

LEARYS LAWYER/NEW YORK POP

THE east village **INNER**

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO EAT

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*Jitterbug
Specialists*

PRACTICE
for the
ARMY
TESTS

HIRAP

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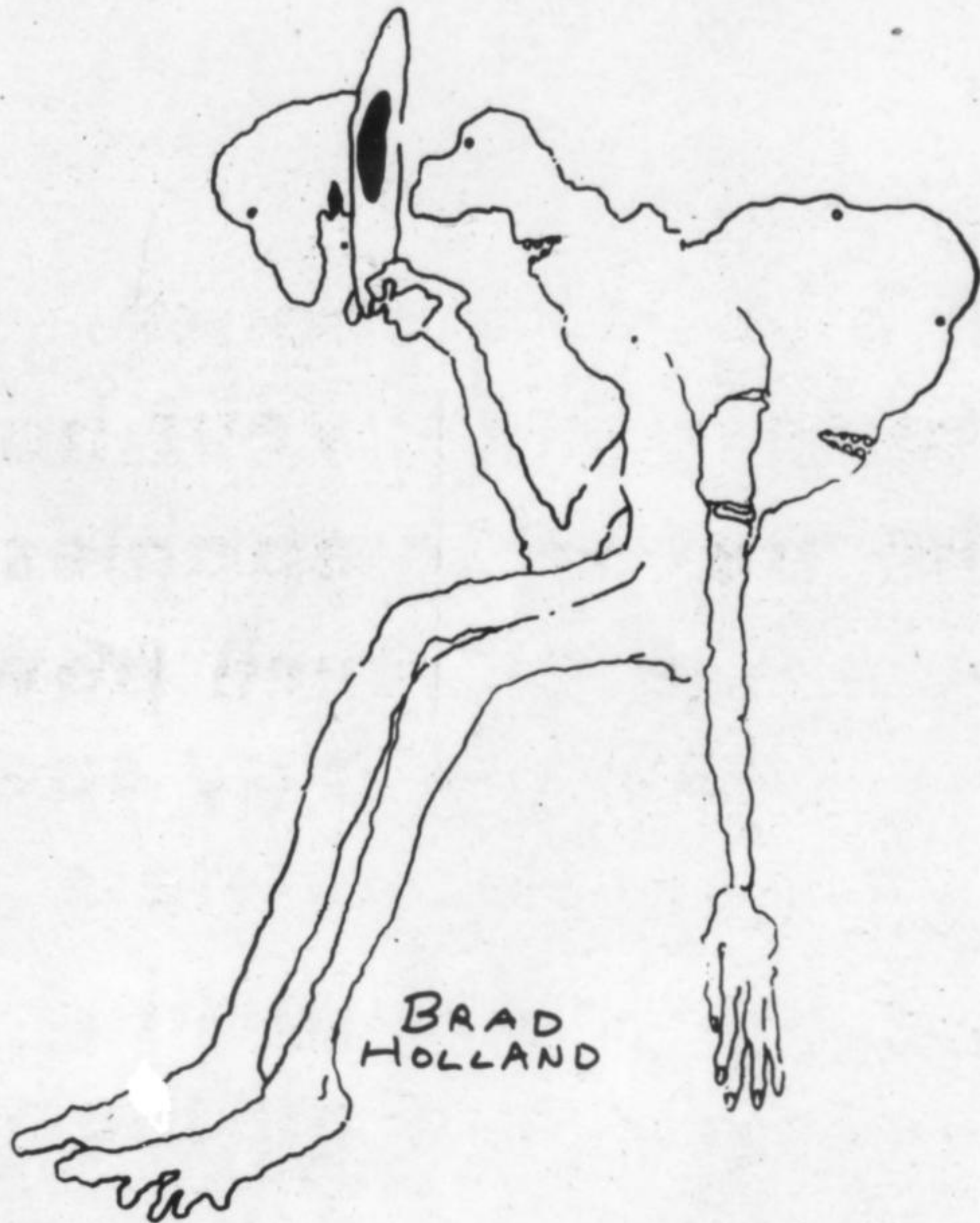
Even though they're still burning synagogues in Far Rockaway, somehow a whiff of something new is in the air.

Suddenly and out of nowhere, things are looking up for Tim Leary and John Sinclair. Despite the maze of judicial and bureaucratic obstacles put in their way, the chances of their early release from jail have improved considerably. Additionally--with a suspicious absence of prior indications--John Mitchell's political posture has taken a sudden change; the law and order man seems to be veering dangerously toward a crusty Liberalism, defending, of all things, our right to dissent.

Wierd shit, but not suprising. While the air smacks of vague whiffs of appeasement the Pig has, after all, reverted to type in his old hunting grounds in the black ghettos of Asbury Park. What it all makes for is a wierd display of The Man going through some bizzare St. Vitus Dance of moderation, while the venom he spewed from above finally penetrated to the basic level of the Hardhat mentality. Rather than wasting our time on them, why not use the opportunity to get our own shit together. Why not benefit from the opportunities on hand and set our own house in order.

The need to assure a steady flow of economic means in our own community seems to be top priority. The example set by the Randall's Island Collective and New World Production is a step in the right direction, one that could easily serve as a guideline for future such ventures. This country is heading toward economic disaster. The hour is late.

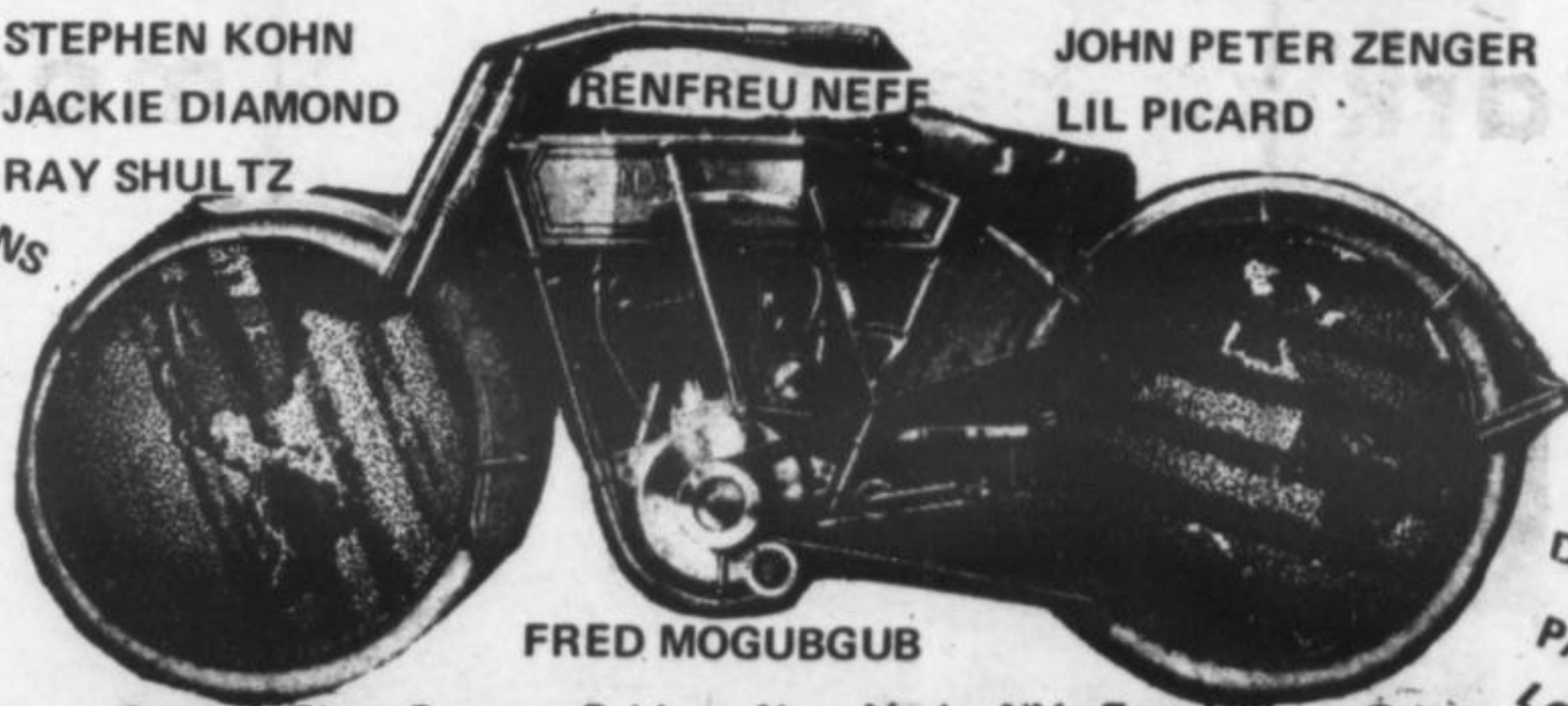
LET US GET OUR SHIT TOGETHER. WE MAY NEED IT BEFORE TOO LONG !!!!!!!



Handwritten signature

JAAKOV KOHN	JACKIE FRIEDRICK	VINCENT FRANCIS	CHARLES AUGUST	CLAUDIA DREIFUS
ALLEN KATZMAN	KARIN BERG	TRUMAN PATRICK	CRAIG TITUS	DAVID WALLEY
IRVING SHUSHNIK	DON KATZMAN	ALLEN SHENKER		
STEPHEN KOHN		JOHN PETER ZENGER		
JACKIE DIAMOND	RENFREU NEFF	LIL PICARD		JOHN DA SWEDE
RAY SHULTZ				

JOSEPH STEVENS
 STEVEN HELLER
 FLICKA DE MOID
 NORTH: THE KID
 CHARLIE FRICK
 YOSSARIAN
 ALEX GROSS
 SPAIN RODRIGUEZ



FRED MOGUBGUB

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R. CRUMB

DEAN LATIMER

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 EUROPEAN OPERATIONS: JENO
 AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
 GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA
 DURANCE VILE: TIMOTHY LEARY
 PARIS: J.J. LEBEL
 LONDON: MILES
 HETTY MACLISE

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO BLOW OUT THE NORTHEAST POWER GRID

The East Village Other is proud to announce
the First Annual Werewolf
Blackout has been scheduled for 3:00 P.M.
on Wednesday Aug. 19th 1970.

Give the system one more chance.

Turn on every appliance you get your hands
on. Help make the power companies
financially viable by using as much power
as you can; maybe a little more. Pay special
attention to electric heaters, toasters,
conditioners and other high drain
appliances. Refrigerators turned all the way
up and left with the door opened are a fun
way to cool off a large apartment. After an
afternoon of consumer joy, meet in
Central Park to howl at the moon.

TUNE IN PLUG IN BLOW OUT

Hospitals and other emergency services
take note.

THEY HAVE A GREAT BIG LIST

NEW YORK (LNS) — If you know anyone who is a "malcontent," anyone who makes "angry," "abusive," or "irrational statements about the President or high government officials," or who might try to "embarrass" them, anyone who "insists upon contacting high government officials for the redress of imaginary grievances," anyone who has taken part in "anti-American or anti-government demonstrations," owns a registered firearm, or who is a migrant child with a "negative attitude" towards school — tell them they'd better watch out. They may be among the hundreds of thousands of people listed in the computerized "adverse information" files of the FBI, the Justice Department, Army Intelligence, the Secret Service, the Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW).

These government agencies are developing a network of computers whose electronic memories will store more information about the American people than any government in history has had about its subjects. Reporter Ben A. Franklin of the New York Times did some investigating and described some of the government's major surveillance centers:

**The Secret Service maintains one of the newest and most sophisticated computers that American technology has come up with, devoted entirely to collecting dossiers on "activists," demonstrators, "malcontents," and persistent "imaginary-redress-seekers" who might harm or "embarrass" government officials. The computer stores information gathered from "abusive or threatening" letters to government officials, FBI reports, military intelligence, the CIA, local police departments, the Internal Revenue Service, Federal building guards, and "invisible informants." The computer can

provide the Secret Service with a list of all "persons of protective interest" in a particular geographical area, or a list of people sharing certain characteristics) "all the short, fat, longhaired, young, white, campus activists in Knoxville, Tenn., for example," Franklin explains. The Computer in Washington is connected by teletype to distant Secret Service bureaus throughout the country.

**The Justice Department maintains a massive data bank which produces a weekly printout of discontent and resistance around the country. The names of individuals and organizations involved in anti-war rallies, welfare protests and the like are stored in the computer; the department labels the people fed into the computer as "moderate" or "radical."

**The Army's Counterintelligence Analysis Division in Alexandria, Va., maintains a huge file of microfilmed intelligence reports, clippings and other materials on civilian activities. The reports are used, among other things, to determine the deployment of troops already on alert near 25 major cities to put down potential uprisings of the black communities, students, demonstrators, postal workers, or anyone else in rebellion. The Army's file includes dossiers on people like Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. and Arlo Guthrie and on organizations as tame as the American Civil Liberties Union and the Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam.

**The FBI's National Crime Information Center has a computer system, initiated in 1966, which can provide instant, automatic teletype printouts on 40,000 suspects each day. The computer can relay information to 25 related computers maintained by state and local police departments around the

EVO

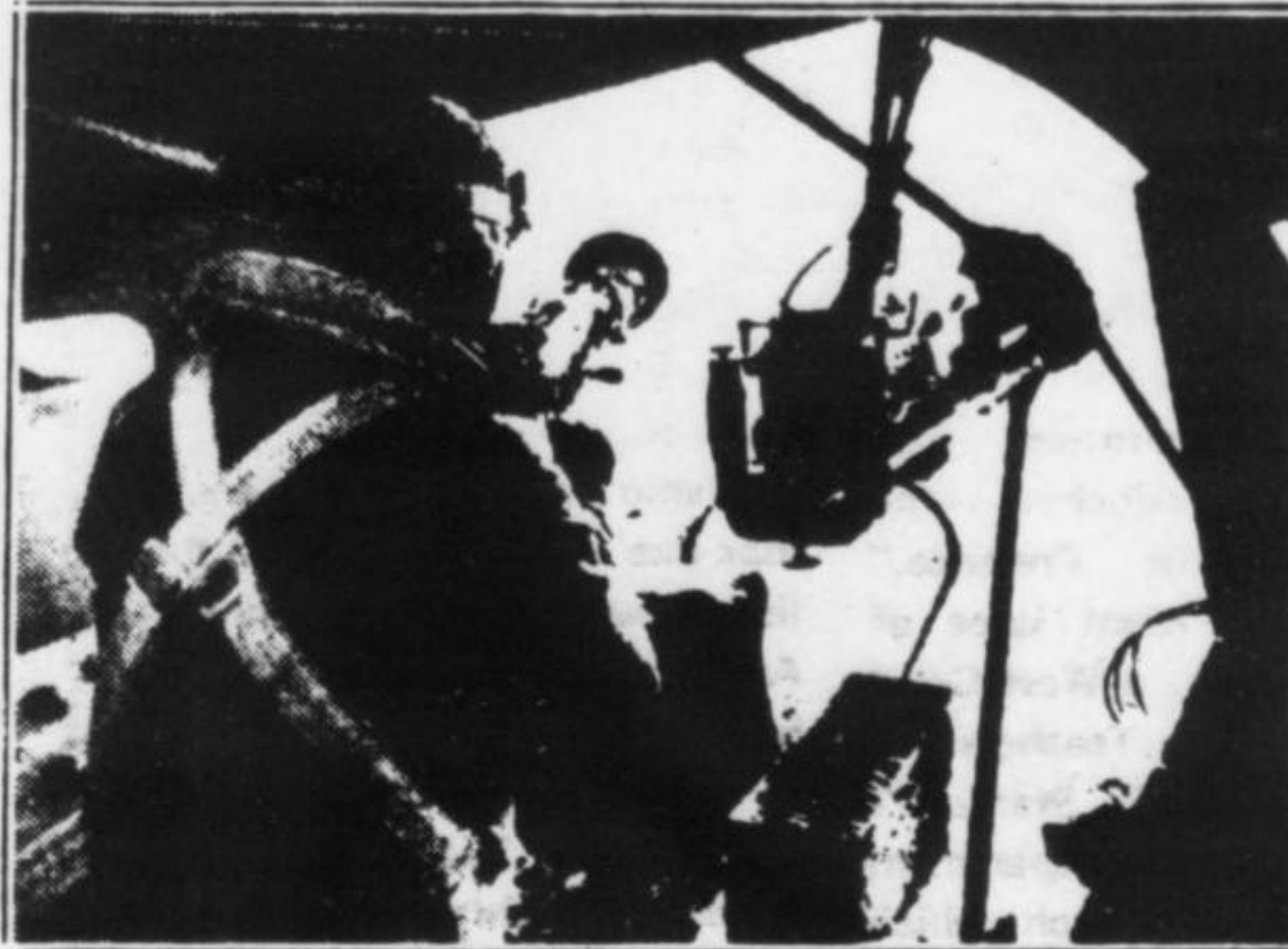
country; a cruising cop can radio his dispatcher and receive a report on a "suspicious" license plate in less than a minute.

**A growing number of government agencies are using computers to gather other kinds of "sociological" information which can be used to improve

governmental control over potentially dissident people. For example, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) maintains a computer file on 300,000 children of migrant farm workers which is used to distribute scholastic records — including such

(Continued on Page 21)

The Better to Blast the Axis



(By Associated Press) Dreaded Flying Fortresses used to be deficient in frontal firepower in repelling a head-on attack. This has been overcome. This gunner can operate two machine guns in the nose of a Fort, giving defense from all possible angles.

IMPORTANT!

SURVIVAL INSTRUCTIONS: What to Do While the Establishment Disappears Into Its Own Asshole

Well, isn't that what you've been waiting for? Isn't it saving us a lot of trouble in this hot weather? Be optimistic and don't let it bring you down. And this is just the beginning; the best of the worst is yet to come. The following are some helpful hints to keep you busy in the hot days ahead and help to speed up the apocalypse:

Keep hustling and keep ripping-off whatever's rip-offable.

Keep cool and detached from all mundane illusions . . . such as paying Con Ed bills when there'll be brown-outs, anyway.

Start something new, some creative project that's been shelved up until now because you were too busy hustling money, which doesn't exist anymore. For example, start a charge account and save a lot of the cash that would be misspent if you had it. Besides, charge accounts establish credit and credit is what made the economy what it is today. Charge accounts are patriotic, American things to have.

When "charging" department stores it's only necessary to know that if an item is less than \$20 the salesgirl does not have to call upstairs to make sure that you have an account with that store. Department stores are willing to gamble \$20 on a customer's honesty rather than tie up their account departments by checking out everybody who comes in for a pair of socks. Look honest and as straight as possible and, preferably, rich. The latter is an important illusion to convey at the chic-er stores that do not issue charge-a-plates to their well-heeled

(Continued on Page 21)

'Allied Convoys Reach Malta and Tripoli

Valletta, Malta, April 24 (AP). — Important convoys have reached Malta and Tripoli bearing vital supplies and war materials for Allied forces.

The vessels, including deeply laden American Liberty ships traversed the Mediterranean under a powerful Royal Navy escort and under constant air protection from the coast of North Africa.

One convoy threaded its way into Tripoli harbor past the wreckage of Axis shipping to carry munitions for Gen. Montgomery's Eighth Army.

The other brought to Malta the sinews with which this battered island now is striking out at the foe with increasing vigor.

MUSIFESTNEWS

by John da Swede

ANOTHER ROCK FESTIVAL PLANNED — IN CANADA

Rock festivals are a dime a dozen this year, and as might be expected, they are suffering for it. Sales of tickets are way down (Atlanta Pop sold 45,000 tickets; well over a quarter million freaks went) and producers are noticeably nervous. Bookings are changed practically as soon as the promo releases are out and local irate "concerned citizens" are getting court injunctions against them. Naturally, if they hit with a winner, the rewards are big and so they're willing to dump some big bread in musicians' fees and promotion to make it.

As far as I'm concerned, most of these "Festivals" are a fucking teeny-bopper bore, relying on the same groups over and over again, the same old "peace and love" bullshit hype, and just a way of making bread rather than bringing us together. Woodstock came off as a great tribal gathering last year and it is this karma that is being used to jingle the cash registers this year. It is beyond me how the producers of these events can get so uptight by gate crashers when they should know out front that *we are fucking tired of getting ripped-off with nothing in return.*

I for one want nothing more than to be with my brothers and sisters this summer. I just hope we can pull it off ourselves

before the summer is over. Attempts are being made, but so far they've been rather feeble. Like, last weekend there was a benefit for LNS, UPS, Media Project, Earth Peoples Park, etc. scheduled at Woodbury, Conn. Sounded fine, but they didn't even tell us about it until after we went to press last week. Let's have a little planning fellas so we can *all* dig it, okay?

Anyway, there is a festival set-up to run from August 7th to the 9th in Moncton, Canada, that sounds a bit better than the usual commercial fare offered thus far. Moncton is in New Brunswick, hard by the Atlantic coast, in the middle of the lobster fishery district. The site is just a quarter mile from a long stretch of beach and includes, they say, a couple hundred acres of strawberries, so bring some cream.

The major hang-up is that it takes some 15 hours to drive there. The admission isn't too steep (\$15 for the 3-day weekend, including camping and the like), but scheduled bus fares are nearly \$70 round-trip (hopefully chartered buses will bring this down somewhat). Even if you have your own wheels, the round trip from New York City will probably cost some \$150 if you include all costs (that is, wear-and-tear on your car, etc.). Immediate, direct costs will probably be much less, under \$50 for gas, tolls, and so forth.

While you can dig most of the groups locally (at Randall's Island next weekend, Mountaintale, Harmonyville, etc.), there

(Continued on Page 18)

NEWS

LNS News Service

STANFORD BIOLOGICAL TEAM SAYS U.S. BATTERS VIETNAM'S ECOLOGY

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) — A Stanford University biological team says bombing and use of defoliants by the United States will leave Vietnam's environment crippled many years after the destruction ends.

