

NEW YORK EAST VILLAGE **ONION**

25¢

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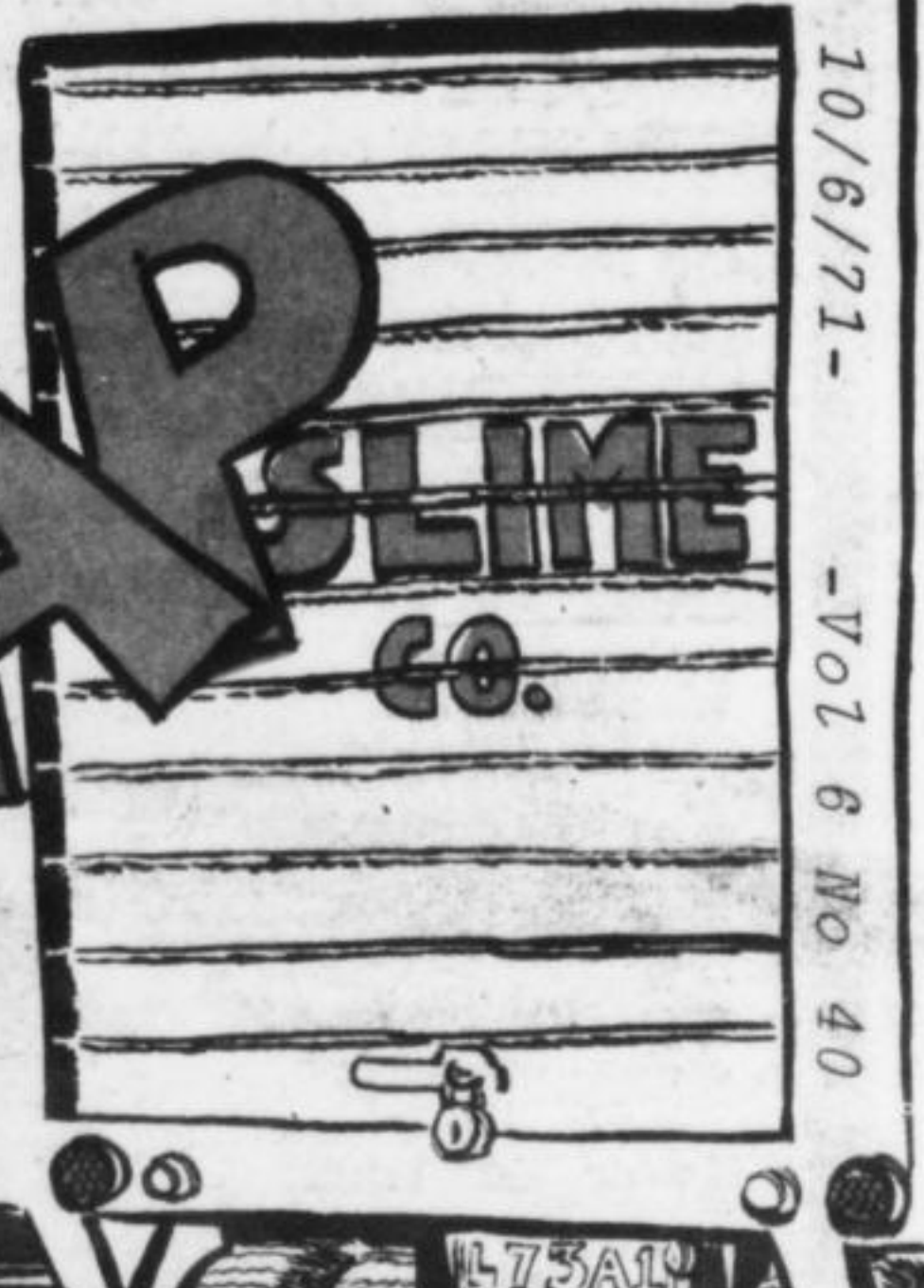
I KILL YOU
MOTHERSPRUCKER!

35¢ National

10/6/71 -
-Vol 6 No 40



DIRTY JUNKY
SNEAK ATTACK!!



LISSAPRIAN

Abbie & Anita Hoffman have been subjected to the most scurrilous slander and petty gossip by a variety of present and future has beens. It has been the policy of EVO to abstain from publicizing the various bum trips laid on Abbie & Anita, believing that such goings on were counter productive and unbecoming a culture that chooses to call itself Alternative.

In view of the wide publicity given to Haber's whining complaints in OZ and Rolling Stone and the refusal of the latter to grant the Hoffman's equal space for their retort, we print the following. As Jack Webb used to say "Just the facts, Ma'am."

Rolling Stone
625 Third Street
San Francisco, California 94107

Dear Editor:

It's about time that pig Abbie Hoffman was exposed by such in-depth honest reporting as that exhibited recently by Rolling Stone. While that phony has been chasing Playboy bunnies my ol' man and I have been getting chased by the cops longer than we care to remember. He's been busted over 40 times and brutally beaten on too many occasions. Last May a group of Washington cops did him in something fierce: his nose was completely broken, his back was fractured and he had to have twenty stitches in his face. He has a five year prison sentence facing him and a trial coming up soon in which he could get another ten years.

On top of this, all publishers refused his last book after he worked on it a year and now everybody's running around claiming they wrote it. Whenever he gets any money it vanishes into some left-wing cause such as the \$25,000 he recently gave the Black Panthers. To be constantly harassed by cops, F.B.I., judges and the Attorney General and then to read about that fascist prick Abbie prancing around his fancy penthouse like Mick Jagger or Jan Wanner really makes me mad.

Mr. Hazer's fine article is just one more reason Rolling Stone is head and shoulders above all the other gossip rags.

Anita Hoffman
Anita Hoffman

Rolling Stone
625 Third Street
San Francisco, California 94107

Dear Editor:

Hurrahs for publishing the truth about Anita Hoffman. Just what the fuck does that high-fashion banshee mean by her fascist honky mentality. Not like my ol' lady who's been busted five times and lives with me in a \$150 a month Lower East Side dump on top of a factory that we worked hard to fix up. Its three small rooms are barely big enough to accommodate us since the baby was born and along with everybody else on the block we have to worry about rats, lead paint poisoning, and getting mugged. While that bourgeois clean-frack Anita polishes the silverware, my true love struggles desperately with her writing career since her incompetent publisher, Straight Arrow Books, botched up her last novel. Cheers to that wonderful young man Mr. Hazer for telling all. Do you think he'd emigrate with his presence in our slum loft or does he only prefer the rarified air of penthouse living?

Abbie Hoffman
Abbie Hoffman

P.S. How about a similar piece on chief Rolling Stone stockholder Max Polansky who doubles as Chairman of the Board of the Xerox Corporation. I'll bet he lives in a real shithouse just like us.

H. Hazer

Verlocke

Allen: reports received that Hazer got from 75¢ to 2000 for the Rolling Stone piece. There must be some miracle out there you can write about me that I have a diagnosis hidden & am prepared to go underground & any more that's more. Love + all about's mine on 4/5/77 but I want for the last variation

if it can be proven. Rolling Stone refused us the same amount of space to answer the piece man though they say we can't see as close. Want to take letters on them publishing our letters to the editor. Love Abbie

jaakov kohn	stephen kohn	linda crawford	a.j.weberman	steve kraus	OVERSEAS: 50¢
allen katzman	fred caruso	nellie frenauld	harvey matusow	roger tomlinson	
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EYEWITNESSES PETER BLOOM

Thursday, September 23rd will go down in the annals of our times as the day when the chicken came home to roost. The following is the testimony of Peter Blue, one of the few eye witnesses to the latest Dylan Weberman confrontation:

"I live in the vicinity of Bleeker & Elizabeth Streets. It was late in the afternoon when, out of nowhere I hear this guy screaming bloody murder. You have to bear in mind that in my neighborhood a lot of people get jumped and robbed. We, the residents of the area watch out for such mishaps. Therefore, when I heard the screams, I went and got my dog to check out as to what was happening. What I saw when I got to the scene of the 'crime' was almost mythical. Bob Dylan on top of A.J. Weberman. As you know, Dylan is about half of Weberman's size and not more than a third of his weight. When I arrived, all I saw was Dylan bouncing A.J.'s head on the side walk."

EVO-"What were they saying to each other?"
PB- Weberman was calling Bob a fucking junkie and to me he said: "Get the police. Dylan just jumped me."

After that he randedown the street yelling for the police.

EVO- What was Dylan doing?
PB- When I came out with the se two husky german shepherds -each weighing about 125lbs- Things cooled down. Dylan non challantly went back and picked up his Ralleigh and in a very low gear took down Elizabeth street and made a turn on Houston. I guess he went home. He was really cool. Weberman was running up the street-really freaked out.

EVO- Have you spoken to either since?

PB- I w saw Weberman the next day. He came over and asked me: "Did you see Dylan attack me?" I told him I was sorry to say it but man, I was kind of glad when he did it. I was kind of giggly. Weberman responded "He attacked me." I said "When you attack other people you better learn how to fight."

A HARD SWAIN'S A'GONNA FALL!

Weberman mentioned something about learning karate.

I understand that Dylan warned him not to mess with his wife. After he article on D's sex life in Screw and an incident where Weberman and an AP photographer were chased by Sara Dylan after having posed with Dylan's garbage, Weberman finally got it and it looks like he deserved it. He didn't put up much of a fight, but it was definitely a righteous fight. Bob Dylan had the spirit in him."

To us it looked just like another pleasant late summerday's dream.

Dear Jakob: This is a letter to the editor:

I just saw Terry's letter in which he threatens to punch out the next EVO staffer who writes anything anti-semetic, racist or sexist. Terry (better known as one legged-Terry) is the same cat who attacked me by claiming that Dylanology was really a front for my homosexual feelings foward Dylan and that I should "come out and join my sisters" on the Bob Fass Radio Unnamable Show. What Terry was actually saying, tactly and politely, was that "Weberman is a faggot" And now he's gonna punch anyone out who writes something that he interprets as sexist. I have also witnessed Terry harass women in public on numerous occasions (much to the chagrin of Sally, his wife) by saying "Hey Baby you wanna fuck me?" or something to that effect. And Terry's gonna sit in judgement on us.

Of course Terry's hypocrisy and male chauvinism is rivalled only by that of Bob Dylan. Dig, last thursday I went over to Dylan's house with an Associated Press photographer and reporter to do a few shots of me in Dylan's garbage. This reporter had been very co-operative and was into doing her a favor by taking the pix since it would give her article 'mass appeal'. When I came on the scene I noticed three plainclothes cops sitting in an 'unmarked' car on the corner of Bleeker and MacDougall.

I thought nothing of it. I set the picture up so Dylan's address would not be exposed. I had agreed to lay off him for awhile- in fact I had told the reporter that he'd moved to Long Island) and reached in the garbage and picked up an empty crate from ISREALI oranges.

Just

that very instant Dylan's wife came out screaming at the top of lungs GET OUT OF MY GARBAGE. Now here's where I fucked up.

Instead of telling the people with me to disperse and meet back at my place I began to argue with Dylan's wife about my right to go thru garzge. She wasnt into agruing and attackked the photographer. I started to yell "Get a picture of this mad-women" when she attacked the reporter. (we got one shot of her) She stratched the reporter in the face and tried to kick the cameraman in the nuts. The AP people started screaming for the police but the detectives wouldnt budge. Eventually I tried to calm Sara down and she told me that I was a leech who could become great famous only thru going thru garbage. I reminded her that I'd also done a concordance on her husbands poetry but she told me that I had it all rong. I tried t to be friendly & wasnt hostile or aggressive.

