

TOP SECRET ♦ LENNON INTERVIEW ♦ COMIX ♦ LOCUSTS

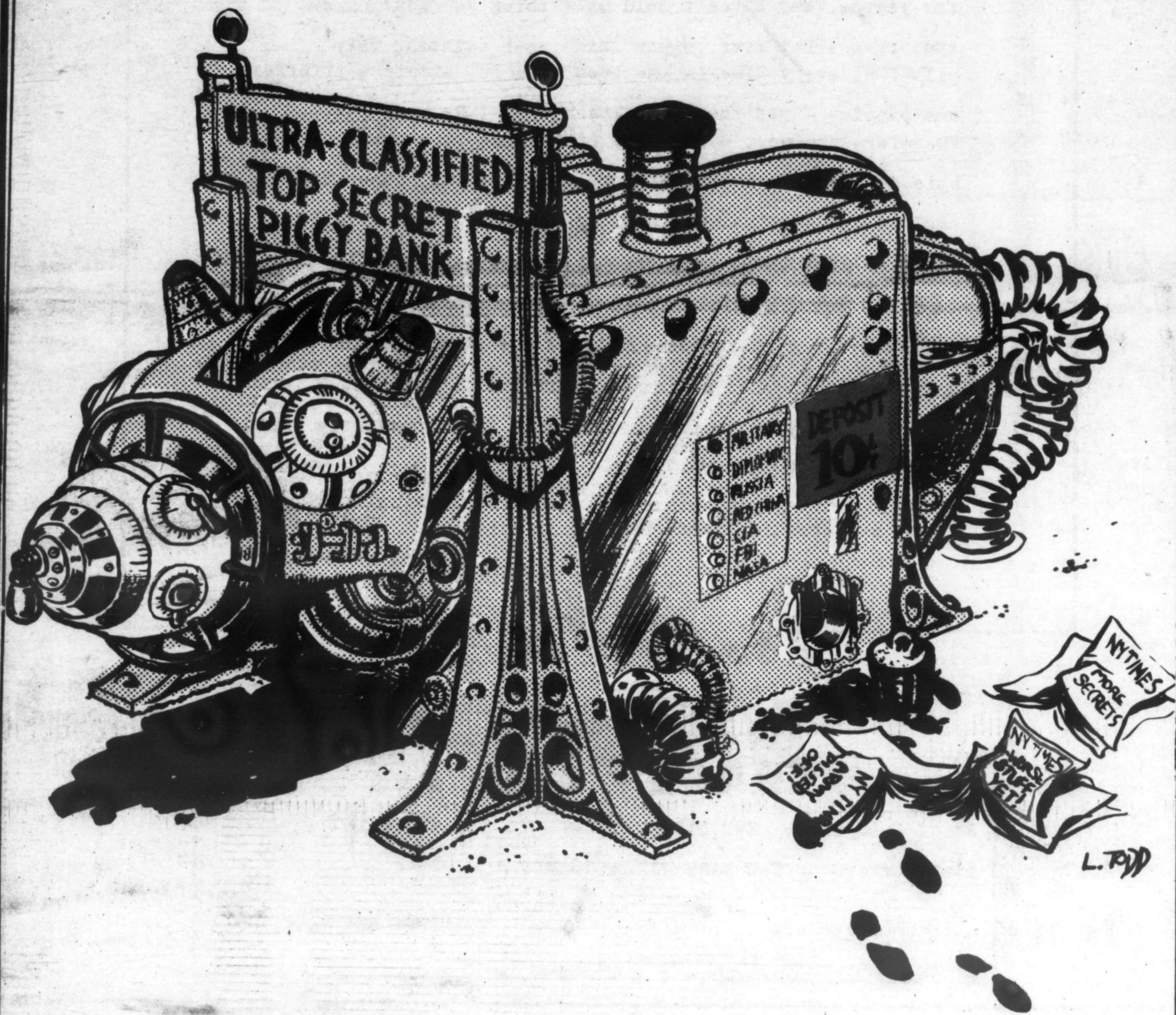
THE EAST VILLAGE ONION

VOL. 6, NO. 30 JUNE 23, 1971

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WEATHER

STAY COOL,
MAN





Whereas The New York Times gained millions in free publicity with everyone in a sweat about "Freedom of the Press", the inescapable fact to be borne in mind is the politician's terminal affinity for OVERREACTION.

Now, only fools and a knave can look at these documents as secrets. There is nothing in them that we haven't known for years. They haven't told us a thing we didn't know and rave about ever since this paper existed. They called us every name in the book - feels, hippies, trippies and yippies - yet the fact remains that we were right. Therefore the most newsworthy item about this whole episode is the government's reaction to it. Rather than cool it and reap maximum political benefit from it - I still believe it to be a Republican leak- the cretins choose to O V E R R E A C T.

No matter what the outcome will be - the government will have lost. In spite of the bullshit that's going down in the courts, it is their overreaction that inevitably lands them flat on their ass.

It is a statistic worth bearing in mind.

Jack Kohn

NOTICE !!!

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TOP SECRET

The New York Times had the balls to print the Pentagon papers marked "Top Secret" but backed down to the courts in injunction. The Washington and New York Post had the balls to, after the halt in the Times publications, print a series of their own, based on the previously unpublished parts. Right On to both publications! The East Village Other will now have the balls to print an excerpt from their own "Top Secret" files: The government had to take a leak sooner or later and now that their shit is coming out, let's not stand (or squat) for any more constipation...

by LYNDA CRAWFORD

The fact that the American public had been fed a belly full of lies about the war in Indochina to the point where they were blind to the deception used by the Johnson administration in bringing the country into war comes as no surprise to the underground Press. The East Village Other, without the benefit of any 7,000-page, 10-volume "History on U.S. Decision making in Vietnam", has been exposing it for years.

The fact that it should finally be published by the New York Times and thereupon be immediately greeted by a government attempt for Prior Restraint also comes with little surprise. This is not the question of restraint on Top Secret (a term governments invariably fall back on to silence embarrassing voices) material but rather just another example of the continued restraint of the truth on the part of the government.

Attorney General Mitchell, in his efforts to squelch the Times story has just taken one more important step (preceeded by a few momentous ones by Agnew) in bringing war against the free press. In an administration such as this, that lies to the public daily about their so-called de-escalation of the war with promises of "bringing the boys home" when in reality there is no such de-escalation but rather a changing from ground action to massive aerial action, it didn't surprise in the least that they would try to cover up the employment of their predecessor's use of the same tactics.

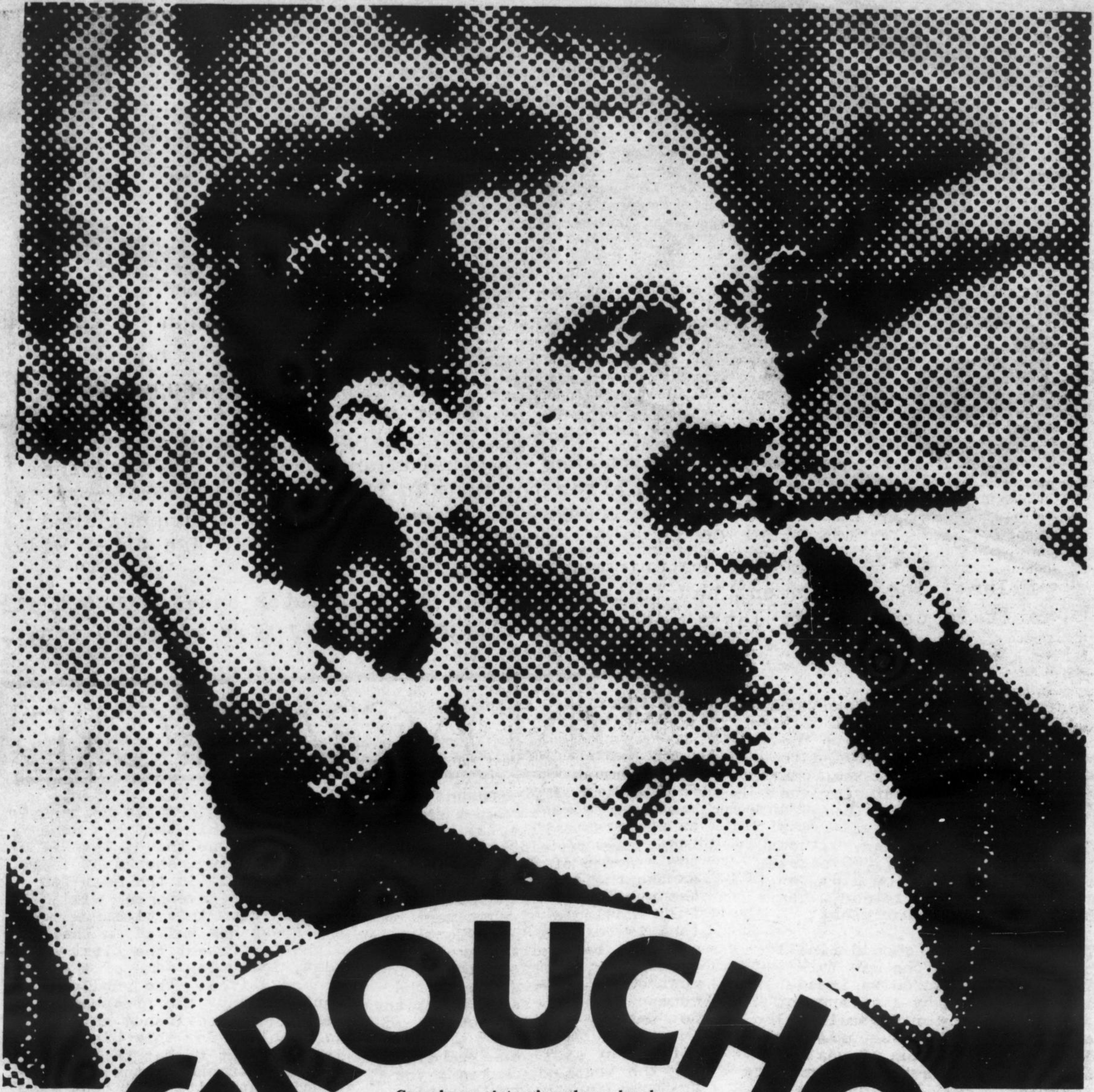
That a form of government which has long forsaken the ideology of democracy while flying under its banner should, through their order of Prior Restraint, expose their assumption that the public, if faced with the full knowledge of what went on (and is going on) in Vietnam, can't be trusted to make its own choice, (ultimately the most destructive force to the concept of democracy) seems to be just par for the course.

First they stop you from printing the truth which keeps you from reading the truth until nobody knows the truth. Little incidents like an accurate figure of our Prisoners of War; the Bay of Pigs Fiasco; the C.I.A.'s drug involvement; the Nixon Administration's Heroin involvement; the Panther arrests; the F.B.I.'s wiretapping - to name just a few, all fall into the "nobody knows the truth" category.

The fact that the names of a number of prominent citizens, who now declare themselves as doves and have falsely gained the support of many anti-war advocates, would have come up in the fourth installment by the Times, which was blocked by the government injunction last Tuesday, only emphasizes once more how much government infiltration has come into the movement.

But out of this whole reiteration of the bullshit that has gone down comes one thing, that if not surprising, should at least prove amusing in the next few weeks. The government will have to back down this time. All of the Press has united in their fight to protect the first amendment, including some of the staunch conservatives. The public, tantalized by the prospect of hearing some evidence as to who is to blame for this bloody war, is not about to let this one slip by (unfortunately, their blame-placing appetite will most likely be satiated by the names of a few choice swains from the last administration, leaving Nixon quite in the clear) and many foreign governments have seized upon this opportunity as a target for their criticism of the United States.

The government brought all of this upon itself (that must be the greatest understatement yet) with its over-assuredness as to how far it could go. The series, if allowed to have been published in full, couldn't have aroused as much attention (though it would have been considerably damaging to past administrations, especially if indictments ever start going out for war-crimes) as the attempt of the present administration to censor it has summoned. They have finally admitted they have something to hide. Something like...the truth!



GROUCHO

Groucho was interviewed over lunch at The Bistro, a fashionable restaurant in Beverly Hills. He was questioned by Robert Altman, John Carroll and Michael Goodwin who are shortly launching their own monthly magazine, Flash.

GROUCHO: I spent most of my early years on the road. I started when I was 14. I sang Coney Island on a beer keg, and got a dollar. That's the first money I ever made.

INK: Why did you stop singing?
GROUCHO: I didn't. I sang later at the Protestant church on Madison Avenue in the choir until they found out what I was. That's an old vaudeville joke, but it was true. I did sing - I got a dollar every Sunday. I had no idea what I was singing. And I had less interest in it. That's about as far as I ever got into religion. In those days, I was as innocent as the average young girl today of 14. Sex

was frowned on. We didn't know anything about sex, and we didn't learn anything about it. My father came from France, my mother came from Germany, and my father was a very stupid, inept tailor. My mother was bright - a shrewd brightness like Noel Coward's mother. She had a great deal to do with his success. Many mothers had, in the early days of vaudeville. At any rate, I didn't know where babies came from until I was about 18. And by that time my folks had five boys.

