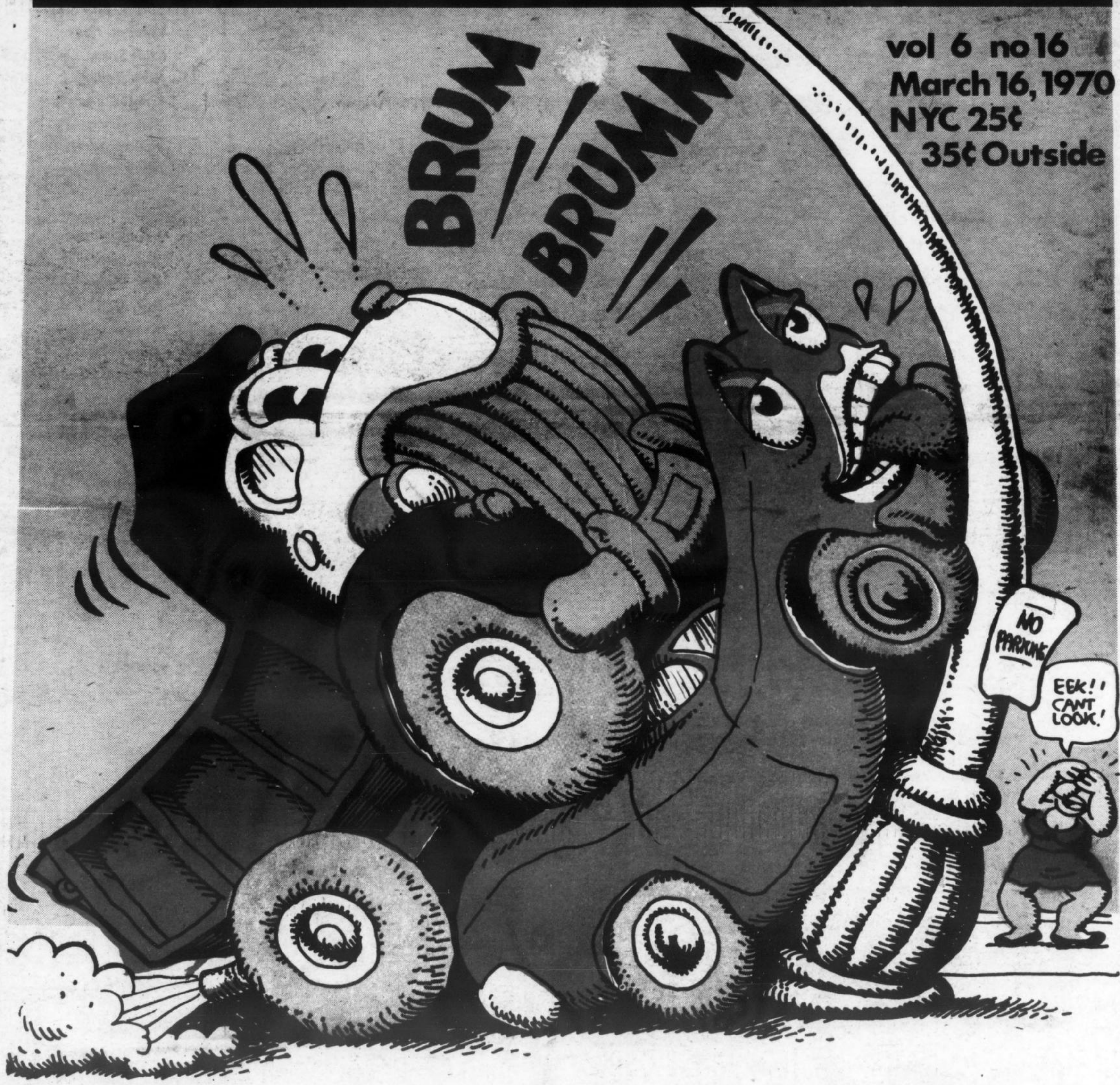


COMIX ISSUE

THE EAST VILLAGE O'NEER

east
village

vol 6 no 16
March 16, 1970
NYC 25¢
35¢ Outside



A REVOLUTIONARY "FIRST!"

WE DARE TO SHOW "DOING IT" RIGHT ON THE FRONT PAGE!!!

© R. CRUMB FROM KINGBEE '71

Hi Ray

Manifesting a typical case of paranoid jitters, not uncommon these days in that repository of the shifty, the business world, our past printer chose to pull a fast one on us.

In spite of an explicit assurance that the original edition of this issue would be printed on schedule, this sad caricature of Gutenberg chose at presstime to renege on his promise. Unless we come up with ready cash - no printing and the galleys held in escrow.

BANG BANG - pay up or you'r dead.

BULLSHIT !!!!!

Consider this issue, created spontaneously at a moment's notice, a token of our determination.

**** * * * ****

It is fitting for a long, dull winter to reach it's peak with the depressing blowup of the Black Panther Party.

The horror of it all and the inevitable paranoia it produces are in total contradiction to the imminence of spring. At a time when lives and energy are senselessly wasted on narrow minded acrimony, why not make earth day, Sunday March 21st day when all the shit and bad vibes will be forgotten.

Forget the devisive habits that have become a way of life.

Forget about your feud with Huye or Eldridge.

Forget your latent chauvenism, forget your closet racism.

Tune into world consciousness, dig yourself and the world you live in. Dig your brother or sister and try to remember that the bonds of brotherhood are stronger than outdated political dogmas that clutter our heads.

More potent than the venomous stupidities we so carelessly hurle at each other.

It's worth trying. Have a ball on earthday. Take a flight.

- Jaakov Kohn*
- Allen Katzman*
- Fred Mogubgub*
- Ray Schultz*
- D. A. Latime*
- Jackie Friedrich*
- Stephen Kohn*
- Coco Crystal*
- Possarian*
- Roger Tomlinson*
- Honest Bob Singer*
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EARTH DAY

Jaakov Kohn



WE SIT... IN PATIENCE



WAITING FOR THE DAY.....



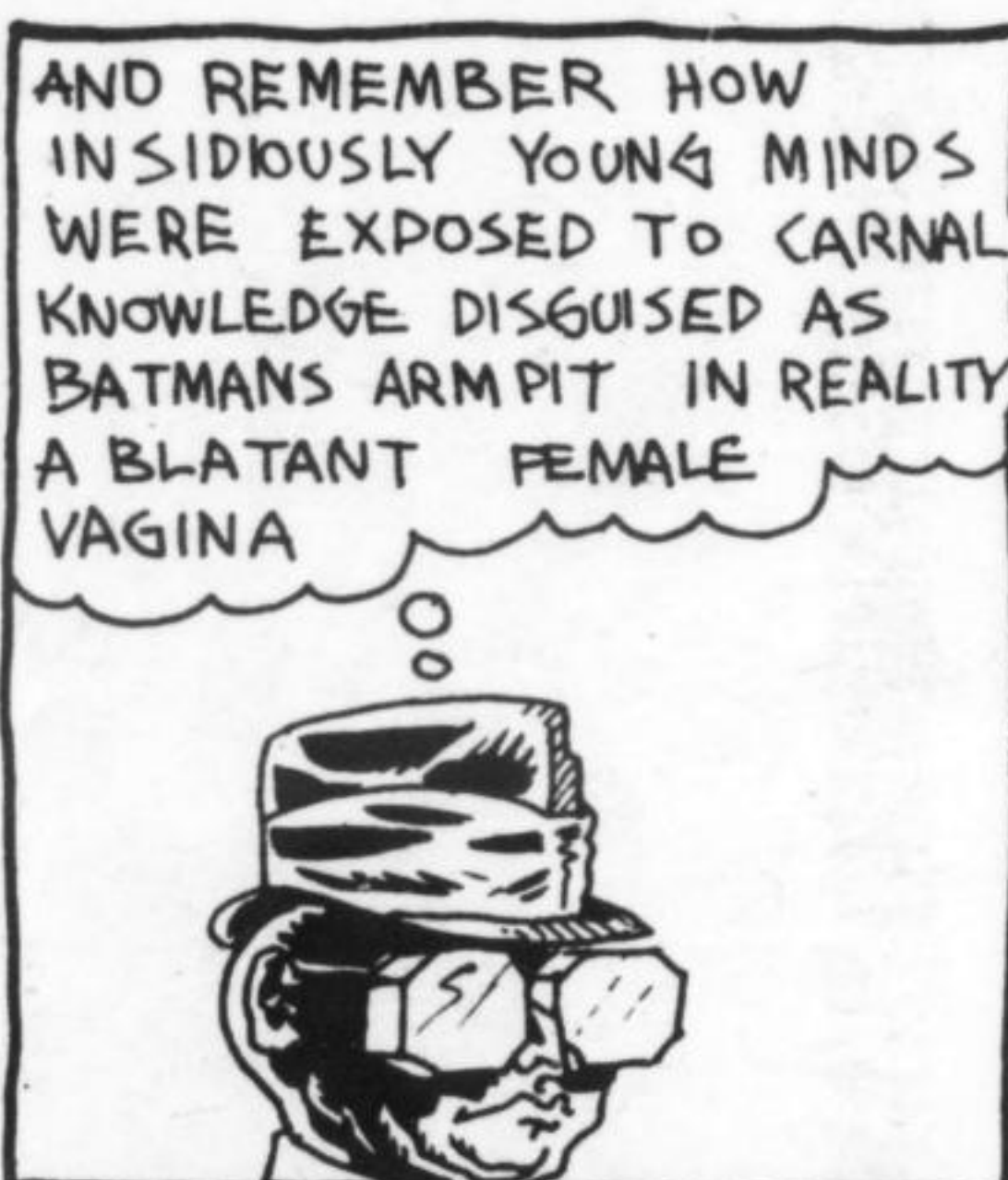
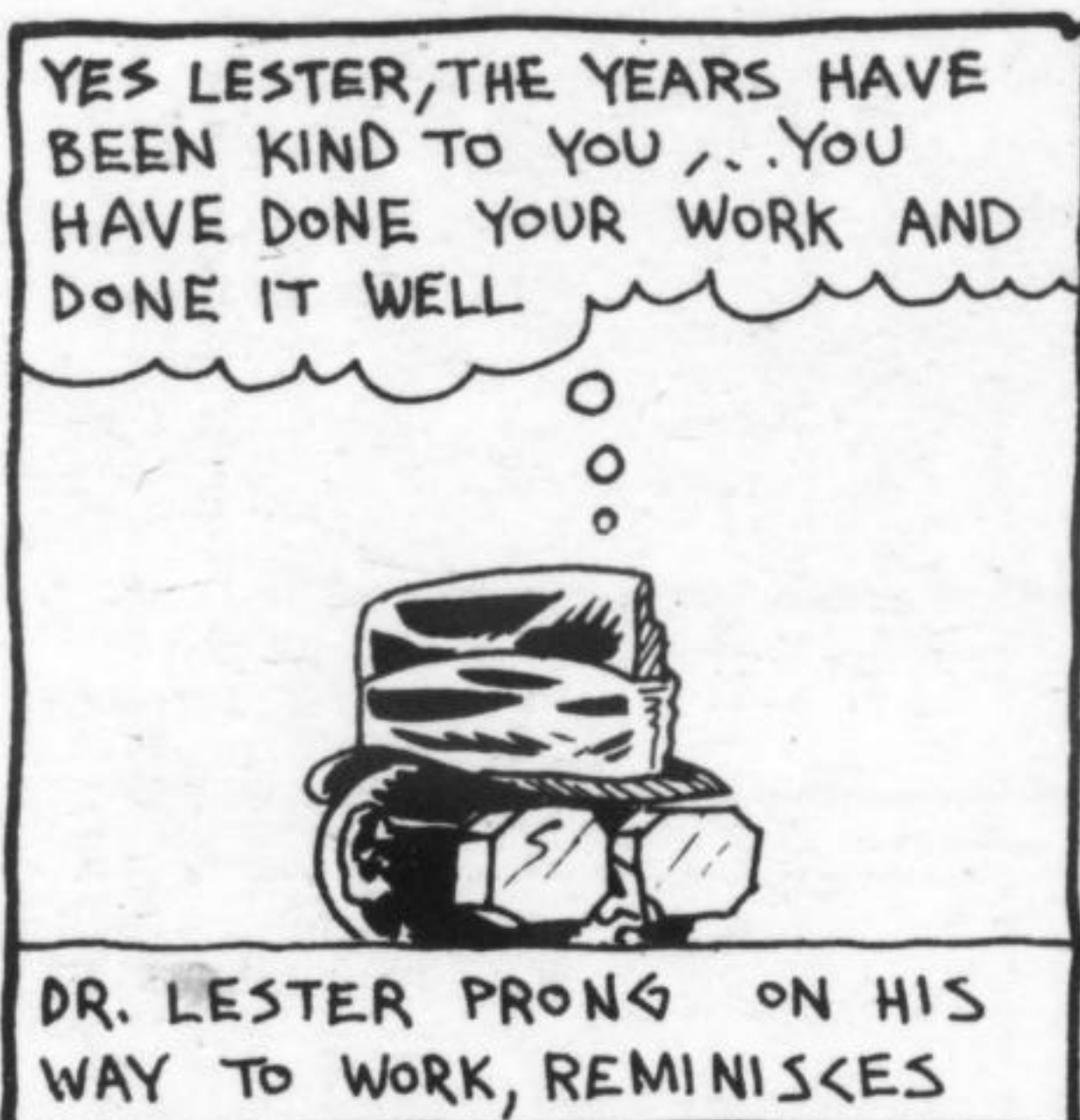
WHEN WE SHALL REINHERIT THE EARTH

Well, we were all sitting around, fagged out after putting out what was intended to be next week's East Village Other, and we were sick. I mean, we'd been up all night, for a couple of nights, pasting the old Gazette together, and we were fagged out. Ever see a man cough up blood smoking a joint? That's sick. And then what do we hear? Why, we hear that the fellers down at the Plant, that sinister cabal of Jews and Italians that J. Edgar Hoover finds so invisible, they don't want to print the paper. They simply do not want to print the paper, dig it? Just about the time those nice distributor fellers are supposed to be thumping the stacks of EVO into the truck, bundle by bundle, thump thump thump, comes the word that EVO is just not being printed this week. It's down at the Plant, the flats are down there, surrounded by people with guns, and we are sick, get back, there is nothing good in any of this.

Accordingly, that long-awaited Comix Issue of which you have heard so much in these pages, that issue is coming out a trifle earlier than expected. 'Cause we have a whole shitload of comix lying around for your delectation. We got some Crumb, and some Spain, and some Griffin and Moscoso and Williams, all your old time favourites. Me, I wanted to write this week about spacey shitheads past and present, but then the printer calls up from the Plant, and oh! we are ever so sick! . . . But no, consider the line, the line in Robert Crumb's wonderful artwork: it's that Harriman line, straight out of the original Crazy Kat, all wobbly but graceful, with the oily crosshatching in the corners. And the feet! The Crumb feet, huge and rounded, hugging the ground . . . Oh, are we ever fucked . . . But S. Clay Wilson, now, have you ever gotten into Wilson's cosmogony? I mean, beyond his weird baroque way of drawing, which is exceptional in itself, have you ever gotten into the way his shot moves, from story to story, over a period of time? My word, the world is ending surely. Like, Wilson

started out writing about bikers, vagabond gypsy motorcycle hoods carousing here and there about the country with their dykey girl friends, plagued by demons (we are plagued by demons, that's clear) and brutalising one another unmercifully for lack of anything else to get excited about, anyone else worth brutalising. Then the bikers changed, in the fulness of time, into pirates, limp homosexual pirates schommzing around an unrippled sea, committing indecencies and brutalities upon each other out of sheer boredom, plagued by dykes. Then in ZAP 4 (the busted issues, you poor shitheads) in the Star Eyed-Stella story, the pirates directly confronted the demons in an attempt to rescure their fair-eyed queen Stella from the goblin lair, and of course it all wound up in some kind of issueless monogony. Issueless! EVO is nearly issueless! Then, in ZAP 5, Wilson gave us Lester Gass The Midnight Misogynist, who kidnaps and slaughters women for the entertainment of his private demons; and also gave us Ruby The Dyke Meets Weedman, in which a rabble of lesbian bikers raids the phallic headquarters of a band of distinctly Thirties-ish-looking gangsters, for the possession of a hideous demon who is tended by a maid who is the spitting image of Star-Eyed Stella!!! What does this mean? It means we're fucked. We're sick. You won't have EVO to kick around any more, you God damned parasites!! But no, we have a couple Jews around the paper, all is not lost, and there are even some Italians who will still do business with us, we're beginning to see the dark, and who knows, EVO might still prevail in spite of all. And if it does, if we do, although we are sick, I promise, as soon as I can get my ass together behind it, we will have a whole issue dedicated to S. Clay Wilson, and the exploration, in Decomposition, of his cosmogony.

Kitchy-Koo, you bastards.
d.a. Lt





What Glee!



READ THIS STONED

Hsssst! pass that joint around let's be outlaws together.

Some of our best friends are in jail for doing this.

John Sinclair mixed his dope with talk of revolution, he got ten years for two joints.

Hsssst... what if they made grass legal?

I have seen many wealthy men with long hair. Long hair means nothing anymore.

I have seen powerful men wearing bell-bottoms and tie-dyes Hip clothes don't mean a thing either.

Long hair and hip clothes sell. They do not a revolution make. Just like rock music sells for five-fifty at the Fillmore, making Bill Graham very rich. Rock stars can sing as much as they want about revolution but it still means money in somebody's pocket.

Smoking dope will not get U.S. troops out of other countries. Grass too can be sold and if it made legal you can be sure someone will make a lot of bread off it. But we are automatically outlaws if we smoke it now.

If grass is legalized will you still be an outlaw? Or will you simply become a dope-smoking member of Amerikan Society?

I have seen well-adjusted advertising execs smoking dope during lunch hours, then go back to working on ads for Standard Oil. They say it helps them think up "groovier" ads.

Amerikan Society can absorb anything that is bought or sold.

Why has the government allowed heroin to kill black people for so many years and only now, when they find their white daughters and sons shooting up, do they suddenly raise an official fuss?

Hssssst! lemme have another toke on that. Though I am white, I know that racism is a daily fact of life for some people. What will happen to Bobby Seale and Angela Davis?

Hippies are scared of revolution.

You can safely be a "hippie" now since "hippie" is bought and sold.

