

TIM LEARY SAFE Pg 2

east village
THE OTHER

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It is now high time that the universal suffering should hasten humanity to the turning point



SPAIN

Happiness in their own style
competent participation by humanity

HIRAP

In spite of the heap of mechanical malfunctions that impeded and generally harrassed this issue, the Intergalactic/Cosmic Messenger Service made this press night a night to savour. From faraway shores, the message came through lucid and clear.

'The escape from jail was a miracle, the escape from the country an even bigger one. It happened through love. It was a network of love that libertated us. The WEATHERMEN are beautiful, courageous and brave, and they are the hope of the white youth. The BLACK PANTHERS are the soul of the world. We are lucky to have them. We're going to do everything we can to help the revolution in Babylon, and therefore must free all the people. We have to free Bobby, we must give freedom to John Sinclair. The cultural and political revolutions have come together and we feel free for the first time in our lives. In the Third World the air is fresh, and the future ours. This is our eternal honeymoon.'

Right on, brother Tim. Freedom is yours, and the jubilation ours.



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FREE
FREE
FREE

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------------|---------------------------------------|
| Jaakov Kohn | David Walley | Rudi Stern |
| Allen Katzman | Claudia Dreifus | John Riley |
| Fred Mogubgub | Jackie Acon | Stephen Kohn |
| Jackie Diamond | Alex Gross | Perfecto LaGogo |
| Ray Schultz | | Vincent Francis Charles August Truman |
| Dean Latimer | Kim Deitch | Patrick Craig Titus |
| Irving Sushnick | Spain Rodriguez | Little Arthur Chaitkin |
| Charlie Fri ck | Yossarian | Coca Crystal |
| Jackie Friedrich | Lil Picard | Renfreu Neff |

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A FABLE
by VINCENT TITUS

Once a pony and a young lady were walking in the woods hand in hoof. The moral of the story is: That's not incompatible, that's *impossible!*

European Operations: Jeno

London: Harvey Matusow



NOW WE BRING YOU THE NEWS

WEATHERMAN

Sisters and Brothers,
 A year ago we blew away the Haymarket pig statue at the start of a youth riot in Chicago. The head of the Police Sergeants' Association called emotionally for all-out war between the pigs and us. We accepted. Last night we destroyed the pig again. This time it begins a fall offensive of youth resistance that will spread from Santa Barbara to Boston, back to Kent and Kansas. Now we are everywhere and next week families and tribes will attack the enemy around the country. It is our job to blast away the myths of the total superiority of the man.

We did not choose to live in a time of war. We choose only to become guerillas and to urge our people to prepare for war rather than become accomplices in the genocide of our sisters and brothers. We learned from Amerikan history about policies of exterminating an entire people and their magnificent cultures - the Indians, the blacks, the Vietnamese. We are making plans to resist with all of our creativity. Students and hippies who now hear peace talk from the white man must remember how talk of peace was used against the Indians and preached to the blacks. Today many student leaders have cut their hair and provoke the government. And they receive in return promises of peaceful change. Promises of peace from a government that bombs Cambodia while talking about an end to war, that killed students at Jackson and Kent while calling for responsibility on campus, that murdered Fred Hampton and hundreds of blacks while calling for racial harmony. Remember that Amerikan pigs have already dropped more bombs on a piece of land about the size of Florida than the entire tonnage dropped during World War II. Don't be tricked by talk. Arm yourselves and shoot to live!

We are building a culture and a society that can resist genocide. It is a culture of total resistance to mind-controlling maniacs, a culture of high-energy sisters getting it on, of hippie acid-smiles and communes and freedom to be the farthest-out people we can be. It's a culture that can take care of its people, Rosemary and Tim are free and high. J. Edgar himself admitted that "underground radicals" were the hardest group to infiltrate. That's because the culture and ideals we want to live by can only be lived in total resistance to Imperialism.

If Nixon invades Cuba, bombs North Vietnam, intervenes in the Middle East we must all move fast. Figure out strategic weak points of the enemy. Look to the Arabs. With the underground and mass movement responding together, we could shut down every international airport in Amerika within 24 hours. Every long-hair is a YIPPIE! every militant woman a Leila Chaled.

We invite Ky and Nixon and Agnew to travel in this country. Come to the high schools and campuses. But guard your planes, guard your colleges, guard your banks, guard your children, GUARD YOUR DOORS.

Bernardine Dohrn
 Jeff Jones
 Bill Ayers

This is the fifth communication from the Weatherman underground.

IT WAS A POLICE RIOT! SO THE CHICAGO 7 WILL GO TO JAIL

O'SHIT

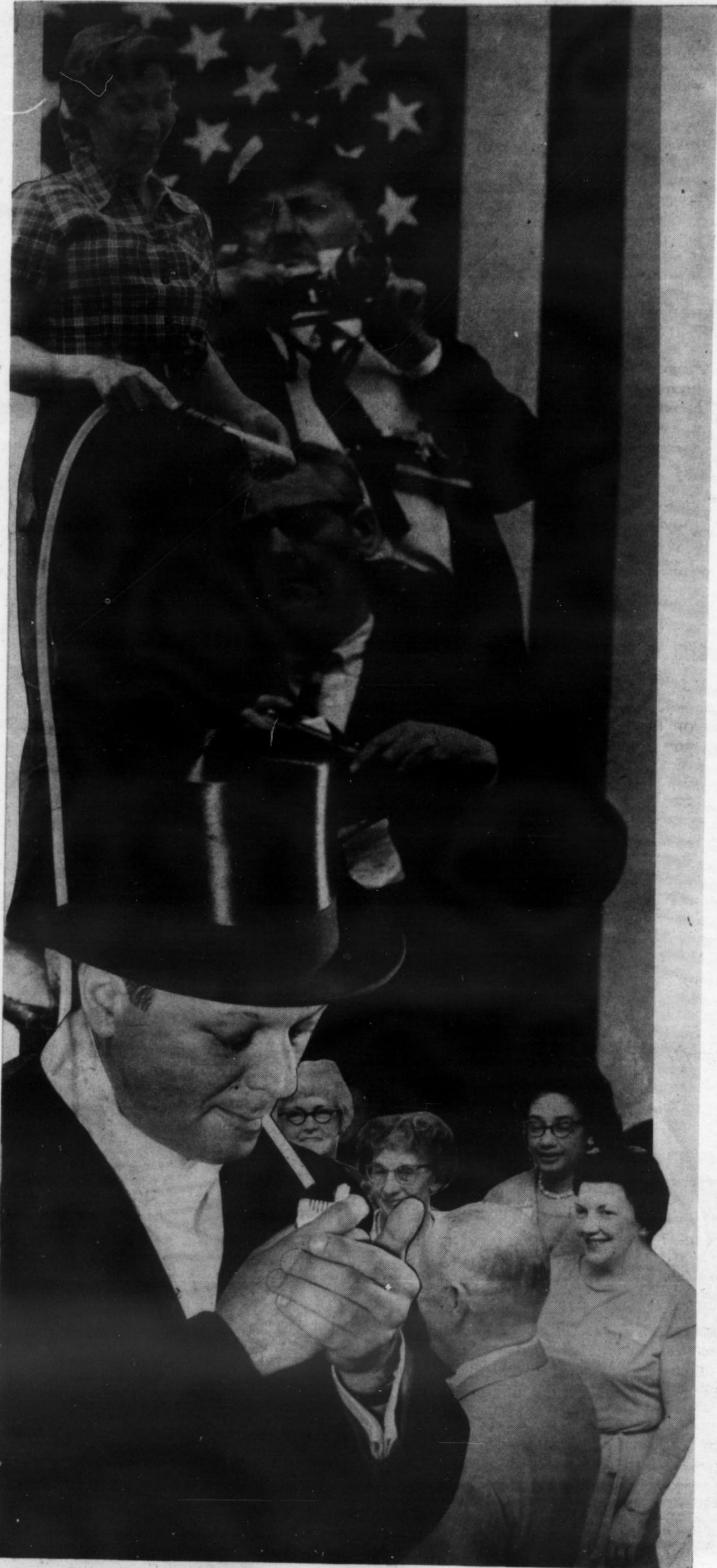
BEAT YOUR KID TO MAKE HIM A GOOD AMERICAN

ART BY ROGER TOMLINSON + JANIS JOPLIN



ZIP

fourth panel perspective JURORS



"You may not believe this, but we're on trial for our lives."

Afeni Shakur to a prospective juror

AN OPEN CHALLENGE TO ALL AMERIKAN HISTORY TEACHERS IN THE UNIVERSITIES, HIGH SCHOOLS, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS OF AMERIKA: I dare you to bring your kids on a field trip to the trial of the Panther 21, to let them see the Amerikan judicial system in full swing. If you take me up on this challenge, you will get a free subscription to the East Village Other, to read while your school is being burnt down. If you don't, you run the risk of being IN the school when it is being burnt down. Forewarned is forearmed.

On Monday, the 14th day of the trial, the nine defendants who were not out on bail were still holding the jail, and not in the courtroom. Murtagh did grant an adjournment, but not before adding that the defendants had 'barricaded' themselves in and that they could come out if they wanted to. He also said the prisoners didn't want to talk to anyone. Jerry Lefcourt told him that people had heard the prisoners calling for their lawyers from the windows and that they (the prisoners) were afraid for their lives after the brutal beating of some of their brothers who had left the jail. Murtagh then said that he did not want to hear any second hand reports, and that the prisoners had resisted any effort to have them come out.

After Murtagh informed the jury that court would be adjourned for the day, Sandy Katz brought up a new application for Afeni's bail. Murtagh decided to take offense at something Katz had said, and left the bench, saying, "You are abusing the forum of the court." Late that afternoon, Afeni's bail was granted.

The fifteenth day was relatively calm, with the defendants tired from the long negotiations that had gone on the night before, but feeling pretty good, and a subdued Murtagh, trying to make up for all the bad press he'd been getting.

Howard Stillman, a white man who is writing a book that has to do with social change, and who had followed a number of BPP cases, was not sure whether or not he could

follow the instructions of the court. When asked if he felt that violence should be used to bring about social change, he said he could give no simple answer; if people's civil rights are infringed, perhaps violence is viable. Phillips tried to pin him down, but Stillman outsmarted him, saying that the way our Constitution is set up, violence is not viable, but that people have a right to resist.

Murtagh interrupted with his song of following the court's instructions, but Stillman said he could follow the instructions of the Supreme Court. Murtagh replied, "Never mind about the Supreme Court, could you follow the instructions of this court?" He said he could, but Phillips decided to use a peremptory challenge to get rid of him.

Eight prospective jurors were excused in rapid succession, and then Benjamin Giles, a retired, black longshoreman, took the stand. Giles, who is a member of the Masons, has read about the case, but formed no impressions. He has read the BPP paper "casually" and has never experienced or seen police brutality, or so he says. Mr Giles was found acceptable and is now the 9th juror.

Max Spoerri, a white artist, who had donated a painting for a show in support of the BPP was bumped off the jury by Phillips, and Hector Padilla a cab driver with a marine and navel history took the stand. Mr Padilla has never witnessed police brutality, and treats crime as just an experience of living in N.Y. He felt uncomfortable in the courtroom, because, although he knew nothing about the case, he volunteered the statement that he believed in the system, and did not know if he could be fair. "I am part of the system," he said. Murtagh interrupted with another song of rehabilitation, and Padilla joined the song, saying that he 'loves' the system. Would it prejudice him to know that the defendants are opposed to the present system of government? No, said Padilla, "I agree with the system; if you change it, I'll go along with that one." How did he feel about the F.B.I and J. Edgar Hoover? OBJECTION/ PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED/ MURTAGH. Did he experience any reluctance when driving his cab into Harlem? "I never refuse a call, and that's under oath." Was he aware that some

By Jackie f

drivers refuse to go into Harlem? OBJECTION/ PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED/ MURTAGH. Is that wrong? OBJECTION/ PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED/ MURTAGH. Is the Amerikan Judicial System just? "It's gotta be." What is his reaction to white racism? "It exists." Is he a racist? "No." What does he feel about police brutality? It's a "term." Would police lodge false charges? OBJECTION/ PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED/ MURTAGH. Was he planning on voting? OBJECTION/ PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED/ MURTAGH. Did he believe in self defense? Yes. Are black people brutalized? No. The defense issued its thirteenth peremptory challenge.

Richard Daly, a black man who works for the New Harlem Center, was given a peremptory challenge by Phillips, and then Charles Bowser, a 50 year old black man who is a supervisor at the department of social services, took the stand. Mr Bowser, who has read *Soul on Ice*, answered "no" when asked if the department of social services is able to supply the basic needs of the people who come to them.

Bowser was born in Washington, D.C. and went to Howard U. When asked if he knew of white racism, he said, "I was born in Washington." Are blacks treated fairly? Bowser said that a few were treated well, but that most were treated badly. Is welfare designed to help recipients? No. Is it a form of pacification by the government? OBJECTION/ PHILLIPS/ SUSTAINED/ MURTAGH. Mr Bowser was accepted as the 10th member of the jury.

Jesus Menendez, a 39 year old bus driver, took the stand. Originally from San Juan, Menendez said he had never experienced white racism, and had never heard of the term 'black power.' Menendez does not buy newspapers, he finds his reading material from what people leave in his bus. Had he heard of the Young Lords? Yes. Had he ever read Palante? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Did he think the Young Lords were a positive or a negative force? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Had he ever discussed the Young Lords? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Did he feel that Puerto Rico was being oppressed by the U.S.? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Did he object to the U.S. military bases in Puerto Rico? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Should Puerto Rico become independant? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Had he ever lived in Spanish Harlem? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Did he ever go there? Only when driving the

cab. Had he ever experienced any discrimination? No. Had he ever witnessed any? No. The defense used another of its diminishing supply of peremptory challenges to get rid of another case of Amerikan shock treatment.

On the sixteenth day of the trial, William Treacy, a white man born in Ireland, was the first to take the stand. Treacy, who has been working for the MTA for the past 3 years, previously worked as a fireman for the public school and participated in the teachers' strike — on the wrong side. His first impressions of the BPP were unfavorable, and he said, "I got a great respect for the FBI." Treacy said that he found it inconceivable that a policeman would lie, and although that should be grounds for a challenge for cause, Murtagh interrupted, saying that the questions were stupid and irrelevant. Murtagh continued denying challenges and singing songs about unfair questioning, until Phillips finally picked up the hint, made his own speech, which was promptly sustained by Murtagh, who proceeded to rehabilitate the prospective juror. The only thing left for the defense was to use another peremptory challenge.

Douglas Mackay, a white medical illustrator who looks like he stepped out of an ad for the U.S. air force, next took the stand. Mackay said that he had never heard the term 'pigs' before coming to the court, and said he found it 'amusing.' When asked how he felt about revolution, he said, "I know it occurs quite often." The defense used a peremptory challenge, and Ralph Delaney, a white man who works for Simplicity Patterns, took the stand. Delaney connects the term 'black militant' with the BPP, and he connects both of them with the suffragettes. Had he witnessed racial discrimination? Yes, in WWII he had been in a mixed crew. While they were on leave in the south, they demanded to be served together and were put in jail. Was he aware of police brutality? No, but he'd heard of it. Would a Panther be more inclined to lie than a policeman? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Did he believe in the right of self defense? "If I were attacked..." Murtagh interrupted with his song about how the court will instruct the jury on WHEN self defense may be used, and proceeded to discredit Tabor, telling him to avail himself of his legal counsel. Was it fair to hold the defendants on exorbitant bail? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. The defense used another peremptory challenge.

