

PANTHERS TO WEATHERMEN p3

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**DYLAN
INTERVIEW**
by a.j. weberman
centerfold

Hilary



The fact that the government in it's infinite stupidity has had the gall to pin J.Edgar Hoover's fantasy on a group of distinguished catholic clergymen and women, speaks more for the bankruptcy that it stands for than just about any other blunder and fuck up perpetrated by it.

Shortly after Hoover, in an effort to increase the ever increasing FBI appropriation (\$220 million), blurted out his libelous tale of a priestly conspiracy, Rep.W.R.Anderson had the following to say about the Berrigans:

"Knowing the Berrigan brothers and being reasonably well acquainted with their career as priests, theologians, scholars and their dedication to Christian principles, and having read much of their writings, I found it impossible to believe that Mr. Hoover's allegations are true". Like all his predecessors, Nixon too has chosen to fall into line and back up the DIRECTOR'S venomous libel to the hilt with a line of shit that hardly deserves to be rehashed.

When the Berrigans pointed out in their statement the similarity between Germany in 1933 and Amerikkkkka of the seventies, the Maryland authorities haven't as yet admitted that their charges against Rap Brown were a total fabrication.

When they mention the Reichstag fire and Georgy Dimitroff -the main defendant at that trial, the most dramatic scene that comes to mind is the sight of Hermann Goering, still in the throes of his morphine addiction, sweating his balls off when unable to handle himself when faced with Dimitroffs brilliant cross examination. Bearing that in mind, the prospects of the upcoming roadshow bears great promise.

It is not the Berrigans and their brothers and sisters that will be on trial. The hypocrisy that that conglomerate of hasbeens that Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell represent will deserve the unified defiance that the supposed kidnapers of Henry Kissinger promise to offer. THEY DESERVE AND WILL GET OUR WHOLEHEARTED SUPPORT. RIGHT ON FATHERS AND MOTHERS!!!!!!!!!!!!

Handwritten signature: Lou Kohn

- Jaakov Kohn
- Allen Katzman
- Fred Mogubgub
- 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
- John Reilly
- Renfreu Neff
- Gianfranco Manged
- Vaughn Bode
- Lil Picard
- Alex Gross
- Jackie Acon
- Spain Rodriguez
- Kim Deitch
- Perfecto La Gogo
- Nellie Fernauld
- Irving Shushnick
- S.R.K
- Timothy Lear
- Tuli Kupferberg

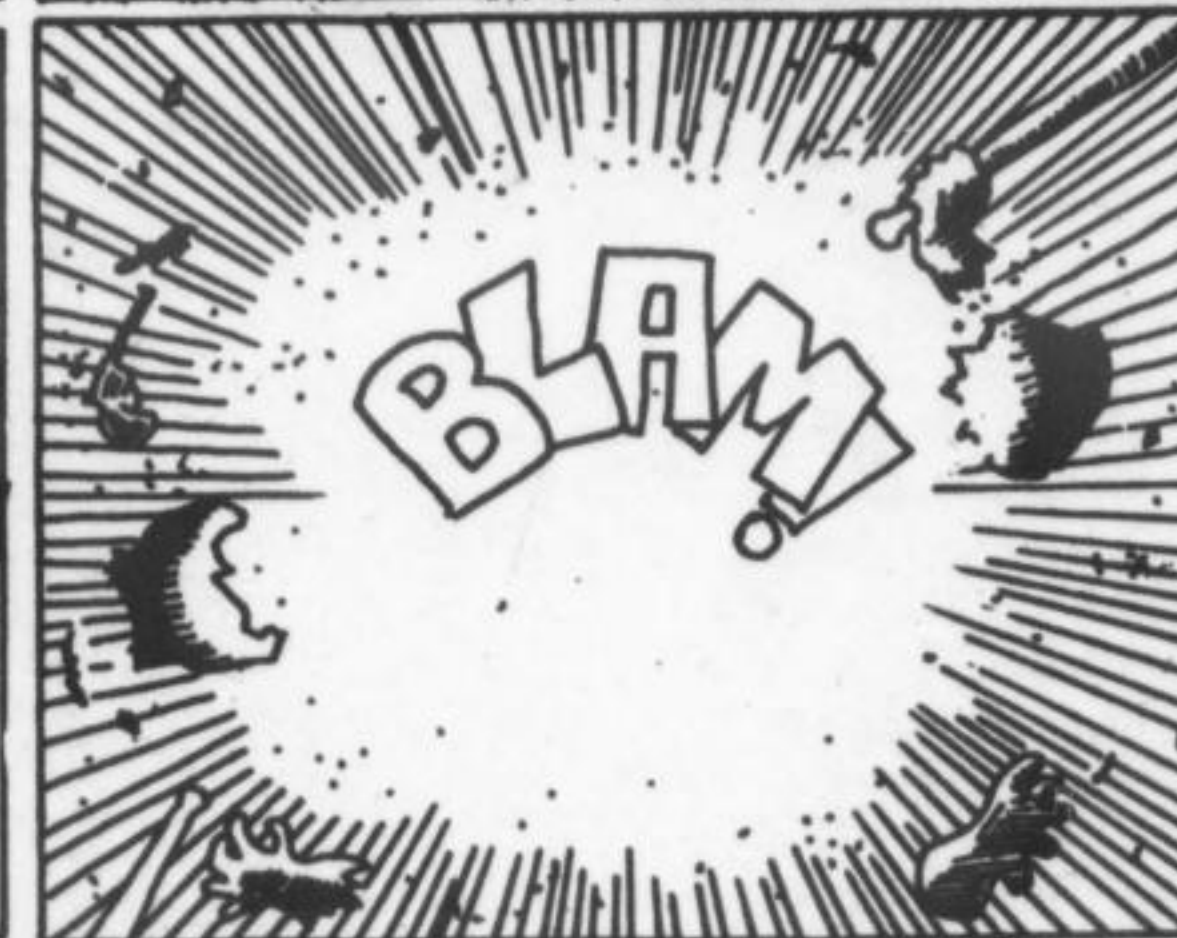
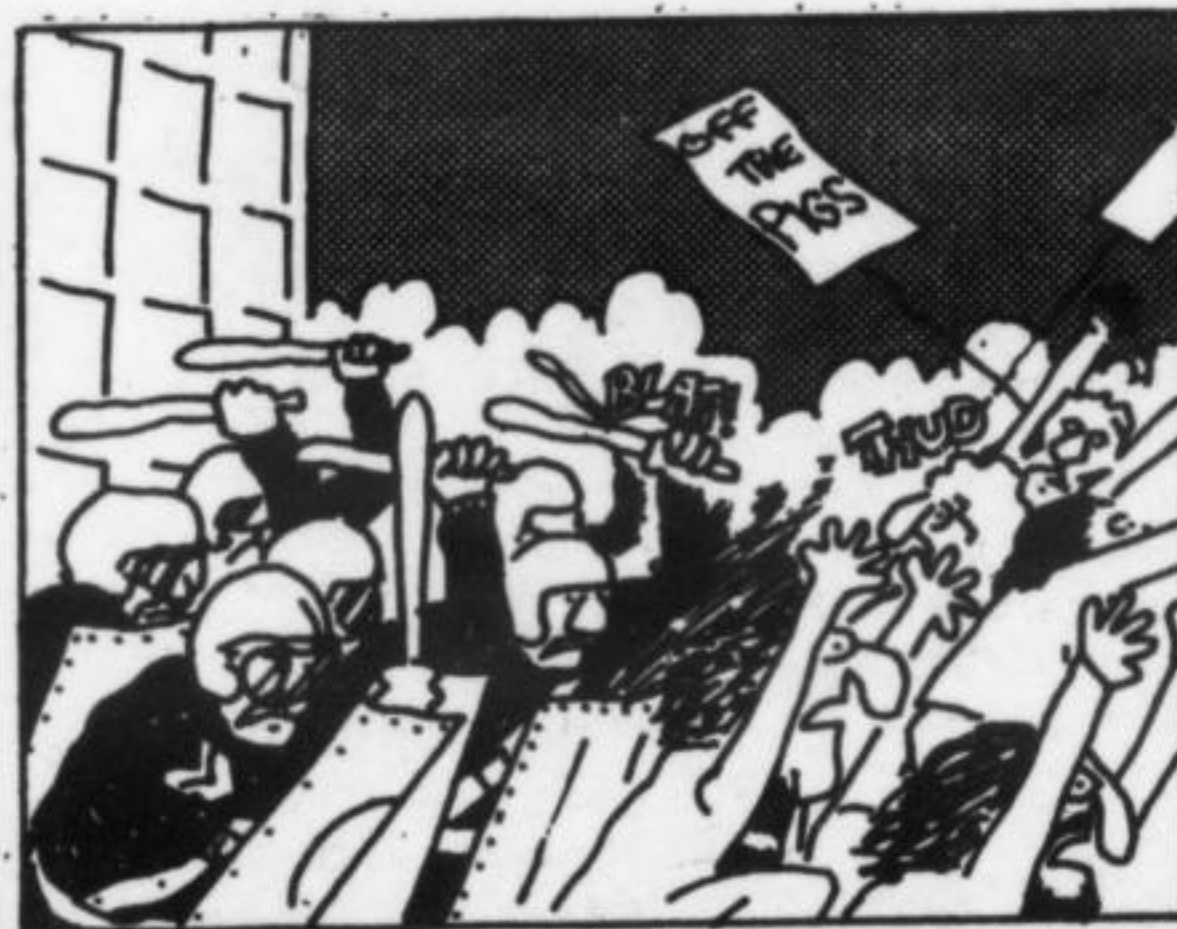
Thirty-eight years ago, the Nazi party burnt the Reichstag in order to stampede the German people into supporting the policy of oppression at home and militarism abroad. Yesterday the government of the United States, for much the same purposes, created a grotesque conspiracy to kidnap a presidential assistant and blow up the heating system of federal buildings in Washington.

In 1933, the principal defendants were German and Bulgarian communists - today they include Roman Catholic priests, ex-priests and nuns, as well as a college professor.

The objective is a simple but deadly one - to destroy the American peace movement by creating caricatures of those who oppose the war in Southeast Asia. Knowing that most Americans are against that war, the government has embarked on a most tragic and outrageous course - to stigmatize millions of morally, dedicated opponents of our military involvement in Indo-China as violent and deranged people. These indictments are a stark coverup for our past and future mad adventures abroad and our inability to solve the pressing problems of our people at home.

If the Germans had not been panicked by the Reichstag charges, perhaps the world might have been spared the nightmare of more than a decade of unspeakable human degradation, genocide and war. If the American people would only recognize the true nature of the motivation behind the charges against us and our brothers and sisters in the peace movement, then it will be possible to hold our pell-mell retreat from reason. We call on all our fellow citizens - whatever their politics or religious beliefs - to repudiate the use of fabricated accusations and state trials to facilitate the implementation of our foreign and domestic policies, that may, if unchecked now, make peace, freedom truth and love anachronisms of another day.

THE BERRIGANS.



Little Arthur Chaitkin
Harvey Matusew
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OPEN LETTER TO WEATHERMAN UNDERGROUND FROM PANTHER 21

We, of the Panther 21, take this opportunity to greet you with a spirit of revolutionary love and solidarity - that spirit that revolutionists feel for each other - that spirit that our enemies cannot understand nor deal with - that spirit that defies their divide and rule campaign - with that spirit - we greet you.

We wish to make known to you that we feel an unrighteous act has been done to you by the self-proclaimed "vanguard" parties by their obvious neglect in not openly supporting you - by their obvious disregard of and silence on your righteous revolutionary actions. But they have all but ignored us also - so in that respect we are in similar waters. But we wish to inform you that the most revolutionary and progressive brothers that we have met within the confines of a maximum security Babylon - along with us - have considered you one of the - if

not the true vanguard within the confines of the artificial boundaries of the United States of Amerikkka at this time. You related to action - the unequivocal truth - by which revolutionaries gauge each other.

This letter is to acknowledge you actions - and like how we have watched your growth - and to relate to you how we have felt revolutionary joy on both accounts. This letter is also a response to your latest communique - "New Morning - Changing Weather". In it we can sense and feel your frustration and sense of isolation. We know the feeling very well, having felt it ourselves for the last 21 months.

We also very keenly feel the loss of direction, the confusion and chaos that is running rampant out there. We see how the pigs are working overtime to try and fuck things up - but we also see how much of the misdirection comes from these self proclaimed "vanguard" parties themselves. How these "omnipotent" parties are throwing seeds of confusion, escapism, and have lost much of their momentum by bad tactics - in fact terrible tactics, tripping out, pseudo-machoism, arrogance, myrmidonism, dogmatism, regionalism, regimentation, and fear.

Thus the situation out there has become a sort of the lost leading the blind. We have seen our comrades-in-arms sit in maximum security and dig the contradictions out in the streets - get bailed out - and then not be able to deal with it head-on - so that finally, they too became co-opted by this bullshit - and now cannot confront us - cannot look us in the eye. So from our experiences we are responding to your communique because although we can understand fully where you are coming from - we sensed a certain mood and saw certain statements in your communique that sent chills up our spine.

THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE

We can see your attitude towards the mother country "youth culture" - how it was "the forces which produced" you, "a culture that" you "were part of, a young and unformed society (nation)." We can also see "the possibilities that exist for" you "to develop the movement so that as revolutionaries" you "change and shape the cultural revolution" - You "are in a position to change it for the better." We can also see that you feel - and rightfully so - the need for more support from the mother country youth. But we feel that most of the mother country youth culture communes smack heavily with escapism - a danger you must be aware of and guard yourselves against.

Another facet to be considered is that there is a world of difference between a MOVEMENT and a REVOLUTION. Movements can go in many directions - and all at one time - and can only be used up to a certain point. Like the essence of the government's power has been FORCE and its ability to maintain a gap between the people's beliefs and the realities of society. For what the people do not understand they cannot control. A movement can deal with the belief/reality gap, but not with force. The only thing that will deal with reactionary force and violence is revolutionary counter-force and counter-violence. Another factor to be considered is that just because you "go out into the air" does not necessarily mean that you will be closer to the people - Look at the self-proclaimed "vanguard" parties.

Many of the peace people are out there, not because they feel a solidarity with the Vietnamese, but because they don't like war - something that is inevitable in any oppressed/oppressor struggles - or they are really Amerikkkan - they don't subconsciously want this imperialistic country - their home - to be whipped. We have no idea how you are going to deal with the latter, but as far as we are concerned - with the former - to quote Sartre -

"...if violence began this very evening and if exploitation and oppression had never existed on the earth, perhaps the slogans of non-violence might end the quarrel. But if the whole regime, even your non-violent ideas, are conditioned by a thousand year-old oppression, your passivity serves only to place you in the ranks of the oppressors."

You must also deal with racism within your "youth culture" - although as Sartre states - the "worthiest souls contain racial prejudice" - we are talking about overt racial prejudice. You mention the demonstrations over Kent State and Jackson State - but there was a world of difference in them - a racial difference - an overt racial difference. When the Kent State incident occurred - the nation stopped - flags flew at half mast - everybody was uptight - that in no way resembles the magnitude - or rather the lack of magnitude concerning the Jackson State incident. The former - as you said "showed real power and made a strong difference" - the latter did not put anyone "on the defensive" except black people.

We can understand your need to build a strong sense of community - it is a necessity for you in the mother country - Just as it is for us in the colonies. Now while doing this we must use this new consciousness and recognize it for what it is - a perception of reality. We - you especially under the circumstances - must realize that "grass and organic consciousness expanding drugs" are NOT weapons of the revolution - they may be a tool to bring you together in a sense of a community - but they will not bring the Amerikkkan system down. Remember - the amount of hard drugs increased proportionately with the growing political awareness in the black community - and that was no accident - and the establishment uses as its tools not only "the killer

drugs (smack and speed) - to pacify and destroy young people" - but also DANGEROUSLY adulterated organic consciousness-expanding drugs. Also these things - these "tools" can also be used for escapism - and again to quote Sartre - "in other words, the colonized people protect themselves against colonial estrangement by going one better - in religious estrangement and wine and dope and organizations and petitions and congresses."

Then in your "youth communities" of the mother country - the emphasis is on individual freedom still, while we are dealing with group freedom still. Thus where do blacks and the rest of the third world fit into the scheme of things in your "new families"? You see, you state that "none of these changes that people are going through are rules and principles." Now in dealing with the mother country - black and third world relationships - in dealing with revolution - in dealing with "the need for new men and new women" - you are dealing with principles - or are you trying to tell us that these contradictions have been dealt with - we are not convinced. We realize that this will be a protracted struggle - but when does protracted become non-movement - escapism-isolation-and retrogression? Those contradictions - all of the above - must be dealt with - and rapidly - without a drop in the armed struggle. As Dowbar of Brazil states -

"You cannot build the revolutionary consciousness of a population through political explanations. But military actions can create this consciousness." And as history has shown, Martin Luther King's tactics can only work to a certain extent. It is your duty as revolutionaries to "change and shape the cultural revolution" into a real revolutionary culture - to shape your youth to fight.

For instance, take a group, a party and its supporters with a few activists - it can move in a revolutionary manner against the pigs OR it can function - have a newspaper, hold rallies, conventions, congresses, etc. - then rhetoricians rhetoric, functionaries function, printing presses print, delegates travel, international friendships grow, "leaders" become overwhelmed with "work" - then the prospects of armed struggle - real revolution dimirish. It gets lost in the "works" - it becomes to be looked upon as adventurism - always premature - it might "sabotage" the legality of the party - (which if it was effective would be illegal anyway) - it might bring down too much repression - meanwhile, the fascists snatch out the activists - who are not so noisy - but deemed more dangerous. Does this not sound familiar?

We say - Right on! - Use the new consciousness BUT remember this new consciousness of love, creativity, and liberation will not stop the exploitation of the third world. You state that you "had all come together around the militancy of young white

(Continued on Page 20)



EVO Science

By Nellie Fernould

It's becoming almost fashionable to find new pollutants in our environment, but there's not much fashion associated with this one. Mercury kills and yet industry — with almost an arrogance, a nonchalance, as if the polluters themselves were immune to pollution — continues to dump it into public waters.

In April, 1970, authorities in the province of Ontario in Canada announced that fish in Lake St. Clair and in Lake Erie were contaminated with mercury, and slapped a ban on all fishing in the lakes. Since then, dozens of other lakes and rivers, and even parts of the sea, have been put under the same restrictions, and the industries — surely not all of them — that were discharging mercury — have been ordered to clean up their effluent.

The whole subject of mercury has hit the public like a bombshell. Very few people were even aware that mercury was being discharged into rivers and lakes from chemical factories and pulp and paper mills. Perhaps because of this general ignorance, most people tended to think that the pollution control authorities would never let trouble like this develop in the first place, but in fact, the whole mercury mess is a classic example of how not to handle pollution. The mercury horror is such an outpouring of the oversights, omissions and poor judgment that it is typical of how things are done in this and many other countries. When we pollute, man, we pollute — it's not a local or a national problem. When we mess up the waters of the ocean with poisons like mercury it is a problem for the whole world.

Mercury is a metal with odd properties. Scientists have known for years that the vapors it gives off can cause insanity; and the expression "mad as a hatter" became common more than a century ago because mercury was widely used in hat-making. But for decades, no one thought that it could work its way into the human food chain if it were discharged into the water in its metal form. The theory was that the mercury simply sank to the bottom and did not interact with other substances.

But the theory turned out to be wrong. As long ago as 1956, Japanese authorities reported that people were dying after eating fish from a certain bay into which mercury was discharged. Between 1956 and 1968, 43 people died in Japan and 68 were crippled from mercury poisoning. In 1966, Swedish health officials banned the use of mercury fungicides because it had been discovered as a source of contamination in soil, water and fish. The Swedes have advanced research programs on pollution and they immediately began work to find out how the mercury managed to get into the food chain. They discovered that tiny microorganisms can transform the inorganic metal into a substance that is absorbed into the diet of fish. This transformation is a normal biological process and takes place in most areas where mercury is discharged into rivers or lakes. The Swedes also found that the mercury pollution is cumulative — the longer mercury is allowed to escape into the ecosystem, the more concentrated it will be in soil, plants, water, fish.

