

You CAN take the Country out of the Country Issue

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MIXED
CITY

WANTED



For Unnatural Acts

HIRAP 比

TOO BAD FOR AMERICA THAT IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, SHE HASN'T AS YET BEEN ABLE TO OVERCOME HER INFERIORITY COMPLEX VIS-A-VIS HISTORY.

A RANDOM SAMPLING OF SOME RECENT NEWS ITEMS IS A PERFECT CASE IN POINT. TO BE SUBJECTED AT THE END OF THE APOLLO 13 FIASCO TO THE COMIC SIGHT OF AN EXECUTIVE FONDLE AND THE BOORISH BANALITY OF "I DECLARE THIS MISSION A SUCCESS."

NIXON'S PERSONAL SHRINK, ONE DR. HUTSCHNECKER, URGING HIS PATIENTS TO SUBJECT ALL SIX YEAR-OLDS TO A FEDERALLY SUPERVISED PSYCHIATRIC TEST TO DETERMINE THEIR CRIMINAL POTENTIAL. "FOR THE GOOD OF THE CHILD, FOR THE GOOD OF THE PARENT AND FOR THE GOOD OF THE NATION." SIBG HEIL!

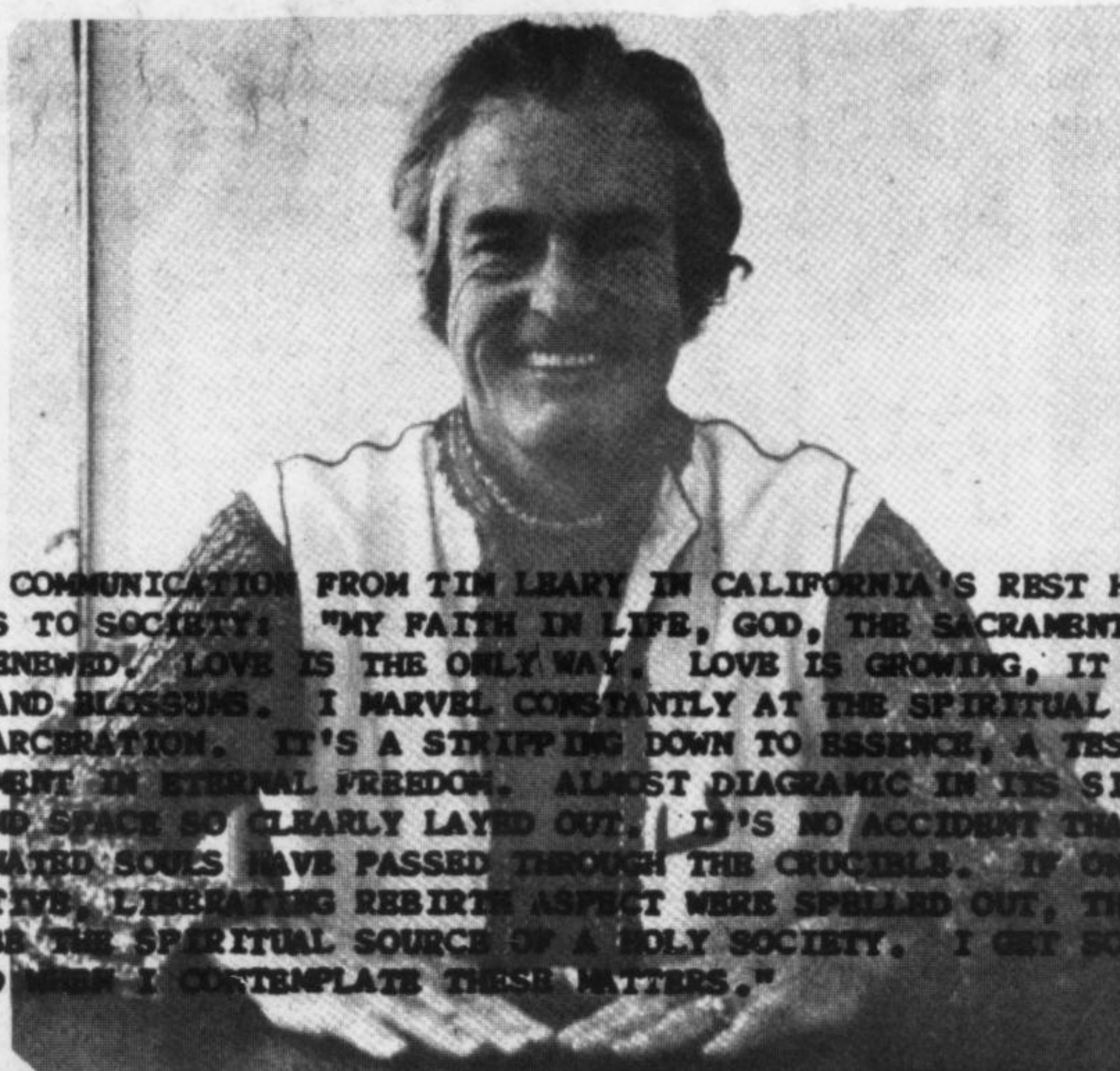
THE 1970 VERSION OF JOB MCCARTHY, ALL AMERICAN GERRY FORD CALLING THE EVERGREEN REVIEW A "HIPPIE-YIPPIE PORNZINE."

THE RAND CORPORATION'S CONTRACT TO "EXAMINE THE FEASIBILITY OF NOT HOLDING ELECTIONS IN 1972." THE SPONSOR, R.M. NIXON. AMERICA'S OWN VERSION OF THE GREEK JUNTA.

IF IT WASN'T SO SAD, IT COULD HAVE BASILY MADE THE BEST JOKE OF THE YEAR LIST.

See below

MESSAGE FROM LEARY



LATEST COMMUNICATION FROM TIM LEARY IN CALIFORNIA'S REST HOME FOR MENACES TO SOCIETY: "MY FAITH IN LIFE, GOD, THE SACRAMENT IS MILLION FOLD RENEWED. LOVE IS THE ONLY WAY. LOVE IS GROWING, IT HEALS - WARMS AND BLOSSOMS. I MARVEL CONSTANTLY AT THE SPIRITUAL IMPLICATIONS OF INCARCERATION. IT'S A STRIPPING DOWN TO ESSENCE, A TEST TUBE EXPERIMENT IN ETERNAL FREEDOM. ALMOST DIAGRAMIC IN ITS SIMPLICITY, TIME AND SPACE SO CLEARLY LAYED OUT. IT'S NO ACCIDENT THAT SO MANY ILLUMINATED SOULS HAVE PASSED THROUGH THE CRUCIBLES. IF ONLY THE REDEMPITIVE, LIBERATING REBIRTH ASPECT WERE SPELLED OUT, THE PRISON COULD BE THE SPIRITUAL SOURCE OF A HOLY SOCIETY. I GET SO TURNED ON, EXCITED WHEN I CONTEMPLATE THESE MATTERS."

/rosemary we love you

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|------------------|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| IAAKOV KOHN | DEAN LATIMER | EUROPEAN OPERATIONS | JENO | Charlie Frick |
| ALLEN KATZMAN | DAVID WALLEY | JOSEPH STEVENS | FRED MOGUGUB | |
| ARTHUR FELDMAN | JOHN PETER ZEMGER | DOM KATZMAN | SPAIN RODRIGUEZ | |
| IRVING SHUSHNIK | CLAUDIA DREIFUS | AL SHENKER | KIM DEITCH | YOSSARIAN |
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| JACKIE DIAMOND | LITA ELISCU | BREN NICHOLS | JAMES LICHTENBERG | |
| RAY SCHULTZ | REMFREU NEFF | ZLAGOBODINSKI | LONDON MILES | |
| JACKIE FRIEDRICH | LIL PICARD | STEVEN HELLER | AMSTERDAM | SIMON VINKENOOG |
| KARIN BERG | GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA | FLICKA DE MOID | PARIS | J J LEBEL |
| | | NORTH THE KID | DURANCE VILE | TIMOTHY LEARY |

EARTH DAY WEDNESDAY APRIL 22

BERRIGAN SPEAKS

The following statement was issued by the Rev. Daniel Berrigan, S.J.; in it, the Jesuit priest explained his reasons for refusing "temporarily" to surrender to the United States Justice Department. On April 9, 1970, Berrigan was to have begun serving a three year sentence for destruction of Federal Draft files in Catonsville, Maryland, in May of 1968. His statement follows:

The Viet Nam war continues. It is therefore imperative that resisters make it clear that the meaning of their protest is not tied to the string of federal penalties. Simply, by refusing punishment, we insist that we are not criminals; it is rather the federal government which must bear that stigma.

This being true, it is no more logical that a war resister obey a government order to surrender to American justice, than that an American youth appear for induction into the military. The American military and American justice are simply two arms of a government which has betrayed the mandate of the people. Under such illegitimate authority, I hereby choose to be a fugitive from injustice. I shall remain in the custody of my friends as long as I choose to do so, and shall surrender only when the community of resistance is served by such an act.

My reasons for this decision are simple.

The Viet Nam war has extended through the terms of two elected Presidents, both of whom had accepted, in promises to the electorate, a citizen's mandate to end the war. Today, the war not only continues; it has expanded beyond the borders of Viet Nam into Laos and Cambodia. It thus threatens, by the decision of American power, to engulf us all — Asians and Americans — more and more deeply in its irrational and ruinous course.

In such a circumstance, the time for petitioning our government for redress of grievance is ended. Resistance to the war in every aspect of its course, whether military, the government, or the courts, must be intensified. I therefore refuse, for the time being, to submit before a system of power which in condemning me, condemns itself as an instrument of exploitation and murder in Viet Nam and elsewhere.

The destruction of draft files at Catonsville was a last ditch measure against illegitimate and repressive authority. The act was in full accord with the law of conscience, with logic, compassion, and public order. My temporary refusal to appear on command, to pay the price of an of humanity is only a first step. Its direction must not be mistaken, either by the warmakers or the resisters. It points clearly to the more intense reckoning which awaits those who betray their people. War resisters must, in greater numbers, refuse to stand judgment in American courts, or to serve terms in American prisons, for acts which defy the folly and fury of power.

At Catonsville, nine Americans destroyed draft files with napalm as a protest against the burning of



Vietnamese children, as well as the whole conduct of a useless and wasting war. For all but the willfully blind, it is evident that our act was explicitly non-violent. We were careful of the physical welfare of those in the draft offices; we neither burned nor bombed. We chose to submit to arrest, to stand trial. As we foresaw, we were condemned; when our appeal was exhausted, we were ordered to begin serving sentence.

Meantime, the war continues. Song My is but one incident in a scenario of horror. A new rhetoric, huckstered by a new administration, attempts to persuade the public that the war is phasing out. The draft is reshuffled, picayune reductions are made in the military budget, a specious timetable of troop withdrawal is concocted. But nothing has really changed, as our President and his generals are at pains to remind us. The body count is the same, though "Vietnamization" changes the skin pigment of the corpses.

But something has changed Mr. Nixon. And for this change, we have your leadership to thank, prevaricating and bankrupt as it is. We Americans have changed. Or to

put the matter more exactly, you have changed us. Your cry for domestic law and order, even as you export violence and disorder, the intensified legal jeopardy under which you place conscientious men, your public contempt for the legislative and judicial spheres, your benign neglect of the poor in our midst — all these have helped us realize the price we must pay, if peace is ever again to visit our country and our world.

A priest of the Catholic Church, I declare by my action at Catonsville, and by my refusal to be inducted into the American penal system, my freedom before God and man. I am responsible, not to the warmakers and purveyors of violence, but to the community of peacemaking resistance.

Mr. Nixon, take note if you will, of our faith and our conviction. It is not we, but you and your misuse of power, your manipulation of human resources, your indifference to human suffering, which are in jeopardy. That government against the people, without the people, despite the people, shall perish from the earth.

Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

MAROONED!

By Ray Schultz

Swigert, Haise and Lovell are three fellas who narrowly missed having their corpses crystallized in space for all eternity and we should certainly give them credit for Courage, Fortitude, Intelligence and Yankee Know-How. They took off last Saturday on the first mission designed specifically to disrupt the ecology of the moon and they carried a payload of explosives to set off a lunar moonquake for the benefit of seismographs left by previous lunar visitors. Minor technical foul-ups permeated the news all week before the flight however, and hours before the lift-off. Astronaut Thomas K. Mattingly came in contact with German measles and was pulled out of the flight roster and replaced with civilian test pilot Jack Swigert. Mattingly, a bachelor, had a career of being passed over by the military officials for various programs and promotions, and now according to friends, he was taking this as a final, bitter disappointment. Swigert, also a bachelor, didn't have too much to say about the whole thing; he was already floating across the universe when informed by the people at Houston that he had failed to file his income tax return. Internal Revenue lost no time in programming a solution for the negligent astronaut, by virtue of

his being out of the country, he was, they said, entitled to a 60-day delay in filing.

There were some people who thought Swigert should be given a 60-day delay for the flight. A number of scientific functions were wiped out when Swigert came on board because he couldn't be trained to take them over in so short a time, but with the Asian war quickly spreading to Laos, Cambodia, Thailand and Hawaii, and the president getting his ass handed to him on his second selection for the Supreme Court of the United States, well it seemed about time to send another three moonmen into the trans-Zagreb vaudeville circuit, and so it was done.

Still, the public relations effect could only be minimal. The whole space program seems to be getting a bit old. At one time, in 1961, when Alan Shepard took off on a sub-orbital flight in the Friendship 7, we could watch the entire flight on TV, and it came to a total of 15 minutes at a reasonable hour of the day, too. Gus Grissom's flight was similar, then came the biggie, John Glenn, and this was for three or four hours and we listened to constant reports and followed the event very closely. Then a whole series of space spectacles, and by this time the flights were so

long days that we missed out on most of it and tuned in only for the most prominent aspects: the takeoffs, the spacewalks, the moon-landings themselves. In between, there was always the dead space, the long ride. After the first moon landing last July, the whole thing seemed to fizzle out and the overall effect was one of boredom until last Monday night, when Mission Control announced that Lovell, Haise and Swigert were in serious trouble. Then the fun began.

The first reports were sketchy. The radio only announced that the moon landing had been aborted and the astronauts informed that they had only 15 minutes of electrical power left, and that they were in "grave danger." In the Cafe Fedion where the EVO Studs heard this astounding news, someone yelled out "It's about time!" and was answered with hard, cold stares.

We tried ourselves to a television set. The reports filled out the event for us, and we found that at 10 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, a disturbance occurred aboard the ship, knocking out two of the three electrical cells in the command module and the oxygen supply, and covering the portholes with gas and debris. "Houston, we've

got a problem," Lovell reported, to which Houston answered "This is Houston. We know you've got a problem." The one good cell remaining in the command module was quickly powered down, and Lovell and Haise climbed into the Lunar module to activate the electrical and rocket systems that were the last chance to transport the men safely back to earth. ABC television broadcasted directly from the Mission Control Center, and there seemed to be a dull, humming dread as technicians walked frantically about, programming the various figures and data that might save the astronauts. ABC science editor Jules Bergman interviewed a test pilot on the various implications of the disaster, and it strongly resembled an interview from the jets football field, the test pilot, glowing and stoned, smiled through the entire thing and made various cheery remarks like "emergencies like this are what the name of the game is."

A press conference with NASA officials was given at about 1:30 in the morning, and this was the strongest indication of the gravity of the event. The three speakers, Christopher Kraft, Astronaut James McDivitt and Sigmund Sjoberg, all looked tired and haggard. All three were on the chopping

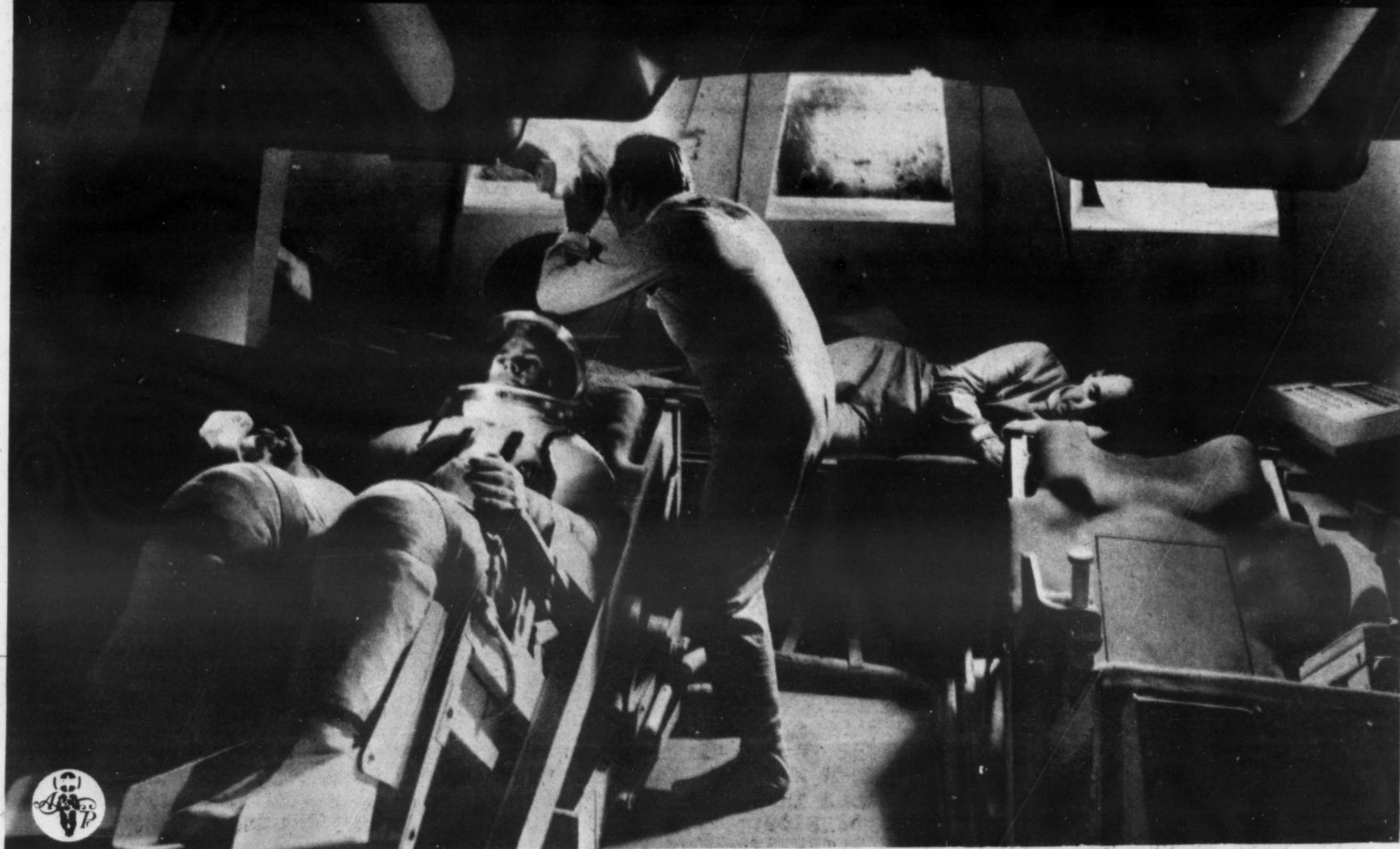
block. It was as if they had come in to announce "we've f*cked up," and they were deadly serious. Before they began talking, there were serious technical problems with the sound system, and the large blank gaps in the sound were interspersed with such anonymous remarks as "Can now hear Mission Control, but it's overmodulated."