Revolution is not a product that can be bought or sold. Radical change is an outlaw process. Dope-smoking, long-haired brothers and sisters KNOW the need for heavy radical change in this country. True outlaw freaks are alert to the possibilities.

Nobody can tell you how to do it or how much to do. There are no parties to join nor leaders to follow. Each outlaw finds his or her own way to get it on.

On the simplest level, revolution right now means unplugging oneself from The Machine:

- Resist the military
- Don't pay war taxes
- Drop out of school
- Don't vote
- Rip off rather than buy
- Boycott the Fillmore East

Take your energy away from The System and plug it into something you believe in:

- Live communally or collectively
- Organize a food co-op to get food cheaply for you and your friends
- Put out a high school underground paper

Think of ways to fuck up the large corporations

Get your rock n roll kicks at political benefits rather than at the Fillmore

Form an outlaw gang with your trusted friends

On another level of activity you can give support to other outlaws and outlaw groups:

- Free Bobby Seale and Angela Davis
- Attend the N.Y. "21" trial (10:30 am - 4:30 pm, Monday - Thursday, 100 Center St., 13th floor)
- Whoop it up at demonstrations

As Tim Leary says, you can be anything this time around. Last time around we were flowers. This time around we are (hsssst... gimme that joint again) outlaws.

Rex Weiner





OH-I'LL EAT MY EYES FOR BREAKFAST ...



I'LL JUST PLUCK 'EM FROM THEIR SOCKETS-



AND I'LL BEAT 'EM TO A PASTE!



THEN I'LL ADD A LITTLE MAYONNAISE...



...SOME EXCREMENT



...AND HOLLANDAISE,



SOME CHEDDAR CHEESE, AND SUGAR GLAZE ...



AND SERVE 'EM UP AS CANAPÉS!



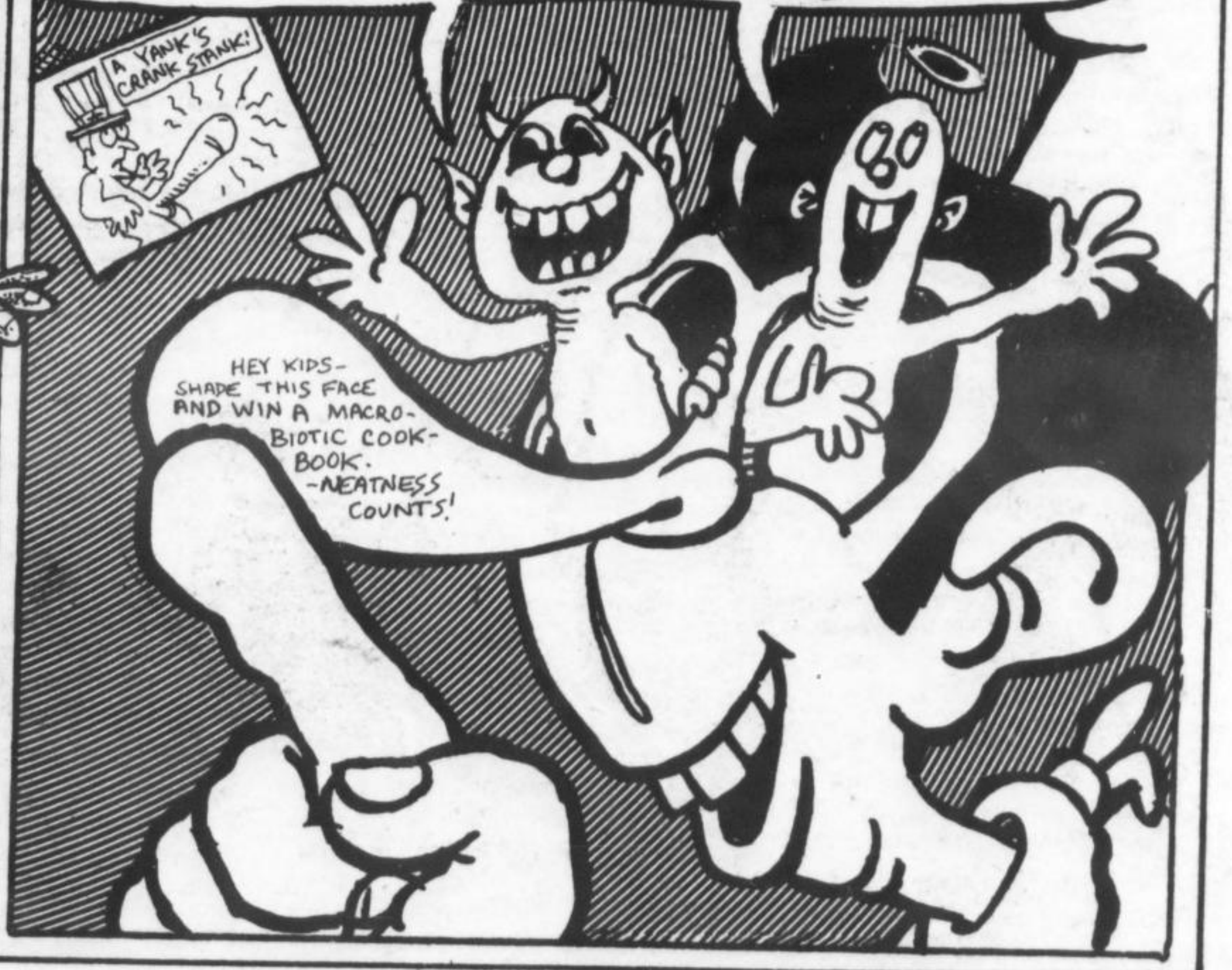
I MIGHT SELL YOU THE RECIPE...



I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT TASTY...



IT'S A VISIONARY MEAL!



FASCIST FOLLIES

27th week

by JACKIE FRIEDRICH



Wed. Mar. 3

Patrolman Lester Eggleston took the stand and was questioned by Assistant D.A. Jeffrey Weinsten.

Eggleston had been in the police department for four years and infiltrated the BPP in Sept. 1968. He said that he was in the Brooklyn chapter but saw these defendants three of four times during the course of his infiltration. The sole thing he testified to was that on Jan. 4, 1969, he went to a meeting at Long Island University where Bob Collier spoke. Bob allegedly said that they should get an electric stencil and make up letters with police department letterheads and signatures and cause chaos in the NYC police department.

Bob Bloom asked to cross examine the patrolman at a later time, when he would have a chance to read the agents' reports.

Patrolman Carlos Ashwood took the stand. Ashwood said that on July 20, 1968 he went to Lumumba's apartment where the defendant showed him a 22 revolver and ammunition. At a meeting on Aug. 10 at L.I.U. Lumumba allegedly said that he was going to Baltimore to get some T.E. (weapons). Ashwood testified that on Aug. 29 Sekou said that brothers should get out in twos and threes and get things done; if they saw police cars, they should set fire to them. Sekou allegedly went on to say that certain brothers would be chosen to pull jobs to get money for the party.

Ashwood also said that he was ordered to see "The Battle of Algiers" and that he saw other members of the BPP in the audience.

The patrolman said that he learned on Oct. 5 at a meeting at L.I.U. that there were three divisions in the BPP chain of command: Central staff, political staff, and military staff. Of the defendants, Lumumba was the only one in these divisions and he was named as having been in all three.

Ashwood said that on Nov. 12 he heard Dharuba and Tabor discussing the bombing of the 25th Precinct, saying that much more of that sort of thing should be done.

At a meeting at BPP headquarters on Nov. 14 Sekou allegedly said that there was probably a good member of the party who was a pig but maybe he would learn something by being there — but if they discovered him, he would be taken care of. Among those present at the meeting were agents Ashwood, White and Roberts.

Ashwood testified that on Dec. 10, 1968 Richard Harris was angry because there was no action at the

BPP. The agent asked him why he didn't get together with some brothers and do something. Harris allegedly replied that he didn't care if he died, as long as he took some honkies with him.

The agent then said that on Dec. 13 he, White, Dharuba, Mshina and Katarra tried to buy some guns from Kathleen Cleaver's body guards. The deal never materialized.

Ashwood said that on Dec. 26, a message saying that all Panthers in Training should get weapons appeared on the blackboard at BPP headquarters, but the agent did not know who had written it. Then, on Dec. 28, Michael Tabor allegedly said that all P.I.T.'s should get a piece and 1000 rounds of ammunition. Tabor then mentioned the geographical divisions of the N.Y. BPP, saying that Kinshasa and Lumumba were in charge of the area from 42st to 220st and that Bob Collier was in charge of the downtown division.

Ashwood said that he went to Afeni's apartment on Dec. 30 for a section meeting where Afeni allegedly said that the section should work as a unit and not go through a lot of rhetoric. They would allegedly implement theory and blow up a pig station.

Ashwood took part in the alleged wire cutting expedition on Dec. 31, 1968. When he got to one of the four assigned call boxes, however, there was no phone there at all.

On Jan. 13, the agent went to another section meeting where Afeni allegedly said that the physical drills in the park would be held only once a month and the rest of the time would be spent in guerrilla training which would be led by Kinshasa. Dharuba, Shaba Om, Tabor, and Clark Squires then came in and went into another room. Dharuba allegedly brought guns. They left after awhile to go to a staff meeting. The section meeting then discussed one of the points in the ten point program; that being that white merchants cheat the black community. Afeni allegedly said that they would approach the management of a particular store and if the store didn't respond to them, they would take military action. They should begin to check out the store for flammable items and if there were black people in the store at the time of the action, that was

too bad, as some people would have to die for the revolution, and someday you might have to kill your own mother.

Agent Roberts then said that some action should be taken about the arrest of Efai Balagoon, to which Afeni allegedly replied that that was being handled at the "staff level."

After Ashwood finished that part of his story, A.D.A. Weinsten self righteously asked, "And that was Afeni Shakur?" Ashwood said, yes, it was.

The patrolman said that on Jan. 17, 1969, he was at the BPP headquarters where he saw Shaba Om give Dharuba his gun. Ashwood then met Clark Squires and they left for Lumumba's apartment. Squires had a rented car — a red Dodge and allegedly said that if something happened, he would have to deny that the car was his. They went to Rockland Palace with BPP material which they were to sell at a concession stand there. After unloading the material at Rockland Palace, Lumumba allegedly asked Clark for his keys and registration and drove off. Squires and Ashwood took the BPP material inside. At 10 PM Katarra (McKiever) appeared and allegedly asked if there were any pigs around, saying that things hadn't gone right and he didn't know why. He said that two brothers had been shot in Oakland and that the pigs would have to suffer the consequences, intimating (according to Ashwood) that two pigs had been shot that night. At 11:30 PM Ashwood said he saw Lumumba, Afeni, Sekou, and Ali Bey. Lumumba called Clark Squires over to him and returned the keys and registration to the car, and Clark walked away, allegedly saying that from now on, the car would be getting a lot of summonses.

On Jan. 19, Ashwood said that Shaba Om was worried about his gun because he had lent it to Dharuba and it had been found on the Harlem River Drive. They went to Sekou's, where cops in patrol cars were apparently keeping the apartment under surveillance. Katarra and Sekou's wife were there. They all allegedly looked around the apartment for anything that might be illegal, finding a knife. Afeni allegedly called, saying to tell the sister not to worry, the brother was all right.

Ashwood testified that on Jan. 20, 1969, Baba Odinga (Walter Johnson) asked Afeni if it were true that they weren't supposed to take any

military action and Afeni allegedly responded that as much as she hated it, that was the word.

On Jan. 23, Shaba Om allegedly said that he still hadn't gotten his gun back from Dharuba. On Jan. 24 Ali Bey Hassan said that if he discovered an informer, he, personally, would kill him.

On Feb. 8 Dharuba allegedly said that the immediate goal of the BPP was to decentralize the police department. This would be done by propaganda and military action and they would like to achieve this end by April.

Thurs. March 4

Ashwood testified that on March 20 Dharuba said that the pigs really did it this time (by indicting Bobby Seale) and that they would have large demonstrations and maybe fuck up some trains.

On April 2, 1969, Shaba Om came into the BPP office and Bayo Hassan allegedly asked him what he was doing there as he had been indicted. A discussion ensued, and Om finally left.

The defense called Patrolman Lester Eggleston back to the stand and Bob Bloom cross examined him.

In his reports, Eggleston said that in Feb. 1969, he had been "tested" by the Party to see whether or not he was a pig. The "test" — a brother asked to stay in his apartment and the agent accommodated him. No one asked Ashwood to rob or to kill police.

Did BOSS tell him he never seemed to get anything more than general discussions and that he must be able to get more than that? Eggleston did not recall. The court intervened everytime the Patrolman was asked why he received no promotion while both White and Roberts had been promoted to Detective after they testified before the Grand Jury as to their BPP activities.

Wed. March 10

On Wed. March 10 one Richard Brown took the stand. Brown had been a friend of Roland Hayes who had allegedly gotten some dynamite from Vermont which later found its way into the BPP. Hayes was an informer for the FBI, but the prosecution insisted that it does not know where to locate him. Brown testified that sometime in February or March of '69, he and Hayes were

taken to an apartment at which time Hayes was questioned at gun point about having given someone some bad dynamite. Brown, who last week sat in court as a spectator, identified two of the defendants, Robert Collier and Curtis Powell, as having been present during the questioning of Hayes.

When asked by the defense counsel, Bob Bloom, if Robert Collier had been angry that particular night because Hayes had tried to plant dynamite on the BPP, Brown said that he could not recall.

Patrolman Ashwood took the stand again and was cross examined by defense attorney Sandy Katz. While in the BPP Ashwood went under the name of Carl Woods and/or Akinsheye which in Swahili means "valor makes honor."

Thirty one years old Ashwood was born in the Republic of Panama and came to this country at the age of seventeen.

Although Ashwood reported to BOSS everyday and met with superior officers on Tuesdays and Thursdays, he said that he could not recall the names of his supervisors. He then testified that he relied on his memory to make out his reports.

Ashwood never recalled having attended a class where the use of explosives or dynamite was demonstrated in the BPP.

The patrolman previously testified that at a meeting on Aug. 29, 1968, Sekou had said that they should set fire to police cars. Ashwood recalled nothing having been said about the formation of a TCB squad, the placing of bombs in garbage cans near precincts or the placing of bombs on the steps of precincts — which was contrary to the testimony Agent White had made concerning that same meeting. Ashwood never knew any of these defendants to set fire to a police car or to discuss such an action.

The patrolman had previously testified that on Nov. 12, 1968, he overheard Michael Tabor and Dharuba discussing the bombing of the 25th precinct. Although Ashwood said that he would not have known they were talking about that precinct unless they had named it, he could not point out or recall where either Tabor or Dharuba had actually mentioned the 25th precinct. He then admitted that neither Tabor nor Dharuba gave him the impression that they had been involved in that action, and other than Tabor and Dharuba, Ashwood never heard any of the other defendants discuss the bombing of the 25th precinct.

FUNNY NAZIS

BELIEVE ME AMERIKAN I AM NOT BEINK CALLED "MAD MAN MOLTKE" FOR NOTHINK

I AM NOT KNOWN FOR MY SENZE OF HUMOR

"MAD MAN MOLTKE"

JA BOSS!

THE BEAST OF BREMERHAVEN

©1973 LOSSARIAN REVUE PRESS

NOW LISTEN TO FUNNY NAZIS ON RADIO
DETAILS AT LOCAL BUNDS OR CHECK RADIO LISTINGS

YOU SEE HERE VAT OUR SURGEONS HAFF IN MIND FOR YOU MADAMOISELLE

MUNICH 1944

SURELY YOU CAN RECOGNIZE YOUR FORMER FIANCE

COLETTE SLUTCH CHOKE

ALLARD GAG!

FIRZT VE REMOVE ALL DER BONES.

UND DEN VE INJECT ACID UNDER DER ZKIN TO DIZZOLVE DER INZIDES.

UND DEN VE TAKE YOUR SKULL UND MAKE FROM IT VUN ZNAPPY INKVELL.

HAH!

YOU SICKEN ME FRENCH BITCH!

ERZATZ, PLEASE TAKE CARE OV THIS FOUL CREATURE!

OH! SOB MONSIEUR PLEEZE, YOU CAN NOT DO ZEEES TO ME. I WILL DO ANYTHEENG HERR MOLTKE ANYTHEENG!!

YOU BOSCH ARE ZO VIRILE. SOB

SHOOT HER!!

GNARNING!

SPLAT

ZUT

REHTUNG!!

KERACK

JA BOSS!

YOU KNOW ERZATZ AT TIMES I HATE MY WORK

JA BOSS.

DO YOU THINK DOT VE VILL HAVE...

...PERMANENT DAMAGE TO OUR PSYCHES AFTER DEALINK MITT SUCH...

...DEPRAVED, DEGENERATE PEOPLE?

JA BOSS.

CONTRADICTIONS

ON THE RECENT DEVELOPMENTS
WITHIN THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY

by Peter Haldane
March 8, 1971

THIS is a position paper. The position we take on struggle, period. Within the Party and Without the Party. We welcome conflict — contradictions. Truth, Strength, Courage, and Victory! comes only out of battle. No where else.

**FOREVER LIVES THE
PEOPLES' STRUGGLE!
DARE TO STRUGGLE
AND DARE TO WIN!!!**

"INNER-PARTY criticism is a weapon for strengthening the Party organization and increasing its fighting capacity... Opposition and struggle between ideas of different kinds constantly occur within the Party; this is a reflection within the Party of contradictions between classes and between the new and the old in society. If there were no contradictions in the Party and no ideological struggles to resolve them, the Party's life would come to an end."

"We stand for active ideological struggle because it is the weapon for ensuring unity within the Party and the revolutionary organizations in the interest of our fight. Every revolutionary should take up this weapon."

Chairman Mao Tse-Tung

THE TWENTY-TWO brothers and sisters indicted by the pig's madness whom we knew as the New York Panther 21 and later as the New York 21, are dying. They're dying a slow, painful death because the pigs are killing them. We are as guilty as the pigs, and therefore guilty of every moan! Then, there's Bobby, Ericka, Ruchell, Angela, the Soledad Brothers, the Detroit 16, the L.A. 18 the Harlem 6, the New Haven 9, Melvin Taylor, the Folsom Prison Inmates, Ray Chatman, the New Bedford 20, Chain-gang Inmates, Political Prisoners, etc. etc. . . . And we'll continue murdering all of them with our name calling Bullshit.