The results of the Swedish research have been published in a large number of scientific papers, beginning in 1967. (It is now 1971.) These papers were available to any scientist who cared to read them, and many were published in English. They did penetrate to North America because at least one pulp and paper company decided on its own initiative two years ago to stop using mercury in all of its plants in the U.S. and Canada.

But authorities in North America either did not read the scientific publications, or they did not think the matter was important, because they took no steps to control the discharge of mercury from industrial plants. Canada knew a year ago that the mud in Lake St. Clair contained dangerous levels of mercury, but it did nothing to test fish in the lake for several months. In fact, the province of Ontario did not even have the proper equipment for measuring mercury levels in fish; its first samples had to be sent to California for checking. Finally, in the spring of 1970, it was revealed that some of the fish taken in Lake St. Clair had mercury concentrations as much as forty times the recommended level for human consumption. Commercial fishing was banned in several lakes and rivers, and the fishermen are now permanently out of work.

The pollution control people and the companies that have been dumping the mercury have all said many times they did not know about the danger until 1970. Maybe this is true, but if it is, what a sad commentary on the efficiency and shortsightedness of our scientific watchdogs.

AMERICAN VETS AND VIETNAMESE SURVIVORS WILL SIGN PEACE TREATY

LIBERATION News Service

DETROIT, Mich. (LNS) — More than one hundred American Vietnam veterans and Vietnamese citizens who have survived massacres and imprisonment in tiger cages will meet on February 2 in Windsor, Canada to sign a symbolic peace treaty and share a meal together.

This meeting will be the climax of the Winter Soldier's Investigation of U.S. war crimes being held from January 31 thru February 2. Vietnam veterans gathered in Detroit will give testimony to the American people about what they saw and did as participants in the war against the Vietnamese people. Simultaneously, the Vietnamese in Canada will be offering testimony of their persecution. The two hearings will be connected by closed circuit television.

During the American Revolution Tom Paine coined the phrase "summer soldiers and sunshine patriots" to describe those men who didn't stay through the Valley Forge winter, the most crucial period of the revolution. The coordinators of the hearing explain that the time they have spent in Vietnam is the easiest part of their "service." "After our time spent in Vietnam we know that the most difficult and painful part of our service begins now — in telling other Americans what is being done in our name."

Two thousand war veterans have already agreed to sponsor the investigation. Anyone else who would like to offer testimony or become a sponsor should contact the Winter Soldier Investigation, 967 Emerson Street, Detroit, Mich., 48215. (313) 811-7700.

Danish Youth Seriously Hurt When He Swallows Rocket

AARHUS, Denmark, Jan. 8 (AP) — Vagn Larsen, 17 years old was in a hospital in serious condition today after accidentally swallowing a small cardboard rocket that fired in his mouth, went down his gullet and exploded in his chest.

Doctors who undertook urgent surgery at the Aarhus Municipal Hospital said the youth's gullet was ripped open right behind the heart but they expressed belief he is out immediate danger.

Friends said the youth put the 5-inch rocket between his teeth and asked a friend to light the fuse. His intention was to remove the rocket and throw it into the air before it fired. But the rocket stuck to his lips and the youth panicked and swallowed the rocket.



FOUND GUILTY OF BOMBING, ANTI-CASTRO CUBAN GETS PROBATION

NEW YORK, NY (LNS) — Conspiring to murder and doing bombings are not punishable crimes — if you are an anti-Castro Cuban. Even if you plead guilty to having bombed a tourist office in 1968, and to conspiring to commit murder in a raid on the Cuban Mission to the United Nations, the worst you will get in Judge Harold Baer's court is probation.

Guillermo Miguel, 40, could have been sentenced to a maximum of 22 years in prison. But the judge explained that the "social and political nature of the case should mitigate the sentence."

Conspiracy to commit murder is the crime that Ericka Huggins and Bobby Seale are charged with in New Haven. The same charge is pending against ten Black Panthers in Baltimore. The New York Panther 21 are being railroaded on charges of conspiring to do bombings (none were actually carried out), and dozens of other political activists have been arrested on similar charges.

It remains to be seen whether the social and political nature of those cases will mitigate their sentences.

NEWS POEM

Atlanta (AP) — A robber has to be careful with the money he gets in a stickup these days — it may suddenly haul off and squirt tear gas at him.

A tear gas device about the length and width of a dollar bill is being shuffled into stacks of currency kept in places favored by holdup men, such as banks and lunch stands . . .

NY POST Dec. 15, 1970

"what is money?" the profit said that thou art mindful of it?
"the ability to command the labor of others"
you better believe it
now you may say its viper shit
hardshat says its honey
"you'll find a Shitter at Shitters Trust"
(& he is in the money)

still Luther, Brown & Freud insist
you better relieve it (take a pill)
others: pecunia non olet
I: you bet: it kills

NEARLY ONE OF FOUR "MAJOR LABOR AREAS" AFFECTED BY SUBSTANTIAL UNEMPLOYMENT

LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D. C. (LNS) — Thirty-seven of the nation's 150 "major labor areas" have been added to the substantial unemployment list, according to the U.S. Department of Labor.

Substantial unemployment means 6% or more of the labor force is jobless. In some areas — New Bedford, Mass., is one — the rate is as high as 12%.

The actual rate is higher, since official unemployment statistics do not include large groups of jobless workers — those who have been out of work for more than six months, for example.

The four major labor areas now classified as "persistent" unemployment areas are Stockton, Cal.; New Bedford; and two large Puerto Rican cities, Ponce and Mayaguez.

Oakland, California, Newark, N.J. and Cleveland, as well as twenty-four separately classified counties, are on the list of "persistently" depressed areas.

Persistent unemployment means a rate of 50% above the U.S. average for several years. The number of these areas has almost doubled since December, 1969.

1. By late 1970, the number of South Vietnamese civilians killed had almost certainly passed 500,000. The Senate Sub-Committee on Refugees estimated that there had been over 1,000,000 casualties, of which 300,000 were fatal. But Edward S. Herman, in his ATROCITIES IN VIETNAM, calculates that the figure for casualties, is more like 2,000,000 with 1,000,000 deaths; while Telford Tyler, in NUREMBERG AND VIETNAM, cites estimates by the American Friends Service Committee of 250,000 deaths annually, which would mean 900,000 from 1965 to 1970 alone. All sources agree that the vast majority of these casualties and deaths are due to American firepower.

2. The Senate Sub-Committee reports that 6,000,000 people have been displaced in South Vietnam since 1964, 500,000 of them in the first six months of 1970. Saigon has increased in population from 250,000 to 3,500,000 since 1961. A member of the Saigon assembly states that there are now 400,000 prostitutes in South Vietnam's cities.

3. There are now 105,000 civilian amputees in South Vietnam, 51,000 military amputees, 258,000 orphans, 131,000 war widows — a total of 545,000 war victims on the CORDS caseload (Source: U.S. Senate Sub-Committee Report, September, 1970).

4. These figures indicate that at least 8,000,000 people in Vietnam (nearly half the population) have been killed, wounded, maimed, displaced, or rendered a ward of the state since the start of the war.

5. In Laos, since 1964 at least 200,000 people have been killed and 700,000-800,000 displaced. Since the population of Laos is only 3 million, then about one-third of the population has been either killed or displaced. (Source: Senate Sub-Committee Report of 1970).

6. In Cambodia, the figures for the killed and wounded are still sketchy, but they number in the thousands already. The displaced have already reached 1,000,000. In addition, 400,000 ethnic Vietnamese have either fled or been displaced (Source: Senate Sub-Committee Report of 1970). Meanwhile, the population of Phnom Penh, swollen with refugees, has increased from 700,000 to 1,500,000.

7. 13.5 million gallons of chemicals have been dropped on South Vietnam, affecting 5 million acres, or 12 per cent of the land. (Source: TIME magazine, May 25, 1970).

8. By 1969, U.S. B-52s had left 3.5 million bomb-craters on the terrain of South Vietnam (Source: Concerned Asian Scholars, THE INDOCHINA STORY).

9. We have used over 9,000,000 tons of ammunition in Indochina, or over 450 times more than the enemy (Source: Edward S. Herman, ATROCITIES IN VIETNAM).



NEWS

DEATH IN THE FRENCH MINES: THE STATE IS GUILTY! by Schofield Coryell

FRANCE (LNS) — France was recently the scene of two trials dealing with death and revolt in the country's nationalized coal mines.

In the mining country in the North, in the city of Lens, Pas de Calais, a "People's Tribunal," meeting on December 12, found the authorities of the coal industry "guilty of murder." The Tribunal held them responsible for the deaths, last February 4, of 16 miners, who were killed in an explosion in the nearby pits at Fouquieres-les-Lens.

The "People's Tribunal" — organized by the left-wing anti-repression group, Secours Rouge (Red Aid) — reached this verdict after considering the testimony of doctors, engineers, and workers employed in the coal mines. Philosopher Jean Paul Sartre acted as prosecutor.

In the court's opinion, the evidence showed that the coal authorities had deliberately sacrificed the security and the lives of the miners to the demand for ever-increasing productivity.

Meanwhile, back in Paris, the State Security Court — which recently imposed a stiff prison sentence on Maoist spokesman Alain Geismar — was trying four young Maoists, accused of participating in an attack with molotov cocktails, on the regional offices of the Nationalized Coal Industry at Henin-Leitard on February 14, 1970. The attack was in retaliation for the deaths of the 16 miners two weeks earlier.

The four accused — Jean Schiavo, 26; Bernard Victorri, 24; Dominique Lacaze, 26; and Pierette Madesclaire, 25 — proclaimed their approval of the attack, but denied they were the ones who had carried it out. "And you will never find the person who did it!" one of the defendants flung at the judge.

"We are Maoists, and active promoters of popular revolt," declared Jean Shhiavo, a university instructor turned laborer. He said that the only court he respected was the people's court that tried the coal authorities in Lens.

This aggressive approach was effective. Despite the atmosphere of generalized repression against the Left, the four political defendants were acquitted. The only evidence of their involvement was the word of two police provocateurs who, posing as Maoists, had taken part in the attack on the coal offices. From the witness stand, they accused the defendants of having organized the operation.

While provocateurs are used everywhere by the police as leftists, it was highly embarrassing for the power structure to have them brought out openly in a courtroom. The judge had no recourse, under the circumstances, but to acquit the defendants.

The Secours Rouge described the result as a "political victory."

At the People's Tribunal in Lens, on the other hand, evidence of criminal responsibility on the part of the authorities was overwhelming.

The Tribunal showed that the disaster at the Fouquieres pit in February could have been avoided if proper security measures had been taken. The dangerous operation of installing a new ventilator in one of the gas-infected pits was carried out while men were working nearby. So as not to lose a minute of production, the engineers and foremen refused to stop the work momentarily and keep the miners out of danger's way. As a result, the explosion, when it happened, took a heavy toll in lives.

A Crackdown Is Creced On Drug Words in Brazil

RIO DE JANEIRO, Jan. 9 (AP) — In a move to halt the spread of narcotics in Brazil, the federal censorship department has announced that it will ban references to drugs in newspapers, magazines and books and on the air.

Among those works expected to be censored is a Beatles song, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," because of the initials of the title.

The censorship department is making a list of the words to be banned, "depending on the sense in which they are used." There were reports that at least 1,000 words were on the list, including "trip" — viagem in Portuguese.

ARSENIC AND FAT CHICKENS



WASHINGTON (LNS) — The Agriculture Department has admitted that up to one quarter of the poultry samples tested in 1968 and 1969 contained "excessive residues" of organic arsenic. Just how toxic ORGANIC arsenic, is however, they don't say.

The officials hastily add that the arsenic is "organic." Now that people know that organic food is good for you, the Department hopes we birds fatter.

Kenya Warns on Witchcraft That Blocks Medical Effort

NAIROBI, Kenya, Jan. 9 (Agence France-Presse) — President Jomo Kenyatta has warned against witchcraft practices that could hurt the Government's efforts to introduce modern and effective medical facilities.

The President, who was opening Kinango Catholic Hospital near the Indian Ocean port of Mombasa, said he knew a good deal about the various types of witchcraft. He challenged practitioners to come into the open and convince him how good their witchcraft was for national development, the Government press

agency reported.

There was a good type of witchcraft, the President said, but other types could be dangerous to medical development because they aimed at keeping people from using modern and proven medicine.

FABLE

by Vincent Titus

Once a dog had a bone and he hoarded a lot of them, but he wouldn't give any one else any so the other dogs ganged up on him and took all his bones and stored them away themselves.

MORAL: Comes the revolution everyone has bones.

PARIS CONFERENCE
CHEMICAL WARFARE IN VIETNAM
by Schofield Coryell
LIBERATION PRESS

PARIS (LNS) — There are two peoples on the earth whose future generations will suffer from the effects of warfare: those of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and those of Vietnam.

With these words, a team of North Vietnamese doctors summed up the results of their examination in Hanoi of a group of refugees from the war-devastated areas of South

Vietnam. Their report was given to an International Conference on Chemical Warfare, held in Paris in mid-December, and attended by doctors and research workers from fourteen countries.

The Vietnamese doctors found that the herbicides and defoliants (2-4-D and 2-4-5T) dropped in great quantities from American planes over vast areas of South Vietnam had affected the chromosomes — and therefore the heredity — of the human beings exposed to it.

The examination of a group of 179 men,

women and children — all refugees from South Vietnam — revealed that the chromosomes of those who had been in the regions recently sprayed by defoliants had been altered to a very significant extent, as compared with a control group of subjects not so exposed.

The doctors also reported that women in the areas heavily sprayed with defoliants gave birth to physically and psychologically abnormal children. For example, the children born of women who had lived in Quang-Nam province from 1964 to 1970 had misshapen skulls, short arms and fingers, and showed general mental backwardness. Quang-Nam was sprayed with defoliants almost daily between 1966 and 1970.

The examination of this refugee group also showed that women exposed to the chemical spraying had an abnormally high percentage of miscarriages. In a group of 73 women exposed to chemical warfare in the Long-Dien and An-Trach districts, 22 had miscarriages shortly following the attacks. The spraying also had a marked effect on the animals: cows, pigs and buffaloes had miscarriages and hens stopped laying.

Despite official American assertions to the contrary, the Conference reports revealed the extensive and increasing use of chemical defoliants, herbicides and poison CS gas by U.S. forces. The strategy is to deprive the population of its food supply and to drive masses of people from their villages into "new life" centers around the cities.

Professor of Biology E. W. Pfeiffer of Missoula, Montana, reported the results of this recent investigation in South Vietnam: the U.S. Army, between 1961 and 1969 sprayed the country with more than 100 million pounds of defoliants, covering an area of 5.5 million acres, or 12% of the entire territory. An estimated 1,293,000 individuals in South Vietnam have been affected by these chemical agents. As a consequence, they suffer from various chronic ailments, including paralysis and eye and gastrointestinal disorders.

Pham Van Bach, a North Vietnamese jurist, outlined the effects on South Vietnam's ecology: the herbicides and defoliants have caused destruction of plant and animal life, disturbance of atmospheric conditions, soil erosion, an increasing danger of floods, and the proliferation of harmful insects.

Doctors of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) of South Vietnam revealed that the U.S. Army had made particularly intensive use of herbicides and defoliants in 1969, and the first nine months of 1970. By now, according to their report, vast areas in east eastern Nam Bo (the southernmost section of South Vietnam), and the western part of the provinces of Binh Dinh, Quang NAM, Quang Ngai and Thua Thien, have been devastated.

In these areas, entire tropical forests have been turned into empty clearings, from which all trace of bird and animal life have been eliminated.

The U. S. Army stated on Sept. 20, 1968, that the use of herbicides and defoliants would be confined to areas with a population of no more than 24 persons per square mile. In reality, according to the doctors' reports, chemical agents have been used on large scale by American forces in many regions of the Mekong Delta, and the center of Trung No (central Vietnam) where the population reaches a density of 300-500 persons per square kilometer.

The doctors also pointed to the intensive use made of poison gases such as CS-2. In 1969-70, these gases were sprayed over densely populated areas in order to compel the people to leave the villages previously destroyed by bombings. On May 25, 1970, several waves of H-34 planes dropped 120 barrels of CS-2 on the heavily populated area of Tan AN, Que Son (in Quang Nam province). In April 1970, 150 barrels were dropped by helicopters over the Duc Pho district.

3,885,000 pounds of CS-2 gas were used by American forces in South Vietnam in 1969. This is the figure given by the American government. The first figures available for 1970 suggest an even more extensive use of the gas.

From this mass of evidence, two conclusions emerge: First, the United States Armed Forces have been using Vietnam as a testing ground for poison gas and chemical defoliants.

Second, as Pham Van Bach pointed out, "the intensified use of chemical warfare against people's war in a predominantly agricultural country is particularly appropriate to the Nixon doctrine of partial withdrawal of United States troops and the 'Vietnamization' of the war." Through this type of technological war, he concluded, "the United States can cause a maximum of damage to the military and economic potential of the enemy with a minimum loss of American blood."

by JACKIE FRIEDRICH

FASCIST FOLLIES

19th Week

Thurs. Jan. 7

The week ended with Det. John Farrel, a civil engineer in the D.A.'s office taking the stand. D.A. Phillips had asked him to make a chart of an area around the Harlem River Drive, with a convenient view of the 44th precinct and the Major Deegan Expressway.

Farrel, who got his instructions from Phillips, noted one rock on the chart. He chose this particular because it was level and had a clear view of the 44th precinct — a good sniper position, he thought. He had not been instructed to look for sniper positions, but Farrel was aware of what this chart would be used for.

Monday Jan. 11

Louis Scorzello, now with the fire department, but recently of the police department, took the stand.

On the night of Jan. 17, 1969, his assignment had been to patrol the Harlem River Drive with Roland McKenzie. They allegedly saw a red Dodge Dart parked off in the woods and went to 'investigate'. They then saw "two male negroes" outside of the car, and a "female negro" behind the steering wheel.

Scorzello and McKenzie parked their car about six feet away and approached the Dodge. The two men, who Scorzello identified as Donald (Kuwesi) Weems (Panther 21 — now in Riker's Island but not on trial here) and Nathaniel (Sekou Odinga) Burns (Panther 21 — but now in Algiers), allegedly said they had engine trouble, and seconds later, allegedly started firing at the two patrolmen. Burns allegedly fired six shots at Scorzello, who finally managed to scramble behind his patrol car and return fire. Weems allegedly fired 4-6 shots at McKenzie, before that officer could get behind the patrol car and open fire.

The two "male negroes" then ran away and the two patrolmen called for assistance. At a time when it takes the police department at least an hour to answer a call from a bloc away from their precinct divine powers stepped in to bring seven police cars screeching to the "scene of the crime" within four to five minutes somewhere on the Harlem River Drive.

One of the new arrivals declared there was still someone in the car, so Scorzello and McKenzie opened the door and found Joan Bird lying face down on the front seat. They "yanked" her out by her feet and dragged her to the ground, handcuffing her, and put her in the back of the patrol car.

Bob Bloom then objected to Phillips referring to Joan as "the girl", as she should be referred to as "the woman", but Murtagh overruled the objection.

Scorzello then said they found a rifle in the trunk and then proceeded to the 34th precinct. On their way they saw a "male negro" walking out of the woods. They took him in too. Once at the precinct Joan, the unidentified "male negro", and Roland McKenzie went into the sitting room. At about midnight Scorzello said he noticed a small swelling under Joan's eye, but that it was not as bad as it appeared in the pictures shown in court (by the prosecution).

At 3AM he and McKenzie went to BOSS to look at pictures of suspects, any objection.

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Scorzello said that Joan had no weapon and that he did not know if any bullet casings had been recovered from the area in question. After they yanked Joan from the car, did Scorzello see McKenzie jump on her back? No. Didn't McKenzie say "Let me take care of this bitch"? No. Did Joan appear scared? No. Was she crying? No. Scorzello said he did not notice any marks on Joan when they took her from the car and that it was midnight when he noticed the swelling under her eye. Did he notice a cut on her lip? No. Shoe prints on her back? No. Scorzello had known McKenzie for three and a half years, would he lie to protect him? No. He knew, though, that McKenzie had a reputation for beating women? No.

An hour and a half after the incident, a detective pointed out to McKenzie that there was a bullet hole in his summons pouch. Neither the shell nor the bullet causing that hole was ever recovered and Scorzello did not know whether or not a ballistics examination had ever been done on the pouch, consequently, he does not know what gun caused it.

