitute — Everyman thinks she's available.

The ultimate effect of men's unremitting street ogling is to

station in life, has the *right* to dominate any woman who passes. He can own her if he wants. It is only out of the goodness of his soul that he doesn't attack her... that lascivious creature of passion who has the audacity to walk the streets alone. But, sometimes... sometimes the threat is carried out. Rape, is an everyday crime in New York.

So I walk the streets, a feminist, a working reporter, a woman with a sense of pride. And I'm in a constant state of rage. I find it hard to do even the simplest things without getting into screaming matches

chick," Con Ed Creep No. 1 quips. "I'd sure like to get my meat into you, baby," his friend calls.

"Shove it up your ass, instead," I spit at him. His face turns crimson.

"You bitch... you're no lady... you can't talk like that. Ladies don't talk like that kinda language!"

Madison Avenue and East 30th Street: A group of guys are hanging around the corner surveying the legs of passing stenographers. Critical commentary is made. As I pass one guy grabs my arm and says: "Hey blondie, I want you to

Building. They are wearing grey-flannel suits and crew-cuts... the last crew-cuts in the whole fucking world.

Crew-Cut No. 1: "Notta bad looking chick, huh, Jack?"

Crew-Cut No. 2: "Nice looking cunt... Hey, blondie... ya wanna go... uh... with us for a little... uh, lunchtime fun?"

God save me! Can't I even take a step without being insulted and degraded by two pigs I wouldn't spit at if given the chance? Should I talk to them? Should I try to explain to them how disgusting they are? Yes, why not. So I turn around and step back, meeting Crew-Cut No. 1 firmly in the eye. Now, I know I'm not saying the right things ideologically, but I'm going to try. "Listen, mister," I say gritting my teeth, "you wouldn't like people talking like that to your wife, your mother or your daughter, so why do you make lewd and disgusting remarks to strange women on the street?"

The guy is dumbfounded. He stutters. Women aren't supposed

OH, BABY. BUT YOU REALLY DO LOVE IT

by Claudia Dreifus



walk. At the first "Hey, baby" I would thrust my nose in the air, push my eyes straight forward so as not to even have eye contact with the man, and silently, shamefully creep away. It was as if I had something to be ashamed of.

But left wing ladies are supposed to be "hip" and "groovy" and "sexy" and all those kind of things, so for a while I took a different approach to street survival. I'd walk past a construction site... a chorus of whistles and obscenities would follow. "Oh," I'd think to myself, "what a sad, hard, alienated life those bricklayers have. If whistling at a girl gives them a little pleasure... well, who does it

keep women in the home and out of male territory. Men have freedom of mobility. They can do the world's work without fear for their safety. They can go to their jobs, their SDS meetings, their bowling leagues and baseball games without fearing the violation of their bodies. Oh, they might get shoved in the subway or have their wallets ripped off — but that's all a part of life in the big city. Meanwhile, the little woman cowers in fear at home.

Street ogling is there to tell every woman that she is not free — that she is subject to a male's whim. The chorus of obscenity that follows a woman down the street carries a clear message to females: it says that any man, no matter what his

with sidewalk Lotharios. I can't pick up the laundry or cover a story or take the dog out for a shit without wanting to scream and kick and kill. I WANT TO KILL! This from a girl who was raised as a pacifist.

Take last Tuesday, for example. It was one of those warm sunny days and I had a light schedule — so I decided to walk from 40th Street and Madison Avenue down to the EVO office on East 12th Street. Simple, huh? I wasn't dressed in anything particularly flashy or provocative. Just walking along minding my own business.

Madison Avenue and East 39th Street: Two Con Ed workers emerge from a manhole in the street. "Dig the ass on that

meet my friends."

"TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME OR I'LL CALL A COP RIGHT THIS MINUTE!"

The guy actually looks wounded — like I've done him some terrible wrong. "Okay... Okay... don't get excited."

Madison Avenue and East 28th Street: I am stuck waiting for a light to change and a taxi driver waiting to make a turn whistles at me and makes a lewd gesture. "Would you do that to your wife?" I shriek at him. But the light changes and he doesn't hear me.

Madison Avenue and East 24th Street: Two middle-aged executives step out of the Metropolitan Life Insurance

to even *answer* that kind of remark. They are supposed to shamefully walk away while their abusers laugh. This guy is frightened, though. He's terrified that I am talking to him. So his buddy cuts in. "Oh, he wasn't even talking to you... you crazy broad. Whadaya think... we'd waste our time on a broad like you?" That's IT for me. I spit... yes, I spit on the guy's Shinola shoes and get my ass out of there quick.

Fifth Avenue and 20th Street: Two young Puerto Rican kids on a delivery cart round the corner. The kids can't be much more than fourteen years old. One kid puckers his lips and starts throwing little obscene kisses my

(Continued on Page 23)



END of the PRIMARY

By Ray Schultz

photos Joseph Stevens

Somewhere in the middle of last week, I chanced to have a few words with the honorable Arthur J. Goldberg, who was walking about the Lower East Side campaigning for Governor before a populace who absolutely adored him as one of their own.

"Mr. Goldberg," a woman said, "We're for you."

"Do you remember me?" a man wearing a yarmulka asked. "I met you in Israel two years ago."

"Remember the middle class," still another said. "We're people, too."

Goldberg remembered everything he was asked to remember. He shook every hand that was pushed in his face. He was dressed in a dark gray suit with a blue shirt and a colorless tie and his chin was graced with a few strands of what can only be described as peach fuzz. People walked calmly up to him and he greeted them with his ever-simple manner — dull, flat, emphasizing his point by pointing his finger, nodding his head up and down — the mensch, The Alter Kocker, quiet, reasoned, assured, never boisterous. A woman at the market told him that she ran a candy stand so she could be financially independent of her children. ("That's the way it should be.") A man displayed his tattoo marks from the

Nazi Concentration camps. ("Never remove them, they're your reminder.") A woman grabbed his hand and said "We're both Yiddles," and he laughed. A bevy of young aides pushed ahead, but they really didn't push, they sort of...suggested, that people shake the hand of Mr. Goldberg. ("Shoppers and merchants, we have in our building right now, the honorable Arthur Goldberg, running for senator...excuse me, the next governor!") And what about Howard Samuels?

The Justice had a few things to take care of before many people considered him Home Free. His campaign style, for instance, while popular with elderly Jews and other immigrant groups who knew what it was like to work for a dollar, did not quite make it with young folks who expected a more dramatic candidate and more serious than that, he was questioned for his connection with such party bosses as Steingut and Esposito, the traditional machine who saw to it he received the support of the Democratic Committee in April while the other candidates, Samuels, Nickerson, vanden Heuvel, who had been campaigning for a longer time, had to scramble elsewhere, in the Kennedy-McCarthy wreckage, for support.

"(This is) a carefully orchestrated effort by discredited party bosses to put forward a candidate at the last minute," said Dan Collins, of the New Democratic Coalition. "Mr. Goldberg has a distinguished career as a jurist — and I am saddened that he has allowed himself to be used in this way."

"We want to make public our strong support for the candidacy of state senator Basil Patterson for the office of Lieutenant Governor in the Democratic Primary elections... in light of the fact that all of the announced candidates for Governor have indicated that they would welcome Senator Patterson as a running mate, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's candidacy can only be interpreted as devious in the primary elections unless he makes similar commitments," warned Percy Sutton, Eugene H. Callendar, and Roy Innis. It goes on. And on. That very day, for instance, Howard Samuel's people issued a bitter charge that the Justice was being used by Stephen Smith, Kennedy brother-in-law and staffer with alleged political designs. Brooklyn Congresswoman Shirley Chissolm accused him of outright racism. Pete Hamill, in the *Post*, had accused him of wanting "the nomination of more

than 50 per cent of the regulars at Grossingers and then he wanted the right to spit in their faces when he had obtained it." And what did the Justice have to say about all that? What about Howard Samuels, who we would speak to later?

"We're going to eat at Bernstein's. I've never eaten there, but Rabbi Mandelbaum promised to take me. We can get Chinese-Kosher food. He's been telling me about it for a long time. Rabbi Mandelbaum has a "Q" on his yarmulka."

Bernstein's is a delicatessen on Essex Street that serves excellent sandwiches as well as Kosher-Chinese fare. We entered and almost the entire staff of waiters, many of them wearing yarmulkas, some with orange tassels, gathered around the Justice and led him to a rear table where he was seated with his staff and two or three members of the press.

"I'm having a problem with my razor blades," the Justice remarked. They're so sharp, they just chop you up."

"I'm having the same problem," a reporter said.

The owner of the restaurant came over to embrace the Justice. Chinese food was ordered for all. A waiter brought out a bowl of pickles. Another waiter tied a large plastic bib

around the Justice. Plates of Egg rolls were served, then spare ribs, then a type of Chinese steak, and some kind of casserole with pineapples and cherries and little slices of chicken "Go easy," the Justice told the waiters. "I don't want to fall asleep after this."

Eating lightly, the Justice discussed Chinese food and customs.

"You know," he said, "One of the important customs after a Chinese wedding is that the bride takes a large bowl of pickles to the groom."

"Pickles?"

"Yes, they're very popular in China. The bride takes a large number of them to the groom, and that's supposed to show how good a housewife she will make. Some people might laugh at the concept of Chinese-Kosher food, but there's no reason why Kosher families can't have Chinese food when they want it. In fact, Chinese food is very popular with Kosher families. We share many similar customs. The night I was born, my mother served gefilte fish to everyone at the house."

"Before you were born?"

"No, after. As soon as I was born, she got up and prepared it."

"They don't make 'em like they used to."

"No, they don't. When I was living in

Chicago, my daughter was friends with a Chinese girl whose family owned a Chinese restaurant. We ate there all the time, and they never let us pay for a meal."

"This is a pretty good meal." "Chinese restaurants are strange. Stay away from the House of Chan. There's a poker player there who never loses. He'll take you for your shirt."

"I'm glad you told me that." "There's a good book coming out on advance men in political campaigns," a reporter said.

"I'm working on a book," the Justice said. "It's a diplomatic history of the six-day war. I've only got it half-finished. I don't know when it will be published."

"What do you think of the charges that you're being used by the machine?" I asked.

"Absolutely false," he answered with the same matter-of-fact style. "The voters will determine who is the next governor, not the politicians."

"Do you expect a large turnout in the primary next week?"

"Yes. I think we will have a reasonable turnout."

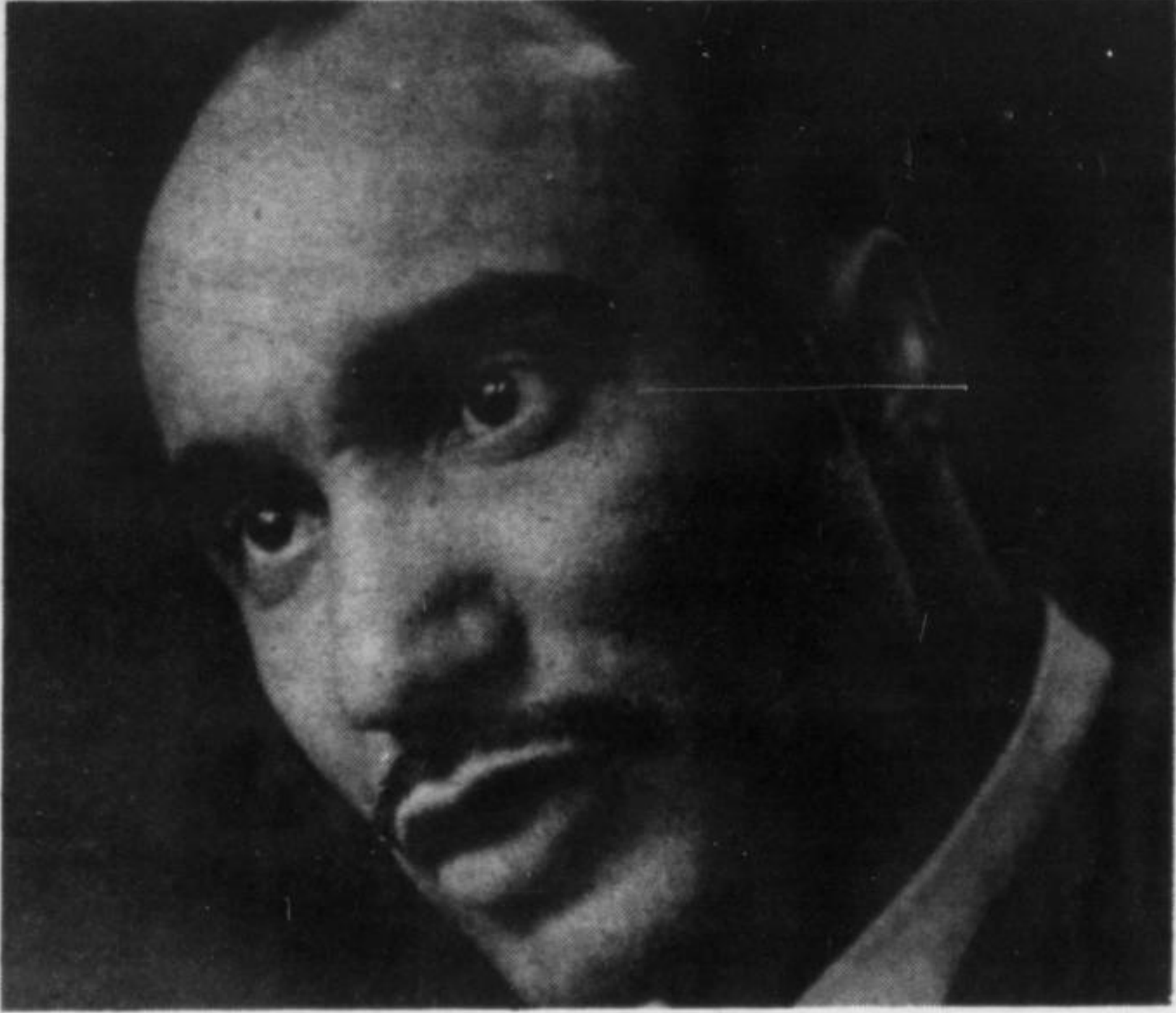
"How do like campaigning? Is it more difficult than being a judge or an ambassador?"

"Well... I like it. I'm happy to bring my case to the people. It's tiring sometimes, but a governor must work hard. There's no other way."

Goldberg - the mensch. None of this dialogue is intended to be satiric or sarcastic at all - this is the way the man speaks, like Eugene McCarthy, but with more age, more experience, more folk wisdom to accompany his political observations and campaign promises. Consider his background. The son of Russian immigrants, he was born in the West Side Ghetto of Chicago 61 years ago, and worked his way carefully and painfully through high school, then college, then the Northwestern Law School where he

graduated in 1929 at the head of his class and with the highest honors - and before he was old enough to practice before the jury.

A corporate lawyer for several years, he eventually drifted into labor law as general counsel for the United Steel Workers. Phillip Murray, the president of the C.I.O., brought him to Washington in 1948 as general counsel for that organization, and in 1955 the future Justice played a major role with George Meany and Walter Reuther in consolidating the



C.I.O. with the American Federation of Labor. In 1959, he served on John F. Kennedy's Senate Labor Subcommittee and hoped, during the presidential campaign, for eventual appointment as Attorney General but this was not to be. Asked if he would take the less prestigious post of Secretary of Labor, he accepted graciously and was sworn in with the original Kennedy cabinet in January of 1961. During his 15 months in office, he helped to settle labor disputes on the waterfront, at the metropolitan opera, among other places, and was a spokesman for greater job rights for women, for unemployment compensation and for a minimum wage. In 1962, Kennedy nominated him to replace the ailing Felix Frankfurter as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court - and here is where his really distinguished career begins. According to his official biography, he issued decisions against the "overreaching of the police" (Escobedo vs. Illinois) and the depriving of a man of his citizenship because he left the country to avoid the draft, (Kennedy vs. Martinez) and for the "right of political dissenters to engage in peaceful demonstrations (Cox vs. Louisiana) - and he gave frequent public speeches, and was a figure somewhat in the Douglas mold though far less flamboyant and radical.

1965 when Lyndon Johnson asked him to replace U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson who had just dropped dead in London. Why did he do it? Why did he resign a lifetime post, the highest position a lawyer can attain? Boredom, possibly. Political reasons, maybe. Lyndon Johnson was doing some fancy talking about using the labor mediating skills of the Justice in the event we ever had to sit down at the peace table with Hanoi and the Viet Cong - what a feather in a man's cap - peace.

The UN job was a disappointment, of course. As US Ambassador, he was faced with the nigh-impossible task of justifying Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy before the nations of the world, and he had to be a failure at it even though he still won the kudos of his foreign colleagues for his general high level of diplomacy and gentlemanly conduct. His relationship quickly deteriorated behind the scenes, and he was frustrated because "He wasn't used to develop peace talks" according to the *New York Times* - not speaking for peace - in general terms - not calling for peace - on April 26, 1968, he announced that he would leave his post ("I have resigned in the belief that I can best further these objectives in private life") and while Johnson accepted the nomination "with regret," and told reporters he

He cheerfully resigned the post in

(Continued on Page 23)



GEORGIA YOUR MIND?