It is as if we were a bunch of crazy motherfuckers praying for the destruction of the Black Panther Party. The pig throws out a crumb and we greedy little bastards stumble all over ourselves. We get confused — stagnated! — worrying about who to support, which side of the "split" to follow, who violated which principle, the difference between a revolutionary bust and a pig bust, and all the other madness to which the pigs are heirs! This is Divide and Conquer! We are about the business of physically destroying Babylon so that all brothers and sisters may walk free. Nothing else has meaning.

Those of us who make the slightest hesitation, for even an instant, in the light of recent developments within the revolutionary kingdom, is a lie. The worst sort of lie. There are no good revolutionaries in Babylon because there hasn't been a good revolution in Babylon. We are to make it.

We care less than a damn, no, we'd be extremely delighted, to see Pig Hoover cut Pig Nixon's head off his body, and we'd get the same righteous feeling to see the first person ever expelled from the BPP chop off Ralph White's, that pig

detective testifying in the 21's trial. We all know the job to be done!

This is not to say that California, New York, Algeria — Everywhere! — cannot help but serve the interest of the people to some extent from time to time. As time passes, any given situation or place becomes clearer. Whoever functions on revolutionary principles in any form, shape, or fashion, will at that time be helping each other and the people. The Black Panther Party is not the problem — making a long story short. The Problem is the PIGS.

Isn't all of this FAMILIAR!!!

I talked with people on the West Coast the last two nights and found the same sort of narrow-minded hesitation there. Let it be henceforth known and made clear that whenever one can no longer work with another, one cuts the other LOOSE! Anything that renders us non-functional, that hinders our deadly aiming our guns and bombs at the pigs we know very well, that stops "some of you longhaired cats, motherfuckers, from getting crew cuts, a 'clean shave,' putting on a suit, white shirt, and tie, and going down and joining the local police force, the Army, GM, AT&T, Dr. Ross Dog Food, etc. etc. etc., and then begin imaginatively to turn that shit around, blowing it away, delivering crippling blows from inside, by sabotaging shit, ripping shit off, giving up useful information, setting up pigs to be ambushed and ripped off, etc. etc. etc." — anything that keeps any of us from doing what we know we must do, we cut it loose! There's much work undone.

Absolutely regardless of the direction of Oakland or Algiers — (it's very definite that any human can become counter-revolutionary and/or reactionary) — the struggle is still going on. The struggle is independent of any and all persons' will on earth! The Whitney Youngs, Roy Wilkins, Roy Inneses, have revealed themselves to the people, and the people are the fair, ultimate judge of all. Including: Bill Cosby, Joe Frazier, Flip Wilson, Willis Reed, Sammy Davis, Earl "The Pearl" Monroe, Jerry Lewis, Tom Jones, Jacob Javits, etc. . . .

It is certain that all this talk about the Party will effect people. Countless revolutionary martyrs have laid down their lives in the interest of the people and for the Party. Many people have had their minds blown by all of this commotion, but this is as it should be. This is at it must be! This is Struggle! This is Babylonians actively engaged in bringing about a good revolution.

Whatever develops out of the present situation, whatever party addresses itself to the needs of the people and be the People's Party — call it by whatever name, since we haven't reached the level wherein we have a true People's Party — then, this — and only this! — is what will take oppressed people of Babylon to victory! We are segmented now: The Young Lords in the Puerto Rican community, I Wor Kuen in the Chinese, Weather-People in the White, Black Panthers in the Black, Revolutionary

Organizations throughout, Revolutionaries, Guerrillas, and Terrorists abounding . . . it takes all of us making the struggle.

The punk, joy-boy Crackers running around here saying Eldridge shouldn't have busted Timothy, the foolish Niggers gossiping about what woman Cleaver fucked, which whore David bought a diamond ring, what pig rented Huey a \$650.00 a month apartment, and so forth — all of this insane shit matters less than a good Goddamn. This struggle is being fought, and the struggle is going to be won! Every one of us will clearly be distinguished by our actions. The Black Panther Party cannot destroy Babylon, the people shall do so. Nothing can hold the people back.

It is for this reason that the present situation, the whole Reality of Now, with its unlimited selfishness, immeasurable arrogance, unbridled stupidity, arguments, arrests, fights, killings, assassinations, and undeclared wars, among and between aspiring, former, recent, and prevailing comrades! — it is for the people's sake that all this silly, dizzy absurdity is good. No mother/father-fucker dead or alive is free from revolutionary sin. Starting with Peter Haldane. I fuck up beyond redemption many times, and so does everyone else. So long as we're still living, however, let's try to get as clear cut way to go, as truthful a way to travel as we possibly can. The single way the truth can ever be clear is thru struggle. You know, truth itself is no stationary thing. I recall writing in my diary once that truth comes only after examination multiplied by examination on indefinitely. You examine a thing as thoroughly as you possibly can, and you get something practical with which you can work, what's commonly called the "truth"; then, you have to re-examine it and re-examine it over and over again. You spend your life exploring and examining and making revolution! The one thing one can go by, the sole criterion, is what is clear and firm and distinct in one's mind.

The thing that is clear and firm and distinct in my mind is that Gene Paul Getty, this capitalistic oppressive monster, the 76 corporations that control the world, and all the multi-colored sadistical pigs that support this vicious system of Tyranny against the slaves of Babylon, is wrong! We need a bloody, deathly, Malcolm X Revolution to halt this madness. Until such is done, each of us has to keep all our attention, action, everything focused entirely on this war to ensure victory.

There are a lot of unexplained, mad things going down because humans do unexplained, mad things. But this is the only way we can find unity. Unity, also, is no static and stationary thing, and it is never complete. What matters is that it is functional! Wherever revolutionary work is being done, RIGHT ON! This is the struggle; and the struggle has no single leader or great individuals — just simple and plain people rising to the challenge!

There is no qualitative difference

between individuals, for there's no quantitative difference. One cannot be made into two, so humans are humans. When we place one above another in any manner, hook, or crook, we're tripping off into madness. We're tripping off into this capitalistic system, western culture, and the way pigs define things. They (Lindsay, Buckley, Rockefeller, etc.) said they were better and more valuable than a Wino in Harlem, but we know the truth. We revolve around ourselves and our needs instead of myself and my wants. This is the sort of warrior the struggles require, the warrior who's no different and is that ordinary brother or sister walking down the block.

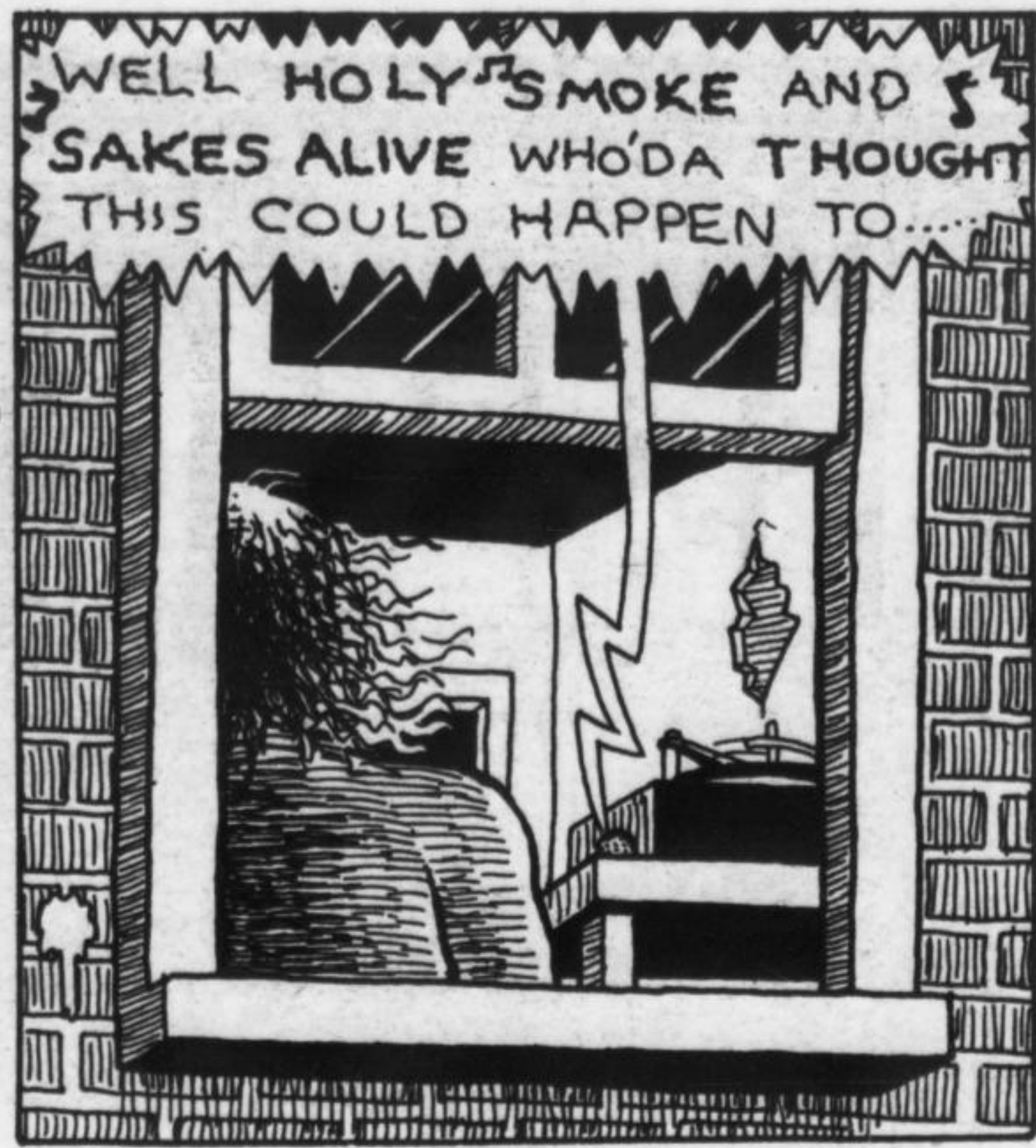
We all know this. We know the good the BPP has done, what Huey has done, what Eldridge has done, and we need all of us making the struggle. What we do is who and what we are, so there's no need to consider information some person may or may not have access to. The enemy, the pig ruling circle, is known to all. There's no confusion here. We recognize at once N.Y. Telephone, General Electric Credit Corp., Con Edison, Westinghouse, General Foods, Western Electric, etc., and these are who we move on. Take care of the old, familiar enemy of the people before moving on the new and overnight! Soon, we'll be able to recognize all the other forces working contrary to the true and plain interest of the masses — since what's done in the dark will come to light — but for now, the meantime, we needn't worry about whether to shoot Eldridge or Huey, we're too busy with Pig Mitchel's grandmother!

When we get hung up on who is the Vanguard Party the struggle comes to a standstill. We forget what the whole thing is all about. We repeat: the problem is those in control. Those living on Long Island. Those who own and run the banks. Who set the Pentagon in motion . . . The BPP, like any other revolutionary party of any era, has done righteous things, shall do righteous things, and shall make mistakes. Nothing is free or contradictions. To live is to have conflict. The struggle has room for no division. We can't think one part of the Babylonian Empire can wage a struggle separate and distinct from another. We can't hate a person because this person took this or that side, or kill a person for a similar reason, or refuse to listen to anyone — all of this is division. We have to develop the attitude of "curing the sickness to save the patient" rather than lash out rashly with criticism or guns. Where we can't save the patient and irrevocably are forced to get him or her out of their misery, we are to do so with mercy and pity, weeping at the death of our enemy.

A guerrilla kills out of love for people. A terrorist is an honorable human being out of love for people. A revolution is fought out of love for people. We cry tears as the knife in our hand pulls the head from President Nixon's body.

"Taught by mistakes and setbacks, we become wiser and handle our affairs better. It is hard for any political party or person to avoid mistakes, but we should make as few as possible. Once a mistake is made, we should correct it, and the more quickly and thoroughly the better."

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
THRU THE DICTATORSHIP
OF THE LUMPEN!!**



VINYL SOLUTION

BY **WILHELM LOW** AND THE 1000 MONKEY BITES



MAILED

ELDRIDGE....TIM.... MARRY UP!

by
M.Greenhut

We cannot hope to eliminate the oppression by oppressing the current oppressors. The elimination of oppression must come from within the souls of the people, for it is in our hands to be what we want to be. "We cannot hope to eliminate war and violence by outshooting and killing the warriors. Only the name of the man with the gun will be changed. "We cannot hope to eliminate racism and bigotry through revolutionary nationalism. We then poison our own systems with prejudice and hatred.

"We cannot blame our ignorance on our teachers for the earth is

full of truth and we have the ability to perceive it.

"We cannot blame our failures on the obstacles we encounter. We have been given the means to overcome.

"The very awareness of the possibilities of human society (known by some as revolutionary consciousness) stems from our deep knowledge of the universal law.

"A man whose awareness is well developed knows that his every thought and action must be for

the ultimate good of all those people who will ever be affected. The way we get the things we use, the amounts of things we use, and what we use them for must be related to the needs and goals of all of us.

"The problem of the revolution is to develop this awareness. Regardless of the regime, regardless of the specifics of the social, economic and political scene, the revolutionary task is to develop this consciousness..."

Armageddon Handbook
S.F., Jan. 1, 1970

So 1964 will see the Negro revolt, evolve, and merge into the world-wide black revolution that has been taking place on this earth since 1945. Now the black revolution has been taking place in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Now when I say black, I mean non-white. Black, brown, red or yellow - our brothers and sisters in Africa, who were colonized by the Europeans, our brothers and sisters in Asia, who were colonized by the Europeans, and in Latin America, the peasants who were colonized by the Europeans have been involved in a struggle since 1945 to get the colonialists, or the colonizing powers, the Europeans, off their land, out of

their country.

"This is a real revolution. Revolution is never based on land. Revolution is never based on begging somebody for any integrated cup of coffee. Revolutions are never fought by turning the other cheek. Revolutions are never based upon love your enemy and pray for those who spitefully use you. And revolutions are never waged singing "we shall overcome." Revolutions are based upon bloodshed. Revolutions are never compromising."

Malcolm X
(from a speech on Black Revolution -
April 8, 1964, NYC)

Racism, Imperialism and the emerging power of oppressed peoples... Revolutionary tactics and revolutionary goals, revolutionary definitions, if you will, are the subjects. To all of us who are conscious of what is going down these issues are vital. And now the debate from Algiers brings these issues into sharp focus.

We knew when it was announced that the KQED, San Francisco telecast of the Cleaver-Leary Videotape would be of historic import. There is so much bullshit eliminated when you can see the faces and the scene, you can tell pretty much what is happening. As it turned out it was a gross performance, repugnant to all of us who try every minute of every day to make the revolution happen. In exceptionally clear focus we watched Cleaver attempt the total castration of Tim Leary.

The basic revolutionary goals of these two men differ as night and day... as do their approaches to revolutionary tactics. The discussion therefore served well to illuminate the issues which will be affecting the direction and development of the American revolutionary effort.

Tim Leary's grasp of the Panther-weatherman 'off the pig' philosophy seemed to be as distorted as Cleaver's grasp of Leary's consciousness-expanding drug trip. Both men are dedicated revolutionaries whose concepts and definitions of revolution have little in common. Cleaver who regards acid tripping as something to do in order to listen to music and make love,

calls for armed struggle. "Time to end the clown show," he says. No more toy guns... Time to shave and get crew cuts and start destroying the system from within... Deliver pigs into ambush, etc.

Yet it didn't seem possible that the two men didn't understand each other's trip. Viewers were exposed to Cleaver's effort to exact from Leary total renunciation of his life's work and insight. In this context Leary was a sorry sight lip-servicing his host... that is, at least as sorry as sight as Cleaver was, posing as bossman.

Neither man indicated awareness that their confrontation was a racial one nor was there any discussion of the heavy racial overtones existent in the movement in which the black panthers are black and the weatherman are white. The 'cultural revolution' is a white phenomenon as is the 'peace movement,' while the marxist movement is chiefly black - and in such a manner as the panthers regard the American communist party as revisionist have also excluded other white marxists from anything but "second class" membership in the "vanguard" which in this case means, the power center.

Now, this is the problem of the revolution which encompasses all of mankind. Can we all co-exist without power tripping one another. Can we put together a revolution with human dignity based on the unity and common destiny of all men. Will we be able to overcome our racist and nationalistic paranoia. Can we recognize the futility of a revolution which simply means - overturning -

those who are on top go to the bottom. Those who are on the bottom go to the top. Although this would truly be a revolution it would hardly represent change in any significant sense of the word.

To the extent that the revolutionary movements remain black and white they mirror the racist separation of blacks and whites in the world at large. Segregation, separatism and integration have been approaches to racial problems in the pre-revolutionary world: segregation being a white power trip, separatism a black power trip and integration an ineffectual liberal implausibility. Not one of these concepts have any relevance to a liberated world in which realism, truth, and human dignity have any meaning.

