

THE EAST THER



village

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April 13, 1971

Hilary.



Time is running out and as usual there is neither the time nor the inclination to relate to it all coherently, let alone deal with it in concrete, logical terms

Instead, a few choice items remain outstanding in one's memory bank. Rather than pass judgement, why not take them at face value.

Like when exGreen Beret Torpedo now super LIFEINSURANCECHAMPION SALESMAN Bob Morosco extol the finer points of assassination. (" After drugging and strangling him, why did you have to shoot him? " We needed blood for to sharks to want him")

Like when typically assinine New YorkGLIBLIB publisher pays Neanderthal Calley \$100.000 for his version of the orgy, not to mention all the hot shit that has been coming his way from Nixon and every other fool this great country can boast of.

Like when the good people of Mt. Vernon N.Y. are stupid enough to subject themselves willingly to Big Pig's everpresent scrutiny.

Like the liberal radicals of Berkely who won a victory in numbers but lost to the breakup of the legendary pig sty.

Like when Bobby Seale put down Eldridge for his jive tactics and last but not least when a true American of impeccable redwhiteandblue character like Calley's prosecutor has had the wisdom and the balls to tell Nixon where things are really at.

Someone suggested that only the Vietnamese people could possibly pass judgement on the likes of Calley and company. Rather than fumble meaninglessly for an absolution why not turn over all the thousands responsible for 9 years of war crimes to those whom they violated.

To us it would seem to be a favorable exchange for our boys in North Vietnam.

- Jaakov Kohn
- Allen Katzman
- Ray Schultz
- Stephen Kohn
- Yossarian
- D. A. Latimer
- Jackie Friedrich
- Rex Weiner
- Honest Bob Singer
- Coco Crystal
- Lil Picard
- Nellie Fernauld
- Rudi Stern
- John Reilly
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GOD BLESS AMERIKA!

Jackie Kohn

MAYDAY: TIE UP THE WAR MACHINE

APRIL 24 -
MAY 7



We came to Washington a year ago, hundreds of thousands of us, angry and defiant, when Nixon invaded Cambodia and sisters and brothers were shot and killed at Kent State, and Jackson State. But now Nixon and the Washington war machine are getting the shit kicked out of them in Indochina and we're coming back.

There are more people against the war now than ever before; we're coming to the capital in late April and early May to show the government how much we've grown.

This time we're going to come non-violently--not in compromise, but with some good ideas about how to stop the war machine if only for one day, or two...

We're not coming to Washington for any unnecessary tussling with the D.C. cops, and we're not coming to hassle the ordinary people poor blacks and whites of this city. But official Washington is in for it.

In cities on campuses, in communities around the country the spring offensive for a people's peace with the Vietnamese is getting underway. The People's Peace Treaty itself is circulating and some organizers in Washington are putting together some concrete ideas about how thousands of young and old people in the nation's capital will help to turn off the government.

Mayday collectives have already sprung up in many regions. But in a fairly large number of areas, people are confused about the dates, plans and purposes of the series of actions against the war that start at the end of April and last until the middle of May.

Unlike massive actions in the past the 1971 spring offensive will be more than a huge oneday demonstration (although a huge demo is planned for April 24, calling for an end to the war now; it's supported by people ranging from the Student Mobilization Committee, to labor unions to Sen. George McGovern).

The spirit of the spring offensive actions (called "Mayday" for short) is summed up by Noreen, a woman who is helping to organize a march--mostly on foot--from Kent, Ohio to Washington, beginning April 8:

"The essence of this march, and all marches this spring, is that the people are making the peace. The marches are the most basic form of personal contact, people on foot meeting each other, talking with each other, signing a Peace Treaty that came all the way from Vietnam: signing a treaty with the Vietnamese people; and at the same time, making peace with other Americans too.

"Many of us realize we must stop the genocide here too be it the mowing down of black people in the streets, or the forcing aside of people for whom there is literally no place in America, those who are told to live on \$1,600 a year for four people while millions of dollars are poured into murder elsewhere."

(For more info on this march, call Noreen in Washington at (202)347-7613.)

Other long marches will be happening: from Wall Street in New York, down the East Coast, from Greensboro, North Carolina, up Rte. 1 from the South.

It's not just kids--but older Civil Rights activists from SCLC, welfare rights organizers and welfare clients from NWRO, pacifists and other anti-war activists of all kinds.

While hundreds, maybe thousands migrate toward Washington during April, women will march on the Pentagon on the 10th; Vietnam veterans will stage a "limited incursion" onto the Capitol steps on April 19; and everyone else who can make it to D.C. will be conducting a people's lobby--going to see and talk to every agency every department every government official around.

As the pressure of the lobbying grows, the long marches will arrive in the Washington area and thousands of people will flow into D.C. for the Mayday action.

As of March 30 the Mayday collective is still negotiating with Washington officials for permission to turn Rock Creek Park into an "Algonquin Peace City" for the duration of Mayday. The park is 1,754 acres of woodland whose first inhabitants were the Algonquin Indians. If things work out, everyone who comes to Washington will have plenty of space to camp out in, beginning at the end of April.

Housing has also been secured for 22,000 people in churches, schools and homes around Washington.

Mayday organizers suspect that the government may prefer to hand over the park--it would keep us out of the streets at night.

The purpose of the Mayday actions, beginning after the April 24 mass rally, is simple--to stop the government for awhile if the government doesn't stop the war in Indochina. A lot of people think the best way to do this is through non-violent civil disobedience, and nonviolence will be the basic motif of Mayday as it progresses.

(But if things do get hot in the old town, people should be prepared with tear gas masks and medical supplies, and know the lay of the land. The Mayday collective will help out with maps and advice.

The idea is to get everyone into the Park on May 1 for a "celebration of peace." On that day-- also the international revolutionary movement's day of solidarity--hundreds of thousands of people here in Tokyo, in London, in Manila in Peking all around the world will show massive support for the people of Vietnam.

Then, on May 3 we'll all move out from the Park and join up with thousands of others from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Clergy and laymen Concerned, Women's Strike for Peace the Fellowship of Reconciliation, National Welfare Rights Organization the American Friends' Service Committee and many other groups--committed to a campaign of massive civil disobedience.

This is the way it will work: some 25 targets that will help tie up the central government area of Washington have been chosen. Every region, every collective that comes to Mayday will choose one of those targets

themselves. Coordinators will work to make sure that each target is adequately covered, and then early on the morning of May 3, we'll go about the business of seeing that there is no business-as-usual for the imperial capital.

There are lots of ways to do it: some people prefer to sit down and interrupt traffic, locking arms when facing arrest and getting busted. Others will disrupt traffic but leave when an arrest situation develops. Each group will figure out its own tactics, but it will be organized so that those in tactical disagreement will not get in each other's way.

It's not just downtown official Washington that's in for it--the Pentagon and the CIA in Virginia and the Atomic Energy Commission in Maryland are suspected likely targets too.

There are many creative tactics that regions and collectives can devise, other than disrupting key government roads and bridges with bodies or stalled cars. For example thousands of people might surround the White House, repeating single pointed questions about the war, over and over and over again in unison for hours. HEW (Health Education and Welfare) employees sympathetic to the anti-war struggle might encourage government secretaries to take their phones off the hook in every government office.

People outside the government can tie up phones of Congressmen by repeatedly calling them from payphones. If war criminals like the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the National Security Council refuse to meet with representatives of the people's lobby during the last week of April, encampments might be set up on the lawns outside their homes. Thousands of plane reservations could be made into Washington for May 3. "Be creative, stay non-violent. And think" suggests a Mayday broadside

The Mayday Collective *strongly urges* that every group or collective coming to Washington send a representative to D.C. There are going to be planning sessions and tactical discussions every Saturday from now until Mayday at the Mayday collective HQ, 1029 Vermont Ave. N.W. in Washington.

Make sure that you call Mayday at (202) 347-7613 immediately if you plan to attend those sessions. And if you can't make it, call them anyway to get an idea of what the main target areas are, and what you can do.

When you come to Washington for Mayday, it shouldn't be just as individuals--the best way to relate to the action is as a collective: a group of four or five or more people who know and trust each other, and who will stick together during the heavier moments.

Of course if you can pull together a few hundred people from your community or school and call a strike right on. Then, get yourself a bus or a car caravan, and come to Washington as one big col The government no longer speaks for us, and we are determined to implement the treaty. The feeling for May is that we will be non-violent, but unyielding: the people have declared peace.

INTERVIEW WITH A BELFAST STREET FIGHTING MAN

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

FROM FRIENDS

The Black Spectre

That young child got run down and the army issued a statement saying it was a traffic accident down in New Lodge Road and we said which traffic accident, and they said it was just a normal sort of patrol in an army vehicle and this young child got accidentally crushed under the thing. Actually it was very surrealistic. What I heard about it was that a head rolled. What an amazing reactionist type of imagery it would have been to the people. There's a fucking terrifying thing you know man. And this happened and it was a rage. Just a black human rage. Up to the buses we went and got the bus drivers straight. As soon as they fucking move in they drive straight into the street. "Right man, you're in, just come in, just leave the buses man and that's it."

Recently there's been a fucking fear, a black spectre of neo-fascism. The people can't sleep. Like puppets with fucking jangled nerve ends. All the fucking women are pill-heading on the National Health. It's the only way you can get a sort of balance. But you see, I could sit here and talk for another ten hours solid and could never get stoned. Can you understand you can never get even properly stoned because there's a higher stoned. You know the greatest thing is that un-reality, non-reality, super-reality; you know, when you just come out in the morning and sniff the air, man you're out of your fucking skull, because of the sort of adrenalin kicked off from the fucking back, and it builds up in you this way and its this mutative thought process and nervous system that reacts in that way. The overall effect of this move is that everybody wants to get armed and one of my purposes of sitting here tonight is to realise that if it's going to degenerate into a fucking shooting match we're going to be the losers, man. You know, we'll have a fight on our hands and we're going to be the losers because we don't have the fire power, or real support outside our own community.

The only front we can turn to is the people who are even basically aware and try and say, you know man, this is what's going on. You know, a cry from the streets. And this is why the language got to go hard. You know, to sort of conform to it. Everybody wants to get armed. That's a fact. If you want to come, baby, you're going to have to fight for everybody. The broads, the women, everybody.

Friends: Do the women react to the Women's liberation movement in any way?

To a degree but you can only get liberated in a cultural environment. How can you have thirteen kids in a war situation and think about Women's Lib! Women's Lib is nice when you have the time to sit down and think about it and have the time to act it out. But they haven't got the time man.

The point is the family unit is breaking down to start with. Ronnie Laing's idea of a sort of family unit...the family unit is being broken down because the kids don't listen to their ma's and da's. They say 'Fuck you.' 'We've had fifty years hard struggle.' 'Fuck you, we've been struggling for two years.' 'Look what we've done.' 'You've had your chance old man. Fuck off. Let us do it our way.' You ask them what way is that. 'I don't know, but we're fucking doing it.'

Hate

I use that fucking hate as a weapon against the bastards. We really get them, mad and we circulated this thing of the Cockney guy down on his fucking knees sucking the Orange cock and they really got mad about that, didn't they. That's making an inference to their sort of masculinity. And they wanted to know who done it, and there was a big fucking scene with all their intelligence men because it would be bad for morale with their troops and all that shit...The British soldiers: six foot tall, eighteen years of age, tough, you know, a fucking extension of the skinhead philosophy. Big long shields, crossbacks, CS gas masks, gas cannister, gun with rubber bullets in it and a three-foot fucking club. We taunt them with our street chants - 'Come on, ya bastards.' And up comes the squad shouting 'I say, chaps, charge.' And they come charging down the streets, beating their shields. The lights go on, thin rope across the street. Keystone Kops type comedy, over the top; kids from everywhere. Dustbin lids, for communication, for catching the CS cannisters. Their engineers developed Land Rovers with a sort of medieval catapult that can shoot six at a time. So it takes them about five minutes to saturate an area. Little narrow streets, right. But

they do one street, and the fight moves to another street. And they've gotta get their trucks round, and by the time they get round they're petrol bombed. We take one district. We let them CS gas certain districts. We take this into consideration that they're gonna do it. They're not sophisticated enough to bring heli-

copters like they did in Berkeley. They're not that cool.

Into the Sewers

So they've developed another technique of trying to totally saturate an area with troops. We've had to take to the sewers in certain parts. 'Kanal'. You know, *Ashes and Diamonds* type. Kanal scene the fucking movies. And they're getting more repressive in the streets, kicking the people out of their houses and taking the key. Using the houses as vantage points; putting about six soldiers in a house, under radio control, and telling them where to run out and block the street. This is how Danny O'Hagan got killed. The only way the soldiers are going to protect themselves is to shoot the people. This is black blind rage where no consideration is made for anything. We're gonna have Great Britain's Sharpville.

Not that I want it. One of my purposes in England is to bring over the heat of it, make it more, diffuse it and make people aware of it. Because we realise that there are tremendous wellsprings of sympathy towards the Catholic people.

We want to bring the struggle over here. At first there was the problem of keeping the struggle at the main point of conflict. It's gone on for so long and people have been immune to it. This global village thing. Instant Belfast, instant Biafra, instant dog food. They're fucking bored with it. It's there enough to feel the anguish of it, but not enough to worry about it affecting their lives. But I can only foresee civil war breaking out totally and utterly and the struggle being brought over here.

People don't have to die man. It's property. That's what it's all about. That whole concept and it's value of possessions possessing you as opposed to you possessing them. It's gotta be changed

Friends: How does the situation in Free Belfast relate to the rest of Ireland?

Fundamentally the only difference between Belfast and the squirearchy in the North of Ireland and the fucking government in the South is that the government in Northern Ireland have their suits made on Saville Row, and the others have theirs done for £25 mohair from O'Connell Street. Which is Jack Lynch's government. He's got his problem with his minority group, but he's trying to play the money shit game; and major means of production is English. So like it or not, they're in hock there. All labour-intensive industry's with the great pool of unemployment which means higher dividends in terms of pure Keynesian economics. You must have this pool of unemployment. People competing for jobs. More production, cheaper labour, higher dividends for the fucking stockholders, all that scene. All the way down the line. Down South it's 68% owned by the English. The population of Northern Ireland is about a million and a quarter. About half a million of them are Catholic and exploding very, very quickly. In other words, the community was balanced, but now and in five or six years time, Parliamentary Representation and all that shit. The Catholics could out-vote the Protestants and kick them out.

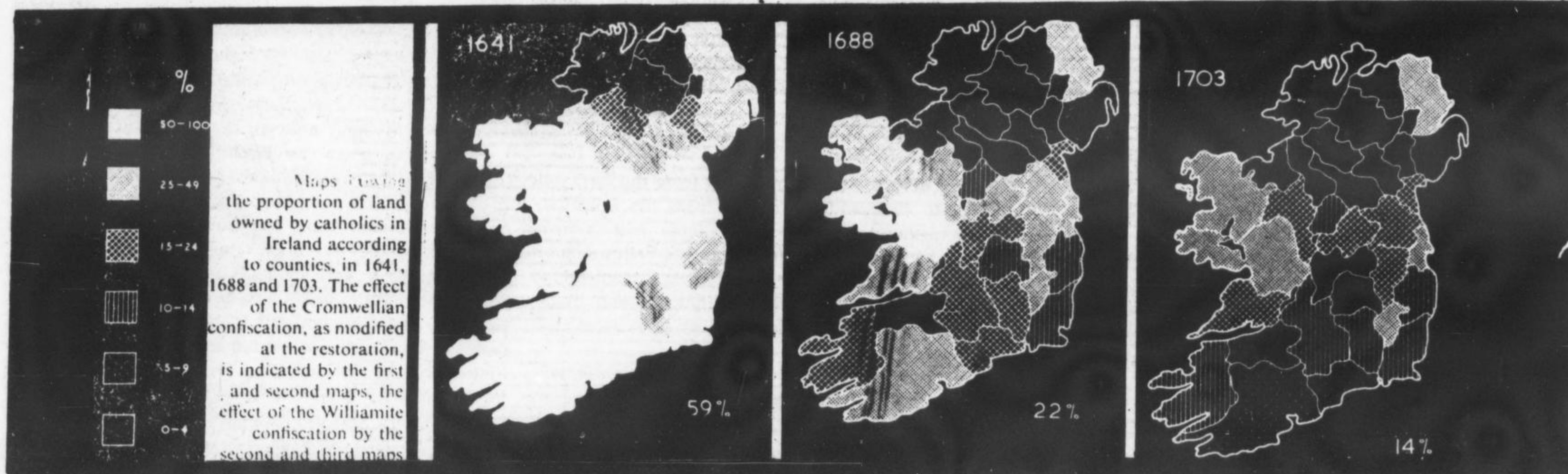
Right, so what they're trying to do is to create a situation where fucking Catholics, through fear and the various other pressures that have been put on them - unemployment, hunger - will start emigrating down South. The people down South are no different from those in the North. The people don't want them. They have an unemployment problem of their own. So they say, "We're going to

Friends: How are the right-wing organized?

