

25¢  
NYC  
35¢  
OUT  
SIDE  
SEPT. 2

THE east  
village OTHER

vol 5  
NO.  
40

S  
P  
O  
R  
T  
S  
I  
N  
S  
I  
D  
E



PHOTO/JILL KREMENTZ

# HIRAP

After having been on the receiving end of media's most recent saturation-bombing of anti-drug hysteria, one is left in a state of terminal exposure to a massive dose of irrelevant drivel most distinguished by the reek of Harry Anslinger. It's an onslaught of intolerably meaningless statistics interspersed with the saddest lineup of repentant junkies, thrown at you like Christians to the lions in the good old Cannibal days of yesteryear. Blurred footage of the marks' cloak-and-dagger antics, so vividly reminiscent of last year's boring moon-walk antics, evoke repulsive memories. They ram it down your throat until the only conceivable relief lies either in a bit of lawbreaking, or--in the News.

"Oh Matilda, thank you for turning me on to Noxin's foot soap. Now I'm real hep. Jane couldn't stand it any longer, couldn't stand it for another minute. Now my shirts are whiter than ever, and so are my marshmallow meat balls. Oh yes, there was a Chicano insurrection in LA produced a mile-high billow of smoke. Due to the prevailing hippie-commie menace, the convening American Legionnaires kept running into trouble while trying to shove their electrified cattle prods up Portland's miniskirts. The Revolutoonary Action Party, whoever they might be, keep on blowing up Washington's embassies and Nixon, reacting with typical subtlety, promptly plants a black con in front of the Rhodesian Embassy. The New Years Gang--not to be confused to the New Years Party--blew up Madison while Sanghman Rhee's enlightened heirs in Seoul at last joined forces with similarly enlightened forces in Disneyland, Greece and Morrocco in their tonsorial oppression of longhaired hippie-commies. As if to prove his worthiness to the with-it wing of the GOP, Spiro announced in Phnom Phen, or wherever he's currently peddling his wares, that he's going to grow his sideburns so that any similarity between him and the Skinheads mightn't be so easily detected.

Hi! I'm Helen Carbuncle. My vortex-padded bra has given me comfort and joy and my shirts are whiter than anybody's! Back to business. While cholera raises hell and paranoia in the Middle East, diphtheria takes its toll in Texas. With barely time to partake in Willy Mays and his cologne, and a short stint in Allstate's good hands, you are abruptly tranfixied into a gibbering idiot repeating after The Man, "Marijuana leads to heroin by Tuesday."

*Handwritten signature*



JAAKOV KOHN  
ALLEN KATZMAN  
IRVING SHUSHNIK  
STEPHEN KOHN  
JACKIE DIAMOND  
RAY SHULTZ  
JOSEPH STEVENS  
JACKIE FRIEDRICK  
KARIN BERG  
DON KATZMAN  
HETTY MACLISE  
STEVEN HELLER  
FLICKA DE MOID  
NORTH: THE KID  
CHARLIE FRICK  
YOSSARIAN  
JOHN DA SWEDE  
JACKIE ACON  
FRED MOGUBGUB  
ALEX GROSS

SPAIN RODIGUEZ  
KIM DEITCH  
R. CRUMB  
DEAN LATIMER

DAVID WALLEY  
CLAUDIA DREIFUS  
RENFREU NEFF  
AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG

JOHN PETER ZENGER  
JIL PICARD  
ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK

*Illustration of a person with a gun*

**WALK UP, POOR FOLK!**

100,000

**EASY AND NOVEL WAYS**

TO

**MAKE MONEY.**

*Sure Guarantees, Ten Cents Each.*



EUROPEAN OPERATIONS: JENO  
PARIS: J.J. LEBEL  
LONDON: MILES  
GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA

DURANCE VILE: TIMOTHY LEARY  
VINCENT FRANCIS CHARLES AUGUST  
TRUMAN PATRICK CRAIG TITUS  
ALLEN SHENKER

**EVO Phone 255-2130**

Second Class Postage Paid at New York, NY. East Village Other  
published weekly at 20 East 12 St., New York, NY 10003. Per  
year's subscription: \$6.00. Copyright 1970 East Village Other Inc.  
All rights reserved.

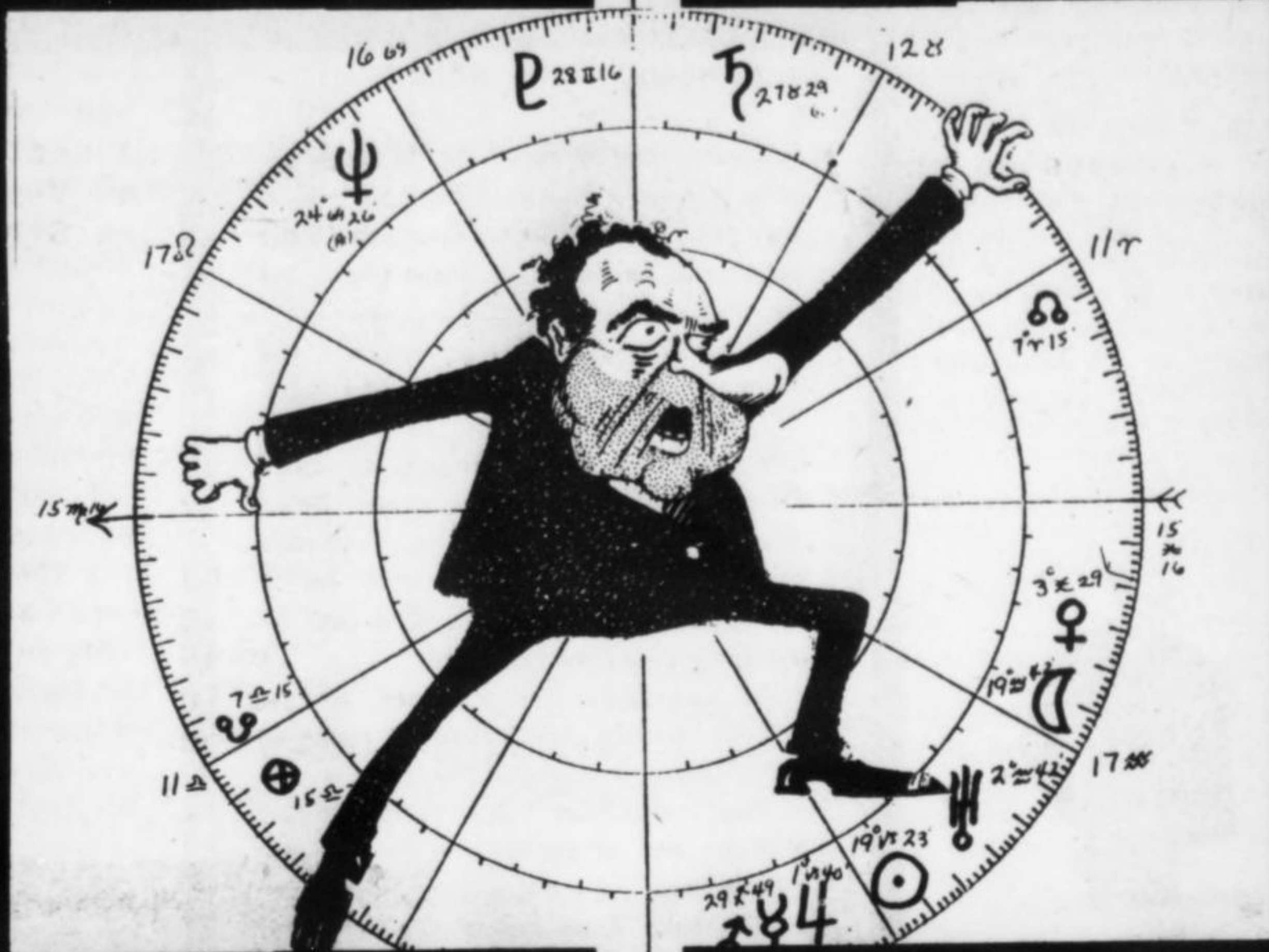
A clairvoyant in Los Angeles in 1960 said that several thousand years ago, in Egypt, Lincoln had been a pharaoh, with two sons, subsequently reborn as Kennedy and Nixon. When Lincoln died, Kennedy had succeeded him on the throne, only to be murdered by Nixon, who then usurped the rulership. The clairvoyant also equated Kennedy with Osiris and Nixon with Set, Osiris being the Christ and Set the Satan of Egyptian lore. This new legend may throw some light on the astounding number of coincidences between the Lincoln and Kennedy assassinations. It is also interesting to think that if Mayor Daley had not (as has been widely stated) added democratic votes to the ballot boxes in Illinois in the 1960 election, Nixon might have been elected President at that time and suffered the fate of those elected every twenty years under the Jupiter-Saturn conjunction — death in office.

Instead, by divine will, Nixon survived to be elected President in 1968 — and he will preside over the American destiny, as the national Progressed Sun goes conjunct with the Pluto of the U.S. natal chart and the Progressed South Node for the first time in its history next year. This conjunction will last for approximately four years; by the time it is over, America should be firmly fixed in a dictatorship. The chart of Richard Nixon suggests that he may be the dictator. He has Pluto in the tenth house, Quincunx the Sun, in opposition to Mercury, Mars and Jupiter in the fourth — an overwhelming obsession with power, reined in by a very judicious and conservative trine of the Sun to Saturn which gives him patience and the guile to attempt to attain the ultimate goal by legal means — or by ways which will be cloaked as legal. The opposition of Jupiter to Pluto gives bad judgment over what is best for the public weal, and guidance from the dictatorial racial unconscious; and Jupiter in Capricorn is in its Fall which greatly mitigates its ability to stem self-willed ego-satisfactions. The opposition of Mars to Pluto drives him to his goal of self-determination through a fantastic obsession with self-discipline; Mars is within fourteen minutes of Capricorn, its Exaltation or strongest position. This opposition has cost him dearly in life, has brought him many failures, has taught many lessons about the futility of worldly desire — and has driven him against the pull of more relaxed aspects to the consummation of this incarnation's purpose: guiding the American Republic to the cataclysm which may begin in 1973 and last for 27 years, until the universal peace which will be ushered in at the turn of the century.

Nixon's Moon is two degrees conjunction with the national Moon, and perhaps with the Moon of the Arab Conqueror (born February 4, 1962, in Egypt around midnight, of divine birth), who will start World War III and cause the death of hundreds of millions before his early death around August 1999. Whereas the great American Sun-Moon combination is Aquarius-Capricorn (Lincoln, Edison, Lindbergh, Henry Ford, et al.) Nixon's reverse combination of Capricorn-Aquarius suggests just such a turning of the national zeitgeist from a forward-looking vision to an anal conservatism which will cost America dear. His Progressed new Moon (Progressed Moon conjuncting the Progressed Sun) occurred last fall; this usually means that the events of that time, internal or external, represent a change of destiny or attitude which will be permanent. His career had been waning to that time for fifteen years (since his Progressed full Moon); it may now be expected to wax for fourteen years, until 1983. His Progressed Moon now (August 4th, 1970) is very

busy — sextile Saturn, square Pluto, trine Neptune and going in a month into a square with Mars, Mercury and Jupiter. It is within the next four months that plans will be made more and more conscious for an oppressive attempt to stem the massive conflicts that the transiting Pluto's conjunction with the national Neptune are making endemic. Far from legalizing marijuana, it is perhaps possible that draconic police measures and legislation will be initiated to dam the drug epidemic that from Washington's viewpoint, is sapping the national will. Nixon can certainly be expected to be quite absorbed by conferences with Department of Justice officials, by an inability to listen to calm counsel, and will be guided by karmic unconscious entities that could only be called diabolic if they were not in reality divine. Criticism of his policies will be widespread and he can expect severe setbacks next spring, when the transiting Saturn makes its 59-year second wheel of

evil — methods that Nixon used before in Egypt. Stalin, also, in 1933-37, had the most powerful malefic aspects that seemingly would have had his enemies prevail; yet Stalin galvanized his forces and initiated the purges of the Thirties that kept him in power. Nixon and the national hysteria will also presumably prevail. Hippies and other dissenters will go to concentration camps or jails; the attack on the free press that the Nixon administration has been waging for the past year and a half will culminate in total suppression of such freedom; and World War III, if Nostradamus is to be believed, will begin in 1973 and continue until the year 2000, the tide turning for the good guys (whoever they are) in July, 1999, perhaps with the help of forces from outer space (the last added not only to make this whole prognostication insane, but to include the possible double interpretation of one of Nostradamus' famous lines). The great mutual conjunctions of Mars and Saturn in the



the horoscope to his natal Saturn.

Just how the President will effect his takeover of the national destiny completely remains to be seen. An article in the *Wall Street Journal* some time ago reported that the Rand Corporation had been commissioned to make a study of the feasibility of suspending the 1972 elections. His horoscope for 1972 indicates that he will have considerable difficulty in effecting a dictatorial coup. His Progressed Moon in August (at the time of the political conventions) will be making a grand cross (square the natal Sun, square the Progressed Neptune, opposition transiting Uranus) that will encourage continual self-deception, an inability to distinguish the real from the unreal, and great changes, perhaps through violent means. Also, his transiting Saturn in August enters the natal tenth house at the Progressed Part of Illumination degree; this may usher in a new period of great power or of great failure, and probably both at the same time. Then, the transiting North Node in November will be conjunct his sun, his Progressed Part of Fortune will be on the cusp of the fourth house (fixing his stay in office), trine the Part of Spirit which will be crossing the cusp of the Progressed Tenth in opposition to the Progressed Mars on the cusp of the Progressed Fourth.

Perhaps most important of all, the transiting Pluto will be in conjunction with his progressed South Node, showing the support of the Divine Will for the use of Nixon as the instrument for effecting race karma through methods that will seem apocalyptically evil to those minds that still distinguish between good and

evil — methods that Nixon used before in Egypt. Stalin, also, in 1933-37, had the most powerful malefic aspects that seemingly would have had his enemies prevail; yet Stalin galvanized his forces and initiated the purges of the Thirties that kept him in power. Nixon and the national hysteria will also presumably prevail. Hippies and other dissenters will go to concentration camps or jails; the attack on the free press that the Nixon administration has been waging for the past year and a half will culminate in total suppression of such freedom; and World War III, if Nostradamus is to be believed, will begin in 1973 and continue until the year 2000, the tide turning for the good guys (whoever they are) in July, 1999, perhaps with the help of forces from outer space (the last added not only to make this whole prognostication insane, but to include the possible double interpretation of one of Nostradamus' famous lines). The great mutual conjunctions of Mars and Saturn in the

first degree of Cancer on April 21, 1974, of Jupiter and Saturn in 1832 and the conjunction of seven planets in Aquarius on February 4, 1962, that produced the divine birth of the Arab Conqueror prefigure the monumental disasters coming up. The most likely date for wholesale slaughter is 1989, when seven planets will be in conjunction in Capricorn, and 1991, when Uranus goes into conjunction with Neptune. The conjunction of the transiting Pluto with the national Neptune has also initiated the underground atomic blasts that are shifting the axis of the earth to such an extent that in a very short time there will be only two seasons of extreme heat and extreme cold. The heat will melt the polar ice caps and bring about the huge tidal waves that will inundate the East and West coast before the turn of the century, if Edgar Cayce is to be believed. But all is not dark. Uranus, the rays of which previously have reached the Earth via the Moon, and since January of this year via the Sun, will, as of June 21, 1976, be reaching the Earth direct. This will result in a raising of the whole world's consciousness, and, in about ten years, to the production of sages in America in large numbers. Though these sages may all be in concentration camps at the time, we can rest assured that the camps will be levitating. Nor is anyone to be blamed for the disaster. A study of astrology and of wisdom underscores the view that God is the doer of all things and Man is the eternal witness and that Peace consists in realizing with continual detachment that one is not the body, that, indeed, there is neither life nor death, only an eternal here and now. Pluto's discovery in 1930 ushered in the

# NIXON: Shallow Study in Depth

age of disintegration and chaos, the shelving of old values and hopes, and Man will rise on the ruins of the old civilization to heights of spiritual consciousness and redemption, through Pluto's Grace, as yet inconceivable to all but seers.

Gavin Arthur, the distinguished San Francisco astrologer who discussed Nixon's horoscope in the April, 1970, issue of *Scanian's Magazine*, hazarded the guess that death for the President was a possibility in his 69th or 70th year. On or about September 1, 1981 (when he will be 68) seems a more exact date, since at that time the transiting Saturn will be conjunct his South Node at the cusp of the 2nd house in opposition to the House of Death (8th house), and the Progressed Part of Fortune will be conjunct the 8th. The Progressed Moon will be in opposition to the Natal Moon and the Progressed Mars, and both Moons will be square the Ascendant, which is the hyleg, or death indicator of his chart. The Progressed Sun will be square the President's Pluto, Mars, Mercury and Jupiter, enough weight for any man. If he is still in power at the time, he will thus fulfill the demands made by the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in Libra in 1980, i.e., that he who is in office at the time dies in office. If he is not in power in 1981, and survives the great death threat of the progressed chart, he may expect to live until 1995, when Mars, which governs his death house, regresses on the Progressed chart to the cusp of the 2nd, and Saturn regresses to the cusp of the 7th in opposition to the Ascendant. If he survives that challenge, he will have to make his way through the world from then on without our assistance.

In closing, let it be remarked that the stars speak true, but man's interpretation can err; and it is quite possible that Nixon will be defeated in 1972 in a democratic election and never heard from again, and that the United Nations will take over the reins of world government and abolish war forever as of next week. In which case, IGNORE THE PRECEDING

*[boulder express]*

# Noooooo!!!

**LOOKS LIKE THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS WILL BE AROUND FOR A WHILE**

Washington (LNS) — It seems that the President is not about to lose his power to declare a national emergency, during which anyone can be imprisoned indefinitely without cause. Although the Senate unanimously passed the bill to repeal the 1950 Internal Security Act, which empowered the President to set up concentration camps in the event of such an "emergency," Richard Ichord, chairman of the House Internal Security Committee, seems determined to kill that bill by keeping it off the floor of the house.

**MCCLENNAN FIGHTS EQUAL EMPLOYMENT IN OIL INDUSTRY**

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — The Senate's most famous investigator, Senator John McClellan of Arkansas, is attacking the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission (EEOC) in reprisal for the EEOC's investigation of bias in the oil industry.

Earlier this year the EEOC held hearings in Houston on how the large oil companies (dominated by such people as the Rockefeller interests and H.L. Hunt) refuse to employ, or place into the lowest and most poorly paying jobs, blacks, Chicanos, Indians, and members of other minority groups. The investigation dealt only with this conduct within the United States, but it apparently was too much for the oil barons to let pass, even though the establishment press studiously avoided any mention of the investigation.

Senator McClellan, reacting to the oil companies' call for aid in his usual manner, began hearings of his Senate Appropriations Sub-Committee on the question of depriving the EEOC of any power to hold hearings into industrial bias.

**CORPORATIONS ESCAPE PROPERTY TAXES**

WASHINGTON (LNS) — Ralph Nader has asked for a Senate investigation into "unbridled abuses" of property taxes in which corporations pay little or no property taxes. He cited Chicago and New York where, "people who know the proper law firms to go to... get their assets valuations cut down very very significantly."

Nader focused on the oil, gas, and timber industries which pay very low taxes. He described another common practice favoring corporations — the creation of "industrial zones" where industry is attracted to an area by promises of low tax assessments.

Property taxes provide 40% of all state and local government revenue. With the corporations often almost exempt from property taxes, the burden of tax support falls on homeowners. When the property is owned by landlords, the tax is passed on to the tenant who is hit hardest. A recent New York University study has shown that, on a national average, property taxes are equivalent to a 24% sales tax on housing.



**SUPERCOPS: Rx FOR KIDNAPPINGS OF DIPLOMATS**

WASHINGTON (LNS) — A brand new police force has made its appearance in Washington, D.C. The new force is called the Executive Protective Service, and is a direct outgrowth of the Secret Service.

The force's primary mission is to protect the multitude of foreign embassies and missions in Washington. The service was created in response to nervous demands for protection expressed by over 50 of the 100 foreign missions.

Eventually the Executive Protective Service will number about 850 men, including the 250 men who are directly responsible for guarding the White House from enemies, domestic and foreign.

The force, whose present strength hasn't been revealed, was created because the Washington city police said that they didn't have the time or the manpower to properly guard the diplomats or the missions from political attack.

Plans for the force were speeded up after the firebombing of four Latin American embassies during the June OAS conference in D.C.

All members of the Executive Protective Service wear the uniform of the White House Police. They ride around in "unmarked" blue cars, each of which has seven red lights on the roof. Each officer wears gold braid on his right shoulder.

