

JOHN SINCLAIR RAP pg. 14

THE EAST VILLAGE GONNER

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HIRAP

THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY AND IT PISSES ME OFF THAT I CAN'T TURN ON MY FANTASY BUTTON AND FREAK OUT BEHIND A GOOD OLD FASHIONED FOURTH OF JULY. IT PISSES ME THAT I CAN'T BE CONTENT TO GROOVE BEHIND ALL THAT COLD WATER MELLON AND HAVE IT WASHED DOWN WITH ALL THAT FREE FLOWING BOOZE SO TYPICAL OF EVERYTHING AMERIKAN.

IT PISSES ME THAT OLD GLORY FLUTTERING UP THERE CAN'T BE MY SECURITY BLANKET TOO.

IT PISSES ME TO HAVE TO BE PISSED. IT PISSES ME TO BE DEPRIVED OF WHAT SHOULD BE BE MINE TOO, AND TIM LEARY'S. AND JERRY RUBIN'S.

IT PISSES ME TO HAVE TIM LOCKED UP FOR ETERNITY FOR MAKING ETERNITY OUR EVERYDAY REALITY.

IT PISSES ME TO HAVE JERRY SHANGHAIED FROM ONE GODFORSAKEN VIRGINIA JAIL TO ANOTHER JUST BECAUSE HE EXORCISED THE PENTAGON IN 1968.

LAST WEEK JERRY STARTED TO SERVE THE THIRTY DAYS GIVEN HIM FOR THAT ACT OF MAGIC. WHEN ALEXANDRIA'S CITY JAIL PRISONERS STARTED A HUNGER STRIKE IN RESPONSE TO THE PRISON'S FOOD FARE (TWO SLICES OF PLASTIC WHITEBREAD AND A SLIVER OF CHEESE FOR DINNER), JERRY BECAME AUTOMATICALLY THE PIG' SCAPEGOAT. "YIPPIE JAIL NUISANCE" SAID THE STRAIGHTPRESS. HELL NO SAID HIS CELLMATES. WHEN THE PIGS CAME TO FETCH HIM THEY WERE READY TO JOIN HIM. ONLY AFTER JERRY ASKED THEM TO COOL IT WERE THEY ABLE TO THROW HIM INTO THE HOLE (NO WINDOWS JUST A STEEL BED WITHOUT A MATTRESS). THE PRISONER'S REACTION WAS INCENDIARY INDEED. AFTER FIRES WERE SET ALL OVER THE JAIL THE STATE ATTORNEY FILED A FORMAL REQUEST " TO HAVE JERRY REMOVED FROM STATE FACILITIES". THE FEDS WERE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO OBLIGE AND IN NO TIME HAD HIM SHANGHAIED TO THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY IN PETERSBURG, VA.

AGAIN TRUE TO FORM THEY PUT JERRY IN SOLITARY IN THE VERY SAME CELL PREVIOUSLY OCCUPIED BY RAP BROWN.

NO SURPRISES BUT R E A L L Y - IS THAT A FITTING PLACE FOR AN ALL AMERICAN BOY LIKE JERRY RUBIN TO SPEND HIS FOURTH OF JULY IN??? IT PISSES ME. IT PISSES THE HELL OUT OF ME.

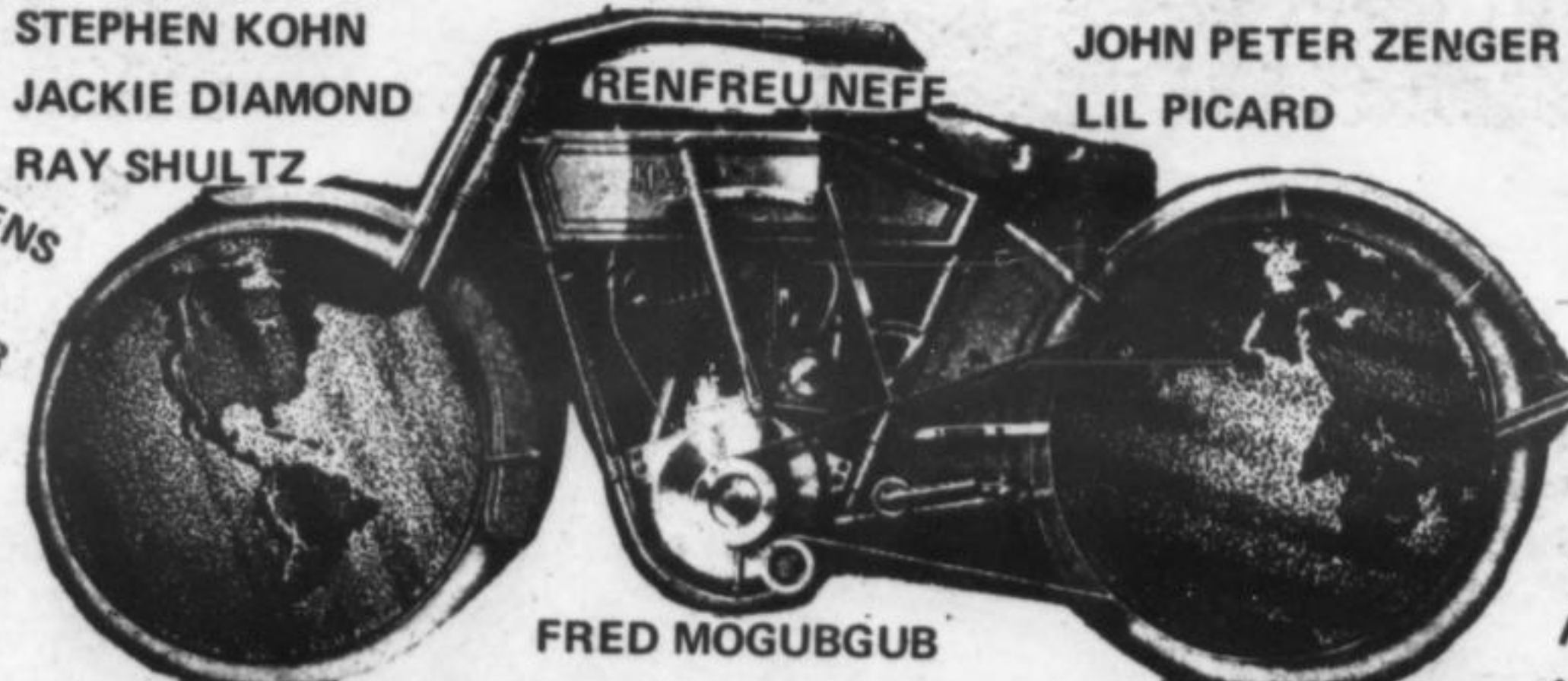
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COVER DESIGN: STEPHEN KOHN

OUR THANKS TO DOUGLAS INTERNATL. FOR THE LOVELY LADY ON THE COVER

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KIM DEITCH R. CRUMB DEAN LATIMER



When in the flow of human events it becomes necessary for the people to cease to recognize the obsolete social patterns which have isolated man from his consciousness and to create with the youthful energies of the world revolutionary communities of harmonious relations to which the two-billion-year-old life process entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind should declare the causes which impel them to this creation. We hold these experiences to be self-evident, that all is equal, that the creation endows us with certain inalienable rights, that among these are:

THE FREEDOM OF THE BODY, THE PURSUIT OF JOY,

and the expansion of consciousness and that to secure these rights, we the citizens of the earth declare our love and women of the world.

We declare the identity of flesh and consciousness; all reason and law must respect and protect this holy identity.





BILLYS BACK

Photos: Joseph Stevens

GRAHAM CRACKER HOLIDAY

by D.A. Latimer

Like many another New Yorker, Latimer looked askance at the Night Owl edition of The New York Daily News for the morning of 25 June, 1970. A photograph of the Rev. Billy Graham dominated the front page, under the staggered headline, GRAHAM OPENS SHEA CRUSADE. Inside that edition lay a surly notice complaining that the Bay of Tonkin Resolution had been 'repealed' by the Senate; certain quotes from Arthur Goldberg accusing Governor Rockefeller of being a warmonger; an inimitable Reuben Maury editorial quoting the Vice President to the effect that 'pot is harmful'; and sundry other items of more salient and enduring note than the Rev. Graham's latest tilt with the weathered windmills of Nieu Amsterdam. A brief story on page five of that periodical, under the byline of Ellen Fleysher, described in one column the substance of the Rev. Graham's address before the throng at Shea; it lay next to an Associated Press wirephoto of Caroline Kennedy wearing what can only be termed, in view of her blooming adolescence, a miniskirt and white boots, which compared more than favourably with the centrefold photograph, in the previous day's News, of her mother in a bikini swimsuit. Let us pray the little one comes into more tit than her mother.

But to Latimer, as jaded and weathered a New Yorker as they come, this edition of The News was something special, which spoke to his very heart. For he had just purchased it on the apron of Shea Stadium itself, with co-journalist Ray Schultz beside of him, surrounded by flocks of folks still brained and numb from their witnessing of Jesus, wandering into the parking lot wreathed in bliss. A trace of Billy Graham clung to that copy of The News, as it clung to everything in the vicinity at that moment, and it stirred Latimer to feel the force of it. And besides, an hour or so before this, he had met that very Ellen Fleysher, on her way to phone in her story from the press lounge of Shea, and she had impressed him even more forcibly than Graham: Billy Graham was just a noisy pig, but there was that in Ellen Fleysher that spoke to him somewhat deeper than his heart. Heart is cheap: kidneys and

testicles come dearer on the New York market.

'Latimer,' asked Schultz as they passed up the concrete ramp to the elevated subway, through the smoky night of Queens, 'Latimer, what do you make of all this shit? I mean, what do you think about the way these people live?'

'What do you mean, Schultz?' Absorbed with locating the proper track to take them back to Manhattan, Latimer failed to plumb the significance of Schultz' question. 'How do these people live, anyway?'

Indicating with a wave of his bony, rock-and-bottle-throwing arm a procession of magnificently unremarkable people waiting for the subway, Schultz sneered, 'Queens people, man. These fuckers. I got no sympathy for them any more. They're assholes. And they're evil, Latimer, mark my words. Nothing good'll ever come out of these motherfuckers. They're shit. They're all into supporting the war and keeping the nigger in his place, man. I think they all should be killed. They're shit, man, and they they come to these fucking Billy Graham numbers, and they go away feeling like good Christians for another year. I know, Latimer. I grew up here. I get a stomach ache every time I come here. I had an awful long stomach ache when I was a kid. I think they all ought to choke in their own vomit. Killin's too good for them, I say.'

'Aw, I dunno, Ray...' Latimer never knew about Queens when he was young. He thought New York City was where the buildings had blade attachments on the roofs to scrape the clouds out of the sky, and God was supposed to be somebody that came down out of Heaven and hit you on the head when you were bad. Every Sunday they would dude him up in scratchy tight handown clothes and drive him off to Sunday School, and often as not made him stay through Church, fidgeting in his palms under his seat-britches where they made him keep his hands so he wouldn't pick his nose in front of the whole congregation, sitting there all solemn and blank, kind of dead, with their hands folded in their laps and the musty odor of varnished cedar and mildewed hymnals all over everything. It

was an old church, an old clapboard high-steeped white Presbyterian church on a crossroad near Crary Mills, pop. 115 on better days, and a graveyard out back just about as big as the town itself, only with more people in it, and a lot of tall square shiny marble tombstones, but most just short white rounded markers jutting angular out of the soft graveyard dirt. *Beloved Thomasina, Daughter of Benjamin and Elizabeth Martin, 1908-1923, In A Fire, With God Forever.* Sometimes, between ministers, old Mr McVeigh would give the Sunday sermon, for want of a real preacher. Ministers never stayed too long at the Crary Mills First Presbyterian Church, partly because they had to give Church to a lot of Methodists and Baptists and Seventh-Day Adventists, being the only church in ten miles any direction, but mainly because the gossip naturally collected about the doings in the Manse, mostly imaginary, and he'd have to leave just to keep his reputation. So between ministers, sometimes old Mr McVeigh would be invited away from his crazy wife to put on his clerical collar and his black suit and bring his old black bible with the best parts outlined in red ink to the church and give us a sermon. And a real hell-raiser it'd be, good old-fashioned fire and brimstone with demons coming to carry you away and rip you to pieces, the earth yawning asunder to swallow you up, and the terrible apopleptic crushing vengeance of a wrathful God to smite them unto the seventh generation of them that bate Me., with boils, with plague, with everlasting, unremitting, unbearable torment in Hell Forever and the frozen absence of a God denied, all issuing from the gnarled fingers and the flintstone throat and the face of this bush-eyebrowed old man that was like a field of scrub oak blasted in the wind, under the sun. His wife spent a good deal of her days in the mental asylum at Ogdensburg. After a man like this, Billy Graham was really simple shit for Latimer.

Graham tries to be Existential. In his opening remarks on the first night, to loosen up the throng of 35,000 — half the stadium was filled, less than would come to watch the Mets do in the Philies — he

told of a conversation he'd overheard among three umpires the day before:

'The first umpire, he turned to the second and said: That ball comes over the plate at fifty miles an hour, and I call them as they are every time. And the second umpire, he looked at the third and he said: When I see 'em, I just call 'em as I see 'em. And the third umpire said to the other two: When those balls come over the plate, they aren't nothing until I call 'em, and after I call 'em, that's what they are.' There's existentialism for you. Augustine to Anselm to Geulincx to Descartes to Pascal to Kant to Kierkegaard to Heidegger to Sartre to Shea.

Graham's *schtick* is simply this, that he poses an existential decision before his audience, and holds with him the resolution of the dilemma. On this night, he spoke of the trouble Joshua was having with the Israelites as they were settling the Promised Land, and many people of the tribes were flirting with the religions indigenous to the Promised Land. And Joshua asked, will ye follow the false gods of the Amonites, or the God of our people? Translating this into contemporary terms, Graham asks, will ye embrace drugs, sex, money, or power, or will ye enter into the bosom of Jesus. The inference being that if you're into the other things, you're not happy, and if you get into Jesus you'll be happy; the corollary being that if you're unhappy, it's because you're not into Jesus. And he gives this spiel to a mess of poor unhappy fuckers who truck in from Jersey and Long Island on chartered buses special to see him, for whatever succor he affords, and if he was any good at all he'd have them crawling across the right field line on their bellies to tear off his shoes and kiss his feet. But at the end of his sermon, when he calls them down, they just truck along over to the pitcher's mound and stand in front of him talking to his monitors. Some existential leap. Up in the press box, Latimer yawns, scratches his balls, and checks the congregation below for any good nookie. Maybe he can mooch a ride back with Ellen Fleysher...

THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION

by Ray Schultz

Did you know that since his first Crusade in Grand Rapids, Mich in 1948, the Reverend-Doctor William Francis Graham has preached before some 42,302,387 hell-bound fuckers, 1,237,319 of whom were stoned, inspired, scared of death or feeling guilty enough to parade down to the podium and devoté their ever-lovin' lives to Jesus Christ, the only begotten son of God? Naw, you didn't, but that's not the whole story anyway, you've got to take into account the tone and the *spirit* of these Holy gatherings, the 16 weeks in 1957 when Dr. Graham (affectionately referred to by his followers as "Billy") packed the Garden every night and further telegraphed his Christian teachings to millions of families in Queens, Brooklyn, Nassau, Suffolk, Westchester and Rockland Counties via the television set. I remember those days, I sort of dug Billy Graham in those days, I sort of blanched last Wednesday evening while waiting in Grand Central Station for the train that would take D.A. Latimer and me to Shea Stadium to witness Graham's third New York Crusade (and the second in two years) when an elderly gentleman, sort of falling apart at the seams, approached and said "Would you boys like something to read from the Holy Bible?" The Holy Bible! *Come unto me all ye who travail and are heavy laden and I shall refresh you* and Latimer groaned, I sort of snickered, *So God loved the world that he gave his only begotten son so that all that believe in Him*

should not perish but have everlasting life and neither of us said too much about another old gentleman, prayer book in hand, who was dressed in a black suit and a straw hat with old-fashioned watches on each of his wrists, and a Churchman's button on his left lapel. Were these the true and only Christians?

A good percentage of the pilgrims at Shea Stadium that night were old, beyond 60, but an equally impressive number were young, below 20, and none of them were too freaky or wild, or *physical* in their appreciation of the Christ; in fact, most of them were Long Island/Jersey middle-class folks wearing a colorful collection of sport shirts and summer dresses, and they poured out of busses and subways and settled comfortably into their seats in the stadium while a 3,500 person choir comprised of church singers from the greater metropolotan area sang hymns from the seats directly across from the third base line. These hymns were the usual stuff, but they were arranged in a new and alarming fashion, with *diminished chords* and other strange devices never before used by the Protestant Church.

A sign on the fence near the left outfield read "Jesus said I am the Way the Truth and the Life." The speakers platform was situated in the second base area, and the inside diamond was cordoned off for the television people, a strange thing since Graham was paying for all television time out of the funds

of the Crusade organization. At 7:45 or so, Graham finally entered the field with his entourage and the crowd roared its approval and he waved and stopped to shake a couple of hands on the way. He was dressed in a bright, light-blue blazer with matching tie, a staggering sight even from half a field away, and he walked light of step, a simple fellow on his way to an evening of excitement and entertainment, and his aides walked quickly with him, one or two of them wearing white bucks, and they went straight up the third-base line and then up to second where they mounted the podium and took their places on the stand and it was a fine summer night with the festivities soon to begin.

The summer excitement was lacking something, however. We were not down on the farm, going to meeting, praising the lord, nothing as simple as that. This was New York, 8,000,000 people strong with each one a sinner, each one a wretch, with the airplanes filling up the sky and the air pollution caving in our lungs. A light haze was clearly visible and breathing was difficult. If the stadium was not quite empty, neither was it filled to overflowing. The announcer, with a voice ripe for television, told us that we were about to hear a song of meditation, then we would be given a minute during which to conduct our own silent prayers, *we ask that you pray silently that tonight's service will be a special blessing for us all*, and following that whole procedure we were asked to stand, which everyone in the huge stadium did (except for members of the cynical press) and sang the following hymn:

*All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
Let every kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.*

Latimer sang. I declined. The sound was not overpowering in fact it was drowned out in two or three spots by the Jetplanes flying into nearby LaGuardia. After more prayers and incantations, the reverend Graham himself took the microphone and he spoke with fervor and wit, and his voice was perfect for the chore of saving souls southern but not redneck, strident, but not shrill. *We've got all kinds of pollution*, he said, *and one of the pollutions is noise. We're glad the airplanes are not flying directly overhead, we've been told they wouldn't*, then he told two short anecdotes, *existential* quoth Latimer, and he apologized for the length of his hair, *I just haven't seen a barber*, and just briefly he mentioned a visit to Times Square, *I'm not growing long hair*, he repeated, and he threw in a few lines about Christ the saviour of us all.

Then they asked for money.



"These Crusades cost money," the announcer said. "We estimate this one to be in the neighborhood of \$500,000, that's our budget, but we fall \$200,000 short of that figure. So we ask you to give generously out of the blessings that He has given to you. We're asking for substantial contributions. We hope that instead of donating your usual 5 or 10 dollar bills that you will write a check, and if you don't have your checkbook with you, you will find in the rear flap of the program for tonight, a check that the bank will gladly honor if you just fill out your personal account number and bank address."

The ushers filed down the rows to the front and they faced the field while prayers of thanks to the Lord of Hosts were uttered, it was very insidious. Then they began a systematic drive up the same rows, stopping at the head of each one, passing small white buckets into the crowd. Amazingly, these buckets were quickly filled with coins and bills and checks, and it

looked like quite a take. Unfortunately, one of them had the audacity to enter the press row, and he received not a single kopeck for his troubles.

Latimer and I sat through all of this with predictable smirks on our faces. Certainly these believers could fine a better vehicle for expression of their beliefs than William Francis Graham and his traveling ("Free Tonight") clip show, eh? What about Oral Roberts, who had more balls? What about the Pope, who had a classier aesthetic sense? What about the wise men of the east and other Godly persons who didn't think that religion should be a sideshow? Would any of these men consort with the likes of Nixon without believing they'd sold their souls and would Nixon consort with any of them without laughing?

We knew, for instance, that some people consider Graham to be a communist. During my years in the military services, I had truck with one such fellow, one Carl Smith, a thin lad from

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by Rudi Sterr **ALTERNATE MEDIA**

The light show was spectacular . . . full moon . . . fields of fireflies . . . liquid cloud formations brilliantly projected in the clear Tuscan-Vermont sky. Environmental sound was provided by Master Console. Environmental vibrations were by the Brotherhood of Universal Energy. Kinetic campfires were courtesy of Tribal Grace. Deep shadows and ominous warnings played counterpoint to the Sunshine. Everywhere in the space there was an electricity that called for alternate power grids. High voltage energy and catalytic, fermenting ideas were the responses to this coming

together. This was an important first meeting. One could only hope that the Second Annual Conference wouldn't be presented by Universal Pictures. Larry Yurdin, who put the thing together, might want to talk with Mike Laing on protective measures that can be taken. The energy that "firsts" accumulate is highly combustible. There must be a whole series of these conferences and action is too accelerated now to have them a year apart. The revolution is on too many fronts at the same time to even plan that far ahead. The underground media has done pretty well in keeping the fronts informed of each others'



Poor Paranoids

If you're going to Vermont, wear a flower in your hair. And if you're going to Goddard college, be sure to bring your ego and a rhetoric meter. Bring your eyes, ears and your whole being along. And don't forget your memory.