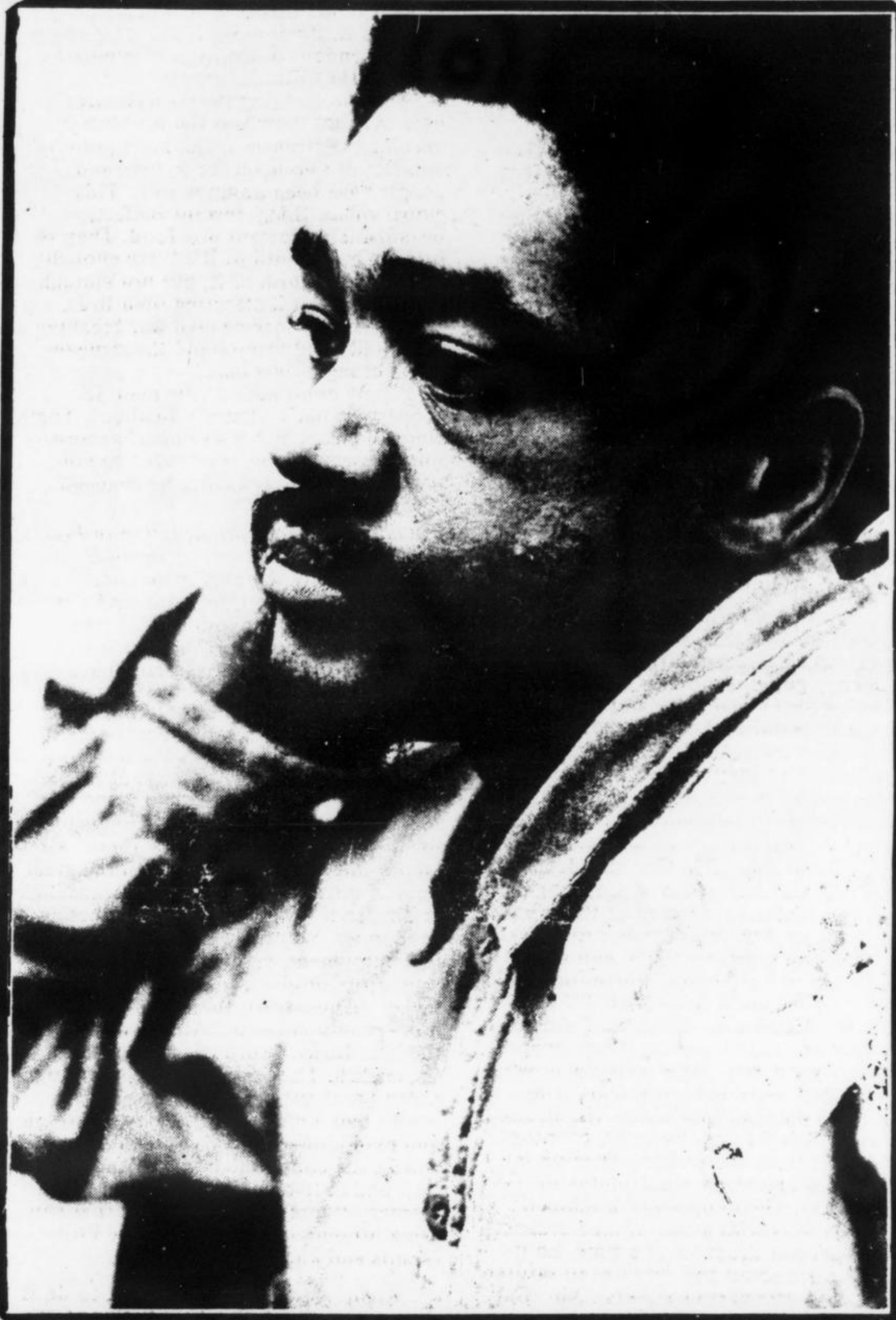
The structure's this here, it's very interesting, very clever. Don't underestimate the Northern Ireland Orangemen. They have been trained in the British Army. They've got this sort of stoic calvanistic way of Scottish workers. Work, work. If you feel guilty, work, man. Any mental problems, work, man. The whole solid red neck bit. What happened is that they have the Ulster Volunteer Force. How they recruit is very interesting. They use the sale concept, only they're embellished a little bit, which is good for them. They've got all representatives of the various Orange Lodges; the militant wing of it is called the UVF. Orange Lodge is fundamentally a secret society with all the rituals attached to it. The militant wing of this fucking fascist organization controls everything in Northern Ireland - welath, job-giving, political fucking, favouritism. They do man, they've got it well under control. To defend themselves they will not come out in uniform or any of the polsturings of the air-raid puppets or the Sinn Feiners or the provisionals. "We will fight for Ireland, we will die for it." The cunts want to learn to fight for it first. What the UVF do is this: they have access to all the information of every Northern Irishman who's training in arms in any form - demolition or sabotage. They go to them and say 'We don't want you to join the UVF, we know you're loyal to the Northern Ireland Constitution. Here's the names of twelve men in your unit. Train them each individually. You're the only one who's a leader, knows who the whole twelve are and you only know me. You got me? He hasn't got twelve people recruited, but twelve people on call at any time - all armed, all trained and very, very sophisticated. And this is the terrifying thing about it.

Now what happens is there's this fucking Machivellian quagmire you get involved in, which is the fog of Irish politics. When a pipeline's blown up and it's done very sophisticated and all very well, they know it's the UVF; when the fucking so-called revolutionaries go out and blow themselves up, and make a hash of it they haven't got it perfected yet. This is the fucking terrible sense of horror/fun. Cultural schizophrenia-that's what it is. This is them reacting to a sophisticated machine; it's sort of blind-pure existentialism-I'm fucking me I am what I am, I exist, fuck you man. And this, man, is all looking at them. You get this feeling of a detached metallic man, when you meet them, negotiate with them, or with the army, or with any of Paisley's crowd, or anything like that, because you can go and see them at any time, you can go and sit down and say, 'Hey man, we're gonna talk.'

continued next issue



BOBBY SEALE



Following are excerpts from the transcript of a tape made by Bobby Seale in New Haven

This is brother Bobby Seale from the New Haven Courthouse — the jail back here. And I just want to say to the people, the masses of people, to all the brothers and sisters, women's liberation movement, black brothers and sisters, Chicano brothers, Puerto Rican brothers, the young revolutionary white youth in America, and especially all the black brothers and sisters in the black community that I've seen a lot of things happening, and I took time to analyze what's happening and I see presently that there's some divisionary, counter-revolutionary actions going on.

Now the party accepts constructive criticism, but the divisionary, counter-revolutionary actions and jive tactics of

Eldridge Cleaver is doin' nothing but aiding the pig power structure in their attempt to put in gas chambers and jails over 130 political prisoners who are presently, like myself and Ericka, in these jails and being railroaded to the gas chamber. We're fighting for our lives in these trials.

There is no split in the Black Panther party at all. The main thing that we want to get across to the people is that the party is based of survival programs that serve the people — from the breakfast for children programs to more recent programs that I'm designing right here in jail. These are survival programs, all revolutionary organizations must have survival programs that can sustain the people so that the people can wage a revolutionary struggle. And Eldridge Cleaver, who is denouncing these types of programs, and carrying on with all his divisionary and other jive tactics, is negating the real meaning of a PEOPLE'S

revolutionary struggle.

Even the Vietnamese people, if one were to check it out, have their survival programs. They have their co-operative, functioning survival programs throughout their land amongst their people. The people don't just have guns alone fighting in battle. And Eldridge Cleaver, who negates the very survival programs that the party is trying to set forth, to educate and serve the people and sustain the people's ability to carry forth the revolution — Eldridge Cleaver who's negating this, is in fact even negating the Vietnamese people's struggle, and the struggle of other revolutionary people throughout the world.

The party is not falling apart, it's just that Eldridge Cleaver has presently defected his own self from the party. And I, Bobby Seale am the Chairman of only one Party. And that Party is the Party that brother Huey P. Newton is the Minister of Defense of and one of the

supreme top servants of the people, that brother David Hilliard is the Chief of Staff of, that brother June Hilliard is the assistant Chief of Staff of that Bobby Hutton was a member of before the pigs murdered him — I am the Chairman of only one Party that brother Fred Hampton — who loved the survival programs for the people — was Deputy Chairman of — I am the Chairman of only one Party that brothers Jonathan Jackson and George Jackson are members of. I'm Chairman of only one Party with one Central Committee with Huey and David and the rest of the brothers and sisters on the Central Committee, where the Central Headquarters happens to be located on Peralta St. in Oakland.

So all power to the people! Right on and we're gonna stick together. We ain't comin' up with no jive. We have to free brothers Ruchell Magee and George Jackson, we have to free sister Angela Davis, we have to free these brothers and sisters!



EWING

WAR CRIMES: A DAY WITH COL. HA VAN LAO

(Editor's note: Two LNS staffers, Anne and Karen, recently returned from a two-week visit to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.)

HANOI (LNS)—Our interview with Col. Ha Van Lao, head of the North Vietnamese Commission for the investigation of U.S. War Crimes in Vietnam, was painful and exhausting. Just the day before, at the embassy of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam, we had talked with a woman whose right leg had been chopped off during a torture session with ARVN and American soldiers, and with a woman who had sobbed while she held her deformed baby girl on her lap and described being hit three times with toxic chemicals while she was pregnant.

Ha Van Lao, a slight man with a handsome, ascetic face and lightly graying hair, spent hours with us, gravely listing thousands upon thousands of other atrocities. In his office and later at the War Crimes Museum we saw and heard staggering evidences—living victims, photographs, movies, statistics, an arsenal of spent weaponry, much of it illicit—pointing to the inescapable conclusion that the U.S. has committed many war crimes in Vietnam.

One million tons of bombs were dropped on North Vietnam between 1965 and 1968, Ha Van Lao told us. "These bombs that were dropped on our country of course caused a huge amount of damage," he said.

"But I think that these bombs also aimed at striking at the human beings. Because when they were bombing a factory for example, generally they bombed during the changing of shifts, so they could kill the greatest number of people. When they bombed a school they did it during class time. When they bombed a church they did it during Mass."

If large numbers of people were not killed during the first bombing attack, the planes would return and try another tactic:

"After they released bombs to destroy the dams or dykes or roads, they turned again and dropped napalm bombs and steel pellet bombs to kill the people who came to rescue survivors and repair the damage. When they bombed a village first the pilots released blasting bombs. The population would be hiding in their shelters while these bombs dropped. The planes then dropped napalm bombs, which made the people suffocate so they had to get out of their shelters. Then steel pellet bombs rained down on the people who had left their shelters and had no other refuge."

Since the "bombing halt," in 1968, North Vietnam has been bombed and strafed 1,692 times. Three hundred and twenty-two B-52 attacks. One hundred and forty-thousand bombs. One thousand and seven hundred containers of steel pellets.

We were told so many numbers—numbers of pellet bombs dropped, cities destroyed, pagodas bombed, hamlets razed, children killed. Numbers do not bleed, but Nguyen Thi The does. She was hit with napalm at 9 a.m. on Sept. 9, 1968 while attending class in Van Phyl hamlet, Quang Binh Province, and her horrible twisted leg has not stopped bleeding since. She is nine years old.

Dr. Luy, a surgeon who specializes in burns, brought her and two other victims into the War Crimes office for us to see. The veins in his temples bulged angrily as he prodded at the silent girl's wounds, describing for us this painful lesion, that potentially cancerous scar tissue. "We doctors want you to denounce these crimes," he said.



We met Phan Thi Thiem, who cannot bear to have anyone touch her right hand. On March 28, 1970, she was teaching school in Muong Sen village in Nghe An province, when she was hit with four steel pellets. They all still remain in her body—two in her arm, one in her left buttock, one in her neck. Two dangerous to try to remove them, Dr. Luy says. Thiem is 22.

Then Dr. Luy brought into the office a man so hideously disfigured that it seemed to me that to look at him would be an invasion of his privacy. Nguyen Duy Ly is 25. He used to be a peasant. He was tilling in the fields near quong Hoa village, Quang Binh province at 8 in the morning on Feb. 24, 1969, when two F-4s released phosphorous bombs. His hands—what remains of them—are paralyzed. His liver has been affected. After many operations, Dr. Luy has given up hope of ever restoring his face.

It was a relief to return to statistics when the patients were taken back to the hospital. Ha Van Lao drew our attention to one of the many documents we were given. It is entitled: "U.S. Puppet War Crimes in South Vietnam Since Nixon's Inauguration." Some facts from it:

"In the raid launched on Feb. 19, 1970, the U.S. Marine 7th regiment killed a man of 65 and two children and five women at Song Thang village. They cut the throats of two teenagers and a young man in Son Khanh village,

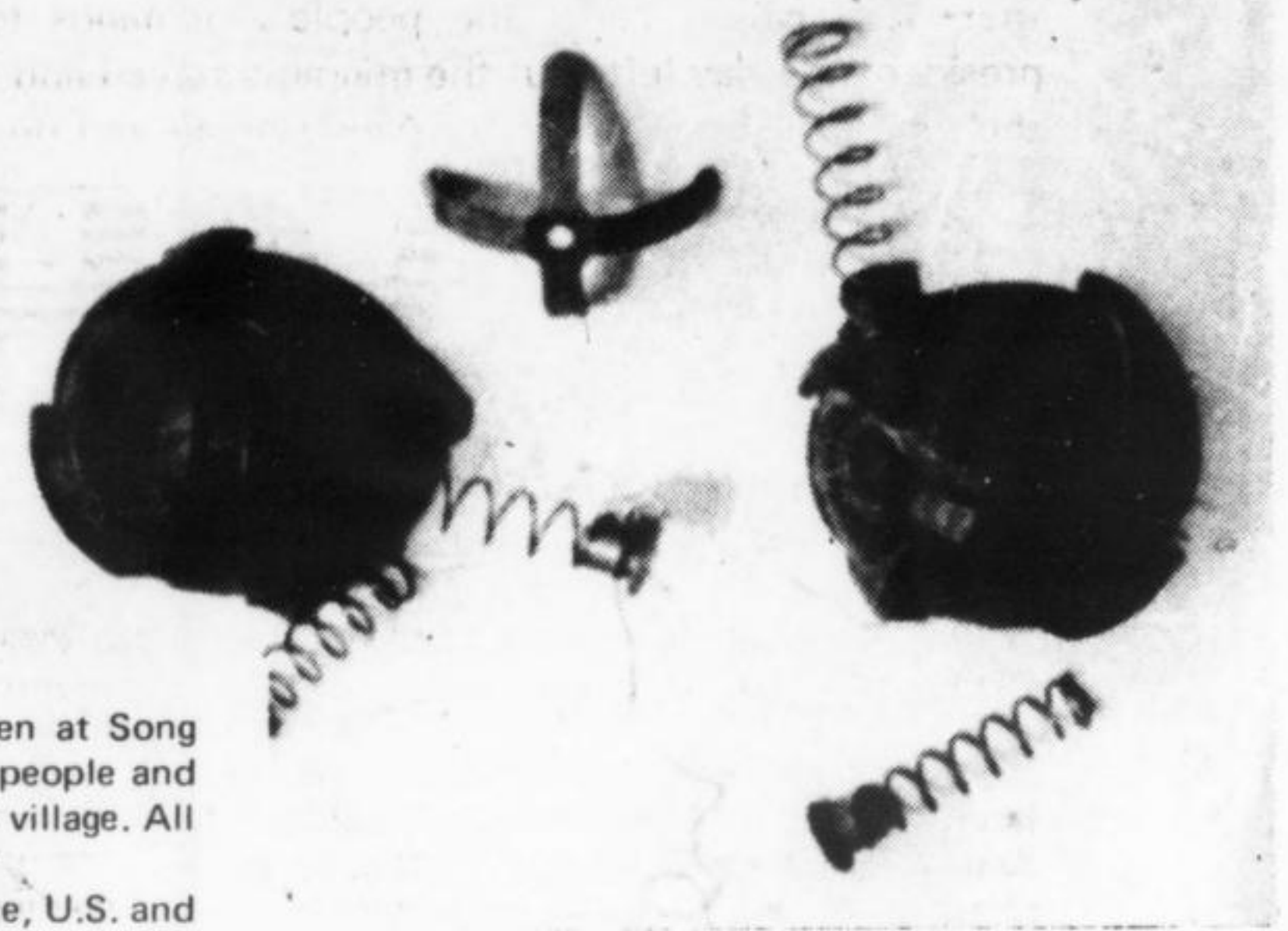
murdered 11 children and five women at Song Thang village, and struck eight old people and children with bayonets in Son Thach village. All villages are in Quang Nam province."

"In Ben Tre province, in 1969 alone, U.S. and ARVN troops conducted nearly 4,000 pacification sweeps. They killed more than 2,000 people, most of them women, children and old people. They wounded 1,880 more. They destroyed 2,665 dwellings."

"My Lai massacres are an almost everyday occurrence in South Vietnam," according to the document. Names that may someday hit the headlines back in the United States are: Ba Lang An, Dau Tieng, U Minh, Loc Phuoc, Loc Hoa, Thang Bing, Que Son, Duy Xuyen, Phuoc Son, Vinh Son, Hanh Son—there are many more.

The quantity of ammunition used in the South has increased during the Nixon administration. "U.S. planes dropped 3,017,000 tons of bombs in both North and South Vietnam between 1965 and 1968. This was an average of 754,200 tons a year. In 1969 alone, South Vietnam received 1,571,000 tons."

"Since Nixon's inauguration, toxic chemicals sprayings have been intensified and concentrated on the Mekong Delta and the coastal regions of Trung Bo, areas of high productivity and population density. In 1968,



the peak year under Johnson, the U.S. exposed 989,300 hectares to toxic agents, affecting 302,890 people. In 1969, the first year under Nixon the stricken area covered no less than 1,086,950 hectares. The total of civilians poisoned reached 342,888."

After touring the War Crimes Museum we had dinner with Ha Van Lao. It had been a depressing day. "Why do you have a War Crimes Commission?" I finally asked him. "You know that there will never be a trial like Nuremberg in the United States. Aren't you cynical about international law by this time?"

He thought a moment and replied slowly: "The U.S. is being tried, not materially, but politically and spiritually by the tribunal of humanity. The people of your country cannot be fooled for long; eventually the truth will be laid bare."

"I am not cynical—if the international laws are fair, all the peoples of the world will defend them. In the long run, even the aggressor will have to face the justice of the law."

NEW RIOT CONTROL WEAPONS

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—the ARMY is escalating the arms race against demonstrators with an arsenal of new weapons designed to

outfox the craftiest street righters and leave them "subdued but unharmed."

The new weapons include a rubber-ball style tear gas grenade that bounces around wildly so it cannot be picked up and thrown back into police lines; a grenade that sprays indelible dye on people so be picked up after a disturbance occurs; and radar instruments that can see through brick walls.

Army scientists are also experimenting with using loud noises and bright flashing lights to disperse crowds.

The Army is currently considering for importation the rubber bullets used by the British Army in Northern Ireland.

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PAYING THE BILL: COST OF U.S. MILITARY PROGRAMS

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—Military and defense-related programs took 64% of the \$167 billion voted by Congress during 1970, the Friends Committee on National Legislation (FCNL) reported in its March newsletter.

The non-military part of 1970 Congressional

appropriations came to a measly 36%: 18.5% for health, education and welfare; 4.8% for agriculture and natural resources; 3.4% for general government; 3.0% for communications; 2.2% for foreign relations including non-military aid, and 2.0% for space programs.

Total military and war-related spending was \$106 billion, up \$3.4 billion from 1969. The government will not disclose U.S. costs of the Indochina war, but the FCNL estimated the U.S. spent \$20 billion in Southeast Asia.

The March Newsletter and appropriations "pie" chart may be obtained by writing: Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 2nd St., N.E. Washington, D.C. 20002.

NEWS

FABLE

BY

Vincent Titus

Once a dog was digging for a bone
and he went all the way to China.MORAL: At least he met Mao
Tse Tung and got his bone.

WE USED TO OWN OUR SLAVE; NOW WE RENT THEM" -- FLORIDA MIGRANTS BEGIN TO FIGHT BACK

by Jonathan Olmsted

DELRAY BEACH, Fla.(LNS)--The southern Florida vegetable crop was destroyed early this year by a killer freeze and with it the livelihood of 12,000 migrant farmworkers and their families. In the fact of the survival crisis, farmworkers banded together to win relief for their families.

At first the migrants many of whom belong to Organized Migrants in Community Action (OMICA), a group which works closely with the United Farmworkers sent telegrams and pleas for aid to Nixon and the governor. A few truckloads of surplus commodity foods and \$10 000 from the Catholic church came in. But this wasn't enough, so the farmworkers demanded that the region be declared a disaster area for the federal government. In that way they could receive aid through the Relief Act of 1970. Emergency disaster aid has historically been given as reparations to property owners for crop loss and damage, but never to farmworkers.