Mrs Mary Mayer, a 43 year

old white housewife with liberal pretensions, took the stand. Mrs Mayer had been a secretary for Senator Douglas in Chicago in 1949, and strongly believes in working within the system and 'hearing both sides of the story.' Her husband is a lawyer who specializes in immigration work, and she said that if she was disqualified from the jury because her husband was a lawyer she'd run to women's liberation. But she said that and most everything else with that charming Sheila Macrae "Punch Detergent" smile. A mother of two teenage daughters, she admitted that she had written a letter to her daughter's summer camp, when her daughter told her that Jerry Lefcourt had spoken up there.

Mrs Mayer complained that "both" sides should be heard from. She said she often finds herself at odds with her daughters in political discussions, but believes in rational discussion. When asked if she felt that our society needed tangible objects for conviction, Murtagh interrupted, telling her not to answer the question. She thanked him. Afeni asked her her age, and she blushed and smiled and said, "Do I have to answer that?" and the gallant Joe Phillips rose and said "Objection." The merriment was brought to an abrupt halt when Afeni said, "BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE'RE ON TRIAL FOR OUR LIVES."

When asked if she holds the BPP responsible for any acts of violence, she said that she did, that she presumed Rachlee was responsible for the charges he was found guilty on. Were laws ever used to repress people? Yes. Was she against government sexism? What? Sexism. Spell it. S-E-X-I-S-M. What is it? Murtagh interrupted, saying that the question was not relevant. Does she read "Cosmopolitan"? No. "Off our Backs"? No. For some incredible reason, it was Phillips who challenged Mrs Mayer peremptorily. (Maybe because he felt her daughters would threaten her if she came in with a conviction.)

The fourth panel of prospective jurors was brought in, and Honest John welcomed them in his usual fashion, including his infamous play metaphor — 'no bit part actor' bullshit, and discrediting the defense, asking them to remember that the prospective jurors were "members of the community" and performing their civic duty. Crain objected to this public relations play and Murtagh said "If your consciences are bothering you" for 'offending' the prospective jurors' then you should examine why. Murtagh then left the bench to cut off further dialogue.

On the seventeenth day of the trial, Phillips made a

motion that the defense not be allowed to mention the bail in their voir dire, saying that it is irrelevant and none of the jurors concern. Murtagh, of course, agreed. Perhaps my favorite Phillips question and one that he asks with great regularity is, "Would it be fair to say that that (Police brutality) has nothing to do with this case?" If you say 'no' to teacher's pet on this one and/or admit that you've read the BPP paper without apologizing, you've had it. So on with the proceedings.

The first five prospective jurors were excused immediately, either for having strong biases or because of financial hardship, and John Sciandra, a 38 year old white man who is a case worker for the department of social services, took the stand. Sciandra, who used to be an actor, remembered reading about Joan Bird's bail and the New Haven trial. A case worker on the lower east side, he remembered Bob Collier's name coming up in a welfare application. He had bought the BPP paper once but didn't read it. Although he hadn't heard of the BPP free health clinics or liberation schools, his first impression of the BPP had been his interest in their free breakfast program. He connected the BPP with black militancy, saying that they were more 'way out' than more conservative groups like the NAACP. What were his views on the NAACP? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Had he read anything about Fred Hampton? He thought so. Did he recall what he had read? Some controversy about police harassment. Was there any discussion of murder? That's what it was about, and he wondered why they couldn't have found out more of the facts. Did the vagueness of the article seem to evade the true facts? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Tabor asked to be heard, but Murtagh told him he could not be heard, and suggested that he get legal advice. But Tabor was not to be put off, and reminded Murtagh that the term BPP was mentioned in the indictment, and therefore, anything that has to do with the BPP is indeed relevant to the case. Tabor then asked Sciandra — who had said that the first thing he remembered reading about regarding this case was the bail — if the exorbitant bail raised any questions? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED. Did he recall the bail? OBJECTION/ SUSTAINED, followed by a speech from teacher's pet.

Murtagh then instructed the jurors that QUESTIONS OF BAIL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE TRIAL. Is the BPP a revolutionary organization? Yes. Was Sciandra

opposed to or in favor of revolution? "Your concept or mine?" Murtagh again interrupted, saying that this was A CRIMINAL INDICTMENT — THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH REVOLUTION. Did Sciandra feel that the system of welfare is equitable and just? Murtagh again interrupted, saying that Sciandra did not have to answer the question. Would it prejudice him to know that the defendants regarded the present Constitution as meaningless, and only worthy of being flushed down the toilet bowl? Murtagh, trying to hold on to his waning cool, instructed Sciandra not to answer the question. Phillips challenged Sciandra peremptorily.

The next eight prospective jurors came and went, and Dave Butters, a 32 year old white teacher of shop in Stuyvesant H.S. took the stand. Butters grew up in Staten Island and spent three years in the marines. After getting out of the marines, he spent several years in California, "surfing." When asked if he condemned police brutality (a Phillips PDQ public relations ploy), Butters said, "IF it exists..." Butters, who said that some of his students are members of the BPP, had bought a BPP paper from one of them, but never read it. Why hadn't he read it? "They're really into it, I'm not." He got the impression that the BPP was well disciplined and had strong convictions, and said that the only time he had become aware of discrimination was in North Carolina in the marine corps, when the white marines could not go into the black section of town. When asked if he understood what that was all about, Murtagh interrupted saying that the questioning was improper and irrelevant. As the questioning went on, Murtagh again took to objecting and sustaining his own objections. Did Butters feel that the people had a right to overthrow the government? "Which government?" The U.S. government. "No." If the government is unresponsive? Murtagh again interrupted, and Butters was accepted as the eleventh juror.

Court adjourned early because the defendants hadn't eaten lunch. For some reason, the corrections officers just hadn't gotten down there with the food.

And so the trial was rather tame this week. But something tells me that that should not be. As Afeni said, "We're on trial for our lives," and we should all be down there, in the court, in the hall, on the streets, doing whatever is necessary to stop the Commandos of Death from strangling us with their pig political maneuvers.

RIEDRICH

That Old Black Magic Called love! Jackie Acon

It's going down pretty hot and heavy around the world these days, dreams are flyin' babies cryin', the whole thing is going round. The hits are happening, Baby. And number one on the charts of 1970 is our very own Charlie Manson, singin' that old black magic got me in its spell. Charlie's a regular popular artist now that he's got his own album out. It's the cover of Life Magazine.

Except on the cover of the album the F is dropped out and the word turns into LIE. And LIE is printed in white letters. The great thing about Charles Manson is

that no matter what you think about him you really don't know what he's about. There's some people that think of him as a prophet, good or bad depending on your religious point of view. I was thinking about that once and remembered a book I read by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

called "CATS CRADLE." It was a religion of which all the tenets were lies called "Bokonos." Getting back to Charlie and his gang, there's a hell of a lot of people calling him Satan and relating him to the underworld. I usually expect that kind of thinking from the Daily News which is a fine newspaper. It also appeared in the German press.

When I turn on the Seven o'clock news, the newsman calls him a "Hippie leader, Charles Manson."

Well, someone might believe that but I think he's a Yippie. Why most people think he's guilty. Poor, Charlie.

That's American justice, putting Charlie in the Isolation Booth so that he can watch the trial and not be involved

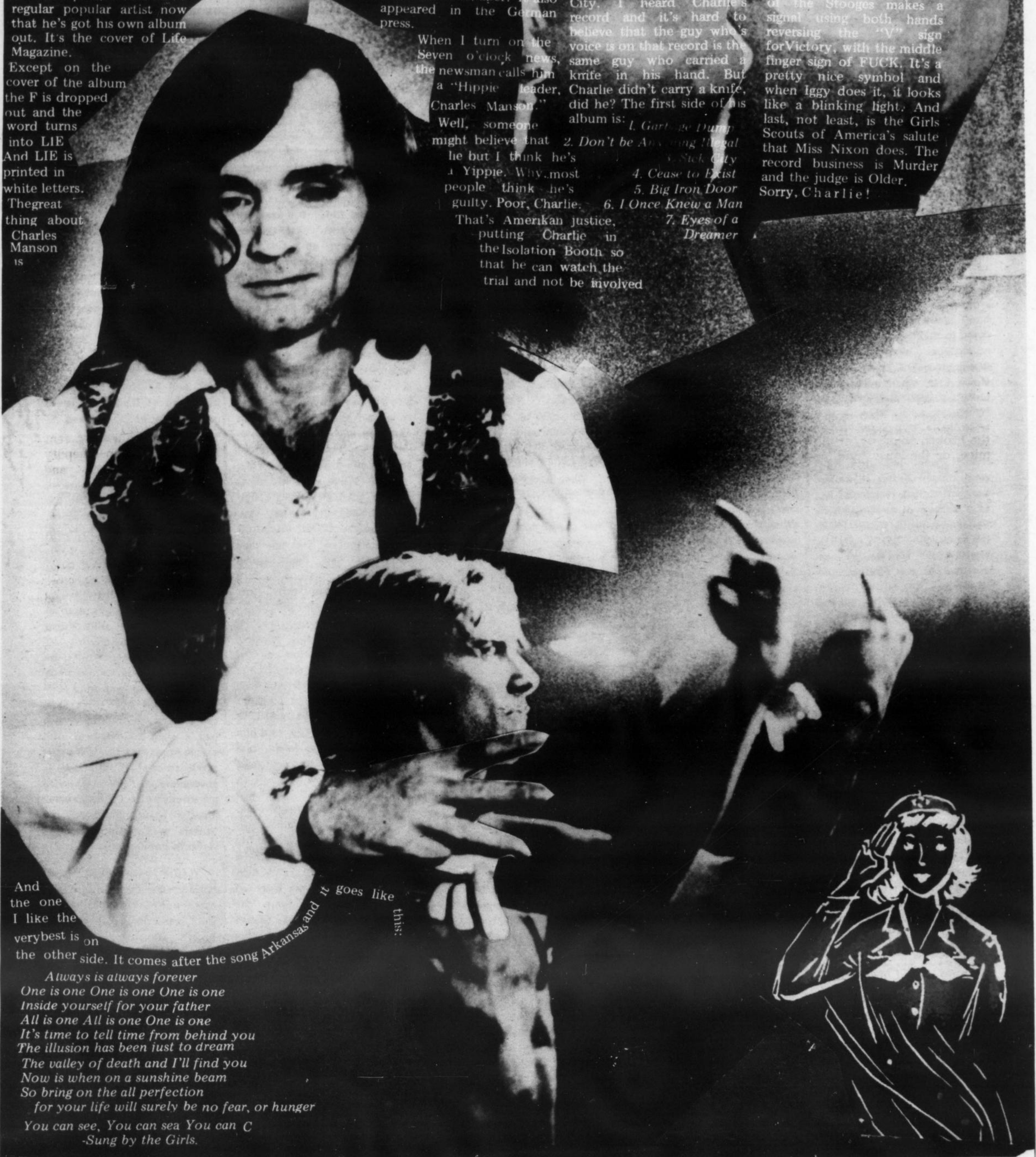
Well, whatever you think of the trial it's all just theater. Charlie's records out and it's produced by ESP which is a record company, and records are plastic, and Cosmic Truth is "one" distribution company that is handling it. Both of these places are in New York City. I heard Charlie's record and it's hard to believe that the guy who's voice is on that record is the same guy who carried a knife in his hand. But Charlie didn't carry a knife, did he? The first side of his album is:

1. *Garbage Dump*
2. *Don't be Anything Illegal*
3. *Sick City*
4. *Cease to Exist*
5. *Big Iron Door*
6. *I Once Knew a Man*
7. *Eyes of a Dreamer*

For the trivia experts in the audience Charles Manson has only three fingers. So anyway my paranoid mind set to work on that one. There's this signal that the revolutionaries make with three fingers that is a symbol for the third world. And there's this Rock and Roll star named Iggy POP of the Stooges makes a signal using both hands reversing the "V" sign for Victory, with the middle finger sign of FUCK. It's a pretty nice symbol and when Iggy does it, it looks like a blinking light. And last, not least, is the Girls Scouts of America's salute that Miss Nixon does. The record business is Murder and the judge is Older. Sorry, Charlie!

And the one I like the very best is on the other side. It comes after the song Arkansas and it goes like this:

*Always is always forever
 One is one One is one One is one
 Inside yourself for your father
 All is one All is one One is one
 It's time to tell time from behind you
 The illusion has been just to dream
 The valley of death and I'll find you
 Now is when on a sunshine beam
 So bring on the all perfection
 for your life will surely be no fear, or hunger
 You can see, You can sea You can C
 -Sung by the Girls.*



Slowly but surely the prisoners gave up their only security last week, about 21 prisoners, and then it was all over for them. They were pulled off the front page, locked in their crummy cells, and left again to the mercy of the very men they'd been holding as hostages, and the men they had called liars and pigs before a TV audience of millions - George McGrath and John V. Lindsay.

McGrath had taken a thorough ration of shit.

In the middle of all this, State Senator John R. Dunne (R-Nassau) presented the findings of his ten-man New York State Senate Committee on Crime and Correction which held hearings on the Tombs flareups of last August, and his report depicted the city correction system as being run by a mob of low, incompetant, lazy and dishonest fools - particularly McGrath. With strong documentation, the report describes the failure of McGrath and other city officials to act on extensive

932. In 1951, strong warnings were given to city officials about possible future problems, and last year these warnings were echoed by the City Board of Corrections (several times), the State Commission of Correction and the Senate Committee on Crime and Correction, as well as the Protective Officers' Benevolent Association (which staged a work slowdown in protest), and several newspaper columnists. In December of last year, a meeting was held at City Hall between

state anyway) and approximately 2,100 sentenced prisoners were transferred to the state system from Riker's Island - but all this was on the condition that the city begin seeking alternate facilities within its own jurisdiction. According to the report, this was never done, in fact, McGrath made no attempt to move any of the non-sentenced prisoners until after the Tombs riots in August, and he never really sought out any new localities, and failed to submit any kind of

help to find a new site and seemed to shrug it all off with the statement to the committee: "I hope that you have some other alternative sites. I will go look at them. I don't know any other. I have given a lot of thought to this. I had Joe Batka (chief architect, Department of Correction) thinking about it, thinking of places. I had my staff thinking about places. I am just telling you that I don't know any other places, that is all. If you know any, let me know and I'll go down there."

AFTERMATH: THE PRISON SITUATION

BY RAY SCHULTZ

during the week, and was beginning to show the wear. Lindsay had pulled up at the Tombs on Sunday night to talk with the prisoners after the hostages were released, and he came out several minutes later sullen and not saying much except he was happy the whole mess was over. In the next few days, he made a series of vacant promises but said little or nothing about the beatings that were documented in the *New York Post*, or the strange ladder ritual that occurred when the Queens House of Detention was retaken, or the broken windows, or the mice, or the lousy food, or the lack of clothing, while McGrath, his Irish face getting redder, continued blabbering about what was his province, and what was not his province, and he said that all beatings would be investigated and all problems smoothed over - but the only real problem they appeared to be into was a revision of the courts and bail system and this quickly developed into a political contest between the Lindsay administration and the judiciary. Meanwhile, the president of the Correction Officers Benevolent Association, Mr. Leo Zefferetti, demanded prosecution of the prisoners who had taken hostages. "I don't see anything in the city charter giving the mayor or city correction commissioner power to grant such prisoners amnesty," he said. More investigations were announced. More political infighting went on. I visited the Queens House of D on Friday, and the windows were still all broken, but with no sign of life inside. It was quiet, spooky, very cold. There were fistfights at Rikers Island, and predictions of a bloodbath at the Bronx House of D. The public was allowed to forget about the problem, but the problem still went on.

warning that the Tombs situation was extremely dangerous and explosive.

