

east village **3-ARMS**

3-ARMS SEZ: Vol 16 #18 March 30, 1971



IT'S TIME TO PLANT THOSE SEEDS YOU'VE BEEN SAVING!

REMEMBER!



SELECT A PLACE WITH PLENTY OF SUNLIGHT. A SOUTH-FACING HILLSIDE IS FINE.



SEE THAT THEY HAVE ENOUGH WATER, BUT NOT SO MUCH AS TO DROWN THEIR ROOTS.



PLACE THEM ABOUT 16 INCHES APART FOR MAXIMUM BRANCH AND LEAF GROWTH.....



THEN HAVE A JOINT, BROTHER!!!



"GOD MIGHT HAVE MADE GRASS A TREE, OR RARE BUSH, BUT HE MADE IT A WEED THAT'LL GROW ANYWHERE! ALMOST LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING!"
~ CAPTAIN GREGG ~

AND DON'T FORGET WHERE YOU PLANTED THEM!!

25¢ NYC 35¢ OUT

Hilary.

The need to re-cycle our energies and economic resources was brought home to us during our latest sideswipe with economic catastrophe. It manifested itself most clearly in the 23 rejections by 23 publishers of Abbie Hoffman's "Steal This Book." It is a fact of life for every craftsman and artisan who is forced to sell his work for half the price due him. His alternative: starvation.

In view of the Depression, which has at long last filtered down to our hungry stomachs and the holes in our shoes, the necessity to relate realistically and effectively to our existence within the economic structure has become of prime importance.

We have to create our own means of production and means of distribution have to be organized. We can no longer afford to relate to a system whose prime purpose is to rob and deprive us of the fruits of our labor. It is a conspiracy destined to snuff us at their will. We must not allow it to happen.

Anyone with ideas relating to the above, please communicate with us.

Nothing but our survival is at stake.

Jack Kohn



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GENTLEMEN:

We are in the midst of the Revolution now. We are witnessing the rampant decay short-circuit and breakup of an international empire due to internal & external conditions: Economic instability, wars of liberation, dynamic changes in consciousness, spells and incantations of all varieties, internal guerilla warfare, and complex disruptive factors inherent in the technology itself. Murphy's Law: "The more fool-proof a system can be made, the higher the probability that, when one thing blows, EVERYTHING'LL blow." LET the CIA come down with its computers - their information-monopoly will reach critical mass that much sooner.

In the incredibly complex society of today, just now beginning to come apart at the seams, the number of possible ways of Revolution is staggering. We can learn from past revolutions, but we can't let ourselves be hypnotized & limited by them. A Revolution must take place, and is taking place, in the theory & practice of Revolution itself. As harmful as the Establishment itself are thevarious Revolutionary establishments who are not willing to expand beyond their own methods & ideology. Nobody is more limited in imagination & leaden with prejudice than an old-fashioned revolutionary who just wants *his* change to do *his* revolution in the Traditional Established Way & won't listen to anybody else. The Power Structure is just waiting for a revolution to happen in the Traditional Established Way - into the valley of death rode the six-hundred - that's all she wrote. The only way to keep ahead of the Power Structure & it's massive information Trust & "intelligence" system is to not know what you're going to do next *yourself*, half the time. We can learn a lesson from the jazzmen here - pure imagination in action, the only way to move in these quick slippery times.

Why are we doing the Revolution? In defense of the Earth and for the love of humankind. Any revolution based not upon these imperitives but upon the need to have an enemy is obviously nothing but a punk revolution. And the ways of Love are mysterious - no plan, no system, no map can fully set down this territory. Revolution begins in the heart & moves out from there, and if it ever loses its anchor in the heart i becomes a petty and a hateful thing.

As as the Old World dies a New World equally is born. This is the unalterable law: that all new life suckles at the breast of Death. How can we destroy the old without damaging the new? Should we export the Revolution and the hear that goes with it into areas wheret he death of the old is not yet apparent, where time is precious, where a beatiful new consciousness may be growing? Is the creation of total chaos in coeity to hasten its downfall a worthy course of action? Thank God we don't have to answer these question as if each of us were dictator of the universe & could attain exactly the goal we set out to attain. Thank God this is impossible. Whatever we do, the seasons take their course; whatever action we take, pro or con, for or against this or that, it is revealed in the end, when the fruits of all actions are harvested, that we were part of a pattern that none of us knew, that all our actions and those of our "enemies" were just an expression of the working out of that pattern, that we acted as much in ignorance as in light, because that's the nature of being alive and assuming the responsibilities & duties of being alive - to walk in ignorance, to act, and to find out. The Revolution a person must fight is determined by who he is and the situation he's in. The only decision he has to make is: Yes or No; and he has to make that decision every moment of his life. As there is a time to be born and a

time to die, so there is one man to kill and another to heal. An incredible amount of energy is wasted by those who want to sell one trip or another to everybody. Each man has his work in the Revolution before him right now; let us waste no more time accusing each other of wrong tactics & bad faith - it's all a mystery anyway. Let's just get to work.

I have a proposal: why not ask you the readers for ideas on tactics, methods, visions of REvolution? Ask them to send in their ideas, written up as short to the point as possible. Set a time limit, then publish the material in installments, or maybe in a special issue. Let other underground newspapers pick up on this letter & reprint it - Black Power - Yippie-Revolutionary Mystical-Ecstatic & Organic-Ecological papers alike - their editorial policies and circles of readership will determine what they get and what they publish. Why not a contest for the most Original Revolutionary Tactic? All groups should have a chance to contribute. We want to hear from Magicians, Mystics, Streetfighters, Lawyers & mad bombers, the whole spectrum, from those who think Revolution is standing in any city & firing in all directions to those who think Revolution quietly sipping a good cup of green tea & watching the sundown. To say "burn it all down," and to say "you should build not destroy," are both incredibly narrow-minded visions. The builders will build, the destroyers will destroy, and Nature will take her course. All methods of disruption, all opportuniteis for imagination & creativity, all ways of organization, all means of destruction, all outlets for joy, all motions of compassion - legal, anti-beareaucratic physical, magical, electronic & telepathic should be revealed to those prepared to use them, because we have faith in Man. I bet the computer programmers * & telephone employees know some whoppers. We especially want ideas for things that everybody can do. Ideas which require the services of small teams of partisans. Individuals with specific inside technical knowledge should communicate with individuals with similar knowledge, run their own underground schools, or work alone. We don't want to blow somebody's well-laid plans all over the face of the news. We want to see methods whereby large numbers of people can move to destroy, threaten, alter, purge, and renew society by their individual actions - ways people can act on levels that the Power Structure can't touch, or doesn't even believe in. All that can be revealed should be revealed now, to seed & set in motion our eollective imagination. The Power Structure's attempts to stop us will prove as disruptive to the Machine as our successes. AStral project into a computer & alter the programming in subtle ways? Everybody just happen to lose form 22B & then ask 'em to send another? And send 'em a new address every week? What if *everybody* did that? Deluge the cops with fake phonecalls? A million people all over the country call the same number at the same instant & then threaten to do it again? Mobile pirate radio stations? Wipe out the computers with magnets? Set the whole telephone network vibrating at 10 cycles per sec., the Alpha Wave Frequency brain stability & peace? the possibilities are endless. In San Francisco, a disc jockey on radio station KSAN asked everybody listening to concentrate & stop the union 76 clock on the bay bridge approach ramp. It stopped. Why not select a target? "Rouze up. O Young Men of the New Age! set your foreheads against the ignorant Hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the Camp, the Court and the University, who would, if they could, forever dispress the Mental & prolong Corporeal War."

REVOLUTION IS IMAGINATION:
BUST DOWN THE DOOR

WILLIAM CONTRABAND



NEWARK TEACHER STRIKE:

NEWARK



It's been a long cold winter for 3,100 members of the newly-formed Newark Teacher's Union (Local 481) who went on strike nine weeks ago and are now faced with fines, arrests, harassment, beatings and no pay. But while you're feeling sorry, shed a few tears for the 78,000 schoolchildren in the city whose lives have been disrupted by one of the most bitter, political, racial, greed-ridden and sordid school strikes in the history of American education. Of the 78,000 kids enrolled, upwards of 30,000 are now out of school, according to Board of Education president Jesse Jacobs who represents side A in the dispute: the administration of black mayor Kenneth Gibson. Jacobs feels the union is trying to grab power and establish itself as a major force, as Albert Shanker's did in New York. He says that as of the present moment, the board and union have agreed on a \$4 million-a-year wage and benefit package (for two years) but are still deadlocked over the question of whether or not the city's 4,000 teachers should have performed such "non-professional" chores as cafeteria duty, policing hallways, walking the kids to the school bus and supervising playground activities at the city's 84 schools.

"They don't feel teachers should do these things," he said. "If I am to believe they're going to want no responsibility at all, I just won't stand for it."

The money issue is clouded by the financial crisis of the city of Newark, which like most other urban areas this year, is facing slow, squeezing bankruptcy. The original package demand was somewhere in the neighborhood of \$10 million, which Jacobs said the city is absolutely unable to meet. Some of the items included a salary increase for teachers of \$500 the first year, \$400 the second year; a welfare fund of \$200 the first year, \$200 the second year; a raise for stenographers of \$225 the first year, \$225 the second year; an aid package of \$338,000 the first year, \$507,000 the second year; 15 sick days a year, full blue cross and blue shield coverage costing \$94,000 the first year, \$94,090 the second year; full retirement benefits at 42; tax immunity at a cost to the city of \$2 million a year; generous allowances for dental care, eyeglasses and automobile maintenance, plus cessation of the "non-professional" duties. These demands have outraged many black parents in the city who feel the teachers are less interested in education than in a

buck; conversely, the union claims its demands are intended to upgrade the quality of education in the city.

As might be expected, the past nine weeks have seen some bitter infighting. Three union members have been put in jail for violation of anti-strike injunctions, including president Carole Graves, who is black. The board has proclaimed that 3,000 striking teachers are "fired," and has levied fines totaling \$175,000. The union, accordingly, has charged that Jesse Jacobs is a ripoff artist from federal poverty programs, and that the school board and entire city government are filled with cronies of poet and black power spokesman Leroi Jones. They further charge that the board vindictively refused to extend last year's contract through the current negotiations, as is usually the custom. The old contract had been a harsh bite on the city budget, and many people feel Jacobs is trying this year to undo some of last year's gains at the expense of the schoolchildren. This contention is supported by a number of the city's white politicians who represent the large Italian voting block, most notably city council president Louis Turco, who according to one source is an old Addinizio man with possible designs on City Hall. The majority of white parents are behind the union also, as are the police and various other labor unions, particularly the AFL-CIO with which the N.T.U. is affiliated.

"They just don't want the blacks taking over the school system," says Newark resident Fred "Blade" Caruso (see this week's *Decomp*). "That's what the whole thing boils down to."

Several incidents of violence have already occurred. Some of the approximate 1,000 strikebreaking teachers (most of the schools are still open, though understaffed) have been dealt with by union members, who in turn, claim they have been beaten by "black goons." Just last week a local mother stabbed a teacher, was released on \$230 bail, and told reporters "I stabbed her, and if I could do it again, I'd kill her." Blade and I had gone to a meeting between teachers and parents presided over by Jesse Jacobs at City Hall a couple of weeks ago. The purpose was to give an up-to-the-minute account of the situation and hear arguments from various contestants. A number of black parents sat on the left side of the room, while a group of teachers, primarily Italian, occupied the right side.

The teachers were loud and raucous and were quick to stomp their feet and just generally raise hell when they heard something they didn't like. The parents were more subdued, but did not take any crap, and there were several threats and outright racial insults exchanged between both sides.

The most furious exchange came after a black parent got up and asked Jacobs several questions.

"The teachers are exempt from the draft because they teach in underdeveloped neighborhoods," the parent said. "Teachers who are out on strike can be drafted, their boards can be notified. Also, these teachers are picketing the schools illegally. Why don't they picket City Hall instead of harassing children at the schools, and why isn't the sheriff picking them up? I'd also like to know about the teachers with emergency certificates - are they fully qualified? And I'd like to know why there are 20 or 30 police in here tonight when people are being mugged in the streets."

"They're here for you," a white teacher screamed.

"You shut up," a black woman yelled.

"I wasn't speaking to you."

"You monkeys!"

"Guineas!"

"You sound just like your mother!"

"What did y'all say?"

"Why don't you get a job?"

"Yeah, we're paying the taxes, so what are you worried about?"

Several blacks were shouting back when a white woman got up and said, with real venom in her voice, "Can't you be quiet? You want the city and you can't even control yourself at a meeting. Wise up."

Jacobs answered the parent's questions then, one by one.

"The board will not tell anyone where to picket," he said. "We've merely asked the news media to stay out so the children won't be exploited. As far as draft boards go, we don't want to be vindictive. The board will not go on record as turning anyone in, but in the case of a query, we would have to tell the truth. There are some teachers working with emergency certificates now, and they are qualified. Of course those who are out on strike will have trouble getting back when the strike is over. As for the police, we asked for representation and this is what they sent. We would like to salute the teachers who are dedicated and still teaching in school. They show true interest in the children, and we're very proud to have them

continue. As for the city, madamn, we *have* Newark. We didn't ask for it, you gave it to us, and we're going to use it."

Mrs. Rippo, a teacher from the trade school, got up and said "It's not only a money issue, Mr. Jacobs. Other things are at stake. The board is trying to make it a money issue, but there are children in these schools. If you really cared, you would have negotiated. My question is why didn't you extend the contract when the children were in school?"

"We would have to get clarification of the language," Jacobs said. "We had no way of reacting to these proposals."

The teachers began booing again.

"We are not in a financial position to grant the raise they are asking for," Jacobs continued.

"City council President Turco said he supports the demands of the teacher's union," Mrs. Rippo said.

"I know," Jacobs said. "Sunday Mr. Turco went on record saying he is behind the teachers and supports their strike. He is talking out of both sides of his mouth. He cut our budget this year by \$5 million. The teacher's union is willing to settle for \$10 million. If the city council under the leadership of Mr. Turco wants to provide us with that money, we can settle the strike tomorrow. But until those monies are available, we aren't going to be able to meet their demands, and they will stay out."

There were several more exchanges, then city council president Turco himself appeared to rebut the charges. Some teachers escorted him to the front of the room, and he received warm applause from the right side of the room.

"President Jacobs," he said, "prior to my coming here, I understand I was accused of being hypocritical."

"That wasn't the word I used, but you set it up just right," Jacobs replied.

"The city council is accused. Let us examine the record. If you recall, 2 days before the strike I met with you to extend the present contract to avoid a strike. You would not. You said it would benefit teachers. I was accused of being a spy. Sir, you could have avoided the strike, but you are not concerned with children. You are interested in breaking the union. Despite denials, you are trying to take away what the teachers struck for last year. You are attempting to negotiate backwards. How your refusal to submit to binding arbitration is going to

help schoolchildren is beyond me. Sir, I am calling your bluff! Settle the strike! Where's the children? You made a remark that your money was cut - maybe you should also indicate that you had a surplus of 1.65 million. What about that?"

Jacobs turned and motioned to his accountant who gave this reply:

"We made up our balance last June. What we do is anticipate revenues from state aid, cafeteria sales, anything we get money from. The million dollars was made up of \$750,000 of added revenue that we didn't anticipate. But last year's strike cost money. As it is, we can't pay all of this year's bills. We have had to cancel orders."

"You come in for an emergency appropriation," Turco angrily applied. "Document your need, you'll get the money!"

"I'm happy to hear that, sir, we'll be coming."

"I want to see it documented," Turco said. "Every dollar should be checked. We want to see how every dollar was spent. The city has spent \$100,000 for an auditing of its books. We're checking up. We want to see every dollar!"

Turco finished and Jacobs gave his reply.

"Mr. Turco..."

"I would like to be addressed by my official title, president Turco, which is the courtesy I've extended you."

"Mr. Turco, I prefer to address you as Mr. Turco, in your initial statement you said extending of last year's contract would not benefit anyone but the Board of Education. The board is not interested in extending that contract, sir. Not one child benefitted from last year's contract. If being pro-children makes me anti-union, then you're damned right, I'm anti-union! I'm not trying to break the union. The union isn't that important to me. I have several unions to deal with. We said we wanted the language in last year's contract cleaned up. It's a dirty rotten contract with dirty rotten language, and dirty rotten proposals. You have asked several questions and made several accusations. Let me remind you that at Dom's 21 last month (An Italian-run restaurant and political hangout in Newark) you came to me and asked to have an employee of the school board released to work as your aid."

"Jesse Jacobs, you have issued one hell of a lie!" Turco screamed.

"It's not a lie."

JOYRIDE



by rayschultz

"Mr. Titus was..." "I did not say you asked him, you asked me. I will continue to tell you that you asked me."

"You're confusing me with someone else."

"Take him to court!" someone shouted.

"This shows what a really big circus this is," Turco said, "and the political sides you're playing."

There were several shouts and curses as Turco stormed out. Shortly after that, a black man got up and accused Turco of being a racist, to which the teachers replied they were not going to sit and listen to that kind of bullshit, and they got up *en masse*.

In the hall, there were some threats of violence exchanged, particularly between one black woman and several white women who were leaving.

But this is only one incident. The other day, I showed up at 3 William Street in Newark where the union teachers rally each day before getting in busses and going off to picket schools. The building is occupied by associated labor unions of the AFL-CIO. I spoke to Ron Polanski, who told me he is "strike leader."

"Are you a teacher?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "I'm the organizer. I went to college. You know what college I went to? The Newark College of organizing, hah. hah, hah!"

Polanski was a short fellow with long hair in back and sideburns, and wearing shades and a black sweatshirt. He got onto a bus with 40 or 50 teachers and issued directions to the driver who kept affirming that he was "pro-union."

"I know how it is," he said, "when the scabs are making money and you're not working."

"What's the main issue of the strike?" I asked Polanski as the bus pulled off.

"That's a stupid question," he said with some rancor. "You fucking newspapers should check it out before you come. The issue is simple. The Board of Education is trying to bust the union. This is the first time in labor history that management wouldn't extend contract to the people they were negotiating with. They've put three people in jail on us. But they're gonna learn they can't bust the union. This is a strong union. We're real strong."

"We're doing alot better than we thought we would. It's amazing that we've been able to hold out for 9 weeks. We're only a year old, we don't have strike benefits. We've got 300 teachers on welfare, some are collecting

food stamps, they're taking part-time jobs, anything they can do. One is actually raking leaves. Jesse Jacobs is really sick. He's got this thing about breaking the union. They've fined us - but I'd like to see them try to collect. We're too strong. They can't break the moral of teachers." "What kind of community support do you have?" I asked.

"Alot support us," he said. "More than we expected, but there's some sore areas. The community is not ready. It's not organized. It's not one and the same thing like it is in New York. But the day will come when we work together."

"About the thousand teachers still working?"

"Scabs!" someone shouted. "Do they belong to the union?" I asked.

"Not all of them. This isn't a closed shop," Polanski said. "If you start with the assumption that all people are immoral, then you've got to expect people will continue working and making money, but we've got more than we expected. We're real strong."

"What kind of support to you have from the black community?" I asked.

"Black people? We've got plenty of black people. Carole Graves is black. She's in jail. There are two or three black teachers on this bus. There's one. Look at me. I'm black."

He extended his arm. It was white as Queen Elizabeth.

The bus drove through the middle-class neighborhoods of the North Ward, a heavily Italian district. The teachers were in a rowdy mood. Many were wearing "Free Carole" buttons, several had long hair, and most of them were fairly young. They were very militant.

