

**THE**

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**NUMBER**

vol 5 no 37 aug. 11, 1970  
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Less Angels Times

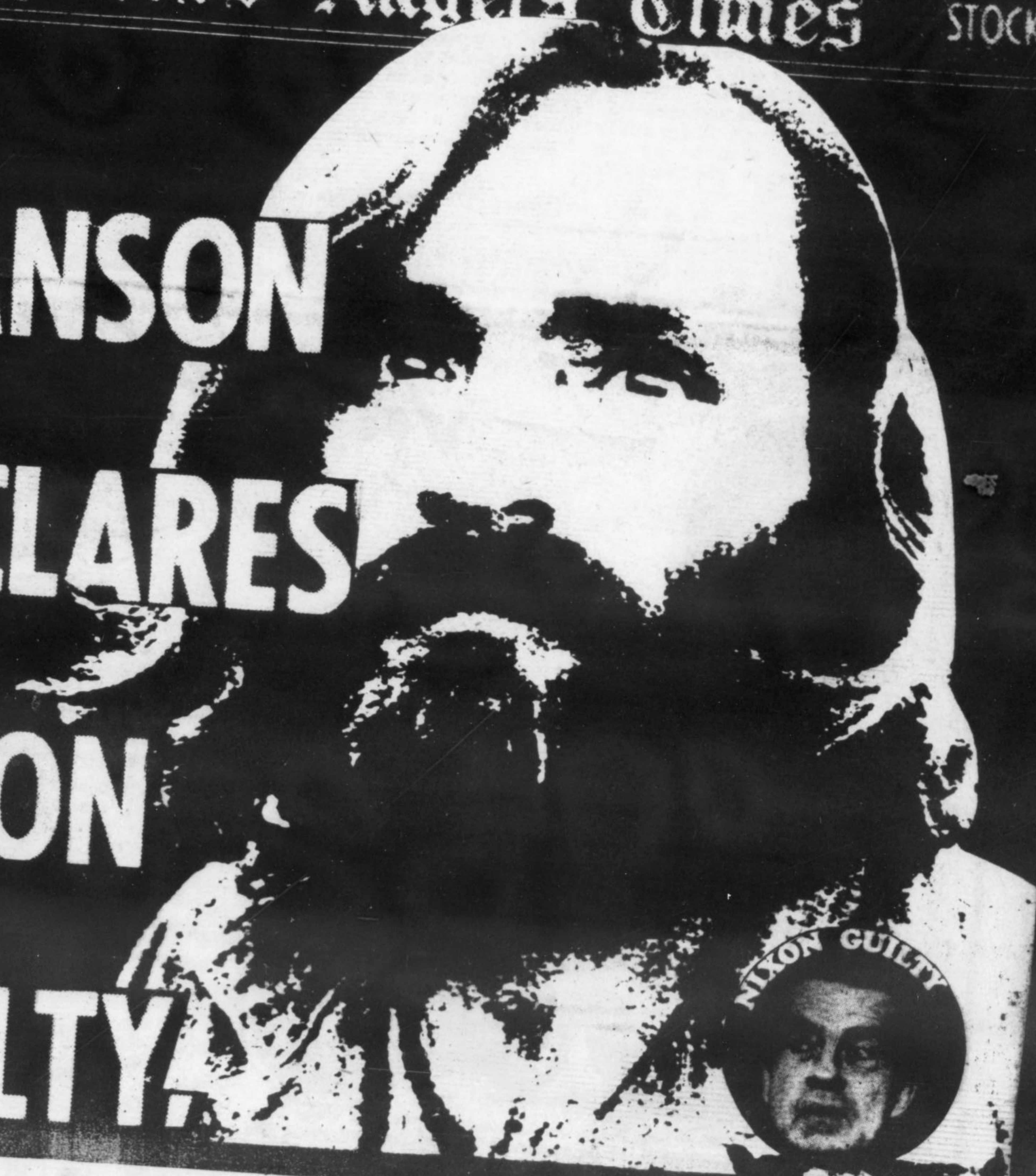
COMPLETE  
STOCKS

**MANSON**

**DECLARES**

**NIXON**

**GUILTY!**





# HIRAP

I remember quite clearly how incongruous the presence of John Froines seemed at my first encounter with the fully assembled Chicago Conspiracy in the pre-trial days of April 1969. There was Bobby Seale, surrounded by his ever-present, ever-vigilant Panther brothers. Tom Hayden, keeping the channels of communication open between the Panthers and the rest. Rennie Davis, hosting the affair with serene efficiency. Lee Weiner, your friendly local guide. Dave Dellinger in full command of his righteousness, his compassion, and above all, his singlemindedness. Abbie and Jerry were their own individual selves to the hilt, the only two real freaks in the room.

Which leaves us with the enigmatic figure of John Froines, an incongruity in this company. His gentle demeanor completely negated The Law's depiction of him as a saboteur out to pervert the masses through the finer points of Molotov-Cocktail making. I remember asking John if he anticipated returning to his teaching job at the University of Oregon, and I remember being suprised by his affirmative answer.

As it turned out, things worked out exactly as he anticipated. John was indeed rehired by the University, and the way things look, the repercussions from it will haunt Oregon politics for years to come. John is accused of "giving the State of Oregon a black eye," and "of conduct flagrantly unbecoming a faculty member"--all charges motivated of course by the fear of the upcoming academic year and the inevitable campus unrest.

John's reaction is also inevitable: "I don't want to get myself fired, but there comes a time when we have to take a stand. THERE SHOULD BE A STRIKE IN EACH SCHOOL THIS FALL TO PROTEST THE WAR. I WILL SUPPORT A STRIKE IF A STRIKE IS CALLED."

Right on, John.



JAAKOV KOHN  
ALLEN KATZMAN  
IRVING SHUSHNIK  
STEPHEN KOHN  
JACKIE DIAMOND  
RAY SHULTZ

JACKIE FRIEDRICK  
KARIN BERG  
DON KATZMAN  
RENFREU NEFF

VINCENT FRANCIS CHARLES AUGUST  
TRUMAN PATRICK CRAIG TITUS  
ALLEN SHENKER  
JOHN PETER ZENGER  
LIL PICARD

CLAUDIA DREIFUS  
DAVID WALLEY

JOSEPH STEVENS  
STEVEN HELLER

FLICKA DE MOID

NORTH: THE KID

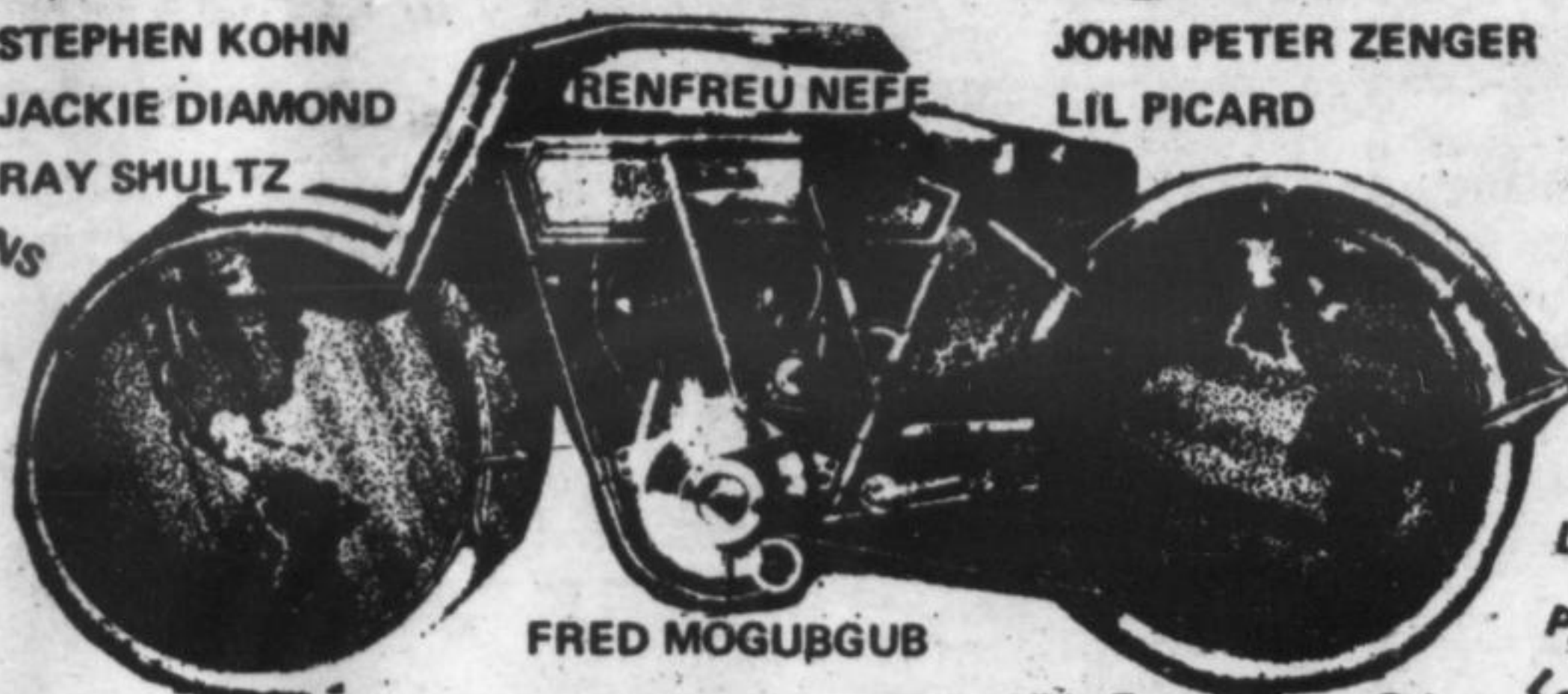
CHARLIE FRICK

YOSSARIAN

ALEX GROSS

SPAIN RODRIGUEZ

KIM DEITCH



FRED MOGUBGUB

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R. CRUMB

DEAN LATIMER

JACKIE ACON  
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EUROPEAN OPERATIONS: JENO

AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG  
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DURANCE VILE: TIMOTHY LEARY  
PARIS: J.J. LEBEL

LONDON: MILES  
HETTY MACLISE

ARTHUR C.





## JUST ANOTHER HIROSHIMA DAY with schultz & stevens

**T**hey began marching up Sixth Avenue last Saturday afternoon to remind the world that Hiroshima was a drag. But at the corner of 46th street, they found a man with quite different opinions on the matter.

"The Japs cowardly attacked our boys at Pearl Harbor," he screamed. "They got what they deserved at Hiroshima!"

This didn't get too much a rise out of anyone. New York was barely waking up after a bad, smog-ridden month and energies seemed a bit drained. Halfway between 54th and 55th, a man was arrested for "disorderly conduct," and the cops

siezed him and held him in a photo supply store while four or five cops stood outside and kept back a moderately angry crowd, the likes of which dispersed as soon as cops on horseback approached, stomping and neighing. Arriving at the Band Mall in Central Park without further incident, three or four hundred people sat down and waited.

The speakers included members of the Asian Coalition and an American soldier/resistor and his wife. The single incident took place when Paul O'Dwyer began speaking but was hooted down by pro-Arab segments of the crowd.

(Continued on Page 21)



## HERE'S WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT:

► The world is full of significant happenings that never hit Page One of the newspapers.

### Wooing Minorities

LAND STRUGGLE IN HAWAII

by Wayne Hayashi  
Pacific Rim Studies Center

KALAMA VALLEY, Hawaii (LNS) — When powerful Bishop Estate and Kaiser Hawaii-Kai Development Corporation tried to evict over a hundred Hawaiian families from their simple homes in the Kalama Valley on the island of Oahu, the people balked because there was no place where they could go.

On July 3, the bulldozers arrived to begin knocking down homes in the valley. Three local political activists — Linton Park, Lori Hayashi and John Witeck — attempted to block the bulldozer by occupying the house marked for destruction. They succeeded for a while, as the big Hawaiian bulldozer driver just could not bring himself to smash the house with people in it.

After a change of drivers and a hurried conference, the company called in the police, and the three protestors were arrested on charges of "criminal trespass."

Several more homes were flattened that day, but the arrests sparked strong support for the plight of the Kalama Valley people, most of whom are tenant farmers.

The volatile land struggle of the people against the huge estates and corporations escalated the following week, when on July 9 in the midst of negotiations, the bulldozers moved back into the valley. Another confrontation occurred and seven more people were arrested.

"They are arresting our people for trespassing, but it is they (the Estate and the Corporation) who are trespassing on the rights of the people... it is the corporate giants who are violating the lands and lives of us Hawaiians," said the Rev. Larry Kamakawioole, spokesman for a new generation of native Hawaiians who are angry, articulate and forceful.

"Like the American Indians, our lands were stolen and our culture ravished. Our people have been abused, neglected and oppressed for too long. It is time for the Hawaiian people to rise up and struggle for liberation and social justice," the young Hawaiian leader declared.

Because of the public outcry, the Estate (MORE) and the corporation have given a deadline of July 31 for the people to move off the land. So the organizing is going on day-to-day, building for the coming confrontation.

"The issue of the Kalama Valley is not an isolated incident, but rather a common happening," said 19 year old Burnetta Lee, one of the people arrested in the second confrontation.

Burnetta, who went on the first Venceremos Brigade to Cuba and who lives on the Hawaiian homesteads (areas set aside for natives, much like Indian reservations) says that "when people begin realizing that the land issue will continue to worsen as the profit-hungry developers continue to plan resort homes, golf courses and condominiums, they will see where their interests lie and will begin to join our struggle."

During a recent meeting with a delegation from Kalama Valley, a representative of Bishop Estate said, "You should be glad that we are helping to clear up some of these social problems... I mean, in today's modern society, the Hawaiian life-style would be illegal."

TAKE A PLEASANT  
MOMENT TO

# RELAX

They're  
On Top!



BONN, Aug. 5 — Following strong opposition by both officers and soldiers, Defense Minister Helmut Schmidt today revoked a reform intended to democratize etiquette in the armed forces by banning the use of "Herr" (Mister) when addressing higher ranks.

Now all ranks have to use "Herr" again, as in "Herr General." In special cases it is permissible to add the family name.

Under the proposed reform, now revoked, the soldier would have addressed a general as "General" and been himself addressed as "Herr" followed by his rank.

The State motto in Hawaii is "Ua Mau Ke Ea O Kaaina Ika Pono," "the life of the land is perpetuated in righteousness."

"What the Kalama Valley struggle is trying to do is to take back the land that was stolen from the Hawaiian people, so that they can have a life that is righteous, if not legal," said Stan Masui, another of the arrested protestors.

Contributions are needed, and can be sent to the Kokua Kalama Committee, 2331 Seaview Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822.



## Pop-Gun Attack Brings Down Moose



IF YOU'VE FELT UNCOMFORTABLE...

## FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT TO THE UNDERGROUND

25 Ways to Spot  
the Perfect Executive

1) He makes his people *want* to do things; 2) He is a good listener; 3) He plays up the positive, constantly building up the self-esteem of his subordinates; 4) He sets a good example; 5) He gives effective work assignments, fitting jobs to the abilities of people to do them; 6) He is receptive to new ideas and supports worthy changes; 7) When he goofs, he admits it; 8) He helps his people grow and fights for them when it's necessary; 9) He never belittles a subordinate, regardless of the temptation; 10) He never plays favorites; 11) He gives his people his undivided attention when they come to him; 12) He avoids domination of subordinates, knowing that this can only breed a crew of yes-men; 13) He communicates,

is brief but thorough, gets his message across; 14) He follows up and follows through on new ideas, new programs; 15) He anticipates change, understands, welcomes and cooperates with innovation; 16) He pinpoints priorities; 17) He is flexible, when flexibility is called for; 18) When in doubt, he asks questions. He doesn't pretend to know everything; 19) He looks beyond his company and is a responsible, concerned citizen; 20) He is decisive, willing to assume responsibility for his assessment of the facts in any given situation; 21) He never appears preoccupied with his own interests; 22) He exercises time-management; 23) He structures solitude for himself, giving himself the chance to know himself; 24) He concentrates on the cardinal responsibilities; 25) He has a sense of humor.





## Some Still BELIEVE!



U.S. Looks At Reason.

## Keep Borrowed Swimsuits Free of Disease Carriers

"I was really shaky on my first rescue: I even forgot to take off my sunglasses!" Frieda Holden, the City's first woman lifeguard laughed.