Mayor of Atlanta Freaks Out!

TELLS HIPPIES
TO STAY OUT TOWN,
THREATENS ARRESTS

The Mayor of Atlanta, Georgia, has threatened arrests and harassment of hippie types and longhairs if they should dare venture into that city this summer.

In a hyped-up "hip talk" paid advertisement sent to underground papers, including EVO, Mayor Sam Massell urged "all travelers" to stay out of town. "Unless you have bread and a pad, please find your thing somewhere else, or face a bad scene. City laws prohibiting drugs and loitering are being strictly enforced."

The ad, along with a statement from The Great Speckled Bird, Atlanta's hip community paper, appears elsewhere on this page. The Bird's statement calls the ad "a hoax" and accuses the city of deliberately trying to "drive members of the growing Woodstock Nation from the city with a policy of harassment and repression." Not to be intimidated, however, the Bird adds that "... we are together in our determination to fight repression. We welcome freaks to Atlanta. Help us create the new nation here."

When I last visited the hip community in Atlanta in early March, I found a very together and fine, peaceful community. The street scene was loose and easy, grass and such plentiful and cheap, free music on the weekend in the park by local rock/country/folk musicians, and much good work being done in the community in everything from solving the problems of living alternate life styles to helping strung-out kids at the community center. Further, their paper, the Great Speckled Bird, was truly a community paper, representing the community and living and working in it.

During my visit, Bird staffers told me that they expected a pretty heavy summer, with many thousands of red-neck drop-outs coming into the hip

Advertisement

TO ALL TRAVELERS:

The City of Atlanta Georgia, faces a severe shortage of jobs, housing, and space this summer.

Atlanta has no camping facilities.

Protecting the health and the constitutional rights of our present population of hips has strained our resources to the limit.

Unless you have bread and a pad, please find your thing somewhere else, or face a bad scene. City laws prohibiting drugs and loitering are being strictly enforced.

We love our city and have a good thing going. Please help us keep it that way by starting your own action where you are. If your pigs or straights need guidance, let us know.

Sam Massell
Mayor
The City of
Atlanta

Advertisement

Mecca of the South, Atlanta. As their statement says, they were working towards maintaining one of America's groovier scenes in anticipation of the onslaught. (They said, also, that growing numbers of northerners were drifting into Atlanta.) Well, from the sounds of the Mayor's plea, it must have started.

When the Birders say they welcome you to Atlanta, they really mean it. I went there knowing no one and was immediately accepted into the community with an openness and warmth that brought me very close to packing my bags and moving there permanently. Now,

since those three beautiful days at the Woodstock Festival had I had the same feelings of love and togetherness as I experienced in Atlanta.

Now they are busting kids under their various harassment laws, a special 64-man precinct has been established in the district "to protect" the hippies, and there are battles on "the strip," the center of the community on Peachtree Street.

The community is fighting back, though. Through the community center, if it still exists as it did in March, they offer help to runaways, strung-out

dopers, crashers, legal aid, and medical help. They have formed their own street patrols. And, as Jeff Shero, former RAT editor in NY, said when we called him at the Bird last week, "the flower children of Atlanta are growing their thorns."

The Mayor's ad obviously is also timed to appear just before the Atlanta Pop Festival due the July 4th weekend. Last year, the Festival drew big crowds, was peaceful and together, if a bit lacking in water and other comforts. Once again, the Festival is expected to bring many thousands to Atlanta, with many New Yorkers planning on making the trip.

Yeah, things are getting rough down there, but it would be criminal to let the Mayor cut the Atlanta community off from what is happening in the world and from letting us "freaks" live and visit together in peace and freedom. In his final sentence of the ad, the Mayor offers his assistance to other communities that might be having problems with us: "If your pigs or straights need guidance, let us know." Lemme tell you something, Sam. Every time you bust us or harass us or try to force your sick, perverted view of the world down our throats, you make us stronger and bigger. At Kent, at Augusta, at Jackson State, you drove all the "borderline" cases into our hands. The children of Amerika know where you and your pig friends are at. The only truly beautiful part of Atlanta is in the hands of the kids. Yes, you do have "a good thing going," and you are doing your best to destroy it. But it ain't gonna happen, baby, because your days are obviously numbered and our number is legion.

We ask our readers to support the Atlanta hip community and its paper, the Bird. Go to Atlanta. Dig it. Groove in it. Don't let the Mayor suck you into the Easy Rider "syndrome." We will only be free when all our brothers are free and in this case freedom means telling the Mayor of Atlanta to fuck off

John da Swede

The Great Speckled Bird

STATEMENT FROM THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD

The Mayor's ad is a hoax. While the city spends thousands of dollars trying to attract white middle-class straights to Atlanta, it is deliberately attempting to drive members of the growing Woodstock Nation from the city with a policy of harassment and repression. Now Massell threatens longhairs across Amerika with arrest if they come to Atlanta.

Atlanta is terrified of change. Like LBJ and Nixon, Mayor Massell talks a good game while his actions are designed to preserve the status quo. In his own campaign for Mayor he pledged to act in the interests of the people while every move he has made since the election has been in the interests of brick and mortar property owners. Last week Massell said he supports the right of city employees to strike, but when the city employees struck this winter he used every anti-union trick in the

book to try to bust the strike. Despite the Mayor's wishes, longhairs supported the striking workers.

Massell's "intensive care" policy towards the hip community is little different from former Mayor Allen's "containment" policy. While Massell talks of protecting the rights of longhairs, he sent sixty-four police into the community and cancelled a scheduled peace festival planned in memory of those who died at Kent State, Augusta and Jackson State. These actions were designed to provoke violence rather than prevent it. Last weekend, over thirty kids were arrested on harassment charges of "loitering," "creating a turmoil," and "violation of pedestrian duties."

Atlanta's hip community has been attempting to deal creatively with the variety of problems — lack of housing, widespread unemployment, hard drugs and violence against the community by outsiders and the police. In cooperation with several local churches, a

youth hostel has been planned to provide temporary housing for longhairs. A six month search by the churches has been unable to find a location for the hostel. A Runaway House was planned to provide creative assistance for young runaways. The City condemned the house before it could open. Atlanta's hip community does have most of the same problems of other communities of longhairs — including, most importantly, a repressive government. But we are together in our determination to fight repression. We welcome freaks to Atlanta. Help us create the new nation here.

The Great Speckled Bird

PO Box 54495
Atlanta, Georgia 30308
Phone: (404) 874-1658

The age of the revolutionary hype is here (it really never left) — the streets are filled with graffiti "Power to the People," radical journals have been preaching the doctrine for some time. Students, professionals, politicians, and educators advocate some form of equality for everyone. Everyone has equal rights, everyone is equally intelligent, everyone has equal abilities — nice doctrine, beautiful words. Equality is a wonderful word, but what does it mean?

America has always been known for its hatred of its intellectuals — possible as a codicil of the egalitarian doctrine on which this country was buttressed 200 hundred years ago. The founding fathers were far and above the average American today in intellectual skill and motivation. The signers of the Declaration of Independence were classically educated to whatever level they reached. Although the document was not signed by the likes of the local grocer, nevertheless there seems to be a desire that we are led by them. Funny how things turn around in the course of American history.

"All men are created equal" — to be sure, "and they are endowed... with certain inalienable rights... life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" — granted. The Declaration of Independence does not say that to pursue the goals of democracy it is necessary to pursue mediocrity, the myth of equality. In the same way, any revolution does not attain its ends by appealing to man's highest aspirations while harnessing his most common feelings, gets nowhere.

Hard line egalitarians are always found in the midst of revolutionary movements. The Russian Revolution has its roots in the Populist Crusade. These turned-on intellectuals during the early 1970's tried to arouse the conscience of the peasants against the policies of Czar Alexander II. They failed because the people they contacted were too downtrodden to see their higher wisdom or (depending on your own views) too satisfied with the system the way it was. The Populist movement was destroyed by the peasants themselves who got their benefactors arrested by the Czarist secret police. The Populists turned to terror tactics, knocked off Alexander II in 1879, developed internal doctrinal consistency... and after a long song and dance, broke through in 1905 with an assembly which tried to represent all Russians, and then the Revolution in 1917. History marches on.

The essential issue here is that enlightened people are constantly trying to make others enlightened by picki on the common man, the working man, the downtrodden proletarian. They develop a myth about his innate goodness and glory in the simplicity of his environment and his elevated behavior. In the history of Russia, it was called Pan-Slavism, for the west, Romantic nationalism. But virtue for the revolutionary turns out to be ignorance. Ignorance is praised while book learning, reflection, and

thoughtful action is dispensed with as non-revolutionary, or indeed anti-revolutionary. Elect your local junkie as chief magistrate and your guilt will be cleansed.

Listen to the riff-instant karma, instant action, never retreat until slaughtered, follow the course of the "simple and the good" to its overwhelming and sickening sugary conclusion... mediocrity.

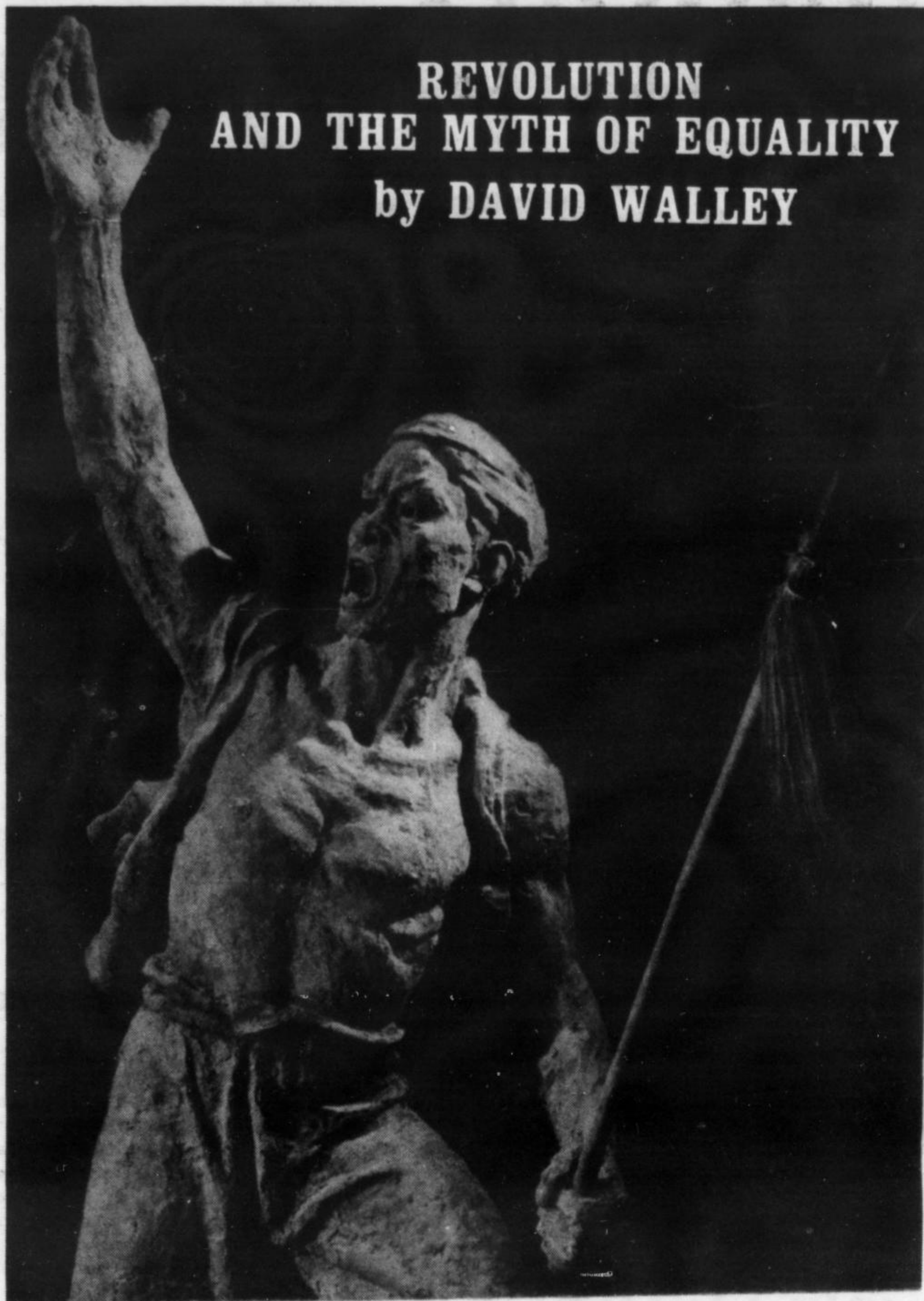
Why do all Presidents and men of State always have those pictures of getting into the garden and getting dirty? Why do they always show those pictures in the press of them eating hotdogs, no matter that they personally hate hotdogs and couldn't care two shits about baseball? Why? Why

indeed, it's not that they live like that, but they know that anyone looking at the silly pictures will identify, and that's what they want. Take a look at the next "Message to the Nation" which has cut into your favorite program, take a look at the theater with the raised eyebrows and quaverous voice, almost but not quite breaking under the stress of being the president. Actually, he's just trying t'be 'jus folks.

It works with concepts as well, with any concept you care to name. The idea of espousing a position takes on greater significance than the action itself. So right now everyone's equal in word and deed, Weathermen are creating needless paranoia and the MEN are reaction with an equally paranoid trip of their own. The relation is symbiotic — one needs the other to live, to fascinate, to repress. The paranoia leads to and produces dissention which leads to repression again.

The official position is "power to the People," power to the people by any means at hand, power to the people to do whatever they want, albeit there is neither a definition of power or people. What kind of power? How is it to be used and for what ends? Who are the people, does it mean everyone regardless, or only those who understand the intricate dialectic of power? All these questions must be answered fairly soon in a coherent manner so that sporadic and meaningless violence is replaced by a concerted, whole and directed effort toward the goals laid down over two hundred years ago in this country. An organism may develop, but it develops because it changes when change is called for. Change or die, simple as that.

In the search for a common ideal to unite masses of people why is it necessary to make the assumption that equality means mediocrity? Take a socialist school system, take ot to its ideological extremes. As members of a socialist state, everyone is equally endowed with, or has the same interests as everyone else... horseshit. That scene was tried here in theory and met with unqualified failure.



(Those kids are out on the streets looking for alternatives which were never provided, looking for a channel for their energies, not another factory which leads into a corporation or corporate junkheap.) What do the kids get? More of the same, only it's a little different — the people now look like they do.

It's the feeling trip — words are forgotten — tv babies spawned more tv mentality, pure media trip to the point of even believing tv situations and news. The ordinary garden variety soap opera conveys more of the American message than all the

"Face the Nation" broadcasts on Channel 247. No one believes words anymore because words aren't the right medium for today's communication, because words can lie and are less instantaneous. However, written words make one stop and consider while television only asks that you turn it on — it's just there. The leaders use tv while books lie unread and unmourned. Any education is frowned on especially if it's used because everyone's so equal, equal to the point of thoughtlessness, crudity, and fascination with the means but not the ends of power.

If a change is to take place within the political framework of America, the change must be a qualitative rather than a quantitative change. It is not America which is sick as much as it is the state of mind which has control of its spirit. Some time ago I asked a friend involved in the Cambridge Progressive Labor Party about the role of art in the Revolution. He told me that any art which doesn't serve the revolution is trivial... it seemed that we were both pushing the same revolutionary barrel to the market... to him. Perhaps the questions raised by creative action are outside the scope of revolutionary rhetoric or need, but they are necessary if the society built will be free, creative, and undogmatized.

It all comes back to that distrust of creativity or more basically, the fear of inequality and loss of self. This fear becomes positively identified with the concept of "Power to the People" and the pursuit of equality to the ends of loss of all feeling, sense and common intelligence. Broad based movements get their foundations from broad-based ideologies — it's been a basic historic truth for the last couple of thousand years.

We are in a position to change that truth, but only if we want to, recognize other truths, and even do something. All the ideologies in the world make perfect sense provided one does not believe them. If the fate of a whole generation depends on an ideology, it should at least be articulated more clearly than it has been. It should be as broad as possible but exact enough so that there is no mistake about what it means, even to the most equal of the equal, the movers of change and the recipients of that change. If there is to be any hatred, it should be for ignorance and not for intellectual achievement.

The distrust of the printed word, the intellectual, or thoughtful action as opposed to undisciplined energy is not the way to run a revolution, a lifestyle or a world. Everything has its place, even in Weatherland, Washington, Saint Marx, Haight, or the Strip. It's time to put the pieces together instead of blowing the components up.