The unanswered request sat on Nixon's desk for nearly a week before the farmworkers decided to move on to his front lawn. In early March 1,000 migrants boarded their field busses and drove to Nixon's Key Biscayne home. They formed a quarter mile single-file chain around the estate. The Secret Service sheriffs, Nixon's minister and a Catholic archbishop told them that they would carry the people's demands to the president, if they left. But the migrants stayed and spent the whole night in a nearby park singing and dancing.

Nixon responded the next day by authorizing a small fund of \$36 per week unemployment compensation (the lowest possible) and more commodity food. The dried milk eggs and potatoes made the farmworkers sick and gave the children diarrhea. When the canned chopped meat was fed to their dogs it even made them sick! The people gathered the food together and threw it on the ground in front of the distribution centers. At the same time they announced they were stepping up their campaign for more and better relief.

A few days later the federal government issued free food stamps and OMICA and the United Farm Workers seized control of the migrant employment agency and the food stamp distribution center. Many of the unemployed farmworkers were immediately given jobs at the centers.

In response to the take-overs, the power company shut off lights in two camps claiming that the migrants hadn't paid their bills. When the lights were turned back on each household had to pay an extra \$5 for reinstallation. The local paper has begun a smear campaign against one of OMICA's leaders, Rodolfo Juarez, by saying that he abuses his wife. And the growers have begun to say that their is plenty of work, but that no one wants to work now because they're collecting unemployment.

The status of the migrant worker was explained well by a wealthy grower who recently said, "We used to own our slaves; now we rent them..."

The 80-90,000 migrant farmers in Florida work without the protection of federal labor laws. They are denied unemployment compensation and are exempt from food stamp programs and social security. Although they are members of the occupational group with the third highest accident rate (behind mining and construction— they do not receive medical insurance.

While the agribusiness in Florida grosses \$5.4 billion a year migrant farmers must work for wages that on a good day may reach \$10-20. They live in labor camps, some of which are surrounded by barbed wire boast one bathroom, and lack heat and running water. For their 10' by 10' wooden shacks they pay \$19 a week and \$30 per month for utilities. And workers are constantly exposed to dangerous pesticides such as parathion which is a derivative of some of the old Nazi nerve gasses.

Florida's migrants are especially hurt in the on-going battle between the large growers and the land developers. Although much of the land in southern Florida is highly fertile, huge tracts are now being used for housing developments. Major insurance companies and other industrial giants have been buying up the land (among them Gulf and Western industries, Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York and Westinghouse) and selling it to developers. Although some growers have been resisting, many are beginning to lap up their offers and are leaving Florida with quick cash. Meanwhile, farm camps are closing down and migrants are being forced into shanty towns on the outskirts of the tourist cities where they usually end up on welfare.

In addition, as the developers drain the land to make it suitable for construction, an ecological imbalance is created. A certain level of water must be kept in the soil to prevent or at least moderate the impact of crops of sudden temperature drops in winter. Freezes in southern Florida have become more and more severe in the past ten years and even rain is not as seasonally predictable as it once was. With this knowledge the financiers pressure the growers to sell fast. The growers are repeatedly reminded that the fertility of the land is constantly declining and that they had better sell fast or face

(Continued on Page 21)

SMASH THE COMPUTER!

NEW YORK (LNS)--One winter weekend a little over a year ago, five members of a group called Beaver 55 broke into Dow Chemical Corp.'s Midland, Mich., data research computer center and ransacked the place.

"Tapes and cards were thrown all over the floor," a Dow Chemical official recalls, "but damage appeared to be slight." That is, until someone in the clean-up crew discovered a small, circular magnet about the size of a quarter in the debris. The following Monday, when the computer tapes were checked out, the manager of the center discovered that the data on 1,000 of the tapes had been erased by such magnets. Cost to reconstruct it: \$100,000.

The Dow incident was no isolated occurrence. Last year millions of dollars worth of computer equipment and data were damaged and destroyed by sabotage alone, according to the Wall Street Journal.

As the corporate response to threats against their computer have popped up, ready to serve the 70,000 computer centers in the country, many of which are used for lucrative war research. These security companies offer everything from a simple security check-up to the complete rebuilding of a company's computer center. The president of one such computer-security firm describes his company's \$25,000 package deal, as a "double-door 'buffer' system with electric locks, magnet

sensors and closed circuit television to control access to the computer area."

Many companies already maintain full-time security forces to guard company property and trade secrets. Now they have to concern themselves with sabotage. A number of security executives employed by Western U.S. companies with large stakes in research and development have formed a group called Research Security Associates. They meet quarterly to swap information on sabotage threats, techniques, and the people thought to be responsible for them. Their watchfulness so far has not been too effective, because the people throwing wrenches in the works aren't "organized" enough. "You can't develop data on them," complains one security man.

Sometimes the threat of sabotage comes from within. During the student strike following the Cambodia invasion last spring, students at one New York State university "kidnapped" a computer and demanded \$100,000 ransom. The money was to be used as bail for one of the Panther 21. The university refused to negotiate! At the last minute, however, the bomb was discovered and defused. Recently a computer employee at one company was given two weeks' notice before he was laid off. The man promptly removed all labels on 1,500 reels of tape, costing the company thousands of dollars in labor to reidentify the

data.

As Dow Chemical found out, the technology of computer disruption is simple and widely-known. Last June the Chicago radical newspaper, SEed, published explicit directions on how to wreck computers and erase tapes. The SEed article went on to advise would-be saboteurs to join the institutions they want to sabotage as computer operators and programmers and work from within.

In some cases the disruption is inadvertent, but no less damaging. A group of Boy Scouts touring one West Coast company's computer center happened to have some magnets with them that erased most of the company's records stored on tapes. In another case a repairman stuck his magnetic flashlight to the nearest support—which happened to be a data storage drum. The result: 80,000 scrambled customer credit records.

The complexity of computer systems makes fraud schemes easy to pull off for someone with the know-how. It is almost impossible to check every program a computer runs, and the trend toward centralization of record keeping eliminates many of the book keeping procedures that used to act as a double-check. "There are no erasures, no adjusting entries

The complexity of computer systems makes fraud schemes easy to pull off, for someone with the knowledge. It is almost impossible to

check every program a computer runs, and the trend toward centralization of record keeping eliminates many of the bookkeeping procedures that used to act as a double-check. "There are no erasures, no adjusting entries, no tell-tale marks," one security expert said. "It's done cleanly and an operator only needs access for a minute — of even just a few seconds."

The simplicity of the fraud and embezzlement schemes that have come to light so far has proved unnerving to security agents. "One can't help but wonder what the really clever people are doing," says one observer.

Many companies have been so proud of their big expensive computers that they have put them on public display, enclosing them in "fishbowl" glass cages and including them on guided tours — the old glass walls are giving way to reinforced concrete.

Companies are also becoming more circumspect about acknowledging that they even use computers or about advertising their location, especially those involved in the kind of business which has inspired protest. In San Francisco, for example, several bit banks have removed all bank identification from the buildings that house their computer centers.

Computer-security experts, meanwhile, will be raking in the dough. One such entrepreneur who has only been in business two years projects that a revenue of four million dollars will be his in the coming year.

NEWS POEM

*A man who was stripped by a thief was
left naked and shivering by the roadside
— because motorists thought he was a
sex fiend.
Italian bus driver Vincenzo Musto, 32,
had stopped his car for a moment at the
edge of a busy motorway just outside
Naples when a gunman leaped out from
behind a hedge.
Vincenzo was robbed of everything he had
— money, cigarettes, wedding ring, and
all his clothes.
Then the thief drove off in Vincenzo's
car, leaving his victim starkers by the
roadside.
Vincenzo had to walk two miles to the
nearest village because no one would give
him a lift.*

LONDON DAILY MIRROR Dec. 31, 1970

all is not gold that glitters
one swallow doth not a blow job make
what if the Emperor has new clothes?
sometimes the frost is worse than the cake

one if by hand & two if by knee
do not fire till you see the whites
but better to be like old Ghandi
weaving peace through the seamless nights

what if the final falls tonight
what if rust comes, what if scorn
what if God by loves early light
steals the feeling with which you're born

all is not cold that shivers
all is not love that humps
but if I must have my drithers
I'd rather have fucks than lumps

Tuli Kupferberg



FASCIST FOLLIES

BY
JACKIE
FRIEDRICH
31st wk

Fascist Follies
Thurs. April 1

District Attorney Phillips attempted to introduce two tapes into evidence. One of the tapes, which was offered on Wednesday, was a recording of a phone call between Phillips and defendant Michael Tabor in Algiers. Phillips asked to show a videotape made in Algiers to the court in which both Tabor and Kathleen Cleaver appeared.

Defense Attorney Charles McKinney, who is representing Tabor in his absence, objected to the viewing of the video tape, saying that the only effect of the tape would be highly prejudicial as the defense had already stipulated that Tabor was in Algiers. D.A. Phillips argued that the tape had been shown at a press conference at the People's Video Theatre and had then made its rounds to other video theatres.

Judge Murtagh accused defense counsel of having participated in that press conference and Charles McKinney argued that that was a distortion: he had gone to the press conference to do his duty as Tabor's assigned counsel and in no way participated in the press conference or in the showing of the tape.

D.A. Phillips suggested the tape be shown before arguing further, saying that the tape included statements made by Tabor in reference to military action. Charles McKinney suggested that the district attorney wanted the tape played for the press and asked that it be shown only to the court. Defense attorney Sandy Katz also objected to the showing of the tape in open court and then asked to have marked for identification in evidence Edith Evans Ashbury's current article in the N.Y. Times, concerning

Wednesday's proceedings. Miss Ashbury had misquoted Michael Tabor as having said to the D.A., "What has to be done has been decreed by the masses of the people. You have to be shot to death." This quote Sandu said, did not appear in the taped conversation or in the transcript of it, and that sort of gross misstatement would be received by the jury if they were to read it.

Phillips argued that the transcript was not final, but Sandy replied that final or not, the district attorney could not care less whether or not the tapes were played for the jury, as long as the press heard them. Sandy then said that he had seen the video tape and there were no admissions in it with respect to any of the charges in the indictment, which was contrary to the D.A.'s contention.

Defense Attorney Jerry Lefcourt objected to the introduction of the tapes since McKinney had stipulated, in the presence of the jury, that defendant Michael Tabor was in Algiers. Jerry added that the prosecution had admitted, this morning, that they wanted the video tape for the admission of guilt, but the tapes were not made in a court of law, or under oath, nor were they subject to cross examination. Also, the tapes were made two years after the alleged conspiracy.

The defense then asked that the press not report on what was in the video tape until a decision had been made on whether or not the tapes were to be played for the jury, again referring to the current article in the Times.

The tape was then played, Kathleen Cleaver spoke first—then Michael Tabor, who spoke about the split in the party, denouncing Hury P. Newton and David Hilliard, and making only two passing references to military action and no reference to the trial of the '21.'

Charles McKinney then objected to the tape being admitted into evidence on grounds of irrelevance to the issues on trial. Judge Murtagh said that his disposition was to admit

the tapes as against Michael Tabor but agreed to stipulate that 1) there was an overseas phone conversation between New York and Algiers on March 16, 1971, in which Tabor appeared. Defense attorney Charles McKinney agreed to these stipulations, but D.A. Phillips argued that Tabor had used incriminating words implying military action such as "off" and "lay down our lives," and that this was all "tremendous evidence" against Tabor. Judge Murtagh stood by his ruling.

After lunch the stipulations were read into the record before the jury was brought in. Defense Attorney Bob Bloom brought up another discrepancy in the current Time's article. The article said that the defense had agreed to the stipulation that defendant Tabor had left because of consciousness of guilt, and then refused to accept that stipulation, while in actuality, the defense had consistently refused to stipulate that Tabor had left because of consciousness of guilt.

The jury was brought in and the stipulations read. D.A. Phillips objected to the stipulations and then said that this was the longest case in the history of N.Y. State and announced that he had concluded his direct case.

Friday, April 2 marked the two year anniversary of the pre-dawn raids and subsequent arrests of these defendants, most of whom have been in jail for the entire two-year period. Monday April 5

The defense made motions to dismiss all counts against their clients. Many of the counts in the indictment charge the defendants with possession of a bomb, explosive substances, and fire arms. The defense argued that there was never a clear definition of what constituted a bomb and that there was a presumption that the explosive substances seized would be used with intent to destroy persons or property, which denied that defendants due process of law. Defense attorney Sandy Katz said that in reference to the shower pipes seized at Robert Collier's apartment, no testimony had been given as to there having been an explosive substance in those pipes, therefore, to declare a bomb component a bomb is unconstitutional.

Sandy further argued that the indictment is so vague that defense counsel is left to guess what the crime was and where it was committed. He then said that the prosecution had shown no proof that these defendants had possession or knowledge of any of the weapons listed in the indictment except the particular defendant in whose apartment the weapon was allegedly seized. (All weapons have been taken, subject to connection, against all of the defendants). Sandy pointed out that never in the history of this state has there been a conviction or a prosecution of someone aiding or abetting in the possession of a fire arm, "except perhaps in this courtroom."

In reference to the counts of arson and attempted murder, defense counsel said that the prosecution had failed to show any evidence proving that any of the defendants had anything to do with those indictments, or non-incidents, or in anyway aided or abetted anyone in them.

Sandy Katz made a motion that count II or reckless endangerment be dismissed because the indictment was so vague that defense counsel had no idea what the Grand Jury meant by that count and the prosecution has not offered a place where this reckless endangerment supposedly occurred.

As to count 16 - criminal mischief - which refers to the cutting of wires

on police call boxes, defense counsel made a motion for dismissal on the grounds that the only proof of anyone having done that was that two of the infiltrators had taken part in that so-called mission and that their respective partners in crime have not been damaged at all, much less by any of these defendants.

The defense moved to dismiss the three counts of conspiracy on the grounds that no evidence had been shown proving that any of these defendants ever agreed to do any of the things with which they have been charged.

D.A. attorney Phillips, however, said that he thought the evidence that had come in was "overwhelming." And Judge Murtagh, who often had his chair turned away from counsel during the morning proceedings, denied all motions of dismissal Tuesday April 6

Defense Attorney Bob Bloom called Colin Connery to the stand on behalf of defendant Bob Collier. Twenty-six years old, Connery graduated from Swathmore College and is now employed by the Union of Community Skills. He met Collier in December of 1968 when working on a demonstration project with the who often had his chair turned away from counsel during the morning proceedings, denied all motions of dismissal. Tuesday April 6

Defense Attorney Bob Bloom called Colin Connery to the stand on behalf of defendant Bob Collier. Twenty-six years old, Connery graduated from Swathmore College and is now employed by the Union of Community Skills. He met Collier in December of 1968 when working on a demonstration project with the United Presbyterian Church. Connery's group was looking for locations in which to set up facilities and the Thompkins Square Community Center of which Collier was the director, was one possibility.

Bob Bloom asked Connery to explain the nature of his arrest in 1965. The witness then said that he had been at a demonstration and was about to leave when he saw two bus loads of police on their way. Some of the police saw him and one said, "There's another one of those motherfuckers," and they took him in along with 300 other people. There being no room in the jail proper, they were kept in a garage and fed stale baloney sandwiches for a week and a half. No formal indictment was made and the charges were ultimately dropped. At that time, Connery was working at Wade Settlement house.

John Wilson was called to the stand, also on behalf of Robert Collier. Wilson, who said that this was the first time in six years that he had worn a suit and tie, works as a substitute teacher in daycare centers. He had been in charge of the art department at the Thompkins Square Community Center, but since Collier's arrest, Wilson has been the acting director. He explained that the Center was a 16-story building left unused by the city for 25 years and that although he was interested in the BPP and had gone to meetings, Wilson had never joined the party.

Wilson then testified that on the night of January 19, 1969 he had been at home with his wife, his son and Bob Collier when defendant Curtis Powell and Detective Ralph White—alias Yedwa Sudan came over. White was wearing a dashiki, under which he concealed a 45. Wilson said that other than in the

army and on the person of Ralph White, he had never seen a 45. Wilson then said that he had gotten angry at White for bringing a gun into his house and around his wife and child and that White had been upset, saying that he needed a place to hide out because the police were looking for him in connection with the bombing of a precinct in the Bronx. Wilson said that White added that the dynamite hadn't worked, but that he could not say how he knew and that a rifle found on the Harlem River Drive belonged to a common acquaintance, Harold Avant. Bob Collier then said that they should tell Avant about the gun and find a place for White to hide out.

Wilson then said that in February of 1969 he had seen Colin Connery and Clifford Moody installing a shower in Collier's apartment Wednesday April 7

When D.A. Phillips cross-examined Wilson, he asked repeated questions about the BPP, its membership, its chain of command, and its philosophy. At one point Afeni Shakur, who is defending herself, reminded the court of its admonition every time the defense mentions the BPP by saying, "The BPP is not on trial in this courtroom, but these defendants are."

Phillips continued, however, by asking Wilson if Collier had told him that the BPP was a revolutionary organization. Wilson replied that he didn't need to be told that. He was then asked by the D.A. if he knew that the BPP used guns, and answered, "I know that the belief of most revolutionaries is that since there's no government in the U.S., and that tyranny is the rule, that it would probably have to forcibly removed."

When asked if defendants Pwell and Collier had told him that, Wilson replied, "I think you'll find that it's a very commonly held view."

The prosecution alleges that certain pipes seized in Collier's apartment were pipe bombs. Connery testified that in early February of 1969, some pipes had been donated to the Thompkins Square Community Center by a local superintendent. They left the larger pipes at the Center and brought the smaller ones to Collier's apartment and later installed a shower there.

When District Attorney Phillips began his cross examination of Connery he seemed amazed that the witness had received a B.A. in religion from Swarthmore and refused to accept that fact even after Connery had explained that Swarthmore was a Quaker school. Connery settled that point, when, after being asked the same question for the umpteenth time, he said, "If I got a B.A. in engineering you'd understand that."

Connery had previously testified that he had taken a year off in the middle of his college career and had then returned to finish his schooling. D.A. Phillips attempted to make out that Connery had flunked out or been suspended or had dropped out. Connery very patiently explained, over and over, that he had been raised, as a child, to go into physics, had received a Westinghouse Scholarship, and had won a national award in science, but upon entering college had found Physics too limiting, and had become a confused as to what he wanted to do—so he left school for a year to make some decisions, then deciding to major in religion.

When Phillips asked Connery who had had been living with in his first apartment in New York, the witness paused, the defense objected, but the court overruled, so Connery gave the name of a man. Phillips then said, "Was he a friend from college?" Connery answered no, his roommate was a presbyterian minister.

Phillips then professed profound disbelief that Connery could learn how to operate a computer, on the job, as the witness had done one summer. Connery replied, "You could do it too, I think."

Connery then said that although he, Collier, and Curtis Powell had discussed the BPP, neither of the two defendants had ever said they were members.

Throughout Phillips' cross examination of the witness, defense counsel made many objections to the way the D.A. was badgering and interrupting Connery. Judge Murtagh, while agreeing with these objections, admonished the defense for their manner of objecting and allowed the D.A. to continue as before.

