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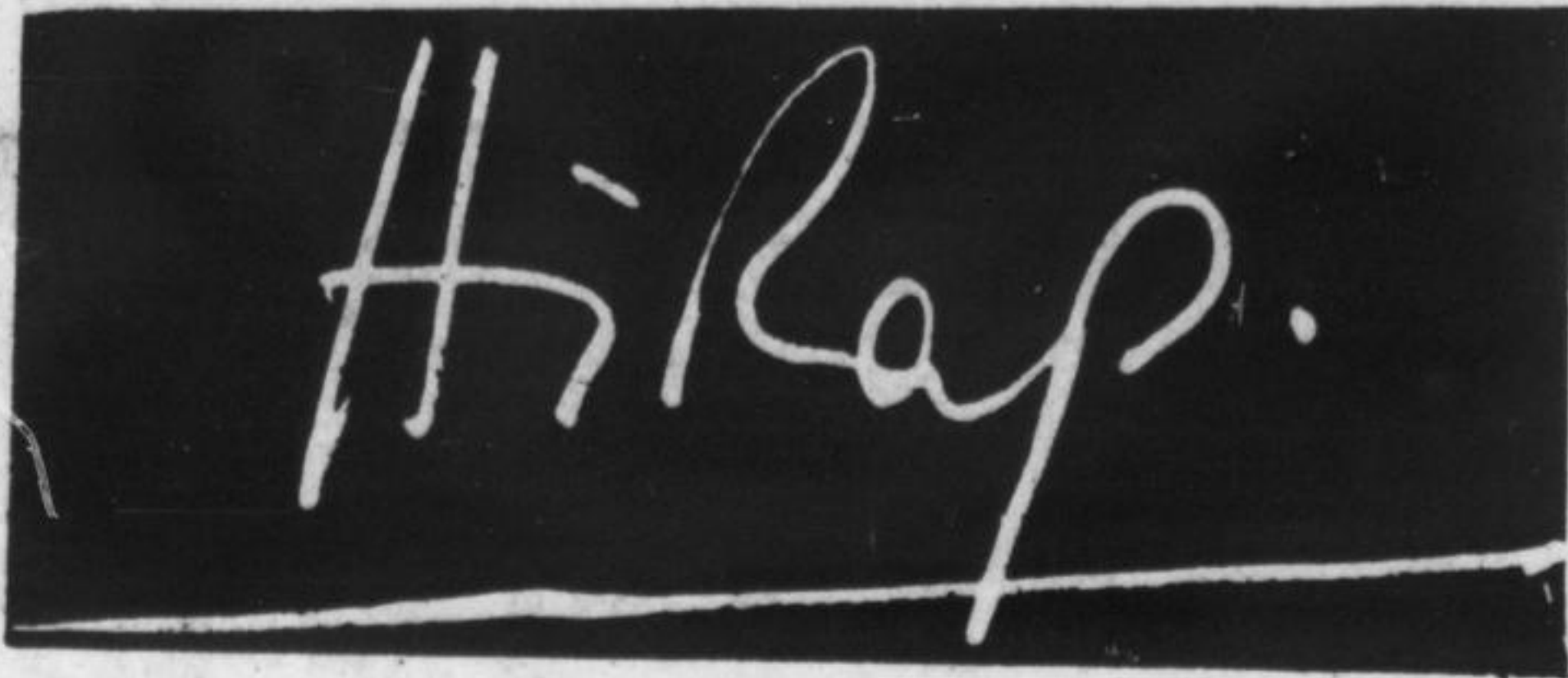
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METROPOLITAN  
VOL. 6 NO. 36

35¢

NATIONAL  
AUG. 10, 1971





TIM LEARY IS FREE RESTING IN THE SWISS ALPS. IN IT'S INFINITE WISDOM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOLLOWED SUIT AND FILED FOR EXTRADITION. IN THE WEEKS TO FOLLOW WE MUST IMPRESS UPON THE SWISS GOVERNMENT THE POLITICAL NATURE OF TIM'S PREDICAMENT.

NONE IS MORE ELOQUENT THAN THE FOLLOWING DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE:

From the Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx to whomever concerned with liberty of expression in letters and speech, concerning immediate action to relieve the burden of imprisonment from the shoulders of Dr. Timothy Leary, who because of his philosophy, science and art practiced in the form of letters and speech has long suffered persecution, arrest, denunciation, numerous and prolonged jailings, bail denial, flight, and exile from the United States.

At time of writing, this Doctor of Philosophy without country, arrested in Switzerland, is held without charges awaiting extradition by California for that State Department of Correction. This aggressive prolongation of the boring scandal of Dr. Leary's persecution by state bureaucracies, and present denial of his personal freedom by the Swiss state is an unnecessary injustice resolvable as follows:

The Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx petitions the Swiss government, in faithfulness to the best of Western free-thinking tradition, to grant Dr. Leary status as permanent respected exile. We recommend that International P.E.N. Club request its Swiss chapter to intervene directly to Swiss authorities and propose the following information on behalf of Dr. Leary's request for freedom and privacy as a literary refugee persecuted by Government for his thoughts and writings:

1. That federal prosecutors and judges proceeded against him and jailed him without bail for 30 years for the minor offense of carrying a tiny amount of marijuana, with the motive that because of his "publicized activities," namely: essays and speeches on drug usage theory, Dr. Leary is regarded as a menace to the community so long as he is at large."

2. That although this original conviction of Dr. Leary was overturned by the U.S. Supreme Court, the Federal police bureaucracy in America indicated its continued hostility to his "publicized activities" (namely, essays and speeches on drug usage theory) by trying him again for the same minor event; and by such abuse of language succeeded in having Dr. Leary sentenced to a 10-year jail term.

3. That California state prosecutors and judges escalated this legal abuse of Philosophy, by duplicating prosecution for possession of another tiny amount of marijuana, adding the enormity of another 10-year sentence and persecutive denial of bail, and superadded insult to injury by proclaiming in court openly that Dr. Leary, on the basis of the following essays:

"Deal for Real," in *East Village Other* (New York), Vol. 4, No. 3, Sept. 24, 1969; and *Los Angeles Free Press*:

"Episode & Postscript," in *Playboy*, Vol. 16, No. 12, December 1969;

was "an insidious and detrimental influence on society... a pleasure-seeking, irresponsible Madison Avenue advocate of the free use of LSD and marijuana."\* The Judge McMillan who pronounced these words held above his bench a copy of *Playboy* in justification for his language denying bail and sentencing Dr. Leary to the second 10-year imprisonment from which the author of *Jail Notes*, 154 pp., New York: Douglas Book Corp. 1970, surprisingly escaped on September 12, 1970, and took troubled refuge abroad. What ever one's opinions, or natural or national preferences amongst intoxicants, letters, religions, and political or ecological theory, the Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx hereby affirms that Dr. Leary must certainly have the right to publish his own theories; that at stake in this case, once and for all, is Dr. Leary's freedom to manifest his thoughts in the form of poems psychological commentaries, dialogues, and essays of literary nature before a public whose younger generations, by themselves credibly experienced with the machines, politics and drugs that are the subject of Dr. Leary's writings, include a large minority (perhaps a majority in his native land) who wish Dr. Leary well, and pray for his security peace and protection from persecution by Government Police Bureaucracies everywhere.

It is in fact remarkable to note that Dr. Leary is, for a modern intellectual, a solitary splendid example of a Man Without a Country. Refused entry by most governments, he

cannot visit other countries lest he be extradited to face the cruel and unusual punishment of now more than 20 years' jail if forcibly carried back to America's shores. The Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx takes note that this proposed imprisonment of Dr. Leary rises merely from differences of opinion on public philosophy involving drug use, a scientific matter now being debated in professional circles (psychology, art, religion, poetry, neuro-chemistry).

We take note that a previous domestic appeal against American persecution of Dr. Timothy Leary issued early in the history of this government's war on him was published on May 10, 1966, and signed by: Howard S. Becker, Ph.D., Arnold Beichman, Eric Bentley, George Bowering, Joe Brainard, Harvey Brown, Robert Creeley, Robert S. de Ropp, Ph.D., Diana di Prima, Jason Epstein, Jules Feiffer, Leslie Fiedler, Peter Fonda, Joel Fort, M.D., Jack Gelber, Nat Hentoff, Laura Huxley, Kenneth Koch, Stephen Koch, Irving Kristol, Lawrence Lipton, Robert Lowell, Norman Mailer, Jonas Mekas, Anais Nin, Charles Olson, Norman Podhoretz, Ned Polsky, Ad Reinhardt, Rabbi Zalmon Schachter, Richard Seaver, Robert Silvers, Gary Snyder, Susan Sontag, Alan Watts, D.D., Philip Whalen, and many others. The statement of that date stated:

1. "The infringement of constitutional rights of privacy, interference with religious and scientific practice, excessive enforcement and public anxiety have grown to the crisis stage — through the application of irrational marijuana statutes;
2. The long imprisonment given to the psychological researcher Dr. Timothy Leary, for the possession of one-half ounce of marijuana, illustrates the irrationality of present marijuana laws, and is a cruel and unjust punishment in violation of the Constitution of the United States."

Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx also takes note of the fact that the very police bureaucracy in the U.S. that has hounded Dr. Leary for his professional opinions is the same Narcotics Bureau that in its historic "war on physicians"\*\*\* including suppression of documents and prohibition of medical research, has helped create a major "national plague" of heroin addiction. Personnel of these Narcotics Bureaus are themselves involved in narcotics traffic.

Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx also takes note of recent accusations implicating the U.S. C.I.A. and other military and intelligence organizations in an historic role of subsidizing major traffickers in Indo-Chinese opium (namely, Gen. Ouane Rathikoune of Laos, Marshal Ky of South Vietnam, KMT armies presently in northern Thailand).

Given vast confusions of modern technology and now the much-publicized credibility gap between American government and public, as well as previously much-publicized difficulties of generation gap, the request of California (U.S.) Department of Corrections through American State Department to the Swiss Government for Criminal extradition of Dr. Leary from the mandarin anonymity of his short life of letters in Switzerland, seems the undersigned poets, essayists, and novelists an unseemly and intolerable continuing and exasperating literary vendetta against a specific gifted individual. Dr. Leary is certainly a "High Priest" within his area of specialized scholarship as against the questionable authority of any state in this scientific controversy.

The case of Dr. Leary is outright a case of persecution of ideas and texts — the persecution of his philosophy. Though arrested for grass, he was sentenced for Philosophy. Jailed for grass, he was long prisoned for Opinion. Denied bail for grass possession, he was detained behind barbed wire for Ideological Heresy.

Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx hereby petitions U.S. officials concerned to re-think hostile attitudes and adopt behavior more tolerant of natural controversy and common opinion; to recognize that in exercise of arbitrary authority over Dr. Leary they are engaging in unfortunate "State Policy."

Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx takes note of the public viability of the formulation proposed by the late poet Charles Olson, friend of Dr. Leary, that now "Private is public, and

\*\*As it was termed by the New York Academy of Medicines report on drug addiction, *Bulletin of N.Y. Academy of Medicine*, 1965, July, Vol. 39, No. 7, p 432.

public is how we behave." We affirm that Dr. Leary has the literary right to make his private opinions known publicly, and to engage unpunished in public literary activity. Poet Olson, 1961 Cambridge addressing Professor Leary: "When the police come after you, you can stay in my house."

Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx specifically requests the American State Department and Justice Department to waste no more time, money or passion in this case, and to take no further steps to make a physical prize of Dr. Leary's person. No move is a good move for the American government in this case. We hereby request the Swiss Government to accept Dr. Leary as an archetype of the traditional political, cultural, literary, or philosophic refugee and grant him personal asylum.

As fellow writers, we recommend that Dr. Leary be considered, by all countries, advanced or underdeveloped on both sides of the so-called Cold War, a distinguished refugee from persecution by an International Police Bureaucracy whose executive and philosophic center in this case is a long-corrupted American Narcotics Bureau and its propaganda lobby, the International Narcotics Enforcement Officers Association (INEOA, Albany, N.Y., Honorary President Harry J. Anslinger, former chief of the U.S. Narcotics Bureau).

Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx takes note that the above bureaucracy has arrested and persecuted artist-persons and "underground" newspapers in many countries on pretexts of possession of small amounts of hemp grass for motives ranging from political hostility to culture shock; and has attempted to frame on similar charges a number of celebrated writers including William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, some defendants in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, and black and white political intellectuals, such as the presently jailed John Sinclair and Martin Sastre, on charges similar to those used to entrap Dr. Timothy Leary for almost a decade now in a web of legal complications, a threatening bureaucratic maya created for him by financially-compromised officious members of an anti-intellectual, criminally-associated and professional-corrup a bureaucracy as U.S. Narcotics Bureaus — federal, state and local — have proved in recent history.

Finally the undersigned take note of Dr. Leary's influence on "students and others of immature judgment of tender years" for which he "is regarded as a menace to the community so long as he is at large," in the eyes of his government prosecutors by their own word. We take note of Dr. Leary's public essays in opposition to the American government's war in Vietnam, and his dialogues such as that published widely with Eldridge Cleaver in Algiers touching the same subject.

WE understand that Dr. Leary's request for Swiss asylum will be based upon his opposition to the war in Vietnam, and that in context of this disastrous war's crises his plea is a legitimate statement of his situation.

In sum, Bay Area Prose Poet's Phalanx and associate friends urge that the Swiss government release Dr. Timothy Leary from provisional extradition arrest, not cooperate in extraditing Dr. Leary to America. WE recommend to Swiss and all other governments that they grant our fellow Author Philosopher safe political asylum to complete his work — exploration of his consciousness, vocal literary expression of that unique individual Person whose presence is held sacred in all humane and gnostic democratic nations, and ever enshrined in their literary monuments, witness Whitman and Thoreau for America.

as well as the undersigned Poets, Essayists, and Novelists,  
Allen Ginsberg

Statement approved by  
Herb Gold | Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
Michael McClure | Michael Aldrich  
Philip Whalen | Kenneth Rexroth  
Diane DiPrima | Philip Lamantia  
Ted Berrigan | Howard Becker | Paul Krassner  
Robert Creeley | Anais Nin

\*It should be noted especially that Dr. Leary was on trial not for his opinions of LSD but for common possession of such a small amount of amount of hemp grass that contemporary U.S. punishment for middle class offense of this kind is more or ten than not equivalent to the fine for motor traffic violation.

jaakov kohn	stephen kohn	linda crawford	a.j.weberman	OVERSEAS: 50¢
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charlie frick	fred mogubgub	heidi	john reilly	
yossarian	ray schultz	coca crystal	rudi stern	
honest bob singer	d.a.latimer	jackie friedrich	ralph hall	
rex wiener	tuli kupferberg	paulinea kouwenhovn	spain	
vincent titus	larry s. todd	hetty	kim deitch	
advertising: jonathan postel	/ distribution: werewolf distributors			second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. EAST VILLAGE OTHER published bi-weekly at 20el2th st. New York, N.Y. 10003 telephone: 255-2130-1-2 / 1971/



# 630-3211-031

To some people justice is a 7-letter word. To some it is a court building, opulent in its Greek Revival and many pillars. To the men of the Harlem Six--to Robert Rice, Walter Thomas, Daniel Hamm, William Craig, Ronald Felder, Wallace Baker--it is seven long years in prison, seven years that involved a trial for first-degree murder of a white shopowner in Harlem, killed in April, 1964, being found guilty of that murder, having an appeal granted in 1968, waiting for a retrial, getting that second trial seven years later and gaining a jury that was so positively "hung" that after five days of deliberation it was still unable to reach a consolidated verdict. And yet they are still in jail. The judge will not grant bail. Is this the seven-letter word that is supposed to grant equality to everyone? It would seem not if you're a black man!