"We should just jump down on a couple of schools, raise some fuss, then pull away real quick," one of them was saying.

"We've got to hit the bank," said a man who seemed to be Polanski's bodyguard.

"After it closes?" "YEah, they'll be there to cash their checks. They'll come out and we'll be waiting for them."

"Hell, they'd laugh at us after they've just cashed their checks," Polanski said. "We've got to hit them *before* they go into the bank. That'll really get them."

The bus pulled up at Ridge Street school, an old elementary school in the North Ward. The teachers piled out of the bus screaming "Scabs! Scabs! Come on out, scabs!"

They lined up in a circle and began picketing. Some of them carried signs. Every time a head

would appear in a window of the school, they would yell "Scab! Scab!"

Two or three kids, about 11 years old, were standing on the side dribbling a basketball and smoking cigarettes.

"What do you think of the strike?" I asked them.

"It's great. Keep it going."

"Do you have to go to school?"

"No, but most of the kids do."

"What do you think of the teachers who are still working?"

"Arrrrghhhh" one of them said.

"Finks."

"Take them away."

Suddenly a couple of teachers threw eggs at the building, then they splattered several, on windows, on the doors - a couple were lobbed in openings, wherever one could be found.

Polanski rounded them up and got them into the bus and off we went. The bus bombed around for awhile, up streets and down others, then we came to another school, Elliot Street school, a larger building. Polanski and two or three others entered a parking lot on the side and threw eggs on the strikebreaker's cars. Stickers were placed on the bumpers. "I am a scab." A couple of tires were slashed. Out in front, the teachers picketed and yelled and rained eggs every place they could score a shot. Suddenly the lights went off in a classroom on the first floor - I looked in and saw two teachers leading a group of 6 or 7 year-old kids out of the room. They looked scared. In the very next window, an elderly man who appeared to be the principle was making a phone call.

"They're calling the police," someone said. "Keep it moving. We got to get out of here soon."

A union member went to the entrance of the school, put a key in a slot that was on the side, and ringing bells in the school. The principle came to the entrance. He opened the door a bit and stood there, and the union member retreated laughing. An egg hit the door where the principle was standing, then another, then another. A beautiful hit broke right above his head and dropped a couple of pieces of shell into his hair. Then a whole egg splattered again above his head, and this time he was showered with yolk. He stood there and grimaced and did not say anything, he just maintained.

Then Polanski said "Let's get out here," as a police car appeared around the corner.

The bus pulled away. There was high excitement about the cop. They referred to him as a

"bull." The bus picked up some speed and turned onto a main highway. The cop followed close behind. The bus made a quick turn around a corner and the cop followed. There was great laughing and shouting on the bus. A traffic light came up, the cop had to stop, the bus was able to continue. Then we saw him about a car behind us, then he inched up closer. Going down a main drag we passed an ambulance that said "North Ward First Aid Service."

"Imperiale," one of the teachers said. "He's out."

The man driving the wagon did look like the vigilante-lead. The ambulance went into a gas station and started to make a U-turn. We were moving too fast, though, and it didn't follow. The cop did his best, however.

"We shouldn't throw eggs at the buildings," someone said. "It makes us look worse than we really are. Save the eggs for cars and scabs."

"That's right. Cars and scabs," Polanski repeated.

We were going down another main drag now and the cop was giving full chase. Suddenly, the bus made one of those turns that seems a physical impossibility except in gangster movies. It swung around a crossroad to the right, a 45% turn backwards, almost in a complete circle, then barrelled up the narrow street, up an incline. The cop kept going down the main drag at full speed.

"We shook the cop!" the teachers screamed. "A fucking bus shook a cop!"

We made another radical turn in this neighborhood which was black and run-down, then another turn, then down a street that led us out further on the main drag we had been on. As we reached the corner the cop was just then passing by, heading to a corner to the right of the bus.

"Turn left!" someone shouted, and the driver did so to excited shouts. The bus lurched to the left in the complete opposite direction to the one the cop was traveling in. Then another quick right and were going through another middle-class neighborhood. Another cop picked us up somewhere the line; he was no doubt radioed. But we had reached our destination, the Broadway school, one of those split-level suburban schools. Class was just getting out and there were hundreds of black junior high students milling around outside, waiting for schoolbuses. They seemed to be in a state of high excitement, but it was more of a jubilant

nature than angry.

"Leave the signs in the bus," Polanski instructed his people, "and don't get caught with the eggs."

The teachers got out and stood in different spots, across the street and in front of the school with the students. It was a very cluttered scene. Some workers came out of the front of the school and the union people began yelling "Scabs! Scabs!", then stopped because the people

were only maintenance help, not deserving of scorn. The students were highly exciting. They seemed to support the striking teachers but you couldn't really tell. A cop came up to a teacher and chatted with him in a friendly manner.

"We'd have more men here," he said, "but we had to take care of the kids downtown." "Oh yeah? What happened?"

"They took over the ninth floor of the Gateway Hotel. There were about 200 of them. They weren't really doing anything but we told them look, you either leave or we arrest you. They left. It's funny because I thought they supported you."

"Yeah," the teacher says. "They're supposed to be behind the union."

A couple of rocks were thrown in the air, and one hit a car, another landed near some teachers. There was no telling who threw them or who they were meant for. Then the cops formed a protection squad and started leading the strike-breaking teachers out of the school, two or three at a time. The students piled around on the sides of the walkway, then just crushed in, jostling the teachers and cops, a furious scene with 300 people running across the highway at once in a clustered, screaming herd. The teachers hunched as they moved in the center of this swirling mass. A couple of them were being protected by kids, younger than the ones who were doing the shoving. One or two rocks were thrown.

Then the cops went back to the school, and the kids quickly moved after them, then another wave of teachers came out. This time I sort of got in the center and was walking side by side with a strikebreaking teacher, a young fellow of about 22, very serious and straight-looking. We were being hustled along at an incredible pace, almost an open run. The students were slamming in around us.

"Why are you working?" I asked him.

(Continued on Page 21)

SCREW TWO GETS SCREWED

Officers from the Public Morals Squad arrested James Buckley, the publisher of the magazine SCREW, in his office last Tuesday afternoon, charging him with the publication of obscene material; the editor of the paper, Al Goldstein, was also arrested later that day when he appeared at the Tombs, of his own free will, to inquire about Buckley. Both men were held in the Tombs until their arraignment that evening, after which they were released on their own cognizance. The arrests were made the day after the publication of a 'Special Comics Issue' of SCREW, a weekly periodical. The issue featured artwork from several 'underground comics,' one of which, called ZAP COMIX No. 4, was convicted in New York of obscenity charges a year ago. Sources close to the newspaper speculated however that the police would have arrested Buckley and Goldstein on that day in any case, regardless of what was published in that week's issue, because the day before the arrests were made, Buckley and Goldstein were convicted in a Manhattan court of obscenity charges growing out of a previous series of arrests made two years ago. 'They were only waiting,' postulated a SCREW writer who begged to remain anonymous, 'for the unfarvoable decision to come down before they kicked our asses again.' Other persons claimed that the new arrest was another attempt by the District Attorney's office to harass newsvenders into refusing copies of SCREW. The following day, an undisclosed number of newsdealers were arrested by Vice Squad officers on charges of selling obscene material, and copies of SCREW. Buckley and Goldstein profess reluctance to speak to members of the press about the new arrest, until consultation with their attorneys. Goldstein however asked to go on record expressing confidence in SCREW's eventual triumph over all dirty low-down running dog treacherous fink maneuvers of this sort: 'And are we ever gonna knock 'em dead,' he smiled inscrutably, 'when we publicly admit to the murder of Judge Crater.'

POLICE RAID HOMES OF RADICALS IN SAN JOSE

SAN JOSE, Cal. (LNS)-- Claiming to have warrants for two San Jose students, a raiding party of 15 policemen stormed into a Pierce Ave., home the night of March 11 with guns drawn. Spraying mace at the occupants, the police rifled through the files and personal belongings of the commune, all members of the San Jose Liberation Front. The police illegally confiscated two shotguns and a rifle and arrested Craig Shubert and Werner Becker. This was the first in a series of three raids resulting in seven arrests. Twenty San Jose residents have been arrested within a week in what appears to be a coordinated effort by the police dept., the District Attorney's Office and the San Jose State College Administration to put a lid on radical activity in the town, still smarting from the uproar over Nixon's infamous visit. After the Pierce Avenue bust, Assistant DA Wolf led his agents to a Fifth Street home where members of the San Jose Liberation Front and the Revolutionary Union were meeting, and demanded entrance to the house. When the occupants asked for a warrant, the police kicked in the door. Both uniformed and plainclothes cops burst in and ordered everyone to put their hands up. The police handcuffed and arrested Danny O'Neal, Jodi Forrester and Gino Varadan. Again they searched the house without a warrant and confiscated two legal firearms. The raiding party then went on to the home of some San Jose City College students and kicked in their door looking for a member of the Radical Action Movement (RAM). They also went to another house of RAM members but apparently couldn't find who they were looking for. The Thursday night raids came the day after four people had been busted at San Jose City College. All four were "non-students" and were charged with trespassing and because their presence "might cause a disorder." Only the week before, students from San Jose State had protested the presence of on-campus recruiters from Standard Oil and Owens-Corning Fiberglass, two businesses involved in war related research and production. At that demonstration police attacked and busted 13 students.

RAM

Spring Action Calendar

April 2-4 - TRIBUTE IN ACTION TO DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR' - A series of local actions demanding 'Freedom from Hunger, War, and Repression,' called nationally by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the National Welfare Rights Organization.

APRIL 10 - Women march on Pentagon in solidarity with women of Vietnam and the people of Southeast Asia.

APRIL 19-23 - War crimes tribunal, White House vigil, and other actions in Washington, D.C., sponsored by Vietnam Veterans Against the War. b.

APRIL 24 - Massive mobilization in Washington co-sponsored by the National Peace Action Coalition, demanding immediate withdrawal from Indochina, a guaranteed annual income of \$5500, and freedom for all political prisoners.

MAY 1 - Youth festival for peace in Washington (camping facilities will be available).

MAY 2 - Peaceful rally in Washington, D.C. sponsored by Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLS), People's Coalition, National Welfare Rights Organization and Mayday Movement. Poor people's mule train arrives. Movement center opens.

MAY 3-4 - Sustained nonviolent civil disobedience (under regional leadership) and disruption in Washington.

MAY 5 - Issue call to Joint Session of Congress to deal with demands. People march to Capitol. Camp out around the Capitol.

MAY 16 (Armed Forces Day) - Local actions in solidarity with the GI movement.

IT WAS THE WRONG APARTMENT: CHICANO COUPLE SHOT IN THEIR HOME

DALLAS' Texas (LNS) - A Chicano family in Dallas, Texas was fired on and seriously wounded in a police attack on their home recently. The police later admitted that they were entirely innocent; it was all a mistake, the "wrong apartment." They used the excuse of a search for someone else to justify the attack. At one o'clock in the morning on Feb. 19, the Dallas police - not in unburst through the door of the apartment of Tomas Rodriguez. Rodriguez, his wife, and their eight children were there. When Senor Rodriguez moved to protect his family, police shot him down. Senora Rodriguez, who is five months pregnant, was also gunned down. Now, seriously wounded and hospitalized with gunshot wounds, Tomas Rodriguez has been charged with "assault to murder with malice" for defending his home. He has also been chained to his hospital bed. When protests were made, police said "It is required by law" to chain him - because of the police charge. He has been refused bond and held incommunicado.

BRITAIN SENDS WASPS TO SOUTH AFRICA

NEW YORK (LNS) - The British government recently announced that it will sell military helicopters to South Africa, despite the threats of several Black African nations to withdraw from the Commonwealth if the deal goes through. The order will be for seven WASP helicopters. British officials expect them to be used in anti-submarine work off of three frigates that Britain has already sold South Africa. They say that "the increasing Soviet naval presence in the Indian Ocean" is the reason for the sale.

STEWARDESSES TO KEEP EYE OUT FOR DOPE: SMOKE IT UP BEFORE YOU LAND

NEW YORK (LNS) - Stewardesses on most airlines have been instructed to watch for people smoking dope on flights, one stewardess related. They were told that if they happen to see smoking going on, they should notify the captain. He then calls the FBI and if you're still holding when the plane lands, you get busted.



NEWS

BLACK AIRMEN CHARGED WITH ARSON IN OKINAWA

'NAHA AIR FORCE BASE, Okinawa (LNS) - Four Black U.S. airmen at Naha Air Force Base in Okinawa face charges of arson that could bring them up to ten years in the brig. Airmen Spears, Love, Pugh and Bozeman are going through pre-trial hearings in a case charging them with setting a fire in the barracks of three white airmen on the night of December 12. In the pre-trial investigation, the government's one prosecution witness, Airman Alston, made five different statements riddled with inconsistencies. In his first statement, made on Dec. 14, he stated he did not know who set the fire. On the evening of Dec. 24 he drank heavily and rampaged through the barracks threatening men with swords and mop handles. He blacked out for several hours that night and at 6 o'clock the next morning made a statement to the Office of Naval Investigation saying that the four men did indeed set the fire. He then spent four days in the hospital, where he made another statement on Dec. 28. Another version was made in a pre-trial investigation on March 1. The four airmen can all account for themselves at the time of the fire. Love was with a friend in Naminoue, a section of Naha, where he was seen by three MP's. Spears, Pugh and Bozeman were also in Naminoue and have a witness to so testify that they left the barracks. Alston claims that he saw these airmen in the room of the fire and heard them planning to set the fire about midnight. Alston had been looking for a friend of his and claims that he asked another friend, Ballard, where he was. Airman Ballard works a 12 to 7 shift at a post a bus ride away from the barracks. He had signed in by 11:45 o'clock. They airmen feel they are being harassed because of participation in discussion groups about racism and the military. They are being helped by anti-military civilian counsel.

MIAMI POLICE PREPARE FOR GUERRILLA WARFARE

MIAMI, Fla. (LNS) - Warning that Miami faces the 'specter of urban guerrilla warfare,' Police Chief Bernard Garmire has recently armed his patrolmen with shotguns and put 24 attack dogs on full time duty with the men. During the past two years, three policemen have been shot to death. Another was wounded several days before Garmire gave his current orders.

GI PETITION BASED ON PANTHER PROGRAM DISMISSED

ALMEDA COUNTY, Cal. (LNS) - Federal Judge Robert Schnacke has squashed a black marine's petition for release from military service. The marine, Bobby Evans, had based his petition on the Black Panther Party's proposition that all black men should be exempt from a military that fights colonial wars. Evans charged that officers in his detachment at Alameda Naval Air Station had been distributing racist cartoons and using him as a black showpiece. Judge Schnacke, who is a member of the "for whites only" Elks Club in San Mateo and the Mason Club in San Francisco dismissed Evans petition calling it frivolous.

PRINTER TURNS UNDERGROUND COPY OVER TO IOWA'S F.B.I.

GRINNELL, Iowa (LNS) - Pterodactyle, Grinnell College's underground newspaper, is suing the S-R Publishing Company for stealing copy and photographs from the newspaper and turning them over to Iowa's Bureau of Criminal Investigations agents. The publishing company pretended to print the paper, but instead, turned the material over to the BCI who in turn delivered it to Iowa's Attorney General. For additional information contact Henry Wilhelm at (515) 236-6971 or John Hedges, 1310 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa, phone (515) 282-6846.

7.5 DRAFT-BOARDS BOMBED EACH MONTH; AND OTHER DRAFT NEWS

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) - In the past three years, an average of 7.5 bombings and destructions of state draft board files have occurred each month. This year the Selective Service plans to start a massive computerized "central registrant date bank" that would contain the names, whereabouts, and other additional information not yet disclosed, of all the nation's young men. Selective Service Press Officer Ken Coffey denied that the decision to computerize draft records had to do with file destruction incidents. When asked what would happen if the central data bank were blown up, Coffey said that it would be impossible because the components of the computer were to be spread around in various locations in the Washington area. The data bank plan was announced at a Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights hearing which, according to Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr. (D-NC) was called "because it is clear from the complaints being received by Congress that Americans in every walk of life are concerned about the growth of government and private records on individuals." Selective Service Director Curtis Tarr disclosed his agency's plans in answering Senator Ervin's survey measuring government agencies' collection of information about private citizens. Tarr contended that the data bank was needed to "make more efficient management decisions." In related news, the Selective Service announced the April draft call to be 17,000 all to the Army. Random sequence number 100 will remain to highest number local boards may call to fill April draft calls.

CANADIAN POLITICAL PARTY CALLS FOR LEGAL GRASS

NEW BRUNSWICK, Canada (LNS) - Thirty delegates at a New Brunswick New Democratic Party meeting in St. John recently voted to support the legalization of marijuana and called for its sale in government operated stores. If the resolution is approved at an upcoming provincial convention, it will be adopted to the party's national platform.

NO UNCLE TOMAHAWKS

NEW YORK (LNS) - A survey of Indians living on state reservations has revealed that "15 percent thought we should get out of Vietnam - while 85 percent thought we should get out of the United States," according to N.Y. Assemblyman Joseph Rielly, chairman of the subcommittee on Indian Affairs.

At San Jose City College rallies are permitted only on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 11 a.m. to noon. SJCC students refer to this as the "two hours of free speech a week rule." On March 8, which was a Monday, various campus groups sponsored an International Women's Day celebration. It was this peaceful rally - students had the audacity to schedule it on an off-day - that evidently "provoked" the police and college administrators to make the busts. Political defense for those who were arrested is expected to run into thousands of dollars. Please send contributions to William James, San Jose Legal Defense Fund, P.O. Box 8301, San Jose, California 95125.