INK: How did you find out?
GROUCHO: I don't really know. It has never been a subject that was discussed in the house. Or any place

else. Oh, there were dirty jokes. We lived near Central Park, and we had heard of fellows taking girls in the bushes. But I didn't know what they were doing, so help me. The first time was when I was playing in Montreal, in some dump theatre there. A hooker picked me up, and I didn't know what that was even. She took me down in the cellar. Eight days later I had gonorrhea. And I still have it. They say it's something you really never get cured of. The vestiges of that always remain in some part of your body. I think that's true. I think it's a very dangerous sickness and it's increasing now because of the pills

and the diaphragms and the various devices that the kids use now. They don't seem to care whether they get pregnant, or get gonorrhea or syphilis.

INK: When did sex start getting boring for you.

GROUCHO: My last marriage, I was 57 years old, I had ten wonderful years with her, but by then the magic had worn off, and we got divorced. I've been single ever since and propose to stay that way for the rest of my life. I would be folly, at my age, to start getting married again. I've paid a lot of money in three alimonies. It's not worth it. The cheapest way is to have

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legalized whorehouses, so if a fellow is young, and wants to get laid, his folks should give him \$20 or \$50 or whatever it costs to get laid. And not get married just to lay a girl. This is the reason there are so many young girls today who have three or four year-old children, were married when they were 16 or 17, and are now divorced. There are not many men who want to take on a girl with a child, especially if they've raised three as I have. I didn't come here to do a monologue - somebody else say something.

INK: Before the movies, when you were on Broadway, what was it like?
GROUCHO: Vaudeville. First we were in vaudeville, small-time vaudeville, where there were rats in the dressing rooms. Frequently, it was the manager.

INK: What lured you away from Broadway and out to Hollywood?
GROUCHO: Paramount offered us more money than we could afford to reject. We went there and we did five pictures.

INK: Which film was your favorite?
GROUCHO: Duck Soup, Night at the Opera, and Day at the Races. Some of them were terrible. To us, not to the audience. The kids, today...I get more fan mail now than I did when I was at the height of my career.

INK: You're a hero for a generation that's seen your films only in revival.

GROUCHO: A couple of generations.

INK: Why do you think kids love your movies so much? A lot of other old films, nobody wants to look at anymore.

GROUCHO: They're not about anything, most of them. I thought ours were generally about something.

INK: What were they about?

GROUCHO: They were attacking the contemporary establishment of those days. We did a picture called *Duck Soup* which was about a monarchy. We did a funny picture about a school, and we certainly satirized the opera in America. So I think our pictures were about something. Whereas in most cases, Harold Lloyd, Keaton and those fellows - they weren't about anything, they were just trying to be funny. We were trying to be funny, but we didn't know we were satirizing the current conditions. It came as a great surprise to us.

INK: How do you feel about the establishment now?

GROUCHO: I think it's hopeless. This whole gang in Washington, at least half of them are thieves—I don't think there's any question about that. Every day you read about it. Look at the tolerance that Johnson gave to Bobby Baker, who's now in gaol. This goes on all the time. The only honest senator I ever knew was a fellow named Williams, from Delaware.

INK: John Bell Williams.

GROUCHO: I just wrote him and told him how much I admired his integrity, and that there should be more people like him. He finally quit. Not from the correspondence—I think he had had it. But he was an honest man. Look at the Speaker of the House, McCormack...he stole

everything before he left. And they gave him a bonus besides, because he didn't steal enough.

INK: Do you think there's any hope for Nixon?

GROUCHO: No, I think the only hope this country has is Nixon's assassination.

INK: But then we've got to deal with Agnew.

GROUCHO: Well, I mean it would be near the end of the term. Agnew won't run again, I don't think. But I think Muskie is a good man. The trouble is when you run for important office, you have to promise so much, and you have to obligate yourself so much. To everybody. In Illinois, in Chicago, in Maine, North Carolina, no matter where you are — if you just move in without any friends, you just can't get elected. You have to obligate yourself in some way to get to that office. I think the other guy, McGovern, is a joke. The mere fact that he's against the war is not enough. He says he's been against the war for three years. So what? I've been against the war since the first war with the Kaiser, but that doesn't qualify me in any way to run for the Presidency.

INK: How involved were you in the writing of the pictures?

GROUCHO: I've always been a writer. I wrote five books. One is in the Congressional Library in Washington: "The Groucho Letters."

INK: Do you think there'll ever be a second volume of that?

GROUCHO: I don't know. The cast I had in those days was pretty good: T.S. Eliot, Thurber, Fred Allen. I spoke at T.S. Eliot's funeral, you know. His wife asked me to. A very dull, blonde, middle-aged woman.

INK: That seems to be true of a lot of very talented men — their wives seem to fade into the background.

GROUCHO: Because, as a rule, a young fellow marries a girl to go to bed with her. This is the normal procedure. I did that three times, with very beautiful girls. When the beauty started fading, there wasn't any reason to stay married. The sex stimulant was gone.

INK: What about companionship?

GROUCHO: For that you need a different kind of girl — You don't necessarily need a girl with big tits. You need a girl that normally you wouldn't marry, or you wouldn't try to lay. But if a fellow gets both, he's a very fortunate man. If he gets a woman that he enjoys sitting with and talking to, and she understands what he's saying, he's a lucky fellow. You see, I don't believe there's such a thing as love. I believe two people can like each other, and I think that's much more important than love. Love just means going to bed and fucking.

INK: Did you ever fall in love, you in your youth?

GROUCHO: I always thought I did, yeah. So I paid three alimonies. And I look at those women and I wonder, 'What did I see in them?'

INK: I was curious how you can see the films now, in retrospect.

GROUCHO: A scene that I like is the scene in *Animal Crackers* where a painting has been stolen, and Chico and I pulled up a couple of chairs and said, 'Let's see if we can figure this

thing out, where the painting is.' He said, 'How are you gonna do that? We have no house.. I said, 'Well build a house. This'll be your room here, and this'll be my room, and this'll be the maid's room.' And he said, 'You mean I'd have to go through the maid's room in order to get to your room?' It was kind of a Lewis Carroll quality about him. He could take lunacy and build it up. (the waiter arrives with a large menu, hand-lettered on a large square of cardboard which he props up next to the table.)

GROUCHO: How long did it take you to paint that?

WAITER: A little lentil soup today?

GROUCHO: Maybe a little fish...

WAITER: Lentil soup. No mercury.

GROUCHO: That's your story. How do you know there's no mercury?

WAITER: No...

GROUCHO: They lie, they just lie about it, they're good at it. If you don't believe so, look at those prices. This menu is as permanent as the pyramids. (Peering across the table): you know, unless you can see well it's advisable not to come in here at all. I can't see a goddam thing.

WAITER: We've got all kinds of hamburgers.

GROUCHO: I know a fellow who always eats pancakes stuffed with crabmeat.

WAITER: That's the madras, that's also very good.

GROUCHO: Nunally Johnson.

WAITER: Oh, yeah, he was here two days ago.

GROUCHO: He was, huh? The sonofabitch, he never asked me...I'm going to have the steak tartar. It's the most expensive thing I see on there.

WAITER: Would you like everything in it? Anchovy?

GROUCHO: Well, put something in it. And I's like some salad.

WAITER: OK, thank you.

GROUCHO: You will be back?

INK: Did you write most of *Animal Crackers*?

GROUCHO: No, we had Kaufman and Ryskind. I added stuff to it, but every first-class comedian is supposed to be able to do that. Otherwise you're just a schlump, you're not a comedian. (to an INKman) Are you a girl?

INK: Am I a girl?

GROUCHO: Yeah, a girl.

INK: No, I'm not a girl.

GROUCHO: I thought it was about time we settled that.

INK: Are you talking about my hair?

GROUCHO: No, it was the moustache. Will you pass tumpnickel, please?

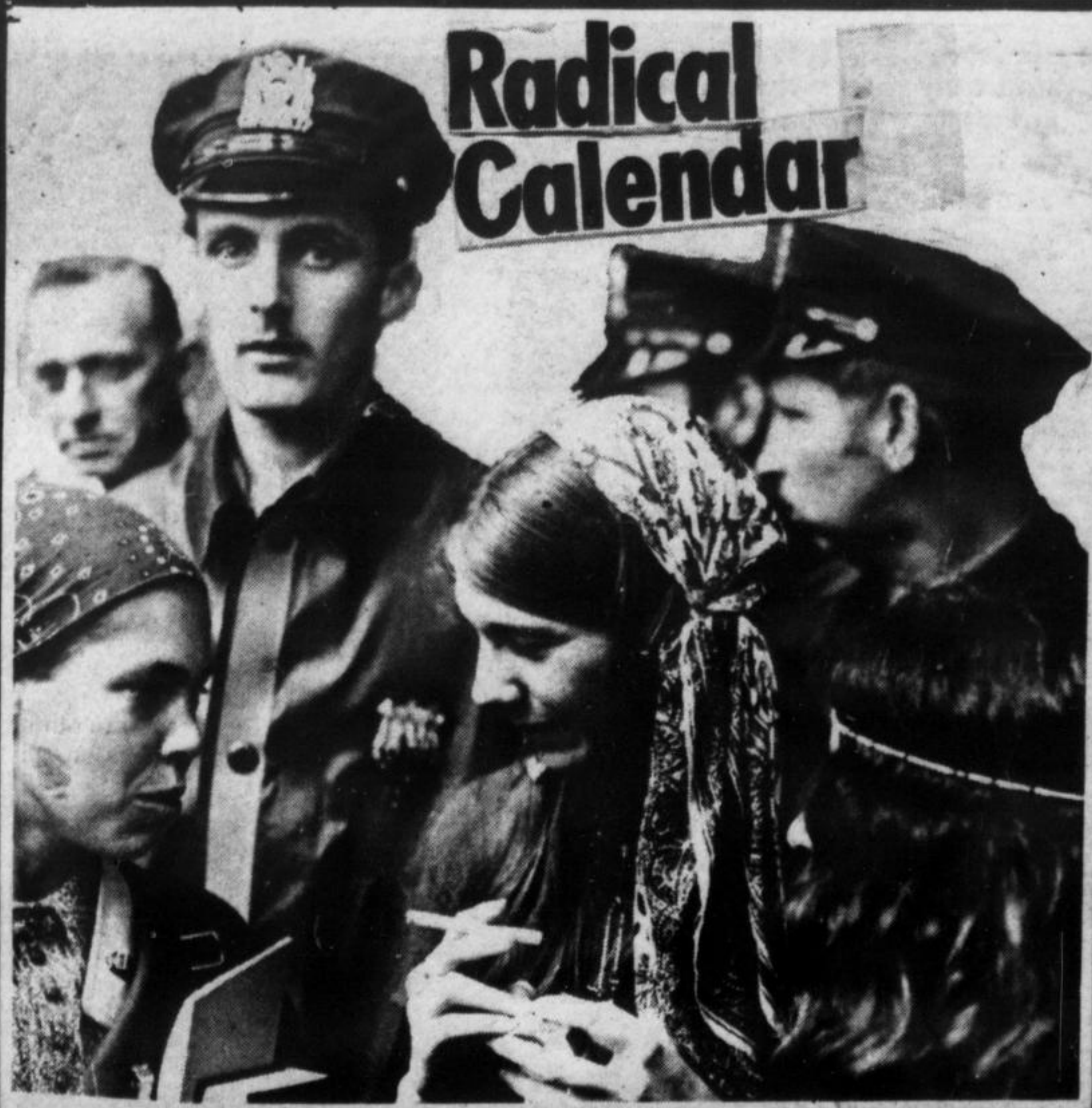
INK: I get the impression, Groucho, that you don't approve of long hair and beards.

GROUCHO: I'M INDIFFERENT TO IT, I don't really care. If a young man wants to wear a beard and a moustache...why do you wear it? Is it a revolt against the establishment?

INK: No, not exactly. I like the way it looks. Also, it's less trouble to shave in the morning.

continued next week





Radical Calendar

I was at the demonstration on June 15, at Foley Square. We were denied our Constitutional right to enter the Federal Courthouse. The pigs didn't take to our NLF flags on the steps of a federal building. The witnesses went in after much chanting and singing. The U.S. Marshalls then made us split from the top of the steps, and told us to wait on the sidewalk. The lawyers fought for us to get in and finally they let us go to room 315, while the witnesses went up to the Grand Jury.

We were hanging out drying off and were allowed to view the judicial process. We were bored. We heard that the witnesses were out in the hall and we split. They postponed the rest of the hearings until June 24. There will be a benefit for the brothers and sisters facing the Grand Jury on June 23, at 8PM, at Eagle Hall at Columbia. The Elephant's Memory is expected. Check with the Family Trust at 982-7162. Then on Thursday June 24, there will be another demonstration at one o'clock at Foley Square.

The next date of importance on the radical calendar is June 30th. You can relate to this date in one of two ways. First of all there is a proposed action in solidarity with the squatters. MayDay supports the squatters and will be there on June 30 at site 30, on Columbus Avenue between 90 & 91 Streets. Also relating to this date is a proposed action at the office of the Human Resources Commission at 250 Church Street. Check MayDay for the time. 691-9450. This action relates to the welfare cutbacks and rent decontrol. MayDay will support both actions and hope that the timing is such that we can be present at both locations. These are crucial issues.

Then on the radical calendar is the big one. The MayDay action for July 4, 5 & 6. The 4 & 5 will be a two day people's festival, with the 6th picked for disruptive civil disobedience. The target is Rockefeller Center.