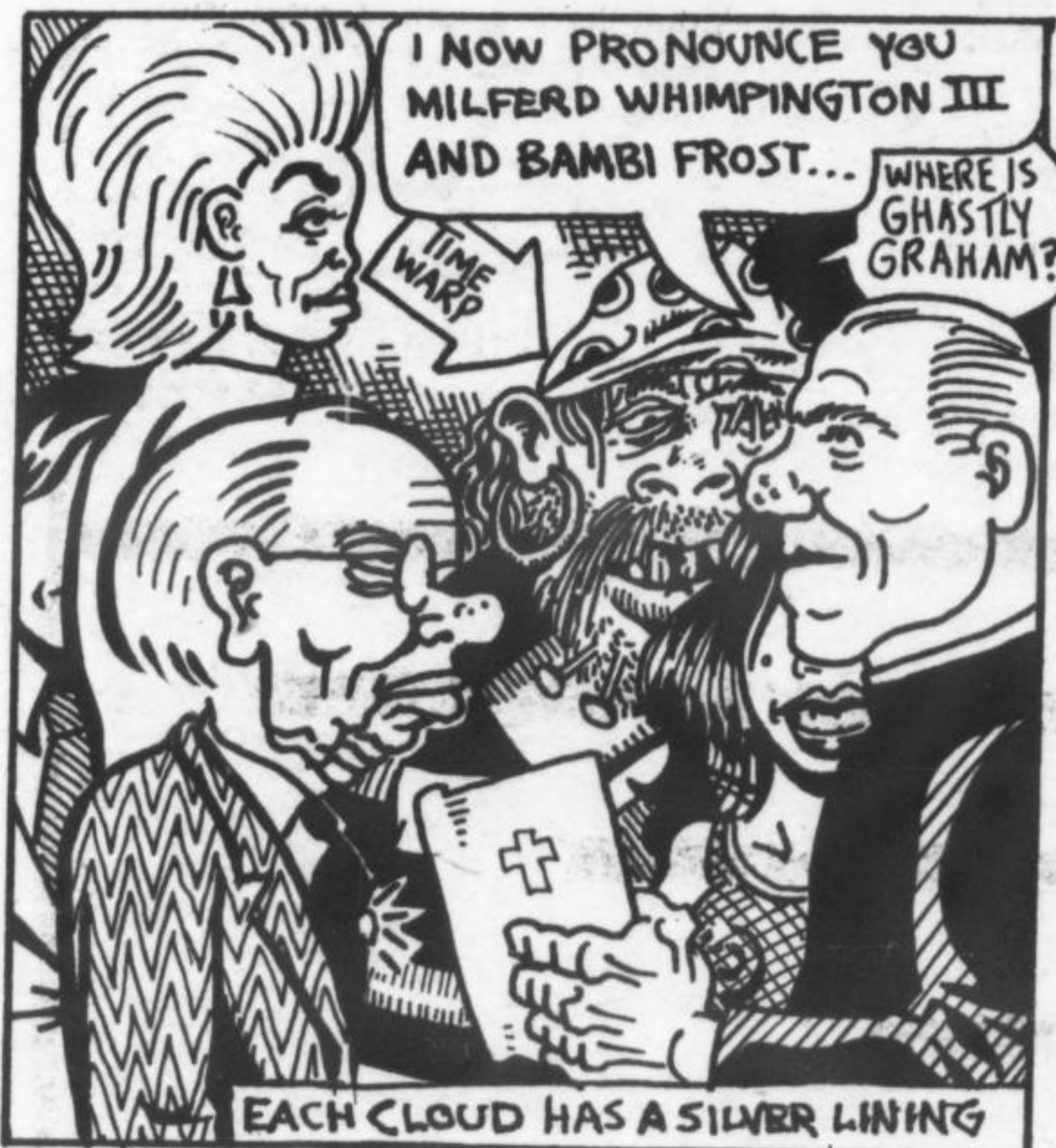
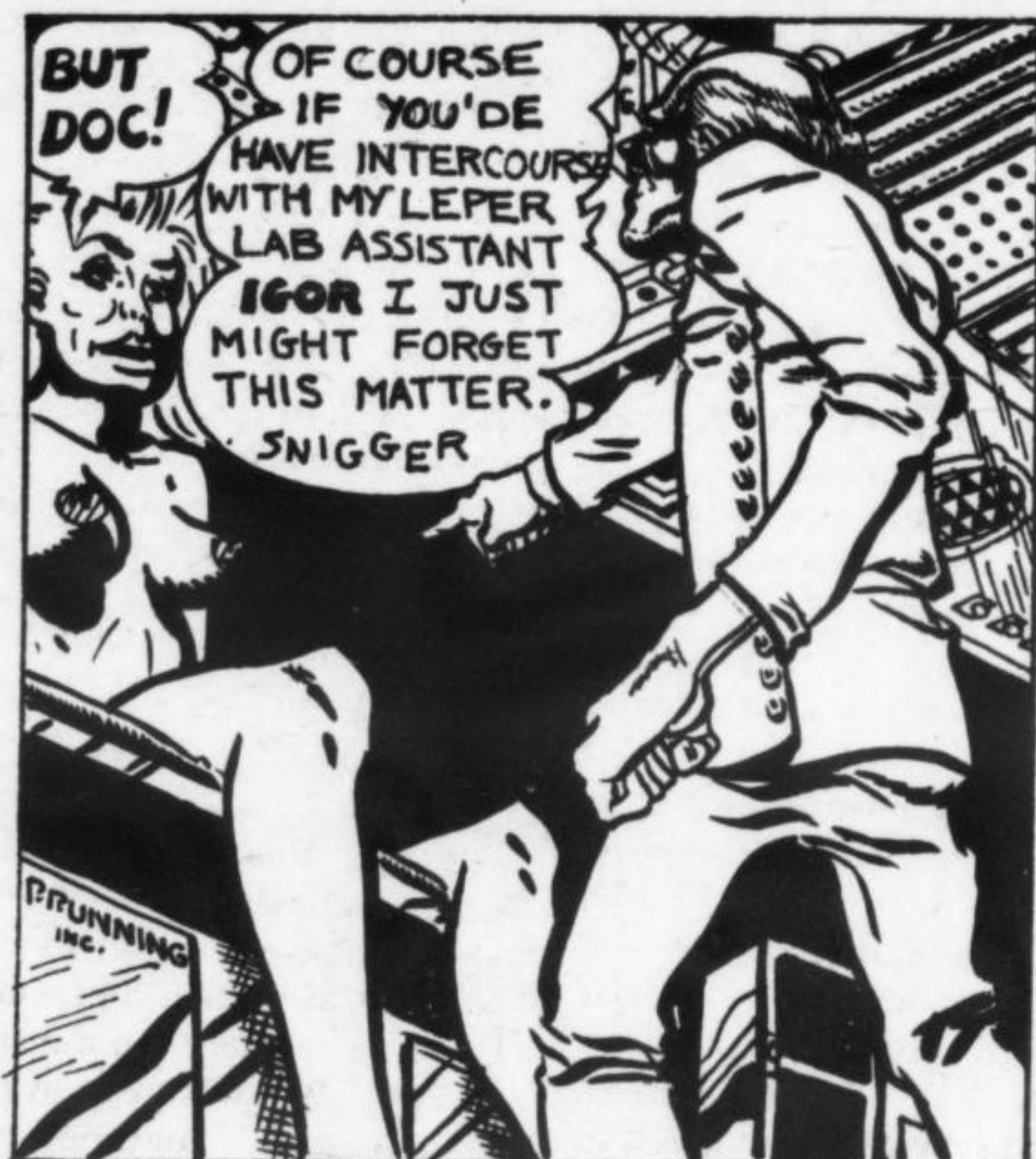
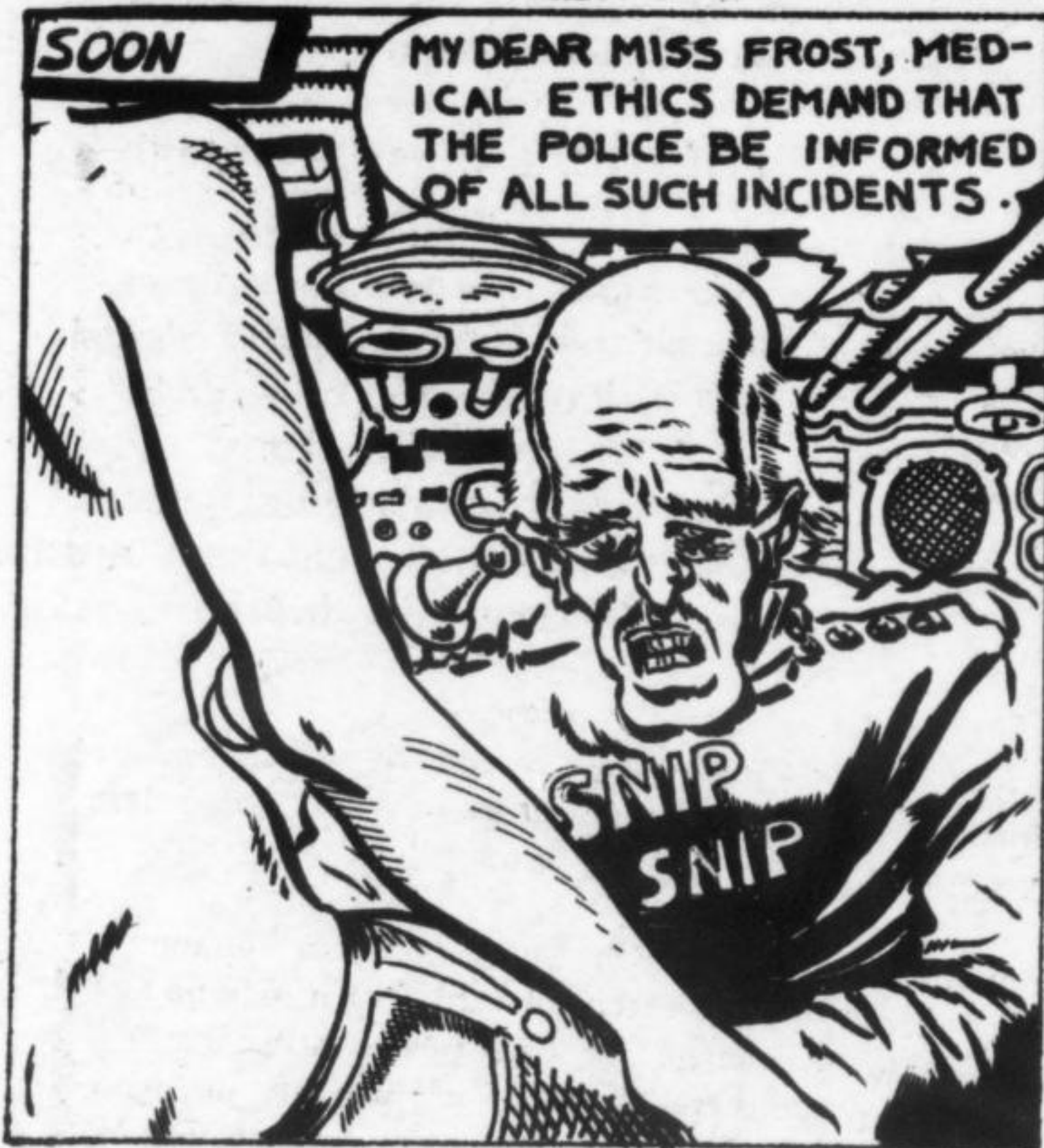
Perhaps this is the time for us to realize that we have not yet formed a truly revolutionary conception of racial and national relationships. Our revolution will go no further than our revolutionary concepts. We will reap what we sow. Revolutionary countries have not successfully eradicated racist or nationalistic attitudes within their own revolutions. It is clear that no ultimately promising solution to racial problems has been conceived of in America or any other pre-revolutionary country.

What emerges from these conclusions is the fact that humanity has yet to discover a workable understanding of racial and national differences in genetic

or social evolutionary terms. We have already discovered that all blood is red, that human organs are interchangeable, that people are endowed with a wide range of potential and that positive human attributes are spread around the races equally, as are negative ones. What we haven't done yet is make a realistic connection between our knowledge of genetic evolution and social evolution. To the extent that we can improve genetic strains, we can also accelerate social change. To the extent that we improve our physiological potential we can also develop socially. In short, the hybridization of the human race is the next essential revolutionary step.

Separatism and segregation retard genetic evolution. Integration in the manner prescribed by the liberal establishment is merely a form of wishy-washy segregation. All that is left for us to do is to marry up.

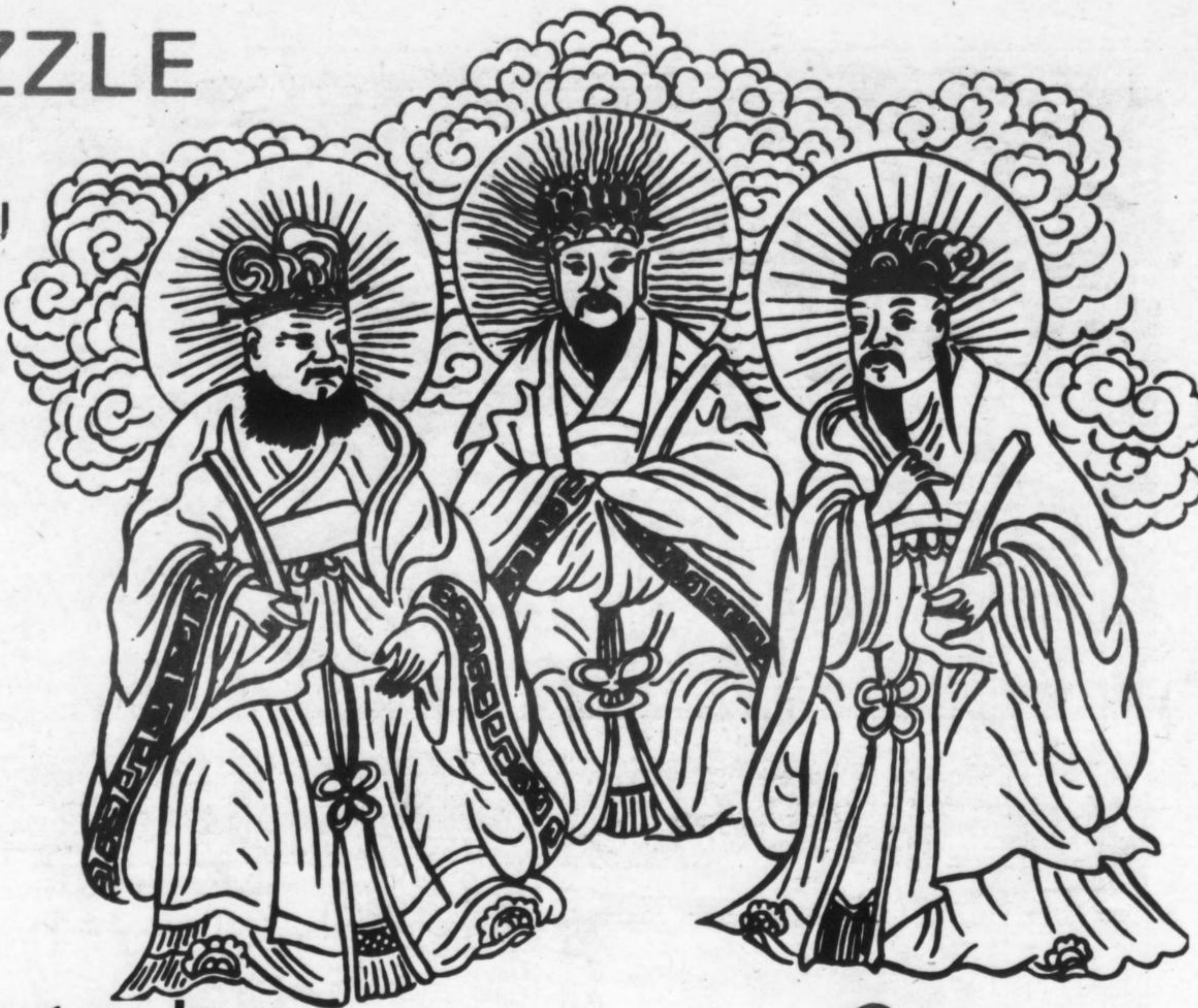
The revolution is going to happen. It may be a step forward - or it may be just a change of one power structure for another. Those of us who are devoting our energy to the revolutionary momentum have a serious responsibility to do some serious revolutionary thinking about the world that we want to build. Can we get beyond the reactionary thought patterns that have bogged down so many of our efforts up till now. Can all of us learn that our own personal trips are only one in a trillion and that we are ultimately going to have to encompass them all.



CHINESE PUZZLE

What is above form is called Tao
 What is within form is called too!
 Ta Chuan: The Great Thesis

Mao	Tao
Space	Time
Plot	Play
Control	Freedom
Conscience	Conscious
Power	Pleasure
Speed up	Slow down
Off	On
On time	Spaced out
Gravity	Flight
Here	Now
Need	Seek
Time	Space
Right	Rite
Space	Time



Rent or buy
Live or die
You pay for the space
You occupy (slogan of the Frank Farker Real Estate Company, Oakland, California)

1. MAO spelled backwards is OAM
2. TOOL spelled backwards is LOOT
3. AND spelled backwards is DNA
4. TIME spelled backwards is EMIT

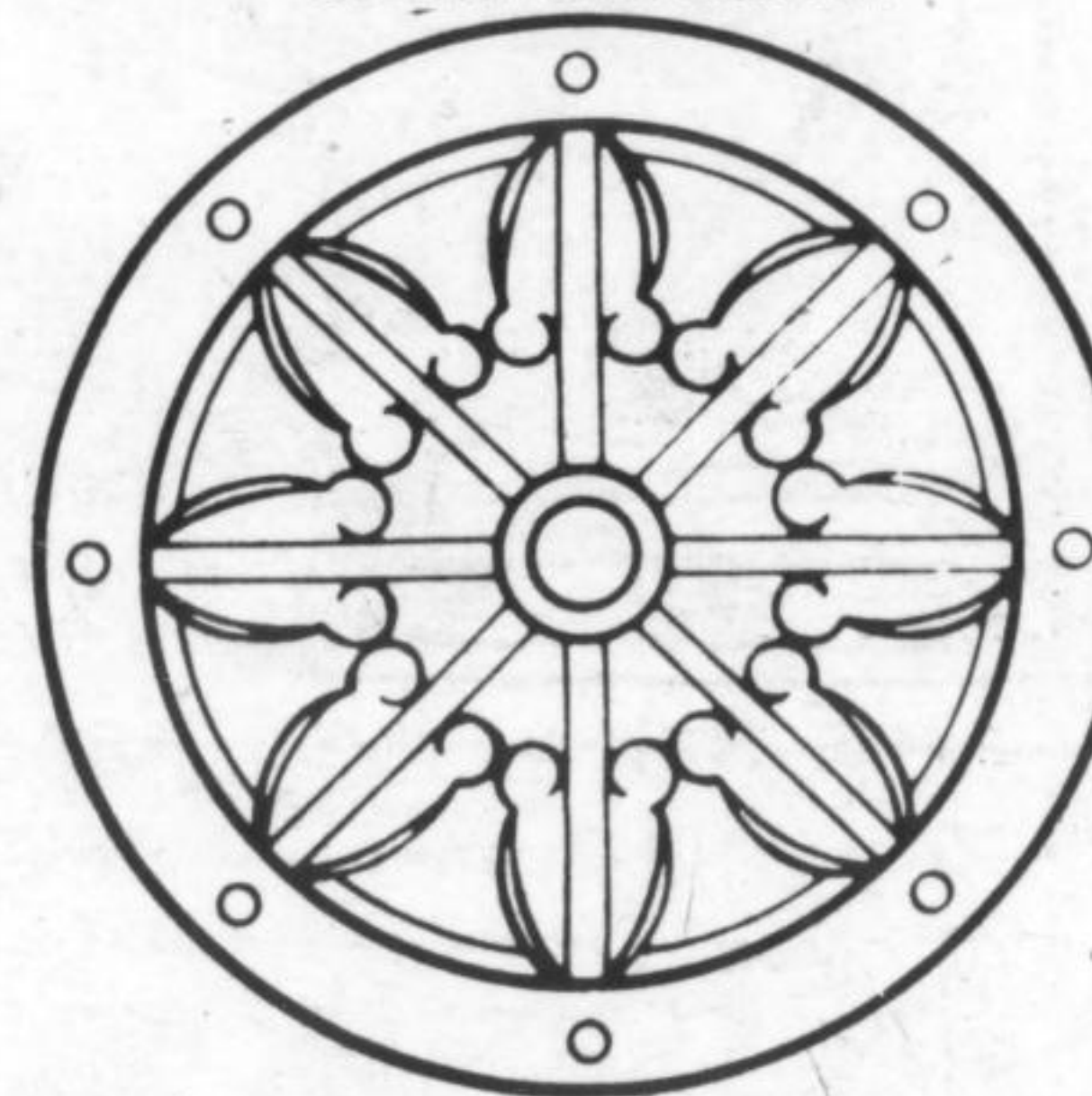


POLITICAL CONVICTIONS
 (It's all push - pull)

Tao is absolute and has no name
 Though the uncarved wood is small
 It cannot be used by anyone
 If kings and barons
 Can keep this unspoiled nature
 The whole world shall yield them lordship
 Of their own accord.