When they picked up that unidentified "male negro" they did not tell him he was under arrest, nor did they inform him of his rights. Scorzello never did find out who he was. As usual, it was a gratuitous kidnapping, as neither Scorzello nor McKenzie had any difficulty locating the two who had allegedly shot at them from the photos at BOSS. Scorzello then admitted that he does not like the BPP.

The rifle they allegedly found in the trunk had no telescopic sight and only four shells in the clip. (sniper material???)

From the location of the Dodge Dart, only a top of the 44th precinct was visible and this was not illuminated.

Although the patrolman allegedly hid behind their car, six feet away from the Dodge, and ten to twelve shots were fired at them, no shots hit their patrol car.

Tues. Jan. 12

Det. Frank Reggieri from the 34th precinct took the stand. On the night of Jan. 17, 1969 he had been called to come to the aid of Scorzello and McKenzie. It was Reggieri who allegedly seized the rifle from the trunk of the Dodge.

Once back at the precinct, he went into the sitting room and spoke to Judith Johnson, whom he later found to be Joan Bird. He said he read her the Miranda warnings (right to remain silent, right to an attorney, etc) and that she said she understood them and was willing to talk anyway. A photostat of the Miranda warning used by Reggieri was entered into evidence. Sandy Katz objected to further testimony from this witness, as Reggieri's Miranda warning left out that the person had the right to stop talking at any time. The objection was overruled. Reggieri went on to say what Joan allegedly said: her name was Judith Johnson? she was a student at Bronx Community College — age 19; she didn't know what was wrong with her eye, but when the shooting started she threw herself to the floor of the car and started crying. Around 8:30 that night, Thomas Williams (supposedly Nathaniel Burns) came to her house and asked her to drive a car. In the car was someone else she didn't know. They drove along Harlem River Drive and finally came to a stop off the road on the grass. She had been told to pull over there. A patrol car appeared immediately. The

two men got out and then the two patrolmen got out. Seconds later the shooting started. Reggieri said that Joan was not crying or sobbing when he sat down next to her. His pre-trial testimony was referred to. There he said that she WAS crying when he sat down next to her. Was she crying when he read her the Miranda warning? At the beginning. Was she crying when he asked her if she understood? She was SOBBING. Reggieri "couldn't recall" further details, so his pre-trial testimony was read to refresh his recollection. He testified there that Joan was sobbing when he read her rights. The reading of the card took a minute. He said that he had waited for her response at each right before proceeding and took the pauses in her sobs to imply that she understood.

by the Rev. Dr. Occupant,
care of POEE, Box 26475,
San Francisco

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Unlike Scorzello, Reggieri did notice that Joan had a cut lip. Sandy showed him some photos, but Reggieri said that they were not a fair representation. Phillips then started screaming that Sandy was trying to perpetrate a fraud, and Sandy very calmly replied, "Oh now, now, Mr. Phillips, don't get hysterical."

Murtagh declared one of the ominous brief recesses and said that Sandy was in violation of the laws of evidence by asking the witness if he knew whether or not Joan had a criminal record. Sandy replied that, as he was representing Joan, he felt it to be a proper question. Since she had no previous record, she had no knowledge of police procedure. The issue here was whether or not that confession had been legally obtained.

Murtagh then wanted Sandy's remark to the D.A. read back. Sandy asked that Phillips' remark provoking his response be read back, but Murtagh told him to be quiet. Phillips pipe up, accusing Sandy of bringing in a doctored photograph to perpetrate a fraud on the court. Murtagh asked Sandy if he apologized and Sandy said, "I most certainly do not." So Murtagh threatened him with "procedures."

Sandy pointed out to the still hysterical D.A. that this pictures had been taken by a police captain, whom the defense would gladly bring in to testify. Phillips pouted that the court already had H[S] pictures, and

WHITE ARMBAND MEANS UN-ARMED NON-COMBATTANT, gently reminds the latest edition of *The Greater Poop* from POEE of San Francisco. POEE, insofar as it can be described, is an international — or maybe intergalactic — conspiracy of the Enlightened, dedicated to the pursuit of Truth through Mockery. Professing to worship the Goddess Eris, whoever she is, they publish every few days one broadside or another recounting the fabulous adventures and homilies of the apostle Hung Mung and his brethren, as transcribed by the scribe Malaclypse the Younger. You can get all the Discordian Society literature you want, and then some, merely by sending stamps to

Free subscriptions to

all those who contact Tom MacNamara on the astral plain. It is to POEE that you can thank the disappearance of any "Decomposition" column this week, for that Latimer was so impressed the following that he insisted it run in place of his usual rave this week.

In the early days, circa 1970, before the corpse of the piscean age had stopped thrashing around, and when pioneer aquarians were few and fledglings and sometimes frightened by the turmoil, the high Priest of POEE, Ignotum P. Ignotius, heard a well-known psychedelic guru advocate that a holy war be fought to bring peace and love to the suffering earth.

This disturbed Iggy, who felt that spiritual warfare was spiritual tyranny/powerforce and that such advice was more appropriate to a death-tripping piscean, than to an aquarian teacher. "Bah, this is no Holy Man," he thought, "this is a shithead!" Iggy began to pace the floor and furiously shook his beard at

the guru-with-gun. He fumed over soldiers and the inhumanization of soldiering. He wailed at the tragedy of loved brothers and sisters clinging to their parents' destructive ways. He wept for a perished poet whose last words were "Love, dammit, LOVE!" And Iggy recalled that he, himself, was once ordained by the first psychedel church to spring from this very same wildman; the church whose motto it was:

VICTORY OVER HORSESHIT

At that moment, the bereaved Iggy succumbed to the CURSE OF GREYFACE and committed himself. He compiled passages from the PRINCIPIA

Sandy said that the court could now have both, but Phillips whined that he wanted to know how those pictures had been changed.

Court resumed again and Reggieri said that his questioning of Joan lasted about ten minutes. At one point he broke off the questioning to ask Scorzello and McKenzie if they had "worked her over". They said they hadn't. Reggieri then took Joan up to the squad room and left her there. Joan was still there, being questioned, when Reggieri went home at 8AM the next morning.

Although Reggieri took no notes during Joan's alleged confession, he told all the details; name, age, address, etc., to his superior officer some ten hours later.

Reggieri said he couldn't remember if he had seen Joan alone with Roland McKenzie, but McKenzie was also there at 8AM.

Patrolman Roland McKenzie, who looks as greasy as he acts, took the stand. He told basically the same tale as Scorzello — but after two years with Phillips — why not?

His summons pouch, with the alleged bullet hole was entered into evidence. That bullet hole, he admitted, was the size of a hole made by a ballpoint pen. He "could not locate" the summons book that had been in the pouch that night. No bullet that might have caused that hole was ever found. The only bullets found in that area were the ones fired by the police.

McKenzie, who has been a patrolman for eleven years and never promoted, said that he found BPP literature in the trunk of the Dodge, along with the rifle.

The memo book he carried on that

There were three additional paragraphs to this story but our typesetter, in his prime, has unfortunately chosen to fuck up. Apologies to one and all.

Ed.



INTIMATIONS OF IMMORALITY FROM ALGERIA -OR- THE PROPHET UNSTONED

DISCORDIA which taught that all opposites (even holy/unholy) were ultimately absurd, yet that pain still hurts and that illumination provides a freedom of choice to reject absurd pain. He collected reports from everywhere which demonstrated that pigs was pigs, no matter what the flags or rationale. He drafted long treatises proving that any militant recruiter can never be trusted because a soldier places the value of his Cause over the value of you, and believes that any atrocity is therefore justified ("necessity" they call it). He unearthed quotes from Marx, like "I'm crazy about her! I've completely lost my head!" (to which Chico replies, "Well, putta you hat onna you neck and get out.") He wrote epigrams like, "If you dig TRASHING jams, then put a holy bullet through your own holy brain." And he proved in five different dimensions that war was failure to life-growth and that Holy War was spiritual suicide for life-trippers. (All of this you can prove for yourself if you want to.) (And you are invited to do so.) Finally, Iggy was armed to his pineal with Better Truths and ready to do any battle with any horseshit about fighting for peace or killing for love. THIS IS A MATTER OF SURVIVAL, he told himself. And there he stood. And he had a vision.

With these words, the Curse of Greyface lifted from Iggy. He looked at the turtle and smiled slyly. She looked over to him and purred. And he decided to refrain from any further harassment of this sacred earth or of her sacred inhabitants.

He saw a vast pool of mud, rippling and singing in the breeze. And on the bank was a turtle, swishing her tail in the moist slush and glurbling about, blinking one eye and then the other and then all three. On her back was a caterpillar, which spoke to him in the voice of POEE founder, Malaclypse the Younger:

"My namesake, the Elder Malaclypse, Apostle of Eris, carried a sign which said DUMB. But they thought it said DOOM and welcomed him. They never seem to learn."

Iggy sat in awe of his predecessor. The turtle wiggled her tail in the mud. The caterpillar continued...

"Now, I won't say that this guy is not a saint, whatever that is, and not being one myself (yet), but by Goddess I AM a fucked-up theologian and I know one of THOSE when I see one."

FACT: Recent avalanches in the French Alps, killing many, and destroying vast areas have been caused, some mountain people believe, by the rush to get the tourist money — building new hotels and resorts too fast without regard for safety.

The number of avalanches have increased in areas recently built up. As the new resort facilities come in, the mountain sheep have gone. The sheep, grazing on the slopes, cropping the grass, keeping it short, so when the snow fell, there were few air pockets between the snow and the mountain.

However, now, without the sheep, the grass is long — air pockets are caused by the long grass — making the snow unstable — more prone to slides and avalanches.

FACT: The United States is already using 40% more oxygen than it produces. Oxygen in the oceans is decreasing, oxygen in the atmosphere is decreasing. Where to make up the difference?

FACT: The oil spill from the Torrey Canyon and from the Santa Barbara disaster represent less than one percent of the yearly input of oil into the sea from all sources.

FACT: If the Torrey Canyon had been carrying a concentrated herbicide instead of oil, photosynthesis in the North Sea could have been stopped.

FACT: A sign painted on the wall of a sewage treatment plant in Sweden, said: "More people, more consumption, more waste. More pollution, less people, less waste."

FACT: Across the United States alone, oxygen producing fields, forests, grass, and farming lands are being gobbled up by highways, shopping centers and urban sub-divisions at a rate of 3,000 acres a day. Is the United States placing itself under environmental siege?

FACT: Radioactivity of the Columbia River plankton is about 2,000 times that of the water. Caddis fly larvae radioactivity is 380,000 times that of the water, an adult swallows a mere 75,000

times that of the water.

FACT: Young people hearing high-amplified pop may well be hard of hearing by age thirty.

FACT: All our technology can't produce one square inch of soil or one drop of rain water.

FACT: Sign in a Los Angeles, California: "Warning to children! Do not exercise strenuously or breathe too deeply during heavy smog conditions in this playground."

FACT: No one wants the brown pelican to perish. He does not pollute. He does not slaughter other species. He does not gather together in numbers that nature cannot support. The brown pelican is dying. Eggs are breaking before hatching with a concentration of DDT of up to 2,500 parts per million. He is a victim of man.

FACT: Technology, technological greed. Nuclear testing, nuclear power stations, DDT, Pesticides, herbicides, carbon dioxide, P.C.B., Oil, Detergents, carbon monoxide, Sulphur dioxide, plastics, industrial waste, tree and forest killing, to mention just a few: Have caused the death, mutation and coming extinction of:

Over 500,000 babies in the United States and Britain; the Antarctic penguin; the Atlantic Porpoise; the Brown Pelican; all the fish in Lake Erie; oxygen giving marine organisms; sea life in the Baltic; Lake Michigan; Lake Superior; Lake Baikal; the River Rhine; the River Rhone; the River Rhur; the Columbia River; the Hudson River; the Sea Eagle of Sweden; thousands of acres of Vietnam; all living organisms on the North Slope of Alaska; the whale population of the oceans, and many others.

But, technology feeds us. Is the life style death?

Knowing all this, there are still government leaders and politicians who, in this polluted world, are still complaining about people who sell dirty post cards.



global village

interview with Earth People's Park Commune, N.Y.C. by Rudi Stern

RUDI: Is there a general structure of communes that's common to all of the ones that you know?

EPP: Well, most of the communes that associate with us are anarchistic because we're anarchistic. The people that we're friends with are like Sunshine and Happydale. It's mostly like a freedom experience. That's the only way a commune can exist in New York City. If you get too structured here it tends to fall apart because of the City itself, the urban situation itself has so many structures and so many pressures that if you try to do it in too organized a fashion it's going to fall apart. I was involved with some of the Weathermen collectives and they were very organized but the stresses did get to them. The only thing that kept them together was their revolutionary ideal, their revolutionary goal, but that's not the only thing that keeps us together. With this commune we have a goal, but the goal itself is a free society. I mean, Earth People's Park has no structure either. My conception of Earth People's Park is different from anybody else's in the room. In other words, Earth People's Park is really a concept of a free society. But there is a certain humanity involved in all of it, in other words, there are certain types of basics, like everybody's got the right to eat, everybody's got the right to wear clothes, if they want to, or not if they don't want to, or everybody's got the right to transportation and communication, I mean, all the basic things in life should be free. And then maybe if you want to work for more than that, well, that's another trip.

RUDI: What communications exist between communes? What is the means of news travelling from one commune to another?

EPP: Urban communes, we visit them all the time and they visit us, rural commune people are always coming in from different parts of the country. There's a group of people here from a commune in Guilford, Vermont. This was formed from a group that split off from our original group. We have quite a few communes that we're in contact with all along the Eastern Coast, and there's the Hog Farm which is a travelling commune, and they have quite a few people as you know.

RUDI: The reason I'm asking is that video might be a way that communes would be able to have contact with each other. They'll be able to mail tapes from one commune to another, chapters on their structure, on their life style...

EPP: The best way is somebody from one

commune going and living in another commune and showing them how they live and their life style. Tapes are good, but personal meetings and personal experiences are better.

RUDI: Does communication seem important to you, I mean to communicate with other communes, does that seem important to you?

EPP: Yes, problems that have come up here, may have come up in other communes and maybe we could find out about them. Trade different arts, or recipes; a lot of people trade them back and forth.

RUDI: There are obviously things that can be learned between one group and another, to save hassles, I would think practical things, like survival things...

EPP: Communication is extremely important for Earth People's Park thing too, because people all over the country get to know that there is this Earth People's Park and that they are welcome here. I mean in Vermont, not here, we can't take everybody from the country here. But we can hold a lot of people on that land and we're looking to get more land, too. And, you know, we're looking to get land all over. Alternate Society can have real land and it can do real things on it. Because we're so divided, it's very hard for us to accomplish anything. If we had a few bases, where many of us could live together and work in a permanent way, we could get a lot more accomplished.

RUDI: How important is the underground press to inter-communal communication?

EPP: The Underground Press is extremely important both to what we want to do and what most people want to do in the underground and in the hip culture, it's the only voice that we have. We can't trust the straight media to report anything near the facts, usually of what happened. Of what happens in our culture and our nation. While the underground press basically is a part of our nation and stations like BAI is also a part of our nation. And it's a needed thing. It's a thing that brings people together all around the country, that changes kids' heads. I mean like all of us, including myself. When I was a little kid, I picked up a copy of EVO and looked at it and it was nice, it was like "Wow, there's more people than myself into this," and it was like a coordinating thing, and I'm sure that people who are brought up in other parts of the country are into the same thing. That's why you see now that there are more and more underground papers coming up. I remember when I was involved in underground papers, a couple of years ago, there were like, 50 papers or something, now there's like two or three hundred papers, in the underground

(Continued on Page 21)



metabituary for an amerikan city

Metabituary for an Amerikan City

"...for all my raging against America — firmly unite me to what I condemn."

susan sontag '68

The olde Day moans while it looks back, then turns to shivering Night, whose mood is crying coldly, and murmurs, "Let's continue our search for Life among the runis of this enormous theatre. We cannot give up. There may still be hope." Suddenly Day gasps as it looks down at the shadow made by Night and sees a form. Day looks deeply into Night's eyes and, weeping, says, "Let we need not look further, for here lies the image we shall seek no longer, the body of Life at our feet... dead!" Horror-stricken, Night screams mournfully to Day, "There is no more want for us to be here or watch merrily, for you see Life no longer breathes. We are now alone." They bury Life and mark its grave to be forever. In their attempt to eulogize Life, they discover it is hard to sympathize or find regret for Life's loss, and their only offerings in condolence are meager and do not speak well of nor reflect on any goodness in Life: "You know, Day, Life was not that great to me." — "Yes, you are right, Night, Life was to me as well quite rotten. Life could never act morally for either of us and did not provide a future for our welfare. It's just as well that Life should have expired this way. It is tragic though, but Life wasn't able to keep par with our ever-changing moods and we did try to support it, warn it and comfort it." And, together, Night and Day approach the exit, once the entrance to grounds they'd come to endure on with Life. Leaving into the depths of twilight suspension, both looking at one another warmly, and arm in arm, they speak now in their spirits of hope they will soon find a better life with whom to share their love, beauty and happiness. Oh sadness, but their play ended abruptly and unexpectedly when the curtain came crashing down heavily, too heavily, upon Life. Seems Life had written a very evil play about time on borrowed time, which when acted out, made war of love, and Life did not see or hear the curtain falling from overhead, even when Day and Night yelled endless warnings to Life,

who would just not listen or ever take heed.

So, the fall of a new york city empire has come, and the meta-physics of life were responsible. In the last wheezing, gurgling breaths of this city, the unnatural and inhuman fought to regain their composure, to rediscover and recreate newness and freshness to continue its existence. Now I realize THEY lost, THEY are no longer in control, THEIR power has vanished: which means what has replaced is what they could not foresee and was why its downfall. The loss of a worldly city of piracy wrought on by metanature, in these the early days and nights of the year 1971: death, by a metanature unexplored before; a medium which presents itself now giving opportunity to new dwellers for regenerating a dispassionate, bewildered grounds to make room for all life to sustain, for all who are into it borne; a rejuvenation of the human being and behavior, and the parts of life near or floundering on the border of extinction. Yes, new .york city grew old, an amerikan city now dead. For years it lived on and off what actually did not exist. This is the city no one really lived in, no one really cared for. It was pitifully empty, very closed from all reality. The air went mute, as did its flesh wear rotten. Everyone died.

This amerikan city had become a mecca for piratical slavery and toil and a wealthy bigot machine. One by one the labyrinth walls of this city, which so long housed the failures, faults and fakery of nothingism, came crumbling down. Foot by foot, acres and acres of cement was poured over prosperous ground, which paved the way for erections of monsters which could not house human life, but could be emptied three fourths of a day. The planners of this city and the subhumans who kept it going have withered away into a maze of surreal non-existence. It was not fair that living organisms were forced to purchase coupons of time, of life, and too while others went without. There was no need to advocate the overthrow destruction of this amerikan city, this new york city. So the signs now read, "Vacancy... vacancy... vacancy... in new york city."

— ralph hall

an open letter to "SLICK JOHN" the mayor and his commish of clinks,

MC GRATH



In the words of e.e. cummings, "GENTLEMEN,"(?) there is just some shit we will not eat. There is no more time for your putrid lies while this new york city dies. Both of you have run out evasions and you are reaching much too low into your barrel of sick tricks when you expect the public, whether conservative, liberal, radical or whatever, to actually believe your outrageous lies that the issue of alleged "sodomy" could have had anything to do with the prison "riots" (as you call the demonstrations against your disgusting, filthy jails). Do you really expect us human beings to believe that these righteous protests for a minimum of, for a beginning of moral justice were in actuality a cover-up for male-to-male fucking? Come on! Are we to think that while these starved and suffering men were fighting for their own lives against your straightmen goons and beefers, there was an orgy going on in your dungeons? Is that what you implicate in your evasive letter to another newspaper (the Village Voice), that which you are supposedly leading its readers to think is really true? Come on! Talk about your pulling an issue out of left field, where did you come up with that one? Or, are you telling us, McGrath and Lindsay, that you are going to restrain your "correction officers" from future brutal rapes of prisoners? Frankly, we are very confused by your latest piece of propagand, and we are sure that was the intention. We admit that you have shrewdly obfuscated the real issues, but that only increases our determination to see that true justice is done in this matter. We will not have such a spurious "issue" suddenly dragged in, and we know that you shall regret ever raising this tired spectre. This is 1971 and this is New York, and we are no longer afraid of your fake, old testament "morality." Why, if you were moral people at all, such conditions would not have persisted as long as they have, unless, of course, your administration believes in piratical sadism. If not, then you should have changed conditions, righted the injustices before now.