BIOLOGICAL WARFARE RESEARCH GOES

ON & ON

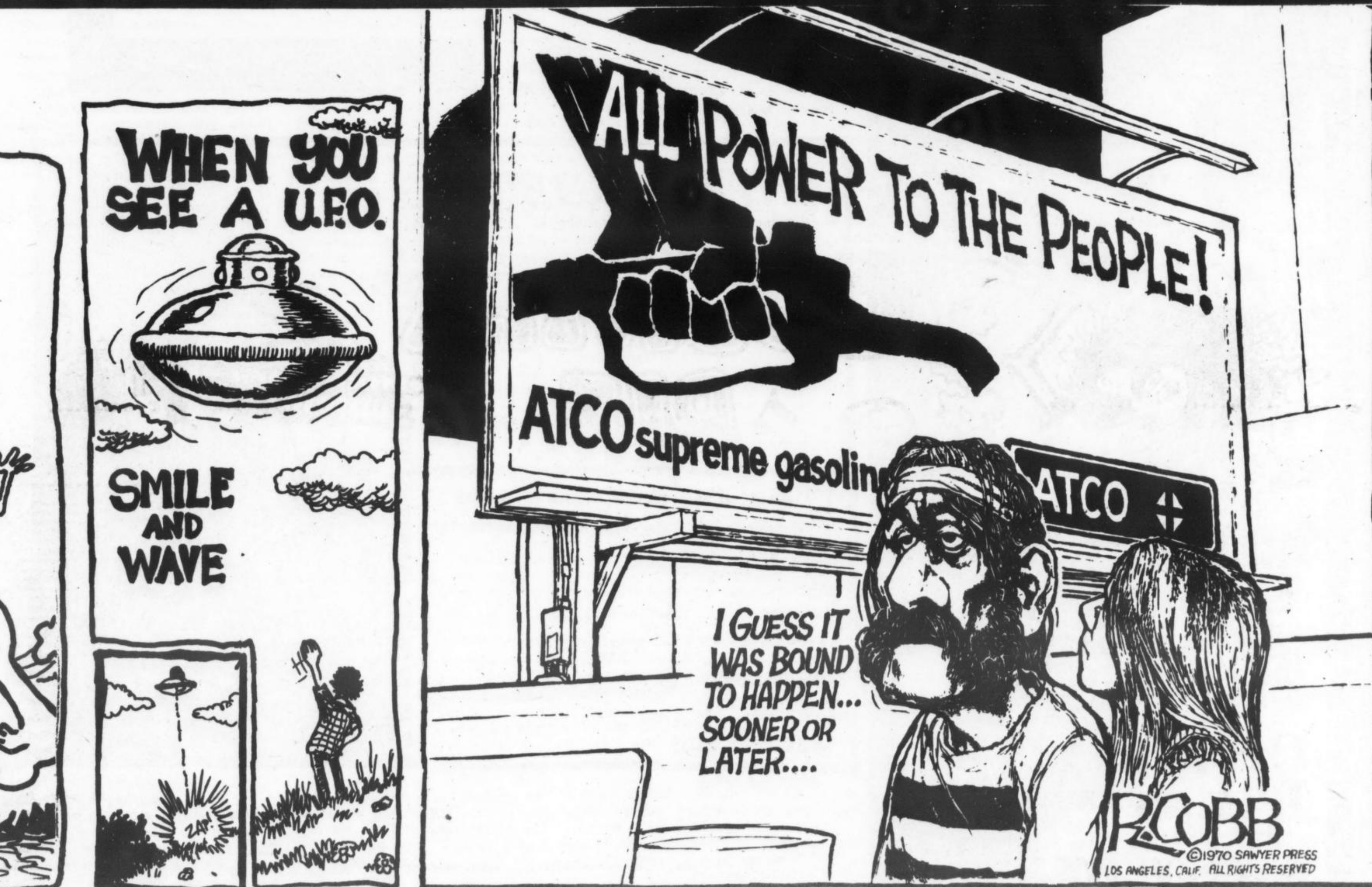
DESERT, Utah (LNS) - On Nov. 25, 1969, Nixon announced that the U.S. would stop using biological weapons and would destroy its existing stock. In early March, Senator Frank Church revealed that the Army germ warfare testing center here will hire 190 military and 250 civilian workers, making it the largest center of this kind in the world. Their job is to conduct "defensive bio-warfare research."

A FABLE BY VINCENT TITUS

Once a flower sat in a bed of skunk cabbage. He made the air nice and sweet but a little girl came along and picked him off.

Moral: Don't be too noticeable or you'll be offed.

Typed by Junior Woodchuck Merit Badge Typing Project No.8768903



COME TO THE YIPPIE CONVENTION! APRIL 1-4!!



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PEOPLE'S
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EMERGENCY NUMBERS

- Emergency Doctor TR-9-1000
- Emergency Dentist YU-8-6110
- Drug Addiction
- Emergency number 787-7900
- Emergency Civil
 - Liberties Union 683-8120
 - Dial-A-Prayer CI-6-4200
 - Women's Strike For Peace 254-1925
 - National Organization of Women (NOW) 663-1986
 - L.I. WOMENS Center .. [516] 922-9811
 - night 628-2363
 - Peace Action Line 741-0319

LEGAL

- Lawyers Guild
- Defense 227-1078
- Military 732-9250
- Law Commune 677-1552
- Legal Aid Society BE-3-0250
- American Civil Liberties Union 924-7800

WOMENS INFORMATION AND ABORTION COUNSELLING

- Manhattan Womens Center ... 691-1860
 - Day care and pregnancy test
 - Abortion counselling 691-3396
 - Abortion counselling 777-4504
 - RAT 228-4200
 - LNS Womens Caucus 749-2200
 - Women with drug problems ... 443-2900

FREE MEDICAL CARE

- Clinic 44 St. Marks Place NYC
- 7-10 PM Weekdays
- HEALTH-PAC 17 MURRY ST. NYC 227-2919
- DENTAL CLINIC, ST MARKS BETWIX 2nd & 1st AVE Mon-Thurs., 7-10PM

DRUG

- Horizon Center 691-1462
 - 12 East 12th Street NYC
- Addiction Services Agency ... 226-6900
 - 71 West 4th NYC
- Greenwich
 - Odyssey 989-6742
- Harlem
 - Odyssey 666-7710
 - Bronx Odyssey 842-8686
 - Newark Odyssey (201)-242-7552
 - Phoenix House 874-1305
 - 205 w. 85th
 - Brooklyn 963-0719
 - Far Rockaway 327-4204
 - Bronx 2293850
 - Putnam Valleyd(914-528-8804

GI AND DRAFT COUNSELLING

- GI Counselling Service 533-8920
- Draft Counselling 222-0450
- American Serviceman's Union . 675-6780
- Merton Buber House 533-0670
- American Friends
 - Service Committee 777-4600
 - Jewish Peace Fellowship 228-0360
 - N.J. Bergen County Draft Info. Center [201] 836-7024
 - L.I. Draft Counselling Center [516] WE-1-5765
 - Greenwich Village Peace Center 533-8920
 - Spencer Memorial Church ... 858-5796
 - Chelsea Draft Info 929-2390
 - 346 W. 20th Draft Info for Youth 201 W. 13th

FREE COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS

- Inmates Liberation Front ... 427-7754
- Womens Bail Fund PO Box 6377
- Cooper Station NY 10003 (send some bread for RANSOM)
- Black Panthers 328-9911
- Breakfast Program 864-8951
- Young Lords 533-7870
- Breakfast Program 4277754
- War Tax Resistance 477-2970
- U. Farmworkers Organ. Comm.(516) 248-2495
- Welfare Action Group 677-9955
- E. Harlem Employment svc. . 876-8522
- Citywide Comm. for Welfare Rights 514 W. 126th
- East Side Tenants Council ... CA-8-8210
- Harlem Tenants Union 427-5655
- U. Federation of Black Community Org.368-1100
- Social Work Action for Welfare Rights 533-1215
- Planned Parenthood 581-5622
- Citizens for Clean Air 935-1454
 - For Clean Water 677-0250
 - Comm. for Consti. Rights ... WA-9-6662
 - Against the ABM 838-4700
- Environmental Action Coalition
 - 235 E. 49th St. 489-9550
- New York Peace Action Coalition
 - 137a W. 14th, 3d floor 924-0894

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EVO staffers need ride to Yippie Conference in Madison. Call Honest Bob or Coca at 255-2130. Will share expenses.

FASCIST FOLLIES

29th Week

by JACKIE FRIEDRICH

Thurs. Mar. 18

Patrolman Carlos Ashwood, the fourth Bureau of Special Services infiltrator to take the stand, had previously testified that instead of taking notes, he relied upon his memory in the making out of his daily reports. Ashwood had testified, on the same day, that he could not remember the names of his BOSS supervisors, even though he made daily reports to them and met with them twice a week during the course of his infiltration. Defense Attorney Sandy Katz again asked the witness if he could recall the names of his supervisors. The patrolman asked for his reports, and reading the initials on the bottom of the pages, received the needed clue to "refresh his recollection" as to the names of his BOSS supervisors.

Ashwood testified that Dharuba had told him that certain defendants had gone underground after Jan. 17, 1969. However, in his direct testimony, Ashwood said that on Jan. 23, 1969 he saw the very people he had said were to have been underground. In an effort to side step that contradiction, Ashwood met defense questions with these answers: "they didn't stay underground forever." "There were people who were semi-underground." and "what is underground?" - to which Sandy Katz replied "that's a good question."

Ashwood said that he was a member of Afeni Shakur's section and repeatedly has quoted her as having said that weekly physical drills would stop, to be replaced by guerrilla warfare training. When asked what this guerrilla warfare training consisted of, the agent listed hand-to-hand combat classes in aiming and firing guns, marching in formation, running, push-ups, and climbing trees.

Before court recessed for lunch, D.A. Phillips complained that the defendants had been disrupting proceedings all morning, to which several of the defendants replied, calling Phillips a "lying, fascist dog." Judge Murtagh, as expected, sympathized with the D.A., adding that he saw one defendant throw a glass to another defendant. The defendants replied that they were not given glasses, but only paper cups.

Afeni Shakur then said that the D.A. had accused her, specifically, of shouting and that she would challenge him to prove that. She called his remarks "slanderous" and groping for the proper word, asked, "What is it when you have no concern for human feelings?"

Jerry Lefcourt said that the D.A. has, in mass media, predicted courtroom disruptions and wants to see them occur, and that he is, in fact, trying to provoke them.

Afeni then told the judge that she, as well as everyone else, was tired of the way the court constantly misinterpreted the facts and challenged the D.A. to produce witnesses to support his allegations.

Ashwood had testified that in February of 1969, Dharuba had said that the immediate goal of the BPP was the decentralization of the police, which would be done through political propaganda and military action. Although Ashwood admitted that questionnaires and leaflets were subsequently put out by the BPP concerning community control and decentralization of the police force, Ashwood said that he knew of no military action perpetrated to achieve that end.

Although the prosecution alleges that these defendants conspired to blow up Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Abercrombie and Fitch, Alexander's, sites in the NYC subway system and sites along the New Haven Railroad, Ashwood said that he never heard any of these defendants discuss or agree to the placing of dynamite in any of these locations.

Ashwood reported that in March 1969 Lumumba Shakur said that the BPP should get more involved with the public and that the public did not yet relate to the gun. This was said during a political education class. Other topics discussed in that class

were racism and colonization, but Ashwood neglected to report any quotes from those conversations to his BOSS supervisors. Another example of the agents' selectivity appeared when he asked who was at that meeting. In direct testimony he had said that Michael Tabor, Shaba Om, Alex Mckiever, agent Roberts, Agent White Clark Squires, and Cuando Kinshasa were present - except for the two agents, all the rest were defendants. However, it came out during cross examination that there were 25 people at that meeting. When asked why he hadn't mentioned the others, Ashwood rationalized that it was his mistake; he had been under the assumption that the DA was just interested in those here on trial.

Ashwood remained under cover in the BPP for three weeks subsequent to the April 2, 1969 pre-dawn raids and arrests of these defendants. As usual, he made out his daily reports, but the prosecution has consistently refused to hand over those reports to the defense. Sandy Katz renewed his request for the reports and was again refused, so he ended his cross-examination of the witness subject to receiving the additional reports.

Carol Lefcourt, who is representing Walter Johnson a/k/a Baba Odinga asked the patrolman if he had ever gotten Baba confused with someone named Akbar. The agent said that he hadn't, that they were two entirely different people. Carol then pointed out how, when testifying, at different times, Ashwood had consistently confused the two - saying it was Akbar at one time and Baba at another time, when testifying about the same person. Ashwood said that he must have misunderstood the question posed him at those times even though before the Grand Jury, he testified that Akbar was also known as Johnson.

Before court recessed for the day, Bob Bloom again asked for Ashwood's reports subsequent to April 2, 1969. Murtagh denied the request and began accusing the defense counsel of wasting time with improper questions.

Jerry Lefcourt said that he would like to discuss certain issues with the court; particularly the court's ruling that while it is all right for the prosecution to ask questions and produce evidence concerning points 2 and 6 in the BPP ten point program, the defense is not allowed to ask those same questions. And while the court rules it admissible for the DA to say that the BPP is a "para-military organization intent on destruction," the defense is not allowed to show that that is not true.

Judge Murtagh responded by leaving the bench and curtailing further discussion.

Monday March 22

Before court began co-defendant Fred Richardson, who left the United States for Barbados after having been released on \$25,000 bail, was arraigned before Judge Murtagh. Richardson landed in Kennedy Airport on Saturday and was met by employees of the D.A.'s office who had been informed of Richardson's arrival by his parents.

Courtney Wiltshire, who was defending Richardson, asked that his client be released on bail as Richardson had voluntarily come back to court and had a physical condition which might deteriorate in jail.

D.A. Phillips, who is hoping to get Richardson to turn state's evidence, opposed the granting of bail and the court agreed, adding that although it would accept a written bail application, in all probability, the court's present ruling would stand. The court then directed that Richardson receive a full physical and psychiatric examination.

After the jury was brought in, Judge Murtagh opened the proceedings with a, for want of a better word, gratuitous admonition; stating that from time to time the jury might be offended by the

behaviour of counsel, but that the conduct of counsel in no way bore upon the guilt or innocence of their clients.

Defense attorney Jerry Lefcourt began his cross examination of Patrolman Ashwood, who had contributed money for the rental of the first Harlem BPP office. The witness did not know whether or not his fellow agents had made similar contributions.

Patrolman Ashwood had reported that on Oct. 8, Lamumba Shakur had said that there were too many meetings and rallies, that he wanted "some action," and had called a meeting to discuss the matter. Under cross examination, the patrolman defined the "action" discussed at the meeting as involvement in school problems and recreational facilities and relating to church groups. He then said that committees were formed to deal with those areas. To his recollection, no bombings or killing of police were discussed at that meeting. Ashwood reported that on Oct. 18, 1968, school principals and custodians met with the Panthers, deciding they would take over the schools. The job of the BPP was to break into the schools, open them up and turn on the heating system.

In the course of questioning the patrolman about the names of his supervisors at BOSS, Jerry Lefcourt was continually interrupted by DA Phillips who, in extensive speeches, accused Jerry of trying to mislead the jury. When defense counsel attempted to object to the DA's soliloquies, Judge Murtagh ruled that he would hear no more objections from the defense, except from the particular attorney cross-examining the witness at that time.

Afeni Shakur said that the court was denying her the right to defend herself and asked that the court direct the DA to stop making speeches. When that request was denied, she asked that the court direct the DA to cooperate to insure a "just trial." That request was similarly denied.

Ashwood, who under cross-examination, admitted that he had never fired a gun while in the BPP, was asked about a meeting at Panther headquarters on March 7, 1969. The patrolman had reported that a doctor from Lincoln Hospital had come to the Panther office to talk about problems at the hospital and to ask for Panther assistance. Ashwood testified that because of that request and the requests of other hospital workers, the BPP did become involved in the situation at Lincoln Hospital.

After Jerry Lefcourt had finished his questioning of the witness, Bob Bloom began his cross examination by asking patrolman Ashwood who was the person seated next to defendant Dr. Curtis Powell. The agent paused for awhile and then said that he could not recall that defendant's name. Some 15 minutes later, Ashwood recalled the name of that defendant, who he then identified as Robert Collier.

Patrolman Ashwood had a cover job during the course of his infiltration, but he could not recall the name of the place where he was supposed to have been working. Nor could he recall when he started working under cover.

Although the patrolman had testified just that morning as to his activities on April 1, 1969 (the day before the arrests of these defendants) and to his activities on the night of Jan. 17, 1969, when asked what he did on those afternoon, he said he could not remember.

The date of Sept. 4, 1968, has been the cause of much discussion. On that date members of the BPP were beaten by plainclothes police in a Brooklyn court-house. When attempting to question Ashwood about that date, the defense met with constant intervention by both the DA and the Judge. Even questions such as "Don't tell us where you were, but do you remember what you did on Sept. 4, 1968?" met with an objection from the prosecution

which was sustained by the judge.

When Bob Bloom asked for an explanation, the court ruled that he was bordering on contempt and recessed the trial for the day. After the jury had been excused and the defendants remanded, the court ruled that the incident occurring on Sept. 4, 1968 involving members of the BPP was of no relevance to this case. When Jerry Lefcourt rose to object, Murtagh ordered that he be seated, threatening Jerry with having the court officers ASSURE that he be seated.

Bob Bloom noted for the record that at one point during the day's proceedings, the court had instructed the stenographer - NOT to put something Bloom had said in the record. Judge Murtagh said that that was because Bloom had not been "directed" to speak. The judge added that counselor Bloom, was in general, "very difficult to endure."

When Bob asked to be allowed to complete his statement, the judge ordered him to make a motion in writing, saying that he had "no desire" to hear Bloom. With that, Murtagh left the bench and Bob thanked the judge for his patience.

Tues. March 23 Patrolman Ashwood said that he had suspected Det. Ralph White of being an agent and had spoken of this suspicion to his BOSS supervisors. Those supervisors then told Ashwood to "stay away from White." Although Ashwood admits to having seen White as often or more often than he saw these defendants during the time of the alleged conspiracy, White is never reported as having said or done anything incriminating in Ashwood's reports. A possible explanation for this might be that both Patrolman Ashwood and Det. White made their reports to the same supervisors at the Bureau of Special Services.

In his direct testimony, Ashwood said that he had been at a meeting on the night of Jan. 16 1969, the night before the bombings of several precincts and a Board of Education building with which these defendants are charged. The patrolman said that several of these defendants, among them Cuando Kinshasa, a/k/a William King, left the meeting to go to another meeting. It does not appear in Ashwood's report for that night that Kinshasa left with the others. When questioned about that discrepancy, the patrolman said that he told his BOSS supervisor that Kinshasa was among those who left the meeting at a later date - but he could not remember when.

Before the jury was excused for an early recess, Murtagh repeated his admonition that although the jury might find the conduct of defense counsel offensive, their behavior in no way bore upon the guilt or

innocence of their clients.

At this time Sandy Katz objected, on behalf of all the defendants, to the court's statements that counsel had misbehaved, and said that the defendants would feel much safer if their counsel were to be protected.

Afeni Shakur told the court that the defendants resented the court's brand of charity, saying "your charity put us here and would keep us here forever and ever."

Wed. March 24

The prosecution alleges that these defendants were conspiring to bomb department stores, railway sites, and subway lines around Easter of 1969. But in the two weeks prior to the arrests, Patrolman Ashwood had reported these defendants as participating in physical drills involving pushups and similar exercises, working in hospitals, discussing freedom schools to be formed with parents in the community and going to rallies. Patrolman Ashwood, rather than being told by BOSS to stay closer to the defendants at this time, took three days off, a week and a half prior to the arrests and the alleged Easter plot. The patrolman then said that he was surprised to learn of the arrests and had not expected them.

Although the prosecution had used phrases like "off the pig," and "dealing with people," as incriminating evidence, Ashwood admitted that those phrases and phrases like "take care of business," and "dynamite," can be and are used in many different contexts.

Various witnesses, including Ashwood, have said that many of these defendants went "underground" after Jan. 17 1969. However, Ashwood, as well as those previous witnesses, have admitted to having seen those allegedly underground in the Panther office, at physical drills in city parks in broad daylight, at demonstrations, and at work in the community.

During the course of his cross examination, Bob Bloom met with such intervention from the court and the prosecution. At one such point, DA Phillips asked the record to reflect that Bloom had made hundreds of improper questions during his cross examination. Murtagh replied that the record would reflect that, merely by the reading of it.