"We have a serious problem in the command service module," Kraft announced. He was dressed in a white summer suit and looked like Jim Backus, the TV comedian.

"We appear to have had an accident in the region of the fuel cells and oxygen tanks, and we're concerned now with getting the situation under control."

They went into the specifics of the event, that the Lunar Module would be turned into a virtual lifeboat, that all systems in the command module would be powered down and that the command craft would be used for a "sleephouse," and that all work from now on would be done in the Lunar craft, that for

(Continued on Page 19)



The administration of this country believes in beautiful innocent causes where no one is guilty and no one does wrong. Causes that can unify the entire nation in one great harmless harmonious love-through. Causes like ecology.

We also believe in beautiful innocent causes where no one is guilty and no one does wrong. We would like to see the end of all bars and prisons in this country before the next century begins. Unfortunately the administration keeps putting our people behind bars and in prisons. We do not think this is harmless or harmonious. Therefore we do not believe in ecology. We believe in NATURE CRIMES.

NATURE CRIMES is an extremely powerful idea. We hope we will not have to push it as far as we think we can. This is because we do not believe in a vengeful, vindictive society. But the idea swings, and we will push it as far as we are forced to.

The beginning will be relatively innocent. We will simply use the phrase in our demonstrations. Whenever the administration says ecology or environment, we will say nature crimes. Whenever the administration says that we are all guilty of bad ecology, we will point out that it is the administration in particular that has been guilty of nature crimes.

We will point out that it is exactly the same sector of society - banking, industry, and a permissive government - that has committed these nature crimes as has committed crimes against mankind in Viet Nam, Chicago, and the nation's ghettos.

The first phase of the Nature Crimes campaign will go peacefully enough. We will bury a few cars, sit in at a few corporations, hang a few leaders in effigy. We will point out that the very government which is now jailing people on trumped-up charges of

ARREST NATURE

by Alex Gross



CRIMINALS

At this time the administration may still be able to avoid disaster if it is willing to a) adapt a sensible ecologic, economic system; b) release all political prisoners, including those on drug charges; c) stop all intervention in foreign wars. If it fails to do this, the nature crimes campaign may then enter its final phase.

During this lawyers will come to accept that nature crimes actually exist - a body of existing Nature Law will be found on the law books, and new legislation will be passed. Scientists will testify that nature crimes are in fact a form of murder by which countless millions of people have had lives prematurely shortened. comparison with war crimes seems inevitable, and it is worth noting that some jurists already feel that the war crimes proceedings may have created a precedent for general trials of leaders such as nature crime trials may become. And historians will point out that nazi war criminals also claimed they were only following orders and helping their country against foreign enemies.

Thus it may well be that some of our leaders who now take such delight in sending young people to jail will spend the last years of their lives, when they had expected to be respected and honored, in their own jails. It may also be that the entire matter will be taken out of the hands of the courts by bands of enraged nature crime vigilantes.

We sincerely hope that none of this will happen. But it will happen unless the vengeful vindictive society of today takes steps to show itself more comprehending and compassionate. It will happen unless the old and bigoted men in our government take steps to yield a large measure of real power to the young and alert people who are going to take over society anyway.

trumped-up crimes is itself guilty of very real crimes indeed.

The government will respond with its ecology song and dance, claiming that it has done everything it can, that we are all responsible together, and shouldn't we all go out and sing and rejoice in this nation's great greenery?

We will reply by making our charges more specific. We will demonstrate that our president, our state governors, and our industrial leaders either failed to do anything about a sound ecology system during the last twenty years or committed acts in contempt of it. We will unearth speeches they made only a few years ago in which they dismissed people concerned about the quality of our environment as a bunch of

crackpots. We will not only speak out against nature crimes, we will name the nature criminals.

Our leaders will dismiss our accusations. They will claim they were only doing their jobs and that no one is perfect. They will say they were only following orders or that the American people demanded a high level of production and waste-making products. They will say that we had to violate our ecosystem to keep ahead of the Soviet Union.

They will claim that bad ecology is merely the result of human nature. We will reply that **ECOLOGICS IS ECONOMICS**.

By this point a nation-wide campaign against nature crimes and nature criminals will have developed. Posters, buttons, bumper-stickers, and all available

media will be used in this campaign. Mayors, state and city legislators, and local officials will be accused. Our major industrialists will find themselves targets, and even the director of the one major factory in a small town will see his face posted at every corner above the words **WANTED FOR NATURE CRIMES**.

The campaign will be largely successful among all sectors of the population. The words Nature Crimes will crystalize the instinctive feeling most Americans have that their government is basically dishonest and has been for some time. The words "ecology" and "environment" are distant and foreign and hard to explain to most people - the phrase **NATURE CRIMES** will unify most Americans in a clear simple cause.

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

INTERGALACTIC UNION DOPOGRAM

SYMBOLS
DL - Day Letter
NL - Night Letter
LT - International Letter Telegram

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is shown at point of destination.

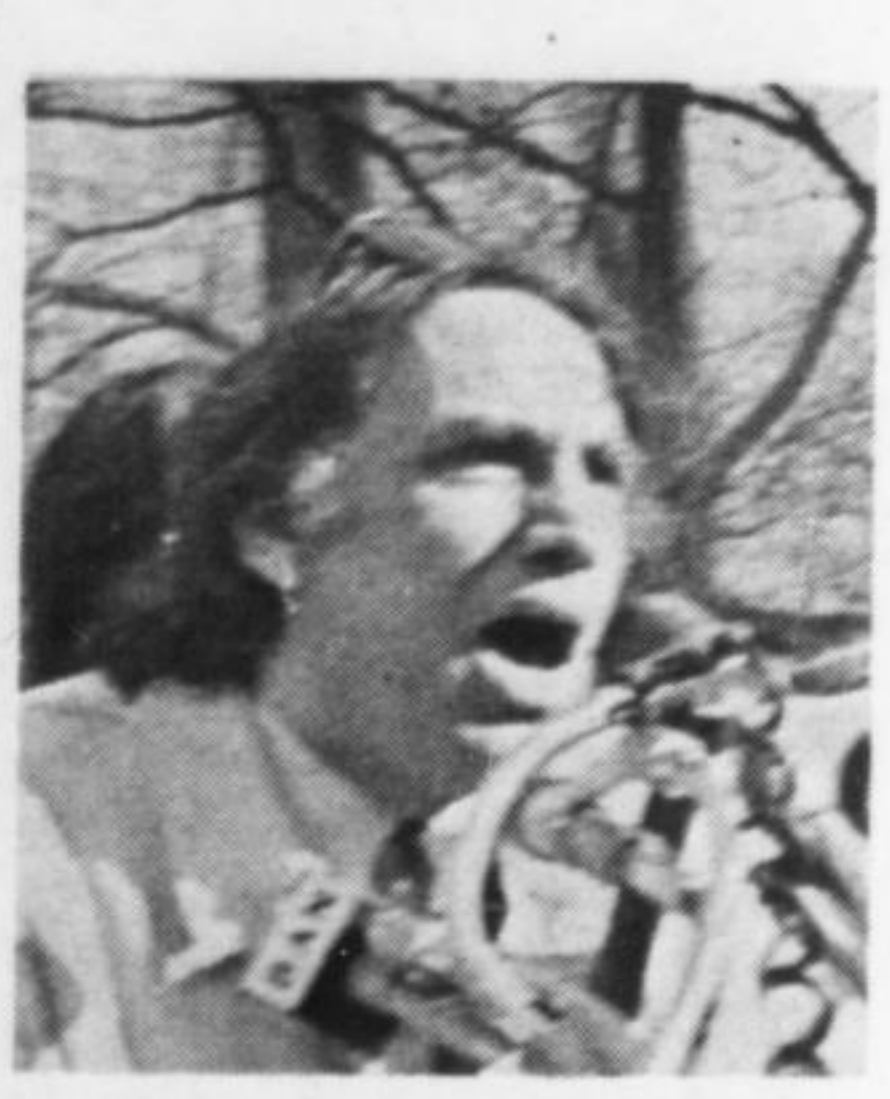
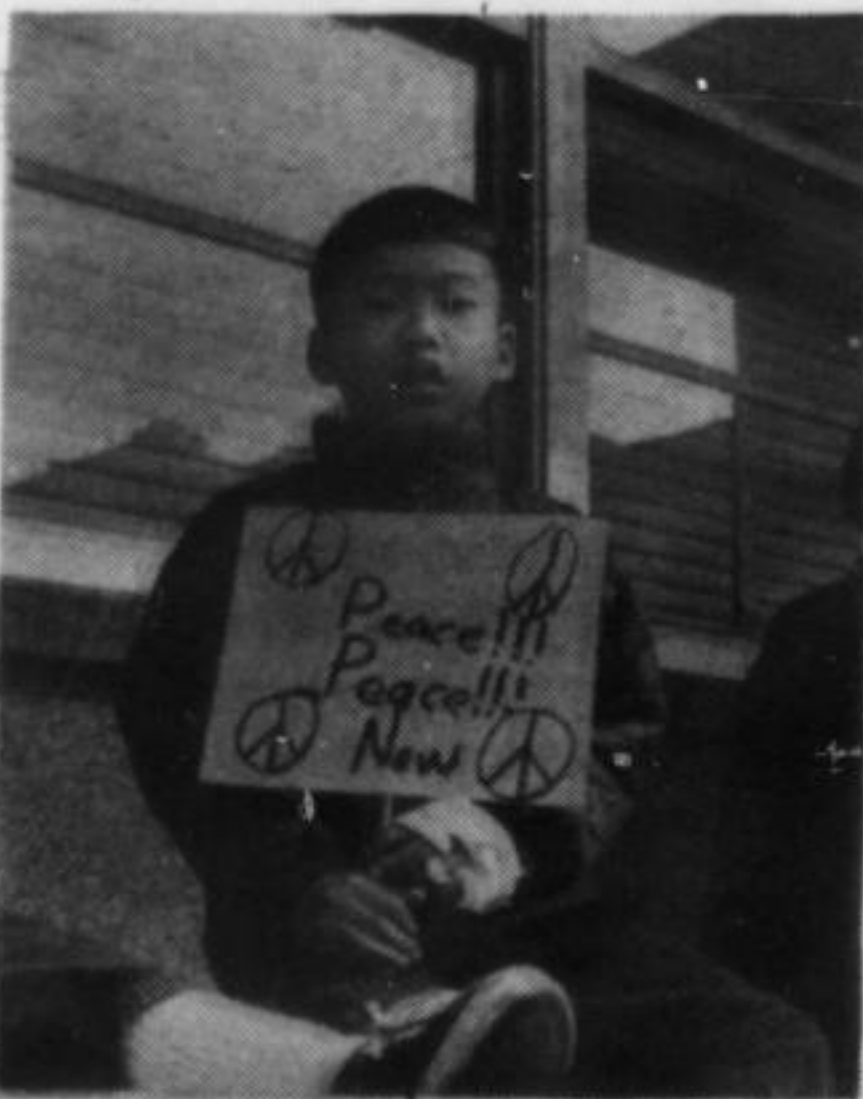
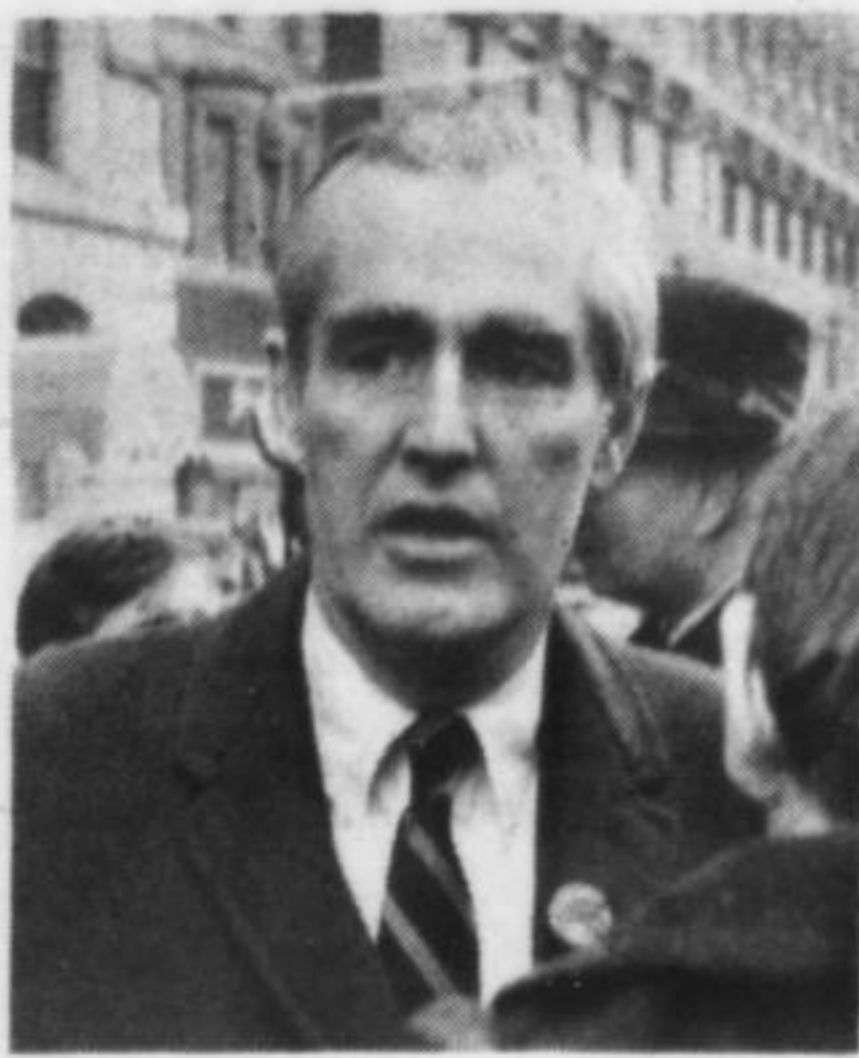
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THE UNDERGROUND, CARE THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER

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BROTHERS AND SISTERS
MONEY? SURE MOST DEALERS START THEIR TRIP FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING MONEY. THAT WAS THE TRIP OF THE SIXTIES. BY NOW A GOOD DOZEN OR SO OF NEW YORK'S DEALERS HAVE MADE ENOUGH MONEY. NOW IT IS TIME TO THINK ABOUT YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS. BIG BROTHERS SHOULD HELP YOUNG KIDS TO SET UP THEIR SCENE. BY DOING SO, THEY HELP TO SET UP THE CHANNELS OF DISTRIBUTION; THEY KEEP UP THE FLOW.
AS SOON AS YOU DEAL ON LARGER SCALES, YOU WILL DEVELOP A FINE FEELING FOR MONEY. YOU WILL SEE YOUR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS GETTING HUNG UP ON GREEN BILLS. OBSERVE THEM, TALK TO THEM, HELP THEM, DON'T LET THEM AND YOU BECOME VICTIMS. BABY, TO YOU MONEY IS AN UP TRIP. REMEMBER A FEW MONTHS AGO YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE HAD A PENNY. IN FUTURE THIS SITUATION MIGHT OCCUR AGAIN. SO WHAT, YOU'RE STILL BEAUTIFUL. TRY TO KEEP DETACHED FROM THE EVERYDAY MONEY SCENE. KEEP THE OVERALL VIEW. EVERY DRUG YOU HELP TO DISTRIBUTE SHOULD HAVE YOUR IMPRINT. IF YOU SELL 100 POUNDS OF GRASS TO 7 PEOPLE, 3X20 AND 4X10 LBS. YOU KNOW THAT THOSE QUANTITIES WILL BE BROKEN DOWN TO SINGLE POUNDS UP TO 5 OR SO AND THOSE AGAIN INTO SINGLES AND POSSIBLE 1/2 LBS. AND OUNCES. IN OTHER WORDS, THERE WILL BE THREE TO FIVE PEOPLE BETWEEN YOU AND THE SMOKER. NOW IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT EACH OF 5 PEOPLE MAKE \$50 PER POUND. IF YOU PAY \$100 PER POUND, YOUR PRICE SHOULD BE \$110. IT IS UP TO YOU AND YOUR INFLUENCE IN YOUR CLAN TO MAKE SURE DRUGS ARE AVAILABLE TO EVERYBODY.

