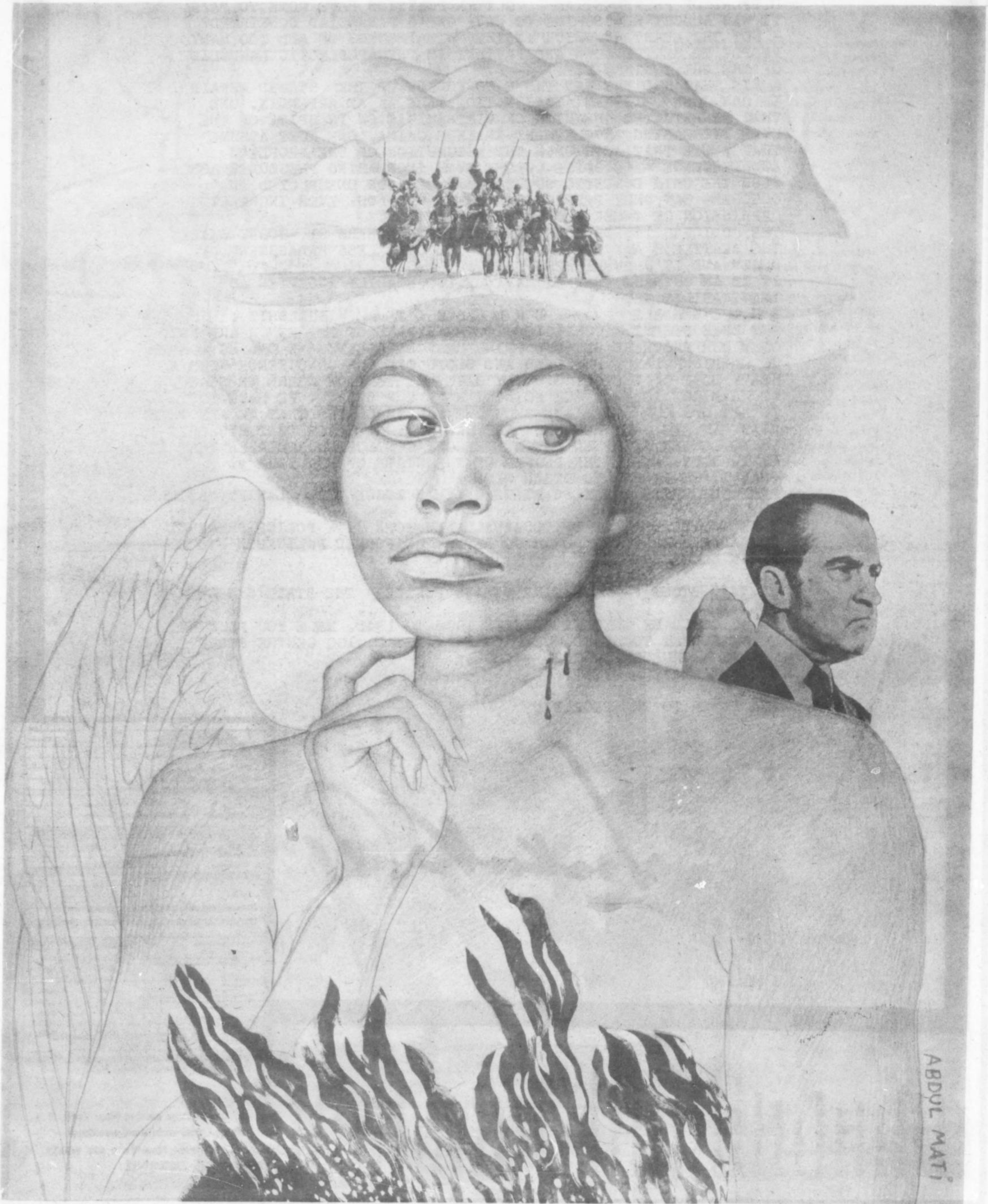


# THE <sup>east</sup> <sup>village</sup> OTHER

vol. 5 #50

nov. 10 1970

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# HIRAP

WHEN XUAN THUY, NORTH VIETNAM'S CHIEF DELEGATE IN PARIS SAYS " PRESIDENT NIXON HAS LIED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE" HE EXPRESSES WHAT MORE AND MORE AMERICANS BEGIN TO REALIZE.

NOW THAT THE PUBLIC BLOOD LETTING AND WITH IT THE LOWEST DISPLAY OF PRESIDENTIAL GUTTER POLITICS HAVE COME TO PASS, IT WAS ALMOST REASSURING TO HAVE ONE'S PARANOIAS CONFIRMED? - NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS THE WILLINGNESS OF ALL TOO MANY PEOPLE TO SETTLE DOWN AND PARTAKE IN THE APOPLECTIC LANDSLIDE OF THE GREAT NIXON LIE.

A LIE THAT HAD THE BAD TASTE TO FOLLOW UP THE STAGED AFFAIR IN SAN JOSE WITH AN ASSASSINATION TALE AS AN APPENDIX. ONE THAT PERPETUATES THE MYTH OF VIETNAMIZATION IN SPITE OF THE EVER INCREASING INVOLVEMENT IN INDO CHINA. ONE MUST ASSUME THAT A LIE THAT ACTS UPON THE ASSUMPTION OF THE PEOPLE'S ACQUIESCENCE -- IN SPITE OF THE EVER INCREASING PRESSURES ABROAD PLUS THE GRIM DOMESTIC OUTLOOK--4.3 MILLION UNEMPLOYED IN OCTOBER-- CAN ONLY PERPETUATE ITSELF WITH THE EVER INCREASING OPPRESSION OF THOSE WHO ARE HIP TO IT.

THE JUDICIAL TERROR RUNS RAMPANT. THE PANTHERS 21, BOBBY SEALE, THE SEATTLE 8 AND NOT THE LEAST THE CEASELESS HARASSMENT OF SCREW AND IT'S PUBLISHERS.

IT IS AN OUTRAGE THAT WE HAVE ALL TOO READILY ACCEPTED AS INEVITABILITIES.

BULLSHIT

BULLSHIT

BULLSHIT

THE ONES DIRECTLY SUBJECTED TO THE TYRANY OF THE BENCH ARE NOT ONLY OUR BROTHERS BUT OUR PRIME RESPONSIBILITY. WE CAN NO LONGER GO ABOUT OUR DAILY BUSINESS AND SLOFF OFF OUR CONSCIENCE WITH A HEAVY DOSE OF TSKTSKING. THEY HAVE GOT TO KNOW WHERE WE STAND. WE HAVE GOT TO MAKE OUR POINT I N P E R S O N. WE HAVE GOT TO GET OFF OUR ASSES AND SHOW THE MAN IN CHAINS THAT WE ARE THERE WITH HIM. WE CAN THUS SHOW THE MAN ON THE BENCH THAT HIS SHIT IS NO LONGER ACCEPTED AS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION. REMEMBER THAT IT IS IN YOUR NAME ("THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK v. ") THAT IT IS PULLED TO BEGIN WITH.

PERHAPS CURTIS POWELL'S PIECE IN THIS ISSUE WILL CLARIFY MATTERS.

TAKE NOTICE THAT AS OF TODAY ALL NEW YORK CITY POLICE PRECINCT COMMANDERS HAVE THE POWER TO REVERT UNIFORMED POLICEMEN TO PLAIN CLOTHES DUTY.

GESTAPO STOOD FOR GEHEIME STAATS POLIZEI- THE STATE'S SECRET POLICE.

1970? COULD BE ANYTIME BETWEEN 1933 TO 1945. MAKE YOU PICK BUT DON'T FORGET TO GO TO THE PANTHER'S TRIAL, 100 CENTRE STREET MONDAY - THURSDAY 10.30 -4.30 . IT IS TIME WELL SPENT.

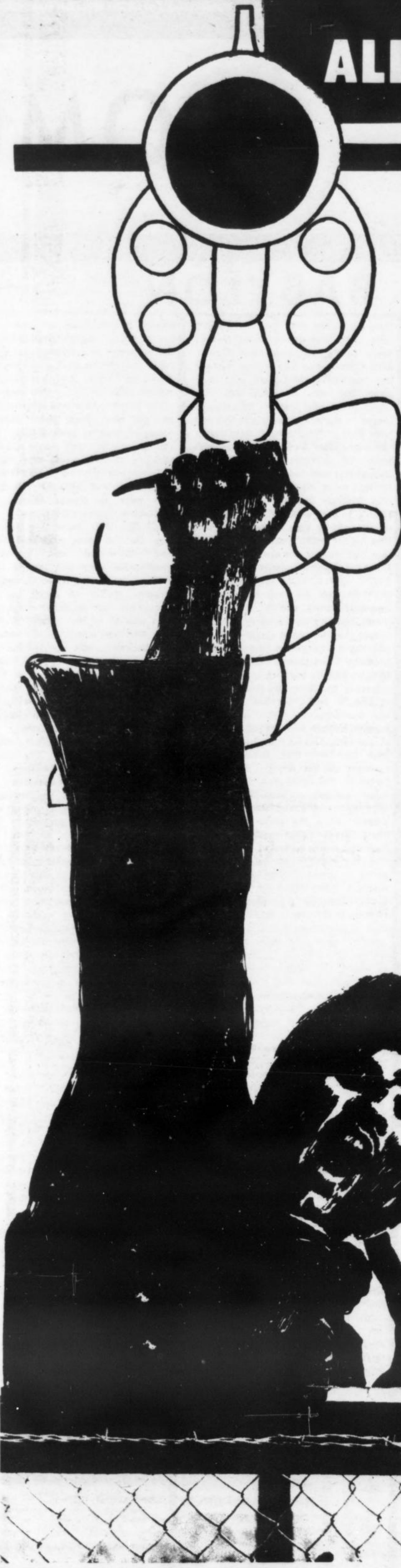
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE !

*Isakov Kohr*

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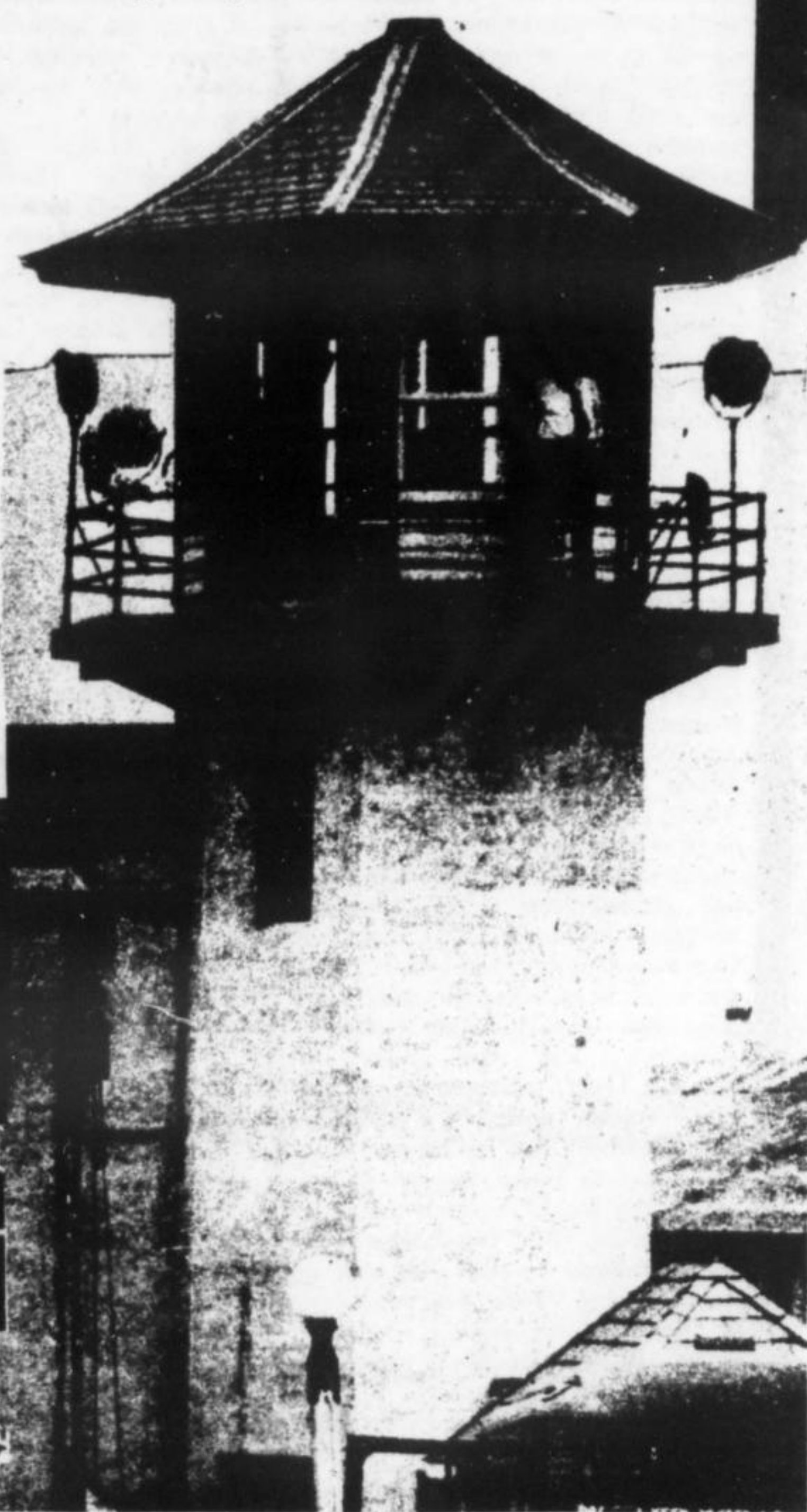


# ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE



This letter is in the form of an appeal to you for your support. We are inmates of the New York City Prisons. As you know, there was a series of prison rebellions during the first days of October of this year. What most don't know, due to the pig propaganda's complete lying about the details, was what the rebellion was all about. Our goal is the dignity and justice that is imperative to freedom — and which has been and is denied us. Our battle must and will continue to grow stronger throughout all of the prisons — caged or uncaged — until we can walk in dignity and look upon our blackness, brownness, our humanness with pride. Strength only respects strength and we are dealing with one of the two most powerful military complexes in the world; so we must stand tall. At Branch Queens we witnessed the power of the people, and even now our bodies are wrapped in the magic aegis of their love — for without your and the people's protection death was imminent for the forty-one. You see, once we were barricaded in the annex of Branch Queens, Lindsay, Hogan, and McGrath ordered us to be killed — actually ordered it — and when we came down on the "Cherry picker" five correction pigs ripped off their badges on the spot and attacked one of Lindsay's aides cause they felt that they had been cheated — that Lindsay had reneged on his promise to let them have the prize catch of killing us — in fact they are still waiting for a chance to kill us, and we are reminded of it daily. And since the pigs blood-lust was not slacked on October 6, he returns now to his old reliable ploy of judicial genocide or legal lynching, if you will. But whatever you call it, it is none the less effective. He has now indicted four (4) brothers from Branch Queens and twenty four (24) from Brooklyn on trumped up charges of kidnap, inciting to riot, rioting, and numerous other jive charges. This action is meant to serve a

threefold purpose: 1) it is to temporarily soothe the racist mad-dog correction and sadistic tactical force gestapo pigs who were left standing stupidly oinking obscenities and threats as we sped away into the night with a V.I.P. escort (of pigs) to another caged warehouse of souls; 2) it is supposed to put fear into the hearts of Black, Brown, Red, and Yellow political prisoners and prisoners of war — the terminology is a historical and contemporary fact; everyone, even the hostages, said that what happened was just — and how approximately 10 brothers were beaten to death, many hospitalized, the whole of N.Y. City Prisons are still on reprisal conditions — with all day lock-ins, beatings, no mail, and these jive indictments — the ration of inmates is still 90% Black and Puerto Rican, the bails are still exorbitant, the judges and D.A.'s and legal aides are still on the same team — the only things that have changed are the reprisals, the deaths, the hospitalizations, the indictments, and the beatings. These new changes — the indictments and all are an attempt to prevent future rebellions and seizures in the concentration camps of amerikkka; 3) and last but far from least, it is a political move to cover up and under play the savagery and beastiality displayed by New York's grimest — the sadistic and merciless beating of handcuffed prisoners as was outlined above — murders and savage assaults. Therefore, we would appeal to you, the people, to come to our aid. We need the support of the people in combating these illegal indictments and we urgently need money for bail. For information and to send urgently needed funds for bail contact William Crain, 640 Broadway, NYC, tel: 677-1552.





# INTERNAL COMBUSTION

## COURTROOMS OF BABYLON

O.K. All of who still retain any liberal optimism that man will wake up and live up to his 'manifest destiny' — the dawning of the age of aquarius — without some pig blood spilt — those of you who think you are participating in the revolution by getting high and going to rock festivals — dig it — get your asses down to 100 Centre Street, or any of the other courthouses in this city, for a week. O.K. don't even come in to the Panther trial — go to all the different courtrooms. In most of them the judge, the bigoted, bip robot arm of Nixon, selects the jury. For most, the lawyers are legal aid incompetents who are really on the same team as the D.A.'s. And the victims — the poor, who are subject to pigs, who just want to get their 'ya ya's' out. And if you think it's not as simple as that, then you're still a victim of Amerikan programming. Conspiracy charges are becoming more rampant and searches are mandatory before entering each court. So even if you're tripped out and everything seems aawwwlllllrrrrraaaiiiitttt, at least admit to the fact that the prisoners would rather be free and free to have the option to get high. And if you think there's any possibility of them getting out without your concentrated effort — you are naively mistaken. Instead they sit, brutalized in jails, and come to court to sit and observe the bullshit of pig justice waiting for the inevitable decision to come in or for their "brothers and sisters" to finally catch on.

A note from the jury opened the farce on Monday, Nov. 2. The jury wanted to know whether or not it was permissible to discuss the case and send notes to the judge if a question arises. Murtagh did not really give them an answer, basically just telling them to "relax and listen to the evidence," and that if they missed some testimony, they could send a note asking for that piece of testimony to be read back. The note, however, seemed to indicate that there is discussion going on between members of the jury, and perhaps even argument. The trial continued with the jury examining a book on explosives, and then pig Jacobson, from the burglary squad, continued his testimony. Was he given any instructions to follow out in his arrest of Powell? He was told to assist in the search. Had he been instructed to be responsible for the search? Yes. If someone who had previously taken the stand had testified differently, would that change his answer? **OBJECTION/SUSTAINED.** Did he seize any other books (other than the books on explosives, which the jury had already seen)? Yes: Political Warfare; Chemical and Biological Warfare; Quotes from Mao. Were there lots of books in the apartment? Yes. Were there a lot of books on chemistry and bio chemistry? Possibly. Had Jacobson been told that Powell held a PHD in bio chemistry? No, he had not been told. Had he been told that Powell was doing cancer research before he was arrested? No. Did Jacobson see any children's books? Yes, but he didn't find it necessary to bring them to the D.A. Did he seize any books with Powell's name on them? He doesn't recall. (Yet another 'joke' in the proceedings, Jacobson referred to his fellow pigs as "my brother officers.")

Was there any name on the door they broke into? No. Was that the first time Jacobson had been in that building? Yes. Had the building been under surveillance? No. Jacobson had no idea of when was the last time. Powell or his wife had been in the apartment, so he had to admit that anyone could have put the "evidence" in there. Did Jacobson know what was in those bottles brought in as evidence and supposedly poisonous or explosive? No. (The bottles contained rat urine used in cancer research.)

Did Jacobson take those bottles because he felt they would be useful in proving conspiracy? He said that he had called the bomb squad to check out the bottles. Did anything explode? No. Would it be fair to say that everything that had been seized would be helpful to the D.A.'s proving his conspiracy charge? Yes. Were the articles selected? Yes. And Murtagh again interrupted charging Bloom with irrelevant questions. When Bloom tried to explain why the questions were relevant, Murtagh cut him off, saying that the job of "selecting" evidence was the duty of a "good policeman." How did Jacobson feel about the BPP? He didn't like it. Did he think that something should be done about them? Jacobson said he didn't know what Bloom meant, bringing laughter from the spectators and another Murtagh interruption. There followed a brief recess. (Time for the prosecution to instruct Jacobson?)

After the recess, Weinstein tried to make it sound as if the recess had been for the defendants. When Jerry Lefcourt objected to that public relations ploy Murtagh directed that he be seated.

Bob Bloom then continued questioning Jacobson. Would Jacobson like to see the defendants punished? He didn't understand. On April 2, 1969 was the uppermost thought in his mind the punishment of the defendants? Jacobson said that he was just here to testify. Was he interested in seeing the defendants found guilty? If they are guilty, Jacobson said then intimating that he thought they were guilty. Had he made a conscious decision to say anything incriminating on the witness stand? No. When he was in Powell's apartment, was it his job to find incriminating evidence? No. Was he told what evidence to seize? Yes: books, explosives, and weapons. Why did he turn off the tv? It was making a buzzing noise. Was he afraid that someone was hiding? Yes. Wasn't it a fact that he made up the tv story to justify breaking in? No. Wasn't that part of the end justifies the means theory? No, sir. Bloom then read the back cover of one of the books on explosives, which recommended the book to graduate and undergraduate students.

Detective James McDonnell, a pig in the D.A.'s office, was the next to take the stand. He had been assigned to arrest Bob Collier. He testified that he knocked and then banged on Collier's door, receiving no answer. He received no answer when he identified himself as a the pig, and then started to break down the door with a crowbar. Someone then asked who was there, and after hearing that it was the pig with a warrant for the arrest of Collier, the door opened and the team was admitted. Collier

identified himself and was placed under arrest. McDonnell then said that Mrs. Collier grabbed the warrant from his hands, after Collier had read it, and was about to tear it up, when he, McDonnell, retrieved it. He then said that Mona Collier ran around the room, screaming obscenities. He said that he heard noises in the front room, and went there to check them out. He found two boys, about 17 or 18 years of age, sleeping on a mattress on the floor. Near the mattress, he said that he found three pipe bombs, which were then entered into evidence, as 27A, B, and C. Bob Bloom objected to this "evidence", saying that no connection had been proven, and that it was purely prejudicial. Murtagh, of course, received the evidence. Did McDonnell seize any papers? Yes, and the papers were then marked 29. in the prosecution's evidence. Bloom again objected, saying that no connection had been shown, but this was overruled, and the evidence received. McDonnell then said that he went into the bedroom with Collier, who asked permission to get dressed.

McDonnell started searching, and Collier asked him what he was looking for. McDonnell said, "You know what I'm looking for and I will not leave until I find it." He was about to "quote" Collier when Bob Bloom interrupted, objecting and citing different cases as to the legality, but Murtagh overruled, and McDonnell continued, saying that Collier said, "Well, before you rip the place apart, I'll give it to you." And then Collier allegedly went into the bathroom and got a can which he gave to the pigs. The can was marked as evidence. Bloom objected, asking Murtagh to tell Phillips not to lead the witnesses, but Murtagh overruled. McDonnell then testified that, once at the pig station, Collier asked what the boys, who had also been arrested, had been charged with. Possession of bombs and explosives. McDonnell again "quoted" Collier as saying that the boys had no knowledge of the bombs, they just needed a place to crash, and that the bombs were his. The jury then spent the rest of the afternoon examining the papers and the various pipes that had been brought in by the prosecution, in their effort to prove a conspiracy to commit acts of terrorism.

On Wednesday, Nov 4, after a day off for elections, McDonnell took the stand again, and Bob Bloom got up to question him. McDonnell said that he had made no notes on the arrest, and admitted that a pig regulation states that they must make notes. So all his statements, descriptions and quotations were from his memory of an event that took place a year and a half ago. The arrest for the two boys in Collier's apartment were produced, but for some reason, Collier's arrest cards, to show them the quantum of information that McDonnell was depending on. Murtagh grudgingly allowed him to do so, even though he felt the cards were inadmissible evidence. It was then shown that the arrest cards, which McDonnell was depending upon to refresh his memory, contained and suggested little or none of the testimony that he gave.

