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SUMMER

LEARY/BERRIGAN



EVO PHOTO/STEVENS

HIRAP

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YOU REACH A POINT WHEN YOUR SYSTEM REBELS AGAINST ALL THE LOWDOWN BUM TRIPS THAT ARE BEING LAID UPON YOU WHETHER YOU ASK FOR IT OR NOT. TO HAVE THE NIXONS, THE AGNEWS AND THE MARTHA MITCHELLS HEAVED UPON YOU DAY AFTER DAY GETS TO BE A TIRESOME EXERCISE IN FUTILITY. FOR PERSERVERENCE SAKE, YOU KNOW THAT THE SHIT FLUX HAS TO STOP, EVEN IF ONLY FOR A SHORT WHILE.

ONE ITEM HELPED CONSIDERABLY.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS THINGS HAVE BEGUN TO LOOK UP FOR TIM LEARY. AFTER ENDLESS LEGAL MANEUVERS, MOST OF WHICH ENDED IN FRUSTRATING FAILURE, IT SEEMS THE ICE SURROUNDING TIM'S CASE HAS FINALLY BEGUN TO CRACK. THIS PAST THURSDAY, JUDGE CONELLY OF LAREDO FAME HAS REACHED THE CONCLUSION THAT TIM IS, AFTER ALL, NOT THAT BIG A MENACE TO SOCIETY THAT 25 GRAND COULDN'T BAIL HIM OUT ON HIS FEDERAL CONVICTION. THIS RULING WILL PROBABLY RESULT IN TIM'S EVENTUAL RELEASE (FOR ADDITIONAL BAIL MONEY) FROM HIS CALIFORNIA CONFINEMENT. THE DECK BEING AS STACKED AS IT IS, THE BOUNDLESS STUPIDITY AND VENOM SO FREELY PUT TO USE AGAINST TIM IN THE PAST PLUS THE UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES FOR ADDITIONAL JUDICIAL FUCKUPS NOTWITHSTANDING, THE HOPE IS OURS NEVERTHELESS THAT TIM WILL BE WITH US AGAIN WITHIN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.

THIS, IF ANY, IS GOOD NEWS. IT GIVES US REASON TO REJOICE AND BE THANKFUL.

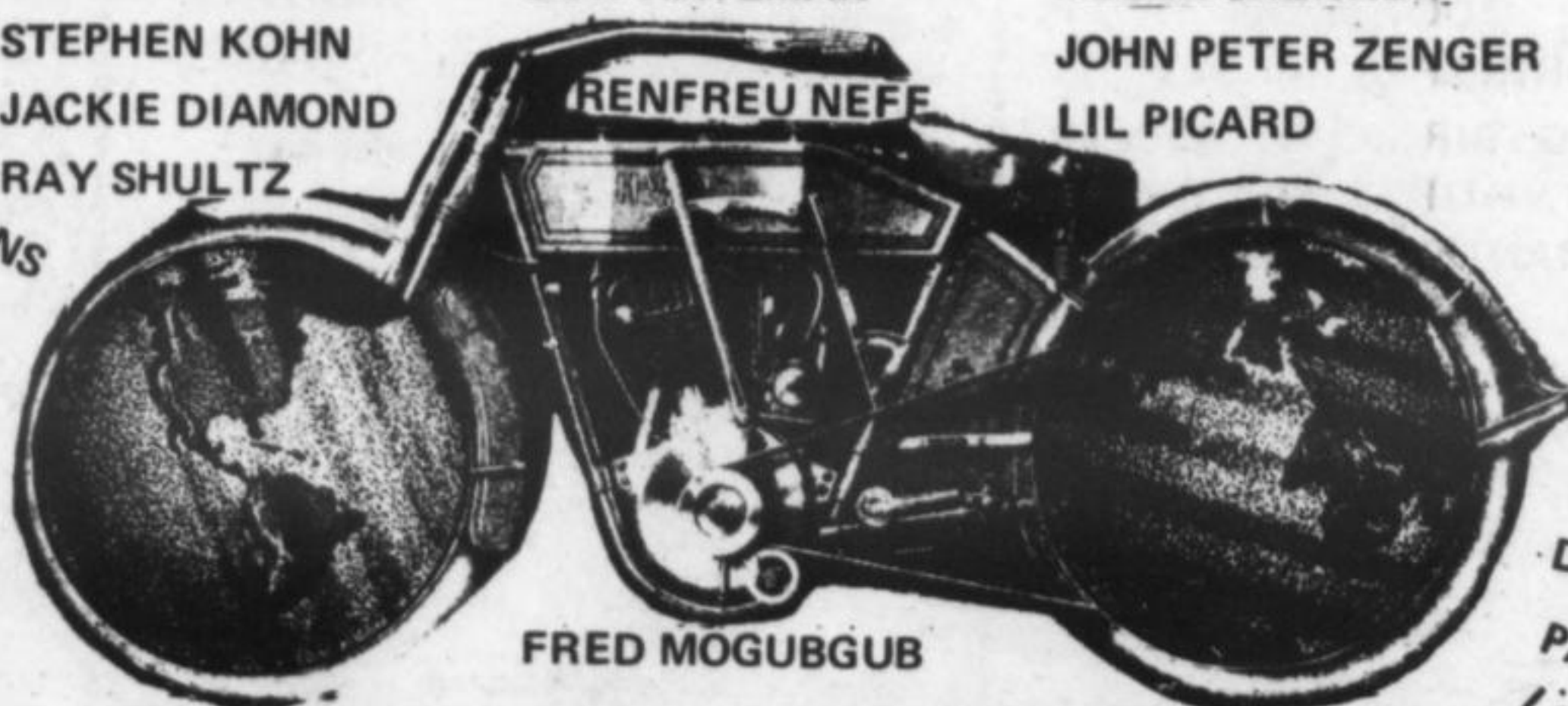


Veronica B

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KIM DEITCH R. CRUMB DEAN LATIMER

TIMOTHY LEARY,

Appellant

v.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

Appellee

DOMESTICATED BIRDS. THE CHICKENS WERE ASHAMED AND THE ANGRY TURKEYS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

Yes, we joked at the spectacle of wild creatures pretending to be domesticated. We laughed, telling them it is the nature of the wild bird to laugh and fly free.

AND THAT WAS YOUR MISTAKE. WE WARNED YOU. EVERYONE WARNED YOU. THE DAYS OF FREE FLIGHT ARE OVER. ILLEGAL. WILD BIRDS ARE VANISHING. POULTRY. POULTRY. POULTRY. THE LARKS HAVE DISAPPEARED AND THE SWALLOWS. MILLIONS OF CHICKENS ARE INCUBATED, FATTENED, PACKAGED PALE-YELLOW IN SARAN WRAP OR CROWDED IN METAL CASES WHERE EGGS ROLL DOWN METAL RUNWAYS. DO YOU KNOW THAT THE FOURTEEN HUNDRED MEN IN YOUR PRISON DEVOUR 30,000 CHICKENS A YEAR. BIRDS ARE BUSINESS.

We are caged because we are free. We are caged because we are All American Eagles. Symbols of what may vanish. Free flight high proud.

WHAT A WASTE! WITH YOUR ENERGY AND POWER YOU COULD HAVE BECOME TOP TURKEY. DONE SO MUCH FOR SOCIETY. YOU SHOULD HAVE FLOWN AWAY FROM THIS POULTRY LAND WHERE EAGLES ARE HUNTED. FLOWN TO LANDS WHERE WILD CREATURES LIVE FREE

How could we fly away? We are American eagles. Soul spirits of this broad land. If we flew away to nest on distant peaks. Who would remind you, beloved? You would forget that this is the land of the eagle.

This is our land. The proud, free, brave, laughing land. Oh you forget.

We are caged. Rosemary, Susan, Jack, Timothy. Because we were free. Rosemary sighs waiting for flight. Susan weeps that she is surrounded by metal. Proud Jack kept repeating over and over, Why don't they just leave us alone? He was arrested fourteen times for the proud look he could not hide.

Wild creatures cannot live caged. Eagles must fly high and cry FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEDOM!

To the winds at sunrise. Be patient. Soon you will be freed. It is sad and painful to be caged. You cannot imagine the captive pain of eagle. We cannot fly now. We smash our wings against the bars. Caged, we cannot cry FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEDOM! for it maddens the poultry. We sit in captivity recalling the wondrous history of our species. The wild times at Stonehenge, Eleusis, along the Ganges, moving west across the prairies with the buffalo, exulting in free space and time when swan clouds darkened the blue sky and songs of wild ones filled the air. We will not forget who we are. American eagles.

We must keep in flight condition. Exercising grounded. Stretch tensing our wings. Hearing the wild cry, mute, straining in our throats.

It is so easy to forget. Captives become domesticated. We salivate at feeding time, hearing the clank of metal spoon on metal tray. But when the cage doors open and we fly away then the clink of metal will be reflex sign of danger. No, we will not forget who we are. Our wild souls still beat

Our muscles strain in the bonds. When tides of ancient energy surge within. We tremble. We sit trembling in our cages. We sweat, trembling. It is hard for proud wild to be captive. We will not forget who we are. We pray that you, beloved, do not forget who you are.

EVEN YOUR PEACOCK FRIENDS WHO LOVE YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE FOOLISH

Oh beloved, we never told you it was easy to be a wild bird in poultry time. We warned of the dangers. Great God, look up. You don't need a government commission to tell you that it is dangerous to fly too high or too early before you have tested your wings. You know that in your bones. Everyone knows where it is at. We warned you that the heights were dizzying. We never told you it was secure and safe to be a wild one. We told you, beloved, that you could fly so far you'd lose your way back to the hen coop. That there were no warm, air-conditioned bird cotes for the wild ones. That you would have to build your own nests, high and far away. Our slim tips on the mountain side

showed you how. Didn't you see the pictures of us laughing for you in front of our tips? Eagles cannot live in captivity. Soon we will die if we are not freed. Do you want us dead? Do you not know that America cannot live without eagles? If we die, you, beloved, will waste away and die too.

Wild creatures of God cannot live in cages. Open the gates of metal. Freedom. Freedom. Freedom. Fly high. Freedom. Let us fly as is our nature. Freedom. Fly laughing in the image of God. Freedom. The time has come. We cannot wait. Freedom.

CONCLUSION

The issue in this brief is whether the appellant shall be admitted to bail pending appeal of his conviction. We have demonstrated that the principles of the First and Eighth Amendments and the sanctity of our tribal traditions, indeed, the spiritual survival of our people, require release of souls who are held captive because of their freedom.

Respectfully Submitted, Timothy Leary, Appellant



INTRODUCTION

This memorandum is submitted in support of appellant's application for bail pending appeal of his conviction for possession of marijuana in violation of Section 11530 of the Health and Safety Code of the State of California. The amount of marijuana was alleged to be two half-smoked cigarettes.

At the present time Timothy Leary is unlawfully imprisoned, detained, confined, and restrained of his freedom in the California Men's Colony - West San Luis Obispo, California. Appellant has been incarcerated since February 19, 1970.

I. THE UNLAWFUL IMPRISONMENT OF TIMOTHY LEARY AND HIS FAMILY PROVIDES A GRAVE DANGER TO THE SPIRITUAL AND POLITICAL WELFARE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Rosemary and I are American Eagles. Totem animals of this land. Wild. Free. High. Proud. Laughing. Our children, Susan and John are eaglets. Fierce, stubborn wild birds.

We are in prison because we are American Eagles. We are not free because we have become symbols of freedom. They have gone and passed laws against eagles.

They have hunted us to the ground. Rashly, wickedly, and in violation of our national law. Because we flew high above the cities and the valleys

And the mountain peaks. Because we laughed and cried FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEDOM! Because the beat of our wings sang FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEDOM! America cannot pass laws against eagles. Because the Eagle is America. Life, liberty, and the soaring flight of joy.

HE HAS PREACHED IT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE LAND AND I AM INCLINED TO THE VIEW THAT HE WOULD POSE A DANGER TO THE COMMUNITY IF RELEASED. YOU FORGOT, FOOLS, THAT TIMES CHANGE. THE EAGLE IS NO LONGER OUR TRIBAL SYMBOL. THE TURKEY IS THE NATIONAL BIRD. LOOK AROUND YOU, FOOLS, THERE ARE NO EAGLES LEFT IN THE SKY. THE WILD BIRDS HAVE VANISHED.

But all our friends are eagles, hawks, thrushes, larks. We know none but wild birds.

ALL THE EAGLES HAVE BEEN SLAIN, WOUNDED, CAGED, OR ARE IN HIDING. THE SONG BIRDS WISELY ARE CONCEALED. MAN, BE COOL. DON'T FLY WHERE THEY CAN SEE YOU. DON'T SCREAM FREEDOM. THEY HAVE SWORN TO FELL YOU.

Oh we cannot change. It is the nature of the eagle float high, soar serenely, swoop over the valley at sunset, living symbol of freedom. If we eagles do not fly high and be free, who will? This is the danger Oh, judges, That the wild birds will be forgotten. They will forget that the eagle is our totem. They will forget. They will forget. It has happened before.

We are caged now because we were so free. Rember, America, we were your free-est souls. Your wisest, funniest, beautiful laughing souls. We never brought you down.

Have you forgotten how we flew over your green city parks and your college lawn? Celebrating love and peace and freedom? Do you remember the excitement? And how the young thronged eagerly and the curious and even the domesticated to spread wings and fly with us and rejoice in the freedom? Do you remember how you thrilled to the sound of our wings and cheered and laughed to be in the presence of high wild birds and thus regained your wings? That was before they drove us away with guns. Before the time of guns.

THAT WAS THE PROBLEM. THE YOUNG. YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED HIDDEN ON YOUR MOUNTAIN TOPS. YOU CREATED ANARCHY IN THE HEN COOPS AND CONFUSION IN THE TURKEY RUNS. JUDGE MC MILLAN WAS RIGHT. YOU ARE IRRESPONSIBLE, PLEASURE-SEEKERS. ALL THE YOUNG BIRDS STARTED TO FLY. IT WAS DISASTER. THEY SMASHED THEIR WINGS AGAINST THE BARS. YOUNGCHICKENS BEAT THEIR WINGS FUTILELY AND WEPT. A FEW, A VERY FEW, FELL FROM ROOF TOPS. MANY FLEW SO FAR THEY NEVER RETURNED TO THE HEN COOPS. MILLIONS WERE LOST TO SOCIETY. THOUSANDS WERE BRUISED AND CONFUSED. THE ORDERLY PROCESS OF DOMESTICATION WAS DISRUPTED. THE YOUNG COULD NO LONGER BE TRAINED TO FLAP AND WADDLE ALONG THE ZOO WAYS. IT IS CRIMINAL IRRESPONSIBILITY TO TELL YOUNG BIRDS TO BECOME EAGLES. YOUR SCHOLARLY FRIENDS GRANTED THAT IT WAS ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO BE EAGLES. BUT NOT TO FLY FREEDOM IN PUBLIC. WE ARE NOT REALLY AGAINST EAGLES. YOU ARE RARE BIRDS AND WE WISH YOU TO SURVIVE.

Oh no, beloved. We never told the young to be eagles. We said, be free. Discover your wild, deep nature and be true to it. Do your own thing.

BUT YOU MADE FUN OF

VAGINAL HEIRS ATTEND FUNERAL



Mitchell Tampax, heir to the Tampax family millions, sits in limousine with sisters Gretchen and Agnes, while on the way to the funeral of their uncle Lee K. Tampax. Mr. Tampax died from wounds inflicted by pet llama

LNS.....

SAIGON STUDENTS BATTLE;
SOME AMERICANS
GET INTO IT TOO

LIBERATION News Service

SAIGON [LNS] - Over 1,000 South Vietnamese students battled police here on July 11 in the midst of an attempted march on the American Embassy. Among the marchers was a group of American liberals including Episcopalian Bishop Paul Moore and Sam Brown of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee. Both men are part of an international group organized by the Quaker Fellowship of Reconciliation to seek out local pacifists, according to the Washington Post.

Riot police broke up the rally with tear gas and clubs, as they have done repeatedly against students and workers who demonstrate against the Thieu government and for immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops from their country. Among those arrested in the current demonstration were three American newsmen who were wearing black armbands given them by the demonstrating students. One of the newsmen - John Steinbeck IV, son of the famous novelist and a former soldier in Vietnam - had his credentials cancelled by his employer CBS News as a result of his involvement in the demonstration.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ADMITS
300 SO. VIET DESERTERS

LIBERATION News Service

MONTREAL [LNS] - A Canadian Government spokesman has estimated that there are more than 300 South Vietnamese Army deserters and draft dodgers, many of them university students, living in Canada. Some of the exiles were sent there by the Saigon government scholarships, some left Vietnam by having their families bribe Saigon officials, while an unknown number got to Canada by "devious" means.

The information was disclosed in an article in *Parade* magazine - a large circulation Sunday supplement - which also said that the anti-Saigon students have organized the pro-NLF Vietnamese Patriots in Canada Organization, based in Montreal.

PIGANOIA AT THE SENATE
INTERNAL SECURITY SUBCOMMITTEE

LIBERATION News Service

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS] - The U.S. Senate has finally figured out that radical students don't like the police. In a Senate Internal Security subcommittee (formerly HUAC) hearing, Cecil M. Pharris, a member of the San Francisco police intelligence unit (The Red Squad) said that "The New Left militant has launched a semantic attack against the police by calling them animal names and obscene hyphenated terms."

Pharris further testified that removing police academies from college campuses has become as important to students as the abolition of the draft, U.S. participation in Vietnam, and smashing the ROTC program. He admitted that the entire text of his secret information came from publicly distributed leaflets and newspapers. (Continued on Page 23)

EVO

TARR ISSUES FIRST C.O. GUIDELINES EVER

by Bruce H. Lovetate
College Press Service

WASHINGTON - (CPS) - Draft Director Curtis Tarr has issued guidelines to Local Draft Boards on the two CO classifications. New new guidelines are Selective Service's response to the recent Supreme Court decision in *Welsh vs. U.S.*

Tarr reported that several draft board members have resigned rather than operate under the new guidelines, which for the first time

give the Selective Service System's interpretation of the law and court decisions which govern CO recognition. Prior to this time, former Draft Director General Lewis V. Hershey had left interpretation of court decisions in this area as well as the law and regulations up to the local boards. The issuance of uniform national standards for qualification for these classifications will hopefully alleviate some of the discrepancies between local boards, which have

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Half-Blind Girl Pin Peddler Wins New Job and Court Aid

Life Brightens for Orphan After Subway Arrest;
Supports Self and Baby Sister.

By MARSHALL H. COVERT

Life did not seem quite so dark to slender, 22-year-old Isobel Jones as she stood in Flatbush Court today to answer to a charge of peddling packets of needles and pins in the B. M. T. subway.

Even though the shadows are slowly gathering to dim her pretty brown eyes, she has a job and little sister, Betty Jane, not yet four, is assured a home.

Arraigned on a complaint of disorderly conduct brought by the subway officials in that she had sold her wares in the trains, the girl stood quietly before Magistrate Hirschfield and, while the complainants asked for an adjournment of the case, she sturdily insisted she receive a hearing at once so she could begin work in her new place.

Magistrate Hirschfield admitted the justice of her request and, while tomorrow is a holiday, set the case down for a hearing in the morning.

Left Orphan With Sister
Left an orphan with her baby sister a little more than a year ago by the death of her parents in an automobile accident in Pittsburgh, Isobel had taken Betty Jane

(Continued on Following Page)

FUTURE BRIGHTENS



ISOBEL JONES

WEATHER: Thurs. and Fri. followed by Sat.

Der nächste James Bond ist ein Herr Meyer aus Deutschland

Schauspieler in aller Welt träumen davon, einmal James Bond zu sein. Und zwei haben es bisher geschafft: Sean Connery und George Lazenby. Wie wird der nächste Bond heißen? Diese Frage wird in London hitzig diskutiert. Und

fast sieht es so aus, als könnte der nächste Bond den schlichten deutschen Namen Meyer tragen. Denn Sean Connery hat die Nase voll vom Agentendasein. Und Lazenby - er hat sich mit seiner Überheblichkeit unbeliebt gemacht. Aber

Hans Meyer hat bisher nur gute Freunde im Filmgeschäft. In Deutschland wurde er durch seine Werbung für ein hochprozentiges Wässerchen bekannt. Doch jetzt wirbt Meyer für sich selbst: „Ich werde der neue Bond!“

M'Guinness Wins; Greenpoint Gets "Civic Virtue"

Mayor Joshes Him
About Resemblance
to Statue But He Denies Posing.

By MAX MENCHER

NEWS

LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

INDONESIA DENIES LEFTISTS A VOTE

DJAKARTA, Indonesia [LNS] — More than 1.7 million Indonesians will be prohibited from voting in next summer's general elections because of their sympathies with the now outlawed Communist Party, Indonesia's General Board of Elections has decided.

At one point the Communist

Party was a major force in Indonesian politics, and the largest Communist Party in the world outside the socialist countries. But in 1965 General Suharto rose to power and hundreds of thousands of leftists were massacred in a move heavily backed, if not engineered, by the CIA, according to most foreign press sources.

YACHTSMAN ENDS LIFE WITH SHOT

E. W. Dusenberre, Director of Caldwell-Wingate Co., Suicide in Port Washington.

Port Washington, Feb. 21.—E. Woolson Dusenberre, 46, nationally famous yachtsman and vice president and director of the Caldwell-Wingate Co., committed suicide at noon today by shooting himself in the head in his home in Reid ave. here.

No definite explanation of the suicide was immediately forthcoming, and no notes could be found by the Homicide Squad which investigated.

U.S. Steps up Anti-Drug Program

July 10, 1970

WASHINGTON — (CPS) — With little publicity, the federal government has mounted a program to keep marijuana from entering the United States which is far bigger than the heralded Operation Intercept of last summer.

The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD), which has agents around the world, says that "several hundred tons" of marijuana have been burned, seized, or otherwise destroyed by U.S. and Mexican agents this year. This is "many times" as much as in any previous year, according to George H. Gaffney, Assistant to the Director of the BNDD.

Despite the fact that Operation Cooperation is now the name instead of

Operation Intercept, the government has recently added 500 new border guards to increase searches of persons entering the U.S. from both Canada and Mexico.

At the Peace Bridge between Buffalo, New York and Fort Erie, Ontario, for instance, the Customs Bureau transferred several agents from Texas, and thorough checks of cars are now standard for anyone who looks young, whether or not they look straight. They check air filters, hubcaps, back seats, glove compartments, and ash trays, according to people who have crossed the border. Delays at the bridge are now up to 1½ hours both ways, as the Canadians also check for dope smuggling from the U.S.

While cars are being frisked, a young, hip-looking girl looks on with apparent

disinterest. She is a customs official, hoping to hear conversations on where the dope is hidden.

Border searches are designed to scare people into not bringing marijuana into the country, but the real effort is directed at burning or confiscating the dope before it leaves Mexico and other Latin American countries.

