

THE east village OCEANER

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HIRAP

THE MOST AMAZING THING ABOUT POLITICIANS IS THEIR FUCKED UP SENSE OF TIMING. CONSIDER ALL THE SHIT THAT IS BEING INCESSANTLY RAMMED DOWN OUR COLLECTIVE THROATS - NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH WAS NIXON'S LATEST VIETNAM SPEECH. "SECRET FORMULA" "GREAT SILENT MAJORITY" "NORTH VIETNAM CANNOT HUMILIATE OR DEFEAT AMERICA - ONLY AMERICANS CAN DO THAT" "PRECIPITOUS WITHDRAWAL" WHICH INEVITABLY WILL "SCAR OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER!"

WHAT A PILE OF SHIT, HASN'T ANYONE TOLD HIM WHERE THINGS ARE AT? ISN'T HE AWARE OF THE FACT THAT TODAY THE GREATER PART OF THAT " GREAT SILENT MINORITY " IS AS SICK AND TIRED OF DOOMED POLITICIAN'S LAME RHETORIC AS THE NEXT WILD EYED MILITANT THAT ATTORNEY GENERAL MITCHELL IS SO UPTIGHT ABOUT. REFERRING TO SPIRO'S DICTUM (EFFETE SNOBS), SHISTER MITCHELL DID HIM ONE BETTER: "THEY ARE MORE THAN SNOBS - THEY ARE ACTIVE MILITANTS WHO WANT TO DESTROY SOME OF THE PROCESSES AND SOME OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF OUR GOVERNMENT". TAKE THE GAGGING AND CHAINING OF BOBBY SEALE IN CHICAGO. THE TRAGICOMEDY OF IT IS INESCAPEABLE. EVEN THE MOST GIFTED CONSPIRATORIAL MEDIA FREAK COULDN'T HAVE CONTRIVED A MORE FITTING PRESENTATION DEPICTING THE HORROR PROCEEDING IN JUDGE HOFFMAN'S STAR CHAMBER. SHAKE RATTLE AND RO - RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF YOUR AND THE WORLD'S EYES. THEY STILL INSIST ON-CALLING IT JUSTICE. OR K TAKE POOR ART LINKLETTER , WORKING OFF HIS GUILTY GRIEF IN LINCOLN'S BEDROOM UNDER THE VENERABLE AUSPICES OF BIG LITTLE DICK HIMSELF. "THERE ARE SECRET MESSAGES IN ROCK MUSIC LYRICS ENCOURAGING YOUNG PEOPLE TO PARTICIPATE IN THE GROWING DRUG ABUSE SCENE. THE MESSAGES ARE:"DROP OUT" "TURN ON"AND "GROOVE ON CHEMICALS" ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE PUKE AND LAUGH SIMULTANBOUSLY. OH YES, THEY EVEN BUSTED A MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER FOR HOLDING IN NAM. NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT. THE GAME IS UP AND ONLY A POSITIVE ALTERNATIVE WILL SAVE US.

NOVEMBER 4TH, 1969

Signature

JAAKOV KOHN PETER LEGGIERI ALLAN KATZMAN JOEL FABRIKANT RICKA DE MOID SHERRY NEEDHAM D.A. LATIMER DAVID WALLEY IRVING SHUSHNICK CLAUDIA DREIFUS ALEX GROSS LITA ELISCU DON KATZMAN IJL PICARD ELFRIDA RIVERS WALTER BREEN MANUEL RODRIGUEZ AL SHENKER KIM DETCH HETTY MACUSE R. CRUMB	JOHN THE SWEDE STEPHEN KOHN ARTHUR DON LEWIS TIMOTHY LEARY LONDON: MILES PARIS: J. J. LEBEL AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG NORTH: THE KID Second Class Postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate). The East Village Other is published weekly at 105 Second Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. 1 year subscription \$6.00 (52 issues). Copyright 1969 The East Village Other, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Sale to Minors without written consent of their parents is prohibited.
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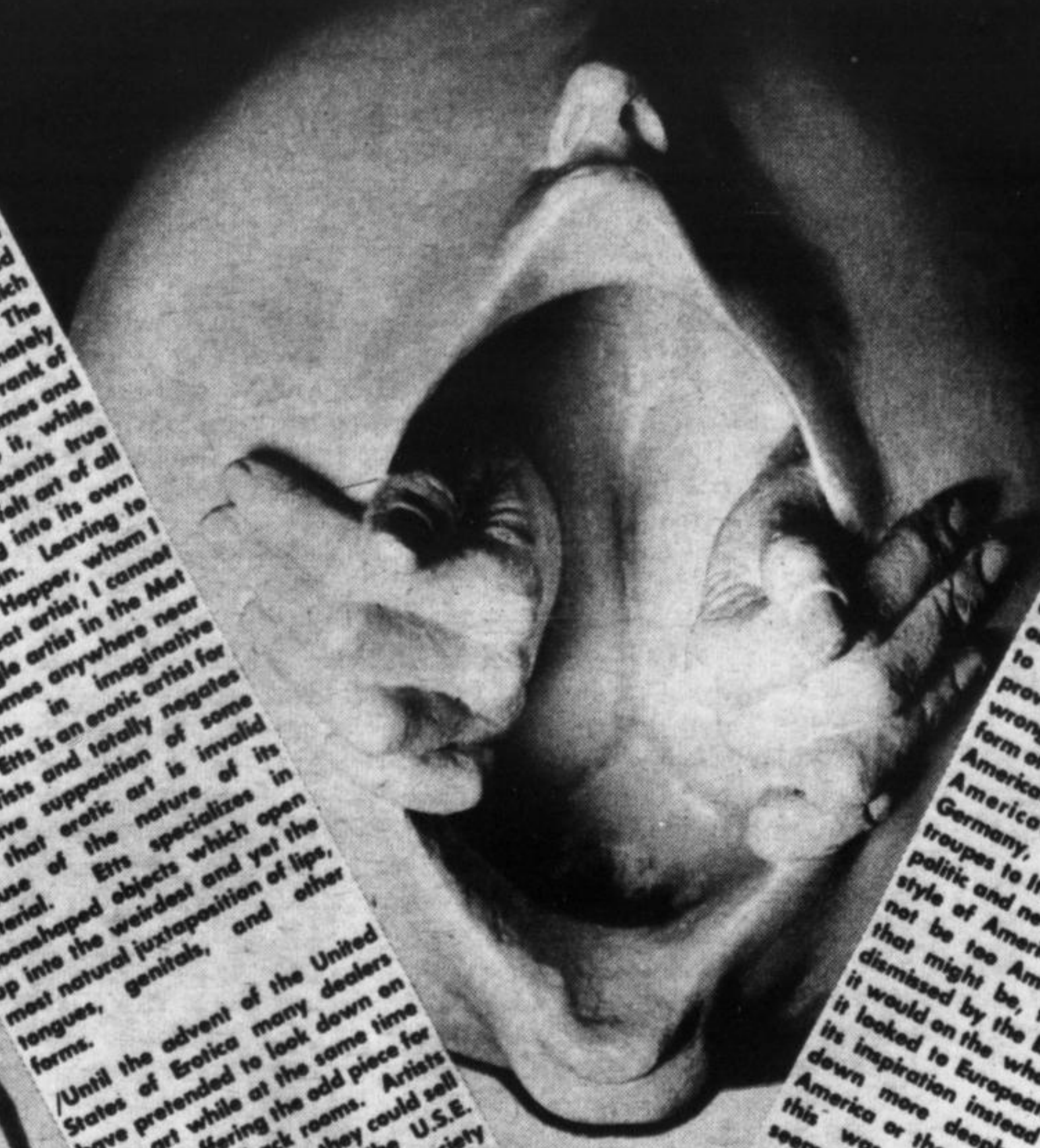
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The most important show now on in New York is not Henry Geldzahler's mammoth collection of pieces at the United States of Erotica, a gallery which opened a few months ago. The Met assemblage is ultimately decoration elevated to the rank of art, for all the lustrous names and reputations attached to it, while the erotic show represents true art, the most deeply felt of all, the most coming into its own again. Leaving to one side Edward Hopper, whom I respect as a great artist in the Met show who comes anywhere near Richard Eitz is an erotic artist for erotic artists and totally invalid in intensity. Eitz specializes in the naive objects which open because of the weirdness of lips, mouth-shaped objects and other material. Eitz specializes in up into the weirdest and yet the most natural juxtaposition of lips, tongues, genitals, and forms.



Until the advent of the United States of Erotica many dealers have pretended to look down on erotic art while at the same time furtively offering the odd piece for sale in their back rooms. Artists have had nowhere they could sell art in this genre. The U.S.E. represents the first time society has come up-front on erotic art for a number of centuries. It is the natural culmination of the recent Supreme Court Decision allowing a man to read or look at his own home. Those who imagine that erotic art is limited in scope or boring in the long run have a lot to learn about the subject, and a

(Continued on Page 15)

the first period when the major art critics and the Madison Avenue hype boys were to begin putting their fingers on our esthetic values and manipulating them.

It was a time when Americans began to become aware of the importance of Culture with a capital "C." The Europeans, having just barely failed to annihilate themselves and the rest of the world in World War II, had fallen back for age support onto the notion that they alone were cultured. Americans, who had not been bombed or decimated, were seen as totally uncultured and beyond redemption. It was obviously necessary for Americans to come up with something to prove that the Europeans were wrong, and this they did in the form of scores of programs to send American musicals to Russia, Germany, and American opera troupes to Italy. It was also both not too American art—this could be dismissed by the Europeans, and it looked on the whole be better if it looked European instead of looking down more deeply either into America or the self. Fortunately Art was happening anyway, and with a little push here and a little shove there a New American style was pradded into existence. Its birth also suited the spiritual needs of the emerging new rich of the time—after all, New York was the financial capital of the world, so why shouldn't it have its own art movement? It felt so good to have one. It made everyone feel

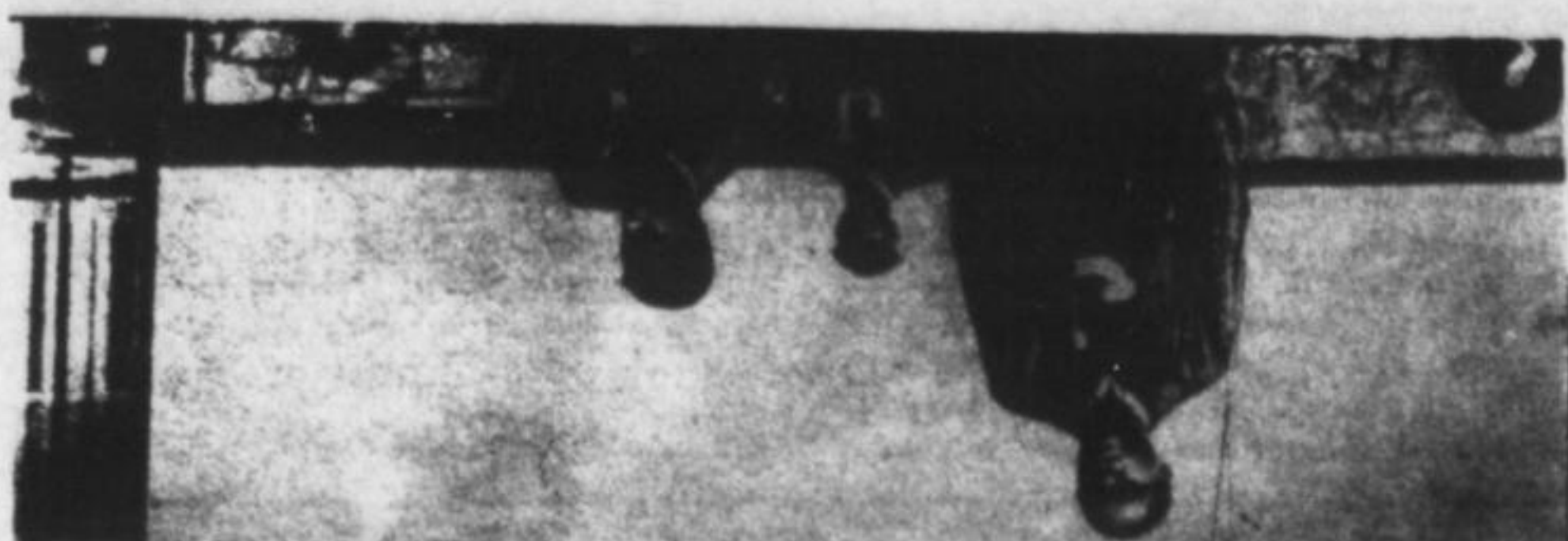
visit to the U.S.E. might help to set them right.

It is hard to say that a visit to Mr. Geldzahler's show at the Met could set anyone right on anything. There is no doubt that those who approach it with the correctly sanctimonious point of view will emerge full of the conviction that they have seen the truly great art of a truly great period. But is this the real thing or is it only slow, cumulative self-hypnosis? Those who have just started to picket the museums or have just now begun to realize how much hype went into promoting art in the fifties may be amazed to learn that there were a few people around even then who knew what was going on. The work at the Met is to a large extent Eisenhower art, the product of the most consistently well-off and least self-doubting period this country has known in a long time. The Eisenhower period (and the rah-rah-we're-the-good-guys spirit of the War years) was a stultifying one for many artists, who were only too tempted to suppose that their minor breakthrough in their work were very big explosions. It was also

EISENHOWER ART VS EROTICA
BY ALEX GROSS



sculpture and painting/credits: albers, dine, louis, s.davis photo/credits: met, museum of art, jay good



There go my people, I must hurry

and catch up with them for I am their leader
FUCK AL GOLDSTEIN
- JOEL FABRIKANT



IF SHIT BECAME VALUABLE, THE POOR WOULD BE BORN WITHOUT ASS-HOLES

4 Julius Jennings Hoffman is living about one hundred years ahead of his time. He would have fitted into the Old West very nicely as a frontier hanging judge. Julius the Just, by way of review, is a 74-year-old dinosaur who's sitting in judgment over the 8 persons accused of conspiring to incite last year's police riot at the Democratic Convention in Chicago.

Hoffman is a man who knows all about law and order; however, he seems to know little about justice. The judge is a remarkable man. He was studying law when 54-year-old Dave Dellinger was born. In Chicago he has a reputation for giving out a maximum sentence in every case, and denying appeal bonds at sentencing. He also managed to figure a way to jail the defense attorneys for contempt. His batting average is impressive, he's had 24 convictions out of his last two dozen cases.

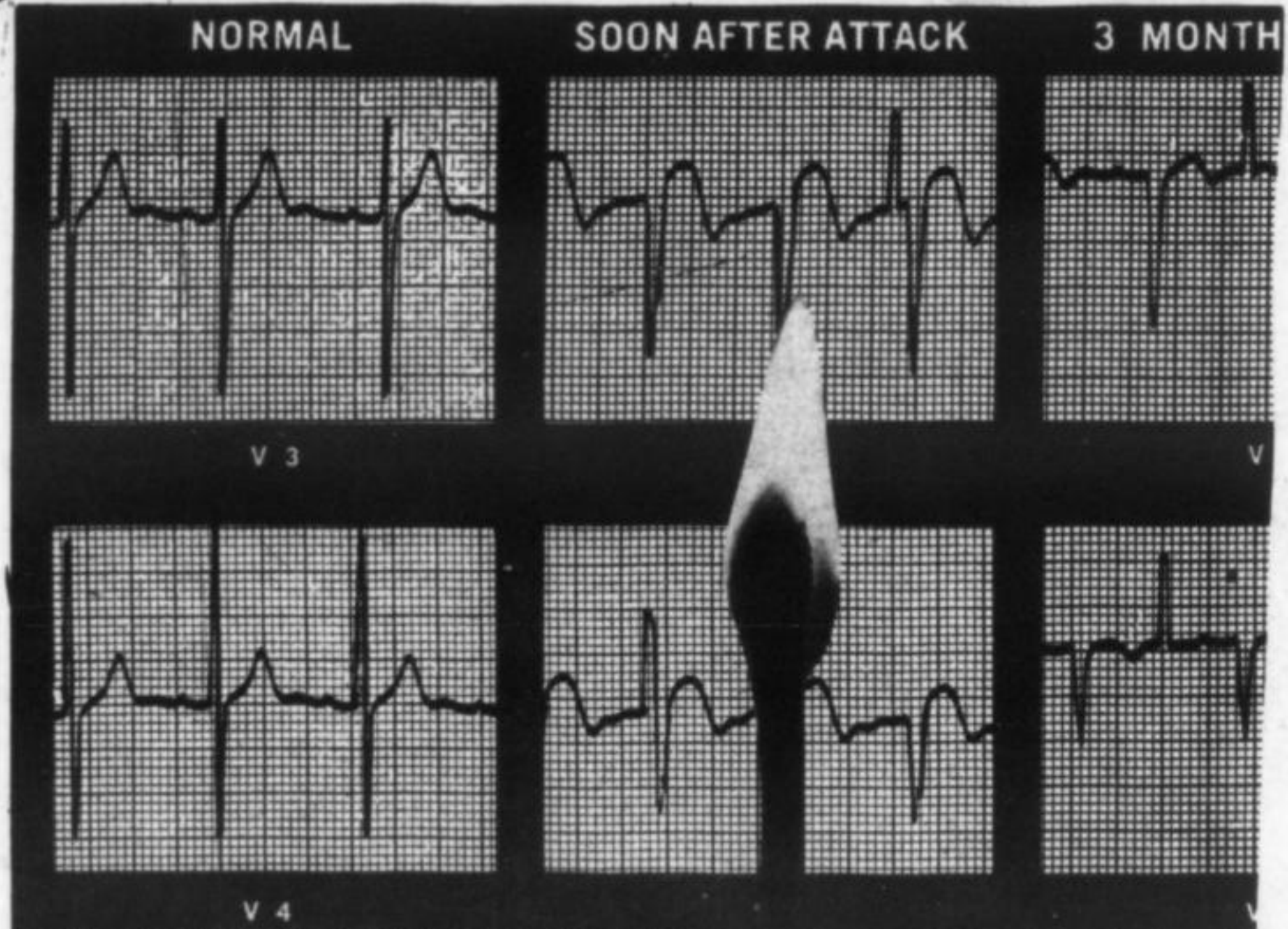
Julius the Just has thus far refused Bobby Seale to have his own choice of lawyer, a right guaranteed by the Constitution. Seale has requested the right to defend himself, but Hoffman wouldn't even recognize his statement: "I can't hear you, Mr Seale. Mr Kunstler speaks for you, Mr Seale." Bobby has taken every opportunity to apprise the court of this situation. J.J. couldn't stomach the comments made by this uppity young black and threatened to take actions to stop Seale's outburst. Julius the Just finally did just that.