One of these six--William Craig--wrote from the Tombs: "America's so-called justice holds no truth unless your money is in view. Poor people as a whole will never receive it. And poor people are not just one group of people. I've seen poor whites get caught in the web of their (America's) justice. Their (white) complexion did not grant them any more than anyone else. But it's a fact that a black man can't receive justice in court, in the street, or in their war. He will never receive justice as long as he's ignorant to the first law, 'Take care of self before taking care of someone else...' Justice means just-ice else...' Justice means just-ice! It melts (runs) for the rich. And it freezes (stops) on the poor."

And yet they remain in jail. They were, perhaps, the first of the many recent political prisoners to go to prison, be tried for crimes which grew out of an essentially political rationale, and who maintained the self-righteous attitude demonstrated by Bobby Seale in his trial in New Haven. But in 1964 there weren't the William Kunstler's to come to their aide, nor, more importantly, a climate of political awareness that could have engendered support for their cause amongst their own community. Kunstler did involve himself in 1966 to work for an appeal, after they had been found guilty in 1965. However there was such a strong legalistic pressure that encompassed the Six that no one was able to get to them. Conrad Lynn, who tried in 1965 to be appointed to their trial and was refused, only managed to break through the tight coercive web that surrounds the Six, in 1971.

They were labeled the Blood Brotherhood, consecrated into that role by the efforts of The New York Times, who ran a lengthy feature spreading a climate of racial fervor culminating in the Harlem Riots of the summer of 1964. It was a fictitious plot, created on the part of its inventor out of all the mythical lore that could be brought--young boys signing their names in blood as a pace (Huckleberry Finn style?); studying Middle-Eastern religions and using Arabic phrases as manifestations of occult covents; practicing karate which was evidence of

agressiveness toward police--and sanctioned by the Times most probably because of its sensational quality. Yet, what was the ultimate objective of this Blood Brotherhood? To "kill White" according to the Times articles. Out of what a certain blood brother (what else would brothers of Harlem who share a common history of oppression freely refer to themselves as) stated was a desire to protect themselves from police reprisals and to help their community, this Times reporter allowed himself to be subject to another unidentified youth's pranksterish, or facious statement about "kill White".

Yet the fault cannot lie with the Harlem youth who perhaps made that statement nor with the millions of readers who read that in The New York Times. But with the writer and the editorial policy of the Times which would allow such statements to be printed without making any effort to substantiate their validity. And millions did read it, and many reacted and believed in it, if for no other reason than out of the hidden guilt that governs much of white America, manifesting itself in a paranoia of blacks--that they are going to get us.

All of which assuredly led to a quick conviction in 1965. And that here was a quick conviction is not surprising since there was no effort made for their defense. The court appointees--from local political clubs--were assigned and did nothing but accept the testimony of state witnesses and the evidence upon which it based its case. Those court appointees did not even consult out of the courtroom with any of their defendants nor bring in any possible witnesses (which there are) that could have been to their benefit. Eventually, all of the Harlem Six stood up and denounced the court proceedings as a "railroad job." But of course, since they were too poor to retain lawyers of their choosing, the court disregarded any protests they had. In point, the judge made the statement "those boys wouldn't know a good lawyer from a watermelon!"

And the New York court of Appeal; And the New York Court of Appeals was "reluctantly constrained," in their words, to grant an appeal in 1968 after much involved legalistic action by concerned civil rights lawyers and petitioners. Those who argued for an appeal were basing their case not only on the infringement of a fair trial by judge and jury, but that other constitutional inequities were in operation, chiefly the extraction of confessions by process of verbal intimidation and in some cases beatings. The Appeals Court, though, worded it somewhat more cautiously: "admission of these statements without any attempt to redact them violated the defendants constitutional right to confront their accusers."

In specific, Wallace Baker was beaten so badly by police when arrested that he had to be taken to Harlem Hospital and his mother called to authorize x-rays to be taken of his skull. Today, Baker's mental

(Continued on Page 14)

Philip Charles Cooper



The Arab-Israeli conflict has already focused public attention on the injustice done to the Arab Israelis and the Palestinians outside Israel's borders. In INK, June 12, Michael Zwerin referred to a less-familiar aspect of the disintegration of socialism in the Jewish State — the fate of Israel's so-called 'black Jews', the Sephardis and Oriental Jews, which has ultimately led to the appearance of the 'Israeli Black Panthers'.

The Israeli Black Panthers are a marginal phenomenon. Still, they have recently been causing a lot of excitement among those looking for something finally to break inside Israel's monolithic Zionist society. Particular interest was raised when a young Israeli, one of the most active Panthers, was remanded in custody some weeks ago after throwing a Molotov cocktail at one of their demonstrations. In Israel, a country haunted by terrorism from beyond the borders and inside the Arab community, an act of open and premeditated violence by people supposedly 'inside', part of the monolith, was bound to have considerable repercussions. And cause considerable worry to the government.

Which really should not worry too much. The Panthers themselves are not — or not yet — a real danger to the unity of Israeli Jewish society. Nonetheless, they might become so, if the 'Black Jews' go on being 'Black' in the underprivileged, discriminated sense of the word. As of today, this seems likely, in spite of the unceasing hostilities with the Arabs: the underlying causes of their grievances are bound to remain. Let us see why.

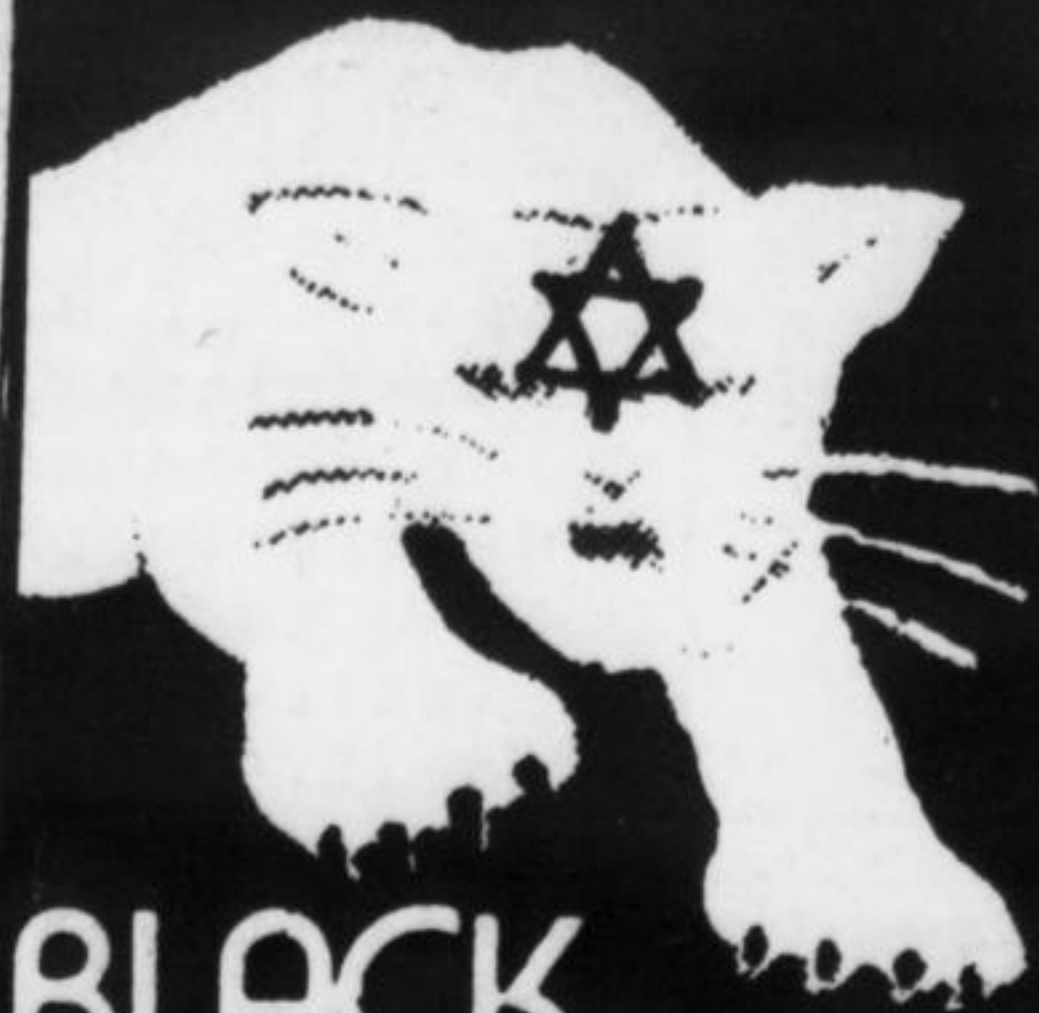
Israel is a settlers' country. This means a country founded and led by immigrants. The more sophisticated among them — and those who came first — are the European Jews, mainly Russian and Polish immigrants who came at the start of the century, and German immigrants who arrived when Hitler started his persecutions against Jews.

During the first twenty years of the State of Israel (founded in 1948), a huge wave of Oriental Jews arrived from Iraq, Yemen, the North African and the other Arab countries. Some even left Persia, Kurdistan, Afghanistan and India. This influx of poor people, relatively uneducated, and with a totally different background from that of the original settlers and the native-born *Tzabras*, gave rise to a considerable imbalance inside the Jewish population — which as a whole however, went on acting towards the Arabs of Israel in a unified antagonistic way.

In due time the Oriental Jews became, through immigration and birth-rate, a majority of between 53-57 per cent of the total Jewish population. (Nobody can know the exact truth, as the Israeli Bureau of Statistic publishes facts about *incoming* Jewish migrants but none about *outgoing* emigrants. Most of these, who leave for the US and Europe, are 'White Jews'. So it is difficult to pinpoint how big the 'Black Jewish' majority is.)

As part of the Jewish Establishment they, too, get some advantages from the funds streaming into the coffers of the Jewish State from Zionist appeals. They get, for instance, a fair amount of medical aid through the Trade Unions' Sick Fund, of KUPAT HOLIM, to which most Israelis belong. They may also get severance pay when leaving the Army, after three years. If they are disabled in battle they get the same advantages as the White Jews.

On the other hand, their living conditions



## BLACK JEW'S ISRAEL'S SECONDARY VICTIMS

Maxim Ghilan

[ink]

are often unbearable. In the Jerusalem slums of Mutzrara and Katamonim a twelve-man family often lives in one or two rooms. In Shehunat Hatikwah, near Tel-Aviv, vice, hard drugs and crime are as much part of the scene as in Notting Hill Gate. Some Black Jews can just about read (from obligatory Bible lessons — but not write. Above all, the authorities discriminate consciously against Oriental Jews: the Black Jew will always have less chance to succeed. Even 'mixed marriages' are frowned upon by the white ('Ashkenazi') majority. The Black Jews, or 'Sephardis', are termed 'Frenks', a term comparable in Israel to 'Nigger'. They are considered fit only for second-rate occupations.

That this scene has not exploded into violence more often or sooner is only due to the unending war, which welds the Jews into a single unit, afraid of the surrounding Arabs, conscious of its identity as a separate, and therefore united organism.

Even so, there have been isolated spots of violence. The Black Jews tend to congregate

in ghettos and villages of their own. This is as much due to their own choosing as to preferential treatment given to certain 'White Jews' by the authorities. 'Mixed' settlements and collective villages exist, but they tend to be split down the middle: two separate communities will be found living side by side — one, say, of immigrants from Morocco, the other of immigrants from Rumania.

In towns the situation is somewhat better, in such mixed areas. But, almost by definition, these areas are poor: the better-off 'White Jews' tend to move away from 'mixed' or 'Frenk' areas such as the Jessie Cohen quarter in Holon or Shehunat Hatikwah in Tel-Aviv. The better-off Oriental Jews, on the other hand tend to seek better flats in the 'White' or 'Ashkenazi' areas of the towns.

The poor 'Black Jews', however, become the 'twilight class'. From them come most of Israel's criminals. Into the Frenk areas of the big cities — Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv, Haifa, Beer-Sheba — stream thirteen- and fourteen-year-old girls from the villages, almost all of them Oriental Jewesses, who become prostitutes. And on a different, if no less grim level, these poor and half-educated Black Jews become the main 'Arab handlers' in the occupied territories: the interrogators, translators and jailers of the Army and the Police; the small businessmen and pedlars who bring to the Territories unmarked Israeli products for sale in the Arab countries; and to Israel — smuggled Arab goods (including Hashish).

It is against this background that the Israeli Black Panther, recently renamed the 'Blue-White Panther', made its apparition. It was welcomed by nightsticks, arrests and police-hoses. The fact that the Frenks broke out of their apathy caused a real and even exaggerated wave of fear. The worst and most efficient policemen, active in splitting faces and making unwarranted arrests, were often Black Jews themselves.

Recently, at one of the Panther demonstrations protesting discrimination against native-born and Sephardi Jews as compared with the advantages granted to Russian Immigrants, seventy-three arrests were made — an unprecedented number in socially-apatetic Israel. Some of the Panthers' activists were not actually taken at the demonstration. Police waited for the following night, came to their homes and took them according to a prepared printed list.

Once in jail, a funny thing happened: while extreme pressure by threats and brutality was applied, after 24 hours some of the Panthers' leaders were taken . . . to a party. There, on bitters and shortcake, they met with some of the tame 'Black Jewish Leaders' — leaders of the Association of Moroccan Jews. They were offered personal gain and promised help and better houses. One wing of the Black Panthers went over to the Association — which is government-controlled.