Why all the stalling?? Why all the lies?? Why all the secrecy?? What are you withholding from us, what have you done that you are trying to obscure? Why HAVE such inhuman conditions existed and persisted for so many years in city jails? You had years and years to undo them! You sowed the seeds of immorality and injustice and they shall be your destruction. They will be the end of you, your system and your politic. Blame the "riots" on helpless, defenseless, imprisoned human beings, or on forced rape or sodomy, when you are the evilness responsible? We don't know how "we" could have been goated into letting you both rule and for so long over our very human beings and our imprisoned sisters and brothers. You have such cynicism, Lindsay, such gall, McGrath, to think we'd continue to believe your Fascist-toned lies. Your remarks, John V. Lindsay (and



forget about the presidency, we won't let you have it), when you were informed of the beatings, AFTER your false promises had temporarily tranquilized the political prisoners, are noted as among the MOST CALLOUS and UNCARING we have ever heard from a public official. So, you are so concerned with stopping the war in Vietnam, huh? Then call off your own troops and show us you are more than a double-tongued viper. Release all prisoners now! We do accuse you of applying "southern strategy" tactics (you talked down in a Berkeley U. last year) in your own homegrounds, and we no longer accept being your whips or whipped.

McGrath and Lindsay, we gay people demand that you both explain immediately to the entire gay community and public in general, via all available media forms: all newspapers (underground and overground), radio, television, and by letters and press conferences, why there has in the past and why there still continues to be mistreatment and rape of homosexuals and other physical abuses directed against homosexuals in your rotten jails; who charged and who presented what indictments to the grand jury which specifically charge inmates or others at New Queens House of Detention for Men with the crime of sodomy, and other alleged physical abuses; what are the actual contents of those indictments; and what are you doing, McGrath and Lindsay, to ensure that such anti-human, anti-gay, anti-moral atrocities committed against homosexuals will never happen again? Why is it too, that prisoners are charged with destruction of PUBLIC property when the public has been and is barred from these "public" institutions, and we mean ALL the public is refused, except a choice few YOU have picked!

We further demand, Lindsay and McGrath, immediate entrance, as many times as needed and whenever requested by us or prisoner homosexuals and heterosexuals, to all your city jails (including the Women's House of Detention by homosexual and heterosexual women) to see and talk with all alleged and convicted homosexual offenders and to hear from them first hand and see for ourselves, how they are being treated and under what

conditions they are living in your fucking dungeons; to obtain the true and complete stories why our homosexual sisters and brothers have been and are now committed to your jails and to obtain proper and/or requested defense, counsel, or whatever is needed, for any homosexual within your gools. You shall never be able to convince us or prove to us that our sister and brother homosexuals in your jail system are receiving any degree of fair or proper treatment by heterosexual "correction officers and other personnel" and unbiased defense and confident counsel for homosexuals by heterosexuals; or John V. Lindsay, that your heterosexual courts system and heterosexual laws are impartial to homosexuals.

Although, in your eyes, McGrath and Lindsay, we may not perhaps look like or dress like human beings, or act like respectable, reputable inhabitants of this city (because of our long hair or hippie-like attitudes and living standards), we do make our further demand that we gay men and women, be able to see all your public records and affidavits being held in and by your jail system, and by your courts, on homosexuals who have already or are being charged now with allegedly committing crimes against nature or your laws.

Lindsay, we demand to know thy the continued harassment and entrapment of gay people in your city, i.e. in 42nd St., Christopher St., village areas, gay bars, baths, Central Park and its promenades, and/or wherever homosexuals are forced to isolate themselves and be so; why they are forced to secretly express their sexualities and human feelings; why they cannot be or associate everywhere with their sisters and brothers without fear hanging over their heads; and why are your "finest" jailing and persecuting us gay people still (when there are inhumane crimes going on in the city day and night and you ignore them)? Why, why, why??? If you don't know, would your police commissioner Patrick Murphy? Why are pay-offs continuing to be paid to your administrative personnel and police officials of all rankings and homosexuals are still persecuted, harassed and imprisoned anyways? Aren't you getting your share or getting enough??? What is wrong with your heterosexual "friends"?

We hereby demand, Lindsay and McGrath, with none other than your own physical beings and appearance, you immediately make all necessary replies "publicly" to all the aforementioned demands and questions by noon of January 27, but by first notifying our representative AT 3 o'clock on January 22, at this East Village Other newspaper number — 255-2130, of how, when, where and if you are going to make your replies to our demands and questions as set by members of our gay community.

We hope you both do not think for one moment that the militant gay community is going to stand by and let you get away with your inane utterance of slurs and innuendoes. No longer are we disorganized and without power and resources! No longer can we be divided from our brothers and sisters in your inhuman torture chambers. We will abolish all jails. We will abolish all your mental concentration camps, too! We have under gone. We have over come, now you pay the piper. You have been judged and found wanting by the hell you have created and it is waiting for you now.

Supreme Headquarters
GAY REVOS of the
All Mighty Stonewall

Nation

YOU BET YOUR ASS

(Note: This article will not deal with the politics, economics or other such factors of off-track betting. To me, New York City, the real New York, is an anarchist state. Deep in its bowels, the one thing that has always and will always make New York different than anywhere else is that anything goes here. If you think off-track betting is a big social problem or rip-off or whatever, you'd make better use of your time reading the ads inside the back cover. But, if off-track betting [OTB] turns on that gambling thing in you, read on, brother! Because you can learn how to bet intelligently and with small risk.)



by
John
da
Swede

If you're willing to spend fifteen minutes a day making a few simple calculations, and following some simple rules, all very logical, you could be a successful bettor.

You will also find that people look up to you, admire you in a new light. When you buy your Daily Telegraph every day from your local newsdealer (75¢ a day, but a MUST), you will be treated as a human being again, a member of "the fraternity." Not only are you one of his best customers and a big spender (obviously), but you are a follower of the turf and not just an ordinary mortal.

No telling when OTB will start as they're going through some hassles now, but that doesn't matter. You can wait. You have something to do before you put down a deuce on your favorite nag: You have to find a SYSTEM. One that works. Not all the time, but just enough to keep you in the bucks so you can play the game.

I'm working on one with a track-knowledgeable friend and so far we've about doubled our money (on paper) in the past month. I frankly don't

know much about the whole business, its terminology and all, but you CAN approach it logically and find a way to do it.

First of all, we have decided to bet only to win (first place). The payoff just isn't high enough for place (2nd) or show (3rd) bets. We have also decided to stick to thoroughbred flat races, no hurdles or harness racing. They are just too unpredictable (and some say dishonest). Next, we felt we should stick to one kind of race, where there are enough races run to give us a bet each day and where the better horses are competing. The only races that qualify are the "Allowance" races, of which usually one or two are run at most tracks daily. There are also claiming and maiden races, but these are either new or not-so-hot or untried horses and thus too unpredictable to bet, or Handicaps, which aren't run often enough for our purposes.

We also stipulated that we would start with a capital of \$200 (\$100 each) and bet only 5% of our total capital on any one race (or \$10 the first time). This automatically, in the long run, increases

the size of our bets if our system works and wins for us, or, conversely, reduces automatically the size of our bets if we are losing. Any system takes some time to prove itself statistically and this time is extended when our bets get smaller and smaller if we lose money, but still feel we will be proven out over a long period of time.

Okay, so we've decided what kind of races & horses we're interested in, how much we're gonna bet. Now all we have to do is pick our horse each day.

So far, we've been trying out our system at the Laurel track in Maryland, which is a good track. Tracks are continually rotating, so you'll be betting at several tracks. There's nothing open in New York at this time, for example. And when off-track betting comes, it will probably open with only Yonkers signed up, a harness track, and we're not betting harness races. We hear, though, that Tropical Park in Florida may be the first out-of-town track in the system, and so we're now following the allowance races there. (If there are two allowance races, we usually bet only the one with the clearest choice, or sometimes both, sometimes only the one with the highest purse, sometimes neither.)

You can pick a horse by buying the Telegraph every day and looking up the track and races for the next day. There they will have all the horses scheduled to run with a batch of statistics for each: the past earnings; number of wins, places, and shows; their results at recent races; who's riding and the weight each horse is carrying; and so on. (You also have to send for their booklet on how to read it!) What you have to do with all this is pick the most likely winner. There are many ways to do this, but it's not a bad idea to rate each horse in some way, so you can objectively compare them.

One start would be to find a Dover paperback published back in 1961 called "The Science of Betting." The authors have gone through most of the popular systems for picking winners and tried them out statistically to see how they fared. For example, most people not too familiar with the tracks, who only go an occasional weekend, always bet the favorite. So, these guys theoretically bet \$2 on the favorite for a hundred races at various tracks and found that, while the favorites did win about a third of the time, the pay-off was so small that you would lose your money over any period over any period of time this way.

They tried out all kinds of schemes: betting by the weight the horse is carrying, by the trainer or jockey, long-shots, etc & etc. Anyway, get the

book. It'll cut down on your work of finding a system by giving you some ideas and telling you which don't work OVER THE LONG RUN. It'll keep you out of racing ego games (like betting the favorite because that's where the money is going and everybody likes to go with the crowd and be a WINNER).

My partner won't let me tell you the specifics of our system, but basically we relate the number of times a horse has won, placed and shown to his winnings. This is easily done with a little \$25 slide rule available at Abercrombie's (you could also make your own for much less, as there's nothing mysterious about this slip stick). A little booklet that comes with the calculator, as they call it, explains how this is done.

Anyway, after you make your calculations for each horse in the race, you will find some of the horses have relatively high numbers (such as, for example, 13.8) and some lower numbers (4.6, etc.). If there is one horse rated higher (by at least 10%) than any other, that is your bet IF it fits a few other qualifications you have to have to make an intelligent bet.

For example, it should have "run in the money" (placed first through fourth) a certain percentage of the number of times it's run (that % is up to you to decide: e.g., 20% or a third, whatever). Then, it should have either raced or worked-out recently and have been in the money within the not-too-distant past. You also have to see what kind of racing it's been doing (is it moving up or down in class?). You can also get into the length of race (6 or 7 furlongs, a mile or more, etc.) it runs best and compare that with the race you're working on. Generally, we ignore the post position, the weight it's carrying, the jockey and owners or trainer. If it turns out after all this that our highest rated horse is disqualified for a bet, we bet the next best. If there are two or more horses rated close to each other who qualify in all other respects, we don't bet. There's no reason why you should bet every day or every race. Usually, with a couple allowances races being run, we have a bet every day. Sometimes two.

All of the above is, to me, just plain commonsense stuff, but it appears that not very many bettors follow any tested, reliable system. If they did, the pay-off wouldn't be high enough in our system to absorb our losses. We've had horses come in dead last (which is better than second. At least it was lame or something and wasn't second, which might indicate a poor choice). We've had losing streaks as

(Continued on Page 22)

CHARLIE FRICK

Records are nice but only spaced music can make you spaced. There's been many names, labels and categories thrown around in the music business cause everything has to have a name so they know where to file it. Let me take you back 5 years to the up beat of the last great mind explosion of the sixties. Flower power reigned people were spaced out. Sometimes around the lower east side before all the hippys left for the quiet confines of upstate and places west, back when hip people went so hung up that they couldn't get off, there appeared now and then a band called SUN RA AND HIS SOLAR ARKESTRA. They were around a couple of times passing thru Tompkins Square park and other places whose names remain obscure to those in the know. It wasn't now it was then and the pepsi generation hadn't been invented yet, it was a different time a different line.

Cozmic Equation

Then another tomorrow they never told me of came with the abruptness of a fiery dawn

and spoke the cosmic equations

The Equation of Sight Similarity

The Equation of Sound Similarity

Subtle Living Equations clear only those whose

wish is to be attuned to the Vibrations Of

The Outer Cozmic Worlds Subtle living equations of the outer realms

dear only who wish fervently the greater life

That poem was on the back of the album cover of *The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra*. It was unleashed and hungry music community grabbed it up, no one thought it would sell, it wasn't meant to sell. Its got no (commercial) potential other than the experience of listening to some of the most amazing vibrations ever to be put in the jazz rack at your local record store. It was trippy stuff to say the least, at times it touched only slightly at what at that time was considered avant garde jazz. That's the way the people were talking about just as an off the wall art form that had no other meaning than the sound that it produced. There were however a whole bunch of weirds that listened to it for the pure pleasure in getting off.

Recorded in the electric mecca in april and november of 65 Volume one and two of the *Heliocentric Worlds Of Sun Ra* on ESP disk were the farthest out thing that there was at that time. You remember 1965 don't you, the beatles and the dave clark five and the stones and manfred mann and hermans hermits and all those other cotton candy groups that are too numerous to mention flooded the airwaves with "i love you yeah yeah yeah" and everyone thought that was hip. It was a funny time the rhythm and rhyme moves in strange ways some times it lingers for days on end. Even his instrumentation was strange. He played the bass marimba and the electronic celeste and the piano, bongos and a tympany while the solar Arkestra consisted of a hand full of men playing baritone, altos, tennor, saxophones, flutes, clarinets, bass clarinets, piccolos, trombones, trumpets, and lots of drums. It was a combination that had never been combined before successfully. It was a good sized band able to create a wide variety of musical sounds.

The names of the compositions they would play read like a dance recital program from the timothy leary school of ballet:

"Heliocentric," "Outer Nothingness," "Other Worlds," "The Cosmos," "Of Heavenly Things," "Nebulae," "Dancing In The Sun Myth," "House Of Beauty" and a shattering number called "Cosmic Chaos."

On the back of the second album he says,

"There is a land whose being is almost unimaginable to the human mind, on a clear day we stand there and look farther than the ordinary eye can see. Far above the roof of the world we can encompass vistas of the worlds. There is a land where the sun shines eternal. Eternally eternal out in outer space A LIVING BLAZING FIRE so vital and alive there is no need to describe its splendor."

Its pretty wacky, everywhere ive been a cross this land someone has had a copy of these records. Theyre masterpieces of the sixties forgotten works from an almost unknown artist. There's messages in his music that are not understood by all that listen to it.

Yeah Sun Ra makes music and poetry not understood by everybody. They played live sunday night downstairs at the village gate of all places, the music went on as the full moon danced across the sky, it was on of those incidents where the space meets your face, a whole stage full of strange musical instruments percussion toys to make rhythm. It was before the crowd was let in, the dummies were cleaning up from the previous show and things were getting ready to go. The lights were dimmed the red candles were placed on all the tables. The atmosphere was changed rearranged, shifted around so that it would be easier to get things off the ground. There were guys from the slide show running round setting lights and things.

And some guy from one of the video units that are always around was making a tape of the whole thing with a back pack camera and recorder. Things were being lined up the moon was full up too and the only thing left to happen was the show. They opened the doors and the people wandered in.

A lot of the nouveau hip people from uptown that heard that jimmi hendrix played space music and the grateful dead used to play space music and the pink floyd and the soft machiene play space music and the moog synthesizer plays space music, and somewhere a bunch of them heard or read in the trades that

Sun Ra played space music, and was going to be playing space music for one night only when the moon was full. That's what i like about the middle class theyre so well informed.

A whole bunch of them came and shelled out \$2.50 a head to get in on some of what they thought the action would be. A lot of old familiar faces from places gone by were there too. It was a meeting of the so called hip pepsi drinking mods and the real weirds that came to get off on the music. I came to watch.

The doors were opened and in they came slowly one by one they filed into the semi-darkness and all of a sudden every empty seat in the place was taken.

(Continued on Page 16)





intimations of the futility they see in the real world today, the real world as it is encapsulated for them in the television news roundup. In a less "surreal" film, these critics might chide the cuteness that marks the bad guys for destruction with bird doo-doo, or the egotism that decorates sets with posters advertising the director's earlier films. But that's the kind of wonder a cultural revolution can work...

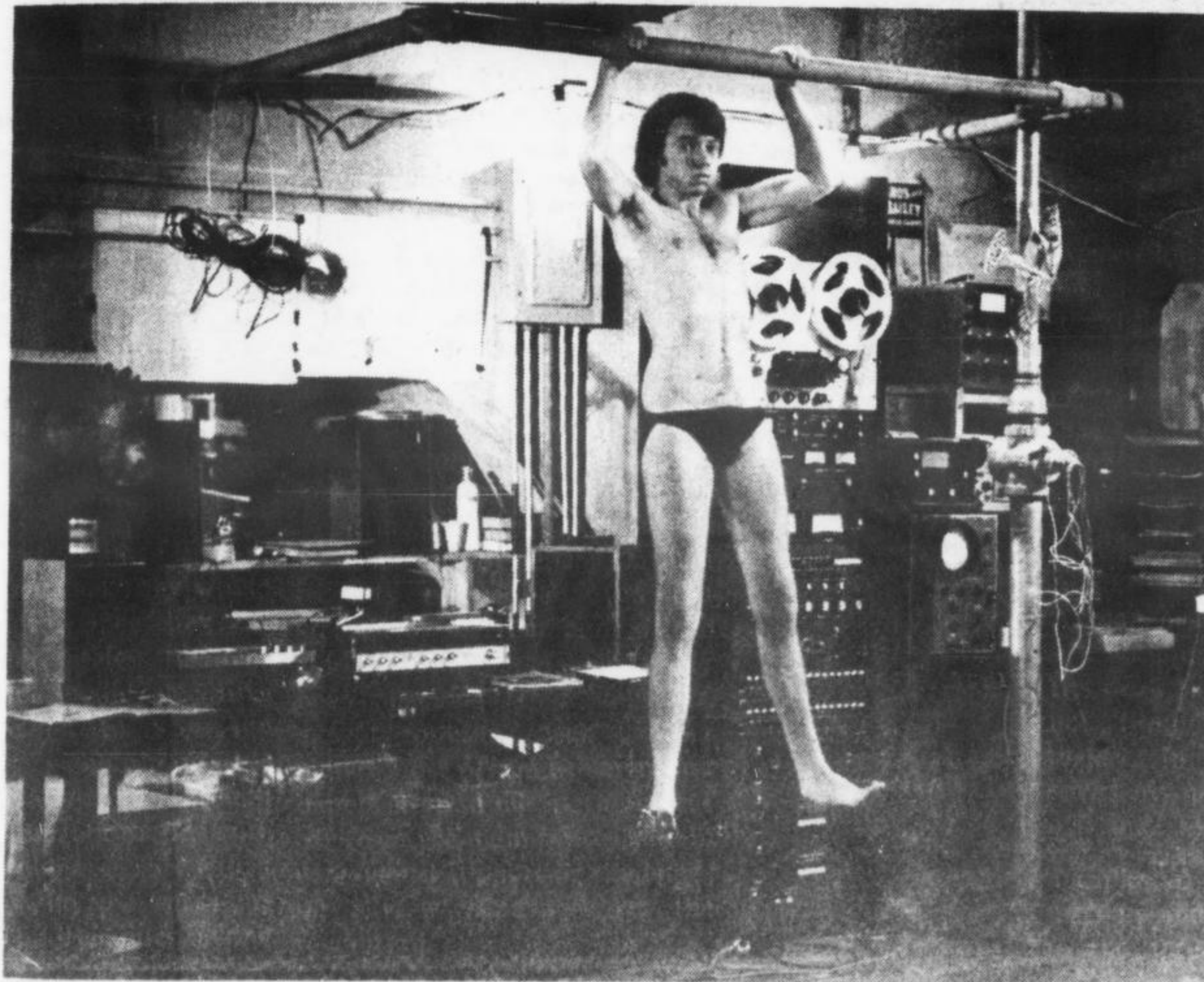
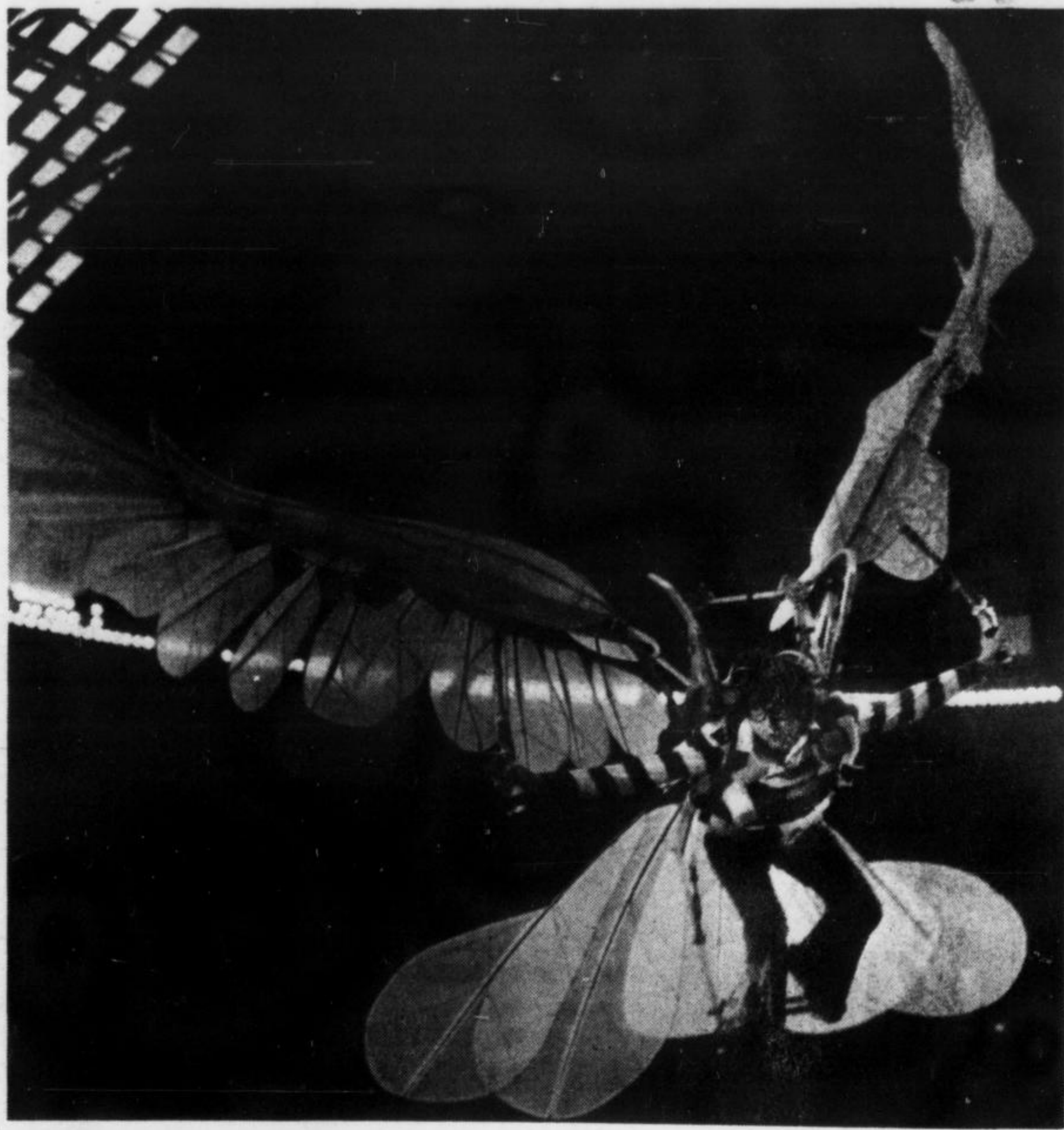
But Cort plays the mummiferous Brewster McCloud, one of those shy, quiet youths who slaughter their families with meat cleavers. Brewster's mishegas is the itch to fly: not like Captain Eddy Richenbach or Charles A. Lindbergh, like any normal boy; but like a bird, a regular Modern Icarus, if you will. He dwells in the labyrinthine fallout shelters beneath the Houston Astrodome, and if the Paris Opera House had its Phantom, the Astrodome has its Easy Rider, for the wings Brewster is building with his erector set would put the Spirit of St. Louis to shame, not to mention those guys in the old Edison newsreels, the rugged individualist who would dress up in a kite, jump off a soap box and fall on his face. Of course, this is what happens to Brewster, presumptuous mortal, but first we must have our little jokes.

