

INSIDE WEATHERMAN

THE

east
village

OTHER

VOL. 6 NO. 4 DEC 22, 1970 25¢ N.Y.C. 35¢ OUTSIDE



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HIRAP

GOY!

A
CHRISTMAS CAROL

BEING A GHOST STORY OF
CHRISTMAS

Jaakov Kohn

Allen Katzman

Fred Mogubjub

Ray Schultz

D.A. Latimer

Jackie Friedrich

John da Swede

Stephen Kohn

Charlie Frick

Coca Crystal

Yossarian

Roger Tomlinson

Honest Bob Singer

Roy Weiner

Vincent Titus

Rudi Stern

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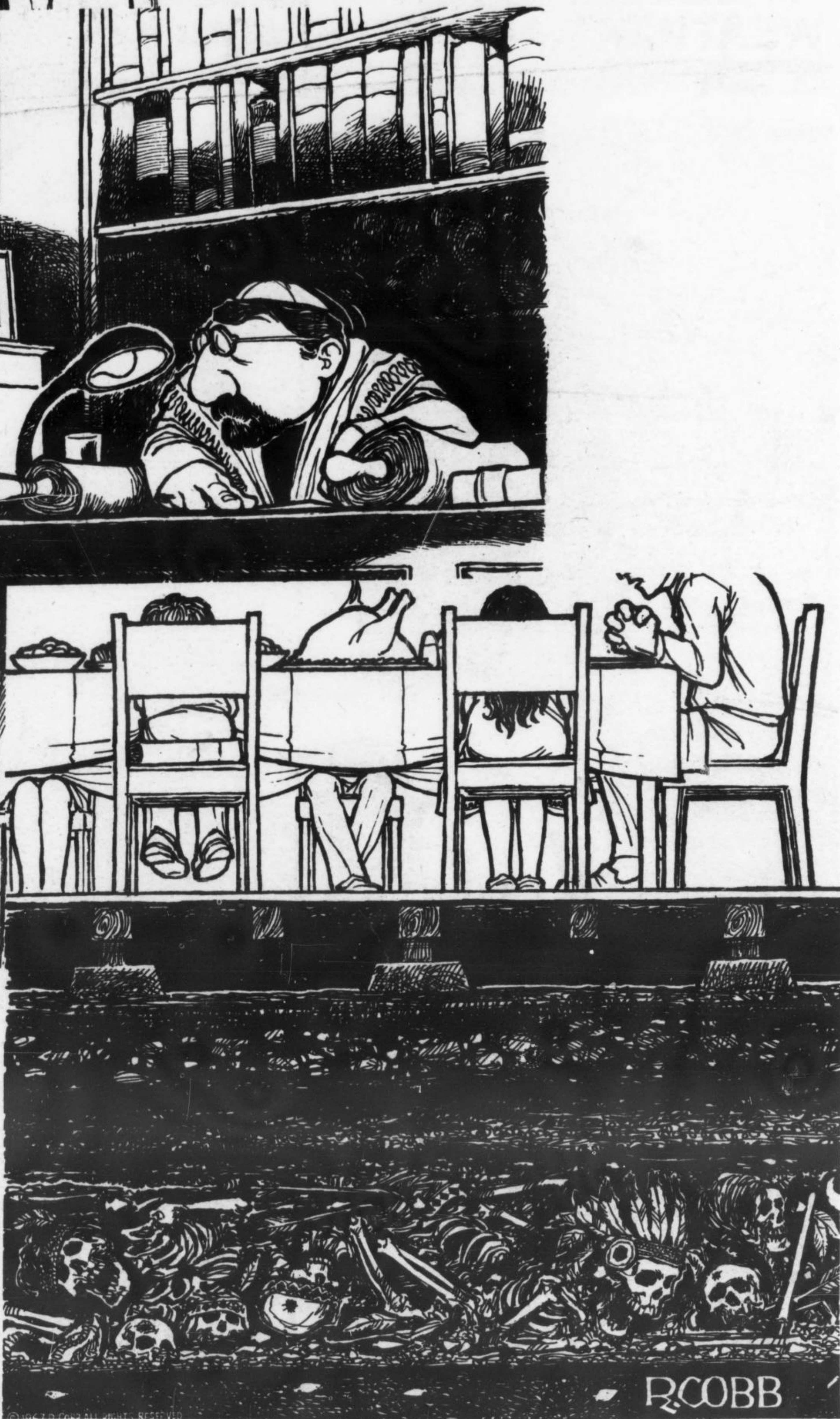
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Second Class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

East Village Other published weekly at

20 East 12th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003

Telephone: 255-2130-31-32



NEW MORNING - - -

CHANGING WEATHER

WEATHERMAN COMMUNIQUE

This communication does not accompany a bombing or a specific action. We want to express ourselves to the mass movement not as military leaders but as tribes at council. It has been nine months since the townhouse explosion. In that time, the future of our revolution has been changed decisively. A growing illegal organization of young women and men can live and fight and love inside Babylon. The FBI can't catch us; we've pierced their bullet-proof shield. But the townhouse forever destroyed our belief that armed struggle is the only real revolutionary struggle.

It is time for the movement to go out into the air, to organize, to risk calling rallies and demonstrations, to convince that mass actions against the war and in support of rebellions do make a difference. Only acting openly, denouncing Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell, and sharing our numbers and wisdom together with young sisters and brothers will blow away the fear of the students at Kent State, the smack of the Lower East Side and the national silence after the bombings of North Vietnam.

The deaths of three friends ended our military conception of what we are doing. It took us weeks of careful talking to rediscover our roots, to remember that we had been turned on to the possibilities of revolution by denying the schools, the jobs, the death relationships we were "educated" for. We went back to how we had begun living with groups of friends and found that this revolution could leave intact the enslavement of women if women did not fight to end and change it, together.

And marijuana and LSD and little money and awakening to the black revolution, the people of the world. Unprogramming ourselves; relearning American history. The first demonstration we joined; the first time we tried to convince our friends. In the wake of the townhouse we found that we didn't know much about each others' pasts -- our talents, our interests, our differences.

We had all come together around the militancy of young white people determined to reject racism and U.S. exploitation of the third world. Because we agreed that an underground must be built, we were able to disappear an entire organization within hours of the explosion. But it was clear that more had been wrong with us.

direction than technical inexperience (always install a safety switch so you can turn it off and on and a light to indicate if a short circuit exists.)

Diana, Teddy and Terry had been in SDS for years. Diana and Teddy had been teachers and both spent weeks with the Vietnamese in Cuba. Terry had been a community organizer in Cleveland and at Kent; Diana had worked in Guatemala. They fought in the Days of Rage in Chicago. Everyone was angered by the murder of Fred Hampton. Because their collective began to define armed struggle as the only legitimate form of revolutionary action, they did not believe that there was any revolutionary motion among white youth. It seemed like black and third world people were going up against American imperialism alone.

Two weeks before the townhouse explosion, four members of this group had firebombed Judge Murtagh's house in New York as an action of support for the Panther 21, whose trial was just beginning. To many people this was a very good action. Within the group, however, the feeling developed that because this action had not done anything to hurt the pigs materially it wasn't very important. So within two weeks time, this group had moved from firebombing to anti-personnel bombs. Many people in the collective did not want to be involved in the large scale, almost random bombing offensive that was planned. But they struggled day and night and eventually, everyone agreed to do their part.

At the end, they believed and acted as if only those who die are proven revolutionaries. Many people had been argued into doing something they did not believe in, many had not slept for days. Personal relationships were full of guilt and fear. The group had spent so much time willing themselves to act that they had not dealt with the basic technological considerations of safety. They had not considered the future: either what to do with the bombs if it had not been possible to reach their targets, or what to do in the following days.

This tendency to consider only bombings or picking up the gun as revolutionary, with the glorification of the heavier the better, we've called the military error.

After the explosion, we called off all armed actions until such time as we felt the causes had been understood and acted upon. We found that the alternative direction already existed among us and had been developed within other collectives. We became aware that a group of outlaws who are isolated from the youth communities do not have a sense of what is going on, can not develop strategies that grow to include large numbers of people, have become "us" and "them."

It was a question of revolutionary culture. Either you saw the youth culture that has been developing as bourgeois or decadent and therefore to be treated as the enemy of the revolution, or you saw it as the forces which produced us, a culture that we were a part of, a young and unformed society (nation).

In the past months we have had our minds blown by the possibilities that exist for all of us to develop the movement so that it is revolutionary.

Weathermen

we change and shape the cultural revolution. We are in a position to change it for the better. Men who are chauvinists can change and become revolutionaries who no longer embrace any part of the culture that stands in the way of the freedom of women. Hippies and students who fear black power should check out Rap Brown's Die Nigger and George Jackson's writings. We can continue to liberate and subvert attempts to rip off the culture. People become revolutionaries in the schools, in the army, in prisons, in communes, and on the streets. Not in an underground cell.

Because we are fugitives, we could not go near the Movement. That proved to be a blessing because we've been everywhere else. We meet as many people as we can with our new identities; we've watched the TV news of our bombings with neighbors and friends who don't know that we're Weatherpeople. We are often afraid but we take our fear for granted now, not trying to act tough. What we once thought would have to be some zombie-like discipline has turned out to be a yoga of alertness, a heightened awareness of activities and vibrations around us -- almost a new set of eyes and ears.

Even though we have not communicated about ourselves specifically before this, our actions have said much about where our heads are at. We have obviously not gone in for large scale material damage. Most of our actions have hurt the enemy on about the same military scale as a bee sting. But the political effect against the enemy has been devastating. The world knows that even the white youth of Babylon will resort to force to bring down imperialism.

The attacks on the Marin County Court House and the Long Island City Jail were because we believe that the resistance and political leadership that is growing within the prisons demands immediate and mass support from young people. For all the George Jacksons, Alton Shakurs and potential revolutionaries in these jails, the movement is the lifeline. They rebelled expecting massive support from outside.

Demonstrations in support of prison revolts are a major responsibility of the movement, but someone must call for them, put out the leaflets, convince people that it is a priority. We are so used to feeling powerless that we believe pig propaganda about the death of the movement, or some bad politics about rallies being obsolete and bullshit. A year ago, when Bobby Seale was ripped off in Chicago and the movement didn't respond, it made it easier for the pigs to murder Fred Hampton. Now two Puerto Ricans have been killed by the pigs in the New York jails, in retaliation for the prisoner rebellion. What we do or don't do makes a difference.

It will require courage and close families of people to do this organizing. Two's and three's is not a good form for anything -- it won't put out a newspaper, organize a conference on the war, or do an armed action without getting caught. Our power is that together we are mobile, decentralized, flexible and we come into every home where there are children who watch the music of freedom and life.

The women and men in jails are POWs held by the United States. When an American pilot is shot down while bombing North Vietnamese villages, he is often surrounded by thousands of people who have just seen their family and homes destroyed by the bombs he was delivering. Yet the man is not attacked and killed by the Vietnamese but is cared for as a prisoner. Nixon is now waging a last-ditch moral crusade around the treatment of those American war criminals to justify all his impending atrocities.

The demonstrations and strikes following the rape of Indochina and the murders at Jackson and Kent last May showed real power and made a strong difference. New people were retained and involved and the government was put on the defensive. This month the bombings could have turned off actions expressing our fury at double-talking Laird and his crew -- war research and school administrators and travelling politicians are within reach of our leaflet, our rallies, our rocks. Women's lib groups can find in Nguyen Thi Binh a sister for whom there is love and support here. Her proposals for peace must be explained and Bloody Dick's plans to use more bombers to replace the Uls who are refusing to fight exposed as the escalation and genocide it is. Vietnamization, Indianization, limited duration protective reaction suppressive fire horseshit. It seems that we sometimes forget that in Vietnam strong liberated women and men live and fight. Not as abstract guerrilla fighters, slugging it out with U.S. imperialism in Southeast Asia, but as people with values and loves and parents and children and hopes for the future.

People like Thai, a fighter in the People's Liberation Armed Forces who was in Hue during Tet and at Hamburger Hill a year later, or Than Tra, an organizer in the mass women's organization and the students' movement in the cities, who had not seen her lover in nine years. They travelled for a month to come to Cuba to meet with us, to sing and dance and explain how it is in Vietnam. There is nothing brutal or macho about guns and bombs in their hands.

We can't help thinking that if more people knew about them, the anti-war movement would never have allowed Nixon and Agnew to travel to so many cities during the past election with only the freaks at Kansas State and the people of San Jose to make our anger at his racism known to the world.

The hearts of our people are in a good place. Over the past months, freaks and hippies and a lot of people in the movement have begun to dig in for a long winter. Kent and Augusta and Jackson brought to all of us a coming of age, a seriousness about how hard it will be to fight in America and how long it will take us to win. We are all beginning to figure out what the Cubans meant when they told us about the need for new men and new women.

People have been experimenting with everything about their lives, fierce against the ways of the white man. They have learned how to survive together in the poisoned cities and how to live on the road and the land. They've moved to the country and found new ways to bring up free wild children. People have purified themselves with organic food, fought for sexual liberation, grown long hair.

People have reached out to each other and learned that grass and organic consciousness-expanding drugs are weapons of the revolution. Not mandatory for everyone, not a gut-check, but a tool -- a Yacqui way of knowledge. But while we sing of drugs the enemy knows how great a threat our youth culture is to their rule, and they employ their allies -- the killer-drugs (smack and speed) -- to pacify and destroy young people. No revolution can succeed without the youth, and we face that possibility if we don't meet this threat.

People are forming new families. Collectives have sprung up from Seattle to Atlanta, Buffalo to Vermont, and they are units of people to trust each other both to live together and to organize and fight together. The revolution involves our whole lives; we aren't part-time soldiers or secret revolutionaries. It is our closeness and the integration of our personal lives with our revolutionary work that will make it hard for undercover pigs to infiltrate our collectives. It's one thing for pigs to go to a few meetings, even meetings of a secret cell. It's much harder for them to live in a family for long without being detected.

One of the most important things that has changed since people began working in collectives is the idea of what leadership is. People -- and especially groups of sisters -- don't want to follow academic ideologues or authoritarians. From Fidel's speeches and Ho's poems we've understood how leaders grow out of being deeply in touch with movements. From Crazy Horse and other great Indian chiefs we've learned that the people who respect their tribe and its needs are followed freely and with love. The Lakotas laughed at the whites' appointing one man to be chief of all the Lakota tribes, as if people wouldn't still go with whichever leader they thought was doing the right thing!

Many of these changes have been pushed forward by women both in collectives with men and in all-women's collectives. The enormous energy of sisters working together has not only transformed the movement internally, but when it moves out it is a movement that confuses and terrifies Amerika. When asked about the sincerity of Mme. Binh's proposals, Ky says, "Never trust a woman in politics." The pigs refuse to believe that women can write a statement or build a sophisticated explosive device or fight in the streets. But while we have seen the potential strength of thousands of women marching, it is now up to revolutionary women to take the lead to call militant demonstrations, to organize young women, to carry the Viet Cong flag, to make it hard for Nixon and Ky to travel around the country ranting about POWs the same day that hundreds of women are being tortured in the prisons of South Vietnam.

