



FRANK SITEMAN

Tricia is down on all that Women's Lib crap

## on the street

### Co-ed

Tricia Starhope of Omaha, Nebraska, sells a hair dressing preparation made from her own secret formula to other Co-eds. She also collects china and has recently begun to teach herself Welsh. "I'm really a social animal," says Tricia. "The role of a coordinated society cannot be overstressed and every one of us has a moral responsibility to further communication between divergent groups to aid understanding. I'm against all that Woman's Lib crap." Trish hopes one day to be a famous actress.

—Peter Beren

### Pendant

Nancy Brodsky studied precious metals at the Graduate School of Design, University of California, Berkeley, where her instructors insisted she turn out smooth, Scandinavian shit. Mrs. Brodsky dropped out and is currently getting her inspiration from Zap Comix, Rick Griffin and R. Crumb.

The Groupies pendant (three nudes) is taken from a Crumb teenybopper piece, silk-screened on clear plastic then vacu-formed and lacquered with "cheap auto lacquer we picked up at

the Alameda Flea Market" in colors like Seafoam Green and Champagne, which were last seen on 1956 Cadillacs. Her Standard Brands pin (assorted chevrons, shells, hearts and wings) is a modification of a Rick Griffin illustration rendered in sterling silver and plastic.

Nancy is presently at work on a symbolic representation of the spread-eagle on the back of the Patriotic Roll-



OTIS MACLAY

ing Papers package and envisions it as a "gold, winged eagle clutching a golden bough of marijuana."

During the daytime, Mrs. Brodsky councils unwed mothers in New York City.

—K. T. Maclay

### Patriots

By now you have assuredly seen those cigarette papers (from Patriotic Papers, Inc.) with the stars and stripes on them, and quite likely you have also seen their little sister, the rolling papers in the form of \$100 bill. (Well, something like a \$100 bill;

the cameo portrait is labelled "Aku Anka"—Finnish for Donald Duck.)

Now for some impressive facts: The red, white and blue stars/stripes papers have sold two and a half million packets in four months, while the ones with the \$100 bill on it have sold a million and a half packets in two months. There are 48 papers per pack, meaning that maybe 192 million bombers have been rolled in them by now.

You are making a very definite statement when you light up a joint with stars and stripes on it; likewise the \$100 bill. And also the Selective Service Card rolling papers (which will look exactly like a draft card, except for subtle alterations in wording, like: Selective Execution System) coming soon on Patriotic's release schedule.

The message behind these papers seems sufficiently obvious that it hardly needs to be spelled out. But just to be sure we weren't missing anything, we checked with Steve, Sunshine, Paul and Ralph, the gents behind Patriotic. Steve and Sunshine had just arrived in San Francisco to set up a Western office for the combine.

"The biggest question all along," Steve explained, "is why are we doing it. The answer is that we're just trying to turn you on. This is no joke or gimmick. These papers are made for smoking marijuana. Right now we're working on new papers that will be called 'Camelflage'—papers with what

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looks like a filter tip at one end. Roll a joint and it looks like a legal cigarette.

"On the inside of the packet there will be a petition to legalize marijuana. Our attorneys are working on that now. The idea is for smokers to tear the petitions off, fill them out and mail them to the appropriate Federal authorities. We want it to be legal to smoke and to own marijuana in this country."

No American printer would do the papers for them, so now Patriotic prints in Italy. They are aware that the 50c per packet price is steep and pledge that it will decrease soon. Remarkably, they say Patriotic's profits are to be channeled into something called Earth People's Foundation, which will buy free things for free people who are into far out trips. A sort of give-away bank for creative/needy freaks, as we understood it.

Spare change?

## Sharing

Bob Marshak and Ira Stohl are two of ten members of a collective in the Allentown district of Buffalo, NY. The collective is around the corner from the Free Store, which Bob and Ira and their friends run for the benefit of the poor whites, Puerto Ricans, Indians and freaks living in the neighborhood.

