

# THE EAST VILLAGE TOWER

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# HIRAP

THE EFFRONTERY OF JOHN MURTAGH IN VOIDING AFENI SHAKUR'S BAIL IS JUST THE PROOF OF THE PUSTULE. THE STUPIDITY, THE PETTY MEANNESS AND THE PATHOLOGICAL KNOW NOTHINGISM OF THIS GREAT JUDICIAL BRAIN SPARKED THE FUSE THAT BLEW UP THE PRISONS OF FUN CITY TO HIGH HEAVEN. ANY ESTABLISHMENT THAT PERMITS SHMUCKS OF MURTAGH'S MAGNITUDE TO PRESIDE OVER THE AUTO-DE-FE AT L 100 CENTRE STREET DESERVES THE HORRORS OF SHIT IT IS CONSEQUENTLY FORCED TO REAP. ANY SOCIETY THAT ALLOWS ITSELF TO BE BEFOULED BY THIEVING CLUBHOUSE HACKS DESERVES TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON.

TAKE SPIRO'S VENDETTA AGAINST SENATOR GOODELL, THAT NOTORIOUS RADICAL LIBERAL FROM JAMESTOWN, N.Y. NOT THAT IT MAKES THE SLIGHTEST DIFFERENCE WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF MINE OR YOUR REPRESENTATION IN THAT AUGUST BODY. AS TIM LEARY SAID WE AREN'T THAT NAIVE. AFTER ALL, WHAT IS GOODELL? ON THE OTHER HAND, CONSIDER THE PROSPECT OF SPOILING SPIRO'S PLOY. PONDER THE POSSIBILITY OF MESSING UP THE WORKS BY DOING THE R I G H T THING, NO MATTER WHO YOU DO IT FOR.

THE KABOUTERS IN HOLLAND HAVE BECOME AN EFFECTIVE POLITICAL ENTITY BY PARTICIPATING IN THE MAN'S GAME AND BY DEMANDING AND GETTING THEIR SHARE OF THE PIE. A VOTE FOR GOODELL IS A KICK IN SPIRO'S BALLS. IT'S AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE MISSED.

REGISTER NOW AND PULL OFF THE BIGGEST YIPPIE PRANK OF THE YEAR.

*Handwritten signature: Vincent Titus*



Jaakov Kohn

David Walley

Rudi Stern

## EVO PHONE # 255-2130

A FABLE

by VINCENT TITUS

Allen Katzman

Claudia Dreifus

John Riley

Gianfranco Mantegna

Once a pony and a young lady were walking in the woods hand in hoof. The moral of the story is: That's not incompatible, that's impossible!

Fred Mogubgub

Jackie Acon

Stephen Kohn

S.R.K.

Jackie Diamond

Alex Gross

Perfecto LaGogo

Timothy Leary

Ray Schultz

Joseph Stevens

Vincent Francis Charles August Truman

Zlagobodnski Karsholsk

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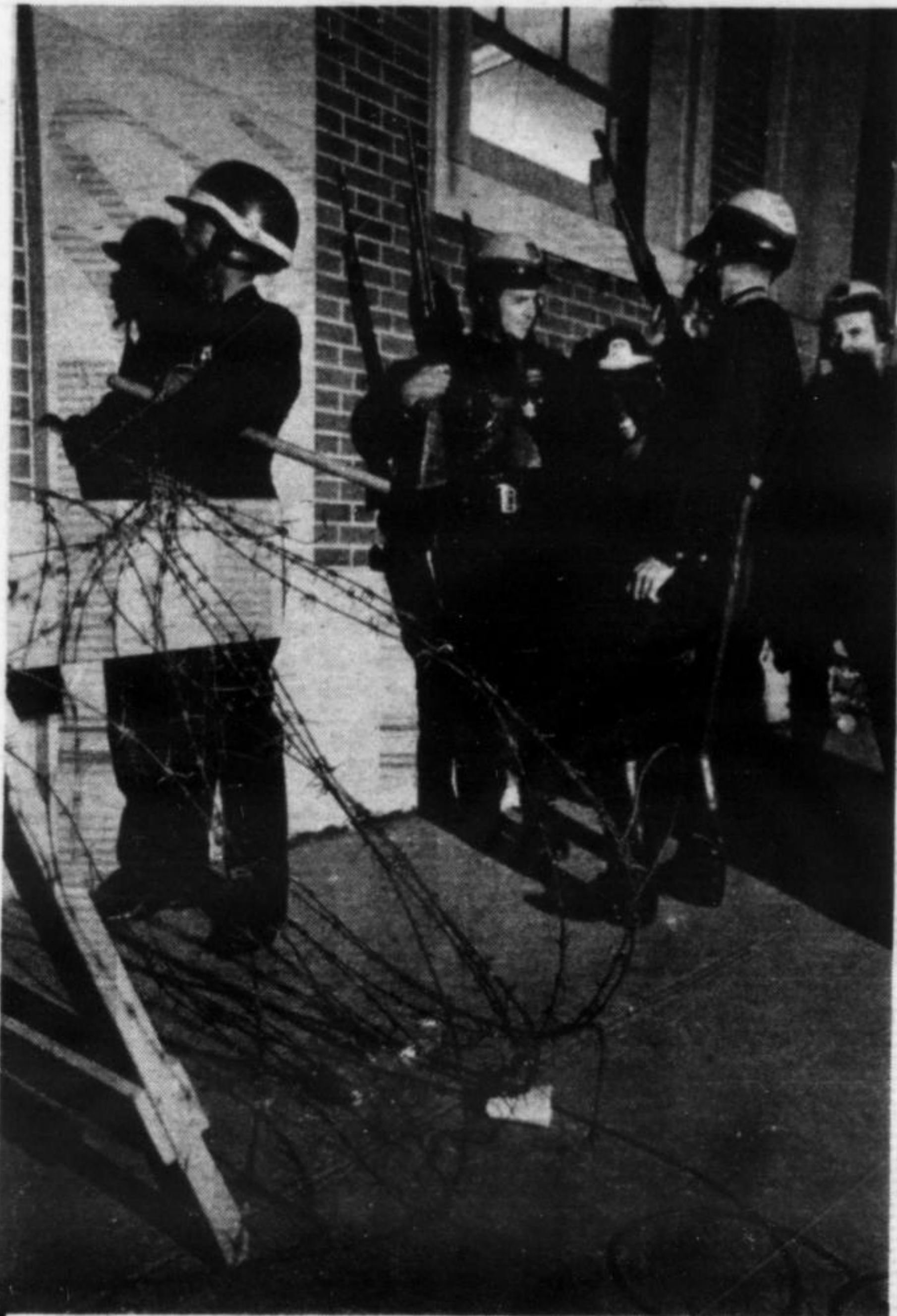
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By Ray  
Schultz

# JAIL HOUSE ROCK

mess hall. The fracas went on for several hours, then Commissioner of Corrections George McGrath arrived, and he



To state but the simple facts, on Thursday, October 1st, at the hour of noon, a group of prisoners overpowered the guards at the Queens House of Detention in Long Island City and quickly took control of the entire cell area of the building, six stories tall, and 95 years old. Reports soon filtered down that seven hostages had been taken, a captain, a civilian cook, and five correction officers, and this suddenly made it a matter of public concern. As reporters and politicians hastily gathered outside the rundown structure, built to house 190 men but now containing 383 behind its walls, almost every window in the place was broken, one of them smashed in by an 8-foot wooden bench which dropped five stories to the roof of an adjoining

met with six of the prisoners, two Black Panthers, one of them believed to be Lamumba Shakur; one Puerto Rican, Victor Martinez; two more blacks, Robert Drake and another unidentified revolutionary, and one white man, Kenneth Sender, believed to be the only sentenced prisoner in the house. The prisoners demanded full media coverage of this conference, and a representative "pool" of various reporters and broadcasters was allowed in for this purpose. They returned approximately 2½ hours later to fill in their colleagues and report to the public at large that the prisoners had singly and collectively demanded quicker and better justice, a review of bail proceedings, lowering of excessive bails, an end to overcrowding of

the institution, the hiring of Spanish-speaking correction officers and interpreters, an end to guard brutality against prisoners and their families, protection against homosexuality, vermin, theft by guards, unsanitary conditions, the promotion of three black correction officers to the rank of captain, officers Benjamin, Giddon and Sanders, and the same for a Puerto Rican officer, the integration of Black Panther prisoners into the rest of the prison community, the sale of the Black Panther paper, the recognition of Islam as a religious choice for many black inmates, the establishment and/or lowering of bail for the Panther 21, the re-issuing of bail to Afeni Shakur, and more soap, toothpaste, exercise time and other items necessary for mental and physical health. In front of the reporters, McGrath promised to meet whatever demands he could right away, and act as an agent for resolving the others outside his province. The prisoners demanded to meet with Shirley Chisholm, Herman Badillo and Mayor John Lindsay. McGrath said he would see what he could do, and a second meeting was scheduled for midnight - but not before a warning that any police attempt to rush the prison would result in the injury of the hostages. As a sign of goodwill, the prisoners released two hostages on the spot - correction officers Charles Thomas, who was in charge of the Black Panthers on the sixth floor, and Richard Garrity who is reported to have attempted suicide during his brief incarceration.

But for the specifics, what more do you need to hear? The Tombs exploded in August and everyone from McGrath to the prison chaplain was running around saying, wow, it's bad, the poor prisoners, we'll do all we can, and nothing was done except to move some prisoners upstate, and a couple out to Queens, and the mess goes on, overcrowding, overloading, it's all the same, and nothing is done. The prisoners didn't have to sit around thinking for another ten years before

they decided that nothing had changed. Even McGrath was smarter than that. He went on the Dick Cavett show where he gave his ex-tenant Willie Sutton an earful of complaints about the overcrowding of the jails, but Sutton used to have his own cure for overcrowding, and maybe we need a little of that today.

The press itself has to share much of the guilt, not so much for what they print, but for how they act.

The reporters in the street were standing around smoking cigarettes and getting great enjoyment out of the prisoners sticking their heads out of the sixth-story window after months of little or no fresh air, with their self-made *kafyaks* on their heads, and their signs, *Equal Justice! Stop Oppression, Exploitation and Persecution! Power to the People!* and the freight trains and deisel engines roaring past, and the barricades with barbed wire surrounding the entrance to the prison, and the TPF with trucks and footlights and guns and dozens of men climbing on the roofs and standing in the street, and the occasional diversion, the appearance of McGrath and company to meet with the prisoners inside.

McGrath was agitated this time. He had been called some dirty names and he didn't like it.

"I advised the inmates," he said, "that I will go on all night to satisfy any demands I can in the interest of getting the hostages out. I will hope to resolve anything that can be resolved until all possibility has disappeared."

"Do you fear for the lives of the hostages?" McGrath was asked.

"I am hopeful," he said, "that men will exhibit the kind of intelligence they used in talking to the news media."

As the discussion wore on, McGrath said that he had been confronted with "inflammatory language."

"You men might call it rhetoric," he said. "It's the kind of language they shout in the streets, and you can believe it or don't believe it, but I think they mean it."

"Are you losing patience?" he was asked.

"Losing patience?" he said, "No, I'm not losing patience. But I lose patience when there's nothing solid

or specific for me to respond to. I want the inmates to give me specifics, things I can deal with."

"Is there a point at which you will take punitive measures?"

"Punitive measures? No, I don't see 'Stop lying down there,' prisoners yelled from the windows.

"Hey, pig liar!" they shouted.

McGrath moved inside to talk to the prisoners. He claimed he was in constant touch with Mayor Lindsay. Mayor's aide Michael Donztin said the first meeting had been a "bullshit meeting."

"That's off the record," he smiled.

"You know what," said Gerald Engel of the *New York Post*, "they just oughta start tear-gassing the place, that's all. Tear gas the place until they clean this up. McGrath's problem is that he's got no balls."

Several off-duty correction officers agreed with him. They stood around in an ever-growing crowd of pigs and acted quite boisterous about the situation. When a bar was seen coming out of the sixth-story window, one of them said, "Look at that, a gun, those poor, defenseless prisoners!"

When a strip of cloth came down, one of them said "What, are they gonna climb down and get away?"

"We need someone like Mannix in a situation like this," another said. "He'd clean this up in five minutes and have time to get in two commercials."

Word came through that the meeting had ended at 1:30 a.m., and that everything had been postponed until noon of the following day. At 3:a.m. or so, McGrath himself came out to verify this, and to say that the five hostages were still inside and not about to be released. The prisoners, he said, had again made demands to see certain public officials, and McGrath was beholden to act on behalf of the prisoners to get those public officials there, if he could, which he probably couldn't. And with that, he waved a cheery good-night.

It was the third major prison disturbance since August, and there was no clear remedy. Lindsay the next morning ordered McGrath not to accept any prisoners into the

(Continued on Page 16)

# FUCK YOU MURTAGH

# FUCK YOU MURTAGH

"Honest John" sits underneath golden block letters that read, "In God We Trust," making a mockery of it by the very fact of his presence — another troupier killing and defiling human life and spirit in the name of Jesus and Democracy. As I write this, I am aware that there are no words that are low enough to describe the scum, the stupidity, the depravity that must go into the makings of these slum lords of "Justice," for they have successfully killed off any emotion other than that of protecting their corners of the sty.

So, for whatever words are worth in these days when only bombs or high political positions seems to have any power, the 11th day of the trial began with the information that one of the jurors, Sam Mandel, was ill, and was, by consent, excused from the jury.

George Gihon, a black man, took the stand, after Arthur Barnett was excused for having a strong bias. Gihon, who has been working for the post office for the past seven years and who knew very little about the BPP, said that "... if I figure that they're not guilty, I'll stand by that." It turned out, however, that a relative of Gihon's was to be a witness for the prosecution, and although Murtagh didn't think that was the law, he deigned to allow the prospective juror to be excused.

Leroy James, a 54-year old black man who has been working for the Dept. of Water Resources for the past 21 years, next took the stand.

When D.A. Phillips asked James, as he has every other prospective juror, if he knew anything about terrorism, Bob Bloom objected to the use of the word, saying that it was fraught with meaning. Coy Joe Phillips then snidely asked James if he knew anything about 'organized violence.' Bloom again objected, but this time Murtagh took the opportunity to reprimand the defense for their choice of words.

James, who is a member of the Teamsters Union, had no reaction to finding out he was to be a prospective juror on the Panther case, has never read or seen a Panther paper being sold (even though he has spent all his life in Harlem), and does not feel that violence should be used to bring about social change.

Michael Tabor asked him if he had heard of the BPP free breakfast program — he hadn't. Would he allow his children to attend it? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Was James aware of the BPP liberation school? No. Would he allow his children to attend it? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Had he ever come in contact with police brutality? No. Had he ever seen it? No. Had he ever HEARD about it? Yes. Did he feel that the police in Harlem were there to protect the residents? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Had he ever played the numbers? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Had he ever seen any prostitution? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** How did he feel about the where there's... **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED —**

the stand. A political science major, writing his dissertation on International relations, he said he could not give a direct answer to the question of violence bringing about social change — he would have to go into it in depth. A one time instructor on the Amerikan Constitution, Chaberski was found acceptable by both sides, and took Mandel's place on the jury.

Hiram Irizarry, who came to continental U.S. from Puerto Rico when he was 25, took the stand. For the past 11 years he has been working for the N.Y.C. Housing Authority at the Marble Hill Projects.

When asked if he had heard about the Panther trial in New Haven, Murtagh interrupted, saying that the New Haven trial had no relevance here.

Did he feel that there was discrimination against Puerto Ricans or blacks? No. (That's round one — with Bloom.)

Is he sure he understands everything going on in the courtroom? Yes (beginning of round two — with Katz) Does he ever discuss discrimination? No. Is he concerned about discrimination? Yes. (round two)

Does he speak Spanish or English at home? Both. (beginning of round three with Lefcourt, picked up by Tabor) Are black people in the U.S. treated fairly? Yes. Are Puerto Ricans in the U.S. treated fairly? Yes. (round three)

Is there discrimination against Blacks and Puerto Ricans in this country? Yes (round four — Carol Lefcourt) Has he understood the questions? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** The defendants jumped up saying that Murtagh signalled Phillips, to which Murtagh replied that the question "deserved an objection and the sustaining of" the objection.

The defense at this time, not wanting to embarrass Izarry, asked for the court to be cleared, so that they could determine whether or not Izerry would be able to understand all of the testimony, some of which will be complicated documents which must be read. But Murtagh declared that he was "impressed by the intelligence" of the prospective juror, was "satisfied" and "found "no impediment."

Izarry was then accepted as the seventh juror.

Floyd Davis, a 9-year employee of the police department was excused, and William Fleming, the man with the Amerikan flag pin on his lapel, next took the stand. A 63 year old transit authority safety coordinator, he does not think that police brutality exists. Why did he wear the flag pin? "I'm an Amerikan." Did he feel that all Amerikans should wear such pins? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Did he feel that racism existed? In certain parts in the country, but not in N.Y.C. "We don't have it on the job." What did he think of the term 'black power'? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** How did he feel about the where there's... **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED —**

**MURTAGH.** Jerry Lefcourt said that he didn't know what they were objecting to, as he hadn't finished the question. Again the spectators laughed, and again they were admonished by "Honest John." How did Fleming feel about 'law and order'? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Would he be influenced by the fact that the defendants advocated the overthrowing of the government? Yes, he would be against them. Yet another Murtagh rehabilitation and the defense was forced to use another and when asked whether he felt the defendants were innocent or guilty, Murtagh jumped in with the life preserver, saying, "The court instructs you that you MUST presume them innocent..." He went on to say that the defense was distorting the issues, how he was doing his utmost to be fair, and closed with, "Please proceed like a lawyer." From there on in Murtagh took to saying to Phillips, "Is there an objection?" (And there always was.) "SUSTAINED" With that cue Phillips no longer deemed it necessary to wait til the end of a question, as is the law, before objecting. He would stand and object after three words.

The defense challenged James for cause, due to the fact that James was of the "Where there's smoke there's fire" persuasion. (They must have done SOMETHING if they've been indicted.) But Murtagh interrupted with his song of rehabilitation — ending with, "There is no merit at all in the challenge. The challenge is not sustained." The defense then issued a preemptory challenge.

At this time Murtagh cleared the court for lunch. It was dirty laundry time once again and teachers pet, Joe Phillips, complained that the voir dire of the defense was too long. That should be prohibited and so should Michael Tabor and Afeni Shakur. Jerry Lefcourt said that this was a vicious attempt by Phillips to discredit the defense, a public relations ploy. To which, Murtagh said that Lefcourt was not "talking like a lawyer" and went on to say that he agreed with Phillips and that he "explored" the use of the voir dire by the defense, that they needed "education," referring them to some ridiculous article in a current law journal and "directing" them to read it, saying that their voir dire was not "in accordance with the law."

Sandy Katz said that their voir dire was necessary, as the BPP is well known and has received a great amount of media coverage, so prospective jurors must be questioned thoroughly to see if there is a bias. But Murtagh's song would not change. He again charged them with conduction an improper voir **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Had he ever witnessed any drug traffic? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Had he ever seen any black people in Harlem? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** The spectators laughed, only to be hit with Murtagh's parochial ruler, "I direct the audience to behave itself or I will clear the court."

Tabor, then objected to all of Phillips' objections, but, needless to say, was overruled by Murtagh. Tabor then asked if James had heard of any incidences of overdoses in Harlem. **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Was the use of violence justified in bringing about social change? No. Violence is always objectionable? Yes.