Rockefeller Center is a great place with lots of underground approaches and exits. There are an incredible number of war profiteers at Rockefeller Center: Dow Chemical, Bulova Watch, Boeing Aircraft, DuPont, General Dynamics, Singer to name a few. Also, the oil companies are there. These are the fuckers bidding for oil deposits in S.E. Asia. Humble, Esso, Standard Oil and Shell. This is also a good target due to the fact that Rocky's bill for rent decontrol will go into effect some five days prior to the action. And it's all happening after a two day festival in Central Park. Please do not come expecting big name rock groups. We don't need big name rock groups to get high and have a good time. We can make our own music.

Incidentally the first Coca Crystal Contest has begun. All that you have to do to enter the contest is to come up with the best and most insidious tactic to be pulled off at Rockefeller Center. Be creative and win far out prizes. Send those entries, do not call on the phone, for obvious reasons, to Coca Crystal, EVO, 20 East 12 Street, NYC, 10003. People who actually work at Rockefeller Center will be given special prizes. ENTER NOW. Come to the MayDay meetings. Support MayDay actions. Sign the Peace Treaty. Give all the money you can afford to MayDay. We haven't got a penny. If there's anyway that you can help, give us a call at 691-9450 or fall by the office at 156 Fifth Avenue room 508. If you felt any solidarity with us in Washington but couldn't get involved for one reason or another, well, maybe this is your chance. You don't even have to split town. The time is now, enter the contest...Coca.

SMOKEIN' D.C. STATEMENT:

June 16, 1971

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Yippies

DECLARE INDEPENDENCE

LET'S TWIST AGAIN.

LIKE WE DID
LAST SUMMER.

And remember...
you can light either end.

Bring your stash to that
million dollar bash

Show America what you
think of marijuana prohibition

STONED

JULY 4th

FRECKS OUT

SMOKE STONED

This year's smoke-in will be
Street musicians from
N.Y.C.'s Lower East Side
People's Peace Treaty
Park people from Vermont
Hog Farmers, & the Yippies



Washington

evo news

EAGLES SNUFFED

CASPER, Wyo. (LNS) — Forty-three golden anand bald eagles, both sadly depleted species of birds, have been found dead in Wyoming in recent weeks. The deaths appear to be caused by thallium, a poison used to kill large predators. The poison has been outlawed by Federal agencies since 1967, but state laws appear to be looser. An investigation is in the works.

CATHOLIC ORDER CONDEMNS CHURCH AND LEAVES MOZAMBIQUE

ROME (ONS) — Accusing the Portuguese government and the Catholic Church of remaining silent "in face of injustice and police brutality" the largest Catholic missionary order in Africa, 50 men, recently closed down their headquarters in Mozambique. In their statement, the brothers, commonly known as the White Fathers because of the color of their habits, stated that: "We have not the right to be accounted the accomplices of an official support which the bishops in this way seem to give a regime, which shrewdly uses the rutch to consolidate and perpetuate in Africa an anarchistic situation."

MUM'S THE WORD IN THE MORMON TABERNACLE: SALT LAKE CITY NEWSPAPERS CHOOSE THE NEWS.

SALT LAKE CITY (LNS) — The Spring Offensive in the Mormon City began with a picnic on Mayday. Over 1,500 people came to sign the People's Peace Treaty, eat free food and listen to music. Later that week, 150 high school students sat in at the Selective Service headquarters. Four were busted for trespassing and the rest set up a camp outside the offices and stayed for over a week until the city commission passed a law forbidding camping.

At about the same time the Utah Vets Against the War began to stage mock search and destroy missions daily around the state capitol building and the governor's mansion.

Then on May 15, Armed Forces Day, Utah had its biggest anti-war demonstration ever. Over 5,000 people came to Salt Lake City — Veterans from the Spanish-American War, Vietnam Vets, workers, Communist arty people, women, Third World groups, businessmen and active duty GIs.

But it was no surprise to any of the demonstrators that news they had made was buried in the last pages of Salt Lake City's two dailies — the Salt Lake Tribune and the Deseret News, both part of the Newspaper Agency Corporation.

The newspaperers have been operating in open violation of anti-trust legislation since 1952 when they merged into one corporation. But the Mormons who own most of Utah, still have controlling interests in the Deseret News and the Kearns family trust, another real-estate firm that owns what the Mormons don't, still has power over the Salt Lake Tribune.

Since the birth of the corporation, the two papers have fixed prices for advertising and subscriptions, discriminated in advertising rates, required advertisers to advertise in more than one paper, and blocked any new local newspapers from emerging.

When the papers came off the press on May 15 they said that only 1,500 people had marched in the Armed Forces Day demonstration and didn't bother to list the wide range of organizations represented. They gave more space to the graduation of 110 students at the Mormon's Westminster College. An anti-war coalition decided to sit-in at the offices of the Salt Lake Tribune.



THE WAR MACHINE

WASHINGTON (LNS) — The Defense Department has spent between \$1 and \$3 billion in the last few years developing a completely automated system of warfare, according to the Washington Post. It operates by a complicated system of sensors (which feel out the presence of the "enemy", which is defined as anybody moving in a given area) feeding into the computers which call in air attacks.

The Defense Department has kept the whole plan rather quiet by recording funds for the project under many separate categories in its budget. The Pentagon is also funding robot research for intelligence purposes. A Stanford-developed robot can pick up and kick over wood blocks, and an MIT robot can distinguish between faces.

HARI KRISHNA CHANTERS THREATENED BY MIAMI POLICE

hari kirhsna chanters threatened by miami police

MIAMI BEACH (LNS) — In the continuing saga of the Hari Krishna fight for freedom of religion in Miami Beach, ten Krishnas were busted June 10 and charged with disorderly conduct and soliciting. Miami's chanters were arrested in late April and told that they would be acquitted of disturbing the peace charges if they stayed clear of the resort town for the next three months. Now the group, quickly becoming known as the Hari Krishna Ten, faces charges for both arrests.

Their lawyer, Joel Robrish, said that the Krishnas didn't believe that the police would really try to make good on their warning. They thought if they just kept their chanting and praying off of the busy streets, nothing would happen.

Since the Krishnas are chartered as a Floridian religious organization, Robrish is planning to take the case to federal court. He's begun a campaign to reveal the city's discriminatory practices by challenging the police chief, Rocky Pomerantz, to a debate on WBUS-FM, a local rock station. Rocky hasn't responded yet.

them to spank students as long as they have a parent's permission. But parents who testified against the law said that they had never been contacted when their children were spanked.

One of the state's witnesses was the paddle-maker for Sarah Zumwalt Junior High School, Stacy T. Mosley. He stated that he lost control when he spanked Roderick Oliver, a black student, unconscious last year, and therefore couldn't remember the details of that spanking. He admitted that he has spanked many students without their parent's permission.

Mosley has criminal charges pending against him for spanking several male students in a nearby high school when he caught them walking in the halls without passes. He told the court that he has spanked Zumwalt Junior High School students in the halls, classrooms, in the bathrooms — whenever he found them and felt they deserved to be spanked. Mosley's paddles are 1/2 inch thick, 2 1/2 inches wide, and 22 inches long.

CHEAP PORK

CUPERTINO, Calif. (LNS) — All narcotics officers, FBI agents, and members of the Central Intelligence Agency will get a cash discount on admission to student activities at Deanza Junior College.

The college's student council approved unanimously yesterday the 20 percent discount for agents and show proper identification.

DANES AGAINST THE WAR

COPENHAGEN, Denmark (LNS) — Twenty thousand Danes demonstrated in front of the U.S. Embassy in Copenhagen April 24 — the culmination of a week of anti-war activities in Denmark.

Indochina Week, organized by the Danish Vietnam Committees (DVC), included a teach-in, films, and meetings. Two people were arrested for displaying NFL flags and posters during a week-long, 24 hour watch of the U.S. Embassy. The Embassy demanded their removal.

Future activities of the DVC include raising money for machine guns for Laos, celebrating Dien Bien Phu on July 5 and an anti-celebration on July 4.

evo news

On May 18 fifty people representing Utah Veterans Against the War, Radical Women's Collective, Utah Liberation Front, High School Coalition and the Street Paper (the local underground paper) walked into the busy newsroom of the Salt Lake Tribune. They demanded an open forum with the publisher, J.W. Gallivan, and distributed to all employees a nine-page pamphlet that detailed the monopoly's conservative bias.

Publisher Gallivan, the spitting image of Perry White, the Daily Planet publisher of Superman fame, quickly tried to take command of the situation. It looked like a lot of the news workers were digging the confrontation, so he invited the coalition into his air-conditioned conference room in another part of the building. But when he refused to invite the workers to come along — he said they could drop by on their coffee breaks — the coalition decided to stay where it was.

His invitation rejected, Gallivan called the police. Thirteen women were

SPRAY THE KIDS

MABTON, Wash. (LNS) — Approximately 70 students of Mabton's elementary school were sprayed with Thimet, a highly potent pesticide while a crop-duster plane sprayed a nearby sugar beet field. The children had just arrived at school and were waiting for the bell to ring.

Teachers said they noticed a pungent odor when the youngsters came back into their classrooms. They rushed the kids to the high school showers for a mass wash-in and sent their clothes to a nearby laundromat.

About 30 of the students became ill a few hours later. They were sent to the hospital for antidote shots and released. Blood samples were taken for analysis and the Department of Agriculture is investigating the accident. F. Clarke Brown, chief of the pesticide branch of State Agriculture Department, described the chemical as a "highly toxic phosphate spray used as an insecticide."

"I didn't fly over and spray them, that's for sure," said the pilot of the crop dusting plane. He said the winds shifted just after he had finished spraying the chemical.

arrested by sixteen cops dressed in riot gear. As each one of the women was led off by her arresting officer, she met with cheers, clenched fists, and applause from over 200 people who had gathered outside the building to read the leaflets and show solidarity. Needless to say the incident was buried in the last pages of the next day's paper.

DALLAS JUDGE BRUSHES OFF LAWSUIT CHALLENGING TEACHERS' RIGHT TO SPANK DALLAS (LNS) — After listening to two days' arguments of a suit challenging the Dallas School District's right to spank children, U.S. Dist. Judge William M. Taylor Jr. dismissed the case on May 13 without coming to a decision. The judge had previously postponed the case for six months.

Back in the fall of 1969, Dallas teachers got a law passed which allows

EX!!!

SORRY!!... COULDN' HEAR YA!!... HAD THE EARPLUG IN Y'KNOW!... HOW FAR Y'GOIN'?

LISSEIN' TO TH' RADIO! ALWAYS CARRY IT AROUND IN MUH BACK POCKET!... KILLS THE ROADSIDE BOREDOM Y'KNOW..... HOW FAR YA GOIN'!?!

HEY? PLUG!?

SI!...

WAPPA WAPPA WAPPA

THESE LOCAL RIDES'R UH PISSER!

SHOULDN' BE ANY TROUBLE THOUGH ONCE I GET OUTA THE CITY...

I TURN OFF AT THEES NEXT LIGHT UP HERE SO I LET YOU OUT HERE!... TAKE EET EASY, SPORT!

HEY! THAT FUKHEAD TOOK MY RADIO!

WELL... THANKS FOR TH' RIDE...

MUDDA MUDDA MUDDA MUDDA

EEEEET!



Although **Who is A.J. Weberman and Why is He Sing All Those Terrible Things about me?** is being released on the bottom half of a double bill with NGC's **Bik Fake**, biopic of Doctor Spock starring the late Paul Muni, EVO readers and 42 streeters will quickly identify the main theme as the tragic rise and fall of William Randolph Dylan, the Lord and Master of Tin Pan Alley in America's troubled, rollicking '60's. Directed by Ulu Gossbard and scripted by Herb Gardner, pic is doubtedly worst since D.A. Vladimir's **Citizen Potemkin** in 1761. ("No stars" raved Catherine the Great). I'll stake my critical reputation on that.

The film opens as Dustin Hoffman, making a brief appearance in the starring role of Charles Foster Kong, is cooking his fix. Suddenly his fingers crumple, his arm distends, he drops the match and bottle top and breathes one word: "Weberman." Then he dies. Jann Wenner, a reporter for 16 Magazine, is dispatched to uncover the secret meaning the name had for Kong. Who was Weberman? An agent? A groupie? A rabbi?

And in what way was it the key to the strange life of America's most loved crooner?

People loved and hated Charles IV. People loved and hated Charles Foster Kong. Some called him the greatest voice of his generation, others reviled him as a silmy junkie hack. His was the archetypical American success story. Born two million years ago to orthodox Jewish parents on an island off the coast of Mionnesota, he was brought to the United States by gypsies who installed him in a lavish apartment atop the Empire State Building. His rise to stardom was meteoric; he was wealthy beyond any calculation. As the years went on, he retired increasingly to his fabulous estate Xanadu outside Tel Aviv where he lived quietly planting trees, attended only by his best friend, Joseph Cotton, and his wife, Barbara Harris (Dorothy Comingore). Yet as the story unfolds "Weberaman" remains an unsolved mystery.

Finally Dustin Hoffman admits he's been both Webrman and Kong all the time, to no one's surprise,



Honest Bob's 42nd Street

least of all Wenner, who reports back to Gloria Stavers that he's found nothing. The camera pans away over the debris of the great singer's lifetime, old guitars, syringes, and finally focuses on an old EVO stuffed in the furnace. Wenner turns to a toothless old-timer and says "Well, I guess the sauce finally got to him."

(Continued on Page 18)

THE American Medical Association (AMA) has declared for years that American medicine is the best in the world, and that we are the world's healthiest nation. But for a nation which boasts of the best medicine in the world, the U.S. record is strikingly bad.