It's up to us to tell women in Amerika about Mme. Binh in Paris; about Pham Thi Quyen, fighter in the Saigon underground and wife of Nguyen Van Troi; about Mme. Nguyen Thi Dinh, leader of the first South Vietnamese Peoples' Liberation Armed Forces unit uprising in Ben Tre in 1961; about Celia Sanchez and Haydee Santamaria who fought at Moncada and in the Havana underground; about Bernadette Devlin and Leila Khlaed and Lolita Lebron; and about

Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur and Mary Moylan here.

We can't wait to organize people until we get ourselves together any more than we can act without being together. They must go on at the same time. None of these changes that people are going through are rules and principles. We are in many different regions of the country and are building different kinds of leaders and organizations. It's not coming together into one organization, or paper structure of factions or coalitions. It's a New Nation that will grow out of the struggles of the next year.

Weather Underground

Bernardine Dohrn



PHOTO: BOB SMITH

FASCIST FOLLIES

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH

About two weeks ago there was supposed to have been an arraignment for Lumumba Shakur, Kinshasa (William King) and Victor Martinez, who had been charged with inciting to riot, kidnapping and a list of other things in the Branch Queens prison rebellions. Without notifying anyone, the D.A. cancelled the arraignment (Murtagh had given a day of adjournment so that two of the defendants and their lawyers could be present at this Queens arraignment) and the D.A. told Jerry Lefcourt that there was too much press around. That may have been one reason for the D.A.'s copout. Another is that the indictment is now illegal and the D.A. knows it. The Grand Jury handed down the indictment because of obvious political pressures. The defendants and their lawyers then asked, in written form: 1) to appear before the Grand Jury, and 2) to cross-examine the Grand Jury. When these rights are ignored or denied, the indictment becomes invalid. And that is what happened.

Even though those self-styled, self-serving "liberals" like Lindsay and Shirley Chisholm promised there would be no reprisals, the only things to come out of the prison rebellions have been beatings, all-day lock-ins and indictments. It should also be noticed that two of the three indicted are Black Panthers and that the guards who were held hostage all said that if it hadn't been for the Panthers, they might be dead now.

Panther Trial: Fifteenth Week.

Shakespeare once said it, "A tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing" and that is what I am tempted to think of Gene Roberts' testimony. But he and his story hold some significant meanings and these may be just a few of them: 1) how a man can be systematically turned into a robot by this system and then used as its pawn against his own people; 2) how the hysteria and paranoia of the ruling class will send infiltrating lackeys into organizations, not to find "criminal activity" as stated, but to create bum raps that will enable the establishment to get the people who threaten their status quo off the streets and to keep them incarcerated for years, if not forever, with the bureaucratic processes of Amerikkkan justice; 3) how the straight media will not only distort the facts, but blatantly, LIE to protect their corporate interests - in this case by continually hero-izing the infiltrator as the romantic "spy who came in from the cold." Bullshit. The U.S. has indicted and in its mind and soul convicted a DREAM of a revolution - that is what is on trial on the 13th floor of 100 Centre St. and probably only a revolution, in reality, will stop it.

Before court officially started on Mon. Dec. 15, Murtagh called a side bar conference, where he warned the lawyers that if they argued, they would be subject to the court's form of punishment, as the jails remain open on the weekends. Jerry Lefcourt was admonished for having a contemptuous face.

Bill Crain started his cross examination of BOSS agent Roberts, but sustained objections from the Phillips/Murtagh team were the order of the day, and if Phillips failed to object, Murtagh made and sustained his own objections, ordering the witness not to answer the questions.

Among the questions Roberts was not protected from answering were some that had to do with the admitted fact that Roberts had changed jobs successively for more money and had applied to the police force for the same reason. He said that he had been questioned as to his personal philosophy for several hours by police officials two to three months before being accepted on the force. He was asked why he wanted to be a cop and how he felt about various political issues and militant organizations. Although he refused to remember what his feelings were, he admitted to having a very particular feeling about militant organizations - a feeling that did not change throughout the course of his undercover work, starting with Malcolm's organization and ending with the BPP. He did admit that his philosophy was fundamentally different from the philosophies of the organizations that he had infiltrated, and gave the usual senseless copout - that he was opposed to "crimes of violence". (Who killed Malcolm? Who beat up Joan Bird?) Roberts then said that he liked Malcolm and had been concerned when he was assassinated, but made no attempt or request to testify in that trial - even though he alleged that he had been an eyewitness. Roberts just filed his report on the assassination, getting satisfaction from having "done his job".

Roberts, who said that his testimony was based largely on his memory of the day in question, rather than on his reports, was again proven a liar by Bill Crain, who pointed out

that when Roberts first met Dharuba (Richard Moore), he did not know his full name and until March 69, referred to Dharuba in his reports as "Richard Dharuba" - not "Richard Moore" or "Dharuba". Now, since March 69 Roberts has discussed Moore many times (for almost two years) with Phillips and others, and was well aware of Dharuba's real name; However, many times in court Roberts said "Richard Dharuba" - indicating that Roberts was visualizing his memorized reports in his mind rather than trying to recall the day in question. Roberts admitted that this was possible, and an occurrence that may have happened often, thus opening himself up to even further doubt in credibility as most of the "incriminating", "damaging" statements allegedly stated by the defendants, did not appear in those all important reports.

The next lie Roberts was caught up in, was that he said he made no changes from his handwritten reports to his typewritten reports, except for punctuation, and that he never knew his staff member to take notes on anything Roberts told him. However, before the Grand Jury, Roberts testified that he used to call in his handwritten reports and BOSS would write up their own version. In fact, Roberts testified at times from the BOSS edition before the Grand Jury. But Roberts had previously testified that he didn't know whether or not his staff member had made any notes on his reports - a lie Roberts now admitted as being just that - a lie. Bill Crain then asked for the reports made by Roberts' staff member, so Murtagh tried to save both Phillips and Gene Roberts by asking the agent if he'd ever seen his staff member make the reports, and although it is obvious that those reports exist, it is doubtful as to whether or not the defense will ever see them.

Bill Crain then went into another Roberts lie. Roberts had testified that unless his first handwritten report was illegible, he never made a second one, and if he did make a second one, there were no major changes between the two. Bill then showed Roberts two handwritten reports of the same day - both admittedly legible, and with quite different information.

Bill then went on to Dec 31, 68 - the night of the alleged wire cutting mission. This was to have taken place on New Year's Eve around 11:30 - a time when the streets were more crowded than usual - hardly the time to engage in a serious plot. Roberts did not know if this mission had been arranged to see whether or not he was a pig, as there had been talk of other plans to ferret out pigs in the party. Roberts never saw anyone else in the party cutting wires.

Roberts had been assigned to infiltrate the BPP allegedly to report on any criminal activities there. He said, however, that he never made a judgement, he just reported and left the judgements to his superiors. However, it was he who selected what to report on, but the court protected Roberts from having to answer

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Formerly there lived in the little town of Hauberk in the Commonwealth a fine lad, scarce more than a snorting, yclept Elliott Willmott, growing out of his breeches with all the haste of a hasty boy. His family, and a fine family they were, comprising his father Mr. Willmott, and his mother Mrs. Willmott, and his little sister Annie still in pigtailed and petticoats, and to be sure little Irwin with crib and bib, his family, I say, marked well this gaining upwards of young Elliott, and were pleased. Often his father would remark, He's growing like a weed, and his mother, He'll be chasing girls pretty soon, and little Annie, she was envious, and little Irwin wot nothing of it, but cried and cried, when he was not eating.

And still Elliott grew, and changed, from day to day, as a boy will, or a petri culture. One day his shoulders would be so broad and his arms so short that he could have put his elbow in his ear if he'd thought to try it. Another day his chest would be round like a keg and his feet big as pumpkins, his hips where his waist formerly was and his ears flying out like a weathervane from his head. Poor Elliott, with a voice like a rolling bowling ball one second, shrill as a rusty gate the next, and aching in every muscle and articulation with the growing of his body.

Furthermore, into the confusion of his jumbling body there was gradually intruding another thing, shouldering aside

the old, old childhood fancies and terrors, a rough bully of a thing that clasped him in the guts and in the nuts, and grew firmer every time Elliott looked at a pretty girl. With it came clammy feelings in his hands and fuzzy feelings in his thorax and wet, hot, sticky feelings in his blankets when he woke at night smeared in his own peculiar dream-juice. It smelled a little like wheat; Elliott himself smelt most of the time like a pound of fresh-chopped halibut.

broadening shoulder, and the boy Elliott went off feeling dazed but considerably more assured.

A noticeable change in Elliott's grooming habits was evident immediately: although full as clumsy with feet and elbows as ever, he took to dressing like a Russ Togs model, and to growing his hair long, having heard that girls liked it that way. And it was not very long before one of the girls, Patty Ann Armbruster from his class at school,

movies and sat in the very last row. It was a magic time for the two of them, and even their occasional irrational little fights made them happy, afterward.

Then one night Elliott's father Mr. Willmott took Elliott into the garage to teach him the mechanics of a universal joint. As they were wiping the last of the oil from their arms and faces with orange cheesecloths, Mr. Willmott asked Elliott about Patty Ann Armbruster. Had they — you know — DONE it yet? Of course not! Where would they be doing it, at their age, this late in the autumn?

Glad to hear it, Mr. Willmott went on to remark that Patty Ann was a nice girl, a good girl, but — well, Elliott — just not really your kind of girl. Pressed for an explanation, he conceded that Patty Ann was actually none other than Elliott's half-sister: I've done a bit of fooling around in my day, Mr. Willmott explained with a trace of a smile, a trace of a gloat, and Patty Ann's mother Mrs. Armbruster, well — she's a looker just like her daughter . . .

Elliott was stricken. A great heavy lump grew in his breast, of rage and loss and even a little guilt, and he never could speak to Patty Ann Armbruster ever again, ever ever again. His spirits collapsed. His clothes he took no more interest in, and but for the injunctions of his mother to use shampoo, he would

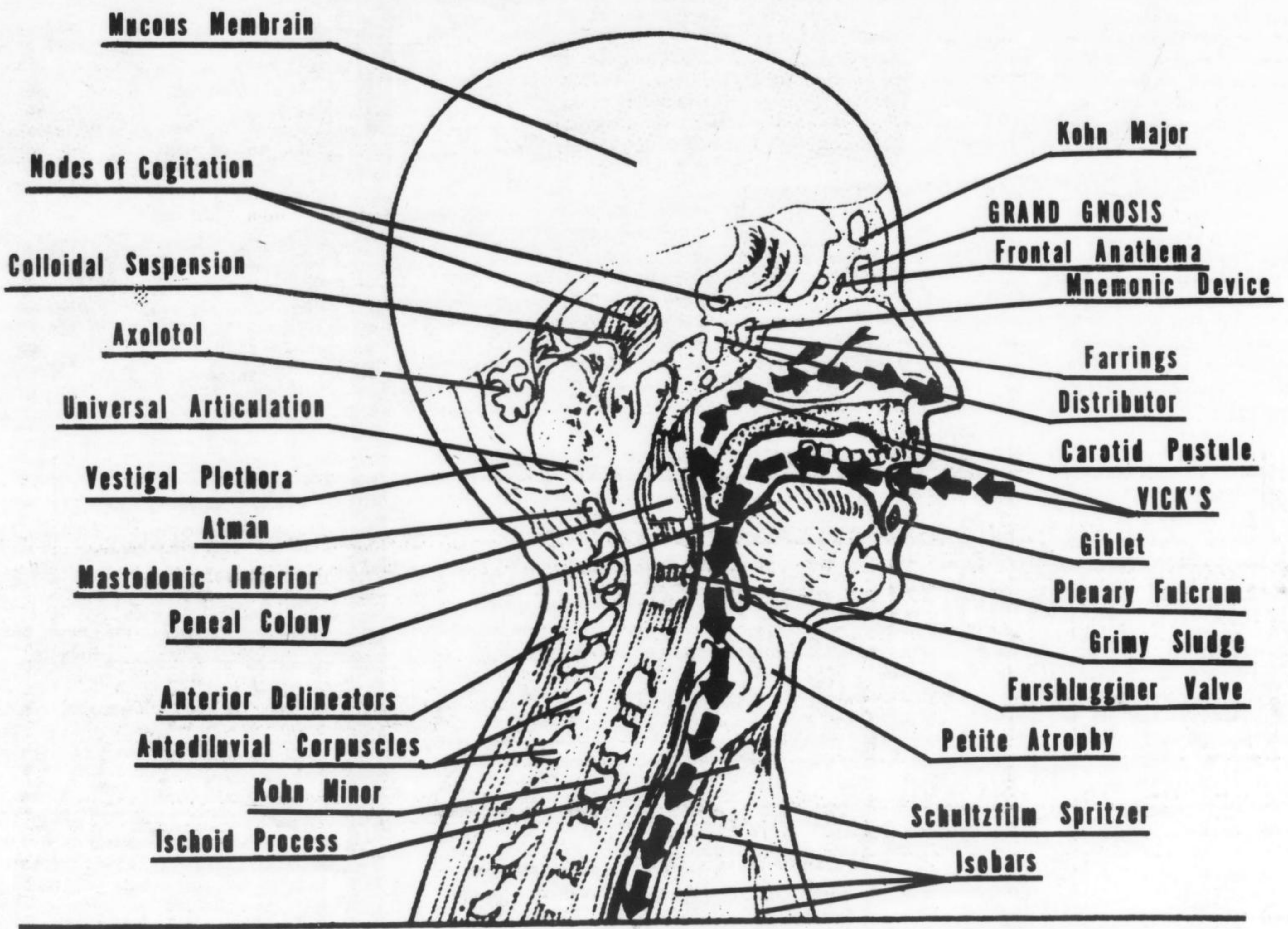
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D.A. Latimer **Decomposition**
A Christmas Fable

Divining the signs from his pyjamas and sheets, his mother Mrs. Willmott told of them to his father Mr. Willmott, and Mr. Willmott, under pretense of showing Elliott how to clean a carburetor, told the boy in the garage all of the Facts Of Life: even about fairy guys he told him, and about rubbers, and V.D. and the signs of V.D. Some girls, he said, even use their mouths on guys, and that's called a blowjob. But how could a guy stand to kiss her on the mouth afterward? Concluding the seance with a few hoary off-colour anecdotes, Mr. Willmott slapped his son heartily on the

began to display before him unmistakeable signs of interest.