(Continued on Page 10)

KICK ASS JUNCTION



BY RAY SCHULTZ



We're standing here in the immediate vicinity of the stage at Bryant Park where a folksinging group is leading the crowd in some kind of peace hymn. The sun is shining. The air is clear. The Nova Scotia sign atop the Wurlitzer Building over on Sixth Avenue looks mighty fine. It's a good day to kick some ass, do some stomping, mutilate some meat unless of course you're an adolescent from Long Island in which case you're content to watch and listen and follow the instructions of the 200 marshals brought in by the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee to keep the peace at this the first anti-Vietnam War Moratorium in New York in six months.

The stage is located on the terrace next to the library, and is separated from the main crowd of 30,000 by a set of steps and a pair of barricades, a no man's land heavily patrolled by Marshals who wear pink buttons with petite little "P"'s emblazoned in white. Some of them carry megaphones and fog horns. Many more are dressed in American Legion uniforms with medals and hats. The stage area is occupied mostly by guests and members of the press and a set of T.V. cameras is standing on a

wooden platform to the right of the stage. The Marshals patrol this area with a vengeance. Most of them are young and full of bullshit. Mayor Lindsay is scheduled to appear. Jose Torres stands on stage. The folksinging group leaves the stage and someone begins reading a list of the war dead, then —

"Free the Panthers!"

"Off the pig!"

"Bring the war home now!"

In the front, near the barricades, a group of radicals are screaming at the stage. They are young and ragged, and they have introduced a new anger to the traditional peace demonstration, they are angry because the young Bobby Kennedy types on the Peace Parade Committee have preempted all radical concepts from the Moratorium and are working full-speed to present a healthy, clean-cut image to the American public. They are angry because the Mayor of New York City will be speaking and making political capital of the demonstration while the Black Panthers who are the vanguard of the radical movement rot in jail. They scream some more. The man on stage continues to read the list of war dead. Two or

three of them duck under the barricades and a squad of marshals rush to the fore. They begin shoving. Someone throws a punch. A melee breaks out and the marshals form a sort of flying wedge, arms clasped, to keep the crowd from surging into the no-man's land. The radicals are forced back for the time being but they are clever fighters and a small trickle of them begins under another barricade, then *Smash!* and the barricade is down and hundreds of people pour up the steps and they are met by the marshals who try to jam them behind the barricades again like sardines into a can and the fight continues with more punches thrown and the mob sways dangerously, then the left flank breaks through near 42nd Street and in a matter of seconds 2,000 people are throwing themselves at each other in a great battle of pull and tug. The barricades go down and thousands more crush toward the stage. The marshals try to fight it but the ground is lost and the stage shakes from the pressure. Jose Torres looks scared. The fighting is directly under him. A red-headed union organizer, Al Evanoff, from District 65, takes the microphone and begins a

pleading rap:

"Brothers and sisters, what is happening here is a disgrace to our movement — please keep the peace."

"Fuck yourself!"

"No, I'm a radical too, and I know that socialist revolution will free all of us —"

"Free the Panthers, you asshole!"

"Let's continue the meeting, brothers and sisters. We're not fighters, we're lovers —"

The mikes go out. There is a scuffle directly under Evanoff's spot on the stand. Fists swing, curses are hurled, blood flies in the air. Evanoff continues to plead with the fighters.

"Don't hurt them," he tells the Marshals.

A short-haired youth tries to climb on stage. A Puerto Rican kicks him off. Evanoff climbs up on the railing with a stupid smile on his face and pleads some more with the crowd. He almost falls off backwards. There is some quick conversation. The District 65 men, against their will, agree to let speakers from the crowd have the microphone, they have no choice. Organizer Howie Swerdloff almost gets a chance, but he is chased away and the mike is given to Mike Golash of the Progressive Labor

Party, who had been knocked off a few minutes before and whose chin is bleeding from a slight cut. He immediately goes into a pro-Panther rap, and he castigates the "liberals of the Parade Committee."

"We're tired," he says, "of some leading politicians who say they are against the war when in reality they are the biggest racists!"

"Right on!"

Golash gives a heavy speech, then he quits the stage. More scuffles break out. Someone announces that Mayor Lindsay has been held up in Albany and will not be able to attend. Some people cheer, but even more boo and try to force their way to the stage. Evanoff asks for speakers from the crowd, specifically for any Black Panthers or Young Lords who might be present — but hundreds of people more are jamming into the crowd surrounding the stage. Jose Torres takes the microphone, "I am Jose Torres," he says, "Former light-heavyweight champion of boxing —" but the mikes are damaged and we cannot hear what he has to say. The mob is packed tight around the stage and the marshals are still

(Continued on Page 17)

photos: Joseph Stevens-Asylum Press

GAS CHAMBER FOR POT

The death sentence has been voted by the Bakersfield City Council for a second conviction of selling marijuana or illegal drugs. The action is not expected to have any direct legal effect, since felony legislation has been preempted by the state.

Councilman Robert Whitmore, who introduced the legislation, said, "Unless severe measures are taken, an entire generation will be destroyed by dope."

Whitmore acknowledges the unenforceability of the ordinance but said, "It has the value of notifying the legislature of the city's strong feeling about marijuana."

Mayor Hart said the ordinance would stiffen the attitude of the courts. Councilman Heisey, who earlier this month presented a bill to banish "bizarre personages" from the city, said, "These dopers need to be put away for good. Let's put a little fear into these people."

Last year, around 950 people were arrested for selling pot in Bakersfield. Statewide, some 35,000 people were found guilty of pot selling. The gas chamber facilities at San Quentin are not adequate to handle the rush of



the Federal Government (the charge is sending obscene materials through the mails). The collection is published by Radical America magazine and the Quixote Press. It is available from NOLA Express (Price \$1.00) at Box 2342, New Orleans, La. 70116.

DEFENSE DEPT. STATISTICS:

IT'S ALL OF

SOUTHEAST ASIA NOW

by College Press Service
LIBERATION News Service

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) — The official Defense Department news releases which list the names and numbers of dead American soldiers in the department's war efforts are no longer headed by the title "U.S. MILITARY CASUALTIES - VIETNAM." They now read "U.S. MILITARY CASUALTIES - SOUTHEAST ASIA."

Carl Tocci, a defense department spokesman, said the change was made "in the interests of accuracy."

"The list has always included casualties from Laos," Tocci said. "We just never got around to changing the title."

business which would come from legislative enactment of the Bakersfield measure.

The measure passed by a 6 to 1 vote. The one dissenting Councilman said he agreed with the proposal in principal, but feared that juries might acquit dopers because of the severity of the penalty.

Bakersfield has long had the reputation of giving the most severe marijuana sentences in the nation. Some people feel that the City Council action is an effort to regain the city's reputation, which is tarnished by the 35-year sentence for marijuana possession recently handed out in McAlester, Oklahoma.

L.A. Free Press

YOU PAY A FAT PRICE

FOR DIET OLEO

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS-CPS) — When you buy diet margarines you may pay premium prices averaging 50% higher than for regular margarine — but what you get for the extra money is added water, just plain water.

In effect, says the Consumers Union, the non-commercial, non-profit consumer advisory group, the manufacturer is getting a premium for adulterating his product. The added water in place of fats in diet margarine gives a diet spread about half the calories of regular margarine. And the advertising industry creates the demand that makes such a product possible, and profitable.

GAY LOVERS FIGHT FOR RIGHT

TO NECK IN PUBLIC

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) — Two members of the Gay Liberation Front have successfully overturned a University of California ruling which forbade them to be on the Berkeley campus. The two men, Dunbar Aitkens and Danny Worrell, were thrown off the campus for necking on Sproul Plaza. The university authorities said they had received many complaints of "offensive behavior."

After pressure was placed on the university by the

Gay Liberation Front, the ban on the two was rescinded on the grounds that the law under which they were expelled does not include "necking on campus."

Gay lovers plan to continue to express themselves in public. "We were being affectionate," said Dunbar Aitkens, "doing what boys and girls on that lawn do frequently but are never busted."

Konstantin Berlandt, writing in the Berkeley Tribe, said that gay liberation people are simply "being open about our minority lifestyle. If we do not fight we will be pushed right back into the ghetto of exploitation, harassment and fear that we are now stepping out of."

POETRY UNDER FIRE

NEW ORLEANS (LNS) — Darlene Fife and Robert Head, editors of the NOLA Express, have published a collection of poems entitled "After Word Comes Word." The poems were written shortly before they became the first underground newspaper editors to be indicted by

bunks and defended it for hours against MPs and German Army troops — sent in as reinforcements by the brass — before they were finally subdued.

The Army has tried its best to put a news blackout on the rebellion. When this became impossible, they released a statement admitting that there had been a "disturbance" in the stockade, but refused to give any details. Establishment media coverage of the rebellion has been almost non-existent.

The Army has not yet pressed charges, but, as in previous stockade rebellions, they are trying to pick out some scapegoats. Army Criminal Investigation Division (CID) agents are questioning participants. GIs inside the stockade tell us that prisoners who "cooperate" with the Army, making statements incriminating their brothers, are allowed to return to their normal cell blocks while others are sent to "the box" — a six-foot-square cage with six or more men in each. Word from inside the stockade is that most of the GIs are not succumbing to this tactic. One GI told of CID's efforts to threaten him into naming one person responsible for the revolt. "I told them, 'Man, I was evacuating a burning building.'" The Mannheim stockade rebellion follows similar outbreaks at Fort Dix, NJ (where 150 took part); Presidio, Calif.; Fort Carson, Colo.; Fort Riley, Kansas; Long Binh stockade in Vietnam (affectionately referred to as LB Jail by GIs) and Nuremberg, Germany, where last month over 50 of the 100 prisoners revolted.

STOCKADE REVOLT

BY MANNHEIM GI'S

LIBERATION News Service

MANNHEIM, West Germany (LNS) — Another Army stockade has broken out in rebellion. About 100 GI inmates of the Mannheim, West Germany, U.S. Army stockade broke out of their cell blocks on March 13, set fire to stockade buildings — demolishing a number of cell blocks, the stockade chapel and some administrative offices — and fought a two-hour battle with MPs and confinement officers.

While one group of prisoners fought with MRs, another ran through cell blocks A and C with keys they had taken from an overpowered guard, releasing the long-term prisoners confined there. Out in the stockade yard, the rebels built a barricade out of overturned

"Mr. & Mrs. AMERICA, And All The Ships At Sea"

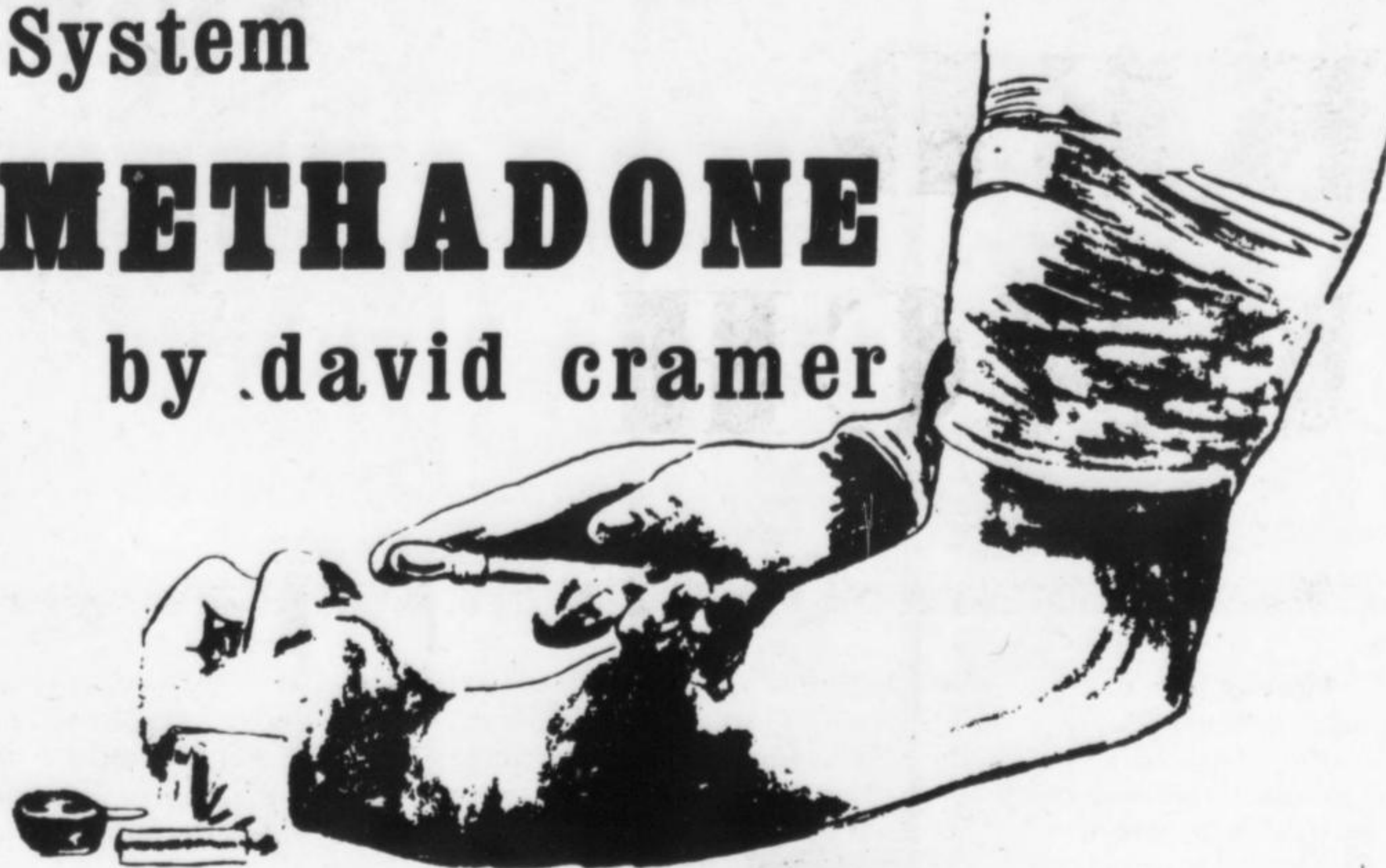
In the second article of this series "Heroin" I mentioned the rise of heroin addiction due to last year's marijuana famine. If you were one of the people who switched over to skag, and now wish you hadn't, here is information on the heroin-blockading drug Methadone:

Methadone was synthesized in Germany in 1941, but was not available in the U.S. until 1947. ¹ Methadone is, like heroin, an addicting drug; however its cost is infinitesimal compared to the immense cost of a skag habit. ² Milligram for milligram methadone is more powerful than morphine; therefore clinic administered Methadone programs tend to keep dosages lower than would be the case with other opiates — heroin and morphine for instance. ³ Like the other opiates methadone is a painkiller; its sedative effects are as strong as morphine. ⁴ Unlike heroin, methadone gives the user no euphoric "high"; for this reason most of the country's junkies continue to prefer their junk habit. ⁵ However a good deal of medical literature exists insisting that methadone "stabilization" ends the junkie's craving for dope; consequently it would be possible to take methadone and smoke pot to get high. ⁶ As I pointed out in the "Heroin" article, there are three biological reasons for heroin addiction — opiate receptor tissue (part of the human central nervous system) tends to have its reactivity lowered by repeated heroin injections — thus more and more dugee is needed to "get off," heroin destroys the amine supply in the brain — the body's defense mechanisms manufacture new amines to replace those destroyed; so as soon as the effect of the junk wears off the body becomes the victim of massive amine concentrations — amines are the basic building-block of Speed/Ups; the junkie's "cold turkey" withdrawal is actually caused by the same amine mechanisms that cause the Speed-freaks paranoia, the third addicting effect of heroin is its destruction of Sympathetic Nervous System norepinephrine; norepinephrine is a hormone needed for electrical-pulsation transmission along nerves during times of "stress." If the norepinephrine supply is lowered the nerves can't transmit, if they can't transmit they can't function, so they relax — the "euphoria" of heroin is the result, so is the facial itching ... caused by the nerves relaxing. [Note — while doing the research for this article I discovered an article which claims that the "pins and needles" (facial itching) of the junkie is caused by amine release. ⁷ Since the doctor didn't footnote his statement, and since it is the only reference (to the junkie's facial itching) I

How The Drugs Work On The Human Central Nervous System

METHADONE

by david cramer



found in the more than two-score articles I've read doing research on heroin and methadone, I assume that actual histological proof for his statement does not yet exist. Since few doctors ever take the drugs they study and administer I will dare to stick by my original statement — I've taken lots of drugs lots of times. The itching caused by Speed/Ups is different than that caused by junk. Speed/Ups are amines which release stomach-stored noradrenaline which enable the Speed-freak to think or move with great rapidity — the nerves are actually over-transmitting, they get stretched from over-work; soon the Speed-freak, staying on days of Speed, gets "Up tight." His nerves are "tight"; the skag-head's nerves are "loose" — he nodd-out easily. A Speed-freak's itching is caused by amines/noradrenaline; a junkie's itching is caused by norepinephrine destruction.] Since many of my friends are doing junk I find that I must approach "pot high" vs. "heroin high" with utmost tact:

Many, many of us — me included — are organically "sick." The human body has X amount of nor-adrenaline; the amount varies from person to person because each individual has his own metabolism. Due to the vast complexities of today's society many of us have outrun our nor-adrenaline supply: We think, analyse, worry at a greater rate than our body's manufacture of nor-adrenaline; a "stress ping-pong game" results. The more we worry the more we worry. Stress uses up nor-adrenaline you become exhausted — tired one is even less able to deal with stress, and the nor-adrenaline supply is taxed even further. The whole Megalopolis is neurotic going on psychotic because the majority of the population is nor-adrenaline deficient. If your

parents were just run-of-the-mill Greater New York area psychotics you tend to become a pot-head; pot lowers stress by changing brain-nerve electric-pulsations. But if your parents were super-fucked-up your emotions are not broad enough to deal with any type of stress; so you gravitate to heroin because its destruction of body amines prevents amine release of nor-adrenaline. Without minimum-level release of

nor-adrenaline to the brain you can't think — which is just great so far as you're concerned because your emotions are so unstable that you've long associated thinking with unhappiness. But you should realize that your body's metabolism has been psychosomatically fucked-up by your parents' psychosis; it's not your fault — but your vision of the world has been wrong for years, because your

nor-adrenaline supply has not been sufficient to handle your mind's constant, ever-present fears. But, believe me, thinking can be fun and enjoyable; there are several ways to find this out. Methadone offers one such path.