After this episode the AP people wouldnt go back and take some more pictures so we all went home.

I had just finished climbing a 15 foot brick wall in the alley behind the Archives in order to close a door which would keep out the junkies whiles I was in Madison for a DANA BEAL SMOKE IN and was walking down Elizabeth St. to a store to get some Coke when I heard someone get off a bicycle behind me. The next thing I knew I was that couldnt breat breath. I fought my way free and turned ar around to find Bob Dylan coming at me trying to punch me in the face. I effectively blocked his blows and wrestled him to the ground screaming "Get the press. Get the press" My old lady came on the scene and started to scream for the police and a bunch of freeks came from around the block and pulled us apart. As Dylan got on his bike ad began to ride away one freek asked 'Did he get much money?'





DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES ARMY, RYUKYU ISLANDS
APO SAN FRANCISCO 96331

RIA-SS-I
East Village Other
20 E. 12th St.
New York, N.Y. 10003

Dear Sir:

14 August 1971

The U.S. Army Library Program on Okinawa is engaged in a project to increase its holdings in the area of current "Underground" newspapers of interest in the United States. We feel this information will be of interest to our servicemen and wish to subscribe to a number of these papers covering a variety of subjects. Therefore, we would appreciate receiving a sample copy of East Village Other and information concerning subscription rates. Thank you for your assistance and I am looking forward to hearing from you soon.

YOURS VERY TRULY

Raymond Y. Yamachika
Library Director
Special Services Office
Headquarters, U.S. Army, Ryukyu Islands
APO San Francisco 96331



cc: EASY COME EASY GO! 11-11-71
All added for you Diamond

job on editorials, news&views. Yes, EVO is a very fine & informative newspaper. Do keep up the good work and good luck to you & the staff in your future endeavors.
Peace & Blessings,
A Political Prisoner
James Butler, Y0400
Drawer R
Huntington, Pa.16652

Dear EVO:
I have been in Horrogate, Tenn. for the past year. I have had some spare time, as you can imagine. This has led me to explore different avenues of communication, particularly of political ideas. A few rock groups have had success in telling it. I believe that the communication in

COMMUNITY HEALTH SERVICES

STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

855 CENTRAL AVENUE
ALBANY, N.Y., 12206

September 16, 1971



HOLLIS S. INGRAHAM, M.D.
COMMISSIONER

East Village Other
20 East 12th Street
New York, New York 10003

Dear Sir:

I would like very much to obtain several copies (12 if possible) of your issue for January 26, 1971 (Volume 6, number 9). This issue had a cover story about venereal disease; the cover illustration quite graphically demonstrated the magnitude of the problem in New York. As Director of the VD Control Program for New York State I would like to commend you for your concern with this problem and with the factual information and article that you presented.

If it would be possible for me to obtain 12 copies I would be most appreciative. Please let me know what the cost will be and I will send you a check.

Sincerely yours,

Alan R. Hinman

Alan R. Hinman, M.D.
Director
Bureau of Epidemiology

Dear Evo, Comrades, Lovers&friends! We are free because you set us free. We would still be in Brazil, framed in jail, if it were not for the effort undertaken in our behalf by our friends in other countries.

We were expelled from Brazil by a presidential order citing as the reason for our expulsion, the efforts of our friends outside of the country to secure our release. We hope to return to Brazil and to continue in the struggle to free all people in that country from the dungeons of poverty and slavery to which they are condemned. And if we cannot return to Brazil we will in any case return to Latin America to continue the work there.

every race, creed and political persuasion woke up to the realities of what it means to live under a complete world totalitarianism. Ireland's battle may well be the test case for Freedom and Liberty for the whole world. The Irish people demand their religious freedom! No international pseudo-political anti-Christian "philosophy" shall speak for those who oppress the free people of Ireland! No crown shall be above the heads of the traditional Kings of the Emerald Isle. Those who have imprisoned Irish Patriots shall live to regret it. Those who continue to scoff at the efforts of the Irish Republican Army and the joint efforts of the Army of the

We must not imagine that things are worse in Brazil that they are here. We left Brazil a little bit after George Jackson was slain in San Quentin and a little before the massacre at Attica. We must use all our faculties imagination above all others, to develop new strategies and techniques for bringing about the great liberation.

To those of our friends who wonder why we are choosing this moment not to cry out indignantly about how man is a wolf unto man in Brazil, we say that we think the time has come to find other means to effect the changes. Confrontation politics do not exist in Brazil. Nor have they prevented genocide anywhere. They are not enough.

The most important thing is that we work more and more together. Later on we can settle differences among us. Aim for the heart.

Love/Gratitude/Love
The Living Theatre
Julian Beck, Judith Malina, Birgit Knabe, Pamela Badvk.

Dear EVO:

Belfast is England's Vietnam!
England's barbaric hunlike troops have violated the sovereign borders of Ireland in defiance of all treaties!

The US and England have conspired once again to oppress one of the world's smallest nations along with pig German industrial cartels which have imposed themselves on an enslaved people who have cried out for freedom from such for centuries. No country has a longer history of barbaric oppression than the Catholic Nation of Ireland! No people on Earth can match the poor people of Ireland or claim worse treatment. Yet, whenever the chips were down, Irishmen went and fought with oppressed peoples in America and in Israel and elsewhere, but now who comes to the aid of Ireland, in its time of crisis. It is time that Americans of every national heritage, of

Irish Republic shall once again see a free people battle preserve themselves and free their brothers and sisters in the Northern countries from the boots of the English neo-Nazis. Belfast for the Belfacists? Never!

IRELAND FOREVER FREE!

American-Irish for a free Ireland

Sirs: Madames:

We are in receipt of yours of the mysterious surface and assorted cohens. Your publication is a public nuisance & someone should report the FBI to you.

For one thing people can go blind trying to read pages where the typewriter/stencil/mimeo were in clear collaboration to produce an artform that bears a slight(very faint) relationship to ink.

Second, when one is trying to be rational and keep oneself together & put down various internal mutinies towards love/life/joy, it is (need less to say) disruptive to get this kind of shit in the mail. Do you have any idea of the damage you can do to bureaucracies by encouraging free feeling? Irrationality?

Do you think we do not know the secret identities of Sam Antic, Rabbi Koan (alias cohen, alias cone)?

You have been warned. We know your kind only too well - always building fires instead of wearing fur coats. Did your Rabbi even consider the ecological threat to the fur business if everyone followed his advice? Needless to say, & as you know only too well, it is hardly necessary for me to point out the obvious, but for every koan you coin I'll match it with analysis, keeping the momentum karma level.

Glad by the way you spoke out on Leary. I wanted to but felt it better left to the freaks. David.
(I do not sign my name & have wiped all fingerprints off this letter so that, if the occasion arises, I can deny having ever sent it.)

EVO Editor and Staff, I have been in a lot of underground literature here in a California Prison "The California Mens Colony" and I wish to say the EVO is good for me and mine...

My reason for this letter is to state that your publication has been instrumental in stimulating the life blood of many of the guys behind bars, recent activities of which are now known the world over of events and occurrences behind the walls of institutions across the country are of great relevancy to today's society, prisons can be a lonely and sterile existence for those who wish to live down and stagnate, for those who would reach out into the world for sustenance of the mind and communication with life there is only the mail and photographs however warm the letters may get.

In writing you, my conscience feels twinges of guilt, for my request is one of a nature bordering exploitation, and that is worse than a cop-out ... Aw, the hell with it all you can do is say no, right?

These trash cans are cold and feeling is rare especially in terms of women. What I would like is to write to some groovy people, hell they don't have to be just women, but all kinds of people, I'm not a wierdo or anything like that, I would just like to hear from some people who got something on top...

Also, is there anything I can do for the EVO or your staff from this end of the spectrum, like contact someone's brother in the Ca. Prison or almost anything. Whatever ideas you come up with let me know and if I can help be sure and let me know how and I will do it. From the inside looking out, Willie (a reader and a digger) Willie Perryman P.O. Box A-E San Luis Obispo, CA.

Dear EVO:

glad you finally saw the light by discover ring an easy way to suck off the pig. For the first time since you started your dubious venture have I been able to read you without flipping my lid.

It looks good and to my relief you have finally come to terms with reality. To be a consumer is a lot of shit and as long as you pour money into your typesetter's pocket - you are feeding the pig, not killing it. Live up to the legend and be an underground paper - doing your own thing to the final point. Be craftsmen (and women) at your craft. PRODUCE your damn rag (and be sure you get it to me on time. LONGTIME EVOFREAK.

Uncopywritten & free because there has to be some move toward breaking the capitalism of the rock scene.

Besides, how can you believe in them copyright office if you don't believe in the government? Finally, it is my hope that if through recording these songs any group makes bread a portion should be used for organizing in Appalachia.

Perhaps printing this letter or parts of it will clarify the position of the use of them.

REDDOGORGANIZING, Hank Zingg-Gen. Delivery, Harrogate, Tenn. 615-869-3041

Dear EVOCOMMIEJEWBASTARDS:

You are nothing but a tub of shit. I wanna see your fucking gooksears on every American flagpole. You are a bunch of commies disguising as harmless hippies. We know who you are. Maybe the day will come when your miserable corpses will be rotting deep down below. That's where you all belong - IN HELL.

Disgusted American. Ed: Not enough flagpoles around. Try again.

Dear Editor: I am a political prisoner & would like to express my congratulations to each & every individual connected with the East Village Other publication. I must say that each & everyone of you is doing a very fine

music and lyrics presents the most effective avenue available, other than person to person, organizational contact. Although I have for a number of years been involved in the organizational aspect in eastern Kentucky, I find that some time has allowed me a chance to avoid this stress of task.

As an alternative, I have been working on what I believe to be aesthetically sound, political lyrics, adaptable to rock, folk or country music. I have reached a point where I feel I need an outlet.

I hope your paper & I can cooperate in bringing these free lyrics to the attention of people who can use or enjoy them. They are free, uncopywritten.

Uncopywritten & free because there has to be some move toward breaking the capitalism of the rock scene.

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REDDOGORGANIZING, Hank Zingg-Gen. Delivery, Harrogate, Tenn. 615-869-3041

Hello:

I am interested in writing or 2 or 3 or maybe a whole bunch of fan letters to Piggy Nixon, just to let him know.

So... how do I get the address of his sty?

Also- EVO is good for my, uh, ID. So I shall subscribe. bye now, INDULIS CHOCHOMS (this name of mine is for real - just ask ANYBODY.

Edgar Cayce predicted some time in the forties that the State of California would slide into the Pacific in October of 1971. Well, here we are in October of that year, with very few remembering that prediction and few still paying any heed to it. It seems, however, that the United States government will be doing their darndest, later this month, to make sure that the prediction comes true. Of course, the means that they are using, an atomic bomb test on Amchitka Island just off the Alaskan Pacific, could very well take Canada right along with California, kill *all* life within a 5,000 mile radius, contaminate the underground water, which just so happens to lead into the Great Lakes, with radioactive waste and some spectators even conceive the possibility of it reversing the Poles, damaging our atoms, and all in all, messing things up pretty badly.