Another wing, under the leadership of 27-year-old Eddie Malka, did not. 'It would have been more logical if the Association of Moroccan Immigrants went over to the Panthers', he declared. 'We are every kind of Black Jew. They are Moroccan Black Jews only.' Malka himself is of Moroccan extraction.

The spark which kindled the bitterness of the Oriental Jews was this year's vociferous campaign against the Soviet Russian

government, which was asked to allow its Jews to emigrate to Israel if they wished to do so. Many of the Russian Jews took up Zionism as the only means of self- and group-expression they could find when denied the right of political and cultural self-expression. This, of course, was at once taken up in Israel. A huge international campaign was and is still being waged by Jews and Zionists everywhere, in defence of the rights of the Russian Jews.

This campaign was particularly important for the Israeli government, worried by a four to five time higher birthrate among the Israeli Arabs as compared with the Israeli Jews. A steady trickle of emigration, coupled with the gradual decline in Oriental Jewish immigration, created a very real worry: would the Jewish State stop being Jewish? American, European and educated Oriental Jews preferred, as a rule, to live elsewhere. Out of those who did come, many went away again. There remained one untapped reservoir of Jewish manpower: the Russian Jews, three million of them, living in a Police State and therefore anxious, and a rule, to seek out change.

The political campaign for the rights and immigration of Soviet Jews was accompanied, inside Israel, by a social and economic effort to absorb them properly. The high cultural standard of these Russian immigrants, as well as their cultural background, similar to that of part of the ruling Establishment Leaders, made them, all of a sudden, a privileged group. This, contrasting with the war-inspired austerity in which the lower-class Oriental Jews were finding themselves, set off the explosion.

It came in the form of demonstrations, fights with the police and, recently, determined organization. Within three to four months the Israeli Panthers claim a membership of over nine thousand members — a fabulous figure for Israel. But they are not led by politically minded or conscious class-elements. An effort by the extreme left-wing Israeli Socialist Organization ('MATZPEN') to direct and organize the Panthers met with failure: the Oriental Jews gladly accepted those MATZPEN people who joined in their demonstrations and were beaten up at their sides by police — but they kept them at arm's length.

Moreover, the Israeli Panthers are extremely chauvinistic in their outlook. They have no social ideology whatsoever, except for their wish to get as much out of the social set-up as their 'White Jewish' brethren do. Efforts to educate them have — up to now — been invariably unsuccessful. At one of their meetings, one of their slogans was 'When will a Sephardi called Abutbul get the same rights as a new Russian immigrant called Feigin?' The ISO people tried to complete this slogan by adding to it the proviso: 'When an Arab like Muhammed is treated like Abutbul.' This slogan was shouted down by the demonstrators as irrelevant to their struggle.

Yet the fact remains that without such slogans and ideas the struggle of the Israeli Panthers can obtain very meagre results. At best, some hundreds of flats may be diverted from their original goal — immigrant dwellings — to the use of young Oriental newlyweds. But the roots of the problem will remain untouched, and the energy of the Jewish underprivileged will go on being exploited by the Israeli Establishment, both directly, and for the containment of the still more oppressed Arab minority.



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DOGPATCH STUMP-JOB

# ☆ AJ CRAPS ON AL CAPP ☆

Complete  
Rap

Dig-it: Al Crap asked me to appear as a guest on a pilot radio show he was taping. The show was never broadcast for reasons which will become obvious after you dig this transcription (I had a concealed tape recorder with me).

Capp: My name is Al Capp and my job is getting Lil Abner into trouble in the comics and real people into trouble on the radio. Our next guest is Alan J. Weberman ... now Alan J. Weberman is a revolutionary COMMUNIST who doesn't like to be called Alan because it's too comradly..he prefers to be called 'A.J.' which has a more important ring to it..it makes him sound like an executive...

A.J.: That's for you..YOU CALL ME THAT...my friends can call me Alan.  
Capp: I see, but I may be your pal before this day is over..

A.J.: I doubt it  
Capp: Oh you dont know how chummy I can become. But A.J., SON, this is my introduction...

A.J.: Okay..DAD  
Capp: ..so you let me go right thru it A.G. and later if I like you you can call me DAD. Now let's go in there again cause I have some very witty things here and I dont want any interruptions...

A.J.: Ah okay..  
Capp: Now you just sit there and inhale and exhale Alan...A.J., A.J. SORRY .I- I'M SO SORRY...

A.J.: Give me something to inhale and exhale with...

Capp: I just dont happen to have your kind of inhaling and exhaling stuff with me but there's a PUSHER down the block....

A.J.: You left it home, huh?  
Capp: ...who'll fetch it in a minute. A.J.'s profession is going through garbage, BOB DYLAN's garbage to be exact, and we'll hear more about this fascinating and inspiring young Amerikan after this message...Now A.J., as an authority on Dylan surely you know his name is Zimmerman?

A.J.: Of course.  
Capp: So why dont you call yourself ...to be PURE, REALLY PURE, a Zimmermanologist rather than a Dylanologist? It has more of an academic ring.

A.J.: Why dont I call myself a Zimmermanologist..simple..it has too many syllables.

Capp: Too many syllables. A.J. has stumped me with the PURE WHITE logic of his reason...now you're the only living Zimmermanologist..err Dylanologist.

A.J.: Let me correct your introduction first..my profession isn't going through Dylan's garbage..I merely did that in order to get a platform for my ideas because of the sensationalist nature of the media. You see I'd been studying Dylan's poetry via analytic criticism for about four years previous to my going through his garbage and I received very little attention in the press..

Capp: No kidding? Although you studied his poetry the press paid no attention to you. A.J. I consider that very...

A.J.: They were more interested in his garbage...  
Capp: ..unfair..having Nixon all over the press and not you..and then you started to go through Dylan's garbage?

A.J.: Well I feel that the way I studied Dylan's poetry was definitely newsworthy - because where most rock critics glossed over the lyrics and ...said they were meaningless I found meaning by using the techniques of analytic criticism...

Capp: I'm gonna read you a poem written by err Bob Dylan and it talks about guys like you.."Look, I don't care what your daddy says, J. Edgar Hoover is just not that good a guy.. like he must have information.."

(from TARANTULA) Ah, some people like Shelly, some people like Keats, but does Shelly and Keats ah have what Dylan has..abysmal ignorance-certainly not. J. Edgar Hoover goes on with Dylan-"..J. Edgar Hoover is just not that good a guy. Why he must have information on every person inside the White House that if the public knew about could destroy those people." So here, your ideal, Dylan expresses utter contempt for people who gather information on other people...how does he feel about you?

A.J.: Dylan has mixed feelings about me..  
Capp: Mixed with what?  
A.J.: He admires me because I'm a fighter..because I do my thing ceaselessly.

Capp: By the way, how do you support yourself? Dylanologists aren't in tremendous demand...I've never said 'Call a Dylanologist right over..'  
A.J.: You'd be surprised...  
Capp: How much did you earn this week from Dylanology?  
A.J.: About seven bucks.  
Capp: How do you live? Are you on wefare?

A.J.: Almost..I write for the East Village Other...they pay about \$25. a week when they can. I write on other topics..I dont live like a pig, like most white Amerikans do..I live modestly in a small loft on the Bowery...But let's get back to...  
Capp: NO NO NO YOU, A.J. Do you write.  
A.J.: Okay. I'm doing an article for Esquire Magazine...

Capp: On garbage...  
A.J.: On various famous personages garbage.  
Capp: GARBAGE..what a STINKING way to make a living...  
A.J.: But getting back to that J. Edgar Hoover thing..did you know that Jack Anderson went through J. Edgar Hoover's garbage?  
Capp: Yes.  
A.J.: You know Jack Anderson, don't you?  
Capp: Yes, yes...  
A.J.: He went through your garbage too, didn't he man?  
Capp: That's right and ah ah ah...  
A.J.: He found all kinds of things about you being kicked out of Alabama for ahhh...  
Capp: All this, of course, will be yanked right out, just as I'm not going to mention you're being arrested as a DOPE PEDDLER.  
A.J.: Can you prove that?  
Capp: Let's get back...  
A.J.: Can you even come up with an arrest record on that?



Capp: Well, if you'd like us to we will...

A.J.: I'd like to see you do that.. I was arrested for sale of MARIJUANA.

Capp: Marijuana is DOPE.  
A.J.: MARIJUANA IS A HARMLESS SUBSTANCE:.....

Capp: But legally it's DOPE and you were arrested for PUSHING DOPE..Well, now let's not talk about that cause we're gonna go right back and cut ALL of that out.

A.J.: Well, marijuana or exposing yourself...give me reefer anytime.. it never hurt anyone...what a way to introduce somebody to human sexuality ...showing them your wizened genitals WHAT A WAY TO INTRODUCE A YOUNG PERSON TO SEX!

Capp: I think we've had enough of A.J., shall we?

Prod: I think if we talk about the Dylan thing...

Capp: No, I have no desire to have A.J. here with me in this room.

Prod.: I understand. Thank-you A.J. but some other day.

Capp: No, I just wont have you here..  
A.J.: Okay, DAD.....

BANGLA DESH

death walks...  
nobody talks  
will you?

RALLY at the U.N.  
saturday, august 14

noon

speakers:

dave dellinger  
eqbal ahmed  
d.r. alamgir  
s.j. avery

HAMMARSKJOLD  
PLAZA

save the people



## SCIENTOLOGY SUES THE REALIST!!!



In the May-June, 1970 issue of The Realist -- which the Library Journal has called the "best satirical magazin now being published in America" -- there was an editorial announcing the contents of the upcoming 13th Anniversary issue, including the following paragraph:

"You will be witness to socio-spiritual scandals: why the Beatles really broke with giggling Maharishi; the rise of Sirhan Sirhan in the Scientology hierarchy; the transmutation of Richard Alpert into Baba Ram Dass."

The lawsuit alleges that this statement was "intended to be understood by the general public and readers, and was so understood by them, charging, asserting and imputing that the plaintiff is not involved in a religious movement but rather some form of unlawful or unethical activity and that the plaintiff employs criminal methods in furthering its religion..."

"As a direct and proximate result of the foregoing, plaintiff has suffered pecuniary loss in that many members, prospective members and persons in the general public have not made or have decreased the amount of their fixed contributions, offerings and donations to plaintiff because of the defamatory statement. Plaintiff does not know at this time the exact amount of the pecuniary loss resulting from the foregoing and plaintiff prays leave to amend this allegation and insert the true amount of the loss when the same becomes known to it..."

"Defendants have conspired between themselves and with other established religious, medical and political

organizations and persons presently unknown to plaintiff. By subtle covert and pernicious techniques involving unscrupulous manipulation of all public communication media, defendants and their co-conspirators have conspired to deny plaintiff its right to exercise religious beliefs on an equal basis with the established religious organizations of this country.

"These conspirators have utilized what has now become their modus operandi of hiring strangers to write libelous documents for them and then trying to hide behind them..."

"Said conspirators and diverse other parties, members of the established social, religious and economic society of America today, have a conspiratorial party line whereby they harass, ridicule, defame and malign any new organizations, religious, social or economic, regardless of their merits, when it appears that they are about to become a threat to the established orders' source of funds or membership. Said conspirators thereby seriously protect their established order and economic well-being for their own selfish, economic, own selfish, economic, social and ideological reasons and thereby prevent dissemination of new ideas and freedom of speech..."

### STATEMENT BY PAUL KRASSNER

I won't say anything about the Sirhan Sirhan article because it hasn't been published yet, and any reference here would be out of context. Also, I think it's irrelevant whether or not he was ever involved with Scientology. The nature of their lawsuit reveals more about them than any piece the Realist

could ever print. I never heard of an entire religion suing anybody before. Can you imagine the Quakers accusing me of being part of a conspiracy against them because I said that President Nixon is a member? The real question becomes:

If I had announced that the Realist was going to publish an article called "The Rise of Richard Nixon in the Scientology Hierarchy," would they still be suing? Or would they be glowing with clear pride instead?

Would their reputation be more damaged by association with a single assassin than a mass murder?

During the Democratic convention in Chicago, I exposed Lyndon Johnson as a leader of the Yippies. After all, merely pointing out one rotten apple in a barrel is certainly not to be construed as a criticism of the whole barrel. Ironically, because I said recently that Country Joe McDonald has gotten into Scientology, now he's planning to sue me for libel. But I don't believe he's paranoid enough to go through with it. What's really a threat to Scientology is the kind of consciousness I try to articulate, which they insist can be achieved only by swearing in court on the Holy E-Meter. The reason Jesus never sued the Philistines is because he was too busy chasing the moneylenders out of the temple.

Attorneys for Paul Krassner filed today a petition in the District Court in Los Angeles to remove this suit to a Federal court because of the Constitutional question it raises concerning freedom of the press as guaranteed by the First Amendment.



# KILL THE QUEERS OR THE QUEERS RUN FREE!

By Don Jackson

"Psychiatry is waging a war of extermination against homosexuals," said Dr. Franklin Kameny, "The psychiatric profession is the major enemy of the American Gay Community."

For the fifth time in a year, Gay Liberationists disrupted a shrink convention. This time it was the American Psychiatric Association convention in Washington, D.C. Enraged shrinks pushed and shoved at Gays, as the Gays forced their way into the convention hall. Veteran Gay Militant Dr. Kameny "liberated" the rostrum and told the shrinks that the disruption could be viewed as a formal declaration of war. "This is a declaration of war against you," Dr. Dameny said.

Kameny was answering a challenge by Executive Director O'Donnell of the National Association for Mental Health. Last November, Gays disrupted the NAMH convention in Los Angeles. At that time, O'Donnell said "If you go against us, we'll set your movement (Gay Liberation) back ten years."

Since then, aggressive anti-homosexual provocations by shrinks have increased. In December, they pressured the Nebraska legislature into declaring that all "incureable" homosexuals are "sociopaths", and as such can be incarcerated for life in state mental hospitals.

The American Medical Association, the NAMH affiliate, launched a vicious anti-homosexual crusade in its magazines, TODAY'S HEALTH and the AMA JOURNAL. Other shrinks busied themselves writing anti-homosexual hate literature.

Castration under various guises came into common use as a "treatment" for homosexuality. Dr. Hans Orthner, a neurosurgeon, announced that he had excellent results "curing" hundreds of homosexuals by destroying the sex nerve center in the brain with an electric shock probe. Other neurosurgeons boasted that their surgical methods to destroy the sex drive with various brain surgeries or by cutting the nerves leading to genitals were equally effective. In California, atrocious "experiments" were performed on homosexuals in state mental institutions and prisons. In most instances these atrocities were committed without the consent of the "patient."