On October 29, if one was finally able to enter the courtroom in spite of his long hair or black skin, the first item he would notice would be the 18 marshals jamming the aisles, and 4 others at the door to the lockup. When Bobby was brought into the courtroom, he told his Panther brothers and sisters to stay cool but defend themselves if attacked by the Pigs. During the morning session he rose twice to protest his non-representation. He wanted to examine the police witnesses who were testifying against him. This led Julius to repeat his previous threat to bind and gag the Black Panther Party chairman. He went on to say that since the other seven defendants had issued a statement supporting Bobby's frequent outbursts, they might be considered bad bail risks and lock them up for the duration of the trial.

After the lunch recess, testimony continued as usual. And as usual, Seale rose to protest his lawyerless situation. He gave a very quiet speech on how his Constitutional rights were being denied, even over Hoffman's order to be quiet. At that moment, a huge 300-pound Negro marshal slammed Seale into his seat, which tipped over from the force of the punch. Hoffman then called a recess and ordered the Marshals to "take this defendant out and deal with him as he should be dealt with." After a short period,

(Continued on Page 14)

by MIKE GOLD



THE CITIZEN FROM THE SOLD

Put your hand on your heart and count how many times it beats in one minute.



ALL ACTION MORNING



I'LL CRUSH YOU LIKE A ROTTEN CANTALOE



OW OK I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT



9,997
9,998
9,999
\$10,000



YOU WERE PRETTY RUFF ON HIM

LOOK THE CREEP WAS TRYING TO BURN US



BUT REALLY YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HUMILIATED HIM LIKE THAT
WILL YOU GET OFF MY ASS?



SHADDUP

NOW! HAYEA OW



DUMB FUCEIN BITCH



NO PLEASE ELMO

NOW YOU GONNA GIVE ME ANYMORE SHIT



BUT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY
IT'S A BITCH THE WAY A COPS HANDS ARE TIED THESE DAYS

YA NO RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER ANY MORE



MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK BACK AND PLUG HER AND SAY SHE RESISTED ARREST OR SOMETHING

NAW SHE'S GOT DOUGH SO SHE PROBABLY HAS PULL DOWNTOWN



IT JUST MAKES YOU SICK! ALL THIS HUMAN GARBAGE AROUND JUST LOOK AT THAT



HEY YOU! GARBAGE

KAY HAYE



LET ME

UMH IM SICK ... PLEASE



RAFF



HOLD IM UP THERE



THOOF



THANK



SHOULD WE BOOK HIM

NAW THAT WUD JUST GIVE HIM A WARM PLACE TO SLEEP



WE'D BETTER GO BACK AND QUESTION THAT BROAD OR THE CHEIF WILL HAVE OUR ASS



LATER

HELLO WE'RE THE POLICE OFFICERS WHO SPOKE TO YOU EARLIER WE WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS

WELL YOU SURE HAVE A LOT OF GALL

6

Guerilla

BY CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Medicine Comes



by Claudia Dreifus

Health clinics are usually hostile, cold, frightening palaces of indifference. The Judson Church's mobile health unit for youth on East 7th Street near Avenue B is not. Situated in a 50' x 10' trailer, equipped with a hip lady doctor and an activist community organizer, decorated with Che and Ho posters, this health center offers a warm, uncomplicated hand to any East Village kid in need of help.

"We're here," explained Dr. June Finer, the pretty thirty-four year old director of the Mobile Health Unit, "to give health care to any East Village kid who needs it. We don't ask any questions and we don't make judgements. If a kid has gonorrhea, it should be cured. But often he's too uptight about going to a hospital where they'll give him all this moralistic stuff, so he lets the thing go. We try to make people feel that they have nothing to explain to us - except what's wrong with them."

At the Judson trailer, a Lower East Side adolescent can receive treatment for any East Village ailment: V.D., broken arms, coughs, colds, cuts, bruises, rat bites, depression, or a bad trip. In addition, the clinic offers immunization, pregnancy diagnosis, counseling and referral for legal, welfare and housing problems, birth control and group therapy. The charge? All service is free.

Dr. June Finer comes to the Lower East Side after nearly eight years of movement work. During her internship in Chicago she was active in the Committee to End Discrimination, an organization that helped break the open segregationist policies of windy city hospitals. Later, she travelled South for the Mississippi Freedom Summer, and in 1965, June worked as the Souther Co-ordinator for the Medical Committee for Human Rights. Returning to New York in 1966, June Finer was active in organizing and staffing medical teams at peace demonstrations. It was Dr. Finer's MCHR medicos that were clobbered in the streets of Chicago during last year's Democratic National Convention.

The Mobile Health Unit has been described by many radical physicians as a model of "guerilla medicine." A patient at the Judson Trailer can receive much more than just some first-aid or a pill. Kids go there for any one of several things: health care, psychotherapy, anti-bureaucratic action, friendship or a political rap. Part of the reason they do is Paul Ramos, a twenty-eight year old social worker who has lived most of his life on the Lower East Side and who serves as a combination community organizer, teacher, counselor, and housing aide for the clinic.

Walk into Bellevue for health care and you'll find the walls covered with tacky little posters telling you to eat more vegetables and meat "for health." At the Judson Mobile Health Unit, Paul and June have

decorated their waiting room with posters that say "Free Huey" and "Power to the People." When I visited the trailer last week, the waiting room was filled with neighborhood youths who had

to the

around here today have finished reading Malcolm X. Well, I mean that's heavy stuff. It means something to them. They usually don't bother with the crap the teacher assigns them from school. A lot of our kids are what you call pre-addicts. We try to educate them politically on what addiction means. What we say is that if there were a revolution today, an addict would automatically be our enemy - he'd sell his own people out for a bag of heroin. To be a junkie we say, is to be an enemy of the revolution."

Lower

East Side

In the reception room, a large crowd of patients had arrived. One girl, looking like a younger, blonder, and prettier version of Barbra Streisand, approached Bella, the volunteer receptionist. "Excuse me," she said in a muffled tone, "is this the place where I can get a free checkup? I was told by the girls in Women's Liberation that you see anyone who is under twenty-three and who lives in the East Village. They said that you've got a woman doctor who'd be sympathetic. Umm. You see, I need birth control pills."

"Sure," answered Bella, "have a seat. Dr. Finer will be glad to see you."

Aside from the girl-in-need-of-pill, that afternoon June Finer saw three potential VD cases, a boy with an abscessed arm, and another boy with a slight stab wound.

hours and they told me how anyone who shotts dope is a potential enemy of his people. Well, that made me think. So, I quit the stuff and started hanging round here. June taught me how to work with slides in the lab and I love it. I want to finish school and become a microbiologist."

"He's one of the lucky ones," sighed Paul, "but for most Puerto Rican kids here on the Lower East Side, there are only two futures: dope or the draft. We've got to do something about that."



come to spend the afternoon in the clinic. "A lot of local kids hang out here," Paul explained. "They sit and listen to music, or we go through rap sessions. We've begun to look for money with which to start a training program. That way we could teach some of the kids how to become technicians and health workers. But finding money these days is hard. Very hard."

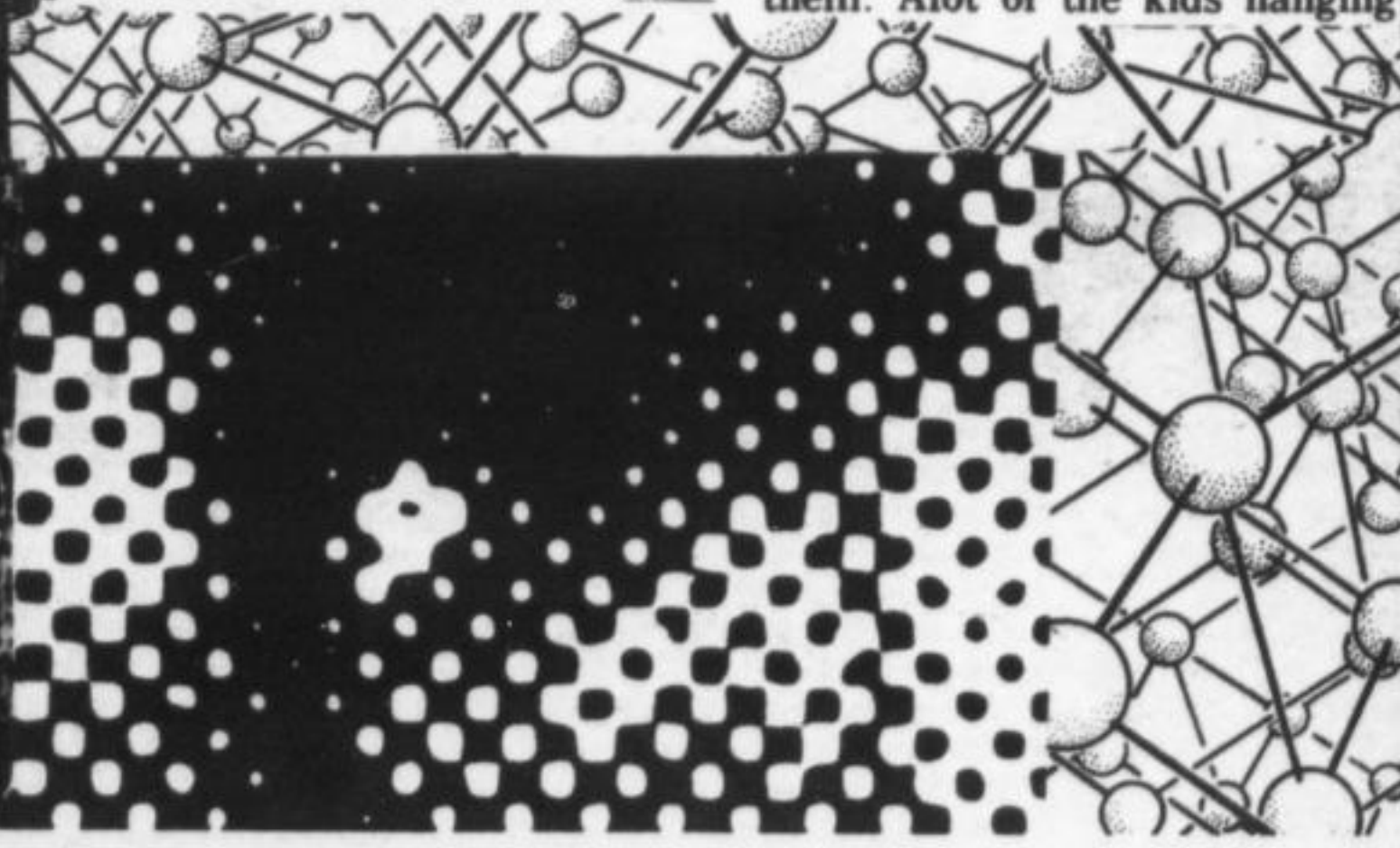
"Kids come in and want to rap," Ramos explained last week, while sitting at his crowded desk in the clinic. "We talk to them about politics, and we teach them how to read things that are important to them. A lot of the kids hanging

Paul Ramos is convinced that most of the health problems on the Lower East Side stem from oppressiveness of poverty and slum life. A good revolution, in his view, would be the best medicine for East Village ailments. "Part of our job," Ramos said, "is to make people politically aware why they are sick. People on the Lower East Side are sick because of overcrowding in their houses, because of miserable garbage pick-ups, a poor health system, and welfare which doesn't give them enough money to live on. All that's political - they've got to understand that!"

"We don't usually take stabblings because our facilities are too small to properly treat those cases," June sighed. "Bellevue is much better. But you know, in an emergency..."

Sitting near the Health Unit's portable laboratory was a sixteen year old high school student who June had trained in lab work. He had originally come to the clinic with an eye ailment. "I came here," the youth said, "and found out that the people were cool. So I started coming back-even when my eye got better. After a while, I broke down and told June that I had started to shoot stuff. I talked to June and Paul for many, many

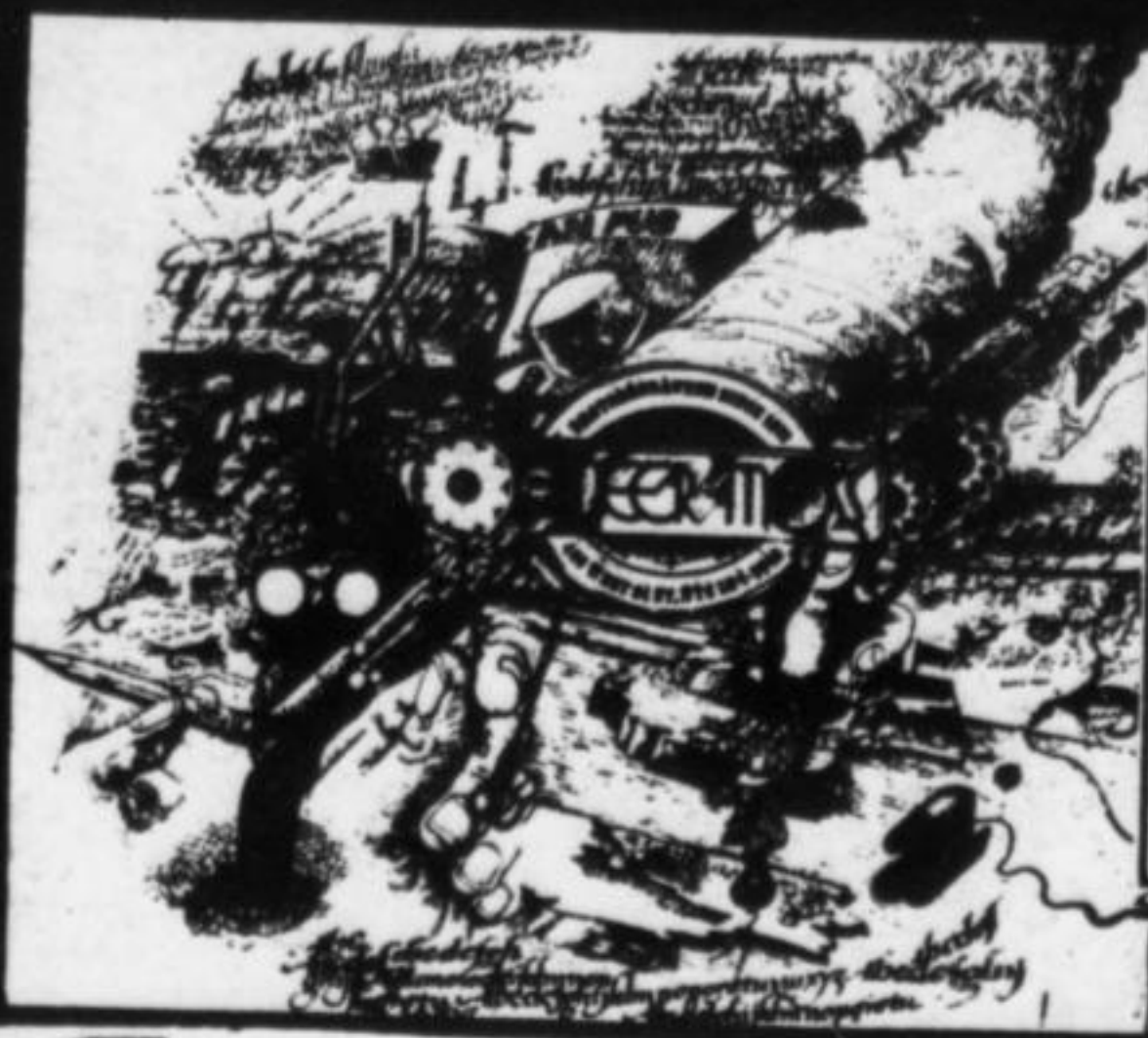
By keeping their clinic open seven days a week, by offering friendly, informal, professional, yet highly political services, June Finer and Paul Ramos are beginning to give the heroin pushers and the military manpower procurers a good run for their money. "We will win good health for the people," Paul Ramos explains, "when they are strong enough to demand justice! Good health and political consciousness are the same thing."