The Movement Media met in Plainfield last week for an alternative conference. They met with their lifestyles showing, their music blasting away and their myth-making energies in tow.

It was the First Camp Reunion Revolution, sponsored by Goddard, coordinated by Larry Yurdin with movement and dialogue by Jerry Rubin, Paul Krassner, Bob Fass, Jim Fouratt, Tule Kupferberg, Womens Lib. underground press, Earth Peoples Park recording industry, FM radio, Hog Farm, LNS Video-Tape, John Schewel, Cassette, Baba Ram Dass (who by the way from afar looks like Baba Ram Dass, but up close exactly like Richard Alpert), Video Freex, Reindeer, Global Village, Jim Brody, A.J. Webberman, Paul, Dr. Hippocrates, David Herman, Black Hand Gang, Jackie, David, R.C. Davis, Underground Cartoons, the Sunshine Sunkist Conspiracy, Nancy Kirshan, Sharon

work. It might be time now to devote the same skill and inventiveness that has been used in communicating with our brothers in dealing with a larger number of people who might now be ready to listen, to see, and to believe. I'm talking about the kind of person who came to see us at Global Village a couple of weeks ago. He seemed to be about forty and super-hard-hat-straight. He asked a lot of questions about underground media and its relevance to the community. By community, he meant the neighborhoods like the one in South Boston from which he came. Something had upset his life and he wanted to find ways to tell other people like himself about it. Before he left, he mentioned that there was an interview with him in that week's issue of the underground Boston paper *Phoenix*. After he left, there was much conjecture as to what he was about. His vibrations were very strange. We called Boston later that evening, and asked someone to read the article to us on the phone. What came across was this: a faceless South Boston businessman had become enraged over the atrocity at Kent State. His credibility pail had been tipped over. He suddenly began to see lies in a lot of things he had held as truth. He decided to do something about it, and because he did he had great hassles with his customers, his family, and his neighbors. Specifically, he wanted to build a monument to the kids who died at Kent State. He suspected there were other materials to build it out of than stone, and he felt the medium should have something to do with energy transmission. He was searching for a way that people like himself would have a chance of coming to the same place he had arrived at. At the first place he went to in Boston, a political strike group at a

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by Allen Katzman

Krebs, Judy, Canadian Underground, Sam, Rudnick, Abe Peck, Mike Bernes, Time/Life/Newsweek/N.Y. Post, Callico, Terry, White Panthers, Chicanos, Chino Garcia, World Game, yours truly, Super Joel, Detroit Annie, Genie, Gilbert Shelton, Harvey Kurtzman, Artie Spiegelman, and a host of woods, trees, sun, water, air along with the local choir of Vermont environment.

The Alternative Media Project was already a success by the dint of fact that we all had bothered to come. 1500 of us spread across two campuses, acres of land, camping facilities, dorms in the woods, George Metesky Memorial stage (especially built by Goddard students which showed a genius for organic architecture), domes; and not a trace of Doom in the landscape.

The first two days were spent in mostly getting used to being teleported to a Garden of Eden (*sans* quite a few species, machines, Black Panthers and certain strains of paranoia) and swapping already legendary events.

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Media Weekend Plus 4

by David Walley

I got dem alternate media blues, mama, dem feelings down in my shoes — dem alternate media blues, mama. Alright, so Katzman's laid down the trip this week, though I was in a different place and sequence. Watching the alternate media do its thing, like theater only there is no audience, only actors. The Alternate Media Conference was more theater, cinema verite. Funny the things one picks up from watching the media wizards do their things on each other. You pick up hints on Movement watching, realizing that the people who make the media are all into their own trips which, when not working on them for posterity, they live.

It was interesting to see all the people together & watch the kinetic theater. There were conferences and more conferences and meetings and films, video-tapes, television, newsreel, light shows and talk, talk and more talk. Meaningful dialogue is what it used to be called, more like alternative theater. You could study the personalities which move the american cosmos by their ingenuity. Take a look at Jim Fouratt, ex-Digger, Jade Companion,

ex-Columbia record freak who looks good to watch . . . you know, the type of media freak who looks good from any direction. He presents a 360 degree image, pretty difficult in times such as these. Jim's about 5' 5" in his feet and possesses a wonderfully expressive blond main which now is combed into a Jesus Christ twist so when he's talking and you look at him from the back, you see a little furry Fouratt talking . . . he's covered on all bases.

The major crise de conscience is women's liberation, and the Movement is making steep restitutions for all its years of ignorance. The Liberation people have succeeded in making everyone superconscious of chauvanism and sexism in the arts, like a kid who's learned a new word and uses it on every occasion possible, so does Women's Liberation (those vociferous elements of it) use the word to death and boredom. (No, Claudia I asked no more questions, but watched as they tried to turn the conference into a symposium on Sexism). Funny thing about women's liberation, there were no blacks at the conference — black liberation underscored the urgencies of communication, but no black spokesmen . . . all very interesting. It was disturbing to try to speak

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PHOTOS BY S. SILVER





Nooz

BLACK VIETNAM VET
SECOND TOUR,
GETS TWO YEARS

TACOMA, Washington
(LNS) SP/5 Bill Thompson, a

decorated Vietnam veteran, was sentenced to two years of hard labor for refusing to return to Vietnam for a second tour of duty, after a three hour court martial on June 10th.

Thompson, a black career soldier with six years of honorable service, gave this reason for his refusal: "After much research in the war, and according to my own moral values of right and wrong, I decided that the war is illegal and immoral and that I couldn't be responsible for the deaths of

innocent people in Vietnam."

It is apparently the attempt of the Army to make an example of Thompson to the many other NCO's who are begging to resist the war. The prosecution, when arguing for sentencing, warned the Court Martial Board that whatever they did in the court room would go beyond the room, and that Bill Thompson, as an exemplary soldier, would influence other men.

After the courtmartial, before he was taken away to the stockade, a fellow soldier, a

private, walked up to him and said, "Just think, Bill, your sentence is only four times as great as the guys who kill Vietnamese civilians."

For further information, contact: The Shelter Half, Box 244, Tacoma, Wash., 98409.

MARINE GETS 21 DAYS FOR LETTING HAIR GROW

SAN DIEGO, Calif.
(LNS) - Pfc. James Wallace, 23

years old, a Marine Corps Reservist and student at San Diego State College, was convicted at a court-martial recently for refusal to comply with regulations that Marines must wear their hair no more than three inches long.

He was sentenced to 21 days' confinement at hard labor, reduction in rank to private and forfeiture of \$60.

Fourteen other Marine Reservists are awaiting courts martial on similar charges, according to a UPI dispatch.

Mae West

AT THE MYRA PREMIERE
by Arthur Irving

Mae West, Mae West, Mae West, Mae West, Mae West. "If you've come to see Raquel Welch, go home," yelled a drag queen resplendent in blonde wig, holding her Mae Power sign high and proud.

The occasion was the world premiere of "Myra Breckinridge" at the Criterion Theater. That particular drag queen was noticeable in a festive, often violent atmosphere, that looked more like a Columbia sit-in, what with cops, pickets, police barricades, press, television cameras, pushing, showing-off, camaraderie, hurt feelings, and heroes.

And, of course, the queen of drag herself was there, and no one can measure up to Mae West when it comes to razzle dazzle. Mae has about sixty years over her fans in sheer age power pazazz, originality, and finesse. The night of the "Myra" premiere, the crowd was there to do her proud, to honor the myth as well as the woman. They jammed behind the barricades, thousands of them, to see the stars and to snap their baby Kodaks at the likes of Kay Thompson and Mart Crowley and Jerry Lewis and Penelope Tree and the nobody extroverts with leopard-skin skirts slit up to here and see-through dresses and fuck me shoes. When Raquel Welch entered in a multi-colored Indian thingee, the crowd made a lunge for her and Raquel panicked. Frightened and faint but looking beautiful through tears of consternation, Raquel heaved those million dollar boobies at the crowd, but it was Mae they wanted. When Mae arrived, all hell broke loose. The crowd lunged through four barricades. They broke the Criterion's marquee windows. They screeched, screamed, applauded, they told Mae they loved her, worshipped her, adored her. Mae, with the help of a burly



gentleman, looked straight ahead. She edged slowly into the lobby of the theater, her face in a permanent half smile. She seemed stoned or oblivious, obviously used to the furor. She proceeded onward, Jesus Christ among the multitudes. She was white from head to toe. Her hands were covered with diamonds. Her hair the same as in the days of "She Done Him Wrong."

But up close, and I was up close, the face was that of an ancient child - Margo in "Lost Horizons." To touch that face was to touch an illusion. To look at that face was to look at a mask that had been repaired a thousand times over with the finest glue and spit and now only the glue was overshadowing the mask. Was there ever a real Mae West? How much more glue could the new Mae West take?

As Mae entered the theater, the audiences gave her a standing ovation. They left their seats and jammed the aisles as the flacks slowly led Mae to Row J and surrounded her with key personnel. Mae at her movie. The clamor subsided, and "Myra Breckinridge" began.

"Myra" is a brilliant collage of old movies and new movie tricks. The screenplay follows Gore Vidal's novel, but the choice part of Myra isn't the story, but the interjection of dozens of old movie flashes - a homage to the Fox films of yesteryear. We see John Huston entertaining four old bitches beside a swimming pool and we're treated to a quick shot of Marilyn Monroe legging it out of a swimming pool - a fleeting moment from her last uncompleted film, and our attention (fortunately) is diverted from Huston. Mae's scenes, too, have the feeling of collage insertion. She has more to do than her film clip cronies, but there she is, along with Alice Faye and Shirley Temple and Laurel and Hardy and Marlene and Peter Lorre and Loretta Young and Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman - and, sort of who the hell needs Raquel Welch and Rex Reed. Mae, incidentally, has been funnier in her older flicks. Wiser, too. But it's nice to have her back. I have a feeling she'll outlast Margo. She'll surely outlast "Myra Breckinridge."

News Item

John da Swede

TAXATION WITHOUT
REPRESENTATION?
CONSERVATIVE VICTORY IN
BRITAIN RAISES
SPECULATION OF
STATEHOOD BID
RESURRECTION BY U.K.

Return of Conservatives to power in Britain has once again revived speculation that the U.K. would apply for statehood, a plan that has been gathering dust



in a top secret filing cabinet at No. 10 Downing Street during the eight-year reign of Labprite Harold Wilson.

A high official in Prime Minister Heath's new government said that while it was "too early" to confirm the rumor floating around Parliamentary corridors, the idea had been "long held dear" by certain officials now in power.

Weighed against such a move at this time are the Pentagon's recently revealed "contingency

plan" for occupation of Britain by American troops, the low ebb of American relations around the world as a result of the Southeast Asian entanglement, and a Kremlin counter-bid for a visit by the Monarchy to Russia to dispel feelings of Britain being a *de facto* America colony much less a candidate for Statehood.

With the shrinking of the British Empire and virtual economic dependence upon the United States, the British have come to feel they should be represented in Congress and be eligible for government funds now that foreign aid from the U.S. has reached the vanishing point. In addition, repeated rejections for acceptance into the Common Market have left the British both frustrated and eager to form an alliance that

would restore Britain's economic might.

It is commonly known that the plan sits well with American leaders, and feelers by the British embassy have received encouraging responses by State Department officials. Both countries are faced with similar racial problems and U.S. officials have admired Britain's stance in restricting immigrants to Britain from non-white Commonwealth nations in violation of Commonwealth rights. Nor has it gone unnoticed that Britain has supported American policies in SE Asia in a world increasingly hostile to American presence there.

While much of our legal and governmental operations stem from British law, there remains as yet one major stumbling

block to Statehood for Britain: *left-hand driving* on British roads. The currency system is finally being converted to the decimal system partly as a move towards Statehood but primarily to appease American tourists who have yet to figure out just what the hell anything costs there. Conversion to right-hand driving patterns has long been resisted, but the successful switch made by Sweden two years ago will certainly weigh heavily in any effort to ease passage of a Statehood application.

It is expected that propaganda for the switch to the virtues of driving on the right will soon be forthcoming from the new government, a step that could have vast repercussions as regards entry as a state.

Five years ago, a young SDS organizer named Jeff Segal was running around the country telling kids to refuse induction into the Army. "I can see a time," Segal told campus audiences, "when the Pentagon will not have enough men to fight its lousy wars. People just gotta say no in whatever way they can: refuse induction, burn their draft cards, flee to Canada, become conscientious objectors, whatever. If everybody starts resisting, one of these days the Oakland Army Induction Center is going to be empty."

Jeff Segal's in jail now — serving the tail end of his three year draft refusal sentence. But the other day I turned on Huntley-Brinkley and it nearly blew my mind. There in clear teevee black and white, NBC was showing pictures of a stark empty Oakland Army Induction Center. "About half of those who receive their draft notices," Chet Huntley explained, "never bother to even report for induction!" And then, I picked up NEW YORK MAGAZINE and found an article by Mel Ziegler that said the Selective Service system in New York was "confused, demoralized and ineffectual" in the face of widespread metropolitan area draft resistance. We've crippled the war machine! Holy shit!

How widespread is draft resistance? According to Ziegler, last April New York Selective Service was ordered to procure 340 men for Southeast Asian slaughter. Selective Service sent out 753 draft notices. Out of those, 110 youths volunteered for service, 326 DID NOT SHOW UP, and 324 were finally inducted. The war machine in New York was 16 men short of its deadly quota even though it tried to induct twice as many men as were demanded! What's more, Ziegler writes that most of the guys who refused to show up for their induction will probably get away with it. Selective Service is *that* fucked up. And then there's that lollapozza that the Army never even counted on: those that do go into the service are often rebels, inside organizers, inside agitators bent on building an anti-war movement in the very belly of the war machine.

Yeah, the Generals are having a tough time these days and the Supreme Court ain't helping them much, either. Last week the High Court ruled 5-3 that men who have conscientious objection to war need not be prompted by conventionally defined religious beliefs to qualify for C.O. draft exemptions. According to the Court, individuals can qualify for C.O. status not just because they are Quakers, Mennonites, or religious pacifists, but because they have deep feelings "spurred by deeply held moral, ethical, and religious beliefs, (that) would give them no rest or peace if they allowed themselves to become part of an instrument of war." That means, fellows, if you can prove that you oppose war because of some deeply and sincerely held moral philosophy, you can become a C.O.

Now I have rather mixed feelings about the morality of taking Conscientious Objector

status at a time when it might be better to fight militarism from inside the Army. But for some individuals Conscientious Objection is a viable alternative to the military and the Supreme Court's recent decision will be of help.

What the Court did was to insist that draft boards stop forcing C.O. applicants to swear allegiance to Christ, Jehova or JuJu in order to get their alternative service. In the past, in order to qualify for C.O. status a young man had to prove that his views on war came from "religious training or belief." An applicant could not say that his opposition to war came from his reading of books or seeing of films or from his educational experiences. The requirement that a person prove his pacifism through religious training and

the land and follow the advice of the Supreme Court? No, of course not!

The day after the Court released its ruling on the Welsh case, Curtis Tarr, Nixon's newly appointed conscription commissar, said that he was, in effect, going to ignore the Court. In a memo sent out to local boards, Tarr issued guidelines as to who was to be considered a proper C.O.:

- 1) There must be no question that the applicant's belief is sincere.
- 2) The applicant must be opposed to war in all forms, and not just the war in Vietnam.
- 3) The applicant's belief must be something more than a personal moral code. He just

is to see a draft counselor. It's wisest to talk to a draft counselor before you turn 18 and have to register with Selective Service. But even if you've already registered, draft counselors can give you invaluable advice about how to turn that I-A or II-S status into a healthier C.O. You can get information about draft counselors from Women's Strike for Peace, 799 Broadway, New York, New York or from the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee, 17 East 17th Street, New York, New York. If you need a lawyer (and you probably will) the National Lawyer's Guild, 5 Beekman Street, New York, New York, maintains a list of attorneys specializing in selective service law.

preparing them for their C.O. hearings (Lawyers aren't permitted along to the draft board's hearing. A potential C.O. has to go by himself.) "We have people write up a personal autobiography," Satlow explained. "They're going to have to do that for the draft board anyway. In the autobiography we have them talk about their traditional religious training — if they've had any, teachers who've influenced them, exposure to death and suffering — like if a relative died a violent death or something like that. We have them talk about the Kennedy or the King assassinations — if that affected them, and about their reactions to police brutality at campus demonstrations. We have them talk about early tendencies towards non-violence. We try to have them explain their feelings towards nature. If a person is a moral vegetarian — that's good. A lot of people discover that they are religious C.O.'s when they didn't think they were."

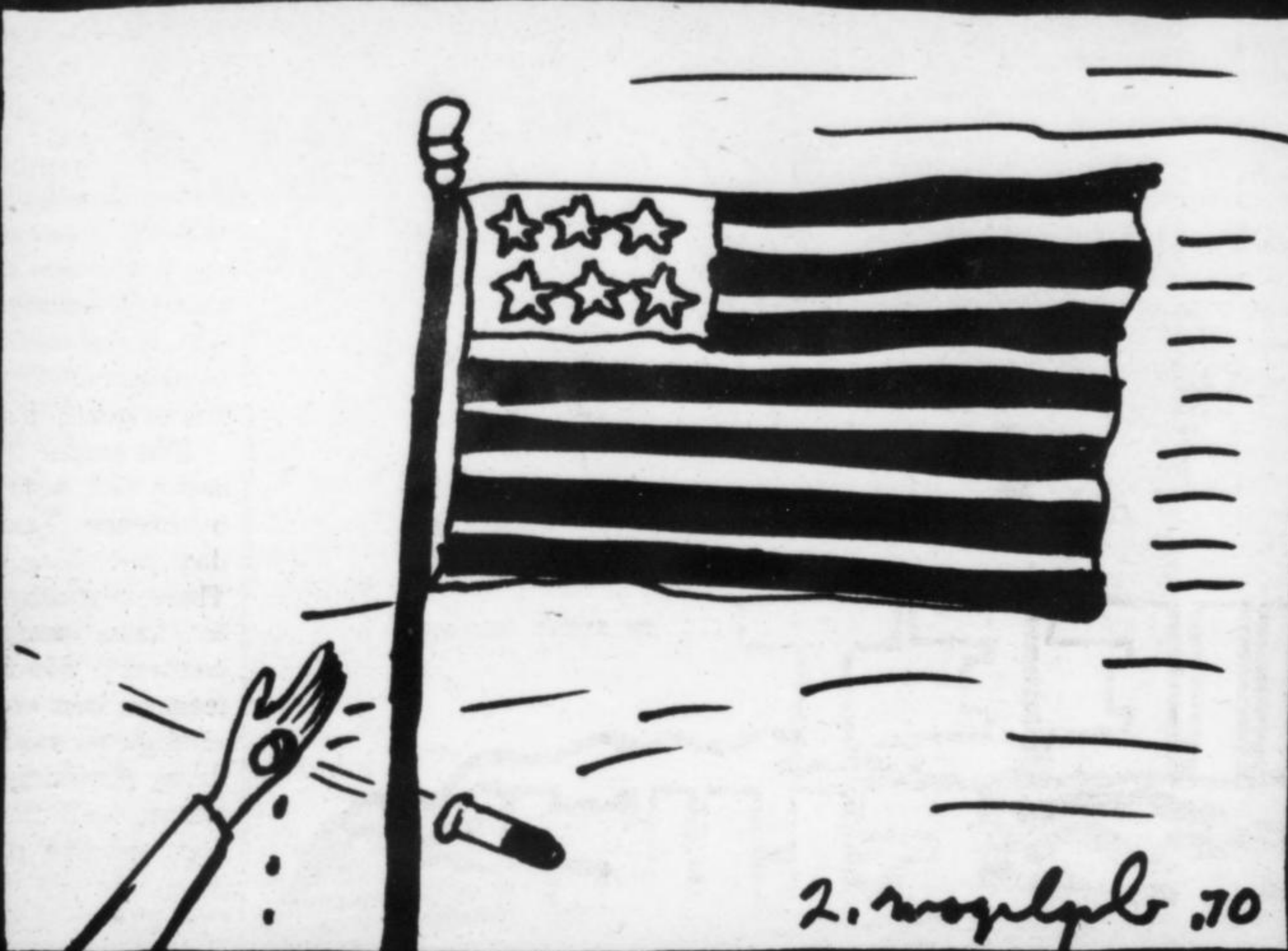
The autobiography is terribly important to an applicant's case, says Satlow. When an applicant finally goes before the board, he has to defend this document — and he'll have to be convincing. It is on the basis of the interview that draft boards decide whether or not a potential C.O. is sincere. "Be careful," Satlow advised, "not to say anything that is not essential to your beliefs but that might set the board against you. It is unnecessary to tell the members of the board that they are all immoral tools of the military machine. It is unnecessary to tell the board that you think all generals are insane. Get to the essential point of your case *quick!* Talk about your beliefs, about harmony with nature, about your abhorrence of killing, about the *mortal* human soul, about the right of every man to fulfillment and love. The board may or may not be convinced. If they turn you down, we might be able to win on appeal or get them on some procedural point."