Infant mortality is the most often used yardstick for comparing health care in different countries because it is directly affected by many things that reveal the nation's health standards — maternal care, living conditions, sanitation, pediatric supervision and medical care in the first year of life.

In 1950 the U.S.'s mortality rate ranked fifth among the nations of the world; in 1961 it dropped to eleventh; in 1967 it was seventeenth and at present it is twenty-second. There is an appalling disparity between white and non-white population. The infant mortality rate for whites is 19.7 percent; for non-whites 35.9 percent. In central Harlem it is 43 percent.

One of the most important reasons for the poor infant mortality rate is that it is so hard and unpleasant for many women to get adequate prenatal care. In some areas, half the expectant mothers get no care at all. Many small and medium-sized cities have no maternity clinics at all.

The quality of maternal care was the subject of a study done by the Maternity Center Association in 1965. They investigated numerous city clinics throughout the country and found unventilated, ill-lit clinics where women waited for hours to get seen. Women were seldom encouraged to ask questions or express concerns. Often the doctor would not ask her name or introduce himself. Often he would say nothing. One pregnant woman remained in the position to have a pelvic examination for 25 minutes while the student who was to examine her waited for his instructor.

U.S. life expectancy is less than in England, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Israel, New Zealand and Canada. We have fewer beds for our population (9.1 beds per thousand people, a figure unchanged since 1934) than many "underdeveloped" countries. The doctor-patient ratio is steadily decreasing. The ratio of doctors to population was one to 568 fifty years ago, one to 709 in 1966 and was only this high because of the large-scale importation of foreign doctors.

Two important government studies (Baynes-Jones and the Surgeon General's) have shown that by 1975, the number of medical school graduates must be 11,000 (an increase of 4,000 over 1966) (IN ORDER TO SIMPLY MAINTAIN THE 1/4 & 3/4 DOCTOR-PATIENT RATIO.

This would require at least 15 new medical schools — there are no plans to bring this country anywhere near level.

The widening health gap — between what is known and what is done — is striking. An example of this gap is what has happened with the Pap smear.

A few years ago Dr. Gorge Papanicolaou developed a quick, simple and painless way to detect uterine cancer in the early stages when it is 100 percent curable. Of the 265,000 women who got Pap smears early in a test in Louisville, Ky., not a single case of cancer occurred. Yet of the 58 million women in the U.S., fewer than ten million have the test yearly.

The average American's accessibility to needed medical care is less than in most European countries because of high costs, shortages, maldistribution of personnel and facilities and inadequacies of insurance coverage. Recent studies by the National Committee on Chronic Illness disclosed that 50 percent of significant illness in the total population during a given year is not medically attended.

New York is supposed to have good health care because it has a cluster of medical schools, 21 municipal hospitals, 78 voluntary non-profit hospitals and 36 proprietary (private profit) hospitals. In 1964, the Department of Hospitals spent \$240 million on its own hospitals and gave \$65 million to voluntary hospitals. But where you could expect a Utopia there is crisis and chaos.

In 1959 and again in 1964 the Columbia University School of Public Health and Administration conducted in-depth studies of health care received by families covered by the Brotherhood of Teamsters Welfare programs. The studies concluded that only 57 percent of those hospitalized received "optimal care" among the remaining 43 percent failings ranged from unnecessary hospitalization, to unnecessary operations, to inadequate treatment and diagnosis, to unnecessary death. Teamsters and their families are better covered by insurance through the union than most New Yorker City

residents and thus probably receive better than average care.

According to the studies one of the main causes of inferior care is surgery performed on essentially normal organs, in particular the uterus. The Columbia researchers said, "the grave suspicion of patient exploitation could be raised" and gave this picture of "unconscionable malpractice":

Of 60 hysterectomies, 20 were judged absolutely unnecessary and the "advisability of the operation in another 10 percent was seriously questioned."

Of 13 primary Caesarian Sections, serious doubts were raised about the necessity of the procedure in seven of the cases.

Surgical performance was as bad as judgment — it was labeled "poor" in 20 percent of the cases, and only "fair" in 26 percent of the cases.

Only one third of the doctors who performed surgery or gave treatment were qualified specialists.

According to the study, the two main aspects of the medical care problems were:

The hasty and superficial manner of hospitalization, without clear indication and without prior study, and the lack of evidence of clinical competence to recognize and treat seriously ill patients.

These problems are not unique to New York City. It is estimated that 9,000 people a year die from unnecessary operations and surgery performed by unqualified doctors in US hospitals.

In one New York City hospital last year, 84 percent of all surgery was done by unqualified doctors. In the US it is estimated that between 22 and 33 percent of all surgery is done by GPs and unqualified surgeons. According to Martin Herkassky, the head of Montefiore Hospital in New York City, "In the hands of a qualified gynecologist, a woman with cancer of the cervix had an 80 percent chance of cure. In the hands of an unqualified gynecologist, her chances are only 50 percent..."

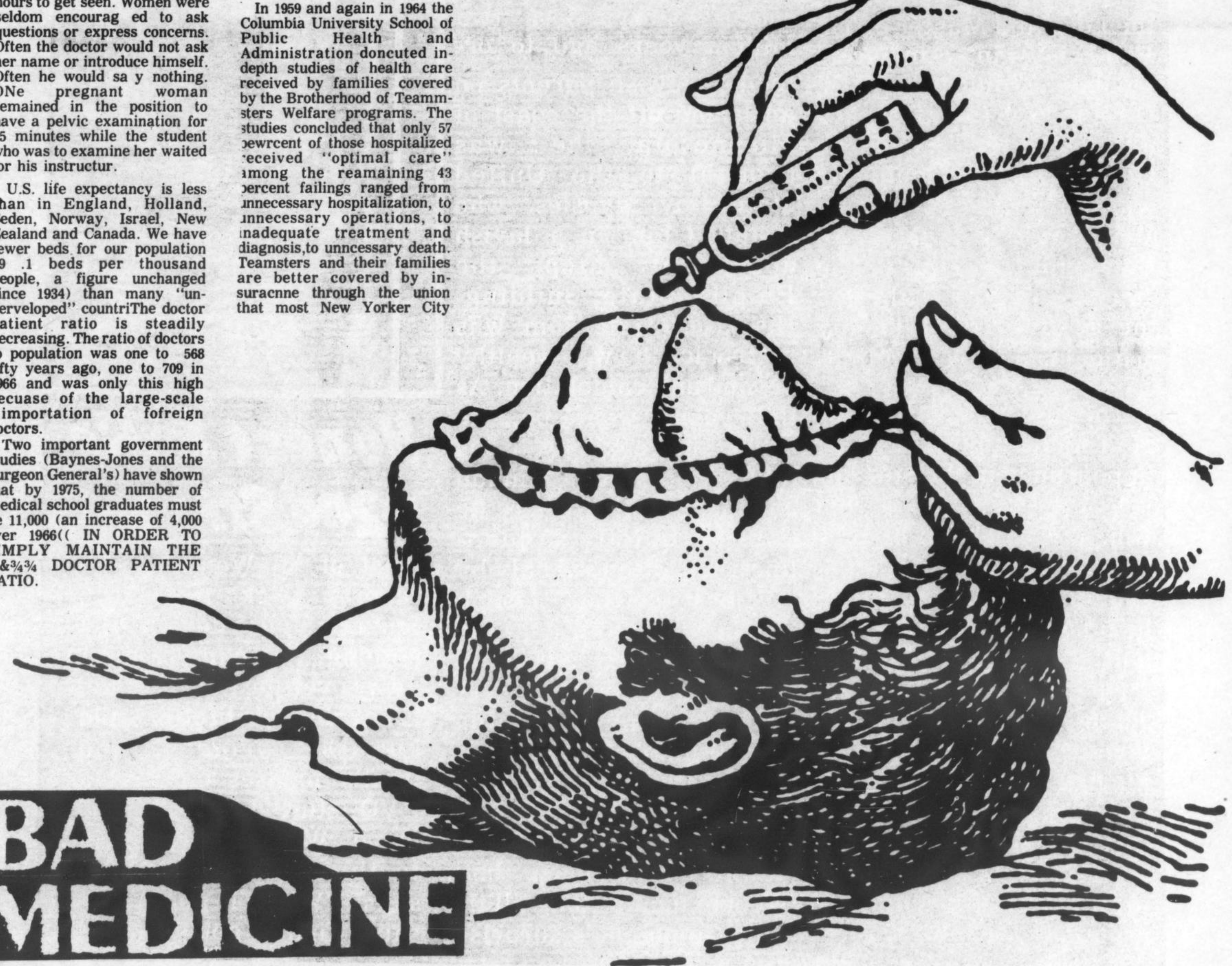
A surgeon's judgment is often clouded when he is not on a fixed salary. In one hospital, during a specified period when the entire staff of gynecologists were on salary, 26 hysterectomies were performed. In the same hospital during an equal period of time when the entire staff of gynecologists were paid a fee for each operation, 130 hysterectomies were performed.

The hospitals themselves are in worse shape than the care they provide. In 1964, a United Hospital Fund study of 58 voluntary hospitals in New York City found that only 17 percent met the full requirements of the U.S. Public Health Service. The study found 49 percent of the surgical units to be seriously inadequate, 62 percent of radiology facilities, 52 percent of emergency departments, 49 percent of out-patient facilities and 33 percent of labor delivery suites. These are the hospitals that are usually considered the citadels of the best in medical care. The merging picture is clearly one of crisis.

As a result of the exploding population and the decreasing doctor-patient ratio, the incomes of doctors in private practice keep rising. Doctors are in the top 1 percent of the nation's income bracket. A recent study by Medical Economics (the publication most read by doctors today) showed the average income to be \$40,000 and after operating expenses... \$25,500. No other country in the world comes even close. High individual fees to private doctors have not risen astronomically since 1926, elimination of house calls, stacking up of patients, and the fact that there are fewer uncollectable bills has pushed incomes to 500 percent of what they were in 1936.

Through its prerogatives of hospital accreditation, inspection of and power over medical schools, intern and resident training programs, and its Washington lobby is conceded to be one of the most effective in history. Seventy-five percent or 208,000 of the nation's doctors are in the AMA.

The AMA has opposed almost every measure suggested to expand the distribution of health care or facilitate its payment. Dr. Allan Butler of Harvard Medical School has said "The AMA has expressed itself on just about everything. And in retrospect they've been wrong every time..." The AMA has opposed public health vaccinations against diphtheria, venereal disease clinics, health insurance of any kind group practice, Social Security, federal grants for mother and child welfare programs, free distribution of Salk vaccines to name a few...



BAD MEDICINE





BEATLE BLINTZ



BY LYNDA

It was Saturday night and John and Yoko were going to a show. Anxious to indulge in some of the working class peasant shit John sings about, they decided to have a light dinner before the show, like the swains always do. Also they happened to be hungry. The spot they chose, the Gallery Deli at 77 Christopher Street, was unusually quiet, with maybe seven or eight people in the place, when they entered. At first unnoticed, Yoko managed to choke twice, bringing the attention to their table and buzzing of excitement to the lips of all those present.

After sitting down and taking a look at the menu, another person joined

them — the bodyguard. Looking as if he had perhaps been a bouncer in one of the Las Vegas bars before attaining his new position, his physical attributes seemed to be the best discouragement I'd ever seen against going over to get an autograph. And with the exception of myself, no one did approach the Superstars.

but I was not one to be put off by the threat of possible loss of blood or the embarrassment I would face if John and Yoko chose to ignore me or ever the prospect of my being the cause if they decided to leave. I was a writer. This was a story. The story. I had no choice but to approach them. If I missed this opportunity I would be

a disgrace to my profession. Besides all that crap, if I didn't go over

soon, I stood a pretty good chance of losing my job as well. I happened to have been the waitress (something I do part time to make ends meet). I think that was the biggest influence on my walking over to their table, for the thought of losing my job and trying to make my living writing was frightening. After taking a deep breath to steady my nerves I went over to them and began the interview:

Do you know what you would like?

John: I'll have some blintzes with blueberry filling and a cold chocolate milk.

Yoko: And give me the cottage cheese blintzes. Oh, and a coffee too.

I stopped the interview for a few minutes at this point, to go give the order

to the chef and inform the owner, Stanley, of the celebrity in the house. In a flash, I was back at their table with the chocolate milk and coffee. The interview continued:

John: Get him (referring to the bodyguard) whatever he wants, please.

..what would you like? (to the bodyguard).

Bodyguard: A chocolate milk-shake...that's all.

I left again, to prepare the shake and wait for the orders to come up. During my absence, Yoko and John got into a little tiff. She was telling him over and over again about a show she wanted to go to and he, while puffing furiously on his Kool cigarette, informed her he didn't want to go. I wasn't in very good ear-shot where I stood, but I knew to go over at this point would only silence them

completely as I'm sure they wouldn't want to continue their tiff during our interview.

The bodyguard sat through all of this as if he couldn't hear a thing, which if true, would be a blessing for him when Yoko and John get into their Primal Scream bag. Although I was unable to hear the full conversation, John's actions at this point were making it quite clear he was getting pissed. Suddenly struck with the thought that John might get so angry he might get up and walk out, forgetting about our interview due to his enraged state, I decided to go over there quickly and pick up where I left off. I pulled the Milkshake out of the blender, grabbed a straw and brought it over to the bodyguard. Noticing John had already finished his chocolate milk, I figured



WORKING CLASS HERO BITES BLINTZ'Z!!