Like a football punted skyward on a straight soaring spiralling parabola high, high up over the autumn elm leaves in the park, Elliott's spirits soared. Every day he put his arm around Patty Ann Armbruster's shoulders, and together they walked all the way across town to the Sugar Bowl restaurant, and there they sat until supper sipping cokes and listening to the juke box. On weekends they attended dances in the school gymnasium or the Methodist Church basement, and sometimes went to the



*Posterior Delineators omitted for clarity; also synchroid valves and epithelial fringe.

SMEGMA
(Head Cheese)

PRISON?

by RALPH BERTOLUCCI
& RICHARD CHANDLER

On September 6, eight people broke into the Federal Building in Rochester, N.Y. The eight, known as the Flower City Conspiracy, destroyed draft files, U.S. attorney's records, & FBI records. For this action they were tried, found guilty, & sentenced to terms in prison on December 3 after their two-week trial. The sentences were 12 months for Frank Callahan - 21 & Jane Mey erding - 22; 15 months for Suzi Williams - 21, DeCourcy Squire - 21, Wayne Bonekemper - 21, & Ted Glick - 21; & 18 months for Joan Nicholson - 36 & Joe Gilchrist - 22.

The Flower City Conspiracy trial focused much attention on some of our society's ills. One problem which was frequently discussed during the course of the trial is the prison system, which the Flower City eight are now in. They were first held in the Monroe County Jail in Rochester, where they were forced to endure numerous indignities. These include the overdone searches, censorship, many repressive rules & regulations, & harassments common in most penal institutions.

An example of one form of harassment can be illustrated in the case of a group of prisoners who were brought into the Monroe County Jail one afternoon not too long ago. They were brought in about 2:15 p.m., just after visiting hours had begun. The guards stopped people from visiting their friends & relatives while they forced the new prisoners to strip down to their underwear in front of everyone there. The whole process lasted well over an hour, during which period the visitors were forced to wait in a crowded room if they wished to visit. That was a strain on everyone, especially since only tow & a half hours three days a week are set aside for ten minute visits between those in jail & their families & friends outside.

The Flower City Conspiracy women were particularly discriminated against in visiting. Unlike other women in the Monroe County Jail, they were not allowed to visit with anyone except their parents. Lurleen Squire, DeCourcy's mother, was permitted to see DeCourcy for only six minutes on one

occasion. Reverend Richard Gilbert, minister of the Unitarian Church in Rochester, was not permitted to see any of the Flower City Conspiracy women when he attempted to visit, though he would normally be allowed to visit anyone in the jail. Two of the women, Suzi & DeCourcy, were subjected to especially harsh treatment due to their noncooperation with certain of the degrading prison procedures. They were not allowed to send or receive any mail, & for awhile they were forcibly strip-searched - an unnecessary practice which they persistently resisted. Judge Harold Burke finally ordered the strip-searches to be terminated. On Thanksgiving Day we attempted to send them an open card which, though approved by the guard at the front desk, was not delivered by the matron. We talked with two of the matrons, both of whom were uncooperative & seemed particularly impersonal.

The staff of the jail informed us that concerning visits, censorship, & other rules pertaining to those in the Flower City Conspiracy, they were following the orders of Al Skinner, Monroe County's 75-year-old sheriff. Skinner told us that in his 32 years as sheriff he never had any trouble until Squire & Williams came along. When we suggested to Skinner that he talk to them, he said that they were not worth talking to. He seems to lack the ability, not to mention the willingness, to communicate with prisoners.

The Flower City Conspiracy eight will do most of their time in federal prisons. Our background as former federal prisoners qualifies us to write about this. The federal prisons, perhaps the most modern & enlightened in the country, still fall far short of anything that an aware human being could find acceptable. Physical brutality, though limited, still exists in various forms. We were beaten, sprayed with chemical Mace, left in bare cells without clothes, denied meals & medical treatment... all for our nonviolent non-cooperation with dehumanizing rules & regulations.

Psychological effects of a long term in prison are probably much more devastating than any incidents of brutality. As

DeCourcy Squire wrote in a letter written before the Flower City action took place: "All the traits - brutality, apathy, dehumanization, degradation, oppression, repression, exploitation, economic discrimination, lack of personal responsibility, authoritarianism, callousness, blindness - all the evils & traits of our society are found in a concentrated form in the judicial & penal system." Loneliness, fear, & a long list of other negative traits could well be added to that list, with few positive traits as balance.

The attitude of federal prison authorities is to control first & to rehabilitate last. Men are put in the hole (a sink, window, bed, & toilet in a small room) or a strip cell (the same but with double doors & only a toilet & spigot for water, both operable only from outside the cell) for little or no reason. We once asked one of the associate wardens at Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary for guidelines on when men are put into the hole. He answered: "Men are put in the hole when the staff thinks they ought to be." Thus men are segregated for long periods for insolence, being out of bounds, refusing to take unwanted medication, "general harassment," etc.

Perhaps the worst aspect of time in prison is the human waste - one feels as if he is not living life as it should be lived (he isn't). Time just drags by. Nearly all prisoners allow themselves to be subjected to things that they normally wouldn't either because of fear of direct punishment or fear of having to spend more time in prison. The latter may be fear of parole denial, revocation of earned "good time" (time given for "good behavior"), or charges resulting in another prison term. Both of us, at one time or another, were threatened with charges of mutiny for simple refusal to cooperate in some way. Thus the prisoner must follow the whole mechanical routine & suffer all the usual humiliations of prison in silence or face possible serious consequences.

The Flower City Conspiracy committed illegal acts, acts considered violent by many. Is the society to do nothing about them - leave them to possibly commit similar acts again &

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THE GREAT COMPUTER KIDNAP CASE

by ROY WEINER

Who can forget, during those tumultuous days of last May, after Cambodia and Kent State, standing in the crowd outside NYU's Courant Institute while a joyful flurry of computer punch cards rained down on everybody's heads to be saved as souvenirs? Inside the occupied building, students had barricaded themselves in for days, on the floor where the Atomic Energy Commission's 3.5 million dollar computer sat, held hostage by the students. They were demanding \$100,000 ransom from the school administration, enough money to free one Panther, which they never got.

Ah, those were the days.

Now the shit has come down. While campuses all over the country have been relatively quiet since resuming in September, the official reactions to the May '70 uprisings continue in the vein of steady repression. Two hundred government agents were enrolled as students at Kent State this fall. And at NYU, a professor and a teaching assistant were indicted for their activities in the May strike.

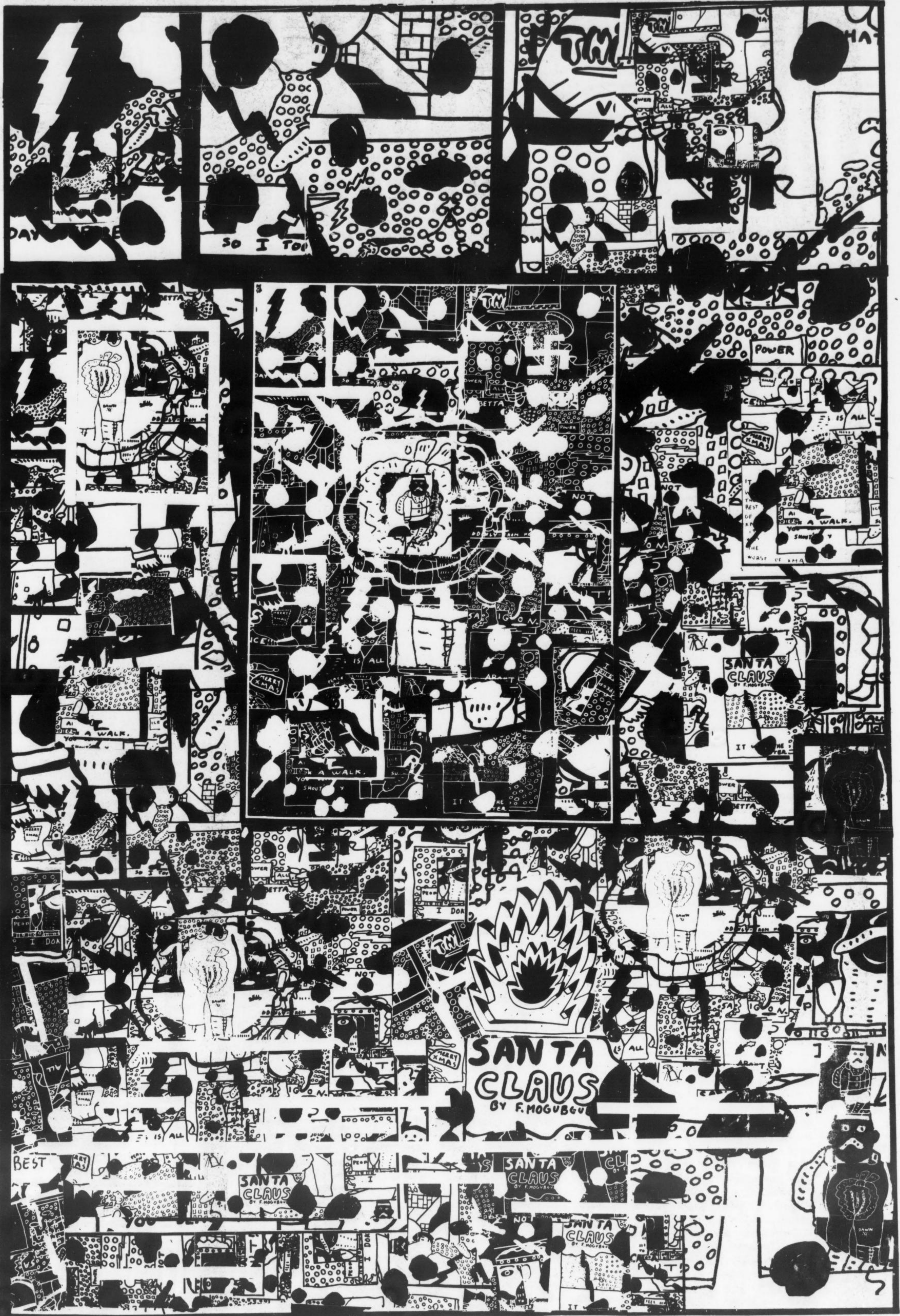
"They're trying to stifle dissent by putting on a show trial," explains Dan Pochoda, one of the lawyers for Robert Wolfe and Nick Unger ('The Courant Two'). "It's clearly a political trial, no question about it."

Wolfe and Unger are charged with conspiracy to commit grand larceny by extortion, attempted grand larceny by extortion, and attempted criminal coercion. This in reference to the Courant computer action in which hundreds were involved.

"The school administration helped in the selection of Wolfe and Unger and wants to set an example with them to the NYU community," said Pochoda. He feels the two were picked out because of their prior political activity on campus. Unger was a member of SDS and Wolfe was an outspoken proponent of radical causes at NYU.

Legally, the charges are bullshit and Pochoda thinks they have a good case. "They're trying to stretch criminal law to cover a political situation," he says. The charge of conspiracy is supposed to mean secret meetings and underground planning, while what actually went on were very open meetings between the students and the administration to negotiate the demands. Since what transpired at those meetings were discussions of a highly political nature,

(Continued on Page 17)



CHARLIE FRICK

It comes as no surprise at this time of the year why all the hot records are coming off the presses, all the million sellers all at once, for the X-Mas shoppers there are lots of records, so they buy more records, little realizing that the owners of most of the hip record companies are the shareholders of the pig nation. There's a lot of funny business going on but at the top of the heap there's methodical planning happening in order to keep the nation made up of americas young powerless to change their conditions and make a new world around the old. They grab and hold the youth by their most vulnerable point. Everyone knows what a materistically oriented life we're raided to live in america. They teach the kids that they have to BUY what they want and they have to WANT what the pig nation is selling them. Plastic toys that glow in the dark, heroin phony statements on americas foreign policy by the head pig. That's right boys and girls step right up and get some more plastic cropole plated dream. Help keep america safe and clean, Buy Bonds. They're trying to reroute the nations economy by grabbing ahold of the money line where its the most active. and money these days is most active in the hands of youth. The kids that get an allowance, all the way to the top people in the rock and roll world.

They all have loose money it seems to go and purchase some more of mass produced dreams and plastic factory-dreams. They've forgot on what its like to be real. What its like to feel.

I mean there's too much plastic and crome under the tinsel and glitter this year. The time is almost near boys and girls. That time of every year boys and girls that you got to decide about what side your bread is buttered on.

Do you know that the same company that owns the oil that messed up Santa Barbra owned 3 of the record companys that have hits on the top pop fm radio stations. And another company owns a string of rent a car agency across the country. They're all tied up in big money holdings the record companys who make the records that you play are doing it to you in another way.

Taking your money for the goodies that you buy and turning the money into the battle fund in the military industrial takeover plan. Your pennies and dollars are helping end to the land of the free. Cant you see?!

The pig nation wishes you a merry xmass and hopes you'll buy lots and lots of records for your family and friends.

Yeah no matter what if you havent broken with your middle middle up bringing and supplanted your education with many hours of flight time youre probably helping those whowant to get from you all you have. Theres nothing so bad with records these days, its just the many people and the many ways that theyre trying to take from you, your mind. What else can the music business do outside promote and sell records. They dont make the artists stars cause its the audience that does that. What exactly does the music business do for their cut of the action??

It was years ago when the bobby soxed hip thinking white american college audience was digging on all of their White American Folk Singing acts like Joan Baez and the Kingston Trio, and Peter Paul And Mary, there used to be a beautiful girl with a guitar and songs of another time popping up all over the place. Her Name was Buffy St Marie, a 29 year old Canadian Cree. In a 1967 interview with the i L.A. Free Press she said "Hippies are a gas I really like them. Hippies are a flower garden. But a lot of them, have retired. There is still a lot of work that needs to be done. and it needs to be done by flower childern It can only be accomplished by saints, Im waiting for the saints to go marching in."

Now years later, her peoples nation still in trouble by the advancing white man and the death and sickness that he brings she coments on some things that shes seen and that have upset her. "It burns me especially all those fashion magazine layouts of indian garb using White and Negro models and not one Indian" It was shortly after the Madison aveneu machine got wind of the current craze and where all the money was tied up that there began to appear all these indian related trade items.

Like hip looking clothes and leather boots and leathe belts and all the beautiful jewelry that has come from the hands of indian craftsmen.

There was only one cat ive ever run across that wasnt an indian that wore turquoise and silver well. Jimmi Hendrix.

Thats right the indian nation has been sold out once again this time by some cheap spies parading under a shaky banner and reporting unconsciously to the big wig planners of madison avenew, and what runs the pig nation? Advertising. message communication all that stuff that marshal mc cluhan was talking about was true. madison avenew is the hidden arm of the big brother operation controll your minds.