A young person who watched one of the new police cars pass in front of a restaurant said, "Who do they think they're foolin'? What are they? Supercops?"

**EXPLOSION IN DESERTED OMAHA HOUSE KILLS ONE COP**

OMAHA, Neb. (LNS) — A bomb went off in a deserted house in the early hours of August 17 killing a policeman who came to investigate a phone call. Police still had no solid suspects but politicians have tried to exploit rightwing, pro-police, law and order sentiment.

While answering a call to an abandoned house in the predominantly black northside of Omaha, patrolman Larry D. Minard, 29, bent over a light green suitcase near the front door and suddenly "there was a blinding flash", according to one of the 7 other cops at the scene. Minard was blown up and the other police suffered minor injuries. The wood house was splintered by the blasts.

Around 2 a.m., a caller had reported a woman screaming in the house, whose absentee owner had left it unoccupied for a year. Two patrolmen were sent to investigate, two others to back them up and four more converged when they heard the all on their radios. They had nearly completed their search when Minard heaved out the lethal suitcase.

Omaha public safety director Al Battavina said it was a "set-up." He complained that some Omahan had criticized police too much recently for brutality (although a white patrolman was acquitted in March on a charge of killing a 14-year-old black girl last summer).



## HOW THEY CATCH DESERTERS: HOW NOT TO GET CAUGHT

(UP AGAINST THE BULKHEAD)

When a soldier goes AWOL, the Army quickly puts a number of people on the look-out: the MPs at his base, the local police, the police in his home town, and the police in any other town where it is thought he might go (for instance, the town where his wife or girl-friend lives).

After he has been gone 30 days, he is listed as a deserter and these same police forces will be notified once again. (Being listed as a deserter doesn't have anything to do with whether or not he is prosecuted for desertion; it is just an administrative classification.)

At this point the FBI gets all the information and distributes his name to police forces throughout the country.

Most deserters are apprehended without any effort on the part of the authorities. They either turn themselves in or make fatal mistakes which land them in the hands of the local police force. If a deserter does not turn up after a few months, the FBI may send an agent to question members of the family and in other ways search for the man. If he is still not found they may repeat the attempt to find him later.

(A deserter who has a security clearance should not expect to be treated in so casual a manner. The FBI will get notice immediately after he disappears and they will actively search for him.)

Deserters who stay in the U.S. are often caught for the following reasons:

\* They go to their hometowns or the places where their families or girlfriends or wives live. Their families, friends, or neighbors turn them in, or the local police recognize them.

\* They stay near bases where they were stationed. They go near other military bases and are spotted as "military."

\* They are questioned or picked up by the police on another matter. This often happens because of their neighborhoods, companions, activities, or ways of dress which attract cops. Or it happens because they are picked up on traffic offenses, for hitchhiking, or similar things.

\* They wear military jackets, boots, or other easily spotted clothing.

\* They carry their military I.D. in the same place as the civilian I.D. they are using or keep it some place where it can be discovered. (It is best to keep the military I.D. available, however, to prove you were AWOL and not deserting if you are caught.)

\* They let family or friends know where they are living usually by writing letters which give their return address or which carry the post-mark of the city they are living in.

\* They tell their stories to people they meet.

\* They give confused or contradictory answers when asked about their draft status or about what they have been doing in the recent past — instead of having a simple story ready.

\* Some may get caught because they file income tax returns under their own names and use their old social security numbers — instead of changing their names or changing the spelling of their last names and then getting new identification and social security cards. (Anyone who lies on a social security application could be prosecuted for that and sentenced to up to 5 years in jail.)

### titus



Once a man went to a doctor's office and said to the doctor, "Doctor, I'm terrified." The doctor said, "My dear man, there's nothing to be afraid of." The man said, "But doctor, I'm being followed by a ferocious white rabbit." "But my dear man, a rabbit is harmless. There's nothing to be afraid of." "But doctor," the man replied, "You're not a carrot."

*joke fable*

Once a pachyderm was in a zoo. He claimed he was an elephant; he couldn't convince anybody otherwise. Moral. That's what comes from speaking a foreign language.



## MERCURY EVERYWHERE !\*\$ \$!\*!

Since mercury-contaminated fish was first discovered in the U.S. on Michigan's Lake St. Clair in early April of this year, mercury has assumed the role of one of the most frustrating pollutants on the environmental scene.

Its long recognized toxicity has unfortunately been held in apparent disregard by industries for years. "No one thought," said a congressional staff member recently, "anybody would be stupid enough to dump mercury." But dump it they have.

Mercury-tainted fish have prompted fishing bans or warnings in some 20 states to date: Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Louisiana, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Delaware, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, California, and Washington.

Various industrial sources of mercury pollution include chlor-alkali plants which manufacture chlorine gas and caustic soda for paper and pulp operations. Contrary to previous opinion, it does not remain in metallic, inorganic form after sinking to the bottom. Micro-organisms actually use the mercury metal in food cycles and pass it on to fish which concentrate it in muscle tissue as toxic methylmercury.

Seafood contaminated with this form of mercury was responsible for the death of scores of Japanese and 19 cases of congenital brain damage in children.

Though high exposures to mercury in a short time are known to cause severe illness or death, little is known about the effects from limited concentrations over a prolonged period. Consequently, confusion is the most consistent by-product of the mercury crisis.

The World Health Organization has set 0.05 parts per million mercury as a tolerance level in all agricultural commodities, but has yet to establish safety guidelines for fish. The Federal Food and Drug Administration has established 0.5 ppm as a temporary guideline for fish, recommending that fish at this level be eaten no more than once a week. Meanwhile, the Federal

Water Quality Administration supports the .005 ppm mercury standard for drinking water held by the Public Health Service.

Tests are now being conducted by the FDA and FWQA in areas surrounding some 75 chlor-alkali plants scattered across the country, many of them located near major recreation areas. Before Federal authorities demanded mercury discharges be reduced, an estimated 1.2 million pounds of the metal were destined to be dumped in 1970 alone.

Results from mercury testing are proving increasingly tough to accept. Alabama Governor Albert Brewer has asked President Nixon to declare parts of the state a Federal disaster area due to mercury poisoning in four state rivers. Commercial fishing has been banned on 161 miles of river and 400 commercial fishermen ordered to hang up their nets and wait idly for promised unemployment checks. Annual losses from the commercial trade are put at \$800,000, with an estimated \$5½ million loss facing sport fisheries.

As the mercury probe continues, Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel has stated that "The Administration is developing hard evidence and will seek court action in any confirmed case of mercury pollution if corrective measures are not taken swiftly on local levels."



### BENSON AND HEDGES 100'S CAN GET A GUY INTO TROUBLE

DATELINE TIMES SQUARE, N.Y.C.

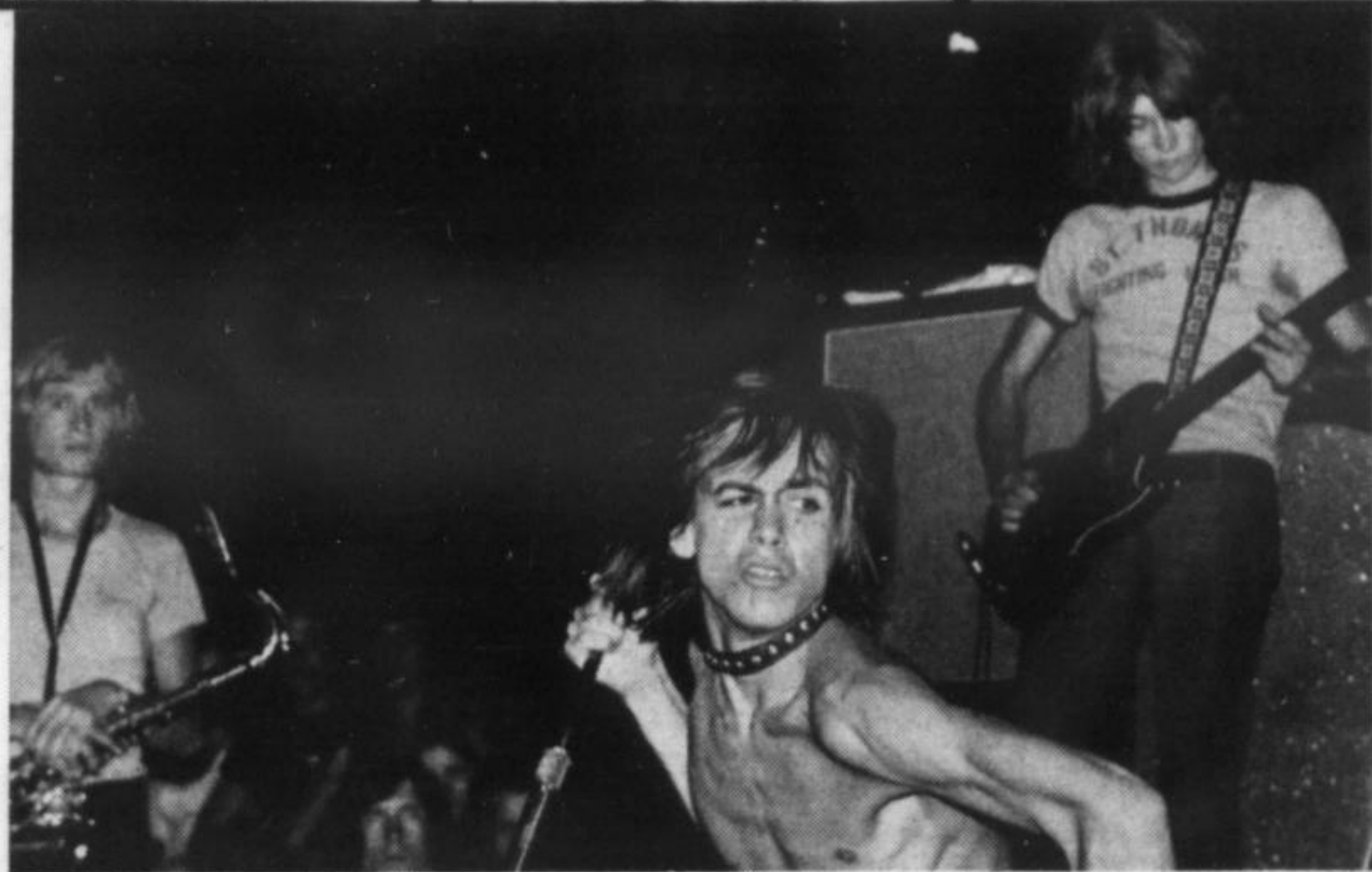
Mark Eisenhower, 18, of Astoria, says "I mean, I was standing here smoking this cigarette, uh, and I'm not trying to come on like Gene Krupa or anything, uh, but you see I was drumming with these drumsticks and trying to make up these hotdogs, and like... how would you put it?... it was like I... hey, how did you get my phone number, anyway?"

(STEVENS PHOTO)

DATELINE:

70th STREET, N.Y.C.

The seldom-seen Stooges attentively backing the almost death-defying Iggy during recent stint at Unganos. When interviewed by EVO reporter, Iggy had this message for his fans: "I'd like to tell everybody how very much I appreciate them listening to my records and everything. I'll do my best to continue to please them and put out songs and movies that they like." (STEVENS PHOTO)



A one-legged ex-beatnik freak with wild hair and a bushy moustache driving a 1959 Campbell's Tomato Soup red and Kelly green Buick Electra with half of its dual exhaust system kaput parked in front of Happy Harry's Midas Muffler Joint on 11th Avenue and 53rd Street.

Got the picture? I'm the guy and this is the story of New York, the Big Apple, and our wet sloppy love affair. Sometimes she fucks me but she's the best fuck in the world. The car's name is Big Fat Herman and he cost me 100 bucks in South Bend, Ind. last 4th of July and I love him the way an Arab loves the Mare. That has carried him up from Jericho to Jerusalem. Anyway Herman is kaput and is smoking up the city and attracting attention and I have to get his throat fixed so here I am, at the Midas Muffler Joint wondering how much Happy Harry will soak me. The first shock is that the brother who is waving me into the slot is a Puerto Rican with hair down to his shoulders. The second is that I need a tailpipe and it costs 29 bucks and not only that but he hasn't got the tailpipe and will have to order it and maybe it will arrive in two weeks and maybe not. The third shock came after he examined the damage and discussed it with another brother in a New York out far beyond the Mexican-accented Italian that gets me fed in Spain. "Amigo," he says to me, "I can weld it a little but it's got to break open again man, it's very rusty."

"I know it man, but do it anyway," I tell him. "How much will it cost?"

He tells me that I got to talk to the boss and computing the possible cost while counting my bread with mental fingers I back to the waiting area. (This is still the third shock, right.) In the waiting area is a young priest and a cop. There are only two seats and the cop gets up to give me his seat, and I thank him as I lean my crutches against the wall. The priest is eyeing my stump and I know I'm in for another session. "The war?" he says, nodding his head at my stump. I give him an affirmative nod and he continues. "Vietnam?" I shrug my shoulders and he continues. "Were you a pilot?" "Yes, I was, Father, a helicopter pilot. I was evacuating wounded when a 13-year old North Vietnamese shot me in the kneecap with a Russian rifle. I managed to get the copter down and the Cong took me prisoner. A good medic sawed my leg off and they shipped me to Hanoi where I met Ho. He took a liking to me and arranged to have Tom Hayden and Rennie Davis bring me home. I grew this moustache in appreciation."

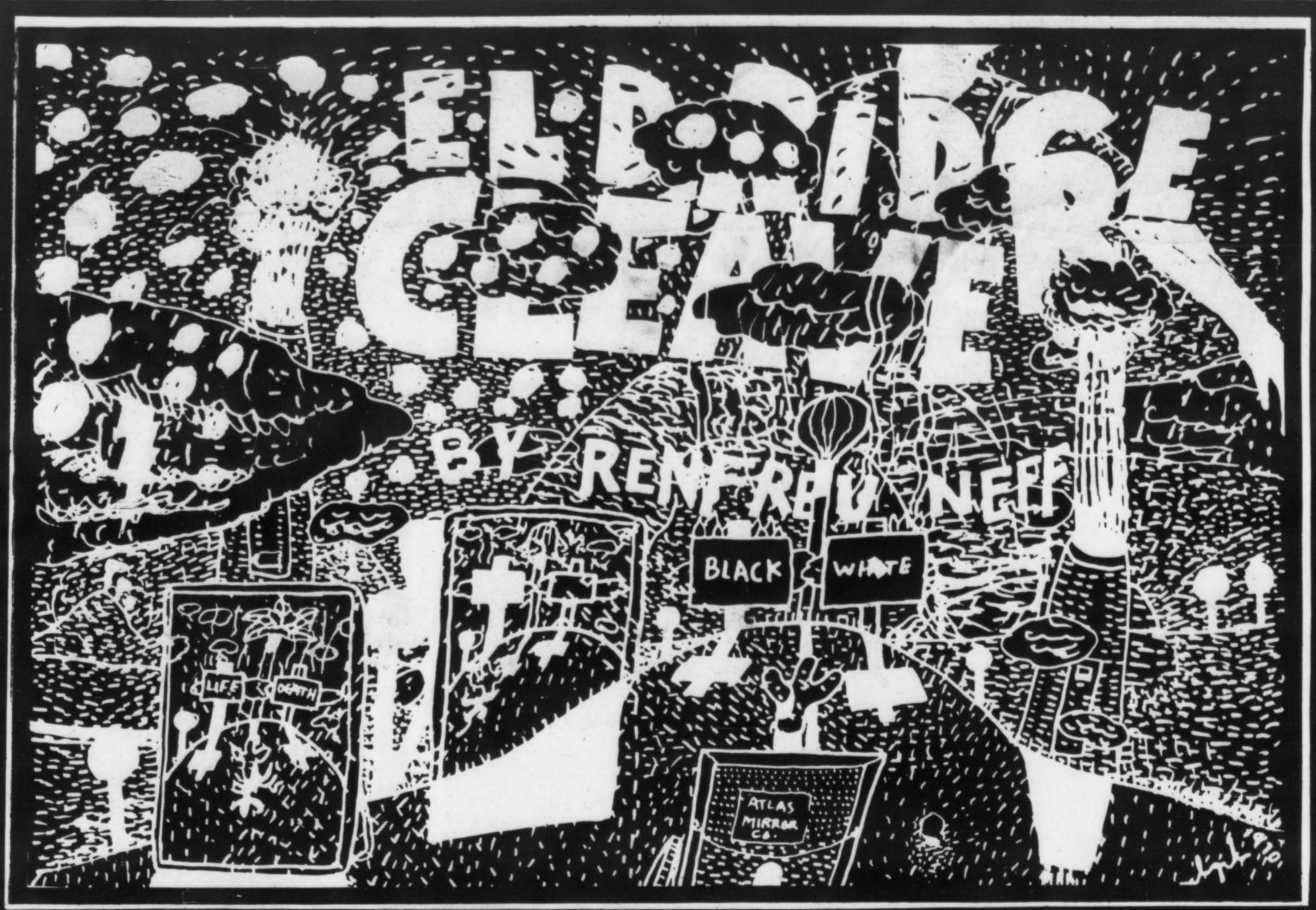
The priest turned away but the cop smiled. I took out a camel and the cop gave me a light. Just then the brother with the long hair returns and tells me the car is ready. "How much?" I ask, and the brother deals up shock number three. "Nothing, man, it's going to break again." "Wow!" says I, the cop hands me my crutches I got into Herman waved to the priest the cop and my man and split for home.

©



**THE STOOGES "FUN HOUSE" EKS-74071 / ALSO AVAILABLE ON ELEKTRA 8-TRACK AND CASSETTE.**

 ELEKTRA



An important movie opened this week in the midst of the upper eastside movie-junkie belt. Unheralded and without the usual Pavlovian publicity preparation, William Klein's Eldridge Cleaver seized Cinema II, a strategic position in "neutral" territory, and as Cleaver states in the film, "Neutrals are part of the problem."

Yes, we have read Cleaver and quoted him, and even those problematic "neutrals", presumably liberals at heart, have cautiously acknowledged some of his truth to be truer than certain other truths that discomfort them more... but here is Cleaver on film, a technicolor collision that spins us around and drops us to the right or left of the barricades. Undoubtedly this is the most powerful political documentary to be shown commercially in this country, an incisive indictment of the American system. Equal credit must be given to Klein and Cleaver, for both are too intelligent, too perceptive... really too up-front... to indulge in ordinary political polemic and propagandic display, and for both it is a virtuoso performance. Beneath the lucid coolness and relentless thrusts to the marrow of The Problem, there is Cleaver the man, the revolutionary possessed of

warm human qualities, a sharp mind and a seldom noted sense of humour that is drawn upon when his patience runs out, all of it conveyed by the cinematic skill of the film-maker.

Above all Klein is a master of pictorial form, as confirmed not only by his outstanding fashion photography, but even more so in his previous films, Cassius The Great (released here as Float Like A Butterfly, Sting Like A Bee), Who Are You, Polly Magoo? (still unreleased here) and Mr. Freedom, all of them marvellous, funny and genuinely creative movies. Underlying Eldridge Cleaver is a sense of mutual trust and respect, an obvious rapport that ultimately makes it as much Klein's political statement as his subject's; his artistry functions in total complement to Cleaver, never intruding yet adding stunning dimension to the material at hand. Given a subject like Cleaver and the Black Panther Party, anyone could probably make an interesting movie, but Klein has created an extraordinary document.

