

INSIDE - HOT SHIT

**THE**  
east  
village



**OTHER**

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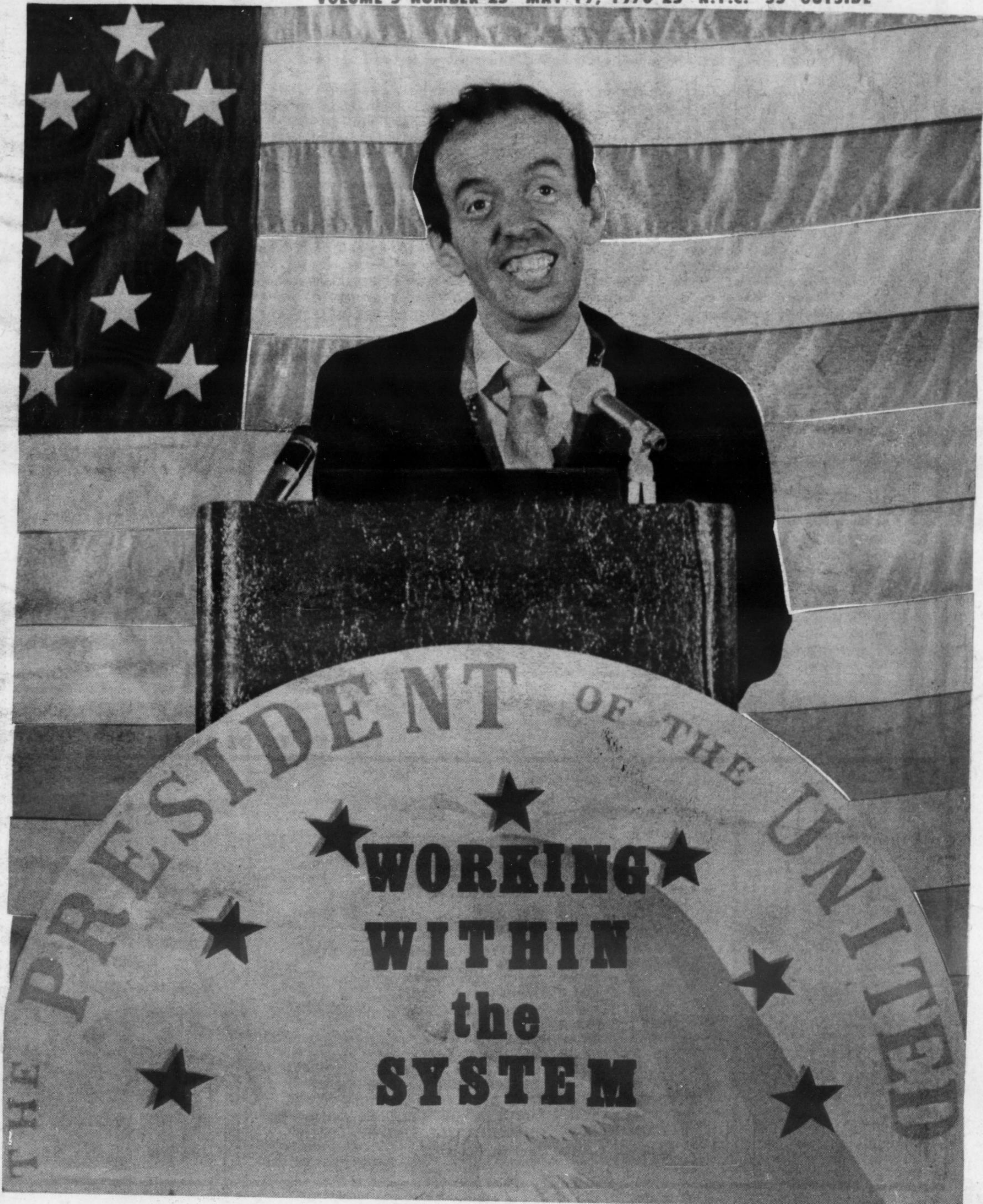


Photo: Joseph Stevens

# HIRAP

The aggravated neglect and ineptitude of the Phone Company deprived us of their inestimable services during the first two weeks in our new quarters. One had the rare chance, in such a silence, eleven high flights above the city, to reflect upon the unrealities of yesteryear until they became fond memories to some, a childish joke to others. No day passes now without the presentation of some not-too-harmonious a chorus of corpulent hard-hats and disenchanted white-collar past-and-present-acned faces bellowing out 'AMERICA THE BOOTIFUL!'; waving their assorted banners, standards and other tribal totems, they resemble a pitiful collection of Mongoloids cheering their nonexistent heroes.

Revolution is the talk of the town, and for some reason it has become rather chic to clench one's fist in salutation and adieu. Esthetics notwithstanding, it seems almost boring at times. To curse The Man becomes unnecessary; look at the papers and you'll see your work done for you. Suddenly it isn't only you hallucinating about the Greek Junta on the Potomac. Listen to Gore Vidal--"Colonel Agnew", et al. As if by telepathy, every Tom, Dick, and Harry seems to share your old nightmare about a military putsch; economic collapse has ceased to be the vengeful groan of those who got screwed on the market in a quiet way. Today the self-made giants lose their pants in the full glory of their coveted publicity.

Oh yes--somewhere along the way ten blacks get lynched in Augusta and Jacksonville. Almost as an afterthought, all the proper expressions of all the bullshit we always copped out behind come forth. Again rules and regulations are adhered to, and everything seems to be falling into the proper sequence of American reality. Compare your reactions to Kent State to those you forced out of yourself after Augusta and Jacksonville. Worthy food for thought.



## STRIKE!

*John da Swede*

THANKS TO DE SWEDE



JAAKOV KOHN	FRED MOGUBGUB
ALLEN KATZMAN	SPAIN RODRIGUEZ
ARTHUR FELDMAN	KIM DEITCH
JOSEPH STEVENS	R. CRUMB
STEPHEN KOHN	JAMES LICHTENBERG
JACKIE DIAMOND	LONDON: MILES
RAY SCHULTZ	AMSTERDAM: SIMON VINKENOOG
JACKIE FRIEDRICK	PARIS: J.J. LEBEL
KARIN BERG	DAVID WALLEY
DON KATZMAN	JOHN PETER ZENGER
AL SHENKER	CLAUDIA DREIFUS
HETTY MACLISE	ALEX GROSS
BREN NICHOLS	LITA ELISCU
STEVEN HELLER	RENFREU NEFF
FLICKA DE MOID	LIL PICARD
NORTH: THE KID	ZLAGOBODINSKI KHARSHOLSK
IRVING SHUSHNIK	GIANFRANCO MANTEGNA
YOSSARIAN	EUROPEAN OPERATIONS JENÜ
CHARLIE FRICK	DURANCE VILE: TIMOTHY LEARY
John da Swede	Jackie Acon



R. CRUMB  
DEAN LATIMER



# BOYCOTT U.S.A.

On June 1, 1970, a WORLD ECONOMIC BOYCOTT OF THE USA begins. It is to be in full effect by January 1, 1971, and sustained until the USA has ended all its wars. Scandinavia, Western Europe, and Asia are to participate in BOYCOTT USA. This BOYCOTT of everything American should conclusively demonstrate to the government of the USA a world commitment to peace.

We all can participate in BOYCOTT USA. We don't buy American — we buy imports. We don't bank American — we use foreign banks. We don't fly Pan Am — we use foreign carriers.

This way we make a direct attack on American war-profiteers. The profits of RCA, Zenith, Magnavox, Westinghouse, and General Electric — all among the top fifty war contractors — can be cut when we buy imported TVs, radios, appliances, etc.

General Tire & Rubber, 26 on the list, controls Pepsi Cola. IT&T, number 29, makes Hostess Cupcakes. We can live without them.

When we can't buy imports and we can't do without and until we have our own peace cooperatives, we must, for now, take the least of the evils. For example, Shell Oil Company, partly owned by The Netherlands, is not among the "top 50". BOYCOTT Standard Oil, Chevron, and Mobil Oil.

Don't buy American after June 1. BOYCOTT USA and bring peace to the world.

### WHO ARE THE WAR PROFITEERS?

Rank in Fiscal 1969	Company	Contract Volume in Millions	Rank in Fiscal 1968
1.	Lockheed	\$2,040	2
2.	General Electric	1,620	3
3.	General Dynamics	1,234	1
4.	McDonnell-Douglas	1,069	5
5.	United Aircraft	997	4
6.	AT&T	916	6
7.	LTV	914	8
8.	North American Rockwell	674	9
9.	Boeing	654	7
10.	General Motors	584	10
11.	Raytheon	547	15
12.	Sperry Rand	468	16
13.	Avco	456	12
14.	Hughes Aircraft	439	24
15.	Westinghouse	430	27
16.	Textron	428	13
17.	Grumman	417	11
18.	Honeywell	406	20
19.	Ford Motor Co.	396	19
20.	Olin Corp.	354	21
21.	Litton Industries	317	14
22.	Teledyne	308	67
23.	RCA	299	26
24.	Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey	291	25
25.	Martin Marietta	264	17
26.	General Tire & Rubber	264	28
27.	IBM	257	30
28.	Raymond-Morrison-Knudson	254	35
29.	IT&T	238	29
30.	Tenneco	237	—
31.	E.I. duPont de Nemours & Co.	212	38
32.	FMC Corp.	196	33
33.	Norris Industries	188	45
34.	Bendix Corp.	184	31
35.	Hercules, Inc.	180	37
36.	Northrop	179	22
37.	Uniroyal	174	42
38.	TRW	170	52
39.	Pan American World Airways	167	32
40.	Asiatic Petroleum Corp.	156	49



### Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies

41.	Mobil Oil	152	51
42.	Standard Oil Co. of California	149	44
43.	Fairchild Hiller	149	56
44.	Collins Radio	146	47
45.	Kaiser Industries	142	18
46.	General Telephone & Electronics	140	41
47.	Day & Zimmerman	138	40
48.	Texas Instruments	132	39
49.	Federal Cartridge	132	82
50.	Magnavox	130	55

### AND WHAT ARE THEIR PRODUCTS?

AT&T: fancy phones (Princess and colors); long cords; special directory listings.

AVCO: Carte Blanche credit card; Seaboard Finance; Moffats appliances; Avco Delta Corp.; Avco Savings & Loan; WLW (Cincinnati); WWDC AM/FM (Washington, D.C.); WRTH (Wood River, Ill.); WOAL (San Antonio); KYA, KOIT-FM (San Francisco); WLW-D (Dayton); WLW-C (Columbus); WLW-I (Indianapolis); WOAI-TV (San Antonio).

BENDIX: appliances  
FORD: Philco; Autolite; Willys; Ford; Lincoln; Mercury.

GENERAL DYNAMICS: Stromberg-Carlson Corp.

GENERAL ELECTRIC: small appliances; lights; Olivetti; G.E. Learning Corp; G.E. Broadcasting Company.

GENERAL MOTORS: Chevrolet; Pontiac; Oldsmobile; Buick; Cadillac; GM trucks; Frigidaire appliances; Vauxhall; Opel; AC spark plugs; Delco products.

GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER: RKO; Pepsi-Cola

HONEYWELL: Honeywell-Pentax; Rolleiflex; Corningware.

IBM: typewriters; dictaphone.

ITT: Yellow Cab in certain cities; Avis; Holiday Inns in Ohio; Sheraton Hotels; Speedwriting Corp.; Continental Baking Co. (Wonder, Hostess, Mortons).

KAISER INDUSTRIES: Jeep; KBHB, KFOG (San Francisco); WKBD (Detroit); WKBS (Philadelphia); KBSC (L.A.); WKBG (Boston).

LING-TEMCO-VOUGHT: Wilson Sporting Goods; Wilson Pharmaceuticals; Braniff Airways; University loudspeakers; Fredrick, Inc. (refrigerators); National Car Rental; Hamilton Publishing Co.; Mt. Werner Ski Area, Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

LITTON: Monroe calculators; Sweda; Royal; Royfax; Litton Publications; American Book Company; Stouffer restaurants and inns; Diners Club.

MAGNAVOX: TV; stereo; radios; furniture.

MOBIL OIL: Mobil.

OLIN: Olincraft wood products.

RCA: appliances, Hertz.

RAYTHEON: D.C. Heath, Amana.

SPERRY RAND: typewriters, Remington shavers.

STANDARD OIL OF CALIF.: Standard, Chevron.

STANDARD OIL OF N.J.: Standard; ESSO; Humble.

TELEDYNE: Packard-Bell.

TEXTRON: Gorham sterling silver, stainless steel; Eaton papers; Homelite; Snowmobiles; Magnolite cookware; Durham furniture; Shaeffer Pen Co.; Skrip; Speidel; Talon (zippers); Bostich staplers.

UNIROYAL: Uniroyal; Fisk; Gillette.

WESTINGHOUSE: Westinghouse Training Corp.; appliances; Westinghouse Broadcasting Co.; Thermo King Co.; 7-Up.



GENERAL  
ELECTRIC



Allen Ginsberg was there. Allan Watts was there. Abbie Hoffman was there. Jerry Rubin was there. Rosemary Leary was there. Jimmy Hendrix was there. Johnny Winters was there. Bob Fass was there. Paul Krassner was there. Ed Sanders was there. The EVO staff was there. Mike Laing was there. Everybody was there except Tim Leary.

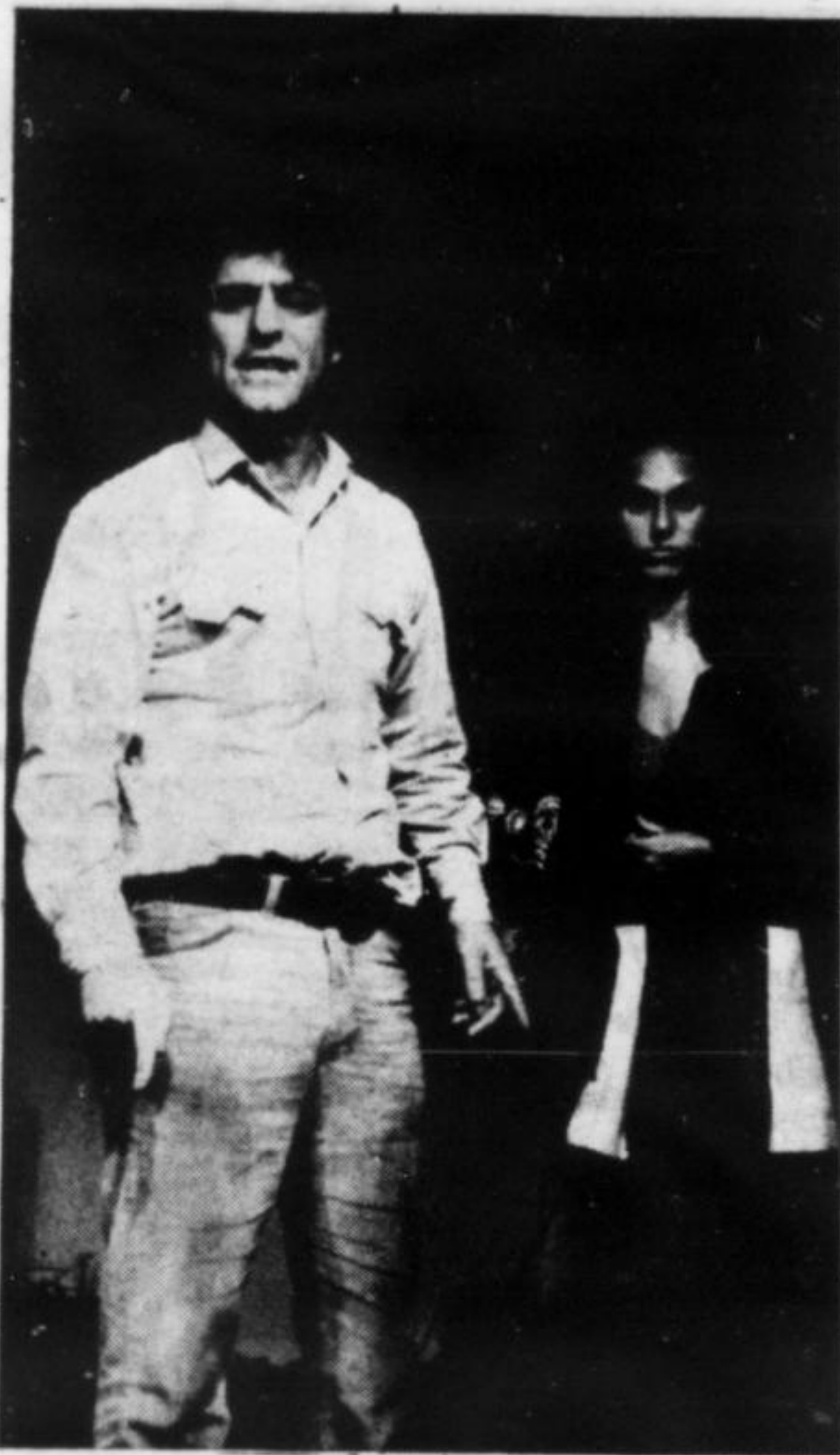
It was the Holding Together benefit for the King of Chemicals, the Prophet of Pharmacy, the Leader of Lysergic Acid. Tim Leary was in jail in Chino, California, pending appeal; ten years for possession of marijuana while the rest of us were at the Village Gate, last Monday, pending the demise of the Woodstock Nation.

Things had changed so radically in the last few weeks that a party somehow seemed inappropriate, even though it was for Tim's financial benefit. The Woodstock Nation was over, done in by hard hats and national guardsmen. Its wake was never made official. The New York Times never even carried the obituary.

The psychedelic fringe, the revolutionary hip and committed, the OM seekers, celebrities and their cohort capitalists, the beautiful people and freak counterparts, an alter ego revolution playing out their parts to a dead dream of dropout. They all came together but nothing seemed to hold.

Rather they mixed in an easter parade of scene stealing, peace posturing and acid freakout. While everyone was tolling their ego, Allen Ginsberg and Allan Watts began to center the undisciplined energy with the chanting of mantras. They were soon joined by audience participation and an occasional howl from some talent reject with acid overload. It all soon meshed into some beat quartet of barbershop buddhas.

There were intermittent pauses of canned music being piped over the p.a. system while the stage lolled in silence. The audience took it from there as some flipped out pedigree complete with cape gyrated before the stage. His dance to summer was rather beautiful but unreal as his body *pas seul*-ed in classical strain against the primitive roll of rock. As he reached the crescendo of his spontaneity, he flipped off his guacho hat, flung it into the faces of the voyeur sitters and in one invisible motion rejoined the audience at the table he had come from at almost the exact moment the hat landed in his lap.



## POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

by  
Allan Katzman

If this slight miracle went unnoticed, it was only because people in the underground were used to "throwing their hat into the ring" and catching it. In fact it was more of a "sleight of hand" than a "miracle;" and all magicians recognize each other by their tricks. It is only the truly dedicated magician who is interested in learning all about it who would even bother to make mention of it.

In fact, the whole evening began to be punctured over with all kinds of tricks — some minor and some major. One minor one was the charging of \$2.50 for one lousy drink of liquor. Not that I wanted or needed to get high but I was thirsty. But minors shall be replaced with majors, and some woodstock people (from Woodstock, New York as opposed to Woodstock Nation — another minor trick) came through with some organic apple juice squeezed by their own little macrobiotic hands. The taste was major — with a little help from Mother Nature, the major magician of us all.

Wavy Gravy, a magician with a mission, was stretched out in the outside lobby on a stretcher. No minor trick as most of his body was in a cast due to his third bad back operation. He was all smiles and cheers as he watergunned each well wisher. His gun tottin baptism was refreshing and so far the best trick of the evening. Wavy had also recently changed his name from Hugh Romney, of Hog Farm fame — no minor trick either since he was still beautifully the same smile and cheers.

The evening became tricky with lulls as invited name groups had not shown up yet. But the "revolution" doesn't wait for entertainment, and confrontation began to brew as a fight between Abbie Hoffman and an unknowner broke out on stage. Abbie won with the easy trick of pushing his confronter off the stage. He grabbed the microphone (one of the 20th century's greatest tricks and target of their fight) and began to scream and bawl out the audience's consciousness for not "doing" the revolution.

Anita Hoffman also was on stage and ripped off her scarf which was covering her see-through blouse (no minor tricks) and began to scream also. They demanded that the audience quit their partying time and get down to the business of an armed revolution.

"If you want Tim Leary out of jail by July 4th," Abbie ordered, "then lets tear down the walls of his prison — because that's the only way he's going to get out."