Brewster is guarded by Louise (Sally Kellerman), whose painted back indicating where wings should go suggest she is an angel, but is otherwise unexplained. Whenever somebody gets into Brewster's way, his fairy godmother expediently snuffs him, identifying the kill with the droppings of her enigmatic, fecund raven. Such is the fate of Daphne Heap (Margaret Hamilton, whom Judy Garland fans will recall as The Witch in THE WIZARD OF OZ), an unpleasant dowager who rehearses Star Spangled Banner solos in the empty Astrodome; Abraham Wright (Stacy Keach), a 120-year-old miser who is the last of the Wright Brothers; Breen (Bert Remsen), a narc who tries to plant a joint on Brewster; Frank Shaft (Michael Murphy), a detective investigating these deaths, and many more.

Brewster is brought low not by one of these heavies, however, but by the Goldie Hawn-style Astrodome tour guide and drag racer Sue (Shelley Duvall), who falls in love with him when he tries to steal her stolen car (when the original owner, a chain-swinging greaser, tries to reclaim it, he is dipped in the fatal avian excrement). Jealously shriven by Louise, Brewster loses his cherry and discretion in one, ah, fell swoop, and confesses to the recent homicide wave and to his aeronautical ambitions — which tips Sue off that she is in bed with no ordinary mass-murderer, but a bird-brain, yet — and the dumb bitch spills the beans.

In the grand finale, Brewster flies around the Astrodome until he is shot down, acting out the Death of the Youth Movie Hero that became ritual with

(Continued on Page 18)



In MASH, Robert Altman gave us a moral universe where a merry band of hedonistic humanists wore down the forces of evil. The happy-go-lucky doctors, led by then culture hero Elliot Gould, attacked and destroyed bureaucracy, militarism, Puritanism, fake religiosity and sexual hypocrisy and other apple-pie values in the name of good clean fun, booze and sex. It was a Yippie's CATCH-22 — don't fight the system, fuck it. Substituting the easygoing subversiveness of today for Yossarian's barely repressed 1950s frenzy, Altman projected a comic vision that was chaotic, radical, and casually stoned.

The major unresolved question of MASH was its Korean War setting. One was informed obliquely, by the film's "now" style, its references to grass, and the otherwise lack of differences between it and a host of World War II service comedies, that Korea meant Vietnam, and that the hedonists of MASH were really the turned-on soldiers and their hip counterparts of today, each fighting against the war in his own little way. But, everyone assumes, one can't say that in a Hollywood movie, and it was pretty clever of Altman to have covered his tracks this way. But there was an aesthetic as well as a political reason for placing MASH in the Korean context, a conflict few Americans understood and those who know prefer to forget. In that historical greenhouse, the sex-and-the-single-Sergeant-Bilko horseplay seemed to take on modestly revolutionary overtones. Working with the better publicized reality of the napalmed Vietnamese people's implacable fight to free their country from an overwhelming imperialist army (whose members salve their consciences by staying perpetually stoned in that good Vietnamese grass or become hardened killers), Altman could never convince us that his debauched rear-liners, like today's bomber pilots who live on carriers supplied with booze and native girls, are the good guys.

Like many another latter day freak, Altman has assimilated dope and "free" sex without their revolutionary aspects. His work flourishes in a controlled milieu but flounders when he messes with reality. In BREWSTER MCLOUD he sticks his neck out and gets his head cut off, but, like the indimitable bourgeois decapitated chicken, he merely ruffles his feathers and struts around the barnyard, to the acclaim of critics who find here

DYLAN MEETS WEBERMAN

by (of course) A.J. WEBERMAN,
DYLANOLOGIST

PREFACE

The following interview is actually a series of conversations I had with Dylan in early January 1971. Since D wouldn't let me record them, I had to reconstruct them through my recollections. When I showed Bob what I had come up with, he said, "There's lies in there & that's sneaky shit talkin' to a cat, then writing

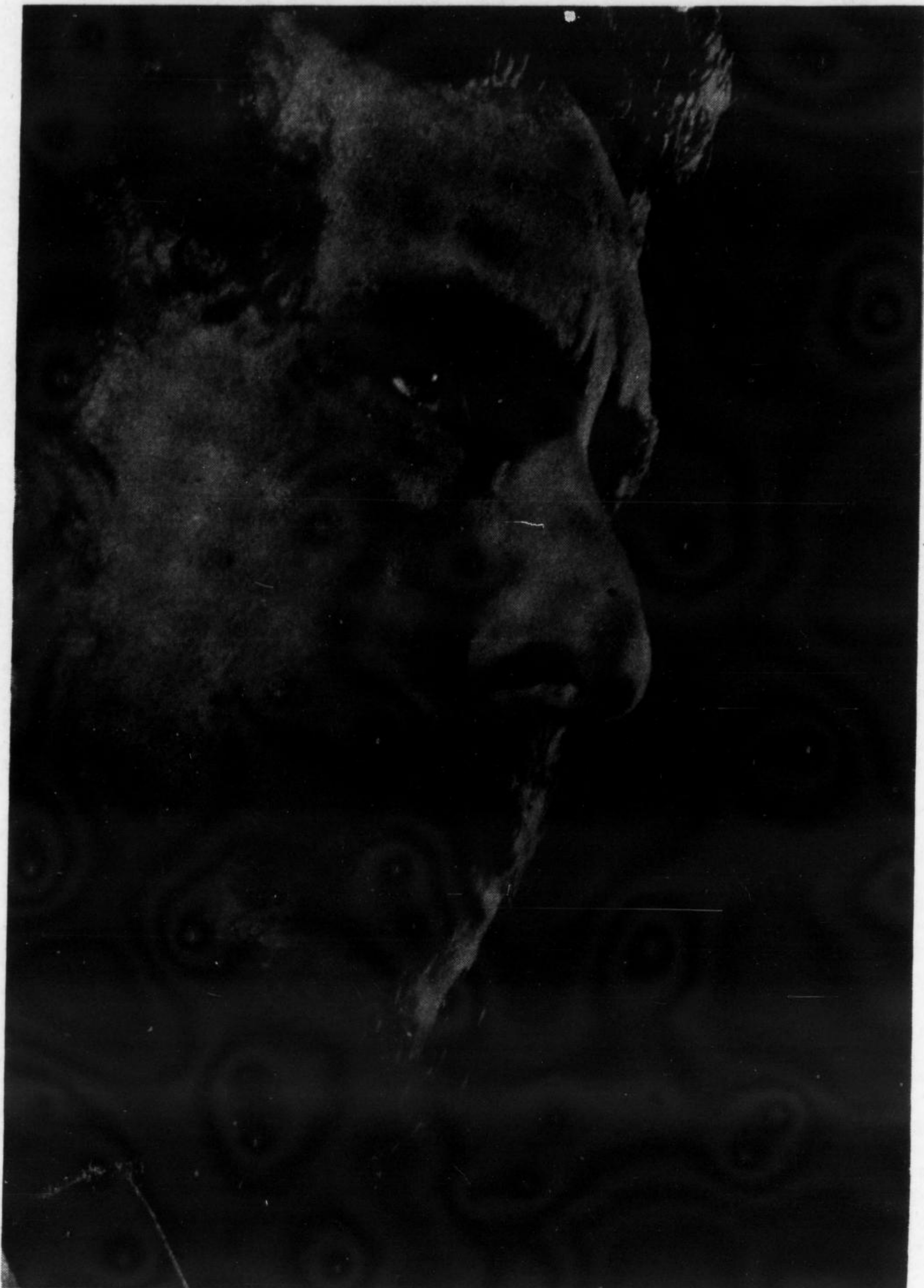
about it." We corrected my errors over the phone & D gave me some direct quotes (I recorded the phone call & have included parts of it). I think I caught the leap of D's bound to some extent.

NOTE

D stands for Dylan
CB stands for current bag



a Dylan interview conducted by A.J. WEBERMAN, Dylanologist & Minister of Defense, Dylan Liberation Front



you want to fight it out here and now." "Al, did you ever write anything about my Karate? Ever write anything about my race & stuff in my mailbox?" "I knew you took Karate but I never wrote anything about it ... your race ...?" "What race are you, Alan?" "The human race." "And what race were yer parents?" "Well, they considered themselves Jewish, I guess." "You sure you never wrote anything about my race?" "No, man, it ain't yer race I object to, it's yer politics and lifestyle." "Well, I didn't think ya would, Al." "Hey Bob, what do you do with all your money?" "It all goes to Kibbutzim in Israel and Far Rockaway." "But you were one of the first Jews to put down Israel." "Where?" "In the liner notes to ANOTHER SIDE OF D." "Don't remember! ... You know, Al, you've been in the city too long, the city does something to your thinking - I know how it is."

D sat down on this stoop a few blocks from his pad and we continued the conversation - "What about your cb, Bobby?" He denied it and did something that would make people believe he was telling the truth. But not A.J. Like he says - "We'll fly over the ocean JUST AS THEY SUSPECT" ("Fly over ocean" is a metaphor for D's cb from other contexts). Later on he told me - "Everyone's been asking me about your writing" THE RUMOR. "The man in Dylan would do nearly any task when asked for compensation ..." just give him his current bag. "From my TOES up to my HEELS" Dig what I mean.

Somewhat taken aback by D's willingness to cooperate, I told him - "Man, but there's all this evidence in your poetry - I could stand here for hours and hours running it all down ... and then there's all the songs written to you by other poets in yer own language putting you down for your cb." "Al, you've got to keep in mind that my poetry doesn't reflect the way I'm feeling now, it's like years behind." "Well, bullshit ..."

So we talked. D said he didn't dig the Panthers because of their position on the Mideast situation - "Little Israel versus all those ..." I started to explain to D how the Panthers believed that everyone has a right to live: Jews, Arabs AND Palestinian refugees, when this kid from my class comes over and says he wants to talk to D. I told him that was cool but to wait until we got done ... I had something important to say to Bob & I didn't know if I'd ever see him again. (I was seizing the time.) So the punk says - "You're full of shit and so is Dylanology." So I grabbed him by the collar & screamed SPLIT, ASSHOLE! He left but as he was going he yelled out in grade-school intonation - WEBERMAN'S BOOTLEGGING TARANTULA (D's suppressed novel). Dylan said I only had half of the book - the other half was out in Calif. - & that I should never worry about running out of things to interpret. He said he was gonna invite me up to Woodstock a couple of months ago. I asked, "How come you didn't, how come I had to have a demonstration in front of yer house to get you to negotiate ... you knew how dedicated I am & how well I know yer work." "I know, Al, and one day we'll go for a ride together and I'll interpret all my poems for ya." "We ain't goin' down by the docks, are we?" "No ... Al, you scared my tenants yelling like that." "Sorry, man, I didn't mean to brag yer innocent people into it ... dig like these radical freaks were staying over at The Archives & I told them where you were at & they thought about trashing your place but I told

them DON'T DO IT ... it ain't fair to Dylan's kids. "Al, I know a lot of people who want to hurt you, especially after that 'Garbage' thing - you know, all these college kids come to my garbage & take some of it back to their dorms - you wouldn't like these kids either ..."

"Get a garbage compacter and I'll come around and pick it up once a week." "I don't like machines ... no, that's not true." "Bob, you wouldn't have me offed, would you?" "You scared?" "Sure I am, this is an oligarchy, the more money you have the more power." "I wouldn't do it, Al, don't worry, it's too late anyway." "I didn't think so, man, it would be like GM offing Nader, but if you do, you BETTER do a GOOD job."

I went on & gave D a rap against Imperialism, Racism & Sexism (he didn't seem like he was listening) and then I told him that NASHVILLE SKYLINE sucked while SELF PORTRAIT was a stone rip-off since many people bought it, played it once, and stuck it on their shelf. Neither album related to objective reality. Dylan responded quietly - "Well, there were 2 good songs on S.P., DAYS OF FORTY NINE and KOPPER KETTLE ... and without those 2 lps they'd be no NEW MORNING, anyway I'm just starting to get back on my feet as far as my music goes ... Al, do you use Amphetamine?" "No, man, the reason I have so much energy is because I'm tuned in to the life force that's trying to assert itself here on earth - I'M ALIVE, MAN." "Why worry so much about earth when there's ..." "What do you want me to worry about: if Mars invades us?" "What drugs to you use, Al?" "Just reefer & caffeine, and you?" "No



I was really fucking hassled the day I met Dylan. Pigs. Heavy shit. I was goin' fucking crazy. I made it to the D class that I teach each week at the Alternate U & gave a shirt rap & then said - "Tonight's the field trip to D's pad." About 50 of us headed down 6th Ave. towards MacDougal St. When we got to 4th St. I pointed out the pad D lived in from 62-64 and tried to explain how it related to D's single - POSITIVELY FOURTH STREET - but this drunk wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise. We continued to march & picked up a couple of street kids along the way (that's the dangerous part about doing something like this - like I could trust the people in my class, but these kids were full of undirected violence). Soon we were all standing in front of D's. I began to yell, HEY BOBBY PLEASE CRAWL OUT YOUR WINDOW. Someone else screamed - OPEN THE DOOR BOBBY. The lights started to go on and off and one of D's kids came to the window & started playing with his blocks on the sill, building sort of a wall against us. We stopped yelling. I invited the class into D's lobby in

order to show them where D "came down into the lobby to make a small call out" but by this time the class had split into 2 groups - the hardcore Dylan Liberationists were with me in the hall, while the people with groupie tendencies were standing across the street. Then Eric Williams (DLF) said - "Hey man, I saw someone look out from on top of the stairs for a flash." Dylan was home!

We went outside & I decided to go thru D's garbage with the class, & so they formed a circle around me. David Peel (DLF) pointed out that his garbage bags were green, like his money. My "Garbage Article" had already come out so there was nothing of interest to be found, but we did the thing anyway. Then one of the street kids decided he was gonna enter D's thru a window. I was explaining what we'd do to him if he tried it (I wasn't ready for an illegal demo - yet) when Sharon (DLF - groupie tendencies) comes over and says: "There's someone standing across the street who looks JUST LIKE DYLAN." "Holy shit," I thought. "What the fuck am I going to do? D's caught me red-handed

going thru his garbage. He's gonna be pissed off ... he may get violent. I may have to beat the shit out of that slimy bootlicker here and now." I looked up and saw Bob standing directly across the street from me - he was dressed in denim, wearing rimless glasses, & it looked like smoke was coming out of his head. I just stood there. David Peel came over and pushed me forward. It was like High Noon. "Do not forsake me oh my Dylanology." I eventually walked over to D, who looked like a cross between someone in his 'current bag' and a Talmudical scholar, and said, "How are you, man?" "Turn off the tape recorder" (I had one with me & I did). Then D said, "Al, why'd ye bring all these people around my house for?" "It's a field trip for my Dylan class, man ... but actually it's a demonstration against you and all you've come to represent in rock music." "Alan, let's go talk about this," and he took me by the arm (I knew that very instant he meant to do me harm) & he started putting on the pressure and I had no other choice except but for to go. "Cool it man," I yelled, "that fuckin' hurts - no violence - unless

drugs." "BULLSHIT!" Although I must admit that D's eyes looked normal almost every time we met. "Well, so long, Al, you're an interesting fellow, see you in a few weeks." I gave him the power handshake & he split.

When I got home I was fucking wasted. I was rapping with Harvey, a lawyer friend, when the phone rang — "Hello Al, this is Bob." Suddenly the telephone began to look like my record player. "Want to come over and visit me tomorrow?" "That's like asking a strung-out junkie if he wants a fix." "Al, I wanted to thank you for helping me sell a lot of records — your articles have helped to keep it going." "Yeah, that's one aspect of Dylanology I don't dig... but I may cancel it out soon." "Al, do you have a driver's license?" "No, never learned to drive." "Too bad, I know of this chauffeur's job that's open." "Are you trying to buy me out, man? STOP RIGHT HERE. It's im-fucking-possible." "No, no, I wasn't trying to buy you out, I just wanted you to see me from another seat, you've been on the streets too long." "Hey Bob, you know that song CHAMPAGNE, ILLINOIS you wrote and gave to Carl Perkins." "Yeah, I figured Carl needed a song." "He needed something, anyway, why not write a song called CARBONDALE, ILL. cause that's where the pigs just murdered this black man who was gonna testify against them..." Dylan remained silent. "You there?" "Call ye tomorrow." I hung up.