Miss Holden, who is stationed at the Thomas Jefferson Pool, 111 Street and First Avenue, Manhattan, was trained for her post at the City's Municipal Lifeguard Course. All lifeguards at City beaches and pools must pass the 14-week course, held at the East 54 Street Recreation Center each year.

"I've been swimming since I was eight and it seemed there was nothing else I could do this summer," is the way Miss Holden explained her decision to be a City lifeguard.

Now "an old lady of 26," Miss Holden, a native New Yorker, pointed out that she grew up swimming with her mother



and five brothers and sisters at the West 134 Street Pool. Competing against boys in Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration programs, she "swam away" with all the medals.

Miss Holden, who is a marine biology major at Queens College and lists photography and writing among her hobbies, notes that the only "female" problem she's had thus far is from young girls at the pool who challenge her ability as a lifeguard. "As for the male guards," she remarks, "they'll accept you as long as you don't defy the male ego."

The City's only female lifeguard is uncertain about her plans for next summer, but Frieda Holden already has opened the flood gates for those who will follow her.

## Unpersuasive

Tony "The Loser" Vitale went to his death in the electric chair last night despite late hour appeals by his lawyers to Governor Rockefeller for clemency.

The 48-year-old former bookmaker, convicted two years ago for murdering his best and only friend Ed "Poochie" Walsh, walked to his death clearly upset, but sturdy. "My God," he cried upon entry to the death chamber, "It's the wires!"

Guards quickly strapped him in the sprawling chair. Prison Chaplain James O'Brien stood nearby. Vitale sobbed bitterly then blurted out — "You wait-a! I never do it again! I never do it again!"

Warden F. Lawes leaned over to the chair and said softly, "You're damned right you'll never do it again."

Turning to executioner Joseph Francelle, Lawes said, "Earn your five hundred bucks. Snuff 'em!"

The current was thrown and Vitale's body strained in the chair. "No! No!" He screamed before losing consciousness. "Is-a hotta! Is-a hotta! You no do! Turn off-a!" Vitale was pronounced dead at 11:06 p.m. The body was to be released today to the Petrocelli Funeral Home on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn.

## The Lid's Off

## It's Not Magic...

## No Rabbits, No Tricks-

# "Whoever dreamed up this craze is crazy!"

### MORE PUNITIVE TRANSFERS AT FORT HAMILTON: TWO ANTIWAR GIs ARE ORDERED TO VIETNAM

### FEDERAL JUDGE ORDERS FORT HAMILTON COMMAND TO KEEP JURISDICTION IN PUNITIVE TRANSFER OF SP/4 DAVID CORTRIGHT

STATEN ISLAND, New York — Two more antiwar GIs from the 26th Army Band at Ft. Wadsworth, part of the Ft. Hamilton military complex in New York, have been alerted for transfers, this time to Vietnam. They are to report to the Oakland Army Terminal by September 25.

The transfer orders, three in the past week, are viewed by GIs here as part of an effort by the Army to eliminate Constitutionally protected dissent on the part of soldiers opposed to the war in Southeast Asia.

The three GIs given orders in the last week are: SP/4 David B. Cortright, a long-time spokesman for antiwar

servicemen and a member of the Steering Committee of the National Peace Action Coalition, who was ordered to Ft. Bliss, Texas, on seven days notice; Pvt. Paul Dix and Pvt. Thomas Bankston, both ordered to Vietnam, who have signed antiwar petitions and helped in the campaign to stop the transfer of SP/4 Cortright. All three servicemen signed a letter to the Commanding General at Ft. Hamilton protesting military harassment of the lawful activities of antiwar servicemen.

The new transfers followed by one day the signing of a court order by Federal District Judge Orrin G. Judd. The order, granted in lieu of a temporary restraining order to block the transfer of Dave Cortright, directs the Ft. Hamilton authorities to act on the administrative appeal by Cortright in the matter of his punitive transfer to Ft. Bliss, even though Cortright is no longer under the Ft. Hamilton command. This action effectively blocks the Army from using Cortright's transfer as an excuse to prevent Cortright from protesting that very same transfer. The order also directs the Army to provide a telephone for the antiwar serviceman so that he may

consult with his civilian lawyer. The Army must also provide transportation between Ft. Bliss and New York for any future hearings on the case.

Meanwhile the harassment of SP/4 Cortright continues. Upon arrival at Ft. Bliss, military authorities prevented him from signing into the unit to which he had been assigned, but sent him to the headquarters company where he spent a few days. Yesterday he was sent to an artillery battery, not the kind of unit to which members of a military band are normally assigned. (Cortright's orders specified that he was to report to the 62nd AG Band.) The frequent reassignments within Ft. Bliss are apparently an effort to weaken the moral of the antiwar GI so that he will drop his case. It may also be a prelude to a transfer to still another base.

Civilian support for the antiwar soldiers at Ft. Hamilton is continuing to grow. The Student Mobilization Committee, Vietnam Veterans Against the War and the Staten Island Peace Coalition are providing assistance to the GIs, and a defense committee is being formed.







BY  
CLAUDIA  
DREI  
FUS

# AMERICAN DESERTERS IN CANADA: WAITING FOR THE APOCALYPSE



we are sitting on the lawn of the oval of McGill University in Montreal — me, my old man, Sid, Buffalo and Donna. "This is a semi-liberated area here," Buff says. "All the kids hang out here — all the draft dodgers and deserters. It's kinda our home." Buffalo knows the scene well. A former resident of Detroit, a former student at Michigan State University, a former private in the United States Army, he is now a deserter. This patch of grass littered with vacant, sad-eyed young people, with yalping dogs, with barefoot, guitar strumming young women and undercover pigs, is the only permanent thing he has known since quitting the States over two years ago. It's a central place to return to. It's something that he knows is his.

Nearly four years ago, Buffalo, who also goes under the alias of G.W. (Great White) Bison, received a letter of Greetings from Uncle Sam. Deciding that he would rather take "a choice and not a chance," Buff immediately enlisted in the Army. "I did it because I thought they would put me into a school I was interested in. They did no such thing. They sent me to Vietnam." In Nam, he was wounded and several months later, was returned to the States. But when orders came to return to Southeast Asian slaughter, Buffalo decided to head North.

He arrived in Toronto piss poor, without job, without salable skills. For a year, the man scoured the Toronto streets in search of a job — anything... clerk, street sweeper,

bookkeeper. And everywhere he encountered the same answer: "Why, young man, you have a university education. You're overqualified for the job! You wouldn't like it!" Higher skilled jobs were even more impossible. Canadian employers weren't interested in a deserter who hadn't quite finished MSU. For the better jobs, G.W. Bison was underqualified.

So Buff walks the streets of Montreal surviving by his wits. The folks back in Detroit sometimes send money and that's a big help. But most of Buffalo's survival bread comes from haphazard panhandling and odd jobs. *Sometimes the future seems as bleak as the present, and then there are times when it seems as if there is no future.*

That's perhaps why the man has been shooting speed for the past year. That's perhaps why he has big, long welts in the crook of his arm. That's why I feel that I may cry while talking to him... because he seems like such a beautiful person... bright... sensitive... and because he deserves a better existence than this... and because an awful lot of good people are living this way.

Sitting next to Buff is Donna, a tall, thin young woman who is no older than twenty. She has the face of American Gothic and the quiet soul of Vermont — which is where Donna originally comes from. Yes, Donna too is a deserter. And God, her story is strange!

At eighteen she enlisted in the Marines. "My family didn't have any money," Donna laments, "and I thought by joining the

service I would get some job training and some skills." The Marine Corps sent her to Parris Island for boot camp and trained her as an aviation device technician and instructor. Donna kind of liked life as a Woman Marine. She liked the social life, the new opportunities, the regular pay, the feeling of being an officer. The motto of the Women's Marine Corps, "To Free a Man to Fight," disturbed her little. Nor did she question the activities of the Marines in places like Southeast Asia and the Dominican Republic. To a quiet, conservative young woman from Vermont, life at Parris Island seemed almost glamorous... romantic.

While in the Marines Donna married a much decorated Marine Corps computer technician who had been to Vietnam three times and who had fetched himself three purple hearts and a plastic throat. "My husband was always very gung-ho for the war," she says while clutching her arms around her knees. "He always was saying how important it was to stop Communism and all that. But he was always having these dreams..."

"What kind of dreams?" I inquire.

"Well... you see, over in Nam he killed a five year old child. He killed many kids, but the five year old and its eyes... they kept haunting him. He'd have nightmares about that kid all the time. His wounds would hurt bad, too. And then one day he just made this 180 degree turn on Vietnam.

"Suddenly, he was really

against the war. I don't know what hit him. A week later, he and his buddy, Benny, disappeared from the base. I didn't hear from him for a month until he called to say he and Benny had deserted to Canada and that I should join them."

Donna sold their belongings promptly and flew to Toronto, using her military identification to gain entry to Canada. She arrived with a small amount of money and her husband's address, but without Landed Immigrant status. (To be a Landed Immigrant means you are planning on becoming a Canadian citizen. It is difficult to become "Landed" once you arrive in Canada; everything is simpler if papers are applied for while still in the States. Without those Landed Immigrant papers, it is almost impossible to get a job in the Dominion.)

Donna wasn't in Toronto long before pal Benny returned to the States. "It's hard to adjust to being here," Buffalo explains. "A lot of guys leave after the first six months. I mean, you can't find work and you can't live. Some guys kinda think that jail might be better than this. But frankly, I'd rather take life in this three thousand mile long prison than an American stockade or death in Vietnam. Benny was wrong to leave."

After Benny split, Donna's husband slipped off to Vancouver. Alone and penniless, she met Buff and they formed a kind of vagabond family with two other deserters.

"The four of us crash in a small rented room near the

University," Donna explains meekly. "We pay for it mostly by panhandling and sharing whatever we get. Panhandling's bad in Montreal cause the people here don't really have much spare money. Sometimes we can't pay the rent and we crash around town, sleep in yards or at friends' houses."

"Yeah," Buffalo chimes in, "the Welfare Department up here says it's impossible for a person to live on \$30 a week in Montreal. All four of us live on less than that. You can live here, alright, but you have to live kinda underground. You have to sell dope or something."

"When did you start shooting speed?" I ask Buff.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess after I realized I couldn't get a job and didn't know what I'd be doing here."

Both Buffalo and Donna are reluctant to talk about the suicidal drugs they've been plugging into their arms. "Come," says Buff, hoping to divert me, "we'll show you the Deserters' Montreal."

We walk around the pleasant neighborhood surrounding McGill University. Donna is barefoot and quiet. Buff is animated. He is pleased to be talking to someone from back home.

"Just about every kid you meet on the street these days is either a deserter or a draft dodger," he explains. "The papers say there must be fifty thousand draft-dodgers and

(Continued on Page 19)



If you are of draft age, or soon will be, these are your choices: (1) **MILITARY SERVICE** (drafted or enlisted) (2) **DEFERMENT OR EXEMPTION** (qualifying for a deferred category) (3) **CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR** (I-O, available for 2 yrs. civilian alternative service, or I-A-O available for noncombatant military service. (4) **EMIGRATION** (leaving the United States) (5) **RESISTANCE** (failure to register or later non-cooperation).

Whatever you choose to do, you should know exactly what you are doing and why. The best book on the draft is *Guide to the Draft*, 2nd edition, by Arlo Tatum and Joseph Tuchinsky (Beacon Press). This should be read from cover to cover before taking any serious action. This book is available from most bookstores.

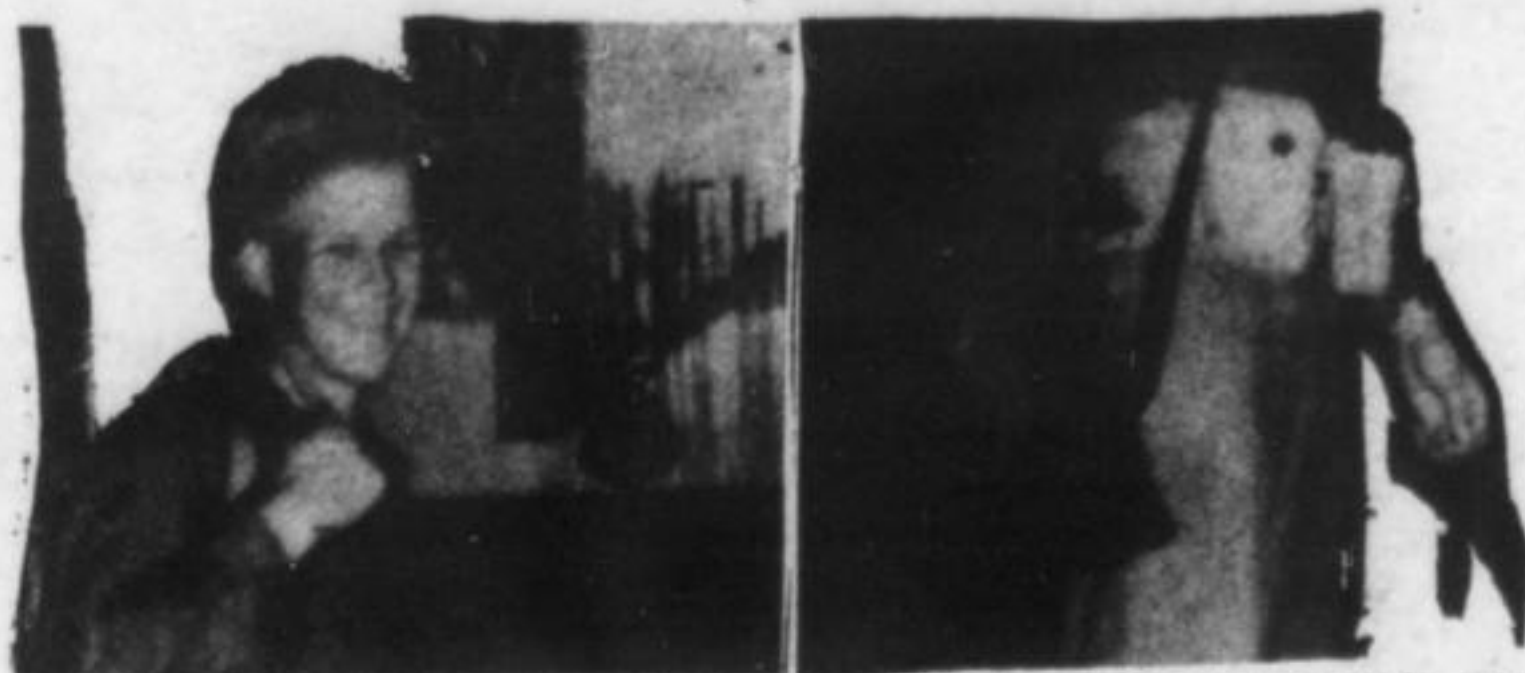


**WHEN DEALING WITH YOUR LOCAL DRAFT BOARD:** (1) Observe all deadlines on returning forms (usually 10 days). (2) Have your mail opened when away to observe deadlines. (3) Save everything your local board sends you, save a copy of everything you send to your board. (4) Send all mail "certified, return receipt requested" (about 50 cents, it's worth it). (5) Always use your rights of personal appearance and appeal. This must be requested in writing within 30 days of being unsatisfactorily classified. (6) Send address changes to board. (7) Keep local board informed of changes that might affect your status. (8) Do not believe everything you hear about the draft. Do not rely on information given by local board clerks. (9) Read, think, and plan ahead. (10) Put all evidence in writing, you are usually judged on your file alone. (11) Use draft counselors - call them, visit them (it's usually free.)



**IF YOU ARE SEEKING A DEFERMENT:** (1) Be sure to follow all rules above when dealing with local board. (2) Read *Guide to the Draft*. (3) Check with a draft counselor about the current status of the deferment you are seeking. Perhaps you qualify for one that you don't know about.

**IF YOU DECIDE TO APPLY FOR C.O. STATUS:** You should read: *Handbook for Conscientious Objectors*, available from CCCO. Price, one dollar. Address at end of sheet.



**IF YOU DECIDE TO RESIST:** Re-read the sections on resistance, court cases, and prison, in *Guide to the Draft*. **REMEMBER:** If you intend to win in court, you must make use of all your rights within the SS system (i.e., personal appearance, appeal, physical, etc.). You must make use of all your rights up to the point where you are asked to "step forward." If you do step forward you are in the Army, if you do not you go to court. Counseling and legal aid are a must when doing this. CCCO, AFSC, or NISBCO may be able to help you in this kind of resistance.