Now	Coordinating	HERE EVERYWHERE
Always		IN SPACE
In time	Intersecting	AGENTS
Travel	Dealing	REAL ESTATE
Wheeling	Curious	GRAVITY
Free flight	Mutual Attraction	SPACE IS FORM
Time is spirit	Fear!	HEAVY BURDEN
Light vibrations	"If they go down, we'll go down with them"	SPACE CONFINING
Time freedom	Love	SPACE POLITICS
Time religion	Integration	SPACE
Time		MINDBOUND
Mindblown	"Now play other side"	INFINITE PAINS
Eternal questions	Sharing this brief	POWER
Pleasure	Opportunity	NO TIME TO TARRY
Turn-on time	Using	SEIZE THE TIME
Free time	Attraction-repulsion	TIME FOR SPACE
Space for time		IF IT WEREN'T FOR US YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE
Thank you. When?	Yin Yang	UP TIGHT
Spaced out		



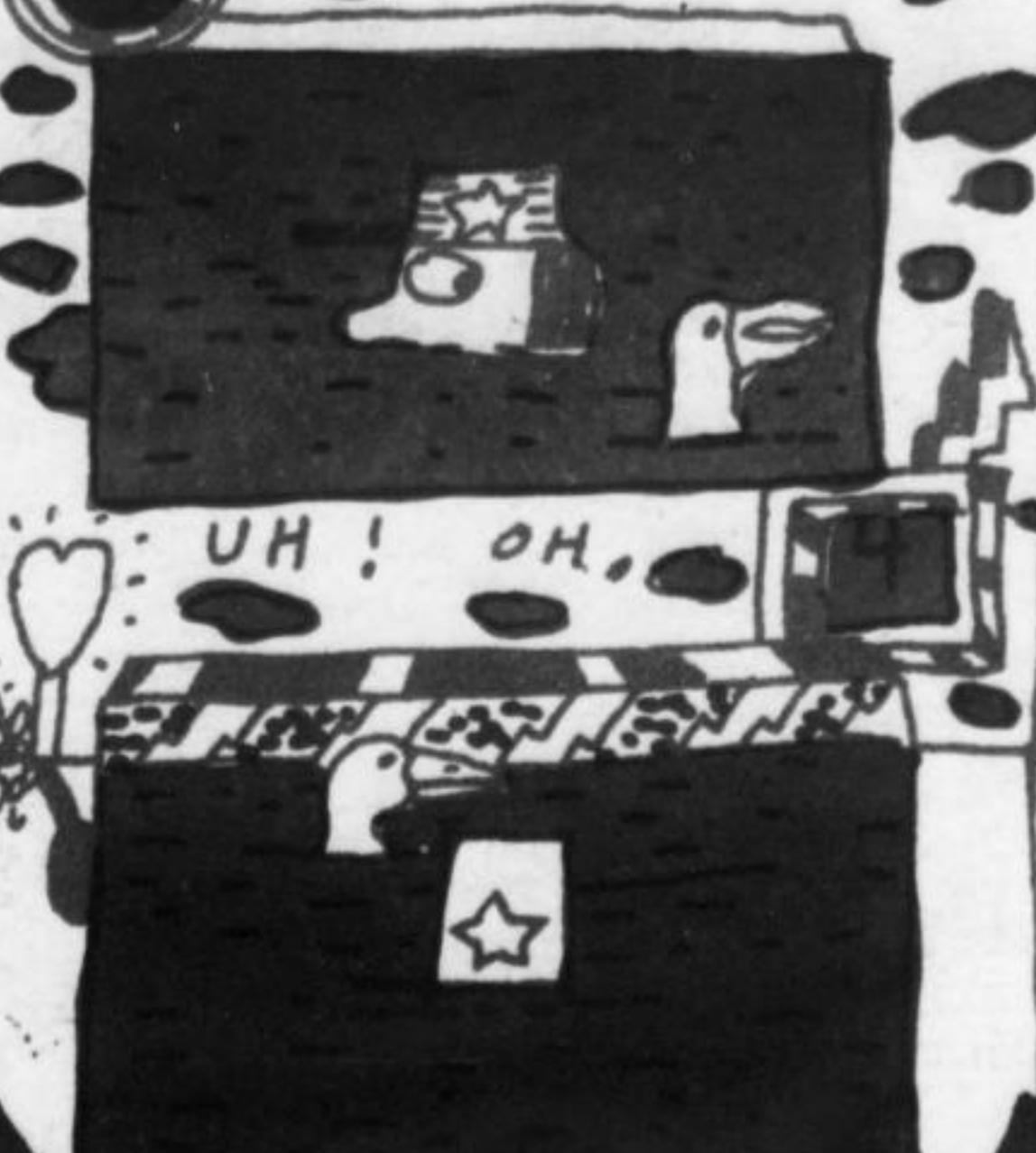
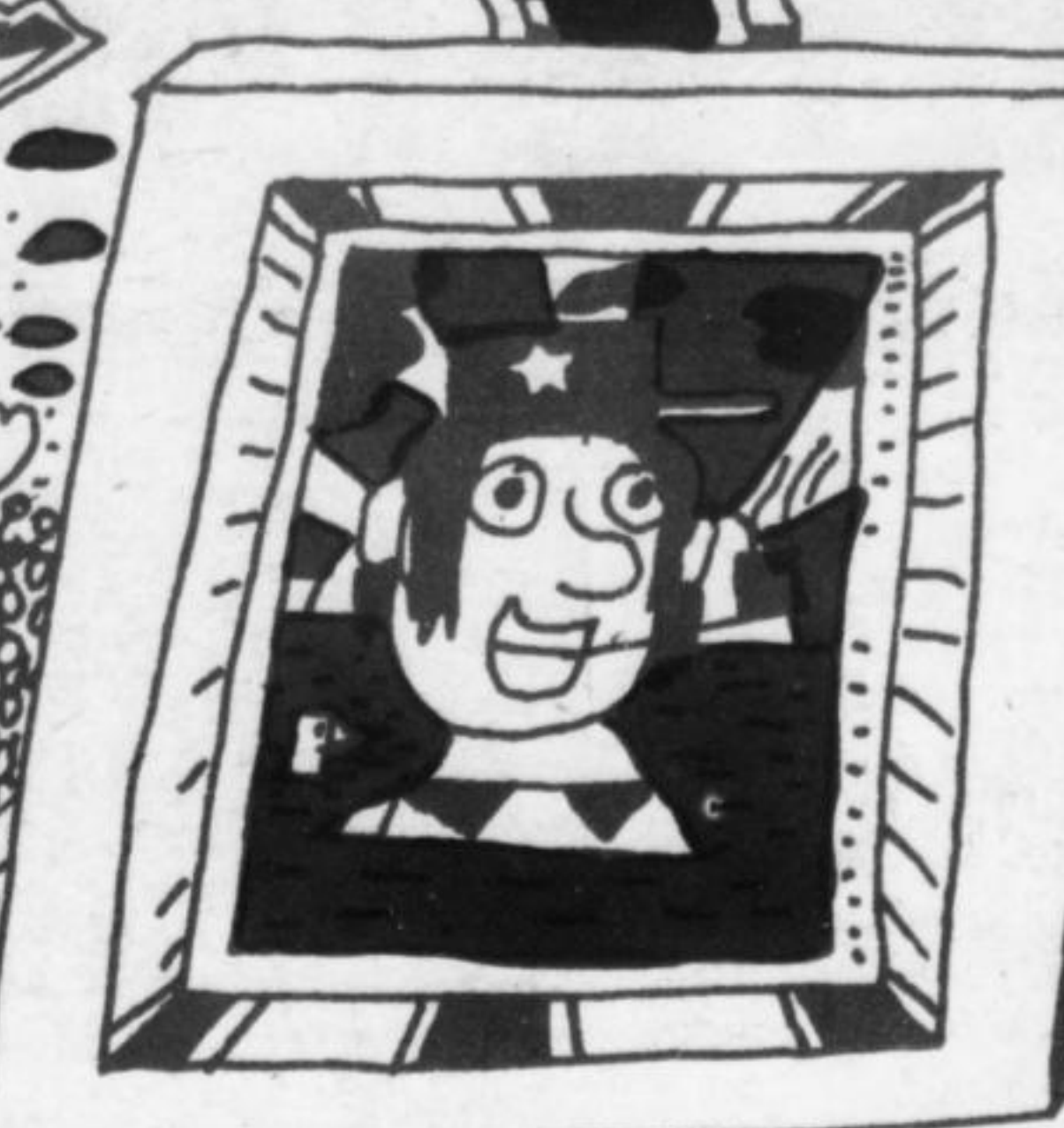
Mutual Protection
 Tao is MAO ARErunning

out
 of
 space TIME
 Tao .. MAO
 OAM . . MAO
 OM
 TAO

Nino and Maia Baraka
 Alger, Algeria Feb 1971

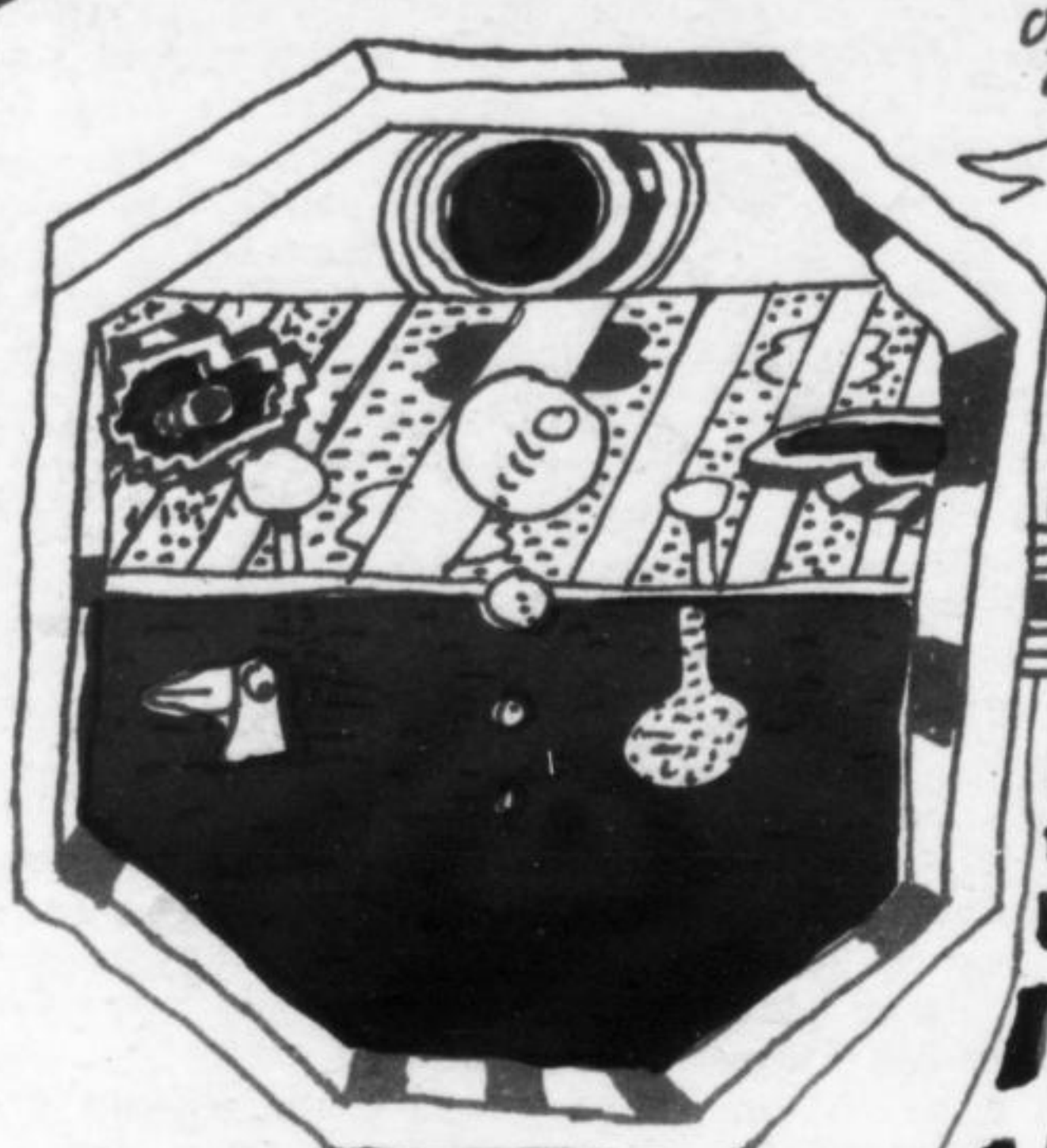
JOE TURNER & G.I.A.

EARTH DAY IN CENTRAL PARK.



JOE TAKES A WALK INTO THE LAKE.

WATCH IT, JOE.



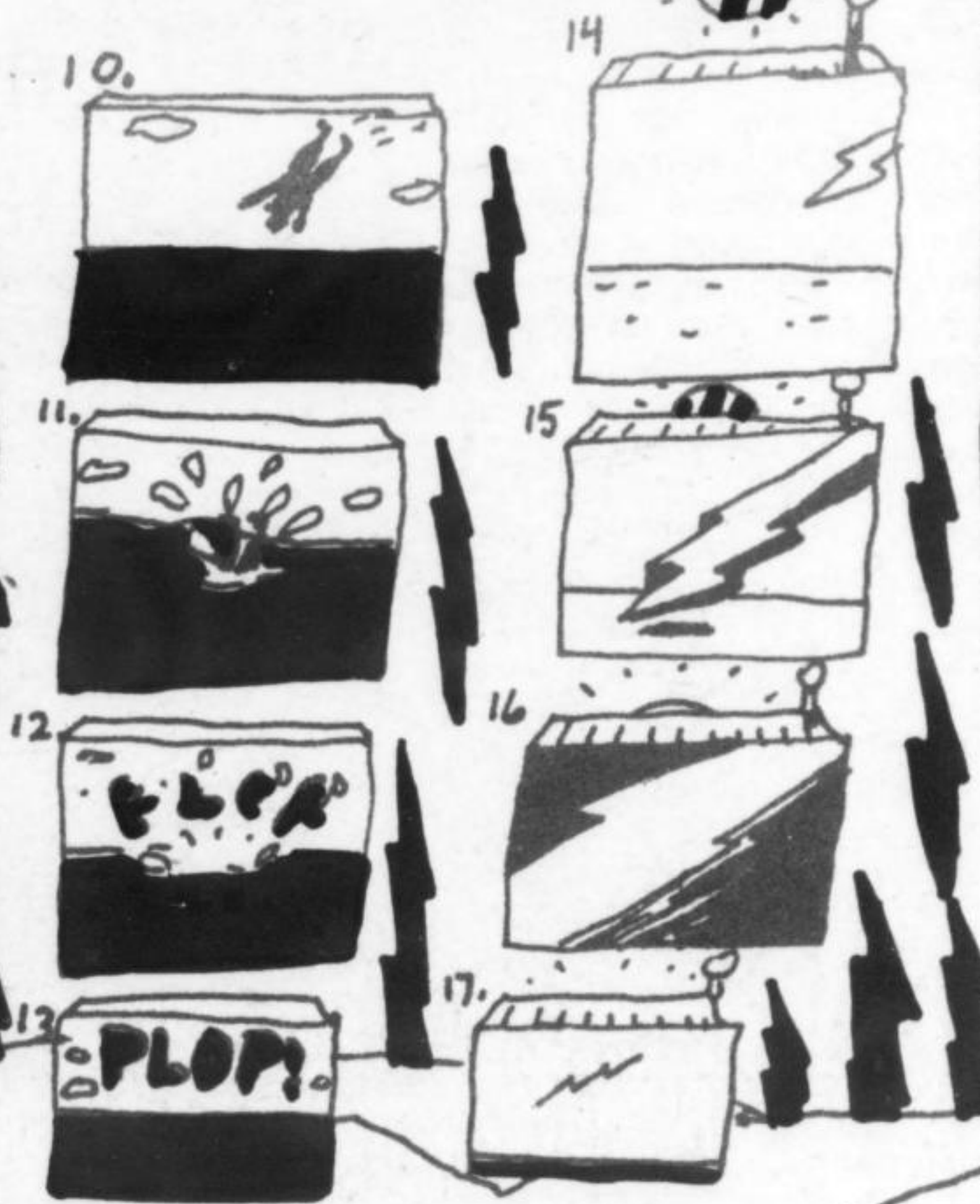
IN ANOTHER ROOM.

MEANWHILE AT THE PRECISE MOMENT IN THE OTHER WORLD.

ANDANTE! ET DU.