CRAWFORD

that might be a good note to continue the interview on:

Would you like another chocolate milk?

John: No. (He took a sip of the bodyguards milkshake). I'll have one of these...whatever they are.

A milk-shake?

John: Yes.

well, that was a good sign. If he ordered something else he couldn't be thinking about leaving. I started the other milkshake working and while I waited decided to study their appearance, while they were off-guard and not putting their best face forward for the benefit of a good interview. They both really looked great. Yko is much slimmer than she comes off in photographs and much prettier as well. She is also much more of the nagging wife than I thought. She wouldn't let John get a word in

edgewise. He is also much slimmer than I had expected which might be due to his recent starvation binge or possibly his loss of patience with Yoko, as he was about to demonstrate. "That's enough. I don't want to hear about it," he snapped at her. Just then, the bell in the kitchen rang, summoning me to pick up my order. I brought the blintzes over to the table and rather than asking more questions decided to let John speak freely about whatever he wished:

John: The milk-shake is great (said as he gulped half of it down). Could you bring me the bill when you get a chance.

I nodded, figuring he probably wanted to cut the interview short because of his busy schedule (not to mention, Yoko's busy tongue) and besides he had come to me rather than making me meet him

somewhere at his convenience. I added up his check: blueberry blintz - \$1.10, cheese blintzes - \$1.10, chocolate milk - .25, coffee - .15, 2 chocolate milk-shakes, \$1.20, total - \$3.80, tax - .26, making the check - \$4.06. I brought the bill to him and wound up the interview: **Here you are** (handing him the check).

John: (touching my hand) thank you.

Yoko: (smile).

I left them and went to the counter to go over my notes, as John went through his pockets for the money to pay (only after going over the check carefully for the price of each item). They then got up quickly, leaving the money on the table, waved goodbye to me and left. As I went over to the table to see what they left as signs of their personalities that might be of interest to my

readers (something I picked up from A.J. Weberman) I was pleasantly surprised by the amount of money on top of the check - a \$5.00 bill and \$2.00 in quarters, practically \$3.00 over the amount. At first thinking John was leaving a bribe to insure a favorable story from me, I was highly insulted. But then I realized it must be meant for a tip. A \$3.00 tip, far out!

Also left on the table was one unfinished blintz on John's plate, the stub of his KOOL cigarette in the ashtray, Yoko's completely cleaned off plate, the empty container that had held John's milkshake and the miscellaneous eating utensils they had used. No trace, however, of the bodyguard's milkshake container. Obviously, this man has something to hide.

Not five minutes after

John and Yoko had left, as I was thrilling over all the seldom-publicized comments I had gotten from the two of them and dreaming about how famous this "unique" type of interview was going to make me and thanking my lucky stars I hadn't quit this job as I had been thinking last to try and make it completely as a writer in which case I would have missed this interview, Zal Yanovsky from the Lovin' Spoonful walked in, obviously to secure being interviewed by me (at least, that is what I took his talking so much to mean but then again, I have noticed his tendency to do this on other occasions without any apparent motive in mind). Unfortunately, though, having ignored my other customers during the Lennon's visit, I just didn't have the time. Besides, who could follow

Mazel tov!

Have a happy marriage, Ed & Trish
(You're a lucky boy, Eddie, to get such a dish)
& you're lucky too, neat, petite, Patricia
& you sure look keen in your wedding pitcha

May your children blossom
Free from flipper herbicide
May you never want an abortion
Or commit dark infanticide

May you never need welfare
Or end a druggie wreck
May you never meet a racist
Or give a bouncing check

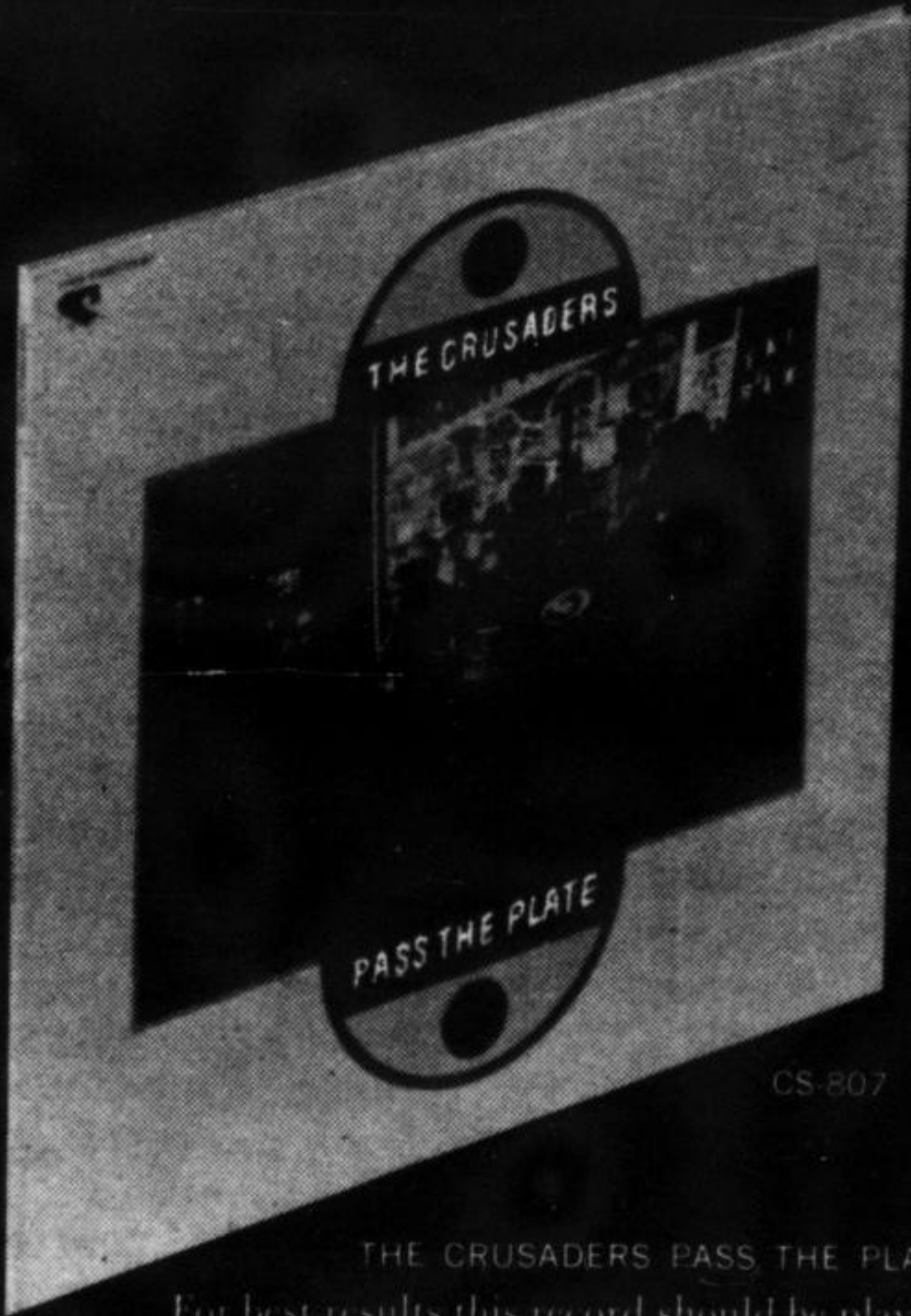
May you never go hungry
Or be shipped off to war
To kill some one just like like you
You never saw before

May napalm never drop
Upon your newborn child
May your love be great
May your hate be mild

We wish you well
This is the time frn for joy
But, please-tommorrow-tell your Daddy...
Not to destroy

Allen Kohn
Alvin Hoffman
Jacob Friedrub
Wacey Reichbach
Mayer Viskovic
John Cannon
Sus Reichbach
Julie Kupferberg
Jenny Rubin
David Hays
Stewart Albert
Phyllis Tuld
Alma Sue
Rest at Small
J. K. P. P. P.
Gil Rubin - Yippie
Justine Reichbach
Paul Miller
Ronald
Blue Skies
Death to the Fascist

JAZZ IS NO LONGER OUR MIDDLE NAME.



THE CRUSADERS PASS THE PLATE
For best results this record should be played.

"THE CRUSADERS"



SpacMan by Lark

Shawn Phillips has been around for a long time now but there aren't a lot of people into him. Musicians are. He's been a session man in England, played sitar for Donovan, done a soundtrack for a movie, made two albums, 'CONTRIBUTION' and 'SECOND CONTRIBUTION'. There is also a trilogy on the shelf waiting for fame so the recording company (A&M) can make a lot of money. Shawn has phenomenal ability as a guitarist and lyricist. Not just talent, but a developed sense of his own music that comes only through the time taken in perfecting the finished product. Remember channel 13's Rainbow Quest, Pete Seegers folk show? The Rev. Gary Davis, Donovan and Shawn Phillips were Pete's guests one day. Shawn was doing some nice sitar work. Catch the Wind was being played a bit, Donovan was still recording for Hickory. Ravi Shankar was not well known. Yeah, it's been a time indeed.

I went out for late breakfast with Shawn and his manager friend John Weston. Both truly lovely people. The impression one gets is of tranquility and delight. Digging the toots on display around the counter, aeroplanes that really fly, plastic cigarettes that drag menthol.

The A&M records office is just off Columbus circle and we spent a few hours there waiting for a car to take hawn to an interview on Long Island. A bit

of talking got done easy talking that makes everyone comfortable for the rest of the day. And the playing of tapes for another album that promises to be good.

Shawn comes from Texas but he left America some 10 years ago. A lot of wandering and scrabbling for life in Europe. Jobs here and there, a year when the people of the town in Italy where he lives supported him because there were no jobs. But always music. A guitar, pen, paper, creativity flows when there isn't anything else. His music is no technically good because of the time put into it, times of desolation when only music would be.

When the car came it was a head limosine. WOW. Toiny the driver and Heavy Lenny, never did get it quite clear what Heavy was to the group. Driving through midtown traffic to the 59 st. bridge and feeling fine. The windows down on account of the heat. People got a very tasty taste of Shawn working on a song only a few hours old. Good in any hours but reworked so it was like a good downhome stew. The longer it got cooking the better it got. The beginning is 35 seconds of acoustical guitar work. That awes my ears. Strong, heavy sure work, every note right. Listening to him is pure pleasure. Even if he couldn't sing as well as he does an instrumental album would be a delight. Shawn's singing is good. Hard pieces seem easy, no strain on his breathing to hold

a note. Marvelously dark notes coming from his chest and resonating followed by high ones of piercing sweetness. Damn! Scat singing, lyric, shifts, pure blues and chants. I don't think there is anything he can't do with his voice.

The drive to Long Island was through some tidymiddle class Queens neighborhoods. Shawn gives them four years. Ither that or the blacks have homes like that too. Being on the outside give you the position of looking in. And commenting. And a bit of knowing you can't be destroyed by it because where you live is a land where God has touched and machines haven't.

WLIR was the kids. About 15 to 22 years old kids engineering, announcing, doing radio. A bit of people radio, friendly, unassuming, comfortable. Shawn talking about albums that haven't been released yet. Music called Psychoexperimental. The way it works is that certain frequencies of sound are inaudible to the human ear yet are sensed by other means, very slow oscillations of sound waves will produce a sound so deep it is only felt by the brain and people become relaxed with the deep thrumming tone of it. Stoned, loose, happy. Very fast waves will produce a high sound that causes people to get very uptight and quiet. Incorporate this in music and the background sounds that the listener can't hear can control his emotions. The trilogy that is on the shelf of an indefinite period incorporates this. When it gets released it's a good thing that Shawn is very benevolent.

He also does fairy tales. I know there are two of them, that they have musical accompaniment and Shawn't

narration but that's all I know about them. Like to hear the stories.

Back at the hotel, it is early evening but Shawn has been up for 30 plus hours and is wrecked from sleeplessness. Dinner, some T.V. talk and sleep.

Yoga in the morning. Beautiful, graceful. Full lotus, Chakrasana, the wheel, headstands, breathing strong and proper. Pulse visible in the ridyum, brightness of the eye and a quickness. Lovely energy.

To a recording studio that used to be a church. Solid, dead. The engineer was named Malcolm and a red haired kid named Peter who smiled a lot. The tape machine, a two track Scully, refused to go into record mode so a half hour of tape recorder tinkering and the session began. No other musician, just Shawn alone in the studio with an acoustic guitar. Once he started the tape was not to stop until he had finished. Five starts, the sixth — twice a magic number — had it. 23 minutes and 37 seconds. An entire side.

I sat on a church pew on the engineers side of the tilted glass only about 4 feet from him. The music moulded the air. For 23 minutes and 37 seconds I could not move. But few people will ever hear that tape. Noise on it. Loss.

Went up to Malcolm's house for a cup or two of tea and music. Malcolm's lovely English double Bubble wife and son, Eyore in his spare time. Jamming with guitar, bass cello, autoharp, a mouthharp, electric organ.

And then I split to come home and write this. Tossed the I Ching. Who is Shawn Phillips? Ken over Li. Trigram 22 — Grace. In the end, Good Fortune. Tranquil beauty, Joy.