Phillips asked Connery if he had been convicted of a crime in 1965 and Connery replied that he had been picked up at a civil rights demonstration. Three hundred were arrested, he said, but as far as he knew, he had never been convicted. When Bob Bloom rose to speak, the D.A. objected to "any statements made by defendant Bloom," to which defense attorney Bloom replied "I'm not a defendant yet, Mr. Phillips."

Connery said that he had never discussed pipe bombs with defendants Collier or Powell and had never seen them making explosives. He said that he had seen BPP newspapers in Collier's home but had never seen instructions for the making of bombs in them. He also said that he never saw a gun in Collier's home.

Shirley Jones, director of the Bronx Action Committee was called to the stand on behalf of all the defendants.

The Bronx Action Committee was the parent body for the Elsmere Tenant's Council where Det. Ralph White and defendant Lumumba Shakur were employed. White, who sought his position at the Elsmere Tenants Council in order to protect his cover as an infiltrator, had testified that, also to protect his cover, he had shot at table tops in the back of the Tenant's Council, after which Lumumba had allegedly told him not to do his thing there because there was dynamite behind the refrigerator. Miss Jones, however, placed the table tops quite out of firing range of the dynamite.

Det. White also testified that when looking for office supplies in Lumumba's desk he found a variety of things, including blasting caps and fuse cord. Miss Jones said, however, that all office supplies were kept on top of a piano in Ralph White's office.

Miss Jones, who had been subpoenaed by the defense to appear as a witness, and had said that she did not want to be in court, was questioned repeatedly by Phillips about whether or not she had voluntarily appeared or had been subpoenaed and how many times and when she had met or spoken with Jerry Lefcourt. After twenty minutes of such questioning, Miss Jones said, "Do you want me to tell the truth or don't you?"



"It's funny how when people are fighting for their lives, because of the name that they have, they are automatically wrong."

Sandy Alexander, President,
Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club,
New York Chapter.

In a recent conversation with Sandy, some interesting facts came to light concerning the recent wave of busts involving the Hell's Angels.

On March 6, 1971, there was a motorcycle show in Cleveland for the benefit of crippled children. There were two Hell's Angels bikes exhibited at the show which opened on a Friday night, and "plainclothes" members of the motorcycle club, the Breed, showed up to see how many Hell's Angels were there. There were 24. On Saturday night, the Breed came back with 200 members. What happened next can be quoted from the press: "the biggest gang battle in the history of the United States. 87 people were arrested, among them 10 Hell's Angels."

When the fight was over, six people were dead. Five members of the Breed, and one Angel--Groover.
Who are the Breed?

Sandy describes them as hypes, and adds, "Isn't it funny, all these so-called motorcycle clubs are imitations of the Hell's Angels, and in our war, our grief, our sorrow, Hell's Angels came from all over the country to bury their own. And not one Breed was buried in the motorcycle way. BUT THEY CALL THEMSELVES MOTORCYCLE PEOPLE."

In a fight, where it's 24 against 200 it isn't surprising that one Angel went down. Groover, a member of the New York chapter.

"He died for what he believed in: Hell's Angels."

The Angels are facing a variety of court appearances and the press isn't being at all kind to them. In last Saturday's New York Times, the headline said that since spring is coming the neighborhood people are becoming frightened of the Angels. The pictures taken without the permission of the Hell's Angels showed them standing outside their house, and the caption said something about the

garbage-lined street. It wasn't even their garbage, but the Times wanted to make sure that they looked bad, dirty, that they were showed up for what they Times wants people to believe the Hell's Angels are like.

I asked about the rape charges that one Angel faces. The case is absurd, said Sandy. Trumped up, and totally a fantasy on the part of the person who preferred the charges. However, the D.A. is taking the case, for his ego-satisfaction and the publicity.

Sandy continued, "We have no respect for people who are supposed to represent justice, when they know FOR A FACT that we are innocent. The D.A. is like a judge or a doctor, he has to take an oath. They are supposed to uphold what is just, true and good. And it is their responsibility to find out the truth. But they don't. They alter the facts and twist the truth just to get a conviction. The more that the Judicial system carries on in the way that they are carrying on, then the more the Judges lose their individuality. They lose their own powers to judge the truth because they are being influenced."

"At a time when the country is in such turmoil on the colleges and in the streets.

it is no time to fall into stereo-typed thinking. People shouldn't be brainwashed by the media into believing what is good or bad. They should be able to make up their own minds. This is where people lose their individuality. If it keeps up, America will lose its sense of values and morale. Not to mention the loyalty of their own people. Open your eyes and look around and see who is fighting and for what. Look and see where the huge institations are coming from, and you've got Americans fighting Americans."

"When the Hell's Angels are brought down, stepped upon, they always come up smelling good, because we fight for what we believe in, and that's our country."

So the Hell's Angels are going to make their court appearances, and will have to bend to the system. When a Hell's Angel walks into a courtroom, it is no longer a matter of innocence or guilt. The Hell's Angels are being tried for a life style of love and brotherhood, not for the crimes they commit.

**WE LIVE THE LIFE WE LOVE
AND LOVE THE LIFE WE LIVE
WAKE UP AMERICA..."**

The Belfast Four

by Ray Schultz

The picture is sketchy, but word has reached us from London that photographer Joseph Stevens was arrested with three other persons in Belfast, North Ireland last week on charges of arson and now faces a possible 20 years in prison.

In Ireland to cover the political situation for various publications including *Friends*, Stevens was taken on March 30th along with journalists Felix deMendelsohn, Peter McCartin and James McCann in the apartment they were staying at in Belfast. Formally charged with the petrol-bombing of Queens

College, they were booked with five other persons, including two women, and were described to the press by the Royal Ulster Constabulary as a "notorious international anarchist bomb ring conspiracy posing as journalists." Charges on the other five were later dropped, and McCartin was let out on bail. Stevens, DeMendelsohn and McCann are still in prison, with no hope for bail. Stevens' camera equipment was confiscated.

"They want to make an example of them," said Harvey Matusow in London. "They're trying their best to screw them."

A British *subjudica* law forbids discussion of the pending case in the press

and prevents the underground from rallying support.

In a letter to Matusow, Stevens wrote: "As you know, I am in prison. Yesterday I and 3 others were charged with arson and after 2 nights in a courthouse jail, we were taken to court and only minutes earlier were we permitted to see our solicitor, not giving us much time to prepare our case for bail. What also happened was I got kicked in the head by a guard when I was saying my last farewell to Jilly (one of the five later released) in he cell. I was led into court, which was packed, and P.J. McGrory, our solicitor, requested bail for me which was denied. I was in bed when I got busted, had been in Belfast 65 hours, and got into absolutely nothing heavy in that time. Thus, I'm a victim of circumstances.

The apartment I was in was used by the other 3 defendants. They found letters and tapes to them, nothing of any incriminating consequences. How can a man in bed, a stranger in town, with 5 witnesses, set fire to a building? The newspapers have been distorting the facts: "clenched fist raised in courtroom," "orange fascist detectives," etc., but no word as to why we were deprived of a lawyer until 2 minutes before the trial.

Love to all.

All power to the people!
Free all political prisoners!
Free the Belfast Four!

References and bail are desperately needed. Contact EVO or write directly to Belfast Four Defense Fund, c/o Friends Magazine

307 PORTABELLO ROAD
LONDON W10 ENGLAND

See, I wonder what it takes to get published in the New York Times Sunday Magazine. It's such an impressive product, with all the ads and the four-colour covers and hundreds of pages—I bet they'd pay a bundle. But probably you'd have to know one of the editors to get into it, and be in the habit of schmoozing around the joints Times editors schmooze in. Also you'd have to be careful of dangling prepositions, which to my style would certainly be the death, even if I knew the right joints and had the money to schmooze in them. Looks like I better stick to cranking out smut for the likes of EVO and SCREW and PLEASURE.

That's a drag! Because clearly you don't have to knock yourself out writing great prose for the Times Sunday Magazine, and if the article on pornography printed there a couple of weeks ago is any criterion, you needn't be possessed of any particular brights either. The article was by a swain named Irving Kristol— you've seen his byline here and there in publications like that, although chances are you couldn't quote a Kristol sentence from memory—and it was handed to me by a friend, who sighed distressfully and admonished me to read it: 'The liberals,' he said, 'are getting uppity again. High time somebody put them down.' So I read it, and waited politely for this friend to publish his impressions of the Kristol cant—his name is Joe Kane, and the article's in the current issue of X—and now I am about to perpetrate my own Pasquinade on this piece of shit. But in the interim I have recovered considerably from the homicidal fury into which that article propelled me, and now I'm almost reluctant to slip the leash totally on my calumny, because it occurs to me that if a lame asshole like Irving Kristol can get published in the Times, why not a righteous dude like me, so long as I keep to myself my opinion of the Times for publishing criminal horseshit like that?

It'd be easier than writing porn, writing such drivel as appears in the Times Sunday Magazine, and it'd probably pull down quite a few more pennies. In fact, that's what so immoderately amuses me about Kristol's article: he calls for a 'liberal censorship' of literature because he feels that pornography is a purposeful conspiracy to degrade the quality of American Life in general, and American literature in particular; whereas in fact his 'liberal censorship' would degrade the quality of my life, by keeping my literature from being published, and I cannot for the life of me see where my stuff harms Kristol in the least. But he's worried about it, and so apparently are his friends. He speaks of 'our unease and disgust' at dwelling in 'a world in which homosexual rape takes place on stage, in which the public flock during lunch hours to witness varieties of professional fornication, in which Times Square has become little more than a hideous market for the sale and distribution of printed filth that panders to all known (and some fanciful) perversions.' Obviously they are very worried indeed, and bothered, and pestered, and extremely uncomfortable with this state of affairs, whoever 'they' are.

QUACK HACKS

Who are these people who share with poor Irving Kristol this distress, when they see the Public amusing itself with such nastinesses? In the biographical insert accompanying the article, it says that Irving Kristol is 'Henry Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University.' Ah yes, now we have an idea who they are—a *shitel* of academic quacks, their wives and families, who gather in each other's homes and in saloons frequented by such as Times editors, and deplore among themselves the degenerating Quality of Life In America. God knows what sort of work a

Professor of Urban Values does, but surely it is not of such an inordinately backbreaking and critically important nature that it leaves him no time at all to bullshit idly with his peers for hours, if not days, on end. And it must be just *awful* to be taking a cab with three or four of this type people through Times Square, en route from a concert at Lincoln Center to a couple of cocktails with the lads at O'Casey's, and behold all those lust-enflamed Public people issuing degenerately into and out of the porn stores and dirty movie houses. Your heart would bleed for the poor wretches. So after discussing this deplorable state of affairs with the other quacks at NYU (thank God for Philanthropists like Henry Luce, whose foundations keep so many delicate assholes from having to work for a living), Irving Kristol has decided to improve the moral tone of The Public by prohibiting it from defilement by pornography. This is the way it was in the past, he says, when things were better, he says: under the old order of American life, he says, pornography was censored because the prevalent 'idea' of Democracy considered it to 'debase and brutalise' the public, just as bearbaiting and cockfighting were previously eliminated as public spectacles. Things were better in those days, says Kristol, because of this, and it is up to the liberals to take us back to that halcyon era of traditional values by inaugurating a liberal campaign against smut.

So now we see the difference between a liberal and a conservative: whereas a conservative would say things were better in the past because the *government* was better, a liberal will say *the prevalent idea of Democracy* was better. Neither is very likely to say anything about the general quality of life among the lower classes of the time, however.

The people were better then too, according to Kristol. One of his more amusing sentences maintains that, 'The people took care not to let themselves be governed by the more infantile and irrational parts of themselves.' Sure, and in this they were fully in tune with the Democratic Idea of the time, which 'was not about to permit people to capriciously corrupt themselves.' Boy, it must have been great to live under a Democracy like that: maybe you didn't have social security, but you had the solid assurance that the State—excuse me, I mean The Idea—would never allow you to so much as suspect that you had an Id.

In the intervening period between that era of milk and honey and this, smut has gotten so prolific that now, 'what is at stake is civilization and humanity,' warns Kristol, 'nothing less.' Jesus! I'm sorry, I had no idea when I was editing *Kiss* in 1969 that I was plucking at the very jockstrap of contemporary society, and hurling us all back into the Dark Ages. But porn, Kristol is convinced, is 'inherently and purposefully subversive' to the institutions of civilization. It's a goddamn conspiracy!!

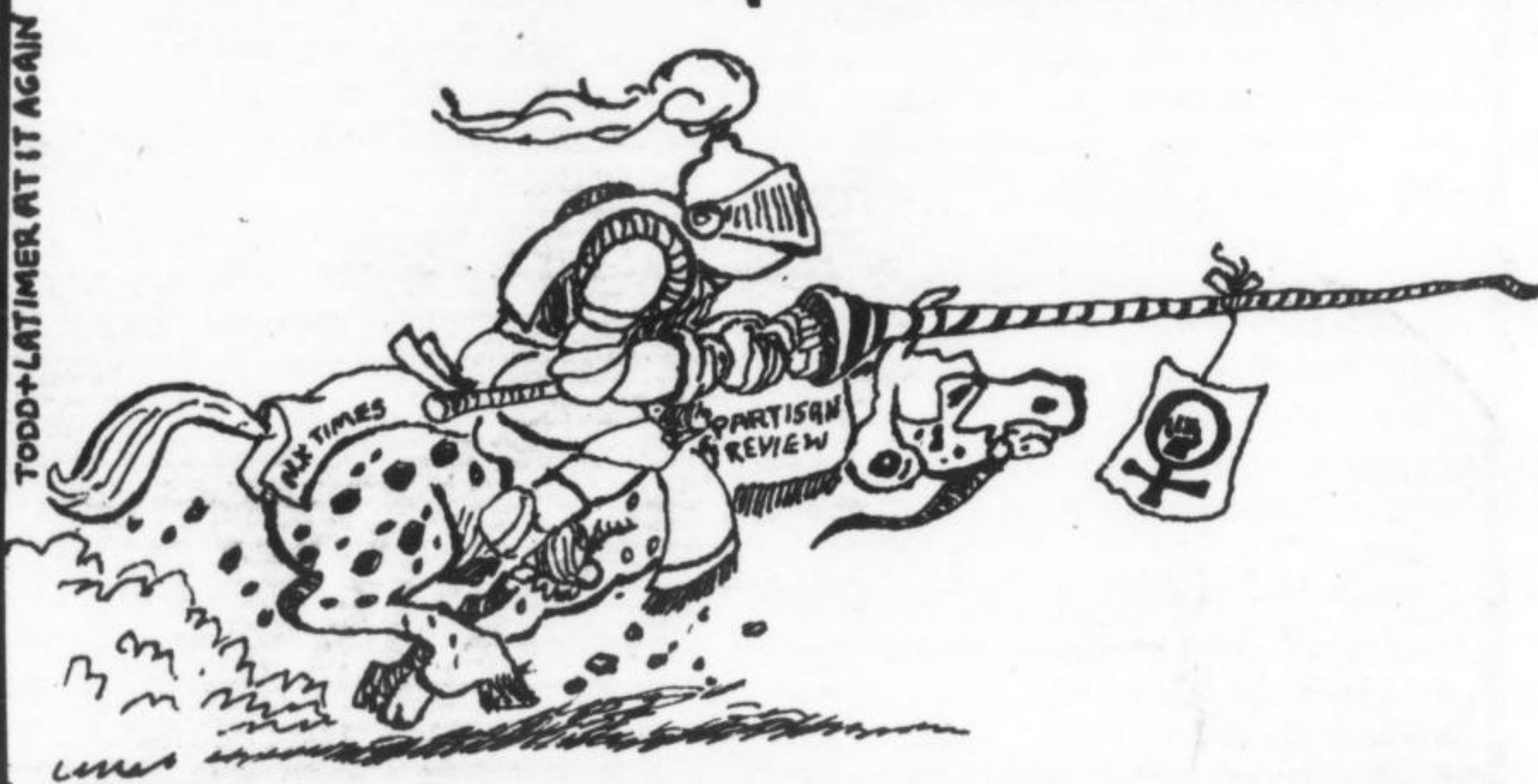
MARCUSE AND PORN

He certainly is worried! A skeptical person might even suspect that Kristol could be just a teeny bit *too* worried about all this revolting filth you see about these days—you might start to think Kristol is not very sure about sex at all, in his own head—if he weren't so exceptionally clear about the distinction between 'pornography' and 'erotic art': 'Pornography differs from erotic art in that its whole purpose is to treat human beings obscenely, to deprive human beings of their specifically human dimensions.' That makes me feel better. I can't be writing pornography, because my whole purpose in writing stuff like that is to make a dollar; I kinda like people, and I am certainly not out to treat them badly or deprive them of anything. But

then, I'm still not sure quite what Kristol conceives to be pornography, since later on he has Herbert Marcuse and Jerry Rubin staunchly supporting it, and I was not aware that either of these gentlemen had said word one about smut to date. Does he maybe think the illustrations in *Do It* were dirty? If he does, he's capable of seeing porn anywhere, a most fortunate quality 'Obscenity,' says Kristol...Oh yeah, excuse me for breaking in with this, but sometimes Kristol talks about 'Obscenity,' sometimes he talks about 'Pornography,' sometimes he talks about 'Obscenity and Pornography,' and sometimes he even talks about 'Obscenity and/or Pornography.' Obviously there is a difference in his head between the two, *although in no place does he explain it. But since He seems to despise such equally, I am not gonna quibble with his terms, either.* 'Obscenity,' says Kristol, 'is a peculiar vision of humanity: what it is really about is ethics and metaphysics.' That's an odd thing to say. I guess in Urban Values you get to talk a lot about ethics and metaphysics, and it probably tends to creep into a lot of places it doesn't belong. It certainly doesn't belong in smut. Obscenity—smut—is just writing, or acting, or whatever. It does not petition, or plead, or exhort—if it does, it's generally pretty bad smut, as smut goes—and anybody who expects it to is probably afraid it *might* and has an overblown idea of pornography. Kristol apparently thinks pornography is pretty powerful, and will deprave and corrupt the public irremediably unless he and his friends are given license to stamp it out. 'After all,' he notes, 'if you believe that no one was ever corrupted by a book, you have also to believe that no one was ever improved by a book.' Hey, he couldn't be a *Catholic*, could he? This is just the sort of thinking that Catholics indulge in, that dear old Aquinian logic, where you balance one proposition against another to make your point, and the ease with which that point is made is directly proportionate to the un-relatedness of the two propositions you haul into balance. (Incidentally, he's right: The Chatecism has certainly corrupted an *awful* lot of people down through history—even more, I daresay, than *Justine* or *Le Fluers Du Mal*, or even *Lucky Pierre* and the *Twelve Nuns*.)

claims Kristol, because they are possessed of a 'unique sense of privacy,' and of 'a unique sense of shame,' when that privacy is invaded. Now, I have seen dogs who looked very ashamed at things they had done which they were not supposed to do, generally just before getting the shit kicked out of them by their owners. And I have read in books that many animals keep certain private territories to themselves, and react with hostility when this privacy is invaded. But no, Kristol teaches Urban Values, not zoology or any other conceivably useful thing, and this is his distinction we're being nauseated by. (You will have to wait, before the publication of my own distinction, until I can figure out what human beings *are*, out front). He evidently harbours a higher opinion of primitive people, the next step up from animals. He notes with manifest admiration that, 'In practically all primitive tribes, men and women cover their private parts; and in practically all primitive tribes, men and women do not copulate in public.' Now, me, I've read in books about some people in New Guinea and the adjacent archipelagoes—but no, there are no settlements in these areas that could qualify as Urban, and hence they are of little Value to any civilised person. If Kristol knew anything about comparative anthropology, he might be less inclined to hold up 'primitive tribes' as examples of decency we would do well to emulate; because in communities of this order the formal standards of decency and gentility are in fact so extremely well-developed and rigidly observed that they tend to eliminate all possibility of those tribes developing anything like democracy or civilisation or anything else that Kristol so adores in the Quality of American Life.