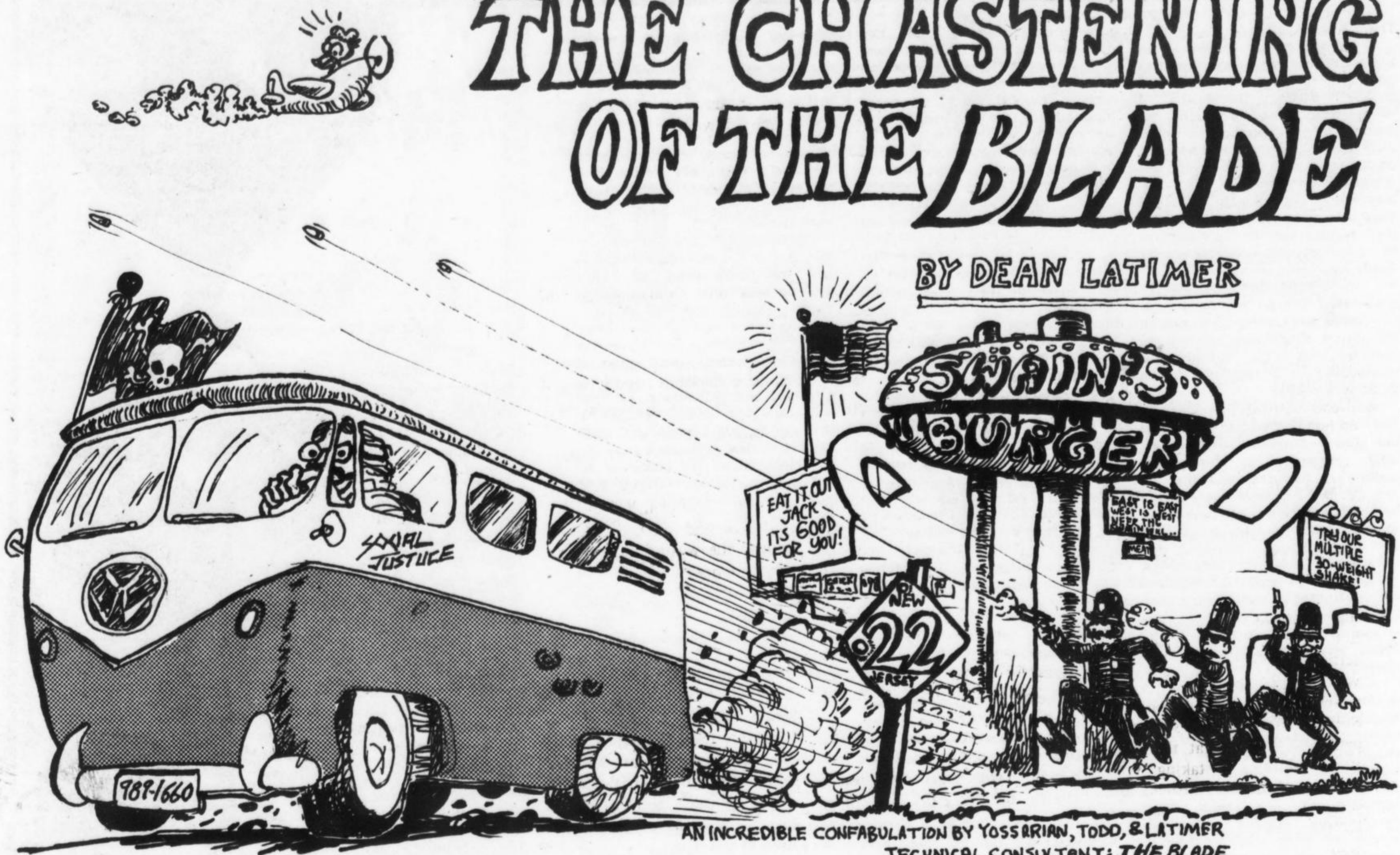
Sandy Katz objected to the statements made by the court as an insidious form of commenting on defense counsel. Afeni Shakur said that she hoped the jury would judge the conduct of the judge.



DECOMPOSITION IN NEW JERSEY:

THE CHASTENING OF THE BLADE

BY DEAN LATIMER



Come now beyond the Hudson River, past the garbage and the gulls and the hightide debris, over the ivy-tapestried palisades, beyond the towering poisonous refinery smokestacks, past Newark even, all the way out along Route 22, where every mile is a Miracle Mile and the clothing stores and burger stands bloom alongside the highway like blueberries and buffalo grass in Wyoming, and every bend in the road discovers a shopping centre as sprawling and lively as a little city along the ancient Nile. Along here some weeks ago in his little green Volkswagen mini-Ark tooled my friend Freddy (the Blade) Caruso, with a complete manifest aboard of his teenage Newark friends. Not that The Blade is a teenager any more, no, but he used to be, not so very long ago, and at the particular time of which I speak he had been impressed into service as the guiding light, pater familias, and guru of this gestalt of teenage Newark kids. It was only natural. Having grown up in North Newark, where the character of a man is moulded in iron, if moulded it be at all, and having got away for a while to Manhattan, where he worked for the East Village Other, and then returned victorious to Newark as an independent craftsman, it was only natural that Freddy should be searched out by the together-est bunch of teenage vandals in Newark and ordained their leader. Tough kids. Together kids. A couple miles out of Middleburn toward Newark, Blade asked if anybody was carrying dope, and the answer was in the affirmative.

Dope! What a bummer, to be tooling along Route 22 in New

Jersey with an Ark full of dizzy kids, some of whom are carrying dope. Not that the Blade despises dope, mind you. No, no, Freddy has hung too long around these precincts to have anything less than a healthy affection for dope. Freddy came here in '67, only a month or so later than your faithful reporter. Here he worked for a stretch of time that would constitute a pretty decent prison sentence. Here he became one of the family. Well loved. Admired. A man of fashion and imposing sophistication, one of the couple dozen or so really *hip* people on this concrete island, which is to say, in the world. When the Blade speaks, smart people listen. When he so much as farts, it registers in the Iron Mountain, Colo., national defense spy computers. When he shaves his moustach, freaks in Redwood City shave theirs a month later; when he shows up here wearing bellbottoms, signs hastily go up in windows all down St Mark's Place announcing emergency elimination sales on pegged pants. Such a man is The Blade, and it is good, oh ever so good, to torch up a joint at the elbow of Freddy Caruso, suck the heavy hayseed-harvest sunshine smoke into your head, pause a delicious second for The Hit, hand it to the Blade, and wait for his assessment: 'Hm... Augh! Good shit.'

No, Fred the Blade is not one of your anti-dope loonies, not at all. But to be tooling along Route 22 in New Jersey, where the Pigs will as soon clobber you as any nigger, providing your hair is of a certain length, as Blade's is, and to be tooling along there in a bus full of kids

who can't even *drink* yet, and some of them have *dope*, well, it can make one feel shall we say *cul-pable*. 'Okay,' the Blade accordingly assented. 'Pass it up front here. We might as well smoke it all up.' And they did.

Wheeeeeeee! Sonnumfuckin-bitch, is it ever great to be cruising along in the Blade's Volks, smoked out of all reality-contact on the old Mary-you-wanner, tagging along after the centre strip. As a matter of fact, I want to digress here into a couple of want-ads:

WANTED: one Volkswagen mini-bus, in workable order, broken and bridle-trained, with radio if possible, suitable for cross-country excursion about August. Apply this paper.

ALSO WANTED: one young lady of respectable brights, affable demeanour, and low moral tone, to accompany writer on romantic cross-country Wanderjare about August. Appearance unimportant, but must be uninfected by Women's Lib and other unmentionable diseases. Apply this paper.

So Blade and his busful continued eddying home toward Newark, the dope stashed cunningly out of sight among their corpuscles; and a good thing too, for by and by they ran afoul of a Routine Check. You know, a Routine Check: for your safety and convenience, county sheriff's deputies are staked out at regular intervals all across Route 22, and they routinely ambush every fourth or sixty-fifth vehicle that blunders into their clutches. It was just Freddy's bad luck that he and his giggling shaggy teenage maniacs should be this officer's next Routine Check.

The Blade isn't quite sure how it all started. One minute he was driving peaceably along rapping about the newspaper distributing

racket, although no one evidently cared, and the next he was showing this cop his I.D. It's cool. It's just a routine check. License, registration, lights, tailpipe. How about the little lady in the back, with brown hair tied in a bun and baggy blue jeans? She's only fifteen? Hmm. And what's that stack of paper tied together with metal wire she's sitting on? What is that shit? The cop pushes his sunglasses up over his forehead to squint through the window into the back. These kids are so hostile and quiet, not telling what shit they got wrapped up back there. Fucking bombers, they just bombed the Capitol yesterday... That's nothing officer, it's a newspaper. A what? All that? What newspaper is that? It's the East Village Other, officer, I'm distributing it.

'All right, let's take a look at that.' The sunglasses went back down over the officer's snout and he leaned back, waiting ominously. As he fished around the back for a loose copy, craning over between the mute teenyboppers, the Blade began to sense that something was amiss. Now, is there a *law* in Jersey forbidding the distribution of the East Village Other in that state? Fred was still working with us when, in the spring of 1969, EVO was busted in New Jersey on obscenity charges. We were ripped out of a little head shop in New Brunswick, site of Rutgers' College, for that we had printed in some excess of unspeakable lubricity a few erotic plates from the Kornhausen book, *Freedom To Love*: just because the book itself was available, at \$25 a

whack, from any worthy bookstore, and just because you could have freely viewed these particular pictures at a Washington art exhibit, which was highly commended in the story accompanying these visuals, we sweaty-palmed child-molesters here at EVO thought we could 'get away' with running them. But the Jersey authorities put a stop to that! They soon taught us the error of our scummy ways, and gave us our come-uppance: ever since that spring two years ago, the vile prog of EVO has never sullied the great, chaste state of New Jersey.

What happened essentially is this: the Jersey pigs told our distributor he'd have his ass handed to him if he tried peddling EVO around there again. Tony Imperiale, he no like. He sees his kid reading that shit, Tony, he kicks his ass. And the same for your kid. And the same for *you*, Mac. Pow! Right in the labonza.

But Freddy Caruso, now, he just makes lamps. He works with his hands, quietly and lovingly soldering coloured glass panes into aluminum grids, fashioning these delicate and exquisite church-window lampshades, which he sells here and there about Hersey for a modest sum. And many of the shopkeepers with whom he deals, they get to gossiping with him about this and that, and he tells them he used to work for EVO, and they say, by George, people used to ask for EVO a lot, they'd all thought it was out of business, they could probably make a penny out of selling it. So Friday, next time he's in town, Fred asks the EVO distributor, who shall remain nameless, if he

BLADE

might have a couple hundred copies lying about which the Blade could quietly spread around Jersey. And the demand turns out to be fucking prodigious! What else is there to read in Jersey? So before long the Blade is bussing upwards of fifteen hundred copies a week out along Route 22, and while he's happy for us, he begins to suspect things are getting out of hand.

And the feeling grows, as he plucks a loose EVO from between two silent teenagers, and hands it back to The Man, the feeling that all was not as well as it might be grew louder in the Blade.

The officer was not long in identifying this contraband. 'Hm. Pornography.' Nothing escaped the eagle eye of this cunning old boy. 'You got a lot of these?' 'Uh... A few hundred. I'm just... Don't talk to the pig!' 'Yeah.'

Under the elbow of the cop went EVO suddenly, as he flicked open his little leather notebook, magicked a pen into his other hand, which was also holding Fred's wallet, and began scribbling. Marvellous manual versatility in this old boy. Like watching a juggler on Ed Sullivan. Wearing gloves! And he can talk, too, all at the same time! 'Well, I'm taking your name and address, Fred, and your license number. I'll let you go this time, but I don't ever want to see you around these parts again.' And handed Fred back his wallet like the closing couplet of a limerick.

But nobody was comforted. An oppressive soup sloshed through the vibes in Blade's bus for miles afterward, all the way to the next Routine Check, fifteen minutes on toward Newark. It was only natural, being in America and all, that the county cop would set them up for the state pigs, who hailed them down and asked them all for their I.D. Just a routine check. Where's your I.D., miss? You're only fifteen? Well gee, you ought to have something on you proving who you are... Here, let's take a look into your purse —

'I want to call my father,' she ordered, and there was no gainsaying her, especially what with a public phone booth four feet from the car, thanks to Freddy's shrewd maneuverings. While she was furiously dialling, the police happened to look in the back of Blade's van — a routine procedure — and beheld, God have mercy, 'Pornography!' Smut! Loads of steamy unredeemable corrupt filth! 'Let's see some of that stuff. Yeah, the Other, that's pornography. And what else you got there? The little bundle. Screw?'

'Look,' Blade was quick to get out, 'I'm not carrying Screw. I don't distribute it, I don't carry it, I don't even read it.' But it was hopeless. 'Let's see that pornography, Fred.' 'Yeah, get me a copy too.'

There was a half-bundle of Screw back there, 250 copies which our distributor, who shall be nameless forever, had thrust that week on Fred, over his anguished protests, 'Just to see how it moves.' The Blade

wanted no part of Screw. He didn't read Screw, he didn't know Screw, he'd never worked there, he didn't know the people there, he didn't like the product, and he was going to take it right back to Ar — to our anonymous distributor, saying, 'No takers,' at the end of the week. Besides having no time for the periodical out front, Blade was forthrightly convinced it was going to bring him greif.

Because if there is one publication less palatable to the Garden State than EVO, that publication is Screw. Screw never even tried to get into Jersey. In fact, when the pigs were setting Screw up for the First Big Bust, back in '69, they sent around to Al Goldstein's office a fat bearded oink running-dog provocateur disguised as a New Jersey businessman, who spuriously proposed to distribute Screw in New Jersey in this wise: rolling each copy of Screw into a copy of The New York Times like a fish, he would peddle the resulting abomination to the sex-starved villain of New Jersey at a dollar a hit. Goldstein left word with the receptionist that this loony slob was to be driven away from the office henceforth, with all the profanity at her command. Pull shit like that in Jersey? They'd get fucked for sure.

Well, as it turned out, they got fucked anyway. It was quick and brutal. Two years after their arrests, nine months after their trial began, last week Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein were pronounced guilty on six counts of obscenity in the County of New York, final sentence to be rendered later this week. They gathered in the courtroom a half-hour early, to confer with counsel and swap shop talk with co-defendant Marty Balan, whose plant had printed the six issues under indictment. Resplendent in an unbelievably expensive suit of tasteful rhubarb hue, the shoes on his feet and the toupee on his head worth the ransoms of a duke and a governor's daughter respectively, Balan appeared impassive. Goldstein, his face tanned a deep masculine hue by the Bimini vacation sun, seemed confident in his faith that Justice would prevail in this best of all American courtrooms, and joked expansively with reporters. Buckley, his hair trimmed neatly about the back of his neck, betrayed no indications of anxiety, unless the slightly ashen hue of his face grew out of something besides an unhappily digested breakfast. There were no spectators, saving Goldstein's ex-wife, Mary Phillips, who was at his side, wearing a coat of mink hue. The pretty court recorder wore a tasteful white pants suit with a black sweater.

'All rise!' We all rose. 'The Court of the County of New York, blah blah parrot parrot et cetera, or forever hold your peace. You may be seated.' We sat. 'The Court has considered the motion to acquit the defendant Balan of all charges and the motion is upheld, the defendant Balan is acquitted. The Court has considered the motion to acquit the defendants Buckley and Goldstein and the motion is denied. They are guilty on all points. Final sentencing will be

rendered rap buzz mumble oink croak other suggestions from counsel.'

There was nausea after that in the knees and bellies of everyone who upholds the freedom of the press in America. No shit. You never did see such a peck of distraught and touchy editors and publishers as prevail about New York's alternate-culture periodicals since that decision came down. It is a passing curious document, that decision signed by the three judges who hung Screw, and it has us all up in the air about things.

See, the Screw case is bound to be one of those Landmark Decisions after it's all over, setting up Guidelines in the murky field of Obscenity regulations. So everybody was anticipating some crisp, sharp, definitive decision coming out of these judges, it'd make our work a lot easier. And what do we get? Why, we get — But no, I forbear to express exactly what I think of this decision, because this decision is so diffuse and obscure that, who knows, the word 'bullshit' itself may be Obscene now.

They didn't hang Screw on the dirty pictures; not even on the dirty copy did they hang it; no, they hung it on the ads! The judges cite two types of ads which they considered to constitute legal Obscenity: dildo ads, and gay personal ads. For some reason they do not make clear at all, they consider advertisements for dildos (and a fortiori I suppose dildos themselves) to be Obscene enough to hang the newspapers in which they appear. The only thing I can think of to account for this, myself, is Betty Dodson's illuminating suggestion that the more enlightened authorities don't mind male-directed pornography, but still despise female-directed pornography. Seeing an ad for a dildo, illustrated likely as not with a drawing or photograph of the fearsome godemichie itself, it perhaps occurs to the magistrate that this horrible thing might turn on women. Instinctively his mind rebels at this. Women aren't supposed to get turned on! Women to the aristocratic mind (and all judges are aristocrats, or dearly wish to be) are immaculate vessels of purity, chastity, and religious zeal, and they can't bear to think of them any other way. — For if a woman is touched but once by Corruption it is a horrible thing, she is tainted forever, yea, and overnight becomes a ravaging slave to the basest of animal passions, fetching up inevitably in the dismal muck of Ultimate Sin, selling what loathesome shreds remain of her pox-infested womanhood to any leprous nigger with an obol to press in her clutching talons. Could you bear to picture your mother in such a state? Then do not revile the good justices, they very likely had mothers of their own, long ago.

Of course, a little market research would have shown them that dildoes are bought mainly by homosexuals, rather than women. What the faggots do with them no one knows, but it would probably curdle a decent person's belly. Sodomy is still an abomination in the sight of God, not to mention every judge in

the civilized world with the exceptions of Sweden, Denmark, England and Indiana. And therein lies the grounds for the second element of Obscenity the judges perceived in Screw — the gay personal ads.

Actually, they cited two kinds of personal ads as Obscene. 'Although fornication,' they lamented, 'is no longer a crime in this State,' it transpires that sodomy and adultery most certainly still are. Hence it follows from that to this, that personal advertisements looking for Gay Lovers or Swinging Wife-Swappers are solicitations — if not incitements! — to illegal acts, and Buckley and Goldstein, who published such ads in Screw, can be hauled off to the Rock. But hold! Heaven knows I am no genius, but I can usually follow a sequiter if it is constructed properly, and there seems to be a brace loose on this one. B&G, the Screw two, are up on Obscenity charges, not soliciting or aiding and abetting in sodomy and adultery: and you will never convince me that the prose in those classified ads is any dirtier, or more unconventional, or more unredeemable, than the prose in an article such as Randy Wicker's wonderful 'Up The Ass Is A Gas', to which the justices seem willing to lend First Amendment protection. Shit, there are rafters missing from that sequiter. The wind blows through it!

Not, mind you, that I am expecting any 'Justice' from these courts — Ho no! I know what they mean by 'Justice' — or any other Quixotic entertainments, but I think they could be clearer. If we must struggle under the yoke of oppression, let them at least label it a yoke, or a 'reasonable curtailment of constitutional liberties', and not a tea-pot or a writing-desk or some other damn insanity. If this article winds up with sixty-nine paragraphs in it, can I be busted under this new ruling for obliquely suggesting a sodomitical engagement of a reciprocal oral-genital nature? My God! I better be careful.

But even if they drag me screaming from my cell at dawn to be beaten with a Holy Christian Mercy-Bat and burnt at the stake, Blade at least ought to get off all right. 'This is pornography,' the first state policeman said. 'That girl's only fifteen,' the other one observed. They busted Freddy Caruso right there for possession of pornography, and for impairing the morals of a minor. Conveniently enough, the arrest was made right in front of a state police station. With a patrol car idling along at his rear bumper, the Blade was caused to move his van into the parking-lot, and all the kids were trundled inside the office with him.

Here's where the fun began. They had to identify every one of the kids, and call the parents. Through the confusing flurry of his own hasty booking, Freddy caught some wonderful dialog happening around him.