(Continued on Page 11)

JOSEPH STEVENS

**SEIZE THE TIME; The Story of the Black Panther Party and Huey P. Newton by Bobby Seale (Random House; \$6.95)**

This is the first book to trace the history and development of the Black Panther Party, and it should be read by everyone concerned with the present of our society. The circumstances under which much of its content had to be gathered is in itself indicative of the Party's development since its official inception on New Year's Day, 1967. As the publisher notes, the book is derived from tape recordings made by Bobby Seale; the first series of tapes (made in cooperation with *Rumparts*) were made in the early fall of 1968... just before Seale began a 6-month term in Alameda County Jail at Santa Rita, California (his imprisonment here growing out of a Party agreement to save a few brothers with previous records from going to state prison on trumped up charges evolving around police efforts to weaken the Party and kill its leader, Huey P. Newton). The later tapes were made in the fall and winter of 1969-70 when Seale was serving time in San Francisco County Jail, and although it is not noted by the publisher, this would presumably be before and/or after his conspiracy trial as one of the Chicago 8.

These chronological relationships are not indicated in the publisher's note, nor are other such juxtapositions as clear as one might like them to be in the book itself. This may be explicable by keeping in mind the informal and conversational atmosphere that usually surrounds taping a subject, especially a subject as interesting as Seale, tends to preclude a meticulous concern from both sides with the dates of events and with underscoring the relationship of these occurrences with each other. But this is a negligible criticism, material only in that greater concern with pin-pointing certain dates... that of Huey Newton's imprisonment, when the first issue of the Black Panther newspaper appeared, dates of important meetings and rallies, etc... would have been helpful in giving the reader a better handle, not only for setting time-parentheses in the Panthers' history, but also for relating it better to coincidental aspects of the radical movement as a whole.

But, to repeat, this is negligible, for as it turns out, it is the development of the Black Panther Party that over-rides this encyclopedic criticism. Here the conversational informality of the recording technique is a virtue, and Seale tells his story well and presents an unambiguous picture of what the Party is all about, what it was like in the beginning and what has happened since he and Newton began to organize it in 1966... its origins in the Soul Students Advisory Council at Merritt College; the summer of '66 when Seale was foreman of the North Oakland Neighborhood Anti-Poverty Center and Newton was a

community organizer; the growth of their close relationship, and the opening of the first Black Panther office in Oakland on January first of 1967.

Seale speaks of his youth, his family, his "dishonorably discharged" army career and the jobs that followed. He outlines his background in the beginning of his book, moving quickly, attaching little significance to autobiographical details, but further into his narrative one comes to understand that meaning came to his life after it was politicized, when he started working with Huey Newton toward revolutionary change in the black community. At later point in the book, he refers back to some of those early people and incidents, and they gain dimension in other contexts. He relates a conversation with his mother in which they discuss the cursing and obscene language so prevalent in Panther speeches at that time. Newton had told the brothers to try to eliminate that sort of language, because it might offend the older people and distract them from the real program of the Party. In checking out Newton's premise, Seale tells of his 60-year old mother, having voted for years for Democrats and Republicans, casting a vote for Eldridge Cleaver. She talks of how beautiful she thinks Eldridge is, the truth of what he's saying, how right he is, and finally tells her son, "But I wish he wouldn't cuss so much."

Using anecdotes, often very funny ones... like one concerning a sister asking his advise about her going to bed with a Panther brother that she liked very much, but who didn't have the 10-point program down pat in his memory... Seale underscores the means and goals of the Panther Party. The Party is always foremost in his story, he is adamant in stressing its political view, its strict adherence to legal means and constitutional rights, the careful discipline of its members and the ouster of those who will not live and work by its code. He is emphatic in stating and restating that the organization is not black racist, that it is involved in a class struggle, not a race struggle, and clearing up misconceptions carried by the media.

The strength of his character comes across in his deceptively simplistic way of expressing himself, an understated way of relating events that makes one re-read them, because it is hard to believe that such horror has been set down in such an unemotional tone. It seems almost naive until one realizes that he has survived these experiences by depersonalizing them, by placing them within the broader framework of revolution. The raw rage of Malcolm X and the brilliantly articulated bitterness of Cleaver are gone, but there is an acutely defined focus in which his own life appears as merely incidental in the revolutionary struggle of all victims of oppressive forces.

He doesn't hesitate to dismiss Stokely Carmichael, LeRoi Jones, Ron Karenga and all



## SEIZE THE TIME

by Bobby Seale

# a review by RENNFRU NEFF

"cultural nationalists" who espouse black racism, as well as the boot-lickers and Toms, though more hope is offered for the latter. But they are all pawns of the white racist establishment, and Seale puts them all into perspective with no pretense of supporting an image of black solidarity where divisive forces exist. Very up-front in his views, there is great praise for Charles Garry, the lawyer for the Black Panthers whom Seale describes as the "Lenin of the Courtroom", an interesting commentary on Bob Dylan's *Ballad of a Thin Man*, and a very positive approach to Jerry Rubin and all white radicals dedicated to serious revolutionary change.

An amusing story has to do with the Black Panthers and the *Quotations of Chairman Mao Tse Tung* (Seale himself shows an ideological preference for the work of Fanon, having read *The Wretched of the Earth*, he notes, six times before turning Huey on with it). During the early days of organizing the party, the Panthers needed guns, but money was scarce. Around that time a book review of the little Red Book appeared in a local paper, and having liked what was said about the book, Seale and some other Party members went to the bookstore in San Francisco that was importing it. They bought about 500 copies, which they then went out and sold to the white radicals in Berkeley for \$1 apiece. The books were all gone

in an hour or so, and the Panthers went back to the bookstore and made an agreement to buy the Red Book in quantities that brought the wholesale price down to 30-cents each, and the next shipment, about 1200 copies, was retailed to Bay Area radicals for \$1.00, bringing in enough of a profit to purchase several shotguns and pistols over the next few days.

In those early days of the revolution it was legal (and constitutionally sanctioned) to carry guns as long as they were not concealed and were purposes of self-defense (the latter being one of the primary points of the Party program), and a lot of "theatre" occurred during that period before the police got super up-tight and got into serious harassment. An early incident of harassment had to do with a rally to raise money for Huey Newton's legal defense. Stokely, Rap Brown and James Forman, all members of SNCC then, went to Oakland to make a show of solidarity at the rally, and later that night, after the apartment of Seale and his wife, Artie. Since it was cool for them to have unconcealed weapons around, but finding none of those either, the police planted a sawed-off shotgun (which is illegal) and busted them for possessing it. But there were no fingerprints of either Seale or his wife on the gun, so a second

charge had to be invented: one of conspiracy... to murder Rap Brown.

But the Real Problems, according to Seale's account, began in 1969, the worst year for raids, shoot-outs and arrests of members of the Black Panther Party. There were many reasons for this stepped up harassment by law enforcement authorities, the most important ones being that the membership and influence of the Party had escalated all across the country and posed a tremendous threat to the oppressors of the black communities in all major cities; Cleaver had gone into exile and was later reported to have made contact with the North Vietnamese who declared their support of the Party. And in January of '69 Huey Newton ordered a party purge of all members who weren't working in serious and responsible ways or who were suspected of being police informers and provocateurs. This served to tighten up and strengthen the national chapters, making them function more effectively and efficiently. It also made it harder on the police to get informers into the chapters, and in retaliation heavier surveillance tactics were imposed on Party headquarters with raids and large-scale arrests of members in every city, all of it calculated to deplete the Party's fund and put its leaders in jail.

But as the Black Panther Party's troubles increased, so did its support from the white radical movement, which was also feeling the tightening reins of tyranny. Today the Black Panther Party holds a vanguard position in that rapidly accelerating movement against the system, and its platform and program are even more relevant now than when they were organizing, and they were organizing before Nixon made repression the official Federal policy. There have been changes, specifically in Panther coalitions with various white revolutionary groups and the party itself has dropped its structure of military rank... and it has established a number of community-based programs in the ghettos; its Breakfast for Children program, Liberation schools, free clothing and clinics.

The Party has had a turbulent four-year history in the revolutionary struggle. It has seen its members beaten and murdered by police and jailed without regard to their constitutional rights. Yet it has stronger support now than ever before, it is no longer struggling alone. Perhaps the most tragic indication of its impact, on both those who staunchly support it and on a threatened establishment determined to exterminate it, lies in the trial Bobby Seale, the Chairman of the Black Panther Party, is presently facing in New Haven. Charged with murder and conspiracy, if found guilty under Connecticut law, Seale could be sentenced to the electric chair. Two years have elapsed since he served six months to help out some brothers on parole. The name of the book is *Seize The Time*.

### And A Lot Less Rock-N-Roll

Dear EVO - Rock and roll punks sell the blood of their brothers and sisters to exchange for a piece of the action. Rock and roll stars like Jimi Hendrix, Graham Nash, Alvin Lee, etc. etc. wade thru the blood of every brother or sister who has been shot, kicked and clubbed fighting for existence, fighting for peace. These people, the punks who make our music, ride around in limousines, buy thousand-dollar shirts, and lick every ass on Wall Street, while all the hip little tiny bop pimply-faced capitalist piglets from all over the world line up in front of dumps like Fillmore East and West waiting to plunk down their nickles and dimes to see these plastic idols slobber and masturbate their egos until it runs off the stage and they come in their little 20-dollar bellbottoms. You don't have to lock up people if you can keep their minds chained to this type of insipid bullshit.

With 10,000 people a day dying of starvation, thousands more dying in a manufacturer's war, and brothers and sisters getting shot and clubbed on every street corner, how long can people keep looking up to longhaired guitar-picking businessmen who are all going to take the money and run? When the cops start breaking heads in front of the Fillmore, the limousines will be loading in the alley and speeding for the airport. Wake up, fools, you are not hip, you are not revolutionary, you are not anything but the next batch of consumers, you are no different from your parents - you just buy different things. Your parents come home from work, have a beer, and watch television, reruns of things they have already seen; you come home from work or school, light up a joint and put on a record you've already heard. There's no difference.

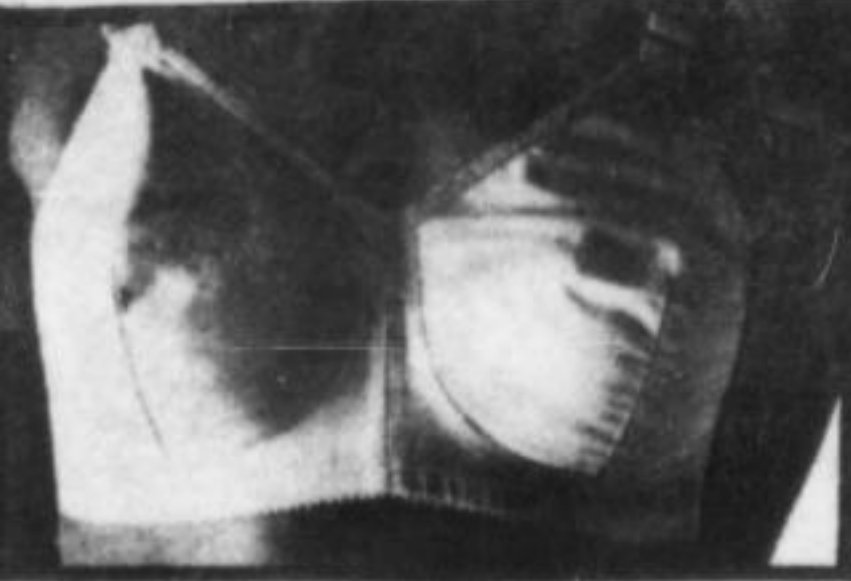
THE WORLD IS VERY FUCKED UP AND IF WE ARE GOING TO GET IT STRAIGHT WE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO BE PASSING A LOT OF INFORMATION and ideas back and forth. The only way to do that is talking to each other, it is no longer a matter of leaving the world-fixing part to somebody else, that's been done and that's why ecologically, etc. etc. etc. the world's about to die if people don't get hip. Things were really bad when all that was stolen from you was your mind, pride, and your time, but now they are stealing your AIR, and every fool knows unless you get your fair share of air you are going to DIE.

STOP LETTING THEM POLLUTE YOUR MIND, TURNOFF PUNKS WHO MAKE MILLIONS TELLING YOU ABOUT YOUR EGO, SINGING AND PLAYING YOUR MIND TO SLEEP WHILE THEY SING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK. THESE BASTARDS PLAY ONE FREE GIG A YEAR IN THE PARK AND THINK THEY'RE IN THE REVOLUTION, NOT TO MENTION THAT IT'S GOOD PUBLICITY AND SELLS A LOT OF RECORDS. FOR EVERY RECORD THAT SAYS ANYTHING GOOD THERE ARE 3000 that condition you to

bullshit. Wake up brothers and sisters your minds are turning into peanut butter. Dig yourself, every time you buy a record you are putting up the money for the bullets that will kill you. Maybe it won't be that bad, maybe you are just selling out your mind and the freedom and the freedom of somebody who wants it.

Jerry Whelan

Ed - For every light along Tin Pan Alley there's a broken head.



Shit For Peace

Dear EVO - The construction worker hard-hats have recently given our city something to be ashamed of. Let us now give them something in return! These people are digging large holes in the streets throughout our city. THIS IS OUR OPPORTUNITY! When these shitheads return to their projects in the mornings, let us make sure that they find themselves knee-deep in shit! This is a dignified, worth-while project to which every decent, unconstipated American can contribute. Make your deposit in one of these holes any evening after 10. Once a start has been made the trickle will turn into a flood. We anticipate that sympathizers from other cities - even from other countries - may join the movement.

SHIT, Box 437, New York, N.Y. is actually accepting pledges and donations from contributors. One pound makes you a contributor; two pounds, an associate; three pounds, donor; four pounds, patron; five pounds, benefactor. You may make your donation in honor of some individual who has been struck or kicked by a construction worker.

SHIT FOR PEACE

Ed - Those unfortunates less liberally endowed with "what it takes" might deposit a few bags of dog "doodie" or kitty "litter" in the ditch of their choice...

500 Megawatts!!!

Dear EVO - Citizens of a modern state are *not* powerless to demonstrate at home. *Exactly* at sunset, to the second, N.Y. time (World Almanac, 1970) or local paper, turn on all possible electric current. (Allowable wattage =  $0.9 \times 110 \times$  fuse rating, amps). Leave on 1/2 hr. 500,000 have demonstrated in the East. If all of these did this, a demand on NE power grid of 500 Megawatts in 1 sec. Think about it. Do it every nite until US out of SE Asia. Spread the word via stickers, leaflets, junk mail. Even if this starts small, it will be seen as a spike on demand meters, increasing nitely. It will get publicity.

Action Group West

Our next note:

Rape of Ma Bell

Ed - That's all very well for you to suggest, being out West and all...

### Pissy World

Dear EVO - We dudes declare that the voting age should and must be 14 years and up. It really should be only up to 14 years because when a dude gets past this age they are dead asses.

If cats under the age of 14 years ran this pissy world it would be like heaven. Dig? So freak put this epic in your rag.

Mike & Billy

Fort Smith, Ark.

Ed - Damme! Ken ye aught of this younker generation, eh? Cough... Cough...



King Christian Hotel

### Who Indeed

Dear EVO - I think you're a bunch of cock suckers... But who doesn't enjoy a good blow job once in a while?

Very Truly Yours,

Oral Roberts

Ed - Heal! HEAL, you sinnah! HEAL, I say!



### His Little Corner Of The World

Dear EVO - Please take heed! I am one of those fellow admirers of your newspaper who cannot scrape up the coin to subscribe. But I would very much like to sell your newspaper in my section of the world. Dig? I have had a lot of people asking me if I can get a lot more of your papers. In your November 17 issue I sorta passed it around and let people read it. And guess what, they liked it!

So I was wondering if you would send them to me and let me sell them weekly. I will gladly send the amount taken in that is required by you for the papers, percentage-wise.

If you dig and want to go along please acknowledge. Will return all unsold papers and the money on the ones sold.

Thank you,

Philip Holcomb  
Columbia, Tenn.

Ed - For that you gotta get intouch with our national distributor, who is one Jerry Buxton, of 1133 Broadway, New York 10011. Send him roses.



### Cash In Bonds

Dear EVO - Regarding Nixon's War, how about calling for people against the war to cash in their U.S. Savings Bonds??? If enough people got involved in this, it just might show the so-called "elected" administration that the people are quite serious about getting the hell out of Asia.

What can be done to further this Savings Bond "Cash-In Program"?

Unsigned

Ed - Look for somebody who owns a few.

### Inconspicuous Monsters

Dear EVO - I been sitting and pacing and thinking about all that flying shit in the U.S. (ref. cover, Vol. 5, No 24 - Ed) and the tears and the fears and I need to know more than what's in the straight press - Mexican papers are only fascistically biased when dealing with internal problems of Mexico, but when it comes to U.S. politics they are openly critical - the political cartoons are neat. Now I got to know what fuck you people (we people) think - I pose a question which I have been mulling paranoidly for a couple of months - i.e. just who the hell is the One? Who is the man or who are the tiny handfull of people in back of the pentagon, Nixon, etc. - who is getting all the profit, who is it needs to be fed gallons of human blood daily? Who needs these billions of dollars to make his bed even softer? WHO IS IT?

I want to know what you think - you know you can't say "The Industrial-Military Complex" or "The President", those are not answers - I want to know names - I'll bet those monsters or guys *never* have their names in the paper - inconspicuous monsters. Mexico is superfascist, no bullshit, and determined to keep it that way - Fcaudalism is part of a mixed bag of horrors inflicted upon the people. Really, unbelievable how man exploits man and how the victim is brainwashed to accept it. There is something in the air that makes me doubly sensitive - I think that a lot of people are like that.

Maybe the person (s) responsible for planetary and human destruction is We The People - (where, then, did it start.) I realize that this is heavy shit and that I am stoned and removed from my natural habitat, but it's not only *there*, but here, too, that I see/feel the changes. You think back historically, 1000 years ago and you dig that just like 1970 there were countries and tribes bugging each other for gain... Love, Barbara

Ed - "The Philistines made another raid on the Vale. Again David inquired of God, and God said to him, 'No, you must go up towards their rear; wheel round without making contact and come upon them opposite the aspens. Then, as soon as you hear a rustling sound in the tree-tops, you shall give battle, for God shall have gone out before you to defeat the Philistine army.' David did as God commanded, and they drive the Philistine army in flight all the way from Gibeon to Gezer. So David's fame spread through every land, and the LORD inspired all nations with dread of him."



### NOW Generation?

Dear EVO - What ever happened to the comics like Uncle Ed, Trashman? High School Hellcats was real shitty. It might have appealed to the old generation. But what about the Now generation?

If the artist for Uncle Ed has left, use a new Uncle Ed, maybe Uncle Ed's nephew or something, and stop using all that intellectual garbage, and talk like in the street. Flaco and Manning was very good. The Freak Brothers is cool too.

You could put more information on free food, free concerts, free camping areas, etc. in your paper, to help people survive in the streets - every day. Your paper is the only real paper for the youth freaks and earth. Comics make people happy and that would be good, such as we are living in very depressing times (Kent killings, Cambodia, etc.) Nixon!

Your paper has lasted long enough to know what the people really want. Print anything that's helpful to us out in the streets of New York and other cities.

Remember Nixon's speech. He says we're bums. He should talk, him and Agnew the Greaser. I'm just happy that at least one person will read what I say.

Power to WBAI, listener-sponsored radio. Support marathon, give to your radio station.

"Never mind, mom, I'm only stoned out".

J.S.

Ed - The Now Generation don't relate to High School Hellcats, eh? Hmm... O can see where we're gonna have trouble with you punks.

Well, the job's not too easy, you know... Even on three, four-story buildings it's pretty rough, and dangerous too — like if you're carrying a bucket of mortar along a single plank, you better be damn sure that plank is secured at both ends, bub. And Jesus Christ, when you're on something like the *World Trade Center*, shit, that fucker goes up, man, it's gonna go up there over a thousand feet! Wind gets pretty stiff up that high, the beams actually sway back and forth some, and there are lines and wires flapping around loose... Goddamn, a man could get killed if anything went wrong up there.

The construction workers massed in front of City Hall, right across Pace Plaza from the school,' remembered Kathy, a Pace College student who was acting as a medic on Friday, May 8. 'They were carrying signs saying "All the Way, U.S.A." and "Impeach Lindsay", and they were yelling "Lindsay's a faggot".'