The Tombs, according to the report, became desperately overcrowded the first week of its existence in 1941 - taking in 1,100 prisoners, though it was only designed to hold

state and city officials, and the state was asked to relieve the city of 2,500 prisoners, as well as all sentenced prisoners (the city maintains a 1,474 capacity jailhouse on Riker's Island for prisoners with sentences of one year or less, the rest go to the

report on a possible site of the Marine Barracks at the old Brooklyn Navy Yard which had been suggested during the meeting. Furthermore, McGrath never contacted the Commissioner of Real Estate or other pertinent city officials who might

Then too, McGrath was accused by the committee of leaving several important posts in the department unfilled, including the important posts of Assistant Commissioner for Program Planning and Assistant Commissioner for Operations. Furthermore, at the time of the Tombs riots, the commissioner was out of town, the director of operations was on vacation, and the warden was on terminal leave. Not to mention the fact, that in six years the Tombs had been ruled by four different wardens and one deputy warden, the Bronx and Brooklyn houses of D with 4 different wardens apiece, and the two Queens Houses with four wardens apiece - to say nothing of the fact that on the first day of the riots McGrath told reporters in front of the Tombs that one of the great difficulties was that the Tombs had no stairways, only elevators - a fact he repeated on television, and which was later rebutted by one of the hostages, Captain Edward Landesman who said "There is a stairway - an emergency stairway - that runs the entire length of the building. This is in case the elevator service fails because of a power failure," and a prisoner who said "I'll tell you who uses the stairway. The mice use the stairway. The mice come crawling out at two in the morning." This led the Committee to believe that McGrath didn't know what he was talking about, even in regard to a building that was right next to his office.

McGrath, too, is accused of being unresponsive to potentially volatile situation.

"You sense when the mood changes," said Correction Officer Albert Boyce, "and you speak to someone in authority about it. They smile - and that's that."

(Continued on Page 22)



SKIN HEADS, HIPPIES AND THE QUEEN

HARVEY MATUSOW

The British press gives ample coverage to student, youth, and racial unrest throughout the world. The papers and TV cover demonstrations in Japan, France, Germany, Brazil, Italy, and the USA. Long penetrating discussions take place — on TV, and the British establishment reacts with fear, that some day it will happen here.

But, although England is the home of POP culture, and the myth of swinging London — somehow, perhaps because of "tradition," the violence has not rubbed off here. The revolution is in this country, but it's full of much talk and even more moderation.

The police, in their drive against the "evil" of POT, are not much different from their counterparts in New York, California or Texas. But the police don't have the guns, and the Magistrates seldom give long sentences to convicted offenders.

When I arrived here in 1966, there was hardly any awareness on the part of the police or anybody else as to what POT was. You could see someone smoking a joint on the London subway — no one paying attention to them — but not today.

Recently, in a London Magistrate's court the following exchange took place between the police officer giving evidence on a drug charge and the Magistrate.

MAGISTRATE: Have you the piece of cannabis found on the defendant?

OFFICER: Yes, your honor.

MAGISTRATE: Has an analyst verified that in fact it is cannabis?

OFFICER: We haven't been able to get an analyst's opinion yet.

MAGISTRATE: How then do you know that it was cannabis?

OFFICER: On smelling the substance I decided it was cannabis.

MAGISTRATE: Well I think I am as good a judge as any as to whether it is in fact cannabis. Let me have a look at it.

(Judge then proceeds to sniff substance suspiciously and finally licks the offending article just to make sure)

MAGISTRATE: Very well, I am satisfied that it is in fact cannabis. Whereabouts did you find the cannabis?

OFFICER: Up the defendant's rectum, your honor.

The case resulted in a conviction, fine and suspended sentence. Typical result in most POT cases here — but for how long we don't know — new laws are proposed this summer.

Beside being quaint, and polite to tourists, the unarmed English police are probably the most cool in the world when handling a demonstration. In

October 1968, at a major anti-Viet Nam war rally in front of the American Embassy, a few thousand demonstrators clashed for the major part of an afternoon with an equal number of police. It was more like watching a great, giant football scrimmage than a demonstration. Push-pull, push pull, all afternoon No one gave in, no one went home — exercise was had by all.



One demonstrator threw an apple at the police line, a cop caught it, looked at the thrower, smiled, and then ate the apple — the tension broke for a moment as everyone laughed.

Toward evening, the sun was setting, and everything stopped. Police looked at the demonstrators, demonstrators looked at the police. As if on cue, from some unseen musical conductor, the police all crossed and joined arms with one another, and the demonstrators did the same — then they all began to sing "Should-old acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind..." The only thing missing was Guy Lombardo. The song ended, and everyone went home — police and demonstrators, smiling, pleased with the civilized way in which the demonstration had been carried out.

But the police here are not saints — perhaps more saintly than those in Chicago or Berkeley — they do their job suppressing those aspects of life which the establishment feels is a threat to it. Recently raiding a film co-op showing of Andy Warhol's film "Flesh," and exhibition of prints by John and Yoko, busting the only Underground Paper, IT, and a few less publicized raids on people, places, things and on and on and on and on.

Their raids on IT, and the Warhol film caused a commotion, in only the way a commotion can be caused in England. Questions being asked in Parliament, and establishment newspapers like the TIMES and the OBSERVER attacking the police for overreacting — and strongly suggesting that police raids of this kind should stop.

The BBC has also been attacking the police for these raids and seizures, and they topped their comments by showing a film on Richard Strauss, by Ken

Russell, during prime TV viewing hours on a Sunday night, which included a nun raping Richard Strauss, a bare breasted prostitute also fucking Strauss. This film caused a storm across this island long, like nothing else which had ever been shown on TV. But the police didn't react — the point was made. What will happen in the future we don't know, but the confrontation is coming to a head.

The British are not aware of what's happening in the world. They see it, observe it, evaluate it and try to make sure that the extremes never reach these shores. The traditions of this country have always been, to give enough away to any internal revolutionary movement — to temper it, taking the hard wind out of its sails.

A case in point was the sudden, lightning student demonstrations of the past spring. The issue was one of should a university keep files on the political activities of the students. Within a matter of days, students in every university in the country were united on the issue — it threatened to close down most of them — something which has never happened here. The establishment reaction was quick, from the Minister of Education to the Committee of University Vice-Chancellors, who proclaimed loudly on banner headlines in all the papers that no university will keep such files. The issue is not dead yet, but the focus is now diffused.

Things like the trial of the Chicago Seven have had a great impact on this country. The trial was covered in the press throughout, and the conviction and sentencing were the cause for much public debate. The British fear a new McCarthyism coming in America, and they don't like it. When the appeal court granted bail to the Chicago Seven, it became a special

news item, interrupting a regular, BBC, programme

England is not a political country with the kind of confrontations one sees in the USA, or in France or Germany — The tone, texture, and life style of this country, from the farmer to the industrial worker, and the hippie, is one of political moderation — and it is extremely hard to conceive of this changing in any radical way.

If you have any doubts about this, you have only to look at the SUNDAY MIRROR, the largest circulating tabloid in Europe — something like six million copies are grabbed off the news stands every Sunday. It is to the whole of England what the New York Times is to New York. (but not as reactionary)

The Sunday Mirror has a lot of competition, they have hard sell papers with banner headlines which bounce at you from fifty yards away. Keeping this in mind, along with the chaos and conflict in the world, last Sunday their headline read

Bergman on Life

A segment of an interview with Ingmar Bergman by John Reilly in Stockholm, Sweden, August 67. (Full interview will be printed in "Film: Directors, Values, Transitions," edited by Ron Henderson.)

JR: You've used this term, 'to prostitute in the film business,' in some of your writings, I've often suspected many directors doing precisely that. There must be a tremendous pressure, particularly when you become very successful, to make a film that doesn't come from you but comes from someone—Do you feel this sort of pressure?

IB: Do you know what Goethe said? It's terribly difficult to translate. He said "Please God let me scandalize myself in time." Do you understand? It is when you have a success. I think it's much more dangerous for you to have successes than to have failures or something like that. If you are very young and have success it's most dangerous. If you are older and have success I think it's necessary and good, sometimes, because you know that it is worth but I always think that "Good heavens, always give me some real failures to brush myself up." Do you understand what I mean? For an artist it's terribly difficult to have success always and it's also terribly dangerous to have disasters and catastrophes and scandals and failures always. But I think

it is very, very good for an artist to sometimes have success, sometimes never be sure. If you build your house and you like your house very much or if you like your sofa too much, if you like your children or your wife or something too much, when you start your new picture perhaps you think I must make it so I can get another sofa, or at least so that I can still have my sofa, and I think the only thing you have to think of is that you are making your picture, not your sofa or your children or your wife or anything.

But of course, it's very very comfortable to have the sofa and you can like it as long as you have it but not be imprisoned by it.

You must always know that the rule is that you can go away from it. And your loyalty is to your work. You can love people, children, and women and sofas and houses and everything and you have to have things you can love, be in love with, things and human beings but you must know that the one day suddenly you perhaps must go away from it. *Everything*. Because it has imprisoned you. I think it is very simple. It's an experience. It's just an experience.

JR: But that changes it, doesn't it?

IB: Yes, but to make a story and try to catch reality, I think it's a lie. It's a wonderful way of trying. And I think my way of trying is also a sort of lie, or playing, but we all play. We play a game all of us, because to the audience, it is only one thing that is important, that they are convinced.

That is reality or that they feel that this mirror is some sort of impression. Don't you think so? I admire him very much and I think he has wonderful parts in his picture and parts that I don't understand how it's made.

I think he has a sort of approach to life, to things, to human being and everything that I admire would like to have this approach but his way of making pictures is not my way of making pictures and I think that Bo's way is just playing games, just lying, just playing. Not more. You can't say that my way is the right way or his way is the right way.

JR: You said once that writing was a very difficult period for you. You had to work very hard...

IB: Very boring, very boring. Because to dream is not difficult but to put it in words is very boring, because I don't like the words I always feel them unsatisfying.

JR: That sounds a little strange coming from a person who started expressing himself in writing. And now you say you don't...

IB: But you know, it is always the same thing. If you sit down after the dinner and in the record you have a good concert and in the TV you have Uncle Will's Imperium. *THE LONG HOT SUMMER*. Of course you sit down and see it. You see *THE LONG HOT SUMMER*. Or if you have a good thing about a theosophic book or something, of course you look, because of course everything for your eyes is always much more fascinating, however bad it is, than to read or to use words. To me it is. Always, I think, the most important thing is to be alive and always feel it, this curiosity, this way on is the only important thing. It can be better and it can be less good but I think the only thing is to be alive, not to be too afraid, not to like things too much.

Another part of it is that perhaps one day you have nothing more to say, and you have to go away from picture making. Without bitterness.

Rehearsals are sort of exercises for remaking, that is always a problem at the theatre. Every day you make exercises from ten o'clock to two o'clock to prepare the actors for the remaking, so they make exactly the same thing day after day, night after night and that is an absolutely different way of instruction, of handling the actor and who you are on the set, in the studio with the actors, of course it's different because you have to get them to make it now. In this moment. And never more. And I think this way of handling the actors, it's not very sane. It's insane.

JR: How do you mean that?

IB: I can't explain. But I don't like it. Because you have to be very careful with actors. For me, at the theatre, the actors are secure because they know, if I can't make it today, I can make it tomorrow or next week. It doesn't matter. The only thing we need is patience.

But on the set and in the studio we have no time; we have no time; we have to get it now in just this moment. They have to jump over so many steps in the creative process so you have to be very careful and you have to practice some sort of technique. I have my technique and Bo Widerberg has his technique.

He has his technique for his picture and I have my technique for mine. He always wants to approach reality and I admire his ambition very much. But I feel that, to me, it's absolutely impossible to catch reality. So it's much better to get away from it and only to take a mirror and try to choose a part of reality, and express it with stylisation. So I can never use unprofessionals. Bo Widerberg often uses non-professional actors in his films in order to avoid the need to "return" theatre actors in a film acting style. I always have to use actors and I can't use other people because to me I feel that the real moment is so this room and we here together and everything like that it is full of expression and tensions and light and small movements and I can't remake it in a studio or with...nobody

Do you understand what I mean? Telling a story it's absolutely impossible.

Of course, I can put the camera here and pick up just this moment with the camera.

and Art

Video Journal by John Reilly

"WORLD EXCLUSIVE — THE QUEEN"

and under that heading was a full page portrait of her. The MIRROR ran the headline, six million people bought the paper, BBC radio played POP music, the churches were full, and the revolution was something happening in Chicago and Tokyo.



Last week a mild altercation interrupted the otherwise bovine placidity of the EVO office. Seething fresh from his latest encounter with two puissant members of the Popular Front For The Liberation Of Women In America, Ray Schultz stormed out of the elevator into the office, blood in his eyes, a dagger between his teeth, swearing bloody oaths and otherwise manifesting ill will. 'Latimer!' he shouted. 'Please don't shout,' asked Latimer. 'All right, Latimer!' he yelled. 'What's that piece of shit you wrote in SCREW last week? And you, Kohn!' he further shrieked at the editor, who was cowering behind a cloud of some suspicious aroma. 'What was that filthy sexist ad you ran last week from that fucking Dirty Mel bastard? If I ever catch that fat degenerate up here again I'll kick his ass. I always told you he was nothing but a punk.' Latimer took this outburst with somewhat less than his usual nonchalance. A day rarely passed when Schultz failed to enter the premises with some such rash outburst. Why, just a few days ago, after being waylaid on the block by twenty identical puertorican urchins and robbed of every Chinese yen and Cuban peseta in his possession,

OPEN LETTER TO RAY SCHULTZ

SCHULTZ, the complaint was raised here by you the other day, Why did we print in the last issue of EVO those three ads from Dirty Mel? How, you wanted to know, could we simultaneously publish up-front in-depth daily coverage of the Panther 13 Trial - written by a woman, no less - and in the back of the book these three patently sexist advertisements? Once, you reminded the editor, not long ago this paper promised to delete sexist advertisements from its pages, out of deference to the Movement trend away from such unsavoury matters. By the printing of Dirty Mel's ads, you said, we had reneged on our covenant with those people, which was only further evidence of our arrant immorality.

Okay, I'll admit the sexism of two of those ads, the one recruiting 'topless go-go dancers' and the one for 'amateur and professional actresses.' These are sexist because they exclude males. Neither of us could make a buck through them. We should not print any more of this type ad. The remaining ad however was for Club Orgy itself, Dirty Mel's 23rd Street cabaret for which I assume the topless dancers and actresses were desired. Now, Dirty Mel's club isn't sexist, I know that for a fact, because both men and women are employed there to appear naked, among other obligations: no ad for Mel's club could really be sexist.

But with the ad appears your honour a nude woman sitting face-front with her legs spread, rather, a depiction of a woman so posed with her limbs arranged in that fashion, and what's more a black squiggle of ink placed between her legs representing pubic hair. Is that not sexist? No! It's a drawing! It's a cartoon, some junkie sat down and drew a naked lady to raise some bread for his next fix. No exploitation, no sexism, none of that shit involved there.

Schultz, I don't know who you've been talking to, but no, the employment of a cartoon of a naked lady to attract people to one's place is not sexist. It's merely crude hype, crude as using a broadshouldered stud in wraparound

Schultz had charged in swearing that if he ever saw Timothy Leary around the place he would hand him over personally to Finnegan. Latimer usually found these histrionics a dreadful bore, but today was different. Today was Monday. Payday. And with no pay nor any vittles in his stomach, Latimer took not kindly to Schultz' badinage against his only source of income, SCREW. Having no wish to cultivate the stylish Mahatma Ghandi look, Latimer asked, 'Who put the bug up your ass today, Schultz?'

'If you continue,' Schultz warned, addressing the whole office, 'on your present treacherous sexist racist revisionist provocative course of wanton imperialism and repression, you shall be dealt with unremittingly by the people

of the streets. Just wait'll the Weathermen see *this!*' he groaned, indicating an 'Actresses Wanted' ad in the last issue.