McDonnell then repeated his story. da Da daDa da Da da Da — iambic pentameter — See Dick run. See Spot run. We learn how to memorize very well in public school. He added that

they had been told that there was a rifle in the apartment, and that they were concerned about Mrs. Collier, who was running hysterically around the apartment. McDonnell was then given the can of gunpowder by Collier, who said that the rifle was no longer in the apartment, as it had just been sent to New Jersey. And that is the story that McDonnell remembers from 18 months ago, aided by discussions with his "brother officer" Phillips, and Weinstein, but he said that Phillips made no suggestions. Didn't it ever occur to him that he might forget? Yes. Wasn't it a fact that he did make a memo? McDonnell said that he did not understand what Bloom was talking about. **ISN'T IT A FACT THAT YOU DID MAKE A MEMO?** Well, he may have written down the name, address, and time of arrest, but he threw it away. Wasn't it a fact that he made lengthy memos and made a conscious decision not to produce it in court? McDonnell said that he had no idea what Bloom was referring to. Were the pipes marked as 27A, B, and C bombs? They were the makings of bombs. Were they bombs? Not in the state they were in at the time. Did he find the rifle? No. Was he told that Collier was a member of the BPP? Yes. Had he heard of the BPP? Yes, and he had mixed emotions about them. Those who were trying to 'work within the system' were the good ones, while the ones who acted up at the pre-trial hearings were bad and destructive. Did the charges on which he was going to arrest Collier give him any opinion about which part of the BPP Collier belonged to? McDonnell said that he had a job to do. Did he think that Collier was a bad person? He didn't know, he only knew that Collier was a Black Panther and that he had a loaded rifle in his apartment. Did there come a time when McDonnell stopped looking for the rifle? Yes, he felt Collier was a gentleman, honest, obedient, and he calmed his wife down, so McDonnell decided to believe him, when he said that the rifle was in New Jersey. So it didn't take long before he trusted Collier? To a certain degree but he was always suspicious. But he believed him about the rifle? Well, he gave Collier credit. During the pre-trial hearings McDonnell testified that one of the pipes was open, and that all three of them weighed the same, so he assumed that they were empty. Now he says that they were all closed and full. Was he afraid that someone would make a bomb while the arrests were going on? No, but he was surprised and scared to find the pipes there.

There was a brief recess, and Murtagh took the time to 'admonish' Bill Crain for reading a newspaper while in court, saying, "Your lack of good taste is unbecoming to a member of the bar..." Crain said that the jury was looking at exhibits at the time, but Murtagh refused to listen.

After the recess McDonnell took the stand again. Would he describe those empty pipes as bombs? They had the makings. Did he pick one up? "Very cautiously." Both Murtagh and Phillips interrupted, saying that this line of questioning was irrelevant. Wasn't it a fact that Collier did not say that the "bombs" were his, but that no matter what the pigs were doing to him, to leave the boys

alone? McDonnell did not understand the question. Bloom then reminded the forgetful witness that one of the boys was almost deaf, and the other spoke no English, and that they were staying with Collier on that particular night because they had nowhere else to go, and had been studying remedial reading with Collier. Both Phillips and Murtagh would not allow this line of questioning, even though it contradicted McDonnell's testimony and Murtagh decided it was time to charge Bloom with distortion. Weren't the pipes in a tool box? No, they were in a shopping bag. So the three supposed bombs and the red can containing gunpowder were out in the open? Phillips took the time to make a speech trying to cover up how ridiculous that question must make him and all of his "evidence" look, and Murtagh sustained. So the pipe bombs were right out in the open, near the boys? Yes. Here Murtagh tried to make Bloom refer to the exhibits as the "People's exhibits," because senses how distasteful it is for the defense and the defendants to use the word "people" when referring to the pig. Where did the pigs get the crowbar? "That was my personal crowbar," McDonnell said. He knew this was an important case he said but if he had made any memorandum he had thrown it away. So Collier was a gentleman at all times? Yes. Nothing to hide? Well, McDonnell wouldn't say that, Collier didn't have the opportunity to hide anything. It took the pigs about five minutes to gain entrance into the apartment where they then found all their 'incriminating evidence' lying right out in the open. Bob Bloom wanted to read the pig regulation that states that memorandums must be made, but Murtagh said that that was inadmissible and incompetent evidence.

After lunch Olert took the stand again with more bullshit which no one bothers to listen to anymore. (oh there's Olert again zzzzzzzzzzzzz)

Ellen O'Connell from the fire arms control board took the stand primarily to testify that the defendants did not have licenses for fire arms, but Weinstein bungled the questioning so badly that Murtagh had to agree with objections made by the defense. Also this was not one of the important witnesses so Murtagh took the opportunity to yell at the prosecution a little as another public relations ploy.

Irving Bergman of the pistol license section of the police department took the stand, also to testify that the defendants did not have licenses.

On Thursday the jury was excused so that the defense could have a preview of Phillips next piece of propaganda 'evidence' — "The Battle of Algiers." Phillips could only want to show this film to scare the jurors with the graphic details of bombing. In order to scare them into the law 'n order, Agnewesque, hysteria that has been trying to eradicate the BPP since its inception.

Next week the parade of pig infiltrators begins. Come and see what we will all soon be up against, unless WE put an end to fascist pig-crimes against the people

by Jackie Friedrich



# JUSTION

## FROM THE

As we sit in this macabre joke of a trial — and we know the results of this trial unless some unforeseen something occurs — we have one annoying bothersome problem: the state of mind of our fellow comrades. We do see some occasions for exultation: Cairo, Illinois, the actions of the Weathermen, and other actions of that nature. But being away from the "outside world" for so long we do not know completely of the revolutionary awareness and how wide spread it is becoming. Therefore I would like to put forth a few notes on the subject of the state of mind of a guerilla — a revolutionist — hoping that they might be of some use. From our vantage point everything is relative and examples can come from everywhere. In fact — let's look at this Babylon — it is racist, imperialistic, exploitative, repressive, and must be dealt with — but even from this decadent society a certain state of mind can be gleaned. Now the true revolutionist is completely a revolutionist. He or she lives revolution, sleeps revolution, breathes revolution.

## PRISONS OF BABYLON



Revolution is so much a part of a true revolutionist that it becomes his or her nature, his or her conscious and subconscious. There is no life outside of the revolution. The revolutionist's circle of friends becomes limited strictly to the number of fellow revolutionists — tested true revolutionists. For example — with myself — as a scientist, when I think of revolutionaries I tend toward the Che Guevaras; as a man when I think of the struggle before us, I can only relate to picking up the gun and to people who have or who are in the process of doing so. All else, in the final analysis, would prove to be a hindrance or a diversion and a revolutionist needs neither. But to get back — by the nature of the objective conditions of revolutionary armed struggle — the guerilla or revolutionist is a leader, and as a leader there are certain qualities that are, of a necessity: "mental discipline, humility, spartanism, dedication, sacrifice, self-denial, loyalty, fearlessness, and love." Now this was summed up, not by Ho Chi Minh, but by old God and Country Football Coach Vince Lombardi; and although he was on a different wave length, put into the proper revolutionary context and principles it describes the qualities quite well. Now leaders are not born, they are made. In fact, "There are no great men, only great challenges which ordinary men rise up to meet." (anon. Amerikkkan). Now when these ordinary men rise up and begin to firmly grasp completely revolutionary principles and begin to cultivate the qualities summed up above, they will also begin to see the situation that confronts them clearly. Then they will see the need to cultivate "the will to excel and the will to win, which are positive enduring factors. They are more important than any events that occasion them" — another old U.S. Vince Lombardi-ism. With these attitudes and qualities we may begin to get more and more revolutionists, as superb, as

brilliant, and as dedicated to revolution as Muhammad Ali is a boxer. If not the words on paper itself, I hope the real meaning is becoming clear to the reader. You see, it is necessary for a revolutionist to obtain this mood, this state of mind, and then to dedicate himself totally in this context to what must be done — the direction and the timing and the mood — to what must be done to move at any given time, under any given circumstances, under any set of conditions, to move towards the seizure of power for the people — not for himself — but for the people. He or she must do this and at the same time move in a revolutionary manner to simultaneously educate the people.

Another thing that must be turned around is the fearlessness, the courage. Many people who like to claim that they are "revolutionaries" in "the struggle" self-righteously run around proclaiming to everyone in sight how ready they are to die for the struggle. This is bullshit madness. Even if they are gut serious, which I doubt, that is not the criteria for a revolutionist. We have had too many martyrs. We desperately need more revolutionists who are completely willing and ready at all times to KILL to change conditions. Just to be ready to die does not make a revolutionist — it just makes a martyr — a revolutionist accepts death as a natural phenomenon, but MUST be ready to KILL to change conditions.

Love for the people — love for humanity — is another necessity. To forego the love of self, to immerse it into a deeper love, a love of humanity, till this love is a motivating force that is a driving force, to love to do the necessary to liberate the people, as Che said: "The true revolutionary is guided by a great feeling of love. It is impossible to think of a genuine revolutionary lacking this quality. Perhaps it is one of the great dramas of the leader that he must combine a passionate spirit with cold

intelligence and make painful decisions without contracting a muscle. Vanguard revolutionaries must idealize the love of the people, the most sacred course, and make it one and indivisible. They cannot descend, with small doses of daily affection, to the level where ordinary men put their love into practice." This love is intermingled with a complete commitment and an absolute dedication to the advancement of mankind.

Then is is essential, of utmost essentiality, for a revolutionary to be able to interpret reality. Not to be afraid of it, but to be able to interpret it and to deal with it. The reality of the situation is that South Africa is alive and well; Rhodesia is alive and well; Amerikkka is alive and well. Jackson State and its aftermath, Kent State and its aftermath, Augusta, Georgia, Rap, Angela, the "21", Bobby, Fred, Mark, — this is the reality. And this reality can only be changed by the genuine true revolutionists. To change it, the revolutionist must be able to interpret and deal with reality. Demonstrations and rallies will not change this reality — petitions and quotations will not change this reality. The reality of the situation is that a revolutionist MAKES his own objective conditions — they create the optimum conditions — It is also important, deadly important for a revolutionist to always remember that revolution is a life or death struggle. "In revolution one wins or one dies" — the revolutionist is fighting for his life, and so is the pig.

Old Thomas Huxley once said, "The end of life is not knowledge, but action." In the revolutionary context, nothing could be truer. ACTION is truth. The best teacher of revolutionary principles is not any book or any paper or any class or any body, but the ENEMY in face-to-face confrontations in the armed struggle for the people's liberation. The BEST defense is retaliation — offensive aggressive

retaliation. Demonstrations and rallies will not change any conditions and they will not free anyone from any place. As Fidel stated: "One military move is worth more than a thousand rallies" — and as Marighella stated about a revolutionist: "His duty is to act, to find adequate solutions for each problem he faces, and not to retreat. It is better to err acting than to do nothing for fear of erring." Now these actions, to be revolutionary will, of necessity, be violent. The pigs did not rally Black People in slavery. They do not picket and murder mouth in Vietnam. This is and was done by revolutionary force and counter revolutionary violence. It will only be undone by revolutionary force and revolutionary violence. Revolution is WAR — revolution is VIOLENCE. Revolution is BLOODSHED. Theories that are not put into practice become dreams — empty dreams. Insurrectional activity is today the NUMBER ONE political activity, or it should be. Disruption, insurrection, political rip offs — cause in every type of analysis — the duty of a revolutionary is to act. "The duty of a revolutionary is to make revolution." But whatever you do, do it GOOD.

Dare to struggle — dare to win

Doc

THE PRECEDING  
ARTICLE WAS WRITTEN  
BY DR. CURTIS POWELL,  
ONE OF THE THIRTEEN  
BLACK PANTHERS ON  
TRIAL FOR THE TRUMPED  
UP CONSPIRACY CHARGES  
COMPILED BY THE HOGAN-  
PHILLIPS -MURTAGH TEAM.



## LETTER TO SHIRLEY CHISHOLM

THE FOLLOWING LETTER WAS WRITTEN TO SHIRLEY CHISHOLM, ASKING HER TO BACK UP HER PROMISE THAT SHE WOULD SUPPORT ANY INMATE WHO WAS INDICTED FOR THE JAIL REBELLION. A COPY OF THIS LETTER WENT ALSO TO HERMAN BADILLO AND MINISTER FARRAKHAN OF THE NATION OF ISLAM.

Power

Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm,

This, the aftermath of recent revolts in New York Cities jails finds conditions worse than ever, with an added factor of ever more blatant brutality and repression towards the inmates by "Correction" Officers, higher officials in the "Dept of Corrections," and various district attorneys.

As you know, following the release of unharmed hostages at the Queens Branch, inmates were beaten by criminal pig guards with axe handles, baseball bats, and billy clubs in a systematic manner,

which was obviously well planned. Many inmates were injured and we (the inmates who refused to be brutalized) honestly fear that murders may have been committed on the day of Oct. 6, 1970.

This is reprisal.

Also, since then, we, as others, have reason to believe that inmates have been beaten, tortured and murdered in the toms, Brooklyn House of Detention, Kew Gardens, and Rikers Island. We have far more than ample evidence of this. These actions are reprisals. These actions are criminal, genocidal, purely degenerate, and inhuman.

To make system of racism, oppression and evil complete, the district attorneys of Brooklyn and Queens have announced charges of kidnapping in the first degree, unlawful imprisonment in the first degree, inciting to riot in the first degree, rioting and reckless endangerment, against the four inmates formerly of the Queens Branch of the House of Detention, and twenty four inmates of the Brooklyn House of Detention. And at the same time that these indictments are announced, Mayor Lindsay has refused to let concerned groups of ministers and

lawyers tour these warehouses of souls and chambers of torture.

We, the inmates who held out until our safety was insured, knew that the propaganda about no reprisals, from Mayor Lindsay, was untrue as soon as we heard them. And we know that the only reason we haven't been murdered or tortured is the fact that we have contacts with the "outside world" and public attention has been nothing less than a shield. We feel the plight of our brothers and know the reality of all we are saying and living.

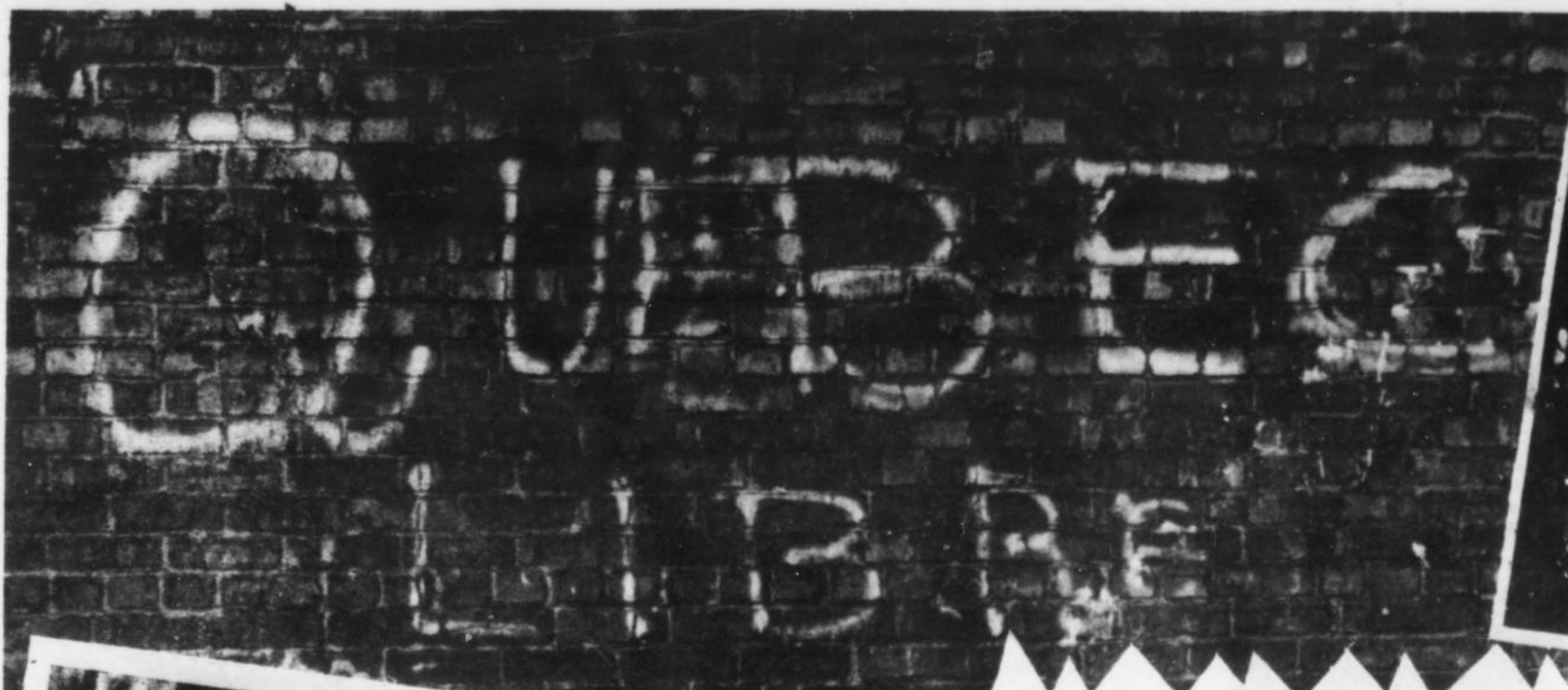
Need you be reminded of how we, and all Black America, have suffered four hundred years of flim flams and that you yourself said that you would do what ever you could do about reprisals.

Sister, we appeal to you todo whatever you can, including bringing *new* repression to light and stopping this train. All power to the people.



"ANNONCIATION" A detail from the Aleph Sanctuary a neo-Tantric room you can visit everyday except Sunday between one and six in the afternoon. 18 East 17th Street, third floor. You phone 691-9707 to make sure someone's there, love.





**VIVE LE QUEBEC LIBRE!**  
WHAT'S BEHIND THE CRISIS  
LIBERATION News Service

Quebec is a nation. Over 80% of the population of Quebec speaks French. Almost half of the population lives in the cities along the St. Lawrence River; other cities like Abitibi and Chicoutimi grew up around the pillage of Quebec's natural resources, mainly mining and lumber. The remainder of the people live isolated lives on the Gaspé peninsula and the Cote Nord (North Coast of the St. Lawrence, a huge, semi-wilderness area) eking out subsistence lives as farmers and fishermen.

Thousands of Quebecois live in slums in the East End of Montreal, where the usual misery of slum-living is compounded by bitter winters and humid, hot summers. They work in the factories of General Electric, General Motors, General Dynamics, Dupont, Seagram's; they mine iron ore and copper for Noranda Mines, aluminum for Alcan, and they forest Quebec's timber for Georgia-Pacific. In other words, they do their work for American and Anglo-Canadian companies.

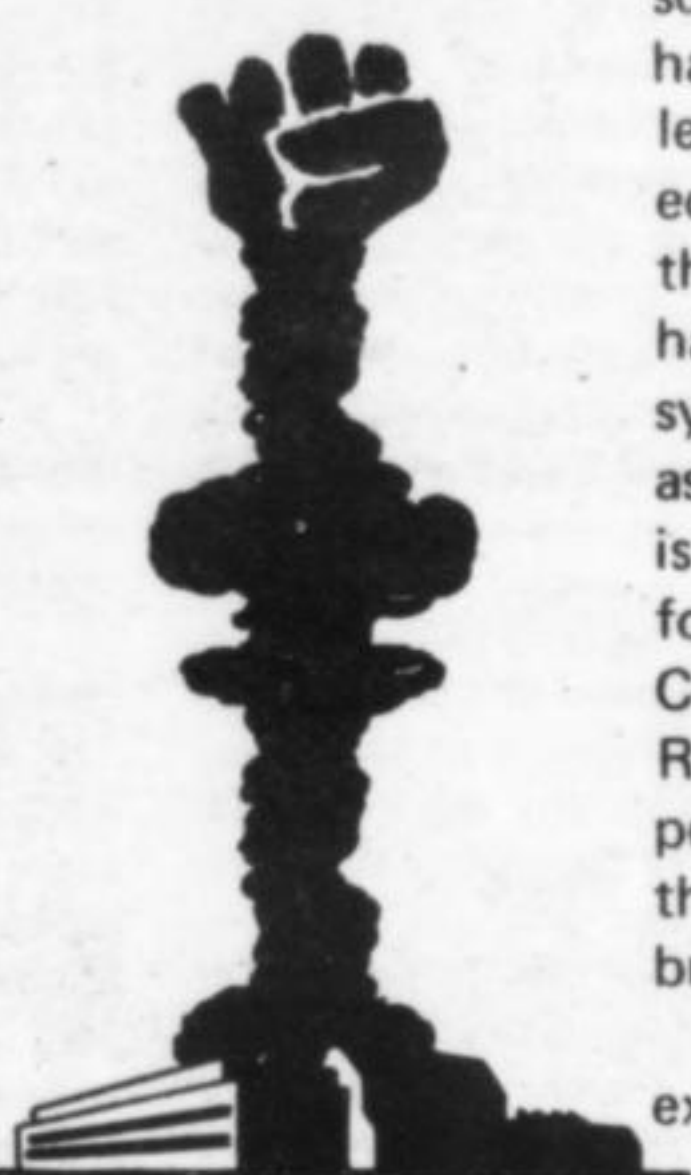
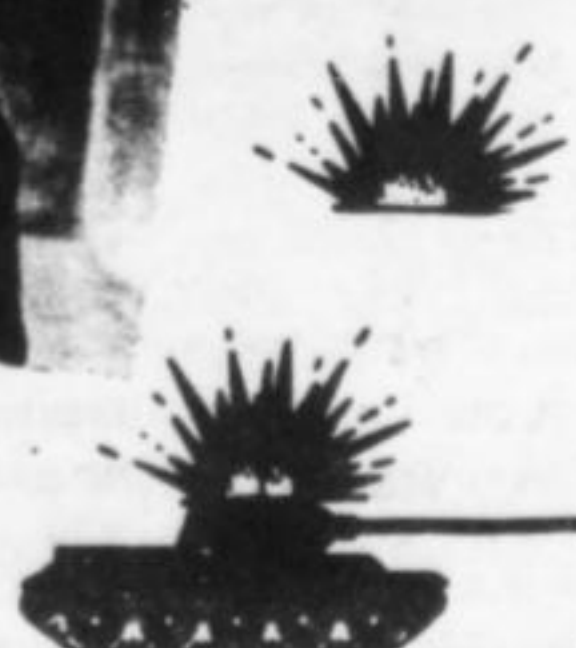
80% of Quebec's economy is owned by foreign corporations; 60% is American-owned. The people of Quebec are a reserve force of cheap labor for American capitalism. They receive 20% lower wages than the average English worker in neighboring Ontario, and 30% lower than the American worker. This economic control of the people and the land by American and Anglo-Canadian corporations thoroughly affects the political and cultural lives of the Quebecois people.

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The English conquered the colony of New France in 1763 and they have not relinquished their political control since. Until 1867, when Canada confederated most of its provinces, the English ruled directly with a governor appointed from Ottawa, the English capital. During this period a policy of political and cultural genocide was carried out. However, a small Quebecois elite of petit bourgeois and clergy sustained a nationalist sentiment — in their own interests. Despite the English attempt to "nettoyer (clean up)" the people of Quebec resisted in subtle ways.

The Catholic Church has always played

DESIGN R.T.



of the violent strikes by Quebecois against Anglo-Canadian and U.S. corporations. The brutal repression of various strikes, i.e., the Asbestos strike of 1949 and the strike in Murdochville in 1957 have become part of every Quebecois' political consciousness. Last year even the police found it necessary to strike (over attempts to appropriate their pension fund) but were prevented from doing so by an injunction. Following a week and a half of massive demonstrations in late October, 1969 against Bill 63 (a bill designed to maintain English supremacy through a system of separate education in English and French school systems (new immigrants would have an option to have their children learn English or French, but given the economic state in Quebec, it was clear that all new immigrants would elect to have their children grow up English); the system segregates Quebec society by class as well as language — the English system is for the upper class, the French system for the workers.) the Montreal City Council moved to ban all demonstrations. Repression has long been used against the people of Quebec, and the resurgence of the separatist movement in the sixties has brought it back.

In the past decade, Quebec has experienced a "quiet revolution," a

process of modernization and secularization by a new elite of French-Canadian managers and progressive politicians. An important factor holding Quebec back from economic and social development has always been the church, which has emphasized traditionalism, strong family ties, and the doctrine of concern for after-life, for piety, rather than worldly problems and material well-being.

The Church has always controlled education in the Province; it has been divided along religious lines into the Protestant (i.e. English) and the Catholic (i.e. French) school systems. The "quiet" revolution, in the process of revamping and modernizing the school systems, opened up many intense struggles around education, concerning issues of community control, allocation of more money for the badly-financed French schools, taking power over education from religious bodies and putting it with linguistically-defined groups, etc. In the middle 1960s, the first junior colleges that were not run by Jesuits were founded. The students were primarily French working-class and lower middle class. In 1968 when the students realized that there would be few places in the universities for them after their two

(Continued on Page 19)

an important role in the life of the people. In addition to being the religion of most Quebecois, the church owns vast amounts of property and controls a great deal of money. Fearing a threat to its own control over the people by English protestants, the church consistently took a nationalist position.