So anyways Buffy is a little pissed at the recent bumbling efforts on the part of the indian nation by white, out of work actresses Jane Fonda and Candiece Bargan. Theyve been trashing the news media and the television late night talk shows

with their Madison aveneu designed indian wardrobe and hitting on all the important news rappenings that are going down

Yes the indians are being subverted again, only this time there isnt much left. In her song Now That The Buffalos Gone she asks "Has a change come about Uncle Sam? Or are you still taking our land?" The responsibility of the present state of the american indians is a direct result of the government of the united states

Buffy stated that many if her people wish folks like jane and candy would stop hogging the indian warpath. She wonders if their motives arent centered on publicity and personal fame cause how can you know what its like to be an indian unless youre an indian, More and more now a days on the television theyre appearing and acting as mouthpieces for the indian nation.

I dont think that the indians need any white folks helping them. For the past few months Buffy has been working closely with a group called Native North American Womens Association, trying to bring about some sort of meaningful social changes like educating the young and correcting the history books. cause no kid wants to be told his grandfather was a savage.

George Harrison, by DAVID

You wouldn't call it fantastic and you wouldn't call it poor, something in the middle, something under all that Phil Spector Motown expertise. The something under the Raymond Lowe chrome and spick and span is George Harrison's ALL THINGS MUST PASS, the last of the Beatle solo albums. George Harrison is talented. He plays a reasonable lead guitar having done work with an obscure skiffle band, The Quarrymen who later became something else, metamorphized into an idol, and crashed off of that high in the space of ten years back to himself. Harrison is not alone here, he plays with Klaus Voorman and Ringo Starr (members estime of the Plastic Ono Band) plus the horn and rhythm section of Bonnie and Delaney, Eric Clapton AND Bob Dylan in a special cameo role, AND Al Aronowitz, the famed N.Y. Post critic . . .

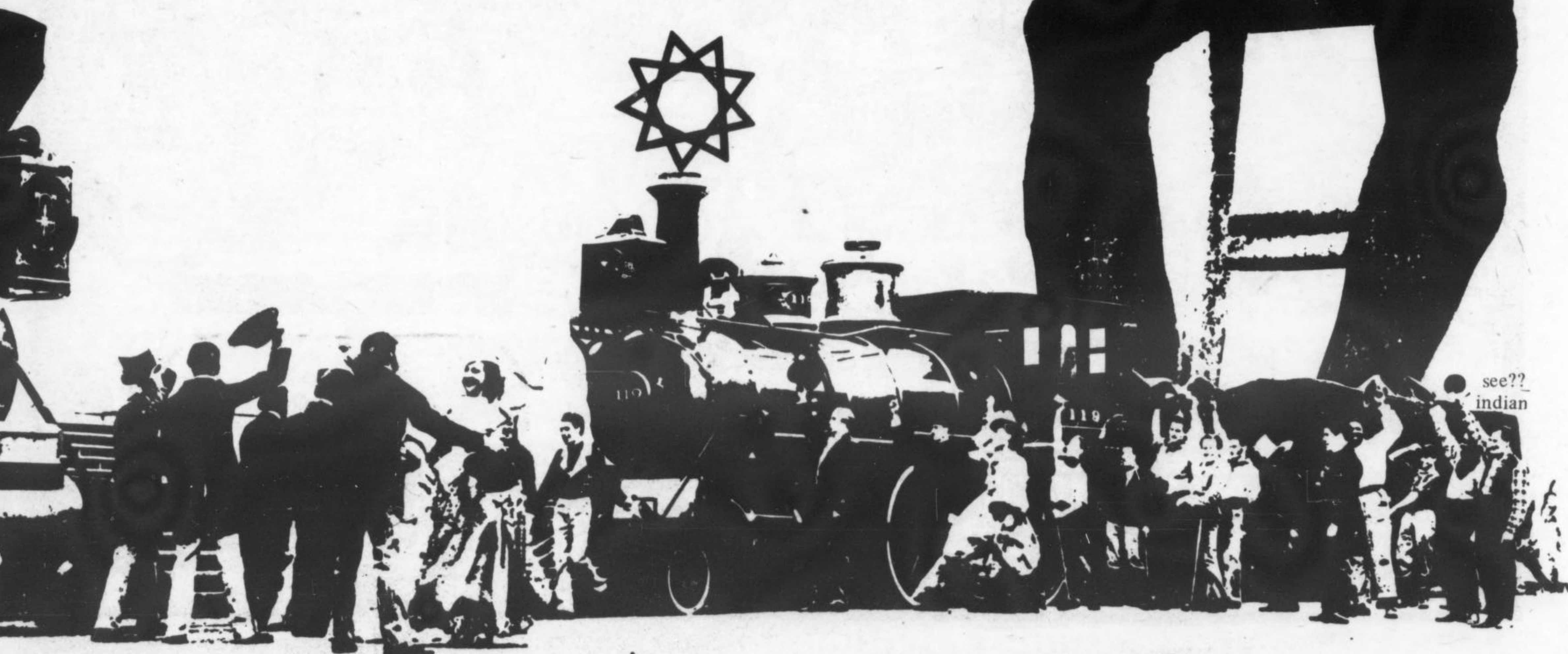
A melange perhaps, different textures mixed together many

into broad sweeping, statuesque lines of harmony and syrupy strings courtesy of Detroit's ex-resident genius Phil Spector (recently having appeared as a cocaine dealer in "Easy Rider.") What to do with a disturbing album. Not that it isn't George Harrison, it is. Maybe he sums it up in a song when he says, "Help me Lord/ to, burn out this desire". The album could be a careful working out of George's thoughts over the last few years when he was fighting with Paul, writing and seeing so much that no one would hear . . . a chance on his own. ALL THINGS MUST PASS, a three album set is sold as "Three albums for the price of two". How uncharacteristic of him, probably not his fault at all (it doesn't fit his innate modesty really).

ALL THINGS MUST PASS Apple STCH 639 is a token of Harrison, an autobiography in parts, an interlude, an experiment in moods.



see??
indian



THE ARTIST AS A NIGGER

WALLEY

Many of his songs deal with spiritual fulfillment, finding the Lord and enrichment, within you and without you — George has been into that for years. It could have been very simple when all was said and done — but then there's Phil Spector the wonderboy of pop music (with LET IT BE, he didn't) right in there overproducing the hell out of almost everything with lush horns, strings, the continual rushing sensation which takes the breath away as well as loses the listeners' interest after a while. Six sides of Harrison in various incarnations as collaborator with Dylan (I'd Have You Anytime), as journeyman musician on Applejam (sides five and six) nicely fitting inside the Bonnie and Delaney Boys with Eric Clapton, an acoustic folkster, as an electric Motown kewpie doll.

Hidden messages, nary a one. Everything's so out front, Spector makes it more so. In its way, ALL THINGS MUST is simple, my favorites are "I'd Have You Anytime" because it's sweet, almost Johnny Mathis 1962; "Wah-Wah", a song dealing with the vicissitudes of being a lead guitarist and the ego trips therein because Spector's effects really work, making it sound like the Ston We Love You; "Apple Scruffs" a song about the Beatle watchers of Saville Row, because of the folk arrangement giving Dylan a chance to play his incomparable harmonica; "Without Your Love" because Dylan sings it more spontaneously than on NEW MORNING; and "Behind that Locked Door" because the song is beautiful and Dylan sings with his whiskey sweet/sour voice.

Apple Jam, the "extra" album on sides five and six leaves much to be desired as good jamming music. It really doesn't matter who's playing and when you've heard enough jams with various proficient musicians they all sound the same ... music is music and jams rarely get exciting. Not impressive but fun nevertheless.

You can't particularly fault George Harrison for this album is an adequate representation of the way he is now ... mellow. Playing with Dylan must have been fun, and playing with the rest of the boys. Clapton, Radle, Pete Drake, Dave Mason et al must have been just like being on the road again with a working band. The lyrics to the songs are very tastefully though incompletely printed on the record sleeves show serenity, tranquility and peace of mind. Overproduced? Overweighted? Most definitely. Sometimes the arrangements get so ornate that the lyrics are muddled and buried ... but it's not in an artful manner at all. Too much candy is like too much Spector. One starts to get sick after too great a dose, and three records is a little too much when there's not that much diversity of mood and feeling. The lyrics are beautiful, perhaps with different arrangements ...

ALL THINGS MUST PASS shows the striving side of George Harrison's character. He's been through a lot in the past ten years, and this album lets it all out. A self portrait for George. "Sometimes take so long, but how do I explain? When not too many people can see we're all the same". We are.

The age of the art gallery is drawing to a close. For the last twenty years the entire New York art world and to a large extent the national and international art worlds beyond it, have been dominated by a few skillful or lucky or mentally unbalanced entrepreneurs on Fifty-Seventh Street. For better or worse (and many would say worse) they have made the myths and the realities of art in this country during these years. They helped to create, along with a complex network of museum curators and rich trustees, artistic reputations, esthetic values, and cash prices in an art world which had been unsure of all these factors.

They also helped to elevate American art to world eminence at a time when this nation desperately needed cultural pretensions to legitimize its leadership in the eyes of a skeptical war-wounded Europe.

It is perhaps fitting that the first major gallery to go should be the Howard Wise Gallery. This gallery was also the first in introducing some of the really meaningful directions in the arts today, directions that will continue to bear fruit long after all the fashionable chit-chat about minimal and conceptual and slush art have become nothing more than dust on unread doctors' theses. To his credit Wise was the first to do justice to such artists as Len Lye and Takis and to open the arts to the full flow of its technological possibilities — it was in his gallery that some of the most important shows of tech, light, kinetic, sound and television works were shown, including pieces by many younger relatively unknown artists.

There are those who felt that Wise's taste was unsteady and often wildly unpredictable, but the fact is that he was one of the few places a young artist could go with a wild idea, ask for a thousand dollars for materials to start work on it, and have some chance of actually getting it. Artists at other galleries were lucky if they got enough to cover their paint and canvas.

Wise himself realizes that an era may be over — he claims that artists no longer want to do work suitable for galleries (which is partially true) and that he himself has reached a high point and wants to quit while he is ahead. This is certainly not the case for other galleries, which are ahead neither esthetically nor financially, and the grapevine has it that many of these will also be closing early in the new year.

Some estimates point to as many as forty percent of all New York galleries closing within the next year.

Those that survive can scarcely be expected to do land office business, and the outlook for artists huddling around their fires in Soho and outlying areas of the Village is not a cheerful one.

Rarely have artists been well equipped to deal with financial adversity, and this time, in conditions which combine the low earnings of a depression and the soaring rents and shrinking dollar of inflation, they would seem to have outdone themselves in being badly prepared. It is hard to decide if the individual artist, as he goes his usual mindless way imagining that his genius alone will see him through and pay his bills, is genuinely quixotic or just plain pathetic. There is a strong possibility that this winter will see many artists now sleeping in lofts off the Bowery suddenly sleeping in doorways on it.

Critics and scholars have wasted untold numbers of pages asking themselves, as though they were the only arbiters of the art world and esthetic values, precisely what an artist is. It is time that this question was answered in pure economic terms that relate to a genuine oppressed class. WHAT IS AN ARTIST? IT'S SIMPLE:

AN ARTIST IS A PERSON WHO CANNOT GET HEALTH INSURANCE.

AN ARTIST IS A PERSON WHO CANNOT GET A LOAN FROM A BANK.

AN ARTIST IS A PERSON WHO CANNOT GET WELFARE BENEFITS WITHOUT LYING ABOUT HIS PROFESSION.

AN ARTIST IS A PERSON WHO CANNOT EASILY FIND EMPLOYMENT BECAUSE HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE SHIFTLESS AND UNRELIABLE.

AN ARTIST IS A PERSON WHO ACCEPTS HOUSING WHICH BLACKS AND PUERTO RICANS WOULD REJECT AS SUB-STANDARD, WHO CONVERTS THIS HOUSING INTO A PALACE OF COMFORT AND BEAUTY, AND THEN HAS HIS RENT QUADRUPLED BY HIS LANDLORD FOR THE IMPROVEMENTS HE HAS MADE OR IS OTHERWISE EVICTED SO THAT RESPONSIBLE TENANTS CAN MOVE IN.

AN ARTIST IS A PERSON WHO CANNOT GET UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION UNLESS HE HAS SPECIFICALLY BEEN EMPLOYED AS A COMMERCIAL ARTIST.

AN ARTIST IS A PERSON WHO DEEPLY SUSPECTS ANY ATTEMPT MADE TO HELP HIM, ESPECIALLY IF IT IS MADE BY ANOTHER ARTIST.

In addition to this catalogue, the artist also has a list of myths he believes about himself, but which have also been imposed on him by society to keep him in his place. The first is the myth of his genius, which makes him think that his material poverty is unimportant and he really will get through, the second is the myth that he isn't really supposed to need much to eat or live on anyway, the third is the myth that he would somehow be IMPURE if he actually tried to improve his own conditions, or god forgive, relate to society as a whole.

Flo Kennedy (who defended Rap Brown) summed this all up at a recent meeting of the Art Workers Coalition when she said that artists are the most niggerized breed on the face of the earth. Even the gay liberation have finally got themselves together and are soon to open a center where they can meet and talk to each other as individuals away from the noise and the flesh market of the gay bars. The Art Workers Coalition has been in existence for two years now, but is there any place where artists can meet and talk to each other as individuals away from the noise and pressures of the art world flesh market? The answer must be an unqualified "NO!"

The only hope is that the present pain and uncertainty in the art world must grow into even greater pain and uncertainty, and that the various meetings now wearily and almost furtively going on among artists will continue and branch out into a genuine organization with genuine powers to protect the artist.