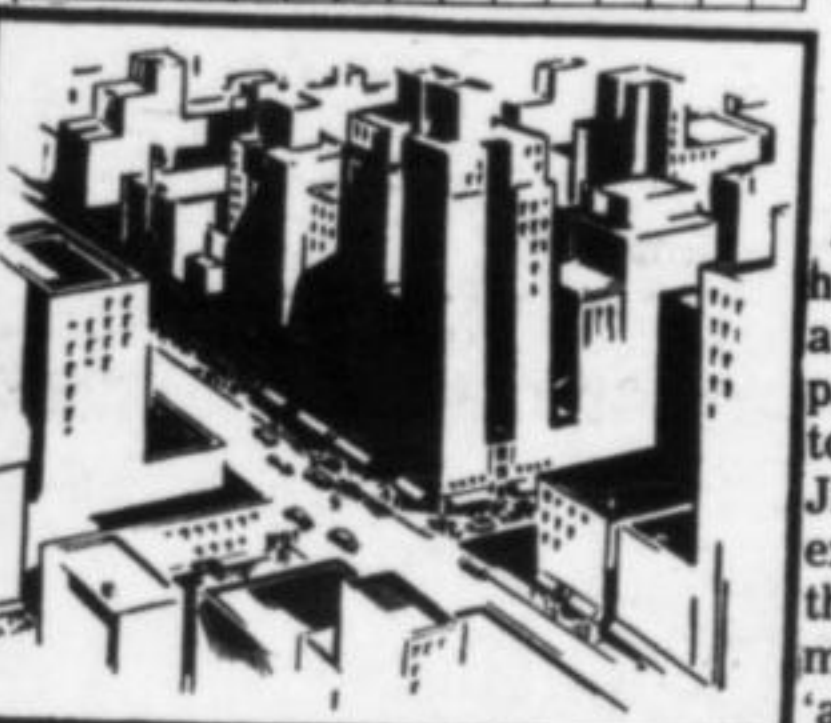
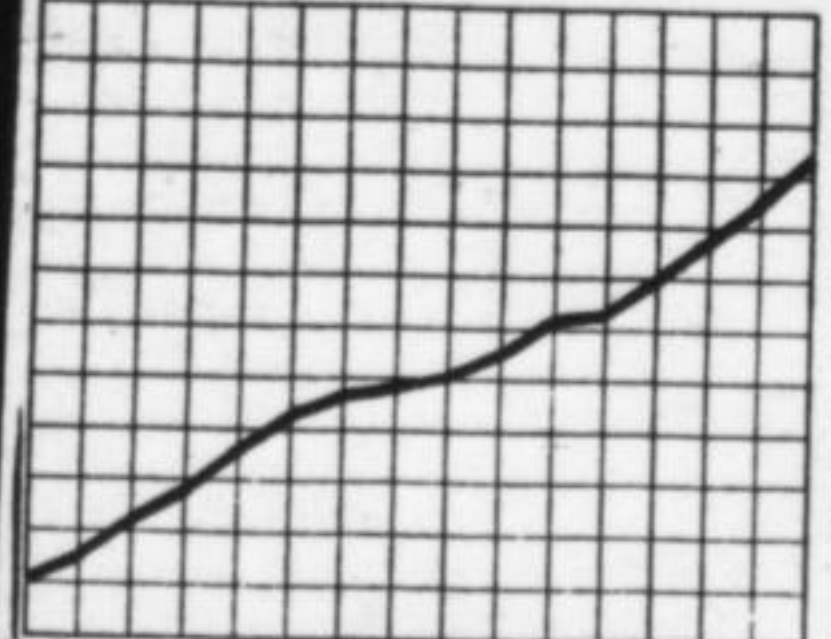


Heavens to Victor Riesel, it's getting so you can't publish a lousy newspaper in this town any more without getting your arse handed to you! Why, look at what's happening with Louis Abolafia, for example. New York City's perennial campaigner for just any old national or local political office that happens to be open is presently engaged in putting out a 'sex' newspaper-type weekly publication called 'LUV'. This is nothing radical, mind you, or even very risky any more—another recent 'sex' weekly called VOYUER is said to be published by Metromedia itself—and in fact this effort of Abolafia's is unmistakably the most soft-spoken, limp-dicked matter to drip from the American press since Collier's croaked a decade ago. But still he manages to irritate the shit out of a lot of very truculent people.

For instance, under the masthead there is a line which goes to the effect that this piece of shit is 'First And Best In The Field HE- Created' (my emphasis). This is just a trifle more obstreperous than the line under SCREW's logo which goes, 'First And Best In The Field IT Created' (ditto). Goldstein and Buckley, fun-loving publishers of the last mentioned rag, publicly they laugh this piracy off as merely another example of Abolafia's astounding lack of originality, his insufferably WASPish imitation of true chutzpah, his generally degenerate business instinct. ('A poor man's Ralph Ginzberg,' to quote Thurmond Munson.) But privately they want to snuff this mother out, plant him fifty feet under the waters of the Verazanno College campus. You can see



where even such a modest effort as Abolafia's can earn you a lot of mortal enemies.



Me, for one—I herewith declare myself the mortal enemy of Louis Abolafia, and pledge to drop a chair on his head some night when he is walking under the Fillmore East marquee, being that this schlock-besotten

cocksucker had the NERVE two weeks ago, the fucking GALL on the eve of the final game of the World Series, to go and put the face of TOM SEAVER on the cover of his rag. Christ, Abolafia, Seaver has enough trouble with Dick Young at the Daily NEWS without you go pirating his photograph for your own evil ends. I hope your camels vomit all over your car upholstery for that, and I may come looking for you with a club if you pull something like that again.

All this caterwauling, all this hostility over such a simple thing as publishing a little ole paper.....Shouldn't it be possible to just print in peace? Look at Jim Buckley at SCREW, for example. Little Jim returned to the office last week after a month-long sabbat (there is no 'acle' to it, son) in Port Huron, Manitoba, to find that in his absence Al Goldstein had taken over the whole world and skipped to Atlantic City. But he owed me money, Buckley, so I visited him last Wednesday at his Union Square office. After pocketing the check with my blackjack—

which had hardly gotten warm, during a brief conversation with Moose the money-handler—I asked him how it felt to be once again the publisher of a dynamic metropolitan weekly. 'It'd be all right,' he told me later over his expense-account pate do fois gras at Max's, 'it wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the kill calls.'

'Kill calls?'

'Yeah, I got a call this morning—'We know where Jim and Al live, we got it from the Daily News, and we just want you to know we're arranging an Accident for you two fags, real soon.' And she hung up.'

'Great Zod!' I exploded, dumping the miniskirted waitress off my lap in my astonishment, 'You're making it with Goldstein now?'

Decomposition

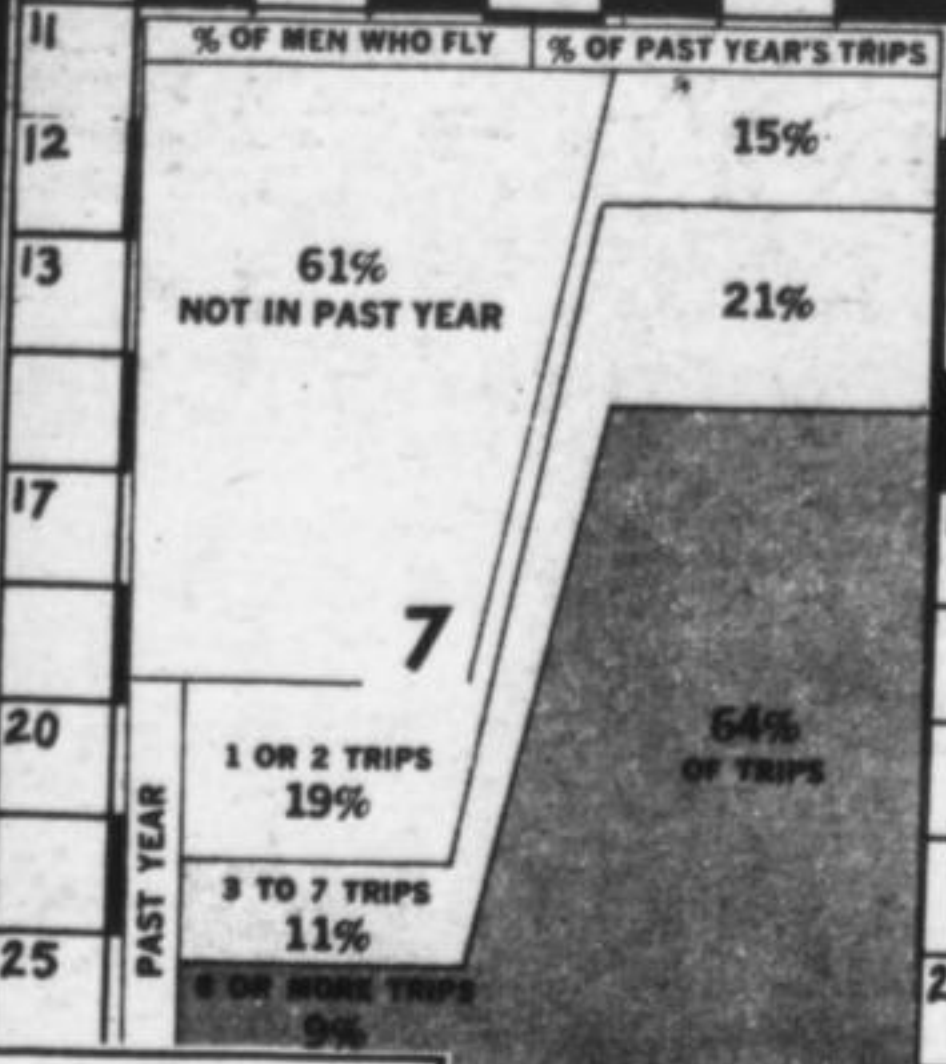
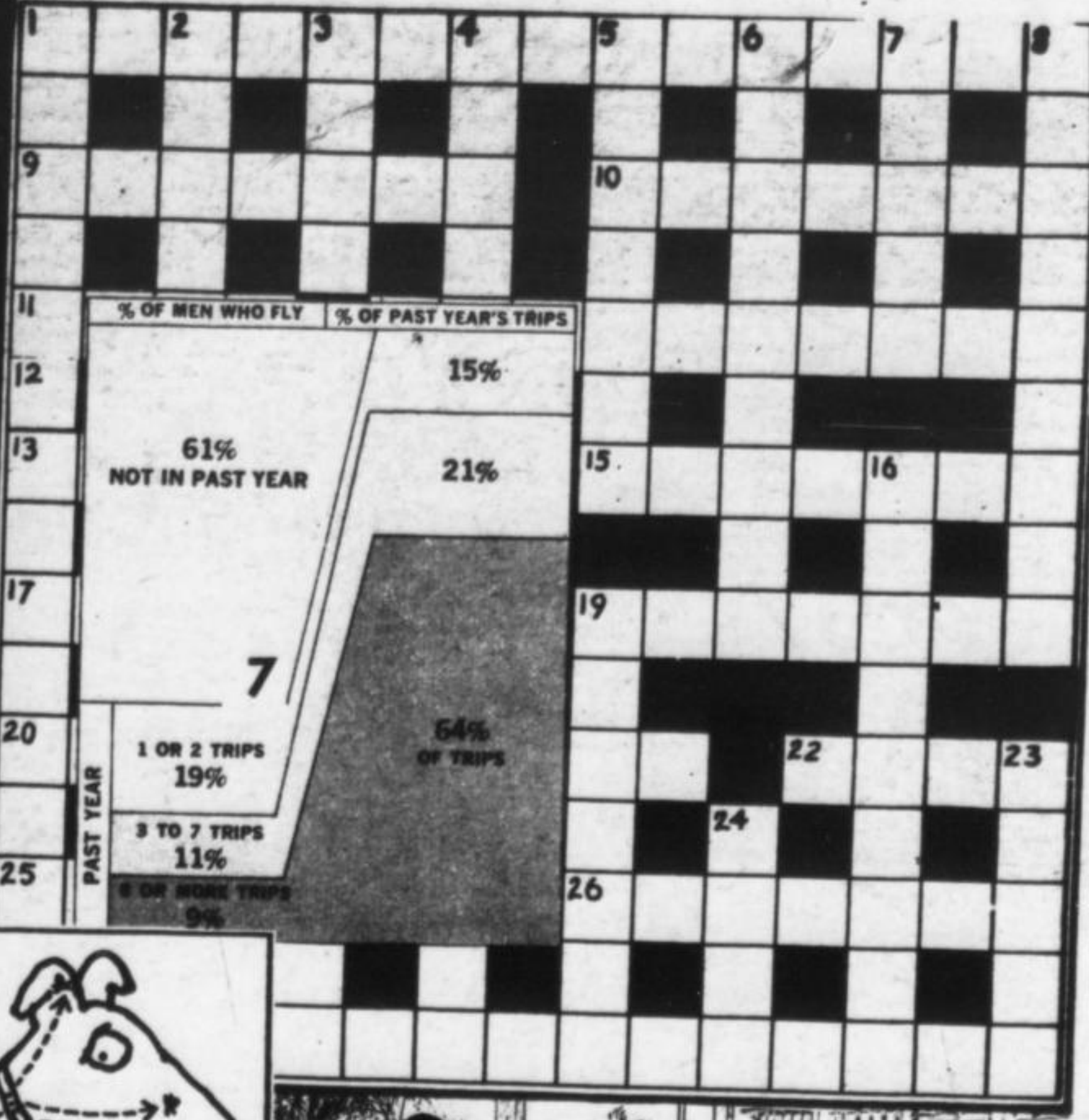
By D.A. Latimer



One was very large, and remained silent but very present throughout the confrontation. The other, who was no shrimp either, produced a Gothic Blimp Works, as one might produce an infected testicle, and proceeded to tell how he was going to rip the joint apart and the people with it unless—now dig this—unless the police were called right away, in order to preserve his good name from his intemperate passions. Missi ran right out and called the cops.

By the time they got there, however, Exploiter Leggieri had

(Continued on Page 17)



'Washing his mouth out with Beaujolais, he went on: 'And if that wasn't bad enough, an hour later I get a call from this guy who wouldn't even mention the name of the paper— he may have been calling GLAMOUR for all I know—and he said I was mailing unsolicited copies to his 16-year-old daughter in Queens, and he

'—come down with a friend and snuff you out, right?'

'Yeah. How'd you know.'

So I told him about the evening a couple weeks ago, just before the cold snap, when these two guys showed up at the offices of The Gothic Blimp Works, EVO's sister paper— yet another nail in the shingle of Amalgamated Fabrikant—and Pete Leggieri was there. Portly Pete, our genteel Capatilist Exploiter, was driving his old lady Missi to ever more spectacular heights of typesetting proficiency, when these two guys walked in.



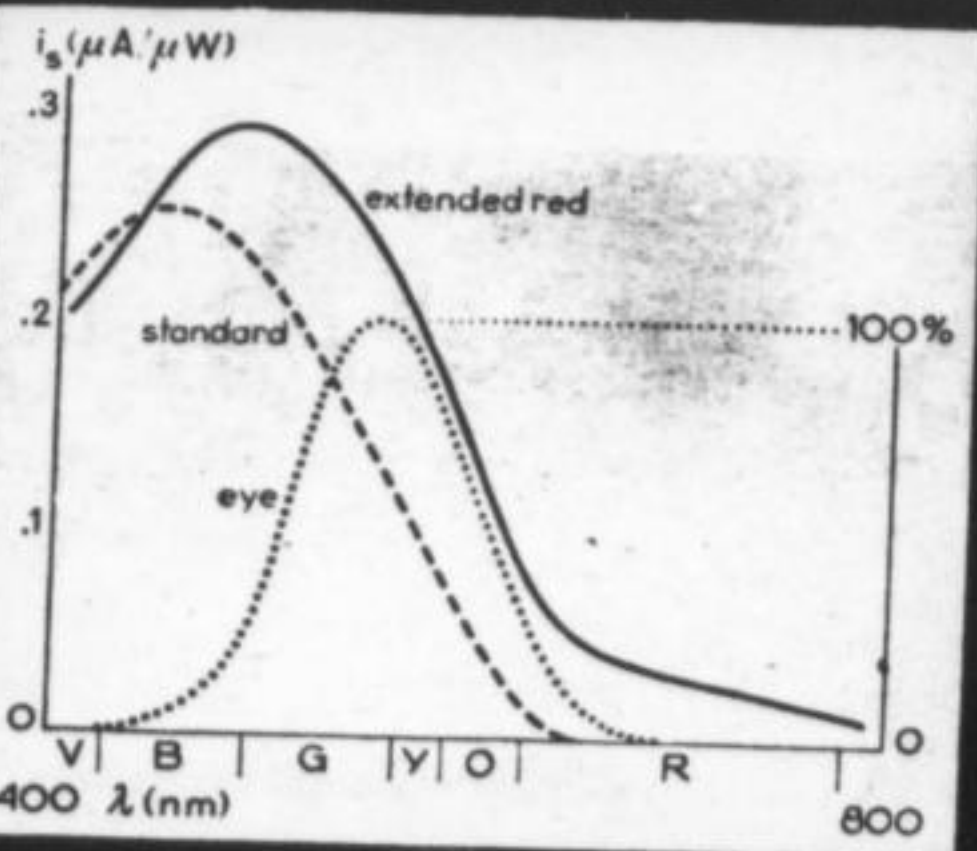
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CHECK & COMPARE THESE LOW, LOW PRICES FOR BIG CASH SAVINGS



On Sunday, September 5, 1969, at 10 o'clock sharp, among the thousands of signals, buzzes and static of space invaded by electronic transmissions, the opening bars of a well-known Mexican song "Cielito Lindo" were heard. Then, an announcer began to read in nervous Spanish several figures of four numbers: 2929....2597....1174....7123....etc. It was undoubtedly a message in code. More precisely a CIA message from its base in Florida. It contained precise instructions for one of its agents, since otherwise the introductory music would have been another Mexican song: "La Paloma". The message was directed to Cuba, to Havana, to a house located at No. 504, Tenth Street, in the Miramar section. And it was urgent. It said: "MSG. Thirty-three. Destroy all equipment and papers immediately. This is for security reasons. Take precautionary measures but maintain normal routine so as not to call attention. You know the situation. Greetings. Enrique."

But it was too late. The person destined to receive that message was no longer in the house indicated. Receiver RR-49, no bigger than the size of a cigar box, was silent. At 1:40 AM, early in the morning of that same day, two officials of the Mexican Embassy in Cuba had sealed the doors and windows. The occupier, Humberto Juan Jose Carrillo y Colon, adviser and press attache at the Mexican Embassy, no longer lived there. Since 11:45 PM on the night he was staying at the residence of Ambassador Miguel Covian Perez, by order of the latter. Soon he would return to Mexico.

It is the definitive end of the activities of a CIA agent in Cuba. The end for "Jose Maria Zulo", who earned 800 dollars monthly as diplomat and an unrevealed figure as agent of the major U.S. espionage organization. A man who up to a year and a half ago never appeared on his country's foreign service payroll and whose job with the Mexican representation in Cuba did not exist previously. It was created especially for him. "I am not a career diplomat, but a diplomat by chance", the same Carrillo Colon would say in his nights of libations. In effect, he was a CIA recruit but a "professional" especially trained it appears for a specific objective: Cuba.

On March 25, 1968 he arrived at the Caribbean island. Fourteen days later--on April 7--the technicians of the Cuban Counter-Intelligence Service began to hear each week an underground broadcast of coded messages on short-wave with fixed hours and signals.

Once discovered the code of those messages, there were no doubts: it was the CIA, from its quarters in Florida and Nassau, capital of the Bahamas. The utilization of two Mexican songs as introduction perhaps gave the first clue. The CIA's unusual attraction to traditional Aztec melodies was very strange.

It was also very strange that fourteen days before a new Mexican diplomat -- Carrillo Colon -- had taken up his duties...