But he's a great one for covering the private parts, is Kristol. He would doubtless agree with the old aphorism, popular during that halcyon era when the Democratic Idea was in full swing, 'Let every young man's motto be: *The mind away from sexual thoughts, and the hands away from the parts.*' He musters all his meagre powers of research to demonstrate that the 'private parts' are indeed 'private,' and should be left that way, or all will be lost. This is kind of an odd thing for him to do, because earlier in his essay, to show how extremely inimical Pornography is to



Kristol's pretty funny with this logic shit, he says in another place: 'Sex, like death, is an activity that is both animal and human.' Why death? Why not shitting and pissing and building houses and breathing and swimming and dreaming? Because just a paragraph before, Kristol had held before us the unappetizing prospect of broadcasting a terminal cancer patient's dying agonies to the Public, to demonstrate the point at which artistic liberty becomes license. But would the *Public* buy it, I ask you? I think not.

Humanity Defined

Kristol does *not* like to see people behaving like animals. 'Man,' he states confidently, 'is an animal with a difference.' This is always the first phase of hubris, when you start noting your superiority to the platypus. People are distinguishable from all other creatures,

the fostering of healthy attitudes, he hauls this sentence out of the context of Susan Sontag's famous essay, 'On Pornography': 'What pornography does is precisely to drive a wedge between one's existence as a full human being and one's existence as a sexual being—while in ordinary life a healthy person is one who prevents such a gap from opening up.' In other words, Kristol would rather there *not* be a split between a person's sexuality and the rest of him. This is indeed laudable. Unfortunately, at the age at which such splits are engendered in a person's psyche, when they are engendered, a person generally has little power to *prevent* it, being that the person is usually under two years old. Mr. Kristol who seems to be no great shakes at psychology either, evidently feels that pornography *causes* such a split, when in

fact its whole existence depends on people who are fucked up in the first place. Myself, I may be a radical on this subject, but I suspect pornography helps people like that keep it all together, whereas without it they might tend to be even more fucked up. But it seems very odd indeed to see Kristol in one paragraph reviling pornography for 'causing' a problem which in the next paragraph he identifies as the way things are and the way they *should* be: keep it in your pants, he says, it's dangerous.

No Sentiments, No Ideals

He despises sex in public, as part of a dramatic presentation or as part of a film. 'When sex is a public spectacle,' he complains, 'a human relationship has been debased into a mere animal connection.' Nossir, he sure doesn't like animals; chances are, Melanie, animals don't think much of him either. He probably had his cat fixed. 'When sex is public,' he goes on, 'the viewer does not see--cannot see--the sentiments and ideals.' That's odd. Why not? Would the gentlemen viewers be too busy comparing the size of the leading man's penis to their own and feeling inadequate? And would the lady viewers be making a similar comparison, and feeling unfulfilled? Who the hell does this Irving Kristol think he is? For the sake of argument, I will give him credit for some tiny knowledge of zoology, history, anthropology and economics, but until I see him try his hand at it, I am *not* about to consider him qualified to speak on Art. This son of a bitch who would tell you you can't do certain things on stage or in films probably couldn't even stage a passable production of *Our Town*. Fuck him!

it on a lesser scale indicated a lack of perception on the part of the interpreter.

But I will bet he copped that interpretation straight out of Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics*, and threw it in there to please those of his academic quack friends who are into Women's Lib. Kristol himself may well be into Women's Lib, I wouldn't put it past him. In one of his more hysterical passages, he lets loose of this one: 'It is also worth noting that the making of sex into obscenity is not a mutual and equal transaction, but rather an act of exploitation by one of the partners--the male partner.' You just know his Lib. friends will love that dizzy sentence, and this one too: 'The instinct of Women's Lib. has been unerring in perceiving, that when pornography is perpetrated, (sic), it is perpetrated against them, as part of a conspiracy to deprive them of their full humanity.' So once again--for the second week in a row!--I fall back on the unusual acumen of artist Betty Dodson, who once said, 'If sexual writing is degrading to women, then sex must be degrading to women.* I really do not think this is so--I have seen some women in my day who seemed to thrive on it--but the hysterical caterwauling these Lib. cunts are putting up lately about pornography tends to indicate otherwise.

Shit, the other day I was thinking about getting a book published--it comes to mind, for some reason, every time the seasons change--and I even went so far as to call a literary agent to talk about it. The firm I contacted was Seligmann and Collier, who had once expressed an interest in my work, and I talked to one of them, I forget which, and he told me that the

you Prohibition is now about to bring you Censorship.

'Liberal censorship,' we hope. Calling for such a program, Kristol assures us that 'if you look at the history of American or English literature, there is precious little damage you can point to as a consequence of censorship.' Well, you could point to a lot of publishers, editors, printers and authors being dragged off to jail, their careers ruined, their equipment damaged or confiscated by the authorities; you could point to quite a respectable number of publications being intimidated politically by threats of smut busts; you can point to a whole lot of blackguards and their wives being elected to public office because of righteous hypocritical anti-smut demagoguery, but is this what he means by damage? No, he means you can't say the literature *itself* has been damaged, and I supposed you can't. I'd like to see what Hawthorne might have written if he'd been permitted to express himself--I have the idea he'd have been a lot better writer if he were writing today, when you can 'get away' with a lot more--but who can say, who can say? But you can't point to a lot of good literature over the last twenty years or so, either. *Sometimes A Great Notion* was about the last really fine book I can think of. There have been some good plays and good movies, but not a lot of good books. Kristol suggests that this is primarily because of the proliferation of pornography: that the smut is selling so good, decent books can't get printed. He seems to put the blame on the publishers for this, those greasy thieves will publish anything that sells, and he's right about that, they will. I would too. If nobody's going to read a book, even a good book, why should it be printed? Let's face it, Irving, if you're not going to write for the Public, and you do seem to have your reservations about the Beast, then you ought to just take down your shingle. Who needs you? Now dig this: Kristol wants to censor stuff so that when he writes a good book, or one of his friends, the Public will buy it because there's no

that own them. Convinced that they'd very likely make more money if those cheap-shot fuck-and-suck porno producers were driven out of business, the Hollywood crooks have been pressuring the Nixon administration to vamp down on the hard-core houses. But Peter Brennan wrote about all this in last week's EVO; and probably Irving Kristol never saw it, and thereby missed another instance of honest people have been just *terribly* fucked over by the idea of censorship in our Democracy.

Anyway,

this shoddy con game is just not gonna work in any case. All the benevolent 'liberal censorship' in the world won't get The Public to reading books again. Never again, Kristol. You got journalism and pornography, and those are the only two kinds of literature that are going to flourish in the future. 'Good books' will probably always sell good enough to get printed as 'prestige items' by publishers, but there's not much future in that racket any more. No liberal program of any kind is going to upgrade Joe Public's tastes to the point where he'd sooner spend an evening reading a sensitive Irving Kristol novel than watching the Johnny Carson show. Nor is his cultural appetite going to be in any way blunted by jerking off over *Whipping Post* while the old lady and the kids are off at her sister's.

I wish I could tell you more about Kristol's 'liberal censorship' program, and its practical applications, but alas, he is none too clear on the arrangements himself. He vaguely suggests that smut should be put on the closed shelves of libraries, to be ready only by qualified persons, under the supervision of a presumably reserved, straight-laced, disapproving librarian. Of course, this would just make it so that rich people would always have access to porn, whereas poor people, who are bound to be more fucked up than the rich, would have to make do with their own subconscious fantasies and their working-class hands, right or left, according to Democratic political preference. ('Only an eglitarian maniac,' quoth Kristol 'could object to this.' Butter would freeze solid in this motherfucker's mouth.) It's cool, says Kristol--the rich already have privileged access to heroin.

Heroin. Pornography is equated with heroin. Rich people also have access to good living conditions, superior medical care, protection from criminal prosecution, all that--but Kristol has to drag up heroin, so that porn sounds just as lethal as dope. I am sick of talking about this son of a bitch. I still have enough freedom of expression I believe to tell him he can take his rotten censorship manuscript and shove it up his ass, page by page.

Salmon Hunting, Anyone?

But golly, besides that one little article in there, the Times Sunday Magazine sure looks like a swell publication. Full of all *kinds* of sensible stuff. I wonder if those intellectual fellers would be interested in a well-researched article about salmon hunting in the Sahara desert? You take a ladder, see, and you stard it up on one end in a sand dune, and you take a .12 gauge shotgun and hide behind the next dune. Sooner or later, 10,000 miles away in the Columbia River upstream of Wenatchee, one salmon will turn to his wife and say, 'Hey, I just heard about this *great* ladder in the Sahara desert! Let's go climb up on it and *fuck*!!'

ON SMUT



by D.A. Latimer

smut around. Is Kristol in the Mafia too? What a crooked son of a bitch! He wants to take the bread out of my *mouth* and put it in his! Kristol, I and my friends will take on you and your friends any night of the week. We'll even go down to Washington Square and fight you on your own turf, just set the time. Okay? But if you're so fucking squeemish and gutless you have to knife us through some pansy-assed 'liberal censorship' program, then we'll just have to resort to Weather tactics and firebomb your Irish setter.

Just such a rotten crooked squeeze play as this is right now being laid on the porno movie industry by Hollywood, with the outright connivance of state and local authorities across the country. While the main gangsters that run Hollywood were weeping on Richard Nixon's shoulder in San Clemente last week, begging for what amounts to subsidies and depletion allowances for Hollywood producers, the pigs were trying to close down every theatre in Times Square, the Tenderloin, Atlanta, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, and everywhere else hard-core porno movies have been displayed. Simply enough, nobody wants to watch Hollywood drivel like *the Sound of Music* any more, and the big production companies haven't been making enough to satisfy the oil and parking-lot cartels

And the idea of this lame-ass cocksucker, whose prose is distinguished only by its uninterrupted mechanical drabness, telling me what I can write under his new 'liberal censorship' program, that really gets me panicky. His remarks on *Story of O* give me just the gravest apprehensions of his facility as a lit critic: 'Its theme,' he hypothesizes, to demonstrate how degrading pornography is, 'is precisely the the dehumanisation accomplished by obscenity.' It is? Shit, and I had gone all these years since reading it with the unshaken conviction that *Story of O* (he called it *L'Historie D'O*, the cultivated mother) was a supremely successful allegory of an individual's progressive self-effacement into an existential nothing, and had always thought that any interpretation of

idea sounded fine to him, but was I still, ah, a 'masturbating male chauvinist pig?' I assured him that I was, worse than ever, in fact, and had some very amusing things to say about Women's Lib and women in general in this forthcoming volume. Whereupon this creep told me that, gee, you know, he's got a lot of women's lib clients--they sell pretty well these days--and, um, he'd be very reluctant to publish anything of an anti-women's lib nature for fear of their displeasure. So there you have it: the sex that brought

*I am obliged to state here that I do not personally know this Dodson woman, nor does she know me; nor do I desire an acquaintance with her, because I hear that she is deeply involved in Women's Lib. But so long as she retains the intellectual capacity, so swiftly ravished from a woman, of saying sane things, I feel free to quote her. And her artwork is O.K.

LARRY S. TODD'S

ATOMIC HOTBREAD

THE LIBERATION OF TING TIGER



TIGER...GO GET DER VINE...
I VANT DER DRINK!

NO DICE,
BLACKIE!



WHAT? I VILL BROOK NONE UFF
DAS INSOLENCE, RUBBER DOLL!
GO GET DER VINE, TIGER!
NOW! MACH SHNELL!!!

IF YER SO DAMN
THIRSTY GO GET
IT YERSELF!



WHAT ISS DIS,
ANYWAY??

LIBERATION, TOOT SWEET!
I'M LIBERATED FROM
YOU MALE CHAUVINIST
TYPES! SAVVY?



MALE
SHOFINIST?
VAS ISS DIS
MALE...UH..
SHOFINIST?

WE WOMEN HAVE
BEEN KNUCKLING
UNDER FOR YOU MALE
CHAUVINISTS FOR
THOUSANDS OF YEARS,
BUT BABY, I'M DONE
WITH THAT SHIT!



YOU ARE NOT DAS
VOMAN...
YOU ARE DER
Robot!

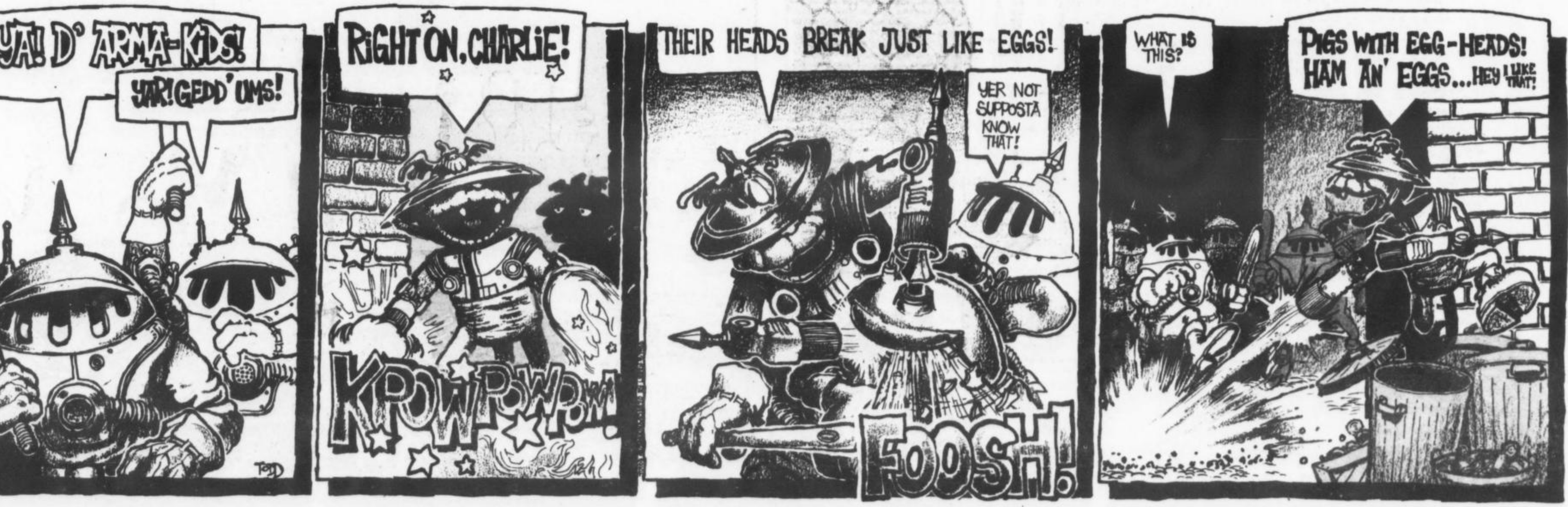
I AM A FEMALE-TYPE
ROBOT AND AS OF
RIGHT THIS MINUTE,
I AM LIBERATED!



WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT,
YOU MALE CHAUVINIST PIG?

I AM A RAT...
...BABY...





MASTERS PREVIEW:



BY R. MELTZER

There's an Andy Williams golf event and the Bing Crosby Pebble Beach Pro-Am and there's the Bob Hope Desert Classic Andy's a part owner of the Phoenix Suns along with Ed Ames (who's done less for Indians than Buffy St. Marie) and Bing Crosby used to have something to do with baseball (St. Louis Browns?) and Bob Hope has something to do with owning the Cleveland Indians. But the only way you can be associated with the administration of a sport that can have your cronies in it and even you too is if it's golf. So they all lend their name to golf. For some reasons people pay to see golf so there's money connected with it and since there's moeny connected with it the guys with the names can say it's for charity. Like Bob ain't gonna donate any of his hundred million in real estate to anybody by himself, all he'll give is his time and his name but the money's gotta come from us sports fans. What fuckin nerve! And Joe Louis, who really gave away tons of bread to the Navy Relief Fund and things like that out of his purse from his fights, was stuck having to pay all those fuckin back taxes until they finally — after 20 years — exonerated him. But Presidents don't box, the closest it ever came to that was Elvis Starr (some financial guy under Kennedy) who was once some amateur or collegiate pugilistic hotshot. Presidents play golf.

And VPs too and when they do you better watch out if it's Agnew who's doing the playing. At the Bob Hope he hit 3 spectators with slices off his drive and get this: at least one of the shots was INTENTIONAL. I ain't fuckin kidding, if you study the tapes of it you can see how careful he is about approaching the ball, every single move has some thought behind it. He knows exactly what he's doing and he knows that if he wants to slice it all he has to do is stand the right number of extra inches away from the right stance and stretch into the shot so that he just tips it. So the way he did it was he crept up to the ball and measured it off exactly, all the time with a straight face. When he got to where one more move would put him in perfect position for his shot he didn't take the move. Instead he just stretched his arms a little and leaned forward to make it seem as if he was in the right spot. But when he actually took the shot his body reverted to its actual position and so the ball just

got winged. And it's not as if he just got lazy at the end and decided to just lean into it because he had been so meticulous in his prior approach moves. If he had been lazy he would have been lazy all the way, sloppily stepping up to it: but he was neat as a pin. So hitting people was fuckin intentional! And he got to KISS one of the ladies he hit, what an amazing weirdo! He planned the whole thing!

And what set it up was the last time he played a pro-am he hit Doug Snaders or somebody and it got big press so he had to keep up his image as a wild and wooly sportsman caring only about the comradeship such a wonderful American-dominated game can bring (it was invented in Scotland or somewhere). Well when it came time for the Bob Hope he must've figured it was time to go beyond merely breaking down pro-amateur barriers and do it for player-audience distinctions this time. As if it's hard to do for anybody. It's not but if you're from a place designated as top of the totem pole then it can't help but be pretentious, and pretension equals press every time.