The time for pizzazz and surface decor and clever promotions is at an end and must go the way of the galleries, though some self-proclaimed revolutionary artists and critics seem to be the last to have understood this. It may well be that much that we had thought of as central to art and artists will have to go, but we can only hope that other more meaningful and genuinely creative values will take their place. It may be that after countless build-ups and spiels about new directions in the arts, that a truly new direction may actually come about. It is certainly the only one now open, however painful it may prove to the establishment and its hanger-on. The alternative is the complete self-destruction of the art world. Or perhaps the two go together, and the self-destruction has already begun.

by ALEX GROSS

ANNOUNCEMENT
"NOTHING BUT A MAN"
Dec. 29, 7 and 9 p.m.
Columbia Teachers College
Horace Mann Auditorium
102nd Street
Venceremos Brigade
contribution

Everything Mentioned



earth news poets VISION

for Ernie Marshall if
he's still around

on the Streets, he'd lived
the baddest Western ever made
armed robbery every night
so often that nobody'd ever
heard of him, tho he made
RING twice, the record book

Ernie, jealous of Oedipus
had three tragic flaws:
he was black
he was intelligent
he really loved to Come

I knew him in San Quentin
every morning like prayer
shadowboxing in the Lower Yard
& he had this white Kid who

hustled for them
O for a while it was Icecream
it was starched dungarees every
day, their jacket collars rolled
it was Paranoid Corner, sitting
in the Sun

also there was Bob, a crewcut
guard from Harlan County
used to dogeye Ernie every day
didnt like to see him handle
that Kid
—Whats a nigger doin with
sumthin like that anyhow

every morning like prayer
Rage & Color dont mix

—Wm. WANTLING
5/70

"BUT SEE HOW CUNNINGLY THE TRAP IS BAITED . . ."
—for Edward Lucie-Smith

very few of you understand
you think because I do so many San Quentin poems
I'm exploiting the place
building my own myth
there's that too, no use denying it
but mostly I want you to see we are all in San Quentin
the green field called Lower Exercise Yard is

Great Britain
the asphalt-covered Big Yard the United States
the thick stone walls Society
East Block "the biggest cell-block in the world"
is Asia

Europe is obvious, & guess who the GUARDS are
the rest of us are Cons, of course, waiting for
that Paranoid knife in our backs while the Muslims &
the Nazis firebomb each other's narrow cells

the best advice is what any old Con will tell you:
"Walk slow, drink a lot of Water"

—William WANTLING
5/70

there goes another sidetrip

& then
just when I think I'm
getting my shit together
the humming starts, the static
& sideways
upside down & just at the

edge of my eye
in come the metallic grey chesspieces of
the Insect Trust
rank & file spears & chorus line
moving on the Martian track, stop, go
back out again

silence

just to remind me

—Wm. WANTLING
7/70

GIORNO POETRY S/STEMS

The hog
market
The hog market
at Chicago's
Stockyards
at Chicago's Stockyards
is closing
is closing,
and soon
the splattered
gates
and soon the splattered gates
will shut
behind
will shut behind
the last
squealing
tenant
the last squealing tenant
of this famous
way
station
of this famous way station
on the road
to the oblivion
on the road
to the oblivion
of the canned
ham
of the canned ham:

The bomb
The bomb,
placed
in a ceiling
placed in a ceiling
of a men's
room
of a men's room
on the 12th
floor
on the 12th floor,
buckled
the ceiling
buckled the ceiling,
blew out
windows
blew out windows,
tore
down
lighting
fixtures
tore down
lighting fixtures,
caved in
walls
caved in walls
and caused
water
leakage
and caused
water leakage
all
the way
down
all the way down
to the lobby
to the lobby.

The bomb
The bomb,
placed
in a ceiling
placed in a ceiling
of a men's
room
of a men's room
on the 12th
floor
on the 12th floor,
buckled
the ceiling
buckled the ceiling,
blew out
windows
blew out windows,
tore
down
lighting
fixtures
tore down
lighting fixtures,
caved in
walls
caved in walls
and caused
water
leakage
and caused
water leakage
all
the way
down
all the way down
to the lobby
to the lobby.

once in the head
and once
in the right
rib
flank
and once in the right

"He ran
He ran
to the edge
of the woods

"I hit
him
I hit him
once
in the head

rib flank,"
Patrolman
Jenkins said
Patrolman Jenkins said.

to the edge of the woods
and dropped
dead
and dropped dead
right
there
right there
by a stream
by a stream."

THE FAMILIES OF THE FUTURE for Neil and Mari-ann

heart my breathing fast
moving beds from some nights envious walls
yes that's much better it's not very nice
to get out of bed at that side so lets move
the bed to make it not so easy and
still enough space for the plug
i don't know what's come over me and
am joyiously happy about it
ah the 3 of us in a bed
and sad learning reading poems
by candle light the spirit sticking up
its limp head "it's a pity harry i can't
kiss you this way"

glowing full and warm we rested at her side
she sighed feeling rich like a queen
gentle neil small and delicately wise
ah neil the families of the future
yr hands tracing the moves of our fuck
yr hair falling like a whale
how long have we known each other ?
how much time to allow for our differences ?
mari-ann a true viking goddess
thoughts are funny things neil
i didn't come perhaps you knew and perhaps
the two of us there so privately i sit
here in the kitchen time

IT WAS ON A SUNDAY

it was on a sunday yr day off
we were in the garden in the sun
a day to remember i put away the coloured
supplement and sitting on me yr legs spread
we took off yr blue net pants
my cock set free reached out for yr warm softness
my dried earth hands holding yr cool smooth bottom
inwards near where we were in and around
out fur rocking the brass zip of my jeans scraping
against my tight balls
it was on a sunday i remember the shape
carried you up that way holding you close
in the seat of my hands yr legs well around my waist
up the stairs where we fell on the unmade bed
loose for a moment the secret is in us and all around us
(but that's to-day) on that hot day we loved freely moving
in the seas of our bodies
if to-night you come home late and ask me
what i did to-day i would do it all again

NEWSPOEM

BIBLE SCHOLAR: JESUS PROBABLY WED

AP Religious Service—

A Bible scholar has come up with a startling conclusion—that Jesus probably was a married man . . .

This is an unusual and, to some Christians, perhaps shocking thesis, on a rarely examined issue. But Dr. Phipps bases it on detailed analysis both of Scripture and the Jewish culture of which Jesus was a part . . .

Christianity always has regarded Jesus as "fully human" . . .

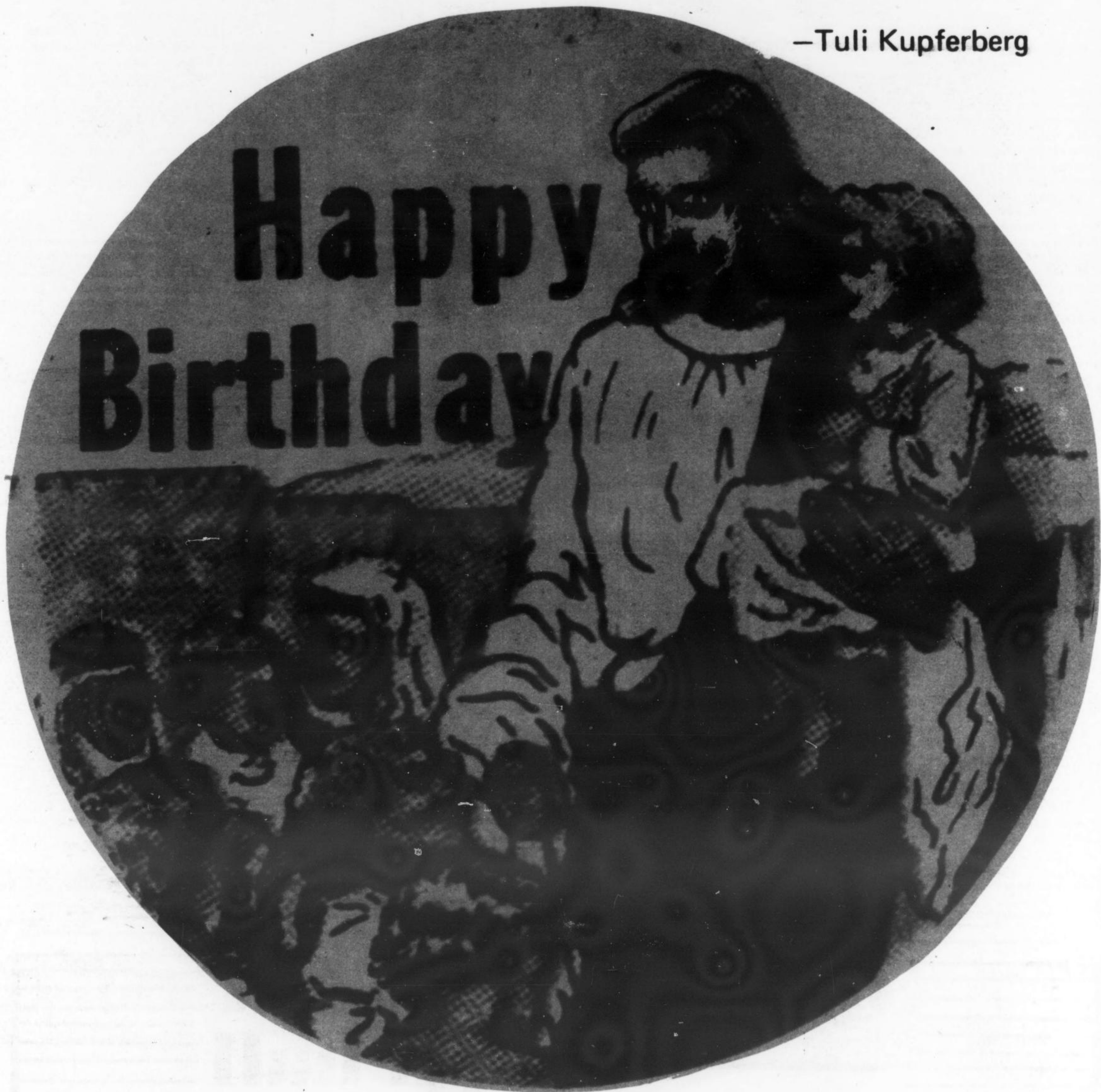
He also finds inferences that Mary Magdalene may have been Jesus' wife, but concedes the Scriptural silence on the matter makes any identification speculative . . .

NY POST Nov. 13, 1970

Jesus Jesus what have they done
Made you human like everyone
Flesh unto flesh dust unto dust
Hardly a God a poor girl can trust

Still . . . Better to make out than to be spurned
Better to marry than to be burned
Better to be frenched than to be french fried
& Better to love than to crucify

—Tuli Kupferberg



I would like to subtitle this article, "A QUEER IDENTITY." Are you a queer to be feared, do you fear to be queer, or do you feel perhaps, a little bit of both? How does a queer identify fear that's queer?

Recalling significant instances of fright, when sudden rushes of the "queer" fear permeated my mind, creating ripples of hot and cold chill which sped throughout my entire, I note the most repulsive in kind as being those I experienced in the early 1950's; whence, as I lay in bed listening to the evening quiz programs, when I should've been asleep! The "queer fear" produced conditions which so horribly scarred my youthful mind, that they prevented my gentle and natural transition into gayer, more beautiful days, during my most formative years. Thus, into the "fear queer" emotion complex of youth.

One of the more terribly excruciating of popular shows on television at the time was the Groucho Marx' "You Bet Your Life." The title isn't particularly important except one might change it mentally to, "I Ruin Your Life." Yes I do remember 'ole Groucho. He was the corny sadism master of snide humor and quack insult; the "slap-in-the-face" type. The kind that drove my mom and dad and the little old lady in her rocking chair, into stark raving hysterics. I swear he had those peevish quips he uttered written on his cigarbands, (they didn't have cue cards then), using them, unfortunately, upon exhaling a smog-dose amount of cigar. Insistent on immediate proper response to his quipping Groucho would turn and wriggle his eyes at the audience over his bi-focs, who in turn reacted auto-hysterically every time. Hypnoticism? It's a good thing he wasn't into assaulting physical characteristics, if you're hip to what I'm getting at, cause he could have easily been chastised by viewers and critics alike! Too bad TV couldn't have saved him for the 60's.

In the majority of cases, his contestants were a man and a woman, rarely a married couple. And what particularly amazed me, and what tickled the puss of others, was how rapid and with such ease Groucho hurled degrading put downs at the men: most of whom were not married men, but lifer bachelors.

The guys stood there helpless and bitterly humiliated and castrated: nowhere to run, nowhere to hide from all the millions of viewers (not even a commercial) watching them squirm as agony and terror ripped acrossed their faces. The people loved it and Groucho rose to fame and became amerika's most beloved evil deevil of teevee, since hell became heaven already to so many faithful watchers of insidious billy graham's crusades in '52. Not even the '52 republican national convention had more viewers. Those were the real years of queer fears and queer "scares."

Groucho usually started off his program with "Cannibal De Sade." antics, by questioning the personal life of the gentleman: (with the lady by the wayside as usual):

"How old are you Mr. Ladismere?" (puff puff)

I'm 35 Groucho.

"Oh are you? Are you married, ah... Mr. Ladismere?" (puff puff)

No Groucho, I'm a bachelor.

(Groucho looks at the audience, puffs his cigar a couple 100 times, wriggles his eyes, which naturally generated laughter).

"Do you ever plan to get married Mr. Ladismere?" (puff puff)

No, not at this time Groucho. (silence). (and more silence, something's up...)

"Hmmm, well, how about this fine, capely specimen of a lady-in-standing, (puff puff) right here next to you? Perhaps you'd like to marry her?" (puff puff)

No, I don't think so. I'm not ready to settle down yet Groucho.

Groucho (puff puff) would then automatically turn and look into the audience and to the viewers at home, as if to be saying, "Ah hah, this cluck is a queer!" and an uproar would ensue and I'd think to myself, "Ah hah, Groucho's right, that cluck is a queer!" Piss, who's 35 these days and unmarried: never heard of such a thing: suspicious... if not downright incriminating!!

On that note, I'd shoot up out of bed and scamper over to the curtain which divided my room from the living room, just so I could get a good clear look at this queer everyone's laughing at. "Gosh, a real live queer! I hate him. Look at the queer will ya!! snicker, snicker. If I was close enough to feel confident my spit could reach the tv screen, and if mom and dad weren't sittin' so close to it, I'd make the attempt. Shit, they're probably doin't it for themselves!"

Everybody was laughing, not at the way Groucho was gawking at them, but because they realized that they too had guessed what 'ole Groucho was inferring: "This guy, a bachelor, is indeed a queer!"

and Groucho would sit there smartly getting the roar of confirmation he was looking for: and the queer shudders in fear. If even the guy wasn't queer, he was now in the eyes of millions.

"Why does Groucho have so many queers on his program, I thought: must be so everyone can have a good laugh or possibly just so they could giggle at the way Groucho makes a mockery of men's bachelorhoods or to teach us kids to fear queers and being, via disguised learning! Yeah, that must be why. I'm not gonna grow up to be a queer. I'm gonna get married as soon as I've finished school. Nobody's gonna poke fun at me or call me a queer. Every damn bachelor Groucho has on his show is a queer and they look so old. Imagine being near 40 and not married yet? Mom and dad are as old as that queer. It's anti-social not to be married at his age. There are a lot of girls around. Bachelors must be sick!"

Groucho's quizzing male contestants about their personal lives was the neatest (fearest) portion of his show. I remember one time when the duck come down from the air with \$50 attached to its bill. Seems, the bachelor had guessed the "secret word" for that night, which was "queer." (gratuities for-admittance?) My little heart must have been thumpin' a thousand times a minute when that

happened. How unbelievable and evil Groucho was to have such a word, that one of all, printed on a card and held over the guy's head labelling him a queer! I wonder if the queer knew what Groucho was doing? His life will be ruined. He'll never be able to get a decent job. He'll be a spinster the rest of his life. He'll end up in the nut house. He might even go to prison now. Imagine living alone as a queer and doin' woman's work, just because he won't get hitched?"

I remember vividly the nightmares I had when I dreamt I was that man and Groucho did the same thing to me. I felt like I was on the road to ruin, even felt suicidal! I was building up a real dispassionate hate and fear for bachelors (queers), so much-so, I'd break out in a fever hot sweat and stiffen up when I heard the word "queer" mentioned, and for that matter anytime I saw an older man alone! (This fear I feel contributed to the many reasons why I'm an incredible age chauvinist towards older gay men and why I literally avoid them. Even older straight men I'm very wary and suspicious of being dirty old men!) The "he's out to get me" complex!