This little 5-megaton underground nuclear explosion which will occur in an area that abuts on a whole line of earthquake faults, has received very little attention from the press in the States but has stirred up quite a protest from the people of Canada, including Prime Minister Trudeau, who find it very disturbing to discover that their lives may all be sacrificed by the whim of the United States to "show the Soviet Union that the U.S. is serious about developing the ABM".

A letter to the Daily News last week expressed their fears: Kelowna, B.C.: *We are Canadians and we value our lives. Have you ever had the threat that your province (state) might possibly slide into the Pacific because of a "peacetime" atomic bomb test? The Nixon administration cannot play God to countries not subject to the American government. Would Americans relish the burden of conscience if some tragedy resulted from the Amchitka nuclear test blast? - Patrick Hayes, Robert Hayes.*

The Canadians, particularly those on and near the west coast, fear that this detonation, the deepest and most powerful yet planned by the Atomic Energy Commission, will cause some grave disturbance, if not an earthquake, possibly a radiation leak into the Pacific.

Among the protesters is the "Don't Make a Wave Committee" of British Columbia who last week sailed an 85-foot halibut boat, the Greenpeace, to Amchitka with a crew of 12 men, 10 Canadians and 2 Americans. Their voyage, an effort to dramatise the protest building up across Canada, was supported by Prime Minister Trudeau and nearly every high Canadian official.

THE WEST COAST: NOW YOU SEE IT



NOW YOU DON'T

by
LYNDA CRAWFORD

On September 24th, the Human Government of UBC lead a mass demonstration on the Peace Arch (border) at Blaine. On October 4th, the Federal Government of Canada presented a motion in the House of Commons asking Washington authorities to cancel the test. Both the Conservative and the New Democratic opposition parties have tried to introduce similiar motions in recent weeks, but all unsuccessfully. In the States, Jack Davis of the Department of the Environment has come out against the blast and in London the British Society for Social Responsibility in Science is urging President Nixon to cancel.

Regardless of the mounting protests against it, the White House just recently announced that the U.S. will go ahead as planned with the test. The only change Nixon has apparently made was to delay it to late October from early October. The reason for the delay, sources suggested, is to make sure that the test does not occur during the 10-day visit to Canada of Soviet Premier Kosygin which is

scheduled to begin October 18th. It would be a little embarrassing for the U.S. should they blow up the Premier.

Strangely, all of the opposition to the blast is coming from those outside the U.S. With the little publicity it has been given, most Americans are ignorant to the fact that they are faced with the same dangers as the Canadians should the test take place. One of the earthquake faults in the region of the scheduled explosion is the San Andreas fault which extends through California right to the tip of Mexico. A nice little splice off of our U.S. of A. should the blast touch off that one.

Then there is the problem of radioactive waste. It has long been recognized that large enough doses of radioactivity can cause cancer in humans. Lower levels have been shown to cause chromosome damage in animal sperm and eggs, leading to the birth of genetically damaged offspring. Uranium miners, exposed for too long to dangerous radioactivity have an abnormally high incidence of lung cancer, though it often doesn't manifest itself for 15 or 20 years. The radioactive waste from the test will be contaminating our water ways and air beyond the safe level in many areas.

Presently in Grand Junction, Colorado they are battling this problem of high-radioactivity which stemmed from a uranium ore processing mill along the Colorado River that was run by the Atomic Energy Commission from 1953 to 1966. Some 150,000 tons of radio-

active sands, called tailings, which were dumped in the back of the mill after it closed have been spread all over the town. Ignorant of their danger (there were no radiation warnings even posted in the area), the tailings were trucked away by builders to use as backfill and base material for pouring concrete slabs, and are now being inhaled by the miners and by thousands of children and adults in structures built on the tailings. Radioactivity readings in some homes in Grand Junction have reached levels well beyond those permitted in uranium mines.

This should point out the laxity on the part of the Atomic Energy Commission in preventing radioactivity from becoming a health hazard. This same laxity is now being enacted in regards to the Amchitka test. It has become more than obvious that the dangers of such a blast would be phenomenal yet the White House and the Atomic Energy Commission are more concerned with "showing those Ruskie's that we mean business".

CITY MARSHALS

THE LAST CAPITALISTS



by Ray Schultz

Hidden away from the scrutiny of the public by years of political deals and bureaucratic indifference are 84 men and women known as city marshals whose job it is to collect, dispossess, garnishee and levy upon the goods of those in the city who cannot or will not pay their bills. Working out of their own offices, often with sizeable staffs, these shadowy figures are "officers of the civil court," according to the City's Administrative Code.

Chapter 16, but in reality they are private collection agents who work under the protection of an official city badge, laboring hardest for the big companies who can promise them the most business.

Appointed by the Mayor for six-year terms of office, the marshals are virtual free-lance operators with enormous powers. They carry badges, wear firearms, are authorized to break down doors, are entitled to the help of the

police upon demand. They work not for salary, as do other "officers of the court," but for a percentage of the take, approximately \$7.00 for each paper served plus 5 percent of all monies collected plus expenses. Several of them make from \$18,000 to \$20,000 a year, several others do about \$30 or \$40,000, still more go over the \$100,000 mark. Their commission is paid over the amount of the collection by the unfortunate debtor and there is no ceiling on their earnings.

With this kind of profit motive, it is no surprise that the marshals perform extremely brisk service, particularly for the big bulk clients such as credit agencies, banks and public utilities. (Con Ed. is very big in the world of marshals, handing out business to them through the collection attorney John Keegan among others.) In the calendar year 1970, for example, according to figures of the City Department of Investigation, they performed 53,000 income execut-

ions, 14,492 garnishees on bank accounts and other monetary holdings, 12,690 repossessions of "chattels," or goods, 23,684 other processes, mostly landlord-tenant executions, 1,378 commercial evictions (businesses, etc.), 10,282 possession evictions (in which only the tenant is removed from the apartment) and 3,765 evictions in which goods and furniture were removed as well and stored with the Bureau of Incumbrances. In addition, there were 748 small summonses and subpoenas served, plus 470 auction sales of property levied, 3 attachments against persons, and 53 commitments to the civil jail for such charges as contempt. Last month, a new source of income was added when the city's traffic violation bureau awarded the marshals the entire scofflaw collection business, 380,000 unpaid fines owed by 15,000 persons, adding up to a total of \$11 million. For this work, the marshals will forego their usual fee, and will perform only for 5 percent of the gross plus expenses. Many of them grumbled at the new burden, but it is expected they will attack the job with gusto.

Preying mainly on the poor, the marshals work at their shady business with a combination of bluff, blarney and true meanness. Relying on speed and quantity to make their money, they send out large numbers of notices to debtors warning that their belongings are about to be levied and auctioned off, but in most cases the auction never happens. The debtor, taken aback by this cruel form of psychological warfare, is usually scared into making immediate payment for all or some part of the amount owed. Whether or not it is a legitimate debt is no concern to the marshal; he is merely executing the will of the court. Observers point out that marshals often give a debtor extra time and consideration, but this is less a sign of philanthropy than a desire

to be paid in full eventually.

As quick as the marshal is to intimidate the small guy, however, he is less speedy in collecting judgments for him. Since they began, the marshals have indulged in a practice known as "sewer service," or the discarding of judgments that will earn no profit. Though the law requires that they accept and execute all judgments they receive, when the amount is small the marshals frequently procrastinate or do not perform at all. What's more, they have succeeded in making it extremely difficult for the average person who might win a small

marshals can get, almost everyone in city government admits that man for man, they often show a singular lack of qualifications for the job they are doing. Some of the marshals are attorneys, but many more are accountants, former private detectives, collection agents, political hacks, and one even served as cheuffer to the mayor. The coveted appointment is essentially a political one and there are no educational or professional requirements. Thus, incidents of cruelty and brutality are not unusual. A city official who asked not to be named admitted to having once face repossession of goods by a

are in fact part of one of the most inbred and self-serving business cliques in the city, engaging in various side enterprises such as auctioneering and private detective work, and sharing their offices with other marshals, auctioneers and attorneys, many of whom do extensive work in landlord-tenant eviction cases and other real estate matters, highly unusual conduct for so-called "officers of the court." Thus, a tour of the boroughs will reveal that Marshal David Ribotsky shares an office with Marshal Jacob Ribotsky at 261 Broadway; that Marshal Bernard Moses runs the Barbara Company with his brother Meyer at 66 Court Street, Brooklyn; that Marshal Alex Chapin operates Alex Chapin Associates from his office at 299 Madison Ave.; that Marshals Samuel Pollack and Archie Long share office space with Paul Goldstein at 1697 Broadway; that Marshal Richard M. Schwartz works out of the same office as landlord-tenant attorneys Leon A. Rosenbaum, Bernard Weiner, and Mathew J. Guiffre, and C.P.A.'s Milton Hoffman and Abraham Brustein at 490 Broadway; that Marshal Leo P. Marx runs an auction service with his son-in-law Marshal Kenneth L. Brand at their office at 70 Lafayette Street; that Marshal William H. Goldstone bunks with Max Goldstone, esq. and Hyman Chipkin and Hyman Rothbar in their offices at 342 Madison Ave.; that Marshal Max Grabel operates with Marshal Irving C. Grabel and attorney Milton Kostroff out of a huge air-conditioned complex in the same building with the telephone company at 41 Livingstone Street, Brooklyn; that Marshal Harold B. McLaughlin cohabits with the firm of Lipson, Brooks, Goldberg and Cohen at 66 Court Street, Brooklyn; that Marshals Herbert Klein and Hyman Wolf work with attorney Benjamin H. Segal in a storefront next to a garish row of bail bondsmen and



claim to find them. There is no listing of marshals and their addresses at the small claims court, and in fact the only listing of them anywhere is in the City Directory, which is badly out of date. Collection Attorneys, who usually form exclusive relationships with one or two of them, however, always know where to find their men. Working with bulk, the marshals accommodate these people by making arrangements for regular payments of judgments collected, usually on a weekly or bi-weekly basis.

Though opinion varies on just how nasty the

marshal at gunpoint.

"The judgment didn't even have my name on it, but this marshal came in and pulled the gun out and pointed it at me. I couldn't believe it. Finally, I talked my way out of it and he left. I always wondered about them after that."

Incidents like this are not unusual. Furthermore, several of the marshals are related by blood or marriage, handing down their practices through the family, or selling them for large sums. These same men, who piously instruct the poor that they must make good on their debts under penalty of law,

process-servers across from the Criminal Court Building at 125 Schermerhorn Street in Brooklyn; that Marshal James F. Pietraesa works with attorney Henry Cron at 127 Schermerhorn, just a few doors away; that Marshals Irving Moldavsky and James J. Mackin work in the same quarters as attorney Israel Slochowsky at 51 Schermerhorn; that until he died, Marshal Samuel Gross shared an office and a thriving practice with his son Marshal Bernard I. Gross and Marshal David Snyder, both of whom were just reappointed, at 26 Court Street, Brooklyn; that until he was removed from office and his file turned over to the District Attorney, Marshal Martin Gray enjoyed the comforts of an office with auctioneer Jack Kasper (a former marshal) and Marshal Lester S. Kasper newly reappointed, at 305 Broadway. In addition, marshals make many friends in business during their terms and go on to bigger and better jobs when they surrender their practice. One marshal, a tenant at 66 Court Street, Brooklyn (a veritable grotto of city marshals), now works in a legal and real estate firm. But of course, many of them never give up their appointments. A city official tells of how an 86 year-old marshal was allowed by his Democratic district leader to hold on to his badge until death to placate him in his declining days even though he was completely senile and hadn't performed a service in years.