Just being there wasn't enough, just sitting there (sitting? who the fuck SITS at golf matches?: so he wasn't very authentic or thorough about joining the crowd anyway and it all came out in the wash) and getting introduced wasn't enough. Neither was sitting next to Edgar Eisenhower (who's EDGAR Eisenhower?) or Bob Hope's wife with her Jacqueline Onassis shades (no fine lady of culture like her can resist fashion, no matter who or what the source may be). The charity this time was the Eisenhower Hospital and Mamie wasn't even there. She wasn't on TV but maybe she was in the clubhouse wetting her whistle on a rum collins or two. Cause now that Ike is gone she doesn't have to watch her image so much and she can go back to her old famous dyppo habits. She ought to if she's not already.

Arnold Palmer won the tournament with a whatever-under-par XYZ and just when Bob was about to say something important to him some fired caddy ran up yelling it was fixed so they took the guy off to some hospital for observation (but not in the Eisenhoer Hospital cause it ain't been built yet). Before that Bob had stuttered his way through a bunch of rotten adlibs and he's lost all his once-famous timing. George Burns, another good-timing guy, lost it last year.

Now Hope's lost it and it was the only gimmick he ever had so it serves the bastard right. And Palmer won it in sudden death against Ray Floyd who now likes being called Raymond Floyd and that's his prerogative.

So Palmer's a big fave again and lots of dodoes are gonna be pulling for him to take the Masters and the famous green jacket that goes along with it. His caddy will be as always, the famous Iron Man Avory who has all sorts of tips for all sorts of occasions so Arnie always uses Iron Man and probably tips him a couple quid. Palmer used to win it every other year, all the even-numbered years beginning with either '58 or '60, it was one of those but he never won it two years running and Jack Nicklaus blew that for him by actually doing it and being the first too. So Palmer kind of blew his Masters rep but he's blown his ENTIRE rep anyway. Before the Bob Hope he hadn't won a single tournament in 14 months but he always has had his Arnie's Army bullshit to fall back on if he ever gets anywhere near the lead. Like who's there to associate with golf anyway? In fact ever? Nobody so why not Palmer, even though his Arnold Palmer Cleaning Stores are probably higher on the agenda than golf these days, like why not?

Like if Palmer hadn't come around and been the first big TV star of golf then nobody would've gone to see the stuff live anyway. Ben Hogan was over the hill and so was Sam Snead and that's all there was to golf stardom anyway. During WW2 there weren't many golfers still around so Byron Nelson went and won eleven straight tournaments in one stretch, it might even have been eleven straight leading up to the Masters so it was impressive. So golf historians mention his name and then when Palmer arrived on the scene they listed the top 5 as Bobby Jones, Hogan, Snead, Nelson and Palmer. Just to get it over with. But then Sports Illustrated started hyping other golfers, this was after Gary Player had already taken away some of Palmer's thunder but his only real hype was that he was a *foreigner* (much later his hype was that although he was from South Africa his favorite athlete was Jackie Robinson, how nice, but he was starting to get razed by black spectators anyway), not so much as a golfer. So they did a cover story of something like "Dave Souchak (maybe it's Mike Souchak) and Doug Sanders, Challengers to Palmer's Supremacy."

Well anyway the emergence of Nicklaus fucked it all up because not only was he better than Palmer but he was singularly better than the whole new crop he emerged with. So they hadda rely on guys like Champagne Tony Lema, guys with *color* (Tommy Bolt was too obnoxious to be labeled merely colorful and it was too late to use him anyway because he was too old, and now he's doing the Brut commercials along with Willie Mays about lookin great and smellin great), but Tony Lema got killed in a plane crash. Then Julius Boros won a few titles even though he was old so his press image was immediately obvious until he got even older (eventually TV coverage of golf got so advanced that they were able to talk about Boros as the fastest guy at taking a shot once he's decided what it's gonna be). But who the fuck else was there?

Particularly when the whole upper crust of golf went out of its way to squelch any controversy. Last summer Dave Stockton was up among the leaders of the PGA Tournament but that did not exempt him from proper golf decorum. He said something after the second round about how the crouse resembled a cow pasture, something like all it needed was corn and cows or maybe there even was some corn already. Whatever it was he got

finned by the PGA for conduct detrimental to the sport. The primary function of the sport being to showcase 18-hole versions of America The Beautiful. Thus, ipso facto, all couses must be beautiful so Dave had to button his lip.

So the real sales pitch for golf is its geography, the fact that it's a piece of land with trees and grass and sand and water and sunshine (golf gets called off quicker than any other sport once it starts raining). Even a touch of ecology in the pitch. And Jack Nicklaus even does an ad for some airline in terms of the golf courses you can get to by jet ("aerial golf"). And there's an ad with Palmer and Jean-Claude Killy where it's Killy pushing snow and Palmer pushing greens and fairways, and they're both pushing an airline in the process, with at least one type of accessible gography for any normal taste.

The social aspects of the geography behind the Augusta Masters make for black caddies exclusively, it's mostly white outside the South. Yeah Iron Man Avory's black and there's only about two major pro tournament golfers who are black. One's Charley Sifford who's won the Canadian Open and maybe one or two other things of note. And the other's some guy named Elder (Lee Elder?) who lost a sudden death playoff to some fat guy named Bob last year (he was fat and he looked a lot like Nicklaus and he had a straw hat on instead of the usual baseball-cap type thing) or maybe he wasn't a Bob but a Murphy. Could he have been a Bob Murphy? I don't know but the spade's name was Elder and he was pretty good as far as that goes. As far as golf goes.

As far as the Masters goes I'm sure the winnder'll be from among the following: Palmer, Nicklaus, Boros, Elder, Sifford, Souchak, Sanders, Hogan, Snead, Bolt, Player, Stockton, Murphy, Bert Yancey, Billy Casper, Bob Rosburg, Homer Blancas, Deane Beman, Roberto de Vincenzo, Lanny Wadkins, Bob Goalby, Mason Rudolph, Jay Herbert, Lionel Hebert, Gene Littler, Dave Marr, Kermit Zarley, Gardner Dickinson, Grier Jones, John Miller, Pete Brown, Bruce Crampton, Dave Hill, Mike Hill, Gibby Gilbert, Bob Lunn, Lou Graham, R.H. Sikes, Lee Trevino, Dick Lotz, Frank Beard, Larry Hinson, Tony Jacklin, Bruce Devlin, Bobby Nichols, Bob Lunn, Tom Weiskopf, Miller Barber, Tommy Aaron, Dale Douglass, Dan Sikes, Bob Charles, Howie Johnson, George Archer, Charles Coody, Ken Still, Bob Stanton, Labron Harris, Larry Ziegler, Hugh Royer, Juan Rodriguez, Orville Moody, Jim Colbert, George Knudson, Don January, Rod Funseth, Hale Irwin, Jack Montgomery, Jerry Heard, Phil Rodgers, Steve Reid, Tom Shaw, Al Geiberger, Bobby Greenwood, John Schroeder, Ted Hayes, Bob Stone, Terry Dill, Mac McLendon, J.C. Snead, Dave Eichlberger, Chi Chi Rodriguez, Chuck Courtney, Hal Underwood, Roy Pace, Don Bies, Wilf Homeniuk, Al Balding, Bob E. Smith, Herbert Hooper, Don Massengale, Johnny Pott, Chris Blocker, Steve Opperman, Rocky Thompson, Richard Martinez, Jack Fleck, Jerry Barrier, John Schlee, Wayne Vollmer, Gary Bowerman, Ron Reif, Les Peterson, Jerry Abbott, Terry Wilcox, Ben Kern, Jack Ewing, Dick Rhyhan, Harry toscano, Dave Bollman, Rod Curl, Vern Novak, Ross Randall, Bob Dickson, Babe Hiskey, John Jacobs, Jim Ferriell, Bryon Comstock, Dudley Wysong, or any of the others.

But if you're none of them, if you're just a fan, here's what you oughta do with the Masters: shit on it, piss on it, cuss it out, do whatever you can to bring it to its knees, ignore it, forget it, don't watch it. But if you can earn a little pizza money charging other guys to watch it on your set that's a pretty good idea.



FUNNY NAZIS

by **LOSSARIAN**

"MAD MAN MOLTKE" and
ERSATZ (THE BEAST OF BREMERHAVEN)

IN ATSA SPICY MEATBALL



SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY LATE IN 1944



BUT HERR GENERAL DER FÜHRER IS SURROUNDED BY TIGHT SECURITY



DONT VORRY HERR COLONEL MÜELLER I AM HAVINK A PLAN



...AND SO VE HAFF INTERZEPTED DER PACKAGE MITT DER MEATBALLZ UND HAFF REPLACED DEM MITT DIS HIGH EXPLOZIVES



I HAFF IN MIND JUST DER PERZON



REICHSPROTEKTOR DIETER MOLTKE REPORTING AS ORDERED.



SOON



MEIN FÜHRER A PACKAGE FROM ITALY.



LET'S SEE VOT DER SWINE IS SENDINK?



VOT'S DIS SHIT!!



HOT PANTS & HOT BOYS

by Lil Picard



JOHNNY MINOTAUR
A Film by CHARLES HENRY FORD
Starring Nikos Koulizakis as Nikos
Johnny . . . Yiannis Koutsis
Karolos . . . Chuzzer Miles
Shelly . . . Shelley Scott

Charles Henry Ford is a man of all sorts and kinds of talents. A Gentleman (he wears custom made expensive suits neckties soft leather jackets) of the surrealistic school with a knack for the Young, the POp and the sophisticated Gay life. He is a Jet traveller In his New York Dakota House apartment, he entertains from time to time. Teaparties in the literary salon fashion. He invites the well known underground avantgarde, the Underground snobs, capitalists, the literary elite of a certain erotic reputation, the beautiful people, the clever raconteurs, poets, his actress sister Ruth Ford, John Wilcock, Gerard Malanga society butterflies and creative witty personalities. Tea is served with cookies. Gertrud Stein's ghost lures in the corner. The Chaires Henry family sits around, clad in leather feathers and crushed velvet, and they look at slides or poetic films, and act like being part of a play, for which Act I is set: "Tea for Film View." In Paris Charles Henry

lives in an apartment on the Ile St. Louis, and there he has a DREAM Studio overlooking the Seine In the summer Charles Henry entertains in his 17th Century 18 room house on the Island of Crete. Born in Mississippi, he was a teen-age drop-out. Fortunately. He entered the Paris expatriate scene, "creating it's generation, says Gertrud Stein, about a book he wrote together with Parker Tyler: "The Young and the Evil." About a first book "The Garden of Disorder" Herbert Read said: "There are few poets writing today whose work is at once so persoanl and so prophetic." In 1966 he published the ultra elegant graphic, poetic book "Spare Parts," containing collages words, letters, drawings, graph paper, photos. It was a subconscious preparation for future films he is now involved in. "Poem Posters," a 24 minutes documentary of his 1965 exhibition at Cordier Ekstrom Gallery, programmed for Jonas Mekas' Cinematheque. He is now editing an anthology of "Surrealism in View." His latest creation is the film "Johnny Minotaur". It is the result of a many sided, highly sophisticated life experience by an artistic voyeur and raconteur

obsessed with the gift of seeing beauty in every male and in every view and slice of life. Parker Tyler the Dean of the Golden Filmboys of Gay Liberation says about "Johnny Minotaur" "conceived, directed and photographed by Charles Henry Ford," in this Film **SEXUALITY IS HOMOSEXUALITY.**

The locale of Ford's Film is the Island of Crete. The Stars are boys in all shades of tan, brown, cafe au lait, suntanned all over, but white around their hips & asses and photographed from multiple angles, front, back sides, running, dancing swinging, loving, bicycling, lying on low couches in the sand on straw mats, masturbating while looking at pictures of a Greek Marilyn Monroe, fucking melons instead of vaginas, soaping themselves under showers, being exposed, underexposed, overexposed in Eastman Color and in black and white nude and seminude, dressed in triangular hot bikinis or in hot tomato-red maillots de bain, while playing chess; hot pants boys of all shades, thin and slender, fat and burly, the nude world of Charles Henry Ford in all its Greek Crete blue sky, blue water glory . . . the View of Life in the circle of the gay-mates.

Charles Henry Ford is a true poet. A poet who loves fragmentations of images, sentences, thoughts and views. From 1942 to 1947 he had been editor of one of the most farout ART magazines which happened to attract my attention, coming to New York's 57th Street Scene I subscribed to "VIEW" (as it was called). Long before I discovered Art and the Art World the Art life, the Art Industry, even long before I lost my love and

(Continued on Page 17)

JOHN EVANS

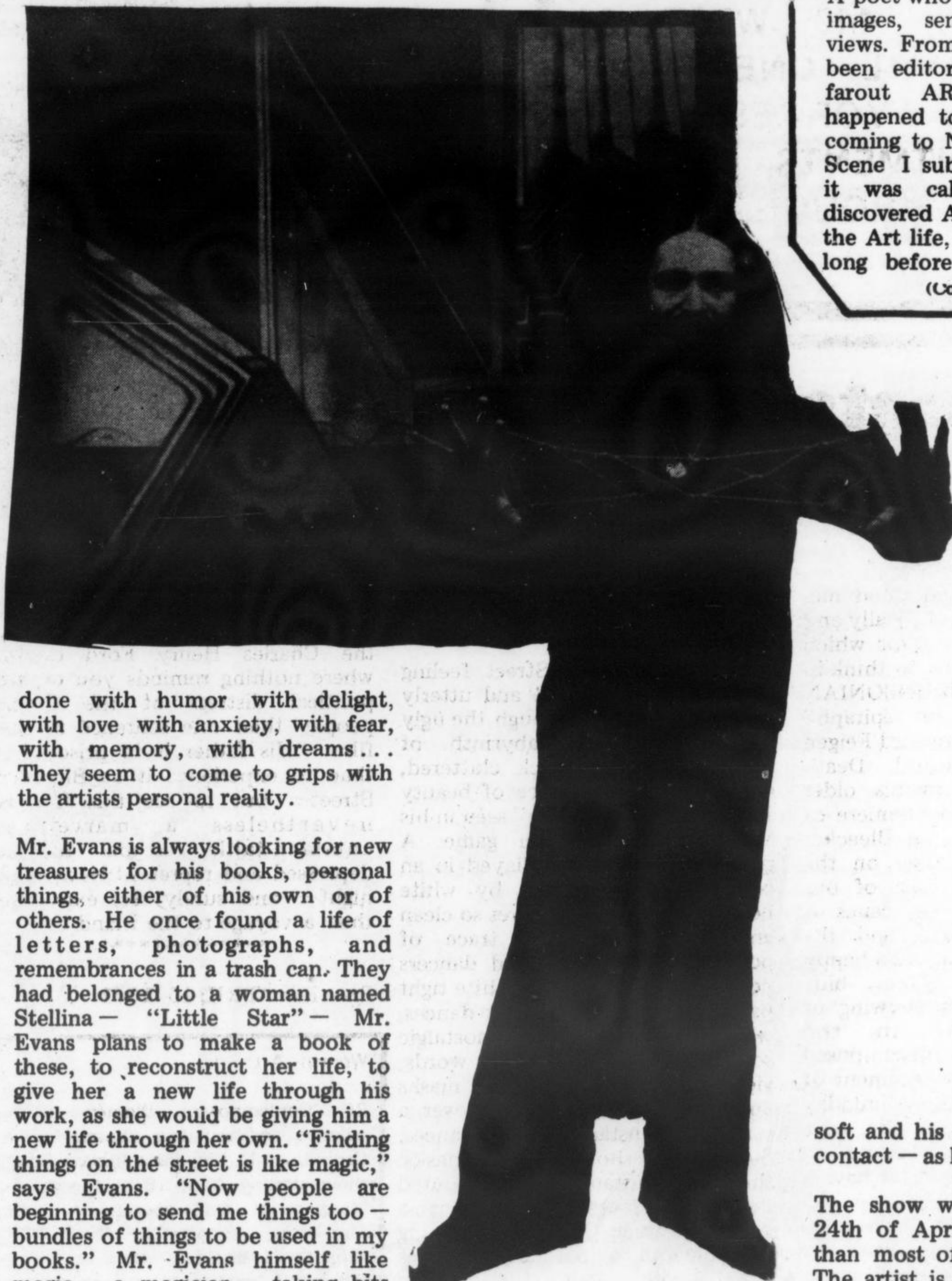
Sonraed Gallery
March 20-April 24

by Nina Paull

John Evans shows eleven beautiful and very personal notebooks at the Sonraed Gallery. Each page contains a drawing painting, or collage, made of bits of letters, cloth, photographs, magazine pictures, etc, each aesthetically and carefully constructed.

The notebooks are of two sizes, the larger ones — 14"X17" can be broken up and the pages sold separately, the smaller ones 9"X12", are more like diaries. Some were made by adding a page a day for a two year span, and Mr. Evans wants to keep these complete — as journals. He feels that as books they are more private — records of his life — recorded artistic documents. They can be closed, put away, carried away with him.

This series of notebooks was begun in 1966. The notebooks have different feelings for the artist, different rhythms, different flows. They grow with him, change with him day by day. Some of the pages take fifteen minutes others take an hour. Some pages are strong and graphic, constructed in rich colors, others are mysteriously empty, soft and poetic. One page contains the delicate drawing of an insect, in another, one travels up the page with lines and square tickets of color. There is a page about four petals of a real flower, a page about a child receiving communion, a page filled with red, yellow, and blue whose center holds a striped multi-colored fabric. They cover a large range of emotional experience and artistic expression. They are



done with humor with delight, with love with anxiety, with fear, with memory, with dreams . . . They seem to come to grips with the artists personal reality.

Mr. Evans is always looking for new treasures for his books, personal things, either of his own or of others. He once found a life of letters, photographs, and remembrances in a trash can. They had belonged to a woman named Stellina — "Little Star" — Mr. Evans plans to make a book of these, to reconstruct her life, to give her a new life through his work, as she would be giving him a new life through her own. "Finding things on the street is like magic," says Evans. "Now people are beginning to send me things too — bundles of things to be used in my books." Mr. Evans himself like magic — a magician — taking bits and peices and making worlds with them, journeys, travels. As we talked he did string tricks for me, as

he is seen using in the photograph. One was called "Apache Door", another, "Lightning." His voice was

soft and his eyes twinkled — made contact — as his books do.

The show will continue until the 24th of April. It's a bit different than most of the shows I've seen. The artist is giving a great deal to the viewer in these notebooks. One should certainly take advantage of the experience.

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GIAN MARIA VOLONTÈ • FLORINDA BOLKAN • SERGIO TRAMONTI • DANIELE SENATORE
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HOT Pants & HOT boys

(Continued from Page 16)
naivety. And VIEW educated me my views on Art surrealistically and formed in me certain ideas which make it possible for me to think in terms of "RAY JOHNSONIAN puns. (He has now an "epitaph" show uptown in the Richard Feigen Gallery, with beautiful Death Images), while one of his older friends has the World Premiere of his Minotaur Film at the Bleecker Street Cinema downtown on the Westside Art Soho Slum of our dirty City, to which the scenes of life and Love, Greece and the legend of the Minotaur are a happy contrast. Going on a rainy blue Tuesday to the Press Showing of Johnny Minotaur in the discouraging, sad decomposed polluted gray dirty environment of a stale vomit stinking midday Bleecker Street Scene one feels utterly lost in the streets of downtown New York, after having seen for 80 minutes the sundrenched Crete island beauty, the charm with the flavor of decadence in gadget loaded images the blue Mediterranean gaiety, nude boys, colorful girls swinging in

hammocks and just this golden sun and satin silky elegance. Oh, what a different experience. The Greek Crete world of Charles Ford: the boys and girls Sand, Villages Bars guttural erotic songs and sounds and on the other hand graffiti in the ladies room of the Bleecker Street Theater reading: "Women are powerful, Women are strong, Women unite."