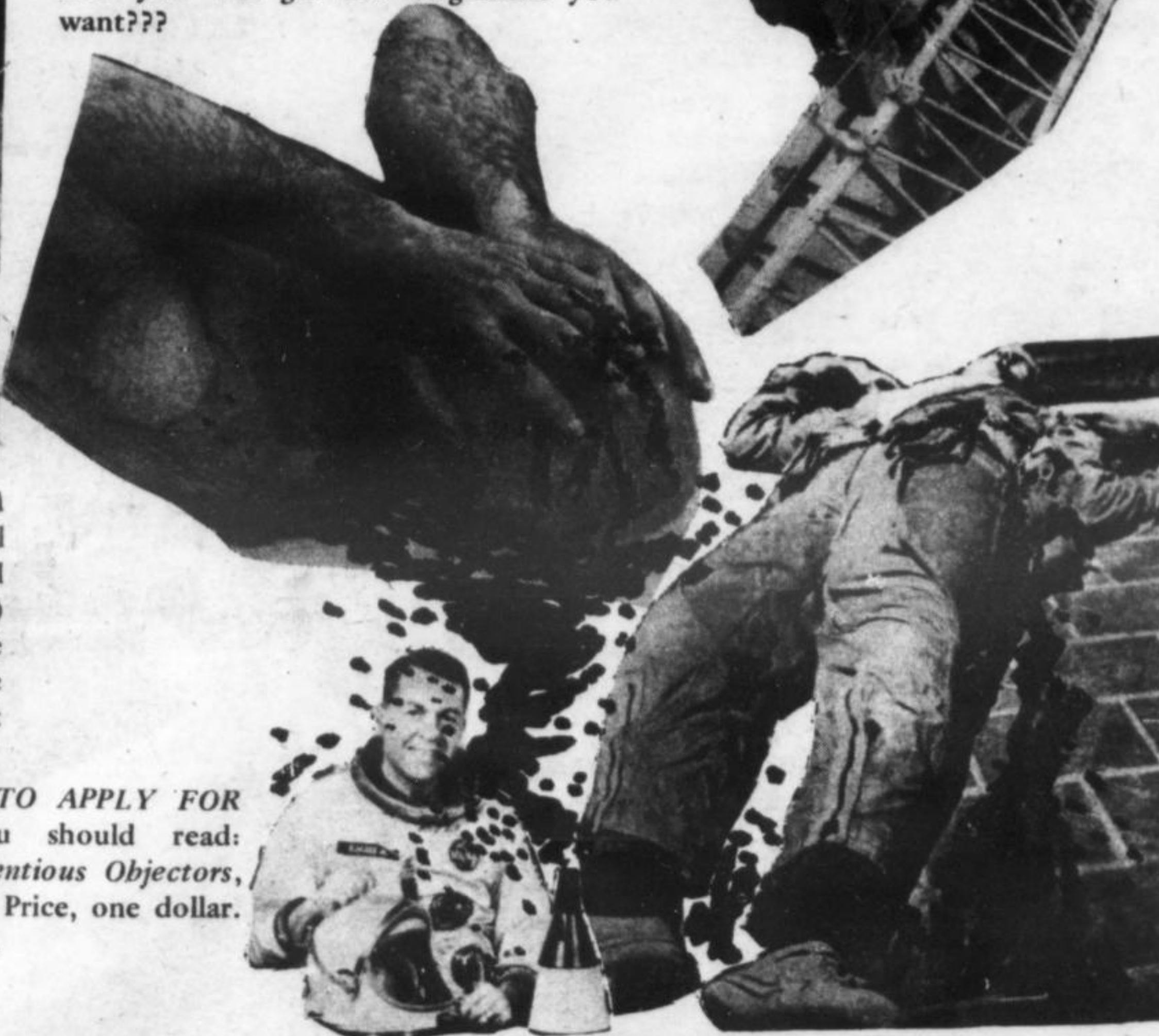
**ALSO:** (1) Write to CCCO, AFSC, and NISBCO, for C.O. literature and addresses of counselors. (2) Formulate your beliefs. (3) Find out the official position of your church, register there as a C.O. if possible. (4) Present your claim as soon as possible, although it is never too late. (5) You can claim C.O. status after an induction order, or after induction, but the longer you wait, the harder it is. (6) Present as full a case as possible, in writing. (7) Use draft counselors.

When you do get your C.O. status, (and you will if you are serious), use counseling to help you get the alternative service job you want. Start early: The law says the job choice is yours.

You might write to the above groups for info. on other countries.

## AVOIDING YOUR RAPE?

**IF YOU DECIDE TO ENLIST:** Think about it. Would you be enlisting if there were no draft? Are you in control of your own life? If you do decide to enlist you should read, *The Student's Guide to Military Service*, Bantam Press P. '94, even if you are not a student. This book lists positions available for enlisted men. **REMEMBER:** Oral promises are meaningless in civilian and military life. Have your assignment promise in writing. Read the contract very carefully, are you sure you will get the assignment you want???



Of course, there are other kinds of resistance and non-cooperation. Resisters should know about, and write to, the following organizations:

*War Resister's League* 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

*Resist*, 763 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

*The Peacemaker*, 10208 Sylvan Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45241.

For example, Resist and The Peacemaker aid the families of men who are in prison for resisting the draft.

**IF YOU DECIDE TO EMIGRATE:** You should read the section on Emigration in *Guide to the Draft*. If you are thinking about Canada be sure to read *A Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada*, available from: *Toronto Anti-Draft Programme*, P.O. Box 764, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada. (416) 481-0241. Price, two dollars. This should be read before attempting to cross the border.

You also might like to write to:

*Committee to Aid American War Objectors*, 144 W. Hastings St., Suite 609, P.O. Box 4231, Vancouver 9, British Columbia, Canada. (604) 688-5944.

*Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters*, Case Postale 5, Succ. Wsmt., Montreal 215, Quebec, Canada (514) 482-6825.

Make use of draft counseling before going since laws and regulations sometimes change. Don't make quick decisions, once you have gone you probably will not be able to return. In all probability the border will remain open, so don't rush. It is a good idea to visit first and see if you like the country. Many of those now in Canada say they would not have gone had the situation been as it now is in the U.S.



**IF YOU ARE ALREADY IN THE ARMY:** It is possible to apply for C.O. status from within the Army and thus get a discharge to do alternative service. (I-O, or I-A-O status can be applied for.) CCCO has a new book out called: *Advice for C.O.s in the Armed Forces*. One dollar, available from CCCO. Contact CCCO, G.I. Counseling Services, 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012 (212) 533-8920, or any of the groups listed above that you think might be able to help. If uncertain, call CCCO and ask what group to contact.

**LIST OF AGENCIES:**

CCCO Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2016 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103. (215) 568-7971.

CCCO Western Office 437 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105. (415) 397-6917.

Midwest Office: Midwest Committee for Draft Counseling (MCDC), 711 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60605 (312) 427-3350.

AFSC AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, 160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102 (215) LO3-9372.

NISBCO National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors, 550 Washington Blg., 15th & York Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. (202) 393-4868.

Copies available: 100, \$2; 500, \$8; 1000, \$14. Order from: Michael Lee & Jim Sunderland, 4400 Mass. Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016.



At a time when the American youth movement is close to desperation and the English one is close to total apathy, recent events in Holland may supply the only hopeful news on the scene. In a country that has no foreign war or occupation to contend with, no race problem to speak of, and no pending political or financial crisis of any magnitude, the Dutch have been free to set up their own sort of social laboratory. The results of the experiments they have carried out there are likely to have applications in the rest of the world, if it survives.

The most recent youth movement in Holland, still only a few months old, is called the *Kabouters*. *Kabouter* means roughly dwarf, and so the movement is seen as supporting the little man, unlike many other youth movements whose main motives have seemed to revolve around celebrating a lofty new view of culture and the personalities of its high priests. The *Kabouters* are to some extent an outgrowth of the 1965 *Provos*, but there the *Provos* were anti-authoritarian and relished confrontations with authority, the *Kabouters* claim to be "non-authoritarian" and prefer to undermine cultural and political perceptions by a sort of intellectual jiu-jitsu. This shows itself particularly in their own brand of demonstrations, of which there have been many and will be many more — the word they use to describe their tactics is *ludiek*, or playful.

But the biggest news about the *Kabouters* is the fact they have just won five seats (out of forty-five) in the Amsterdam City Council, as well as two seats in Den Haag and others elsewhere and are already being taken seriously, despite their long hair and anarchistic notions, as a political force in the Netherlands. They have achieved this by focusing attention on issues of interest to everyone in Holland, such as the housing shortage, unequal educational opportunities for the poor, inadequate hospitals and facilities for the old, and pollution — this last, because of the traditionally delicate balance of Dutch life between land and sea, is a particularly lively issue in Holland.

Their most successful tactic has been squatting in unoccupied houses, and they have carried this much further than has been done in England (in America the tactic is virtually unknown). On May 5 of this year they amassed their forces and occupied no fewer than forty-seven houses in the center of Amsterdam and kept up a three-day resistance against the police. Later they occupied a huge building owned but as yet unoccupied by the Salvation Army near the town hall — yet they managed to make friends again with both the police and

the Salvation Army after these incidents. They also had some trouble with the police when they planted an orange tree in the center of town to mark their setting up of the Orange Free State (after the House of Orange which sits on Holland's throne) as the legitimate alternative government of Holland.

So far the Orange Free State has withdrawn from Nato, has started issuing its own postage stamps which it not only uses for delivering its own mail (the *Kabouter* Postmaster General usually does this by hand within Amsterdam, though he reports that letters bearing them have passed through the official postal system without incident), but sells them to collectors (the stamps bear the portrait of a bearded, long-haired *Kabouter*), and brought out a masterfully printed 2,000 guilder bill complete with a portrait of Rembrandt. The point of this is that there is no real 2,000 guilder bill (about \$500) in circulation, but the great majority of Dutchmen do not know this, and great confusion was caused when hundreds of these bills were passed out to groups of American tourists in the center of town.

In a protest against poor sanitation the *Kabouters* have actually gone out with brooms and swept the main street of Amsterdam — something New York could well do with — and in an attempt to do away with cars they extended the zebra stripes at street corners (which indicate that pedestrians may safely cross) the entire length of several streets. They have also forged passes to city hall, now that they have access to it as city councilors, so that anyone can come in and attend meetings and can also ride without paying on city trams and buses. Their most popular activity is their old people's service which sends live *kabouters* out to help the aged by bringing them food, helping them with their house work, or merely by talking to them. This is one of the reasons why the generation gap is probably narrower in Holland than elsewhere.

The Orange Free State constitutes a complete alternate government and is divided into at least ten different departments, though these, along with the people who work in them, tend to overlap. There are only about twenty real activists, though hundreds and even thousands can be relied upon for demonstrations. The departments include one for finances, one for sabotaging power and violence (which has partly to do with avoiding the draft, though the name suggests many other possibilities), one for satisfying human needs which is setting up stores to sell organic food at cost, and one for setting up non-authoritarian schools and redefining

criminality as mental illness. In short, the *Kabouter* movement seems to embody all the ideas left over from the diggers and other movements of the sixties and incorporate them in a larger working whole. Furthermore, it now has a political power base from which to coordinate its activities, a base which even the more conservative Dutch newspapers expect to grow rather than diminish.

Another unusual thing about Holland, to say the least, is the completely cool soft drug scene. There are now over eighty youth clubs (called *Provdayas*) scattered around Holland, and it is completely legal to smoke or trip out on their premises. The Dutch have solved a problem that is driving people up the walls in England and America by reverting, in a sense, to that old oriental stand-by, the smoking den. Opium, however, is not used, and I am informed that there is no real hard drug problem in Holland, possibly because there has been no soft drug problem. This youth club system predates the *Kabouter* movement by two years, and there are also those who believe that the young Dutch have turned to a more involved sort of political living sooner than other peoples because they have gotten bored with smoking at the youth clubs. Just as the Danes have supposedly become sated with pornography, so it is supposed that the Dutch have gotten fed up with just sitting around and smoking, though there is certainly no shortage of members (and foreign visitors) at these clubs.

Another interesting side to the *Kabouter* movement is that artists have taken an active role in it from the beginning. The Dutch equivalent of the Art Workers Coalition (or the fitfully active British FACOP) long ago won out against the artistic establishment in their battle to subsidize artists who cannot sell their work. They have also won any number of privileges allowing an artist to find a studio more easily and obtain reasonably priced insurance — all of this has been obtained from the Dutch government, but far from being overfed and sold out, the Dutch artists are one of the most go-ahead and imaginative forces in Dutch political life, and two of their representatives have been elected as *Kabouters* to the City Council. This stands in marked contrast to the labored, self-conscious efforts of the Art Workers Coalition, afraid to ask anything really revolutionary of either the art world or society at large.

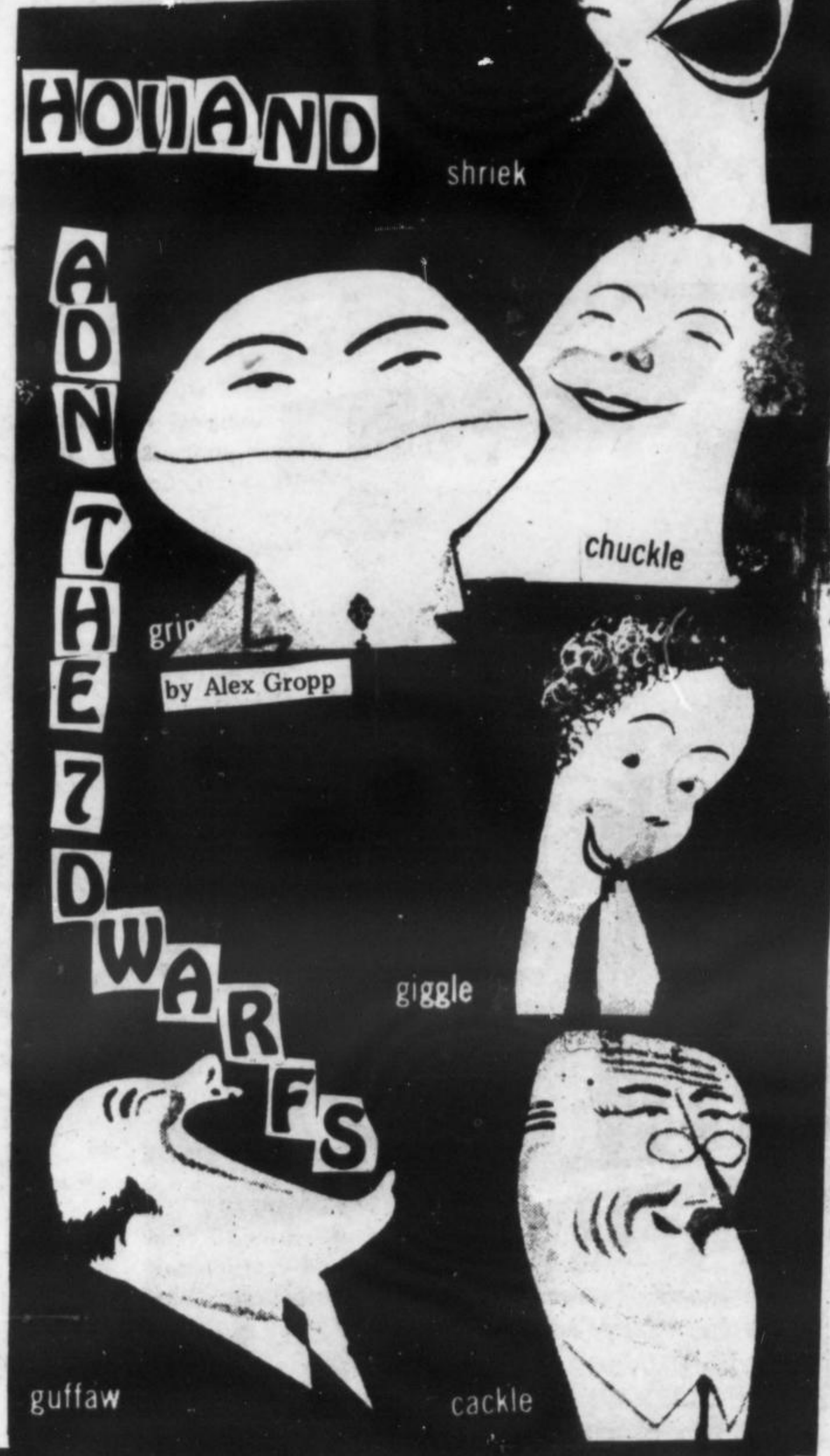
There are, of course, a few flies in the ointment — some of the younger Dutch claim the *Kabouters* will sell out now that they are coming to power, but the leaders of the movement are adamant that they will use the very structures of government to

change its nature. There are some who say that the *Kabouters* will not even attend the first session of the City Council this autumn but will be out doing something more interesting, though probably not in keeping with the dignity of government. One of their first acts in office was an attempt to actually give away one of their Council seats to the Pacifist Party, which had lost all their seats.