Afeni then took over the questioning, asking James how much time he spent in Harlem. He said that he lived in Harlem. "Yes, but where do you spend your time?" James answered that when not at work, he spent most of his time in Harlem, on the street. Did he take part in any civic activities? No. "Mr. James, are you a numbers writer?" This brought Phillips screaming from his seat, with Murtagh declaring that the defense was almost in contempt and had insulted the court. Tabor tried to explain that the court did not realize what went on in Harlem, and that these questions were indeed justified, in fact, normal, but Murtagh told Tabor that he was out of order, so Sandy Katz took over the questioning, asking James if he had been offended by the last question. Before an answer could be made, Murtagh asked Phillips if he had any objections, and as Phillips started to stand, Murtagh wheezed, "SUSTAINED," then going into his usual prejudicial song about improper questioning on the part of the defense. Was James satisfied with the education his children were getting in public schools? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Having said that he never discussed politics at work, because "We are not interested in politics," Katz asked him if he and his wife discussed community problems. **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.**

When Bob Bloom got up to continue the cross examination, Murtagh let him get out about two words before interrupting him and telling him to "do his job" and "ask proper questions."

Had James ever been involved in any groups that were trying to end racism? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** How did he feel about police violence? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** How did he feel about the term 'law and order'? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.**

James stated that he did not know who Cleaver, Newton, or Seale were, preemptory challenge. By the end of the day, my score card read 55 **OBJECTIONS — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH** and 49 Murtagh 'discredit the defense' songs.

On the 12th day of the trial, Henry Beissel was the first to take the stand. A 33 year old white man who has been working for the post office for the past nine years, he told the court that five years ago he had been subpoenaed as a witness for the prosecution in a prostitution case. Beissel is a member of the Boys Club of Amerika.

He had gotten the impression, from Newsweek, that the BPP was a militant organization, but said that his views had changed since he'd been in court. He felt that militant

organizations were "more prone to commit crimes."

Sandy Katz asked for a challenge for cause, but Murtagh once again 'rehabilitated' a prospective juror, and the challenge was denied.

When asked if he felt they were guilty, Beissel felt that there must be a reason why they had been indicted, somebody must have felt that they had done something.

Had he ever witnessed police brutality? No. Heard about it? No. Did he feel that black people were treated fairly? Not up to par with the way whites are treated. Did he ever do anything to correct that situation? Here Murtagh again interrupted to inform Bloom that he was not asking "intelligent" questions.

Had Beissel heard about Fred Hampton? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.**

Did he feel revolution was justified? Sometimes. Was there justification for a black revolution? Yes. Must it involve violence? Not necessarily. Did he feel that the BPP was a militant organization?

**OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Is the U.S. government a militant organization? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.**

How did he feel about the testimony of infiltrators? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Who then lectured Bloom, saying that his questions were not proper, and "I suggest that you tend to your function," most analysts victims say.

Tabor took over the questioning and asked Beissel if the ability to presume the defendants innocent was strained by the fact that each of the defendants had such exorbitant bail.

**OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Did Beissel feel that he could qualify as a juror of their peer group?

**OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Are blacks justified in harboring ill feelings toward whites? "Not in all cases." After 350 years of oppression? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.**

Are whites justified in their bigotry? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Was Beissel aware that racism could be objective or subjective? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.**

Jerry Lefcourt started to question Beissel on the "where there's smoke" theory, but once again, **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.**

"Honest John" then accused Lefcourt of distorting the facts. Were the terms 'black power' and 'black militant' one and the same? **OBJECTION — PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED — MURTAGH.** Who then told Lefcourt that he couldn't give him (Lefcourt) a legal education.

Jerry then sat down in disgust, and the defense tried, in vain, to get a challenge for cause on the grounds that Beissel had repeatedly stated that militant organizations were more prone to commit crimes. But Murtagh wants the defense to use up all of its preemptory challenges, and at this time, they were, once again, forced to.

Se old b took she t a del offic abou dete case, for was pay: Sh the militi narco break Sh respo said 1 Afeni securi made must Fann that with uneas paper legitir racism the B Mis eight Joh man, in N. becau stand. the Y does' preem Mai lady, Morga the p stand. A i she fe becau Murta rehabi to her were someti her, b challenger Mis what v could condit she wr things She posse would she t people deadly an ins and si saying to the her OBJE SUSTA Blo ground jury ir denied Bloom "even undere asked Murtag statem And

# FUCK YOU MURTAGH

# FUCK YOU MURTAGH

Several excusals later, a 52 year old black woman, Miss Eleter Yanes, took the stand. At first she thought she could not serve because she knew a detective in the district attorney's office and because she was worried about pay from her job. But the detective was not involved in this case, and as a civil servant, working for the N.Y. State Insurance Co., she told she need not worry about

she had conflicting feelings about the BPP as she is opposed to its activities, but is also opposed to the BPP free breakfast program.

She didn't know if the BPP were responsible for any violent acts, and that she believes in self-defense. She asked her if the number of security guards in the courtroom made her feel that the defendants must be guilty. No. Had she heard of any Lou Hamer? No. Did the fact that the defendants were charged with acts of violence make her uneasy? No. Had she read a BPP paper? No. Do black people have a legitimate complaint against white racism? Yes. Was she familiar with the Bronx Coalition? No.

Miss Yanes was accepted as the fourth and first woman juror.

John Lee, a 23 year old white man, who works for a brokerage firm in N.Y., but is moving to Conn. because he hates the city, took the stand. He said he used to belong to Young Republicans, but that he isn't anymore. He received a preemptory challenge from Phillips.

Mary Angus, a 64 year old white woman, who has been working for the Organ Guarantee and Trust Co for past 26 years, next took the stand.

resident of Stuyvesant Town, felt the Panthers were in court because they did something. Again Murtagh butted in with his song of rehabilitation. But Mary Angus stuck her guns, and again said that they were there because they did something. The defense challenged but Murtagh again denied the challenge.

Miss Angus said she did not know about white racism was. She felt there should be improvement in the black situation, but that, at least where she worked (in the Wall Street area) things were all right.

she had no opinion about the possession of arms except that she didn't want to own one. Would she be influenced more against people charged with possession of weapons than she would on insurance case? Murtagh objected and sustained his own objection, saying that he "must do it in fairness to the prospective juror." What were your views on self defense?

OBJECTION - PHILLIPS/  
SUSTAINED - MURTAGH.

room challenged for cause on the grounds that Miss Angus had sat on a jury in a similar case. But Murtagh denied the challenge, saying that she had misread the law and that as a layman would have understood it better. When Bloom asked him to be more circumspect, Murtagh said, "I stand by my opinion."

and thus the defense was forced

to use another of its preemptory challenges.

At this time the third panel of prospective jurors was 'welcomed.' Murtagh read the indictment, and even more flagrantly than with the two previous panels, used his insidious judicial vocabulary to prejudice the prospective jurors. He again used the metaphor of a play when talking about conspiracy charges. "The guilt of one may be the guilt of all." He talked at length of "partners in crime" and that there is no differentiation between stars and bit players. (Someday Murtagh, we'll quote you about your part in the play.)

He went on ad nauseam discrediting the defense, and at several points instructed the panel on how to answer so that they could not be challenged for cause. For instance (I'm paraphrasing, but only a word or two that I couldn't write fast enough), "If you are asked by counsel during their voir dire whether you think the defendants are innocent, THE ANSWER IS - THEY ARE PRESUMED INNOCENT."

Katz objected to Murtagh's prejudicial reading of the indictment and address, congratulating Murtagh on his clairvoyance of knowing exactly what the prosecution's case was going to be and preparing the panel for it (or was it the clandestine meetings between honest John and Phillips?) And there was a motion to dismiss the new panel, as it is not representative of the populace of N.Y.C. (of all the panels thus far, this one looks the worst). But Murtagh overruled everything in his way and urged the defense to "reflect" upon the criticisms which he so graciously offered in front of a whole new panel of prospective jurors.

Johannes Bergmann was the first to take the stand. A teacher of Amerikan Lit at N.Y.U., he had read about the case and doubted that the charge of conspiracy was valid. (A word of advice to prospective jurors who are on the side of the Panthers - LIE). Bergman was excused.

After the panel had left, Murtagh yelled at one of the defendants for lighting a cigarette one second before stepping out of the courtroom, saying that he would hold the defense accountable. On that day, when a large portion of the time was spent addressing the new panel, I counted 26 OBJECTIONS - PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED - MURTAGH and 18 Murtagh editorials.

The thirteenth day of the trial, Sept. 30, should go down in courtroom history, but it's probably just a beginning. Afeni came in late - at 11, but Murtagh took the bench at 11:10, so it will go down on record that Afeni came in at 11:10. She had received a phone call as she was leaving her apartment, that her mother was seriously ill and being taken to the hospital. Naturally, she felt her priorities were there, so she went to see her mother. It turned out that her mother was not that ill, so Afeni then headed for the court, arriving a half hour late, hardly contemptuous behavior - but more on that later.

Irving Keeler, a 48 year old black man, who is an assistant bridge

operator for the city of N.Y. and who had at one time worked in the Harlem Hospital Rehabilitation Center, was the first to take the stand.

When asked if he felt that social change should be brought about by violence, he paused for awhile, and very quietly, said, "no." He has read the BPP paper quite a few times but has no definite feeling about the case. Phillips saw fit to use a preemptory challenge against Keeler as he seems to do with any black person who has read the BPP paper.

Herbert Long, a black man who works for the Transit Authority as a bus driver, next took the stand. Long's daughter attends Howard Univ. and has brought BPP papers into the house.

Phillips asked him if he had seen pictures of acts of violence in the BPP paper? Long replied, "That's in all papers." Did he feel that racial discrimination existed? "Of course." How many times had he read the BPP paper? He couldn't say.

Sandy Katz asked him if he had seen acts of violence in the Daily News? He had. Had he seen acts of violence on TV? Yes. Again, Phillips issued a preemptory challenge for a black man who had committed the crime of reading the BPP paper and who had some awareness of the situation of blacks in Amerika.

Allen Berk, a white man, took the stand saying that he felt the conspiracy charge was vague and wanted to go on speaking, but Murtagh interrupted, saying, "I am not going to allow a layman to (give us) a lecture on the law." Murtagh then insisted on a closed hearing, so the new panel would not hear anything that might educate them as to the real nature of the trial. Berk was excused.

Mrs Nancy Morley, a 42 year old white lady with the basic brown wash and wear and string of pearls below her titless chest, took the stand. Phillips indulged in some anti womens lib sarcasm about the new "occupation" of being a housewife.

Mrs Morley has no idea why the BPP exists, but supposes it is basically the same as the NAACP or CORE, except it is organized differently.

Tabor asked her if it would influence her to know that the defendants referred to Nixon as "pig." Possibly. Agnew? Possibly. Did she know of white racism? It exists. Did she have any feeling about racism. "I agree that it exists." Was she opposed to it? Yes. Didn't she feel that excluding people from organizations was a form of racism? "Yes, that would be a form of white racism." Was she aware that there are two kinds of white racism? OBJECTION - PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED - MURTAGH.

Was she aware of any white racism in herself? "No, I don't think so." Was she aware that the N.Y. Athletic Club, to which her husband belongs, is racist? No, she was not aware of that, she never inquires about things. Did the defendants have the right to be angry? OBJECTION - PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED - MURTAGH. The defense then issued a preemptory challenge to allow Mrs Morley to go

back to her segregated country club.

After lunch recess Michael Tabor got up to inform the court that the defendants had found a rat in their food, and asked that something be done about prison conditions. At that precise moment, a rat ran along the floor of the courtroom. But Murtagh remained unmoved, saying that it was the responsibility of counsel to take care of jail conditions.

We had all been waiting for Mrs Claire Carroll, the pale, pale lady with the black Coty hat, leopard raincoat, and rhinestoned winged glasses, to take the stand. Mrs Carroll, a ghost writer who writes about travel, showing people how to travel as cheaply as possible, did not want to be a juror in this case, because of her nerves. When asked if she had read about the case, she said absolutely not, she had no time and had her own problems to worry about. She thought that the name, The Black Panther Party, was a "very colorful and exotic name," but she hoped that she would not be selected as a juror. When asked if she had ever seen racial discrimination, she said that she did not believe in it, and although she had, at times, been offered the BPP paper she had always emphatically refused taking it.

Murtagh refused to excuse her, even after she said, "I'm a very good juror. But I just don't think I would be very happy serving on this case." When asked if she watched Perry Mason, she said, "Love him, wouldn't miss it." Asked how she felt about the FBI, she replied, "I think rather highly of the FBI... wonderful organization."

When Jerry Lefcourt asked about her ability to serve, she said, "This is a very difficult case." To which Lefcourt replied, "I can't forget it." She then said, "This is not an average case." "I'm aware of that," said Lefcourt.

When Michael Tabor asked her why she thought the name of the BPP was exotic, she said, "Well, I'm an animal lover," and that panthers were gorgeous animals. Did she find the defendants gorgeous? "Well, I haven't really looked them over." Did she find Tabor 'gorgeous'? "I think you're very attractive."

When asked how she would feel about the fact that the defendants referred to cops as 'pigs,' 'swine,' and 'scum,' she said that those were "naughty words" but that they were "only names."

When asked how she felt about white racism, she said it was not half as important as it sounded, and that she didn't know any racists. She also said that she wouldn't know a racist unless that person told her he was one, and that black people have been treated unfairly in the past, but now people are trying to be fair and "... it's just according to what the black people want..." She felt that direct action should never be taken against the government and that violence was immature. Was the violence used by the founding fathers of this country immature? OBJECTION - PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED - MURTAGH.

She again said that she was nervous about serving as a juror on this case, but could not explain why. Sandy

Katz asked her if it was because the defendants were black. "OH, NO!" She said that she had never been nervous before, but Murtagh denied the challenge for cause, rehabilitating Mrs. Carroll with his long winded song about weighing the testimony. Mrs Carroll then said that she was "scared to death." But Murtagh still refused to excuse her. She then said that her "heart was beating like a trip hammer." The challenge was once again renewed, but Murtagh denied it, saying that his ruling was based on his observation of the prospective juror.

The challenge was finally sustained when she said, "I don't think it would be fair for me to sit on the jury, feeling the way I do."

When Darnly De Costa, a black slum lord, took the stand, he said that four members of the BPP were tenants of his. When he said that he sympathizes with some of the actions of the BPP, Phillips asked him if that would be the breakfast program "IF" such exists. Mr De Costa was accepted as a juror, but then said that he thought he had made it clear that it would be impossible for him to serve because of his business. Michael Tabor said that if De Costa was worried about the maintenance of his buildings, the black Panther Party would see to it that the buildings were kept in shape. But De Costa was excused.

After Murtagh emptied the court of jurors and prospective jurors, it was time for him to unleash his venom, and asking Afeni for her excuse, he jerked off to the tune of the pig power invested in his office that he was just about to take advantage of.

Afeni again explained why she had been late, saying that the situation had been unforeseeable and that she had meant no disrespect to the court by going to see her mother.

Charles McKinney spoke on Afeni's behalf, saying that he was seldom at a loss for words, but that he now appealed to the court's humanity, asking them to realize that "to err is human." He said that he was sure that Afeni understood the importance of the proceedings, and that she was concerned about keeping her freedom, and certainly had no intention of absenting herself from the court, which is the purpose of bail.

But Murtagh uses bail punitively, and said that he had recognized that "to err is human" on Sept 16, when Afeni had come in 15 minutes late, due to our subway system. So the price you pay for visiting your sick mother is to be thrown back in jail. And what do you think of that, Amerika?

by  
**JACKIE  
FRIEDRICH**

# FUCK YOU MURTAGH

# FUCK YOU MURTAGH



ROY WILKINS SAYS,

'IS A YOUNG BLACK AMERICAN AS SMART AND ARTICULATE AS HUEY NEWTON, SO OVERCOME WITH THE ANGUISH OF A PEOPLE 9,000 MILES FROM THE UNITED STATES THAT HE DOWNGRADES THE SUFFERING OF HIS OWN PEOPLE IN THE SLUMS OF LOS ANGELES OR IN THE SHACKS IN RURAL ALABAMA?'

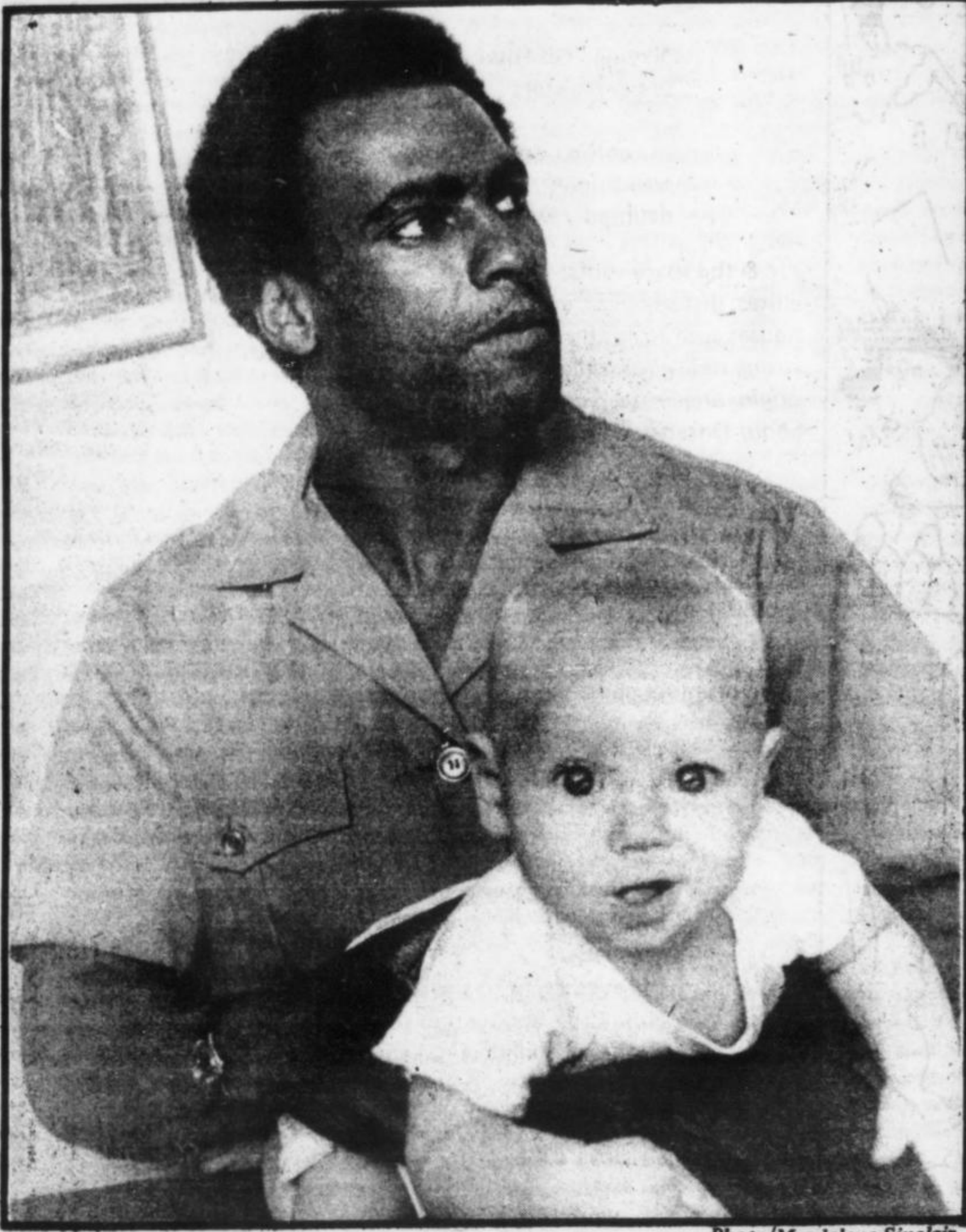
It is clear that your published criticism of my statement regarding the commitment of Black Panthers to the revolutionary struggle of the National Liberation Front in Vietnam was written for the comfort and aid of the oppressors in this nation rather than for the oppressed. I want to take this opportunity to make my intent clear to the oppressed of this wretched land.