Various parts of the human central nervous system are receptor tissue for the uptake of various drugs — many of the active ingredients of drugs are manufactured naturally by the body; the receptor tissue exists to uptake these natural ingredients, but the tissue will uptake externally introduced drugs with the same active ingredient. Thus opiate receptor tissue will receive any of the opiates — opium, morphine, heroin, methadone, nalorphine, codeine and demerol, to name but a few. The uptake occurs on a first-come first-serve basis, because only so much room exists in each cell. Consequently methadone is considered by physicians to be a blockading drug; when taken up by receptor tissue methadone "satisfies" the craving of the cells for more opiates. ⁸ After six weeks treatment the user is free of his cravings for junk. In addition, the fact that methadone creates no euphoric high indicates that methadone does not severely hamper the body's nor-pinephrine supply. This is born out by the fact that methadone-heads are functional, they don't nod out, they can work ... But of course, the original before-skag is still deficient, and methadone — like the other opiates — may antagonize the problem. ⁹ But methadone also decreases to zero the junkie's greatest stress — fear of being caught or killed while stealing for his habit, and the accompanying total loss of self-esteem at being a junkie thief. Clinical programs offer psychological support to the person undergoing methadone treatment; physicians, psychiatrists, family counselors, ex-heroin addicts now using methadone and acting in assistant capacity to the clinical professional staff — all attempt to establish emotional contact with the newly admitted individual. They attempt to convince him that his emotional problems are not insurmountable. ¹⁰ No clinical program in the U.S. goes any further in its aid to the heroin addict.

At present there are several unproven (not to mention Underground) steps toward helping the emotionally unstable to overcome their problems — which, after all, are deficiencies of metabolism. One such would be a methadone/pot program — in which methadone would serve the blockading role, and grass would be smoked (or THC dropped or snorted). The hallucinogens relieve brain stress by altering brain-nerve electrical-pulsations; LSD is far

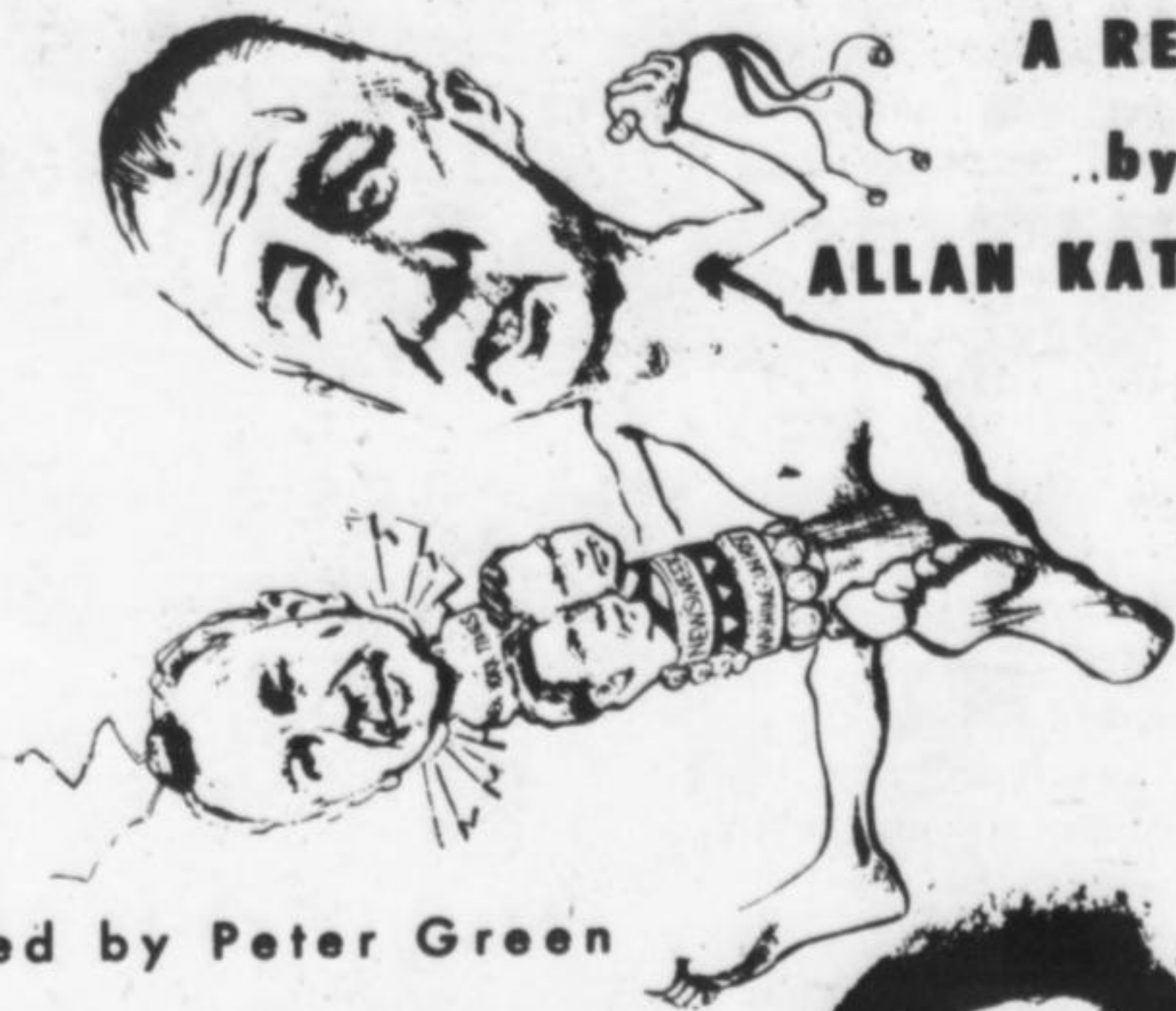
(Continued on Page 16)



—SEVENS

THE NAKED BUNCH

by Rochelle Larkin illustrated by Peter Green



A REVIEW
by
ALLAN KATZMAN

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Ideology isn't culture. There are things you can't get away from, including oneself. Personalities are such *things* and personality is more often a myth because it's shared and nurtured by strangers rather than friends or acquaintances. It makes money if promoted in a (right?) commercial sense and often exploits privacy with a vengeance.

It was only a matter of time then that someone would cop the whole thing and exploit it beyond propriety. If there is one thing a personality is vulnerable to, it's its own naked sense.

Since culture (and I truly

believe it to be so in America) is not ideology, anything goes. If, unlike our parents' syndrome, to "Keep up with the Jones'" does not apply, certainly in ours and their children's sense to "Keep up with the Culture" does.

If one knows that collecting and buying every rock record and hip book does not change your consciousness (unless you subsequently change your life), then buying *The Naked Bunch* can not possibly harm you.

But what it certainly does is to expose the culture cult in an exposure of cruelty. Here before us are well-known exploitive and exploited culture creatures

mediated by exceptionally well-drawn graphics, and emphasis put on their certain zeitgeist; that certain something which makes them symbolically sellable.

To put it in a nutshell, *The Naked Bunch* should sell like hotcakes. It gets at the root core of our motivational capacity as Americans. To Buy: And to buy, to put it more succinctly, is to change the aim of Cupid. Not the heart, but the genitals. *The Naked Bunch* could be a book about flowers. But it's not. It's American with all the bluntness of its own instrument at its command.



THE GROVE PRESS NINE

by IRVINA SCHUSNIK

Night Court where smug teenagers from Queens go for a cheap Saturday Night date, is the grim depository for all the City's misery. I went to night court last Monday—but not for an evening's worth of sadistic entertainment. Women's Liberation learned the meaning of Night Court last Monday. *Free our sisters! Free ourselves!*

Earlier that day, nine feminists seized the offices of Grove Press, the sex and politics publishing house. The women were, among things, protesting the firing of Robin Morgan, a militant liberationist leader and an editor at Grove. Miss Morgan had been active in a city-wide campaign to unionize editorial workers under the auspices of

the Furrier's Joint Council. Though more than half of Grove's employees have signed cards designating the Furrier's as their collective bargaining agent, the publishing house evidently didn't think much of the unionizing effort. In the past week some nine other Grove workers including Helen Lane, the publishing house's Foreign Books Editor and a National Book Award winner, and Gilbert Sorrentino, the poet, have been fired. Most of those dismissed were active in the union.

Last Friday, Robin Morgan received a curt little telegram that read:

DEAR ROBIN:
BECAUSE OF A REORGANIZATION IN OUR EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, WE HAVE FOUND IT NECESSARY TO TERMINATE YOUR EMPLOYMENT.

BARNEY ROSSET,
PRESIDENT, GROVE PRESS

Without even counting her four week severance pay, Miss Morgan got on the phone and called a few friends. On Monday morning, she and several dozen sisters from Women's Liberation barricaded themselves inside Barney Rosset's super-plush, super-modern Bleecker Street offices. The women went to Grove, angry not just about its anti-union policies, but about its

"basic theme of humiliating, degrading and dehumanizing women through sado-masochistic literature, pornographic films and oppressive and exploitative practices against its own female employees."

Among things, the occupiers demanded that Rosset cease to publish pornographic materials,

that he set up a day-care center for employees' children, that he set up a training program for female secretaries and cleaning women, and that he turn the profits of the "Autobiography of Malcolm X" over to the Black community. As the women hung a huge red and white Women's Liberation banner out of Rosset's window, about seventy Grove employees held a union meeting outside the publishing house's office. Then, somebody called the cops.

It was wild! Dozens, literally dozens, of policemen careening in on Bleecker Street. Sirens screeching. Night sticks taut. Paddy wagons all assembled. All poised for the arrest of the week.

"Hey," asked one curious bystander, "do they have an ax murderer in there?"

On signal, some forty odd police stormed the building and managed to catch nine feminists: Wendy Roberts, Geraldine Melerba, Martha Altman, Beth Katz, Suzanne DiVincenzo, Ti-Grace Atkinson, Barbara Kelevas, Barbara Chambras, and Robin Morgan. Other women were involved in the occupation, but they managed to escape arrest by either slipping out of the building or posing as Grove employees. On the street was a comic scene: a division of huge, burly cops and enough military equipment to fight a small war... all surrounding nine feminists. But there was a tragic note to the comedy: the publishers of Che Guevara, Franz Fannon and Malcolm X had done what even the *Ladies Home Journal* didn't have the guts to do. They called the pigs. That wasn't funny.

NEWS OF THE ARRESTS

spread throughout the women's lib community and by the time Night Court began that evening, nearly a hundred and fifty feminists had arrived at 100 Center Street to bail out their sisters. That's what they came for. But they never did get to see the Grove Press Nine. What they found instead was a litany of misery and repression. Night Court is the one place where in two hours time you can find the REAL Amerika. How could anyone come here for an evening's entertainment. I thought. This disgrace... the constant humiliation and inhumanity that passes for "justice"... it's a world beyond decency. Here is true pornography. True perversion.

Justice Cummaford, bald, fiftyish, bespectacled, speaking with an Irish immigrant's brogue, was presiding. The Judge was the kind of magistrate that Richard Nixon would rejoice in: a real law 'n order man. For hours we listened to him hand out excessive bail to poor Black and Puerto Rican defendants. \$10,000 to a man accused of possession of drugs. \$3,000 to a nineteen-year old Black youth charged with armed robbery. \$1,000. \$500. Judge Cummaford made it quite clear that he firmly believed in preventive detention. To one man for whom he set incredibly high bail: "I don't want him getting home before his victim does."

Even the courtroom audience didn't escape the Justice's wrath. To the families of the accused: "This is not a chicken farm here..." To the women who had come to bail their sisters out: "You're just a step away from

(Continued on Page 18)



Is it true, now, that Consolidated Edison threw a thousand dollars into this week's Ecology Day festivities? And that Union Carbide came through itself with another grand or so? Now, no one should put down the Environmental Action Coalition, since we need something like this so very badly, and heaven knows the money has to come from *somewhere*. But accepting a thou from Con Ed., now, that's bad, because we'll never hear the end of it. The makers of Clean Energy will spend ten grand now on full-page ads in the Times and the News and the Post stressing their overwhelming concern for our urban environment which causes them to splurge their slender profits on the Environmental Action Committee. Implicit in their ads will be the suggestion that if all these well-meaning amateurs would just leave it up to ole Con Ed and quit hassling, the air would be clear as Tricia Nixon's complexion before too long. But every morning just before dawn the smog will still creep down to second-story level and hang there, breaking up grudgingly as the sun comes up...

But look, it may have been Con Ed's grand that enabled

Arthur Godfrey to travel to Union Square this Wednesday and give his shill for a clean environment. Yeah, Arthur Godfrey, of Axion fame — gives you a start, eh? The Environmental Action Coalition has a whole raft of speakers like Arthur Godfrey slated for Wednesday in Union Square. It might even be said that the EAC is strictly from nowheresville — that's the way we talk in the hip, swinging East Village — and further, that the Ecology Day rally in Union Square would not be worth attending, if it weren't for this *phenomenal* activity that will be going on to the north of the Square, in the parking lot.

An enormous polyethylene bubble, 200 feet wide and fifty feet high, containing 2500 people, moored to the parking meters; three levels to it, what's more, with slide shows projected against the second level; birdsong and rushing water on the PA system: *free food* and natural water brought down from upstate in tanks; the whole thing held up by *air*, pumped in on a refreshing current by large fans. That's what'll be happening in the parking lot north of Union Square on Wednesday, April 22, the whole prepackaged and choreographed by the Earth People's Co-Op, of 13 Second

Avenue. A far cry from Arthur Godfrey, eh?

These people from the Earth People's Park Co-Op are a far cry from the other deadheads on EAC. In fact, when they heard about that business with Con Ed and Union Carbide, they all but backed out of the whole Earth Day absurdity. 'When you get up into sums like three hundred grand,' muses Freeze, the Co-Op cryonics man, 'then I get a little tempted. But selling out for a lousy thousand dollars?' Freeze and the others at the Co-Op decided to hang in with EAC mainly to get that parking lot north of Union Square for their big pneumatic bubble.

I saw a smaller version of their big bubble when I was up there last. This one was only about twelve feet high and fifty feet in diameter. As you walk around inside it, a little breeze stirs the hair at the base of your neck, if you have any there, and it feels altogether pleasant. All this talk about alternate lifestyles might turn out happily, if the show can be gotten on the road in time.

The Earth People's Park Co-Op fashions itself as a communications centre for the emerging lifestyles. There is not much, after all, that can be *done* in New York City to fashion new, ecologically practical

environments. This place has passed the point of no return, but it does lend itself beautifully to the exchange of ideas, which is what the Earth People's Park Co-Op is here for.

Consisting of a commune of from twelve to twenty loosely affiliated members, the Co-Op has rented two floors of loft space with the idea of presenting the community with a nerve centre for new ideas about ecology. They have literally acres of space to be used, once the building commission allows them to put up the necessary partitions, and install the requisite facilities. Presently they have office space for the Earth People's Park, Negative Entropy, and Creative Society, and a large space for meetings, dances, and community events. Eventually they hope to put up an offset press, a photographic darkroom, and a film editing workshop. The uses for the space they have will emerge naturally as time goes on; the philosophy of the Earth People's Park organization being that the organization of things evolves organically, and that fitting things and people into a pre-arranged System inevitably dooms the system.

Right now, for example, the three organizations functioning there under the umbrella of Earth People's Park Co-Op are still forming, with concern for ecology the main thing that brings them together. The Earth People's Park is a national quasi-conservation outfit, developing ecologically sound technologies and lifestyles, and acquiring land on which to practice them. Negative Entropy, though, would seem to be some mutation of the Cryonics idea, having to do mainly with *clones*, which as far as I can tell are the properties of genes: 'Every cell in an individual's body can be reconstructed from a code found in every other cell,' explains Freeze. 'So say somebody's had his arm cut off. Through cloning, you ought to be able eventually to grow back his entire arm, good as new, from the shoulder down.' Fine, and then Creative Society, Inc., bills itself as a quasi-therapeutic means of getting people to nurture and express their

creative energies through methods like encounter group sessions and sensitivity techniques, much like the Esalen Institute, so far as I've been able to ascertain.

Right now, the Co-Op people have any number of ideas to offer the community. They're familiar with most of the latest ecological techniques, and they have some vehicles in which to load all their demonstration equipment and take it off to colleges and such for illustrated lectures. Women's Lib will be happy to hear that they're interested in organizing a Day Care centre in the neighborhood. And they're forging an arrangement with the Firehouse for a wider free breakfast program.

This last could get them into trouble. Every time an organization forms which threatens to get people talking to each other, that organization gets set upon by The Man. If perchance then a black kid gets to talking with a Puerto Rican kid at one of the Co-Op's free breakfasts, then the Co-Op can probably expect a visit from the police before very long. All these people are young, even those over thirty, and most of the guys have long hair, the girls part their hair in the middle and wear blue jeans for the most part, and it will not take much to persuade a judge that they are all marijuana addicts. This is one problem the people at the Environmental Action Coalition will not very likely have to face.

So when you go to Union Square on Wednesday, which is the day this EVO will come out, linger not long listening to such as Arthur Godfrey rapping ecology with all the down-home American constipated conviction he puts into his Axion raps. Because Axion, while it may brighten your sheets and lighten your washday load, also will be still poisoning your grandchildren when you are gone from the earth.