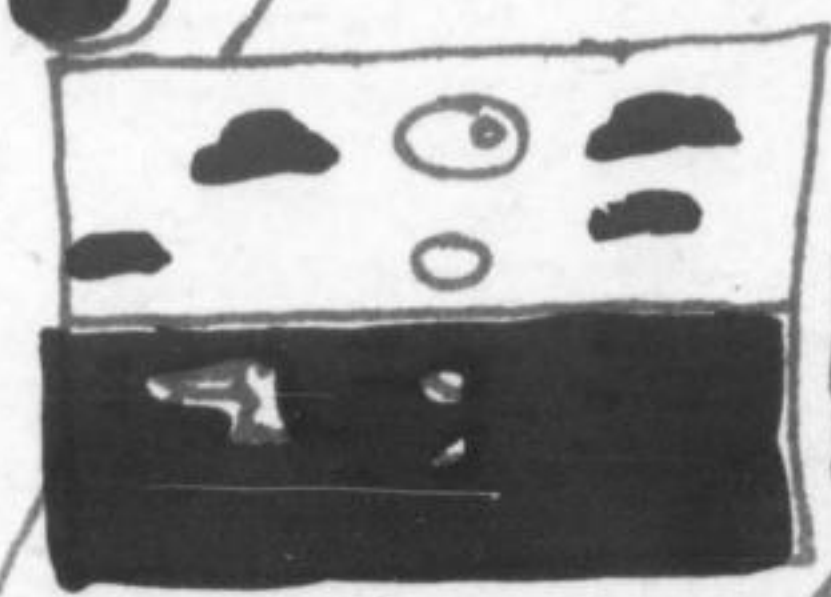


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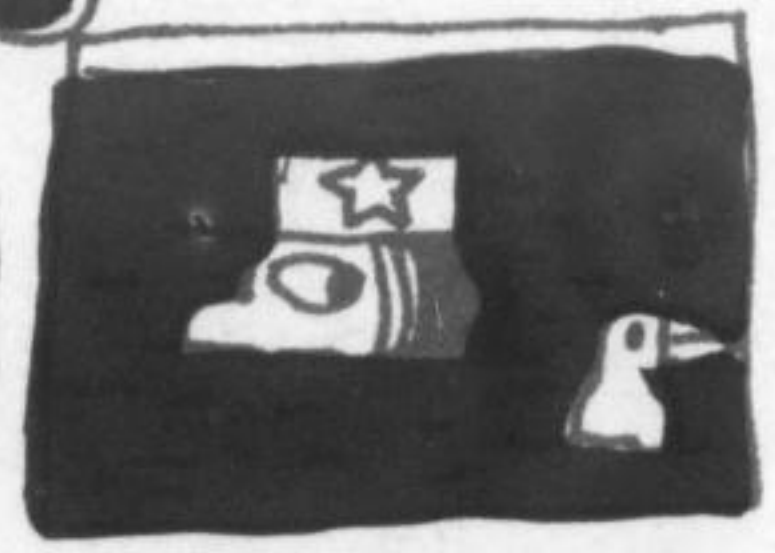


THE ROOM SEPERATES. POOF!

JOE TURNER..OR A RECREATION OF HIM IS HURLED BACK INTO THE PARK LAKE.....



ZIG ZAG



UH! OH.



WELL -



ANYWAY IT WAS



A NICE DAY, I THINK? ...

F.M. MARCH 21, 72

THE GREATEST SENDS SMOKEY JOE BACK TO PHILLY !!

by R. MELTZER

Muhammad Ali, a.k.a. Cassius Clay, comes from Louisville so he can't possibly be from 10th Street and Avenue A. But Rocky Graziano is from there and he picked Ali to take it in 6. There was a rumor going around that the fight was fixed, that there were gonna be three fights in all — amounting to zillions of dollars — and Frazier was gonna win the first and the rematch was gonna be in the Houston Astrodome and so on. Well Rocky said that was all horseshit because you don't get the fix in and not have it show up in the odds. The odds were 7-5/even money. Frazier had been the slight favorite because of all the ring rust hokum about Ali. And you don't bother putting in the fix if the prospect of odds like that looms large on the horizon, the profit ain't big enough, etc. So Rocky took time out from his Yogurt commercials to set it straight and he was on the David Frost Show with Johnny Carson and Burt Lancaster and the two of them didn't know shit about fighting (even though Burt did the color on the closed circuit telecast) so Rocky really stepped out and talked about how he bled every time he took a piss after his first fight. Not every time but every time for a week or four days.

Yeah Rocky was the only decent fight personality aside from the fighters themselves who was any good at all in the pre-fight ballyhoo. There was one pre-fight show on channel nine that was almost good because the guy doing it was English and that was a pretty good perspective due to them never having had any decent heavyweights (all they ever had was Tommy Farr, Don Cockell, Brian London and Henry Cooper — well once they had Bob Fitzsimmons but that was too long ago to count and they once had Dick Richardson but Ingemar Johansson TKO'ed him). And they had to respect Ali since he demolished Cooper twice and London once. But the best foreign opinion on the fight was from some French guy who was at the pre-fight physical where they had Frazier on first and then Ali an hour later. They had them separated because they (the Garden officials) just weren't emotionally up for a confrontation, particularly since they hated Ali and knew Joe had to lose a bad-mouthing contest. The press kit they gave out even had anti-Ali sentiment written all over it, under the guise of "we're not voicing our opinion on his felonious unpatriotic activities but..." Well anyway this French guy was real dapper and he knew English and the WINS guys figured he'd make a good interview because they have to fill up 24 hours of news anyway. They wanted to know all about Western Europe's interest in the fight and he said it was enormous and sport had little to do with it, France always loved Ali as more than merely a boxer. "As much as

Cerdan?" they asked. No but he was at least *second* in the hearts of the frogs. No shit, that's what he said.

But there were no closed circuit centers rigged up in France and that was because the promoter they dragged in couldn't get it done in time. This guy Ferencio (is that his name or is it Parenchio or something else?) that they got to do it because they as the world-famous Madison Square Garden were afraid to do it themselves (New York has always been mean to Ali unless the price was right and this time even though it's more than alright they decided to do a public relations shuck by bringing in outside promotion), he could have made a hundred million bucks easy, no sweat, if only he had had enough time to hook the fight up with Europe.

And this dodo John F.X. Condon of the Garden ran the pre-fight thing for the press and was a real bastard about giving out credentials. Lillian Roxon wasn't allowed in, the reason they gave her was it wasn't fit for a woman to witness. Some women got in and so Condon had to announce that there were certain aspects of the examination that women should turn their eyes away from when the time came. That turned out to be the doctor sticking his hand *inside the trunks* to get a grab of their balls. Hernias and all that. And all the Daily News and N.Y. Times photog people really gave a hard time to some kid with a Polaroid from Rolling Stone trying to maneuver his way into position for some shots. Real scumbags.

And Dooley the New York boxing guy was a real asshole the way he awkwardly plotted his moved to shut Ali up. Frazier had been quiet as shit during his part of the show and Ali entered the Felt Forum ring where they were doing it by announcing "Ex champ? You're calling me the ex champ?" Dooley just didn't know what the fuck to do so he whispered to him with his body bent over and he was obsequious as hell and finally he had to raise his voice so Ali said "Yassuh boss" and continued whatever the fuck he was saying and doing.

Oh yeah, Joe Louis was there too, they announced him as "undoubtedly the greatest heavyweight champion of all time," they figured such apparent certainty was nice contrast to the ambiguity they had largely contributed to. The Brown Bomber from the Motor City was an easy embodiment of all such shit, so they exploited him one more time. And he had just gotten out of the loony bin that his son (a lawyer or a law student or something) had committed him to and he was wearing almost-up-to-date red check pants. I think they were wool and he was wearing a baseball cap or a fishing cap or something. Poor Joe, they never left him alone then and they're

not doing it now. Remember when they sent him on exhibitions all over the place during WW2? They even had him saying stuff of his own creation like "We're gonna win cause we're on God's side," a line that had a lot of influence on Dylan and old Bob probably never even knew where it came from. It came from boxing. Bob. But he always wrote stuff like about shadow-boxing with Cassius Clay so maybe he even knew it was from Louis. Maybe.

But then there's the Joe who was actually in the fight, he was at the pre-fight too. Some reporter asked him if this was gonna be his last fight win or lose. He said he hadn't made up his mind yet but here's how I had it figured out for the answer being no. Win: he's got himself two and a half million big ones and all he does is cars and motorcycles and boxing's a lotta work so why work anymore? Lose: obviously no more money fights like the big one and even if Ali retires cause he lost he'd really look stupid winning a tournament to decide Ali's successor after Ai hangs up the gloves. When he was on He Said, She Said on channel eleven with Joe Garagiola his wife said he loved his bike more than her so that's gotta be a true fact and everything else has gotta follow from that.

And they thought Ali would never deign to do stuff like TV ads for Vitalis, they figured he'd never do ads and that Frazier would. But Frazier hadda be not such a hot prospect himself when you figure they'd have to give him diction lessons and

voice indoctrinations and all. But all of that went out the window when the week before the fight both did the Vitalis ad with a split screen. Ali had the more time in it by a few seconds but Smokey Joe's best part was right at the end and Ali's jive after that wasn't hot at all, it was even boring. Joe's line was something like "You better use some Vitalis on your head for the fight" and all Ali did was rave and it was the first time Joe ever bested him in any way. And the last. Except Joe's soul band the Knockouts wasn't 3/4 bad at all, it's better than any music Ali's made lately. The last thing he did was a single of "Stand by Me" in '64 or so. And his ex-wife Sonji did an act with Ernie Terrell so it all fit in, this actually being his second battle with Terrell and all. Second battle with Terrell because they took away his title once and he hadda beat Terrell, the chump they set up in his place, to get it back. No, "Stand by Me" wasn't his last musical thing he did *Buck White* last year.

The guy's name is Perenchio, I checked it out.

Okay, the fight itself. Except for about three rounds where Frazier had Ali beaten and wobbly and staggered and falling over and so forth it was Ali all the way. I scored it 10 rounds to 5 for Ali. In fact by the 10th round, which was the round before Frazier did anything at all, I had it 8 to 2 for Ali. He had a decision clinched already going into the 11th. He went out at the first bell fighting Frazier's kind of fight, a stupid move in context but something he just

fuckin wanted to do. So he did it. He went right out and fought toe to toe with Smokin Joe, making no attempt to fight his usual kind of fight. He peppered Frazier with stiff lefts that had lots of power behind them. Whenever Joe hit him to the body and bulled him into the ropes he shook his head to indicate he hadn't been hurt.

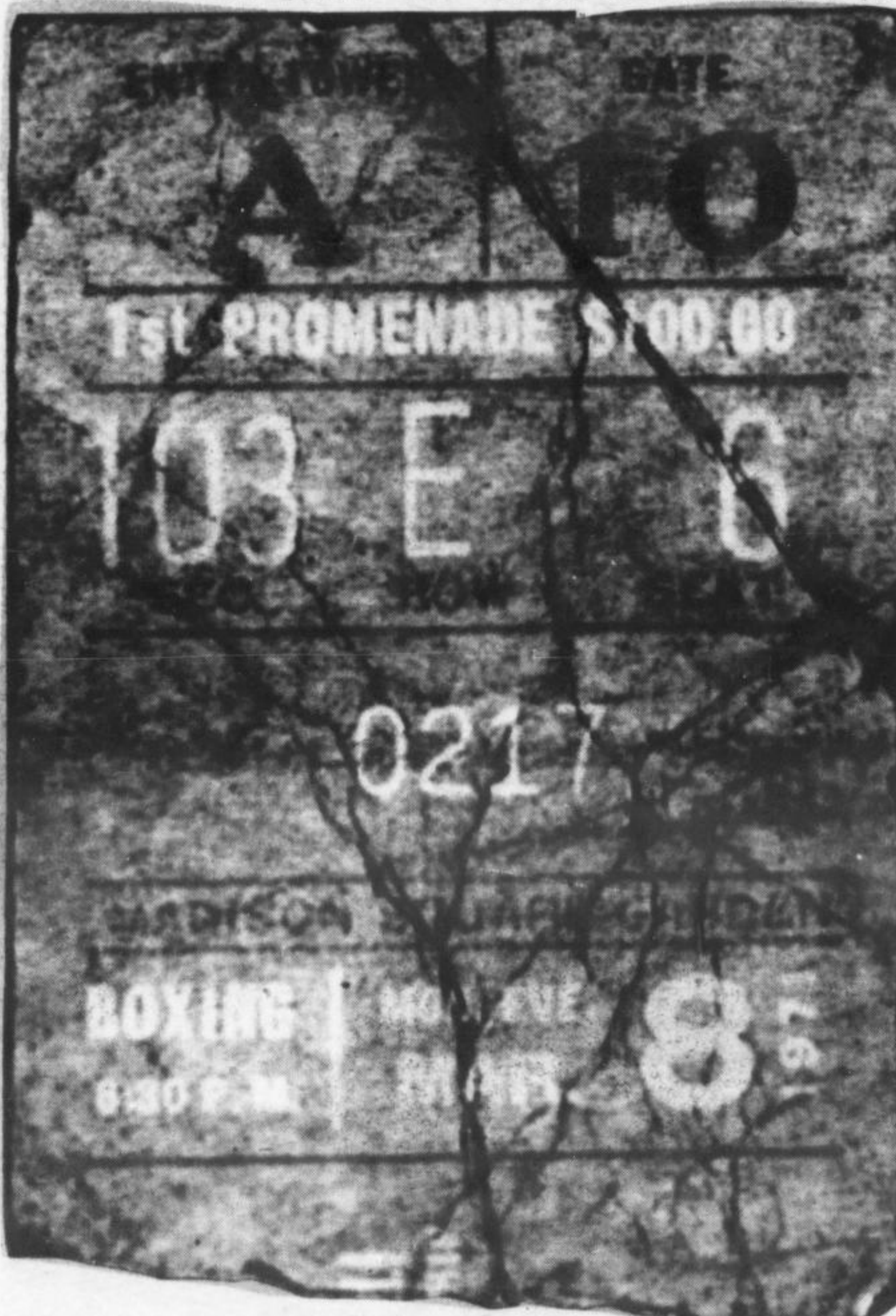
Round 2 saw him hit Frazier with a lot of shit with both hands, some of it after coming off Frazier punches and with Frazier coming in at him. At the end of round 3 Ali came back from everything Frazier could throw as he began to dominate the fight. He punished Frazier so much in round 5 that the only way jealous Joe could make something of it was to clown around by offering his chin, trying to psyche Ali out since he was just a tank and he could take a lot. By the end of the round Joe was thoroughly pissed off that nothing was going his way and so he awkwardly slapped Ali's shoulder at the bell, dumb gesture and dumb plagiarism. Joe took the 6th with some relentlessness in the ropes after Ali had playfully stuck out his left arm stiffly to hold him off with his reach advantage as he was beginning to show signs of getting tired. In the 7th he was less tired, Joe was the aggressor but Ali hit him with the most punches, solid jabs. The round ended with Frazier getting him in the ropes for the last 15 seconds and him letting him do it like he just don't care, like what's the diff?

The 8th opened with Joe mad, he got Ali into the ropes but he couldn't do anything effective at all so he pulled him off the ropes by grabbing his arms with both hands. Before that Ali had pointed at his body as a target for Joe and Joe's short body stuff seemed ineffective but he took the round anyway. Ali got his second wind in the 9th and was in command with solid lefts and rights that staggered Joe in various parts of the ring and did the same in the 10th. I had him ahead 8 to 2 at this point.

But in the 11th he got tagged and had to fake his way through the round and for the final 5 rounds it was a matter of whether he would last to get the decision he had already clinched. Joe was the aggressor most of the way but during at least the 13th and the 14th Ali toyed with him, really fuckin *toyed* with him, playing with the top of Joe's head. In the 13th he got his third wind and landed with some neat combinations as his jabs kept Joe away. There was a nice trade in the ropes in close. The 14th was mostly clinches but Ali landed *all* the combinations, every single one of them.

But then came the big 15th when Joe knocked the shit out of Ali with a great big left that put his man flat on his back with his feet up in the air. But he was too tired to finish it even though there was plenty of time to go. And his eyes were nearly closed from all the stuff he had taken to the face. The fight ended with Ali gald he had finished but obviously the winner by rounds. Like New York State doesn't use points, they don't give you anything extra for the big punches.

So then the shock of all shocks occurred when THOSE FUCKIN GODDAM BASTARDS THOSE FUCKIN ASSHOLE SONOFABITCHES SCORED IT 8-6-1, 9-6, 11-4 (?) FOR FRAZIER, JESUS FUCKIN CHRIST WHO THE FUCK WERE THEY KIDDING???? I mean that





FIGHT NIGHT

On March 8, 1971, people spent a lot of money on their backs and wheels. To watch and be watched watching these two men hit each other. All over the world. And when you come right down to it, wearing someone else's skin on your back is just tacky.

A Story by JILL FREEDMAN



PLAINUTS
GEE, WHAT A CUTE LITTLE GUY!!!
HA HA HA HA!!

I JUST WANT TO MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR... COME BACK HERE WITH MY BALL IMMEDIATELY!!

THE GODDAM ROTTEN LOUSY SONS A BITCHES!!!

THIS IS CRITICAL!

THEY'RE ALWAYS STEALIN' MY SHIT!!

WAH!!

THEY NEVER LET ME PLAY LITTLE DOCTOR

I'LL FIX 'EM! I'LL GROW UP TO BE PRESIDENT SOMEDAY!!

GRUNT

MEANWHILE, I'LL JES SHIT ON THE PITCHERS MOUND!

GET TH' FUCK OUTA HERE YOU MANGY MUTT!!