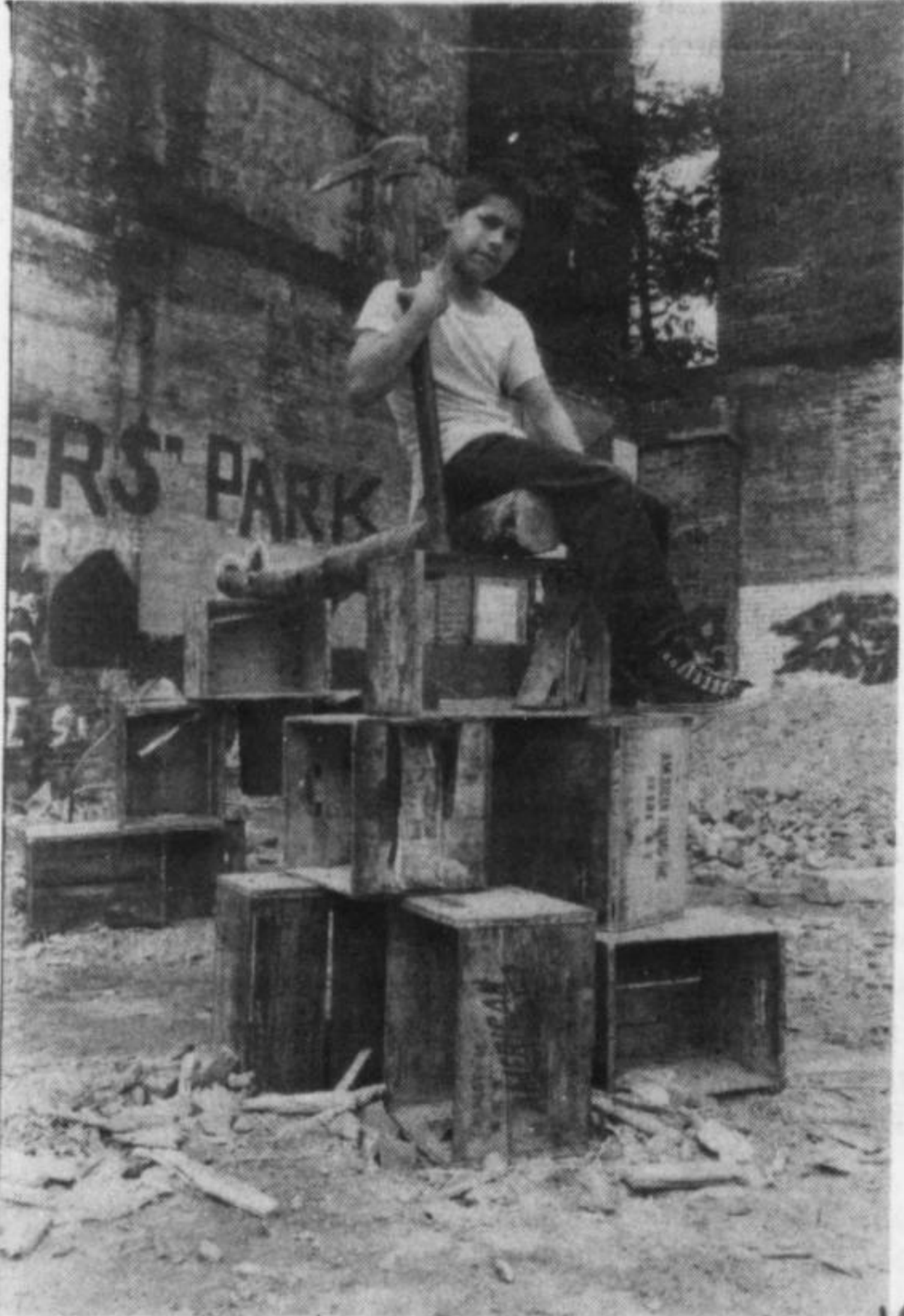
Quote of the Week:

"The claim to equality, outside the strictly political field, is made only by those who feel themselves to be in some way inferior."

C.S. Lewis — *Screwtape Proposes a Toast*.

SQUATTERS PARK

BY KARIN BERG



Stevens

We have a People's Park in the Lower East Side community. Bring seeds, sod, bushes, plants — buy something green at a nursery and bring it to Tenth Street and Third Avenue.

Squatters' Park has been taken over by the community after fighting in the courts and fighting with the City Planning Commission in a protest against R-10 rezoning along Third Avenue.

R-10 is the *biggest density permitted* for residential development in New York — it also means evictions and high-rent apartments (\$150 per room). The number of tenants in the area who can afford high rents is negligible, the needs of the remainder aren't. *Squatters' Park* is being built on a piece of land, a lot, where sound residential housing stood until a speculator evicted the tenants, demolished the buildings, planning for the long green-o.

Urban Underground, Ecology Action East, Cooper Square Tenants' Association and other community groups have had a long struggle against encroaching real estate interests on the Lower East Side. Of course the central reason the fight is so important is that speculators will buy real estate not only in the areas affected by R-10, but gradually the property one block east, two blocks east, and so on, due to "increased value" and all that concomitant bullshit. And where does that leave our Lower East Side?

On February 19, 1969, 36 community people including four members of the City Planning Department's own staff, testified against the rezoning of Third Avenue. Only one man, a real estate developer, spoke in favor of the plan. Fifty-six to one. But instead of rejecting the R-10 rezoning, the Planning Commission altered the proposal to include a token amount of public housing. The pigs will have their way, won't they, 56 to 1 or no. But the people weren't appeased and on May 13, 1970,

64 people appeared before a hearing held by the Planning Commission, but it was clear the Commission had opted to yield to more insanity, had decided to make New York City increasingly unlivable (Mayor Lindsay, where are you in this fight?), and now they will rezone Third Avenue (roughly from Eighth to Fourteenth Streets) R-10.

But the community has just started their fight. Inspired by the people who moved into empty apartments on 13th Street, the squatters who took over a building that an owner wishes to demolish in order to provide for private hospital expansion, the community began to build the park on Saturday, June 13.

From a leaflet printed in English and Spanish circulated near the site:

"In the same way the squatters are taking over vacant apartments, we are moving onto this piece of unused land. We are beginning a park to be created spontaneously by members of this community — a park that can change with our needs — a place to meet, a place to play, a place to play music.

In the future we may decide to use the land for a day-care center, housing, or something else . . . WE DO NOT INTEND TO ALLOW THIS LAND TO BE USED FOR LUXURY HIGH-DENSITY HOUSING. WE WILL NOT STAND FOR ANY MORE EVICTIONS. WE NEED DECENT PLACES FOR ALL OUR PEOPLE TO LIVE, WORK, LEARN AND PLAY. WE WILL NOT SETTLE FOR LESS. JOIN US — BUILD A PEOPLE'S PARK — RESIST HIGH-RENT HOUSING."

In addition to the good green things, they need tools, wheelbarrows, lumber, and your imagination. The only rule is: Respect the people; don't alter what someone else has given.

They're started their attempt to push us back. Come to the park, bring friends, help the struggle. RIGHT ON!!

"FRIDAY NIGHT IN ABILENE TEXAS, OR WHAT THE GOOD KIDS ARE DOING"



FESTNEWS FESTNEWS FESTNEWS

On top of the 86 zillion other music festivals and weekend concert series scheduled for this summer — at Tanglewood, Woodstock, Randall's Island, somewhere called Mountaintale, Atlanta, ad infinitum — another has been added to the list: Powder Ridge, in Middlefield, Conn., some 20 miles outside New Haven.

The festival, which will be limited to 50,000 advance sales, is to be located on the Powder Hill ski resort, with 300 acres of camping grounds, July 31 through August 2, with tickets costing \$20 for the three days, plus special busses from NYC planned. So far the producers, Middletown Arts International, have signed up only two groups for the weekend: Sly & The Family Stone and Richie Havens.

We are told that no one will be allowed to drive onto the site, that busses will shuttle ticket holders from off-site parking areas to the grounds. They claim the site is virtually impenetrable to gate crashers, unless you happen to be locals with intimate knowledge of back woods roads. There are as yet no plans for free food and the food concession was granted the owner of the ski resort as part of the deal.

"Security" will be handled by off-duty cops and college kids, and the attorney promised no busts on site for dope use. Permits have been secured, water is being piped in, swimming will be available and they will have 700 portable toilets (hmmm, that's about one for every 70 people . . . should be enough).

One of the producers, Joe Middleton (the other producer is Ray Filiberti, the late Judy

Garland's mgr.), told me that they do not expect to have the problems of the Woodstock Fest, but are obviously looking for the same karma. Karma can come from only two sources, the righteousness of the producers and from the people going to the festival. While they said free food was doubtful, they added they would be "talking to" the Hog Farmers who made Woodstock (as far as I'm concerned, anyway). I was told that this festival would be professionally run and that there would be adequate food, water, etc., for everyone. The festival is still nearly six weeks off and we'll be keeping you posted on what's happening with it as things develop.



INFO

The Army Medical Fitness Standards, available for \$1 for Women's Strike for PEACE 5899 W. Pico, L.A., Calif. Has height-weight charts, blood pressure limits and lots of other medical dodges.

An introductory pamphlet on *Gay Liberation*, prepared for both gay and straight people, has been published by the Red Butterfly Coll. For a copy of the booklet send 25c to Red Butterfly, Box 3445, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017 (LNS)

The Alternative Media Project is planning a conference June 17-20 to "facilitate direct communication among innovative broadcasting and record industry people." For more info contact Alternative Media Project, Plainfield, Vt 05667 — phone 802-454-8311 ex 341 (LNS)

An *anti-repression kit* has been published by RESIST and People Against Racism. The kit includes info on ghetto uprisings, the GI movement, the court system, political prisoners, police agents in the movement etc. For a copy of the kit write to: RESIST, rm 4, 763 Mass Ave, Cambridge, Mass 02139 — if you can afford it, please send \$1 for reproducing and mailing costs.

A pamphlet exposing the rule of Gulf Oil Co. in southern Africa has been published by the Committee of Returned Volunteers. To obtain a copy write to: CRV, Africa Committee, 65 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003 — send 50c toward postage and printing costs. (LNS)

A basic primer on ecology has been published by the San Francisco People Press. This 48 page illustrated pamphlet is entitled 'The Earth Belongs to the PEOPLE: Ecology and Power!' To obtain a copy send 75c to People's Press, 968 Valencia St, San Francisco, Calif. 94110 (LNS)

FREE Peace stickers with the universal peace symbol and the words PEACE NOW written underneath the symbol — send a post card with your name and address to RVK Publishing Co., P.O. Box 264, Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin 53051.

The National Strike Information Center, Brandeis University, Waltham Mass. is distributing a national strike newsletter. They

also need money to carry on their work. To obtain a copy of their newsletter write to them at the above address (LNS)

Women: A Journal of Liberation, is a new on-going media project of the woman's liberation movement. The magazine, published five times a year covers many aspects of the liberation movement and the woman's liberation movement. For subs (\$5 a yr) or a single copy (\$1.25), write to: Woman—A Journal of Liberation, 3011 Guilford Ave, Baltimore, Md. 21218.

Going to Canada to avoid the draft? You need the new March 1970 edition of 'Immigration to Canada and Its relation to the Draft and Military.' Single copies FREE from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succursale, Montreal 215, Quebec, Canada.

MUSIBUCK

NEW ANDERSON THEATRE REHEARSALS

Unknown musicians will be able to get on-stage experience under a new program starting at the New Anderson Theatre on Second Avenue and 4th Street. On the other side of the coin, you can go hear these groups any time of the day or night from 12 noon to 2am for the price of \$1, and stay as long as you want.

It is being billed as a "rehearsal" theatre for the groups, but the producers — the National Musitime Corp. — add that it will function as a "showcase" as well for "the trade" to come down and hear new groups.

Like everyone else, I went to their offices to find out what the hype or

gimmick was. I was assured that there is none, that Nat's Musitime might sometime enter into agreements with groups appearing there, but that there was no obligation on the part of performers or the producers in appearing at the New Anderson. They gave me a copy of the agreement each group must sign to appear and it specifically states that no obligation exists on either side.

The musicians will not be paid, must bring their own equipment, and will be allowed two hours on stage plus 45 minutes set-up time. They can come back at other times, too. Right now, no groups have been signed for day time gigs since everyone wants "prime time," that is, in the evenings, which I am told have been booked for the next two weeks. So far, hard rock & country groups predominate.

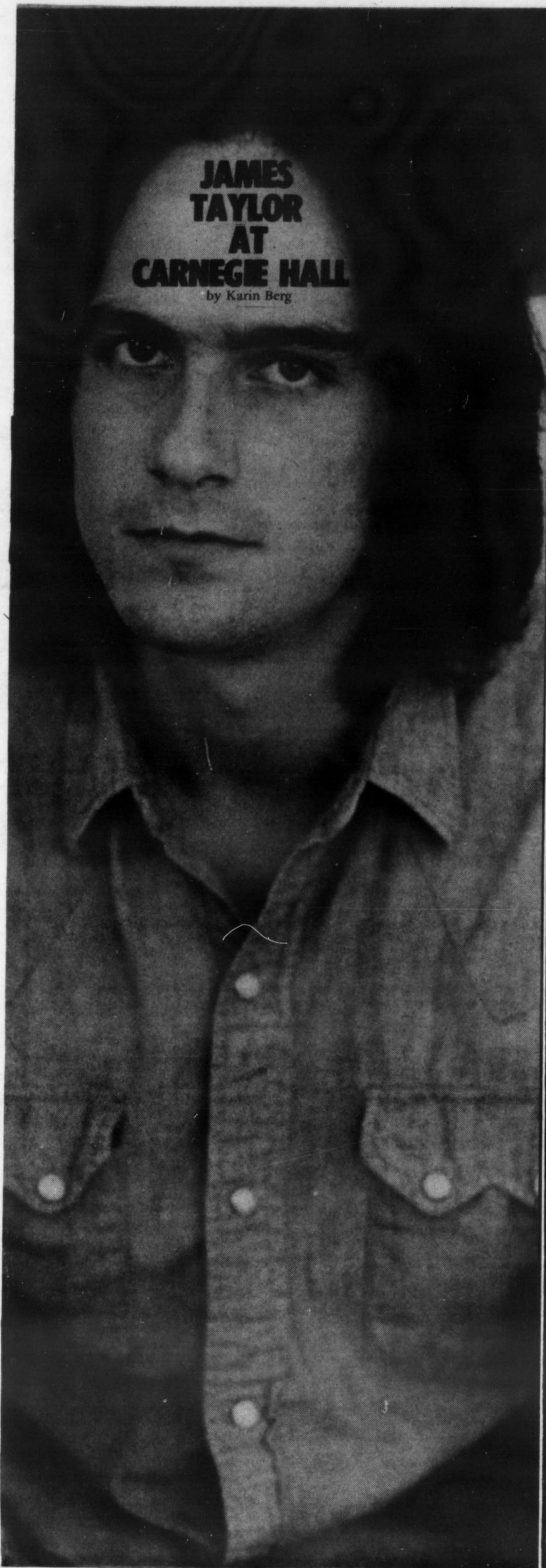
The New Anderson is a big (1700 seats) old theatre in the Fillmore tradition. You can come and "crash" all day if you want for your buck, although that might be a bit boring during the day until they line up more groups. They promise no hassles to the audience and expect you not to smoke any dope there. There is a food concession stand available, but as yet food sales are not definite. They say that the \$1 admission is not just to start off a new theatre, but will be a regular thing. "We're not out to compete with the Fillmore," they said.

Well, all there is to do now is go dig it and see what happens.



JAMES TAYLOR AT CARNEGIE HALL

by Karin Berg



James Taylor in performance or offstage calls to mind the comparison of the sublime with the ridiculous. I came away from the James Taylor concert at Carnegie Hall last weekend with a sense of dedication to ridding my life of the extraneous crap — but what is the extraneous crap, there's the rub.

I just want to be cleaner, be more good, be like those things which James Taylor calls to mind.

I first saw Taylor at the Gaslight, the time they had to turn all those folks away — lines on MacDougal street with thousands of people wanting to see JT. Luckily, I had been at the front table, two feet away from Taylor. The Gaslight had been packed — people sitting on tops of booths, in booths, at tables, on tables, on the floor, on the small stage. People in the audience had come from Virginia, South Carolina, points west as well as New England. A small Woodstock in the Gaslight. There, Taylor was in a beat-up sweater, dungarees, singing alone with his acoustic guitar. Lean, spare, like the music. That set at the Gaslight is one of those musical treasures stored in memory. It was probably one of the last times he was/will be seen in close intimacy.

“... There's a well on the bill, you just can't kill for Jesus...”

“... there's a well on the bill, let it be...”

As Taylor sings, he will look up, focus on some distant point above us. No, he's not really focused on one point, just looking up. What does he see? He will be singing a simple melodic line, then move into an upper register and sing, phrase something like a musical triplet that will be so poignant as to be almost too painful to bear, then back to that simple, melodic line.

“... Sail on home to Jesus, won't you good girls and boys...”