In 1837-38, the French petit bourgeois led — and in the end betrayed — an armed mass rebellion against British control. Their rebellion was doomed in the beginning because the middle class leaders were not willing to support the more militant demands for real control by working people.

Confederation in 1867 further limited Quebec's autonomy by attempting to absorb it into the rest of English Canada and by strengthening economic control in the hands of the small French Canadian elite, and increasing Anglo-Canadian interests.

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The Army was called in to occupy Quebec during the current kidnapping crisis, but this was not the first time this has happened. Over the past sixty years, the Army has occupied Quebec several times on various pretexts. During World War One, many Quebecois men refused to serve overseas in a war that would benefit English colonialism. The bloody "conscription riots" ensued and the government had to adopt emergency measures to force the Quebecois into the Canadian services.

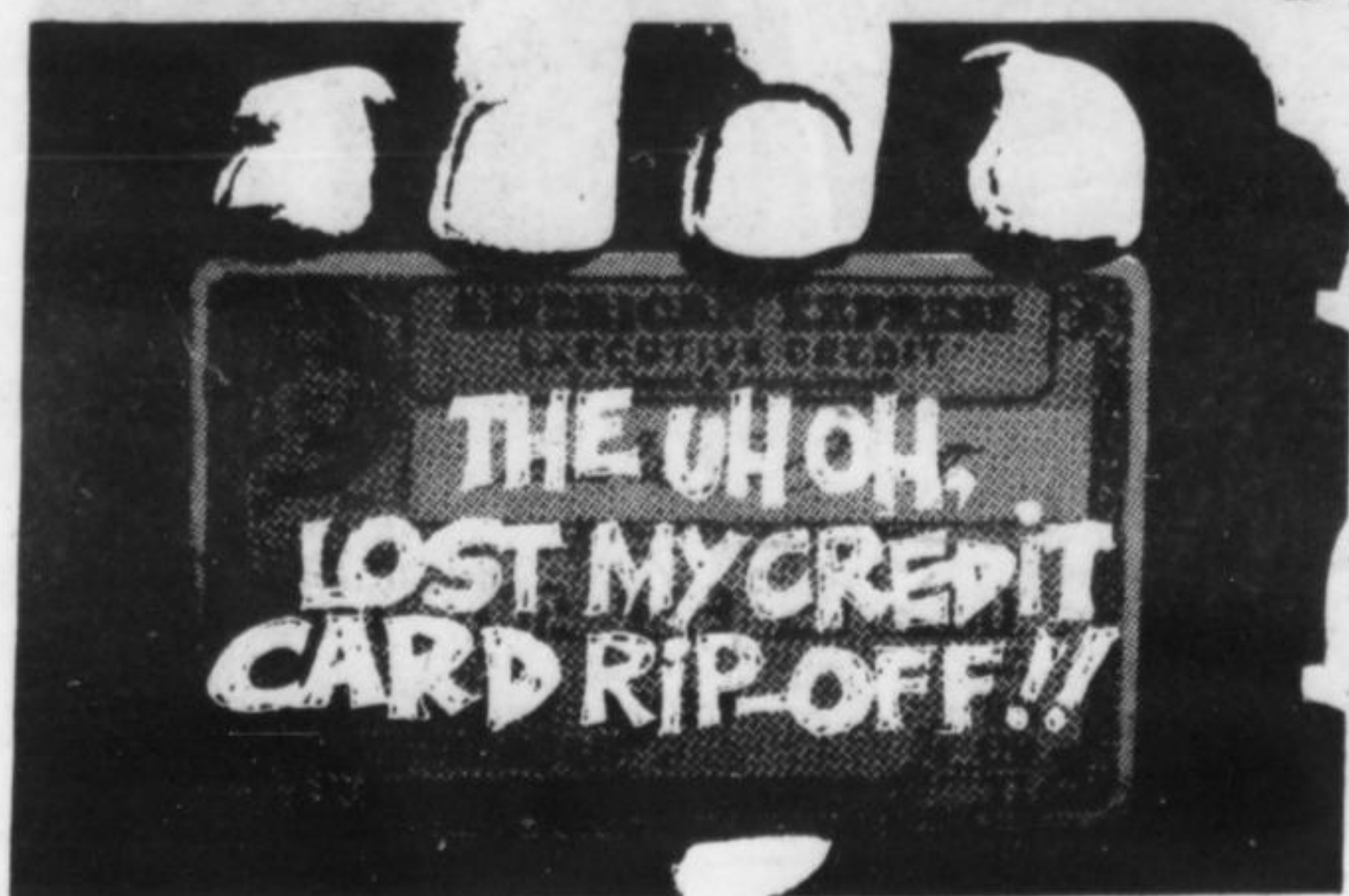
The Army and the Provincial Police have also been called in to repress some

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# RIP-OFF! No. 5



by Frank Ferris

The new Bank of America in Isla Vista is built like a concrete bunker. There is constant television supervision of the building. Anyone in their right mind won't go near it — to blow it up or to do business with it. The Bank of America in Berkeley has put concrete blocks in where there used to be windows. Soon all banks will be built like World War II pillboxes. What is the bank trying to protect? Its money? Probably not, because it has so much money already, that it could afford to close the Berkeley or Isla Vista branches. The bank is concerned about its image and its dubious place in American society.

The Bank of America does more to run the war machine than any draftee could ever do; and probably more than most of the Army. Singling out the Bank of America is being somewhat unfair. Every bank is contributing heavily to the war machine — by selling war bonds, by being reactionary, by controlling the money necessary to assume power in the United States.

In their paranoia and greed, the banks have fucked up badly. While they've barricaded their buildings and insured their employees, they've left themselves rather unprotected in one area. Credit cards. The banks are like knights of old, dressed to the hilt in armor, with their prickles hanging out. The Bank of America issues its own BankAmericard. Most other banks issue Mastercharge cards in cooperation with an Interbank

system. These cards are good for purchases up to three or four hundred dollars in almost every city in the United States, at every kind of store, for every kind of item. When a bank issues you one of these cards, you become a high status individual. Many people scoff at credit cards, preferring to live without them and not get trapped in the plastic promises of prosperity. But credit cards are the best rip off that the underground has ever had the pleasure to discover. The rip off is so easy that its simplicity makes you gasp. It is a way to get the system so solidly that it makes burning down the banks college stuff.

Here it is. Get as many credit cards as you can and lose them. You're entitled to lose your credit cards, right? You phone the card company, collect, report the loss and the cards are replaced. No hassle, nothing illegal. Well, whoever finds the cards will probably charge something on them. If you "lose" the cards to a good friend, you will be sure something gets charged on the cards — like every record you ever wanted and a new wardrobe and just lots and lots of nice things.

When you get your credit cards, there is a place to sign them. Don't. Give them to your friend and let him sign them. Then when you "lose" the cards, the signatures will match when your friend uses them.

Assume it's your BankAmericard that you're going to "lose." Give the card to your friend and tell him to go out and start buying on a Friday morning. Later that night, call in and

report the card lost. Lost is better than stolen because the card company won't flash that your card's been ripped off. They will tell you that if you find the card to call them. You no longer have any responsibility for anything charged on that card. (Read the shit on the back of the card and any other contract agreement that you may have signed. With some cards you may have to pay \$25 or \$100 on unauthorized purchases, but this won't usually happen.) By Friday night, your friend will be a chargebuyconsume freak. In one day, he should spend at least \$500. He now has at least three absolutely safe days to charge, eleven safe days, or about two weeks of slightly risky charging. Of course, you split the loot on a prearranged basis.

The charging can be very risky. Your friend should wear sneakers when shopping, should the card somehow turn up as hot. Store employees get rewards for finding hot cards, so there are many Judas' to watch out for. If a salesperson says the card is hot, try to get it back before you split.

The easiest way to find out if a card has made the newest hot book, is to go into a store and look at the latest book. If the card's hot, get rid of it. It's a bad rap. If the card's not hot, charge away.

There are certain things to be careful of when charging. Stores that sell items that are easily resellable will always phone up to see if the card's hot. Once the card has been called in as lost, these phone calls will blow it

for you. You'll be caught if you buy this kind of item. Such items as jewelry, cameras, stereo equipment, major or minor appliances, etc. In any event, you should not buy items which have serial numbers or are easily recognizable as stolen. Charge slips should be thrown away as soon as possible, and labels should be removed. These are just precautions, but they might save you some time in jail.

All stores will call to see if a card is stolen on purchases over \$25. The reason for this is that the store is covered for hot card purchases up to \$25. After that, they pay. There's no need to burn the store owners. Therefore, keep your purchases under \$25 in one store at one time. This means a lot of small but safe purchases.

Don't buy gas on the card. They write down your license plate number. The best policy is prudence. Don't let your greed overshadow the banks greed.

If a store unexpectedly decides to phone up, act rushed and say that it takes too long. Say that you'll pay by check, take the card back, and go out to your car to get a check. Don't come back.

The system is very simple and can be a lot of fun. Your friend can live very high on the hog for a while. Every place, from the finest restaurants to massage parlors honor the cards.

The credit card company will probably never send you a bill for all the hot card purchases. Face it, man, they're embarrassed. They've just been ripped off for several thousand

dollars worth of stuff. You may be interviewed by a company detective. Make sure you have no knowledge that anything was bought on the card. Remind him that you're a customer and don't like being treated like a thief. It takes about three weeks to get your new card. Don't pull the same rip off right away again.

If you or your friend are caught, you might have a legal way out. You can always say that you were really wasted one night and you gave your card to your friend and forgot about it. Remember, you just said that the card was lost. You can now say that apparently your friend got carried away, but you will gladly pay for everything that he bought. It's expensive. They'll know you're lying, but they'd rather eat shit than bills. You and your friend should decide on what you'll do if you get caught, before it happens. In stress situations, it's very good to be together.

Incidentally, if you don't have any friends, or need cash, you can usually sell any good card for anywhere from \$100 to about \$300.

After you lose your BankAmericard, or simultaneously, you can lose your Mastercharge and your American Express card and your Carte Blanche card and your Diner's Card and your...

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If you know of any good rip offs, contact me, Frank Ferris, c/o EVO. 20 E. 12th St., NY, NY 10003. Share the wealth.

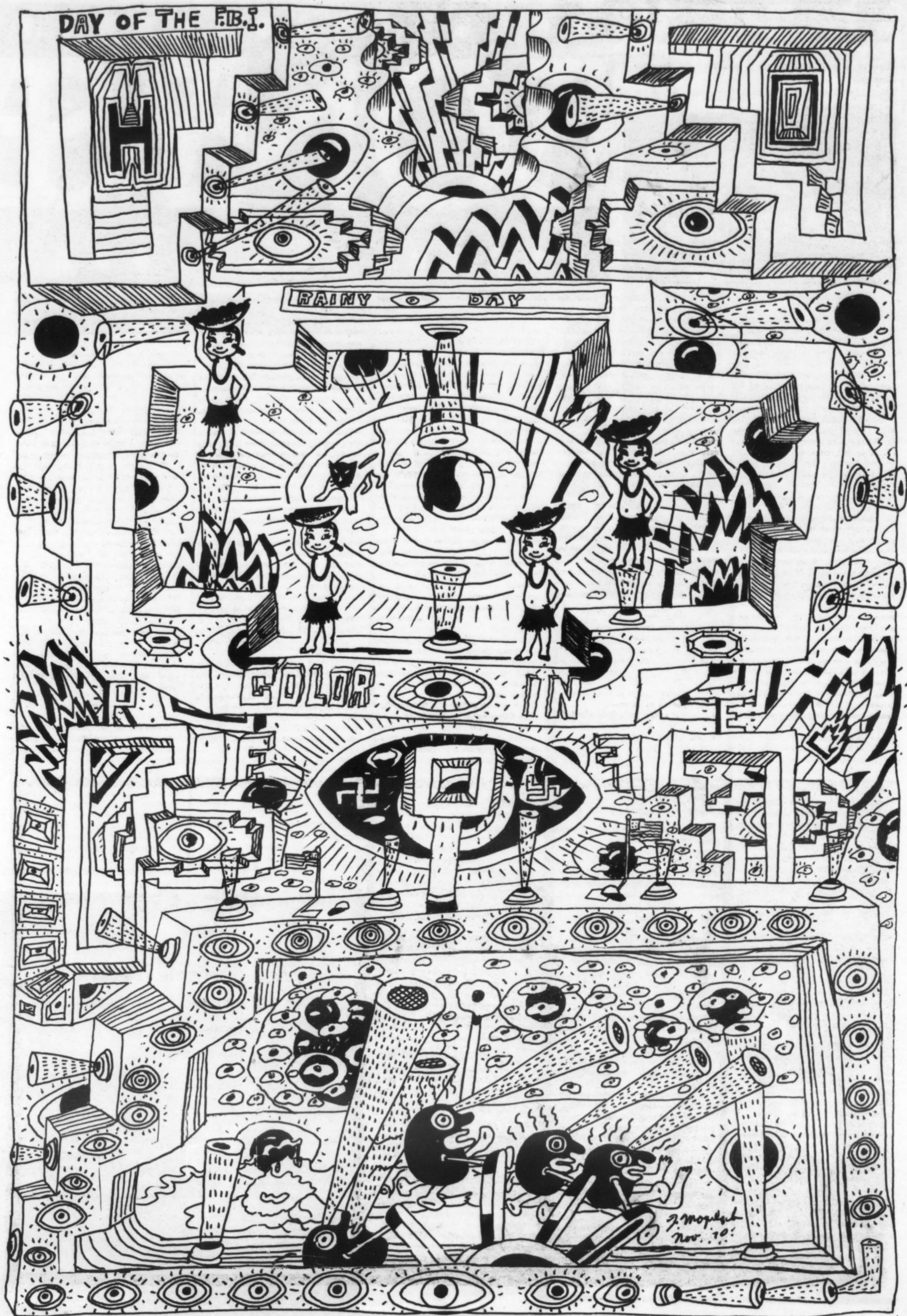


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## A FABLE BY VINCENT TITUS

Once a mastodon was eating grass in a swamp when he met a dinosaur. But you're extinct said the mastodon. How dare you use language like that to me said the dinosaur.

MORAL: That's what comes from not knowing the meaning of words.

## NUMBERS FOR THOUGHT

There are over three million craters in South Vietnam caused by American 750 pound bombs. The craters measure 45 feet in diameter by 30 feet deep. A little math reveals that that's a 30 foot deep hole of approximately 520 square miles of area.

In the past four years, ten million-gallons of herbicides and defoliants have been sprayed over Vietnam. The National Cancer Institute indicates that some of these may cause serious birth defects. The South Vietnamese press has recently reported numerous birth defects with numbers rising rapidly.

SOLEDAD 3 + SOLEDAD 7 = SOLEDAD 10  
by Marianne Jorgenson

SALINAS, Calif. [LNS] — The Soledad 3 have become the Soledad 10. When a Soledad guard was found dead last January — a few days after a tower guard opened fire on a group of black prisoners, murdering three — Soledad Prison officials chose Fleeta Drumgo, George Jackson, and John Clutchette to try for the killing. The three are now joined by seven others, young black men who are being charged for the killing of a second prison guard, and face the same mandatory death penalty. The guard was killed on July 22, and since the three were safely locked away the officials had to find another conspiracy.

Why these seven? All used to sit around rapping about politics and prison officials identified them as "black militants." The "conspiracy" includes Jessie Phillips, 20, serving a life sentence on a murder-robbery; Walter Watson, five years to life for robbery; Alfred Dunn, 20, five years to life for robbery; Jimmy Hames, 23, one to life for robbery; O.C. Allen, 26, five years to life for second degree burglary; and Roosevelt Williams, 27, five years to life for robbery. Since July 22 each has been held in solitary in a 7 X 5 cell.

On the first day of the trial, Patrick Hallinan, lawyer for the seven asked to be appointed their public defender (in other words, having the state pay expenses). Judge Campbell (the same judge who was disqualified from the Soledad 3 case because of his prejudicial statements), refused to grant the motion and ruled that each of the seven must have an individual lawyer. Hallinan and the brothers refused to dismiss each other and each brother stood up and said, "I want Pat Hallinan for my lawyer."

Campbell then appointed Hallinan to be Jimmy Wagner's lawyer (since he was the first one to stand up), and he was the lawyer for the rest. Each of the brothers dismissed the lawyer they were given. By that time the anger was rising in the courtroom and the judge postponed the arraignment.

What the judge did by not allowing the brothers to pick the lawyer of their choice was to force the defense to waste time and money on appeals. But as Hallinan said, "The most important thing is not what goes on in this courtroom but what goes on in the community."

Nothing was known about the treatment the seven were receiving until Mrs. Bessie Phillips, mother of Jessie, received an anonymous letter from San Diego which said, "Jessie and another six are... in confinement for suspicion [of the killing of the guard]. Jessie may not get a chance to contact... [you]... until they build a case against him... Bring your lawyer... they are trying to put it on anyone."

The letter further explained that a white inmate who was interrogated had failed a lie detector test. "They let him go anyway" the letter continued.

Since their arraignment, prison officials have posted notices in the

Soledad prison offering early parole and monetary rewards for any inmates willing to testify against these brothers. It was clear to the lawyers that many "witnesses" obtained by this route would testify against the brothers at the hearing, get their parole, and split. But their testimony would be admissible before a jury during trial, and there would be no way for the defense to put them on the witness stand. Therefore, the defense moved to waive the preliminary hearing of October 13, forcing the prosecution to produce all their witnesses before a jury.

Security at the arraignment at the Salinas courthouse was greatly increased. Over 75 supporters, many of them members of the brothers' families who came from Los Angeles, came to support the brothers this time. Most of the supporters were black. Guards with shotguns stood all over the courthouse area. Bessie Phillips led the group, which shouted loudly so that the brothers, chained, handcuffed, and hidden behind thick screened glass, could hear, "Free the Soledad Seven! Power to the people!"

"We aren't going to let you fascists get away with this," Bessie Phillips shouted. "We aren't going to let you murder our sons!"

Funds are desperately needed for a defense fund. Send any contributions to Soledad 7 Defense Committee, c/o Tamu Shindi, PO Box 4301, Compton, California, [213] 632-4727.

THE "ANTI-CRIME" BILL IS PASSED  
LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON [LNS] — President Nixon scowled into the cameras. "This bill gives us the means for a total war against crime," he told the specially selected and carefully frisked assemblage of legislators, government officials, and newsmen who had been gathered to attend the ceremonial singing of the Administration's mammoth new "Law and Order" bill — the one Attorney General Mitchell has been crying for ever since Nixon's team came into office.

Standing on the stage at Nixon's side were Attorney General Mitchell, J. Edgar Hoover himself, the Senate's law 'n order patriarch John L. McClellan, and Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, Goldwater's campaign manager. They stood erect, looking as stern as their chief.

"Everyday we read in the papers about some new senseless act of destruction," the President complained. "This should be a warning to those who engage in these acts (sabotage of military and judicial buildings) that we are not going to tolerate these activities," the President told the dignitaries, as armed guards and secret service agents with walkie-talkies guarded every entrance to the building.

After signing the bill, Nixon handed it ceremoniously to Mitchell and Hoover saying, "Gentlemen, I give you the tools. You do the job."

"We will," the two firmly replied. It is no small contribution to the police state that the president and the congress were handing over to America's chief cops.

The bill provides the death penalty for anyone involved in a bombing or arson (fire) which results, accidentally or otherwise, in a death, and it permits the FBI to enter campuses and investigate at will schools where bombing or arson has occurred, whether the school administration wants them there or not.

But the most mindblowing section of the new law permits federal judges to add 25 years to the sentence of any convicted person they think is a "dangerous special offender." A "dangerous special offender" is anybody who has been convicted of two felonies, or anybody the judge considers to have "a pattern of criminal conduct" or anyone the judge feels was "part of a conspiracy to engage in a pattern of criminal conduct." The judge can put people away for an extra 25 years without charging them with a specific new crime, and without recourse to a jury trial.

This new bill also contains provisions which weaken constitutional safeguards against illegally attained evidence, listening devices, and self-incrimination, and stiffens contempt of court provisions which have already been used to sentence radical defendants and their lawyers to years in prison.

Mitchell and Hoover have more than just the president to thank for their new tools: only one of the Senate's daring young liberals voted against the bill, which passed the Senate 73-1, and the house by a 341-26 margin.

## LAW 'N ORDER

RUNAWAYS BEWARE: NEW PUBLICATION  
TO HELP HUNT YOU

ALBANY, Calif. [LNS] — Local businessman George Stamper has started a publication, the National Missing Youth Locator, to aid in tracking down runaways. Stamper charges parents \$28.50 to put a photograph and description of a runaway into his publication, which is then mailed to 4800 law enforcement agencies covering every city with a population over 10,000 and every county in the USA. It also goes to 2300 private investigators. Circulation of the weekly editions has reached 15,000.

The idea is that it would cost a parent close to \$2000 to print a brochure and give it such wide distribution. Stamper's publication will put photos in the hands of pigs, who can then use the pictures as adequate grounds for holding suspected runaways until someone arrives to identify them. "The wire services have interviewed me," he said. "And for TV stations in the Bay Area out here Berkeley. I've been on the Mike Wallace program. The mail has swamped me. And parents have been calling from every part of the country."

For \$28.50 this man will run the picture and description of any kid trying to escape from unfriendly parents in a weekly publication called "The National Missing Youth Locator." The Locator is sent free of charge to the juvenile probation department of every single county in the country, 2400 city police departments, 50 state police departments, 1900 private investigators, 41 cities in Mexico and 96 cities in Canada — 13,000 copies in all.

Ever since he started the Locator three months ago, George Stamper, a California furniture wholesaler and manufacturer, has been tickled to death by the adrenalin his brainchild

arouses in every pig who gets his first look at the runaway directory.

"Alfred Nelder, chief of Police of San Francisco, wrote to us they are going to refer parents to us from now on, although most police departments have a policy against such referrals. In Berkeley the police keep two copies of the Locator in the squad car that patrols Telegraph Avenue, where the kids hang out."

"I'd appreciate it if you let your police department know they can have as many copies as they want," Stamper tells his visitors. "We'll put them on the mailing list weekly. Yosemite National Park asked us for 12 copies, one for each of their ranger stations!"

But Stamper has made just one mistake. In the effort to garner as much free publicity as possible, he has asked the press to publish his office address and phone numbers at the office and at home. He estimates that there are some one million runaways nationally, but he does not seem to realize that they can get together to defend themselves against profiteers like Stamper.

It is now unclear just how safe his office at 1603 Solano Ave., Berkeley, Ca., will be in the months to come.

Stamper hoped that his telephone numbers would be put in the hands of the many parents whose kids are getting less and less happy at home; that the parents would record them for future use.

But kids can also record phone numbers for future use (Stamper's numbers, for example, are [415] 525-5023 at the office, at [415] 526-6967 at home.)

Stamper's phones may just get so busy in the next few months that he will be forced to ignore them completely.

Runaway power to the runaway people!





# ON NEWS

## RAPE

SAIGON WOMEN PROTEST RAPES  
LIBERATION News Service

SAIGON [LNS]—There is an organization in Saigon called the Committee of Women's Action for the Right to Live. These sisters, in a city of 200,000 bar girls, prostitutes and rent-a-wives, can't struggle around issues of day care, abortion, or equal wages—at this point their demand is for life.

The Committee met a meeting, on September 12, which denounced American soldiers for raping and murdering two women from the province of Binh Duong on August 29. The women were Nguyen Thi Bac, 51, and her daughter Nguyen Thi Hong, 19.

"The right to live and the dignity of Vietnamese women must be guaranteed," said Right to Live chairwoman Mrs. Ngo Ba Thanh. "The war must stop at all costs. The US government must respect the self-determination of the Vietnamese people and stop their interventions in South Vietnam," she demanded.

## CANCEROUS BIRTH CONTROL PILLS STILL ON SALE

WASHINGTON [LNS]—Eli Lilly and Upjohn drug companies have graciously decided to stop producing their favorite, money-making, women-killing, birth control pills: C-quens and Progest.

Since 1966, the FDA has been before that date, evidence was not available from Food and Drug Administration (FDA) which said that the pills formed blood clots and non-malignant tumors on their breasts.

An approved FDA written letter was addressed to women using the two pills stating "there is no proof at the present time that the oral contraceptives can cause cancer in humans." Women were encouraged to stay on those pills.