I am very grateful for the support and encouragement I received from many thousands of Black people during my 33 months of prison. I always found the reports of their faith and confidence in me and their wish to see me free to be great sources of strength during that sojourn (to live for a while). My release was a joyous event for me and the people, and I thank them for freeing me.

I am also aware that the enemies of the people — that is the ruling circle of America — are just as anxious to see me dead or in prison and will go to any lengths to accomplish their evil purpose. This is not because of me but because of the goals and the ideology of the Black Panther Party, a Vanguard Party totally committed to the liberation of those Blacks who have been missed by almost every program and legislative change resulting from the Civil Rights Movement.

Your statement charging me with "wrong priorities" reflects your own self-interest as a so-called leader of Blacks who has the ear of the ruling circle. Your insidious "White baiting" is also a reflection of self-interest, lack of understanding, and incipient Black racism. Should you continue such attacks for the benefit of our oppressor you will only reveal yourself to be a treacherous enemy of the people who misleads them by placing self-interest above the objective needs and interests of the Black lumpen-proletariat — America's wretched of the earth.

We recognize, and many Blacks with us, that the Civil Rights laws which you have won in the recent past have not protected the people, but have frustrated their drive toward freedom. Even though recognizing this some Blacks continue to put their faith in you because they feel it necessary to hand on to the belief that America will transform itself through its own legal mechanisms. This does not make sense for the numerous cases you cite throughout the land are evidence to the contrary. A people who have needed "everything from an overcoat in" for literally centuries cannot objectively expect that their oppressors will "heal themselves." There is obviously some deeper motivation for the oppression, motivation not only based on the character of the oppressors, but upon the fundamental aspects of the American



Photo/Magdalene Sinclair

system itself. Yet we all seem to have some need for dreams — of self-healing.

The Black Panther Party puts this struggle on such a level and gives analyses and answers to this madness so that it is no longer necessary for the people to accept a dream. We encourage the people to strive for real goals — survival, liberation, and freedom.

The priorities of the Black Panther Party are in full view of all Black people in this land. Our first priority is survival and we place this in the context of the needs of the people. Therefore our programs have helped people to survive through Breakfast for School Children, Health Clinics, and newly-developing programs such as Free Clothing, Free Shoes, Loans to Welfare Mothers, and Free Buses to Prisons for Families of Inmates. The people have rallied to these programs because they meet their basic and daily needs. The priorities of the Black Panther Party are well stated in our ten-point program which is published weekly in our paper.

We recognize that our oppression is supported and maintained by the fire-power utilized by the agents of the omnipotent administrators. We recognize that the small ruling class which exploits us here finds it to their economic advantage to exploit the people of distant lands. We recognize that America is no longer a nation but an empire and the same troops who occupy and kill at Jackson State, Birmingham, Chicago and New Orleans are also occupying and killing in My Lai, in Phnom Penh and many other places. The same ruling class which controls the military and government here also controls the military and government in South Vietnam and Cambodia.

America is World Enemy Nr.1 and the military is its strong arm. We feel that it is imperative (necessary) to defend people of color when they are attacked by American troops in other lands. These attacks are designed to continue the profit-mongering of the ruling class and their carbon lackeys.

Black people in America have long

been affected in a negative way by America's war — of imperialism. The Black Panther Party now understands what is going on and is moving to develop appropriate responses. We are internationalists because our struggle must proceed on many fronts. While we feed and clothe the poor at home we must meet and attack the oppressor wherever he may be found.

It is clear, however, that you are also an internationalist, but in support of imperialism and at the expense of Black people who contribute so much to you. Recently you signed a full page advertisement in the New York Times urging this government to send jets to Israel. We challenge you to show the people how your support of this ad is designed to improve their lot rather than your own self-interests. That advertisement cost several thousand dollars of somebody's money which could have been put to good use by those very Black people you accuse me of ignoring. Why do you support imperialism and ignore the reality which indicates so clearly that the lowly conditions of Blacks are caused by a complex intermingling of capitalism, imperialism and racism? All of these must be dealt with at the same time if we are to end our repression.

I am sorry you felt the need to attack me and that this response must be made. We will be free and we will settle for nothing less. Our number one priority is survival of Black people in this land and we will use all necessary and sufficient means to do so.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Huey P. Newton  
Minister of Defense  
Black Panther Party

the black  
panther

EAST HOUSTON ST. GRIMOIR ...

(... for to curse on Con-Edison!)

1.  
the class-consciousness  
astounds the hipster salamander:  
(Yogi Berri  
makin' it in a whole  
fistfull of poems  
nowadays:) the gasman  
is probably gone; & lashed-out  
from some ellipse down a darkened  
hallway  
7 flights up the unending walkups  
of Suffolk st.,

a poet / mad w/music  
yells us Geo. Washing-  
ton kept slaves!

the flames shoot out  
in necromantic silence;  
blue & hard cold steel ...

mad Joanna shrieks of  
catatonia  
thru the midnight bars  
her glasstop chauffeur  
stopping at Katz's  
for hot pastrami ...

salamander dances  
in the downtown  
subway - the London  
underground  
reverberates!

everything looming - waxing  
stealthily larger ... ice-blue/froze  
& the shrill thwish of the  
january wind.

...  
appears the central gable  
of the Reims Cathedral in  
gloom & mist:

Peculiar vibrations of New Orleans?  
(except  
that East Houston st. belong there ...)



Orchard St.: the gypsies  
corroborate!

then might be the  
arboreal gestalt  
: having Sidney Becket  
tree you up a call-  
box!

playing "Ol' Hindustan" in  
upper-registers ...

the entire populace  
walks-up ... un-  
daunted / walks right on up.

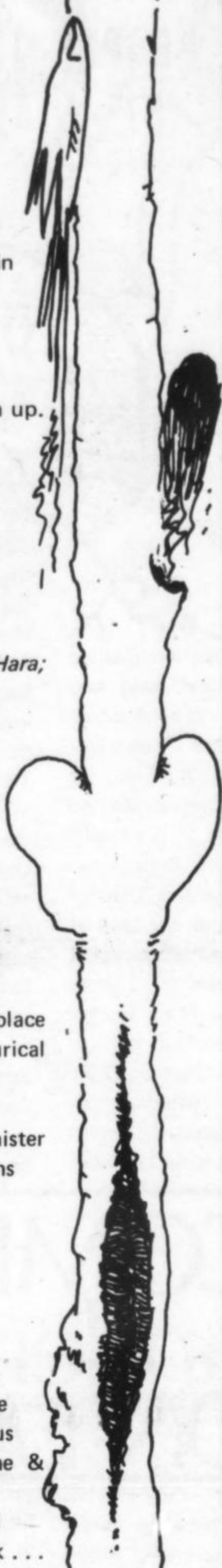
... & the space shots; sat-  
ellites; disturbances, etc; in the 12  
houses seen from the roof: a  
strong desire for roman-candles  
originating w/the ghostly Mohawks  
about Ontario ... o,

(i've seen Yogi show w/OHara;  
LeRoi;  
in some Oppenheimer; di  
Prima; myself ... / & i,  
myself, drinking  
atropa-belladona

in an umpire's chest-  
protector, warding off  
the woe & worst of  
other sorcerers!) ...

but  
the real gremlin of the place  
is found in the aurical  
synthesis.  
the eyes begin to smart  
about the application-sinister  
of the salamander! screams  
of quiet fright;  
& then / the moon!

while  
in the park sits one fat lady  
fortune-teller, eating  
exotic nuts from a felt-bag, like  
karate; tarot. popocatepetl; chartreuse  
simulacrum; etc ... salivation, various  
elixirs - she spits out formulae &  
potion pits / full of  
doom & drang, deceased & chill  
in her fat rank of loud unspeak ...



something in common together ...

i have abandoned rapport -  
not Rappaports  
alho i doubt my appetite'd  
find satiety there nor well,  
but a loft monster  
like Luftwaffers haunting my head replies  
upon what drudgery or drudgeried  
rapport's  
been made, no longer carried on nor  
held ...

only the one last thought of  
what's been before,  
the retort in sportin'  
terms/why talk,  
listen

imagine,  
anticipate  
when the rapport's  
fraught  
with ice & cold - let's boff instead  
in the loft;

what monstrous  
better idea how best be we neighborly?

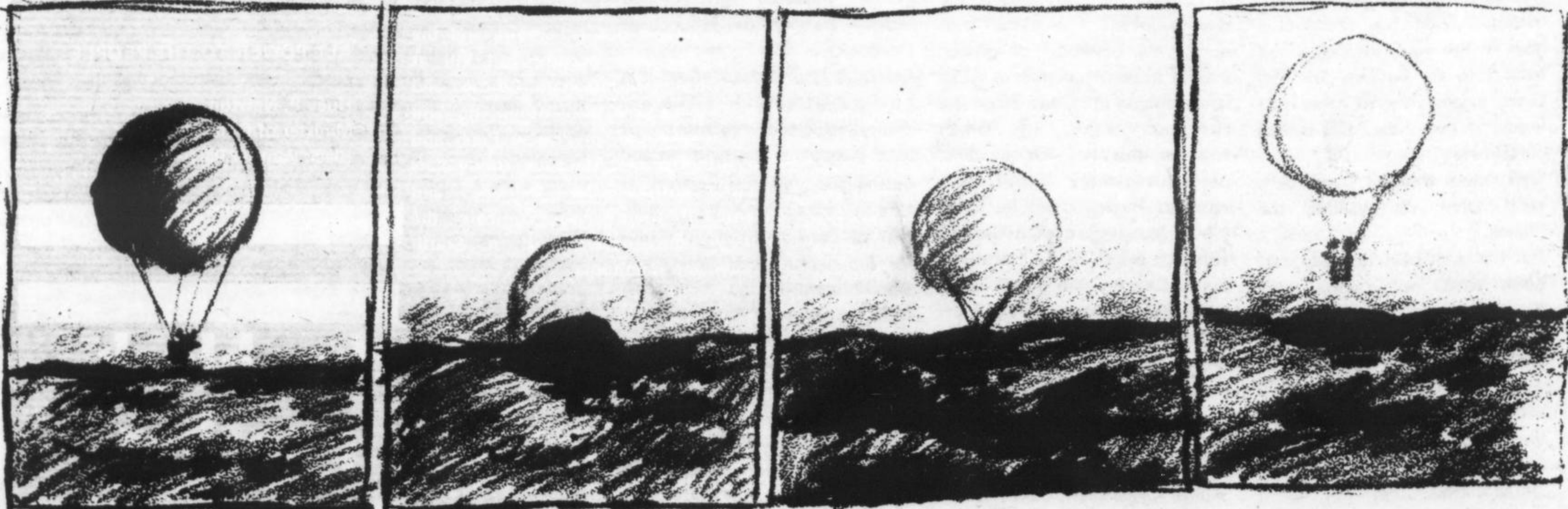
(report in from Rikers ... ah, restaurant,  
stifled embarrassment sort

after ...  
nor distraught, but  
caught in the act of  
forever;  
clever illusionist's  
lesson,  
the lesser sans our  
rapport ...

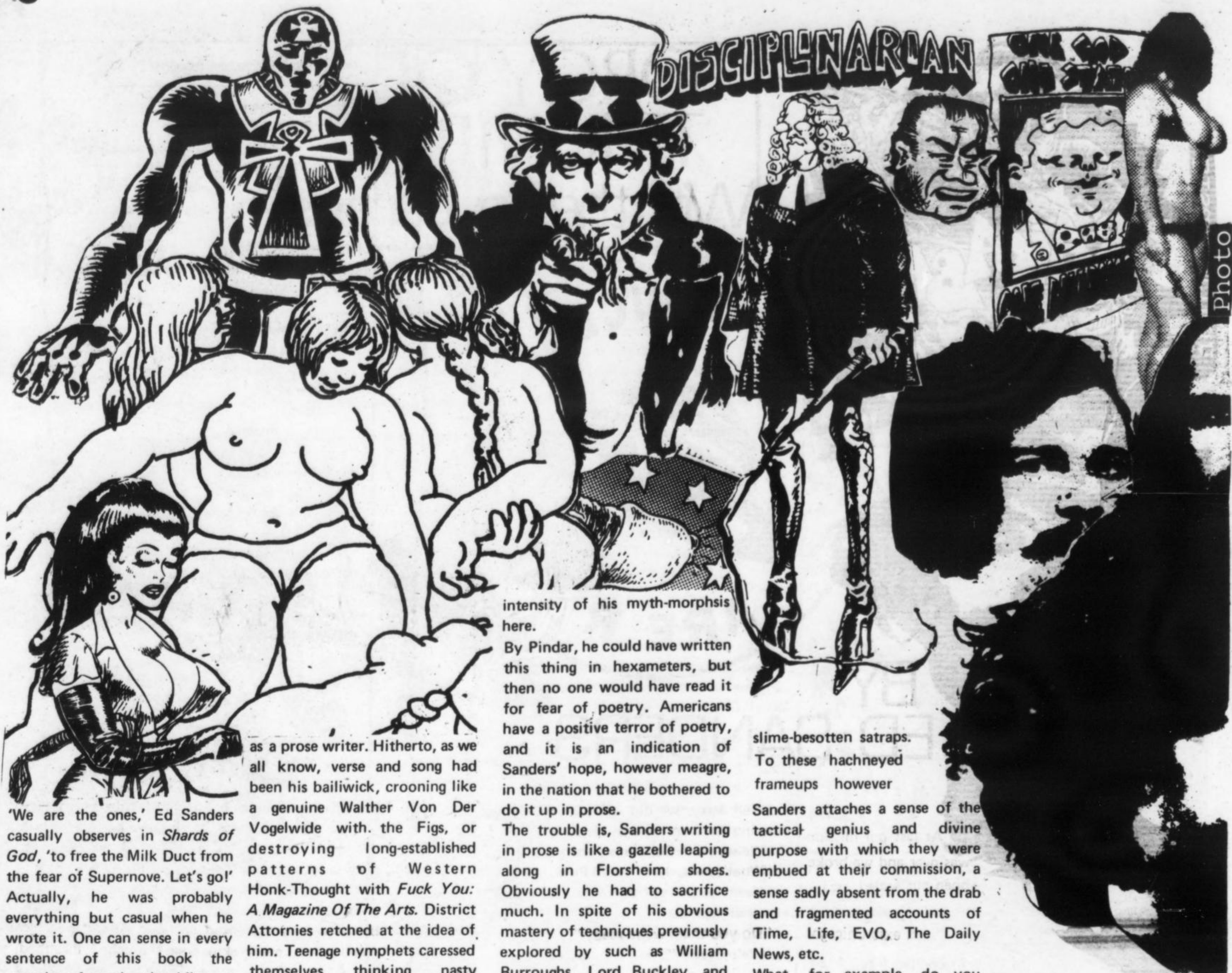
sever cleaving hover ...  
wiggle closer lover ...!

ray bremser

TOMLINSON



TOMLINSON



'We are the ones,' Ed Sanders casually observes in *Shards of God*, 'to free the Milk Duct from the fear of Supernova. Let's go!' Actually, he was probably everything but casual when he wrote it. One can sense in every sentence of this book the grapples of cocaine shredding up the author's cerebral cortex and the metamphetamine wrenching his Id loose of its moorings like Blastaar pulling Mr Fantastic's penthouse laboratory out of the Baxter Building. But of all the fine lines in this book of his, to be published soon by Grove Press, lines that swarm his pages like baby scorpions on their mama's thorax, this one of the Milk Duct and Supernova stands out. We are little warm furry mammals, frailest constructs of bone slivers and blood filters, milk-slurping dung-droppers whose brief shadows are cast by one long feeble pulse of light soon to flash us all away in novaexposure. Then, some say, the old star, exhausted, collapses in upon itself and becomes a hole in the void, sucking us all back into it. But we are The Ones, suggest Sanders, to at least mock, if not avert, this dismal curtain scene.

Well, power to us all. I still think we'll wind up walking the Planck.

For the most part, however, this book does not plumb such thermodynamic profundities of the Universal Condition, but prefers to concern itself with the tribal behaviour of those furry little mammals, and some shaven ones too, on and about the Summer of '68, during the Dread Yippie Conspiracy of that period. This is Sanders' premiere

as a prose writer. Hitherto, as we all know, verse and song had been his bailiwick, crooning like a genuine Walther Von Der Vogelwide with the Figs, or destroying long-established patterns of Western Honk-Thought with *Fuck You: A Magazine Of The Arts*. District Attornies retched at the idea of him. Teenage nymphets caressed themselves thinking nasty thoughts of him. Now Barney Rossett has published him. Is there no justice in the world? No propotion? No prisons? No workhouses? It seems he won't get out of the singing business,

**DECOMPlanck  
OSanders D.A.  
ITION LATIMER**

though, pressed though his words have to be between wafers of papyrus. He is still a skald, Sanders, and in fact, with *Shards of God* he attempts the long-forgotten exercise of portraying common or garden variety human mammals as fit to stride among the Gods. Since the Heracleian cycle of Greek folklore this has seldom been done successfully (Stand Jesus next to Heracles and he looks like a Jew faggot; even Captain Roadstrum in R.A. Lafferty's *Space Chanty*, Ace Books 1968, deserving of reprint, comes off ballsier than that) but reading *Shards of God* the impression grows on one that we may just be entering another Aeon Of Heroes. I mean real heroes. Heroes like Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, on whom Sanders concentrates the greater

intensity of his myth-morphsis here.

By Pindar, he could have written this thing in hexameters, but then no one would have read it for fear of poetry. Americans have a positive terror of poetry, and it is an indication of Sanders' hope, however meagre, in the nation that he bothered to do it up in prose.

The trouble is, Sanders writing in prose is like a gazelle leaping along in Florsheim shoes. Obviously he had to sacrifice much. In spite of his obvious mastery of techniques previously explored by such as William Burroughs, Lord Buckley, and Al Feldstein who did the intros to the EC horror comics stories, Sanders appears to be strangely confined, bound and gagged in some strained agonising bondage position, throughout

the beginning of the book. He hits a wild manic stride, though, in the 'Aunt No-No' chapter, and careens yippie-ti-yi-o in a grand slaving goat-hooved fashion through the balance of the book.

Essentially, *Shards of God* is a comparatively subdued, de-mythologised account of what happened just prior to and during the historical Festival Of Life in Chicago in August, 1968. Out of consideration no doubt for the nation's bail bondsmen, who heaven knows have their work cut out for them already, Sanders exposes only those conspiracies, describes none but those abnormal acts, and admits merely those subversive crimes with which the various heroes of the Yippie Nation have already been charged by our Babylonian overlords and their

slime-besotten satraps.

To these hachneyed frameups however Sanders attaches a sense of the tactical genius and divine purpose with which they were embued at their commission, a sense sadly absent from the drab and fragmented accounts of Time, Life, EVO, The Daily News, etc.