Writing about Taylor I can't heap but write about the personal, because that's what he evokes: a personal, religious feeling. In me, anyway.

“... Won't you look down upon me Jesus and help me make a stand”

Just got to see me through another day...”

When I was a kid, went to church twice on Sunday and once in the middle of the week — all that stuff. But the other, the other that remains when you give up going to church because it's all hypocrisy and nonsense. The sweet baby Jesus. We learned some good things from the sweet baby Jesus. And JT wrote that song about his nephew, sweet baby Jesus.

I think my favorite Taylor song is “Fire and Rain.” Isn't that a nice song to sing, to write about someone? “... but I always thought I'd see you once again...” That's a real love song. So is “She's Around Me Now.” Longevity of passion fades in comparison. “If I'm well you can tell she's around me now...” What tender praise and compliment.

Oh, Taylor, you're so good.

Onstage at Carnegie, Taylor looked a little healthier than he did at the Gaslight, a little more relaxed. (But that crush at the Gaslight would have thrown a little uneasiness into anyone.) He smiled more at Carnegie, made a few more wry jokes (his quips are very good, too — can the man do no wrong? I think it's because he knows what he can do, what he can't, and does what he can...). He opened with “With a Little Help from My Friends,” throwing in “I just may die with a little help from my friends...” A.J. Webersmans: do not try to make too much of that line, it was just a joke. He then sang “She's Around Me Now,” which he wrote for a friend he's known since he was 1 (year old). After applause, before doing “Fire and Rain,” he grinned and remarked, “I've wondered what it would sound like if an audience clicked

its teeth together instead of clapping their hands.” Hah! Did it ever strike you what a weird thing applause is? It has me. Relieved to hear others have thought of it. In England, in smaller groups, they often just say “Hear, hear!” Human beings are weird. Then he did “Free,” by Joni Mitchell.

Taylor rapped for awhile about the old days (the old days?!), gigging around the Village with the group Flying Machine. He talked about the quick blues singers in the locale, ver-r-y heav-vy (they thought) (NOTE: DO NOT CONFUSE WITH JOHN HAMMOND WHO IS AN ARTIST.), and went into “Steamroller Blues,” all very tongue in cheek, all very funny.

He sang some more and Danny Kortchmar (Kootch) came onstage to join him on guitar.

“... There's no doubt that love's the finest thing around...” There was “Susannah”; “Machine Gun Kelly”; “Lo and Behold.” When he did “Oh Baby, don't You Loose Your Lip on Me,” he and Kootch cooked together, Taylor hunching into the thing, toes up. After “There's a Well on the Hill,” it was intermission.

Taylor came back after intermission alone, with acoustic guitar. He sang the song I don't know the title to but has the lovely line “... She throws her arms around me like a circle round the sun...” Then “Take It Again.”

Taylor knows good music when he hears it: his next selection was Ray Charles' Coca Cola commercial. It wasn't a put-on, though much of the audience didn't get that, it was good music, but fun. “Up on the Roof” followed. Carole King, who was one of the writers of “Up on the Roof” came to the stage to add piano for “Blossom” and “Anywhere Like Heaven.” “Anywhere” was written about New York and New Yorkers; it could have been written about most big cities. It's a beautiful song that describes some of the sadness, some of what's wrong with us. “... they don't see their time slippin' by, and neither do I...” What's different about that song and others written about the ills of New York by those who choose to live elsewhere is that there is really no put-down, no sneer, no holier-than-thou. That good quality again.

Then Kootch, plus Lee Sklar on bass guitar, Russ Kunkel, drums, joined Carole King while Taylor switched to amplified guitar. “This is an electric guitar — a great improvement over gas and steam...” For “Country Road.” The previous quietness and restraint was like extended love play, building for “Country Road.” The audience came with the first loud kicking chords. Every now and then Taylor would look sideways at the audience, half-grinning, eyebrows slightly raised, while jamming in the middle of this rock band. Like he was a little surprised to be there.

Then “Let It Be,” with most of the audience singing along. “I wrote this with Larry Stein...” It was “Knockin' Around the Zoo,” a kicker, in the middle of which in strode one alto sax, one tenor, slide trombone, and two trumpets. Swinging fun. Taylor still looked a little like he wasn't certain how he got there, but he was sure having a lot of fun.

Then it was “Don't Talk Now,” followed by a blues: “A Tree Grows in My Backyard,” Some “Sweet Petunia” then Taylor turning to show us what was written on the back of his t-shirt, “That's all, folks!” And it was sewed on just like the writing from the old Looney Tunes and Merry Melodies signature as rendered by Porky Pig. Great touch.

He couldn't get away without an encore, which was of course, “Sweet Baby James.” It was a perfect musical evening, that's all I can say.

by Dana Ohlmeier

I took a walk, just a little walk, and made the point of my amiable stroll some of the small shops of the West Village. Starting from Abingdon Square, where Michael Pollard is presently holed up in the house down the block, I walked Southeast down Bleeker Street to Christopher Street, where I swung up the street for a brief while and then turned down Christopher, going East-by-Northeast until I came to Christopher Street's end, whereupon I made a sharp right past Balducci's toward West Eighth Street. I wandered my way for three blocks, until University Place entered the Street. I turned up University and finished my walk over on Thirteenth Street. It was the end of an adventurous day, and I was finished with my task.

What I did was to make a critical survey of the several shops that I'd previously noted in the neighborhood.

I stopped first at *Aries Aviary* — primarily a men's shop — which hangs in there at the tip of Jane street, off Eighth Avenue. They make their own shirts and ties, with ready-made shirts as well, priced at \$11 & \$12, for very colorful clothes.

Chuck Testa is owner, and he and Ski Caddick, with whom he runs the shop, agree that the solid neighborliness of their location is a daily happiness. Lots of people passing by look at their windows and think they are expensive, but it ain't so.

Chuck is concerned about the rent hikes affecting many small Village shops, and he went to the City Council hearing held concerning rent control of Village and City-wide commercial establishments below a certain size and income. He said that many people were afraid that if they spoke up, their rents would be raised, and stated, with feeling, that all shopkeepers should pull together on this one.

The shop is intimate and pleasant, and so I left only reluctantly to continue my stroll.

I came to *The Artichoke*, a small shop on Bleeker Street and looked at their collection of ready-to-wear dresses and crocheted vests. I thought the clothes were o.k. and talked with the young owners, Sherry and Alex for a few minutes about their patch-work skirts and other items of interest.

Liberty House is a house of beauty. Jazz and exotic and inexpensive jewelry awaited one there, right next to *The Artichoke*. All sorts of lovely toys, soaps, handmade musical instruments, incense, books and records are sold there, a small selection of each, in an atmosphere of knowledgeable Black brotherhood. There is much that is handcrafted in the South and brought up here for sale, all of it lively and commerciable. I know the merchandise so well from past trips through the store, that I only stayed a few moments with the toys on the table in the back this time, for the stock changes a little each time I'm there, all of it very lovingly displayed. I left *Liberty House* one ad rate card lighter, and continued my stroll down Bleeker Street to Christopher Street, where I turned toward the River. Right next to LiLac, where the rum rolls and excellent chocolate abounds, *Seraphim* resides. A collective, hand-mades shop where the young women who run the shop and

make all the contents therein are likely to invite you to tea and talk while you look around, it was closed and bolted for the

There are two leather snops within jumps of one another along Christopher Street. *The Leather Man's* owner was occupied with his accountant and with men determined to shuffle around the entrance with what looked like a four-ton air conditioner, but I found out that his leather pants start at \$49.50, or \$49.95. I think they must be ready-made. Pole-vaulting the steel and grease at the night when I arrived there. I looked at their crocheted bags and long, feminine cotton dresses in the window before moving away from the chocolates, down Christopher Street once more. (There is another collective creative effort going on at Eighth Avenue, off West 12th Street, where home-mades and tie-dye products are sold. There are a few very well-made items for sale. The name of the collective escapes me.)

its inception. Vests, belts, nano-cut and worked leather berettes and handbags aplenty.

Further down Christopher Street and nearer to Gay Street, *Hiroko's*, a shop of Japanese objects, clothes and toys, caught my eye. The shop is small and run by two ladies who obviously take pride in their small and varied assemblage. Descriptions of the use and history of various objects are supplied on the walls over the objects, so it's quite possible to spend an hour or two there, browsing around. The contrast this shop made with the leather shops I'd just come from was bracing.

I made my turn off Eighth Street onto University Place, where I found *Le Weekend*, a new boutique along University Place, run by the Fashion Editor of *Ski* magazine. I talked with Eva, a charming young woman I took to be Swedish — she isn't — who showed me their stock of imported French silk shirts, at \$28, specially made and one-of-a-kind dresses, hats, "carpet-bags" and the rest of the charming variety of casual clothes gathered there. One yellow and blue cotton knit top that hugs the ribs sells for \$5. They have Espadrilles, which are canvas-covered, rope-soled summer shoes — a classic — stacked high in the closet and more of them piled in their made-to-order "antique" round-topped trunk, which sells for \$90 and is very special. The Espadrilles are \$8 and are sold also in a Spanish shop on Fourteenth Street for slightly less.

We hailed goodbye and I made my way to Thirteenth Street, between University Place and Fifth Avenue. When Normon Knight moved into the small white building he occupies now two years ago, he was without the means to buy dinner after the act. With him was his single-needle domestic sewing machine and a face-on debt. From there his custom-made business — casual wear and suits primarily, with ties and bathing suits also featured — went on and got better. Very much better, since he employs ten seamstresses and heavens knows how many sewing machines. The custom-made work is very reasonable, especially for the casual wear such as summer tank tops and the rest — and all of it is tailored to the personal preferences of the individual client. Suits start at \$250 and go up.

All of these shops have ambiance, a mood for you and clothes galore. Such is the glory of New York City that they should all be found along one quiet stroll through the West Village, begorra.



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L.C. BEIN' A RIGHT **IMPATIENT** SORT'A MAN, WHEN THAT OL' **TICKER** UH HIS STARTED T'**TICKIN'** AN HE GOT HISSELF AN **IDEER** (WHICH OFTEN **DID TAKE YEARS**) HE LIKED TO **TRY 'ER OUT RIGHT AWAY**.



SEE, L.C. HAD THIS **CRAVIN'** FOR **PORKY STEW**. NOW, **PORCUPINE MEAT** MUST JUST BE ABOUT THE **FOULEST, TOUGHEST, STRINGIEST** MEAT ON THIS HERE EARTH.THE **LIVER** IS SAID TO BE **QUITE A DELICACY**, HOWEVER, AN **EASY TO GET TO TOO** — A SLICE RIGHT DOWN CENTERFIELD OF YER 'LIL **HORN TOAD'S UNDERBELLY** AN **OUT SHE POPS!**... NO MOBS, NO FUSS, NO **QUILLS**, BUT **L.C. NOW...** L.C. GAVE THE **LIVER** TO THE **DOGS!** **L.C. HATED LIVER!!** HE SKINN'D THE **PORKYS** AN' THEN HUNG 'EM UP IN A TREE TO **SEASON**. AFTER HANGIN' ON THEM TREES ABOUT A **WEEK WUZ NO DENYING** THEM **PORKYS** BEGAN TO **PACK SOME FLAVOR** AN THIS **L.C. LIKED**. BUT THERE WAS ONE **SMALL PROBLEM** WITH THIS **SEASONIN' PRICES**.

FLYS! BIG FAT BLUE FLYS BIG AS A CHINAMAN'S THUMB'D COME CRUISE'N IN ALMOST AS SOON AS L.C. SLIT THE BELLY OPEN.



AN' HELL KNOWS L.C.'D TRIED NEAR ON EVERYTHIN' TO FIX THE FUKERS. WHEN "OL' BLUE" DIED L.C. LEFT THE BODY LAYIN IN THE YARD FOR 3 WEEKS FIGGERIN' MAYBE THE FLIES'D FEAST ON BLUE AN LEAVE HIS PORKYS BE BUT NO DICE.



NOOW DO YOU GET THE PICTURE?! L.C. WAS SO PROUD OF HISSELF HE DIDN'T EVEN MAKE IT TO THAT 3RD BOTTLE'UH BALLANTINE ALE.. JUST NODDED OUT DREAMIN' ABOUT HOW SMART HE WAS. ...HE NEVER DID MAKE IT TO THAT 3RD QUARTA ALE...

GUZ THE FLYS GOT HIM, NATURALLY. WHEN THEY FOUND THEY COULDN'T BEAT THE HI-SPEED FAN FOR A LANDING, THEY WENT CALLIN' ON OL' L.C. FOR SUPPER. BEIN' THEY WAS RIGHT CUSTOMED TO THEIR PORKY STEW THEY WENT FOR THE NEXT BEST THING DOWN THE HATCH.



decomp

by D.A. Latimer

PS-8008	DISORDERS OF THE SEXUAL	21309	HOLLYWOOD IN INDIA
PS-8007	PROBATE AVOIDANCE	21314	PICTORIAL HISTORY OF EROTOPHAPHY
PS-8006	GENERATIVE POWERS (ILLUS	21317	THE ABNORMAL ERIC
PS-8005	THE SEXUAL CRIMINAL (ILLI	21318	ADVENTURES OF CL
PS-8004	EONISM	21319	MEMOIRS OF A SINGI
PS-8003	THE WORSHIP OF PHALLOS (II	21321	EXTRACURRICULAR
PS-8002	SEX & LIFE	21322	THE EROTIC CONQU
PS-8001	A HISTORY OF EROTICISM (II	21323	CASANOVA'S AMOUR
21304	TOO MUCH SEX	21326	THE ROYAL MUSEUM
21305	MUSK, HASHISH & BLOOD	21328	COLLECTORS READ
21303	TEMPTATION	21327	INTERCOURSE... (I
21300	TALES OF PERVERSION	21328	ENTERED IN ALL P
21299	WHISTLE OF THE WHIP	21329	DEVILS ADVOCATE
21298	MAIL ORDER SEX MART	21330	AMERICANS SWEETH
21296	LESBIAN SPY	21331	SWAP EDUCATION
21295	VACATION OF LOVE	21332	THE WEEKENDERS
21294	HOUSE OF PERVERSION	21333	PRIVATE DICK...
21293	SEXY STAIRCASE	21335	MODELS FOR RENT
21292	ENGLISH LOVE SCHOOL	21336	THE CLUB...
21291	HOUSE OF PERVERSION	21337	THE PROFESSORS
21290	ASTE OF FLESH	21338	PETER PECKER...
21289	REFUMED GARDEN	21339	HOUSE OF WILDEST
21288	AVEMAN SEX	21340	TELENY...
21287	SEXUAL MOTIVATION	21341	ORAL LUST...
21286	THE GAUDY IMAGE	21342	ADULT/LAD LOV
21285	COURTESANS PRIN	21343	BLOW BABY B
21284	REDSIDE ODYSSEY	21344	SWAP DOUBI
21283	THE GAY	21345	ANIMAL LUS
21282	THE GAY	21346	UNDERGROU
21281	THE GAY	21347	DEBAUCHE
21280	THE GAY	21348	BAGMAN'S BO
21279	THE GAY	21349	VENUS SCHOO
21278	THE GAY	21350	SOME LIMER
21277	THE GAY	21351	CASANOVA



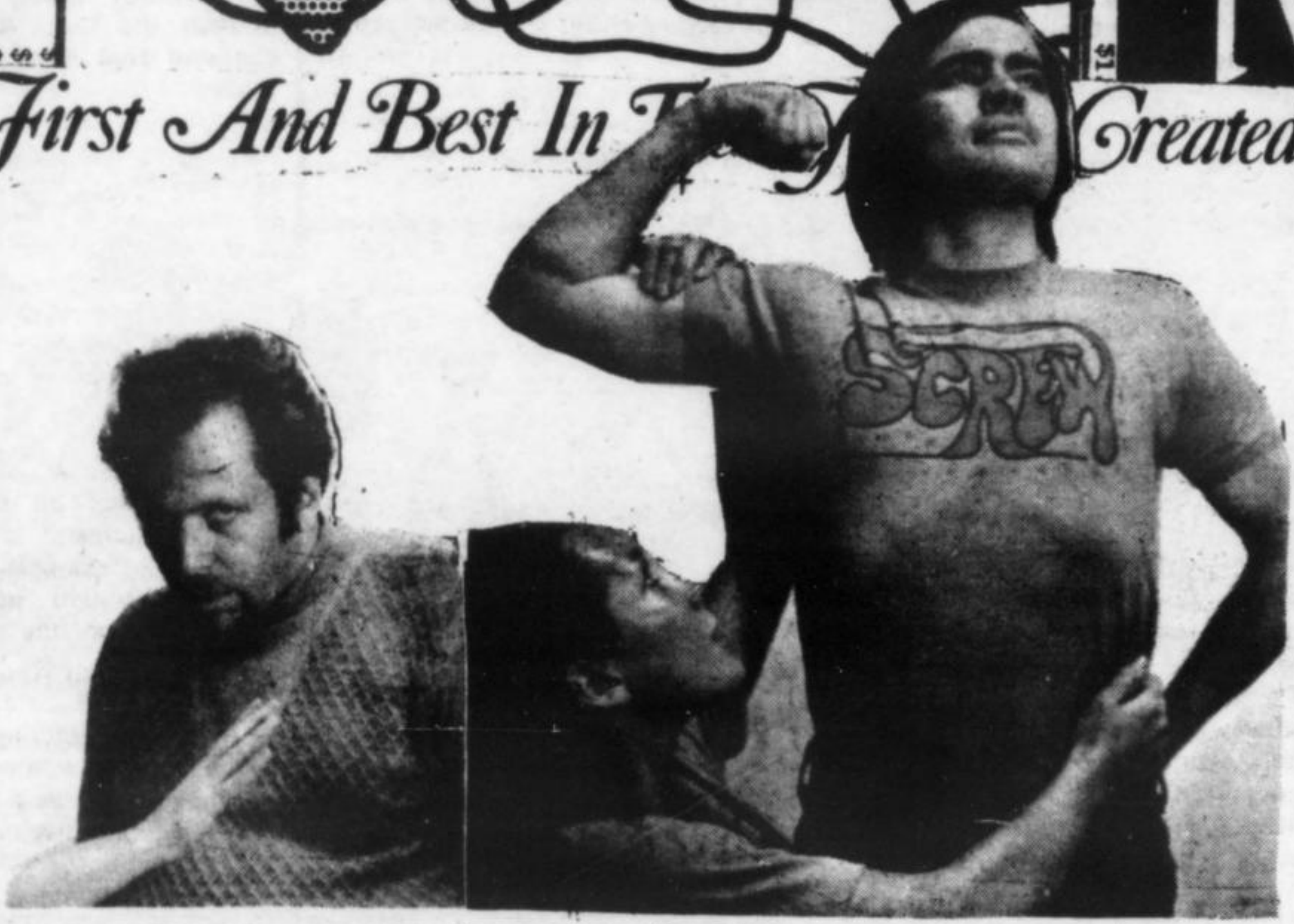
Homosexual Citizen

Does AI Goldstein Suck?