But during the week of October 19, 1970, the FDA issued a new statement recommending that production of these pills be stopped immediately. While Eli Lilly and Upjohn agreed on October 24 that they would stop making the pills, they have not been removed from the market and reserve supplies are still for sale.



## CONSPIRACY 8 TRIAL NUMBER TWO STARTS NOV. 9: THIS TIME IT'S SEATTLE

SEATTLE, Wash. [LNS]—The Conspiracy 8 trial begins on November 9. No, you're not reading a year-old newspaper. Seven men and one woman are coming to trial, charged with "traveling in interstate commerce to incite a riot" and "aiding, abetting, counseling, and procuring others to wilfully and unlawfully injure the property of the United States." They are all revolutionary organizers from Seattle whom John Mitchell and the U.S. Government want to put in jail for 10 years without letting very many people outside the Pacific Northwest know about it.

The eight defendants—Chip Marshall, Sue Stern, Jeff Dowd, Joe Kelly, Mike Abeles, Michael Lerner, Roger Lippman, and Michael Justensen (who has been underground since the indictments were announced on April 17 of this year)—are on trial for leading a February 17 demonstration of more than 2,000 people which erupted into a melee of streetfighting and ended in the trashing of the Federal Court building. The violence came as a response to riot police who charged with clubs swinging into the crowd of demonstrators massed in front of the Courthouse in downtown Seattle. Ironically the purpose of the demonstration was to protest the sentences which had just come down in the Chicago 8 Conspiracy trial. Bobby Seale, Abbie Hoffman, and the other defendants were on trial for the same "conspiracy to incite a riot" charges that the Seattle 8 are now facing.

The real reasons for this second Conspiracy 8 trial go beyond the Justice Department's attempt to fix the blame for a violent demonstration on some "outside agitators." Although there were militant demonstrations all over the days that followed the Chicago trial, only Seattle people were singled out for

Federal conspiracy charges. The reasons why Seattle was picked are significant.

From the beginning of 1970 and through the summer months, most of the defendants were active organizers in the Seattle Liberation Front, a loose coalition of collectives which attempted to build a revolutionary movement of street people, students, welfare clients, and working people in this town of 550,000 inhabitants. Some SLF collectives gave out free hot breakfasts along with leaflets to people waiting on long unemployment, food stamp, and welfare lines. Others organized in a poor black and white neighborhood against the Interstate 90 highway which the city fathers planned to build through the community to speed businessmen home to the suburbs and away from the dirty mess they have made of much of Seattle. Still others worked on anti-war tax initiative measure, set up cheap rock festivals, organized day care programs at the University of Washington, and supported black students at the University when they made demands on the school administration.

The Federal Government wants to stop movements like the SLF—which try to unite different groups of people around the necessity of fighting for radical political change in America—before they spread to all parts of the country. The indictments are an attempt to portray the SLF as a bunch of window-smashers and anarchists to discredit them in the eyes of most working-class people in the city, and to prevent the development of a broad-based radical movement.

In addition, the "Southern Strategy" writers of the states of the Pacific Northwest as "liberal" for law and order appeals to win a voting majority. This means that the administration can afford to bring the full weight of federal power down on Seattle without fear of a liberal vote.

The Seattle area's huge unemployment rate (now about 15% and rising every month) is another result of Nixon's political plans. The Boeing Corporation, which dominates economic and political power in Seattle, has had to cut a work force of over 100,000 down to under 30,000 because the Defense Department is rewarding juicy contracts to aerospace giants like Lockheed, which is situated in the more Nixonized region of Southern California.

### THE TRIAL

Six of the defendants were active in planning the February 17 demonstration, and thus were vulnerable to conspiracy indictments although there were hundreds of people at the meetings that approved the plans for the TDA [The Day After the Chicago 7 conviction] demonstration. Lippmann and Justensen had no part in planning the action at all.

Four of the eight—Jeff Dowd, Joe Kelly, Chip Marshall, and Mike Abeles—came to Seattle in January from

Ithaca, New York, where they had been active in the radical movement at Cornell. Though Kelly was on the other side of the country on February 17, all four are charged with traveling to Seattle to "incite, organize, promote, and encourage a riot."

Much of the evidence in the indictment is good testimony to the totalitarian minds of the Justice Department attorneys. Mike Lerner is charged with playing a tape recording on which Abbie Hoffman speaks; Chip Marshall and Jeff Dowd are noted to have "committed the overt acts" of practicing some Karate kicks in a public park a few days before the demonstration; and most of the evidence concerns speeches given and meetings attended by the different defendants.

As in the Chicago trial, the government is more interested in scaring the radical movement, and dissidents in general, into inactivity than in getting guilty verdicts from a jury; even they must know by now that this temporary or permanent loss of a few leaders will do little to stop the growth of the revolutionary movement in the U.S.

The Seattle 8 will certainly get no help from the dispensers of "blind justice." Judge George Boldt, who will try the case, has presided over many trials of draft resisters in the seventeen years since he was appointed a federal judge for life. He is known to accept the Government's evidence unquestioningly and to hand out stiff sentences to young resisters. Boldt is no flamboyant emotional figure like Judge Julius Hoffman either: he likes fast trials and strict legal decorum in his courtroom and will probably start handing out contempt citations like rotten candy at the first sign of opposition to his arbitrary rule by the defendants or their lawyers. Chip Marshall, who is representing himself in court, is likely to communicate the message that he is a target for Boldt's contempt citations.

The prosecutor, Federal Attorney Guy Goodwin, is the Justice Department's chief travelling outside agitator. He is the man who brought two sets of conspiracy indictments against leading Weathermen, and he has carried out in several cities the judicial part of Mitchell's campaign to destroy the Black Panther Party.

The Government seems to have already won its first victory even before the trial has begun. The trial will be held in Tacoma, an industrial city of 1,000, not in Seattle. Judge Boldt agreed with the prosecution's contention that Tacoma, 30 miles south of Seattle, would provide a less "biased" jury. Goodwin obviously was thinking of the much greater support the Seattle 8 could have gotten if the trial were held in the city in which the "crimes" took place.

With a virtual nationwide press blackout, the Seattle Conspiracy defense has an almost impossible job to do: they have to raise over \$50,000 for legal expenses alone. If you can contribute to the defense of the movement, send it on to: Seattle 8 Defense Box 1984 Seattle,

## HIPPIES IN KANSAS REJOICE AS BROTHER IS ELECTED JUSTICE

LAWRENCE, Kan. (UPI)—Hippies passed out marijuana rolled in red, white and blue paper to celebrate the election of Justice of the Peace Philip C. Hill.

Others were less enthusiastic about the election of the 23-year-old college dropout who admits being a dope pusher. The Kansas attorney general vowed to "pull the plug" on him. The state Democratic chairman said he would spend the shortest term of office in Kansas history.

But the Kaw Valley Hemp Pickers, a hippie group that hangs out near the University of Kansas, had a party.

"My friends are passing out packets of Kansas grass to everybody," Mr. Hill said. "They're passing them hand to hand. Each package is wrapped in striped paper that looks like an American flag."

Mr. Hill was elected Tuesday apparently because most voters did not know that he was a Yippie (Youth Independent party) leader and a White Panther.

"Secrecy was the secret of my success," Mr. Hill said after his election. "I had the unswerving support of the Democrats without their knowing it. They just assumed I was another Democrat."

Of his background he said, "Mainly, I earn my living by peddling dope, and I suppose I'll keep on since you can't earn much as a J.P. around here. I sell all kinds of dope except heroin. I won't have anything to do with that stuff, but I sell LSD and mescaline and almost everything. There's not much money in marijuana... too much of it is growing around here."

"He'll spend the shortest term of office in history if he's telling the truth," said Norbert Dreiling, Kansas Democratic chairman.

Sedgwick County Sheriff Vern Miller of Wichita, the newly elected State Attorney General, said he would "put an undercover agent on him" and "pull the plug" on Mr. Hill and his hippie constituents.

Mr. Hill was in seclusion today. He did not appear at his hangouts—the Rock Chalk or the Gaslight—where, he had pledged earlier, he would hold a "people's court" because it appeared the city would not provide him with an office.



# SHOUT!!

## PART 2

Ringside viewers barely had time to get used to the fact that Clay was the new champion when he threw another abrupt slap at their faces: he really was a follower of the honorable Elijah Muhammad, and a devout convert to the Muslim faith. "I don't have to be what you want me to be," he told a group of incredulous reporters, "I'm free to be who I want." Suddenly he was Cassius X. Suddenly he was a man. Suddenly he was standing before the public talking seriously about things that had never before been discussed by the heavyweight champion of the world, or indeed, by any successful athlete.

"In the jungle," he said, "lions are with lions,

redbirds with redbirds, and bluebirds with bluebirds. That's human nature, too. I don't go where I'm not wanted.

"Things die out and our people forget three hundred and ten years of physical slavery. The faithful slave I see on a corner in Harlem and he has to ask for a dollar 'cause he's hungry. All our lives we learn that black is evil, it's dirty, they even call black cake devil's food cake. But we learn in our Muslim temple that the richest dirt and the strongest coffee are black. So Muslim fits us like a glove."

In a matter of days, the World Boxing Association lifted their recognition of his title and set up a run-off match featuring Cleveland

Williams, an old much-defeated fighter, and Ernie Terrell, who was a very serious contender. It was a blatantly political act that coincided perfectly with the investigations of his victory over Liston. In what appeared to be a side incident, he flunked an Army mental examination and was declared ineligible for the draft, then the worst - Elijah Muhammad bestowed upon him the name of Muhammad Ali and the country went berserk with ridicule and rage. The new Muhammad Ali reacted calmly by visiting Africa and returning with the remark: "I'm not an American, I'm a black man."

As far as boxing goes, people were slowly beginning to realize that he quite possibly was a greater fighter. A November rematch with Liston was scheduled and Ali looked great in training, but an emergency hernia operation on Friday the 13th resulted in a postponement of several months, and meanwhile the boxing world seethed. Cleveland Williams was shot by a cop in Texas and critically wounded, and the W.B.A. dug into the slag heap and found a replacement to face Terrell: Eddie Machen, a debilitated war horse who had spent several months in a California mental institution for attempted suicide. Such was the validity of the W.B.A. runoff. Terrell won easily over Machen and was called "Champ."

By May of 1965, Ali had recovered and the bout was rescheduled for Boston, but racial tensions were high, Malcolm X had just been assassinated, and the fight wound up in Lewiston, Maine, a small mill-town where the locals came down from the hills to gawk. As a fight, it wasn't much. Liston came out swinging and Ali immediately nailed him with a sharp right. Liston threw an ineffectual left, Ali landed a jab, then another snappy right, then Liston threw a left and leaned in and Ali landed with still another overhand right and Liston fell to the floor as if dead. Ali freaked out: "Get up and fight!" he screamed, and Liston tried, and referee Jersey Joe Walcott tried to shove Clay back to a neutral corner and Liston finally rose, and Clay waded in to hit him some more, then the timekeeper began ringing like crazy, and the

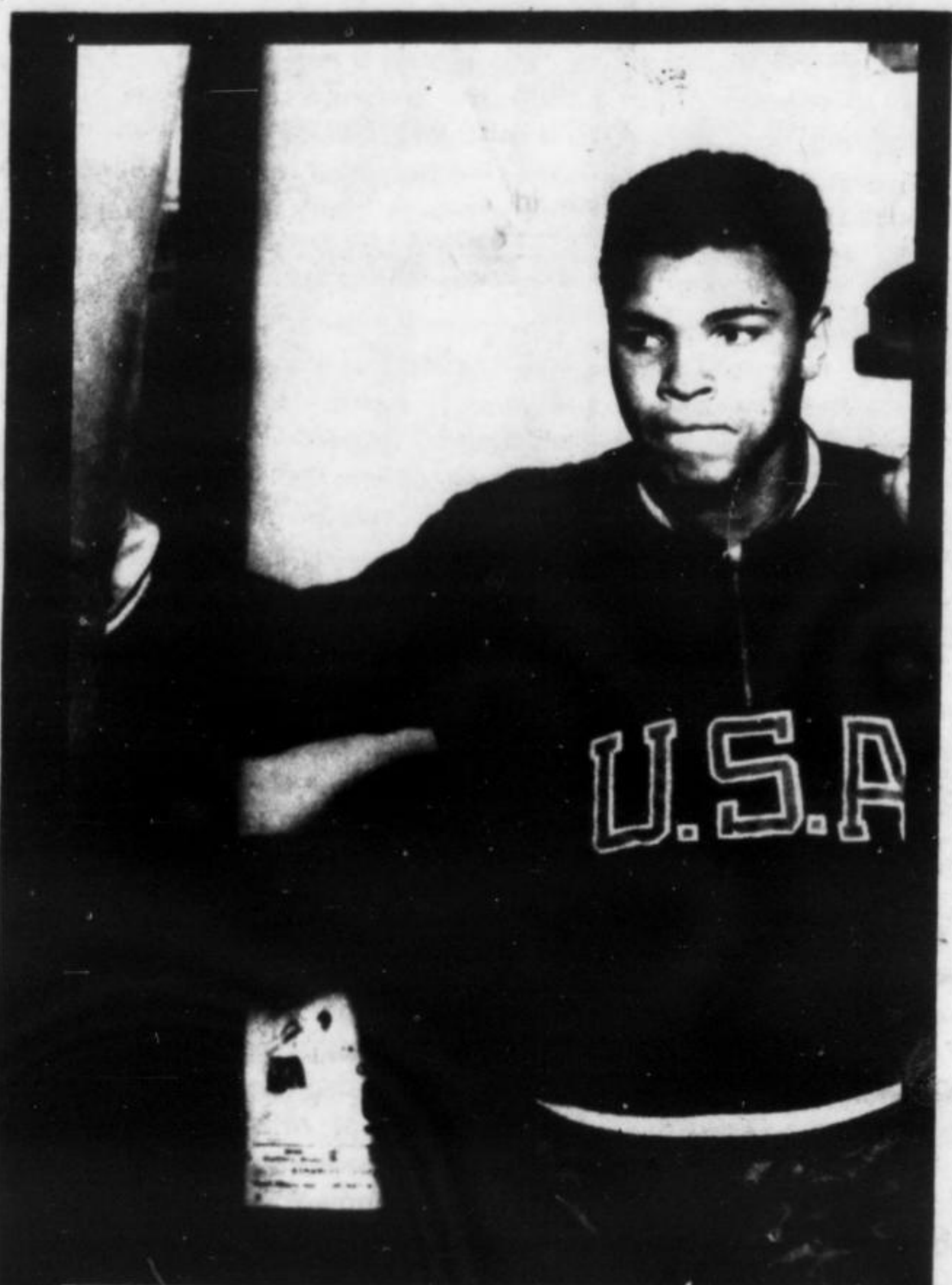
fight was over. The count had already reached ten, even if the ref wasn't hip to it.

Liston's unhappy performance cast a pall over boxing for the next couple of months and the press made plenty of not-so-subtle hints about tank jobs and phantom punches. But Ali was back and he had won a legitimate victory, and he immediately signed to meet Floyd Patterson in Las Vegas, and showed some surprising "Floyd, you have the next shot. You are a nice fellow. You're young, too. Only 30 years old. You're a fair puncher, and I think you'll make a good opponent."

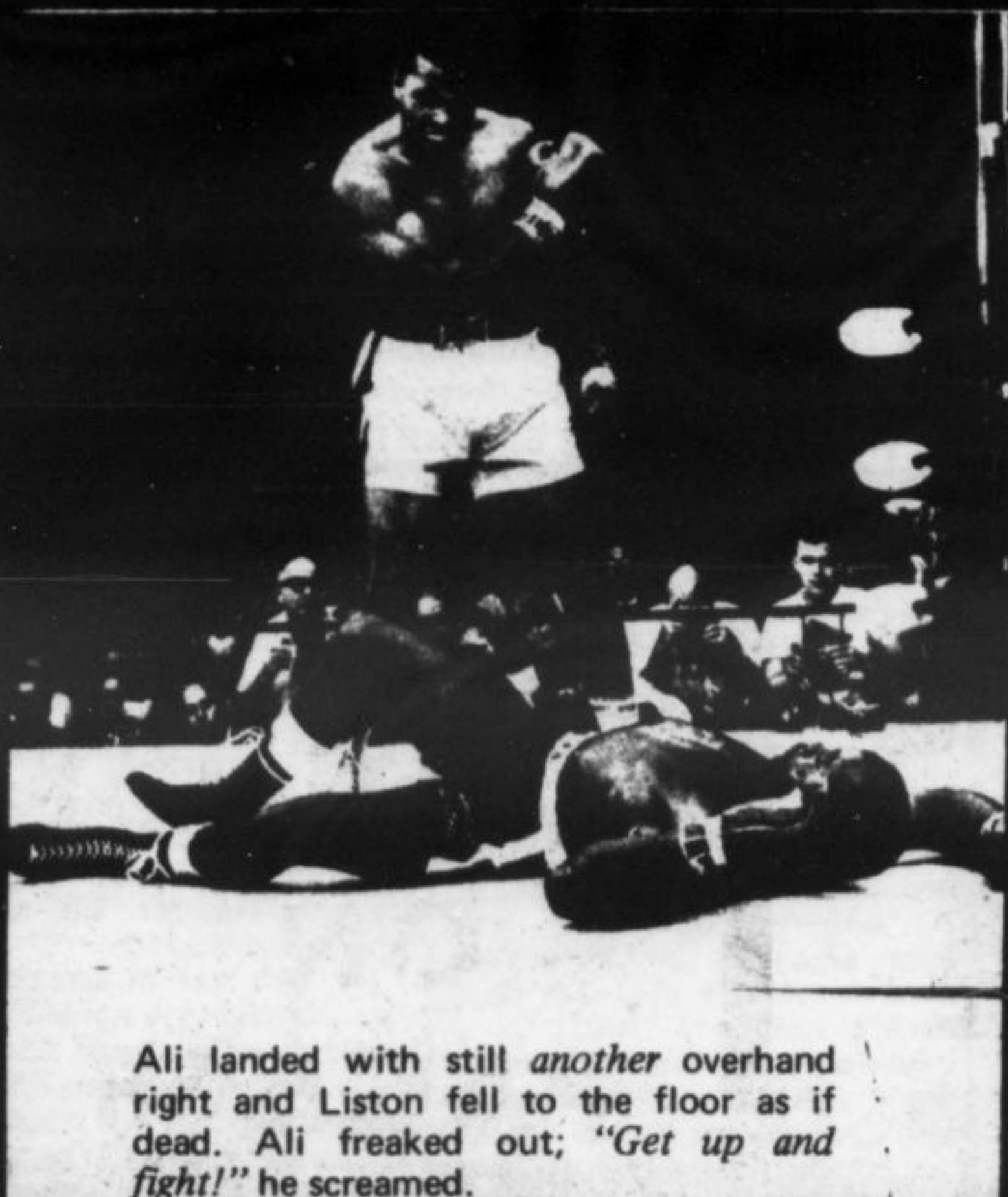
The press and Patterson quickly made a religious issue out of the thing. Patterson, a devout Catholic vowed that he was fighting to return the championship to Christian people and he continued to use the name "Cassius Clay." Ali, seemingly unflustered, dubbed Patterson the "Rabbit" and said, "if I can beat the bear, I can beat the hare." By fight time, however, he was vowing that he would "humiliate" Patterson in the bout instead of knocking him out right away.

Which more or less, is what happened. Patterson opened up quick and seemed to confuse Ali in the first round but Ali quickly began piercing Patterson's peekaboo style with his lightning jab then surprising Patterson with incredible punch combinations, and by the third round he was entirely in control of the situation jabbing and stabbing at will, talking to Patterson ("What's my name, white man's nigger?") and generally giving a brilliant and seemingly effortless performance. Patterson, his back wrenched and his eyes swollen, was beaten bloody and in the seventh fell to the floor for a short count. He rose but it made no difference - Ali punished him, bloodied him further and Floyd's corner threw in the towel after the 12th.

Once again, the press gave Ali a grilling for "torturing a fine and decent champion," but it made no difference. Ali signed to meet George Chuvalo an inept little toughie who couldn't punch, couldn't box, couldn't jab, couldn't hook, but reportedly couldn't be knocked out or hurt, either. The fight was scheduled for

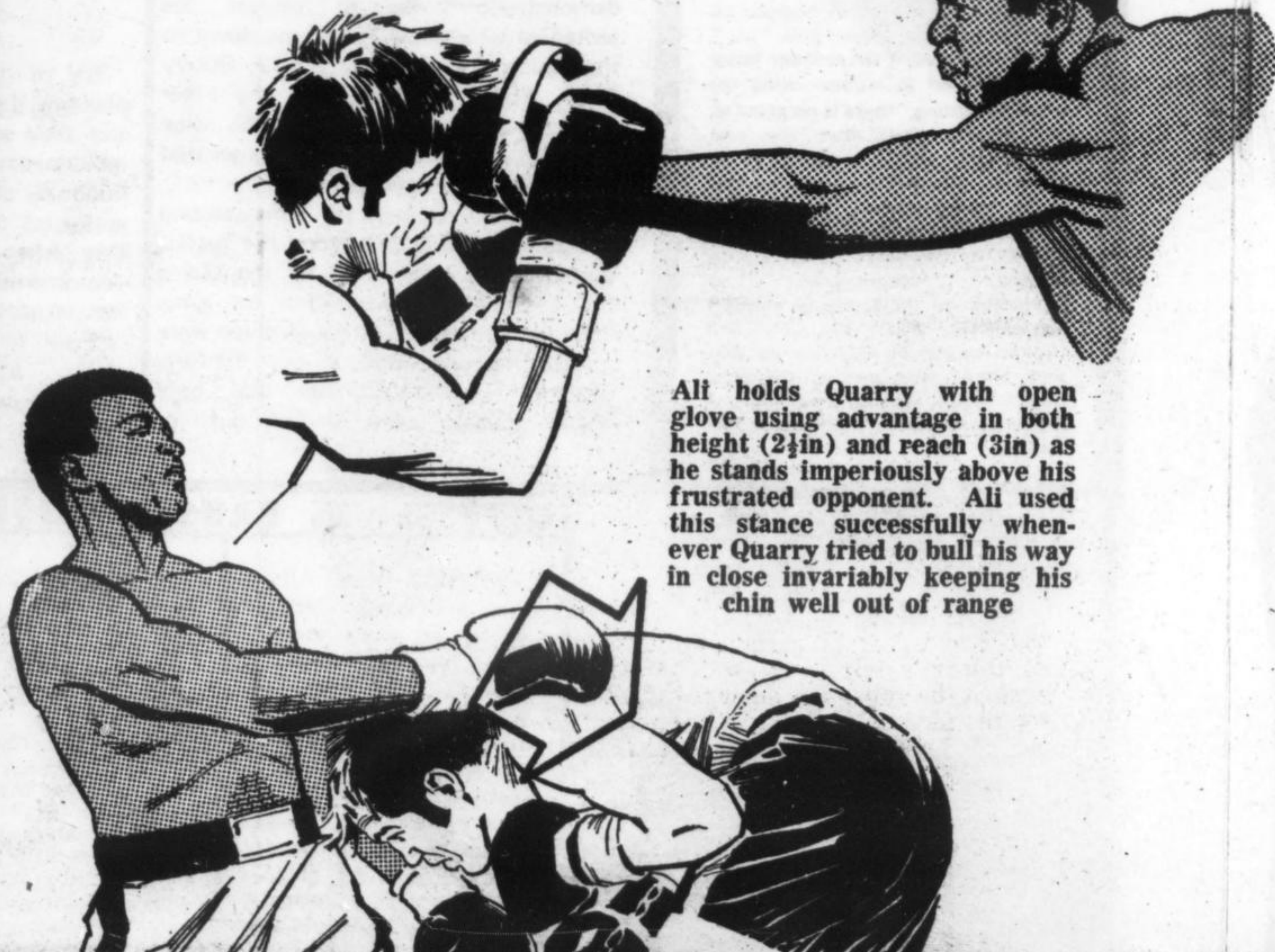


By 18, he was an outstanding amateur boxer who went to the 1960 Olympics in Rome as part of the U.S. Olympic team and won the light-heavyweight championship by handily beating a Pole from behind the Iron Curtain.



Ali landed with still another overhand right and Liston fell to the floor as if dead. Ali freaked out; "Get up and fight!" he screamed.