I will admit, I feel much more secure, not dominating or superior, but secure when I'm with younger people or people my age. Growing up, I was ultra-paranoid of any man who was not in the company of a woman; of any man who did not have a woman and wasn't planning to get married. I even began hating my father. He was never around. I didn't realize he was married to my mother until I neared my teens. I despised "Thursdays," too, because they were "queer days." It was getting to the point where I felt all men were "queers."

I realize now that I was associating bachelorhood with being queer. I had acquired mucho hate and disgust for bachelors. I knew they were all queers. (During this time I did not associate the stigmatized physical characteristics of queers with being limp-wristed or lisped in speech, which later I found, was supposed to give queers away!)

There was always this strange feeling that come over me when I felt really lonely, a sense that perhaps one day I might be a bachelor. How awful. I'll be a queer. What would my parents say, and my friends, if I grew up to be a bachelor? Bachelors don't like women: how immoral and non-conforming.

I'd shudder at the mentioning of words bachelor and queer. I'd hear about bachelor parties, where they celebrate a queers getting married. Great! He's gonna be all right, not queer anymore. He'll have lots of friends now and a good job. I wonder how he could have stood it, everyone knowing he was a queer? But what if his kids find out he was once a bachelor, they'll never live it down?!

You know, to come right down to the nitty, I did not really know what a "queer" was!! I thought they were those perverted, old guys who wore grey hats and topcoats, (which we were always warned about), who gave little kids candy so they could snatch them up into their cars or in some bushes and rape and kill them, especially right after school or late at night... the boogey men! I thought those dirty old men, like the ones Groucho had on his show, were the queers—the bachelor men.

I didn't think eventually I'd be discovering that this was untrue, that I would be called a bachelor, a queer by my firends(?), enemies and family: that a queer was actually a man who likes another man and made beautiful love with them. Groucho you were wrong and I hate you so much and your big fat juicy cigars, yeech, you can shove!!!

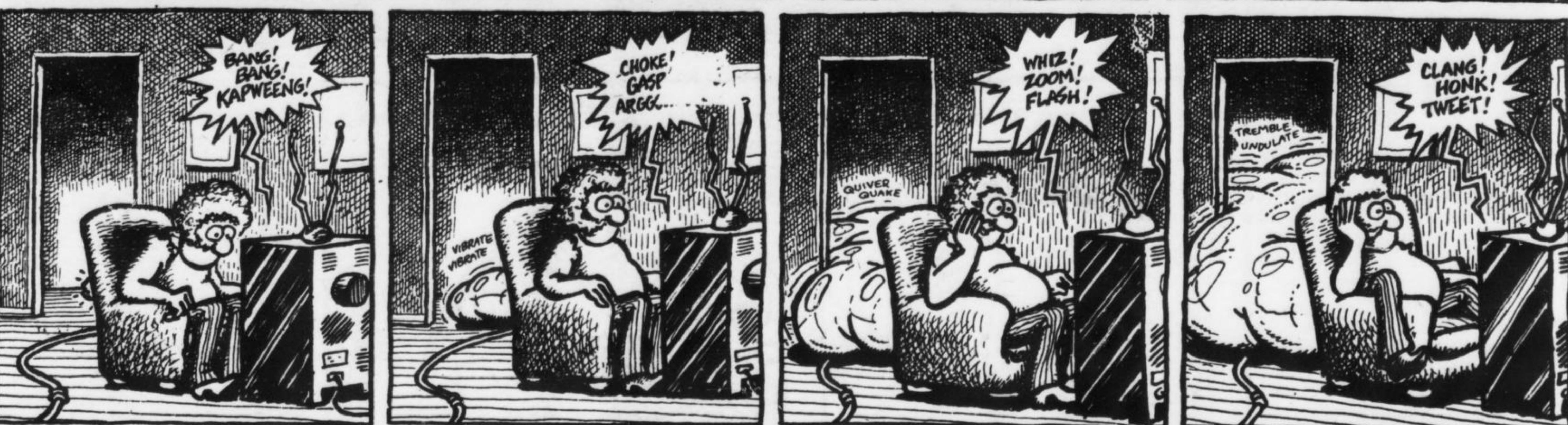


Foto: Martin Neumann

QUEER FEAR

—ralph hall

HOSE FABULOUS FU FREAK BROTHERS



THEATER

by

"REX" WEINER

RIP

It's too bad the Revolution hasn't already occurred, to the extent that we could just be sitting back in a sort of Periclean Golden Age type of society, enjoying the creative products of our culture — the films, music, theater, and art. Not that I expect that sort of Utopian vision to ever be the case, but in view of the many serious socio-political struggles going on right now in this country, it seems that any creative presentation that ignores those struggles can be seen only as pure escapism, an avoidance of a painful, but tremendously important, reality.

But okay. As long as we keep that thought somewhere in our minds, sometimes we must evaluate things on their own terms. In this sense, the mime-rock musical-play production called "Tarot," currently playing at the Chelsea Theater Center (Brooklyn Academy of Music), is a far-out piece of escapist entertainment.

Conceived by "The Rubber Duck" (who the fuck is "Rubber Duck"?), with excellent music by The Rubber Band (whose members include drummer Chicken Hirsch, of Country Joe and the

Fish fame, Tom Constanten and occasionally Jerry Garcia, both of the Grateful Dead and both collaborators in composing the music for the production), "Tarot" is based upon the mystical fortune telling deck of cards.

I suppose one must be well acquainted with the workings of the Tarot deck to fully appreciate the detailed complexities of the play. But basically, it is the fantasy of the characters on the cards come alive in all their symbolism, acting out a birth-life-death cycle which includes universal conflicts such as Good vs. Evil, Intellect vs. Sensuality, Life vs. Death. It is a very intricately worked out construction that is pictured on the elaborate program as a figure eight, the sort of metaphysical structure one might concoct on a very rare acid trip.

This might sound ponderous, but actually, except for a few pretentious moments (as when a character awkwardly slips off his duds to make love to a nude girl within a gauzy tree as a metaphor for "The Philosopher Encounters the Tree of Life and Transcends his Intellect"), it is all done very airily with a lot of magic and humor.

Visually, "Tarot" is a trip. The costumes are beautiful. The mime acting

is smooth and polished. The set is simple and nicely functional on all levels.

The main feature of the play, however, is its successful mixture of mime and rock music. All of the costumed bodies are continually in motion on the stage while the main action is focused and spoken for by the music. Words aren't necessary because the music communicates perfectly — which, of course, has always been the nature of rock music.

For this reason, "Tarot" is an important production. It succeeds where other "New Theater" productions have failed in their attempts to incorporate rock music into a dramatic structure. There is very little left to be heard from the stage any more in the way of words. A good guitar soliloquy can say a lot more to me than some of the dreary monologues I've heard coming down these days from stages in little theaters. Let the MUSIC speak for a change.

Anyway, "Tarot" 's last performance at the Brooklyn Academy of Music was Sunday night (20th) and the Rubber Duck Co. is presently casting around for a Manhattan theater. If and when they find a place, pack a few joints and catch the show, if you are into seeing a beautiful bit of escapist theater.

by HONEST BOB SINGER

It is generally asserted that the pen is mightier than the sword, and just as widely, if tacitly so, that the sword easily severs the pen from the hand that guides it. More generally, words without deeds are ineffective. More contemporarily, that moral ideas disseminated through commercial media come to have the ethical quality of, say, potatoes. Morality at this time having to do with the necessity of revolution. Hypocrisy and vicarious dissipation instead are the staples of American cinema. And just when you think someone is above it, Arthur Penn is sliced up by this trite sword.

Penn's latest film, *Little Big Man*, is an often polished, entertaining and touching adaptation of the novel by Thomas Berger, but it is also vitiated work, disembowelled by the subtraction of Penn's revolutionary vision, the vision that made Bonnie and Clyde explode like a bomb into a culture that is far from sluggish when it comes to imitating rebelliousness. And in a tragic blunder of self-censorship, it is replaced with his liberal guilt problems, to what is frankly no great artistic or political effect and a major disappointment since Penn seems to have been the one man who could, and should, have brought Berger's masterpiece to the screen.

Berger's novel is the story of Jack Crabb, who is raised from tender years by Indians, returns to the white world as a young man and spends the next twenty years shuttling between the two, until, as a scout for General Custer, he becomes the only survivor of the Little Big Horn. During this period he has the usual run of bawdy and picaresque adventures, including fighting soldiers, fighting Indians, seduction, months of drunkenness, a dry-goods enterprise, gambling, living as an Indian brave and even a brief period as a gun-fighter who becomes on film the Soda Pop Kid. These activities are tied together by Jack's search for a "family of his own." Searching and fighting for the ones he finds, he becomes resourceful, brave, noble, loving and quite droll. Living for others (even negatively, when he swears to kill General Custer who has massacred his tribe and his wife and children) is his *raison d'être* as whose, Berger's point is, is not? Not a falsely exalted justification but a homey human



one that is satisfying and stimulating to Crabb, Berger, and in the past, to Penn. One that makes it possible to accept the fact that all collective entities are groups of individuals, groups which ultimately dissolve leaving individuals who ultimately die, although that grand spirit, *l'elan vitale*, lives on in humanity. Thus the final moving scene of the novel, where its chaos is stitched together in the death of Old Lodge Skins, the blind visionary chief and Crabb's adopted father. Together they go into the mountains where the old man sings his death song and addresses the appropriate spirit (the Indians called themselves the Human Beings): "You make all things and direct them in their ways, O Grandfather, and now you have decided that the Human Beings will soon have to walk a new road. Thank you for letting us win once before that happened. Even if my people must eventually pass from the face of the earth, they will live

on in whatever men are fierce and strong. So that when women see a man who is proud and brave and vengeful, even if he has a white face, they will cry: "That is a Human Being!" Old Lodge Skins lies down and dies, and Crabb leaves his body on a protective scaffold, symbol of the passing of the Cheyenne. He lives to be over a hundred and doesn't stop having adventures. The only survivor of the Little Big Horn is appropriately known to the Cheyenne as Little Big Man, after a hero whose severed head laughed at its enemies even in death.

Bonnie and Clyde had the same values, although they applied them only to themselves. Their career of robbery and rebellion was a substitute for love-making, which is not a mechanistic Freudian manipulation but a neo-Marxist metaphor for the family and identity that were worth living and dying for — the goal of their outlaw collective in a society where sex was but one more area

to be repressed and frustrated. To us, the outlaws of today, Bonnie and Clyde were heroes to emulate, an instinct picked up sharply enough by the garment industry, always a sure barometer of Zeitgeist. But what the hell happened to Arthur Penn?

In Penn's *Little Big Man*, the idea of family is dropped as a unifying motif, and presumably replaced with Martin Balsam and Faye Dunaway, neither of whom do much to deserve their star billing. Balsam plays a medicine oil conman who loses parts of himself in occupational disasters. When last seen he is out an eye, an ear, teeth, leg, hair and hand. Taken as a comment on capitalism, it is probably the film's most coherent, if minor, point. Faye Dunaway plays the wife of a preacher who adopts Crabb on his first return. She seduces him. Later she turns up in a brothel for no point at all (in the book Crabb rescues a long-lost niece from there, getting another false start

towards a family of his own).

The telling scene, of course, is the "death" of Old Lodge Skins (played by Chief Dan George, who is one of the major characters in the film and gets only cast billing). The speech is reduced to an "I've fought many a good man, fucked many a good woman" rant. He lies down, "dies," wakes up (a cheap laugh), shrugs ("Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't", another cheap laugh), and walks back to camp with Crabb, mouthing some drivel about his squaw, who sleeps with horses, brews a fine mess of dog meat. Penn's point being that Indians are not all bad, if superstitious, chaps, and it's a shame the way we've treated our red brother, and perhaps we ought to treat them better.

Penn tops this travesty by robbing the old warrior of the honorable death he hoped to die and reducing him to a senile spectacle of pity, then caps it with a shot of 120-year-old Crabb that is so pathetic that he seems to be getting in a crack for better care for the aged. It's as if impotent Clyde and frustrated Bonnie lived out their days as Okies in a backwoods shack. Neither Bonnie and Clyde nor Old Lodge Skins wants to love in a "world without a center," but Penn is too liberally racist to make the connection between his glamorous superstars and this sublime Indian. He shows he can really only think in terms of Noble Savages, Horny Squaws, and Wronged Brother, with a dash of Massacred Papoose for seasoning.

The film is swamped with humor, ranging from the broad to the cretinous. Dustin Hoffman, dressed in the squeaky black leather of the Soda Pop Kid, falling into the mud, is funny, if crude; but that joke about how terrified he is (and also capable) of satisfying three eager wives must be a little thin by now. The gay Indian (Penn insists he wanted to show that homosexuals were respected in Cheyenne society) is right off Eighth Avenue and as funny as the paraplegic on the corner.

I don't know a movie offhand that spoke to the outlaws of America with the force of *Bonnie and Clyde* — live like them, it simply said, loving brothers and sisters (or you name it), fight if survival demands it. If *Alice's Restaurant* was critical of one attempt it was even more aware of the need. But in *Little Big Man*, Penn's vestigial liberal guilt is bilking the Indians, the outlaw and himself.

PRISON?

(Continued from Page 8)
 again? Well... there are alternatives to doing nothing about the Flower City Conspiracy action & to increasing the magnitude of the problem by putting everyone involved in prison. The most important alternative seems to have been completely missed by society's legal system. That alternative is the same one that the Flower City Conspiracy tried in the courtroom, i.e., attempting to convince the other side by reason & moral suasion. The legal system has not even seriously attempted anything of this nature as of yet. But it must! The old methods of dealing with society's "criminals" have simply failed.

An enlightened judge, Charles H' Tenney of New York City, recently gave an excellent alternative sentence to a

21-year-old peace & resistance worker, Bob Olley. Bob had not complied with pre-induction proceedings, had destroyed his draft card, & had walked away with some selective service files that did not belong to him. Tenney sentenced him to probation working for Applesseed, a coalition of peace groups in New York. In passing sentence, Tenney stated that Bob is a sincere person who is doing good things in his work with the peace resistance movement.

Not only the Flower City Conspiracy, but many other people now in prison or facing prison, would benefit a lot given some sort of alternative sentence other than prison in which they could work toward their goals. If the legal system, the Nixon administration, & people in general try to communicate with

others, particularly young people on their own level, we might not have some of the problems we now have. To communicate with our society many, like those in the Flower City Conspiracy, have been forced to work outside the legal system. Even Christ was forced to a violent act in order to communicate when he found it necessary to destroy gambling tables in a synagogue.

For each & every person to inform himself & to communicate with others about the problems of society that were brought out in the open in the trial is a necessity. To quote Eldridge Cleaver, a man of intelligence who has turned to violence because of frustration with other means of communication: "If you are not part of the solution, then you are part of the problem."