'How old are you?' 'Seventeen.' 'What's your religion?' 'Um... I guess, Catholic.' 'You go to Mass much?' 'Naw, I, um... I don't make it around much any more, you know.'

'Well, what do you think of it? Of your church, I mean?'

'Well, you know... I don't think of it much.'

'C'mon, you must think something.'

'Well — shit... Scuse me, officer. I mean — gee — we got this church, and there's a priest there, and — God, I dunno, man...'

'What do you think of him? He's your priest, boy. What do your folks think of him?'

'Well look, it's like this priest, some people say he's — uh — queer, and other people say he's not queer, and me, I don't say nothin'. It's his business, y'know?'



When I got booked once, the cop asked me what my religion was and I said 'Agnostic'. He licked his pen thoughtfully. 'How do you spell that?' he asked. I spelled it. He looked at it interestedly 'a moment, written there on the blotter. 'Is that Protestant?' he wanted to know.

The impressionable little innocent in the brown bun and baggy dungarees, so recently rescued from the dismal muck of Ultimate Sin by the Garden State Police, was uncommonly pissed off. 'Where the hell is my old man, the bastard?' Nobody could lay a hand on her and she knew it, flouncing sexily in and out of the station house door, hand on hip and pout on lip, impervious to the red-faced desk lieutenant who kept ordering her to siddown, goddammit. 'I'm gonna split!' she announced impetuously. 'I'll hitchhike home!' And she scooted out. 'She's on the edge!' the lieutenant bellowed to the cops about him. 'She's on the God damned edge, I swear it!'

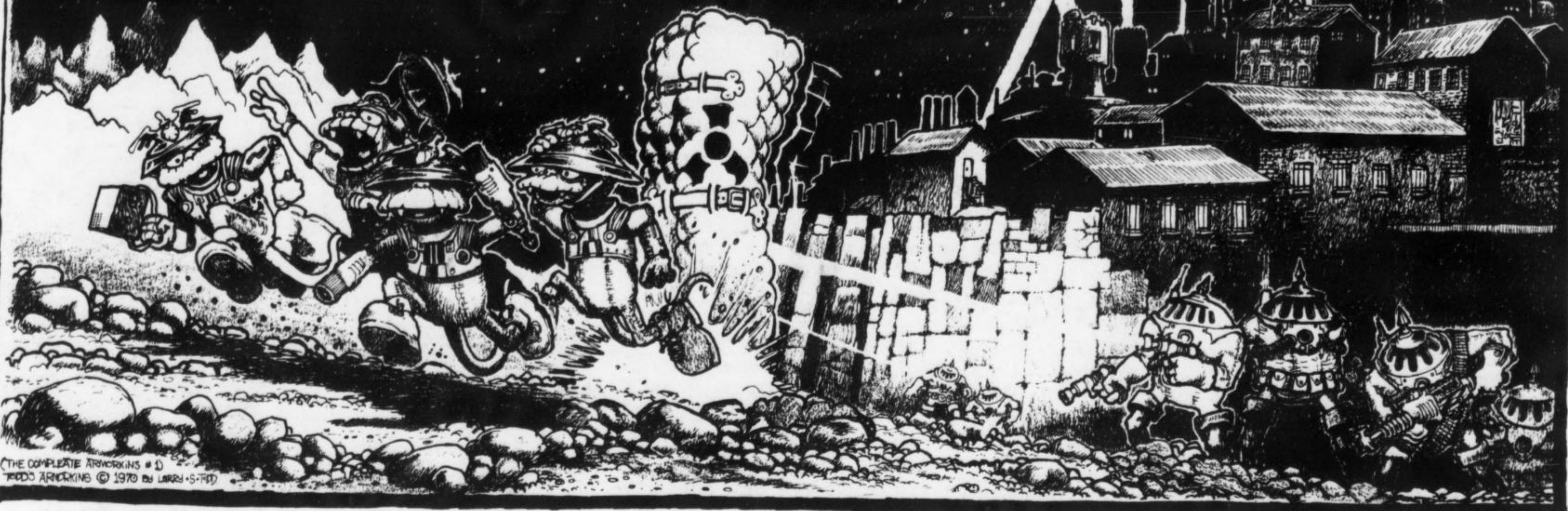
Her father showed up in the fullness of time, a good friend of the Caruso family in Newark and not without a certain weight in that community. He merely glared at the officers there and

(Continued on Page 20)

TEDD'S ARMORKINS

BY LARRY STEDD

THE GREAT BREAK AT CRABCRAP CRATER



THE COMPLETE ARMORKINS # 1
 © 1970 BY LARRY STEDD

CONCERNING THE ARMORKINS IN BAW TOWNS → BAWTOWN IS A WOODS STATE,
 SHOWS THE ARMORKINS
 ARE A HUB AND SPIRITUALITY
 TO BAWTOWN'S AS A WOODS STATE



A CHOPPER
 CHOPPED
 COPIES
 UP WITH REPLICATING TECHNOLOGY
 FOR STAFF USE ONLY

LEGALIZATION OF MARIJUANA WILL NOT OCCUR UNTIL THE NATIONAL SOCIAL
 SITUATION IS SUCH THAT A BAN ON TOBACCO WILL CAUSE ALL OR NEARBY ALL
 CLARENCE SMOKERS TO SWITCH TO POT WHICH WILL BE LICENSED BY THE
 GOVT. TO GET A LICENSE TO PRODUCE POT FOR THE FREE MARKET A PROPOSAL
 WILL HAVE TO INCLUDE: 450Y. PROPOSED CHEMICALS (PROBABLY BENZYL VINYL SUBSTITUTES) WHICH WILL ATTACK AND PARALYZE ALL CUSTOM, AMERICAN SYSTEM LEADERS

CONTROLLING
 YOUR FEELINGS
 AS
 YOU
 FREE WILL AND
 EMOTIONS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

THE ARMORKINS... FIVE GRUESOME LITTLE GUYS WHO DO GRUESOME LITTLE THINGS.....

SUPPORTING CAST.....



PISTOL-FINGERS
 HAS... UM... PISTOL-FINGERS,
 AND HE'S... GUY, MAN...



14 LB. MEGARASTER CANNONS
 TO BE SHOT ON SIGHT, BROTHER...
 WITH SPEED!



BATTLE-EGGS
 CAN MAKE A WEAPON
 OUT OF ANYTHING.
ANYTHING!



THE RADIATION BLANKET
 DOESN'T DO A DAMN THING TO
 HELP THE STORY ALONG...
 EXCEPT FOR ONCE IN A STORY...
 HE LEAVES A SCORCHED PATH
 WHEREVER HE GOES....



HALF-BRAIN
 WITH HALF THE
 BRAIN OF AN IDIOT
 AND HALF OF A
 GENIUS, YOU'LL NEVER
 KNOW WHICH HALF
 IS IN CONTROL....



SCILLY THE SARGROID
 JUST SORT OF GETS
 PULLED INTO THE
 ACTION....



ASMODOR QUILL
 THE WARDEN OF CRABCRAP
 CRATER PRISON.....
 A POISONOUS TYPE OF GUY...



ARGUS FISHCAKES
 QUILL'S BUDDY AND THE
 PRISON'S WEAPONS EXPERT



HORNET & THORMSEY
 THE TOG-BEG GUARDS...
 PIGS WITH BEELIKE HEADS...
 CALL 'EM HAM & EGGS....



AND A BUNCH OF DISSIDENT CONVICTS & STUFF...
 WHO PROVIDE COMIC RELIEF... OR SOMETHING...

WITH THE DUAL CLUMPING OF SHUFFLING FEET, A BUZZLEBANG OF ARMORIGANS ARE LED INTO THE AUGUST PRESENCE OF ARMBOR QUILL, THE WARDEN OF CEAB-CEAP-CRATER PRISON.....



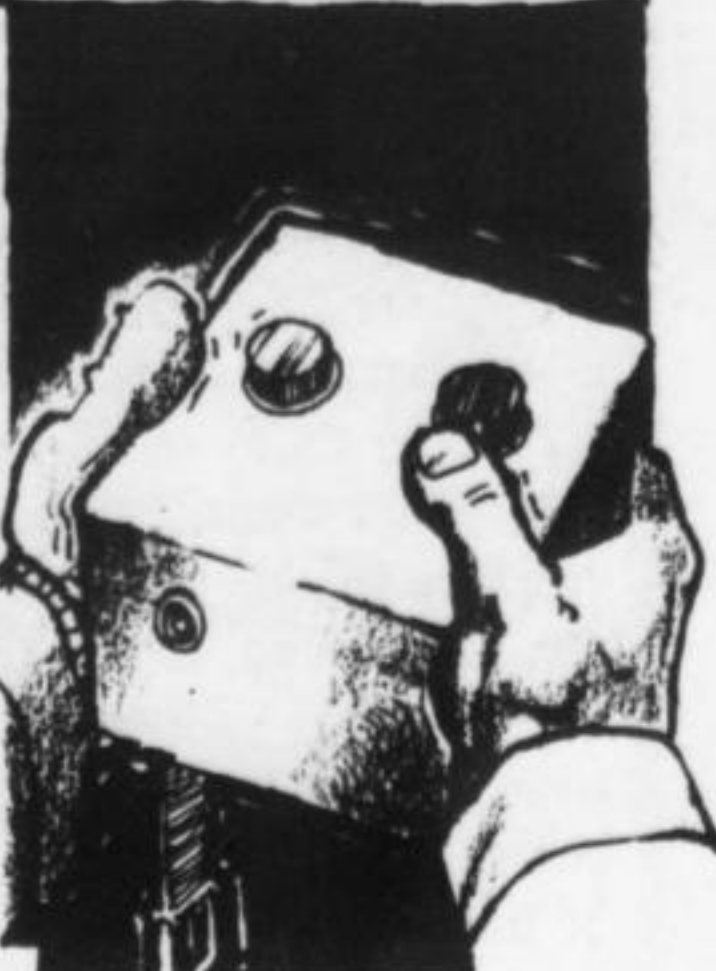
THEY KNOW MORE ABOUT OTHER PEOPLES WEAPONS THAN THE OTHER PEOPLE DO. LETS SEE IF THEY CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT PIRATE THING DOES.....



THIS IS PROF XRGUS FIBCAKER, OUR WEAPONS EXPERT. HE'S BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE THIS THING OUT FOR 9 DAYS, BUT FRANKLY, HE'S STUMPED!



I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU BOBS A CHANCE TO DO SOME GOOD... IF YOU CAN. I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT THIS THING...



GIMME ...



YEAH? YOU EXPECT I SHOULD MAKE IT WORK NOT TOUCHING IT... LEAST OF ALL WITH THESE MAGINO-SHACKS ON...



OKAY, LISTEN. I TELL YOU, I'LL TAKE THE SHACKS OFF YOU AN' YOUR CREW, BUT YOU TRY ANY MONKEY BUSINESS AND MY TWO GUARDS HORNET AND THORMSBY...



WILL CHOP YOUR HEADS OFF! BAVVY?



YEAH, YEAH... I CAN DIG IT! YA WANNA TAKE OFF THE SHACKS, NOW?



GROOVY!



NOW LEMME SEE THAT THING!



THE WARD IN GUN MAN...



OH MOTHER OF GOD!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? YOUR SUIT SPRING A LEAK ON TOP?



MY SUIT SPRING A LEAK ON TOP!!



YA WOULDN'T HAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH 'EM IF YA DIDNT BUY 'EM SO CHEEP, FISHER!



HOWWWW... WELL, WHAT IS IT?



SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATION
WELL, MAN, AS NEAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT, IT'S A CO-ORDINATE CONTRACALCULATIONCOUNTER AN' QUANTUM-QUEEN G&RSH-MESH MIZE!
(FROM AMERICAN TECHNOLOGY) IT'S SOME KIND OF A TELEPORTER... AN I WANT YOU GUYS TO LISSEN A ME...



SEE THIS RED BUTTON... IT'S A CORPORATE CONDUCTION COMBINATION COPULATOR, MODULAR MARK NINER-OH-OH!



SIM. TRANS.
IT'S THE CONTROL BUTTON, THE TRIGGER, IT'LL BUMP US OUTA HERE... SOMEWHERE!



IN THIS WHITE BUTTON.....
CAUSES A TIME DISTURSION DEFIENCIEN AN A TERMINAL TERMIN OLOVY DEFINITION... DEFUNCTION...



YOU ALL GRABME NOW!



POONK!



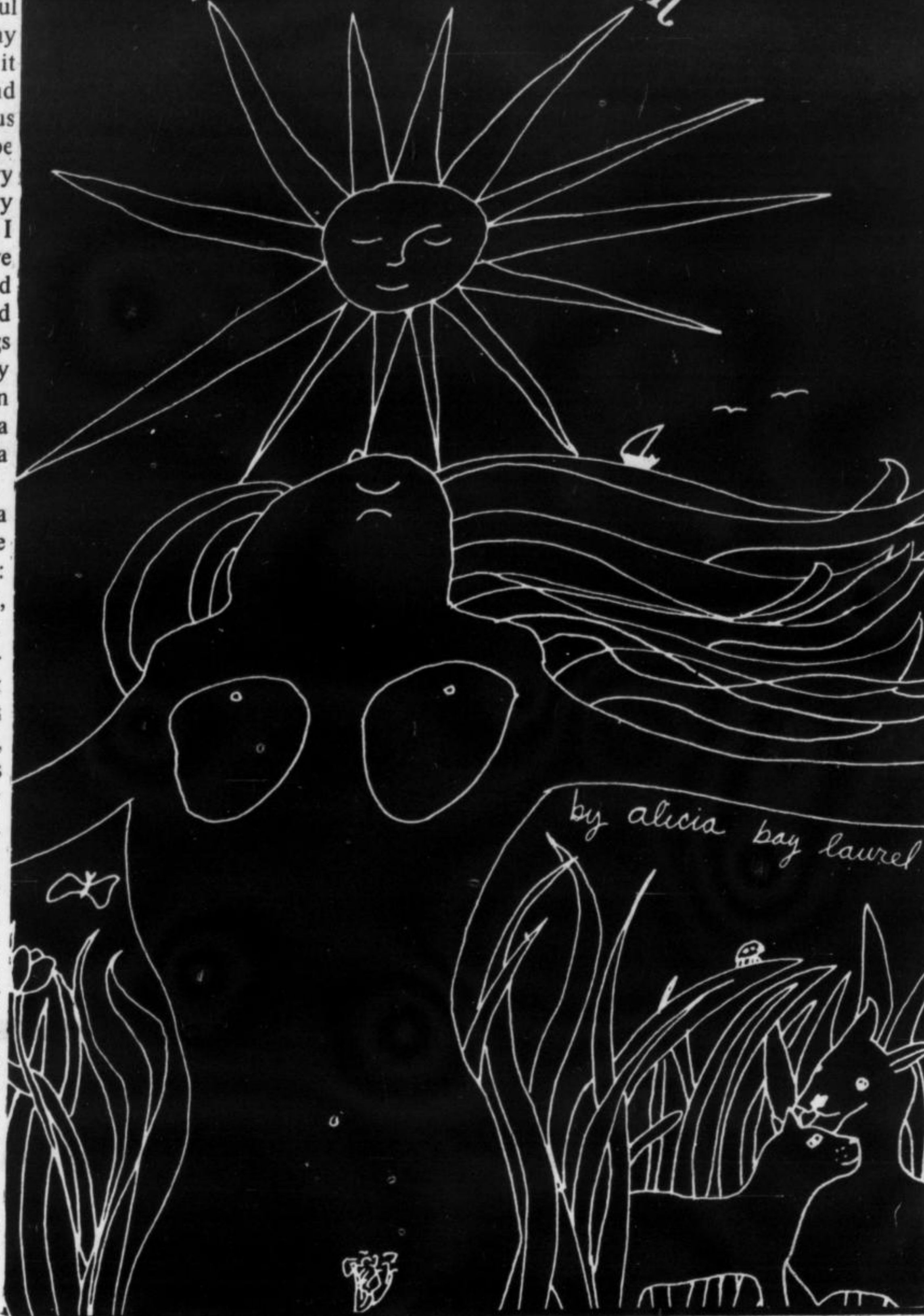
BOOK

About a month ago I spent a blissful evening reading every word of Alicia Bay Laurel's *Living on the Earth* and it brought the kind of pleasure - the kind that makes one smile to oneself on a bus - that very few books have done. Maybe it was because I got hold of it in February - in cold dark awful New York February - but just when I needed it desperately I received Alicia's gentle reminder that we are all indeed living on the Earth, and that some of us live where life is open and sweet. Hope is what it is. The book brings hope - for summer, for peace, for a way of life. For a change, I am glad to say, an establishment publisher has given us a chance at a practical book which is not a rip-off.

Rapture. Where to begin? Alicia begins: "...if you have a feeling for the flow of things you will discover a path: from traveling the wilds to the first fence, simple housing, furnishing houses, crafts agriculture, food preparation, medicine - not unlike the development of our ancient ancestors. When we depend less on industrially produced consumer goods, we can live in quiet places, our bodies become vigorous; we discover the serenity of living with the rhythms of the earth. We cease oppressing one another..."

This hip, intelligent book could be called a handbook or a manual - such un-descriptive words for a book of life. It is printed on off-white paper (which the author says will turn a creamy yellow if left in the sun) with Alicia's own flowing sepia drawings and diagrams. Not a speck of typeface anywhere. It includes simple instructions for making shelters, for organizing a kitchen, for making loose clothing and footwear. There are good words about crafts, yoga, instructions for gardening and helpful hints for cooking and canning wonderful natural things like Rose Hipe Conserve and country Pie.

Living on The Earth



REVIEW

Here are many easy recipes including preparation of things to be picked from the land and the sea. Many good pages on taking care of the body in sickness, in health and in childbirth.

Here, for example, is what Alicia has to say about chickens: "Chickens require almost no care at all. They will nest in a cardboard box or in a bush. They don't need fences. Feed them table scraps and maybe a little grain feed. You may add apple cider vinegar to their water. Keep layering straw over the chicken shit and feathers in their yard and house. At the end of the season you will have some good compost. For egg production, feed them 16% egg laying mash. The eggs you buy in supermarkets come from hens that live in shaded cages and are fed methedrine so they lay more and eat less. Your eggs will come from happy fertile hens who dance freely in the sun. Like you."

The book is helpfully indexed. Appendices include a list of useful addresses - where to get things you need, and lists of recommended books on camping, cookery, crafts, foods, and other publications the author has found useful and important.

She says at the end: "Eventually I must say 'no' to this unceasing tide of information. This book is already too thick. But, if the tide bends me again, this book will have a sequel..."

Until then, Alicia Bay Laurel, thank you for showing all of us - especially us winter-whitened city people - the way. I think secretly we may be the biggest appreciators of your book because you have given us a look at an Earth which just may be a friendly place.

Nellie Fernald

LIVING ON THE EARTH. By Alicia Bay Laurel. 193 pages. Vintage Books. \$3.95.