Satlow thinks that the Welsh decision will open things up for most C.O.'s in the courts, rather than at the draft boards. "The problem with the local boards," he explains, "is that the members simply won't believe that people who refuse to kill aren't cowards. They just can't believe that C.O.'s are sincere. I don't know if we can do much about those kinds of attitudes, but now, at least, we've got the law a little more on our side."

For those who don't want to take the C.O. route, there is always the IV-F way out. You can totally avoid the military if you have exzema, atropic dermatitis, fainting spells, too high blood-pressure, too low blood-pressure, asthma, bronchitis, stomach problems, ulcers, hernias, curved spine, loose cartilage in the knee, 2 joints of a finger missing or if you are a homosexual.

So the army can't get enough cannon fodder these days. Whitehall Street is deserted. Fantastic! It's all coming true, Jeff Segal, they're giving a war and nobody's coming!

DRAFT REPORT:



BLUES FOR THE PENTAGON, TAPS FOR THE WAR

by Claudia Dreifus

belief was slightly opened up in 1965 when the Court ruled in the case of the United States vs. Seeger that a young man could be considered a C.O. without having to prove an absolute belief in a Supreme Being. But the Seeger decision, which might have made it possible for more men to become C.O.'s, was not enforced by local draft boards. Last week, however, the Court went further with the case of Elliot Welsh.

Welsh, a 29 year old computer engineer from Los Angeles, had been denied C.O. status by his draft board because it felt that his views on war did not have to do with religious training or belief. Welsh said he did not believe in a Supreme Being and that his pacifism stemmed from sociological, economic, historical and philosophical considerations. The Court said that these considerations were enough, that they were the equivalent of a religious upbringing. Good enough! But will the Selective Service system now that it has been barred from defining God, obey the law of

have taken into account the thoughts of "other wise men" and must have consulted "some system of belief" beyond the scope of his own thoughts.

4) The applicant's views must be the product of some kind of rigorous training.

Points 3 and 4 are a clear violation of the Supreme Court's ruling in the Welsh case. But are Nixon and Agnew going to get uptight about their draft director being a lawbreaker? You can bet your sweet bippy they won't. "Law'n order" is for black people, students, chicanos, indians, postal workers, angry women and like — not for fascist pig draft procurers.

But despite Curtis Tarr's memo, the Welsh decision will open up conscientious objection to many youths who previously couldn't qualify. They'll just have to go through more hassles, appeals and legal shit than they might want to, but they have a right to C.O. status.

So how do you become a C.O., then? The first thing to do

I spoke with Barry Satlow, a 30 year-old from Yale Law School graduate who works with Karparkin, Karparkin and Ohrenstein, a law firm that has done some of the pioneering legal work in saving young men from the military menace. Satlow's work is fabled throughout New York. He's lost very, very few clients to the military. Satlow won't take clients who don't hold sincere views on war — which may account for his remarkable record — but he claims that most people can qualify for C.O. sincerely if they would carefully examine their beliefs. Lawyer Satlow has won C.O. status for all kinds of people including black revolutionaries who supported wars of liberation, super-pacifists who supported no wars, and campus activists who were one radical step away from becoming Weathermen.

So how does Barry Satlow prove to the dour old men on the draft board that the campus radical is really a conscientious objector? What happens is that he works with his clients in

U.S. ASIAN MERCENARIES

The Nixon Doctrine announced by the President at Guam last July lighted the hopes of many that the U.S. would reduce its overwhelming and destructive presence in Asia. Under the slogan of Asia for the Asians, the U.S. would assume a "low posture" by removing its military force and permitting the Asian countries to work out their own disputes. After almost a year of development, the Nixon doctrine is everging as something quite different, and even more insidious that our current "policeman" role. Rather than commit American lives to our anti-communist crusade, we are using our economic and diplomatic pressure to force our right wing Asian allies to fight our battles for us — in short, to turn them into mercenary forces.

The recent events in Cambodia present this process in sharp relief. The South Vietnamese seized the

opportunity during the sanctuary invasion to plunge some 60 miles beyond the sanctuaries and occupy the central cities of Cambodia. Since then Saigon has been developing a plan to use American economic support to nibble territory away from Cambodia. On May 23, with heavily armed South Vietnamese troops in Cambodia outnumbering the whole Cambodian army, Saigon force the Lon Nol Government to reverse its policy of disenfranchising the ethnic Vietnamese in Cambodia. (New York Times, 5/23/70) Subsequently Saigon exacted an agreement from Cambodia that any area administered by their respective countries would be considered as territory which belonged to that country, (New York Times, 5/28/70) Saigon is planning to relocate the 100,000 ethnic Vietnamese now held in detention camps to areas within

Cambodia along the South Vietnamese border. These people will live under the "security" provided by South Vietnamese occupation forces stationed indefinitely in Cambodia, and they will earn their living by working for or trading with ARVN units. (New York Times, 6/6/70) Since this border area of Cambodia will thus come under South Vietnamese administrative control, probably it in the future will become part of South Vietnam.

Although the South Vietnamese are able to create this Asian problem on their own, they are fully unable to solve it. For this they are using \$5.1 million of American aid money previously allocated for needy refugees in South Vietnam. The prices for such "allied" operations, however, are high. Saigon claims it will need another \$16.9 million per year to provide bare subsistence food and

housing for these 100,000 refugees who will be protected and employed by South Vietnamese troops in Cambodia. (New York Times, 5/6/70)

This sum will hardly be noticed within the \$200 million request Saigon is making for emergency aid to cover the cost of ARVN troops in Cambodia and to dampen the severe inflation in South Vietnam itself. (New York Times, 5/13/70) And now, in fulfillment of Nixon's dream of Asians solving their own affairs, our military friends in Saigon are pushing for a Thai, royal Laotian, and South Vietnamese joint command in Cambodia to confront the North Vietnamese communists. Of course, all expenses and supplies will be paid for by Uncle Sam. And in case the Congress should place limitations on U.S. military support to the shaky Lon Nol regime, the State Department has empowered South Vietnam and Thailand to transfer American arms to Lon Nol. This authorization can be done as an executive act, as authorization from

(Continued on Page 23)



Most of us are indeed very fortunate to have our toilet bowls conveniently located within a few yards reach of us in case of an urge to eliminate our wastes. It's a ritual performed at certain periods of the day, and is so commonplace, so fitted into our schedule, that we think nothing of the act. For when the act is over and done, we need only to reach with our limbs for a chain, lever or button; pull, push or press, and instant presto it's all gone, and the odor does not linger on eternally, thank heaven. Simple routine? But, crucial for our well being.

A bathroom with all of its accessories is just a distant dream from reality to an infantryman sloshing through the jungles of Vietnam, a luxury afforded to him thousands of miles away at home. But ask a veteran "grunt" the things he missed most while he was away, and he'll say cold beer and soda, good food and clean clothes. But what he longs for most of all but probably would be too embarrassed to say, is a good clean shit. For in the jungles of Vietnam a toilet bowl is nowhere to be found, and the ritual taken so much for granted by those back home becomes a daily nightmare for the "grunt."

When a man has to relieve himself, he unbuckles the straps on his knapsack, slides his entrenching tool from under the loosened straps, unscrews the top of the handle to enable the head (shovel) to stand erect. He has his entrenching tool ready to go, but he needs some toilet paper. So he opens a side compartment of his pack, and there it is, a roll about the size of a Chicklet pack, so soaky from the rain you could

squeeze it like a sponge. But is he now ready to leave outside of the perimeter? First he must notify at least one person that he's going out, so that when he returns he won't get blown up by his own fellowmen. By this time (if the man hasn't shitted in his pants already), he is prepared to venture outside of the perimeter with his M-16.

He must walk a good 150 feet or so in order to spare his buddies feelings, and the insurance of not getting his head busted in when he returns inside. So he's walked the 150 feet or so and digs his hole, unfastens his fatigue pants, plops himself over the hole and takes a well earned squatting shit, while one hand hangs on to the M-16 ready for action. And wastes no time getting the job done. If he's not so lucky in having any tissues, he will, while squatting with pants at ankles and balance uneasy, reach for the nearest plant or bush plucking some leaves off to use instead.

Although he's relieved himself at last, no assurance of his safety is guaranteed until he's back inside the perimeter of his company. So while fingers run across his M-16 for the insurance of knowing it's still there, he picks up his pants with the other hand and starts back fumbling with the fastenings, throwing fast glimpses around to make sure the enemy isn't around. (Some men cover up the hole, others "forget" to. Some men so in a hurry to get back lose their billfolds, and even the roll of tissue paper.) As the "grunt" nears the perimeter he waves his arms and shouts out his identity,

hoping no trigger happy Texan will blow him away with an M-16 or Claymore mine. But once recognition and acceptance is achieved all is well again, and the entrenching tool goes back on the knapsack. Pretty big ritual, and I bet you ask if it was worth it all.

The water from the streams is contaminated, and a G.I. with diaherria is a very commonplace occurrence. You can walk with it throughout the day patrolling or, rid yourself of the contents. There is another alternative however, and that is, to take water purification tablets (iodine content), which are handed out daily by squad leaders, but very few "grunts" are that foolish enough to swallow them. If a man does become ill by drinking from his canteen, contaminated water, well then, all the better, for it means a four or five day "vacation in the rear," away from the pill action, the miseries of war. So the "grunt" chooses not to swallow to ensure his health, even if it means making extra trips outside and back inside the perimeter, and either enjoys or suffers any consequences. But sometimes the act of eliminating wastes can become a mockery of tragedy.

A day in August '68 on Hill 445, better known as LZ West my company D 4/31, 196th Light Infantry was pulling perimeter guard for the Battalion Headquarters. It was a late afternoon and I was squatting on top of my squad's bunker with a pair of binoculars observing any action that might be occurring on the valley below. I heard some screams behind me within the perimeter and turned to see a G.I. about 200 feet away emersed in flames. He was part of a detail to help burn wastes in large tin cans in the "shithouse." The medics came rushing to his aid and threw some wrap around him to smother the flames. He was then taken by stretcher up to the Battalion Medics Bunker and treated for third degree burns. I found out later on that the man used gasoline to burn the wastes (gasoline is always used), and while he lit some paper to start the blaze a sudden gust of wind blew the burning paper from his fingers, and onto his hands and legs soaked with gasoline. A Purple Heart while in the call of duty, please.

Burning human wastes is a luxury afforded only to "grunts" with the rank of Specialist 4 and below, the task considered beneath the dignity of men with higher rank. So low ranking G.I.'s are the only men qualified to smell the odors of defecation, the blackened soot lining the cans, and the sight of thousands of crawling maggots.

"Join the ARMY and learn special skills, learn a trade."



This Boy Knows

There are those even today that are predicting an early demise of the MUSIC BUSINESS. You know the one, not that there won't be any music but the business end of it will be just a short blissful memory. What happens when the money stops rolling in?

It seems ever since the spring record sales figures were compiled there's been some top level head rolling at all of the major record companies. All the top executives have flown in from the west coast and are firing whole departments at a time. In one record company that I know of 17 people were crossed off the money list and given their walking papers in one fell swoop. The sickness that is american capitalism cancer is beginning to rot away at the insides of the

MUSIC MACHINE.

It looks on the outside like everything is going ok. Million seller albums before they hit the market, millions of dollars of advertising on all the radio stations and in the trades (but next to nothing in the underground press). Yeah, the money's flowi all right, so how come the industry is in trouble? Everything is going according to plan, right?? wrong? for as long as anyone can remember the one on the bottom of rung of the ladder has been the performer, the artist, the pop star if you must, no matter how you cut it - they always get screwed.

For countless generations young kids with hot lips or fast fingers have been scouted out of all the out of the way places and signed to long term - low money contracts, just like the football teams go to the colleges to find new talent and make super stars out of them. Its the same thing in the record business: the young kids who don't know better see visions of a recording studio, lots of fine brand new instruments to play with and all the rest that goes with it. After the agent gets thru

flashin out the young star with promises of all this and many things more, its no wonder that theyll sign their life and careers away for a song. its really nobodys fault except the system, the way its been done before and the way it works out the best for those who make all the money, shit why should they give more to the performers i mean all they do is make the music. Thats the kind of thinking thats bringing about a violent death due to the lack of new and better talent signing up with those particular companies that screw their artists.

This is your notice record industry. Shape up or come the fall it'll be rip off time - you know

RIP OFF TIME.

But there is an alternative, you know. There are people who have the power to change the music industry. Young thinking guerilla forces are already working in menial jobs in all of the major record companies both in the west coast and east coast offices. You know, just like in all the espionage movies the secretaries to the top executives, the girls that answer the fones, the guys who sweep the office after everyone has left. Receptionists, mail room personal. Yes there some of the *Earth Squad* working in all of those institutions of american pop music.

But things are brightening up a little, seems at this party in the woods (see *Poor Paranoid* this issue) a lot of the executives from big shit media incorporated were on the recieving end of the magic love zap. A whole lot of folks had their life styles critically observed and measured for possible worth to the *Earth Squad*. A lot of them came away with lights dancing in their eyes and space in their bloodstream if you were one of thy ones dont forget what happened, you will be contacted at the right time and not before. Continue your life as if you got your second chance.

Meanwhile while everyone was partin it up inthe vermont woods i went cruising along to a media conference of our own. You know the kind, when youre out on the run and nothing is planned but it happens anyway. I walked right into this town on the eastern seaboard. Theres only one road and thats the highway that runs along the coast. The town looks like gas stations and a grocery store but beyond the trees is a rock colony of sorts Its one Of those places that happens every summer where young musicians find themselves with others of like minds. Its a whole summer affair. Liky what happened in so many cases the most a famous being the *BAND* and woodstock New York.

theres a lot of those young musicians hanging out and NOODELIN, playin till all hours of the Day and Night, Itll go on all summer till some executive of some big name record company is put onto what is happening, then its the contracts and the personal appearances and recording dates and on to fame fortune and the early demise of all rock musicians, right??? WRONG. this new crop of players on that eternal score are wiser than before, learning of all the mistakes that others have made in the same position. All the rock newspapers have this stuff in them, like you can tell whats happening with a group. these kids real all that stuff religiously and never make any of the mistakes that their predecessors did' its really easy, but after this summer theyll go on to the big time. Who are they and why are they, well there kids from around the block, the neighborhood long hair that always was foolin around with a guitar, or that kid who was in your music class in high school. theres a whole generation of new musicians that are getting ready to make it. Its never seen by those that are dancing it out but they are most assuredly on the way.

The scene is a 2 family house on the beach, its filled with teenagers, not one over the age of 21, theyre really free you know?? . at 2 in the mornin no one says "Hey turn that thing down im tryin to sleep." it dont happen that way. Its one of the many rock famlyls that are getting themselves together, they dont seem to know why but all have a good idea. Theres a thing that happens with energy. In the center of the communes are always the musicians themselves. and as it should be they are given artistic license. loud music at 2 in the morning is artistic license The only reason to get up in the morning is to play some more music. by the end of the summer thay will have played all the tunes that they know and probably will have a million more to show. but enough generalizations.

a 2 family house is good for about a 15 full time residents, this one is the summer home of 2 groups, to say their names would mean nothing, to tell you what kind of music they play would mean nothing either, theyll change a tousand more times before the fall the the record business.

theyre working on the stuff thatll happen when all this country rock has been played out to the utmost. One group listens to a lot of old jazz records, stealin riffs from 30 year old big band records, there are no superstars in the group,

just a lot of very young and very energetic jazz there are many alternatives to electric misic, Trombones trumpets and saxophones to mention a few. Middle middle kids tha have been touched by the magic of the note. Its wonder full to know that all this stuff on the radio these days will soon be in the OLDIES category and these younger and much more energetic kids will be playing for the masses. but this summer its just Jammin till dawn. you couldnt pay to hear this mucis.

No recordings made so the sign on the front door is also the name of one of the groups "NOBODY HOME" if they keep the name youll find out who im talking about. They're tops, and have more talent rolled into their samll group that most recording companies have in their entire A&R departmant. Theyre young thats why, no one around to tell them what won't work or what they can't doo, Theyre rock and roll runaways. There are no stars only musicians or rather kids with lots of musical instruments. It can be so easy as long as you dont make the same mistakes twice. you know?????

the kids seem to know and that brings about an air of complete trust in the future they know that they have the talent and the stuff to make it. when graduation comes at the end of the summer and everyone comes out of the woods to make it in the big time all the foolin round and the relaxed atmosphere of a runaway home for lost rockers will be behind them. its a funny thing that kids and the misic buisness. They all want to get it on in the worst way and some of them will get it in the worst way.

The music buisness is an immense thing with many strange powers and theyre in for a surprise when all these musicians say "We want some basic change in the industry or NO more MUSIC. Its easy to see what can happen to the rock buisness if all the really good talent pulls out. How would you like anext years musical enterage to be like this years summer replacement. Turnon your local pop top fm and see what i mean, endless days and nights of Joe Cocker and Jimmi Hendrix and the Beatles and CSN&Y, it would really be a drag if you had to listen to summer replacements all year round. But getting back to the story' these kids know whats in store for them ,

(Continued on Page 26)

DIRGE OF SPACE

The Jungus Among Us

YES IT'S ALMOST READY TO OPEN!

GREAT INTEREST IS AROUSED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD'S SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY AS THE "SPACE-FLOWER" FROM OMEGA 3; BROUGHT TO EARTH WHEN THE ILL-FATED MISSION OF FARFEL 2 WAS ABORTED; THRIVES IN THE ALIEN ENVIRONMENT OF A SECRET NEW JERSEY LABORATORY. RENOWNED SCIENTISTS GATHER TO AWAIT THE OPENING OF THE BUD.



ARGGH! GURGLE.



AND WHEN HELP FINALLY ARRIVES

IT WAS TOO LATE.

BUT, UNFORTUNATELY WHEN THE BUD OPENS THE SOUL WITNESS IS THE CLEANING WOMAN YETTA KNISH



UNNNH

11 FLOOR



VOTS DIS?



THE POOR WOMAN SOON FINDS OUT

AS THE SMALL PIECE OF SLIMY MATERIAL

QUICKLY ABSORBS HER BODY INTO ITSELF



DIRTY TOBACCO / ASYLUM

THE CREATURE QUICKLY ADDS THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTISTS TO ITS RAPIDLY INCREASING MASS, THEN SETS UPON THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



POOR PARANOID

(Continued from Page 6)

The Talk of our small town was about the mythical charter flight from the West Coast California Contingent. Trans Love Airwaves was never so *United* as more dope was smoked, swallowed, *airlined* by the hundred or so advanced guard from the mickey mouse media league of our "alternate culture." In fact, there was so much energy going around that the plane fell asleep in midflight and let the hundred or so do the work.

The stopover at Des Moines was even more magical as the local constabulants got zapped by the Big Birdie in the sky when it landed and deposited Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Mother Goose, Nathan Hale, Ali Baba, the Genie in the Bottle, Conrad Veit, Sabu, Billy the Kid, George Washington, the American Revolution (done in Walt Disney Technicolor), and enough long hair, beads and beards to make it look like just another midwest convention for the Last Supper.

Iowa had never seen the likes, and a first in historical air travel was set where jet energy was outdistanced by molecular magnetism. *Why did Orville & Wilbur even bother? And rubber bands, a push and propellers no less!*

The flight ended long before the trip with the flight engineer being laughed at for his purely mechanical, "Thank You for flying —," and followed up immediately with a sincerely "... but we really mean it."

Goddard literally vibrated with a psychedelic massage as people exchanged names, rank, notes and astrological signs. Encounter and confrontation were at times at allegiance with each other as *right on* and *right in* interchanged possibilities. Nude swimming, rock bands and macrobiotic menus (what Jerry Rubin referred to as "Honky Hippie food") were served to the troops of the 1st North American Theater of Action. Womens Lib put Mens Lib up against the barnyard wall. The recording industry got their needles stuck where it did the most good. And Conscience got a good going over from both radicals and clowns alike. David Peel, Paul Krassner, Dr. John, Marshall Effrom, the Hog Farm and the charge of the High Brigade supplied the 'Bob Hope of the Hippies' roadtour.

It was a joyous meeting of the best minds of my generation. Everybody's consciousness got *uplevelled* as well as their genital chakra; and some of it got *offed* as Bob Fass was panned in public by Rubin and Nancy Kirshan got *ripped off* by some "hippie freak" for \$500 which was a donation for the NLF. Paul Krassner went around sniffing the bikeseats of motorcycle

maidens and blowing their minds by pinning down their *astrological signs* with just a smell and a whiff.

4 Hog Farmers held a *Fuck-In* in the library well of Pratt Library during a workshop of "Underground Cartoons and Mass Consciousness." People stopped long enough to notice and then continued their throwing of ego-bombs at each other. Womens Lib accused the underground cartoonists of being sexist and the Hog Farmers entered the fray (After Orgasm) and attacked Womens Lib for being anti-sex (for trying to stop a previously planned Fuck-In) and everybody else for talking and not doing.