'They were also carrying crowbars and pipes and telephone wires,' put in her friend Anna — 'and I saw some of them with walkie-talkies, I think police walkie-talkies.'

'And there were some kids out in the park and on the sidewalk, watching them,' Kathy went on, 'and all of a sudden the construction workers turned and started running straight at the school, after the kids. They caught a couple of them before they could make it to the school, and started beating on them. Always beating on them two to one, never one to one.'

'Five to one in my case,' remarked John dourly. 'In most cases.'

'Yeah, that's when they got John,' said Kathy, 'after they got to the new building and started breaking the windows. John was just inside and they came in and started beating him up.'

Pace College has two main buildings, both facing on Pace Plaza, overlooking City Hall. The old building lies alongside the street, indistinguishable from all the others on the block. The new building is about a block away, and it's a low, cream-coloured granite building with boards now where there used to be large plate glass windows facing the street. The new one's obviously a college, and that's where the fellows from the Trade Centre construction gangs were busting heads two Fridays ago.

'I was down in the main lobby of the new building when I saw the construction workers chasing the kids toward it,' John recalls, 'so I and a professor held the doors open. Most of the kids got inside just before the workers started mounting the steps, yelling, "Let's get the bastards". I got inside myself and I was trying to keep the doors closed when they started breaking windows. When they started coming in, I started to run, but five of them jumped me. They grabbed my hair and started hitting me. One of them punched me in the face and knocked me over the desk,

where they could only come at me from two sides, see. So I curled up there on the floor in a foetal position and protected my head with my hands. All they could do, I guess, was kick me in the back, five of them, but one of them took a standup metal ashtray and started hitting me with it like an axe. I still got bruises here...'

'What decided them to stop beating on you?'

'Well, the professors came in then, a few professors, and they stood around yelling "Get the hell out of here." I guess they listened to them or something, because they left just as the police finally came in.'

'It took them awfully long to get there,' said Anna. 'They were at the school over ten, fifteen minutes before the police showed up.'

'How many of them showed up?'

'I saw three, in the school,' said John. 'The same three that were in the Plaza — they were the only ones in the Plaza — when the construction workers were demonstrating there.'

'The ones with the walkie-talkies,' Anna suddenly remembers, 'wore green hard hats. Funny. Most of them had yellow hard hats.'

'Notice any other suspicious people?'

'Well, there were the two guys in grey suits — they were very visible, you know. Nobody knows what they were doing there.'

Kathy: 'You know, there was a lot of stuff going on that nobody ever heard about. We had aid stations set up in case the police attacked the Wall Street anti-war demonstrations — one in Trinity Church, and another in the old administration office. And all the way through this, girls were coming in... There was one, nobody knows what happened to her really — she was hysterical, she just kept saying, "They had no right to touch my body. They had no right!" And an awful lot of medics showed up at the aid stations for treatment. We were wearing coats with red crosses across the back, and they seemed to pick us out for beating. So we took off the coats.'

'How many people got hurt?'

'About seventy people were treated, I don't know how many people got hurt. They were beating up on anybody who expressed sympathy for the kids — they roughed up one middle-aged woman who gave them the V-sign. We mostly treated kids. I don't know where the others went. About 20 kids went to the hospital, but they were all out by Monday — except for one, I don't know where he is. He went into convulsions after they finished kicking him around.'

'And the cops didn't do anything?'

Anna: 'Earlier, on Wall Street, during the anti-war demonstration, I saw two men scuffling, fighting with each other. They didn't seem to be either kids or construction workers. But they were fighting, so I asked a cop who was nearby why he didn't break it up. All he

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By  
D.A.  
"MORTAR"  
LATIMER



said was, "We can't do anything now".'

'The cops weren't into doing anything that particular afternoon, huh? Letting the hard hats do it for them?'

'The media helped,' said John bitterly, 'CBS gave us such bum coverage that the NYU film school organized a demonstration against them. But then Jim Jensen, the newscaster, sent word around that the demonstration was called off, so nobody showed up. So they succeeded in delaying it — for one day. Tomorrow we'll hit them good.'

'And then there was that business with WOR, the Barry Farber show,' Kathy said. 'They invited one Pace student to debate some construction workers, so at first we agreed. But then we looked into it, and saw the Pace student would be the only liberal voice on the panel, so we refused. So they got an NYU student, and he was on with five construction workers and two conservatives, and they hogged the microphone. He never got a word in.'

'That's so strange,' wonders Anna. 'You know, it's not like Pace college was some kind of radical school with a tradition of demonstrations, like Columbia. Pace is really conservative you know.'

Most of the students at Pace College are night students. Even most of those who attend daytime classes are working their way through school with part-time jobs. It is not one of your effete intellectual Eastern academies, Pace College. You pick up degrees in business and liberal arts there, not techniques of guerilla warfare. Oh, there's a poster of Fidel in the newspaper office, where the walls are inscribed with 'Power to the People,' 'Off the Pig,' and 'Sieze the Time,' (what does that mean, seize the time?), but you know how people get when they hang around newspaper offices. By and large, the Pace students are the younger brothers and sisters of the guys in the construction gangs. They merely had the misfortune to be in an area contiguous to the first vocal stirrings of the Silent Majority.

But was that indeed the first genuine rumble of 100% American coming back into its own? It's clear that the middle class hates us, and that the lower middle despises us, and that this

sentiment has been brewing for some time now, but was it really so ripe for explosion last week?

Those poor wretched bastards have put up with an awful lot of stuff — they get shit on by the government, by the war, by taxes, by inflation, by the status system, by their wives and children and Madison Avenue, and their fathers before them were shit on, and they are in terrible straits, they work, they work so hard they can't even think — they seem to have this infinite capacity for taking their knocks with dull, patient reverence for the whip that flogs them, and I don't think they're finally cutting loose because of a few college kids.

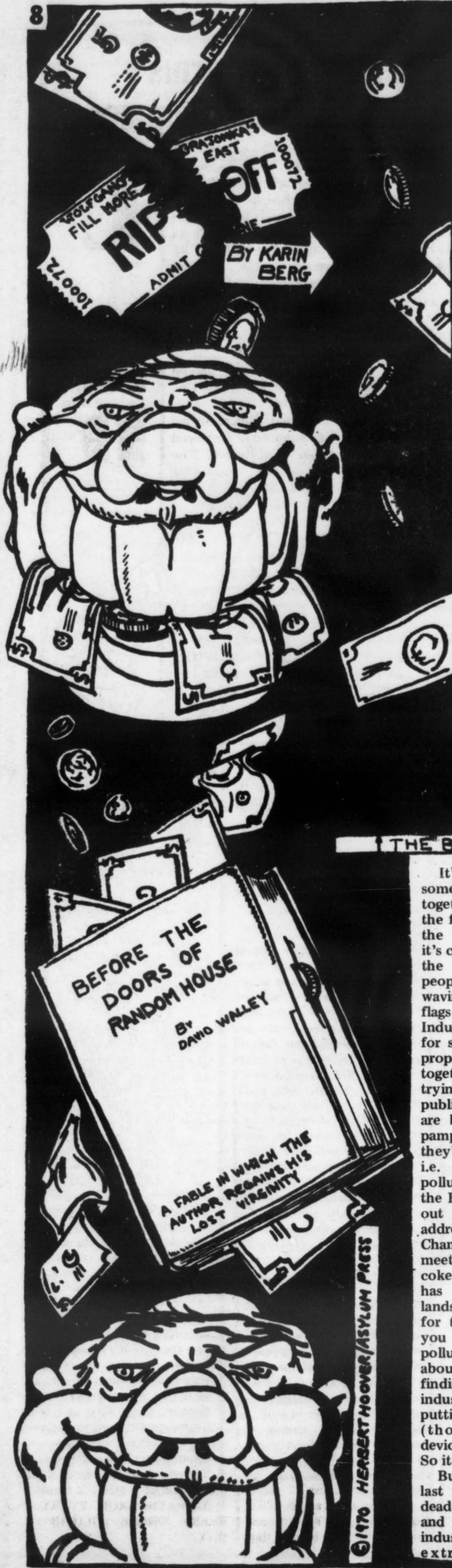
The thing is, those poor clods are mesomorphic. It takes an awful lot to get a mesomorph all coordinated and active enough to stir from his construction lot, go all the way down the street and across the square, even for so enjoyable a recreation as busting kid's heads. It is doubtful if anything short of such efforts. Somebody was paying those dudes to kick ass. 'Go over to Pace College and stave in some hippies, there ought to be a few tenners in it for you come payday. Here, take this flag along.'

Now who would do something like that? I mean, some of those big white burly

hard hats were beating up on Puerto Rican and Black kids — anybody who'd foment something like that is taking his life into his hands, and yours and mine as well. Who ever it was laid out the bread for this project, then, he was pretty desperate. He already had his neck on the line, out front. He was very probably about to lose his swank gig with the police department, after the Times blew the whistle on him. The idea could very well be to present the Mayor with an inkling of what things might be like if he keeps "hamstringing" the police. They might just stand around and loaf during a riot, like they did last Friday.

Of course, nobody gives much of a damn about college kids getting beaten up, especially when the people beating them up have marched to the engagement carrying the American Flag. The Flag. If it had been black construction workers beating up kids, it would have been different. But as it was, any time you saw a filmclip on TV of some longhaired kid being wasted over by five or ten hard hats, the commentator was always careful to vocally assume the kid had provoked the staunch flag-wielders into it.

(Continued on Page 21)



A terrible thing, violence, isn't it? Or is it? What is violence? Some popular attributes:

It's American.

Good guys use it to get rid of bad guys when pushed up against the wall; bad guys use it all the time to rip off the people, though some will question who the good guys are, who the bad guys are. When in doubt, Americans will turn to the movies for the current definition.

It's good for a laugh in underground comic strips.

But we still don't say what we mean. Weatherman's throwing bricks or rocks through plate glass windows is called "violence" and is abhorred. The army or National Guard firing at students is called "violence" and is abhorred. 20th Century Schizoid.

I didn't run with Weatherman in Chicago. Not because of what they were about to do, but just because I didn't dig their vibes. Wow, wierd reason. They were arrogant, I thought. Several months later, as I think everything over, I realize they probably gave off those wierd vibes because they were scared shit. The pro and con of Weatherman's tactics aside, let's suppose you have come to the position that the time has come to fight back, with stones and bricks to start, at the closest representation of the establishment you can get to. You are a middle-to-upper class young person who is sympathetic to blacks who "riot" (read revolt) - you keep a poster in your room which reads "Remember: Uncle Tom says 'Only You Can Prevent Ghetto Fires'"; you understand why insurrections are taking place in the ghetto - though the small store-owners, the blacks who live there, are not the enemy: it's another step in getting it together. So you decide you must forego white-skin privilege and begin the first steps of getting it together in Chicago. An Assistant DA is paralyzed, an undercover pig is discovered and suffers a bloody desert, windows are broken, patrol cars trashed. Good enough reason to be scared of what you are about to do what might be done back in Chicago.

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Now Weatherman is underground, maybe too early, maybe too isolated, but if they come up for air they're in trouble. We know what some of them were into, witness Eleventh Street, but what about the others?

Only one thing is certain in the movement - everything changes. The vanguard does not remain the same, tactics do not remain the same. Demonstrations are more and more just a reason for coming together, like a mass rally to revive flagging spirits for the action taking place between mass demonstrations. The Black Panther Party is the vanguard now; what activists use the fact as an excuse not to develop their own revolutionary organization, leaving the burden to students. Dig it - a revolution will not be won on a college campus. Panthers are 25, 30, 35 years old and wage a day-to-day battle, not relying on attendance at the next demonstration for their Brownie points. I've organized or attended more than 200 demonstrations. A pattern emerges, repeats itself. If you watch the radical, obstreperous contingent, you'll get a good idea of what more people, probably including yourself, will shortly be into.

Everything changes; the Black Panther Party will not be in the vanguard, just as SNCC and CORE slipped. What about white organizing, the little there is? We've organized around the war, but not on domestic issues. SDS has been the only group to do so, now they have fallen into three groups, SDS(PL); RYM II, Weatherman. What will become of all of them when they're 25, 30? "Gone like snow on the water..." Who will keep whites in the vanguard - students?

We can't forever be looking at students for the answer - it's an ugly cop-out, middle-class calcification. Gentle and docile people at demonstrations. There is a place for placidity, we know how to be peaceful, we know the difference. In Washington, lolling on the grass that surrounds the grounds of the most hypocritical, powerful, dangerous and bloodstained government this world had

(Continued on Page 19)

THE BERG ABOVE THE WALLY CALLEW © © SS INC, LTD., FARGH

It's coming together somehow, it's coming together out of chaos and the fear of recriminations at the Washington machine, it's coming together because the time is right. Some people are cautiously waving their revolutionary flags in search of allies. Industry is turning, looking for some way to keep their property or enterprises together through these trying times. Heads of the public utility commission are busily putting together pamphlets telling what they've done for humanity, i.e. better living through pollution. The Chairman of the Board of Coca-Cola put out a reprinting of his address to a Birmingham Chamber of Commerce meeting, laying out all that coke, explaining how Coke has worked to keep the landscape clean. Con Edison for the asking will furnish you with their reasons for polluting air by talking about their research and findings. The automobile industry responded by putting out smaller cars (though anti-pollution devices are still unfeasible). So it goes.

But the shit hit the fan last week, and there are 6 dead in Augusta Georgia and now the publishing industry is upset... an extreme attack of

conscience I think it's called. Publishing employees have been working for years on peace projects, marches, and petitions in New York; they represent the backbone of many of the libertarian organizations throughout the nation. The publishing profession, on the other hand, is archaic beyond comprehension. Like the academic, scientific, governmental or legal professions, the race belongs to those who best foresee the new trends. Publishing along with the record industry and much of the paparazzi straight press media makes their living from packaging identities without fully understanding what they are doing. Again it is the management not the employees who do this, the managers, boards of directors of many of the major houses who contribute, perhaps through their love of money (yours) and the love of their collective co:porte selves, to work hand in hand with whomever is at the helm or whatever the major trend is.

As I said, everyone seems to be getting their thing together, to break out the colors and the publishers are concerned. I recently attended a meeting of some publishing employees and

some unofficial representatives of a managers group tentatively known as Publishers for Peace (PFP). PFP is concerned with Kent, so concerned that one of their corporate heads called an artist in France and asked him to design a button which could be sold... just what the Movement needs, another button. Who gets the money, well, that's one of the problems. Moeny is the name of the publishing game.

Publishers for Peace want to do something to stimulate the consciousness of the American people, want to use their influence to bring the war home. They want to know how to help out. I began thinking of the ways in which these merchants of the linear art could help us all. In fact, yesterday I was going to rant and rave about the debt of gratitude they owe us (UPS) through we've been pioneering for five or more years in the laternative media, the type of people who aren't keyed into the New York Review of Books, New Yorker, or US News and World Report.

PFP can't strike but they can see their function in a different light. They can start by giving their

(Continued on Page 19)

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# BACK

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by a chaitkin

The hate, suspicion, disillusionment and general disgust engendered by living on the Lower East Side, frozen over during the winter, has begun to thaw as the fingers of the sun, begin to point tauntingly at residents of the area. The frustrations of a lifetime manifest themselves by indiscriminate attacks at an unknown target; a plowhorse with blinders kicking futilely for relief from leeches on his back. The other side (police) was confused by the disturbance of the seemingly pleasant status quo. Will the thaw of spring cool the temper of the poor, the forgotten by-product of American No-How, or will it flood us with torrents of blind passion? The big Super "A" supermarket on Avenue C on the corner of 6th Street was boarding up whatever windows were left Thursday afternoon. A meeting was in progress of the United P.R. Movement at 705 East 5th Street to determine a solution. Neighbourhood residents, Florence Kennedy, Capt. Mario Gabos of the 9th Precinct, a Reverend Davis and

other members of the clergy were present.

A resident complained about three accidents in which two children were killed, and one was injured. It was attributed to lack of police. The police said nothing. Things exploded on Tuesday night when an officer allegedly slapped a girl, and arrested her brother after she ran away. Accusations of brick and bottle-throwing were traded between residents and police, each saying the other had done it. The captain explained his situation by saying that he was born and raised in a similar community, that there were language barriers, that there were faults in both sides, and if any cop had acted unjustly he would certainly like to know about it. He suggested the Civilian Complaint Review Board. Someone else suggested a liaison between clergy and police. Florynce Kennedy, a longtime movement activist, strongly objected to this plan and to the idea that she should be a leader, insisting that unaffiliated locals should be in control. Orientation for rookies policing that neighbourhood so that the friction might be lessened was agreed upon; but recognized as a distant solution that could not deal with the immediate problem of

tonight. Rev. David suggested that the charges be dropped as a gesture of good faith. There was no response. A 50-year-old resident of the neighbourhood said that children should not be on the streets late at night. The residents pointed out that the bulk of the kids were out of the streets deaf to the words of the police captain and unwilling to listen to their parents while they saw their friends O.D., lived among rats, holes, and gargabe, and had nothing more to look forward to than maybe become KING OF THE BLOCK, KILLER OF PIG.

The captain seemed sincere in his concern, but somewhat annoyed over the whole disturbance. The people were wholly unsatisfied with the results, asking for the release of the arrested brother, but wanting LATIN REJOICING AND DECAPITATING VINDICATION. There had been nothing solved, but there had been no problem other than compounded human neglect. An enormous amount of energy had been again mischanneled towards SATANIC ends. Are we saying, UP AGAINST OBLIVION, HUMANITY, we haven't the patience, time, or wisdom to correct the world, so down it must come?

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## TRAVELOGUE :

### THE WHY HOW AND WHERE of THE LIBERAL TODAY

OR

by b. bessman

### HOW COME THE PIG EATS SLEEPS SO WELL

"Now how come you bought this rag? Don't you know that all of these radical leaders are in the pay of the F.B.I. and CIA? I mean, isn't it obvious that they are the ones making it so rough to fight the Establishment? The more they use violence, the more repressive things get. We're all trying for the same thing, but you're being duped into making things worse."  
The man was late for work, so he couldn't spend more time to tell me what was wrong with the radicals. Well, not really late for work. See, he has his own company in New York, but he likes to get there early so as not to keep his workers waiting in the cold. I mean, you could really see he was a concerned man. I mean, how many of us leave early enough not to keep our workers waiting in the cold. When you've got humanity by the balls, flaunt it. And so he did.  
What was it that this guy wanted? It had to be more than just not making waves. This guy made waves like crazy. He spent so much damn time every day thinking about getting more

business, taking it from his competitors, making his business roll on. What does he mean "waves"! Who is He. Our friend is the MAN behind the MAN. He's got a business, a good job, a profession, a college education. First of all, he Believes in the System. Really, truly Believes! Look where it's gotten him. Right on, through the college door, into the office, his name on the door, a title before and after his name. I mean, what the fuck are you doing to him. Don't you think he knows what the evils in this country are? He helped invent them. He's got to know. As soon as he put on that ol' cap and gown, and walked down the aisle, figured that smart was it and stupid was everything else, he was right there finishing off the MAN's work. That's what it was all about. Something like "DOCTORS against the war in vietnam". I mean, DOCTORS! DOCTOR DOCTORS! and TEACHER TEACHERS! with a B.A. here and an M.A. there, here an M.D. there a PH.D., everywhere and everything to a superior degree. As soon as the

momma of us all said "Make something of yourself, go to college" and you believed, really believed, then it was right on and right in. As soon as you put more value on Doctor Doctor than on Garbage man Garbage man you were on the way to saying Gook and Charlie, on the way to thinking Coolie and Uncivilized. When Leary talks about Drop Out he means (should mean) Drop Far In, Way In, not only to ourselves but to everything that is, not through the artifacts society maintains, but through what we are, I mean, WHAT WE ARE!