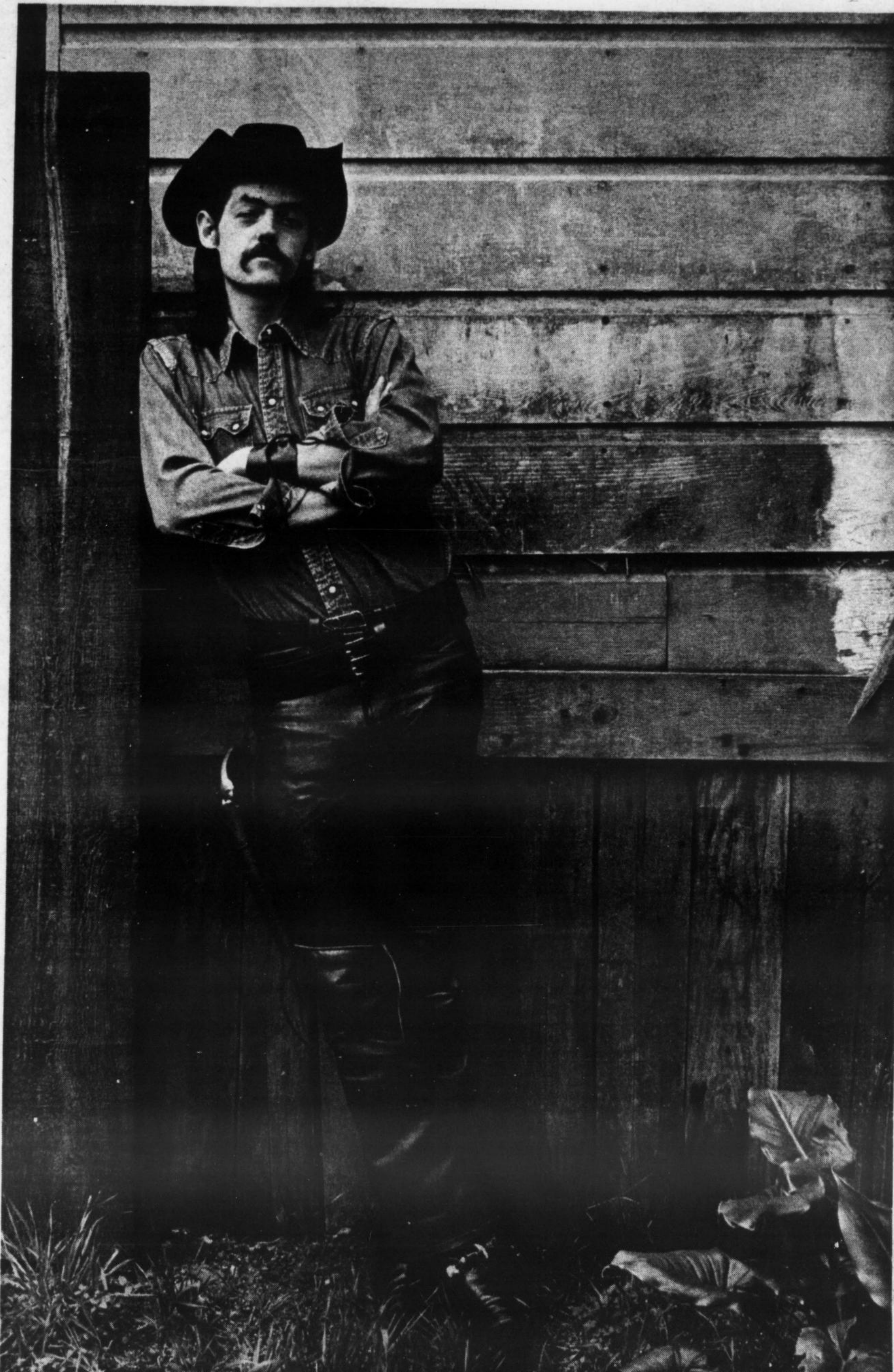
Between March and November 25, 1968, Carrillo Colon operated actively. He deciphered the coded messages and carried out instructions.

(Continued on Page 20)

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

photo by baron wolman

ANOTHER DEFEAT FOR THE C. I. A.





NEWSGASM

ANN ARBOR, Mich. (LNS) — Two Ann Arbor citizens who are intensely involved in combatting the "obscenity" of the local underground press have been exposed as convicted criminals. Their crime: showing stag films.

The men are William Ellis Brown III, 47, and John William Edwards, 44, both supporters of the Concerned Citizens Committee of Ann Arbor, which recently mailed out a folder detailing many of the alleged obscenities in the Ann Arbor Argus and the White Panther Sun. The committee is attacking the city's mayor for failing to crack down on the "filth-peddlers who hawk their wares in the streets."

Brown and Edwards pleaded guilty to "disorderly conduct" in 1964 after police raided a stag film showing at Brown's home.

The Ann Arbor Argus, revealing the background of the men, noted that they were part of an organized clique which regularly showed the sex-exploitation films. They both belong to well-established Ann Arbor families.

LOCKHEED'S IN GOOD SHAPE

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — The Lockheed Aircraft Corp., of Marietta, Ga., has received an \$81.7 million addition to an existing Air Force contract to produce fifty-three CSA Galaxy jet cargo planes. This brings the total Lockheed income for the aircraft from the Pentagon to \$1.74 billion — for the first production run only.

THE GRASS KEEPS ON GROWIN'

KENTLAND, Ind. (LNS) — A harvest moon shines down on the marijuana plants growing wild in the roadside ditches and pastures of the Indiana countryside just a half-hour drive from downtown Chicago. But it also shines down on the jailhouse in Kentland,

which has been the temporary home of dozens of young men and women who came here to participate in the joyful pot harvest but ended up as victims of the repressive drug laws.

People have come here from many states — Florida, Mississippi, Michigan, Ohio and Illinois — but the cops have been especially vigilant and there have been many arrests. One girl who was arrested recently had 300 pounds of leaves.

OUT OF VIETNAM — INTO KOREA?

TOKYO (LNS) — American B-52s loaded with hydrogen bombs have been flying near Communist China and North Korea on regular patrol missions according to Agency.

The planes had been flown from Guam into Okinawa on the pretext of taking refuge from a typhoon last year, and remained ever since.

There are reports that these planes have been engaged in bombing missions over Vietnam.

The U.S. Defense Dept.'s reticence in either confirming or denying the reports is based on the fact that they do not discuss the location of nuclear weapons or the activities of the Air Force. The State Dept. won't say anything either.

The media tells us about the Koreans capturing the U.S. Pueblo and the shooting down of an American naval reconnaissance plane, but not about the U.S. flying H-Bombs around the world. The Koreans are being portrayed as the war-monger aggressor, while America is shown as peace-loving and innocent. The Koreans might well be the target of U.S. imperialism's next attack. (Continued on Page 21)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS

Sergeant Major William Wooldridge, former Sergeant Major of the Army, really had his ass jacked up while testifying before a Senate investigating committee, which is investigating alleged (we know better) kickbacks in Army Service Clubs. The good Sgt. and his cranes were "invited" to sit in as witnesses, in the following events: freeloading weekends in Las Vegas, slot machine rigging in clubs patronized by EM, high rolling gambling in NCO and Officer Clubs, and kickbacks at

hundreds of thousands of dollars in sales to the clubs on 3 continents. Aiding the good Sergeant Major in his quest for monetary gain were fellow high ranking NCO's, MSG William Higdon, Seymour Lazar (ret), and Narvoez Hatcher. Together these men pleaded the fifth amendment a total of 102 times. Remember this the next time the First Sergeant of your company throws you a beer party. Not to be outdone, however, the Elite Officer Corps has made a challenge to the NCOs, and they are putting up General Turner, yeh, the gun shop owner.....it seems that everyone wants to get into the act. Midnight Requisitions anyone?

POT AND THE G.I. IN VIETNAM

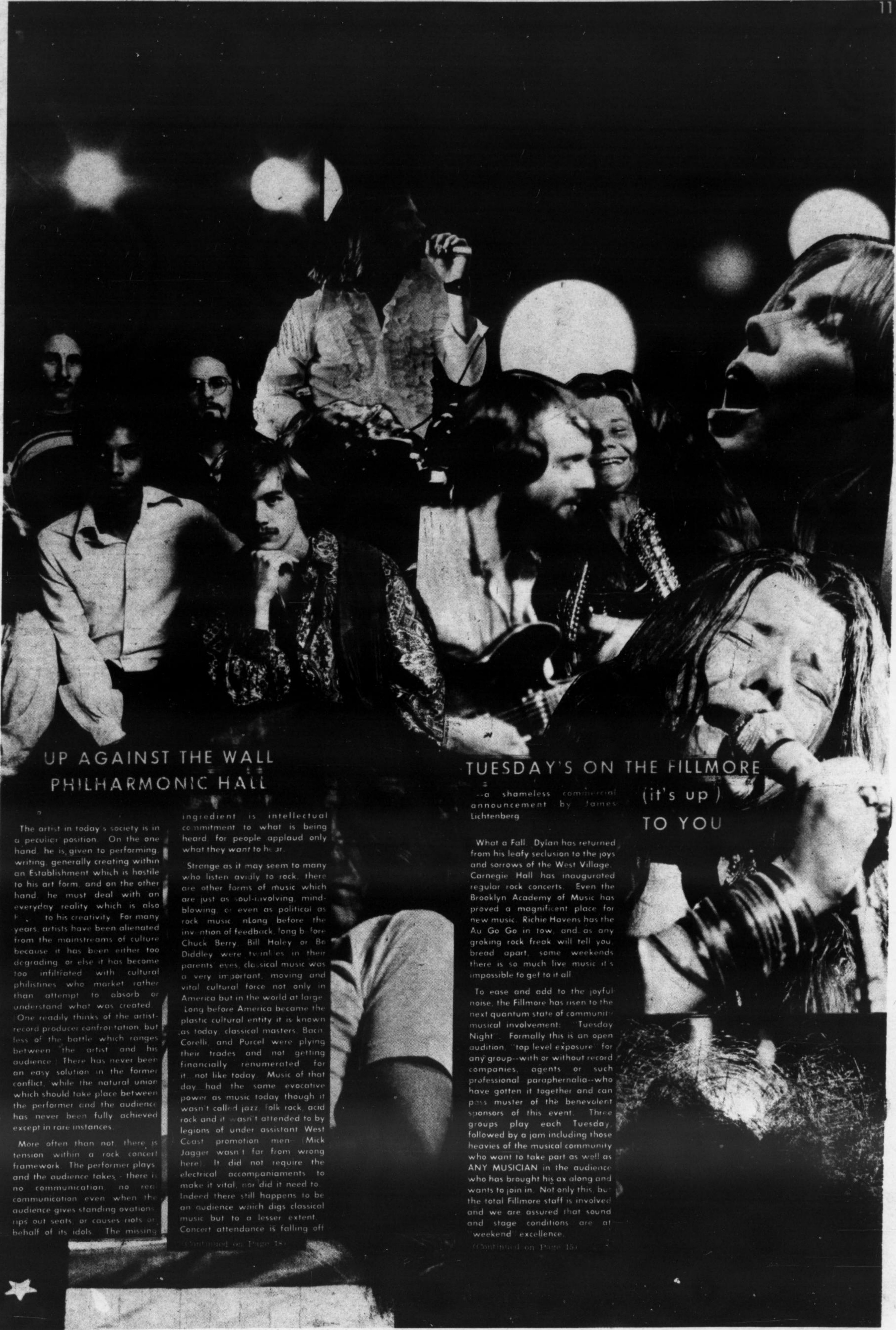
Smoking Marijuana (what's marijuana?) can produce adverse reactions ranging from mild anxieties to murderous hallucinations, according to the Journal of the American Medical Society. Dr. John Talbot and Dr. James Teague said that smoking a single marijuana cigarette led to a killing in one out of every 12 men interviewed. The report also said "smoking marijuana for most persons is a pleasant, non-threatening experience." Other symptoms included: burning and irritation in the respiratory tract, anxiety, fear, paranoia, and hallucinations." The doctors said that the Marijuana smoked in Vietnam is twice as potent as the marijuana smoked in the United

States. They also stated that of the men interviewed most returned to normal in a short period of time. It was never reported, however, how many G.I.s were killed when drunken commanders called artillery strikes in on them. No comment was made when a Pilot from the 129th Assault Helicopter tried to fly his helicopter under a bridge on the way to Qui Nhon and was killed along with 3 other members of the crew. *No big issue was made when a pilot from the 48th Assault Helicopter Company, (Nhin Hoa), crashed while attempting to land his UH-1D Helicopter in order that he may skre a souvenir flare parachute worth 17 dollars. o. Nothing but a written reprimand was given to several officers from the Lane Army Heliport post when they appropriated a jeep and departed on an "un-authorized" trip to the village. On the way back, the jeep overturned killing the driver, the Fire Chief of Lane Airfield, and injuring the other 2 passengers. Nothing was said until now....

THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE ROLL SLOWLY

Last April 1, the Fort Jackson chapter of GIs United Against the War brought suit against the Post Commander, General Hollingsworth. Well, last week the case came before judge Donald Russell in th Federal Court House in Spartanburg, S.C. The suit seeks a declaration from the court stating that GIs, as citizens, have Constitutional Rights. The courts can rule on several points raised by the defendants to dismiss the charges, or it can rule on the merits of the case, that is, thGIs do have some rights. The main thrust of the defense was that in the Army, "there can be no free interplay of ideas or vigorous championing of minority views." "While the ordinary citizen can condemn (the war, and even refuse to support it) the soldier has no such opinion. The gist of the appeal is the suppression of the Constitutional freed:sm





UP AGAINST THE WALL PHILHARMONIC HALL

The artist in today's society is in a peculiar position. On the one hand, he is given to performing, writing, generally creating within an Establishment which is hostile to his art form, and on the other hand, he must deal with an everyday reality which is also hostile to his creativity. For many years, artists have been alienated from the mainstreams of culture because it has been either too degrading or else it has become too infiltrated with cultural philistines who market rather than attempt to absorb or understand what was created. One readily thinks of the artist-record producer confrontation, but less of the battle which ranges between the artist and his audience. There has never been an easy solution in the former conflict, while the natural union which should take place between the performer and the audience has never been fully achieved except in rare instances.

More often than not there is tension within a rock concert framework. The performer plays, and the audience takes - there is no communication, no real communication even when the audience gives standing ovations, rips out seats, or causes riots on behalf of its idols. The missing

ingredient is intellectual commitment to what is being heard, for people applaud only what they want to hear.

Strange as it may seem to many who listen avidly to rock, there are other forms of music which are just as soul-involving, mind-blowing or even as political as rock music. Long before the invention of feedback, long before Chuck Berry, Bill Haley or Bo Diddley were twinkles in their parents' eyes, classical music was a very important, moving and vital cultural force not only in America but in the world at large. Long before America became the plastic cultural entity it is known as today, classical masters, Bach, Corelli, and Purcell were plying their trades and not getting financially remunerated for it, not like today. Music of that day had the same evocative power as music today though it wasn't called jazz, folk, rock, acid rock and it wasn't attended to by legions of under-assistant West Coast promotion men. Mick Jagger wasn't far from wrong here. It did not require the electrical accompaniments to make it vital, nor did it need to. Indeed there still happens to be an audience which digs classical music but to a lesser extent. Concert attendance is falling off

(Continued on Page 18)

TUESDAY'S ON THE FILLMORE

--a shameless commercial announcement by James Lichtenberg

(it's up)
TO YOU

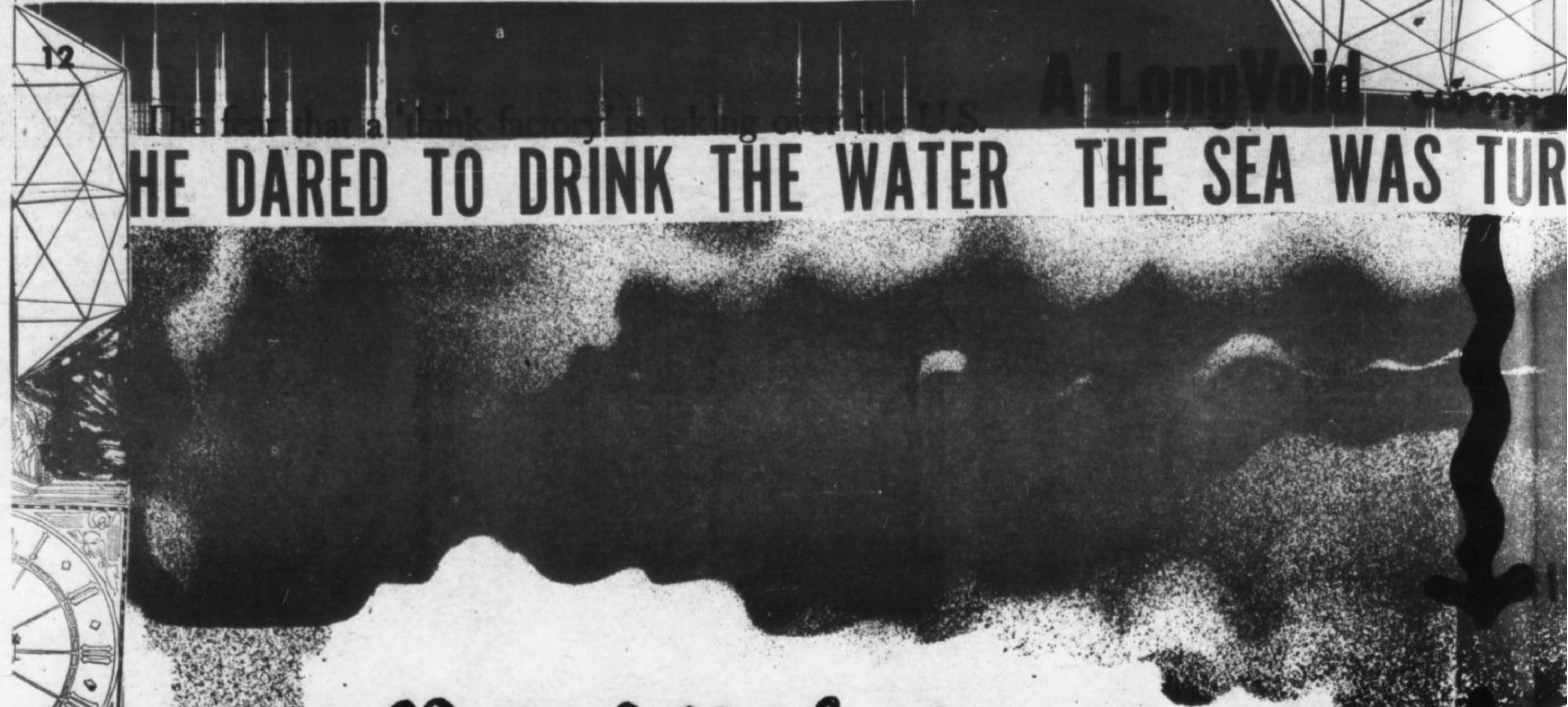
What a Fall. Dylan has returned from his leafy seclusion to the joys and sorrows of the West Village. Carnegie Hall has inaugurated regular rock concerts. Even the Brooklyn Academy of Music has proved a magnificent place for new music. Richie Havens has the Au Go Go in tow, and as any groking rock freak will tell you, bread apart, some weekends there is so much live music it's impossible to get to it all.