The real purpose of Operation Intercept was to force Mexico to mount a larger effort against marijuana. Intercept involved thorough searches of cars, but no new agents were added. The resultant delays cut down on tourism in the Mexican border towns, and the Mexicans capitulated.

This year, according to the BNDD, the Mexican government assigned 10,000

(Continued on Page 22)

NEWSFREAK

by John da Swede

TORONTO, Canada . . . A former funeral home wedged between two store fronts on Dupont Street, Toronto, has been transformed from a house of death to a house of life, serving street people, freaks, American draft deserters — anyone who walks in the door — with free medical care.

Founded at Rochdale College in Toronto a year and a half ago by Ann Pohl (daughter of SF writer Frederick Pohl) of New York, the Toronto Free Youth Clinic has been laying out medical care to the community at its present location for the last three months under the guidance of an American drop-out doctor, David Collins.

Collins, a native NYer, now 44 years old, went to med school in Kentucky when he was 30 and split to Canada & joined the Clinic when he couldn't hack being the typical money-making healer. He gets paid \$125 a week, spends most of his time at the clinic, and is on call 24 hours a day. Typical of the seven other staffers, who get \$50 a week, is Michael Bilger, 20, from Miami, a medic who deserted from the US Army two years ago.

The clinic sees about 1500 patients a month, treating everything from malnutrition (mostly as result of heavy drug use), drug freak-outs, & VD to cuts, colds and pneumonia. Besides Collins, specialists such as gynecologists and

(Continued on Page 23)

FED. HEAT SNUFFS GOOD SHIT WITH BAD SHIT

by Floyd Norris
College Press Service

WASHINGTON — (CPS) — The next load of marijuana from the midwest may contain a pesticide which a government commission recommended "should be immediately restricted to prevent risk of human exposure" because it is possible the pesticide causes birth defects.

Under a joint effort of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and the Extension Service of the Agricultural Service, farmers throughout the midwest are being urged by County Agents to spray the pesticide 2, 4-D on wild marijuana crops. A major effort is underway in 20 counties in 10 midwestern states, but the program is nationwide, according to George H. Gaffney, Special Assistant to the Director of the BNDD and project officer for the attempt to destroy marijuana.

There has been no research on the effects of 2,4-D when smoked, as might be done by a person using marijuana which had previously been sprayed with the pesticide. But there has been research on the effect of 2,4-D when ingested, and that research caused the Commission on Pesticides and their Relationship to Environmental Health (commonly known as the Mrak Commission), which reported to HEW Secretary Robert Finch last December, to recommend that "the use of currently registered pesticides to which humans are exposed and which are found to be teratogenic (cause birth defects) by suitable test procedures in one or more mammalian species should be immediately restricted to prevent risk of human exposure. Such pesticides in current use include . . . the butyl, isopropyl, and isooctyl esters of 2,4-D . . ."

LONG SLEEVE LOOK POPULAR ON EAST SIDE



« Chaos à l'intérieur, isolement à l'extérieur ». MAO TSE TOUNG.

dit la récente déclaration de Mao c'est parce qu'il était « incapable au Vietnam et au Laos » que Nixon, déclenché le coup d'Etat de Londres. La tactique même de l'impe-

rialisme américain, à ce moment-là, caractérise la situation de défaite extérieure et intérieure dans laquelle il se trouvait depuis l'offensive du Têt, en février 1968. Cette offensive avait détruit toute l'infrastructure de l'administra-

COAST-TO-COAST AIRPLANE RECORD AGAIN IS BROKEN

Leland Andrews Passes Over Bennett Field 11 Hours, 34 Minutes from Coast.

Leland S. Andrews, flying a transport airplane, established a new transcontinental transport record between Los Angeles and New York when he reached Floyd Bennett Field, at 2:24 P. M., today.

He swooped low over the field and was officially credited with having "touched" although his plane's wheels did not actually touch the ground.

His time is computed from his arrival at Floyd Bennett although he proceeded to Newark Airport, where he landed at 2:31 P. M.

MAINE

(Continued on Page 23)

The Environmental Improvement Commission of the State of Maine has denied the King Resources Oil corporation the right to build a T-shaped pier off an island near Portland. This is the first setback King has received in its attempt to turn Maine into an oil state.

Located in Casco Bay, Long Island was to be the site of a pier that would serve as an oil terminal. As reported in an EVO expose last March, King Resources had leased some 33.3 million acres of ocean waters off the coast for exploratory drilling. Several concerned citizens groups were fighting this move tooth and nail, and a protest march to the state capital of

Augusta was held on April 25th.

In turning down the present King request, the Environmental Improvement Commission listed these factors:

1. That Casco Bay and the island therein are a unique recreational asset.
2. That the present primary uses of Long Island and its environs are harvesting marine resources, residential and recreational.
3. That the urban growth in the Greater Portland area and the Atlantic urban region necessitates the maintenance and preservation of Long Island as a recreational resource.

'We Got Tired And Did Some-Thing'

ASBURY PARK, N.J. (LNS) — "The governor declared Springwood Avenue a disaster area . . . shit! That place was a disaster area since I was born!"

* * *

Springwood Avenue is the West Side ghetto's decaying main street. It runs into the town line up to the railroad tracks, where the level crossing gate sits like a border checkpoint into the white downtown. It was on Springwood Avenue that the Jersey State Police fired round after round of shotgun pellets into a black crowd following a rock-and-bottle fight between blacks and cops.

The state troopers, who had come to protect Asbury Park's white businesses from the fires and window-breaking that began a few days before, shot down one hundred people and injured hundreds more, many seriously.

Four of us, white, went to Asbury Park to ask the community what had happened. We drove down white Main Street on the East Side of the tracks until we got to Springwood — which was blocked off by police lines marked "Danger!" We turned into the street anyway; five minutes later our car was surrounded by combat-helmeted state police. Their shotguns still at hand as they occupied the shattered, burnt-out street, the cops told us to get the hell out.

We drove back out to Main Street. Fifteen minutes later we had crossed the tracks again, on foot this time, and we were standing in front of a grammar school gymnasium-turned-emergency-center, talking about the "disaster area" with Mike Norflett, a stocky kid with a broad grin, a clenched fist button on his shirt, and a white bandage wrapped around his arm. It wasn't until quite a way into

our conversation that we found out that Mike's bandage covered a buckshot wound inflicted by a trooper's gun.

When we stopped to talk to Mike we were looking for directions to the West Side Community Center, a place where Springwood Avenue people who were burned or intimidated out of their homes by the police could find a place to sleep.

But when we checked out Mike's fist button, and noticed a friend of his in the gym doorway smoking a joint, we said "Power to the people!" We decided to rap with them and forget about directions.

"You want an idea of why black people around here are angry? Me and two friends were down on the boardwalk last week, in one of those boutiques, a knicknack store. The owner, he's white, came over to us and told us to get out. Now everyone buys knicknacks. But we were niggers, you dig? The man thought we were gonna jump around in his store . . . well, we said to him, there's plenty of hippies coming into this store, and they jump around too! But he said to get out, and we said this is a public place, we got a right to be there. Well, either he had to let us stay, or close the store down. He closed it down, and it's stayed closed ever since!"

What else goes on in this Atlantic beach resort town, sixty miles from New York City?

"You can't get a job around here," Mike told us. Unemployment in Asbury Park, in the black community, is over 20%. When the population of 22,000 (8,000 black) swells with tourists to

100,000 in the summer, there are jobs . . . "But they're for out-of-town college kids, from as far away as Florida. Some are black, but they're college kids." Even so, they earn far less than the minimum wage. Asbury Park merchants are afraid to hire local black people, since they have to be fired in the fall when the boardwalk turns deserted.

Do black people hang out on the beach?

"Man, the beach costs a buck and a half to get on it. Besides, who wants to sit and roast in the sun? We've got a nice pool back here on the West Side," Mike explained. He turned around and pointed to a recently built, dusty basketball court and playground — "That was just to keep black people calm for the summer, too."

But this summer black people of Asbury Park didn't stay cool.

"On Saturday night, after a dance," Mike said, "we got tired and we went and *did* something."

The first targets of the bands of angry young blacks were the white-owned businesses on Springwood Avenue. A fishmarket, a drug store, a clothing store. Springwood Avenue is one block away from Main Street, Asbury Park's real downtown shopping street, just on the other side of the tracks. But Springwood Avenue had — up till the riot — one each of each kind of basic store, so black people rarely had to cross the tracks except for major shopping expeditions.

Windows kept breaking for the next few days, and fires broke out. Asbury Park City Cops in "combat uniforms" (looking like mechanics

with signs on their backs reading "POLICE") tried to keep a lid on things. But on Tuesday, people turned their attention from the shabby two-story buildings on Springwood across the tracks to the relative luxury of Main Street.

A large group of black kids began moving down Springwood across the tracks, breaking windows and painting slogans on the sidewalks and walls: "Fight for your riots!" "Kill the pigs!"

The State Police had arrived earlier, with baby-blue helmets and double-O gauge shotguns. The force, almost to a man, was lily-white. As the crowds surged past the rundown Asbury Park City Yard, a dumpy collection of whitewashed service sheds, the State police opened fire and kept shooting.

"Over the heads of the crowds . . . Bullshit, man, bullshit!" Every black person we talked to in Asbury Park angrily derided the State cops' claim. More than one hundred people were hit with buckshot during the onslaught, in the head, in the belly, in the legs, in the arms. We met an eight-year-old kid who saw a four-year-old kid take a pellet in the stomach. "A guy this size," he said pointing to his chest, three feet above the ground, "and the cops say they were firing over our heads."

When the community began to clean up, bandage their wounds and get together politically, their first and most angrily insistent demand was for the occupying force of state troopers to get the hell out.

The "mini invasion" of Main Street by young black people was

(Continued on Page 20)



It was the dawn of Sunday, July 26, 1953, the year marking the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jose Marti, the most outstanding figure of Cuban Independence. The city of Santiago de Cuba, capital of the province of Oriente, slept deeply after a long night of parties, dancing and carnival festivities, traditional in that part of Cuba. In the Moncada Fortress, the headquarters of the province's military district, only the sentinels struggled to keep awake in their posts, still under the effects of the many drinks they had before they went on guard-duty.

Suddenly and swiftly, a group of young men, wearing Army uniforms, looking as if they were returning from the carnival, silently seized the sentinels and penetrated the fortress. They were followed by another larger group. Their aim was to take the key positions of the military post, relay the necessary orders to other military units in the province (the largest and most populated in Cuba), and announce over the radio that the struggle for Cuba's liberation had begun and that the ouster of the tyrant Batista was imminent.

However, things did not go as planned. Some one inside the fortress was not asleep and realized that the men who were entering the fortress did not belong to the Army. He sounded the alarm and awoke the sleeping soldiers. They grabbed their weapons and began to fight the invaders.

Those young heroic men who wanted to free Cuba, at the cost of their own lives, from one of the bloodiest tyrants in Latin America's history of despots and dictators, did not have the modern arms they needed to fight the well-equipped army of the dictator. Lacking weapons they used their courage and daring. For hours they fought against the barrage of machine-gun fire of their opponents, seeing their comrades destroyed by bullets. When the battle ended, the journalists who managed to gain entrance to the fortress counted 33 young invaders and fifteen soldiers of the tyranny dead. Batista's reaction was ferocious. His troops, like hungry dogs, combed the city looking for suspects and revolutionaries. The jails were full of prisoners who were later brutally tortured. Some of the prisoners had their eyes plucked out of their orbits, others were castrated. Later they were executed, their bodies dressed in military uniform and abandoned in remote places. The Judge whose painful job it was to inspect these bodies noted that while the bodies were riddled with bullets, the uniforms they were wearing were intact.

The leader of the brave attack, Fidel Castro, Cuba's present Prime Minister, was captured in a bohio (a straw hut originally used by the Inidans and later the traditional dwelling of Cuba's peasants).

His life was spared thanks to the courage and honesty of the soldier who arrested him. The soldier recognized the leader of the attacking group and handed him over, not to the military headquarters, but to a civilian authority. Other participants in the attack managed to escape and leave the city, but the great majority were killed either during the attack or later in military prisons.

What was the reason for this daring commando action? What was its meaning then and what effects did it produce later? To answer these questions we must go back one year, to March 10,

corrupt, each time more submissive to the imperialists of the United States. The nation had no prospects of progress. Social ills were growing, unemployment and illiteracy were increasing, poverty was greater. Meanwhile, the country's population had doubled and the country was living off the same number of sugar mills and the same amount of sugar whose real prices were much lower than they were in the twenties. The population grew but the wealth of the Nation diminished. Our basic product was being sold for less while import articles increased constantly because of the control that imperialism

The people had to adapt themselves to that military dictatorship which in order to remain in power with the support of political elements and the reactionary classes, had also entered the electoral game. And the parties of the bourgeoisie always lent themselves to that game, to that maneuver. In our country, the bourgeois parties, the parties of the exploiters, collaborated with the Batista regime in order to distribute among themselves the senatorships, posts in the House of Representatives, all the fruits of exploitation and plunder. In those circumstances a tactic of

Once the first setbacks were overcome, the first deficiencies, the lack of experience, once the struggle got underway, what was impossible before became possible. It made possible the destruction of a modern army, disproving a series of theories by which the people could not struggle against armies. It made the impossible possible, but it was no miracle."

That heroic and seemingly defeated attack, carried out by a group of young men who called themselves the Centennial Youth (1953 was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jose Marti), produced what would later be the powerful 26th of July Movement which would defeat the Batista tyranny on December 31, 1958. The group did not have the aid of any powerful figure, or any foreign state. They raised money through their own resources, by selling their possessions, giving over their hard-earned savings and in this way they collected some 16, 480 dollars to buy arms and equipment. A single machine gun, three Winchester rifles from the Buffalo Bill era, ten thousand bullets, and different fire-arms.

The few invaders who escaped with their lives, among them two brave and audacious women, and other suspects (because of their political affiliation) were tried as criminals in a historic trial with 122 accused and 26 defense attorneys.

Since he was a lawyer, Fidel Castro assumed his own defense. In the final court session he delivered his celebrated defense, later called "History Will Absolve Me", which was the most formidable accusation made against the Batista tyranny. The document is a deep and critical analysis of Cuba's political and social ills. In it Fidel presents his vast and ambitious program for the Revolution once in power and describes how stage by stage Cuba would emerge from economic underdevelopment, liberate itself for always from the political control of U.S. imperialism and gain the continental and international prestige it now enjoys.

The 26th of July is an unforgettable date. It was the first defeat of the Cuban Revolution that was turned into a victory. The same thing happened with Fidel Castro's landing in Oriente in December 1956, with a group of around one hundred men who were later reduced to twelve. This nucleus, with Fidel at the head, scaled the highest and most mountainous part of Cuba, the Sierra Maestra. From there they proceeded to train a formidable army, of such high combative quality that it inflicted defeat after defeat on the professional, well-equipped army of the dictator, until final victory was won in December 1958. The unbreakable faith of the people in the final triumph will always be able to move mountains and turn defeat into victory.



CUBA'53

by Dr. Eloy G. Merino Brito
PRENSA LATINA

1952, a sinister day for Cuba. On that day, the eve of general elections, the strong-man Fulgencio Batista carried out a coup d'etat, with the aid of a group of treacherous military men who then held key posts in the Columbia Garrison, the site of the largest and best armed military force in Cuba. For years Batista had wanted to regain the power he once held and under the pretext that Carlos Prío, then President of the Republic, was preparing a coup himself to retain the presidency, Batista on the morning of March 10, ousted the Constitutional president, annulled the Constitution of 1940, the most progressive the country ever had, and set himself up as dictator. Let us listen to Fidel Castro himself describe the situation of Cuba after the coup of March 10:

"The people were confronted with a situation that had no possible solution", he said in 1963 in his speech commemorating July 26th. "The Republic had gone from one government to another, each time worse, each time more

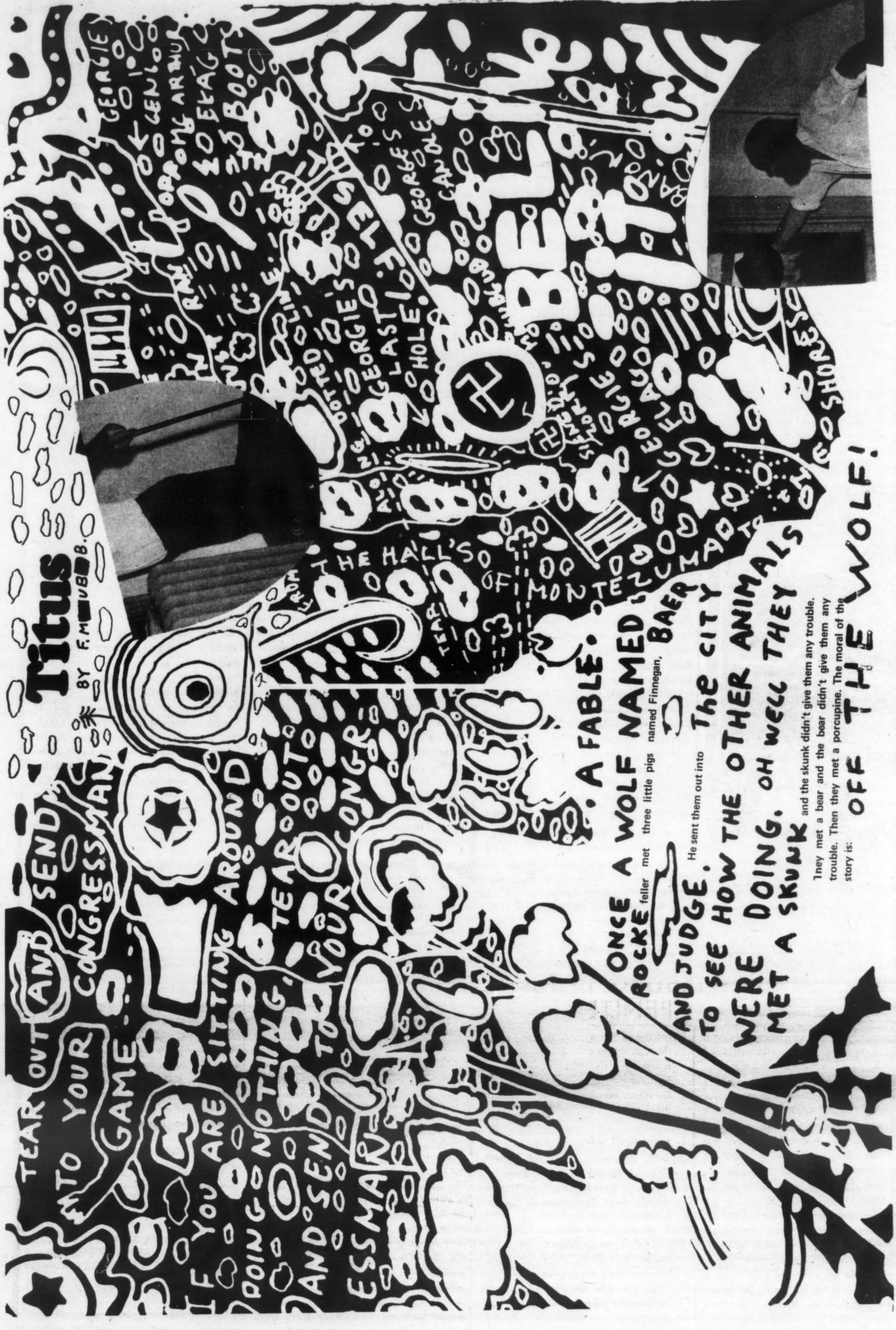
exercised over our markets. Illiteracy was enormous, the plight of the poor was desperate, they could not acquire an education or a decent job, or enter a hospital when sick, they were unable to solve any vital problem affecting themselves or their families. It was in these circumstances that the military coup took place and it was in these circumstances that the people found themselves without an exit. However, paradoxical as it may seem, it was precisely at the moment when all roads were tightly sealed, that the solution for the people appeared closer than ever before.

Political parties were dissolved. The press, radio and television were serving the interests of the bourgeoisie and of imperialism, and therefore, of the existing political regime. The people were deprived of all participation in public life.

struggle appeared, a strategy of struggle. In that situation a new concept of popular struggle began to develop".

"The importance of that date," continued Fidel Castro, "is that on that day the people began to take, at first modestly, the road which would lead them to Revolution.

That date is important because it opened up a new way for our people. That date is important because it marked the beginning of a new concept of struggle, which in a short time would crush the military dictatorship and create the conditions for the development of the Revolution. The attack on Moncada Fortress was the energetic and dignified response to March 10th. It was a resolute reply to the government that had been installed power on bayonet-point.



Titus

BY F. MURPHY

TEAR OUT AND
 SEND TO YOUR
 CONGRESSMAN
 IF YOU ARE
 SITTING AROUND
 DOING NOTHING
 AND SEND TO
 YOUR CONGR
 ESSMAN

A FABLE

ONCE A WOLF NAMED
 ROCKE met three little pigs
 named Finnegan,
 BAER
 AND JUDGE.

He sent them out into
 THE CITY
 TO SEE HOW THE OTHER ANIMALS
 WERE DOING. OH WELL THEY
 MET A SKUNK

and the skunk didn't give them any trouble.
 They met a bear and the bear didn't give them any
 trouble. Then they met a porcupine. The moral of the
 story is:

OFF THE WOLFI!

Intro . . .

Father Philip Berrigan and David Eberhardt are serving prison sentences of 6 and 2 years respectively in Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg for destruction of selective service files in Baltimore (4) and Catonsville (9). They have been put into solitary confinement, and are fasting to protest their treatment in prison. We feel we should provide some background information in explanation of their letters.

Contrary to the general practice of keeping non-violent prisoners of peace under minimum security, both have been kept under the regime of maximum security on the extra-judicial ground that the terms of their imprisonment will not be relaxed as long as Father Daniel Berrigan and Mary Moylan, also members

of the same group, are not apprehended. That Father Philip Berrigan and Eberhardt are being punished for the continued resistance of Father Daniel Berrigan and Mary Moylan has been clear from the outset. Letters from these two prisoners and reports by visitors have indicated a pattern: whenever Daniel Berrigan has attracted public attention through his writings or interviews with the press or T.V., and whenever the F.B.I. has been particularly frustrated in its efforts to apprehend him, the axe has fallen on the two prisoners.

The ostensible reason for the prisoners' sentencing into solitary confinement on July 5, 1970, was their refusal to accept punishment for two minor offenses. These were: (1) standing without authorization for 5-10 minutes in the hallway following the Sunday, July 5 liturgy, and (2) reporting to what was purportedly the wrong lunch group, a mistake which was committed by ten

other prisoners none of whom received any punishment. But its actual background may be unknown to the victims. For example, the following events relate the treatment to which they are being subjected.