I took a taxi to 9th Street, feeling less and less liberated and utterly lost in dirt, riding through the ugly wet and muggy labyrinth of Lafayette Street, truck cluttered, crying out for a glance of beauty similar to Ford's "View" seen in his Minotaur Legend film game. A game a la Fellini... Played in an old castle, surrounded by white beaches and green pastures so clean and pure without a trace of pollution, and sailors and dancers performing erotically in white tight pants the traditional Greek dances, while passionate music nostalgic sounds, vulgar and poetic words, views of eyes and eyelashes masks and plastic baubles moved over a screen in constant shifting planes. Sideglancing shots, profiles, masks, the mini-minotaur boy, the painted bodies and faces not a la Picasso but very much Cocteau' ish doing the universal, sexual matter mother ritual with Dali's and Allen Ginsberg's voices dubbed into the collage sound) between brith and

death" at the end of consciousness." The old legend made up to date for beach dating. The filmmaker, who is directing the film in the film looks like an Easy Rider on the shores of the greek island, wearing a tropical helmet and Fonda-glasses and of course a beard.

It's easier to experience the secret of Eros and the beaches of Crete, in the Charles Henry Ford castle, where nothing reminds you of the political distress of the Greek people, than one sentence in the film: "His father is in prison,"— than to experience it on Bleecker Street— but to see this film is nevertheless a marvellous commendable escape for a depressed and repressed New York night— and surely less expensive than a voyage to the island of joy.

Premiere APRIL 15 1971

Women—Art.

26 Contemporary Women Artists, painters and sculptors chosen by Art Critic Lucy R. Lippard will have a group show starting April 18 at the Aldrich Museum of contemporary ART, 45 Mainstreet, Ridgefield Conn. Miss Lippard is working intensely for the Womens Liberation Movement and is, as some of the artists in the show affiliated with groups supporting Women's

Liberation in the Art World. She says in the catalogue: 'The show itself is about art...' and she adds "I chose what I chose because of my personal taste, accumulated over six years of writing about Art. The women shown, had never had a one-women show, before

LOST-STUDIO Shows 10 Downtown

This year's Spring 4th Annual exhibition of the ten downtown artists starts April 7th with a Preview, with weekend showings until April 25th. Artists exhibiting their work are:

- Arlene Slavin 154 W. 27 Street.
- Don Kunz 11 West 18th Street
- Michale Frauenglass 736 Broadway
- Abigail Gerd 504 LaGuardia Pl.
- Ruth Vodicka 97 Wooster St.
- William Hochhausen 456 Broome Street
- Juan Gomez Quiroz 365 Canal Street
- Vita Giorgi 359 Canal Street
- Michael Economos 228 West Broadway
- Yuji Tomono 151 Canal Street

Black Art or not so black? That's the question.

They are at the moment several black Art Shows running in New York. Two in the Moma two in the Whitney Museum and a counter-Whitney Rebel-Show in Acts of Arts Galleries, 15 Charles Street. About the shows EVO will publish a longer informative report (not a criticism) in the next issue.

Lil Picard



The recent earthquakes in California including the one that caused so much damage in Los Angeles didn't exactly surprise any scientists. They have long been predicting that 1971 would be a year of bad earthquake activity, largely because of the earth's wobble. The California quake, although it did extensive damage in that highly urbanized area, was not really big as earthquakes go. It registered a puny 6 on the open-ended Richter scale. By comparison, the devastating 1964 Alaska earthquake had a maximum Richter reading of 8.6.

The difference in the amount of energy released is even greater than those two figures indicate. The Richter scale is logarithmic not arithmetic. That means that an earthquake registering 7 released ten times the energy of one registering only 6 and one registering 8 releases a hundred times as much energy as the one registering 6. Earthquakes in the 5 to 6 Richter range release roughly the same energy as a thousand tons of TNT and can be felt over 15,000 square miles. In a normal year, there might be 800 of them recorded around the world. But this year is not going to be a normal year.

The wobble of the earth's north-south axis reaches the peak of its seven year cycle this year and scientists are confident that some cause-and-effect relationship exists between the severity of the wobble and the occurrence of earthquakes. As the earth spins in space, it wiggles. This means the true axis of rotation also shifts to stay lined up with the actual orientation of the earth—much like an unbalanced spinning top. Over a 14-month period, the poles' location can shift as much as 72 feet. In one day alone, the axis of rotation can jump as much as six inches compared to the fixed position of the geographic North Pole.

The source of wobble is a mystery. Some geophysicists think the sloshing of the earth's molten core against the hard crust might be a contributing factor. Several years ago, two geophysicists calculated the theoretical effect on the earth's wobble of the displacement waves which roll over the globe after an earthquake. They found the displacement energy could almost account for the size of the wobble. The scientists then studied the paths taken by the polar axis during the decade from 1957-1967. The results were almost a circle. But there were breaks where the axis' path did not align with the circle. It turned out that every break from the circle matched up with the occurrence of an earthquake of more than 7.5 on the Richter scale somewhere in the world.

There are really two wobbles to the pole. One has a 14-month cycle and the other takes a year. Put the two together and they reinforce each other every six and a half or seven years. Maximum polar shifts could then be expected to occur every seven years, with corresponding peaks of earthquakes. Although present data is far from complete, this is what appears to happen. Major earthquakes appeared in 1950, 1957, and 1964. Last year, as the wobble built up to its seven year peak, a quake shook Peru and took 50 to 70,000 lives.

Doubt still remains about the exact relationship between Earth wobble and earthquakes because measurements of the polar shift are fairly crude. A suggested NASA earth physics program would attack this problem using a heavy uranium satellite with reflectors for laser positioning of the wandering polar axis.

Man is the only species who fouls his own nest, and certainly the pile-up of global waste products is still a major problem for humanity. Yet, other species manage to remain an integral part of the planetary recycling systems that have kept our global machine running smoothly for over three billion years. That is why natural recycling systems are of such interest these days, as we try to see how wastes are broken down and made available for reuse, and as we also try to devise our own recycling systems to imitate or perhaps even to improve upon nature.

One system that has been recently investigated concerns chemicals in the dead wood of pine trees. Volatile substances given off by dried pine wood can stimulate growth of a common fungus and increase its dry weight by as much as 150 percent. It appears that the growth stimulant comes from the oxidation of the wood's fatty substances because—when the wood was treated with the chemical that inhibits the oxidation of fat—the fungus' growth remained normal, even with the pine wood suspended over it in a closed jar.

The significance of this volatile growth stimulator is that dead pine encourages its own decay because the fungus used is often found growing on pine stumps. This would speed up the release of minerals and organic fertilizer from the wood, and make it more readily available for seedlings. It would also speed up the clearing away of dead stumps and give the seedlings room and light in which to grow.

One of the most recent man-made recycling systems is just as simple and just

as effective. It concerns a chicken-farming problem and the solution has come from the University of California at Berkeley. The problem is what to do with all the chicken-shit-up to two tons a day on a comparatively small farm of about ten thousand chickens. The solution is to use the manure to grow algae and to feed the algae back to the chickens.

In a test farm the chicken shit was flushed from beneath the wire cages once an hour, and then carried to a holding tank where liquids were separated from solids. The liquids were taken as fertilizer directly to an algae pond and the solids were processed to form more liquid fertilizer and the dried residue was used as fuel (a man someplace in England has invented a car motor which is powered by chicken shit fuel, but that's another story). In the pond, the algae provided oxygen for the decay bacteria that broke down the manure liquids into useable nutrients for the plants, and then the Algae were harvested to form a protein-rich food for the chickens. In fact, a food supplement was derived which formed over ten percent of their diet.

So far, the pilot project has been used on very small flocks, only a hundred birds. But now the tests begin with a full-scale chicken farm and hopes are high that the system will work just as well to get rid of the wastes without having to spread them on neighboring fields which are just as likely to become part of a housing development as they are to remain part of a chicken farm—and also to reduce the cost of chicken feed which is exorbitant as if any other kind of commercial/animal feed.

So the better we get at recycling the better chance we have for surviving within the framework of nature's mechanisms which—by and large—are still the most successful mechanisms

I hope you don't have time in your life for some of the latest turkeys out of Hollywood. I thought the creative-young-man-in-the-uncreative-advertising-firm film was dead long before I started writing about the vital, exciting, avant-garde American movie of today, but *B.S. I Love You* only proves it. Likewise, the eternally pressing question of what parents do when their kids run off is answered in *Taking Off* (for which director Milos Forman typecast Leslie and me last year in Union Square on Earth Day and we sat by the telephone for a year-hal der joke vas on us, Fritz). And if you're worried about *Waterloo*, Wellington won.

And then there's the talk of the talkies itself, Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Conformist*. A film too good to be bad. What is this shit, Bernardo? For all its beauty it is not more or less and seldom equal to a schematic and erroneous psychoanalytic interpretation of the "nature of fascism" (surprise, they're homosexual), a discussion better suited to a reflective and comradely quaffing of drafts in ye neighborhood alehouse than Bertolucci's mystical and iconic chartered bus of Parma. But what with the French Revolution, Czechoslovakia, Greece, and of course Godard, many directors have been hard put to it to become more "political," a sick fad that nearly sank last year's New York Film Festival, where *The Conformist* was first seen. The seeds of the trend (*Z*, *The Damned*) busied themselves with vilifying the bad guys into a dramatically self-defeating one-dimensionality. After making *Z*, Costa-Gavras played the other side of the fence in *The Confession*, shifting the weight of the world's evil to impassive Stalinist stooges with only a little more propagandistic sophistication than the higher-priced of the Cold War sellouts. Finally Elio Petri's *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion* and Bertolucci's *The Conformist* gave the fascist problem a whimsical air, with tolerantly humorous and romantic treatment of the pyramidal paranoia of Gian Maria Volonte (the citizen) and Jean-Louis Trintignant as Marcello (the conformist). Essentially, they have been rationalized into appearing as eccentric generations in societies never questioned as *societies* but seemingly, in Bertolucci's case, actually relished--we are dealing with contemporary angst-ridden versions of the Stalag-17 variety of sauerkraut-headed funny Nazis, whom only Yossarian really understands.

The idea of the Alberto Moravia novel that Bertolucci has adopted is that an adolescent, Marcello, thinks he has killed Lino his chauffeur and his would-be homosexual seducer. He represses his own homosexuality with guilt feelings about the murder, and grows up trying to atone for it by trying to become a "perfectly" normal member of society, which in this case is Mussolini's Italy. He marries and joins the secret police, and is assigned to assassinate an old professor of his, now an anti-Fascist agitator in Paris. But he falls in love with the Professor's wife, only to find she is on the make for his simple-minded wife. Finally the professor and his wife are killed and he goes back to Rome, where, five years later after Mussolini's fall, he finds out that his boy-friend is still alive. I forgot how the novel ends but the film closes on Trintignant looking rather emotionlessly at the boy Lino has been trying to pick up, presumably acknowledging the awful truth at last.



This certainly doesn't explain fascism and it leaves rather gaping holes in Marcello's personality (neither the film nor the novel suggest, except in literal terms, the intensity of his obsession, although conformism is surely fascinating as to how it might be filmically expressed, say as Beckett has theatricalized boredom), but Bertolucci takes it for what it's worth, thrown it in as a plot to occupy the pervers an Phillistines, and devoted himself to creating a rich, sexy and wholly esoteric

1930s-ambiance *mise-en-scene* so self-conscious that it frequently burlesques itself with a kind of postneorealist black humor (a cranky old lady in a brothel, a parody of an Andrews Sisters type act, Paris urchins singing the Internationale). Generally the movement of the film is away from a critical concern with fascism and towards a marginally aesthetic preoccupation with clothes, colors, flashing lights and Dominique Sanda as the Professor's wife Anna in her fetishistic ballet instructor's costume. We

are drawn in to a film poetry at once dreamy, palpable and erotic, yet as often as not just rhetorical.

In true case-history fashion, characters are introduced only as the affect or reflect Marcello's delusions, which leads to his wife's one-sided solicitive simplicity and the inconsistency and elusiveness of Anna, the other most interesting character. The professor, when shown in his naturalelement of ideas, is hopelessly remote to Marcello. All of his delusions of normality are so contradicted by his ultra-fascist friends (a blind propaganda broadcaster and unpleasant fellow spy, that he remains a curiosity in the brouhaha of personality drawn to the totalitarian mind. The only outstanding fact about Marcello the fascist is that he is, in fact, a likeable anti-hero after our own hearts, a homosexual Holden Caulfield of the Hitler Youth.

At any rate, Bertolucci is so obsessed with the texture of his own slice of the thirties that he is incapable of or unwilling to present characters responding to the real pressures of their time social realism is in fact old hat--instead they exist in a Stendahl political limbo of espionage, fetishism, and director's "tributes," to Hitchcock and Harlow--an atmosphere the viewer is invited to vicariously savor and morally eschew, without in any way trying to transcend it in a revolutionary way, without challenging us to share the truth of any vision this fiction might contain. Bertolucci's notion of a radical act ins, the Spider's Stratagem had an anti-fascist leader betray his followers and allow them to assassinate him in order to give the cause a martyr. Bertolucci, except for having a hip lifestyle (so they tell me), is as landlocked and straight and bourgeois an artist as David Lean or anybody whose aesthetics situate color photography above coherence.

In *Brother John* as in *In the Heat of the Night* Sidney Poitier plays a stranger in a cracker town, only this time instead of a detective he's Christ.

Valdez is Coming is not about Senor El Exigente ejaculating Savarin. But you practically will if your felicity is engendered by slick post *Wild Bunch* Westerns whose slow talking fast shooting Burt Lancaster heroes get dressed up as Mexicans and talk vaguely about Chicano and Indian liberation just like Marlon Brando in *Viva Zapata!* and at no time has there been a significant increase in Mexican actors. But don't get me wrong, we're crazy about it on 42nd Street.

If you're a college student you may have a chance to miss *The American Dreamer*, a film student-oriented "director study" documentary on hip culture's leading *autuer*, Dennis Hopper complete with him walking around the Southwest naked and shooting a gun and eating pussy and the soundtrack scratching out "O" who nailed you on that cross yer the American Dream - uh, etc." But Peter Fonda once said, "There's only one man who can walk on water." No, do not see this film or any of these films because by Saint Stanislaus of Seventh Street, you will be swindled once more.

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Hank Williams Jr.
Marries Ex-Model

JUST DON'T FADE AWAY

It was cold, freezing cold, unusual for the first week in April. March winds and April showers and a little snow thrown in for good measure. I was walking through the slop in the streets soaking my shoes and feet hearing for the safe warm sanctity of the rock and roll machine. It was a dream I was stepping into like from one room to another. The middle of the week freak in the east. Those who had to stay home cause of the weather, well, all the better, there was room to move and room to groove...the headliners had gotten sick or something, they couldn't make the show so they got a couple of other groups that you all will know at the drop of a hat, yeah, rock and roll was where it was at.

Cactus and *Humble Pie*, they were called in to fill in and make it all spin but Edgar Winter Brought Down the House. It was my good fortune to receive a couple of seats to see Edgar stand up and play a couple of songs and pass the time of day.

I walked in out of the snow and the rain and the lights and the sounds and the freak-scenes hit my brain. It was a carnival of souls set free on a rock and roll spree, a very high evening after all. In the middle of their act, *White Trash* were working out letting it all hang out and the people in the aisles were going looney. It was good, rock and roll is hard to find outside a troubled mind. I looked for some songs that were sung a long time ago. There were a few that I seemed to know. His version of *Tobacco Road* was excellent. Even better than on the record. In case you don't know, it's his voice as well as his musicianship that makes it a great show. He plays the organ and the saxophone too, all of those things that he can really do well. I guess I don't have to tell you about his brother Johnny either. Talent unlimited and real rocks in their rock and roll.

Playing with *White Trash* (with 2 saxes and a trumpet and a couple of electric guitars and a drummer with some double bass drums) he wailed on and on into a terrific finish. The song is a winner, many have taken this tune and bent it to their ways but Edgar sings and plays and sings and plays...well, they've got 4 records between the brothers, all on Epic and Capitol records. Edgar's new one is hot off the presses. They talked about it at the concert and played one of the pop cuts off it, the

one that'll be on the radio before long, on all the FM stations. It's called *SAVE THE PLANET*. A gospel tune with overtones of today and the way that people got to feel in order to make it really real. I was scanning the album cover covering the package with my scopee and down there at the bottom of the cover in small type and small letters was the last name on the list of musicians that played on the album. It said CONGA, Ray Beretta. Think about that one kiddies????!!!

At the concert the band played on, the first show was half gone and they were switching the bands on the stage. I dissapeared away into the depth of the jukeboxe's inner mechanism. The Electron trail led me past sights of unbelievable wonder. Finally I went under the spell. I don't remember too much too well but along about the time for the second show we looked around and found ourselves sitting in the middle of a deserted theatre while the ushers cleaned up their broken wine bottles from the floor. I was wondering what I was waiting for when the shadow turned to me and said let's stay for the second show. I couldn't think of any reason not to go so we hung around poking around looking things up and looking things down, checking things all around.

There's nothing wrong with winos, even if they live in the woodstock nation. A scene I saw between shows was an abomination to the mind's sensibilities. The monstrous forces of bad karma hanging over their heads, the ushers confiscated wine bottles from the kids coming in out of the rain and the snow, waiting to see the show.

They were just walking in one by one, nice and orderly and I notice around the doors is a whole bunch of ushers, maybe a half dozen or so looking at the people walking as they go. Paper bags were spotted in some pockets containing wine, the real fine stuff, gallo, mountain red, spinada, all the cheap wines that you can drink. They were requesting the kids going in to leave their wine bottles at the candy counter and pick them up after the show, the next thing you know they'll be searching for dope in the pockets of the kids. I mean where do you get off, Fillmore East????

It was incredible, I couldn't believe my eyes, the kids coming in had no chance to think of what to do or say; most of them took out their wine bottles and marked their names on them for later recovery and went their way. There were many ugly words most of them had to say, after all they were coming here to get some rock and roll to try and get away from the authoritarian restrictions so often placed in their teenaged way by well-meaning good doers looking out for the welfare of their kids. Infringement on one's basic right to get stinking drunk is as serious as restrictions of free speech freedom of the press and freedom of the streets. The world belongs to us. Change it, change it, rearrange it...

So the thing to do the next time you want to go to the Fillmore to maybe have a good time and dance to the rhythm and rhyme of your favorite rock and roll band, I think, will you have to turn in your bubble gum and switch blades at the door? I mean what else is rock and roll for except to have a good time and why else the grapes grow on the earth except to make wine to blast your head, make you feel glad that you're not dead, wake you up instead of letting you sleep alone.