To ease and add to the joyful noise, the Fillmore has risen to the next quantum state of community musical involvement: "Tuesday Night". Formally this is an open audition, "top level exposure" for any group--with or without record companies, agents or such professional paraphernalia--who have gotten it together and can pass muster of the benevolent sponsors of this event. Three groups play each Tuesday, followed by a jam including those heavies of the musical community who want to take part as well as ANY MUSICIAN in the audience who has brought his ax along and wants to join in. Not only this, but the total Fillmore staff is involved and we are assured that sound and stage conditions are at weekend excellence.

(Continued on Page 18)



HE DARED TO DRINK THE WATER THE SEA WAS TUR



Airfull, Eyefull & Livingfull

Allen Katzman

The reason there is an underground press in America, another consciousness, is because there are cities such as NYC, LA, Chicago, Washington, and many others that are unlivable; and are getting to a point where they no longer will support human life; and people who continually are aware of this and yet live in cities and have a need to cry out in print, or whatever art form they use in the communications area, to tell their side of the story.

I think there is a piece of verse from a musical piece which says that "when the mode of the music changes, the walls of the city shake." And I think this is a capsulation of what is happening around us.

We live in cities which no longer support human life, and of course the basic reason is that we have a system, a type of system we live under, which can no longer support human life.

To bring in just certain areas in which this occurs, I would like to read from a thing called 'Technocracy Briefs' which are interesting things. You might say they were literature from the New World.

It states that "While the political factions of this Continent scrap among themselves for control of government, while big business conspires and intrigues nationally and internationally for a hefty share of profits from commerce and trade, and while the Whites and Blacks threaten one another with annihilation, problems to simple human survival close in on this earth."

The daily press, periodicals and books are loaded with commentary and dire warnings about the threats to human existence by water pollution, soil pollution, noise pollution (a serious threat to mental equilibrium), the generally anti-human use of technology under the control of busines and politics and of the now imminent human disaster on some parts of this earth from overpopulation."

"A human cannot live longer than a very few minutes without air. Breathing quietly, an individual will take in 500 cubic centimeters of air with each breath, which is equal roughly to one pint.

At this normal rate of breathing an individual may over the course of a day be expected to require 20,000 lungfuls or more of air. The weight of the air consumed is considerably more than the body weight of the individual.

Traces (in the amount of about .03 percent) of carbon dioxide are necessary to stimulate respiration. Larger amounts of carbon dioxide increase the breathing rate. Further, ozone and nitrogen dioxide - increasingly present in the atmosphere around us from pollution - are suspected of accelerating aging because of their effect on body tissue.

"The carbon monoxide from motor vehicles, space heating, industrial wastes and other sources transforms into carbon dioxide. But before completing the cyclical change, some of the carbon dioxide and accompanying dirt and wastes pass through the lungs as the first swipe at the individual. Individuals with respiratory problems can and do die of heavy concentrations of carbon dioxide."

As the concentration of carbon dioxide increases in volume a 'greenhouse' effect is developing in the earth's atmosphere. The increasingly dense concentration of carbon dioxide will permit the sun's rays to penetrate the earth and the heat rays from the earth cannot escape as readily (much like an automobile parked in the sun with windows rolled up) into the atmosphere to maintain a vital temperature. The list of scientists concerned with this trend is impressive and growing. The amount of pollutants going into the atmosphere are not severely curtailed, and soon a warming of the earth may be accelerated to the point that the polar ice caps will melt. By the year 2000 (a mere 31 years away), will not be reversible. If the ice caps melt, the ocean levels will rise 300 to 400 feet, inundating much of the habitable land. Put this condition together with the prospect of a doubling of the world population by the year 2000 and it is quite obvious that irreparable catastrophe is in store for the future earth. Either one of the conditions would be a disaster, but both a disaster to the human species, without question."

As the world's population grows stronger, they report some alarming facts from Sources of Air Pollution and Health Effects, published by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

STATIONARY SOURCES (Industrial wastes)	MOTOR VEHICLES
2 million tons of carbon monoxide	66 million tons of carbon monoxide
3 million tons of sulfur oxides	1 million tons of sulfur oxides
2 million tons of nitrogen oxides	6 million tons of nitrogen oxides
4 million tons of hydrocarbons	12 million tons of hydrocarbons
6 million tons of particulate matter	1 million tons of particulate matter

SPACE HEATING
2 million tons of carbon monoxide
3 million tons of sulfur oxides
1 million tons of nitrogen oxides
1 million tons of hydrocarbons
1 million tons of particulate matter
POWER PLANTS
1 million tons of carbon monoxide
12 million tons of sulfur dioxide
3 million tons of nitrogen oxides
1 million tons of hydrocarbons
3 million tons of particulate matter
REFUES DISPOSAL
1 million tons of carbon monoxide
1 million tons of sulfur oxides
1 million tons of nitrogen oxides
1 million tons of hydrocarbons
1 million tons of particulate matter

And then they go on to state that "The grand total lethal damage to the earth's atmosphere, from the waste from other industrial countries on this Conclude that the thin envelope of atmosphere around is rapidly being filled with waste products that imperi

And they go on to further say that adding to the atmosphere of waste products was not enough, the areas of greenery which functions to absorb carbon di it to more plant life. The plant life is responsible for survive. As an example of human stupidity at work Amazon River Valley and replacing the vegetation wit

What on earth is the answer to air pollution?"

The briefs then go into the explanation of the road (which they call 'Technocracy'. And they talk of clea waste disposal and all kind of things.

It's interesting (I think we all know). Actually, I don't a few people who are aware that we have a fantastic (more dangerous than what other people think is danger or whatever; and that it is destroying the earth and the

There is a big meeting going on at the UN which will trying to cope with the areas I have touched, and a organized world effort because our present system, which is based on a profit motive, is not able to solve t of a greed factor involved in it. For example, the recee oil wells.

When I was in California last summer, I saw treme also was in Santa Barbara and that is a very interesti it used to be a semi-tropical paradise and today it is plantations there. Now there are no banana plantatio "Fleischman, who owns an estate there on the edge o own boats and by doing so changed the jet streams al greed factor, he changed the climate in a matter of y gone. It is no longer a semi-tropical lush area and has!

Another example is Big Sur, a beautiful place covere green and give it its beautiful vegetation. These trees are being cut down at a fantastic rate. It takes about a tree, and so now what you have is an erosion problem. Three miles are being eroded away and turned to red they are cutting down the trees, there will be nothing l

You see, lumber industries are very powerful lobbies came down upon the industry for being greedy. a California, Governor Raegan just backed the indu Redwood tree, you've seen them all."

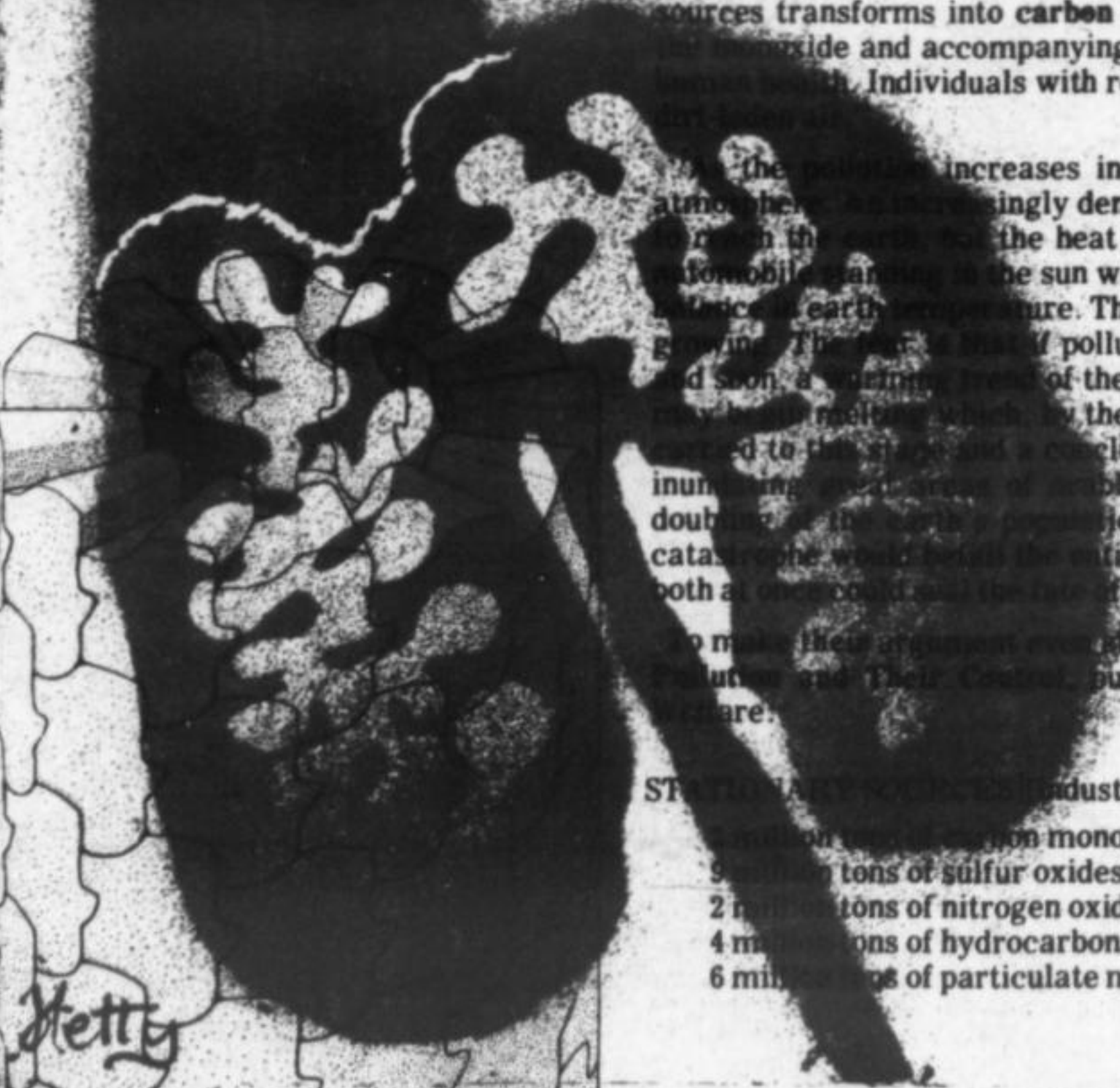
Things like these are going on all over the globe. overloaded the electro-magnetic air-ways, and if we negativize the poles and melt the polar ice caps.

And of course, there is the pollution problem from tl to destroy our environment.

And when you live in the city area and put out an und examples of this stupidity than in any other place.

It is a proven fact that a city cannot support a popul starts to break down. It becomes bureaucratic. For city, in terms of pollution, and in terms of economics,

It Was Like Packaging For

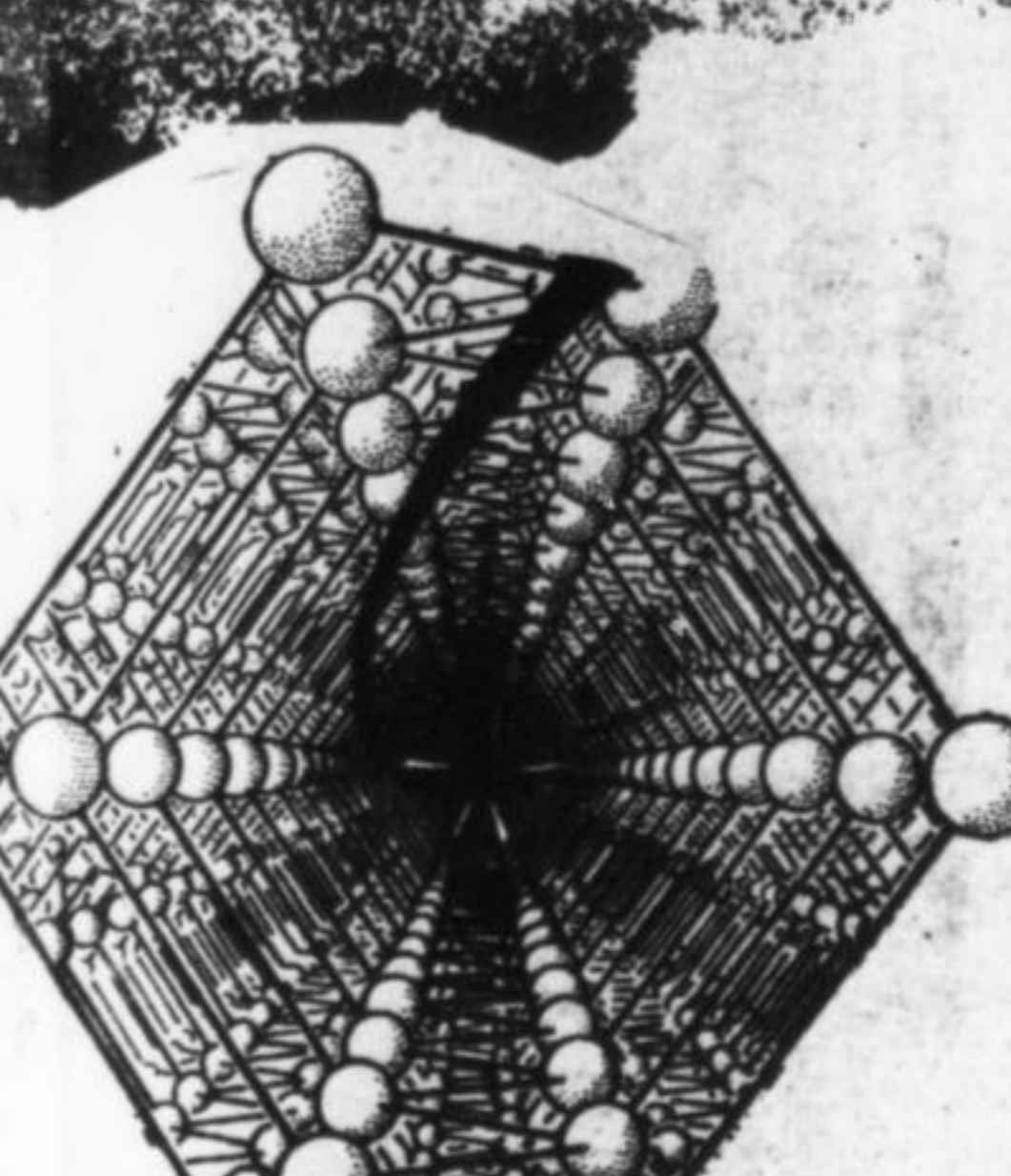
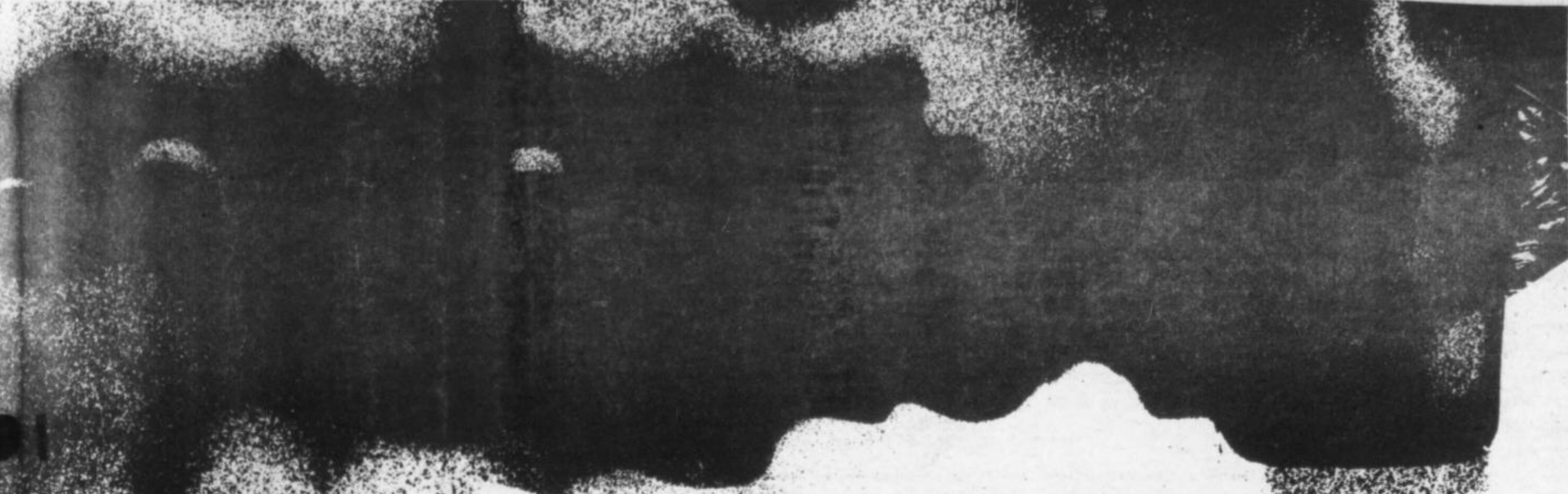


AND ALL THE SEA WAS INK THERE WOULD BE NOTHING

We wish we didn't have to dig so many

Legacy... life passed on from generation to generation TURNED TO INK IF ALL THE WORLD WAS PAPER

POEMS
Historic el
Grass God
13



total of this... waste doing
the U.S. alone... 12 million tons! Add to this
this Continent, and in the world, and one can only
around the earth, approximately 15 miles thick,
imperil human life.

g to the problem. "As if the exhaust into the
gh, the human animal is busily destroying vast
carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and converts
sible for generating the oxygen we must have to
at work, there has been talk about draining the
ation with cities and industry!

the roadblocks of politics, and of an alternative
k of clean power and new heating methods and

y, I don't think we all know. I think there are only
fantastic ecological problem on this earth which is
is dangerous, such as communism or capitalism
h and the earth is going to fight back.

which will go on for the next five years. They will be
ed, and try to centralize the problems under an
system, which is based on a capitalistic system,
to solve these problems because there is too much
the recent catastrophe in Santa Barbara with the

w tremendous examples of just utter stupidity. I
interesting place because not too many years ago
lay it is very hot and semi-arid. They had banana
plantations. The reason being that a man named
e edge of the sea, decided to build a jetty for his
reams along the Santa Barbara coast. By his own
ter of years, and now the banana plantations are
and has become a semi-arid one.

re covered by Redwood trees which keep the area
se trees which absorb a lot of water from the sea,
s about a thousand years to grow a good Redwood
problem in Big Sur of about 3 miles from the top.
ed to red dust. In less than ten years, at the rate
nothing left in Big Sur but red dust.

lobbies in California. When the Conservationists
reedy, and by doing so ruining the ecology of
the industry up. He said, "If you've seen one
globe. Scientists have warned us that we have
and if we don't watch ourselves we are going to
os.