On June 27 approximately a hundred F.B.I. agents, supported by a fleet of some 25 radioed cars and walkie talkies invaded a wedding in a Lutheran church in Baltimore, Maryland, looking for Father Daniel Berrigan. The nave of the Church, reception room, basements, and closets were searched. Guns jumped from agents' hips with the accidental popping of a celebrational balloon. The wedding was disrupted. Father Daniel Berrigan was not there. That the government agents' unprovoked invasion of the privacy and sanctity of a wedding produced no notice in the press, and little concern in the public is a measure of our alertness to illegitimate executive behaviour. Nevertheless, disruption of a wedding

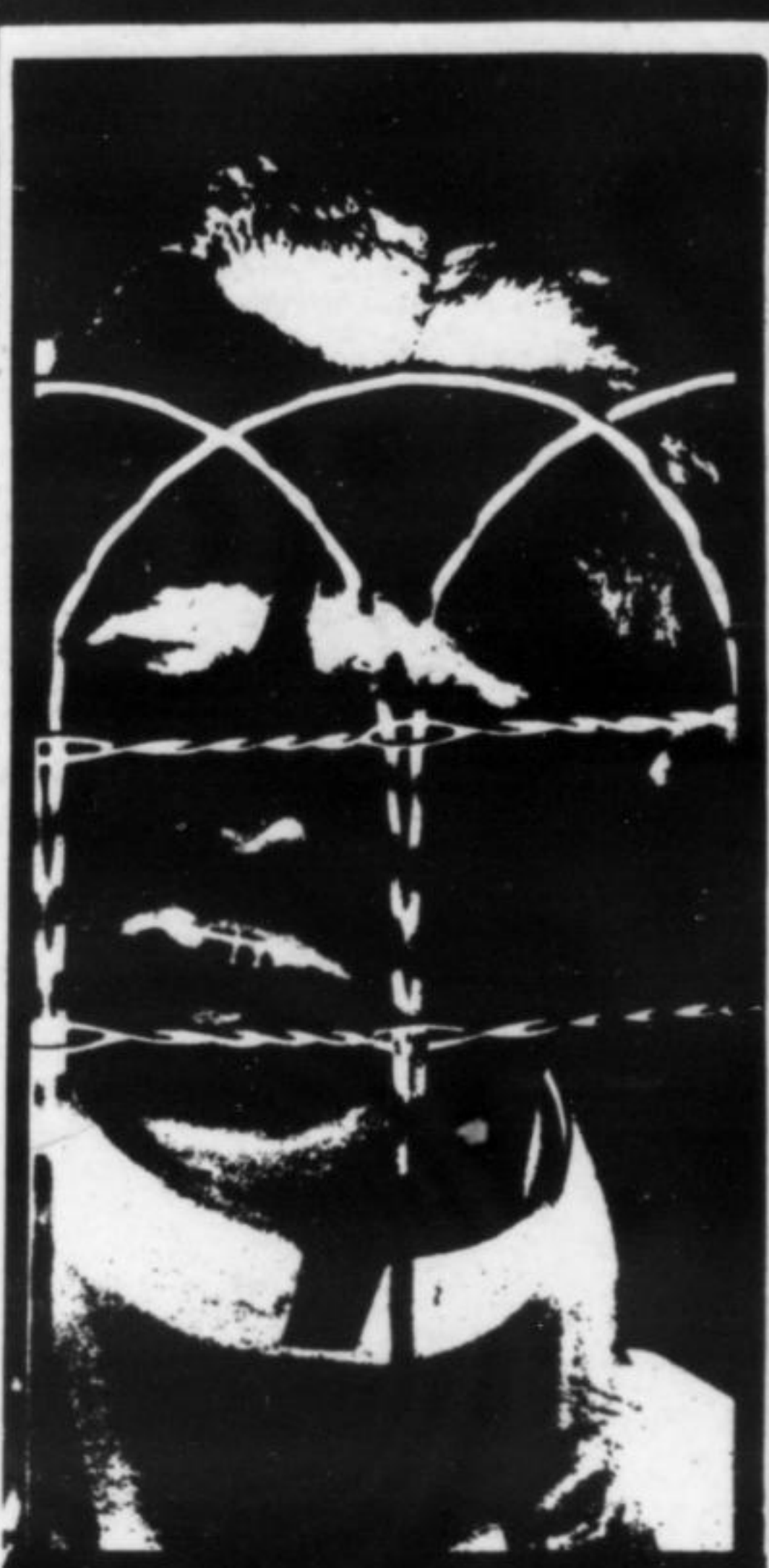
being a minor achievement for an expensive, well-mounted operation, the F.B.I. agents had reason to be angry. The next day, Father Daniel Berrigan staring at the F.B.I. from the pages of the Sunday N.Y. Times (Magazine) could not have assuaged their frustration. The captives in Lewisburg were bound to face the consequences.

The demands of the fasting prisoners are:

1. Transfer to the Lewisburg Farm or to Allenwood where they will serve their sentence under conditions similar to those of other prisoners of the Resistance.
2. Cessation of harassment of any political prisoners.

Write letters and send telegrams to the Federal Bureau of Prisons, 101 Indiana Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., to Warden J.J. Parker or Assistants Wardens R.L. Henricks and W.H. Rauch, P.O. Box 1000, Lewisburg Penitentiary, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

STATEMENT from DAVID EBERHARDT LEWISBURG FEDERAL PENITENTIARY



I have been harassed since I arrived at the Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary on May 1, 1970, with Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., also of the Baltimore 4 and Catonsville 9. We were sentenced for pouring blood on draft files in 1967.

The administration here, like its mirror in D.C., is not concerned with youth or peace — but force, it harasses prisoners of conscience.

First, it is customary to send draft cases to one of the minimum security farm camps — at Allenwood or Lewisburg. Both associate wardens, Rauch and Hendricks, assured Father Berrigan and myself that we'd be out of here June 1st. That date passed with no movement. Then, when classified, I was given minimum custody and my case worker told me I'd be gone in three weeks. That period elapsed; I am still here. The explanation given was that Philip Berrigan, George Mische, and me stay here until "all are caught." If that refers to Dan Berrigan and Mary Moylan (Catonsville 9 fugitives) how does it apply

to me? Or we are told we're here because we absconded on April 9 when we were due to turn ourselves in. But we didn't come to jail for new trials and sentences. The courts do that. The kangaroo court system here is outrageous.

During this time, I was removed from my "job" in Personnel. It was decided I shouldn't be "around government records." But why was I moved to one of the worst jobs here — the laundry — where true to rumor, I was in danger of homosexual assault? After many futile complaints I was slowly moved to another job, still not to the farm (although I'd been classified "minimum custody.")

Meanwhile another pattern of harassment became plain: a guard gave me five extra duty hours for smoking a pipe in the halls. I explained I had no knowledge of this rule (and they do not tell them to you here) — to no avail. The pipe, by the way, was not lit. Another time a guard gave me a "report"

(a more serious charge) for being out of bounds. I had gone to the Chaplain's Assistant for any help I could get in regard to my danger in the laundry. The guard lied on the report form "E has been repeatedly warned." I got restrictions (no yard, library, or movies) for two weeks.

Now this — the last straw: after Catholic Mass on Sunday, July 5, both Father Berrigan and I were given a report for waiting in the archway to the cellblock for lunch (about 5 minutes with 10 other inmates). None of the other inmates are "arrested."

Like the whole penal system, this place operates to perpetuate, even increase the trouble you get into — or spirals your "criminality" ever upwards. Do Americans know this?

To protest this victimization (of all inmates — not only peace people) I go to the hole. I go for inmate X "in segregation" for having two bowls on the chow line, for inmate Y in the hole for "running in tandem" on the track. Last week they ransacked the vestry of the chapel where Fr. Berrigan says Mass. These people are not normal. I am also fasting.

STATEMENT from REV. PHILIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J. LEWISBURG FEDERAL PENITENTIARY

Since arrival at Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary, the prison administration has harassed me in the following ways:

1. Classified me arbitrarily as a maximum security prisoner for absconding on April 9 — the rationale being that if we ran once, we would run again. Normally, every war protester goes to minimum security — Allenwood or Lewisburg farm.
2. Placed me under suspicion of organizing a penal strike for no reason.
3. Shook down our quarters (allegedly to gain evidence for involvement in the strike); actually to seize personal writing — then employed to charge me with circulating contraband information in and out of prison.

4. Interfered constantly with mail, through over-censorship, through returning to sender otherwise legitimate mail, through attempting to trace my brother through my mail.

5. Encouraged informers (inmates) to report suspicious words, actions, and associations.

6. Issued a memorandum to the guards to watch me as a dangerous organizer.

7. Placed me on medium security as a phase to one of the farm camps. Then withdrew me to close security after shakedown of quarters and discovery of alleged suspicious material.

8. Refused to allow my niece to visit me, though she was getting married and departing to Germany for two years with her husband.

9. Searched me in the yard with no explanation. For what? a gun or knife, I suppose,

10. Searched the chapel sacristy (where I vest for Mass), possibly for firearms and explosives.

11. Putting me on report (with a certainty of punishment) for two minor violations, trivial enough to deserve no mention.

Taken singly, the above may appear inconsequential — together they form a climate of oppression under which no one can humanly live.

The fact is, political prisoners at Lewisburg are persecuted beyond the routine dehumanization given to the other inmates. The rightist policies of the staff are proverbial, and they profoundly fear anyone standing for justice and peace. God, flag, law, order, privilege — all mask a policy of falsehood to the men, petty persecution, and at worst, brutality of an impressive type.

Meanwhile official propaganda boasts of rehabilitation — of tolerance, humaneness and creative innovation.

In reality, actual policy toward the men faithfully repeats the government's duplicity, broken promises and eager resort to naked force. The federal penal system is part of "big government" — one is no better than the other. Prisoners here are largely powerless, colonials not citizens, condemned for their crimes to the "crime of punishment" — from which there is little redress. They get the same essential treatment as blacks and Indochinese.

Personally, I didn't commit civil disobedience twice, submit to three mistrials and accept jail when I could have fled — all to abandon here my sense of justice and humanity. Nor to become suddenly, simply because I am under the power of "re-habilitation experts," a robot and a drone.

Consequently, I reject the punishment given me, refuse work and go to the "hole." There I will begin a fast for the men here, for Vietnamese and Americans in Indochina, for exploited people everywhere — and for their misguided, fearful and inhuman oppressors.

An Interview with JOHN VACCARO

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICK

"I invite you to the mean of insanity. If you choose to go beyond, you may. I dare not." Those were the closing remarks of John Vaccaro to his actors at the end of a rehearsal of "Nightclub."

John, who is the head of the Theatre of the Ridiculous, and has directed such plays as "The Moke Eater," "Heaven Grand," "Cock Strong," "Son of Cock Strong," and "The Conquest of the Universe," had just received an Obie (a diploma, as he calls it), for his achievements in the Amerikan theatre. And when told by the local parasites at the William Morris Agency, "Well, John, you've arrived," he quipped, "No, you've arrived, I've always been there." Stay tuned in to find out what The Theatre of the Ridiculous really means, if it means anything, or everything, or if you haven't been listening to the news this past decade, or even if you have. A handy thing to keep in mind is the experience.

"Nightclub" will be opening here for a short while in September before going on a European tour. Then it will return to our shores, hopefully to blow the minds of those who really need it.

"Nightclub," as the name implies, takes place in a nightclub while a war is going on, outside. Most of the people there have afflictions from the war and cannot leave. Their only salvation lies in that nightclub, and in Boobie, the Emcee.

I saw only a short portion of the play, but here's what transpired.

The actors were seated on the floor, in a circle. They were all to have picked their deformity and be in extreme pain. At one point, Vaccaro said "Sit on your knees. I remember having to sit on my knees in confessional, and it was very painful."

While Boobie is going on in his patronizing, nonsensical, fag-Nixon, patter, he is interrupted by screams of "Strip Boobie!" (Yeah, Boobie, strip, show us what you are Nixon, show us YOUR deformities) but Boobie never strips.

At one point, Boobie inadvertently insults the rabble and begs forgiveness. They whimper petulantly, saying, "Well, just don't let it happen again." (O.K. just don't go past Cambodia.)

Vaccaro's rehearsals are short because he demands a lot from himself as well as his actors, and getting in touch with your suffering is not something you can carry on indefinitely. So the rehearsal lasted for about an hour and a half.

JOHN: We'd like to



photo: gianfranco mantegna

understand one word every now and then. And you should get a thick Jewish accent and you know, I think Gillian should get another chance. You know. Because it has to be perfectly cast. As far as I'm concerned, I've only cast the Boobies, the jugglers, and the waitress. I'd like to hear you do the ventriloquist, too, with Baby Bette. I mean as tall as you are, and as short as she is, would be a very funny bit.

GERRY: What I want to do in this is wear an academic robe with a swiss cheese brain. JOHN: But would that have been an affliction from the war?

GERRY: Well, it could have little bullet shells in the holes.

JOHN: Oh, that would be very fabulous to have that. Bullets sticking out of your skull, too. You're still alive because the bullets haven't come out yet.

GERRY: I could scratch the holes inside.

JOHN: Maybe you should be firing blanks throughout the play, in your head, the whole time... Lynn Rainer called and said she wants to go to Europe with us. I told her that would be very noble of her.

(Gordon Bressac, otherwise known as Otto Erotic, talked about wearing a bald wig as the juggler. The conversation led to Japanese restaurants, limp shrimp tempura (run that over your tongue a couple of times), to being rich, to there being only five turned-on people in John's

college class, and he had turned on four of them, to a local junkie who wore tie dye outfits—"Tie dye, he was so filthy, his face looked tie dyed"—to coke sales benevolent free barbers, cleaning windows, and back to the play again. I said something about one of the girls, who while trying to suffer managed to throw herself around so that she remained attractive, hair in place. John said that coupled with an affliction, that might be all right. Here she is, trying to look pretty and she's got no face. Puttin on hair curlers just the same.)

We were all attracted to this glossy publication on Amerikan Theatre, whose table of contents contained all the regulars—Barnes, Kerr, Rogoff, etc., "People who have never been to see the Amerikan theatre. They're still hung up on Pinter," said John.

I asked John what question he had always hoped someone would ask him. "Anything other than the history of the Theatre of the Ridiculous." (I warned you, you'd have to figure it out by yourself.)

Being a shit flicker by nature, I asked John about the William Morris Agency.

JOHN: My agents are both nice guys who really think I'm crazy and don't know what to do with me. And know that they can make a lot of bread and figure that the day will come when I will go to them and say,

'All right, I'm ready to do what you want me to do.' And I think they're just now getting around to realize that I'm not going to do what they want me to do, but I want to do what I want to do, which is really what they want me to do, but I want to do it MY way.

ME: But what do they want to do?

JOHN: Oh well, they would like it if I would direct a conventional play and I've only done conventional plays. I mean there is no such thing as an unconventional play, as far as I'm concerned. I think an unconventional play might be some of the ghost poems of Michael McClure, they go GNNNARRRRR—you should read some of them—GNNNARRRRRR EEEUGGGHHHHH MMMMMMMNNNN—that's the poem. Ghost poems.

No, I think even to the point of what ridiculous is—it's not the play that's ridiculous. I think that happens organically in the rehearsals, you know, I guide it, I mean I... ridiculous is ridiculous, ridicule, it's just very easy—just a more high-handed form of gossip. That's really all it turns out to be—absolutely incomprehensible to our audiences. But the experiences, that seems to be the main thing of all the new groups of the Amerikan theatre, the experience. I mean the Open Theater experience. I like what they do—you should see them. Also, about the validity of an Obie. Jersey City Grotowski was here and he did some of the most astounding things that the New York Times ever reported about. He didn't get an Obie. Now you need to tell me why he didn't. You have to explain to me why they didn't even recognize the man's work. It's the first time and maybe the last he'll ever be seen in this country and they don't even recognize him. They recognize Joe Orton and Vaclav Havel. Vaclav Havel. ME: And "The Me Nobody Knows," that bullshit got an Obie too.

JOHN: Well, the book was edited by a good friend of mine, and he had nothing to do with that musical. Well, he has one half of one percent of that musical and it's the new "Hair." ME: Yeah, we'll have a whole new crew for the Therablem ads. JOHN: But you liked "Brand X"? I thought it was inept, it was not funny. But then again, I've seen Taylor Mead ten years ago when he was doing that same thing, and he does not amuse me anymore, and I think Tally Brown was good, and

Taylor Mead did a good job. But you have to think in terms of the brains behind the thing. And I know those brains very well

and he's a day late and fourteen yards short and I'm speaking of the producer/director. That numbskull better pay me the money he owes me. But he won't talk to me anymore. He was the first producer I ever had and I did "The Conquest of the Universe" and he told everybody that I was absolutely unapproachable and wouldn't let anyone come up and see me and kept trying to break up our great group. Never paid me a cent. And we got unanimous raves and he couldn't even fill the place, I did much better in the loft I had on Seventeenth Street. I had a theatre that seated sixty-five and had a hundred seventy people there every night. He had a hundred ninety nine seats and couldn't fill them.

My interpretation of the play is always socio-political. Always. GER: Vague.

JOHN: But it's there... Not this one. It's the truth. The last one, "Heaven Grand" was very vague.

GORD: But still not a polemic. JOHN: That's right. You know, if I wanted a polemic I'd get a soap box. I can't stand those message plays. Leave the messages for Henry Fonda. Or Jane Fonda. I'm sorry. Leave the Indians for Jane Fonda. Leave the messages for Henry.

Oh, I go ready to like everything and I don't like anything. Except "Satyricon." "Satyricon" wasn't about anything. Everything, but not anything. You got what you wanted to get out of it. The people sitting next to me at "Satyricon"—every time a subtitle flashed on the screen one would say to the other, "That's what it means."

ME: That's what everyone tried to do when I went to see "The Unseen Hand."

JOHN: I liked that.

ME: Yeah, I liked that a lot. And when I was coming out, everyone was trying to figure out what "Forensic" meant.

(So we got to talking about how things can mean anything—like getting out of bed in the morning can be infinitely significant)

JOHN: Let's see. I was born... then one day, at the age of three, I could name all the birds in the United States and all the states, and started school at the age of five, and discovered the teachers were only interested in those slow to learn and I lost interest in teachers. And my parents were manic depressives, and I discovered very early that it's a very violent world—we live in violence or in joy, which reminds me of an old Zen saying:

When you have no knowledge

The tree is a tree

The sky is the sky

And a mountain is a mountain

When you gain knowledge

The tree is no longer a tree

The sky is no longer the sky

And the mountain is no longer

the mountain

And now we get to the:

When you know truth

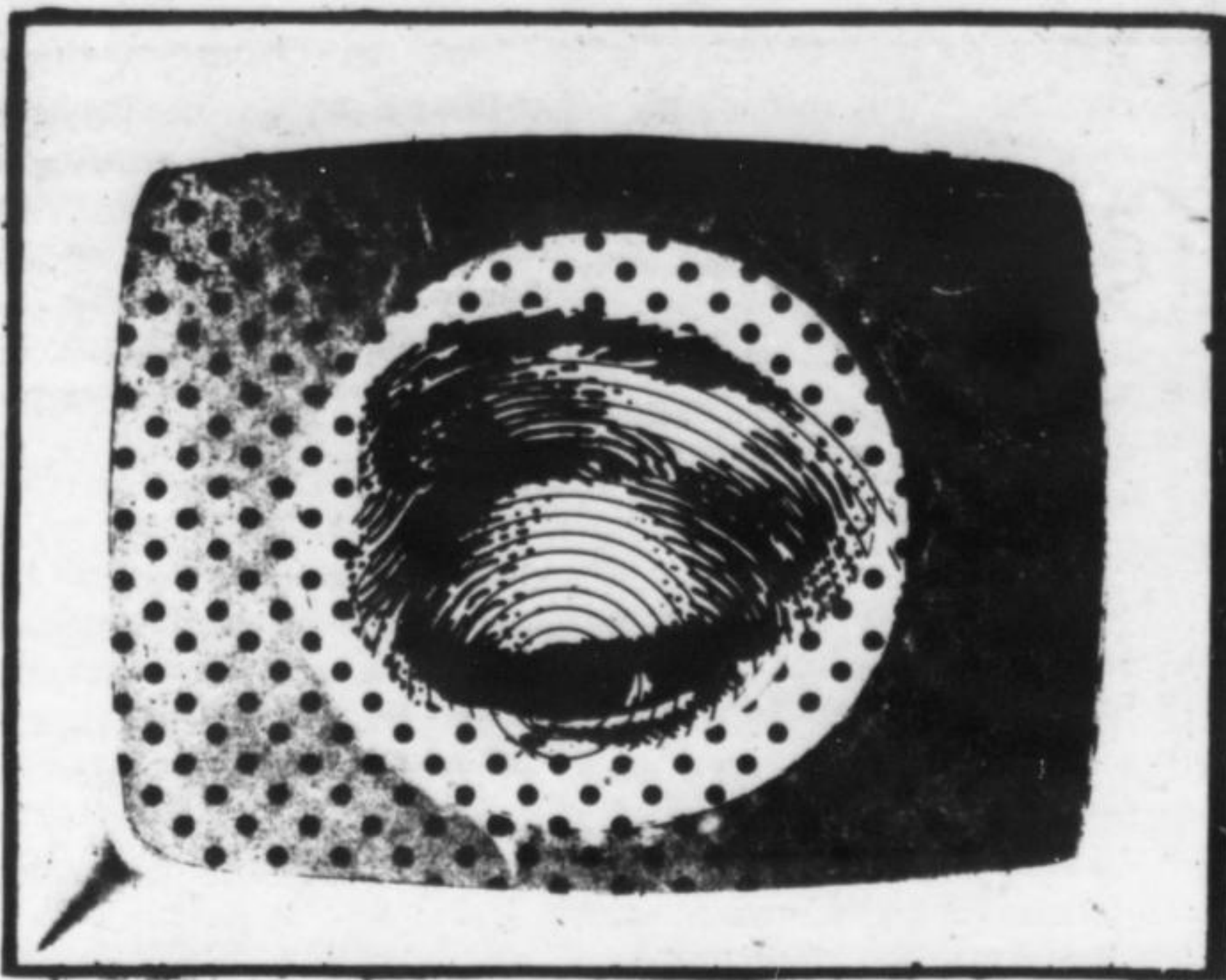
The tree is once again the tree

The sky is once again the sky

And the mountain is once again

the mountain

(Continued on Page 20)



Gay Lib and the Media

This is a simultaneous video and print media interview with Jim Fotratt of Gay Liberation Front. The video tape will be available through EVO.

by John Reilly

John: This is related to media particularly... and I wanted to ask you about the above-ground media relating to homosexuals. There's no attempt that I've seen of any kind of fair, open treatment... there's pretty much of the stereotype and social pressure and repression. Are you aware of any attempt in above-ground media to deal with this? And since you were at the Alternate Media Project at Goddard, what about the alternative media and the gay brother or sister?