Dr. H.B. Glass, president of the prestigious American Association for the Advancement of Science told the national conference of that organization: "There will have to be forced abortions to rid the world of uncontrollable defects such as mongolism and sex deviation." Dr. Glass, a geneticist, sounds more like a eugenicist. His remark is almost identical in wording to a remark made by the late Adolph Hitler to the German Eugenics Association.

In April, 1971, Dr. Sydny Margolese announced that he had discovered that homosexuality was caused by

an endocrinological imbalance -- an excess of the male hormone, etiocolanlone. Dr. Margolese predicted that his discovery would lead to a drug for the "treatment and prevention of homosexuality."

Dr. Margolese's research was funded by the National Institute for Mental Health. It provides a way to implement Dr. Glass' "Kill the Queers" proposal. Since hormone secretions begin before birth, it will be possible to detect and abort homosexual fetuses.

Gay Liberationists take all this as evidence of a monstrous conspiracy for the genocide of homosexuals. Gays feel that the shrinks are angry because of the disruptions, and because Gay Liberation has exposed anti-homosexual psychiatry as a hoax -- nothing more than a semantic device to veil the religious beliefs of shrinks with the respectability of scientific terms.

Shrinks say that homosexuality is a disease because heterosexuality is necessary to reproduce the species. The fact that other primates are dominantly homosexual yet still manage to have a rampantly growing population does not impress the irrational shrinks, nor does the fact that dominantly homosexual human cultures survive and flourish shake their religious conviction that the human race will become extinct without universal state enforced heterosexuality.

With equal logic it could be argued that since people need fuck only once every ten years to maintain a 0 population growth, that heterosexuality is obviously a disease and must be stamped out as a genetic strain lest people become as numerous as cockroaches.

During the early part of this century, eugenics was a respectable and popular science. Eugenics is the science of improving the human genetic pool by encouraging people with "good" genes to multiply, while discouraging or preventing reproduction by individuals whom the eugenicists felt were inferior. During the 1920's, many American states, including California, passed eugenics laws, which provided for the compulsory sterilization of habitual criminals, sex deviates, the mentally ill and the retarded.

But it was in Hitler's Reich that eugenics raised to its greatest prominence. Eugenicists proclaimed that Jewishness and homosexuality were genetic defects that had to be stamped out by the "FINAL SOLUTION". Later, Gypsies, Blacks and Slavs were added to the list of "diseased" racial strains.

If the First World War was "The war to make the world safe for democracy", the Second World War was the war to make the world safe from eugenics. The outrages of the eugenicists untied the world against the Nazis. Finally, the eugenicists declared that all non-Aryans were "untermenchen", an inferior, subhuman species.

The terrible science reached

its culmination in the extermination of twenty million people in the crematoria of Belsen and Dachau. Now, the disreputable science is again raising its ugly head under the labels of psychiatry, neurosurgery, genetics and endocrinology. The neo-eugenicists, being mostly Jews, are free from anti-semitism, but are vehemently anti-homosexual and to a lesser extent anti-black. Many of the neo-eugenicists involved in the anti-Gay conspiracy are saying that Blacks are genetically inferior and have smaller brains and I.Q.'s than whites

The fact that the neo-eugenicists are almost unanimously Jewish is relevant. The anti-homosexual taboo can be traced to the ancient Jews. Homosexuality was acceptable and commonplace in all other ancient civilizations. It has been suggested that the Jews adopted anti-homosexuality (and circumcision) as a national symbol, like a flag, in order to distinguish themselves from their neighbors -- and to increase their birthrate, thus gaining a military advantage over their neighbors.

Anti-homosexuality became a patriotic attitude

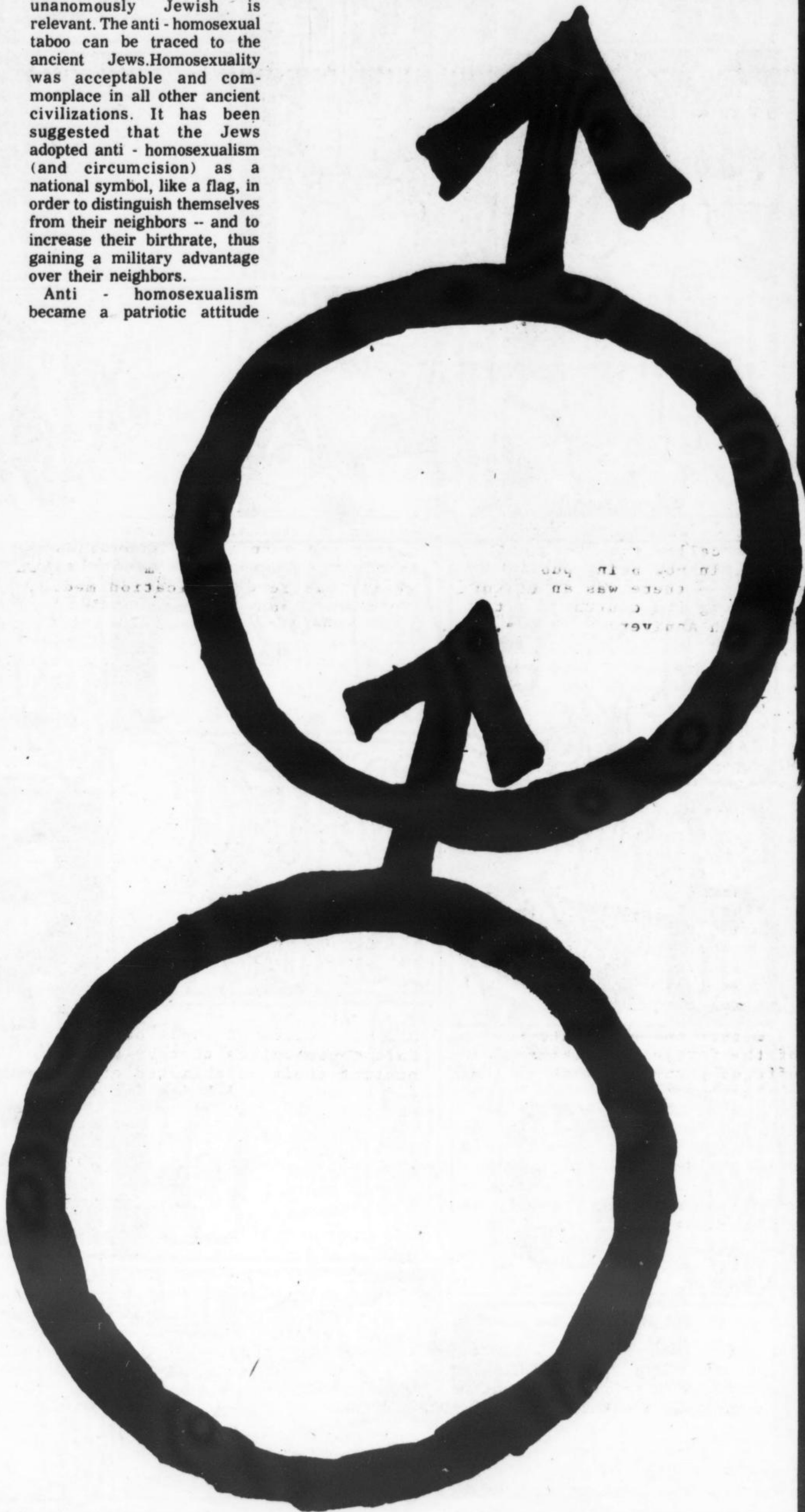
connected with the territorial ambitions of the Jewish Kings. It became an obsession of the Jews and permeated every aspect of their culture. It was carried into Christianity by Saul of Tarsus (St. Paul), who spreads forth anti-homosexual venom in the "Epistles of Paul", more than half of the New Testament. There is an anti-homosexual taboo built into Christianity, but it lacks the intense patriotic fervor of the Jewish taboo. Gentile scientists seem to overcome their subconscious hate but even Jewish atheists have such firmly rooted anti-homosexual obsessions in their cultural heritage that it dominates their

mental processes to the extent that they cannot view homosexuality rationally.

Hopefully, American cultural inhibitions against mass extermination will preclude a restaging of the last days of Belsen and Dachau. More likely, the neo-eugenicists will attempt genocide by murdering homosexuals while they are still fetuses -- as they have already implied.

Either way, the genocide of Gays will be disastrous for the world. The same old story is the same old ending.

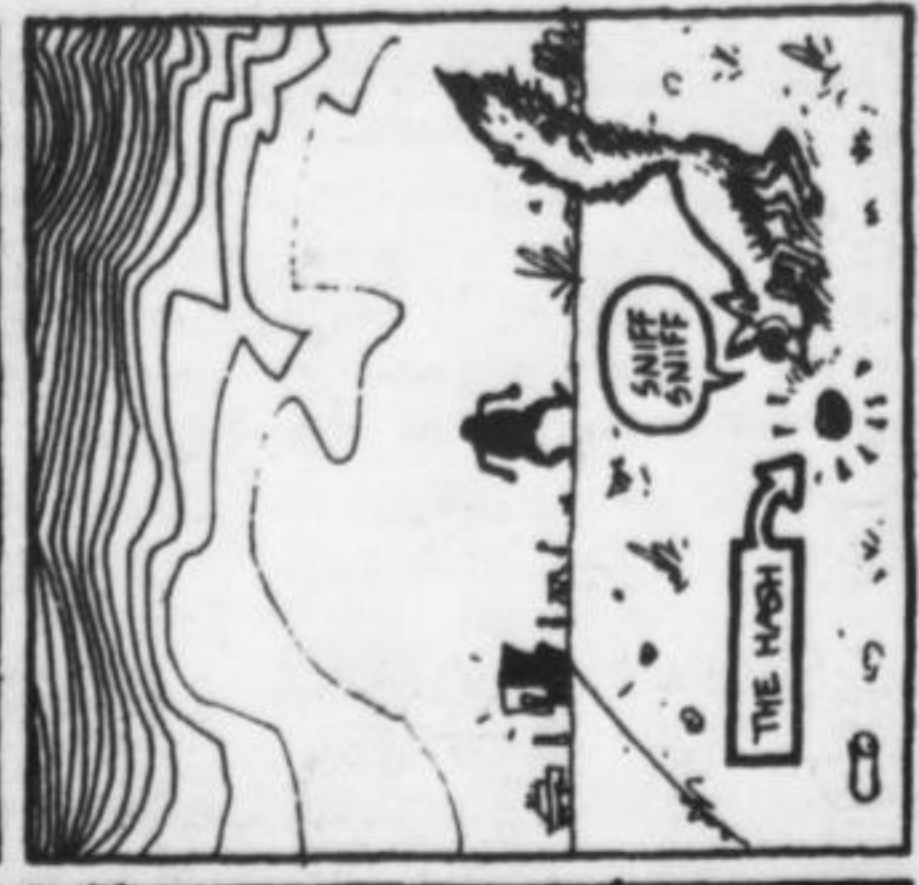
Ed: As to Jewish taboo against homosexuality - how about Kind David and Jonathan? Check your bible!!!!







HOW DID HE KNOW I WAS HIDING? HE MUST BE PSYCHIC! I'D BETTER DO WHAT HE TELLS ME!



THE WASH



LISTEN HERE, I KNOW YOU GOT SOME OF THAT STUFF ON YOU SOMEWHERE! YOU JUST FLING IT OUT THE WINDOW RIGHT NOW!



I'LL KEEP HIM COVERED!



HOW TH' FICK WOULD HE KNOW THEY'RE GONNA SEARCH US?!



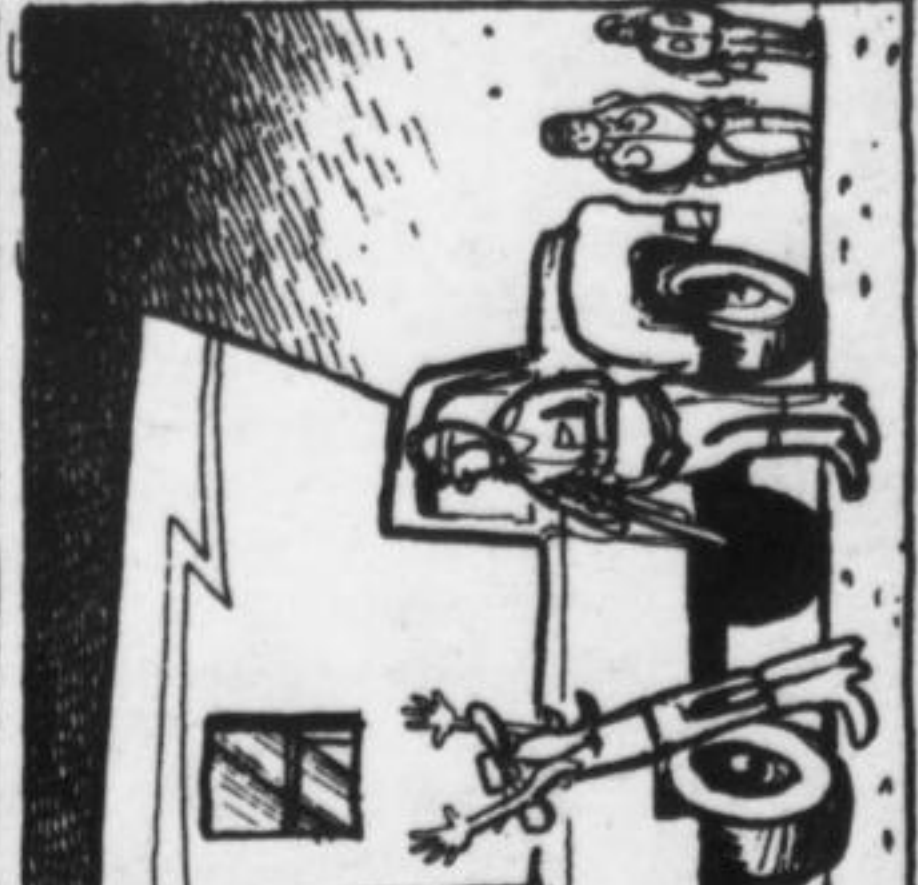
THAT ONE TH' WASH GONNA BE OUT THERE. I'M GONNA GO PICK IT UP AND SEE WHAT IT WAS!



THAT'S A BRAKE BOARDLOCK UP AHEAD, FRIEND! THEY'RE FIXIN TO SEARCH US! IF YOU GOT ANY OF THAT THERE FICK ME JUST LIKE I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT, BETTER GET RID OF IT QUICK!



GOODBYE, ONE WHOLE OUNCE OF GOOD WASH!



I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING!



STONE GROOVE, MAN! MON. FAR OUT. OUR SIGHT. (BURY)



I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING!



THE FABULOUS RUSBY



I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING!



THE FABULOUS RUSBY



I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING!