"When the fighting has finally ended," said the biologists' report, "the suffering and hardship will have only begun."

The report, entitled "The Destruction of Indochina — the Legacy of Our Presence," appears in a recent issue of *California Today*, a West Coast ecology magazine. Teachers and graduate students in Stanford's biological sciences department conducted the research which documented these ecological disasters:

++Defoliants used to deprive the "enemy" of cover have reduced rubber production up to 25 percent per acre in Vietnam and up to 40 percent in parts of Cambodia.

++The use of herbicides to destroy rice crops in liberated zones is filling the soil with

chemicals that do not break down, and which flow into streams with unknown effects on fish and other aquatic life.

++Bombing has procured a landscape resembling that of the moon in some areas. Placed end to end, the craters would form a ditch 30,000 miles long.

++Much of the soil is subject to a hardening process called laterization when the vegetation is removed, resulting in a rock-like substance so hard that the thousand-year-old ruins at Angkor Wat in Cambodia are built of it.

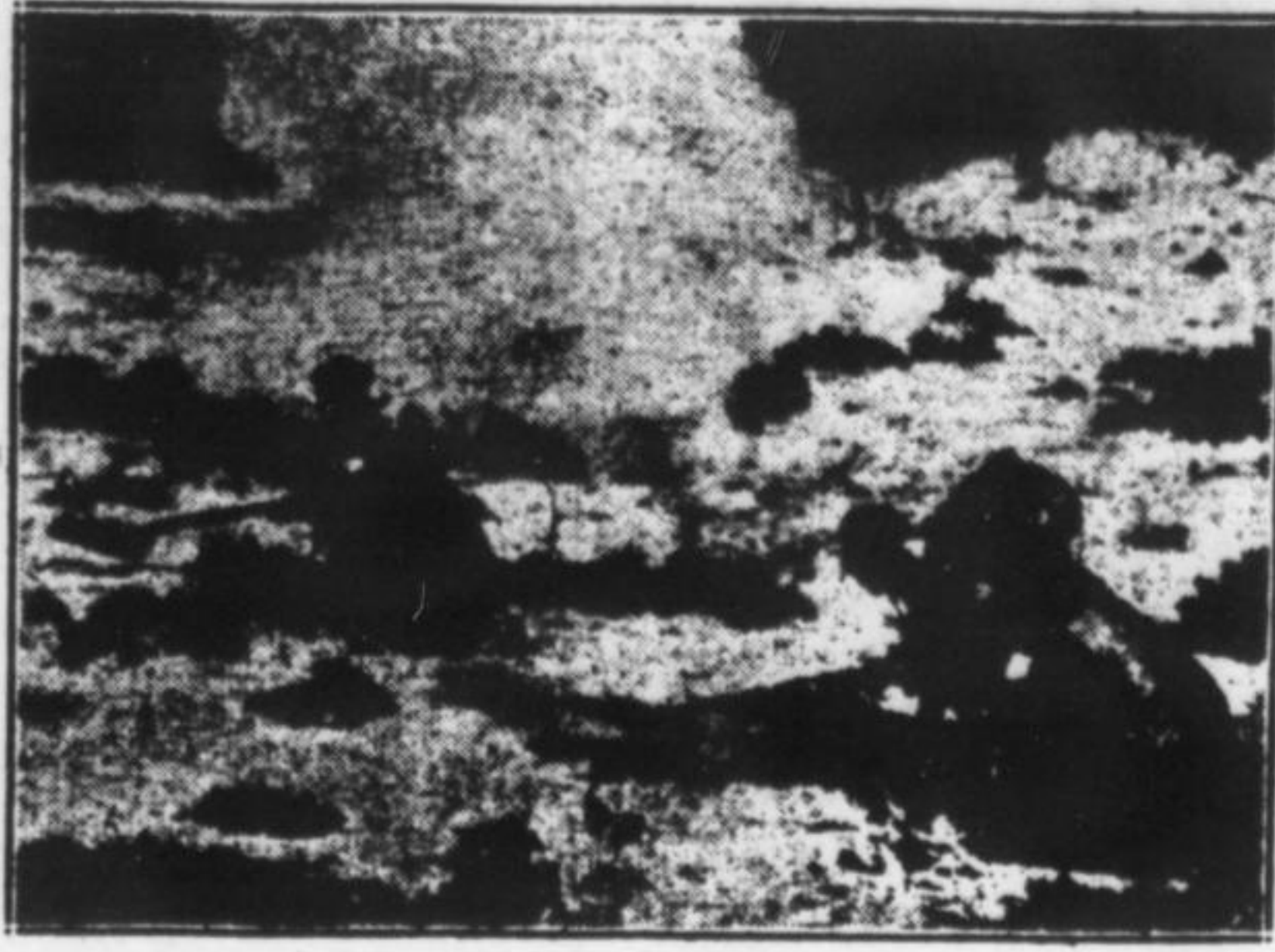
++Fires have destroyed forests, and shrapnel in trees is so common that sawmills lose up to three hours a day repairing blades damaged by the metal fragments.

LIBRARIANS STAND UP TO U.S. TREASURY DEPT. AGENTS

DETROIT, Michigan (LNS) — A committee of the

American Library Association has taken a stand insisting that a library's lending records are confidential and should not be yielded to investigative agencies (Continued on Page 18)

Dangerous . . . but Necessary Job



(By Associated Press) Before the British Eighth Army could make its victorious sweep up the coast of Tunisia, these sappers had the unenviable job of clearing mines under enemy fire. Yesterday, Gen. Montgomery's men confined themselves to vigorous patrol action.

COMMUNICATIONS

UNITED STATES
Washington, D. C., April 24 (AP).—Navy communication No. 354:

South Pacific:
1. On April 22:
(A) During the afternoon, Avenger torpedo bombers attacked Japanese installations at Munda in the central Solomons. Bombs were dropped on the runway and anti-aircraft positions were silenced.

(B) Later in the same afternoon, Corsair fighters strafed Munda and set fire to three grounded enemy planes.

(C) The Corsairs also raided Vila on Kolombangara Island.

(D) During the night, Liberator bombers bombed Kahili in the Shortland Island area.

2. On April 23:
During the early morning, Dauntless dive bombers, escorted by Corsairs, bombed and strafed Japanese positions at Rekata Bay on Santa Isabel Island.

All U. S. planes returned.

New Delhi, April 24 (AP).—A United States communication said today:
The night of April 22-23, heavy bombers of the 10th U. S. Air Force bombed the Thilawa oil refinery and the Mahlwagon railroad yards in the Rangoon area. Large fires were visible for miles.

P-40's from Assam bombed a bridge at Shaduzup. Our B-25 medium bombers hit



large buildings, warehouses and railroad tracks at Mandalay. All our aircraft returned safely.

UNITED NATIONS
Allied Headquarters, North Africa, April 24 (AP).—An Allied Command communication:

On the Eighth Army front yesterday our patrols were very active. A local enemy attack was repulsed.

The First Army made a considerable advance on the whole front between Bou Arada and Medjes-el-Bab. The enemy fought bitterly and launched strong counterattacks in the sector east of Medjes-el-Bab. These attacks were defeated with heavy loss to the enemy and our forward troops securely held their objectives.

North of Sebket-el-Kourzia (Continued on page 18, col. 4)

MAN BITES DOG

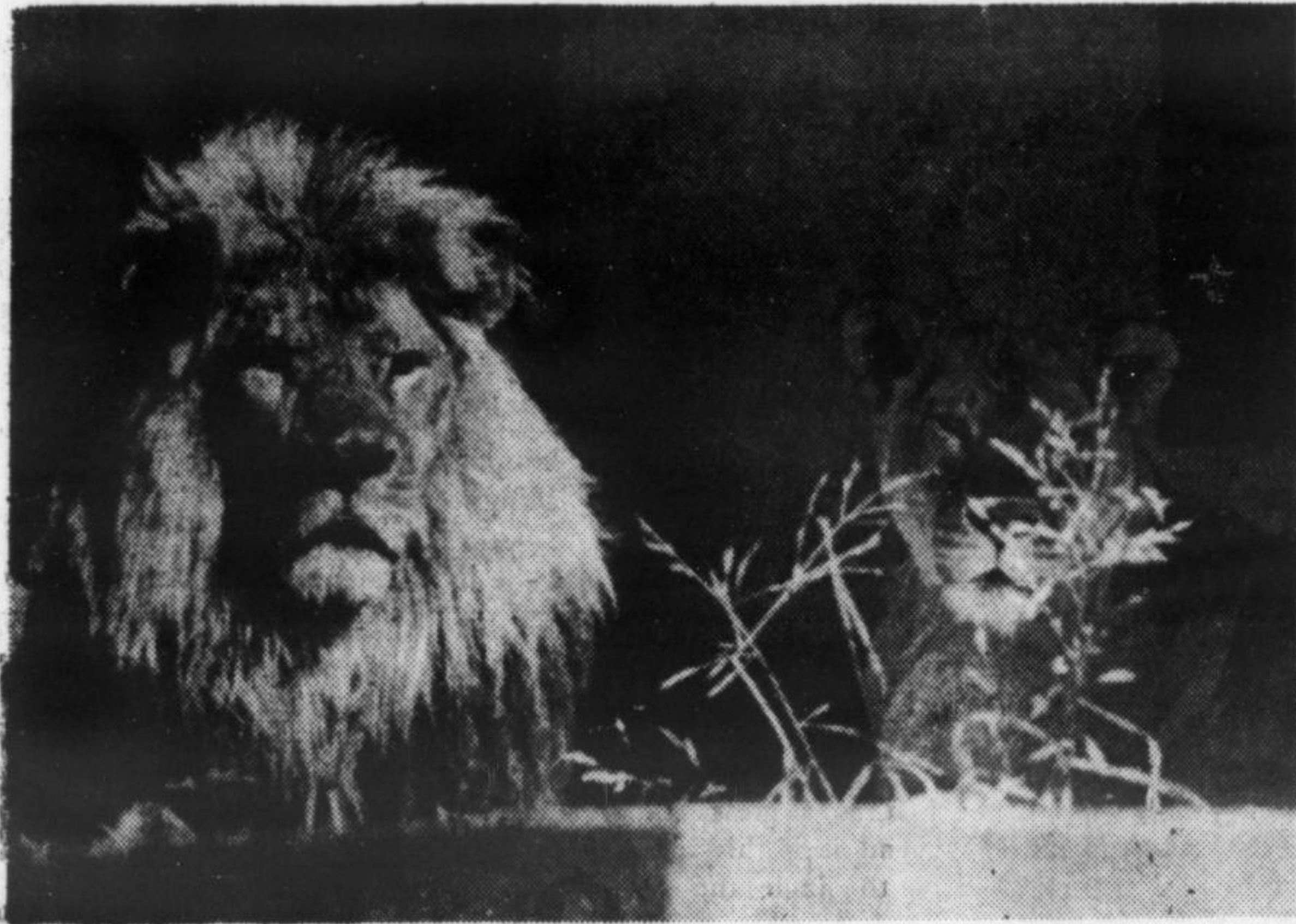


WALTER T. CHOMPO
famed activist
dies of wounds.

Army Speeds War News

Allied Headquarters, North Africa, April 24 (AP).—In an effort to speed news from the Tunisian front, Army public relations headquarters today inaugurated a special courier service by three RAF Hurricane planes which will operate between the front and headquarters carrying war correspondents' copy.

SCHMUCK SNUFFS CATS FOR SCARFING FELLOW SCHMUCK



United Press International

AT PORTLAND ZOO: Caesar, at left, and Sis after they mauled and killed Roger Dean on Saturday. They were shot by an unknown rifleman Sunday night. Both died.

Die Sonne scheint selten in England. Aber wenn sie doch einmal scheint, läßt die aparte 19jährige Linda keine Gelegenheit aus, sie zu genießen. Seit drei Wochen jedoch hat

sie dabei Schwierigkeiten: Der Löwe Pharaos weicht nicht von ihrer Seite.

Lord Gretton, eng mit Linda befreundet, hat ihn angeschafft. Eigentlich sollte der Wüstenkönig

sich nur ein bißchen im riesigen Park von Stapleford in der englischen Grafschaft Leicestershire tummeln. Dabei traf Pharaos (18 Monate) aber immer wieder Linda.

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BEHIND THE CRISIS IN IRELAND

FIGHTING THE WRONG ENEMY

The recent outbreak of violence in Northern Ireland, set off by the imprisonment of Bernadette Devlin, has again focused world attention on that small part of Ireland which remains under Britain's rule. In most cases, the American mass media have presented the confrontation as nothing more than a crazy struggle between Roman Catholics and Protestants.

Most Americans find it difficult to understand why so much furor should be created over a matter of religion in this day and age, when peaceful relations between Protestants and Catholics are so widely accepted in the U.S. The truth is that religion is not so much the cause of the conflict in Northern Ireland as it is a means by which

the aristocratic Protestant establishment maintains its position of power and wealth by setting the poor Protestant working class against its Catholic counterpart.

The Protestants in Northern Ireland are welded together by the secret Orange Order whose political ram, the Unionist Party, has completely controlled the Northern Ireland government since 1921, when the state was established after the partition of the country by Britain against the wishes of the majority of the Irish people. Although the Orange Order proclaims itself as the protector of Protestantism against domination by "Papists," their real function, as

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RE: TIM LEARY

an interview with MIKE STANDARD

It will be to Tim Leary's everlasting credit that he had the good sense and foresight to choose Mike Standard as his lawyer. It will be a notch in Mike Standard's belt of achievements that he had the wisdom to ignore the norm in client-counsel relationships and see in Tim the wise brother he is.

MIKE With all of the misapprehensions about Tim's current status I think it fair to tell you first the dilemma he is caught in both in legal terms and in society's terms, and to tell you a little bit about how he's doing. Tim is trapped in a pincer with three prongs. As you probably know, he is currently incarcerated in a California Penal Institution following a conviction for possession of some fluff in his pocket. Convicted with him were Rosemary Leary, his wife, who was sentenced to 5 years. Tim incidentally was sentenced to 1 to 10 which in political terms effectively means pretty close to 10 years he would have to serve. Rosemary received 5 years probation which includes two very difficult things. One, as part of that sentence, a prison term of six months in the county jail and second, the loss of all her search and seizure rights. This simply means that, she, at any time, wherever she is, either on the street, in her own home or anyone else's can be stopped, searched, and all of this with no protection which the 4th amendment traditionally offers. Jackie Leary who was convicted at the same time is currently incarcerated in Tracy Correctional Institution. Ostensibly incarcerated for psychiatric observation. In fact, there has been less than no psychiatric observation of him. He is, I think, due to be released on June 25th and will then have the period of probation following that. (The second prong of this pincer relates to Tim's personal indictment and conviction.) Most of your readers will remember that in December of 1965, Tim together with his family, and one other person attempted to cross into Mexico at the Laredo border crossing point in Texas, were apprehended on their return to the U.S. having been refused admission into Mexico. Tim had no marijuana or any other hallucinogenic substance on him, in fact however, upon examination his daughter was

found to have a silver snuff box in which there were 3 half-smoked joints. Tim took responsibility as a father should and for this he was sentenced to 30 years. On appeal, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed his conviction 8 to nothing. In reversing his conviction however, which was on 2 counts, the Supreme Court referred back to the district court for a new trial, one of the counts, that relating to importation and transportation following importation. That was tried in Laredo in January of this year and ended in a conviction. On the day of sentencing, March 2nd, 1970, Tim was sentenced to 10 years and was remanded without bail.

I think I should say a word about remanding without bail. In the federal system, there are only two standards for remand. One of them is that the U.S. Attorney or the court reasonably can anticipate flight from jurisdiction. With regard to this both the judge and the U.S. Attorney acknowledged that there was no possibility of flight, that Tim had reported on every earlier occasion when he had been asked to. The second ground, and this is perhaps the most crucial and the first indication of repression in this society being worked on all of us, is that Tim is a menace to persons or the community.

The third prong of this pincers and in many senses, the most important relates to a still outstanding, multi-count indictment in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. growing out of Tim's residence at Millbrook in the years ending with December 1967. Tim is there indicted along with Arthur Kleps, whom many of you will remember as the grand Bo Ho Boettor of the Neo American Church and Bill Haines, the head of the Sn Ram Ashrama and the Hitchcock Cattle Corp. He is charged there with 11 counts all of them perverse, some of them ludicrous. They include conspiring by the creation of a religion to violate the dangerous drug laws, conspiring to create a public nuisance. Parenthetically, all of this on a private estate. Charged also with possession of marijuana and LSD. This case had been lingering without any activity although it is currently now scheduled for trial on July 10th and there seems to be some eminent possibility that either trial will begin on that day or some other disposition will be made. I say, finally, that it may come to final disposition

because the district attorney's office in Dutchess County has filed an application for extradition and any time after June 15th Tim may be extradited to Dutchess County to linger in the Dutchess County jail until something happens.

I think that it's fair to say a word about what has happened to Tim in the course of his stay since mid-February in various California institutions. I've seen him on occasion, at each of the institutions except Vacaville, that he's been at. And I find that although there are unusual moments of depression that his spirits are unlike those of any other person that I have ever visited in jail. There was a time early in his incarceration when he began to do yoga only to find that he was concentrating an enormous amount of energy which he had no way to dissipate and what he then began to do was to return to physical work of a strenuous kind. This includes a good part of athletics and he's fond of saying that he has become the white handball champion; first, of the Orange County Jail and now of San Luis Obispo and the Western facility which is where he is currently. He always tells me however, very carefully, that he is the *white* handball champion because the *chicano's*, he says, are incredible. Most people don't realize that the facility in which Tim is presently in is the same facility that houses Huey Newton although Huey is in a maximum security portion of the jail. Perversely, the day that I visited Tim, with whom I had a long conversation about the Panthers and Huey in particular, was the day that Huey had gotten a reversal of his conviction. Tim expresses constantly, enormous admiration for the Panthers, for their discipline, for their strength and curiously, for what they are about politically.

EVO: That's a turnabout.

MIKE: He with one exception feels that the Panthers are "Right On." That one exception is that Tim feels that they have made their point effectively, they should now turn to political organizing of a serious kind and give up their guns. I am sure that there would be some quarrel, perhaps, with some members of the Panther party in New York although I am not sure with regard to this.

EVO: Question, I understand he's writing. Are there any limitations imposed on him as far as that's concerned?

MIKE: There are two ways to answer that. At San Luis Obispo,

Tim has an electric typewriter of his own, there is no limitation on what he can send out or what comes in, although of course as you might imagine, it is all censored.

EVO: Are his writings censored?

MIKE: That's correct. When I say censored I think it fairer to say that in this facility at least it is scrutinized, every word is read. To date, there has been nothing which Tim has written in other than letter form which has had material deleted from it. I have read perhaps 200 pages of which Tim has written since he's been in and I can most charitably characterize most of it as *dynamite!*

EVO: Right on!

MIKE: For the first time in a hard 5 or 6 year history of defense against an effectively oppressive legal system, Tim has had some repose, some moments to think, to contemplate where he is and where he feels we are all going and by "we" I mean his family both small and large and I include myself in it. I'm sure he includes you in this also. The first of the things which I saw was a story about the psychological and sexual implications of long term prison life. Particularly, as they affect young people and black people. I had always known that Tim had that kind of pure ear which was able to pick up and translate different languages both the language of the street and the language of the intellectual. What he has done in this first story however, and it will be published shortly, is to capture on a piece of paper so that when read aloud you can literally hear the words which are being uttered. I think it really unfair to say more about what he has been writing other than to tell you that having read everything, he's written and having spent a fair amount of time talking with him over a period of years, his writing is just extraordinarily, qualitatively different from what he has written up to now and from what is appearing generally.

EVO: It's amazing, he seems to have developed a new style and I agree with you, I think he has exceeded anything he has ever written before. There's one thing you didn't mention and that was the appeal to the Supreme Court.

MIKE: Ah yes, I think I hadn't explored fully what happened in California. Following his sentencing in California, the 1 to 10 years, an immediate appeal was filed from the denial of bail. Effectively, Tim was remanded

on the same grounds that he was remanded federally, that is, that he was a menace to persons or the community. I should particularly tell you that prominent among the things which were used to show that he was a menace to the community was the December 1969 Playboy piece which Tim wrote which describes his then 4 years earlier conviction and how he's treated by the federal government and the judiciary. The California District Attorney and the U.S. Attorney with some glee pointed to this as a reflection of his over-stepping the bounds of advocacy of violation of the "Law," not otherwise defined by the U.S. Attorney. Following the application for bail, which was denied, a writ of habeas corpus was filed with the Supreme Court of California which is the highest court of that state, seeking Tim's release pending appeal. I might add that it is rather perfunctorially given both in state and federal terms for people who are not Tim Leary, or people who are not notorious in one way or another and I mean by that, particularly, politically. The California Supreme Court denied without opinion or comment the application for release on bail and what has happened was that an application was made to Justice William Douglas who is the U.S. Supreme Court Judge who has jurisdiction over the 9th circuit which includes California. Douglas did not refer the application to the whole court but rather peremptorily disposed of it, denying bail, referring to an earlier 1966 California state case, also a marijuana case, saying merely that had the application come through the federal system rather than the state system he would have been willing to entertain jurisdiction but since it came through the state system there was no possibility of his granting the application. He did however pose starkly the alternatives for myself and Tim's other lawyers. (That is, as I indicated earlier, we're awaiting a decision from the 5th circuit court of appeals on our bail application.) If, as I fully expect, that is a favorable decision or if it isn't, with the expectations of a favorable decision from Justice Black who still sits as the Supreme Court Judge from the bail application on the federal conviction, we will then make application by way of a plenary action in the federal court in California. Before Tim's release from state bail and I think this

"HE SEES THE FLOWERS WHAT I SEE ARE THE BARS"

will be received with more favor than our state application was. EVO: Would that cover the federal bail too?