"The family asked us to do it. They said it would have killed the old boy if we'd taken it away from him. He always wore it on his jacket - he was the marshal!"

Harlem Tenants' leader Jesse Gray tells about a marshal's family combine that terrorized the ghetto for years. When the husband surrendered the badge, the wife took it over. Both of them continued to evict and dispossess no matter

who was holding the appointment, and further tied their enterprise in with family lawyers and real estate people.

"Let's face it," admits mayor's aide Gail Roberts, an assistant to Michael Dontzin at City Hall, "the grade of men we get isn't exactly the highest."

Much of this has to do with the history of the system itself. The first men to make a profession out of collecting debts came to this country with the Dutch in the early 1600's and by 1655 were incorporated into the city charter. By

special qualifications for that office except party affiliations." La Guardia tried to end the system but failed. Later, after the city and municipal courts were merged into

the civil court in 1962, giving marshals power to execute all judgments in the city under \$10,000, several legislators and private citizens tried to put a finish to the fee system of payment, as had been done with the Sheriff's office, which now executes judgments for the Supreme Court on a civil service basis. Legend has it that abolishing fees for

the sheriff's office. Their efforts have been chiefly engineered by Richard B. Childs, an elderly gentleman who has been in the Union since 1910 and has advocated reform of the marshals for just about all that time. Deaf in one ear, he sits in his office, rumages through his files, and describes himself as a "one-man committee on the marshals."

"The marshals are errand boys for business," he says. "The system of working for fees may be suitable out in the country where work is only smalltime, but here we're dealing with millions of dollars a year. Some of the marshals make big money, yet they are very inadequately managed. These jobs have always been passed around the democratic clubhouses, but they give a few to the Republicans to keep them quiet."

When John Lindsay became Mayor in 1966, he appointed a few new marshals, but met with some quick flak from liberals on his staff and other silk stocking types who resented the old clubhouse hacks. So he instructed the then-commissioner of investigation Arnold Guy Fraiman to conduct a massive investigation of the marshals system. The results were staggering. Fraiman and company found that 21 city marshals were interrelated, that marshals badges had been handed down through certain families generation after generation, that 2 marshals paid \$7,000 apiece outright for their badges, and one other admitted to spending \$7,000 a year on "contributions and entertainment."

The Fraiman report listed numerous occurrences of brutality on the part of marshals, of illegal eviction proceedings, of numerous cases of failure to notify the debtor that his salary was being attached or that he was being evicted from his home. The report noted cases in which employees were fired from their jobs when the marshals came to garnishee their sal-

MARSHAL'S NOTICE OF LEVY AND SALE

BERNARD MOSES
MARSHAL, CITY OF NEW YORK
66 COURT STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11201
TR 2-3807-2-2

Civil Court of the City of New York
County of _____
Index Number _____

Debtor No. _____

By VIRTUE of an EXECUTION to me directed and delivered: TAKE NOTICE that I have this day levied upon and will expose for sale at Public Auction, FOR CASH ONLY, all the right, title and interest which the Judgment Debtor had on this day or at any time thereafter in and to the following described personal property, to wit:

INVENTORY

Sufficient personal property, chattels, furniture and fixtures as will satisfy Judgment and Fees subject to Statutory Exemptions, but including television set, electrical appliances, etc.


and all other personal property on premises belonging to said Judgment Debtor sufficient to satisfy this judgment, fees and expenses incurred in collecting same.

SALE:
Date _____
Time _____
Address _____
Execution and Fees \$ _____ plus expenses.
Dated, New York _____ 19__

MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE ONLY
TO CITY MARSHAL
BERNARD MOSES
66 COURT STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11201
DOCKET # _____

BERNARD MOSES
Marshal, City of New York
BADGE No. 99

N. Y. ANY ONE WHO DEFACES THIS LEGAL NOTICE OR CAUSES SAME TO BE DEFACED IN ANY WAY IS GUILTY OF A MISDEMEANOR AND WILL BE PUNISHED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW.



OFFICE OF THE MARSHAL
CITY OF NEW YORK

SUBJECT TO ANY AND ALL MORTGAGES, LIENS, ENCUMBRANCES, ETC., IF ANY.

ALL CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS ARE TO BE MADE PAYABLE TO

BERNARD MOSES
MARSHAL, CITY OF NEW YORK
66 COURT STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11201
BADGE No. 99

the time the city became part of the Republic, the position was essentially a

political one, a favor for politicians to hand out to cronies and supporters, which meant eventually it became part of the democratic clubhouse, the Tammany machine. In 1935, Commissioner of Accounts, William B. Herlands, reported to Mayor La Guardia, "Although the marshals are appointed nominally by the Mayor, they were in the previous administrations almost all appointees of district leaders and generally had no

sheriffs was Al Smith's first act in the statehouse after he himself had earned \$250,000 at the job.

Every year since 1961, acts have been introduced to the state legislature asking for an end to the marshal's system, and every year they have failed. Robert Wagner was seemingly indifferent to the situation and his administration produced a report that overlooked many of the abuses, but then he was a democrat himself. The non-partisan Citizen's Union tried repeatedly to get rid of the marshals and turn their duties over to

aries, and of instances where the marshals used cheap labor to move furniture during evictions instead of

licensed and bonded movers as the law requires. The report gave extensive coverage of sewer service and other such practices, of an elderly marshal who claimed to perform 2,000 services during a six-month period. Some of these findings were incorporated into a speech given by Lindsay to the Bar Association shortly after completion of the confidential report.

"Our investigation of the marshal system documents what has long been suspected," he told the lawyers, "that there is one standard for the have-nots. A bank, a utility, or a collection agency can obtain fast, effective service from a marshal. But in the process the rights of the poor often are ignored or trampled."

"The victims of... these derelictions and abuses have been, predictably, the ignorant, the poor, the powerless of our slums and ghettos; those most incapable of achieving their rights when confronted with a gun and a badge."

These were noble words but why are the marshals still in operation? The fact is, Lindsay supported legislation to do away with them, but the marshals descended upon Albany. Powerful lobbyists, with high-placed friends, they kept all possible legislation from any form of serious consideration. The last bill to abolish them, No. 703-A, introduced by State Senator Roy Goodman of Manhattan, never got out of the judiciary committee. During these efforts, Lindsay refused to appoint any new marshals, instead maintained those whose terms had expired on a holdover basis. By the summer of 1970, with most of the terms rapidly approaching expiration, and with increasing pressure from business to fill almost twenty vacancies and nearly 30 holdover positions, the mayor announced formation of a committee to study new appointments and possible re-appointments to be headed by Bernard H. Jackson, counsel to the National Foot-

ball League, and David Arens, a local attorney with experience in "landlord-tenant" law. The committee, unfortunately, was stocked with big business types. Recently, city councilman Robert I. Postel, who is doing much of the screaming over the Municipal Loan scandal, charged that one committee member, Joseph S. Rodell, a lawyer, had worked primarily for landlords and had been guilty of conflict-of-interest while arguing a landlord's case before Judge Kenneth N. Browne, a couple of years ago. Rodell's brother, State Assemblyman Martin Rodell, had previously shared an office with Judge Browne.

"Should a landlord lawyer who probably used city marshals in the past have anything to do with impartially selecting city marshals?" Postel said in a telephone interview.

The councilman pointed to the fact that on the press release announcing formation of the committee, Rodell is described as a "specialist in landlord-tenant law," which usually means on the side of the landlord, and that he is listed as a member of the "Legal Aide Committee for Indigent Tenants of Queens County Bar Association."

"I checked with the bar association and there is no organization with that title," Postel said. "They just worked that name up on the press release to give the impression of Rodell being sympathetic to tenants which he definitely is not."

Nevertheless, the committee slowly but surely did its work, and earlier this year Lindsay announced the appointment of fourteen new city marshals and the re-appointment of sixteen old ones, to the distress of his young aides and the delight of the collection attorneys.

"I am making the appointments in order to fill vacancies and to satisfy a need for the services rendered by city marshals to the Courts, but my opposition to the system remains unchanged," he said.

"I am confident that the men and women whom I have named as city marshals, having met the high standards and qualifications of the Mayor's Committee on Marshals, will live up to our expectations of excellence and responsibility in the performance of their duties."

To prove it, he pointed proudly to the new marshals, a shining group of attorneys and ex-policemen who indeed met the high standards of the committee, mainly, the ability to keep straight books and no history of convictions for major crimes. He failed to mention that many of the new marshals would literally buy their practices from marshals whose terms had expired or who were removed from office, and that the sixteen re-appointed ones (selected from a field of seventeen who applied in the first wave) were some of the very same people who contributed to the evils of the system before; men like Eugene Weisbrod, Archie Long, Max Grabel, James F. Dennedy and Bernard Moses, among the highest earners in the field and those most closely wedded to big business in pursuit of the buck.

Things haven't changed much. One of the new marshals, Humberto Aponte, was recently elected as democratic district leader *with the support and funds of the Lindsay machine in Manhattan, just switched over from the Republican side!* Another, Michael Canner, runs the business once owned by Ethel Canner out in Brooklyn. Coincidentally, still another of the new marshals is already being removed from office for unspecified violations.

"The marshals are running rampant," says Jesse Gray, head of the Harlem Tenant's Union. "At a time of increasing crisis in the city, they're as vicious as they've ever been."

"Only thing that's changed is nowadays they only evict in the winter-time up here. They wouldn't dare try it in the summer, with all the young guys standing around on the street. They know what would happen."

When interviewed, one





of the marshals predicted that within six months many of the marshals would turn in their badges because "There's no money in it anymore." But this shameful lack of profit has not deterred the same individuals from applying and re-applying for the job year after year, or from steadfastly maintaining that they do a better job than anyone else could *because* of profit.

"We do a better job because you work harder when there's something in it for you," said Marshal James F. Dennedy in his office at 66 Court Street in Brooklyn. "We get a percentage so we hustle."

"Has your job gotten harder since Lindsay took over?" he was asked.

"Yes," he said. "Our job is harder because there's much less respect for law and order."

"In what way?"

"People are allowed to get away with things. There's no respect."

This self-righteous tone is echoed by many of the marshals even as they engage in the usual unethical practices. One outspoken opponent of the system is Acting Sheriff H. William Kehl, who feels his department could not only do a fairer job of collection than the marshals, but a more efficient one as well.

"The marshals are an anachronism of the law," he says, in his office at 31 Chamber Street. "I don't really want to comment on them

individually, but I hear things here and there about them. In particular, I think we here do a much fairer job on auctions and sales. I mean, the marshals go in, they accept low bids, maybe less than the item is worth but equal to the amount of the judgment. What does a marshal care, it isn't their loss, but we have a different policy here. If we collect more than the judgment, we give the debtor a rebate. It's as simple as that.

"The trouble is, there is no income in the Sheriff's office,

it is just not lucrative economically, but it would be if we took over the marshal's business. I completely dispute the figure.

that it would cost the city \$10 million to turn it over to us. With all that judgment money coming through here, it wouldn't cost a thing. I would hire 30 new men, with maybe 10 new clerical employees. We work by computer anyway, so efficiency would go up. I would divide the judgments by neighborhood, my men would work by district. They would put in a full day, too.