In New York, we destroy garbage in two ways. In fact, in most cities we destroy garbage in two ways. We burn it with ozone which is a deadly chemical and pollutes the air, or we dump it into the ocean which pollutes the surrounding water areas and causes land erosion. I think it was Freud who once said, "You can tell the deterioration of a civilization by how much garbage it has piled up along its shore." If you ever look in the East River, you can almost measure the deterioration of the city area known as New York City. /This

problem of garbage is one of our most pressing problems because waste seems to be the thing doing us in. We waste huge amounts of food, mens' lives in useless wars, and money and time because there is no coordinate planning, no central planning, in terms of what is the best design system to support human life. Rather we use a system based on competition and profit motive and has no direction except if you make a lot of money and if your belly's full and you can get your hair cut every week it's a groove. And it makes everything all right.

Well, anyway, to get back to the point, a man in Tokoyo, a Japanese scientist, battled this problem of garbage. He looked at the problem of garbage and wastage in a very poetical way. He started with the simple idea that garbage, all garbage, was treasure. And he invented a machine which could compress garbage to a square block, disinfect it, pour asphalt on it and tile; and used it as building blocks for low cost housing. He made the garbage collection industry into a profit making industry and solved the problem of pollution in the 'same breath'. No longer did you have to burn it with deadly ozone or put it into the ocean. You used the wastage to build better housing and put the wastage to work.

This solution would help New York tremendously if it weren't for the fact that it has such a huge bureaucracy which is not easy to change. There are alot of people making money, collecting garbage and more people are needed to dump garbage into the ocean or burn it than there are to make into cylindrical blocks for building houses. There is a period of, what you would call lapse between the technological changeover and the present environment. You have large bureaucracies which want to maintain themselves and are slow in change and so the problem keeps coming up.

Buckminster Fuller, in the Triton program which he conducted for the U.S., suggested that since city areas are becoming overcrowded, we could build floating islands and attach them to the mainland. He suggested as large as 300,000 people in this floating city which would be supported by his geodesic dome idea; the tetrahedron principle which is the best supportive design structure. And he has proven that it can work.

But the trouble is how are they going to collect garbage again. Are they going to do it in the same old way? Throw it into the ocean or burn it as they have always done? Are they going to, in other words, keep the old bureaucracy going and still keep the same system that we have, the one based on competition and profit motive for the few which has caused these tremendous problems.

Well, Fuller realizes this problem and has said in effect that our own economic system is longer a design system which can support human life and that has to be changed too.

As far as the underground press is concerned, we are trying to report these things as they happen. The first thing is to make people conscious of it. And I think more and more people are conscious of the fact that we no longer live just in New York City, or Tokoyo, or Moscow; but in the Universe on the planet Earth. We have to plan out for large numbers of people all over the world because of the population explosion, the pollution, the wastage, the radiation that's gone into the air. We have to control these things from a central point and control them so human life can support itself. Otherwise, there will be an empty space in the universe where the planet earth used to be.

All human life has been run under an economics of scarcity, and the thing is that technology has advanced so much that there is no such thing as an economics of scarcity. It's an economics of abundance. They waste it. They burn it. If there is any extra food and farmers destroy it under government supervision just to keep food prices up, and has programs which deal with, instead of farming interests or corporations, the interests of the ecology. This has to be foremost.

Someone recently made the suggestion that the political structure be changed to fit our Constitution a legislative area which would be controlled by scientists and engineers who would plan out ecological solutions to these problems. I'm sure that if you'll scratch mine.

These are conscious motives which have to be shared by all of us. It is not some scientists recently got together at MIT and refused to sign any kind of government contracts. They refused, simply because all this garbage is being dumped into the air with radiation and could only lead to ultimate disaster.

So scientists are not trying to pull their weight, and are not trying to help the scientists and their information as scientists, and are not trying to help the public proliferate the profit system of our economy because it's not profitable to the planet and to human life.

I guess all I can say is to quote again what I quoted earlier: "When the music of the city changes, the walls of the city shake," and the motion picture of the city are shaking.



NOTHING AT ALL TO EAT AND EVEN LESS TO DRINK

STOP
I CAN'T BEAR IT
my holes.

POEMS
THERE ARE IN PLENTY BUT THE GRUB IS RUNNING SHORT



SHIT

(Continued from Page 4)

Bobby was brought back into the courtroom with a large white rag stuffed in his mouth and tied behind his head. He was chained to his metal chair, both arms and legs shackled to his seat.

Prosecuting attorney Tom Foran in a surprising act of humanitarianism, destroying the myth that he is a robot programmed only to jump up in objection every time William Kunstler opens his mouth, made a heart-breaking appeal for the bonds to be cut to let this wild man run free. Hoffman told Seale that if he would promise to be quiet and act like a "human being", the bonds would be untied. Bobby was ordered to shake his head yes or no in response. Instead of shaking his head, Bobby rumbled through his gag and rattled his chains. Julius the Just ordered him to be taken out and gagged more securely. When Bobby returned, the lower half of his face was bound with adhesive tape and he was once again chained to his seat. Julius Jennings then ordered the jury returned. Even this largely dead group of people couldn't help but express their feelings. One woman looked like she was in tears. Hoffman then instructed the jury to

ignore the bonds, that they were not to be construed as an admission of guilt, only to insure "a fair trial".

A lawful, orderly trial. The next day, three marshals beat Bobby right in the courtroom, as he continued to make noises in spite of the tape, gag, and chains. A second gag was added around his head so he couldn't move his jaws. By the end of the day, Bobby had bitten through both gags and quietly sated, "I have the right to defend myself."

Within the next two weeks, the prosecution should finish its presentation. Even though Kunstler and Weinglass do not expect much of the defense evidence to be admitted--such as the politics around the convention week--they expect to be able to present their side of the case as forcefully as possible, under the circumstances.

FAIR WARNING!

It's end the war in Viet Nam; bring our brothers back. Or the same force that Happened to Humpidy will Dumpidy Dick.



MILTON MOSES GINSBERG



COMING APART

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KING CRIMSON
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YOUNGBLOODS
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Oliver Nelson's HEAD LIGHTS

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JETHRO TULL
GRAND FUNN RAILROAD
PAT MATTRESS
with Noel Redding

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12 & 13

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and AT THE SHOW
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FILLMORE

(Continued from Page 11)

Far out? Very important. And most of all, informal. No one disputes New York's serene position as a great importer of talent, in rock as in all other fields of entertainment. But as a community of live and breathing music...Well, San Francisco, whose total population is a fraction of ours, has three or four times as many fine and known musicians living in the bay area, not to mention a bubbling well of fresh and eager talent arriving and growing.

This didn't just happen. Right, at the outset there were several things that gave San Francisco a special smile: the Haight, Keasey, the blown minds of the academic birch meadow, "real fine nicotine", acid and the wild west itself. But New York has supported organic and rooted musical scenes, witness jazz and folk, springing from the loins of the community itself.

In spite of recent bitterness resulting from several complex situations including the collapse of the Wild West Festival (all of which seems to be healing over), Bill Graham's contribution to the San Francisco musical scene, especially as a connection between musicians and the community, providing time, place and space, has been part of San Francisco's strength. This is what Tuesday Night at the Fillmore, first West and now shining down to the East, is all about.

So... "All young professional bands, playing progressive, original music", with dreams,

talent and something to say, the golden door awaits you. Pick up an application form at the Fillmore boxoffice or call Mark Spector at 777-4929. We want to get the message to you. To the community at large: It's relaxed, live rock, cheap and there is always the chance of hearing the next Dylan-Beatle-Stone...everyone really did start somewhere unheard-of. Besides it's a definite step in the humanization of New York by encouraging a community of creative people, not hired entertainers.

To "already there" musicians and rock stars of colossal fame: The highest moments of creative achievement in history, whether the Greeks (Plato) the Renaissance (Da Vinci), the English playwrights (Shakespeare) or the German composers (Bach) have only been reached when the entire community was involved and saturated with the art form. The more people who are making music, the greater the accomplishment of those who excel. A little involvement makes a real contribution.

To everyone: the first month of Tuesdays is crucial if this is something worth having. Last Tuesday night 750 very enthusiastic people heard Boffalongo, a young group from Ithaca, Ariel, five pretty ladies who put it together in Vermont and did a thing with Phil Spector's "River Deep, Mountain High", and Catfish, foundation rockers from Detroit. But when the call went out to musicians in the audience to come and jam with the 4 members of Santana, graciously there, a grand total of "three" (count'em) people lined up at the stage door...

LIKE ART

(Continued from Page 3)

so cultured, so deeply involved in higher and better things.

All of this left certain questions completely unanswered, even unasked: was it a valid definition of culture that a small wealthy elite and their hangers-on should feel good inside? Certainly this has been for centuries the European definition of culture, but was it the right one for America? Was this instant culture a real and deeply-inspired feeling because one believed it was, and if so how did it differ from self-hypnosis? Was the starting point for deep cultural awareness a shared belief among many people that something was true and good, or would it be better to begin by recognizing a diversity of opinions? Might doubt be a better foundation for culture than certainty? None of these questions were asked, and anyone who was listening for them would have to tune in a decade later, and even now they are only faintly heard.

No one can of course doubt the devotion of the artists working during the Eisenhower period, though a few of them sometimes did come on as buffoons, perhaps on purpose. The artists were probably the most innocent ones--if anything they were the tools and dupes of all the rest of us. We wanted CULTURE NOW, GREAT ART NOW, we wanted to believe that WE OURSELVES LIVED IN ONE OF THE TRULY GREAT CULTURAL ERAS OF ALL TIME, we wanted not clarity but glory, not quality but magnificence, not the history of man but the history of art. Even those artists of the time

who imagined themselves as social critics were hobbled by a style which converted social criticism into decoration and sometimes further hobbled by massive indebtedness to their galleries. This was art at that time, this was Eisenhower Art. And this is largely what is on view at the Metropolitan--Eisenhower Art.

Things go more deeply at the United States of Erotica. There are those who will criticize the U.S.E. because it is, like most galleries (and, indirectly, like the Geldzahler show), a commercial venture. But at least the work which is being shown there is something that will open out our consciousness and bring us a bit further on the long journey towards another society. One must travel to India or Japan or go back in time to Pompeii before finding a comparable collection of erotic items. I am one of the few privileged to have seen parts of the secret Greek and Roman erotic collection at the British Museum, and I am vividly certain that this much-fabled English hoard does not excel what is to be seen at Mr. Rosinek's gallery.

The U.S.E. collection goes much further afield than the usual paintings and drawings of people fucking. There are light-pieces, machines, and a remarkable orgy puzzle by Richard Etts that fits together in only one way. Another artist named Seymour Davis is a gifted primitive who has created a series of what can only be called erotic kewpie dolls--these will probably prove the models for the erotic kitsch that will be all around us in the seventies. They have to be seen to be believed. Equally fascinating is an erotic chess set

by Claire Frank and the extension of erotic themes into utilitarian objects like coat hangers and door knobs. Some of the least expensive objects, ranging from \$15 to \$40, are the delightful well-carved hash pipes. The only thing standing between you and actually seeing this collection is the need to call for an appointment at 369-4701--the address is 1240 Park Avenue, corner of 96th Street, Apartment 5A. The team of Rudi Stern, Jackie Cassen, Ira Schneider, and John Reilly are responsible for the mounting of a machine for viewing video-tapes and the imaginative tapes to be seen thereon.

In the meantime you may also want to visit the assemblage of works on exhibit at the Met. The best that can be said for it is that it is probably sincere enough in attempting to show a representative body of work from a rather roughly defined period. But almost nothing else is sincere about the show--it is a hundred times more commercial in its intent than Mr. Rosinek's show of erotic works and probably even more insidious and fraught with dangers for the young than the innocent work to be seen on 96th Street.

The Art Workers Coalition continues to meet on Mondays at 8:00 PM at 729 Broadway (corner of Waverly Place, second floor). Plans for a sit-in at a major New York museum are now being made, and the Coalition is about to put into circulation copies of a Recommended Draft Contract for selling a work of art which will guarantee the artist a percentage of the profit on his work if it is resold at a higher price than the price when first sold.

We're happy to see the world is catching up to The Youngbloods.

"C'mon people now, smile on your brother, everybody get together, try and love one another..."

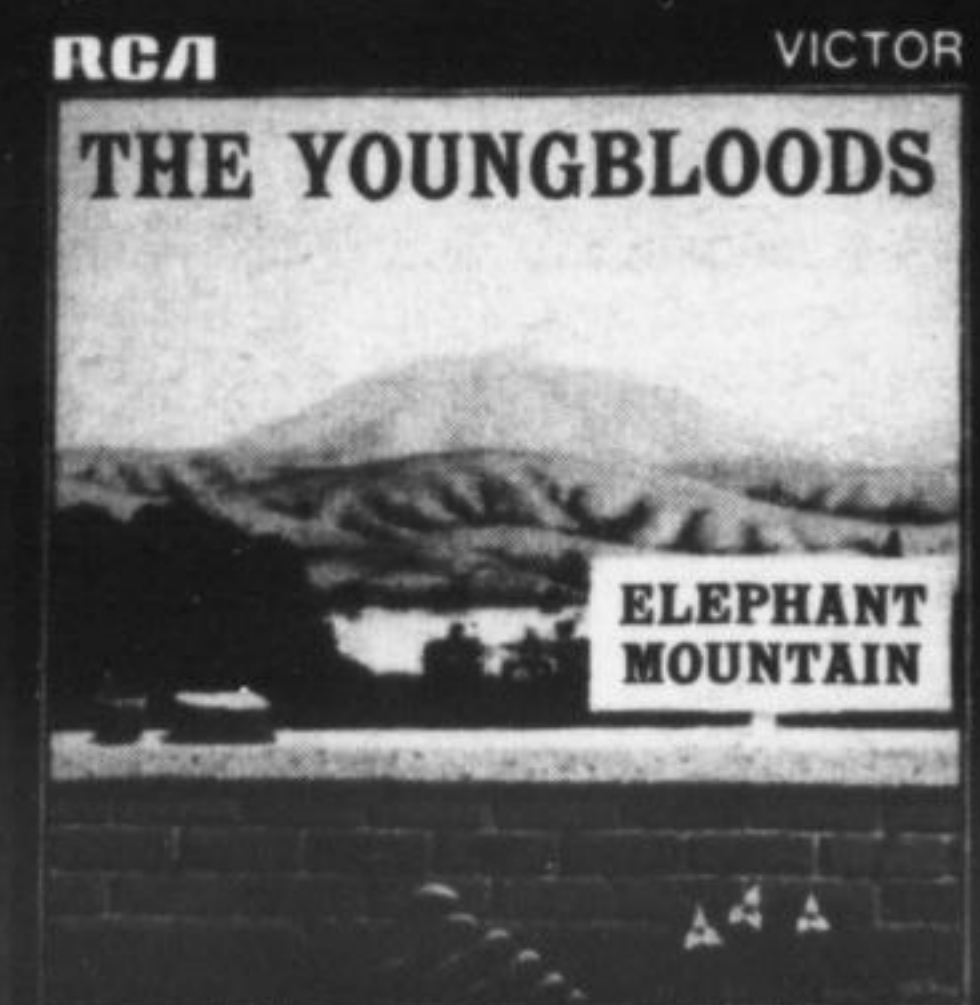
You sure do hear that a lot these days.

It's from The Youngbloods' first album, you know, and we've just reissued that album with a new cover and title ("Get Together").

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The Visual World of Infants



Perhaps
it's
here.

INDIANS

(Continued from Page 8)
happiness is so proud, and, and more impressive still, so amazed by what he feels is the stupidity of the white man that even when it comes down to life and death, he cannot humiliate himself and deal with the repressive double-speak ways of the immigrant. It is literally too much.

/Buffalo Bill, like the Beatles, is authentic. Like the Beatles he is very attractive to the power structure and its media who, if they can "capture" him and turn him to their uses, will have a mighty hold on the mind and the imagination of the masses. Bill believes, in his simple way, that his "Wild West Show" full of great Indians and real cowboys, will help the cause of the West. Really it is a puppet show to deceive the population with strings explicitly pulled from the White House.

No? Maybe it's here. "I don't need stripping precision!"

/There is a fantastic put-on of Hollywood, a play within a play done for the President and First Lady, in which Indians are (of course) "mother rapers, father stabbers and father rapers" and all played by European actors. At first Wild Bill Hickock, taken to the "tepee of the great white father" by Buffalo Bill, can't cut it. "I ain't gonna say none of this dude written sissy shit" he yells, pulls his knife, and ends up by humping the Italian indian maiden ("Oh god-a-of-a thun-a-der, save-a me!") under the carpet. But the emasculation is complete. Too secure to be offended the First Lady titters, "Oh, I'm trembling all over" and in fact it's all over for the West and the Indian.

/Over and over again the point is made, by Chief Joseph, by Hickock, by Sitting Bull, that it is humiliating to be forced to impersonate oneself. "Shit, I am myself," cries Hickock, shortly before selling out. This is the power structure-media's

greatest coup, getting us to "impersonate ourselves" into humiliation. Why is Dylan so magnificent? Because he has been too clever for them and refused to play the "Dylan" role. Or recently why have the Beatles been so disappointing? Because they are accepting the media scripts in order to have the media publicity and are playing the "Beatles". Indians are indians. Either they are indians or they cease to be at all.