Jim: Let's talk about magazines, O.K.? I open a magazine and I see man and woman, man and woman - it's all playing upon the heterosexual part of me. Never do you see a commercial on television

where boy-meets-boy and lives happily ever after. Or boy uses toothpaste and then meets boy and they live happily ever after... it's always the heterosexual thing... that's replete in advertising.

In terms of editorial, *Time* magazine last year did a front page story on homosexuals. Strangely enough they did it in an issue that is audited for advertising rates... it means that they chose that as a cover story on an issue that they hoped would sell the most amount. And they did, they sold more issues of *Time* than they had of any other issue. It was a terrible article... a very "liberal" article. They said, "Oh, homosexuals are human beings and we cannot put them in jail and we have to be nice to them." They had lots of homosexuals telling how they were repressed and how the laws should be changed and that the jobs weren't there... and it sounded very nice, you know, but it was insidious because in the end, in the last two paragraphs they said that homosexuality is a disease and while they are sick people that we must

treat them like any other sick person, we have to cure them of this disease. And that is sort of the attitude of the mass media towards homosexuality.

Take movies - like "The Boys in the Band" - I don't relate to the boys in the band - I don't know any homosexuals like that. Sure, well, I shouldn't say that, I do know homosexuals like that. It's a homosexuality that is aping heterosexual life-styles. If you would have made all those men and women it would have been the same story. But it wasn't about me, or Bob or my friends' lives; it wasn't about Gay Liberation or any kind of liberating homosexuality. "Esquire" did a piece on homosexuals, "Liberated Homosexuals - The New Homosexual," in which they had all these "hippie" homosexuals. And I was one of them - they have long hair and they have girlfriends and they take drugs. The gist of this article was that we weren't hairdressers and that we were like young people anywhere and that we fucked women. What does that really mean? It means that somehow that the heterosexuals could be - well, that we're fulfilling some kind of heterosexual demand. That we fuck women and therefore we're O.K. And that's literally the way it was too - with these women around that can be used as these sex things but that all the real relationships came from the men - they related totally except this appendage was there for some kind of sexual release and some drug stupor.

John: What about alternate media?
Jim: Underground media - underground media's a struggle. The "Berkeley Tribe" is the first underground paper that began to relate to gay liberation and gave Gay Liberation a page. And each issue had Gay Liberation. And yet on another page they would have something like "ROTC Sucks Off" or "Weathermen Kicks Ass," all these sexist allusions that our language is replete with - without being conscious that

what they were doing on one page was saying "Right On brothers and sisters in GLF" when on the next page using language which shows the sexist attitude in our society, which is in the underground too. But they're struggling - and it's a real struggle with underground press. At Goddard at the Alternate Media Conference, you saw - I'd say 70% of people responded to gay liberation as though it wasn't relevant - just wasn't relevant. They also did the same thing to the women's issue - but not as much because there has been more confrontation there. I think what the women's movement and gay liberation was saying to those people was that sexism is replete in the underground press and has to be gotten rid of. And it goes all across the political lines - from hippie-dippie love papers to heavy PL-type papers. And it's all there - and we want a new kind of approach to homosexuality. We want an approach towards sexuality; we're talking about new forms and new life styles and you have to include sexuality in that. You have to change your vision about what the new sexuality is going to be about.

John: Just a couple of years ago when the Blacks finally began to make their oppression known, the advertising people began to put Blacks in the ads. Do you see a day when you will actually have a homosexual represented on television?

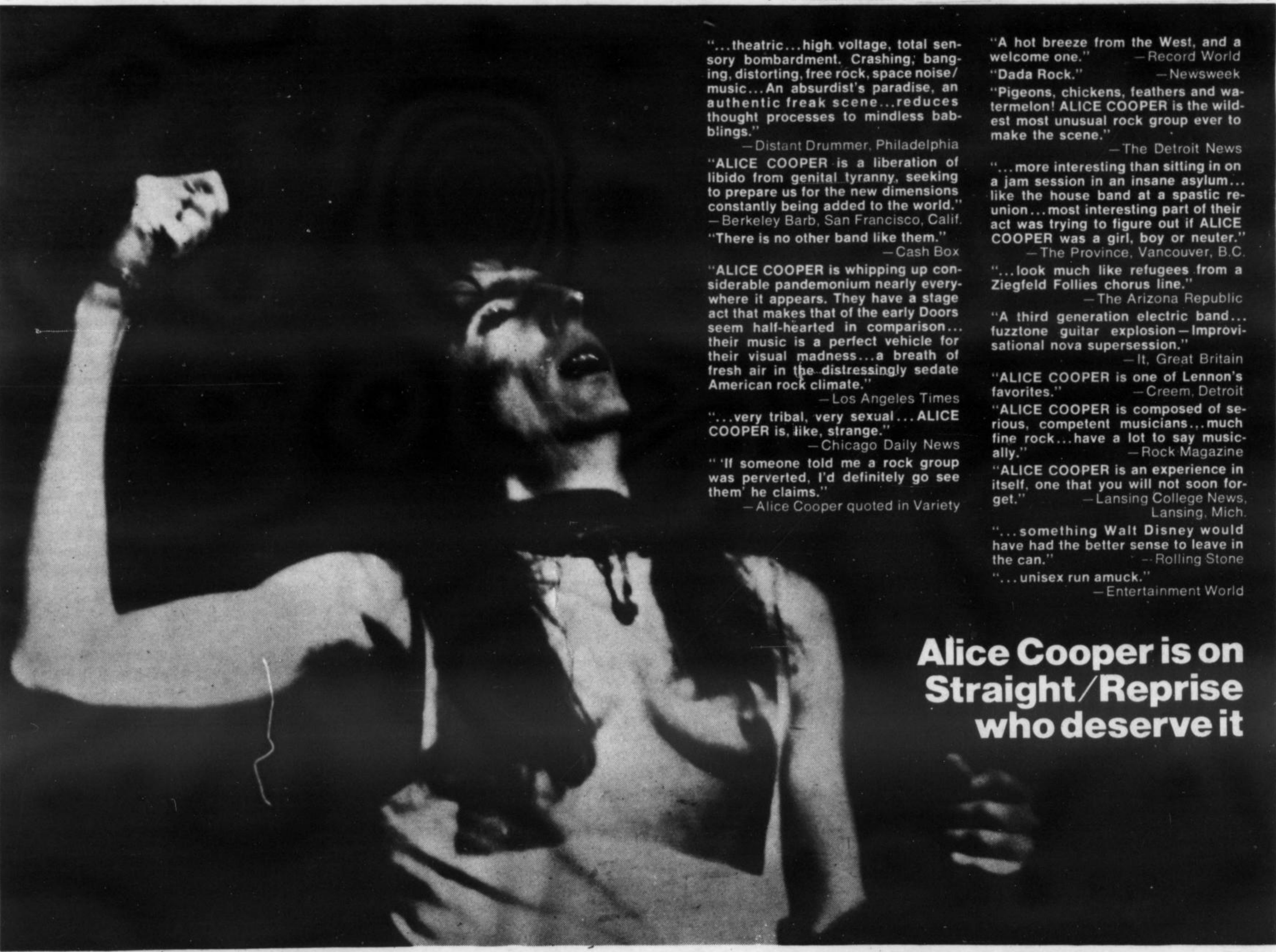
Jim: Well now - say the Carol Burnett Show has the "house" homosexual who is an effeminate hairdresser type, very funny. But "camp" humor is funny yet it is very oppressive humor. It comes out of a lot of pain. And I don't think it should be used, particularly by straight people. I think camp humor

came mainly out of straight people laughing at homosexuals. And homosexuals doing things to make straight people laugh at them - rather than kill them with

hate. I'm very interested - the advertising is full of "Dodge is a revolutionary car" and "right on" is on television now in commercials. I don't see how they're going to put Gay Liberation in there. But somehow the American advertising mind is so ingenious that I'm sure they're going to come up with some product that's going to make one man smell better to another man and they're going to show you two very heterosexual-looking homosexuals walking off into someplace because they use the right deodorant. I can conceive of that, but that doesn't mean it meets my needs as a homosexual at all. Like on the Dick Cavett show recently - he's been talking about the Gay Liberation Front. They haven't had a homosexual on yet, but they're going to have a conservative homosexual on - a Main Stream homosexual, a GLF homosexual person. He's been making references to it because right now it sells. In the movies "Boys in the Band" is a very big grossing film, the lesbian movie, "Sister George" - they sell, homosexuality sells now. You go up to Times Square and you have all these pornography stores which now have all this male pornography which is really oppressive. They have nudie films for men now - it's all oppressive but it all makes money. I don't see myself in any of these flicks, I don't see myself in any of these nudies - I mean they don't look like me. They're all these straight looking men, muscle builds, they don't look like you, they don't look like the straight men I know or the gay men I know - they're a fantasy figure.

When Fabrian was published - "Gay Power" - you never saw any reference to the homosexual struggle. Their explanation was that when we put out a gay paper, (which to me, once again, was very oppressive because we were put into a ghetto) that paper was full of all the fantasies that homosexuals have, all the fantasies that a sexually

(Continued on Page 24)



"...theatric...high voltage, total sensory bombardment. Crashing, banging, distorting, free rock, space noise/music...An absurdist's paradise, an authentic freak scene...reduces thought processes to mindless babblings."

-Distant Drummer, Philadelphia

"ALICE COOPER is a liberation of libido from genital tyranny, seeking to prepare us for the new dimensions constantly being added to the world."

-Berkeley Barb, San Francisco, Calif.

"There is no other band like them."

-Cash Box

"ALICE COOPER is whipping up considerable pandemonium nearly everywhere it appears. They have a stage act that makes that of the early Doors seem half-hearted in comparison... their music is a perfect vehicle for their visual madness...a breath of fresh air in the distressingly sedate American rock climate."

-Los Angeles Times

"...very tribal, very sexual...ALICE COOPER is, like, strange."

-Chicago Daily News

"If someone told me a rock group was perverted, I'd definitely go see them" he claims."

-Alice Cooper quoted in Variety

"A hot breeze from the West, and a welcome one."

-Record World

"Dada Rock."

-Newsweek

"Pigeons, chickens, feathers and watermelon! ALICE COOPER is the wildest most unusual rock group ever to make the scene."

-The Detroit News

"...more interesting than sitting in on a jam session in an insane asylum... like the house band at a spastic reunion...most interesting part of their act was trying to figure out if ALICE COOPER was a girl, boy or neuter."

-The Province, Vancouver, B.C.

"...look much like refugees from a Ziegfeld Follies chorus line."

-The Arizona Republic

"A third generation electric band... fuzztone guitar explosion - Improvisational nova supersession."

-It, Great Britain

"ALICE COOPER is one of Lennon's favorites."

-Creem, Detroit

"ALICE COOPER is composed of serious, competent musicians...much fine rock...have a lot to say musically."

-Rock Magazine

"ALICE COOPER is an experience in itself, one that you will not soon forget."

-Lansing College News, Lansing, Mich.

"...something Walt Disney would have had the better sense to leave in the can."

-Rolling Stone

"...unisex run amuck."

-Entertainment World

Alice Cooper is on Straight/Reprise who deserve it

MAGIC JULY FOURTH

BY Bob Palmer



Of all the times and places for magical events to occur, July Fourth in New York City seems one of the least likely. There was a rumble of firecrackers continuous as the roar of a tidal wave, the heat was on and out in force, and the

connotations of the holiday itself were enough to make people edgy to begin with. But there was magic, real magic, at the Village Gate, where Ornette Coleman's quartet, and the Alice Coltrane group featuring Pharoah Sanders, combined for a once in a lifetime experience that went beyond the purely musical and worked on people's heads (mine at least) in a very positive and transcendent way.

It was Ornette's first club appearance in a long, long time, and was at least partially occasioned by the release of his new album, *FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS*, on Flying Dutchman records. His quartet—Dewey Redman on alto and tenor sax and clarinet, Charlie Haden on bass, Ed Blackwell on drums—never sounded better and Ornette rose to the occasion with some relaxed yet committed playing, creating the kind of hypnotic focus you just can't get off a record. Still, the group was the thing; they were tight as any super-rehearsed rock group, starting and ending tunes on

a dime, cooking flexibly yet firmly, locking up or loosening up as the moment dictated.

Then there was Alice Coltrane, who is beautiful, a queen, with Pharoah Sanders making a rare appearance as soprano saxophonist in addition to playing his more usual tenor, Vishnu Wood (a player as beautiful as his name) on bass and oud, and Rashid Ali on drums. This isn't a supertight group like Ornette's; it is a collection of beautiful soulful people coming from some of the same places (Pharoah, Alice and Rashid all played in John Coltrane's group), truly listening to each other and projecting some of the very best vibes to be encountered in the Asphalt Jungle, or anywhere on earth. There were a lot of big smiles on and off the bandstand when these people were on; they were responsible for most all the extramusical magic of the evening, and for a lot of magic music as well.

On a purely musical level, comparison of the two groups was endlessly fascinating, so it wasn't

surprising that the Gate was packed with musicians—I saw Cannonball Adderly, Anthony Braxton, Tony Williams, Frank Smith, Karl Berger and so many others. Charlie Haden was so far into the music that he played with both groups, really worked all night long, and his playing was uniformly strong, just right for both groups, and the heart and soul in his playing was a joy to hear and behold. But even with Charlie as a common denominator, and even with the sitting in which occurred (as when Alice sat in with Ornette), the two groups were very distinct in thrust and direction. There were of course two very different musical conceptions at work, Ornette's and Alice's, and each leader was complemented perfectly by, especially, the respective drummers. Blackwell is from New Orleans, one of the only modern heirs (Arthur Reed in Chicago is another) to the marching band traditions of that city, and he played some fantastic parade drums on a couple of Ornette's march tunes. Blackwell and Haden

were in Ornette's original quartet as far back as 1960, so of course they know just how to complement each other. The force of their playing together is very propulsive, and they "swing" with a forward momentum of incredible energy. In fact, of all the groups in the New Music, Ornette's group swings the hardest and is therefore closest, in many ways, to the earlier traditions of jazz and blues music. Which same traditions are always evident in Ornette's playing.

Rashid Ali is another kind of drummer, a rumbler and crasher but with much dynamic control. Haden and Wood locked up with him into yet another monster rhythm section that was more soaring and surging than "swinging" in the traditional sense, and at least equally as exciting. When Pharoah got into his thing on tenor, filling the room with his energy explosions, the band picked up and flew behind him, taking the level higher and higher until they all converged at the top of the intensity pyramid.

(Continued on Page 19)



Months passed and the Paradise ritual became in my mind that far away glimmer of burgeoning star dreams, an ever more reluctant echo of a great ceremony, nostalgically remembered. Another reminiscence reflecting itself from the patina of my other worldly visions. Where had they gone? What had become of The Living Theater after their spectacular tour de force and subsequent pressurized exit from the American stage?

I dreamed of the super nova observed by Chinese eyes so long ago and notated in cryptic hieroglyphics with amazing accuracy, pointing like a laser arrow toward the mysterious crab cloud floating forever in the beacons of heavens. Was this indeed the legendary warning of an Armageddon prophesied thousands of years ago by ancient wisemen, this unholy nebulae of a cataclysmic sunburst, exploded by awesome titanic forces beyond the glowing reefs of times barrier? Discombobulated atoms spinning endlessly through the vacuum, imprinted by a nuclear sculptor with a gigantic radioactive crab.

Was this the great message winding its way to me at the speed of light. Was this the echo of a message personally delivered by The Living Theater? And could this have been the aftermath of another species race towards self inflicted doom. Had they too been unable to check the course of impending atomic vaporization. Is this the radiance from their final cosmic scream. Their last message in electric braille?

Have we been cursed with some original sin that shall bring us, all & everything to a fiery naught. What gods should we invoke, why have we not been given a sign to begin the exorcism of the evil. Why can't I even remember the crime; shall we never be forgiven, never redeemed?

And then, one chilling night not long ago, the itinerant filmic harpsichord of Marty Topp's "PARADISE NOW" strung together like a network of framed beads undulated and shimmered before my eyes.

PARADISE ON FILM

by Don Snyder

As shifting visions seen through heated air, turbulent and seething within an invisible furnace; emblazoned with fierce black & white images like the blinding gaseous flames of a raging inferno, like memories returned from cold dark places to be remembered again even more vividly. The imagery of The Living Theater returned with resuscitated force, with a vitality and clarity more than succinct; even more revealed by Topp's cinematic dictionary. The message of *PARADISE NOW*, distilled and refined by the alchemical craft of this film poet. Grainy greys, charcoal streaks, stygian blacks, chilling whites, creamy soft white and opened velvet greys, punctuated my brain like hornets buzzing the window of a startled eye. Could the drama have been translated more adroitly, more dynamically, more compellingly?

From the opening title sequence of the earth revolving through endless cycles of rapid spinning days and nights, to the fearless rocketry of enraptured faces, unadorned, entrusting their bodies to each other's love. Love that was evident in the long dive of believers from the world stage into the linked strong arms of an outstretched space, waiting confidently to receive their transformed mortality. Each face, each frame, faces, frames, a sea of transfigured faces; ecstatic, anguished, contorted and transported, all held together by the binding glues of great ritual; being together, committing together, holding together. The climax of changing together, the revolution of love, the crisis of dying, the rejuvenation of rebirth, spurting out, pouring out, flooding out of the artists peaked view—there the dominating glance from the height, here

the engulfing submissive view from below, now the headlong stare directly ahead, staring eyes back, this moving, rushing spear of alternating cuts and mystical dissolves, joyous, brutal, exploding with the kinetic energies of psychic catharsis.

The depiction of ceremonial exorcism of civilized cancers, a chanted rebuttal to the lies and deceptions of an infected society, great sounds & magical musics to fill the air of a culture killing itself, a people unaware of their oncoming suicide. This powerful drama reaching a long arm into and behind its puritan past to pluck out a distant times plum of truth; scintillating truth; relevant truth; our spiritual truth. And from this harsh cup of politics we will take deep thirsty draughts of life's precious fluid and be refreshed and renewed and we will place a crown of flowers upon the heads of the blessed whose valorous dream weapon smokes throughout our lands.

PARADISE NOW on film has captured the essence of this extraordinary theatrical experiment. It is unquestionably one of the finest artistic documentaries to come out of the United States cinema in the longest time. Its heartfelt sincerity should be sheer inspiration to the many young people

throughout the country who are struggling to make meaningful and influential movies. It is the reverberation of a crucially important message that must not be neglected, for the consequences are too terrible to endure.

Marty Topp's achievement is not just in the making of a great film, but in making us remember again, Paradise as a reality.

The three major television networks are scared of Agnew, even moreso than his other whipping boys of the co-called "liberal" press... and a general shake-up of production personnel on the late-night talk shows occurred within a two to three week period in May. The Dick Cavett Show underwent some heavy off-camera changes when ABC hired John Gilroy, former associate producer of Johnny Carson's *Tonite Show*, as Cavett's producer, and the Merv Griffin Show changed directors. The Griffin change can be dismissed simply as further proof of the trend toward more efficient distribution of mediocrity, but the Cavett show was open and intelligent and had the most interesting guests and discussions that could usually keep you awake. It also had the lowest ratings, undoubtedly brought on by its unusualness.

Some people close to the matter insist that ABC hired Gilroy in an effort to broaden the base of the Cavett show... in other words, in the hopes of bringing it down to its lowest common denominator and bland it out to the level of non-think so successfully formulated by Gilroy and associates for Johnny Carson. Besides Agnew's verbal

rorschachs aimed at the media, Abbie Hoffman's being blacked out on the Griffin show and the Agnew-induced terror of losing southern and middle-American affiliates, television ratings come up in June and everyone wanted to be on safe ground. Ratings are what create those Excedrin headaches, and in view of the other factors, talk show guests are being screened with an increasing amount of caution (read paranoia, censorship and/or repression) than they were in the good old days when the most outrageous assholes would come on and perform open-brain surgery on each other. These days the word is that the final choice of guests is made not at the production level, but by network executives.

By people, for example, like CBS president Robert Wood who blanked out Abbie Hoffman without even notifying the Griffin production staff beforehand. Aside from noticeably affecting the content of the end results, the networks' troubles are definitely having a quantitative effect on the tube-habits of a large segment of viewers: in the past month it has taken twice as much "substance" to get off on the tube than it used to, and it took more than usual then. It looks like a blatant conspiracy between the networks and

Operation Intercept, and McLuhan reads like Jules Verne talking about something that hasn't been invented yet.

Certain rumblings were audible last February, before the Abbie incident, when actress Sally Kirkland was interviewed for the Cavett show. Informed that if all went well at the interview, she would be guesting with Hugh Hefner and the topic would be Nudity, Sally tried to explain to the casting director that she wasn't into nudity anymore, that was *last year*, and she wanted to talk about what interested her now; yoga, meditation, vegetarianism, ecology and the classes she

teaches at the Integral Yoga Institute. "You can't talk about yoga on this show," the young girl told her, "Mr. Cavett isn't into yoga, and the only way people know you is through nudity." Sometime after her interview, a close associate of Cavett's told Sally that Cavett was quite knowledgeable on the subject of yoga and had been interested in having one particularly well-regarded yogi on his show. Anyway, the interview was as far as she got, and in the course of it Sally was told that they wanted guests who were funny, off-beat people but not "intense." "I like you, I think you're groovy, but you're too intense for the show," the girl is said to have said.

"I don't think she was responsible for my not going on the show," says Sally, "she's just an instrument and has nothing to say about the final decision. I'm quite certain that Cavett, himself, has no say anymore about who's on his show. That's a shame, because I've heard he's a groovy person."

Tally Brown is another talented and intense lady, but Tally's something of a phenomenon in that she's a performer who can shuttle between underground and establishment with success and

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photo: francesco scavullo

Once upon a time there was a vast-though-small kingdom that had finished one or two dreams and was hard at work on another, much more valiant effort. Now there were some in this land of purple mountains majesty and flowing alluvial river deltas, who had private dreams, and awkward dreams of not fitting in with the Master Dream, for they thought it pretentious, that dream and vision of the kingdom, which was that "We should all get together and do what we say." The dream was a machine dream, really.

Of course, there was more to the dream than that. For thousands of years, as far back as anyone cared to remember, men had had their women, and had them good, which was not about to be changed, not for anything, by the King (Ding was his name, King Ding, altogether), or by anybody male and hardly anyone female, for that matter. Women were ordinarily made the stronger moral force of the two, men and women, because of the responsibilities inherent in the carrying around with them at all times two outwardly mobile feelies which any man, if he were violent enough, might touch, and thus render them (the women) unclean to live in the same puddle with, for the people were really frogs and didn't know it.

As well, it was best, thought the men, to keep up the outward appearance that this might happen at any moment to any and all women, and so they sighed every night, for each and every woman was "taken care

Miss Universe

of." No matter how much baseball any woman played, and even though she might play poker and swear real good, this was her role to play, carrying around her feelies and wondering if she was really empty inside, as so many said she was, for she did not contain the football equipment, which men said everyone had to produce, at one time or another.