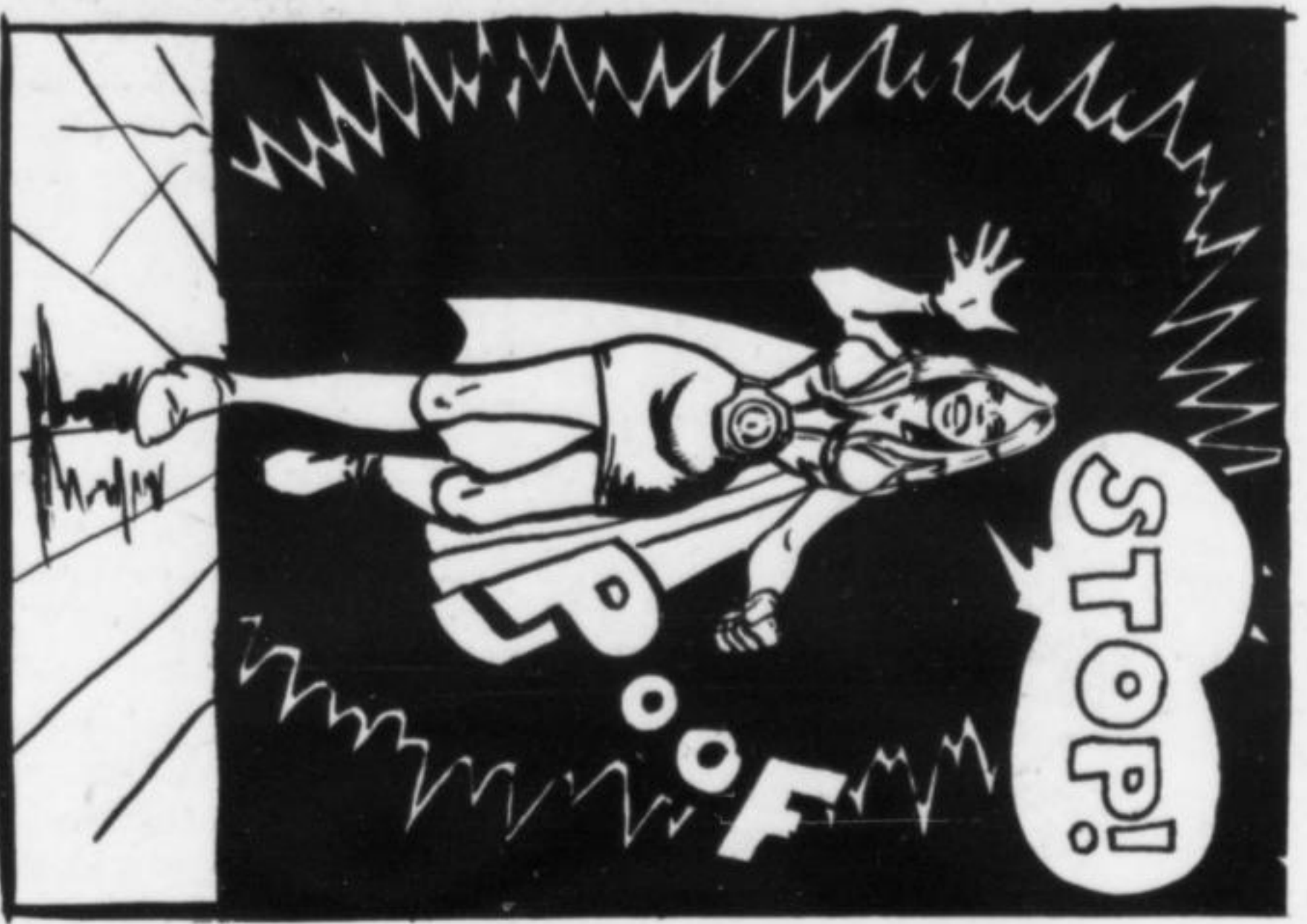
Go rather into the large pneumatic bubble in the parking lot. And Claudia Dreifus suggests you carry a sign asking, 'What About the Ecology of South Viet Nam?'

DOPOGRAM

(Continued from Page 5)

IF YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ARE GREEDY THROAT CUTTERS, THE PRICES WILL RISE, BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN HIGH SCHOOL AND IN THE STREET WILL BE UNABLE TO GET GOOD DRUGS. RESULT: KIDS WHO REFUSE TO STAND THE MISERY OF THE NIXON-VIETNAM CAPITALIST-COMPETITION-CONSUMER REALITY FORCED TO LOOK FOR HARD DRUGS, HEROIN. AND THAT, EXACTLY, THAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION. WHAT DO YOU THINK OPERATION INTERCEPT IS ALL ABOUT? PRESIDENT AGNEW AND GENERAL MITCHELL DO THEIR BEST TO INTERRUPT THE FLOW OF DRUGS, DRIVE YOUNGSTERS TO HORSE, AND THUS A PLATFORM FOR THEIR LAW AND ORDER PROGRAM. THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR A GREAT NUMBER OF TEENAGE HEROIN DEATHS.

NIXON SHOULD STAND PUBLIC TRIAL FOR BEING THE NATIONS PUSHER NUMBER ONE, AND THEREFORE A HUNDRED-FOLD MURDERER. THE BIG WITCHHUNT IS ON. THE NO-KNOCK LAW IS IN EFFECT (NOT ONE SENATOR VOTED AGAINST IT). HOW MANY HEROIN DEATHS WILL THE N.Y. TIMES REPORT TODAY? OUR PARENTS ARE STILL GETTING LOADED WITH MONEY AND ALCOHOL. THERE'S NO NEED FOR US TO REPEAT THEIR SCENE BY GETTING LOADED WITH DOPE AND MONEY. IT IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE RIGHTEOUS DOPE DEALER TO MAKE SURE THAT GOOD WEED AND SUNSHINE LSD IS AVAILABLE TO MAKE SURE ST. MARKS PLACE WILL REMAIN LIBERATED GROUND AND NOT BECOME A GHETTO FOR JUNKIES, PUSHERS AND COPS. IF YOU SELL A SINGLE POUND OF GRASS, SOMETIMES YOU CAN MAKE 20 BILLS. IF YOU SELL IN QUANTITIES, \$5 to \$10 ARE ENOUGH. IF YOU GET INTO LARGE QUANTITIES OF HASH FOR \$600. PER POUND, YOU SOMETIMES CAN MAKE \$50 PER POUND. THAT'S FINE. IF YOU PURCHASE HASH FOR \$725 PER POUND, IT WOULD BE UNFAIR TO THE END SELLING PRICE TO MAKE MORE THAN \$25 PER POUND. BY DEALING YOU'RE MAKING A LOT OF BREAD, MORE THAN YOU REALLY NEED. SET UP YOUR SCENE, SECURITY IS IMPORTANT, HAVE ALWAYS BREAD FOR THE NEXT FOR THE NEXT PLANE, FOR BAIL, FOR EVENTUALITIES. THERE SHOULD STILL BE MONEY TO GIVE TO THE FREE CLINIC AT ST. MARK'S PLACE; PAY RENT FOR FRIENDS IN COMMUNES; HELP CREATIVE PEOPLE SETTING UP THEIR PROJECTS. BREAD SHOULD GO TO THE CHICAGO CONSPIRACY TRIAL, TO HOLDING TOGETHER, THE DEFENCE FUND FOR OUR BROTHER TIM LEARY; FOR JOHN SINCLAIR; THE BLACK PANTHERS. THEY ARE ALL IN FOR US. COME TOGETHER AND HOLD TOGETHER.



I AM PATRICIA PURITY AND YOU STAND ACCUSED OF NATURE CRIMES.

I HAVE BEEN SENT TO SHOW YOU THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS AND TO WARN YOU OF POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES

HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE INERT RUBBISH YOU SO CARELESSLY DISPOSE OF AND HUMAN BODY WASTES?



ECOLOGICALLY SPEAKING THE HUMAN WASTES WHICH YOU SO CAREFULLY HIDE FROM SIGHT ARE FAR LESS DANGEROUS THAN INERT MATERIAL TO THE ENVIRONMENT



UNFORTUNATELY, EVEN IF YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON, YOU'LL STILL, MOST LIKELY, DIE IN THE NOT TO DISTANT FUTURE FROM SOME EFFECT OF THE HAZARDOUS DISPOSAL OF INDUSTRIAL EFFLUVIUM INTO THE AQUATIC ENVIRONMENT





WE produce uptightness that violence through careless or rules that have been

ARE we, ultimately, qualitatively different from the mo that for ages has been telling men: "Live like me be I know better" when we refuse to listen to the mo next door just because he gets a haircut weekly?

all over beautiful revolutionary
new consciousness yet at the same time look an whoever does not wear the uniform
system very much as we rig... accuse the figs of doing discover new

ALL our understanding of the hidden poetry of rock and roll is not enough when it come to dig for water or plant in the right was what the commune needs for survival.

THE PEASANT ON THE NEXT FARM IS willing to help, to be

ONLY in the D Ching and the Beatles: part of it is alive in the Good Housekeeper who in spite of mistakes is trying to keep her family together. Look at your mother using detergents that pollute the lakes, and see how much beauty is within her that your

MOTHER can a-wake. She only knows that the detergent

LOVE

EARTH

ONE more word the hand see the l is our only enemy. Merchants nally learning to see our brothers not want to be just like them the Nexus in the Earth



generates tension and leads to
unconscious acceptance of some
set for the game of life.

monster
because
man
?

knights spread the good seed of a
create the new
brothers

arrogantly at the
sum of the war army
new wages such as
dope and submit to
status symbols such as the
button meant to tell our
that we've been on the
right side longer than them.

R SIDE
HELPS
TA
her you
can tell
her the
rest:
she is
part of

when I tell you to be humble, beware for it's perhaps my pride that speaks. Trust
reaching for your hand, the eyes that look directly into yours, that look at you and
love that's sleeping. Brother, you'll always find me on your side against the monster, for it
existed long before Manhattan. The Pentagon did not invent the war. From our mistakes we are fi
walking the same road, for guerrilleros recognize their brothers in flower children, though they might
are. Love is a close view with morning eyes to embrace the oneness and respect the differences. We are
s New Birth: let's join our hearts to chant the rising sun. S. Mastangelo





WAR OF THE WORDS

by David Walley

"Journalism is still a trade in the service of the wrong clients, turning out a product many find of questionable utility."

Pacifica's top reporter, Dale Minor has just come out with a blockbuster of a book on the media revolution and its consequences called *The Information War*. (Hawthorne Press). *The Information War* is about news management, media politics. We've all experienced similar feelings of disgust picking up the New York Times editorial pages and finding yet another affirmation of the belief that it's all a sham. (No editorials on the Conspiracy, none on the tragic fire, read arson of Gerry Lefcourt's law offices, so it goes.)

Minor's book squarely hits those things which many of us have surmised about the war and the peace. One chapter of his book is devoted to analyzing the "Snow Machine", the official government news agency in

Saigon which churns out all those casualty reports and battle plans and victories which some members of the foreign press corps take back to the folks at home. You could have imagined the whole thing for yourself. Its not a dream to learn that news management is a way of life for the Government in prosecuting a war, for the reporters engaged in dealing with their own editors and their consciences. Minor does in straight language that which reams and reams of editorializing could never do, he exposes the truth, the weaknesses and petty deceits perpetrated on a willing public. (In reality Minor's book should be read as a companion to Slater's *Pursuit of Happiness*—the former sets up the intellectual framework in which *The Information War* can be believed.)

How is the news made in Vietnam? It is not the "big lie" tactic, rather than the small insignificant lie which is used. Minor states, "...in the main the small lie, the marginal

pervarication, and the misleading statement have been the dominant tactics used by officials in the Information War." OK, lies are normal, and maybe even lies to reporters can be overlooked, but the larger issue points up just how corrupt the whole business really is, "But lies, large or small, to reporters represent only a part of the problem, of which much of the conflict with the press is only a visible symptom, is the tendency of the great political-military bureaucracy involved in Vietnam to deceive itself." (p. 19) In reality, what Minor is getting at is again Slater's Toilet Mentality, that of getting everything under the rug and hoping that no one will lift it up.

So you figure out that America on the largest scale believes its own lies. American history is the history of the development of national myths, check it out next time you want to wade through a history test. Not that America is different from any other country in believing in their national myths, only that America has no cynicism about them, like the French. Fantasyland East in DC

with Banana republic police is also part of the myth, but in order for myth to become reality, the big lie small lie continues. We believe our lies because they are closer to our vision of the truth than truth itself, or, as the gospel according to Vonnegut states, "Truth is lies."

Minor's book is full of gems of observations, examples, insights about the press and the government. Much of the material is self-evident if you are involved in this alternate culture. Minor uses Establishment forms of communication to strike at the roots of media poisoning and manipulation. He does so in a straight literary genre, a straight presentation, in a straight book. His observations are allied, as has been his life, with the Pacifica Foundation to the pursuit of objectivity and information. On this count, you cannot fail to be enthralled with his command of the language and the quality of his insights.

The Information War is not only between the government and the press, it is moreover a war which the press has with itself. The press is controlled and many times responsible to

money interests—the ones which buy all that advertising time on tv and sponsor most of the shows or own the networks. The reporter is faced with many heart breaking decisions. What if there is a story of corruption in RCA tied to the defense department and the reporter is an employee of RCA? (NBC). What does he do, proceed with the story and lose his job? Or does he kill the story and pray that no one finds out? How about the small time reporter who stumbles onto a scandal involving his paper's sponsor's? Can he print it? Many questions of ethics spring from the dealings which the press has with the nation at large and their own immediate environment. The charge to the survivors of the system is being made today in the pages of many American dailies.

Minor goes through all the questions which concern the free press. He comes to some interesting conclusions, but it is his basic belief that the press must have the sensitivity to

(Continued on Page 18)



Charlie Frick

The reason for groups is simply to provide music. The fact that they must also earn a living from playing music for other people doesn't enter into the minds of most critics. I'm sick and tired of lines like:

"They've made it now, changed their style and went for that proverbial pile of gold that waits on the top of the charts." and "...no i don't like them anymore, since they sold out and went overground." Just because a song or an artist makes the charts in a great flourish of trumpets and flags doesn't mean that they've lost the inspiration that let them create their work. A typical case in point. A group called Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young: You remember them, they had a hit. Their second album (post woodstock) has been out and kicking around for about a month or so. Some cuts are getting played on the air, some aren't well that's the radio business. But the thing is that they're getting put down for the one or two top pop 40 3s that just happened to be in the album.

The sound, the Crosby Stills Nash sound is still there, maybe better, maybe worse, it all depends if you like what you hear. The album comes on like "Hey gang wasn't woodstock fun!! Peace and love are too much aren't they kids!! Let's have a big hand for peace and love." The woodstock nation's applause is deafening. There's a song in the album that comes off that way in particular. It was written by Joni Mitchell (who has done things much better). It comes off like the flower power peace love hippy trip which is most definitely what woodstock was not. If your memory serves you well it was a religious festival of AMERICAN FREE YOUTH with the able assistance from Captain GOD AND HIS SCOUTS. Hundreds of thousands of people danced on

the grave of a Dying hulk of the Great Ship America and celebrated the Streamlining Ritual.

The second CSN&Y album happened after woodstock which might account for some of the stale lyrics and the flashy packaging of *Deja vu* (Atlantic Records No. SD7200). It's basically them doing other peoples' music and with other people on the album. I don't think it is an accurate indication of what their music really is or can be. Along with a few cuts written by Crosby, and by Stills, and by Young, there's one by Joni Mitchell. Playing and singing also for your pleasure on the album are Jerry Garcia from the Grateful Dead, John B. Sebastian from the long gone Lovin Spoonful, Dalas Taylor on drums and Gregory Reeves on bass.

I look forward to their next album and hope that bad promotion and cheezy packaging don't drive a good sounding combination to the top of the charts and out of the music business.

... 21 years old. Her name is Brenda Patterson and she's got the biggest voice that I've heard in a long time. There has been a lack of any new and exciting women in the rock pudding of late. She is different. Most of the female performers that are popping up all over the place (with the possible exception of Tina Turner) are sad excuses for singers and performers. Too much wishy washy blues music sung by a meek little chick with all too much overpowering electric and brass behind her is the order of the day on most of the Pop FM stations of the electric city. Brenda Patterson turns it all loose. Who's Brenda Patterson you ask. I don't really know, but her album, *Keep on Keepin on* (EPIC

No. BN26501) is a promising sign of what's to come from America's musical boondocks. She was born and raised in town outside of Memphis and started singing in the church choir at the age of seven. At the tender age of 17 she found herself working clubs and now at 21 she has her first album, backed by Red Bone. (See Charlie Frick Vol. 5 No.) And Lolly Vegas who leads them arranged Brenda's album. Gut level blues and wandering wine music comin from this little chick. All of a sudden people like Janis Joplin and Grace Slick seem very old. Well, over 21 at any rate. There's not much energy that's put into singing songs anymore, but you can boogie on down with her album. There are a couple of cuts that I haven't quite made up my mind on yet but this is her first album and most of the music is traditional or someone else's stuff. But listen to the way she sings, "Ain't no grave can hold my body down." She gets it on after a fashion. Brenda Patterson.

... Speaking of himself he would say "My name is T-Bone Walker. That means I sing nothing but the blues." That's right, T-Bone used to gig around a few years back and even did some limited club work in the electric city. Too bad nobody noticed. It's been too long a time since he has had any recognition for the contributions that he's made to the musical community. The teenaged American blues public has never heard his name and even more than that he had to split from his own country to record this album. It was done at the now famous CBE Studios in Paris, France. The music is definitely American. Polydor records No. 24-4502, *T-Bone Walker... Good Feelin'...* There's some really fine piano and organ

work done by T-Bone and Bernard Estardy on organ. It's a whole nother trip when you are listening to a record, to have the music coming at you from all sides of the room. T-Bone doesn't come from the school of "Fast Fingered Fickle Picking guitar players." He is the reason why, to a careful ear, most American 7th generation 2nd rate blues sounds so wishy washy. It's not that everyone else is so poor, it's just next to a master mere amateurs appear to be exactly what they are. Let's have more professionalism in the American music machine please captain.