IF HE THERS ANYTHING OUT THAT WINDOW, IT'S GONE NOW! WELL HAVE TO LET HIM GO!



YOU'RE INTERFERING UPON ME TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE, CHUM!



BONK



FORGOTTEN! THEY'VE HERE PICK UP THE GARBAGE IN THIS PART OF TOWN!



I'M HUNGRY!



WOW! NOW IT'S A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE IN A RED CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE! SHE'S GONNA PICK ME UP AND FEED ME AND FICK ME JUST LIKE I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT!



THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS! WHY CAN'T I GET A DECENT RIDE!



HEY, MAN! WANNA DO SOME SMACK?



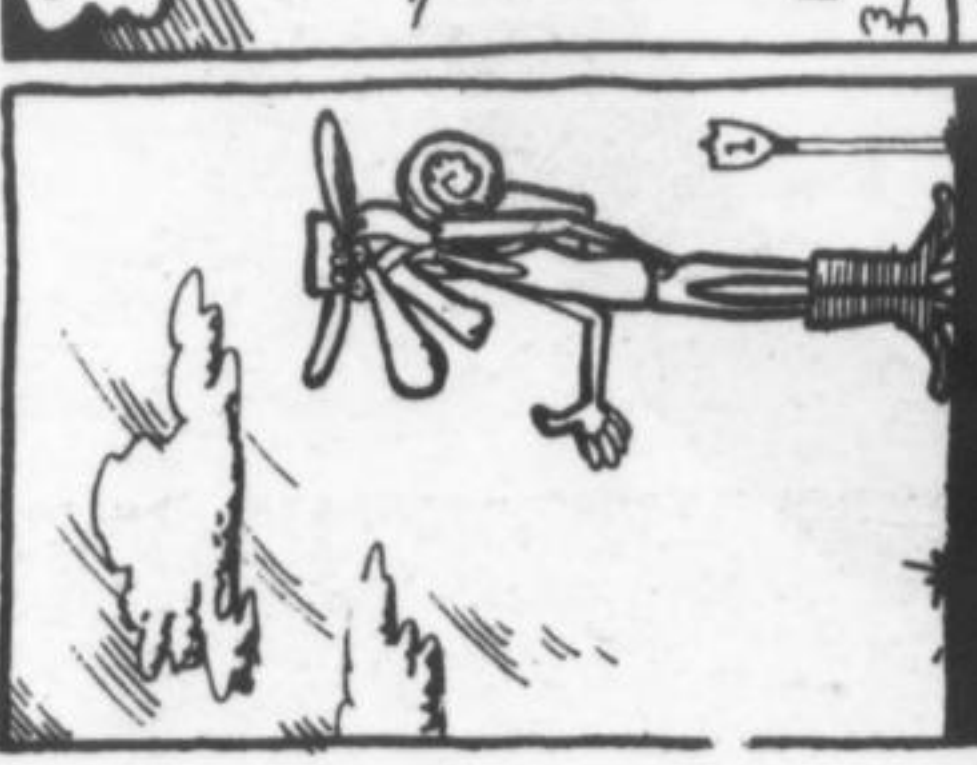
WHERE'D YOU GET THE SHORT?



WOW! HERE COMES A BUS FULL OF FREAKS! MAYBE THEY'LL KEEP ME HIGH ALL THE WAY TO SAN FRANCISCO!!



HERE COMES A YOUNG DUDE IN A NEW CORVETTE! I'LL GET THERE IN RECORD TIME!



HOP IN, SONNY! I HATE A SNORT!



I WAS JUST DRYING OUT MY THUMB!



HOP IN, BOY! YOU GONNA TO 'FRISGO? HET DAMN, THAT SURE IS ONE SWINGIN' TOWN!



OAKLAND, TOO!



LET'S STOP THAT CAMPER AND LOOK THROUGH IT!



STOP FOR INSPECTION



HERE COMES A PICKUP TRUCK WITH A CAMPER! A REDNECK SPECIAL! HE'S STOPPING!



WELL, AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO BE BUSTED WITH SOME FAK OUT WEIRDO!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...



FLAPFLAP FLAPFLAP FLAPFLAP



SPLOAT SPLOAT SPLOAT



THE FABULOUS RUSBY



THE FABULOUS RUSBY



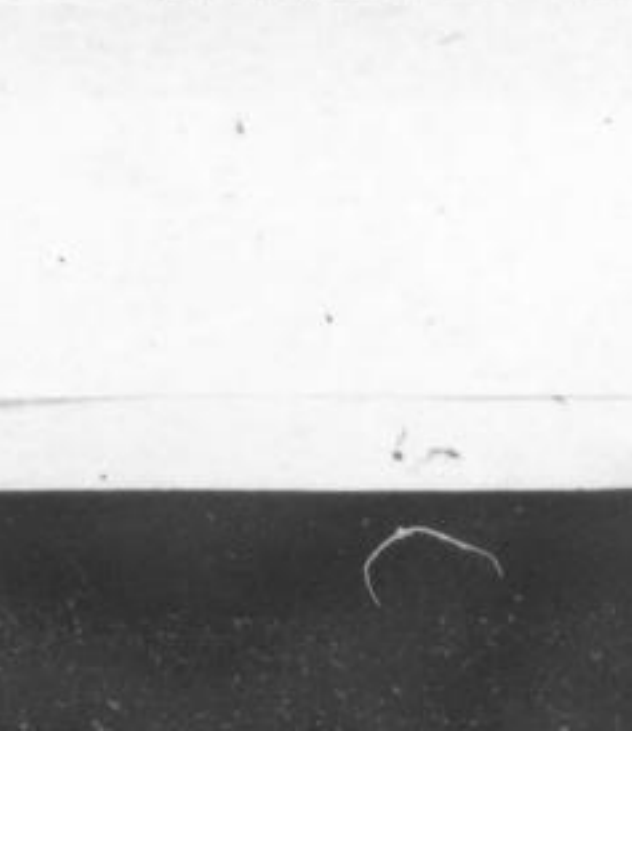
THE FABULOUS RUSBY



THE FABULOUS RUSBY



THE FABULOUS RUSBY



THE FABULOUS RUSBY

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT FREDDY'S CATS

THE ADVENTURES OF FAT FREDDY'S CATS



# Dirt ★ Struggle

by Rex Weiner

In our efforts to replace the "k" in Amerika with a "c", it seems we are involved in a two-part struggle. In the first place there is the fight, the active conflict with the resistant system that erupts in confrontation anywhere from courtroom battles to street warfare. In the second place there is the struggle to solidify gains, construct alternatives, and build viable models for the sort of society we are striving for.

Perhaps it is wrong to conceptualize the movement in this country into such arbitrary categories. For, to be sure, the two aforementioned types of struggle are not mutually exclusive of each other and in fact, often are carried on simultaneously. It is common that the building of a seemingly quiet alternative such as People's Park in Berkeley should encounter resistance and result in active conflict. It is also common, however, in too many radical circles that scorn and un-thinking condemnation is palmed upon those whose efforts are mostly directed toward the second type of struggle, the solidifying, the building, the fortifying.

Anyone who splits out towards a rural commune is frequently dismissed as someone akin to a frontline deserter, or a shell-shocked casualty. "She had to get her head together," is a familiar eulogy. And the communards themselves, particularly the rural ones, are rarely included in the rad-activists' ideas of what revolution is all about because "they got no politics."

If only these rad-activists would stop to think a moment, they might understand that the very existence of any communal set-up in this nation of glorified un-cooperation and alienating individualistic endeavor is in itself a revolutionary thing. If they stopped to think a moment longer, they might consider certain contingencies that will certainly arise in a revolutionary situation in this country, emergencies which

will be (and already have been) remedied to a great extent by the existence of established, functioning communes. As places of refuge, as sources of aid and comfort, as bases of operations, and finally, as points from which the regeneration of ideas for a new order could conceivably spread, the communes that are quietly forming and growing out in the hills and deserts are an essential to the struggle as guns and barricades. Some might say even more so.

Sun Bear is convinced. He is a Chippewa Indian from Minnesota who knows the land, lived until the age of twenty by hunting, fishing, trapping, and is acquainted with the disciplines on Indian medicine. He has written two books, "Buffalo Hearts" and "At Home In The Wilderness", in addition to editing the widely read magazin "Many Smokes". He is also the organizer of a communal movement which is now seeking to regain the land, return the land to the people, and return people to the land.

The Bear Tribe, as it is called, started eight months ago with five people and now numbers about 150. They are in separate groups with eighteen bases presently in California, Nevada, Oregon, Texas and Oklahoma. Combined, the Bear Tribe occupies a total of about 3000 acres of land, much of it donated. As much as possible, they subsist off the land with orchards and organic crops providing the stables. Whatever goods are surplus, they trade among themselves, with total self-sufficiency the aim.

"The land has come back," says Sun Bear, who is a gentle sort of man in his forties with a great deal of quiet strength flowing beneath his calm visage. He is a teacher in the ancient sense of the word. "We teach people to live in harmony with each other near the earth, their mother." Under his guidance, the Bear Tribe follows a way of life that relies on traditional Indian wisdom to insure a healthy relationship with the land and with each other. Some Indian rituals are followed, such as the vision quest and the purification rites of the sweat lodge. No drugs are used, but herbs such as peyote and "medicin weed" are taken according to tradition. The use of tobacco is allowed, but discouraged ("We want to develop lung and leg power"). A loose but effective form of council government facilitates decision-making and crisis-dealing.

Although the Bear Tribe has many Indian members, it is described as a "medicin tribe," which means that non-Indians are also included. Morningstar, a young woman who is accompanying Sun Bear on his Eastern travels, indicates how the women's position in the communal groups is equivalent to the men's, with everyone sharing in the work, including cooking and child-care.

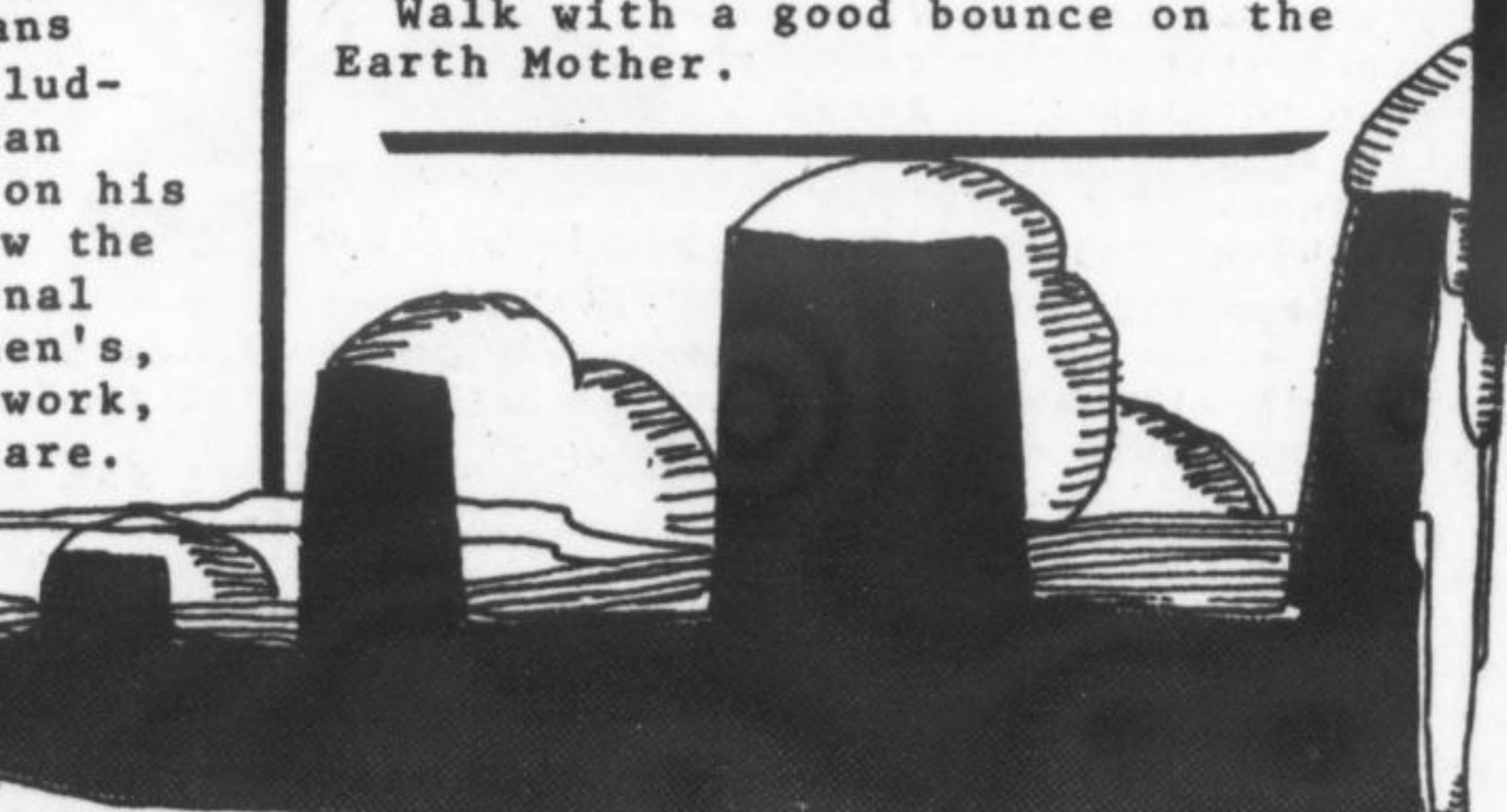


As an organization, the Bear Tribe is not legally recognized by the governments of the states they reside in, nor are they recognized as a tribe by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In return, the Bear Tribe does not recognize either legal body.

Just another commune trip? Sure, but it's nice to know it's there if you can use it or need it. When asked what kind of reception would be given someone like, say, Mark Rudd or Bernardine Dohrn, Sun Bear replied that they would be received like anyone else. "Two-legged," he said. "We'd just hand them a hoe and show them where the work was, that's all. We ask no questions and we're all on first-name basis."

"Society owes us a debt of people," says Sun Bear, "and we're collecting people now, the sons and daughters who are tired of the chrome dream." Sun Bear and Morningstar are traveling the East Coast now, collecting this four-hundred year-old debt. They also need things like small trucks and tools. For information about the Bear Tribe you may call 212 861-1990, or write to "Many Smokes" PO Box 1222, Sacramento, California 95864.