'I was a weatherman,' said Titus. 'What? What? What?' asked editor Kohn, oblivious to the cartoon of a naked lady, which, legs spread and secondary sex characteristics under full sail, accompanied the ad which Schultz was thrusting in his face. 'What? What?'

'You promised not to run these any more,' Schultz accused him. 'When?' asked Kohn. 'When? When?' 'How do I know?' asked Schultz. 'I only know what I hear on the grapevine.' 'I was on the grapevine once,' said Titus. 'When I started the East Village Other,' said Katzman, 'in 1965, and the UPS in 1966, I made no promises. None.'

'God damn it, Jaakov -'

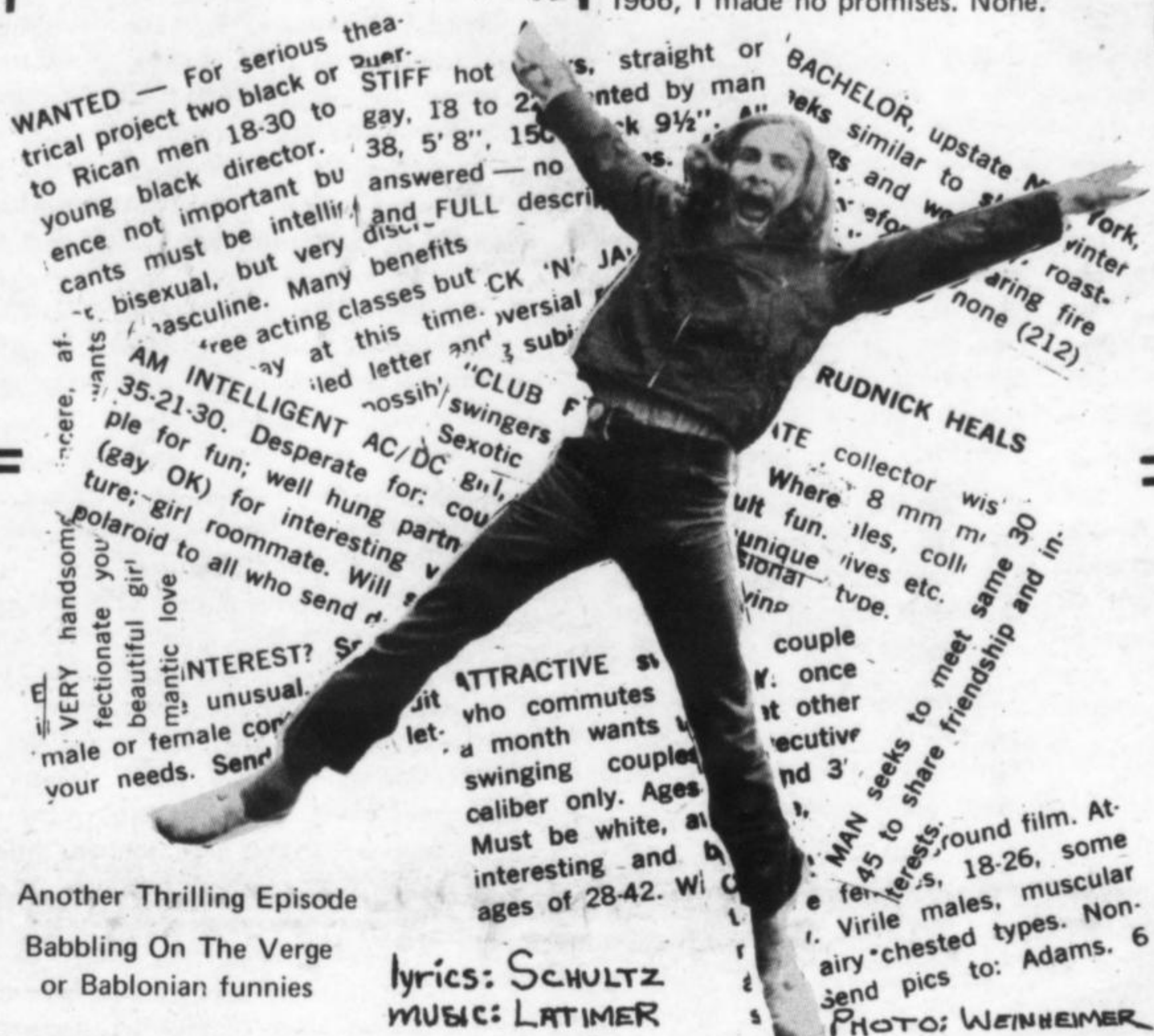
Jackie Freidreich shrieked: 'Shut up! I gotta write! Write!' The ribbon fell off of her sexagenarian typewriter, and went rolling around the floor in circles, spewing ribbon, while Jackie scurried after it whimpering, 'I just wanna write. Write?'

'I was a pencil once,' remarked Titus. 'For two weeks. You wanna see a poem I wrote?'

Schultz at this time began to feel a little fuzzy around the eyeballs: 'Now what did I come in here for?' he thought. It seemed to him he was forever zooming straight into the EVO office like a shot of brilliance fired from a charge of determination, ready to clear something right up in three words or less - and forever finding the charge dissipating into the wrack and havoc of the EVO collective unconscious.

'Yeah!' said Charlie Frick. 'And what about mysticism? It don't sound kosher to me, fellers.'

Schultz was always telling himself that if he had any brains at all he'd go back to the navy and at least pick up a pension. That night in the oily gloom, in a silence disturbed only by the occasional rattle of refuse under little grey rats' claws, Latimer sat down and wrote this:



Another Thrilling Episode
Babbling On The Verge
or Bablonian funnies

lyrics: SCHULTZ
MUSIC: LATIMER

shades and turtleneck sweater to sell cigarettes. Aside from selling the product, both types of ad confirm in the viewer's mind the ingrained conviction that men run the world and women are here to be shat on. The idea is sexist out front, but the advertising technique that affirms it is not by itself sexist. A cartoon of a naked lady is no more than a cartoon of a naked lady: to a Trobriand Islander that cartoon might evoke reverential feelings, if he happened to worship a female deity with that sort of body.

To eradicate sexism we have to do a lot more, Schultz, than stop printing dirty ads. What we're up against is the annihilation of a whole mode of consciousness, Pig consciousness, of which sexism is only one expression, one leg of the tarantula. We were all brought up in this consciousness, disfigured by it both men and women, and before we can destroy it we have to eradicate it from ourselves. We have to off it in our own heads, keep it from moving us around, informing our own behaviour.

We have to destroy the pig in ourselves utterly, Schultz, before we can presume to assail it in others. Revolutionary rhetoric spurred by Pig impulses is Pig rhetoric, whether or not the rhetorician realises it. I get extremely suspicious when I hear someone assail EVO for sexism on the grounds of our sex ads; the record industry promotes precisely the same Pig attitudes as Club Orgy bistros, but nobody ever puts us down for advertising John Mayall or Joe

Cocker. I suspect such people of a failure to recognise and deal with their own Pig impulses in the area of sex. I accuse them of wishing to censor us for precisely the same reasons the District Attorney would like to do it: because they can't cope with their own genitals, and fear and despise anything that threatens to evoke in them lustful feelings. Not once have I heard it urged to me that EVO should cut our sex ads that I have not detected, in the voice of the urger, a sort of relief that he or she has found in anti-sexist rhetoric a means of expressing the middleclass fear and hatred of sex he or she was harbouring all the way through the Sexual Revolution.

No, you change peoples' heads around - and that's the racket we're in, Schultz, changing peoples' heads around - by subtle oblique maneuvering, not by freezing yourself into some unimpeachable attitude, be it the purest Revolutionary stance ever, and demanding others respect and imitate you. Refusing to advertise Dirty Mel's club is about as efficacious toward destroying sexism as closing the place down would be. He does not much need our ad space, people would flock there anyway. Whether we advertise it or not, Club Orgy will keep going, just as sure as if the pigs managed to sweep the city clean as a Maoist conscience, it'd be just as bad. Sexism thrives on frustration and abhorrence of sex.

Personally, while I haven't been there yet, I regard Mel's club as a force for social betterment. To get the matter of

Exploitation out of the way, I daresay most of the people working in that grubby joint would be out on the street ripping off parked cars, or in jail puking with withdrawals, if the place hadn't hired them; as an exploiter, would you choose Dirty Mel or Commissioner McGrath? Also, as the President's Commission on Pornography and Obscenity observes - pretty learned on this subject, ain't we, Schultz? - such presentations of formerly unmentionable behaviour as they carry on at Club Orgy can work, in the mind of a previously self-contained terrorized closet pervert, toward the easing of his guilt feelings toward his hangups, with consequent improvement in his general personality, ability to communicate with others, and attitude toward life. Will the Movement throw these people away too? Everybody else has.

If you want to know the truth, Schultz, I don't give much of a damn for your fucking Revolution. The whole Movement business of late has become so full of power freaks and attitude-copping assholes that it seems clear if we blew up GM tomorrow, slaughtered the present Administration and took over the whole bailiwick, we'd be run by the same kind of pigs as we started out with. *Chin'ai Mao!* Up your fuckin ass with a chipstick, brother.

The only thing for which I hold out hope - and it is not such a little thing - is that the general annelation of human consciousness these days is toward a kind of society where people know who they are and consequently know and love other people, regardless of age, creed, colour, sex, niche in status totem, general appearance or whatever. I think the most important thing we can do with this newspaper is to promote that sort of consciousness.

When you get right down to it, though, I'd just as soon do without Dirty Mel's display ads. In the classified section they'd be all right, since the classifieds are an institution of this paper which I will defend against any mouthy asshole

(Continued on Page 20)



AND OPIN



photos:
ROGER
TOMLINSON

contact sheet:
ST. GEORGE
TUCKER
RANSON



NEW HAVEN

THREE OF THE NEW HAVEN NINE SOON TO BE FREE; BOBBY SEALE AND ERICKA HUGGINS TO GO TO TRIAL

NEW HAVEN (LNS) — Black Panthers Rose Smith, Peggy Hudgins, and George Edwards have spent the last 16 months in Connecticut jails. They have been held without bail because the charges against them were capital, and in Connecticut bail cannot be set for capital offenses. Now, after the trial of their fellow defendant, Lonnie McClucas, (who was acquitted of three of four counts in connection with the same incident), these three will soon be free.

State's Attorney Arnold Markle failed to provide enough evidence to convict Lonnie of conspiracy to kidnap, kidnaping resulting in death, and binding with criminal intent. Apparently, he has now realistically evaluated his chances of gaining conviction on Peggy, Rose, and George, because he has agreed to allow each of them to plead guilty to the much lighter charge of aggravated assault. This charge carries a *maximum* penalty of five years and the chances are good that they will be back on the streets serving the people, within a week.

What all of this means for the entire New Haven Nine case is that Markle is so unsure of his case that he has chosen to allow three defendants to plead to a charge which can be of no use to him in his desperate efforts to convict Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale, rather than take them to trial and face another defeat.

There are now four Panthers left to be tried. They are Ericka Huggins, Landon Williams, Rory Hithe and Bobby Seale. Landon and Rory are in Colorado, still fighting extradition to Connecticut. Originally Ericka was to be tried with her sisters and it appeared that Bobby would be tried alone. Now, however, Ericka and Bobby will go to trial together.

HICCOUGHS CEASE AFTER 23-DAY SIEGE

Malady Ends as Suddenly as it Gripped Co-ed.

Elmhurst, Ill., Feb. 12. — Elizabeth Warner, Wheaton College co-ed, was smiling though "extremely weak" today after cessation of a 23-day siege of hiccoughs. The attack ended as suddenly as it began, with no apparent relation to treatment which included everything from sedatives to swallowing water while holding the nose.

Waukesha, Wis., Feb. 7. — Miss Betty Becker entered her fifth day of continuous hiccoughing today with 25 to 30 convulsions a minute. She is able to take liquid nourishment, but is suffering from lack of sleep.

CHILE

100 U.S. COMPANIES FREAK OUT CHILE TAKES OFF!

NEW YORK (LNS) — "A catastrophe," said one New York businessman. "We are going to be blamed for anything that goes wrong in Chile," sobbed an administration official. "A defeat for the U.S.," grumbled Business Week, the capitalist's weekly newsmagazine.

The Chilean people had picked a Marxist for president in their September 4 elections. And it looks like closing time for \$700 million a year rip-off that American corporations have been staging in Chile. Dr. Salvadore Allende may soon be sending home companies ranging from Dow Chemical, Ford, Xerox, and Firestone to Coca-Cola, RCA, Bank of America, and Bethlehem Steel. And in particular, Chile's vast copper mines may soon be running for the Chilean people and not for the huge U.S. firms — Kennecott, Cerro, and Anaconda.

The U.S. government would love to please the 100 U.S. corporations operating in Chile by preventing Salvadore Allende from taking office in

November. Naturally. But if the CIA has succeeded in budging the Chilean military from its neutral attitude towards the election, the news hasn't leaked out to the press. And it looks as if right-wing efforts to deny Allende legislative approval on October 24 will fail. The Chilean people will meet any force from the military or the U.S. with bitter opposition.

"If they try to take his triumph away from him, the blood will run," vowed Josefina Pizarra among tens of thousands of Allende supporters at a mid-September rally in Santiago. She is a 29 year-old unwed mother of two living in a tent city on the outskirts of Santiago that was set up by the Socialist Party on seized land.

And the U.S. knows she echoes the sentiments of many common people in Chile, who have never had a real stake in the U.S.-backed governments of the past. If there is any interference with his inauguration as Chile's new president, Dr. Allende will call for workers to occupy their factories, peasants to occupy their land, and civil servants to occupy their offices as a first measure.

CHINA

U.S. SENDING ARMED RECONNAISSANCE TEAMS INTO CHINA

HOUET SAI, Laos (LNS) — This sleepy Mekong River town is as close as a journalist with any regard for their safety can get to a secret CIA outpost which is the staging area for armed reconnaissance teams being sent by the U.S. into China.

Sources close to the CIA pinpoint the staging area at a small mountain valley airstrip called Nam Lieu (Nam Yu) fifteen minutes flying time north of Houet Sai. According to the same highly reliable sources, "there is always a team in China."

The teams are armed with American small arms, a special three pound radio with a range of four hundred miles, and other special equipment. Their missions are to tap Chinese telegraph lines, watch roads and do other types of intelligence gathering. Teams have gone as far as two hundred miles into China.

Each team is said to consist of about fifteen men, most of whom are Yao hill tribesmen. Yao are used because this tribe lives in large numbers along the mountainous frontiers of Laos, Burma, Thailand and China. There are approximately two million Yao living inside China, and some of the mercenaries have family connections there. Meo and Lao Theung tribesmen are also used for similar reasons.

The teams are flown to a sod airstrip known as "Site 93" of "Moung Moune," about twenty kilometers north of Nam Lieu, near the Mekong River where it forms a border with Burma. Sometimes they are put down right on the banks of Mekong by helicopters. They carry instantly inflatable rubber rafts to use crossing the Mekong into Burma. From Burma they continue northwest, entering China about fifty kilometers from Site 93.

The teams from Nam Lieu are gone three to four months, maintaining contact by radio with Nam Lieu and with air-planes which fly close to the China border in order to pick up their broadcasts.

On at least one occasion an airplane has been almost shot down for straying into China. During July 1968, an Air America "porter" single-engined plane with two aboard crossed the Chinese frontier near the tri-borders of Burma, Laos and China. Parts of both wings were blown away by anti-aircraft fire, but the plane was able to limp back to base.

Several of the teams inserted into China have been captured, and some have switched allegiances, returning to Nam Lieu as counter-spies.