And so the Femans — as they later were called — felt themselves and knew they were guilty, for not so much as a shoulder pad had ever been produced by them. Many became addicts of reproduction and felt secure in each other's bosoms. Many others thought it best to do exactly as their mothers had done and tried valiantly to better the world without so much as a shin guard to their names — many of these people lived in hooks and hollows of the vast land, and tended their own gardens, too. There were some — some very, very, few, among a great many who wanted to do exactly what

their mothers had done and knit themselves a woolly fuzzy to comfort them and hide their feelies, and perhaps do a better woolly fuzzy than their mothers had done, for these people were full of natural competition. There were some who had the gleam of beauty in their eyes and made noodles of their feelies, unafraid, and also developed vestiges of shin and shoulder guards as well.

And some of these women entered the great man contests. There were annual entertainments, in which the potentially most pretty young girls were picked out by their near relations and friends — but not some of the women friends — to be sacrificed to the men in a demonstration of passive acquiescence. All the football equipment that the men had was carefully hidden away, except for the judges, who represented a lot of footballs, as well, to prevent the event from becoming too gross. (There was a general tubbiness in the audience however.) And the

girls, as they were known, paraded around in carefully worked out circles, listening to a music that was written especially to hypnotize any other young women who might be listening on the main Feelie, which was in every living room, and which everyone watched because they had forgotten what they did with the first Feelie they had ever encountered.

But, that just made everything easier for the judges, who must not be disturbed for anything. Everything circled the judges; the press, which was a kind of protective roller, that went over everything every day, so they said, but the press kept low in those days, so one could never check up on them. The contestants took little steps in their high shoes that pricked at the carpet every step they took, and minced so that each foot went before the other, making their hips sway attractively, but never, under any circumstances making their fat-in-the-back sway, for that was for the Tubbies in the audience to envy

and for anyone not to question why. Each girl tried to have the most successful smile and easy manner, and good teeth and honest hair and tried to hide any sign of shin guard, of course.

When the event was near its end, a girl was told she had just inherited the earth! And, although everyone knew that was not true, for no one person inherits the earth, it was an old dream for men, and it would do. She would cry and thank her mother made her go to, and to her hair color, she would say one Ave Maria, and forget temporarily the emptiness that for some reason, still confused her.

And everyone would cheer the girl and sigh a little bit, thinking for that one instant that it was indeed o.k. to be a female after all — or at least a lucky, pretty frog. Later will come the aggravations, the worries and the fear of a feelie grab in the night; let her have her fun now, they said. And everyone except one or two ladies that watched the show would disagree, and murmur, "Poor kid; there went another one."

And these few grew in number, questioning the way things were, and as they questioned, worked to change the frog they knew into the least semblance of the gods they knew they could be. It was hard work, for much militated against them, and several mutilated bodies were always being reported as found in the woods by hungry animals.

POOR PARANOIDS' ALMANAC

by Allen Katzman

Welcome to the Festival!

God (?) once created it with a breath of Light. Ever since then other ingredients have been added. Namely — the profit motive. All dancing, singing, music and halleluyas have been co-opted by the cameras, the books and producers of *sorts* (black shirts & white ties, long hair & beads, etc.etc.etc.)

Consciousness is long, but memory is short; and *money* is the reminder that we must pay our dues for not being there. A neat trick. And it makes money too. The world goes round (a forgotten festival) and we still pay the piper's tune. *Dance to the music!* — Go on and dance to the *fuckin'* music! And then go out and see the movie, explore the sounds on your phonograph, read the Book.

CONCENTRATION CAMP ROCK... FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER HAD THE EXPERIENCE!

FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO REMEMBER LONG AFTER IT IS GONE!

The *I Ching* prophesies, we must all come together; but no where does it say there will be an admission price. The only place you will see *that* — is on the book jacket, album cover, and just above the entrance gate.

Where in all this is *the real thing*? In a bottle of coke!

Well, now we have the *real thing* between the pages of a book. THE BOOK OF AMERICAN MUSIC CELEBRATIONS: FESTIVAL, PHOTOGRAPHS/ JIM MARSHALL, BARON WOLLMAN TEXT/ JERRY HOPKINS. And also *that* — \$3.95.

This piece has already turned into what sounds like a diatribe against money. It was not meant to be *that*. But neither was it meant to be a book review. But rather the recognition of possibly the most devastating disease of tomorrow — FUTURE SHOCK: 'the dizzying disorientation brought on by the premature arrival of the future'; the death of permanence, the psychological impact of transience and novelty on our lives, and most peoples' inability to cope with it.

And lest we forget, its related *by-product*: FUTURE SCHLOCK.

FESTIVAL, a Collier Book, is also in hardcover from the Macmillan Company. It has perfect photographs and text and comes off like a TIME/LIFE FESTIVAL. Most of it is a compilation of articles from Rolling Stone. With plenty of quotes, history and *Present* to make it appear important and meaningful.

What its most severest critics (the strange folk with the walking radical rhetoric) would term "a well-made, well-documented, well-orchestrated ripoff."

Festivals in the last two years have become commonplace but they also have become impossible and difficult. Everybody is getting into the act. From the producer to the performers, from the audience to the police, from politicians to radicals. *It's a Festival, folks!*

Recently Bill Graham, of Wolfgang Grajuka and Fillmore fame, was decrying the fact of falloff from indoor festivals in the pages of (no less) *Variety*, or *Show Business*: A public statement of 'come back to the fold fellabs, — All is forgiven. Love Bill.'

Poor Bill — the electric tangerine ripoff passed him by. He's gettin' old, fallen behind. He didn't see the handwriting on the amplified wall: CONCENTRATION CAMP ROCK IS BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER. BIG AS ALL OUTDOORS. YOU CAN TAKE THE MUSIC OUT TO THE COUNTRY. BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE COUNTRY OUT OF THE MUSIC.

Send poor boy bill to the country. He needs the money.

Yes, folks — send all of them to the country. Remember, "Stone walls and iron bars, doth not a prison make." Every Festival needs its trustees and taskmaster.

Remember the formula: the Producers rip off the people, the radicals ripoff the producers, the politicians ripoff everyone; and the performers fend for themselves. It's the Big O, *baby!* The greatest Festival of them all.

And even God is taking his cut. A *tax* on every happening. Collect your kicks on Route 66. This way to *Hippie Heaven*. Turn off at the *Radical Reststop* and dig the eternal playback. No cover. No minimum.

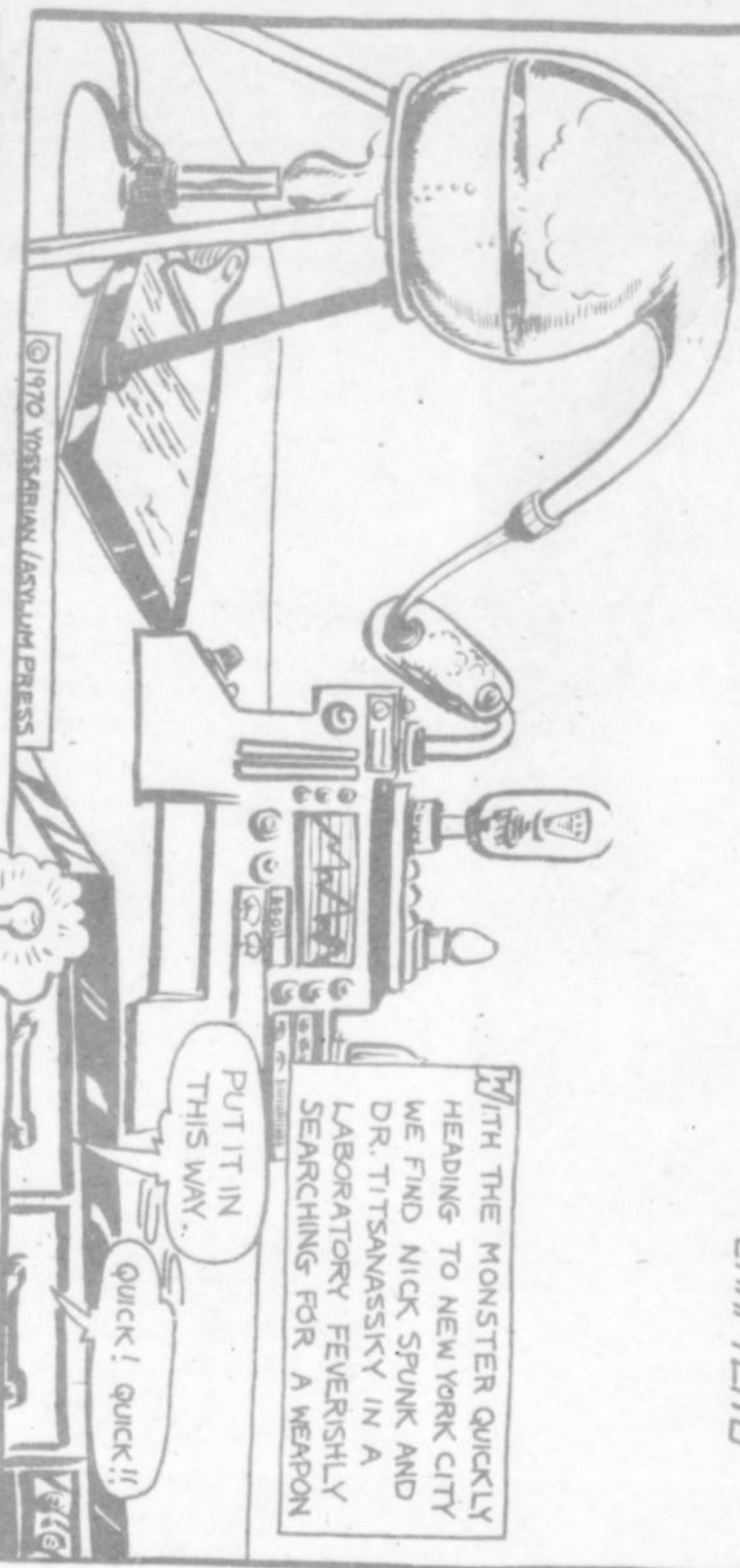
Somehow we are all playing off key. The Festival of Life is all but ignored and it's free. But the Festival of Death, we charge money for. Whether it be for a product or revolution, *Festivals* are not long for this world. So you might as well get the book before the *real thing* disappears.

Steal it as it is being stold from you! (AXIOM 69. THE NEW TESTAMENT — PART II).



DIRTGE OF SPACE

CHAPTER B



WITH THE MONSTER QUICKLY HEADING TO NEW YORK CITY WE FIND NICK SPUNK AND DR. TITSANASSIKY IN A LABORATORY FERVENSILY SEARCHING FOR A WEAPON

PUT IT IN THIS WAY.

QUICK! QUICK!!

©1970 VOSTERIAN/LASVALL PRESS



THERE NOW I'VE GOT IT

OH NICK YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD PERSON

NO I MEAN ABOUT THE MONSTER. DO YOU REMEMBER THE ATMOSPHERE ON GRINGO₂R

MAYBE THE MONSTER CAN ONLY LIVE IN A HIGHLY POLLUTED ATMOSPHERE



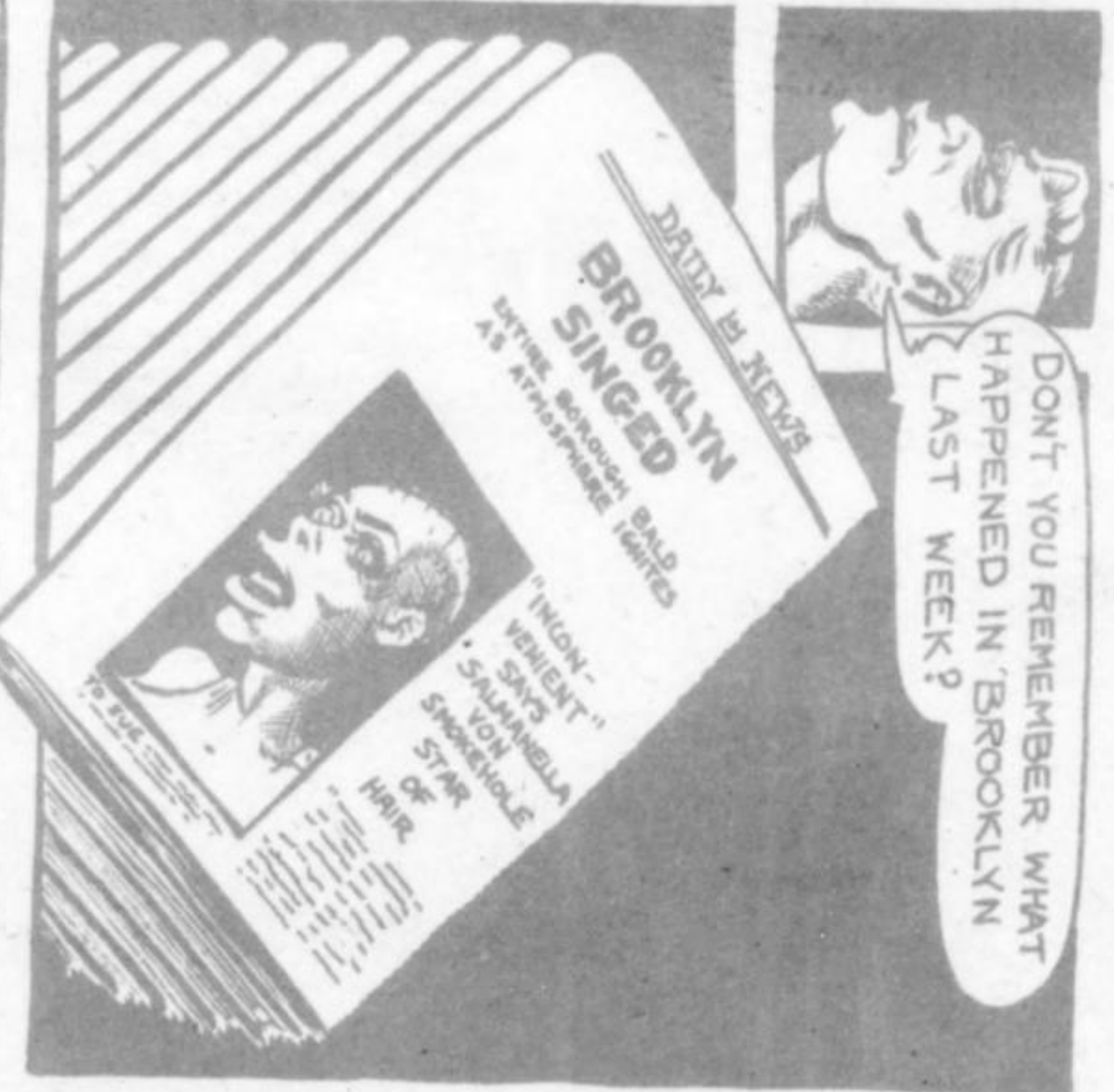
WAIT I HAVE IT!

YOU WANT ME ON TOP THIS TIME?

YES, THERE WAS A HIGH METHANE CONCENTRATION



THAT WOULD EXPLAIN IT'S HEADING FOR THE CITY. IS OUR AIR THAT POLLUTED.



DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED IN 'BROOKLYN' LAST WEEK?



FUCKIN' FREAKY MAN. I'M TRYING TO SCORE SOME SMOKE OFF THIS DUDE IN FLAT-BUSH. WE'RE SITTIN' AROUND TASTIN' THE SHIT WHEN THIS FUCKIN' FLASH BLASTS THROUGH THE ROOM AN' BURNS OFF ALL OUR HAIR. GODDAMNED PLAGE STUNK LIKE BURNIN' CHICKEN FEATHERS: SO I BUY THREE KEYS OF THE DAHN SHIT FIGURIN' IT'S SOME WILD SMOKE MAN. WHEN I GET HOME I FIND OUT IT'S SHIT FROM JERSEY. WANNA DO SOME MORE METH?

MEANWHILE THE CREATURE TERRORIZES MID-TOWN MANHATTAN



I'LL FILL AN AEROSOL CAN WITH FRESH AIR THEN GRAB A HELICOPTOR TO THE CREATURE

THE CREATURE HAS REACHED THE 'CORNISH FROG HOTEL' FORTUNATELY ALL TENANTS HAVE BEEN EVACUATED



HELP!! I'M TRAPPED IN THE CORNISH FROG HOTEL.

UNFORTUNATELY THIS BEAUTY IS DOOMED BUT WHAT OF THE REST OF THE WORLD? WILL CAPTAIN SPUNK STOP THIS HORROR?

SEE CHAPTER IX



American forces have warned Cambodian rice field workers that they are in danger of being hit if they run for cover or "look suspicious" when U.S. helicopters fly over them, qualified sources said . . .
- Reuter dispatch from Saigon, June, 1970

Whatever you do dont look suspicious
Stand up straight and wave the flag
Dont look skinny, look nutritious
When you bleed say its a gag

Smiley smiley, please say "cheese"
That the heavenly gods will please
When 'Melicans come ring loud joy bell
Then you wont get blown to hell

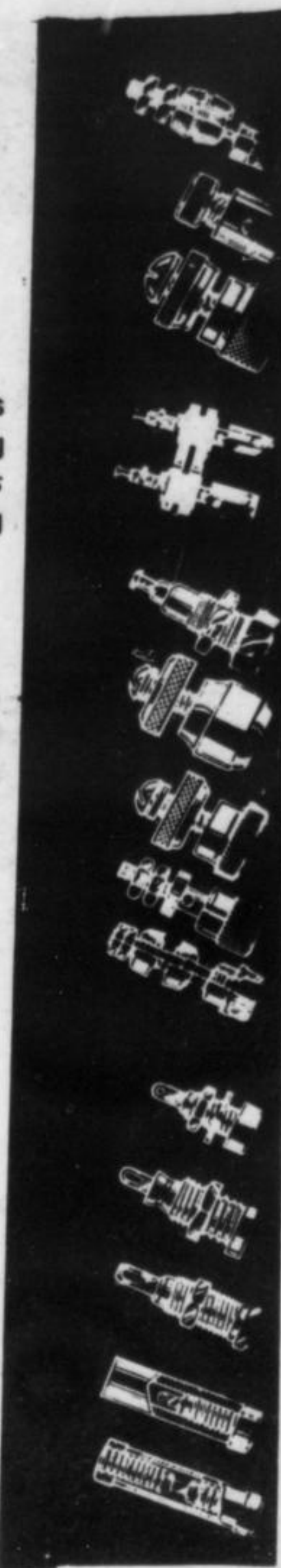
(maybe)

Tuli Kupferberg
381 E 10
NY NY 10009

June 19, 1970



READ THIS



Two Bridges "We Won't Move"
Committee
99 Madison Street
New York, NY 10002

Dear EVO,

We are a group of 300 tenants living on the block bounded by Henry, Market and Madison Streets and we are facing eviction by our landlord, the New York Telephone Co.

New York Telephone quietly invaded our block last summer. They sent in 6 Wall Street lawyers to do their bidding for them and when the property was bought, ownership of the buildings was left in the name of these individuals in order to cover up the Phone Co.'s identity and their fraud. The camouflage was complete, they thought, when they hired Relocation and Management Associates to get us out but this misrepresentation has not gone unchecked.

While this plot was unfolding (now 9 months old), we decided to organize and to mount opposition to this ploy. Our protest has been based on the following: The phone co.'s failure to provide maintenance services as required by law, their overt and psychological harassment of us, their attempt to cover up their true identity and most fundamentally their plan to level our block and build

a commercial facility on this site, with no regard to our 300 families, many of whom have lived here all of our lives.

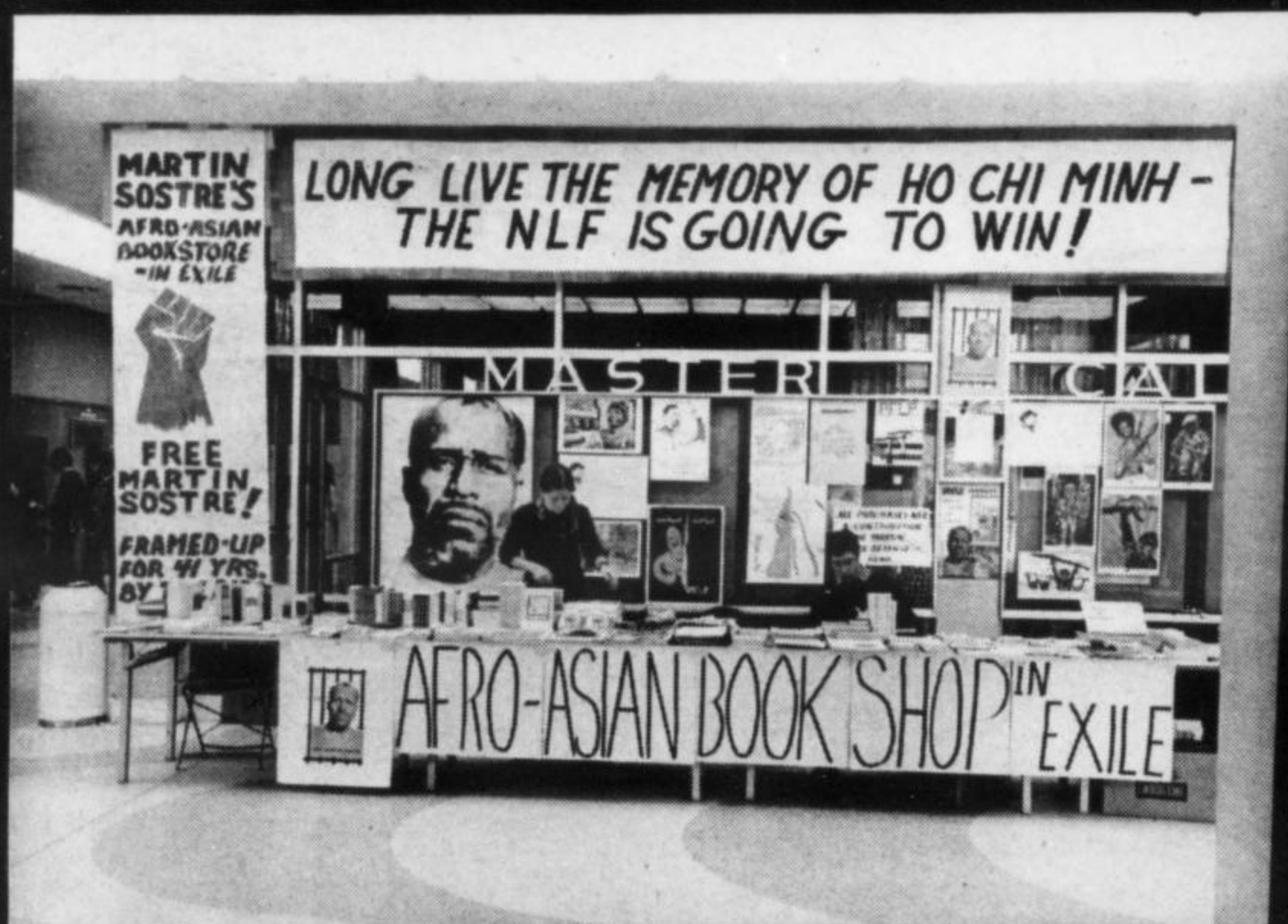
We support the phone co.'s interest in ameliorating their services to the public for as we all know there is a great deal of room for improvement in telephone service. What we don't

support is the phone co.'s pompous and arrogant attitude that "we own the block, we are not accountable to anyone for our actions and we will displace and dispose of you people as we please."