First And Best In The World Created



Picture from 1969 "nude" magazine.



cross-examination on the last day of the *Screw* trial last week was his admission, his clear admission, cushioned though it was in a context of libidinal catharsis and intellectual enlightenment, that the publication *Screw*, of which Buckley is the publisher, for which he is a writer, on which he faces criminal charges, does intentionally or inadvertently offend its readers, and thus passes beyond, above and beyond, the contemporary limits of candor in matters of sexual expersion, thereby transgressing upon the second point of the tri-partite definition of Criminal Obscenity as it is presently understood by the courts.

The Law

According to the latest legal superstitions, sexually-oriented literature, if it is to escape the designation of Criminally Obscene Matter, must qualify in three areas of obligation: it must contain some indeterminate amount of Redeeming Social Content, it cannot forge beyond the bounds of the contemporary Limits Of Candor in its presentation of sexual material, and it must never pander to the Prurient Interest of its audience. After his *Screw* trial, the Prosecution - represented here in the person of Assistant District Attorney Richard Beckler - is more of a fool than he seems to be if he doesn't rest the pudendum of his brief on the Limits of Candor taboo.

PROSECUTION: It is reiterated time and again in your publication, Mr. Buckley, that it is your intention to offend, to be offensive, is it not?
DEFENDANT: We present offensive ideas, yes. We're proud of that.
PROSECUTION: But isn't it true, Mr. Buckley, that your publication *Screw* could also be sexually offensive to its readers?
DEFENDANT: Not to all of them. To some, maybe.
PROSECUTION: Ah, then it could be offensive. And to whom might it be offensive, Mr. Buckley?
DEFENDANT: Oh, to old people, librarians - to people who are *stymied*.
PROSECUTION: *Stymied*? And what do you mean, Mr. Buckley, by *stymied*?
DEFENDANT: By *stymied*, I mean anyone who is hypocritical, in the sense that there are certain areas of sex, of experience, that he refuses to look at, to deal with, areas which, when he sees them mentioned or explored in *Screw* he gets offended. But it's not really *Screw's* fault, see, because -
PROSECUTION: Ah, by *stymied* you mean people who have certain - inhibitions - then. Correct?
DEFENDANT: That's approximately what I meant.
PROSECUTION: Now Mr. Buckley, earlier in your testimony you said that the audience *Screw* was trying to reach were, I believe you said, truck drivers, construction workers and policemen. Do you remember that?
DEFENDANT: Yes, I meant that social stratum of middleclass workers.

PROSECUTION: And now you say that these people aren't *stymied*?
DEFENDANT: No... I think everybody's *stymied*, to some degree. We're all *stymied*.
PROSECUTION: Ah, then, mightn't everybody be offended, at some point or other, by your publication *Screw*?
DEFENSE COUNSEL SCHWARTZ: Objection, your honors.
THE COURT: Overruled.
DEFENDANT: Everybody? No, of course not. The regular reader of *Screw*...
PROSECUTION: But you just now stated, Mr. Buckley, that the regular reader of *Screw* - truckdrivers, construction workers, policemen - were indeed *stymied*, and that *stymied* people would be offended by *Screw*. Doesn't it follow now, that your readers could be offended then, at some point or other, b

your - ah - publication?
DEFENDANT: No. It doesn't follow. This works by degrees, there's got to be a cutoff point - at some point, the reader will cease to be offended by these things, and *Screw* readers have passed that point. One of the functions of *Screw* as we see it is to serve to break down these barriers, these inhibitions -
PROSECUTION: But in order to break these barriers, as you put it, doesn't it have to offend the reader?
DEFENDANT: Initially, perhaps. But the important thing is to break down those barriers.
PROSECUTION: Going on now, I refer the Court to People's Exhibit number three, page fifteen, lower left-hand column...
 Yes, the defendant was probably mistaken there, for the truly important thing in that passage from his

In this time, in this place, it's a natural - the Contemporary Limits Of Candor, after all, must they not be prescribed by the majority of people in contemporary society? And are we not living under a Republican administration, which has been incessantly on the Godlike infallibility of the Great Silent Majority and its opinions and convictions? And if those opinions, those convictions, are regressive, superstitious, ignorant and poisonous, still, even so, are they not the Majority's opinions? And won't the Majority, after masturbating hotly over the latest rape case in The Daily News, zip its fly, wipe its forehead, and in all righteous indignation proclaim *Screw* an unsightly abomination? Sure it will, and this is the kind of thing Assistant District Attorney Beckler surely must be banking on as he prepares his brief.

He has until September 21 to prepare that brief, the decision on the *Screw* case has been postponed until then. It's an important case, an historical case, and the attorneys on both sides need a good long time to prepare their briefs. This one could go up to the Supreme Court. It could provide the format for an entirely new legal treatment of Obscenity, rendering the clumsy and intangible Roth guidelines obsolete. Or, if, as many fear, the Court by that time is brimful of Nixon carpetbaggers, *Screw* could simply be convicted, and Jim and Al (and maybe even Marty) could be sent to jail for six years. Very important case indeed.

Not that there was any press coverage of the trial, outside of *Newday* and *EVO*. Newsworthiness aside, it is getting these days so that newspapers no longer cover events which they consider morally repugnant: murders, massacres, wars and natural disasters, but not smut trials. In 1974, when Al Aronowitz gets hit with a summons for his lascivious review of Bob Dylan's criminally salacious opera *Meistersinger*, then he will say, Oh, had I but covered the *Screw* trial four years ago!

The Spectators
There weren't any spectators to speak of, either. Friends of the defendants never numbered more than a dozen, filed into the first two rows along the right-hand bank of seats in Traffic Court, which had become Smut Court, special for the *Screw* trial. There they sat, Goldstein's wife Mary Phillips, and Goldstein's mother too, and a selection of *Screw's* regular writers - meeting each other for the first time, a motley bunch, men and women together, ranging from scruffy-hippie to slick dude types - and a beautiful blonde from the Underground Press, plus the *Newday* fellow. The rear rows, both sides, were reserved for the mottled old gentlemen who always hang around courtrooms, dozing off contentedly under the narcotic of courtroom procedure, and who stopped attending after the first few days of examination, finding who knows the testimony a trace perhaps too racy for their blood. The left bank of seats were usually taken up by friends of the prosecutor, and the prosecutor being who he was, were almost always empty save for Patrolman Donald Grey, *Screw's*

arresting officer, specialist in prostitution, gambling and obscenity. And every day, early on in the afternoon, there would appear a half-dozen or so careless dress and little families, waiting for their cases to come up, wondering what all this *shit* and *pussy* and *cock* and *fuck* were doing in Traffic Court.

Oh, it was a funny trial. Unlike Section 2B of Criminal Court, where the *Che* case was tried, by Mr. Beckler, among others, Traffic Court is an almost cozy little courtroom, where the dialog, among the three-man Bench, the Defense and the Prosecution, could easily be heard from the seats. And they were throwing off great lines, unforgettable lines, every ten minutes came a whopper that rocked you in your seat.

The Smut Lawyer
Aside from prosecutor Beckler, who ran away with all the press for hilarity, the funniest man in the case was Albert Gerber, chief defense counsel. A stooped little sharp-faced grey-haired *chytok* from Philadelphia, Gerber showed up every day of court in a magnificent grey suit that was so bright and shiny it threw reflections onto the walls of the place: it was sharkskin, and that was enough in itself to dispell any hostility the Bench might have harbored against America's number one Smut Lawyer. How can you have a man who wears a sharkskin suit in 1970? Day after day, each day of the seven-day trial, Gerber wore the same shapeless, baggy, respandent sharkskin suit: he's a genius.

His courtroom demeanor was incomparable. In direct examination, he'd be cross with his own witnesses, making sure they never strayed from the point, and reproaching them occasionally when they said anything particularly idiotic. He made few objections during cross-examination, and made them only when Beckler was being particularly stupid, to underscore his stupidity. If the witness was being particularly beleaguered by Beckler, Gerber would be uncouth, game and soothing under to direct. And to the Bench he was never obsequious, but treated the judges as if they shared an intellectual communalism of understanding and sophistication, harbouring it against such lesser, blunter sorts as Prosecutor Beckler and the defendants, with whom such as judges and lawyers perforce must do business. Oh, he was great, this Gerber. He'd commit little puns before the bench, intellectual puns such as gentlemanly trade over billiards and pass on modestly to the next item of testimony without waiting for compliments. The puns ranged from the atrocious to the sublime. At one point he told the judges, speaking of the satirical content of the six issues of *Screw* under examination, 'This is the way you would have to interpret the dominant theme of the newspaper as a whole - whole spelt with a "w." A couple days later, clarifying this same point, he offered his own definition of coarse satire: 'When the width of the wit is deeper than the depth of the dirt,' explained Gerber, 'it's not actionable.' 'We can see you majored in alliteration,' observed the Bench drily. They could have been playing snooker in the Alumni Lounge at Princeton. Gerber's wife speaks of the time he agreed to enter a defense brief in a lawsuit on behalf of a

friend, and how the plaintiff dropped the case at the mere sound of Gerber's name. He's that good.

The witnesses for the defense reflected the brilliance of the chief counsel. There was Dr. George Stade, chairman of the English Department at Columbia University and a member of the Bench had once been editor of the *Columbia Spectator*; there was the Reverend William Glenesk of the Spencer Memorial Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, handsome, eloquent, and highly cerebral in his black suit and clerical collar. Paul Zimmerman, theatre critic of *Newsweek*, and Mrs. Billie Bichrest, Philadelphia housewife and editor of *Playboy*, the house organ of *Obscenity*, who made her clearly enormous job, because appealingly frustrated and most femininely confused under Beckler's hostile cross-examination.

The Prosecutor
Beckler was funny by comparison to Gerber alone. Now, unlike Gerber, Beckler's appearance itself does not provoke instant affection. It provokes shudders. A tall young gentleman with tight, narrow shoulders and a cadaverous cast to his features, he resembles nothing so much as an elegantly embalmed Victorian corpse: a victim of consumption, recently carried away to his reward, lying in state for the anguished inspection of his loved ones. If he were to dress in black, with a tall celluloid collar to his jaws, and why not a white cerement cloth tied about his ears over his head, he'd make an extremely impressive prosecutor. Stalking about the courtroom in sport coat and flannel trousers, however, he merely calls to mind an unhealthy sort of loneliness in furnished rooms north of the garment district. He's not very good, either. Each of the three judges had before him all five cited issues of *Screw* and it was a great chore for them to fish through all those papers for whatever giggling little snatch photo, personal ad, or dilute shot that Beckler wanted to attack; and he was forever mixing up his exhibit numbers, so that the judges would be looking at a beaver shot in Number Three while Beckler was carping about a consumer report in Number Five. But it was the depositions Beckler inflicted on common rational logic that really farked him on this assignment.

PROSECUTION: Has it not been observed, Mr. Goldstein, in your publication, that the incidence of sex crimes in Denmark has dropped measurably since the legalization of hard-core pornography in that country?
DEFENDANT: It has.
PROSECUTION: But is it not also, that the publication and sale of hard-core pornography was formerly considered a sex crime in Denmark?
DEFENSE: Consider, your honor, how the defendant would know this?
PROSECUTION: I don't know. It might have been.
DEFENDANT: I don't know. It might have been.
PROSECUTION: Well, if the publication of pornography were a sex crime, which it was, and then pornography became legal, wouldn't it follow that the incidence of sex crimes would -
THE COURT: That's enough, Mr. Beckler. As they said in *Porgy And Bess*, 'It ain't necessarily so.'

No, the prosecution was not the most charming fellow ever to enter a

courtroom, but then, he didn't need to be: he's got The Law on his side. Much was said in the defense of *Screw*, five days of expert testimony after two days of sloppy prosecution witnesses (and Beckler should be horsewhipped for putting up a poor ignorant Catholic pizza-maker, member of a self-appointed Brooklyn censorship outfit, to incoherently present the Common Man's instinctual abhorrence of *Screw*), but how can it avail - against a Catch-22 muckhole like Obscenity?

According to The Law, Obscenity is that which offends, and the very fact that *Screw* was on trial persuasively indicated that it had once offended someone, even if only Patrolman Donald Grey, specialist in prostitution, gambling and obscenity. (Incidentally, the testimony around Grey was some of the funniest stuff ever to go down in a transcript. According to defendants Buckley and Goldstein, Grey had shown up at the *Screw* offices a month or so before the busts in early 1969, posing as a distributor who desired to carry *Screw* in New Jersey. He wanted to sell fifty copies of *Screw* every week, in this way hiding the copies of *Screw* inside of copies of The New York Daily News, he could purvey this combination to local college students at a dollar an issue, trusting on word of mouth to acquaint fifty horny and impressionable college students with this arrangement. *Screw* refused the arrangement. According to Defendant Goldstein, 'A lot of clearly crazy people were coming up to our offices at this time, and I felt Grey to be just - um - an extension of this.'

The Paper
On the two remaining points of the current Obscenity definition, Redeeming Social Content and Prurient Interest, *Screw* clearly came through smelling like a Feminine addict. There was certainly no question about Redeeming Social Content: every issue of *Screw* under indictment contained a column on items of interest to homosexuals, written by *Screw's* resident Mattachineists Liege & Jack, and every witness so effusively praised these columns that Beckler took to automatically asking each witness, 'Besides the Liege & Jack column, can you find anything of valuable interest in this exhibit?' And then they would point to the music reviews, to the consumer reports, to the rock-and-vaudeville columns, to the editorials, to the how-to articles... And the satire, they all mentioned the satire. This seemed to put Beckler at a vast disadvantage, since the man clearly has no more comprehension of the rudiments of satire than he has of the incidence of sex crimes in Denmark. It was the satirical content of *Screw* that clearly destroyed the state's attack on the grounds of Prurient Interest.

To take an example, a point which Beckler brought up before each witness was the centrefold of People's Exhibit Number One, *Screw* No. 14. This was a two-page photograph depicting a young man and a young woman, both naked, reclining with their limbs entwined about one another in an exceedingly awkward and uncomfortable posture. The woman, lying on her back against the man's groin, has her legs spread at an impossible angle, and the man has his face jammed against the outside of her left thigh, his mouth contorted wide open, his nose pushed over toward his cheek uncomfortably. It's titled 'Tit & Cock Picture,' although the man's cock is hidden from view under the woman's back and only a quarter of

her left tit is visible under the man's arm, which totally occludes her right breast. The man's shoulders are dotted with prominent moles and wens, his hair is disheveled, and the woman is so posed as to lose any trace of feminine voluptuousness. But it seemed to disturb Beckler, disturb him deeply, for he brought this 'Tit & Cock Picture' before each witness and asked, quite sincerely, why it should not appeal to the Prurient Interest. The Reverend Glenesk tried to explain that the absence in a photograph titled 'Tit & Cock Picture,' of any appreciable amount of tit, or any cock at all, was itself highly satirical. Dr. Stade said it was very satirical indeed of *Screw* to lampoon its own readers' prurient expectations by showing them a 'Tit & Cock Picture' which contained neither element:

PROSECUTION: Dr. Stade, would you say that the average person, on looking at this photograph, would detect the satirical element in it?
THE WITNESS: The average person might not be able to verbalise it, but he would indeed sense it.