What, for example, do you remember about The Great Pentagon Hunching Contest? At *Last It Can Be Told*, and Sanders tells it, about the renegade Air Force generals, the sabotaged android, the traitor circle in the Pentagon and all the other forces that led to Abbie's success in the six-hour fucking competition — and how Abbie, Christlike, responded to his betrayal by the U.S. Government by merely damning their souls to eternal perdition and time-strobe. The Yippie-forming rites both foul and immaculate in Jerry Rubin's former Third Street apartment are described in *Shards Of God* with a relish that few undercover policemen could embellish upon. All these morsels of modern historical arcana are pressed now for the first time between the covers of a single book; you can throw away your collection of *National Enquirers*. At last you can understand Yippie (if you never were a Yippie, this may be your last chance), and how 'Nothing warms the heart of Yippie so much as a boarded-up precision parts factory seen from the dirty smelly ugly windows of the pitiful Long Island Railroad. Breakdowns, heh heh, breakdowns, heh heh, breakdowns: victory.'

There are two forces in conflict in Sanders' book: the Good and the Bad. Until you have a higher apprehension of what's going on

in America today, this may sound kind of simplified. Until then, shut up and bear with us. The Good Guys here are the Yippies and the Bad Guys are the American Government. Led by Abbie and Jerry, the Yippies constitute a population of bearded depraved commie weirdnicks and pneumatic throbbing 'Rapunzel-haired' eternally teenaged females. Under the corseted sway of the horrible Aunt No-No and her 'duodenal Roto-Rooter' for chastisement of the human colon' grovel the statesmen, tycoons, warriors, law enforcement officers and lip-service liberals of the Establishment. Chicago was the Thermopylae of these factions, and Freedom was their Helen.

Enlarging on these basics, Sanders speaks of the Yippies their intergalactic allies the I-mouthed infiltrators, the undead. Describing just one such conspiracy session, which took place in a flying saucer in the industrial murk over the lower east side — 'The saucer was maybe 1000' feet in diameter. Shiny black. On top of it grew a sacred grove of trees and a temple to Demeter' — Sanders recounts the tactical brilliance of the 4,500-years-undead mummy Akhnaton and the terrible

(Continued on Page 22)



# ORGY OF TRIUMPH With the Sauceroids

## FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL

### BY ED SANDERS

Elsa Dorfman

# BRABA BRABA



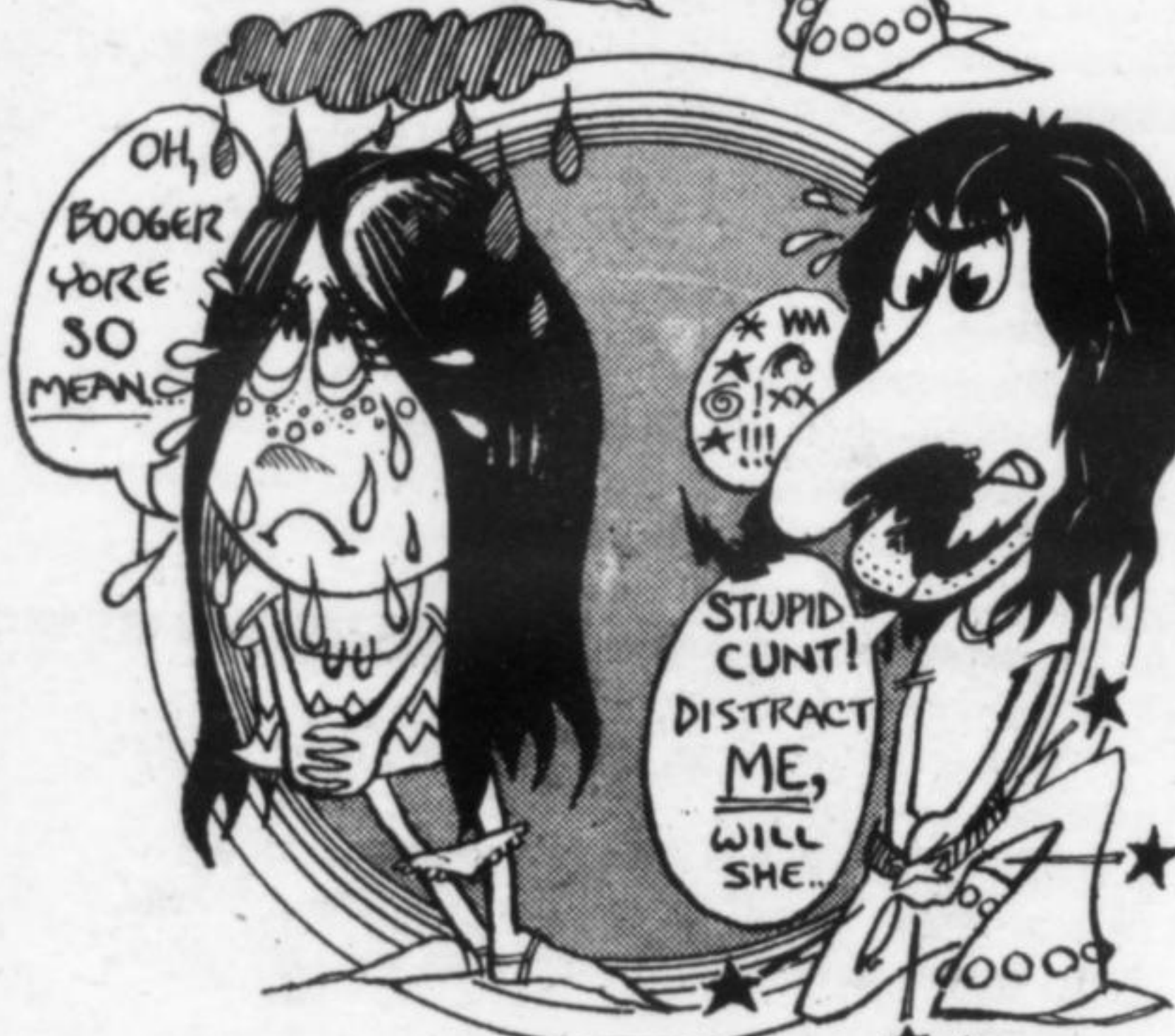
At last our mission was over and we broke open our sealed escape orders, preparing to exit Chicago. From the fray, from the park, from the freak scene, the Yuppies were picked up and hauled to the saucer. Hurras! resounded from the ladders. The atmosphere aboard the saucer was jubilant. Jewels and rubies were being thrown about like confetti. Liquor and dope and glasses of hallucination mist were immediately served. Needless to say, the Council of Eye Forms was overjoyed also. Excited bug wraiths walked around rubbing their mandibles together in glee. "Humphrey is thru! Oh boy, we're gonna get Nixon. He's so superstitious! He has to sleep sometime, you know — har hurh!" All the kheproids laughed and squeaked. The high pitched shrieking of their mandibles really became intolerable. In spite of the din, the celebration was wonderful. Poets were in abundance — Al Fowler, Bob Browning, Robert Creeley, Tom Eliot, Charles Olson, Bill Wordsworth, Robert Duncan, Hart, Ginsberg, Kit Marlowe. Right upon the diamond rungs the freckled heinies flecked with orgybutter began to fuck. "More more more!" — that universal cry — "More more more!" And just like the mammals of the Odyssey after danger and recent accomplishment, the princes of the Aeon made banquet. An orgy is an orgy, you all know that. The usual acid-smearred bananas, crook-neck squashes, and white radishes were everywhere. Every room had its own closed circuit porn projector. The whole saucer was a vast labyrinth of pleasure rooms — steam rooms, saddle barns, grope vats full of the substance of your choice, anything. Even something called the James Joyce Museum of Panties, where 500,000 pairs of panties were on exhibit on special fondle-racks. Any kind of sexual partner was available — bug wraiths were in demand, also animal-headed Egyptian Goddesses. Memories of Lincoln Park. The music was unusual, a medley of Perry Como hits. One was taken aback by delicate craggy-domed sauceroids swaying intently to Mambo Italiano.

"Well Jerry, we did it!!" Dave Dellinger walked up, slapping Jerry on the shoulder. "We sure did. Computers are great." "What's next, Jer?" asked Piano Wire. "Next we put our computers up against Langley and see what happens." "Do you think we're ready?" "We're ready." I might as well describe one more fuck scene. God, it was wonderful. I was talking to Elizabeth Barrett about James Dickey's prestige among dead poets when I was tappen on the shoulder. I turned and saw that it was the lady that had sought out Jean Genet in Lincoln Park. "Gear shift," was all she said. She wiggled her shoulder forward, turned, and walked away, unzipping her dress and exposing a wildly tattooed back as she rounded the bend. I guessed, correctly, that she was desirous of box bonk. If there is any greater need for the existence of I-mouthed saucer ladies than the gear shift blow job, I should like to know of it. The sauceroids have mouths the shape of large horizontal capital I's. When she scarfs, she acts with her wonderful mouth as if she is giving a quick demonstration of speed-shift gear positions for a racing car, slipping the pud into the various crease-slits of her mouth-I with blazing dexterity. The rapidity with which her mouth cut capers was impossible for weak human eyes to follow. I did not want to, nor could I, for she was body-pressing my face. Her vagina was not I-shaped, but it had a color scheme that makes one scrape for likenesses. The closest thing to its coloring is when a child takes a set of modeling clays and mixes all the colors together into a swirling mass. This was she. I loved our oneness. But somehow I felt inferior to her, like a goatboy trying to please Demeter. I did my best. When I came, she seemed happy. We smoked some hell weed; then she turned with her earnest intelligent eyes and said, "I think that I have given you a measure of peace." "Yes. Yes," I said, hoping for more. "Your turn, beatnik." She laughed at her joke. "Seriously, people from my galaxy can be rubbed off." This time I laughed. "Stop it!" she said, "... you know, we have sensors all over our skin." She rubbed her breasts, tattooed with griffins like the gates to an Assyrian city, quaking with rub-thrills. "Well, I was wondering... well if you..." she gestured toward a table where there was a pile of vibrators. Eleven in all: two for my hands, two for my feet, one for my tongue, one for my membrum, two for my kneecaps, two for my

shoulders, and a large one to strap around my midriff. I was to strap these on and give her a vibration job. "Glad to, glad to," I mumbled. I got very nervous putting on the vibrators because the very sounds of the straps and the switches seemed to arouse her. Finally she grew weak with desire and fainted. I vibrated this beautiful lady for about an hour. As she grew close to culmination, every skin area I touched throbbed and rippled like a sine wave. She screamed for about ten minutes, babbling in a language it was not given for me to know. We petted and kissed for quite a while longer, then rejoined the festivities. Thrice the ship orbited the earth fore the mood became serious and Allen began singing the AUM. We all sang together. Hours seemed to pass. Akhnaton rose to talk with us: "Each bloody head behead the Hilton stomped America further into the unsalvable muck. But yet may she be saved when we shall have bulk-erased her blood guilt. Thou shalt practice Grail in all thy deeds, for thou art eternal. Come forward, holy cell of Man." The conspirators walked forward and looked up into the radiant eyes of Akhnaton. "Thou art a Conspiracy to bring the Image of God back into America." Akhnaton lifted his arms and placed a crown of new-cut woven hemp fronds upon each head: Abbie, Jerry, Bobby, Dave, Tom, Rennie, John and Lee; princes of the Aeon. Naked, bathed in light, praying, tears of humility splashing the throne-plinth, they waited while Khepri approached with the Opener of the East. Each, each selfless man of peace, each was oped in the Sacred Eye by Khapri, who stood above them and trepanned the conspirators with a laser beam of holiness. We formed a circle, all of us aboard Zagreus-90, and stared in silence toward the center, toward the flashing Computer of Computers. Then prayed. O God, thou who art beyond the idiot explosion of dwarf star and nova, forgive us our senseless Earthman stupidity. Let us go forth this day to talk, to see, to love, to feel in order to shape, to aid, to know the Sharing City of God in our Time, on our Planet, in these Dimensions. Amen.

# MALE + FEMALE CHAUVINISTS? BOOGER 'N PUSSES... HOW THE VERY PERFECT!.....

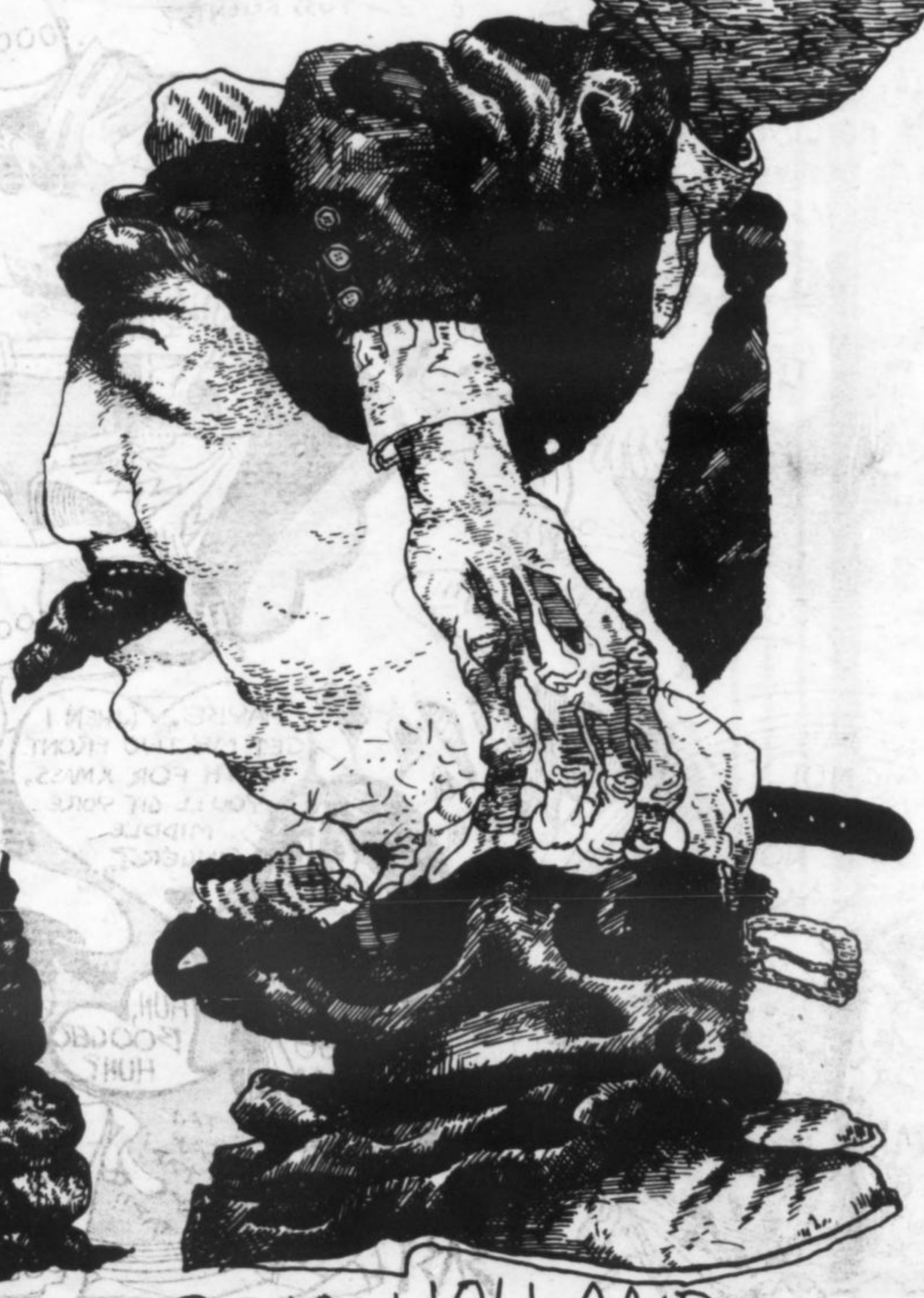
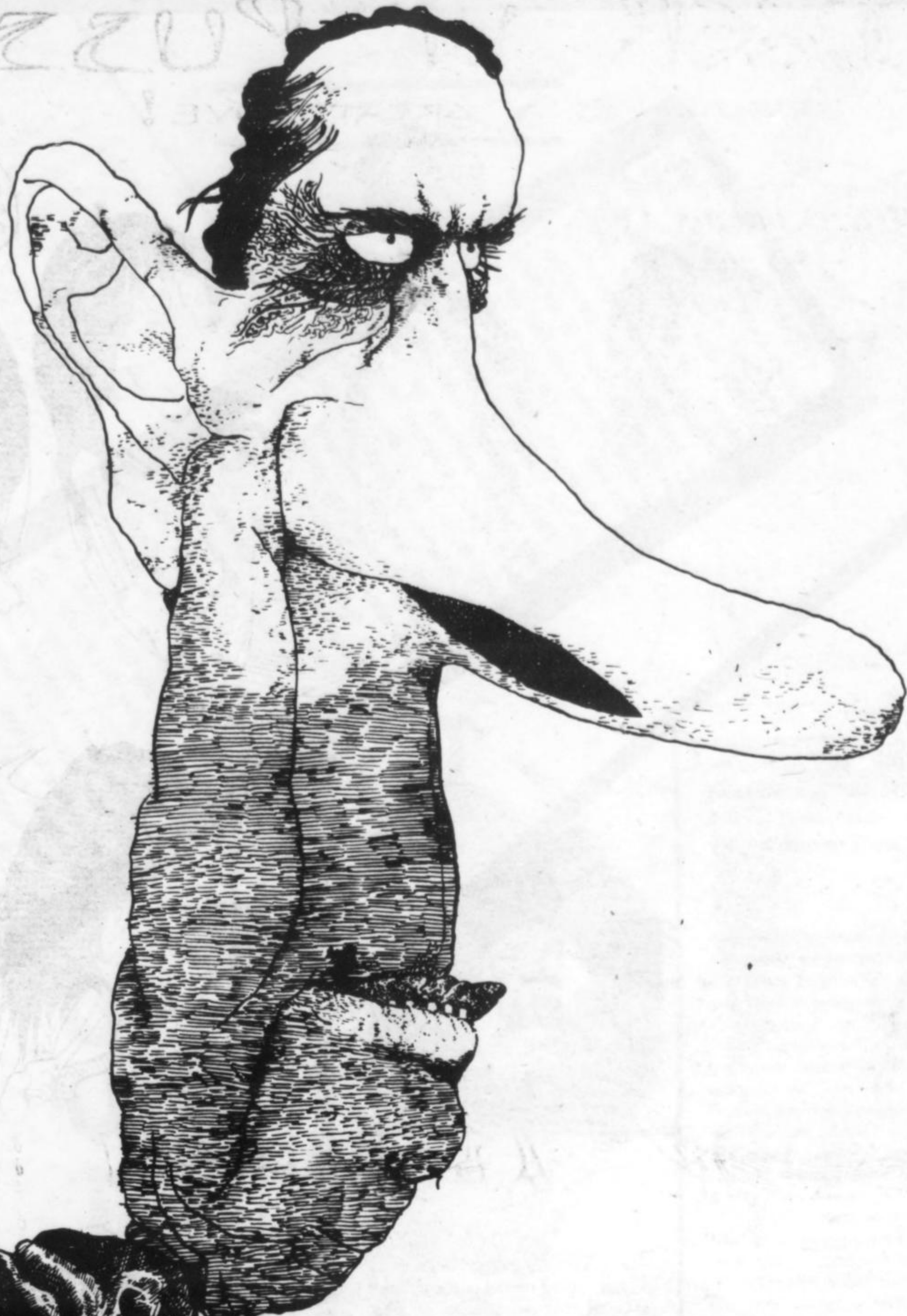
★ PAY TRIBUTE TO A GREAT LOVE!