The Phone co. can find alternative sites to build on and ones that would require no relocation, but because they have not been held accountable for their irresponsible and unjustifiable act they continue to press for the destruction of our neighborhood. Our demand for either having them build low-income housing on the block for us or abandonment of their plan entirely has produced to date a negative response, but if this unforgivable intrusion goes unchecked, another insensitive company will have accomplished its end with no regard to the methods or the people they used the methods on.

Sincerely,
Two Bridges "WE WON'T MOVE"
Committee

THE CRIME OF MARTIN SOSTRE, BY VINCENT COPELAND Reviewed by Claudia Dreifus



There's a new book out about the case of Martin Sostre, the Buffalo, New York black leader who was framed on a heroin charge and sentenced to 30-41 years in prison. Regrettably the book, "The Crime of Martin Sostre" by Vincent Copeland, (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) tells too little about Sostre and his alleged "crime." But it's still a worthwhile book because so little is known about this colossal frame-up - the public is totally unaware of it - and the book, no doubt, should encourage new interest in Sostre's case. Who is Martin Sostre? Until 1967, he was an ex-con who had found his dignity while serving another dope rap and who while in prison had become a muslim. After his release from prison, Sostre opened up an Afro-American bookshop in Buffalo's black ghetto - which he sustained by working fulltime at the Bethlehem Steel Plant in Lackawanna, New York. Sostre's Afro-American Bookshop soon became a center for those

ghetto youths who were struggling to build a black revolution. Sostre was pleased with his work. The local pig police, however, were scared shitless. They didn't like the titles carried in the Afro-American bookshop - dangerous stuff by Malcolm X, Lenin, Robert Williams, and Che Guevara. And then the inevitable happened. On June 27, 1967, the black residents of Buffalo's Cold Springs ghetto decided they had enough of unemployment, poverty, police racism, and miserable housing, and they rebelled! The rebellion lasted for three days and three nights and when it was all over the white power structure of that Northwest New York city decided that they needed a scapegoat. "Our nigras are happy," they reasoned, "this riot was all the work of some outside agitators." The scapegoat they found was Martin Sostre. On July 14, 1967, two weeks after the ghetto explosion, two special police cars

came to a halt in front of the Afro-American bookshop. In the car were members of the Buffalo Police Department and the FBI. First th:

constabulary. uff by Malcolm X, Lenin, Robert Williams, and Che Guevara. And then the inevitable happened. On

On July 14, 1967, two weeks after the ghetto explosion, two special police cars came to a halt in front of the Afro-American bookshop. In the car were members of the Buffalo Police Department and the FBI. First the pigs attacked Geraldine Robinson, Sostre's helper in the shop. When Sostre saw this, he rushed to her aid and was set upon and blackjacked by six members of the local constabulary. "Aha, there it is," said one pig as he reached in his pocket and pulled a little envelope. In the envelope was a large quantity of heroin. The charges against Sostre were the possession and sale of narcotics and the assault of police officers. Three weeks after the arrest, Buffalo Police Chief Frank Felicetta testified before the Senate's witchhunting Internal Security Subcommittee and said that "Sostre was the man who incited the East Side riots."

Martin Sostre was held in the county jail of course, on \$25,000 bail - an amount so high that it amounted to nothing less than preventive detention. As Sostre was to serve as his own attorney, his inability to get out of jail to find witnesses proved deadly to his case. An all-white jury convicted him after only sixty minutes of deliberation and a local judge, Justice Frederick Marshall, sentenced Martin Sostre to 30-41 years imprisonment. Did Sostre actually sell the drugs? Did the police actually have a case? It's not likely. While in prison on a previous drug rap, Martin Sostre had become a Black Muslim. Muslims specifically ban the use and sale of any kind of narcotics. Though Sostre left the Muslims shortly after the murder of Malcolm X, he still maintained a faith in the religion if Islam. So, it is clear that his religious beliefs strictly prevented him from any kind of trafficking in narcotics. What's more, Sostre was a

man who daily noted how dope was destroying the youth of his community. Sostre saw drugs in the ghetto as the white man's instrument for the destruction of rebellious youths.

Martin Sostre's story does not end with his sentencing and imprisonment. Even while locked away in Attica State Prison, the authorities continued to persecute him. For one full year, he was placed in solitary confinement. But Sostre can best explain his condition in his own words. On September 29, 1968, he sent the following letter to Attorney General Ramsey Clark. Clark claims to have no record of receiving it:

"I am registering herewith a complaint to your office of oppression by state officials who have been torturing me in solitary confinement since my conviction and imprisonment last March. My legal materials and legal documents of my case have been confiscated by the warden; correspondence to and from my attorney is deliberately mutilated; I was even held incommunicado and prevented from writing to everyone including my attorney; legal documents to the court pertaining to my appeal were prevented from leaving the prison; my latest complaint to the postal inspector in Poughkeepsie, New York, complaining of violations by the warden of Postal Laws and his obstructing certified mail receipts mailed by the Post Office to inmates. This oppression on confiscation and obstruction of my legal materials and legal correspondence is part of a deliberate conspiracy by state officials to prevent me from appealing the framed-up charge and conviction by state officials in Buffalo who made me the scapegoat of the June, 196- rebellion in Buffalo and destroyed the only black bookshop, the Afro-American Bookshop of which I was the proprietor . . .

MARTIN SOSTRE, No: 131-2

Martin Sostre still languishes in jail today. But Vincent Copeland's book, "The Crime of Martin Sostre" should go a long way towards creating the kind of public indignation over this frame up that could ultimately free Sostre.



Joseph Stevens

HOW NOT TO GIVE A PARTY by Stephen Kohn

OR SMALL BOATS DON'T MAKE IT

Well we got this invitation at the office... Roulette Records cordially invites you to an evening of blah, blah, blah, anyway no one was particularly bowled over by just another publicity party, but this one was going to be held on a boat, and a nighttime cruise up the Hudson, well, that was out of sight.

So all the proper preparations were made and on the appointed day, 16 of us piled into two cars and headed up to pier 83, which was our point of departure.

When we got there we had to stand on line for twenty minutes before being told that we would have to stand aside until they figured out if they could fit us all on board. But just let me say a few words about the people who were passed whilst we were standing aside, and there were quite a few of us. The perverse parade passing

in front of me was unbelievable. (I'd say fantastic but it was more unbelievable than anything else) the people from the music business, people caught up in a dream that is slowly choking them. There were the cats with their minds stuck in the fifties, and I mean the corny side of the fifties, loafers, yachting blazers, even an occasional ducks-ass hairdo. But the assortment of fucked-up chicks, they took the cake, completely weird. Sitting where I was I couldn't help but notice hundreds of tiny needle marks at the base of the boobs passing in front of me, what can I say, Silicone Row. Not to mention the tons of makeup, cologne, nail polish, etc., etc.

So while this parade is going down, there are about 200 freaks waiting to get on the fucking boat. After about an hour of wailing tempers were beginning to get

sort of frayed, I mean we *had* been invited! Threats started to fly, everything from bad publicity to death to all. It could have gotten very heavy except the fuzz arrived to check on a bomb scare phoned in during the course of the evening.

Well, one thing follows another and soon it came up that the coast guard would only allow the boat to leave the dock with 500 people or less, and there were already well over 900 people, either on the boat or on the dock so there was only one thing left to do, let us all on and have the party on the DOCKED BOAT. Which is what happened. It wasn't such a bad party, either, plenty of food, booze, music, dope, who could ask for more, except women but I've already told you about the selection in that field. It's Time for the MUSIC BUSINESS TO WAKE UP!

OOOHEEE BABY

by Alan Shenker

Christmas in July! it said on the invitation. Charlie Frick read the poorly printed blue card very carefully, and slowly came to the realization that this was ordinary hype. No this was a super hype. Roulette records was going to charter a Circle Line boat and cruise up the Hudson. The was music promised and that there would be lavish amounts of food, liquor, and possibly dope went unsaid.

"Charlie Frick and guest" the card said, "R.S.V.P." Now old Charlie Frick is not the type of person who has a whole lot of respect for either "privilege" or Roulette records; and the thought of cruising up the Hudson, sipping sherry, while the rest of the E.V.O. staff were busy keeping their stomach walls apart did not appeal to him. The solution was obvious, just invite the entire staff of E.V.O. So he did just that.

Now the card said RSVP remember: and the staff of E.V.O. is always sure to use proper etiquette whenever we crash a party, which explains why Coca Crystal R.S.V.P.d for thirty people.

Somewhere in the offices in Roulette records there stands an empty desk. Business is flowing in constant motion around that desk, but nobody sits behind it anymore; and it will never again be in use because there is a jinx on that desk. It was from there that some now exiled employee told Coca Crystal that they would be expecting thirty E.V.O. people.

Six thirty P.M., Wednesday, July fifteenth, and sixteen EVO staffers pile out of two cars onto the pier. The place is lousy with uptown types lines up to enter the boat. It became obvious that Roulette had pulled a beauty this time as the boat with a capacity of five hundred people was nearly full and the line of nouveau freaks (the types with the thirty dollar hairdos) was still assembling. This didn't bother the E.V.O. people at all. We didn't care how many of them had to be left ashore; but lo and behold it seemed that Roulette had other things in mind.

"Will you wait a while there's a little difficulty," Marty Hoffman ace promo man for Roulette explained.

"What kind of problem Marty," we asked tolerant to any degree as long as we would get the chance to rip him off for anything we could get.

"Well the boat's been over booked. We sent out a thousand invitations and the Coast Guard won't let us leave with more than five hundred people." old Marty explained logically. "You people were wrong to come with sixteen in your party when invitation said Charlie Frick and guest."

"You blew it Marty we R.S.V.P'd," we told him.

"But you don't see," said Marty.

We didn't see at all; and he had chosen the last people to try to keep off the boat. If he had thrown any group of upper east side polyurethane longhairs off



Stevens

the boat they would have been mad, but they wouldn't have made a scene. I mean it's so gauche to interfere.

Rock writers from Crawdaddy, Changes, and Rock were refused admittance also, but as most of them had not verified their coming they didn't insist on boarding. The E.V.O. people on the other hand, filled with righteous indignation were not about to let the fuckers leave comfortably. We stood on the pier hooting, shouting and whooping, having a generally fine time while Marty

Hoffman the vision of money with wings in front of his eyes tried to alternately ignore us and placate us.

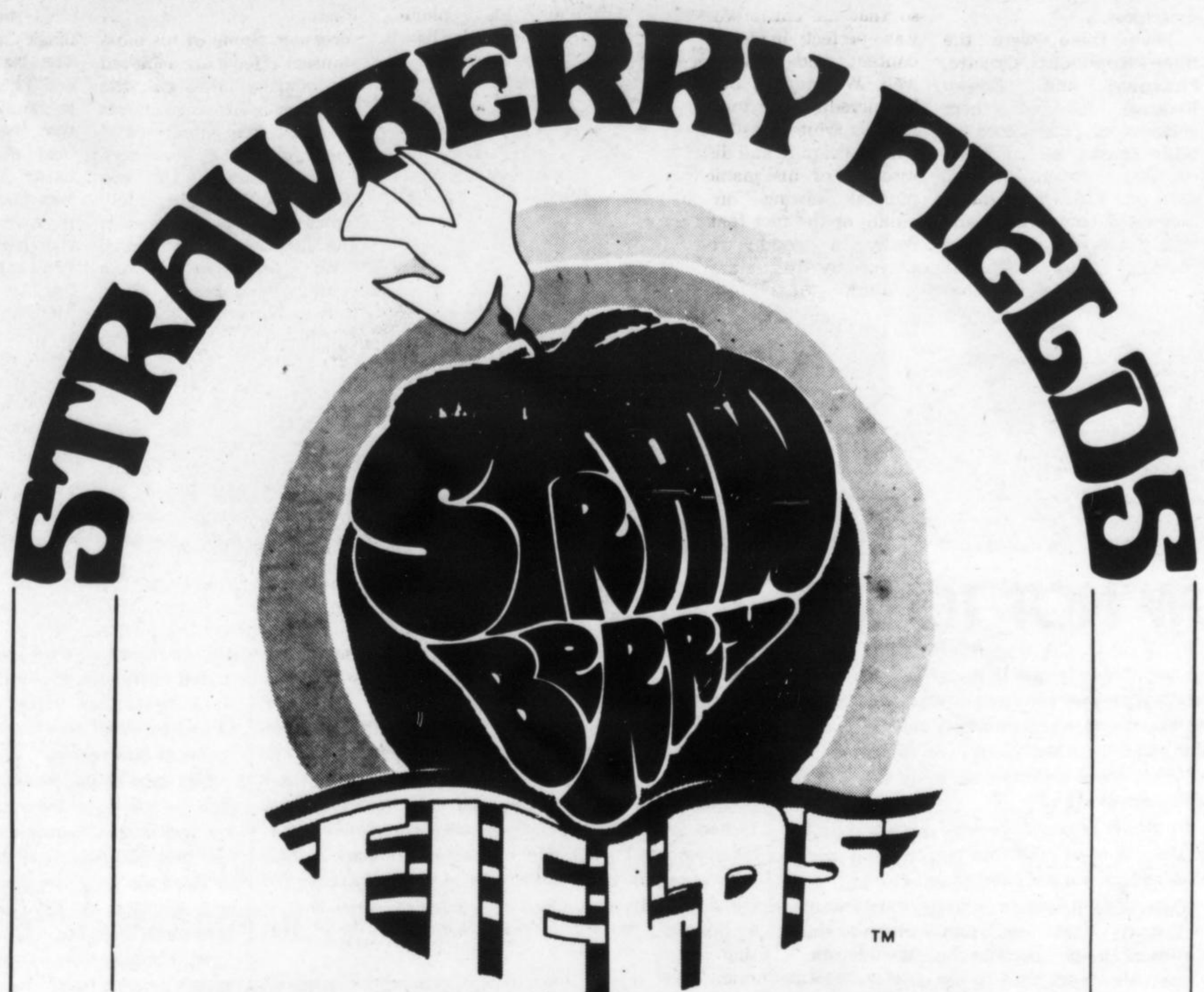
"Wait a while," he said. "We'll try to slip you on a couple at a time."

"It doesn't work that way Marty. We all go at once and we don't sneak on."

The crowd along side the boat was obviously happier than the people inside who seemed dour and trapped as they found themselves the objects of derision from the shore.

"Hey Look at the pig boat!"

(Continued on Page 26)

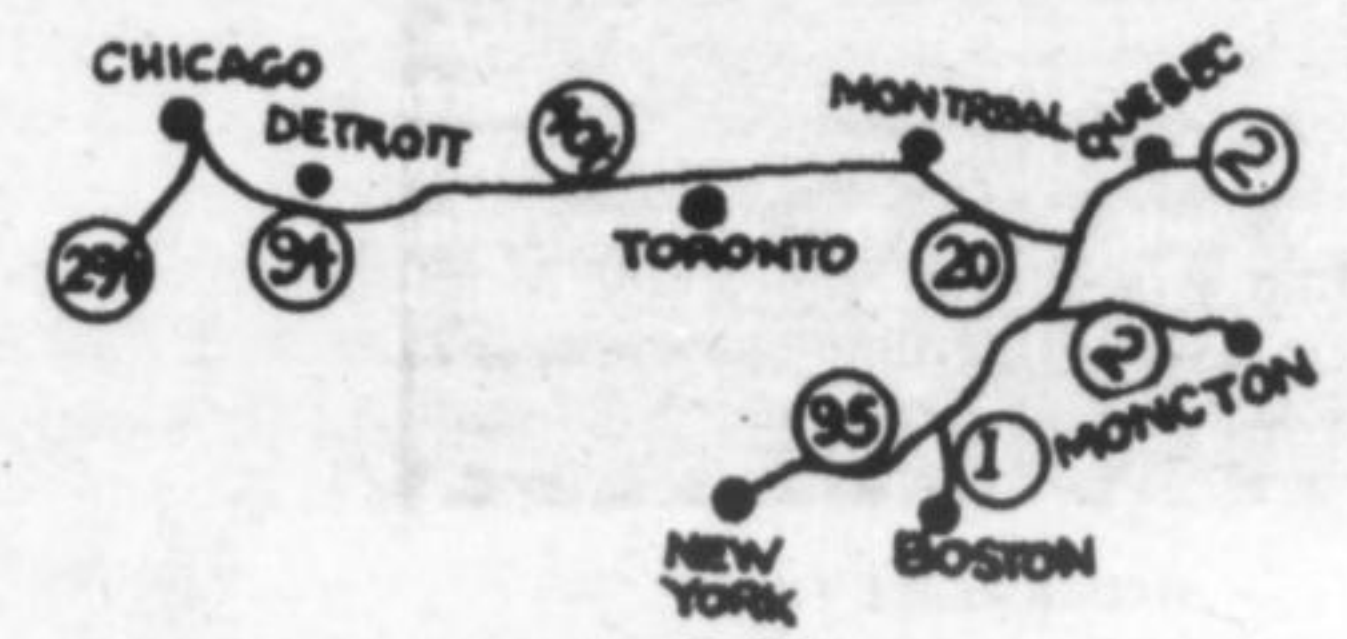


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ORNETTE C.

(Continued from Page 12)

producing an overpowering flash that left me speechless.

Then there were the three saxophonists, Ornette, Pharoah and Dewey Redman, all of them veterans of jazz scenes on both coasts, all of them together, mature stylists, each one different. Ornette facilitated comparisons and turned everyone around by playing most of the evening's last set on tenor sax, while Redman switched to alto. Ornette made one record on the tenor (ORNETTE ON TENOR, Atlantic) which is a classic. He started out on tenor, playing with rhythm and blues groups like Pee Wee Crayton's (and, it is rumored, Little Richard's) in his native Texas. He has been quoted as saying the tenor is primarily a rhythm instrument (if you don't understand this listen to Lester Young or Big Jay McNeely), but what is so exciting about Ornette's tenor playing is that he not only plays rhythmically, with the inflection, the occasional honk, of the blues player, he improvises so damn logically at the same time. He played one tenor solo (all the tenor tunes were new and as yet untitled) that was pure musical magic because he was able to get right to the soul of the audience with some really funky playing while building a solo of purposeful continuity, playing off a few short thematic elements and ideas

which kept recurring cyclically in altered forms so that the entire workout was perfect in form and content, and a grabber as well. We mustn't overlook his incredible playing on his famous white plastic alto, which was pure and distilled essence, or his manic but musical sawing on the violin, or the fact that he is really a good trumpet player by this time, but limitations of space prevent further raving.

Pharoah Sanders has been seen more in public, and discussed more widely of late, and his ability to build blocks of sound at breakneck speeds and produce an energy and loving force that can get a whole room or club off the ground and into space should be well known. All of this was in evidence at the Gate — his tenor style is more harmonic than Ornette's, concentrating on texture and development rather than on melody and development. But the surprise was the soprano. There was very little of the swirling, bubbling Coltrane style in Pharoah's soprano. Instead, he blended with Alice Coltrane's other-worldly harp in an ethereal and simply heartfelt melodicism, using few notes, wasting none. Their quietly spiritual togetherness was beautiful enough to make people cry, and some did, on the Fourth of July in New York City, not for pain but for

joy. Pharoah was so directly, economically emotional his playing turned me on more than it has in a year or two of hearing him frequently. And the way he adapted his style to fit in with Alice Coltrane's conception was just as moving; he never overplayed, never ego-tripped, never grabbed the spotlight, he just contributed to the totality of the music and in the process turned in one of the finest performances I've ever heard.

Dewey Redman is not so well known, though he has been playing this music as long as Ornette and Pharoah, and plays it as well. His style, which is not fully evident on his records with Ornette and must be heard in person, is difficult to describe but easy to get to. Ornette calls him a "natural" player, and he is that, technically a giant but more notable for his

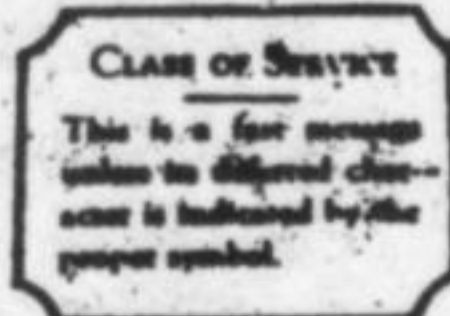
warmth, originality and wit. He is a textural player like Pharoah, but not a screamer. Some of his most unusual effects are achieved by singing through the horn, using his vocal chords as well as the vibrations of the reed to get to some very human sounds. He was happy and singing July Fourth, and his alto work in the last set was stunning, with a huge lovely tone, a wealth of coherent ideas, and a powerful projection of spirit.

Alice Coltrane is Royalty. Poor miking on her piano and harp was the evening's one bummer (except for a drunk heckler who fortunately left), but her Spiritual Soulful magnetism didn't need a mike, nor did the respect it commanded from musicians and audience alike. Her harp speaks of other planes and when she played it with Ornette, and the swirling horns of Coleman and

Redman suddenly swirled off into space leaving her harp out front, another magic moment occurred. The lyricism of her music and Pharoah's incense were so calming, so peacemaking, that the noise and din and heat and sweat ceased to exist; the transformation was magical and total, and it made everyone higher than high. Alice's recordings (you can hear her piano and harp much better) are A MONASTIC TRIO and HUNTINGTON ASHRAM MONASTERY on Impulse, plus COSMIC MUSIC with Pharoah and her late husband.

All the power of these powerful beings won't stop the war or the injustice, but it can help us to avoid getting involved in the madness that leads to violence and oppression. People will be talking about Magic Night at the Village Gate ten years from now.

INTERGALACTIC UNION



DOPOGRAM



HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS

ANYONE HAVING TO DO WITH PSHCADELICS SHOULD READ "THE SECRET PATH" BY PAUL BRUNTON, A BANTON PAPERBACK FOR \$115. THIS BOOK TELLS YOU WHAT TO DO WITH YOURSELF. AN EXAMPLE: A SOPHIST APPROACHED ONE OF THE WISE MEN OF ANCIENT GRECE, AND THOUGHT TO PUZZLE HIM WITH THE MOST PERPLEXING QUESTIONS. BUT THE SAGE OF MILETUS WAS EQUAL TO THE TEST FOR HE REPLIED TO THEM ALL, WITHOUT THE LEAST HESITATION YET WITH THE UTMOST EXACTITUDE.