There has been at least one occasion when a returning team

brought "single-engined plane with two aboard crossed the Chinese frontier near the tri-borders of Burma, Laos and China. Parts of both wings were blown away by anti-aircraft fire, but the plane was able to limp back to base.

Several of the teams inserted into China have been captured, and some have switched allegiances, returning to Nam Lieu as counter-spies.

There has been at least one occasion when a returning team brought Chinese back with them. During 1968, five local Chinese functionaries ousted from their posts by the Cultural Revolution in China defected to a Nam Lieu reconnaissance team. They were brought back to Nam Lieu by the team. There they were well-treated by the Americans for a time but eventually turned over to the Royal Laotian government. According to sources close to the CIA the five were thrown into the Laotian equivalent of a "tiger's cage" — a twelve-by-twelve-by-twelve foot pit exposed to the elements and without sanitation facilities — and eventually executed.

Like most CIA operations in Laos, the one at Nam Lieu is directed from a super-secret headquarters at Udorn airbase in Northeast Thailand. There are four Americans in Nam Lieu, however, headed by a veteran clandestine mercenary organizer named Anthony Poe. In addition



HANDWRITING

HANDWRITING TEST MAY SPOT DRUG ADDICTS, ALCOHOLICS

The handwriting may be on the wall, almost literally, for drug addicts applying for jobs.

A handwriting test for both narcotic addiction and alcoholism has been turned up recently, according to Dr. Michael Pace of the Psychophysiological Center at Hicksville, Long Island, N.Y. And that's encouraging news for business firms which lose several billion dollars a year in the pilferage, absenteeism, costly errors and general inefficiency associated with drug addiction.

The marijuana user applying for a job is tougher to spot than the alcoholic, just as he is on the job. While the alcoholic shows signs of wear and tear, the pot smoker may appear perfectly normal.

Once the addict is discovered, getting rid of him legally may be troublesome. And the outlook for rehabilitation of addicted employees is discouraging up to now.

Attorney General John Mitchell has estimated that about 2% per cent of all industrial and office workers use drugs. A Chicago publication, Industrial News Letter, says three out of four factories in the United States have some kind of narcotic problem.

So the businessman tries not to hire an addict if he can avoid it. This often entail expensive investigation and a routine urinalysis, the most reliable test and the one most likely to stand up in court if dismissal or refusal to hire results in a lawsuit.

But the urinalysis route has two drawbacks. It won't detect the marijuana user. And even if it does turn up traces of quinine, often used to cut heroin, amphetamines and other drugs, they may not be conclusive proof.

While Pace's handwriting tests so far have not been accepted as legal evidence in court, they do give the prospective employer a guideline.



STRIKE

RAZA STRIKE ERUPTS
IN YAKIMA VALLEY

El Grito del Norte/
LIBERATION News Service

YAKIMA VALLEY, Wash. (LNS) — Campesinos in the Yakima Valley of Washington state have risen with cries of "Huelga, Huelga, Huelga" and "Viva la Raza, Viva la Causa," in their first mass farmworkers strike in history there.

There are more than 60,000 Chicanos in the western Washington valley. Most are campesinos (farmworkers), many of them originally from Texas. Already the strikers' grievance committee has won wage increases and recognition of the right to bargain as a union. 12 growers have signed contracts, including pay increases to \$2 an hour—in some cases retroactive to the beginning of summer. The huelguistas (strikers) are expected to join the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) headed by Cesar Chavez, now leading a big strike against lettuce growers.

The revolt of the Yakima campesinos happened so quickly and spread so fast that nearly everyone was taken by surprise. "This valley is exploding," said Armando Mendoza of the Western Washington Huelga Support Committee. "It's spreading all over the valley. The strike is beautiful, it's beautiful because it was so spontaneous. There was no organization at all—it grew from the people completely. They're doing it by themselves."

The strike began with only 2 people on Sept. 4. Two young workers, Frank Salinas and Jose Gallegos, walked out of the fields at the Yakima

Chief, the largest hops grower in the world (hops is used to make beer). The next day, three-fourths of the campesinos stayed out of the fields and the huelga was on. As one in the struggle said, "The people are moving so fast, the organizers are having to run to catch up with them."

However, they are not winning easy victories. Foremen were seen coming in and out of the fields with guns strapped to their waists as the strike began; picketers were hosed down at one of the ranches; and those in the valley report that "there haven't been any beatings or arrests, but there has been very heavy police intimidation."

In the first week of the strike, the growers got two high schools closed so the students could work in the fields to break the strike. "The response against that little trick was tremendous," Mendoza reported. "Embarrassed school officials called the schools back into session because of Chicano community pressure at higher levels."

Chicanos have mobilized to support the huelga in many parts of western Washington state. They know what life is like for the campesinos in the Yakima Valley—the end point in what has been called "the migrant stream." It is a life of degradation and racism, of small children having to work in the fields instead of going to school, of miserable shacks and high prices at stores who exploit the poor even more.

But the end of all that is in sight. "We're going to win," said Mendoza, "so los chicanos pobres can walk with their heads high, with all the rights of any otro gringo. Our people have been waiting a long time. Viva la Huelga! Viva la Raza!

tered at Mandalay.

—Burmese border officials at the Thai-Burma border northwest of here claim there is permanent CIA "intelligence gathering activity" going on in Burma near the Chinese and Lao borders. "White Chinese" guerrillas (remnants of Chiang Kai Shek's army forced out of China by the communist revolution) numbering 2,000 men armed with American M-1, M-2, and M-16 rifles are also said by the Burmese to be active in the same area (Chinese Communist troops are also reported by the Burmese to be in the area.)

—Nung people originally from the mountains of the North Vietnamese and Chinese borders now living north of Saigon near the provincial town of Xuan Loc in South Vietnam, report some of their men have been recruited at high salaries to work in CIA-run mercenary

bands on the North Vietnamese and Chinese frontiers. The Nungs are given 500,000 piasters (about U.S. \$1500 at the free market rate of exchange) before they leave and another 500,000 if and when they come back six months later.

The people of Houei Sai know much more than they let on. Long a center of the opium trade, it has learned to hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil. Everyone from the bearded IVS (International Voluntary Services) volunteer and the USAID refugee officer to the village restarateur are part of the "team." Nobody here talks about Nam Lieu. Expressions of fear indicate the name of Tony Poe is taboo. It is not hard to understand why.

by Michael Morrow

Dispatch News Service/

SAIGON

THIEU-KY REPRESSION:
SAIGON STUDENTS
ASK FOR HELP

WASHINGTON (LNS) — At least 27 student government leaders, members of the U.S. National Student Association, began a ten-day hunger strike calling for an end to the "beatings, arrests and torturing" of South Vietnamese students in Saigon, and the use of American funds to support the South Vietnamese regime. The hunger strike will take place on campuses around the country and in Washington to call international attention to the plight of the Vietnamese students, who are now involved in an unlimited hunger strike in protest of government repression in Vietnam. Students in the Washington D.C. area will keep a 24-hour-a-day vigil in Lafayette Park across from the White House.

The current wave of repression against Vietnamese students began immediately after a recent visit of Vice President Agnew to South Vietnam. Members of the South Vietnamese secret police and combat troops after holding a legal and peaceful assembly inside an auditorium. The attack resulted in mass teargassing and clubbing and the arrest of 117 people. Four of these students are still in prison, including Huyen Tam Mam, president of the Saigon Student Association.

The Saigon Association described the situation to the National Student Association in a Sept 21 telephone call:

"Mam and friends are in agony in jail and under torture. Students on unlimited hunger strike. May die. May immolate selves. Saigon student union continuously barricaded and

repressed. Students being threatened with arrest. Need immediate action. Please make a general appeal in U.S."

The students were attacked after the fourth National Student Congress which united most of the students from all of South Vietnam's universities. The attack occurred because of student opposition to the compulsory military training program imposed on them

In a letter to friends around the world, the Saigon students' union wrote: "We the students, like most of our Vietnamese people, are convinced that the present military efforts are not leading Vietnam to any victory but to an ever-increasing destruction of all the Vietnamese generations... [although] we have repeatedly expressed our wishes for an immediate end to this inhumane and futile war, the government still goes on its own ways, with its military solution.

"The military training program at the university is part of the process of militarizing all the Vietnamese people... to serve a military dictatorship... the August 30 repression is really carrying out Mr. Nguyen Van Thieu's orders of July 15, 1970, when he vowed to beat to death those calling for immediate peace. He said that on that day 'I am ready to smash all movements calling for peace at any price because I'm still much of a soldier. We will beat to death the people who are demanding immediate peace.'

"On the same day, national police Chief Brig. Gen. Tran Van Hai told his police chiefs to use 'strong measures, including bayonets and bullets to smash all demonstrations' at any price."

OCEAN DUMPING

The mid-August furor over dumping several hundred tons of nerve gas off the Florida coast overlooked the fact that the United States has been using the oceans for years as a trash can for noxious wastes.

This fact was highlighted later that same month when the Navy dumped several tons of surplus TNT off the Maryland coast. Originally, it was planned to drop the explosive off the coast of New Jersey at the spot where mustard gas had been dumped three years before. When that fact became public knowledge, the dumping site was shifted. Ships five miles away felt the explosion when the TNT hit bottom.

But surplus military weapons and explosives aren't the only things the U.S. has been pouring into the sea at the rate of 48 million tons per year. Included in that disposal are sulfuric acid, arsenic, naphthenates, cyanides, mercury and other heavy metals, pesticides, refuse—from municipal sewage to plastics and cannery wastes; radioactive wastes, chemical warfare agents, construction and demolition debris and various rejected or contaminated products—from foodstuffs to appliances.

Last winter it was discovered that the ocean off New York harbor where the city had been dumping its

(Continued on Page 21)

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news

to activities inside China, Poe and his team also work with hill tribesmen in the area, organizing

"SGU" (special guerilla units) and Thai Army which they direct at Xieng Lom south of Houei Sai on the Lao-Thai border.

Poe is an ex-marine non-Commissioned officer, wounded in landing at Iwo Jima, who remained in Asia after World War II. In the fifties he helped organize Tibetan CIA-aided insurgents, escorted them to Colorado for training and finally went back with them into Tibet. Later he worked in the Thai-Cambodian border area with the "Khmer Blue" anti-Sihanouk forces receiving assistance from the CIA, and in other parts of Thailand with other mercenary groups for a total of five years. He has been in and out of Laos since before the Geneva Accords of 1962, and was one of the first Americans involved in arming and training hill tribe paramilitary groups in Laos.

There are reasons to believe Poe's operations at Nam Lieu is just the tip of an iceberg of U.S. activities in China and Burma. Take for example:

—Sources close to the CIA report that the CIA is working with Shan mercenary groups moving into China from northern Burma. According to the same sources, the Burmese government is getting assistance from the CIA mounting air-strikes on anti-government insurgent groups in the same area. This second operation is cen-

IN CARL WE TRUST. ALL OTHERS PAY CASH



The people from the country where Jesus Saves invaded Washington today to stage the tired capitol's 194th political demonstration this year. They brought with them a colorfully strudent form of self-righteous fanaticism, but had little success in arousing people with their call for a holy war. The occasion was the Reverend Carl McIntire's second "March for Victory in Viet Nam," and it had been staged as a perfect setting for the ultimate confrontation between pro- and anti-war factions.

McIntire himself had tossed out the challenge by inviting vice-president Ky of South Viet Nam to be the main speaker, and had added fuel to the budding flames by hinting darkly that his brand of follower would "know how to deal with the peaceniks and hippies." The Nixon administration, of course, had done its part by leaking reports to the press that it would not be disturbed by a bloodbath in the streets of Washington (which it felt would help Republican candidates for election this fall).

Unfortunately, a few things went wrong. Peace groups, instead of following the script and gleefully welcoming the challenge, raised an outcry that was picked up by fearful Democrats, and which forced Nixon to cancel Ky's visit. (So much for South Viet Nam's "independent" government.) Madame Ky, cast as her husband's understudy, changed her mind at the last minute. Still, the Georgetown University Yippie organization, and several New York groups, promised a counter-demonstration. In fact, I arrived in Washington the night before the rally to find a rock-throwing rampage going on in the streets of Georgetown, an outgrowth of an earlier

Yippie celebration. Some 340 kids were arrested, mostly for simple failure to disperse, which means being anywhere in the neighborhood and looking weird.

All of these advance indications were good cause to turn around and go back home. I've dealt with Patriotism freaks and Religion freaks before, and both types scare me. The mere idea of a combination of the two is enough to make me wet my pants; unfortunately, I had already committed myself to staying.

Came the next morning, and I couldn't help laughing at myself as I circled the site of the Victory March. The early arrivals on the Washington Monument grounds were composed about equally of Senior Citizens with lawn chairs and V-for-Victory sweatshirts; newsmen interviewing each other for lack of excitement; and long-haired hids wandering around wondering if this was what it was really like behind enemy lines. I did notice two groups of about ten men each in construction hats, big guys walking around belligerently and obviously looking for trouble. I figured the odds of me running into any of them in the anticipated crowd of half-a-million were infinitesimal. I should have known better.

The crowd at the Monument was tiny, and although I had looked for the Marchers, I hadn't seen any vast numbers of people. When the scheduled starting time had passed by a half-hour, I figured the whole thing for a failure and decided to split for where the Yippies were throwing another party. I got as far as the intersection of Pennsylvania and 15th when I heard the strains of, honest to God, *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Looking up the street, I saw hordes of people

walking down the street, carrying enough red, white and blue to make anybody want to throw up. It took some time for me to convince myself that I wasn't watching the filming of the opening scene from *Inherit the Wind*. A crowd soon formed at the intersection, which was suddenly flooded with flags, American Legion hats, Robert Hall graduation suits, and pinafores. Every few yards the Marchers would break into one of their dredged-up high school Victory Chants, and grin broadly at the long-haired kids on the sidewalks who flashed what they took as V-for-Victory signs. Row after row of signs exhorted the assembled arthritics to Win in the name of Christ and Carl (not necessarily in that order of importance).

After being greeted at the intersection by the ever-present American Nazi Party, who urged Reverend Carl to cut the bullshit and kill *everybody*, not just the Vietnamese, the troop of 20,000 people continued on to the site of the Day of Victory. I headed them off by cutting across the adjoining Ellipse.

The size of the crowd had to be a disappointment to McIntire, who, after all, had gotten to a million in his predictions while Ky was still scheduled to show, but you would never have known it by listening to the tripe coming from the loudspeakers. "Look at 'em come, folks, they're still piling in," said Carl after the vanguard had assembled around the platform. "I can see thousands coming down the streets, and I just had official word there's thousands more over on 14th Street." Everybody craned their necks on command; I don't know what they saw, but I couldn't see shit except for few

dtragglers meandering in. "We're gonna let go the balloons any minute now folks, watch for the balloons..." Heads turned dutifully, and I could no longer doubt it—I must be stoned and not seeing right, because 20,000 people just couldn't be taking this crap seriously.

Here this is supposed to be a mammoth political event, and now some lunatic carny-barker is having divine visions of invisible crowds and ranting about balloons. He carried on like that for a good five minutes before someone over on the Ellipse pulled back a net and two or three hundred red, white, and blue balloons floated up on the hot air. The crowd sent up a wild cheer, and, as if on signal, in towards the platform marched 200 or so certified long-haired hippie communist dope fiend draft-card-burning sex maniacs, chanting "One, two, three, four, we don't want your fucking war." Believe me, at that point I could easily have believed that McIntire had rented them for the occasion at the same place he bought the balloons.

Carl started his speech, a tape recorder started playing a chorus of *Onward Christian Soldiers*, and the kids, gathered at the extreme right of the speakers' platform, started chanting "Bullshit, Bullshit" in time with McIntire's polemic.