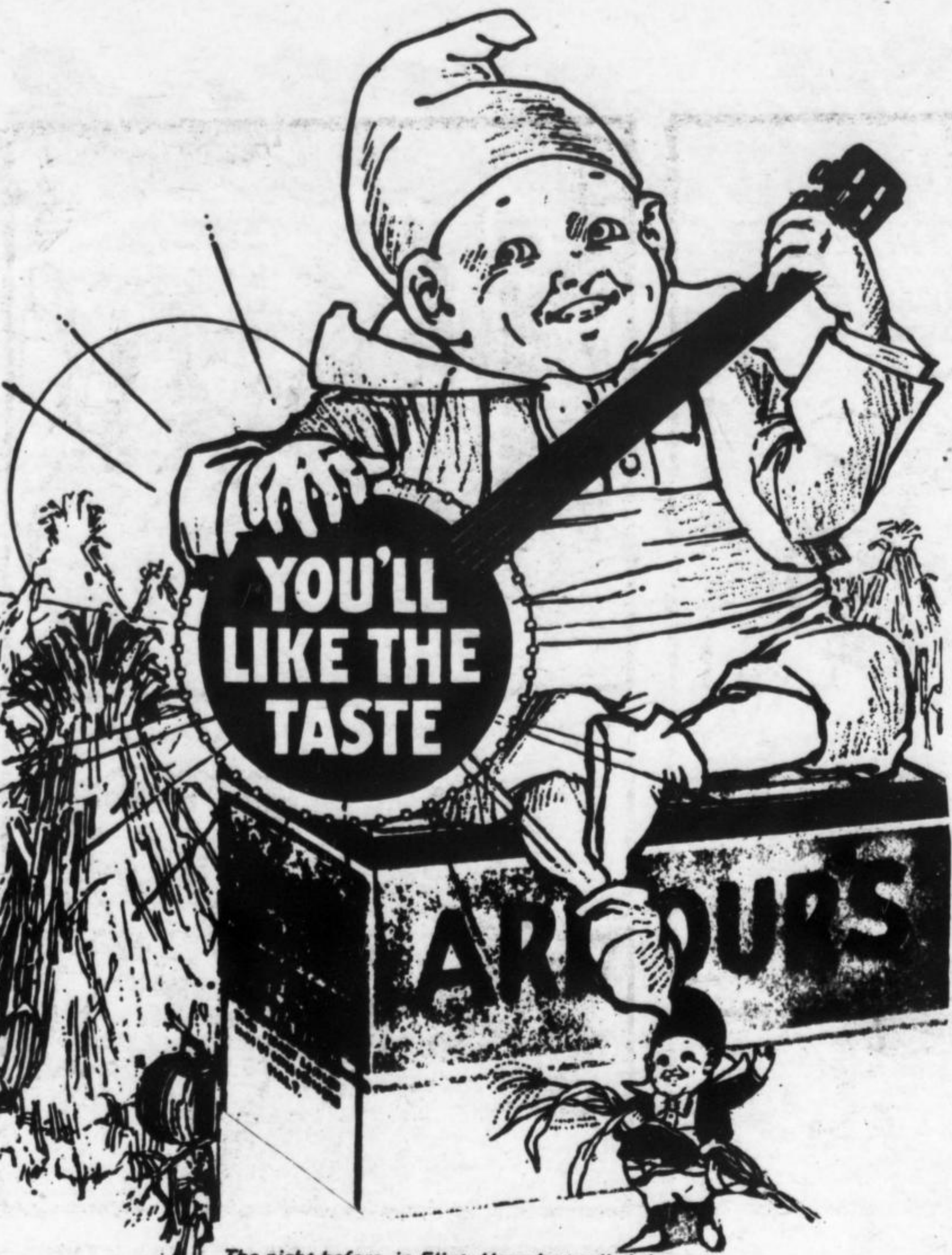
SLIP

SPLOP

RANT RANT SHREK

THEY ALL HATE ME BECAUSE I HAVE QUALITIES OF GREATNESS!!

SCHMURPHY



The night before, in Flint, Hope had called the war "a beautiful thing - we paid in a lot of gorgeous American lives, but we're not sorry for it." LIFE Jan. 29, 1971 **THE BOB HOPE KIDDY SWEET**

"I talk about money because people read things and they think, 'Boy, he's a rich fella!' Now I've done very well, I can't squawk about it, and I live very high, but with the taxes, you know... I've read that I'm worth \$40 million, \$35 million of it in property - which doesn't mean it isn't worth maybe three times that much if I sell it..."

"Would you like to go sometime?" Gray asked quickly. "It's not very comfortable, but I know you've been to Vietnam, and I know you sleep in tents."

Hope did not reply. When he goes to Vietnam, he gives his shows in the field, but at night he usually flies back to the Erawan Hotel in Bangkok.

Married for 37 years to a deep-down vaudevillian who was never a homebody, she has accepted the life-style, the separate arrangements, the awareness of his reputation as one of the cleverest Casanovas of Hollywood. "I think he's a great man," she says quietly. "No person living has the kind of unspotted life that is the perfect example of clean living."

"He knows where every nickel of his fortune is at any time throughout the world," says a grudging admirer. He recently signed his fifth five-year contract with NBC, which pays him a personal salary in excess of \$150,000 for each TV special including the annual show resulting from his trip to Vietnam.

"I do believe in a Communist conspiracy in this country. Don't you? We know we have a lot of problems in this country that have to be cleared up. You know, you see kids up on the Sunset Strip, up there for excitement, smoking this stuff, and 75% or 80% of them have social disease, see? I know an awful lot about this because I'm close to a lot of people in law enforcement agencies."

Little Bob Hopeless sat on his topless
Chewing his snides & lays
Along came a Weatherman & groped him in the heather, man!
& frightened poor Hopeless away

"The boeing in Vietnam? Honey, I'm glad you brought that up. Can I tell you how this happened...?"

Little Bo Hope has lost his fans
& dont know where to find 'em
Give 'em some boffs & they'll come home
Dragging their guts behind 'em

Tuli Kupferberg

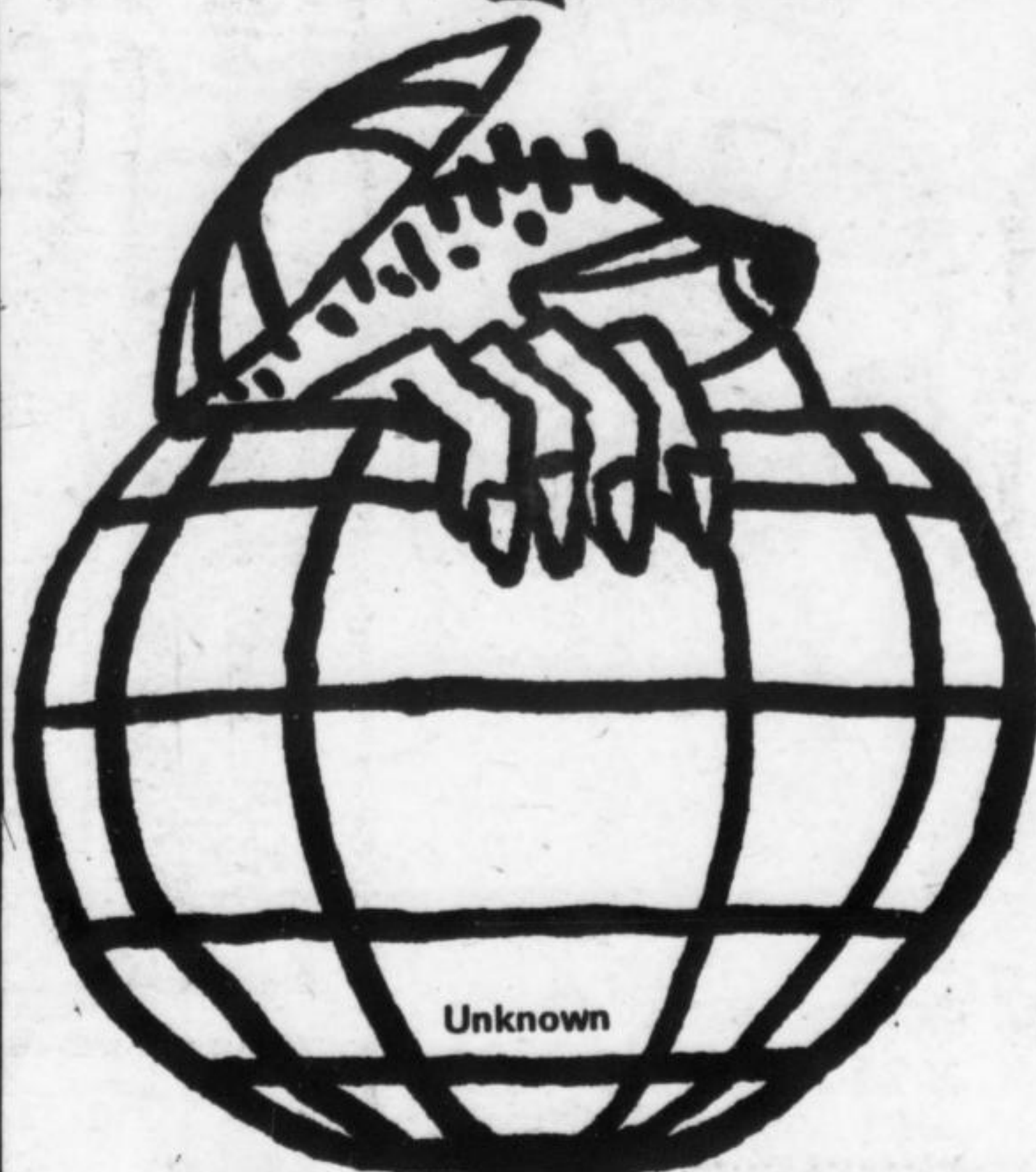
Bob Bob, Eisenhower's son
Stole the country
& away he run

Come into my theater said the comic to the fly
After the stripper I leave, you die

Bob Hope wd take no dope
His media straight, serene
They gagged the war between them both
& licked the blood bath clean

Little Robert Airy quite uncontrary
How does your fortune grow?
By jokes 'bout hips & tits
& Servicemen's filmed benefits
Thats how my fortune grows

PREPARE FOR



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- L.I. WOMENS Center [516] 922-9811
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- LNS 749-2200
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- NEWSREEL 565-4930, 31
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- L.I. Draft Counselling Center [516] WE-1-5765
- Greenwich Village Peace Center 533-8920
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- Military 732-9250
- Law Commune 677-1552
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- American Civil Liberties Union. 924-7800

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- DENTAL CLINIC, ST. MARKS BETWIX 2D & 1st Ave Mon.-Thurs. 7-10 PM
- 71 West 4th NYC
- Addiction Services Agency . UNKNOWN
- 12 East 12th Street NYC
- Horizon Center 691-1462

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS

- Inmates Liberation Front 427-7754
- Black Panthers 864-8951
- Breakfast Program 328-9911
- Young LORDS 533-7870
- Breakfast program 864-8951
- United Farmworkers Organ. Comm [516] 248-2495
- War Tax Resistance 477-2970
- Citizens for CLEAN AIR 935-1454
- for CLEAN WATER 677-0250
- for Constitutional LibertiesWA 9-6662

Until a community Switchboard Comes into being the free peoples of New York and the surrounding communities are encouraged to use the new community directory below.

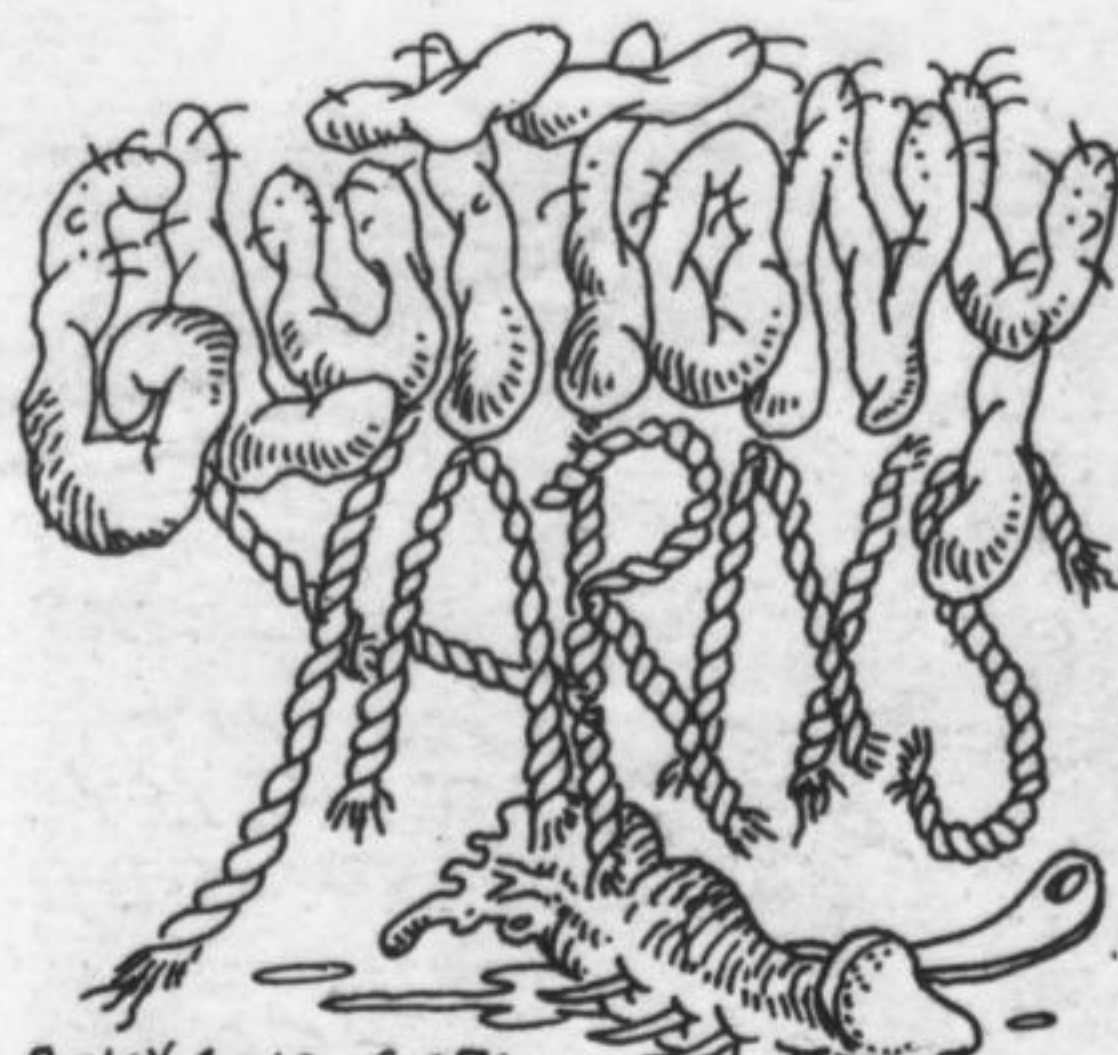
My time, bread and sources of information are limited. I need your help. This weeks list is directed towards the needs of the people in the Village mostly. I need numbers and addresses of organizations Uptown, all boroughs, suburban New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

If you have info., please call EVO. Have advice? Please write. Contributions gratefully accepted. The LOVE is (of course) freeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

They call me "Uncle" Chick!

Misadventure #43





GEORGES WAS A GLUTTON.....

BEFORE BREAKFAST, HE WOULD EAT A JACKAL... HE STARTED WEEK DAY MEALS WITH ROAST WASHING IT DOWN WITH A GALLON OF PORT. LAMB (OFTEN A Foe PIRATE OR A TART...)



G. CLAY WILSON. 1970.

AND THEN 100 SLICES OF MONK-MADE CRUSHED BARLEY BREAD, TUBS OF MUTATION GIANT CHERRIES...

HE WOULD SWILL DOWN 500 LITRES OF EEL SOUP SPICED WITH MUSKY STRUMPET GUNT JUICE...

ONE AFTERNOON, GEORGES WAS IN THE PROCESS OF FEASTING UPON A COVE SERPENT...



WHEN IN STROLLED THE CAPTAIN...

WHEN THE CAPTAIN SAT DOWN, GEORGES JUMPED UP WITH A SERPENT BONE...

AND SNAPPED THE MANS SPINE WITH IT, THE CAPTAIN DREW HIS SWITCH BLADE TOO SLOW...

GEORGES THEN DICED THE CAPTAIN AND PUT HIM IN TO BOIL...



AND LATER HAD CAPTAIN ON TOAST FOR SUPPER...

HE HAD JUST FINISHED, WHEN THE BOSUN CAME IN...

GEORGES SLUGGED THE BOSUN COLD...

A CLOP IN DA' CHOPS...



THE SAME PROCESS WAS DONE TO THE BOSUN... AND EATEN...

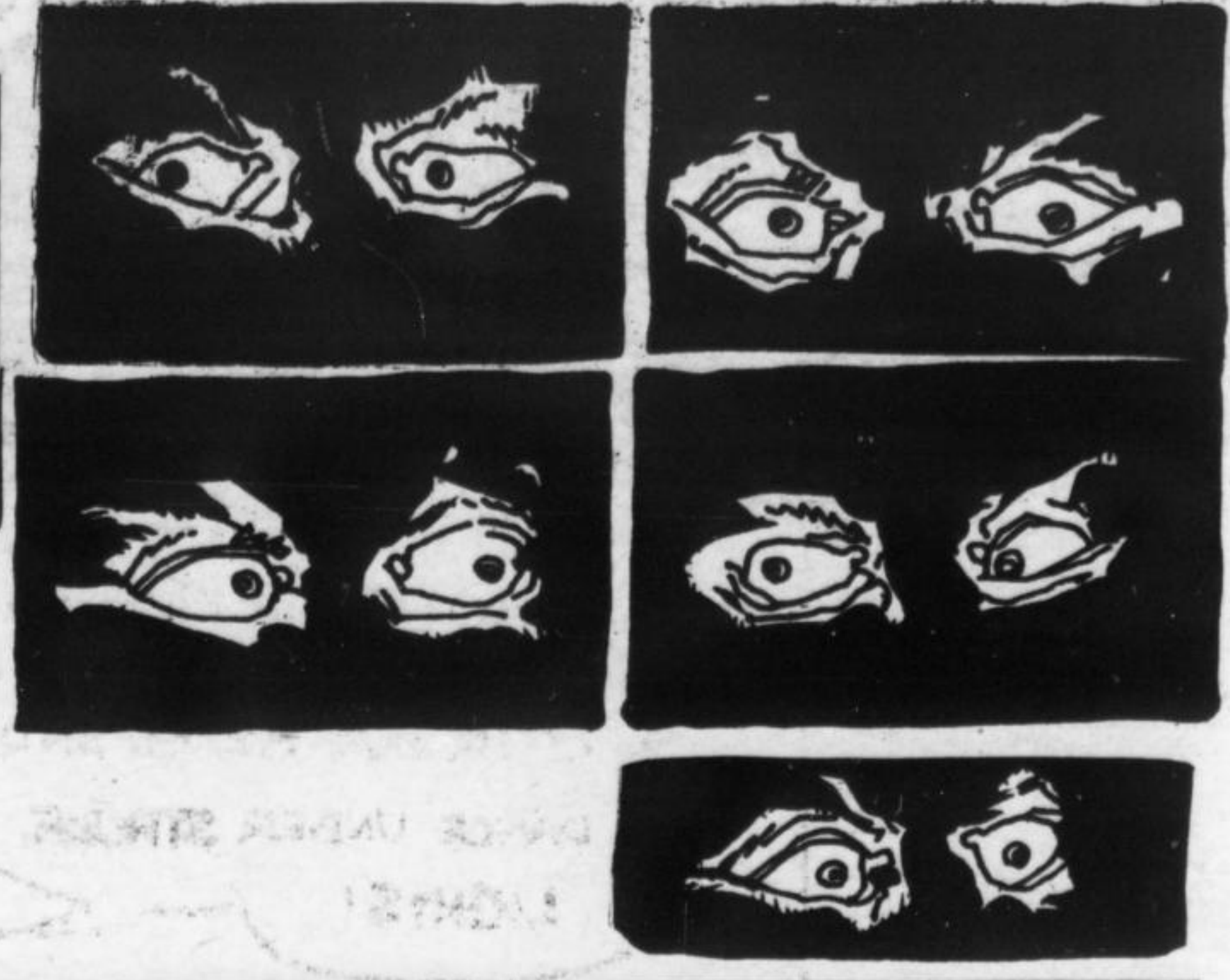
JUST THEN, THE WHOLE CREW AMBLED IN...