1. WHAT IS THE OLDEST OF ALL THINGS?
"GOD BECAUSE HE HAS ALWAYS EXISTED."
2. WHAT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL THINGS?
"THE UNIVERSE, BECAUSE IT IS THE WORK OF GOD."
3. WHAT IS THE GREATEST OF ALL THINGS?
"SPACE, BECAUSE IT CONTAINS ALL THAT HAS BEEN CREATED."
4. WHAT IS THE MOST CONSTANT OF ALL THINGS?
"HOPE, BECAUSE IT STILL REMAINS WITH MAN, AFTER HE HAS LOST EVERYTHING ELSE."
5. WHAT IS THE BEST OF ALL THINGS?
"VIRTUE, BECAUSE WITHOUT IT THERE IS NOTHING."
6. WHAT IS THE QUICKEST OF ALL THINGS?
"THOUGHT, BECAUSE IN LESS THAN A MINUTE IT CAN FLY TO THE END OF THE UNIVERSE."
7. WHAT IS THE STRONGEST OF ALL THINGS?
"NECESSITY, WHICH MAKES MAN FACE ALL THE DANGERS OF LIFE."
8. WHAT IS THE EASIEST OF ALL THINGS?
"TO GIVE ADVICE."

BUT WHEN IT CAME TO THE NINTH QUESTION, OUR SAGE PRONOUNCED A PARADOX. HE GAVE AN ANSWER WHICH I AM CERTAIN HIS WORDLY WISE QUERENT NEVER UNDERSTOOD, AND WHICH TO MOST PEOPLE WILL GIVE ONLY THE MOST SUPERFICIAL MEANING. THE QUESTION WAS: WHAT IS THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL THINGS? AND THE MILETIAN SAGE REPLIED: "TO KNOW THYSELF!" THIS WAS THE BIDDING TO IGNORANT MAN FROM THE ANCIENT SAGES; THIS SHALL BE THE BIDDING TO YOU.

YET. OM.
WARNING: IN THE NEXT WEEK, LONG-HAIRED TAXI DRIVERS WILL BE STOPPED AND SEARCHED FOR DOPE. A WORD TO THE WISE, ETC.



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JOHN VACCARO

(Continued from Page 10)

I'm for joy.

(Talk about maybe the tree could become the mountain, to one and one becoming three, and back to the play again.)

JOHN: ... But who were those people here tonight? I didn't know half of them. Where did they come from? And there are more coming in from all over the country. They're graduating from high school and they want

to work for the Playhouse of the Ridiculous. Got one comin from California. And one from Boston.

(Here we started talking about despair, and getting into your despair in the play, and how the actors should need to be near each other... to giving up smoking according to the placement of Neptune in your horoscope — like Pisceans maybe take long swims — like the English Channel. You'd not only give up smoking, you'd drown.)

JOHN: When I was a kid they'd have all those people swimming in the English Channel soaked in oil to stop the cold, with the boat behind them. It was always publicized — in all the headlines — the GREAT EVENT OF THE DAY was swimming the English Channel — the climbing of Mt. Everest — make it a national shrine — they have the Japanese flag up there, New Zealand, Amerika's — it's gonna be the League of Nations on top of Mt. Everest with all the flags. ME: Yeah, it's like the moon and the astronauts with the

flags.

JOHN: We came in peace for all mankind.

ME: And the phone call

JOHN: Yeah, she was there

ME: Tricia Nixon?

JOHN: No Richard. NIX ON. I've got a HARD ON, I beg your NIX ON. Lucky for you I majored (measured) in English.

(From outer space to the production of "Cock Strong" — a pro-pot and acid, anti-speed production. Everyone in the play portrayed drug addicts except Ondine, who was really a speed freak but played an alcoholic... started talking about drugs and again about despair — the need to DO — "Nightclub" is the depths of despair...)

JOHN: When you despair you change your circumstances, if you're a sane human being... and crazy.

(John talked about his last despair when he dropped some acid, which told him to do what he'd done before. So he went to the Caribbean to get away and forget. He quoted Melville — "Water and meditation are wedded" — which led to a talk about Moby Dick and Melville and Hawthorne — to Lincoln

Center — to the who concert — to the big Lion fire — to the disgusting people who frequent the Fillmore to be heard and noticed and not to listen — to pig Graham — to the EVO ejection by Graham — to being thankful for not having to talk about theatre in this interview — to the fact that what's important comes out anyway — to rehearsal ideas like tying up bodies or doing it in the dark, to the cast being among the audience, to not wanting to do "Nightclub" in Europe, but here, where it counts, to dentists and drills and sado/masochism in the operating room, to food as a sexual experience, so teeth should be taken care of, to dirty records, to John's hometown in Steubenville, Ohio, whose family was happy he left, but now that he's famous, they like him — except for his sister in Staten Island who groomed her daughter for the stage, to his brother who coaches athletics and stays at the Americana when in New York, and doesn't want to visit John in his apartment because he's afraid to relate to whoever John happens to be living with — no matter what the gender — to the playhouse being as energetic as a basketball

team — to purges in the company because of the demands of the play — to the meaning of the play — "Then is right now" — the despair is on the front page of the Times and within us at all times — to a letter from Otto Erotic's mother saying that the playhouse was like Nero fiddling through the fire — it wasn't political or responsible enough (one of those 'work within the system' messages — "you want to change the world, so what are you doing?") to the Indian Embassies boycott of John's plays while India was about to be invaded — to jungle movies and the pervasive Coca Cola ads in the midst of jungles — to John's next play which takes place in Kuwait, where everyone sits around watching old jungle movies, and saying, 'yes, it's like that' or 'no it isn't like that,' and then going over to the coke machine for the PAUSE THAT REFRESHES...)

So, now you know what the Theatre of the Ridiculous means and if you go with the flow, you can fill in your own gossip. Anyway, remember the experience, 'cause I can't remember any more of the dialogue.

ASBURY PARK

(Continued from Page 6)

the cops' signal for a brutal, all-out assault on Springwood Avenue.

We got a sharp, photographic, collective description of that assault from the bunches of people gathered on the porch of the West Side Community Center, an old, wedding-cake style stucco house. Mike had told us not to head over there — that the spontaneous organization of growingly militant and angry black people might not relate too well to four inquisitive white reporters, radicals or not. We arrived at the Center in the car of a black high school teacher who knew about LNS and introduced us to one of the men standing on the lawn. He said he'd talk to us about what happened, but he insisted that he wasn't a leader.

"We don't need leaders, we don't want any. If people want to talk to you, they will."

We explained who we were and that we wanted to hear the real story of the police attack from the people who were there. Dozens of those people, many wrapped in clean white bandages, all with taut, angered expressions, were coming and going near the Center. Occasionally a cop car would snake by, and the talking would stop.

Before long, five or six people were telling us in severe, emotional voices about what happened when the troopers began to move back down Springwood Avenue on Tuesday night.

What happened to these people happened to them all together — there really weren't any "personal" experiences as the bullets flew and the cops threw women, men and kids through plate-glass windows or smashed into them on the hot street corners. They spoke to us in a communal voice:

"I just wanted to help my brothers and sisters out there to the best of my ability... I crawled

from behind the church on Union Avenue all the way over to the street... My wife wasn't there... those troopers really did their thing... they broke the window of this store, see, after the brother inside came out to check out the scene, he saw a sister being beaten, and they broke the windows and beat up this guy inside... They fired into the place across the street... They didn't care what they were firing at.

"They weren't firing no birdshot over our heads, they were firing 38s at our bellies... No, brother, it was 45s... I got a shell to prove it... Well, we know it was double-oughts (heavy shotguns)... This is the problem, if this is supposed to be our future (he points to a little kid), why shoot him?"

"Somebody's gonna pay. Somebody's gonna pay."

Then a young woman came out and announced that there was going to be a meeting: to discuss the community's demands; to insist that the occupying troopers leave; to work out their collective political future. We were still rapping with some people, but everyone except the really small kids wanted to get to the meeting. The hell of the "riot" nights was still with these people, but they were more anxious to get together with their sisters and brothers to map out a political future, than to keep on rehashing the scene on that bloody night over on Springwood. Finally even the kids went into the meeting, and it was beginning to rain.

We walked back down the street toward the grammar school gym where Mike and some friends were collecting blankets and sheets. There were more homeless people than just those whose places were burned out; dozens of others were sitting at home when the cops came

pounding on the doors and windows, telling them they'd better leave or they'd be in plenty of trouble. So they left, many later returning to find their homes torn apart by the troopers.

Fourteen-year-old Vonica Johnson, also in high school and a friend of Mike's, met us outside the gym and told us, without much introduction, that "This is just the beginning, not the end!" She said it several times in between observations about their neighborhood. She told us that the large pleasant-looking woodframe houses around the school were crowded with more families than they were built for.

We asked Mike where he had bought his fist button. "At the Black Boutique," he told us. "They got hit by a fire, didn't they?" we asked. "Yeah, they have a black salesman, but the place is owned by a white man," Vonica answered.

Mike, who was open and warm with us, was no less bitter than Vonica about the reality of black-white relations in Asbury Park. Hundreds of troopers were still on the streets (they would finally be withdrawn the next Monday), though negotiations between city officials and the black community suggested that tonight might be the first night in a week without a curfew.

Mike looked at us before we left. "If we're good little niggers, there's no curfew. But if we're bad little niggers, you know there is."

We left around dusk and walked back toward the railroad tracks, the visible border between this colony and its oppressors. Mike had told us how he had approached the State Police who were guarding that border during the ghetto rebellion. He wanted to cross into the white east side. "Do I have your permission, sir, to cross the

tracks?" he smiled. That particular approach grew out of an incident he had heard about the night before. A black sister had been found on the wrong side of the tracks by a pack of state troopers. They beat her, kicked her, and dragged her back to "her" side of the border.

We walked along the tracks, which stink of tar, toward the Springwood Avenue grade crossing, and stood looking down the avenue back into the ghetto. Small groups of people stood sullen and angry on the sidewalks, in front of the stores. The stores were shattered and twisted, but the street is still where people live in the hot summer. Some were carrying clubs; and the State Police cars filled with helmeted soldiers continued to prowl. Above the streets, in a tangle of telephone wires, a billboard asked, "You had it made in the Navy — have you got it made out there?"

A middle-aged black man, conspicuously alone, was stumbling half-drunk down the tracks towards Springwood. When he reached the intersection where the shooting had begun, he turned toward the Asbury Park City Yard. We saw that he was carrying a large bottle.

A small girl walked by just then, rhythmically hitting a pair of sticks together. After she passed, the man suddenly reared back, and with a sudden burst of energy and rage, hurled the bottle at a window in the City Yard.

Four blocks away, over the tracks and down Springwood Avenue, the community was holding a meeting. The people who had run militantly together on Tuesday toward Main Street, who had been shot down just where the lone and angry man hurled his single bottle, were beginning to plan the next step.

LOONEY TUNES!

OF
the god game

S. FONG



NOTICE SOMEONE

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHO SEEMS TO HAVE EVERYTHING GOING FOR HIM? A NICER HOME... A NEWER CAR... VACATIONS? WELL HE:

(BEANIE'S TEA OF COURSE)

TODAY'S LESSON IS:

"HOW TO FIND GOD" OR "WAITING FOR THE APOCALYPSE" OR "THE SECOND COMING".

WHEREUPON BEANIE JUMPED UP AND SANG:

WALK DOWN THE STREET WHISTLING AND JUMPING HIGH IN THE AIR

LISTEN TO A BIRD SING

AND IF YOU CAN'T DO IT NOW.

EAT SOME STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.

AND TRY TO GROW SOME HAIR.

SAY HELLO TO A COW.

TAKE A FRIEND TO WALK BY A STREAM.

PUT ON A COWBOY HAT

AND GET TO KNOW A CAT.

FORGET ALL ABOUT REASON OR RHYME

AND HAVE YOURSELF A REAL GOOD TIME

AND IF YOU FIND HIM, TELL HIM BEANIE SENT YOU!



SHOULD I LAUGH BECAUSE IT'S A GOOF OR BECAUSE IT'S FUNNY? BUT THEN, IF IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY... AND I LAUGH, EVERYONE WILL THINK I'M ... MAYBE IT'S NOT A GOOF

Tally Brown

(Continued from Page 13)

respect at every stop. Familiar to the underground via the films of Jack Smith, Gregory Markopoulos (*The Illiac Passion*) and some of Warhol's best mileage (*Camp, Batman* and the 24-hour epic known as *oo*), Tally has played important supporting roles on Broadway in *Pajama Game*, *Tenderloin* and, until last February, *Mame*, and somewhere in her extensive list of professional credits she was opera director of the Berkshire Music Center. Most recently she proved to be a main attraction in the movie *Brand X*, which also featured the aforementioned Sally Kirkland and Abbie Hoffman, and it was in connection with this that she was called to be interviewed for the Cavett show.

But before going on to that, some background information on Tally is pertinent at this juncture. In her late-teens in Florida... where she had been living since the age of 7 when her parents left New York to run a hotel in Miami... Tally began working to create the first integrated theatre groups in that state (possibly in the whole south at that time, but only in Florida is this a recorded "first"). This was before the 1954 Supreme Court ruling that banned segregation of public facilities, and she succeeded in founding the Freedom Players, an integrated company established as a civilian adjunct of the American Veterans Committee. With AVC sponsorship, she was able to produce both agitprop pieces and a remarkable repertory of plays with integrated casts (*The Cradle Will Rock*, *Caucasian Chalk Circle* and *Threepenny Opera* among these). The Freedom Players' most active span was from 1950 until 1961 when the freedom rides and sit-ins were underway.

Within that period the nature of the Movement had changed, and having served their theatrical purpose, the Freedom Players turned to more direct political activism and helped to organize sit-ins throughout the south. In the early activist days rehearsals were frequently held while sitting-in at demonstrations, but it wasn't long before the rehearsals were dropped in favor of sitting-in. The result of this was the Miami chapter of CORE... see the Freedom Players, and eventually their theatrical repertory laid the foundation for the creation of Florida's Fine Arts Conservatory. All of the Freedom Players' resources were

admirably taken care of.

"So you see, it's no accident that I'm in the Movement and aligned with the underground," Tally states, "I've always been an activist, and I'm in the underground because that's where the political and social advances are being made. That's where I belong."

And Tally is emphatically outspoken on her point of view. Which brings us up to late May

(Continued on Page 26)

The Original Have You "Acid Mouth,"

Insist on Having The DYNETO-ENTZ
ELECTRIC STARTER

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE MONTHLY CO. **Seasickness and LIGHT**



Bellhappy & Well While Traveling
Trainsickness
BLEMISHES

FED HEAT MAILED FREE from Page 5

That recommendation sprang from a study by the Bionetics Research Lab which found significant relationships between birth defects and ingestion of 3 of 6 esters of 2,4-D by female mice, hamsters, and chicks. The Commission recommended further research on the other three esters of the pesticides.

The ester of 2,4-D depends on the substance it is immersed in for spraying. The test results indicate that which ester is used may make a difference in possible dangers from the pesticide, but the campaign being run by the federal government does not mention the possible hazards of various esters.

It is possible that 2,4-D may be even more dangerous when smoked, according to Dr. Joseph McLaughlin, Jr., a researcher for the Food and Drug Administration and co-chairman of the Mrak Commission's Advisory Panel on Teratogenicity of Pesticides. "If 2,4-D didn't break down, from the heat, and I don't think it would," he says, "it would go directly to your bloodstream from the lungs." Since the stomach's defenses are bypassed, McLaughlin thinks more 2,4-D will probably get into the bloodstream, thus increasing the danger of birth defects.

Unlike DDT, 2,4-D does not build up in the body, and leaves within a few weeks. Therefore only pregnant women or women who will become pregnant within a couple of weeks need worry about the possibilities of consuming 2,4-D.

The U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Energy, Natural Resources and the Environment, chaired by Senator Phil Hard (D-Mich) recently held hearings on

FACE
GLOVE.
MASK
CO
BROADWAY.
NEW YORK.

2,4-D. Len Bickwit, the Chief Counsel for the Subcommittee, says that testimony developed at the hearings convinces him that "it seems unreasonable to sanction the use of 2,4-D for any purpose."

When sprayed on marijuana, the 2,4-D will cause the dope to turn brown and shrivel, probably within four days to a week. This means it would be entirely possible that the marijuana could be picked and smoked after spraying but before the effects showed.

Since marijuana is generally purchased in small bags in crushed form, it is possible that the purchaser would not be able to tell if the dope had been sprayed even after it had browned.

Once sprayed, the pesticide will stay in the plant for a matter of weeks and in the ground around the plant for up to a year. It will take several years of spraying to totally destroy an area, since some plants will be missed and some seeds stay in the ground for several years before germinating.

Despite the fact that the Food and Drug Administration is currently conducting further tests on the safety of 2,4-D, Gaffney was not aware of any problem when he was asked if there were any health dangers in using 2,4-D. He suggested the Department of Agriculture might know more.

Dr. Fred Shirley of the Department of Agriculture stated that the doses used in the animals were "ridiculously high" and that humans therefore have nothing to fear from the relatively small amounts that might be contained in a marijuana plant.

This theory was dismissed by Bickwit, who noted that the dosages have to be large because of the relatively small number of animals tested. "If it caused birth defects in one in 500,000 humans, that would be a great tragedy which should more than justify banning it. But such a thing would never show up in tests on 20 rats, unless the dosage were increased."

He also notes that while almost everything is toxic (deadly) in large enough quantities, only 10% of the pesticides tested by the Mrak Commission caused birth defects no matter how large the dosage. "Why," he asks, "should we take a chance?"

Environmentalists have long been concerned with the effects of 2,4-D, and have recommended that it be banned. Testifying before the Hart Subcommittee, Harrison Wellford, of Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law, advocated a suspension in use because of the possibility of birth defects.

Jan Schaeffer, editor of *Environmental Action*, an ecology newsletter which first printed the fact that 2,4-D was being used on marijuana, says the use is "grossly irresponsible; they should ban 2,4-D, not extend its use to marijuana," she says.

The program to control midwest marijuana also involves asking local people to join together to either pull it up or burn it while still planted. According to Gaffney, this will involve groups such as the Boy Scouts, Rotary, Kiwanis, 4-H clubs, and Sports Car Clubs.

The counties with the intensified program are: Henderson and Cook (Illinois); Kosciusko and Jasper (Indiana);

Mitchell and Adams (Iowa); Jessamine and Fayette (Kentucky); Berrien and Cass (Michigan); Meeker and Blue Earth (Minnesota); Ray and Andrew (Missouri); Warren and Licking (Ohio); Walworth and Columbia (Wisconsin); and Marshall and Riley (Kansas).

Marijuana was widely, and legally, cultivated during World War II because a source of rope was needed to replace Manilla Hemp during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines. After the war, it continued growing wild.

One reason it has never been eradicated is that Quail, a popular game bird in the Midwest, like to feed on the wild marijuana. They are particularly challenging, hunters report, because of the erratic way they fly, constantly changing course.

Midwest marijuana has long had a reputation of being very mild, and not very good for getting high. Some dealers have mixed domestic grass with the Mexican variety, selling it as Mexican. It is thus possible that some people who think they are buying imported dope could really be getting marijuana which has been sprayed with 2,4-D.

It should be emphasized that there is no proof 2,4-D will cause birth defects when ingested or smoked, and that the birth defects found in lab animals were caused by doses far larger than any marijuana user is likely to consume. But the possibility is still there, and many people feel the failure of the BNDD to even be aware of the possible hazards illustrates a callous disregard for the American public.

ANTI DOPE

from Page 5

soldiers to the drive to find and destroy marijuana fields. The drive began in September of last year, instead of January, when the Mexican's previous half-hearted campaigns had begun. The drive is now going on in 13 of the 23 Mexican states, instead of three, Gaffney says.

The BNDD says it is encouraged by the success of its programs involving international cooperation. Efforts in Europe are being stepped up, and the Bureau will soon have agents in Frankfurt, London, Barcelona, Madrid, and Milan.

Efforts in Asia are being increased, with new offices opening up in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, Chiangmai, Thailand, and Tokyo. In Mexico, the BNDD has announced a \$1,000,000 aid program aimed at aiding the Mexicans in stopping the dope traffic. This involves a grant of \$150,000 for "remote sensing experiments aimed at detecting growing fields of opium poppy, marijuana, and other plants whose extracts may be used to produce narcotics and dangerous drugs," a grant of \$35,000 for materials to eradicate marijuana and other drugs, and \$815,000 for five helicopters and three light aircraft, including communication equipment and spare parts.

In another aid effort, the United States has agreed to loan Turkey \$1.4 million for equipment for 750 policemen assigned to suppression of drug traffic.

liberation news service

HONORABLE DISCHARGES
FOR LESBIANS:
G.L.F. WINS A BATTLE
WITH THE ARMY

LOS ANGELES
[LNS] - Thanks to the

intervention of the Gay Liberation Front, two WACs are receiving honorable discharges from the U.S. Army for homosexuality.

After Sandy Hagen, 20, was told by her sergeant at Fort McClellan that she would have to end her relationship with Antonitta Garland, 23, to dress more "femininely" and to wear make-up, the two WACs went

AWOL in Los Angeles after enjoying a 17-day leave of absence. It was in L.A. that they contacted the GLF for help in avoiding further harassment from the army.

The GLF notified the Pentagon and set a date and place for the return of the two WACs. When MPs arrived to arrest the women, accompanied by assorted high brass, they found a large number of

reporters and TV cameras there to greet them. The military delegation promptly did an about-face and left without the WACS.

The Army ignored them for a month. Tired of their uncertain state, the women finally turned themselves in at Fort McClellan. The GLF then began legal proceedings to obtain the immediate release from the Army, with honorable discharge,

of Sandy and Antonitta.

The case was successful. As of mid-June, the GLF has received requests for similar assistance from 27 other WACs.

For more information about G.L.F., call New York 212-243-2437; Boston 617-282-9181; Chicago 312-955-7433; Hartford 203-246-1411; Los Angeles 213-484-1094; Philadelphia 215-MI-9-0705; Berkeley 415-848-9696.

NEWSFREEK

(Continued from Page 4)

ophthalmologists are on call. A dental clinic is being established and there are birth control clinics.

All services and drugs are free. No one is hassled. "We don't ask questions; we just fix." Their budget is \$90,000 for this year, most of which is raised from private and government donations and grants. Only a small portion of this has been raised thus far.

One very critical function served by the Clinic is giving free medical care to penniless draft deserters and dodgers who must be kept off welfare rolls, which could fuck up their immigration status (immigrants to Canada are expected not to be a drag on the economy, something being more heavily enforced these days).

The three-story building housing the Clinic also has a large free store and a free kitchen is being formed by community people.

Will be at

Strawberry Fields Festival

In association with other Toronto drug and community groups, it is forming a group called *The Clinic* to handle all medical and drug problems at the Strawberry Fields Festival coming to Moncton, New Brunswick, next month. The Festival is expected to draw many freaks from Canada and the US during its August 7-9 three day run.