The more militant among the students — and also the more prosaic ones — are 'furious' with the *Kabouters* for using tactics considered unorthodox according to classical Marxism and even daring to succeed with them. But for the time being the *Kabouters* are the richest, deepest, and most successful thing going in Europe,

Amsterdam has definitely taken over from London as the place where the real action (and the real thought) is.

I have asked several of the *Kabouter* leaders whether they think their tactics can possibly be successful in as troubled a land as America now is, and their answer is a qualified but definite yes. But I will leave further discussion of this and of the rich and multiple intricacies of *Kabouter* thought and activities for another article.





YOUR

# UN-Dergground UN-Cola

## NEWSLETTER



### Un-dispense

**Un-Boy!**  
Hilary Brainbruisse, 23, of Louisiana was taken into custody last week by Baton Rouge police officers and held 36 hours for conspiracy to look strange-assed. Officers said Brainbruisse refused to confess his crime through two days of constant interrogation. Not until deputy sheriff Harmon Hooley produced his "clincher" did Brainbruisse break down. After being beaten five times on the left ear with a full bottle of 7-Up Underground Un-Cola Soft Drink, Brainbruisse finally admitted what officers had suspected all along: he was actually a girl!



**Un-Teeth!**  
Now we turn to a subject close to the hearts of all Undergrounders - Corn on the Cob. Finding it hard to "nosh down" on all that great corn on the cob, fellow Undergrounders? Well, researchers for the 7-Up Underground Un-Cola foundation are well aware that the drinking of their soft drink causes twenty different kinds of tooth decay. But cheer up, that's what brings all us Undergrounders together: we're the world's first *Toothless Generation!* And the people at 7-Up want to give you this Helpful Hint For The Easy Eating Of Corn On The Cob: Holding the cob in one hand - far up toward the Bad End, so as not to cut yourself - take a *knife*, and slice off all the corn down into your *plate*. Then you can eat it with your fingers, but be careful not to eat your fingers too.

**Un-Scoop!**  
Contrary to popular folk-lore, film star Fatty Arbuckle *did not neither* rape film starlet Virginia Rappe to death with a Coca-Cola bottle! Still-breathing-in-spite-of-all film star Gloria Swanson, in an exclusive interview with the 7-Up Underground Un-Cola promotion department, revealed recently that it was actually a 7-Up Underground Un-Cola bottle (no deposit, no return - real economic for today's frugal Undergrounders) with which Fatty raped Rappe. As a result of this, Arbuckle was blackballed from the film industry - which just goes to show you how 7-Up helps keep our movies *clean!*



**Un-Biodegradable**  
Six Things To Do With Your Empty Economic No-Deposit No-Return 7-Up Underground Un-Cola bottle: 1. Mug your nanny. 2. Break it into little glass pieces with your *next* 7-Up-bottle. 3. Put your lips tightly around the open end of the bottle and *blow* as hard as you *can*, for as *long* as you can. This will get you *stoned*. 4. Plant a flower in it and be *groovy*. 5. Break off the bottom of it, wait for a bright day, focus the sun down through it, and burn a *bug* to death. 6. Pile them neatly in your back yard and wait for God to come and get rid of them.



**Un-Dispensable**  
Rock-and-roll, TV, and comic-book superstar Archie Andrews says 7-Up Underground Un-Cola is *great!* 'My friend Jughead does 7-Up all the time,' says Archie. 'With a needle. Right up the mainline. That's how he got to be Jughead. Veronica can't go to sleep at night without a 7-Up Underground Un-Cola bottleneck in her mouth. Yessir, the *Archie's* take 7-Up with them everywhere they go, from Altamont to Powder Ridge - all over this great Woodstock Nation.'



With New **CANTHARIDIN** for increased **SEX** appeal!

Un-derground

### Boss New Un-Cola Additive Developed

7-Up Underground Un-Cola chemical research head Al Brylcreem and his trusty lusty sidekick Feminique Fensterbaum are shown developing new soft drink preservative *pheno-chloro-iso-alilemphonyn 27 AC*, knicknamed "shit." Brylcreem, former top-secret systems chief for the Army's

Bio-Chemical Warfare project "K.I.L.L." says: "No self-respecting Undergrunder will drink anything but *shit!*" Pretty Miss Fensterbaum (38-26-38) says, "Shit contains 27% fewer gene-altering enzymes than L.S.D. And it's only a *teensy-weensy* little bit addictive"

CONCEPTION: CLAUDIA DREIFUS  
ELABORATION: SID WEINHEIMER  
EXECUTION: DEAN LATIMER



# THE BIG APPLE by Jackie Friedrich

## KNOW YOUR LOCAL WIRETAPPER

There we were, innocently talking long distance about various allergies, when we heard this clicking and mumbled talk over the wire. Drug and political paranoia made us stop and listen for awhile, but we heard nothing, so we resumed our conversation. Minutes later — another click — and then a voice saying, "This is the great pumpkin." We assailed him with many "Who is this?"es ("The Great Pumpkin" again), "How did you get on our line?" ("Magic") until we bullied him into getting off the line. The next time many minutes passed until the Great Pumpkin again interrupted our conversation. This time, however, we spoke to him for some two hours.

It took all of those two hours to get him to admit that he worked for the FBI branch of the Treasury Department and was supposed to monitor calls of big income tax evaders and loan sharks. But it appears that those who actually set up the monitors fuck up and as often as not, the wrong phones are tapped.

The Great Pumpkin realized his job was illegal and an invasion of privacy, but felt that loan sharks, heroin pushers, and million dollar loop hole artists should be prosecuted and duly punished.

Beyond that he was very confused. A married, PhD candidate in Biology at City, twenty-five year old draft dodger, he earns \$22,000 a year being a telltale jack-O-lantern. He didn't say he was confused in so many words, and he may not even realize that he is, but I'll tell him — HE IS CONFUSED!

Yes, he does turn on and so do other fellow phone-tappers. He believes the court systems are for shit and would certainly not like to be tried in our American halls of justice.

He thinks our politicians and our political parties are for shit, and voted for Wallace in the last election. At least, he said, you knew right where Wallace stood on everything. He doesn't lie, as do Nixon and Humphrey. And he likes Curtis LeMay because he felt LeMay's Vietnam policies would end the war sooner. Nixon, he claims, is causing just as much destruction and losing just as many lives as LeMay would, but dragging the war on and on.

He felt the Pigs were provoked during the demonstrations at the Chicago Convention, but his general feelings about pigs are that they are pretty much unqualified, brainless and neurotic, so of course they'd overreact. That was pretty much his response to the college campus massacres too.

He felt, however, that the "left" should talk less and act more. And although he was down on big corporations and how they rule our lives, he was also down on the destruction of property.

He believes in Capital Punishment because murderers can get out of jail in seven years and be out on the streets again.

Now the proud owner of a Volvo, he was once flying through the streets on a motorcycle, not in school, and sporting lengthy locks. However, he felt (with that good old Puritan and/or Jewish ethic) that he should 'make something of himself,' so he went back to school to become an oceanographer. That same motorcycle first helped him stay out of the army. When he was 18 and schoolless, he got his draft notice, but had hit some lady with his motorcycle and had a trial pending, so he was rejected. Several years later, he got another draft notice, but being 6'4" and something of a gourmand, he gained the weight (Continued on Page 19)

## BLOOD POURING ON HIROSHIMA DAY

In select parts of this city people camped out from Monday Aug. 3 to Thurs. Aug. 6, protesting the many killings perpetrated by our government. The action was in honor of the 25th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima, and was coordinated by the Catholic Peace Fellowship.

There were about twenty people at each center at any given time.

At 4:30 on Aug. 6 a service was held at the Varick Street post — right in front of the offices of the Atomic Energy and the Selective Service centers. Among those quoted in the service and on the posters were St. Matthew, Jesus, John Hersey,

Malcolm Boyd, Mayor Shinzo Hamai of Hiroshima, and Daniel Berrigan.

During the service, while all gathered to sing "Blowin' in the Wind," jars of red paint, symbolizing blood, were poured to the ground, splattering the legs of departing secretaries, and waiting pigs. The two who did the pouring were immediately dragged off and handcuffed. One of the two was said to be Paul Curtin of the CFP.

In the past three days, five others were busted for blocking the entrance at 201 Varick St.

At 5:00 one of the employees quit his job and threw gold, frankincense and myrrh from the rooftop. He then threw leaflets depicting a crying Jesus saying "1970 years. Must I always weep?"

After the service, the squatters passed the wine and bread.

## free plays

"Madmen and Specialists" written and directed by Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka will be performed on Aug. 8 and 9 at 8:30. The Saturday performance will be given at Tomkins Park, Bedford Stuyvesant, and the Sunday performance will be given at Mr. Morris Park, Lenox Ave. and 122nd St. The actors

are from the University of Ibadan, Nigeria and the play concerns a cynical young doctor who gives up his medical profession to become a tyrannical political force.

"Where it's at — 70" by the Afro-American Touring Theatre will be touring the city and vicinity: Aug. 13, 8:00, West 126 St., between 5th and Lenox Aves. Aug. 14, 9:00, East 109 St., between Madison and 5th Aves. Aug. 28, 9:00, 6th St., between Aves C and D

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**HOWARD JOHNSON'S**  
Route 23, Wayne

## GOOD LUCK TO OUR CITY'S YOUTHS

New York City will host this year's National Youth Games Championships, to be held on August 20 to 23 at Madison Square Garden, NYU, and Randall's Island.

The N.Y. team consists of 62 boys and girls between the ages of 10 and 15, the winners of qualifying trials held in the five boroughs earlier this summer.

- TRACK AND FIELD**
- 9-11 Year Olds**
- 75-Yard Dash - Girls*  
Debra Bryant, 10  
Patricia Thomas, 11
- Boys*  
Anthony Carter, 11  
Armande Rios, 11
- 100-Yard Dash - Girls*  
Debra Bryant, 10  
Crystal McMillan, 11
- Boys*  
Anthony Carter, 11  
Armande Rios, 11
- Long Jump - Girls*  
Patricia Thomas, 11
- Boys*  
Alvin Morgan, 11
- 12-13 Year Olds**
- 100-Yard Dash - Girls*  
Elaine Johnson, 13  
Francina Simuel, 13
- Boys*  
Brian Newcombe, 13  
Vernon Tynes, 13

During the three day event, bowling finals will be held in Madison Square Garden. Track and field finals will be held at Randall's Island. A round robin of basketball games will be held at NYU.

The Fourth Annual United States Youth Games Championships are sponsored by American Machine and Foundry and the Mayor's Urban Task Force, in cooperation with the City Dept. of Recreation.

The members of the NYC team are:

- 220-Yard Dash - Girls*  
Denise Johnson, 13  
Elaine Johnson, 13
- Boys*  
Kenneth Hills, 13  
Eric Howard, 12
- Long Jump - Girls*  
Kathy McLaughlin, 13
- Boys*  
Kenneth Hills, 13
- High Jump - Girls*  
Cheryl Williams, 13
- Boys*  
Michael Toler, 12
- 14-15 Year Olds**
- 100-Yard Dash - Girls*  
Lillian Deas, 15  
Hilda Townes, 14
- Boys*  
Larry Guice, 15  
Joseph White, 15
- 220-Yard Dash - Girls*  
Rita Perkins, 15  
Hilda Townes, 14
- (Continued on Page 19)

## MOVIE CALENDAR

- 16 "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Tom Jones" and "My Wife's Husband"
- 17 "My Uncle" and "My Life to Live"
- 12 "The Passion of Joan of Arc" and "Ordet"
- 13 "Room at the Top" and "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning"
- 14 "The Idiot" and "M"
- 15 "Breathless" and "My Life to Live"
- ELGIN (ORF-0935), 8th Ave and 19th St  
Aug 11-12 "The Virgin Spring" and "The Silence"
- 13-17 "Gate of Hell" and "Ugetsu"
- THALIA (AC2-3370), Bway and 95th St  
Aug 11 "The Night They Raided Minsky's" and "How I Won the War"
- ART (GR3-7014), 8 St and Univ Pl, "Z"
- BLEECKER ST (OR4-3210), Bkr St and La Guardia, "Brand X"
- 8TH ST (GR7-7874), 8th St btw 5 & 6 Aves  
Aug 11 "Married Woman"
- 12 "Band of Outsiders"
- 13 "Le Petit Soldat"
- 14 "Les Carabiniers"
- 15 "Contempt"
- 16 "Alphaville"
- 17 "A Woman is a Woman"
- PEOPLES VIDEO THEATRE: THURS THRU SUN 8:00 and 10:30



# Mind if I call you PIGGY?

by Margie Heins

"They were the best," that's what Captain Phil Kiely of Mission Station said of police officers Joe Brodnik and Paul McGoran after Brodnik was killed on May 1, 1969. Meanwhile, the names of five "latin hippie type" suspects were being blasted over the air.

The pig media proceeded to describe the over 400 burglary arrests Brodnik and

McGoran had made; their two dozen medals for bravery; their sober ingenuity and "amazing success" in undercover work. "Tonight," one network intoned mournfully, after recounting the police version of the incident, "Joe Brodnik lies dead; Paul McGoran, hospitalized."

A rather different picture of McGoran is emerging these days at the trial of Los Siete de la Raza, now in its fourth week.

From his first days on the witness stand, the big, hulking McGoran looked drowsy;

it was revealed, during Charles Garry's cross examination, that McGoran has long suffered from an ailment known as "tachycardia," which the pig himself describes as follows: "Under tension, exertion, any kind of physical exertion, my heartbeat goes up to 180 counts per minute." To relieve this unpleasant condition, McGoran takes a variety of pills every day, among them four or five 5-milligram tabs of valium, a heavy tranquilizer. Thus, the drowsy look, the deadened eyes, the slow, un-quick temper, the strange ability to stay calm and "reasonable" under the most intensive drilling.

Although Judge Mana restricted cross examination to deal only with the events of May 1st, and not with McGoran's character traits, prejudices, or credibility as a witness, Garry managed to establish that the pig is familiar with a great number of bars around San Francisco, and is strangely friendly with bar-owners and bartenders;

that he's something of a gun freak (his .41 magnum, which killed Brodnik, is bigger than the standard police weapon); and that he fits naturally

into the tough guy role for which he was famous in the Mission. As Garry questioned McGoran on this, the pig couldn't help boasting: "I would play the bad guy and Joe would play the good guy to the extent that if we apprehended a suspect I would want to arrest him and Joe would say 'Give him a break,' and we would talk this over in front of him and we would let him go if he would give us a little information which would lead to bigger and greater arrests."

Garry, who represents Jose Rios and Mario and Tony Martinez, cross-examined McGoran for four days. He mixed personal insults, accusations of racism, lying and brutality, with detailed drilling on the events of May 1st. Garry had to do most of his work by way of off-the-cuff comments and unanswered questions, because the judge protected McGoran from having to answer anything about May 1st.

The defense lawyers complained that this was a gross denial of the rights of cross examination, and Mike Kennedy, lawyer for Bebe Melendez, predicted that Mana would not only be overturned on appeal for this restriction, but would be reprimanded.

"Am I supposed to quiver when you say that?" Mana asked, in one of his displays of animation all week.

At one point, the ever-theatrical Garry asked to withdraw from the case if he couldn't cross-examine thoroughly. Mana, of course, said no. Requests for mistrial came from the defense table at the rate of three or four a day.

Despite the restrictions, Garry kept it offensive. He started out Monday morning by asking McGoran, "You been bragging about how well you doing on the witness stand, haven't you

D.A. Norman: "Objection."  
Mana: "Objection sustained."

Garry: "You were so drunk Saturday night you couldn't even take your fat home."

Norman: "Objection. Irrelevant."  
Mana: "Objection sustained."

Garry: "Your honor, it's relevant goes to his being an alcoholic and bum."

Mana, impassive: "The objection be sustained." Mana has the habit of sustaining objections usually before the defense has a chance to argue the sometimes before Norman even makes them.

The litany soon gets monotonous.