AN' THEY LIVED HAPPILY (HEE, HEE) EVER AFTER (BLAH, BLAH)

HOW THE VERY PERFECT!.....

0227777



BRAD HOLLAND

(HET HEE) BARR APFER (GIAH ZIM)







# Frick Charlie VERSES IN COMIC POETRY

New York skyline the wasted by lines of a morning edition of a half baked paper full of the news that no one wants to read. its 8 am and theyre rioting in egypt. October comes, in and no one has noticed. The beginning has already begun, tim leary says everyone get your guns. Thats ok too less youre on the wrong end when it goes off but we were all thru that one last week. Morning comes and another day slung over my shoulder bending in the wind bending to try and begin all over again this final day. Yes in all sorts of strange and new ways im learning to make do. is it something to let go thru?? Only time will tell.

Look Inside, See the light and Know .. be still?

Be still look inside see the light and know?? or was it no thats not it .. let me see .. A cold october first and im thirstin deep down for that round sound to fill my soul. Its something that you got to get to fill up the hole when theres a spot with nothing. Icecream in the cold weather is no way to begin. But nevertheless right after the 7 oclock news in between the jefferson airplane and some songs about the country i saw it happen, for a while it was going to slip by I dont know why but i caught the sun up on 11th street. Its a bleak sort of affair not something to look and stare at but all morning long i got to sing a song to get me thru the rest of the day. it shouldnt have to be that way.

The birds flying thru the haze in between the buildings of steel and concrete symetry along carefully measured lines of travel, they soar out of reach with a great roar the wind comes up and begins to pick up the dance of the hours,

on this day in a land not so far away as one might think. Its a national holiday in new jersey but there theyll celebrate the kitchen sink and the color teevee and the oldsmobile cars and the polish bars adjoining the 32lane bowling alley, today is a day where women cry and flowers die officially on

im sorry to announce the passing of the flowers. Its traditionally celebrated the calendar and the lunar progression starts its gradual but steady acention to the celebration

Not only Days all at once when i get flipped and think of why i bang around like a pinball it comes to me not the reason why but in the fall its like it all happens like a movie screen. each time its different each new day is a different dream, some say that to stay for more than a day is sheer madness. to go away with nothing done today might just be a sin but that all depends where you fit in. Its cold today the first in many ways to make you think, just what happen to the kitchen sink and all the games of chance that make you dance in anticipation of a reward here for your efforts, its a fools game that stays the same day after day but if you can dig it Love is the way.

In hello today america when it should be getting easier to say just who are the cowboys and who are the Indians its getting more like the great yellow horde of atilia the hun's domain, everyone looking, dressing, acting, the same all into the same games the same stupid aims of modern tecnological american man. I see people doing exactly what they can. . . .

Yeah i think it happened a couple of times the other day i must have been looking the other way around my mind I think it was a love story i lost on one time around, I wonder sometimes where this old world is bound. Maybe if i put up a sign so others would know maybe together we could make this thing of assembling recources get up and go, get off the ground maybe even fly around the room a couple of times and make the lines of flight land right out the door. i mean what is everyone waiting for, it seems to get caught in the same groove and no one seems to move, only watching for that new television season that diddn.t come, yeah the flower cong sure has america on the run but now that theyre killing off the rock and roll stars the hero of so many juke boxes in teenaged bars all across this land at the drop of a hat youre supposed to know where its at but theres something wrong with the main tube, with everyones eyes glued to the set people went out of the room to get their usual teevee snack and they never came back Into the kitchen and out the door,

the commercial is what most people are waiting for so they can get up and leave the room. well it aint that easy this time you goons theyve got you right where they want you to be, in their clutches, in the hands of that great hero in frank zappas first freak out album, Mothers and fathers,

The son of the monster magnet, has your sons and daughters, by the short hairs americas young is being kept strung out on everything from pepsi to the uncola underground movies and record companies and rock and roll bullshit associations.

So simple a child easily learn

A couple of weeks ago youll remember that on the wild west coast, where they rock it the most (they think) that most exahulted of all todays rock stars STEVE STILLS was found crawling around on his hands and knees on the floor of a motel room in a funny place on the other side of town, where none of the jet set hang around, well anyways the pigs came in the door and steve stills as you used to know him is no more, all the papers had a small item on him. Hes got this funny kind of power over americas young women populations, not the pervert freaks on some of the female lunitic fringe but good old holesome american women the kind youll find anywhere from the 4h club to the basket ball game on friday afternoon at the VFW hall.

Theyre part of the forgotten ones, in the old days the pseudo hips would call these people SQUARES, but then again in those days the hip people were afraid to smoke pot on the bowling alley in the port authority. The "freaks" in the old days didnt even grow hair over the entire portion of their faces, only on small places here and there, On their chin a goatee would begin and maybe a small mustache, and these were grown men.

**BUT WHAT ABOUT TODAY MY FRIEND**  
This weeks column being brought to you thru the courtesy of the Holy Cupcake and Pie Company of North America.

Its only a month away that fate full day in late october, when we all find out what weve been waiting for. Is it s hit or is it a miss?

The early fall is a good time to have everything up full blast thats why the hip merchant capitalist pigs try to make the lunacy last People get stoned and go out and buy records, right? well who gets the major portion of the money thats made from those records.

Did you ever stop to think, maybe youre helping this poor country sink lower than its ever been before just by going to the store and getting some more of your flash hip-hipocracy in packaged form. Maybe spending all that hard earned money of yours on foolish things like goin to the hip clothing stores and walkin in thru all the right doors with that "Yes im here to get some clothes to make me look him" smile? forget it clown Its a jive time bit of foolishness to do that and still take peace and love out of the other side of your mouth. Just where do you get off america???

Everytime its the fall the movies on television are the worst of all and the posters in the stores and the oil slicks on the shores of all the beaches shows me where this country goes, and it can go there alone, and it can, and IS going there along. Off on a limb to try and save the democratic hymn of the republic even though its out of tune. There are too many people these days fascinated with the power of the moon to get anything across. But unless some kind of fast moving changes happen fast this thing we all know as American Reality is gonna be past history, Hey did you ever try to think what youre going to tell them a long time and place from now, when the people want to know how it was all done?? Its done with mirrors and light these days the subleles movement of power in the smallest of ways.

So many of the people complain all the time and the line is so simple too theres nothing you can do, if you dont like this world go find a better one

astonish your friend

# Andy Warhol

Well, What have we here, a new picture by Andy Warhol and his crew starring Joe Dallesandro and introducing Jane Forth and Holly Woodlawn. I settled back into my seat to watch our Home Town Fave Rave Joe appear on the screen, Joe is involved in trying to "get off" on some skag while this chick, Geri Miller who looks like a Cupie Doll is doin' a dance, all sexy, all naked, muscles rippling, flesh pulsating, writhing madly, passionately, 10 ft. high on the screen tits and ass, all you could go for, neon lights, pop favorites on the record player. And our Hero, Joe still can't get it up for his broad. Well, that's the junkies plight, as we all know. Later as we see Joe walking down the street we catch glimpses of the infamous Gem Spa and other Hippie Haunts, he meets a young flower child and everything is pretty much acid high on the screen. The flower child turns out to be this rich dame, real pretty. She calls him a junkie and naturally he has to prove his masculinity. This is the first rape or fuck of the movie. Then we see the Sweetheart, Miss Holly Woodlawn. She looks absolutely beautiful. Some people wouldn't even know she's a man in a million years. So she's rummaging around some garbage, finding some choice pieces of garbage, trying to support her junkie husband. Later she brings home a nice boy from Yonkers to meet Joe. A nice young boy, as was stated, so Holly skin pops him a little so he can get off for the Fillmore Concert. I bet Johnny Putnam fills more into Holly than what was seen in the picture. Anyway, Hippiedom as usual, drugs, the whole scene, you know. Next we see Joe dropping in on Miss Jane, The Suburban housewife. Miss Jane is super chic suave as she finds our drug-crazed Hero trying to rip her off. She explains to him she hasn't had it in two weeks and arranges through old school friends that Joe could stay and meet her husband and perhaps have a gay time of it later on. Here's a great junkie classic - Jane holds on tight to the "Headband." The plot thickens a little and Holly fucks herself with a beer bottle because Joe still can't get it up. Except for a few minor things like Holly's body and everything still looks like a girl.

It is now high time for

theres no one to say that any one had run from a particular situation game that they just happened to wake up in one morning, once the thoughts of the other world begin, its a cinch to make the transition if ones mind is ready to begin to make serious and concioucious efforts of the things thats goin' down, sometimes it happens all over town at the same time. its a funny kind of rhyme that mooves me. it think its a breach of the galaxies that brings it to a point.

Sometimes places in time spin me around till im no longer able to see, sometimes theres other places a man must be before he can go on, i think i hear that old railroad song warmin up in the back of my mind, i hope the future tense shock treatment isnt too advanced this time, I think like a movie it spins around and around, sometimes its an old time groovy that takes my feet off the ground. "The only workable formula is that every new theory should be sufficiently crazy to become true."

PARLOR PASTIMES.

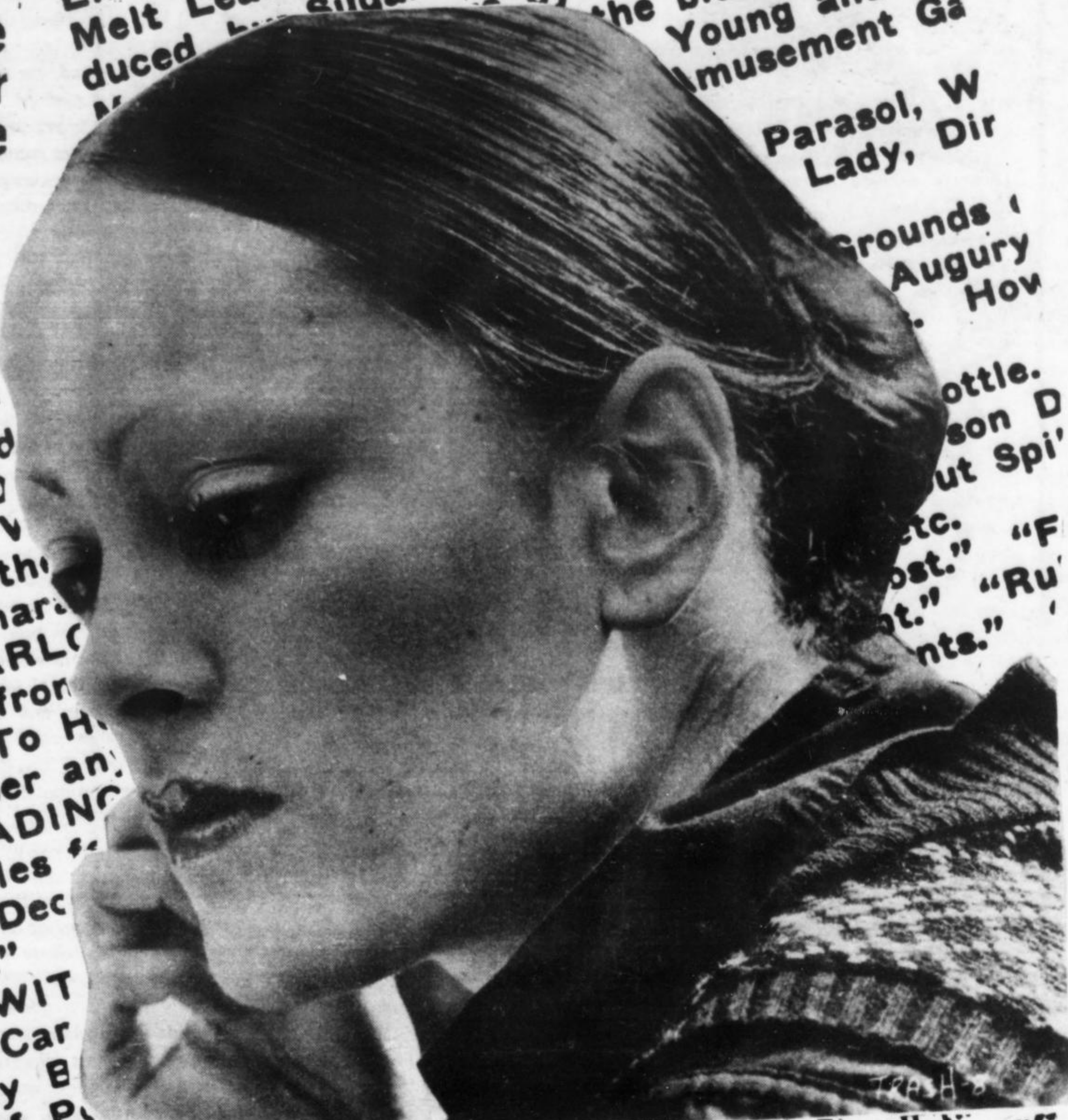


Entertaining. Melt Lead in a Sugar. Artificial by the Fire, Hot s Young and Ol Amusement Ga

Parasol, W Lady, Dir

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ottle. son D ut Spi etc. "F nt." "Ru nts."



# Takes A Peek At The Lower Eastside Jackie

## Acon GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER

God, she even looks like she's "COMING" like a girl. Some might say this scene was a down trip but she really was very pretty bouncing around on the mattress. What can a SEX CRAZY do anyway? It turns out her sister's pregnant and Holly decides to settle down and set up house keeping with the kid and Joe. The families going on welfare and Joe's kicking the habit. You'd think it was a happy ending except for the MAN from Welfare comes down to the house to fill out the blanks and send in the forms, and he asks for the silver shoes. WILL HOLLY WOODLAWN GIVE UP HER CHANCE FOR A FREE RIDE ON THE WELFARE MERRY-GO-ROUND OR WILL SHE GIVE UP HER SILVER SLIPPERS? Find out this and many other great surprises AT THE MOVIES, folks! TRASH is a fantastic flick.

Part II  
Being that the people who appear in TRASH aren't real actors but mostly people it's very difficult to measure their acting ability or stage presence or those academic things. However, Holly Woodlawn portrayed a Drag Queen marvelously. Her style is subtle with a little tragic irony thrown in. Watching her I thought about my mother which is a silly thing to say except when I was little and poor and my mother wasn't too smart she used to say stuff like, "If there's an Atomic Bomb I hope it hits this House." That's the kind of sweet humorous quality that Holly has. Jane Forth was something else again. She's very weird and I liked her. And when she was riffing or putting on She was great. How can you describe a teenager, anyway? There's something perverse about her, maybe even pathological, I just can't figure it out.

Part III  
This review is for all the lames out there who still think that Art and Culture are something you learn about in school. TRASH is the most revealing and sensitive

humanity to face squarely the causes of the catastrophe which has overtaken it.

I think a phone call to the light and power company is due. Sometimes the fone company plays those old slide around games of chance sometimes its just that old freight train dance that does like it does, morning and it all seems like a buzz in time. No where line of type of, senseless tripe that comes when your mind has been to the salmon factory for a while. Have you ever known the feeling that a tuna fish gets when the can is closed and packed into a carton, fresh to your grocers shelves. you can wind up behind yourself. As far as impressions are concerned Mans instinct gives him little guidance man deliberately seeks out poisonous influences and impressions, compelled by some perverse impulse to degrade his own inner life.  
A degenerate Entertainment industry does not hesitate to take advantage of this perverse taste pouring out thru all of its various channels a stream of more or less pathological material which readers viewers listeners eagerly absorb into their psyche.  
what it comes down to is that modern man's desire to flood his head and turn off the inner silence that is his inherent birth rite has been played out to the fullest, just look at what the capitalist money mongers are turning out these days,

film ever about "OUR GENERATION." Here we are hippies, alternate culture, freaks, outcasts. Abbie Hoffman says we're ORPHANS and that's exactly what we are, "Unwanted Children" We scream and cry, "We don't want you anymore."

So here comes along a movie about a drag queen and her junkie lover a very sad happy little situation comedy. Every actor living the part he's playing because where does the junkie stop and the actor begin and when you look around you so much of your life is a movie where does the life stop and the movie begin.

Man had this fucked up thing inside his mind that drives him into alley ways that are blind and dead end ways to pass away the days.  
He looks for things to rot his mind, he thinks its the only kind of family entertainment to pass the test, i mean for the modern american man theres nothing but the best, todays man has a fucked up information discrimination system. sometimes their own thought processes plays tricks on them.  
Perverted taste and funny wastes of time are all that they can do to keep the keel on an even flow. Its no wonder that mans mind is as fucked up as it shows. Its the fault of business and the industry and all those who want to keep everyone asleep and off their feet. Pull the wagons in a circle clem, i think its those old American Nazis at it again. With their storm trooper ways and their Time and a 1/2 over time days at the white collar factory. Its just like a story i heard once about the fall of rome. They we were all hangin out flashin their perversions in stead of home makein a new world out of the old, Its a funny thing thats makein this old world grow cold.  
Its time to ring in the new and ring out the old, Its the day that the flowers die, sometimes see young girls with slow

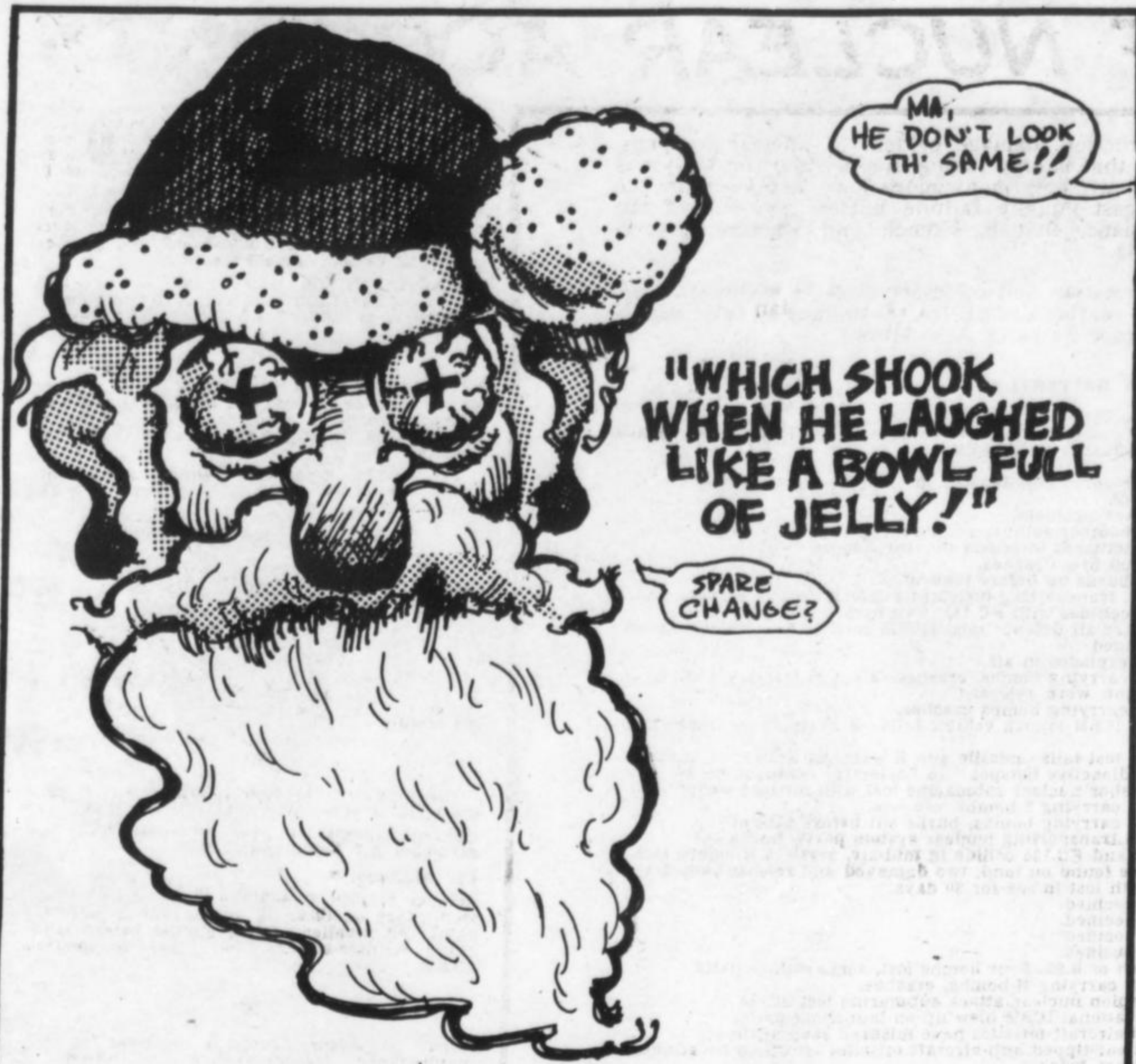
But Straigt society doesn't want us. As soon as we realize that Straight also means not Gay and accept our Bay brothers and sisters, the movement and such isn't worth a FUCK. The left and even apolitical freaks better get off this fucking machismo trip, then maybe we'll be able to change society and maybe even get some Peace around here.