The left jab, which speared Quarry so many times during the first round, strikes home and Ali gives it an additional cutting edge by turning the wrist to the right at the moment of impact. This was the powerful blow which initially softened the skin round Quarry's left eyebrow



Ali holds Quarry with open glove using advantage in both height (2½ in) and reach (3 in) as he stands imperiously above his frustrated opponent. Ali used this stance successfully whenever Quarry tried to bull his way in close invariably keeping his chin well out of range



# by RAY SCHULTZ

13

Chualar's hometown of Toronto, Canada. and it looked like it might be a fine event, even the champ thought so.

"He's tough and he's crazy. He pushed me after the fight, and no man does that unless he's out of his mind. He ain't gonna be so easy to knock out."

He was also a white hope. With hushed expectation, several fans crowded the Maple Leaf Gardens to watch Ali put Chuvalo through 15 rounds of agony, jab, jab, jab, slice, slice, not able to knock the man out, but more than able to make his face look like a piece of Sicilian pizza. By now, we all knew the score: Ali was a great champion. Ali was a great champion. Ali was a great champion. He had no serious contenders. He was forced into making a European tour for money to meet such souches as: *Brian London*, a virtual slaughter. Ali hit him hard and fast and totally demolished him in the third round. *Henry Cooper*, still slugging, old 'Enery and still bleeding like a pig. Ali vanquished him in six rounds, and without getting knocked down first. *Karl Mildenberger*, a tough fight. Mildenberger was a southpaw, and a scrappy one, and he confused Ali for several rounds but finally was smashed into defeat in the 12th.

Then back to the states where in November he faced *Cleveland Williams* in Houston, Texas. Williams had fought his way back from the hospital bed, and he still had a bullet lodged in his body. Ali knocked him out easily in the third round, and it almost seemed gentle. By this time the heavyweight ranks were in a state of confusion. Ernie Terrell was defending his fragmented title, and was the most serious challenger around Ali could face and the public was clamoring for a match between the two. Politically, Ali was becoming more and more important and controversial. His draft status had been reclassified, and he was appealing but without success, on the grounds that he was a Muslim minister, and a conscientious objector. The sports world was shocked and dismayed for athletes had traditionally done their part to defend the country, but Ali was saying things like why fight for a country that continues to

suppress Blacks and other minorities? It was a third-world view that stuck in the craw of many white Americans. "I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Congs," Ali said.

Then too, Ali refused to speak out against ghetto protest nonviolence, though he was non-violent himself. His solidarity with his own people was profound and immovable. As a man and fighter he was maturing rapidly, he married a wife then divorced her on the grounds her skirts were too short; then he married a second time to a strict Muslim woman. And in boxing, as always, he was a complete professional.

"If I had tried to dominate him," said manager Angelo Dundee "we'd be punching each other. You tell him what's deficient after the workout. You use the power of suggestion. 'Gee your left uppercut was working to perfection,' I'll say. He hadn't thrown a left uppercut but tomorrow he will. This is my easiest job - the guy's a glutton for work." Ali trained hard for the Terrell bout, which promised to be no pushover. As usual, there were pre-fight arguments - Terrell, too, insisted on using the name "Cassius Clay." It was almost getting to be a common ploy to build up the box office. A popular theory was that Terrell could outbox Ali - tie him, and win a decision, and the boxing world waited anxiously for Ali to "get his lip buttoned."

But once again Ali was the unmatched superior - he jabbed, he hooked, he crossed, he landed uppercuts - he outmaneuvered the clumsy Terrell who landed some lefts himself, and waded in bravely, and the fight was a good one. Ali also talked to Terrell just like he had to Patterson. "What's my name?" Terrell kept pushing and seemed to be staying out of trouble if not doing anything too spectacular himself, but in the seventh Ali landed with a vicious flurry of lefts and rights, and Terrell had to hang on for dear life. From then on, Ali hit him almost at will and easily fought back strong efforts by Terrell later in the bout. The winner by unanimous decision, Ali expressed satisfaction later with his effort, and Terrell didn't have too much to say: his left eye had

been cut to shreds and later would require surgery.

Now Ali was the undisputed champ, one of the greatest heavyweight kings the sport had ever seen, but the authorities were not going to let it happen. With a quick and brilliant stroke, they resolved his draft problems by ordering him to report for induction - and he announced quietly that he would report but he would not swear or affirm the oath. Meanwhile, in a quick attempt to get another bout cooking, he signed to meet Zora Folley in Madison Square Garden. Folley got the match because he deserved it, and he deserved it because he had been fighting since the early 50's and had almost worked his way up to a title bout several times only to be shipwrecked by heartbreaking losses to Liston, Lavorante, Archie Moore and Doug Jones all by knockout, then to Ernie Terrell by decision. But he was considered one of the most decent fellows in the game shy modest, the father of several children, a good family man - little did he know that his one chance at the big title would be an historic fight that would place his name forever on the pages of the history of boxing.

The pre-fight banter for this one was most polite. Ali didn't say much Folley only said he would be proud to lose to a man like Ali (he used the right name), and nobody put any particular weight on it. Ali won easily, another



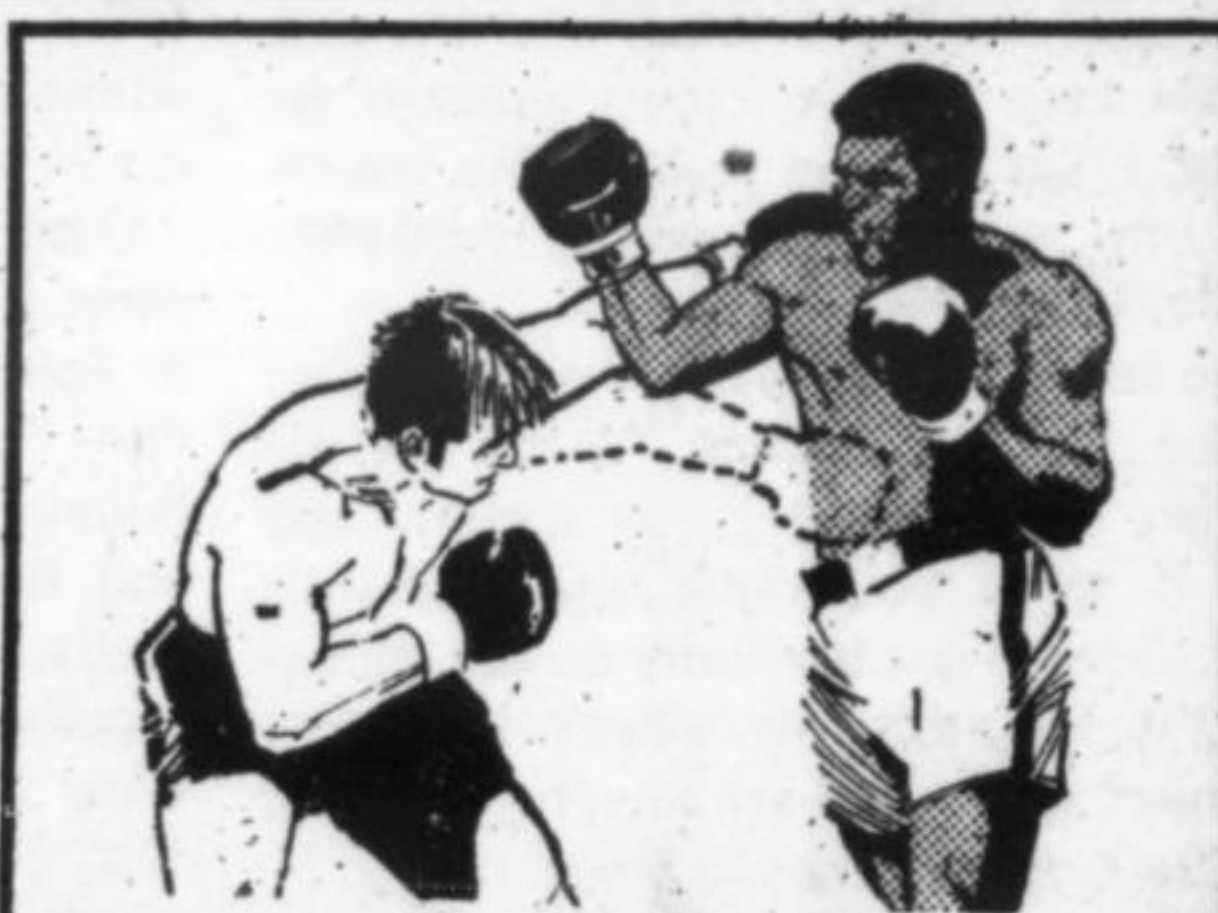
He had reached a certain age - 28 - he had never been beaten in the ring, he had gotten used to the soft life around home with his wife and daughter and there didn't appear to be much chance he would ever make it back; but slowly, things began to happen.

gentle one, by knocking Folley out in the seventh round but the big stuff happened a couple of weeks later when he refused induction into the Armed Services at Houston, Texas, a momentous decision. A possible second bout with Floyd Patterson was destroyed when almost every boxing commission in the country (and the W.B.A. for the second incredible time) announced that Ali was heretofore stripped of his heavyweight championship and all rights and privileges therein including the right to fight for a living. The greatest of them all had been beaten at last. A few short months later, he was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison and told quite bluntly that his religion was not a legitimate one. What followed was a period of retreat, a series of frustrating court reversals that cost plenty of money, and the usual appearances on television, at other people's fights, and even on Broadway where he played a leading role in "Big Time Buck White," and meanwhile he got heavier, poorer, and more reflective; but in the eyes of his followers, greater, and meanwhile it went on, all through 1968 - incredible, then 1969 - even worse; then 1970, and the wheels began clicking to get him back inside the ring. Boxing took a turn for the worse. The W.B.A. virtually appointed Joe Frazier as heavyweight champion, and the remaining boxing commissions, mainly New York and California, set to work organizing a tournament that would include plenty of fighters and make plenty of money. In roughly chronological order, here's how it went: Thad Spencer beat Ernie Terrell, Jerry Quarry drew with Floyd Patterson, Jimmy Ellis (Ali's former sparring partner) beat Leotis Martin. Then Quarry knocked out Spencer, lost to Jimmy Ellis, but beat Floyd Patterson. Ellis was declared the winner and champ. He flopped off to Sweden where he took a savage beating from Floyd Patterson (but won a decision) then returned to the States where he went into hiding for months. He was a decent guy, most people figured, who deserved the money. Frazier, meanwhile, whipped such foes as Oscar Bonevena and Buster Mathis to solidify his claim on his portion of the title. Frazier is a terrific fighter with punch, speed and endurance. He is also a Philadelphia black who doesn't take kindly to what is being done to Ali, though he feels he is himself the champion, and a great one. To clear up the championship mess, he knocked out Ellis in a brutal five rounds, then took on Jerry Quarry who he savagely beat in seven.

**CONTINUED  
ON  
PAGE 18**

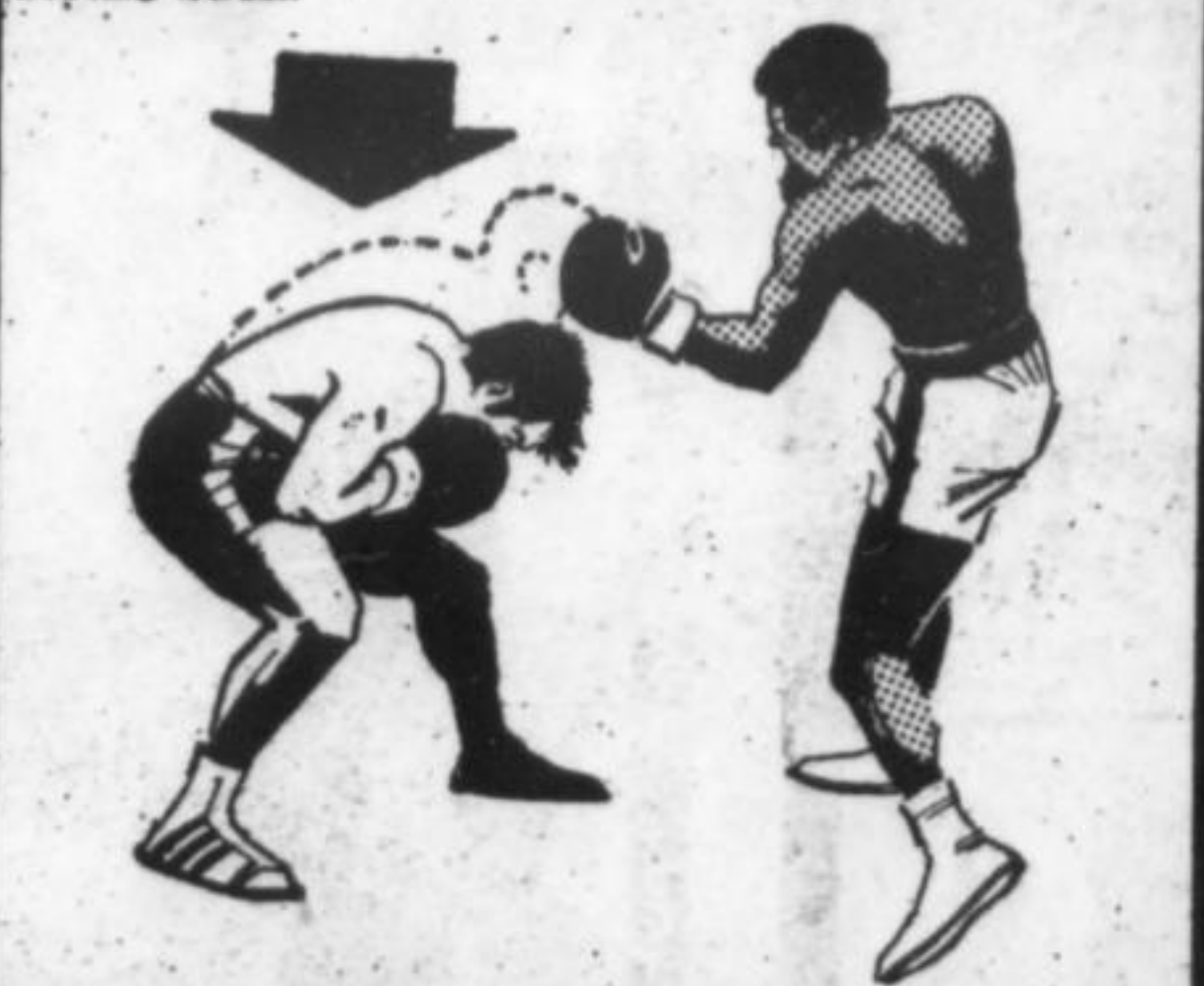


The kind of slashing right cross which opened the cut by Quarry's left eyebrow. Ali was being backed up against the ropes but managed to get sufficient leverage for the blow even though for once, his own ground had been substantially invaded by Quarry



## Why Quarry failed

Quarry's best punch was the left hook but trying it to the head he found the blow blocked by Ali's forearm (above). If, after several foiled attempts, he had shifted to the body he would, because he is shorter, have stood more chance and also tested Ali's stamina. Quarry did make Ali miss by ducking and weaving beneath the waistline (below), but it is an impossible position from which to strike back.







**"RICHARD, CAM & BERT"**  
Trilogy Records (TS 91700 1)  
reviewed by Chip Crossland

Last Sunday night I wandered into the Feenjon and there was Bert Lee with a package under his arm. He was smiling. I walked over and we shook hands. "Wanna' buy a Richard, Cam & Bert album," he asked. I grinningly accepted and within three dollars, I was the proud owner of the first album by Richard, Cam & Bert. Wow, I thought, it finally happened. The guys finally made it. You probably know them. They've played alot up in the park and down in the Village and around for about a year now. I first met them last October when I started singing in the village. They had a humor about their act I couldn't forget. Standing up there singing about spiders under little flowers... whaa? All these crazy songs. And they grew on me until I'd catch myself humming one of their songs, and digging it! And here it was in my hands... their first record. I asked Bert if he would sign it for me, which he did. I hung around and listened to Bert's set before splitting so I could go home and dig the record.

The album cover is brown and tan with black and white photos of Rich, Cam, and Bert respectively. It really looks nice. On the back is a picture of the trio with their backs partially to the camera playing for a small gathering in Central Park. Really getting it on for the folks. It also has the words "limited edition" on the cover, which I assume means that it can be obtained for only a temporary period of time, and only in certain places. Ask someone at the Feenjon where you can pick one up. And of course, Rich, Cam and Bert are selling them.

It was like old times again to hear the guys break into "The Ship" one of Richard's songs. The opening guitar riffs are vaguely reminiscent of "Maggie's Farm." Then we're hit with the voices in chorus: "Hold tight to the line if you're in the groove... With the help of our friends, we can bring the anchor in, find a passage through." The way they sing this makes Richard, Cam & Bert seem like an institution. It's a song to bring everything together. The mixing techniques differ on each cut. Here the voices sound a little off-mike, giving a choral effect, a little like the Edwin Hawkins singers. I think of Richard as the more freewheeling, raucous member of the group. That's kind of the way his songs come over. Sometimes his guitar work is also a little raucous, not here necessarily, but on other various cuts, he tends to hit it a little hard.

Next came a beautiful, lyric ballad by Bert Lee called "Evelyn." I really got into this one. Probably because I'd just heard Bert do it an hour ago. "Evelyn", like so many of Bert's songs, is disarmingly innocent in its simplicity. I don't see how Bert does it, but he somehow manages to wrap up the sun, the moon, the seasons, and the love for a girl all in one line or melody. Listen to the words. Some nice drumming here too, by Bill Franz.

It's Cam's turn to get off on the next cut, and he does with his song, "My Health is Failin' Me Baby." I remember hearing this song, and I got a flash. There I am, stoned again at the Feenjon, and through the smoke, and the yellow, green and red lights I can see Cam wailing in country-blues style. His voice is so high and smooth, the best of the three, and his timing is right on... especially in the slow "Out in the Cold", also written by Cam. I used to think Cam's voice sounded scrawny. Maybe that's because he never sang too loud. But on these two songs of his, the balance is just right and he comes over smooth with grace and soul. Even the guitar work is... yeah graceful. Really nice to listen to. And you'll fall right into the chorus line, "Oh, and I'm lovin' it."

The first side winds up with another Bert Lee song, "I've Got a Feeling" Nice melody line. Again, the words really get inside your head. Bert has a unique way of putting things. Except I don't like the way he decides to mess with the harmony parts by letting the end of his notes slide. Cam does a nice high harmony here. The guitar solo is nice to listen to, and it ends up with a good, crisp country twang. The blending of the three voices near the end of the song kind of soars upward in Moody Blues fashion making the whole thing into a trip. I always did dig Bert's songs.

The second side starts off with another one by Richard Tucker, "Sittin' in the Kitchen." The intro is so mellow and fine, it takes you right into Richard's vocal. Good tight harmony on the chorus line, "If you ain't free, what's it all for?" The next two verses are sung by Cam and then Bert. A real friendly song.

The next song on side two is also by Richard: "Without That Girl." Strangely enough, this sounds a little like one of Frank Zappa's sentimental love songs. A little corny, but presented in a straightforward way.

**Perform  
THE TWISTER  
Very Easy**

**Each doll  
showing**



**MYSTERIO**  
closely  
apart, US

**Orphan  
Annie**

There are some beautiful lines in this one. "All my friends ask me, 'Where's your woman today?' and I act real strange and walk away." There's plenty for you to discover for yourself in this one.

"You may Walk Softly" is one you might remember. Co-penned by Richard and Cam, this song sounds like a beginning of a new era in folk music. "You may walk softly, but you don't turn my head like she did, quit tryin' to be my girl." There's even a "Jew's" harp on this track. It's insane. Kind of reminiscent of one of the old funky Peter Paul and Mary tunes, like "San Francisco Bay Blues."

The high point of Richard, Cam and Bert's new album came for me in the song, "If You Knew." This was written by Charles E. Smith, and is the only song on the record not written by one of the three. And the way they render this one will make you weep. It's an ethereal, plaintive statement about life and love. The most incredible thing though, is the guitar trio. Bert and Richard rippling through different guitar lines and passages, syncopated and flowing, and Cam gently thumping his bass strings, bum-boom. The arrangement here is the best on the album. In other parts of the record, I felt the arranging could have been more complete. Like maybe a piano, or steel guitar. But on this cut, nothing is added or needed. And with Cam's singing, I'm reminded of a feeling I get when I hear one of Robin Williamson's stark reveries. But that soon passes, and I realize how Richard Cam and Bert so artfully shape their past influences from folk, country, blues and rock, into a whole new shape. It really could be a new era in folk music.

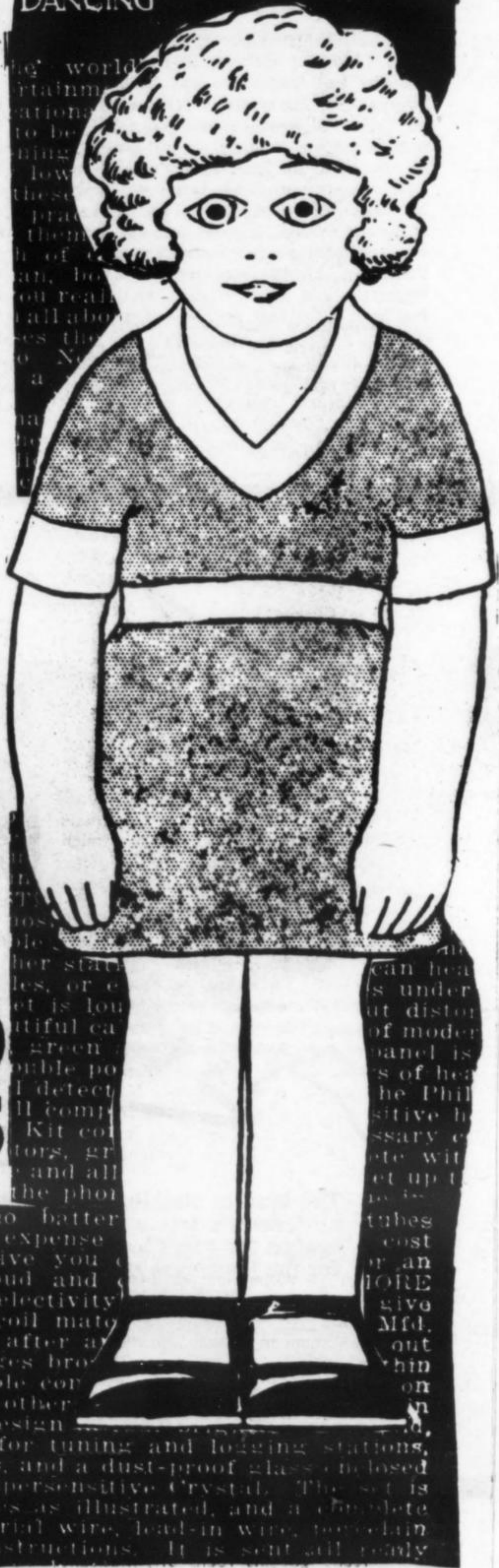
The album finishes with two more gems from the mind of Bert Lee: "Takin' it Easy Line" and "Mmmzzz." Take it easy starts off with another bright, happy, together intro. When Rich, Cam and Bert get together on their axes, it really, meshes fine. You know they're together. Dig the words in "Takin' it Easy Line": "Once I thought I had to get there fast, I was flyin' with my foot on the gas/Took every chance that I could get to pass/You should have seen me fly." Interesting harmony, too... with Cam up real high, and Bert down real low.

We end on a rather down song called "Mmmzzz." I think a better closer would

have been Cam's "You may Walk Softly." Nevertheless, "Mmmzzz" is a good song to listen to on a dull afternoon. It flows down like wine.

For those of us who know Richard Tucker, Campbell Bruce, and Bert Lee, this album is a celebration, and it feels right. For them and everyone else who digs new things in our music, it's a beginning. If the album is successful in the test market, then you'll be hearing more from these guys in the future. Buy this album if you see it being sold. The price is lower now than it ever will be, and besides, Bert might even sign it for you.

**CHANGES INSTANTLY  
LOUD, CLEAR Tubes!  
No Noise It relieves  
DANCING**







## CHARLIE FRICK Fun

I seen it and I don't believe it, Groupies so many groupies that it shatters the mind, the sense reel and rock with all their teenaged excitement. It was like right out of a movie.

Th place was carnegie hall and the occasion was a benefit concert for the Phoenix house, a drug rehabilitation center, and in the new york rain at 7:30 there were hundreds of teenagers all looking semi hip with their semi hip clothes and their semi hip hair cuts and all the rest that goes with it. They were all greasers trying to make it in the hip world of the cement apple. There was no mistaking the way they walk and the way they talk.