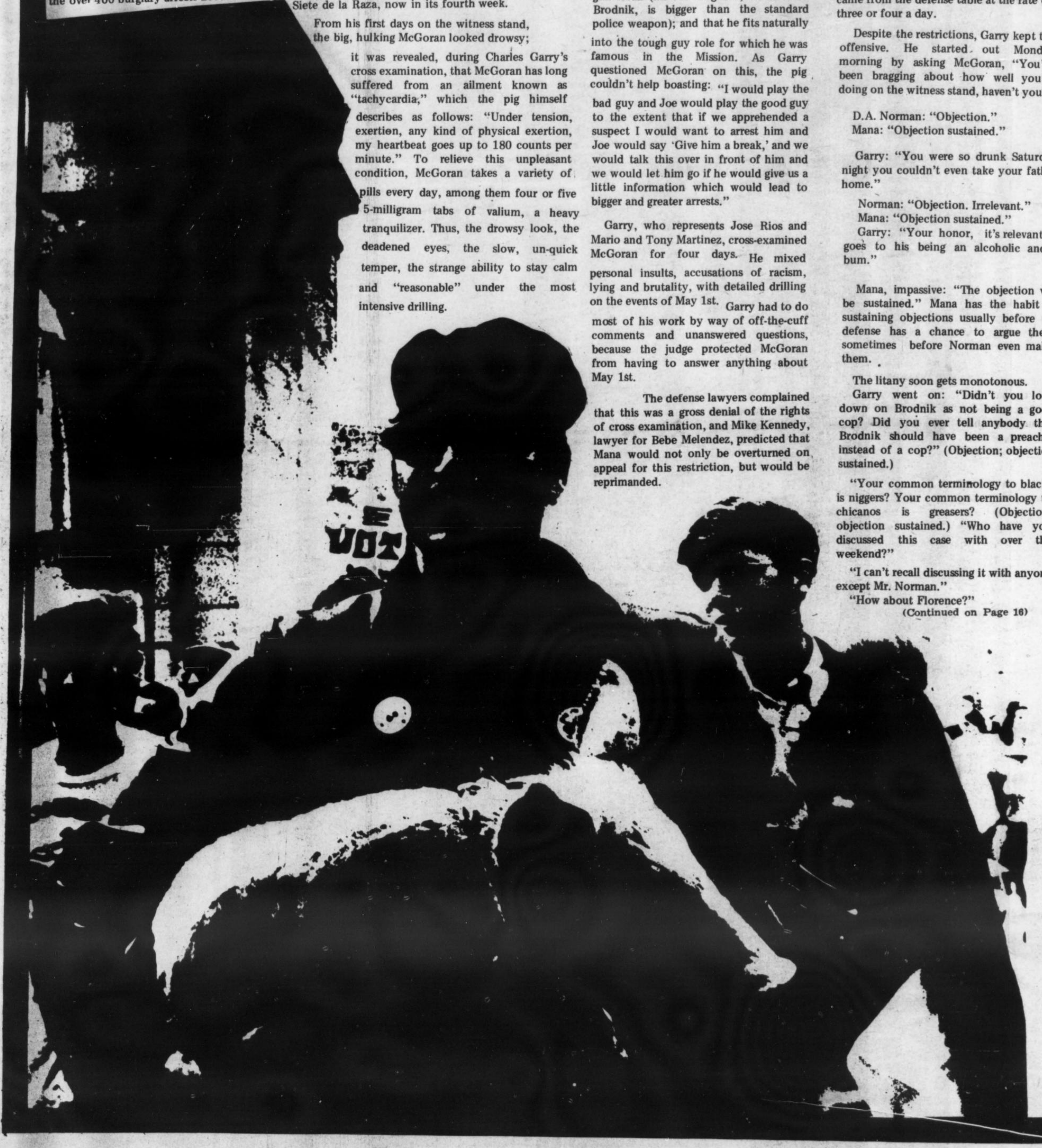
Garry went on: "Didn't you look down on Brodnik as not being a good cop? Did you ever tell anybody that Brodnik should have been a preacher instead of a cop?" (Objection; objection sustained.)

"Your common terminology to blacks is niggers? Your common terminology to chicanos is greasers? (Objection; objection sustained.) "Who have you discussed this case with over the weekend?"

"I can't recall discussing it with anyone except Mr. Norman."

"How about Florence?"

(Continued on Page 16)



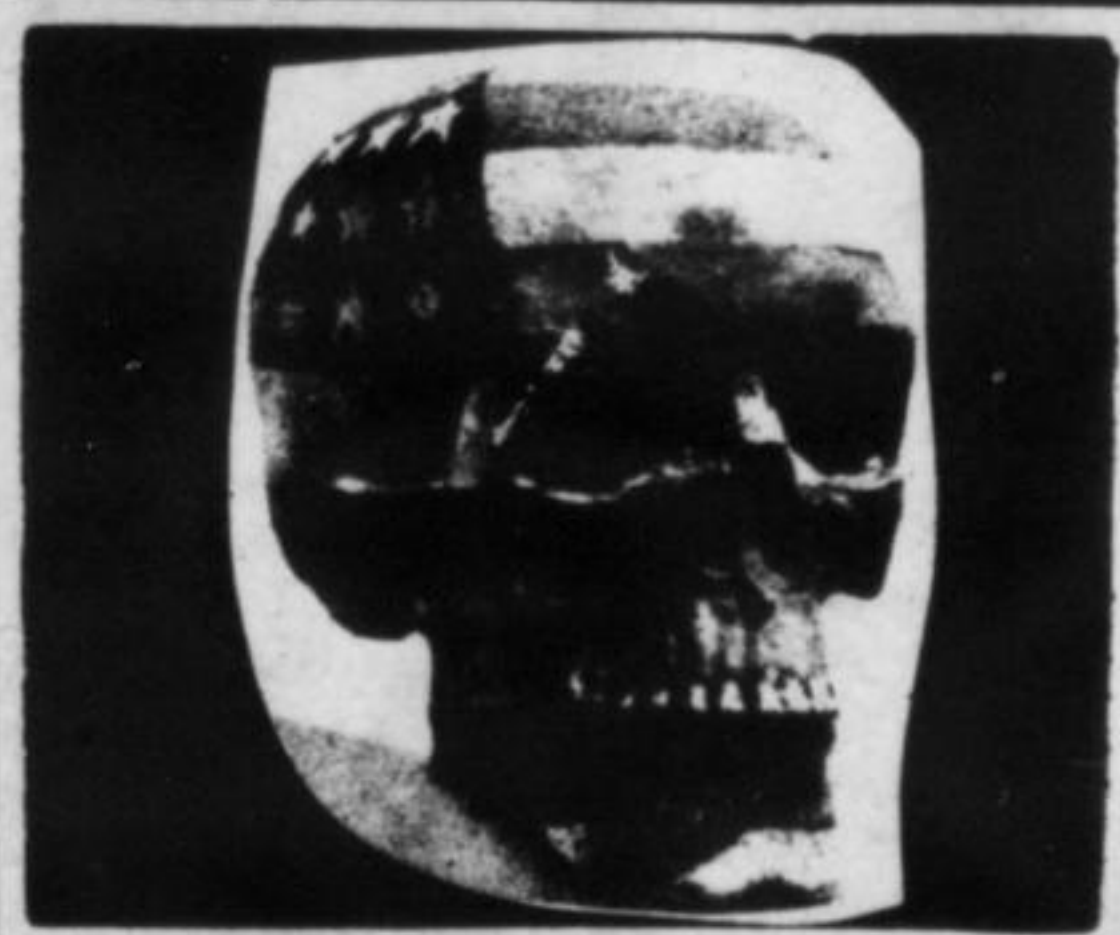


SOLEDAD BROTHERS

Three young blacks, inmates of Soledad prison, may soon be murdered by the State of California. These men are accused of killing a prison guard. They are innocent. Their right to a fair trial is being systematically and intentionally destroyed by the prison administration. The judge has so far denied them the most fundamental constitutional rights. They will be railroaded to the gas chamber unless we move to stop this injustice and show the state that the lives of black men and prison inmates are not expendable.



Seven Black brothers working for their people. Two pigs attacked them. One pig shot the other. Now the seven are on trial for murder. It could have been any of us.



Racial hostility runs high at Soledad prison, fostered and encouraged by the authorities. For almost two years, prisoners in the maximum security wing have been held in rigid racial segregation. But, despite the extreme tension, on January 13, 1970, a racially mixed group of prisoners was taken to a new recreation yard. Prison authorities, knowing a fight would erupt, made no moves to prevent violence.

No guard went with the prisoners into the yard. But one, widely known for his marksmanship, stood armed with a carbine rifle in the guntower overlooking the yard.

What happened next is unclear. According to prison authorities, a scuffle broke out. The guard immediately fired four shots, killing three black prisoners and wounding one white. No alarm whistle was sounded, no warning shot heard, no tear gas thrown. The Grand Jury, echoing the district attorney, called these murders "justifiable homicide."

The shooting of the prisoners had outraged the Soledad inmates, black, white, and Chicano. More than half were on a hunger strike to protest the killings. Minutes after the verdict of justifiable homicide was broadcast over television on January 16, 1970, a guard was found dead in the Y wing. The Deputy Superintendent of the prison labeled the killing an act of revenge for the earlier murders. The one hundred forty-six inmates of the wing, who had been out of their cells, were immediately locked in isolation. With promises of early parole and threats of long confinement in the foreground, the district attorney and prison officials interrogated the inmates. After eight days of pressure, they claimed to have found the guilty men. George L. Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo, and John Wesley Clutchette were held in solitary confinement.

George L. Jackson is twenty-eight years old. A brilliant writer, he will soon have an anthology of his letters from prison published. Ten years ago, an indifferent lawyer persuaded Jackson to plead guilty to second-degree robbery charges, assuring him that such a plea would result in a lighter sentence. Given an indeterminate sentence of "one year to life," Jackson has been in prison ever since. The average

time served for robbery is about two and one-half years. But the Adult Authority has never set Jackson's sentence; perhaps they consider him a "troublemaker".

— he tried to integrate a television room in the prison, and he has received political literature. Since he is serving an indeterminate sentence which theoretically could be for life, Jackson has been charged not only with murder but with assault under Section 4500 of the penal code. This section imposes a mandatory death penalty on an inmate serving a life sentence who is convicted of assaulting a non-inmate.

John Clutchette is twenty-three years old and has spent the last three years in prison for burglary. His parole date had been set for April 28th, 1970. Fleeta Drumgo, twenty-four, has been in prison for five years, also on burglary charges. His next parole hearing was set for this April; his chances for release soon were excellent. Both men now face possible death sentences on charges of murder and assault.

During the twenty-nine days the defendants were held in solitary confinement following the incident at Soledad, they were not told of the charges against them. Bewildered by their isolation, suffering from cold and from inadequate food, they tried to get word of their plight to their families in Los Angeles. Their letters were censored and returned to them because officials were displeased with the contents. Clutchette finally wrote simply "Help!", and this message was delivered. When the worried families called the prison, officials told them: "don't bother to come" to the hearing at which the inmates would be charged. Authorities also told the families there was no need to get lawyers for their sons.

The concerted effort by officials to isolate the prisoners from each other and from those who could help them and to speed to them to the gas chamber was aided by the judge at the court proceedings.

— Although the three inmates were charged with the same crime, each was barred from appearing at the initial proceedings against the other two.

(Continued on Page 22)







TUPAMAROS:  
INSTRUCTIONS TO ASSAULT  
A GARRISON

by Julio Hernandez  
PRENSA LATINA Special Service

*How to successfully attack a military garrison located in the middle of a city with one-and-a-half million inhabitants? How to take it over for more than an hour, tie the entire guard, bring in a truck, load it with more than 300 light arms, raise a revolutionary flag in the patio, and afterwards just leave without suffering the slightest scratch — everything a few blocks away from the Government Palace?*

Fernando Garin took off his helmet. Everything that morning of May 29, at 1:45 a.m. had been planned that way. Garin was an orderly of the guard and for that reason the sentry standing at the entrance of the Uruguayan Navy Training Center does not pay any attention to this unimportant gesture. The three men in the car that just took off down Washington Street towards the center of town, knew with certainty that the man who removed his helmet and put it on again was Fernando Garin, 23 years old, a native of the town of "Juan Lacaze" and son of one of the founders of the textile syndicate.

Next to the car rises the strong wall of the military center. A hundred meters away the traffic in Montevideo's seaside avenue is heavy in spite of the hour. On the roof of the entrance gate, there is another

sentry. Around sixty persons — officers and sailors — sleep inside the old building. Another guard stands in back, facing the street called Lindolfo Cuestas, and in the surroundings of the garrison 19 commandoes belonging to the "Tupamaros" await a signal.

Now, everything depends on the three revolutionaries who are in the car, and, above all, on Fernando Garin's steady nerves.

When the car stops in front of the gates, the guards become worried. Two "Tupamaros" get out of the automobile. "We're from the police. We need to see the officer on duty," they exclaim with an authoritarian voice.

The guard calls the orderly; Garin comes out frowning, pretending suspicion. He goes to one side and inspects the papers of the alleged police agents. He asks them to go in.

The scene is being followed, detail by detail by other members of the "Tupamaros" commando who are hiding in the darkness of the street, one hundred meters away. Before crossing the entrance gate one of the men looks rapidly above: on the roof, four meters above the ground, the sentry, now at ease, puts down his R-15 rifle.

Let us look at the scene then from the intersection of Washington and Guarani

streets, in this dock neighborhood. If one goes down the Rambla, two blocks away is Buenos Aires street. Turning twelve blocks to the left is the Plaza de la Independencia in front of the Presidential Palace. An enamoured couple goes down Washington Street; we don't know where they came from. Next to the grey highwall, one of the "policemen" halts them.

"Identification," he demands.

(Nervous hands, signs of weakness, the boy searches in his pockets, the girl in her purse.)

"We don't have any," they say in a loud voice. "we're students from the 'Institute Alfredo Vazquez Acevedo.' We can prove it."

"We'll see," answers the policeman and orders them to go into the garrison.

If we look towards the roof, we can see through the semi-darkness that a similar incident is taking place. Garin is next to the sentry telling him he's come to substitute him. It's not yet two in the morning. The clock barely marks 1:50 a.m. There is too much "activity" this morning and the sentry feels that something is not working right; it can be observed in his indecision. But Garin — if one goes ahead on Washington street in the direction of La Rambla one can see him — strikes the guard on the stomach with his colt-45 and takes the rifle.

The scene must now be looked upon in its entirety to see what is taking place. The "policeman" and the two "students" surround the sentry at the entrance gate. From above Garin is also pointing at him with his rifle.

When Garin and the two alleged policemen entered the military establishment, the corporal called the officer on duty. He did not suspect anything and it didn't occur to him to ring the alarm next to him which would go off in the dormitories. The officer and the corporal were quickly dominated and tied.

Winter facilitated things. Uruguayan sailors, aside from their helmets, use a winter "poncho" which can be easily exchanged. Two "Tupamaros" took over the guard. But we can't do anything in the street because the Navy Training Center looks the same as every other night outside. If we move towards the central patio — with flagstaff and flag in the center, the old buildings surrounding it — we can see how 17 other members of the Tupamaro Commando enter the

building. The block where 30 sailors sleep is taken over. The infirmary, the dining room, the recruiting office, the officers' room, the artillery section . . .

Everyone has to line up in the central patio, the majority in underclothes. There is tension among the "Tupamaros" because the keys to the cells don't show up. Twenty minutes later the cells are opened and the military are locked up.

A truck enters through the entrance gate and parks in the middle of the patio. The commando empties the arsenal and gathers even the arms in the dormitories. A total of 300 long arms, two 30-millimeter machine guns, 60,000 bullets, 150 "Colt" revolvers, forty 45-caliber pistols, several sub-machine guns and six R-15 rifles used by the American in Vietnam plus 75 powerful grenades also used in Indochina.