MIKE: That would cover both federal and state, that's correct. EVO: And then there is Poughkeepsie or isn't that a factor at this point?

MIKE: If Tim enlarged on bail, both from California and from his federal conviction, he would then immediately, of course, have to face trial at Poughkeepsie. There's no way to avoid the Poughkeepsie prosecution. The District Attorney is proceeding with diligence, having made his mark as a crusading drug lawyer.

EVO: Are you talking about Rosenblat?

MIKE: I'm talking about Albert Rosenblat who is now the district attorney having just been elected on the Republican ticket.

EVO: Now, suppose Tim is free on bail on the federal and California charges, would the same procedure have to be renewed as far as Poughkeepsie is concerned?

MIKE: Well, I think what would happen is that Tim would be forced to trial in Poughkeepsie. I think it possible that he would be remanded by the Poughkeepsie officials, by the Dutchess County officials even if he were released on bail by both federal and California. I don't want to speculate about this because I don't want to give the D.A. any ideas but I think there is some possibility that they would lodge him in the county jail in Poughkeepsie during the pendency of his trial. In any event the next few weeks will tell us much more than we know now about Poughkeepsie because I think there is a distinct possibility that Governor Reagan will sign what in effect is an extradition order sometime after June 15th and that Tim will be transferred so that on July 11th, unless bail applications are granted, he will be in the county jail awaiting trial in Dutchess County.

EVO: Now, we have 20 years to date and . . .

MIKE: Add 8, cumulatively, for Poughkeepsie potentially.

EVO: Right.

MIKE: So we're talking about 28 years — we're talking about a vibrant 51-year-old man, who could, if he had to serve the maximum — and his spirit didn't flag, which I've no reason to believe that it would — would be 79-years-old upon his release. It's not right for Tim Leary. It's not right for anyone, but it's not right for Tim Leary.

EVO: Do you see any alternative to the dilemma?

MIKE: Well, I feel there's an alternative which I think is — perhaps most conservative and the poorest, and that is that we are doing for Tim as quickly,

and with as much effectiveness as we can whatever is possible. I think the possibilities are there, while remote, now that Justice Douglas has done what he has done, but are still possible. I think that there is an extraordinarily good basis for reversal of the federal conviction and I feel only slightly less optimistic about the California appeal. As you may know, when you're convicted federally for a narcotics offense there is no possibility of early parole as there is for all other offenses and that he would have to serve a minimum of 2/3rds of his sentence before he'd be eligible. EVO: Is there anything that we (when I say we I mean all the people that believe in Tim) can do, other than legal action: there was, if you remember, the letter campaign to Judge Connelly, there was the other one to the Judge in Orange County.

MIKE: Yes, this may sound strange coming from the mouth of a lawyer but the law is most frequently and in this case I think, obviously the poorest alternative which Tim or any political prisoner has in hopes for release. The lawyer is not the strength of this society nor is he the strength of the man who is inside. In fact the man who is inside who is a political prisoner as Tim is, I think draws his strength from people and the sound of their feet and the sound of them gathering together, holding together. Concretely, I think that an organization which was formed by Rosemary Leary, called Holding Together which was for both Tim and for John Sinclair and for others who are suffering the same slings that Tim and John are should be broadened nationally, and should make it's voice felt, heard and felt I think that . . .

EVO: In your mind, you don't limit Holding Together to solicitation—

MIKE: I do not! I think it has potentially the power, were it ever to have both psychic energy and money to do it, the best possible lobbying agency that I know of for people who share common values and views of Tim and yourselves and your readers. It is clear that there is a primitive attempt, now that the problem of dope has reached the parents of the middle-class to approach legislators and the primitive aspects of this have to do with the approach which most so-called enlightened people are taking, that is that it's alright to punish the dealer and severely, and reduce the sanctions for the user. This is like telling the liquor store man, alright buddy, the sanction's coming down on you but anybody else who smokes dope, we'll reduce the sanctions as long as you don't have a large quantity on you. It's very much

as, in the women's liberation area as imposing sanctions on female prostitutes and now upon males. There is almost a — I hesitate to use the word conspiracy since I at least pretend to legal expertise, but it seems clear to me that the answer to the hallucinogenic drug problem does not lie in imposing heavier sanctions upon dealers and it does not lie in more or more research and allocating funds however meager they've been to date for research. Everyone knows and Tim is accurate in saying that everybody knows that there is no addictive aspect to the use of marijuana or any other hallucinogen. In fact what it offers is the alternative, the opening of your body and your mind to the resources that you have inside you and that the world has to offer. No, I think the answer does not lie in merely reducing the sentences which can be imposed upon users, but rather treating users and dealers alike to do away with all of the sanctions in the marijuana area at least. At least that would be a beginning, a political beginning. EVO: Well, Tim took a very strong position in the now infamous piece that he did for us, Deal for Real, which California used against him.

MIKE: That's correct, the Deal for Real piece was used as a prime basis for incarcerating him without bail.

EVO: Exactly, you see I've encountered one problem that bothered me. I travelled with Jerry Rubin to Boston and in each and every speech Jerry mentioned Tim and pointed out to Tim's ordeal, but people's identification does not lie with Tim at this point. People are on a very heavy political trip and the one thing that hasn't been put across effectively is that Tim Leary is indeed a prime political prisoner, perhaps a forerunner of the conspirators.

MIKE: I think there is a common denominator to the problems which Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin and Dave Dellinger and Rene Davis and the other Conspiracy 8 people face and that Tim faces; in fact that all potential political prisoners face and I think it's fair parenthetically to say that everyone who engages in strident open advocacy is a potential political prisoner, so we're talking about a large number of people in this society. The common denominator to them and what they are about even if their words are different is one of repression and that is that those who dare to speak and speak forcefully are gonna find that they are in the same bag or the same jail or in different jails with long sentences merely because they advocate changes either in the law or the form of society.

Now I think there is a point of departure which it would be unfair to Tim not to note. Unfair to Tim and in a sense to both Abbie and Jerry and others who have a slightly different political cast to their views. The difference is that Tim asks that you move inside and explore your own consciousness. Jerry and Abbie say that's fine but you also have to hit the street, and if you do not hit the street together and in numbers and make yourself continually heard then you're going to be doing a disservice to them and the society. I don't think that is fair to say that Tim, Abbie or Jerry by way of example, are on the same trip. I think they all began in different places and I think they want to wind up in the same place but they're following different roads. I think they would all like to find themselves and everyone in this society at moment of peace and repose. I think that their timetable is different among other things and their historical perspectives are different. Tim understands that there are 3 hundred millions of people in this world to whom the ingestion of hallucinogens is a matter of regular daily diet. Tim understands that at least dating to the Vedic Tracts there has been a holy purpose to the exploration of consciousness. Abbie and Jerry are impatient and I, in many ways share their impatience. They believe that, although I have not heard them say it this way I think they feel that there is a negative aspect to the frequent regular use of hallucinogenic drugs and it is that it puts a wedge between people in terms of their organizing around a common goal.

EVO: Well, Bobby Seale said to me when we talked about Tim — this was in Chicago last spring. His thing was that LSD fucks up his shootin' eye.

MIKE: That's pretty concise.

EVO: That's concise but that actually leaves the old situation still in the hands of the law and I think the law has proven itself to date in Tim's case and in similar cases, let's say at least inept as far as traditional recourse.

MIKE: I do not think and I said this a little earlier on, that you can look to the law for your salvation. You gotta look to yourselves and to your brothers and sisters and to joining together in collective action. The law is (when it is only) 50 years behind the times suggests that it's catching up. What the law is at best is a reflection of political currents in a society and there frequently is a time lag in between which there is enormous repression which I think we're moving into. I think unless people are willing to get out on the streets, organized that the society which is already becoming polarized will become

more polarized, what will emerge from it, I don't know, whether you or I do I doubt, I think we will all be fertilizer in this repression.

EVO: You, as a lawyer, as a practicing attorney as a man whose life is the law — how do you feel about that personally? Having just made that statement, how do you look at it?

MIKE: Well, in two ways. I am bound in this world at being one time around as far as I know to function as — best I can with people I know and love to protect them as best I can add to share with them common needs. I am however, not only a lawyer, and part of that includes turning inward on family and part of it includes a political responsibility which in severest terms is to try and act as best I can with my brothers and my sisters.

EVO: We mentioned money before. The high cost of justice has been one of Allen Ginsberg's favorite subjects.

MIKE: Yes, Allen is fond (and I've never spoken about this with him in detail) of choosing Ben Spock's defense as an example of the high cost of justice or injustice in this society and I have, because Leonard Boudin who is my partner, represented Dr. Spock. I feel I ought to correct certain astronomical figures which Allen from time to time suggests Ben Spock was charged or payed. Allen, although the figure varies, I've never heard suggest lower than \$50,000 dollars was the cost of Ben Spock's defense. Now, would that were true and would that this office had anything like one half of that from the Spock defense. I think it is possible that for all of the defendants both through the trial and appeal including astronomical printing costs all the other expenses which attend litigation, that the total amount might have come to something approximating \$10,000. Understand that that was a trial which lasted 7 weeks, with a transcript of or more than 5,000 pages which had to be printed. Understand that you had 5 lead council and around them some 20 odd other council all of whom worked full time for the duration of the trial and through the appellate process.

Tim faces not the astronomical figures that the other defendants faced in Boston but nevertheless substantial financial problems I described earlier in a 3 pronged attack on Tim coming out of two states and the federal government. The cost to date and when I say cost I do not include lawyers fees, which are a problem themselves, the costs in themselves have totaled over 25,000 dollars. As we move (Continued on Page 18)

Decomposition

69 D.A. LATIMER

— WHO TAKES
NO RESPONSIBILITY
FOR THE MONSTROUS
TYPOS IN THIS PIECE!



By my balls!, here it's the middle of July already, and this year's *Betty And Veronica Summer Fun* has not yet appeared on the racks. What can be keeping Mr Goldwater, I wonder, from decorating my long humid City summer with the usual beachload of pretty teenage girls in bikinis? The tar's already bubbling in the streets and there's not a one in sight.

A word of explanation: Mr John Goldwater is the original creator and present executive of the Archie Comics Series — which *Goldwater*, rash fool, did you think I meant? — and every summer, the *Betty and Veronica* giant 25 cent seasonal special is lurid with scenes from the beach and around the Lodge mansion swimming pool, whereat the girls of the Archie community are invariably depicted dressed in the most immodest swimming attire, their limbs arranged in the most suggestive attitudes, which would cause any decent person to cry out for a more rigorous

application of the Comics Code Authority. But I am hardly a decent person — and since Mr Goldwater was the very draughtsman of the Comics Code Authority in 1954, and has ever since benignly directed its activities toward his own enrichment, I have come to expect my *Betty and Veronica Summer Fun* every July on the dot, sure as firecrackers and higher taxes.

And when it comes — ahhh, on that thrice-blessed day I cancel all my appointments, stock up on raw oysters and whole grain bread, and barricade myself in my bedroom. Incommunicado. Hello, what's that rapping? — I'm sorry Claudia, I'm indisposed today. — Sure, next week I shall be only too happy to play Chinese Checkers.

But this year I'm troubled, it's late. Could Mr Goldwater have somehow seen my critical study of last year's *Betty And Veronica Summer Fun*, which appeared in *Screw* magazine, and could he

consequently have decided to cancel *this* year's offering specially to frustrate me? I assure him I could survive the summer without it, for myself — but what of all the others like me, who do delight in a shamelessly drawn teenage cartoon girl-thigh, especially in the summer?

But sometimes I wonder, are there any others like me, or is this lusting after *Betty And Veronica* a fardel I bear alone? It is not so great and onerous a fardel that it drives all desire for corporeal womanflesh out of my head — saving the two days each year after the *B&V SF* hits the stands — so I guess it can't be called a *perversion*, strictly speaking. ... And heaven save me from all girls teenage and otherwise who think and act like *Betty and Veronica*, howsoever trim and well-turned their bottoms... I feel no need to seek the wretched companionship of other *Archiephiles* in order to tolerate my own afflictions in this matter, for I've

plumbed my head on this account, and come up with this — that my lust for *Betty and Veronica* springs out of a total absence of pussy all the way through my adolescence, when all about me were breaking rubbers and making babies on a large scale.

Why, there must have been a score of unwanted pregnancies in my sophomore class alone, and that was just at the doorstep of fertility. And if this were so in your high school, sir, then scoff not at my lust after teenage girls in bikinis: if you'd been born with my face, things might have fallen out just in this way for you.

And here we arrive at an interesting point: it's not so curious, after all, that what can boil up my prurience like a pot of Mulligan can at the same time leave yours the temperature and consistency of Yogurt. God works in strange ways, but we are men, and men are not so strange —

My gawd, Latimer, what about *women*? You've not addressed word one to them in seven paragraphs! — I'll admit it... But seeing that *Their Ladyships* are doing such an excellent job lately of addressing one another exclusively — I had thought it presumptuous of me to butt in with my male irrelevancies in hand.

— Yes, we are but men, brothers, and I think we should speak mainly amongst ourselves on these matters for the time being. (Of course, the women may listen in if they so wish, at the risk of losing their tempers. Bear with us, *Miladies*, my brothers and I have so much to clear up, from so cluttered a starting-point.) Now, since what so inflames me in the case of *Archie Comics* will surely leave any sound man cold — nor do I think he would see much to pull himself off with over my German family magazines, or my rather stringent tastes in *S&M* literature, or this copy of *Thrilling Love Stories* by my elbow — he'd never suspect the rhododendron by the window —

I took it upon my own account last week to see a dirty movie. Now, movies in general are not my thing, and dirty movies even less so. Before this one, I'd seen maybe a half-dozen dirty movies in my life, and walked out in the middle of two through clouds of boredom and resentment. It's the wrong

medium — I'd as soon stay home and read *The News*, thank you.

But it's just this change of medium which could indicate the differences between my head thy head in the arousal of our prurient interests. Supposing then that I could never be turned on by any dirty movie — and interested in finding out the reason why — I went last Monday to see *Censorship in Denmark*, playing at the Evergreen Theatre on 11th Street between University Place and Broadway. I knew beyond reasonable doubt it'd be a dirty movie, because had not the name been changed from *Pornography in Denmark*, out of fear of a smut bust, to its logical opposite, just to fend off *Morality In Media*? So taking \$3.50 out of my last fifteen dollars, I staggered into the little Evergreen Theatre past the ancient ticket-taker who informed me croakingly that there was no smoking section on the premises.

Mind you, my head was not at that hour working quite properly — that is, it was an odder head than usual, if you can accept such an idea — owing to the pasting up of last week's *EVO*, which had taken me and the fellers from four Sunday to ten Monday, and not a blink of sleep in the meantime. (And the curious most curious quality of my prose this article can be perhaps laid to the absence of blinks betwixt then and now, the writing of it.) Also, I had lost my pen in the raucous midwifing of that *EVO*, and was consequently unable to take notes in the theatre. So if *Grove Press*, which owns the theatre, and *Alex DeRenzy*, who made the flick, find a note a *capello* in this review — then let them rent us an *IBM Selectric*, so that I can paste up my copy even so soon as I write it, and Sunday nights will be my own again.

Through the haze of fatigue, I noticed, midway through the first five minutes, that I was watching a travelogue of Denmark. The lush green countryside opened like a bride before me. The pre-Carolingian castles, dating from *Beowulf* and beyond, towered above me. *Hans Christian Anderson* was exhumed and held forth for my admiration. *Christine Jorgenson* was not mentioned, nor were the

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BEACHES

BY RAY SCHULTZ

Well, Coney Island used to be a decent place before the coloreds took over, maybe in 1938 or so before the likes of Freedomland and the World's Fair came along, back when Steeplechase was the world's greatest amusement park and the rides were a nickel and you got down there on the IND or the BMT and none of this B, D, F, N or QJ bullshit and the trolley cars pulled into an old shed under the 'el and men like my grandfather used to sit on the pier and play checkers with the old men, a nickel a game, five games at a time, and they would fish and talk about the old days when Coney Island actually was an island separated from the mainland by a creek and they had named it "Coney" after the small rabbits that used to infest the place and they walked each morning from neighborhoods like Greenpoint and Brighton and Red Hook and they remembered the world's first Ferris Wheel imported from the Paris Expo, and the big Scenic Railway, the cars of which once crashed onto a street called the Bowery, killing hundreds and causing senile old people to mix up their names and places and sing to their children,
*The Bowery,
 The Bowery,
 They say such things
 And they do strange things on
 The Bowery,
 The Bowery
 I'll never go there anymore.*

But you move it up to the

50's and the early 1960's when I was a kid, and people seemed to have lost those old-time feelings, God, Coney Island had become a filthy, second-rate tourist trap for the very poorest people in New York. We'd get out of the car on those Sunday afternoons and buy a 12-cent Pepsi from the parking lot attendant and walk five blocks with intense excitement about the joys and Arabian tortures that awaited and we dug all that music and the grease of it all, the grease of hot dogs, knishes, steamed clams, shrimp, corn on the cob, pizza, hamburgers, sishkabab and human bodies and those empty, hollow restaurants on the boardwalk with fat mothers sitting and drinking their morning ale with the varicose veins all swollen and the babies screaming and the sunburn hurting and the sad-eyed hillbilly singer standing up in the middle of the bar and singing stuff like "Hey, good lookin', what's ya got cookin'?" and the two or three old men remaining, enjoying their morning glass and we'd wend our way up the streets into Steeplechase maybe where you had to enter through a moving barrel then across a set of obstacles like moving floors and air jets (sending the ladies' skirts flying) and you'd come out on a stage where clowns with cattle prods would be waiting and they'd burn you, they'd chase you, you'd be running in mad flight looking for a way out and the people in the audience would be laughing their asses off, but finally you'd make

it and sit down with them and laugh at somebody else coming through or maybe you'd get a chance to punch out one of the clowns, not to mention the rides of Steeplechase, the horses, slides, jumps, pits, swings, spirals and other dangerous engines that we rode on and the wax museum up the road ("Lamarca in the Chair - Starkweather Slayings, Lifelike Figures) and the spook houses (DRAGON'S CAVE - A LEVEL RIDE), we'd hit every one of them and our favorite was SPOOKARAMA, the world's longest spook ride, 3/4 of a mile long, 6 minutes in duration, it operated in two buildings that were connected by a long track outdoors (the majority of it was outdoors, ha) but it was great and fantastic and still operated by Mr. Frank Gaum who also owns the Wonder Wheel, now celebrating its 50th anniversary and still affording you the best eye's view of Brooklyn and the ocean that you can get, and the moving cars making you feel like you were headed straight for the sea with the lights of Coney Island at night and the Cyclone, the world's most treacherous roller coaster, and the Virginia Reel and the Tornado and the endless whips, Caterpillar rides, scooter cars, go-carts, shoot-the-shutes, Parachute jumps, fun houses, tilt-a-whirls, centrifugal wheels and other devices designed to scramble your brains and make you feel younger, and those old carnival barkers sitting outside those rides, high on benches,

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Joseph Stevens

THE BLACK PANTHERS COME TO FIRE ISLAND

By Claudia Dreifus

It was a wild idea that Florynce Kennedy, the tough black lady lawyer, had come up with: a fund-raising for the Black Panthers on Fire Island. The Panther's Legal Defense Fund, like so many other things these days, is suffering from the recession-depression blues. No money. None at all. And where else do you get money but from them that's got? And Fire Island, at least the Seaview-Ocean Beach section of Fire Island, is rich... real rich.

So Flo, a summertime resident of Seaview got together with a few neighbors and organized a July 4th week-end benefit for the Panthers. The events would include a Friday afternoon lecture by William Kunstler, Mrs. Bobby Seale, Afeni Shakur and Gerald Lefcourt... followed by two fund-raising parties, one for the big money and one for everyone else. On Saturday, Black Panther films would be shown. An impressive program.

"People come out here," Flo explains to me while tacking a Panther poster on the Ocean Beach community bulletin board, "because they want to swim and boat and play tennis and have fun. Well, we want them to know that they can't do that so easily as long as Panthers are rotting in jail on some trumped up charge or another. You can't have fun while people are being shot in their beds or held on \$100,000 bail!"

"Yeah," grins Gerald Lefcourt, the Panther attorney and one of Flo's housemates in Seaview, "This is 'Stick 'Em Up Fire Island Week!'"

"Stick 'Em Up Fire Island" is a financial necessity for the Panthers, who desperately need bail and legal defense funds and who are having an increasingly difficult time raising money. Why is cash so hard to get? Why not the Panthers? Two reasons: the Panthers are black... really BLACK... and that frightens the hell out of moneyed liberals. What's more, the usual sources for movement money, sympathetic leftist people in the arts and in business are terrified to help the Panthers. Not for political reasons, mind you. But ever since Leonard Bernstein was pilloried by the NEW YORK TIMES and NEW YORK Magazine for throwing a soiree for the Panthers, those kind of folk are scared shitless.

Who can blame them? All Mrs. Leonard Bernstein did was decide that she wanted to help the Panthers pay their legal fees. So, she threw a little cocktail party at her Park Avenue duplex and Christ, you'll never believe the shit that came down on her:

"Emergence of the Black Panthers as the romanticized darlings of the politico-cultural jet set is an affront to the majority of Black Americans... It mocked the memory of Martin Luther King, Jr., whose birthday was solemnly observed throughout the nation yesterday."