BETTY KLAVUN

Bertha Schaefer Gallery

March 16 - April 3

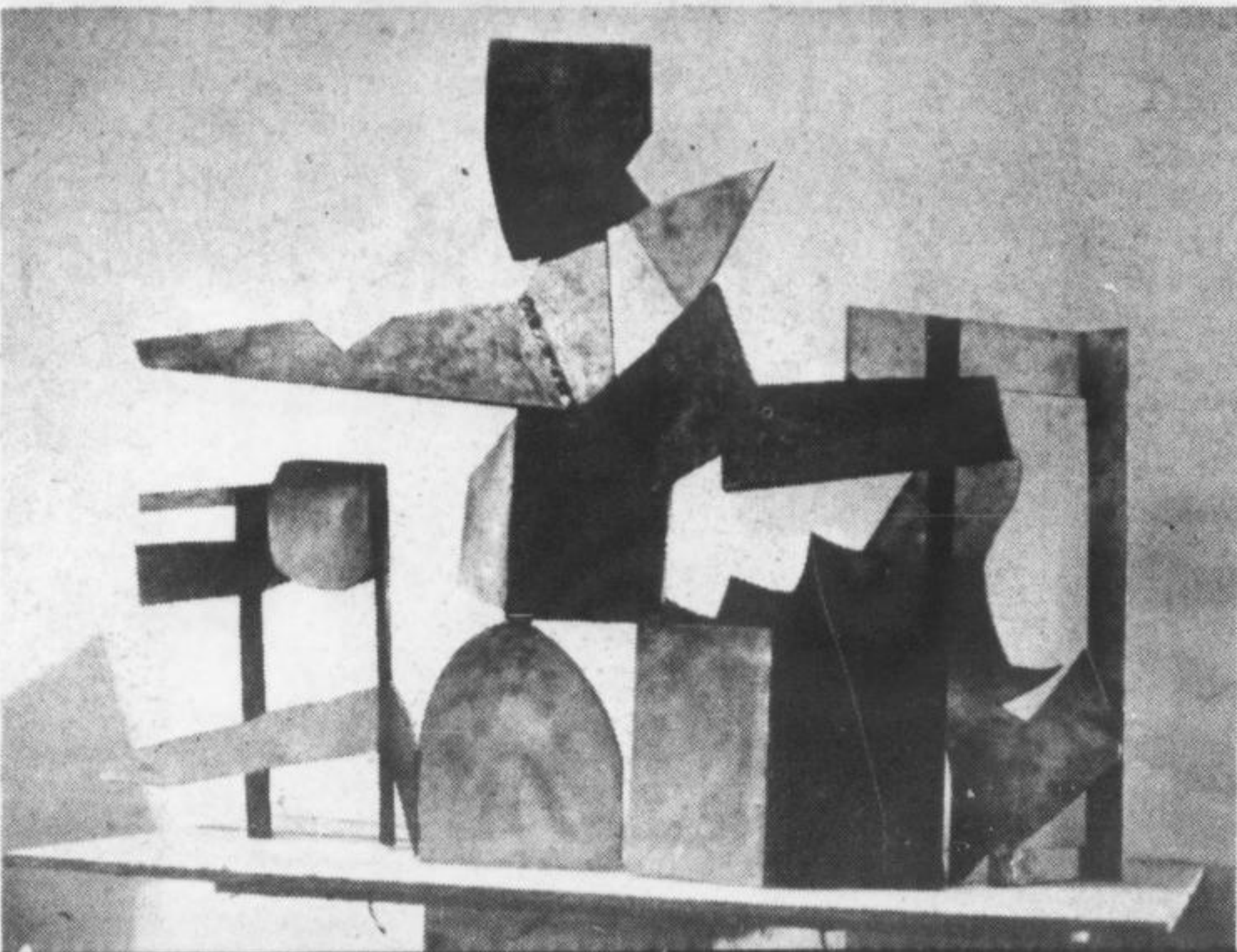
Betty Klavun makes sculpture in a variety of forms and media, from a playful lollu-pop-like forest in dark grey and white painted wood, to layered, repeated forms in bronze and also in sprayed paper mache (that are actually models), which represent a process of movement through time, such as one which depicts the motion of Bertha Schaefer herself.

Still other pieces are sharp and angular, such as a large sculpture constructed of aluminum, painted various shades of dark grey. This again feels like a forest, but perhaps a forest at night, where sharp, unseen branches jut out and obstruct one's path. Its pointed, perpendicular pieces and flat linear bars create both a visual excitement, and an emotional excitement of possible danger, if one can forget about the well-lit gallery and become that involved in the feelings that the sculpture can evoke.

The landscape in the photograph is again aluminum, but unpainted this time, though some areas are rubbed with graphite to create deeper tones which contrast nicely against the lighter ones. The surfaces of these flat pieces of aluminum are also chizzled to create different textures. This sculpture is meant to be viewed frontally against a white wall, for the negative shapes are as exciting and varied as the aluminum ones. Miss Klavun creates both a balance of curved and angular forms, and a tension from forms just touching or almost touching others. This is a very lyrical piece, which takes one for a walk in and out, up and across and back.

The variety of sculpture, along with several ink wash drawings on landscapes and interiors, produce a very lively show.

Nina Paull



NEIL WELLIVER

John Bernard Myers Gallery

March 13 - April 7

Neil Welliver paints rough north-woods landscapes in direct, descriptive brush strokes, that flow with water, spike with dead branches, and spot with foliage. His technique repeats his intention.

He paints them in summer, yet they contain the coolness of Maine summers. Often, quick-moving clouds block the sunlight, leaving a crisp, clear light upon the rivers and wooded mountains, reminding one of the relentless, transmuting nature of this country.

In three paintings, women are bathing in the river, or have just finished, and are dressing. Their flesh is painted in pale beiges and greys, with only an occasional touch of pink, colors which lack warmth, re-echoing the chill of the north-woods.

There are also three paintings of sunsets, but in these, the sun does not spread a parting warmth through the sky, in a tranquil last moment. There is no melancholy or nostalgia in these paintings. They are clear, direct, creating a feeling of reality and truth. Each of Welliver's statements is carefully chosen. His paintings show the power of nature and the elements, and its opposition to the forces of man.

Nina Paull

Homeless!!!

Evo staffer needs pad quick - if you know of a pad under \$100 rent + not much key fee, call REX at 255-2130 Hurry!

SMOKE IN

by
N.Y. YIP III



This is the story of the smoke-in that took place in the Central Park Sheep Meadow, March 21, 1971.

Two weeks ago there were four or five Yippies in the same room, and as one thing led to another, the conversation led up to the grand Smoke-In that took place in Washington last July Fourth.

We rapped while getting stoned, and the unanimous opinion was that we should have another one. We considered the proposed Earth Day to be held in the park and thought that it would be perfect.

By word of mouth we could summon the freaks as well as supplementing that call with press releases and the like. But the dope, that was another matter. I volunteered to get it.

The dope dealers in this town are usually less than charitable about giving away for free what they could make

bread on. I asked a friend of mine to introduce me to the dealer with a better than average rep.

"Hey man," I finally asked, "there are a bunch of people in this town giving a smoke-in on the first day of spring in Central Park, and well, can you contribute anything?"

"Oh sure, far out," he said.

It was that easy. I told him that I'd be in touch with him, and I left completely wrecked.

A week goes by and it is Thursday. The smoke-in will be in three days. The press releases have been given out, the leaflets are pasted up around town and we have told everyone we can. All that remains is getting the dope, rolling it into joints, and distributing them among the people without getting busted. We pray for sun, and we intend to celebrate the

first day of spring, smoking dope.

The dope is picked up on Friday night and transported to a secret hideout. Then on Saturday night people start arriving to roll up the dope. We had been given a pound and a half of good dope and we would see how far it would go. After a few hours, we took a count. We had five hundred and thirty joints. Everyone was tired and zonked. We put ten joints in tin foil packets. And as people left they took what they thought they could hand out. We agreed to meet in the park at two.

I rolled the rest of the dope bring up the total to six hundred joints. Our small band entered the park at three minutes to two carrying two hundred and forty joints between us. We went directly to the sheep meadow and found that the smoke-in had started without us. There were hundreds of people smoking dope in clustered lumps all over the meadow. We heard that some cat had been busted for a pound down at the fountain.

There is a way of handing out joints that is absolutely unbustable. One of the best ways is to give a packet of ten to a small group of people that you know and then hand out the joints to people near them. One should be able to tell who's cool.

In about half an hour I was through handing out my joints. Wow, everyone was really stoned. A success. The smoke-in was a success. The press was

there taking pictures of people smoking dope. One lady volunteered to smoke a joint, nothing too strange about that except the lady was about fifty-five and the straightest-looking lady anybody's ever seen. Shee. We made dope legal, and the pigs stayed off our territory at least for awhile. At about five o'clock there was a bonfire built in the meadow, made out of police barricades. The fire was warm and people were still smoking dope. The barricades had been used earlier as teeter-totters and now were keeping us warm. All of a sudden sirens were heard and a fire truck was on the way. People came streaming from other parts of the park to see the fire truck rushing for the fire, but not being able to reach it. The people swarmed in towards the truck, and tis windshield wipers were taken and the flag was ripped off. The fire truck couldn't get near the fire, and the police decided to clear it out little by little and made a path for the truck, but the people were right back on their turf before the truck could start up. They had to let the fire die out by itself. But the dirty hippies would have to pay for it. They rode through the crowd again, and actually succeeded in offing two of our own. They beat the shit out of them.

However, the smoke-in was a success. There was free dope, lots of people getting high, and a generally good time for all, with the exception of the three people who were busted.



photos: R. STAYMAN

Dear EVO

Just thought I'd give you a little word demonstration on how car use and mass ground transportation could merge smoothly in a non-money society. One emphasis of a non-money society would be its greater stress on a sense of commonness of objects, as opposed to a sense of ownership of objects. To get back to cars and mass transportation, I would like to point out that a non-money society would be a hitchhiking society. That is to say, mass transportation on the ground would consist mainly of people hitchhiking with privately owned cars. The idea is that no car owner would think of not giving a ride even to a complete stranger any more than a person with a cigarette lighter would refuse a friend a light. Several questions come up now: first of all, how do you make society safe enough to pick up a complete stranger? The answer to this question ties in with the answer to another question that comes up. Namely, I previously defined mass transportation of people hitchhiking with PRIVATELY-OWNED cars.

Now, doesn't privately owned cars instill a strong sense of ownership? as opposed to a strong sense of common use? The answer to this question is no, because in my type of non-money society a person would only be allowed his private car ownership for a limited amount of time. When this time elapses, he has to give his car over for private ownership to a hitchhiking non-owner and begin a period of non-owning hitchhiking. The whole thing is somewhat similar to batting practice, where each player uses the bat (and while using it has, for all practical purposes, private ownership over it) and then bends it over to the next player. Now, to answer the question about how one makes a society safe enough to pick up a complete stranger. Since this stranger one picks up will have his turn as a private car owner, he will, in all probability, feel a sense of equality and comradeship with the driver, who will, at other times, be a hitchhiker like the stranger is now.

Of course, if in areas outside of ownership and use, there isn't this type of common-use-equality, the car owner's life may well be in danger from the stranger. The stranger may be getting the short end and the car owner the long end and in other areas of potential common-use-equality, and the stranger may be aware of these facts. But that, of course, is only an argument for instituting common-use-equality all over. Jacob J. Lomnitz NYC

ED: *That all sounds very well and good, but it is dangerously reflective of certain tenets of Godless World Communism. Watch out. Do not be taken in by their pretty words, they're out to enslave the whole Universe.*

COSTUME CORRECTIONS
Gentlemen: (I use the word in a democratic sense)

Reading the comic strips of your latest East Village Other I took more than the usual interest in your "Funny Nazis." It was very well done and accolades must go to the artist

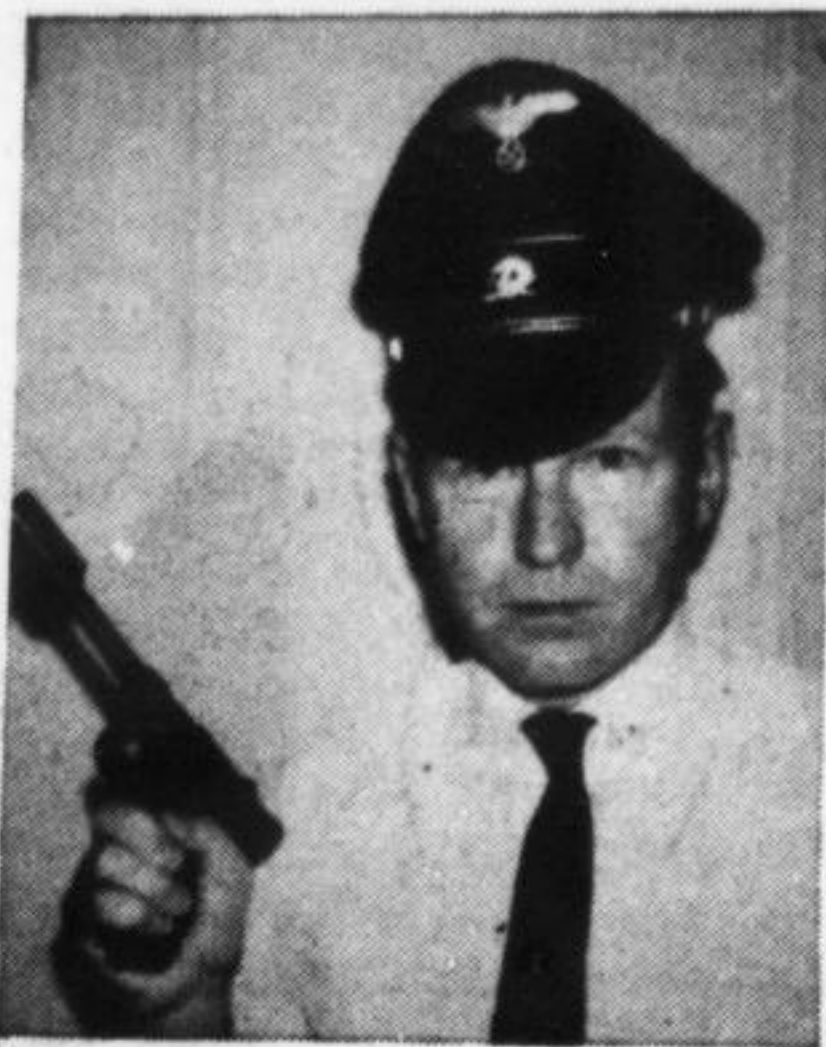
Dear EVO...

who rendered it.

However in the interests of authenticity and from one who knows the Gheime Staats Polizei (Gestapo) uniform like a book let me make a few corrections.

First off the shoulder strap passes from right hip over the left shoulder (not the opposite way as your artist shows). The Luger is holstered on the left, not right hip. Only one shoulder board is decorated with the silvered bas-relief workings, the right one; there is no left shoulder board at all.

Herr Moltke's hat is pretty nearly correct but since I have an authentic one I am taking the liberty of sending a Polaroid of me and it with a little touch of Fascista in my hand. Not that instead of a wreath encircling the Swastika there is only the skull and bones Death's Head insignia. The eagle perched on the wreath encircling the Swastika always faces to the left (for the Gestapo at any rate).



Well, there you have it. Us Fascists, we gotta stick together. There's an awful lotta kooks and leftists wandering around New York so keep up the good work and hope that some day a good tough Fascist regime will take over New York and kick the Far Left into line.

Love and kisses
Reinhard Heydrich

Ed: Uber alles, brothers and sister, uber alles.

Dear EVO

I dug your appearance at the Rock today, Earth Day-night. I dug your paper & David Peel. What is David Peel? Why won't he get involved in with us? Why won't he smoke dope in public? Why is he selling free grass to little kids & not giving it out to us? Why doesn't he get involved in the demonstration of our freedom at the Bonfire? Why won't he fight the pigs? What are you going to do now, Peel? What are you going to do? Explain. (That is an open letter to D. Peel. Free David Peel.) EVO: what do you say to the brothers and sisters attacked by pigs while arming themselves by the Bonfire? Answer me.

Jumping Jack Flash

ED: What we say to the brothers and sisters at the Bonfire is of immediate and irreproachable revolutionary significance: "RUN!" we say. As for David Peel, he obviously has reasons of his own for behaving the way he does, and we would not presume to advise him to behave otherwise.

DESIRES CLARITY

Dear Evo,

I am never very sure where you guys' heads are, and in my opinion you are not as good a paper as RAT (which once published an article of mine, heh heh) but I read you every week and I like Dean Latimer very much. And sometimes, if not always, you are well worth reading. The important thing, though, is that you have a nice big freak audience...which is why I am writing this letter. I'm not really a very far-out revolutionary; I've been to Washington maybe 3 times, and to most of the local demonstrations and so on and so forth, and spend quite a lot of time in the summers up at the Goddard vicinity, and I dress unconventionally and so on and so forth; I am sure you know what I mean. My friends are much the same, and I love them, and we dream of a better world and establishing a commune and all the rest of it. Well, recently they have become involved in the "Instant City" project at the City College School of Architecture. From what I gather, this project consists of organizing maybe 500 or so kids to go out in the country this summer to build an "instant city" and then tear it down again. When I first heard it I was horrified; with so many poor people needing places to live, there could hardly be anything more obscene and counterrevolutionary than building houses and tearing them down again. But it seems I was wrong; they are not really going to build houses. First they are going to design and make papier mache models of their houses, and then they are going to the country to make houses out of "wood and paper and rope and stuff like that," to quote my friends. In other words, they are going to build fake houses. Now, my friends heatedly defend the idea, saying it is a learning process and they will be solving problems and so on and so forth. I, on the other hand, say that if you are studying engineering or architecture all you have to do is learn specifications and stress factors and building processes...and model making...but the building of full-size wood-and-paper mockups is just plain silly. With the world in the shitty state it is in these days, isn't it a pure fuck up when 500 kids are going to spend all this time and energy and money PLAYING SILLY FUCKING GAMES instead of doing something real? My friends say it will be "fun," like a camping trip or something. I can't see it, and insist they could have just as much "fun" going out and joining some together people somewhere and learning how to live and love and fuck and for god's sake maybe even learn how to make molotov cocktails or throw bombs or organize underground groups...or, if that is their fucking bag, maybe use some of that excess energy to build a real house that would stay there for a while and in which maybe somebody could actually live. And, by the way, only one of my friends is actually studying architecture.

Now could you please print this letter, and if it evokes any response either print that, or sent the letters on to me? Because I want to find out if my head is in some sort of blind stupid bag, and this organized Big Deal building of toy "cities" is actually a good, nice, constructive thing to do...or are my friends being sucked into some cooptive mind trap designed to keep them off the streets for a while (and out of the Establishment's hair?) If you happen to know more about the project than I do, I would appreciate having your opinion on it.

Sorry to bother you with this trivial sort of thing, but the fact is that I am damned unhappy arguing unavailingly with my friends and being made to feel that I am some sort of fuddy-duddy party pooper fun-spoiling son of a bitch dog in the manger...or whatever. And it would help, one way or another, if I knew...and more to the point, if they knew...what the general thought of together people is on this.

Yeah, I know, everybody does their own thing and has their own bag and so on and so forth. And that's good. Like, Dow Chemical does its own thing and has its own bag and that's good? Or Nixon does his own thing and has his own bag and that's good? Or Agnew? But I guess you know what I mean.

Yours in hopes of a little clear thinking,

Alex Kirs
Bronx

P.S. I really do like Dean Latimer. When he isn't fooling around getting sentimental and/or imitating Jean Sheppard (or however you tell it) or doing his idea of a freak Jean Sheppard or...oh well, I like Dean Latimer. Honest I do. Really. *Please!*

ED: *Well...we don't know anything about this silly damned idea, but it sounds as damn silly as any idea we've heard of, although no sillier really than any other damned idea, as ideas go, and who knows, somebody might get laid or stoned up there, so it shouldn't be a total loss, and this is about as clear as our thinking is gonna get on this matter. But Latimer protests that he has never in his life ever listened to Jean Sheppard to his own knowledge, and had always THOUGHT, Lord knows, he was doing lame imitations of H.L. Mencken or Mark Twain or Laurence Sterne, and has been very moody and irritable lately after hearing that he sounds like some fucking disc jockey or medicine-show pitchman or other, and is just liable to bring up a gun someday and murder everybody here because of you, you rat bastard.*

As Ye Sow...