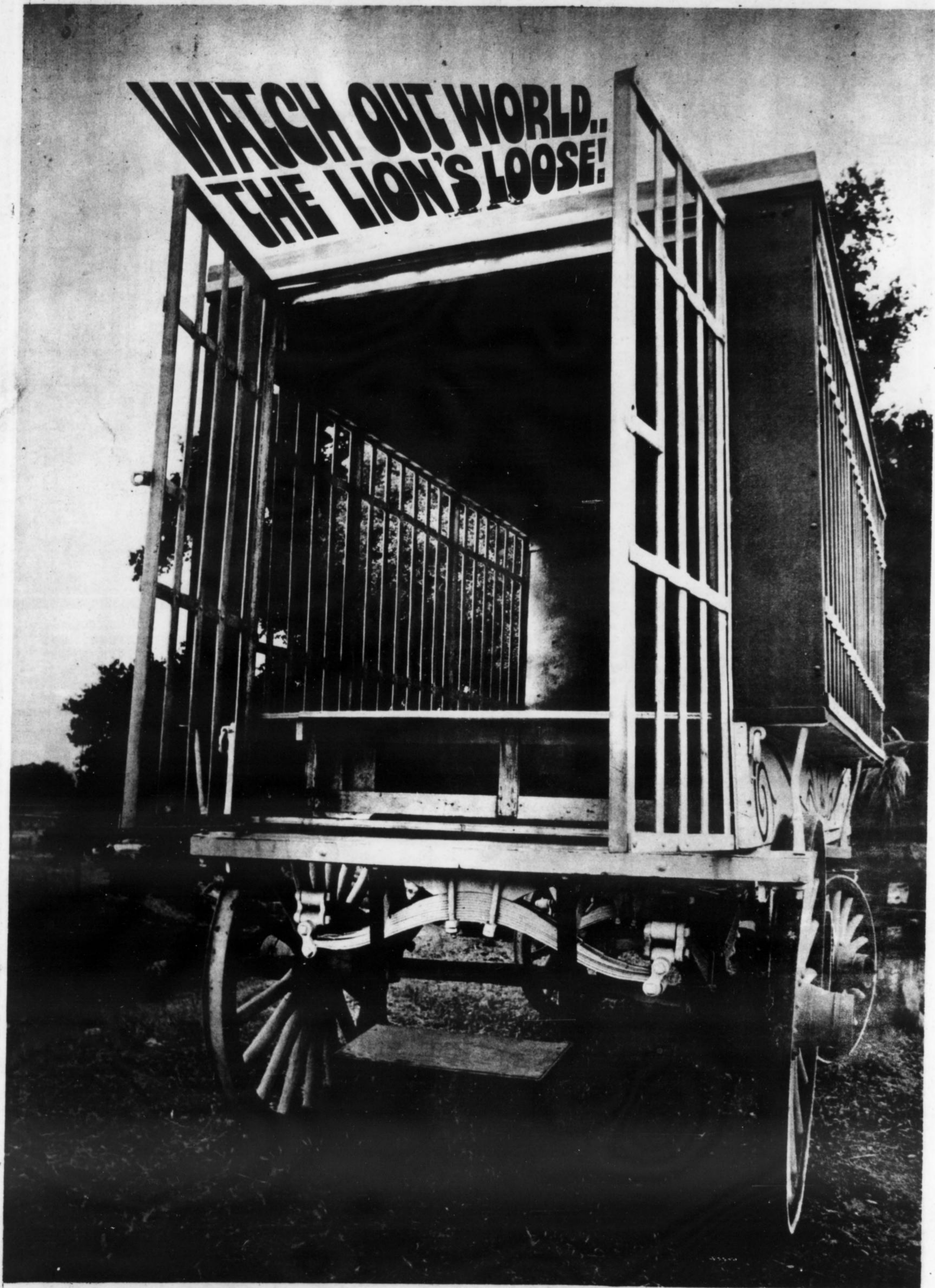
Refusing to appeal to fear and paranoia, the impact of the film comes from its exposure of the insanity, the artificial desperation that keeps America alive. The unerring selection and montage of newsreel footage (cred-

ited to American underground and foreign news sources) and ingenuous editing, the juxtaposition of these elements in relationship to Cleaver, create the most damning evidence against America... the McLelland Committee's investigation of the Panther party, hearings rendered hopelessly bizarre by McLelland's suggestion that the testimony might be less offensive if obscenities are deleted; "We must obscenity-up this mother-obscenity country...", the true obscenity of American military atrocities on Vietnamese civilians and prisoners of war; the offense of Humphrey, Alioto, Agnew, Reagan and Nixon, each basking in his own inimitable asininity; riots in Chicago and Berkeley. The desperation is exposed, it is obscene and frightening, because it cannot be concealed. Cleaver & Co. are simply holding a mirror to this rampant madness and showing us that the struggle is no longer black against white, but a revolution of life against death.

Eldridge Cleaver is an incendiary cinematic device, a remarkable "conspiracy" of a film that should be joined by everyone.

NOTE: Admission to screenings of Eldridge Cleaver is now \$1.00; Cinema II is on 3rd Avenue at 60th St. Check newspaper ads or call PL 3-0774 for screening times.

©





# ELVIS

# PRESLEY



# SPEAKS!



Elvis "Swivel Hips" Presley has sold more records than any other single person in the history of recording. The following interview was done on August 22, 1957 in Hollywood where Presley had just arrived to make a movie. At the time, he had not yet been drafted by the Army and was riding the peak of his incredible popularity with the movie "Jailhouse Rock," and with the title song "Treat Me Nice." He had already achieved recording greatness (and million-sellers) with his previous hits, "All Shook Up," "Heartbreak Hotel," "Don't Be Cruel," "Too Much," "Love Me Tender," "Loving You," and "Blue Suede Shoes," and many, many others. He was a moral outrage to adults in America at this time but was adored by the kids who followed his every move. Today Presley is a 35 year-old father and husband who plays Las Vegas and makes movies and records that contain little or none of the old zest. Presley began working on a comeback in 1968 and managed to put out two best-selling discs, "In the Ghetto," and "Suspicious Minds," that if over-produced, did contain some of the old Presley soul.

Elvis remains the highly religious person he was in the 1950's. He still addresses men and women as "Sir" and "Ma'm" and is reclusive and secretive about his personal affairs. The old mystery and intrigue remains and it is quite likely that we shall hear many more great records from him. Now here is the King to speak for himself.

August 22, 1957

Q: How do you rate yourself as an actor?  
 A: Pretty bad. It's something you learn through experience. I think that now maybe I might accomplish something at it through the years.  
 Q: You didn't trust just acting natural, don't you do that?  
 A: In some scenes I was pretty natural. In others I was trying to act and when you start trying to act, you're dead.

Q: Would you say the Jordanaires helped you ride in your career with your songs, backing you up?  
 A: They have done a very fine job, the Jordanaires have. But actually there's a lot of groups, a lot of fine groups, that back different people up on their records.  
 Q: What do you do before a show to help before some of the excitement or the tension?  
 A: I just walk around, eat-swallow, and clench my fist.  
 Q: How much did you pay for that guitar?  
 A: About 500 dollars.  
 Q: Is it specially constructed or just a standard?  
 A: No, it's just a standard guitar. I have a leather cover over it. I had that made.  
 Q: Do you find that touring is much harder on you than making movies or tv shows?  
 A: Well, touring is the roughest part. It's really tough because I mean you're in a town, you do a show, you come off, you ride in a car, you go to the next town.  
 Q: Would you prefer more to make movies and do tv or would you rather just stick to movies and that's it?  
 A: I think every performer likes to work to a live audience.  
 Q: Why did you have the Great Northern train stop two miles out of town today and get off there before the train stop? Did you know the fans were waiting for you?  
 A: Usually I can't get in. You see, I had to prepare for a show that night and therefore I had to rest, and we had rehearsals in the afternoon. So I don't have too much time. I'm actually pressed for time. It's not that I'm trying to avoid them because that's certainly not it. It's just that I'm rushed for time and I have to make every moment count when I'm on the road.  
 Q: Can you make faster time in town in your Cadillac than you can by train?  
 A: Actually you're trying to trap me now, I don't know what to say. [A girl rushes in and screams, but is held back. Elvis says 'Next.']  
 Q: Have you ever been thrown by a question, Elvis? You've been through

a lot of interviews. What question do you dislike the most?  
 A: I don't know. Like I said, I've been asked everything. If they're too rough, I just can't answer them.  
 Q: How do you feel about being asked questions about your personal life? Do you think an entertainer should be asked questions about marriage and what girls he's going with?  
 A: Well, let's face the facts. Anybody that's in the public eye, their life is never private. Everything you do, the public knows about. That's the way it's always been; that's the way it'll always be.  
 Q: Elvis, you've been on the road for a long, long time, and it's about time you had a nice big rest because you deserve it. Where would you like to go for a holiday?  
 A: Africa.  
 Q: Why...?  
 A: No, no, I don't know. There's a lot of places I would like to go.  
 Q: Have you considered a holiday? I mean, you've been on the go for what... two years now just about?  
 A: About four years.  
 Q: Four years. Well, this throws a different light on things altogether. What happened four years ago? Did you get your start four years ago?  
 A: Yes.  
 Q: Where?  
 A: In Memphis.  
 Q: Is that when the first record came out?  
 A: Yes.  
 Q: What was it? 'That's Alright Mama' or something else?  
 A: Yes, that's the name of it. No, actually I wasn't known at all until Colonel Parker started managing me, and I got on RCA Victor and on television and then I started being known.  
 Q: Before that time you were recording on the Sun label for Sam Phillips down in Memphis?  
 A: Yes, I was known in certain sections; but I wasn't known all over.  
 Q: Was it Dewey that played the first one? Is he related to the other Phillips in any way?  
 A: No, they're no kin.  
 Q: Are you going to go abroad some day?

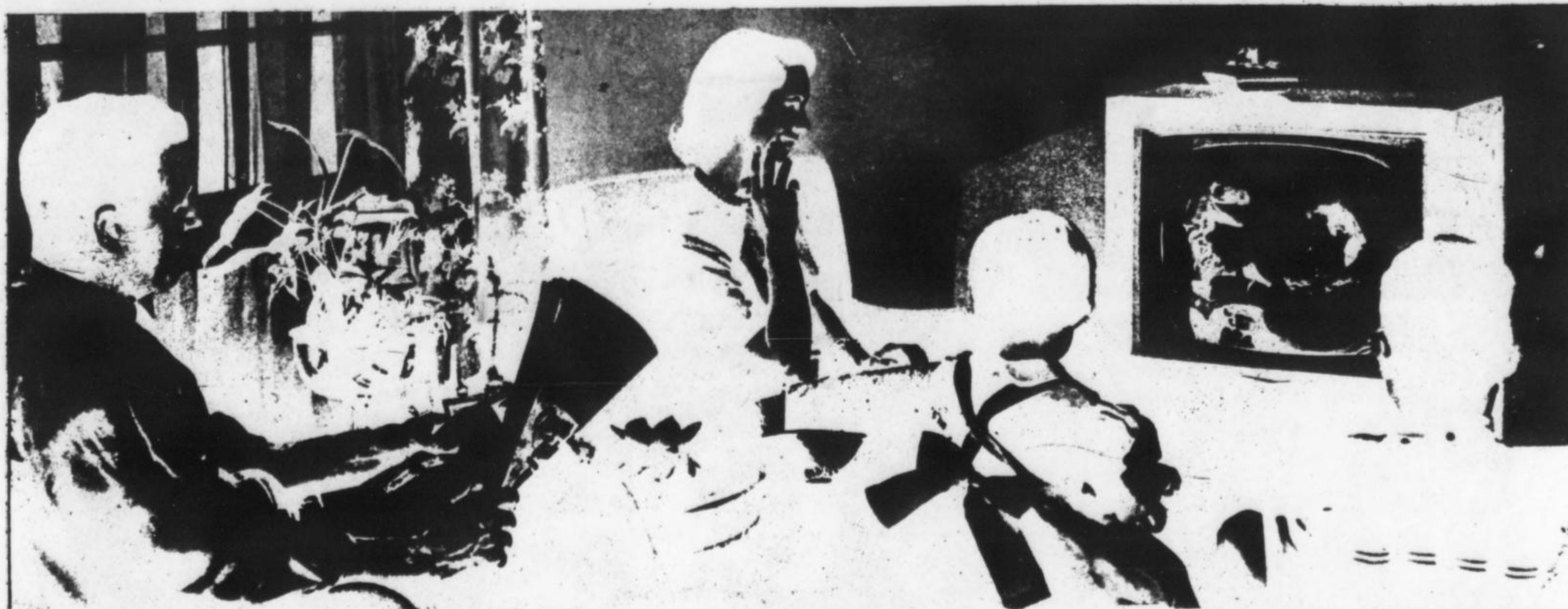
A: Yes, I would like to.  
 Q: What do you think about permanent retirement?  
 A: I would like to.  
 Q: Of your own free will?  
 A: Retirement?  
 Q: Yes, what do you think about it? Just quitting? When?  
 A: I'll never quit, as long as I'm doing ok.  
 Q: What do you consider as doing ok?  
 A: Well, as long as you're pleasing the people, you'd be foolish to quit.  
 Q: Elvis, we're running a marathon right after this interview here, tonight, from 11 until tomorrow morning. Would you like to say something to everybody out there tonight listening in to the show? Would you like to say to look for your new release or anything? Just say 'hi' to them all?  
 A: I sure would. I'd like to tell everybody how very much I appreciate them listening to my records and everything. I'll do my best to continue to please them and put out songs and movies that they like.  
 Q: When you get caught in a mob or something, have you ever been seriously hurt by the girls?  
 A: Yes, I've been scratched and bitten and everything.  
 Q: What do you think about being scratched and bitten?  
 A: Well, I just accept it with a broad mind because actually they don't intend to hurt you... it's just they want pieces of you for souvenirs.  
 Q: A crowd of people can hurt you, and not even realise they are doing it, you know... You haven't much of a private life now, have you?  
 A: No, sir, I haven't.  
 Q: Where do you go for a quiet cup of coffee now-a-days?  
 A: When I'm travelling around I don't go anywhere. I just eat in the room.  
 Q: When do you head out to the Army, Elvis?  
 A: The Army?  
 Q: Yes, are you going into the army?  
 A: I haven't heard from them.  
 Q: You haven't heard anything from them at all?  
 A: I haven't.

Q: You weren't linked to Confidential Magazine. But what do you think of the Confidential Magazine trial?  
 A: Well, I don't know what to think about it. Just so I don't get involved in it, that's all I worry about.  
 Q: How do you like the motion picture field, Elvis?  
 A: I think it's great! In fact, I like it better than any phase of the business, other than the public appearances.  
 Q: You'd rather be in movies than sing, shall we say?  
 A: Well, no, I'm not going to say that.  
 Q: You don't want to commit yourself there, eh?  
 A: No.  
 Q: Why don't we see more of you on television, seeing that you can demand such big fees?  
 A: I don't know. I guess Colonel Parker could answer that, if he's here. He isn't here, is he?  
 Q: Don't you get tired of newsmen and cameramen all the time, Elvis?  
 A: No, I don't mind them.  
 Q: Really???  
 Q: Do you think the Rock and Roll craze is dying out?  
 A: No, sir, I don't think it's dying. I'm not saying that it won't die out, but I don't think it is right now.  
 Q: Elvis, is your first love western music?  
 A: No, sir, it's not. My first I would say would be spiritual music.  
 Q: Like 'Peace in the Valley' or something like that?  
 A: No, not exactly that. I mean like some of the old coloured spirituals from years back.  
 Q: Elvis, your actions make quite a reaction with the audience. What is your opinion of the audience?  
 A: Well, I mean, I would look pretty funny out there without one. Actually, I suppose you're talking about all the yelling and everything... actually, it's good because it covers up my mistakes you see. Whenever I hit a sour note nobody notices.  
 Q: You dated, what is it, Anita Wood?  
 (Continued on Page 20)



# WE WANT ELVIS!





## INTERVIEW WITH PAUL KRASSNER

by Rudi Stern

**Rudi:** Paul, what did you think were or could have been the results of the Alternate Media Conference?

**Paul:** It depends how you define those terms. A lot of people just felt that the trees and the green grass and the pool where everybody was skinny-dipping were alternate media to the City. There wasn't that much accomplished because it took a little while for those who weren't really in the alternate media but who came down, like the radio stations, small FM stations, who were really very commercially minded, when they began to hear a lot of revolutionary rhetoric they began to realize that they were not considered alternative media. I had been in San Francisco and there was a chartered flight to Vermont from San Francisco where there were 90 freaks. I went into the john to smoke a joint, 'cause I thought that would be cool. Coming out, 15 hands handed me joints all over the place. The stewardess, we turned her on, the co-pilot got a contact high, it took him three times as long to get back to the cockpit as it did to get to the back of the plane and he was smiling three times as much. So the whole media conference was an anti-climax for me.

**Rudi:** Do you think it's the first in a series of conferences, do you think it makes sense to continue it on a yearly basis, do you think positive things can come out of such meetings?

**Paul:** Well, I don't know why yearly; they want to make it a continuing project, they want to have exchanges of tapes. They want to have a better kind of communication through the underground type of radio media as well as the print media. So, for example, if there's a Jackson State or Kent State type of incident or a local paper gets busted for obscenity, whatever the reasons are, that there can be instant underground communication. Sort of develop networks. See, there were also a lot of record company people there who were trying to get very "insy" with underground press people because they're into the business of selling records and young people are a big chunk of the sales market. They know that a lot of young people's main source of information is the underground media. They don't even bother with the New York Times to support it. I said that because a guy I know, Bill Gaines, who's the publisher of Mad, reads the Daily News every day, but buys the New York Times because he thinks it should be supported. Maybe now that the price went up he doesn't, he just figures others will carry the load.

**Rudi:** What do you think of the medium of video in terms of alternate news, alternate information structure?

**Paul:** I could come up with a phrase like: "I think it's the vision of the future." I think in terms of evolution, media are one reflection of the various processes that are evolving. Just as the family structure is changing,

it's no longer a vertical Mommy and Daddy, Dick and Jane and Spot (Spot is the rat that you find jumping from the wall), but a horizontal thing where the family is not necessarily defined by blood relations or marital licenses or anything like that. These groups want to keep more and more in touch with each other. I think that video tapes would be sent to these people. People would call in their neighbors to read the latest letter. They can do anything they want on it. They can show a "how to make a bread recipe." With grass, the proper amount of grass and how finely it should be shredded before it's added to the dough and the carrots and everything else. You could present an orgy to your friend. Let's say you discover a new position. How better to communicate it to your friend on the other Coast? It's endless. If somebody has a particular insight into something that's happened in the news you could put that in. It's any number of things. Like when Women's Liberation had the oggle-in with the hard hats, that would have been a great, fantastic audio-visual tape to share with someone else. It's a kind of communication that makes a community transcend their own geography.

**Rudi:** Do you think it will ever replace print media or do you think it will just run its own development?

**Paul:** I don't know. I'm trying to think what print media is equivalent to in the past that has fallen out of use. There are certain things that I publish like the parts that were left out of the Kennedy book, that could only have been done in print media. Partially because it was a satire on something that was already in print media so it had to be an extension of that. Those are all McLuhan's words; I bet McLuhan has never gotten stoned.

I'm not putting any value judgement on it. I met him once and he was a very sour man. And I really understood at that time what he meant by the medium is the message. You know, he tells jokes rather than humour. It fits in with his very rigid personality. I'm not putting any value judgement on it. I'm just giving what I think are very objective observations. Anyway you were talking about print media. When Walt Disney died, I thought of all his characters, now that their creator was gone what would happen to them? It would be like a Roman orgy of some sort. So I asked this artist, Wally Wood, to do a two-page spread on a Walt Disney memorial orgy. There was Goofy and Minnie Mouse and Tinkerbell doing a striptease for Pinocchio as his nose gets longer. Just a funny, weird, wild binge, that could only have been done in that form. Rather than writing about it, it was a visual thing. So I think sometimes the form is determined by the specific thing. But generally I think that the print media will not die out totally but I think that it will be more and more replaced. I

find by talking to kids I meet and trying to find out where they get their information from, that there's very little reading. Of course, this may be the circles I travel in. They're non-linear circles. And also I find that I'll buy the Times every day, but I won't read it everyday, but I'll watch the TV news everyday. It's a ritual with me. I used to read a lot of books. I see more movies now. Now this may be that dope has rendered my attention span to an infinitesimally small nugget. I can read when necessary. I was tripping once and somebody got arrested. I said, "I gotta get linear," and I found the name of a lawyer in the telephone book, but there just doesn't seem to be any emergency at the moment. The trend is towards it. I've been working on a novel for twelve years now and in the process of it changing, because a lot of things that were satire have become true. But it has built up so that it is now a movie. It's become an actual film in the process. Thematically as well as in form. I find that the writing I've done that I like best is where there are visual images. The reasons that the parts that were left out of the Kennedy book had such an impact is that the main image of Johnson fucking the corpse of Kennedy in his throat wounds is a very visual image. I just said it now, and those of you who aren't familiar with it probably conjured up some little scene in your mind. Lenny Bruce, when he was on stage, the things that he really clicked on were visual images. I remember we were walking along Sixth Avenue once and there was a picture of Carolyn Kennedy on the cover of Newsweek and I said, "Aah, she plays with herself with a bobby pin." And he stopped and jumped up and said, "Hey, that's a great image! Can I have that?" So, he worked it into his act and his genius was such that he gave it a whole context that it never had for me. It was in his routine about espionage and telling secrets. He could be tortured and he would tell all secrets with the hot lead funnel up his ass. He said, "I will tell you anything, I'll even make up secrets. I'll tell you that Carolyn Kennedy plays with herself with a bobby pin." And so it had all kinds of concentric circles built around that one little image that I had. Does that answer your question?