THE GREAT COMPUTER KIDNAP CASE



(Continued from Page 8)

the trial will necessarily have to confront the political issues of the strike and the occupation of the Courant building. The chief witnesses of the prosecution are members of the school administration - President Hester, Chancellor Carter, etc.

Pochoda feels the trial is an important one in view of the present lull in national campus political activity. "We want to use this trial on an offensive level, rather than a defensive one," he says. "We want to use it to educate the student community about the politics of protest, relating it to the repression of the Panthers, the racism of the government, the suppression of dissent. We want to stir up some response on these issues."

But while a Wolfe-Unger Defense Committee has been working diligently at raising funds and printing up pamphlets about the upcoming trial (some time in February), they have yet to belie NYU's reputation for student apathy. There was some controversy recently as to whether or not funds from the Student Congress should go to the Defense Committee, but it seems, unfortunately, that nothing less than another U.S. invasion and perhaps a repeat of the Kent State massacre will get those students off their asses again.

"At least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since then."

-Alice's Adventures In Wonderland, Lewis Carroll

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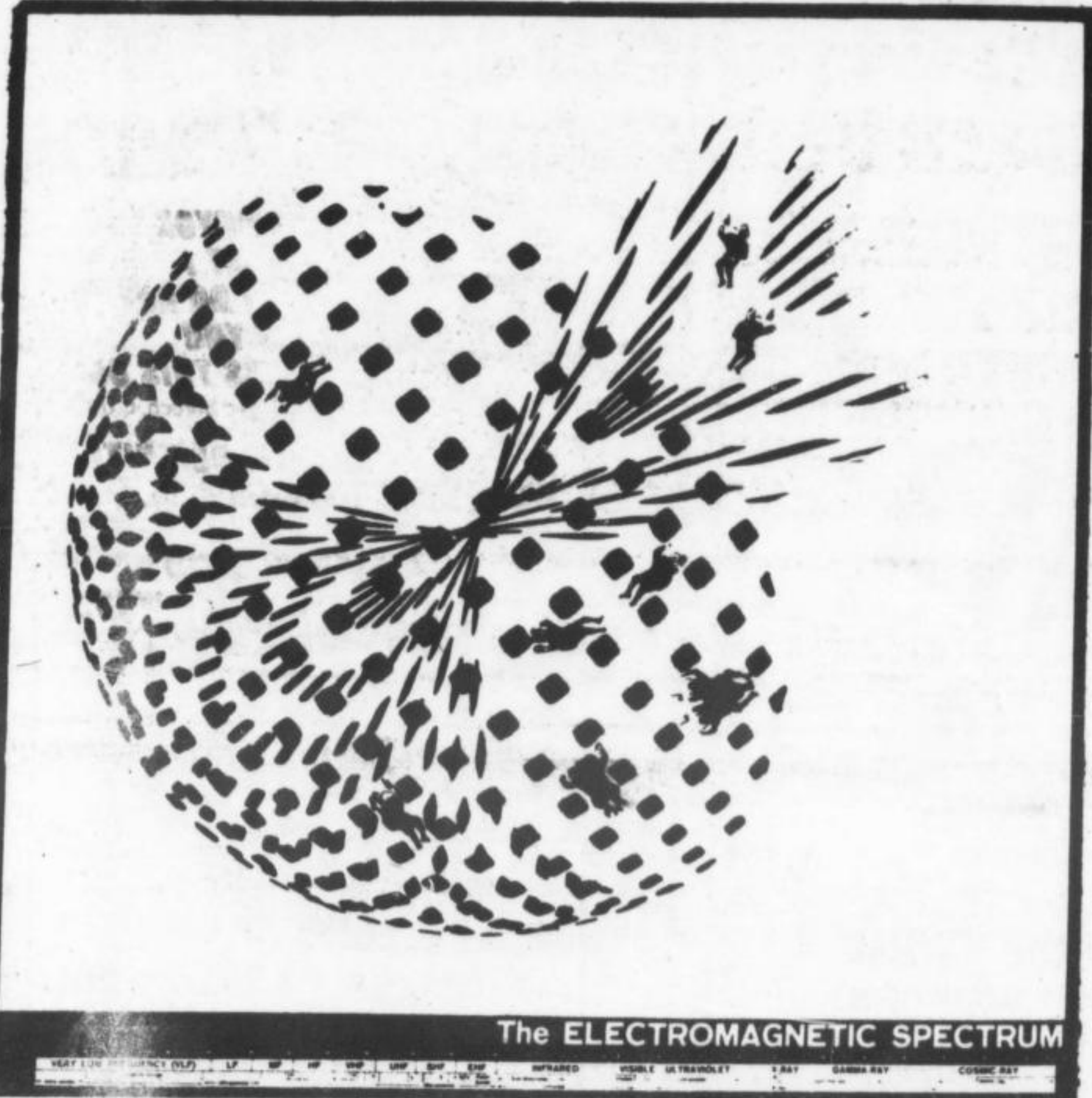
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LAMPPOINTING IN SCREW!

completed the editing of the New Year's issue of SCREW, for which he wrote virtually all the copy ('A veritable tour de force,' he modestly describes it.) including the centrefold cartoon script, a parody of Little Annie Fanny. Drawn and colour-separated by Beautiful Wendy there, the strip commemorates Latimer's current nose-dive into the foulest depths of SEXISM. 'I never got any pussy being a goddamn Women's Lib symp,' D.A. explains. 'The Honeymoon's over. Epithelamium here I come!' Dean's SCREW will be on sale all next week. Buy one, and help him pay for his forthcoming vasectomy.

ANTI-MATTER

BY HARVEY MATUSOON

The government of Nepal announced that "hippies" will no longer be allowed into the country. Nepalese embassies throughout the world have been told not



to issue visas to hippies or those "suspected of being hippies", and that those already holding visas will not have them renewed. Those who stay on will be deported.

Why the sudden drive to expel hippies from Nepal? What pressure has been brought to bear on the Nepalese government from Nixon's Washington? Money, what else! In 1968, US aid to Nepal was \$11.1 million, and in 1969 the figure was raised by almost another one million. Nepal needs the bread, and in the hope of keeping the dollars coming in they have gone along with the Nixon pot paranoia by issuing the hippie ban. Their blanket ban also takes in a fair number of anti Vietnam draft resisters and deserters who now have to find new refuge from Nixon's war.

The Nixon Pot paranoia shows itself in other ways like the latest interpol report - designed to frighten moms and dads. They now claim that a third of their cases involved drugs. Drug cases handled by Interpol rose from 1,796 in 1967-8 to 3,272 in 1969-70. Interpol now claims that in its computerized records, there are 1,500,000 names.

Their bust record includes one rabbi in New England, who was charged with receiving 10 pounds of hashish from overseas - The hip rabbi was trying to relate God to Pot and deal with the realities of faith in the USA today -

It seems that every fuzz agency in the Interpol network is trying to build its arrest records. The Greeks have five Americans in hand who it claims was hauling hash from a secret landing strip in Lebanon - the Lebanese fuzz want them all extradited to face charges there. As bad as Greece is their prisons are like heaven next to those in Lebanon. The cells in Lebanon are so crowded, that prisoners have to sleep lying on their sides, like spoons in a tray.

The request for extradition is not as simple as it appears on the surface. It's all part of an internal power play between the Lebanese Interior Minister, Kamal Jumblatt, who is on an anti-pot kick, and the Speaker of the Lebanese Parliament Nayef Masri, whose area in Northern Lebanon, Baalbeck is currently thriving on a harvest of over 60,000 kilos of hash a year.

Nixon and his CIA believe that much of the bread from the pot harvest finds its way into supporting the revolutionary movements of the middle east, and for this reason are trying every means they know to stop it. Also, by cracking down wherever they can, they hope to push the price up, out of reach of the young.

If anyone has any doubts on this score, just zoom in on the conference held in Brussels by 200 delegates from 90 countries who are members of Interpol.

Lucien Aube, chief of the criminal division of Interpol, in a press conference admitted that this was their aim, that by continued raids, they would drive the price up, and that would act as a deterrent.

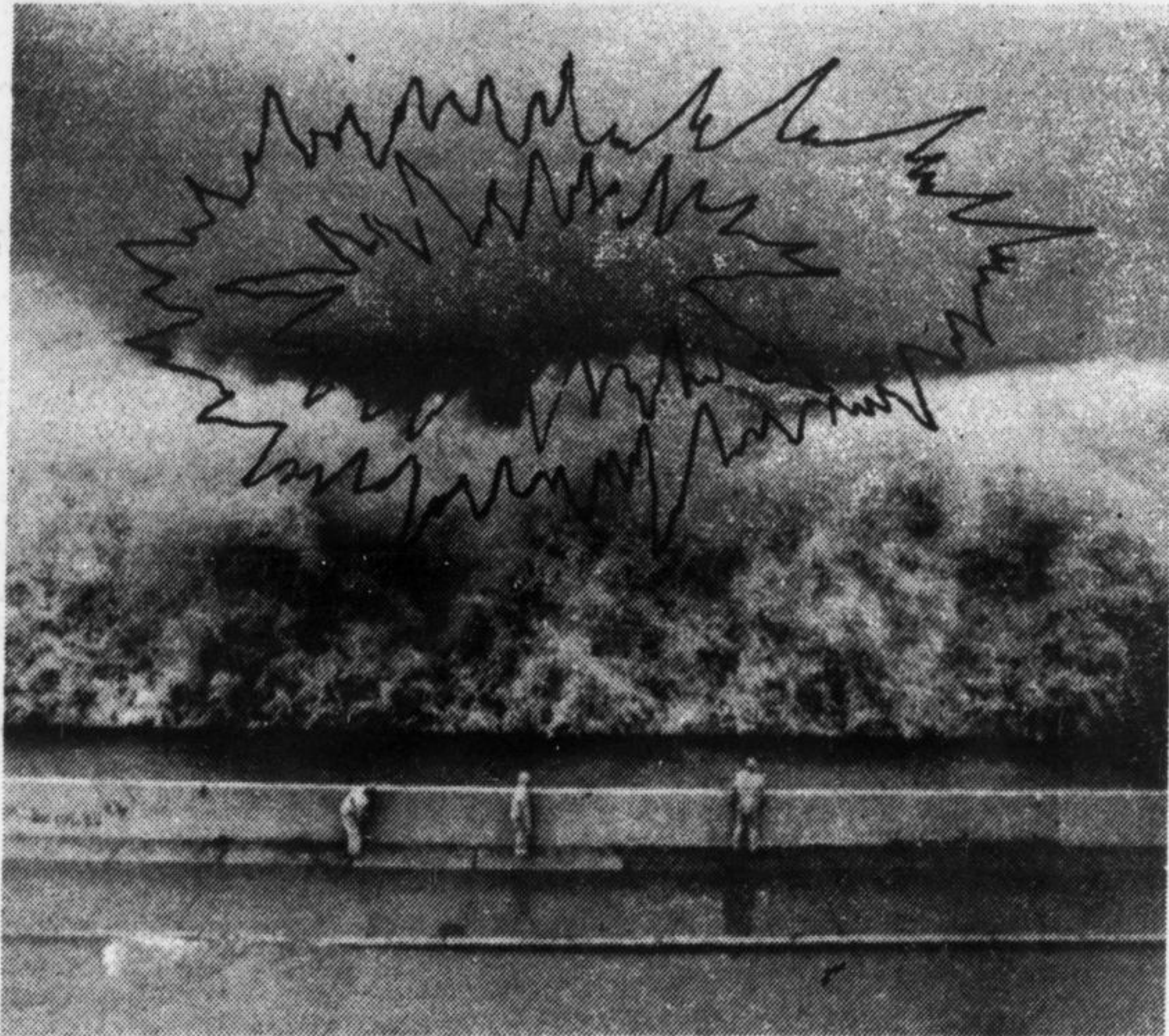
What his twisted logic didn't say is that it would drive POT into the high pressure



hands of organized international crime, where many of those same Interpol cats could harvest large bribes and payoffs, which they're not getting from the kids who deal in bits and pieces for their friends.

EVO Science

by Nettie Fernauld



What will be the effect on the stratosphere as supersonic aircraft make increasing use of the more rarefied layers of the upper atmosphere? These aircraft will introduce water vapor where little already exists and will also add the pollution of carbon dioxide and some incompletely burned constituents of fuel. Since no civil supersonic aircraft are using the upper atmosphere - yet - little scientific evidence exists to form any conclusions, so scientists have turned to the effects produced on the stratosphere by volcanoes. Scientists have been driven to a consideration of the way in which the atmosphere has been affected by the eruption of spectacular volcanoes which do carry debris well into the stratosphere.

A scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has recently traced the events following the eruption of Mount Agung, the volcano on the island of Bali, which erupted last on March 17, 1963. Looking back over the meteorological records, it is now clear that the temperature in the lower stratosphere increased almost immediately by three or four degrees centigrade and remained abnormally high for at least two years afterwards. When Mt. Agung erupted, the temperature in the stratosphere was a little below the average and had been fluctuating up and down twice a year in the manner now recognized as normal in the Southern Hemisphere. It was pointed out, moreover, that the pattern of the temperature variation south of the equator a few months after the eruption is very much like the pattern of radioactive debris released from nuclear explosions high in the atmosphere

ABOVE the equator.

Why should the eruption of a single volcano produce such a dramatic increase of temperature? Most probably, particles of dust are carried into the stratosphere and, once there, absorb energy from the sun in such a way as to heat up the surrounding air. So long as the dust remains, heat will continue to be absorbed. So far, there is no reason to think these comparatively dramatic changes in the temperature of the stratosphere have any more far-reaching effects on the climate lower down, where ordinary weather is produced.

In the same way, the exact significance of this work for the operations of the SST is for the time being obscure. It is possible that large amounts of carbon dioxide in the stratosphere could help to restrict the upward movement of heat through the atmosphere and so could work in the same direction as an accumulation of dust in the lower stratosphere. One striking feature of the attempts which have so far been made to recover specimens of the stratospheric dust from the Bali eruption is that it seems to have an outer coating of sulphuric acid. This raises the possibility that sulphurous gases from the volcano have somehow managed to condense onto particles of dust, and this could also happen with the constituents of some aircraft fuels.

If the SST does get built and if it does get off the ground, the results in the upper atmosphere and the subsequent effects on what goes on down here on earth may very well be another example of man's continuing willingness to fly now and pay later.

THE MOST PREJUDICED AND HONEST AND BELOVED FIGURE OF OUR SO-CALLED "COLONY" WENT AWAY ON A DAY THAT HE PRETENDED TO ABHOR—"CHRISTMAS." WE LOVED HIM, AND—PECULIARLY ENOUGH—HE LOVED US.