The whole musical cultural wheel of fortune started a long time back with negro spirituals and then jazz and then blues, and then in the middle 50's there was rock and roll. Not just plain old rock mind you but real rock and roll. Then in the early sixties an English crew consisting of The Beatles and the rolling stones received the Boogie Baraka and all this watered down rock and roll music started coming from across the Atlantic. The in thing that year, or The Liverpool sound, was spread all over the world like wildfire and the rest of the sixties were spent in experimentation with new forms and sounds which were basically rock and roll. Around 1968 roll was dropped and it simply was called Rock. And then it hopped a ride over the ocean on one of the many tours that the British pop stars made to America. They (English performers) came here, turned the heads of all the young American chicks, took their money in the millions for records which were essentially American music. Pretty soon the thing caught on really big and everybody and his kid brother was out somewhere playing with

a guitar and a couple of friends in the basement playing rock. Some made it, others are still trying. Some well known but never the less late and lamented groups like The Byrds and the Buffalo Springfield spent some time in London and had a great effect on the kids there. It was a sort of cultural exchange program but all the culture was originally America's.

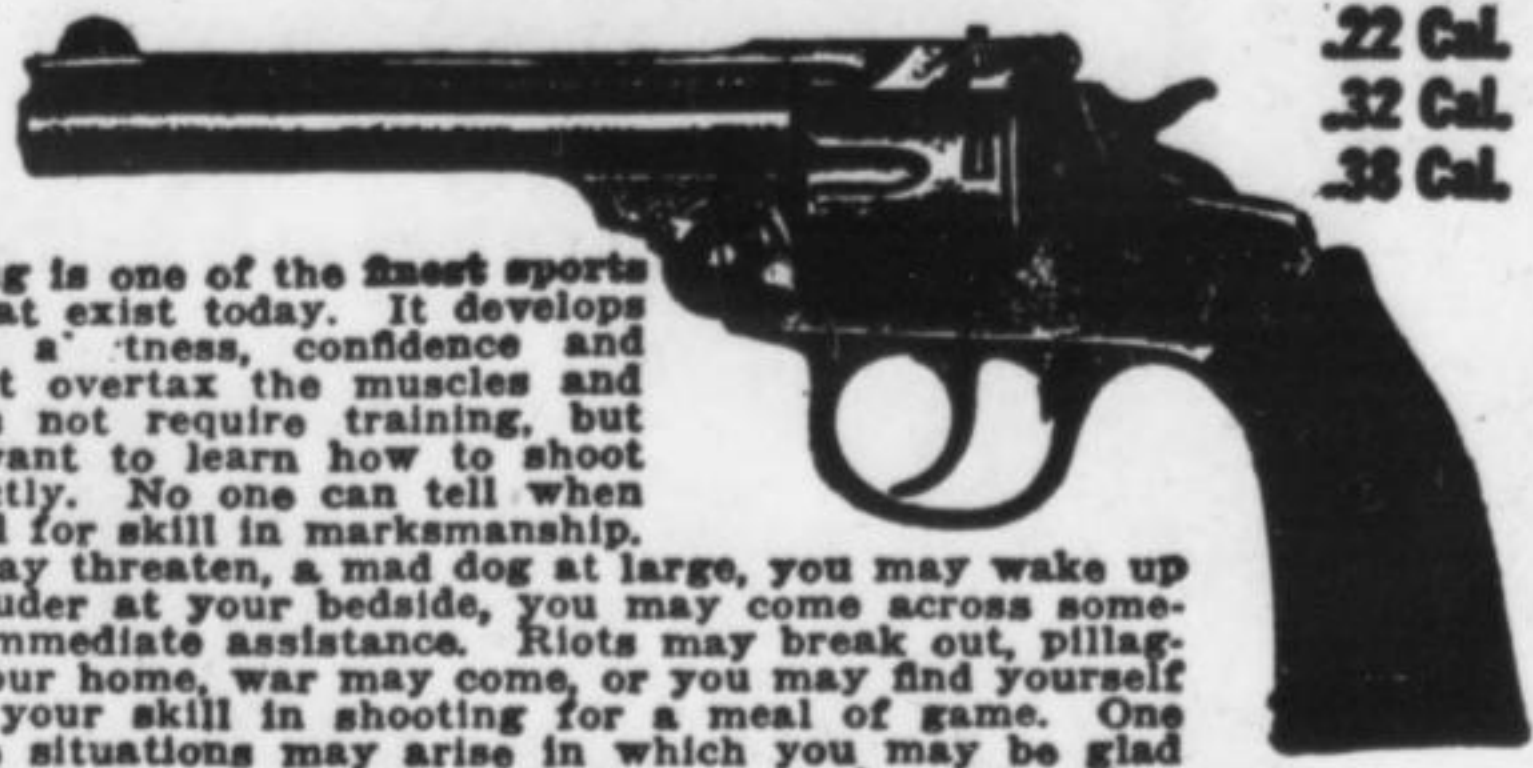
The point is that some far-thinking musicians have recently stolen the Rock Grail and are hiding away in the woods and boondocks of a new America. The thing is that it has yet to be returned to its original owner, the American negro musician. Some of the Blues Baraka showed itself in Chicago in the early sixties. Real Chicago music and real 60's blues musicians. A previously unreleased collection of the stuff that was goin down in the windy city a few years ago. It's called *Chicago Anthology* on Together Records No. ST-T-1024. Live recordings made between '64 and '66 in a place in Old Town near the scene of the Yippie festival of life. The place was Big Johns, a blues joint of the first order. The doors were always locked at 4am and everyone inside boogied till dawn. The artists on the album are the most well-respected of blues people. Most names don't make the news but nevertheless they are the tops. People like Charlie Musselwhite, and Bobby Jones. Roy Ruby, Maurice McKinley, and a few younger ones like Harvey Mandel, Cliff Davis, Dave Brian, Barry Goldberg and a group called The Day Jobbers. They do "Hoochie Choochie Man" like I've never heard it done before. The recordings are a clue as to what most of the well-meaning but limited in

(Continued on Page 20)

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.32 Cal.
.38 Cal.

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The Target Revolver illustrated answers the same general description as the Automatic Revolver illustrated on the next page, excepting that it has an extra long barrel, measuring six inches long, and special target grips. Made in the same three sizes, .22, .32 and .38 calibre, and using the same cartridges, fitted with shell ejector, and of the break-open type, same as the automatic on the opposite page.

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WBAI-FM

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with the material that they are presenting. The series is produced by Milton Hofman of WBAI and the Asian Literature Program of the Asia Society.

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Programs from and for the Black community, with an exciting and fluid format. By independent producer Dolores Costello.

THE FREE VOICE OF GREECE, on Mondays at 7:45 p.m.

News, music and comment on Greece under the Colonels, with Greek and American friends of democracy. Independent producer is Adamantia Pollis; hosts are George Frangos and Peter Schwab.

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENTARY, on Mondays at 6:00 p.m., beginning May 25.

Discussions and interviews with student activists. By independent producer Steve Askin.

METHADONE

(Continued from Page 8)

more effective than grass — or so totally reprograms the mind that years-long deficient nor-adrenaline supplies become adequate when given supportive boosts by pot smoking. A second step concerns the desperate search by chemists for Lipid X — the liver manufacturers over one thousand fatty-acids called lipids. One — not yet identified — controls the breakdown of dopamine into nor-adrenaline and serotonin, a hallucinogen with a chemical base resembling acid. 11 When it, and its antagonist (the chemical which blocks its action in the body) are identified it will be possible to raise or lower the body's nor-adrenaline supply. A third step revolves around L-Dopa which is a biological precursor of nor-adrenaline. As I relate in "Cocaine," the first in this EVO drug series, L-Dopa is being manufactured from fish flour, flat and velvet beans by Roche and Norwich Labs. It is being given to patients with Parkinson disease — the penultimate example of "up-tightness" of persons whose nor-adrenaline supply has completely given out ... after L-Dopa treatment patients who have been unable to move limbs recover movement, tremors stop, sexual interest returns ... it should be possible to administer L-Dopa to most all of us raising our nor-adrenaline supply so we all can cope with the extreme complexities of today's world. The fourth, and most drastic, step involves transplanting small parts of the brain. It is now possible to obliterate bad memories — the cause of the fears that drive a person to junk — by the transplant of brain-nerve RNA molecules. 12

I've seen a friend of mine get sick on methadone. Black-markets being what they are we'll probably see lots of illicit methadone around soon; here's what to remember so as to keep your methadone illnesses minimized: The lethal toxic dose is not known. 13 There is a wide variance in toxic effects — an adult who had received 50 mg. of methadone over an 8-hour period was the first U.S. fatality; on the other hand, heroin addicts have taken as much as 200 mg. without much effect. 14 Clinical programs generally start patients on 10 to 20 mg. a day; stabilization is acquired at 80 to 120 mg. a day — keeping the maximum dose relatively small decreases the possibility of OD. 15 It takes three to six weeks for the body to accept methadone in place of heroin; to acquire tolerances to the autonomic effects (constipation, slowness in start of urination, reduction in energy and in sexual interest, perspiration) takes longer. 16 Since methadone is an opiate like skag the same dietary habits prevail — as my friend found out upon eating

after doing methadone, should a friend of yours OD on methadone there are two important things to remember: 1) Immediately insure that his breathing hasn't stopped; if necessary apply artificial respiration. If he's picked up by an ambulance don't let the attendants give him much oxygen — the nerves of his lungs may be too depressed for the lungs to handle big oxygen inputs; 17 2) At the hospital ever so humbly request that he be given nalorphine. Nalorphine is a synthetic opiate which competes with methadone for opiate receptor tissue uptake. It can still be effective long after the OD because opiate (methadone) induced gastrointestinal spasms frequently delay absorption (most methadone is dropped rather than shot-up). 18

Criticisms of methadone programs exist — clinicalism still prevails; in Hawaii, for instance, out-patients receiving \$1.75 worth of methadone each week are charged a \$10 fee "for their own good." 19 All in all however, methadone seems preferable to a costly heroin habit.

FOOTNOTES

1) W. McCurley, et al, "Methadone Toxicity in a Child," *Pediatrics* 43 (Jan., 1969), p. 91.

2) D. Myerson, "Methadone Treatment of Addicts," *New England Journal of Medicine*, 281 (Aug. 14, 1969), p. 390.

3) R. Bieter and S. Hirsh, "Methadone in Internal Medicine," *Annals of the New York Academy of Science*, 51 (1948), p. 137; see also: V. Dole, et al, "Narcotic Blockade," *Archives of Internal Medicine*, 118 (Oct., 1966), p. 308.

4) W. Beaver, et al, "A Clinical Comparison of the Analgesic Effects of Methadone and Morphine Administered Intramuscularly, and of Orally and Parenterally Administered Methadone," *Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics*, 8 (May-June, 1967), p. 425.

5) Dole, *op. cit.*, p. 305.

6) C. Edwards, "The British Approach to the Treatment of Heroin Addiction," *Lancet* (Apr. 12, 1969), p. 768.

7) Dole, *op. cit.*, p. 308.

8) W. Dole and M. Nyswander, "Methadone Maintenance and its Implication for Theories of Narcotic Addiction," *Research Publications of the Association of Research in Nervous and Mental Diseases*, 46 (1968), pp. 359-66.

9) McCurley, *op. cit.*, p. 91.

10) "Progress Report of Evaluation of Methadone Maintenance Treatment Program as of March 31, 1968," *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, 206 (Dec. 16, 1968), p. 2712.

11) D. Woolley and B. Gomme, "Serotonin Receptors, VII. Activities of Various Pure Gangliosides as the Receptors," *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, 53 (No. 5; 1965), p. 959.

12) D. Rorvick, "Coming: Molecular Mastery of the Brain," *Avant Garde* (No. 11; Mar., 1970), pp. 43-45.

13) McCurley, *op. cit.*, p. 91.

14) *Ibid.*

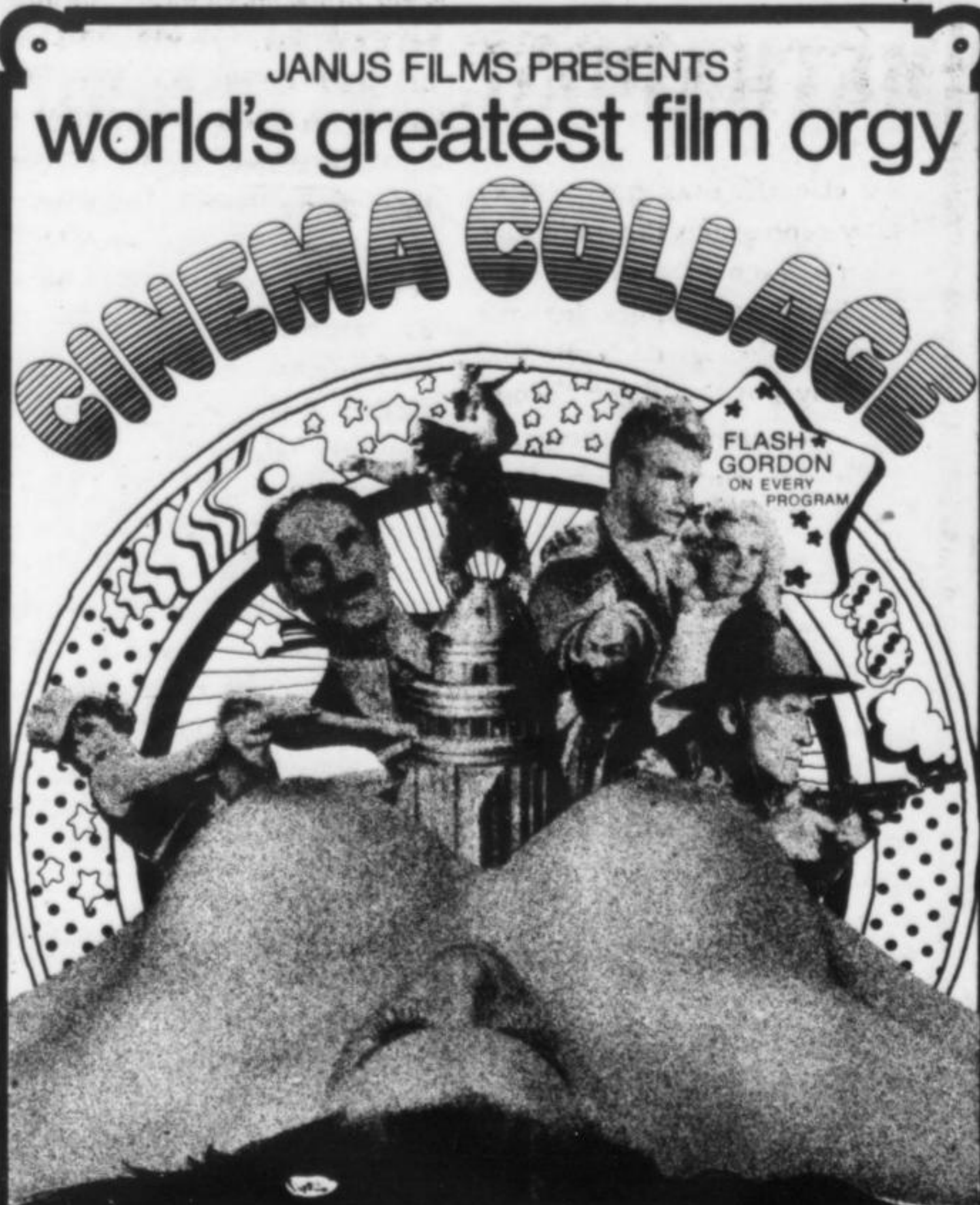
15) Dole, "Narcotic ...", p. 308.

16) *Ibid.*, p. 306.

17) McCurley, *op. cit.*, p. 91.

18) *Ibid.*; see also: B. Cox and M. Weinstock, "Quantitative Studies of the Antagonism by Nalorphine of Some of the actions of Morphine-like Analgesic Drugs," *British Journal of Pharmacology*, 22 (1965), p. 289.

19) "Cure" of Heroin Addiction," *Hawaii Medical Journal* 28 (Jul.-Aug., 1969), p. 473.



Wednesday & Thursday April 22nd & 23rd	1	ORSON WELLES' "Citizen Kane" (1940) "Magnificent Ambersons" (1941)	
Friday, & Saturday April 24th & 25th	2	NEW CINEMA I Short Films by the Directors of the 60's and 70's—Truffaut, Polanski, Lester, Mogubgub, Marker	
Sunday & Monday April 26th & 27th	3	2 FORGOTTEN MASTERPIECES Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes" (1938) and Cocteau's "Beauty & The Beast" (1949)	
Tuesday & Wednesday April 28th & 29th	4	2 FABULOUS RUSSIAN FILMS Parajandhov's psychedelic "Wild Horses Of Fire" (1965) Color "Ballad of Love" (1966)	
Thursday & Friday & Saturday April 30th, May 1st & 2nd	5	Truffaut's JULES & JIM Cămus' BLACK ORPHEUS Life and Love celebrated in two popular films	
Sunday & Monday May 3rd & 4th	6	THE MARX BROS. MEET THE SERIAL QUEENS "Room Service" (1938) "The Story Of The Serials"	
Tuesday May 5th	7	THE PROTEST CINEMA Theodore J. Flicker's "The Troublemaker" (1964) and excerpts from Pinter's "The Caretaker"	
Wednesday & Thursday May 6th & 7th	8	2 NEGLECTED MASTERPIECES Max Ophul's uncut classic "La Ronde" (1950) and Dietrich as "The Blue Angel" (1930)	
Friday & Saturday May 8th & 9th	9	THE EXOTIC BERGMAN "The Seventh Seal" (1957) "Wild Strawberries" (1958)	
Sunday & Monday May 10th & 11th	10	AMERICAN PREMIERE Arne Sucksdorff's "My Home Is Copacabana" (1970) with David Lean's original "Oliver Twist" (1947)	
Tuesday & Wednesday May 12th & 13th	11	NEW CINEMA II Shorts by Godard, Boroczyck, and others. Including Playboy's Hugh Hefner Exposed—"The Most"	
Thursday & Friday May 14th & 15th	12	EROTICISM IN SWEDISH CINEMA "Witchcraft Through The Ages" (1922) Ingmar Bergman's "Monika" (1952)	
Saturday, Sunday, Monday & Tuesday May 16th, 17th, 18th & 19th	13	KING KONG (1932) In its original 35mm uncut version plus Keaton, Fairbanks, et al. "The Great Chase" (1964)	
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KICK ASS JUNCTION

(Continued from Page 5)

fighting — they push, shove, attempt to drive the crowd back and things are so tense and crowded — *slam!* someone goes under — *ack!* somebody gets it in the gut. The stage shakes again. Jose Torres lightly slaps a couple of people over the head with the newspaper he is holding, but then he smiles and jokes with the same people. Somebody tries to break up the rear step to the stage, and five husky union men bowl into him and drive him back. Scattered fights continue. The microphones are turned on again and someone says, "We would like to introduce the attorney for the Chicago 7, Mr. William Kunstler."