SO, USING A BIGGER POT HE DICED, BOILED, AND ATE THEM ALL... THEN LEFT THE SHIP... YEARS LATER, ALWAYS HUNTING FOR A JOB, HE FINALLY FOUND ONE ON A MERCHANT SHIP.

AFTER TALKING WITH GEORGES HERE I'VE FOUND THAT HES OUR MAN. TAKE THE SIGN DOWN...




FREE MARCH OFFER



To March subscribers *EVO* is offering a **FREE** copy of **ABBIE HOFFMAN'S 'STEAL THIS BOOK'**

A 350 pg handbook of survival & warfare for the citizens of **WOODSTOCK NATION**

steal this book



Abbie Hoffman

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ZIP _____

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DUNGAREES--JEANS--KNIT TOPS--JEWELRY

The GREATEST cont from pg.14

fucker who scored it 11-4 couldn't have been watching the same fight, he must've thought he was judging a ski jumping

event cause Ali took the first five rounds easy! I mean what is this shit, does sticking your head in the guy's belly give you the round because you remind them of Gene Fullmer who used to get away with the same shit? I mean it's one thing to appreciate artistry and it's one thing to ignore it and nobody expects them to appreciate it but when it fuckin dominates all the early rounds what the fuck were those cretins looking at? Jesus Christ!!!!!!

Before the fight Rocky said that his work in veterans' hospitals had led him to believe that were Ali to win half the boys in Nam would desert. Well shit man there was this fight around 1900 where Tom

Sharkey lost to Jim Jeffries and Sharkey was a navy man and when Jeffries got the decision navy guys rioted all over the place. Ali was that Sharkey in this fight but ironically (doubly ironically) he was the Jeffries too, the Jeffries who came out of a few years' layoff to face Jack Johnson and Johnson beat him. But Jeffries had been a great fighter and had he won etc. And of course Ali was Jack Johnson too. How many things can you be and not have them notice a thing?

WHAT A FUCKIN COSMIC RIPOFF!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

He won it 10 to 5, period. Doesn't anybody remember the second Dempsey-Tunney fight? Jesus, Dempsey hit Tunney with a hard motherfucker late in the fight and he had Tunney beaten and there was the long count and all but did anybody protest Tunney getting the decision just because Jack had gotten in one good one? No siree Bob. Put that in your hat and smoke it.

Home feeling Post Park Om Gala Ball (yourself) Organic mother provides food Lights by Psyche-light films to see Love to be Music donated by you Dance continues dance Springbirth our child Earthday our day Celebration our way Hotel Diplomat (Grand Ballroom) Sun March 21 Donation \$2.50 (if you can) 7 PM-midnite by HOME (Heart Of Man Eternal) 473-6104

SUZIE SLUMGODDESS

WHERE IS SHE NOW?

OOH, PEACE AND LUV, EVERYBODY! WE'RE ALL SO BEAUTIFUL! LET'S TRIP ON ACID AND PAINT FLOWERS ALL OVER OUR BODIES AND DANCE UNDER STROBE LIGHTS!

... AN' I DON'T WEAR A BRA AN' I'M A GROUPIE AN' PROUD OF IT AN' I'M ONLY FIFTEEN!

811 8966 SUZIE SLUM-GODDESS LIVED ON AVENUE C., WITH HER CATS AND HER I CHING

TODAY
WE FOUND SISTER SUZIE X AT THE BARRICADES...

RIGHT ON! OFF THE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY SEXIST PIG FORCES OF AMERIKAN RACISM! BOMB THEIR BANKS! UP AGAINST THE WALL, MACHO MUTHAFUKKA! FREE ANGELA DAVIS!

... AN' I'M NINETEEN NOW, AN' I STILL DON'T WEAR A BRA!

SUZIE SEZ...

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By
Jrma

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FIRST ISSUE: SET OF 12 CARDS
NAME - CHANGERS.
SEND TO: SET OF 12 CARDS FOR 1974

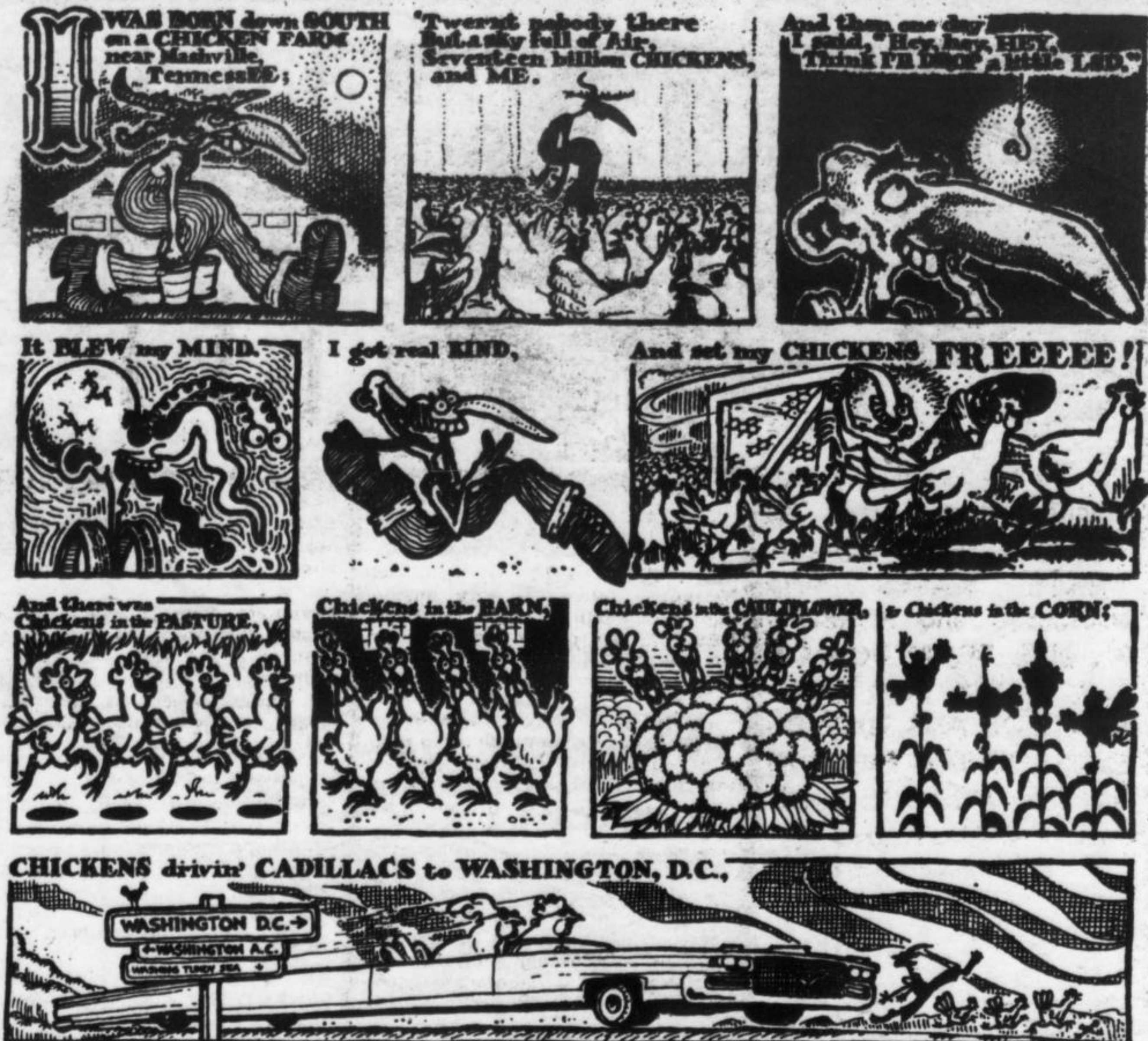
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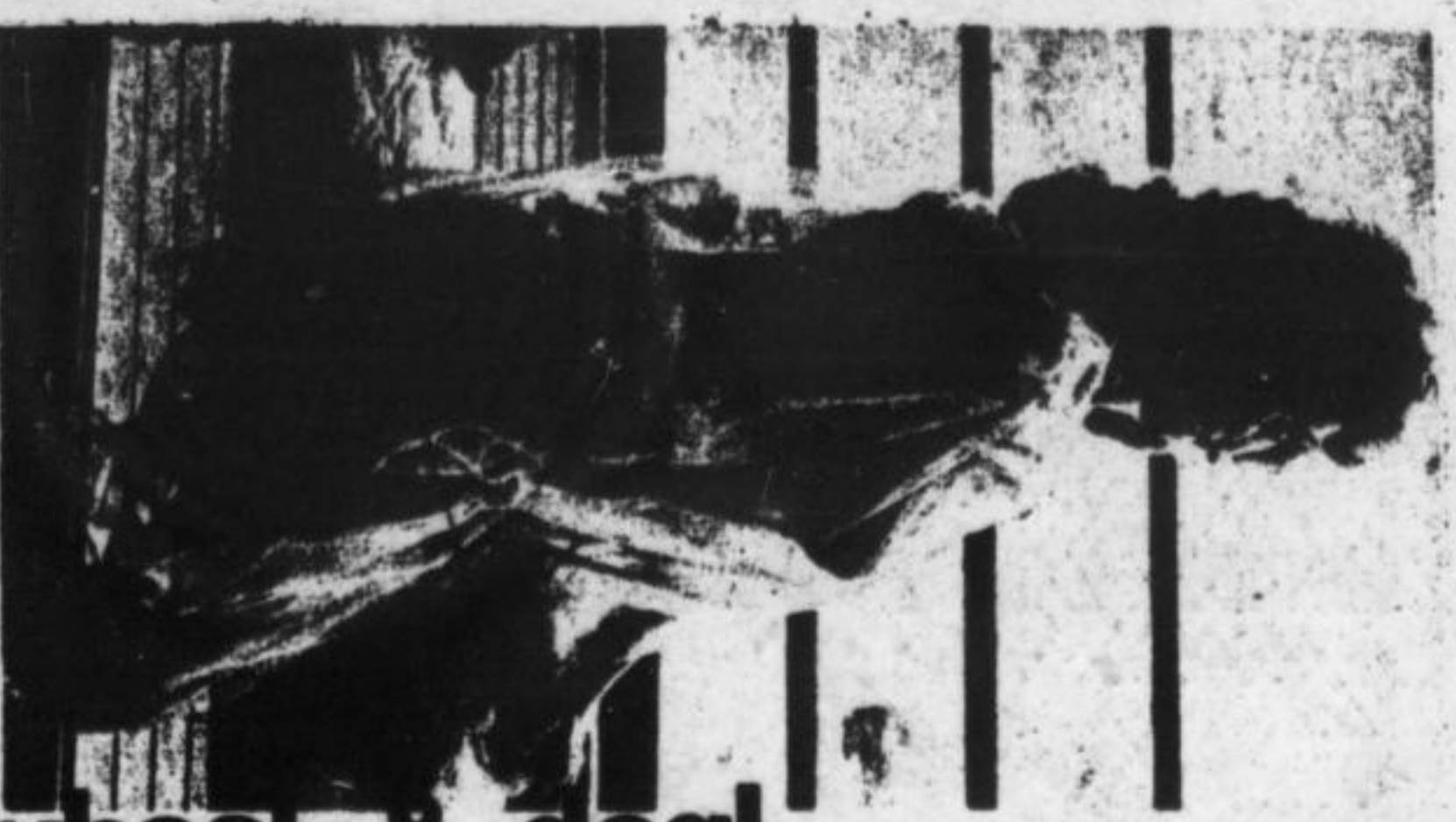
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Young boy seeks young boys under 23 for fun & friendship send photo to PO Box 163, Park Chester Sta., Bronx, NY 10462

Hear my Heart when ice conquers the fire & secrecy beguiles the mire Hear my Heart when digression devours a surprise & predication praiseth the disguise yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when the bird sacrifices a light & nakedness obscures the flight Hear my Heart when the candle screams with a sigh & a warrior finishes the sky yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when submission mingles with purification & serenity sings with limitation Hear my Heart when mercy unveils futility & opposition lingers with fragility yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

Hear my Heart when nakedness whispers to the stone & alienation evades a throne Hear my Heart when an exit enters the battlefield & a palace predicts the shield yu-2-4471 ORPHEUS JR.

I would like to meet any well built woman any age who has 48 or larger tits and can prove it. Write: Adv. Mgr. Box 274, Red Bank, N.J.

IMPERSONAL TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and... Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Archer, c/o AAA-] Service, 943 Columbus Ave., NYC. Please, gals only.

This is not an ad for sex. I am new to n.y. and know very few people: I am placing this ad because I would like to meet a woman or women of exceptional quality: not being cynical I feel it quite possible that such a woman would respond to this brief note. I am 28. tall, of athletic build, am found extremely attractive, spiritually and physically by many women, as I too find many women as attractive to me. I am attracted only by beautiful or very pretty girls who are not overweight — a conventional preference of questionable value, but mine none the less. I don't know what more really to say in a brief ad — I am good, warm, considered somewhat wild, fun, imaginative — I like a lovely lady. Well, if this is to you, I hope you will call — there are too many people passing alone through days and nights in this anonymous city. Michael: 989-4260.

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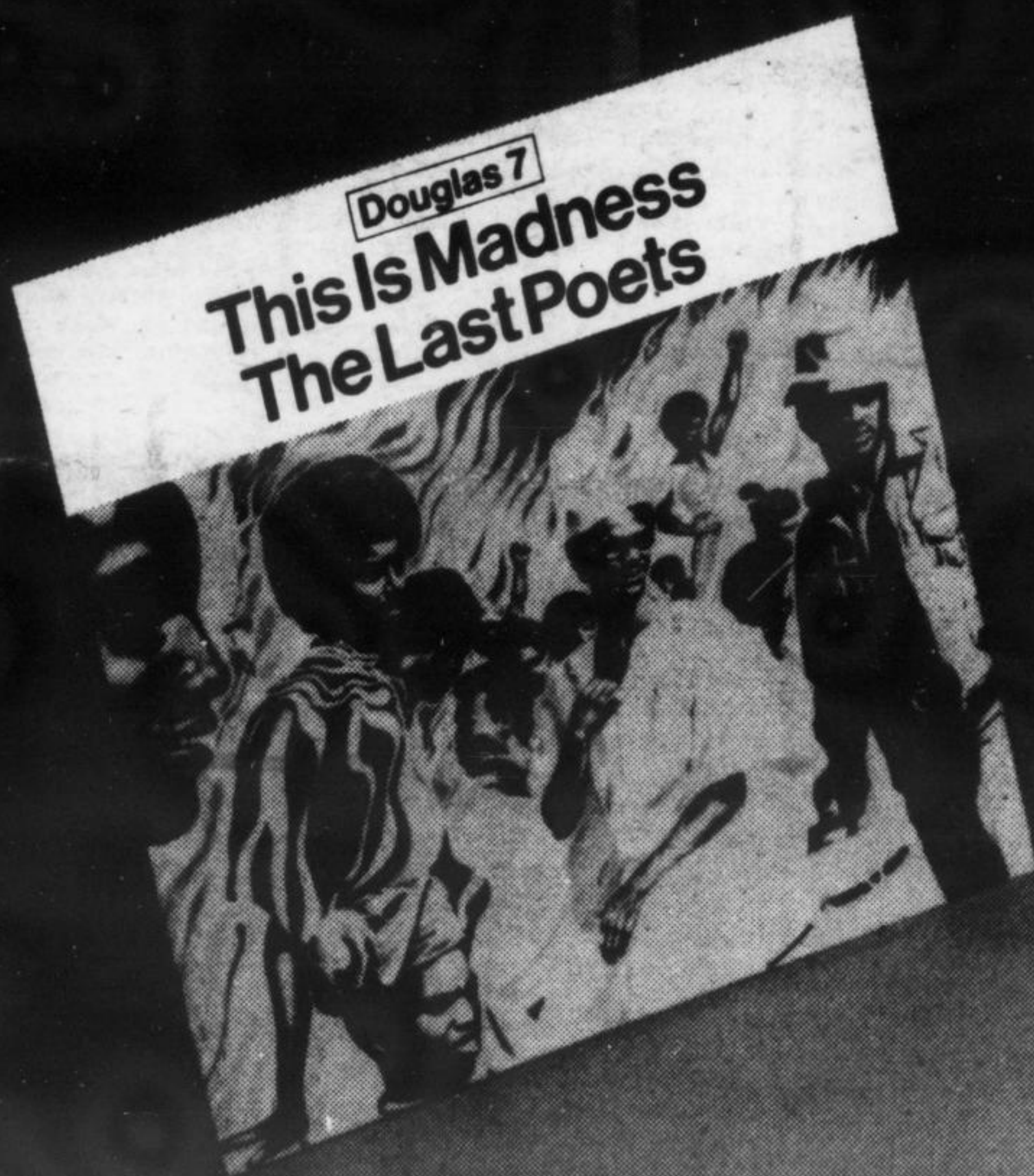
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