Al Aronowitz made his deadline for the N.Y. Post in time to report a false rumor of a rape. The fact that it never happened (as sworn to by Larry Yuridin, the project's coordinator) was of least importance next to the fact that the *concept of rape* couldn't possibly be explained alongside the context of *Goddard Nation*.

The whole project almost got squished in the bud when the State Attorney's Office threatened Goddard with a Temporary Restraining Order and cutting off of their electrical power. It seems the *amps* were blowing the utters of local cows from a day's milk. It was just downright eerie walking through the woods hearing all this mechanical music resounding across Vermont's primordial setting. Any minute, one expected Julie Andrews to prance across the green hills to the sound of Music. In fact, it probably happened as after the third day and a spiking of mess hall punch reduced language to the exclamation of "Man! I just had my mind blown for the 100th time."

Jerry Rubin split after the second day, poohpooing the conference and declaring the project a bulwark for bourgeoisie bullshit. Jerry, Nancy, Sharon and Judy left in a rented car paid for by the Alternative Media Project in payment for the missing NLF money. And a bunch of bad vibes were activated with their leaving. Some people were bad mouthing Jerry as a "Hip Mussolini." Others wondered outloud if he was 'renting a company' or just 'trying harder.'

Baba Ram Dass made Jerry Rubin's 'mystical Facist' list as he held the fist message from the mount in front of the Haybarn theater. All bad vibes and guerilla questions were turned back by the Om Brigade which were placed strategically among the audience. Baba's babble inverted political, radical rhetoric on its head and gave

just as much meaning to 'Power to the Pig — Off the People' as 'Love your Enemy.'

It was a constant workshop of confrontation and encounter. Medias mixed and information were exchanged on an instantaneous zap level. Jim Fouratt was all over the place incanting radical rhetoric at every opportunity and workshop. In fact, it was reported he was even seen in the soup accusing the noodles of being sexist. Jerry Rubin before he left bestowed on him the Order of *Keeping the Rhetoric*, and he kept up with the honor.

But on the fourth day, the project seemed to rise off the ground as guidelines were drawn to uplevel political consciousness by getting rid of sexist ads and an underground organization set up to allow each one's community to exploit their own talents and keep the profits in the underground and alternate media. There was recognized a need to take the thrust off the establishments phalanx to divide the cultural revolution from the political. Different medias got together to start interprojects and a community consciousness began to emerge.

Goddard College was given the honor of establishing itself as a center for Alternate Media exchange. It was to be set up centering the Alternate Nation's psyche and information; sending and exchanging people with different underground communities across Amerika and Canada.

The Alternative Media Project at Goddard was a simultaneous event which sparked a lot of ego's into the recognition of a collective drive to create its own viable form free from the corrupt society around it and which had a good deal to do with creating it. It was time now for the baby to walk away and show the old tigers what a fourth estate really was about — a fifth estate with utopia on its mind and breath.

There were a lot of things wrong with the four days at Goddard but it got blown away by the energy exchange and the landscape. The fact that the Black Panthers weren't there as well as other black representation (though it was doubtful they would have come anyway) was a minus in both black and white caps alike.

The Goddard community now finds itself \$10,000 in debt and a need to raise monies beyond this amount to keep the project alive and viable. It is hoped by next year that the whole alternate nation will appear again not to just have their minds blown by what they are but by what they have done and have yet to do.

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A NEWSFUCKING ITEM

Two separate trials now facing the Los Angeles *Free Press* bid fair to tear down First Amendment rights for every newspaper in this country. In August of 1969, the *Free Press* published several stories based on two documents which the State of California alleges were stolen from official files: one document was a Xerox report of a state attorney's investigation of crimes committed by policemen on the UCLA campus; the other was a printed list of the names and addresses of several California

undercover narcotics agents. As a consequence of printing information from these documents, the publisher-editor of the *Free Press*, Art Kunkin, a reporter for the *Free Press*, Jerry Applebaum, and the *Free Press* corporation are on trial for receiving stolen goods. After the trial, they face a civil lawsuit from two of the listed undercover narcs, who charge that their safety was endangered by the publication of their names and addresses. The District Attorney of Los Angeles has stocked the

(Continued on Page 26)

POWDER RIDGE

FESTIVAL

JULY 31

AUGUST 1 & 2

AT THE POWDER RIDGE SKI AREA
MIDDLEFIELD, CONNECTICUTPRESENTED BY
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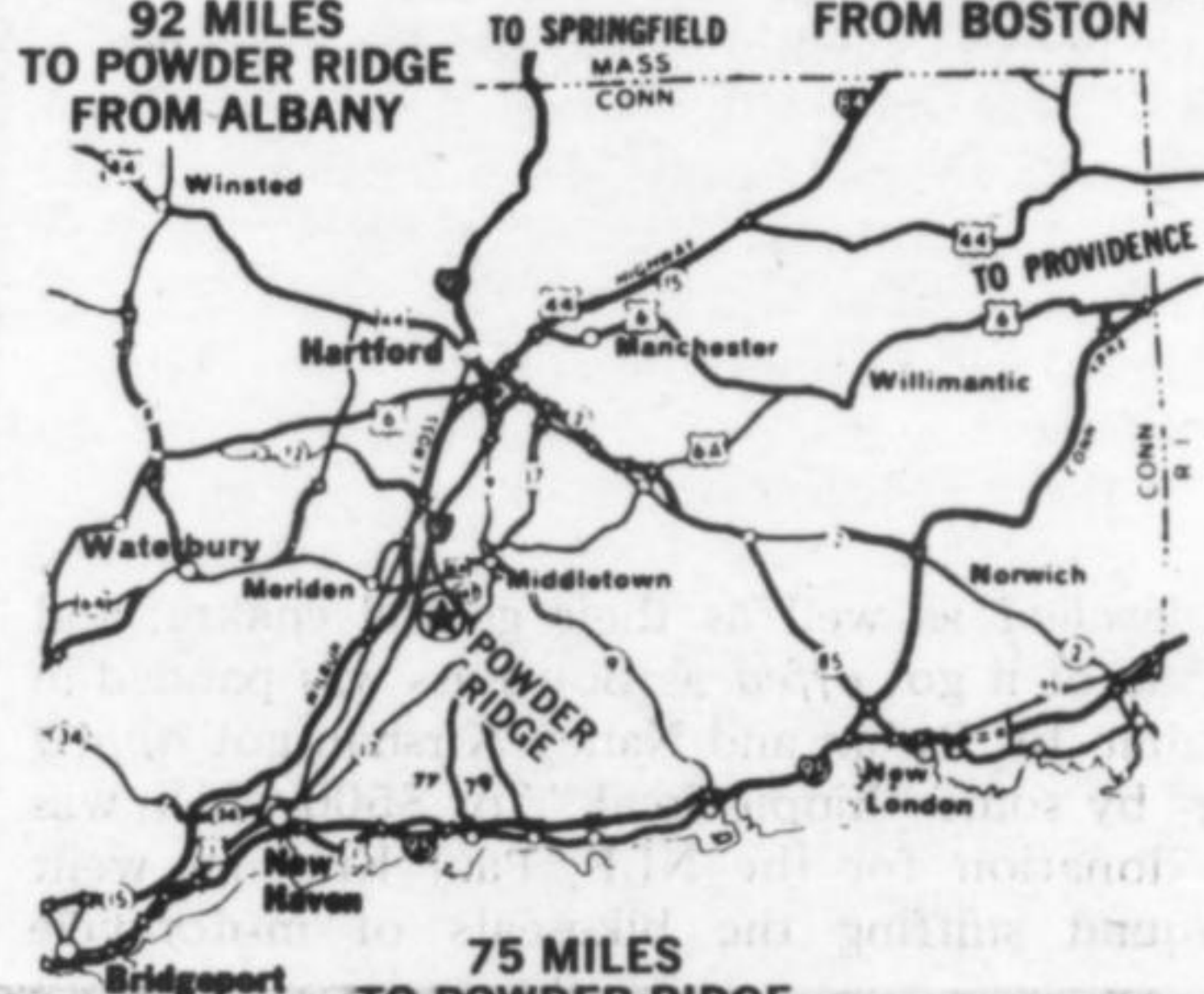
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Powder Ridge (formerly Powder Hill) is an established ski area. This Festival will take place within the natural amphitheatre of the slopes of the mountain. At the base of the mountain is a ski lodge whose roof will serve as a stage. Illuminated, electrified and in operation, Powder Ridge seems the perfect place for a Festival. That's why we believe that this is the important one for 1970.

SKI LODGE STAGE



SICILIA/LASSEN

98 MILES
TO POWDER RIDGE
FROM BOSTON92 MILES
TO POWDER RIDGE
FROM ALBANY75 MILES
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FROM NEW YORK CITY

FRIDAY, JULY 31

SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
ERIC BURDEN & WAR
DELANEY & BONNIE & Friends
FLEETWOOD MAC
MELANIE
MOUNTAIN
J.F. MURPHY &
FREE FLOWING SALT
ALLAN NICHOLLS
THE GUESS WHO
JAMES TAYLOR

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1

JOE COCKER
ALLMAN BROS.
CACTUS
LITTLE RICHARD
VAN MORRISON
RHINOCEROS
TEN WHEEL DRIVE
JETHRO TULL
TONY WILLIAMS LIFETIME
ZEPHYR

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2

JANIS JOPLIN
CHUCK BERRY
BLOODROCK
SAVOY BROWN
CHICKEN SHACK
GRAND FUNK RAILROAD
RICHIE HAVENS
JOHN B. SEBASTIAN
SPIRIT
TEN YEARS AFTER

FREE CAMPING

The Powder Ridge Festival is a festival of life. 300 beautiful acres of woodland, including a lake and streams, are available for free camping. Ticket holders may encamp as early as Wednesday, July 29th. The campsites are convenient to all the facilities and concessions. We urge you to be prepared and bring what you feel you will need to make this an enjoyable weekend in the Connecticut countryside.

FACILITIES AND COMFORTS

Powder Ridge has provided many low cost food concessions for the run of the Festival. There will be lots of water fountains and over 400 of those fabulous portable toilets you learned to love at Woodstock. And just in case you want to call home and let people know how nice it is at Powder Ridge, there'll be plenty of pay telephones and there'll even be an intra-festival Communications Center so people can stay in touch with people... in more ways than one.

TICKETS ARE NOW AVAILABLE

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HOW TO GET TO POWDER RIDGE

By Car: Route 95 (New England Thruway) to Route 91 to Exit 16, 17 or 18 and follow the Powder Ridge signs to Middlefield. It's only one hour, 45 minutes from N.Y.C. and 2 hours from Boston.

By Bus: Trailways and Greyhound Lines run right to Meriden, Connecticut. Ticket holders get free bus transfer directly to site.

By Train: Take train at Grand Central Station directly to Meriden. Meriden is a major train stop. Ticket holders get free bus transfer directly to site.

FREE PARKING

Powder Ridge has provided free parking for over 15,000 cars. Parking lots will not jam the stage area, but you are urged to use discretion in parking in the area. Free bus transfers will take ticket holders to the site.

CHARTER BUSES DIRECT TO THE SITE ARE AVAILABLE. FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL (212) 868-5630.



John Sinclair, Chairman of the White Panther Party, is now nearing one year in jail as a prisoner of war — a victim of the power structure's criminal conspiracy to repress black and youth colony liberation forces, and pick their leaders off the streets.

Like all revolutionaries behind bars, John does not let his physical incarceration imprison his mind — that something the pigs can never capture. He has written, in the past four months, four

The last piece will appear in the August issue of JAZZ & POP, and it, and the above essays, will appear in a book sometime this fall, along with a collection of the columns/poems John wrote while he was still on the set.

Of course the pigs have a vested interest in preventing his words from reaching the people, and while he is physically in their hands they are doing everything they can to fuck him over. To this end, they have stolen mail, castrated him (to the point where he received a "no more records" notice), and refused



long, precisely-detailed essays on youth culture, on the youth culture as an oppressed class, on building the oppressed youth colony as a nation capable of replacing the consumer-death-rotaswe tear it down, and on self-determination music.

interviews to NEWSWEEK, LIFE, RAMPARTS, and COSMOPOLITAN.

Of course it only makes us more united in our determination to counter their suppression. This interview was conducted by Ann Arbor lawyer, Peter

John S

Q: This is your interview — I won't have a chance to read it back to you before we print it; and you are the one who will be most vulnerable to retaliation when the interview is published. So you decide — what do you want to tell the people?

J.S.: Good God, I don't know. What do you think we should tell them?

Q.: Describe the routine you have here.

J.S.: I'm getting myself together... Let's decide on a general context for it... — o.k. — ... It's the best thing that ever happened to me or our organization.

Q.: Why?

J.S.: Because I'm isolated here, and have time to study, and read and think.

Q.: Do they let you have access to the materials you need for this?

J.S.: I get most of the books I want, with some exceptions. The thing about the penitentiary is, that when you're on the street it's terrifying to think about going there, because you know nothing about it. (Blacks, though, have fathers and brothers who've been in — for them, it's no kind of frightening thing.) But the penitentiary ain't shit to be afraid of. ... It's just like being a straight person: get up at seven, eat, work, have a lunch break, go back to work, and then at four o'clock go off work, and go eat dinner at five. Or, if you're lucky you don't have to work: you can stay in your cell. But they found out I liked being in my cell, and so they made me work.

Q.: What work do you do?

J.S.: Sorting dirty underwear, in the laundry.

Q.: How do you relate to the other prisoners?

J.S.: Generally, excellently. They all know about my case: they read about me and hear about me on the radio.

All the prisoners know that it's a meatball. (Prison slang for a phony charge). They watch as we keep trying to get bond, and so on. And they're aghast. They see that in a lot of cases they do get bail — or would get it — except for a lack of lawyers. So they're shocked to see the unfairness of my case. They can't believe I'm being held like this, without bond.

When I came here, the prison made me take this job in the laundry, and I had it for a month, when this real good clerk's job came up: I was put in for it (by a prison-foreman at the laundry). They told him they wouldn't have me. And he couldn't understand it — asked why — they said we don't want him to have access to a typewriter all day long, because we don't like the stuff he writes.

Q.: As a white person, from the middle class, are you surprised at all by what your fellow prisoners are like?

J.S.: Well, you see I'd been in jail before, served six months in Dehoco (Detroit House of Correction) and so was familiar with what the scene was like. ... Prisoners are proletarians and lumpenproletarians who got caught; they're not a special "criminal class." The whites are mostly southerners, and 98 per cent are from a working class or sub-working class background. That's what's

so stupid about penitentiaries in the first place. This is just a town where we're all made to work to support the guards and the administration. Maybe 10 per cent of the prisoners should be segregated from the rest of the people because they've been so messed over by the social order that they can't relate to others except in destructive terms. The rest of us have no business being here at all.

Q.: If you have to stay here for 10 years, will you be able to endure it?

J.S.: Yes — just as I do now, except for a longer time. I have a lot of studying to do, and never enough time to do it in. The point is, that I don't have to be here that long, but the only way to get me out is to organize politically, to do so.

If you are a political prisoner the only way you can be released is through political action. You can try legal action, but the contradiction there is that by law I've no business being here to start with. That's one mistake we've made so far: we've defined it for ourselves as a legal problem, and it's not that at all. As far as the legal aspect is concerned — that's why they won't give me bond: because as soon as someone reads the briefs and rules in accordance with the law, they'll have to cut me loose. So they keep me off the street by denying me bond.

Q.: Tell me what you want people to think about the Youth Culture, the White Panthers, and so on?

J.S.: Essentially, we have a well-defined culture. That is, what we *must* do is gain political power. We *do* that because we have this shared culture, making us a people. Franz Fanon says that all culture is first and foremost *national* struggle. That's how we make culture a political force.

Most of the things that people are doing now on campuses is not political — or else, it's reactionary.

Q.: Explain that.

J.S.: The stuff going on now, trashing buildings, demonstrations and protests, is reactionary. They're just reacting to the pig power structure, and the way that it sets things up. To gain political

power we must define the situation in our own terms. We have to go to Huey P. Newton's definition of power: the ability to define phenomena and make them act in a desired manner.

When we start defining the situation in our own terms, then we start to get real power. Until then, the struggle takes place on their ground.

Another thing: it's still all being done in spontaneous risings, things like that. If we'll talk about revolution — well, you don't have a *spontaneous* revolution. Spontaneous risings are beautiful in the sense of showing the energy and anger that people have. But that energy and anger has to be transformed and channelled into political terms, so we can move to create political power for our people.

An analogy: What's going on now on campus and in the Youth Colony is essentially what was going on in the Black Colony three or four or five years ago. Watts, Newark, Detroit. We have to learn the same lesson that black people learned, that is, the point is to seize control of your own community and make it operate in the best interests of the people of that community.

Q.: So, you want activities analogous to the Black Panther free lunch programs?

J.S.: Yes, and we've had this, already. The Diggers, free stores, and so on. The beginnings of all this was there, but it was not put in a political context.

Take the campuses: they are centers of technology. The students there are members of

the Youth Colony, and they have to start regarding themselves as such. The Pig Power Structure wants students to see themselves just as such — as a special class. But



Steinberger, (lawyers are the only people outside John's immediate family allowed to visit him in his cell at Marquette Maximum Security Prison in Michigan's Upper Peninsula) who asked the questions and then copied down the answers short-hand. It was published initially in BIG FAT Magazine, a Michigan rock paper. When the prison authorities discovered what happened, they arbitrarily clamped down to a new absurd law — they started scissoring parts of his wife Leni's letters.

John also faces charges in a federal indictment which accuses him, Pun Plamondon and Jack Forrest of conspiracy to bomb the CIA building in Ann Arbor in September, 1968. Pun Plamondon, Minister of Defense and co-founder of the White Panther Party with John, is charged with the actual bombing.

Pun has been underground since last October, and has no intention of returning to trial, especially since becoming one of the pioneer recipients of the highest accolade the USA can bestow a revolutionary — he and Rap Brown have just made the FBI's 10-Most-Wanted-List.

John has been eager to face trial ever since the indictment came down, to expose not only the specific ruse of the bombing charge, but to carry on in the great tradition of the Conspiracy 8 in showing the American people what a total fraud their system is. The only witness the government has produced so far is one David Valler, a class traitor. He was a longhair who hung around the Detroit set alot, driving people crazy with his incoherent dreams of becoming President of the United States and his insane schemes to blow things up to "protest the war." After he was apprehended on a dope bust, the FBI convinced him that unless he did what

they wanted, he would be in jail the rest of his life. So Valler began by writing articles in the Detroit News, Detroit's version of STARS & STRIPES, in which he detailed how he was just a drug-deluded hippy going down the path to doom until the police showed him salvation. About that time he decided that he asked John and Pun to blow up the CIA with him, and, as if by magic, the indictments came down.

The pigs are now hedging on their original enthusiasm. Having implanted the myth of John Sinclair as a dangerous bomber through their media, they are now reluctant to face the consequences of their action. They say they will not try Sinclair until they catch Pun, and thus they can keep him their for the entire 10-year sentence, with the existence of the bombing indictment being enough for bail (The bail bond refusal is now being appealed to the Supreme Court). But we

are exhausting all legal means, and if the courts permit John's motion for a speedy trial and severance of his case with Pun's, a people's treat should be in the works by the fall.

John is incredibly robust — as this interview shows. He writes on the average of two letters per day, along with his essays. He is keeping a prison diary, and he reads incessantly, and the presence of his spirit beams the whole 500 mile span from Marquette to Ann Arbor, a constant source of inspiration.

The major inspiration is the knowledge that he will someday be reunited with us, and when he is, planet, watch out! FREE JOHN SINCLAIR, FREE BOBBY SEALE, FREE TIM LEARY, FREE ERIKA HUGGINS, AND FREE ALL PRISONERS OF WAR!

By KEN KELLEY
Minister of Information,
White Panther Party

Sinclair Interview



students have to start relating to their position as part of a Youth Colony that includes freaks, high

school students, secretaries, young playboy types... All these people are part of our

colony, of our nation, whether they want to or not — they're all black.

We must start defining ourselves as part of the Youth Nation, now the Youth Colony. Q.: What is the content of what you call the Youth Culture? J.S.: This is the thing that now unites young people and can be used to unite them more. Almost all members of the youth culture relate to rock and roll. This in part is what makes rock and roll important to me, aside from the musical experience itself.

Rock and roll music is about rebellion. Years ago, it was listening to Elvis Presley, when we were supposed to be listening to Pat Boone.

Why drink alcohol and not smoke dope? Because alcohol makes you go along with all that low-energy bullshit for the straight life-style and job structure. Young people who work in the factory are doing that because essentially they don't see anything else to do. And along with working in the factory goes all the rest of the stuff: bowling, hunting, buying furniture, getting married, a new car, sharp clothes, beauty parlors. Or else you go into the army for three years and then into the factory. Or some other job.

When I was coming up that was all there was. Ten years ago. You just accepted that shit. And if you went to college you rejected rock and roll as a teenage thing. In college you listened to Dave Brubeck or Peter, Paul and Mary. (PPM have come a long way, but their music is still a low-energy thing. Likewise Joan Baez, and all folk music, til Bob Dylan came along.)

The more high-energy our music got, the more the establishment tried to kill it: they sent out Frankie Avalon

and Fabian, exemplars of honky culture Lawrence Welk.