"Power to the people!"
"Mr. William Kunstler!"

Some of the fighting stops while Kunstler, his hair flapping over the sides of his head, makes his way through the crowd behind the stage and climbs up the steps. There is wild cheering. Kunstler looks exceedingly heroic, tousled and well-tanned. He takes the microphone.

"I bring you a message from the Black Panthers."
"Yey!"
"Let him speak!"
"I bring you a message from the Black Panthers. Please let me speak."
"Let him speak!"
"I appear at the request of the Black Panther Party. I am speaking for the members of the Black Panther Party, and for oppressed Black men and women everywhere, and oppressed people of all colors. I am here by request of the Black Panthers."
"Right on!"
"The Black Panther Party has asked me to tell you that not one of their members will speak on the same platform as the Mayor of New York. The Black Panthers will not appear on this platform with the Mayor of New York. I concur and would like to make that position crystal clear. The Black Panther Party will not speak on the same platform as a mayor who denounces the trial in Chicago but who doesn't open his mouth about the trial in New York!"
"Right on!"
"The Mayor has intervened before to reduce bail for Panthers — but now, with Federal Conspiracy in the air, he remains silent. He cannot let men remain in jail on \$100,000 bond then go to Berkeley and tell young men and women that they have a right to be angry at the United States."
"Right on!"

"When today's establishment resembles, as it does, George the III, the only honorable course for honorable men now as then is revolution! I only hope that those who rule this country do not pick the role of Marie Antionette, who lost her head along with everyone around her. *Are you listening, Mr. Nixon?*"

A terrific whoop goes up. Kunstler has the crowd in his grips, and he is the only speaker all day to do so. As the crowd stills to hear his conclusion, he looks out at them grimly and says —

"I ask only one favor of all brothers and sisters. We cannot break up the movement with these ideological differences. *When they walked to the gas chambers in Germany, the Jews were still fighting over their ideological differences! We either hang together, OR WE DIE TOGETHER!!!!*"

The crowd goes into total chaos as soon as he is finished and gone from the stage. Pete Seeger and Rev. Kirkpatrick get up and begin singing, "Everybody's got a right to live." The Gay Liberation Front is at the front by now, and they are trying to force their way up and they are met by the marshals and the scene is very rough. Children are trapped in it. A girl is lifted onto the stage by several hands. She is crying and bending over slightly holding her stomach. She shakes her head and they help her off the back of the stage. The Gay Power Flag comes down; it is ripped apart by several hands reaching up from the crowd. People are beginning to climb onto a monument facing the public library. They reach the top to the cheers of the crowd; others stand on the ledges.

You must remember that this all was taking place in an extremely small tight area down front. The rest of the park was fairly peaceful. Teenagers sat around on the grass and ate sandwiches and bought copies of the Black Panther Party newspaper from hawkers. People watched the proceedings from the windows of high office buildings and the Public Library itself.

The politician Eugene Nickerson pulled up on the 40th Street side and talked to a couple of reporters, but when the Moratorium Girl asked him to speak at the proceedings, he refused, said so long, and walked with his aides to his car.

"I guess he's afraid he couldn't get on the stage," someone said.

"Shit, he could get on the stage," someone else said, "his problem would be staying there."

At length, the Peace Parade committee gave it up for lost and quit the stage, which was immediately seized. Marshals tried to break the crowd up as the sun went slowly down, and some of the people left, but for the rest, it was no go. Six or seven bruised men with an American flag and a "Love it or Leave it" sign stood on 42nd Street and shouted provocative comments.

"Cowards! Draft dodgers! Long-hair fags!"
"If you're so brave, why aren't you over there fighting?" someone asked.
"That's right, you're a

fucking yellow bellied coward. You're a fucking fascist."
"Goddamn yellow pigs!"
"What'd you say?" one of the bruised men demanded. "You fucking pussy!"
"Your mother!"
"Your mother!"
"You want to start?"
"Yeah!"

The police broke it up. The TPF was stationed on the streets surrounding the park and were keeping a close tab on movement of pedestrians. The usual strategic maneuvers were in order: dispersal and tactical control maintained by T.V. cameras which captured every sort of movement that might turn violent. The Hare Krishna band handed out incense and literature and asked for contributions at the corner of Sixth and 42nd.

"Who's your leader?" one black man asked.
"God is my leader."
"Well let me tell you, that motherfucker ought to get snuffed!"

In the park itself, large piles of trash were set on fire by a young man in a bright green sweater. One or two small groups of people tried to "take to the streets," but were quickly broken up by the police. A fight broke out between a straight-dressed man and a Chinaman.

"Dirty bastard sprayed mace in my eye," the man said.

At the monument, a young man with long frizzie hair threatened to jump off and kill himself. A buffer crowd quickly gathered underneath to save him. He said he was friends of the two high school students who had committed suicide as a protest against the war in New Jersey last year.

"Thing that bothers me," he shouted down, "nobody even bothered to bring a poster today with their pictures on it."
"What would jumping off accomplish? Isn't that a copout?"
"They did it as an act of humanity."
"That was their bag. It solves nothing."
"Yes, it's an act for humanity."

All of a sudden, a series of whoops were heard, and we could see the men with the American flag marching down the 40th Street perimeter of the park. The two thousand or so people left in the park saw it all at once, and began whooping and running after the men with the flag. I never saw a flag move so quick. They chased them to the corner of Fifth Avenue where the men held their ground, and the people who were chasing them were young teenagers, and none had the courage to start a fight, but all one thousand had the nerve to chase 7 men down the street. The police moved right in, and the cleanup movement was started for good and all. People were moved out of the park this way and that, very skillfully done, and the Moratorium Marshals helped them. By this time it was dark, and the anger and frustration of the day had not been satisfied, and many people went up to Columbia and rioted and there were no Union goons from the Moratorium to try and stop them.

GROVE

(Continued from Page 9)

the lock-up yourselves... maybe tonight... who knows?" Courthouse guards marched up and down the aisles making sure that everyone sat up straight, that no one read newspapers, and that no one whispered. Every now and then a guard looked at the crowds of women and snickered, "Let's lock 'em all up!"

Judge Cummaford's demeanor towards lawyers was even more contemptuous. Two attorneys from the Legal Aid Society were abused all evening as they tried to defend the indigent. When one bearded Legal Aid lawyer protested one of Cummaford's excessive bails, he was told, "That kind of stuff may go in first year law school, but not in my Court!" Several times during the evening, he suggested that Legal Aid (hardly a bastion of radicalism) was a contemptuous organization and that the lawyers were dumb smucks. And Abbie Hoffman got a contempt sentence for throwing Julius J. a kiss!

Emily Goddman, the attorney for the Grove Press Nine commented that ever since Chicago a lot of judges have gone crazy. "They think they have free reign now. Nixon eggs them on by inviting Julius Hoffman to the White House."

Order in the Court.

The Monkey wants to speak.

NO Grinning!

NO Spitting!

NO Showing your teeth!

Around nine p.m. women's lib lawyers Flo Kennedy and Emily Goodman began to get worried about the whereabouts

of their clients. Rumor had it that the charges against the women had been raised to a felony and that they would not be arraigned that night. No one knew whether the Grove Press Nine were in the Criminal

(Continued on Page 19)

SAMOYEDS MAKE LOVE - NOT WAR!

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this week the U.S. gov't. fucked with N.Y.S. Vietnam, Cambodia, Cuba, Seattle, Santa Barbara, and the Lawyers commune in N.Y. Now this terrible shit has got to stop, RIGHT? GET YOUR SHEET TOGETHER!

WAR-

(Continued from Page 14) information (p. 195). The solution is making the reporter a sensitive medium for news, one who is able to skillfully weight what he knows through his highly developed professional sense. Bring back the "I" says

know what the essence of news is. Let's say that a man murders his wife and children in some outlandish fashion during the same period of time that a crucial defense appropriations bill is on the floor of the Senate. The normal course of events would be that the murder will get front-page coverage while the other item will be buried. Both items are important but there is a question of priorities as to what should be covered more fully. (How about the recent Conspiracy hearings? One notices that all the New York dailies buried reports from Chicago on inside pages as if it was just another news item, just another item.)

Minor strikes at news media's apparent unwillingness to define the ethos of news and assign priorities to what is covered. In all probabilities the media is more concerned with selling papers but only to the point where the information is willfully hidden. If not hidden, then the Press must take responsibility for what it sees and hears, something which it either cannot or will not do. Again, there is the spectre of mediaized ignorance done with or without Nixon's blessings; it is an ignorance willingly subscribed to because, it seems, no one wants to deal with the responsibility of meting out the truth. "Objectivity" for Minor is a fiction which "...often defeats the purpose of the discipline, which is to provide the public with coherent factual

Minor, "Maintaining the fiction of the reporter as an eye without an I is not in the best interests of sound journalism." (p. 196)

The charge for the press for Minor's opinion is that they assume the responsibility for that which they are entrusted with, people's perceptions of reality. They should do this by developing a righteous sense of their professionalism as well as a pride in their work. The question of objectivity is a

fiction, for if a reporter does his job, the facts speak for themselves and "...whatever else it might be, (the truth) is seldom neutral." (p. 201) Right on, Brother Minor!

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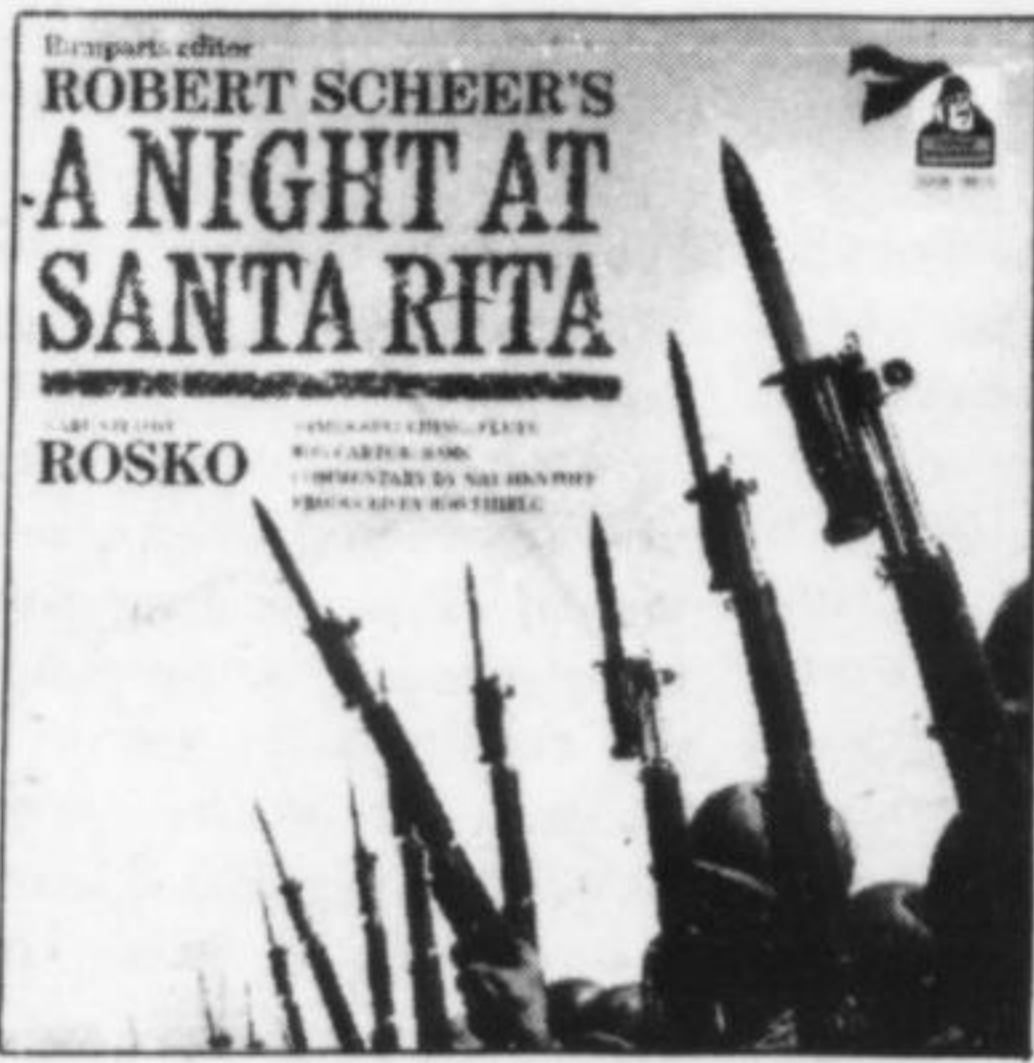
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GROVE

(Continued from Page 18)
 Courthouse. No one knew where they were. Miss Goodman asked the prosecutor, a D.A. named Lieberman, if he knew of the defendants' whereabouts. No, he said innocently. It was later learned that the same man had earlier prepared papers charging the women with a felony rather than a misdemeanor. *He knew... be knew!*

So the women waited for their sisters till nearly midnight. By then Flo Kennedy strongly suspected that something terrible had been done to her clients — something bureaucratic, something deliberate, something designed to make them spend an extra night in prison. Flo made a motion to find out just where the hell everyone was. The Judge said he didn't know for sure, but he didn't think the girls were in

the building or that they would be coming before him that night. He had received no papers for the women and no one could be bailed out without "their papers." He did however say that charges against the women had been raised.

MAROONED

(Continued from Page 5)
 reasons of economy, safety and all-around advisability, the ship would continue on its present course around the moon and would then do two small burns that would head it back to earth, landing it in one of several possible spots sometime around noon on Friday, that the main problem was keeping the astronauts alive till then with the power and supplies still available on the craft, that oxygen aplenty existed in the Lunar module for the return trip, a p r o x i m a t e l y 48 pounds — which would be more

than sufficient to support re-entry; that there might be a problem with the water, and with the lithium hydroxide canisters which cleanse the oxygen of carbon dioxide, but that all systems appeared to be adequate to sustain life until re-entry, that two routes of return were presently under consideration, one taking 133 hours and landing the craft in the Atlantic southeast of Brazil, the other taking 142 hours and resulting in a Pacific landing near American Samoa; that the Atlantic landing would be the more difficult of the two because the U.S. would have to rely on ships of opportunity — "Ships of opportunity?" someone asked.

"Yes," Dr. Sjoberg said. "This could be foreign naval vessels, merchant ships, any ships in the vicinity that could offer recovery capability, and that would mean any ship in the area. We do not have planned recovery ships in the area."

"Dr. Sjoberg," someone asked, "the press kits we have say that the Navy has a full fleet of recovery ships in the Atlantic."

Sjoberg looked dourly at the man who asked the question.

"There are no Navy recovery ships in the Atlantic," he said gloomily.

"Wasn't it deemed necessary for this flight?"

"There is no recovery ship in the Atlantic," Sjoberg repeated.

It was a classic moment. The conference went on and various technical questions were answered in the usual scientific jargon. Still, there was the heavy use of the word "fatality," and "loss," and with grim voices the men on the space board did indeed admit the possibility that this time we might not succeed, that this time our brave astronauts might indeed be facing the ultimate fate: slow, horrible death in space and eternal orbit thereafter. This was possibly the most honest and therefore terrifying moment in the entire history of the space program, Grissom, Chaffee and Young notwithstanding.

"Mr. Kraft, would you say that if this happened on the return trip, without the benefit of the Lunar module, that the situation would be fatal?"

"If it had happened on the return trip," Kraft said tersely, "it would almost certainly be fatal."

"What do you think of their chances?"

"I think their chances are quite excellent at the moment, assuming the lunar module continues to function."

The speculations going on in the civilian world at this point were staggering to the mind. I'd say that at least 75% of the people I came in contact with over the next two days, whites, blacks, criminals and men of the cloth, were convinced that the Astronauts were doomed and some of them reacted to this with the old "serves 'em right" routine, while others were seriously and genuinely concerned for the men, their families, and the prospect of death without dignity.

"The bodies of these men are wired and programmed," someone said. "We'd be listening to their last heartbeats on NBC."

"I can see the headlines," someone else said. "ASTRONAUTS DOOMED/ Say Farewell to Wives and Children/ Lovell tells Houston, I always loved my Country. If they do it, I swear to God, I'll renounce my citizenship and move to Canada."

"It's not funny," still another person said. "This is a blow like the death of Kennedy. Did you see that picture, 'Marooned'? It's a terrible thing. I don't care what you say. I agree the space program is bullshit, but we ought to have some sympathy for men who have to die that way. It's chilling."

By the next morning, however, the mass media of the country had pretty much glossed over the dread behind the scenes, and were printing headlines like "ASTRONAUTS RETURN HOME," assuming that everything would be all

right, which it later turned out to be. But several questions were left unanswered. One, how many "no return" clauses actually exist in the contract of an astronaut? Two, what kind of benefits are provided for the family? (Are the sons of deceased astronauts offered an appointment to the service academy of their choices, as with Medal of Honor winners?) Three, and perhaps most important, do means exist for the easy way out in the event of a disaster, e.g., are the astronauts given cyanide capsules?