At the Free Store, anybody who wants to can take as much as they want from the shelves and boxes of old clothes and other second-hand

items which are the store's main stock in trade. People can also (if they choose) contribute or just exchange clothing, read the notices on the community bulletin board, borrow game equipment or use the free library.

"It is not a charity," said Carol Smallen, another volunteer. "It's based on sharing and cooperation. It's an alternative to American culture, which is based on competition."

The project, initiated last April, has prospered, despite erratic business hours and obstacles ranging from right-wing vandalism to a continual lack of funds. But the group is now organizing a food cooperative and plans to start a free medical clinic.

## Busted

Happy Valentine's Day and a hearty "Too Bad" to Mr. Wilson, principal of Kent Ridge School in Kent Ridge, Washington, who busted Sherry Platt (a senior) for "not wearing a certain undergarment." The undergarment was a bra. The ACLU is looking into the case.

## Magnate

John and Yoko have done a movie of 500 famous people's legs called *Legs* in which one of the few people who didn't do it bareass (and frontwards) was Jann Wenner, the youthful publisher of *Rolling Stone*, a magazine. Mr. Wenner wore his gold banlon boxing shorts to the movies. His legs got mixed reviews.

## Elvis

Our man on the street in Beverly Hills (Digby Diehl) ran into Elvis the other day outside Mike Howard's, one of the haberdasheries of the stars. One of El's hired hands, Sonny West, was inside the shop, picking up some fancy duds for his boss while El was cooling it on the curb, inconspicuous as he always is—in keeping with all the mystery and seclusion so much a part of his life style — leaning up against his brand new, first-off-the-production-line, \$27,000 Stutz Bearcat.

He was appearing even more inconspicuous by wearing only the most ordinary of rags, a lapel-less suit with a Dickensian jacket that hung to the knees, a scarlet shirt with ruffles at the cuffs and down the front, one of those high-rise Napoleonic collars he seems so fond of ever since Las Vegas proclaimed him king of the rock and high rollers. Although it was after dark, he was wearing custom-made sunglasses: Lavender glass, wire rims that said "Elvis" on the sides. And in his right hand he casually held a carved oak walking stick, a bulldog's head (in silver) for a handle, diamonds winking from the bulldog's eyes.

A small crowd gathered.

Several wanted to know about the car. Elvis said it sure was a big muthah, wasn't it? He also rattled off what everything cost, right down to the customized little lights inside the ash trays. (El smokes those little Dutch cigars.) He then reached inside the car and demonstrated the three different horns. One sounded like a pipe organ in a cathedral. Another went *ta-Ta ta-Ta ta-TAAAAAA* like an English hunting horn. The third was your run-of-the-mill Stutz Bearcat beep.

By now Sonny had returned and was standing to one side, sucking on a king-sized Coors that he'd left on the car floor. A few more gawkers stopped.

They asked him about his new movie, a documentary called *That's the Way It Is*. He said he thought it was great stuff, the best movie he'd made in years. Nobody argued with him.

Somebody else asked, "Where's Priscilla?"

Oh, she's home, El said. Gonna go home soon and buzz right in and buzz right out again. He looked down



Free Store: not a charity

PAUL PASQUARELLI

over his purple shades and winked at the questioner. Man to man.

"When you gonna tour Europe, Elvis?"

Funny thing, Elvis said back, here he had been voted the number one male singer in England fourteen years in a row and he's still never been there. Gonna have to do that sometime soon, he said.

The questions continued and the weird thing was they were the same

dumb questions he gets every time he holds a press conference for unimaginative Hollywood reporters.

"Who are your favorite groups?"

"What do you think about Las Vegas?"

"Are you and Tom Jones really friends?"

"Do you dye your hair?"

Elvis talked with the guys for about twenty minutes, handling his bulldog walking stick, adjusting his cuffs and

collar and shades and hair. (His hair was the color and had the same general mass of a couple of hundred melted-down 45 rpm records.) He answered all the questions most cordially.

And then he got into the Stutz with his hired hand and they drove off into the Beverly Hills night.

It was, according to our man on the street, a truly mythic moment.

—Jerry Hopkins



*He looked over his purple shades and winked*