Listen to Little Richard, and then listen to "Venus" by Frankie Avalon (To see the difference between high and low-energy music.) The establishment was trying to sell the low-energy thing to white youth. Or listen, now to CKLW: the same awful shit, songs of boys driving around in cars trying to pick up girls, or vice versa. Most pop music is still low-energy music. If you listen to WABX for example, or KSAN, most of the music you'll hear will still be low-energy stuff.

The contradiction I'm trying to point out is between low-energy life and high-energy life. Low-energy culture prepares people to fit into the consumer (passive) system. (And it has to do with death: consume — kill and shit out; consumption, the poets' disease.)

A high-energy culture prepares you for revolution equals constant high-energy change. It's the difference between eating something and turning it into shit vs. turning it into energy to build things with. Does that make sense?

Q.: Very good sense. What chances do you have to listen to music here?

J.S.: I've got a record player and an earphone radio. But it can only get WLS in Chicago; no good stations. And they've cut me off from receiving records now because they say that I'm not supposed to have a record player. I'd bought it off another inmate when I came here. But I used to get records.

I listen to Big Brother and the Holding Company's *Cheap Thrills*; Jimi Hendrix's *Are You Experienced*, The MC5's *Kick Out the Jams* — which is the highest energy record ever

made — too high-energy for anyone except stoned freaks and 16-year-old maniacs. And John Coltrane, Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, Albery Ayler, Cecil Taylor, Sun Ra.

People used to look on their music listening as separate from their other life. Aristotle's triumph of separation. I want to say, and to insist, that the music that you listen to shapes your life. Rock and Roll, and Dope, and Fucking in the Streets. You listen to high-energy music, and then when people come to you with low-energy forms, you just can't stand it.

That's why kids hate school so much: school is the ultimate low-energy trip. Total separation: You separate the kids into rooms and the knowledge into subjects. It's done to change and shape you, so you'll be ready to work on the assembly line or in the office.

School doesn't start at 8:30 and end at 3:30 by accident. It's done to start you on a work-shift.

So this is the reason why we push the whole high-energy thing: when you become inundated with high-energy culture you simply become incapable of operating in a low-energy context. You just won't accept it. And once you won't accept it you go off to invent high-energy life forms.

The straight life-style and the straight culture is all about separation. That all has to do with industrialization. None of it happens by accident. People have their own houses, instead of living in tribal or clan groups. Isolated into families. And television is the ultimate low-energy trip. You don't take part in it. (I'm not denying the McLuhan idea of observer involvement; but that's in a different sense.) I mean you just sit there. You don't have to do

anything except just sit there in the chair — which is where they want you.

Now, say that because of economic conditions you're stuck in a factory; you have to stay in a low-energy frame of mind to stand it. That's why barbituates and heroin are so big among black workers and kids in school. If you were righteously stoned on weed or hash you couldn't stand that life.

A good example is David Valler. He's working in the assembly line at Ford and taking LSD every day. He flips out. Then, to top it off, he takes LSD in the Wayne County Jail. That finishes him off.

So our plan has always been to push high-energy music, high-energy life-style, bright clothes, weed, and communal living, which is, because of its volatility, a high-energy thing.

Get people into these forms and they relate to them. Because that's what people are supposed to be — free. The whole push of the industrial world is to enslave people. The corporations are just modern versions of the old feudal system. A very few people control all the rest of the people. Everyone works for the handful that owns it all.

So the way you start breaking this slave system down is to start building people who won't and can't relate to that. You get enough such people and it can't go on.

Right? Q.: (nod)

J.S.: It can only go on so long as people go along with it. Take LSD a few times and you become physically incapable of having anything to do with it.

And when people get to the point that they can't relate to the death culture, then they try to create a new life-culture.

This is the whole history of my life.

(Continued on Page 25)



IT AINT MY CUP OF MEAT

A review of BOB DYLAN
SELF PORTRAIT and
other shit . . .

by Alan Shenker

Bob Dylan is again in the forefront of another branch of popular music. Together with Ringo Starr, who started the movement with his recent album "Sentimental Journey," Dylan has managed to resuscitate the type of music made popular by such greats as Bing Crosby, Perry Como, and Ezio Pinza back in the "Fabulous Forties." You remember the forties, don't you? If you check the books you'll find that during that decade man advanced considerably down the road to civilization. The forties saw the advent of such notable accomplishments as the development of penicillin and sulfa drugs, self-sustained nuclear reactions, the popular use of concentration camps, and the construction of Levittown.

Our parents are fond of labeling things. It makes them feel secure; but then security is their whole game. They call us hippies, and immediately feel they have us nailed. They don't get that vague discomfort once they've placed us into the neat pigeon holes of their convictions. They think we all look alike. Dig it they think we all look the same. Of course they've been saying that all orientals look alike for years. It's a whole depersonalization process.

Offstage: "What the hell kind of fuckin' review is this?"

Author: "Fuck man this ain't a review. I'm talking about alternate culture, or underground culture, or best yet ROCK culture."

The label ROCK CULTURE comes close because it looks past the obvious aspects, and shows an amazing degree of astuteness on the part of "Der Alters" in tracing the roots of our life form. It's especially amazing as most of those dudes still think we'll forget Rock when we "grow up." Dig it we're in our mid-twenties and they're still waiting for us to mature. You really can't hate anyone that brain damaged.

JUST CAUSE YOU WAS THERE DON'T MEAN YOU WAS WATCHIN

Let's go back to 1944



"When A.J. Weberman hears this album he'll crap in his straightjacket."

more primitive group of homo-sapiens than ourselves was engaged in a related group of conflicts on the various continents to the east. For the previous six years certain reputable countries had been engaged in clearing up property disputes, which had been going down in direct, traceable order since at least the eighteenth century.

The older species (bless their little black hearts) have no perspective on the war. They can't see that one order signed by that lovable bastard Harry Truman was infinitely more important than any of those frantic

rantings, and pronouncements which had been spouting from the mouths of those minor historical characters; both the bush league fascists, and the second string commies who were dominating the people at the time: Churchill, Hitler, Roosevelt, Franco, etc.

Poor old Harry. Like a great artist, he'll be long gone before people start to

grasp his significance. They liked old Harry. Why he could really burn the air with his imprecations. You never heard that Jew Roosevelt call anyone an S.O.B. Shit no! But old Harry he's "white." Man and no president is ever going to have a picture taken like the one where old Harry is sitting behind a piano with Lauren Bacall perched on top; stocking showing to the knee. Good old Harry show him respect. He's your father. Why with one stroke of the pen H.S.T. created our generation; while melting quite a few bothersome Japs.

Uncle Sidney: "What kind of crap is this. Don't you know how many people died so that you could wear long hair?"

Author: "Far out Uncle Sidney. It's a good thing that they didn't die in vain. I mean if some cat dragged his ass all the way to the Solomon Islands to collide with some flying metal so that I can wear long hair; then the least I can do to

respect his sacrifice by having long hair. Why if . . ."

Uncle Sidney: "How can you talk like that?" (to be read with emotion) "Don't you know how many people died in the concentration camps? Why my own Uncle Jacob . . ."

Yes, Harry Truman was our father. We were baptised in a fireball aloft two small cities on an Asiatic island so many years ago. Following these small atrocities the word came down that the United States would never be the first to launch a nuclear attack against an enemy. This fact no doubt satisfied those Nips with six feet of scar tissue and four legged children. The pre-forties Americans sucked it down like molasses; but you can't really blame them. They were engaged with more important things such as finding tires and getting that old DeSoto back on the road; and the G.I. Bill I mean any country that would take care of the boys like that was hokay. The

post forty generation accepted it differently when it was handed down. You see we're so smart that if someone hands us a plate of shit and tells us that it's icecream we won't dive into it and ask for more. We're geniuses, every damn one of us.

Factor: "It's a really heavy record, like with the chicks and the strings it's deep. I mean . . ."

Jane: "I think he's making fun of Phil Spector."

Author: "I fell on the floor when I heard 'The Boxer.' Maybe he is on dugee"

Wilson: "Maybe he's goofin man . . . like just a goof on Simon and Garfunkle . . ."

Blonde: "I like 'Alberta' . . ."

Our generation was young. Small children are stupid. Just ask your parents.

"You can tell a small kid something and he'll take it as fact." They'll tell you. Sure, maybe you could indoctrinate children in the thirties. Man, they all had a guilt complex from watching their parents sacrifice their lives to keep the stomach linings apart. The children of the fifties saw their parents sell their soul to the lawnmower, airconditioner, washer dryer gods; and were a bit more wary.

Then there was the whole hypocrisy thing. It's really amazing. It's absolutely mindstaggering the amount of hypocrisy around that the old people don't take notice of. Maybe as a result of nuclear testing in the atmosphere, or the flouride in the water we new people have evolved a new sense. A whole fucking new sense. We can sense hypocrisy. It covers the wearer like a mantel of phlegm invisible to the old breed but noxious, and repelling to the youngsters.

Aunt Bega: "Hippocracy . . . Vot's dot? Don't dot got sumptin' to do vit beink a doktor? Some kint ov oatb?"

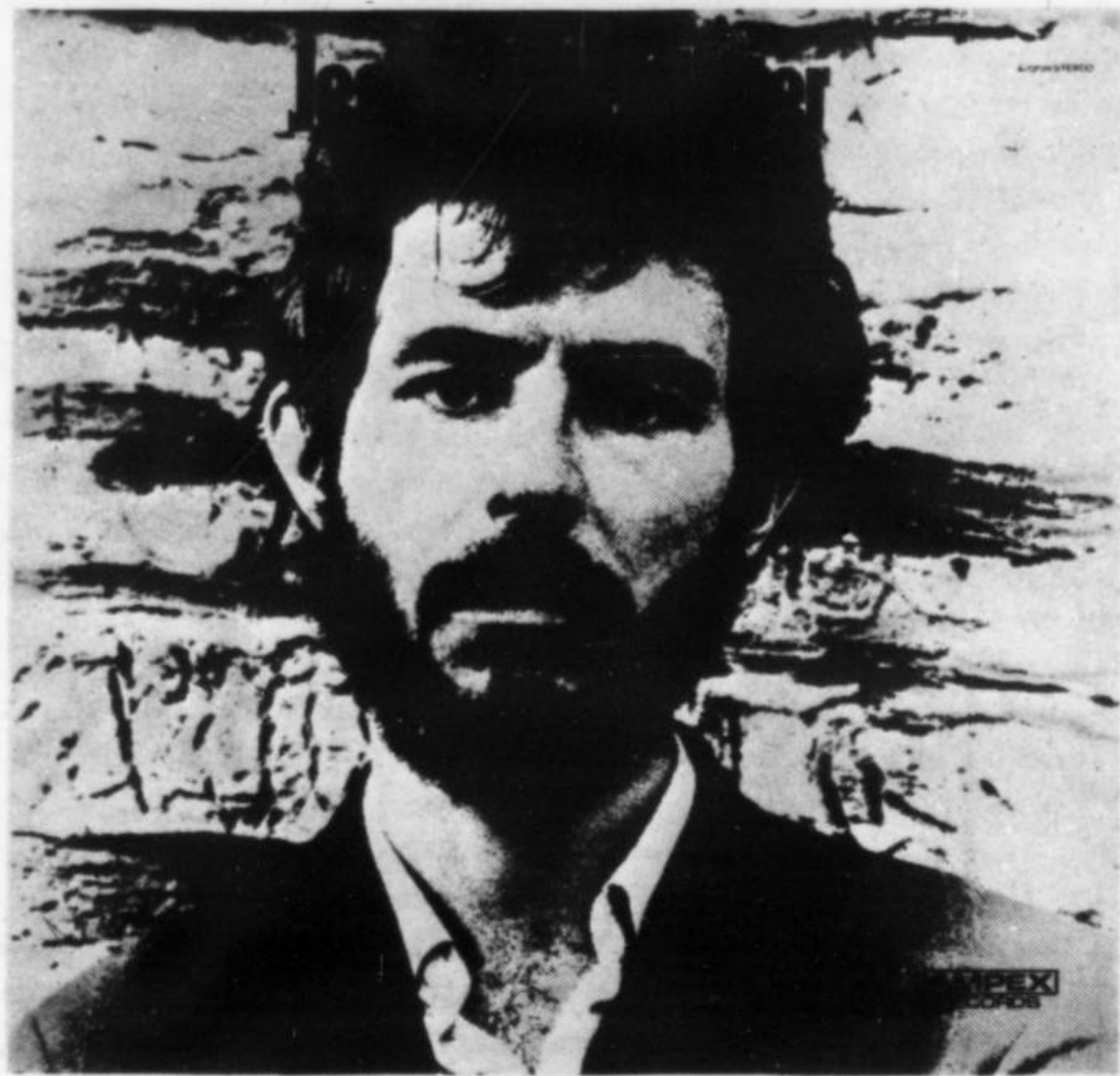
Author: "Yeab it's got a lot to do with being a doctor also. By the way Aunt Beba I'm going to marry a Spade cbick."

Aunt Beba: "Mazel finally! I got de veddink present sence you graduvated. What means 'Spade cbick'?"

(Continued on Page 17)

Don't let Jesse start without you.

Robbie Robertson, who produced the album, says of Jesse "He's just one of those people who've got it ... he's a stone natural."



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Jesse Winchester's going to be making a lot of albums. In fact we've already told him that anytime he wants to record we'll gladly pick up the tab. So if you want to keep your record collection up to date, don't miss Jesse's first album on Ampex Records.

The album really speaks for itself. It's not only an important musical event, but at least for the time being it's the only way people in this country will be able to enjoy Jesse's music.

Each song is written and performed with taste and simplicity. And Jesse's strong, relaxed vocals make it one of the most listenable albums we've ever heard.

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DYLAN

(Continued from Page 16)

Author: "A black girl ... a negro ..."

Aunt Beba: "'A 'SCHVARTZE'!!!"
Oyeee ..."

Author: "But you always said that colored people are the same as us."

Aunt Beba: "De same yes; but not as good."

They told us to love our fellow man. They told us to hate our fellow man. They told us to hate our fellow man. They told us to love blacks. They told us to hate blacks. They told us to worship god and keep our hands off our genitals; while it was obvious that their faith was in their money; and their hands in their pants.

To top off the crazy environment we were raised in, from hydrogen hysteria to Stripe toothpaste, we were also the first generation to be raised before the magic eye.

Elizabeth: "Days of forty nine" is a fine song; and he uses his old voice."

Factor: "It's not the old voice either. It's the same one he used on 'John Wesley Harding'. In fact the song sounds like an out-take from that session."

Dave: "It's not a very inspired song. It sounds like it was made from parts of other songs on that album."

Jane: "I think that he's into a whole performance thing now. He wants to be more professional ..."

Author: "He's trying to appeal to a broader audience."

Factor: "But there are all ready people doing this type of music better; people like Al Martino, Jerry Vale, and Engelbert Humperdinck."

(Riotous Laughter)

The magic box kept our minds alive. While the imaginations, indeed the very thinking processes of previous generations were at a peak at birth and quickly died out in the unwholesome atmosphere of contradictory evidence; our mental processes increased as the years went by while the tube bathed us in soothing flickering light. We were forced to cultivate our imaginations; as the harsh facts of reality our elders talked about was anxious to crawl up the fire escape and steal you in your sleep. In time we learned that there are no facts; and only a thread of reality. The harshness remains but only for the senile who perpetuate it.

The tube raised the sophistication of our species further than all previous advances combined had done before us. We had ...
Upstairs: "There you go you radicals always destroy your own cause with your

sweeping generalizations...snort...all the previous advances of history indeed. How can you expect a liberal reader to relate at all to you if you insist on spouting dogma like...uh...like "U.S. Steel kills more people than the Mafia."

Author: "Well how many people did the Mafia snuff last year? Let's say fifteen thousand."

Upstairs: "There you go again with that crazy exaggeration. There probably weren't more than thirty."

Author: "Well I'm sure U.S. Steel killed more than thirty..."

Upstairs: "How can you possibly relate..."

Author: "Oh, now I see. You can't follow it through."

Where in the pecking order do you get lost? Do you lose sight of the responsibility when it enters the military, or maybe you lose track when it's banded to the enlisted man."

Upstairs: "But... but..."

Author: "Fuck off man I've got to review an album."

Upstairs: "You radicals talk smart now; but I've seen it all. Wait till another Joe McCarthy comes along. Nothing changes."

Author: "Yeab man I know, you've been wearing tie-dyed, bell bottoms since the depression."

The musicians were turned on first. They were playing the music of life while the rest of us were still worrying about our pimples. They didn't invent the life style. Simply, they were the first to be aware that there was a distinct difference between the generations; and that the difference was something to be proud about.

The Beatles weren't the best rock group around. In the long run their songs wear a bit on the listener as opposed to say The Stones whose early records are still a delight. Even "Sgt Pepper" is enjoyable now only in the context of having lived through the period. I'm sure that there will be much embarrassment in the future when we try to tell our kids why it's such great music. The Beatles weren't important as entertainers though. They were teachers. They showed us an alternative, and before long we were surpassing them.

The little old ladies with the blue hair sitting on the benches of St. Petersburg didn't realize it, but they were losing their ascendancy. As a generation we will grow old, but we have no intention of making an occupation of it.

Factor: "I bought a bootleg album the other day called 'Motorcycle,' and it was just so much better than this piece of

crap."

Blonde: "Isn't that some of the basement tapes?"

Factor: "Yeab, but this is the best quality I've ever heard them."

Jane: "I just can't stand the live cuts on the album."

Factor: "They're from the Isle of Wight."

Jane: "I know. It scares me the way he does them, especially 'Like a Rolling Stone.'"

Author: "Yeab, it's like he's got no conception of the song anymore."

Wilson: "Maybe he's just tired of doing it."

We've got a lot to thank the rock stars for. They've given us an awareness of ourselves, and a life style to follow; but now we're in a delicate position. The rock stars are becoming a liability in our culture. They are the last people to be looked upon for leadership now, because they have the heaviest ties with the capitalist system. Damn it they not only have the heaviest ties; but they're influenced by the worst leeches the other side has: the record company execs, the company freaks, and the sycophants. Why the closest they ever get to the people is the rock critics, who by and large have nothing to do with our generation.

The "biggies" have lost their perspective. They've built walls around themselves for various, usually good, reasons; but now they can't see that the characters that do get through will tell them that anything that they do is fine.

I'm sure that Dylan is getting a lot of compliments on this new album. It also seems that the people he knows all had something to do with producing the travesty.

Dave: "The critics are going to love the album."

Jane: "Everybody is afraid to attack Dylan."

Factor: "A lot of critics really got burnt bad in sixty five when he went electric."

Blonde: "Well this is five years later, and he didn't go electric - he went crazy."

Howell: "Do you know the painting on the cover? Well, I swear that

My grandmother in Rego Park has the same painting on the wall, only I think there was a bunch of bananas in it somewere."

Blonde: "Why would she want to put something like that up on the wall?"

Howell: "Well she's a little

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by John da Swede

RANDALL'S ISLAND AND THE MOUNTAINDALE FESTIVALS COMIN' TO TOWN

Rock Festival/concert time is rapidly approaching and the air is charged with uptight vibes cutting away at the soothing voices of PR men promoting/producing these events. There's so many "festivals" being touted around town these days that it's well nigh impossible to know (much less care) who's righteous and who isn't, what's a rip-off and what isn't. Apparently, we'll all know when it comes, but here's what we've come up with up to deadline time last week.

In the immediate future, two series of major concerts will be vying for your bread: Mountandale and the New York Pop at Randall's Island. Since Mountandale kicks off first on July 11th with a pretty heavy line-up of "Star Power," we'll start there, too.

Mountandale is a little village up in the Catskills, not too far from the Big Brother of them all, last year's Woodstock Festival. According to their promo people, it consists of some 700 acres where concerts, film events, theatre, and such will be happening all summer. Mountandale came in for some local bad-mouthing since they had listed some groups (Joe Cocker, Mountain, Ten Years After, and Jethro Tull) booked for July 11th that could not appear since they will be at Randall's Island the following weekend, and the Randall's Island folks had an exclusive on them within a 100-mile radius of NYC. Mountandale falls just barely within those limits. (Mountandale claims that the booking agents shouldn't have accepted their

checks for deposit if that were the case.)

Anyway, the July 11th bookings now include The Band (and this was verified by Grossman's office), the Grateful Dead, the Kinks, Richie Havens, Voices of East Harlem, Van Morrison, John Sebastian, and a promise of more groups, in an 18-hour program.

The next rock concert, on July 22nd, at Mountandale also includes a lot of "heavies": Janis Joplin, Chicago, Melanie, Sly & the Family Stone, Paul Butterfield, Blues Image, Big Brother & the Holding Co., Delanie Bonnie & Friends, Tim Hardin and Charlie Brown. There's also a jazz concert slated for August 8th, plus other events throughout the summer.

We heard this was a quickie set-up with the backing of Mountandale locals who were convinced that rock means bread for one and all. Balanced against this must be information received by us that the producers are doing a lot of work on the site, clearing land, putting in roads, setting up the performance area, and the like. They promise virtually unlimited free camping, but declined to talk about setting up free food stands such as the Hog Farm did at Woodstock. For many of us, with bread gettin' scarce, admission of \$10 each plus the costs of getting there can be quite a financial squeeze.