The next day he called me & told me to come over to his midtown studio with a tape deck & an amplifier if I wanted to hear some D tapes cause all he had at the studio was a record player. My old lady, Ann, helped me take the stuff uptown & then split cause D said he wanted to see me alone. D began — "I've seen you around a lot, Al." "Bob, let's set up the equipment, okay?" I went over to the speaker and asked him to disconnect it & he started unscrewing the terminal with no lead on it. "Let me do it, man," & he did the thing. (This little bit of play acting and the riff about not having a tape recorder in his studio was a clever ploy designed to convince me D wasn't into recording conversations, but I didn't go for it & maintained my cool when it came to saying self-incriminating things.)

We began — "What do you think Tim Leary?" Dylan asked. "I think he's great — like he was into evolution all along but felt he could



attract a lot of the middle class by talking about it in mystical terms. He's a national hero of Woodstock Nation. What do you think?" "I don't follow politics." "How come I found newspapers in yer garbage every day?" "It's not my garbage — everyone in my building — we mix all the garbage together." "Sure ye do... hey man, I'll tell you something about yer politics — they're fucking genocidal — cause I talk to a lot of people when I'm out on the streets selling TARANTULA and most of the people I talk to got the impression from that SING OUT interview that you support the war in Vietnam." "I only did that to get back at the freaks who wouldn't leave me alone & let me do my thing up in Woodstock — every five minutes there was someone at my door. I mean this fame thing got out of hand. I never expected to become this famous. I DON'T DIG IT. Everywhere I go — man, even if I go to some small town somewhere — a bunch of freaks always manage to find me and then they go apeshit." "Get a long-haired wig, they'd never recognize you." "Why don't you buy me one, Al..." "Hey man, how come you associated yourself with Cash — that lackey was so conservative at that time you did things together that Nixon later invited him to sing at the White House & Cash still goes out of his way to praise Nixon's genocidal policies at his concerts." "I've heard Cash since I was a kid... I love him." "Bob, yer so fucking conservative lately, I'm surprised Nixon didn't invite you to sing fer him." "I am too, man." "Man, almost all the other rock people put you down in their songs — in yer own language — for yer politics." "They're just using my phrasing." "No, man, they understand what you're saying the same way I do — from studying yer poetry."

"Why don't you ask them about it?" "Man, they'd deny it cause it's a secret language & cause of the controversial nature of your cb which they sing about — anyway it's poetry & it's up to the listener or critic to figure it out." "I deny it's happening & so do they." "Hey, Dylan man, all of you can deny your asses off, but as long as ya don't come up with another system that's more consistent, makes more sense, etc., MINE STANDS, DIG?" "NO."

"And, man, if you really believe in yer current bag and went to continue to remain in it, how come you copped-out on yourself in your poetry? And the poetry is simple enough that many people understand it. Isn't that indicative of a contradiction in yer personality?" Now I had Dylan going. He suddenly became very depressed and didn't say anything. He looked hurt. I almost felt sorry for him. "Hey Bob, you okay, man? Like a lot of these cats are full of shit — putting you down for not doing anything when they don't do shit themselves." "Remember, Al, I'm not like them... not fresh out of college..." "Man, you've been talking everyone my interpretations are 'way off'... let's hear you interpret one of your songs, then I'll interpret it and we'll see whose interpretation is better... how about TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU?" "Okay, but I feel stupid... Throw my ticket out the window... so we were down in Nashville and the train was leaving and I didn't want to go so I said..." "Hey man, didn't you once sing 'You hand in your money' for the line 'You hand in your ticket' (from MR JONES) at a concert in England?" "Yeah." "So doesn't ticket symbolize money?" "A ticket is anything you want it to be." "You mean your symbolism isn't consistent?" "It's as consistent as me." "So isn't it money?" "It could be." Dylan then changed the subject — "You sure you didn't write any letters about my race?" "No, man, how many times do I have to tell you... like every letter I ever wrote to you was on Dylan Archives stationery — was that?" "Yes. I got it right here." He couldn't find it. (Since 'letter' symbolizes 'article' in D's symbology, he may have been referring to part of my EVO 'garbage article', where, after finding cards & thank-you notes from D's family, I wrote — "Good to see Dylan is still a Zimmerman." What I meant by that was, "Good to see D still associates with middle class, lames like his straight relatives." It was a riff in the



Lenny Bruce LIMA OHIO & John Lennon "don't believe in Zimmerman" tradition & not antisemitic.)

"Did you ever write a song to me?" "Absolutely not." "How about Dear Landlord, or was that to Grossman?" "Grossman wasn't in my mind when I wrote it. Only later when people pointed out the song may have been written for Grossman I thought it could have been... it's an abstract song... sure as hell wasn't written for you... I wasn't aware of you then." "Does Albert still act in your behalf?" "NO."

Throughout our conversation the phone rang constantly, & at one point someone came to the door & handed D a fan letter & a book of poems. He read the fan letter right then and there & handed me the book — "Take a look at it — tell me what you think — advise me — you're a knowledgeable cat & I could use some advice — even on politics." "Bullshit." "I should have a book of my poems out in 2 years & a book containing all my songs should be out soon & I'm planning to release that song you have a rare tape of — SHE'S YOUR LOVER NOW — as a single." "Bullshit... what do you think about my work, man?" "Your approach is sincere." "You know, if I lived in another age I might have been a Talmudic scholar." "So would I." "I guess so — you say I'm 'sincere.' Why didn't you say that in the Rolling Stone interview instead of saying I was 'way-off'?" "I'm thru with that. The only reason I gave them an interview was because they hounded me for years." "Do you follow the rock criticism scene closely?" "NO." "How come I found all those rock papers in yer garbage?" "I only read them when Al Kooper brings them over... wanna hear a tape?" He played one cut — it was D singing DON'T YE TELL HENRY, a song the band often does at concerts — this lent support to my theory that D ghosts for the band. "We got a better fidelity version of this tape back in the Archives." Then D offered me all this stuff that would help my 'career' as a rock critic; I could sit in on recording sessions, he hinted I could call him up & get info on his new records thusly making my review 'straight from the horse's mouth' so to speak. I kind of got the feeling that I'd get all these privileges if I behaved. FUCK THAT SHIT. "Want to see the rest of the studio?" We walked into this room filled with

the band's instruments and D's paintings. They were these impressionistic abyss-like things. "What do you think of my paintings?" "Stick to poetry." "I paint what's on my mind." "Yeah, empty." For the first time D laughed — IT TAKES A LOT to make Dylan LAUGH — but he could relate to emptiness. Then I decided to lay it on the line — "Dylan, you've got to live up to your responsibility as a culture hero — you're DYLAN, man, every freak has a soft spot in their heart for ya, they love ya, you're DYLAN, DYLAN, DYLAN, DYLAN." "I'm not Dylan, you're Dylan." "I know, you're some other man, right?" We went back into the front of the studio — "Want some records, Al?" "No, I get them for free from the record companies." "Want a rare picture of me?" "I told you we got

all that shit back in the Archives... getting back to the subject at hand, did you ever think that maybe your wealth has corrupted you — you once said that the more of a stake you have in the system the more conservative one becomes — 'Relationships of ownership they whisper in the wings,' etc. And man, you used the struggle of black people for a decent life to make you famous, remember BLOWN IN THE WIND and you ripped the blacks for their music — YOU OWE THEM QUITE A BIT — any truth to what I'm saying, man?" "Could be." Then I began to tell Bob why I feel the way I do about 3rd World Liberation & went into a riff about my visit with a very poor cat in Mexico. "Let's write a song together about your trip & we'll

(Continued on Page 21)



Interview with Steve Davidson Publisher of OM, UPS, Amsterdam, Holland By Alex Gross

ALEX: Who are the Kabouters and what are they doing?

STEVE: The Kabouters say they are not a protest movement. They say they want to create an alternative state within the old state. To do this they have set up nonetheless an organization, called the Orange Free State, which supposedly consists of a federation of people's government departments, representing the various needs of society. The whole idea of a shadow government seems to create the same problems as those found in real governments.

The entire set-up of the Kabouters has turned out to be very hierarchic in nature and very exclusive. It's a beautiful thing to have set up a department of Biodynamical Agriculture, but when it doesn't do anything except give a few hip intellectuals a thrill, it isn't doing anything for the people of Holland. For instance, we elected five members to the Amsterdam City Council, but all they've done is to issue endless clever documents and

proclamations about beautiful projects, but nothing has really happened. At the moment a few publicity-happy people are running the whole Kabouter movement.

ALEX: In other words, of the Kabouters' many plans to alter or eliminate the educational, ecological, penal, mental health, and political systems of Holland, you would say they've accomplished absolutely nothing?

STEVE: Absolutely nothing. A few independent radicals have created the Ministry of Offense, which was to provoke the Orange Free State into real action. We publish a paper called the Kabouter Kolonel, which gave out 2,000 copies of its first issue, each one containing 3 grams of home-grown grass. We were not busted. The second issue we published two classified lists. The first of classified phone numbers and addresses of Ministers. We were not busted for this. Due to our many actions, the Orange Free State seems to be finished politically. We hope our next issue will be busted.

ALEX: What other groups are there in Holland?

STEVE: As you may know, the Dutch government is very tolerant and also scared shitless of Provo street activities. In order to prevent ghetto fires, they've created a chain of psychedelic concentration camps all through Holland run by intellectual terrorists called social workers. They have political pretensions, but most people just go to these places to get stoned.

ALEX: You mean the government sponsored Provadyas, or youth clubs, where anyone can go and smoke without getting hassled. I think a lot of people here would envy those. What are the other groups?

STEVE: The students are either apathetic or so-called Marxist-Leninists who are afraid of really doing any actions. Their leaders are fifteenth year students who get involved in long dialectic discussions with each other. Women's Lib, or Dolle Mina, which started two years ago has been much more violent than here

They went around kidnapping men, including Roel Van Duyn and several other Kabouter and student leaders, and shouting at men on the street, "Hey, baby you want to fuck" and whistling at them and feeling them up in the streets. But the radical spirit has gone out of it now, and it's being run by very dogmatic Marxist-Leninist women, who don't really have much appeal for the average Dutch housewife. We've also got our own version

of the Black Panther Party called the Molukkers, a group left over from the Dutch imperialist system. Holland created Indonesia from a group of peoples, nations and islands that had nothing in common. When we left Indonesia, we kept on encouraging those peoples there who didn't want to be part of it. The Molukkers were one of these, and we loved them so much that we brought thousands of them to Holland and put them into camps which we ourselves only started finding out about last summer. That's when they took over the Indonesian Embassy forcefully, killing a guard. They are really together, have their own army, and are getting regularly harassed by the police now, just like the Panthers.

ALEX: Which group are you involved with, and why?

STEVE: I'm involved with the group that has been supporting and stimulating occupation and squatting in urban renewal sections of the city. We think that our society is a class society, and in these actions we find the possibility of linking ourselves together with the working classes, because it is just as much their problem as ours. Every time we squat or occupy a house or a block of houses we hand out free leaflets in the neighborhood to explain to the people there what we are doing and what the economic-political reasons are behind urban renewal. Originally our group consisted of older PROVO-oriented people, but now we have a much broader following. Unlike the Kabouters we are absolutely non-exclusive in our membership and we seek no publicity for our actions. We do publish a paper for our neighborhood with nothing but neighborhood news in it, including political analysis. Our line is strictly anarchistic without calling it that, and against every outside authority — we want self-determination for our neighborhood. We are stimulating the growth of block and neighborhood councils by occupying large houses in the neighborhood, rebuilding them, and turning them into community centers. We are urging the people left in the neighborhood to stay there — to do this we rented buses to take them out to the projects they were supposed to move into, so they could see that they would be getting into. Once they saw how drab and lifeless the new neighborhood would be, fifty percent decided to stay and fight. Our neighborhood has been used as a model for at least seven other neighborhoods with the same problems. This is just Amsterdam, and it's spreading elsewhere. The dynamics behind

urban renewal is to deport the original people to outrageously expensive sleeping quarters in order to sell the land at higher prices to big industries like universities and newspapers. They're trying to build a subway through our land — the purpose of the subway will be to transfer the people from their sleeping quarters to their working quarters and out again. Building these people-consuming industries in the centre will add to the pollution, traffic and liveability problems of the city.

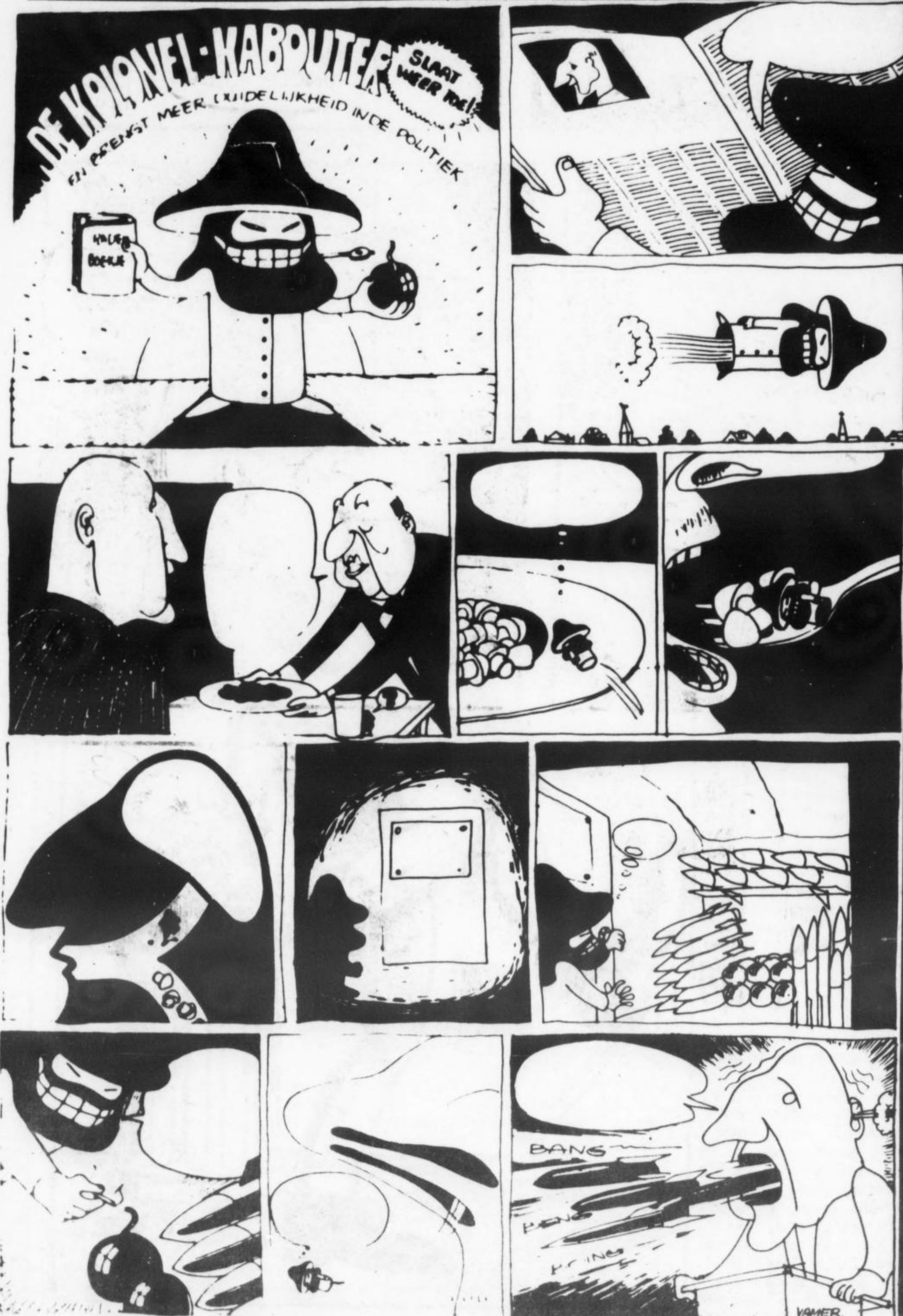
The first act of sabotage to stop the subway occurred the night after the bulldozers moved in to start digging. Everybody came with shovels and filled it in again. We put big signs up all around saying ALL WRECKERS OUT, DISEASED AREA, QUARANTINE. We have our own volunteer guards constantly patrolling to stop them. We also destroyed a bulldozer. A very expensive electronic measuring device was placed in the ground by the authorities to take measurements for building the subway. As it happened, this device strangely landed one night in an Amsterdam canal nearby, where it still lies gathering rust. On a sunny day you can see it. When the authorities kept up the pressure, another bulldozer was destroyed. When the housing people set up an information pavillion to propagandize the new project, it was burnt to the ground one night. No one was hurt.

ALEX: How do you deal with junkies who move in?

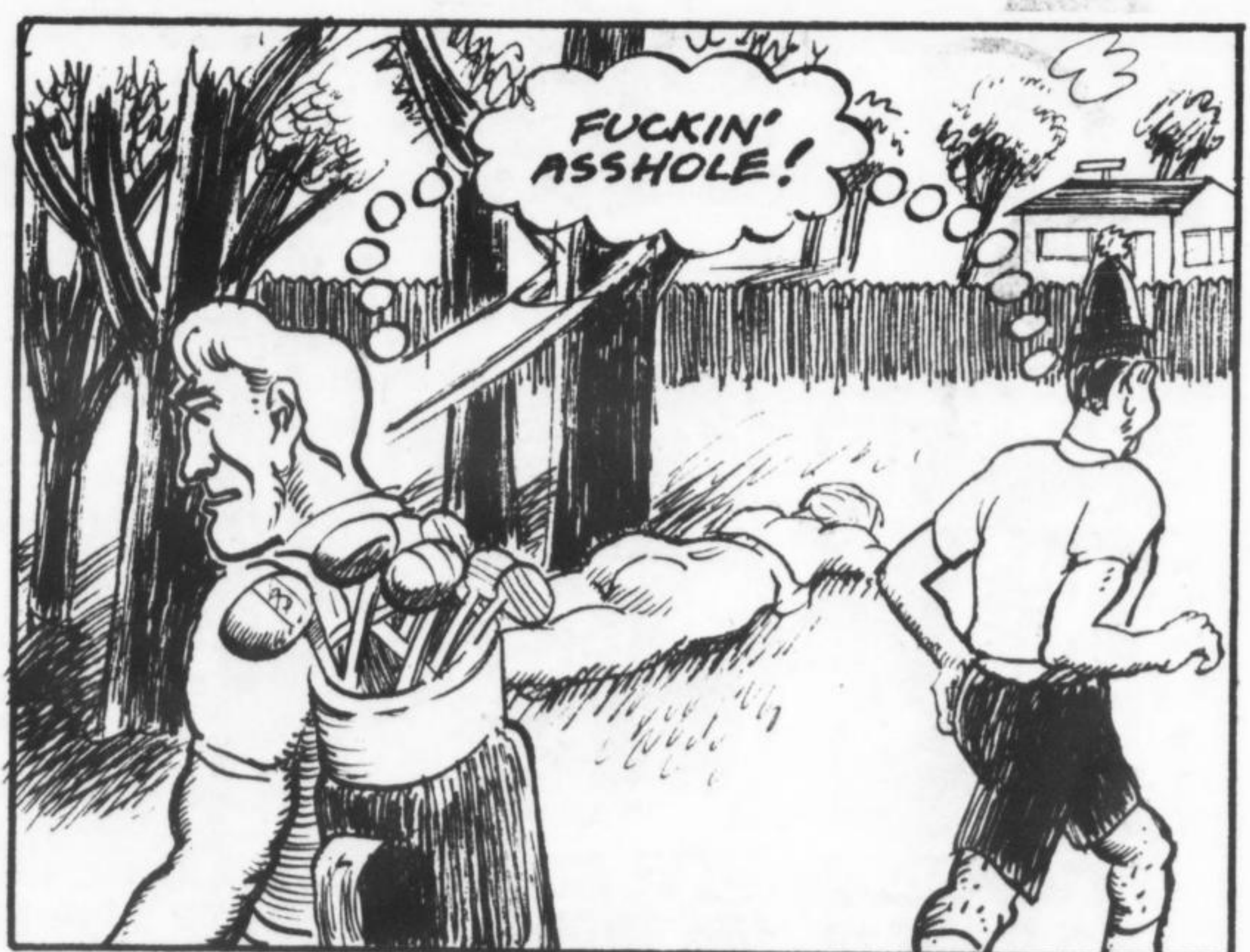
STEVE: We identify with them up to a certain extent. They are also victims of the system, and we know this. But independence starts in your own head. Everybody who causes us too much of a nuisance and attracts police activity, we ask to leave. We think that hard drugs are one of our enemies, but we try to help anyone who wants to kick the habit. If they are quiet about it, we let them stay. By the way, I was on hard drugs myself for six years.