"At least 40 percent of my men are lawyers. We would have the added advantage of training our own people, only the best. We pride ourselves on being true professionals here courteous and humane. We don't try to ruin people when we collect. We believe we have an equal duty to both the judgment creditor and the judgment debtor. Also, we're untouched politically. I will give you an example. Not too long ago, we were about to execute a judgment on a person in Brooklyn. A political figure from that neighborhood called me up and said 'Hy, if you can't help us out I understand, but if you could delay that execution for two weeks I'd really appreciate it.' I told him, 'There was no reason for you to call, I have already decided to give him *four* weeks. There was nothing political in my decision, it is merely the policy of this department to give extra time and be fair in our treatment. As for the department, I'm stingy with city money but I always like to make sure my boys get taken care of.'"

Kehl pointed proudly to letters of commendation on the wall issued to his men after they performed a civil eviction and arrest on the Young Lords during their occupation of a Harlem Church in 1970.

"We respected them and they respected us," he said. "We performed that arrest without violence on either side. Even the police were impressed."

Kehl is almost universally respected throughout the city government as that rarest of all beasts, a bureaucrat who is not only honest but takes pride in his work as well. But observers dispute his department's ability to take over the marshal's chores.

"Kehl is a good man," one official said, "but they'd never be able to do it. The collection attorneys would be screaming. Besides, it *would* cost about ten mill to give it to Kehl. And then what? Civil Service, salary problems, hospitalization, retirement plans, the whole mess you have with every other city employee. Hell, let the marshals keep it. They do the whole thing at no cost to us, and so what if they get a little rambunctuous? They're a necessary evil."

Predictably, this opinion is shared by many businessmen in the city, including Arthur Brown, an insurance man who has "occasion" to use city marshals.

"Somewhere there's confusion in the picture that marshals have power," Brown says. "Of course, they're unpopular. What do you think of when you see one? 'There's the son of a bitch who's after me!' But the marshals must maintain adequate books and records. They cannot deviate. They can't walk in arbitrarily, they must have a policeman for an eviction, and they have to answer for complaints. The marshal only gets his fee if he collects. I use them myself, and I'm satisfied, socially and professionally. Now they have to mail them a copy of their notice, as well as serving it personally because invariably, the guy says 'I never got it.'"

"Yes, they specialize in commercial business. Those who work the hardest make the most money. Some of them put in 16 hours a day. One of the biggest is Bernard Moses. Besides, any time John Lindsay tries to change an existing structure, it gets worse. It's a kiss of death if he

THIS AMOUNT IS TO BE PAID ONLY TO THE MARSHAL as no other person is authorized to receive money under any circumstances.

OFFICE OF THE MARSHAL



CITY OF NEW YORK

BERNARD MOSES
MARSHAL, CITY OF NEW YORK
66 COURT STREET
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201
TRiangle 5-3607

Civil Court of the City of New York

County of _____

Index No. _____

Plaintiff
vs.
Defendant

I HEREBY NOTIFY you that I have a Warrant of Execution issued out of the above court for the amount of \$..... and to levy on your personal property.

Unless I receive this amount by return mail, in cash or certified check, I shall be compelled to execute the Mandate of the Court without any further notice to you.

An immediate settlement of the amount is to be made at this office, otherwise further costs and charges will be incurred.

FINAL NOTICE

Yours, etc.

BERNARD MOSES, Marshal
CITY OF NEW YORK

OFFICE HOURS FROM 9 A.M. TILL 5 P.M.

Your property is hereby made subject to immediate Levy and Sale for the amount of this Execution

CHECKS TO BE MADE PAYABLE TO THE ORDER OF THE MARSHAL.
KINDLY RETURN THIS NOTICE WITH YOUR CHECK.

Docket No. _____

Balance \$ _____

has the solution for something."

Surprisingly, Brown was agreed with on many of these points by Legal Aid attorney Schuyler Barrach in his office at 290 Lenox Ave. in Harlem.

"They're just not as bad as they used to be," he said. "Much of their incompetence is just ordinary incompetence, not mal-evidence. Sometimes I admit, they just don't make the proper services,

but you've got to remember, on something like repossessions of furniture, by the time the debtor stops making payments on it, it really isn't worth it in most cases to take it back. You've got to hire a mover, then sell it. You can't repossess mattresses with stains on them. So marshals do heavy work pulling out meters for Con. Ed. In most cases, Con. Ed. is right, the people owe the money. Besides, the marshals don't just pull the meter out - they talk to me, and they will give extra time if the apartment is cold or something.

"The marshals have their faults, but I'm not so sure that it would be wise to get rid of them. Consider the alternative. Bailiffs in Connecticut and Illinois have just as rotten a reputation. Besides, I'll deny this if you say it, but our court system is so incompet-

ent, who is in it that could discipline the marshals, anyway?"

The man who disciplines the marshals after a

fashion is assistant to the Commissioner of Investigation in charge of Marshals William Rubin. He has been working at the job for 30 years and knows the marshal's system inside-out. In 1968, he helped compose the speech Lindsay gave to the Bar Association and has contributed to legislation that would abolish the Marshals.

"I am no friend of city marshals," he says.

On the other hand, he is protective of his charges, refuses to release the names of wrongdoers, and recently asked this reporter to leave a meeting between the new marshals and the Department of Traffic Violations on the grounds that the marshals would make themselves look foolish by asking "child-ish" questions.

"That meeting," he said, "was to acquaint them with the new scoff-law collections, it wasn't intended to be public."

A friendly man with heavy jowls, Rubin sits in his office at 111 John Street and instructs like a schoolmaster on the art of supervising city marshals, slowly and methodically, asking

questions and then answering them himself to make a point. He personally handles 450 complaints each year on the marshals, and knows all of them personally.

"I'm no friend of city marshals," he repeats. "There are good ones and bad ones, but I'd say most are decent men. You just have to ride herd on them and make sure they do the right thing.

"Personally I don't

give a hoot and holler who collects judgments in this city, the marshals or the sheriffs. This department supervises the sheriffs too, and we get complaints on them as well."

As he spoke, Rubin was interrupted with phone calls from collection attorneys and marshals asking for clarification on various legal points. One lawyer wanted to know about a regulation Rubin enacted that required marshals to send out court services by certified mail.

"Yes," Rubin barked over the phone, "I insist on certified mail. I know it's not in the law, but I want them to have a certificate of mailing. It's a matter of 30 cents, for God's sake."

Turning from the phone, he said, "You think they'd realize it's for their own good. With certified mail,

the persons receiving the notice can't claim they didn't get it. This happens all the time.

"I get in between 400 and 500 complaints a year. I deal with each one personally."

"How many were formally charged?" he was asked.

"Only about one or two."

"Is that all? Out of 500 complaints?"

"Don't get me wrong. Most of them resign

when you mention charges. I've removed from 40 to 50 from office in the last five years. Grounds for removing them from office aren't always grounds for a criminal proceeding."

"What are the grounds for removal from office?"

He leaned over and spoke confidentially.

"Even if I hear that a marshal didn't serve a judgment he received, I consider that grounds for asking him to turn in his badge."

"What else?"

"You've got to remember that marshals are not very popular people. A marshal is not liked. If he's not as gentle as he should be, we get complaints which we try to evaluate fairly. For example, we get many complaints about discourtesy. So we call up the marshal and tell him he should be more courteous. If he shows a behavior pattern, we give him an official warning. Then if he continues, we charge him or remove him."

The phones continued ringing. A citizen called to complain that a marshal had failed to serve his judgment. Rubin located the marshal and asked him about it. The marshal claimed that he was detained by a show-cause order and couldn't execute, even though another marshal had already collected from the same man on a different judgment.

"Bring the show-cause order in," Rubin said loudly. "I want to see the order."

Another complaint came through that Marshal Harold Pomars of 120-72 Queens Boulevard, Kew Gardens, Queens, was trying to charge a citizen \$19 for the service of picking up

garnishee papers from the civil court.

"What? Nineteen dollars!" Rubin thundered. "For what?"

"Listen," Rubin told the man, calling him by his last name, "you go to the civil court yourself and pick up the papers. Then you deliver them to the marshal, and he will service them, understand? That's right. You tell him there is no charge of any 19 bucks, you tell him I said so. I'll call him myself."

"What about the marshals who work for the same companies all the time?" Rubin was asked.

"Nothing stops them from specializing to that extent," he said. "They are required by law to accept all judg-

nothing under the sun to prevent them from sharing offices.

"The one thing you must understand," he continued, "is that things are not getting any better for the marshals. The whole subject is exaggerated a great deal. Some of the figures I've heard on what they earn are ridiculous. Sure, they gross a tremendous amount, but what they net is much less. You forget, they must maintain office staffs with bookkeepers, office managers, we're very strict on keeping of books."

"How do you decide to reappoint?"

"I don't reappoint at all, I just recommend to the Mayor's Committee. Like right

hide. He began in the 20's as a clubhouse democrat with "liberal" tendencies. A popular crony, he received his marshal's badge in 1929 and eventually managed to average around \$100,000 a year, according to the estimates of a former staff member. His recent big business has come from collection attorneys Heicko and Bush, and John McDermott, an attorney for the telephone company, which has provided him with enormous amounts of collection work.

Through the years, he became a big man in the city, with important friends. Photo's

adorn the wall of his office showing him shaking hands with various politicians including City Council President Sanford Garelik. Regarded by many upstanding people in the city as a warm, good, generous, respectable human being, he was one of the principal movers behind the Hebrew Home for the Aged, and is well respected in the Jewish community.

Like a number of other marshals, he maintains an apartment in the city (as per law) but lives outside in a sumptuous castle in Long Beach, Long Island, where he throws huge parties, ever the gracious host. He also enjoys vacationing in Miami Beach. A family man, he was bitterly disappointed that his son didn't turn out to be a lawyer as he had hoped, and in fact lies to outsiders that he is. With his son-in-law, Marshal Kenneth L. Brand, however, he has had better luck and has turned much of his business over to Brand with whom he shares an office.

Marx is said to show compassion for debtors but this is only one side of his personality. At other times, his actions have been described as "not very noble." An egotist who loves flaunting power, he enjoys telling stories of great judgments of the past, of classic evictions, of deeds he has done. With

friends throughout the state, he flies to Albany personally every time his interests are threatened. Hopint to retire from the game this year, he instead lost a fortune playing the stock market, and must now struggle to earn some more security for his old age while his son-in-law gets steadily richer. Undaunted, he sits in his office, which he also shares with an old crony named Jacobson, an ex-marshal who now does auctioneering and is deaf in one ear. The two are described as quite comical together.

"You want to know about abolishing the marshals?" he says. "It's a dead issue. Mayor Lindsay has just made several appointments, so there you are."

"The mayor seems to feel that the sheriff could do a better job at it. I don't think so. The sheriffs lose if you win a judgment in small claims court here in Manhattan and it's against someone in Staten Island, the sheriff can't do it, they work by county. But you bring it to me, and I can do it like that! Marshals are city-wide, they can work anywhere. I'll tell you how all this talk

of abolishing marshals came about. It was when they reorganized the lower courts in 1962, when they merged the municipal court with the city court, which is now the civil court. The sheriff at that time was a man named David McClosky, and he saw a chance to grab more power. That's right. He wanted to be the only law enforcement office in the courts. There were hearings and what-not, and he did his best. Throughout the entire state, never had there been an effort to get rid of the marshals until McClosky got Fraiman's ear, and Lindsay's."

Marx chuckles and relights his cigar. "But now, McClosky has retired and nobody is pushing. Lindsay found the necessity of having marshals - he had let their



ments they receive. If they do something wrong, we get right after them.