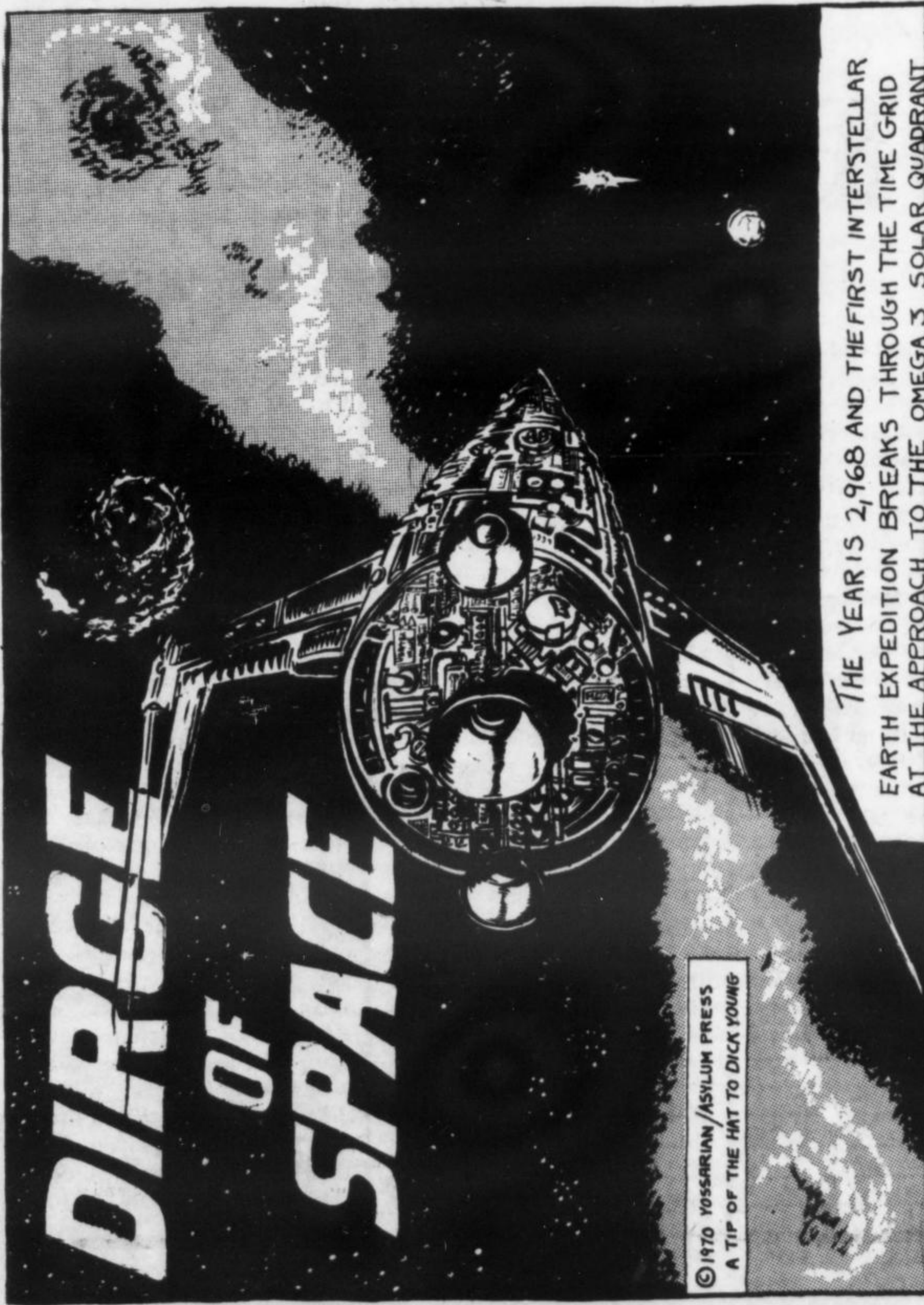
And then it happens. Students get shot and killed. Shot and killed. SHOT AND KILLED. National disgrace and horror. DISGRACE AND HORROR. Why? I mean, WHY? Just because, if we are honest enough to admit it, they were students, STUDENTS. Now what the hell do we get excited about! This past Winter, as in every winter for as long as we can remember, families living in Harlem and the Bronx and points south have been dying

from fires in slum houses, from gas leaks, from the most horrible diseases and malnutrition. I mean, what kind of REAL HORROR did you feel then. I mean, what did the Mayor and Governor and President say then? Did you march on Washington then? What the hell did you do? But it's another animal, this STUDENT business is. And so we phrase it up with RIGHT ON, take on the mantle of righteousness and indignation,

and shock ourselves into HORROR. And the HORROR HORROR HORROR a thousand times times that is the importance you place on the murder of a student as opposed to the horrible death suffered by babies in tenement fires. That's the REAL CRIME, make no mistake! Make no mistake, a death of a student is sad, really sad, BUT NO MORE SAD than those deaths caused by slumlords and officials, by banks and business. I mean, even LIBERALS can get killed. But believe it, that's not the real crime. They have bought time

and respect at the expense of every victim in a slum. EVERY VICTIM. Get your nerve fibers sharpened to the Real Terror. It is not on the campus, it is not that once a month demonstration or a school strike or the reaction to those demonstrations. It is that decay that began when we drove the Indian from his land, when we even THOUGHT about taking slaves, and when we THOUGHT AND ACTED as if some humans were more important than other humans. As soon as that happened, it was all over. REALLY ALL OVER.

So RIGHT ON with your demonstrations against the war, RIGHT ON with the indignation over the death of students. But you are there, baby, right along side the LIBERAL and FASCIST if you have dulled your feelings to that point where you need a student's death or a war to get you to rise up. To throw it to you again, the HORROR is that you don't feel the HORROR EVERY EVERY SINGLE SOLITARY DAY.



# DIRGE OF SPACE

© 1970 YOSSARIAN/ASYLUM PRESS  
A TIP OF THE HAT TO DICK YOUNG

THE YEAR IS 2,968 AND THE FIRST INTERSTELLAR EARTH EXPEDITION BREAKS THROUGH THE TIME GRID AT THE APPROACH TO THE OMEGA 3 SOLAR QUADRANT

THE TARGET OF THE MISSION IS THE PLANET GRINGO<sub>2</sub>R IN THE THIRD PLANET IN THIS ALIEN SOLAR SYSTEM. COMPUTERS ON EARTH HAVE PREDICTED POSSIBLE LIFE ON THIS DISTANT ORB

A HANDPICKED INTERNATIONAL TEAM OF ASTRONAUTS HAS BEEN ESPECIALLY TRAINED FOR THIS MISSION



CAPTAIN NICK SPUNK, HARD-NOSED EXPEDITION COMMANDER



DR. IVOR FAHRTE NOBEL, PRIZE WINNING BIOLOGIST



DR. LIN PAO BUCKINGHAM, NUCLEAR EXPERT



NATASHA TITSANASSKI, FEMINIST ELECTRICAL ENGINEER



GEORGE WASHINGTON "X", BLACK MILITANT ASTROPHYSICIST



IGOR PIROGI, MISSION SANITATION ENGINEER



HOT DAMN!! VERE GETTINK CLOSE.



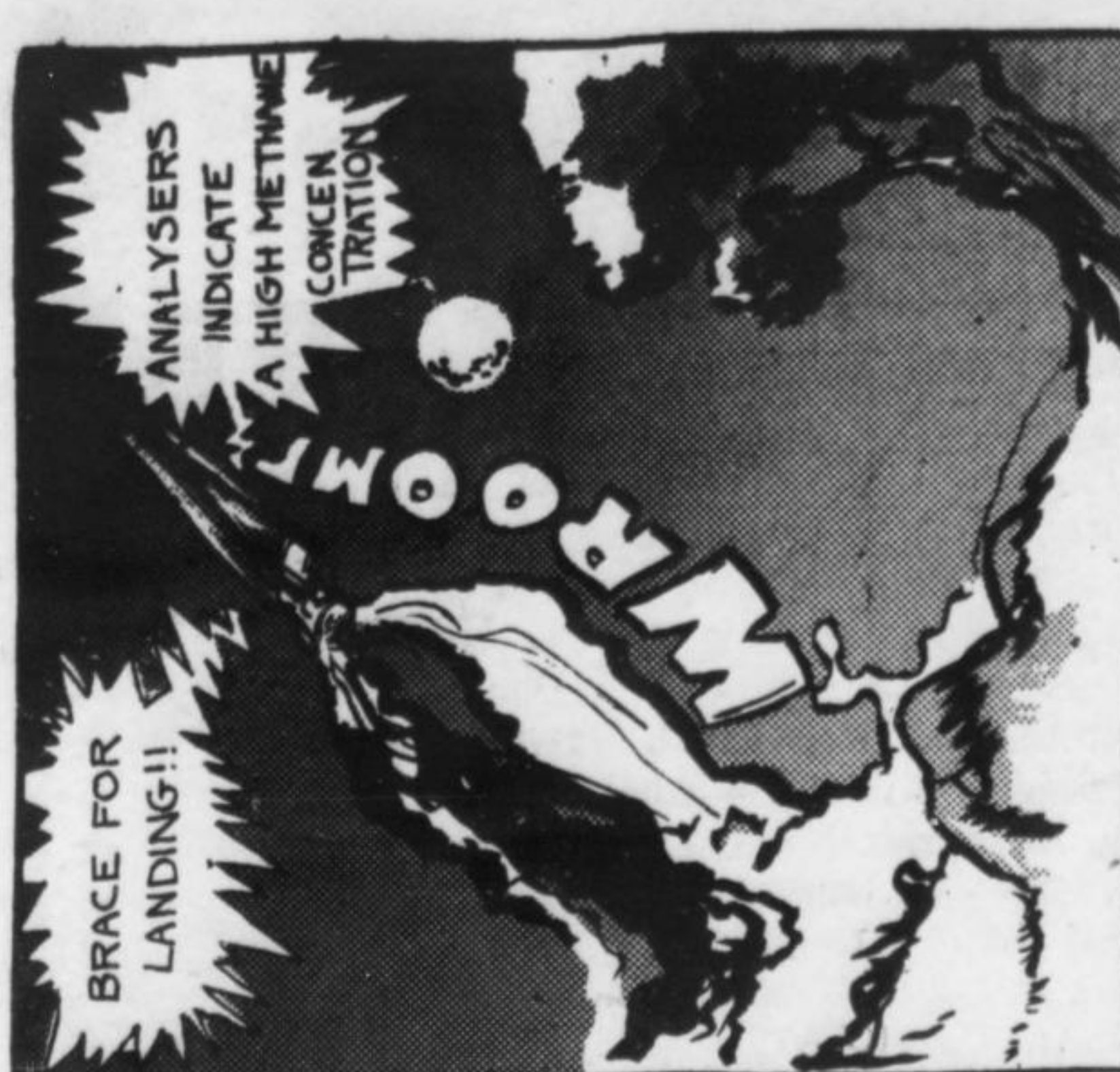
WHY IT'S AMAZING, THERE ARE HIGHLY EVOLVED LIFE FORMS!!



BUT THEY SEEM TO BE RUNNING IN TERROR

WHY?

GLURK!  
SCRITCH SCRITCH



BRACE FOR LANDING!!

ANALYSERS INDICATE A HIGH METHANE CONCENTRATION



YES THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE EVIDENT EARTH PARALLELS IN THE FLORA. WHY, EVEN THE SMALL ANIMALS SEEM ALMOST TERRESTRIAL.



THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING COMING OVER THAT HILL... OH MY GOD IT'S...

AAIEE!!

COMING NEXT WEEK K YEECH!!

## SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter  
 NL = Night Letter  
 LT = International  
 Letter Telegram

# INTERGALACTIC UNION

## DOPOGRAM

## CLASS OF SERVICE

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

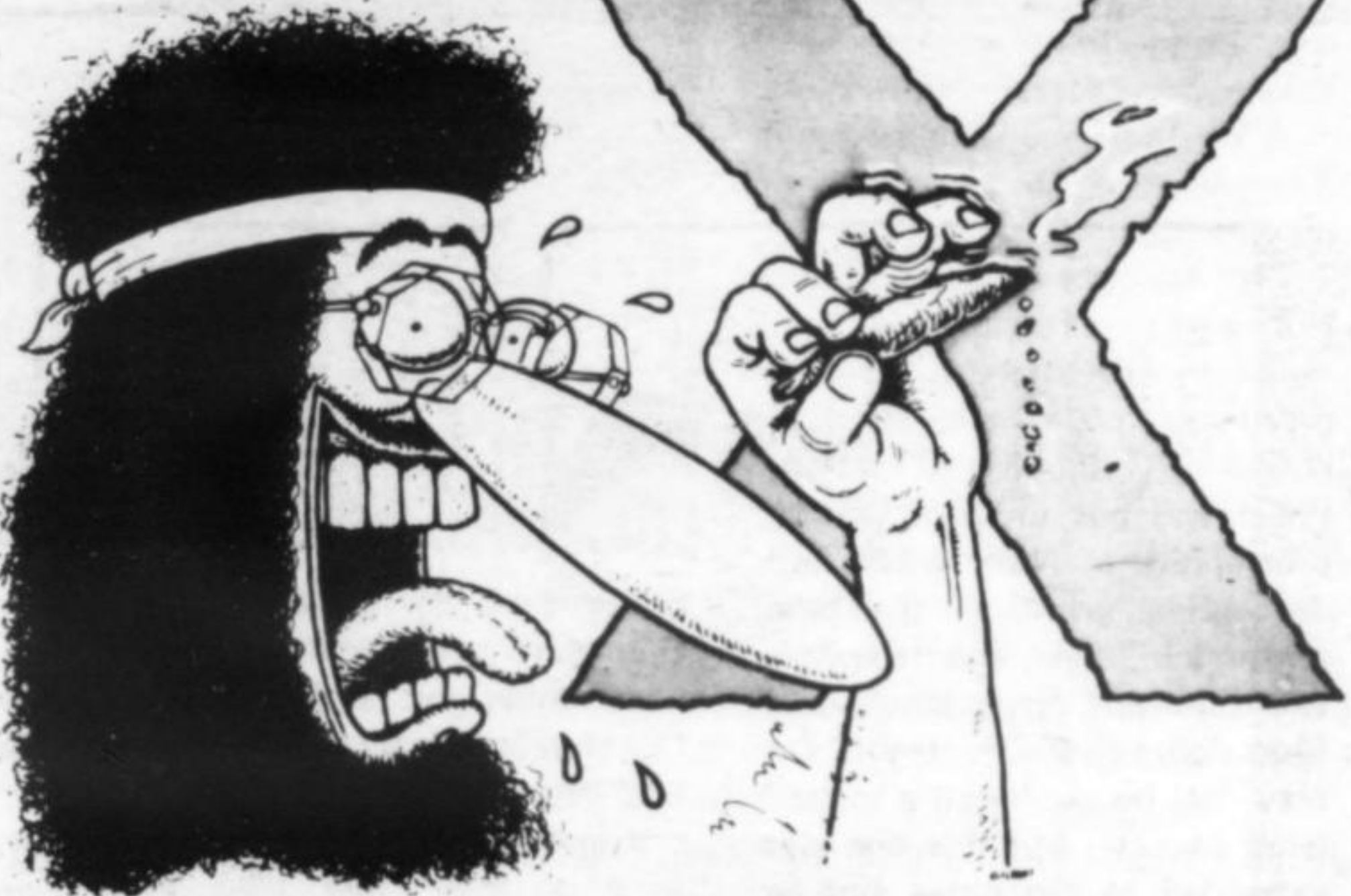
HI BROTHERS AND SISTERS

NOW IS THE TIME TO TURN TO WASHINGTON, D.C. AND SAY: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FUCK YOU. THE GAME IS ABOUT TO BE CHANGED. WE KNOW THAT THE DANGER OF LSD IS NOT PHYSICAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL, BUT SOCIAL POLITICAL. WE KNOW THAT THE USE OF CONSCIOUSNESS-EXPANDING DRUGS WILL BE TO TRANSFORM OUR CONCEPT OF HUMAN-NATURE. AND WE KNOW THAT THE PRESENT SOCIAL ESTABLISHMENT IS NOT PREPARED FOR THIS CHANGE. BUT WE ARE THE MAJORITY. AND WE WON'T BE HUSTLED ANY LONGER BY A MINORITY OF CRAZY BUMS. BROTHERS AND SISTERS, ACT YOUR GUERRILLA THEATRE AND GET HIGH ON IT. GETTING BUSTED FOR DRUG TALK ON THE PHONE BECOMES A BORE. GETTING PULLED OVER BY COPS BECAUSE OF TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS IS A DRAG. WE ARE MORE TOGETHER THAN THAT. LET US FORM THE DOPE CONSPIRACY.

THE CHICAGO 8 AND THE BLACK PANTHERS HAD MONTHS-LONG SHOW TRIALS, THEIR COLLECTIVE CONVICTION DROVE US ALL OUT TO THE STREET. THE GOVERNMENT HAD TO GIVE IN AND LET THEM OUT ON BAIL. TWENTY-THOUSAND JOINED THE BLACK PANTHERS AT THE FREE BOBBY SEALE RALLY IN NEW HAVEN. DOPE TRIALS, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE THREE-DAY AFFAIRS. TIM LEARY'S CASE IN SANTA ANA, ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, WAS HARDLY MENTIONED IN THE STRAIGHT PRESS. THE NEWS HIT THE EAST COAST WHEN TIM WAS ALREADY IN JAIL. EVERY VILLAGE IN THE COUNTRY HAS A JOHN SINCLAIR. EVERY HEAD HAS A BROTHER BEING BUSTED FOR DOPE. IS IT REALLY MONEY? - BAIL AND LAWYER MONEY? - IS IT NOT MORE IMPORTANT TO COME TOGETHER? TO MAKE PEOPLE AWARE OF THE REPRESSION A CORRUPT GOVERNMENT IS EXERCISING? HAND OUT LEAFLETS, DEMONSTRATE IN FRONT OF CITY HALL, THE COURTHOUSE, THE JAIL. TURN OUT CORRECT INFORMATION ABOUT DOPE. COLLECT MONEY FOR YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN JAIL. SMUGGLE DOPE INTO THE PRISONS. BE CONSCIOUS OF YOUR MAJORITY. TURN PEOPLE ON. BE IN WASHINGTON ON JULY 4TH, STATE YOUR INDEPENDENCE. OM.

DOPE NEWS: SUNSHINE 50 CENTS PER TAB, MICHLANCAN GRASS \$175 PER POUND, MEXICAN WEED \$175 PER POUND, Mescaline \$2 PER HIT.

# brand



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Jonas Mekas, Village Voice

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directed by Win Chamberlain with John Harmish, director of photography, starring Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland, Frank Costantini, Tally Brown, with Abbie Hoffman, Candy Darling, Ultra Violet, Joy Bagg, Jim Huff, Sam Shepard, Carlos Aususe, Produced by Trax Productions, distributed by C.M.B. films, in color, now shown at Ben Barantolby's Elgin Cinema

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## the movie for people



ELGIN Nema

### PARANOID

(Continued from Page 3)

People began to scream back that *his* way was not theirs, and why not have a dialogue rather than pushing people off the stage.

"Fuck dialogues. And fuck right and wrong. They're killing our people."

By that time Allen Ginsberg had stepped on stage and tried to calm Abbie down. But it was too late, the audience was reacting and there was no more

dialogue. Abbie began to strike the microphone with his fists, beating the dead words into submission. His call to arms had fallen short of the mark. He caught his own hat and everybody was watching.

He departed from the stage, accusing Ginsberg and the rest of being another form of "CIA Pig", as a series of OMs pursued his footsteps. Ginsberg ran after him and tried to persuade him to come back. But it was too late as Abbie, Jerry and Anita assaulted the street with

accusations and left Ginsberg standing in the carnival on Bleecker street.

Ginsberg soon returned to the stage and performed a major trick by getting the audience involved in a dialogue with a quartet made up of himself, Allan Watts, Wavy Gravy, Mike Kennedy, and Mike Standard, one of Leary's lawyers.

Allen's dissertation proving that the Government is into the big business of pushing hard drugs was brilliant. Watts went on and on about how everything really fit together. Mike Kennedy read a beautiful letter from Leary. And Wavy

Gravy centered our energy once again with the famous *Gong Bong* game of his where everyone holds hands and breathes in and out.

My participation with it all ended on the last gong bong breath as I split for home. Johnny Winters and Jimmy Hendrix appeared soon after my disappearance, a lousy trick of fate as I heard later that both had performed some major tricks of music.

My journey ended with a lack and need for leadership, a bellyful of magic and a prayer for just a minor miracle.

# AN EVO SALU of The by Ray

## Today's Modern Navy: Roger Priest

Take it from the fact that Roger Priest was born of sturdy middle-American parents in Houston, Texas in 1944 and went through school with the usual reputation of kindness, intelligence, respect and ability as a basketball star. No shit, this kid had it made. A journalism major, he graduated from college in 1967 with a student handbook to his credit and a whole bag of various student activities under his hat, and he was looking forward to a fine career in any one of a number of publicly-acclaimed fields when like many another young fellow just out of college, he was faced with the awesome possibility of the draft. This is where the trouble again. He was against the war and didn't want to fight, so he fled to Europe, touching down in Luxembourg and half a dozen other European capitals in the two months he spent abroad before realizing that it was no good, that his family was against him, that they had all served in the navy, that he was a college graduate who by joining the Armed Forces under certain programs could work in a non-combatant status and push for the betterment of the military from within. Convinced he had nothing to lose, he returned to the States and enlisted in the navy in October of the same year.