Goldstein further explained that in composing the 'Tit & Cock Picture,' *Screw* had intended to burlesque the traditional tit-picture centrefold in *Playboy*-type magazines, which represent sterile, airbrushed, anti-feminine mammary jugs as somehow erotic; there is no more real tit in those centrefolds, argued Goldstein, than there was tit and cock in *Screw's* 'Tit & Cock Picture.' But not all the witnesses in the world could shake Beckler's clear conviction that the 'Tit & Cock Picture' pandered to prurient interest: they'd promised a tit and a cock, but they hadn't come through, and is that not what pandering and prurient interest are all about? What the hell, we'll put it in the brief and see if anybody jerks off over it...

The Disposition
That brief will be something to read, and so will the defense brief. Last week the Press missed out on one of the most brilliant trials in the history of obscenity prosecutions. The disposition of the *Screw* case, at whatever level of the courts it occurs, will very likely be even more important than the *Fanny Hill* or *Tropic of Cancer* decisions. It'll be right up there with Woolsey's decision on *Ulysses*. Because *Screw* isn't a book, fixed and achieved, it's a periodical publication: as Buckley explained it on the stand, *Screw* came about as the result of the failure of the *New York Free Press* to reach an audience larger than 1,500 hard-core leftists; *Screw* is an attempt to change the heads of the middle class around by changing their morality around. 'We're promoting a left-wing attitude toward sex,' Buckley suggested, before Beckler bogged him down with defining the right-wing and moderate attitudes toward sex.

It's difficult for anyone, even so articulate a big-time smut publisher as Buckley, to explain sex in terms of politics. But it is continually being re-discovered, by Women's Liberation currently, among others, that sex is the single most powerful agent of social control and of social change. When the Bench facetiously instructs Mrs. Bichrest to raise her voice by pretending to shout at her children, the Bench is conniving, unwittingly or not, to keep the lady in her place. Furthermore, when the Bench professes its reluctance to say the word 'fuck' in 'the presence of ladies,' the Bench is participating in its own sexual oppression.

The question, essentially, is whether it is less honest to titillate someone's prurient interest, or to offend his sense of decency, and to therewith teach him a lesson, than it is to defer to his superstitions and teach him nothing. *Screw* could go a long ways toward correcting this dilemma, unless it gets squashed next September 21.

Essentially, it's a question of whether they'll allow us to speak to the bourgeoisie on any such effective level as sex. Because if they land on *Screw*, the whole Underground Press will go shortly thereafter. But that's okay - aside from *Screw*, we were only talking to each other anyway.

INTERGALACTIC UNION DOPOGRAM

HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS
QUICKSILVER IS THE NAME OF A NEW BRAND OF LSD.
QUICKSILVER IS STRONGER THAN SUNSHINE AND LESS PHYSICAL.
QUICKSILVER IS THE PUREST LSD IN THE UNITED STATES.
CITY STILL UPTIGHT FOR GOOD, REASONABLE GRASS, NO MATTER WHAT BRAND.
HOW ABOUT IT, RIGHTEOUS DEALERS?

OM.

G.I.A.
G.I.A.

To stop the war the people must take effective action against the American institutions which have the most to gain from the fighting. One group of companies which have contributed heavily to the war effort and profited handsomely by doing so is the airline industry. Among them Pan American World Airways, Inc. has had an incredibly lucrative share of the military budget since the fighting began in the early 60's. But we who oppose the war have pretty much ignored Pan Am's involvement. Little has been said about the company except for research done by the Asian Professors for Peace.

Not much research is necessary to see what Pan Am has done to help the war effort. The company has been bragging about its war effort in annual reports for the last five years. In the 1969 annual report under the heading "Pan Am serves the National Interest" the company reports: "Pan Am provides the major portion of the civil airlift of medical supplies, mail, material, and personnel across the Pacific in support of the armed services in Southeast Asia.

"Since March, 1966, PA has carried more than one million servicemen between Vietnam and nine rest and recuperation sites in the Pacific, including Hawaii. . .

A PROPOSAL TO BOYCOTT PAN AMERICAN AIRLINES

ROBERT
BRUCE
NORTH

"PA assigns the largest number of aircraft to the Department of Defense's International Civil Reserve Air Fleet, more than the combined total of the next two largest participants."

When these adventures become unprofitable, Pan Am will stop. And the other airlines and defense contractors will get the message because of our carefully worded points for negotiation. Although we march in the streets and shut down the universities, the war continues. Some of us have challenged the big defense contractors like Boeing, IBM, and Honeywell at their usual meetings, but their pro-war stance does not change. IBM president Watson refuses to consider cancelling IBM's defense work because that move would be political and — though he did not say so — unprofitable. But in the case of PA, whose

commitments to the Department of Defense are much more closely related to the war, we can make its continued participation in the war unprofitable.

Pan Am's major product, air transportation, is sold directly to the consumer. Most other war industries make products which are sold to other companies. The individual consumer has little influence over purchasing decisions. But with Pan Am we can organize a boycott of its services and a strike against all its world-wide operations. More important we can enforce the boycott and strike.

Here is how. The consumer boycott against Dow Chemical's "Saran Wrap" was not terribly effective, but combined with other tactics, like protesting the on-campus presence of their recruiters, we finally forced them to stop manufacturing napalm.

reservations until the planes are filled and their reservations system befuddled. At flight time completely reserved planes will take off empty. We could not keep the housewives from purchasing Saran Wrap, but we can keep nearly all the jet setters and businessmen from flying Pan Am.

A boycott against Pan Am can be unbelievably more effective. Except for flights to Hawaii, every Pan Am flight connects with a foreign country or flies between other countries. "Revenues from foreign sources earned in the company's international operations in 1967 contributed more than \$216,000,000 to the U.S. balance of payments." (1967 annual report, pg. 5). Foreigners whose opposition to the war is great will be very likely to support a boycott. Plenty of competing airlines are available for travelers to use instead of Pan Am. A great portion of foreign travel is by tourists who will more likely support a boycott than business men who do most of the flying within the U.S. However the single most important factor in the boycott is that people can legally and non-violently — telephone the Pan Am to make false

Think about the simplicity and ease with which we can pull this off. Everyone merely calls his local PA office to arrange a trip to some exotic place. A few hundred thousand people doing this everyday for a month will totally short circuit the system. The average traveler cannot wait a long time for a reservation or afford a missed connection in transit. He will not hassle with PA, but rather fly another airline, if our boycott appears to jeopardize his plans. We can force this gigantic corporation to deal with the anti-war sentiment. Furthermore, everyone of any age can participate in the privacy of his home or office without fear of battling the police or national guard. People in the rural hinterland who have always wanted to protest the war can call long distance collect to PA offices everywhere.

If enough of us telephone, we may be able to shut off large segments of the Bell system switching equipment to make our protest even more effective. It can be done. Black people tied up the Atlantic telephone system in the early 60's by calling out on their phones to white folks' phones all at a

(Continued on Page 26)





by Renfreu Neff

In case there're still any questions about how far backward Nixon has led Amerika, one small hint comes from a recent disclosure of some of the editorial surgery performed by aides in the name of "clarity" on transcripts of his speeches. In his last televised address the Commander-in-Grief was discovered to have referred on two occasions to South Vietnam as "South Korea." As is the newly admitted procedure in dealing with all such rhetorical presidential irregularities, this time warp was subsequently caught and "clarified" by a White House staff before release of the "official" transcript of the speech to the press. Fucking clumsy speed-freak.

On the subject of time warps and remembrance of time passed, remember when the State Department used to send Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, and Duke Ellington or other less funkified spade musicians on tours of the Communist countries? According to government-style checks and balances, those were the respectable, safe jazz ambassadors of the '50's, and even the feds had somewhat better taste than they do now. Last

week a press release from the State Department's cultural presentation program announced that it was sponsoring a 26-day tour of Yugoslavia, Roumania and Poland by Blood, Sweat and Tears. The stated purpose of this venture is "to communicate the American spirit to other lands," and it was also reported that this "top performing and recording group" had waived its fees for the tour. So, Blood, Sweat and Tears are the New Niggers of the '70's, State Department-approved "ambassadors" of contemporary American music. When Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, Oldenberg, Warhol and Stella are among the 30-some artists who have boycotted the Venice Biennale as a political protest, the most charitable reaction to the second-rate Tomism of Blood, Sweat and Tears is to boycott them. Particularly when they demand and get high fees for appearances in the so-called Woodstock Nation (\$15,000 for the Woodstock Festival itself), but waive their fees for eleven concerts in a government-sponsored Iron Curtain rip-off.

Saw *Don't Look Back* last week. For some long-forgotten reason(s) I'd

never seen it before, and I'm glad because I don't think I would have liked this movie if I'd seen it when it was new and when Bob Dylan was around giving some very bad "live" performances off-stage. I witnessed a couple of those strange numbers and heard about a lot more back then... only five years ago; it seems like a whole 'nother era and it was... but I've never been able to put Dylan down for anything he did then nor for anything he's been accused of *not* doing since then, because his artistic contribution was always superior to his social liability. There are many today who put him down for supposedly dropping out of the revolution, detractors who harp on his non-participatory role in current events. This usually strikes me as being tight-headed bullshit, because Dylan's early music-poetry was an advance signal of these terrible current events, and if you replay some of those old songs, some of his most abstract images are perfectly clear "reports" now.

If slogans are any indication of poetic validity, count the number of them that come from Dylan... "You don't need

a weatherman to know which way the wind is blowing," "Don't follow leaders, watch parking meters," "Something is happening, but you don't know what it is," and on and on. Only the Stones come close to him in providing the revolution with so many slogans and rallying cries, but their contributions are of more recent vintage... which merely shows that five Stone-energies have more consistent sustaining power than the single Dylan-force.

Don't Look Back is the old young Dylan, cocky from his rapid success in America and a little awed by his London reception... but just a little awed; Dylan is never completely taken in by the acclaim, there is always an impression that he's really unsure of just how much of his nightmarish forecast is getting across to his enthusiastic young audiences. One realizes now that the only time he was *not* performing was when he was on-stage, when he was there in the spotlight not really singing but *telling you something*, relaying a certain premonition that wasn't readily foreseeable at that time. The majority of his fans and certainly most of the press regarded him as some sort of "folk-singer"... a bit farther out and perhaps even better than others around then, to be sure, but nonetheless, a "folk-singer."

Seeing this film of his first London appearance in 1965 gives an interesting hind-sight documentation of the complex Dylan-creature and it helps to illuminate his subsequent "retirement." His obsessive prevision could only be expressed through his poetry and music, and almost of necessity, off-stage attempts to communicate would be obfuscated by a veil of arrogance and put-on, and if there is the usual private coterie of anonymous helpers and hangers-on nourished exclusively by

eating the shit of the nearly-great, at least Dylan's coterie seems tiny compared to the various "phenomena" who followed him on the scene. All things considered... talent, intelligence, prescience... Dylan's early withdrawal from public life would appear inevitable and necessary for his own personal survival. To his further credit and defense, it was very groovy that Princeton's graduating class of '70 gave Bob Dylan an honorary degree. Though such honors are barely worth a flying fuck anymore (There're a lot of them folded away in the underground. Two staffers here have been known to use their doctorates to clean their stashes; they insist that the parchment makes a better base for the operation), as long as they're still being passed out, present conditions demand that such awards be relevant and exhibit a sense of immediacy. Princeton's honorary recognition of Dylan was entirely appropriate.

I turn my back and fuck off for a week and somebody comes along to take a pot-shot at my most disfavoured subject, women's liberation. Good shot, Jane Austen Douglas, wherever you are. And in the same week *Red Earth*, a good militant bi-weekly out of Washington, D.C., lays it Right On the line from a still more revolutionary point of view. In an un-by-lined piece that concludes with "ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE... WOE TO THOSE WHO CANNOT SHOOT," *Red Earth* points out that feminist groups formed to deal with the very real problem of women's oppression "have in fact become part of the problem rather than part of the solution":

(Continued on Page 23)

NOTES FROM A CONGRESSIONAL WASTEPAPER BASKET

Dear Congressman,

I take pen in hand to complain about my piece. After months of assiduous care and maintenance of the weapon (M-16), it failed to function at a crucial moment endangering my life and the lives of the other men in this company. Last night, at 0300 hours I had a clear,

unobstructed shot at the captain. To my chagrin, the weapon misfired. It may be weeks before I get another crack at the bastard and in the meantime I am subjected to the ridicule of my associates and can kiss goodbye the \$2000 in the company pool.

Signed,
One Mad G.I.

Dear Congressman,

In the interest of national security I'm not allowed to tell you where I am, but after six months here I can tell you one thing: there are positively no American troops in Laos. The rest of the guys in the company haven't seen any, either.

Yours truly,
PFC Curtis Wilson

Dear Congressman,

I have this question. How come I'm in Viet Nam and you're in Miami?

Earned regards,
Curious





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HEY-SKINHEAD!

HEALTH FOOD COMICS



"COCA-COLA"

GRIFFITH

G'WAN! FUCK OFF, SIS! NO HAIRY BITCH'S GONNA SET FOOT IN THIS HERE CLUBHOUSE!!

JUST SO'S YA KNOW SUPPER'S AT SIX SHARP! AN' DON'T FERGET IT, MISTER!!

WE SKINHEADS HAVE TO KEEP OURSELVES PURE FOR THE FIGHT! WE AIN'T NO DUDES!!

RIGHT, MATE!

LET'S GO FELLAS!! WE GOT SOME BASHIN' T'DO DOWN AT TH' PARK!!

THEM FLASH HIPPIES THINK THEY OWN THE GODDAMN PLACE! GOTTA TEACH 'EM.....

THEY SAY WE AIN'T GOT NO SENSE O'HUMOR!

..AND THAT WE'RE PARANOID AN' UGLY....

WELL, WE DON'T SEE NOTHIN' THE FUCK WRONG WITH THAT!

NOT SO LONG AS WE CAN KEEP CRUSHIN' THEIR SKULLS!

NNNH!

'SPECIALLY THE WEAK AN' SCRAWNY ONES!! THEY'RE THE BEST!

BONK!!

AN' WE DON'T NEED NO GOD-DAMN VIETNAM WAR, NEITHER! WE GOT PLENTY T' TAKE CARE OF RIGHT HERE!

WARREN! YER SUPPAH'S GETTIN' COLD!

COMIN' MA!

ACID GRANMA

(Continued from Page 1)

drugs and says that in the year she associated with them, they changed from tough, defensive boys into real human beings. Whatever changes occurred have had no effect on society in general as yet, for both boys are jailed in the State Correctional Institution at Camp Hill on drug charges stemming from their association with Mrs. Missmer.

"The real crime is to make drug like marijuana and LSD illegal," Mrs. Missmer says. "They have tremendous rehabilitative value. Their use in treating criminals could show great results."

At Mrs. Missmer's sentencing, the following exchange took place:

"She is an excellent citizen, never in any criminal trouble. It's just that her use of drugs and her philosophy on them brought her afoul of the law. She helped young people." — Defense Attorney Malcom Gross.

"By her actions, many young people are in jail." — Judge Koch.

"She's a very decent person." — Attorney Gross.

"Five years ago I took an LSD trip at age 59. I could hardly believe the drug was illegal, it was so beautiful. I came in contact with many young people and saw that the drug had great psychological usefulness. Two boys in trouble became good boys after a year at my house. I was changed myself.

I'd thought myself pretty perfect... but the drug showed me my psychological problems so I could work on them." — Mrs. Missmer.

"She's corrupted youth, now she asks to be set free to corrupt more." — Prosecuting Attorney Wardell Steigerwalt.

"I heartily agree. An appellate court may accept your (Mrs. Missmer's) view, but I will not." — Judge Koch.

"On Jan. 16, 1968, we had to let Mrs. Missmer go," says a spokesman for St. Luke's Hospital, where she worked as a nurse. The reason, he says, is that "she started talking like a religious fanatic. We were apprehensive since she had contact with patients."

On Feb. 1, 1968, Mrs. Missmer's home was raided. She was arrested and released on bail. Back home, she continued to give drugs to young people. "We had group mind experiences, and our trips opened us up to the light even more," she says.

On the night of Aug. 20, 1968, she and a young friend were driving in a car, on their way to the rooming house, when Mrs. Missmer "had a telepathic signal that we were going to get raided. I knew the police were coming."

About midnight, the police, raided her house and found marijuana and LSD. Mrs. Missmer

was taken to the Lehigh County Prison.

On June 10, 1969, after a switch of lawyers and delays, her trial on the second arrest began. Mrs. Missmer, under questioning, was allowed to explain her philosophy, since her defense rested on the question of religious freedom. She claimed that psychedelic drugs were part of her religion.