Honest Bob's 42nd Street

(Continued from Page 10)

"Noo-oo," says the old-timer. "It was beauty-- Beauty killed the Beat." Ach. Ample hijinx. Who is Harry Kellerman and Why's He Saying All Those Terrible Things About Me? strives to transmute the base crass ignoble success story of Welles' archetype (the proportions of whose metaphysics are anyone's guess but who remains firmly rooted in what the wiseacres at Yale call Consciousness II) into the contemporary cultural pure gold of a neurotic rock star (aye, verily, the quintessence of our Zeitgeist, as any goddamn fool can see), resulting in visually unimpressive reruns of opera houses, Minnesota farms (Brooklyn flats) multiple images in mirrors and TV Ssets and other Kanian

stigmata for Keynesian reasons. Dylan for one, McCartney foanother, Wenner, Gleason, et al are perhaps mini-protos Hearstian figures on their own, malgre everybody's alleged cosmic equilibrium. Perhaps even the Gustave von Ashenbachs. So let us segue into Venice with Mahler's Third swelling on the Adriatic like the horns of a thousand Staten Island Ferries sounding the knell of the quaint little world that went up in smoke in 1914 and farewell to the deities of rock and their mythically inexorable Gotterdamerung.

Death in Venice expressed most gloriously the notion of the catatonic beneath the PLatonic in art. Mann evoked the

dying passion and final apocalyptic self-knowledge of a man who suppressed all personal instinct to create Beauty but when encountering beauty in another is unable to impose his order on the ambiguous confusion of inexpressible homosexual desire. Seeking courage to approach his love-object in pestilential Venice (Metaphor for culture built on repression and neurosis) he contracts cholera and dies, fulfilling title, metaphor and era. In a few years his world is annihilated by war. Later, dadaists dance in the ruins.

It's a marvelous book. Luchino Visconti's film, starring Dirk Bogarde, starts out majestically, panning across the

Adriatic, across rice fields outside Venice, most impressive, proceeds with a great deal of suspense (as to how Visconti will handle it) and finally finishes with the long lingering scene before the demise in which the audience which remains present and awake are on the verge of shouting "So die! Lemme outta here!" and even I, normally implacable, am edgily fingering my blade. hat happened? To economise on a visual translation of AshenbCH (a writer in the book), Visconti has interpreted the "story of one man's obsession with ideal Beauty" as the fumbings of a Walter Miotty-like closet queen who is a thinly disguised Gustave Mahler (who married the ubiquitous Alma Maria Schindler in 1902). Among the indignities the old guy is made to suffer is the invention of a character named Alfred who is made out to be Ashenbach's lover but really spends all his time in the dubious pleasures of tongue-lashing. He taunts ustave for suppressing his emotions to create Beauty. Heavy discussions these are. Gustave yells "I tell you one cannot create with the senses!" To which Alfred responds "I tell you, art is ambiguous!" to which Gustave rejoins "I tell you, labor is the food of genius!" At this point a servant walks in with a teatray, a cinematic malapropism that gives genuine delight to a connoisseur of cuts from embraces to babies and that sort of thing. Anyway that's the best thing in the picture. Mahler, of course, totally involved in his music, was wont merely yo sneer at the twerps who misunderstood him. But the artist Visconti abjures and nostalgically mourns, like Fellini's clowns, do not exist in that rare poure Ashenbachian form anymore because everyone is now an artist and everyone is a clown. It's a most milenial age. With The Clowns we get right down to it. The film ends with a long extravaganza of clowns mourning a dead clown. "No matter what you called him, he quited water in your ace." A moment before, a reporter has asked Fellini what his message for us is. As he starts to reply, a clown throws a bucket on his head ("no matter what

you called him...")((. At the beginning someone has said "Clowns aren't dead-- people don't laugh anymore." The world cheapens and demands its clowns and crazies as mere butts rather than bearing witness to the divinity of fools and the eolquence of buffoons. Fellini asks a cabdriver if he goes to the circus. "Do you take me for an idiot?" All Fellini really wants to do, I think, is run around and squirt water in people's faces, an dmirable ambition. But he is afraid people won't laugh aso he quirts his casts and cameramen and gives mournful elegies on the passing of the clown to his audience. There is however a quid pro quo. Shtup your followers to their hearts content, Federico, and bring your seltzer bottle to Washington on July 4. We're going to laugh our heads off.

Meanwhile, The Clowns perpetrate on themselves every anarcho-sadistic fantasy that passes through their impossible inds and it's funny as hell, although Fellini tries to maintain an elegiac air (the closing shots are text books of strained seriousness), he usually can't keep the wild circus slapstick from shining through. Sometimes, when the clowns perform in the lunatic asylum or when a dying clown sneaks out of the hospital to see one last circus, pure fantasy takes over and with it deeply disturbing intimations of mortality, the ultimate in reflective imagery. On the other hand, an aged clown who buddied with jujel and Hary and Mussolini speaks of his plan to build the Circus of the Future. And the clowns keep coming on, pulling eache other's noses and knocking themselves down and throwing pies and laughing and grinning and pulling their hairand teeth and noses and laughing and crying and loving every minute of it. And so did I.

GREAT LINES FROM GREAT MOVIES: J. Carroll Naish in The Beast with I've Fingers: "There is a no doubt inna my mind that this hand isa walkin

YIPPIE

THURSDAY JUNE 24 1PM FOLEY SQUARE FRY GUY!! DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE INQUISITION BEING LED BY GUY GOODWIN SUPPORT STEW ALBERT, JUDY GUMBO, SANDY WORDWELL, JIM RETHERFORD, AND WALTER TEAGUE IN THEIR NON-COOPERATION WITH THE GRAND JURY YIPPIE! HAS MOVED TO LARGER QUARTERS 11 EAST 17th STREET 3rd FLOOR WATCH FOR PHONE NUMBER

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM AT THIS YEAR'S CANNES FILM FESTIVAL IS NOW THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM IN NEW YORK!

"BRILLIANT! I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE WHO REALLY LOVES MOVIES CAN AFFORD TO MISS IT! A movie to be reckoned with! Honest, sincere, troubled, provocative, superbly acted and full of visual poetry!"

—JOSEPH GELMIS, Newsday

"A MINDGRABBER! It serves notice that Jack Nicholson the director, producer and co-senarist is in the same class as Nicholson the actor...almost by himself!"

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON, Playboy

"ONE OF THE FINEST FILMS OF THE YEAR! It sets a new standard of sexual frankness for the American cinema. A MUST SEE!"

—AL GOLDSTEIN, Screw

"THROBS WITH THE SAME VALIDITY, LYRICITY AND PONDERABLE CYNICISM THAT MAKES NICHOLSON SUCH AN EXCITING ACTOR!"

—ACTION WORLD

COLUMBIA PICTURES
A B&W PRODUCTION
**DRIVE,
HE SAID**
Directed by
JACK NICHOLSON



"A NERVY FILM ABOUT PEOPLE AT A LOSS, UNABLE TO QUITE FASTEN THE PACKAGE OF THEIR LIVES! As a director Jack Nicholson creates vivid layers of unsettling moods, a vision that polarizes most audiences. I WAS FASCINATED AND AM EMPHATICALLY ON THE PLUS SIDE!"

—HOWARD SMITH, Village Voice

"THE POLARIZATION OF AMERICAN SOCIETY IS STATED BRILLIANTLY!"

—PAUL D. ZIMMERMAN, Newsweek

"IT IS SURPRISING AND CONVINCING, IT IS PAINFULLY HUMAN!"

—AL CORN, University Review

"DEVASTATING! A FASCINATING TRIP! A film that will spark endless controversy!"

—JOHN BROECK, The Village

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—JODY BRESLAW, Rock

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HENRY JAGLOM · MIKE WARREN · Screenplay by Jeremy Lerner and Jack Nicholson
From the prize-winning novel by Jeremy Lerner · Produced by Steve Blauner and Jack Nicholson
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TRAVIS AIR FORCE BASE 'EXPLODES

Elaine Elinson
LIBERATION
News Service

"They say they want to know the grievances, but they don't. Here the officers never go down to the enlisted men's barracks to talk to the men. In Vietnam they do — but that's because they know their lives depend on it."

— A black officer at Travis Air Force Base after the riot.

TRAVIS AIR FORCE BASE, California (LNS) — The establishment press reported what happened at Travis AFB at the end of May as a "race riot, mirroring overall racial patterns of the United States." The airmen, all of whom have been warned not to talk to the press without an officer being present tell a slightly different story. According to a white airman, "They (the officers) try to take the blame off themselves. They look good if it looks like we're fighting among ourselves."

Travis Air Force Base is the West Coast embarkation point for troops going to Vietnam. Every day, planes loaded with soldiers take off from Travis bound for Saigon, varying from 50 to 500 a day. It also is the major return point for the war. The base hospital is the second largest military hospital in the U.S. and every day wounded soldiers return from Indochina to be cared for there.

All the 6500 permanent airmen at Travis are very close to the war. They work at the terminal, seeing other men

their age and rank take off for Vietnam. They work at the hospitals — seeing the same men return without a leg, or other limbs, or their sanity. And they work with the aircraft — repairing, and preparing and fueling planes to take soldiers to Asia.

Late Saturday night, May 22, two incidents occurred in the "1300" barracks area where 2500 men and women of various squadrons are housed. Two black airmen were giving the power handshake in the mess hall. A group of white airmen interrupted the handshake by repeatedly walking between the two blacks. The blacks warned them if they tried to pass through them again, they would be stopped. The whites tried again, and fighting broke out. That same night, in the women's barracks a white WAF asked a black WAF to turn down a radio. She refused, and the white WAF turned it off. Both of these incidents provoked fighting throughout the area.

By Sunday, word of the incidents had spread and there was widespread fighting in the "1300" area. Security police were brought in with guns, dogs, and gas masks. Charges against two black men arrested the night before were not made public.

On Monday, a move was made to free the two arrested airmen. Almost 100 airmen marched to the stockade with the cry of "Free Our Brothers." When they

arrived, they were met by air police armed with gas, automatic weapons and bayonets. At least 86 civilian police were called in, according to the Travis Public Information Office (PIO), for a "quick show of force." The police forced the airmen to return to the barracks.

On the way back to the barracks, fights broke out in the baseball diamond. Whites and blacks fought together against the police.

Between the ball diamond and the barracks, 135 people were arrested. At least ten were beaten by police and taken to the hospital. Many who were arrested were simply standing by; several were forcibly hauled from their rooms.

During and after the arrests, airmen were warned to stay in their barracks; firehoses were sprayed on the doors to keep them in, and to keep people from looking out.

A Bachelor Officer's Quarters was burned. The building suffered \$5000 worth of damage and the fire department still has not determined whether it was caused by arsonists.

General Moore (Commander of the 22nd Air Force) and Colonel Blake, another base commander, went to the barracks area to talk to the airmen. They were jeered and spat at.

Another officer, Colonel Ivers Vollmar, later went to the area and was dragged from his car and beaten. He was taken to the hospital and given 23 stitches in his head.

That night, an order was issued to arrest anyone who was in a group of five or more. Police had orders to shoot at the legs of anyone suspected of making trouble. A contingent of MPs from the 6th Army at Presidio was called in to

guard the base and the nearby Nike Missile site. Area "1300" was restricted to those who lived there.

Those arrested were taken to the detention center and questioned by the air police. Out of the 135, 89 were finally detained. That night, they stayed at the detention center, which has facilities for only 20 people. Early the next day, in order to "cool things down" and because Travis did not have adequate facilities to hold them all, they were sent to other stockades, in handcuffs. No charges against them had been formulated at this time.

Tuesday, there were scattered fights on base. A bomb scare occurred in the Passenger Terminal, where troops were being loaded for Vietnam.

A panel was set up by the base, "conducted at the highest level possible." The panel was led by General Moore and Mr. Beard from the Department of Defense who "has accomplished much in the area of human relations." (PIO release) No airmen were represented.

The officials said they were baffled because Travis has had "no history of racial tension."

When you enter Travis you pass under a big red, white and blue sign proclaiming "Travis is an Equal Opportunity Employer."

"Bullshit," said one black airman. "The system of promotion is based on IQ tests, which have proven to be a measure of your middle class background, rather than of your ability. This keeps black people out of the good jobs and we end up cooking in the Mess or cleaning up in the hospital." Out of the 130,000 air force officers only 2500 are black. Of the people arrested about 2/3 are black.

MAD FUNK COLLECTIVE Continued

(Continued from Page 22)

were held on \$50,000 bond each. It seemed they would rot away until trial date sometime next fall, as the Justice department no doubt wanted it, but quick work by attorneys, relatives and friends thwarted the government action. A bond reduction hearing was held two days following their seizure, and Martha and Jeff's ransom was reduced to \$10,000 and \$20,000 respectively. Sympathetic and wealthy relatives appeared and the two were back on the streets shortly after the hearing.

Three other indictments were handed down at the same time. One against John Fuerst, stemming from the Venice group (the government has, alas, been unable to locate him), a Roberta Smith, and one secret indictment. The local subpoenaed witness was Ernie Olsen, a member of the Student Libertarian Action Movement (SLAM), a university-related anarchist group. He is scheduled to reappear later this month.

The indictment against Jeff and Martha, part of the overall Justice

Department grand jury harassment scheme, sheds new light on the government operation. So far, federal grand juries in Seattle, Detroit, Pennsylvania and New York have concentrated on major actions (Mayday, Cpiatol bombing, etc) or national groups (the former White Panther Party, YIP), in hopes of closing in on Weatherpeople and trying to pick off 'leaders.' Neither of the two indicted Tucsonans were involved in major actions or national groups; both have active in community services. The two co-ordinated the yippie free garage in Tucson last year, by far the most successful community function going at the time, and were active in getting community rock concerts going in the parks. The free garage was a center for auto repair, crashers, collective dinners, community gossip, hangers-on, and probably police informers.