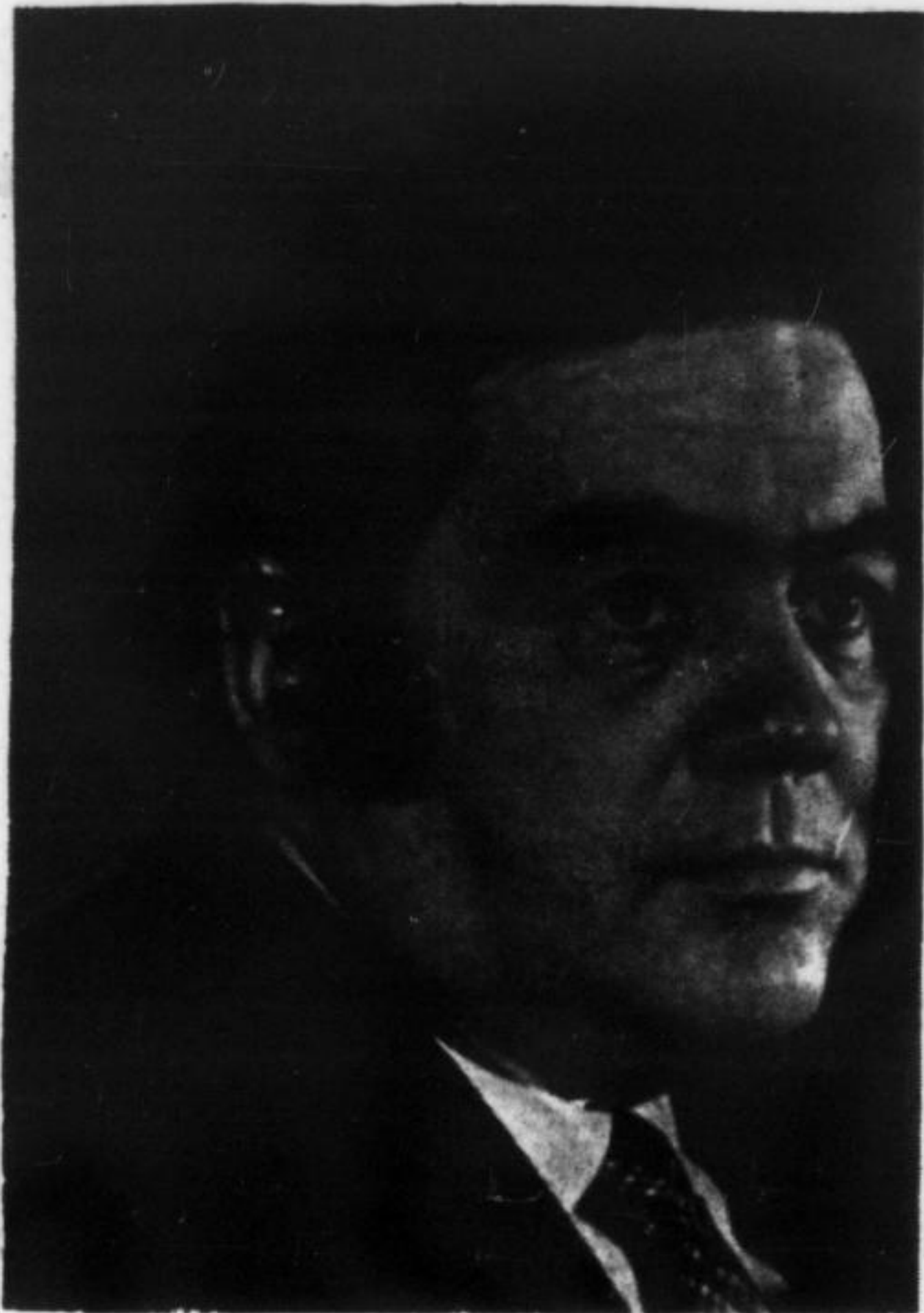
Walk with a good bounce on the Earth Mother.











Life had been pretty dull in the Redhook section of South Brooklyn for quite a while. With the exception of an occasional body turning up in the river or some mysterious mishaps with cars that blew up (usually with some poor resident of the area in them), Redhook just was not making the headlines for its community spirit of gun and games; not like the old days.

Not like the days of the Gallo-Profaci gang war when at any given moment a spectator in the neighborhood was liable to have a front seat to view the back-and-forth attempts on each of the families lives. Those were the days... 15 murders, 9 murder attempts and the disappearance of 5 residents who are listed by the police as "missing and presumed dead". But all of this ended way back in the early 60's and things just haven't been the same since, leaving all the dwellers of the area quite nostalgic of those days gone by. Nostalgic enough, in fact, that they would sell their shoes for a glance back into the exciting blood-ridden past.

So wasn't it only natural that when their streets were suddenly filled with movie cameras and crew to film actors playing the parts of some of their very own neighbors and in a few cases, playing the parts of they themselves, that they should be joyful. The movie, THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT, from the book by Jimmy Breslin is being put out by MGM and offers some treasured moments for the people of South Brooklyn who knew so well the characters and incidents that Breslin's story satires.

Take for example the character of Baccala portrayed by Lionel Stander. Now at first the name fooled them but the min-

ute they saw them filming a scene where Baccala lets his wife go turn on the engine to the car in the morning while he hides under a table to insure safety in the event that the car exploded, they were reminded of their one-time neighbor, Joseph 'Olive-Oil' Profaci.

And then there is Kid Sally Palumbo who took no time at all to identify, once they saw him, in the form of actor Jerry Orbach, looking at himself in the mirror and then back at a picture of Richard Widmark. It was none other than Crazy Joe Gallo that the movie's supposedly 'fictitious' character was depicting. Everyone knew how he had always entertained the notion of looking like Richard Widmark and how just as this Palumbo fellow, he had smoked English Ovals (because Frank Costello did) and wore his hair in the style of the Madison Avenue button-down (because Artie the Chink did) and had a Lion (because nobody else did). Yes they recognized the idiocy of Crazy Joe immediately.

A few characters did puzzle them though, such as that of Mario, played by handsome Robert De Niro. Oh, it was common enough to have had a con-artist among them. In fact, it could have been any one of them but none of them had so far ever been as wise as to do his conning under the guise of being a priest, collecting funds for the church but instead keeping them for himself. They were also surprised by the presence of Leigh-Taylor Young who had come to Redhook to portray a character called Angela, Kid Sally's sister. Well everyone knew that Kid Sally was Crazy Joe but they also knew that he never had a sister. However, the description fit at least a half-dozen girls in the neighborhood so they let Breslin pass with that one... as they did with a few of the

## ANOTHER SHOOTING IN SOUTH BROOKLYN

BY  
LYNDA CRAWFORD



discrepancies pointed out by people who might easily be called authorities on the subject.

Take Vinnie, who was at one time a chauffer for Gallo's father and a daily visitor during the shooting of the film. During the last scene in the movie Mario gets deported and they have him boarding a plane. Vinnie spoke right up: "You tella Jim Goldastien (meant for director - James Goldstone) he's a all fucked up. There is a no plane when they deport you, itsa boat. I know". Exactly how he knew he wasn't about to divulge but he assured the staff the information he gave was correct.

(Continued on Page 14)







## Honest Bobs 42nd

Tension without cosmic pulsation  
is the transition to nothingness  
-spengler

Like a diamond-decked dowager dame who drops her ice abaft a chandelier where it is obnubilated by the milky crystal glitter, Monte Hellman makes films about people in improbable but suddenly inexorable situations. His first two films, westerns produced by Roger Corman, are about cowboys who find themselves trapped in remorseless Sophoclean showdowns. They have not been released in the States despite coup de theatre success in France. Only THE SHOOTING (written by Adrien Joyce who went on to script FIVE MEASLY FECS) is memorable for the ambiguous Rosencrantz-and-Guildenstern-Are-Dead elan of Warren Oates. RIDE THE WHIRLWIND (written by \_\_\_\_\_ and starring Jack Nicholson) of FIVE SLEAZY GEASERS and NAIVE, HE SAID fame) looks like an Instamatic flip-thru book.

Hellman's new picture retates the theme of entrapment in a contemporary setting that makes the Kafkaesque constructions of the first films more relevant and less clear, as there is the added tension of the characters' attraction, by pride or guilt, to their own doom.

TWO LANE BLACKTOP is an exercise in custom car karma, the uncertain quasi-industrial all-american pastime that may be the death of personal/cultural life-or-death. It follows two recent superb films in the genre: VANISHING POINT and EVEL KNIEVAL. (There seems to have been a race to see which could be the worst promoted and least successful--TWO LANE BLACKTOP won hands down.) All are concerned with what makes men go, but BLACKTOP is concerned more with the men than with the sheer ecstasy of the going.

BLACKTOP is EASY RIDER imitating Antonioni. It's all about folks who drive around in fast cars and it concentrates on people and their spatially (hence spiritually) constricted relationships and values, rather than on the joys of cruising. Apart from Warren Oates' diverse autobiographical accounts (which keep changing to denote instability and universality), dialogue runs mainly like this: "Let's go check the valves" and "Your carburetor's cracked," and existential slogans like "You can never go fast enough." The question is, as Ginsberg once asked it, "Whither goest thou, America, in thy shiny car in the night?"

The formal plot is the story of a meaningless and never finished race between James Taylor and Dennis Wilson, owner of a souped up 54 Chevy, and Warren Oates and his gleaming Pontiac GTO. The race is from somewhere in the Southwest to Washington D.C., and the prize is possession of the others car. OK, big deal, big metaphor. They're racing for America and it's the hippies vs. the straights and any sedulous Maoist pre-pubescent could have thought of it. Only it's really about the way people relate, that is don't relate, when they have nothing to relate to, and the point of it all is that you'

d better free your mind instead. Fucking Hollywood, that's what it does to people. There's so much going on, so much opening up, and all these great filmmakers feel so doomed and paranoid that can't finish a picture without Peter Fonda gets shot up or Jack Nicholson shafts his easy pieces of ass or James Taylor has the very film dissolved from under him. It took Melvin Van Peebles, the only filmmaker in America who can offer constructive alternatives, years to be allowed to make SWEET SWEETBACK and it's not really about all that much that we don't already know. But I digress.

The reason to see TWO LANE BLACKTOP, should they revive it after its one week flop in New York, is to see Warren Oates, the most exciting character actor since Ernest Borgnine, with whom he shares an insipid loveability at his most demonic (THE WILD BUNCH) or most moronic (THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN) or Bogart like whom he evokes the strained and self-doubting but indomitable pioneer machismo of the tragic movie male. Just to look at him immediately cans Elliot Gould and Jack Nicholson. In BLACKTOP he brilliantly conveys the tension of a pioneer and lover manque, amnufacturing fantasies to feed the virility he he fears he only fancies. Another swain will cop the Oscar, but Warren Oates, who may be too real a person to be a great actor (like Bogey or John Wayne) is at least, thank God, a star.

As for TWO LANE BLACKTOP, whatever a two lane blacktop is, it seems that no amount of searching for communication and reality and love and you name it is going to help people who won't get out of their cars or directors enslaved by the absurd because they can't see beyond show biz. Racing to Washington, indeed. "In our country," said Alice, panting a little, "You'd generally get to somewhere else --- if you ran very fast for a long time as we've been doing." "A slow sort of country," said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place."

Summer Film Things: of which there are many, but the show

(Continued on Page 14)

# REX

"CRICKETS" by Ralph Scholl  
at East Village Theater 433 E 6th St.  
This play actually has a plot!

Who ever heard of a newly-written off-off-broadway play having a plot, I mean, that's what I call a radical departure. And, with CRICKETS, a very pleasant departure, to be sure.

The story takes place in the twenties or thirties and concerns the efforts of a small town's "upright" Citizens" to "reform" one Sam Jenkins. Sam, see, is a sort of local hippie who has "retired" since he was twenty-one, refuses to work but manages to get by quite well just living off the land and digging nature and life in his own way. The others see this way of life as "immoral", especially since all the little girls dig Sam so much. As a consequence, a succession of town preachers try unsuccessfully to convert the guy into a more "socially responsible" person, the reward offered for the conversion being a new parsonage by the town's rich guy, Herman. The new preacher, Goertz, goes so far in his endeavor as to burn down ol' Sam's shack, believing it will force Sam to do some work. But of course Sam, in his carefree existence, minds but little and goes to live out in the woods under the stars and near his beloved crickets. The only thing is, he's in love with the widow Beckman's pretty daughter, Merrydell, and they can't get hitched unless he's got a roof to put over the two of them. The problem gets worse when poor Sam is grabbed in the middle of the night by some town rowdies and placed naked in a locked cage in the town square which everyone has to pass on their way to church. A huge hassle ensues and climaxes with a kangaroo court type hearing on Sam's "sanity" during which nobody is left untainted by perfidy but Sam, who goes off to wander the sad earth and wonder why.

Skillfully directed by Mr. Dener, warmly acted by everyone in the  
(Continued on Page 14)





## HARLEM SIX

(Continued from Page 3)

capacity has been severely reduced due to those beatings, and which is grounds that his lawyer is trying to get him dismissed from the case. In the last trial in 1971, the court would allow only the psychiatric report commissioned by the D.A.'s office--very brief and vaguely worded from Bellevue, an institution whose medical ethics can be seriously questioned in regard to indigent and criminal patients who at best have been described as treated as cattle.

Robert Rice's confession came after being taken to a high window and told he would be able to rejoin his friends if he cooperated. William Craig reported how he was beaten when he was in the Brooklyn House of Detention. Guards would stop the elevator between floors and beat him.

But the preposterous nature of the state's case, relevant to the actual evidence against any of them as a murder charge, is manifest and makes its most blatant mark in terms of the basis of the conspiracy charge used to link all six together on a first-degree murder (i.e. from a former accomplice whose story is so confused as to time and details it rather resembles a large hunk of swiss cheese and his statement is the whole basis for the case against the Harlem 6). Not that that is insufficient to invalidate this accomplice's testimony, but in addition, his testimony was prompted, coached by the district attorney's office--specifically an asst. D.A. Robert Lehner--and as reward, given immunity from a like charge for which he could be prosecuted. In addition this accomplice had received light sentences (by compounding multiple charges into a single charge) from assundry other criminal charges as rape and armed burglary.

One of the juo

One of jurors in the 1971 trial made the comment to the effect that "all the witnesses the D.A. used were someone the state had the screws on." (i.e. all the witnesses either had at least one criminal charge against them or had a close relationship with police detectives in Harlem). Another juror, who was a reputed holdout amongst three others felt like he was part of a "lynch mob... They all agreed to throw out Barnes" (accomplice) "testimony because there were a number of contradictions. And yet they were considering convicting on the testimony of other witnesses!"