**Rudi:** Do you watch other things on television besides the news?

**Paul:** Yes, talk shows, and documentaries like 60 Minutes and First Tuesday and other shows that have to do with humor like Smothers Brothers and Comedy Tonight which is done with no audience, they just have laugh machines. So when they do the show the director has actually screamed out "No laughter on the set!" And that's for a show called Comedy Tonight. I watched the Mike Douglas show the other afternoon because Michael Dunn was on it and I just was curious to see if Mike Douglas would help him up onto the chair or if he would climb up himself. I remember the last time I saw Michael Dunn on television. In

fact the moment I knew I was in love with my ex-wife was when we were watching the Academy Awards on television and Michael Dunn came on and she said, "I'll bet he doesn't rent his tuxedo!" I had seen him on something for birth defects. I think he was against them. And he sat on a stool and he said something like "Years ago they would have thrown me to the wolves but now..." and then something went wrong with the set and I never knew, I kept waiting for the wolves in the wings. So I hadn't seen him on television since then. But I have a tremendous respect for him and I'm sure that if he were here right now... could somebody lift him up if he's here? Hi Michael! But he wouldn't be offended, or maybe he might, I don't know, he might punch me in the balls.

**Rudi:** Do you think that the underground could ever have access to broadcast television or to cable?

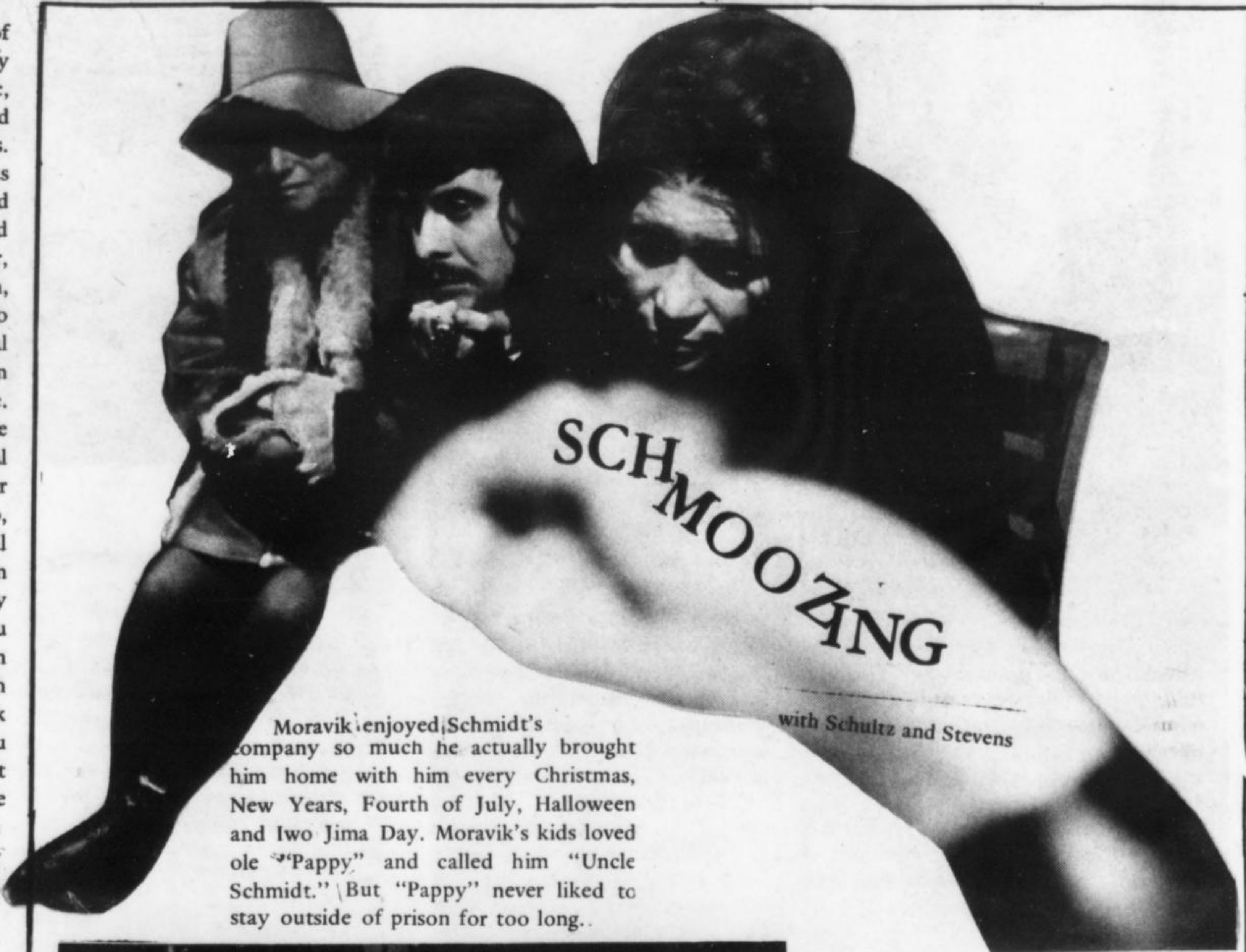
**Paul:** Well, by the time that happens it might no longer be considered the underground. I mean, we're starting to outnumber them. The whole population explosion is just a myth on the part of the establishment to make people stop having young people. It's what I said earlier about evolution. Even with all the inhumanity surrounding us, I'm confident that because of the process of evolution we will win. You know, Yippie got started in Florida. Abbie Hoffman, Anita Hoffman and I were tripping on acid. My date was a dolphin. We were on a double date with a dolphin. And we had to leave the dolphin at the aquarium and I had to say goodbye. So I said, "How come you're smirking?" and the Dolphin said, "Because I know that if God is evolution, then how do you know that he's finished?" And that night on TV we saw Lyndon Johnson giving a speech. You remember old LBJ? He's like Teddy Roosevelt way out of the past. It was in Black and White, although for us by that time it was in purple and orange and it was one of the heads on top of Mount Rushmore. And that was the voice coming from that sculptured head on top of Mount Rushmore. But there were all the other past presidents, like Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln and they were smirking like the dolphin while he was talking. And this was kind of a hallucinatory way of knowing that the Republican and Democratic parties aren't going to be around in 50 years, 25, 10, 5, 2, tomorrow! We just felt that we wanted to speed up the process of evolution. That night late I walked down the road and I called up Dick Gregory in Chicago and I called Jerry Rubin in New York and out of that came the birth of Yippie. Just in terms of the evolutionary process, it's happening already in certain ways. I see stuff that I used to publish that I no longer have the need to publish because it's being done in the mass media.

(A VIDEOTAPE OF THIS INTERVIEW IS AVAILABLE THROUGH EVO)

Schmoozing is the most universal of human art forms. It can be practiced by everyone from the worst of capitalistic, bourgeois hypocrites to the lowest and grimmest of sand-Arabs covered with flies. Traditionalists like to think of it as nothing more than sitting around gossiping, but the new wave has expanded it to include every variety of torpor, mental slovenliness, rest and relaxation, intoxication and debauchery known to man, provided it is done in congenial quarters and adds solace to the human condition. The basic technique is simple. You get together with one or more persons (close friends or casual acquaintances will do) and pick your poison, coffee, tea, liquor, Yoo Hoo, hash, grass, acid, smack or cocaine (or all or none of the above) and set you down someplace on the sidewalk, in a candy store, in your apartment, anyplace you can be relatively safe from the main masses of the hectic times and you watch the rest of the world go by. You talk about things that are important, and you talk about drivel. Some people think that you can get business squared away while schmoozing, and maybe some people can. But the basic pattern is to position your body in angles of recline and comfort and drift for hours in a sea of minor amusement and horizontal apathy and be happy. You listen to music, you fall off the chair, you maintain no solid opinion on any matter in the world. Eventually there is brain damage and you fall asleep. The best part of it is that the next morning you never can remember what you were talking about the night before.

One of the leading Schmoos palaces of the world was Greek Tony's Restaurant. Greek Tony was a disgusting individual of 250 pounds who wore the same T-shirt every day for five years, and the same dirty dishtowel over his shoulder. Business was great at Tony's restaurant, and the place was open until two o'clock each morning when the waitresses and kitchen crew would immediately begin schmoozing. They would drink and talk and tickle each other silly, and fuck and suck and roll around and pick their noses and wipe it on Greek Tony's T-shirt, and they all loved it. Then, one by one, they would fall apart and go into semi-comatose states. At 11 the next day Greek Tony would rise instinctively and begin slapping them awake with his dirty dishtowel, all the while yelling "Get up, Goddamnit!"

Another great Schmoos center was the Marine Prison at San Diego, California. Sailors fresh from catching the clap in filthy Tijuana infested this place, and they schmoozed like champions. The person in charge of the third tier, Master Sergeant Chuck Moravik, sat at a desk all day drinking brandy out of a coffee cup and talking about great battles he had seen with Danny "Pappy" Schmidt, an ex-marine who was serving life for murdering his teenage wife at a base movie. "Pappy" Schmidt had long since given up any hope of freedom, so he dedicated his life to schmoozing the blues away with his old war-buddy Moravik. He and Moravik used to sit there by the hour, talking about butcheries of the past. They played checkers and never moved from their positions except to kick prisoners who approached in the chins.



Moravik enjoyed Schmidt's company so much he actually brought him home with him every Christmas, New Years, Fourth of July, Halloween and Iwo Jima Day. Moravik's kids loved ole "Pappy" and called him "Uncle Schmidt." But "Pappy" never liked to stay outside of prison for too long.



"It's good to get back to the old Palais de Schmooze," he would say upon return.

It is possible to enjoy great bouts of schmoozing while ostensibly at work. Civil Service workers are particularly hip to this. They call it "paper shuffling." Because of it, every major public service in this country has been destroyed over the past 20 years. I once worked in such an office with a lady named Janet. Well, Janet left for vacation one day but before she left she forgot to clean out her coffee cup, which was half-filled with coffee, and over the weeks a growth began to develop, and it grew and grew, and we fed it yeast, brown sugar, milk and American cheese and eventually it grew over the sides of the cup and down and around the desk, and we put a sign on it that said "Leo, the office mascot." For weeks, Janet's desk was the schmoos capital of the world, but one morning the office manager came through and noticed Leo and began screaming "Who is responsible for this? Who is responsible for this?"

And nobody would admit their guilt, but were all too ready to place the blame on Janet who was not there to defend her own inactive role (or passive), as you might have it. When she returned from vacation she was abruptly chastized and contacted by the Health Department which had found a piece of the growth in the deep sink of the janitor's closet and assuming it to be a sample of phlegm or some such thing, tested it and found it contained a dreaded tuberculin germ. Janet was quarantined for months, but the days of Leo the office mascot represented schmoozing at its finest.

For all the variations, the two most popular forms of schmoozing are Arab-style and MacDougal Alley-style. Arab-style, you sit on your haunches in the street and smoke hash, and buy cups of bitter coffee from street vendors who come around and serve you from a tank which they carry on their backs, in a cup which every disease-ridden urchin in the street has used. And you sit there and feel superior to the camels, and mock them for their ignorance. Paroise-Alley style, you put away plenty of dope, and quite a bit of beer. You talk into all hours of the morning, and use several curse-words. Women usually lose their hair; men fall asleep while standing up pissing. When you wake up, you're a junkie in Needle Park screaming "Give me a fix!"

The Schmoozing team of Joseph Stephens and Ray Schultz wishes to announce the formation of the American Society for the Advancement and Enjoyment of Schmoozing. Headquarters will be at the East Village Other, 20 East 12th Street, New York, N.Y. We will print in this column, periodically, all lively anecdotes and schmoozing stories that you send us. We hope to make it a major forum. Send your replies to "Schmoozing," in care of the above address. We welcome persons of all races and creeds and sexes, but draw the line at midgets, who make us angry.



PHOTO: MARILYN KROPLICK

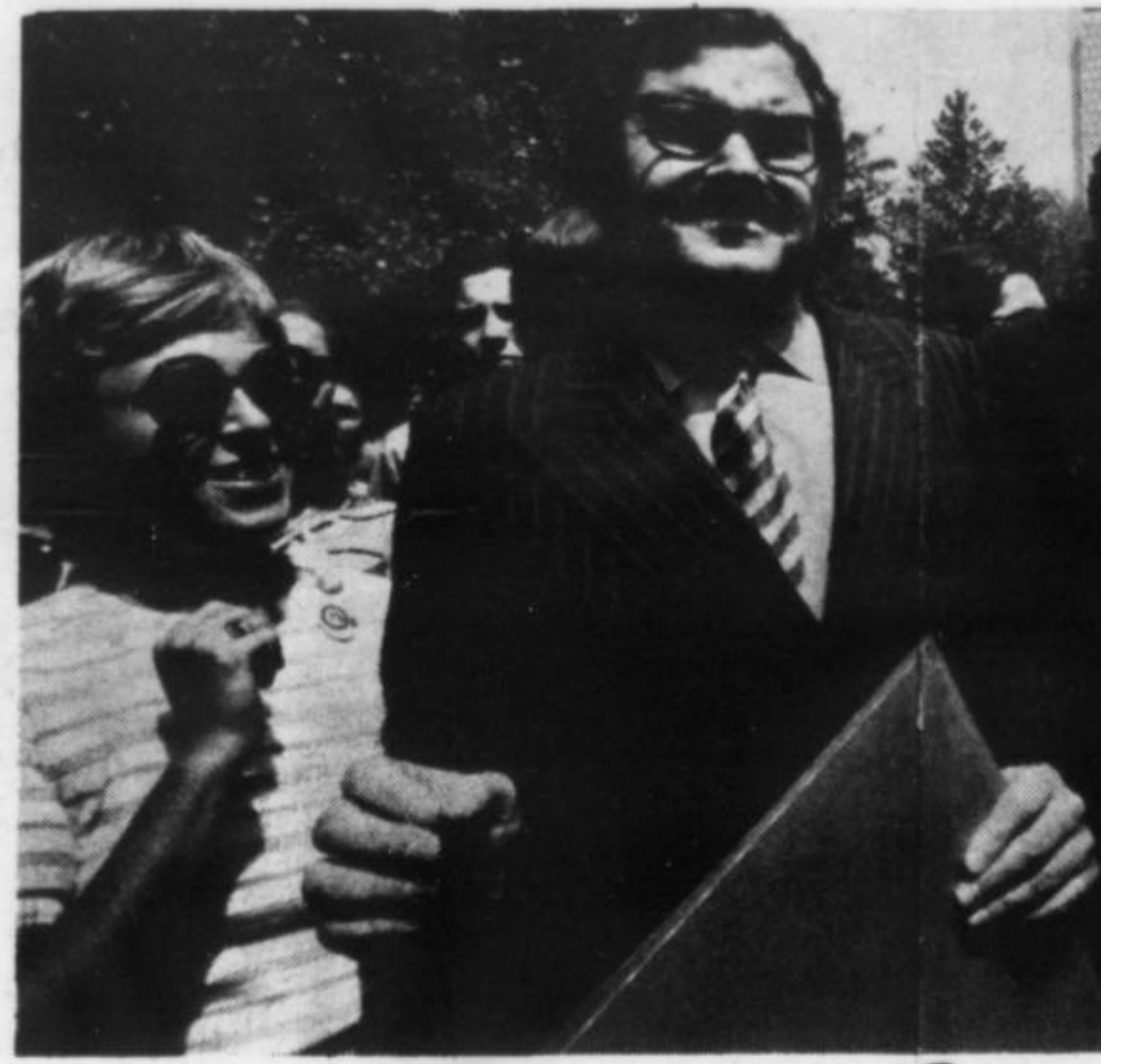


PHOTO:

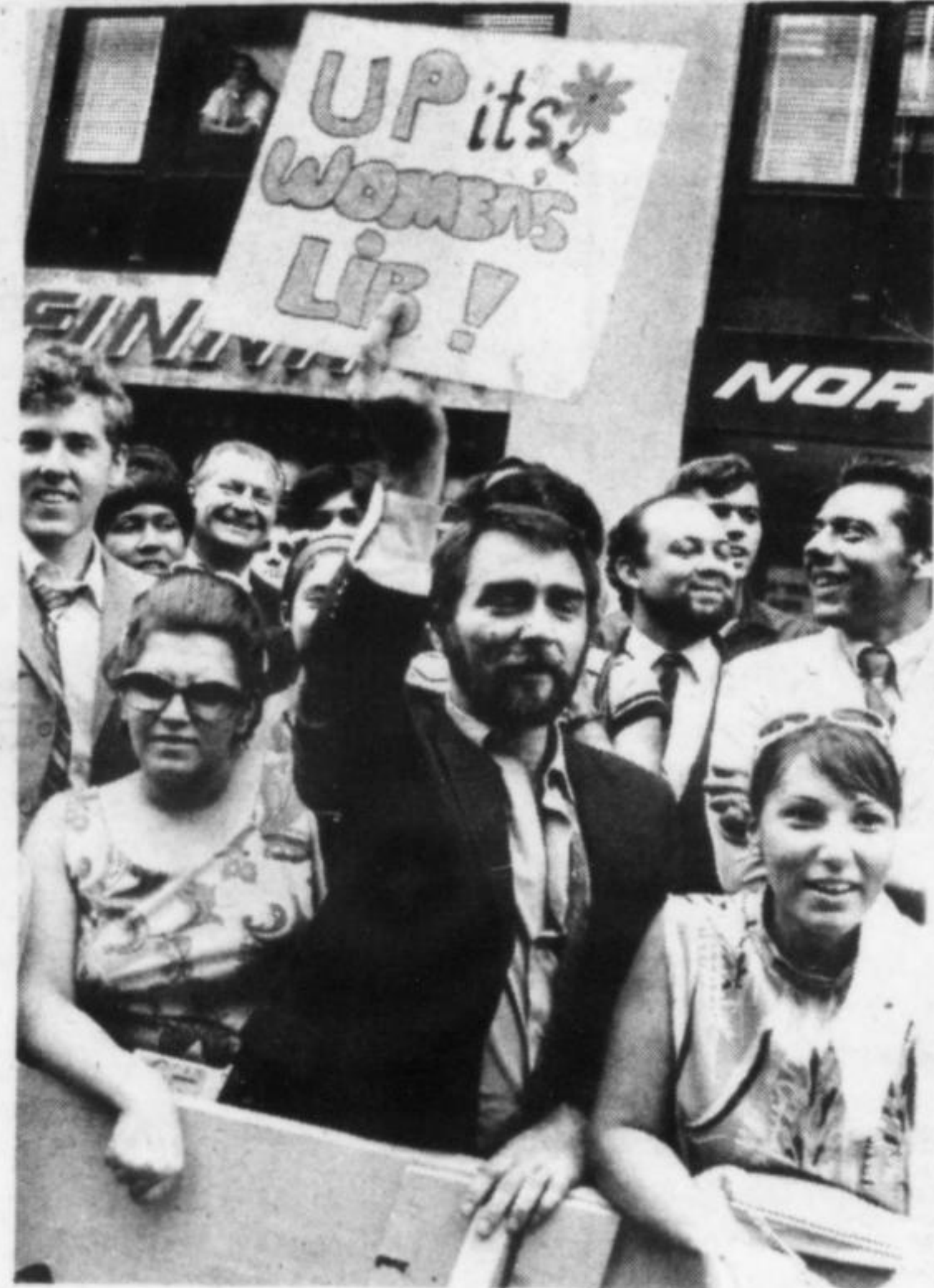


PHOTO: MARILYN KROPLICK



d.a. latimer

Claudia Dreifus could certainly deliver you a far more trustworthy account of the events of August 26th, the day of the Women's Strike. For is Claudia not a woman? Certainly she is, but tonight, the night of Deadline, she calls here, Claudia, and says no, she will have no copy in this week. My, my. What can have so ravished Claudia from her customary habits of promptness and regularity in the turning in of her copy? An abrupt seizure of writer's block, brought about by endocrinological imbalances of a sudden and indeterminate nature? No, the moon is far from full. And besides, I have seen Claudia, cramped up to the earlobes, complexion drained and sallow, biting her lips and racking out magnificent copy though all the curses of Job and Eve together were falling athwart her bosom.

To the contrary, I suspect it may have been a phone call, visit, letter or other communication from some publication other than EVO, a publication wealthier and more prestigious, that may have stayed her pen this evening. So Jaakov turns to me and he says, Dean, he says, do us up a few pages on the Women's Strike. I know you were there, Dean. I saw your picture on the cover of the *Daily News*.