TO THE MOST AUTHENTIC HUMORIST SINCE MARK TWAIN, TO THE GREATEST HEART THAT HAS BEATEN SINCE THE MIDDLE AGES—W. C. FIELDS, OUR FRIEND.

Dave Chasen
Billy Grady
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Grantland Rice
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Gene Fowler

Requiescat in Pace



the hollywood REPORTER,
december 27, 1946
w.c.fields his follies
and fortunes



SPECIAL THANKS TO YAYOI TSUCHITANI

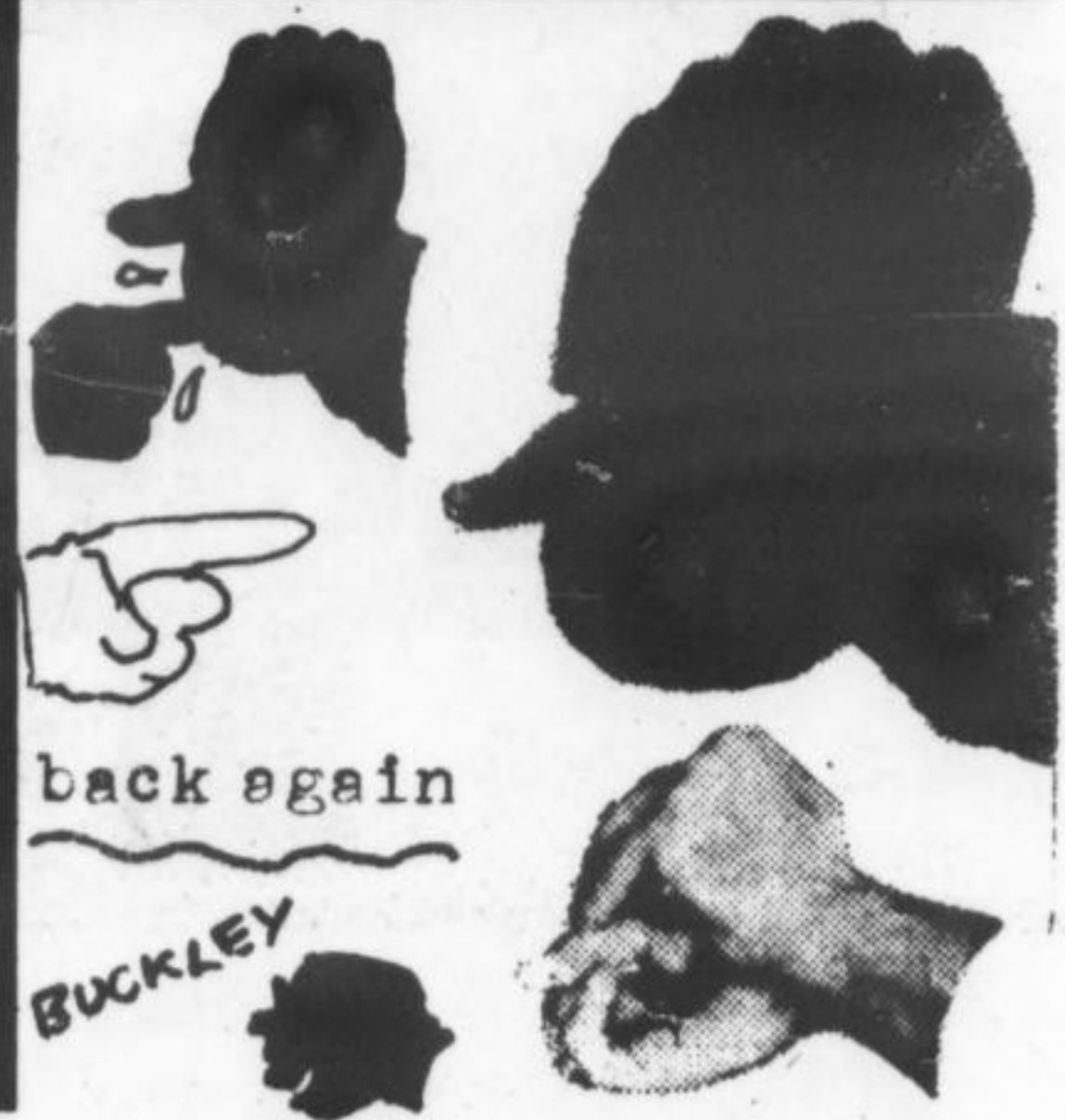
A FABLE



by VINCENT TITUS

Once a bird passed a statue of George Washington and had to go to the bathroom, only there was no bathroom handy.

MORAL: If you can't do it in Washington, it doesn't get done.



President Nixon

PANTHERS

(Continued from Page 19)

much less a department store or flowers in the Botanical Gardens. By Dec. 30, 1968, Roberts, who had been sent to infiltrate for the purpose of finding criminal activity, had come up with nothing incriminating; Then followed New Years Eve — the night of the alleged wire cutting mission. Even though this would have been the first time he was to get anything his superiors would approve of, he said it was "just another day", and when Sandy asked him if he ever got excited, he said, "I try not to." Roberts admitted that he was not handed wire cutters, or a knife, or anything but a slip of paper with the street locations of four call boxes. This alleged piece of paper, which might be used as incriminating evidence, Roberts threw away. Roberts never saw anyone writing these slips and admitted the possibility of them coming from fortune cookies. Roberts never saw any of the defendants cutting wires, and said he did not know whether or not his partner had also been a police agent. Roberts testified that he was in Afeni's section — which was to work around the ten point program and to learn simulated guerilla warfare tactics. In his testimony, Roberts had previously conveniently left out the word "simulated". Sandy asked him if the Botanical Garden "recon", which included wading a river and climbing a fence, was just part of practicing these

simulated tactics. Roberts played dumb and said he didn't know, so Sandy showed him his testimony before the Grand Jury, where Roberts said that this wading through water and climbing fences was "to simulate combat conditions." In Roberts' report on March 11, 69 and in the prosecution's transcript of the Mar. 11 tapes, Kinshasa allegedly said that if an insurrection were to happen the pigs would try to take the parks, and that the BPP should get there first. Roberts admitted that Kinshasa was not planning an insurrection then, or at any future time.

Although Roberts had ominously said that the security squad was to take care of business, Sandy read the agent back his testimony before the Grand Jury, where Roberts said that the security squad was to act as body guards and to keep check on the party — he said nothing then about taking care of business. Roberts did not know if those alleged recons were merely training exercises, and he never asked.

Sandy next asked Roberts about the railroad yard "recon" he went on with Kinshasa and Shaba Om. The dark, littered yard was not near any railroad station — only freight trains went through. Kinshasa allegedly said that he could set fire to the lumber in the yard with molotov cocktails and could use dynamite on the metal freight cars. They did not stay there for very long (two minutes) and did

not discuss the matter further or agree to blow up the yard at any time in the future. They next walked through a tunnel (which no one suggested blowing up) and came out, finding a security shack (no one suggested blowing that up either). Kinshasa pointed out a switch and allegedly explained that by placing a charge under it, all ingoing and outgoing traffic would be delayed. No plans were ever made by any of the defendants to do anything with that switch, Roberts admitted — it was never discussed again.

The only time Roberts ever saw that switch again was when he went back to it with a cameraman from Phillips' office — in fact, Roberts could not even be sure if it was the same switch. They kept walking and ended up behind the 42nd precinct, which Roberts at first tried to say was only ten feet above them, but later admitted that it was much higher — possibly even across the street. Kinshasa allegedly said they could put an explosive on the tracks and take care of the tracks and the precinct, but Roberts admitted that the area was never discussed or reconned again and no one was assigned or agreed to bomb it. At the next stop they made, Kinshasa allegedly said it would be a good place to situate a brother who had checked out the New Haven railway schedule, who would then place a charge there. No one ever got that train schedule or ever discussed that idea again.

Sandy moved on to Roberts' testimony in re a security meeting on March 26, when Kinshasa allegedly said he had

checked out "something beautiful", which Roberts connected with some statements about six sites on the New Haven railroad — which sites, he couldn't say, but tried to link them up with a map Kinshasa allegedly brought to the next meeting. Roberts testified that this map was a Shell Gas station map — a ROAD map, which Kinshasa allegedly held up for about five minutes. But Roberts felt that was long enough for him to identify six circled railway sites on a road map. He couldn't be sure, but he "believed" they were New Haven railway sites from looking at a gas station road map at some distance for less than five minutes. He said, however, that no one was assigned to any of these sites, and that no one in the security section had ever reconned a railway station or a precinct since the inception of the squad.

In Roberts' testimony before the Grand Jury in re bombings, he made no mention of railroad yards, and admitted in this court, that he was not assigned to any sites, nor was anyone else, (including those sites allegedly circled on the map). Roberts testified that on March 30, '69, he visited Kinshasa at work, where Kinshasa said that there was no dynamite, but Roberts tried to let on that a station house was still to be blown up-even though on March 30 he didn't know which one, when, or who would do it — although he knew that he had not agreed to do it — nor had anyone else. Roberts also testified that Kinshasa allegedly

said that each man would take a location and "do his thing", but Roberts admitted that no one was assigned to any location and no one had a so-called "thing" to do. Roberts also admitted that, apart from the circles on the map which he FELT were railroad stations, no one had ever reconned a railroad station, and that by March 31, even though the "plot" was to take place before Easter, Kinshasa said there was no dynamite and nothing would be blown up. Roberts then admitted that on this eight hour drive to and from Baltimore on Mar. 31 - Apr. 1, with Tabor and Dharuba, there had been no talk of bombs at all.

Phillips took weeks and weeks questioning his ace witness — schlepping in full libraries of records, tapes, earphones, maps, photographs, etc. and asking for and getting days off to better arm himself — and not a word from the judge that the D.A. was wasting time. Now, the defense, in a week, has almost finished its cross examination of Roberts — and that means six lawyers for thirteen defendants; and yet, Murtagh continually pulls his public relations ploy of asking each successive lawyer as each hour goes by, whether or not they have finished, and if they say no, he asks, with obvious annoyance, how much longer they will be, and at every opportunity, tells them how much time they are wasting.

As all this goes on, nine defendants remain in jail — so enjoy your Christmas now before they lock you up on a bum conspiracy rap.



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mas Fable

(Continued from Page 7)
 have allowed his hair to fall off his head with dirt. After a while he even dropped out of the first-string basketball team, and finished the season on the bench.

But his body kept growing, and shifting in its bones like rocks under the earth, but now it seemed his joints were

always aching and the groin in his pants was always too tight. He spent his days in itchy torment, shifting his pecker under his pants up and down and left and right, seeking a bearable position. Now he stank like a kettle of raw perch, and at night he would wake with a start, his blankets awash with chilly come, a film of cold sweat eddying over his goosebumps. In desperation he experimented with self-pollution — his father Mr. Willmott had neither forbidden nor encouraged it — but each fantasy he concocted became contaminated, as it reached a certain pitch, with unpalatable intuitions of Patty Ann Armbruster and his father Mr. Willmott.

a bad one. His body was about grown out now, and every day he grew more relaxed into it, like a man into a bathtub.

But word got around, as it will, and one day that summer a tense, worried Mr. Willmott drew the lad Elliott out to the garage, To look at the distributor, as he put it. But no sooner was the hood up than Mr. Willmott was asking about Linda Sue West. They had DONE it, right? Well, son, started Mr. Willmott with a certain revulsion growing in his voice . . . I'm afraid I have some bad news for you, Elliott . . . Y'see, I did a lot of fooling around when I was younger, and Linda Sue's mother Mrs. West now, she's even a better looker than Patty Ann's mother Mrs. Armbruster . . .

For Elliott that was curtains. Over the succeeding fortnight the lad's emotional disintegration was so spectacular that the Willmotts, husband and wife, retained the services of a psychiatrist in the community, Dr. Perlmutter, to put poor Elliott back together. But there wasn't time, for all of Dr. Perlmutter's brilliance. One evening just before the following Christmas, Elliott's mother Mrs. Willmott heard what she took to be a groan from the upstairs bathroom. Worried, she ascended the stairs, one hand on the bannister, the other at her throat, and called her son's name: Elliott? Elliot. From the bathroom a hissing gurgle answered her.

The door was unlocked. Inside, in a tub filled up to ankle-depth with blood, lay Elliott, naked, staring upward through close-lidded eyes, white as a streak of chalk. ELLIOTT!! Still a little alive, he looked up at her. Mom, he croaked. Elliott! His wrists like cold cuts, oozing red. Elliott, WHY??

To hear him she had to kneel, her face close as a kiss. Dad, he told her. Your husband. That dirty son of a bitch. Every woman in town. Patty Ann and Linda Sue, he gasped: my sisters.

Oh, that dirty filthy egomaniac bastard! she shrieked into Elliott's dead ears. He's NOT your real FATHER!! may have been the last thing Elliott heard, before the everlasting godless horrors of eternity enveloped him.

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It was a shambles for Elliott, and likely to remain so, had not Linda Sue West conceived an aggressive interest in him, or more specifically, in his body. Wide-hipped and bosomy already, with clinging to her still an appreciable deposit of baby fat, and moreover blonde and brassy in appearance, Linda Sue West was the very antithesis of Patty Ann Armbruster, and was almost aware of the advantage that this lent her in attracting young Elliott. Enamoured of his broadening shoulders and slimming hips and lengthening legs, she ran him down before another Spring crept up through the town of Hauberik.

Elliott she opened again like the Spring opening the hyacinth and lilies about them, as in a little glade by the river she opened his breeches and gave him head three times running. Exultant, he kissed her full on the mouth afterward for a full ten minutes, and his wrath and passion was something to feel. The next day he swore his older cousin to secrecy, and gave him a week's allowance to buy some rubbers in a local pharmacy. After that, meeting in instinctive secrecy, Elliott and Linda Sue strew rubbers all over the countryside around little Hauberik.

It was a great time of the year for Elliott, who took to drinking beer on the sly, and then to smoking, both cigarettes and marijuana. His family he shunned, deeply resenting any attentions, affectionate or prohibitory, which they made toward him. His old friends at school scarcely saw him any more, as he took to running with Linda Sue's crowd,

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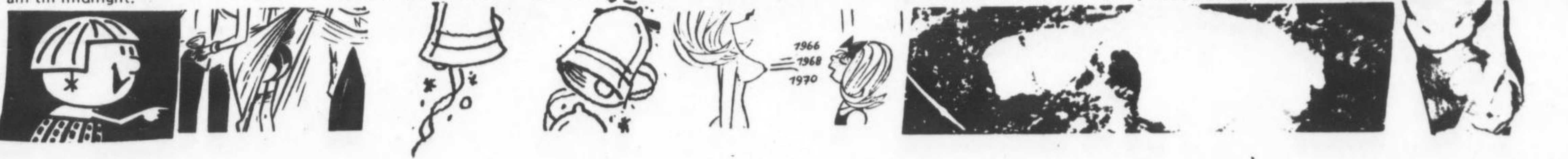
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