Still, they remain in jail, the result of racist and indifferent action perpetrated against them by the New York courts, police, and district attorney's office. There has been twice definite and strong indication to doubt the guilt of these six (with the N.Y. Court of Appeals ruling in 1968 and the hung jury of 1971). Yet, a judge, who has admitted he believes all six to be guilty and displays an attitude of obvious annoyance with having to be burdened with a continuance of trying this case, will not grant them bail. Judge Frederick Backer has already, in his opinion and by his action, sentenced them as guilty. The newspaper media found them

guilty in 1964 when they conjured all the racial and alarmist diatribe to characterize a group of 17 and 18-year-old boys as racist assassins. The district attorney's office and the Harlem police judged them as guilty by their adherence to the theory of a Blood Brotherhood (not to mention categorizing these six as members without the least aspect of proof), and mercilessly victimizing them in the most brutal fashion possible--hours of long beatings, spitting on them, walking over them, lying to parents and lawyers that they were in custody.

But by what right does a judge have to find a group of individuals guilty when a jury has not? And punish them accordingly? By what stretch of the imagination can we, as American citizens, feel anything but repugnance for a system of justice and so-called protective police action that allows a D.A.'s office to sponsor vindictive beatings, that advocates any means necessary to gain a response that aligns with their preconceived notion of guilt or innocence? Unfortunately, black people in this country have a long suffering history of familiarity with such actions--and most importantly, they have the strength and will to survive it all! We do not lynch black people in the North, cut out their genitals and stick them in the dead man's mouth. Instead, we throw them in a dank dark cell and forget about them. We emasculate them--dehumanize them--gradual steps toward eventual annihilation.

The Committee To Free The Harlem Six today demands that these men--after seven years of cruel punishment, of preconceived guilt--release them back into society, give them the chance to live, grow and believe once again.

**rex** (Continued from Page 13)

cast, particularly Richard Houston as Sam Jenkins, Anna Faust as Merrydell, Robert Gavriel as the Preacher and Erik Debigard as Herman the rich guy, CRICKETS is a solidly satisfying theater experience, and a fresh variation on the oft-used theme of individuality versus conformism. Although in preview the first half of the play seemed to lag at points during extended exchanges of dialogue, I expect this will be tightened up. The staging is clean and economical, and the presentation is refreshingly uncluttered with the usual lame attempts by off-off-broadway to be hip by being obscure. I liked it and I like the East Village Theater, which seems to be one of the few remaining outposts of un-selfconscious theatrical creativity left in the East Village.

**42nd St.** (Continued from Page 13)

you won't want to miss is EL POSTO, Ermanho Olmi's film about the making of bureaucrats from nice, shy kids. I love it and they never show it, but it's at the Elgin on August 24th, a Tuesday, with yet another film by Olmi that I haven't even seen but check it out.

Great Lines From Great Movies:

"there's only one man can walk on water" (Peter Fonda in THE TRIP)

## Another Shooting

(Continued from Page 11)

The scene was not changed, however. There is also a character in the movie known as Beppo the Dwarf played by Harve Villechaize, who was pleasantly surprised one day to be introduced to a chap named Armando - also a dwarf and the authentic one in the Gallo bunch at that. Armando during one of his bi-weekly trips to the set to watch progress of the movie, noticed Villechaize pull out a gun. "Hey", he said, "I never carried a gun. That's wrong. A knife, yes, but never a gun". Armando didn't seem too disturbed by the error though, as one afternoon he took Villechaize and Robert De Niro for a few drinks to the famed home of the Gallo's at 51 President Street.

All in all everyone in Redhook was enjoying the movie and seemed quite unaware of its obvious implications of the idiot mentality of the old gang-war leaders and their bumbling methods. This complacent attitude wasn't shared by all though. From the Italian American Civil Rights League Headquarters, came a few calls about the film but MGM found an efficient way to avoid a confrontation with them, unlike the Godfather... they didn't answer the phones or in some cases they just referred the calls to the West Coast office who in turn... didn't answer the phones. As it turned out though, Mr. Colombo and his people had more important things to deal with than a movie that uses the word Mafia (and do they use it; as Jimmy Breslin put it: "We don't use the word Mafia, no, not til the third line in the script"). It is no time to show the people how they are mistaken about there being a Mafia when your in the beginning stages of a new power struggle within the Mafia. At this point the story in real life ceases to be funny as Colombo fights for his life in the

hospital but in years to come it should give Breslin enough material to write a sequel to the movie; maybe he could call IT

IT THE GANG THAT FINALLY SHOT STRAIGHT. At any rate, the Columbus Circle shooting marked just the beginning of a revival of those days gone by for the residents of South Brooklyn. Won't they have fun? In the meantime, for those of you interested in a full account of what is to come, what has already com and who may never come again, the movie, due for release in December offers just as good a seat as being in Redhook and includes for free the chance of leaving your seat without bloodstains.

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"...and, as the disenchanting gather by chance on the hills and in the valleys, the hedonists opportune their way in, spurring all to sensuality, and their idealism and cravings mix, spreading vibrant fibrous seeds among the leaning compromised, until fashion and whim will side with the truth, the fancy and the corporeal and undermine the social matrix...and the refugees of the apocalypse will inherit the earth."

-Evan Lancoty, *Omen Nomen* -  
Central Park. Outside Woolman Rink. Before, during and after any concert. Tonight: J.F. Murphy & Salt and the Byrds, plus the refugees. Lotus Locust. Thousands swarming from all directions. From Bethesda fountain, from that lush purplery of tanned navels, muddy toes, snakey eyes, and tight jeans, the uni-sexual horde winds its way up the star stairs. From the Mall, the weekend-liberated folk singers and their congregations pull up the stakes, throw their canvas and leather bags over their shoulders, and head out to the valley music camp, one guitar case per twenty. From 72nd Street East and West, the clean long-hairs flex in even pairs, shining. From Columbus Circle, the island-invading young swirl up from the intestinal railways. Dust and long-hair rolling toward the rink, the camp meeting.

An emaciated, begrimed Jesus-apparition at the statue of apparition at the statue of forgotten Fitz Greene Halleck on the Mall, to a large group of cut-off jeans: "Hey, man, where's everybody going?"

Young scarf-haltered, medusa-headed, "To the skating rink." Jesus, drooping against stoned Fritz Greene, "Wow, everybody's going skating."

Hair-over-ears young exec in cotton-knit bells, lacy flower shirt and 50 buck sandals, to hot-panted, long, haunting brunette, "These concerts manifest the most fundamental urge of communal spirit. Music dissolves lass and philosophic differences." Hot-pants, "Oh, elegiac slumming, adore it!"

"Central Park is one of the landscaped gardens, so dear to the 19th century, where the designers attempted to recapture Nature, somewhat face-lifted and embellished with easy paths, picturesque little buildings and lakes. The vegetation is sparse in parts...where the thin layer of top soil barely covers outcropping rocks. (Hundreds mass on the bedrock above the rink for a superb view of the stage. Equestrian cops rout hundreds from a superb free view of the stage. Snom against indifference.)

at the hills and dales, rocky crags, shadows...and the 75,000 trees and bushes of varied species will give it a country air, despite the slick macadam walks. (The county fair, the open market, gypsy addlers, fresh fruit, incense, marijuana, the opulent peasants in tight new rags, spreading around the castle rink, exotic cheeses, exotic cheeks, wine, and gossip clusters, dandies and daughters in twos and threes's, under the blighted chestnut trees) There is a great variety of birds.. other una include the squirrels who often be persuaded to eat out your hand" (and the panhandlers insist on eating out of your hand) excerpts from *Michelin Guide* page 97) Train-engineer panhandler, pony-

tailed and wisps of beard, strategically positioned on a path, collecting cigarettes from every twentieth unsuspecting brother of sister. Twenty minutes yields almost a pack. "Maybe I oughta try spare-changing?" "No, man, brother, but would you like a cigarette?"

Another spare-cigarette, nonchalantly asks for "smokes" with a cigarette dangling from his lips. Slick guy says, "Shit, man, you gotta smoke in ya moudt." "Yeh, but I'm a chain smoker, man"

Beneath the languid misting grey, hidden among the verdant leavery of a summer eve, the unconfederated army of refugees keep streaming into camp.

Blankets, bodies spreading on the hillsides. Concert sold out; for every one that goes through the gate, one stays outside. Ticket musical chairs: no place for scalpers, people digging what's happening outside sell their tickets at price or give them away.

The stage, ingeniously hidden from all vision-poachers by clever trees and fences and surly cops, is forsaken as irrelevant by heads rimming the rink, lounging on nature's own. "Man, the sound's the thing."

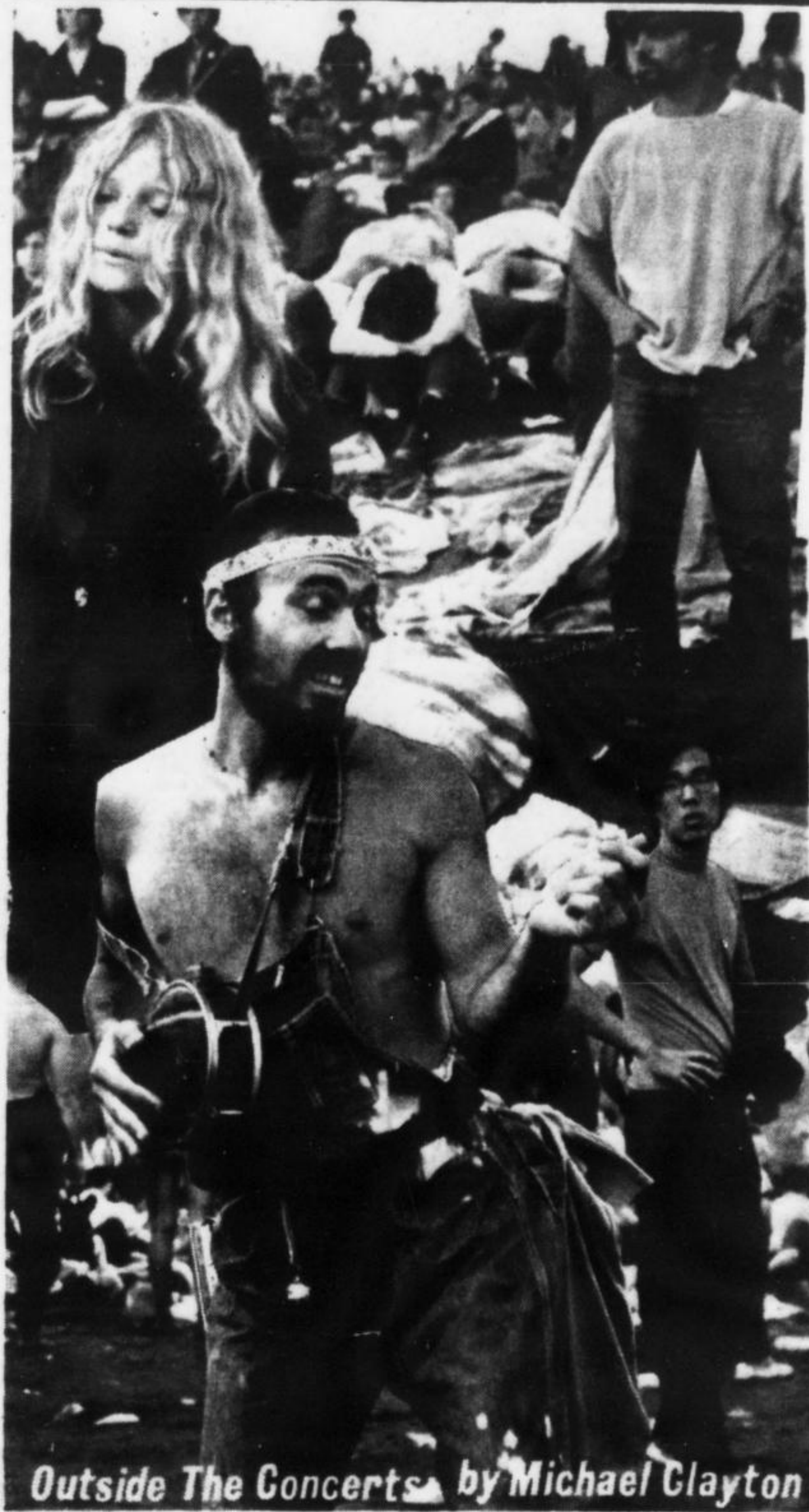
A gentle slope facing a curtain of trees and fences to the left of the rink-stage quickly fills. Long-long-hair is as ubiquitous as ratty jeans and fanciful shirts. Brown bags prevalent, cutting the soda peddler. "Get your Italian Icie" still has takers.

Fashions: flaunting fannies, bare breasts brimming, tight-tight pants, t-shirts, surplus, indian, knit, gossamer, skinny-rib half-shirts, screaminly bright or conspicuously ugly, sandals, clogs, sneakers or bare.

The travellers stream along the paths, across the grass, seeking a score or a stake, the hills and rocks and benches and railings and ground are dotted, then dense, covered with trippers ready for the voyage. The crucible ark of the rink valley lurks gently on the first rills of electro-magnetic waves. Latecomers jam the gangways, holding c on.

A garbled announcement and Rock blares. Waves of electrodes ripple through the milling throngs, within and without the sunken roofless temple of the god Music Mammon. The sound is quickly routed into patterned channels of the congregation and life begins or goes on. Within, thousands of eyes mythicize the wealthy freaks on stage. Without thousands of minds indulge in the fantasy of freedom and tribalization Outside, it's free and open and natural. No prostitution of the performers by paying for their abilities, no standing in line, no showing your right to be there by holding a ticket, no sitting in hard chairs in neat rows, no part of commercialism; just lounging in the free air on the grass and ground under the full green hardwood leaves beneath the ever-darkening sky, digging everyone around and the etherealizing sounds.

The guitars and the amplifiers and the mikes and the speakers are plugged into ConEd. Shaefer's got a reason. Dead animal-hide of bags, belts, bracelets, pouches, shoes and sandals abound in this congregation. Beer cans, pop cans, wine bottles, paper matches,



Outside The Concerts by Michael Clayton

### Freeing The Shaefer Festival

filter tips, crumpled cigarette packs, icie cups, peanut bags, food wrappers loiter the camp environs. Refugee fashions from fancy rip-off brother boutiques. Ah, festival! Ah, freedom! Ah, the revolution! Ah, the duplicity, the contradiction!

Sitting on the hillside grass, a chambrayed and be-denimed, english-layered head is entranced by either the magic Rock or the cold-sweet of an eskimo-pie. Nearby a hip James Baldwinish says, "Hey, man, that hound dog's really gettin into you." English-layer looks to the panting dog and wink-waves, turns to Baldwinish and says, "Yeh, I used to be a dog." Baldwinish laughs, thinks a minute, says, "Yeh, man, didn't we all?"