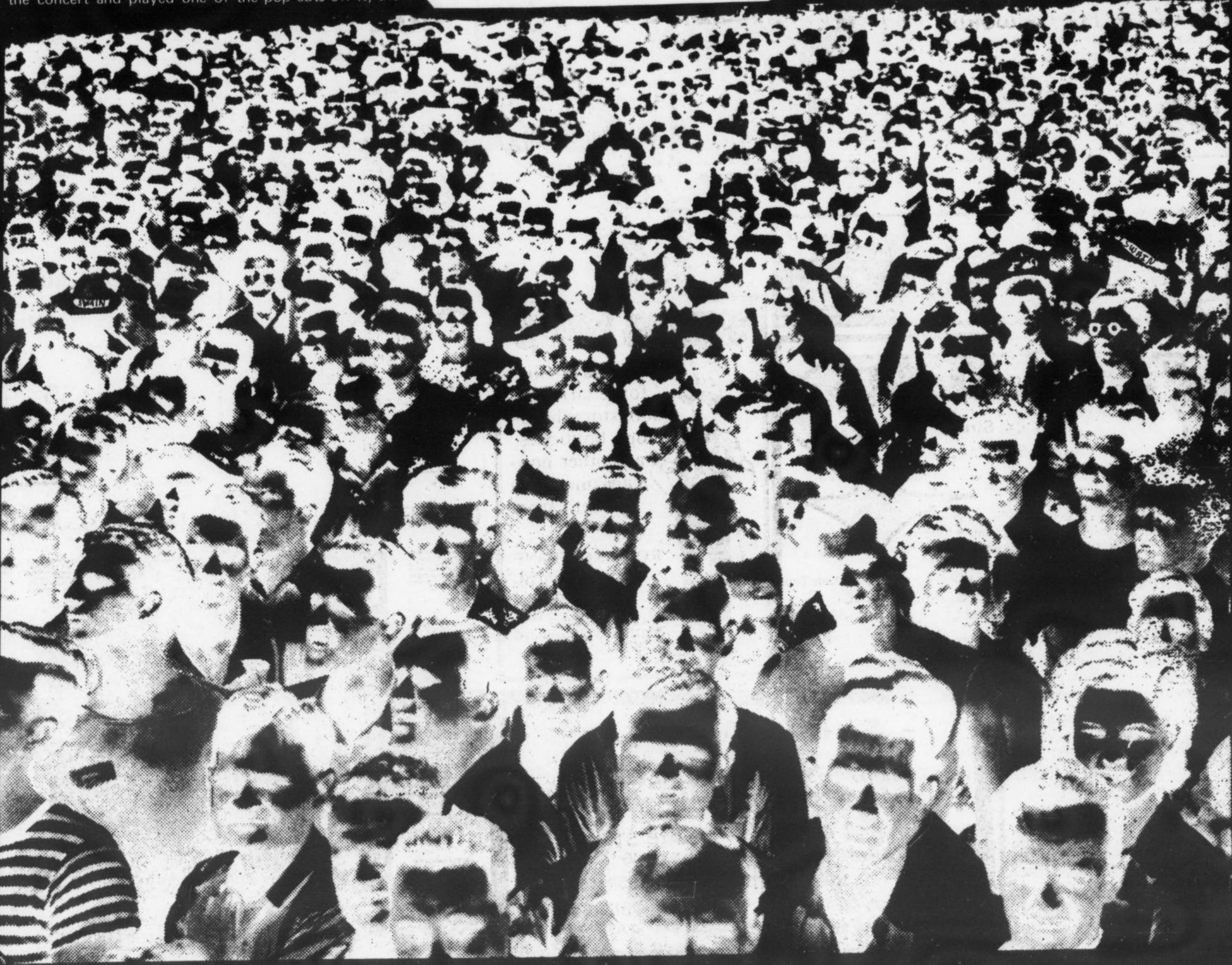
Yeah, the next time you want to go to the Fillmore Why Dont You Stay Home. I mean smoke dope or whatever but don't pay money to have someone tell you that you can't do this or that, Bullshit is where that's at, don't keep it under your hat either. Tell your friends that the only way to put an end to the rock and roll injustice that's upon today's money hungry scene is to stop dreaming that particular dream. Why don't you just dream yourself away, hidden inside a cloud you can stay. Just don't fade away.

Country and Western singer Hank Williams Jr. and Miss Gwendolyn Sue Yeargain were married here last night.

The bride, a former model in Dallas is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Yeargain of Jane Mo. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Audrey Williams and the late Hank Williams also a country and Western music star.

mu sik

Love
Charlie Frick
4/7/71



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SLAVES

(Continued from Page 7)

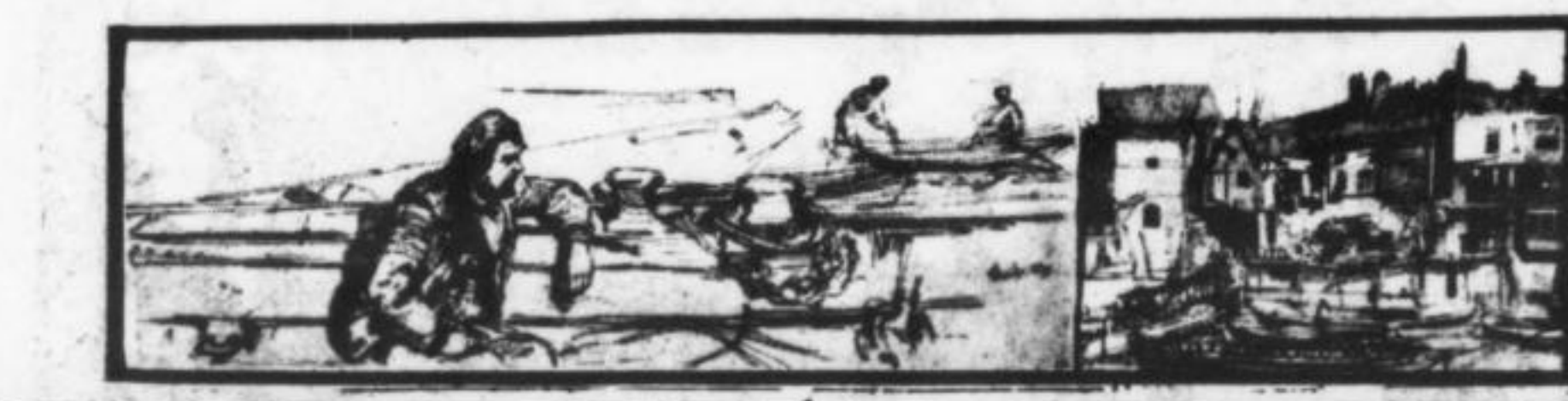
economic consequences. On the other hand those growers who are remaining are looking for ways to mechanize the \$400 million a year citrus industry. The growers and their university research complex at the University of Florida have been working with Coca Cola and Upjohn Chemical Corporation to develop a chemical spray that makes the fruit drop off the trees by the mere touch of a mechanical harvester. The extremely toxic chemical is estimated by the experts in the citrus industry to be capable of eliminating about 40-60% of the 60 000 worker citrus harvest labor force. Some Florida farmworkers have decided to fight the mechanization and the development companies by organizing into the United Farm Workers of Florida. They are badly in need of all kinds of support, especially money. You can contact them at United Farm Workers of Florida P.O. Box 988, Delray Beach, Fla. 33444.

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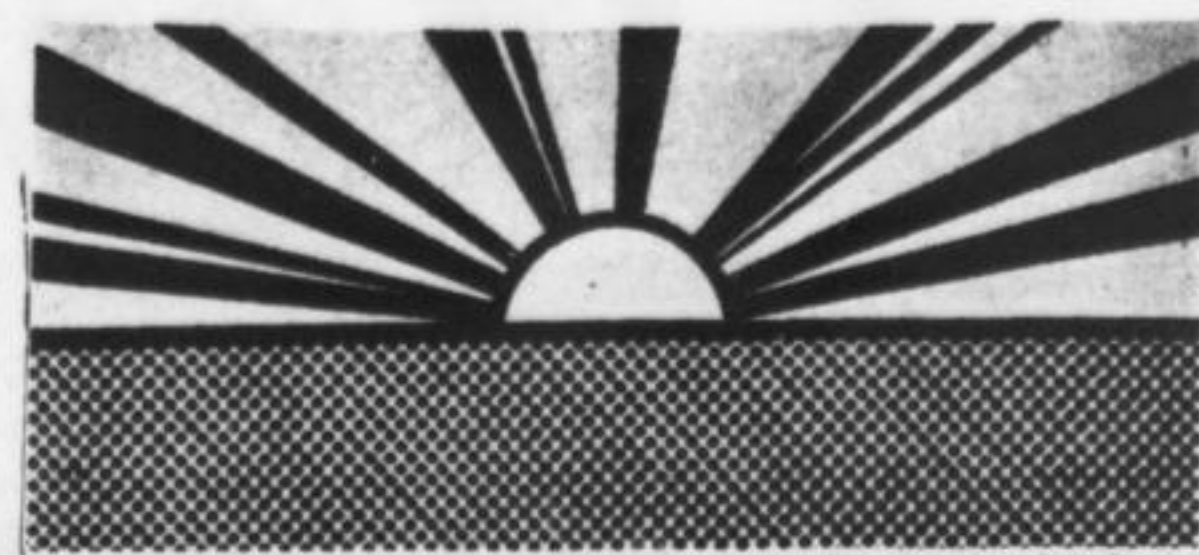
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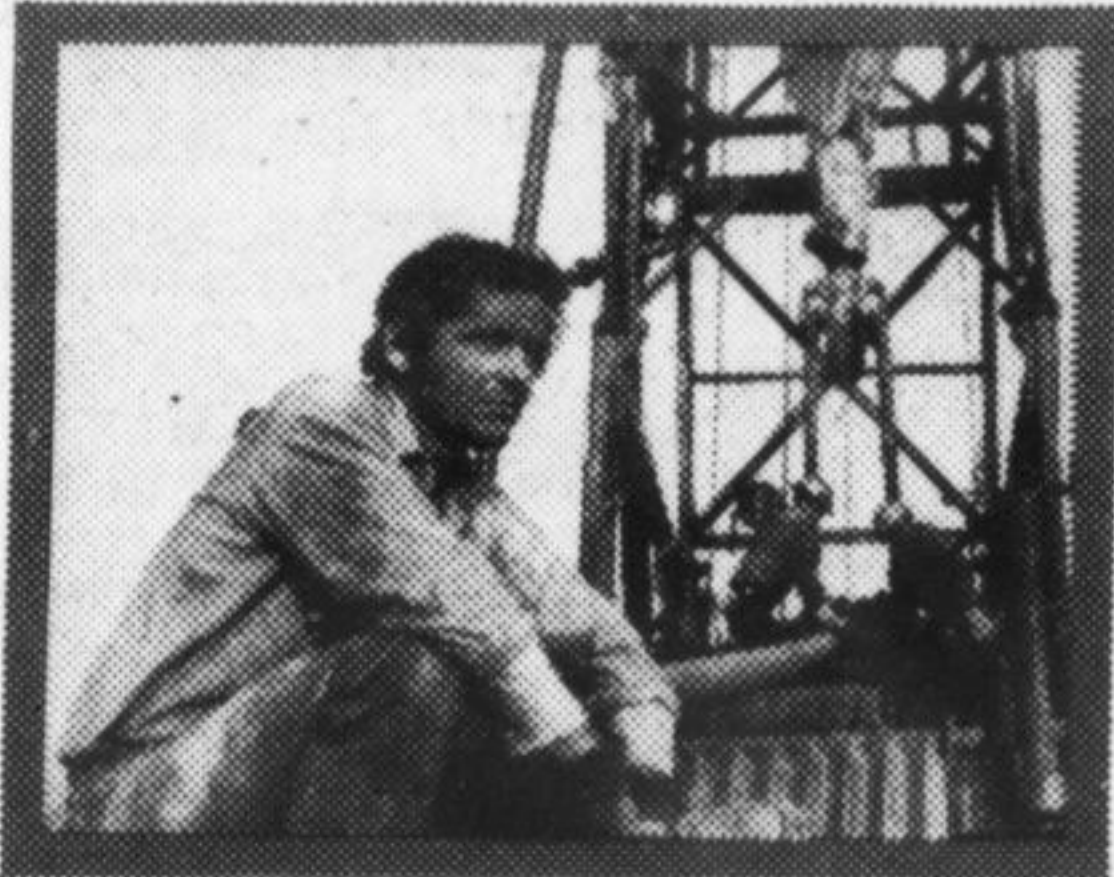
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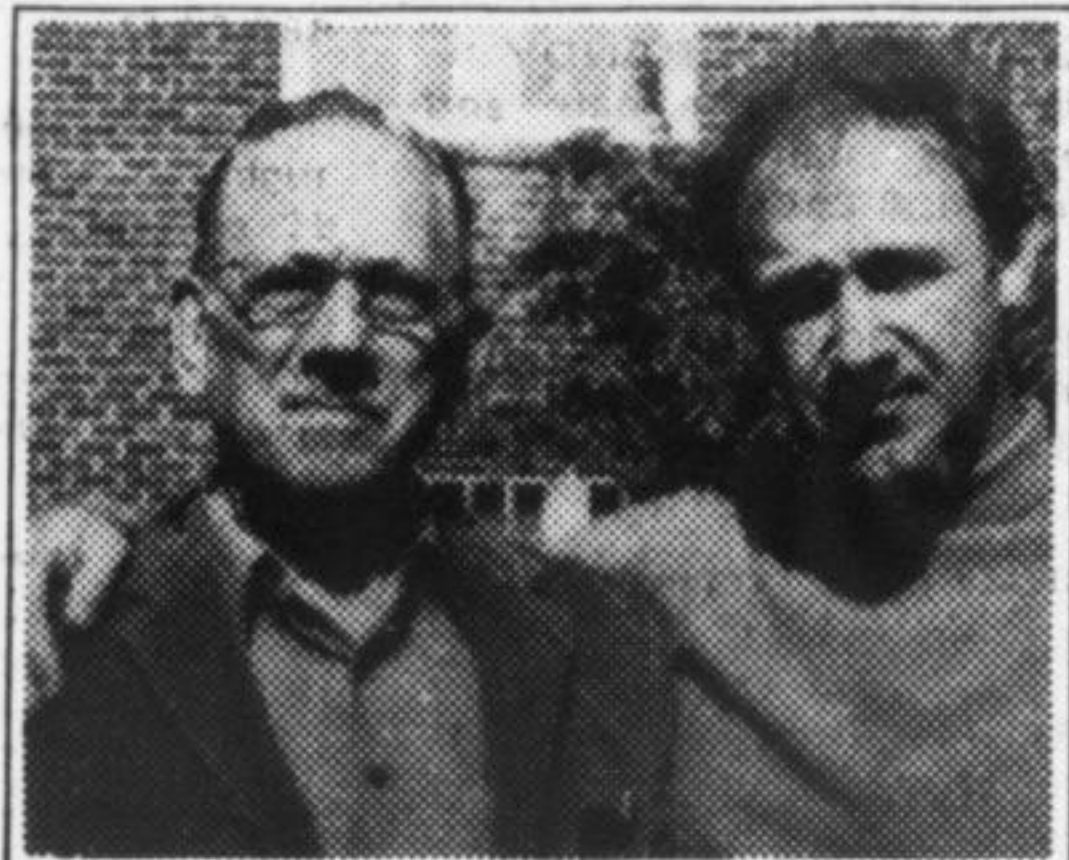
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Unless you're lovely looking, totally feminine, intellectually stimulating, fresh, healthy, charming, pretty well adjusted—don't bother with the rest of this. The woman I want to meet is worldly, educated very human and worm, probably successfully involved in a career. Her only serious hang-up, like mine, is how to find a gay counterpart who's up to her standards. Somebody you could be proud of and happy with. My credentials are excellent. My appearance, pleasing. I'm interesting company. Solvent. Unattached. My few other basic stipulations about you are: **White**, 28-36. Not over five four. **Slim**. And I repeat—very **VERY** good to look at. Please write: **PO Box 3024**, New Haven, Conn. 06515.

Exotic masseur available for women only. Relax and experience pleasure. **Bob** 929-3027.

JOHN THE MASSEUR—home & studio service. Men only. \$20.00. 889-5477.

If you are a sensual young lady, you might like to meet this groovy, discreet, very attractive, well-endowed white single gentleman for enjoyable evenings and possibly steady companionship. Call **Carl** (27 yrs old) at 768-7329.

singles group yu8-6503 call 24 hours

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG GIRLS URGENTLY WANTED to model. Portrait and nude work available. Shootings of single girls only. Very high pay possible. Call **John Peters** 989-7836.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SWING WITH MARTIN I am a young Negro model. I will pose completely nude for you anytime. I also give a satisfying massage. Call 982-0636
BLACK & WHITE Hip Models available 3— 11 P.M. Your place 725-0498

YOUNG FANTASTICALLY WELL—HUNG, WHITE, VERSITILE, MALE MODEL. 24 years old, 6' 1", 160 lbs. Available to do your thing. Call **Michael** 832-3647. \$20.00 per session.

College student male poses nude. Likes outdoors & sports. Handsome with athletic build. 6'1", 175 lbs. Call **YU-8-4268**.

FLESH MARKET

Scientific Dating Service Inc. 147 W. 42nd. St. New York City, Room 1018. Guaranteed Dates -AM-TA8-7897: 12 PM to 8 PM OX5-0158 and Sunday. Collette please come home the gift is finished.

UPTIGHT? COOL IT, MAN, CLIMAX YOUR DAY with a mind blowing massage by **Peiro**. By appointment. 10 air. to 10 p.m. CALL 734-5094. A/c cond. **STUDIO OR RESIDENTIAL.**

encounter group for those interested in expressing feelings in a serious group. Call **Larry** between 3 pm-8pm Friday night at 499-7225

HANDSOME WHITE MALE, 25, desires long-term relationship with white male under. 35. **Robert MacMillan**, Box 3755 Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

PHILADELPHIA LOVER: Handsome Devil, 45, knowa how to put it all together. Looking for a woman over 30 for oral and straight lust and love. I'm married, so it'll be discreet. All replies answered. Write: **Boxholder**, P.O. Box 2173, Phila Pa 19103

hear my heart when innocence returns to yesterday & strangeness possesses the pathway hear my heart when farewell lingers with fantasy & temptation escapes into memory yu-2-4471 **ORPHEUS JR.**

hear my heart when the monster remembers a violin & the storm obeys an origin hear my heart when the fool finds a melody & the barbarian prays for a remedy yu-2-4471 **ORPHEUS JR.** Young man in mid-20's would like to meet young lady 18-26 who digs the fun and pleasures in life. Phone **Bert**: 966-1571.



1939, King Zog of Albania fled from Italian occupation forces.