This latest speculation is by no means as wild as it seems. It is common knowledge that pilots and other folks likely to be captured and tortured by the "enemy," are given such tablets so they may beat the enemy at his own game. Well, why not the astronauts? The secrets they carry are presumably far more confidential than even those of a U-2 pilot, and the varieties of death they face are more numerous and excruciating than those faced by the ordinary pilot. And assuming they carry the payload for their own deaths, who makes the final decision to drop the pill? Houston? The Astronauts themselves? Does Lovell get on the old radio and say, "Houston, this is Aquarius signing out."

"Aquarius, this is Houston reading your message."

"Houston, Aquarius. Astronaut Swigert has already been powered down and programmed out. Lovell and Haise on the way."

"Aquarius, this is Houston. All systems go. And Rog, on behalf of all the folks here at Manned Spacecraft, we'd like to extend our deepest thanks, and we're sorry."

"Houston, this is Aquarius. You suck."

By Tuesday evening, we knew the boys would be saved. The thrill was gone. Coming out from behind the moon, the ship did a slow burn and we listened to it on radio and T.V. and they said it was looking good. Jules Bergman interviewed his old test pilot again, and this time the dude was dressed up in a spacesuit and walking around a simulated craft just like Bess Myerson touring a model kitchen. But the burn was successful and the flight continued homeward as the whole world watched and waited. Thursday, a minor crisis developed as Houston discovered the craft was off course by 104 miles and could completely miss the earth, but nobody seemed to be worried too much, that old technocratic arrogance had taken over again, and all systems were, you guessed it, go. Friday morning, with the sailors standing on the deck of the Iwo Jima, the men landed in a typical and particularly smooth re-entry maneuver and were home safe despite the mangling of the service module. I was glad to see them saved, I really was, and you should be too I guess. But the prospect now exists that the space program can result in disaster; destruction; death — and General Mitchell will not even be able to blame it on the Weathermen. Dig it?

(Continued on Page 21)

This picture is kind of a Copout.

In real life, the guy's hair would be matted down from the helmet. The chick would be your woman instead of a New York model. And you'd be eating exhaust from a bus somewhere instead of grooving in farout fields. However the Landlubbers are real; and they are mildly, but honestly transcendent.

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FRICK

(Continued from Page 15)
talent blues players of the seventies are searching for. The sound of the music has very little to do with it all, it's the feeling that goes to make up the blues, the stuff behind the music. Barry Goldberg plays the piano like his hands are made out of lead. BOOGIE BOOGIE BOOGIE. There never has been too much boogie happening in N.Y.C. You have to go out to the midwest to really get it on. Anyone who still believes that N.Y.C. is the music capital of the world should do some floatin around and see.

This album is like a time machine, turn the power way way up. I always like my Boogie loud anyways. A little later on down the time wire the magic moved to Los Angeles and on the west coast things were a little bit different. There's another collection of stuff, it's called *EARLY L.A.*, also on Together Records No. ST-T-1014. The Fabulous Forty survey of KFWB, they were a radio station at one time, the home of such west coast jocks like Wink Martindale, Joe Yocam, Sam Riddle, Bill Balance and Geene Weed. They sure do the music business different on the west coast, but it's no better than New York. Crooked and phony as a 3-dollar bill, but it's different. The record is a crosssection of the early sixties west coast sound with cuts by and from Lead Belly, Dino Valenti, Hoyt Axton, Gene Clark, Ruth Talley, The Dillards, the team of McGuinn and Clark, The Byrds, and canned heat. It's a far out album. Kind of makes one hear the boogie all over again.

At press time I had only heard one side of the new Paul McCartney album. It's called *McCartney PCS7102*.

instruments and voices by Paul McCartney, photos and harmonies by Linda.

Here are some random observations...

"Reach me in the fallin rain mama."

Next, an instrumental.

"Every nite I wanna get out of my head/ But tonite I wanna stay here and be with you."

A lyrical, almost late-50's-type ballad:

"Every day I lean on a lamp post wasting my time/ Every nite my head on a pillow resting my mind/ But tonite I wanna be with you."

He plays the steel-stringed guitar. His voice is one of the reasons the chickadees screamed and fainted in the early days of the Beatles, the now Lamented Beatles, the man who burst the Beatle bubble has his own album out and it's a tremendous piece of work. Like nothing before... What of the Beatle magic that down thru the years has been so important in changing the Thought dreams of so many young people. To be affected by some music is to be able to be affected by all music. There is magic in every song and there is what it sounds like. A dream of something else a little different than a man's everyday reality is the carrot that's been dangling up in front of the jackass that's pulling the cart. The civilization we know by the name Earth is riding in the cart. The carrot dangling in the mind and the road underneath all of time. Rounding the bend, approaching the aquarian assimilation, the music takes on a religious aspect and talk of "When I leave this old world, gonna be somethin on the other side of this life" songs fill the air. The words are all the same cause the message that can't be spoken is a lot easier to dream.

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GROVE PRESS

(Continued from Page 19)

With that, the onlookers headed for the door. There seemed no point to watching this continuing parade of oppression. Guards, suspicious of the mass exodus, followed, grabbing one young woman who was holding a tambourine (loaded???) under her coat. She was arrested and had to spend the night in the Tombs.

WHILE FRIENDS OF THE GROVE PRESS NINE suffered an ordeal during the attempt to bail them out, their problems were small compared to the deliberate humiliation the feminists had been put through at the hands of the police, the District Attorney and the Court. In the course of their twenty-four hour incarceration, the women were shifted around to four different jails, were denied food and medicine, were manhandled, abused, stripped and forced to submit to internal examinations. To add an extra indignity, the police tried to extract information from the women without informing them of their constitutional rights.

Most of the Grove Press Nine were a little dazed when they were finally released from prison, but they gave reporters this approximate chronology of what happened to them behind bars:

1:30 P.M.: The women are taken to the 6th Police Precinct in Greenwich Village. They are put into a filthy cage and it is there that officers attempt to extract information without informing the accused of their constitutional rights.

6:00 P.M.: Into a darkened police van. "Let's give these bitches a really rough ride," snickers one pig. The women arrive bruised and shaken at the Criminal Court Building.

6:30 P.M.: The Tombs. Filthy. Lice ridden. Women are packed in cages for the crime of being women: Prostitutes. Next to the Grove Press Nine are females being arraigned for whoring, dope, shoplifting and poverty. One woman was having a miscarriage. Others were going through heroin withdrawal. "I was holding a sister in my arms," said Martha Altman later at a press conference, "who was going through the most unbelievable and painful withdrawal. But she was too frightened to even ask for medical help. She knew if she did that she would be subject to an automatic three year sentence under Rockefeller's phoney "rehabilitation plan." So she just suffered and all we could do was to hold her down." In the Tombs, the Feminists made sisterly contact with the prostitutes. In the Tombs, the feminists also met Mrs. Patricia Roberts, a young black woman, the mother of two children, who had been charged with burglary. She had stolen two cans of food for her children.

8:30 P.M.: Someone, most likely the D.A., decides to increase the

charges against the women. If this is done in proper bureaucratic style, the women will have to spend the night in jail. What is important though is that the feminists will be charged with a felony, which means that they'll have to be fingerprinted. The FBI is anxious to have the fingerprints of all people involved in demonstrations. A new legal policy (unofficial, of course) is to get these prints by whatever means necessary. So to please John Mitchell, the charges are raised. No one tells the defendants about the increased charges. No one tells their lawyers.

10:30 P.M.: The Nine are taken to the Fifth Police Precinct, where they are to be fingerprinted. Alas, there is no fingerprint paper. So everyone waits. Gerry Melaba, one of the defendants, is a diabetic who will go into a coma if she doesn't get some food soon. Hours of pleading, bring a police promise for some food for Gerry.

1:00 A.M. - TUESDAY: The women are fingerprinted.

2:30 A.M.: The women arrive at the 14th Police Precinct. There everyone is told that they will be forced to strip and submit to internal examinations. Ti-Grace Atkinson refuses this violation of her body and is chained to her cell. A male pig strips her and performs the legal

equivalent of rape. Meanwhile, all the women have to squat naked on the floor. The reason for these examinations: to search the defendants for hidden drugs. However, none of the women were brought in on drug charges. The real reason for the inspection: to degrade defendants, to frighten them, to carry out sexual sadism. Conditions at the the 14th Precinct jail would never make the Michelin guide: There are no doors on the toilet. A pig watches while you pee. There's a hard board for a bed. The cells are cold, brutal and inhuman. Diabetics are denied medicine. Cops gloat to the feminists about how they beat their wives.

4:30 A.M.: The accused are permitted two hours of painful sleep.

6:30 A.M.: Time to get up. Breakfast can be bought for \$1.50. For the poor, starvation.

12:30 P.M.: The police try to force the women to sign forms

that would waive their right to be released on their own recognisance. The women refuse. A more friendly Judge Lang, releases the Grove Press Nine without bail. The nine feminists use their bail money to spring Mrs. Patricia Roberts, the woman who stole two cans of food. Her bail is \$1,500.

THAT EVENING, the women hold a press conference at the home of their attorney, Flo Kennedy. "I haven't slept in two days now," said Martha Altman. "All my life I've been reading stories about what happens to black people, prostitutes and junkies. But yesterday, it happened to me. And all of it happened because I was a militant woman and because the pigs knew it. I learned something in jail: The woman I held while she went

through withdrawal convulsions, she was my sister. Those prostitutes are my sisters!"

Martha Altman looked around the room. Bleary with exhaustion and with tears in her eyes, she said, "I've got to free my sisters now... I've got to free them if I have to tear down the whole fucking system to do it. I learned THAT in jail."

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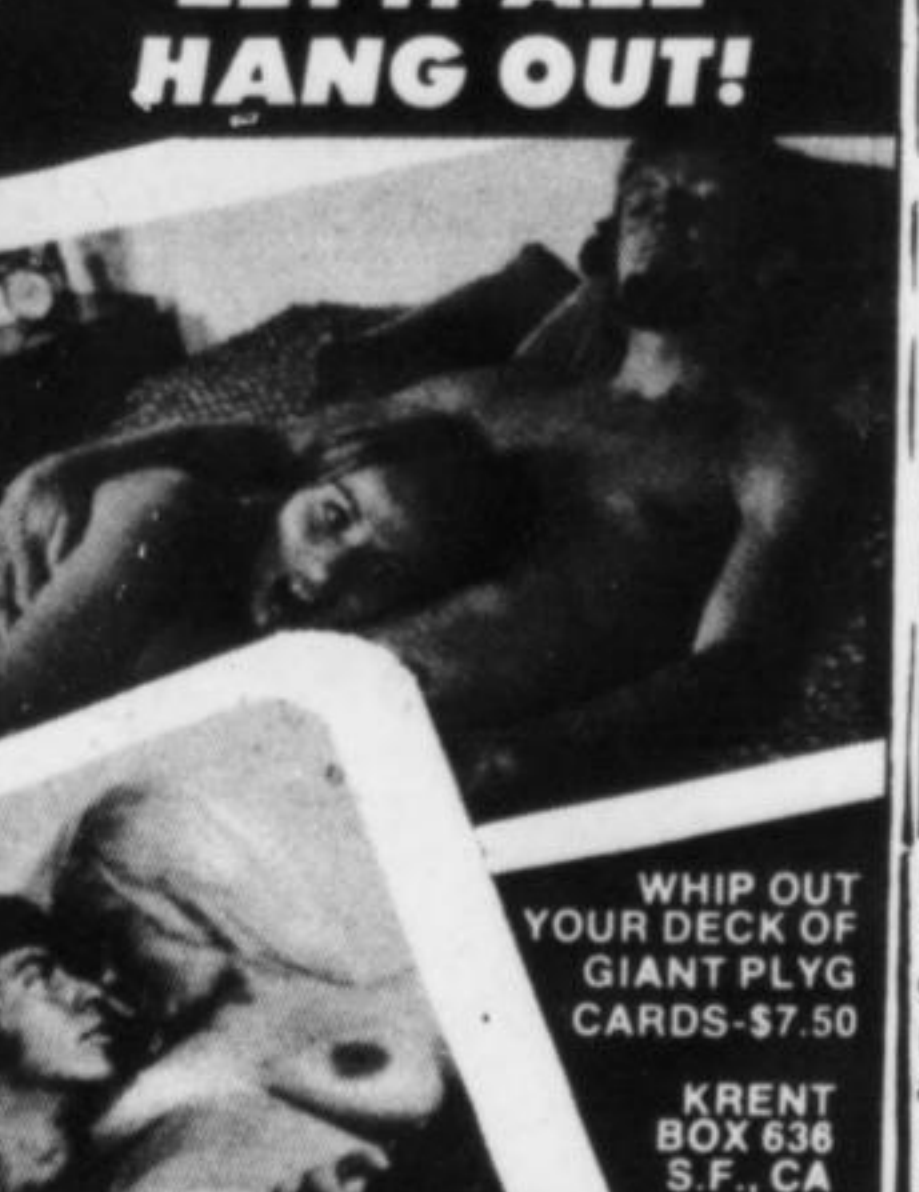
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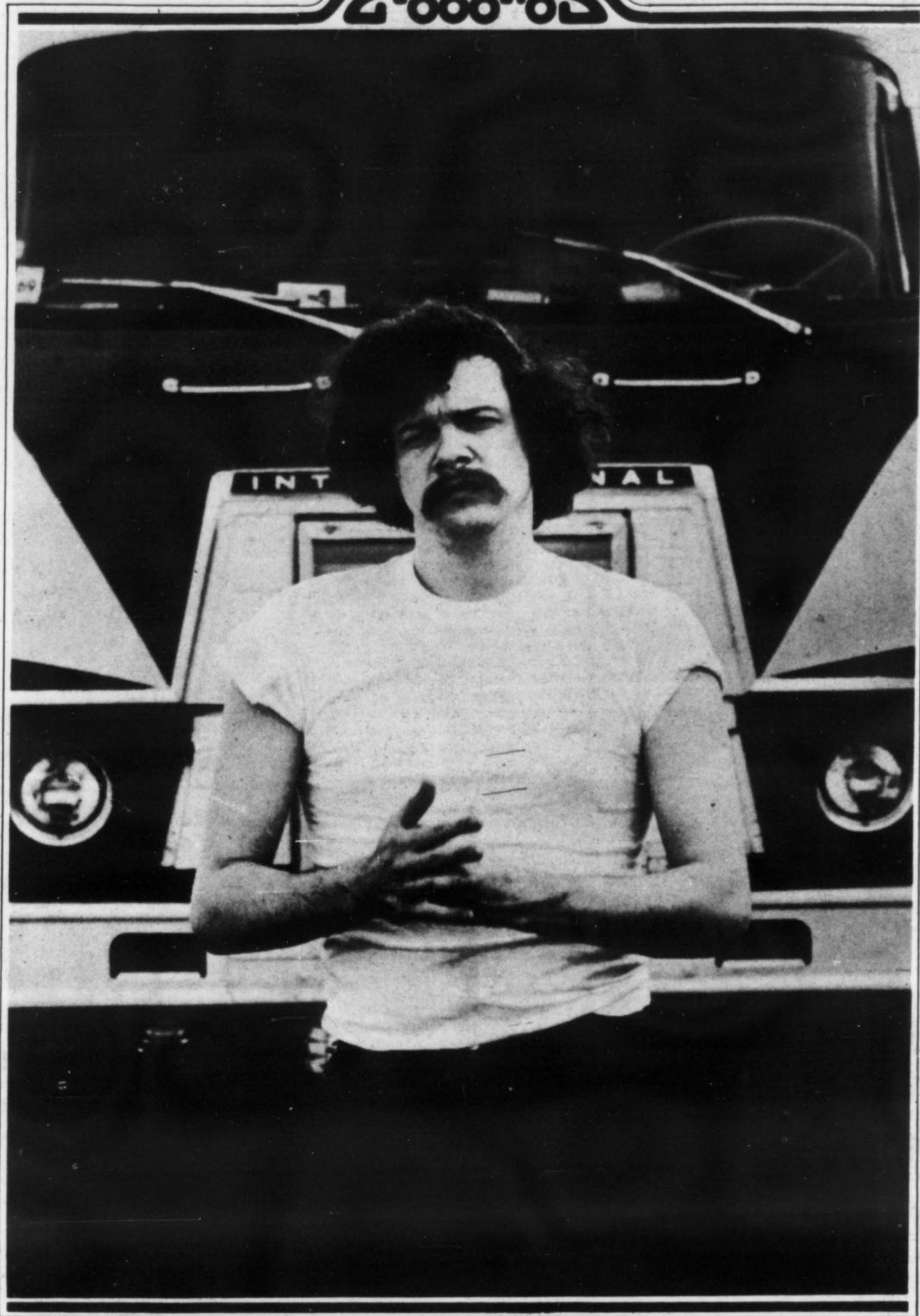
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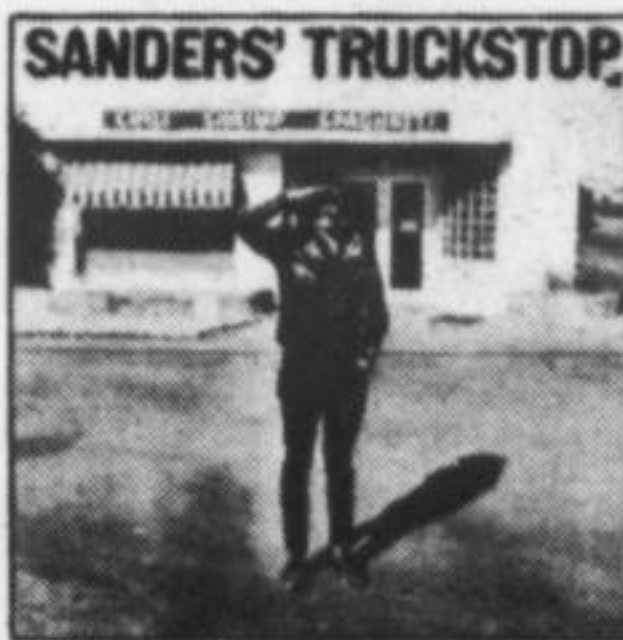
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