The Grade-B Surrealistic-Comedy aura of the whole circus only heightened as I moved around the McIntire crowd listening to their reactions to the hippie invasion. The first person I encountered was a platinum-blonde button hawk who I recognized from various peace demonstrations. I started razzing her about the sudden change in her inventory, and

she laghingly told me to shut up before the "goddamn bible-beaters" heard me. I chatted with her a while—it was nice to see a friendly, non-political face. As she said, she was just hustling a buck, but she much preferred the peace demonstrators, who were nice enough not to bring all their own buttons. As I left her, she cautioned me to "be careful—these bible nuts are crazy fuckers." And gave me one last pinch on the ass for good luck.

It didn't take me long to realize what she meant. The older McIntire people, apparently mostly rural souther, were frankly terrified by the physical presence of the animals whom they had heretofore watched on TV at a safe distance. Their worst nightmares had proven real—even now the monsters were rubbing shoulders with them. I was struck by what a shabby prank was being played on these people, so pitiful in their feeble dreams of a glorious America. Couldn't we have the decency to let them die with their illusions, unaware that the world has changed? But they vote, I reminded myself, and these smug, comfortable people who can't successfully ward off their own encroaching death manifest their bitterness by sending vibrant 20-year-olds off to waste their youth and blood in defense of a myth that they don't share.

The younger patriots were another story entirely. Hate for the unfamiliar and the uncomprehended fairly dripped from their mouths in bloody stereotyped slogans. At the sight of me and my costume, recommendations poured out as to the best way to dispose of the freaks, ranging from crucifixion through boiling in oil to cutting their balls off. Don't think they didn't mean it, either. These people, to whom prayer is a literal thing, were praying for someone brave enough to kill the intruders. I've lived in the south, been in a war, and kicked around the States looking freaky. I'm no stranger to blind hatred—yet I freely admit that the pure viciousness of these people shocked the hell out of me. Mingling with them those few minutes made it seem even more like a stereotype movie—but a whole different kind of movie. It was like when you're stoned, and everything's funny and giggly, right? Only all of a sudden you sense the whole feel of the thing changing, and you're getting paranoid, and you can't stop it. Fear just sort of rolls over you. All of a sudden I stopped laughing at McIntire, at this circus of a political demonstration. I had a dozen flashes of what these people

would do to me, and to you, if they were turned loose. For the first time that day, I began to truly feel behind enemy lines in some red, white, and blue foreign nation. I was scared shitless.

I quickly moved back to the edge of the tiny circle where the monsters, 18- to 25-year-old American children, were vainly trying to shout down McIntire (and the tape-recorded *God Bless America*) with chants of "Peace Now." A strange and reassuring thing began happening. In the beginning, a few frustrated evangelists had invaded the invasion to preach the logic of Peace with Honor and without Communism. Small clusters of kids had encircled them, baiting, clapping, mimicking and shouting them down. Now, without any plan or directive, groups of four and five long-hairs would break off whenever one of the braver McIntire people walked through tossing out insults. These individuals would be surrounded by kids who stubbornly tried to reason with them, patiently and plaintively explaining the anti-Viet Nam rationale. In a very few instances, really heavy two-sided raps were going on. I began to think hopefully that the vibes I had gotten from the fanatic element might have been exaggerated.

But still the chanters persisted, and on these few the crowd focused its attention. "Kill for Christ" gave way to "Free Dope" which yielded to "HO, HO, HO CHI MINH - NLF IS GONNA WIN." This last seemed to particularly incense the crowd, which, urged by McIntire to "fill in around the edges of the speakers' platform," pressed ever tighter against the little huddle of freaks. (How could you ever prove that McIntire subtly incited a riot by that?)

A tall, slender young man in orange hardhat and orange polo shirt stared grimly beside me into the cluster, shaking his head slowly. He looked to be near tears, not quite managing to stand still, but hopping slightly from foot to foot, his hands twitching. In those hands was a five-foot wooden pole torn from one of the many signs which by now littered the grounds. A few of the counter-demonstrators also held these poles, I noticed. As I watched, a shirtless, Army-helmeted long-hair squeezed by me and asked another where he had gotten his pole. He was directed to a fenced-off trash area where people had been dumping signs, and left muttering, "I think I'll just get my one of those. It'd be a mighty comforting thing to have." As he squeezed back out of the mass, the guy in the orange shirt said clearly, "Yeah, go get one. I'd hate to smack you in the mouth while you

don't have anything in your hands, you fucking scum." No reply from the shirtless kid. I looked around and suddenly noticed an awful lot of orange construction hats in the immediate vicinity; in fact, we were surrounded by them. I'm not sure whether I had been too preoccupied to notice, or whether the ugly crackling smell really was just suddenly *there* in the air, like the odor of electric shit. At any rate, I stared into the middle of the group and realized that we all knew what was coming, that any one of us could have told you within seconds exactly *when* it was coming. Yet, nobody moved on the perimeter. We all stood quietly around the chanters in the middle. For me, there wasn't any way around an obviously melodramatic feeling: This crowd—mostly teenagers, at least half girls—was standing there composed, offering their bodies to be beaten upon, if that's what you needed to do.

A shout went up from the core of our huddle, where the chanters were raising a Viet Cong flag. As I watched it go up, a platinum-haired woman dashed into their midst and tried to grab the flag away from them. She was shoved away, not roughly. A voice behind me said chokingly, "Oh my God, that's *enough!*" and I turned in time to see Orange Shirt break the sign-pole over one knee and go charging into the kids, flailing half the stick in either hand. A blond-haired girl took a shot from the stick in the exact center of the forehead, and started to reel back. But there was no place to reel to, because orange helmets were piling into the crowd from the other side. For just a split second the flag wavered, waving like blown wheat over a field of

by Charles McClain 15



hairy heads. The cluster which had held together so tightly exploded, and people were shot out from all sides, forming into a dozen momentarily-frozen tableaux. Each tableau consisted of a young boy being hit and kicked at by two or three 35-year-old men. As the boy fell, one or more of the men would begin kicking him steadily in the back, while other members of the audience, mostly women, darted in to aim a kick or two and dart back, like some crazy red-white-and-blue Indian counting coup on an enemy. "LET HIM DIE LET HIM DIE LET HIM DIE" someone was yelling beside me. I turned to look into the smirking face of a woman who strangely resembled my mother. No No No this isn't the way it's supposed to be, I was saying to her in my mind, but she grabbed the microphone of my tape recorder and screamed into it, "They oughta burn 'em all at the stake. Let 'em die. They're no good, no good..." The tape wasn't running, but I finally had to yank the mike out of her hands anyway.

As I moved quickly away from her, I spotted Orange Shirt standing at the edge of the ring, panting from exertion, stick in either hand. I began making my way through the

crowd, through the shouts of Commie creep, Fucking punk. Goddamned traitor. Over to the flash of shirt. I realized with absolute clarity and no surprise whatsoever that I intended to kill him.

A sharp poke in my back changed my direction. Gray-shirted riot cops were all around as a nightstick shoved me toward where two boys still lay on the ground. Somehow, the boys disappeared before I was forced to walk over to them; I never found out how or where. The gray line propelled me onward until I was met by the remains of our band, being shoved back toward us by yet another line of gray shirts. People were rubbing their eyes, and a small cloud of gas drifted back from that direction. As people stumbled, others picked them up and steadied them, and from nowhere came the lulling chant. "Walk. Don't run. We'll be okay if we don't run." I was immediately hypnotized into walking. One or two old people, trapped in with us and ridiculously out of place in their suits and ties within a police cordon, panicked and tried to shove their way out. They were in turn roughly shoved toward the cops.

The pressure stopped, and we were in a huddle again, but this time with a uniformed wall

between us and an army of orange and white construction hats. We were exhibits in a zoo, but it was a giant goof on those outside the cage, who honestly thought they were the free ones. I suddenly knew how easy it is to be a leopard, how much greater are the needs of the watchers than those of the watched. The Marchers for Christ snarled at us as we licked our wounds.

As time became real again I realized that Carl McIntire had never stopped talking through the whole thing. He was still talking. As he repeated himself over and over again, I slowly became conscious of his words. "Will the Russians please..." Images of the entire Seventh Cossack Regiment storming the speakers' platform while Carl stood politely repeating, "Will the Russians please..." washed out all the tension in my body, and I laid back on the matted grass and broke up. From everywhere within the police line, a wave of laughter started hesitantly and built until it was a chorus of hoots and guffawing. Without moving, I could feel the incredulous stares from the surrounding crowd. I'll never know what the hell he was talking about. But that's okay. They'll never know just what was so goddamned funny.



David Miller: The First Draft Card Burner Returns Home.. With Some Doubts

by Claudia Dreifus

David Miller has the tall, blonde, gentle look of an American country farmboy: Kansas wheat, long and straight. To look at Miller you'd hardly think him the kind of person who would defy Lyndon Johnson and his war machine by being, in 1965, the first man to challenge the anti-draftcard burning law. Stereotypes demand that anti-war heroes be mustachioed, dressed in army surplus fatigues, sporting long shaggy tresses. Miller looks so All American with his short-cropped blonde hair and dacron and cotton chinos. Like a hillbilly Tab Hunter.

But David Miller is indeed one of the anti-war movement's authentic heroes. I recall images of Miller standing in front of the Whitehall Street Induction Center on

right, left and middle, fulminated in the halls of Congress. Senator Kuchel, a liberal Republican then representing California, denounced Miller for "sowing the seeds of treason." Senate Majority Leader Mansfield said, "these people are undermining what the President is trying to do to bring about a negotiated settlement in Vietnam." LBJ told the press that "even well-meaning demonstrators can become the victims of Communist exploitation." As for David Miller himself, news of the act spread throughout the country courtesy of the wire services. Three days after the burning he found himself under arrest.

Since Miller's gesture nearly five years ago so much about his life and his country has changed. He has in those five

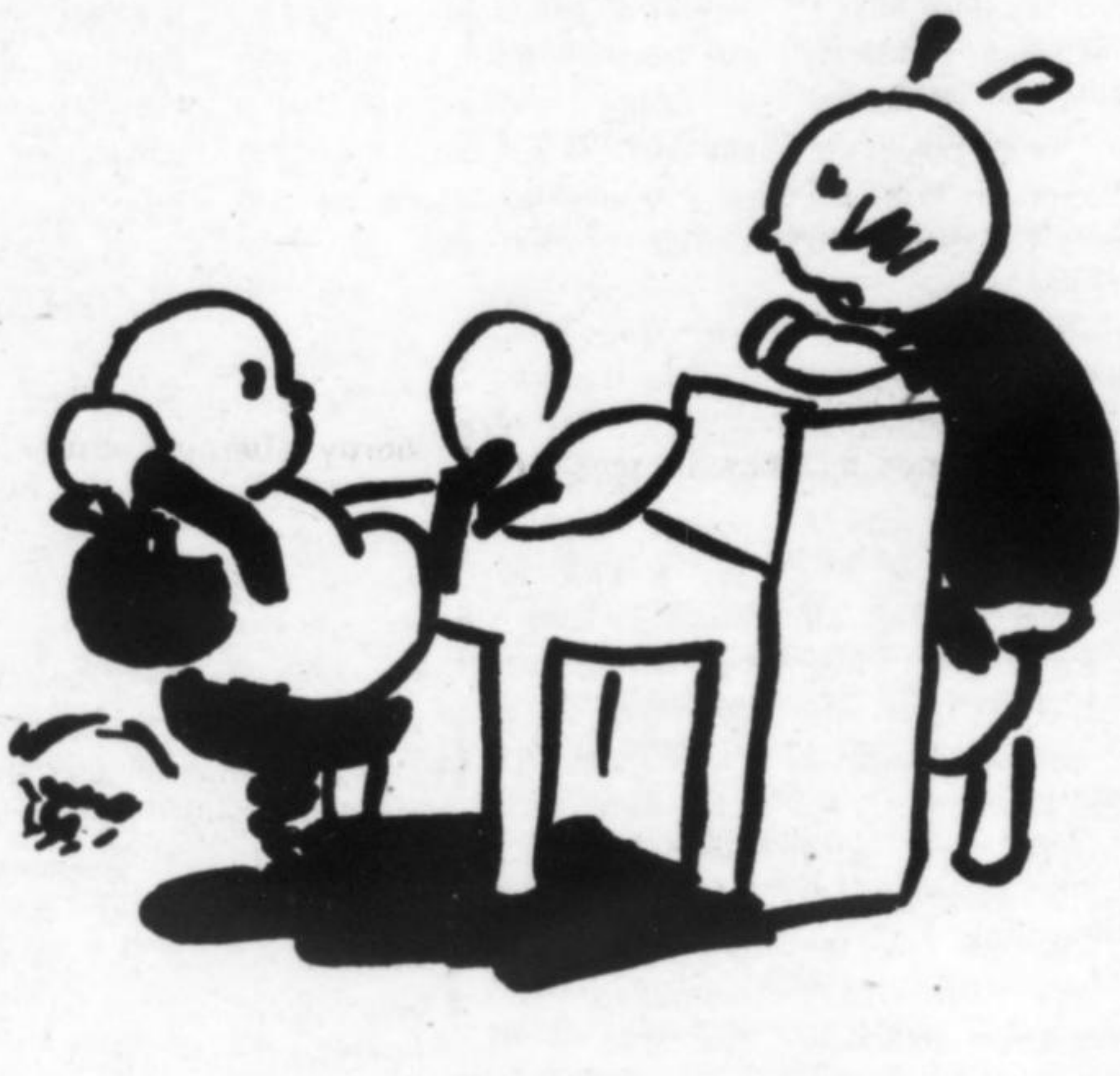
charity seems almost irrelevant to the huge problems of poverty, war and racism."

Miller's political indoctrination began on March 16, 1966, when Federal Justice Harold Tyler sentenced Miller to a three year prison term which could have been commuted to two years parole had David agreed to carry a draft card. "I don't want to send you to prison," the Judge told him, "partly because of you, and partly because I don't want to create the myth of martyrdom for you." Miller declined the judge's offer and began a legal appeal of sentence. While waiting for news of his fate, he and his wife, Catherine Swann, opened up a Catholic Worker hospitality house in Washington, D.C. On a budget of \$400 a month, they managed a soup kitchen for the Capital's poor. "We lived," Miller recalls, "by begging money from sympathetic merchants and from wealthy Catholics in the Washington area. Every day we'd feed about 100 hungry men and hand them used clothing. At the time, I thought this personalist approach to poverty was useful and good — that it was a fine thing for me to be making this private statement for the poor. Now I'm beginning to feel that very little is solved that way."

are superficially good."

Miller's first stop was at the Allenwood Prison Farm Camp, a minimum security institution that has a reputation for being the Hotel Hilton of the federal prison circuit. At the time, Allenwood had so many political prisoners that roll call looked almost like an executive board meeting of the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee. Miller stayed seven months, performing useless make-work like stacking hay and tearing down fences — and he hated every minute of it.

One day, he was late for work. The Camp Superintendent asked David to promise never again to be tardy. Instead of automatically complying, Miller equivocated, an act which was interpreted by camp authorities as a breach of rules, punishable by transfer to Lewisburg Federal Prison. But instead of going docilely, Miller and Richard Chandler, a fellow war resister who was scheduled to be transferred the same day, decided to stage a mini-protest. Miller sat on his bunk cross-legged while two prison hacks attempted to drag him out. Prison-mate and fellow Catholic Worker Dan Kelly joined the protest. In short time, a platoon of hacks were dragging the prisoners across hundreds of yards of concrete and gravel — kicking and cursing



October 16, 1965. It is a windy day. Several months earlier, Congress in a state of panic over the growing anti-war movement, had passed a law making it a crime to burn a draft card. Miller steps forward looking nervous and terribly earnest. "I am a Catholic pacifist," he tells the assembled crowd, "against war of all kinds. Instead of the speech I prepared, I'll let the action speak for itself." Twice he tries to light his draft card, but the wind snuffs the spark of his match. Finally, someone from the Peace Parade Committee hands him a lighter and the little square of cardboard shoots into flames. Cheers from the spectators. Someone has defied Congress' ridiculous law. Everywhere FBI men snap pictures.