Editorial
NEW YORK TIMES

January 16, 1970

And that's not all NEW YORK Magazine hired pop super-writer Tom Wolfe to put together a whole issue put-down of the Bernstein benefit. "FREE LEONARD BERNSTEIN," screamed three black fist society matrons from the cover of the publication. Oh sure, it's easy to make fun of the incongruity of Panthers on Park Avenue. It's easy to suggest that folks like Otto Preminger, Jean vanden Heuval and Barbara Walters went to the Bernstein gathering because they sought adventure, excitement and exoticism... rather than because they believed that the Panthers had a right to a fair trial. Sure Tom Wolfe, put 'em down as elegant slummers. But thanks to his article and the earlier TIMES editorial, rich people are now afraid to open their houses for Panther benefits. They are terrified of the publicity. And the result is that a dozen New York Panthers rot in jail as the movement desparately and hopelessly tries to raise the \$1,000,000-plus in bail funds needed to free them. John Mitchell himself couldn't have wished for a better situation!

"This is going to be the first big fund-raising party since the Bernstein thing," Flo explains as she tacks up a few more hand lettered posters on lamp posts around Seaview. "I'm really kind of nervous as to how it's going to turn out."

Flo has every reason to be nervous. The residents of Ocean Beach-Seaview are quite divided about the propriety of the event. Though the town council, by a vote of 3-2, agreed to let the Community Center be used for the Panther forum, there are many Ocean Beach-Seaviewites who wish that the Panthers would go back to their ghettos. Several residents have been heard to complain that Fire Island is a summer place... inappropriate for political benefits. Many of the disgruntled are the same people who three years ago complained when Dr. Martin Luther King came out here to raise money for SCLC. "I'm out here for a vacation," grumbles one middle-aged man who would not give me his name. "Now when a man's on vacation he wants to relax—to get away from all these riots and disorders. I wanna be left alone and this Panther Benefit is an invasion of my privacy!"

"Those people," answers Abbott Simon, a prominent Seaview resident and former President of the Seaview Synagogue, "who say they want to be left alone are not telling the whole truth. While they say they want their peace and quiet, they are on the phone to their brokers three times a day, they're reading their newspapers and they're still watching their televisions. The truth is that they are just not interested in hearing what the Panthers have to say!"

2:00 P.M. FRIDAY: The tiny Ocean Beach Police Force is temporarily tripled—a Fire Island welcome for the Panthers.

4:00 P.M.: Leslie and David Mermelstein, two Ocean Beach residents and benefit organizers introduce the Panther speakers, Afeni Shakur, Artie Seale, Masai Hewitt, Gerald Lefcourt and William Kunstler to the packed audience at the Ocean Beach Community Center. Kunstler tells the crowd that their future is inextricably tied to the fate of the Panthers. "If the government can destroy the Black Panther Party," he says, "then who knows who is next?" \$500 is raised. Abbot Simon's nine year old daughter contributes \$5 that she's earned by delivering packages.

6:00 P.M.: A group of thirty well-heeled Fire Islanders meet privately with the Panthers. The press is excluded. "Many of the people at the party," Gerry Lefcourt explains, "fear that their names will be printed publicly. We don't want another Bernstein crucifixion." \$700 is raised.

9:00 P.M. — D-HOUR: This is it! The big party. Flo Kennedy is terribly nervous. "Several people have told us," she says, "that they are afraid to come to the party because they fear the FBI will take their pictures. The Island is swarming with pigs and they know it. I just hope the people won't be frightened out of coming. I'm praying for a turn out and baby, I don't pray often."

The party is held in a rambling beach-front house owned by Mrs. Hershel Bernardi. There is a decent turn out... perhaps a hundred and fifty chicly clad partiers. "This is a small fund-raising event for Ocean Beach," a young woman named Kiki tells me. "This crowd is half the size of what you'd get if you were raising money for ACLU or SANE."

Outside the party strobe lights flash a wild on/off welcome. Cynthia Bernardi stands by the door greeting Beene Bazaar-clad young women and collecting the \$3.50 entrance fee from all comers. Inside, men in brocade gaucho pants and bell bottom trousers stand around the punch bowl and peer at back copies of the BLACK PANTHER newspaper. Someone puts a Beatle platter on the stereo and a few people dance.

And how are the Panthers faring in the midst of all this? Frankly, they are in a state of culture shock. When you are dodging pig-bullets and rats in Harlem, you don't quite believe that there is such a place as Fire Island. The \$70,000 beach cottages, the casually-elegant ladies, the yachts and private beaches are another world to the assembled revolutionaries from Oakland, Bed-Sty and Watts. Ray Masai Hewitt, the Panthers' tall, cool Minister of Education is standing in a corner saying things like, "Man, this place is Disneyland. I ain't never been to Disneyland, but it's gotta be like this place!" Afeni Shakur, the usually very articulate member of the New York Panther 21, sits in a corner quiet and sullen.

By 11:00 P.M. enough of a crowd has been assembled to begin. First something to entertain us: Hershel Bernardi's twelve year old son picks up a guitar and plucks a few tunes from *Hair*. His six year old sister sings harmony. "Hello carbon monoxide... Hello sulphur dioxide... the air... the air... is everywhere..."

Then Masai Hewitt, the BPP Minister of Education and one of the highest ranking Panthers out of jail and still alive, is introduced. Hewitt, strikingly handsome, six foot tall, a cowboy hat casually cocked on his head, tries to do more than

just raise money. He really wants to talk to these people about the Panthers. He really wants them to know that the things they've read in the News papers are lies, absolute lies. What's more, he wants them to understand that they too have a role to play in the revolution, that they too are unfree, their happy middle-class bubble just ain't gonna last. *But this place is Disneyland and how the hell does one ever break through to these dudes?*

"I'm here," Hewitt begins, "to tell you a little bit about the Black Panther Party and to clear up some misconceptions that

people have about us. One common misconception is that the Panthers are out to kill all white people. Another is that we are a black nationalist organization. Neither is true. The Panthers are the only black group in the country that has, over the past three years, maintained a working relationship with white people. To borrow an expression, some of our best friends are white. We work closely with all people who are fighting for the interests of The People. Fascists, be they black, white, green or purple are our enemies. We do not believe that wearing afros or daishiki of any of that stuff is the revolution—as a matter of fact, in some places were are in a running war with the cultural nationalists."

Hewitt tilts his cowboy hat off his brow and goes into the history of the Black Panther Party: "The Party started when a man named Huey P. Newton decided that he was sick of the genocide against the black people and that it was necessary for black people to carry guns in self-defense. Huey was sick of black women getting gunned down in the ghetto by pigs. He was tired of the police brutality and of black children dying of malnutrition. So he hit on this entirely lawful concept—"self defense"—and it freaked out the pig power structure. They couldn't stand the idea of black people with guns."

"Violence can't be met with..." interrupts an elderly man standing near the kitchen.

Masai grins. He knew that one was coming. "Listen," he begins—as if talking to a child, "black people are the only folks in this country who've practiced non-violence. We've prayed, we've sat-in, cried-in, knelled-in, stooped-in... you name it... and we've been lynched, shot at, ambushed, and bombed in our churches. You're talking about America, man. America! This is a country that hasn't known one day of non-violence since Columbus got here. When you're saying that black people should be peaceful, you're saying that we should be peaceful like the Indians are peaceful: extinct!"

Masai has made his point. He now aims his talk directly at the soul of the audience. "Listen, I realize that most of the people in this room are members of the bourgeoisie. I understand that. But there's genocide going on in this country. Our children are dying of malnutrition and disease and that motherfucking pig Nixon just sics more and more pigs on our community. You're living in a dream world out here if you think you can stand back out in Fire Island and ignore the genocide that's going on. You know we have a saying in the Panthers: 'You're either a part of the problem or a part of the solution!'"

Hewitt has done extraordinarily well. As the floor is thrown open for questions, it is clear that the crowd has been genuinely moved. From the front of the room, a middle-aged man pops up with the first question: "How does the Black Panther Party deal with black anti-semitism?"

Slowly, deliberately, Hewitt answers: "We oppose racism of any kind... any kind. We're not anti-semitic. If we were, we'd have no lawyers. If you're question is related to the fact that we oppose the policies of Israel, well that has nothing to do with anti-semitism. There are many Jews who oppose Israel's policies."

If Hewitt thinks he's answered the man's question, he's wrong. From another corner comes an elderly voice: "What about the poem called 'Jew-land' that Tom Wolfe spoke about in his article on the Bernstein party?"

"That was printed by another organization—not by the Black Panther Party. It was printed by some pork-chop nationalist group out in San Francisco. Tom Wolfe clearly can't tell the difference between one black group and another!"

Then the barrage starts: "What about Israel..."

"What about the six million..."

"What about the burning of synagogues..."

The attack never ends. Finally Sanford Katz, an attorney for the Panthers takes the floor. "Listen," he cries, "I'm a Jew... and I'm the kind of Jew who has a chip on my shoulder when it comes to anti-semitism. And if I for one moment thought the Panthers to anti-semitic, I could never work for them."

You'd think that Sandy Katz would have buried the question of anti-semitism with his remarks. No such thing. One guy, who claims to have been a friend of black people "before you were born," calls on Masai to stop alienating potential white allies. "You're constantly accusing every white man of being a hater of Negroes. That alienates us. Where were you when six million Jews were gassed?"

From an opposite corner, a young man replies: "Why don't some of the older people here ask themselves what they were doing thirty years ago. They are as responsible for racism as everyone else. They weren't out fighting it!"

Sandy Katz redirects: "You know the trouble with us Jews is that a lot of us no longer realize who the enemy is... capitalism. It's kind of chic to be Jewish now—Nixon might even invite some of us to his country club. But we are going to have to start reidentifying with the oppressed and understanding who are REAL enemy is!"

So the evening ends with another \$800 raised. At first glance it seems as if a good many Fire Islanders have done some sensible thinking about the whole question of anti-semitism and racism. Despite all the bullshit, it's been an educational evening for those who participated. I have the feeling that a good many previously comfortable middle-class heads have done some turning around.

But the next day, on the Ferry back to Long Island, I run into an old friend who was staying with her in-laws in Ocean Beach.

"Oh," she exclaims, "you were at that party. I heard the Panthers said some horribly anti-semitic things."

"Who'd you hear that from?"

"From some neighbors. It's all over Ocean Beach!"

But Gerry Lefcourt, the Panther's energetic young lawyer is undaunted by all this rumour mongering. "I think the event has been a success," he declares. "We raised \$2,000 and we got a lot of people thinking."

Flo Kennedy agrees: "Next week, I think we should have a 'Stick 'Em Up Westport Party'... and then after that, we'll do 'Stick 'Em Up East Hampton'... and after that..."

NANCY KOTEX

WHENEVER A CASE OF BUREAUCRATIC BUNGLING SHOWS UP IT IS WIDELY PUBLICIZED, BUT WHEN A GOVERNMENT AGENCY DOES A FINE JOB IT GOES LARGELY UNNOTICED. HERE IS A GOOD EXAMPLE; THE DEPARTMENT OF HOSPITALS.



©1970 YOSSERMAN/ASYLUM PRESS
A TIP OF THE HAT TO D.A. LATHAM

WHEN NEW YORK'S LIBERALIZED ABORTION LAW WAS RECENTLY INTRODUCED THE EXPERTS WERE AMAZED TO FIND THAT 97% OF ALL THE WOMEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 11 AND 40 WERE CONSIDERABLY IN NEED OF ABORTIONS

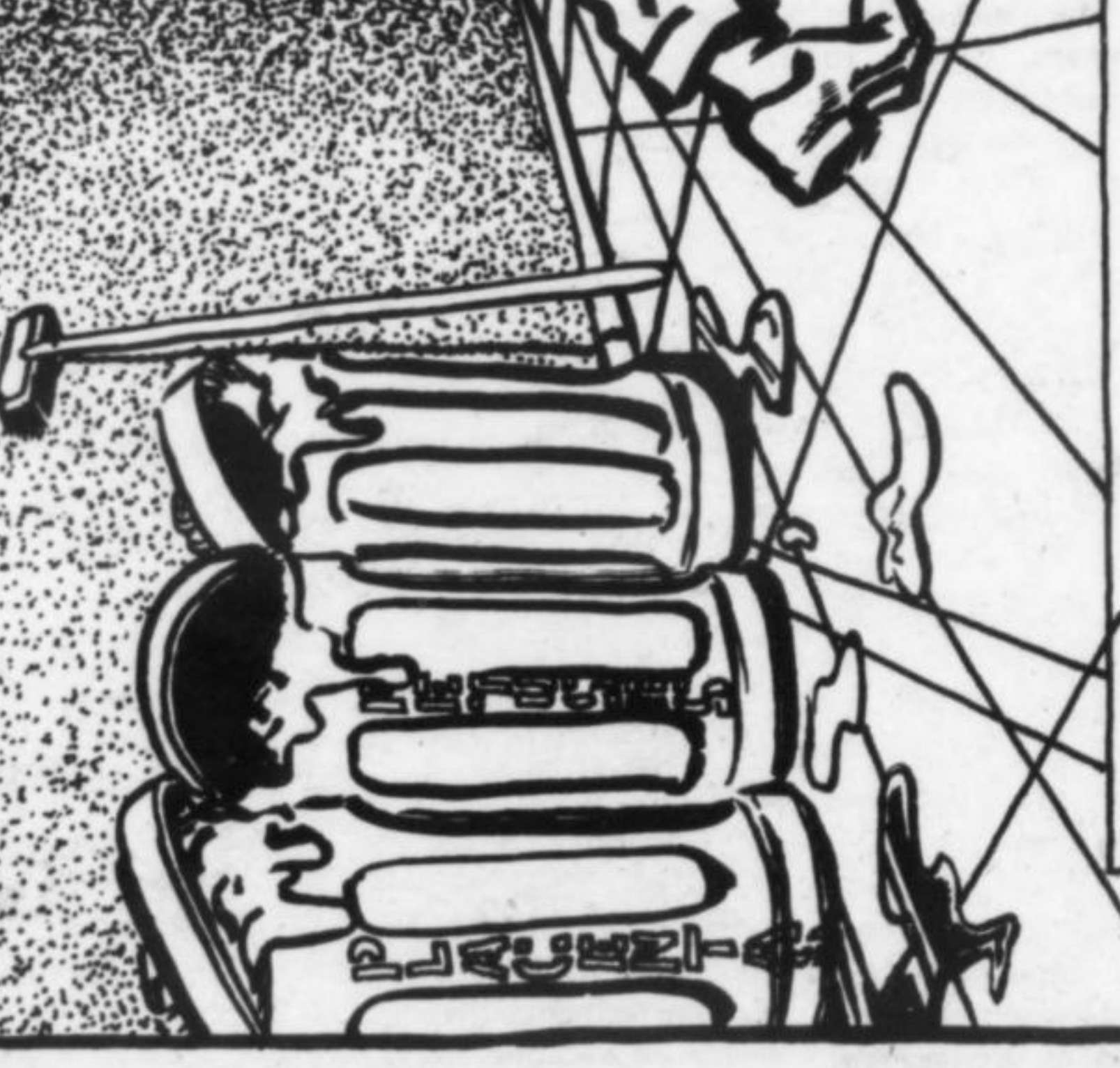


HA!
NOOKIE
NOOKIE
FRAZZ!!
6,90P

MY FREN' EMILY SEZ YOU GIVE FREE RECORDS?



WHILE THE DIFFICULTY OF PERFORMING A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF ABORTIONS WAS OVERCOME WITH THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW SURGICAL TECHNIQUES A PROBLEM STILL REMAINED



THESE HOSPITALS FOUND THAT THEY WERE LEFT WITH HUGE AMOUNTS OF PLACENTAS AND FOETUSES TO DISPOSE OF

ORDINARILY THE DEPARTMENT WOULD HAVE TO PASS THIS COST OF DISPOSAL BACK TO THE ALREADY OVERBURDENED TAXPAYER; BUT THE CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF HOSPITALS IS NO ORDINARY BUROCRAT. HE IS MALCOLM X. HE HAS A VISION OF VISION



PLACENTAS

LET HIM EXPLAIN HOW HE DEVISED A SCHEME TO TURN A PROBLEM INTO AN ASSET

BEFORE I TURNED AROUND I HAD A CONTRACT WITH THE SPAULDING COMPANY TO BUY ALL OUR PLACENTAS.



WOMB DEPT.

THEY USE THEM AS BLADDERS FOR THEIR FOOTBALLS AND BASKETBALLS

WE'VE EVEN FOUND THAT WE CAN SELL SMALL AMOUNTS AT RETAIL PRICES TO INDIVIDUALS SUCH AS ARTIST ANDY WARHOL WHO FOUNDED THE "FETUS ART MOVEMENT"



RIGHT NOW THIS MONEY IS BEING USED TO FIGHT CANCER

IT SEEMED CLEAR TO ME THAT THESE FORMS OF HUMAN WASTE HAVE A CERTAIN INTRINSIC VALUE AS ORGANIC MATERIAL. ONCE THIS BECAME OBVIOUS I SET ABOUT SEEING IF THESE PLACENTAS AND FOETUSES WERE MARKETABLE

IN NO TIME I NEGOTIATED A CONTRACT WITH A SMALL ASIAN COUNTRY WHO'VE AGREED TO BUY ALL OF OUR SMALL FOETUSES TO USE AS FERTILIZER FOR THEIR RICE CROP

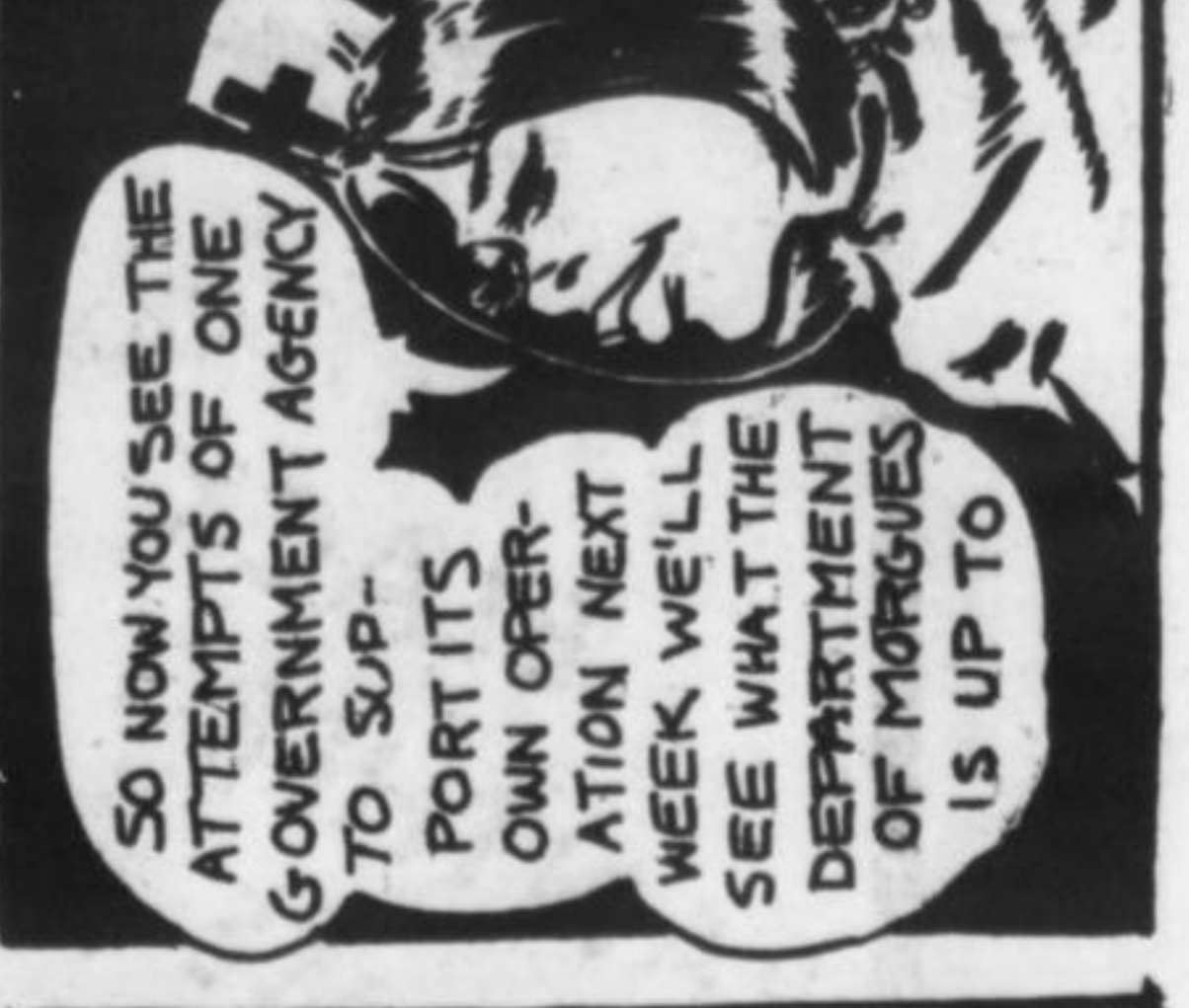


WE SELL A FAIR AMOUNT OF FOETUSES DURING THE SEASON AS FISHING BAIT

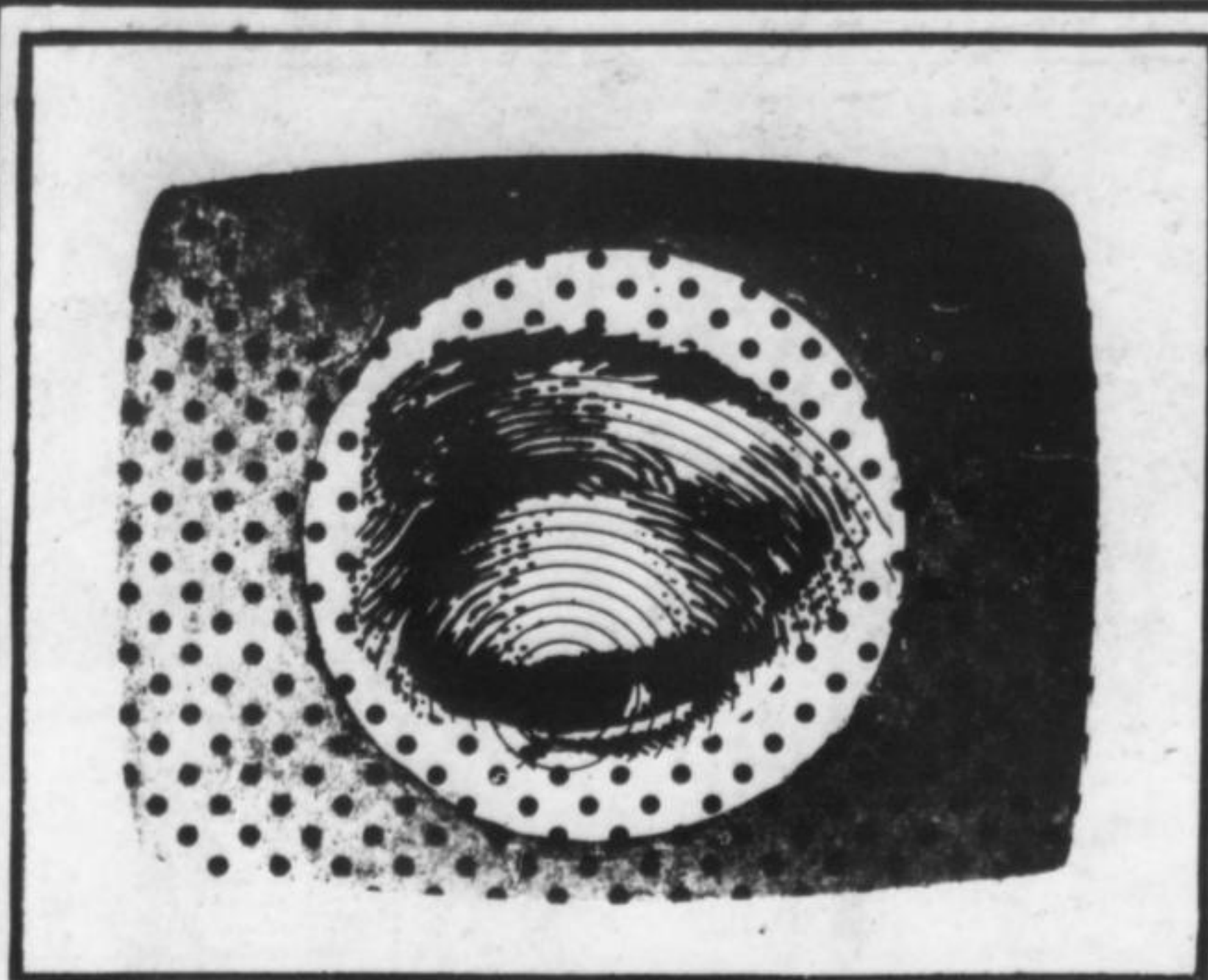


SMALL FOETUSES SEEM TO DRAW ATLANTIC BLUEFISH LIKE MAGIC

SO NOW YOU SEE THE ATTEMPTS OF ONE GOVERNMENT AGENCY TO SUPPORT ITS OWN OPERATION NEXT WEEK WE'LL SEE WHAT THE DEPARTMENT OF MORIGUES IS UP TO