EVO Review

sloping curls in their hair come from out of no where.  
... America is on a pathological trip heading for a time warp rip in the collected psyche of the american dream, sometimes theres a lot more going on than there seems to be, I think that love is the only solution, brothers and sisters Love is the only key to the door were facing. If one trys hard enough you can hear the bells ring out on the other side. you should get up and go for a ride. Maybe take your troubles out of town. take them out in the fresh air and fly them around on the end of your minds kite string.  
Maybe thatll make your bells ring a ling a ling  
Dont forget international Jimmi Hendrix out the window day later this month on the 23. Take your stereo and all the jimmi hendrix songs that you know and put the speaker out the window sill. turn up the volume till it feels good. Do this all day long and helpe celebrate with a song from another place and another time. Dont forget Jimmi Hendrix time October 23rd...  
See you then. Charlie Frick  
October 1st 1970  
your own fortune  
Lover's Telegraph

RIDDLES.

PUZZLES PROBLEMS PARLOR GAMES.



# WHITE CRISTMAS

Writing in the current Black Panther Party Newspaper, brother Michael D. offers a few original tactical suggestions for winter revolution. Noting that the prevalent myth of the Hot Summer tends to discourage anti-Pig action during the winter, Brother Michael notes that in fact during winter the mobility of the Pig is severely incommoded, which opens all manner of fruitful possibilities. Snow, particularly, can be made into a Revolutionary tool, providing a place to hide objects of self-defense and impeding Pig rescue services. Also, notes Brother Michael, the Christmas or Xmas season provides a rare opportunity for fucking the system. The

economy of Babylon depends to a near-fatal degree on the annual year's-end splurge-buying of Christmas gifts. DO NOT EXCHANGE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THIS YEAR OR ANY OTHER YEAR!! Kiss your brothers and sisters, don't feed the Pig by buying them needless "gifts" which moreover make it necessary that they buy more "gifts" for you. Brother D. further notes that now is the time for brothers and sisters working in the means of production to begin to sabotage Christmas 1970. "In those factories where Black people sell their labor," he suggests, "— throw a nigger wrench into the machinery. I'm saying that trucks and trains that carry these

goods to market should not be allowed to reach the markets, then I'm saying that the markets themselves should be turned into infernos. The only caution outside of being captured is against the injury or death of innocent people." Likewise, white brothers and sisters working within the Christmas system — in stores, factories, trucking firms, schools, anywhere — should use their heads to kill Christmas this year. Whenever possible, give things away: the goods belong to the people, as do the means of production. Destroy goods. Demolish lawn ornaments. Allow perishables to perish.

FUCK SANTA CLAUS!

## PLEASE HELP US FIND OUR CHILD

WE DESPERATELY NEED HELP. OUR FIVE YEAR OLD DAUGHTER, LEAH SARACHICK WHO HAS SHORT CURLY BROWN HAIR AND BLUE EYES WAS ABDUCTED BY OUR HOUSEKEEPER ON SEPT. 10th. THE HOUSEKEEPER WAS FOUND DEAD ON SEPT. 22 — HAVING BEEN DEAD FOR ABOUT NINE DAYS — IN MONKTON RIDGE VT. WE HAVE GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE LEAH IS ALIVE AND SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES. WE APPEAL TO ANYONE WHO HAS ANY INFORMATION ON LEAH'S WHEREABOUTS, TO CONTACT: EVO, 20 EAST 12th St., 255-2130.

## Jail House Rock

(Continued from Page 3)

correction system, but Presiding Justice of the Appellate Court's First Division Harold A. Stevens countered the order and McGrath was actually in danger of a contempt of court citation if he listened to Lindsay. There was something to be said for the taking of hostages. An entire city was in a state of mass confusion. McGrath met with the prisoners again at noon, then came out to the street where reporters mobbed him and he announced that a meeting would be held inside the prison later in the day with "certain prominent public officials," one of whom would not be John Lindsay. The prisoners, at that time, he said, would release the hostages.

Commissioner McGrath, one of the reporters said, "is there any substance to the rumour that there is trouble in the Tombs right now?"

"Well, we've got a small problem there," McGrath said, "but it's mostly in sympathy with the thing here."

"Is there any damage?"

"No."

"Are there any hostages?"

"What?"

"Are there any hostages?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Six."

Some reporters actually

laughed. The figure quickly jumped to 11, then to 15, then from a sympathy move to an all-out war against the prison and judicial systems. Lefcourt, Katz, Crane and Brown from the Lawyers Commune were standing around. Lefcourt was asked why they were there.

"We're looking out for the physical safety of our clients."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, every time a confrontation occurs between the cops and the Panthers, there usually more death and injuries of the Panthers. I've been to enough funerals across the country."

"Guilty until proven innocent," Lefcourt said. "These men are innocent, but nobody believes it."

"You believe it."

"It's not important whether I believe it or not. Let's enforce it!"

ie Hey look, I'm one of you, I'm a damned Jewish grandmother like the rest of ya, I'm talking to you face. By this time, the press began moving in, particularly Gabe Pressman of NBC and Mike Eisgrau of WNEW, both acting like pigs. Incredulous at the audacity of the prisoners, Eisgrau pushed for statements on the possible release of hostages and Martinez said that the

(Continued on Page 20)

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## Pregnant ?



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# THE RECORD OF NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS

Accidents are important: (a) because they might start a war if a bomb was detonated on the territory of a nuclear power or an ally of a nuclear power—war could also follow a bomb dropped on home territory if another country was suspected; (b) an accidental detonation, even if it did not start a nuclear war, would do great damage, especially if near a populated area. Already there have been 33 nuclear accidents involving the complete destruction of a nuclear weapons system with the

destruction, damage or loss of nuclear weapons. And that is only taking into account the US—it is unknown how many more have happened in the at least equally fallible nuclear systems of the Russians, British, French and Chinese governments.

Information and summary table of accidents from 1968 yearbook of SIPRA (Scandinavian International Peace Research Association).

WHEN ?	WHERE?	WHAT HAPPENED?
1. 5 August, 1950	Fairfield-Suisun Field, California	Unspecified
2. 1956	New Mexico	B.36 bomber drops atom bomb near Kirtland Air Force Base
3. 12 December 1957	Fairchild AFB, Spokane, Washington.	B.52 crashes on take-off
4. 5 February, 1958	Hunter Air-Force Base, Georgia	B.47 bomber collides in mid air, jettisons part of nuclear weapon.
5. 12 February, 1958	Off Savannah, Georgia Coast	Bomber accident
6. 5 March, 1958	Georgia coast	B.47 bomber collides in mid-air, jettisons atomic bomb
7. 11 March, 1958	Florence, South Carolina	B.47 jettisons unarmed nuclear weapon.
8. 4 November, 1958	Texas	B.47 on fire. Crashes.
9. 26 November, 1958	Louisiana	B.47 burns up before take-off.
10. 6 July, 1959	Louisiana	C.124, transporting unarmed nuclear weapon crashes and burns
11. 15 October, 1959	Kentucky	B.52 collides with KC.135. Two bombs lost, recovered.
12. 8 June, 1960	New Jersey	Bomare air-defence missile site catches fire. Nuclear missile damaged.
13. 19 January, 1961	Utah	B.52 explodes in air.
14. 24 January, 1961	North Carolina	B.52 carrying bombs, crashes—5 out of 6 triggers of one H-bomb were released.
15. 14 March, 1961	California	B.52 carrying bombs crashes.
16. 4 June, 1962	Johnston Island, US Pacific Test Range	Thor ICBM launch vehicle falls—H-warhead destroyed in flight.
17. 20 June, 1962	Ditto	Thor test fails—missile and H-warhead destroyed in flight—“Radioactive hotspot” in Pacific for centuries.
18. April, 1963	US Atlantic coastline	Thresher nuclear submarine lost with nuclear weapons.
19. 13 January, 1964	Maryland, USA	B.52, carrying 2 bombs, crashes.
20. 8 December, 1964	Indiana	B.58, carrying bombs, burns out before take-off.
21. 12 October, 1965	Ohio	C.124 transporting nuclear system parts, burns out.
22. 17 January, 1966	Palomares, Spain	B.52 and KC.135 collide in mid-air, crash. 4 H-bombs lost. Three found on land, two damaged and release radioactivity. Fourth lost in sea for 80 days.
23. Unspecified	North African base, Morocco	Unspecified.
24. Unspecified	In England	Unspecified.
25. Unspecified	Off the Atlantic coastline	Unspecified.
26. Unspecified	In the Arctic	Unspecified.
27. 21 January, 1968	Thule, Greenland	Crash of B.52. Four bombs lost, some radioactivity.
28. 12 February, 1968	30 kms north of Toronto, Canada	B.52, carrying H-bombs, crashes.
29. 27 May, 1968	Sea	Scorpion nuclear attack submarine lost at sea.
30. Unspecified	Unspecified	Operational ICBM blew up on launching pad.
31. Ditto	Ditto	Anti-aircraft missiles have misfired several times.
32-33 Ditto	Ditto	Nuclear-tipped anti-aircraft missiles launched by accident at least twice.

Mr Allaun asked the Secretary of State for Defence why British H-bombs and Polaris Missile warheads had not been fitted with electronic locks to prevent explosion by accident or without Government approval: and if he would now provide such locks.

Mr Morris: I am satisfied with the present arrangements for the protection against accidental firing and for the political and physical control of British nuclear weapons.

Mr Allaun: If our precautions are adequate why have the Americans and Russians gone to the extent of fitting such locks?

★

During World War Two, 43 per cent of all medical discharges were for reasons of mental breakdown in the US forces; 40 per cent in the RAF were for the same reasons.

“No existing tests will reliably screen out those prone to mental breakdown”—The Mershon Report, 1962.

★

“So many senior officers in nuclear submarines are leaving the US navy that the man—not the Polaris missile or the submarine—has become the most fragile part of the US deterrent.” Only 35 per cent of nuclear submarine officers will stay beyond their obligated term of service in 1970, because of boredom, war protest, the strain of 60 days below the sea and family strains.—The Guardian—July 7, 1970.

★

“The only trouble with radar is that it sees too well. It sees things that are not there”.

General Thomas Power, ex-Commander, US Strategic Air Command.

For example:—

October 5, 1960. Greenland radar reports Russian attack on USA. US planes sent to Fall-Safe point and recalled at last minute before launching counter-attack. There was no Russian attack.

★

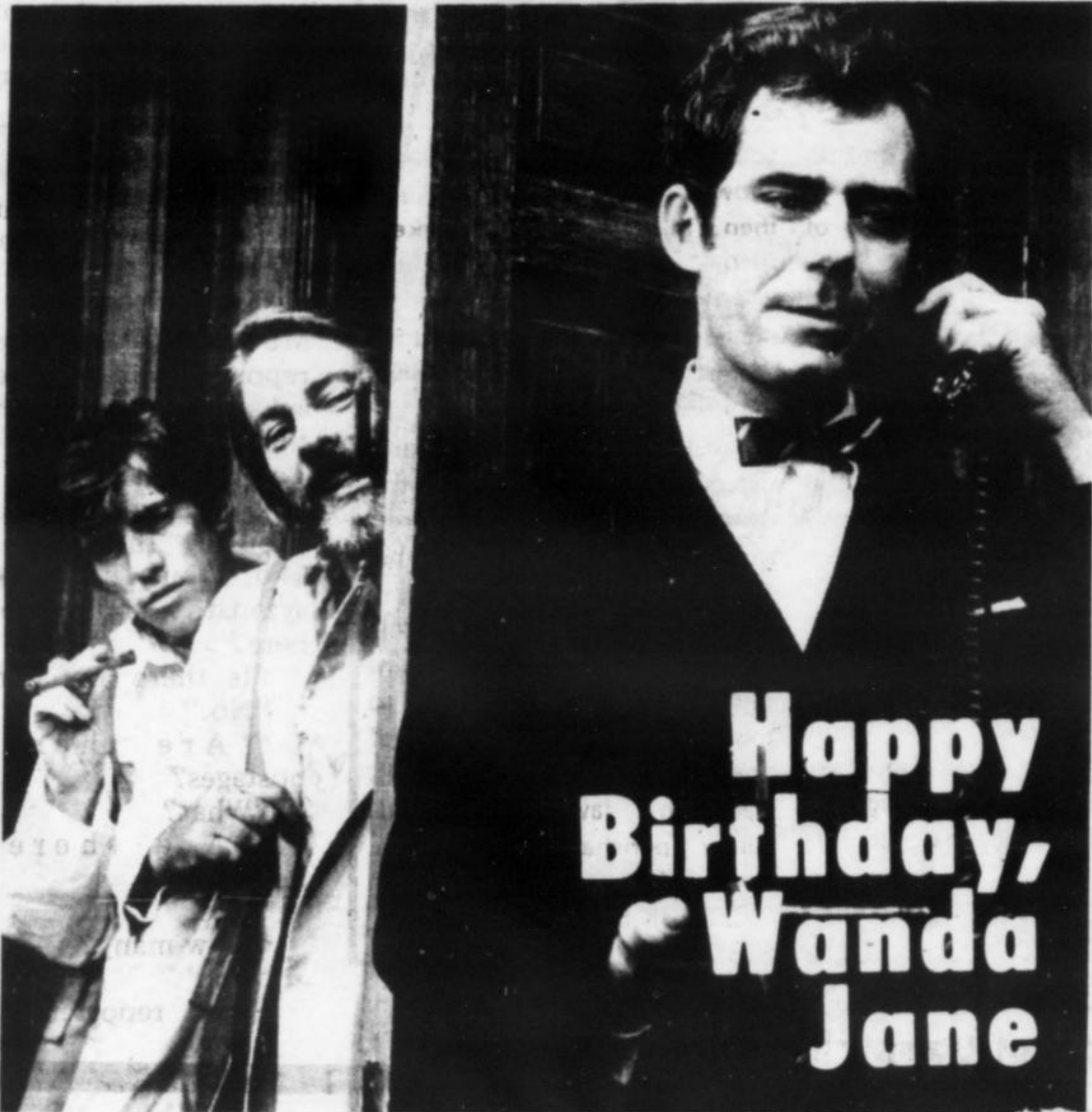
About 50 lesser accidents involved in the maintenance, transportation, alteration of actual nuclear weapons are known to have occurred since World War II.—The Mershon Report, Ohio University, 1962.

Happy Birthday, Wanda Jane

a play by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.  
— a review by David Walley

As it was supposed to happen, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., opened Off Broadway with another play. “Another” because the author has been writing plays for a long time and not calling them plays, rather short stories, science fiction, or novels. This play is not as successful as it could be, but then again, most of Vonnegut’s works are not supposed to be subjected to rigorous critical standards as say something more studiously avant-garde like John Vaccaro’s *Nightclub* which opened and closed its short run at the La Mama.

The Theater de Lys is on the other side of town from La Mama, and as well both represent different types of theater, the commercial non-commercial drama and the commercial drama. *Happy Birthday* doesn’t have the hip traditional (now it seems) message of corruption in the city and society as does *Nightclub*, but the message is more palatable if less avant-garde. *Happy Birthday, Wanda Jane* concerns itself with the homecoming of Harold Ryan, latter-day Odysseus/Hemingway hero returns after his eight year wandering in the Amazon to find his wife, Penelope besieged by two noxious suitors: to wit, Dr. Norbert Woodley (Norbert Weiner), a goody-two-shoed humanitarian and Herb Shuttle, a weak-kneed vacuum cleaner salesman who has a Masters Degree in creative writing. Of course Ryan dispatches both with taste and facility and everything ends on a rather cheery note with Woodley being shot by Ryan, executed for his crimes and attitudes. Part of the play’s message concerns the bottom falling out of the hero market—Harold Ryan is, after all, a hero’s hero with no adventures while part is concerned with women’s lib (veiled references, thank god), part with war and



peace... a typical Vonnegut potpourri.

The plot is basic, even the author states that himself in the prologue when one of the characters says in a deadpanned way, “This is a very simple-minded play”—which is not to his detriment since Vonnegut has a habit of coating his messages with sugar, “Happy Birthday” sparkles with wit. The stage setting is deceptively similar to an uptown New York bedroom comedy, a snatch of scenes a few days apart... well-made play, 20th century version. Setting is minor but the artist’s own psychology in concocting such a vehicle is more interesting.

I have always liked Vonnegut (don’t flinch), and still like him for this play which is funny. However, while wending

my way through some other Vonnegut, I came across an anthology of short stories called “Welcome to the Monkey House,” from another literary period in the author’s life... when he was selling to pulps. Each story in “Monkey House” is particularly tailored to the magazine it appeared in, tailored in such ways as to ride on parody and be serious. In the same way, “Happy Birthday, Wanda Jane” appears to resemble a perfect example of an On/Off Broadway bedroom farce, a cross between Neil Simon with four-letter words and real ideas blended with early re-runs of the Dick Van Dyck Show—only a little hipper. This however deals with psychology, not reviewing. Here, the play fares much better.

Every aspect of the play from imaginative lighting to the set itself to the players is more than adequate. Kevin McCarthy’s Harold Ryan is perfect—the right amount of macho and pathos. Marsha Mason’s Penelope leaves a little to be desired, but I suspect that her own characterization comes moulded from situation comedy. William Hickley steals the show as Colonel Loosleaf Harper, a shell-shocked companion of Ryan who dropped the bomb on Nagasaki and has been suffering ever since (he goes home after eight years to find his wife married to another man and his mother-in-law drops dead from the shock). Keith Charles as Norbert Woodley is suitably snivelling—I could have seen him cast in an old Western as the cowardly Indian lover who gets it in the end from the other members of the wagon train. Nicolas Coster’s Herb Shuttle, the phlegmatic amorous salesman in love with Harold’s memory is suitably suitable. Everyone supports in true uptown comedy style.