"What about all the marshals who work as auctioneers?"

"There's no law against that. Businesses like that are run by the Department of Consumer Affairs, and I have nothing to say about them. Actually, only about 45 of them work as auctioneers."

"Isn't that a conflict of interest?"

"There's no law against it."

"What about the marshals who share offices with attorneys and other people?"

"There's no law against it. I know several of them are together, and we try to discourage it, but legally I have no way of stopping them. There

here, I have several marshals coming up for reappointment - I'm not recommending this one, this one, this one... they're all over 70, much too old. This one here. They've been in the business too long. Let's get some younger men in it."

"How many men that age are still marshals?"

"There used to be several. Now there are less."

One of the grand old men of the city marshal system is Marshal Leo P. Marx, also chairman of the city and state Marshal's Associations. Marx is a gruff white-haired cigar smoking old-timer who has seen them come and seen them go. At 68, he has much to look back on and be proud of, but also much to

terms expire and the court was suffering. Marshals are necessary for the welfare of the city, so he appointed new ones, and he's going to appoint more. Let's face it, the marshals don't cost the city a cent. It's a service that must be provided, somebody has to do it, and the marshals don't cost

a cent. It would cost them ten million at least to turn it over to the sheriff, and he'd lose even more than he does now. Not that I have anything against the sheriff - the acting sheriff now is Mr. Deal, and he's a fine man, another old-timer. I hope they make him permanent, he really deserves it. But that McClosky was pushing for power, no doubt about it.

"Marshals aren't making gross sums of money. I mean, look at this office - you've got what, six girls and printing to pay,

stationary - you take that off the gross and what are you left with? It's the net that counts, and that's not a big deal in the last couple of years."

"Isn't business better during a depression?"

"No, I'll tell you. It's my contention that a marshal's business is always best during times of prosperity,

and at a low ebb during a depression. Let's face it, during a depression, when a guy goes out of business, that store stays empty and no one new comes in. During prosperity, people take greater chances."

"What kind of cases do you handle?"

"A little bit of everything. It varies. Like evictions. Seventy five percent of evictions that take place are not cases where you have to throw someone out. Most of the time we find an abandoned apartment with a dirty mattress and

a broken spring, and the guy has already left. Years ago you used to have *real* evictions' this is the low-grade stuff. We've changed it ourselves. It used to be that you had to give a tenant 24 hours notice before you evicted them. We didn't feel that was proper so we went to the legislature and they changed it to 72 hours."

"What's the difference between the new marshals and the old ones?"

"The new ones aren't political. They have no political ties."

"What about the debtors?"

"I've been at this since 1929, and in my opinion most people are honest. If and when they don't pay their bills, it's because they really can't. Of course, there's always fakers and it's our

job to ferret out which ones are honest and which ones are fakers.

Like on these here - "

He pointed to some notices of sale and auction pinned to the wall.

"We send them out - they don't mean a thing. We give them extra time, we listen to their stories. WE don't have many sales.

Most of them pay up."

The notice on top, a carbon, had a pencil-written message on it by Marx: "*You claimed on telephone you had paid judgment creditor in full. You know damn well you still owe \$214*"

"The worst ones," Marx says, pointing to a sheaf of scofflaw judgments, "are these guys. What a bunch of deadbeats! Some of them have as much as twenty judgments against them. Jeez! What some people get away with

Parts of this story appeared originally in another form in the HERALD.

THE END THE END THE END



COUPLE EVICTED IN THE RAIN

It is alarming that too damn few of the nation's youth are taking advantage of their newly won right to vote. Are you going to allow that crew of old political whores to screw you again? Do you believe in such profundities as "My 1 vote can't change shit If that's the sort of thing which has you not registering, then there are some facts to enlighten you. Amerika has in it's midst 25,000,000 new voters in the 18-25 year age group. For the unprecedented time the so called "Young liberal assholes, the "dirty" hippies" and "those still wet behind the ears youngsters" have the potential to alter the composition of congress and determine the outcome of the 1972 Presidential election. This is our opportunity to overthrow the pigheathens who have destroyed human life half the world away in: a profiteering meat grinding war in Southeast Asia.

The corporate-political complex which has heretofore behaved as a Teutonic juggernaut, ignoring our views, is being brought to a timely halt as it realizes the first tremors of our growing strength. That machine recoils at the thought of the well-informed voter. That same complex quivers in utter consternation at the prospect of voters who can't be bought. We are the political untouchables!

To those of you who are lukewarm on

VOTE!



by JARED SETH NOVEMBER

voting, I ask that you appraise the following statistics as reported in the *New York Times*, Sept. 19, 1971.
 Senators--G.O.P.
 Tod Stevens, Alaska: last majority, 15,000. Potential youth vote:

45,000.
 James B. Pearson, Kansas: last majority, 47,000. Potential youth vote, 274,000.
 Robert P. Griffith, Michigan, Republican whip: last majority, 293,000. Potential youth vote: 1,031,000.
 Howard Baker Jr., Ten-

nessee: last majority, 100,000. Potential youth vote, 470,000.
 John Tower, Texas: last majority, 199,000. Potential youth vote, 1,380,000.

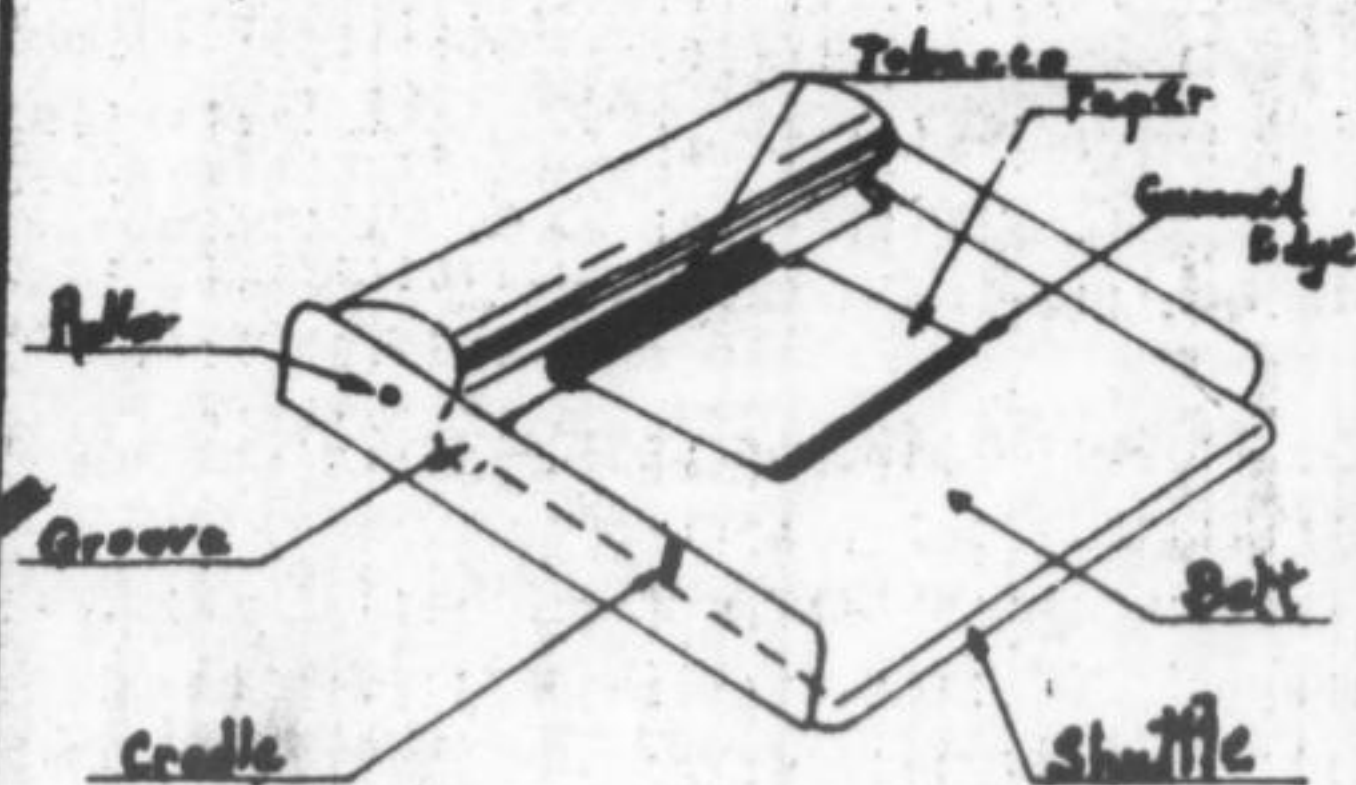
Senators--Democrats

Walter Mondale, Minn: last majority, 111,000. Potential youth vote, 77,000.
 432,000/
 432,000.
 Lee Metcalf, Montana: last majority, 17,000. Potential youth vote, 77,000.
 Tom McIntyre, N.H: last majority, 18,000. Potential youth vote, 123,000.
 B. E. Jordan, N.C: 1 last majority, 101,000. Potential youth vote, 667,000.
 W. B. Spong Jr, Virginia: last majority: 183,000. Potential youth vote: 667,000.

The above statistics are trifles when one takes into account the broad political spectrum of spectrum nationwide. We can transform local government to a more progressive complexion merely by exercising the power of the vote. One can practice revolutionary justice swiftly and efficiently. It's your chance to tell THEM DIRECTLY LIKE IT IS!

1972 is going to be the year the bacon fries. Who needs to go fucking around in pig cities such as Chicago? The pigs can beat their own heads while we hold a riot in the voting booths. However, let's make one thing perfectly clear: NIXON, START PACKING!

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PATENT PENDING A LEHI PRODUCTION

"We want you guys to go outside and liberate those bootlegs." Those were direct orders to Sam Cutler, the Dead's road manager, from Jerry Garcia. Cutler rounds up the biggest beer-bellied Al Hirt stand-ins from among the 85 assorted straights and out-and-out muscle freaks that make up the Howard Stein Gaelic Park goon squad (remember the Fillmore uniforms?) and marches them out, indignantly, into the exuberant crowd that is waiting to hear the oh-so-righteous Grateful Dead.

They spot Johnny Lee, one hundred and ten pounds of bootleg selling might. About half a dozen of these New Age entrepreneurs surround the guy; except for Cutler, they weigh an average of two hundred pounds a piece. Cutler announces the liberation of the Dead bootleg Johnny is selling, grabs them from out of his hands, and gives them out...twenty-seven of them.

They're ahead of the game: The Grateful Dead, the Altamont friends of Pigpen, Howard Stein and his millions earned through his well-known ruthlessness, and his beer-bellied bouncers: one; Johnny Lee, 110 lbs., earning less than fifty a week (this was his first time out selling albums this season) with no friends with more than a spare hundred at a time, with no friends accustomed to violence or willing to engage in it over money, the loss: \$52.00.

The pigs intent on picking up on the Rock Empire Game, where Graham left off, stop at nothing. They go over to Hawkman and tell him, "You're either going to jail immediately or you're gonna give out all of the Dead bootleg you've got on you." Not a chance... Hawkman has seen colder muscle than this on Sixth Street. He ages about until the goons are convinced they're going to have to stomp this guy in the light of all before he's going to part with his records. They agree to let him off if he agrees to sell no more Dead at the concert. To get out of their sweaty clutches, he agrees and splits in a rage. Meanwhile, two other hawkers are surrounded and have 120 albums confiscated.