Drinking: the wine revival: july-fest: college dids and drop-outs have long bottles of imported white and reds (tiny-voiced L.I. blonde offers "communal cup" to perimeter stranger, "yeh, thanks, what's is it?" "I don't know, white wine, german, I think, with a long, long, name," "liebfraumilch?" "hey, you can pronounce it.") (someone yells, "anybody got a corkscrew?" and is eagerly answered "overhere" from all sides); the real winos, drawn by the smell of rich kids and generosity, hip the last swigs in th their cheap domestic flasks to dredge through the throng for free slugs until they pass out under the first star.

Over and over the question, "Hey, who's playing anyway?" Someone answers "the Byrds." Then when J.F.

(Continued on Page 17)





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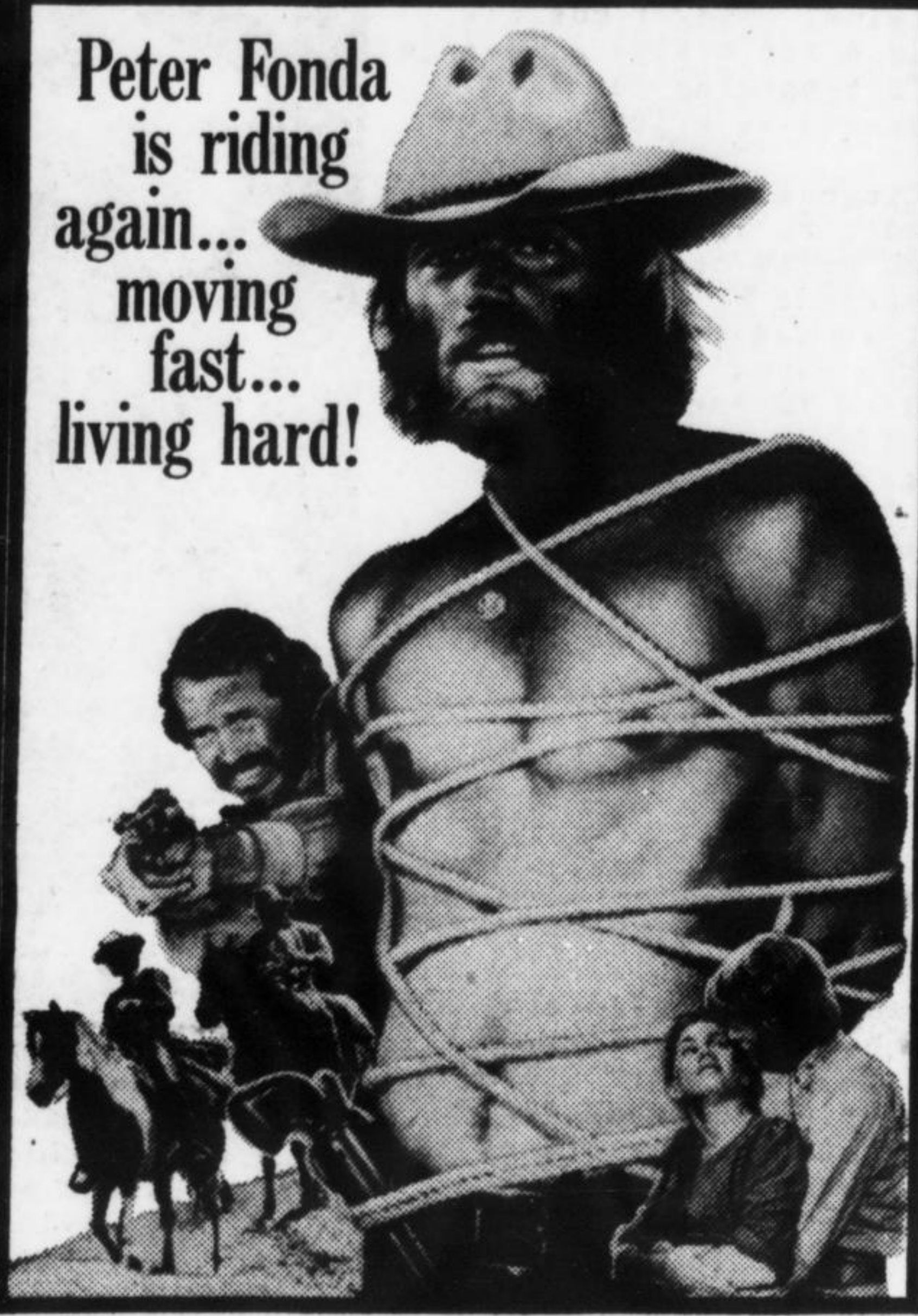
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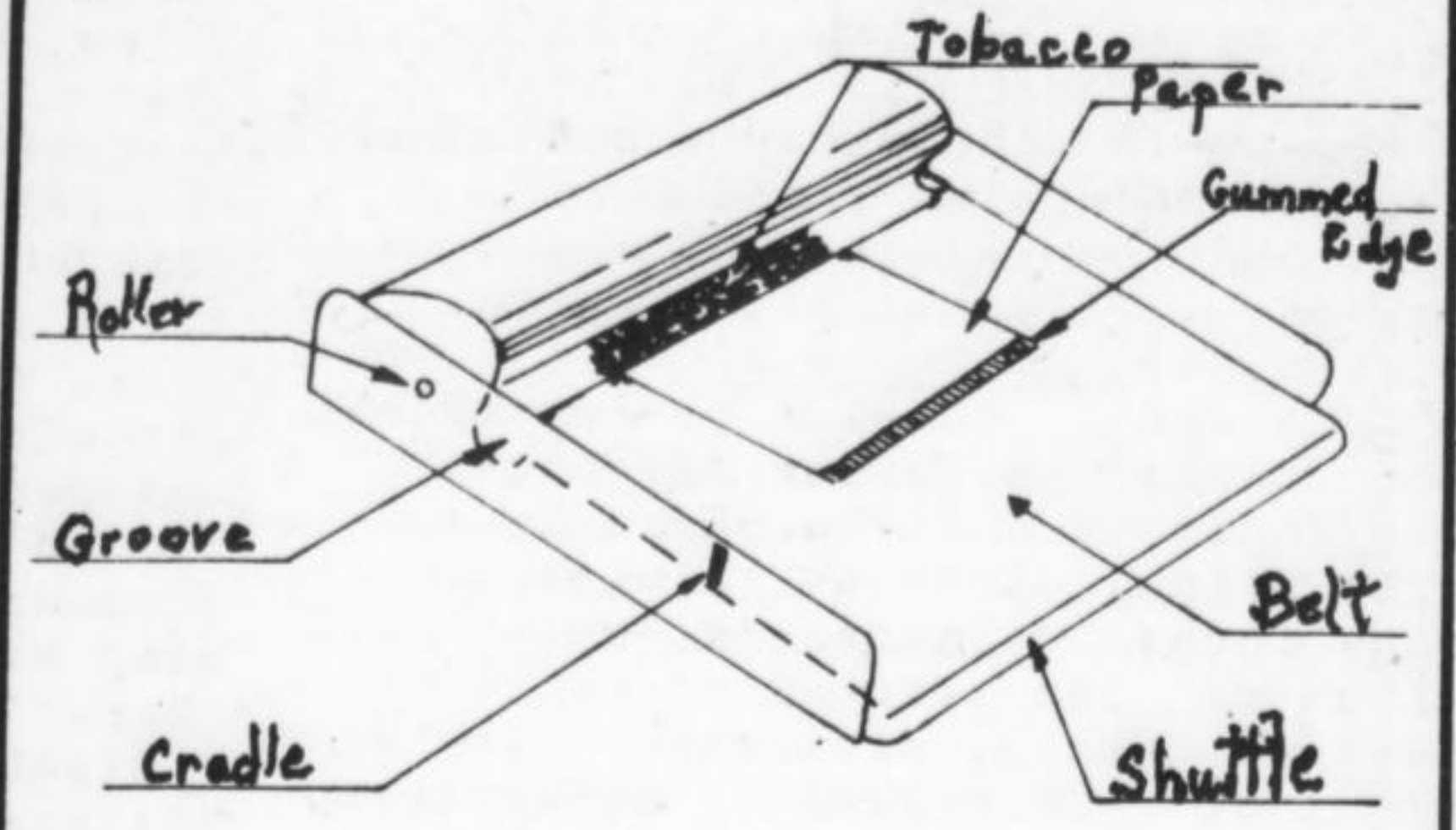
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# Central Park

(Continued from Page 15)

Murphy & Salt go off with their bagpipe (Hey, Hear that weird harmonica") and the Byrds are introduced, "Hey, man, I was Wrong, this is the Byrds," and someone irreverently answers, "Same thing."

Feet patting the ground, heads bobbing to the country rock of the Byrds, wine bottles and goatskins passing round and round, sweet acrid smell of dope and pungent incense tantalizing the crowd. Roaming peddlars hawking sticks of incense, balloons, cracker jacks, and concrete. "Get your cured concrete by the brick or by the chip." (Take me out to the ballgame.)

People scoring people, wine, and joints passing, the music is faraway but still holds it all together. Bibulous aggressive heads devising ways to crash into the arena just because it's there. People begin fastening frenzied sensual energy on other people. Couple after couple lose themselves into groping. A dude climbs a tree supposedly for a view of the stage. The crowd urges him to acrobatics. The circus at the festival at the revival at the camp meeting at the concert.

Wine makes water. At the bottom of the hill is a fence. At the fence is a guy. He stares into the bushes, back in to the crowd, bushes, back to the crowd, with his hands conspicuously missing.. A self-styled count of propriety in a flowing black velvet robe hops through the music-picnickers, gesturing wildly, spouting anathemas, "this monument of nature is a public place, a public place, my ungracious, impropietous, lewd and urinating friend." The guy at the fence appears to be straining and wringing something with an expression of desperate innocence.

The Woolman Nation. The self-asserting refugees of Amerika, the muted revolutionists, the after-hours free, the hedonists, the hanger-oners, oner ers-on, the idealists, the greenings, the heads perched like Hitchcock's birds around the Byrd-bath rink of ice-nine. Let this moment (whatever it may be, fun, freedom, frolic, folly, beauty, truth, revel, illusion,?) last forever!

The horde stampedes their palms as the last twang and electrical shriek of the Byrds freezes in their heads. "More! More! More!" But more of what no one knows.

No one wants to leave. The congregation inside come out to see their alter-egos frozen to the hill-sides. They begin to freeze with them. What now? Heightened senses thrill with pleasure gained and lost. Slowly everyone melts as new brisk music blares from within the emptying temple. A version of the national anthem. "Shaefer's- is the- one beer to have-when you're having more than one...."

A cop, tired of something, lets o out a brainstorm, "Dis crowd wuz for de byrds."

Thousands of waving hair-flags stream out of the green into the maelstrom of manhattan. The Fillmore Mint is closed but the Woolman Mount is open. The flock has a feeder for the summer.

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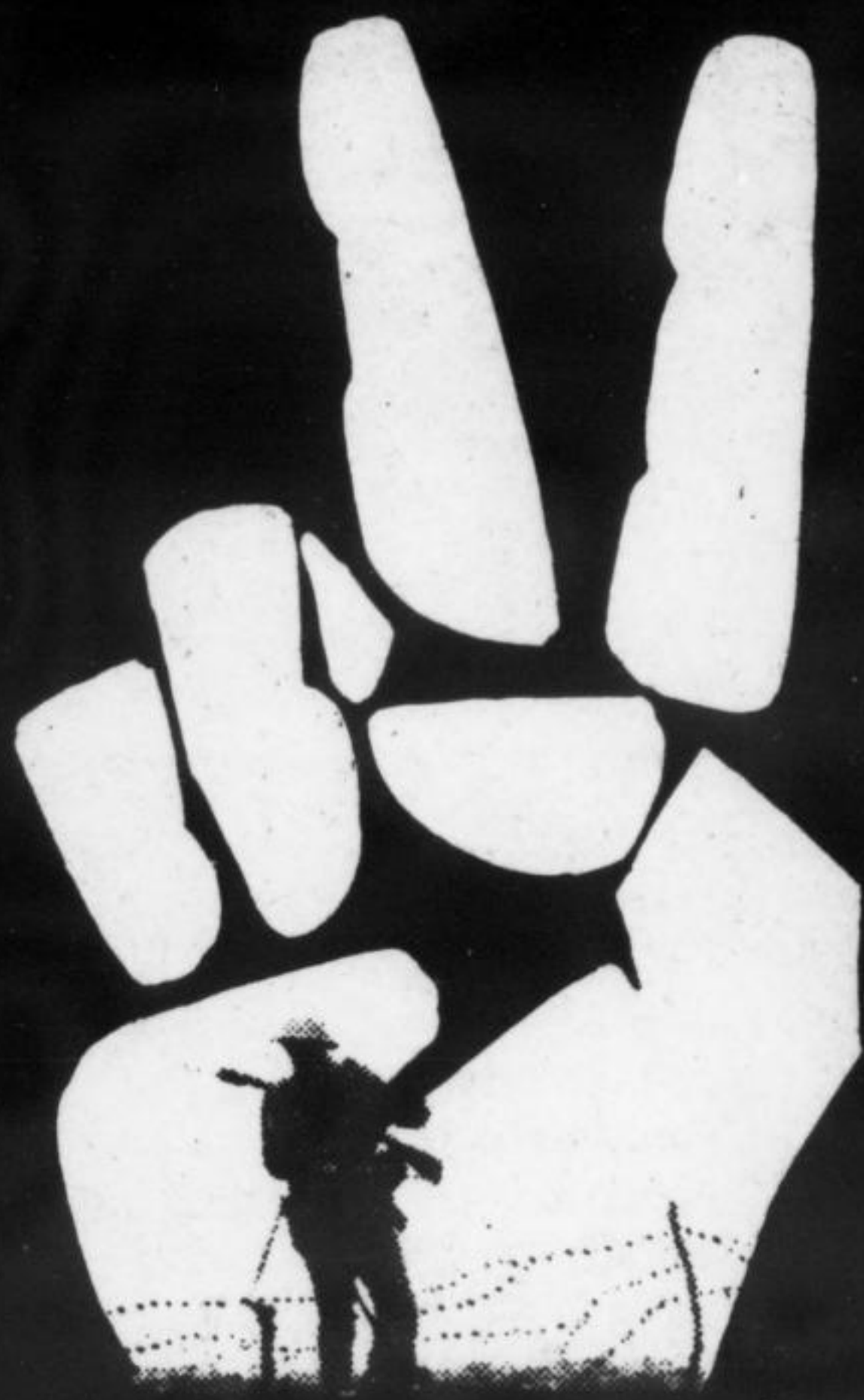
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