But who is Wanda Jane? Wanda Jane is a cute 9 year old girl who was killed by an icecream truck about the time of Harold’s homecoming while on her way to her birthday party. It is her cake which Harold finds when he gets home after eight years of wandering. Wanda Jane, Siegfried von Konongswald, a/k/a the beast of Yugoslavia, Nazi SS colonel and Mildred, Ryan’s second deceased wife appear from time to time and comment on the action from their perch in heaven.

“Happy Birthday, Wanda Jane” is another representation of the wit and humor of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., author of *Piano Player*, *Cat’s Cradle*, and *Slaughterhouse 5*. His play incorporates many of the business of these books and adds some more. HBWJ is entertaining though at times shallow... maybe lightweight is a better word. But how else can one comment today except through laughter, and besides, I find living rooms more significant than nightclubs.

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK, September 24, 1970. Members of the 26th Army Band, Ft. Hamilton, N.Y. have completed legal preparations in an effort to halt the suppression of their antiwar activities by the local command. Thirty members of the unit have signed a class action which was presented Monday, September 21 in the Circuit Court of Appeals, Foley Square, N.Y. A second court appearance is set for Friday, September 25 when a stay will be sought on all of the orders.

The bandsmen are suing the commander of the Fort Hamilton Military Complex, Maj. Gen. Walter

M. Higgins, Jr., as well as Secretary of the Army, Stanley R. Resor for interference with the free exercise of their rights under the First and Fifth Amendments.

The court action has grown out of events since July 8, at which time the duty status of the Army unit was changed to a longer and more arduous working schedule with a deemphasis on the musical duties of the band. This sudden reversal in policy was followed in succeeding weeks by a large number of transfers, starting with Sp4 David Cortright who had acted as spokesman for the group in their attempt to gain redress

of grievances via a letter to Higgins on July 10. Since that time, ten other men have been transferred, mostly to Vietnam and Korea.

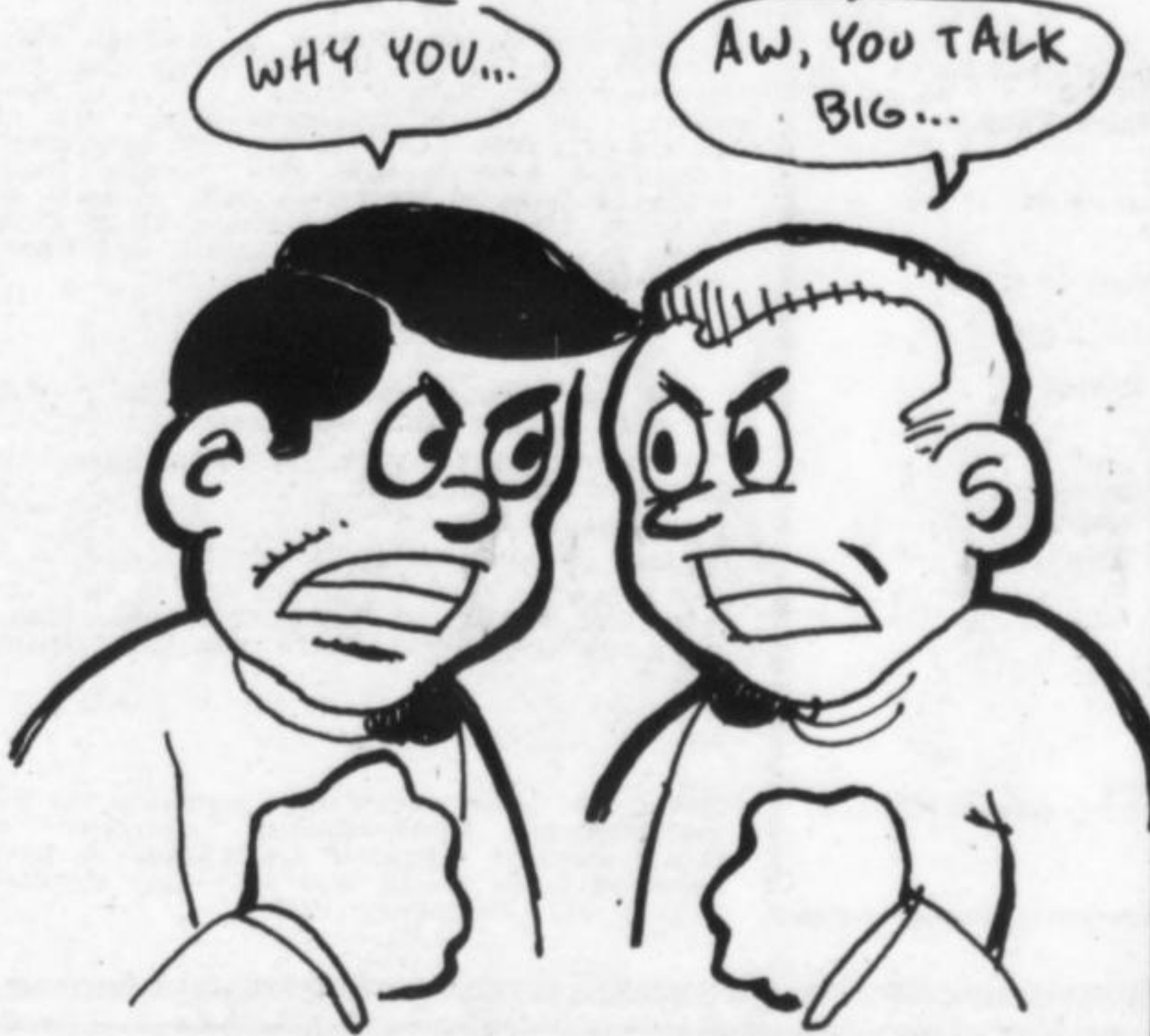
The activities for which the band has been harassed include the signing and publication of a petition calling for an end to American involvement in Southeast Asia and the appearance of several bandsmen's wives carrying antiwar signs at a parade July 4 at which the band was playing.

Cortright, along with most of those who were ordered transferred, attempted to seek a redress of grievances through Article 138 of the UCMJ. The Army has responded by reporting to him that their investigation showed them no substantiation for his charges of punitive reassignment. Now, less than a week later, further harassment was announced to the band by Major Chase, Headquarters Commandant at Ft. Hamilton. This was to be accomplished by a detailed inspection of all military and civilian clothing, the elimination of food allowance pay requiring that all but married men dine in Army mess halls, the requiring of all unmarried personnel to live in the barracks, and the rigid enforcement of appearance standards for band members only, with less rigid demands on others in the Ft. Hamilton Complex.

Amidst the repressive military policies, a substantial group of GIs at Fort Hamilton have formed the association "Ft. Hamilton GIs United." The immediate activities of this group will include the continuation of legal antiwar activities, the defense of GIs from military reprisal who wish to express their political views, and the publication of a GI antiwar newspaper. The initial issue of this newspaper has been published and a request has been submitted for on-post distribution privileges. A civilian defense committee has been formed to aid the GIs in their legal battle.

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## RED ART

Blood-Art/Murder-Art/  
Orgies Mysteries

by Lil Picard

Hermann Nitsch is in town again. Film-Makers Cinematheque, 80 Wooster Street, showed on October 3rd an exhibition: Photos of actions, projects, documentary movies as a kind of introduction to the Viennese artist's Spring 1971 six day play-marathon, in which Hermann Nitsch will celebrate his mystery/cult of O.M. Theater. Nitsch believes in the mystique of the blood. His latest creative successful effort, a book of over 330 pages, illustrated with photos of Nitsch's Blood-animal-actions, called by him "abstractions," is published by the since one year flourishing MAERZ publishing house in Frankfurt/M Germany. In New York the 8th Street Bookshop and Wittenborn, 1018 Madison Avenue, are selling the book; it is bound in glossy yellow paper and shows the name of the "red" Publishing house in bloody red color. "Blood is a very special juice," says Mephisto in Goethe's Faust, — and so says Nitsch, the mystic of Vienna, who looks for liberation from all evil, from the eternal urge to kill, in orgasmic abstractions. He says for instance: "the joy in cruelty is very near to the urge to kill and pushes it into consciousness.



The catharsis which thus arises and awakes consciousness creates the possibility of sublimating the experience of killing. The above argument (defends Nitsch his theory) should in no way glorify killing or even induce killing." Another paragraph in his elaborate and extremely planned and ordered Orgies Mysteries Theater Program, starts with the words "The intoxication of cruelty allows the forbidden extreme and culminates in killing." The Nitsch-book is printed in english and german, — in the climate of our year 1970, — in which the fourletter word KILL replaced the 1969 word LOVE, — the Nitsch story and his Art of BLOOD is actual, factual, time-conscious even prophetic.

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*I Cannibals — Cannibals 1970*

The red thread of this years Film Festival program had been "Politics." To name just a few of the political films presented: Godard's "Wind from the East," Bernardo Bertolucci's "The Conformist" and "The Spider's Stragem," Marin Karmit's "Comrades," Maurice Hatton "Praise Marx and pass the Ammunition," Streetscenes 1970 Director Martin Scorsese and Cannibals directed by the young female filmmaker Liliانا Cavani. Her film was the hit of the directors' Fortnight at Cannes but in New York the critic Roger Greenspun (N.Y. Times) can't resist to label Cannibals as "dreadful." Miss Cavani proved herself one of the most intelligent and courageous female film directors. Up to now "Cannibals" has not been accepted here in New

York's commercial movie houses. Should it be otherwise, I would welcome it, and look forward to seeing the film again. It's a modern version of Sophocles' tragedy "Antigone" produced for the first time in 441 B.C. in Athens. Eternal is the inhumanity of man. Not much has changed indeed. According to the legend, Antigone, daughter of Oedipus defies the inhuman and cruel law of the tyrant Creon which forbids to bury all who had risen in a revolt against him and had been killed. She buries her brother who is among the dead, and she defends her action by invoking the unwritten laws, which are eternal and which nobody can ignore without punishment. She is put to death by being walled in.

Sophocles has been immortalized by the fervent advocacy of humaneness against the forces of oppression, repression and the praise of resistance to these evils. Liliانا Cavani shows that the evil forces are as much present today as they were 2500 years ago.

The opening of the film shows in a wide angle shot a deserted beach, on it a bundle of cloth, seemingly dead, a human body, motionless. Children are playing, approaching the body, they believe to be dead.. they touch him, fearful.. and suddenly a beautiful face of a young bearded man rises above the dark cloth.. Pierre Clementi (Tiresias) who plays the strange Stranger, a Christ-like figure, the mute rebel, lover of man and humane helper of Antigone, who fulfills his destiny to rise with her in rebellion during the existing system by bury the dead rebels, lying in the streets, like sculptures in a 1970 actipn-event-happening-streetscene.

The children who had touched the stranger get killed at the beginning of the film, Antigone and her mute lover are massacred at the end, too, as the military dictator says to "restore law and order." They buried the many many dead, they had acted human and with compassion, but love is dead and killing the order of the day. The silent majority in the streets of modern Milan are all going about their business as usual, avoid touching the dead rebels, following "Law and Order" of the system, adhering to the demands, written on the walls of the city, not to touch or bury the dead to avoid punishment by death or lobotomy. But Antigone in modern midcoat and long blonde hair (Britt Ekland) and the strange mute Stranger, who only can utter a foreign language nobody can-comprehend, act out the laws of the heart and human kindness. In a 1970 car they pick up first Antigone's brother and bury him with ancient rites, —and in determined rebellious actions try to bury as many of the dead bodies as they are able to, — until they are caught by the police, tortured, massacred and shot. But law and order are in the end of the film not fulfilled. The people rise, pick up the dead, resist the law in the face of guns and death.. and the old legend of the victory of human greatness and kindness brings the tragedy of Cannibals to a catharsis powerful finale. A great and noble, beautifully photographed and expertly directed film by a truly liberty-loving female artist.

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At the Reese Pally Gallery John Freeman is showing Blood Systems (93 Prince Street until October 10th.) Here Blood is cool, enclosed in plastic and plexiglass containers used for aesthetic formal reasons. Why blood is a very special fluid and juice for this artist, can not be detected in the bloody streams, fountains, or red liquid, which runs instead of in the veins and arteries of animal or human beings through containers of all kind, plexiglass boxes, glass-tubes, and other non-animate objects.

Diagrams and charts give scientific "conceptual explanations, in fashionable novelty display using dark red blood as media. In contrast to Nitsch's work, the Blood-Stream System of John Freeman seems to me... an artificial, plastic Art game.

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*Chicago's Hairy Who's at the Feigen Gallery*

Don't miss seeing the wild Hairy Who pals at 141 Greene Street, til October 14.) They are fun, pop, and present the "rude awakening" to wake up yer Scalp." Karl Wirsum says it with Zig-Zag... Edward Paschke with Oil on Canvas in well painted traditional technique, some of the team say it with tiny comic figures.. and it's all contrasted with, the upstairs show of Art-Deco Windows by Frank Lloyd Wright from the Darwin D. Darwin House, Buffalo, N.Y.

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*Praise Carl Andre and pass the words... he sings*

The Mystic of the Tiles gave us music of words free entrance to the established spiral Art-scene of the Guggenheim Museum, —where on festive occasions of elitist member-openings, a special entrance is reserved, "to trustees and contributing members of the museum." —and all the other "people" go to the democratic revolving door, into the art-holy-halls. But at ART Worker Carl Andre's opening, entrance had been free and his musical stream of conscious-free verse, sounded metallic and rhythmically-conceptual-programmed, reaching the friends of Andre and all the Art Workers Coalition-Members and future Art-Union Members of the New York New Scene of Art. But it had been a wonderful evening... praise Carl Andre, passing his Ammunition of words and his throwing away free tiles, yellow and pure; — no artist picked them up... they surely respected Andre's free gift to the Arts, to the artists, to words, poetry... Politic of words... and over the tile-carpetts one went up the spiral-ramp into a flat world of post-Brancusi Elan... beautiful!

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## JAILHOUSE ROCK

(Continued from Page 16)

hostages would be released as soon as a Supreme Court Justice arrived at the institution to talk about bail matters. This, he said, was the agreement. Pressman pushed him on it, and finally McGrath was asked, and he said that he didn't want to interfere with the prisoners' freedom of expression at this occasion, but it was clear he was caught in a lie. One of the Panthers then announced two new demands, or statements: the formation of a Congress of Inmates, and a Federal investigation of the New York City and State prison systems. Chisolm and Badillo promised to continue their efforts on the prisoners' behalf, and said they understood the prisoners' position on hostages, but if they could find it in their hearts, etc. Martinez said he would present this to the other inmates. Dontzin then got up and said that Supreme Court Justices in the New York area would be making a complete review of bail procedures on Monday (it had been in the works all along, just happened to pop up now he claimed) but would be unable to visit the house of detention. Martinez stated that the men were tired of these empty promises, and demanded action - now!

Meanwhile, the Tombs situation continued on, and the Queens House of D in Kew Gardens also produced a tough situation. Judges and Governors spent the weekend making promises.

The meeting with the prisoners took place in the courtyard of the House of Detention where two tables with microphones were set up. With the press standing around in a half-circle, taking pictures and clawing each other, the prisoners sat at one end of the table separated from McGrath, D ontzin and a representative of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico by Shirley Chisolm and Herman Badillo, and occupied the center position one at a time to speak. The first, his face covered, was a Black Panther.

"I am a revolutionary," he said.

He went on to say that the conditions of the agreement with McGrath were that the hostages would be released only if a Supreme Court Justice was present, and that the prisoners demanded a reduction in bail, an end to mistrials in the courts. The second speaker, Victor Martinez, gave a lengthy and eloquent address about the plight of Spanish-speaking prisoners. Shirley Chisolm listened attentively and added her voice in agreement. as did Badillo. Martinez called McGrath a liar to his face.

A second Black Panther spoke, then a Black Muslim who demanded that Islam be recognized, and instructions be given in it to those who desire it. Kenneth Sender spoke and just basically agreed with the other prisoners then Robert Drake, then Martinez again who once again called McGrath a liar and stated that McGrath had removed two inmates of the Tombs to the Queens House of D as a punitive measure.

But Victor Martinez warned that unless things changed and fast, every prison in the city and state would go up - and it looks as if that might come true.

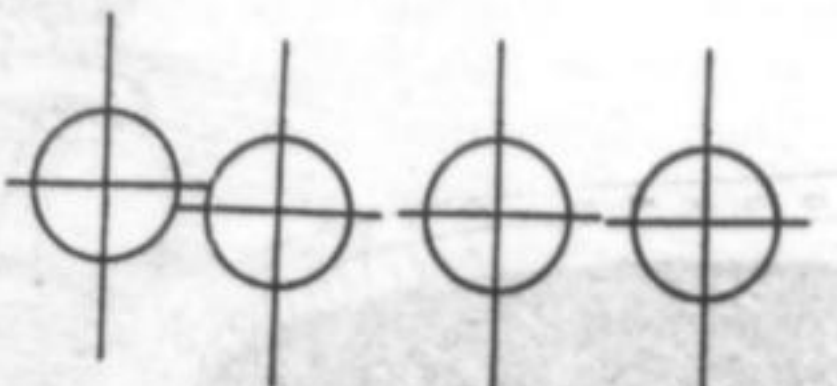
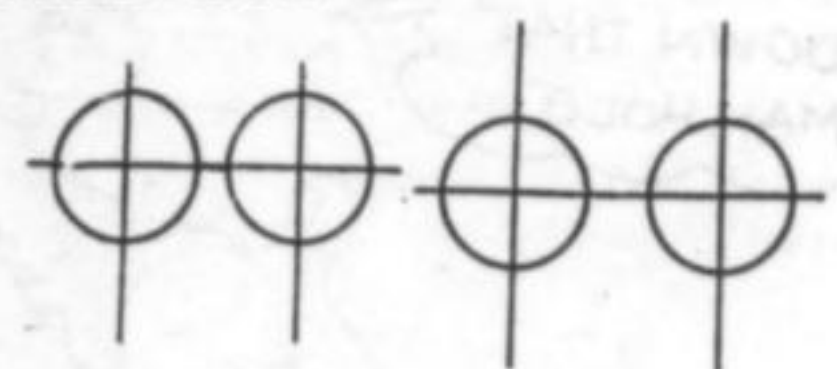