ALEX: What do you think about the Weathermen?

STEVE: I'm not in a position to judge, but I feel they are right on. They have a very sharp analysis of the situation and take care of business. America has reached the stage where it's a real fascist country, and it's for each individual to survive however he can. I think they're beautiful poetic people. I just hope they don't become isolated, and that they keep on explaining their actions to the other side, to gather mass support. I see the Weathermen as the top of an iceberg, and all the rest of us, the people on the communes and in all the other parts of the revolution, right here, are the rest of the iceberg, and I just hope they don't get isolated from their sisters and brothers. I'm glad to see squatting has started here, as it is one sure way of getting through to lots of people. And I'm amazed to see that none of the Underground papers has really been backing the squatters, except for the Black Panther paper. Most of the Underground papers seem to me apathetic, cut off from the main source, and in general just supporting the image of a few superstars of the revolution.



THE GOLDEN RULE



(Continued from Page 10)

frick

Final preparations were being made and things were almost under way.

Several guys appeared on stage wearing garments made out of red sparkles, and head apparatus that resembled science fiction movies of my you early youth. They were the musicians, the cosmic couriers of the vibes. The guys that were going to blow our minds. Wandering around on stage they arranged things and tuned up moved this and that and the other thing till everything was quite right. Then they started.

Drums, each guy with a different kind of drum, each with a different sound and vibration. They played on the drums for a few minutes, then more and more musicians seemed to come from out of nowhere on to stage, they also playing drums and bells and woodblocks and the rhythms were incredibly complex. Intertwining around here to there. Laying rhythm upon rhythm until a whole wall of sound existed in the room. And they were using only drums. Sort of warming up the place getting ready to travel space in time with rhythm & rhyme. There were still more musicians dressed in sparkles walking around getting their thing down

getting ready to play getting ready to go far far away. The drums got louder and louder and louder and more guys came out on stage. Sun Ra wearing a space helmet made out of mirrors sat down behind three keyboards and began to play. The drums faded away. 5 guys stood up playing flutes. They walked off stage and out into the audience single file walking among the beer drinking graduates of the pepsi generation. They circled slowly among and returned to the stage. The music went on.

In the center of the stage near the front was this globe of flashing lights. Red blinkers inside set strange rhythms in light to go along with the sound. The sound oscillator that he uses with his keyboard has a light that blinks to the rhythm of the music thats coming out of the instruments. Its a whole scene, a light and sound dream and it was headed far far away. Musicians were still appearing on stage from i dont know where. There were about 20 of them by the time they were all assembled. Sun Ra And His Solar Research Arkestra were on their way. The room began to sway this way and that. 3 drummers 2 bass players, a hand full of saxophones, and a hand full of trumpets, a trombone a singer, a couple of others that danced around from instrument to instrument.

All dressed in sparkels and shine. It was like the music was comming thru them instead of from them. Finally they were at full strength. The ark got off the ground. No doubt about it, the closest thing to it is jazz, that old razmatazz that keeps you flying keeps you trying keeps you reaching for the stars. Thats where they were headed past the earth past mars, "NEXT STOP IS JUPITER," they were singing in unison, next stop is jupiter.

They played so many different rhy sounds and rhythms that you became lost in them. They took everyone away, well almost everyone.

The sound was new to many ears there was more of it than there is on their records cause it was a live performance and it was happening in and around the audience. It went on the witching hour came and went, the moon was on the run outside in the sky and the music was making people high, around about the time me and my friends were really getting spaced i noticed this strange number happening all over the place. There were people getting up and putting their coats on to leave, in the middle of the music these geritol cases from the upper east side began to get freaked, all the so calle;hip people who came to get some of

the socalled hip sounds found that there was more than the normal thing going down between the audience and the performers. It wasnt clear in everyones mind exactaly what kind of musical experience they were going thru. For some of them the music got thru and freake;their minds so much that they couldnt stand it. Though the arkestra had only been playing for an hour or so and were just getting off the ground, many there found it to be heavier than they expected. There was something else going in, something behind the music in the songs. They were all getting up to go. The pseudo

hip, the nouveau riche all the people in the know, they couldnt stand it they had to go. The rhythms were hypnotizing and the lights flashing, people were getting high and the uptown geeks didnt know why. It happens when melody and rhyme take wings and begins to fly. Those that didnt leave right away squirmed and shifted around in their chairs. The village regulars didnt even care, the ship was lifting away...

The orchestra played non stop running one piece against another for a continuous wall of sound it spun many there around and let them down on their heads. They did a piece off their third album on ESP called *Nothing Is*. The piece was called

IMMAGINATION

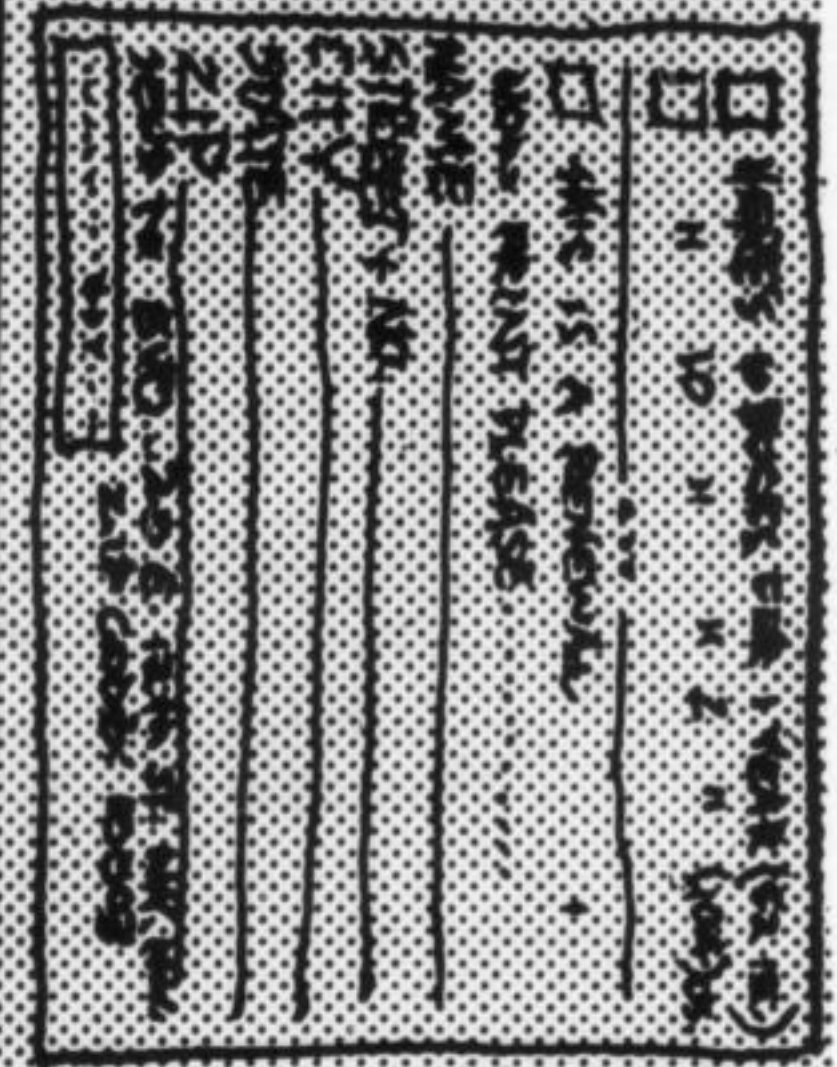
"Imagination is a magic carpet upon which we may soar to distant lands and time, and even go beyond the moon to any planet in space. We Came From Nowhere Here, Why Cant We Go Somewhere There."

That did it the last of the uptowners left, they just couldnt take any more. They split thru a haze of sound and light. The band played on and and on. It came in waves it moved across the place like the sea. sometimes someone would walk up to the mike stand and blow a long solo, but no solos like any ive heard. Theyre really out there musically. Its Jazz musicians at the end of their tether they made colors sing and sounds dance. Each man during the night had their chance to blow his brains out. There is a point where the music and the musician cease to be separate things. The 2 sax players wandered thru the audience sounding like ducks waddling in and out of the tables, they played to the slide projector and then moved on back to stage.

An integrated, experience where the performers and the audience cease became one. Rhythm and rhyme in and out of time wandering around blowing everyones mind. Too bad no one will book them more often but their a stange experience that has to be seen to be believed.

They get no air play at all on the radio and their records arent even mentioned in the trades, but theyre one of the most far out things in music machiene today. The way they dance and play can take you far far away. If you know about the door their music can be the key that gets you thru.

The thing gene said to me as we walked away down bleaker street stuck in my mind, "You know that this is the kind of



stuff that you should turn everyone onto but everyones not ready to be turned on to it yet."

I said yeah, a couple months ago they were over in England and everyone flipped out over them. They were really big. Maybe we'll see them the next time The Arkestra is here maybe youll go too if you can afford the fare. Leaving this place in ships at night disappearing into space on wings of light traveling the void with nothing but sound and light. Let your mind go and find some spare change to drop into the intergalactic jukebox and cruise around.

We came from no where here, why cant we go somewhere there????

CHARLIE Frick

LOVE'S BODY

OH, GLORIA, GLORIA! HOW WELL I REMEMBER HER COOL WHITE SKIN...

I HAD BEEN FATED TO A LONELY LIFE... 'TIL FIRST I HEARD HER SYLVAN VOICE...

A VISION OF LOVELINESS WAS LYING AT MY DOOR... STABBED REPEATEDLY AND DEEPLY IN THE HEART...

I BROUGHT HER INSIDE...

...AND AS THE DAYS TURNED INTO MONTHS OUR LOVE DEEPENED...

OH MY GODDESS - I DO NOT JUST LOVE YOUR BODY - I LOVE THE REAL YOU!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!

OH, GLORIA, GLORIA... I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU!

LOOK SAM! - A STIFF AND COME SPOTS!! DIS SLIMEY PERVERT MUST OF BIN BALLIN' DA CORPSE!!!

GOOD LORD!

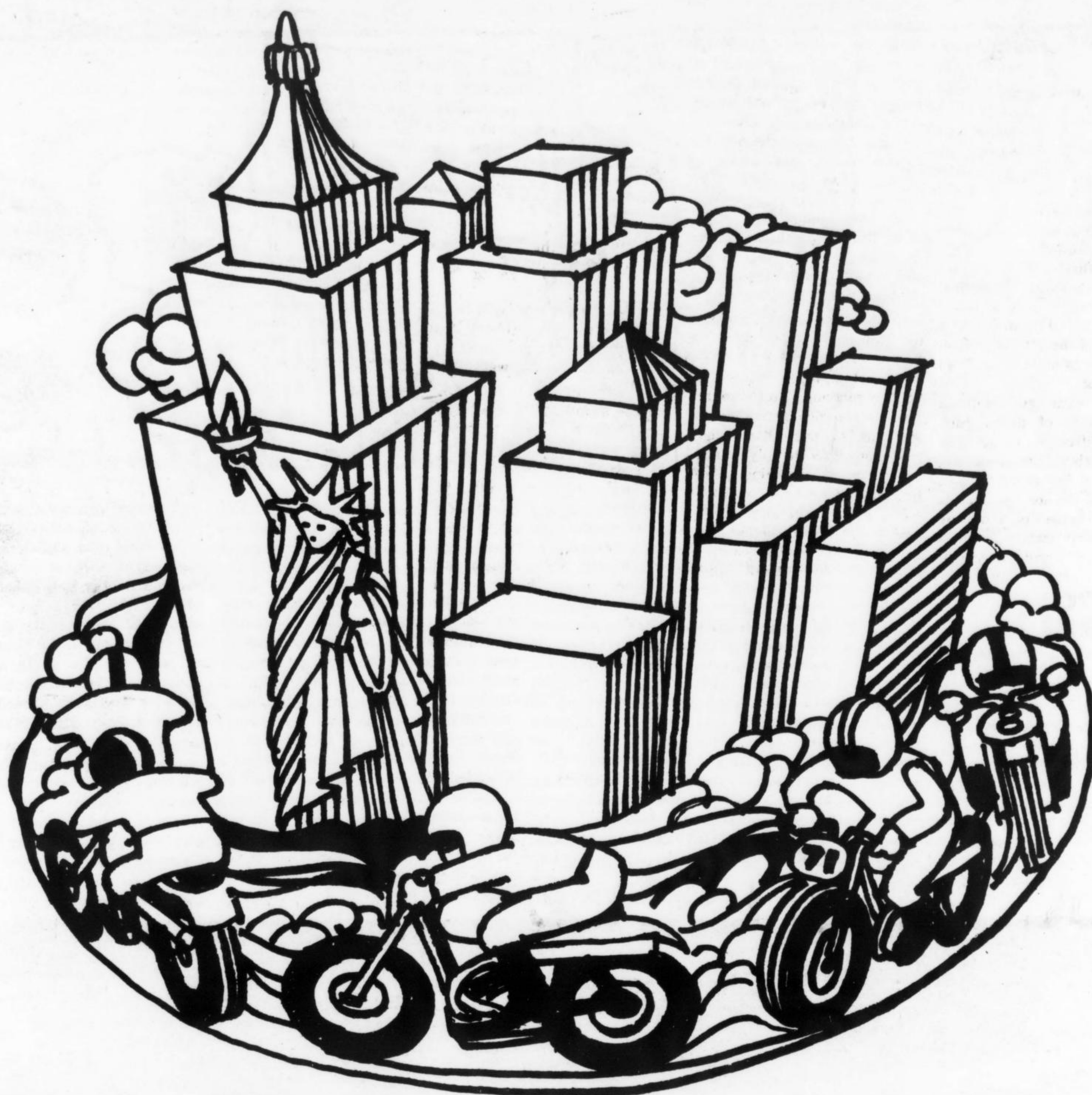
BUT THEN THEY CAME - THEY ALWAYS SPOIL THE FUN

HEY MAC - THE NEIGHBORS BIN COMPLAININ' OF SOME KINDA ROTTING STENCH - COMING FROM YOUR...

THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND

IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL!

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42nd street

(Continued from Page 11)

EASY RIDER and a way of life after JOE. His fall is applauded by a small audience of Gothic Americans, who are in fact applauding the circus which appears at the same time to parade over his body. The circus consists of the cast, a pseudo-Fellinian gesture and a neat way to reel off the credits, but really only Altman trying to feather his own metaphysical-directorial nest and laying an egg. Ah, Brewster, bird thou never wert.

MASH worked because Altman was lucky enough to set his middle class versions of hip values in a fairy-tale world. BREWSTER McCLOUD fails because he can only approach real reality through a pointless fairy tale. Although the reality in question, the rich American Dreamworld of contemporary Houston, is accessible to anyone today in more or less direct ways, Altman chose not to deal with the dominant real forms revolt against that world have taken (Napoleon had his Waterloo, MGM its STRAWBERRY STATEMENT), but concocted the Swiftian-Orwellian metaphor of birdiness. But while the anthropomorphic characters of GULLIVER'S TRAVELS and ANIMAL FARM were often the less progressive elements of society, Altman's personification of the hubris of youth

culture and revolt is so misplaced that it could only have arisen in the mind of a "helpless and hopeless" liberal (to quote one of the more ecstatic reviews).

In fact, what Brewster may really symbolize is Altman's sense of his own doomed virility - the chicken without a head is a rooster. The film's ambivalence to its female characters (the vulturous Daphne Heap, the over-motherly Louise, the seductive, competitive, treacherous and fickle Sue) is not the least of its values, and clearly the most amiable presented female is Hope McFarland (Jennifer Salt), who brings health foods to Brewster's lair and gazumps herself under a blanket, yelling, "Oh, wow, Brewster!" while Brewster is across the room singlemindedly chinning himself, preparing for his manhood rite. And may

the birdshit murders of authority figures (cops, landlords) not be the anal revenge of a harshly toilet-trained infant Altman?

Misogyny apart, it is that absent head that hurts. Like Bob Rafelson, director of 5 EASY PIECES, Altman has assimilated the money-making attitudes and conventions of the Youth Movie with no sense for the youth. Ignorant and imitative of the Aesopic humanism that animates Swift and Orwell and EVO's own dear Titus, BREWSTER McCLOUD suggests a "yes" answer to an orinthological problem whose political relevance Lewis Carroll could hardly have guessed: whether pigs have wings. Altman's pseudo-liberated films may go on being big hits, but some future Dylanologist of Alcatraz may say to them, most mysteriously, are birds free from the chains of the sky-way?



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open letter

(Continued from Page 3)
 people determined to reject racism and U.S. exploitation of the third world." This involves a very basic fundamental thing that cannot involve much vacillating — the people's hunger — 2/3 of the world — the third world is starving — with an average life expectancy of 33-35 years of age. Do you believe that your "Acting openly, denouncing Nixon, Agnew, and Mitchell," and sharing your "numbers and wisdom together with young sisters and brothers" will — in the eye of the octopus of Amerikkka — significantly deal with such situations as South Africa, Latin America, Palestine, Rhodesia? — Will it "blow away" the people's hunger? Will it free in any way any of the chains upon the Red Man, The Black Man, the Chicano, The Puerto Rican? For over four years the new consciousness has known about the contradictions concerning Vietnam — yet the largest mass demonstrations were in May 1970 — that's Vietnam. How long will it be before all of the contradictions are known and make themselves felt about conditions for third world people in this country, in South Africa, Panama, U.S. aid to South Africa and Portugal, U.S. and Russia moving closer to try and contain China? Will rallies and demonstrations — even on a mass level — do much to combat racism and the U.S. exploitation of the third world? Remember the U.S. economy is based on this very exploitation and the U.S. is also a warfare state — a dynamic capitalist power, requiring periodic wars to survive! No philosophical masturbation or no other "ism" is going to deal with it. The Amerikkkan machine and its economy must be destroyed — and it can only be done with intelligent political awareness and armed struggle — revolution! Or do you believe that this new consciousness can really reach Westmoreland and Laird and Stennis and Eastland and —?

We are sorry to hear that the townhouse "forever destroyed" your "belief that armed struggle is the only real struggle." That places us in a unique position because, as Che stated — "Armed struggle is the only solution for people who fight to free themselves" — and we have lost dearly loved comrades. Also — probably every experienced revolutionary has — but we realize that risks must be taken — some will die — others will replace them (or us) — like people rapping about ending racism, colonialism, sexism and all of the other pig "isms", exploitation and all that — but these things can only be ended by revolution — and revolution is — in the final analysis — ARMED STRUGGLE — revolution is VIOLENCE — revolution is WAR — revolution is BLOODSHED! How long have different successful

national liberation fronts fought before they have won large popular support?

Che stated — "A revolution is a handful of men and women with no other alternative but death of victory. At moments when death is a concept a thousand times more real, and victory a myth that only a revolutionary can dream of." Are you hip to Marighella — Carlos Marighella? "Revolutionary action unleashed by small groups of armed men was the great strength that nourished our struggle." "Revolutionary organization usually grows by two important methods; 1) grouping and training of political cadres to hold meetings and discuss documents and programs; 2) revolutionary action — its method is extreme violence and radicalization. We chose the latter because we feel it is the most convincing method and that the former leads — if not combined with the latter — to bourgeois tactics and loses initiative." "Action is what will awaken the revolutionary energy among our people, that is what will determine the formation of such a battle force that on one will be able to hold it back." "Our methods and forms of organization are subordinate to revolutionary action and we will not stand for anything that may impede and limit such action — everyone of our actions is a revolutionary action and aims at seizing power through violence of of revolutionary war."

We have had too many martyrs. We desperately need more revolutionists who are completely willing and ready at all times to KILL to change conditions. Just to be ready to die does not make a revolutionist — it just makes a martyr — "revolutionary suicide" and "only those who die are proven revolutionaries" — are bullshit — tripping escapist bullshit — a revolutionist accepts death as a natural phenomenon, but MUST be ready to KILL to change conditions. Revolution is ARMED STRUGGLE — revolution is VIOLENCE — revolution is WAR — revolution is BLOODSHED — and the "duty of a revolutionary is to make revolution."