DIRE OF SPACE TO CONTINUE NEXT WEEK



RADICAL VIDEO JOURNAL

Quite a party, this 194th. Had it not been courtesy of Public Broadcast it might well have been sponsored by Frank E. Campbell and Sons. The penny arcade was closing but I couldn't leave the fascinating mechanical mannequin behind the glass as she laid out her game. I had just put my 21st dime into the Dumont and it was 1949 already. A dime a year and I was heading back towards the War and childhood.

Peter Jansen of WETA was handed a note and the crowd became 400,000 from 40,000. He apologized. He was handed another note which said 4,000,000 and he began to apologize again but he pushed that one back. Enough was enough. Red Skelton had just said "as long as I make money, they're not going to lock me up" ... Bob Hope and Jack Benny, looking like your friends at First National City, had just exchanged some more jokes about the millions they have salted away. Who else would you ask to officiate? Bill Marriott had just taken a bow as the guy who had helped put the whole thing together with all the style of his motels. The Dorothy Lamour trading card had landed face up but I had called "odds" so I lost it. Kate Smith had had time to change and full length dresses really do what they're meant to. My last dime was running out and the picture was losing focus fast but I had time to see Miss Black America get raped by the Sentry Men as Jeannie Reilly sang "Walkin' on the Fightin' Side of Me". After the last Geritol commercial, Sugar Ray and Dinah Shore jerked off the Washington Monument as the statue of Lincoln began to show large cracks in its base. As "God Bless America" drew to a close with Fred Waring, Lincoln's laughter caused the entire statue to come apart in a giant burst of white marble dust. President Nixon's words were fading above as the sky-writer flew in for one last sortie, scrawling Miss World USA in Johnson's Baby Powder above the whole crowd. Middle, silent America came in an orgasm of Roman candles as the stars came out in their wheelchairs to take a bow.

Clearly time to change channels and I tuned in on WAMT, Alternate Media Television. Alan Katzman had just finished the 11 o'clock News and from where he was reporting the Birthday Party there was so much smoke it seemed like the eagle on the proscenium had taken off. The Marine Band, it seems, had gotten a contact high from the smoke and half way through the National Anthem broke into "Season of the Witch." The Reflecting Pool had been used as a Sunshine punch bowl and glasses were being passed like sand bags to the Boy Scouts. The Pentagon began to levitate precisely as the scheduled 2 o'clock

Fuck-In began to spread through the crowd. Les Brown, seeing what was coming off, slid back into the pit as Billy Graham raced to the mic and announced that the New Christy Minstrels couldn't find their clothes and were late for their plane. He proceeded to order everyone to cover their eyes with the nearest flag, saying the Guard would be there shortly and not to panic. "Now's the time to stay close together, Nixon and God are with us."

The tube at the Western White House must have cracked, as 300,000 fucking couples scaled the East Portico of the White House like a Bosch Easter Picnic and raised the NLF flag in the Rose Garden. Henry Kissinger was trapped by the orgy as he was unbuttoning Clark Kent's shirt. WAMT was signing off with a mantra "Prayer for the Day", by Allen Ginsberg, not to resume broadcasting until. . .

At meetings related to Alternate Media the same knot comes up each time. "If only we could get a weekly series on the station... it would have commercial appeal to the stations... they would understand that we can reach the youth... we could do our thing, say what we want to, the way we want to... but they'd see the power of what we're doing."

Real underground news on the networks... sure they might cut us off once in a while but we'd have a chance to get in a few licks... and Cable... wow... outasight... if only we could get control... over one of those stations... imagine what we could do!"

Fat chance. The closest underground video will get to network programming at this stage is talk shows or cultural side shows. Not special effects video but relevant, political video doesn't have much of a chance at this point. The government owns the airwaves, they own or control the existing channels and those about to be opened. Look at the struggle that's taking place within the networks between those people who really want the medium to reflect social change and those who maintain its inert and static power.

That's a losing battle that's taking place on the *inside*. How much more frustrating it is to watch the giant media from the outside, from the underground. The really disturbing part of this is the alternate energy that's being dissipated in efforts of this kind. Better it would be to find ways in which the flow of information can travel its own circuit, its own path. The underground press has been able to. With video it will be more difficult. Still, the immediate problem is to organize the existing playback facilities and to encourage new ones. Most colleges and universities have video equipment. But who controls it? Where is it stored and what permissions are required to use it? If the Phys Ed department has a set up to watch football practice how likely is it that the same equipment can be used to

show underground politics? for now the best way will be to take the equipment to the campus, show program tapes, shoot some relevant local community material and move on to the next campus. Travelling newsreel on video. Tapes can be shot on one campus and be shown as part of the program on the next campus.

To do this for the good of the community will depend on existing video people getting together, sharing ideas, plans, energy, hardware, software...

INTERGALACTIC UNION

JULY 14, 1970
DOPOGRAM

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its delivery character is indicated by the proper symbol.

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LT = International Letter Telegram

HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS
LAST WEEKEND A CHICK GAVE US THE FOLLOWING LINES FOR THE DOPOGRAM; "BEWARE: THE POST-DRUG SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS EFFORT - THE NEW BELIEVERS ARE MOD-SQUAD MYSTICS WITH OLD MISSIONARY RICHES; EXCEPT THEY'VE FREAK-ED!!!!!! OUT BEHIND ACID LUST; SO ACID'S THEIR FIRST NO-NO ON A LONG LIST. BREATHING IS AN UP-TRIP, MAKING THE RULES ABOUT THE REST OF IT IS JUST ANOTHER DOWNTrip IN SHEEP'S (SACRAMENTAL CON?) CLOTHING". SO FAR THE GIFT.

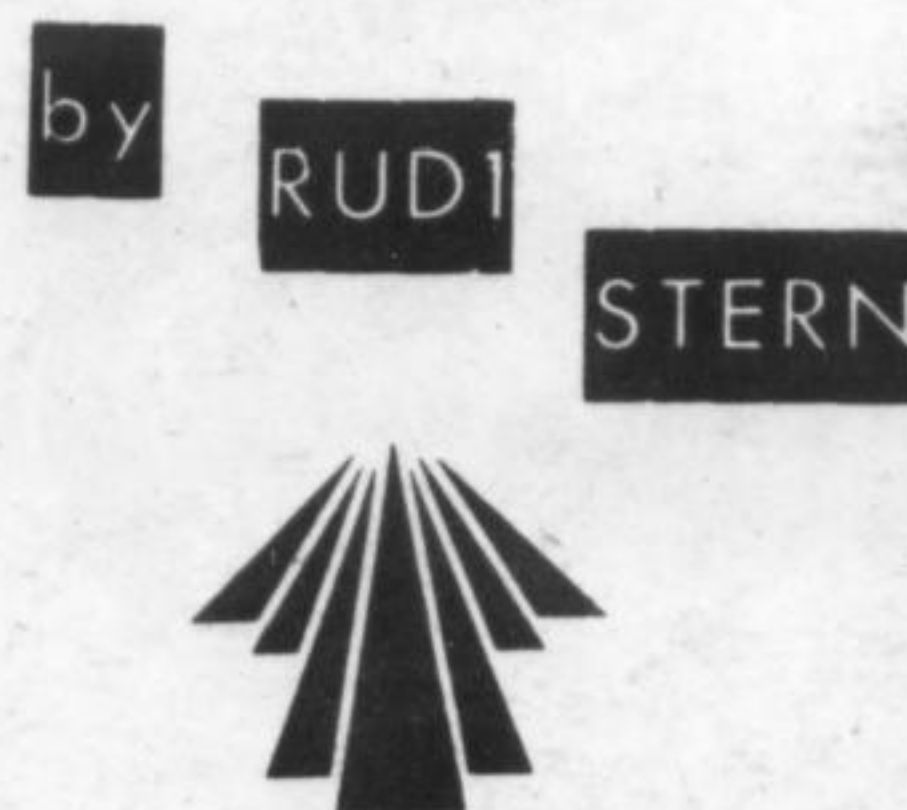
THROUGHOUT HISTORY MEN HAVE TAKEN DRUGS, CONSCIOUSNESS-EXPANDING DRUGS. HOLY MEN, MEDICINE MEN, PRIESTS, MAGICIANS, ALCHEMISTS, PROPHEETS, ORACLES, SEERS, SAINTS, WAGES, SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRERS - WISE MEN. IN THEIR EFFORTS TO UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF THE HUMAN SOUL, THE UNIVERSE, GOD - THOSE SEERS SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF THEIR TIME MEDITATING? AT SPECIAL DAYS - MOSTLY IN HARMONY WITH THE STARS - THEY TOOK SPECIAL HERBS, FLOWERS, MUSHROOMS, POWDERS AND MINERALS, GOT HIGH AND LISTENED TO THE ACTIVITIES OF THE DEEPER MIND. PEOPLE WORSHIPPED AND RESPECTED THESE POWERFUL MEN, LISTENED TO THEM AND FOLLOWED THEIR ADVICE. THE TERM DOPE FREAK AND DRUG ADDICT WAS UNKNOWN AND WOULD HAVE BEEN WRONG. TODAY, IN THE AGE OF COMMUNICATIONS, THE EXPERIENCE OF CONSCIOUSNESS EXPANDING IS NO LONGER RESERVED TO SELECTED HEIREIRCHY GROUP OF MEN. NEVER BEFORE WERE SO MANY PEOPLE OCCUPIED FINDING AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION: WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT? WHAT INITIATED THIS SEARCH? DRUGS. IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS, HOLY MEN FROM THE FAR EAST CAME AND TALKED TO US AND TRIED TO TEACH US HOW TO FIND OUR DIVINE SELF. BUT THEY PREACHED MEDITATION ONLY, AND DENIED US THE RIGHT OF DRUGS. AND THEY'RE WRONG. HUNDREDS OF YOUNG PEOPLE WOULD NOT LISTEN RESPECTFULLY TO THE YOGI'S IF THEY HAD NOT THE DRUG EXPERIENCE. MEDITATION IS ALMOST A LOST ART IN THE WEST. FEW PRACTICE IT, AND EVEN AMONG THESE, FEW OF THEM REALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY ARE DOING. LSD - Mescaline - PSYLOCIBIN - TRIPS - THESE ARE MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN OUR LIVES WHEN WE RECEIVE HINTS OF A HIGHER EXISTENCE POSSIBLE TO MAN. WE KNOW THEN THAT THE SOUL'S DREAMS CAN COME TRUE. THAT LOVE AND TRUTH AND HAPPINESS ARE INDEED OUR BIRTHRIGHT. IT IS THIS BRIEF HOUR, THIS MOMENT OF DAWN, WHICH GIVES US THE DESIRE FOR THE DIVINE EXPERIENCE THROUGH MEDITATION. TIM LEARY: THE AIM OF YOGA, THE AIM OF LSD IS TO EXPAND OUR CONSCIOUSNESS AND FIND ECSTASY AND REVELATION WITHIN.

WE ARE STILL LIVING IN THE AGE OF PRE- DRUG CONSCIOUSNESS. OM.
DOPE NEWS: GRASS, SUPER-WEED \$250, GOLD, \$250, COMMERCIAL GRASS, \$140 - \$175, ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF AFGHANISTANIAN HASH, \$700. SHORTAGE OF LSD.

Chewing off pieces of separate groups and baiting competition among them would be the tactic of an outside promoter whose goal is ripping off talent, integrity, and energy for his own gain. This is one existing channel the underground has access to without FCC authorization. To develop really effective use of such channels will require a pooling of energy. Subversion of these lines of communication on campuses should be guarded against as a threat to alternate media in general and video as an underground resource in particular.

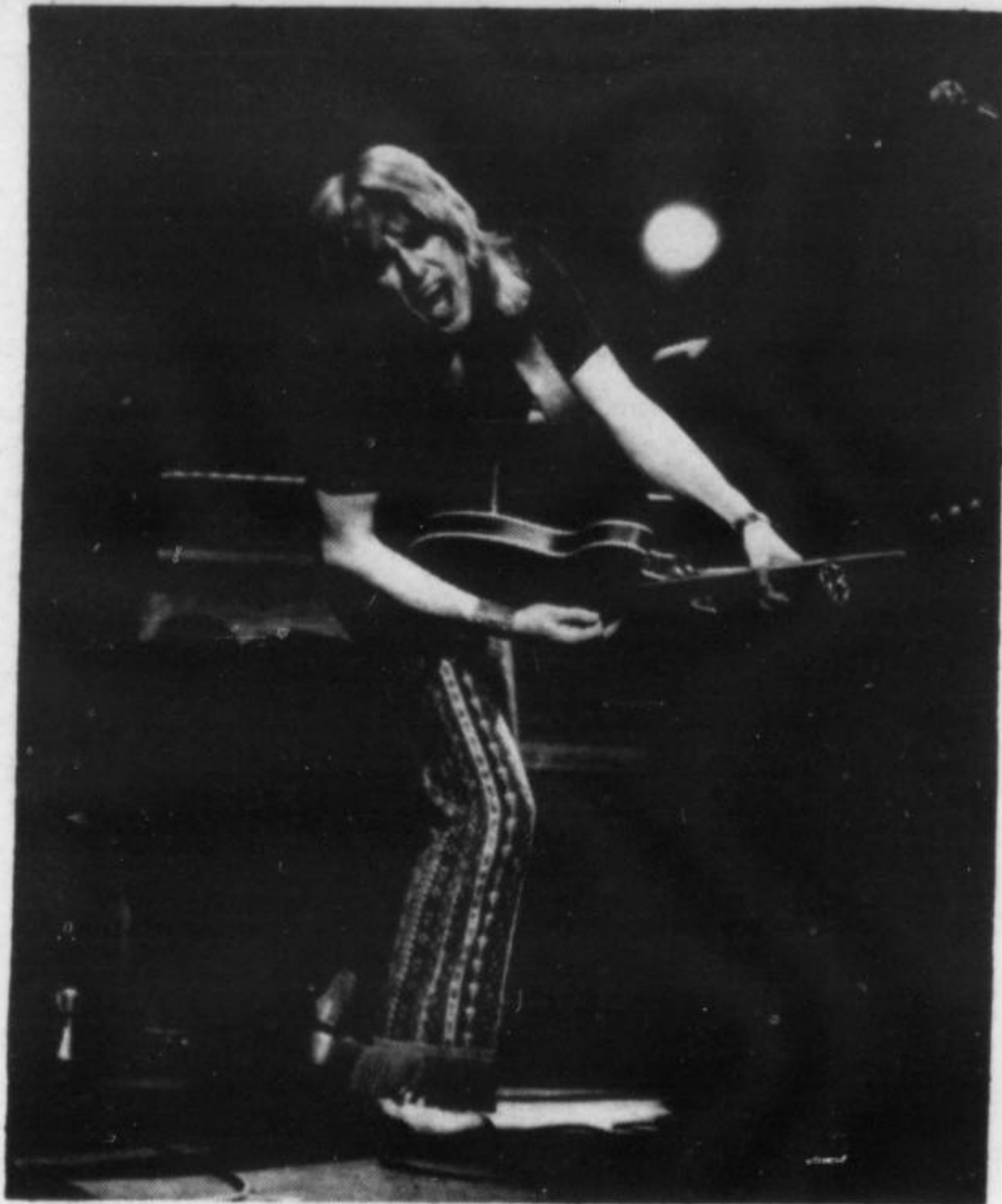
P.S. Last week's RVJ was written by John Reilly.

Educational Television
Eats
Honor America
Birthday Cake

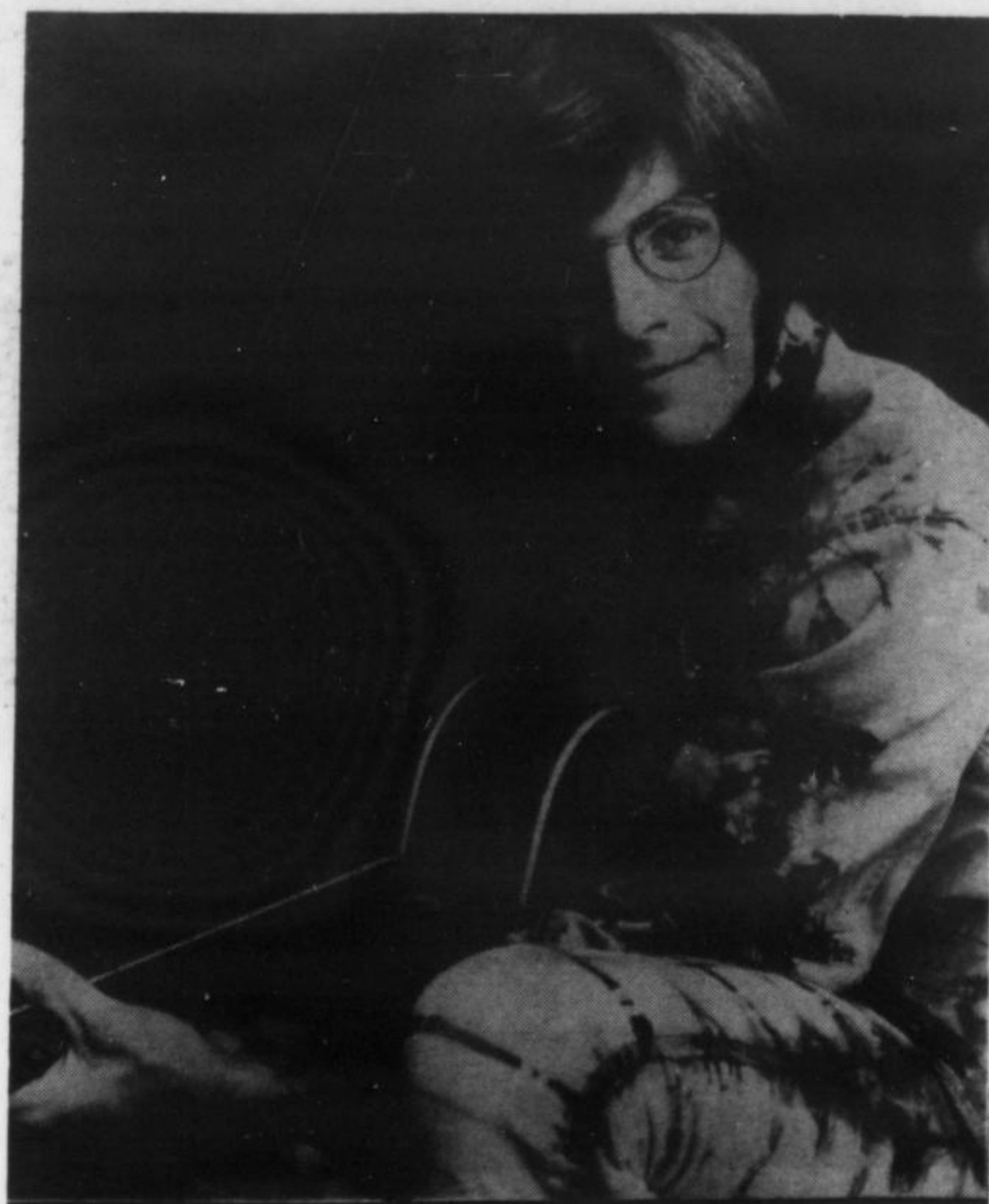


NEW YORK POP





**GRAND FUNK
RAILROAD**
**JIMI HENDRIX
EXPERIENCE**
**JOHN B.
SEBASTIAN**
STEPHENWOLF
JETHRO TULL
**SLY & THE
FAMILY STONE**
DR. JOHN
THE NIGHT TRIPPER
MOUNTAIN
VAN MORRISON



crash

The following is a list of State Parks and Youth Hostels in the New York vicinity. Some of these places are entirely booked up and you may only be able to get into them with good luck—lots of it. The phone numbers of the places are listed, so call before you set off on a journey to the unknown.