God Damn the *News*, they not only defamed and slandered me, they blew my scene. Sure, sure, I went all over town with the Women's Strike, I blush to admit it, but there I was, at the Marriage License Bureau, at the

PHOTO: MARILYN KROPLICK

Social Security Building, up and down the march twice, in Bryant Park and in the Village Gate afterward for the Women's Lib party. Claudia was leading me around. I was her Assistant. That is, I was to hold doors for her, summon cabs and elevators, fight off cads and potential molesters, and peradventure cast my weskit across any puddles of muck she might encounter in the Park.

Don't get the wrong idea. I have one violent unrequited passion in my breast, and it is not for Dreifus. No, this of being her Assistant on the day of the Women's Strike is a Geas I had taken upon myself to work off, in all craven humility, for certain acts and writings I had committed in the past against Women's Liberation. No one but Wendy Roberts is going to remember the worst of them, but it was for her and her sisters that I vowed to do this thing.

But it wasn't unpleasant enough. I hugely enjoyed every minute of it. Thanks to the extremely fluid schedule of events and demonstrations, Claudia and I showed up down on Centre Street just a few moments too late to catch the Baby-In at City Hall. Since this city of eight million, many of whom are potent, few of whom are virgins, has virtually no facilities for the care of children while their mothers are out working - this keeps the broads off the labour market and out of the gentlemen's hair - several hundred of the mothers who planned to participate in the day's activities took their offspring to City Hall and tried to lay them on the Mayor. Of

course, as we all know, His Honour was just then unwinding in Jackson Hole, Wyo., and who could blame him, so Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio handled the situation. Claudia being asleep at this writing, there is no way I can determine what Aurelio did with the children. Evidently they all survived.

Five modest steps ahead of me, Claudia skipped up to the Marriage License Bureau to the office of Thomas Lelane, acting City Clerk. With us, lost among the crush of media people, were about a score of feminists, a dog, and two ten-year-old women with liberation banners; to Lelane they presented a booklet called 'You And Your Marriage,' an outline of property rights, duties, and responsibilities delegated by law to the respective spouses by the signing of their marriage licenses. These data, which become ever so important in the event of a divorce or the demise of one of the spouses, are not explained to prospective couples, and it was the allegation of these women, that the law in this respect leaves the wife with the short end of the stick. 'For all our months of research,' said NOW marriage committee chairman Betty Berry, with unusual equanimity, 'we have not been able to determine precisely what the law

PHOTO: JILL KREMENTZ

provides in respect to the division of property between husband and wife,' and she offered the booklet, what information they had been able to determine, to be distributed with marriage license forms to all applicants.

Lelane's response was a perfect poetry of bureaucratic bovinity: 'Well, we certainly appreciate the efforts you women have undertaken to bring these items to our attention and of course while I can hardly promise anything on the basis of this document which I have not yet read I shall certainly take it up before the board at the earliest opportunity and we shall see what needs to be done and act accordingly to do what must be done thank you Mrs oink Berry.'

By this time, what with the floodlights and the many many people of different sexes standing about closely, the air conditioning had failed for good and ill. Standing next to me, pulling at his collar, sweating buckets, a gentleman who appeared to be vaguely official

answered me, when I asked, that no, it would be of little use for prospective married couples to write their own marriage contracts, as they used to do before this century, little use at all in light of such a document's total invalidity if it contravenes The Law, which appears to be pretty comprehensive in the area of marriage. 'A woman,' he gave as an example, 'can't waive alimony.' Could such a thing be worked out, if a lawyer well-versed enough in marriage law be found to determine what the law provides, precisely? No. No way to work it.

In other words, when you get married you sign a pre-existing contract, the details and provisions of which are concealed from you until such time as it becomes convenient for the Law to reveal them: when you're trying to Avoid Probate, for example.... Obviously, this issue is broader in concern than merely feminine.

The new Federal Building which houses Social Security law, or rather stood, a hundred



PHOTO: JILL KREMENTZ



# One Of The Most Beautiful Days Of This Year.



PHOTO: JILL KREMENTZ

PHOTO: MARILYN KROPLICK

blank-windowed stories straight up into the sky, right across the square. Social Security was the next target, because while the S.S. laws are recondite and conflicting to the point of total obscurity and insanity, of this you can be sure, women don't get the potatoes *men* do from S.S. Your husband's a checkout boy, you bring up seven kids on his two-bit salary, you cook, you clean, you mop, you wash, you bathe, throw your back out, develop chilblains, the kids split, he retires, he croaks, you wind up living on *his* 63.70 monthly, no disability, after *you've* worked enough for *five* people all your life. Jesus Christ have mercy on us all!

Despite this, it was a smiling, windblown, enthusiastic lot of women who approached the S.S. building, demanding entrance. Did I forget to mention it was one of the most beautiful days of the year? Pollution level acceptable? Pollen count zero? Big yellow mother slab of sun up in the sky dripping down all over everywhere, and a generous breeze from the northeast?

Forgive me. The day was as beautiful as the women who observed it as their own, and I never expect to see another day so full of beautiful women.

Ahem. At the door of the S.S. building, the women were met by a greasy crook named Kiem who identified himself as business manager and swore he would allow no more than a Delegation into the building. Convinced that I myself would never be admitted, being only a press-card-less Assistant, I split for an O.J. at the restaurant across the street, and returned to find that the Delegation had only just been admitted, and the guards were busily locking the doors. There were about ten doors to that building, and the revolving door to the far left had not quite yet been locked before I pushed through it in the wake of a portly, very busy, very important gentleman in a grey suit, with attache case. Nobody said anything. Maybe I looked like *his* Assistant.

Actually, I needn't have

bothered. Mrs. Berry addressed a set of demands to regional S.S. commissioner Joseph Kelly, a fine tall bald man and a regular Mass communicant no doubt, who said to her things that were in no respect distinguishable from the things Mr Lalane had said to her, except that Mr Kelly, in an oinking attempt at informality, insisted on calling her 'Betty.' Each time he did this thing, I saw the hair rise on the back of Claudia's neck.

A more genuine note of levity was contributed to the proceedings by the positioning of Mr Kelly directly under the chalk depiction of a Hanged Man which I had earlier scrawled on the blackboard behind him, before, of course, he had taken his seat: Gabe Pressman arrived late with his cameraman, and I swear I saw Mel Finklestein of the *Daily News* move obsequiously out of the way for Pressman's camera which, it is hoped, picked up the Hanged Man over Mr Kelly's head. Myself, I would have kicked that fatass son of a bitch out of the

room before I'd've given him *my* seat.

Betimes we left the S.S. building, herded like cattle between the twin tinted photo-portraits of Richard Nixon out of the building through a side door by a brace of hefty security guards who wore guns at their hips. 'What is this, the Tombs?' Claudia asked querulously. 'It should be,' remarked one of the guards, with an ill-concealed desire to shoot her through the head.

'Aw, ya mudda was a cop!' I yelled back at him, just after he had locked the last door. I regretted this instantly. Latimer, you're a chauvinist asshole. It shoulda been ya *fadda* was a cop, because now Claudia seemed to have joined us up with three or four or six of her feminist acquaintances, including several journalists who could easily use my words against me. But the vibes were great that day, and they merely laughed at my oppressive pig remark.

(Continued on Page 18)

# The Big Apple by Jackie Friedrich

Well, the EVO NEW YEARS EVE PARTY squad piled into one-legged Terry's car, Big Fat Herman, with a stack of EVO's and plenty of energy. (You may have heard of Terry - as the chief of the Amputees Liberation Front, he is organizing the October Hop on Washington.)

So in the rush hour traffic we handed out Evo's saying "Wanna know what your kids are doing?" and by the time we reached the march all the Evo's were gone.

On the way we freaked out some sidewalk diners by serenading them from Herman and commented rather loudly on the asses of passing executives.

When we hit the march, we all climbed on top of Herman, singing and waving and being cheered on by the marchers. The cops pushed us off the street, but one of them offered us a surreptitious wink while the others weren't looking.

Then we got caught in traffic while trying to get in the center of the parade. We left the car, split up and spread out.

# Ladies Lib by John da Swede

"Right On Far Out Too Much," we yelled from crazy Terry's gypsy cab (named Herman) as we rode uptown to the Women's Lib parade on Fifth Avenue, with a few asides to the straight cabs on the way ("We're not yellow, we go anywhere!")

We hit 59th Street with a band, riding on top of Herman, cheering and being cheered in turn by the marchers and folks on the sidelines. We turned down Fifth & the Cops freaked

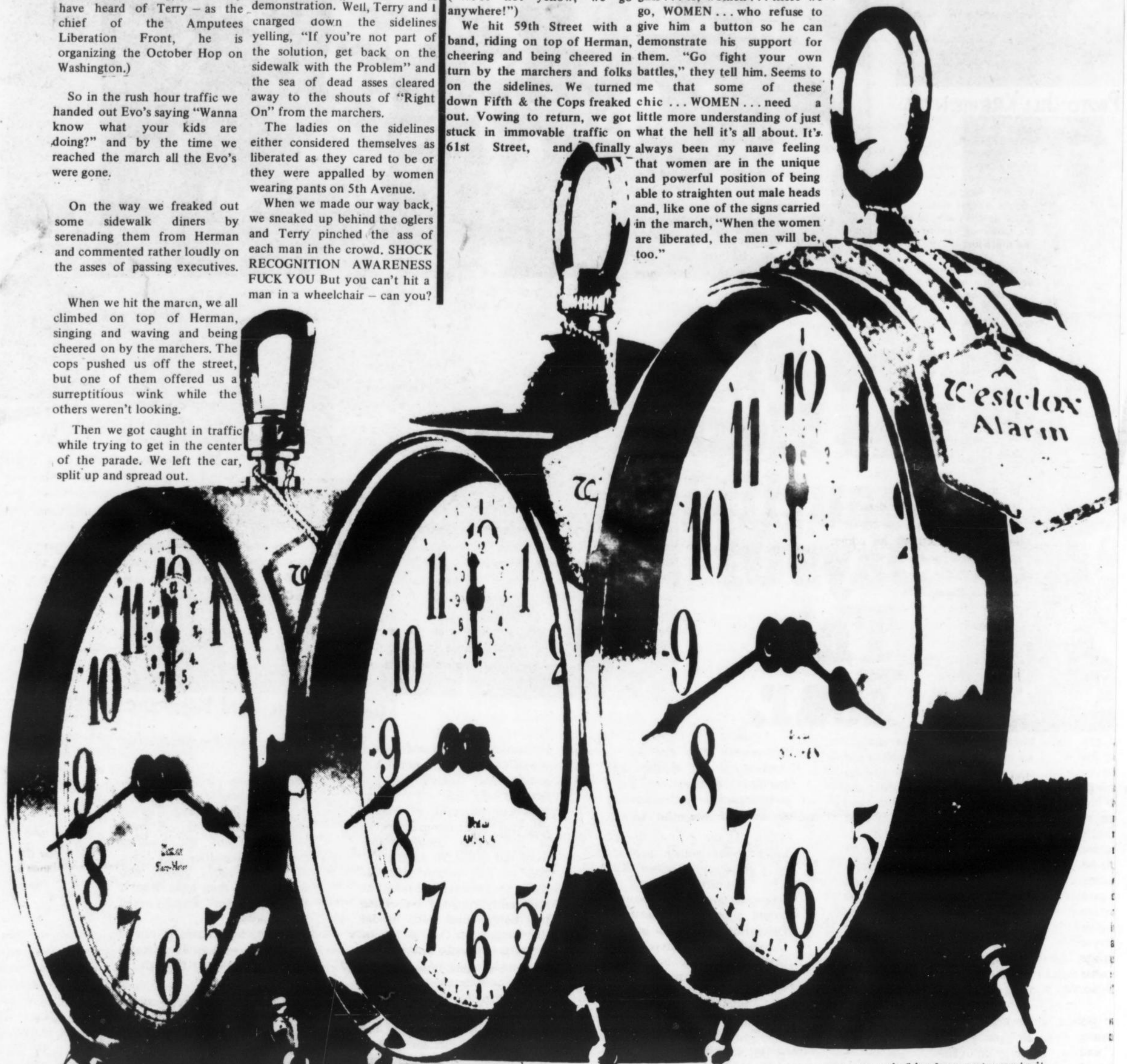
61st Street, and finally abandoned Herman to check out the demonstration. Right away, Terry, who bills himself as a "male chauvinist pig, but working on it," gets into a harangue with some of the chicks... er, broads... er, girls... er, women... there we go, WOMEN... who refuse to give him a button so he can demonstrate his support for them. "Go fight your own battles," they tell him. Seems to me that some of these chic... WOMEN... need a little more understanding of just what the hell it's all about. It's always been my naive feeling that women are in the unique and powerful position of being able to straighten out male heads and, like one of the signs carried in the march, "When the women are liberated, the men will be, too."

Anyway, we marched down Fifth Avenue to Bryant Park with them, imploring those on the sidewalks to join us, taking pictures on the Buckley-ites giving the women the finger (and getting it right back), and just generally goofin'. It was peaceful and tame, mostly, the only fun being what you yourself created. When we got to Bryant Park, faggot-hustle center of America, the speeches started and most of us split. Fun is fun, but speeches... ugh!

Now, the Times says there were 10,000 marchers. But there were at least twice that many spectators - the new Amerikan pasttime - watching the demonstration. Well, Terry and I charged down the sidelines yelling, "If you're not part of the solution, get back on the sidewalk with the Problem" and the sea of dead asses cleared away to the shouts of "Right On" from the marchers.

The ladies on the sidelines either considered themselves as liberated as they cared to be or they were appalled by women wearing pants on 5th Avenue.

When we made our way back, we sneaked up behind the ogles and Terry pinched the ass of each man in the crowd. SHOCK RECOGNITION AWARENESS FUCK YOU But you can't hit a man in a wheelchair - can you?



# Womens Lib Day by Tom Roberts

Traffic is stopped on 5th Avenue and the streets are jammed and baby, we're not here to shop at Saks 5th Avenue to buy the midi.

Some cars push into the crowd. "The streets belong to the people." A nervous pig tries to move the crowd. A rumor spreads that a woman is having a baby in a car. Nobody responds to authority... The cars stop

moving. Middle class couples find themselves trapped in a mob shouting a lot of words they cannot fathom. A husband gets out of his car and grabs a young girl and throws her to the ground and pushes people away from his car... He is confronted. Scared, he hops back in the car screaming "My wife is having a baby." Motherhood does not stop the

flow of the movement.

A cop helps a "lady" across the street with her white poodle. After playing the role, the cop pushes his way back across the street. He threatens to crack a few skulls. You take down 26457 and add it to the list and keep moving.

As a male supporter it felt right to be marching for the liberation of women - as a poster put it down - Women's Lib means Men's Lib.

At the start of the march, I received an uncomfortable number of

pinches and jabs in the back. A small militant group asked me to march at the rear. I was surprised when other women came to my support and pulled it together and started chanting "Join us." Together was good.

About Tom Roberts, whose coverage of the Women's March appears in this column - well, Tom wandered up to our office today to talk about his 20 acre farm which he leases in Westwood, N.J. Two years from now this farm will be turned into another LEVITOWN, so Tom

and his friends want to see to it that this land lives a little before it's put to its untimely death by the state of NJ.

Woodstock, sorry Westwood, is just an hour from NY and Tom and his friends have been holding Sunday Karate sessions there, but they would like to turn it into central control for the alternate media.

Their main interest is in video and film and they would like to pool resources and information with others in these vital media.

If you're interested, call Tom at (201) 666-2640.

It was time so i sat down to write about Jerry Jeff Walker on the occasion of the release of his 3rd album. The one that's right on time for the rest of the world. This is the first song on the album. It's called *I'm Gonna Tell On You*, from the off-Broadway hit, "Come's a Revolution We'll All Eat Bananas":

I'm gonna tell on you  
Tell all the people what you do  
Yes I'm gonna tell it on the whole world round  
Just exactly what it is that you do,

I've got to tell you how you inspect  
Everything I like you reject  
With your law books on the shelf  
You protect me from myself  
And that's just exactly how it is.

You tax me hard you take my cash  
and what is left you take me to make it last  
sit down and sip your beer  
And just be thankful that you live here  
and that's just exactly how it is

You take away everything I smoke  
you say it's bad makes me cough and choke  
it's cancerous you're bound to die  
it's dangerous it might make me high  
and that's just exactly how it is.

I've got to tell you how you hate fun  
you lock me up if I have fun  
you bust into my meeting  
and on my heat you start beating  
and that's just exactly what you do.

That's the first song. Most of the guys that I bum around with been listening to Jerry Jeff for a long time now, that's just the way they are. He has a kind of real magic in the pictures he sings. It's been that way for awhile now but the same old story of no commercial potential or in other words the money handling music public didn't dig this kind of music. I mean out of left field sometimes he comes with songs and melodies and words to twist and turn around in your head. Jerry Jeff is a different kind of musical artist. The kind one never sees inside the fortified rock and roll walls of the electric Mecca. Too Bad. He comes across to me these days like an electronic generation story teller. Like Hemmingway and Steinbeck and Woody were story tellers. The story is America and what it'll do to you, better watch close now. Jerry Jeff sings about the people he meets as well as the country he meets them in.

STONEY

I first ran into Stoney in some bar downtown  
It was Richmond Virginia we were bumming around  
suitcase to suitcase we started talking  
Finding about the things we shared in the miles we've been.  
Now in this gray pillowcase he carried some books by Darrel  
and an old concertina that was beat up and played like hell  
until you got him singing those gospel songs  
Then he drank all night for nothing then and told his stories till dawn  
He said "Come on grab your bags boy, sun's up time to go  
You know morning's just about the right time for walking a road  
Feeling a new day beginning instead rushing on by  
like some mister independent taking your own sweet time

We split the road at norwood and he just shook my hand  
he said "I'll see you someplace" but he never has yet  
We were that free then walking down the road  
Never really caring where the highway goes

It's a far away kind of dream I remember, at last year's Philly Folk Festival. Jerry Jeff and Dave Bromberg. It was cold and late at night and 14,000 people were there in the moonlight watching and listening to this guy up on stage in the woods. He sang the song that made him known for only a short time, *Mr Bojangles*. Everyone knew.

His third album has just been released on Atco. It's called *Jerry Jeff Walker Being Free* (Atco SD-33-336).

Being - that which exists, one's fundamental nature.

Free - not under control, independent, not burned by obligations, constraints

discomforts, as in free to choose, able to move in any direction clear of obstructions as in a free road.

His music is more acceptable to the country these days cause of the direction that the musical wheel of fortune has been turning lately. More than most he deserves all the recognition and credit that's coming. There have been several performers that have appeared in the last few months whose style and approach rings familiar to me. People like James Taylor, the hot shot kid folk singer that made a flash in the pan and disappeared and a couple more young kids with guitars and sweet songs and syrupy voices have appeared in his place. Jerry Jeff Walker had it all down years ago but no one wanted to know. I mean it wasn't commercially acceptable back then. But now what with everyone getting into country music and country western music and bluegrass and cajun - and folk and all that other non-electric stuff he hits right on with his new album. To hear him is to know that all the others are mere imitations and copies of the real stuff. Johnny-come-latelies on the FM radio these days singing about love lost and wish I could go back to from where I came. It's an apathetical situation in the world and the music reflects it.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's finally come down to this. Poet laureate of the young hips has signed with Harvest records, a subsidiary of Capitol. Richard Brautigan of Confederate General Fame has advanced down that long road to recording fame and fm radio stardom. He's been all over the country doing readings for the kiddies. He's so widely accepted that LIFE magazine felt it important enough to give him some press. The name of his album is *LISTENING TO RICHARD BRAUTIGAN*. The press hype says it has candid pictures of his daily life. Yeah I like him too . . .

\*\*\*\*\*

**TECHNOLOGY**  
**SOLD IN PACKETS**  
**'ORGANIZING PRINCIPLE**  
**OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET'**

HOW TO ORGANIZE A QUARTETTE, etc. Get of persons arranged under 6 divisions. has two octaves, her contralto at one octave a paid choir should or for church purposes. **FULL HOUSES.** What for entertainment or am these instruments.

**RADAR RADAR Kazoo Bugle**  
**COMMUNICATION Kazoo**  
**AERONAUTICAL Kazoo**  
**SERVOMECHANISM Kazoo**  
**SPACE DATA SYSTEMS Kazoo**  
**SPACECRAFT TRACKING Kazoo**



slide one  
Another kind of poetry is the stuff that Jeffery Comandor sings. He's on A&M records and the name of his album is *SURE HOPE YOU LIKE IT*.