His first station was the recruit training camp at San Diego where he was shaved, processed and classified as a journalist-striker, then because of his experience, he was sent to the Pentagon and put to work in the office of the Chief of navy information (Chinfo). His job was a good one, he worked on the all-service publication *Directions*, and put out *NavNews*, the Navy's equivalent of a press service, and answered civilian press queries at a position that was known as the "Navy Action Desk." He enjoyed his work and did well at it, and was allowed to live off base with the Navy kicking in part of the expenses, and he might have thought he'd done the right thing, he might have become an excellent sailor, but something was beginning to

happen in the military. The Presidio 27 were busted, the Fort Jackson Eight were on trial, enlisted men all over the armed forces were standing up and demanding the same rights for themselves they were supposedly being asked to defend for others. Priest was not immune to all of this. He was handed a \$75 fine and reduced in rank from seaman to seaman apprentice for refusing a direct order to go to another office one day and stamp return addresses on envelopes, then he changed the beneficiary on his \$10,000 government life insurance policy (maintainable at a cost of \$2 per month, deducted from your pay), from his relatives to the War Resisters League.

"If they have to pay ten thousand dollars to the peace movement for every man who gets killed in action, maybe they won't be in such a hurry to get so many killed."

He was interrogated for 45 minutes because of this and warned of possible consequences, but the matter passed over and he continued doing his job. But he was getting extremely proficient at all possible editorial skills, and searching for a way he could make a contribution to the peace movement, he decided in the early part of 1969 to bring his skills to bear and publish a newsletter, *OM*. The first issue was 8 pages, with a print run of 800, and was written, layed out, and duplicated by Priest himself, and it included an account of the insurance episode and advice as to what other men should do in the same circumstances, and a list of demands from Andy Stapp's American Serviceman's Union, and a statement of the mission of the paper: *To expose those in authority who have betrayed the trust of the American people by using their power to deprive men of their constitutional rights, and, by exposure, to act as a terrant to such abuse. To strive for Liberty, Justice, and Equality for the men and women of the Armed Forces, to be a Forum and a rally point for dissent, to destroy the negative influence*

*of apathy among the servicemen of the Armed Forces and encourage them to stand up for their rights.*

It was a neat little newsletter and Priest being a public relations expert of no little skill, was able to have Washington Post Columnist Nicholas Van Hoffman do a story on it before the first issue appeared on April Fools Day, 1969. Hoffman did a beauty; he said that Priest was giving out anti-war information from the Navy Action Desk, which was untrue, but it didn't matter. On Monday, morning, after the weekend of March 24th, Priest walked into his office and "nobody looked up from their desks." One hour after he arrived, he was told he was being transferred to the Washington Naval Station on T.A.D. orders (Temporary Absence from Duty), and with no reason.

This might have been a simple maneuver to cashier an "undesireable element," from a prestigious post. It is common enough. At the Naval Station, Priest was put to work writing biographies of Navy artists and developing prints in the base photo lab there, and it wasn't too different from what he'd been doing at the Pentagon. On May 1st, he published a second issue of *OM*, and this one was expanded to ten pages, but he began to notice strange things going on. He noticed men standing outside his apartment at night with crewcuts, guns, hearing aides, and they spoke into their armpits. One night, there were three carloads of them - approximately 15 men - and they followed him everywhere. What they were, he found out, were agents of the office of naval intelligence, and there were 25 of them on his tail. 25! It was not a case of simple paranoia, nor was it very funny when they began searching his garbage with the assistance of the District of Columbia Sanitation Department, or using WAVES to try to con Priest into further implicating himself. They were on his ass, and time was getting near, and he knew it.

He published a third issue of *OM*, and this one was bigger and



Joseph Stevens

better than the previous two. One of its many features was a little thing by Bobby Seale, "Bobby Seale's Parable," which told this story:

*Once upon a time, there was a very poor man who was walking along the base of a tall mountain.*

*The man was extremely thirsty, so he was delighted when he came upon a stream.*

*But as he bent down to quench his thirst, he noticed that the stream was full of muck and filth. In desperate need of a cool, clean drink, the man tried to get the muck and filth out of the stream, but to no avail.*

*As he was about to give up, another man appeared and asked him what he was doing.*

*"I am very, very thirsty," the poor man said, "but I can't drink from this stream because it is filthy and I am unable to clean it."*

*The second man smiled and explained that the stream was full of muck and filth because a huge bog was standing in the middle of the stream at the top of the mountain.*

*"This bog," the man said, "is pissing and shitting in the stream, and that is why it is so dirty."*

*"If you want a cool, clean drink, you must get that bog out of that stream."*

*And with that, the two men set out to climb the mountain and get the bog out of the stream.*

Priest added his own conclusion to the piece, "L. MENDEL RIVERS. GET YOUR ASS OUT OF THAT STREAM. YOU HEAR, BOY?" and naturally, when the paper came out on June 1st, L. Mendel Rivers was one of the more interested readers. In fact, he was enraged. On June 6th, he sent a letter to Chief of Legislative Liason, Rear Admiral Means Johnston Jr., asking who "R. Priest" was, and inquiring if some disciplinary action could be taken. On June 13th, one of Johnston's aides Captain J.M. Hingson wrote back that the matter was being investigated. Priest, in the meantime, was interrogated at length, and

(Continued on Page 20)

# KEEP YOUR HEAD CLEAR

# TE TO The MEN NAVY

Schultz



## The Old Navy: Fred Buenzle



Reprinted in part from a series, "Dedicated to Fred Buenzle, Enlisted Man," by Ray Schultz, *Newport Navallog*, July 7 and 14, 1967

Some old timers speak of him with reverence, some widely-scattered Navy journalists vaguely remember his name, some Naval historians and second hand book dealers have some information on his career, but for all intents and purposes, throughout the greater part of this nation's fleet, the legend of Fred J. Buenzle is as dead and forgotten as the sailing ships Buenzle once served on.

The NAVALOG asks the question: Why?

True, Buenzle was no John Paul Jones. He didn't perform breathtaking acts of heroism; he didn't utter great moving battle cries for the papers; it's unlikely that he was even named "Sailor of the Year," at any time during his career. Add that to the fact that he had broken service and more than one disciplinary

offense on his record, and that he openly complained about certain abuses of power in the Navy, played with fire in other words, and you have a pretty unlikely candidate for a Naval legend.

Buenzle's chief accomplishments were that he gave us a magnificent life and career that could serve, without any trace of empty hero-worship, as an inspiration for all enlisted men, and that singly, he did as much for the same EM's than probably any man before or after his time, including John Paul Jones, Decatur, and the rest. And don't tear the paper up just yet; this claim is not as overstated as it might appear.

He was born, in 1873, in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, of parents who owned what was referred to as a "commercial hotel." According to his autobiography, every night of his youth was spent helping his father fill bottles of beer in the cellar of the hotel. The fumes of

the liquid, he recalled, would often overcome him.

He enlisted as a boy apprentice in the U.S. Navy in 1889, at the age of 16, to fulfill a childhood dream of going to sea. His father signed the papers, although he disagreed with the young man's decision.

The Navy Buenzle signed in was not a very healthy and profitable place for enlisted men. Foreigners of all nationalities filled the ranks, while Americans wearing the uniform were disgraced at home. In Buenzle's words, "New promises were made to the recruits, and the old-timers had to subsist on broken pledges." Desertion was as common as enlistment.

Buenzle's very first experience in the Navy was responsible for his starting to question certain accepted standards, both civilian and military. Before boarding the USS St. Louis, an old hulk of a sailing ship at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, for the signing of his apprentice articles, he met an old salt who tried to talk him out of signing. The problem, the old man stated, was not with the Navy — that was fine — but with the civilian populace.

"The dirty lubbers and crooks on shore won't serve a man in uniform, not in any decent place they won't! And you won't be able to buy a good meal or a clean bed, or go to a theater. Only the dive-keepers and the trollops will give the sailorman a hand my boy, and don't say I didn't warn you."

Buenzle joined anyway, but that very night he came close to regretting he hadn't followed the old man's advice. The captain of the St. Louis put a group of men who had committed minor offenses in irons and gave them rather stiff sentences. The affair shocked Buenzle into realizing the value of quick obedience to all orders, and how easy it would be for a man's entire life and career to be ruined by arbitrary punishment for a human mistake. In his book, Buenzle

wrote: "This incident of my first day in the Navy was my earliest lesson in the need of prompt and unquestioning obedience to any order received from a superior in rank or rate. It made me also aware of the possibilities for tyranny at the hands of men clothed with absolute power, and of how easily a headache or any slight upon the dignity of the afterguard might be taken out upon the hapless lower ratings." That, however, was not Buenzle's only shock. Days later, the old man who tried to talk him out of joining, died of a dose of wood alcohol poisoning which he had picked up in a downtown dive, one of the few places where "sailors were welcome."

About a month after joining, Buenzle was sent to Newport, R.I. for apprentice training aboard the USS New Hampshire, where instruction was given in seamanship, infantry drilling, gunnery, and international codes. The New Hampshire was moored in "sewage crusted slough," and an epidemic of typhoid fever had broken out, causing the ship to be called "the floating coffin." The ship was soon evacuated and training was completed in Camp Tracy, not called Coaster's Harbor Island.

The first vessel Buenzle actually set sail in was the training ship Portsmouth. With 241 other apprentices on board, the ship left from Newport for the Caribbean, stopping on the way in New York, where "a half eagle was sufficient for a snug twenty-four hour liberty." Experiencing a variety of "vulgar pleasures," for lack of anything better to do, (the "better" places in New York were graced with such signs as "No men in uniform admitted here,"), Buenzle returned from liberty feeling "lost in a Sargasso Sea of disappointment and loneliness."

"For me, sailing time could not arrive too soon," he wrote.

On the Portsmouth at sea, Buenzle remembered everything was damp, food was always cold,

and there was plenty of deck duty, from which "all clothing was sodden and the skin on hands and feet became bleached and tender." Finding the port of Barbados to be a place with a "remarkable lack of points of interest," Buenzle wrote of the lonely watches at sea during the early morning hours. "The boys," he wrote, "hunch closer, and in whispered tones talk together of sharks at sea and sharks ashore, and of human wolves, and of the loneliest time in boyhood that each of them could remember."

On a second training cruise aboard the Portsmouth, Buenzle went to England, where "our uniform was more honored than it was in our own land."

In 1890, after a short tour on the USS Philadelphia, Buenzle reported to the sailing frigate Lancaster, which was on its way to becoming the flagship of the Asiatic station. During his years in Asia, he experienced a variety of colorful things and, aboard the Lancaster, he received his first disciplinary action for sleeping on watch. Around the same time, he also began to study shorthand with a fellow crew member, "Pop" Croghan.

In 1893, disgusted with the Navy life, tired of being rousted out of wet hammocks at night, eating cold mutton while officers ate such delicacies as cherry pie, and of the "pious pomposities" of the officers corps, Buenzle took his discharge in Shanghai.

His first stop was the American consulate where because he refused government passage back to the states, he had to waive the right to any further aid. Then, using most of the small amount of cash he had, he secured his month's rent at a transient hotel. About a week later, however, he was thrown out by the landlady after a pre-arranged argument.

When the war between China and Japan broke out, Buenzle took a commission as a Captain in the Chinese Army, and he

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# & YOUR RECORD CLEAN



# FREEING DIANNE DONGHI

"Take a look at this," suggests Flo Kennedy, the tough, fiftyish Black lady lawyer who is an advocate for just about every important civil rights and feminist cause in New York City. In my hand is a piece of paper. Handwriting. Scrawl, barely legible script tossed out on a yellow sheet of legal note paper: "My name is Dianne Maria Donghi. I am twenty-one years of age and I reside in the Women's House of Detention in New York. I am approximately three months pregnant and I wish to have an immediate abortion..."

"You remember reading about Dianne, don't you?" Flo asks. "She's the Weatherwoman that the pigs busted last April 15th. They want her on some kind of dynamite charge in Chicago... so the pigs busted her here and are now trying to extradite her. Well, not only is she fighting the extradition, but she also has to get an abortion. She's already three months pregnant... poor dear... and if she weren't in jail, she might be able to get something done. But you know, they've kept the bail so high... \$15,000... she can't raise that kind of money and get out. If something isn't done soon, that girl is going to be forced to bear a child that she doesn't want!"

"Sounds bad," I say, "but what do you think can be done about it? Despite the new 'liberalized' New York law, abortion is still completely illegal till July 1st. How are you going to get that girl's pregnancy brought to term as long as she's behind bars?"

Flo Kennedy smiles. "Litigate, baby, litigate."

ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 13TH, Flo and two other women attorneys, Diane Schuller and Nancy Stearns, appear in the Federal Courthouse Building at New York's Foley Square. Their aim: to get a three judge panel to order a legal abortion for Dianne Donghi. But their purpose in seeking an abortion goes well beyond concern for the young woman's welfare. The three attorneys were the prime movers behind an extraordinary legal case heard by the Federal Court several months earlier: three hundred women sued the State to have its murderous abortion law declared unconstitutional. The three hundred argued that the abortion statute, which only permitted abortions when continued pregnancy endangered the life of a mother, was an unfair violation of their right to privacy and freedom of religion and to control over their own bodies. No legal experts felt the women would win their case and abortion laws throughout the country, as a result, would be repealed by judicial fiat. Just before Federal Justice Edward Weinfeld was about to hand down a decision, however, New York's legislature voted a new law which allegedly removed all

abortion restrictions. The result was that Judge Weinfeld declared the case moot and avoided a judicial ruling.

WHILE JURISTS, JOURNALISTS AND POLITICANS were hailing the new "liberal" abortion law, Empire State feminists were using such adjectives as "fraud", "bullshit", "disasterous hoax." The new legislation, considered the most progressive in the country permitted a woman to terminate her pregnancy if she was over twenty-one years of age, not more than six months pregnant and IF SHE HAD HER PHYSICIAN'S CONSENT. To the non-feminist community, the package sounded lovely. Politicians praised the measure as a step towards civilization. Upper-class women sighed with relief. (No more hasty trips to Japan and England.) Ministers (Protestant) cheered. Only thing wrong with this great big wonder-bill was that it was riddled with loopholes... BIG LOOPHOLES... loopholes designed to forever keep women from controlling their own bodies.

The big catch was the provision declaring that *only* physicians could be legally permitted to perform the operation. In theory, this sounds like a humane and intelligent idea. In practice, it means that thousands of New York women will not be able to obtain legal abortions. There simply aren't enough doctors or hospital beds available to meet the routine, non-abortion health needs of the State's population. Couple the doctor shortage with the fact that many physicians, particularly Catholic physicians, have openly declared their refusal to perform the operation and you have a situation where only the rich, the articulate, and the medically well-connected will be able to make use of the new abortion law.

What's worse is that the "doctors only" provision hands the whole question of abortion over to the very Medical Establishment that for years has opposed any change in abortion statutes. The Medical Establishment, which for decades silently watched some ten thousand women a year die of botched illegal attempts to bring their pregnancies to term, is now charged with setting up standards for the new law. This loophole gives conservative doctors a second opportunity to retrench. Most of them didn't want a law that provided abortion on demand for women. Many of them consider abortion an act of murder. Still, others consider the operation an unnecessary drain on the State's overburdened medical system. So, the Medical Establishment is now using its power to set guidelines as a device to further constrict the new law.

Recently, the New York State Public Health Council and the New York State Medical Society released their fourteen point

"guidelines" for abortions under the new law. In the medical world, decrees by outfits like the State Medical Society are the equivalent of law. Among these "guidelines" was the suggestion that almost all abortions be performed in general hospitals - with complete anesthesia and blood transfer facilities. Abortions in out-patient clinics, in doctors offices, were frowned on and just about declared medical no-nos. While the State permits abortions on women up till six months pregnant, the doctors declared that three months was a better cut-off date. What's more, the Medical Society declared that no doctor should be required to perform the operation. So, the result of all these little "guidelines" will be that women will have to go to hospitals, pay as much as \$700 for an abortion, and leave the question of final control over their bodies to male doctors, male hospital boards, and male religious institutions.

Feminists outraged at the result of their cry for legalized abortion, have an alternate suggestion for dealing with the abortion problem. They want all abortion laws repealed so that no medical society can develop legal and quasi-legal prerogatives when it comes to women's lives. They want medicine to take advantage of fantastic new breakthrough in abortion technology. Namely, the women are demanding a State wide network of out-patient abortion clinics, staffed by nurses and technicians, supervised by doctors, and making use of the new "suction-aspiration" method of abortion. The suction-aspirator is a machine that performs, quick, easy and safe abortions with little anesthesia required. Patients can have an abortion in the morning and leave the clinic healthy and unpregnant by the afternoon. Hospitalization is unnecessary. It's cheap. Doctors need not perform the operation - technicians and nurses can. Complications are rare. But, under the new law, such clinics are pretty much out of the question.

ITEM: Several metropolitan area hospitals say that they will refuse to perform abortions when the operation becomes legal on July 1st.

ITEM: Other hospitals report that they are besieged with abortion requests. Lack of facilities and beds has lead these institutions to set-up long abortion waiting-lists.

ITEM: The age-old "committee system" will not be abolished by the new law. Doctors committees at hospitals will still be able pass on whether or not a woman obtains an abortion. There is nothing to stop hospitals for setting up abortion quotas. Sterilization, as of press-time is legal in New York, but this horror story was gleaned from the pages of the NEW YORK TIMES: Mrs. Janet

Stein, 17, of Mohegan Lake, N.Y. has been pregnant four times, suffered one miscarriage, toxemia, hemorrhages, kidney infections and high-blood pressure. After her last pregnancy and miscarriage, she requested sterilization. Her doctor agreed to perform the operation, but the sterilization and abortion committee of the Northern Westchester hospital refused her request. They have a "rule" forbidding such operations on a woman under thirty unless she has had five children, or unless failure to perform the operation would endanger her health. What's more, the hospital told her they had a quota for sterilizations regardless of all other factors.

IT WAS WITH THESE MEDICAL NIGHTMARE STORIES IN MIND, that Flo Kennedy, Diane Schuller and Nancy Stearns decided to make yet another try at a Federal Court ruling. It was a long, longshot. But Dianne Donghi did so desperately need an immediate abortion. If the old, less liberal abortion law would be declared null and void by the Courts, Dianne would get her abortion. What's more, the whole concept of the Medical Establishment's control over the

"If this young woman is forced to carry her pregnancy to term," declares lawyer Stearns, "solely because she is in jail, the State of New York will in fact be imposing on her a punishment for the mere fact of being arrested - a punishment which far exceeds any punishment to which she might be sentenced should she be found guilty of what she is charged.

Justice Weinfeld confers with the two other members of the three judge-panel and then suggests that perhaps there might be another way to solve this problem without having to make a decision on a constitutional question. His colleagues on the bench, Justices Henry Friendly and Harold Tyler agree. They suggest that some effort be made to get Miss Donghi's bail reduced by a State court so that she might be free to do "whatever was necessary." Failing that, they suggest that Nancy Stearns make an application with the Correction Department for an abortion. If none of these suggestions work out satisfactorily, the Court agreed that it would hear the Donghi case.