On top of that, there is a definite mood within the community for some of the bread going into the rock coffers somehow being channelled back into the community for such things as bailing our brothers out of jail, presenting local groups (who do many benefits but are left out of the big festivals by the name groups), and the like.

That is one of the problems now being faced by the producers of New York Pop on Randall's Island. NY Pop will be doing

a three-day number from Friday July 17

to Sunday the 19th. (Friday: Grand Funk RR, Jimi Hendrix, Sebastian, Steppenwolf, Jethro Tull; Saturday night: Delaney Bonnie & Friends, Richie Havens, Ravi Shankar, Ten Years After, Tony Williams Lifetime, and a promised jam session including Jack Bruce, Eric Clapton and Miles Davis; Sunday: Joe Cocker, Dr. John, Mountain, Van Morrison and the Voices of East Harlem.)

Tickets are \$8.50 for one night, \$15 for two concerts, and \$21 for all three. It was originally billed as a "Festival," but since no camping is allowed the City made them drop that term. Also, the programs will have to start after 7 pm since they are treading on the turf of the East Harlem kids who play baseball there. And, the Island must be "cleared" right after the concerts around midnight. Further, parking on Randall's Island will be very limited, probably to no more than a few thousand cars. Thus, it is highly suggested (by them and us) that if you're going, take the Lex subway to 125th Street and take a bus or walk over the Triboro Bridge to the Island. Buses will be provided if you want to ride. There was a proposal by the city for Long Island, Queens and Brooklyn ticket-holders to park at Shea Stadium and be bussed to Randall's Island, but that isn't firm as yet.

Anyway, to get back to community action. Last Thursday afternoon a group representing the White Panthers, Alternate U's Rock and Revolution Workshop, the Ripoff Collective and Artists United invaded Brave New World Productions, the sponsors of NY Pop, and, after first being thrown out and threatened, presented a list of demands to the producers.

They asked for funds to free one Black Panther (that's \$10,000 cash plus \$50,000 collateral), booking of 10 local community groups at \$5000 each (with the standard 17% booking fees to go into a Musician's Collective Fund), ten thousand free tickets (for the East Harlem Puerto Rican kids and others without bread for such events), a copy of the closed circuit TV tape that will be made of the concerts (and played at intermissions), funds and equipment for a movement communications center, and medical and legal facilities and the like.

While the demands are not particularly unreasonable, they may be a bit naive. The greatest stumbling blocks will be the bread/collateral for freeing a Panther and the booking of ten bands at a total cost of \$50,000. These two alone add up to over \$100,000. The free tickets could probably be made available from unsold tickets and spread over the three nights, but maybe not 10,000. The producers, even before these demands were made, said they had wanted to put on local musicians but that city-imposed time limits made it impossible.

It is probably high time that "the movement" came together in its demands, gathered support from wider areas, and presented logical, reasonable and constructive programs that would have greater chances of success. We have many brothers and sisters in jail, our communities need much work and bread, and the repression of our life style is getting heavier. No doubt that NY Pop could be effectively closed down with a combination of bad vibes and sabotage, but who would gain? A few egos might be satiated for a time at having done it, but how many Panthers and Sinclairs and Learys would that free?

(Continued on Page 22)

LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

WHAT'S A FREAK LIKE YOU DOING IN D.C.
ON HONOUR AMERICA DAY?

Renfreu Neff

On May Day in New Haven word started going around about a Smoke-In in Washington on the Fourth of July. Back in May... in the anger over the New Haven Panther trial, the Kent State, Jackson and Augusta shootings, the invasion of Cambodia, campus strikes and demonstrations and the massive protest rally in Washington... a capitol Smoke-In seemed a little incongruous, but one could suppose that by July it might be a welcome relief from everything else. Over the weeks it began to look as if it actually would happen, and; it was reported that hundreds of thousands of heads would be converging on the Washington Monument grass to smoke their own.

Then about three weeks ago a White House announcement declared the Fourth of July Honour America Day and we were further informed that "invitations" in the form of park permits had been issued to certain pro-Administration groups granting them the official use of the very same territory on the very same date. Pure coincidence, probably, since there was no mention of the long-planned Smoke-In. Leading this contingent were Billy Graham, many Southern and right-wing congressmen and the Young Americans for Freedom, another bad news claue of super-patriots, and they began whipping up Right-wing enthusiasm around a grandstand cluttered with the sort of celebrities who would put any Smoke-In to sleep. If was is ever abolished, Bob Hope won't have anything to do on Christman, so come the Fourth he'll be on hand to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to the Silent majority. Somebody said Walt Disney was going to be there, so it may be worth the trip just to catch that one,

and it is estimated that a few thousand catatonics will show up to wave the flag.

Meanwhile the Smoke-In is still being pushed from some quarters where it's apparently still regarded as a groovy thing to have running simultaneously in the same area, and these people seem to be underplaying the part about the flag-nuts who've been licensed to come out and pay their respects to America. Maybe that's just public relations—the White House didn't mention the Smoke-In in its communique either... Or maybe both sides are trying *not* to tell us something.

Private sources in touch with Administration sources say that the latter are relying on the cooperation of promoters of rock festivals and concerts scheduled in other cities to attract the young and radical elements this weekend and distract them from going to Washington, and there are the usual of drug hassling of long hairs disembarking at transportation terminals in that city in an effort to prevent largescale interference with those bent on honouring America and government-stamped to do so. In other words, a Smoke-In is Unwelcome to Washington.

From the other side, the Smoke-In supporters, comes a naive sounding riff the the effect that Woodstock was beautiful and there were 400,000 there, the November Moratorium worked, and so did the Yale May Day rally and the last big demo in Washington. True, but nobody encouraged flag-freaks to come to any of those and gave them the "rights" to the turf beforehand.

From both sides an important point has not as yet been broached: Cambodia. Going back to May, Nixon

promised the withdrawal of American troops by the end of June. A random cross-section check of any calendars appointment books and chromatic watches conclusively indicates that this is June and that Tuesday's the end of it. So far nothing but doublespeak out of the White House and the Pentagon as the real issue is hedged, the war goes on, and more millions of dollars in arms are rushed in to keep it going. Frankly, it looks like the old fan is in for another wallop of the same old shit one more time, and it seems sort of silly to waste any grass in the backflash.

Let's pretend for a moment that it's midnight-on-the-snout, Tuesday, 30 June, and suddenly there's a bolt of lightning and this voice booms out that a few hours ago Old Speedy-Nix received a memo reminding him of what he'd said back in the beginning of May and had just this instant called for a total cease-fire and withdrawal from Cambodia. Okay, now it's four days later, the Fourth of July. *Do you really want to be in Washington, D.C. whacked out of your head with all those clamouring assholes waving their flags at Bob Hope?* (Walt Disney's something else. Don't confuse the issue.)

Now pretend that once again it's midnight-give-or-take-a-bit, Tuesday, 30 June, only this time Nixon has made it perfectly clear that he has some limp excuse for *not* pulling all American troops and "advisors" out of Cambodia and back into Vietnam and Laos where they don't belong either. You already know this, so you're sitting around flaking and there's no lightning bolt, no voice, you never expected them anyway, and Zacherly is so stoned he's lost the midnight newscast and just blurts out something to the effect that no news is good news, anyway. You're already pretty pissed off as it is, right? Okay, same time warp; it's four days later, the fourth again, but let's say that this time you're there in front of the Washington Monument with all those assholes waving American flags.

Are you really there to Smoke-In and wait for Walt Disney to show?

TOO MUCH TOO SOON- MAYBE TOO LITTLE TOO LATE OR LET PEOPLE MAKE IT

by nathaniel white-white

My name is Nathaniel White-White. I am a direct out-growth of the Black-is-beautiful movement and I have come here to express White-White views about the New York-Boston all-black show currently showing at the Boston Museum.

There was a time when black limited. When people like Jackie Robinson opened baseball; Sidney Portier opened movies; James Earle Jones, theatre; Jeffrey Holder, t.v. commercials, Roscoe, radio — and so it goes. With regard to painting and sculpture, the road of the black artist through his own experience has been going on since Revolutionary times. As a matter of fact, a definitive book on the role of the black artist is being compiled now by one of the members of the current black art show.

Black is not a new color to the visual arts. Whenever an artist created an esthetic that was considered worthy of note, a gallery was only too delighted to show it. A recent example of black acceptancy is that Romare Bearden, whose work was reproduced in the Times article, was one of the leading and most successful artists

in the 1950's at the Sam Kootz Gallery and received greater acclaim than his fellow gallery members — such as Adolph Gottlieb, Hans Hoffman, William Bazotes, etc.

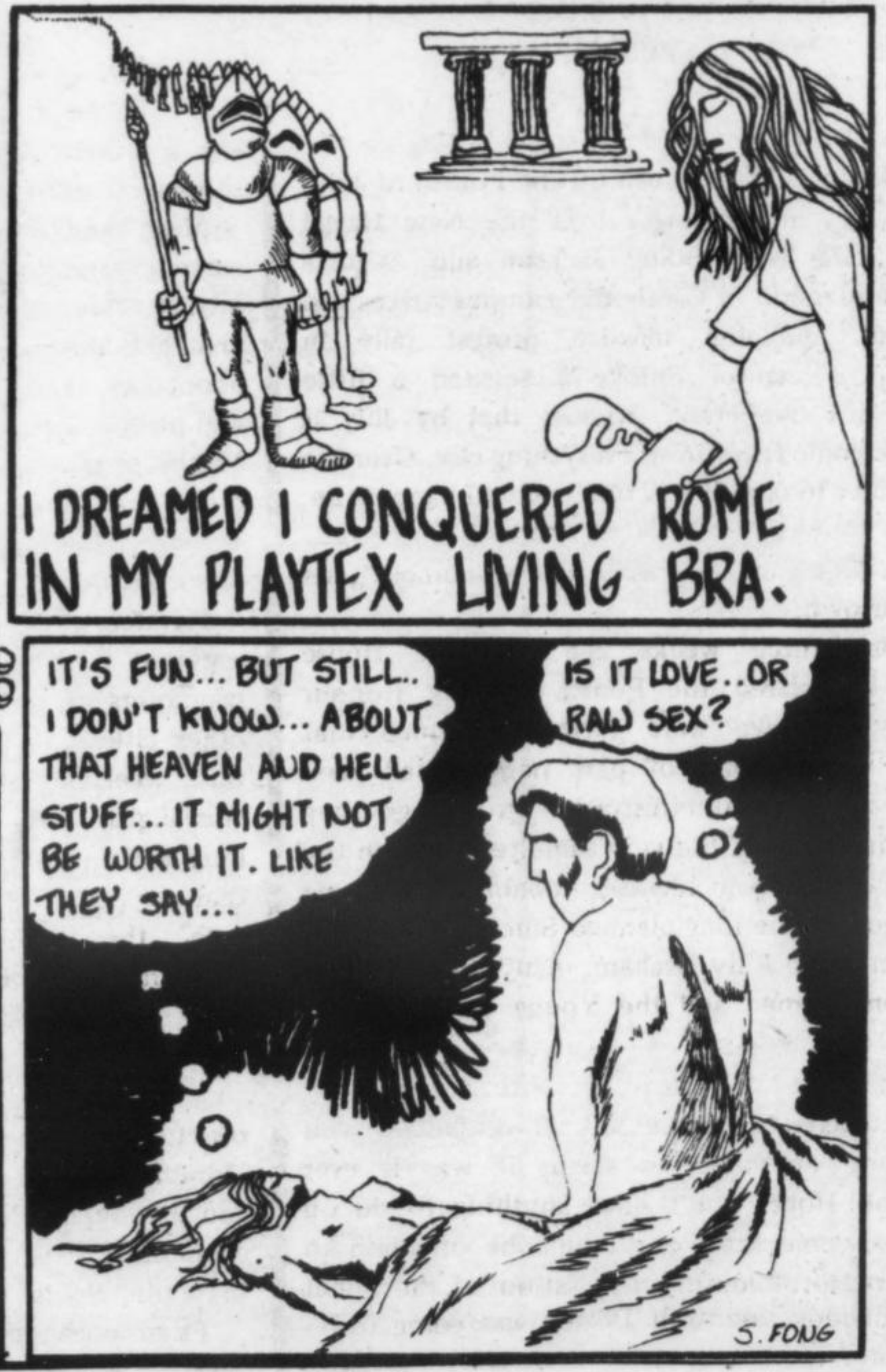
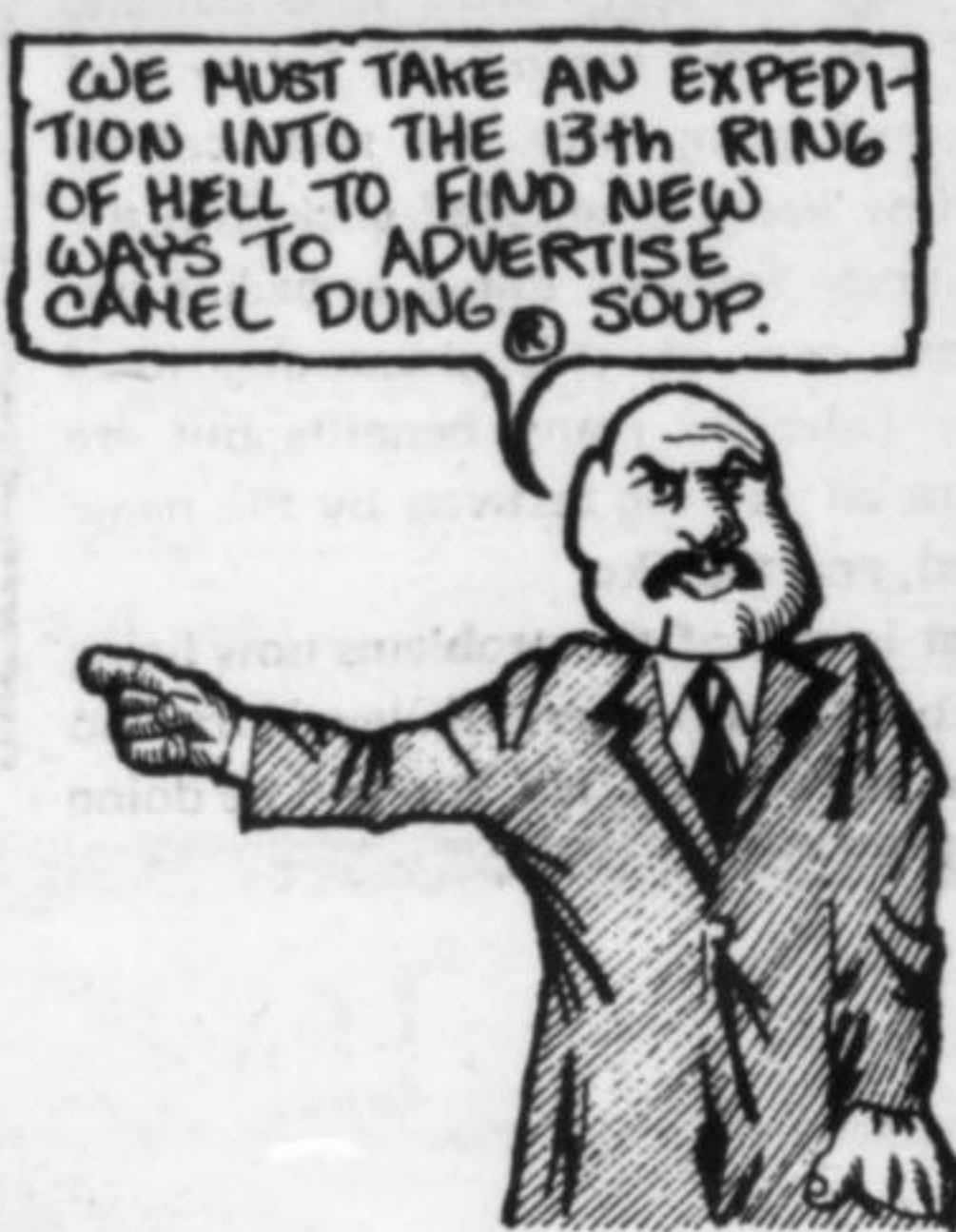
Social commentary is not what makes Guernica and the black paintings by Goya memorable. It is their esthetic and their artistic merit. Both men's works live as an extension of their genius, focused on political subject matter — not the reverse.

A large number of avante-garde artists have turned their hand to social realism. The Whitney Museum thought enough of their statement to create a super realism show this past season to exhibit this attitude, so there is certainly room at this time within avante-garde art to portray any picture, thought, or sentiment with postcard clarity. If an artist must defend his work because the bullet holes in a door were that of a slain hero and/or the various other lines of commentary that seem to cradle each work in its own saran wrap purity, then the work is not standing on the ground of its own visual and esthetic merit. What is being created is a culturally sponsored freak show of budding "would be" artists or older "unable to make it" artists who are either

premature in showing or already over the hill. They make their stance of credibility their color. In this large pack there are a few who shine among any of their leading contemporaries — and the others seem to be hiding under their wings.

To show a black-wrapped package which has a handful of stars and a large number of possible contenders, I feel is to pay my black brothers a disservice, because there is no need to show for the sake of showing or to show too soon and then to have to erase a preconceived image through super merits later. I think it would be a far better thing if the black community waited and developed its skills, and then joined all of the visual arts without color and without class distinction and be heralded on merit alone, rather than to create an artistic ghetto where anything goes because it's black to become a self-imposed creative oddity.

You don't have to be black to feel, you don't have to be black to see, to love, or to die. Those rights are given to all of us. How can you have a brotherhood of man if you don't have technicolor people.



S. FONG

Dear EVO — Dig it, Claudia: your beauty and your strength lie in yielding and softness. Real strength, both moral and psychic, flows from within. Let your beauty hang out!!

Pity the poor bastards, Claudia, that have to stand on a streetcorner and furtively yell obscenities to you to get off. Sure, there are sickies all over the place (you were surprised to run into long-haired creeps?) but pity them.

Maybe if you could let your own good vibrations loose (they're down there someplace, maybe deeper in some people) and let your own womanly beauty start flowing you'll be able to get to grooving on that male-female thing. Remember, every trip is what you make it.

Start meeting men's eyes on the street. (The sickies pick up on your up-tightness-eyes-straight-ahead blocks away.) And bang loose, you'll get back more than obscenities.

And dig one more thing one of the most exquisitely beautiful, cosmic experiences a human being can have is giving birth to a child, and it is an experience only a woman can have, and the choice to have it is a woman's. Yeah, it's groovy to have your old man there holding your hand, but *you*, the woman carries the child *inside* of your *self*, nourish it, feel it, know it physically from its conception. It comes out of *your* body — you are different from a man. Maybe Liberation women are too obsessed with putting down male-chauvinism and role-oppression and should start to groove on the inherent beauty of being a woman.

Cunts are beautiful (remember the fucking scenes in *Lady Chatterly's Lover*) and by their nature women are receptive, open, flowing, yielding. A woman's womb has the flexibility and strength to undergo an incredibly heavy stress.

So, you "walk the streets" a feminist, a working reporter, a woman with a sense of pride. And you're in a constant stage of rage... You want to kill! KILL!!! Baby, you're not a liberated being until you deal with that rage and stop blaming it on the male-female thing. It gets distorted — I mean, wanting to kill a man because he said he likes the way you look and wants a taste of your pussy (maybe a chastity belt is your solution?) Or maybe you're not digging your pussy yourself?

Sincerely,

Andrea Fineman

Ed: *Lady Chatterly's Lover* was written by a man, my dear. And men, when they are ogling ladies on the streetcorner, are not really saying they like the ladies' looks and truthfully desire a taste of their pussies. They are saying something distinctly less complementary. Perhaps you should seek a more accurate apprehension of the masculine mind, and of Claudia's article.

Dear EVO — A friend of mine was telling me about your paper. He knew your address, but does not know too much about it. Please let me know a little on what your paper is about. Please answer.

Thank You,
W.P. LaPiere
Manchester, N.H.

Ed: Oh, it's about twenty-eight pages right now, but if we want color, we have to go back to twenty-four.

Cancel Sub

Dear EVO — Please cancel my subscription to EVO. Enclosed is the mailing label. If in the future my job permits me to read your newspaper I will subscribe to it again.

Thank you,
Donald L. Orr

Ed: Sure. But now we're intrigued — what kind of job is that, anyway?

Worms In Fridge

Dear EVO — Well Karin, "Male chauvinism" really could be improved on. The analogy to "racism" would be "sexism," which is a mouthful on account of the "x," but I like "sexist" — better than "male chauvinist."

And another thing about "sexism" — it could be used both ways, just as there are white and (a few) black racists, there are male and female sexists — people who are unfair and unfeeling toward the needs of the other sex and/or toward people whose sexual needs are different, whatever their sex.

It's short and it's not unfair to anyone. "Male chauvinism" makes it sound as if it's predetermined that "chauvinism" is "male." There are female chauvinists too. One example that comes to mind is a man saying to me (in a store where they sold fishing worms) when the salesgirls suggested he could keep the worms fresh in the fridge, "Oh my wife would never approve of that." And you knew he was a good guy, not a fink, but that his wife dominated the icebox (and I hate to think what she did or didn't do with *her* box). That's a puny example, but...