He sings American pictures from places and all about faces that you don't catch too many times in the electric mecca. It's folk songs with horns and strings and flutes and all sorts of soft sounding sounds come off the record. He has pictures, many different colored pictures and they come across like he means them.

It's been a long time since anyone gave a good god dam for the pictures that you see all over this land. Songs help a lot but it'll take a lot more than singing and clapping and finger snapping to get the lead out of the music business . . .

Folk songs aren't about folk anymore. No one sings about Casey Jones and Paul Bunyan and Joe Hill, John Henry, Johnny Appleseed and Wild Bill Hickok, maybe it's because there aren't any more American heroes in the great tradition . . . It's nothing but a lot of lyrical shit about how bad everything is and the repression and the pollution and all the other shit of our time . . . It ain't like going down with your guitar on your back and plunking out a few lines anymore . . . It just makes me pissed what passes for folk music any more . . .

One of the most promising sounds and cultural expeditions into the world of the musical mess is *THE VOICES OF EAST HARLEM*. They've been in and around town for a while now and the few people that have caught them have been lucky. They usually wind up second on a bill playing the half assed warm up set or some other spot on the bill. It has gone on too long. The voices are really dynamite and at last they've gotten what's been deserved for a long time. They got the last spot on the biggest bill of the year. The closing set on the Isle of Wight. You all remember the Isle of Wight festival from last year? The big one, old Bob Dylan showed up to spin a few tunes and really blew the crowd's minds. They couldn't get him this year so they showed everyone some film clips of the great folksinger hard at work in his movie and some other unreleased footage from another movie that was made by the Recording Division of the Information Section of the *Intergalactic World Brain*. You know they always get the picture all you got to do is get the words . . . anyways it was sort of a down I mean after last year's shattering mindblowing set by Bob this year's video rerun in front of thousands of smashed out anxious fans was a let down . . .

ench thirst. I very high. You make it feel confident. No preserva. You are before you of them will pl. chemicals of any drink any quan not merely with the greatest benefit well-being. Unlike not insipid sweetened mically-produced "fi flavored drink, that s dinary beer-drinker.

A regular jazzy Kazoo S within the reach of all. 20 finish. Anyone can play practice; merely hum, sin Has 8 plungers.

**CONTROL**

There's nothing like being there in person. The festival was almost a total waste. I mean the same old shit the same old numbers the same old festival atmosphere. It was almost over and everyone was moping around expecting something to happen but no one knew what. It turned out to be the voices of East Harlem . . . A totally unknown bunch of folks from that dump yard of musical garbage America . . . The whole festival rotated on a small point. It was almost a bummer but the voices started to cook and cook and cook and pretty soon it was evident what was going on. I looked around and said to my companion, oh well, it's the 123rd time this year that my mind's been blown. They really get it on. It's funny how many people can get up and dance and scream and clap and stomp and get it on in general . . . The Voices of East Harlem were the hit of the Isle of Wight. From way way of nowhere they came and there was no stopping them once they turned the boogie machine on . . . Their last number was *Run Shaker Life* and it was incredible. If you weren't there you have to take my word for it. The thing is when they return to the states they'll have a muth behind them that will be recognized by all the rock trades and all the underground newspapers . . . It's an overnight smash hit but they've been around. Sometimes it takes a myth to start another myth and so on down down the line.

Charlie Frick, 8/20/70

# Get it all together at the Downbeat Festival

*"In the beginning there was Blood, Sweat & Tears. But right now the band to hear is ILLUSTRATION, a unique and infectious group personality."*

—Rolling Stone

First New York Appearance

## ILLUSTRATION

plus

## THE JOE CABOT GROUP

A Tony Cabot Presentation

**Special Deal for  
this Engagement Only**

**Giant Hamburger  
French Fries  
Pitcher of Beer**

**\$5.00** per person

(Tax and tip not included)

NO  
COVER

NO  
MUSIC  
CHARGE  
EVER

Music from 7 P.M. till 2 A.M.

**WHAT DO YOU WEAR? ANYTHING!**

# DOWNBEAT

LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 42nd STREET 889-5100

Longchamps . . . a growing world of mood, food and excitement.

Larry Ellman, President; Alan Lewis, Executive Vice-President.

YOUR NEXT  
DUTY  
STATION:  
LAOS

and Preview of



**MYRNA  
LOY**

The girl you loved  
in "The Thin Man"  
and "Broadway Bill"

Every serviceman stands a good chance of getting killed somewhere overseas where he's not wanted. Most of the time it's nothing personal. The workers, farmers and soldiers who may be shooting at you have more in common with you than the brass or the businessmen whose interests the military serves and protects in this country and abroad.

The brass will tell you a lot of things about why you'll be in Laos or Guatemala or the New York Post Office or Cambodia or Panama or Thailand or Newark or Germany or Turkey or Detroit or Okinawa or Guantanamo or Washington, D.C. This column will be a regular feature to let you know about your next duty station in the biggest business security force in the world.

Laos is one of the hottest known places where Americans are fighting. Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia can be seen as fronts in the same war, because there is one reason why American troops are all over the globe — the political-economic system called imperialism. Laos is shaped like the fist symbol. It is land-locked between China, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand and Burma. There are about 2½ million Laotians, an estimated 600,000 of whom have already lost their homes to American bombing missions. Laos, like Vietnam, once grew enough rice to be a rice-exporting nation. But now, after eight years of being bombed, Laos must import 50,000 tons of rice a year.

In the early fifties, the Laotians drove the French imperialists out of their country. At that time the only group in the new kingdom of Laos with enough popular support to unify the country was the Neo Lao Haksat Party, called the Patriotic Front. The Patriotic Front was a coalition of Laotian neutralists, socialists and communists. It was legally elected to power by a majority of the Laotian people.

The CIA (Green Berets in civvies), being unhappy with the Laotian people's choice, moved in and instigated a coup which toppled the Patriotic Front government. Then the CIA set up another election and again the people voted for a Patriotic Front government.

You'd think that at this point the CIA would get the message and leave the Laotians alone. But no, the CIA instigated yet another coup which toppled the second legally elected Patriotic Front government.

Since then civil war has raged throughout Laos and the situation becomes more complicated and miserable every year. The only thing that anyone knows for sure is that whoever the CIA supports in Laos is bound to be unpopular and corrupt.

At the moment the CIA's favorite puppet is Vang Pao, an old friend of General Ky, vice-president of South Vietnam. Vang Pao served as a sergeant with the French imperialist army during the fifties. Now he controls the Meo tribesmen for the CIA.

The wild and belligerent Meo tribe moved into Laos about 100 years ago from China, where they had raised opium poppies. Relations between them and the native Laotians were unfriendly and the French took advantage of this. They began to arm the Meo and use them against national liberation forces in Laos and neighboring Vietnam.

Today, under the command of Vang Pao, the 400,000 Meo are supplied by the CIA with guns, ammunition, rice, liquor, cigarettes, clothes and American "advisors." The Pentagon admits that all this costs \$150 million a year, which means that it costs much more than that. In return for these goods and services, the Meo must attack native Laotians.

All supplies for Vang Pao's "army" are delivered by the civilian Air America and Continental Air Services lines, which are subsidized by the CIA. The New York Times, the London Times, Le Monde, New Republic, the Far Eastern Economic Review and Ramparts have reported that the CIA planes often carry cargoes of opium on their return flights from the positions of Vang Pao's army in the northeast of Laos.

Current estimates from informed economic sources place the total opium traffic in Laos at between \$3 and \$5 million a year. This includes opium that goes through Laos on CIA planes on its way from Burma and Thailand. (By the time this opium becomes heroin and is sold on American streets, its value has increased as much as a hundred times.)

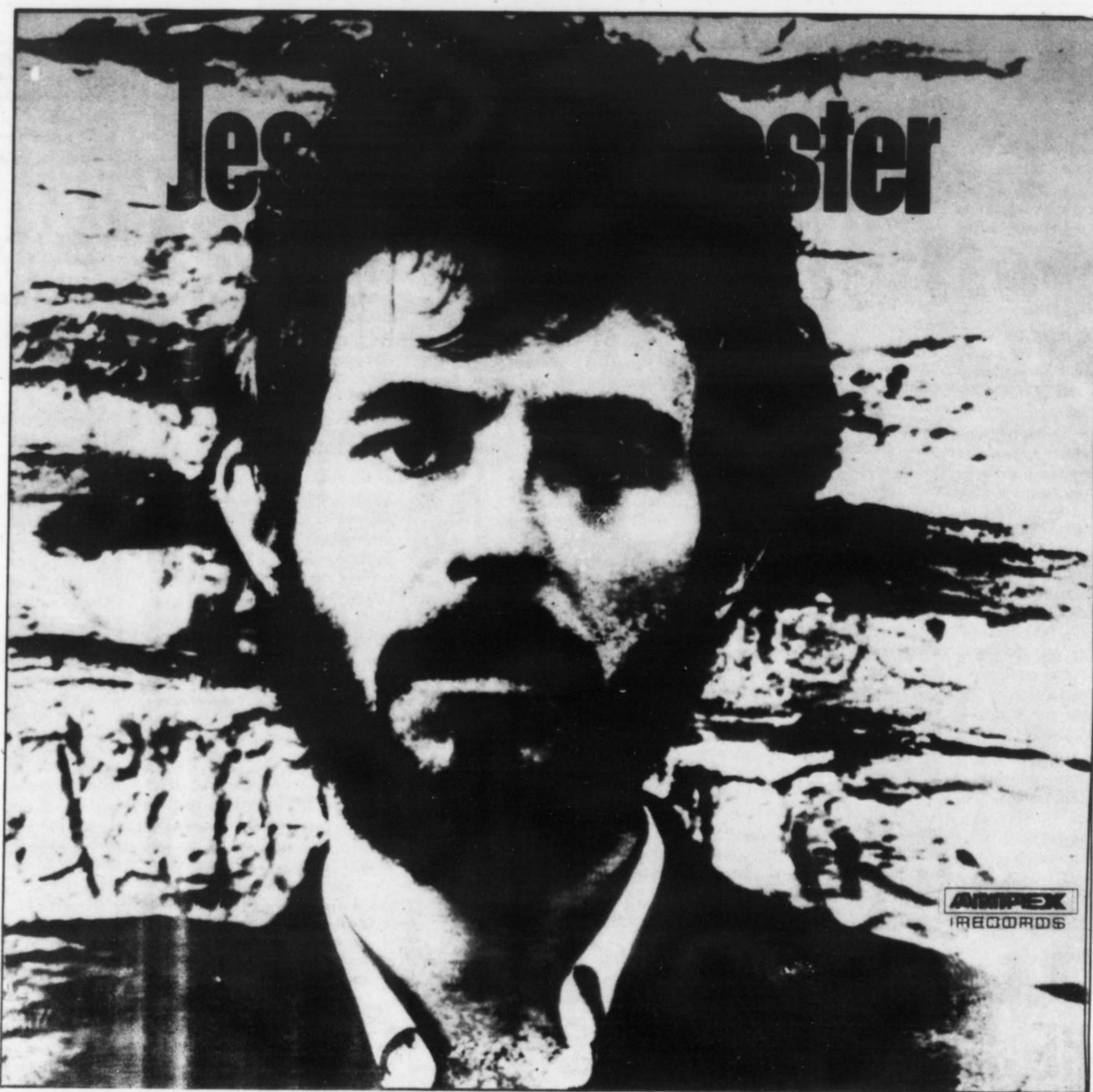
Opium is the only cash crop in Laos, and trade in it is legal. In all other Asian countries, opium growing and trading is illegal, so Laos has become the center of Asian opium trade. CIA and U.S. military planes are the principal transporters of the drug because they are not subject to strict customs inspection.

The CIA uses racism and tribalism in addition to opium to divide and control the Laotian people. The U.S. military bombs the rice fields in the lowlands. This leaves opium (which only grows in the mountains) as the only cash crop left in Laos. The Meo who live in the mountains, control this crop and, therefore, the entire economy of Laos. CIA and U.S. military planes aid the hated Meo by transporting their cash crop to American markets.

So when the brass wants to load you on a civilian-looking plane that goes to Laos, it will be to support Vang Pao and his Meo tribesmen. The reason Vang Pao and his "democratic forces" will need help is because the native Laotians don't like CIA-trained dope peddlers overturning their elections and running their country. They will fight hard and long to kick puppet Pao out, and for the right to run their affairs as they wish, even if the CIA doesn't approve.

[Military Intelligence]





**A Bearsville Record Production  
produced by  
Robbie Robertson  
for Ampex Records & Tapes**

"...his songs transcend all barriers  
with the exception of one:  
art."

(ED WARD)  
ROLLING STONE

**AMPEX  
RECORDS**

555 Madison Avenue, New York, New York

# WOMEN

(Continued from Page 13)  
the trouble to make us aware of your disagreement with our advertising policy and I can assure you that your suggestions will be considered gravely when I bring them up before the board with the intention of oink revising our advertising policy. . . . How very marvelous! that three different gentlemen on the very same afternoon should sound so precisely alike. Mr Lalane, Mr Kelly, and Mr Baker, did you all read the same books as children? Mind you, Claudia has all the notes on these events. I can only tell you what I overheard as I lay back in a chair with my feet on some gentle lady's fresh-waxed coiffettable. Namely, I heard the personnel director of the school, a handsome woman in a chic beige miniskirt, telling a short-haired young shortsleeved reporter how she was the living refutation of every complaint, demand, suggestion, or observation made by Women's Liberation. I came here, she said. Two years, said she. Just typing and filing, she went on. A year in industry. Back here in Administration Personnel director in five years. It's all bullshit. No discrimination. And looking down her long bobbed

white nose at all these women more alive and beautiful than she's ever been, she conceded: 'But I think we're on the same team. Basically, I mean.' God! This woman on the same team as Claudia Dreifus and Wendy Roberts? There's a thought: if a team can accommodate both Dreifus and Roberts, why not this woman too? Basically, I mean.

And that I think accounts for the extraordinary politeness with which the System treated these women all day long. Oh sure, all they got really was empty wind and a lot of pushing and shoving—but can you imagine what'd happen if PLP or somebody even suggested having a chat with the regional director of Social Security? No, compared to that they received red-carpet treatment from the bureaucracy, and the reason for that I think is this, that nobody can figure out the precise dimensions of Women's Liberation. All attempts by the media to type Women's Lib as frustrated harridans, com-symp Outside Agitators, publicity-hungry media freaks or whatever, have failed, and nobody knows precisely how many women are into it. The organization is so magnificently decentralized, its demands so broad and varied, the injustices which inspire it are so patent and unmistakable, that those pig

bastards just don't know how to handle the thing. If Mayor Lindsay ever unleashes the pigs on a Women's Lib demonstration, they just might wind up giving one of his daughters a broken arm. They might mace his wife! Give his mother a concussion! Oh my god. . . .

Where were we? Katharine Gibbs? Okay, then it was about five o'clock as we battled our way uptown through the rush hour to 59th Street. A rush hour? On Women's Strike Day? With the greater part of midtown personnel being women, there should have been a rush hour? Well sure—when you're pulling down \$75.27 after taxes busting your pretty ass in a steno pool, you think twice about taking a day off, especially when on Tuesday morning you found a terse, ominously businesslike memo on your desk running to the effect that no woman who might be

AWOL on Wednesday would be eligible for overtime pay the rest of the week, even if the boss demanded it of her, and the biannual fortnight vacation would be shortened accordingly. We met a lot of women heading for the subway who, when they saw the large red Women's Lib buttons we were wearing, paused a moment on the sidewalk, and many of whom changed direction toward the march.

And by Hera it was the loveliest march I've ever seen in my life. Forget the Times and News estimates, they were the worst case of numbers manipulation I've ever seen, and I've seen some dillies in my day—no there were thousands, and thousands, and thousands!!! of women on that march, they were backed up from the equestrian statue at the southeast corner of the park all the way back to the zoo, and they were spilling out into Fifth Avenue, first through one lane, then the next, and the next, until finally all you could hear on the streets around that area was the blare of automobile horns. They mayor made a lot of drivers extremely unhappy when he refused the women Fifth Avenue from sidewalk to sidewalk, because they took it anyway, and oh, it was hell getting back to the wife in Hoboken that day. And then the bitch wouldn't even have supper ready, likely as not. . . .

You all know the sort of signs they were carrying: *Don't cook for your husband—starve a rat today. Fraternite. Egalite. Sororite.* My own favourite, more for the carrier than for the sign, was a red-painted *Male Chauvinists Beware* held aloft in the dishpan fingers of a little old granny-lady with the ancient unjust burdens of her years stooping down her shoulders and her tired old feet in washerwoman's shoes plodding down the street, corn by favourite corn. Who could look at her, hoisting aloft her challenge against her oppressors of the last seventy years, without becoming Feminized? A bunch of callow bastards just off 57th Street, that's who. Holding up poorly lettered cardboard signs saying things like, *I Laid My Wife Today And She LOVED It. Back To The Kitchen, and Stop Abortions,* they took one look at this wonderful old woman and began screaming curses at her. That is, they were screaming, and they were cursing, but somehow they were also sneering. Laughing. I have never heard such a noise: out of their mouths was coming not merely hate, but some unvanquishable conviction of superiority, as if, being men, there was absolutely no question that they had the upper hand over all these broads in every respect. As if. . . . As if the whole march, the whole day, the entire history and scope of Women's Liberation, women's oppression, was something they, as men, could negate with a chuckle and a curse. Holding her sign lower

so it covered her face, on her poor aching feet that lady tried to scurry away as fast as she could toward the middle of the street. She couldn't cope with it. But I know from cursing. 'Fuck yourselves!' I screamed, planting my feet right in front of them across the barricade. 'Fuck yourselves!' I shrieked louder. My face must have been right into it, because they shut up for a second, and into the momentary pause I bellowed, 'YOU SUCK DOG DICK!!! You eat SHIT, you PIGS!'

That set them to going again, and they began hollering things at me, 'Get a haircut!' one of them offered. 'Get a lobotomy!' I hissed back. *Faggot! Pig! Creep! Pig!* Then one of them hit right onto it: *Flag burner!!!* Ripping out of my hair the swatch of flag, red and white and blue on one strip, that ties it together, I brandished it in front of their snouts and yelled, 'Here's what I think of your cocksucking flag!' and spat on it. That was a bit much, I gotta admit it. Slamming the barricade right out into the street, they started after me, all six or seven of them. For a split second it looked like curtains, but then suddenly there were pigs where a moment before there had been nothing but women—and wonderful most wonderful, the pigs grabbed those guys and threw them back on the sidewalk with grunts and curses. Leaving me standing there with a gob of spit on the fist that held the flag those pigs were supposed to be defending. If you pay taxes, you might get a chuckle out of this incident.

Well sir, after that I felt like a million dollars. I want to tell you. Oh God there were so many beautiful women around that day! After a while, it got so I couldn't tell which ones were prettier than the others—if they were into it they were beautiful, that's all. Dig this: it was the ultimate voyeur-lecher trip, it was beyond sex, it was getting a freedom charge out of their liberation. The mind capsizes and goes down in flames.

The Park. There were thousands and thousands of beautiful—oh, the hell with that. The speeches were a drag, to me. They were a reminder of how dismal relations between the sexes are going to be in the next few years, as Women's Liberation grows into the biggest single political-cultural movement of the century. If you want to know what I really like about Women's Lib, it's how miserable they're going to make every pig

(Continued on Page 20)

## ALL SEATS \$1

Because we are anxious to make the film, "Eldridge Cleaver" available to as wide an audience as possible, the admission price is \$1. at all times, including weekends, at Cinema II.

"The most important film ever shown in America."

—Huey P. Newton



# ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Cinema II PL 3-0774-5 3rd Avenue at 60th St.



308 E 6th St NYC ~ 533-2070

# I GOT MY JOB THROUGH THE NEW YORK TIMES BUT I FOUND MY SEX OBJECT THROUGH THE <sup>east village</sup> OTHER

SAYS J. WILLIAM FLEMISH



AFTER SLAVING FOR 14 YEARS IN A LOW PAYING JOB AS A WRAPPER IN THE PUBIC HAIR FACTORY...



I MOVED UP TO A WELL RESPECTED POSITION AT THE ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION INSTITUTE THROUGH THE TIMES WANT ADS



©1970 YOSSARIAN/ASYLUM PRESS

FIND THAT RARE OBJECT OF YOUR OBSCURE FETISH FROM BABOON TURDS...

ERK ERK

SNAP  
Grackl  
POP



... TO NECROPHILIC DELIGHTS

BUT MY SEXUAL DESIRES WERE UNSATISFIED UNTILL I FOUND THE *EVO* CLASSIFIED ADS.