Dear EVO,

We are appealing to you as the Earth's People - sane and rational people under the oppression of a government owned and operated by racist, war-monger perverts. Sane and rational people under these totally insane and irrational conditions tend to get hassled and up-tight. And hassled and up-tight is no way to create sane and rational change. But, ALAS, there exists the soother of tensions and calmer of minds:

that beautiful weed that makes us all giggle.

There is a nation-wide conspiracy now under way which was started in a remote corner of New Mexico and is spreading quickly across the continent. It is the Johnny Weedseed Conspiracy and its purpose is as honorable and decent as Mom's Apple pie. We want grass to grow free as far and wide as apple trees - everywhere we look and everywhere we go from New York City's potted plants to the White House lawn to elementary school terrariums across the nation to all of our National, State and Local parks - we want you to see grass growin' free.

It's just a little thing. A seed. You can't get off by smoking it, so get off by planting it. And they're such nasty little things when you're trying to roll a joint. So plant it. Anywhere-Everywhere. Even if we aren't yet free - our grass can be. The time is right. Join the Johnny Weedseed Conspiracy. Tell your friends, write it on walls, scratch it on pig cars: SUPPORT JOHNNY WEEDSEED AND JOHNNY WEEDSEED WILL SUPPORT YOU. PLANT TODAY. (and tomorrow).

Your friend, John.
ED: *A return to Populist Agrarianism?*

BETENOIR NO MORE

Dear EVO,

Upon reading your presentation of Eldridge Cleaver's letter to the counter-culture, I was dismayed by the thought that he appears the personification of the racism he so deplors. Aldous Huxley once wrote that, when people start to think of other people as "things," only hate and injustice can result. How Cleaver can say "All power to the people," and "Kill the pigs," in one breath is totally beyond me. I'm sure I'm as paranoid of the ideologies that the police represent, as anyone else in the counter-culture, but to degrade the police, or any other human beings, to the level of sub-human objects or classifications such as "pigs," "fascists," "racists," etc.etc., counters everything that the new movements stand for. When a person becomes a "thing," one can easily rationalize wronging him, or even murdering him. When Cleaver says "brother," does he mean your brother, and my brother, but not "his" brother? Who is "he" and doesn't "he" change with one racist faction to the next? Brotherhood knows no confines.

We may be impatient with the hate, and greed, and evil, that has controlled the world for so many centuries, but to counter it with hate, murder, destruction, and arms, is but to feed and enhance this beast of darkness. It is only by patient and endless work, with our hands, with our words, with our minds, and our heart, that we may ever truly bring forth the dawn of the new age; the age of love...

Peace be with you dear
brothers and sisters
Teal

b,

ED: *And with you, while we are absent, one from the Other.*

The CRIM REEFER

A HARRY DULOZ ADVENTURE



OKAY CHIEF, WHATS THE SCAM ON THIS CAPER?

NO IGOR IT'S DULOZ!!

©1970 YOSSARIAN/ASYLUM



DUH, I'M SOR-RY HAR-RY. I DON'T THINK SO GOOD NO MORE HARRY.

MOAN... NO I WOULDN'T BETRAY THE YEW ESS OF AY FOR ALL THE SEDUCTIVE BROADS YOU BEEN PARADING BEFORE ME YOUR HIGHNESS. HUH, WHAT? WHERE AM I?

DID I HURT YOU HAR-RY DID I?



YOU SIT HERE HAR-RY. I'LL GET YOU A DRINK. DID I HURT YOU HAR-RY?



ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS DULOZ.

THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CASE DULOZ. TRICIA NOXIOUS WAS KIDNAPPED FROM THE **WHITE HOUSE** WHILE SHE SLEPT LAST NITE. THIS NOTE WAS FOUND ON HER BED UNDER HER "WINNIE WET" DOLL



HERE'S YOUR DRINK HARRY. YOUR REG-U-LAR SCOTCH AND LA-VOR-IS HAR-RY

ARE YOU MAD AT ME HAR-RY



WE FOUND THIS IN THE NOTE. A MARIJUANA GIGARETTE WRAPPED IN A FOTO OF PRESIDENT NOXIOUS



THE TRADEMARK OF MY PERSONAL ENEMY, THAT ARCHFIEND EMILIO FLOURIDE



DULOZ, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE UP FOR THAT UNPLEASANT MATTER IN FIJISTAN.

I DON'T THINK I HAVE TO EXPLAIN THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS CASE.



I CAN HANDLE THESE PEOPLE SIR



OKAY MY BOY YOU'D BETTER GET OUT TO PIER 31... OH, AND DULOZ.

YES CHIEF?



BLOW THIS ONE AND I'LL HAVE YOUR BALLS!!

YES CHEEF!!



G'BYE HARRY. I DIDN'T HURT YOU, DID I HAR-RY?

Its Howdy Doody Time

Hes going to come up from florida next week, land in the big time and go to work. Next week a living legend comes to The Electric Mecca. A man who towers over the millions that were hypnotized by his simple manner and flashing 100 watt smile. Im talking of **BUFFALO BOB SMITH**. The man behind The *Howdy Doody* legend. The man without whom the whole thing would have never happened. The first Television Kid show host.

In that onewrfull year of 1950 he came to the silver sparkling tube with his merry little friends and a clown with a seltzer bottle. Everyone flipped. It was the biggest thing to hit the kiddie time. Millions upon millions watched with religious dedication to the more than 2 thousand shows he did in the 20 years that the howdy doody show was on the air. Then he disappeared. Next week a legend comes to town . . .

Almost every media freak and advertising man in the city was at one time in the world famous peanut gallery. Will Elder a cartoonist for mad magazine did a strip lampoon of the show. It was really an amazing thing the myth that was built up around him. Well this record company took some of the old shows of the tape and cut an album of his hits.

I tried to get him on the phone but he was out on his way. Hes making a comeback to a hip city with a hip audience that hasnt had anything so camp since nixon got elected president. Hes booked in the fillmore for a sunday night performance the first week in april. But you can see him for free tomorrow, Wednesday, March 31st, 1971, if you go to the filming of the dick cavett show. Hes going to be taping a show to be on the air that night or the night of april fools day, go to the studio at around 5 pm and stand in line with the rest of the swains. There is a chance to sit in the audience and watch the show. Buffalo Bob Smith you know??? The howdy doody show. Hes coming back to the big time for the enjoyment of all of us that are still living somewhat in the 1950s.

One time king of the rock world Alan Klein managed the most successfull acts in the field. At the time of his indictment he held the strings on such musical puppets like Beatles, The Stones, Hermans Hermits and a couple of others. He was nailed by the boys in blue for fooling around with the numbers on his tax returns. He was trying to cheat the government out of some money. They caught him and slapped him right into court. Monday the decision came down. **GUILTY!!** Hes as guilty as the day is long. Maybe thats why paul mccartney wants to break up the beatles.

Theres been all kinds of nefarious dealings over the years bringing a time secretary and mistress to a large corporation head. Alan Klein cut himself off a piece and was caught. He will pay his fine, his debt to the american people and go merrily



april fool

Hes coming back to the big time for the enjoyment of all of us that are still living somewhat in the 50s

on his way carousing and wheeling dealing in the musical influence business.

I went with my lady to see some at the show, The Vanilla Fudge group that you all know well from a long time ago split up and became something new, something different to get into. The call themselves **CACTUS** and they come from the swamps out there on Long Island.

2 guys from the fudge and two new ones make up the rock assembly. They were the last on the snow so their volume was turned up all the way. Animal man Carmine Appice on drums, Towering Tim Bogert on bass, Jumpin Jim McCarthy on lead guitar and Rusty Day playing the harmonica. They were better than I had even hoped for. I mean rock and roll in its unadulterated form. They got warm and started cooking. Carmine playing a monstrous set with double 26 inch bass drums was so freaky that even I was amazed.

Playing tunes from here and there and from everywhere where they get the lead out and boogie.

They had an album out around a year ago and it wasn't took hot but their new one called **ONE WAY OR ANOTHER**, on Atlantic records shows new thinking with the same old four basic rock chords in a song. Sometimes they even sound like the old fudge with Tim wailing around in the falsetto range of his voice. Rock and roll was their choice a long time ago and it's done them well. There was some crack made in the middle of their set So the audience should go out and buy the album so Tim could buy another XKE, so if you want to help an ex member of the fudge buy another sports car go get this album . . .

Also on the bill was a group from england called **DADA**, Theyre first time in the states in front of a screaming, teenaged

audience. They were definately too refined and too polished to sway the swains in the audience one way or another. A combination of a lot of different musical styles and changes went into the group.

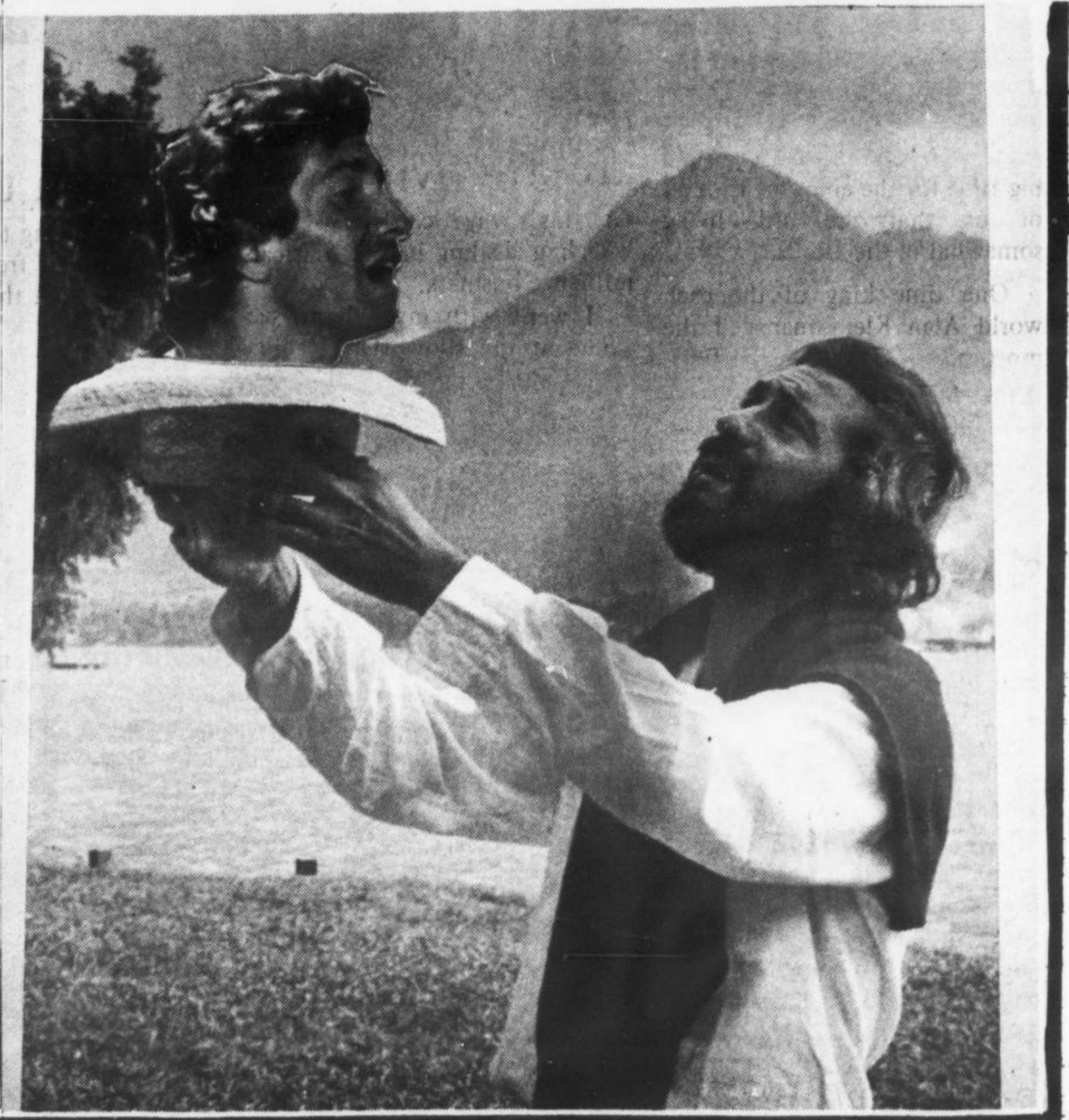
They had 2 saxes and a trombone for a horn section and the usual compliment of electric back up instruments, and two lead singers, a guy and a chick named **ELKIE BROOKS**, she was really good, had a powerful voice and was able to use it well. Some of their material went about as far into jazz as you can and still be able to call it **Jazz Rock**. The kids stomped their feet and clapped their hands and admired the flashy guitar work and in general gave them a warm welcome. Theyll be on the charts in no time at all. Theyre not a formula band and they dont have a sound thats readily acceptable to the clogged ears of the americans. They get it out and dance around musically, like throwing a ball back and forth

across the stage. The drummer was pretty animal too. They had nothing to do but come here and play, They took me far away.

Their first album is called **DADA**, on Atco records. They did pretty well for their first attempt to crack the money palaces of the lower east side. If you hear them on the radio sson it means that they impressed the right people any were permitted to make it big, its all got to do with what the boys on the top of the rock heap say, weather a band will starve or weather they will play . . .

So the spring came to town in a of sike a delic rush, bringing with it warm weather sunny skies and rock and roll. Yes kids now for the first time in years real live rock and roll commin to your town. In all shapes and all sizes new and old bands that were around way back when, are giggling again cause the crowds with the money want to get it on. Who said rock and roll is dead and gone??? 3.24.71.

CHARLIE FRICK



I was surprised that Eric Rohmer's *My Night at Maud's* surpassed the intellectual erotolalia it evoked, as does and did *Claire's Knee*, both being films whose premises are so honestly explored that they go beyond being merit badges for intellectuals who detect immediately that they are "films for intellectuals," although in the end they also merely mollify and adorn Big Culture. And so they are welcomed by at least a few reviewers I've read as, quote, relief, in this, quote, age of barbarism. Barbarians of course put the finishing touches on dead societies, and I'm one myself, not proud, just pagan, like the revolutionary cannibals at the end of *weekend*. And my religion is the idolatrous gob of spiritual mucilage between me and the Silver Screen. By which I hope to suggest the ambivalence of my delectation and instinctive apprehension of *Claire's Knee*.

Claire's Knee is the fifth of Rohmer's six planned "moral tales," for which he provides the cumulative synopsis: "Just as the narrator is in pursuit of a woman who, momentarily, seems to elude him, events bring him in contact with another. And, regardless of the charm and persuasion of the second, he will reject her in favor of the first, even when he is not yet assured of her possession." Carlos Clarens has written that this boils down in Hollywood terms to boy meets girl, loses girl, meets second girl, gets first girl. Anyway *Claire's Knee* loses the thread because he goes after two other girls, gets one and is rejected by the other. The "moral" point is not in the literal sense of the realm of ethical action but, loosely, and existentially perhaps, in the protagonists' self-analysis of their own choices. But the integrity (no other word for it) of Rohmer's critical subjectivism visualized in the sunny Alps gives it an Eden-like quality of abstraction that is agreeable, seductive, but leaves me restive and feeling that Rohmer has, in this film, over-"staged" his choices. It's that old dialectic I miss. Again, when the writer character in *Claire's Knee*, Rohmer's surrogate, tells Jean-Claude Brialy that she doesn't manipulate her characters but only follows their instincts, I can only say sure lady, that's what they all say. With the exception of surrealist automatic writing, the literary fix is always more or less in. If Rohmer is going to run that line of scam, all the instincts have to be comprehensible and believable and not just on the character's say-so. Mostly, Brialy has a lot more explaining to do about this knee business.

To get material for a story, the writer sets him up with a sixteen year old girl, Laura, played by Beatrice Romand, who is the best thing in movies since Shirley Temple and looks like her too. Talking with her, Brialy first says that in a woman he cares only for intelligence, later that he cares for neither looks nor intelligence, finally becomes so category-less that he can only describe his final epic passion for Laura's sister Claire's knee as a "pure desire"--resonantly vague and philosophical. I was more intrigued by Tiny's analysis, in an old Li'l Abner strip, wherein it was held that a woman's virtue was gauged by the sincerity of the

expression on her knee. Anyway, by the time Brialy makes it with the knee, and Rohmer cuts expressively to a Winslow Homer-like storm on the lake outside, emotions are stirring that are magnificent and intense on the one hand and vague and manipulated (by the beautiful photography and the development of tensions external to the Brialy's knee obsession)--one isn't sure if one has been seduced or bamboozled, and even a barbarian likes to know.

The grace and beauty of *Claire's Knee* make it artful but this time around Rohmer's visualizing stopped short of the intellectual daring that informs great modern art--leaving his audience self-satisfied and content that such exquisite and serene affairs are in fact the norm, which, in its blatantly saleable way was what *Love Story* was doing, whereas there is the whole of Bunuel, Mailer, Millet and Kraft-Ebbing to attest otherwise. As there is Godard, furiously slamming the empty abstraction and mummery of the new French cinema with his epics of studied crudity.

Obviously a hopeless situation. At any rate there will be a lot more tourists in the French Alps this year, and in the interests of art I'll be keeping an open-minded eye out for aesthetic knee.

"Making It" is an ugly movie about what Hollywood periodically considers to be the "new morality," and if it weren't for that reason I wouldn't review it because it is a sordid piece of shit that caters to every perverted vicious pious church-going small town voyeur and bigot in America. Some superannuated Fox publicist wrote these wonderful notes:

"Making It" is the American Dream. "If you want to make it in today's world you're supposed to be hip, flip, casual and 'cool'."

"Phil Fuller fills that bill exactly--and he's only in high school. He's too young to make it in business. He's too smart to care about making it in the classroom. He really isn't very deeply into the dope scene. So, what's left?"

"Making It" with 'chicks'." I am indebted to Coca Crystal for the observation that *Making It* contains no footage of penis, which pretty much defines the anal retentive cracker mentality the film was made for, and with, the constipated realm of imagination where the contents of the real world include only what is allowed to be shown on the movie screen. This picture is their revenge, too, on the world of, be it said, the young and hip Haves. Because if they weren't turned on by freaks dropping acid and shooting scag in *Easy Rider* and *Joe* they can certainly resent this smart-ass kid out of Albuquerque who scores easy as pie with his long-haired ways. Predictably, he gets his comeuppance. After many affairs, he is kicked murderously in the groin by the gym teacher (with whose wife, etc.), only to walk achingly into impending paternity, that of the "class virgin." He blackmails a reluctant and angry physician to do an abortion, then finds out that his widowed mother is herself with child by her new intended who has just killed himself in a wreck.

(Continued on Page 20)

BLADE

(Continued from Page 11)

led his daughter to the family car. They'll have a fine time pinning an impairment rap on the old Blade, they will. And as for the porn-possession charge, that's unconstitutional out front, in light of recent Supreme Court gobbledy-gook.