"Our conversations (at the rooming house) dealt very largely with what psychedelic drugs can do for the individual, and through the individual in helping society at large; that if the drugs were legal and used under supervision and guidance, they could change all people who used them and benefit humanity.

"I feel, through these drugs, our consciousness is opened to a higher state of awareness, so we realize what we are and what we can do about our lives.

"It's religion in a wide sense, but not in the liturgical sense. Religion in a true sense of what our lives are and how they are guided and what we should do with them."

She added that she was talking about psychedelic drugs only. About heroin she said: "I'm very much opposed to heroin. It's harmful, useless..."

Mrs. Missmer never locked the doors of her rooming house and was open about the use of drugs there. "I wanted people to know we were openly using good drugs

for purposes that were desirable. We wanted to allow as many people as possible to enter into our activities and discussions, so we could prove on a large scale that no one was harmed by these drugs. We wanted it to be known openly." In his charge to the jury, Judge Koch said that Mrs. Missmer's religious beliefs were no defense. He said that the question was solely whether Mrs. Missmer had violated the state law on possession of dangerous drugs.

The jury didn't deliberate long. Mrs. Missmer was found guilty. She was returned to prison to await sentencing and placed under \$25,000 bond as her case was being appealed.

Her attorney says he'll appeal it as far as he can.

"This will be a test case. It will be a case in which God will show his hand," Mrs. Missmer says, confident that she will be vindicated.

On Nov. 6, 1969, Attorney Gross filed a defendant's brief, asking for a new trial on the grounds that the jury was incorrectly charged — that religious belief may indeed be a defense. He quoted the famous Peyote Indian cases in California. There a group of Indians was granted permission to use

(Continued on Page 22)

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ACID GRANMA

(Continued from Page 21)
 psychedelic drugs as part of their religious ceremony.

He also said that Mrs. Missmer should have a new trial because the court refused to allow her to call two witnesses, Bruce White and John Palanky, as evidence of the beneficial results of drug use.

On March 25, 1970, Judge Koch handed down his opinion on the motion for a new trial. He rejected the motion on the grounds that, despite the Peyote Indian cases, other and similar cases had been decided which denied the right to use proscribed drugs, even for religious reasons. And he added that the defense attorney himself had said the testimony of White and Palanky would be harmful, since they would admit having

received drugs from Mrs. Missmer.

Mrs. Missmer is scheduled to go to Muncy. Her case is being appealed to the Pennsylvania Superior Court. She still faces charges on the Feb. 1, 1968, arrest. She's not worried.

"Something is happening that's going to bowl us all over," she says. "There's a big surprise coming. This is the time when Christ will return to earth."

Mrs. Missmer feels she can't reach the courts with her message. During her trial she was asked to describe the effects of marijuana and LSD. She said:

"Through the use of both of them, you can say you open a door to the higher consciousness and experience spiritual things that are

impossible to experience in other ways. All my life, I never experienced these things until my first LSD trip. It was like opening a door to heaven.

"It is hard to describe. It has to be experienced. It is like telling somebody what a rainbow looks like, when they are blind. It is a spiritual experience. We are less aware of the body and more aware of the mind. Whatever you need to learn, you will learn through the use of marijuana, and the experience is a little different each time," but it is essentially the same, she said.

If Mrs. Missmer is right . . .

But the Lehigh County Court by-passed the questions of whether she was right or wrong in her stand on the usefulness of the drugs. The question for the court was whether she violated the state's drug laws. Obviously, and by her own admission, she did — and she did so openly.

 "There are laws, Alice. We have to live by them. These are the laws," a concerned citizen said to her.

"They're not my laws," she answered. "My laws are God's laws — they're the ones we're meant to follow. They're the ones I'm following."

"THE REAL REVOLUTION IS THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION."
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(Continued from Page 19)

"Although these groups often serve to draw women into the 'movement' who would otherwise not glance at politics, they also stagnate and confuse these women by not getting to the heart of the matter: The need for armed revolution here in Babylon... Discussions tend to center on the pill, male chauvinism, abortion laws, and other such problems. These problems need to be solved, but, in fact, CANNOT be solved by endless discussions isolated from revolutionary practice."

It usually seems to me that the self-styled feminists waste too much time contemplating their ovaries and fretting about their orgasms when they could serve a far more vital and revolutionary function by turning women (particularly the petit bourgeois women cited in the above-mentioned article) on to methods of self-defense, first aid and survival... including instructions for taking care of household-type business (Yes, even "degrading," "debasement," "male chauvinist," "sexist" recipes) in a state of emergency, meaning with very little money and no supermarkets or clothing stores and with a minimum of appliances. Sheilah Wells has also written a couple of good "Pussy Power" articles for the Berkeley Tribe, and she, too holds a decidedly negative (and therefore

probably healthy) opinion of women's lib in terms of its dubious place in the Movement, and she explains why many intelligent and politicized women are turned off by feminist groups. The following comes from her piece in the 10-17 April Tribe:

"Liberation' to me means that I and all of my sisters can raise our kids in joy or decide not to raise any in equal joy, and choose our own roles IN BIOLOGICAL REALITY. To be free is to be more myself. I will not be free by trying to twist myself into being a pseudo-male. And neither will you, sisters... If in the crotch there is a penis, you're a man. If in the crotch there is a pussy, you're a woman. That is just exactly where it's at, that's how you tell the difference between them, we are the ones with the pussies... I think there's little time for games. There are important things to be done."

Send that little lady out in Berkeley an M-16 and a lifetime supply of "units."



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-Drs. Phyllis & Eberhard Kronhausen

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CINE lido 48th St. & B'way • 757-4228 OPENS FRIDAY, JUNE 26TH

OH BABY

(Continued from Page 5)

way. My God, that guy's just a kid. He's probably so young that he had to lie to get working papers...but nonetheless he's picking up all that macho shit already.

"What do you think you're doing?" I call to him.

"Nothing," he answers. His gestures become bigger, louder and more obscene.

Fifth Avenue and 18th Street: My behind gets pinched. Assailant unknown.

Fifth Avenue and 17th Street: Three male refugees from the East Village pass. They are shaggy, long-haired mustachioed fellows. Young. Definitely part of Our Culture. They are singing something. But as they pass me, they stop and begin the usual kissing noises. Mnnnnnn. M n n n n n n n n n. Mmmmmmmmmmmmm. What the fuck is going on here? These guys are no different from the pigs at Metropolitan Life. They just have longer hair. I can't stand it.

"Why did you make that noise?" I ask them. "Don't you realize you insult every woman who passes?"

"Dig this uptight chick," one of them chuckles. "Can't you tell a compliment when you hear one? You oughta be grateful!"

Fifth Avenue and 14th Street: A short, middle-aged sloop of a guy goes, "Hey girlie... lemme suck your ti..."

"YOU DISGUSTING PIG... DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW DISGUSTING YOU REALLY ARE? You animal... You vermin... You scum. You better learn to start treating women with a little respect or someday some liberated female might just give you a karate chop right in the kidney!" It's all pouring out of me. Fury beyond my own words.

The guy is about to go away... quietly too. But this spade cat, who evidently doesn't even know the little sloop, comes up from behind. He starts making obscene gestures and remarks. A quick debate flashes through my head: Black men have their own problems. Yes, I know they are a colonized people and that Fanon says that colonialism forces the worst traits of the oppressor onto the oppressed. Yeah, I know all of that stuff. But this guy is oppressing me. I look at the Black guy who is clucking kisses at me and scream, "And you better watch yourself too. Women aren't taking this kind of crap anymore!" I'm now practically running to the EVO office. No cool left at all. But lo and behold the Black guy is still following me - and he's got some friends. The whole thing is pathetic. The guy is cursing and hurling obscenities. I'm running. He's harassing me because I

offended the masculinity of some mutually unknown white man. Just before I reach the office, someone throws a cupcake - yes, a Yankee Doodle cupcake - at me. This is crazier than I can believe. I run like hell into the office, where the elevator operator winks me up to EVO's headquarters.

Inside the EVO office, I encounter our very own Kultchur Vulture, David Walley. David's a nice boy and I really think he wants to understand.

"There was this guy over here from RAT," he says.

"A guy?"

"Yeah, I think he was their delivery boy. He said the women sent him up here to pick up some copies of your abortion article. Listen, Claudia, you're into women's lib... explain something to me... that guy... he was weird... so meek. Strange, you know what I mean. Is he the wave of the future for American masculinity?"

"I don't know, David," I answer while reaching across the desk for a Yellow Pages telephone directory. "Mnn... lets see... karate, karate... K-A-R-A-T-E..."

"What I want to know Claudia, is how come women aren't happy being the bearer of our culture's beauty, being the symbols of sweetness, softness and passivity?"

"Oh, David," I say turning away from the Yellow Pages for a moment. "I can't even begin to explain it to you." I return to the phone book. "Ahhh, ha, Karate, Schools of Instruction..."

LETTER

Dear EVO: Everybody is saying "Seize the Time" & we keep wasting it writing about woman's liberation. Granted that our lives are messed-up by the daily dreadful needs, but are we that stupid to forget what it is really all about? Yes: Cosmic Liberation. We have to re-learn how to make love - practice first - & create new lives.

Give Birth (that's a big ego-trip; but that's woman's liberation, too). Our specie is endangered & all our groovy life hopes are in your cunts, anti-motherhood league.

Respectfully,
John E. Franks
Atlantic City

PRIMARY

(Continued from Page 7)

could not divulge what private consultations had gone on between he and Goldberg earlier in the week ("I have a long-standing rule that I keep a man's confidence") - there was no praise for the former justice, not a word of gratitude for a job well-done. The Justice went into private life. Politicos talked of him as a possible "anti-war" candidate in some future election.

Some time last year, Goldberg lunched with democratic leaders at the home of Averill Harriman and they tried to talk him into becoming a democratic candidate for the senate or the state house. District leader Alex Rosenberg demanded to know why Goldberg hadn't taken a harsher stand against the war. Goldberg told reporters he was not interested in any electoral position. Later, according to information that was only divulged last week, he was asked by the Democratic committee to run for the Senate. Goldberg once again relented. He played this line for months, avoiding comment on the war and declining to throw his yarmulka into the ring, and then, on March 20th of this year, after three other men had already announced they were running for the democratic gubernatorial nomination, he called a press conference at the Americana Hotel (there, with lack of photographic savvy common to most politicians he placed himself directly in front of a hanging light - a crown - that made him look like a king in the newspaper photo's) and he told reporters "In the last several weeks I have been urged by an increasing number of citizens both within and outside the Democratic Party, sharing this concern to reconsider my position with regard in the gubernatorial race... In light of these considerations, if a majority of the delegates at the State Democratic Committee choose to designate me as a candidate, I am ready to make the race and leave to the voters in both the primary and general elections, the decision as to which candidate can best unify the Democratic and Progressive forces essential to mount a successful campaign and to govern the state effectively." The Justice was now a candidate. Glory be.

Following our tasty lunch, we climbed into automobiles and sped to Harlem where Goldberg was scheduled to present his case before the City Wide Black Clergy Coalition, a group that would be sparing of its praise and even more sparing of its political support. All the candidates seemed to desire this praise and support. Paul O'Dwyer, running for the Senate, was there when we arrived. Howard Samuels was scheduled to arrive shortly after the Justice. Basil Patterson was there, and special guest - Charles Evers, Mayor of Fayetteville, Miss. and brother of the slain civil rights leader Medgar - was due to arrive, and Goldberg certainly wanted to have his picture taken with that gentleman. It all helps.

The church was an old stone structure pleasing to the eye, and a meeting room to the right of the entrance was filled with Black clergymen - most of them in suits and everyday street clothes, but others looking very much like men of the cloth. People walked in and out at their leisure. Speakers droned on. Goldberg assumed a position on the dais, sitting slightly to the left of the podium, where one of the Black leaders introduced him - with a dose of needling through which Goldberg continued to gaze impassively ahead. "The Black community has a history of giving support to candidates after the fact. The vote of Black people helped to elect Lindsay as Mayor, but Lindsay's administration turned out to be just as racist as the others. We

(Continued on Page 24)

PRIMARY

(Continued from Page 23) were not given a deputy mayorship—a black man was not appointed deputy mayor, even though a \$40,000 salary was set aside for a special appointment, a new job, that lasted for not much more than a month.

"We want to know that after we have helped to elect you, we will have

means of communicating with you after the election."

Goldberg rose. He stood at the podium. It took him only two minutes before he reached the major issue of that particular meeting, which was not the war, or narcotics or even race as such, but the presence of the popular candidate for Lieutenant Governor—a black who all the other candidates had previously tried to woo to their sides,

including Goldberg—and that was Basil Patterson.

"I do not want to be elected Governor if Basil Patterson is not elected Lieutenant Governor," Goldberg said.

"I do not want you to elect me unless you elect Basil Patterson," Goldberg said.

"It is more important that Basil Patterson is elected than myself," Goldberg said.

Basil Patterson was known to the black clergymen partly because he is a black man himself of high standing in the Black community and one of the few who made it to the top but also because he is a politician, a state senator of impressive reputation and sturdy credentials—a graduate of St. John's law School, a former general practice attorney, a key figure in the New York N.A.A.C.P. in the first half of the 1960's and a state senator with a progressive voting record (hailed by the Eagleton Institute of Politics as one of the two outstanding legislators in New York State) in the second.

Goldberg spoke slowly and unemotionally and assumed his usual scholarly stance, the pointing finger, the quiet flow, the matter-of-fact presentation, and the black audience interrupted politely now and then for applause and comment.

"I supported John F. Kennedy in

1960 even though Adlai Stevenson was still in the background," Goldberg said. "One of the determining factors in my mind was that up to that time they said a catholic couldn't be elected president."

"That's right," one of the clergymen said.

"You remember that?" Goldberg asked. "That was a great breakthrough even though it is irrelevant today on the national scene."

"That's right."

"I support Basil Patterson not because he is a black man, but because he is a highly qualified public servant. Let me tell you something. Upstate he gets a terrific reception because people acknowledge quality. People of this city will be equally responsive. Let me tell you a funny story. We were campaigning in a Jewish area of the Bronx, and Basil's wife, Portia, had to leave. So my wife put on a Patterson button, not a Goldberg-Patterson button mind you, but a Patterson button. And she walked next to Basil. Well, one of the ladies came up and said "We're so glad to meet you, Mrs. Patterson."

The clergymen laughed. By this time, Basil Patterson had entered and was sitting behind the podium. He was a tall, thin man, light in color for all his storied Blackness, and with a razor-thin moustache that gave him a slight Latin look. His hair, receding, was straight and black. He sat quietly with his legs crossed in the masculine position.

Goldberg gave a short rap about the problems of the state, the poor transportation, the plight of the aged, then he told the clergymen that he hoped he would be invited back if he was elected Governor.

"We've heard many politicians say they're gonna meet with us after the election," the black leader said after Goldberg sat down.

"Seven-hundred of us clergymen heard a candidate in last year's elections promise to meet with us. He told the pastors that right here in this room. We have made telephone calls since then, and we've not been able to meet with that politician. That is why, sir, we're determined we ain't going that road no more."

"That's right!"

"If you are elected, sir, we would meet with you to get certain commitments on the appointment of a chairman to the Human Rights Commission and a chairman of the Narcotics commission. That's why we want to talk to you about these matters prior to the election. We

need the power structure to give us a break.

"And now I would like to introduce our greatest asset, and that is Basil Patterson. We've been in the wilderness so long, you must understand that we're glad to see one of our own coming into his own. And know that later, you may elude us, but we know how to get to Basil. The next Lieutenant Governor, gentlemen, Basil Patterson."

Patterson rose quickly to the podium as the clergymen stood and applauded.

"It's always a pleasure to meet you," he said. "We know what the conditions are in New York State, and we never contended that there is anything inately evil about Nelson Rockefeller. But this is 1970, and he's still living in 1958, and it's time for a change. If we don't do the job in the next 4 years, then vote us out afterwards, but give us a chance! Give us a single chance!"

"I would not be the first Black Lieutenant Governor in this country. There were 7 others. A Black Lieutenant Governor was elected in South Carolina 100 years ago in 1870, and South Carolina didn't fall into the ocean. We want to make America what America says it is. We want to make those documents come alive. I'm not saying we'll be able to cure everything, or even really start. But I think I bring the kind of concern and information that CAN make a difference. And I'll tell you something about Arthur Goldberg. He has the openness in heart and mind that brings enlightenment to all men. They say he's not charismatic or flamboyant. Well you can keep your charisma and flamboyance. They've failed too often in the past. I want a genuine man! He says the same thing in Buffalo and Ithaca that he says here, and I've heard him, that if you don't vote for Basil Patterson, then don't vote for Arthur Goldberg, and he means it."

"We're gonna win next Tuesday, and we're gonna win on November 3rd, and we suggest that it will not be a democratic victory, or the victory of any man or party, but it will be the people of the state of New York who are the real winners!"