*EVO* EDITOR GHENGIS KOHN SAYS:

*EVO* PERSONAL ADS SATISFY MORE PEOPLE WITH UNNATURAL SEXUAL HABITS THAN THOSE IN ANY EQUALLY PRESTIGIOUS RAG.



*EVO* ADVERTISERS ARE ALSO HAPPY

SINCE I STARTED SELLING MY SOILED PANTIES IN *EVO* MY IMPETIGO HAS CLEARED.



FEMINIST LEADER BO BO BRUMBACKER SAYS:

*EVO* CLASSIFIEDS DO NOT EXPLOIT WOMEN. WHERE'S MY TWENNY BUCKS



PHOTO: JILL KREMENTZ



# Ladies Day

To be surrounded like piglet entirely by women! Damn! What a trip it was, uptown to the Katherine Gibbs School of office slavery on the third floor of the Pan Am building. In their advertising, Katherine Gibbs is guilty of the suggestion that women, and *only* women, are best fitted for secretarial professions, that these rudimentary professions require years and years of training, and worst of all, that all this training is as naught when compared to the importance of finding a husband and having babies. What

a schuck! When we arrived, most of the action had already gone down, which was immediately evident from the gales of giggles which greeted me when I asked directions to the school from two young women with steno paraphenalia who had been standing out front. 'It must be some more of those,' one of them laughed, indicating the women with me. Upstairs, Gibbs president Mr Alan Baker was saying to a roomful of women things like this: 'Well, we certainly are grateful that you women took

(Continued on Page 23)

## PENIS - TITLE COURTESY OF JACKIE CYE AND OTHER OF THEM D FRIEDRICH -



## ELVIS

(Continued from Page 8)  
 Q: She's what, Elvis?  
 A: Oh, incidentally she won a beauty contest last night where she gets a seven year contract with Paramount Pictures. She called me last night.  
 Q: Well, we're firing questions right and left, let me fire one at you. If everything folded up tomorrow, which it isn't gonna by the look of things, what would you do?  
 A: Go back to driving a truck.  
 Q: You like driving a truck?  
 A: No, I don't know what I'll do. That's counting your chickens before they hatch. Actually I'd like to learn a lot about acting.  
 Q: Who's your favourite actor on the screen, Elvis?  
 A: I have quite a few.  
 Q: How about James Dean? Do you like him?  
 A: Yes, and Yul Brynner and Marlon Brando, and, oh, quite a few of them.  
 Q: Do you have any plans for more motion pictures?  
 A: Yes, I have contracts for about eight more.  
 Q: What about tv appearances? We don't see you too often on tv except for the Ed Sullivan show occasionally.  
 A: Well, I have no control over that, you see, I have a manager that takes care of that for me.  
 Q: Are you happier now, or were you happier when you were driving a truck and could have a quiet cup of coffee?  
 A: Well, I'm happier now in a lot of ways, and in some ways I was having a lot of fun then.  
 Q: What do you think of tv? I mean compared to the movies. You worked in both of them. What do you think of tv?  
 A: I like movies better than I do tv work.  
 Q: Because you've got more time to do things right?  
 A: If you goof in movies you can just go back and take it over and in tv, you just goof.  
 Q: I see what you mean. There's no

time to repair the mistakes.  
 A: There's no going back and taking it over. That's right.  
 Q: Elvis, how are you fixed for the future. You hold a contract for pictures... what are your plans for the future?  
 A: Well, I have quite a few things. I have two music firms and then I have a seven year contract with Paramount Pictures where each year it amounts to more money.  
 Q: When you see things sold on the street, some of them saying 'I like Elvis' and others saying other things, do you get a percentage when they sell an 'I hate Elvis' button.  
 A: To be truthful, I really don't know.  
 Q: It's hard to keep track?  
 A: Yes, it is. In fact, I don't know who sells the 'I hate Elvis' buttons.  
 Q: Well, it's the same man who sells the 'I like...'  
 A: He's a communist. [laughter]  
 Q: You come in for a lot of criticism for your wiggling on stage and some people have called it suggestive. Do you mean it to be suggestive?  
 A: No, I've never thought of it as being suggestive. That's just my way of expressing the song.  
 Q: You seem to be popular eno... on your singing and appearance alone. Would you stop the wiggling if criticism grew too fast?  
 A: No, sir, I can't.  
 Q: Do you think disc-jockeys made you?  
 A: Definitely, yes. I mean, well, if disc-jockeys didn't play it, the people couldn't hear it, so they wouldn't know what was happening. I attribute it to a little bit of everything. I attribute it largely to the people that accepted me, and then the disc-jockeys and the good handling that I've had, the management and everything.  
 Q: Getting back to religious songs, if you could put an album out, say an extended play, what songs would you put on it? Have you ever considered any of them? Some of the ones you maybe know.

A: You're talking about religious songs?  
 Q: Religious songs, yes.  
 A: I know practically every religious song that's ever been written.  
 Q: What do you think of Pat Boone?  
 A: I think he's undoubtedly the finest voice out now. Especially on slow songs. I'm not saying that to make me look good, I actually think that. I thought that when Boone was recording before I was. And I bought his records even back then.  
 Q: What chance do you think the female vocalist has of getting in the limelight or on the top ten nowadays?  
 A: Are you talking about any female vocalist?  
 Q: No, just female vocalists in general. Do you like their singing?  
 A: Yes, I imagine it's just according to the songs they sing. In other words, the material can make you or break you. If you sing a good song, then, naturally, it will sell. If you sing a bad one, it won't.  
 Q: Who is your favourite female singer right now?  
 A: Patti Page and Kay Starr.  
 Q: What is your favourite of the songs you've recorded?  
 A: 'Don't Be Cruel.'  
 Q: Elvis, are there any plans in the immediate future for marriage?  
 A: No, sir, none whatsoever. Not that I know of.  
 Q: How are your mom and dad? Where are they now?  
 A: They're in Memphis, they're at home. I talked to them this afternoon.  
 Q: Well, how do they feel about you being on the road all the time? I mean, doesn't it bother them? And they like to see their son once in a while I imagine.  
 A: Well, it's my life, you know, and they don't say too much about it.  
 Q: They accept it, in other words.  
 A: Yes.  
 Q: One thing that's got a big plug recently is the fact that if you went into the army, you'd have to have your hair cut. How do you feel on

that? There's been an awful lot of newspaper publicity on that. Would it bother you at all?  
 A: No, I don't care.  
 Q: It doesn't bother you?  
 A: It'll grow back. I mean, if it was a case of cutting it off and never having it any more, then I would grumble.  
 Q: What about the sideburns trademark?  
 A: Well, I'm stuck with them, I had them when I was old enough to grow them. I was about sixteen years old.  
 Q: No particular reason?  
 A: I just got stuck with them. I can't get rid of them now.  
 Q: What's your age now?  
 A: 22.  
 Q: How does it feel to be on top of the entertainment world? Are there any drawbacks to it?  
 A: A few.  
 Q: What are they? (Besides a million women?)  
 A: It has its advantages and its disadvantages.  
 Q: Don't you seek out privacy all the time? Isn't that it?  
 A: Yes, well, that is the main thing. I mean, naturally you can't go places like other people. You can't go to ball games, you can't go to the local theatre, and things like that. Like, back at home, whenever I want to see a movie, well, I have the theatre manager show it to me after the theatre closes up at night. We have a fair ground there, and I rent the fair ground after it closes up.  
 Q: Elvis, we've heard a few newspaper accounts about a few scuffles you've been in where the other fellows seem to get the end of your fist. What about these newspaper reports, are they accurate?  
 A: Yes, sir, I would imagine.  
 Q: What happened? Did you lose your temper?  
 A: Well, it's just a case of get them or be got, you know.  
 Q: What started the incidents, most of the time?  
 A: Somebody hitting me, or trying to hit me. I mean, I can take all the ridicule and slander, and I've been

called names, you know, right to my face. That I can take. But I've had a few guys that've tried to take a swing at me and naturally you can't just stand there, you've got to do something.  
 Q: It's considered that your only extravagance or extravagances have been your cars. Would that be accurate?  
 A: Yes, it's accurate. I'm just now realising how extravagant it was. But, ah, because I have too many, I mean, just nobody drives them. They sit up, and they get stale, and the tires go down on them. And actually, I have no need for them. I just went crazy...  
 Q: Elvis, what about your shirts? You got a fad for shirts, haven't you?  
 A: I'll tell you what I did the other day. I had a German made car. And there's a guy out there in town that's been wanting that car for the last year. And so, he owns a clothing store, one of the top clothing stores in Memphis, so I went out there the other day and I told him, I said, you've been wanting that car so bad, I said, I'll make a deal with you. He said ok. And I said, you let me pick out all the clothes in here that I want and you can have the car. So I was up there for about two hours and a half, and the store was a wreck when I left.  
 Q: What do you think of serious music? Do you ever listen to it at all?  
 A: Serious music?  
 Q: Like opera, symphony?  
 A: Truthfully I don't understand it. I'm not going to knock it, I just don't understand it. Just like I don't understand jazz.  
 Q: What do you think of young actresses as dates? How do they compare to the girls back home that you dated before you were a star?  
 A: Well, they're just like everybody else. They just got a lucky break in life. They're just like other girls.

[Reproduced from 'Rip-Off', the excellent Rock section of Georgia Straight (UPS)]

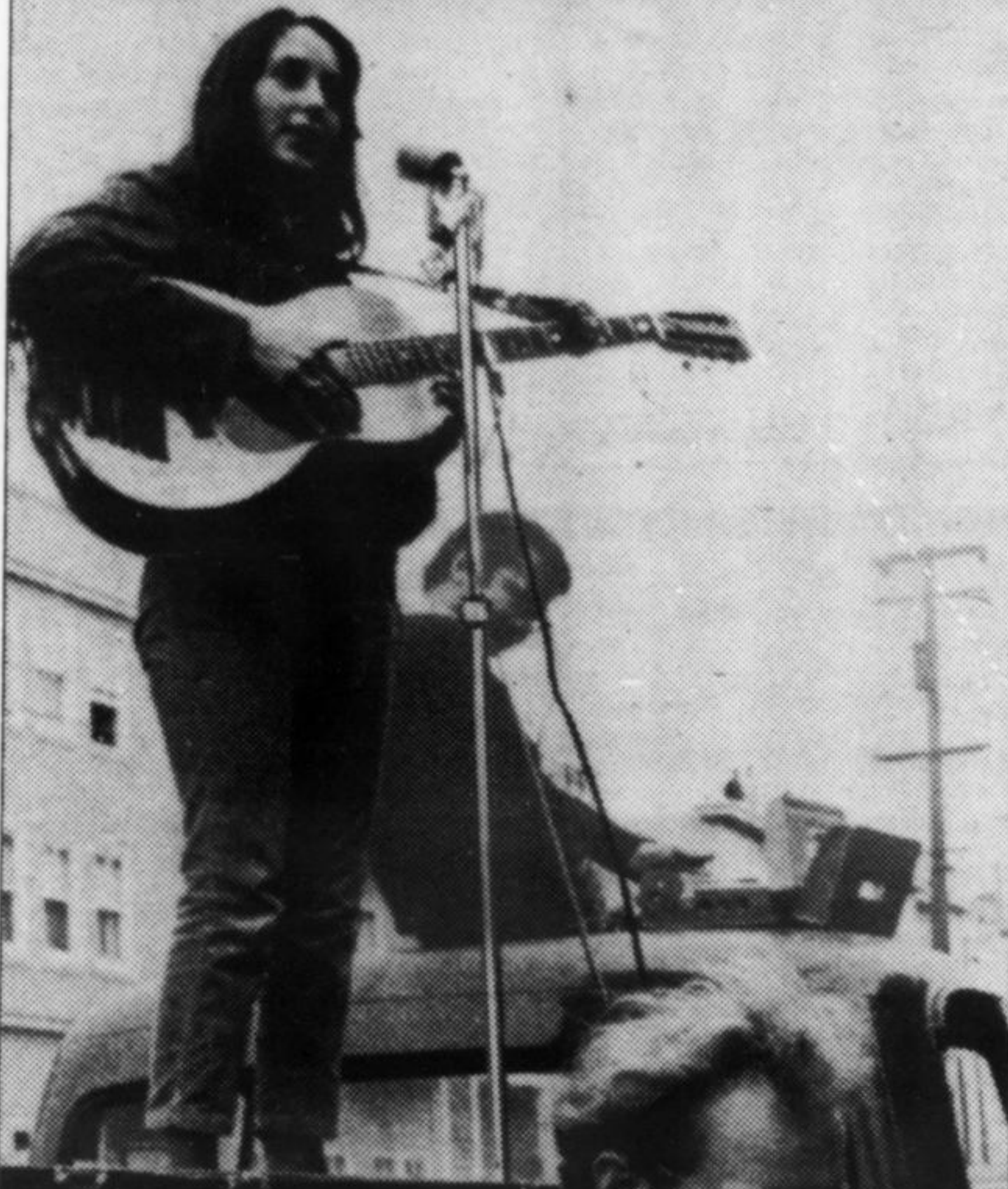
THE REVOLTING THEATER  
(RHYMES WITH "HE ATE 'ER")  
RADICAL VAUDEVILLE

WE PLAY AT  
BAR MITZVAHS, DIVORCES  
REVOLUTIONS  
"BENEFITS A SPECIALTY"

CONTACT -  
TULI KUPFERBERG  
381 E 10  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10009  
PH. (212) YU 2-9537

Henry G. Saperstein presents  
The New Film Company Production.

# Yes, Spiro, there is a Joan and David.



## Joan Baez David Harris

America's First Family  
of The Resistance.

# 'Carry it on'

Joan sings the title song and a dozen more.

Produced and Directed by  
Robert Jones, Christopher G. Knight, James Coyne  
Distributed by  
UNITED PRODUCTIONS OF AMERICA a subsidiary of  
INDUSTRIES INC. Released by Maron Films Limited

NOW PLAYING  
Little Carnegie  
A WALTER  
READ THEATRE  
57th St. East of 7th Ave. - 246-5123

CLASSIFIED RATES: PERSONAL,  
\$5.00 FOR THE FIRST 25 WORDS,  
20 cents FOR EACH ADDITIONAL  
WORD. BUSINESS: \$3.75 FOR  
FIRST 25 WORDS, 20 cents FOR  
EACH ADDITIONAL WORD.

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING  
(PERSONAL AND BUSINESS)  
DEADLINE IS TUESDAY AT 12  
NOON FOR THE NEXT  
TUESDAY'S PUBLICATION.  
PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL  
CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL  
ADS. PHONE NUMBERS NOW  
ACCEPTED FOR PERSONAL  
CATEGORIES. ALL CLASSIFIED  
ADVERTISING MUST BE  
PREPAID. NO ADS WILL BE  
TAKEN OVER THE PHONE. NO  
TEAR SHEETS SUPPLIED FOR  
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

Captain Snaps needs Contact  
Machine or proof-sheet maker.  
Contact Joseph Stevens, ace EVO  
photographer at EVO. 255-1100

"Tin Drum" AndS (JOHN  
GUNTHER DYED 2 MOS. EGO  
(WROTE "INSIDE" BOOKS.))  
(BRUNO'S RENAMED "ANDER"). My  
NU TyPING JOB AT MEMORIAL  
HOSPITAL (E. 72 ST., 5TH FL.):  
"ENTERING Mr. SIOANE" (AN  
OPTICAL ILLUSION.) (OFFICE MGR.  
CHARLES SIOAN/3 ROWS OF  
LIGHTBOXES ON CEILING (RAYE  
RAYSAFEPAYED.), 16 BOXES  
(SUSPENDED BY 17 BARS)  
each/CLOCK STOPPED AT 12).  
"COZEN In BRONX'S RICHY  
(RESIDED AT VyCe AvE.) ("DICK  
OF THE TUIT" By PERRAUIT  
(WROTE "SnyDEREIA: Or, THE  
GIES SIEEPER", (I PASS ON  
PEPSI-COLA. (TELEPATHY: THE EI  
A BATHY)). "LITTLE RED RED IN  
GOOD", "StyPING BUDDHA.") ("If  
I fail, I fail TO PEArI." - ME A  
WEEK PRE CUC-IAYOFF). TOM: I  
MEANT SNAK CITY (IT'D  
CLOSED.). AICHEMY: "THE  
HERMAPHRODITE IS LIKE A DEAD  
MAN In THE DARK, & NEEDS FIRE."  
("MIDNIGHT COWBOY" (BOY IS  
HEIENE for "COW", COCO.))  
(SHAION, ANDERSI). My WIFE  
FIAMIN-CO: EIISE HER HAIR,  
COMPUTER HER BRAIN, TIMES SQ.  
HER EYES, ST. MARK'S HER  
STOMACH, PARADOX HER KNEES,  
CHINATOWN HER TAOS, CITY HALL  
HER HEEL.

BEAT THE RENT HIKE! I am  
looking for living quarters in lady's  
apartment. Will share expenses. I am  
employed, excellent background and  
references, reliable, neat and tidy.  
Write Sid, PO Box 151, N.Y., N.Y.  
10013.

Nancy "candy" Dallin - happy  
belated birthday. please pick up your  
mail at the Village Project, 88 2nd  
Avenue, N.Y. please write, as I miss  
you & lawyer has some more money  
for you. Daddy.

**It's never too late  
to learn!**  
...a bold major step  
forward in the most  
important subject  
of man and woman  
-compatibility!

KAROFILMS, INC. presents  
**THE postgraduate**  
(A COURSE IN SEXUAL EDUCATION)  
IN COLOR  
THE NEW FOR ADULTS OVER 21  
**ameo** World Premiere  
ART  
44th ST & 8th AVE 246-9050  
CONT. FROM 9:45 A.M. - MONITE SHOWS DAILY

Trikaya (THE 3 BODHIS OF  
BUDDHA):: DHARMAKAYA  
("TRUTH-BODY"), SAMBO(DHI)ka-  
YA ("All THE Buddhas r I  
BUDDHA.") & NirMankaya (THE  
"HUMAN" BODHI  
(MANHOIE-COVER)):  
kaMaBODHIYA, TOMPINGAM &  
BENAMBen (I aTTEMPT TO ENd  
WHA BI SOIIPSIaM/ PaNTHEISM/  
MONOTHEISM: SEDITO'S CLOSED  
dOWN ("OTHErOPICK OF kaAMka",  
dear dre.)). "THE BUDDHa IS THE  
DHARMa (fREe COPY: BEN, BOX 752,  
STUYVESANT STA.) (IIT(H)OS,  
HEIENE, "STONE"), THE BUDDHa  
(God aM a BuddHa.) & THE  
SANGHA ("GrOuP, CluB"  
("SkandHa") MEAnS  
"GrOuPInG")." ROAMy  
SCHNEIDER (Doc(u)ter  
(SIOAN-KE(n)TERING kaAMka  
CENter (fairyTale MURAI  
DOWNStairs.)) n "My SON, My  
LOVER" WIPES/ WEBS THE CIUB:  
JaSON ROBERTIS n "A THOUSAND  
CIOWNS". "The Roof Of The World"  
(Michael Dennis Browne, "New  
Yorker," 7/20/68)/// "He is making  
love with his wife on the roof./  
That's all right./ But sixteen  
years... / The cattle wait around as  
long as they can./ then go off, like  
grenades./ The neighbors get heated  
over breakfast./ but they won't come  
down./ there's no legal loophole./ If a  
man wants to spend as much time as  
that/ on the roof of his house with  
his wife./ that's all right by the law./  
there's nothing improper in that./  
Sometimes they noticed the grass  
beneath them./ and the woods  
around that, change/ in their colors -  
the cummer's/ thin strokes, the slow  
flood of fall blood- / and the  
townspeople that lay down and died  
like ticks./ but they didn't care./  
That was sixteen years well spent./ he  
said, she said, as both/ at last came  
down./ to the gold of garbage./ to the  
piano an oak again./ to the television  
a camera./ the dog a frog./ and the  
huge children they had forgotten  
about/ waiting around minutely, in  
baskets./ to be born again."

Lost your I.D.? Blank birth  
certificates, fill in blanks yourself.  
Send \$1.00 to Imperial Imports, Box  
3074, Falls Church, Va. 22043

Attention: Male, Female, or Other?  
Now you too can have your own  
penis (9 inches!!) , soft like a lover.  
Flesh color or soul black. Adults  
only. Only \$7.00 for this beautiful  
dildo. Send cash, check or money  
order to: Imperial Imports, Box  
3074, Falls Church, Va. 22043.

Vibrator: 7 inches long, hits the spot!  
Batteries included. Send \$5.00 to:  
Imperial Imports, Box 3074, Falls  
Church, Va. 22043.