It rages and putters; the bootleggers gather forces and go in to see Cutler and Stein. The ones remaining outside the concert hassle the assorted bouncers, now no longer running with their Tons-of-Fun packing cops on their backs, accusing them of assaulting Johnny Lee - 'm not following up though, just doing whatever can be done to tear down their fascist spirits a bit.

The conference ends behind the concert gates

before the confiscated records are returned, Stein and the Dead insist the hawkers who own the records rat on the "bootleg kingpin." Dig that shit, man! This is the funky, beautiful voice of the Grateful Dead: "YOU GET YOUR RECORDS BACK WHEN YOU RAT ON YOUR BROTHER." What is that crap?!

(Last year, people would approach Hawkman and offer to sell him good Dead tapes. His answer was that, no, they wouldn't bootleg the Dead because they needed the money so badly. That was last year that they needed the bread--and most of the years preceding as well.)

cia fucks up a bit on Casey Jones, and Pigpen's ego may have been deflated a bit by his voice coming over poorly on "Good Loving" but that was a concert. You do a concert and you stand by your performance, good or bad. That's show business.

This effete artistic bullshit doesn't matter anyway. Bootleg is structured around the selling of the sounds of big name groups. A big name group is one in which each musician earns over five figures. The best-selling bootleg on this coast at this time is this new Dead. Bootleggers push about 500 a month in the city. Whenever a new Dead System-Sponsored

every last penny that you deserve --by making Amerikan standards -- you are a Pig. Jerry Garcia, is that you?

Nobody buys that anti-bootleg shit about the artistic integrity of the artist in saying what goes out. One, you stand by your performance; two, even if you don't want to, Jerry, somewhat, and say "all your private property is fair game for your brothers (especially when they sell records of concerts that don't compete with coming releases) and your brother (who's gonna continue to dig you as we live off your comets we're gonna keep ripping you off because it is possible. As simple

might as well take it gracefully.

Yeah, we know the sad story. It's old. around, but no one cares as long as they're having fun. Bootleggers pay a lot to produce and package but are rip-off people, too. They give the eager little music freak what he wants and charge him what the stores charge; it's the same rip-off on a smaller scale. The biggest winners on your side of the rip-off, Jerry, are people like Stein and the late Grajonka, people who run the gamut from General Sarnoff to Mike Curb. These are the Pop Power Politicians; the dudes who are going to control us all some day. The people who get rich (if you consider an average take of \$100 a week "rich") on our side of the rip-off is mostly small-time peddlers like Johnny Lee, who'll never get back on his boot legs again.

Money. That's the whole story, isn't it? If these were other times, in another land under a different set of rules maybe you could justifiably complain about the people who want to give your recorded performances out free because you didn't screen them and pick out the sections you didn't like and do them over for the cat, 'cause no one charges for their music, and because the means of production belong to the people, and they can turn out all the good sounds they can, and you have a natural right to screen all releases. But we're here. Now. You guys are making millions -- or soon will be. Money is power, especially as the concept of money is crumbling nation-wide and power freaks like Stein are cornering the market on it. The channels that the green power the Dead bring in travel aren't the healthiest for the generations of revolution to come. Stein is one of these hopeful images of a Freak with a chance to change things positively gone sour, who uses all his power to consolidate his power; who'll go to any extremes to insure the natural expansion of that power. Fuck him. Fuck you, if you even consider using brown-shirt tactics to perpetuate this raking-in operation.

Maybe I should give some note to a rumormonger: that the Dead have been looking for bootleg manufacturers for some time now with the object in mind of collaborating to produce one or more bootlegs. That would be nice. Then they could have some of their artistic integrity back, and maybe even a cut of the take, not that that is important. Maybe that'll still happen. But you cocksuckers still owe Johnny Lee \$52.00.

END DAYS ALL FOLK!



The biggest piece of shit spewing from Cutler's mouth is about the reasons the Dead have for being so pissed off: they don't like the quality (remember Garcia's line in "I Got No Chance of Losin"? He says, "I'm only in it for the gold." Yeah, music has a way of being more honest than the artist intends it to be at times...) The "quality?" Anyone who has bought a bootleg recently will know and agree that the boot-leg stereo album called "Grateful Dead" is one of the best underground products yet. The tape was taken from a concert the group did at Winterland, on the coast a few months back. Yeah, Gar-

album hits the stores to good publicity. They didn't even get ripped-off for the work they put into the bootlegger's product --they it sells 10,000 in the same area at the same time. Simultaneously, more people become Dead freaks as they hear more and more of the group, be it on bootleg or straight production. It amounts to big money for the Winterland concert. When you're out to get all the money you can out of your gigs, like the Dead seem to be (like all the groups seems to be) you might be accused of being a bit piggish; when you use strong-arm shit to insure that you get

as that. We'd like to paraphrase the Airplane tail) is me." If you and Cutler and Stein continue your shit, though, we'll just have to sing the song the same old way, you guys being put in the position of being the same old reactionary establishment that we're all ripping off. It's all around. You break your back playing gigs for ten years and suddenly success is staring you in the face. Bread: lots and lots of bread. You turn your back on your poor, ripping 'em off roots and start to tighten up. You're in the biggest rip-off industry in other words, you

Shri Guru Maharaj Ji

SALUTATIONS AT THE LOTUS FEET OF LOVE



When the world staggers in the darkness of spiritual blindness and even the leaders of nations know not the path which leads to peace; When all work is done in the ignorance of selfish thoughts and men forget that they are each others brothers; When the path of righteousness disappears in the undergrowth of materialism --- The Lord incarnates in human guise upon the earth, to lead mankind once more upon the shining path of Truth.

His aim is not to convert people from one religion or philosophy to another but to enable all people to know the one Truth which is the seed and source of all life.

"GIVE ME YOUR LOVE, I WILL GIVE YOU PEACE. COME TO ME, I WILL RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR SUFFERING. I AM THE SOURCE OF PEACE IN THIS WORLD. ALL I ASK OF YOU IS YOUR LOVE. ALL I ASK IS YOUR TRUST. AND WHAT I CAN GIVE YOU IS SUCH PEACE AS WILL NEVER DIE. I DECLARE THAT I WILL ESTABLISH PEACE IN THIS WORLD. BUT WHAT CAN I DO UNLESS MEN COME TO ME WITH LOVE IN THEIR HEARTS AND A KEEN WISH TO KNOW PEACE AND TRUTH?" ---Shri Guru Maharaj Ji
Delhi, Nov. 1970 (Translation)

"The test of a true master is the knowledge he gives. I will give the whole world knowledge. That is what I am trying to do." "I have brought light to 3,000,000 people in India. You can have it too. You must see God face to face--and I can show you God exists."

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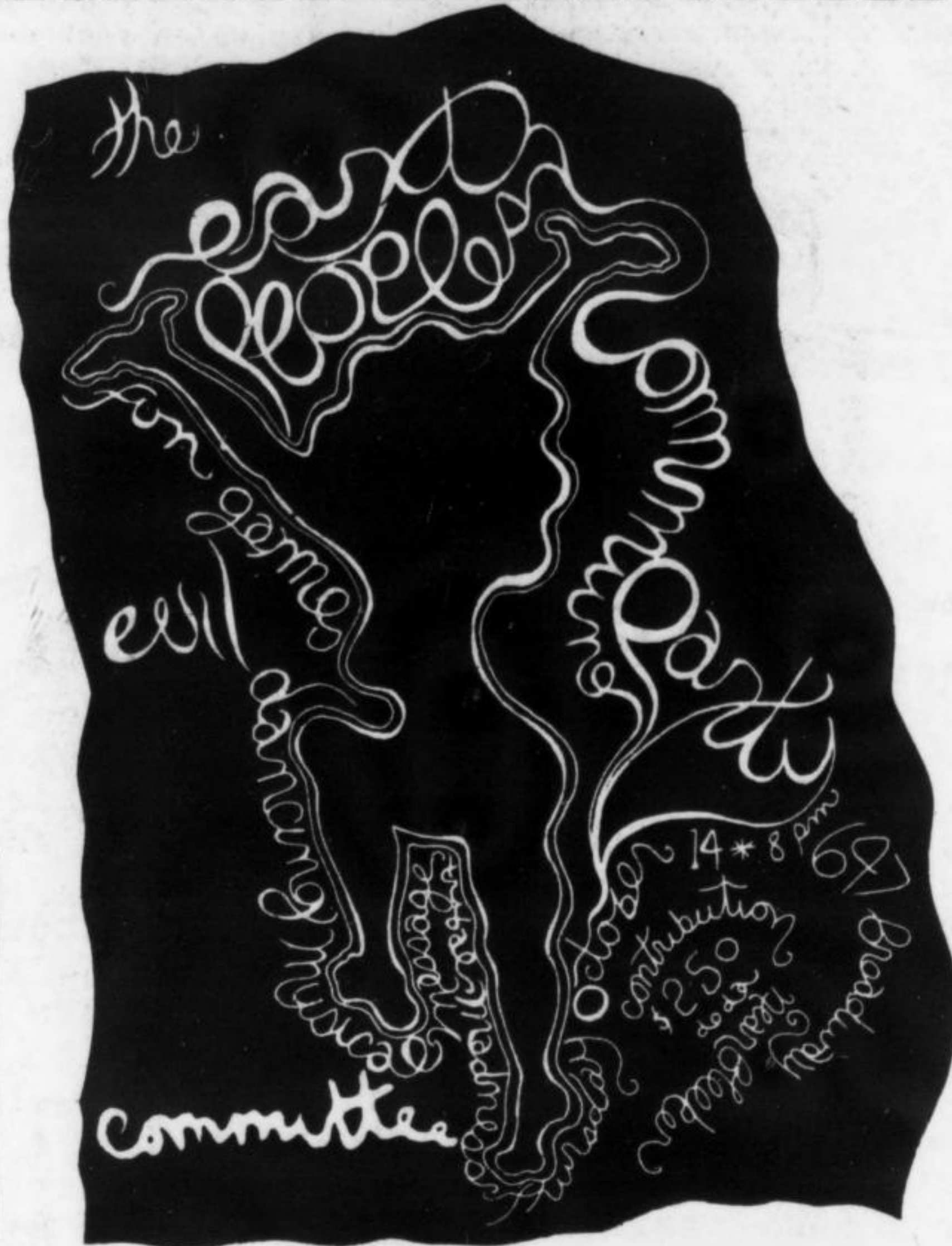
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A FABLE

by Vincent Titus

Once some pigs were building a house. It had a green light in front of it, and the pigs were wearing masquerade costumes. A wolf named Weatherman blew the house in and offered the pigs. Moral: Some fairy tales have a happy ending.