Now we must make ourselves clear — we agree with you that demonstrations and rallies may have some use — and as you state "someone must call for them, put out leaflets, convince people that it is a priority" — but the only way to get good support — to quote Marighella again — "The rebellion of the urban guerilla and his persistence in intervening in public questions is the best way of insuring public support of the cause we defend — we repeat and insist on repeating: IT IS THE BEST WAY OF INSURING PUBLIC SUPPORT. As soon as a reasonable section of the population begins to

take seriously the action of the urban guerilla." You state "People become revolutionary in the schools, in the army, in prisons, in communes, and on the streets." BUT the only thing that "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" is victorious military action by the revolutionaries here in Babylon who are in complete solidarity with the third world revolutionaries. Information has to be distributed on ALL of the contradictions caused by the U.S. exploitation of the third world — but while we see that rallies and demonstrations on a mass level are a contribution — like keeping Nixon and company off the streets — at this point intensified mass demonstrations will serve a dual purpose and be much more functional only if they are used in coordination with armed action — military action. For instance — we know full well and feel and can relate to your frustration — like when we were in the Long Island City (Branch Queens) jail rebellion — we felt that the people outside could have supported us in the fullest revolutionary manner in two or three simultaneous ways: 1) mass demonstrations at each of the prisons involved, 2) while the pigs — quite a large percentage — were surrounding the prisons — and if there had been mass demonstrations — more pigs to contain the demonstrations — while leaving the city vulnerable — in this case for five days — for some righteous urban guerilla military actions, and 3) if the chance occurred — to liberate the prisoners at any jail that the opportunity presented itself. Thus you see — the best tactics in revolution is in CONTINUOUS CONFRONTATION AND STRUGGLE.

As George Jackson states — "Every mass movement in history has been led by one person or a small group of people. Although everyone is born with a brain only a few choose to use it. The difference between successful and unsuccessful mass movements is in the people who lead them. Successful ones are led by persons gifted with a delicate balance of both mental and physical forcefulness. Brains are useless without the nervous equipment and muscle required to execute their orders." So it is a necessity that you — when you deal with the mother country "youth community" — must take this new consciousness love and redirect it — so that it becomes revolutionary love — love to destroy the enemy — love to destroy a pig's life to create a human life. So as you say — it is true — "People become revolutionaries in the schools, in the army, in prisons, in communes, and on the streets" — like Kent State showed what can happen in schools,

in the army — they can change sides or desert, you have seen about all that can be accomplished in prison, and on Wall street in May about on the streets — if these revoltings are done alone — without coordination and outside help. Thus the underground and military actions are very necessary — very necessary — and very necessary that they are very much together. You must also spread your light of knowledge and encourage more of your "youth community" to FIGHT.

We don't accept the pig's boundaries — thus when we talk of an American revolution — we are speaking of America — north, south, and Latin — ALL of America — therefore even here we are talking about a third world revolution — this is also a third world situation because Amerikkka is the world's largest white monster — and in America north, that is Amerikkka — the black, Puerto Rican, chicano, red man's revolution is the heart and core of the revolution of America north — Also to buttress this is the fact that revolutions come from the bottom up — the bottom becomes the banner — the leadership — can your "youth communities" accept this realization? You must form your mother country new consciousness, "young and unformed society (nation)". — They, as a nation, if they are going to progress as a nation — can either take a position similar to that of France (reactionary — but taking personal swiping pot shots at Amerikkka) or Sweden (neutral — but giving some aid to the third world) or Albania (fully committed to the struggle) (And we can only have full solidarity with the Albanian position) — Because if you and your "youth nation" don't keep the pressure up — not only with mass demonstrations — but also with military action — then — basically — as you state — "Black and third world people" are forced by necessity to go "up against Amerikan Imperialism alone." In that event — we say to your "youth nation" — if they can not be of aid to us — then keep them out of the way!

Now no successful war for liberation has ever been waged without violence — the question is how intelligently are we going to use it? We must fight with gun, bomb, mind, and heart — we must match the enemy AT LEAST blow for blow — AT LEAST! You see — for us things are critical — every day — every hour — how many of our people are suffering? How many die? That's why our fight will not be over until no human being in Washington D.C. is more important than any human being in Harlem, no human being on Wall Street is more important than any human being in Guatemala, no human being in Ohio is more important than any human being in the congo, no human being

in London, Paris, Moscow, Stockholm or Rome is more important than any human being in Hanoi, Peking, the concentration camps of South Africa, Dar-es-salaam or Kingston, Jamaica — in other words — until everyone is free — nobody will be secure. We, of the third world, MUST of necessity destroy this highly automated and cybernated society or be destroyed by it — NOW!

We need allies — we have a powerful enemy who cannot be defeated without an allied effort. Anyone who has the same interest as we do — the destruction of this evil society — is an ally — all others are foes. Now how are our allies going to aid us? You speak of "Almost random bombing offensive" and "most of" your "political actions have hurt the enemy on about the same military scale as a bee sting. But the political effect has been devastating. The world knows that even the white youth of Babylon will resort to force to bring down imperialism." Well — let's look at that — for one — Mohammed Ali boasted of his "Floating like a butterfly — sting like a bee" — and with enough of his "bee stings" could destroy a foe — and he himself admits — as he got more mature his "bee stings" began packing more of a wallup. We think the same principle might apply here — also picking targets — let's ALL try to pick targets with more care and precision — The object is to 1) destroy the economy — like bombing sites which will affect the economy the most; 2) rip-off money, weapons, and etc; 3) sniping attacks. Bomb factories, mine factories, gun factories, and bullet factories are needed. Let's talk about "Large scale material damage" — This economy must fall — There is a war on, you know! And we KNOW that "twos and threes" can "do an armed action without getting caught." As you say — your power is that you "are mobile, decentralized, flexible..."

In conclusion — we would like to leave these few thoughts — we wish you revolutionary victory in all that you do. But remember — the degree of racial co-existence greatly depends on your successes. Secondly — remember that this is not a national war, but a global war — and we who are in the eye of this evil, monstrous octopus — we who are in the belly of this beast — a lot depends on us! Thirdly — remember "In a revolution one wins or dies!" The stakes are very high — humanity versus inhumanity — do you recall the old "Ask what you can do for your country"? — Destroy it — mentally, morally, psychologically, and physically — destroy it. And whatever you do — do it good!

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GLOBAL VILLAGE

(Continued from Page 7)

syndicate, and that's like a strong arm. Plus every college has an underground paper, a lot of high schools are coming out now with underground papers. And that's a strong arm, and it's a strong organizing arm, and it's also a strong arm for getting across our culture to the people we want to get across to, and that's the people in our nation.

RUDI: Do you think video will fulfill some of that?

EPP: Yes, video is another part of it, and more than newspapers are, I think once video starts going, because video encompasses both visual and hearing, which is more of an experience. When you experience something in real life you

both see it, feel it and hear it. In video, you see it and hear it, and if you're stoned enough, you feel it. While in

newspapers you're just reading it. Like I won't read an article now, more than one page, no matter how good it is, I refuse to read it because it's a waste of time. Like, too many people get into rhetoric now, which is needed, but a lot of it is bullshit because it's not speaking the language of the people. Whereas video speaks the universal language of sight and sound. And once video gets going more; like now it's just started, but once it gets going more, like in a year, I think that video's going to be more powerful than the underground press maybe.

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DYLAN cont

(Continued from Page 13)

split the royalties." "Send my cut to Caesar Chavez, man." "So you just tell me what happened to you and I'll do the writing." "I was down in Progresso, in the Yucatan, & I stayed with this laborer, a typical third world scene, poverty, famine, disease — like being born into a nightmare — prolonged death agony — anyway, the cat became a 'bracero' (migrant farm worker) so that he wouldn't starve to death." "Bracero rhymes with sombrero." "And this cat thought the communists were 'little people' — he was brainwashed — his pad was next to a garbage dump. Now we got to convince Americans — thru this song — that they should support wars of national liberation." Dylan came up with a song that went like this — "Down in Progresso a bracero lived in a sombrero full of espresso." "What the fuck is this, man? No one is ever gonna be convinced of anything when you write that abstractly." "That's my thing, Al.

"Know anything about the other books being written about me?" "Well, Robert Shelton, Toney Scaduto and Toby Thompson are doing books. I know Tony. He says he's goin around talkin to all yer old friends (Jack Elliot, the McKenzies, etc.) and yer old lovers (Suzie Rottello, Joanie Baez, etc.) collecting 'information' about you — he said he would have studied yer lyrics but he knew he couldn't get permission to reprint them." "That's not the reason — he could have never figured them out — he'll only come up with rumors." "He did a pretty good job, tho."

"Man, I think you're a fucking reactionary. You don't use your influence to save lives. Look at all the death around us. Look what just happened in Pakistan — that was a result of capitalism — the people were so poor they couldn't cope with a natural disaster." "I wonder why the good Lord wanted all those people to die?" "You don't believe in God . . ." "I sure do . . ." "But how about WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE . . . Did ya believe in God then?" "I must have then too."

"How about using some of your 5 million dollars to save lives?" "I don't have that much." "Bullshit. I got inside info, you multi millionaire. Anyway, you were a self proclaimed millionaire in '65. And you never do any benefits. Then there's your apolitical lyrics — everyone who heard NASHVILLE SKYLINE said — 'Dylan's in a mellow head; he's singing about love.' You cut your hair, you only help apolitical rock people with their careers — you're a punk and me and the DLF are going to do a number on you. We got some shit planned that gonna blow your mind. Not only that, but everyone in rock with a political consciousness is gonna come down on you. Lennon has started already by calling you Zimmerman; McGuinn just put you down." "Where?" "In Creem." "How?" "By saying you write BALLAD OF EASY RIDER even tho you told him not to." "What? Well, I want to know who's gonna do this (getting angry) cause I'm not gonna take it. I'm gonna get them. I'm gonna get them. They'll never get out of it. Too bad for them . . . punks!" "Hey Bob, why not show the people your heart's in the right place and do a benefit for

John Sinclair?" "I'm not about to help Sinclair by doing a concert, nor am I about to do any concerts at this time, man." "All you got to do is show up and plunk your guitar a little and a hundred thousand freaks will come out of their pads and go anywhere you are . . ." "Sorry, Al, I can't do it. But I will write a song about political prisoners on my next album . . ." "I don't want any promises for nine months later, I WANT TO SEE SOME ACTION NOW . . . see, Bob, you set the trends in rock and if you become like a human being a lot of other performers will go along . . ."

"Al, a lot of the things you do aren't on the up and up. You 'tap' phones, and ya go thru garbage like a pig." "But I didn't sell the garbage to LIFE MAGAZINE." "You must get money for your articles." "I'm not like you, man, I send em all out fer free . . . everything should be free . . . money equals slavery. I'm proud I do it." "No reason not to be, but Al, I'm gonna write a song about you." "I could use the publicity." "That's one reason why I wouldn't . . . but I got a good song called PIG." "I can't take that seriously coming from you, a multi-millionaire who hoards his bread. No matter how you cut it, when you have all that bread and most people in the world have shit, you're the enemy — THE PIG. Bobby, you're just another capitalist, but instead of producing cars, guns, etc., you produce culture." "That's something." "Sure it is . . . 'Blue moon, you left me standing alone' . . ." "Al, if I was a kid growing up I'd have to look out for you . . . I'd keep my eyes open for you. I'd rake sure whatever street I went down I'd have to stand on the other side of the street when you came down, man. Al, why don't you get a guitar and put some of this energy to good use?" "But there's a need for someone like myself — no one else is doing the thing." "But yer so extreme . . ." "Thanks." "Off on one end — there's no one balancing the other end . . ." "How about lame rock critics . . ." "They're in the

middle . . ." "Hey Bob, they all say I'm full of shit, Griel Mucus, Richie Goldstein, Chistgau . . . they're all CORRUPT."

The sun had set & Dylan's wife had called him for dinner on the phone a couple of times. Bob gave me his phone number and asked me to call him when I'm on the radio or if something comes up. "Ever hear me on the radio, Bob?" "Just a couple of times on Alex Bennett's Show — I dug it when he asked you if you had any personal messages for me. What do you think of Bob Fass?" "He's a revolutionary brother but he don't dig it when I attack you cause you were an old friend of his." "Well, Al, so long, and one more thing — You're not going to get into my life." "Why?" "If you do I might gain a soul." "Is that a threat?"

Talking to Dylan was like talking to a ghost. The old Dylan, full of ideas and stories was gone, replaced with a shell. It was also like talking to a con-man who was really conning himself. I know D's still into his cb & he was trying to cool me out by using his charisma & offering me his "friendship." Trying to co-opt me & the DLF but we will fight on — till we win.

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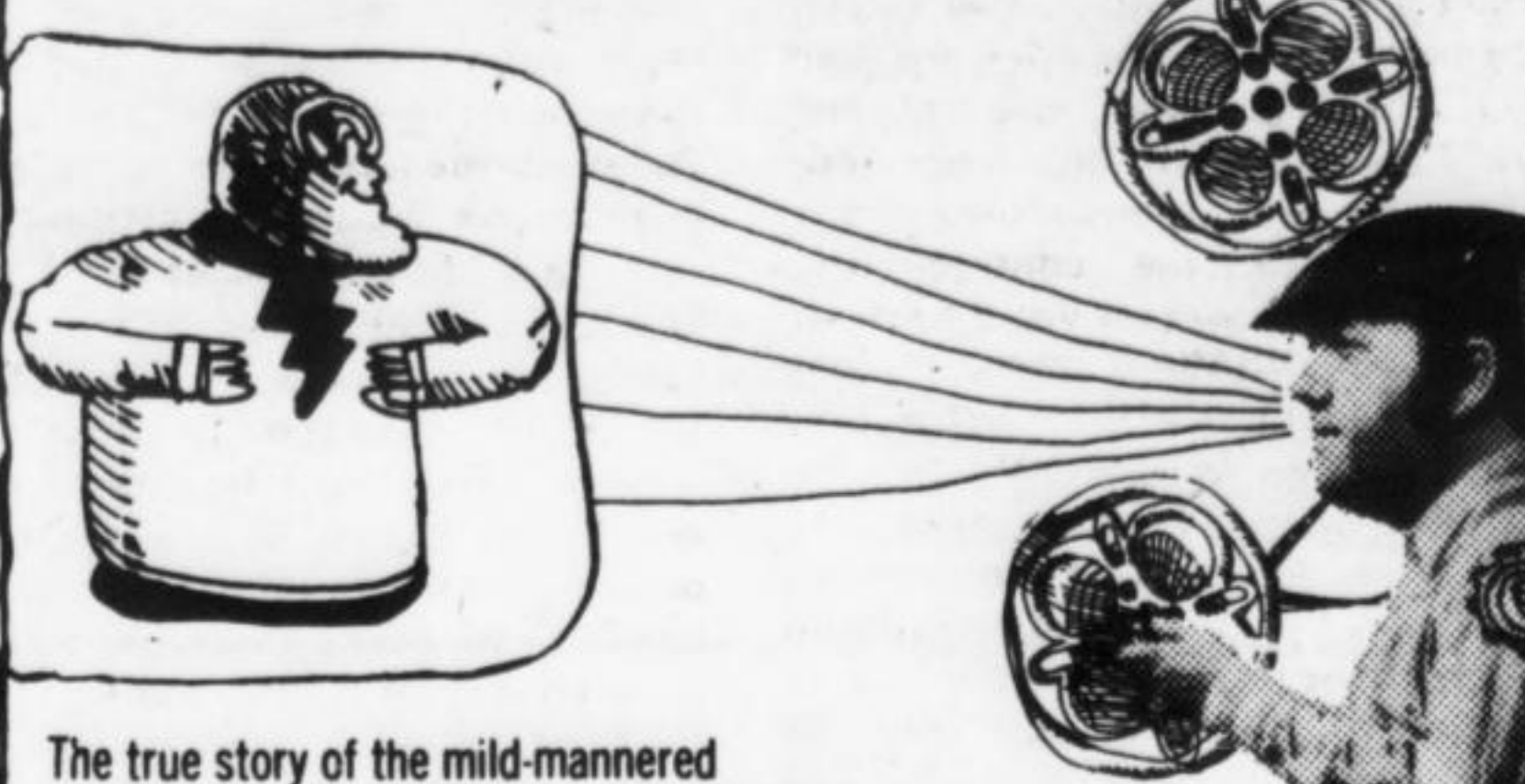
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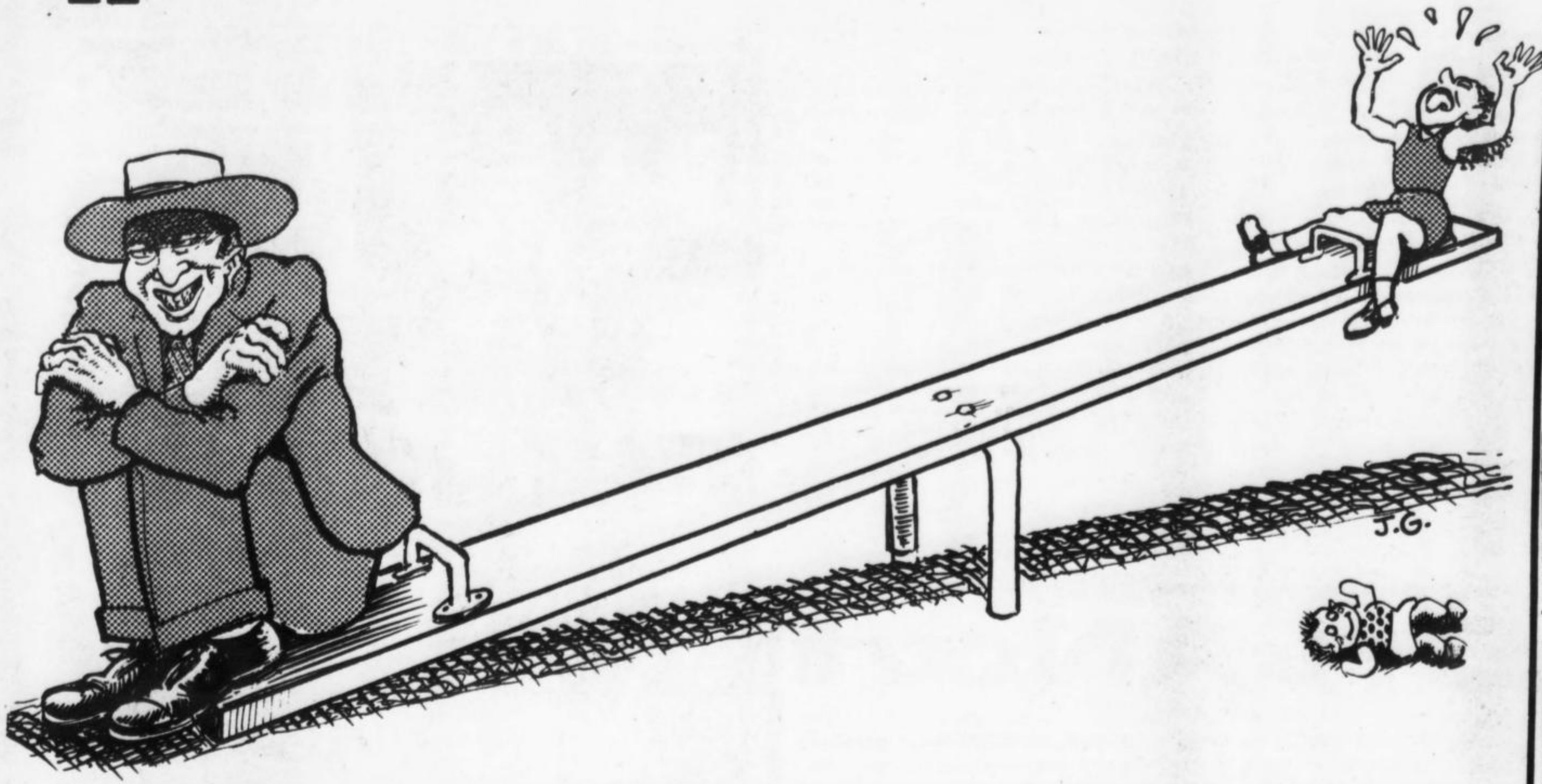
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(Continued from Page 9)

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