/Playwright, Arthur Kopit, has come a long way from his Harvard days when he wrote one act things whose best parts were their titles ("On the renway of life you never know what's coming off next") and mumbled incomprehensible advice to the downy cheek fledglings of English C. From Broadway's point of view his play is together, disturbing, beautiful and original...but that's Broadway. In all clear-eyed honesty, the real play, "Indians", has not been written.

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ANOTHER SEASON FOR MIRACLES 17

DECOMP

(Continued from Page 7)
 fucked this guy's head for good and all by showing him the adulatory fan letter which his 16-year-old daughter in Queens had sent the Blimp, and the very dollar with which she had bought a subscription. Nevertheless, when the cops showed up, the guy shook their hands in a comradely, proprietary fashion—'Hi, there, officer, I'm Snoid-Floyd Snoid from Sheboygan'—sort-of-thing and asked them to please bust Pete and Missi right there on the spot.

'What for?' asked the head cop. 'For THIS!' explained the fellow, flapping a Blimp Works about like his daughter's bloody bedsheet. Then he set to ripping up some copies that were lying around...

Pete was loath to sign a complaint against the poor stooge—I think he was starting to feel guilty about publishing so much porn—so the cops let him go with a warning to steer clear of Avenue A in the henceforward. The guy went away in some kind of shock, with his strong silent type Italian friend in tow.

God send that 16-year-old daughter in Queens just stays to hell away from The New York Review Of Sex and Politics, between the Fascists and the Commies those guys got more than enough hassle already. Everyone should be aware, of course, that the New York Daily NEWS has swung the full weight of its position and reputation against the Review of Sex, which is somewhat analogous to an endomorphic dowager easing her arse over onto a june bug at an ice cream social. For damages allegedly incurred when the Review of Sex pirated the NEWS masthead and logo for a special satire foldout a month ago, the NEWS is suing for reparations that total \$25,000, above and beyond court fees. This is big business. The last issue of the Review of Sex was cultivated out of a \$104 bank account—it was one of the great success stories in American publishing that the mechanicals ever got to the printer, being that they had to be carried on the subways where the crime rate has risen 29 percent since SCREW started publishing. (Ah HA!) This is not big business, this is just fucking around.

The personal side of this affair is especially tragic, Harriet Van Horne fans. Like, Dan and Holly Mauer work for the Review of Sex and Horseshit, their little Ian is four and he needs new shoes for the winter. The other nursery schoolers laugh at him and shout, 'Here comes the Hurdey-Gurdey man!' when he approaches in his father's hand-me-downs. Ian needs braces on his teeth, EVO people! Holly needs new nylons, her pretty knees freeze in the Fifth Avenue gale! Dan needs a shrink for trying to support a family off such a two-bit newspaper! But does the NEWS need their \$25,000? Is the NEWS \$25,000 poorer since last month? Is the collection agency going to rip out Publisher Flynn's Roto-Rooter? BULLSHIT!!!

But ah, supposing and they win this case, is there anything the average EVO reader can do that will COST the NEWS \$25,000? Think it over, O puissant EVO readers—and in the meantime,

read the Review Of Sex, they need your four bits.

What they also need is a hired gun in the office. The NEWS might have second thoughts about squashing them if they knew about what went down last week, when the Review of Sex offices were raided by Belligerent Communists. I was on hand for this one, I was pecking away at the IBM composer, not doin' nothin', when allofasudden the office is INVADED by REDS!! Namely, there were two guys and a chick from the GUARDIAN bust in through the door, calling for publisher Sam Edwards' blood. One of the Commies was big, the other was scrawny like one of William Burroughs' ectoplasmic junkies, and the chick looked like she was married to the scrawny one and they assimilate each other's characteristics already.

'WADDAYA MEAN WID THIS SHIT?!' quoth the smaller fellow, holding forth an old Review of Sex, indicating the D. Melmoth column therein. Now it seems that in that column, Our Man In The Big Apple, D. Melmoth—the world's leading practitioner of a new form of satire called Creative Libel (a cultivation of the techniques of Robert Welch and Mark Lane)—had solemnly declared that the GUARDIAN, in an attempt to bolster its sagging circulation, had thrown in with SCREW to publish a weekly homosexual pornzine. 'We wanna retraction, motherfucker,' he went on. 'Whooz da pig who planted this information? Where is he? We're a God damn Communist newspaper man, you can't print pig bullshit like that about us!'

Edwards made it clear, in calm Zen-modulated Brooklynesse, that he'd be happy to print a retraction, but that the identity and whereabouts of D. Melmoth would remain confidential with the Review of Sex. But then the Commie, pulling a swatch of paper from his field jacket pocket, began to read aloud a word-by-word account of the retraction he wanted to dictate. At this point, crouching into his Karate stance, Melmoth asked them nasty Red Hooligans to please leave the office—'I give yas two minnits to make da elevators.' They left in a huff.

'Whew,' said Edwards, on his way to relieve himself of a few pints of accumulated nervous tension, 'I was worried about that chick. She looked mean.'

'The only good Red is a dead Red,' I reminded him gruffly.

Man, this publishing racket is getting to be one uptight scene... Like, did you notice what happened to the New York (formerly) Daily Column? They got so pissed off when a certain underground smut-and-politics rag said some bad things about them, that they up and pulled out of their printer, who also printed said smut-and-politics rag. Finding however that they couldn't very well afford any other printer, they turned back to the original firm, who had gone bankrupt in the interval without the Column account. So now the Daily column is a Weekly Column, and most of it is funny papers. At last they're performing a true service to the community, offering an alternative set of comics those of the Post and the News. Mind your ass, New York Times, you may be next.

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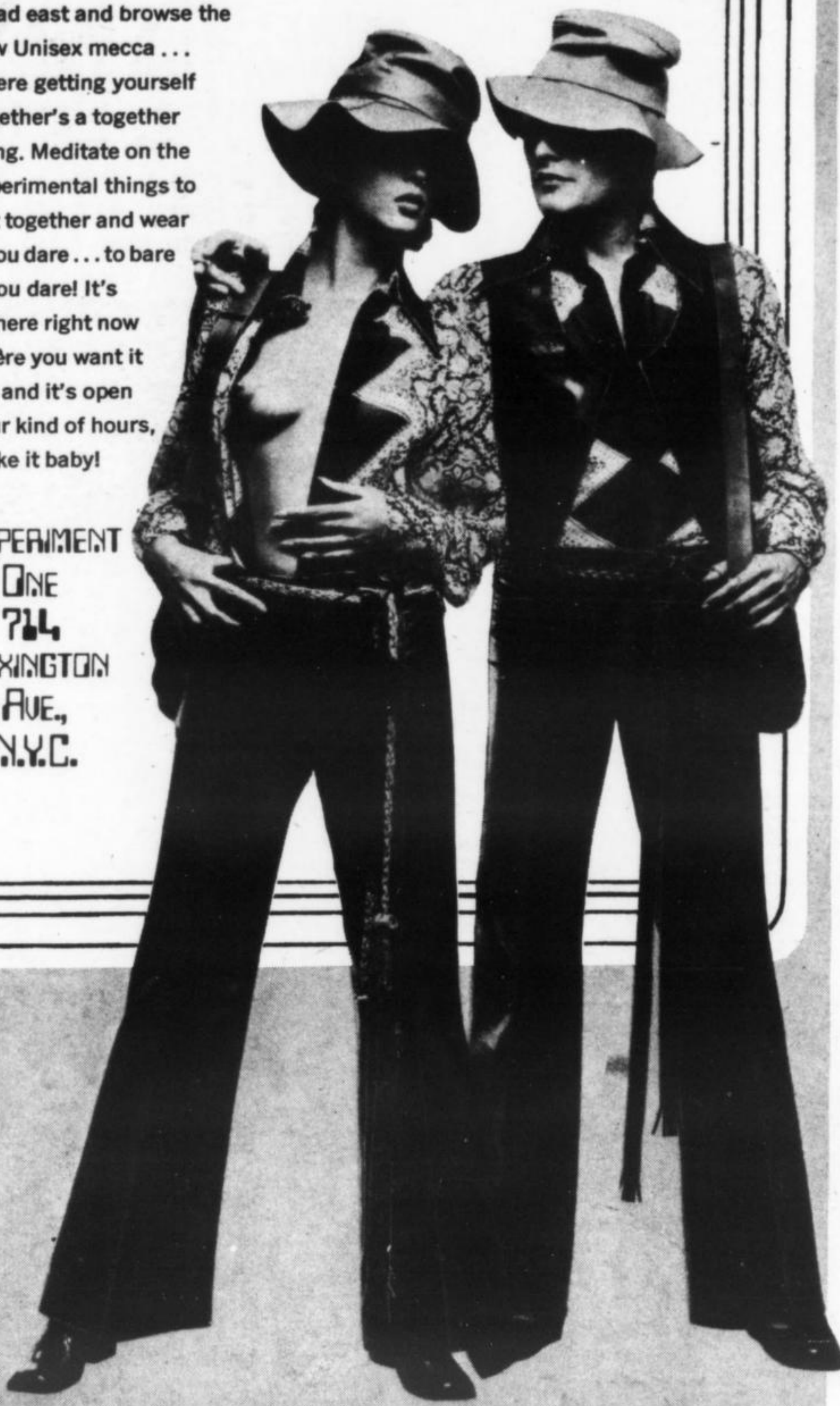
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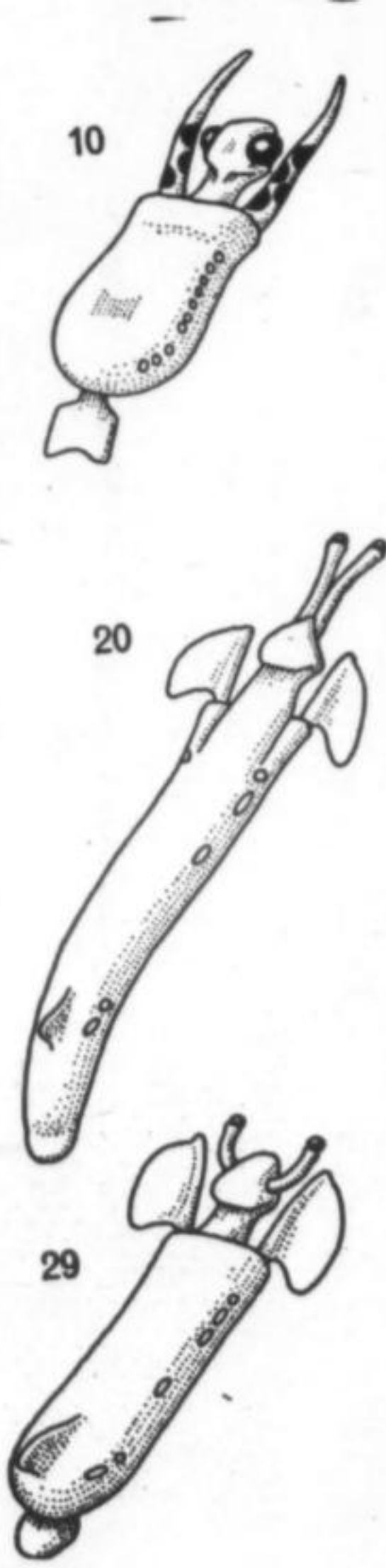
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AGENDA FOR REFORMATION





18 HALL

(Continued from Page 11)
for the same reasons that rock concert attendance is going up. There is a communication lost in the formalized structure of a concert hall which the rock concert atmosphere engenders. Structures, however, still have a way of intruding themselves into a rock concert.

Concert-hall music and rock-concert music still have one thing in common - they communicate (whether accepted or ignored). It is unusual in this respect when a member from one musical establishment comes into another's backyard to perform and give this communication. Last February (on a wet night) Lorin Hollander, a talented and accomplished concert pianist, made his way to the Fillmore East to give a recital of Prokofiev, Debussy, and Bach which has now been celebrated on an Angel release (STO-36025) Lorin Hollander at the Fillmore East. The record recaptures the excitement of that magical night while re-acquainting the listener with Hollander's own piece, a toccata called appropriately enough for the East Village, "Up Against the Wall."

Certainly "Up Against the Wall" is not a nice name, the name one would use in a concert for proper concert goers. This was not a proper concert, this densely chorded and furiously played piece was singular in its beauty and its power because it conveyed the frustration which the contemporary artist feels with the immediate world. "Up Against the Wall" broke through the self-created barriers which have been patiently erected between classical music sensibilities in its broadest sense (old ladies in print dresses) and the concert going public. It was a musical and cultural breakthrough as a statement about the quality of involvement of the artist within a fundamentally self-destructive society. What Hollander musically highlighted was the predicament of cultural establishment up against the wall because it refuses to make itself immediate to the people, supposedly in whose interests it was created in the first place.

Long ago, the concert hall was the only place one could go in order to listen to classical music. The concert hall was a place for artistic expression, where music could be aired and people would listen with open minds. The last thirty years have changed the meaning of the concert hall. Now it has become a place where music is enshrined, where art has been made into a cult; in short it is a place where the accoutrements of culture are worshipped. The concert hall turned into a place where the performance was secondary to the luminaries who attended to it. Accordingly, the innerplay between audience and performer takes place along ritualized lines and no communication is reached.

Since concert-going has degenerated into vapid object worship, the artist-performer has been forced to pander to the pampered audience and the moneyed Establishment which underwrites the affair. The Establishment is only concerned with its image as cultural defenders albeit if the culture it supports is rapidly becoming extinct. Halls like Philharmonic Hall have done much to make culture the property of one class

when in reality it should be available to anyone who wants it (not necessarily those who can pay for it either. Why not a free night at Philharmonic where artists donate their time while the foundations subsidize, why not a free night where anyone can go and not worry about the proper etiquette - just the music. Although philanthropists will argue (rightly or wrongly) that they won't get their money out of it and lose the repute which comes with the conspicuous spending of money, they might get the satisfaction of seeing art made available for everyone's enjoyment.

Hollander's piece "Up Against the Wall" has even greater significance on this level. It is a musical indictment of the cultural establishment and the moral climate in which art has been forced to exist for the past thousand years. It's not enough for a classical artist to play to paying audiences, after all, they don't need the cultural awareness. The classical artist has to come out of his ivory tower in which he has been imprisoned by musicologists, well-meaning philanthropists, and assorted social climbers. If classical music is to survive as a lasting tradition, if it is again supposed to move men's hearts and minds, it must come out of the concert hall and onto the street.

One could well envisage a rotating Sunday

freebie concert schedule for each of the boroughs in New York or anything along those lines to bring all of the music to all of the people. The way things have stood for many years, the only place to hear music was a concert hall (watercress sandwiches optional, of course). The prices were and are exorbitant and the spontaneity nil because the artists were bored playing the same old stuff for essentially the same old audiences.

If more artists like Hollander take the step out of the cultural crypts like Philharmonic Hall and bring their talents to the streets, they will find more responsive audiences in one way or another. The artist has a responsibility and more over an obligation to make his music and his art more meaningful and available to the general public. Classical music, be it Bach or Bartok or Xenakis, still has the same emotional force it carried many years ago...before it was stuffed and mounted in concert halls for public viewing. If given a chance, many now entranced with the rock medium will see yet another side to the music they dig and see classical music as part of the continuum of all music, ordered or disordered. Either way it can raise the emotions just as powerfully as Tommy or "Street Fighting Man".

For those who were not at the Fillmore East last February to hear Lorin Hollander play, one can buy the record and partake in a

profound cultural, intellectual and emotional experience. His concert record shows the evocative power which classical music has, and demonstrates beyond any reasonable doubt that classical music belongs to the people... Up Against the Wall, Philharmonic Hall!!!

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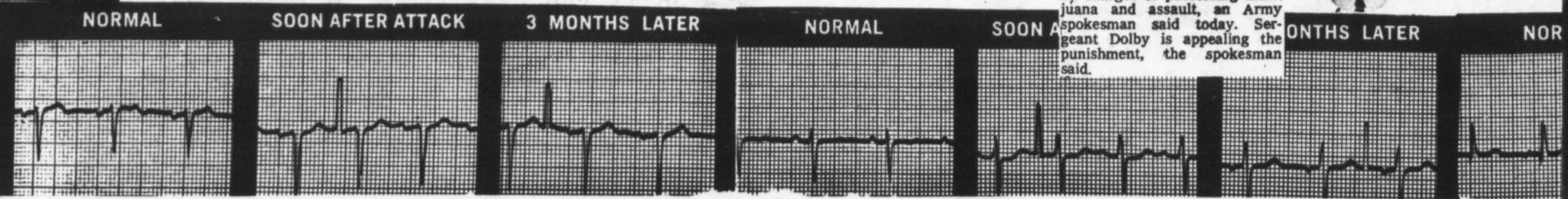
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CIA

(Continued from Page 9)

Moreover, he brought a heavy written "work schedule" entrusted by the CIA, a "questionnaire" with well specific points, on matters of internal policy of Cuba and of its relations with other countries, as well as the compilation of "biographic data" on several eminent leaders of the revolutionary regime. ("Reasonable expenses will be paid (sic) for giving receptions (sic) for the purpose of cultivating such persons"). Carrillo Colon still had no transmitters. For this he utilized an expeditious way: the diplomatic bag. Reports of all sizes travelled by that via. Also photographs, among them military objectives.

For his reports the CIA agent used methods that would have sent Sherlock Holmes or Hercules Poirot crazy. They were not "invisible" writings with mile or lemon, which schoolchildren play with today. The method was super-modern. In the typewriter, a white chemically-treated paper, which invisibly reproduced the typed characters on the subsequent sheet, was placed behind the top copy. Any letter with its true contents disguised could be written behind this last sheet. When it arrived at its destination, this double letter was "revealed" in the CIA laboratories.

In November 1965, Carrillo Colon made a 15-day trip, via Mexico, to a CIA operative center to prepare himself in the handling of new electronic apparatuses. There he met "Enrique", el "vio" and other chiefs who signed the messages. They suspected nothing, it seemed. Meanwhile, the Cuban Counterintelligence waited, patiently, with their headphones set... Together with the lessons, the CIA supplied their agent with very modern equipment. A RT-58A radio transmitter, a RR-49 radio receiver, a KE-8E manipulator for erasing the tapes used in the transmissions, leaving them ready to tape new messages. A small plant which would have made any amateur radio-ham die of envy. The diminutive apparatus was capable of transmitting from any place in a few seconds, due to its "rapid throw" characteristics, a fairly extensive coded message.