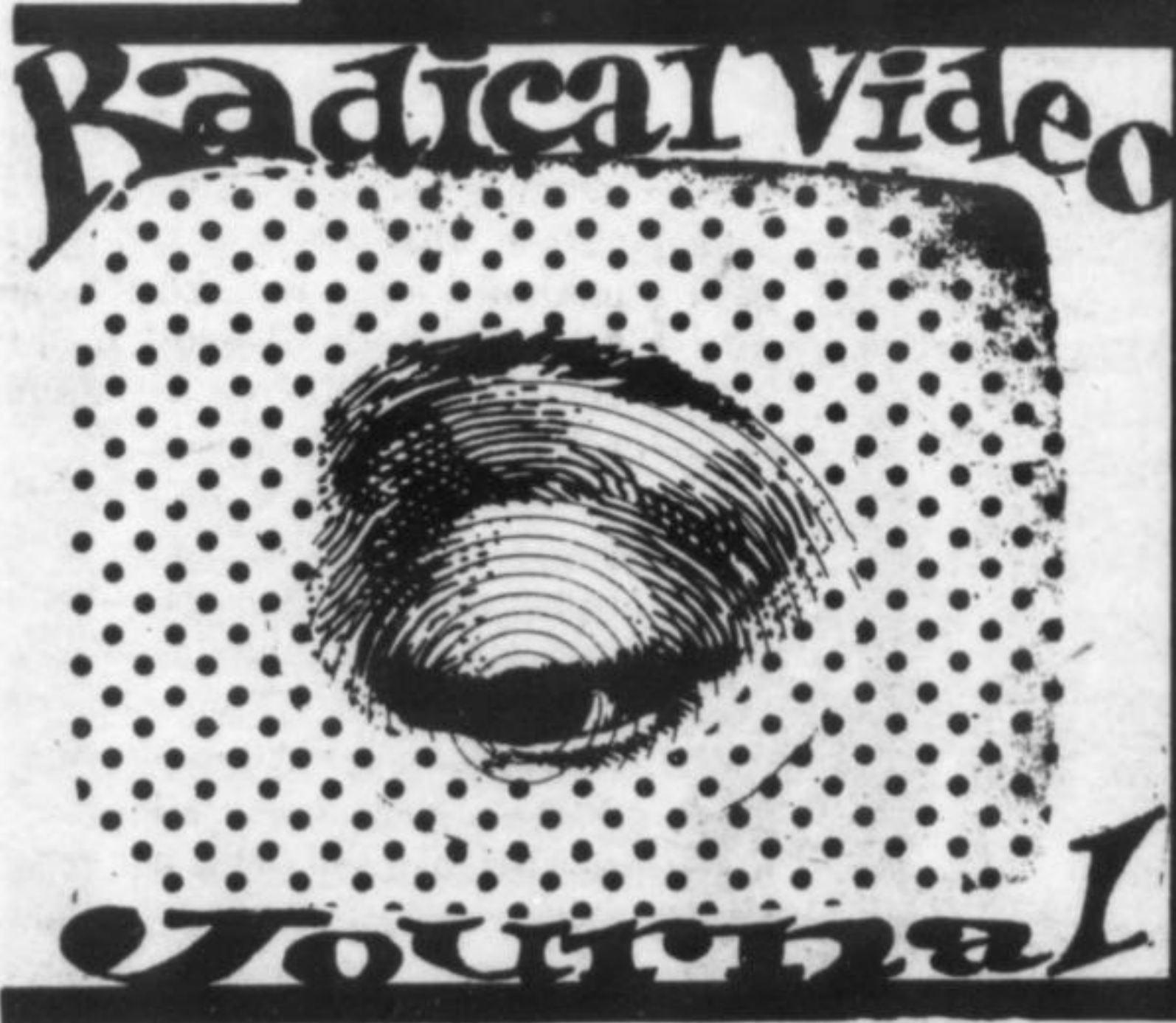
What happens now seems unforeseen: two sailors, belonging to the garrison, arrive at the entrance, greet the "Tupamaros" and go on. The commando has planned everything; a special trap controls them as they enter.

At 3:30 a.m. the truck, carrying the arsenal and all the members of the commando, departs. The "Tupamaros" move with speed among the old buildings. Six remain behind on duty. All the telephone wires have been cut from the beginning. The truck departs and there's absolute silence; the noise of the traffic on the Rambla is heard.

One member of the commando quietly raises the "Tupamaro" flag, takes photographs of the jailed officers and sailors, of the flag and of the revolutionary slogans written on the walls. Garin leaves a letter explaining how he could no longer endure seeing the tortures inflicted on the workers of "Usinas and Telefonos del Estado" who were arrested during a strike.

At 4:15 a.m. the remaining Tupamaros leave. Let us go out into the street. The "Tupamaros" leave in various cars parked in the surroundings. Quite some time passes until a group of Navy officers manages to open up their locks, and run to warn the Army Intelligence Service, located two blocks away.

Agents and Navy forces begin to mobilize but only the Tupamaro flag remains in the Training Center. Early in the morning of the 29th, the President, the Minister of Defense and high military chiefs begin an emergency meeting.



THE MEDIA IN CUBA

by John Reilly

*A conversation with Jim Higgins, an American journalist recently returned from Cuba.*

JOHN: How does one deal with the question of "Freedom" of Media in Cuba, in the sense that multiple viewpoints do not really exist in Cuba. How does the revolutionary government use media effectively?

JIM: I don't think it's possible to talk about freedom of the press in the abstract. As I told you a few minutes ago, I have been an editor of a commercial daily in the United States for 20 years and I know something about the U.S. Press. I don't consider the U.S. Press to be free.

The U.S. Press is a representative and reflects the views of the privileged oligarchy in the United States. We're not talking about just freedom of expression, freedom of the press as if it's something that exists somewhere and doesn't exist in Cuba. I'd like to answer the question, however, in a little different way. I have a friend, an American rabbi, who was in Cuba, shortly before I was and who came back to Mexico and with whom I talked before I came in about his impressions of the press and communications in Cuba. He said he felt cut off. He didn't have access to information, which he was used to getting in Mexico and the United States. But I asked him if he didn't feel in touch with an entirely new world about which he got accurate and complete information and he said yes in thinking it over he did. And really what he said, was that he was making a cultural comment, that he was used to something and felt this should be the information one should be receiving and therefore I missed it. He hadn't thought until I asked him the question that in Cuba, he was getting an entirely new picture of the world and facts and opinions, about things he would not get in his own country. Now, I think he's right. I asked him these questions because I had been in Cuba before and was very interested in the press, radio, television, films, etc. But, the press particularly, because that's my own special media. I felt very well informed in Cuba. I felt, as a matter of fact, not only well-informed, but as if I was learning things and had access to things, which I did not have at all in my own country.

JOHN: For example.

JIM: Particularly the third world. By

the third world, I mean Africa, Latin America and the continent of Asia. I felt that I was getting all pertinent information to help me understand what was going on in this sector of the world and in particular countries such as Viet Nam, Korea, Algeria, Ghana, whatever. This was to me refreshing, because it was information I couldn't get in my own country and not only that I regarded it as the truth and I felt that the Cubans were exceptionally honest and tried to be thoroughly candid and truthful in what they presented. I would think that the Cubans now are among the best informed people of the world. I would consider them far better informed about important matters than the people of the United States. I think the government makes an effort and I think this is implicit and explicit in Fidel Castro's speeches from the very beginning. The facts are on our side, that the thing to do is to tell the truth, to face problems, to tell exactly what's going on. I think this reflects the philosophy of all the Cuban Media.

JOHN: What aspects of American life do the Cubans see as positive?

JIM: We were talking about American journalists who I think really don't acquaint themselves historically with the Cuban people. Fidel and the Cuban people know historically in the United States about the American Revolution and the traditions of freedom that exist both in principle and sometimes in fact in the U.S. Therefore, they continually stress what seems to them the most positive aspects of American life. That is the student revolution, the black resistance and now the black militant

movement, particularly the remarkable organization, the Black Panthers, which they're able to secure all kinds of information about. Let's take a conspiracy trial, for example. The conspiracy trial was very well reported. The Cubans regard this as a continuation of the spirit of freedom and independence. In these elements are where the positive aspects of American life lies. The Cuban people are saturated with this and know a great deal more, I'll bet they know more about the "Breakfast Program" and the Health Clinic program and the Black Panther Party newspaper than most people of the U.S., who think of the Black Panthers as a bunch of savages with guns.

JOHN: While I'm thinking of Newspaper reporting, didn't the Times, in fact, report Fidel's 26th of July speech?

JIM: They did report it. The monitored it in Miami by radio.

JOHN: They had an account in the Times of it?

JIM: Yes, they did. The account in the Times was of such a nature, I think I will wait and read the entire speech of Fidel's in the English edition of "Grandma" to see what Fidel actually said and the context within which he said it. I think what the Times did was quote accurately certain segments of the speech. In my mind, it was an incomplete, if not inaccurate report. It did present some quotes from Fidel, which indicated that the failure to reach the goal of the 10 million ton sugar harvest was really a defeat for the Revolution.

JOHN: What was the final figure?

(Continued on Page 18)



# FREE

Lee Michaels, i mean theres a name thats not too wellknown in the electric mecca. The thing that surprised me even more was that half the people that knew of him thought he was west coast bubble gum. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Hes one of those preformers that comes off ten times better in person than on records but all of his records so far have been really good. It wont make too much difference but this new release from him might just make it in the big city this time around. The americam rock comciouness is just about ready for him now, maybe. There are still an awful lot of people walkin around in a newly created land of FM HYPE MUSIC.

shit i mean SHIT, thats what you get out of the radio these days. The deejays are all pseudo hip intellectuals who wouldnt know the right end of a trombone if it fell on them. Walkin around with their fringe and their 25\$ a pair a italian sandals and all the rest that goes with it. I dont know, how much good taste can you expect from a guy that wears cufflinks on a tie dye?? But anyways even if Lee Mi dont make it on toto yor local favorite electrical appliance go get the album. The new one is called *Lee Michaels Berrel* (A:M Records) Its pretty good i mean ill tell you. Got some nice pictrues on the inside cover. It sort of serves like a story book of sorts. Pictures of the world of the west and pictures of FROSTY, hes the drummer and some of he plays the guitar. Lee plays all the other instruments heard on the album. mostly keyboards and other stuff He does all the vocals. I mean thats his thing, singing, hes got this voice that dosent fit into ant category that i know of i mean Its lee michaels. I can see it all now, pretty soon even Joe Cocker will be doing Lee Michaels songs.. i hope ypu pick up on the real thing before the second time around. Its the beat that they use, its got a bounce of sorts to it. On thr second side he sings *I GOT MURDER IN MY HEART FOR THE JUDGE*, its real good. I mean if i had a radio station thats what id play this week Seeing as most of new york is strung out on cocaine for the past few weeks it dosent matter what comes out of the radio, thats part of the trouble, people dont really listen, its just that the addiction that rock and roll causes is like you always have soke kind of rock and roll



## HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

happening, radios turned on and record players.. Its the age of electronic addiction and cocaine really helps. The radio these days is just there to plug into. It dont matter to most people what shit comes out of it. Their ears and minds are bombarded with as long as the little neon light on the dial is on. Showing you that youre tuned in and all plugged in ready to go. The more expensive models that were sent down from the scout ships are equipt with meters so you can watch the level of electronic stimulation that you are getting.

If anyones interested in a recent article in the AMA magaziene says that a whole bunch of ear doctors and a whole bunch of head doctors got together to do some tests on hearing preception and sounds effects on your brain. They didnt get what they were looking for but some pretty interesting thangs happened

They were fooling around with some so called Meditation and trance music, why they picked that stuff no one will know.

They were looking for ear and brain damage but came up with some more interesting things. Like 0 out of the 500 people tested 285 of them, more than half reported some form of musically induced almost hypnotic sleep. The doctors were looking for brain and ear dammage from music and found instead a door way into the anti matter galaxy.

Speaking of the anti matter galaxy Charles Manson cortroom wiz kid will have his first record comming out in a little while. the masters were obtained from some of his earlier recording sessions in various west coast studios between 1967 and 1969. They are all orrigonal compositions written and sung by cahrie and additional instruments and vocal by the girls of the Manson Family The record company to take a chance with this new and quite unknown artist is ESP-DISC, an a new york based record company with such fine preformers in their catalogue as Albert Ayler, Sun Ra and His Heliocentric world, The Fugs early albums, The only record ever put out bu the East Village Other called The Electric Newspaper, Pearls before Swine, William Burroughs readings, and a whole mess of other unknowns un recogniseables. Chales Mansion, the record industry will welcomes you with open arms. ESP-DISC can be contacted at 300 West 55th st n.y.c.. "SPONGE OUT"

(Continued on Page 20)

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# PIGS!

(Continued from Page 13)

"I may have. I don't recall." ("I don't recall" is the standard response of the professional cop-witness. It admits nothing, yet avoids perjury.)

Garry went on, "You recall telling Florence you were snowing the jury? That there was a good looking blonde on the jury that you were making headway with?"

McGoran: "I said there were some good looking girls on the jury."

Garry: "Did Brodrik ever tell you he was worried that you'd kill somebody with that gun of yours?" (McGoran, as usual, looked to Norman, hoping for an objection before he answered. Norman

Garry: "Did you tell Gary Lescallet, 'you'll get a fucking .41 bullet up your fucking ass?'"

McGoran: "No, sir."

"Do you remember the time you were tried in South San Francisco for assault and battery?" objection sustained.

"Don't you have a vile and atrocious temper?" Objection sustained.

"Did you have a vile and atrocious temper on May 1, 1969?"

"No, sir."

"When you took a lie detector test in 1966, didn't you have an attack of tachycardia for up to thirty minutes?" Objection sustained.

"You've gotten involved with burglars, have you not?"

"No."

"You haven't bought burglarized material?"

"No."

"And if any of your ex-wives testified to that, they'd be lying?"

Objection: argumentative. Sustained. McGoran's story is that Gary Lescallet

started a fight with him; he knocked Gary down; some other people attacked him and knocked him down, his eyesight "dimmed, then blackened," but he remained "aware" of what was going on. While being kicked and beaten on the ground, McGoran says, he heard Brodrik shout, "Look out, Paul, he's got your gun," and then heard a "loud report."

Garry introduced a report from San Francisco General Hospital which read, "was hit in face; was not knocked down, not unconscious." Garry asked McGoran if he was interviewed when he got to the hospital. Yes. And did the interviewer write down what McGoran said? "I don't recall. I didn't see him write anything down."

"You told the doctors at General Hospital that... you were not knocked down."

"No." The contradiction remained unresolved; and at least one important point in McGoran's story was called into question.

The defense contends that McGoran pulled his gun and, in the fray, accidentally shot Brodrik. His eyesight never "blackened," he never fell to the ground. "Didn't Brodrik tell you time and again, 'Knock off the rough stuff?'" Garry asked. Objection sustained.

"Didn't Brodrik tell you on May 1, 'knock off the rough stuff?'"

"No."

"When you knocked Gary Lescallet down, Joe Brodrik came up to you and said: 'Paul, watch your gun!' and you let it go and shot him while you were standing right smack in front of him face to face!"

"No, sir," replied the tranquilized pig. Mike Kennedy is an even more aggressive lawyer than Garry, if such a thing is possible. "What did you say your name was?" he began his cross-examination late Tuesday afternoon.

"Paul Edward McGoran," the witness answered slowly.

"You're sure of that, are you?" Kennedy said acidly.

Norman asked, for the first of many times, that Judge Mana chastise Kennedy. Mana shrugged and let it pass.

"Have you taken any more tranquilizers since the one at noon?" Kennedy demanded.

"Yes." McGoran had taken a heart pill and a valium. Norman, belatedly, objected. "If this guy is so doped up that he can't understand my question, I'm entitled to know," Kennedy argued. Mana allowed the question, but admonished Kennedy against the use of the unprofessional term, 'guy.' Kennedy was undiscouraged. "Do you mind if I call you piggy?" he asked next. Objection: sustained.

"Wasn't piggy one of your nicknames in Mission 11?" Objection sustained. Kennedy's ambition, as he expresses it, is to 'unmask' McGoran, to penetrate the heavy cloud of dope and excite the man to say something honest, i.e., to give himself away.

And the pig, despite his dope, is clearly not bearing up well. His answers get sloppier; he seems at times unable to grasp the thrust of a question, and can only repeat mechanically the story he has memorized. It is doubtful that he can be broken down completely, but the man is

already such a wreck that even a few deep cracks may prove sufficient to convince the jury he can't be believed.

Kennedy, out of the jury's presence, brought up an incident during the spring of 1967 when McGoran and Brodrik, making their usual rounds, stopped at the Doggie Diner on Mission and 18th. McGoran approached Bebe Melendez in the parking lot, grabbed a small bottle of wine out of Bebe's pocket, and poured it out on the ground, with the words, "get out of here, you greasy little bastard." Then he punched Bebe in the mouth, and, Kennedy said, Bebe "still has the scar where his teeth went through his lower lip." McGoran didn't recall the incident, but did say he had run across Bebe in the past. Kennedy then questioned why McGoran was unable to make a positive identification of Bebe either in the hospital on May 1 when he was shown some mug shots, or at the lineup on May 6. McGoran said he wasn't sure at that time, because Bebe was only at the scene for a few seconds and then went up into 433 Alvarado St. "for identification." McGoran admitted that he didn't recall Bebe ever coming downstairs or assaulting him.