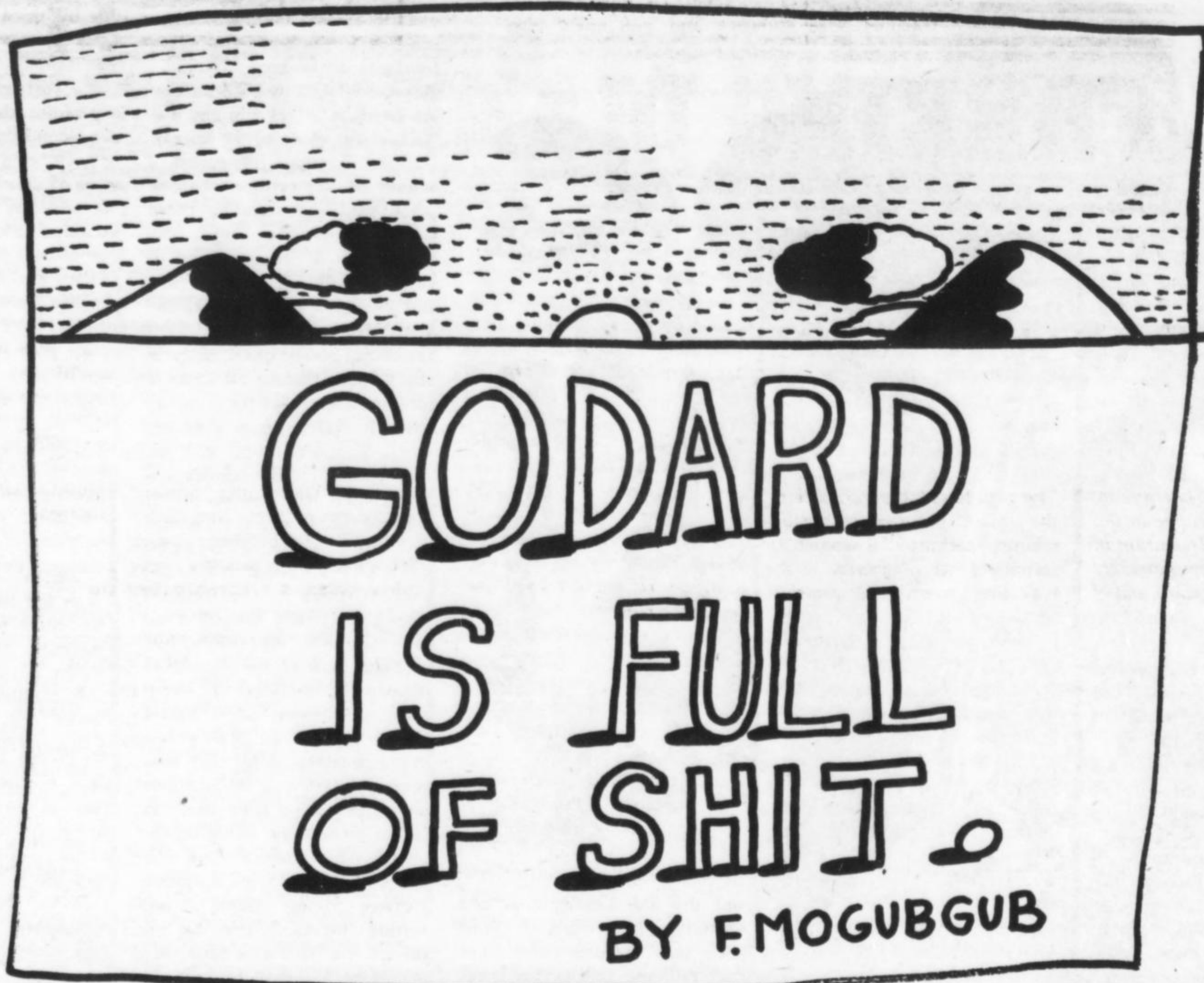
## claudia driefus

fate of female bodies would be dealt a legal death blow. A positive order from the Court would universalize the concept of abortion as a civil right - and would put every woman in the country on safer constitutional grounds.

"I am here," says Nancy Stearns as she approaches the bench, "on behalf of Dianne Donghi, who currently resides in the Women's House of Detention. Miss Donghi is pregnant and begs relief from this court in the form of an order restraining the criminal prosecution of any doctor who might perform an abortion on her."

Nancy's argument is that to bear a child against her will would be a violation of Dianne Donghi's civil rights. "If Dianne were out of jail," she argues, "she might at least be able to avail herself of legal, illegal, and quasi-legal methods women have traditionally used to obtain the operation. The mere fact of her incarceration prevents Dianne Donghi to do anything about her pregnancy. The fact is that though she is nearly three months pregnant, Women's House of Detention officials have yet to send a gynecologist to even examine Miss Donghi." Nancy Stearns wants Judge Weinfeld either to order the prison authorities to arrange an abortion, to release Dianne so that she can obtain one, or to extend the provisions of her bail so that she might be able to go to a city hospital for the operation.

With that attorney Diane Schuller was dispatched to search the canyons of Foley Square for a State Supreme Court Judge who might hear an application for a reduction in bail. As of press-time, no such Judge has been found. The legal process, cumbersome, bureaucratic, frustration is costing Dianne Donghi precious and important days. She is nearly three months pregnant now and an abortion becomes somewhat dangerous after the twelfth week. So while Miss Schuller searches for bureaucratic relief, Dianne Donghi sits in the Women's House of D. watching her chances for a safe and uncomplicated operation diminish with each passing hour. The House of D. is a filthy vermin infested blight in the eyes of humanity. Nancy Stearns reports that Miss Donghi vomits after each meal. Morning sickness three times a day. Sometimes, Dianne stares at the prison's tile walls and asks herself what she will ever do with a baby? How will it live? Who will take care of it? Nightmarish thoughts of childbirth under the gun-barrel. Painful fears about what will become of the baby after birth... visions of pain... of utter powerlessness. Brooding in her cell in the Women's House of Detention, Dianne Donghi is a symbol of the victimization that women's liberation is fighting against: let no woman be a prisoner of her body.



## MORE REVIEWS

by Jackie Hoffman

A couple of months ago I was sitting around, rapping with some friends, when someone brought out the Cool 'n Creamy (a much publicized "better than pudding" frozen food). We started reading off the list of ingredients, getting more and more hysterical at the long chemical names and I realized that we had found a way of laughing at our environment.

A new movie called "Brand X" has found a way also. It consists of a lot of short scenes and commercials, most of which are hilarious. I'm not going to spend time writing a "critique" or term paper about "Brand X", explaining how it satirizes and makes a grotesque mirror of certain decadent elements in our society. We are all well acquainted with those elements, so there is no need for me to draw parallels between "Brand X" and life in Amerika. "Brand X" makes its statement better than I can describe it.

I guess everyone will find their own favorite scenes in "Brand X", but there are at least two that make me laugh every time I think about them. One is the scene in which Abbie Hoffman, playing a cop, is sitting on the toilet, farting a lot, and talking about his happy life at home and on the force, and his love for money and the color white. The second is the scene in which Taylor Mead is playing a preacher. Actually

Taylor Mead is hysterical in every scene he's in, so it's pointless for me to single out only one.

There are some beautiful shots of people balling (in the road, on the back of moving cars, and in the woods), which are, happily, ads for balling. There are also ads for dirt and the benefits of bacteria, sweat, jock straps, and a new taste sensation called peanut butter.

During a talk show sequence, Ultra Violet makes an entrance preening the way every star wishes she had the audacity to preen, wearing an outfit that every star wishes she had the guts to wear, and then, as she sits, her chair topples over, as every audience, secretly or not, wishes would happen. Taylor Mead, as the talk show host, then asks her why she has an umbrella. She says it's for her new number. There is a quick cut, eliminating the Carson-like coquetry, and Ultra Violet is in the middle of her number, singing "Pennies from Heaven."

Taylor Mead does one of those talk show commercials for Peanut Butter (none of the "products" have brand names). His desk, for some unknown reason, is piled high with fresh vegetables (which for some unknown reason I found very funny). He pushes the vegetables aside to do the commercial, but ends up by spreading peanut butter all over them, starting with the

cauliflower.

As a teacher of mine used to say about life in general, "It's madness, all madness." It is madness. This review is madness. Cool 'n Creamy is madness. Reading Cool 'n Creamy ingredients for entertainment is madness. "Brand X" is madness. I highly recommend it.

The makers of the new movie "Getting Straight" really confuse me. I can't figure out who they thought they were making this movie for.

I will admit, I got to the screening a little late, so I may have missed some subtleties, in an otherwise one dimensional movie, which might account for my later confusion.

On a technical level, the movie is too long, too obvious, and downright boring.

The only surprise was the ending. You see, I thought I was going to see the Hollywood movie I'd been expecting for years; the "frivolous" demonstrator finally realizing that his days of youthful protest are over and it's time to grow up and buy in. Well, the hero (Elliot Gould) spends most of the movie trying to buy in (but oh so liberally), but ends up by freaking out and joining the demonstrating students who have begun to smash windows in the face of the National Guard.

There was a first for me in this movie - remember in

"Breakfast at Tiffany's" when Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard reunite in everlasting love over Cat, amid rain and trash cans? - well, here the New Amerikan couple reunites in the midst of tear gas, bricks, rioting students, and national guards, and they have both decided to fuck the system.

Thus, I take it that the title "Getting Straight" means dropping out of the system and fighting it. I like that.

But whatever I like about "Getting Straight" remains in the abstract, because I found myself muttering "bullshit" all through the movie. Every cliché about demonstrations, demonstrators, blacks, whites, professors, money, suburbanites, and lovers was used in this movie - badly.

There was one funny sequence when a professor, who is on board to examine Harry (Gould) for his orals, tries to convince him that Fitzgerald was a fag.

Maybe in the days of "The Graduate", "Getting Straight" would have gone over big as a "youth" movie. No "youth" now needs to see a Hollywood demo or needs Hollywood to say "right on" to our life style.

That's why I don't know who they made this movie for. Our parents? Our teachers? I don't know. Maybe if I read Variety in a couple of months I'll find out.



Dear Charlie, one of our clients is interested in reaching large audience and you know blah blah blah . . . . .

# C HAR LIE FRICK

and the old summer heat and humidity is getting to your brain take the prescribed relief that millions across this great land are, don't be caught short when August rolls around and all those new records that everybody's been waiting for since may (little does the public know but all the major record companies have decided to eliminate their summer high pressure push . . . There Will Be No More New Music Till The end of the summer, this and the fact that all record companies in n.y.c. at this time are experiencing internal troubles . . . management hassels. and artist company relations haven't been too good lately since more and more of the top performers come to realize what the 15 and 16 and 17 year old, stoned into the void, teenagers of the american music public already know . . . Its a whole lot groovier to dance to music if its free than if you got to sit in stuffy theatre overcrowded where the smell of pot mixes with the sweat of young bodies and damaged minds strung on anything and everything from ripple wine to stp/crystal the hovvell around the stage sucking electricity into their brains and bodies . . . Its much groovier if its out of doors maybe even in the woods . . . Help send s Fillmore addict to summer camp . . . . .

If those kids knew what its like to hear live rock and roll in the middle of the woods at night with an interstellar light show presented by

Brother Hood Of Lanterns

There wouldnt be any need to overthrow the capitalists and their system of dealing with our music . . . And anybody that tells you about "OUR" music, ask him what's playing on the radio station inside his head, His answer will serve to let you know . . .

There is something about electric music sometimes it can make it to the brain, too much loudness drives men insane . . . But the WHO'S new album Live At Leeds is a real trip and a 1/2 Talk about electric???? Lots of people consider townsand a sellout of the culture (His one week sold out standing room only appearance with the production of Tommy kind of turned people off, i dont know but i've been turned off to the Who for a long time . . . I remember Murry the Ks show at the Appolo theatre . it seem so long ago there were these crazies from England. They were the most fantastic thing that hit new york since the beates and the stones left the shores of england for the greener pastures of american teenaged conciousnesses and pocketbooks . . . The end of their act was the thing that did it . . . Tommy??? shit tommy was chicken feed to what used to happen at the end of every show . . . It was total theatre perpetrated on the young impressionable minds of new yorks y youth . . . It was just about the same time that the leauge opened an office on the other end of town . . . The who blew up their equipment. Before Jimmy Hendrix was setting fire to fenders by the dozens the Who were into some generators and dynamite charges in the amps and that great scene where he breaks the guitar over the tops p of the drums and scatters the peices likepriceless souvineers of the apocolypse to th surging masses at their feet . . . Shit man you wouldnt catch me inside a rock palace when there's music inside my head . . . . The Jefferson Airplane really blew Bill Grahams Mind when they decided to play For Free - I keep forgetting to put this record in the colum cause everybody has been borrowing it from me for the past couple of weeks. My profound apologies. Its The Small Faces and its their second album, you might as well look into their first one too, that one was called Ogden Frick Gun and the second one is

### First Step

Warnerbrothers No.1851. To say that theyre an english contemporary rock group would only be partially correct. They never made it really big the last time they were here in america, got on one of the shows at a rock palace i remember as 3rd on the bill, its a funny feeling that comes across when you dig them, its like the magic that made Traffic such an around the back door hit in america. This is not american music and the american audiences are still a little immature to dig what was happening in their stage act. But the small faces get it on in the great tradition of the Yardbirds and the Kinks and Traffic and others too numerous mention. And all of a sudden out of no where its DR JOHN. Into that old stone spotlight not since his last effort *Babylon* has he been even spoken about in the electric mecca, no not even in subdued tones. Dr John is ok with me there aint nothin wrong

with heavy music sometimes. In this his third album he sings 6 songs written and arrianged by Mac Rebennack

" . . with great thanks to sait expedite who helped lay down the second line midst the smoke of holy herbs." Hes taken away some of the electric guitars from his previous sound and added some funky piano, some saxophones and some brass, Its like dr John with a dixieland-jazz type band in back of him, but then again you cant really grab on to his music by any handles. Its a hard thing to keep topping yourself but hes done it. Tis trance/dance music. It would really be a stone if some of the shorter cuts started appering on your radio, but dont hold your breath, There are things that frighten station managers into banning all of doctor johns music. theyre afraid of the music and what its powers are. Wait till it starts to come out of everywhere you turn. thats gonna shake em up in flatbush. The name of the album is *REMEDIES* Atco No. SD-33-316 This album is a good time, the best ive had in a long time, if you miss it youre a fool. After hearing some dr john some people think theres something the matter with it, like it dont fit into any established patterns of n.y.c. pop music theres a very simple explanation. Dr Johns music freaks alot of people out . . . I dare you to play his music loud with the windows open

This thing gonna happen on New York television by the time you read this the first chapter has already happened. If youre looking to get strung behind something for a whole summer catch a program on Chanel No.5 on saturdays at 7:30 pm. its called The Prisoner Starring Patrick McGoohan It played in the electric city a few years ago one summer. Its sort of a summer replacement of sorts, the guy that created produced and directed it is this cat that used t hang around at the flying saucer conventions. The basic story is this British secret agent decides to resign just because hes had enough. McGoohan who played John Drake Secret Agent In his last television series plays the prisoner No.6 is all hes refered to throughout the summer, he wakes up in this place called The Village. Its an island run by a top secret branch of somebodys Central Shadow Agency but he cant figure out who it is. Actually its a spy space science fiction thriller that creates more suspense than a room full of stp. Its right out of the interstellar drive in theatre . . . Orrigionaly done in the middle sixties it represents the finest in dreams that the television producers of england (Thats where it was made) have to offer. Lots of people put down televison as garbage and mind distorting trash. its this once in a blue moon thing that comes across that makes everything worth wile. This is some of the finest television than new york will see in a long time . . . Just watch out for all that radiation . . . . .

Charlie Frick May 13 1970

Theres this thing that happens everytime that someone gets into big money. Its like sharks with the smell of blood in their brains, The parasites of the rock industry are responsible for the death and the delay of a lot of the finest talent in the past few years. Managers live off the profits of those that they manage. If the act bombs the manager goes broke. Its a very simple equation, with the performer always getting the short end of the stick. Thats the way it works and unfortunately all the big money action is what keeps the recording industry floating. Just think of it all the large recording companies and their advertising agencies, they all got to get a bite on the bone as it were. Thousands of people being supported by a few hard working dedicated rock stars that just happen by virtue of their talent to demand 5 Grand a weekend, and whose albums are sold in the billions before theyre even released . . . There was talk around underground central a few days ago about the recent monetary failure of the Tim Leary benefit

"Why don't we take our case to the pop stars themselves.?? simplw, the stars don't give a good shit for the crookedness in the industry, the more than often answer when the question of mishandleing of funds from the pop stars themselves is

"Look man, its a living. Everybodys got to make a living." Yeah right there but its too bad that the music of the seventies has been affected content wise by all the poison of the industry, all the bad

vibes, the money hustles, the hangers on, the executives in the uptown office buildings trying to map out the culture around the summers shipping schedule (you cant sell a million albums if they arent put on the shelves of the record stores. I don't know for my money you can take all the supermarket culture and all the people that are purporting the bad dream that is the american musical scene and shove them up yer arm. yeah pop music these days is sold with the same dedication as the other shit to put up your arm . . . Right on and rip off

Good by boys were sorry to see you go, its been a long time and we hate to see you go but you know its getting late an we really hate to see you all go so soon but enough is enough.

when youre really into it it gets sometimes hard to keep track of everything, there is annthey way that wirks - as well lalways know what you like . . . Its not a new release but i like it just the same. Some of the second and third generation rockers have never heard of the Procol Harum and if they have its been because of the short lived top pop am single of a few years ago called "Whiter shade of pale." yeah well this is another side of the procol harum that it seems that only their most devoted fans know about, its the last albumthey have done to date . its called A SALTY DOG PROCOL HARUM A&M Records No.SP4179 I mean lets not kid ourselves now, its that time of year and when youre in the electric mecca in the middle of all of it happenong at once



# reviewing the revolution

ALEX GROSS

If either I or the times were more more reasonable, I would write you a reasonable article this week, but they aren't and I'm not. This is not to say there isn't a very profound sort of reason at work and making itself felt, but it is one that turns individual human beings into nothing more than parts of speech in the cosmic sentence structure. It would be nice if a revolution were like a play or art show and you could write a review of it. If I were writing a review I would say this is a great one, and I would compare it to the one other "revolution" I have seen, namely what happened in Berlin between the shooting of a student in June, 1967, through further shootings and the attempt on Rudi Dutschke's life up to the election of Willi Brandt last summer, assuming this is the end of it.

Believe it or not, a lot of things are similar: they actually shot pure white German student-flesh, everyone screamed the nazis are taking over (which seemed reasonable enough in Germany), there was an enormous girding of loins and an unbelievable wave of work done by a small number of students, and the result of it seems to be (if, once again, it is the end of it) the advent of at least a

lukewarm form in socialism in the country that invented it and the first halfway liberal government in Germany in fifty years. Are we to expect as favorable an outcome here in America? I don't know the answers to this, which is another reason why I can't really write a review, since I don't know the last act.

But what I can say for sure is that this revolution is the biggest and best I have seen so far — to steal the language of a drama critic, I have never been so involved before, in fact I am so involved that all I can do with the rest of this article is list a number of events, pieces of information, things going on or about to go on, along with my own reactions to some of them, most of these probably mistaken. Here are some notes for a review which may one day get written, provided we are all still here.

A plan is under way to do away with caps and gowns at graduations this year and have all students pay the money these would have cost into a Peace Movement Treasure. There is some talk of doing this through the Art Workers Coalition, or at least of using some of the money from this to get more My Lai Massacre posters ('And Babies')

printed so as to present each graduating student with a poster rolled up in place of a diploma. Lehman College students are spreading this idea up at City College and on other campuses.

WNYU is attempting to set up a permanent nation-wide hook-up between college radio stations. The main problem is money — if they use existing cable services it costs a hell of a lot — they did this for three days before and during the Washington demo and it cost 18,000 dollars. Now the college stations are looking for angels to cough up the money to keep track of the growing crisis, and there are rumors that some people high up in labor unions are about to help them. It also appears that they would be within their rights if they demanded the money from the HEW branch of the federal government, as existing laws specifically apply to aiding inter-campus communication.

Two members of the Art Workers Coalition got tickets for littering when they demonstrated in front of the CBS building and later at the "Modern" Museum as well. Jean Toche and Jon Hendricks brought a TV set full of beef guts and blood to the demo and intended to use it as part of a piece of street theatre together

with forty students from NYU's school of the arts. Hundreds of others were present from NYU, Pratt, Visual Arts, and the Art Workers Coalition. Police refused to let them put on the show, so Toche and Hendricks marched with the TV set, blood trickling behind them. This is what they were given the littering tickets for, but no one disturbed them when they took the set afterwards and left it in the lobby of the "Modern" as a present for Bill Paley, boss of CBS and president of the "Modern's" board of trustees.

NYU's students and faculties are doing everything they can to bring their case to the larger New York Community and rally support to end the war. They have already had several meetings with people from community groups and are planning a series of open houses and town meetings in NYU buildings. For further details on this, call the NYU Community Contact group at 598-2196. It is ironic that it should take a crisis to get people at NYU to take a closer look at the community around them — certainly the main concern the NYU administration has had for the community in the past has been as potential real estate extensions, and it is to be hoped

that these contacts with students and faculty will blossom out into something real and lasting.