Just teenagers that were looking or a scene, a dream better than what they got out there in Brooklyn or the Bronx or any of the other notorious greaser producing suburbs.

They came from all over in the rain clutching their high priced tickets to the show in their sweaty little hands, they care the american teenage music loving public. There are many strange things taking shape in the music business today and this was just a reflection on a view from the top of the record heap.

Kids trying to get high off an experience that they didn't fully understand just tryin' to get a close look maybe a touch from the stars that they all loved so much, it wasn't one of those get it out and get it on concerts in fact it was pretty strange. The two groups that were supposed to play for the kids that spent their hard earned allowance money were JETHRO TULL and MCKENDREE SPRING. Not a bad show if you go for that stuff. Me and Gene had seats up front where we could see everything. I had never heard rock and roll at carnegie hall before, maybe some beethoven and some shostochovitch but never any hard rock.

The first group was MCKENDREE SPRING, a sort of modified electric acoustic bunch of folks that play some original stuff but play other people's stuff for the top 40 charts. *Fire and Rain* and one or two others that are on the radio all too much these days, if it werent for the violin player this group would probably miss the fm market all together.

They did a bunch of stuff from their album *Second Thoughts* Decca Records no. d175230. It wasn't bad at all. They work 4 men into a pretty nice sound except when the guitar player whips out his \$9.95 Sears and roebuck fuzz tone and gets on his ax like he's playing at the action house or something. Well i guess he was relating to the crowd that was there. They have a nice combination of instruments. One guy on acoustic guitar and one playing electric guitar and one playing electric bass. And then there was Michael Dreyfus playing the electric violin and viola and something that sounded faintly like a small moog or an electronic sound machine. There was a lot of movement in the way that they got it on and I was digging it.

It was strange to hear greasers in back of me talking. It was a strange evening all together. They were playing around for a while and then they did this song i dont remember the name of it but it blew my mind. There was this big section in the middle of it where the violin player really got his rocks off musically.

Just think all those years of study and here he was on the stage of Carnegie Hall gettin it on in a big way, like i said he was playing the electric violin and it was put thru a whole series of electronic devices and sound changers and echo chambers. It was really nice, doing this long solo with repeating melodies he was booted by some of the less couth greasers in the audience that didn't really like violins, electric or otherwise. The people in the crowd were just teenage kids not music lovers. It was easy to see that Michael Dreyfuss didnt care too much and just kept getting on it more and more. He made the violin sound like flying saucers in one part and then like the rush of the ocean in another. He was really good. I couldn't figure out why no one else liked him. He kept playing thru' it all and just kept getting it on and on and on some more. i respect that fiddle player more now. He's a true performer in the best sense of the word.

So after the song was all over he took some bows and looked really spaced—i mean the solo was something else. i never heard electric fiddle before and i liked it a whole lot. Too bad there's no more of his work on their album, maybe on the next one maybe. They did an encore and left the stage to polite top 40 applause.

Then there was an intermission, people were walking around messing around tryin tomake contact with others, tryin to pick up some pussy, tryin to crash the back stage door and touch their favorites. i could smell them dripping in teenaged wonderment and anticipation of the coming madness.

There were a lot of people there to be seen and ones that were there cause they got in for free. i was there on a free set of tickets that we used for the purposes of informing the others from rock section 5 of the latest news. The first one i saw was Joe from the Long Island Drug Division. A little known gypsy tribe light show theatre troop that you'll hear about later. i told him of the recent developments.

They said that newyork was suffering from an extended death wish and they wanted to shake the life into the people with a mind blowing sky lightning party of such proportions that bill graham across the street wouldnt be able to showhis face in the city for a long time. The Angels are going to have a party and you better be there. It probably is going to be the wildest thing to come out of the rock 'n roll computer this year. 2 dollars a head for an all night long boogie party with the

### GRATEFUL DEAD.

Who else but the angels would try to pull anything of this big? A celebration of sorts with overtones of rock and roll. Then i saw david walley i told him all about it too, and this cute photographer of rock and rollers, Lisa from brooklyn, i told her too, she squealed in delight. I was free now for the rest of the night, having accomplished what i came for i was able to sit back and enjoy the show or rather the spectacle.

It was getting time for the superstars that go by the name of Jethro Tull to show on stage there were already kids lining the front of the stage. All these old uncle tom spade ushers were so overwhelmed with all the good looking white teenage nooky that they could hardly get it together to get them away, they were scared shitless the ushers i mean so they called for some reinforcements. Meanwhile Jethro Tull came onstage to many screams and lots of jumping up and down in their seats the teenagers were getting their rocks off. Seeing live and in person some of their favorite fm stars was too much for them, they screamed and hollered and up in the balcony they were lighting up reefers and socking ripple wine and having a good time but down on the main floor it was a scene of utter debauchery. Young girls sitting in their seats their eyes glazed over their hands at their crotches getting it on with their favorites, Jethro Tull is more than a very tight musical group as proved by their records they are a wild stage show.

Ian Anderson the flute player and singer dances and prances and screams hollers wipes his nose dives headlong across the stage but his big

### daily over the radio.

number is in the middle of some of his flute passages he reaches down and rubs his balls. It was really good theater, everytime he did that there was a wave of sighs that went thru the audience like a thunderstorm. The groupies were really getting it on and the music was too, louder and louder and more frantic as time went by. The kids were running down the aisles toward the stage, photographers were snapping away like mad, it was a scene of debauched youth getting it on on a rainy night.

Like flashes of some movie that i saw once before i recognized what was going on then came the ushers. More of them began to grab the kids and drag them away from the front of the stage, the adrenalin was pumping wildly and there was confusion in the air. The ushers couldn't keep up with the kids, they were pissed off cause once again the forces of teenage liberation were defeating the sad old equal opportunity employees of Carnegie Hall.

I noticed that there wasn't one white usher in the whole scene, some of them were really mean. Then when they started molesting some of the chicks that were more or less hypnotized by the action on stage someone in the first 5 rows started throwing shit at the old fuddy duddys that were asserting their power of uniform.

# TWIST

photo: lisa margolis

### audience, breathed

It pissed me off those ushers cause they were holding back the orgasmic power of a thousand screaming teenage women. It was like dreams i have sometimes about harems made out of the top of the crop of the groupie set, it would make a wonderful movie (anyone wanna buy the script?) but the music went on coming out of more amplifiers than i could count combined with the superb acoustics of the it was LOUD, nice and loud. There were kids standing on chairs waving guitars in the air and cameras taking pictures for scrap books that have yet to be written. We stayed for the drum solo which i might add was pretty good and left shortly thereafter.

Me and Gene followed Lisa, the teenaged photographer and her blonde girlfriend up the aisle and out the door. They were going back to brooklyn cause they had to go to school tomorrow, we went back to the trees and stopped at franks garage cause the light was on.

Yeah the outlands never get the volume up quite as loud as they do in the electric mecca but then again there's the trees and the rain and the slow moving progress of the rapidly approaching aquarian assimilation to listen to.

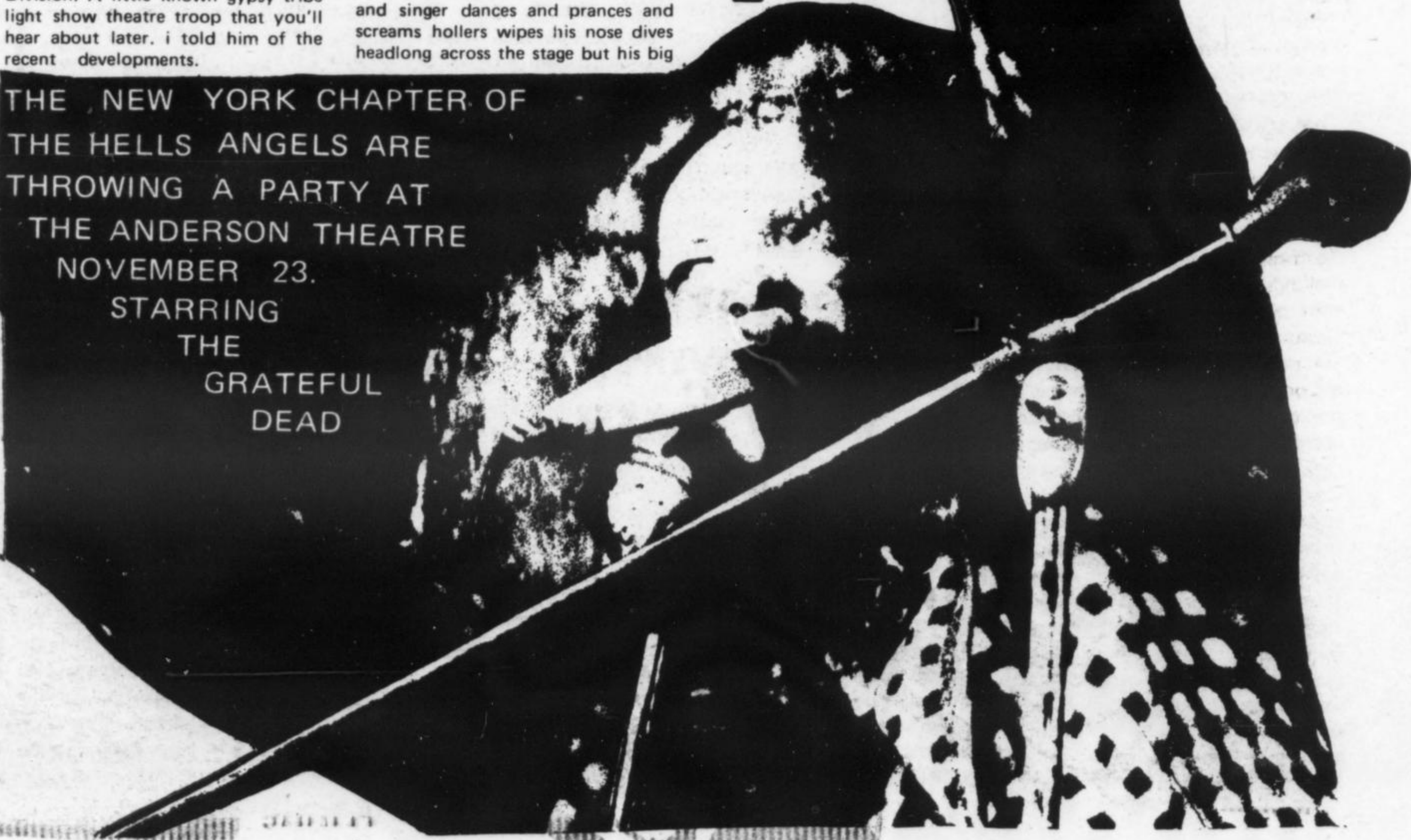
Its a funny kind of music that cant be put on tape or on a piece of plastic acetate.

Why don't you visit the woods today?

The trees are a million shades of colors of the rainbow and... well you know, fallis in the air everywhere and the elctric mecca is no place for a youngboy to be...

More Next Week Maybe  
CHARLIE FRICK  
11/5/70

THE NEW YORK CHAPTER OF  
THE HELLS ANGELS ARE  
THROWING A PARTY AT  
THE ANDERSON THEATRE  
NOVEMBER 23.  
STARRING  
THE  
GRATEFUL  
DEAD





# VAMPIRES GHOULS GOBLINS GOLEM SUCCUBI

JAMES  
WARREN

## & OTHER FAMOUS MONSTERS

by Dean Latimer

Sometimes you would think the old liches have come back to haunt us. Oh Lord, Freddie, just look at those awful books on the newsstands! Horrible type material such as has not been seen since the Comics Code: magazines with *monsters* in them, vampires and ghouls and mummies and all that awful truck, oozing and slithering up out of graves and cesspools, biting throats, crushing heads, haunting and scarifying our children's dreams, and spouting *real blood* when the stakes are driven through their hearts, in their coffins! Good heavens, they even show *naked ladies*, or nearly naked ladies, or half-naked ladies, and some of them even have — well — *negroes* in them, a fine thing for children to be looking at. What's happening, Freddie? Who's in charge of all this? Who's the rascalion behind it, the reprehensible snollygoster who pushes this awful ooze on our impressionable youth? Is he some kind of Communist plot?

### MIGHTY THEWS

No, madame, he's not a communist, just take it easy. Why, you might ever like James Warren if you got to know him. Remember Buster Crabbe playing *Flash Gordon*? Well, Jim Warren does this *imitation* of Buster Crabbe that would knock you right out of your second mezzanine seat at the Valencia, spraying clouds of Cheese Nibs and buttered popcorn. Merely say, 'By Saturn's moons, Flash! Come in here!' and in he two-steps, trembling in every mighty thigh, flicking a blonde spicurl out of his eyes as he peers to the left, and then the right, beyond his broad sloping shoulders, dancing here and there scouting for danger like some muscle-bound arachnid. By the Great Coal Sack, that's not bad for a skinny four-eyed fella from Philadelphia.



he was born and raised in South Philly. Ask anybody who has been there about South Philly. Luckily, his parents were pretty hip for Depression people: they not only approved of comic books, but they encouraged the kid to draw. 'We'll give you a dime for comics' they told him, 'If you draw a page of comic work.' If he employed in that page any of their favourite characters — Batman, Superman, Sub-Mariner — he made enough for TWO comic books. 'In every generation in my family' he reveals, 'there's been one person who really excelled. Since I was the only kid in the house, naturally it was up to me. That made it rough: that way I didn't get much positive incentive. If I did something good it was EXPECTED of me.'

But there's no High School of Music and Art in Philadelphia, so it would happen that the five or six kids who were really INTO comics would get together in the playground at recess and rap comics. And at the University of Pennsylvania into which Warren originally enrolled as an architecture major, and subsequently dropped out into fine arts, there was really not THAT much of a comics-art scene going on.

### OUT OF CREW

It may have been this matter of schooling that kept Warren out of the Kurtzman/Gaines crew at EC Comics when it was in its early-fifties heyday: all THOSE kids, Wood and Elder and Frazetta and most of the rest of the EC Salon, had gone to like the High School of Industrial Design and Cooper Union. Not that Warren was especially anxious to hook up with EC: 'At the time I was interested in other things besides comics' he admits, 'and besides, I didn't like a lot of stuff EC and the other companies were doing. I thought some of it, a good deal, went beyond good taste. So I sort of sat it out until EC was gone and it was too late.'

It was probably all to the good, for Warren, that he sat out the annihilation of EC Comics. That was in the early fifties at the height of the McCarthy hysteria and all: Estes Kefauver, who had no particular innate merit as a presidential candidate, tried to manufacture some by posing as the Lord Chamberlain of American Literature: among other things he manufactured a Congressional Investigation of comic books, and among other things they were destroyed. That is, comics as an art form were destroyed, and EC Comics in particular was destroyed.

If you want to know where EC Comics was at, a peek through *Creepy*, *Eerie* or *Vampirella* will give you a pretty good idea. But if you can, better you should go to the library and find a copy of *Seduction Of The Innocent*, a book by Dr. Frederick Wertham, who was Kefauver's axe man and chief propagandist. Glorioski! What a dirty book THAT was! Madame, I owe the greater part of my perversions today to that book, which taught me, as a weeny snotling, WHAT TO LOOK FOR to get my jollies off. Dr. Frederick Wertham, who was once chief psychiatrist for



# SEDUC THE MOR

decom

periodicals distributors — put the arm on the comics industry to clean up. John Goldwater of super-clean-tits-and-ass-Archie Comics saw his opportunity to censor his competition, got himself a pet judge, and foisted the Comics Code on a meeting of very nervous comic book publishers at the American Hotel in New York.

So no more horror comics. No more of the word 'horror', or 'ghoul', or 'terror' or 'sweat' in comics. In fact, you couldn't even draw beads of perspiration on your hero's forehead, not to mention blood from his wounds, or pinwheels and exclamation marks into his dialogue balloons to denote cussing. DC and Marvel were reduced to printing tripe, and EC just plain croaked within a year, left with one single title, the new revamped larger black-and-white *Mad* magazine. James Warren wisely sat all this out.

### \$50,000 MISERY

He had his own advertising agency. 'I was making \$50,000 a year,' says he 'which I guess was a lot of money back then, for a 27-year-old kid,' says he, 'but I wasn't happy.' After that spell of 50-grand unhappiness he was director of advertising for Caloric gas ranges for a while, and although he learned there a lot of business techniques which came in handy later, he wasn't any happier. So he started his own publishing company in 1956: Warren Publishing Inc.

Right away he got busted. Hugh Hefner's magazine *After Hours*, Warren's first number, attracted the attention of Philadelphia D.A. Victor H. Blanc (No relation to Bugs Bunny's voice, Warren assures us), by the printing of pictures of ladies with their naked things hanging off their chests. Blanc like Kefauver was just then running for office, so Warren one night was taken down to jail, printed, mugged, and released in time to read about the nobility of the DA and the wretchedness of smut peddlers in the next edition of the *Enquirer*. Need we mention that the charges were quietly dropped a month or so later? Warren now lives in New York.

Well hell, the Recession killed off *After Hours* anyway, so what else is a good seller? Horror flicks were very big at the time, Zacherly was making his first bundle, and so James Warren went to California to talk to Forrest J. Ackerman, a magnificently crazy science

New York's wonderful Bellevue Hospital, had but to open any EC title to any page, any panel, and there he spied — eyes of a hawk! — a *lingam*, cunningly disguised as a pistol in a cowboy holster! Or worse yet! A *yonit*! Yes, yes, see where the muscles in that fellow's shoulder join together — hold the magnifying glass a little further away, madame — see where it makes a belly, and two thighs, and that *shading* in *between*! Freddie Wertham looked at Batman and Robin — why, they even *touched* each other, on the shoulders, on the head — and he saw *homosexuals*! Queers! Faggots! If Wertham could've gotten those two into Bellevue he would've shocked them right out of their brainpans, yes sir.

It was Wertham's solemn obligation to reveal to the American public that every single one of the delinquent and deranged children put under his tender ministrations had actually *read comic books* before doing whatever they did to warrant his attentions — and *Seduction Of The Innocent* is just chock FULL of horrendous sex crimes committed by these pre-pubertic comic book readers. It seems Wertham was kept away from normal law-abiding sane children, and thank God for little favours, or he might have known that the vast silent majority of fifties kids read comic books, stacks of them, treasured them and traded them and still *to this very day* have never had so much as a bad dream to show for it.

Little old ladies loved *Seduction Of The Innocent*; why, Willa Cather couldn't hold a candle to it. So did henpecked husbands and frustrated wives; it put Mickey Spillane and the monthly Redbook novel to *shame*. Before long there was this enormous public outcry against comic books, William Gaines was led through the streets of Washington with the sign 'Pornographic Peddler Of Salacious Smut To Children' around his neck, and the Maf — pardon me, the



# TION OF BID



position

fiction writer, and together they worked out the concept for *Famous Monsters*. It was brilliance itself, a magazine that appealed to every closet necrophiliac from Bela Lugosi freaks to those who had unfortunately been — ah — involved in the back seat of the '54 Studebaker during the wildest scenes in *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*. It's still on the stands and it still makes a killing every issue.

Now, that's how a publisher protects himself. Dig it? Don't let Warren bullshit you while he sits there in his red leather seat behind his enormous three sided desk, telephones ringing, artists running in and out, the walls lined with fabulous Frank Frazetta and Jack Davis originals that haven't even been printed yet, don't get taken in by that 'Who-protects-the-publisher' rap. It's the damned ole cheap publisher who makes sure the stuff will sell before he buys it.

This is not to say Warren hasn't put out a flop or two in his day. After the success of *Famous Monsters*, he began spewing out a Pandora's Box of other Monster titles, Space titles, Western titles, and even the World's Fair Comic Book. Among all these a couple fell out in the red, notably *Blazing Combat* and *Help!*

Both of them were damn good titles, but the market was — well... In one of its first issues, in 1966, *Blazing Combat* printed a story called 'Landscape,' drawn by Tom Sutton and written by Joe Orlando. The protagonist was an

ancient Vietnamese peasant working his rice paddy harmlessly until the day the Cong comes in and burns down the town and murders half the inhabitants. With typical Oriental resignation he goes back to the paddy next day, whereupon the American GIs come in and slaughter most of the rest of the people and burn out his rice paddy. Then the next day, as he is looking over the desolation, he gets caught in a crossfire of small arms and artillery between Freedom's Finest and the Hordes Of Godless Communism and goes to whatever gods he knows.

'Hey!' said the Maf — I beg your pardon — said the periodicals distributors. 'What the hell are you, Warren, some kinda Communist? Dose are our boys in Veed Nam!' They sent *Blazing Combat* back to him in a box.

*Help!* was a turkey of another feather. Harvey Kurtzman himself came in to edit it, beautiful Gloria Steinem added sophisticated 'Village' content, and prestigious stars of the American stage and screen — Lenny Bruce, Tom Poston, Dick Van Dyke — contributed their servies wholesale. *Help!* should have been a killer too. In it Kurtzman introduced the fumetti to America — the photographic comic strip, idiot — and also he introduced Gilbert Shelton and R. Crumb fresh from college, and in it he consistently printed the best satire the world has seen since — well — since the old comic-book-style *Mad*. Once people saw that *Help!* was stimulating, thoughtful, iconoclastic, hilarious, and very probably the most intelligent magazine on the stands, they avoided it like Anthrax and it stopped selling except to kooks. *Help!* was also catching constant hell from the distributors, and somewhere along the line John Goldwater busted it for a Kurtzman/Elder parody of Archie Comics. It stopped making money, it started losing, and Warren got rid of it. *Help!*

## NOT SAYING

James Warren is not about totell you which of his titles are presently selling best because that might suggest that some of them are not doing quite so well as all that, and that's not the kind of thing one lets out. Myself, I suspect *Famous Monsters* is still on top. However, for quality you cannot beat *Creepy*, *Eerie* and *Vampirella*. There's the stuff! With artists like Tom Sutton, Neal Adams, Billy Graham, Wallace Wood, Frank Frazetta



ALL ARTWORK © 1970, WARREN PUBLISHING CO., NYC, NY

and Jack Davis, on writers like Joe Orlando and Archie Goodwin, how can you go wrong, I ask you? Oh damn, that stuff is *gruesome*! A good bit of it is shit, sure, but I have yet to see an issue of *Creepy* or *Eerie* that lacked at least ONE story that didn't give me cold chills, bad dreams, and drive me to acts of wanton juvenile delinquency. There is a Wally Wood piece in the current issue of *Vampirella*, for example, with a series of hallucinatory shape-changings as powerful as anything in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. *Vampirella* also consistently features enough out-and-out cheesecake to send Freddy Wertham into terminal conniptions. *Vampi's* abbreviated costume was

we are not seducing any innocents tonight, madame.

Speaking of Wertham, though, what does the Comics Code say about all this? Well now, Wertham was last seen by this reporter in 1967 writing in the drama section of The New York Times: there he had committed to print his learned reflections on sex and depravity in American television, with its undoubtedly inimical effect on the youth of this blessed continent — learned reflections which suspiciously reflected the reflections of Senator John Pastore in Washington, who was just then wistfully eyeing the chairmanship of the Federal Communication Commission. This reporter subsequently heard

of enormous amounts of money being handed out to certain individuals by the TV networks, and he has seen

nothing of Frederick Wertham ever since. Perhaps if he looked on the Riviera, or gay Rio De Janeiro...

The Code itself though is still active. How does Warren get around it? Why he simply puts out periodicals that are not 6 3/4" x 10" but 8x11"; nor are these periodicals printed in four colors, but in simple black and white. Taking his cue from the revised-format *Mad* magazine, Warren puts out magazines, not comic books, and thus escapes the prod and pluck of the goddammed Code

'I think' ventures Warren, 'the Code as it now exists is doomed. It won't be around much longer probably and I think that's too bad. We really do need some regulation you know...'

Right now Warren is getting some pretty stiff competition from various fly-by-night companies — many of which are rumoured to be associated tangentially with Countrywide Publications, who bring us *True Love Confessions*, *Tales Of Bloody Horror* and like that—who buy up the rights to really cheap lousy old pre-code horror comic crap, and print them up for next to nothing. 'That's really bad stuff they're printing' Warren submits, 'but the newsstands can't tell the difference. And they arrange their distribution so they push us off the stands. It's bad.'