But they fucked old Blade over to the best of their ability. Hamstrung though they might be by the Jew pinkoe intellectuals in the Higher Courts, the cops put Freddy through some pretty paces before they turned him loose on decent law-abiding America. One phone call to home, and then Blade had to put his hands behind his back, where cuffs were clapped on them. Then they chucked him into the back seat of a patrol car and patrolled him elegantly off to the slams, six miles down the pike past all the good Jersey families out for an evening spin: 'Mama mama, lookit the hippie in the police car. I wonder what he did, the nasty brute.'

The cops in the front seat were talking shop. It was interesting to Freddy to hear all this familiar talk of bloody clubbings and beatings and wild drunken midnight chases at 105 mph down Route 22. It was the killing talk that unsettled him. 'Yeah, I just shot the fucker in the leg. He went down like a duck, and it turned out he didn't have but a Goddamn jackknife in his hand. Believe me, I was up till ten in the morning filing out that one.'

'Shit, you shoulda killed him. Wouldn't hadda fill out nothing that way.'

'Yeaaaah...' Both cops turn around and grin at Freddy, sitting in the back seat and trying to look happy to be there. 'Yeah, all you gotta do is kill 'em and it takes care of half your work.'

It was a harrowing ride. After that, jail was fairly tolerable. They kept FReddy there for an unconcionable long while - twenty hours - during which he got sufficiently familiar with enlightened techniques of penal correction. There were the cell doors for one thing, electronically-controlled sliding metal doors which would flash open a quarter-inch or so occasionally, for no perceptible reason, and then crash shut with a noise fit to wake the dead. The blanket he was issued would have been suitable for a man with one arm and one leg, presuming both limbs were attached to the same side of him, but was patently insufficient for a whole man, and the Blade is all there. At about eleven at night the belligerently incandescent overhead lights suddenly winked out, plunging the cell-block into a blissful velvety darkness; closing his eyes, Freddy lay back to go mentally skin-diving among the spectacular after-images flooding through his retina, and was just poisoning for the plunge when FZAFFT!! on those fucking lights went again, and stayed lit all night long. If anything will rehabilitate a hardened criminal, this will do it: the Blade may never commit another crime so long as he lives.

(Continued on Page 21)

42nd st.

He substitutes her for the girl friend, but the angry doc, a virile clean cut Ben Casey who speaks of abortion-happy New York in an evil hiss, makes him assist in the operation to teach him a lesson. Foetus-scraping is apparently so nauseating that Phil experiences mortification of the flesh and spiritual rebirth (Kris Tabori stops his insipid mugging and starts looking like a carsick eight year old). In the felicitous words of Twentieth Century-Fox, he "sees beyond his tough credo that 'people are things: things are to be used'." Basically he experiences shock therapy post-religious America equates with hellfire and damnation and losing all your self-respect

on Welfare. Phil, the perpetual Winner, the snotty uppitty long-hair, is cathartically dredged in visceral palpable vaginal DIRT (remember genitalia proper is obsessively absent from the film's visual and therefore permissible, inventory, and consigned to the proscribed and satanic) -horror unimaginable.

Well, stupid movies for stupid people. By stupid people. And of stupid people.

Mad Dogs and Englishmen is the first real rock cheapo and suggests the shoddy home-movie quality the next year or so of post *Woodstock* ripoffs that will be sold with the alacrity of hotcakes to the Groupie Scouts of America. The album that was released last year is now so familiar that there is no attempt to sync

it with the unimaginative, unfocused, and un-color-corrected split screens. The few conversations with performers reveal them as singularly inarticulate morons, a quality easily projected by an inept filmmaker on his subject. There is also a lower grade of hick and groupie being interviewed for eccentric opinions about rock musicians and hippies. I won't say this is for fans only, because fans deserve better, and where would we be without them in summer?

THX 1138 is a compilation of totalitarian cliches left over from *Metropolis* and *1984* and *Brave New World*. *Friends* is an anthology of old Clairol commercials. Next week, *The Conformist*.

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(Continued from Page 20)

BLADE

The company was entertaining enough. Although he wasn't there long enough to strike up any lasting friendships, Freddy was surprised to note how *decent* all those prisoners seemed. An air of camaraderie seemingly prevailed, a friendly atmosphere unmarred by any bitterness or ill-feeling, saving that which was directed at the keepers of the establishment. Indeed, this was always my own impression of the House: in there you meet and pal around with and even grow to slightly love a lot of great guys whom you would run a mile from, screaming, on the Outside. Most of those guys are *bastards*, they get out in the world and they go apeshit, fucking over people right and left. They just don't know how to behave, they're always trying to prove their balls, or their guts or something, by breaking the Rules, generally to some innocent party's discomfiture. Once they get back in jail, though, where the rules are clear and simple and very hard to break — where there aren't any *women* to torment them — then they tend to relax, and get loose, and become just as human as you or me. What I have seen an learned of prisons persuades me that the greater portion of the people there are people like this: and the difference between these creeps and the fuckers that are guarding them is negligible and insignificant. The term 'Pig' is comprehensive of both species. There's another good reason to keep out of jail.

They let the Blade out the next afternoon, that is, they clapped the cuffs on him again — in front this time — and took him down for his arraignment. His mother was there. She looked aggrieved. When the judge pronounced the bond figure, she looked prodigiously aggrieved. They set it at \$5000, which is a trifle exorbitant for impairment and porn-possession — but hell, you never know what these long-haired types are *really* up to. But a bondsman put up \$400, they unlocked the shackles, and the Blade was free again to tread the streets of his beloved Newark. His attorneys are optimistic of an early acquittal.

All in all, it was a righteous and ennobling experience for my friend Freddy Caruso, in many ways. But there were elements in it he found depressing, and one in particular that may haunt him to the grave: 'You know,' he muses, 'you work hard, you get a little money together, you go into business for yourself, you work good, you get it all together, you get a car, you start thinking about getting a house... Just a place to live, with maybe a good chick, and a lot of friends over getting stoned and drinking wine... And it's all starting to come together for you, and you start to think, hey, I might not be such a bad person after all. You know? You even get so you *like* yourself, maybe, a little. But man, it doesn't matter, no matter *how* good you think you are — when your mother looks at you and sees you're wearing handcuffs, you *know* you're not worth shit.'

NEWARK JOYRIDE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Because he's broke, he needs the money," said a young boy who was clinging to the side of this teacher as we rushed along.

"I was in last year's strike," he said. "I was arrested."
"You had enough?"
"I was arrested."
"Do you support the union?"

"I think they're very irresponsible."

"Are you afraid?"

"No"

Shortly before that, a rock had gone sailing between our heads. The teacher and I got separated by the mob. The union teachers took relatively little part in this, preferring to hold back on the sides and yell "scab!", and let the students do the dirty work for them.

The cops were trying to break up the students, and the students were freaking. They began attacking the *union* teachers. It went on for some time, and got very rough. Some of the teachers got back in the bus, and I followed them in. We were there a few seconds when a large gang of students tried to force their way into the bus. They shoved the teachers going in, and one managed to fight his way in and make a perfect throw with a rock that hit a teacher in the head. Another teacher kicked at the kids as he went in the bus, and they almost dragged him off to whip him. Fortunately he jumped in before they could. A white youth outside pulled his shirt off and maniacally defied the teacher to come out of the bus. The kids began banging on the bus. Further up, another group of union teachers were jumped and pelted with rocks. They all clambered into the bus very quickly, the door was closed and we took off — with strong admonitions to watch out for flying rocks.

"They were trying to kill us," one teacher said.

"I thought those kids supported us."

"They don't support anybody," said the teacher who had gotten hit with the rock. "They're just looking for trouble, anything that will create an incident. You break your backs for them, and for what?"

The bus roared on. I was astonished at these doings. Later in the day I spoke to Jesse Jacobs at the Downtowner Hotel where negotiations are being conducted. I asked him about Polanski's charges.

"It's ludicrous," he said. We're not trying to bust the union. They're just trying to project themselves as more important than they really are. I could care less about the youngsters..."

"Why didn't you renew the contract?" I asked him.

"At that point, the union did not request that. That contract did not guarantee one child a better education."

"What about the union's tactics?" I asked.

"They're acting more like a bunch of hoodlums than like teachers," he said. "When I see the things they're doing it just bothers me. I don't know where the hell they come off."

And that's the way it stands up to the moment. The strike continues, the politicians make hay, Jacobs and Polanski are clawing it out, and the process of education has ceased. You may hear people say education is bullshit, but not when you've got a living to make, son. Out of all the remarks I have heard regarding this strike, the one that impressed me the most came from the mother of a student, a black woman who I spoke to at the city hall meeting a couple of weeks ago: "Our children are 10 to 15 years behind in their schooling. The teachers don't really have the education they should have. They're asking for someone to pay them. For what? They should be responsible to *us*! Money isn't the answer, they have no respect. They have proven it. They don't know how to teach."

As usual, it is the kids who get fucked.

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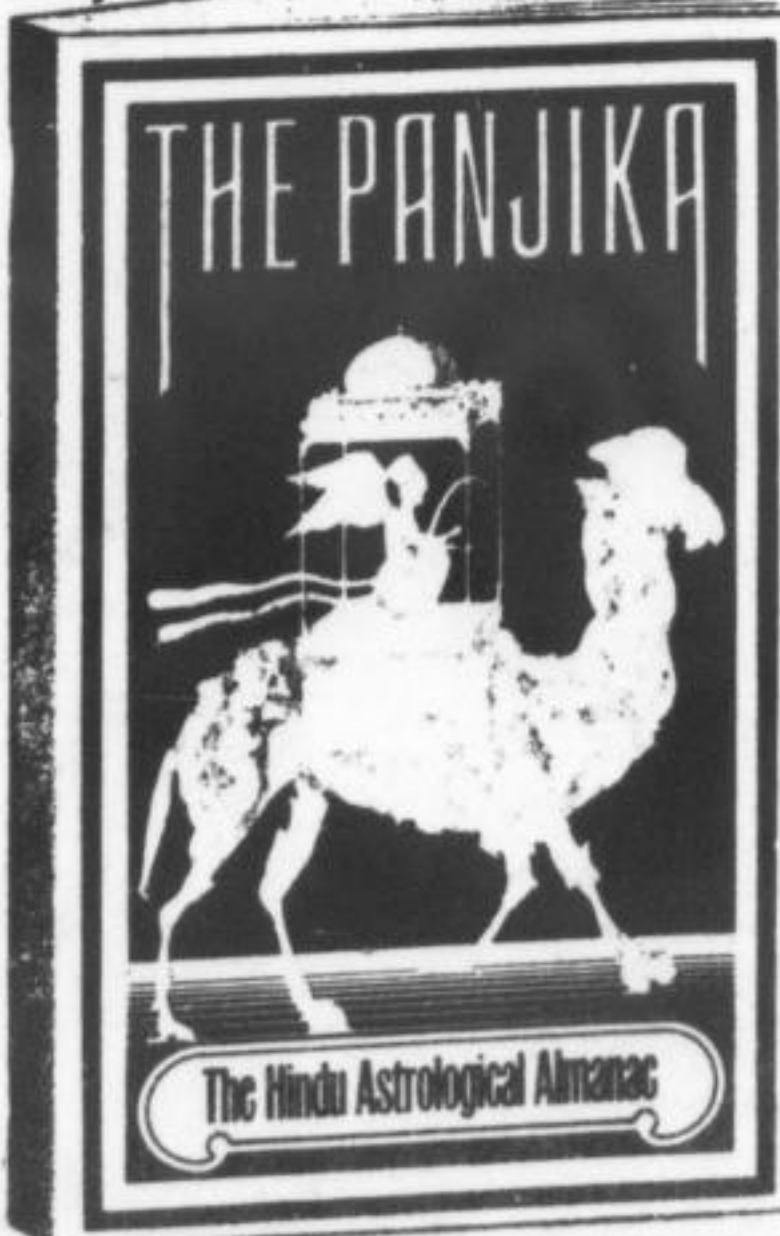
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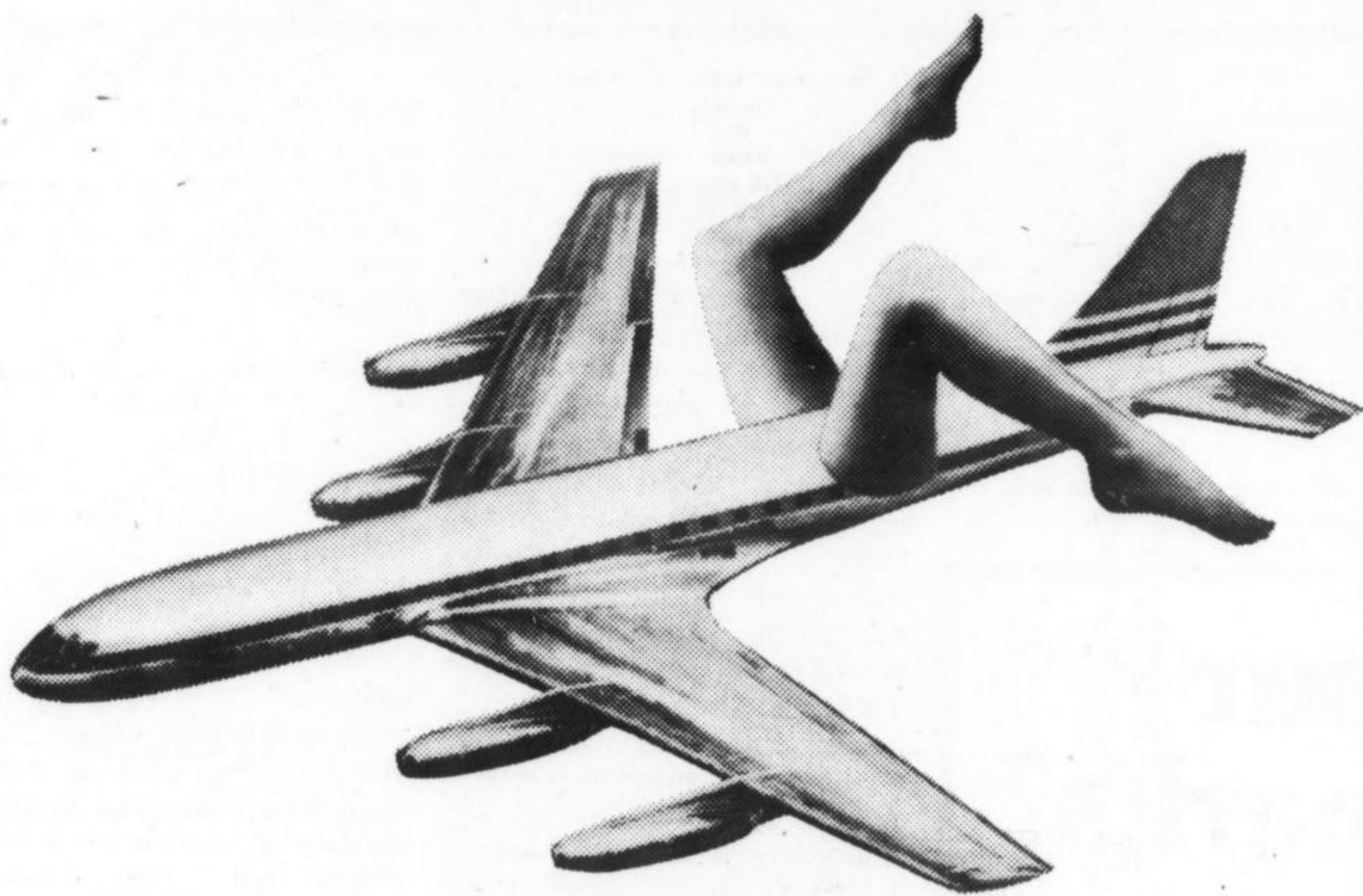
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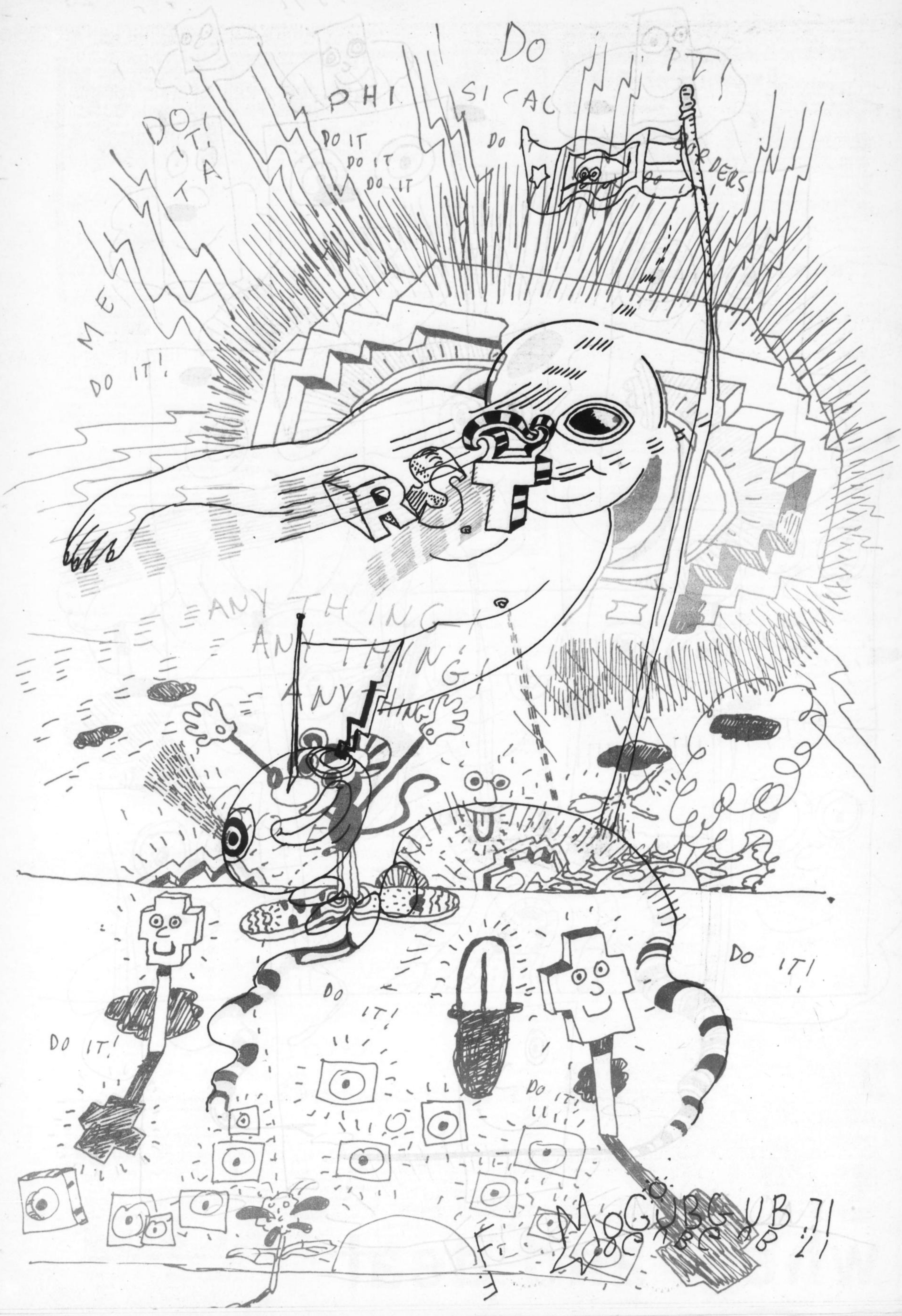
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