There really are men who would like to help if they knew how — and if you want to call their own attention to their occasional tendencies toward "sexism" it only exacerbates the situation to refer to "male chauvinism" — i.e., if a black and white are talking and the black wants to show the white how his attitude is racist, he doesn't need to widen the gap by saying "that's white racist." It would be redundant, for one thing, and it's picking a fight in a certain way, it forces the white to say, "well, I am white" just as "male chauvinism" I would think would make a man think, "well, I am male, and proud of it."

All this goes to say — the addition of the word "male" to a derogatory expression clouds and confuses the issue.

It's not *males* we're after (as in "racism" — we're not after *whites*). We're against a sex syndrome, a tendency to use sex as a means of dominating and trampling on people of another sex.

Ed: The problem with "sexist," as opposed to "racist," is that there are indeed two sexes, and no denying of it either, whereas the concept of "races" has been disproved as a biological fallacy. "Racist" then, denotes one who believes in the concept of "races," upholds it, supports it, and behaves in accordance with it. This analogy, strictly extended, would a fortiori denote anyone who believes in the concept of "sexes" a

So if you do come up with an improvement on both "male chauvinism" and/or "sexism," please don't put *male* in it.

If a man wanted to be the boss all the time, do the driving, not make the beds, take out the garbage etc. I would say he had a "boss complex" — as in that by-gone phrase "inferiority complex" (I'm so glad nobody has *those* anymore!) But this doesn't apply to rock-n-roll, unless it was a song about housekeeping or office work — real sexy stuff!

So I still like "sexism." Another thing I don't like about "male chauvinism" — "chauvinism" has up til now borne a definite association with one's national identity and it comes from the name of a Frenchman who was exactly and precisely a chauvinist (in its correct definition) so I don't think the meaning transfers very well to the man/woman problem. In other words, "chauvinism" is too specific a term. (To carry out the "racism" analogy — do you like "white chauvinism?" Wouldn't you have scorn as a linguist for the blacks if they had thought that one up?) And I think if women's lib wants respect they ought to junk "male chauvinist." Because the words we use define our thoughts. If we can't find good, precise, meaningful words, then we don't have good, precise, meaningful ideas — at least, we can't explain them to other people or get them to sympathize and agree with us.

Other people say "sexism" don't they? I know I've read it here and there. If you don't like sexism — or if you think this issue is more complicated than "sexism" implies — I would love to know why. If a white makes a watermelon joke, he is — or he is playing at being — a racist, right? That describes it — no more is necessary. So — (please pardon the length & incoherence) — why isn't a teat-pincher (and by this I mean both in actuality and metaphorically — as in song, for example) a sexist? He would laugh if you called him a male chauvinist, and rightly so.

Sincerely,

Margaret Soklov

Liberated Letters

Dear EVO —
Here's how
& handle
those
fem-
libs



Dear EVO:

What kind of fucking nerve do you have, putting down poor old Unsigned in your June 16th rag? He can already think and write clearly enough so someone can understand him — someone who hasn't fucked up his mind with drugs and Weatherman-type Marxism (and when the hell did clear writing and thinking have anything to do with EVO?). What he's trying to say is that you can't make the revolution unless you have enough people to swing it, and you can't get enough people if you set yourself off from them like the Chicago Three-Ring Circus Seven, or if you say we have the worst setup since Hitler and then turn around and wallow in all the expensive headshops and albums and concerts and Mafia-run doperings (yes, Ray, there is a Mafia; I know). If the system is all as bad as you say it is, and you live off it like a goddam parasite, people will see the contradiction in your lifestyle and turn off. So either stop indulging your taste for style and luxury or stop being so fucking narrow-minded and admit that there are some things worth saving. That way at least the people will know your head and body are all in the same place. And for chrissake take your case to the people; work with the people; try to convince them or educate them instead of dividing them into pigs and niggers and trying to play them off against one another or worse yet, ignoring them. A million pot-smoking teenyboppers will never change anything in this country but themselves, from kids to jailbirds or corpses.

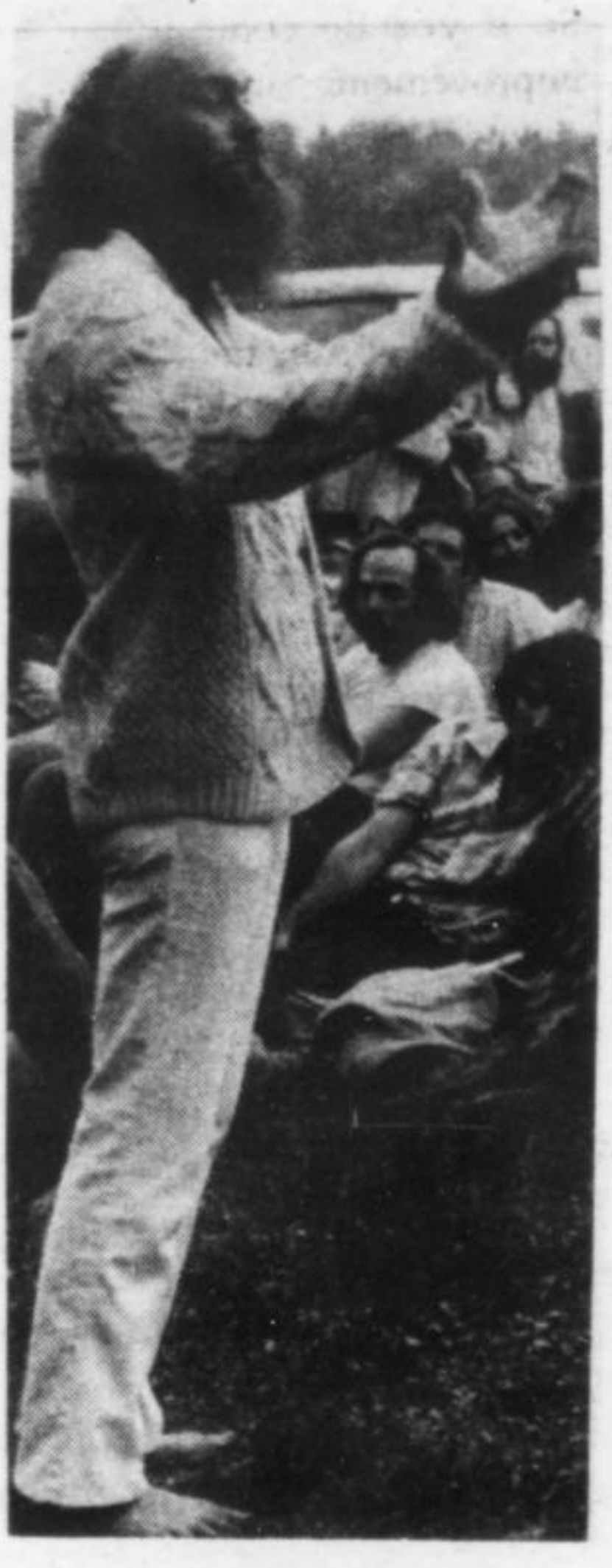
"If we're really right why not concentrate on convincing the straight people we're right; then they wouldn't be straight and we wouldn't have to look hip." That's the most beautiful paragraph ever printed in EVO. God, how many times have I been put down on the streets of New York or drawn funny glances from plastic kids because I wasn't wearing old clothes or wild colors or an Army jacket or any of the other hip styles, or because I don't have long hair and a beard or a shaved noggin and a painted face. How can anybody believe we're really against things like racism and sexism when we set up our own bigotry, stylism, discrimination into hip (the elite) and straight (the despised enemy) on the basis of clothes and hair, the only signs in the whole universe that are more superficial and meaningless than skin color. So don't put the guy down when it takes all of you over there at the word factory to produce one piece of shit a week. Not a good record, and nothing compared to someone who can actually use their heads a few minutes a day.

Old Father Potato Salad

Ed: No amount of EVO rap will ever "convince" any "straight people" of anything. One is either "straight" or he is not "straight." The Chicago Three-Ring Circus Seven have made more people "not straight" than EVO ever will, and it is stupid of you to expect anything else of us, or them. Both you and "unsigned" have a greivously primitive idea of media.

"sexist," and could any perjorative sense be attached to such an appellation?

"Chauvinism," while clumsy, means the embrace of outmoded principles, and a "male chauvinist" is someone who embraces the traditional principle of the woman as chattel, slave, plaything. But it sounds like shit, so a new term should indeed be employed, but "sexist" isn't the word.



MEDIA X 4

(Continued from Page 6)

and then be insulted by some spokesmen of this movement (perhaps to make up for the decades of misunderstanding, I'm not sure). The issue of the conference though was liberation for all people, better mutual respect for everyone's rights. Throughout the meetings, Fouratt represented the link of the Gay and Women's liberation... much to the chagrin of many of the other participants, but that's media folks.

I found that there were many things within the alternative culture of which I knew rather little, like the community spirit in the Ann Arbor, Detroit area, the people's park foundationists which have spread through the country, the rather encouraging world view which other non-New Yorkers had of the whole scene. New York certainly isn't the world though it has the elements of world in there. I heard much talk about revolution and purity of ideals from people outside of New York and tried to imbibe from the same revolutionary stream, but without success. New York seems to be the center of the Movement, but the center is impotent because it is so vast and unwieldy. It's easy to be clear thinking in the country, the problems of the world can be laid out like a patient etherized upon a table (apologies to Prufrock), everything can be rationalized in terms of dogma... and it sounds so neat, so nice. The hard work comes when the ideals

are put into practice and one runs up against the human condition, human nature where it seems more desirable to tear down without building or build on shakey foundations of ill-conceived ideals.

Plainfield was the town I was born in, Plainfield New Jersey, and this was Plainfield Vermont—a totally different trip. The Plainfield I grew up in was and still is (for all I know a sedate New York bedroom commuter village). It has its share of grand problems, schooling for all the people at the best quality, housing for all those who can and cannot afford it, the lack of a good moral climate in which to live. Plainfield Vermont is a small village with few stores and a sprawling rustic college. To Plainfield I went in search of some kind of objective truth—and I found even more disagreement over means and goals. Here the "other people" were in the majority producing some kind of benign chaos out of which will arise a new nation.

In Plainfield, the tools of the revolution were laid bare to all, the press, movies, music, dope, videotape, all the tools of the electronic age. The questions raised from this array of technology were fascinating and frightening. It is one thing to have the knowledge to manipulate the media it is another more important question to answer for goals—At Plainfield the tools of the revolution were displayed, but no one seemed to know how to use them to the optimum use. Videotapes are good tools for teaching, they are portable, cheap to reproduce. Where are they going to be seen. Newsreel is the Movement's own film news service, but where can be the most effective, and who is going to allow them to be seen on network television? What became rapidly obvious to some there in Plainfield was that although there are many gifted people working in the alternative media for changes of consciousness, although they possess a formidable array of skills, they nevertheless have not really made striking inroads into the Middle-American mind, and I don't mean lifestyles for everyone seems to smoke a hell of a lot of marijuana. If the Alternative media can do anything at all, it should not promote an image, but a whole articulated and worked-out way of life, not an "alternative" which uses

all the old cliches but dresses them up in hip clothing but a whole other system of living with an economy and viable philosophy, even if the philosophy is to have no philosophy in attempting a kind of beneficial anarchism.

Dem alternate media blues, mama/dey's rocking my soul/dey's pushing up the flowers through the concrete/dey's makin' changes in the air...so it goes. Coming down from the positive energy high of Plainfield was almost enough to make me turn around and go back. It's like walking on the street in mocassins after running fleet-footed through the woods and feeling the vibrations from the subway on what one supposes to be hard ground, like not being able to see a block from the late evening smog when one could see much further in the cool mountain air, like being assaulted by noise so intense that the ears ring after being lulled to sleep by the chirp of crickets, like barking at people instead of listening to their side... You see, the city makes us all so defensive that the only thing which keeps us sane is the amount of dope smoked because it deadens the pain of civilization.

The alternative Media Project was billed as the first meeting of a continuing project to bring together many different media people for the purposes of creative and revolutionary work (anything which is creative in American society is by definition revolutionary). The project director, Larry Yurden hopes to always have a few media wizzards in residence to work, play and learn from each other. You get the blues when you come down and dem alternate media blues reinforce the vision which everyone there was working

for. Perhaps the next time the wizards get together they will all be able to come home together without the city streets being filled with human refuse from an outmoded ideological war, without the patrolling policeman on the beat, without the misguided running the affairs of state at the expense of their own and our own humanity.

With all the marvelous

toys at our disposal, it still seems a little far-fetched to hope that more people will turn to the alternative until the alternative is made viable and available to all. The next time round will tell—meanwhile the media war wears on. The Plainfield Conference made the participants aware of themselves and their power, now they must use it in deadly earnest.



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RELIGION

(Continued from Page 5)

Florida with a pimpled face and glasses and a crewcut, and he was a Southern Baptist who used to come into my cubicle on Sunday mornings and ask me to divine services, which I always found a way out of, and he asked me on weeknights to go to the Serviceman's Christian Center with him, which I also avoided like the plague. Finally, early one Sunday, he particularly annoyed me in my drunken stupor and I told him off, I told him straight that if he ever so much as said another word to me *this early on Sunday morning*, I would break every bone in his body, I would thrash him to within an inch of his life, I would beat him to a pulp, cane him to his nerves, pound him into submission and —

"Schultz," he said, "what do you think of the Bible?"

"Schultz," he further asked, "Do you believe in God?"

"Schultz," he finally remarked, "I'm going to save your soul. I must save your soul. You must accept the Lord Jesus Christ into your heart."

"Why Carl?" I asked.

"For every soul you get into heaven, you have a greater chance of getting into heaven yourself," he said. "By saving your soul, I'm saving my own."

It was simple, Carl was scared. He was frightened out of his wits. The other men in the barracks persisted in bugging him each and every night. One such evening, a wicked half-breed Indian named Longnecker went into Carl's cubicle and told him he needed help. Longnecker was usually guzzling booze or fucking away the hours or bullying someone else around, so it sounded kind of strange.

"I've committed a terrible sin," Longnecker said.

"What is it?" Carl asked.

"I can't tell you. I'll tell you later. But you've got to promise me you'll help me. I have to save my soul."

"Well, Bill," Carl said very sincerely, "I would love to help you. If you want we can say a couple of prayers together now, then tomorrow I can take you to Bible Study, then Sunday we have church —"

"I appreciate it," Longnecker said. "My heart is filled to overflowing."

"Let us pray," Carl said.

"HEY FELLOWS," Longnecker shouted. "GUESS WHERE ME AND CARL ARE GOING SUNDAY?"

"Where's that, Longnecker?"

"FUCKING CHURCH, HAR, HAR, HAR."

Carl was crushed. But he'd never give up his particular fears about life, fears that seemed to easy to kill for the rest of us. The toilets in this barracks, all four of them, were located in what they called the "shit room," and were open to each other. Usually, each one would be occupied and a line would be running outside and down the wall. As soon as one guy was finished, another would take his place. The toilets were flushing constantly, and you never smelled anything like it. One night, Carl was taking his turn, directly across from the belligerent Longnecker, and Longnecker seized a perfect opportunity.

"Hey Carl, I heard you was fucking some pussy," Longnecker said.

"What?"

"I heard you was making it with that black chick, what's her name . . ."

Carl huddled up on the bowl. He brought his legs together and covered his vital parts with his hands.

"That's an outright lie," he said with shaky voice.

"Come on Carl, it's nothing to be ashamed of. We're your buddies, you can tell us about it."

"No," Carl said. "I never did anything of the sort. I don't believe in those kind of things, as true as God is my judge."

It was a terrible thing. Later that night, after Carl had fallen

asleep, someone snuck into his cubicle wearing a white sheet and a horrid mask and he nudged Carl and said very gently, "Carl, Carl, I have come for you."

Carl rolled over and looked up, and in that split-second of semi-consciousness he freaked out and screamed "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Later he flunked out of the school we were attending and was sent to sea as a deck-sailor. This was his own doing. He had four days (over Thanksgiving weekend) to study for a makeup exam, but he preferred to reside the weekend in the Serviceman's Christian Center praying for his delivery. He flunked badly. We wouldn't believe it.

"You put your trust in J.C.," we told him, "and J.C. dropped you in a pile of shit."

"The Lord just sees fit," he replied, "that I can best do his works on the deck of a ship."

His view of other religions: "Methodists are okay. Presbyterians are no good. The Catholics are tools of the Devil, and the Jews are worse. I admire the Mormons. I don't agree with them, but they seem very dedicated to their church, and to their God," he said.

"What do you think of Billy Graham?" we asked.

"Terrible," he said. "A fraud, a communist. My mother hates him. She told me he was a communist. He distorts the scriptures. He twists them to his own purposes."

His own purposes? The big thing at Shea Stadium seemed to be personal liberation from fear. Personal salvation. The Lord would enter each and every one of your hearts and you would know it, feel it, bliss eternal,

sitting on the right hand of the Father. Dope would not be out of place.

*Perfect submission, perfect delight
Visions of rapture
now burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long
This is my story, this is my song.
Praising my Saviour all the day long*

Naturally, the more souls you helped save, the better it would be for you. Anita Bryant, the Pepsi Girl, was particularly emphatic on this point as she told of the wonderful gift her husband had given her *ten years ago tomorrow*, she said, *my husband found Christ as his personal saviour. Without my wonderful Christian husband, I could not witness to you tonight about about my wonderful faith in Christ Jesus, this gift of love from Almighty God, a free gift, a meaningful gift . . .*

"Young ladies should wait for that mate that God chooses," she continued, "and he'll be the perfect one. I know. Don't give of yourself before God chooses that man for you or blesses that marriage. He'll bless you for it later, it's true."

"Seventeen months ago, I came close to dying as our two twins, Billie and Barbara, were born prematurely. I lived, and I knew that God had other plans for my life. But the doctors told me . . . the babies wouldn't live if they weren't transferred right away. I . . . I . . . can't even talk about it 17 months later without thinking . . ."

Her voice broke, and she wept.

" . . . without thinking that I didn't have the love to give back to God those Babies. I couldn't

do that. Those babies meant more to me than God's love. But finally I said, 'Lord, they're in your hands as they were all along.' A few hours later, they were acting favorably to the intravenous feedings. Today, the twins are fat and healthy. But from that I say, how terrible it must have been for God to see his only son die on the cross. I know, I could never have that kind of love to make that kind of sacrifice —"

The pianos started playing, and she sang —

*It took a miracle to
bring the worlds in place —
Amazing grace,
how sweet the sound —
To save a wretch like me.
I once was lost,
but now I'm found.
I was blind, but now can see.*

But we were fast approaching the big moment. The apocalypse. The moment of Dr. Billy's sermon for the evening. He took the floor, starting quietly, building up in intensity, he talked about Joshua back in Isreal of old, calling all the leaders to "*Choose you this day ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*"

"This country has reached another point in history when a similar decision must be made," Graham said. "We must decide whether we are going to serve the Lord, or serve the strange Gods in our midst, sex, pleasure, materialism, drugs."

"The Bible teaches that the last war of history will be called Armageddon and that it will take place in the Middle East.

(Continued from Page 18)

MUSICBUCKNEWS

What is needed is a "consciousness raising" of all those who would capitalize on our culture, in music, film, books, clothes, you-name-it. They must understand that as we support them, they will have to support us. The City of NY is getting 10% of the gross take for use of the stadium. If ticket sales go as expected, that means \$80,000-plus. I don't think it would be asking too much for us to ask for a certain small percentage of the take for community needs from those who are making bread off our culture. It is quite obvious that the city and state and federal governments are not fulfilling the needs of our communities. It appears we will have to levy our own taxes. One concert producer, one record company, one movie producer, one book publisher cannot be expected to carry the full burden.

Our editor would probably call me naive, and maybe he's right. But as a beginning, there has to be a "coming

together" of our needs and demands. Together we can pull it off. Remember Earth Peoples Park? The plan was to have all members of the mythological "Woodstock Generation" each send in a buck and a huge hunk of land in New Mexico or somewhere would be bought and "liberated" for us freaks to live and groove on. The idea was a nice pot fantasy, but it really didn't meet the needs of the community or the movement. Sure, the land should be liberated, but everywhere. I really dig great tribal gatherings, but don't particularly feel like living in a concentration camp or ripping off someone else's land. I'm all for liberating Mountindale and the NY Pop, etc., but I can't get into closing them down. A concerted effort to work out some sort of arrangement for free dates of our own making at these and other places should be made. It's all a matter of COMING TOGETHER. Can you dig it?

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DYLAN
 (Continued from Page 17)
senile; besides it looks pretty good next to the calendar from the Farkum Funeral Home.
 (assorted chuckles)

Silverhorn and Flashlight were walkin' down the road.

"Why'd ya buy the card," says Silverhorn.
 "It's for Mary on account as she's recuperatin' from havin' the glass removed," answered Flashlight; "but it don't make a bit of difference at the Spa."
 "I can understan' that," says Silverhorn, as he carefully trimmed the nail on his left pinky. "You can

hit them with the old but that don't make it solid."
 As they reached the bend, where the remains of the flat iron building still smoldered, they came across St. Anthony who, ignoring Flashlight, asked Silverhorn if he'd heard the new Dylan album.
 "Album sucks," quipped the hunchback.