Following McGoran around is proving to be expensive business. The defense lawyers are spending thousands of dollars from their own pockets to pay investigators. Now is the perfect time to send some of your dope money to Charles Garry, 341 Market St., S.F.. A national support demonstration is planned for August 19. ~~about the time~~ the trial will be ending. — Berkeley Tribe

If you think Toe Fat's cover is funk wait till you hear what's inside. Toe Fat—a really together group from across the sea.



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JULY 26 1970

HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS

READ IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF SCANLAN'S MONTHLY THE REPORT "HOW LIFE MAGAZINE PAID \$5,000 FOR MARIJUANA FIELDS IN MEXICO AND OTHER TALES."

BUY IT, READ IT, GET HIGH ON IT. LISTEN TO IT:

"FOR CENTURIES THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA HAVE USED MARIJUANA IN THEIR SPIRITUAL AND CULTURAL CEREMONIES. IT IS THIS ASPECT OF MARIJUANA ON WHICH MORE AND MORE YOUNG PEOPLE ARE BASING THEIR USE OF THE WEED. WHEN THEY SMOKE MARIJUANA THEY FEEL AS MESSIAHS, OPEN AND LOVING AND EAGER TO SPREAD THEIR MESSAGE OF SALVATION FROM AN ESSENTIALLY IRRELIGIOUS, NON-HUMANISTIC AND UNESTHETIC SOCIETY. ONE OF THE QUALITIES OF A MARIJUANA HIGH IS A RELAXATION OF CONTROL, A WILLINGNESS TO OPEN ONESELF UP, NOT ONLY TO ONESELF, BUT TO NATURE AND GOD AND EVERYONE. IF NOTHING ELSE CAN BE SAID FOR MARIJUANA, IT CAN BE PRAISED AS A CULTURAL DETOXICANT; IT ACTS AS AN EMOTIONAL DETERGENT THAT BREAKS THROUGH THE SHAM AND HYPOCRISY AND LIVING-DEATH OF MUCH OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICA, AND ALLOWS THAT VISION OF BEAUTY THAT AMERICAN LIFE SEEMS SO BENT ON DESTROYING. IT IS A TRIBUTE TO THE VALIDITY OF THE ANCIENT INDIAN TRADITIONS - AND AN AFFIRMATION AND TURNING FULL CIRCLE WITHIN THE CONTEXT OF THE MYTHS THEMSELVES - THAT THE WHITE MAN, WHOSE ENERGIES WERE SPENT IN DESTROYING THE INDIAN'S GODS WOULD, WHEN HIS OWN GOD FAILED, RETURN TO THE RED MAN FOR HIS SACRAMENTS. HE RETURNS FOR THE RED MAN'S LOVE OF NATURE RATHER THAN HIS OWN WAR WITH NATURE, FOR THE RED MAN'S COMMUNION WITH SELF RATHER THAN HIS OWN ALIENATION, FOR THE RED MAN'S PEACE AND CONTENTMENT AND BROTHERLY LOVE RATHER THAN HIS OWN DESTRUCTION AND NEUROSIS AND SELF-DESTROYING HATRED."

"THE LEGAL ASPECTS OF THE MARIJUANA IN MEXICO - DESPITE A SUPPOSED GOVERNMENT CRACKDOWN - ARE NOT REALLY THAT BAD. MEXICO IS ONLY UP-TIGHT BEHIND MARIJUANA BECAUSE THE UNITED STATES IS, SO THEY DO SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE. ONE THING MEXICO DOES LIKE IS THE \$15 MILLION OR SO A YEAR OUR GOVERNMENT GIVES THEM TO COMBAT THE PROBLEM. LITTLE OF THE MONEY GOES TOWARD ERADICATING THE GRASS, HOWEVER; IT BUYS NICE CARS AND HOMES FOR POLITICIANS AND GENERALS.

"SOME OF THE TECHNIQUES OUR GOVERNMENT WANTS TO USE IN MEXICO TO STAMP OUT THE GRASS PROBLEM MAKE YOU WONDER IF THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN LEAVE OF THEIR SENSES. ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE ALA VIETNAM, VOMITING INDUCING CHEMICALS SPRAYED ON THE PLANTS, DEFOLIANTS, ETC. ALL OF THESE PROGRAMS ARE DOOMED TO FAILURE FOR A VERY SIMPLE REASON - NO NO MATTER HOW HEAVY THE SURVEILLANCE IT WILL BE VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND MOST OF THE MARIJUANA FIELDS IN MEXICO; THE FIELDS ARE TOO SMALL AND TOO SCATTERED. EVEN IF MOST OF THE GRASS WERE TO BE DESTROYED, THE SAME THING WOULD HAVE TO BE REPEATED EVERY SEASON. IT WOULD COST MILLIONS AND WOULD BE AN ENDLESS WAR, AND THE MARIJUANOS WOULD WIN BECAUSE IT IS THEIR LIFE. AND EVEN IF ALL THE GRASS IN MEXICO WERE SOMEHOW DESTROYED, WHO IS GOING TO DESTROY THE GRASS COMING IN FROM ASIA? AND WHO IS GOING TO DESTROY THE INCREASINGLY POPULAR HOME-GROWN MARIJUANA? I KNOW OF OVER 10,000 CULTIVATED PLANTS GROWING RIGHT NOW, NOT 75 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

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## VIDEO JOURNAL

(Continued from Page 14)

JIM: It will be about 81/2 million tons.  
JOHN: Which is better than the best year they had?

JIM: Yes, it's better than the best year they had, but it's not good enough, because it's going to continue for a period their dependence upon the Soviet Union which they hoped to release themselves from in 1970. But I think it's very symbolic that Fidel made this speech on the anniversary of the abortive attack on the Montado Barracks, because this was a defeat for the revolution. But out of the defeat came the time for the revolution. I'm sure that this was the spirit in which Fidel spoke of the defeat of the sugar harvest. Out of this defeat will come a victory. I feel sure that the Cuban people will understand this and will know just as the revolution triumphed in 1959, after the Montado thing and the terrible episode of the "Grandma," etc., that this is a defeat for the revolution but it isn't necessarily a failure or final defeat. I think this is the spirit in which probably the speech was made. I would hesitate to say anything more other than the Times did report it on the front page.

JOHN: Do you think that criticism of the Revolutionary Government, which is not counter-revolutionary in tone, but rather criticism of methods, would in fact prevent certain types of mistakes by the government? Isn't it true that little criticism of the government in Cuba now exists?

JIM: It's perfectly true that there is little or no criticism of the policies of officialdom in the Press of Cuba. I had a long conversation in Santa Clara with several reporters, one for "Grandma," which is the Communist Party Daily, the official daily of Cuba, one from the Cuban Youth Daily and one from Cuban Radio and Television. We talked for several hours and one of the Cuban journalists raised the question of the lack of criticism. "Perhaps you'd wish me to explain the absence of criticism, he offered. Yes, it is a filing. But eventually we should have full and open criticism published in the paper. We have much informal criticism in the form of grievances and complaints. But, we are in a state of war and anything our enemies can use against us, in the form of ideological ammunition, they will. We do not feel we should accommodate them and for this reason, at the present time we do not have open criticism of the Cuban Press."

JOHN: Thanks Jim. I hope we'll have a chance to continue the conversation in Havana, perhaps with the Cubans joining in.

THIS INTERVIEW IS AVAILABLE ON HALF INCH VIDEO TAPE. FOR INFORMATION CONTACT EVO OR GLOBAL VILLAGE.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

INASMUCH as the engagement of Miss Ben Ahmed Chunk, daughter of Jennie and Ben Chunk of Canton, to D.A. Latimer was announced here last week, and

INASMUCH as the parents of Miss Chunk, to wit, the aforementioned Jennie and Ben, have decided on a green and blue for the forthcoming nuptials, and

Living groups forming on land 85 miles from N.Y. Complex of renovated farm buildings will house approximately 15 people and ten children. People who must be in city part of time can have base in country, and children will have small school. Members must be able to contribute \$150 a month each (3 mos. in advance), which would include food.

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# wiretapp

(Continued from Page 11)  
necessary to keep him out of the army. He has only a year to go in his current state of legal obesity; so we asked him how his wife felt about his physique, he said, "Well, she rather I was fat than in the army."

One of his primary bitches about Amerika, is how it ignores its own constitution. One example he cited was that if you live in New York, you pay city and state taxes and can vote in New York. If you work in New York, you must pay city and state taxes but cannot vote in New York. That is taxation without representation. Yes, it is.

He wasn't positive, but he was pretty sure that the EVO line wasn't tapped. Your major revolutionaries, he felt, would also not have tapped lines, as they wouldn't be likely to be so stupid as to say anything important over the phone.

He was more than a little surprised to find that EVO staffers made little or no bread, because he had gotten the impression that all so-called underground papers were 'in it for the money.'

Somehow he had also gotten the impression that underground papers were by and large

pornographic. He saw nothing wrong with pornography, but the pictures in "Screw" just didn't turn him on. On the subject of general nudity, or nudity in general, he felt that young people should be allowed to go around nude, but as age creeps on and the body goes to pot (no pun intended) clothing should be a necessity — who wants to look at an ugly body? But anyway, he found women sexier if they were scantily clothed.

The name The Great Pumpkin came from "Peanuts." It seems Linus was always waiting for the Great Pumpkin to appear. Now we know where he is.

We asked him if he ever monitored politically 'subversive' calls and he said 'Possibly' (Qui ne dit mot consent?) So we asked him if there were certain calls he didn't report — 'possibly.'

FABLE BY TITUS (EMBELLISHED BY J.F.)

ONCE UPON A TIME THE GREAT PUMPKIN DEVELOPED A STOMACH ACHE. MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING HE ATE 'CAUSE PUMPKINS WERE OUT OF SEASON AT THAT TIME.

MORAL: PUMPKINS SHOULD NEVER BE OUT OF SEASON OR YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

So we asked the Great Pumpkin if he could be fired if an article appeared in EVO telling of his dope smoking and subversive political sentiments. He said, "No one up here would believe it."

## tracsope

(Continued from Page 11)

**Boys**  
Joseph White, 15  
Raymond Hernandez, 15

**440-Yard Dash — Girls**  
Rita Perkins, 15  
Pamela Harris, 14

**Boys**  
William Dabney, 15  
Gary Bivens

**Long Jump — Girls**  
Barbara Himes, 14

**Boys**  
Earl Wingate, 15

**High Jump — Girls**  
Olympia Gray, 15

**Boys**  
William Jankunis, 15

**Shot Put — Girls**  
Joyce Hepburn, 14

**Boys**  
Guy Adams, 15

### BASKETBALL

**15 and Under — Boys**  
Arthur Green, Jr., 15  
Wayne Harrison, 15  
Lorenzo Ifield, 15  
Ray Martin, 15  
Robert Taylor, 14  
Ralph Menar, 15  
Andrew Walker, 15  
Kevin Watkins, 15  
John Revels, 14  
Herman Simon, 15

## DESERTERS

(Continued from Page 7)  
deserters up here. That's a lot of people for a country that's only twenty million big. Frankly, I think that there must be at least a hundred thousand expatriates in Canada. Just about everybody who lives on my block is an American."

Buff seems to be right, too. The kid with the ruffled green shirt who greets us is a former infantry man. His best friend in the Army stepped on a mine and was blown to pieces. There's a guy standing at the corner who claims he participated in a My Lai-type massacre. Passing us are two Viet veterans who fled to Canada after being ordered back to Southeast Asia. Something strikes me — all of the deserters I've met have that strange, slightly mad, drugged look about them. Why?

"Simple," answers Buffalo. "When you've done some of the horrible things these guys have, you become a little crazy. It's not possible to murder children and not be a bit mad. Something happens to you when you try to

feel too. It's like the Army has put in you a kind of self-destruct mechanism. Either you kill innocent people or you self-destruct. I mean, it's hard to believe that everything you were brought up with is a life. When you finally decide you're not a Good German, that you want to get out of all this killing, you're forced to self-destruct. It's a horrible choice."

Donna leads us to a small French-Canadian luncheonette where she says the deserters hang out. It's a plastic-formice kind of place: jukeboxes, cokes, hamburgers, patate frits (french fries, to us). Almost Archie Comics... so American, it is. As we sit down for cokes, Buff tells me a little about deserter life in Canada. Most Canadians are friendly, he says. Only the authorities are hostile. Finding work is a big problem because no American-based firm will hire a deserter, and 75% of all Canadian industry is controlled by American interests. There have been a few bad incidents between the local version of the FBI, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and several deserters. In Vancouver, one deserter was kidnapped by the Mounties and handed over to American Immigration authorities. That incident brought about a major governmental crisis because most Canadians support the expatriates and want to see this kind of harassment ended. No, the Mounties are nothing like lovable Dudley Dornight of Bullwinkle fame. As a matter of fact, Dudley Dornight is edited out of local showings of Bullwinkle. The stern image of the RMCP, it seems, is besmerched by that cartoon.

There have been a few incidents provoked by agent provocateurs, too. "A lot of guys," explains Buffalo, "come up here posing as deserters when they're really Army intelligence agents. We think they've been involved in a couple of actions which were violent and which were deliberately calculated to alienate us from our Canadian friends."

Both Buff and Donna admit there are many deserters who've managed to find jobs and integrate themselves well into Canadian life. They talk positively about the expatriate communes that have been set up in the rural areas around Vancouver. But for Donna, Buff and their friends the problem lies in the fact that they have not really accepted their exiled condition. Their hearts, so to speak, are still in America. "That's where the revolution is," Buff sighs, "That's where the work is to be done. There's almost nothing political to do up here. Some of the resisters have begun working with the French separatists, but that's not really our cause."

"So why not return to America?" I ask while munching on some patate frittes soaked in vinegar and salt.

"Return, yeah," answers the Great White Bison. "Sure, I'll return sometime. But I can't see going back if it means going to jail. I mean I wouldn't mind

going to prison if I had done anything. But all I'm guilty of is being a human being! No, I'll just sit here and wait for the right moment."

Donna, however, is not so sure that she wants to spend the rest of her life North of the Border. She tells me that the FBI has been to visit her family in Vermont several times and they've said that if she returns there would be no retribution. "They only want me back because I have a high security clearance. They don't want me here blowing things for them."

"My folks have been told that if I come back I'll be alright. Sometimes returning seems like a good idea. But sometimes I wonder if they are lying. I mean, if the authorities have no intention of pressing charges, then why have they stopped my folks from sending me bread? Why did they tell my parents that sending me money would make them get convicted of aiding and abetting a deserter? Why did they offer people in my hometown \$300 if they could help get me back to the States?"

"Does that mean that the Marines have put a price on your head?"

"Yeah. I don't know what I'll do... really, I don't."

Donna's ambivalence is easy to understand. The military has this compulsive habit of lying to get what it wants. But there's no life for her here and God knows where her husband is and who knows if the pigs are telling the truth? Who knows?

As Buff orders another coke, he reaches to the jukebox and puts in a dime. "There's a song I want you to hear. You'll understand what I'm talking about when you hear it. You'll understand why I am here."

In a moment the jukebox plays a hillbilly sound called *Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town*. The song is about a Vietnam vet who has lost both his arms and legs and is about to lose his wife, also. He tells her that he's going to kill her if she goes out with another man that night.

"That's what's happening to a lot of American guys and that's why I left."

"Have you thought of becoming a Canadian?" I venture.

"It's too hard, too complicated. You have to become a Landed Immigrant and that means you need documents from the United States that the authorities will hold up. It's easier for draft dodgers cause they come here and usually plan on it — deserters come here in a rush and don't have any time to get their shit together. I could have become a Canadian once, though. There was this woman who said she'd marry me if that would make me a citizen. But the woman was active in women's liberation and marriage was really contrary to her principles, so I couldn't ask her to do that for me. I just couldn't."