The students at Loeb Center lost their nerve once, on Monday May 11, when rumors of an invasion by construction workers made them so security conscious that they had a band of student security men barring more people from entering the building than they let in. The hard hats never showed up, and as of now the doors to the Loeb are wide open again. Kimball Hall, where the printing presses are located, has been successfully occupied for nine days at this time in spite of assorted threats and impending injunctions from the administration. The Psych Department, on the ground floor of 21 Washington Place, is open all day and most of the night for anyone to come in and rap about what is happening.

I saw the best vibrations since 1967 in London the other night when the students turned the street outside Kimball Hall into a block party with a big sound truck and lots of vigorous dancing in various states of undress. All of Greene Street between Washington and Waverly Places was taken over to the consternation of some locals and a few cops who looked on, (Continued on Page 23)

## ART - STRIKE! LIL PICARD

...and so I went to the Jewish Museum to see the exhibition: USING WALLS (Indoors) and (Outdoors). On Monday May 18 the two shows are closing for two weeks, until June 1. The exhibiting artists felt the need to express their feelings in relation to the happenings in the world of war, politics, racism and repression. They are showing with the first "artist Strike" a certain kind of solidarity with the striking students of U.S.A. Soho's black mourning materials draped around paintings and Yvonne Rainer's Funeral-March-Dance had been also an expression of Solidarity with the Student-Movement, but really less impressive than the visual look of the closed NYU — Loeb Center building, which large windows plastered with

political posters and statements. The look of those windows are in my opinion a much more true visual expression of "ART IN OUR TIME" than the hotch-potch of not very good art shown in the different studios and lofts "downtown" and many uptown commercial places. Even Thousand Acres of Art can't bring the artists plight in the time of spiritual revolution to the attention of people. Artists today have to take a stand. And so it is of great importance that at least the Jewish Museum gives up "Business as Usual" for two weeks for an idealistic goal. On May 14th I found a small advertisement "STRIKE" in the New York Times. It announced the feelings of 22 workers in the film industry: "WE, as individuals who work in the film industry, will join the nationwide general strike that was called at the Washington demonstration for Friday, May 15, to show our opposition to our government's oppression at home and abroad. We urge others committed to their consciences to do the same."

A third sign of Strike-solidarity happened

on the day of the Jewish Museum opening May 12. In the morning before the CBS building. Two by now well known "outdoor" artists, (not exhibited in the "outdoor-wall show" of the Jewish Museum) got a ticket for littering, because they had demonstrated and dumped a T.V. set filled with a mess of animal flesh and bloody innards before the entrance, and the spilled blood had reddened the pavement. Later on, the same T.V. set had been placed at the feet of John Hightower the new director of Moma in the elegant lobby of the Museum. John, the new "Butterfly on a Pin", must have gotten a striking impression by the "NEW political Avantgarde", Art-Works. The people outdoors in New York in May by 90 degrees don't give much attention to ART Outdoors nor Indoors. But the people at the Parke Bernet Galleries give a damn. They pay \$200,000 for a Giacommetti and business in gold edged Art is at a season's high. Paintings are a so much better investment than stocks and bonds... no wonder that artists and galleries have no reason to strike or do

anything that could destroy the state of affairs and dealings.

But watching the T.V. News one wonders about Art in Our Time. Don't the Art-party goers and Parke Bernet Auction habitués ever watch the hard-hatted newly born "Constructivists"? I mean don't they see, understand, feel the message of the times, don't they listen to Margaret Mead on TV when she appeals for "PEACE", don't they see the fear in the eyes of a wise and mature woman as Mrs. Mead is, who asked for the help of mature minds in the U.S.A. that young people will not destroy each other?

Anybody who can remember the days in Germany before Hitler is by now reminded again and again of events of "Construction-Destruction-Workers activities, happening thirty-seven years ago.

I wonder about Art today? Are the super-successful artists here aware of "Construction-Workers" and "Destruction-Workers" ideas? Are they sleeping the wonderful sleep in the protective enclosures of pale-white purple-lavender

tinted, graphically beautified walls, as the art-aesthetes can observe them now uptown on 5th Avenue and 92nd Street? What is the new message, I asked myself. I like the inside walls very much. I think they have a very refined look. But the "outside" happenings downtown on Wallstreet had frightened me to such an extent, that I could not really wholeheartedly enjoy the elegant arabesques of all the artists involved in the expression of "understatements". It is therefore really "beautiful" that they strike. They must feel that Art as it expresses itself today, lacks in "message" related to our most pressing reality.

After June first the show of Walls, indoors and outdoors can be seen again. The colorful wallpaintings by artists of "Smokehouse Associates and City Walls Inc. can be seen now in slide-performances. To "City Walls", belong the artists Jason Cram, Nassos Daphnis, Allan D'Arcangelo, Tama and Robert Wiegand. "Smokehouse Associates" was formed, like City Walls, in 1967. It is an anonymous

## UNLESS HE SMOKES WITH YOU\* A freak in the

by  
MADISON AVENUE, N.Y.\*

A little while back it happened when I was in the newsroom of a medium-sized radio station in Middle America. Our one and only news teletype circuit that connected news director me with the world was down. No words at all. Garble. For over half an hour. Later news started belching out and we got an explanation:

The switch at an Army base out West that cuts off the news wires all over the country in case of an emergency (like enemy attack) had been "accidentally" tripped.

Dig it. One throw of the switch and the Army can cut off all news communication in the country by radio just like that. Order all stations off the air because of a fantasy attack and takeover those liberals and commies in the Congress and Executive before we knew what happened. And that Great Silent Majority that would prefer fascism to the Bill of Rights would say Oh yes they had to do it to stop those scum commies.

Far out man but all the avenues are available. And do the news media even notice that they could easily be victim and participate in military dictatorship here. Why so impossible? If we foment them abroad; why not here in dear old Amerika. The president and vice president want us all locked up for disagreeing and thinking. They're studying how to call off the next presidential elections. Pig undercover is on the rise. But do the news media notice. Never.

So how can you expect them to tell it true in any situation — especially revolutionary social action. You can't.

The only reporter you can trust is one you smoke with every night. The rest would kill their mothers for a bolder by-line.

So then how to communicate with the vast brainwashed ones in Middle Amerika? EVO doesn't make it and won't. But the straight press can be manipulated to do the trick for us. This is easy with the big demonstrations and street actions etc. But in smaller cities and with less compelling action, the media may just ignore you.

There's lots of ways around the editors to the people. But first... a warning on a few things to watch out for.

The straight press is trading information now on how to infiltrate rock festivals etc. to gain information to sensationalize for their editors about longhairs, dopers, and assorted freaks. This is at a primitive art level yet, but be on the watch. Next, remember that straight reporters are brainwashed in journalism school to sell out anything and anybody to get that golden byline-in-the-sky. Readership is the goal. Not any philosophy nor even-truth.

In practise, if further checking might turn up facts that destroy your initial sensational story, can the research and write up what you've got. Worry about straightening out the mess another day. Besides, this guarantees you another by-line and another chance to be the editor's fair-haired boy. Even if you're a little wrong, all they remember is that one day you made a nice big splash making everyone buy a keepsake copy of your rag.

Objectivity means unprincipledness. Reporters snort only those facts that get them high on power. It's a public ego trip.

Another warning: Beware certain reporters who specialize in shitting on the Movement. Ike Pappas of CBS (the network now infamous for being the first to deny the bodily existence of Abbie Hoffman) is probably one of the worst nationally known offenders.

He roars into town anywhere there's a demonstration, sets up shop, declares the hippies and flower children and/or revolutionary misguided freaked-out commie duped thugs are at it again.

Then the day's battle report from the pigs, loaded with goodies about how many scary obscene words they endured and atrocious weapons were fired at them in response to their little old skin destroying MACE and Pepper Gas etc. etc. etc.

Oh, yes. And the mayor saying how he has endured all he can and how patient he is with pleas for change

but that we all have to wait until he's made his pile and made off with our beauty and left us filth.

Well, Ike baby. That's for shit. There's one way to stop Motherfuckers like this. Disappear when they want to record you. Squirt detergent into their camera lenses. Gas'em with ammonia base cleansers. Pull out their plugs.

If you let these guys fuck you over, we'll all have more repressive laws to contend with as a result of their being able to scare the silent ones with film and distorted commentary.

Of course, this is negative action and is only useful in extreme cases.

Generally, a positive approach is needed and will work — especially in medium sized cities.

Accept this one principle: Most reporters and editors are lazy bastards who'd rather take a story over the phone rather than get off their fat asses to see for themselves. You can take advantage of this.

When you have a speaker and the press has been ignoring what they say, write up your own press releases and bring them to the newspapers and radio and TV stations AS SOON AS POSSIBLE after the speech. For radio, include one-minute taped quotes from the speech for use as actualities. THE PENTAGON SPENDS MILLIONS OF OUR DOLLARS TO BRAINWASH US INTO KILLING EACH OTHER. LET'S FUCK UP THE GENERALS BY TURNING THEIR OWN PASSIVE P.R. VEHICLES BACK ON THEM FILLED WITH OUR REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA THEATER.

For newspapers, press releases should be about one and one-half to two and one-half pages long and double spaced. For radio and TV, make them typed and triple spaced and no more than one minute long. Except if the station runs 10 or 15 minutes of local news at certain times during the day. Then ALSO bring in an additional two minute release.

Audiotape is the best gimmick of all. Radio is hungry for tape recorded on-the-scene reports. Take

advantage of it. At every speech, rally, out-of-town appearance of a famous peaker, bring back three or four 30 to 60 second tape highlights and give the set to each local station in town. For TV, give 'em a 8 x 10 picture of the guy talking and there's a good chance they'll use it.

THIS WORKS BEST FOR ALL MEDIA ON FRIDAY NIGHTS, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY MORNING UNTIL ABOUT 10 A.M.

At these times, not much is happening and the news maw needs filling with something, anything. So fill 'er up!

In newspapers, bombard the letters to the editor with letters written in straight language but arguing revolutionary ideas. It'll get printed just like the Bircher stuff they never think twice about. But if the letters get stopped, have a heart-to-heart talk with the editor in person and bring a friend with you. If you still don't get results, denounce the newspaper wearing your best straight clothes at the public section of the city council meeting. They're sure to report that. Get a sympathetic alderman by prior arrangement to demand an investigation. And if you want, get some

bread and buy your own political ads all year 'round. Space is relatively cheap (\$500 and less for a full page in many medium papers) and if they refuse to print it, you can take them to court. Can you dig S.D.S. taking out a patriotic Fourth of July ad in the New York Times.

Use alternate routes to get directly to the people too, when you can. Leaflets at shopping centers (and hawk underground papers there too). Straights in Chicago are buying up hundreds of copies of the Chicago Journalism Review to get the scoop on the lies told by the big dailys and the stories they refuse to print. Middle class parents won't let their kids dart into a head shop downtown to buy EVO. But they might not even see them buy a copy outside the A&P at the shopping plaza.

Finally, never trust a reporter with confidential information unless he meets the criterion prescribed earlier. "Justice" can subpoena any notes or files or the writer's mind. Always think if you want your exact words sent around the world. I know a couple hundred reporters personally. And there's only one I trust.

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- 2) Comic Book: Conspiracy Capers
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- 4) Chicago Conspiracy Booster Button
- 5) Screw Magoo Button
- 10) Ten years in the Bu# Pen for attempting to JOIN THE CONSPIRACY!


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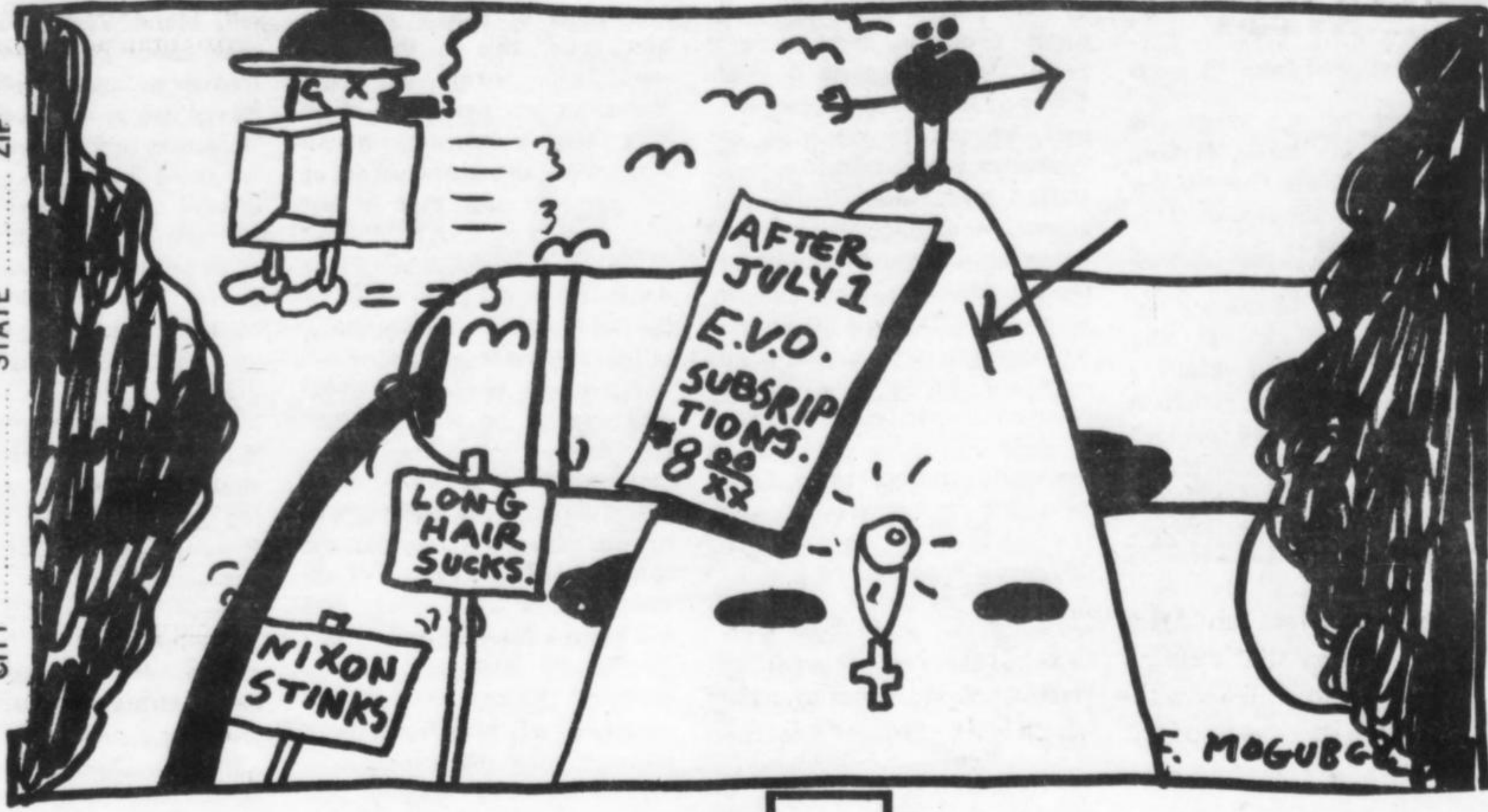
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### RANDOM HOUSE DOORS

CONTIN. FROM PG. 8

employees a union and the freedom to follow their creative bents. (Publishing is notorious for swallowing creative sensitivity whole and spitting out the drivel.) PFP can, as management recognize their duty to the public to educate instead of entertain. At the present time, there is talk of attempting a mass mailing of the McGovern Act to educate all about its repercussions... that is a start. PFP must analyze their structure of their own microcosmic world. The seeds of campus unrest are well due to publisher's insistence on making textbooks which are pleasing to school boards and not students. Publishers compete for the same middle American minds, not students. The school boards are the protectors of morality and national myths, jingoists of the most pernicious sort. These textbooks sell. Black studies is rapidly going the way of all other fads, black studies for the white/black kid, just what the Kerner report will allow.

But we're all in this together you Publishers for Peace, we're all in this together because the government has declared war on creativity, on the young, on the future in favor of the past and long-forgotten glory. The government has declared war ON YOUR WHOLE CONCEPT OF KNOWLEDGE. This government controls your finances and your trends, they control by your own inattention the minds of the young... you service these ends by your own inattention. PFP can start, after declaring themselves opposed to government policies by actively supporting their workers not only in words (talk's particularly cheap this year) but by setting aside time

during the working day to work on projects which will ultimately inform the public of the real story in Vietnam. PFP can make publishing a vital industry again instead of the refuge of third rate hack editors and office seekers. So long as the industry relies upon educational surveys of dubious merit, so long as they disassociate themselves from the times they live in, so long as they view alternate culture as just another money-making scam, that is how long they will continue to be impotent.

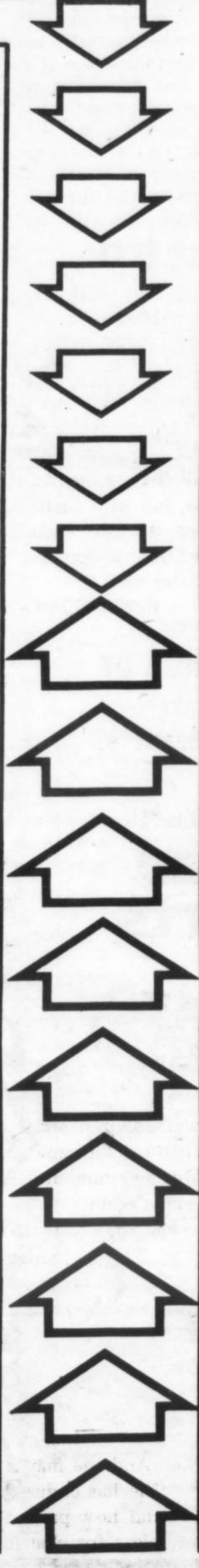
PFP is particularly timid because they are controlled by higher conglomerate boards (RCA bought Random House, its president has little real power). The employees are the only link to the present, they are radical and idealistic but their idealism is trampled because of the archaic business practices on oneupsmanship practiced in this corporate community. PFP could do well to give their employees free reign of their imaginations and furnish the practical knowledge to see employee projects to their end. Give them control and let management take care of distribution and orders, let them pay their bills on time, let them make history instead of badly record it for partisan audiences. That's simple enough... it should be.

What should PFP do for the Movement? That's another question. For one thing, they could support the Underground Press Syndicate throughout the country with ads for books (media-wise what better market to reach with thoughtful books?) Why not contribute part of their earnings off books for various movement charities and bail funds. Why not feed the Movement they

used to feed off?? If we're all in this together, and it appears that we all are, why not hold together. Adversity makes strange bedfellows to be sure?

The problem before the doors of Random House, MacMillan Company, Prentice Hall or any of the other ginats and their conglomerate owners is that of allegiance. People are coming out and declaring for one side or the other. PFP can support the Underground Press directly or indirectly, they can support the Movement by making a commitment or more than full-page ads in the NY Times filled with concerned rhetoric and signatures. Petitions are not going to bring the boys home or keep the streets clear of trashed department store windows. Petitions with signatures of corporation heads are not going to intimidate an already chickenshit Executive to cease the war upon the world and all civilization's values. Idealism is too much at stake here, freedom of opinion is too important an issue to be talked out and lost in the linear shuffle.

If things are to coalesce, the time for communication is now. No more games, no more publisher/employee games, no more overground (straight) ?underground games. If there is no means of communication, the publishing employees really have no other course but to take the whole industry over in spite of management's skillfull mugwumping. Either/Or Either/Or... either it's peace now or war on all fronts. UPS will carry on anyway living the consequences of their beliefs. PFP first must articulate a set of beliefs and then be prepared to fight for them, they have no toher choice.



### HIPPOFF

CONTIN. FROM PG. 8

known. The peaceful white folks sharing that hypocrisy in their racist outrage over Kent State - where was the outrage over Orangeburg, South Carolina?

Imperialist: "the policy, practice or advocacy of extending the power and dominion of a nation, esp. by direct territorial acquisitions or by gaining indirect control over the political or economic life of other areas." So our country is imperialist, racist, becoming (?) fascist. How can we stop it; can we turn it around?

The past few generations of Americans have not had war on their shores. We have perhaps lied to ourselves, because of our insulation, that violent struggle is reprehensible, and we are seeing the toll taken by that lie - we are becoming incredibly neurotic human beings. There were a lot of Tories cautioning against violence in the early days of the American Revolution.

If we're violent, what will we win? Maybe little, maybe nothing. But we sure the fuck ain't ended no war and racism and poverty by all of our peaceful methods yet. With a government that speaks in a language concerned with billions of dollars of guns, bombs, instruments of death and violence, that house on Eleventh Street seems so sickening partly because it seems so inevitable. That those inside ended up by destroying themselves first seems almost fateful: we had the warning, what will be done about it? The answer from the government: more repression, escalate the war.