US MERCENARIES

(Continued from Page 9)

Congress is necessary only when weapons are given directly to a country under the Military Assistance Program. (*New York Times*, 5/28/70)

Before the sanctuary invasion, the North Vietnamese and Communist troops in Cambodia enjoyed a limited presence in the northeast and in spots along the border. Today they control most of the countryside. A high State Department official commented, "The situation in Cambodia at this point already resembles the situation in South Vietnam around 1966, with the North Vietnamese firmly established in one corner of the country and insurgency and guerilla warfare beginning to rise all over the territory." (*New York Times*, 5/31/70) Because the sanctuary invasion has led not to a reduced Communist presence but an expanded one, the Administration has been putting heavy pressure on Thailand to contribute war material and troops.

The Thais have been most reluctant to contribute combat

forces to Cambodia. The Thais already have 11,000 soldiers in South Vietnam, financed at over \$76 million a year by the U.S. (*Los Angeles Times*, 6/8/70) Since this Thai division seldom engages in combat, the expenditure is of dubious military value. In addition, there are well over 5,000 Thai troops operating secretly in Laos. (*San Francisco Chronicle*, 6/8/70) Even though there is widespread domestic opposition in Thailand toward military participation in Cambodia, the Nixon administration has forced them into the war. Thailand has a considerable stake in pleasing the U.S., for in the past 20 years Thailand has received \$2.2 billion through military and economic aid programs. (*L.A. Times*, 6/8/70) Currently, in addition to our military assistance funds, the U.S. contributes about \$200 million a year to the Thai economy. (*S.F. Chronicle*, 6/8/70)

Thus, on June 2 the Thai government announced it would send "volunteers" to fight in Cambodia (although presently the

Thai Foreign Minister is voicing second thoughts). The Thai army says it will "round up" these volunteers from the ethnic Cambodians who presently live in Thailand, an easy way to save Thai lives in the widening destruction of Indochina. (*NYT*, 6/3/70 & 6/14/70) Again, the U.S. will finance these mercenary forces. The State Department has indicated it will make increased funds available to Cambodia and Cambodia will then pay Thailand for this military assistance. (*NYT*, 6/3/70) The U.S. is already giving the Lon Nol regime \$7.9 million for the last months of this fiscal year, and the Pentagon is planning a new \$50 million military aid program to begin this July 1. (*L.A. Times*, 6/3/70)

The pro-American Asian nations seem quite aware of the mercenary use to which the Nixon Doctrine is putting them, and they are trying to resist it. Indonesia, Thailand, and Japan, our most staunch supporters, gave only qualified support to the sanctuary invasion. In particular, they were upset that the invasion was unilaterally decided on without awaiting the impending conference of "free" Asian nations in Jakarta. This conference was to be the first step in which "free world" Asians would handle their own problems. Indonesia specifically requested the U.S. not to make any military moves until the conference could discuss the situation. (*Foreign Broadcast Information Service*,

4/30/70) The outcome of that conference was a good index to what our Asian allies feel. They specifically did not throw the blame on all the major powers. They made no suggestion of military or economic help for Lon Nol's government. Indeed, the Philippines has refused even to give it formal recognition. Instead, the conference called for the reactivation of the International Control Commission, established by the 1954 Geneva accords, to help restore peace in Cambodia. The conference urged that all acts of hostility be stopped immediately and all foreign forces be withdrawn. (*NYT*, 5/17/70 & 5/18/70)

As one correspondent summed up the conference, President Nixon was saying to the Asians, "The time has come for you to defend yourselves against Communist aggression. The U.S. will only step in if you have done your best and still need help." And our Asian allies were replying "That is not the right approach. It is no Communist aggression which is threatening us. It is the rivalry of both superpowers, the Soviet Union and the U.S. . . . We are not threatened by one of them so much as ground between the millstones of both. We want both of you to pull back and leave us alone." (*Christian Science Monitor*, 5/20/70)

— BAY AREA INSTITUTE

VARIETY

Wednesday, June 17, 1970

Graphic, sincere plea for sexual freedom on all levels. Lacks technical polish, but hotly b.o. potential.

Freedom To Love

Through their books ("Pornography and the Law," "The Sexually Responsive Woman"), traveling exhibitions of erotic art, and psychotherapy, Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen have spent most of their professional lives attacking sexual hypocrisy and advocating complete sexual freedom. The couple have now written and directed a film that goes all-out in recommending abortion reform, premarital sex, homosexuality between consenting adults, and group sex. Name it, they're for it—provided it doesn't involve force or violence.

"Freedom To Love," technically unpolished, seems a sincere document that attempts to educate, entertain and quite possibly arouse its audience. Its reception is bound to be controversial in less sophisticated areas, and parts of the film may make even the diehard sensation seekers uncomfortable. Pic is certainly graphic, especially the therapeutic orgy at the finale.

Structured into segments interspaced with interviews with such diverse types as Playboy's Hugh Hefner, British Board of Censors chief John Trevelyan (who admits, surprisingly, to having the same goals as the Kronhausens) and theatre critic Kenneth Tynan. Best sequences are excerpts from three avant-garde plays ("Geese," "The Beard" and "Word Play") and a portion of a rare pornographic cartoon made in Hollywood in the '20s and that will certainly bring a blush to fans of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Ideas and images that will present the biggest hurdle are the film's attitude toward children's sexuality and illustrative sequence showing young children at an erotic art exhibition and two pre-pubescent girls imitating techniques they learned while peeping next door. The male homosexual sections, stressing the tender rather than the bizarre, are equally controversial, and the climactic group grope staged in Amsterdam with close-ups should provoke beaucoup talk.

Technical credits down the line are often below par. This is not a slickly packaged job, but it is one whose motives seem above-board and even admirable. Booked with caution and exploited with restraint, "Freedom To Love" could surprise by meeting with considerable community acceptance. *Verr.*

FREEDOM TO LOVE

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RELIGION

(Continued from Page 22)

We may be heading for Armageddon right now. The fighting in the middle east is building up tonight — just the other day, the New York Times referred to it, said it was Armageddon."

The point of all this talk was not to make a point against war, but to warn us to get ready for the end, for judgement day. We are, he said, a planet in rebellion. The whole human race has become infested with a thing called Sin. The Young people are looking for something to believe in. Jesus said you have to make a choice.

You must repent, and you must make that decision for yourself.

"I can preach all over the world," he said, "as I've been privileged to do, but that won't save me."

"I'm not good," he said waving his arms and torso with perfect rhythm.

"I'm a sinner.

"I NEED salvation!"

"I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M GOING TO BE SAVED OR NOT!"

"But I KNOW I'm saved.

I KNOW I'm going to heaven.

"I TRUST in Christ. I KNOW he died to save us from our sin."

(Continued on Page 24)

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RELIGION

Dr. Billy, having said all this, told us about the Devil, demon worship, sorcery, and other wicked things now going on in the world. Once again, he pointed out the need to make a personal decision for Christ — on penalty of hell and eternal death. Demons! Sorcery! On these strange notes, he asked for folks to come forward and devote their lives to Christ. To make a personal decision for Christ. One by one they started, 12,000 by official estimate (out of a crowd of 32,000) walking slowly onto the field and up the baselines to the podium where they gathered and received instructions from advisers and counselors. . . . from the moment that an individual accepts Dr. Graham's invitation and makes a "decision for Christ," that individual is brought into close contact with a trained counselor. The counselor (of the same sex and approximate age group as the inquirer) with open Bible, attempts to meet his needs by discussing his problem and committing the entire matter to God in prayer. A mature and experienced adviser then talks with the inquirer to determine whether his personal needs have been met. Within 24 hours the pastor of a church selected by the inquirer where he is already a member or where he would normally attend, or in which he is specifically interested — receives a copy of the inquirer's "decision card" with a letter requesting the pastor to make contact with the inquirer immediately. The pastor then returns a postage-paid card to

the Crusade office indicating that he has made contact with the inquirer and is attempting to bring him into the closer work and fellowship of the local church. The counselor also makes contact with the inquirer either by telephone or in person, to learn whether he has further needs or problems. A series of letters is sent to the inquirer from the Crusade office to encourage him in his new life and to urge him to apply these four basic rules to his Christian life: 1) pray daily; 2) Read the Bible daily; 3) Give evidence of his new faith to others around him; 4) Find his place in the work and fellowship of the local church. . . .

Latimer and I joined these pilgrims on the field, and the pilgrims debated fine biblical points with the advisers, all very sweet and sticky, smiling and loving, but there were no great

decisions made that night I'd wager to say, no last minute choices to go the path of the Lord, if you came here at all chances are you were already well-hooked and only walking on the field to say you made that decision, to see Dr. Graham close-up before you retreated to your middle-class home to practice your weakskinned and yellow-bellied, sniveling and pitiful religion —

Forty days and forty nights,
Thou was fasting in the wild,
Forty days and forty nights,
Tempted and yet undefiled —

— while the likes of Latimer and myself retired to New York City, better known as Babylon, to Live, not die, but LIVE, MOTHERFUCKER!!!!

ALTERNATE MEDIA

(Continued from Page 6)

university, they laughed at him and they got very paranoid by his presence. The kids had never seen anyone like him at their meetings. He tried to explain his thoughts to them, but he wasn't speaking the same language. They evidently turned down his offer of help as being too suspicious. Here was a cat who looked like their father, saying he'd like to get involved and asking where he could. They were unable to give him an answer.

This is a guy I'd like to see alternate media make contact with. He represents an America that looks like George Wallace, but who sense and feel important change happening around them. A few of them have digested so much shit that they're at a point where they'd like to get involved but don't know how to. Can the revolution, without watering down its forms, reach out and tell these people about the reality of what we're into.

These are people who haven't been exposed to the kinetic electronics of underground media. A lot of them don't know a rational alternate media exists. It seems like it might be time for the underground media to make a conscious effort at contacting those parts of the population who out of dissatisfaction with and one of the Nixon/Howard Johnson myths are ready now to discover other myths, to uncover other fallacies, and to accept the reality of other life styles. Certainly the minimal effort that has been directed at G.I.'s has produced important results. Women's Liberation efforts are beginning to bring about results from other ends of the spectrum. It doesn't really matter at this point where, in the papier-mache American pavillion hypocrisy is punctured. Because finding one hollow spot leads invariably to finding many more. What's important is to begin the process. Once begun, and from whatever point it starts, the results can only be the same.

Reaching out to these people, as the arts have rarely been able to do, can produce witnesses in court to police brutality and might, with a little skillful effort, bring them to see the practical necessities for the

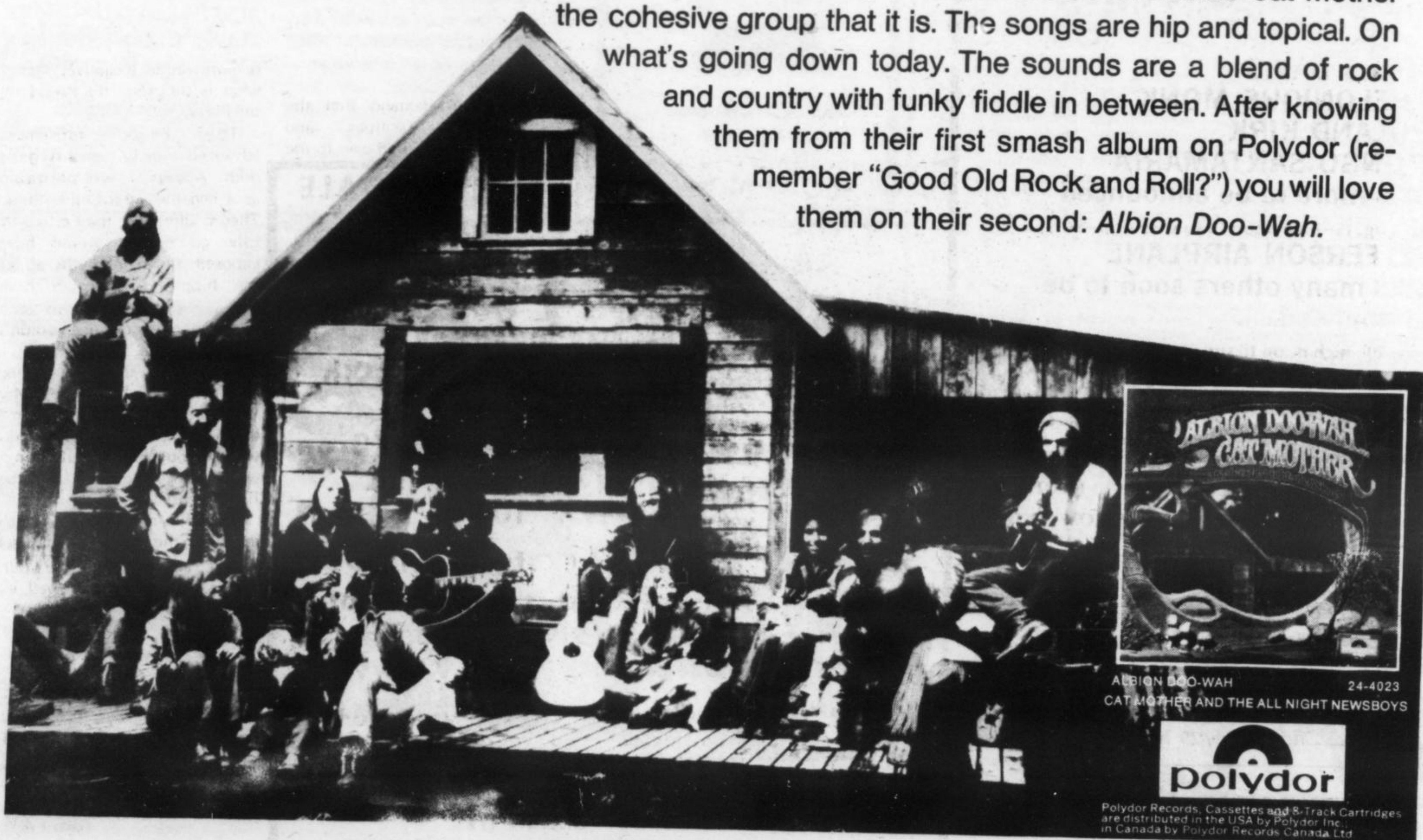
legalization of marijuana.

Cambodia, Jackson and Kent State smelled pretty rotten even to those people whose noses have been chloroformed by vaginal deodorants. Underground communications has many shortcomings but for the most part the underground of Baltimore knows a lot about what's happening in Chicago and San Francisco. While underground media still has a long way to go in informing its brothers and sisters, it has much further to go in trying to reach people who only find out about Woodstock from Warner Brothers and Life Magazine. We've got to find better ways of showing the curious Mr. and Mrs. Straight the meaning for them in a commune's life style, the beauty of this generation's energy flow and creativity. If avoiding a blood-bath is still advantageous, then alternate media has an obligation to tell the guy whose shell was cracked by Kent State about the things we believe in and why. After all, he listens to F.M. in his car, his wife wears love beads, once in a while they see films at the local art house, once he's seen a live demonstration on his way to work, and his daughter has the most complete collection of the Jefferson Airplane records on their block.

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SINCLAIR

(Continued from Page 15)

Like Mao says, revolutionary culture prepares you for living in a revolutionary society. What he found out, years after writing that, was that you can't have a revolutionary society unless you have a revolutionary culture. So he started the cultural revolution.

And that's the reason Russia can't be a revolutionary society - it has no revolutionary culture. And this is also why in Cuba they talk about the "New Man," without whom they know they can't have a new social order. In China, after 16 years, they had to stop everything and say "wait a minute." They were concentrating on industrialization and found that they wouldn't be able to have it unless they got people to relate to new terms. They had to push out of their positions of power the bourgeois, western-separatist-lifeways people...

I keep getting back to culture, because that's your daily life. And you can't separate people from their daily life. Just as you must not separate theory from practice.

So if you're talking of creating a revolutionary social order, well, it can't be created unless everyone in it acts, in his daily life, in a revolutionary manner.

The people who run the American social order know this. And objectively, you see this - you see that you get 9 1/2 to 10 years for smoking weed and promoting revolutionary culture.

I went to college and tried to accept it. It was so awful! I got turned on to high-energy things. John Coltrane; Alan Ginsburg. I could see that there were other things you could do besides go along. You didn't know what, yet, but you had to do something. And that's a beautiful position to be in, because then you have to create something for yourself. And since you've already come to be involved in a high-energy life-style, what you create has to be based on this same high-energy principle.

So you create communes. And you create other institutions on that same basis. All your institutions are on that same high-energy, participatory basis.

Because, in a commune, surrounded by high-energy associates, you are living in a high-energy environment, and so your creations become a high-energy thing also.

But for taking part in a demonstration you get 90 days. Because a demonstration is not a threat. (I hate demonstrations; I think they're the stupidest thing that there is.) The good aspect of them is that they get a lot of people together, and, hopefully, unite them around one issue.

But that's as far as they go. After the demonstration, everyone goes back to his room, with his one roommate, and goes to classes and watches television, consuming, waiting for the next demonstration.

As far as getting large numbers of people together: if you get them together for a rock and roll concert, it becomes more than, and better than, a demonstration. Because you are doing it for yourselves. While a demonstration is always based on what the Pig wants. You all come out and say "we don't want it." Think about it. Take the University of Michigan student strike, in support of a 10 per cent black enrollment. This strike was a "success". Will it advance the interests of the people - or the owners? If the quota stays at 10 percent it will advance General Motors' interests. They'll hire the 10 percent to sell Buicks. Or invent weapons systems. If these people were smart, they wouldn't do any of that.

But that's their problem: they live in the Death Culture and they are not too (fingers bunched, taps his temple) swift. See what happens now: After the strike is over, U-M President Robben Fleming says: "We love the idea of 10 per cent black enrollment, although we deplore the violent tactics of some of the demonstrators," and "We can't imagine why they resorted to such crazy tactics." And meanwhile here are the demonstrators still going to court for their trials.

Ten per cent in 1973! There might not be any USA in 1973! This system's on the verge of collapse.

If they'd demand that the University's facilities and technology be turned over to the

people... demand to use the university television labs and radio stations, then they'd be doing revolutionary stuff.

Example: the myth of Woodstock is what was supposed to have happened in Chicago in 1968, during the Convention.

Everyone was just "demonstrators" in Chicago, according to the press. I didn't go there to demonstrate - except to demonstrate the existence and beauty of the alternate culture, the Life Culture. I think that that's why Abbie and Jerry were in Chicago, also. I wouldn't walk across the street to demonstrate against the Democrats. Fuck the Democrats!

The reason why the whole thrust of the Festival of Life was obliterated so completely is that it was such a dangerous image. They wish they could have obliterated Woodstock, too. Because our big gatherings obliterate all the myths and lies that they say about the Youth Culture and its members.

In other words, here at Woodstock you had 500,000 or a million longhaired kooks - portrayed in the papers, always, as misfits, people who can't relate to anyone. Yet, against overwhelmingly lousy physical conditions these people all helped one another out, and did fine, and had fun.

So: what was successful about Woodstock was that it wasn't set up as a protest. They couldn't even say anything bad about it. The pigs didn't beat anyone up, so they couldn't even call it violent. So the myth was accepted: it was a positive thing. A positive, but not a new thing. Because the vanguard of the Youth Colony had been advancing this concept for some time before. And had tried to realize it at the Festival of Life. But we didn't have the money to hire the bands, and rent the land, and buy off the pigs, like the millionaires who set up Woodstock did.

That's why we keep emphasizing the Woodstock Nation. Because even the press has had to accept Woodstock as a positive thing. In Chicago, where we tried and failed to pull it off, the media defined the situation in their own terms: a demonstration (negative) against what is (positive): the President, the Party).

The Peace movement advanced slowly, against great odds. Always, it was portrayed as a negative, destructive thing. They couldn't let the Festival of Life go on. It would have exposed all their myths about the hippies. We could have shown that we had, we were, a real nation. And they couldn't let that happen.

That's the important thing about Chicago. That's also why they wouldn't let me come down there and testify. That's what I would have testified to. I was supposed to have been the first defense witness.

But the prosecution (which included the Judge, of course) doused all references to our culture. No singing allowed in the Court. And the prosecutors portrayed the defendants as all being destructive, tear-it-down nihilists...

So we must project positive things. Only by projecting positive, high-energy things will we build the Youth Colony up, and even win over the straight people.

(BIG FAT)



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THIS BOY

(Continued from Page 10)

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anywhere and as long as theres nowhere to go might as well hang around the house smoke some shit and jam till you fall asleep. what a life. there are countless stars that are trying to do just that get some time away and come together musically, but they have no time cause when youre a famous rock star time is money and youre life isn't your own, sure theres plenty of money and all that stuff and the thrill of having your name appear in all the trades bu theres treasures that money just cant buy??/ how many people do you know -

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NEWSFUCK

(Continued from Page 12)

jury with persons over forty. The first state's witness was a mail clerk for the attorney general's office, Jerry Reznik, who, turning state's witness, claimed he had stolen the two documents and given them to the Free Press. Attorneys for the Free Press claim that the documents, being neither in the national interest nor possessed of material value, do not qualify as property, and cannot therefore be stolen. The outcome of this trial will decide once and for all whether American newspapers may safely print anything more controversial than press releases.

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