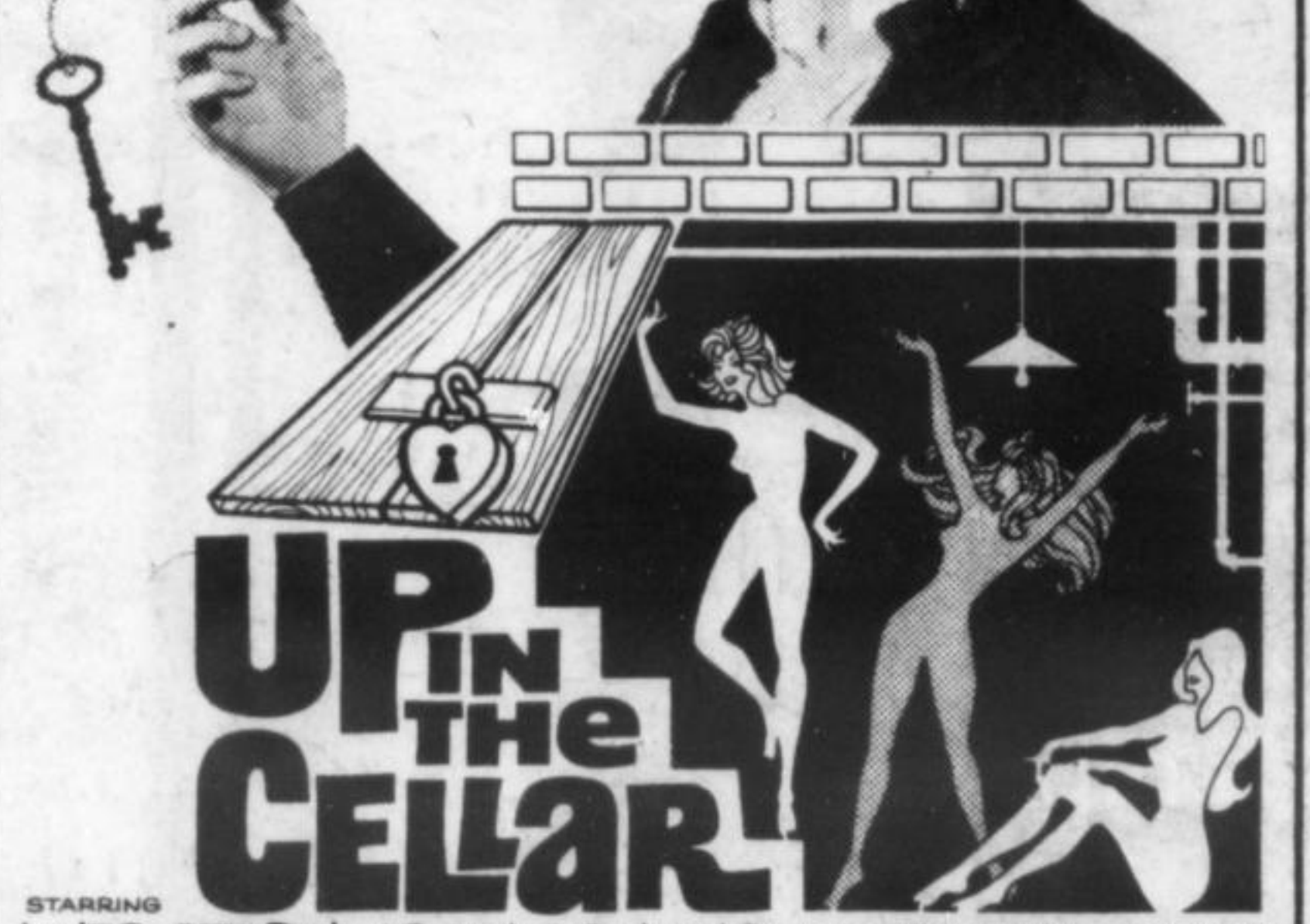
"So what are you going to do with the rest of your life?"

"Oh," answers Buff thoughtfully, "I don't know. I think I'll just sit here and wait for the apocalypse."



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# frick

(Continued from Page 15)

If you've ignored the existence of the Steve Miller Blues band thru their first 4 albums you may as well stay asleep and ignore STEVE MILLER BAND NUMBER FIVE, SKAO-436 (Capitol). There's no getting away from it he's one of the most consistent producers of good American music and has been doing the same for a couple of years now. I never hear him on the radio at all, I mean NEVER. His last album was called BRAVE NEW WORLD. I liked that one a whole lot too, but don't let me wake you. THE STEVE MILLER BLUES BAND on Capitol records. Get some soon you clown.

I'd seen this movie on the tube the other day, it was called Cry Out in Silence in New York around the 1964 it was a sort of crime action adventure set to music, the music was jazz and it was all written by a guy by the name of Myer Kupferman, a really good score. Jazz is coming back cause it never really left. The fact that it always seems to get shadowed by the different forms of pop music down thru the years its been sort of off in the distance, jazz I mean, like there's never been a really Jazz oriented society as you have with rock, but if you dig it there's always enough around that you can get your fill. One of my favorites and the guy with the top jazz album of last year, *Walking In Space* is Quincy Jones. His latest is called *Gulla A Matari* on A&M RECORDS "No.SP 3030". There are 4 songs on the record, some female voices in back of some of the sections too, I like jazz and any way I can get it is o.k. with me.

Everyone, I mean everyone knows about MUNGO JERRY, the newest thing from across the sea, all the press releases that they sent were mimeo copies of the newspaper stories that have appeared since the group started to blow the minds of our friends across the sea. I even read one headline from Variety "Now that Beatlemania has been cured, see new phenom in MUNGOMANIA" and then there was the Hollywood festival a couple of months ago that imported the grateful dead to blow everyone's mind. A small little know band stole the show away. Mungo Jerry was that act that's always on the bottom of a large bill.

something to pass away the time in between the more high priced acts. Much to the surprise of the Dead who were given a medium sized reception this bunch of unknowns got screaming cheering response when they walked on the stage, not since the Beatles had audiences in the plane have I seen anything like this, I mean it was just unfucking believable. They have not been on this side of the sea yet but their long running hit single is in everyone's heads. *In The Summer Time* Its a good cut but the thing is everyone of the cuts on their first and unreleased album is of that quality. I mean they are consistently good.

The N.Y.C. deejays don't have anything but the single now but when the rest of the album is heard - watch out.

As it so often happens the sale of a hit selling single is enough to familiarise the public with the groups work. the rest of the material is just as good if not better.

For a while there the single was selling an unprecedented 40,000 copies a day. Incredible aint it?? There was a pop festival in Rotterdam that they played at. They had the audience, 100,000 people on their feet cheering. a well known newspaper called the LONDON TIMES had this to say about their performance

"During the last number a gloriously solid piece of rock and roll, the whole place had metamorphosed from lethargy into 2 miles of solid human vibrating electricity."

Their English always have a way with words.

The band is made of Ray Dorset, Paul King who plays the banjo, harmonica and sings. Colin Earl, Piano. Mike Cole, String bass and Joe Rush plays the washboard sometimes.

With the exception of *SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES* they write everything that they play. Some of the songs are *Baby Let's Play House*, *Johnny B. Badde*, *Sad Eyed Joe*, *In the summertime*, their hit single, *Tramp and Move On*. They are good, and their sound is new and a whole lot of folks in England like them a whole lot.

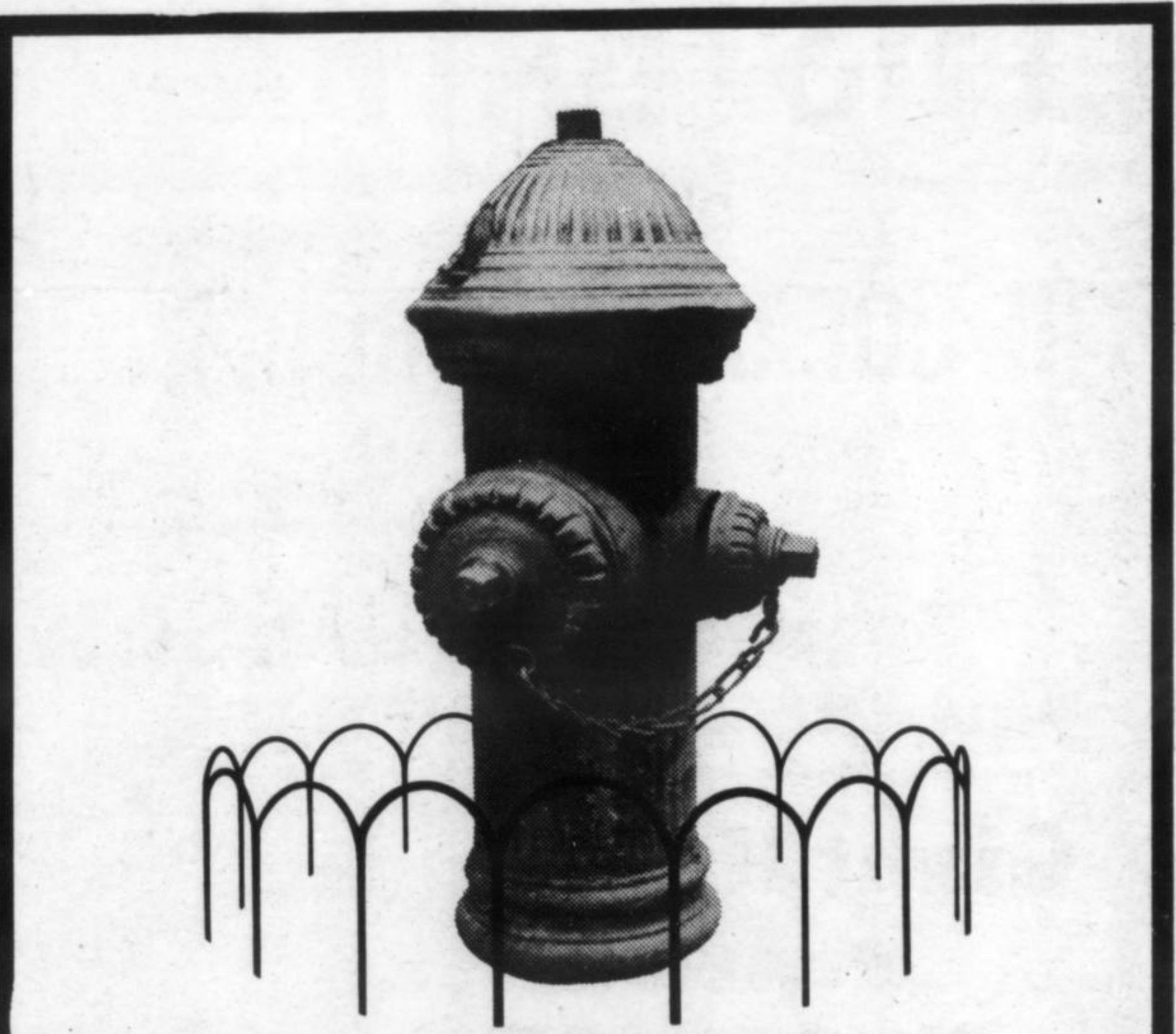
Their soon to be released album is on JANUS RECORDS No. JXS 7000. It would be wise to check it out.

Charlie Frick.

# 1970 YEARS



# Must I Always WEEP?

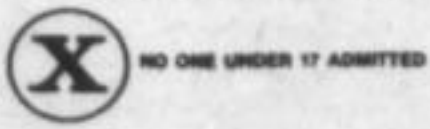


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## HIROSHIMA CONT.

(Continued from Page 3)

"Remember Palestine!" They shouted.

"I worked hard for the creation of Israel in 1946 through '48," O'Dwyer said, "and I shall support it to the day I take my last breath. That isn't the purpose for my being here today but if you want to hold an open debate on the issue, that's fine too."

"No, you phony liberal!"

O'Dwyer left the stand as other people in the crowd began chanting "We want O'Dwyer! We want O'Dwyer!" but O'Dwyer didn't return. Rennie Davis appeared and gave a rousing speech calling for revolution in the streets and renewed opposition to Vietnam, coining the phrase "ALL FOR VIETNAM." The Tokyo Kid Brothers followed and gave a performance of their highly-successful musical act (now playing at the Sheridan Square Playhouse.) Their act was stunning in its tirade against American imperialism.

As usual, however, the only really bad aspect of the afternoon was the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee, which had organized the thing. The majority of people you come in contact with from this group, be they pacifists or otherwise, are cowardly, moronic hypocrites who think that the Revolution can be controlled and regulated with the proper authorities. They include young marrieds and professionals, preachers and acne-faced high school students who don't know any better. Their radicalism is milquetoast, they do it by the book, don't hassle people, look clean, outgoing, presentable, official-- they appeal to the ugly masses with the sweet voice of reason and failing that, fucking authority! Get back son, this is official. Yeah, I'm a Marshall. That's right, get the fuck back.

Well, fuck the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee. They're trying to play both sides of the fence at a time when there IS no peace. They can go to hell. X



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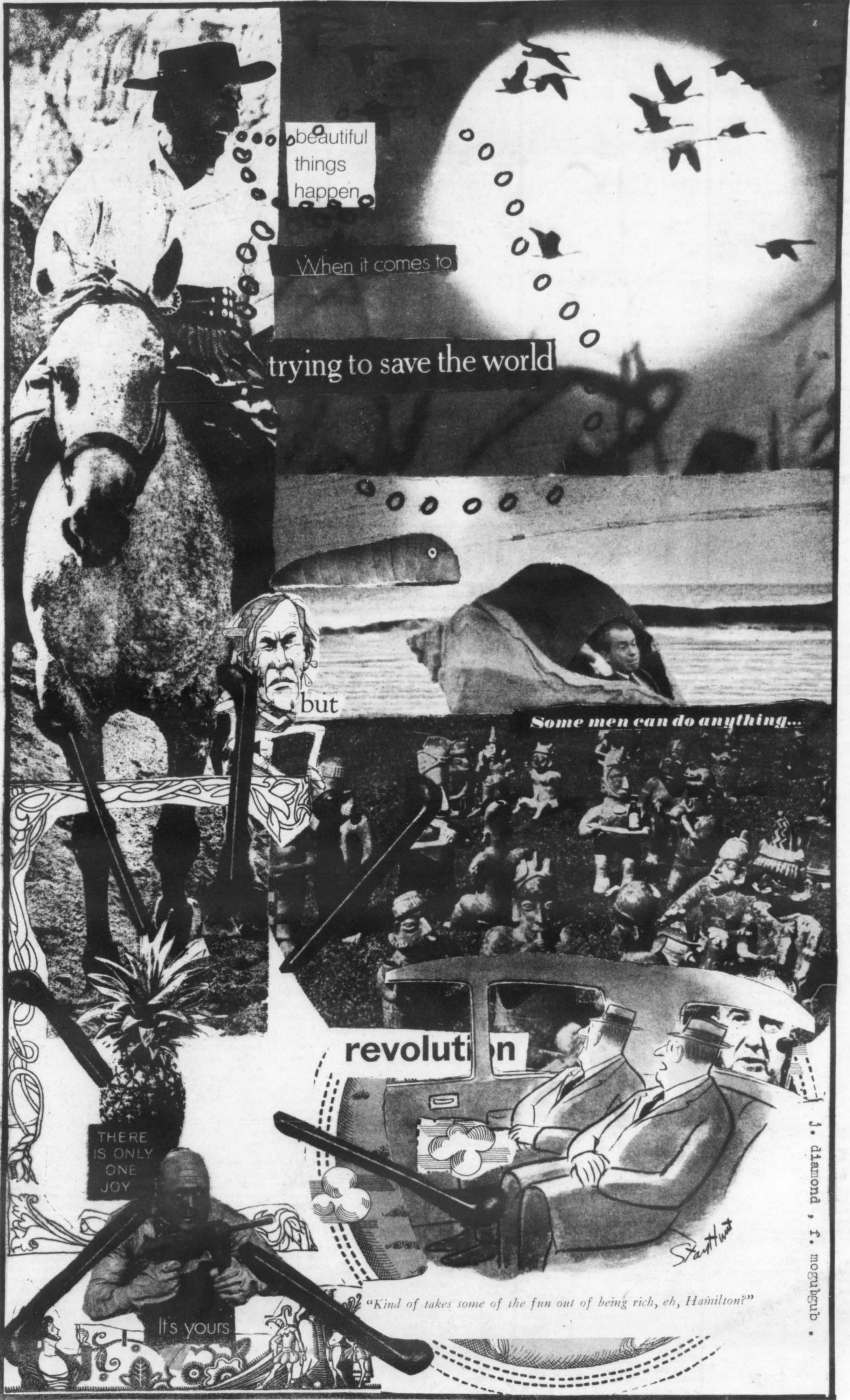
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