## BILLY'S BELLY

It sure is bad: most of the hacks who scrawled off that old work are long gone from cirrohsis now, and Billy Graham still has a belly into which food must occasionally be dumped. Somebody is taking the bread out of Billy's mouth, but, well — that's business. And Warren, who bucked the Comics Code in 1965 when they sent the periodicals distributors a warning not to handle those new 'horror-type magazines' ('I told them that if they hurt my business I'd hit them with such a suit...'), what does he think about his cheapie imitators? 'I can't knock them. It's a business. But I will say it's always nice to ride in on a field that's been broken and established by someone else'

Yup, that's the word from James Warren, Publisher, beneath whose shrewd, calculating mercenary businesslike exterior is really — Buster Crabbe!!

'Great tides of Titan, Flash! Come in here!'





# SHOUTTTT!

(Continued from Page 13)

He really was a follower of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, and a devout convert to the Muslim faith. He also had kind words for Malcolm X.

The months and years went by. Ali waited and sweated and talked to the nation and gradually faded out of the picture, and before the Ellis-Frazier fight this year announced that he would retire and present his championship belt to the winner of the fight. (He had been suspended from the Muslim church for his insistence on making a comeback in boxing). He kept his belt and talked about others matches, and it all seemed a bit ridiculous - he had reached a certain age, 28, he had never been beaten in the ring, he had gotten used to the soft life around home with his wife and daughter, and there didn't appear to be much chance he would ever make it back - but slowly, things began to happen - black political power in the state of Georgia began to exert itself, then a match was announced - Ali versus Quarry in Atlanta and people seriously began to wonder: would the undisputed champ make it back?

Cautiously, Ali went into training. He had reached a weight of 238, and the flab was apparent around his waist, so he got up with the sun, he did roadwork in the country before dawn, he worked out on the light bag, worked out on the heavy bag, sparred in the ring, exercised his muscles - it was tough and grinding and he admitted quite sadly that he missed his family and the simple pleasures of sitting around with coffee and cake. Quarry, though he had already been beaten by more than one fighter previously beaten by Ali, was talking big and Ali admitted he might just lose. There was genuine suspense for weeks before the bout. But then the pounds began to disappear and the champ began to look like the champ, and by the time Lester Maddox declared a statewide Day of Mourning, the only possible doubt still lingering was over the possibility that some political faction might drive the whole enterprise out of the state. Humble at the weigh-in, Ali bounced into the ring as cocksure as ever, exchanged scowls and offhand remarks with Quarry, then danced blithely out and began planting his awesome left jab on Quarry's face with stunning regularity and abandon. It wasn't a slaughter, it was surgery. The champ was back, just as grand Joe Frazier was yet to come.

Ali: Moment of victory

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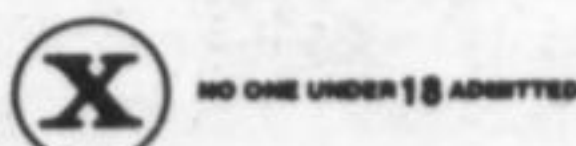
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CINEMA, London

is the first film made in Denmark since that country abolished all censorship. **THREESOME** was seized by U.S. Customs and, as in the case of **I AM CURIOUS** and **WITHOUT A STITCH**, was finally released by the U.S. ATTORNEY'S office, without a single cut!

Distributed by Howard Mahler Films, Inc.



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## QUEBEC LIBRE

(Continued from Page 7)

years in the lower schools, and grew angry with the repressive structure of the schools, they organized a massive take-over of the junior colleges across Quebec. After an unsuccessful two-week occupation, students returned to find their school conditions more repressive than before. The university situation too remained unchanged, with the English universities (serving the 15% English population in Quebec) constituting over 50% of the university places in the province. The surface remodeling of Quebec society caused people to begin to consider the real nature of Quebec's problems. This new questioning, which came about largely through the changes in the educational system and the ongoing labor struggles, is the root of the new liberation movement.

The struggle for independence, for economic self-determination, has been carried on both aboveground and underground. The student movement, workers' strikes, mass propaganda and "comites ouvriers" (worker's committees) in working class districts of Montreal, are part of that overground movement.

Underground work has largely been carried out by the Front for the Liberation of Quebec; there are also other underground groups not so well publicized by the mass media. The FLQ has passed through three distinct political

phases: when it was first organized in 1963, it was a loose federation of people, not all of whom were socialists. They bombed mailboxes, post offices, and other symbols of Canadian Federal government. They had very little popular support and didn't last very long. In 1966 the FLQ re-organized, with a much more socialist orientation. Two of its theoretical spokesmen, Pierre Vallieres and Charles Gagnon, were arrested without charge and held in "preventive detention" for three years, and finally were released on bail with growing popular support at the beginning of this year. The 1966 FLQ began to bomb empty American factories in support of workers' strikes. The most recent organization, "FLQ '70," is even more

socialist in politics, and has attacked such symbols of colonial, capitalist control of Quebec as banks, the homes of certain English capitalists, and the stock exchange.

In certain ways, Quebec has been a fascist state for quite a while—in its violent history of repressed strikes, in its perpetration of reactionary social structures, in its anti-democratic legislation. But the enactment of the Emergency War Measures Act in October, 1970, has now openly exposed the police state tactics that have been used all along. The Act prohibits demonstrations, bans all seditious literature, and authorizes the arrest of anyone suspected of carrying out FLQ activities—without charges,

bail, lawyers, etc. The Act can remain in force at least until April 30 with no further approval and it is not clear how much longer than that the Government will need to maintain open fascism. This massive repression—coming at the same time as developments like the 25 indictments of Kent State students and teachers—is intimately connected with the repression that Americans must prepare themselves for in the United States. For this reason it is necessary that, as the Quebec movement understands the role of the United States, so must the American movement understand what is happening in Quebec, and solidarity between the movements must continue to cross the border between our countries. Vive le Quebec Libre!



## NEWSONG:

WITH PRINCETON ON OUR SIDE

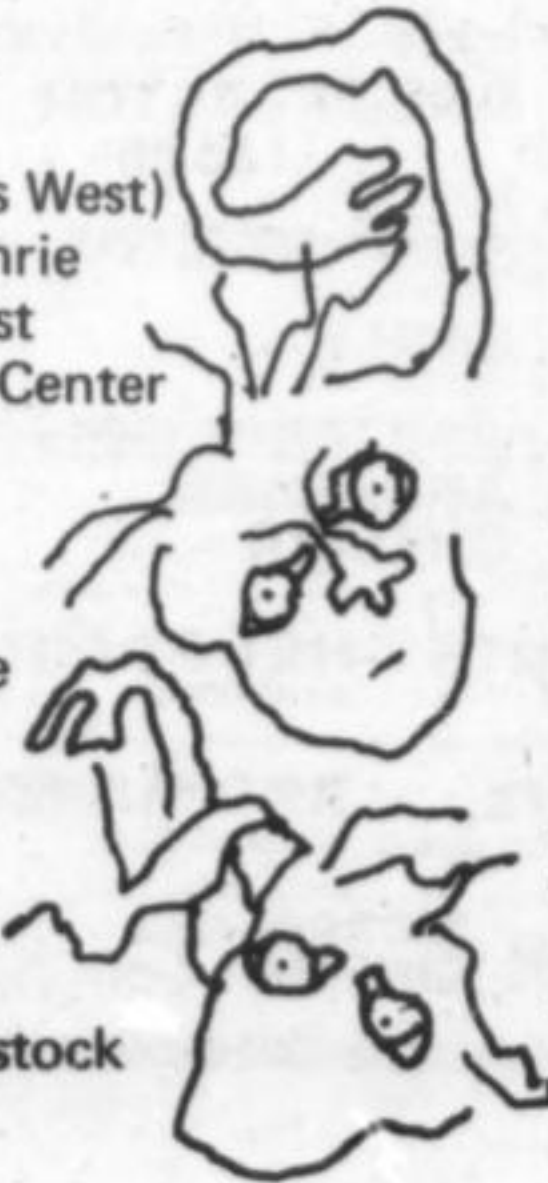
... And underscoring just how much "the times they are a-changing" was the presence on the platform of Bob Dylan, who along with Walter Lippmann, the columnist, and Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr., was awarded an honorary doctorate. The bearded folk singer and composer sat nervously with Princeton trustees and officers wearing a suit but no tie beneath his loosely tied gown...

NEW YORK TIMES, June 10, 1970

Tune: God On Our Side, The Patriot Game  
"old Irish air"  
Words: Tuli Kupferberg

My name is Bob Dylan  
From Woodstock (that's West)  
Jack Elliot Woodie Guthrie  
Sang the songs I love best  
Went down to Folklore Center  
Seekin fortune or fame  
End as a pawn in  
The Doctorate Game

The kids they all bug me  
Its answers they want  
Dont have any answers  
I know what I want  
Just leave me-be quiet  
Got fields of my own  
And pleasant Old Woodstock  
Will be my new home



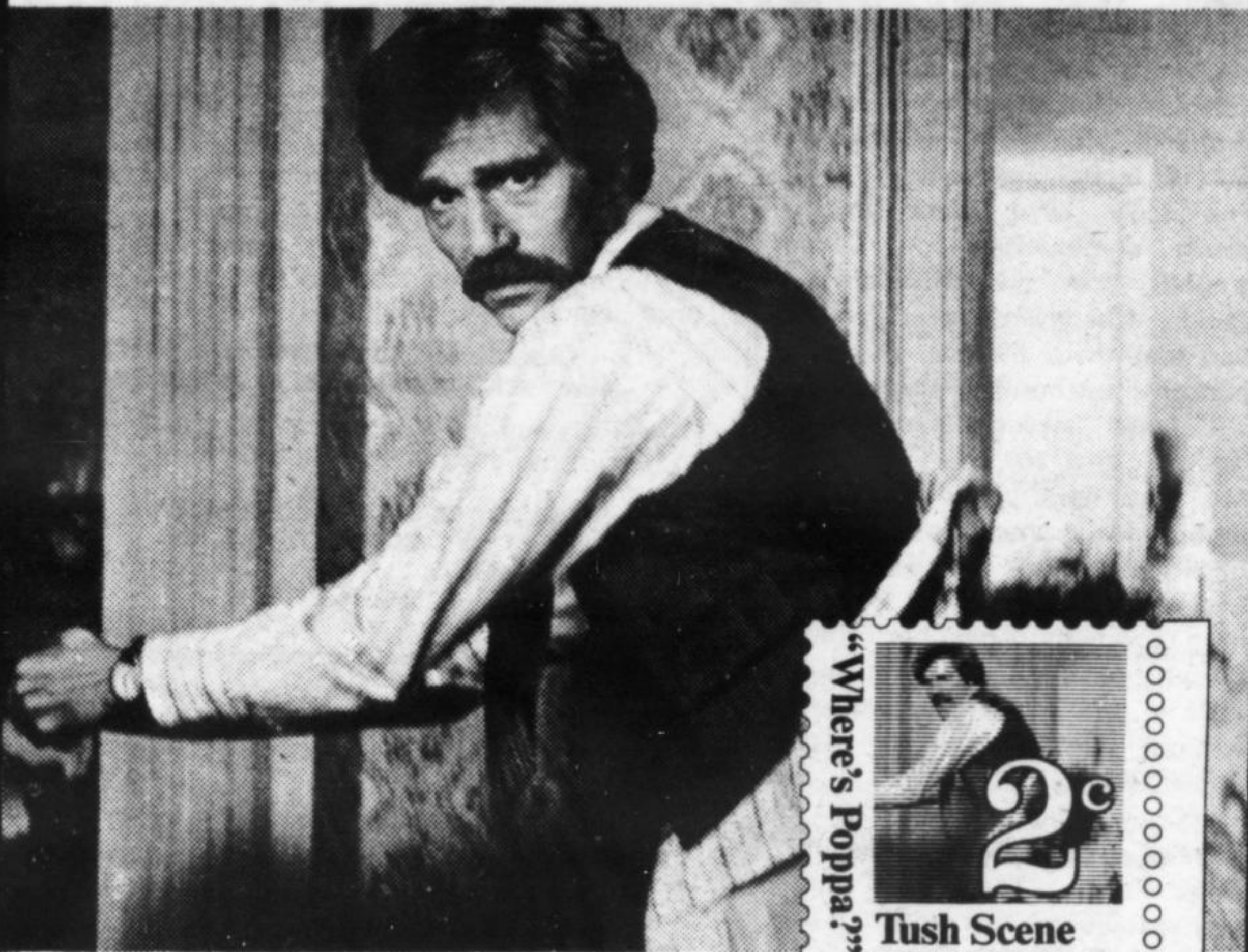
What man owes another  
Is hard for to know  
There's con men & traitors  
To bring the heart low  
Opportunists & gangsters  
Who know that they lie  
& fools crying "Love"  
With "Kill" in their eyes

If ya think you know better  
Go right on ahead  
Half-assed poets & prophets  
End up dumb & dead  
I dont feel too good now  
I think I'll go hide  
& take some small comfort  
With Princeton on my side

Tuli Kupferberg

ART: ROGER TOMLINSON

The tush\*scene alone  
is worth the price of admission.



\*That part of the anatomy covered by the stamp.

GEORGE SEGAL • RUTH GORDON  
"Where's Poppa?"

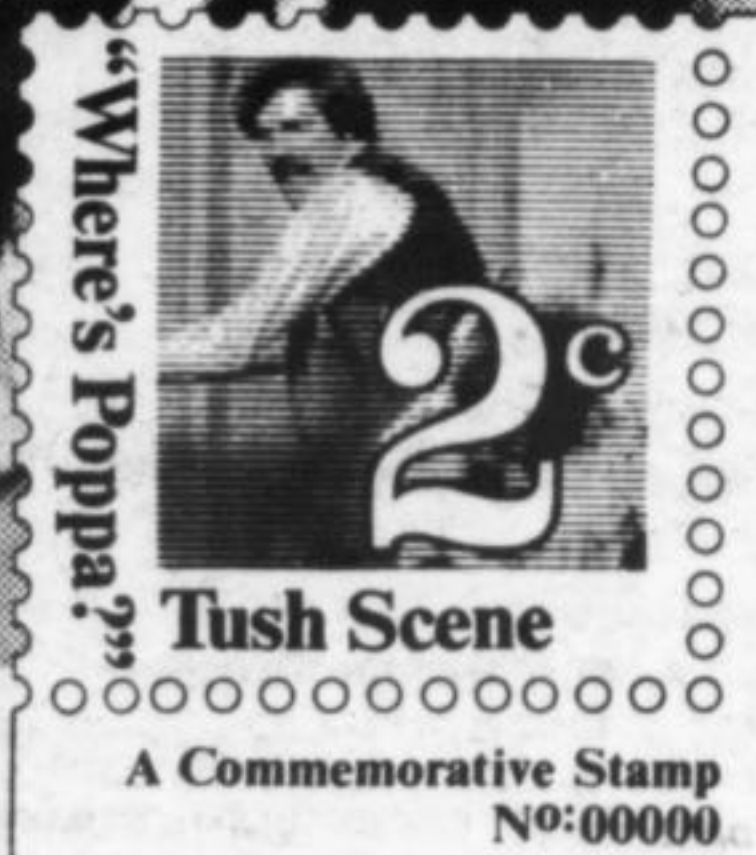


co-starring  
RON LEIBMAN • TRISH VAN DEVERE

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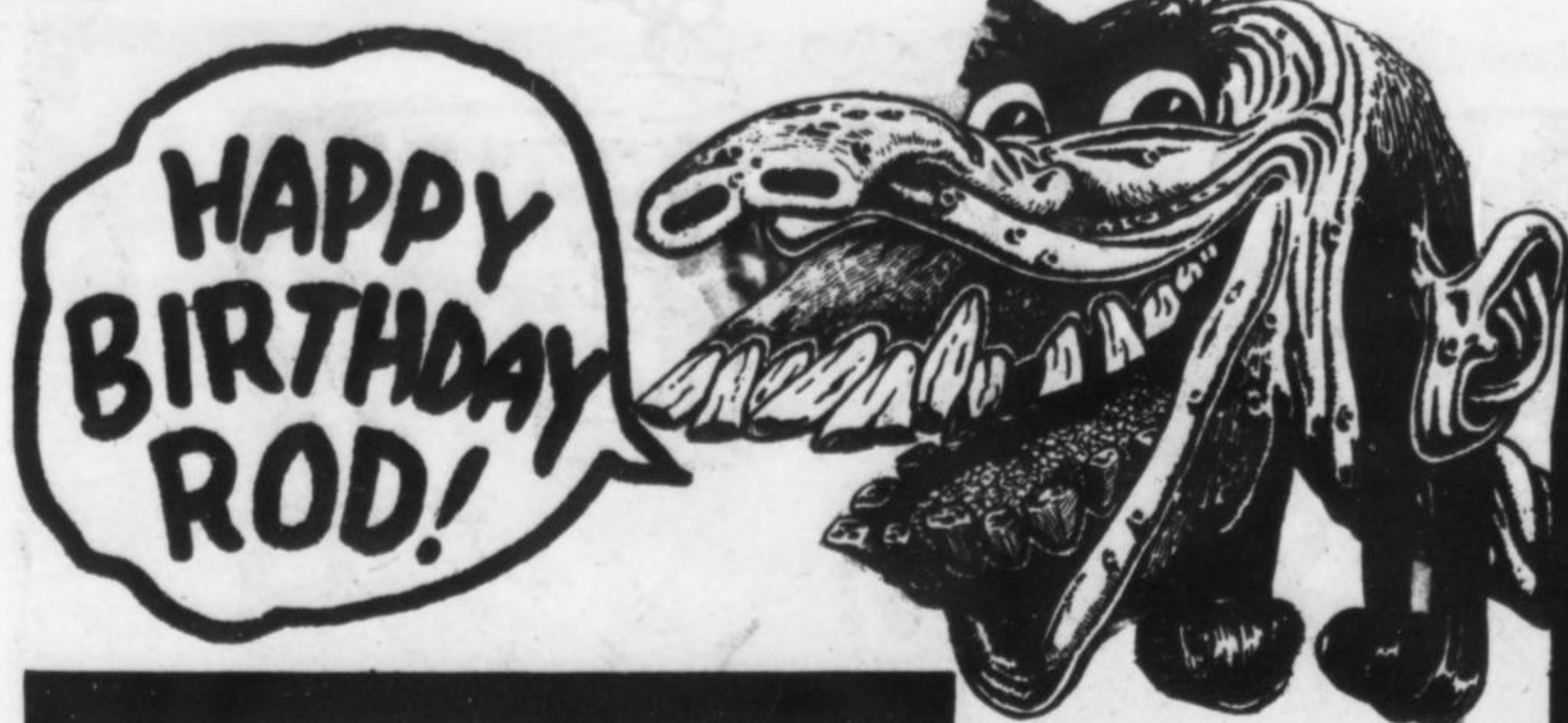
Tush Scene

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SOLEDAD BROTHERS FIGHT DECISION  
TO MOVE THEM TO SAN DIEGO —  
"THE MISSISSIPPI OF THE WEST"

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS] — Attorneys for the three Soledad Brothers filed a petition with the California State Court of Appeals to try to keep the case in San Francisco, rather than move it to San Diego — known to some blacks as "the Mississippi of the West."

The Soledad Brothers, George Jackson, John Clutchette, and Fleeta Drumgo are the three inmates of Soledad Prison whom prison officials have chosen to try for the killing of a guard last January. The guard was found dead a few days after a prison tower guard opened fire on a group of blacks, killing three. Recently seven other black men from Soledad have been accused of killing another guard on July 23.

Superior Court Judge Robert J. Drews granted the prosecution request for a change of venue away from San Francisco — where political supporters of the Soledad Brothers have mustered much support for the three, particularly among San Francisco's large black and youth communities — on the grounds that the defendants could not be given a speedy and fair trial there because of the publicity surrounding the case.

Defense lawyers explained, however, that the court should not even have considered the motion for a change of venue, because the California Legislature and Supreme Court have repeatedly denied both the prosecution and the courts the right to seek a change of venue without the consent of the defendants.

"Since when is the DA worried about OUR well-being?" asked Fleeta. "What he's really worried about is that we MIGHT get a fair trial in San Francisco."

When the prosecuting attorney was pressed to show how he had decided that a fair trial would be impossible in San Francisco, he had to admit he had spoken only to members of the San Francisco District Attorney's office, and to one anonymous resident of the city to check the situation out.

"In seeking San Diego as the site for the trial," the defense explains, "the prosecution has sought to bring the defendants before those least likely to produce jurors who are black or who share the political or social ideas of the defendant."

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## BIG FOOD THING

Making good bread is indeed an art... especially when you don't use yeast, sugar or bleached white flour. These ingredients make a large, puffy white loaf of bread, but are unnecessary and detrimental to health. All grains possess natural leavening agents which only require a little skill and knowledge to use.

Bread made with yeast, sugar and bleached flour may have an attractive appearance but is seriously lacking in nutritional value. Yeast - being sugar based - and sugar itself, is definitely harmful. Bleached or unbleached white flour is totally lacking in vitamins and minerals. It is made from the endosperm of the wheat and consists mainly of undigestible carbohydrates. The bran, or outer layer of the kernel, is removed and used in cereal products or fed to animals. The wheat germ is also removed and falsely pandered as a "health food". A food should not be eaten unless it is good food. White flour, whether bleached or unbleached, is purely a devitalized non-food with no nutritional value. Wheat is specifically designed by Nature to be a whole nutritional package.

Makers of white bread offer no explanation for their use of white flour other than their claim that the bread is more "aesthetically pleasing". They readily admit that the milling process robs the flour of most of its nutritional value. They claim, however, that this has been rectified by adding synthetic vitamins and minerals and would have us believe that this adulteration is as good as anything direct from Nature.

Many nutritional experts recommend using only whole wheat flour. This is well meant, but if yeast is still used the problem will be compounded. Recent studies have shown that during yeasting action most of the vitamin K in whole wheat flour is absorbed by the yeast.

Remember now, we're discussing whole wheat breads made with yeast, not to naturally fermented breads or breads using natural starters. Although bread fermented naturally is more acid than yeast bread, it is more easily digested.

## FLOURS

There are many varieties of flour from which to choose:

**Whole wheat flour**... One of the few flours that can be used by itself although it combines well with all other flours.

**Buckwheat flour**... Delicious but heavy and, therefore only a small amount should be used in combination with other flours.

**Rye flour**... Too heavy to be used alone and should be combined with whole wheat flour.

**Rice flour**... Sweet and tasty. Generally used in combination with whole wheat flour to give a smooth texture.

**Corn flour**... Very light. It can be used by itself to make corn bread or combined with whole wheat or rice flour.

For variation, rolled oats, cooked cracked wheat or any whole or cracked grain can be added to the dough. If you do this you will find it necessary to use less water.

The possibilities for combinations are innumerable, but it is best to use whole wheat flour as the base for all breads and work from there. Combinations that we've found to be particularly good are barley, oat and wheat flour, and wheat, corn and rice flour. The important thing is for you to develop your own skill at baking bread and discover your own combinations.

## Facts about flour:

Purchase only small quantities that can be used within 3 months. Flour that is kept longer than this becomes stale, tasteless and, in some cases, rancid. To improve the quality of old or moist flour, toast it over a medium-high flame in a small amount of sesame oil until it is slightly browned and fragrant.