We have to bring the war machinery to a halt. There are social, political institutions to be offed. We shouldn't become immobilized because we fear violence; we have to throw off our victim mentality; we have to learn we have been violated. To avoid being forced into those sterile molds this society cranks out, we all may have to throw bricks, wreck offices, tear down some of this shit, disrupt. Choose tactics, where and when, well. We've been brainwashed to behave the way they would have us behave. "I don't want to kill anybody, though." We don't have to - yet. But don't put down brothers and sisters who throw stones - they're not the ones living in glass houses.

# R. PRIEST

(Continued from Page 12)

transferred to the processing division of the Naval Station, which is a sure sign that the shit is about to hit the fan. On June 20th, he was handed a four-and-a-half page chagre sheet that listed 14 charges and specifications against the Uniform Code of Military Justice: Article 82, soliciting others to desert and commit sedition; Article 89 - disrespect to Gen. Earle Weaver, Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff; Article 92, not disclaiming that views in the paper were not navy views; Article 134, conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline (making disloyal statements - 8 counts), violation of Title 18, Section 2387 (activities affecting Armed Forces generally).

The navy, at this point, might not have realized the intelligence of the man they were dealing with. Priest has a bit of the hayseed about him, and he is, of course, only an enlisted man. In the course of American history, there have been countless lives destroyed

by that particular system, and until recently, there wasn't much defense against it. The Enlisted man is a replaceable part; he can be discarded or liquidated without fanfare, he is stuffed with food, kept in a kennel, and once every two weeks he receives a pittance of money which he is encouraged to spend right away on booze, on television sets, on diamond rings for his wife, as down payment for the easiest credit in

the world. In boot camp, he is taught how to avoid trenchmouth, clap and dangerous dope, but he is given absolutely no training on how to avoid the easy credit lures (many of them connected rather blatantly to the threat of death in Vietnam: SPECIAL VIETNAM CASUALTY THRIFT DISCOUNT), and if he should fall into heavy dbet, as many do, he may actually be discharged from the service as a poor credit risk. Meanwhile, if under 21, he is not even able to buy a drink in most places, and God be with him if he does and gets caught. He is forced to salute his superiors who are separated from him only by

four years of college and the like, and this is the most insidious forms of class repression yet devised, and he has no privacy, none whatsoever, there is no aspect of his personal life that is not subject to control and repression, and the First Amendment right of Free Speech means less than nothing, as Roger Priest found out.

Priest was ordered to stand court-martial on August 28th. He waived the traditional Captain's Mast on the grounds that it would prove nothing, and he was right. He engaged the famous attorney David Rein who worked for nothing, and was given a Navy attorney, who "really did his part for the defense." Later, he won the services of another Navy attorney when the prosecution announced they needed two attorneys themselves to conduct the case.

Rear Admiral George P. Koch, Commandant of the Washington Naval District and co-author of the charge sheet, hand-picked the Court Martial Board, and its head judge, Captain Raymond B. Perkins. In November, Perkins threw out the two charges of soliciting others to desert and commit sedition, but Kock overruled this decision as a "Matter of law" and ordered the charges re-instated. Defense attorney Rein immediately appealed to the Court of Military Appeals, and denounced the illegality of Koch's action.

"I can't subscribe to their premises that 1) an admiral is a judge, and 2) that a man who prefer charges can impartially decide on the validity of those charges. Congress never intended to sanction such a procedure. We will not have to prove that this court has misread the Military Justice Act and its legislative history."

Meanwhile, the case became world famous. "More has been written in the press about this

tall, blond, 25 year-old Texan than about any other enlisted man in the history of the U.S. Navy," wrote Alan Lewis in the University of Maryland ARGUS. A third and then a fourth (Winter Offensive Issue) issue of OM was printed, only this time with color, and on heavier paper. The circulation rose to 10,000. Buttons were printed up, *SAVE THE PRIEST* and *THE OM GOES ON*. The navy by this time must have realized it had botten itself into a very embarrassing position; one of it's men was facing 39 years in prison for publishing a newspaper.

Priest remained at the processing division during the months of the appeal, which meant he was given odd, menial jobs every morning. On March 13th, his 26th birthday, his appeal was turned down by the Court, and the case was referred back to court-martial.

"Certain anomalies in military practice exist in comparison with the procedures of the Federal Courts, but a difference of procedure is not tantamount to a due process defect," they wrote in their decision.

The trial began, and a masterful defense was planned, and Former Senator Gruening of Alaska, General David M. Shoup of the Marine Corps, and Rear Admiral Arnold E. True were all called to testify on behalf of the defense, and all three gave testimonies that would support the validity of anti-war statements, but prosecutor Commander Thomas Jefferson Jimmerson objected that the testimonies were irrelevant, and the judge ruled in his favor. Testimonies by Phil Ochs and Priest's father were likewise ruled irrelevant, and various books, records and motions for mistrial were also denied.

With no other recourse, the defense closed early, and Priest was found guilty of only two of

the charges and specifications, but held over the weekend until sentencing. For his "crimes," he was given a bad conduct discharge, and this did not displease him at all, it was dynamite.

"I got off very light," he said in Washington last week. "It was a compromise verdict. They couldn't have found me not guilty, and they couldn't have gotten away with sending me up for 39 years."

"We won, and I'm not going to stop speaking my mind. I've learned from all of this, that the military is just one part of the whole repression. I plan to diversity my efforts now. There's a lot of things I have to start relating to. I plan to become very active in the movement, but I won't know exactly which way until I'm out of the navy."

Priest is currently awaiting his discharge, and appeal. The sentence must still be reviewed by Rear Admiral Kock, but Koch, technically, will not be able to increase the sentence.


## The SWITCHBOARD

A collectively run people's phone and walk-in communication center, located at Alternate U. It provides access to movement organizations, to medical legal and day-care facilities, to food co-ops, information on communal living, vocational and draft counseling. The SWITCHBOARD is also a place where people can have their mail sent, find rides and places to stay, where people can seek help, and get in touch with each other. More people are needed to answer phones, organize services, and gather information.

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**BUNZEL**  
(Continued from Page 13)

served as an instructor up the Yangste river for six months, until replaced by a German officer. During his Chinese adventure, he met Merci Fabre, who had also been a friend of the Hawaiian Kanaka, of the old "St. Louis days." Together they decided to search for the buried treasure Kanaka had told them about. After purchasing the Portugese junk Fu Kien, they sailed from Shanghai to Hong Kong, then to the southern part of Formosa, where much to their surprise, they uncovered the treasure, ten thousand dollars in American and British money. A fishing boat they were transporting the loot in capsized,

(Continued on Page 21)

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FOR RADICAL ANARCHISTIC WOMEN  
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WED. 27<sup>th</sup>  
of MAY 7:30  
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(Continued from Page 20)

## EURO SALUTE TO THE MEN OF THE NAVY

however, Buenzle could not swim, and therefore he had a difficult enough time saving his own neck. The treasure was lost, and 22 days later, Buenzle was aboard a Canadian Pacific ship en route to the United States.

After a tenure as a special writer for the *Philadelphia Times*, Buenzle decided that civilian life could never match the peace — and mostly the security — of the Navy. He re-enlisted aboard the sailing ship *Monongahela* with the rank of ship's writer, first class.

The Navy Buenzle returned to was different in many ways from the Navy he had left. Aboard the battleship *Brooklyn*, a "new ship," Buenzle found "young men who had never before felt the swell of a ship beneath them." "The old shellbacks remaining," Buenzle wrote, "were in charge of gangways and lower decks."

After sailing with the *Brooklyn* to Britain for Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897, he reported to the USS *Dolphin*, where, on one occasion, he met Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt. With Roosevelt, Buenzle discussed the lot of the enlisted man and the general disdain of the public throughout the country for men in uniform. He gave Roosevelt several suggestions which would be put into force later, and together they drafted a memorandum to the Secretary of the Navy, stating: "We must make a determined effort to create a public opinion so strong and aggressive that every class of people in the United States who pretend to be patriotic Americans will not dare to erect a barrier against the uniformed men of our national defenses, whether there be any law governing the cases or not."

Shortly after his meeting with Roosevelt, Fred J. went to the new battleship *Iowa* to serve as clerk to Captain William Thomas Sampson. In 1898, when the battleship *Maine* was sunk in Havana Harbor, he was the stenographer for the court of inquiry of which Captain Sampson was president. When war was declared, Sampson was promoted to Rear Admiral and given command of the North Atlantic Fleet. Buenzle went as clerk with him to the flagship *New York*.

Within hours after the first shot of the war was fired, the *New York* captured the Spanish merchantman *Bueventura*. Buenzle's share of the booty was three hundred dollars.

As ships clerk aboard the *New York* during the war, Buenzle saw all important messages regarding the progress of various campaigns. Convinced that the enlisted men should be given some word of the events, he established a daily log, "The Squadron Bulletin," which he printed on a duplicating

machine. Circulation was 1,000. After the war, Buenzle reported to Newport again, where as a Chief Yeoman, he became officer-in-charge of the old Yeoman school. And it was in Newport that his campaign for the enlisted men fully materialized.

With the three hundred dollars he received from the capture of the Spanish ship, he established a station paper, the Navy's first, in 1901. The predecessor of the sheet you now peruse, it's first stated job was to entertain the men and to fight the prejudice downtown. Next, Buenzle brought legal suit against the establishment in Newport which had refused him admission because of his uniform. At his own expense, he fought several legal battles leading right up to the Supreme Court of the State of Rhode Island.

"Painful remembrances of the many indignities heaped upon my comrades in the sea service had urged me to initiate and prosecute the case at my own expense," Buenzle wrote later. But Buenzle's campaign, even though it had the support of his superior officers including Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas who handled his legal fund, was snagged by the agonizing slowness of the courts. Civilian interests were against the case, and it would have ended there for lack of funds had not President Roosevelt sent a substantial check. After the President's intervention, newspapers, service organizations, relatives of Navy people, and both enlisted men and officers themselves joined the fight. In 1906, laws were finally passed ending the discrimination and ordering the removal of "Dogs and Sailors keep out," and "no men in uniform allowed" signs.

Roosevelt said: "I feel that it is the duty of every good citizen to endeavor in every shape and way to make it plain that he regards the uniform of the United States Navy... as a badge of honor, and therefore entitling the wearer to honor so long as he behaves correctly."

Buenzle wrote that the greatest fight of his life ended with the flagrant signs being taken down and "shelved with other anachronisms."

Buenzle worked and prospered as "Officer-in-Charge of the Yeoman School for the next few years. The original paper, *Our Naval Apprentice*, was now the *Blue Jacket*, and was co-edited by Chief Yeoman Gus Segure, who at 98, is alive and well in California. Word has it that the two gents put out quite a lively paper.

Buenzle left Newport in 1909 for sea duty. The exact date of his retirement is not known, but we do know that he settled in Palo Alto, Calif., where he opened a Naval history museum, and spent the rest of his time writing his autobiography, "Bluejacket," a moving,

informative, and most of all, salty, book. He lived in a small cottage, the grounds of which were landscaped with high-arched bridges, pads, ferns, cherry trees, and a small lagoon — all in the style of Japan and China, according to Captain Felix Riesenberg, who visited Buenzle in 1939. The home, filled with mementoes of the old sailing days, offered this sign for the visitor: "Home is the Sailor, Home from the Sea."

Fred Buenzle died in 1946.

Mr. William E. Ragsdale, a local Newporter and former officer-in-charge of the Yeoman School, recalled the man who was Buenzle in an interview this week. Mr. Ragsdale, a retired Lieutenant who joined the Navy in 1907, has seen countless Naval "heroes," of greater and lesser sorts. We know that he is definitely not speaking through his hat.

"There was no doubt about it, Buenzle was a great man," he said.

"When you spoke to him, he seemed to be lost in another world. He was preoccupied with his writing, and he was a very good writer. He was always writing something."

"I know of no man throughout my entire career who enjoyed the respect and worship of all the enlisted men, as Buenzle did. He was intelligent, and a gentleman all the way. He never did or said anything harsh or offensive."

"I was a student at the school when he was in charge, and I can tell you we all idolized him. He was the height for an enlisted man."

Mr. Ragsdale also said that with more people like Fred Buenzle, there would be fewer problems in the world.

An old man, deaf, but holding beautiful memories inside him, Buenzle said to Captain Reisenberg in 1939 of a model sailing ship he had built: "I have built her into the youth of one lifetime, the glories of liberties after long detentions over deep water. She spells something now irrevocably gone!"

*... It was impossible that they could feel lighthearted in the face of so much suffering. I never wanted to bear the word "war" again; and I determined, on that day, while the air was yet filled with the sour tang of smokeless powder and the crash of exploding shells, that I would be glad to exchange my naval bullet for the bluntest calling on shore if there was any more murdering to be done on the sea.*

FRED J. BUENZLE  
on the  
Spanish American War

Fred Buenzle: a figure of the past, but a voice for today.

## (Continued from Page 6) DECOMPOSITION

Assuming then that so long as I didn't provoke these bastards everything would be cool, I conducted a brief walking tour — alone — of the

forthcoming Trade Center area last week. It was one of the nicest days of the year. Midtown there was a lot of smog, but down toward the Battery the wind from the Bay had blown most of it off. That wind was giving those fellows up there a hard time. As I stood in the mud looking up at the towering steel pylons hundreds of feet above — when finished, those Trade Centres are going to provoke an awful lot of pedestrian vertigo — I could see them swaying back and forth, especially high up where they hadn't been fully secured yet. This kept the fellows up there pretty busy, hunching along those swaying beams as if riding a mean stallion, and I heard only occasional hoots and insults coming down from above. Somebody threw something, a bottle I think, but the wind caught it and it landed half a block away, in the mud. Those old boys are pretty helpless up there...

Walking around with my hair loose, and it is pretty long these days, I provoked just a little more attention than I'd get on the Lower East Side. With the exception of occasional groups of off-duty construction workers, hardly anybody gave me a second glance. The hard hats would come off with the usual insults — "Get a haircut or get a bra," who don't they think of something amusing like that? — but none of them stirred a finger in my direction, even when we'd come abreast of each other on the street. They were just not into beating up on hippies that day, and I am the scrawniest, least self-defensible, faggiest-looking little fucker that has ever stood in the mud in a construction pit. They weren't into spontaneous violence, they'll never be into it, and you can take that from me because I used to be one myself. Yes, I was once a tough, kick-ass, boozy hard hat, I come from a great family of them, and I will guarantee you that those dudes do not stir off their asses to stave in hippie ribs unless there's money in it. But they'll do anything for money. They need it.

Boy, do they ever need money. If you had three kids and a wife and car payments — on the last two cars — and a good white neighbourhood to stay in, with all the taxes that involved, not to mention putting on the dog for the neighbours and keeping the finance company off your neck, you'd need money too. And the way things are with money right now — the Government is encouraging everyone to starve until Normalcy is Returned again — you'd tend to get a little uptight. And when the President tells you "those bums" are making you feel uptight, then you really want to fix those bums. "Here's a tenner, take a flag, kick some ass."

This is being written last Friday. All week the hard hats have been marching here and there about the city — to the tune of "Betta Dead Dan Red" — and only the extreme vigilance of New York's Finest have kept them from kicking ass. If they suspend that vigilance a

moment, of course — but I don't like to think about that. I think that if this continues next week it will seriously strain somebody's finances.

But it's very liable to keep happening, as long as money keeps changing hands. And we wierdos being as wierd as we are, very likely somebody has plans for countering them at some point next week. If a batch of antiwar people were to begin actually fighting with the hard hats, heads would get bloodied on both sides and very likely the pigs would come in, who knows, with clubs and tear gas. Once those patriotic Korean War vets get a taste of tear gas, it's very unlikely any money will prompt them to get radical, ever again. It also might shock some of them into recognizing who the enemy really is.

Then again, there are some of us who are really wierd. And like I say, construction's never easy, and sometimes it's downright dangerous. Up there huddling astride a beam, in the wind, with the wires and cables flapping around, things falling down from above... One little explosion near the base of such a structure, or even a severed guy line, and all manner of horrible things can happen. "Hi, Mrs Berwick? This is Joe Schmilmer at the union office, and I just wanted to tell you how awful I feel about Harry..." I mean, it's not like those poor bastards don't have to be out there every day, where everybody can look at them...

Boy, I hate to think about that. I really do. Death is a downer, and I'm not into killing people and I never will be. But since the Kent State massacre, a lot of people have been talking about killing, when it comes to that. Even maybe killing construction workers, who are our brothers.

That's the worst part about this whole business, the way it's affected the Movement. Now, the Movement for some time now has not been especially concerned about the workers. It's a college-kid movement and a dropout movement now, and nobody pays much attention to the Workers, like they did in the thirties. It's not a matter of eliteism, it's just a matter of a different head, a whole different consciousness. Hardly anybody with a Movement head understands the workers, the white lower middle, and when most of us saw the workers busting heads last Friday, we wanted to off the workers. That's funny, leftists running around saying "Off the workers".

Funny and tragic. Because those people have a lot of rage in them, and we could use that rage if it was expressed against the appropriate people, the pig killer death system that's fucking them. Dig it: there is nothing more refractory, vicious, ignorant, hate-filled and powerful than a *Black Nigger*; but the Panthers have managed to turn their niggers into our brothers. What are we going to do about our own White Niggers? We gonna off them, or turn them into brothers? Look straight, white boy.

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**GROSS**

(Continued from Page 17)

probably wishing they could join in. The students intend to hold more of these.

I have just finished designing a hand-out questioning the comparative lack of attention being given the murder of seven blacks in Augusta, Ga compared to what has happened with the four whites from Kent State. It seems to me that this is inexcusable. A girl from City College tells me that they have to be very careful about mentioning the Panthers in any publicity they put out, especially if they are trying to rally liberal support or raise funds. NYU students have already made donations to the Panther bail fund, but even at NYU things are beginning to look a bit racist. The NYU strike began with three demands: 1) U.S. out of Southeast Asia; 2) Release the Panthers; 3) Release All Political Prisoners. Now they are really only concentrating on the first demand.

There is also Westchester Community College, where I am informed the students are doing absolutely nothing about the growing crisis. At a campus meeting to discuss the subject the majority of students decided that the State Guard was right to shoot the four students at Kent State. How typical is Westchester Community College.

If I have a single criticism of this revolution so far, it is that the students are not looking deeply enough into the enormity of changes that can be made. This seems to become more true as you look at the lower income colleges or come closer to the real American midriff — as of last week there had been no demonstrations of any sort in Kansas, Nebraska, or the Dakotas, though this may have changed by now. But one of the most necessary changes that must be made is in the nature, quality, and techniques of education itself and in the way it fits into our social system. Students ought to be in the forefront of this battle, but thusfar they do not appear to be concerned with it, even though

part of their anger may be against the educational prisons they have been sentenced to. But it is still early, plenty of things are still happening, so the best thing may be to wait and see.

**ART STRIKE**

(Continued from Page 17)

group, interested in changing society and its living spaces. Dore ASHTON, who wrote the catalogue-essay, claims that they aim "towards a totally integrated social scheme, with references to African, Oriental, preColumbian and other cultures, with a spiritual as well as a physical ambition to create "Habitable environments." The colorful walls painted by these artists are mostly in strong contrast to the streets and houses surrounding them. They express the jungle of New York, where the slums, dirt and filth of tenement-environments is abruptly interrupted with "Works of modern Art" creating a kind of surrealistic insane city-scape, typical New York, where we all live, so it seems in the "Season of Hell."

The artists in the INDOOR show include Richard Artschwager, Mel Bochner, William Bollinger, Danial Buren, David Dia, Peter Gourfain, and Craig Kauffman, Sol Lewitt, Robert Morris, Abraham Rothblatt, Robert Hyman, Richard Tuttle, Lawrence Weiner, Mario Yrissary and Barbara Zucker. Congratulation Barbara, you are the only "Indoor" Wall female artist. The second female engaged in the indoor-wall show is Susan Tumarkin Goodman, who wrote the catalogue text.

A third show, going on at the same time shows sculptures indoors and outdoors by Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman. Large

yellow steelplates are hanging like so many bedsheets from the trees facing the museum at Fifth Avenue. The sculptor calls the yellow hangings a "Forest". They give a bright sunny adornment to the Park between 88 and 95th Street and have a pleasant alive architectural quality. The indoor works are more of a traditional classical quality. This show is open during the strike.

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