LONG ISLAND

Hither Hills Park near Montauk Point

516-MO 8-2554

Wildwood Park near Waiting River

516-WA 9-4262

YOUTH HOSTELS

Manhattan: 255 West 43rd Street

212-524-6900

The Bronx: New York University residence hall

212-584-0700 extension 691

UPSTATE NEW YORK

Clarence Fahnestock State Park near Peekskill

914-225-7207

Margaret Lewis Norrie State Park near Hyde Park

914-889-4527

NEW JERSEY

Cheesequake State Park near Perth Amboy

201-556-2161

**DELANEY &
BONNIE & FRIENDS**

RICHIE HAVENS

RAVI SHANKAR

**TEN YEARS
AFTER**

**TONY WILLIAMS
LIFETIME**
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
LARRY YOUNG
JACK BRUCE
with **ERIC CLAPTON**

and **MILES DAVIS**
as Special Guest Star



**VOICES OF
EAST HARLEM**

Previous to each concert there will be a 2 hour workshop in thought and music featuring such groups as

**BUFFALONGO
& OMNIBUS**

a music asylum
concept



Jimi had just finished a gig and seemed to be near sleep. His words and ours follow . . .

BNW: Did I wake you?

Jimi: No, what's goin' on now, what's happening?

BNW: I'm just calling in reference to your Randall's Island appearance in July.

Jimi: Yeah.

BNW: Ah, if I'm not disturbing you, I'd like to ask you a few questions about it, because, um, we're going to be doing a newspaper for the audience, ah, and like I thought you'd like to say something to them, for them, and I'd like to get into the new Experience with you.

Jimi: Well, I tell you what, are you in New York now?

BNW: Yeah.

Jimi: Well, listen, we're right about to leave L.A. now, you know, we're getting ready to leave. I'll be in New York tonight.

BNW: What time will you be in?

Jimi: You can call me, I'm not sure of the time, but you can call me about 11 or 12, I mean, about 11 tonight?

BNW: Sure.

Jimi: Huh?

BNW: Yeah, ok.

Jimi: Or either, or either in the morning tomorrow.

BNW: How early tomorrow?

Jimi: Ah.

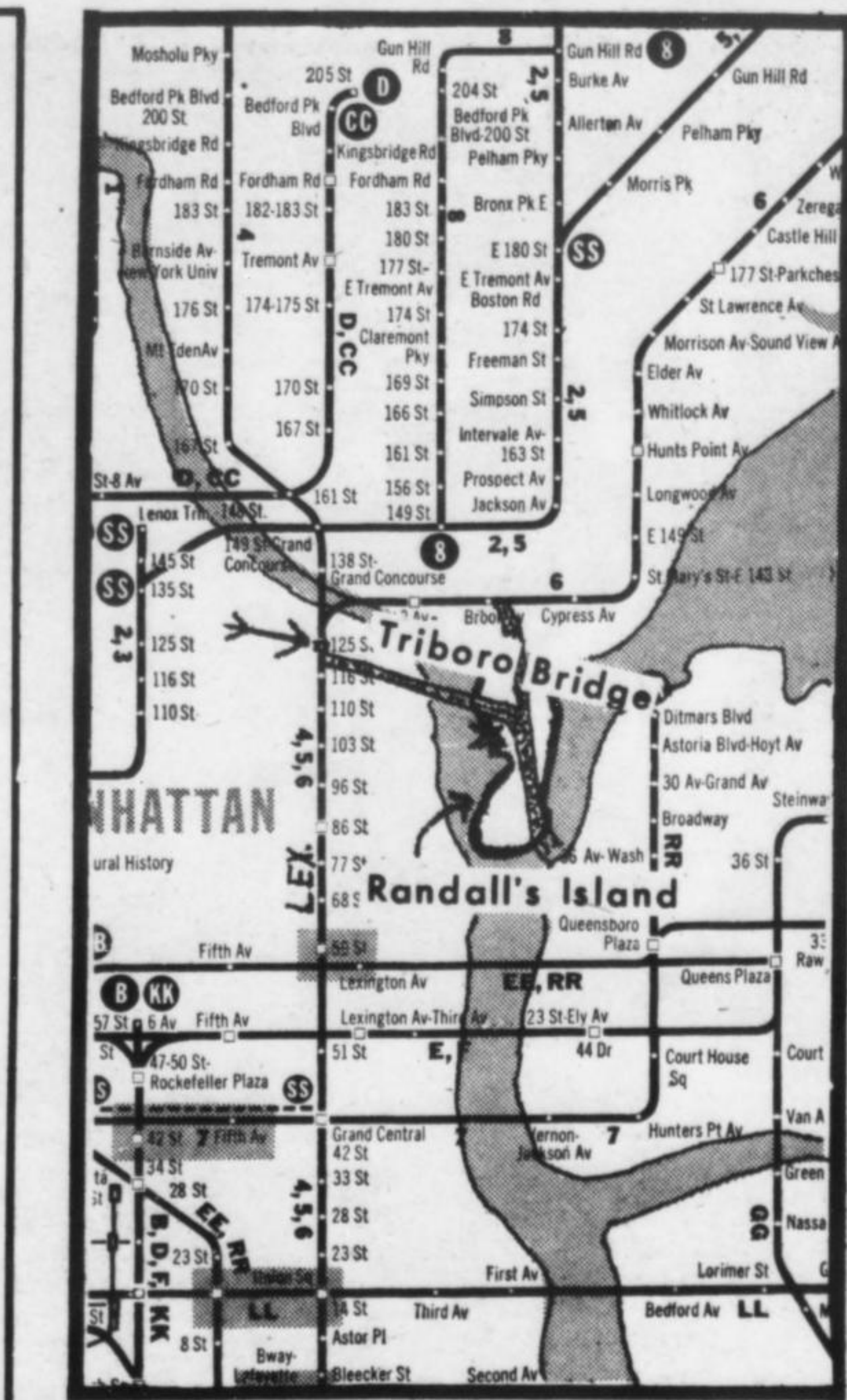
BNW: I don't want to wake you again, man. (Nervous laughter.)

Jimi: Oh, no, that's all right, say about two or three.

BNW: OK.

Jimi: OK, then.

BNW: I'll try to get you tonight first, then.



Jimi: OK.
BNW: Right, bye, thanks.
Jimi: Thank you.
BNW: Bye. (More crazed laughter.)



SLY: "Randall's Island is in the heart of New York City and music is the heart of communication of all people. It's the place for everyday people"

A FIRST STEP

John da Swede

The New York Pop concerts coming to Randall's Island this weekend could very well set a new precedent of cooperation between community action groups and rock producers.

While details were still being ironed out at press time, it now appears that the producers of NY Pop - Brave New World Productions - will be returning a share of any profits from the concerts to the Randall's Island Collective, as the group of community organizations is known, in return for service and help in logistics and production.

In addition to aiding the community, a righteous agreement that all parties could live with might go far in solving the biggest problem now faced by rock festival producers: gate crashing. If ticket sales were directly related to community financial support there just might be greater incentive to shell out our hard earned bread for tickets.

Speaking of "the community," if you're planning on going to Randall's Island, remember that you are treading East Harlem turf. Treat it with respect. Park elsewhere if you can and take the Lex Subway to 125th St. You can walk or take a bus across the TriBoro Bridge to the Island. There just aren't enough spaces on the Island to accomodate everyone.





ATLANTIC WISHES

EVERY-

ONE

A

FINE

TIME



LETTERS



Off The Nix
Dear EVO - In sync with Renfreu Neff's anti-Nix article of EVO No.27, my employer would like to join any movement to impeach the Commander. She is of value to any movement. A Jungian shrink of renown and immense connections (knew Jung in Zurich), she says she will do anything to put the man out of business. Her main interest is

getting kids together and into good gigs so they can be self-supporting. The Administration has done all but open possibilities for us to get together. Whom can we contact? I vaguely remember hearing of an organization set up for his impeachment. Please inform. love peace,
Bob

Ed: No, we don't know of any, but if we find out we'll publish something.



EVO Jew-Kike H.Q.?

Dear EVO - Last issue was a real treat, seeing Ray Schultz and Dean Latimer cover the same event, the Billy Graham Crusade Freak Show And Medicine Band. We watched it on TV up here, stoned out of our skulls, and we sure envied you people who had a chance to see it live, right in front of you. How did Latimer and Schultz resist becoming Christians, getting it all right in the face, close up? Or were they Christians to start with. (Last I heard, the *Other* was supposed to be Jew-Kike headquarters for the Greater Metropolitan Area.) One thing we noticed, though, was that Latimer relied heavily on comments from Schultz in his piece, but Schultz just made passing references to Latimer. How about that, D.A.?
The Rail Fence Commune, Skeneateles
Ed: Latimer seems to be feeling his years lately. We're about to put him out to pasture on NEWSDAY.

GOT TO ADMIT IT

Dear Brothers & Sisters in EVO - We are doing the best we can. Sunshine is the purest.
Unsigned,
Brooklyn.

Ed: You're doing pretty damned well. Pretty damned well.

Gay Troopers

Dear Evo, from Vietnam, Suck Capital of the World - How about some articles - some rap - about the homosexual revolution going on back in the world? Us gay troopers have to keep some link with the gay world.

Yours for Peace,
Fuck Vietnam -
Doug S.

Ed - Well, the fellers here are 100% American males, and wouldn't have anything to DO with stuff like that. However, it just so happens you're in luck - at this very same address resides GAY POWER, and we have given them your letter to do with as they see fit.

Ed: Okay Jim, karate for everybody. And once we get through with the hard hats here in New York, we'll swing out by Cedar Rapids and do a number on your rednecks.

construction worker who's out to maim or kill you, because your attacker's actions are not his own, the System is pulling the strings. You must simply fight to defend yourself the harder, the better, to the death if necessary. Look at it this way, in the jungle, if a wild beast attacks you, or you think he will, you are quite justified in killing the beast, realizing that the way he acted was just part of his nature. Self defense must be practiced in that context, in the American jungle.

It is surely obvious, to even the most clothheaded of the Brothers and Sisters that they cannot do Movement work if they're in the hospital or dead. Kent State was just the beginning, a foreboding of things to come and it's to you, who have ears to hear and eyes to see that all this is directed. You must realize that by learning self defense you are simply choosing life against death, a choice not too hard to make when it confronts you personally. You've only to stop, look, and listen, the Signs are all around us.

James Zeman
Cedar Rapids, Iowa



To The Death!
Dear EVO - Anyone can be an Oracle these days because all things have meaning to those with ears to hear and eyes to see. But the Future can be a terrifying thing for some people. So they ignore the Signs. Which is probably just as well, because most of those who refuse to look ahead probably wouldn't like what they see anyway.

A recent UPI photo showed blue collar workers by the hundreds of thousands parading down New York streets, carrying American Flags, chanting nationalistic slogans. Lots of placards were in evidence, "America First or Death," "My Country, Right or Wrong" were particular favorites in that category. Any long haired type who objected to that shit was beaten quite thoroughly. My spies report that some freaks may have escaped that fate, but if so it was purely by accident, an oversight that's sure to be corrected at future blue collar demonstrations and don't think there won't be more. New York summers are hot, the fuse has been sputtering for some time and you'd better get set for an explosion any time now. The only questions are when and where.

I guess this answers the question though, if any of us had lingering doubts, about the government's propaganda apparatus. Wisely reasoning that the nationalistic pitch works best on simple, unsophisticated people, the Nixon gang has won their hearts and minds to a fantastic degree. Look at it this way, the bland, the simple, the stupid people in any society are always well represented by

politicians because there's a lot of them. Now by telling these people the bland, simple, and stupid stuff that they like to hear, big little Dick hopes to consolidate, hold onto and increase his power. I don't doubt that most people are silent or that they're a majority, it just reminds me of the Mark Twain line, "Ain't we got all the fools in this town on our side, and ain't that enough majority in any town." In the light of this is there any doubt why blue collar workers are such fanatics for apple pie, mother and the flag? (I list them in order of importance.) It shouldn't strike us as strange, that the people for whom our country has done the least are its most active supporters, because, in any society, the people who are the most ruthlessly used are too dumb to know it. Of course, their ignorance is what most becomes the power structure, that's why they're so useful to it.

There is no reason to hate these slow witted, Neanderthal types who act as they do purely because of their personal circumstances, because they lacked the opportunities and advantages that some of us were blessed with, and I don't mean just financial advantages either. We who were blessed with advantages got them by circumstances which we had nothing to do with, and don't you forget it.

But, because the blue collars are unaware of their exploitation, a good case can be made for self defense being the number one priority subject for Movement people everywhere. Mind you, I repeat there's no reason for hating some



Big Stuff for Dave?

Dear EVO - I can't read him every week because sometimes he gets boring, but I think David Walley is a good writer, and he sounds like a nice guy. Why don't you send him out on some big stuff?

Stu,
Manhattan

Ed: We're holding Walley on ice until the Republican National Convention in '72. Is that big enough for you?



Lady Of Spain

Dear Sir - I am interested in placing an advertisement in THE VILLAGE VOICE. Please send me a sample paper and information on advertising rates for both classified and display ads. Send information and simply copy AIR MAIL.

Very Sincerely Yours,
Gail Irwin,
Granada, Spain

Ed: And while we're at it, we'll send you a copy of Lucky Pierre And The Thirteen Virgins of Detroit, by R. Crumb.

STANDARD

(Continued from Page 7)

through the appellate process the costs become greater and they become greater because there is the need for printing what frequently is voluminous records. There is no way to avoid those expenses and what frequently happens is that it comes out of the lawyer's pocket as it has with me in a large sense to date. I'm not suggesting that it is only with love that I represent Tim because Tim is one of the most responsible people I know and that includes financially. It means merely that there is a time lag, hopefully not forever between the time when expenses are incurred and the time when Tim is able to pay it. Of course, this problem is complicated enormously by the fact that Tim is inside and it is very difficult for him to galvanize people as he would like to and to raise the money which is necessary for his defense. Yes the costs are gonna be if not astronomical, certainly very substantial, phenomenal yes.

EVO: Do you have any idea as to methods, any suggestions as to the methods to be used in raising the money or at least part of the money?

MIKE: Well, a fund, as you know, called Holding Together, has been established. It is run essentially by Rosemary Leary and it's office is in San Francisco. I think anyone who (and this is fairly unorganized and not the way I like to function generally) but anyone who shares with Tim, common concern not only for Tim's own plight but for many people who are situated similarly ought to send more than they can because if you mark me well, and you understand as I hope you do,

that we have turned the corner to repression in this society, it becomes more and more important on a daily basis that we cling to each other and that we support those people who have become the focuses of immediate notorious repression by the state. If you don't

understand that, then it will be the next time around for you, this time it's gonna be the fire. I don't know that Tim would share that view, but that certainly is my own.

EVO: I happen to share your view, any further thoughts on repression?

EVO II: I just wanted to know how successful, if at all, has the Holding Together Fund been up to this point?

MIKE: It's been relatively unsuccessful. I think that of the 3 fund-raising events which have been engaged in, the expenses have been about twice as much as what have been raised and I think the total that has been raised is about 7,000 dollars. Which gives you an idea of the proportions of the problem. And as you know at least in N.Y. and certainly at the Family Dog in San Francisco, an enormous amount of love and psychic energy went into putting together an evening of friends of Holding Together and of Tim and Rosemary's and to have it end financially in the near disaster that it did is really, it is shocking to me and it is however an index of how people do not understand how far around the bend we are.

EVO: Well, you know, people don't like bad news. They prefer to ignore it. That is the problem.

MIKE: It is not only ignoring bad news, it is that there are other more instantly pop and popular causes which have consumed the energies and finances of people. This frequently happens in the struggle to move from a

primitive or barbaric status to civilization where people's flame burn bright publicly and the flame continues but it is in private and they are left behind. Frequently they linger in jail. This is what's happening to Tim. Tim is a man, as you know, of extraordinarily sophistication and a man who really ought to be out and read and his voice listened to. It's difficult to do from inside. He, curiously, is less affected, and I say this with some care, than I am when we

(Continued on Page 19)

LNS

(Continued from Page 5)

without a court order. The committee's reaction is a response to several recent incidents in which U.S. Department of Treasury agents have requested loan lists to try to find out who has been taking out books on explosives and firearms.

The action was initiated by Vivien Maddox, director of the Public Library in Milwaukee, who had been visited several times by agents asking to see loan slips on books about explosives. The records were finally released after the City Attorney ruled that "there are no such things as private records" in a public library.

The library board may take the case to court.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT STRENGTHENS BAN ON INTERRACIAL SEX

Africa Research Group/
LIBERATION News ServiceJOHANNESBURG, South
Africa (LNS) - The South

African government is considering extending its already fascist Immorality Act, which bans sexual relations between races, to include relations between Africans and other non-whites, who are labelled "coloureds" by the government.

The law itself is incredible. "To trap suspects," explains the Rand Daily Mail of Johannesburg, "police have at times, resorted to climbing trees, hiding in the roofs of cars, feeling beds for warmth, breaking down doors of flats, listening at grills, peering through keyholes and chinks in curtains. African women have also been used as traps. To avoid the malevolent stigma left by the Act, many people - a large number of them fathers of families - have hanged, drowned, or shot themselves after being charged."

VIETNAM VETERAN FACES COURT-MARTIAL FOR ANTI-WAR VIEWS AT FT. LEWIS

Ft. Lewis, Washington - On February 2, Willie Williams of the 143rd Supply and Service Company at Ft. Lewis, was charged under Article 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice with "conduct discrediting the Armed Services." Specification one of the charge was "threatening the life of the President of the United States." Private Williams, a Black GI had made a poster and submitted it to his company commander along with the signatures of 30 other GI's. The poster quoted a statement from

the Black Panther newspaper, "I will no longer be an emissary for this imperialist military regime." Willie added the following words to the statement, "Freedom: or death to President Nixon." The same day Willie presented the poster to his company commander, he was jailed and charged with making a threat on the President's life. On Monday, June 29, 1970, Willie will face court-martial at Ft. Lewis.

Willie never had any trouble with the Army until his tenth month of combat in Vietnam. At that time, he began to identify with the Vietnamese people. In a statement prepared by Mr. Williams from the stockade, he said, "My tour in Vietnam opened my eyes to who my real enemy is. The capitalists have no right in Vietnam oppressing its people. The so-called war is unjust. And as a Black man, why should I or any member of my race serve the racist white system in its oppressive methods, when the same methods are used on us?"

Willie Williams has been the target of beatings and strappings by brutal guards in the stockade since the beginning of his pretrial confinement. Willie considers himself a political prisoner and the stockade a concentration camp. He visualizes his outspokenness within the Army both as a necessity and a service to the people of this country. Willie has written, "The Army to me in the last three years, has been deceiving and degrading unlike the civilian mind could possibly imagine." In response to the charge of "conduct discrediting the Armed Services," Willie replied, "The service is a discredit to itself."

MUSIFEST

(Continued from Page 4)

are some musicians that so far won't be playing around here in festival or concert format, such as Joanie Mitchell, Led Zeppelin, Procol Harum and Leonard Cohen.

This festival came on kinda fast so I haven't been able to verify all the information (a necessary chore these rip-off days), but trustworthy types have assured me it's all on the up-and-up. So, most of this report is based pretty much on what the producers/promoters have told me, plus the vibes picked-up along the way.

One of the producers, Kye Tobin in Toronto, told me last week that they had a total of 2200 acres, including the public beach, which they were now cleaning and fixing up. Food, he said, would be reasonably priced and free rice kitchens by Toronto's Penny Farthing would be available. The air temperature runs 75 to 85 degrees during the day, dipping down to about 60 degrees at night. The water ain't warm but swimmable. An outfit which they have compared to their Hog Farm, The Clinic, will be handling bad trippers and such, but won't hospitalize them unless they really need it. Further, Kye said that no one had ever been busted at a Canadian Rock Fest (and it is fairly well-known that a commission has recommended that Canada radically liberalize it's laws regarding head drugs).

Security will be handled by their own people and a special contingent of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

I asked them how they felt about gate crashers, a problem faced by all festival producers these days (see story on Atlanta Pop this issue). Kye said that he felt it was priced low enough that few would bother wanting to crash. But, there is an even more important consideration that will probably eliminate crashing at this Festival, at least as far as Americans are concerned. We will have to cross the border to get there. Canadian immigration authorities keep a look out for draft evaders who might be a drag on their economy and could give you a hassle about getting in if you don't have tickets. The Canadian Consulate in New York told me that you could expect no hassles if you had tickets (also, \$10 per day per person spending money is often expected of you.)