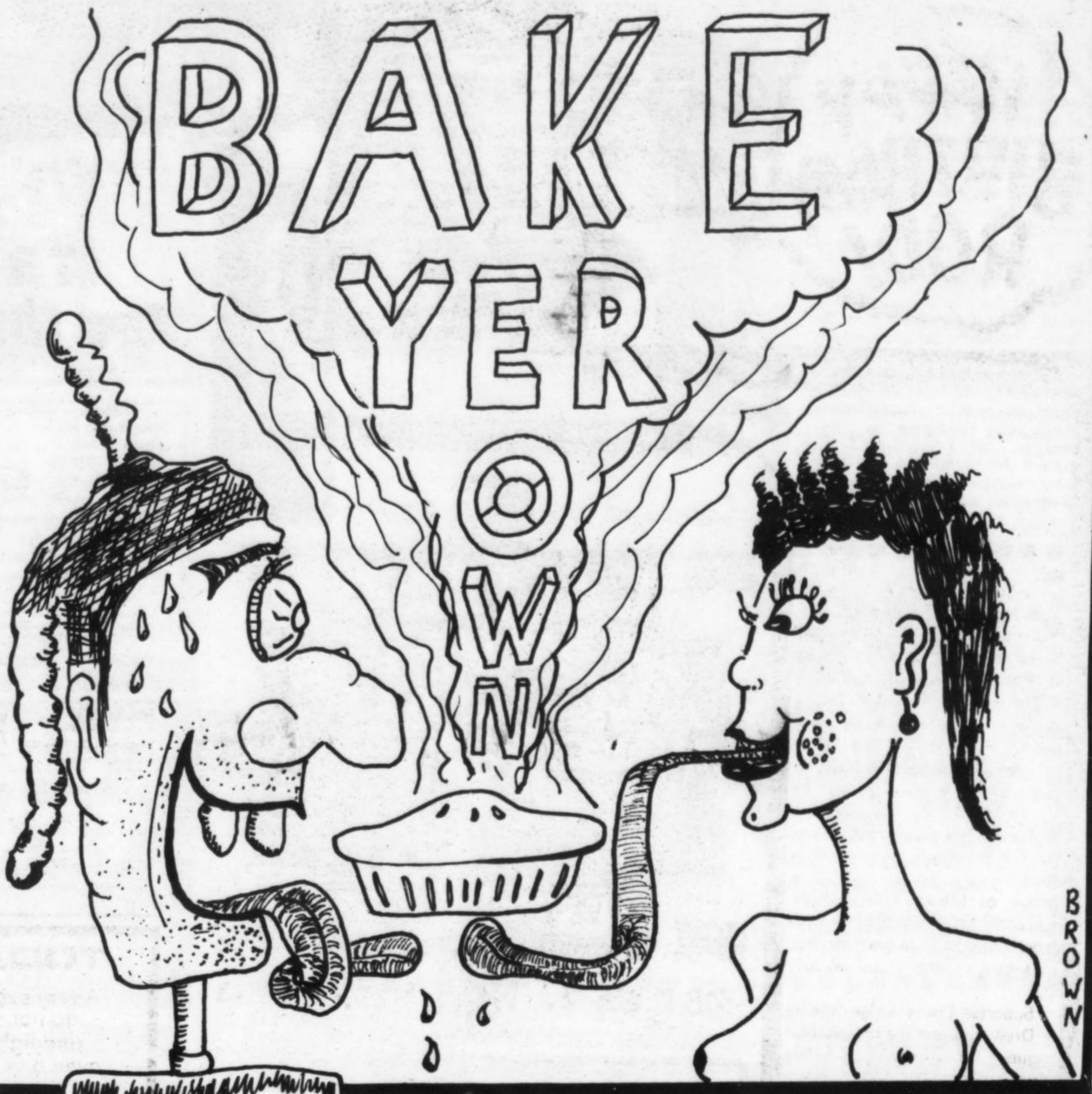
When grain is ground into flour the heat of the milling process and the resulting oxidation produces an immediate loss in nutritional value. It is therefore preferable to grind your own flour and use it immediately. If you do not have the resources for grinding flour, purchase only fresh store ground flour.

Flour available from food Co-op:  
Whole wheat, 5 lbs. - 48 cents  
Buckwheat flour, 2 lbs. - 40 cents  
Soy flour, 2 lbs. - 49 cents

## KNEADING

The most important technique in making good bread is kneading. If this is done properly... and for a long enough time... your loaf of bread will rise by itself without the use of yeast.

After you decide on the combination of flours you are going to use, the next step is to make the dough. For a small loaf of bread, 2-3 cups of flour is usually sufficient. Since all flours are different, it is nearly impossible to give an exact recipe; you will have to use your



own judgment. Just be sure that you add water a little at a time, and mix it in with your hands before adding any more. This will prevent the dough from becoming too thin. When the dough has the consistency of an ear-lobe, stays together, and no longer sticks to the sides of the bowl, it is ready for kneading.

Generally, a quarter teaspoon of salt per cup of flour is about right, but again, this varies according to the needs of the individual. For best results, mix salt with the flour before adding water.

Now you're ready for the most strenuous, yet most important part of making bread - kneading. If you get tired easily and need to stop occasionally, try kneading the dough at least 300 times, but it is best to knead vigorously for 10 minutes. A good procedure follows:

Flour your hands and board lightly. Flatten the dough on the board. Pick up the edge of the dough which is farthest away and fold it toward you. Then press down 2 or 3 times with the heels of your hands, pushing the dough away. Turn the dough a quarter turn. Fold it, press, and push again. Dough should become satiny, smooth and elastic. Remember... this is the most important part of bread making because it stimulates the formation of gluten, which brings about the natural yeasting action of the flour.

Place dough in a pan, cover with damp cloth and let it rise overnight. In the morning knead dough 100 more times. Shape into loaves and place gently in lightly oiled pan. It's a good idea to heat the pans on top of the stove so that the oil will spread easily. Do not pack the dough down.

Cover with a damp cloth and let dough stand for at least another hour, preferably longer. Slit loaves down the middle. For a nice crust, lightly brush the tops of the loaves with oil or an egg yolk. Do not preheat oven. If you do, the bread will burn on the outside before getting done on the inside. Bake at 425 degrees for about an hour. Test by inserting a toothpick into the middle of the loaf. If it comes out dry, the bread is done.

Remove loaves from pans immediately and let them cool, that is, if you can wait long enough before digging in.

If you've kneaded properly you will now have the chewiest, most flavorful most nutritious bread you've ever eaten. This bread will not dissolve instantly in your mouth like store-bought yeast bread. In fact, it must be chewed to bring out its finest flavor. The longer

you chew it the sweeter it becomes.

Keep the bread in a cool place. If it gets moldy just pop it in a toaster or under the broiler and the original flavor will return.

Once you master the basic techniques of making real bread you will begin to see that the possibilities for variations are endless.



**UNYEASTED BREAD**  
(Makes 2 large loaves)  
5 lbs. whole wheat flour  
6 1/2 cups water  
2 Tbs. salt

Prepare as explained above.

**BATTER BREAD**  
(Makes 2 small loaves)

6 cups whole wheat flour  
4 Tbs. sesame oil  
1/2 tsp. salt  
3 cups water

Combine salt and flour. Thoroughly blend in oil with your hands. Let the flour and oil slip through your fingers until there are no lumps. Gradually add water, folding in small amounts at a time. Do not stir or turn over. When batter no longer sticks to the sides, tip bowl and roll into oiled bread pans. Smooth tops of each loaf with a wet spatula or knife, then slit down the center. Brush tops lightly with oil and bake 2 hours or until done at 350 degrees. Do not preheat oven.

## DESSERT BREAD

3 cups whole wheat flour  
1 1/2 cups cornmeal  
1 1/2 cups buckwheat flour  
1 1/2 cups chestnut flour  
5 Tbs. corn germ oil  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
3/4 Tbs. currants  
3/4 Tbs. chopped roasted almonds  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
Water

Combine flour, salt and cinnamon. Blend in oil thoroughly. Add currants, and enough water to make a soft but not sticky dough. Proceed as for plain bread. Knead and let rise twice.

## PUMPKIN MUFFINS

2 cups whole wheat or whole wheat pastry flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 1/2 cups water (approximate)  
Pumpkin puree

Combine dry ingredients. Slowly add water and blend. It should be like a cake dough, quite thin. Oil muffin tins or use baking cups and half fill with dough. Add 1 or 2 spoonfuls of puree and top off with more dough. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold. They taste great in the morning when heated for a few minutes under the broiler.

## ONION ROLLS

4 cups onions (sliced)  
3 cups whole wheat flour  
1 tsp sesame oil  
1 cup corn flour  
1 cup rice flour  
1 cup buckwheat flour  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 cup corn germ oil  
2 1/2 cups water (approximate)

Saute onions in oil until transparent. Combine sauteed onions, flour and salt. Thoroughly blend in oil. Add water slowly with one hand while blending with the other. Knead well until dough is elastic and shiny. Lightly flour board and roll out dough very thin. Cut out large rounds of dough and roll from end to end. For a glossy finish, brush tops with beaten egg yolk. Sprinkle with sesame seeds. Bake at 350 degrees for 30-45 min.

## CROUTONS

Cut whole grain bread into small squares. The drier your bread is, the better. Deep fry until crisp and golden. Serve as a garnish in soups or on salads.

(Quicksilver Times)



# BLACK AND BROWN GI'S VS WHITE BRASS

**FORT DIX, N.J. [LNS]**—Three Black GI's, leaders of a group formed to work inside the Army for Black and Brown Liberation, are awaiting trial in the Fort Dix stockade. They are jointly charged with stealing one watch and face a possible six months imprisonment and a bad conduct discharge.

The men, Specialist Turner Collins, Pvt. Melvin Poindexter, and Pvt. Randolph Pendergast were arrested following the spontaneous uprisings which took place at the Fort Dix Special Processing Battalion on July 25th through the 27th.

The Special Processing Battalion, a unit holding men who are awaiting court-martials, reassignments, dishonorable discharges or other personnel actions, is located in the old and isolated "Black Army" of Ft. Dix, a segregated area which was set aside during World War II for Black



GI's. SPB is heavily composed of Blacks and Puerto Ricans existing in ghetto-like conditions. The men organized to demand adequate and sanitary living conditions, speedier trials, an end to racial harassment, and continuance of pay.

On July 25, the men of SPB, disgusted by the lack of attention given to their demands despite meetings between Black GI's and commanding officers, carried out a one-day strike by refusing to go out on details and attending instead, a mass grievance meeting.

Over the weekend, widespread, sporadic violence occurred. Riot troops from Ft. Meade were called in to control the men and wholesale arrests of suspected "troublemakers" followed.

Harold Washington, attorney for the soldiers said, "This trial is just one phase of the Army's effort to smash the organized political activity in SPB and deflect attention from the scandalous treatment and conditions there."



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"There is a basic law of the Universe which grants each and every individual independence and freedom of choice, so that he may experience and learn from his experiences. No one has the right to interfere in the affairs of others—in fact, our Ten Commandments are directives against interference. If we disregard this law, we must suffer the consequences, and a little thought will show that our present world state is directly attributable to violation of this principle. . . .

"One of the most important things I had to realise was that we are not alone. The human race in the form of MAN extends throughout the Universe, and is incredibly ancient. Also, its appearance in physical form is but one of the many manifestations along the path of progress.

Do not try to contact the Space people.

They can contact you at time or place they choose to, in any form they wish to use, depending on their evolution, of course. Live each day in Service to the Creator.

Prepare yourself spiritually for some useful work.

This does not mean religious practices of an orthodox nature. This does mean a conscious effort in attuning to that which is the highest, most beautiful and eternal within one's self. Live each day as if it were your last. By your works the Space people know you, and are able to judge by your aura if you are truly worthy of being part of their work upon earth. Negation breeds fear and doubt. Collect your mental baggage so that all which is of lasting value can be moved at once, all else left behind. Live so at any time or place you can turn your back upon the past without regret or backward glance.

Gather unto yourself all your dreams and desires of Service to God and man, for these are your wealth.

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Spiritual understanding is the key to all UFO activity, both negative and positive. Spiritual Guidance is offered to all who seek it sincerely and open heartedly.

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The Kingdom of God is built by Light, Truth and Understanding of Spirit. One thing is absolutely certain. We're being watched by beings from outer space.

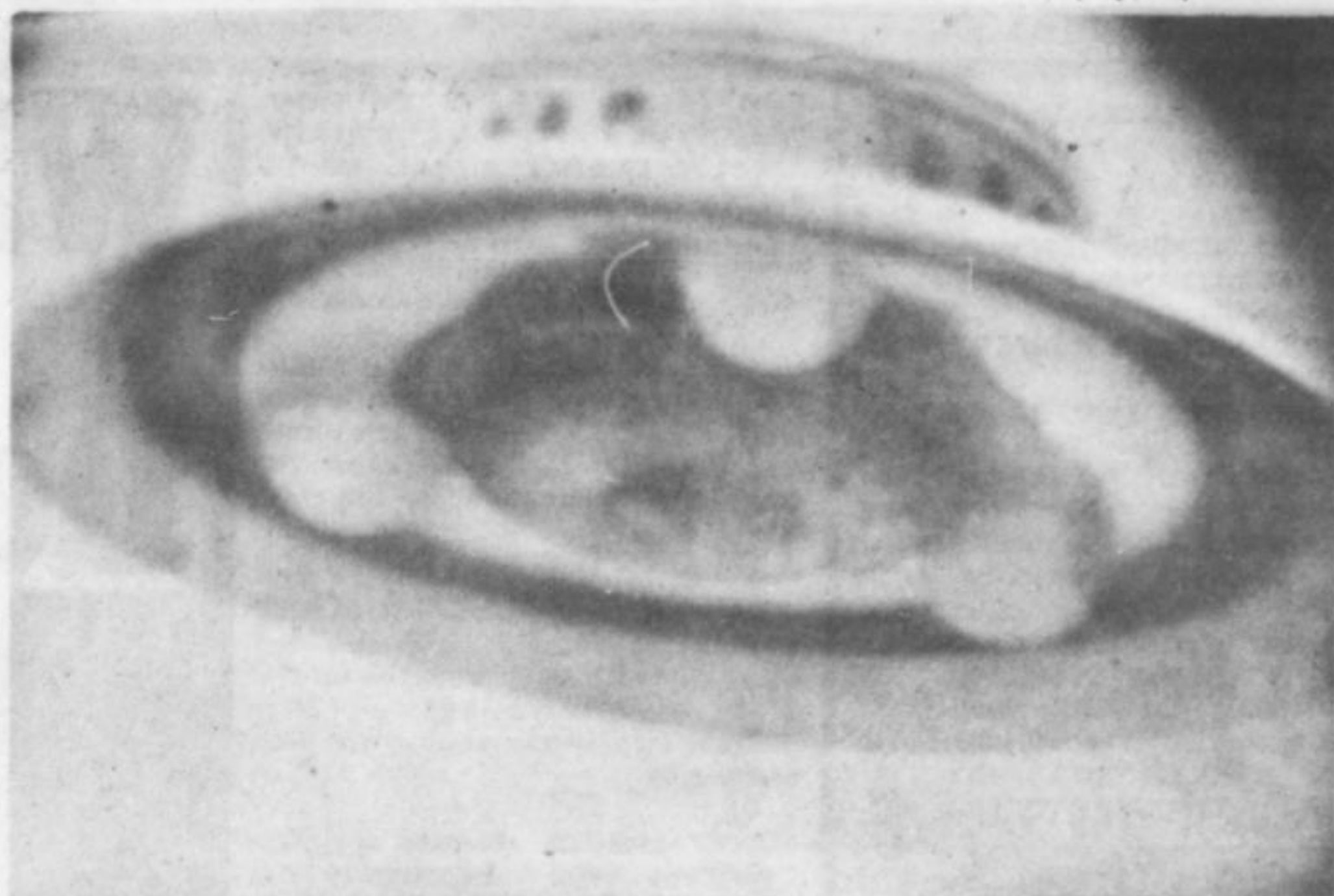
Radiate Light, think Light and you shall attract that which you seek to be, a creature of Light.

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This is a universal law, and to know and use this Understanding is Wisdom.

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## INTERSTELAR INFORMATION SYSTEMS



The astonishing thing would be if they did not exist. JEAN COCTEAU

—science, philosophy, and all that is in it. Substance and energy are all facets of the same jewel, and before any one facet can be appreciated, the form of the jewel itself must be perceived.

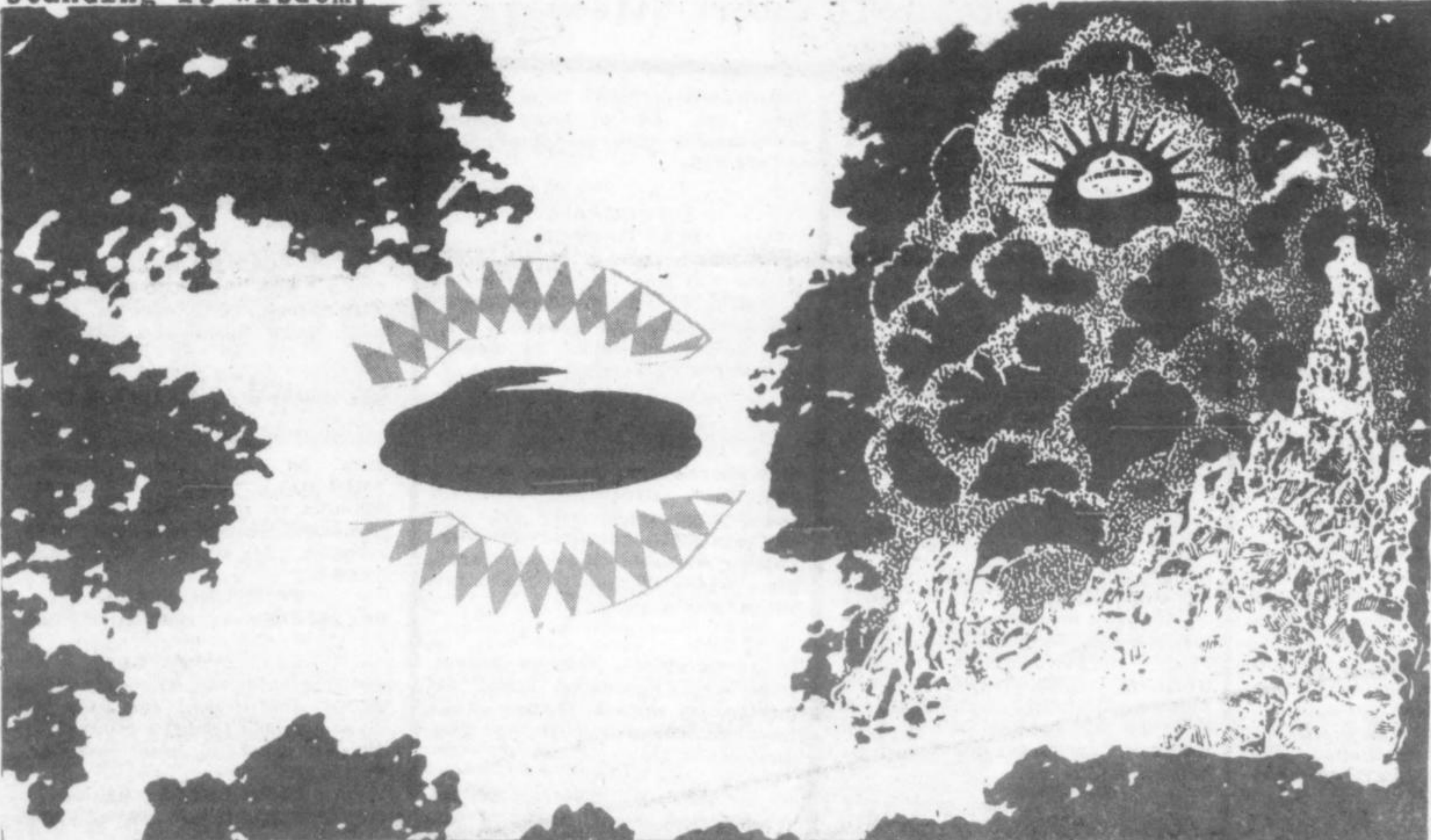
Reliable reports indicate there are objects coming into our atmosphere at very high speeds and controlled by thinking intelligences. As is always the case in any new and romantic field, there are those who prevaricate and exaggerate, but it is not too difficult to establish that the vast majority are honest and authentic. For instance, when a dozen or so independent contacts, having no common connection and each alone believing that he or she has been favoured above all others to receive this message, and tell the same message even to names and descriptions which tally perfectly, one has little choice but to believe that they are telling the truth. Furthermore, when the material given to us through the many channels is all assembled and analysed, it adds up to a complete and elegant philosophy which makes our efforts sound like the beating of jungle drums.

What constitutes proof? Does a UFO have to land at the River Entrance to the Pentagon, near the Joint Chiefs of Staff offices?

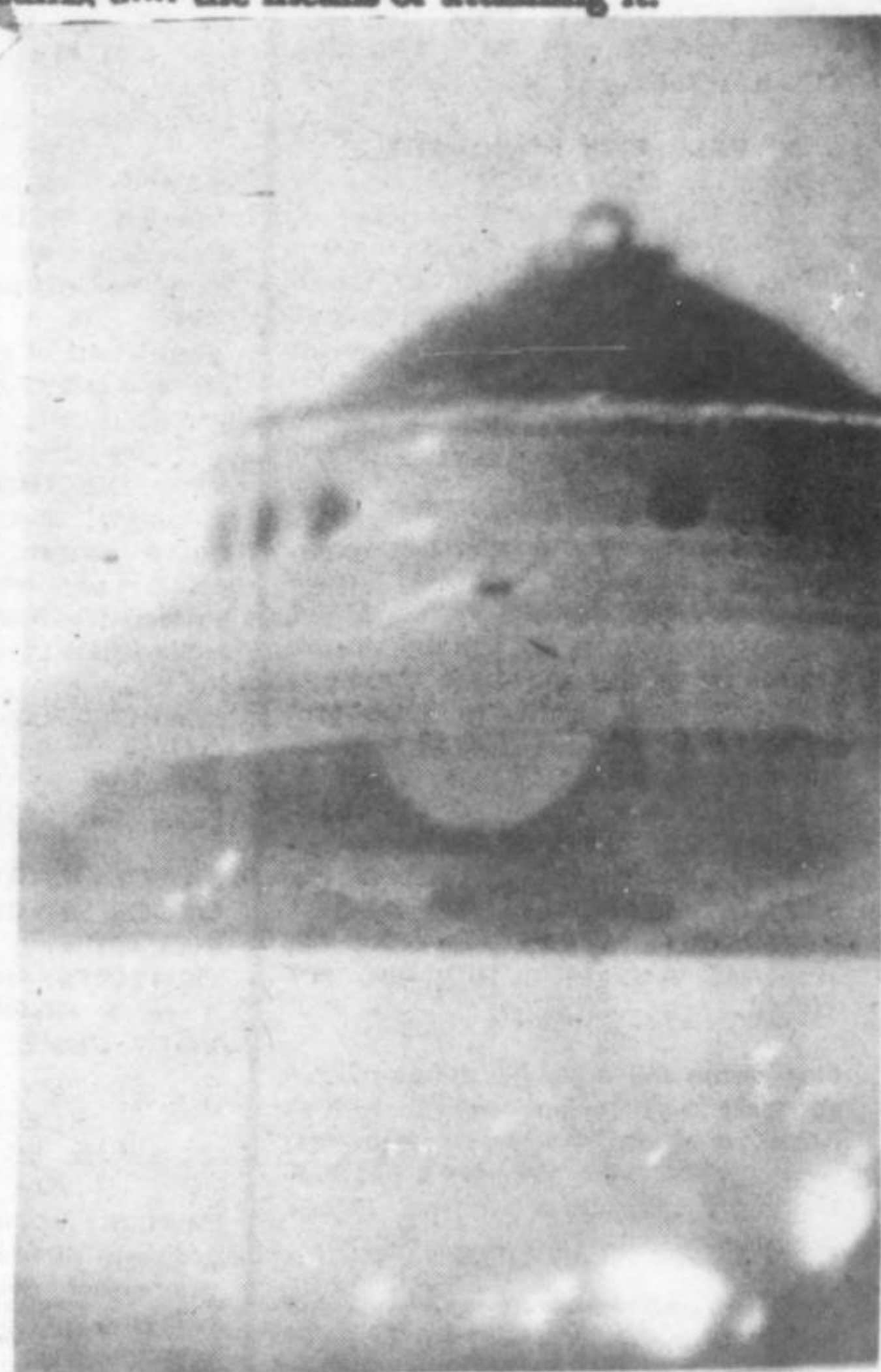
"These people tell us of a magnificent cosmic plan, of which we are a part, which transcends the lifetime of a single person or nation or civilisation, or even a planet or a solar system. We are not merely told that there is something beyond our immediate experience—we are told what it is and our relation therewith.

"Many of our most vexing problems are solved with a few words—at least, we are told of the solutions if we have the understanding, and fortitude to apply them. We are told of the inadequacies of our science, and we have been given the basic grounding for a new science, which is at once simpler and yet more embracing than the mathematical monstrosity which we have conjured up. We have been told of a way of life which is Utopian beyond our dreams, and the means of attaining it.

The Turning



For some reason unknown to earthlings the water of the Wanaque, New Jersey reservoir seems especially desirable to the Visitors. So frequent were the sightings of UFOs over this huge, man-made lake in the New Jersey mountains that thousands of curious people drove up there at night to observe the UFOs. They, along with watching police and other local officials, were rewarded with many sights of glowing objects around the place.



Anyone who wishes to take on the work of being a Committee Member in one of the above countries listed or in a country still without one should write to the Chairman, giving their reasons and full information about themselves. A Committee Member may be of any age over twenty-one. They should write to

T. G. Beckley, Esq., 3 Courtland Street, New Brunswick, NJ, 08901, USA.  
Mrs. Rosemary Decker, 1027 Live Oak Park Road, Fallbrook, California.