Since that time they have helped out numerous people busted on violations in the state and federal parks and continued to work on friends and neigh-

bors' cars. They are presently confined to Pima and Santa Cruz counties (which together are bigger than many eastern states and far prettier).

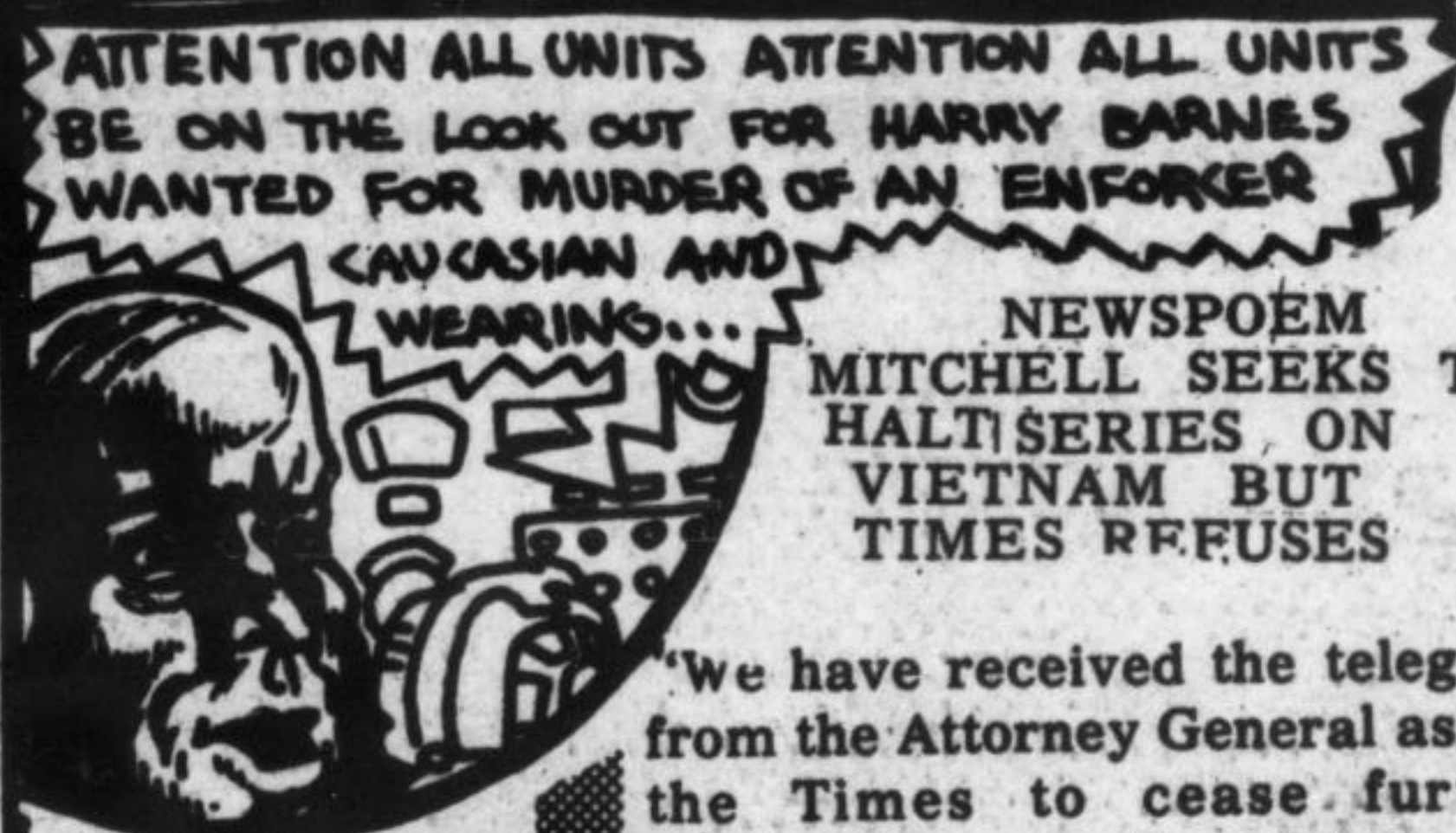
The fact that the Justice department is simultaneously going after local community organizers and more open anti-state demonstrators shows the widespread dragnet planned for activities at any level.

A
CONDITION
BY
VINCENT
TITUS

Once a bird decided flying was a drag and so he walked everywhere.

Moral: Did he need a podiatrist or a psychiatrist

Typed for therapy



NEWSPOEM
MITCHELL SEEKS TO
HALT SERIES ON
VIETNAM BUT
TIMES REFUSES

"We have received the telegram from the Attorney General asking the Times to cease further publication of the Pentagon's Vietnam study.

The Times must respectfully decline the request of the Attorney General, believing that it is in the interest of the people of this country to be informed of the material contained in this series of articles.

We have also been informed of the Attorney General's intention to seek an injunction against further publication. We believe that it is properly a matter for the courts to decide. The Times will oppose any request for an injunction for the same reason that led us to publish the articles in the first place. We will of course abide by the final decision of the court."

NEW YORK TIMES June 15, 1971
at last some news not fit to print! the "old gray lady" does her stint for freedom & she strikes a note for peace, for undecent. We gloat. yet hear the judges' ifs & buts stop up the truth's thin paper guts & blowing through The Times brass ass:
"the best newspaper we have" (alas!)

Tuli Kupferberg

SQUATTERS EVICTED

ROME [LNS] — Rome is surrounded by working class ghettos with serious housing shortages. In Tibertino, one of the poorest, 200 people took over four city-owned apartment buildings at the end of March.

Angered by the busts, four hundred students immediately took over another building in the district. This time the police charge was resisted and at the end of a short melee several students were arrested and many were injured.

Many people were surprised when the police, fully armed, arrived to breakdown the barricades on the second day of the take-over. Two years ago a similar, but smaller, action ended with a police attack, but this time nobody expected violence in view of upcoming local elections.

air forse

One airman put it this way. "Whites and blacks, we're all in the same bag. The difference is between us and the officers. For example, the pay raise. They do it by percentage. So that means when we get a 7% raise, and I'm making \$200 a month and he's making a thousand — well, who benefits from that. He gets almost as much in a raise as I get in a whole month check."

Airmen met together off base to voice these grievances and discuss how they themselves could make changes. They discussed the events of the week, specific complaints, general dissatisfaction with the military and the war, and the need for organizing and communicating on base. They also made preliminary plans to start a GI paper as a forum for all Travis airmen.



ALABAMA GI PROJECT WORKER AND 3 GIS BUSTED

ANNISTON, Ala. [LNS] — One male staff member at the Fort McClellan, Alabama GI project, and four GIs from that base were busted May 29 on an eight-day-old warrant for illegal possession of marijuana. The project has been harrassed by the FBI for the past two months.

Around 4:00, Saturday afternoon, one FBI agent and several Alabama highway patrolmen and local cops grabbed the four men who were sitting in the backyard of the civilian's house and then searched the house. No grass was found, but they were arrested and charged anyway. Bail has been set at \$2500 each and the men are still in jail.

As soon as the men got to jail the cops began questioning them, not about grass but about their political involvement. The civilian was beaten when he refused to answer their questions.

The six-month-old Ft. McClellan project house serves as a meeting place for anti-war soldiers. The base's population is 5,000, half of the people are WACs. The Ft. McClellan project (three men and three women) also puts out a paper called Left Face and a WAC newsletter.

DISMAYED UNHAPPY WITH WELCH'S WITH SMUCKER'S STRAWBERRY JAM

June is strawberry month. Here's a recipe for strawberry jam.

Clean 4 cups of strawberries. Crush them in a heavy LARGE saucepan. Add 1 package Sure-Jell and about ¼ cup water. Bring to a hard boil over high heat; stir occasionally with a wooden spoon. Add 2½ cups honey. Bring to a fast rolling boil (it boils up in the pot), and boil while stirring for one minute.

Remove the pan from heat and stir the mixture down. Skim off the foam with metal spoon. Stir then skim repeatedly until all the bubbles are gone. Pour into sterilized glasses or jars and seal with melted paraffin.

To sterilize jars — get out a big pot, put about an inch of water into it. Fill jars ¾ full of water and put them in the pot. Boil about 15 minutes.

Melt paraffin in a can over hot or boiling water, not over direct heat — it is VERY flammable.

Strawberries are very low in pectin, (that's what makes it gel) which is why Sure-Jell is used. You can get natural pectin by combining strawberries with apples, crabapples, quinces, red currants, gooseberries, plums, or cranberries. Then you also have to boil it for a longer time — 12-15 minutes.

HAPPENING IN THE GREEK PRISONS

ATHENS [LNS] — The Greek government recently made public its plans to prosecute 50 people for alleged subversive activities. The best known among them is Christos Sartzetakis, the investigating prosecutor of the Lambrakis affair made famous by the film "Z." These 50 people were among the 160 arrested soon after the bombing of a statue of US President Harry S. Truman in Athens last November. They have been held incommunicado ever since their arrest and are not allowed to see either their families or their lawyers. It is believed that many of the accused have been tortured.

Despite government statements that Greek prisons are being reformed, penal policy is more stringent than ever.

A number of prominent Greek political prisoners have been isolated from each other and moved to various prisons throughout the country in an attempt to silence opposition to the fascist regime. It is believed that the government hopes to discourage joint protests by political prisoners which has attracted world wide attention in the past few months. Among such actions are the hunger strikes that went on to protest the inhuman conditions of their imprisonment.

A recent message smuggled out of the Greek prisons reached London the first days of May. The message contains the names of the political prisoners of Aegina and Korydallos and the women's section of Averoff prison in Athens. This message protests the recent attempts of the regime to show the world that the problem of Greece's political prisoners has been "solved" with the recently announced releases.

from Africa with Love, Funk and Fire.



A New Chisa Album CS808

Afro-Rock is today. Hugh Masekela is the founding father of the movement. Now Hugh and the Union of South Africa are one. The result... Love, Funk and Fire.



The Morton Street Pier
Pornography Workshope

Project

A READING

ON

Sonneday, 27 June

of new & olde

Original Workf

at 4:30 PM

on the PIER

*Part of an ongoing series
of...*

ZAP!



MARK \$6 FOR 52 ISSUES (1 YR)

MARK \$10 FOR 104 ISSUES (2 YR)

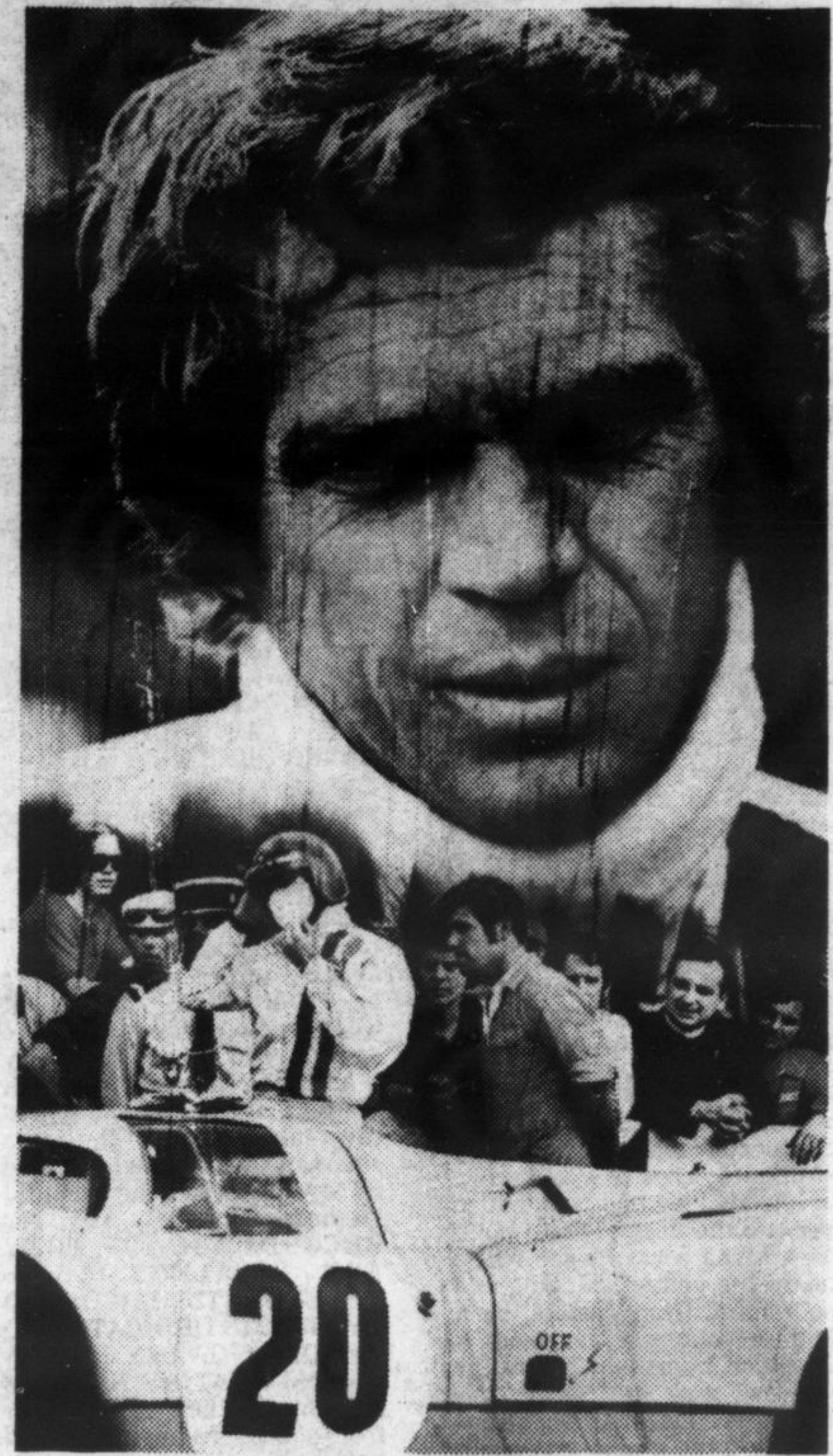
MARK RENEWAL

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ADDR _____

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Steve McQueen
takes you
for a drive in the country.
The country is France.
The drive is at 200MPH!