I was also told that it is sometimes tougher to get back in the dear old U.S. if you're a freak. Suggest you come back clean and with some sort of proof of citizenship (birth or baptism certificate, voter registration card, or passport).

They have a permit signed by the Deputy Provincial Secretary (read to me over the phone and I'll see it before the next issue of EVO is out), musicians' contracts are signed (I'll see those, too), and there is no local opposition (probably because it is a depressed area, but we'll see about that as well).

They will allow craftsmen and such to

bring and sell their wares if they want, but no commercial stuff. No commission, either. They advised ticket-holders not to come more than a few days early as there will most likely not be any jobs (these are going to locals) and there will be machinery and construction moving on.

Other groups now scheduled besides those listed above include Eric Burdon & War, Cactus, Delancy & Bonnie, Grand Funk RR, Melanie, Mountain, Sly & the Family Stone, Youngbloods, 10 Years After, Jethro Tull, and a host of Canadian groups.

Best way to get there in the East is up Route 95, cross the border at Holton, Maine, and then up Canada Route 2 to Moncton. The festival is some 30 miles outside of Moncton.

Oh yeah, the name of it is *Strawberry Fields*, "the First Annual AlterNation Rock Festival," as they call it. Check their ads for ticket info, etc. More in future issues.

* * *

They said Woodstock couldn't be done again, but according to reports received by folks who tripped out at the Atlanta Pop Festival last week, it did in the South's biggest festival ever. "There was a lot of magic there," said Sally of the Great Speckled Bird in Atlanta.

By Festival time, only some 45 thousand tickets had been sold and on

the first day, Friday, bikers with shotguns (!) had been hired to keep out crashers. Then a group formed to crash the gates anyway and the producers, not wanting a bloody confrontation on their hands, opened up the gates to all comers. While some reports claim 250,000 were there, the Bird said that by Sunday the crowd was closer to a half-million. Far out.

There were no major hassles or incidents, a lot of work had been done and reports are that they were well prepared for the crowds. Food and drink (and dope) were plentiful and shared. There were about 30 busts, but all of these outside the immediate festival area. Most of the locals were helpful and co-operative (the Festival was held in a hilly, rural peach-and-pecan farm area some 20 miles south of Macon, Georgia, which is deep-south).

Although it was a very together tribal gathering, local politicians were put uptight by it, as would be expected, and now plan to legislate big festivals out of business in Georgia. But, they will not be able to kill the Karma and togetherness the Festival generated within the southern "community." Everyone is walking around Atlanta smiling at each other. Atlanta is a dynamite, together and very fine community already and that is something Mayor Massell of Atlanta or Lester Maddox cannot kill. Right on, y'all!

STANDARD

(Continued from Page 18)

meet. I walk away and I'm mindful of the fact that he's in a minimum security facility at San Luis Obispo. I walk away devastated, he walks away tanned, looking 20, yes younger, cheerful. He sees the flowers and what I see are the bars. He's extraordinary.

EVO: But then that's Tim Leary.

MIKE: That's Tim Leary and you know, I should tell you something. I don't mean when I say this, nor does Tim, to glorify jail. Jerry Rubin, I think, suggested that Tim somehow was revelling in the jail experiences. He's not revelling in the jail experience. That man doesn't want to be confined and he hates confinement of any part of his body or any part of his — soul. He is just living the best he can and that's pretty good!

EVO: It's fantastic!

On June 15th the Court of Appeals of the 5th Circuit has, as we had expected, remanded Tim's case to the District Court for a hearing on bail. The Court of Appeals did something quite interesting. It has for the first time — when I say for the first

time I include what the Court of Appeals did in the Conspiracy Eight case — it determined those guidelines for what a "menace to the community" is. What it said in effect was that advocacy of anything, as long as it did not lead immediately to particular acts of unlawful conduct, could not be used under any circumstances as proof that a person is a danger to the community. This is not only of importance to Tim particularly, because it means that a bail hearing will be held, but it is important for general political reasons. It means that the Federal Courts and the US Attorneys are on notice that they cannot use people's speeches to incarcerate them without bail. Although I fully expect both the US Attorneys and the Chief Judge of the District to stall as long as possible — as indeed they already have begun to. This means that Tim will have bail set and that he will be released at least from his federal conviction pending the processing of his appeal. I anticipate that bail will be set at a high amount. I think that the high bail will be an index of the vindictiveness on the part of a repressive arm of this society. Hopefully I'll be wrong. Presumably at the time this will go to press, we'll have an answer.

BEACHES

(Continued from Page 9)

taking tickets and shouting through megaphones "Come on in, everybody rides! Everybody rides!" and the older folks couldn't keep up very well in that atmosphere of steam, sweat, cotton candy and Babylonian sin in the night, and we'd drag them into a freak show and submit them to things like the Kangaroo Lady (with legs shaped like a kangaroo and she was spouting religion all the way) and the mule-faced boy, and the electric lady, and I was standing next to the stage, and had placed my hands on the stage and felt a hard object behind the curtain and was sort of investigating it when I found to my horror that it was the left leg of the Kangaroo Lady and I jumped 12 feet and didn't want to go back ever again.

For swimming, quite frankly, Coney Island wasn't the greatest place going. For swimming, we relied on points east, the endless line of beaches and small bays that make up the southern coastline of Long Island from one end to the other and the next one after Coney Island was Rockaway, which you got to on the IND line (formerly a Long Island Railroad spur) over Jamaica Bay and Broad Channel and my grandfather and I often

fished off the Broad Channel Bridge and we set out early in the morning with poles and reels and tackle equipment and a big lunch in paper bags, and we'd stand on the top of that bridge all the day long catching naught but horseshoe crabs getting all tangled up in our lines and blowfish which we usually threw back (but sometimes we blew them to smithereens by rubbing their bellies, har, har, har) then my grandfather would feel sunstroke coming on and he'd be thinking about getting to some oxygen or something, so we'd go back on the subway, and a long, hot, sticky ride up to Eastern Parkway, Broadway Junction, then the Jamaica El going east; then Woodhaven and we were home — but Rockaway was great. The swimming was fine, the place was usually packed with people, the rides weren't as good as Coney Island's, they were owned by one company, Nunley's I think, which also ran a chain of carousels and miniature golf-courses in Queens and Long Island, and they consisted of a fair roller coaster and a bunch of kiddie shit and a sign, "To Hell and Back," which was meant as a prelude to the big three, the spook house, the fun house, and "Davy Jones' Locker," which was naught but a tilted room, what a ripoff. The better beaches were still further east, Atlantic Beach, Long Beach, the big strip with cabanas and surf clubs and beach houses and bungalows, and Point Lookout, which in the old days, was a good place to run your dog. Further down yet was Jones Beach and all the private beaches of Long Island — Tobay, Gilgo and the like, but Jones Beach was the big daddy of them all, the creation of Robert Moses, with a gigantic water tour and 100 separate areas for bathing, swimming, shuffle-boarding and riding swings and things like that — nothing commercial about the area, state-operated, no neon. Go there any day during the summer, and you automatically surround yourself with thousands of bodies looking for the sun — with kids building sand castles and burying themselves in the sand, and helicopters swooping over looking for drowning victims and riots breaking out and people being buried alive on the beach. For the more sporting, there is the straight 12-mile drive down the Ocean Highway to Captree, and the fishing boats, and the Ferry Boat to Fire Island, which is another long beach you can go to. These

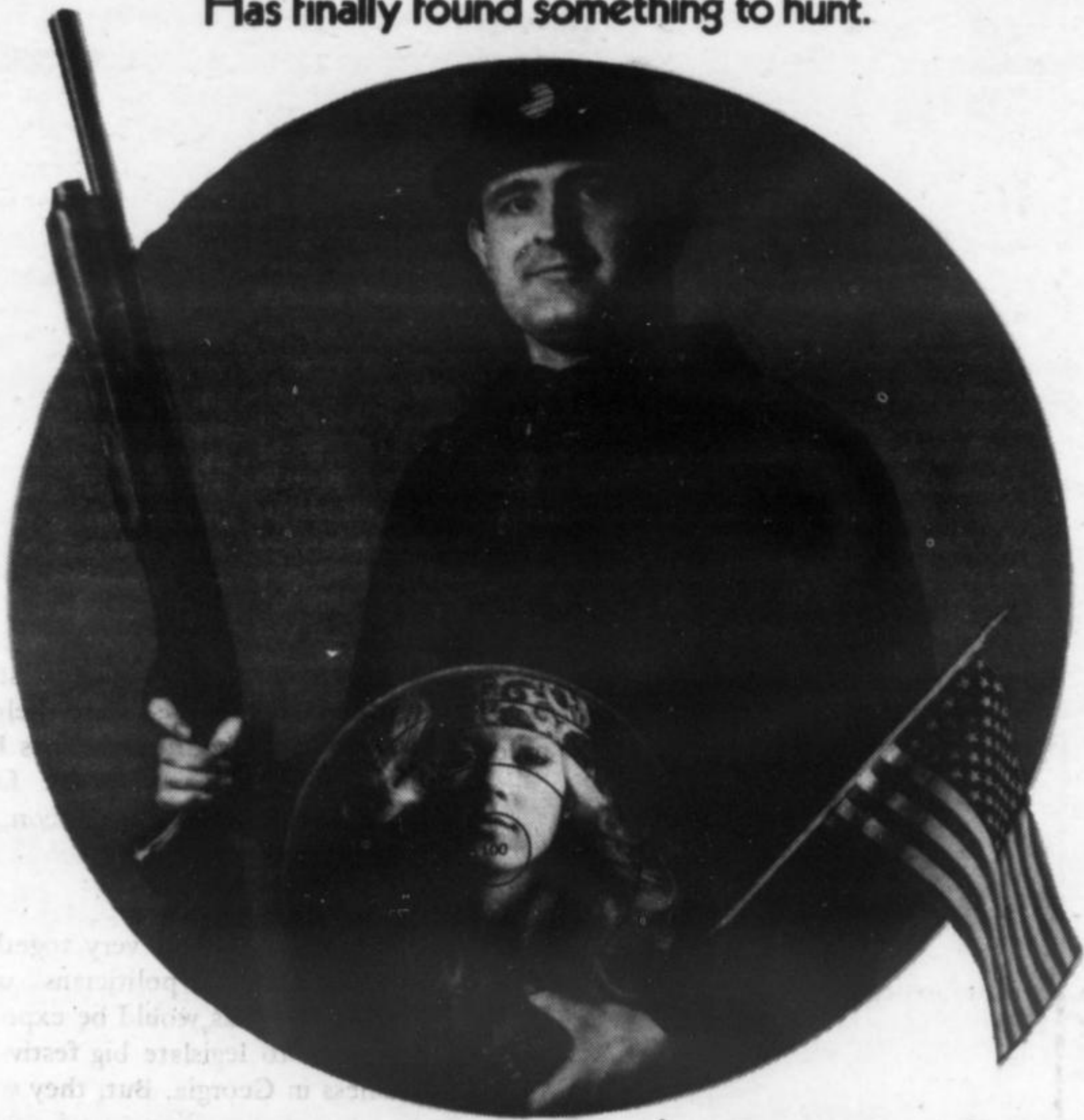
beaches are part of the Coastal Barrier — the long strips of sand that protect the mainland from the pounding waves of the sea. But they are separated from the mainland by a cluttered mess of bays and islands and channels that act as an important ecological force in maintaining the balance and besides, they're great for motorboating.

There was this one neighborhood gentleman who had a few bucks in the bank from what I heard, and he wanted to do something for the youth. He wanted to keep them out of trouble I guess, and he took five or six of us down to a place called Seaford each week, to work on his 30 foot cabin cruiser to caulk it, paint it, get it in the water and working in good order, and he finally took us out on it for a weekend, and I recall that we anchored for the first night right off the Jones Beach Light House (near an old World War II Gunner's tower) and we went swimming with old, bulky lifejackets on (he insisted) and the amount of oil and other shit we ran into was enough to render underwater swimming absolutely fatal.

The next morning, the six of us got up early and took off in a small lifeboat, and we rowed to a small, sedge island on the other side of the inlet which except for a couple of beer cans on the beach was uninhabited by man, and there were horseshoe crabs in pairs, stranded by the moving out of the tide that had been there the night before when they were fucking, and we got pretty excited about that — we grabbed some driftwood and began beating the shit out of these horseshoe crabs. We struck them with the wood, right down on their shells, and they'd squish a little and the slime would begin oozing out of the cracks we'd made and they'd move their claws a little and we'd smash them some more. By the time we were finished, this small beach was strewn with the remains of splattered horseshoe crabs — in twos. Then we were set upon by a flock of angry seagulls. We must have come too close to their nesting grounds, and they were lining up above us just like something out of Hitchcock's "The Birds," and were pretty scared, so we threw rocks at them and fended them off until we were in the boat again and sailing safely across the bay. Somebody said something about a 50 cent bounty for each horseshoe crab you brought in, but we never followed it up. Life was too short for such nonsense.

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DOUGLAS #3

IRELAND

(Continued from Page 5)

described more than fifty years ago by Irish revolutionary socialist James Connolly, is quite different:

"The Orange Order was not founded to safeguard religious freedom but to deny religious freedom; and it raised this religious question not for the sake of any religion but in order to use religious zeal in the interests of the oppressive property rights of rack-renting landlords and sweating capitalists."

The attempts of Connolly and other Irish socialists to forge an alliance between poor Catholics and the Protestant working class have had intermittent success in the last 50 years, but ultimately have been thwarted by the Orange Order's blatant appeal to anti-Catholic sentiment. Since 1921, the function of the Orange Order has been made easier by Catholic politicians in the North and by Irish governments in the South whose standard formula for solving the "Irish Question" has been "End Partition" and nothing else.

But even the most committed nationalist Catholic in the North of Ireland has not been too inclined to fight seriously to end partition as long as successive South of Ireland governments have done little to improve the quality

of life of the average citizen there. Conditions in the South have been so bad that consistently there are as many native-born Irish living outside Ireland as there are in the homeland. Though politically independent of Britain, Ireland is still economically dependent on it for industrial development and for many important consumer products.

The introduction of the Welfare State in Britain by the Labor Party after World War II gave superior social benefits in education, medical services, and unemployment benefits to the Catholic residents of Northern Ireland. They in turn reinforced Northern Catholic apathy to the "End Partition" policy of their political leaders. While Catholics despised the blatant discrimination of the ruling Unionist Party in the North, there was no alternative political group which seemed to provide an answer to their problems.

This frustration was heightened by the policy of British governments which rhetorically opposed apartheid in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa but conveniently ignored the severe repression of Catholics in Northern Ireland by the Unionist Party through such mechanisms as the Special Power Act. This act permits people to be arrested without a warrant and allows indefinite imprisonment of anyone suspected of rebellious

activity. The Prime Minister of South Africa has said that he would give his left arm to have one provision of the Special Powers Act in his rule book!

Up to a few years ago, it was almost impossible to conceive of any change in the North of Ireland situation. But the emergence of the Civil Rights Movement in late

1968, which was greatly influenced in ideas and methods by the Civil Rights movement in the U.S., completely changed the political climate. Ignoring the "End Partition" strategy, students and others in the Civil Rights movement issued a series of demands (such as "One man—one vote," "One man—one job," and "One man—one

house") which were addressed directly to the social injustices to which not only the Catholic but also the Protestant working class are subjected.

To achieve these demands the Civil Rights activists decided not to work through the conventional political channels but rather to

Horse manure can be beautiful.



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IMPORTANT

(Continued from Page 4)

credit customers, presumably on the theory that if you're not intimidated by their salesgirls, you must have an account with them. At stores that do issue charge-a-plates, get furious with yourself for having left yours home (or for having forgotten to get it back from your husband, or wife, as the case may be. Having a spouse is usually taken to be an indication of one's respectability. Even if you have one, but he happens to be the same sex as you are. As long as he's not there, the salesgirl won't call upstairs), and offer some other identification. This will probably be refused; after all, the clerk will tell you, it's only \$20 and you do look like an honest person.

\$20 can be a few pairs of pantyhose or underwear; it can be a few months'

supply of toiletries; 2 or 3 sets of bathtowels or 2 sets of sheets and pillowcases; it can be two transistor radios; an electric juicer, a coffeemaker or a steam iron; for a man it can be 20 pairs of socks or a couple of shirts; 4 or 5 books or records... \$20 can be all of these and more, if you want to cover the whole store. Bloomingdale's gourmet shop is highly recommended as is the cheese selection at Gimbel's. Look for quality merchandise on sale, good buys and things that are worth the aggravation of uptown crowds. The best times for credit shopping are at lunch time when crowds and confusion are heaviest and on Saturdays when the credit departments are closed, or on the first day of a big sale. Never buy shoddy or damaged merchandise: you'll just have to go back again to replace it.

Visit friends who are down, too, and get high. Don't visit people who are

worried about their stock market losses, the high cost of maintaining a racing stable these days, or not being able to replace a cleaning lady who quit to take a computer training course... you could have predicted all of this *last* year... and avoid acquaintances who are depressed over being fired from ineffectual straight jobs or because CBS folded before their passports arrived in the mail. Avoid these people, they will only bore you and piss you off. Stay with your friends who are down for the same reasons *you* are down: because the fan is encrusted with shit and there's no super-WHAM-o dope around.

Experiment with interesting recipes that are inexpensive to put together and feed a lot of your friends. If you're really into survival, invite a few friends over and give salt tablets and rain water an 18-day "rehearsal."

Watch all the news on teevee: it's the

only soap-opera that's left.

Buy a Spiro Agnew wristwatch: it may be the best memory you'll have of him. Make long distance calls and have the operator charge them to your office number. CBS, Time Inc. and any large corporations are good "office numbers" to keep handy, but don't make too many calls too often from your own number. Use public phones or those of friends who've Never Heard Of You, in case any calls are traced due to a sudden overload of charges.

Keep in mind that some people's state of emergency is a state of preparedness for others. Read the underground papers and broadsides to differentiate between the two. Remember that the straight media will not keep you informed of where to go for emergency legal aid and medical attention when some idiot cop takes a shot at you.

And remember that the Boy Scout Manual says Be Prepared.

(Continued on Page 22)

BIG LIST

(Continued from Page 4)

judgments as "negative attitude"—to school districts around the country. The Department does not even claim to have a method of assuring that such information is used only by school teachers and not by local police departments and big local employers who are able to get their hands on almost any files they want in many communities.

HEW, a government agency with special responsibility for cooling out and containing America's angry poor, is planning to "integrate" its own "adverse information files" with a list of 325,000 Federal Housing Administration loan applicants, and with FBI and Justice Department computer files.


As ghetto rebellions, student demonstrations and wildcat strikes continue to grow and spread across the nation (750 strikes started in the month of May alone), it seems certain that an ever-increasing number of people in this country will earn a place in the heart and mind of some government computer. A glimpse of the future can be gotten from Nixon's "Defense Facilities and Industrial Security Act of 1970," now being considered by Congress.

The bill is designed to bar dissidents from employment in "defense-related facilities"—that means, in addition to weapons plants, *any* place that produces "basic material and raw materials essential to the support of military production and in limited supply, and important utility and service facilities...."

To implement the plan, the bill sets up an employee screening program for industries like steel, coal, copper, oil, railroads, maritime, textile, warehouse and auto as well as for all colleges and universities doing Pentagon research.

With a convenient list of demonstrators, picketers, agitators and "malcontents" immediately available, the government and industry could make political allegiance the price of a job for millions of people.

Those who run this country are spending millions of dollars on surveillance equipment because they mean to use it and because it looks to them like in the future they'll need all the technology they can harness to deal with the American people.



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IRELAND

(Continued from Page 21)

organize mass demonstrations and marches to gain popular support. When the Unionist Government refused to issue permits, the actions went ahead without them, and were met with such police brutality that the international press began spreading news of the events in Northern Ireland around the world. Such press coverage was embarrassing not only to the Unionist Government but also to the Labor Government in Britain which was forced by world opinion to face a problem it had managed to quietly ignore previously.

Harold Wilson's government insisted that the Unionists introduce reforms such as disarming the Protestant-dominated police force and adding more Catholics to it to cool down the tense situation.

Liberal Unionists who were in power in Belfast at the time were prepared to grant the reforms provided their economic base of power was not undermined. But the liberals ran into trouble in their own party since Protestants of all classes were swinging sharply to the right. The Protestant majority had always been told that Northern Ireland was a "Protestant state for a Protestant people," and they therefore regarded the introduction of any reforms as treachery and a surrender to the Catholics.

(Continued on Page 23)

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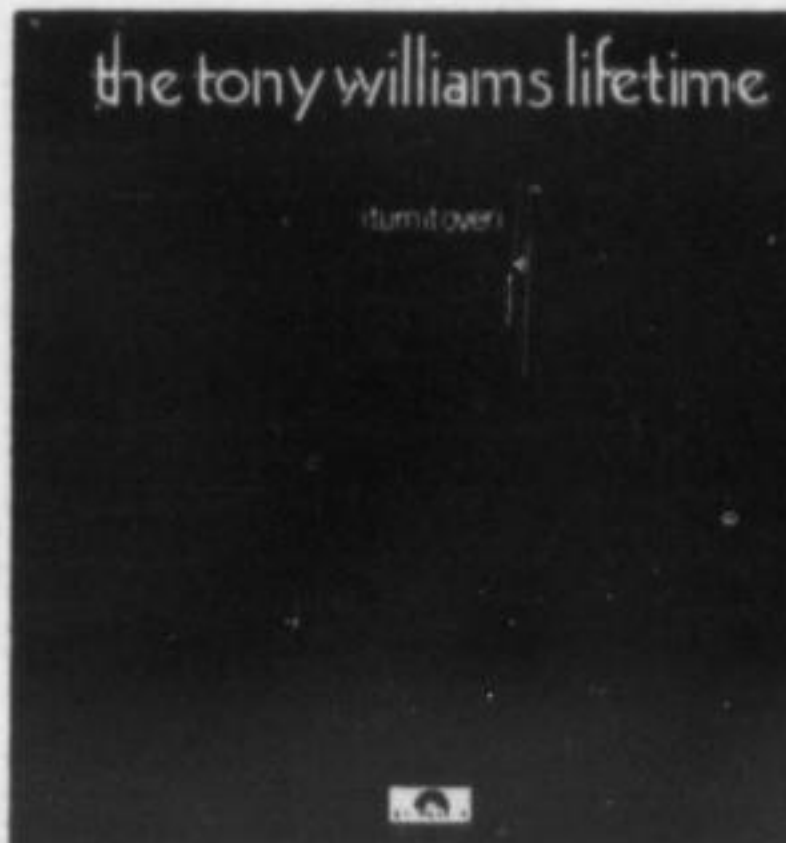
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IRELAND

(Continued from Page 22)

Their most vocal and articulate spokesman is the Reverend Ian Paisley who holds an honorary doctorate from right-wing Bob Jones University in South Carolina and is Lester Maddox and George Wallace all rolled into one. In the recent British election the shift to the right was confirmed by the election of Paisley and other hard-line "law and order" Unionists to the Northern

Ireland Parliament. One interesting sidelight to right-wing Conservative Enoch Powell's racist campaign in England was his contention that Britain could no longer put up with "anarchistic elements" of the Civil Rights Movement in Northern Ireland who seek to promote revolution there.