They expect to treat people mostly for cut feet and sunburn, but it is cool to go to them if you run into some bad dope or a trip heavier than you can handle yourself. They *do not* give downers to bring you off a bum trip, but rather try to talk you down, except in dire emergencies. The producers will be picking up all expenses for medical and drug services for *The Clinic* at the Festival. They will have at least six doctors and 60 aides to patch you up. See ya there.

MAINE

(Continued from Page 4)

4. That the classification of the waters in the vicinity of Long Island is S.A. and SB-1 and SB-2, such waters being suitable for water contact recreation, fishing and harvesting and propagation of shellfish and fish and wildlife habitat.

5. That applicant proposes, as a standard operation, three transfers of oil between ship and shore within Casco Bay.

6. That applicant proposes a substantial increase in oil barge traffic in Casco Bay.

7. That oil has an extremely harmful and toxic effect on marine life.

8. That applicants propose oil spill intercept containment and cleanup hardware that will not be sufficient to guarantee effective cleanup of spilled oil under all foreseeable conditions.

9. That oil spillage will unreasonably harm

the recreational and commercial uses in and around Casco Bay.

10. That the applicant's proposed operations are incompatible with the expressions of the Legislature of the State of Maine and to the highest and best uses of the seacoast of the State of Maine.

11. That applicant proposes operations which will result in an unreasonable and unwarranted increased risk of oil spillage in Casco Bay.

12. That the applicant's proposed operation will be harmful to and incompatible with the uses permitted by the water classification of Casco Bay.

LNS

(Continued from Page 4)

The Red Squad's chart of Bay Area movement groups includes San Francisco State's Third World Liberation Front, which disbanded one year ago, and Berkeley's Medical Aid to the Viet Cong Committee, defunct for three years.

A subcommittee staff member questioned Pharris about the San Francisco State Legal Defense Committee:

MR. SOURWINE: Now, you say "these people." Who do you refer to?

MR. PHARRIS: The authors of the publication.

MR. SOURWINE: Well, who are they?

MR. PHARRIS: It is printed on the back cover and it says San Francisco State Legal Defense Committee.

MR. SOURWINE: Do you have any names?

MR. PHARRIS: No sir. That is one thing they are quite careful about, not signing anything.

Pharris then concluded, "Violence and disregard for authority, particularly against the police, is so commonplace today that when an officer makes an arrest it is not unusual that additional officers have to be called in to stand by to preclude a crowd from gathering and attempting to assault the officer and rescue the criminal. This type of mob action is not unusual and in most major cities it has become normal procedure to ask for covering police units even on the most routine traffic check."

The report, "Extent of Subversion in the New Left - Testimony of Inspector Cecil M. Pharris, San Francisco Police Department," is available from the U.S. Government Printing Office in Washington for 55 cents. Many Senators and Congressmen customarily send their constituents such documents free of charge.

Guidelines

(Continued from Page 4)

been very common prior to this time. Local Board Memorandum, draft counselors, registrants, and local boards will now have a common ground to work from in

considering CO claims.

The standards stress sincerity as the primary test for recognition. Local Boards are instructed not to reject a claim simply because they disagree with, or misunderstand the beliefs expressed by the registrant as the basis for his claim. They ask that the board inquire into the personal history of the registrant to determine whether his actions and views are strong enough to demonstrate that expediency is not the basis of the claim.

Excluded from the CO status are registrants who are "selective objectors", men who are opposed to some but not all wars. The only exception to this exclusion is allowed for a belief in theocratic or spiritual war between the powers of good and evil.

In defining the meaning of the "religious training and belief" as required for the classification, the directive explains, "the term 'religious training and belief' as used in the law may include solely moral or ethical beliefs, even though the registrant himself may not characterize these beliefs as 'religious' in the traditional sense, or may expressly characterize them as not 'religious'." These standards do not require belief in a supreme being, only that the moral, ethical or religious beliefs deal with "what is right and should be done and what is wrong and should be shunned."

Local Boards are authorized to inquire about the manner in which the registrant acquired the beliefs which he holds as a basis for his claim. They require that, "the registrant must demonstrate that his... beliefs were gained through training, study, contemplation, or other activity, comparable in rigor and dedication to the processes by which traditional religious convictions are formulated." The registrant is also required to show that, once acquired, the beliefs claimed have directed his life in the way traditional religious convictions have directed other men's lives.

The Board members are warned to beware of better educated and glib young men and to avoid

discriminating in their favor in the issuance of CO classifications. In earlier comments, Tarr has expressed his concern for the fact that men may be denied CO status simply because they have not had extensive education or have difficulty expressing themselves in public.

Church membership is specifically ruled out as a requirement for recognition. The standards advise board members that disagreement with doctrines of the church which the registrant belongs to are not necessarily disqualifying either. Boards are forbidden to discriminate between religions in the issuance of CO classifications. "All religions and beliefs are to be given equal consideration."

There are two CO classifications - the 1-0 which exempts a man totally from military service but requires him to perform civilian "alternative service" with domestic social agencies, and the 1-A-), which requires the registrant to serve in the military as a non-combatant, usually as a medic. Previous to this time Local Boards have tried to compromise with registrants by giving them 1-A-0 status when they have requested the 1-0 classification. The new regulations forbid this type of bargaining on the part of the local board.

In a section detailing the convictions which are excluded from recognition, the memorandum virtually quotes the Welsh decision in excluding "those with beliefs of religious, moral, or ethical nature, but whose beliefs are not deeply held, and those whose objection to war does not rest at all upon moral ethical or religious principles, but instead rests solely upon consideration of policy, pragmatism or expedience."

These guidelines are subject to change if the Congress amends the CO provisions of the draft law as some Congressmen have threatened. It may also have to be revised next year when the Supreme Court rules on two cases involving selective objection. For the meantime however, they should bring about some improvement in the discrepancies between local boards which have forced many men to risk imprisonment in order to receive the CO classification which they were entitled to under the law.

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GAY

(Continued from Page 11)

repressive society makes homosexuals have. The paper is changing now - it's run by homosexuals.

John: There is, I believe, sort of a weekly column now in "The Voice" for Women's Liberation. Do you want such a thing for Gay Liberation?

Jim: You shouldn't have to have a gay person on a newspaper that has to say, "Hey, you can't use that language, or don't you know that's oppressive to gay people." It should be the consciousness of people - they realize they can't use certain things. So it's a consciousness with them and there's no need for a watch-dog. But until that happens, then I damn well do want a gay page or a gay column, or whatever. But that's a transitional thing, that's only in terms of consciousness. A gay person has to be able to open up the Village Voice, which calls itself liberal. He has to be able to see himself there. And that's the obligation - and your doing tapes. You have the obligation to the gay person who comes into Global Village for them to see themselves there. We never see ourselves except

open and honest way. Which is *not* done in terms of sex objectification. And that's what I saw in those pictures, the sex object up there. And that's how gay people, particularly men, are told to relate to each other - as "objects." And that's what we're struggling against. And it's hard, because that's the only image we've had of ourselves.

in some stereotyped way. Can you imagine going to movies all your life or reading literature and never seeing anything positive about yourself - always seeing something negative? It would be a very hellish position to be in. That's where homosexuals are. So your obligation is to relate to that part of the

community. And if you don't, we're as sure as hell going to tell you about it and stop you until you begin to relate.

John: You mentioned before about homosexual erotic tapes. Yet "Gay Power" published some erotic pictures. How do you make the distinction?

Jim: This is very controversial. It is my personal fear that I'm going to get in trouble with other gay brothers and sisters. But I'll tell you how I feel about it. In "Gay Power" all the pictures they had were of super-stud men with big cocks. And O.K., maybe a big cock is nice, I don't know. But that's not my fantasy of myself and that's not what I'm looking for in someone I want to make love to. I don't want that to be my fantasy. And that's what I'm being told I have to fantasize. So that to me almost enters into the realm of pornographic, rather than erotic. When I say erotic, I want to see something beautiful. And I quite don't know how to define that. It's two people, three people, ten people, one hundred people... I don't know - relating to one another in an open and honest way. Which is *done*



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Mr. Sloane

AMERICAN PREMIERE MONDAY, JULY 27

FINE ARTS THEATRE

in terms of sex objectification. And that's what I saw in those pictures, the sex object up there. And that's how gay people, particularly men, are told to relate to each other - as "objects." And that's what we're struggling against. And it's hard, because that's the only image we've had of ourselves.

John: Have you ever seen an honest treatment, from your viewpoint, of the homosexual in - let's say - film?

Jim: I've gotten a membership in a club called "Cinema Seven" which catered to male homosexuals and showed "action" films. And I saw a filmmaker there, Archer Brown, and I saw a beginning of an attempt to make a positive film about homosexuals.

John: What do you mean by positive? Why?

Jim: First of all, the people looked like people. They related to each other; there was human contact, there was sexual contact.

John: What about gay brothers at Woodstock or in the film?

Jim: Now, nowhere in any story I ever saw about Woodstock, written or visually portrayed, did I see a homosexual. And we were there. We were there nude and we were there making love and everyone getting stoned, hiding from the rain, fighting in our cars - we were there. But you never knew it. You looked in any publication and you never saw it. You never saw any of my people there. And I saw some films of people just acting very natural. I guess that's the word, "natural." That's hard to capture in filming an erotic event. I guess that's the big goal that one goes for. I'm sure that's what you go for when you're making videotape; a naturalness. I feel that I'm on very risky ground here.

John: Are there any summarizing statements you have about the gay scene and above-ground or underground media?

Jim: Yeh. My interest at this point is not in the aboveground media, because it is exploitative and it also is done for profit. And I don't think we should be dealing there. I think we should really concentrate our energies on the underground press.

On the other hand, there are a lot of homosexuals across the country who don't have a GLF and don't live in NY and who don't live in San Francisco who are isolated and need to relate to some positive image of themselves. And only do that through mass media and aboveground. So I can see the reason for doing it, but somehow we have to control it. And that's the problem; where it comes out the way we want it rather than the way they want it. That's essentially the problem between aboveground and underground media. Our control or their control.

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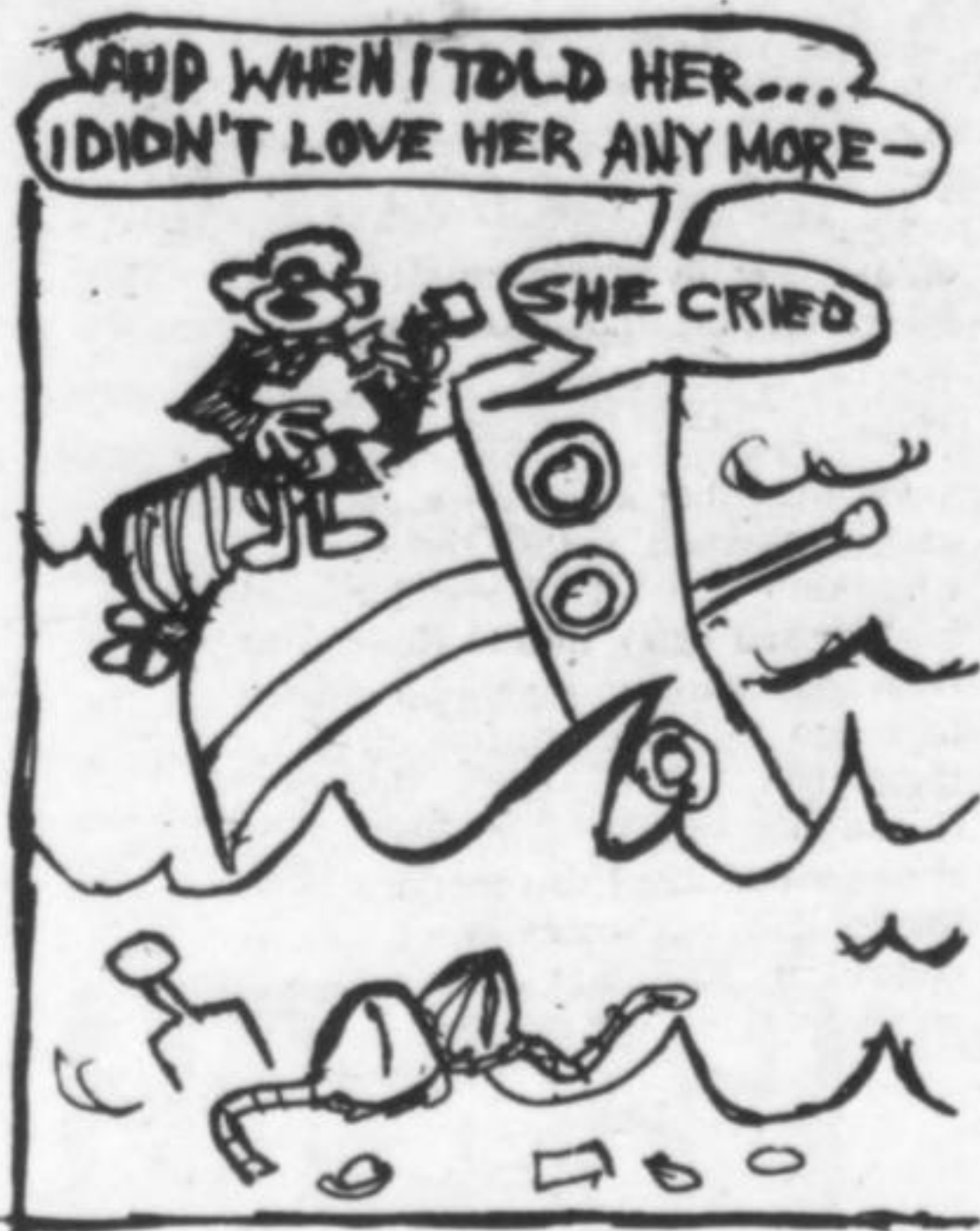
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OOO HEE

(Continued from Page 17)
 "They gonna take them out to deep water and scuttle the thing?"
 "Hey mister throw us a bottle of scotch, huh?"
 The passengers that didn't ignore us were pretty groovy. They were catching the EVOs we were throwing and bantering with us, but it soon became obvious that some people were unhappy. The straighter people started coming off. They had been promised a night of fun and instead found themselves in the middle of a confrontation. They left and it was obvious that the name of Roulette records would be anathema in their

homes.

Suddenly Tommy James Roulette "great" showed up and he didn't seem too happy about having to jump aboard the damn boat as they had stopped loading on the gangplank. He didn't seem too happy either about photographer Joseph Stevens taking his picture and telling him to "smile it's for the cover of Hit Parader." After James jumped the side about seven or eight freaks followed him over, which really blew the whole thing as now the company would not let the boat out as it was overloaded.

At this point Roulette made an announcement on board that twentyfive people would have to leave or they would

stay docked at the pier. Obviously nobody at this point was about to step to the pier and wave a handkerchief as the red and green cruiser plied it's way up the Hudson to Bacchanalia; so Roulette decided to have the party at the pier and let everyone else on board.

The EVO gang entered the boat triumphant and the party was fine. Sort of like an ostentatious bar-mitsvah, but there was plenty of food, drinks and Coca Crystal's dope to see us through the night. There were bottles of liquor to be liberated, and Eddie Palmieri's band to entertain us. In fact the only unpleasant thing about the evening was in having to listen to Marty Hoffman act as if he liked us.

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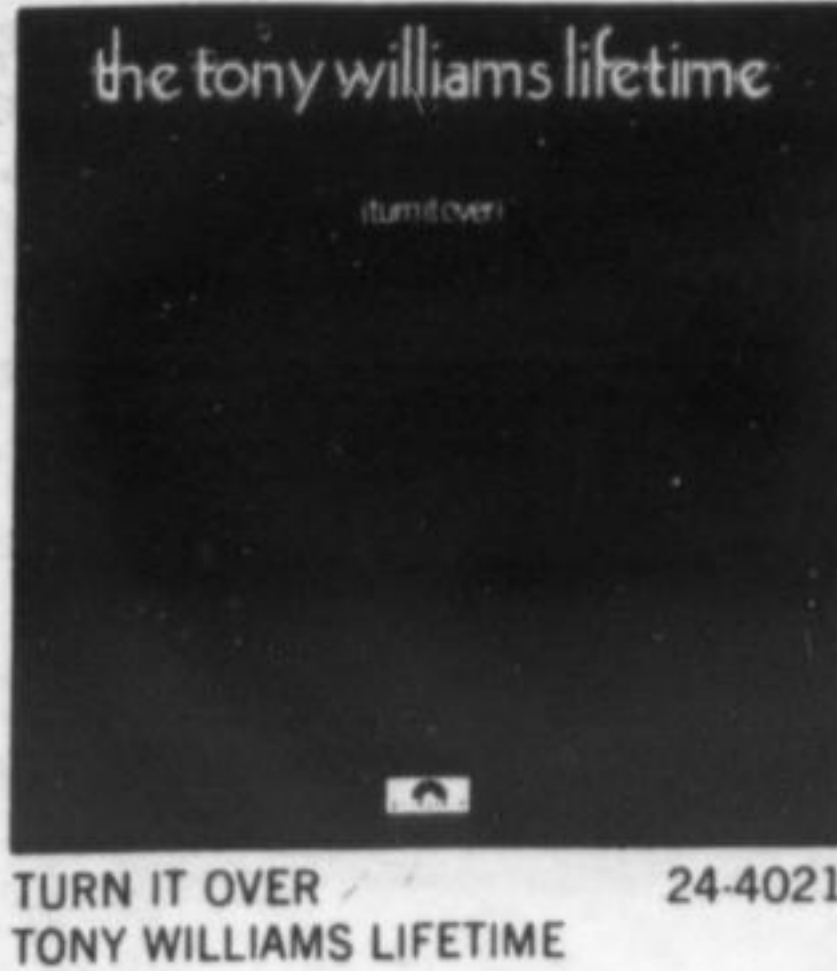
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Tally Brown

(Continued from Page 22)

and her interview with ABC's Bridgit Potter, girl casting director and Cavett-screener. The above-cited credits, interests and bio material were covered in the resume Tally brought with her, plus some others, including a brief reference to her having worked as a blues singer in Miami nightclubs that featured strippers. Of all the incidents and involvements from that Florida period, this was singled out in 1970, and Tally was told that "funny anecdotes about singing in strip-joints" was "good material" to talk about on the show. She was further instructed not to discuss politics: "When we want politics, we'll invite politicians," came the warning. Performers and artists are cautioned to avoid political comment and obediently tuck themselves into acceptable pre-assigned roles. It was then suggested that Tally appear as a "kookie, funny lady" like Dodie Goodman, for example. Viewers love Dodie. And it was heavily implied that if Tally behaved, she could probably stake out a whole new career, just guesting on talk shows and she wouldn't have to do anything else.

"You mean you want me to be the third grave-digger," replied Tally.

The next thing was finding a "handle" for introducing her on the show, and for that purpose a segment from *Brand X* was to be chosen. To begin with, the movie is supposed to be a satire of television, and secondly, in her funniest parts Tally appears as a freaked out sportscaster and then as moderator of "Boys' Talk," in which she hilariously gropes her way through an interview with four musclemen, two of whom are black, and finally persuades them all to undress "for all the ladies out there in televisionland." Apparently dismissing the thought of being unplugged by all southern affiliates of ABC, "Boys' Talk" was selected as Tally's "handle." Of course, Miss Potter explained, the final decision had to come from Upstairs, but for the time being, Tally had passed muster at the interview. Just remember, No Politics and come back as a kookie, funny character. It must be noted here that Gilroy was not there... Cavett's new producer, at the helm about two weeks at this point, never met the prospective guest.

Yet a few days later Marshall Lewis, Tally's press agent on this venture, was informed that Gilroy was afraid of his client and didn't want her on the show. Sources other than Miss Potter said that upper echelon executives had reviewed the "menu" and concluded that Tally was too far out and "eccentric." And still other

reports hold that her rejection, and Sally Kirkland's also, came from an executive fear of mentioning *Brand X*, because Abbie Hoffman was in it. There is a possible basis of truth in all of these excuses, and it was around this time that Allen Ginsberg appeared on the Merv Griffin show... introduced 7 minutes before it ended and asked to bring his father, Louis Ginsberg... himself a respected poet, but hardly as controversial as his son. A child used to be instructed to bring a note from home when there was fear of his not being able to conduct himself properly in certain situations, but having to bring a live parent for the final seven minutes, including a commercial, of mass media tedium was an insult to both Ginsberg poets, and Allen was at least one of them who didn't bother to watch the show.

Television used to insult only the viewers' intelligence, but now it turns its debasement on guests and potential guests as well. Tally Brown has more to say about that:

"I did all those underground movies to escape from stereotypes, but as soon as a wider public and the mass media are involved, you're thrown right back on those stereotypes and cliché characters... and you're supposed to be yourself on these shows. That's what's so disgusting about it. Of course, I

could do that if I wanted to, that's easy... I could invent one kookie funny me for the Cavett show, another idiotic creature for Carson and another for the Griffin show. I'd be fat on two of them and thin on the third... I could spend the rest of my career circulating on talk shows and wind up a very rich and famous schizophrenic.

"But that's not where I'm at and I'd rather muddle through somehow than pander to that sort of mentality. I suppose if you're an established star, you can say anything you want to say on television, but then not many established stars have anything uncomfortable to say. Maybe people like Paul Newman or the Fondas could get away with it, because the public has this image of them as being 'far out' anyway, but I think what it boils down to is simply that seriously committed public figures know what's happening and they don't bother with those shows. They're too busy with their commitments... Besides they're not invited on during rating time."

Marshall Lewis, who prefers to be called a "praise agent," has this to say about the current state of television:

"I was really surprised by Tally's experience with that Cavett interview. I'd never seen anything like it before, and I really don't know who's copping out or who's telling the truth. I

thought the Cavett show was the last bastion of free and intelligent openness. It wasn't fair of Gilroy to turn Tally down without meeting her, and I don't think Abbie's being in *Brand X* had anything to do with it. The network's main worry is their ratings and this is a 'troubled air' period. It's not as free and open as it used to be, and everything I suspected is true... Sure Agnew has a lot to do with it, and Dean Burch is chairman of the FCC now, so it's pretty clear where things stand. But the networks are afraid. *Afraid of what?* Nobody knows what he's afraid of, but everyone's scared stiff. It's very Kafkaesque.

"The thing about talk shows is that they're really insidious, because people take their content to be 'news,' what's really going down, particularly in small towns and cities outside of New York where the emphasis of the real news is regional with limited, preprogrammed national and international coverage. They fill this gap with talk shows, which are more entertaining, except that what comes across is mistaken for information. Take

all those little innuendoes about drugs and hippies, for example, that are dropped on those shows. They're picked up by people and create a lot of misconceptions. People talk about these things very authoritatively, but it's crazy clichés for the most part, and when you ask them where they got this information, they tell you they heard it on the Carson show, or so-and-so said it on the Griffin show. When you realize the impact these talk shows have on their minds, it's really frightening."



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