Make big money and lots of it. Learn  
to write freelance articles at home.  
Free travel, other goodies. Sure-fire  
system tested over 25 years.  
Exchange for total, uninhibited sex.  
Girls only. No freaks. Submit name,  
phone, photo. Tell about yourself.  
Box 5598, Grand Central PO, N.Y.,  
N.Y. 10017.

Mature business executive would like  
to share his posh east side apartment  
with a young gal. This gal should be  
willing to do copy typing 2 hours per  
day. All expenses will be paid to the  
right gal. All expenses will be paid to  
the right gal. Evenings, 628-7425.

TRIP  
FILM  
THOUGHT  
FACTORY  
YR  
33  
120 2 1/2  
COR. E 74th  
ONE FLITE UP

CL  
SUC  
CEL  
SAT  
MIL  
R

Searching for  
uninhibited  
GIRLS, GUYS  
& COUPLES.  
Meet discreet, sincere people to share stimulating  
and rewarding experiences. Make exciting new  
friends with the "IN" people, sophisticated SINGLES  
and swinging COUPLES, whose interest and desires are  
the same as yours. FREE! Send for sample ads & details!  
Mid-City (Dept. "A-5") P.O. Box 682  
Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010

## Mid-City

# WHEEL &



PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING:  
advanced electronics, for rock  
concerts, nightclubs, stage  
productions, home lighting. Send \$1  
(credited) for world's largest  
catalogue: RockTronics, 22-EVO  
Wendell St., Cambridge, Mass. 92138.

SAINT MARKS FREE CLINIC  
NEEDS SPACE FOR EXPANSION,  
PLENTY OF DOCTORS,  
DENTISTS, NOT ENOUGH SPACE.  
3 TO 5 ROOM APARTMENT OR  
SMALL LOFT. LOVE, 533-9500.

### IMPERSONAL

WANTED: YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE,  
HIP CHICK TO HELP GENTLE,  
GENEROUS MAN IN EARLY  
FORTIES WHO HAS  
PREMATURELY LOST HIS  
POWERS. IF I PROVE HOPELESS,  
THEN YOU MAY INTRODUCE ME  
TO OTHER USUAL OR UNUSUAL  
PLEASURES. I LIVE IN NEW  
BRUNSWICK, BUT CAN TRAVEL  
TO NEW YORK OR TAKE OTHER  
INTERESTING TRIPS. PLEASE  
SEND PHOTO AND PHONE TO:  
DONALD SCHWARTZ, 152 West  
42nd Street, Suite 504, New York,  
N.Y. 10036.

Young man, 28, alienated, nihilist,  
good looking, fed up with my  
superficial, arid existence. Wants to  
meet attractive, intelligent female  
who cares enough to teach him to be  
more sociably outward, aware, and a  
more meaningful orientation of life.  
call Chuck at 499-1711.

### STUD SERVICE

Construction worker, good looking,  
solid physique. Available private  
posing, etc. Need extra bread. Also  
have large collection of films. Tony  
Dana, 757-3995.

### SPECIAL SERVICES

Flavored Douche, \$3: Lime, Cherry,  
Strawberry, Orange. Vibrator with  
battery, Small \$3, Large \$4. Merit  
Photo Supply, Specialties Dept. EV,  
PO Box 6011, North Hollywood, Ca.  
91603.

Do your own thing, at Holly. Low  
Rates. Call NOTAK, Box 96, Cherry  
Grove, N.Y. 516-597-6911 or  
212-693-2819.

hammond organist with lead voice  
for rock. call (518) 851-7032 or  
828-7086.

girls needed for exploitation film,  
nudity, no experience necessary. high  
pay. Call Dean Marie, 533-0737, keep  
rying.

Scientific Dating Service, Inc., 147  
W. 42nd St., New York City, Room  
1018. Guaranteed Dates. AM:  
TA8-7897; 12 PM to 8 PM, and  
Sundays, OX5-0158.





(Continued from Page 20)

in the world once they really start going to town. I expect to be made pretty miserable myself, even more than I am now, if such a thing is possible. Every man has a certain amount of Pig in him, and that Pig comes out most forcibly in his attitudes

toward women. Before long, you will be seeing the Pig in the most astounding people: people you thought were the finest Revolutionaries in the world will be shown to be basically Pig. Because any Revolutionary who is afraid to alter his sexual role to benefit women is no Revolutionary at all, he's just another Pig.

Speaking of pigs, just as I was leaving the park to catch the tip-end of the march, past me into the park swept a dozen or so very greasy male individuals, reeking of *machismo*, slapping their hands, making kissing noises with their lips. Oh *Christ*, Latimer, you're about to report your first *massacre*.

Into no assemblage but one of women could such a contingent of counter-demonstrators, so violently expressive of everything that assemblage despised, have waltzed unmolested. Standing in a clump at the West end of the park, they commenced to slap their hands together rhythmically, shouting, Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! until a dialogue was provoked.

Hey, why do you believe in Abortion. Tell me dat.

You wanna be a construction wokah? Hah?

Hey shoddop you guys, I want dis one tell me Where does Wimmen's Liberation stand on Veed Nam, Hah? I spend three years in Veed Nam, I got thutty stiches to show for it. Ha? Where? Hah?

Pride. Integrity. Guts. That's where it's at.

Pride Integrity Guts? In fact, they looked a lot like police trainees. The bunch of them was just a little too ethnically mixed to ring right in my head. There

was a stubby little blonde guy, a Rican with a ducktail, a spade kid, an Irish kid with freckles, Italians, Jews — and they were all about the same age, about 19, 20, 21... It was weird. The women's reactions to them were mainly of annoyance: 'Come on, you loud mother fuckers, shut up. Go someplace else. We want to hear!' A couple women tried to argue, but against male decibels you have to admit women just cannot prevail. Lower will beat upper register under any weather conditions. One odd thing happened, odd and strangely endearing, no matter how despicable you consider guys like that. Two tiny secretary-type girls, with hair teased out to here and real nylons, not pantyhose, under their miniskirts, moved in on the guys. Yeah, they started out arguing strenuously, and then just seemed to give in to the superior male intellect, leaning over against the two best-looking guys for support. Glad to see *somebody* got laid after this demonstration.

Me, I went down to the party at the Gate, Claudia having been lost to me somewhere in the march. But first I grabbed a bite in the automat on 42nd Street across from Grand Central. While I ate, two women sitting at the table behind me filled me in, unbeknownst to themselves, on the hustling situation in the midtown area. Grand Central, it seemed, is hot this month: they'll pick you right out of there and throw you in the can in a minute. Port Authority, on the other hand, is cool enough: if you observe propriety they won't nail you, and if they do, you'll most likely get some kind of citation.

This had been proved to the satisfaction of one of the women a couple weeks ago when, sure enough, she had been picked right out of Grand Central and taken down to Centre Street. There, she said, a Legal Aid lawyer had gotten her off on a plea of something-or-other, I don't remember. This set them into swapping pleas they had copped, with the inestimable assistance of Legal Aid: one related, laughing, the time she had copped a Juvenile Offense, which didn't even leave a mark

on her record. The other spoke with bitterness about the time an officer had really worked her over and then, lest she blab in the courtroom, they had taped her mouth before they sent her to the judge, who pretended not to notice. She repeated this several times: they taped my mouth, they did. I got six months. Is this America? she asked.

With this remarkable conversation replaying itself time and again in my head, I confess I was not very receptive to the party at the Gate. Three extraordinarily lovely young women entertained: calling themselves I believe Right Directions was it? they played flute, guitar, and beerkeg-bongo. The flutist had tonsillitis, but played excellently withal. Before long the three pitchers of cheap Sangria ran out, and not being of a mind to give Art D'Lugoff a red cent, I split.

Imagine my surprise then, the next day, even after a forewarning from the artist Yossarian, to see my photograph on the cover of the Night Owl edition of the Daily News. Finklestein himself had taken it, in the little room at the Marriage License Bureau. It was unmistakably me, to the far right, next to the sweating gentleman I mentioned before. Next to us stood four women carrying signs, and each woman's face was oddly distorted, caught in some kind of midway point between expressions, rendered slightly *strange*. The sweating gentleman was holding his mouth as if laughing, or vomiting, and I had my eyes closed, yawning. Mel Finklestein is a *genius* photographer. The outline explained what the women were doing there, and then declared that, 'Men at extreme right obviously couldn't care less.'

Fuck yourself, Daily NEWS. Nobody asked me how much I cared about Women's Liberation, not once, all day long. It was a pretty heavy trip, though, making the cover of The News... And even if I go pussyless from this day forward, at least I'll have something to show the grandchildren I'll never have.

FILM FESTIVAL IN CALDRON FIRST TIME IN N.Y.

**FRIDAY ON MY MIND**  
plus  
**I'll Meet You In Jail**  
and  
**GYPSY BOYS**

AIR CONDITIONED MIDNITE SHOW FRI & SAT. NITE  
**PARK-MILLER ADULTS ONLY**  
43rd St. (Bet. 6th & B'way) BR 9-3970 Continuous 9:45 A.M. - Mid.

**HE and SHE**  
TOTAL SEXUAL FREEDOM IN AMERICA  
**CINE LIDO**  
48th St. & B'way  
757-4228  
THE PLUSH CINEMA AT THE LATIN QUARTER  
11:00, 12:15, 1:35, 2:50, 4:05, 5:25, 6:40, 7:55, 9:10, 10:25 & 11:45

BROOKLYN QUEENS STATEN ISLAND NEW JERSEY UPSTATE N.Y.  
CINEMA FERRISY 100MP CINEMA LACROU SURETY PALE EMPIRE EMERALD STATE CINEMA I  
KINGS PENN AV NEPTUNE AV WHITE PLAINS MI EDEN JACKSON POINT ATLANTIC NEWARK NEWBURG  
HIGHLAND AVE HEIGHTS RICHMOND CITY

The Caldron is not just a lunch restaurant. Its away of life.

**CALDRON**  
Open 7 Days  
fine oriental and traditional cooking

**RESTAURANT**

308 E. 6th St. dinner 450-7133 N.Y.C. - 473-9543

BEAUTIFUL LIVE FIGURE MODELS AVAILABLE FOR:  
PHOTOGRAPHY - SKIN PAINTING - SKETCHING - CHEESECAKE - NUDES - PIN-UPS -  
FEMALE - MALE  
NEW STUDIO OPEN  
12 NOON - 7 PM  
MODEL MART STUDIO  
1265 BROADWAY (32nd St.)  
SUITE 709  
686-9086

**OFFSET PRINTING**  
**WHILE-U-WAIT**  
200 COPIES OPEN SATS. **299**  
9 A.M. - 2 P.M.  
COMPLETE ART & TYPE DEPT.  
SAME DAY SERVICE

**TOP COPI**  
505 8th Ave (35th St.) 524-5146

TAKE HIGHWAY # 27 NORTH TO LOST RIVER, TURN LEFT ONTO MOZAK ROAD, 14 MILES TO FORK IN ROAD, TURN LEFT ONTO INTERSTELLAR HIGHWAY AND CONTINUE UNTIL YOU SEE SIGN FOR EXIT.

45

Interstellar Information

# Chi Leaves Frisco's Guts Hanging

SEE NEXT WEEK

# Frodo Killed in Ring

SEE GORY PICS IN ROTOGRAVURE SECTION

## SPORTS FREAK

by Jason Stone



When I was a thirteen-year-old Brooklyn Dodger fan from New Jersey and also a Yankee and Giant hater, baseball announcers were special people who worked by watching baseball games and talking about them, and of course got to meet the likes of Snider, Robinson, Mays and Mantle. It certainly seemed far better than being a lawyer which, at thirteen, was my professed occupational goal when called upon to declare my ego trip.

Such worship did not prevent me from seeing Mel Allen's glazed eye roundup of a doubleheader, but Red Barber's biggest mistake was turning over the mike to some commercial voice who said things like "The Duke hits a long drive, high off the scoreboard. And the throw into second is too late as the Duke slides into second with a stand-up double."

All of which brings us to the present situation of 24 major league teams grouped into two six-team Eastern and Western divisions of the American and National Leagues. Located somewhere in this hodgepodge (which includes Montreal, San Diego and Kansas City) are the New York Yankees. This team was once the perennial American League champs who the Dodgers faced and lost to in the World Series of '47, '49, '52 and '53 before finally winning in '55.

The Yankees of '70 are another story, however. With less than 40 games left and 11 games behind the Orioles, the New York Yankees have as much chance of winning the Eastern Division of the American League as Tim Leary does of becoming President Nixon's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. This means that on Stoned Sundays, rain pouring from New York's invisible sky, delaying the TV telecast of the hometown Mets doubleheader against powerhouse Cincinnati of Red fame, the other New York team finds its way into focus on the Boob Tube.

It must be realized that for the Yankees to win their division they would have to play better than the 100-1 Mets did last year to overtake the Cubs from 9½ games back in mid August to win going away by 9 lengths at the pole, to march through Atlanta on their way to a dignitary's reception in Baltimore, the cordial host to previous New York visiting groups, and to fly home to an awaiting General Lindsay and his coalition of cheering millions.

But all New Yorkers know that the only resemblance to the Mets is a Namath-led Super Bowl Jet team or the Mighty Mite Knick team. Because the Yanks have been unsuccessful in resolving

the race issue, past and present, the excitement of the game becomes secondary to that of the media. And that means listening to the distinctive Phil "Scooter" Rizzuto who played a fine shortstop for the Yankees in his day but lost out on post-play camera coverage because his hands were congratulating his genitals for a superb play.

Rizzuto has very adeptly carried his versatility on the ball field to the announcer's booth where his mouth admirably does the job his hands used to do. To quote from the man who took relay throws from Joe DiMaggio before Simon and Garfunkel were old enough to appreciate Marilyn Monroe:

"The umpire, you'll notice, never bends over to clean home plate with his back toward the fans because he doesn't want to show any kind of disrespect to the fans. Not that he doesn't respect the pitcher, of course."

For a measly couple of bucks more the bleacher fans could have the respect that comes with owning a box.

After paying his respects to the paying customers, Phil returned to doing what he is paid to do, bring 'em through the turnstiles. When your team is closer to fourth than it is to first, that is not an easy job to pull off, even for a talented tongue. But you never admit that the pennant race is over. Instead you talk about it as though it still exists: "Baltimore lost last night to California but the Yanks didn't gain ground because they also lost to Chicago 3-2."

Bill Veeck, owner of the St. Louis Browns, was hip to baseball when he brought in a midget as a pinchhitter just to show that the great American pastime wasn't discriminatory. Now if Rizzuto were hip, he would sell the viewers on an Establishment Wake featuring the appearance of ghosts in pin-striped sheets chasing black devils from the house that Ruth built and bowing down to the monuments of Ruth, Gehrig and Miller Huggins as a solemn tribute to the days when New York was Yankee and Jackie Robinson, Willie Mays, Hank Aaron and Elston Howard were invisible men.

But, although Rizzuto isn't hip, he still has the tongue working for him and it would be undemocratic not to allow the man to speak for himself and to express his character more fully. A time for honest soul-searching: "Jimmy, don't believe what I say. A lot of times I just talk to hear myself talk." A time for shrewd and analytic observation: "His (a fan) girl friend is giving him a little hug and a bite on the left ear lobe."

A time for reflection: "I wonder why



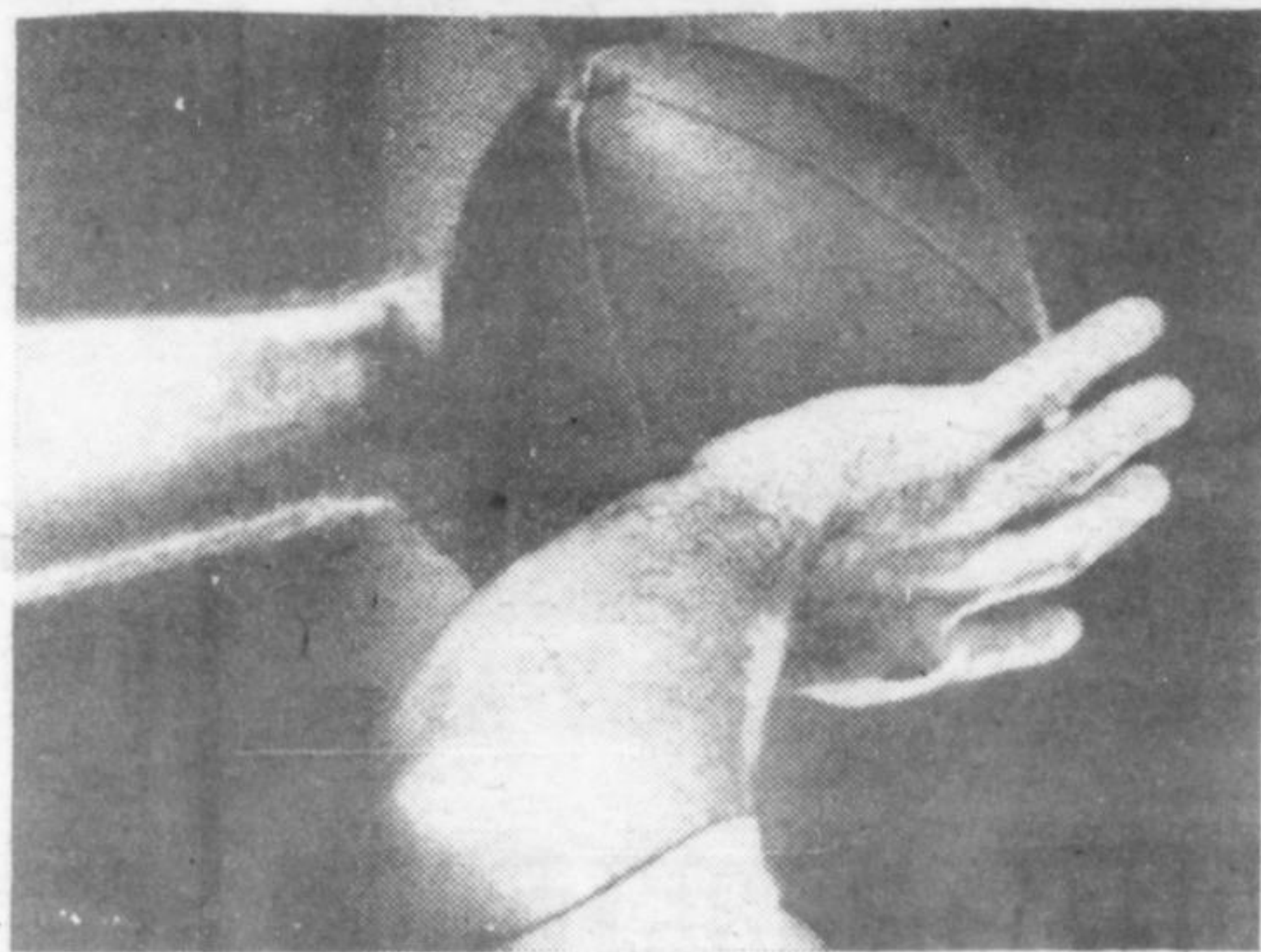
JOE CRONIN

ELLSWORTH (BABE) DAHLGREN

One of the important Boston Red Sox recruits is Ellsworth (Babe) Dahlgren, first baseman brought up from the Missions, of the Pacific Coast league. In an exhibition game at Palo Alto, Cal., Joe Cronin, Boston manager, takes advantage of an opportunity to tip off Dahlgren on some big league fine points.

## PEMBISH SCORES

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |  |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--|---|
| 4 | 0 | 1 |   | 5 |   | 9 |  | 2 |
| 3 | 7 | 3 | 7 | 6 | 4 |   |  |   |



MESCALINE TAB FOUND NEAR FRESNO

they never had these small Western Hero cowboys." (Ed. note: Rizzuto was listed as 5'6" but that was with his cleats on and his wife measuring.)

A time for diplomacy: "You should really see the 55-story John Hancock building here in Chicago. Why just yesterday I was over there and it took 39 seconds to get up to the top floor and 32 seconds to get back down."

Yankee management, however, is not prone to allowing a viewer only one announcer for a game. As a result, Phil's tone of voice is balanced by that of a colleague, whose name escapes me, who

comes on like a Thorazine after a Sunshine. The game, after all, is really more important than winning or losing.

Final score: Chicago 2, New York 0 Conclusion: If Phil Rizzuto were as good a ballplayer as he is an announcer, he would never have made the New York Yankees in the first place because he was too short.

Advertisement: Tune in to the Yankee games to hear Phil tell you another story about Bobby Murcer, the great White Hope, who is the best damned .250 hitter in baseball.

Trivia stumper: Who is Mike Goliat?