"I was really terribly nervous about speaking that day," Miller recalls. "I have to admit that one reason I did burn my draft card, besides wanting to make a symbolic protest, was so that I could take up the five minutes speaking time that had been allotted to me."

David Miller may have been tongue-tied, but God, the furor his protest caused! Three days after Miller burned his Selective Service card, the Justice Department announced an investigation of the anti-draft movement. Senators,

years married, had two daughters, worked in a Catholic Worker hospitality house in Washington, and served two and a half years in a federal prison. For America, the half decade has seen a continuation and widening of the war in Vietnam, coupled with an escalation of protest against the Southeast Asian murder. And it was David Miller's act that touched off much of the protest. When Miller burned his draft card in 1965, only two hundred pacifist stalwarts came out to protest the war. Two years later, in October 1967, a quarter of a million souls sat on the steps of the Pentagon while hundreds of draft cards made fuel for the night.

Times have changed and so has David Miller. "Before I went to prison," he explains. "I was a pacifist, a Catholic and an anarchist. Now I am none of these.

"I don't think I could ever attack anyone," he says. "I haven't changed that much. But I just don't believe that individual pacifism is much of a political solution to the problems of our times. I don't think it's very effective. I still don't believe in violence and I wouldn't engage in it, except for self-defense. But I do believe that one must support revolutions for social progress. The Catholic Worker approach of individual witness and

After over a year of waiting, the Supreme Court ruled 7-1 with only Justice Douglas dissenting, that the draft card burning law was quite legal and that Miller would have to go to jail. Some other legal questions prevented his entering prison until June 1968. "You think you're prepared for prison, but you never really are," he confesses. "Jail is such a total system — so dehumanizing, humiliating — that I can't really quite yet describe it.

"My first night in jail, they stripped up and made us wear thin bathrobes. That night I could hear the prisoners gang-raping a young, passive homosexual at the other end of the dormitory. That really terrified me. I just lay there the whole night praying."

In spite of this initiation, Miller maintains that prison conditions are not too bad physically within the federal system. "At Allenwood and Lewisburg you don't live in the kind of daily terror you might in the Arkansas state prison system, but you live with a mental torture that can really break you. The real tortures involve the dehumanization you go through, the sexual deprivations and all the time you waste doing stupid, useless things... even though conditions

at them all the way. Draft card burner Allan Solomonow tried to block the doors with his body. David Mitchell, who was serving time for draft refusal, called to the guards to treat the prisoners more gently. From the windows, prisoners were shouting, cursing and screaming. An abortive rebellion. For Miller, it was a way of saying, "I won't cooperate with your lousy system." For most of the others, psychological release.

The consequences of the rebellion were serious. Miller, Kelly and Chandler were shipped to Lewisburg, stripped and thrown naked into solitary confinement. All three had sustained injuries as the guards dragged them across the Courtyard. And then there was the demotion to Lewisburg, a far more confined and less pleasant place than Allenwood.

Several times during Miller's stay at Lewisburg, he was the recipient of homosexual advances. "I'm not against homosexuality for those who choose it," Miller says, "but prison homosexuality is qualitatively different than homosexuality on the outside. What I saw in prison was a situation where the passive homosexual is grossly exploited the whole time. He is physically and

verbally abused — subject to constant and numerous rapes. Political prisoners have a real problem when it comes to homosexuals because they are young and are considered likely targets for the hardened older criminals. I once had to deliberately get myself thrown into segregation for a month so that I could avoid the advances of someone who had set his mark for me. But what is worse about the whole situation is that the hacks and the prison authorities encourage this kind of thing. It's good for them to have prisoners preying on one another!"

It was concern over the possibility of sexual assaults that kindled in Miller and former Army Captain Howard Levy the idea of writing a handbook for political prisoners. The book, "Going to Jail: The Political Prisoner," to be published next year by Grove, is meant as a survival manual. In it Miller and Levy tell how the political prisoner can best deal with

Aside from the everyday degradation of prison conditions, Miller lived with the unhappy knowledge that his wife Catherine was having an extremely hard time on the outside. Catherine Miller had rented a farm house for herself and the children near Lewisburg; the idea was to be near David and with him as often as possible. But a young woman all alone on a deserted farm with two children can have terrible problems — loneliness being the worst of them. The prison officials despised Catherine. She was uppity and took no crap from the hacks when she came to visit her husband. What's more, she had published several articles about the conditions at Lewisburg and this won her the lasting enmity of the prison officials. Often she'd be waiting in the cold with her children in her arms when she tried to visit. The chaplain once even suggested that "everyone here thinks it would be better for David if you moved away." Once, after she had been left waiting in the visitors room for nearly two hours, she dared to call the warden a "motherfucker." This resulted in having her banned from all visits. Only by setting up a hospitality house for the families of other political prisoners was she able to survive the resulting isolation.

"Did prison do anything positive for you?" I ask as we pick our way through the rubble-strewn streets of the Lower East Side.

"Sure," he says with an angry smile, "prison made me bitter. It also radicalized me. I gained a revived dedication and a renewed sense of struggle."

"Why are you bitter? You knew what you were doing when you burned your card. You knew you would have to go to prison and you must have known that conditions on the inside wouldn't exactly be rosy."

"I am bitter about being treated like an animal, about having to be friendly with people I hate, about those vicious hacks and bureaucrats, about the lack of privacy and human consideration, about the sexual deprivation, about having to jerk off."

"Why have you given up on Catholicism?"

"I've come to finally think it irrelevant. I feel that it doesn't have much to say for my life anymore. I used to want to be a priest when I was younger... now that stuff doesn't matter anymore. I'm not going to worry about an afterlife. All the time and the ceremony that is involved with Catholicism takes you away from loving and working with people. I just don't think in terms of Christianity at all anymore. I think more in terms of radical political action."

Radical political action? David is planning on organizing political prisoners by setting up coffee houses for the families of prisoners near institutions of correction. He's also planning on doing extensive writing and speaking. With Howard Levy, he has been working on the organization of GIs into the anti-war movement.

But five years after electrifying a nation with a little fire, David Miller is carrying a draft card. "No, I wouldn't get busted again for the same offense. It would not do much good now. There are other things to do first." Miller looks around at the desolation of East Houston Street. "It will take years of hard fighting to change this."



Letter To Emanuel Perlmutter c/o New York Times

You are going to die, Emanuel Perlmutter. Do not rush to flatter yourself; this is not a threat to your life, since it is of no consequence to the revolution whether mediocre lives like yours are spared or taken. But you and all hacks like you will be killed by your own ignorance, by your misinterpretation of events and disregard for truth, and you, specifically, Perlmutter, from the paunchy excesses and the metabolic deficiencies of your sixty-ish appearance.

My initial awareness of you came shortly after my arrival in New York, and it came via a Times article in October of 1968. Under the headline "Hippie Threats Win A Theater," you proceeded to report your version of the take-over of the Fillmore East by the Living Theatre, an amazing compilation of misinformation and inaccuracy from start to finish. "Lies" would be the most correct assessment of that journalistic exercise, not the least of them being that the Living had played a very minor role in the take-over of the Fillmore; only six of that 32-member company had actually taken part in assisting the group that did, in fact, occupy the theatre that night. As business manager and a member of the Living at that time, I was fully aware of the extent of their involvement in the incident, and I happened to have been observing from a vantage point almost directly above the stage with both of the Becks during the "negotiations"... negotiations which you reported Julian to have led. After reading your coverage of that night, someone explained to me that the entire Fillmore incident had probably been attributed to the Living simply because the Times would not print the name of those who had really initiated and carried it out; the Motherfuckers. Since then I have been skeptical of everything reported under your by-line and found it commendable only for its frequency.

So you see, Perlmutter, when I was insisting on being allowed into the Mens House of Detention last Saturday afternoon in Long Island City, it was with that previous awareness of you in mind. When I said that I wanted to go inside because I didn't trust the straight press to report the truth, I knew that you, yourself... apparently appointed to screen the press and decide which of its clamouring representatives could go into the prison to talk to the rioting

inmates... could not be trusted to bring back the truth. Perhaps that was precisely why you were allowed to assume that responsibility... though some said it was due to your seniority among the newsmen at hand. A charitable explanation, but hardly useful these days.

Word came that twelve media representatives would be allowed in; 3 from television, 3 from radio, 3 from the daily press and 3 from, a curious sub-division, the "ethnic press." In your All-American mediocrity, Perlmutter, you were set up as the senior citizen charged with selecting the last six reporters. However, you may recall, there were only two contenders in the "ethnic" category: a young lady with press credentials who explained that she was writing a book on the Black Panthers and wanted to go inside to talk to those involved with the prison take-over; and myself, the only representative from the underground press and from the foreign press, both confirmed by press credentials. But you refused to credit either the young lady or myself as "qualified", and the 3 "ethnic" positions were filled by your straight press cronies.

You treated us rather rudely, paunchy Perlmutter, and with pomposity that served only to display the same ignorance evinced in your news coverage. You must understand that it was not two individuals you chose to discredit, but four vital factions... women, blacks, the underground movement and... try to understand this, Perlmutter... the foreign press that has also learned to mistrust the American mass media. You and all like you must realize that all of us witness your confusion and desperation and fear in every morning newspaper and in every evening newscast. And at every personal encounter in which your edited egos presume to determine the "qualifications" of those whose determination is for liberation.

Yes, Emanuel Perlmutter, for all your pretty ego games, distortions and lies, you will die, anyway. You are an old motherfucker from a dying breed. Flunkies of the media revolt! You have nothing to lose but your inadequacies.

Most sincerely,
Gianfranco Mantegna



brutal guards, homosexual attacks, loneliness, chaplains, "friendly" psychiatrists and other familiar features of prison life.

In the course of thinking out the book David began seriously reconsidering his pacifism. "I really started thinking about the validity of my action at Allenwood. Yes, I had made a personal protest against an insidious institution. But I had gotten an awful lot of people in trouble and I hadn't done anything political about the situation. Prison revolts should only happen when people have contacts on the outside, when things are well planned and organized and when they can have some kind of effect on conditions. What I did was just a personal statement."

Long raps with Levy about the validity of pacifism in a violent and unjust society also did a lot to change Miller's head. "Howard," he says, "believes that it is immoral to be a pacifist in this society. He's virulent on the subject. I began to think he had his points."

by ALEX GROSS

After two years of pussy-footing its way through the shadowy paths of art world politics, the Art Workers Coalition shows signs of turning into the broad daylight of reality and real politics in this country. On Tuesday, Oct. 20, a massive demonstration and public hearing will be held in the Grand Hall of the Metropolitan Museum between the hours of 3 and 8 P.M. This demonstration has been organized not only by the Coalition but by a long-awaited alliance of the So-Ho Artists Association, the New York Art Strike, Citizens for Artists Housing, Women Artists in Revolution, and a black and puerto rican artists' group. But what is most important is that these groups have at last decided to join forces with the rest of the underground community and are cooperating both with Student Mobe and the New York Peace Action Coalition in sending out the word for the demonstration. The result could mean a creative new turn in American radical politics or at least a healthy dose of reality for the artists.

Everyone who comes on the 20th should take care to come in a committed, passionate frame of mind and be prepared to show it. But he should also know that a peaceful demonstration is absolutely

This means that the time is now at hand for a major push towards the financing of imaginative projects in the arts and in the communities throughout America. During the next year enormous strides can be made in changing the cultural face — and with it the political face — of America, provided all segments of the left realize what is happening and are ready to exploit it to the hilt. It may now be possible to initiate in America some of the creative social and cultural programming we have come to associate with nations like Holland, Sweden, and Denmark. This push can be made — indeed must be made — in spite of Nixon, Agnew, and other noises emanating from Washington, because a time of great tension — which this unquestionably is — is also a time when great progress can be made. There is of course the risk that the entire nation will fall apart from these tensions, but it is too late to think of that now and the only sensible thing is to keep up the pressure.

The Met demonstration on October 20 is the first and one of the best chances we will have for showing the city and the nation that a new culture is alive and growing in America and must find the support it needs in order to grow and flourish. The point is not to convince the establishment or even to take it over, but



necessary to achieve meaningful cultural goals on this day, and that the museum and the press will be watching for any chance they can find to discredit the demonstrators as irresponsible vandals. The point of remaining peaceful is not just to keep a handful of thousand artists happy but to build the basis for a whole new approach to "culture" in this country, creating a new decentralized system with emphasis on blacks, puerto ricans, and the youth culture.

The old culture is beginning to break down. We have always known this would happen and have in fact often seen it happening. The difference is that now even Washington and Albany realize that it is happening. The result has been the recent appropriation by Congress of 32 million dollars for the National Council on the Arts, the first real government spending in the arts since the depression. Earlier in the year the state government in Albany appropriated a total of 21.3 million dollars for New York State alone. The justification for these large sums has been, quite simply, that the opera, the symphony, the museums, repertory theatre — in short, everything known as straight culture — are dying. They can no longer make it financially, donors are no longer willing to foot the bill, and as a result the government, in the case of Nixon and Agnew, has been called to the socialistic benefactor. But legislators have not been content to underwrite these elitist forms alone — they have insisted that funding be provided for community-oriented cultural projects as well and have even allowed, although meagerly, for the subsidizing of individual artists.

to force it to merge with the growing forces that are blossoming across the nation. But the Met demonstration is only one instance — there will be countless others across the country during the year. For instance, at Penn State in the near future an important conference will be held on the direction culture should take in the future and the needs of decentralization and the various minority communities. This conference is largely a ploy, and the delegates being sent are mainly Yale University liberals who will make a pretense of espousing bold new programs without really intending to do anything which could alter the status quo. It would be helpful if the students at Penn State realized what was being foisted upon them and organized a welcoming committee. The Art Workers Coalition also hopes to send a delegation to the conference.

One of the most important organizations in this country for the funding and creation of new cultural projects is the Associated Councils of the Arts. This group is having its national conference in Washington during May — they also were given fair warning by the Coalition at last year's convention to provide genuine radicalism instead of liberal phrase-making. Once again, it would be helpful if students in the Washington area would make preparations for this conference. They can obtain details from the Washington A.C.A. office or by writing the NYC office at 1564 Broadway. Another half-hearted institution is the National Institute for Visual Literacy, a group with a great potential for changing

(Continued on Page 20)

NEWS POEM FOR THE STREET WALL JOURNAL

... Rep. William S. Mohrhead of Pennsylvania asserted that the Mark 48 torpedo was "not a disaster in procurement like the C-5A — it's an atrocity." Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin, leading congressional critic of the Pentagon, said: "The cost overrun on this torpedo is almost three times as much as we spend on all the low and moderate income housing in the entire country."

NATIONAL OBSERVER, May 15, 1970

"We are the builders"

Construction worker interviewed after Wall St. beating of anti-war students

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CHILDREN & YOUNG WOMEN & REBELS AGAINST DEATH

We are the builders what do we build?

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by TULI KUPFERBERG



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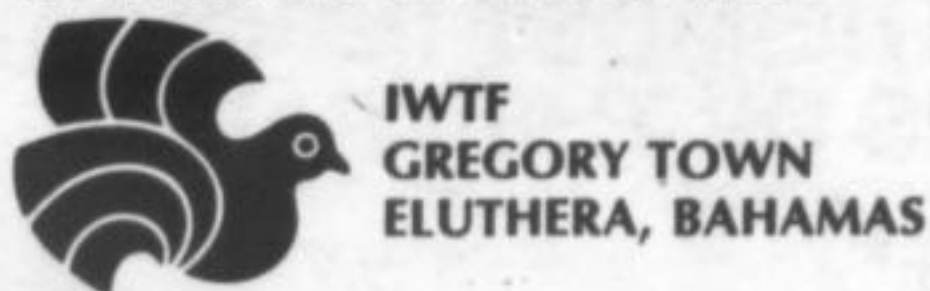
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NO ONE UNDER 17 ADMITTED

ENVIRONMENT!, in conjunction with other groups, has called for a Fast for Life in Central Park and Jamaica Bay (exact locations to be announced early next week). The fast will begin at noon, Saturday, October 17 and continue for 24 hours.