Powell was referring to revolutionary socialist groups within the Civil Rights Movement such as the People's Democracy and radical wings of other Irish parties. These groups believe that the granting of civil rights demands is only the first stage in a struggle

towards the establishment of a Workers' and Small Farmers' Socialist Republic of Ireland which would be run equally by both Protestants and Catholics and would be economically and politically independent of Britain.

The radicals attack the positions of both the Northern and Southern governments because, in the words of Mike Farrell, a leading member of People's Democracy, "Even with Civil Rights conceded, there would still be unemployment, slums, and emigration on both sides of the border." Representing a radical approach to Irish politics unseen since the days of James Connolly, their efforts have resulted in a marked radicalization of young people in the South, who have now begun to realize the great problems inherent in their own society.

In the North, radicals such as Bernadette Devlin have worked long and hard to win their Catholic constituency to a socialist position and to form an alliance with the Protestant working class, which faces

only slightly less harsh economic oppression. The grim reality which the recent fighting brings out is that the radicals have largely failed and Paisleyism has, at least for the present, won out among the Protestant majority.

Last August, the large number of Protestants and Catholics who work in the Belfast shipyards agreed not to fight each other and this represented a hopeful sign for future cooperation at the time. However, one of the most unfortunate incidents of the recent turmoil was the threat of many Protestant shipyard workers to their fellow Catholic laborers: "Turn up at the docks and we'll shoot you."

The future for Ireland does not look very promising at the moment. The two Irish governments are extremely unstable and either or both could topple at any time. Such events happening in the immediate future would likely play into the hands of the Conservatives and fascists in Northern Ireland rather than the socialists.

The hope for the future

lies with the young people of Ireland. One move in the right direction may be the suggestion of Eamonn McCann, a radical leader and a close associate of Bernadette Devlin's — for the formation of an Irish Socialist party embracing all the radical groups north and south of the border. But as long as poor Catholics and poor Protestants fight each other, both will continue to suffer.



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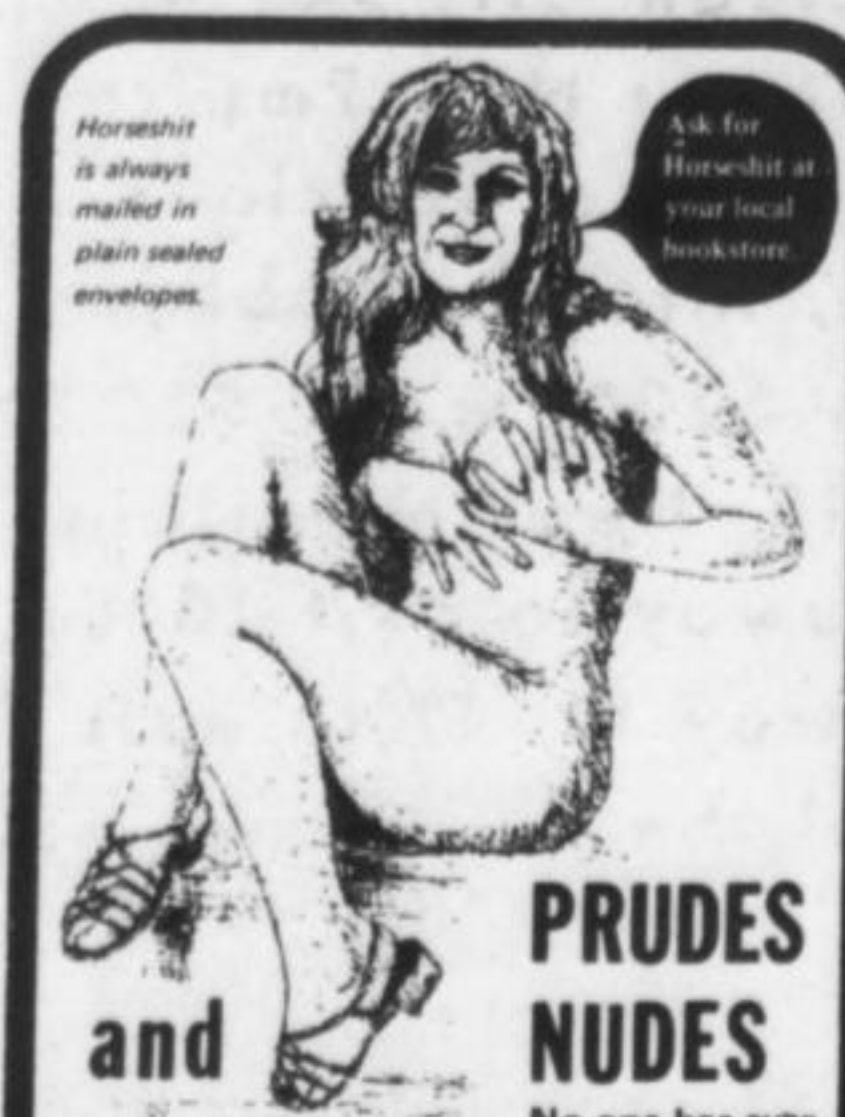
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SMUT

(Continued from Page 8)



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Amsterdam Provos, nor Hamlet. What a pleasant country Denmark must be, thought I as my eyelids sought passionately to embrace each other — but I thought I was here to see a dirty movie.

Betimes we were in Copenhagen, though, on our way to the Sex Fair of 1969, through the chilly cramped grey streets in a Deux Chevaux. Situated in a skating rink, the Fair looked worse than Disneyland, worse even than the New York unemployment office, for waiting in line. People were backed up for blocks to get into it. — two hundred people were turned away each day, the Voiceover tells us. Pornography clearly does not belong to the people. I began to consider myself lucky — I might have waited all day into the evening on line, frozen to the cullions, hopping this foot to that with the urge to piss, and been turned away for all my pains — but I waited, and now Alex

DeRenzy's crew was taking the burden of it for me to crash the gate.

But would we ever get inside after all? For suddenly we were off again, putt-putt through the neon-dripping night of Copenhagen, visiting 'Porno' shops and interviewing their proprietors and their customers. The interviewers seemed extravagantly dead-headed — What do you think of the legalisation of porno? they asked again and again and again, until 'Porno' lost all meaning in my ears and they might have been asking, What do you think of the freeing of Huey? One lady of whom they asked several questions identified herself as a Catholic, from Poland. — Of course, I am Catholic, and because of that I am very shocked by all this. Sleepily, I began to dislike her for that. — No, no we have nothing like this in Poland. We have some porno, you know, but it is not legal. This is too very — how say? — *explicit*? — But then she blew my mind: Don't you think then, asked the interviewer of this Catholic lady, Don't you think then that porno should be outlawed again?

She seemed very surprised: Why no, of course not. Nobody oblige me to go in there and look at it. If some people like it, why not? There I go, being American despite myself, disliking this poor lady automatically for disliking pornography and being shocked by it. In America, we are a closed-minded people — if she had been American and Catholic, pornography, being no good for her, would have been good for no one. We fight for what we believe in, Americans, and we are dangerously deluded on many points. But in Europe, I dimly perceive that this is not so: that perhaps Europeans, having a trace deeper understanding of themselves, have consequently a broader understanding and tolerance of others.

— But mistake me not — I was very sleepy. I would not have it said, Latimer approves of Europeans. They have their good points, to be sure

— but so do scallops.

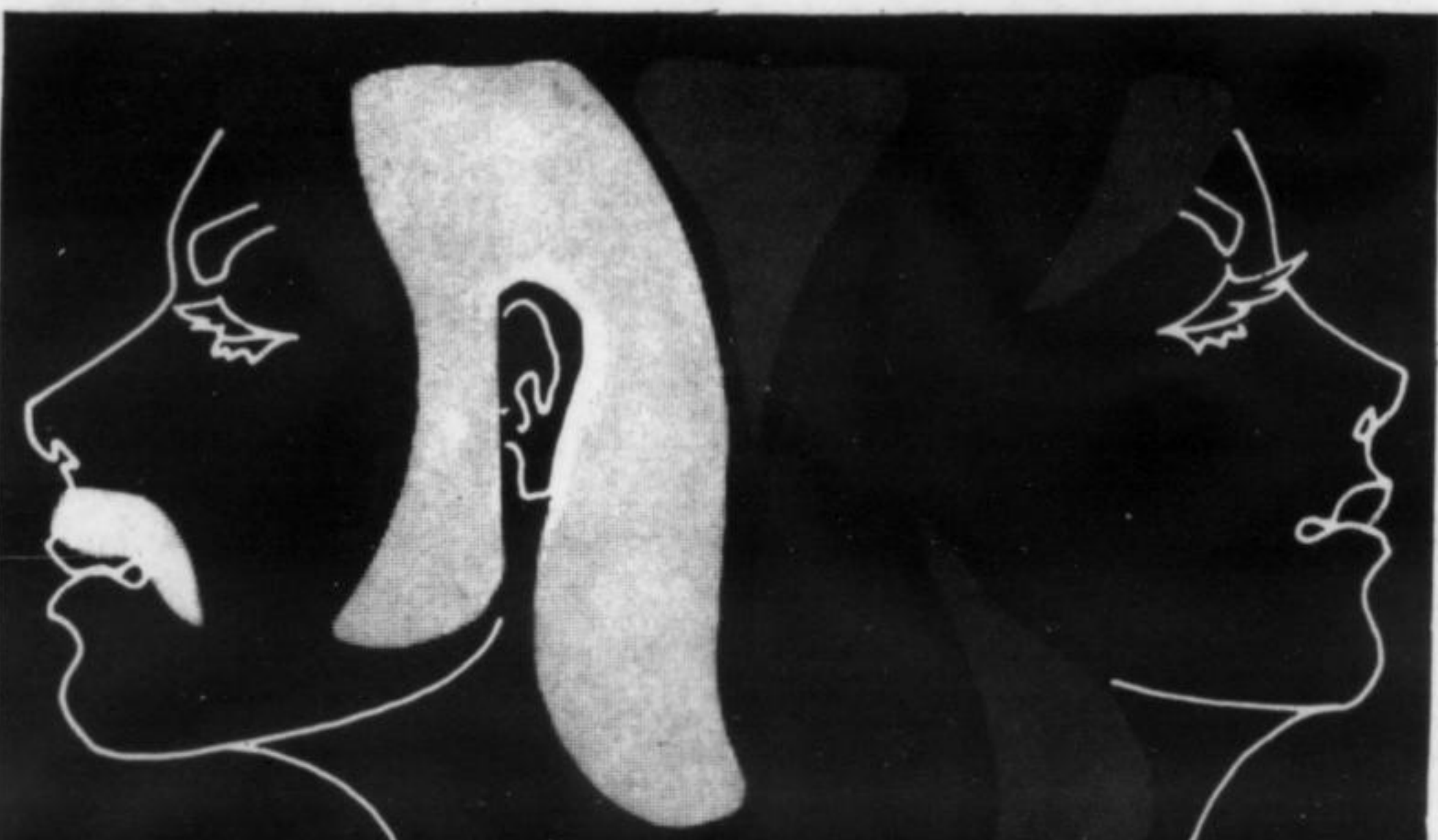
— Ah, we're back at the Sex Fair again, on its very doorstep, asking questions of the customers. (I recount all this foreplay only to communicate a sense of how tedious was the first twenty minutes of the film.) The answers were as deadheaded as the questions. Hardly anyone there seemed to be from Denmark — in fact, the legalisation of pornography would seem to be its

death-knell, for no one in Denmark seems to have a farthing's interest in Porno any more, less than two years since its legalisation there. The interviewers, who were as American as you or I, betrayed only the most callow interest in pornography: How come you came to the Fair, heh heh? Where's your wife? Did you pick up any good stuff inside? Did you drag your wife along, Sir? *She dragged you?* Oh, ha ha ha. An American couple said they'd thought they were visiting Lenin's tomb.

This attitude of the DeRenzy people is significant in the light of what happened later in the film. After twenty minutes of doggedly repetitive man-in-the-street interviews, I was halfway to Hans Christian Anderson myself when finally we were inside the Fair, leering over the outrageous goings-on in the booths thereof. A fashion show! In this booth the customers sat, while girl after girl paraded up to a little stage and cavorted there in undergarments so cunningly designed as to give Mr. Frederick the goosebumps. This exhibition seemed a fairly commonplace cheesecake production to me — nothing different from what you'd expect in any tits and ass magazine such as *Cavalier* — and the DeRenzy Voiceover spoke of it as such — but suddenly I noticed, *all these girls are wearing spectacles!!!*

And is it not curious that the posing of ladies in their lingerie, after initially inflaming a man's libido to a mighty conflagration of lust, soon pales and becomes no more stirring to him than a Daily News bathing beauty, and to me, less appealing than a cartoon of a teenage girl in a bikini? But then is it not more curious still that the posing of a lady in lingerie and glasses, such a simple shift, could evoke a lust in him redoubled, merely through the added element of incongruity? Base Voiceover made no mention of the spectacles — I doubt if he even noticed them — but I know this phenomenon has been observed before me by shrewder men, for one of the best-selling tits-and-ass titles in America is something called *Lasses With Glasses*, which exploits this shift with cleverness and wit. From this, I got a hardon that endured halfway through the balance of the flick. But be

(Continued on Page 25)



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PERVE

(Continued from Page 24)

not deluded here into a faulty idea of the movie — remember I'd been up all night drinking coffee to maintain myself — before long, I noticed that my erection was due more to the fullness of my bladder than the fulsome of the Danish ladies — and once pissed off, it did not return for some long time.

No, there were few staggeringly fulsome or beautiful women in this movie, to my opinion. The greater part of them seemed to me to be only *servicably* comely: not fat, not thin, not remarkably pretty nor disturbingly ill-formed. I think DeRenzy chose them for that. I've seen some little Danish pornography by myself before this, and I guarantee it would've been easy for DeRenzy to produce some women that would have knocked your eye out, engaged in behaviour fully as complicated as any in this film — but obviously he chose not to, and rightly, because just such an element of plainness may have tipped the balance between *smut* and *documentary* in the eyes of the censors.

Now, by *not beautiful* I mean that none of these women exhibited such a scientifically precise combination of form and features as to possibly make it in the Miss America Contest, nor such a superabundance of feminine attributes that Russ Meyer would have given her a starring *role* — the eyes too close together — or the belly too prominent. — The true test of *beauty*, Did her mind reside comfortably and affectionately inside her body, was not relevant here, and the awkward situations in which these ladies were presented made it impossible to determine it.

Awkward Situation No. 1: — At one point, we were taken inside the studio of a prolific Danish porn-filmer, and audited the shooting of

200 feet of film depicting the amorous activities of a lady and a gentleman on an imitation red felt Louis Quinze sofa. As were the others, this lady was *servicably* pretty, with bright red hair and long slender athletic European limbs. Calves like tenpins. It was explained by Voiceover that she derived a great part of her livelihood from these performances, and considered it just another kind of Job. The gentleman was a burly young lout in a sailor suit — he really *is* a sailor, Voiceover assures us — possessed of dark wavy hair, breadslice bifocals, and a noticeable absence of chin. After a modest period of foreplay with a vibrator, they undressed each other and set about consummating one of the most remarkable human encounters I've ever witnessed.

Omne Anima post coitum Triste est, quoth Aristotle, and I'd take his word over mine any day of the week — but I'll wager he never a couple saw who seemed less happy in the very *heat* of it. Now, unless my eyes deceived me, the lady at first looked in fine spirits, active and interested. But by the time he'd got inside her, she was unmistakably watching the clock, tediously counting every foot of the 200 to pass the lens, waiting to pick up the check and go home. Nor showed *he* any evidence of fury or lust, but drove on into her, patiently, mechanically, like a man swimming the English Channel. There was no suspicion of fakery involved, however — no, after a bit they disengaged and changed position, during which he shewed of himself an erection as sturdy and unwavering as a Buckingham Palace guard. At this point, she bent over the arm of the sofa, and he eased himself into her from behind: a frown passed over her face at that, the first expression to disturb its stillness in fifteen minutes. Betimes they broke for coffee and a smoke; and while the man sat idly

masturbating to keep it up — she was lending him no assistance during coffee break — I ceased marvelling at the cold-bloodedness of it all, and set my mind to work. Now, I know from brief but bitter experience how difficult it is to fake lust before some leering camera, and I could sympathise with the woman in this, surely. But two objections immediately arose. First, in her attitude of abstraction I detected an element of *confusion*, I think — a sense of incongruity, as if she wasn't used to what was going on. Also, from what was shown of the Danish filmmaker and his crew, there was no *leering* on the set at all, from their quarters — no, he seemed to just stand there sucking his teeth in an intensely professional fashion, directing the lifting of legs and the tilting of the camera, quite polite and fair to the cast no doubt — Mr Greenbacks, dealing out the distributors' returns once a week. But I will bet you a handful of *kroner* that those fuckers on the DeRenzy crew were not one-quarter so cool as all that. No, I bet they mooched around grinning, hollering "Catch that!" and "Close up! Close up,

(Continued on Page 26)

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CorRUPTION

(Continued from Page 25)

f'Chrissake!', until those two people were hassled out of their heads.

And I furthermore assume they did this on purpose: for at this point, to show in America a film of two people happily balling—not for love, either, but simply for the money—and what's more, enjoying it—that would be a bust, sure certain. Next month you'll be able to release such a flick, but for now they have to do it deadpan.

As far as I was concerned, this was the most interesting part of the production. I cannot say it turned me on the most, for I find that when I see a man and a woman cavorting amorously, whether in stills or on film, my reaction is not prurient at all—rather, a profound sense of loneliness overwhelms me then, with a nasty underriding sense of inferiority to the man in the picture, because—I remember doing that myself not long ago, how nice it was, and even if it was just this morning I was so engaged, still...

Women being women, me bing me, she could hate me by this afternoon.

—To tell the truth, while the film kept me entertained and interested all through—no mean feat, considering the post-pasteup condition I was in—between the bespectacled ladies and the very last scene, nothing in it caused my pulse to radically accelerate. (I'd pissed off my hardon just after the

200-foot-shooting.) There was another promising sequence, depicting a threesome encounter—a slender girl, a long-haired boy, and a fat lady with a deft tongue for both—that would have been promising, but it was shot off a print originally filmed by some idiot who had just discovered the function of an Agfa-Gavaert yellow filter—the flesh tones were jaundice-yellow, and the vaginal lips and penis corona were a frighteningly gory red.

But the last five minutes of the film hit me like a charge of cocaine. This sequence, filmed in a private *Sexhibition Club* (\$3.50 annual member's fee, I believe) began with a rather cute lady stripping off a bridal costume, veil to slippers, before a predominantly male audience. (At one point, she dangled a glass necklace over the bald pate of an ancient gentleman who, rising in all gracious dignity, accepted it of her and sat back down.—How wonderful for the old fellow, thought I, that he can be made to feel virile again for a moment, his pathetic decrepitude fleetingly lightened by a pretty young—*Hey!* I bet

he could buy five of her, and a quart of Chablais, and regularly does, and he's been doing it all his life, the old son of a bitch...) And then suddenly—cut! flash!—there were three women on stage, caressing one another about breasts and pudenda, throat-kissing, moaning—and then the bride lay on her back on the floor, and one lay her face over into her pussy, the other caressing her breasts... This went on for five minutes or so, through two exceptionally realistic orgasms, while I sat transfixed before it, feeling the blood stampede into my loins, and then—*Whrrrrr-thwip-thwip-thwip*—the film broke.

"Too dirty?" I marvelled out loud, and everyone laughed. A lot of ladies laughed, happily enough—the Evergreen management says quite a few ladies come to

this flick, and well they might, well they might.

When the film resumed through the Danish countryside again in the old *Deaux Chevaux*, clearly on our way out of Denmark, and I decided to leave, still in a state of rut manifest even through my Cossack shirt. On the way out, I picked up a questionnaire which asked, among other things, Will the material seen in this film instigate antisocial behaviour in you? —To this I can only answer, if it did, would I admit it? I went home and jerked off—was that antisocial? I would have in any case, and didn't I stop first in a eatery along the way, and flirt with the waitress in a highly social manner?

And while I jerked off, it was Betty and Veronica on my subliminal Evergreen screen, not *Censorship in Denmark* (A *New Approach*). And afterwards, I slept fourteen hours like a corpse.

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JULY 17, 18, 19

FRI. JULY 17, 7:00 P. M.

SAT. JULY 18, 7:00 P. M.

SUN. JULY 19, 5:00 P. M.

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