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LIVES

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'J'ACCUSE' FOR TODAY!" —Frances Taylor, L.I. Press



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WHAT IS THIS MAN SMILING ABOUT

Dear Charlie Frick,
I think what is going on is that more and more shit is hitting more and more fans and from here on in it's going to seem like the apocalypse for openers and closers every day...i think...now for the bad news...it's saturday and joe franlin isn't on and I'm down to the end of my stash and i just had to call the police to stop a fight that was going on for five minutes in front of the bar downstairs while people just stood around and watched...four guys and two screaming shix and no less than twenty (20) people on all four corners of the street just watching them trying to really mess each other up and nobody calling the cops...i asked when called if they had been called yet and the desk copsaid no...i was taking a crap when i first heard the yelling, banging and screaming from outside, so it had to take me at least a couple of minutes to get to the window and dig what was dgoing on and in all that time nobody gabe a shit enough or had the consideration to call for help. I can dig not wanting to jump in and endangering your own physical safety, but what risk is there in making a phone call; It got me off the crapper...what am i, some kind of wweirdo who feels like we should all ct like we are responsible for one another? my view of the nation, charlie, may be more paranoid than yours...but then, i'm one of the most optimistic people i know...but now my grass is running out...soherre are some suggestions from one communicator to another...

Let's begin to communicate to as many people as possible that we are in a desperate situation that demands everybodys energy and that we can't

attora nor tolerate the midless frivolity of this socio-economic system ESPECIALLY THAT PORTION WHICH CALLS ITSELF THE ALTERNATE CULTURE...it ties in with an organized massive boycott of xmas that has been overdue for several years, but this, too, is overdue. it should not be possible for all these 'hip' capitalists to own .neir sports cars that go loose around town blasting radios...soon, it won't be, but let's make it wooner...everyone should be encouraged not to buy

ANYTHING that comes from amerika the kapitalist unless they are certain that the currency thus released will find its way to america the beautiful (someday maybe). buy NO RECORDS UNLESS THEY ARE BOOTLEG OR INDEPENDENTLY PRODUCED BY ARTISTS DEDICATED TO REVOLUTIONARY CHANGE...NO BEATLES NO stoness NO motown, they can be hd for free on the radio...no record business! start slowly, put one labvel out of business by boycotting its product, bomb threatening it's offices and studios, harassing it's clerical operation...if the so-called communicators would get tit together and centralize the energies of this fucked up sprawling mass of confusions we are all a part of and aim these eenergies at specific and real targets, we could see some changes go down. the east village other could put a record company, a clothing firm or any other kind of cultural rip-off that we know and love OUT OF BUSINESS or at least help to. everyone who is unemployed is a revolutionary let's see to it that as many people as possible are un-

employed as soon as possible! chaos

Chaos CANbe organized, remember? and the immortal words of david (illegitimate son of Norman Vincent) Peale...“no rock n roll singer ever payed to see you, you shouldn't have to pay to see ay rock n roll singer”...pick a ny degenerate advertisement that you hate...find out the name of the agency responsible...se to it that the people find out the name of the agency responsible...see to it that the people find that agencies address, phone number, etc and advise them of the ways that they can insure honesty iun the future by punishing liars NOW...the movie by jack nicholson, 'drive he said' (they ahd an ad in evo!) is playing at the same theatre which showed 'love story'...enough said? even if this flick is saying something at all, the only rationale for supporting it with an ad should ve if a portion-of the money is going to the revolution...if not,

Venice, June 17
Two little girls were crushed to death yesterday under the feet of hundreds of children rushing to pick up packages of biscuits thrown from a plane as a publicity stunt.

BOYCOTT IT ...pick a film that offends you and take it from: there. chances are that the theatre the film company and the advertising firm and the record company are all part of the same congolmerate...kill four pigs with one stone! propagandize total disrespect for traitorous media...i use the terms 'mass greedia' and 'greedia media' which are catchy and informative like a simplism should...profiteering communicators are super enemies of the people...pussies

Dear Charlie,

Why the fuck are you so uptight?

All of us knew the world was finished in the early '60's.

It's different now just because its 1971 (earth time)

It's only going to get much worse untilits over.

The thing now is to be you and do it. No talk, no games, be.

If any of you out there think you can save the world you're on a suicide trip.

FUCK the earth, Up with the Universe.

Freedom for the Free.

Om, Kali

like bribrinkley-cronkly-grimsby-huntly are much more powerful than pussies like milhaus and the geek colonel (although ma nd the gc have more balls)...how would ou like to do the network news every night? these people have misinformed so many millions for so many years in such irresponsible fashion that THEY should e the faces on dart boards and the subjects of cheap humor etc. the media controls the nation, which is why those bastards are beginning to flex their faggoty muscles in reponse to DC's attempts at stifling their 'freedom'...when the 'reporters' ask the pres follow up questions at a press conference, that's the equivalent of open insurrection of the place guard...tv has taught us how to live like the pigs wse are, it can sell anything it wants to... and that's all it will ever do, SELL, unless we make it ours! we ought to have the dick cavett show, for openers. the nebraska nerd occasionally seems very self-conscious and embarrassed about doing ads on his show...he should be informed, in as massive an informational barage as can be organized, of the contempt he is held in by other communicators...i can really see that punk having a stammering nervous breakdown on tv...everyone should will their garbage to ABC, a network so fucking lame that it makekes the other two whores look good by comparison...in faset, everyone should tie up their phoes next week trash their vehicles around town etc. any potential lunatic assasin of the left should be informed of the advisability of putting a leadvap on a communicator rather than a politician, since that act could lead to the birth of responsibility to the people due to fear of the people's anger at having their sensibilities fucked with...a RUMOR of a death plot against "a well known commentator" could be interesting for awhile...someone might then take the hint, true, but these bastards have slaughtered millions, both in body and spirit, and i have contempt for them all, so maybe my conscience could bear it...this city ought to close for a week or so..

originally, i thought it would be good to close the whole country for a week (still do) but that's too difficult an idea for the average person to accept...but this city is getting crazy enough so that i've gotten some interesting response from some people lately...we may be ready...just conduct no business or commerce and dedicate all energy for that wek to communication between neighbors and attempt to BEGIN to come to grips with what is really destroying the quality of life...i have a long rap on that which i haven't the energy for now, but i have a very solid plan for slowing the country, the city would be sy. i'm not talking about a strike, i mean arousing interest in the NEED for something as radical (but obvious) as just fucking STOPPING for awhile on a massive basis, and asking ourselves what the hell are we doing??? anyone who rides in cabs is contributing to the economy, the pollution, and the insane traffic...NOBODY should ride cabs...the out of work cabdrivers should be hired to do sanitation wrk...who is more valuable to the community, carmine the sanitation man or bruce the hip barber? who does evo need more, sam the postman or derek the rock show promoter? how can anyone feed and give a home to ankimal while there are children and old people who huddle in doorways? why doesn't someone kill an advertising copywriter for a dog food firm who makes thirty five thousand a year instead of some poor slob cop, who makes not half that much and NEVER vad any of the opportunities of the copywriter, who never had to take any of ths risks of the cop? who else could i have called tostop those fools from tearings themselves up? the rolling stones? woodstock was altamont without the asngels...millions think of woodstock and get the love peace flowers trip...a small minority rho lost loved that weekend have bummers when they think of it...a 17 year old kid was squashed to death by a tractor bebecvause nobody saw to it that people wen't put in jeopardy for the good of good old rock n roll...we need to be more responsible to one another..

MAD FUNK COLLECTIVE

The federal grand jury meeting in Tuscon has finally taken action after more than six months of fishing around. The five witnesses from Venice, Cal. repeatedly called and periodically jailed for 'contempt of court' were finally all freed, so the grand jury decided to zero in on local Tucson activity. After round 1 they had called one local witness

and indicted two others on bogus federal firearms act violations.

The two, Jeff Hoff and Martha Sowerwine, originally from Ann Arbor and New York City respectively, were kidnapped by a half dozen FBI agents late one afternoon. The feds, who ignored such legal nicities as knocking or presenting a warrant, brought their captives down to the Pima county jail where the two

(Continued on Page 19)

wheel

Models

make \$500 weekly. Models & couples wanted to manage work in swinging figure model studio. Apply Circle Studio, 265 W. 72nd St., or call 874-9860, 874-9882.

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LOCUSTS



A while ago in this space we talked about the desert locust and promised more about him. We ended by saying how important rain is to the breeding of his pest in the arid invasion areas — in the interior of the Arabian Peninsula, for instance.

Rain in this arid central core is an unusual and chancy event and it seems very clear that what happens is that you have got an unusual sequence of adequate rains for breeding in related breeding areas. The locusts that started off and subsequently became a plague in very small numbers, had a succession of say four or five good breedings over a period of about three years.

A locust generation varies a great deal — the mature adult lays its eggs, the female puts them in a banana-looking pod a couple of centimeters below the surface of the soil, and depending upon moisture and temperature, the babies come out in anything between two weeks and up to 70 or 80 days. They get to the ground surface and then they go through five or six stages shedding a skin between each and at the last stage they have got fully developed wings. They are called fledglings and after this they are mature enough to fly off. This whole maturation period is governed almost exclusively by temperature. After this the adults

remain immature for a varying period. They probably cannot mature in much less than three or four weeks, but if they don't get the right conditions to mature they will stay immature for very much longer — three or four months, perhaps. They will stay immature until they find the right conditions which are associated with rain.

When the rain comes in the desert all sorts of wonderful things happen. Things burst into flower, aromatics give off scents, temperature drops, humidity rises... one cannot tell exactly which factor brings the locust to maturity. In West Africa there is a spring generation of locusts north of the Sahara and then there is a spring generation south of the Sahara and these locusts either hang around or move north and they get into cold conditions and they remain pretty immobile until the spring — so there are only two breedings here. In east Africa it gets more complicated — there are winter, spring and summer breedings — and sometimes more if the rains are prolonged within the spring breeding — so you might get a maximum of four breedings in this area.

There are scientific and control lessons to be learned from a plague of desert locusts. The scientific lesson is that we have not done research before and we are not in a position to now because what is required is almost an historical analysis, not what one thinks of traditionally as scientific

research, and this takes a very long time. It is most tedious. Some people have believed that new plagues are created by a carry over of gregarious-behaving locusts which swarm — however, close analysis shows it is quite clear that the origins of every upsurge come primarily from dispersed locusts or locusts showing only moderate transitory and gregarious behaviour. Plagues come after long periods of recession.

The problem of control is difficult. The most effective control is carried out when the locusts get into the first proper swarming stage. This is when control measures hit hardest and when it is most economical to concentrate control efforts. But this is tricky because you have to catch the swarming at exactly the right moment — hard because, as we have seen, of the varying effects of temperature and moisture on the swarm in the different areas of the desert locust invasion area.

The expense and labor involved in trying to control the desert locust is appalling — mostly because of the vast geographical area involved. There must be an organization to supply information about short and long term weather forecasts. In the last upsurge of the desert locust in North Africa a warning was given early in the developmental cycle — this was in mid-December 1967, before the

proper swarming populations got going, so in some areas there was a six months or one year warning — and control measures were instituted which really terminated the upsurge. Without international cooperation and organization this would never have been possible. Governments have got to be convinced — and this is hard — to hold off when locusts are around in large numbers but not in big swarms — in other words they are going to want to kill and it won't be the right moment — the locusts will not be hit in the first stage of swarming. The fighting has to be done when it will count the most.

Now there is a policy in most countries of search and destroy. Destroying is not so hard, it is the searching which is difficult. Think of the Sahara, the fringes of the Sahara, Southeastern Iran — areas with ridge upon ridge of parallel barriers. ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO GET IN AND OUT OF. These are the areas we are dealing with and unless there is an extraordinary

breakthrough in sciences or in genetics the best hope is for improvement in the sensing mechanism — things like radar for swarm detection, like infra red or satellite detection. Work is being done on trying to detect scattered populations on the ground with aerial photographs, but again there are problems here of cost and size of area. Scientists are trying to replace the dangerous insecticides with locusticides — substances which will harm nothing but the locusts and perhaps don't operate by killing them but rather will speed up their maturation. If a locust matures in the wrong place it will have to lay its eggs there and these would not reproduce well. Even this approach is doubtful because locusts can move considerable distances in the period after maturing before they lay their eggs. Scientists can't really guarantee they won't find the right place to lay, in fact they might be giving the locusts an extra generation instead of wiping them out.