Carrillo Colon carried on his criminal operations convinced that he enjoyed complete impunity. As the daily newspaper "Granma" pointed out, the agent felt strongly backed in his activities by other important officials of the Mexican Embassy. At times, naturally, frightened ("My reference to the absence of air was due to a tremendous fear converted into panic which in reality had no base nor reason for

existing. I am now cured...") but on the whole confident, without ever thinking that he was closely watched, that his messages were detected, his steps followed with mathematical precision. The same for the CIA itself, which once again committed the mistake of underestimating the Cuban intelligence service and believing that the "Carrillo affair" was a "masterpiece" (from the point of view of the CIA an agent with diplomatic status is a luxury).

Actually those who were carrying out a masterpiece were the anonymous men of Cuban intelligence who were patiently drawing to a close one of the most complete and perfect counterintelligence jobs in memory.

A special supplement published by "Granma", on September 15 last, is one of the exceptional documents of our time.

A work in which all its characters are real, and the situations alternate between a few true facts and foolish remarks and gossip (the most) contrived in the feverish mind of the agent or some spokesman, very often in moments when the libations were well under way.

The 48 page "Granma" supplement, contains an introduction by the newspaper, the text of the Cuban denouncement to the Mexican Ministry of Foreign Affairs (Sept. 1) and then, under the title of "The facts", the impressive array of proof accumulated by the Cuban intelligence: In total, the texts of 29 instructions and messages from the CIA to Carrillo Colon, 44 messages and reports from him to the CIA and 105 photostatic copies of these and photographs of the electronic equipment utilized by the Mexican mercenary.

All this prof--impressive in itself--as "Granma" says, in only "a part of the copious material on the case which the Cuban Revolutionary Government is in possession of.

Disregarding our natural curiosity for asking ourselves what the rest of the documents will say--not published for reasons of exclusive competence of the Cuban government--that which has been published is actually more than enough to appreciate the magnitude of this sensational affair. Moreover, it is sufficient to determine the following basic facts:

1. The ratification of the CIA's shady activities in Cuba, its permanent conspiracy, its acts of sabotage, its intentions to corrupt some figures politically and ideologically weak, its plans of spying on Cuban military objectives, etc.
2. The efforts of the CIA to involve in its schemings other

important figures in the Mexican government, thus plotting against Cuban-Mexican relations. One of Carrillo Colon's messages to the CIA in September 1968 says: "Due to the Cuba-Mexico cold war situation and the fact that you have not received my previous ones, I suggest as a matter of urgency that the President orders Mexican Secretariat of Foreign Affairs, that all correspondence or if it is possible, that diplomatic bag be handed over to Lic. Cisneros for him to open, since otherwise my work will continue deficient because of stupid geniuses Mex. Secretariat For. Aff".

(Lic. Joaquin Cisneros is the personal secretary of the President Mexico, Gustavo Diaz Ordaz).

In another message, Carrillo says: "In order to get a colleague out of Cuba via Mexico it is necessary you speak to Lic. Echevarria and Ambassador Covian to establish special countersign on telegram asking for visas". (Echevarria is Secretary of the Interior of Mexico, Covian is the Mexican Ambassador in Cuba and the "colleague" mentioned is another CIA agent).

3. The devious personality of Carrillo Colon, his moral degradation, his coarse and base methods, his use and abuse of his diplomatic status. It also demonstrated that the CIA must be satisfied more and more with agents of a very poor intellectual level, like Carrillo, a man who not only wrote like a first-grade student but was at odds with the most elemental orthographic rudiments.

Illustrative of Carrillo's idiosyncrasy, of his corrupted personality, of his cringing servility, is the contents of the following message, one of the last that he sent to the CIA, on occasion of launching of the Apollo spaceship:

"Humph! Humph! Humph! Receive and transmit my sincere congratulations to your astronauts, people and government of the U.S.A., for shaping in all its grandeur the longing of man: to break the umbilical cord which kept him tied to the earth as if trying to prevent him from demonstrating everything that that word implies. To be a real man. My very warm congratulations also to all those in their different positions, from the anxious scientist to the most modest employee, contributed in one way or another, sometimes without knowing it, to achieve this feat which places us in a new dimension. Here goes another one. If some day you are looking for a colleague to go to other worlds don't, I repeat, don't count on me. There we would drink whiskey like tea or like iced lollipop. Greetings".

The lunar euphoria of this CIA agent came down to earth with all his criminal plans of counterrevolutionary espionage. It is the end of those who conspire and attempt against the sacred interests of the people, even more if this people--as the Cuban--is sovereign owner of its destiny. And is alert, vigilant, always on the lookout.

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MAXI NEWS

(Continued from Page 10)

DDT SUIT INITIATED

NEW YORK (LNS) - A \$30 billion damage suit was filed Oct. 14 in Federal Court in an attempt to attack those responsible for DDT poisoning and related ecological crimes.

The suit, filed by Mrs. Carol Yannacone, names eight companies, the principal manufacturers and distributors of DDT, the insecticide.

The defendants are: Montrose Chemical, Baldwin Montrose Chemical, Chris-Craft Industries, Stauffer Chemical, Allied Chemical, Diamond Shamrock, Olin Chemical and Lebanon Chemical. The suit cites the direct damage done by DDT as well as anti-trust violations by the corporations, who have fixed prices and crushed competition.

Mrs. Yannacone, whose husband, Victor, is associated with the Environmental Defense Fund, filed the suit "on behalf of all the people of the United States, not only of this generation but of those generations yet unborn, all of whom are equitable

owners of the natural resources of the United States...entitled to the full benefit, use and enjoyment of the environment and natural resources without damage or degradation from the illegal acts and conduct of the defendants in furthering the production, distribution and use of the broad-spectrum, persistent chemical biocide, DDT."

MICHAEL NUKK CASE WON - ENDS 18 YEARS OF MCCARTHYITE PERSECUTION

After living for nearly two decades under the shadow of a deportation order, Michael Nukk, a U.S. resident since 1932, is finally a free man. The Board of Immigration Appeals granted an application by Nukk's attorney, Ira Gollobin, to reopen the case and hearing officer Aaron I. Maltin then ruled on September 18, 1969, that an examination of the "meager record" makes it "abundantly clear...that the Government has failed to sustain the charge of deportability."

Nukk came to the United States from Estonia in 1932, as a seaman. In 1939, the Immigration Service admitted him for permanent residence. Required, like all noncitizens, to register in 1940, Nukk stated what he had never hidden -- his Communist

Party membership from 1933 to 1936 or 1937. But in 1951 at the height of the Senator Joseph McCarthy witchhunt, Immigration authorities arrested him for deportation, based on his own admission -- eleven years before -- of past membership.

Although this was the only evidence offered at his hearing, he was ordered deported and the courts upheld the order. Meanwhile he had first been released on \$5000 bail and then was re-arrested and held without bail for eight months.

Nukk was ordered to apply for admission to the Soviet Union and to Poland, but both countries refused to accept him. Despite the inability of the Immigration Service to deport him, from 1953 to 1969 he was on "supervisory parole" to insure "availability for deportation." For several years Nukk was required to report weekly, and then once a month, to Ellis Island where he was questioned about his activities, employment and whether he had traveled outside the New York City area to which he was restricted.

Commenting on this victory, Dr. Paul Lehmann, Chairman of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born,

declared: "The Nukk case highlights the basic inhumanity and denial of elementary rights under the Walter-McCarren immigration law. Noncitizens are denied freedom of speech and association and acts not punishable at the time committed, can later be made the basis for tearing Americans from their families and sending them into exile. We urge that letters and resolutions by organizations be sent to Senators and Congressmen urging support for a time limit -- a statute of limitations -- barring deportation after ten years' residence."

DOPE NEWS

The Lebanese government is pressing harder to eliminate the Hash industry now a "major problem" in Lebanon. The gov't says that they hope to have the growing of grass eliminated entirely next year, relying entirely on an economic war, in which they offer subsidies to farmers in the growing of sun-flowers, who would otherwise be growing grass.

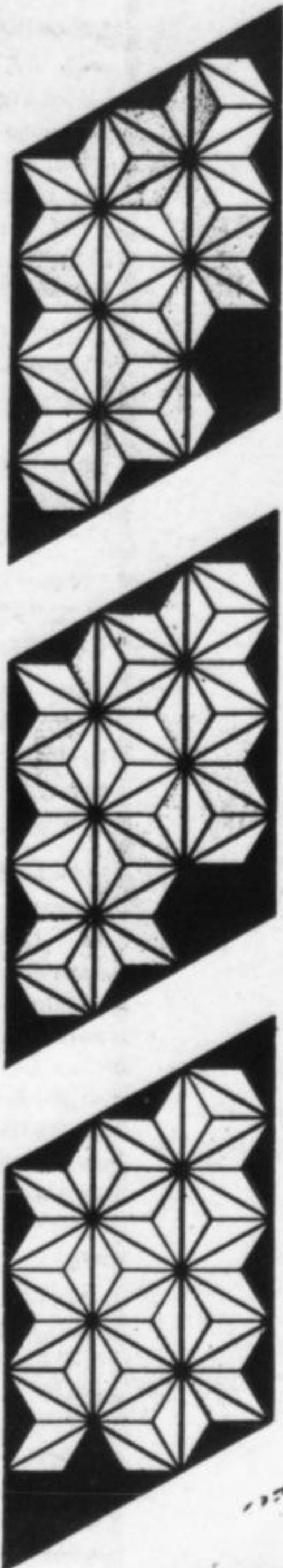
The details of the program are as follows: In 1966, the Lebanese Ministry of Agriculture began to offer 22c per kilo on sunflowers during a time which they claim farmers could only get 11c per kilo of Hash. In addition, the Ministry provides free seeds for the farmers. There is only one officially acknowledged problem in the program - The Lebanese government loses 8-9c per kilo of

sunflowers, despite the fact that sunflowers make excellent oil. To counter this, they have asked the U.N. to lend financial support to build things like a factory to convert sunflower leaves into fodder. Apparently, they will get the support, for countries like the U.S., who wish to stop the growing of grass, will eagerly lend their support to the program.

Despite this one problem in the program, the Ministry of Agriculture seems to be successful in their campaign. They give figures of 10,500 acres of land being turned from grass farming to sunflower seed production since 1966 when the whole thing started. If they have their way, they will have 4,500 more acres converted by 1970 - and they believe that when 15,000 acres have been converted, that the "problem" will be licked.

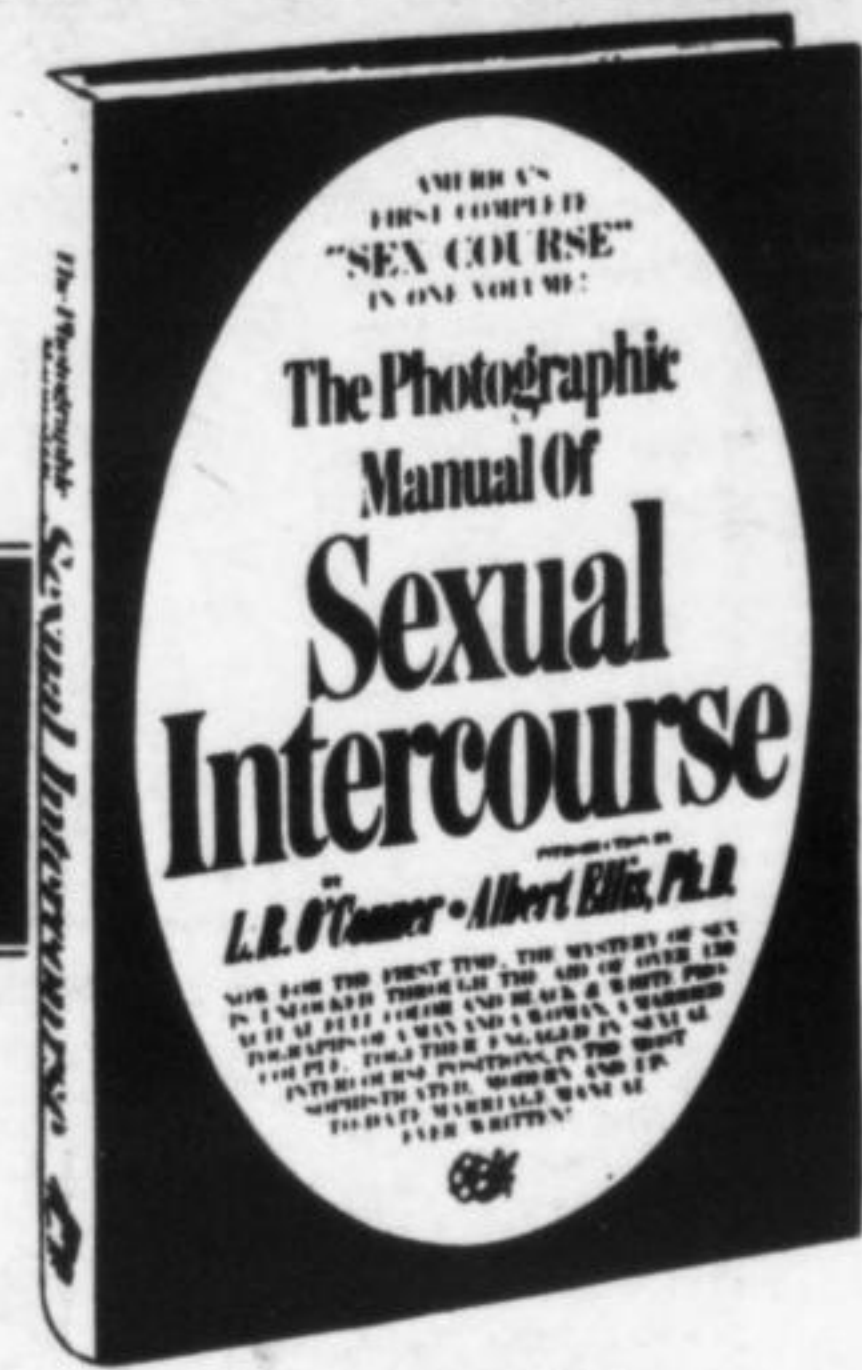
Grass has long been illegal in Lebanon - ever since the U.S. made the dope scene. Nevertheless grass thrives in the Bekaa Valley, and fields stretch for miles. Apparently, the only time the government has burned the fields was in the mid-50's, during an anti-drug drive. From now on, however, things will probably get more uptight all over the world, a result of U.S. politicking against dope. There will probably be quite a few problems with field burning though, since Arabs have been smoking dope for a long time and are not likely to relinquish the pleasure.

Another fact which the Lebanese government doesn't seem to realize is that farmers will switch back to growing grass when demand for Hash will boost the market prices. The way out for the Lebanese Gov't is to raise the amount of money they give farmers per key of sunflowers. It promises to be a long race. (Washington Free Press)



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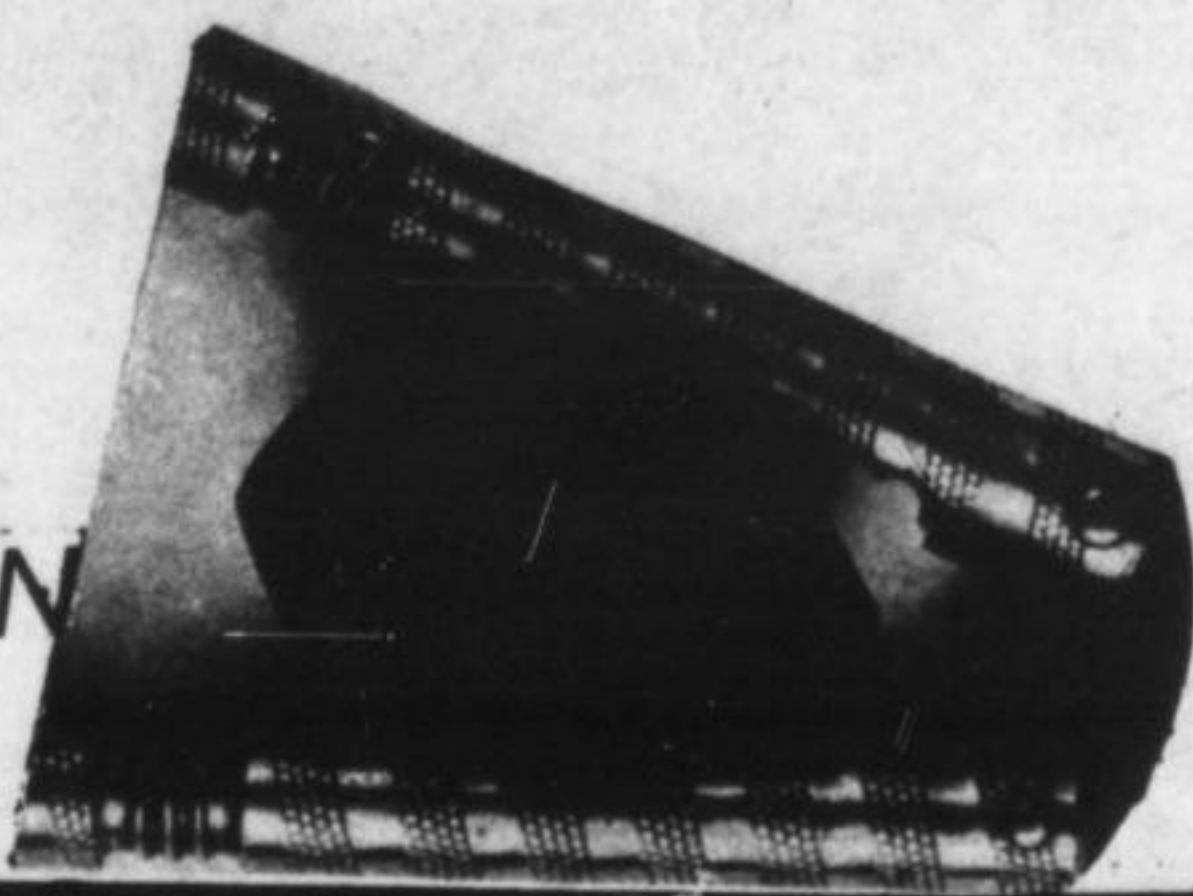
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