Patterson received tumultuous applause after which he and Goldberg quickly left the room. Samuels was soon to arrive. But the clergymen received word that Charles Evers would soon be landing at Kennedy and they decided to meet him at the airport rather than listen to Howard Samuels that particular afternoon. Howard Samuels? You remember Howard Samuels. Howard Samuels was a fellow who—well, take it from the beginning. Howard Samuels—

Howard Samuels is an upstate industrialist. What does that mean? It means that by operating out of \$35 a month abandoned schoolhouse with his brother in Macedon, N.Y., in 1946, he started the Kordite Plastic Corporation, now merged with Mobil Oil, and grossing some \$100 million a year. Samuels graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and served as a Lieutenant Colonel under General Patton during the Big One, and later, a multi-millionaire with eight children and a fabulous financial reputation, he headed the Federal Small Business Administration at which he started the Own program of loans to blacks and other minority groups who wished to start a business, and before that, he was U.S. Under Secretary of Commerce under Lyndon Johnson, and began the National Alliance of Businessmen while serving at that post.

Mostly though, he was a candidate for governor. He'd tried to get the nomination in 1966, he ran right down to the wire against Frank D. O'Connor and Nickerson again, was beaten at the gate by O'Connor, and further disappointed when Orin Lehman was suggested for Lieutenant

Governor (supposedly at the behest of Robert Kennedy who disputed Samuel's opinions on medicade—Samuels' broader program) but the delegates would have none of it, they revolted against Kennedy in an open battle at the Buffalo state convention, and Samuels was nominated for Lieutenant Governor—a smashing victory!

"An hour ago," he told the delegates, "my wife was beginning to pack. There were tears in a few Samuels eyes. But you have proved that democracy is not dead. The bossism issue is dead!"

A few days later, after a party meeting, Kennedy told reporters that he had nothing, absolutely nothing, against a fine man such as Howard Samuels. And to prove it, he waved cheerily to Samuels, and yelled a hearty "Goodbye, Howie!" That fall, O'Connor and Samuels lost to Rockefeller by a margin of half a million votes.

For the present campaign, Samuels had preened and gathered money for years. He expected to spend \$1.4 million to win the nomination. He announced his candidacy as long ago as last January, more than two full months before Goldberg, and his only real opposition was Eugene Nickerson from Nassau County, and he chose to go for the young vote.

"Our young people have taken my generation by the hand and tried to lead us down the path to peace. To them, I—like other men who for a while backed our Asian policy—owe a deep debt of gratitude... I have no patience with Mr. Nixon's elusive timetable for ending the war in Vietnam and allowing a wasteful military budget which robs each family in this state of \$2,000 a year."

An old hangup was brought up, however, when reporters asked why he hadn't supported the peace plank during the democratic convention in 1968. "I did lead the fight for the peace plank inside the Humphrey delegation, but in the end, I think I made a mistake." In March of this year, his son, Howard Jr., 17, was arrested for possession of marijuana, and Samuels took a new approach for a politician. He suggested that his son was not to blame, that the "family" had come together for long talks and weepy reminiscences and it seems that most, nay all the Samuels children had... "experimented with drugs." With marijuana. With maybe something more. With dougee? Samuels took the rational approach, he said this is a problem that all of us must share, he went for the young vote on it, but it didn't do him very much good with the younger voters, at least not in New York... these voters wondered if he was smoking a little hash himself now and then, but beyond that they didn't care very much. When a long-haired drug-crazed radical approached Samuels during the Washington march in May, and asked if he had any of his son's stash, Samuels turned abruptly away. That's the way it happens.

So Samuels was the unlucky one. He arrived at the church in Harlem, and was pulled aside briefly and told about the postponement of his meeting, and he took this news with no particular comment or emotion, the usual, he merely ran a comb through his silvery hair and tried to look sage.

I joined Samuels outside the church. Like many another candidate running behind, he was suspicious, wary, and he was tired of the high-speed campaign he was running—and probably all for naught.

"I've been campaigning for 18 hours a day, and I'm tired," he told me over fried chicken at Mrs. Bonner's kitchen, a soul-food restaurant in Harlem.

"Do you think you really have a chance?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he said. "It's very close." (Continued on Page 25)

"AN ORGASM A DAY KEEPS VIOLENCE AWAY."

—Drs. Phyllis & Eberhard Kronhausen

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PRIMARY

(Continued from Page 24)
 We were sitting with two or three aides (including the driver, Arthur, a friendly man who said he was hurt because a recent *New Yorker* profile referred to him as beefey), and a Rev. Williamson, the woman pastor for the New York Council of Smaller Churches, and Mrs. Bonner and her husband, the Bishop William L. Bonner of the Refuge Temple.
 "We've got to change this society," Samuels told the dinner guests "Things aren't good for anyone. We've got to acknowledge it, we've got to move ahead. I've made a commitment to win this campaign, and I've made a commitment to provide effective and new leadership if I win."
 "You've got to take care of the addicts," Bishop Bonner said.
 "You're right," Samuels said. "That's the biggest problem we have today, narcotics. What is the state doing? Nothing. We've got to realize that the existing programs don't cure addiction at all."
 "That's right," the Bishop said. "And they won't listen to you. They won't listen to any politician. Six months in a hospital doesn't change their state of mind. They come out the same person, and they're bitter. You can't say a thing to them."
 "You can't blame them," Samuels said. "You can't blame them."
 There was more talk. We left for a walking stop at 137th and Broadway, where Samuels stood in front of a subway entrance and shook hands with homecoming workers, most of them Spanish. Most of them didn't seem to know who he was. He walked into the park and began shaking the hands of people sitting

on the benches. Two elderly women shook his hands, then cursed him when he left. He made it halfway through the park, then turned again, leaving two or three people standing there and waiting to shake his hand. He was tired.

The scene around the subway entrance was chaotic. A female district leader, Julia Paz, shouted introductions, and a man in a sound truck bellowed in Spanish, "Howard Samuels -" and a long rap that we couldn't understand. Samuels seemed popular now, more people recognized him, but at length we picked up again and drove to 72nd Street and Broadway, and Arthur parked the car two blocks north, and Samuels

seemed to be sleeping. Arthur left, then returned to the car and announced that O'Dwyer was speaking at the corner now, and Patterson was coming and perhaps we should kill this one to avoid a scene and Samuels wearily assented - "Goldberg is scraping the bottom of the barrel," he said. "They always do that in the stretch. They're attacking me on medicare, they're trying to make it sound as if I'm against medicare. I'm for medicare. I favor a more substantial program."
 "Wasn't there some kind of attack about your family yesterday?" I asked.
 "I don't think so. Was there? My God, would they sink so low? Would

they attack me because my son experimented with drugs? That's the lowest thing I've ever heard."
 Samuels dropped us off at 11th Street in the Village. I rather like him personally. He and Goldberg were both frustrated, both for different reasons, and after a wild-ass day with

both of them, I was inclined to think, well... you know... Goldberg will win but Samuels is talking about the issues but... what about Nelson Rockefeller?

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AIRLINES

(Continued from Page 18)

specified time and thereby convinced the Southern Bell System that it ought to hire black people. Such a confrontation is the magic of this protest. The people of Atlanta had to decide between no phones or some blacks working at the phone company. A successful boycott and phone-in at PA will force its management and customers to decide whether to shut down completely, or stop contributing to the war. We may also effect the phone company's support for the war too. It ranks among the 100 Department of Defense contractors. Recently, radio stations in Chicago and Los Angeles accidentally caused the phone system to break down when they solicited callers for free gifts. Michael Brody, the heir who started giving away money early this winter, received so many calls that the long distance lines to his New York suburb were tied up. No one could call in or out. That shows we can be effective...

Some people may want to picket and show in person that they oppose the PAN AM war effort. They can fill up the ticket offices by asking questions and making their request for reservations. They can go to the airports and slow down the boarding process. These activities will torment and aggravate the intricate system that keeps an airline running, like throwing sand into machinery. Even if the airline doesn't have to shut down, the dollar loss will be enormous and of great consequence.

PAN AM is losing money now because of the dragging economy. Last year the company lost around \$23 million, but just recently it announced that losses doubled during the first quarter of the company's fiscal year, compared to the same quarter of last year. The deficit was \$20.1 million, but the \$239.1 million total sales were nearly the same as the \$241.7 million sales for a similar period last year. With these losses Pan Am is in trouble. It is buying 747 jumbo jets from Boeing Aircraft in Seattle. The dangers of its financial position were expressed by Time in an article Jan. 19, 1970. "(It) faces a flock of new competitors on transpacific routes that it once all but monopolized. Now with the 747 Pan Am is taking one of the larger risks in business history. It has committed \$1 billion to buy 33 of the jumbo jets and created the facilities to handle them. The company is staking its corporate future on the big ship." A significant loss of sales this quarter will endanger the whole company. Both Boeing and PAN AM need the money those jets will bring. We must tell them that the public will not patronize these planes while the war continues. Then Boeing and PAN AM will tell Congress that the war must be stopped. Although these companies are making money, they stand to make more from

the peace time uses of their planes. Boeing's two powerful Senators will act to stop the war if Boeing tells them to act. PAN AM's director also wields similar power.

To win this strike of the people against PAN AM, we are suggesting a negotiating board to represent the people at meetings with PAN AM. If we are successful in this strike, then PAN AM officers should ask the board to meet in New York City at the company's headquarters. At this crucial point we ask that PAN AM, upon announcing its intentions to negotiate, provide \$10,000 a day expense money for the use of the negotiators, plus all transportation costs, food, and lodging while in New York City.

As you can see from the negotiated demands, we are striking PAN AM not just to end the war, but also to indicate how American corporations can begin to discuss with people ways to solve the alienation in our society. We recognize that poverty, racism, pollution, imperialism, and the regimentation inherent in American society must end. Therefore, we offer the following points for negotiation:

1. PAN AM shall cease everywhere in the world all flights for Military Air Transport Services except flights bringing back soldiers from Vietnam. PAN AM shall cancel as soon as possible all contracts with the U.S. government to carry mail, freight, or other matter. It shall sell all U.S. securities, such as savings bonds.

2. PAN AM shall cancel all regular commercial flights scheduled to land in either Vietnam or Thailand.

3. PAN AM shall not purchase any major pieces of equipment from any of the top 100 contractors to the Department of Defense. This includes Boeing 747's and engines made by United Aircraft. None of these contractors shall receive credit for their company travel on PAN AM, but rather must purchase tickets in cash.

4. PAN AM shall not hire any pilots who flew in the U.S. armed forces since the bombing raids began against Vietnam in the spring of 1965 until a truce is signed. The company shall judge these men as war criminals by the standards of Nuremberg.

5. PAN AM shall cease to discriminate against women or people with wild or unconventional hair, or racial

minorities. The company shall hire two out of three new employees from these categories until they compose one half of the total working force at the company. Abstract criterias for beauty or size shall not be used to select stewardesses. Top priority for jobs shall be given to young people jailed for non-cooperation with the draft, or soldiers who refuse to go to Vietnam, or to non-participants in the armed services, or to people convicted of using or selling marijuana. Contracts to PAN AM and their sub-contractors shall adhere to these same standards regarding discrimination. Employees shall not be required to wear uniforms, but will be permitted to dress as they please. PAN AM shall quadruple its efforts to hire so-called disadvantaged youth until at least one thousand a year are hired for eight years.

6. PAN AM shall not purchase within the next 30 years any supersonic jet transport which is built with U.S. government subsidies. Since PAN AM was instrumental in encouraging and financing the 747, the company's refusal to use any SST's will be particularly important. The SST is already receiving federal subsidies which deprive more important poverty programs of the funds to build a plane that will pollute the atmosphere with sonic booms.

7. PAN AM shall contribute \$4 million a year to aid students from racial minorities who are seeking college and professional educations.

8. PAN AM shall terminate all flights to Lisbon, Portugal, and Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, until these two countries end their policies of racial discrimination. PAN AM shall not accept passengers who hold passports from these countries or Portuguese Angola, nor freight destined for, or originating in any of the three countries or passengers.

9. The officials and directors of PAN AM shall request that the government end the draft.

10. The officers and directors of PAN AM shall request that the U.S. Congress abolish the seniority system and begin other meaningful reforms to make the Congress work better. They shall specifically recommend that the racist and senile Mendel Rivers and John Stennis be removed from the Chairmanships of the House Committee on Armed Services and the Senate Committee on Armed Services, respectively.

11. The board of directors for PAN AM shall force the resignation of all members who have or had connections with the U.S. defense establishment. The board shall elect six new members from the nominations made by the negotiating committee.

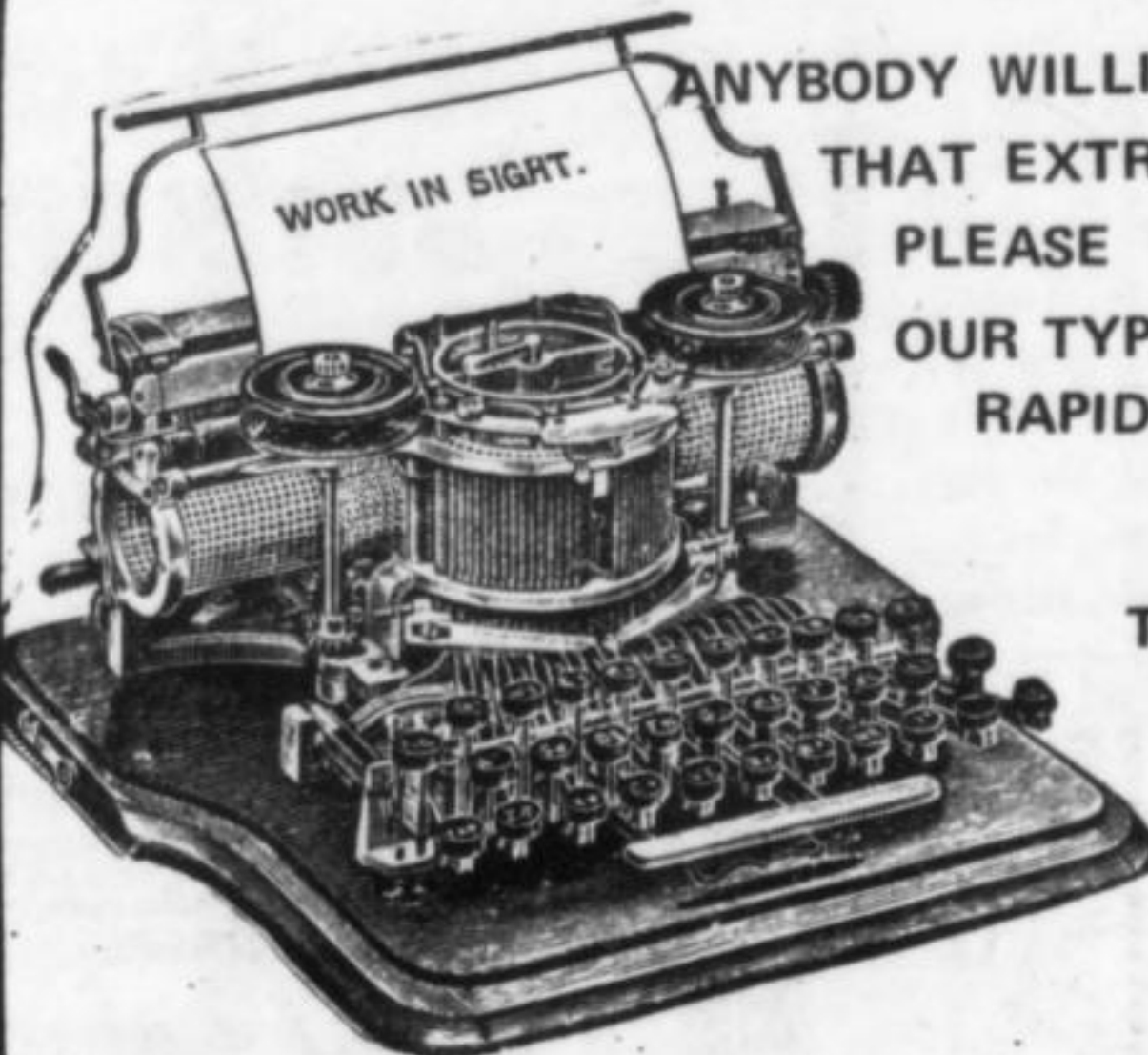
If PAN AM decides to negotiate with the people, we suggest the following to represent us in negotiations with the company: Benjamin Spock,

Jane Fonda, Cesar Chavez, James Groppi, Tom Hayden, Angela Davis, Wayne Morse, Tom Smothers, Dan Seigel, Ralph Nader, Buffy St. Marie, Jesse Jackson, Dick Gregory, Bobby Seale, David and Joan Baez Harris, George Wald, Linus Pauling, Eugene McCarthy, Sam Brown, Allen Ginsberg, Leonard Bernstein, and others whom they might select.

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