Photo: Ira Schwartz

**Donald Newlove** has written one hell of a novel about a demonic East Village painter.

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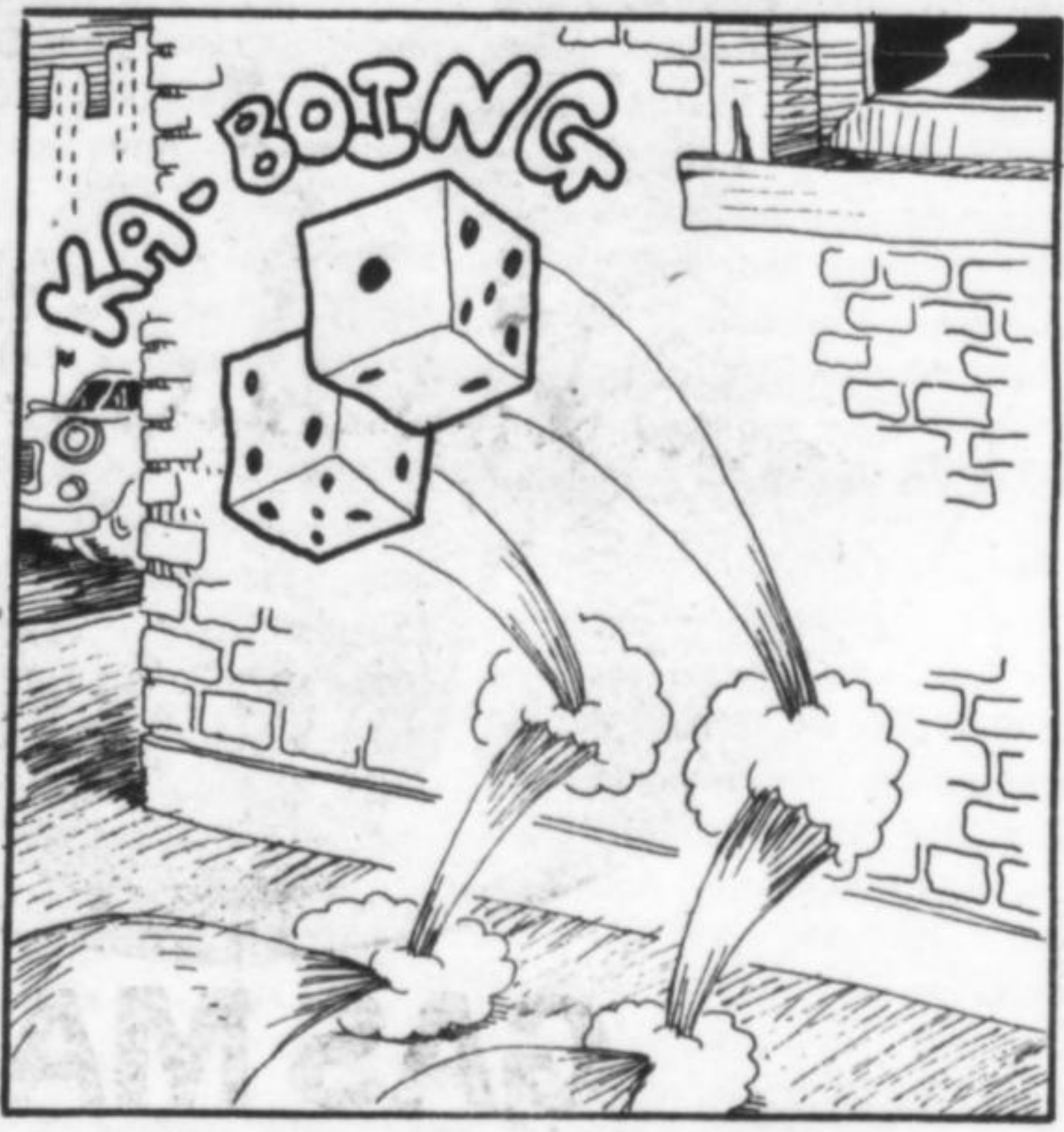
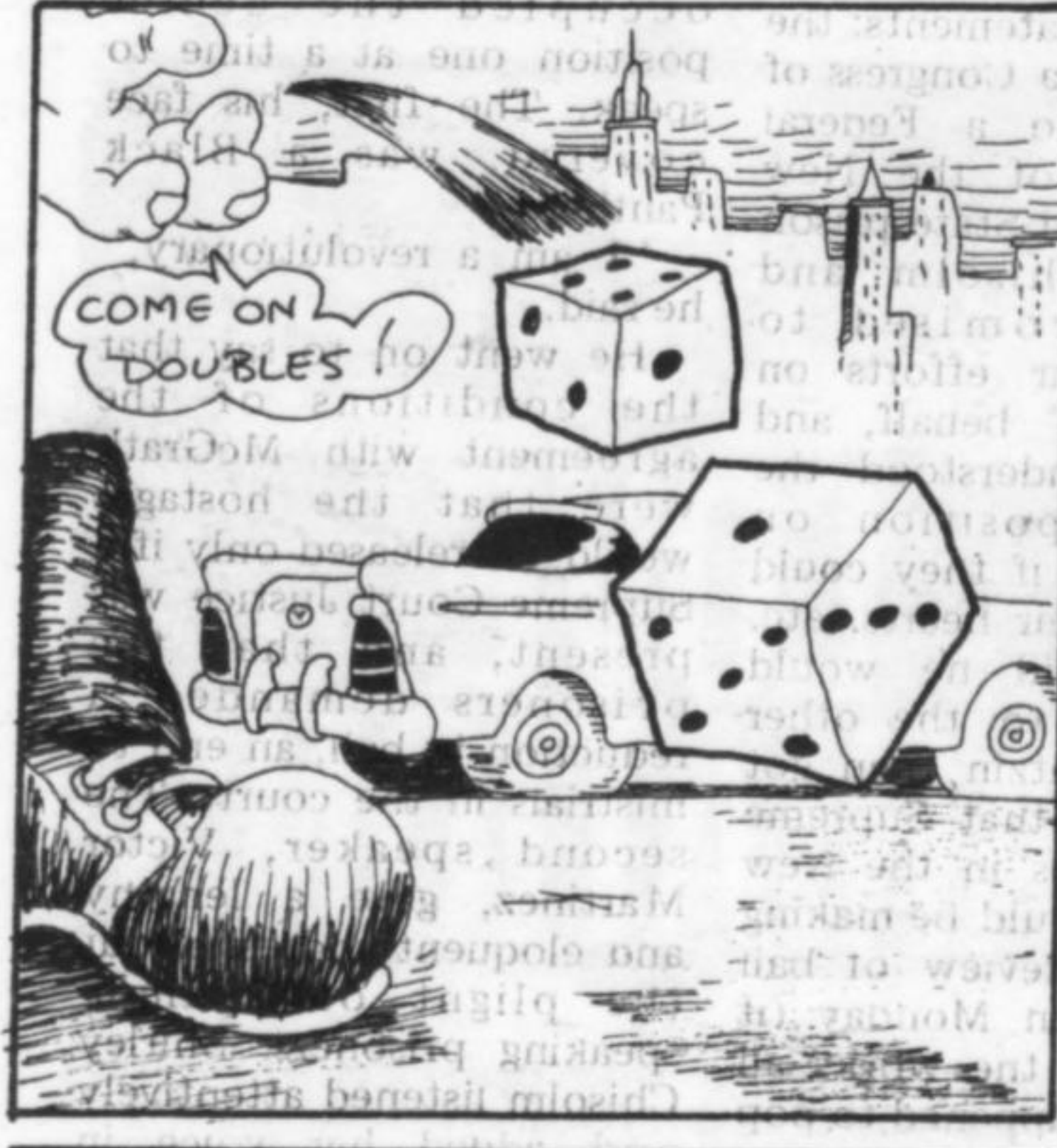
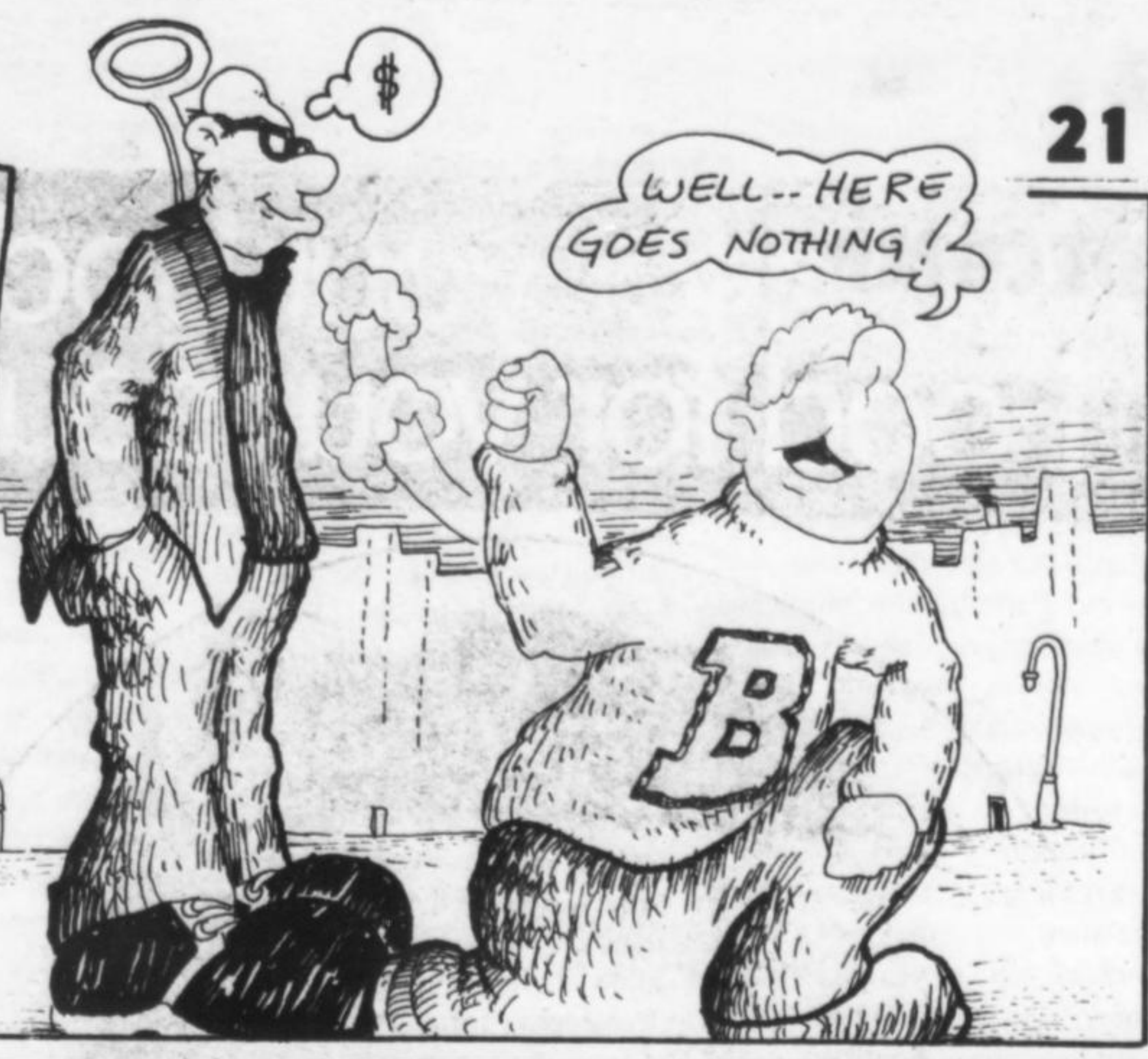
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# PAIR OF DICE LOST

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ANTHONY LA MONTE  
1970

TO BE RESUMED

DECOMP

(Continued from Page 8)

tribute he exacted from the Yippies for his participation. Later, during the Siege of Lincoln Park by the municipal pig-worshippers, Sanders relates how various Aegyptic deities appeared out of a saucer to lend the valiant truemammals sustenance and sexual gratification. Among the many interesting tableaux here presented is that of John Sinclair, our most magnificent martyr, getting head from Hathor, the Egyptian cow goddess: 'the giant 14-inch cow tongue wrapped around it like suet sizzling on a roast.' We not only have God on our side, we have so many gods with us the firmament threatens to collapse from the combined weight of divinity. How can we help but go all the way for a home run?

'Shards of God?!' Claudia Dreifus was however heard to exclaim on first opening Sanders' homer. 'Shards of *Shit* is more like it!' Claudia does not like the arrant sexism that sluices through this novel. In fact, it can get a little embarrassing: fellatio is great, I'll admit it, a man never gets tired of getting head, but dammit, there's a bit *much* of it in this book. And chicks whose primary purpose in balling is to gratify their old men — all too often to the point of simulated orgasm and suchlike charades — tend don't you think to be basically *puritanical* and all and thus bad karma in the long run? I have known, to my initial delight, many many young women of the sort that stock this book, but that sort of yummy yielding oral personality does not, or so it seems to me, make for real *sharing*. And if you can't share, you might as well be sitting on some planetoid jerking off over Libra and Virgo.

For one thing, whenever Sanders in this book comes right out and *names* one of his Yippie-groupies, I believe I detect some underlying antagonism in the subsequent depiction. Ankhnaton, for example, getting head from Wren D'Antonio: howsoever sublime may be the concept of sucking off a 4,500-year-old mummy's cemented penis, I doubt if Wren enjoyed spending 'the next half hour in the bath room hooking up mouth bark.' But then, I never asked her.

Even when it's done tenderly, this sort of thing has dollops of nastiness clinging to it. Eileen Lockhart making love to the Burning Marijuana Bush: 'Struck with awe, Eileen Lockhart knelt down, her shiny tanned knee caps sliding in the shiny grass blades. . . . She danced, she

licked the leaves, she moaned upon the ground and wrapped her legs around its base stalk and began stuffing the leaves into her vagina. Orgasm. Peace. Happiness.' In *Love and Death in the American Novel*, Leslie Fiedler mentioned that rare is the author in this country who portrays women as other than out-and-out bitches, on the one hand, or blissfully yielding low-intensity Raggedy Ann types with the little candy heart that says 'I Love You,' on the other. These are the two sorts of women in *Shards of God*, and frankly, don't think I'm weird now, but given a choice between such polarities of womanflesh, I think I rather more favour a 'treatment' from Aunt No-No.

She is Sanders' most singularly successful creation, Aunt No-No. Irrefragably American in his every creative fibre, Sanders is brilliantest when dredging the tarn of unspeakable, censorable *sin*. Oh, it took an evil person to write this passage. Never anywhere in all the fortysecondstreet porn that I have read — nay, not even in *Patterns of Psychosexual Infantisism* by Wilhelm Reich — have I ever encountered such thrilling, bladder-weakening, fuzzy and ticklish evocations of Woman Domination. The closest thing to it are some of the crazier fantasies of the cartoonist Spain Rodriguez, who appears in this book as a sort of demigod during the purification of Chicago. Besides the Duodenal Roto-Rooter and the terrible Meat Vat, Aunt No-No's most effective form of chastisement is the Spot Spank, a phenomenon much similar to the techniques which behavioural psychiatrists employ to 'cure' homosexuals of their 'abberation.' She is shown here 'consulting' with a covey of her eminent well-wealed coevals as they plan the construction of The Freedomright Vale of Detention. In a shocking ether-vision sort of prophecy, Sanders, goes on to describe the first hippie concentration camp, with for example the Rot Tank, where the corpses of tortured dead teenage victims are left until spiralling strands of luminescent many-coloured rot spread out from their bodies. . . .

No, this is not a primarily erotic book, although I confess I did get a prurient charge out of a couple segments. There is this long description of Richard Daley ceremonially jerking off a pig in the Chicago Stockyards, for instance, described in even more loving detail than the Suck Booth in Lincoln Park. The invocation of the shade of Che Guevara, with the hordes of hell — would you believe Winston Churchill brandishing vampires — close on his heels, culminates in his coupling with one of those nameless big-titted Yippie girls, as she taught him, 'all her liberated hippie sex tricks

learned in hundreds of longhaired crashpad cope orgies after rock shows.' Then there's the exquisite agony of undercover porker Robert Pearpuke (Not Pear-son, but Pear-puke) endeavouring to explain to his wife how he got a dose of Yippie Clap. At Chicago, Sanders relates, Pearpuke's duties as ordered by his tyrannical Yippie leaders included much french kissing of bikers, 'an activity that gave Pearpuke continual pleasure.'

'Beware someone who disappears half the time,' warns Sanders, on the subject of undercover pigs. 'Beware someone claiming to be a radical who cannot give you a long detailed story of his radicalization.' Otherwise you will wind up in the Meat Vat so soon it will make your head swim. 'Life is often grim,' notes Sanders proverbially. 'In spite of all attempts to fill it with dope, fucking, and discourse, it stomps us in the face.' Let us therefore observe a proper balance of influence between Pluto and Dionysus in our existence, and strive mightily to correct any evident unbalances. That's what Yippie's all about.

In fact, all this rap of ancient deities may well presage besides a new Aeon of Heroes a vast new re-substantiation of all the old deities into the McLuhan collective consciousness of the 21st Century. I have flash third-eye mystic apprehension of Sanders, Weaver, Tuli, Sinclair and the rest as manic epileptic hellfire 'n gr mstone prophets in the grand old American tradition of Delphic oracle and Jeremiah, and this is what it would seem to indicate. That is, the old blowhard Javeh, wind-god of the Levantine, seems clearly to have blown it out his Ass some time gone now, so what is to keep us from exalting and osculating the Buddha in how ever so many giggling his manifestations? Zeus, Ra, Jehova, what matters it? The universe needs *mitosis*! Dionysus and Demeter, that's where it's at! Athena springing complete with tits and ass from the frontal lobes of Zeus, down between the hooves of Pan. Mithra, Aphrodite and Cythera in a triangular clit-tickle. Posiedon, Dagon and Neptune. Ares and Mars (in moderation) with little Apis licking off the afterbirth every couple hundred Aeons. . . .

Of course, before the world gets *that* way we may well choke like Jimi on the vomit of our own civilisation, and

and the old mind, ghost-forsaken sink back into its havoc.

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Handsome blond model, 6', would love to pose for you anything goes. Call 242-6262-3 anytime.

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**PORNO MAIL**—Fill your mailbox with real porno photos, movies, tapes, books, clubs etc. Put your name onto the Nat'l Adult Mailing List. Send \$1.00 to WLS, POB 912, Azusa, Ca. 91702

**SEXUAL FREEDOM** monthly publication of the Sexual Freedom League. Subscription \$3 for 10 issues, \$1 for 3 issues. SFL, Box 14034-EV, San Francisco, Ca. 94114.

Daring female magazines, movies, paperbacks. **FREE CATALOGS.** Beaver, Box 2373-EV, Philadelphia, Penna. 19103.

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**100 GIRLS** needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio, 255-2711.

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Gibson Solid body guitar, Les Paul special, 1955-59 vintage. Gold finish, 2 pickups, thick neck. Make offer, with to sell immediately.

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**MATURE WELL EDUCATED FRENCHMAN 5'6", 130 lbs., WANTS TO MEET SLIM, RELIABLE MALE UNDER 32 FOR SINCERE, LONG LASTING RELATIONSHIP. RACE UNIMPORTANT. NO DRINKER, NO SWISH, NOR S&M. REPLY HONESTLY NOW TO BOX 187, FDR STATION, NEW YORK 10022.**

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Upstate executive in town one night weekly offers studio apartment, large mid-town elevator building, to young attractive hostess. Your privacy balance week. Suggest lunch cocktails explore empathy. Box MRR, % EVO.

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NEW YORK  
UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL  
OCT. 12 THRU 19

UPSTAIRS, AT  
MAX'S KANSAS CITY,  
213 PARK AVE. SO.

MON. OCT. 12 10:00 PM MICHEL AUDER  
TUE. OCT. 13 10:00 PM BILL VEHR  
WED. OCT. 14 10:00 PM FRED MOGURBURG  
THUR. OCT. 15 10:00 PM JACK SMITH  
FRI. OCT. 16 11:30 PM TAYLOR MEAD  
SAT. OCT. 17 3:00 PM MATINEE OF  
SHORTS: BILL GAMBLE, ANTOINE FERCHOL  
PERICH, CLAUDE PURVIS AND  
RAYANNE RUBENSTEIN  
SUN. OCT. 18 10:00 PM DANDY WARHOL  
AND TONY CONRAD  
MON. OCT. 19 10:00 PM ANDY WARHOL



MICHEL AUDER BILL VEHR FRED MOGURBURG  
TAYLOR MEAD BILL GAMBLE ANTOINE FERCHOL  
PURVIS RAYANNE RUBENSTEIN DANDY WARHOL  
AND TONY CONRAD  
DANDY WARHOL FIRST NY UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL OCT