The fast is a symbolic act, a dramatic expression of concern for the state of our earth. It is an act of protest with two main thrusts. On a concrete level, we are fasting to oppose specific construction projects (Con Edison's Astoria plant, encroachments on Central Park and Jamaica Bay Wildlife Refuge) which would lower the quality of life in New York City. On a broader level, our protest is against the shortsighted attitudes which lead to the destruction of our few remaining environmental resources. This attitude has already led to massive food shortages in much of the world, which scientists predict will spread to the U.S. within ten years.

A number of activities will take place during the fast. Various aspects of the environmental crisis will be discussed in educational workshops on Saturday afternoon, to be followed by an all-night showing of ecology films. ENVIRONMENT!'s own guerrilla theater group will perform several times on both Saturday and Sunday.

Fast participants have been asked to donate the money they normally spend on a day's meals to Freedom From Hunger — a U.N.-related agency which supplies food for needy people throughout the world. Following the fast, free food will be served to all people present.

Reverend Kirkpatrick (the well-known folk singer) and the Grass Roots Musicians will perform a revival service at the close of the fast (Sunday, 12:00 noon).

For further information, contact:

Arne Youngerman or Steve Askin
ENVIRONMENT!
150 Fifth Ave., Room 1105
New York City, 10011
Phone: 212 673-8740

GROSS

(Continued from Page 18)
 education and heightening the experience of learning into a form of play, ecstasy, and therapy all at once. Yet this group, in spite of well-intentioned members, is also dragging its feet. Their conference is from March 7-10 in Asilomar, California, near Monterey at a luxury sun-sea-beach hotel (natch). Californians take note.

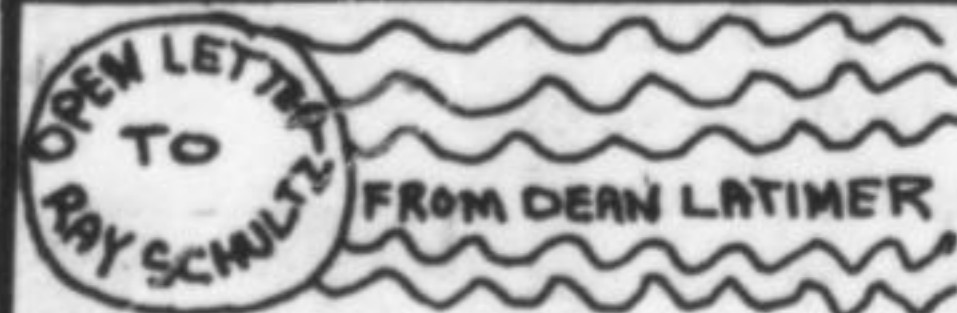
Perhaps the prime offender among these groups is the American Association of Museums. At their conference last June at the Waldorf-Astoria (natch again) they solemnly promised the Art Workers Coalition that they would hold an additional anti-conference this fall to discuss the issues of racism, sexism, repression and war and how museums have been directly and indirectly contributing to them. Tom Hoving even promised that the Met would house this conference. Now the A.A.M. has gone back on its promise, and Tom Hoving has gone back on his offer—all the more reason to come to the Met on the 20th.

But the main thing is to send a national delegation of students, artists and peace workers to the A.A.M.'s convention this year, in Denver at the end of May. It is vital in the present climate of ferment that all of these cultural bureaucrats should realize that they can not meet anywhere in America where they can escape from the actual problems facing this country.

In the mean time, there are plenty of good reasons for showing up at the Met next Tuesday. Hoving is attempting to infringe upon the ecology of Central Park with his museum expansion program, and this in turn is a major issue in itself, for it promises to gobble up fifty million dollars in the name of culture without presenting any concept of culture that was not old in 1900. This expansion program simply assumes that more museum is better museum and totally ignores the claims of decentralized culture, a more relevant culture, youth culture, and the needs of the blacks and other minorities.

In the meantime, an artists' union is making its first awkward steps towards becoming a reality. This also will be

discussed at the Met hearing, and it may be that a free-wheeling undogmatic artists' union of the type that has existed in Holland for the last 25 years may provide a few optimistic answers for the future. On the other hand it may be that there are no optimistic answers about the future at all.



revolutionary moralist. But the thing with Dirty Mel is, we need his ads bad. If we don't get more ads this paper is going to die, and I think the good that is done by this paper offsets the evil done by Mel's ads, which I do not think are all that evil.

Besides, Schultz, who are you to get all hot and bothered about sexism? I don't think you even jerk off!

Love & Kisses,
 Dean

end of open letter
 to ray schultz

(Continued from Page 10)

Schultz spent the next week careening through the subway system from prison to prison, gathering notes for his latest screed of Hearstian bombast. When Latimer tried to get him to read the open letter, he would push him off abstractedly, saying, 'Later. Lindsay's a liar, Latimer. McGrath is a murderer. I mean it, Dean, you can't imagine what swine these people are. I've seen a few things in my day, old man, on the Big Street, and when I was in the service. . . .'

'I was in the service,' said Titus. 'What happened to my letter?' Latimer asked Kohn.

Kohn: 'Letter? Why, just the other day I received a letter. It was from my dear old friend Tim Leary. I tell you, Dean, it's happening.'

'What about Bernadette Dohrn?' asked Claudia testily. 'And what about my money? I'm on the verge of starvation.' 'I was on the verge,' said Titus. 'I lived there with Henry Miller and Emile Zapata.'

'Latimer,' remarked Renfreu, 'your writing used to possess a certain *eclair* until that Dreifus woman talked you into writing *letters*.'

'Dirty unnatural bitch,' seethed Claudia. 'Why don't you go back where you came from? I'll scratch your eyes out.' 'His,' replied Renfreu.

'Is-a *no!*' thundered *il barone* Gianfranco Giuseppe Sinatra 'Extreme Uinction' Mantegna. 'Is-a bad *taste*.'

'Aw, you love it,' sneered Steven 'King' Kohn Jr.

'Love,' sighed Jackie Freidreich. 'It's so beautiful. I wish I could fall in love with someone. It's been a long time. . . .'

'That reminds me,' winked photographer Joseph Stevens. 'I'd just like to take this opportunity to remind any young ladies who want to meet a big-time photographer to call Stevens at EVO, 255-2130.'



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HOTSHIT

American International has acquired and will release in the spring of 1971 "Incredible Two-Headed Transplant," a color feature starring Bruce Dern, Pat Priest and Casey Kasem. John Lawrence produced, Anthony M. Lanza directed, for Transgrafting Productions, Inc.

**ZZZ
AAA
PPP**

OCEAN

(Continued from Page 13)

sludge was dead. Scientists studying the content of bottom sediment found in one sample cellulose cigarette filter tips, bandaids, and aluminum foil. The same items have been found in the stomachs of fish. Oxygen in the water in the dumping area was found to be less than one part per million. A concentration of 2.5 ppm is

usually considered essential for marine life. Nothing live was found.

Excessive concentrations of lead (151 ppm), chromium (40 ppm), and DDT (150 ppm) were also discovered. These figures were recorded at Station 59 in the dumping area - in the open ocean 10 miles south of Rockaway Inlet, 9 miles due east of Sandy Hook, Conn.

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AFTERMATH



Faulting the State for not forcing the city to do more about conditions, the report goes on to recommend that 1) Lindsay immediately announce the use of the Women's House of D as a men's correctional house when the women are removed in December; 2) "...negotiations between the city and state to arrange for transfer of 1,500 sentenced prisoners; 3) the phasing out of "certified addicts," from city correctional institutions; 4) the use of Rikers Island only for pre-trial prisoners, turning sentenced prisoners over to the state and opening up 992 beds; 5) the turning of all sentenced prisoners over to the city, and 6) an amendment that would "permit an individual accused of a non-capital felony to waive presentation to the grand jury and trial by indictment and, instead, consent to have the charges prosecuted by an information filed by the district attorney. Except for a passle of procedural remarks, this sums up the first part of the report.

The second section of the document deals with the conditions of the prisons themselves, and supports just about every charge made by the prisoners during the riots except for that of guard brutality. Recommendations are made that would clear up most of these conditions - including the use of bilingual orientation pamphlets, etc., open use of telephones, more equitable procedures regarding recreation, visitors, mail services and receipt of books and publications. The section on sanitary conditions and food, though repeating what the prisoners have already pointed out, is still very disturbing to hear again:

With regard to institutional sanitation, the prisoners complained "this entire institution is ridden with body lice, roaches, rats and mice." Deputy Warden John Cunningham in charge of the Tombs at the time of the disturbances, testified that: "We do have roaches and mice, and it is a continuous problem trying to get the place cleaned out,

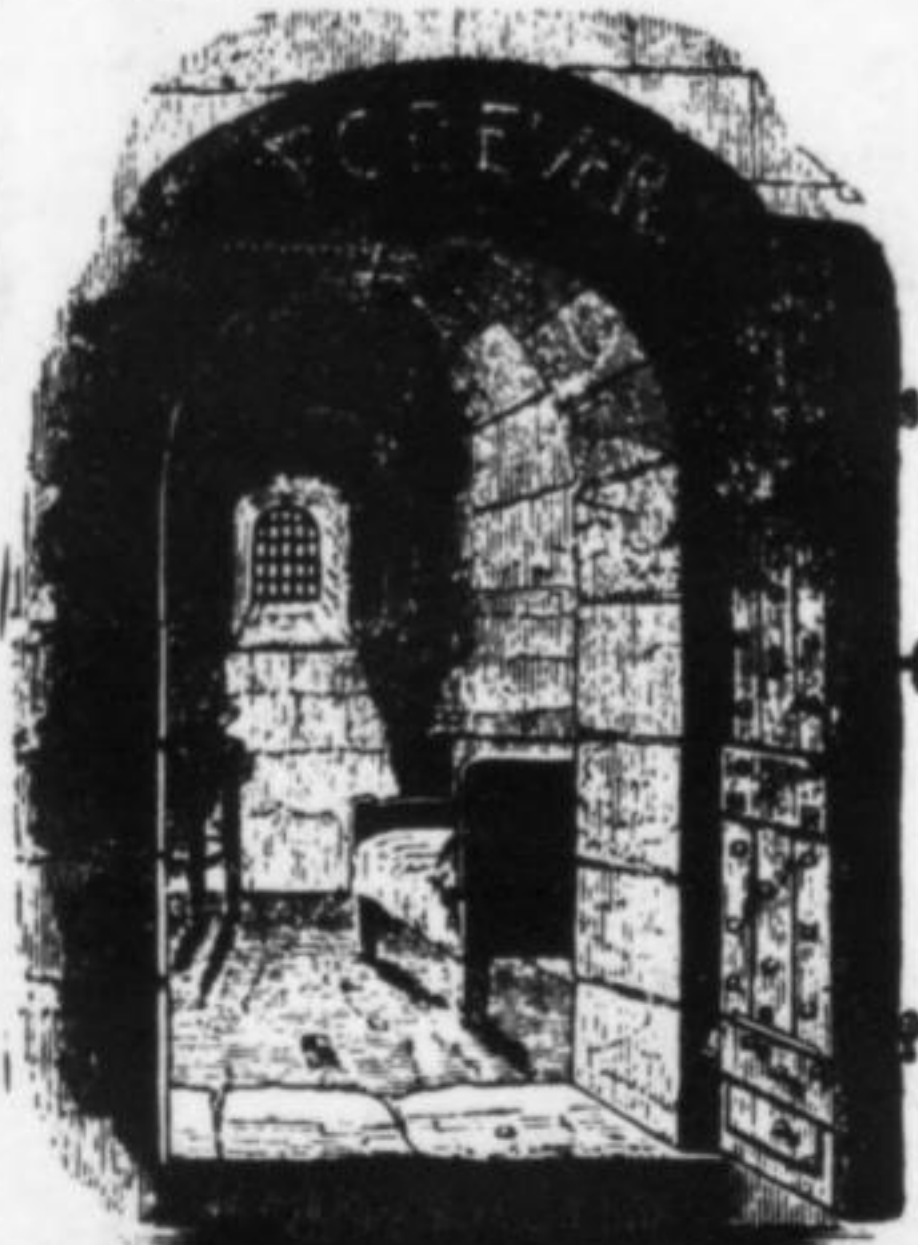
but it is so jammed and every man in there has his own bag of commissary - every man has pie, candy, cookies and to try to keep an extermination program going where everything is spotlessly clean, is almost an impossible job, but we are again going on a crash program for this thing - I am quite sure that there will be definite programs, as far as that is concerned." Acting Warden Arthur Singerman told the Committee: "Certainly we need laundry. What's wrong with giving an inmate a clean sheet or a sanitary blanket or a clean pillowcase..." But he went on to say that it simply couldn't be done because the laundry facilities were overtaxed. Other specific complaints about the lack of mattresses, toothbrushes, toothpaste, soap and even toilet paper were sloughed off by officials in too casual a manner for this Committee to accept. The prevailing attitude seemed to be that inmates should have these things if they are available. If not, they'd have to wait.

Several recommendations are made concerning sanitation, and most of them could be put into effect immediately by a competent administration. The recommendations for improving the quality of the food, however, wouldn't do very much for the current crop of prisoners: "...that the department investigate methods used by hospitals, schools, hotels, military installations and other institutions charged with feeding large numbers and submit long range proposals for upgrading the food, to the Commissioner; and further, that these proposals be given high priority by the Commissioner and the Mayor.



The third and final section of the report deals with overcrowding of the courts and the bail problem and recommends the turning over of all court administration to the state - so to create a uniform system of quality, speedy justice - and the release of several prisoners who can't meet current bail rates: "...it

is curious that most judges apparently have not adopted the fundamental concept of the Federal Bail Reform Act of 1966, which is "to revise practices relating to bail to assure that all persons, regardless of their financial status, shall not needlessly be detained pending their appearance to answer charges, to testify, or pending appeal, when detention serves neither the ends of justice nor the public interest...humane bail policies result in virtually no damage to the society...it is hard to understand why our system is detaining several hundred and possibly thousands of inmates who should be awaiting trial in the community.



And that, very basically, sums up the report.

It would be easy to accept everything in this document at face value and begin patting the backs of the committee members for their crystal insights and sound reasoning, but the fact remains, this report is based on an investigation, and there are many investigations, and it makes recommendations, and there are always plenty of recommendations, but nothing is ever done. The report contains a couple of minor self-contradictions, mostly in the numbers, and never gives an entirely clear rundown of the capacity of each prison in the city, against the current population. Also, like most government investigations, it finds its scapegoat - McGrath - who though he might be guilty of everything charged by both

the prisoners and the committee - is still not the only official in the system at fault, and surely not deserving of the entire weight of the matter upon his shoulders. The atmosphere in the prisons meanwhile remains tense and uneasy. The Corrections Guards, many of them, favor a militant approach (how about a rundown on how many do not live within the city limits?), and in white

communities, a sort of prison "backlash," is quickly developing that would favor dealing with the prisoners most harshly under the theory that they're in jail for doing wrong, so why should we coddle them, and fuck their demands! With such public sentiment, and conditions as they've been for years, there really doesn't seem to be much hope - you'd just better keep your ass out of prison, you dig?

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