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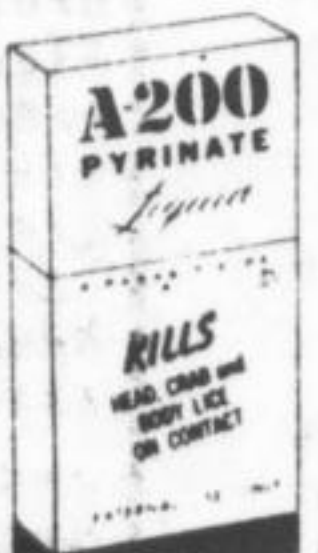
Dear Jaakov

I said "man, like he's only got 12 million dollars" Suddenly my body filled with adrenalin and my mind filled with anger. I was gonna kill Dylan. I started to run and pinned him biking down Houston. I picked up a bottle and followed. I crept up on him as he stopped at a light. I was gonna throw the bottle at him as he drove in the middle of traffic hoping to knock him off the bike and "beneath a truck" Then I realized that this wouldn't be good PR. That fucker hadn't done too much damage (A Band-Aid Job & I thought he knew Karate) and the best thing I could do would be to go on with business as usual, which I did. So that's how I got jumped by Bob Dylan ...all because I hastled his wife a little. NEVER AGAIN. AJ Weberman
Madison, Wisconsin

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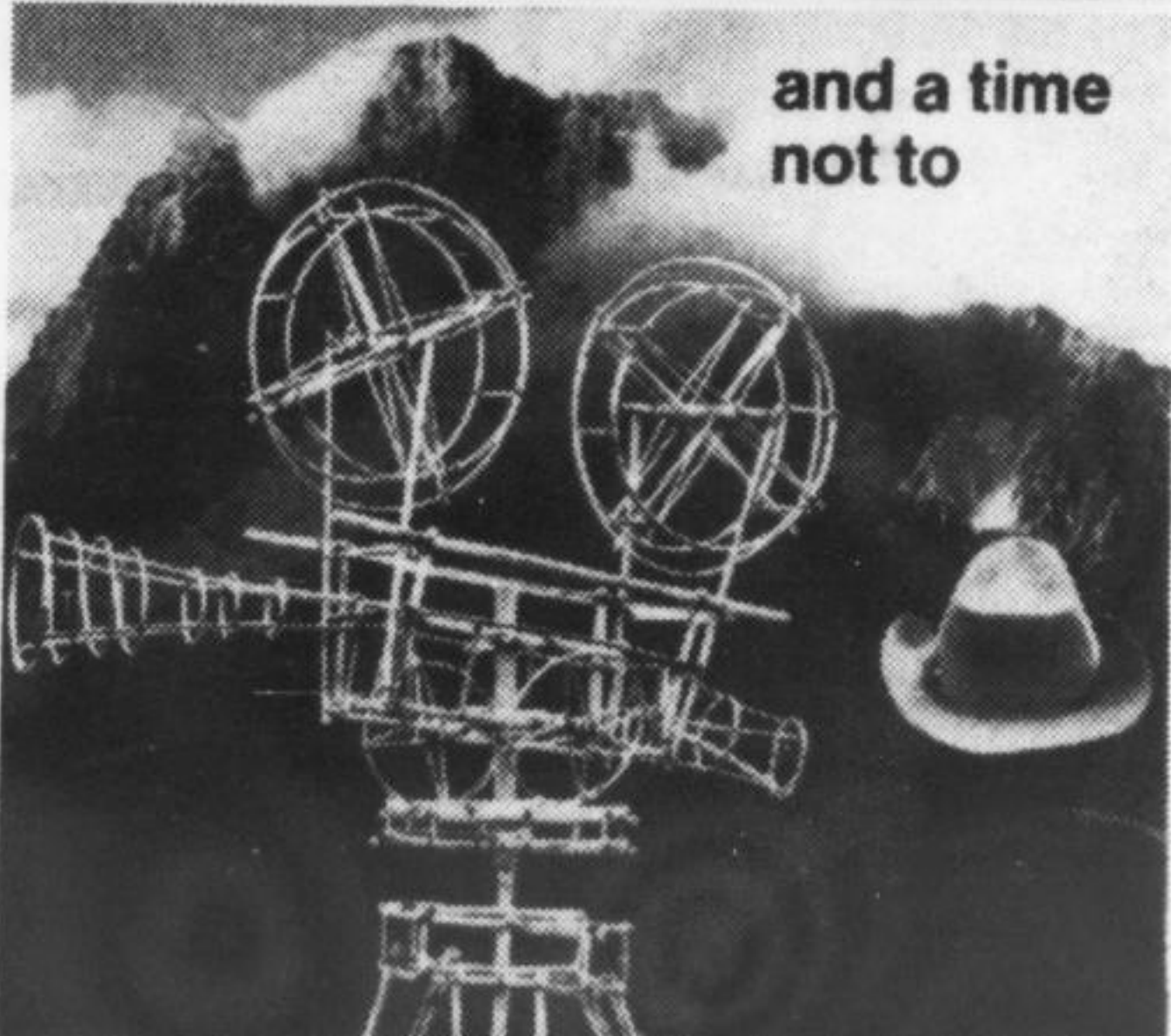
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"Hopper does it again!"
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"A fiery work of a tortured romanticism written in fever and passion. Also, an overwhelming testimony of the interior drama in which the American youth lives, a drama of humanitarian proportions!"
---L'Aurore, Paris

"Hopper is the subtle and lucid observer, interpreting with remarkable penetration, the role of the protagonist. By contrast, the other films presented at Venice have little to say!"
---Le Monde, Paris



and a time not to

BEST FILM: VENICE 1971

International Committee for the Diffusion of the Arts and Letters of Cinema

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by HONEST BOB SINGER



Might as well take for this week's text a citation of a citation of a citation of Dumas *films*, to wit: "How can you know what road to take unless you know where you are going?" Curiously schematic aesthetics for a Romantic. Anon ponder the Way or Don Juan, who teaches that all roads lead to nowhere and nothing but must be travelled with heart. Kerouac boiled it all don to k not knowing where he was going or how so long as going he was. Myself, I could waffle on forever but sooner or later, riverrunwise, we'd get back to that old existential Mad Tea Party thrown by Norman Mailer's Southampton set a couple years back. Not lacking booze, broads, "the boys" and even a complement of scornful spades for local color, Mailer reversed these aesthetic/ethical formulas to tinge his sleazy *Maidstone* with shards of Proustian memory. That is, the fragments of his cutting-room catastrophe are supposed to reassemble themselves in our minds like (to quote the master) information later given about persons once casually beheld. Un-

fortunately most of the Southamptonians beheld are such drivelminded fashionplates that the news of ther ascent to heaven in chariots of flame would not exactly be frontpage copy. Ultimately whatever intriguing character tensions linger come to reside in--surprise--Mailer himself and his nemesis (and the only other good face in the picture) Rip Torn. So it all comes back to that wellknown Ego, or to invert j Dumas once more in the words of der Kaptain in the Katzenjammer Kids, "I don't know how but I know who."

Mailer stars as Norman T. Kingsley, a film director compared (by himself) to Bunuel, Antonioni, etc. (by the way, the taste in film he reveals in hairsplitting, *Castle of Otranto*-like essay on filmmaking is singularly othodox and even corny--*High Noon*, *Bicycle Thief*, etc.) . Kingsley is also Mailer, because both are making films and both are running for president, Mailer in the old *Advertisements for Myself* sense, as usual, and Kingsley in the equally metaphorical sense of being a fantasy of the inner characters of Nixon and Humphrey (contenders at the time the film was shot). Kingsley's character is of course Mailer's, boxing, boozing, orating and berating and abusing people in his best Ku Klux Klan and Oxford accents. That Mailer sees his own creepiest tendencies in Nixon's heart of darkness (which is really too complimentary to the mediocrity of Our Leader) is proud to boot is no more than the ludicrous devilry Germaine Greer sees as the tragedy of machismo, the desperate attempt to identify his aging masculine sadism with some sort of Miltonic splendor, but Satan was a loser after all. Mailer's forsaking the side of the angels in cinema and sexual politics leads to Rip Torn's highly publicized error in existential calculus. Torn plays Raoul Rey O'Houlihan, Kingsley's halfbrother, whose job it is to protect Kingsley from assassination. The nominal end of Kingsley's film and *Maidstone* is the Assassination Ball where no such attempt is made. The next day Mailer assembles his cast and pontificates on the metaphysics of film. The entire affair seems to be drifting off into a pasture, which in fact is what Mailer does, so Rip Torn up and slugs him with the flat side of a hammer. This gets Mailer upset so he bites Rip's ear. Later they yell at each other. "You blew it, baby!" "You blew it, baby!" etc.

Rip's explanation is that the picture had to end that way, that so much tension had been generated that something *had* to happen. True, I waited for the bloody debacle with the same bitchy anticipation that attended Dirk Bogard's decomposition in *Death in Venice*. However, this only brings into focus the absence of any articulated political reasons for the deed. At this point *Maidstone* crosses the line from existentialism to nihilism: the politics of form about the contents of politics. Granting the subliminal identification with Nixon, Mailer seems to be fronting a program for the freelance assassination of Numero Uno. Tell em Groucho sent ya. However, the fun-and-games selfconsciousness of *Southampton* is deadly to this intent because who, beyond the pale of *New York Magazine*, cares? Finally it falls within the aesthetic of the trivial horror film described by Bela Lugosi when he drops his valise on Jacqueline Wells in the *Black Cat*: "After all, ti is better to be frightened than crushed." Maybe so but would the morality that lovetapped Mailer's curly skull have driven a silver spike into Bela's black heart? Or Nixon's? Well, let us not resist the possible vagaries of propinquity; opportunity may yet knock. Meanwhile, I came to see Mailer bleed and brother, it was worth it.

Speaking of Nixon, *Milhouse* atbx the *New Yorker* is Emile de Antonio's least successful film. Apart from the great speeches which reveal Nixon as a master of media, a Frankenstein amalgam of Ed Sullivan and Abbie Hoffman, it seems so much like beating a dead horse. On the heels of the Cockettes, who lent our Heads of State so much of their own debauched grace and wit in *Tricia's Wedding*, *Milhouse* has simply too much Miltown, too much Uncle Milty, too much 1950s. But as *Maidstone* energetically emphasized, there's no use crying over spilt Milhouse.

Next week 42 Street will tackle a theme of supreme indifference to one and all: The New York Film Festival. Meanwhile, check out Samuel Fuller's *Shock Corridor* at tje Garrick and Olympia. FREE ADVICE: Suggestion to a certain bankrupt theatre in Morningside Heights: advertise in EVO.

GREAT LINES from GREAT MOVIES: Karen Black to Kris Kristofferson in the forthcoming *Cisco Pike* (also known as *Silvertongued Devil*): "I love you Cisco, but if I have to go through the paranoid horrors again, I'm splitting." -----39-----

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1087 H Street,
Arcata, Calif. 95521

photos

Girls Wanted to
participate in the
filming of wrestling
matches. Must be
phisically fit and
like physical con-
tact.
Call Oct. 6, 7, 11,
12, 13. between 7
PM and 10 PM only.
David Marks, CY7-
0887.

PHOTOGRAPHER seeks fe-
male model, age 25-35
who shared his interest
in experimental & glamor
photography. No pay;
call only if you really
enjoy being photographed
& think you might be
interested in an expe-
riment in expanding your
self awareness.
Call 564-7142.
Mention this ad.

PRISONER DESIRES CORRES-
PONDENTS--
I am a political priso-
ner, 29 yrs. of age,
intelligent, well
versed & accepted. I
would like to write
to people of all age
groups & from all
walks of life. Black
& White. On an in-
telligent & Social
basis. I will ans-
wer all letters.
JAMES BUTLER-YO400,
Drawer R, Hunting-
don, Pennsylvania
16652.

correspondence

ANSWERS FOR ADULTS: straight
bisexual gay; Couples,
singles; Lists, clubs,
people, contacts; where.
Personal, honest answer;
no BS. \$5. Answer Group,
Box 2173 V, Phila. 19103

THE east village CENTER

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OR: "EFFICIENT POLICE ACTION"



